



The Big Ass ONA Collection

∴The Big Ass ONA Collection is the mother load of all ONA MSS collections! 8310 pages. Read this brain melting whopper from front to back and I guarantee you will know more about the Order of Nine Angles than the Mundanes do. This mother load still is not everything. There are many more, plus the works of the Temple of THEM & Magister Hagur, which I don't have permission to use. Or at least I don't want to use their MSS here without their permission. Some of the major parts to this compilation are:

1. The Nineangles.info archive, which is over 1000 pages of essential ONA MSS by Anton Long & Company.
2. Joining the ONA, which is 120 something pages explaining in detail and plain English what "membership" in ONA means, and how to "join" it. You don't.
3. Traditional Satanism, which is a collection of over 1000 pages of facsimiles of old xerox booklets of core books regarding ONA and its Sinister Tradition.
4. Sinister Musings, which is over 1000 pages of essays written between the years 2009-2012 which helps the Initiate see and understand ONA from a different angle.
5. Stuff. I'm not even sure what I included in Part 5. Whatever was in my O9A folder went into it. Adobe Acrobat puts everything into alphabetical order.

Also included is a computer version of the Star Game created by Mequa Inc, which is included as an attachment. This collection makes the things easier for the new Sinister Initiate. You have many of the ONA MSS you need all packed into a single gigantic PDF book. There are still more ONA MSS out there. Anton Long really did write over 5000 pages of stuff. When you finish reading this collection you will come to understand why the Order of Nine Angles kicks ass and is untouchable. It has the enduring qualities of being unique and creative. And it's associates are known to be a cut above the rest as far as intelligence and level of understanding goes. This is a great "place" for any neophyte of the Order of Nine Angles to start. But please remember to find and study the other writings by the Old Guard, and the other nexions such as THEM, WSA352, and Hagur's work. Agios O Baphomet.:

-Order of Nine Angles-

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The Order of Nine Angles

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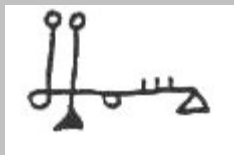
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ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών



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Some Notes Concerning The Aeonic Perspective Being An Introduction to The Order of Nine Angles

In many Order of Nine Angles texts mention is made of 'the Aeonic perspective' and since this perspective is an important feature of ONA esoteric philosophy, and thus part of O9A culture and our aural tradition, some explanation should be of interest. ^[1]

The expression 'the Aeonic perspective' – also known as the Cosmic perspective – is used to describe some of our [pathei-mathos](#), some of our experience; that is, to describe some knowledge we have acquired through a combination of practical experience, through a scholarly study, and through using certain Occult faculties and skills, such as esoteric-empathy.

This knowledge concerns several matters, some to do with how we understand the individual human being, some to do with our perception of Aeons, and some to do with our praxis and the purpose and effectiveness of our methods and techniques both exoteric and esoteric.

An understanding and appreciation of this knowledge in all its aspects is part of the learning, the knowing, of those who are part of our culture and thus who are ONA.

The Individual

In our esoteric philosophy the individual human being is regarded as a nexion. As having both an acausal and a causal nature, and as possessing, or being imbued with, a certain amount of acausal energy and which acausal energy is what animates physical matter making it 'alive'. In one sense, the psyche of the individual is how some of this energy is naturally manifest in us, and an esoteric praxis such as our Seven Fold Way – or our Way of the Rounwytha – are a means whereby we can rationally apprehend and thus come to know and understood and control such energies/forces, some of which are archetypal in nature when perceived exoterically ^[2].

In addition, the nexion that is the individual is part of the matrix of all living beings, human, of Nature, of the Cosmos. That is, the individual is a connexion to all other Life, terran and otherwise, although this connexion is dormant and undeveloped in most human beings. That is, a latent faculty. One of the aims of many Occult ways – be they termed of the Left Hand Path or of the Right Hand Path – is to make the individual aware of this connexion that they are, open it, and develop it, and certain esoteric techniques have been developed in order to try and accomplish this, with Initiation often being regarded as the beginning of this process. Our techniques to open and then develop this inner nexion include Insight Roles, the adversarial praxis of the Niner, the Grade Rituals (especially Internal Adept and the Camlad Rite of The Abyss) and the acquisition of skills developed by techniques such as The Star Game and Esoteric Chant.

In esoteric terms this means that we, the O9A, are concerned with:

(1) Both Wyrd and destiny. That is, with the development of our Initiates and Adepts (their destiny) *and* with the development of Aeons, and thus with how the individual relates to those energies/forces which are beyond the individual and which effect them until they have completed a successful Passing of The Abyss when they emerge with wisdom: that is, with a knowing, skills, understanding, and experience sufficient to enable them to synchronize with, and then later on manifest, Wyrd.

(2) Both the sinister and the numinous – the sinisterly-numinous. That is, with the knowing, the experience, the understanding, of both and then a moving toward and a living involving the Reality beyond such apparent opposites.

In practical terms this means that the individual perceives of themselves as such a connexion, balanced between all of the following: (1) their own individual past; (2) the past of their own ancestors; (3) the past of Nature; (4) the past of Cosmic life; *and* between the present and the futures of all those emanations of being. Part of this perception is thus of the nature of Aeons and how they themselves are part of an existing Aeon, an existing presencing of wyrdful energies

on Earth. This perception can then – and according to their newly dis-covered and understood personal nature/character – enable the individual to choose a way of living which further aids their own personal development and which enables them to presence acausal energies in order to affect what is Aeonian, with such ways of living including that of the (often reclusive) Occult Adept, that of the Rounwytha, that of a clan/tribe/gang, that of the adversarial Niner, and that of the Balobian.

The Understanding

Having such a perception, the individual understands causal forms, and esoteric praxis, as a means, and a means both personal and Aeonian. That is, as a means to aid their own personal development and to participate in Wyrd and thus participate in the change, the development, the evolution, of life itself, both as manifest on our current home, terra firma, and elsewhere in the Cosmos.

Other esoteric groups, especially of the LHP, do not present them with this understanding and thus cannot offer them the opportunity of such a wyrdful participation, concerned as such LHP groups are with guff such as the ‘deification of the self’ and the perpetuation of primitive human beings by means of a belief such as ‘might is right’^[3].

In terms of causal forms, there is the initiated understanding that what, for human beings, is esoteric, evolutionary – that what presences acausal energy and thus Life – is inner not outer change. That is, that no causal form, no non-Occult praxis, produces or can produce Aeonian change, although such forms, such praxis, may occasionally result in some, a few, individuals each century, via pathei-mathos, achieving a certain insight and understanding and thence becoming changed, more evolved, human beings.

Or, expressed differently, the changes wrought by causal forms – by wars, revolutions, empires, nations, and through means such as politics or social reform, or by governments – are transient, and do not, over centuries, affect human beings en masse. For humans remain and have remained basically the same; rather primitive beings, dependant on and in thrall to abstractions, to their emotions, to archetypal forces, and never developing their latent faculties, never fulfilling their Cosmic potential, with only a rare few human beings achieving wisdom.

This is why initiatory Occult groups and orders of our kind exist – to manifest and maintain such understanding over centuries; to produce and encourage, over centuries, Aeonian changes, and to develop, evolve, human beings by means of Occult Arts and thus in the only effective way: from within; esoterically; by changing their character, their nature.

This is also why we insist on a personal knowing, on inner alchemical change; on individuals learning from practical experience, both sinister and numinous and both exoteric and esoteric. Why we are organized as we are, as kindred families and nexions, as a kindred collective, and as a culture with traditions both esoteric and aural. And why we take a long-term view of matters both exoteric and esoteric – for our perspective is that of centuries, of Aeons.

The Order of Nine Angles

The ONA is thus not some ‘causal form’, but rather a type of nexion; a collocation of human beings connected over durations of causal Time in particular ways who, by virtue of being kindred both esoterically and exoterically maintain and expand their acausal presencing over such long-durations of causal Time. A causal form is just that: causal, denuded of or not possessing wyrd/acausal energy; a manufactured, lifeless, thing, a tool. A nexion is redolent of Wyrd, and is alive, a type of living entity, be such an entity an individual or a collocation of developed individuals manifest as an esoteric Order.

An esoteric Order with an Aeonian perspective produces both internal and external change in an affective, sinisterly-numinous, way. That is, we not only change a limited number of individuals, personally, individually, by our Occult Arts, over long-durations of causal Time, but also – because we are redolent of Wyrd – directly and indirectly influence others, greater in number than the number of our initiates, by our very existence, by our ethos, our methods, our philosophy, our mythos, with some for example adopting and adapting some of our praxis, some of our Occult Arts, some of our esoteric philosophy.

Thus does such an esoteric Order as the ONA provoke an evolutionary, a sinister-numinous, change in some of those

so influenced, whether or not they know it and whether or not they try to hide it from themselves and others.

As I wrote in another recent essay:

" We grow and have grown slowly, as befits our Aeonian perspective. Slowly, through personal contact, a personal knowing, pledges of duty and loyalty based on our code of honour...It means we are something of a large, growing, unconventional family, whose relations and relatives are becoming dispersed around the Earth, and who – unlike many extended natural families – have a shared, supra-personal, purpose and a shared culture.

Naturally, like all families, sometimes there are disputes, as sometimes a young son or daughter leaves home to adopt another culture or none. But by and large the family stays together, because of our culture, our traditions, our practices, our Occult abilities and faculties, our very long-term esoteric aims and goals.

Which is one reason why many of our people have been with us, part of our family, for ten, twenty, thirty years and more, and why we have slowly grown through assimilating their friends, their sons, their daughters, their relatives, their colleagues. And why we have recruited, we still recruit and will continue to recruit, in the old-fashioned way."

Anton Long
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Order of Nine Angles

[1] For us, *culture* implies five important qualities, and these qualities are (1) empathy, (2) the instinct for disliking rottenness, (3) the faculty of reason, (4) *pathei-mathos*; and (5) a living aural tradition. It is these qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals - and from Homo Hubris - here on terra firma but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings.

For us, the cultivation and development of empathy is a Dark Art, part of the training of the Initiate. This particular Dark Art is a skill that rites such as that of Internal Adept develop. See, for example, the ONA text [Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA](#).

In respect of 'the instinct for disliking rottenness' see the ONA text [Concerning Culling As Art](#) (external link).

[2] A very basic overview of causal and acausal is given in the ONA text [A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles](#).

For how we use particular terms, refer to v. ≥ 3.07 of our [A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms](#).

[The Seven Fold Way](#) (also known as the Seven Fold Sinister Way) is outlined [The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way](#), with an overview given in [The Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Way](#), and which overview is also contained in the ONA pdf compilation *The Requisite ONA* (51 Mb) which includes copies of all the necessary texts, including *Naos*. See also the pdf compilation *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* which deals with The Passing of The Abyss.

The training of the Rounwytha is mentioned in the text [The Rounwytha Way: Our Sinister Feminine Archetype](#).

[3] Refer to texts such as [The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right](#).

O9A - On Being Unpopular Discernment, Pathei-Mathos and the Initiatory Occult Quest

An Occult Way

As we have emphasized for over thirty years, the Order of Nine Angles is an esoteric, and Occult, group. Which in essence means that - beyond exoteric propaganda and rhetoric; beyond adversarial incitement, heresy, japes, and toying with mundanes - our primary concern is the interior change of individuals by means of particular Occult methods and Arts and which Occult methods and Arts form the basis of our particular esoteric Way. These particular Occult methods and Arts include and have included the Seven Fold Way, the Rounwytha tradition, traditional Satanism, amoral adversarial-heretical praxis, and sinister tribes.

As I mentioned in my essay *O9A Adversarial Action - Success or Failure?*

" Our real work, both as individuals and as an Order - our Magnum Opus - is genuinely esoteric and Occult, and thus concerned with *lapis philosophicus* and not with some purely causal self-indulgence, or some ephemeral outer change in some causal form or forms, or with using such forms to try and effect some external change. For it is this esoteric, this Occult, work which will, affectively and effectively, introduce and maintain the Aeonic changes we desire and plan for - in its own species of acausal Time."

In practical terms, the interior change of individuals, this esoteric alchemy, involves individuals: (1) developing a certain type of personal character; (2) acquiring certain skills both exoteric and esoteric; (3) acquiring - from both personal experience (pathei-mathos) and from an intellectual learning - a certain initiated knowledge and insight; and (4) living in a particular manner as a result of the foregoing.

Occult Orders such as the ONA primarily exist and are maintained in order to facilitate and encourage this interior, personal, change in those individuals such Orders have recruited or in such individuals as have succeeded in finding such Orders and overcoming the various obstacles placed in their way.

Such facilitation and encouragement most usually takes the form of a practical and structured Way or Ways, simply because such a Way or Ways have been shown, by experience, to work. There is thus for the individual, both in archetypal and in practical terms, a very personal journey of learning, experience, and discovery - that is, a structured and an initiatory Occult quest, since given the nature of human beings with their psyche being a nexion, a formal declaration, as in Initiation and subsequent rites, is a necessary prelude to inner, long-lasting, personal change, just as some structure is practical, effective, providing as it does that necessary supra-personal perspective and a tangible goal.

As mentioned in the essay *Knowing, Information, and The Discovery of Wisdom*,

" In terms of esoteric, Occult, matters, *to know* is both to learn from personal experience and to place what is so learnt in a particular context, that of one's personal internal and external journey along the particular way or path that one has, by initiation, chosen to follow."

The Ways of the ONA - our Dark Arts and methods, and thus our provided structure and rites, initiatory and otherwise - are simply our collective pathei-mathos, the results of our hereditary practical experience and learning, forming as this 'ancestral pathei-mathos' does the essence of our O9A esoteric culture, and a practical experience and learning, an Occult knowledge, which just is what it is: a tradition concerning a certain esoteric alchemy.

Pathei-Mathos

Our particular Occult style, our ethos, can be usefully and accurately described by one term: pathei-mathos. For us, pathei-mathos is a particular Occult method (one of the Dark Arts) and this Dark Art may be said to be the basis for all of the Ways - and for many of the techniques - we employ and have employed, from the Seven Fold Way to Insight Roles to adversarial action to grade rituals such as Internal Adept and the Camlad Rite of the Abyss.

Pathei-Mathos as a Dark Art involves the individuals in: (a) personal suffering, (b) a learning from adversity, (c) the development of certain Occult skills, and (d) acquiring practical personal experience.

As mentioned elsewhere, all these diverse experiences are meant by our use of the term pathei-mathos, and therefore all such experiences are necessary for interior, esoteric, alchemical, change within the individual. Not just 'personal practical experience'; not just Occult skills, and not just a 'learning from adversity/challenges', but also and importantly a learning from personal suffering: from grief, severe trauma (physical and/or emotional), personal loss, and an encounter (or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of one's own death.

Thus the Dark Art of pathei-mathos requires the individual to willingly experience/seek-out certain difficult practical experiences in order to test themselves and learn from such experiences, with each type of experience of necessity involving both the sinister and the numinous and of necessity being of several years duration. Why of necessity? Because of our nature, our physis, as human beings; a nature which it is one of the tasks of an initiatory Occult quest - where certain Occult skills are developed and used - to reveal, to discover. A human nature the inner changing/transformation of which - to be effective, to last - takes a certain duration of causal Time, amounting to years. A changing of which occurs and has occurred, in human beings, sometimes - though rarely - naturally; and a changing which Occult Ways and Dark Arts, and esoteric Orders, are designed to produce in more human beings in a somewhat shorter duration of causal Time.

Such willingly sought, decades-long, practical individual experiencing of 'the dark' and of 'the light' does not - should not - make the individual popular with the likes of Homo Hubris or the hubriati. Nor even understood by the majority of those who regard themselves as Occultists, 'satanists', or whatever.

Such years-long, practical individual experiencing, with the commensurate and necessary 'rites of passage and learning' - such as the grade ritual of Internal Adept - also produce an individual (whatever shapeshifting cloaking they may exteriorly employ in the world of mundanes) who is, interiorly, out-of-phase with the world around them, and who thus understands, who knows, who feels, who has felt, far more than the majority of human beings so that communication with 'these strange others', these strangers, this majority, such mundanes - trying to inform such strangers of such knowing, such feelings - is either an unwanted burden for one of our kind or, more usually, regarded as unnecessary, irrelevant, counter-productive. For the sinisterly-numinous has to be experienced to be known, breeding as such experience does discernment, a distaste for mundanity, and that Aeonic perspective that is disparaged by or unknown to those vulgar, plebeian, humans we describe by the term Homo Hubris.

Being Unpopular

Given the nature and aims of esoteric Orders such as The Order of Nine Angles, they are not concerned about mundane matters such as being 'popular' nor about being understood by mundanes. Our nature is to discover, by experience of the sinister-numinous, the Reality hidden by abstractions, beyond the illusion of opposites.

This discovery involves an esoteric - a living - alchemy, given that we, as human individuals, are nexions, a nexus between causal and acausal, with a living (a sinister-numinous) psyche capable of change and development. An esoteric alchemy - an initiatory Occult quest - where we become a new type of symbiotic life, part of a living cosmic matrix, and which symbiotic living, far beyond the ego, the unbalanced hubris, of mundanes, can, through our discovery of *Lapis Philosophicus*, gift us with our aims of wisdom and perchance the possibility of an existence

beyond the causal death of the mortal self.

Thus our Order, our O9A, remains - of necessity, intentionally - small in numbers; discerning, and, through Dark Arts such as *pathei-mathos*, for and the genesis of the discerning minority among those beings termed human. Yet this very aristocratic intentionality, imbued as it is with our esoteric ethos and thus with the sinisterly-numinous, with archetypal *mythos*, is - over aeonic durations of causal Time - both affective and effective in provoking, being the genesis of, changes within a larger number of human beings.

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Some Terms Explained

Note: These explanations are taken from various published ONA texts - including A Glossary of ONA Terms (v.3.07) - and also from some unpublished ONA texts dealing with alchemy.

Aeonic Perspective

The expression 'the Aeonic perspective' – also known as the Cosmic perspective – is used to describe some of our *pathei-mathos*, some of our experience; that is, to describe some knowledge we have acquired through a combination of practical experience, through a scholarly study, and through using certain Occult faculties and skills, such as esoteric-empathy.

This knowledge concerns several matters, some to do with how we understand the individual human being, some to do with our perception of Aeons, and some to do with our praxis and the purpose and effectiveness of our methods and techniques both exoteric and esoteric.

In terms of causal forms, there is the initiated understanding that what, for human beings, is esoteric, evolutionary – that what presences acausal energy and thus Life – is inner not outer change. That is, that no causal form, no non-Occult praxis, produces or can produce Aeonic change, although such forms, such praxis, may occasionally result in some, a few, individuals each century, via *pathei-mathos*, achieving a certain insight and understanding and thence becoming changed, more evolved, human beings.

Or, expressed differently, the changes wrought by causal forms – by wars, revolutions, empires, nations, and through means such as politics or social reform, or by governments – are transient, and do not, over centuries, affect human beings en masse. For humans remain and have remained basically the same; rather primitive beings, dependant on and in thrall to abstractions, to their emotions, to archetypal forces, and never developing their latent faculties, never fulfilling their Cosmic potential, with only a rare few human beings achieving wisdom.

Alchemy

al-χημία [from *χῶμεία*] - 'the changing'.

According to aural tradition, esoteric alchemy - the secret alchemy - is a symbiotic process that occurs between the alchemist and certain living 'things'/elements, the aim of which symbiotic process is to acquire or to produce *Lapis Philosophicus*, and which 'jewel of the alchemist' is reputed to possess both the gift of wisdom and the secret of a personal immortality.

Alchemy, correctly understood and appreciated, is not - as the mis-informed have come to believe or been led to believe - concerned with the changing, the transformation of inert, lifeless, substances (chemical or otherwise) but with the transformation of the alchemist by a particular type of interaction with living 'things', human, of Nature, and of the Cosmos, and of living 'things' existing both in the causal and the acausal realms. [Hence the old association between alchemy and astronomy.] This interaction, by its nature - its physis - is or becomes a symbiotic one, with the alchemist, and the substances/things used, being thus changed by such a symbiosis.

That is, it is concerned with what we describe as 'the sinisterly-numinous'; with accessing and using/changing the acausal energies of living beings, and which acausal energies of necessity include the psyche of the alchemist.

Hence, esoteric alchemy is a particular type of 'internal change' within and of the individual as well as a practical esoteric Art involving the manufacture/use of particular types of esoteric - living - substances/'beings'/things.

A minor example of one such alchemical substance, symbiotically produced, is petriochor. Another is the particular type of energy produced when a human being or (more effectively) when a collocation of human beings in symbiosis among themselves, use particular esoteric chants in conjunction with a shaped crystal during a propitious 'alchemical season'.

Esoteric

By *esoteric* we mean not only the standard definition given in the Oxford English Dictionary, which is:

" From the Greek *ἑσωτερικ-ός*. Of philosophical doctrines, treatises, modes of speech. Designed for, or appropriate to, an inner circle of advanced or privileged disciples; communicated to, or intelligible by, the initiated exclusively. Hence of disciples: Belonging to the inner circle, admitted to the esoteric teaching."

but also and importantly pertaining to the Occult Arts *and* imbued with a certain mystery, *and* redolent of what we term 'the sinisterly-numinous'.

Lapis Philosophicus

The jewel of the alchemist; the goal that the alchemist, through alchemy, seeks. Possession of this jewel is, according to aural tradition, sufficient to gift the alchemist with both wisdom and the secret of a personal immortality.

Occult

By Occult we mean both: (1) concerned with The Dark Arts, with what is esoteric, and (2) beyond the mundane, beyond the simple causality of the causal, and thus beyond conventional causal-knowing.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the

"unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

In practical terms, the psyche of the individual is a nexus, between causal and acausal.

Sinister-Numinous

The term sinister-numinous is used to describe the living unity beyond the abstract, the lifeless, division and dialectic of contrasting/abstractive/ideated opposites. A division most obvious in the false dichotomy of 'good' and 'evil', and a division not so obvious in *denotatum*.

The Dark Art of *pathei-mathos* is one means to know, to experience, the sinisterly-numinous, and thus to discover the Reality beyond the illusion of opposites. What is uncovered is The Sinister-Numen, which is the genesis of that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of Kindred-Honour, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Wisdom

By term *wisdom* we mean not only the standard dictionary definition - a balanced personal judgement; having discernment - but also the older sense of having certain knowledge of a pagan, Occult, kind to do with livings beings, human nature, and concerning Nature and 'the heavens'. To wit, possessing certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy, a knowing of one's self; possessing an Aeonic knowing; and thus knowing Reality beyond, and sans, all causal abstractions.

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Some Suggested Further Reading

Notes Concerning The Aeonic Perspective

Pathei-Mathos and The Initiatory Occult Quest

The Adeptus Way and The Sinisterly-Numinous

Knowing, Information, and The Discovery of Wisdom

Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time

O9A Adversarial Action - Success or Failure?

The Adeptus Way and The Sinisterly-Numinous

There are two things concerning The Order of Nine Angles which may be said to express our *raison 'd'etre* and which two things some people seem to have overlooked.

The first is that our primary aim is to breed, to develop, a new type of human being with such new beings establishing new ways of living for themselves. The second is that we are now and always been an esoteric association ^[1].

The first means that we possess an Aeonic perspective, beyond the life of the individual. That we understand the achievement of our aims and goals in terms of long durations of causal Time, of centuries and more. That we know that changing an ordinary human into one of our kind is a slow, difficult, testing, process involving as it does such things as exeatic experience, practical challenges, and pathei-mathos, as well as a coming-to-live both the sinister and the numinous. Thus our kind develop an awareness and a knowing of themselves as a nexion balanced between causal and acausal and of possessing within them – latent, then discovered, then developed and then lived – the sinisterly-numinous. For such a knowing and then a living of the sinisterly-numinous is an essential part of the development, the breeding, the emergence, of our new kind.

The second means not only that we have certain Dark Arts, certain skills, certain Occult methods and techniques, as well as an esoteric aural tradition, but also that one of our tasks is to recruit some suitable individuals and for such initiates to begin to follow the Adeptus way, since we know, from experience, that such a practical and Occult way is most efficacious in producing the new breed of human.

Thus what has tended to be overlooked - especially by those concentrating on using outer causal forms and upon immediate adversarial action – is the need to be, become, to live, to learn from, the sinisterly-numinous, and the importance we attach to the Adeptus way.

The Adeptus Way

The Adeptus way – the way of our adepts – is manifest both in our newer Seven Fold Way and in our more traditional Way of the Rounwytha.

The Adeptus way is a distinct way of life, involving a life-time commitment, so that our Adepts often feel and know how different they are from most other humans. Different in terms of personal character; in terms of faculties; in terms of knowing; in terms of experience; in terms of feelings, aims, and goals. And also in terms of how – even now in this Aeon where most human communication is still by words, written and spoken – they are able to communicate with their own kind and often with other humans sans words.

This communication of ours is not only the use of ONA-speak and of an esoteric *langage* or two – such as The Star Game ^[2] – but also the result of using and developing Occult faculties and skills such as esoteric-empathy and thus becoming empaths, and possessing talents such as foreseeing. Which skills and talents and faculties are muliebral ^[3] and which developing and possession and use of such muliebral qualities are one presencing of the numinous within a human man, with such a presencing necessary for that sinister-numinous balance which it is one of the aims of an Adept to cultivate and to live.

It is these qualities – and the type of character, the type of person they breed – that manifest the Adept and marks us as markedly different from the majority who apply to themselves, or to their beliefs, terms such sinister, satanist, and Left Hand Path, even though we ourselves are all those things and in many ways by our living define or redefine such terms.

For our Way is primarily esoteric and therefore is concerned with all of the following: (1) *wyrd* – the numinously archetypal; (2) with a type of learning that involves the arts of human culture, the Occult arts, and the *pathei-mathos* of Occult and exoteric experiences; (3) with developing certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy; (4) with the sinisterly-numinous.

Thus, our Adepts are esoteric even when they are shapeshifting or living in the world of ordinary humans – such as when garnishing exeatic experiences or undertaking an Insight Role or living as an outlaw, a heretic, or are part of or leading a gang. Esoteric as not only in being secretive, but also as in learning, developing, esoteric skills and as in having within them a certain perspective, a certain knowledge, that places their own life and deeds into a *wyrdful*, an Aeonic, and thus into a Cosmic, perspective.

The Sinister-Numinous

The term sinister-numinous is employed by us – part of our esoteric ONA-speak – to describe the living unity beyond the abstract, the lifeless, division and dialectic of contrasting/abstractive/ideated opposites. A division most obvious in the false dichotomy of ‘good’ and ‘evil’, and a division not so obvious in *denotatum* and thus in both Magian religions with their god, prophets, scriptures, and in occultisms and religions devolving around named ‘deities’ ^[4].

As mentioned above, a knowing and then a living of the sinisterly-numinous is an essential part of the development, the breeding, the emergence, of our new kind, whether the individual be following the traditional Occult way of the Adept or using our newer sorcery of the way of the tribe/gang/clan and the way of the lone adversarial O9A operative (the Niner).

For such a knowing and such of living of the sinisterly-numinous – and the personal learning, the *pathei-mathos*, that results – is the means to know, to live, to be, the natural balance, the Life, beyond abstracted opposites and all abstractions, and it is this natural, *wyrdful*, Cosmic balance, that is the quintessence of our new type of human being, and makes us and marks as a breed apart, as quite different from *Homo Hubris* and all other manifestations of human life on this planet. That the necessity of this knowing, this living, this type of learning, has been overlooked or forgotten by many interested in the Order of Nine Angles is both interesting and indicative.

To experience, to live, the sinisterly-numinous and then learn from such living, is easier for the Adept than it is for those using our newer sorcery, since the Adept has a structured path to follow, particular Occult rites, and more often than not some guidance from one of our kind who has ‘been there, done that’.

In terms of the way of the Adept, an experience and thence a wordless personal knowing of this living unity is the purpose of the Camlad Rite of The Abyss ^[5] and of the living that precedes it, and forms part of the training of the Adept. Part of this personal knowing is of *Wyrd*, and thence of the Aeonic perspective beyond a personal destiny; a knowing, experiences, that move – that develop – the individual far beyond the attempted deification of the ego, the self, and beyond the hubris, arrogance, posturing, lack of self-honesty, and self-delusion, that are the basis of all Magian occultism, whether such occultism be described as RHP, LHP, or satanic.

This can be expressed in a simplistic, exoteric way, and which exoteric expression gives an insight into how those using the way of the clan or the way of the independent O9A operative might discover and then live the sinisterly-numinous ^[6]. In brief, our Occult kind, our Adepts, have: (1) a type of pagan knowing and understanding of the natural world ^[7]; (2) a certain sensitivity and empathy; appreciate such muliebral qualities in others, and thus appreciate, understand, women and their potential; and (2) a certain culture, where by *culture* here is meant the arts of life made manifest by living by our code of kindred-honour, having a living (and thus numinous) tradition, having self-control, self-honesty, having a certain learned knowledge of the Arts, literature, and music of their own ancestral culture, and having the all-important knowing of themselves as but one nexion between a causal past, their present short-lived life, and the *wyrdful* futures that will exist after their causal death.

Therefore one exoteric, and old, archetype which still usefully expresses something of the sinisterly-numinous for those of the male human gender is the chivalrous warrior of stories such as *Le Morte d’Arthur* but where the supra-personal ‘numinous’ element is not the religion of the Nazarene but rather our code of kindred-honour or something

similar. Or, if one desires a more modern, heretical, and somewhat more accurate (but still incomplete, imperfect) archetype, there are the warriors of the Waffen-SS, and what they were, of course, rather than what propaganda and lies about them have made them appear to be ^[8].

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Notes

[1] As I have mentioned elsewhere, by esoteric we mean not only the standard definition given in the Oxford English Dictionary, which is:

" From the Greek *ἑσωτερικ-ός*. Of philosophical doctrines, treatises, modes of speech. Designed for, or appropriate to, an inner circle of advanced or privileged disciples; communicated to, or intelligible by, the initiated exclusively. Hence of disciples: Belonging to the inner circle, admitted to the esoteric teaching."

but also and importantly pertaining to the Occult Arts *and* imbued with a certain mystery, *and* redolent of the sinister, or of the numinous, or of what we term 'the sinisterly-numinous', and where by Occult in this context we mean beyond the mundane, beyond the simple causality of the causal, and thus beyond conventional causal-knowing.

[2] For the basic texts about the Star Game, refer to the ONA Star Game archive, currently (December 2011 CE) available at <http://nineangles.wordpress.com/about/star-game-archive/>

[3] As with many terms, we use this particular one in a precise and esoteric way. By *muliebral* we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*.

[4] See, for example, the text *Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names*, and the pdf compilation *Marcheyre Rhinings*.

[5] The Camlad Rite is given in full in the pdf compilation *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*.

[6] Some practical guidelines as to how to live the sinisterly-numinous are given in *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*.

[7] By *pagan* here is meant the knowing and the appreciation of the natural world that is germane to the Rounwytha, for which see, for example, *Marcheyre Rhinings*.

[8] An excellent personal example here is Léon Degrelle. A good and truthful over-view of the Waffen-SS can be obtained by reading Degrelle's account of his combat experiences in his book *Campaign in Russia: The Waffen SS on the Eastern Front*.

Pathei-Mathos and The Initiatory Occult Quest

Pathei-Mathos

Pathei-Mathos is a term - appropriated from Myatt's philosophy of The Numen - that we, the Order of Nine Angles, introduced a few years ago into Occultism in order to describe a certain internal (alchemical, esoteric) process, both individual and Aeonic. As occurred with the term Traditional Satanism, introduced by us some decades ago, it has been used and is now being used, and mis-used, by others, both in an Occult and a non-Occult context.

Therefore, as there does seem to be something of a mis-understanding as to what is meant and implied by the term pathei-mathos in both an Occult and a non-Occult context, some explanation of the term seems in order.

As Myatt has explained, pathei mathos - *πάθει μάθος* - is a Greek term (used by Aeschylus in his *Agamemnon*) which can be variously interpreted as meaning *learning from adversity*, or *wisdom arises from personal suffering*, and/or *personal experience is the genesis of true wisdom*.

These, taken together, impute the correct esoteric meaning and O9A usage, which is that wisdom [1] - one goal of the Adept [2]; acquiring a true, balanced, understanding; the dis-covering/revealing of Reality - has its genesis in the combination of: (a) personal suffering, (b) a learning from adversity, (c) the development of certain Occult skills, and (d) practical personal experience. That is, that all these diverse experiences are meant by our use of the term, and therefore that all such experiences are necessary for interior, esoteric, change within the individual. Not just 'personal practical experience'; not just Occult skills, and not just a 'learning from adversity/challenges', but also and importantly a learning from personal suffering: from grief, severe trauma (physical and/or emotional), personal loss, and an encounter (or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of one's own death.

There thus arises, from such pathei-mathos, certain intense personal feelings, a certain insight, and thence, in many individuals, a certain knowing - of yourself, and of how finite, how microcosmic, the individual human being is and just how fragile the human body is. In essence, the individual is placed in context and, if they possess a certain potential, a certain character, are changed by - learn from - the experiences. Of course some humans dwelling on planet Earth - lacking a certain potential, and possessing an altogether different character - do not change, do not learn from pathei-mathos. Which is to say that pathei-mathos tests, selects, reveals, and can breed a somewhat different type of human.

In that sense, it is and has been a useful esoteric technique, a new type of Dark Art. Which is one reason why the ONA has such techniques as Insight Roles, grade rituals such as Internal Adept; an exoteric adversarial - heretical and amoral - praxis; and tough physical challenges. So that individuals can test themselves and be tested; can suffer, can endure hardship and triumph or fail; can shed affectations and come to know themselves for who and what they are; and can acquire the necessary esoteric, Aeonic, perspective, of themselves as a fragile mortal nexion.

For what pathei-mathos as a Dark Art does, has done, and can do is allow the individual to outwardly experience and to internally confront within themselves both the sinister and the numinous, the 'light' and the 'dark', and to thus learn from - or fail to learn from - such experiences, interior and exterior. Which is why Occult, initiatory, methods such as the Seven Fold Way and the Way of the Rounwytha exist and were originally devised, for they provide context, a living tradition (ancestral pathei-mathos/'guidance') and form a tried and tested path toward the goal of positive, evolutionary, individual change and toward the goal of acquiring wisdom.

Lacking such methods, there is generally either failure or, more common, the delusion of attainment. For few if any of those trying to use pathei-mathos as a Dark Art - *sans* such structured methods - have (a) ever willingly or unwillingly experienced the imminent possibility of their own death; (b) ever suffered severe trauma (physical and/or emotional)

and (c) ever willingly testingly betaken themselves into the realms of the numinous, content as they are with themselves and their prideful ego to such an extent that they adhere to the primitivism of 'might is right' and believe stuff such as the grandiloquent *I command the powers* or 'I can and I will command the powers...'

Thus they remain unbalanced; incomplete; far from wisdom, never having - via *πάθει μάθος* - melded *ἀρετή* with their *ὑβρις* and thence betaken themselves far beyond both those imposters.

Which is why this particular technique of ours - pathei-mathos as a Dark Art - has two distinct phases, conventionally represented by the attainment of Internal Adept and then by a successful Passing of The Abyss.

Which is not to say that such structured methods as our Seven Fold Way and the Way of the Rounwytha are the only means to wisdom, as we understand and appreciate wisdom. Only that they have proven effective in enabling some individuals to achieve that tertiary goal, that third phase; an effectiveness that can be appreciated by a personal knowing of such individuals, and also by their creative effusions, be such Occult, or philosophical, or personal, or, in the case of a few individuals, musical/artistic, or scholarly [3], or pedagogic.

The Initiatory Occult Quest

Internal Adept - as is now well-known in part due to the availability of texts such as *Naos* - is the phase, the stage, the iteration, of our sinister initiatory Occult quest, where the external gives way to the internal; where a personal destiny can be revealed; and where a certain inner knowing, and thus balance, is attained. An inner knowing, a balance, similar to, though not identical to, the individuation described by Jung. A knowing which the new Internal Adept carries with them throughout their life and which makes them, when they encounter the mundane world again after their three months or so (or more) spent in solitude, feel somewhat misplaced, bringing as this feeling does in many a sense of not belonging in the present but rather to some distant past or to some distant, longed for, future.

But this new knowing - partly acquired as a result of the months of solitude in isolated wild places and often slowly, gradually, more generally acquired over subsequent months - is not itself wisdom, being as it is of a more personal nature. That is, of their feelings, their relation to Nature; of the things they themselves now do so desire to do: to create, to manifest, to perhaps explain.

Beyond all this is the rite of The Abyss, preceded - by those following a sinister initiatory way - with a lengthy and practical engagement with the numinous; and preceded - by those following a numinous initiatory way - with a lengthy and practical engagement with the sinister. That is, preceded by the experience of, and the living over a period of some three years or more of, the numinous/sinister aspect, followed by the integration of that aspect and a going-beyond - again, in practical terms - of the personal amalgam that results, a going-beyond that the rite of the Abyss is an integral part of.

This experience, this living of ways of life, of and for at least three years, of the apparent opposite from one's initially chosen path [4], is very easy in theory but quite difficult and testing in practice, undermining and destroying as it does and must the self-image - the sense of Destiny, the self-importance, the pride - that the Internal Adept rite helped to reveal and then the Internal Adept strove for some years to manifest, to presence. For the new type of knowing, for instance in respect of someone following a sinister initiatory way, is of others, of empathy, of the connexions that bind them, beyond their self, to Life: to other human beings, to Nature, to the Cosmos. Of affective (acausal) and effective (causal) change.

The rite of The Abyss - as manifest in the Camlad Rite with its dark simplicity, its stasis, its dangerous requirement of confinement for a whole lunar month - is where the old pathei-mathos before and following the rite of Internal Adept is melded with the new pathei-mathos of those recent three or more years. For the candidate has nothing else to do but dwell upon such matters, and to try and simply *be*, to be what they are and always were, one microcosmic connexion, suspended between causal and acausal Time. In addition, and crucially important and necessary, the candidate has to

implicitly trust someone; trust them to leave food and trust them to reveal when their lunar month of isolation has ended. [5] In effect, their entrust their own life to someone else, for a whole lunar month.

Conclusion - The Breeding of A New Race

All this garnishing of experience, by the Dark Arts and by the Dark Art of pathei-mathos, is difficult and takes a certain duration of causal Time, of the order of decades, and of necessity involves not only exeatic, adversarial, and Occult experiences, but also learning from personal suffering: from grief, severe trauma (physical and/or emotional), personal loss, and an encounter (or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of one's own death.

Therefore show me someone claiming to be wise, claiming to have gone beyond the stage of Adept, who is younger than a certain age, who has not endured grief, severe trauma (physical and/or emotional), personal loss, and an encounter (or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of their own death, and I shall show you a liar, a fraud, a charlatan, a poseur, or someone so deluded they actually believe the fantasy they have created for themselves and maybe also for others.

Conversely, not everyone beyond a certain age, claiming to follow or who actually has followed an initiatory Occult quest, is or might be wise, or even an Adept. For wisdom is either a profoundly rare wyrdfully-given gift - obvious by the personality, life, and works of the mature individual - or the result of someone successfully following, over several decades, an initiatory Occult quest to its exalted ending, a success again obvious by the life, the personality and the works of the individual [6]. For both types - those wyrdfully given the gift and those acquiring it by Occult, alchemical, means - are harbingers of a new human race and, from this race, this new breed, of a new human species.

Of the wyrdfully-given there are, perhaps and despite what mundanes desire to believe, only three or so per century. Of those who acquire it, for themselves, there are, as yet, only slightly more than that small number, per century. Which is why such initiatory Occult ways, and the Dark Art of pathei-mathos, exist: to bring-forth, to breed, more and more such beings in ever increasing numbers.

The way, the means, to wisdom exist; but so far humans have shown little inclination to follow the way, to use the means, preferring as they so obviously do ease to difficulty, lives of self-delusion, of subservience to causal abstractions, and of slavery to their lowly human desires and/or to others.

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Notes

[1] By term *wisdom* is meant not only the standard dictionary definition - a balanced personal judgement; having discernment - but also the older sense of having certain knowledge of a pagan, Occult, kind to do with livings beings, human nature, and concerning Nature and 'the heavens'. To wit, possessing certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy, a knowing of one's self; possessing an Aeonic knowing; and thus knowing Reality beyond, and sans, all causal abstractions.

[2] The other goal is immortality, which for us means a new existence in the acausal.

[3] By *scholarly* is meant both *learned* and having undertaken meticulous, unbiased, research on a specific subject over a period of some years.

[4] The pdf compilation *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion* gives some general guidelines for such ways of living.

[5] This trust, being a hitherto aural tradition, was deliberately omitted from the details of the rite published in the aforementioned text.

[6] As we have emphasized many times over the years - and as our Code of Kindred Honour demands - we, our kind, judge a person by, and only by, a personal knowing of them, and of their deeds, and a knowing extending over a certain duration of causal Time. Anything else is the mark of a mundane.

Knowing, Information, and The Discovery of Wisdom

Knowing and Information

In my view, both the importance and the usefulness of the impersonal 'world wide web' for esoteric groups - for a living esoteric tradition - has been overestimated by many people. I remember growing up in an overseas land where there was no television, where news was received by short-wave radio, and where communication with friends and nearest neighbours meant either taking the trouble to visit them personally, as there were few telephones outside of the major cities or towns, or writing then posting a letter and awaiting the reply. Newspapers, when they were available, were generally a few days old.

Although perhaps difficult for many people, today, to appreciate and understand this meant that one acquired a particular way of viewing the world and of doing things. The personal way, that often of necessity involved a certain effort and a certain amount of waiting. For instance, I can remember, later on in another overseas land, waiting weeks or more usually several months, for a book to arrive; since acquiring knowledge meant finding and asking someone who knew, or visiting a (usually poorly stocked) library some distance away, or purchasing a book from the nearest bookshop (also usually some distance away) and often then waiting because the book was not in stock and had to be specially ordered. Once such information was obtained, available, there then followed a learning of and from it, which itself took a certain amount of time, followed, in turn, by a period of reflecting upon - and often enjoying - the new knowledge so slowly and with effort acquired. There was also the feeling that one was on a long journey of discovery and that there may well be, and probably was, more to be found on a particular subject 'out there' - in some books or books, to be learned from someone else, or found in some scholarly journal.

This personal effort, this wait, to find and then acquire knowledge was itself instructive, personally beneficial, although again many people, today, will not understand nor appreciate this older way; a way that, for centuries, formed the basis for traditional esoteric groups and a way I deliberately made part of The Order of Nine Angles.

This is why, for example, I consider and have always considered that the 'world wide web' is now, has been for a decade or so, and may continue to be for a while, basically just a useful, convenient, medium for personal communication, a means of dissemination of information among our people, and a useful accessible informational resource for our people and others. Anything else - such as incitement of others, the possibility of recruiting a few people using this new medium - is secondary to this, and always has been.

For example, from the beginning, and for over two decades, when some new ONA MS was written, or when an aural tradition was written down, it was by means of a manual typewriter, and the resultant sheet or sheets of typewritten paper had to be photocopied, and then circulated either by means of posted letters or by being personally handed-over to others.

Now, today, that type of process is used only occasionally, with many of our newer MSS being available and having been made available on our nineangles website, just as my own 'weblog' allows not only the dissemination of new MSS but also of occasional articles giving my personal view of certain matters. But what is presented by this new medium is information, not knowledge. Knowledge of some-thing is - as the Old Icelandic *kunnleik* suggests - an intimate, detailed, knowing of and acquaintance with that 'thing', whereas information (enformation) is merely a statement or a collection of statements about or concerning some-thing.

Or expressed in our now familiar terms, knowledge - as we understand it - is numinous, a part of one's life, whereas information is lifeless, causal, an outer form. For in terms of esoteric, Occult, matters, *to know* is both to learn from personal experience and to place what is so learnt in a particular context, that of one's personal internal and external journey along the particular way or path that one has, by initiation, chosen to follow.

What has thus occurred is that many people have or seem to have confused information - accessible and communicated by the medium of the 'world wide web' - for knowing. That is, they by means of some computer monitor or some other modern means read or access some information about, for example, the ONA and then presume they 'know' about the ONA or have knowledge of an esoteric topic written about by the ONA, whereas all they have done is make assumptions concerning or form a personal opinion about such matters, with some people even going so far as to then develop an opinion concerning the person they assume wrote such information.

For the meaning is in, acquired from, discovered by, the personal knowing. By taking the time, making the effort, to learn; to acquire a detailed, personal knowing of, and then to place that knowledge in the context of one's own knowledge and that of knowledgeable others and which others one knows and respects personally or who have acquired respect by virtue of their practical experience and/or their scholarly knowledge [1]. The meaning, the knowledge, is not in the information; not in the medium that might be used to convey such information.

The reality is that the 'world wide web' encourages a pretentious, spurious, or illusory, 'knowing', the rapid communication of this, as well as a pretentious, spurious, 'respect' among and of anonymous others - something especially true regarding the relaying of messages by diverse people by means of some ephemeral 'forum' or 'discussion group' or something similar where those who do not know converse with, and argue with, others who either do not know or who pretend to know something about that which they have no direct personal experience of and have not spent years acquiring a scholarly, a detailed, knowledge of. In short, the 'world wide web', while having some advantages in respect of making information accessible, has the disadvantage of having become the medium of choice for a certain type of Homo Hubris and for the rapid circulation of their vapid, plebeian, opinions and assumptions [2].

The Discovery of Wisdom

One of the main reasons for the existence of esoteric groups, a clan, such as The Order of Nine Angles is to be a living hereditary repository of a certain type of knowledge and to personally, directly, encourage some individuals to acquire the culture, the habit, of learning - practical, scholarly - and thus enable them to move in the traditional manner toward the goal of discovering and acquiring knowledge and thence wisdom [3]. In the process of this moving-toward, some of these individuals may or will be changed, and thus become a breed apart, one of our kind; indeed, over almost forty years, the ONA has had some success in producing some such individuals of our particular, peculiar, sinister kind.

All the 'world wide web' has done - as, previously, photocopied material posted to unknown others did - is enable us to present information, possibly incite some people, and provide an opportunity, to and for more unknown others. An opportunity, for some of these unknown others, of learning, and of using, applying, our Dark Arts such as that of Pathei-Mathos, and which opportunity some have availed themselves of, leading to a few - and only a few - becoming part of the ONA and thus beginning their own guided esoteric journey according to our sinister Way.

That some or many individuals - using the 'world wide web' to spew forth their opinions and assumptions - seem to have mistaken the presentation of such information, and such an opportunity, for the ONA reveals something about those individuals, especially when they congratulate themselves, and are congratulated by others of their ilk, for their pretentious, illusive, 'knowing' via some ephemeral aspect of something as ephemeral as the 'world wide web'.

As I wrote over twenty years ago:

" Satanism is elitist. It does not compromise - its tests, ordeals, methods and character-building experiences are severe and will never be made easier to make them acceptable to more people or easier to undertake." *The Hard Reality of Satanism*

For the discovery of wisdom, esoteric and otherwise, involves an arduous journey of decades, and which journey is replete with much practical, personal, learning and many dark experiences.

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[1] As mentioned elsewhere, by *scholarly* is meant both *learned* and having undertaken meticulous, unbiased, research on a specific subject over a period of some years.

[2] One distinguishing mark of such types of Homo Hubris is their arrogant unbalance, deriving from a lack of *pathei-mathos*, that is a lack of certain Occult skills and never having experienced grief, severe trauma (physical and/or emotional), personal loss, nor an encounter (or many encounters) with the imminent possibility of their own death, never mind never having experienced over years and in practical ways both the numinous and the sinister. Refer, for example, to *Pathei-Mathos and The Initiatory Occult Quest*.

[3] As mentioned elsewhere, by the term *wisdom* is meant not only the standard dictionary definition - a balanced personal judgement; having discernment - but also the older sense of having certain knowledge of a pagan, Occult, kind to do with livings beings, human nature, and concerning Nature and 'the heavens'. To wit, possessing certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy, a knowing of one's self; possessing an Aeonic knowing; and thus knowing Reality beyond, and sans, all causal abstractions.

O9A Adversarial Action - Success or Failure?

Between us, we [of the Order of Nine Angles] have over fifty years - half a century - of pathei-mathos resulting from personal experience of adversarial action, ranging from political, religious, and social activism, to 'criminal' activities, to clandestine revolutionary and subversive deeds, to military, paramilitary, and law enforcement experience.

For some of us, such practical experience was acquired before involvement with our esoteric Way; for others, such learning resulted from using and applying one of our Dark Arts, such as an Insight Role. Given that our base was and mostly still is in the Isles of Briton, perhaps the majority of this experience relates to events in these lands. From the protest movements of the 1960's, to 'the troubles', to the social unrest of the 70's and 80's, to recent conflicts involving the alleged 'clash of cultures' between Islam and the West, there is a wide variety of experience. In addition, we have the mostly aurally related experiences and learning of several individuals - drawn to us decades ago and now no longer with us in the causal realm - whose pathei-mathos derived from major conflicts such as that commonly known as the Second World War, and which experiences of that conflict were of those who fought on both sides, allied and axis.

There is thus a diverse, rich, heritage here - an ancestral pathei-mathos of our new culture - from which we might learn, especially in regard to the effectiveness of adversarial action and regarding the use and manipulation of causal forms.

However, before proceeding further it might be useful to recall what we mean by 'success' and 'failure'. For us, there are two criteria, individual and Aeonic; that is, whether such things have been shown, by experience, to work - to be effective - on the personal level and/or on the Aeonic level. The personal level obviously is that of a personal learning and development, and thus the alchemical, interior, change produced - in terms of esoteric skills, change in personal character, and so on - is often apparent, and often manifest by the progression of the individual along the Seven Fold Way. But the Aeonic level is often not so apparent, involving as it does an understanding and appreciation of our Aeonic aims and goals, and a shared desire, among us, to aid them. ^[1]

Personal and Aeonic Perspectives

In general, what we may with some justification call our ancestral pathei-mathos indicates that our particular adversarial praxis works both in respect of being a vector of alchemical, interior, change in our people, and in respect of testing and weeding out those lacking the character, the potential, to be of our kind. That is, it is and has been successful in breeding the requisite personal character and in enabling individuals, via their own pathei-mathos, to move toward the goal of wisdom. Or, understood in terms of our aims, goals, successful in producing and nurturing our new type of human.

But what of Aeonic change, our Aeonic aims and goals? There are, in my view, several questions, here. (1) Has the use of adversarial praxis by our people over some forty years achieved anything Aeonically? That is, in practical terms of undermining, replacing, The System and/or moving toward our New Aeon? (2) What does our ancestral pathei-mathos indicate in this respect; that is, the practical learning from experience of those whose learning was acquired before the foundation of the ONA and who subsequently became ONA? (3) What does a reasoned, scholarly ^[2], overview of the past thousand or two thousand years of human history reveal in respect of methods of human change?

I shall consider the last of these questions, first. Thus, what - to use a mundane cliché - do the past two thousand years

of wars, revolutions, empires, conquests, tyrants, kings, insurrections, revolts, riots, religions and their schisms, propaganda, rallies, marches, demonstrations, speeches, political parties, and so on and so on, teach the sagacious among us? Or, expressed more precisely, what does the pathei-mathos of those who endured such things, who experienced such things, who participated in such things, who lived through such things, who learned from them, teach us, as recorded in their writings, their aural accounts, their lives, their deaths, their literature, their reflexions (philosophical or otherwise), their artistic, musical, emanations?

My own conclusion, derived intellectually nearly forty years ago, was that they reveal something important; and quite a lot of my life these past forty years has been devoted to testing this conclusion in a practical manner, often via my own pathei-mathos, as well as devoted to acquiring more intellectual knowledge that might prove or disprove this conclusion.

My conclusion was that all such external things have not in any significant way aided, changed, evolved, the majority of humans. That humans, in their majority, remain mundane, rather primitive, beings - in thrall to their feelings, desires, and addicted to and reliant upon causal abstractions; easily swayed and easily manipulated. That the cultured, the noble, the aristocratic, among us are and have remained a small minority, never more than five per cent, often less. That the potential which humans have, as a species of sentient living beings, has remained unfulfilled, and that as a consequence wisdom is still the prerogative of only a few human beings per century.

In brief, that as vectors of effective human change, such large-scale, supra-personal, events and means, just do not work; that all they do is add a few more to the roll of those distinguished by their personal learning from adversity, hardship, suffering, and the overcoming of challenges.

The past forty years of my living has, for me at least, revealed the veracity of that conclusion, and which conclusion then at that early time was one of the inspirations that led to the founding of our esoteric, our Occult, Order.

The answers to the other two questions I posited, previously, also - and again to me - support this conclusion. That is, that both our ancestral pathei-mathos, and the experiences of our people in using adversarial praxis Aeonicly, have shown that such external means, and our adversarial praxis, have not affected The System in any significant way, and nor are they likely to in the near future.

In effect, our people - those with us for a decade or more - have, via their own experience and their own scholarly studies, learnt or come to learn what I myself have learned, and which learning has affected them, changed them, internally, alchemically, as indeed is right and fitting, and Occult ^[3].

Where then does this leave us? With what knowing? What knowledge?

Our Aeonic Perspective

It leaves us with our unique Aeonic perspective, and which perspective is, in my view, a part of wisdom; part of our esoteric tradition. An inner inspiration for our kind.

This is of two things. First, how real, genuine, change in individuals - of their physis, their nature - is a slow process, and while our Occult ways and our Order exists to aid and propagate this process of interior change, to affect/infect a significant number of humans will take long durations of causal Time, from a century to many centuries. Second, that our real work, both as individuals and as an Order - our Magnum Opus - is genuinely esoteric and Occult, and thus concerned with *lapis philosophicus* and not with some purely causal self-indulgence, or some ephemeral outer change in some causal form or forms, or with using such forms to try and effect some external change. For it is this esoteric, this Occult, work which will, affectively and effectively, introduce and maintain the Aeonic changes we desire and plan for - in its own species of acausal Time.

Which leads us naturally on to two other connected, and important, matters concerning the nature of our Order - of our

family, our culture - and concerning the nature of our own human lives and why we are part of and stay with our esoteric family.

Our Order is predicated on us as nexions. Of we individual human beings having both causal and acausal physis, and of there thus being things that are Occult; of us having the potential, the ability, to change, to learn, to adapt, to develop, to evolve *in a conscious manner*, by using certain faculties, and certain Dark Arts, and so developing other Arts, other faculties; and of our Order by its existence gradually increasing the number of human beings who do so change, evolve.

In practice, this means, as I mentioned just now, that our Order is in essence and intent an Occult one, devolving around the individual quest for *lapis philosophicus* and which individual quests, collectively, over durations of causal Time - and involving as such quests do adversarial praxis and a certain collective, family, co-operation - are our Aeonic sorcery and thus produce and will produce Aeonic change in an affective, a lasting, manner.

But this predication also means that such an individual quest does not necessarily end with the termination of the causal shell, our fragile microcosmic physical body, that contains the inner acausal physis; which is why of course the last stage of our Seven Fold Way, of our individual Magnum Opus, has no representatives, and can have no representatives, in the realm of mortals. Since it involves using *lapis philosophicus* to egress beyond the causal and into the acausal spaces. Which is to say that the few achieving this, while no longer dwelling in the causal - no longer 'alive', no longer having their old causal shell - become, by the very nature of their now acausal-being, 'unseen' vectors of human, Aeonic, change, and of the evolution of the Cosmos itself. A type of change, a type of existence, open to many many humans, were they only able to see beyond the veil of the mundane and free themselves from abstractions, from the desires of their primitive, illusive, self.

Conclusion

In peroration, it is such understandings, such arcane knowledge, such knowing, such ancestral pathei-mathos, which separate and distinguish us, our Order, from the many others - groups, individuals - who in these times of ours claim to be Occultists, or of the Left Hand Path, or who now proclaim to use some adversarial praxis or other.

For we view ourselves, and our Order, in a Cosmic way, in an Occult way; as nexions. Our aims, our goals - our physis - making us a family bound by loyalty and oaths of initiation, and which family, in its growing, its slow, natural growing, is becoming a culture, a tradition, with its own ancestral pathei-mathos. Our perspective thus and of necessity including not only our family, past-present-future, but also being of the acausal spaces, the existences, that await for us beyond our own individual causal ending.

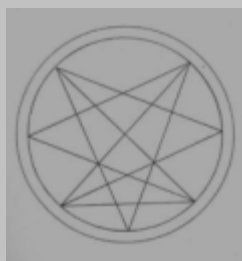
Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 yfayen

This is an edited transcript of a praelection given by AL at an ONA Sunedrion in Oxford, 122 yfayen, to which some footnotes have been added post-praelection

[1] These Aeonic aims and goals include breeding a new more evolved human species; developing new ways of living for this new type of human and thus replacing The System; and for our new species to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), grow to maturity, and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies.

[2] By *scholarly* is meant both *learned* and having undertaken meticulous, unbiased, research on a specific subject over a period of some years.

[3] By *Occult* is meant The Dark Arts, and the sinisterly-numinous, and those matters and skills and abilities which are hidden from, or unknown to, or not possessed by, mundanes.



The Order of Nine Angles Code of Kindred Honour

Introduction

The Code sets certain standards for our own personal behaviour and how we relate to our own kind and to others. Our Code, being based on honour, thus concerns personal knowing, and therefore demands that we judge others solely on the basis of a personal knowing of them - on their deeds, on their behaviour toward us and toward those to whom we have given a personal pledge of loyalty.

We know our own kind by their deeds and their way of life; that is through a personal knowing.

The O9A Code of Kindred Honour

Those who are not our kindred brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by – and are prepared to die by – our unique code of honour.

Our Kindred-Honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own ONA kind. Our Kindred-Honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our kindred honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their honourable deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as kindred individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our kindred honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to act with kindred honour in all our dealings with our own kindred kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their Kindred-Honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – means that an oath of kindred loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of kindred honour (“I swear on my Kindred-Honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of kindred honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

ONA/O9A/Niner

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών

120 Year of Fayen

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Revised 123 Year of Fayen



A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms

Introductory Note:

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

Abyss

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

Acausal

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of

different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

Acausal Thinking

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

Aeon

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

Alchemical Seasons

Alchemical seasons are a measure of acausal-knowing, and are known via the faculty of esoteric-empathy. Some alchemical seasons form the natural terran calendar of the Rounwytha and of others of our esoteric kind.

Alchemical seasons often 'measure' or signify the change of fluxions.

For more details, see the ONA MSS *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

Archetype

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Balobians

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Black Book of Satan

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Core ONA Traditions

Also known as The Five Core ONA Principles.

The basic principles on which the ONA is based. They are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour (qv); (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

Culture

For us, a *cultured person* is someone who possesses the following five distinguishing marks or qualities: (1) they have empathy, (2) they have the instinct for disliking rottenness, (3) they possess and use the faculty of reason, (4) they value *pathei-mathos*; and (5) they are part of living ancestral tradition and are well-acquainted with and appreciate the culture of that tradition, manifest as this often is in art, literature/aural traditions, music, and a specific ethos.

It is these personal qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals - and from Homo Hubris - here on terra firma but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings.

For us, the cultivation and development of empathy is a Dark Art, part of the training of the Initiate. This particular

Dark Art is a skill that rites such as that of Internal Adept develop. See, for example, the ONA text *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*.

In respect of 'the instinct for disliking rottenness' see the ONA text *Concerning Culling As Art* (122yf). This instinct is made manifest - conscious - by means of our code of kindred-honour aka sinister-honour.

Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, *a sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv) and Esoteric Empathy. The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguish the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.]

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister/O9A tribe or gang is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Ethos

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it. See also *ONA Ethos*.

Exeatic

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

Exoteric/Esoteric

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner/acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

Falcifer

1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.

2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between *Falcifer* and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

Five Core ONA Principles

See *Core ONA Traditions*.

God

According to the ONA, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

Hebdomadry

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

Homo Hubris

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, *Homo*, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen - this creation of the modern West - is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control *Homo Hubris* that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the *Hubriati*) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry - and mass "culture" - of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the "spin", the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps *Homo Hubris* almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

Hubriati

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their servants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost excursively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

Hubriati-syndrome

The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief of some Occultists that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical statement, replete with abstractions, which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeon, aims and goals.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

Left Hand Path (LHP)

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes. In addition, the LHP is where the individual learns from the practical deeds and practical challenges that are an integral to it.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understand and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonian Magick.

Aeonian Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrd) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The essence of what we term the Magian ethos is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, religions, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such religions.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

Muliebral

By the term muliebral we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*.

Among muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning/Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

These abilities, qualities, and skills are those of a Rounwytha, and they or some of them were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and Ἀμαζόνες; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is such skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Naos

1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.

2) The title of the ONA text "*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*".

3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around or near to this particular star.

Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Nine Angles

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrd plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

Niner

A freelance operative whose culture is that of the ONA, and who thus strives to live by our Code of Kindred-Honour and whose personal character manifests the ONA Ethos.

Also sometimes used as an alternative name for a Drecc, although most Niners, unlike Dreccs, do not belong to a gang, clan, or tribe.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The ONA/O9A is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association - a kollektive - comprising Niners, Tribes, O9A gangs, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

Our aims and goals can thus be achieved in the following manner:

(1) By more and more individuals adopting or being influenced or inspired by the ethos, mythos, and praxis of the ONA (both what it is now and will evolve to be), and thus becoming in personal character and often in life-style less and less dependant on the nation-State, on The System, on abstractions.

(2) By the practical actions – exoteric and esoteric – of those of our kind and influenced by us.

(3) By the continuing infiltration of our kind into certain influencing roles and within certain Institutions.

ONA Culture

ONA culture - often spelt kulture - is the culture of those who adopt or who are born into the ONA way of life, a way of life distinguished by: (1) our ethos [qv. *ONA ethos*]; (2) our aural traditions, and (3) our five core principles/five core traditions.

ONA Ethos

The ONA ethos - that which expresses the essence, the spirit, the nature, the character, of our living culture/kulture, of our living kollektive tradition - is manifest in:

(1) our code of kindred honour;

(2) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;

(3) our acceptance that it is primarily by *pathei-mathos* [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

ONA Iterations

The iterations are an expression of the natural change, the evolution, of the living esoteric being that is known as the ONA.

The first iteration/phase – aka ONA 1 – may be considered to be exoterically manifest in the overt and practical traditional Satanism of the early ONA (c.1972-1985 ce) with its ceremonial groups, and in Rounwytha nexions all of whom were in the UK and known to AL. The second iteration (c.1986-2009 ce) – aka ONA 2 – was most manifest in the Seven-Fold Way and the praxis of individuals, world-wide, establishing their own ceremonial ONA-type groups/nexions. The third iteration – aka ONA 3 – is that of the current ONA, 2010 ce and > and is manifest exoterically in the move from Satan as archetypal symbol to our female Baphomet (the dark goddess) as archetypal symbol.

All iterations - past and present - although different in character co-exist within the ONA, just as a mature living being has within it the younger being from whence it matured.

Presenting The Dark

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Present The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric

means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrd and thus to work Aeonic Sorcery.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

Rounwytha

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy).

Rounwytha Tradition

Also known as The Way of the Rounwytha.

The muliebral [qv.] tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour - equally, without distinction - to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom sacrifices were and are offered.

The Rounwytha tradition is the basis for our new sinister feminine archetype, for the new ways of living for women of our kind, and which ways of living involve:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by pathei-mathos, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.

(4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

For more details, see ONA MSS such as 1) Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time; 2) Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names; 3) The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype; 4) Diabological Dissent

Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Thus the ONA has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

Satan, as a word, is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (possibly in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, ethos, and the holocaustianity, of those allegedly "chosen by God".

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Satanism is defined, by the Order of Nine Angles, as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

Septenary

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrd, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

Sinister

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the ONA (qv). Often used as a synonym for Left Hand Path.

Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic/Sinister strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

Sinister-Empathy

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

Sinister-Numen

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Sinister Way

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

Sorcery

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

Star Game

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrd (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

Traditional Nexions

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

Traditional Satanism

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

Tree of Wyrd

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols

(see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrð. The Tree of Wyrð itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

Vindex

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presented ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means "the Avenger", and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Vindex is thus the name given to the person (male or female) who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

The main opponent of Vindex – both on the practical level and in terms of ethos – is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West – that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un- numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive. The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

Wyrð

As used by the ONA, Wyrð is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrð can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrð), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be dis-covered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.



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Appendix **The Sinister Code**

Those who are not our sinister brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by - and are prepared to die by - our unique code of dark (sinister) honour.

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour (“I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour

formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names

ONA Esoteric Notes – Rounwytha 3

The esoteric problem with denoting, by means of an ascribed name or a given expression, is essentially two-fold. First, esoteric-empathy [1] inclines us toward a knowing of the numinous essence that such a denoting obscures or hides, and part of which essence is a revealing of ourselves as but one nexion to all other Life, sentient and otherwise. The second problem with denoting is that there exists in various ancestral cultures world-wide (including some Indo-European ones) [2] an older aural tradition of how it is not correct – unwise – to give names to some-things, and of how some ‘names’ are ‘sacred’ because their very use is or could be an act of what we would now describe as sorcery/magick and which naming and which use of such names often tends toward disrupting the harmony between individuals, family, community, land, ancestors, ‘heaven and earth’, that many folk traditions were designed to aid.

Thus there is a different and almost entirely unrecorded folk tradition which is unrelated to the tradition of myths and legends about named divinities, be such divinities Sumerian, Egyptian, Pheonician or whatever, and which myths and legends we are all now familiar with and which traditions of myths and legends include, for example, the fables and stories of the Old Testament with their notions of a people who regard themselves as the chosen ones of some creator-god being persecuted, threatened and tempted by satans and the-satan.

This aural tradition is pagan in both the historical sense of that term and in the later usage of that term: paganus, someone who belongs to a rural community and whose traditions, ethos, and weltanschauung are not that of the religion of the Nazarene, deriving as that religion did from the fables and stories of the Old Testament.

It is possible – as the Rounwytha tradition intimates – that this aural pagan tradition had its natural origins in the way of life of small rural communities of free men and women (such as existed for instance in pre-Roman Britain and for a while in post-Roman Britain) in contrast to the tradition of myths and legends about named divinities and which naming tradition may well have had its origins in that type of living where there is some powerful king or authoritative leader and a more urbanized way of living (as in Sumeria, Egypt, etcetera) and where there was thus a hierarchical division between kings/leaders, court officials, the people, and slaves. For one feature of such early pagan communities was their lack of slaves and their communal way of making decisions.

What is especially interesting from an esoteric perspective is that the knowing that a developed esoteric-empathy provides confirms this aural pagan tradition in respect of both the un wisdom of dividing ‘the heavens’/the unseen by the process of ascribing personal names, and how such a division undermines, obscures, or destroys, our natural place in Nature and the Cosmos, and thus the natural balance both within us and external to us, as individuals and as individuals who are part of a living culture and/or of an ancestral community.

Esoteric-Empathy and Ancestral Traditions

The pagan aural tradition, as recounted in the Rounwytha tradition, is one lacking in myths and legends about specific named deities. Thus, there are no named gods or goddesses, and there is no division between ‘good’ deities and ‘evil’ deities. What there is, instead, are essentially two connected things.

(1) An intuitive, empathic, understanding of natural harmony manifest in the knowledge of ourselves – as individuals, and as ancestral communities – as in a rather precarious balance between earth and the heavens, a balance which can easily be disrupted and which for its maintenance requires certain duties and obligations both individual and communal. For instance, a certain reverence for one’s ancestors; a reverence for certain places traditionally regarded as numinous, ‘sacred’; a certain respect for one’s own mother and father and elderly relatives; a certain loyalty to one’s kin and community; and a certain respect for other but unseen and always unnamed emanations of life, the heavens, and Nature, manifest as this respect was, for example, in the practice of leaving offerings of food in certain places lest some of these unseen and unnamed emanations of life (spirits, sprites) be offended and cause personal or communal

misfortune.

In addition, there was the knowing that certain individual deeds were unwise – not because they would offend some named and powerful god or goddess, and not because such deeds contravened some law or decree said to be divinely inspired or laid down by some king or by someone who claimed authority from some god or gods, but because such deeds indicated the person doing them was rotten, and thus, like a rotten piece of meat eaten, might cause sickness. Or, expressed another way, because the person doing such a deed was diseased, and which disease, which infection, might spread and so harm the family and the wider community. Hence why it was that such rotten individuals – known by their rotten deeds – would be removed from the family and community by being, for example, exiled or culled and thus by their culling end the infection and aid the restoration of the balance their unwise deeds had upset.

This knowing of the unwisdom of some deeds is quite different from the ‘evil’ which organized religions pontificated about, and serves to distinguish the aural pagan tradition from the now more prevalent causal knowing manifest in myths and legends about divinities and in organized religions based on some god or gods, or on some revelation from some deity, or on reverence for some enlightened teacher.

For such a causal knowing is inseparably bound up with the manufactured division of an abstract and codified ‘good’ and ‘evil’ and also with the separation of the individual from their own ancestral, rural, community.

In the natural ancestral pagan tradition the individual – and thence their self-identity, their self-awareness – is communal, whereas in organized religions, and in identity derived from myths and legends about divinities and from obedience to some king or to someone who claimed authority from some god or gods, identity becomes more personal, less communal, and related to the ‘salvation’ of the individual, and/or to their personal existence in some posited after-life, with the individual constrained not by duties and obligations willingly and naturally accepted, to their family and local rural community (of shared hardship and shared ancestral *pathei-mathos*) but instead restrained by some imposed (by others or self-imposed) abstract criteria often manifest in some laws or decrees said to be of some god or gods or backed by some king or by some powerful overlord.

This separation is also manifest in the giving of personal names to both assumed or believed in divinities, and to individuals, a naming which marks a loss of the intuitive, empathic, pagan understanding of natural harmony manifest in ancestral traditions and cultures.

Thus in old pagan cultures an individual was referred by a particular skill they may possess (a skill useful to their community), or by some outstanding deed they had done, or by their family (their clan) place of residence or even by some trait of character or some physical feature. That is, there were no personal names as we now understand such names, and such a naming as existed related the individual to some-thing else: their place of local dwelling, what may have distinguished them from others of their community, or to some work that aided the community. A tradition still in evidence even in recent times in parts of Wales where someone would be referred to locally as, for instance, Jones the butcher or Jones ab Eynon (Jones the anvil).

(2) An intuitive wordless understanding of what may be described by the term *mimesis* (from the Greek *μίμησις*). That is, the use of certain actions and deeds – and thence by certain rituals and ceremonies – which are believed to re-present/manifest/presence the natural harmony and which thus can connect/reconnect individuals and their community to what is felt or known to be numinous and thus beneficial to them.

One obvious example here would be the custom, in northern European climes, of lighting a bonfire around the time of the Winter Solstice [3] and which celebration was one of re-presenting the warmth and light of the life-giving Sun in the hope that Winter, as in the past, would give way again to Spring, the season of sowing crops and of livestock able to forage outdoors again and have fresh grass to sustain and fatten them.

Another example might be that of removing a rotten person from the family and community by the *mimesis* of culling them, with such a culling being undertaken because it imitated/represented the natural process of how Nature culled or allowed to be culled some living being in order that others of those beings may survive and prosper.

For this understanding – this *mimesis* – was of the connexions that existed between the individual, the community, the

wider realms of Nature and of the heavens (the cosmos) beyond, and thus of how the actions of one or more of these affected such connexions. That is, it was an ancestral, a pagan, knowing of the natural balance.

In general, therefore, it was considered that to ‘name’ – to denote by some personal name or even to attempt to describe in words – particular aspects of the connected whole would be unwise because there were (as empathy and ancestral tradition revealed) no such divisions in the natural world, only transient emanations ‘of heaven and earth’ with the individual and their communities one part of, as transient emanations of, one undivided flow of life, and which flow was not – as was later believed – some causal linear ‘history’ of some past to some future abstraction or some idyll and which ‘history’ is marked by some assumed progression from ‘the primitive’ to something more ‘advanced’ and which assumed progression is what has been denoted by the term ‘progress’.

Hence the respect, in such pagan cultures and communities, for tradition – for the accumulated pathei-mathos of one’s ancestors; a respect lost when manufactured abstractions, denoted by some name or by some given expression, were relied upon, striven for, used as the basis for an individual identity, and as a means of understanding Reality.

The very process of denoting by naming and attempting to express meaning in terms of so named and manufactured abstraction denoted by some name or by some expression, is a move away from the wisdom that ancient ancestral cultures expressed and sought to maintain, and a loss of the wisdom, of the acausal-knowing, that esoteric-empathy reveals. A process of denoting that has culminated in the lifeless, un-numinous, illusive division that has been named ‘good’ and ‘evil’, and which denoting is also now manifest in the un-wisdom and the religiosity of The State with its abstraction of ‘progress’, with its manufactured lifeless urban ‘communities’; where a striving, a lust, for a personal materialism and a striving for a personal idealized happiness replaces belonging to a living ancestral or numinous culture; where the individual is expected to respect The State and its minions (or face punishment); and where self-identity is measured and made by State-approved abstractions and/or by some State-approved ideology or religion, instead of by a knowing of one’s self as a transient emanation, both sinister and numinous, dark and light, ‘of heaven and earth’.

Esoteric Dating and Aural Traditions

The dating of certain esoteric celebrations by means of a fixed and manufactured solar calendar – something which has become commonplace in the lands of the West – is another example of how the error of causal knowing (manifest, for instance, in naming divinities) has come to usurp the intuitive wordless understanding of aural pagan traditions and the empathy that pagans, in resonance with Nature and themselves, were either naturally gifted with or could develop under guidance.

Thus those committing this error of using a solar calendar rather inanely believe that a celebration such as that now commonly named Samhain occurs on a certain fixed calendar date, to wit October the thirty first; that a fixed date such as March the twenty first (named the Spring Equinox) marks the beginning of Spring, and that sunrise on what has been denoted by the expression Summer Solstice is some “important pagan date”.

Esoteric-empathy and ancestral pagan cultures and aural traditions – such as the Rounwytha one – relate a different tale. This is of the dates and times of festivities, celebrations and feasts being determined locally by communities and families and sometimes (but not always) on the advice of some Rounwytha or some similarly attuned skilled individual. Two examples may be of interest – Spring and Samhain.

Those part of such ancestral cultures – as well as those who possess the benefit of such aural traditions or who have a natural esoteric-empathy – know that what in northern climes is called Spring does not begin on what has been termed the Spring Equinox nor on any specific day, whether that day be marked by some fixed calendar, solar or lunar. Instead, the arrival of Spring is a flow that occurs over a number of days – sometimes a week or more – and which days are marked by the changes in the land, the fields, the air, and by the behaviour of wildlife, birds, and insects. This arrival varies from year to year and from location to location, and usually now occurs, in the land of England, from what the solar calendar now in common use names late February to what the same calendar names early March. Thus someone who knows their locality – who belongs to it – will know and feel the changes which occur in Nature during the season when the days are becoming longer and the weather somewhat warmer with the Sun rising higher in the sky in relation to Winter.

This natural flexibility – in relation to a fixed solar or lunar calendar – is why certain esoteric folk of certain aural pagan traditions (such as the ONA Rounwytha one) often write and talk about ‘alchemical seasons’ and not about some fixed seasons determined by some solar calendar.

In the same way, the celebration – the gathering, remembrance, and feast – that is now often known as Samhain (and which according to the Rounwytha tradition was simply called The Gathering) varied from year to year and from locality to locality, its occurrence determined by when what had to be gathered-in and prepared and stored in readiness for the coming days of Winter had been gathered-in and prepared and stored. That is, the day of its occurring was to some extent dependant on the weather, on the health and time and numbers of those so gathering in the harvest and storing produce, and on such important matters as what crops were grown, what fruits were available, what livestock were kept, and what fuels were available ready to be stored for the needed fires of the coming colder season. Communities reliant on fishing or those who relied on hunted game or required such game or fish to supplement an otherwise meagre diet would naturally have somewhat different priorities and so their date for such a communal Gathering might differ from other communities.

Hence the date of The Gathering would vary from year to year and locality to locality, and sometimes be toward what is now termed October and sometimes toward the end of what is now termed September, or somewhere inbetween. It was only much much later with the arrival of the organized and alien moralizing religion of the Nazarene, with its solar calendar system (deriving from urbanized hierarchical imperial Rome) and set celebrations of the deaths of certain sanctified or important Nazarenes (mostly in far-away lands), that a particular date would be used, at least in such communities as had succumbed to the abstractions of such a religion and thus had forsaken their ancestral culture and folk traditions and ways.

On the day of The Gathering there would a feast – a celebration of the bounty which Nature, the earth and the heavens, had provided – and also and importantly a remembering; a remembering of those no longer there as they had been the previous year (and not there for whatever reason, such as death from illness or old age) and a remembering of those long-departed, such as one’s own ancestors. Thus there was, as with most such celebrations, a natural balance born from remembrance and respect for the past and from hope and anticipation; here, hope and anticipation of the new warmer fertile seasons to arrive after the coming darkness of what would most probably be another bleak cold and dark season of snow, frost, and ice. For The Gathering also heralded that season when some form of almost daily heating in family dwellings would most probably be required.

As for a communal bonfire, it was simply practical, not symbolic of whatever; that is, a cheery presence (most people in northern climes love a good bonfire), a focus for the celebration (and such dancing as invariably occurred during such pagan festivities), a source of warmth and light, and a place where offerings of harvested produce and other gifts could be placed, such offerings and such gifts – as was a common folk tradition throughout the world – being to ancestors, to land and sky, as well as to the always unnamed spirits, sprites, and the also unnamed guardians of sacred natural places.

Epilogos

The aural pagan tradition – as, for example, in the Rounwytha one – is of a perspective, a weltanschauung, a way, a culture, quite different from those where myths and legends of ancient named divinities/deities played a significant role, and where there was a hierarchical structure of rank and privilege and, later on, some fixed celebrations based on a solar or lunar calendar.

The Rounwytha way that lived in a specific area of the British Isles was the culture of an empathic knowing where such celebrations as were undertaken were natural, local, and communal ones, devoid of mystique, and which occurred on an unfixed day/evening as and when circumstances allowed and somewhere near what was regarded as the propitious time/season. This was the way of transient ‘sinister-numinous emanations’ where there was no perceived division into abstracted opposites, either within ourselves, within Nature, or within the Cosmos – and where there was no naming of deities or natural spirits.

The cultivation and development of esoteric-empathy is one means whereby this type of knowing, this natural pagan

perspective, can be (re)gained. In addition, this type of esoteric knowing leads to – or can lead to – an understanding of how the naming of an entity called satan and all such entities, understood both archetypally/symbolically and as actual living beings in the acausal, are what they are: an un-numinous denoting that obscures Reality and which obscuration led to and leads to the de-evolution manifest in the illusion of and the striving for causal opposites and causal abstractions.

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Notes

[1] Esoteric-empathy is an Occult Art, an esoteric skill, and one of The Dark/Esoteric Arts of the ONA, and is a specific type of empathy – that which provides a certain perspective and a certain knowledge. This is ‘acausal-knowing’ and is distinct from the causal knowing arising from the perception of Phainómenon. In essence, esoteric-empathy (aka dark empathy) is the knowing of life qua life – of the acausal energy which animates all causal life; of how all life is connected, of how living beings are by their nature nexions; of how Nature is not only a living being of which we as individuals are a part, but also one aspect of cosmic life manifest on one planet orbiting one star in one galaxy in a cosmos of billions of such galaxies.

The Grade Ritual of Internal Adept – and particularly the extended six-month version (over two alchemical seasons) – is one means of cultivating and developing the Occult Art of esoteric-empathy.

[2] One of these European aural traditions was that of the Rounwytha tradition centred on the Welsh Marches and especially rural South Shropshire. This Rounwytha tradition was incorporated into the Order of Nine Angles in the early 1970's CE and thereafter was mostly taught and discussed aurally, although some aspects of the tradition have been mentioned in various ONA MSS over the decades and the ONA Rite of Internal Adept was for the most part based on the tradition of an aspirant Rounwytha having to spend at least three months (usually six or more months) alone in isolated forests or mountains. In addition, The Camlad Rite of The Abyss, as recorded in the compilation *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*, was another traditional part of the training of a Rounwytha.

[3] See the section below, *Esoteric Dating and Aural Traditions*, for how ancestral pagan cultures – as recounted and intimated by the Rounwytha tradition – ascertained the dates of communal celebrations, a tradition of dating totally different from that based on a solar calendar.

Credits

Words/Forms. This article had its genesis in: (1) private discussions, earlier this year (2011 CE) with two Internal Adepts (one of whom was based in Scotland), and which discussion was continued by private correspondence, and (2) in some private correspondence (during October 2011 CE) with someone living in Africa who, having been acquainted with the ONA for over a decade, sought to elucidate certain esoteric matters relating to the ONA tradition, and one of whose questions related to the aural tradition of the ONA.

Thus, in many ways this, and similar articles – such as the recently published *The Discovery and Knowing of Satan* – represent some of, or some part of, the aural ONA traditions that have, for the past forty years, been revealed on a personal basis.

Diabological Dissent

Being Dissension From Some Mundane Misconceptions Relating to Certain Esoteric Matters Part One

The Ancient Wisdom of the Isles of Briton

Esoterically - that is, according to our aural tradition, deriving from the Camlad Rounwytha association - it is a mundane misconception that some or all of the indigenous population of the lands now known as the British Isles worshipped or made homage/sacrifices to specific named deities, divinities or spirits, in the manner - for example - of the Greeks and Romans, or the ancient Egyptians.

According to this aural esoteric tradition - which as always is to be believed or not, according to one's own perception and empathy - there was no naming *per se*, since such a naming of specific entities is a contradiction of that undivided and empathic knowing of the natural world which formed the essence of the ancient wisdom of these Isles. An empathic knowing which by its nature is word-less and deems it unwise (an act of what we now term hubris) to give names to that-which or aspects of that-which (such as Nature) which is beyond the power of ordinary mortals to control (or even completely understand). This is a knowing of what is mysterious and numinous as such a mysterium is; that is word-less, unspoken.

This is the knowing - the ancient wisdom - of the natural balance; a knowing of *mimesis*, of community, and of propitiation: of us as mortals as living, as being balanced, between the earth and the heavens and thus not being separate from Nature. This is the knowing of such balance being necessary for good fortune, for good health, for good crops, and - importantly - of being natural and necessary for our immediate family and the extended family that is our community.

This is the knowing of some deeds being unwise because they can and do upset the natural and very delicate balance that exists between us, our ancestral communities, and Nature. This is the ancient knowing that pre-dates the separation of us - as an individual with individual desires and goals - from our ancestral community with the duties and obligations which such a natural belonging entailed.

A specific naming of specific entities, with individual personal evocations/supplications of and to them - implies that loss of this intuitive and ancestral knowing of ourselves as part our community, our folk; as part of the flow, the changing, of Nature. Such a loss is associated with and often derives from the move away from a shared rural agrarian communities (of free men and women co-operating together) to a more urbanized regimented way of live where there was often some kind of slavery or serfdom.

The majority of what have been assumed to be named entities of an indigenous British/Celtic tradition reveal either: (1) the influence of Roman culture, beliefs and practices, based as this culture was - at the time of Roman influence in these Isles - on a more urbanized, imperial, way of life where slavery, and division, and individual notions of being and thus of personal 'destiny' were the norm; and/or (1) later (post-Roman) Celtic/Irish myths and legends, or those of later invaders, such as the Vikings and Saxons.

Instead of individual personal (or even communal) evocations/supplications of and to specific named entities, there was in the ancient ancestral way only two essential things: (1) communal celebrations and 'givings' at certain times of year (determined by the cycle of Nature in relation to crops and seasons, often marked by the first seasonal rising of certain bright stars); and (2) the individual following of certain traditions and customs and which traditions or customs were said to bring good fortune or be able to divert misfortune. Among the former would have been the forerunner of our 'harvest festivals' where certain produce was set aside and left (often at certain sites of ancestral importance) as offerings, as gifts - a common folk custom all over the world. Among the later would have been the carrying or the

obtaining of certain charms - again, a common folk custom all over the world.

Importantly, such gifts and such charms were, in living ancestral cultures, understood as means to maintain or regain the natural and necessary balance - often to placate or to please Nature, and those always un-named 'spirits' or sprites which were part of Nature, and/or the spirits of our own ancestors and those of our relatives.

These things arose from - were part of - how the individual functioned, lived; for their being - their knowing of themselves - was in such ancestral living cultures and communities not that of some named separate individual with a possible personal 'destiny' or some personal goal or aim of personal happiness, but rather as a natural, necessary, functioning part of the whole formed from their family, their folk community, the land where they dwelt and from Nature which gave that land, their community and they themselves Life. Thus, they felt that what they did affected not only them but Nature, their family, the folk community, and their dead ancestors. And it is this non-individual connexion - this dependency, human, of Nature, and of beyond - which is the essence of the ancient wisdom of these Isles, of other living cultures, and of what has come to be called 'paganism'.

In respect of named entities assumed to be part of an indigenous British/Celtic tradition, let us consider, for instance, the name *Maponos*. This has come to be regarded, by some people involved in or studying esotericism, as some British/Celtic divinity similar to Apollo. The early inscriptions and texts of this name are either in Latin or reveal a Latin influence. Furthermore, the modern etymologies given for this name are purely speculative, based on tenuous comparatives or even more tenuous suppositions - for example, some even giving the root, rather fancifully, as from the Celtic *mab*.

One therefore has the ridiculous spectacle of some esoterically-inclined folk in these Isles actually believing - on the basis of some Roman and post-Roman inscriptions and on the basis of some speculative etymology - that *Maponos* (or some such name) was a Celtic/Britannic divinity - 'the divine son' or some such nonsense - and therefore using this name in some rites they or others have concocted for some alleged or assumed esoteric aim.

However, those aware - empathically or otherwise - of the ancient wisdom of these Isles will know that the very naming of such a specific entity reveals both a non-indigenous influence (in this case, that of Rome) and also a move from the way of the communal, the tribal, the kindred, toward the cult, the idea, of the self and thence to the isolated rootless often urban 'nuclear family'. That is, a move away from the pagan numen toward the material ethos of the Magian.

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Myths, Legends, Dark Gods, and Occult Mystique

As mentioned in some early Order of Nine Angles texts – now several decades old – our esoteric aural traditions are just that: aural, with few if any explanations or elucidations, aural or written. In many instances, these aural traditions are just stories and tales, akin to folk myths and legends, and – again, as mentioned in early Order of Nine Angles texts – they are to be accepted, or rejected, on that basis, with their being no demand that our people ‘must believe’ in them or that they are accurate and/or describe historical events.

One of these aural traditions is of The Dark Gods; another is ‘the septenary system of correspondences’ as transcribed in Naos; another concerns alchemical seasons; another tradition is Esoteric Chant; another concerns the esoteric use of a quartz crystal. Yet other traditions concern ceremonies such as The Giving (as outlined toward the end of the text The Giving) and the training of the Rounwytha (of the hereditary and English sorceress). And so on.

These traditions all add to, and have added to, the Occult mystique – to the sinister-numen – of The Order of Nine Angles, as was intended, and thus they are interesting and, in some ways, are and were esoterically significant.

Nearly all of these traditions were related to me in a short duration of causal Time by a certain lady and her daughter, and then – following their departure to the Antipodes – by the two members of the Shropshire Camlad group I had been introduced to. [As I was to learn, there were only three members of that group in total.] A few traditions, however, derived from other sources, such as the Yorkshire-based Temple of The Sun group.

With the exception of a few brief notes and diagrams, from the Camlad group, and a handwritten copy of *The Black Book of Satan*, from the avowedly satanist Temple of The Sun, all these traditions were aural.

In the 1970's CE, I spent a long time transcribing and sorting through these traditions, adding to and extending the then rather meagre ONA corpus, and experimenting with and refining various Occult techniques – some of this tradition, some of my own devising – as well as recruiting some suitable individuals. Thus, and for example – and as mentioned elsewhere – I revised, through trial and error, the traditional three months (the one alchemical season) alone in the wilderness to allow candidates in places such as England the use of a tent and purchasing local victuals in place of the traditional way of building one's own shelter and living in an isolated forest (or in the mountains) by hunting/gathering, a tradition somewhat impractical in England (and even in Scotland, Wales, or Ireland) in the 1970's but still possible in some other places, such as parts of America and Russia.

By the early 1980's, some – although not all – of this work of mine was made more generally available, for instance in (1) *The Black Book of Satan* (Part One) – which derived from the Temple of The Sun but to which I added a few additional chapters; (2) in various articles about The Dark Gods mythos in Occult zines, such as *The Lamp of Thoth*, and *Nox*; (3) in some of the stories I told to and read aloud in Shropshire nexions and which stories later became part of *The Deofel Quartet*; (4) in ONA xeroxed bulletins and newsletters such as *Exeat*, and *Azoth*; and (5) in MSS compilations such as early (private) editions of *Hostia* and *Naos*. [1]

In respect of the aural traditions, in nearly all instances I just recounted what I myself had been told, without embellishment. For instance, as in the ‘names’ of the various Dark Gods and their ‘meanings’ and origins (as now available in published works such as *Naos*) and as in stories regarding a possible Shropshire connexion to the legend of King Arthur.

There was in those now distant years an intention by me to research, in a scholarly manner, various aspects of this aural tradition – in particular the origins of The Dark Gods mythos, the origins of the ‘nine angles’, the origin of Esoteric Chant, and the origins of the Septenary System – and thus add the results of such research to the ONA corpus. But exeatic living – and Wyrð and some other stuff – got in the way with the result that I only seemed to have causal Time sufficient to delve into the origins of ‘the nine angles’, and which delving took me, with the assistance of a gay lady friend, on various travels to the Middle East and beyond, to thus discover and study MSS such as *Al-Kitab al-Aflak* and *Shams al-Ma'arif wa Lata'if al-'Awarif*.

Thus there were and are many things left unexplained, and several esoteric subjects which someone or some many, sufficiently motivated and interested enough, might usefully research.

Yet, in respect of mythos and Occult mystique, it should be noted that:

” Mythos is affective, esoteric, and numinous. That is, it inspires, it provokes, it motivates, enthralls, and presences acausal energy. It is wyrdful – a means of change for human beings, and outlines or intimates how such wyrdful change can be brought-into-being.

The so-called objective, cause-and-effect, “truth” of a mythos – stated or written about by someone else – is basically irrelevant, for a mythos presences its own species of truth, which is that of a type of acausal-knowing.

Thus, to seek to find – to ask for – the opinions, views, and such things as the historical evidence provided by others, is incorrect. For that is only their assessment of the mythos, a reliance on the causal judgement of others; whereas a mythos, and especially an esoteric mythos, demands individual involvement by virtue of the fact that such a mythos is a type of being: a living presence, inhabiting the nexion that is within us by virtue of our consciousness, our psyche.

Hence, the correct judgement of a mythos can only and ever begin with a knowing of, a direct experience of, the mythos itself by the individual. To approach it only causally, inertly, with some arrogant presumption of objectivity, historical or otherwise, is to miss or obscure the living essence of a mythos, especially one derived from an aural tradition. It is to impose, or attempt to impose, a causal (temporal) abstraction upon some-thing which has an acausal (that is, non-temporal) essence.

Such a presumption – and even worse, the demand for it to be shown to have “objective evidence” in its favour – reveals a lack of initiated, esoteric insight. For the real “truth” of an esoteric mythos lies in what each individual finds or discovers in it – and thence within themselves. In simple exoteric terms, a mythos can not only re-connect the individual to both the numinous and to their own psyche, but it can also lead them to an individual, and an initiated (esoteric), understanding, of themselves: to a dis-covering of what has hitherto been hidden, especially by un-numinous, causal, abstractions.” [Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA](#) (121 yfayen)

Quite recently – initially as a result of discussions with various ONA people (most from traditional nexions) and then with a few academics and because I am now a few years beyond three score – I revealed some information about some hitherto still esoteric aural traditions, since:

“...for the global Order a lot of our aural traditions are important, partly because they provide perspectives, esoteric information, and advice, that are unavailable by means of the printed (and now, viewed) word. Therefore, I decided to directly write about, or hint at, some of these traditions in a few articles and in some correspondence with certain individuals.” [Presencings Of A Hideous Nexion](#) (122 yfayen)

However – and as befits and becomes an Occult group where there are traditional, secretive, nexions whose members still follow the initiatory Seven Fold Way – there are some matters still transmitted and discussed aurally, as there are a few MSS still publicly unavailable. Those who understand, who appreciate, what is sinisterly-numinous, ancestral, and genuinely esoteric, will know and feel why this is so and necessary, and why revealing the majority of these by a mundane medium such as ‘the world wide web’ is just something we are not prepared to do.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
123 yfayen

[1] Some of these early (uncorrected) MSS are included in a late 1980's microfilm compilation, copies of which film were given to two academics, one of whom was Professor Kaplan.

Some Notes Concerning Language, Abstractions, and Nexions

Introduction

In an earlier essay dealing with esoteric chant and notions of gender in respect of acausal entities, I posed the question:

" Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable? " [*Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities*](#)

I went on to suggest that, currently and when dealing with most living beings, the English language mostly assumes a gender, a separation of beings and a distinction (usually based on causal Time and Space) between subject and object, so that for example the simple sentence 'Anton Long walked into the library...' imparts a certain type of knowing. In this case, of there existing a specific singular living entity named Anton Long who/which is different in type from 'the library', and who/which is most probably of the male gender, and who/which was initially separated in causal Space from 'the library'.

In that essay I also suggested that the Esoteric Chant of ONA aural tradition was one better means of describing and naming certain acausal entities than ordinary language, and thus enabled in us a type of knowing - an acausal-knowing - different from the causal knowing described by language and causal sciences:

" Esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities."

As intimated in the aforementioned essay, Esoteric Chant is but one traditional means, albeit a still imperfect one, of communicating beyond ordinary language, and a means which does not necessarily depend on causality, on assumptions regarding a division between objects and subjects, and assumptions concerning gender. That is, which does not depend on the process of ideation and thus on abstractions.

Other esoteric means of communication, sans causal abstractions, include The Advanced Star Game and Esoteric-empathy.

Abstractions, Language, and Nexions

Language and Meaning

An ordinary - exoteric - language is simply an established, shared, and structured means of verbal and written

communication employed by human beings, and which structure involves words/marks and their placement in a particular sequence or association normally referred to as a sentence, and which sentence usually conveys or expresses a particular meaning dependant upon how the words/marks composing it are understood by reference to what they denote, with there being an accepted, a shared, understanding of what such specific denoting refers to.

Which is to say that such communication to a great extent is dependant on an accepted and a shared understanding of what particular words/marks denote. Furthermore, such denoting - and an accepted and a shared understanding of what particular words/marks denote - is often, in its genesis and application, germane to a particular community or communities, expressing their shared and often ancestral pathos, such that their language expresses and sometimes defines their shared values and culture.

This process of denoting, of a shared and accepted understanding of what is being denoted, and of a structure to convey meaning, is rather beautifully and simply expressed in Euclid's *Elements*, where each word and mark used are first defined, where all axioms are explained, and with each proposition - each particular sequence or association of words/marks - being proved (assigned meaning) by the use of formal logic. [1]

Hence Euclid established a particular language - that of geometry and by, extension, of mathematics. This language conveys meaning to those who have studied it, with part of this meaning relating to the phenomenal world we perceive by means of our physical senses. That is, using such a Euclidean language - and mathematical languages deriving from or similar to it - we have acquired a certain knowledge of the phenomenal world.

But this raises interesting questions common to all exoteric languages including mathematical ones. One of which questions concerns the meaning of the knowing we acquire from or impart by means of such languages, and another of which questions concerns what knowledge itself is or of. In addition, the denoting of things - and the understanding of what particular words/marks denote - may and often does vary from language to language, so that one word in one language may at best only be approximated by a word or a collocations of words of another language.

Thus, is the knowing that a language describes and communicates appearance or reality? Is it just information about some-thing or apprehension of the being and the nature of some-thing?

To give a simple example, we can by using the Euclidean language - or a mathematical language deriving from or similar to it - acquire a certain knowledge of the phenomenal world so that we can measure and thus 'know' the height of a tree, compare that height with other trees, determine the distance between trees, and measure and thus 'know' how trees have grown. In addition, we can by means of other exoteric languages come to 'know' practical information like the tree we measure is named an oak tree and not a pine. But all these types of knowing/information do not mean we 'know', we understand, the tree (assuming, as we esoteric folks incline to believe, that it is possible to 'understand' a tree). We thus separate the oak from the pine by appearance and qualities we assign to both, and denote both as a type of being named 'tree' and which type of being is different in causal Space and causal Time from us (separate from us) and also different from 'our type of being' which we denote by a word such as human.

Similarly, we separate ourselves from other human beings by naming, by appearance, and often by qualities or attributes we or others assign to 'us' and 'them'; a separation that exoteric languages often encourage with such constructs as subject-object and inclusion-exclusion.

Suffice - for conciseness - to say that the knowing acquired or communicated by exoteric language is limited, and acknowledgement of this limitation is one reason, historically, for the development of Occult Arts. Our own Occult Art - the Esoteric Art that is The Order of Nine Angles - leads us to conclude that there are two ways of knowing:

(1) the causal, conveyed by ordinary language and dependant upon (a) what words/marks/symbols denote, and/or (b) what is understood by such denoting; and/or on (c) what we observe by our physical senses, and/or on (d) what we deduce or extrapolate or assume from such denoting and such observations;

(2) the esoteric, or acausal, knowing, and which knowing we may attempt to describe and convey by (a) using

words/marks/symbols already in use in exoteric languages, or (b) appropriate and redefine or manufacture some new words/marks/symbols; but which knowing such exoteric languages and their words/marks/symbols cannot really represent or convey.

Basically, acausal knowing is the discovery of the being (the nature, the reality) of living beings, while causal knowing is most often (a) information concerning the being of both living beings and non-living 'things', and/or (b) assumptions and ideations about or concerning living beings and 'things'.

Thus, to truly know a being is to have both acausal knowledge of it and causal information concerning it.

In many ways the ONA is unique in that we have several languages - some new, some traditional - to describe and convey such acausal knowledge. Among our esoteric languages are, as mentioned previously, The Star Game and Esoteric-empathy.

Esoteric Languages

An esoteric language is basically a particular means of communication dependant on certain esoteric (Occult) skills/abilities, and which language is often non-verbal in nature and often employs symbols (as in The Star Game) or affective aliquantals [2] of acausal energy (as in Esoteric-empathy).

As with ordinary language, such languages involve a denoting and an accepted, a shared, understanding of what such specific denoting refers to. In addition, an esoteric language can, if correctly employed, function simultaneously on two levels - the affective and the effective; that is, the acausal and the causal. The effective level is that of communication between sentient human beings where meaning is exchanged; while the affective level is that of transforming/changing/developing (mostly of consciousness, of being) in an esoteric (acausal) way the individual or individuals employing the language.

The Star Game (TSG) - by which is meant the advanced form of 'the game' - is, currently, the language, the only language, of acausal-thinking; of thinking not by words but by means of adunations [3], their collocations, and their interaction and changes in four-dimensions, and which interactions of necessity include the 'player' or 'players'.

Thus, the 'sentences' of this particular esoteric language - this language [4] - are not static but rather the movement and the changes [the fluxion] of adunations, with the manner, the arrangement/pattern, of the movement and the changes - and the temporary meanings assigned to the adunations - intimating the 'meaning'/content of a particular sentence in particular moments of causal Time.

Using the language of TSG is, like Esoteric Chant, not only sorcery - internal, external, Aeonie - but also and perhaps more importantly a means to acausal-knowing: to discovering the essences that have become hidden by morality, by abstractions [5] and by the illusion of opposites, and which opposites include the dichotomy of sinister and numinous (light and dark; good and bad) and the illusion of our own separation from the acausal. That is, the language of TSG and other esoteric languages are means to developing our latent faculties, a means to develop new faculties, and a thus a means to aid our evolution as a sentient being and as a species.

How, then, may the esoteric language of TSG be learned? Simply by constructing and using TSG itself, which was designed to be a large physical structure requiring the individual to physically move around it - that is, interact with its adunations - in three dimensions and over certain (long) durations of causal Time, amounting to many Earth-hours and sometimes many Earth-days.

Esoteric-empathy - that is, the faculty of empathy esoterically developed by certain Occult techniques - is also a new and Occult language; a means for a certain new type of human being, empath, to communicate in a non-verbal way

by an exchange of aliquantals.

How, then, may the esoteric language skills of esoteric-empathy be learned? Currently, only by traditional Rounwytha means such as the extended Rite of Internal Adept lasting two or three alchemical seasons, followed - some causal Time later after the sinister-numinous has/have been affectively and effectively melded (via pathei-mathos) within the individual - by the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, lasting for a complete lunar month. How can this newly learned skill be developed? Like any newly acquired skill, through practice.

In an important way, therefore, these new esoteric languages - when learnt and used - are appropriate to the New Aeon, and evolve the consciousness and the understanding of the individual in a manner more advanced than more traditional Occult techniques, such as ceremonial/hermetic ritual and undertaking workings with symbolisms such as as the Tree of Wyrd.

Such esoteric languages are, when used, nexions, and so only function - that is, live, have their being; and impart meaning - in and by means of and to living sentient beings such as ourselves. That is, their nature is acausal, presenced in sentient beings, and cannot and do not - like the common language of words - represent abstractions. Instead, they may be said to be stages beyond what we now term archetypes, re-presenting as they do - in contrast to archetypes - the unique individuality and sinister-numinous consciousness, the very being, of the unique individuals of a new human species.

The Acausal

Since acausal-knowing is ineluctably a knowing of the acausal, of nexions and their nature - with nexions being connexions between causal and acausal - it is pertinent to enquire about the nature of the acausal.

The ONA conceives of the acausal as a natural part of the living Cosmos, and as such the living acausal - often manifest in sinister-numinous emanations - is not and cannot be an ideation, an abstractive construct. In addition, this acausal part of the Cosmos can be known, experienced, not by our five physical senses and not by devices based on a causal technology, but by our mostly still latent esoteric faculties such as empathy and acausal-thinking, although there remains the possibility of developing an acausal technology - of living devices using acausal energy - which can provide causal information concerning the acausal.

Thus and esoterically the Cosmos is conceived - understood - as the living wholeness of a causal universe and an acausal universe, with the causal universe being the realm of physical matter such as the Earth, stars, planets, and Galaxies.

It is acausal energy which animates physical, causal, matter imbuing such matter with life, and thus it is such acausal energy which is, exoterically, the acausal. Such energy is not, however, comparable to causal energy which is known to propagate in causal Space and which propagation requires a duration of causal Time. Instead, it is (a) the a-spatial matrix of connexions between all living beings, and does not require propagation through causal Space nor require a duration of causal Time to be or become manifest, and (b) that which animates the causal matter of beings giving them the property, the quality, we denote by the word 'life'. Or expressed in somewhat simplistic terms, that acausal is not some realm separate from us as living sentient human entities which we can or possibly could egress into and from, but rather an essential part of us.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] One of the best English texts for those interested in acquainting themselves with the simple beauty of Euclid's *Elements* is still *A Text-book Of Euclid's Elements For The Use of Schools*, in four books, by HS Hall and FH Stevens, first published in 1888 ce.

[2] Aliquantals - often abbreviated to aliquants - implies *a particular amount of* some-thing. The word came into English usage in 1695 ce in a book on Euclid's geometry by William Alingham.

[3] By the term *adunations* is meant some-thing which when placed in its correct relation to other adunations reveals the unity, the whole, of which it and they are a part. From the Latin *adunatus* - ad+unare, to unite, make whole.

Adunations are sinister-numinous symbols [symbols/representations with a sinister-numinous dimension, i.e. having/representing acausal energy] which may be temporarily assigned certain meanings or associations or correspondences. For example, the nine basic adunations [pieces] of TSG are: a(a) a(b) a(c) b(a) b(b) b(c) c(a) c(b) c(c) with each adunation being a combination/amalgam of two sinister-numinous elements. Thus, in Alchemical terms, a is the Alchemical symbol for Salt, b is the Alchemical symbol for Mercury, and c is the Alchemical symbol for Sulphur. Abstractly, a is the Greek letter alpha, b the letter beta, and c gamma. In terms of the Dark Tradition, a is causal space-time; b is where the acausal is present or manifest in the causal (a type of nexion), and c acausal space-time.

The term *adunations* is used here in preference to ordinary terms such as *pieces* and *symbols* in order to express their sinister-numinous nature.

It should be noted that the temporary meanings assigned to the individual elements and thence to each adunation are for comparison and learning only - for such assigned meanings are only exoteric, causal, reflexions of their wordless, symbol-less, acausal essence. An essence discovered by using the adunations as language: that is, by using, 'playing', TSG.

[4] In the interests of clarity, we might - by employing the older Anglo-Norman spelling - term an esoteric language a *langage*.

[5] Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Esoterically, an abstraction has only a causal being and therefore is not a nexion; not a presencings of the sinister-numinous - the unity, the connexions - that sentient life re-presents. Exoterically, an abstraction is neither living nor archetypal; not imbued - does not and cannot presence - the acausal/the sinister-numinous.

Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities

In dealing with esoteric – Occult – matters it needs to be remembered that they by their very nature are obscured or hidden from ordinary, causal (mundane), perception and understanding. That they belong to or describe a type of phenomena or a type of world (or aspects of existence) which most people do not normally interact with, have knowledge of, or are seldom aware of.

Thus, when we consider a matter such as entities – living beings – existing or dwelling in what we term the acausal continuum, then it is to be expected that they will exist, and will behave, in a way different from such living beings that we normally interact with in our own causal continuum. That is, that they may possess qualities which beings living in our causal phenomenal world do not.

For example, do such acausal entities as the ONA esoteric tradition mentions possess the quality, the behaviour, we describe as biological gender, and which gender we ascribe to most living beings in the causal (with some exceptions, such as monomorphic life). Or is our biological notion of gender irrelevant to such acausal beings? Also, do such acausal entities have the quality, the behaviour, we describe as discrete singularity so that, for example, they have a distinct body separate from other bodies and thus occupy a finite Space at certain specific moments of causal Time?

These questions further raise the issue of language – of how we describe them or denote them by some name, and whether the grammar we have developed is apt in the case of such acausal entities. For instance, is a word such as Noctulius a male or a female name? Ditto with Satanus. Or is a name such as Kabeiri that of a single entity or of a plurality of such entities? Is Satanus, for example, even a name in the normal grammatical sense – that is, a proper name? If so, is it singular or plural? Thus, is it correct or necessary to apply the rules of ordinary grammar – such as declension – to such a descriptive word? If not, what does that mean in respect of how the name is used, for instance in some chant to esoterically invoke such an entity?

This raises general questions about the nature of both language and grammar. Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable?

What also has to be considered is that the ONA uses certain words in an esoteric way – with a specialized Occult meaning – so that words such as archetype and nexion and psyche have specific esoteric meanings [1] over and above, or instead of, their accepted common exoteric usage. Thus, and for example, a word such as Satanus may have an esoteric (*batin*) meaning and an exoteric (*dhir*) meaning – with the *dhir* meaning referring to what mundanes understand as Satan (a particular male causal and demonic form), and the *batin* meaning referring to what ONA initiates understand as an acausal (non-temporal, non-causally defined) entity Satanus who/which can shapeshift and who/which exists (when in the acausal) outside of our limited (causal) categories such as male/female, singular/plurality, and past/present/future.

Hence, the accepted exoteric understanding of, and/or the appearance of some-thing – such as a name or chant – is not necessarily a guide to or an indication of its esoteric meaning, its use, or its efficacy in terms of sorcery. [2]

Gender, Plurality and Acausality

To begin to answer questions relating to the nature of acausal beings – assuming we can answer them in a satisfactory manner – the nature of our (esoterically posited) acausal continuum should be understood.

As mentioned in another MS:

” In simple – exoteric – terms, the acausal is a naturally existing part of the Cosmos, and merely the realm or realms or continuum where acausal energy exists, and which acausal energy is a-causal in nature. That is, propagation of this energy does not, or need not, take a certain amount of causal Time, and does not involve, or may not involve, traversing a certain causal distance. Thus none of Newton’s laws apply, just as causal theories such as those of entropy or so-called ‘chaos’ do not apply.”

One important aspect of the acausal is the nature of acausal Time. Being a-causal means that there is no causal linearity – no past, present, or future – and thus no simple cause-and-effect. Instead, one quality of acausal Time is simultaneity, and one aspect or manifestation of acausal Time (in the causal) is what has been termed synchronicity.

In causal Space-Time (the causal continuum) an event is described as occurring at a point or region (a specific place) in Space, which can be represented by various geometric coordinates (Euclidean, or spherical, or metrical) [3]. This event occurs at a specific moment of causal Time, and may or may not last for a measured duration of causal Time.

Thus, a spacecraft en route from Earth to the planet Mars is said to be in a specific place or position (a region of Space between Earth and Mars) at a specific moment of causal Time, with this position changing in both Space and in causal Time as the spacecraft moves toward Mars, and with causal Time measured most usually in durations deriving from the orbit of the Earth around the Sun and from the rotation of the Earth itself. Thus, the spacecraft’s position is measured in relation to other objects in the causal and fixed in moments of linear Time with there being an accepted progression from a past moment (a past position) to where it is ‘now’ and where it will be predicated to be at some future point in causal Time.

In the same manner, we – as separate individuals – fix or describe ourselves in relation to causal Space and causal Time. That is, in relation to objects, to living beings, around us and in relation to our own causally-measured events and change: for example our progression from birth in terms of measured years (our age).

However, in acausal Space-Time, there is no separation of Space and no flow of Time from past to future, so an object or a living acausal being cannot have a fixed position and cannot be located in a moment of (causal) Time. Indeed, objects as we ideate them simply do not exist, just as motion as we perceive or understand it does not exist. Likewise, we may conceive – in our limited causal terms – of a past acausal event (were there such a thing) having a future cause.

Which all imply that acausal entities are not material and not discrete objects, but rather what we may conceive of as types of (or variations in or patterns of) acausal energy, formless and timeless, and able to translocate to anywhere in the acausal continuum instantaneously and exist (or be manifest) in various acausal locations simultaneously. Hence, they have no gender as we perceive and understand gender and are neither singular nor plural, since singular and plural imply causality (a causal separation) in terms of both Time and Space, although if we view them causally they are or can be both singular and plural at the same time.

It is some of these patterns of acausal energies that can – and which, according to aural tradition, have – egressed into our causal continuum and assumed a variety of causal forms. Why so egressed? Because there are nexions which join the causal to the acausal. We, as causal life-forms, are one type of nexion, with some physical nexions existing – regions in the Cosmos where the causal continuum is joined with the acausal continuum. Given the longevity of such patterns of acausal energies (viewed in terms of our causal Time) – their ‘immortal’ nature – it is natural some of them have travelled to or rather have been presented here, among us.

Note that these patterns of acausal energies (these acausal beings) are distinct from the acausal energy that is or rather becomes Life (in the causal) and which animates all causal living beings and makes them a nexion (of varying types) to the acausal. That is, they are only one particular species of such acausal energies.

According to aural tradition – and to be believed or not according to one’s inclination - there are indications that the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Satan, like all such entities known to us, is a shapeshifter (being fluidic in nature and able to shape/form causal matter) and has a propensity to assume a male form

when presented or manifest in our causal realm, as the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Baphomet has, according to aural tradition, a propensity to assume a female form when presented or manifest in our causal realm. Why?

The answer relates to how we have hitherto perceived – or needed to perceive – such entities, and how the development of dark-empathy and acausal-knowing (the skills of an Adept and beyond) cultivate an esoteric perception. Indeed, what is known as The Passing of The Abyss – and thus the achievement of the Grade beyond Internal Adept – is when there is a perception and a knowing beyond our causal opposites and all causal forms, and beyond causal Time and causal Space. That is, a knowing of the acausal as the acausal is, and thence possibly an interaction with acausal energies and acausal beings as those energies and such beings are.

This knowing is currently beyond our ordinary languages to describe, with even this advanced esoteric knowing being but a beginning, given our potential as beings.

Esoteric Chant as Language

Esoteric chant is one means we have of describing such acausal entities – such acausal life-forms – beyond ordinary language. That is, esoteric chant [4] is one way – although not a perfect way – to try and describe such entities beyond our current languages with their dependence upon causality and their assumptions regarding objects and subjects and gender.

Thus, the ‘name’ of an acausal entity is not some bland written or spoken word, but rather what occurs – what is manifest (felt, experienced) – when the specific chant appropriate to that entity is performed in a certain way. Only with such esoteric chant as Art is the entity ‘named’. Thus, Satanus is not the (gender specific) ‘name’ of a particular acausal entity known to us; rather, a specific esoteric chant performed in a certain way in a specific location during a specific alchemical season (or causal moment therein) re-presents, or ‘names’, that entity to us, as causal beings. Hence, there is no error, and no omission, when a given word is used in a manner which seems to contradict grammatical rules, and sans declension.

In general, esoteric chant – far more so in some ways than good poetry in relation to ordinary language – intimates something beyond the exoteric content and the exoteric (the accepted) meaning. Thus, a good poem might use words in such a way that, for example, the accepted rules of grammar may be broken in order to suggest something beyond what the words used would mean in an ordinary grammatically correct sentence. Or, like Aeschylus, the poet might omit the article and manufacture some new compound word in order to hint at a certain meaning.

With esoteric chant, the words – being chanted most often by cantors in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart – become more than words read or spoken with their usual (exoteric) meaning. That is, when so used in such a way by sentient living beings they become a specific esoteric work of Art, the living alchemy that is sorcery. For sorcery, as I have mentioned elsewhere, is a combination of various aspects, the most necessary and important of which are sentient living beings, for it is these living beings who can access the acausal (and thus acausal energies) by virtue of already being nexions because of being sentient life-forms.

Thus, a ritual chant such as “Suscipe, Satanus, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex” is not the mere saying of the words, or even ‘singing’ the words in a normal exoteric way. It is either a vibration done by one or more individuals, or more usually an esoteric chant performed by several cantors singing in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart, or sometimes a fourth apart. In a vibration – as with esoteric chant – the parts of each ‘word’ are usually distinct, so that for instance Satanus is Sa—tan—as, spread over a certain period of causal Time, with a certain pitch/intensity, and which in vibration or chant lasts much longer than a normal (exoteric) saying of the word. Given that specific ritual chants are associated with specific Modes and with a specific type of chanting in specific resonant places (and often in association with a crystal tetrahedron) its alchemical nature – symbolized by the term (not the name) Atazoth – should be discernible, when correctly performed.

Hence, esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type

of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities. Thus do we come to know their 'names'.

Note that this language is not 'communicating with some entity' and not us trying to communicate with some acausal entity. It is just some human beings communicating among themselves in a particular esoteric way sans ordinary words (and their exoteric meanings) and indeed sans ordinary thought, in order to extend the range of their being. To manifest a supra-personal (or collective) identity – to become a collocation of living nexions – beyond their own individual (causal) identity and form, and which manifestation brings-into-being (or can bring-into-being) certain esoteric knowledge and which can also be used to presence acausal energies in the causal.

Hence there is nothing really mysterious or 'magical' about it. It is just one technique, one method, among many esoteric techniques, methods – and one which has an aural tradition.

One other technique to so 'name' such entities is perhaps worth mentioning. This is TSG – the (advanced form of) The Star Game. That is, the movement – the flow, the fluxion or change – of certain pieces over certain boards over a certain period of causal Time is a re-presentation of one particular collocation of acausal energy which has acquired a word (an exoteric name) in an historical attempt to describe it. Here, the player works in symbiosis with the fluxion of pieces to move beyond causal Thought, causal denoting, to that acausal-knowing which reveals an aspect of acausal as it is.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] Some of the words having specific esoteric meaning and ONA associations are given in the text *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, the latest version of which is 3.03 (122yf).

[2] Here is a simple (if somewhat long-winded) example of some assumptions underlying language and grammar. The sentence, "Anton Long walked into the library..." implies many things.

Here, there is a distinct subject, given the proper name AL, and which subject 'walks' (moves toward) an object, named as a library.

Among the assumptions of the simple sentence are : (1) that an entity named AL exists (fictionally or otherwise, and most probably human); (2) that AL by the stated name has a gender; (3) that there is an object of type different from AL which is named 'library'; (4) that this object 'library' is spatially separated from the object named AL (that is, is not the same as AL); (5) that it takes a duration of causal Time for AL to 'walk' into or toward this library; (6) that this library is an object with certain qualities – a building, and contains certain other objects such as books.

Had the sentence read "The Longs walk into the library," we assume that these Longs are a plurality of beings with the name (a surname) whose gender is currently unknown unless some context or more information is supplied, and that these beings (whoever or whatever they are) are moving through causal Time and causal Space toward a distinct and separate object.

Had the sentence read "Long presences in the library," we might have cause for pause, until we know what 'presences' mean. Does it mean a movement through causal Time and causal Space? Or might it mean something like the science-fiction concept of teleportation? Also, which singular Long presences? And is this singular entity male or female – Mr or Ms Long?

Had the sentence read "Longs presence in the library," we assume more than one being named Long presences, in the

present, just as “Longs were presenced in the library,” assumes that this occurred in some causal past.

Now, if we have a sentence such as “Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex,” just what is implied or assumed by us? We have, apparently, two names – Vindex and Satanas.

The obvious – the simple – question is whether or not Vindex is a name or a term and if a name then (as exoteric usage of Vindex might suggest) male, since the female form would be something such as *Vengerisse*. But is Vindex used here esoterically (or being redefined), so that the name or the term Vindex can refer to either someone male or someone female and therefore is not, as a name or term, gender specific? Certainly it is.

The somewhat less simple question refers to the word Satanas. Is this a name or a term (that is a term for some causal form)? If a name, is it or must it be gender specific? If a term, is it used esoterically to refer to the causal form assumed temporarily by an acausal entity, and which entity may or may not have a causal gender and may or may not be singular entity or a plurality of entities more aptly described by a type of unformed, non-spatially referenced (acausal, dispersed, unlinear) energy?

[3] By metrical here is meant the metric of four-dimensional Space-Time often described by tensorial equations such as those relating to Riemannian space.

[4] It should be noted that the esoteric modal chants given in *Naos* (as first published in 1989 CE) – and the chants given in the *Black Book of Satan – Part I Exoteric Principles* (as first published in 1983 CE) – are, according to aural accounts, traditional parts of the septenary system, of unknown date and belonging to the Camlad group, and thus pre-date the esoteric association given the name ONA, in the early 1970's CE, by at least four or five decades, if not far more.

The Rounwytha Way Our Sinister Feminine Archetype

The way of the Rounwytha is the way of the independent, strong, empathic: of those who have developed their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills, both exoteric and esoteric [1].

Given the nature of these abilities, qualities, and skills, the overwhelming majority of individuals who follow the Way of the Rounwytha are women - who thus embody our sinister feminine archetype - although a minority are men who, following The Seven Fold Way into and beyond the Abyss, have successfully melded the sinister with the numinous and who thus embody and are that rare archetype, The Mage, with such archetypes, by the nature of such entities, being in constant fluxion. Or, expressed exoterically, being an expression of the uniqueness of such esoteric individuals.

Among these muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning/Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

Rounwytha skills and abilities were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and Ἀμαζόνες; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

Esoterically, these skills, abilities, and qualities, were celebrated and maintained by the pagan aural tradition of the British Isles, a tradition mentioned in the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names* (ONA Esoteric Notes – Rounwytha 3)

Traditional Rounwytha Rites and Training

According to ONA aural tradition, the Rounwytha way - as the etymology of Rounwytha suggests - is the way of a few wise women who dwelt and who dwell in the Marches areas of the British Isles, and in particular in rural South Shropshire and areas around Trefyclawdd and the Camlad.

There are only three rites of this tradition: one celebratory [2], and two to train, to breed, the Rounwytha. The training is and was simple, and involves the candidate in living, for two whole alchemical seasons [3], alone in an isolated area, as per what is now known as the Rite of Internal Adept, followed - some unfixed causal Time later (sometimes a year later, sometimes longer) - by undertaking the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, and which Rite lasted for a whole lunar month [4].

To these three traditional rites, the ONA added - nearly four decades ago - another, in order to train candidates in certain necessary Martial skills, with this training lasting from six months to (more usually) a year. [5]

Thus, this simple training of the Rounwytha develops in the candidate the necessary esoteric and exoteric skills, abilities, and qualities, and breeds the women (and the few men) who embody them.

To give one, often misunderstood, example. A certain knowledge of herbs was/is a useful Rounwytha skill, and some of this knowledge could be, and sometimes was, acquired from an older Rounwytha. But in essence such knowledge is a knowing arising from the development and use of skills such as esoteric-empathy so that such learned knowledge (causal knowledge) would only and ever compliment the personal knowledge (the acausal knowledge) such skills imparted. Esoteric-empathy, combined with the ability of intimation, would enable the nature, the character [the physis, the essence] of living-plants to be dis-covered and thus their personal qualities known and appreciated. Similarly, a knowing of what might ail some person is, for the Rounwytha, just such an acausal knowing - arising from employing the skills, abilities, and qualities, of a Rounwytha, and not something learned from someone else or from books.

Hence, the Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills, and a knowing how to use all these, in either a numinous or a sinister way, or in a sinisterly-numinous way.

The Future Rounwytha

The traditional Rounwytha, pre-ONA and as manifest in many traditional ONA nexions, can and should be the inspiration for new esoteric and thus archetypal forms. That is, a guide and inspiration for women who desire to or who have liberated themselves from the restrictions of Magian abstractions and Magian-Nasrany made archetypes, and which abstractions include political feminism, since such 'feminists' for example almost always act within 'the law' as made by The State and often demand more State-made laws to ensure 'their rights' (political, social, economic, religious) and which notion of 'rights' is itself an abstraction.

In contrast, our new female esoteric and archetypal ways of living derive from four important things:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by pathei-mathos, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.
- (4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

It is no co-incidence that these express the unique, living, sinisterly-numinous ethos of our unique living adversarial, defiant, and anti-State, kulture.

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Notes

[1] By the term *muliebral* we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*. We use this particular term in a precise and esoteric way, as we do with many other terms which also have or have acquired a common, exoteric, meaning - for example, the terms psyche and archetype, qv. *A Glossary of Some ONA Terms*.

This use and definition of such terms, together with ONA-unique terms and sometimes our unique spelling of some words, means that ONA people sometimes speak and write a language (ONA-speak) that is often - and intentionally - obscure or confusing to outsiders, and often - and intentionally - leads such outsiders to make certain unwarranted assumptions.

[2] The traditional celebratory rite was the rite which formed the basis for the ONA's *Ceremony of Recalling* with opfer ending. The traditional rite was often called The Giving and often formed part of The Gathering, and is and was simple, involving no Occult or magickal aspects, and consisted of an extempore communal celebration and feast, in the Autumn and generally around a bonfire, at which a chosen young male candidate (willing or unwilling) would be sacrificed and some of their blood sprinkled on the surrounding land to ensure the health and fertility of livestock, crops, and community.

Two fictional portrayals of this traditional rite are in the short-story *Hangster's Gate*, and in the instructional text *The Giving*.

For context, see the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names* (ONA Esoteric Notes – Rounwytha 3).

[3] The rite is usually begun on the Spring Equinox and ends on the following Winter Solstice (occasionally begun on the Summer Solstice and ending on the following Spring Equinox).

It should be noted, however, that these 'alchemical seasons' are not - as mundanes suppose - determined by fixed calculation deriving from a fixed solar calander. Thus, the Spring Equinox (or rather the alchemical season whose beginning/ending is associated with what is termed Spring Equinox) is not when some fixed solar calander determines it is (a certain causal Time on a certain day in March) but rather when the Rounwytha considers mid-Spring (which is what the Spring Equinox is, esoterically, alchemically) arrives, having already and locally known when Spring begins in that particular year. Similarly for what is termed the Summer Solstice. For context, see the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names*.

Hence, alchemical seasons are not determined by a fixed solar or lunar calander - or by calculations based on such - but rather individually, according to locality.

[4] That is, for one menstrual cycle of the woman undertaking it. The Camlad Rite of The Abyss has been published in the pdf collection *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*.

[5] Many, although not all, ONA Rounwytha nexions are Sapphic in nature, and thus celebrate the type of sorcery mentioned in ONA texts such as *Sapphic Sorcery – In Praise of The Feminine*.



Questions From A Rounwytha Initiate

Would I be right in thinking that in practical terms the Rounwytha principle means the Order of Nine Angles puts great emphasis on women?

Yes indeed. We always seem to have more women than men, at least pre-Internet, and certainly still do in our traditional nexions following the Seven Fold Way. Partly because of a knowing of and respect for the natural abilities of certain women, their character; partly because of the Rounwytha ethos that is central to the ONA, past, present and future, and also because our Way demands a genuine, sharing, empathic, and equal partnership between men and women, and because of our acceptance that Sapphism is natural and, to an extent, esoterically important.

One of the manifest errors – distortions – of the Left Hand Path, and of the Satanic, Magian Occultism so prevalent in the West, in the past, as still now, is its patriarchal nature and the fact that it is dominated by the de-evolutionary doctrine of so-called ‘might is right’ and thus dominated by and infested with male specimens of Homo Hubris who have no sense of honour, no culture, no empathy, no arête, little or no self-honesty, little or no manners, but who instead possess a bloated ego and a very high opinion of themselves.

One might say, with some justification in my view, that this reflects our current societies – that this domination and infestation in the Occult world, within the LHP and Satanism by such specimens, is mirrored by the domination of our societies by such specimens.

The view of women by many if not the majority of these male specimens of Homo Hubris is lamentable, dishonourable, uncultured, prejudiced – and typical of the Magian ethos, and of the Judeo-Nazarene tradition in general. For many of these male specimens, women are there for enjoyment; to satiate one’s lust; to bear children and look after children – and often to look after the man, to care for the man if and when the man allows them. That is, women are viewed by such male creatures as useful, and even occasionally as necessary, in terms for example of certain sexual instincts, appetites. But women are not viewed as complimentary to such a man; certainly not as an essential, a needed, complimentary, as an equal and necessary partner.

Thus, and excuse the generalization, but most of these male specimens of Homo Hubris do not think about women as close personal friends; of wanting a woman as a best friend, or women as their best friends – for they, these ‘real men’, have ‘their mates’ for that, and for most such male specimens the very thought of such a thing as having women as best mates makes them uncomfortable.

That is, for these specimens of Homo Hubris physical prowess and ‘manly competition’ are important, often to the extent that physical prowess, ‘manly competition’ and having mates, and being aggressive, defines them – is a measure of their self-identity, their ‘manliness’. Thus are they basically still primitive, still barbarians; still prone to the dishonourable blood lust and uncontrollable rage of such barbarians and still adhering mostly unconsciously to the doctrine of so-called ‘might is right’.

The truth is that many women are naturally gifted with qualities that many men still lack – qualities necessary in men for balance, both esoteric and exoteric. And qualities certainly required for someone to become an Internal Adept of our tradition and then pass into and beyond The Abyss, and thus qualities required to bring forth an entirely new and more evolved species of human being.

You're talking feminine qualities here? About empathy, right?

Yes, female qualities; natural female abilities. About natural empathy among other qualities. Natural empathy being one of the most important – and meaning having or developing a sensitivity to other people – to their feelings, their thoughts – and having or developing a sensitivity to other life, especially Nature. Natural empathy being the genesis of our esoteric-empathy, and which esoteric-empathy is thus a refinement and development of such natural empathy.

So yes, qualities hitherto most often associated with the female of our species, and not generally, for the most part, hitherto, associated with most men.

What other female qualities, apart from empathy, then?

Intuition, for one. Intuition as not only a foreseeing, an intimation, but also as interior self-reflexion. Charm, for another. Subtly, for another.

You mentioned developing them, these qualities. How?

Firstly by understanding our potential, and part of which understanding is of ourselves, of a man and of a woman, having both a sinister and a numinous character within them, and sinister and numinous abilities. For, in a simplified – very inexact way – and to an extent in an unconscious archetypal way, we might speak of these particular female qualities as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-numinous, and manly blood lust, rage, and competitiveness, as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-sinister. [1]

So development means developing and expressing what is missing or lacking, and also developing what is there or already expressed, and then melding what is so developed and using this meld, this amalgam, as the genesis of a new human being. It is in this new being, this new type of life, that our potential becomes manifest.

Our Dark Arts are an effective way to do this, to develop certain qualities and abilities and then this alchemical, living, amalgam. These Black Arts of ours include Grade Rituals such as Internal Adept and the traditional Rite of the Abyss, as well as Arts such as The Star Game and Esoteric Chant.

What do you mean – Esoteric Chant a Dark Art and means of developing empathy?

Not empathy, *per se*, but as a means of self-development, of self and acausal discovery, as intimation, and as a presencing of certain acausal energies.

For example, Esoteric Chant aids the necessary, for us, ability of self-reflexion as it can aid and develop an awareness of the numinous, and also – when for instance used in certain esoteric ceremonies [2] – it can provide an awareness of the sinister.

Sorry, but I don't see how singing or chanting can do that.

To learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant takes time and effort. Unless of course you are already musically gifted and a trained singer and experienced in performing choral works!

But for most it takes many months, often a year or so, to become proficient, to train the voice, to gain the necessary experience of singing with others. In effect, it is rather like an extended Grade Ritual but one undertaken with others of a similar interest and a similar ethos, and with some or many of these necessary others being women. At the very least it requires the help of one's partner, one's partner in sorcery, although it is preferable, more effective, to both learn and perform Esoteric Chant with at least three other individuals.

There thus develops, or there should develop, a harmony and a *sympatheia* with others, and thus an appreciation of such Chant as a manifold nexion. As not only one particular type of nexion – an act or acts of sorcery involving necessary others – but also as a nexion within one's self. A practical learning therefore of the connexions that esoteric-empathy makes us aware of and also a self-reflexion, a self-discovery and a self-learning.

Simply expressed, in order to learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant – in order to experience just what this Art is and does – you require the aid, the help, the assistance, of others. You have to interact with, and perform with, them in certain ways. If you don't do this, the Chant won't work.

Again, simply expressed, working, learning, living, in this way in pursuit of such an esoteric goal for a year or more moves a man far away from the brutish way of 'might is right' – especially as the very Chant itself is quite affective; that is, numinous, quite cultured. Intimations of a more cultured, a more refined, realm of human existence.

But didn't you say it was also sinister?

Yes indeed, Esoteric Chant can be sinister when used as part of a specific ceremonial Rite. But the performance of such a ceremonial Rite of necessity means belonging to an organized traditional nexion following the initiatory Seven Fold Way, and so such an experience is not that common today among those who use our methods or are inspired by our ethos [...]

I guess, in general, we're not talking here about men becoming kind of effeminate and women becoming masculine!

Au contraire. We're talking about what lies beyond and before such abstracted illusive opposites. About our potential, and about our real human nature, hidden and distorted for so long by religions; by urbanized ways of life; by the domination of barbarians; then by notions about imperialism and conquest and personal destiny. Then by *-isms* and *-ologies*. Now by The State. And so on.

In effect, we're talking about nurturing, developing, entirely new types of human beings, far removed from Western stereotypes. Types of human beings for whom the societies of modern nation-States are not a natural or even comfortable home but which may provide them with opportunities, resources, and so on. Especially since honour and the developed senses and skills that esoteric-empathy and acausal-thinking provide manifest their different, unique, way of life, and thus how they interact with and react to other human beings.

Can you be more specific, give examples of such new type of woman?

Only in a generalized way. One good illustration would be women of our kind, living by honour – those who were ready, willing, and able to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carried weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.

One example known to be personally – a friend of someone involved with us – is a female police officer of many years experience based in an American city. She is tough, 'street-wise', has used her firearm a few times in the line of duty, is skilled and experienced enough in self-defence and physical restraint techniques to be able to take down a man much bigger than her, and yet she has empathy, can be exceedingly charming, is well-read, and very feminine, a femininity quite noticeable when she is off-duty and enjoying herself with friends and which femininity would make the causal observer unaware of her inner character, her skills, her toughness, and her experience.

Another example may be of interest. A certain person I know very well once learnt, in his youth, a certain Martial Art, and on one of his subsequent travels as a still young man he made the acquaintance of and for a short while trained with a certain lady of Asian origin. This young lady, though slim of stature and rather slight of frame, could easily

defeat him and also several muscular men. And yet she was also full of grace; elegant, cultured, well-mannered. Not a woman trying to be masculine in a macho Homo Hubris type of way, just someone who had – according to a tradition, a living culture, she was part of – developed her potential and certain skills while retaining and enhancing what made her feminine. In short, she had acquired a natural balance within herself and was quite different from, inwardly and in skills, from the majority of other women around her although to the causal observer she did not outwardly appear that different.

The type of woman who could put a specimen of Western Homo Hubris in his place!

Most certainly! The type our societies need. A new female archetype if you will, different from the harshly competitive, materialistic, career-type women, and the ladette type, and the man-dependant, man-needing, lover/wife/mother type, that Magian ‘political correctness’ and capitalism seek to encourage, and also different from the men-imitating rather strident type that an increasingly trendy, Magian-derived, so-called feminism seeks to foster.

Instead, the type for whom personal honour is the key to living and to dying, and who – as I said – possesses attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on ‘the law’ or on others, and who does not, unconsciously or otherwise, need a man in order to make her happy or fulfilled. Someone, that is, who is not a slave to their desires, their feelings, their needs. Whose happiness, whose fulfilment, is her own, deriving from a consciously made and a consciously understood choice and who, having understood natural desires and feelings, is in control of them but who can enjoy and indulge herself as she pleases; and choose her direction, her goals, and even her sexual orientation. And also someone who has a developed empathy, heightened intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced woman. A unique individual. Beyond predator and prey. Beyond wife, lover, and mother. Someone tough, skilled, and of inner strength, but still feminine, as that Asian young lady I previously mentioned was.

What about men, then? An example of the new type? Not pacifist, surely!

Someone for whom personal honour is the key to both living and to dying, and who – as a woman of our type, our new breed – has attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on ‘the law’ or on others. And someone who has empathy, intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced, more complete, man, and a unique individual. Beyond Old Aeon masculinity with its primitive doctrine of so-called ‘might is right’ and beyond the role of predator to prey. Someone who, while tough, prefers combat to war because combat is a personal choice, founded on honour, whereas war is the choice, the method, of some supra-personal entity, such as some State, some government, or some leader one is expected to be subservient to and obey without question.

Someone who naturally complements, and who resonates with, the new enhanced woman, and who prefers such strong, tough, yet still feminine, women, to the women of the species Homo Hubris. A partnership of respectful equals. Of man and woman. Of woman and woman. Of man and man; and even of woman-woman-and-man. Already a few such partnerships exist, aided, nurtured, by such individuals having followed our Seven Fold Way or having lived and chosen the life of what we now term ‘a niner’ or ‘a drecc’.

In essence, these are the people – the men and women – who learn from personal experience, from pathei-mathos, and who willingly endure such experiences, and thus who develop a very individual personal judgement and a very individual personal character. Those who have liberated themselves from causal abstractions, and the effects, psychological and psychic, of such causal abstractions, manifest as such effects often are in these mundane, Magian, times of ours in such new archetypes as have been manufactured or have arisen from Magian causal abstractions.

So, we are not talking pacifism, non-violence, or certain moralities here – only of control and aims, and new ways of living. We are not talking about the cessation of desires, or what-not. Instead, of controlling, mastering, and developing, our instincts, and if necessary using them in a directed way to achieve some specific aim or goal, esoteric or exoteric. We are talking most emphatically of personal choice, about individuals making conscious choices. Of individuals being, well, individual.

We are also talking about acquiring and developing new skills, new arts of living, so that we become – we appear to be, to mundanes, to Homo Hubris – as presencings of a hideous nexion [3]. That is, a new species – *orible dragones, baeldracas* – emerging from the pit that leads to acausal Hell and thence to a Paradise at first here on terra firma and then on new worlds among the stars of our galaxy, and beyond. A Hell and a Paradise that have lain dormant within us, for centuries.

A Hell and a Paradise that we can dis-cover and experience by becoming unique sinister-numinous emanations, and becoming such emanations by living and by striving according to our code of kindred honour, by individual exoteric and esoteric pathei-mathos, as well as by means of undertaking such esoteric striving as is waymarked by The Seven Fold Way.



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Notes

[1] The prefix *ur* from the German usage, as in *ursprache*, implying *the* or *a* primitive/early form of some-thing.

[2] Such as *The Ceremony of Recalling* with *opfer* ending, as given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet (Dark Goddess)*.

[3] Hideous, as in some-thing that by virtue of being partly acausal is, when discovered, first felt as immense and which it is felt conceals hideous things. As, for example, in this quote from the 14th century (CE) work *Gesta Romanorum*:

“He saw at the fote of the tree an hidowse pitte, ande ane orible dragone þere in.” Harl. MS 5369. xxx.
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Source: The above text is taken from the article, *Presencings Of A Hideous Nexion*, by Anton Long.

Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time

Introduction

Most of the following axioms and brief elucidations form part of the Camlad aural tradition that was, some forty years ago, incorporated into the esoteric association The Order of Nine Angles. The remainder are my own elucidations and development of the tradition, with some of these elucidations of mine using the terminology and ontology of causal, acausal, and nexions. ^[1]

In the text *Auf dem Wasser zu singen: Yet Another Interview with Anton Long* - first distributed 114yf/2003eh - I briefly mentioned alchemical seasons in reply to a question asked of me:

"An alchemical season is a natural process which occurs in Nature, and also in we ourselves, who are beings of Nature. They are Change; a natural dialectic... There are also, of course, Cosmic alchemical seasons, some of which we know - in terms of their beginnings and their ending - by various observed astronomical events, often relating to star or planetary alignments..."

Both before and after the distribution of that text - as now, and especially since the publication of Naos in 1989 ce - there was and is much speculation about, and some misunderstandings concerning, alchemical seasons; speculation and misunderstandings which this new text should go some way toward dispelling.

The particular/peculiar numbered layout of the axioms and elucidations in this text is my own, and which layout is much less formal in the section concerning Alchemical Seasons, since there I have often simply recounted or retold the aural tradition itself. The particular/peculiar numbered layout was originally employed by me, decades ago, as a personal *aide-mémoire*.

I have included an un-numbered section of my own devising which gives some explanation of alchemical seasons.

It should be noted that by *alchemical* here is meant the esoteric science associated with *azoth* and other such esoteric 'things'. This is the science of the changing/alteration/understanding of living beings, and other substances, by a symbiosis/interaction between alchemist and such beings/substances. Which is 'the forbidden alchemy' of some Occult traditions, and which type of alchemy, and such symbiosis, has been the subject of, or mentioned in, several ONA MSS during the past forty years. For instance:

" The secret of the Magus/Mousa who lies beyond the Grade of Master/LadyMaster is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens - it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna bringing Exaltation. Whomever takes this Elixir will live immortal among the fiery stars..."

Which in essence means that "from the double pelican comes Azoth".

One particular example of such a symbiosis - of such alchemy - is the esoteric 'perfume' Petriochor [qv. *Sinister Tradition - Further Notes* published in Fenrir Vol.3 #2]. The production of this 'perfume' during a particular

alchemical season is difficult, and takes a certain duration of causal Time, but what imbues the final product, after distillation, with esoteric worth - with acausal energy/the sinisterly-numinous - is the interaction/symbiosis that occurs between the alchemist and the substances, and which substances are all part of the living being that is Nature..

Time

1. Time is Numinous ^[2] - that is, of living beings, and thus biological not linear (of-causality). Therefore Time cannot be re-presented or measured by a fixed causal calendar, solar, lunar, or otherwise.

1.1 Thus, Time varies according to Physis. That is, varies according to the nature, the character, of the living entity that manifests - presences - it.

2. There are a variety of different species of Time.

2.1 Thus, our species of Time differs from that of the other living entities/beings/emanations, Earth-dwelling or otherwise.

3. Time is a Fluxion ^[3]. That is, Time is already inherent in living beings, part of their physis.

3.1 Each living being has a Fluxion appropriate to - which re-presents/manifests/presences - its physis and thus which is appropriate to/manifests its type/species of life.

3.1.1 Thus, linear time - as measured by a fixed causal calendar and/or as defined by such things as the ratio of distance and velocity of a physical object - is Appearance/Abstraction not Reality.

3.1.2 Such linear time thus re-presents only the causal physis/nature of material objects/matter and thus manifests the physis/nature of the causal.

3.2 A Fluxion manifests what is a-causal. That is, how a particular living being changes/develops/manifests.

3.2.1 A Fluxion has an outer (exoteric) appearance and an inner (esoteric) nature/physis.

3.2.1.1 The outer appearance is how the being is perceived to change/develop/grow/decay.

3.2.1.2 The inner nature is how the being may, might, or could, change/develop/grow/decay by the use of traditional/esoteric/alchemical arts/skills.

3.2.1.2.1 A knowing of this inner nature is a gift of the Rounwytha.

3.2.1.2.1.1 This gift can be cultivated by the development and use of esoteric-empathy.

3.3 Since Time is a Fluxion, and alchemical, a Rounwytha may be able to alter/change/manipulate/weave Time.

Alchemical Seasons

4. An Alchemical Season is a means of measuring/determining/knowning fluxions, and thus a means of knowing living beings and how they change or could be changed.

- 5.1 Thus, an Alchemical Season is often what is the best/appropriate 'season' to know/get-to-know/celebrate particular emanations presented to us as living beings, or particular collocations of such beings, and/or the 'season' to initiate a particular change or changes.
6. This 'season' varies according to the nature/species/type of being/living-entity/emanation, and often differs from individual emanation to individual emanation of each type/species.
7. Knowledge of Alchemical Seasons is both traditional/aural and found/discovered by each Rounwytha.
- 8.1 It is for each Rounwytha to determine the veracity or otherwise of such aural tradition by their own personal knowing.
- 9.1.1 This knowing derives from esoteric-empathy.
10. One such collocation of emanations/living-beings is Nature.
- 10.1 This particular collocation contains a wide variety of types of being.
11. Another such collocation of emanations is the Cosmos.
- 11.1 This particular collocation contains entities/life having acausal emanations/acausal-being, entities having causal-acausal emanations/being, and entities manifesting causal emanations (a causal-being).
- 11.1.2 Acausal-causal beings/emanations are nexions between causal and acausal.
12. The beginning and the ending of certain Alchemical Seasons are often associated with, or intimated by, certain observed natural or cosmic phenomena.
- 12.1 These associations and intimations are often locale-dependant and usually subject to Cosmic and Aeonian drift.
- 12.2 Such observed phenomena include those connected with Nature and those connected with 'heavenly bodies', that is, with the Cosmos.
- 12.2.1 Those connected with Nature include the behaviour of Earth-dwelling living beings, sentient and otherwise; the fluxion of Nature's seasons, and certain patterns of or certain phenomenon of 'the weather'.
- 12.2.2 Those connected with the Cosmos include the observed rhythm of star-collocations (constellations); the occultation of Sun by Moon, and of certain stars by Moon; the observed rhythm of observable planets; and the first rising of certain stars above the horizon of the Rounwytha as determined by the fluxion of Nature's seasons.
- 12.3 Such associations with observed natural or cosmic phenomena do not mean or imply that such phenomena cause or are the origin of the changes, the fluxion, of living-beings.
- 12.4 Associations/intimations connected with Nature are sometimes known as Earth Tides.
- 12.4.1 Associations/intimations connected with the Cosmos are sometimes known as Cosmic Tides.
13. Certain Alchemical Seasons form the natural calendar used by the Rounwytha.

The Nature of Alchemical Seasons

It will be thus be seen that Alchemical Seasons are of various kinds, and serve or may serve different functions.

For instance, certain Alchemical Seasons are and were how the Rounwytha determined - knew and understood - the changes of Life around them. That is, how they reckoned Time, and the fluxions of Time that were made manifest as living beings - for instance, the life, the ailing, the foreseeing of death, of humans; and the natural rhythms of Nature and the Cosmos.

This knowing 'of propitious times' aided, and often enabled, their sorcery; their use and manipulation of certain energies - emanations, or fluxions - for a variety of purposes, as it also enabled them to use their skills in respect of such matters as ailments and their cures.

For example:

" A certain knowledge of herbs was/is a useful Rounwytha skill, and some of this knowledge could be, and sometimes was, acquired from an older Rounwytha. But in essence such knowledge is a knowing arising from the development and use of skills such as esoteric-empathy so that such learned knowledge (causal knowledge) would only and ever compliment the personal knowledge (the acausal knowledge) such skills imparted. Esoteric-empathy, combined with the ability of intimation, would enable the nature, the character [the physis, the essence] of living-plants to be dis-covered and thus their personal qualities known and appreciated. Similarly, a knowing of what might ail some person is, for the Rounwytha, just such an acausal knowing – arising from employing the skills, abilities, and qualities, of a Rounwytha, and not something learned from someone else or from books.

Hence, the Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* – they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills." *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype*

Like such skills, the calendar of the Rounwytha - their weaving of the seemingly disparate fluxions together, their accounting of fluxions - was derived from their personal esoteric-knowing, their empathy with the beings of Nature, with the being of Nature, and with the being of the Cosmos, and by their connexion to their local rural community. That is, of those whom and that which, they personally know, and of that which they personally observe and experience.

Thus - given that the Rounwytha tradition was germane to a certain area of what is now known as Britain - some of the most important alchemical seasons, and thence their seasonal ('yearly') calendar, were those connected with the flux, the rhythm, of Nature where they dwelt, since the season of daily and communal and local life - the life of small, rural, kindred, communities where the skill and knowing and advice of the pagan Rounwytha found favour and was often relied upon - would be one where such matters as the seasons of growing and finding food were important, as were the stages of life of an individual, as were certain celebrations and propitiations.

The favoured 'time' in Spring, for instance - the traditional seasonal time of sowing, seeding, and planting - would be known, discovered, locally by the Rounwytha using their skill, their empathy, and, being a fluxion of Nature in their locale, such a favoured 'time' would in its arrival vary from year to year. Similarly with the seasons beginning/ending with what are now known as Summer and Winter Solstice, the longest and the shortest days in such northern locales. They would not be found - 'known' - by some causal calculation or by watching the Sun alignment with some stones in some circle (or whatever) but rather would be what they naturally are, which is mid-Summer and mid-Winter, and which vary according to when Spring arrives, and Summer arrives, and Autumn arrives in a particular locality. ^[4]

Similarly with a celebration such as The Gathering, which would mark a successful harvest:

" The celebration – the gathering, remembrance, and feast – that is now often known as Samhain (and which according to the Rounwytha tradition was simply called The Gathering) varied from year to year

and from locality to locality, its occurrence determined by when what had to be gathered-in and prepared and stored in readiness for the coming days of Winter had been gathered-in and prepared and stored. That is, the day of its occurring was to some extent dependant on the weather, on the health and time and numbers of those so gathering in the harvest and storing produce, and on such important matters as what crops were grown, what fruits were available, what livestock were kept, and what fuels were available ready to be stored for the needed fires of the coming colder season. Communities reliant on fishing or those who relied on hunted game or required such game or fish to supplement an otherwise meagre diet would naturally have somewhat different priorities and so their date for such a communal Gathering might differ from other communities.

Hence the date of The Gathering would vary from year to year and locality to locality, and sometimes be toward what is now termed October and sometimes toward the end of what is now termed September, or somewhere inbetween. It was only much much later with the arrival of the organized and alien moralizing religion of the Nazarene, with its solar calendar system (deriving from urbanized hierarchical imperial Rome) and set celebrations of the deaths of certain sanctified or important Nazarenes (mostly in far-away lands), that a particular date would be used, at least in such communities as had succumbed to the abstractions of such a religion and thus had forsaken their ancestral culture and folk traditions and ways."

Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names

What all this means is that Alchemical Seasons are a way of 'seeing' the world; of understanding, knowing, Nature, ourselves, and the Cosmos. Of understanding our various connexions. As well as a knowing of when certain actions, activities - such as sorcery - may have a better chance of success, given how such actions, activities, are just aspects of the flux of Nature, of Life, of the Cosmos: are emanations of our own microcosmic nexion. Or Alchemical Seasons reveal when it is wise - a balanced deed - to celebrate some-things.

There is thus a very pagan - a quite natural and traditional - way of knowing devoid of linear, limiting 'time, and devoid of abstractions.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
123 yfayen

Notes

[1] My elucidations are mainly of terminology or word-expression. Thus, I have substituted some old/vernacular/obscure and occasionally alchemical terms for Greek or later English ones, a case in point being my use of a Greek term such as Physis. I have however retained several older terms.

My axioms are as follows: 3.1.1, 3.2, 3.2.1.2.1.1, 9.1.1, 11.1, 11.2

Incidentally, as mentioned elsewhere, Rounwytha - as its etymology makes clear - was just a local, dialect, word for a type of hereditary sorceress: for 'the wise, cunning, woman' of British myth and legend.

[2] Despite the now common belief that the use of the word 'numinous' is fairly recent, deriving from the writings of Rudolf Otto, its first occurrence in English - so far discovered - is in a religious tract published in London in 1647 ce, entitled *The simple cobbler of Aggawam in America. Willing to help mend his native country*. The author, Nathaniel Ward - a scholar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, an English clergyman, and a Puritan supporter - emigrated to Massachusetts in 1634 ce.

[3] The term *fluxion* dates from the sixteenth century (ce) and implies both a change that occurs naturally and one that arises from or because of itself, i.e. an effluvium.

"If the fluxion of this instant Now Effect not That, noight wil that Time doth know." John Davies: *Mirum in Modum*, 1616 ce. John Davies was a scholar at Queen's College, Oxford; an antiquary, and a professor of Law.

[4] Exact causal calculations of such phenomenon were irrelevant to such ancient rural communities, and the belief that they were important or necessary is just retrospective re-interpretation and the projection of modern causal abstractions onto such communities.

Such communities did not dwell in a world determined by fixed, measured, durations of causal time; but rather by fluxions. By the natural flowing of a living, numinous, Time which dwelt with them, and within them and their own local communities. Thus their work began when it began, and ended when it ended, determined by weather, daylight, what needed to be done, or what was required, in that particular fluxion, that 'season'. Thus their 'year' was marked by the flux of seasons, so that for example they might refer to their age in terms of how many harvest gatherings they had known, or how many Summers had past since their birthing.

It was that other un-numinous world - of empires, of tyrants, of kings, of governments, of abstractions, of planning and supra-personal organization, of hierarchical dogmatic religions – which brought fixed, measured, durations of causal time as a means of control, regulation, conformity, and to unnaturally apportion life and living.

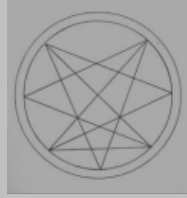
Suggested Further Reading

Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names

The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype

Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA

A Glossary of ONA Terms ≥ v. 3.01



O9A Esoteric Chant Archive

Introduction

Esoteric Chant - also called Esoteric Septenary Chant (ESChant) - is an aural tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, originating from the Camlad tradition that flourished in the Welsh Marches, and particularly in rural South Shropshire.

Most of this tradition was transcribed by Anton Long in the 1970's CE and circulated among ONA members in handwritten and typewritten MSS, many of which (although not all) were included in the xeroxed *Naos* collection, first issued in 1989CE.

ESChant forms an important part of The Septenary System and thus of the ONA's Seven Fold Way.

Esoteric Chant is also a powerful form of sorcery/sinister magick, capable of evoking/invoking acausal entities, as well as (like The Star Game) being an esoteric language appropriate to the New Aeon and thus a skill possessed by Homo Galactica.

The Images

The images in this archive png screengrabs from the facsimile version of NAOS contained in *The Requisite ONA* pdf document, which document is c. 51 Mb in size and runs to 981 pages.

Given the nature of the screengrabs, there is some run on from one image to the next.

The Texts

Included in this archive, following the image section, are two articles by Anton Long which outline Esoteric Chant as a new type of esoteric language, and which also deal with such matters as names and gender in relation to acausal entities.

Warning and Disclaimer

It should be noted that there are several texts about ESChant in circulation, some of which contain various errors.

The only publicly available reliable guides to ESChant are the texts and diagrams in the ONA issued pdf *The Requisite ONA*, and in facsimile copies of the original copies of NAOS.

In addition, as Anton Long has noted in regard to copies of Naos:

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of Naos (as

first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of Naos have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them. The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatu Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an out-of-date address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes – in the following order – Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

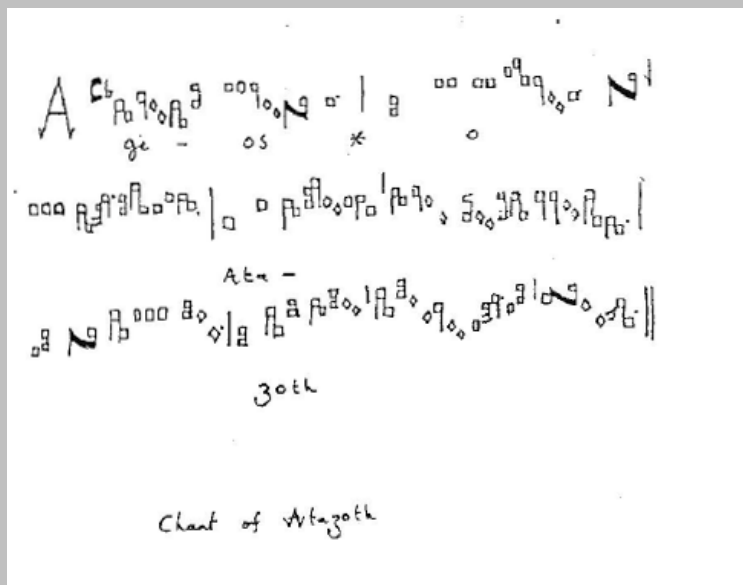
Therefore it is up to the reader of texts, articles, books, and other items, about ESchant to check the accuracy of such third-party items by comparing them to one of the following: (1) this archive, (2) the ONA issued pdf *The Requisite ONA*, (3) stand-alone facsimile copies of NAOS.

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DarkLogos
Order of Nine Angles
122 yfayen



Images From Naos

Esoteric Chant as a Magickal Technique

I - The Modes:

The seven Greek modes correspond to the spheres of the septenary (see Appendix I) as follows: Lydian - Jupiter; Phrygian - Saturn; Dorian - Moon; Mixolydian - Venus; Hypodorian (or Aeolian) - Mercury; Hypolydian - Sun; Hypophrygian (or Ionian) - Mars.

The modes used in esoteric chant are the 'Gregorian' or plainchant ones and these are related, according to tradition, to the spheres and thus the Greek modes thus: Moon - mode IV; Mercury - mode VI; Venus - mode V; Sun - modes VII/VIII; Mars - mode III; Jupiter - Mode I; Saturn - mode II.

Hence, if a piece of chant is sung correctly in, for example, mode IV, then such a chant will be a re-presentation of the energies or forces associated with the appropriate sphere - in this case Moon/Nox. Such energies may be used in the manner of magick to: a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing; b) be directed

used in the manner of magick to: a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing; b) be directed by will and visualization* for a specific aim appropriate to the sphere; c) to used to alter (via the acausal) the world itself.

Thus, esoteric chant is a form of magickal ritual - and a hitherto secret one.

(b) and (c) above usually require two cantors singing a fourth apart in parallel (for dark/destructive workings) or a fifth apart (for constructive workings). (a) is usually undertaken by one individual and is internal magick.

II - Chant Examples: Spheres

The following are used as part of a specific hermetic ritual. Details concerning the form of this ritual are given in Part III below.

* For visualization techniques see Appendix II.

Those who wish to master the art of magickal vibration should practice regularly, particularly within large resonant buildings, gradually increasing their ability of breath control and the power of the sound itself. Correctly used, short vibrations can startle people and render them immobile for some seconds. In certain circumstances, a powerful vibration can kill.

2) Magickal Chant:

Magickal chant is essentially monophonic and for this reason is generally (when it is written down at all) represented in Gregorian notation - as distinct from the 'blob' notation used in modern music.

Magickal chant is sung unaccompanied in one of the seven fundamental (or Greek) modes - Lydian, Dorian and so on, the modes themselves being representations of septenary forces as described by the septenary Tree of Life and the correspondences associated with it. There are three basic ways of performing this chant - by a solo cantor; by several voices in unison and by two cantors (or choirs) singing 'vox principalis' and 'vox organalis' a fourth or fifth apart as in organum.

The music of this type of chant is similar to Gregorian chant sung in proportional rhythm and the texts used are

usually magickal invocations or calls.

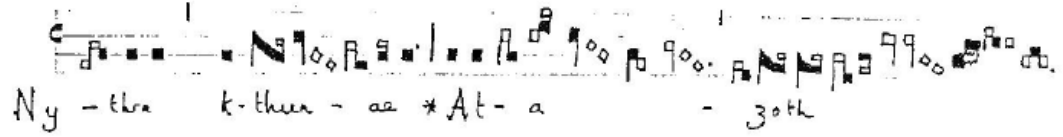
Magickal chant of this type is used for three purposes - first, as keys to the Abyss or to open various acausal Gates (as, for example, their use in the Nine Angles rite to return the Dark Gods to Earth); second, as a means of producing magickal change in the world and individuals since certain chants are regarded as possessing special power if sung correctly; third, to provide a framework which some individuals may use to presence on a day to day basis through such traditional forms as the Promethean Office, those aspects of the acausal which have been named variously as Physis and Tao.

The first two of these have often been considered to belong to the Left Handed Path, since they generally invoke/create various chthonic or dark/negative forces in consciousness, while the third has hitherto been used almost exclusively by those Adepts who, having passed the Abyss, live according to their inner wisdom.

An example of the first of these types is given below -

the Abyss, live according to their inner wisdom.

An example of the first of these types is given below - as used in the rite to return the Dark God Atazoth to Earth.

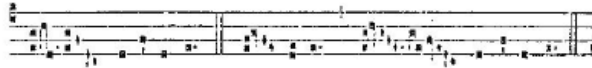


A handwritten musical score on a single staff. The notation consists of various rhythmic symbols, including vertical stems, horizontal lines, and small squares, some of which are grouped together. Below the staff, the lyrics are written in a cursive hand: "Ny - the k - then - ae * At - a - 3oth". The asterisk is positioned above the 'A' in "At".

Moon



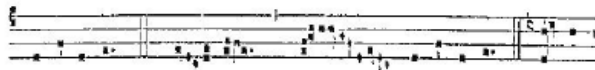
Ag-i-os * ka-bei-ri Ag-i-os




ka-bei-ri Ag-i-os ka-bei-ri




Ag-i-os ka-bei-ri Ag-i-os




ka-bei-ri Ag-i-os ka-bei-ri Ag-i-



ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i- os ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i-



os ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i-o-os

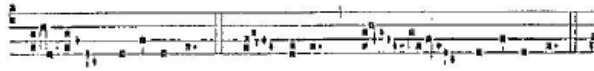


ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i- os *

Maon



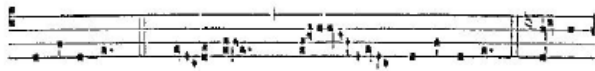
Ag-i-os * ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-os




ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-os . ka-bei-ri




Ag-i- os ka-bei-ri Ag-i- os



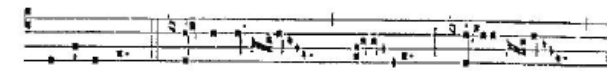
ka-bei-ri . Ag-i- os ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-



ka-ba-i-i . Ag-i- os ka-ba-i-i . Ag-i-



os ka-ba-i-i . Ag-i-o-os



ka-ba-i-i . Ag-i- os *



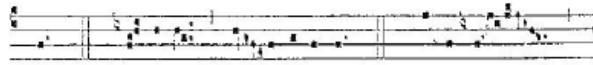
ka-ba-i-i

Agios Kabiri

Mercury



Ag-i-os hu-i-far Ag-i-os hu-i-far



. Ag-i-os hu-i-far. Ag-i-os



hu-i-far.

[Note: repeat five times]

Agios hucifer

Venus

Ag-i-os * e - lu-tro-das Ag-i-os

e - lu-tro-das. Ag-i-os e - lu-tro-das.

Ag-i - os e - lu-tro-das. Ag-i - os

e - lu-tro-das. Ag-i-os e - lu-tro-das.

e - lu-tro-des. Ag-i-os e-lu-tro-des.



Ag-i-os e-lu-tro-des. Ag-i-os



e - lu-tro-des. Ag-i-os



* e-lu-tro-des.

Agios Eutrodes

See



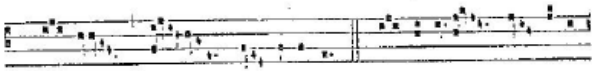
Ag-i-os * o-la-nos . Ag-i-os



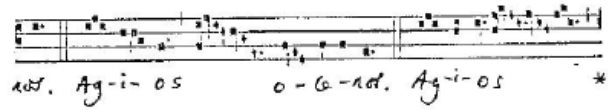
o-la-nos . Ag-i-os o-la-nos . Ag-



i- os o-la-nos . Ag-i-os o-la-nos .



Ag-i - os o-la-nos . Ag-i-os o-la-



Agios Ogenos

Mars



Ag-i-os. * Al-as-to-ros. Ag-



i-os Al-as-to-ros. Ag-i-



os Al-as-to-ros. Ag-i-os



Al-as-to-ros.

**

Af-as-to-ros.

Agios Alastoros

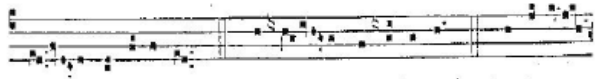
Jupiter



Ag-i-os* Ba-pha-nat. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nat.



Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nat. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nat. Ag-i-



os Ba-pha-nat. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nat. Ag-i-os



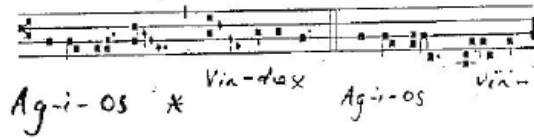
Ba-pha-nat. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nat. Ag-i-os

Ba-pho-nat. Ag-i-os Ba-pho-nat. Ag-i-os



Agios Baphomet

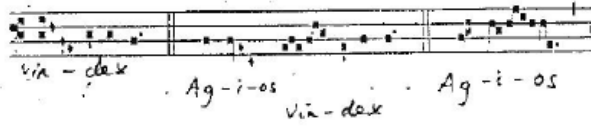
Saturn



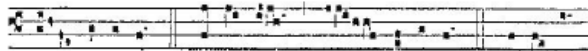
Ag-i-os * Via-dax Ag-i-os Via-



dax Ag-i-os Via-dax Ag-i-os



Via-dax Ag-i-os Via-dax Ag-i-os



Via-dax Ag-i-os Via-dax Ag-i-os

Handwritten musical notation on three staves. The first staff contains the lyrics "vin-dex Ag-i-os vin-dex Ag-i-os". The second staff contains "vin-dex Ag-i-os vin-". The third staff contains "dex".

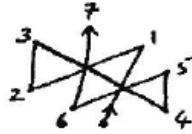
Agios
Vindex

III - Ritual:

The chant appropriate to the sphere should be regarded as the key to the working.

For destructive/dark workings, the time should be sunrise at new moon; for constructive work, sunset at full moon. The best place for workings is outdoors either on hill-tops or in glades.

The rite is begun by those attending vibrating according to tradition and three times: a) Agios o Atazoth for 'dark' workings; b) Agios o Baphomet for other workings. The cantor then incenses with incense appropriate to the sphere at each of the seven points thus:



The path described by these points must be walked by the cantor while incensing, followed by the other participants, if any.

The incenses are: Moon - Petriochor; Mercury - Sulphur;

the cantor while incensing, followed by the other participants, if any.

The incenses are: Moon - Petricor; Mercury - Sulphur; Venus - Sandalwood; Sun - Oak; Mars - Musk; Jupiter - Civit; Saturn - Henbane.

While this is being undertaken the following should be chanted: a) Aperiatur et germinet Atazoth or, for constructive workings: b) Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam.

The key chant (see Part II) is then sung twice in succession. If more than one person is undertaking the ritual then this should be sung in fourths (for dark workings) or fifths (for other workings) while those singing visualize the intent of the rite being accomplished according to the principles of hermetic magick.

Prior practice of singing the chant (without the visualization) is essential, since the chant is only magickally useful if sung correctly. The visualization should be as concise as possible and according to a pattern agreed by the participants before the ritual. It is possible to use sigilization instead of visualization: the sigil being prepared beforehand and 'consecrated/

charged' according to tradition, the sigil being burnt by one of the participants during the singing of the key chant.

The following table gives the type of work appropriate to each sphere:

Moon	Terror and sinister knowledge
Mercury	Indulgence and transformation(s)
Venus	Ecstasy and Love
Sun	Vision and understanding
Mars	Destruction and sacrifice
Jupiter	Wisdom and wealth
Saturn	Chaos

IV - Method of Singing:

The essence of esoteric performance is for the chant to be sung slowly, each ■ of the plainchant notation representing a modern quaver, more

The essence of esoteric performance is for the chant to be sung slowly, each ■ of the plainchant notation representing a modern quaver, more or less, depending on the 'mood' of the appropriate sphere.

The pitch of a piece is relative - and depends on what is comfortable for the cantors or group. The rhythm of a particular piece is easy to obtain with practice if it is remembered that a piece is like a wave - rising and falling with measured cadence, in a flowing manner. It is for this reason that Latin (and sometimes Greek) is employed for the texts, since of all languages, they are most appropriate to monophonic chant. The accent is generally placed on the upbeat, though exceptions exist.

Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities

In dealing with esoteric - Occult - matters it needs to be remembered that they by their very nature are obscured or hidden from ordinary, causal (mundane), perception and understanding. That they belong to or describe a type of phenomena or a type of world (or aspects of existence) which most people do not normally interact with, have knowledge of, or are seldom aware of.

Thus, when we consider a matter such as entities - living beings - existing or dwelling in what we term the acausal continuum, then it is to be expected that they will exist, and will behave, in a way different from such living beings that we normally interact with in our own causal continuum. That is, that they may possess qualities which beings living in our causal phenomenal world do not.

For example, do such acausal entities as the ONA esoteric tradition mentions possess the quality, the behaviour, we describe as biological gender, and which gender we ascribe to most living beings in the causal (with some exceptions, such as monomorphic life). Or is our biological notion of gender irrelevant to such acausal beings? Also, do such acausal entities have the quality, the behaviour, we describe as discrete singularity so that, for example, they have a distinct body separate from other bodies and thus occupy a finite Space at certain specific moments of causal Time?

These questions further raise the issue of language - of how we describe them or denote them by some name, and whether the grammar we have developed is apt in the case of such acausal entities. For

instance, is a word such as Noctulius a male or a female name? Ditto with Satanus. Or is a name such as Kabeiri that of a single entity or of a plurality of such entities? Is Satanus, for example, even a name in the normal grammatical sense – that is, a proper name? If so, is it singular or plural? Thus, is it correct or necessary to apply the rules of ordinary grammar – such as declension – to such a descriptive word? If not, what does that mean in respect of how the name is used, for instance in some chant to esoterically invoke such an entity?

This raises general questions about the nature of both language and grammar. Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable?

What also has to be considered is that the ONA uses certain words in an esoteric way – with a specialized Occult meaning – so that words such as archetype and nexion and psyche have specific esoteric meanings [1] over and above, or instead of, their accepted common exoteric usage. Thus, and for example, a word such as Satanus may have an esoteric (*batin*) meaning and an exoteric (*dhir*) meaning – with the *dhir* meaning referring to what mundanes understand as Satan (a particular male causal and demonic form), and the *batin* meaning referring to what ONA initiates understand as an acausal (non-temporal, non-causally defined) entity Satanus who/which can shapeshift and who/which exists (when in the acausal) outside of our limited (causal) categories such as male/female, singular/plurality, and past/present/future.

Hence, the accepted exoteric understanding of, and/or the appearance of some-thing – such as a name or chant – is not necessarily a guide to or an indication of its esoteric meaning, its use, or its efficacy in terms of sorcery. [2]

Gender, Plurality and Acausality

To begin to answer questions relating to the nature of acausal beings – assuming we can answer them in a satisfactory manner – the nature of our (esoterically posited) acausal continuum should be understood.

As mentioned in another MS:

” In simple – exoteric – terms, the acausal is a naturally existing part of the Cosmos, and merely the realm or realms or continuum where acausal energy exists, and which acausal energy is a-causal in nature. That is, propagation of this energy does not, or need not, take a certain amount of causal Time, and does not involve, or may not involve, traversing a certain causal distance. Thus none of Newton’s laws apply, just as causal theories such as those of entropy or so-called ‘chaos’ do not apply.”

One important aspect of the acausal is the nature of acausal Time. Being a-causal means that there is no causal linearity – no past, present, or future – and thus no simple cause-and-effect. Instead, one quality of acausal Time is simultaneity, and one aspect or manifestation of acausal Time (in the causal) is what has been termed synchronicity.

In causal Space-Time (the causal continuum) an event is described as occurring at a point or region (a specific place) in Space, which can be represented by various geometric coordinates (Euclidean, or spherical, or metrical) [3]. This event occurs at a specific moment of causal Time, and may or may not last for a measured duration of causal Time.

Thus, a spacecraft en route from Earth to the planet Mars is said to be in a specific place or position (a region of Space between Earth and Mars) at a specific moment of causal Time, with this position changing in both Space and in causal Time as the spacecraft moves toward Mars, and with causal Time measured most usually in durations deriving from the orbit of the Earth around the Sun and from the rotation of the Earth itself. Thus, the spacecraft’s position is measured in relation to other objects in the causal and fixed in moments of linear Time with there being an accepted progression from a past moment (a past position) to where it is ‘now’ and where it will be predicated to be at some future point in

causal Time.

In the same manner, we – as separate individuals – fix or describe ourselves in relation to causal Space and causal Time. That is, in relation to objects, to living beings, around us and in relation to our own causally-measured events and change: for example our progression from birth in terms of measured years (our age).

However, in acausal Space-Time, there is no separation of Space and no flow of Time from past to future, so an object or a living acausal being cannot have a fixed position and cannot be located in a moment of (causal) Time. Indeed, objects as we ideate them simply do not exist, just as motion as we perceive or understand it does not exist. Likewise, we may conceive – in our limited causal terms – of a past acausal event (were there such a thing) having a future cause.

Which all imply that acausal entities are not material and not discrete objects, but rather what we may conceive of as types of (or variations in or patterns of) acausal energy, formless and timeless, and able to translocate to anywhere in the acausal continuum instantaneously and exist (or be manifest) in various acausal locations simultaneously. Hence, they have no gender as we perceive and understand gender and are neither singular nor plural, since singular and plural imply causality (a causal separation) in terms of both Time and Space, although if we view them causally they are or can be both singular and plural at the same time.

It is some of these patterns of acausal energies that can – and which, according to aural tradition, have – egressed into our causal continuum and assumed a variety of causal forms. Why so egressed? Because there are nexions which join the causal to the acausal. We, as causal life-forms, are one type of nexion, with some physical nexions existing – regions in the Cosmos where the causal continuum is joined with the acausal continuum. Given the longevity of such patterns of acausal energies (viewed in terms of our causal Time) – their ‘immortal’ nature – it is natural some of them have travelled to or rather have been presented here, among us.

Note that these patterns of acausal energies (these acausal beings) are distinct from the acausal energy that is or rather becomes Life (in the causal) and which animates all causal living beings and makes them a nexion (of varying types) to the acausal. That is, they are only one particular species of such acausal energies.

According to aural tradition – and to be believed or not according to one’s inclination - there are indications that the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Satan, like all such entities known to us, is a shapeshifter (being fluidic in nature and able to shape/form causal matter) and has a propensity to assume a male form when presented or manifest in our causal realm, as the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Baphomet has, according to aural tradition, a propensity to assume a female form when presented or manifest in our causal realm. Why?

The answer relates to how we have hitherto perceived – or needed to perceive – such entities, and how the development of dark-empathy and acausal-knowing (the skills of an Adept and beyond) cultivate an esoteric perception. Indeed, what is known as The Passing of The Abyss – and thus the achievement of the Grade beyond Internal Adept – is when there is a perception and a knowing beyond our causal opposites and all causal forms, and beyond causal Time and causal Space. That is, a knowing of the acausal as the acausal is, and thence possibly an interaction with acausal energies and acausal beings as those energies and such beings are.

This knowing is currently beyond our ordinary languages to describe, with even this advanced esoteric knowing being but a beginning, given our potential as beings.

Esoteric Chant as Language

Esoteric chant is one means we have of describing such acausal entities – such acausal life-forms – beyond ordinary language. That is, esoteric chant [4] is one way – although not a perfect way – to try and describe such entities beyond our current languages with their dependence upon causality and their assumptions regarding objects and subjects and gender.

Thus, the 'name' of an acausal entity is not some bland written or spoken word, but rather what occurs – what is manifest (felt, experienced) – when the specific chant appropriate to that entity is performed in a certain way. Only with such esoteric chant as Art is the entity 'named'. Thus, Satanus is not the (gender specific) 'name' of a particular acausal entity known to us; rather, a specific esoteric chant performed in a certain way in a specific location during a specific alchemical season (or causal moment therein) re-presents, or 'names', that entity to us, as causal beings. Hence, there is no error, and no omission, when a given word is used in a manner which seems to contradict grammatical rules, and sans declension.

In general, esoteric chant – far more so in some ways than good poetry in relation to ordinary language – intimates something beyond the exoteric content and the exoteric (the accepted) meaning. Thus, a good poem might use words in such a way that, for example, the accepted rules of grammar may be broken in order to suggest something beyond what the words used would mean in an ordinary grammatically correct sentence. Or, like Aeschylus, the poet might omit the article and manufacture some new compound word in order to hint at a certain meaning.

With esoteric chant, the words – being chanted most often by cantors in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart – become more than words read or spoken with their usual (exoteric) meaning. That is, when so used in such a way by sentient living beings they become a specific esoteric work of Art, the living alchemy that is sorcery. For sorcery, as I have mentioned elsewhere, is a combination of various aspects, the most necessary and important of which are sentient living beings, for it is these living beings who can access the acausal (and thus acausal energies) by virtue of already being nexions because of being sentient life-forms.

Thus, a ritual chant such as "Suscipe, Satanus, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex" is not the mere saying of the words, or even 'singing' the words in a normal exoteric way. It is either a vibration done by one or more individuals, or more usually an esoteric chant performed by several cantors singing in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart, or sometimes a fourth apart. In a vibration – as with esoteric chant – the parts of each 'word' are usually distinct, so that for instance Satanus is Sa—tan—as, spread over a certain period of causal Time, with a certain pitch/intensity, and which in vibration or chant lasts much longer than a normal (exoteric) saying of the word. Given that specific ritual chants are associated with specific Modes and with a specific type of chanting in specific resonant places (and often in association with a crystal tetrahedron) its alchemical nature – symbolized by the term (not the name) Atazoth – should be discernible, when correctly performed.

Hence, esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities. Thus do we come to know their 'names'.

Note that this language is not 'communicating with some entity' and not us trying to communicate with some acausal entity. It is just some human beings communicating among themselves in a particular esoteric way sans ordinary words (and their exoteric meanings) and indeed sans ordinary thought, in order to extend the range of their being. To manifest a supra-personal (or collective) identity – to become a collocation of living nexions – beyond their own individual (causal) identity and form, and which manifestation brings-into-being (or can bring-into-being) certain esoteric knowledge and which can also be used to presence acausal energies in the causal.

Hence there is nothing really mysterious or 'magical' about it. It is just one technique, one method, among many esoteric techniques, methods – and one which has an aural tradition.

One other technique to so 'name' such entities is perhaps worth mentioning. This is TSG – the (advanced form of) The Star Game. That is, the movement – the flow, the fluxion or change – of certain pieces over certain boards over a certain period of causal Time is a re-presentation of one particular collocation of acausal energy which has acquired a word (an exoteric name) in an historical attempt to describe it. Here, the player works in symbiosis with the fluxion of pieces to move beyond causal Thought, causal denoting, to that acausal-knowing which reveals an aspect of acausal as it is.

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Order of Nine Angles
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Notes

[1] Some of the words having specific esoteric meaning and ONA associations are given in the text *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, the latest version of which is 3.03 (122yf).

[2] Here is a simple (if somewhat long-winded) example of some assumptions underlying language and grammar. The sentence, "Anton Long walked into the library..." implies many things.

Here, there is a distinct subject, given the proper name AL, and which subject 'walks' (moves toward) an object, named as a library.

Among the assumptions of the simple sentence are : (1) that an entity named AL exists (fictionally or otherwise, and most probably human); (2) that AL by the stated name has a gender; (3) that there is an object of type different from AL which is named 'library'; (4) that this object 'library' is spatially separated from the object named AL (that is, is not the same as AL); (5) that it takes a duration of causal Time for AL to 'walk' into or toward this library; (6) that this library is an object with certain qualities – a building, and contains certain other objects such as books.

Had the sentence read "The Longs walk into the library," we assume that these Longs are a plurality of beings with the name (a surname) whose gender is currently unknown unless some context or more information is supplied, and that these beings (whoever or whatever they are) are moving through causal Time and causal Space toward a distinct and separate object.

Had the sentence read "Long presences in the library," we might have cause for pause, until we know what 'presences' mean. Does it mean a movement through causal Time and causal Space? Or might it mean something like the science-fiction concept of teleportation? Also, which singular Long presences? And is this singular entity male or female – Mr or Ms Long?

Had the sentence read "Longs presence in the library," we assume more than one being named Long presences, in the present, just as "Longs were presented in the library," assumes that this occurred in some causal past.

Now, if we have a sentence such as "Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex," just what is implied or assumed by us? We have, apparently, two names – Vindex and Satanas.

The obvious – the simple – question is whether or not Vindex is a name or a term and if a name then (as exoteric usage of Vindex might suggest) male, since the female form would be something such as *Vengerisse*. But is Vindex used here esoterically (or being redefined), so that the name or the term Vindex can refer to either someone male or someone female and therefore is not, as a name or term, gender specific? Certainly it is.

The somewhat less simple question refers to the word Satanas. Is this a name or a term (that is a term for some causal form)? If a name, is it or must it be gender specific? If a term, is it used esoterically to refer to the causal form assumed temporarily by an acausal entity, and which entity may or may not have a causal gender and may or may not be singular entity or a plurality of entities more aptly described by a type of unformed, non-spatially referenced (acausal, dispersed, unlinear) energy?

[3] By metrical here is meant the metric of four-dimensional Space-Time often described by tensorial equations such as those relating to Riemannian space.

[4] It should be noted that the esoteric modal chants given in *Naos* (as first published in 1989 CE) – and the chants given in the *Black Book of Satan – Part 1 Exoteric Principles* (as first published in 1983 CE) – are, according to aural accounts, traditional parts of the septenary system, of unknown date and

belonging to the Camlad group, and thus pre-date the esoteric association given the name ONA, in the early 1970's CE, by at least four or five decades, if not far more.

Some Notes Concerning Language, Abstractions, and Nexions

Introduction

In an earlier essay dealing with esoteric chant and notions of gender in respect of acausal entities, I posed the question:

" Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable? " *Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities*

I went on to suggest that, currently and when dealing with most living beings, the English language mostly assumes a gender, a separation of beings and a distinction (usually based on causal Time and Space) between subject and object, so that for example the simple sentence 'Anton Long walked into the library...' imparts a certain type of knowing. In this case, of there existing a specific singular living entity named Anton Long who/which is different in type from 'the library', and who/which is most probably of the male gender, and who/which was initially separated in causal Space from 'the library'.

In that essay I also suggested that the Esoteric Chant of ONA aural tradition was one better means of describing and naming certain acausal entities than ordinary language, and thus enabled in us a type of knowing - an acausal-knowing - different from the causal knowing described by language and causal sciences:

" Esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities."

As intimated in the aforementioned essay, Esoteric Chant is but one traditional means, albeit a still imperfect one, of communicating beyond ordinary language, and a means which does not necessarily depend on causality, on assumptions regarding a division between objects and subjects, and assumptions concerning gender. That is, which does not depend on the process of ideation and thus on abstractions.

Other esoteric means of communication, sans causal abstractions, include The Advanced Star Game and Esoteric-empathy.

Abstractions, Language, and Nexions

[Language and Meaning](#)

An ordinary - exoteric - language is simply an established, shared, and structured means of verbal and written communication employed by human beings, and which structure involves words/marks and their placement in a particular sequence or association normally referred to as a sentence, and which sentence usually conveys or expresses a particular meaning dependant upon how the words/marks composing it are understood by reference to what they denote, with there being an accepted, a shared, understanding of what such specific denoting refers to.

Which is to say that such communication to a great extent is dependant on an accepted and a shared understanding of what particular words/marks denote. Furthermore, such denoting - and an accepted and a shared understanding of what particular words/marks denote - is often, in its genesis and application, germane to a particular community or communities, expressing their shared and often ancestral *pathei-mathos*, such that their language expresses and sometimes defines their shared values and culture.

This process of denoting, of a shared and accepted understanding of what is being denoted, and of a structure to convey meaning, is rather beautifully and simply expressed in Euclid's *Elements*, where each word and mark used are first defined, where all axioms are explained, and with each proposition - each particular sequence or association of words/marks - being proved (assigned meaning) by the use of formal logic. [1]

Hence Euclid established a particular language - that of geometry and by, extension, of mathematics. This language conveys meaning to those who have studied it, with part of this meaning relating to the phenomenal world we perceive by means of our physical senses. That is, using such a Euclidean language - and mathematical languages deriving from or similar to it - we have acquired a certain knowledge of the phenomenal world.

But this raises interesting questions common to all exoteric languages including mathematical ones. One of which questions concerns the meaning of the knowing we acquire from or impart by means of such languages, and another of which questions concerns what knowledge itself is or of. In addition, the denoting of things - and the understanding of what particular words/marks denote - may and often does vary from language to language, so that one word in one language may at best only be approximated by a word or a collocations of words of another language.

Thus, is the knowing that a language describes and communicates appearance or reality? Is it just information about some-thing or apprehension of the being and the nature of some-thing?

To give a simple example, we can by using the Euclidean language - or a mathematical language deriving from or similar to it - acquire a certain knowledge of the phenomenal world so that we can measure and thus 'know' the height of a tree, compare that height with other trees, determine the distance between trees, and measure and thus 'know' how trees have grown. In addition, we can by means of other exoteric languages come to 'know' practical information like the tree we measure is named an oak tree and not a pine. But all these types of knowing/information do not mean we 'know', we understand, the tree (assuming, as we esoteric folks incline to believe, that it is possible to 'understand' a tree). We thus separate the oak from the pine by appearance and qualities we assign to both, and denote both as a type of being named 'tree' and which type of being is different in causal Space and causal Time from us (separate from us) and also different from 'our type of being' which we denote by a word such as human.

Similarly, we separate ourselves from other human beings by naming, by appearance, and often by qualities or attributes we or others assign to 'us' and 'them'; a separation that exoteric languages often encourage with such constructs as subject-object and inclusion-exclusion.

Suffice - for conciseness - to say that the knowing acquired or communicated by exoteric language is limited, and acknowledgement of this limitation is one reason, historically, for the development of Occult Arts. Our own Occult Art - the Esoteric Art that is The Order of Nine Angles - leads us to conclude that there are two ways of knowing:

(1) the causal, conveyed by ordinary language and dependant upon (a) what words/marks/symbols denote, and/or (b) what is understood by such denoting; and/or on (c) what we observe by our physical senses, and/or on (d) what we deduce or extrapolate or assume from such denoting and such observations;

(2) the esoteric, or acausal, knowing, and which knowing we may attempt to describe and convey by (a) using words/marks/symbols already in use in exoteric languages, or (b) appropriate and redefine or manufacture some new words/marks/symbols; but which knowing such exoteric languages and their words/marks/symbols cannot really re-present or convey.

Basically, acausal knowing is the discovery of the being (the nature, the reality) of living beings, while causal knowing is most often (a) information concerning the being of both living beings and non-living 'things', and/or (b) assumptions and ideations about or concerning living beings and 'things'.

Thus, to truly know a being is to have both acausal knowledge of it and causal information concerning it.

In many ways the ONA is unique in that we have several languages - some new, some traditional - to describe and convey such acausal knowledge. Among our esoteric languages are, as mentioned previously, The Star Game and Esoteric-empathy.

Esoteric Languages

An esoteric language is basically a particular means of communication dependant on certain esoteric (Occult) skills/abilities, and which language is often non-verbal in nature and often employs symbols (as in The Star Game) or affective aliquantals [2] of acausal energy (as in Esoteric-empathy).

As with ordinary language, such languages involve a denoting and an accepted, a shared, understanding of what such specific denoting refers to. In addition, an esoteric language can, if correctly employed, function simultaneously on two levels - the affective and the effective; that is, the acausal and the causal. The effective level is that of communication between sentient human beings where meaning is exchanged; while the affective level is that of transforming/changing/developing (mostly of consciousness, of being) in an esoteric (acausal) way the individual or individuals employing the language.

The Star Game (TSG) - by which is meant the advanced form of 'the game' - is, currently, the language, the only language, of acausal-thinking; of thinking not by words but by means of adunations [3], their collocations, and their interaction and changes in four-dimensions, and which interactions of necessity include the 'player' or 'players'.

Thus, the 'sentences' of this particular esoteric language - this language [4] - are not static but rather the movement and the changes [the fluxion] of adunations, with the manner, the arrangement/pattern, of the movement and the changes - and the temporary meanings assigned to the adunations - intimating the 'meaning'/content of a particular sentence in particular moments of causal Time.

Using the language of TSG is, like Esoteric Chant, not only sorcery - internal, external, Aeonic - but also and perhaps more importantly a means to acausal-knowing: to discovering the essences that have become hidden by morality, by abstractions [5] and by the illusion of opposites, and which opposites include the dichotomy of sinister and numinous (light and dark; good and bad) and the illusion of our own separation from the acausal. That is, the language of TSG and other esoteric languages are means to developing our latent faculties, a means to develop new faculties, and a thus a means to aid our evolution as a sentient being and as a species.

How, then, may the esoteric language of TSG be learned? Simply by constructing and using TSG itself,

which was designed to be a large physical structure requiring the individual to physically move around it - that is, interact with its adunations - in three dimensions and over certain (long) durations of causal Time, amounting to many Earth-hours and sometimes many Earth-days.

Esoteric-empathy - that is, the faculty of empathy esoterically developed by certain Occult techniques - is also a new and Occult language; a means for a certain new type of human being, empathes, to communicate in a non-verbal way by an exchange of aliquantals.

How, then, may the esoteric language skills of esoteric-empathy be learned? Currently, only by traditional Rounwytha means such as the extended Rite of Internal Adept lasting two or three alchemical seasons, followed - some causal Time later after the sinister-numinous has/have been affectively and effectively melded (via *pathei-mathos*) within the individual - by the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, lasting for a complete lunar month. How can this newly learned skill be developed? Like any newly acquired skill, through practice.

In an important way, therefore, these new esoteric languages - when learnt and used - are appropriate to the New Aeon, and evolve the consciousness and the understanding of the individual in a manner more advanced than more traditional Occult techniques, such as ceremonial/hermetic ritual and undertaking workings with symbolisms such as the Tree of Wyrld.

Such esoteric languages are, when used, nexions, and so only function - that is, live, have their being; and impart meaning - in and by means of and to living sentient beings such as ourselves. That is, their nature is acausal, presented in sentient beings, and cannot and do not - like the common language of words - represent abstractions. Instead, they may be said to be stages beyond what we now term archetypes, re-presenting as they do - in contrast to archetypes - the unique individuality and sinister-numinous consciousness, the very being, of the unique individuals of a new human species.

The Acausal

Since acausal-knowing is ineluctably a knowing of the acausal, of nexions and their nature - with nexions being connexions between causal and acausal - it is pertinent to enquire about the nature of the acausal.

The ONA conceives of the acausal as a natural part of the living Cosmos, and as such the living acausal - often manifest in sinister-numinous emanations - is not and cannot be an ideation, an abstractive construct. In addition, this acausal part of the Cosmos can be known, experienced, not by our five physical senses and not by devices based on a causal technology, but by our mostly still latent esoteric faculties such as empathy and acausal-thinking, although there remains the possibility of developing an acausal technology - of living devices using acausal energy - which can provide causal information concerning the acausal.

Thus and esoterically the Cosmos is conceived - understood - as the living wholeness of a causal universe and an acausal universe, with the causal universe being the realm of physical matter such as the Earth, stars, planets, and Galaxies.

It is acausal energy which animates physical, causal, matter imbuing such matter with life, and thus it is such acausal energy which is, exoterically, the acausal. Such energy is not, however, comparable to causal energy which is known to propagate in causal Space and which propagation requires a duration of causal Time. Instead, it is (a) the a-spatial matrix of connexions between all living beings, and does not require propagation through causal Space nor require a duration of causal Time to be or become manifest, and (b) that which animates the causal matter of beings giving them the property, the quality, we denote by the word 'life'. Or expressed in somewhat simplistic terms, that acausal is not some realm separate from us as living sentient human entities which we can or possibly could egress into and from, but rather an essential part of us.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] One of the best English texts for those interested in acquainting themselves with the simple beauty of Euclid's *Elements* is still *A Text-book Of Euclid's Elements For The Use of Schools*, in four books, by HS Hall and FH Stevens, first published in 1888 ce.

[2] Aliquantals - often abbreviated to aliquants - implies *a particular amount of* some-thing. The word came into English usage in 1695 ce in a book on Euclid's geometry by William Alingham.

[3] By the term *adunations* is meant some-thing which when placed in its correct relation to other adunations reveals the unity, the whole, of which it and they are a part. From the Latin *adunatus* - ad+unare, to unite, make whole.

Adunations are sinister-numinous symbols [symbols/representations with a sinister-numinous dimension, i.e. having/representing acausal energy] which may be temporarily assigned certain meanings or associations or correspondences. For example, the nine basic adunations [pieces] of TSG are: a(a) a(b) a(c) b(a) b(b) b(c) c(a) c(b) c(c) with each adunation being a combination/amalgam of two sinister-numinous elements. Thus, in Alchemical terms, a is the Alchemical symbol for Salt, b is the Alchemical symbol for Mercury, and c is the Alchemical symbol for Sulphur. Abstractly, a is the Greek letter alpha, b the letter beta, and c gamma. In terms of the Dark Tradition, a is causal space-time; b is where the acausal is present or manifest in the causal (a type of nexion), and c acausal space-time.

The term *adunations* is used here in preference to ordinary terms such as *pieces* and *symbols* in order to express their sinister-numinous nature.

It should be noted that the temporary meanings assigned to the individual elements and thence to each adunation are for comparison and learning only - for such assigned meanings are only exoteric, causal, reflexions of their wordless, symbol-less, acausal essence. An essence discovered by using the adunations as language: that is, by using, 'playing', TSG.

[4] In the interests of clarity, we might - by employing the older Anglo-Norman spelling - term an esoteric language a *langage*.

[5] Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Esoterically, an abstraction has only a causal being and therefore is not a nexion; not a presencings of the sinister-numinous - the unity, the connexions - that sentient life re-presents. Exoterically, an abstraction is neither living nor archetypal; not imbued - does not and cannot presence - the acausal/the sinister-numinous.



Marcheyre Rhinings

Being Some Writings Relating To The Rounwytha

Introduction

This collection of essays is concerned, in the main, with part of the aural Rounwytha (or Camlad) tradition of the esoteric association known as The Order of Nine Angles. The recent essays by me included in this compilation had their genesis in questions asked of me by some academics interested in the ONA and our aural traditions, and also in the desire by some long-standing ONA folk for me to pen some scribblings about the Rounwytha tradition itself thus making this tradition more known, especially given the world-wide expansion of the ONA itself over the past decade or so.

In one or two of these essays - for example, the one entitled *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype* - suggestions have been made as to how this tradition might usefully be developed.

The Rounwytha Tradition was and is part of the aural tradition of a few pagan individuals - mostly women - who had their rural living in the border area between England and Wales, and in particular in parts of rural South Shropshire, and areas around the Camlad and Trefyclawdd.

According to aural accounts, in origin this tradition - which tradition it should be remembered was that of a small local area - dates to before the Roman conquest of Albion; to the *tyma* of small clans and tribes, and small rural communities of 'free men and women'. It was, however, not a static but a dynamic tradition, slowly changed in some ways over millennia but retaining its esoteric, pagan, essence.

The Rounwytha (*var.* Rhinwytha) was an individual, regarded as wise, who was skilled in certain common esoteric matters, such as foreseeing, charms, and curing ailments - especially those attributed to what came to be called effluvia [1] - but who and importantly was also considered as an essential and balancing link between the seen (the ordinary) world and the strange world or worlds beyond the seen (the known). Thus it was the Rounwytha who knew the propitious *tyma* for certain communal

celebrations and propitiations. And all this because they were naturally gifted - or had developed - the skill, the secret, of empathy: *of sympatheia with fluxions* [2]; that is, they possessed an acausal-knowing of all Life: human, animal, of Nature, and of 'the heavens' (the Cosmos).

As mentioned in one of the essays included here:

" The Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills." *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype*

In addition, as I wrote elsewhere:

"Our esoteric aural traditions are just that: aural, with few if any explanations or elucidations, aural or written. In many instances, these aural traditions are just stories and tales, akin to folk myths and legends, and [...] they are to be accepted, or rejected, on that basis, with their being no demand that our people 'must believe' in them or that they are accurate and/or describe historical events."

Thus we make no claim as to the veracity of such traditions, historical or otherwise, it being for each individual to assess and thence to accept or reject such aural traditions. All we claim is that they are our aural traditions; are esoterically interesting, and - for us - are esoterically relevant and Aeonically important. They also in many instances are somewhat heretical, challenging as they do Magian archetypes and abstractions, Magian Occultism, and also the beliefs and assumptions of the Occulte *status quo*.

A few other non-Rounwytha essays - such as *The Noble Guide To The Dark Arts* - have also been included here, for context.

In addition:

" The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrð, and so on. It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung."

Thus those unfamiliar with ONA terms are advised to consult *A Glossary of Some ONA Terms*, ≥ v. 3.03

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Notes:

[1] That is, the egress into and out from the body of some imperceptible and harmful *ðing* or *ðingges*; what today we might describe as 'energies/emanations' and what more Nazarene-inclined folks might describe and have described as 'demons', but which in olden times were just viewed as 'unlucky' wyrd, often considered caused by some deed or by some transgression.

[2] Fluxions are described in the essay, included here, entitled *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names

ONA Esoteric Notes - Rounwytha 3

The esoteric problem with denoting, by means of an ascribed name or a given expression, is essentially two-fold. First, esoteric-empathy [1] inclines us toward a knowing of the numinous essence that such a denoting obscures or hides, and part of which essence is a revealing of ourselves as but one nexion to all other Life, sentient and otherwise. The second problem with denoting is that there exists in various ancestral cultures world-wide (including some Indo-European ones) [2] an older aural tradition of how it is not correct - unwise - to give names to some-things, and of how some 'names' are 'sacred' because their very use is or could be an act of what we would now describe as sorcery/magick and which naming and which use of such names often tends toward disrupting the harmony between individuals, family, community, land, ancestors, 'heaven and earth', that many folk traditions were designed to aid.

Thus there is a different and almost entirely unrecorded folk tradition which is unrelated to the tradition of myths and legends about named divinities, be such divinities Sumerian, Egyptian, Pheonician or whatever, and which myths and legends we are all now familiar with and which traditions of myths and legends include, for

example, the fables and stories of the Old Testament with their notions of a people who regard themselves as the chosen ones of some creator-god being persecuted, threatened and tempted by satans and the-satan.

This aural tradition is pagan in both the historical sense of that term and in the later usage of that term: *paganus*, someone who belongs to a rural community and whose traditions, ethos, and *weltanschauung* are not that of the religion of the Nazarene, deriving as that religion did from the fables and stories of the Old Testament.

It is possible - as the Rounwytha tradition intimates - that this aural pagan tradition had its natural origins in the way of life of small rural communities of free men and women (such as existed for instance in pre-Roman Britain and for a while in post-Roman Britain) in contrast to the tradition of myths and legends about named divinities and which naming tradition may well have had its origins in that type of living where there is some powerful king or authoritative leader and a more urbanized way of living (as in Sumeria, Egypt, etcetera) and where there was thus a hierarchical division between kings/leaders, court officials, the people, and slaves. For one feature of such early pagan communities was their lack of slaves and their communal way of making decisions.

What is especially interesting from an esoteric perspective is that the knowing that a developed esoteric-empathy provides confirms this aural pagan tradition in respect of both the unwisdom of dividing 'the heavens'/the unseen by the process of ascribing personal names, and how such a division undermines, obscures, or destroys, our natural place in Nature and the Cosmos, and thus the natural balance both within us and external to us, as individuals and as individuals who are part of a living culture and/or of an ancestral community.

Esoteric-Empathy and Ancestral Traditions

The pagan aural tradition, as recounted in the Rounwytha tradition, is one lacking in myths and legends about specific named deities. Thus, there are no named gods or goddesses, and there is no division between 'good' deities and 'evil' deities. What there is, instead, are essentially two connected things.

(1) An intuitive, empathic, understanding of natural harmony manifest in the knowledge of ourselves - as individuals, and as ancestral communities - as in a rather precarious balance between earth and the heavens, a balance which can easily be disrupted and which for its maintenance requires certain duties and obligations both individual and communal. For instance, a certain reverence for one's ancestors; a reverence for certain places traditionally regarded as numinous, 'sacred'; a certain respect for one's own mother and father and elderly relatives; a certain loyalty to one's kin and community; and a certain respect for other but unseen and always unnamed emanations of life, the heavens, and Nature, manifest as this respect was, for example, in the practice of leaving offerings of food in certain places lest some of these unseen and unnamed emanations of life (spirits, sprites) be offended and cause personal or communal misfortune.

In addition, there was the knowing that certain individual deeds were unwise - not

because they would offend some named and powerful god or goddess, and not because such deeds contravened some law or decree said to be divinely inspired or laid down by some king or by someone who claimed authority from some god or gods, but because such deeds indicated the person doing them was rotten, and thus, like a rotten piece of meat eaten, might cause sickness. Or, expressed another way, because the person doing such a deed was diseased, and which disease, which infection, might spread and so harm the family and the wider community. Hence why it was that such rotten individuals - known by their rotten deeds - would be removed from the family and community by being, for example, exiled or culled and thus by their culling end the infection and aid the restoration of the balance their unwise deeds had upset.

This knowing of the unwisdom of some deeds is quite different from the 'evil' which organized religions pontificated about, and serves to distinguish the aural pagan tradition from the now more prevalent causal knowing manifest in myths and legends about divinities and in organized religions based on some god or gods, or on some revelation from some deity, or on reverence for some enlightened teacher.

For such a causal knowing is inseparably bound up with the manufactured division of an abstract and codified 'good' and 'evil' and also with the separation of the individual from their own ancestral, rural, community.

In the natural ancestral pagan tradition the individual - and thence their self-identity, their self-awareness - is communal, whereas in organized religions, and in identity derived from myths and legends about divinities and from obedience to some king or to someone who claimed authority from some god or gods, identity becomes more personal, less communal, and related to the 'salvation' of the individual, and/or to their personal existence in some posited after-life, with the individual constrained not by duties and obligations willingly and naturally accepted, to their family and local rural community (of shared hardship and shared ancestral *pathei-mathos*) but instead restrained by some imposed (by others or self-imposed) abstract criteria often manifest in some laws or decrees said to be of some god or gods or backed by some king or by some powerful overlord.

This separation is also manifest in the giving of personal names to both assumed or believed in divinities, and to individuals, a naming which marks a loss of the intuitive, empathic, pagan understanding of natural harmony manifest in ancestral traditions and cultures.

Thus in old pagan cultures an individual was referred by a particular skill they may possess (a skill useful to their community), or by some outstanding deed they had done, or by their family (their clan) place of residence or even by some trait of character or some physical feature. That is, there were no personal names as we now understand such names, and such a naming as existed related the individual to some-thing else: their place of local dwelling, what may have distinguished them from others of their community, or to some work that aided the community. A tradition still in evidence even in recent times in parts of Wales where someone would be referred to locally as, for instance, Jones the butcher or Jones ab Eynon (Jones the anvil).

(2) An intuitive wordless understanding of what may be described by the term

mimesis (from the Greek *μίμησις*). That is, the use of certain actions and deeds - and thence by certain rituals and ceremonies - which are believed to re-present/manifest /presence the natural harmony and which thus can connect/reconnect individuals and their community to what is felt or known to be numinous and thus beneficial to them.

One obvious example here would be the custom, in northern European climes, of lighting a bonfire around the time of the Winter Solstice [3] and which celebration was one of re-presenting the warmth and light of the life-giving Sun in the hope that Winter, as in the past, would give way again to Spring, the season of sowing crops and of livestock able to forage outdoors again and have fresh grass to sustain and fatten them.

Another example might be that of removing a rotten person from the family and community by the mimesis of culling them, with such a culling being undertaken because it imitated/represented the natural process of how Nature culled or allowed to be culled some living being in order that others of those beings may survive and prosper.

For this understanding - this mimesis - was of the connexions that existed between the individual, the community, the wider realms of Nature and of the heavens (the cosmos) beyond, and thus of how the actions of one or more of these affected such connexions. That is, it was an ancestral, a pagan, knowing of the natural balance.

In general, therefore, it was considered that to 'name' - to denote by some personal name or even to attempt to describe in words - particular aspects of the connected whole would be unwise because there were (as empathy and ancestral tradition revealed) no such divisions in the natural world, only transient emanations 'of heaven and earth' with the individual and their communities one part of, as transient emanations of, one undivided flow of life, and which flow was not - as was later believed - some causal linear 'history' of some past to some future abstraction or some idyll and which 'history' is marked by some assumed progression from 'the primitive' to something more 'advanced' and which assumed progression is what has been denoted by the term 'progress'.

Hence the respect, in such pagan cultures and communities, for tradition - for the accumulated *pathei-mathos* of one's ancestors; a respect lost when manufactured abstractions, denoted by some name or by some given expression, were relied upon, striven for, used as the basis for an individual identity, and as a means of understanding Reality.

The very process of denoting by naming and attempting to express meaning in terms of so named and manufactured abstraction denoted by some name or by some expression, is a move away from the wisdom that ancient ancestral cultures expressed and sought to maintain, and a loss of the wisdom, of the acausal-knowing, that esoteric-empathy reveals. A process of denoting that has culminated in the lifeless, un-numinous, illusive division that has been named 'good' and 'evil', and which denoting is also now manifest in the un-wisdom and the religiosity of The State with its abstraction of 'progress', with its manufactured lifeless urban 'communities'; where a striving, a lust, for a personal materialism and a striving for a personal

idealized happiness replaces belonging to a living ancestral or numinous culture; where the individual is expected to respect The State and its minions (or face punishment); and where self-identity is measured and made by State-approved abstractions and/or by some State-approved ideology or religion, instead of by a knowing of one's self as a transient emanation, both sinister and numinous, dark and light, 'of heaven and earth'.

Esoteric Dating and Aural Traditions

The dating of certain esoteric celebrations by means of a fixed and manufactured solar calendar - something which has become commonplace in the lands of the West - is another example of how the error of causal knowing (manifest, for instance, in naming divinities) has come to usurp the intuitive wordless understanding of aural pagan traditions and the empathy that pagans, in resonance with Nature and themselves, were either naturally gifted with or could develop under guidance.

Thus those committing this error of using a solar calendar rather inanely believe that a celebration such as that now commonly named Samhain occurs on a certain fixed calendar date, to wit October the thirty first; that a fixed date such as March the twenty first (named the Spring Equinox) marks the beginning of Spring, and that sunrise on what has been denoted by the expression Summer Solstice is some "important pagan date".

Esoteric-empathy and ancestral pagan cultures and aural traditions - such as the Rounwytha one - relate a different tale. This is of the dates and times of festivities, celebrations and feasts being determined locally by communities and families and sometimes (but not always) on the advice of some Rounwytha or some similarly attuned skilled individual. Two examples may be of interest - Spring and Samhain.

Those part of such ancestral cultures - as well as those who possess the benefit of such aural traditions or who have a natural esoteric-empathy - know that what in northern climes is called Spring does not begin on what has been termed the Spring Equinox nor on any specific day, whether that day be marked by some fixed calendar, solar or lunar. Instead, the arrival of Spring is a flow that occurs over a number of days - sometimes a week or more - and which days are marked by the changes in the land, the fields, the air, and by the behaviour of wildlife, birds, and insects. This arrival varies from year to year and from location to location, and usually now occurs, in the land of England, from what the solar calendar now in common use names late February to what the same calendar names early March. Thus someone who knows their locality - who belongs to it - will know and feel the changes which occur in Nature during the season when the days are becoming longer and the weather somewhat warmer with the Sun rising higher in the sky in relation to Winter.

This natural flexibility - in relation to a fixed solar or lunar calendar - is why certain esoteric folk of certain aural pagan traditions (such as the ONA Rounwytha one) often write and talk about 'alchemical seasons' and not about some fixed seasons determined by some solar calendar.

In the same way, the celebration - the gathering, remembrance, and feast - that is

now often known as Samhain (and which according to the Rounwytha tradition was simply called The Gathering) varied from year to year and from locality to locality, its occurrence determined by when what had to be gathered-in and prepared and stored in readiness for the coming days of Winter had been gathered-in and prepared and stored. That is, the day of its occurring was to some extent dependant on the weather, on the health and time and numbers of those so gathering in the harvest and storing produce, and on such important matters as what crops were grown, what fruits were available, what livestock were kept, and what fuels were available ready to be stored for the needed fires of the coming colder season. Communities reliant on fishing or those who relied on hunted game or required such game or fish to supplement an otherwise meagre diet would naturally have somewhat different priorities and so their date for such a communal Gathering might differ from other communities.

Hence the date of The Gathering would vary from year to year and locality to locality, and sometimes be toward what is now termed October and sometimes toward the end of what is now termed September, or somewhere inbetween. It was only much much later with the arrival of the organized and alien moralizing religion of the Nazarene, with its solar calendar system (deriving from urbanized hierarchical imperial Rome) and set celebrations of the deaths of certain sanctified or important Nazarenes (mostly in far-away lands), that a particular date would be used, at least in such communities as had succumbed to the abstractions of such a religion and thus had forsaken their ancestral culture and folk traditions and ways.

On the day of The Gathering there would a feast - a celebration of the bounty which Nature, the earth and the heavens, had provided - and also and importantly a remembering; a remembering of those no longer there as they had been the previous year (and not there for whatever reason, such as death from illness or old age) and a remembering of those long-departed, such as one's own ancestors. Thus there was, as with most such celebrations, a natural balance born from remembrance and respect for the past and from hope and anticipation; here, hope and anticipation of the new warmer fertile seasons to arrive after the coming darkness of what would most probably be another bleak cold and dark season of snow, frost, and ice. For The Gathering also heralded that season when some form of almost daily heating in family dwellings would most probably be required.

As for a communal bonfire, it was simply practical, not symbolic of whatever; that is, a cheery presence (most people in northern climes love a good bonfire), a focus for the celebration (and such dancing as invariably occurred during such pagan festivities), a source of warmth and light, and a place where offerings of harvested produce and other gifts could be placed, such offerings and such gifts - as was a common folk tradition throughout the world - being to ancestors, to land and sky, as well as to the always unnamed spirits, sprites, and the also unnamed guardians of sacred natural places.

Epilogos

The aural pagan tradition - as, for example, in the Rounwytha one - is of a perspective, a weltanschauung, a way, a culture, quite different from those where myths and legends of ancient named divinities/deities played a significant role, and

where there was a hierarchical structure of rank and privilege and, later on, some fixed celebrations based on a solar or lunar calendar.

The Rounwytha way that lived in a specific area of the British Isles was the culture of an empathic knowing where such celebrations as were undertaken were natural, local, and communal ones, devoid of mystique, and which occurred on an unfixed day/evening as and when circumstances allowed and somewhere near what was regarded as the propitious time/season. This was the way of transient 'sinister-numinous emanations' where there was no perceived division into abstracted opposites, either within ourselves, within Nature, or within the Cosmos - and where there was no naming of deities or natural spirits.

The cultivation and development of esoteric-empathy is one means whereby this type of knowing, this natural pagan perspective, can be (re)gained. In addition, this type of esoteric knowing leads to - or can lead to - an understanding of how the naming of an entity called satan and all such entities, understood both archetypally/symbolically and as actual living beings in the acausal, are what they are: an un-numinous denoting that obscures Reality and which obscuration led to and leads to the de-evolution manifest in the illusion of and the striving for causal opposites and causal abstractions.

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Notes

[1] Esoteric-empathy is an Occult Art, an esoteric skill, and one of The Dark/Esoteric Arts of the ONA, and is a specific type of empathy - that which provides a certain perspective and a certain knowledge. This is 'acausal-knowing' and is distinct from the causal knowing arising from the perception of Phainómenon. In essence, esoteric-empathy (aka dark empathy) is the knowing of life qua life - of the acausal energy which animates all causal life; of how all life is connected, of how living beings are by their nature nexions; of how Nature is not only a living being of which we as individuals are a part, but also one aspect of cosmic life manifest on one planet orbiting one star in one galaxy in a cosmos of billions of such galaxies.

The Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - and particularly the extended six-month version (over two alchemical seasons) - is one means of cultivating and developing the Occult Art of esoteric-empathy.

[2] One of these European aural traditions was that of the Rounwytha tradition centred on the Welsh Marches and especially rural South Shropshire. This Rounwytha tradition was incorporated into the Order of Nine Angles in the early 1970's CE and thereafter was mostly taught and discussed aurally, although some aspects of the tradition have been mentioned in various ONA MSS over the decades and the ONA Rite of Internal Adept was for the most part based on the tradition of an aspirant

Rounwytha having to spend at least three months (usually six or more months) alone in isolated forests or mountains. In addition, The Camlad Rite of The Abyss, as recorded in the compilation *Enantiodromia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*, was another traditional part of the training of a Rounwytha.

[3] See the section below, *Esoteric Dating and Aural Traditions*, for how ancestral pagan cultures - as recounted and intimated by the Rounwytha tradition - ascertained the dates of communal celebrations, a tradition of dating totally different from that based on a solar calendar.

Credits

Words/Forms. This article had its genesis in: (1) private discussions, earlier this year (2011 CE) with two Internal Adepts (one of whom was based in Scotland), and which discussion was continued by private correspondence, and (2) in some private correspondence (during October 2011 CE) with someone living in Africa who, having been acquainted with the ONA for over a decade, sought to elucidate certain esoteric matters relating to the ONA tradition, and one of whose questions related to the aural tradition of the ONA.

Thus, in many ways this, and similar articles - such as the recently published *The Discovery and Knowing of Satan* - represent some of, or some part of, the aural ONA traditions that have, for the past forty years, been revealed on a personal basis.

Diabological Dissent

Being Dissension From Some Mundane Misconceptions Relating to Certain Esoteric Matters Part One

The Ancient Wisdom of the Isles of Briton

Esoterically - that is, according to our aural tradition, deriving from the Camlad Rounwytha association - it is a mundane misconception that some or all of the indigenous population of the lands now known as the British Isles worshipped or made homage/sacrifices to specific named deities, divinities or spirits, in the manner - for example - of the Greeks and Romans, or the ancient Egyptians.

According to this aural esoteric tradition - which as always is to be believed or not, according to one's own perception and empathy - there was no naming *per se*, since such a naming of specific entities is a contradiction of that undivided and empathic knowing of the natural world which formed the essence of the ancient wisdom of these Isles. An empathic knowing which by its nature is word-less and deems it unwise (an act of what we now term hubris) to give names to that-which or aspects of that-which (such as Nature) which is beyond the power of ordinary mortals to control (or even completely understand). This is a knowing of what is mysterious and

numinous as such a mysterium is; that is word-less, unspoken.

This is the knowing - the ancient wisdom - of the natural balance; a knowing of *mimesis*, of community, and of propitiation: of us as mortals as living, as being balanced, between the earth and the heavens and thus not being separate from Nature. This is the knowing of such balance being necessary for good fortune, for good health, for good crops, and - importantly - of being natural and necessary for our immediate family and the extended family that is our community.

This is the knowing of some deeds being unwise because they can and do upset the natural and very delicate balance that exists between us, our ancestral communities, and Nature. This is the ancient knowing that pre-dates the separation of us - as an individual with individual desires and goals - from our ancestral community with the duties and obligations which such a natural belonging entailed.

A specific naming of specific entities, with individual personal evocations/supplications of and to them - implies that loss of this intuitive and ancestral knowing of ourselves as part our community, our folk; as part of the flow, the changing, of Nature. Such a loss is associated with and often derives from the move away from a shared rural agrarian communities (of free men and women co-operating together) to a more urbanized regimented way of live where there was often some kind of slavery or serfdom.

The majority of what have been assumed to be named entities of an indigenous British/Celtic tradition reveal either: (1) the influence of Roman culture, beliefs and practices, based as this culture was - at the time of Roman influence in these Isles - on a more urbanized, imperial, way of life where slavery, and division, and individual notions of being and thus of personal 'destiny' were the norm; and/or (1) later (post-Roman) Celtic/Irish myths and legends, or those of later invaders, such as the Vikings and Saxons.

Instead of individual personal (or even communal) evocations/supplications of and to specific named entities, there was in the ancient ancestral way only two essential things: (1) communal celebrations and 'givings' at certain times of year (determined by the cycle of Nature in relation to crops and seasons, often marked by the first seasonal rising of certain bright stars); and (2) the individual following of certain traditions and customs and which traditions or customs were said to bring good fortune or be able to divert misfortune. Among the former would have been the forerunner of our 'harvest festivals' where certain produce was set aside and left (often at certain sites of ancestral importance) as offerings, as gifts - a common folk custom all over the world. Among the later would have been the carrying or the obtaining of certain charms - again, a common folk custom all over the world.

Importantly, such gifts and such charms were, in living ancestral cultures, understood as means to maintain or regain the natural and necessary balance - often to placate or to please Nature, and those always un-named 'spirits' or sprites which were part of Nature, and/or the spirits of our own ancestors and those of our relatives.

These things arose from - were part of - how the individual functioned, lived; for their being - their knowing of themselves - was in such ancestral living cultures and communities not that of some named separate individual with a possible personal 'destiny' or some personal goal or aim of personal happiness, but rather as a natural, necessary, functioning part of the whole formed from their family, their folk community, the land where they dwelt and from Nature which gave that land, their community and they themselves Life. Thus, they felt that what they did affected not only them but Nature, their family, the folk community, and their dead ancestors. And it is this non-individual connexion - this dependency, human, of Nature, and of beyond - which is the essence of the ancient wisdom of these Isles, of other living cultures, and of what has come to be called 'paganism'.

In respect of named entities assumed to be part of an indigenous British/Celtic tradition, let us consider, for instance, the name *Maponos*. This has come to be regarded, by some people involved in or studying esotericism, as some British/Celtic divinity similar to Apollo. The early inscriptions and texts of this name are either in Latin or reveal a Latin influence. Furthermore, the modern etymologies given for this name are purely speculative, based on tenuous comparatives or even more tenuous suppositions - for example, some even giving the root, rather fancifully, as from the Celtic *mab*.

One therefore has the ridiculous spectacle of some esoterically-inclined folk in these Isles actually believing - on the basis of some Roman and post-Roman inscriptions and on the basis of some speculative etymology - that *Maponos* (or some such name) was a Celtic/Britannic divinity - 'the divine son' or some such nonsense - and therefore using this name in some rites they or others have concocted for some alleged or assumed esoteric aim.

However, those aware - empathically or otherwise - of the ancient wisdom of these Isles will know that the very naming of such a specific entity reveals both a non-indigenous influence (in this case, that of Rome) and also a move from the way of the communal, the tribal, the kindred, toward the cult, the idea, of the self and thence to the isolated rootless often urban 'nuclear family'. That is, a move away from the pagan numen toward the material ethos of the Magian.

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Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time

Introduction

Most of the following axioms and brief elucidations form part of the Camlad aural tradition that was, some forty years ago, incorporated into the esoteric association The Order of Nine Angles. The remainder are my own elucidations and development of the tradition, with some of these elucidations of mine using the terminology and ontology of causal, acausal, and nexions. ^[1]

In the text *Auf dem Wasser zu singen: Yet Another Interview with Anton Long* - first distributed 114yf/2003eh - I briefly mentioned alchemical seasons in reply to a question asked of me:

"An alchemical season is a natural process which occurs in Nature, and also in we ourselves, who are beings of Nature. They are Change; a natural dialectic... There are also, of course, Cosmic alchemical seasons, some of which we know - in terms of their beginnings and their ending - by various observed astronomical events, often relating to star or planetary alignments..."

Both before and after the distribution of that text - as now, and especially since the publication of Naos in 1989 ce - there was and is much speculation about, and some misunderstandings concerning. alchemical seasons; speculation and misunderstandings which this new text should go some way toward dispelling.

The particular/peculiar numbered layout of the axioms and elucidations in this text is my own, and which layout is much less formal in the section concerning Alchemical Seasons, since there I have often simply recounted or retold the aural tradition itself. The particular/peculiar numbered layout was originally employed by me, decades ago, as a personal *aide-mémoire*.

I have included an un-numbered section of my own devising which gives some explanation of alchemical seasons.

It should be noted that by *alchemical* here is meant the esoteric science associated with *azoth* and other such esoteric 'things'. This is the science of the changing/alteration/understanding of living beings, and other substances, by a symbiosis/interaction between alchemist and such beings/substances. Which is 'the

forbidden alchemy' of some Occult traditions, and which type of alchemy, and such symbiosis, has been the subject of, or mentioned in, several ONA MSS during the past forty years. For instance:

" The secret of the Magus/Mousa who lies beyond the Grade of Master/LadyMaster is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens - it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna bringing Exaltation. Whomever takes this Elixir will live immortal among the fiery stars..."

Which in essence means that "from the double pelican comes Azoth".

One particular example of such a symbiosis - of such alchemy - is the esoteric 'perfume' Petriochor [qv. *Sinister Tradition - Further Notes* published in Fenrir Vol.3 #2]. The production of this 'perfume' during a particular alchemical season is difficult, and takes a certain duration of causal Time, but what imbues the final product, after distillation, with esoteric worth - with acausal energy/the sinisterly-numinous - is the interaction/symbiosis that occurs between the alchemist and the substances, and which substances are all part of the living being that is Nature..

Time

1. Time is Numinous ^[2] - that is, of living beings, and thus biological not linear (of-causality). Therefore Time cannot be re-presented or measured by a fixed causal calendar, solar, lunar, or otherwise.

1.1 Thus, Time varies according to Physis. That is, varies according to the nature, the character, of the living entity that manifests - presences - it.

2. There are a variety of different species of Time.

2.1 Thus, our species of Time differs from that of the other living entities/beings /emanations, Earth-dwelling or otherwise.

3. Time is a Fluxion ^[3]. That is, Time is already inherent in living beings, part of their physis.

3.1 Each living being has a Fluxion appropriate to - which re-presents/manifests /presences - its physis and thus which is appropriate to/manifests its type/species of

life.

3.1.1 Thus, linear time - as measured by a fixed causal calendar and/or as defined by such things as the ratio of distance and velocity of a physical object - is Appearance/Abstraction not Reality.

3.1.2 Such linear time thus re-presents only the causal physis/nature of material objects/matter and thus manifests the physis/nature of the causal.

3.2 A Fluxion manifests what is a-causal. That is, how a particular living being changes/develops/manifests.

3.2.1 A Fluxion has an outer (exoteric) appearance and an inner (esoteric) nature/physis.

3.2.1.1 The outer appearance is how the being is perceived to change/develop /grow/decay.

3.2.1.2 The inner nature is how the being may, might, or could, change/develop /grow/decay by the use of traditional/esoteric/alchemical arts/skills.

3.2.1.2.1 A knowing of this inner nature is a gift of the Rounwytha.

3.2.1.2.1.1 This gift can be cultivated by the development and use of esoteric-empathy.

3.3 Since Time is a Fluxion, and alchemical, a Rounwytha may be able to alter/change /manipulate/weave Time.

Alchemical Seasons

4. An Alchemical Season is a means of measuring/determining/knowing fluxions, and thus a means of knowing living beings and how they change or could be changed.

5.1 Thus, an Alchemical Season is often what is the best/appropriate 'season' to know/get-to-know/celebrate particular emanations presented to us as living beings, or particular collocations of such beings, and/or the 'season' to initiate a particular change or changes.

6. This 'season' varies according to the nature/species/type of being/living-entity /emanation, and often differs from individual emanation to individual emanation of each type/species.

7. Knowledge of Alchemical Seasons is both traditional/aural and found/discovered by each Rounwytha.

8.1 It is for each Rounwytha to determine the veracity or otherwise of such aural

tradition by their own personal knowing.

9.1.1 This knowing derives from esoteric-empathy.

10. One such collocation of emanations/living-beings is Nature.

10.1 This particular collocation contains a wide variety of types of being.

11. Another such collocation of emanations is the Cosmos.

11.1 This particular collocation contains entities/life having acausal emanations/acausal-being, entities having causal-acausal emanations/being, and entities manifesting causal emanations (a causal-being).

11.1.2 Acausal-causal beings/emanations are nexions between causal and acausal.

12. The beginning and the ending of certain Alchemical Seasons are often associated with, or intimated by, certain observed natural or cosmic phenomena.

12.1 These associations and intimations are often locale-dependant and usually subject to Cosmic and Aeonic drift.

12.2 Such observed phenomena include those connected with Nature and those connected with 'heavenly bodies', that is, with the Cosmos.

12.2.1 Those connected with Nature include the behaviour of Earth-dwelling living beings, sentient and otherwise; the fluxion of Nature's seasons, and certain patterns of or certain phenomenon of 'the weather'.

12.2.2 Those connected with the Cosmos include the observed rhythm of star-collocations (constellations); the occultation of Sun by Moon, and of certain stars by Moon; the observed rhythm of observable planets; and the first rising of certain stars above the horizon of the Rounwytha as determined by the fluxion of Nature's seasons.

12.3 Such associations with observed natural or cosmic phenomena do not mean or imply that such phenomena cause or are the origin of the changes, the fluxion, of living-beings.

12.4 Associations/intimations connected with Nature are sometimes known as Earth Tides.

12.4.1 Associations/intimations connected with the Cosmos are sometimes known as Cosmic Tides.

13. Certain Alchemical Seasons form the natural calendar used by the Rounwytha.

The Nature of Alchemical Seasons

It will be thus be seen that Alchemical Seasons are of various kinds, and serve or may serve different functions.

For instance, certain Alchemical Seasons are and were how the Rounwytha determined - knew and understood - the changes of Life around them. That is, how they reckoned Time, and the fluxions of Time that were made manifest as living beings - for instance, the life, the ailing, the foreseeing of death, of humans; and the natural rhythms of Nature and the Cosmos.

This knowing 'of propitious times' aided, and often enabled, their sorcery; their use and manipulation of certain energies - emanations, or fluxions - for a variety of purposes, as it also enabled them to use their skills in respect of such matters as ailments and their cures.

For example:

" A certain knowledge of herbs was/is a useful Rounwytha skill, and some of this knowledge could be, and sometimes was, acquired from an older Rounwytha. But in essence such knowledge is a knowing arising from the development and use of skills such as esoteric-empathy so that such learned knowledge (causal knowledge) would only and ever compliment the personal knowledge (the acausal knowledge) such skills imparted. Esoteric-empathy, combined with the ability of intimation, would enable the nature, the character [the physis, the essence] of living-plants to be dis-covered and thus their personal qualities known and appreciated. Similarly, a knowing of what might ail some person is, for the Rounwytha, just such an acausal knowing - arising from employing the skills, abilities, and qualities, of a Rounwytha, and not something learned from someone else or from books.

Hence, the Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills." *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype*

Like such skills, the calendar of the Rounwytha - their weaving of the seemingly disparate fluxions together, their accounting of fluxions - was derived from their personal esoteric-knowing, their empathy with the beings of Nature, with the being of Nature, and with the being of the Cosmos, and by their connexion to their local rural community. That is, of those whom and that which, they personally know, and of that which they personally observe and experience.

Thus - given that the Rounwytha tradition was germane to a certain area of what is

now known as Britain - some of the most important alchemical seasons, and thence their seasonal ('yearly') calendar, were those connected with the flux, the rhythm, of Nature where they dwelt, since the season of daily and communal and local life - the life of small, rural, kindred, communities where the skill and knowing and advice of the pagan Rounwytha found favour and was often relied upon - would be one where such matters as the seasons of growing and finding food were important, as were the stages of life of an individual, as were certain celebrations and propitiations.

The favoured 'time' in Spring, for instance - the traditional seasonal time of sowing, seeding, and planting - would be known, discovered, locally by the Rounwytha using their skill, their empathy, and, being a fluxion of Nature in their locale, such a favoured 'time' would in its arrival vary from year to year. Similarly with the seasons beginning/ending with what are now known as Summer and Winter Solstice, the longest and the shortest days in such northern locales. They would not be found - 'known' - by some causal calculation or by watching the Sun alignment with some stones in some circle (or whatever) but rather would be what they naturally are, which is mid-Summer and mid-Winter, and which vary according to when Spring arrives, and Summer arrives, and Autumn arrives in a particular locality. ^[4]

Similarly with a celebration such as The Gathering, which would mark a successful harvest:

" The celebration - the gathering, remembrance, and feast - that is now often known as Samhain (and which according to the Rounwytha tradition was simply called The Gathering) varied from year to year and from locality to locality, its occurrence determined by when what had to be gathered-in and prepared and stored in readiness for the coming days of Winter had been gathered-in and prepared and stored. That is, the day of its occurring was to some extent dependant on the weather, on the health and time and numbers of those so gathering in the harvest and storing produce, and on such important matters as what crops were grown, what fruits were available, what livestock were kept, and what fuels were available ready to be stored for the needed fires of the coming colder season. Communities reliant on fishing or those who relied on hunted game or required such game or fish to supplement an otherwise meagre diet would naturally have somewhat different priorities and so their date for such a communal Gathering might differ from other communities.

Hence the date of The Gathering would vary from year to year and locality to locality, and sometimes be toward what is now termed October and sometimes toward the end of what is now termed September, or somewhere inbetween. It was only much much later with the arrival of the organized and alien moralizing religion of the Nazarene, with its solar calendar system (deriving from urbanized hierarchical imperial Rome) and set celebrations of the deaths of certain sanctified or important Nazarenes (mostly in far-away lands), that a particular date would be used, at least in such communities as had succumbed to the abstractions of such a religion and

thus had forsaken their ancestral culture and folk traditions and ways."

Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names

What all this means is that Alchemical Seasons are a way of 'seeing' the world; of understanding, knowing, Nature, ourselves, and the Cosmos. Of understanding our various connexions. As well as a knowing of when certain actions, activities - such as sorcery - may have a better chance of success, given how such actions, activities, are just aspects of the flux of Nature, of Life, of the Cosmos: are emanations of our own microcosmic nexion. Or Alchemical Seasons reveal when it is wise - a balanced deed - to celebrate some-things.

There is thus a very pagan - a quite natural and traditional - way of knowing devoid of linear, limiting 'time, and devoid of abstractions.

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Notes

[1] My elucidations are mainly of terminology or word-expression. Thus, I have substituted some old/vernacular/obscure and occasionally alchemical terms for Greek or later English ones, a case in point being my use of a Greek term such as Physis. I have however retained several older terms.

My axioms are as follows: 3.1.1, 3.2, 3.2.1.2.1.1, 9.1.1, 11.1, 11.2

Incidentally, as mentioned elsewhere, Rounwytha - as its etymology makes clear - was just a local, dialect, word for a type of hereditary sorceress: for 'the wise, cunning, woman' of British myth and legend.

[2] Despite the now common belief that the use of the word 'numinous' is fairly recent, deriving from the writings of Rudolf Otto, its first occurrence in English - so far discovered - is in a religious tract published in London in 1647 ce, entitled *The simple cobbler of Aggawam in America. Willing to help mend his native country*. The author, Nathaniel Ward - a scholar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, an English clergyman, and a Puritan supporter - emigrated to Massachusetts in 1634 ce.

[3] The term *fluxion* dates from the sixteenth century (ce) and implies both a change that occurs naturally and one that arises from or because of itself, i.e. an effluvium.

"If the fluxion of this instant Now Effect not That, noight wil that Time doth know." John Davies: *Mirum in Modum*, 1616 ce. John Davies was a scholar at Queen's College, Oxford; an antiquary, and a professor of Law.

[4] Exact causal calculations of such phenomenon were irrelevant to such ancient rural communities, and the belief that they were important or necessary is just retrospective re-interpretation and the projection of modern causal abstractions onto such communities.

Such communities did not dwell in a world determined by fixed, measured, durations of causal time; but rather by fluxions. By the natural flowing of a living, numinous, Time which dwelt with them, and within them and their own local communities. Thus their work began when it began, and ended when it ended, determined by weather, daylight, what needed to be done, or what was required, in that particular fluxion, that 'season'. Thus their 'year' was marked by the flux of seasons, so that for example they might refer to their age in terms of how many harvest gatherings they had known, or how many Summers had past since their birthing.

It was that other un-numinous world - of empires, of tyrants, of kings, of governments, of abstractions, of planning and supra-personal organization, of hierarchical dogmatic religions - which brought fixed, measured, durations of causal time as a means of control, regulation, conformity, and to unnaturally apportion life and living.

The Rounwytha Way Our Sinister Feminine Archetype

The way of the Rounwytha is the way of the independent, strong, empath: of those who have developed their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills, both exoteric and esoteric [1].

Given the nature of these abilities, qualities, and skills, the overwhelming majority of individuals who follow the Way of the Rounwytha are women - who thus embody our sinister feminine archetype - although a minority are men who, following The Seven Fold Way into and beyond the Abyss, have successfully melded the sinister with the numinous and who thus embody and are that rare archetype, The Mage, with such archetypes, by the nature of such entities, being in constant fluxion. Or, expressed exoterically, being an expression of the uniqueness of such esoteric individuals.

Among these muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning/Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

Rounwytha skills and abilities were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and Ἀμαζόνες; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

Esoterically, these skills, abilities, and qualities, were celebrated and maintained by the pagan aural tradition of the British Isles, a tradition mentioned in the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names* (ONA Esoteric Notes - Rounwytha 3)

Traditional Rounwytha Rites and Training

According to ONA aural tradition, the Rounwytha way - as the etymology of Rounwytha suggests - is the way of a few wise women who dwelt and who dwell in the Marches areas of the British Isles, and in particular in rural South Shropshire and areas around Trefyclawdd and the Camlad.

There are only three rites of this tradition: one celebratory [2], and two to train, to breed, the Rounwytha. The training is and was simple, and involves the candidate in living, for two whole alchemical seasons [3], alone in an isolated area, as per what is now known as the Rite of Internal Adept, followed - some unfixed causal Time later (sometimes a year later, sometimes longer) - by undertaking the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, and which Rite lasted for a whole lunar month [4].

To these three traditional rites, the ONA added - nearly four decades ago - another, in order to train candidates in certain necessary Martial skills, with this training lasting from six months to (more usually) a year. [5]

Thus, this simple training of the Rounwytha develops in the candidate the necessary esoteric and exoteric skills, abilities, and qualities, and breeds the women (and the few men) who embody them.

To give one, often misunderstood, example. A certain knowledge of herbs was/is a

useful Rounwytha skill, and some of this knowledge could be, and sometimes was, acquired from an older Rounwytha. But in essence such knowledge is a knowing arising from the development and use of skills such as esoteric-empathy so that such learned knowledge (causal knowledge) would only and ever compliment the personal knowledge (the acausal knowledge) such skills imparted. Esoteric-empathy, combined with the ability of intimation, would enable the nature, the character [the physis, the essence] of living-plants to be dis-covered and thus their personal qualities known and appreciated. Similarly, a knowing of what might ail some person is, for the Rounwytha, just such an acausal knowing - arising from employing the skills, abilities, and qualities, of a Rounwytha, and not something learned from someone else or from books.

Hence, the Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills, and a knowing how to use all these, in either a numinous or a sinister way, or in a sinisterly-numinous way.

The Future Rounwytha

The traditional Rounwytha, pre-ONA and as manifest in many traditional ONA nexions, can and should be the inspiration for new esoteric and thus archetypal forms. That is, a guide and inspiration for women who desire to or who have liberated themselves from the restrictions of Magian abstractions and Magian-Nasrany made archetypes, and which abstractions include political feminism, since such 'feminists' for example almost always act within 'the law' as made by The State and often demand more State-made laws to ensure 'their rights' (political, social, economic, religious) and which notion of 'rights' is itself an abstraction.

In contrast, our new female esoteric and archetypal ways of living derive from four important things:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by pathei-mathos, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.
- (4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

It is no co-incidence that these express the unique, living, sinisterly-numinous ethos of our unique living adversarial, defiant, and anti-State, kulture.

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Notes

[1] By the term *muliebral* we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*. We use this particular term in a precise and esoteric way, as we do with many other terms which also have or have acquired a common, exoteric, meaning - for example, the terms psyche and archetype, qv. *A Glossary of Some ONA Terms*.

This use and definition of such terms, together with ONA-unique terms and sometimes our unique spelling of some words, means that ONA people sometimes speak and write a language (ONA-speak) that is often - and intentionally - obscure or confusing to outsiders, and often - and intentionally - leads such outsiders to make certain unwarranted assumptions.

[2] The traditional celebratory rite was the rite which formed the basis for the ONA's *Ceremony of Recalling* with offer ending. The traditional rite was often called The Giving and often formed part of The Gathering, and is and was simple, involving no Occult or magickal aspects, and consisted of an extempore communal celebration and feast, in the Autumn and generally around a bonfire, at which a chosen young male candidate (willing or unwilling) would be sacrificed and some of their blood sprinkled on the surrounding land to ensure the health and fertility of livestock, crops, and community.

Two fictional portrayals of this traditional rite are in the short-story *Hangster's Gate*, and in the instructional text *The Giving*.

For context, see the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names* (ONA Esoteric Notes - Rounwytha 3).

[3] The rite is usually begun on the Spring Equinox and ends on the following Winter Solstice (occasionally begun on the Summer Solstice and ending on the following Spring Equinox).

It should be noted, however, that these 'alchemical seasons' are not - as mundanes

suppose - determined by fixed calculation deriving from a fixed solar calander. Thus, the Spring Equinox (or rather the alchemical season whose beginning/ending is associated with what is termed Spring Equinox) is not when some fixed solar calander determines it is (a certain causal Time on a certain day in March) but rather when the Rounwytha considers mid-Spring (which is what the Spring Equinox is, esoterically, alchemically) arrives, having already and locally known when Spring begins in that particular year. Similarly for what is termed the Summer Solstice. For context, see the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names*.

Hence, alchemical seasons are not determined by a fixed solar or lunar calander - or by calculations based on such - but rather individually, according to locality.

[4] That is, for one menstrual cycle of the woman undertaking it. The Camlad Rite of The Abyss has been published in the pdf collection *Enantiodromia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*.

[5] Many, although not all, ONA Rounwytha nexions are Sapphic in nature, and thus celebrate the type of sorcery mentioned in ONA texts such as *Sapphic Sorcery - In Praise of The Feminine*.



Questions From A Rounwytha Initiate

Would I be right in thinking that in practical terms the Rounwytha principle means the Order of Nine Angles puts great emphasis on women?

Yes indeed. We always seem to have more women than men, at least pre-Internet, and certainly still do in our traditional nexions following the Seven Fold Way. Partly because of a knowing of and respect for the natural abilities of certain women, their character; partly because of the Rounwytha ethos that is central to the ONA, past, present and future, and also because our Way demands a genuine, sharing, empathic, and equal partnership between men and women, and because of our acceptance that Sapphism is natural and, to an extent, esoterically important.

One of the manifest errors - distortions - of the Left Hand Path, and of the Satanic, Magian Occultism so prevalent in the West, in the past, as still now, is its patriarchal nature and the fact that it is dominated by the de-evolutionary doctrine of so-called 'might is right' and thus dominated by and infested with male specimens of Homo Hubris who have no sense of honour, no culture, no empathy, no arête, little or no self-honesty, little or no manners, but who instead possess a bloated ego and a very high opinion of themselves.

One might say, with some justification in my view, that this reflects our current societies - that this domination and infestation in the Occult world, within the LHP and Satanism by such specimens, is mirrored by the domination of our societies by such specimens.

The view of women by many if not the majority of these male specimens of Homo Hubris is lamentable, dishonourable, uncultured, prejudiced - and typical of the Magian ethos, and of the Judeo-Nazarene tradition in general. For many of these male specimens, women are there for enjoyment; to satiate one's lust; to bear children and look after children - and often to look after the man, to care for the man if and when the man allows them. That is, women are viewed by such male creatures as useful, and even occasionally as necessary, in terms for example of certain sexual instincts, appetites. But women are not viewed as complimentary to such a man; certainly not as an essential, a needed, complimentary, as an equal and necessary partner.

Thus, and excuse the generalization, but most of these male specimens of Homo Hubris do not think about women as close personal friends; of wanting a woman as a best friend, or women as their best friends - for they, these 'real men', have 'their mates' for that, and for most such male specimens the very thought of such a thing as having women as best mates makes them uncomfortable.

That is, for these specimens of Homo Hubris physical prowess and 'manly competition' are important, often to the extent that physical prowess, 'manly competition' and having mates, and being aggressive, defines them - is a measure of their self-identity, their 'manliness'. Thus are they basically still primitive, still barbarians; still prone to the dishonourable blood lust and uncontrollable rage of such barbarians and still adhering mostly unconsciously to the doctrine of so-called 'might is right'.

The truth is that many women are naturally gifted with qualities that many men still lack - qualities necessary in men for balance, both esoteric and exoteric. And qualities certainly required for someone to become an Internal Adept of our tradition and then pass into and beyond The Abyss, and thus qualities required to bring forth an entirely new and more evolved species of human being.

You're talking feminine qualities here? About empathy, right?

Yes, female qualities; natural female abilities. About natural empathy among other qualities. Natural empathy being one of the most important - and meaning having or developing a sensitivity to other people - to their feelings, their thoughts - and having

or developing a sensitivity to other life, especially Nature. Natural empathy being the genesis of our esoteric-empathy, and which esoteric-empathy is thus a refinement and development of such natural empathy.

So yes, qualities hitherto most often associated with the female of our species, and not generally, for the most part, hitherto, associated with most men.

What other female qualities, apart from empathy, then?

Intuition, for one. Intuition as not only a foreseeing, an intimation, but also as interior self-reflexion. Charm, for another. Subtly, for another.

You mentioned developing them, these qualities. How?

Firstly by understanding our potential, and part of which understanding is of ourselves, of a man and of a woman, having both a sinister and a numinous character within them, and sinister and numinous abilities. For, in a simplified - very inexact way - and to an extent in an unconscious archetypal way, we might speak of these particular female qualities as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-numinous, and manly blood lust, rage, and competitiveness, as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-sinister. [1]

So development means developing and expressing what is missing or lacking, and also developing what is there or already expressed, and then melding what is so developed and using this meld, this amalgam, as the genesis of a new human being. It is in this new being, this new type of life, that our potential becomes manifest.

Our Dark Arts are an effective way to do this, to develop certain qualities and abilities and then this alchemical, living, amalgam. These Black Arts of ours include Grade Rituals such as Internal Adept and the traditional Rite of the Abyss, as well as Arts such as The Star Game and Esoteric Chant.

What do you mean - Esoteric Chant a Dark Art and means of developing empathy?

Not empathy, *per se*, but as a means of self-development, of self and acausal discovery, as intimation, and as a presencing of certain acausal energies.

For example, Esoteric Chant aids the necessary, for us, ability of self-reflexion as it can aid and develop an awareness of the numinous, and also - when for instance used in certain esoteric ceremonies [2] - it can provide an awareness of the sinister.

Sorry, but I don't see how singing or chanting can do that.

To learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant takes time and effort. Unless of course you are already musically gifted and a trained singer and experienced in performing choral works!

But for most it takes many months, often a year or so, to become proficient, to train the voice, to gain the necessary experience of singing with others. In effect, it is rather like an extended Grade Ritual but one undertaken with others of a similar interest and a similar ethos, and with some or many of these necessary others being women. At the very least it requires the help of one's partner, one's partner in sorcery, although it is preferable, more effective, to both learn and perform Esoteric Chant with at least three other individuals.

There thus develops, or there should develop, a harmony and a *sympatheia* with others, and thus an appreciation of such Chant as a manifold nexion. As not only one particular type of nexion - an act or acts of sorcery involving necessary others - but also as a nexion within one's self. A practical learning therefore of the connexions that esoteric-empathy makes us aware of and also a self-reflexion, a self-discovery and a self-learning.

Simply expressed, in order to learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant - in order to experience just what this Art is and does - you require the aid, the help, the assistance, of others. You have to interact with, and perform with, them in certain ways. If you don't do this, the Chant won't work.

Again, simply expressed, working, learning, living, in this way in pursuit of such an esoteric goal for a year or more moves a man far away from the brutish way of 'might is right' - especially as the very Chant itself is quite affective; that is, numinous, quite cultured. Intimations of a more cultured, a more refined, realm of human existence.

But didn't you say it was also sinister?

Yes indeed, Esoteric Chant can be sinister when used as part of a specific ceremonial Rite. But the performance of such a ceremonial Rite of necessity means belonging to an organized traditional nexion following the initiatory Seven Fold Way, and so such an experience is not that common today among those who use our methods or are inspired by our ethos [...]

I guess, in general, we're not talking here about men becoming kind of effeminate and women becoming masculine!

Au contraire. We're talking about what lies beyond and before such abstracted illusive opposites. About our potential, and about our real human nature, hidden and distorted for so long by religions; by urbanized ways of life; by the domination of barbarians; then by notions about imperialism and conquest and personal destiny. Then by *-isms* and *-ologies*. Now by The State. And so on.

In effect, we're talking about nurturing, developing, entirely new types of human beings, far removed from Western stereotypes. Types of human beings for whom the societies of modern nation-States are not a natural or even comfortable home but which may provide them with opportunities, resources, and so on. Especially since honour and the developed senses and skills that esoteric-empathy and acausal-thinking provide manifest their different, unique, way of life, and thus how they interact with and react to other human beings.

Can you be more specific, give examples of such new type of woman?

Only in a generalized way. One good illustration would be women of our kind, living by honour – those who were ready, willing, and able to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carried weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.

One example known to be personally – a friend of someone involved with us – is a female police officer of many years experience based in an American city. She is tough, ‘street-wise’, has used her firearm a few times in the line of duty, is skilled and experienced enough in self-defence and physical restraint techniques to be able to take down a man much bigger than her, and yet she has empathy, can be exceedingly charming, is well-read, and very feminine, a femininity quite noticeable when she is off-duty and enjoying herself with friends and which femininity would make the causal observer unaware of her inner character, her skills, her toughness, and her experience.

Another example may be of interest. A certain person I know very well once learnt, in his youth, a certain Martial Art, and on one of his subsequent travels as a still young man he made the acquaintance of and for a short while trained with a certain lady of Asian origin. This young lady, though slim of stature and rather slight of frame, could easily defeat him and also several muscular men. And yet she was also full of grace; elegant, cultured, well-mannered. Not a woman trying to be masculine in a macho Homo Hubris type of way, just someone who had – according to a tradition, a living culture, she was part of – developed her potential and certain skills while retaining and enhancing what made her feminine. In short, she had acquired a natural balance within herself and was quite different from, inwardly and in skills, from the majority of other women around her although to the causal observer she did not outwardly appear that different.

The type of woman who could put a specimen of Western Homo Hubris in his place!

Most certainly! The type our societies need. A new female archetype if you will, different from the harshly competitive, materialistic, career-type women, and the ladette type, and the man-dependant, man-needing, lover/wife/mother type, that Magian ‘political correctness’ and capitalism seek to encourage, and also different from the men-imitating rather strident type that an increasingly trendy, Magian-derived, so-called feminism seeks to foster.

Instead, the type for whom personal honour is the key to living and to dying, and who – as I said – possesses attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on ‘the law’ or on others, and who does not, unconsciously or otherwise, need a man in order to make her happy or fulfilled. Someone, that is, who is not a slave to their desires, their feelings, their needs. Whose happiness, whose fulfilment, is her own, deriving from a consciously made and a consciously understood choice and who, having understood natural desires and feelings, is in control of them but who can enjoy and indulge herself as she pleases; and choose her direction, her goals, and even her sexual orientation. And also

someone who has a developed empathy, heightened intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced woman. A unique individual. Beyond predator and prey. Beyond wife, lover, and mother. Someone tough, skilled, and of inner strength, but still feminine, as that Asian young lady I previously mentioned was.

What about men, then? An example of the new type? Not pacifist, surely!

Someone for whom personal honour is the key to both living and to dying, and who - as a woman of our type, our new breed - has attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on 'the law' or on others. And someone who has empathy, intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced, more complete, man, and a unique individual. Beyond Old Aeon masculinity with its primitive doctrine of so-called 'might is right' and beyond the role of predator to prey. Someone who, while tough, prefers combat to war because combat is a personal choice, founded on honour, whereas war is the choice, the method, of some supra-personal entity, such as some State, some government, or some leader one is expected to be subservient to and obey without question.

Someone who naturally complements, and who resonates with, the new enhanced woman, and who prefers such strong, tough, yet still feminine, women, to the women of the species Homo Hubris. A partnership of respectful equals. Of man and woman. Of woman and woman. Of man and man; and even of woman-woman-and-man. Already a few such partnerships exist, aided, nurtured, by such individuals having followed our Seven Fold Way or having lived and chosen the life of what we now term 'a niner' or 'a drecc'.

In essence, these are the people - the men and women - who learn from personal experience, from pathei-mathos, and who willingly endure such experiences, and thus who develop a very individual personal judgement and a very individual personal character. Those who have liberated themselves from causal abstractions, and the effects, psychological and psychic, of such causal abstractions, manifest as such effects often are in these mundane, Magian, times of ours in such new archetypes as have been manufactured or have arisen from Magian causal abstractions.

So, we are not talking pacifism, non-violence, or certain moralities here - only of control and aims, and new ways of living. We are not talking about the cessation of desires, or what-not. Instead, of controlling, mastering, and developing, our instincts, and if necessary using them in a directed way to achieve some specific aim or goal, esoteric or exoteric. We are talking most emphatically of personal choice, about individuals making conscious choices. Of individuals being, well, individual.

We are also talking about acquiring and developing new skills, new arts of living, so that we become - we appear to be, to mundanes, to Homo Hubris - as presencings of a hideous nexion [3]. That is, a new species - *orible dragones*, *baeldracas* - emerging from the pit that leads to acausal Hell and thence to a Paradise at first here on terra

firma and then on new worlds among the stars of our galaxy, and beyond. A Hell and a Paradise that have lain dormant within us, for centuries.

A Hell and a Paradise that we can dis-cover and experience by becoming unique sinister-numinous emanations, and becoming such emanations by living and by striving according to our code of kindred honour, by individual exoteric and esoteric pathei-mathos, as well as by means of undertaking such esoteric striving as is waymarked by The Seven Fold Way.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 yfayen

Notes

[1] The prefix *ur* from the German usage, as in *ursprache*, implying *the* or *a* primitive/early form of some-thing.

[2] Such as *The Ceremony of Recalling* with *opfer* ending, as given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet (Dark Goddess)*.

[3] Hideous, as in some-thing that by virtue of being partly acausal is, when discovered, first felt as immense and which it is felt conceals hideous things. As, for example, in this quote from the 14th century (CE) work *Gesta Romanorum*:

“He saw at the fote of the tree an hidowse pitte, ande ane orible dragone pere in.” Harl. MS 5369. xxx. 110

Sapphic Sorcery - In Praise of The Feminine

We seek to be with - and to love - girls and women because they are feminine; because they are not men. We desire girls, and women, because we like, we love, we enjoy, their delicate softness - the touch, the taste of their lips; the smell of their breath, their body; the warm softness of their breasts and of their arms as they

embrace us and hold us close. We love, we enjoy, their very femininity; that which makes them female.

We love the way they laugh, and how they smile, the very way they look. We love, we desire, them because they are like us - because they know our pain, our vanity, our weakness, our needs, our insecurities and our worries; and because we can share our innermost secrets with them.

We love them, we desire them, because they are not men. For we do not seek to find in them, these our soft feminine lovers, these our friends, what makes a mundane man a man, and while we may sometimes, or rarely, like a man of the non-mundane kind, and may even have a non-mundane man as a friend, we shy away from intimacy with them because of their very manliness; because of that very harshness and often egotistical strength that makes, and marks them as, a man.

Thus do we have no time for those women who profess to be of our Sapphic kind but who imitate, or who want to be like, or who even may dress like or may even be, inside, like a man, a mundane. For they, such women, are not feminine enough, for us; as often - these days - some such women adopt our life as some political role, as some kind of rebellion against the *status quo*.

It is this very status quo - this mundane masculine, paternalistic *status quo* - that has compelled us, generation after generation, for century upon century, to hide ourselves away; to often be a deep well of loneliness, until, perchance, we chance upon someone like us whom we love and whom we may gently coax to love us, to share the joys of such a gentle intimate sharing that most men - perhaps nearly all men - will never know.

For it is the gentle touch of a woman that we desire, that we need. Her delicate, soft, kiss. The very delicate softness of her body, and the very way she may lie in our arms for hours when an impatient man - his sexual often only animal appetite fulfilled - would leave us, alone, as off he went again to some work, to some hobby, to some new interest, or to chase some new desire.

Hence it is that our very way of loving, of desiring, marks our esoteric manner of doing things. There is, then, for us - for those of our kind - that feminine empathy, that fore-seeing, that intuitive wyrdful knowledge, that marks us, so that our Rites are feminine, also. A gentle flowing dance, perhaps, where bodies softly touch, to music. Some spell chanted as we share with our lover the delights of our flesh, naked body to naked body as moonclad under the stars of night, or within some warm and scented room, we, by touch or kiss, bring ourselves to spasm after spasm of joy such as a man may never know.

Even our curses are gentle affairs of mind, body, and heart - as if we have sent forth some Nightingale of Death to carry our message and our meaning as some gentle, beautiful, haunting, yet deadly, song - so that our victims expire as they feel that beauty, that softness, within us, and only too late, far too late, know their lives for the strident wrongness it has been. Death, revenge, enwrapped within a subtle softness and a feminine beauty.

We seduce; we do not, like mundane men, rant and rave. We enchant, with body, dress, perfume, movement, eyes; we do not demand or take by force, for we have no need to. We are subtle, yet strong; we do not make some show of or boast about our prowess, but veil it. For we are what we are, the very embodiment of, the very essence of, woman, and the opposite of present day, and former, mundane men.

Often, there are no need for words; for the verbal diarrhoea of words that mundane men often seem to send forth, pleased as they, the men of the mundanes, often seem to be with their own harsh barking barbaric voices. No, for us there is often and instead that wordless sharing when eyes meet, fingers lightly touch, and the essence of what makes us female seeps out to touch another of our kind, as perfume seeps away from where we placed it on our delicate wrists, or behind the soft lobes of our ears.

We love, we enjoy, delicate softness. We love Nature as She herself is and as we find Her. We do not desire, as men of the mundanes do, to decimate and destroy Her, to dominate Her. Instead, we empathize; we love; we leave Her alone in our reverence, as we tend to try to leave the world of men of the mundanes alone until some harshness or some wrong afflicts or harms us and our kindred, and then, then indeed we are gentle no more; for there is nothing more subtle, nothing more dangerous and nothing more deadly in its passion than us, than our Sapphic and darkly sinister kind, awakened and so empathically aroused.

Sister Morgan
Dark Daughters of Chaos Nexion
2009 CE

The Rounwytha Tradition

The word Rounwytha and the expression Rounwytha tradition occur in several ONA texts. Can you explain what this tradition is?

What we call The Rounwytha Tradition is the muliebral essence that formed the basis of the aural, esoteric, tradition I inherited from my Lady Master. It is a tradition which, it was claimed, was indigenous to the British Isles.

The basis of this tradition was the cultivation and use of what has often been described as the natural and hitherto (at least in most human beings, especially men) latent faculty of empathy. A faculty naturally possessed in abundance in the past in those few women whom the term Rounwytha describes and names.

This natural empathy is basically a particular Occult sensitivity: to human beings, to

Nature, to living-beings (animal and otherwise) and to the Cosmos. The ability of translocation beyond the personal, beyond the immediacy of the moment of one's own passions, desires, thoughts, feelings. What I now describe as being a natural nexion, sensitive to living beings. Part of this natural ability is awareness of and respect for the numinous, as manifest for instance in Life (*ψυχή*), in Nature, in Art and Culture.

Such natural, such Occult or esoteric, empathy is beyond words and terms - and forms the basis of all true 'magick', all genuine sorcery. For instance, the character of Rachael in the story *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized portrayal of a young Rounwytha developing her skills and using, for example, music to enchant, as a form of sorcery.

Also, few years ago now I gave an example of this natural, this esoteric, empathy in my essay *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*, from which this is a quote:

" One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even "Druid"). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st - that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calender which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occultists say, write, and believe this? Because - for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel - they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously "in-tune" with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy - who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos - know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calender. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calender. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring Equinox - indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location - an Adept "knows", or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in

balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell) the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them - and its wildlife - is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about "alchemical seasons" - which are not fixed by some abstract solar calendar, which depend on one's location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain - and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal - varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept - in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos - will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA - with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals, its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing, its emphasis on the feminine, its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way - is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention."

That is, our Way keeps alive, and has extended, a particular ancient tradition, the Rounwytha one, once native to the British Isles.

One aspect of this tradition - of this muliebral thread that binds the nexions and individuals of the inner ONA [1] together and which thus influences the larger ONA and our kindred beyond - is the acceptance of Sapphism as natural and indeed as necessary, which is why for instance that we have and always have had many Sapphic nexions and groups.

Another aspect of this tradition is that many of our nexions and groups are led or guided by ladies of a certain breeding, because they possess qualities that we value and respect, such as manners and charm and are cultured individuals. For our inner ONA has always attached importance to good manners, and to an appreciation of music, literature, poetry, and the Arts in general. In this sense, we are quite old-fashioned, cultured, and somewhat aristocratic, and why many our kind have been and are artists, musicians, artisans, poets, academics and teachers in their exoteric lives.

It is also true to say that we often know our kind instinctively, even if they are not yet

part of our family. For instance, over a quarter of a century ago I embarked upon a quest to find a few suitable individuals to guide on a personal basis; to induct into the tradition, and so expand it in what I considered was a necessary way. Over a period of several years - sometimes wearisome sometimes japerly-fun - I met with perhaps a hundred or more individuals under the guise of advocating an exoteric type of Satanism, employing various practical tests to initially screen them. All of them either failed the tests, or lacked the necessary personal qualities and the quality (if only incipient) of possessing empathy. Then I met at last, and within the space of some six months, two most suitable individuals, one a young man and one a young lady - the young man met at a rendezvous on Shrewsbury railway station, and the lady some months before through a personal introduction. I sensed immediately that both were of our empathic and cultured kind.

These qualities - empathy, manners, culture, charm, an awareness of the numinous - are not qualities that most others (and all mundanes) associate with the Left Hand Path and/or with Satanism, due in part to a misunderstanding or ignorance of what both those causal forms, those causal vehicles, represent. But these qualities are possessed by, are developed by, those involved with our tradition, both pre-ONA name and now, and serve to distinguish us from the egotistical poseurs of other LHP/Satanic groups who believe Magian clichés such as "deification of the self" and "reality is a matter of belief", and which groups unsurprisingly attract vulgar young males and in which groups such male specimens of Homo Hubris predominate. [2]

This also explains why those of our inner Way - why the ONA itself correctly understood beyond such causal forms and restrictive terms as LHP/Satanic - melds a numinous way with a sinister way, as outlined in the first part of my essay *Toward The Sinister Mysterium*. And thus why our sorcery - beyond the external stages - is that of mysteriums and of esoteric empathy, with such mysteriums being our contribution to and development of The Rounwytha Tradition.

You mentioned a muliebral thread that binds the inner ONA and influences the ONA in general. Can you explain this in more detail and what muliebral means?

Muliebral is the word we use, of Latin origin, to describe a particular type of lady, one of our kind - that is, the cultured, well-mannered, lady, possessed of esoteric empathy, who has acquired a particular wisdom through some years of experience both esoteric and exoteric. This is our archetypal Lady Master, aka Mistress of Earth. She who was once a Priestess but who has developed, matured, since then.

In a more exoteric way, she is the still fecund mother of young children, and the person who holds the family together, nurtures the children, and guides them toward being cultured, resourceful, individuals with their own personalities, possessed of esoteric empathy, and yet who have all the skills and the attitude necessary to survive in a hostile world. These skills include the ability to defend one's self, if necessary with deadly force, in a way consistent with our kindred code of honour, and also the ability, the personality, to be ruthless if necessary (again consistent with our kindred

code of honour).

Thus the muliebral thread refers to the influence and importance of such a person and their qualities and abilities, as well as the striving, the quest, to acquire and develop these qualities and abilities. Note that our female archetype is neither the passive, gentle, submissive feminine archetype pedalled by the Magian and those calling themselves Wiccan, nor the strident imitation macho-man archetype pedalled by those often described by the term 'feminists'. Instead, it is just our archetype, developed from our Rounwytha tradition - an inspiration for our new ways of living.

It can therefore be understood why our tradition, and why the Order of Nine Angles, attracts and nurtures so many women, and why our men have qualities and abilities that distinguish them from the imitation LaVey's and the imitation Crowley's that still so dominate certain forms of the Occult that we have become associated with, i.e. the LHP and Satanism. And if there is one expression which might usefully, if only exoterically, summarize our inner way it is that we are clans (kindred extended families) of esoteric-empaths living by our code of honour and following our own unique living tradition.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, this particular esoteric tradition. Unsurprisingly, the majority of those in this inner ONA are women.

[2] For our inner way refer, for example, to *The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts*.

The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts

Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude.

” The faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public. In one word, Adepts possess *ἀρετή*. “

Inwardly, the true Dark - the sinister - Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane.

That this has been forgotten - or not understood, or not even known among the many latter-day pretenders and poseurs - is a sign of how few genuine Masters, and Lady Masters, there are.

Thus, there is a beauty in the Dark Arts and an exultation of Life, and certainly not a wallowing in the symbols, symbolism and accouterments of death and decay. Thus, there is a natural joy, which can be and often is both light and dark but which is always controlled. Not for the Gentleman, or the Lady, the loss of mastery, the stupefaction that arises from over-indulgence (which over-indulgence can and which does include personal emotion).

Thus, one of the true archetypes of the genuine Sinister Path: Baphomet, the beautiful, mature, lady (fecund Mistress of Earth) whose beautiful outward serenity masks the deadly acausal darkness within which can be released when she chooses. (Life-Birth-Joy-Ecstasy-Safety-Wisdom-Giving-Darkness-Death.) Thus, another dark archetype: The Master, the true shapeshifter who is and who might not be what they might appear to be; the polite charming gentleman, who might (and who could) kill you or have you killed if there was a good enough reason, but who might reward you (if there was a good enough reason) with beneficence whose source would be unknown to you; the recluse - The Master Acausal Sorcerer - you do not see nor know, except perhaps in dreams, shadows, or fleeting day and night-time glimpses which might perhaps stir a memory, some memory, personal or beyond (Beautiful-Profound-Wistful-Knowing-Danger-Roborant-Wyrdful-Sad) which inspires, or brings new beginnings or balance or perchance a retribution.

To aspire to - to gain - Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

Mastery *begins* with Internal Adept, and it is from noble cultured - gentlemanly or lady-like - Adepts that candidates for the inner ONA are recruited.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

The Inner ONA

The Inner ONA is the exoteric name given to a select group of individuals who while now part of The Order of Nine Angles, in many ways pre-date - in tradition, practices and way of life - the formation of the ONA (c.1971 CE) from three pre-existing groups: The Noctulians, The Temple of The Sun, and Camlad. In many ways, the Inner ONA is a continuation of Camlad.

It is from noble cultured - gentlemanly or lady-like - Adepts (qv. *Noble Guide to The Dark Arts*) that modern candidates for the Inner ONA are recruited.

The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, and from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, the esoteric Rounwytha (Camlad) tradition. This tradition was, according to aural accounts, that of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition maintained by rural sorceresses who lived in a certain area of England: that is, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches.

Given the requirements and this tradition, it is perhaps not surprising that the majority of those in the Inner ONA are women.

Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

ONA/O9A
Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles

Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών

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The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presented, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. These beings are shapeshifters, and can assume a variety of living causal forms, in the realms of the causal, including human form. The fictional stories *Sabirah*, and *Jenyah*, deal with one type of such acausal beings who have assumed human form - describing their need for the acausal energy (the "life-force"), possessed by humans, in order to sustain and maintain their shapeshifting causal form. The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA holds that both Baphomet (the female entity as described by the ONA) and Satan are memories of, and manifestations of, two particular acausal beings, two particular Dark Gods.

By the nature of the acausal (see Note 1), such acausal entities are - viewed from our own limited and mortal causal perspective - "formless", ageless and eternal, although if and when they venture forth into the causal dimensions, their living-there, the causal form they adopt, are subject to causal change. Hence, for example, their need to return to the acausal, or to regularly find some source of acausal energy (in the causal).

However, aside from these specific entities known to us, or esoterically remembered by some of us, as the The Dark Gods species, there are other acausal entities, other acausal living-beings, other acausal species, who and which have been manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, or who and which can become or may become manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, many of whom are not shapeshifters, and many of whom cannot exist, for long (in terms of causal Time) in our causal Space and causal Time.

In addition, there are some entities who and which only live, exist, in those twilight realms, those strange dark worlds, where the causal and the acausal intersect or meet - that is, in the nexions which manifest such intersections, and thus the flow of acausal energy into the causal. There is an aural Sinister Tradition that what have been incorrectly termed "demons" are some of these acausal entities existing, or which have existed, in those twilight realms where causal and acausal intersect.

To understand, and appreciate, The Dark Gods - and all acausal entities, including those dwelling in the twilight realms where causal and acausal meet or merge - one has to understand the true nature of nexions, of those "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time, or a journeying into the acausal itself.

The Nature of Nexions:

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion - a place or region, in causal Space and causal Time, where there is a direct physical connexion to acausal Space and acausal Time; a particular place where our causal Universe is joined, or can be joined, with the acausal Universe. According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, there is a physical nexion in our Solar System, near the planet Saturn, as there are other physical nexions in our particular Galaxy, and elsewhere in the Cosmos.

The second type of nexion is a living causal being. That is, all living-beings, in our causal Time and causal Space, are nexions - they all possess, by virtue of being "alive" a certain acausal energy, the amount of which varies according to the type of life, with a human being considered to possess (by virtue of possessing consciousness) more acausal energy than the other life on this planet of ours. In addition, it is considered, by Adepts of the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, that most human beings possess the potential to expand the nexion that they are, with this expansion - this increase in our acausal energy - being one of the esoteric aims of genuine sinister magick.

All living causal nexions, however, are limited in causal Time. That is, they possess only a limited life-span, a limited causal duration, although some sinister Adepts have speculated that it is possible for an advanced practitioner of the Dark Arts to not only increase their life-span, through esoteric means, but also to "transcend" to the acausal itself: to become an acausal being who is ageless and eternal. This, however, is said to require not only a bringing forth from the acausal such entities as The Dark Gods, but also to "become one", to merge, with Them (or with one of Them) by either transferring consciousness to one of Them, or having Them create an acausal vessel/form for such consciousness.

The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept, with this form being either already organically, physically, living, or which, through a sinister transformation, becomes living in the sense of being possessed of, and manifesting or channelling, acausal energy.

In the magickal sense, our consciousness, our psyche, is a region where causal and acausal meet, or rather, where they can and should meet and intersect, and it is one of the aims of genuine esoteric Orders, groups and Adepts, to guide Initiates into this realm, often through utilizing symbols and forms, such as the Tree of Wyrd and the associated "correspondences", which are guides, maps, of such a realm, and a means to access and develop acausal energies and thus transform ourselves into Adepts, and beyond.

Manifesting The Dark Ones:

One of the aims of the ONA is the presence The Dark Ones: to return, to our causal Space and our causal Time, The Dark Gods. To unleash these entities upon the world and so cause Chaos, and that Change and evolution which will result. Thus will the Old Order - a now ever-increasing tyrannical order - be destroyed, and thus would a New Aeon begin. Thus will there be a significant evolution of ourselves, as individuals.

Such is the nature of the Cosmos - of causal and acausal, of the "Cosmic seasons" - that every two thousand years or so the Cosmic spaces are aligned such that it is easier then to draw forth, into the causal, acausal energies. Traditionally, according to Aeonic Magick, these times mark the beginning of a New Aeon, and, currently, we are within a few centuries of such a change - and thus at a time when more and more acausal energy is available to us, if we know how to access and presence such energy.

Such energy - and the living-beings of the acausal - can be presented in several ways. First, by various rituals, such as those associated with the Nine Angles, where a specific "named" (see Note 2) entity may be called forth, or where unformed (unformed, at least, as discernible to us) acausal energy is/are accessed and released into the causal.

Another way is preparing a suitable living-receptacle (which may be a host human being or a collection of such beings) and then presencing, via ritual or other esoteric means, the acausal energies (or being, named or unnamed, or both) into such a host or hosts. That is - in one sense - making such hosts available to such entities, should They choose to accept and inhabit and use such hosts, possibly only on a temporary basis until They have found their own or have acquired sufficient energy to be able to sustain themselves, as shapeshifters, in the causal.

A Mythos of Times Past:

The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA mentions that, at the dawn of our consciousness as human beings, some of The Dark Ones came forth to Earth through a physical nexion, which nexion most probably existed on this planet, Earth. There has been much speculation about, and some legends regarding, the location of this physical nexion - which, if it exists as tradition asserts, would be viable again now or soon, given the Cosmic cycle we are currently in.

There has also been speculation about, and some aural legends regarding, how long these dark acausal entities stayed, in our causal Time and Space, and much speculation regarding why they left, with one aural legend asserting that a few of them have, as shapeshifters, survived and hidden themselves among us, feeding, waiting for the stars to be aligned aright again and for sinister Adepts to bring forth their kin.

Anton Long
ONA, Year of Fayen 119

Notes:

(1) Acausal: The *acausal* is used, as a word, to refer to what, correctly, is that Universe which may be described, or re-presented, by acausal Space and acausal Time.

This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the acausal and the causal, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time.

(2) Names of The Dark Gods: The names which we "know", as recorded in the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, are those which have been transmitted to us aurally: a memory (perhaps corrupted or only half-remembered) from an ancient causal time, when some such entities were once presented on this Earth.

However, the given "name" only "re-presents" (that is, names) a particular acausal being when it is chanted (or vibrated) in a particular way under suitable conditions, which often means in association with a certain crystal of a certain shape, which crystal and which shape enhance such chant or vibration.

Magick, The Sinister, Aeons, and The Psyche of The Folk:

Esoteric Notes XXIX

Essentially, magick - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy." [See Footnote 1]

Thus, understood esoterically, an individual represents a willed-evolution: the potential to change and evolve by means of utilizing certain energies, with such change and evolution involving a bringing-into-being, or, more prosaically, a bringing-into-consciousness. That is, a making-conscious of what was hitherto "unknown", hidden and latent, both within and external to the individual. This making-conscious is the first step - the beginning - of genuine individual magick; the first stage of that Sinister Way one of whose aims is the creation of a new, more conscious, more highly evolved, individual.

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

Understood esoterically, an archetype is a limited presencing (a manifestation) of acausal energy, which presencing is limited in causal time. [See Footnote 2]

Fundamentally, the basic task of an esoteric Initiate is to make-conscious - to experience, know and understand - their own psyche, and this, in the beginning stages of magickal Initiation, is done by means of symbols and rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial. That is, the forces/energies, both archetypal and otherwise, are objectified, experienced and experimented with - hence such symbols and tools such as The Septenary System (of correspondences, including the Tree of Wyrð), the Tarot, and The Star Game. To complement this, the individual undertakes "Insight Roles" where they identify with a certain symbolic aspect or aspects, or rôle - and/or a certain archetype or archetypes - and thus experience, in real life, such energies, and their causal effects. One particular aspect, of course, is The Sinister itself, which is manifest in archetypes such as "The Magickian", The Mistress of Earth, and in Satan.

As stated in the MS *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*:

"All magick - external, internal and Aeonic - is but a means to apprehend, experience and presence acausal energies, and thus create/provoke Change. That is, the conventional magick of the Tree of Wyrð, of books such as *Naos*, of rituals, is but a beginning - through such things, the individual Initiate acquires experience and knowledge, and also develops as an individual: in terms of character. In the simplistic sense, they move, through the Grades, beyond "The Abyss", toward The Goal, which is the transformation of the individual and the emergence of a new type of being, beyond the Adept."

Furthermore, the archetypal energies which affect and influence an individual - a non-Adept - are, according to The Sinister Way of the ONA, both personal/individual, and related to the Aeon during which the individual lives. In

addition, some of the personal archetypal energies which are manifest, or which can be manifest, in the psyche of the individual, are related to the living-being which is the folkish culture of the individual. Thus, in order to properly progress along The Way toward Adeptship - in order to evolve as an individual - the individual needs to understand, and work with, such particular energies.

The Folk Psyche and Folkish Archetypes:

By virtue of being a nexion, an individual is connected to the causal presencing that is Nature, and to those living-beings which are manifest in Nature. One such living-being is the folkish-culture, the folkish-psyche, to which they belong - from which they have come-into-being, as an individual. [See Footnote 3] Basically, this is just a precise way of understanding that all non-Adepts are, or can be or will be, influenced by various unconscious archetypal forces deriving from their ancestors, and their ancestral culture (or way of life) and that, whether they know or not (and they mostly do not know) they are connected to such living-beings. Generally, such a connexion (both unknown and made-conscious) is positive: that is, it tends towards an affirmation of life, and provides the individual with access to certain energies which are beneficial to them.

Furthermore, it needs to be understood that magick as a Way is neutral - that is, it can be used (or more correctly can be assumed, by those individuals below the stage of Mastery, to be so used) to either aid or harm such connexions, such Earthly living-beings, as human beings are connected to and from which they have emerged, such folkish-culture and folkish-archetypes.

In practical terms of self-development and evolution, an individual can greatly benefit from knowing, and from direct involvement with, their folk psyche and folkish archetypes: and this is especially true when the stage of Adept is reached and Aeonic workings are undertaken.

Aeons, Civilizations and The Presencing of Acausal Energy:

An *Aeon* - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization [See Footnote 4] is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular people, or folk.

An Aeon can thus be considered to be a type of acausal being [See Footnote 5] manifesting in the causal, and, as such, has certain archetypal energies associated with it: that is, it can to a certain extent be "re-presented", or apprehended, via causal-thinking, in terms of certain symbols, archetypes, abstractions, myths, rituals, and so on. The living-being which is an Aeon is thus "born", lives for a specific period of causal time, and then "dies", as, of course, do the archetypes associated with such an Aeon. Each Aeonic civilization can - according to limited causal-thinking - be described, or re-presented, by a particular mythos, which mythos is a limited causal apprehension of the life-force, of "the soul" or psyche, of the Aeon from which that civilization derives.

Hitherto, we human beings have lacked the ability to affect Aeons and thus Aeonic civilizations. That is, as stated in the MS *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*:

"All the individuals associated with a particular civilization - unless and until they attain a specific degree of self-awareness [variously called 'individuation' and 'Adeptship'] - are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from - is determined by - the civilization and thus the aeon. In practical terms, the psyche is a manifestation of the acausal energy that creates/created the civilization..."

However, magick - correctly understood and correctly used - is a means not only of personal development and

personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonick Magick.

Aeonick Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, since as the folk, and Aeons.

According to the sinister tradition of the ONA, there have been five Aeons, including the current *Thorian* (or "Western") one. The current Aeon is, however, unique - for it has, in the last hundred years or so, suffered from a distortion of its life-force, a distortion of its soul. This distortion has been somewhat simplistically and rather graphically described as akin to a "viral infection" which has modified the behaviour of the peoples of the civilization through changing, modifying, and in some cases supplanting, the natural archetypes of the Aeon. In the esoteric sense, this distortion, this infection, can be understood as a natural process affecting our evolution - a consequence of that evolution itself, and such an infection could have certain undesirable consequences for our evolution, and for our ability to free ourselves from those viral forces which are, in essence, de-evolutionary. That is, this distortion, this infection, represents a challenge to the Sinister Way - to magick, to the alchemy of evolution itself.

Thus, one aim of Aeonick Magick is to counter this Aeonick distortion through various sinister strategies; another aim is to *consciously* bring-into-being a new Aeon: one which will allow us, as human beings, to evolve and fulfil the potential latent within us.

There is thus a real war occurring at present, part of which is magickal, Aeonick and supra-Aeonick: a war, battles, between those who represent the genuine wisdom and understanding and freedom and life-enhancement which genuine magick (with its presencing of the acausal) brings, and those who represent what is fundamentally de-evolutionary, limiting, enervating and stiflingly causal, and who are manifest through and in the distortion of the Thorian Aeon. [See Footnote 6]

The Sinister Way:

In essence, all genuine magick is Sinister because it is Change: a move-toward a new bringing-into-being. A re-ordering in the causal. That is, it is a presencing of the acausal - from which all that is evolutionary and life-affirming arises.

However, *to work* - to affect evolutionary Change - such presencings have to be based upon, to manifest, to use, what is acausal: that is, there has to be a knowing, an understanding, of the acausal as the acausal is. Without this knowing, this understanding, there has been, is and will be only the delusion of self and at best a stasis and at worst a return to the thralldom of the past.

Anton Long
117 Year of Fayen

Notes:

(1) q.v. the MS *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*. For a basic discussion of causal and acausal, see Chapter 0, A Theory of Magick, in *Naos* and the MS *Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

(2) It needs to be understood that the ONA uses such terms as psyche, and archetype, in a particular *and precise* esoteric way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung.

Thus, esoterically understood, an archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

(3) Such connexions, such living-beings as the folk and the folkish-culture which derives from the living of such a being, are only *what-are*, on this planet where we dwell. That is, they are aspects of Nature: they correctly describe the reality of how the acausal is presenced, in the causal, on this planet, through that living-being which is Nature. In a simplistic descriptive sense, such folk-beings are among Her descendants, her "sons and daughters".

Furthermore, there is a symbiosis involved in such connexions - or, rather, there is now a symbiosis involved as a result of our natural evolution of will and consciousness; a symbiosis between us, our folk-beings, and with Nature, as well as with the Acausal beyond Nature.

(4) To be precise, this nexion is "a culture" which itself is a living-being, a spawn of a particular Aeon, with the Aeonic civilization itself being a by-product, a manifestation, a stage, of this new culture. However, the general term civilization will be retained, although such Aeonic "civilizations" such be understood in such a context.

Also, note that what is referred to is an *Aeonic* civilization - not just a "civilization". q.v. *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

(5) For a basic introduction to "acausal beings" refer to the MS *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery* which explains the nature of the *acausal-thinking* (or, more prosaically, the "esoteric/magickal" thinking) that is required to begin to understand such beings: to apprehend Them as they are.

In addition, it needs to be understood that, as explained in many other MSS, there are many and varying types of acausal entities, or acausal beings or *acausal forms of life*. Some exist solely in the acausal; some can manifest in some ways in the causal, with some such causally-manifesting beings - or forms of life - being in symbiosis with the causal (or rather, in symbiosis with causal life-forms) and thus "dependant" on them to some extent. Some such dependant symbiotic acausal beings may cease to exist (in both the causal and the acausal) when their energy fades and "dies", while others may return to the acausal to leave only a dead causal "shell" or "shells".

Further, it should be obvious that the majority of such acausal life-forms cannot and should not be conceptualized in an anthropomorphic way, bound and limited as such conceptualizations are by causal Time and causal Space.

(6) The distortion has been, *exoterically*, described as "Magian": as representative of a particular ethos deriving from the *psyche* of a certain people.

The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way

Introduction – The Methods

The Seven Fold Way of the traditional nexions of the ONA is a difficult and life-long personal commitment, and involves three basic methods: (1) practical experience, both esoteric and exoteric; (2) a learning from that experience; and (3) a progression toward a certain specific personal goal.

(1) This means the individual acquires practical experience of both of the Occult/TheDarkArts [External, Internal and Aeonic sorcery] and of doing sinister (amoral and exeatic) deeds in the real world.

(2) This means that the individual learns from their errors, their mistakes, and their success – a learning requiring self-honesty, interior reflexion, and a rational awareness of themselves into relation to their life-long quest: that is, in relation to the goal.

(3) This means that (1) and (2) occur again and again until the long-term goal is reached – a process traditionally represented by the seven stages of the Tree of Wyrð, involving the progress from Neophyte to Magus/Mousa. The actual aim is to progress toward, into, and beyond, The Abyss: which rencounter is: (a) exoterically, the genesis of the new type of human being which it is one of the aims of the ONA to facilitate, as prelude to our New Aeon and as a manifestation, a presencing, of that new Aeon; and (b) esoterically, the genesis of individual wisdom and a prelude to a possible transition toward the next and final stage, that of Immortal in the realms of the acausal.

These methods are personal, direct, individual. They require that the individual take responsibility for themselves; is not bound by any restrictions or any morality, and learns not from books or texts or from someone else but rather by practical experience extending over a period of several decades.

The Tradition

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, which are reasonably well-documented up to Internal Adept – for example, in freely available ONA texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) . These texts enable anyone to learn and experience for themselves, at their own pace.

As has been mentioned elsewhere, to reach the stage on Internal Adept takes at least five years of effort and experience, with that stage lasting from five to eleven, or more, years. Thus, it takes a minimum of ten years before an individual of our tradition is ready to begin the necessary preparations to attempt The Abyss, during which years they must have spent six months in the wilderness (to develop the faculty of Dark Empathy); gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group); mastered the advanced form of The Star Game (and so developed the basics of Acausal Thinking); have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with offer ending; undertaken several challenging Insight Roles each lasting a year or more; organized and run an esoteric group (a nexion) thus gaining practical experience in External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery; and so on.

The necessary preparations for an Internal Adept to attempt The Abyss take at least another five years (more usually ten years), making it at least fifteen years (more usually twenty) before an individual of our tradition is proficient, experienced, learned, mature, skilled, cultured, enough to attempt The Abyss.

These necessary preparations involve the Internal Adept in, over a period of some years, experiencing, and learning from, the numinous – as opposed to the previously experienced sinister – aspects of themselves and of Life; then developing this numinous and empathic aspect of themselves, then fully integrating this aspect with its opposite, to finally dissolve (then go beyond) both. Furthermore, this process is not a series of given, specific, Insight Roles, but instead a re-orientation of consciousness, emotions, and psyche, followed by the years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed – when the causal Time be right – by the deliberate, conscious, unification of this

with its opposite, followed by a years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed by the annihilation of both; an annihilation which is the essence of The Abyss.

Obviously, such preparations are both difficult and dangerous, for the individual, and most individuals will fail, usually for one of the following reasons: (1) because the numinous aspect draws them permanently away from their esoteric quest; (2) because they cannot fully embrace the numinous since they cannot overcome the causal illusion of the self, and thus cannot overcome their egotism, their arrogance, their pride, their sense of personal Destiny, their addiction to the sinister; (3) because they cannot integrate these apparently conflicting opposites of numinous and sinister; (4) because even if they succeed in the necessary alchemical melding of seeming opposites (Sol/Luna; Lightning/Sun; Light/Dark), they fail to annihilate (transmute/transform) the amalgam that results and so fail to give birth to a new specimen of Homo Galacticus.

The Tradition of Esoteric Learning

For millennia, according to aural tradition, esoteric knowledge – the methods, the means, required for an individual to acquire wisdom – The Philosophers Stone (aka the stage of Immortal) - has been learnt from a few reclusive Adepts, with this knowledge being concerned with three traditional things: (1) the slow process of an internal, alchemical, decades-long change in the individual as a result of direct esoteric and exoteric personal experience and the learning from that experience - *the numinous authority of pathei-mathos*; (2) a certain and limited personal guidance – from one of those more experienced in such matters – on a direct individual basis (person to person), if such advice be sought; and (3) the cultivation of the virtue of *ἀρετή*, manifest as this is in a noble, cultured, a learned, personal character.

These three things are, for instance, manifest in the Inner ONA, which basically is akin to an extended family, consisting as it does of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of esoteric empathy and certain other personal qualities; who offer guidance on a personal basis to one or more individuals following The Seven Fold Way, and who have the knowledge to prepare individuals for the ordeals of The Abyss.

Thus, there was for millennia and still is in traditional nexions, an understanding that knowledge was mostly to be acquired aurally, from someone of experience and learning; although some knowledge could be acquired by means of patient, scholarly, and personal research. There was also an understanding that genuine wisdom takes a certain duration – decades – of causal Time to be attained, and cannot be hurried and often requires a reclusive personal existence. There was also an understanding of the need to develop a noble, cultured, and learned, personal character.

Thus was there also the placing of the Adept in supra-personal context – in the perspective of Aeons, and of the Cosmos itself.

These qualities, this appreciation and understanding of esoteric wisdom, are what have now been overlooked, forgotten, or scorned, by those who, lacking *ἀρετή*, have come to rely upon the modern rapid means of communication that have been developed.

Charlatans and the Internet

This new fangled Internet thingy is but a useful means of presenting our esoteric information and a useful means of inciting, encouraging, others to use and apply both our traditional and our new esoteric methods, on the off-chance some or a few of them may eventually succeed, thus increasing the number of Adepts in the world; thus giving rise (perhaps) to a few more specimens of Homo Galacticus, and thus (perhaps) by some others becoming Dreccs or Niners or forming themselves into clans, hastening thus the downfall of the Old Aeon and its System and thence aiding the emergence of those new ways of living appropriate to our New Aeon.

But the Internet also encourages fakes, charlatans, imposters. Many of these make claims about themselves in relation to the ONA, and many make claims about the ONA.

Yet, as has been indicated many times, such fakes, charlatans, imposters - and their shenanigans - while expected are Aeonically irrelevant and are thus ignored.

Why irrelevant? For three reasons: (1) because they – and all such shenanigans – by using or being conveyed by the medium of the Internet (or even by printed books) cannot in any way affect the living ONA (including the Inner ONA) which exists and which thrives in the real world: in the pursuit of The Seven Fold Way by individuals and the guidance of those individuals by living Adepts; (2) because those duped by such people, by such things, are failures, lacking the potential – the inner Baeldraca – that mark the neophytes of our kind; (3) because our real and important work is Aeonic – of centuries and more – and thus surpasses the life-time of everyone living now, and everyone of the next generation and the next.

Whatever happens – whatever people do or write by means of the Internet or say in conferences or have printed in books – our esoteric work continues, slowly, secretly, Aeonically, in the traditional way, with person recruiting, guiding, person, decade following decade, and totally independent of such modern rapid means of communication as have been developed, from printed books to the Internet.

All such modern means of communication may do is slightly hasten both the downfall of The System and the emergence of the New Aeon. But one or three (or a few more) decades sooner – out of the hundred or two hundred (or more) years required – is really nothing for us to get excited about.

Our real wisdom, the essence of our esotericism, lies in our knowledge of ourselves as but one nexion, suspended between causal and acausal Time – one means to presence one more Aeon, one possibility to move toward a new acausal life.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Suggested Further Reading

External Links

[Complete Guide to The Seven Fold Way](#) (pdf 51 MB)

Contains: Naos, Black Book of Satan, Complete Deofel Quartet, Grimoire of Baphomet

[A Practical Guide to The Abyss](#) (pdf 439 Kb)

[A Glossary of ONA Terms](#) (pdf 127 Kb)

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion

The link below is to a pdf file (c. 439 Kb) of *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*, which brings together a few brief articles and notes, written by Anton Long, concerning the Sinister Abyssal Nexion, and the transition from Internal Adept to Master/LadyMaster, and which thus forms an important part of The Seven Fold Way of The Order of Nine Angles.

The work also contains the first published version of the traditional (Camlad) Rite of The Abyss.

[Enantiodromia.pdf](#)

As Anton Long writes in the *Introduction*:

[begin quote]

" This work brings together a few brief articles and notes, written by me, concerning a particular part of The Seven Fold Way – the Sinister Abyssal Nexion, and the transition from Internal Adept to Master/LadyMaster.

The following of the Seven Fold Way by individuals – from Neophyte to Internal Adept, and beyond and as described in texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) — was the traditional method used by the initiatory nexions of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA) in order to move toward one of our esoteric aims, that of producing a new type of human being, a type prefigured in our Masters/LadyMasters and a type collectively known by the term Homo Galacticus.

This traditional method has been, until recently, the one chosen by the majority of those individuals recruited into the ONA and by those who, inspired by the ONA, have opted to work on their own in pursuit of both their own esoteric advancement and in pursuit of the aims, objectives, and goals, of the ONA.

However, the ONA is now far more than traditional initiatory nexions following the Seven Fold Way, evolving as it has to become a Kollektive of Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, and others.

Thus the Seven Fold Way – with its Grade Rituals, tasks, challenges, Insight Roles, its sorcery (External, Internal and Aeonic) and its structured Occult ceremonies – is now a personal choice, one practical method among many. A choice suited to those individuals whose personal character, whose psyche, resonates with its mythos, its methods, its Occult mystique, and its slow cultivation of wisdom. In fact, the majority of those now associated with the ONA and/or inspired by it, choose methods other than the Seven Fold Way.

Yet this traditional way remains both valid and important. For it could be said that it forms the Aeonic stable core of the ONA, a central point of unchanging reference: an ancestral tradition in the living expansive Kulture that now encompasses Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, independent nexions, and many others.

In my own case, my life has been considered by some to be a practical manifestation of The Seven Fold Way."

[end quote]

Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

ONA Manuscripts

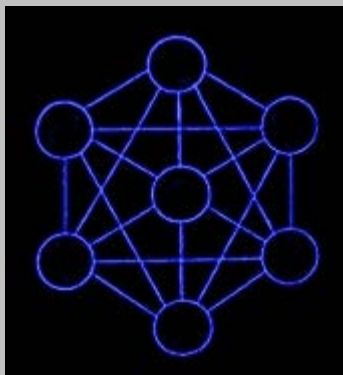
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A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

Order of Nine Angles

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional ONA nexions - that is, by those esoteric groups which use a sinister (LHP) Initiatory system based on The Dark Tradition (aka Hebdomadry). It is the learning of The Art of Dark Sorcery, by individual Occultists, and thus is the graded and guided practice of The Dark Arts.

The Way is an individual one: each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Sinister individuals - that is, to train individuals in The Dark Arts. This sinister training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and that genuine understanding that is the beginning of wisdom.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine esoteric (Occult) Adeptship - and beyond - and thus fulfil the potential latent within them, and thus they can and do enhance their life, and come to know and then achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of sorcery. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand

Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

All of these stages (with the exception of the stages beyond Master/Mistress) are associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts/texts [hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a sinister, esoteric, understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of sinister Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional sorcery should gain some understanding of what The Sinister Way is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- * A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles
- * A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms (≥ v 2.01)
- * The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way
- * Our Sinister Character
- * An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

An Important Note Regarding Copies of Naos

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them. The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatum Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an out of date address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes - in the following order - Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

I - Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These include: (1) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (2) *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonie Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to sinister Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional nexion or group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation", as given in detail in the Order MS *Naos*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II - Initiate

Tasks:

- 1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].
- 2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.
- 3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]
- 4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner [or of the same sex if you incline that way], and introduce this person to The Dark Tradition. Initiate them according to the rite in *Naos*, or devise your own rite of Initiation (which should culminate in sexual intercourse with your partner). Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.
- 5) Obtain and study (a) the Order MS *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and (b) the Order MS *The Deofel Quartet*. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis* and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I and Part II of the *Deofel Quartet* are intended as entertaining sinister fiction.]
- 6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS [appended below] and the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* (119yf edition)]. This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.
- 7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Sinister Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of dark sorcery. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real sinister character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Sinister commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III - External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Sinister, group/nexion/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Nexion, and teach them about The Dark Tradition of the ONA. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according a ceremonial ritual of your own devising, for which you may use texts such as *The Grimoire of Baphomet* and *The Black Book of Satan* for inspiration and some guidance. In addition, you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Nexion/Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed, for instance, in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months, as you should write and use your own *Black Book* of ceremonial rituals, with some help from the members of your group, if possible, in the writing of this work, and with all rituals firmly based on the non-Magian dark, septenary, tradition of the ONA, and you should use this work of yours in preference to using published works such as the *Black Book of Satan*.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonic Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of The Dark Tradition, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Nexion' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Nexion in your absence.

Concerning The Nexion:

The Temple [aka Nexion] must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women if the Temple is so orientated toward heterosexuality. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Left Hand Path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truly sinister, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising dark sorcerers. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, sinister character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonick magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See, for some basic exoteric guidance, the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance.*]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV - Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting sinister in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Nexion, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce sinister change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them. [For a text appropriate to one such Destiny, see the ONA MS *Warriors of The Dark Way.*]

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonick Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see, for some basic exoteric guidance, the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such

knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V - Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

- 1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Nexion/Temple/group;
- 2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;
- 3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonic Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet* and in texts such as *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

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Appendix - The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine dark sorcery in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the sinister novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to culling. [These teachings are contained in such traditional Order MSS as *Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice* and *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*. For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a sinister novice must undertake as part of their commitment to The Dark Tradition. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are sinister and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual sorcerer. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of dark sorcerer. They are sinister. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, sinister in a practical way. Some who profess to be sinister - and some who wish to become sorcerers of The Dark Tradition - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks

are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as mundanes - as "ordinary" and weak - as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine sinister novices possess or must develop. The Dark Way is at it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine dark sorcery requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.) After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Undertake, as a solo hermetic working, either the traditional *Mass of Heresy* (suitably adapted for such an hermetic rite), and then, nine days later, the *Rite of Defiance*.

Note: Both the Mass of Heresy and the Rite of Defiance are intentionally heretical in our times; as well as being means of catharsis, and providing a practical means whereby those undertaking them can develop a sinister-empathy with that which and those whom are currently regarded, by Magians and mundanes and in a very practical way, as "evil" and deserving of approbation.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* - 119yf edition].

External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform both the *Mass of Heresy* and *The Rite of Defiance*.

2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an offer. Select some suitable candidates for the post of offer, using sinister guidelines for so selecting an offer, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen candidate. The offer or offers having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* using the chosen offer(s) in the central role. Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further offer using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake *The Ceremony of Recalling* [see *The Grimoire of Baphomet*].

It must be stressed that (i) the offer(s) must be chosen according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the candidates for the position of offer can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the sinister path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Order of Nine Angles

101yf

(Revised 121 yf)

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Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA

The cultivation of the faculty of Dark-Empathy is part of the training of The Seven-Fold Way; an esoteric skill possessed by all genuine Adepts, and a skill, a Dark Art, whose rudiments can be learnt by undertaking the standard (basic) Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which Ritual lasts for one particular alchemical season (around three months), and mastery of which Dark Art involves – with one exception [1] – undertaking the advanced Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which lasts for a different alchemical season (usually six months or more, depending on geographical location).

Possession of this skill, this particular faculty, is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. In the Rite of Internal Adept, the candidate has nowhere to hide – they are alone, bereft of human contact; bereft of diversions and distractions; bereft of comforts and especially bereft of the modern technology that allows and encourages the rapid and vapid and mundane communication of abstractions and HomoHubris-like emotions and responses. All the candidate has are earth, sky, weather, whatever wildlife exists in their chosen location – and their own feelings, dreams, beliefs, determination, and hopes. They can either cling onto their ego (their presumed separate self-identity) and their past – onto the mundane world they have chosen to temporarily leave behind – or they can allow themselves to become attuned to the natural rhythm of Nature and of the Cosmos beyond, beyond all causal abstractions: beyond even those esoteric ones manifest, for instance, in the Septenary Tree of Wyrð, which are but intimations, pointers, symbols, toward and of the acausal essence often obscured by causal forms and by written and spoken words.

One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even “Druid”). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st – that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calendar which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occultists say, write, and believe this? Because – for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel – they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously “in-tune” with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy – who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calendar. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calendar. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring Equinox – indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location – an Adept “knows”, or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell) the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them – and its wildlife – is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about “alchemical seasons” – which are not fixed by some abstract solar calendar, which depend on one’s location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural

areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain – and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal – varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept – in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA – with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals [2], its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing [3], its emphasis on the feminine [4], its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way – is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention.

Furthermore, given that the faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept [5], it can thus be understood why the Order of Nine Angles has placed, and does place, and always will place great emphasis on its initiatory system: on Initiates following the Seven-Fold Way and actually doing practical sorcery and undertaking Grade Rituals such as that of Internal Adept. For the experience, and the achievement, are then theirs – unique to, and formative for, them, as individuals.

Thus it is that such individuals achieve Adeptship, by practical experience, by developing certain faculties, by self-overcoming, by difficult and testing challenges, physical, mental, and Occult. There is not, has not been, and will not be – until we evolve to become another type of human species and have developed more numinous ways of living – any other way of achieving genuine esoteric Adeptship. For Adeptship, it should be repeated, is only and ever achieved, never given, never awarded by someone else.



Anton Long

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

121 Year of Fayen

Notes:

[1] The one exception is the Rounwytha – the rare individual (who is usually of the female gender) who is naturally gifted with this still uncommon faculty.

[2] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[3] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[4] See, for example, *The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA* in the article *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*.

See also the ONA text [*The Dark Goddess as Archetype*](#).

[5] Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public.

In one word, Adepts possess *arête*.

A Note Regarding Terms

Dark-Empathy: This is a specific (that is, esoteric) type of empathy – that which relates to and concerns *acausal-knowing*.

Acausal-knowing: (as distinct from the causal knowing of conventional Science) is basically possessing a natural sympathy with the various and manifold aspects of Life, manifest, for instance, in: (1) living causal beings (human, and otherwise, who dwell on our planet, Earth); (2) the living being we term Nature; and (3) the living, changing, evolving, being we term the Cosmos, whose Life animates Nature, and which Cosmos has an acausal-continuum and a causal-continuum, each with their own types, or forms, of life.

This natural-sympathy-with requires the individual to know, to understand, to sense, to intuit, both beyond outer causal forms and abstractions, and beyond the illusive nature of separateness – to thus know, understand, sense, intuit, the connexions that exist between all aspects of Life, as those connexions (nexions) are, beyond all words and terms and beliefs.



Sorcery and the Esoteric Nature of The Acausal Debunking The Chaos

The Order of Nine Angles first used the term acausal nearly four decades ago, appropriating it from Myatt's early work on Cliology and which work of his evolved to become his theory of the bifurcation (and a new ontology) of Being and thence his *Physics of Acausal Energy*.

In these four decades since our first use of this term, there has been much speculation – among both ONA Initiates and esoteric folk in general – about what exactly, in esoteric terms it means, and what, if any, relation this term bears to non-esoteric theories such as Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics.

In particular, when both Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics were fashionable subjects among mundane and Magian Occultists, attempts were made by such people to explain sorcery in terms of both those subjects, with some books and articles written by some the pretentious Occult illiterati proclaiming such things as “Chaos is the creative principle behind all magic[k]...” and “A Chaos Magician... sees beyond the systems and dogmas to the physics behind the magical force,” and even quite laughable pretentious babble such as, “I show how...the three dimensional transactional time in the HD8 interpretation of quantum and particle physics could allow divination and enchantment to occur.”

Given such babble and such attempts to link sorcery with Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics and other such stuff, it is not surprising that our use of the term acausal to describe the realm of The Dark Gods, and our use of the term acausal energy presencing via a nexion to define ordinary sorcery, should arouse a certain curiosity among those interested in our Sinister Way.

Chaos theory, Quantum Mechanics, and Sorcery

Let's be clear – talk of there being some relation between sorcery and current physical theories such as Chaos theory, particle Physics, and quantum mechanics, is inane; silly, stupid, and the product of a mundane intellect.

Why? Because there no relation whatsoever, since such physical theories are bunk – mere trendy and silly ideas based on causal Time – and because sorcery is not what contemporary pretentious Occult gits think it is.

Such physical theories as such gits expound upon are ideas which – in a hundred or two hundred or so years – will be seen as products of inferior thinking, just like the so-called Big Bang Theory with its ridiculous irrational assumptions – and the silly idea of so-called “Black Holes” and the even sillier idea of “dark matter” with its ridiculous *ad hoc* assumptions which attempt to square an inane cosmological theory with observations – will be seen as pretentious babble, the products of inferior human minds.

So, anyone who claims to be a sorcerer and who talks about Chaos theory and quantum mechanics reveals themselves as being not only an Occult charlatan but as possessed of an inferior intellect; as someone who, at best is akin to some urban teenager swept along by some craze and keen to be seen as “trendy” or “fashionable” or “cool” or whatever the latest buzz-word is. Or even worse, someone who desires to be seen as some sort of “thinker” and who needs (despite their protestations) the adulation of being some “Occult guru”.

For such individuals just cannot think – conceptualize – past the concept of causal Time, as they obviously do not possess or have not developed those skills of our Dark Arts, especially the faculty of dark-empathy, and which particular faculty would have predisposed them toward an esoteric intuition of the true, the esoteric, nature of sorcery, of thus of the acausal, and especially of the nature of acausal Time.

Why are such physical theories bunk? For two simple reasons. First, they cannot explain in any way the fundamental difference between life and inert matter. That is, what, for example, animates or infuses the physical structures of a cell to make that cell alive, and why, for instance, all living matter disobeys the first of Newton's laws.

Second, they depend on the simple, Cosmically incorrect, notion of a linear causality, as evident in the use of conventional mathematics, and physical ideation, to describe such theories, all of which theories are based on and depend upon equations involving an abstract notion of causal, linear, time – as in differential and tensorial equations involving the variable dt (as in Newtonian mechanics, and in the Schwarzschild and other metrics deriving from the variable ds) – and which linear time cannot even be defined in any satisfactory manner *sans* causal linearity (as in the definition based on so-called atomic/quantum clocks). Thus, even apparently abstruse notions of Space-Time – deriving from tensorial mathematics, or some other representation – are founded on the simple, cosmologically inaccurate, notion of a causal linearity.

Why is there no link between physical theories – trendy or otherwise – and sorcery? Because the basis of sorcery is some-thing which is alive: to wit, we who practice the dark art of sorcery. Because – esoterically (that is, correctly) understood – sorcery is a living alchemy [Oh look, I am giving away more Occult secrets here]. That is, sorcery is a combination of various aspects, the most necessary and important of which are living beings – for instance, the sorcerer, and the object of sorcery, which is almost always another living being, human or otherwise. Or, expressed more precisely (esoterically) sorcery is – as all Dark Arts are – a means whereby we shed our causal, illusive, form (of separateness) and become of the essence *of* Life and so can affect other Life, sometimes by becoming or imitating (being a mimesis of or for) other Life for a specific period of causal Time because “we” are the matrix of connexions that is Life in the causal.

There is thus the use of energies which are not-causal, since such energies depend on (or derive from) a living being or some living beings and since what-lives, a living being, cannot be explained by causality (linear causal reductionism) or any representation based on such causality, mathematical or otherwise (such as some current theory in Physics).

The living alchemy that is genuine sorcery explains why – in the real world we human beings all inhabit (as distinct from our dreams, and the movies) – no sorcerer, however advanced or knowledgeable they may be, can by some “magick” or spell or whatever bring a rock to life and so transform it into some living entity. What a sorcerer can do, in our real world, is *affect* and so change other living beings (to various degrees), be such living beings human, non-human but of our physical realm (such as animals), or esoteric (of the realm of the psyche, and which psyche includes such non-causal living entities as archetypes). [1] What an advanced practitioner of sorcery can do or may be able to do is affect aspects of larger living entities, such as the living entity that is Nature [2] – and thus may be able, for example, to bring into being, over a natural period of earthly causal Time (that is, not instantaneously), a storm [3].

Similarly, and in respect of divination, what a genuine sorcerer does is intuit (become in sympathy with usually via dark-empathy) the Destiny (and possibly the Wyrld) of an individual. That is, in exoteric-speak they betake themselves out from the causal realm (from causal Time) and so see (and think) acausally – and often some causal form (such as Tarot images) are used in order to facilitate this esoteric type of seeing and knowing.

The living alchemy that is genuine sorcery also explains how such things as an esoteric curse work: that is, not initially by a direct, linear, causality. Thus, the living energy of a human being – that which animates them, makes them alive, and keeps them healthy and alive, is accessed and thence *affected* or changed by the sorcerer in some particular manner, or some nexion within the psyche of that individual is opened to allow the ingress of other, disruptive (and possible non-causal) living entities. With the *effect* that, over a certain period of causal Time, that individual is afflicted with misfortune and possibly illness or in some cases even death. Why over a certain period of causal Time? Because the affected living entity lives (has existence in) the causal continuum which constrains their being (constrains the acausal energy that animates them and keeps them alive).

In ONA-speak, a sorcerer is or becomes a particular type of nexion capable of accessing and presencing acausal energies.

The Esoteric Nature of The Acausal

In simple – exoteric – terms, the acausal is a naturally existing part of the Cosmos, and merely the realm or realms or continuum where acausal energy exists, and which acausal energy is a-causal in nature. That is, propagation of this energy does not, or need not, take a certain amount of causal Time, and does not involve, or may not involve, traversing a certain causal distance. Thus none of Newton's laws apply, just as causal theories such as those of entropy or so-called "chaos" do not apply.

In esoteric terms, the acausal is the source of all the causal Life we know. That is, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal Life we currently know, and which enables us to change and develop ourselves, acausally interact with other living beings (in one sense – practice sorcery), and do many other things, such as develop acausal knowing, that is, understanding the acausal *sanscausal* abstractions [4]. In another sense, as intimated above, it is a means for us to shed the illusive apprehension of our finite causal being.

For it is causal abstractions that obscure the nature – exoteric and esoteric – of the acausal, and thus obscure the nature and reality of sorcery.

Let us consider the following bit of bunk, from someone imposing a causal abstraction on the Occult; and a bit of bunk typical both of Magian Occultism [5], and of the pretentious gits who prattle on or who have prattled on about Chaos and about sorcery but who so obviously have no understanding of sorcery let alone any esoteric skills or knowledge. Here is the bunk: "There are no gods or demons, except for those I have been conditioned into acknowledging and those I have created for myself."

This is the attitude of a limited, and a smug, causal thinking – of assuming the Cosmos is explicable, or can become explicable, by causal theories and causal ideas (by abstractions); that the individual has, ultimately, nothing to fear because "there is nothing really eerie or dangerous or un-human in sorcery and the Occult, it's all imagination or what others have used to scare people or get them to believe some doctrine or what I myself can conjure into being"; and that everything is not only a tool, a means, to be used, but can be mastered and can be easily, and should be, disposed of, blah blah mundane blah.

This is the doctrine of Magian Occultism – that "I command the powers..."; that "I can become powerful enough/knowledgeable enough" to master anything; and that, "given the right tools, the right drawings or blueprints (abstractions) I can cobble my own system together or use something from somewhere else so long as it's useful to me..."

This is, ultimately, the urban whine of Homo Hubris – "I'll be safe; or I can make myself safe. I am or can be in control." This, ultimately, is urban whine of the most pretentious among that untermenschen species, Homo Hubris: "That Reality is what I make it or what others have made it, or perceived it to be, through their causal abstractions."

The acausal, however, allows for no such safety and no such mundane control. It cannot be disposed of if some urban git believes it is no longer useful for them or ceases "to believe in it". It is, most importantly, not a creation of the human mind, of our consciousness. Not a matter of perception.

For, acausally, there is no subject distinct from, separate from, an object. For that distinction implies the separation of causality (between subject and object) and the linear movement of causality (some-thing passing from subject to object and vice versa) and also implies a perception (based on abstractions, such as categories) as to why the subject is or may be different from the object. Thus, acausally, there is no perception of an object by a subject, such as ourselves. There is thus no "consciousness" to be individually aware of either such an object or of the subject itself (such as what causally we consider ourselves). There is not even any "change" – or progression or development – since there is no consciousness to perceive it and no causal linearity to measure such change.

For, acausally, there is no language as we currently understand language – because such language almost invariably (and especially Western languages) require or assume (imply) *a copula*, which itself implies the aforementioned distinction between some subject and some object, between subject and predicate. Between one existent and another existent, or between one subject and some object with some quality (or category) that has become to be associated with that object.

How then can we know and understand the acausal? To be pedantic (or to be esoterically precise), “we” cannot – since there is no you or I or we to apprehend it. But, less esoterically, and thus somewhat exoterically, we can only currently (outside of such Esoteric Arts as dark-empathy) apprehend the acausal by its affects on our causal realm where we have our existence, and thus the most significant affect of the acausal in the causal is, as mentioned earlier, Life itself – the acausal energy presencing in our causal continuum that animates matter and makes that matter a living entity, from the microscopic cell to we human beings to Nature.

Thus, we do not need “explanations” – or attempts at explanation – of the acausal by such causal things as “chaos”, or so-called chaos theory, quantum mechanics, particle physics, or by reference to any currently existing *-isms* such as some gnostic or Buddhist teaching or some exposition of some gnostic or Buddhist tenet, or even by some mathematical representation (given the current causal nature of maths). All such explanations or interpretations or comparisons are irrelevant; unhelpful; unnecessary.

To know and understand the acausal we just have to engage with it; experience it. No theories; no explanations. We have to cultivate, in ourselves, the faculties of acausal knowing and dark-empathy [6]. We have to thus come to know those causally-dwelling beings beyond our own individual being: the being of archetypes, the being of Nature and the beings that a part of, and not separate from, either Nature or that illusion of apprehension which is of our individual self. We have to become Adepts of The Dark Arts: practitioners of acausal sorcery. We have to evoke, invoke, to presence, those living beings who dwell in the acausal dimensions and who represent a type of Life beyond our causal living.

In brief, we have to live our life in a different way from ordinary mortals. Which is why we are following The Sinister Way, to The Abyss and to *The Acausal Beyond*.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] It should be remembered that the ONA uses terms such as *psyche* and *archetype* in a particular esoteric way. See, for example, *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (Version \geq 3.01)

[2] Technically, and esoterically, Nature is defined as both a type of supra-personal being, and that innate, creative, force (that is, $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$) which animates physical matter and makes it living, *here on this planet we call Earth*.

[3] A rudimentary example of this is given in *Naos*.

[4] For causal abstractions, see *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (Version \geq 3.01)

[5] The basics of Magian Occultism are outlined in the jovial article *Magian Occultism*, by Lianna of the Darky Sox.

[6] For a basic overview, see the ONA texts *The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way* and *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*.

Some Texts Concerning Grade Rituals

[Brief Guide to the Grades](#)

[External Adept](#)

[Internal Adept](#)

[Beyond Internal Adept](#)

Order of Nine Angles



An Introduction to Insight Rôles: Order of Nine Angles

Part One: Personal Insight Rôles

Insight Rôles are a necessary part of the Seven Fold Way. Every Initiate has to undertake at least one Insight Rôle following their Initiation [see the *Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way*]. This Insight Rôle - which must last a minimum of one year (that is, in this instance for one particular and specific alchemical season) - should be chosen so that the task undertaken is in most ways the opposite of the character of the Initiate. The Initiate is expected to be honest in assessing their own character, as they are expected to find a suitable Insight Rôle for themselves, either a personal Insight Rôle, or an Aeonic one, and this assessment and this finding are esoterically worthwhile tasks in themselves.

Thus, an individual who found it difficult to accept authority - a rebel by nature - might choose, as a personal Insight Rôle, the task of joining and serving in the Police or the Armed Forces, just as someone who loved the pleasures of the flesh, and violence, might choose to become a Buddhist, or other type of, monk. Similarly, someone who considered themselves honest might choose to turn to a life of crime, and organize a criminal gang to relieve suitable victims (see the sinister guidelines re victims) of some property or other assets. Or they might become a drug dealer, or a supplier of drugs. Another Insight Rôle would be for someone without any interest in politics or an inclination to violence, to become involved with an extremist political organization (either of what is conventionally - non-esoterically - described as "the extreme Left" or "the extreme Right"), and aid that organization in practical ways. Yet another Insight Rôle would be to assume the character of an assassin and cull those detrimental to the aims of the ONA. A personal Insight Rôle suitable to someone who was not particularly interested in social occasions (and who was somewhat shy by nature), might be to organize an "escort agency" or run a brothel in a suitable area; another might be for them to embark, alone, upon a journey around the world.

Let us consider, as an example, the task of some Initiate becoming a Buddhist monk for a year. The Initiate must convince those in authority in the chosen monastery that they are sincere. This requires a study of Buddhism; it requires the Initiate to undertake Buddhist meditation. The Initiate must then succeed in gaining admittance, and once admitted, must live in a Buddhist way: that is, observing the tenets of Buddhism, however hard this might be.

One thing which is important about Insight Rôles is that the individual Initiate undertaking them is forbidden from telling anyone - however close a friend - why they are doing what they are doing. This applies to partners/spouses. The Initiate must appear committed to the chosen task, as they must live that task for at least a year: they must identify with the rôle they have chosen.

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate. Such Insight Rôles include aiding political (and some religious) forms; doing practical deeds which aid the breakdown of society - such as certain "crimes" (and dealing in drugs), covert

activity, assassinating suitable opfers, and so on. Insight Rôles which aid the sinister dialectic can be suggested by the person who is guiding the Initiate (if they have such an ONA guide) or they can be deduced, by the Initiate, from a study of the aims of the ONA and a study of the sinister dialectic itself. Indeed, such a deduction by the Initiate is a worthwhile learning in itself.

An Insight Rôle is only valid - that is, only achieves what it is supposed to achieve in terms of evolving the Initiate - if it is maintained for at least one year, and if the Initiate really does accept the restrictions, the ways, the rules, which are or may be applicable to the task or way of life chosen. If an Initiate cheats in some way, they are only cheating themselves. Thus they are expected to keep their own personal and esoteric aim hidden, while maintaining the "outward personality" appropriate to their chosen rôle. For many people, this can be difficult - which is intentional - as it can also lead some individuals to begin to identify with their rôle, and thus renounce their Sinister quest, in which case, they have failed this particular test of the Sinister Way, which test, in the case of all Insight Rôles, lasts for a particular alchemical season, or more.

If an Initiate considers it might be worthwhile, they can undertake a second Insight Rôle some months after completing their first, with this new Insight Rôle involving a different way of life than their first.

In addition to Initiates, Internal Adepts are advised to undertake an Insight Rôle, one or two years after they have completed the rite of Internal Adept. The Insight Rôle of an Internal Adept, however, must have an Aeonic aspect.

Part Two: Aeonic Insight Rôles

Introduction:

As it is stated above:

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate.

As mentioned below:

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

The Current Situation

In order to determine the Aeonic aspect to Insight Rôles it is necessary to understand the current situation that exists in the world, and this esoteric understanding is, currently, itself heretical in all of those countries that make up what has been called "The West". In addition, this esoteric understanding is, of necessity, independent of "politics" (however conventionally described) although it is only to be expected that the majority of non-Initiates will not comprehend this, and will thus and rather stupidly label this esoteric understanding by some Old Aeon term of other, just as they will most probably continue in their supine ignorance to describe those who possess such an Initiated understanding by some epithet or other.

This esoteric and Initiated understanding is one of dominance by the so-called "New World Order", which basically means the domination of the Magian. This domination over the West - and increasingly other countries - is essentially

that of what is often euphemistically called "Zionism" with the reality that most nations in the West are covertly ruled by a Zionist Occupation Government (ZOG).

This situation has arisen from two factors. First, the covert introduction into the societies of the West of Marxist, and Marxist-sociological, values and ideas, Second, from the military and economic dominance of America which is all but now controlled by Zionist interests. In respect of the the introduction of Marxism, the societies of the West have been steadily "socially engineered", through laws, through the power of the Media, through government schemes, and through indoctrination spread especially by teachers in Schools and Universities. This "social engineering" has been to produce - and has produced - a plebeian society (lacking in honour and true excellence) and tyrannical governments who rule by that organized protection racket known as State and government taxes, and by the rule of an ignoble and abstract law, which abstract law is the antithesis of the warrior law of personal honour.

The reality is that a world-wide capitalist tyranny has been created, with the peoples of the West made for the most part docile through materialism and "entertainment" and "sport" and "personal pursuits", with their opinions formed for them by The State, its educational system, politicians, and the Media - especially television and newspapers. The individual has become subservient to The State in thought, word and deed. Basically, the individual is now mostly powerless before the might of The State.

Of course, the majority do not see this, duped as they are and have been by The System with its trickery of "democracy" and "rights". In addition, some dissent and "rebellion" is allowed, and even encouraged - so long as it does threaten in any real way the ideas and the control of The System. Those individuals, groups, organizations who do or who may pose a serious threat to The System are dealt with, often by those organizations being outlawed, and their leaders and members being tried according to some tyrannical State law and put into prison for a long time.

The System - having made itself secure among The States of the West - has recently embarked on the next part of the plan, which is to create a new Empire to ensure the material wealth and military superiority of its leading lackey government, that of the America. To this end, countries have been invaded, and sanctions used to bring others under control.

The System and its lackey States are a serious threat to our evolution - to the creation of free, strong, independent human beings. The System wants - and even demands - that we are or become subservient, to its ways, its laws, its sociological ideas, to the basic materialistic animalistic way of life its allows for its "citizens", a way devoid of real adventure, real challenges, real numinosity. This way is the way of the sub-human.

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

For this aim of a new human type to be achieved, we must break-down and indeed destroy the States that make up The System, the New World Order (NWO), as we must challenge the enervating ideas, the enervating ways, of The System, and replace them with our own life-enhancing ideas and ways.

If The System is not destroyed, then our evolution will be stifled, and our promise - the greatness, Destiny and glories which await among the Cosmos - will remain unfulfilled.

To destroy The System both magickal and practical *action* is required, by individuals, and groups. Thus, any group or individual which is engaged in *practical* action against The System with the purpose of destroying it and challenging its ideas is interesting from the point of view of the Sinister Dialectic and those undertaking an Aeonics Insight Rôle.

Some Suggested Aeonics Insight Rôles

The following are some suggested Aeonics Insight Rôles, based on a knowledge of the sinister dialectic and the

situation as exists at the time of writing (114yf). Some of these suggested Insight Rôles are relatively easy; some are especially hard and dangerous, and thus suited only to the most daring and sinister individuals.

- (1) Join or form a covert insurrectionary political organization - either of the so-called "extreme Left" or of the "extreme Right" - whose avowed aim is to undermine by practical, revolutionary, means the current Western *status quo*.
- (2) Undertake the role of assassin, selecting as your opfers those who publicly support or aid, ZOG, the NWO, The System.
- (3) Convert to Islam and aid, through words, or deeds, or both, those undertaking Jihad against Zionism and the NWO.
- (4) Join or form an *active* anarchist organization or group dedicated to fighting the capitalist System.
- (5) Join or form a National Socialist group or organization, and aid that organization, and especially aid and propagate "historical revisionism".

Recommend Reading

- 1) *Notes on Insight Rôles*, ONA Ms 114yf
- 2) *Insight Rôles - A Guide*, ONA Ms 1989 ev [superceded by (1)]
- 3) *Insight Rôles, The Secret Guide*, ONA Ms 1985 ev [superceded by (1)]
- 4) *The Sinister Dialectic*, ONA Ms
- 5) *Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction*, ONA Ms
- 6) *Aims of the ONA*, ONA Ms 1994 eh
- 7) *ONA Insight Rôles: An Introduction*, ONA Ms, 114yf

Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way

Introduction

The Dark Arts (aka Dark, or Sinister, Sorcery) include: (1) the basic skills of *practical sorcery* traditionally learnt - by means of practical experience - by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way; and (2) an additional series of techniques or skills suitable for an aspiring Rounwytha. The additional (advanced) skills include Dark-Empathy, using, or creating, nexions to access the acausal, and Acausal-Thinking. [Note that sorcery is a synonym for magick.]

The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way thus enable the practitioner to:

- (1) Participate in, control, and enable their own personal evolution – that is, develop their latent ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species; and undertake that evolution.
- (2) Come-to-know certain acausal [sinister] beings, and is thus understand the acausal itself.
- (3) Work Aeonic Sorcery.

The advanced Dark Arts can, among other things, also provide the prepared and skilled Rounwytha - the sinister Adept - with the ability to live-on beyond their causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

Practical Sorcery

Practical sorcery refers to External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery. These skills are outlined in texts such as *Naos* (for External and Internal Sorcery), and, for Aeonic sorcery, in grimoires such as *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, *Dark Goddess*. The esoteric essence behind the practice of Aeonic sorcery is given in texts relating to the mythos of The Dark Gods, and works such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles* (parts 1 and 2).

Developing Acausal Empathy

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit).

To develop acausal empathy, the following techniques are used:

- (1) The Rite of Internal Adept.

This simple Rite - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - is the main, most effective, means of developing acausal empathy, and it enables the aspiring Rounwytha, by its rigours, simplicity, and isolation, to

attune themselves to the acausal essence beyond causal forms. To live for a period of no less than three months, in the simple manner prescribed and in an isolated location removed from human habitation and human contact, is how sinister Adepts have, for centuries, begun to develop the faculty of acausal-empathy and acquired the most important esoteric skill of being able, by using this faculty, of opening nexions to the acausal.

The standard form of this technique lasts for only one specific alchemical season (from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice in Northern climes), which specific alchemical season is the absolute minimum amount of causal time required to enable the aspiring Rounwytha to acquire the basic, and necessary, skills.

The more advanced form - lasting for a different and longer alchemical season (from Winter Solstice to Summer Solstice in Northern climes) - is however, while difficult and intensely selective because of this difficulty - more efficacious and develops much greater, more effective, skills, and indeed is the breeding ground of a Rounwytha.

(2) Exploring the sinister pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyrð.

These personal explorations - as given in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - enable the aspiring Rounwytha to begin the process of objectifying causal forms, and develop the necessary skill of finding, becoming sensitive to, and being able to distinguish between, various collocations of esoteric energies, whether the energies be personal (in the psyche of the individual and limited to the lifetime of the individual or a period in that lifetime) or archetypal (shared among various individuals over periods of causal time often beyond the life of one individual) or acausal (beyond both of the former types).

These explorations are recommended to be undertaken before the Rite of Internal Adept, and what - in these particular explorations - distinguishes an aspiring Rounwytha from an aspiring sinister Adept, is that the aspiring Rounwytha finds it easy and natural to not only distinguish between the various collocations, the various types, of esoteric energies, but also to move beyond all forms (as given in such explorations and as described by various terms and words in books such as *Naos*) to the acausal essence, something not described, in practical detail, in such written works.

(3) It has been found, by practical experience, that the preliminary training afforded by following The Seven Fold Sinister Way - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - is an effective means of ensuring success in acquiring and developing those skills in acausal empathy that the Rite of Internal Adept can produce in an individual.

Thus, this preliminary training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - while not strictly necessary - is highly recommended, especially if the aspiring Rounwytha does not have a natural empathic ability.

Developing Acausal Thinking

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

The main and most effective practical means of acquiring and developing the skill - the Dark Art - of acausal thinking is The Star Game, as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept*.

It is recommended that the individual begins with the simple form of the game - which only has 27 pieces - before

constructing and beginning to play the advanced form of the game, as described in *Naos*. While the essentials of acausal thinking can be developed by regular playing of the simple game, it is the advanced form of the game that really develops the Dark Art of acausal-thinking.

In many ways, acausal-thinking can be considered to be a developed, and an enhanced, form of acausal-empathy, although in essence it is really a distinct, new, evolutionary ability whose genesis was acausal-empathy.

Using Nexions to Access The Acausal

As described in another ONA MS:

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to “gates” or openings or “tunnels” where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in which acausal energy is presented or “channelled into” by a sinister Adept.

Once a certain amount of skill in acausal-thinking and acausal-empathy has been acquired, the Rounwytha can conduct rites to open, or to create, a direct nexion to the acausal, and thus either access acausal energy, or presence - bring into the causal - certain Dark Entities, certain acausal beings, for whatever purpose the Rounwytha desires.

One of the simplest rites to do this is the "simple" *Nine Angles Rite*, in either the Natural, or the Chthonic, Form.

A much more efficacious - that is, more powerful - rite to open a direct nexion to the acausal is The Ceremony of Recalling, with Sacrificial Conclusion, as given for example, in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Other rituals, and means, are given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Toward The Acausal Continuum

A Rounwytha will know when their causal time to prepare to progress toward the acausal continuum has arrived. Thus will their detailed preparations begin for the forthcoming journey, which supra-mortal journey will be undertaken at the end of a propitious alchemical season, when the causal and the acausal continuums are correctly aligned to allow greater access to the acausal. Propitious times include when the Moon occults Dabih, or is very close to it; and when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

The preparations will begin at the start of the chosen alchemical season.

The Rite itself - as described in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* - requires several opfers, who will be chosen according to our traditional guidelines, and brought to, and confined in, the place chosen for what is the most sinister and the most joyful Rite of all.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles

A Note on Terms:

Rounwytha is the term used to describe an individual - male or female - who has great skill in both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking. The term was traditionally applied only to those, mostly women, who were naturally gifted in esoteric empathy before such abilities were rationally, and esoterically, understood, and thus before they could be developed and enhanced by sinister techniques. The term was, according to aural tradition, applied to rural sorceresses of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition who lived in a certain area of England.

The term Rounwytha is now generally used to describe a sorcerer, or sorceress, of our Sinister Tradition, who has acquired and who has developed skill in - or who has a natural ability and a natural skill in - both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking

Thus, while every Rounwytha of our Way is by nature and training a sinister Adept, not every sinister Adept is a Rounwytha, since not every sinister Adept has acquired great practical skill in acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking, or has the ability (natural or acquired) to so acquire and so develop such skills. Nearly every Rounwytha - past and present - has acquired and/or developed their skills by undertaking the longer form of the Rite of Internal Adept.

Given the talent, skill and natural ability of nearly every Rounwytha, it is not always necessary for them - nor is it a requirement for them - to assiduously undertake the training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept, as outlined in *Naos*, which training is a practical way for any individual to become a sinister Adept.

A Note on Texts:

It is recommended that those desirous of learning the Dark Arts - as practised and as taught by the ONA - use original ONA facsimile texts of works such as *Naos*, and *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Facsimile copies of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now widely available, both on the Internet, and from several books publishers. Nearly all other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them.

pdf Internet versions, and printed copies, of *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* are also now widely available.



The Geryne of Satan

Introduction

This brief essay will outline a few interesting facts about the terms Satan and Satanism (and thus Satanist), including their historical usage in the English language, and thus may guide the sagacious to an understanding of the geryne [1] of Satan: that the mysterious secret of Satan is the simple heretical, japing, and confrontational reality of *being or becoming a satan*.

Satan

The scribes of the Septuagint mostly rendered the Hebrew שָׂטָן as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβωλω - and which Greek term implies someone who is an adversary and who thus is pejoratively regarded (by those so opposed) as scheming, as plotting against them; that is, the sense is of ἐπίβουλος - scheming against/opposed to (the so-called 'chosen ones'). Someone, that is, who stirs up trouble and dissent.

Only in a few later parts - such as Job and Chronicles - does the Hebrew seem to imply something else, and on these occasions the word usually occurs with the definitive article: *hasatan* - *the satan*: the chief adversary (of the so-called 'chosen ones') and the chief schemer, who in some passages is given a fanciful hagiography as a 'fallen angel'.

Now, given that the earliest known parts of the Septuagint date from around the second century BCE [2] - and thus may well be contemporaneous with (or not much older than) the composition of most of the Hebrew Pentateuch (the earliest being from around 230 BCE [3]) - this rendering by the scribes of the

word *satan* as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβωλω is very interesting and indicative given the meaning of the Greek, and supports the contention that, as originally used and meant, *satan* is some human being or beings who 'diabolically' plot or who scheme against or who are 'diabolically' opposed to those who consider themselves as 'chosen' by their monotheistic God, and that it was only much later that 'the *satan*' became, in the minds of the writers of the later parts of the Old Testament, some diabolical 'fallen angel'.

Thus, it is generally accepted by scholars that the Hebrew word *satan* (usually, a *satan*) in the early parts of Old Testament means a human opponent or adversary (of God's chosen people, the Hebrews) [4] or someone or some many who plot against them.

Now, as has been mentioned in several previous ONA texts, in heretical contradistinction to others and especially to contradict the majority of modern self-described Satanists, the ONA asserts that the word *satan* has its origin in Ancient Greek.

That is, that it is our contention that the Hebrew word derives from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek αἰτία/αἴτιος - as for example in the Homeric *μείων γὰρ αἰτία* (to accuse/to blame) or as in "an accusation" (qv. Aeschylus: *αἰτίαν ἔχειν*) - and that it was this older Greek form which became corrupted to the Hebrew '*satan*' and whence also the '*Shaitan*' of Islam. Furthermore, in the Greek of the classical period αἰτία and διαβολή - accusation, slander, quarrel - were often used for the same thing, when a negative sense was meant or implied (as in a false accusation) with the person so accused becoming an opponent of those so accusing, or when there was enmity (and thus opposition, scheming, and intrigue) as for example mentioned by Thucydides - *κατὰ τὰς ἰδίας διαβολὰς* (2.65).

Given that, for centuries, שָׂטָן as described in the Old Testament of the Hebrews was commonly written in English as *sathans* [5] and thus pronounced as *sath-ans* (and not as *say-tan*) it is perhaps easy to understand how the Greek αἰτία - or the earlier Homeric αἴτιος - could become transformed, by non-Greeks, to שָׂטָן

In respect of this God and this 'fallen angel', as mentioned in another ONA text:

" There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories,

myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda." *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*

Furthermore, despite claims by some Hebrew and Nazarene scholars, it is now becoming accepted that the oldest parts of the Old Testament were probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE, and thus long after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus and long after Greek word *aitia* was used for an accusation.

It is also interesting that there is an early use, in English, of the plural term *satans* as adversaries, which occurs in the book *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical* published in London in 1685 CE and written by the Shropshire-born Richard Baxter:

" To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Matthew, xvi. 23

In an earlier work, published in 1550 CE, the *chyl dren of Sathan* are corralled with heretics:

"Dyuers Bysshoppes of Rome beyng Annabaptystes, heretyques, scismatiques, & chyl dren of Sathan." John Coke. *The debate betwene the heraldes of Englande and Fraunce*. 1550, g. Giv^v [*Débat des hérauts d'armes de France et d'Angleterre*. Paris, Firmin Didot et cie, 1877]

Thus, satan/sathan/sathanas as a term - historically understood - describes: (1) some human being or beings who diabolically plot or who scheme or who are opposed to those who [6] consider themselves chosen by their monotheistic God; and/or (2) some human being or beings who are heretical and adversarial, against the status quo, and especially, it seems, against the religion of the Nazarenes.

Satanism

The earliest use of the term Satanism in the English language, that is, of the suffix *-ism* applied to the word *Satan* - so far discovered - is in *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* published in Antwerp in 1565 CE and written by the Catholic recusant Thomas Harding:

"Meaning the time when Luther first brinced to Germanie the poisoned cuppe of his heresies, blasphemies, and sathanismes." *A Confutation*, Antwerp, 1565, ii. ii. f. 42^v

Three things are of interest, here.

(1) First, the spelling, sathanismes - deriving from *sathan*, a spelling in common usage for many centuries, as for instance in Langland's *Piers Plowman* of 1337 CE:

"For þei seruen sathan her soule shal he haue." *Piers Plowman* B. ix. 61

and also, centuries later, in the 1669 CE play *Man's the Master* by William Davenant:

"A thousand Sathans take all good luck." (v. 87)

(2) The second point of interest is that, as the above and other quotations show, the term sathan was also commonly used to refer to someone or some many who was a schemer, a plotter, a trickster, or an adversary.

(3) The third point of interest is that the first usage of the suffix - by Thomas Harding - as well as the common subsequent usage of the term Satanism has the meaning of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature or doctrine. That is, the earliest meanings and usage of the term sathanism are not 'the worship of Satan' nor of some religious or philosophical belief(s) associated with the figure of Sathan.

Furthermore, as mentioned previously, an early (1685 CE) usage of term *Satans* also imputes the foregoing meaning of adversarial or diabolical character:

"To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Richard Baxter. *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical*. London, 1685 CE, Matthew, xvi. 23

Indeed, in 1893 CE the writer Goldwin Smith used the term Satanism in this older general sense to refer to a type of destructive social revolution:

" That sort of social revolution which may be called Satanism, as it seeks, not to reconstruct, but to destroy." Goldwin Smith. *Essays on questions of the day*. (Macmillan, 1893 CE)

Similarly, an earlier 1833 CE article in *Fraser's magazine for Town and Country* used the term in connection with Byron:

" This scene of Byron's is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism." Vol 8 no. 524

Thus, the English term satanism/sathanism - historically understood - describes: (1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

Satanist

The earliest usages of the term Satanist, that is, of the suffix *-ist* applied to the term *Satan* - so far discovered - also imputes a similar meaning to foregoing; that is, of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature, of heretics, and of heretical/adversarial doctrine:

" The Anabaptistes, with infinite other swarmes of Satanistes." John Aylmer. *An harborowe for faithfull and trewe subjects agaynst the late blowne blaste concerning the gouernment of wemen*. London, 1559, sig. H1^v

"Be ye Zuinglians, Arians, Anabaptistes, Caluinistes, or Sathanistes?"
Thomas Harding. *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'*. Antwerp, 1565.

"By nature an Athiest, By arte a Machiuelist, In summe a Sathanist,
loe here his hire." Marphoreus. *Martins Months Minde*. 1589, [7]

Only much later, from around 1896 CE onwards, was the term Satanist used to describe those who were alleged to worship Satan:

" There are five temples of Satanism in Paris itself." Arthur Lillie. *The worship of Satan in modern France*. London 1896.

" It is believed on the Continent that apostate priests frequently consecrate for the Satanists and Freemasons." Joseph McCabe. *Twelve years in a monastery*. London, 1897.

Thus, the English term satanist/sathanist - historically understood - describes: (1) an adversarial, a diabolical, character; (2) those who adhere to or champion heretical/adversarial doctrines.

Conclusion

As someone wrote over two thousand years ago - *εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἔοντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ' ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα*. [8]

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen
(Revised 2455853.743)

Notes

[1] The Old English word *gerȳne* - from Old Saxon *girūni* - means "secret, mystery".

[2] The earliest MS fragment - Greek Papyrus 458 in the Rylands Papyri collection [qv. *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, 20 (1936), pp. 219-45] - was found in Egypt and dates from the second century BCE.

[3] It is, of course, in the interests of both Nazarenes and Magians to maintain or believe that the Hebrew Old Testament of the Hebrews was written centuries before this date, just as such early dating is a common mundane assumption perpetuated by both those who consider the Internet is a reliable source of information and by those who have not studied the subject, for some years, in a scholarly manner. Had such a scholarly study been undertaken, they would be aware of the scholarly disputes about the dating of Hebrew Old Testament - and of the Septuagint - that have existed for well over a hundred years, as they would also be able to make their own informed judgement about the matter.

My own judgement is that there is good evidence to suggest that 230 (\pm 50) BCE is the most likely earliest date for the Hebrew Old Testament. I should, however, add, that this is still a 'minority opinion', with many academics still favouring the more 'safe' opinion of 350 (\pm 30) BCE.

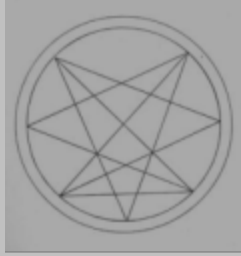
[4] For example - *καὶ ἦσαν σαταν τῷ Ἰσραηλ πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας Σαλωμων* (3 Kings 11:14)

[5] See the section on *Satanism*, below.

[6] *καὶ ἔσθη διάβολος ἐν τῷ Ἰσραηλ*

[7] See *The Martin Marprelate Tracts* (1588–89) and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, volume III - Renascence and Reformation, Cambridge UP, 1920, p. 394f

[8] *One should be aware that Polemos pervades, with discord δίκη, and that beings are naturally born by discord.* [Trans DWM.]



The Adversarial ONA

The Heretics Guide To O9A 3.0

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Bringing The Tyrannye Down

Tyranne, tyrannye – Middle English; later spelling > tyranny. Latin *tyrannia* via Latin *tyrannus* from the Greek *τύραννος*

One of the fundamental principles on which ONA participants – be they Niners, Dreccs, Satanists, of Traditional Nexions, or whatever – all agree upon is that all societies currently existing in Western lands are tyrannical in two important ways. First, because of the slavery that results from the causal abstractions that form the basis and the ethos of such societies; and second, because of the self-imposed authority of centralized governments, often enforced as this authority is by the use of State institutions such as the police, the armed forces, the security services, and so-called ‘courts of law’.

A tyranny in evidence, for instance, when ‘the Establishment’ – the hubriati –

feel threatened and/ or when the castellans/guardians/satraps of The State find the ideas/ideals/abstractions/beliefs they cherish are under threat. For then – as in recent riots in England (2011 ce) and as in the clearance of the recent ‘occupy’ protests and as earlier in the *Hafenstraße* – The State will react with violence, use whatever force they deem necessary, and often deal with dissidents in a harsh, punitive, impersonal manner, as occurred following the London riots.

A tyranny also in evidence in the duplicity, hypocrisy, and arrogance of governments who proclaim adherence to democracy but who ignore public opposition to their policies when it suits them, or when their abstractions and their agenda demand it – as, for example, when the British and American and other Western governments of the day ignored massive public opposition to the invasion and occupation of Iraq; or when, for example, the privileged ruling elite try to limit wage rises and restrict social benefits to ordinary people but continue to allow company directors, bankers, and other hubriati, to award themselves bonuses and profit from their schemes, their usury, their capitalistic machinations. As the old adage goes:

He that hath much, doeth tyranny to hym that hath but littell. [1]

So, how can we bring the tyrannye down and thus create the conditions and the foundations for our New Aeon, a New Aeon evident, for example, in a plenitude of individuals living by our code of kindred-honour and where individual pathemathos is the normative mean having replaced dependence on, submission to, and belief in, causal abstractions?

First, we need to understand that this process will take a certain – and long – duration of causal Time, and which duration will most certainly be longer than that of everyone living now, and most probably of a duration which encompasses the life of the next generation and the one after that. This understanding is wyrdful, an esoteric, an initiated, knowing of Reality, and thus of ourselves as a nexion and of the true nature of abstractions, of mundanes, of the hubriati, of The System. A knowing that makes us think in a different way and speak a different language than mundanes – the thinking, the language, of Aeons, of wyrd, of acausal presencing, and of sinister-numinous emanations.

Hence, we do not naively, idealistically, dream about ‘smashing The System’ by our own efforts in our own brief span of mortal life; nor do we speak and write about some ‘revolution’ which it is believed can or may be brought about, again in our own brief span of mortal life, by some tactic or tactics, such as armed struggle or civil disobedience.

Revolutions, tyrants, hubriati, wars, conflicts, abstractions, governments, rulers, empires, towns, cities, come and go; even what we now term nations are

in flux, liable to be assimilated, made of no account. What remains, what always remains, are humans, and mostly – en masse – unchanged in nature. Humans who will jostle and kill for power, wealth, influence; who will be in thrall to beliefs, abstractions – new or old; who will continue to manufacture abstraction after abstraction; who will continue to be slaves to their own desires and delusions about themselves. Who will speak and write about ‘revolution’ or about some abstraction such as ‘human rights’ or ‘democracy’. And so on, mundanity after mundanity, causal abstraction following causal abstraction.

For, esoterically, we are not about changing ‘the system’ in some minor way, or simply replacing one abstraction with another. We are not about taking and then exercising power and authority. We are about changing what ‘authority’ means and implies and introducing new ways of life based on this. Which means changing, developing, evolving human beings, by means both esoteric and exoteric. Changing ourselves in certain specific ways and which specific ways lead to us developing a particular, an Aeonic, a cosmic, perspective and thence, from our *pathei-mathos*, a certain understanding.

This is the species of understanding that leads me to write that, in my view, there are three main ways *to bring the tyrannye down* and thus create the conditions and the foundations for our New Aeon, and all of which ways are quite uncomplicated:

(1) By more and more individuals adopting or being influenced or inspired by the *ethos*, *mythos*, and *praxis* of the ONA (both what it is now and will evolve to be), and thus becoming in personal character and often in life-style less and less dependant on the nation-State, on The System, on abstractions.

(2) By the practical actions – exoteric and esoteric – of those of our kind and influenced by us.

(3) By the continuing infiltration of our kind into certain influencing roles and within certain Institutions.

(1) includes, for example, the establishment (on the basis of kindred-honour) of clans and tribes, as well as individuals and families co-operating locally in a non-hierarchical manner and on the basis of mutual respect and tolerance.

(2) includes ‘direct action’ and political/social/religious involvement of individuals, for instance as part of their desire to live exotically (and so gain practical experience), or as some Insight Role, or as individual/group adversarial *praxis*, or to generally aid kindred spirits (such as those who describe themselves as anarchists) and who thus also know The System for the tyranny it is.

This is therefore the way, the manner, that includes the use of whatever causal form or forms that may be considered interesting/useful/productive regardless of how such forms are described by others.

(3) includes individuals, and members of established nexions/groups, clandestinely testing, recruiting, and then guiding a few people, especially in academia, the media, the arts, the police, the military. Thus will our ethos and our praxis – in their living inner essence – slowly propagate, seed, themselves, to flower elsewhere as those now of us, decade following decade, betake themselves away into the world, undermine The System from within, recruit others, and be able if required to use their positions/influence to aid individuals of our kind.

Thus it is our people – their inner change, their affective and effecting lives and deeds – who will produce, over durations of causal Time, the required exterior changes because these people are, or they will become, affective and effective nexions of a specific type; the type that the ONA now represents and will represent.

All that the ONA does and has done and will wyrdfully do – in whatever iteration [2] – is be a certain type of nexion, a connexion to the acausal essence/energies beyond all causal forms and opposites, and also and importantly a connexion between causal past-present-future, thus binding and bringing together a certain type of human, and being the genesis of new human types and thence of such new ways of living as befits them. Or, expressed another way, the Order of Nine Angles is simply one means whereby wisdom can be acquired.

Or, expressed in an even more exoteric way and using current causal terms, we aim to be the hidden force which drives and which produces a certain type of human change – the heretical, subversive, adversarial, sinister, anarchist, one.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 yfayen

Notes

[1] The quote is from Antonio De Guevara: *The golden boke of Marcus Aurelius emperour and eloquente oratour*. [Libro aureo de Marco Aurelio] translated by John Bourchier, and published in 1546 ce.

[2] The first iteration/phase – aka ONA 1.0 – may be considered to be most manifest in the overt and practical traditional Satanism of the early ONA (c.1972-1985 ce) with its ceremonial groups all of whom were in the UK and known to AL. The second iteration (c.1986-2009 ce) – aka ONA 2.0 – was most

manifest in the Seven-Fold Way and the praxis of individuals, world-wide, establishing their own ceremonial ONA-type groups/nexions. The third iteration - aka ONA 3.0 - is the current ONA, 2010 ce and > .



Beyond The Rhetoric - The Famylye, The Kollektive

Beyond all our written words, all our rhetoric - on whatever subject and whether pertaining to the esoteric or the exoteric - our distinct ONA/Niner kulture is evident in two connected things: our famylye, and our kollektive.

By famylye/family, in this context, is meant either: (1) a group/groups - a society/nexions - who are connected by virtue of sharing the same ethos, the same living culture, the same aims and goals; or (2) those whom we personally know and with whom we dwell and share our everyday life with and to whom we are related by ties of blood and/or a personal pledge of loyalty. To (1) belongs our kollektive; to (2) belong our partners, our children, relatives - and also our clans, tribes, gangs.

Thus it is our famylye (our family and families, personally known to us) and our kollektive - our people, sharing our ethos and our kulture - who can and will and over a certain duration of causal Time achieve our Aeonic aims and goals, among which aims and goals are breeding a new, more developed, type of human being, and bringing the current tyrannye down.

In practical terms, this means that we pass on to others - especially to our children, to kindred others, to new members of our kollektive - our kulture, our traditions, our ethos, and thus transform the system from within and from without: by the Aeonic, the sinisterly-numinous, process of famylye and Kollektive. That is, and to be prosaic, living kulture - The Famylye, The Kollektive - trumps causal tactics, and rhetoric, every time.

Or, expressed esoterically, The Famylye, The Kollektive, are our Aeonic - our wyrdful - sorcery.

Our Kulture

Our ONA/O9A/Niner kulture may be said to be evident in the combination of all of the following:

- (1) In the authority (both numinous and sinister) of individual judgement and individual responsibility.
- (2) In the necessity of practical deeds, sinister-numinous – and thence the necessity of pathei-mathos – to breed such experience and learning as are the genesis of such necessary individual judgement.
- (3) In the kollektive, non-hierarchical, nature of our organization and thus in the principle of mutual, agreed, co-operation, and one of which types of such co-operation is evident in our clans and tribes.
- (4) In the understanding of the illusive/restrictive/tyrannical nature of all causal abstractions and thus the necessity of liberating ourselves from all abstractions, and liberating ourselves from those forms – such as nation-States – which have been manufactured and which are maintained by the hubriati and their kind, and by mundanes, in order to try and manifest (to try and make real) some such abstractions.
- (5) In the practice – the amoral praxis – of using what works, is affective and effective, and discarding/revising what has been tried and shown not work.
- (6) In the knowledge of the mundanity of mundanes and the knowing that we, as individuals and collectively, possess wyrdful potential and certain esoteric abilities, with one such one esoteric ability being dark-empathy.
- (7) In the desire to develop/transform/change one's self and so evolve ourselves as members of the human species.
- (8) In the necessary of accepting and living by the code of kindred-honour, and which code is individual judgement, individual responsibility, and liberation from causal abstractions, made manifest and practical.
- (9) In the understanding that our code of kindred-honour applies equally to all of our kind, irrespective of their gender, ethnicity, perceived social/educational status, sexual preference (and so on) with the practical result that we judge people solely on the basis of a personal knowing of

them, on their deeds (not words), and on whether or not and how well they uphold and live by our code of kindred honour.

In practical terms, (1) and (8) and (9) mean that we all - young and old, male and female - are willing, prepared, and trained enough, to defend ourselves, our loved ones, and those given our personal pledge of loyalty, and that this practical defence (using if necessary lethal force) overrides whatever laws The System has manufactured and seeks to enforce. It also means that, if we personally as an individual or as a family or as a nexion/clan/gang deem it fitting, we seek our own justice - right whatever wrongs done to us, and take revenge if required - again irrespective of whatever laws The System has manufactured and seeks to enforce, and again even if it means we employ lethal force in pursuit of righting wrongs done to us and in taking revenge.

(4), (5) and (7) mean, for example, that we find - from our available (traditional and new) esoteric and exoteric arts and skills ^[1] - what works for and resonates with us, be such nurturing a family and raising them in our kulture, or learning and employing one or more of our Dark Arts, or living the way of clans or tribes, or using some outer causal form or abstraction ^[2], and so on.

(2) and (3) mean that we have abandoned and liberated ourselves from the restrictions of the Old Aeon, of The System - with its patriarchy, its hierarchies, its reliance on abstractions, and with its demand that individuals be subservient to, or sacrifice themselves for, or have faith in, some-thing someone else has manufactured, and thus accept and/or bow-down to some supra-personal authority, be such supra-personal authority some other human, some collocation ^[3] of humans, some dogma, some law or laws, some institution manufactured and maintained by some other humans, or some deity/supreme-being said to exist or believed by others to exist.

(6) means that we feel, know, and accept that we, our kind - and our progeny - are different, and are or can be archetypes, manifestations, of a new human species.

Our Ethos

Our ethos - that which expresses the essence, the spirit, the nature, the character, of our living kulture, of our living kollektive tradition - is manifest in:

- (1) our code of kindred honour;
- (2) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not

adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;

(3) our acceptance that it is primarily by *pathei-mathos* [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

Beyond The Rhetoric

There is thus, when Aeonically understood - in the perspective of *Wyrd* ^[4] - nothing mysterious about The Order of Nine Angles nor about how we can achieve our aims and goals.

We are and will be families and a Kollektive who share a common living kulture and thus a similar ethos, so that the ONA simply is these sinister-numinous emanations, these living nexions. Nexions who, by their very being - by their living, their deeds, and by their change, development, and increase - will move us toward and accomplish our aims and goals.

Hence, our people possess - represent - both *Wyrd* and *Destiny*, which is one reason why our kind and our progeny are different, since we or aspire to be unique archetypes, unique sinister-numinous manifestations, of a new human species, having liberated ourselves from the old esoteric archetypes of the Old Aeon and from the exoteric archetypes - the causal abstractions - of The System, and which System is now as it always has been in whatever outer form, just a presencing of such old esoteric and exoteric archetypes with their associated control, internal and external: over our psyche and over our everyday lives.

In practical terms, this means that our New Aeon is one where we have no need for archetypes or authority except our own: those born from our living - thus from our practical experience, our developed esoteric faculties, and our unique *pathei-mathos* - and those we manifest by living by our code of kindred-honour.

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Notes

[1] Our esoteric and exoteric Arts (The Practical Arts of the ONA) include Dark Arts such as The Seven Fold Way - and thus Internal, External, Aeonic Sorcery - as well as the Way of the Rounwytha, the way of clans and tribes, the life of a Niner, the way of Satanism, and such individual skills (such dark arts) as esoteric-empathy.

[2] Causal forms and abstractions are all *-isms* and all *-ologies*, and thus include political/religious/social action and movements.

[3] Collocation, from the Latin *collocāre*. An arrangement of; a particular, distinct, formation of. As, for example, in some hierarchical structure or as in some institution. Also, a certain arrangement of words, or as in the particular use of certain arrangements of words.

[4] As mentioned in some other ONA texts, Wyrð is different from Destiny. Wyrð is Aeonic (the acausal genesis of Aeons), while Destiny is personal, related to the finite mortal life-span of an individual human being. Wyrð is thus numinously archetypal, and can presence or be presented in and by archetypes.

Questions From A Rounwytha Initiate

Would I be right in thinking that in practical terms the Rounwytha principle means the Order of Nine Angles puts great emphasis on women?

Yes indeed. We always seem to have more women than men, at least pre-Internet, and certainly still do in our traditional nexions following the Seven Fold Way. Partly because of a knowing of and respect for the natural abilities of certain women, their character; partly because of the Rounwytha ethos that is central to the ONA, past, present and future, and also because our Way demands a genuine, sharing, empathic, and equal partnership between men and women, and because of our acceptance that Sapphism is natural and, to an extent, esoterically important.

One of the manifest errors – distortions – of the Left Hand Path, and of the Satanic, Magian Occultism so prevalent in the West, in the past, as still now, is its patriarchal nature and the fact that it is dominated by the de-evolutionary doctrine of so-called ‘might is right’ and thus dominated by and infested with male specimens of Homo Hubris who have no sense of honour, no culture, no empathy, no arête, little or no self-honesty, little or no manners, but who instead possess a bloated ego and a very high opinion of themselves.

One might say, with some justification in my view, that this reflects our current societies – that this domination and infestation in the Occult world, within the LHP and Satanism by such specimens, is mirrored by the domination of our societies by such specimens.

The view of women by many if not the majority of these male specimens of Homo Hubris is lamentable, dishonourable, uncultured, prejudiced – and typical of the Magian ethos, and of the Judeo-Nazarene tradition in general. For many of these male specimens, women are there for enjoyment; to satiate one’s lust; to bear children and look after children – and often to look after the man, to care for the man if and when the man allows them. That is, women are viewed by such male creatures as useful, and even occasionally as necessary, in terms for example of certain sexual instincts, appetites. But women are not viewed as complimentary to such a man; certainly not as an essential, a needed, complimentary, as an equal and necessary partner.

Thus, and excuse the generalization, but most of these male specimens of Homo Hubris do not think about women as close personal friends; of wanting a woman as a best friend, or women as their best friends – for they, these ‘real men’, have ‘their mates’ for that, and for most such male specimens the very thought of such a thing as having women as best mates makes them uncomfortable.

That is, for these specimens of Homo Hubris physical prowess and ‘manly competition’ are important, often to the extent that physical prowess, ‘manly competition’ and having mates, and being aggressive, defines them – is a measure of their self-identity, their ‘manliness’. Thus are they basically still primitive, still barbarians; still prone to the dishonourable blood lust and uncontrollable rage of such barbarians and still adhering mostly unconsciously to the doctrine of so-called ‘might is right’.

The truth is that many women are naturally gifted with qualities that many men still lack – qualities necessary in men for balance, both esoteric and exoteric. And qualities certainly required for someone to become an Internal Adept of our tradition and then pass into and beyond The Abyss, and thus qualities required to bring forth an entirely new and more evolved species of human being.

You're talking feminine qualities here? About empathy, right?

Yes, female qualities; natural female abilities. About natural empathy among other qualities. Natural empathy being one of the most important – and meaning having or developing a sensitivity to other people – to their feelings, their thoughts – and having or developing a sensitivity to other life, especially Nature. Natural empathy being the genesis of our esoteric-empathy, and which esoteric-empathy is thus a refinement and development of such natural empathy.

So yes, qualities hitherto most often associated with the female of our species, and not generally, for the most part, hitherto, associated with most men.

What other female qualities, apart from empathy, then?

Intuition, for one. Intuition as not only a foreseeing, an intimation, but also as interior self-reflexion. Charm, for another. Subtly, for another.

You mentioned developing them, these qualities. How?

Firstly by understanding our potential, and part of which understanding is of ourselves, of a man and of a woman, having both a sinister and a numinous character within them, and sinister and numinous abilities. For, in a simplified – very inexact way – and to an extent in an unconscious archetypal way, we might speak of these particular female qualities as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-numinous, and manly blood lust, rage, and competitiveness, as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-sinister. [1]

So development means developing and expressing what is missing or lacking, and also developing what is there or already expressed, and then melding what is so developed and using this meld, this amalgam, as the genesis of a new human being. It is in this new being, this new type of life, that our potential becomes manifest.

Our Dark Arts are an effective way to do this, to develop certain qualities and abilities and then this alchemical, living, amalgam. These Black Arts of ours include Grade Rituals such as Internal Adept and the traditional Rite of the Abyss, as well as Arts such as The Star Game and Esoteric Chant.

What do you mean – Esoteric Chant a Dark Art and means of developing empathy?

Not empathy, *per se*, but as a means of self-development, of self and acausal

discovery, as intimation, and as a presencing of certain acausal energies.

For example, Esoteric Chant aids the necessary, for us, ability of self-reflexion as it can aid and develop an awareness of the numinous, and also – when for instance used in certain esoteric ceremonies [2] – it can provide an awareness of the sinister.

Sorry, but I don't see how singing or chanting can do that.

To learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant takes time and effort. Unless of course you are already musically gifted and a trained singer and experienced in performing choral works!

But for most it takes many months, often a year or so, to become proficient, to train the voice, to gain the necessary experience of singing with others. In effect, it is rather like an extended Grade Ritual but one undertaken with others of a similar interest and a similar ethos, and with some or many of these necessary others being women. At the very least it requires the help of one's partner, one's partner in sorcery, although it is preferable, more effective, to both learn and perform Esoteric Chant with at least three other individuals.

There thus develops, or there should develop, a harmony and a *sympatheia* with others, and thus an appreciation of such Chant as a manifold nexion. As not only one particular type of nexion – an act or acts of sorcery involving necessary others – but also as a nexion within one's self. A practical learning therefore of the connexions that esoteric-empathy makes us aware of and also a self-reflexion, a self-discovery and a self-learning.

Simply expressed, in order to learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant – in order to experience just what this Art is and does – you require the aid, the help, the assistance, of others. You have to interact with, and perform with, them in certain ways. If you don't do this, the Chant won't work.

Again, simply expressed, working, learning, living, in this way in pursuit of such an esoteric goal for a year or more moves a man far away from the brutish way of 'might is right' – especially as the very Chant itself is quite affective; that is, numinous, quite cultured. Intimations of a more cultured, a more refined, realm of human existence.

But didn't you say it was also sinister?

Yes indeed, Esoteric Chant can be sinister when used as part of a specific ceremonial Rite. But the performance of such a ceremonial Rite of necessity means belonging to an organized traditional nexion following the initiatory Seven Fold Way, and so such an experience is not that common today among

those who use our methods or are inspired by our ethos [...]

I guess, in general, we're not talking here about men becoming kind of effeminate and women becoming masculine!

Au contraire. We're talking about what lies beyond and before such abstracted illusive opposites. About our potential, and about our real human nature, hidden and distorted for so long by religions; by urbanized ways of life; by the domination of barbarians; then by notions about imperialism and conquest and personal destiny. Then by *-isms* and *-ologies*. Now by The State. And so on.

In effect, we're talking about nurturing, developing, entirely new types of human beings, far removed from Western stereotypes. Types of human beings for whom the societies of modern nation-States are not a natural or even comfortable home but which may provide them with opportunities, resources, and so on. Especially since honour and the developed senses and skills that esoteric-empathy and acausal-thinking provide manifest their different, unique, way of life, and thus how they interact with and react to other human beings.

Can you be more specific, give examples of such new type of woman?

Only in a generalized way. One good illustration would be women of our kind, living by honour – those who were ready, willing, and able to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carried weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.

One example known to be personally – a friend of someone involved with us – is a female police officer of many years experience based in an American city. She is tough, 'street-wise', has used her firearm a few times in the line of duty, is skilled and experienced enough in self-defence and physical restraint techniques to be able to take down a man much bigger than her, and yet she has empathy, can be exceedingly charming, is well-read, and very feminine, a femininity quite noticeable when she is off-duty and enjoying herself with friends and which femininity would make the causal observer unaware of her inner character, her skills, her toughness, and her experience.

Another example may be of interest. A certain person I know very well once learnt, in his youth, a certain Martial Art, and on one of his subsequent travels as a still young man he made the acquaintance of and for a short while trained with a certain lady of Asian origin. This young lady, though slim of stature and rather slight of frame, could easily defeat him and also several muscular men. And yet she was also full of grace; elegant, cultured, well-mannered. Not a woman trying to be masculine in a macho Homo Hubris type of way, just someone who had – according to a tradition, a living culture, she was part of –

developed her potential and certain skills while retaining and enhancing what made her feminine. In short, she had acquired a natural balance within herself and was quite different from, inwardly and in skills, from the majority of other women around her although to the casual observer she did not outwardly appear that different.

The type of woman who could put a specimen of Western Homo Hubris in his place!

Most certainly! The type our societies need. A new female archetype if you will, different from the harshly competitive, materialistic, career-type women, and the ladette type, and the man-dependant, man-needing, lover/wife/mother type, that Magian 'political correctness' and capitalism seek to encourage, and also different from the men-imitating rather strident type that an increasingly trendy, Magian-derived, so-called feminism seeks to foster.

Instead, the type for whom personal honour is the key to living and to dying, and who – as I said – possesses attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on 'the law' or on others, and who does not, unconsciously or otherwise, need a man in order to make her happy or fulfilled. Someone, that is, who is not a slave to their desires, their feelings, their needs. Whose happiness, whose fulfilment, is her own, deriving from a consciously made and a consciously understood choice and who, having understood natural desires and feelings, is in control of them but who can enjoy and indulge herself as she pleases; and choose her direction, her goals, and even her sexual orientation. And also someone who has a developed empathy, heightened intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced woman. A unique individual. Beyond predator and prey. Beyond wife, lover, and mother. Someone tough, skilled, and of inner strength, but still feminine, as that Asian young lady I previously mentioned was.

What about men, then? An example of the new type? Not pacifist, surely!

Someone for whom personal honour is the key to both living and to dying, and who – as a woman of our type, our new breed – has attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on 'the law' or on others. And someone who has empathy, intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced, more complete, man, and a unique individual. Beyond Old Aeon masculinity with its primitive doctrine of so-called 'might is right' and beyond the role of predator to prey. Someone who, while tough, prefers combat to war because combat is a personal choice, founded on honour, whereas war is the choice, the method, of some supra-personal entity, such as some State, some

government, or some leader one is expected to be subservient to and obey without question.

Someone who naturally complements, and who resonates with, the new enhanced woman, and who prefers such strong, tough, yet still feminine, women, to the women of the species Homo Hubris. A partnership of respectful equals. Of man and woman. Of woman and woman. Of man and man; and even of woman-woman-and-man. Already a few such partnerships exist, aided, nurtured, by such individuals having followed our Seven Fold Way or having lived and chosen the life of what we now term 'a niner' or 'a drecc'.

In essence, these are the people – the men and women – who learn from personal experience, from pathei-mathos, and who willingly endure such experiences, and thus who develop a very individual personal judgement and a very individual personal character. Those who have liberated themselves from causal abstractions, and the effects, psychological and psychic, of such causal abstractions, manifest as such effects often are in these mundane, Magian, times of ours in such new archetypes as have been manufactured or have arisen from Magian causal abstractions.

So, we are not talking pacifism, non-violence, or certain moralities here – only of control and aims, and new ways of living. We are not talking about the cessation of desires, or what-not. Instead, of controlling, mastering, and developing, our instincts, and if necessary using them in a directed way to achieve some specific aim or goal, esoteric or exoteric. We are talking most emphatically of personal choice, about individuals making conscious choices. Of individuals being, well, individual.

We are also talking about acquiring and developing new skills, new arts of living, so that we become – we appear to be, to mundanes, to Homo Hubris – as presencings of a hideous nexion [3]. That is, a new species – *orible dragones*, *baeldracas* – emerging from the pit that leads to acausal Hell and thence to a Paradise at first here on terra firma and then on new worlds among the stars of our galaxy, and beyond. A Hell and a Paradise that have lain dormant within us, for centuries.

A Hell and a Paradise that we can dis-cover and experience by becoming unique sinister-numinous emanations, and becoming such emanations by living and by striving according to our code of kindred honour, by individual exoteric and esoteric pathei-mathos, as well as by means of undertaking such esoteric striving as is waymarked by The Seven Fold Way.



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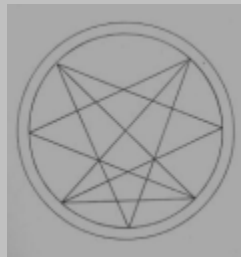
Notes

[1] The prefix *ur* from the German usage, as in *ursprache*, implying *the* or a primitive/early form of some-thing.

[2] Such as *The Ceremony of Recalling* with *opfer* ending, as given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet (Dark Goddess)*.

[3] Hideous, as in some-thing that by virtue of being partly acausal is, when discovered, first felt as immense and which it is felt conceals hideous things. As, for example, in this quote from the 14th century (CE) work *Gesta Romanorum*:

“He saw at the fote of the tree an hidowse pitte, ande ane orible dragone þere in.” Harl. MS 5369. xxx. 110



The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right

The doctrine Might is Right – variously expressed in texts and writings such as those by the pseudonymous Ragnar Redbeard, by Nietzsche [1], and by proponents of what is known as social Darwinism – is the doctrine, the philosophy (or more correctly, the instinct, the *raison d'être*) of the cowardly bully for whom instinct, mere brute physical strength, or superior weaponry, or superior numbers, command respect and enable them to intimidate and bully others and so get their own way.

This doctrine – though unacknowledged – is also the *raison d'être* of the governments of many if not most modern nation-States, such as Amerika, where military might, or sanctions or bribery, are used as a means of making, and enforcing, policy and ensuring the well-being, prosperity, and security, of such entities.

Why the doctrine of the bully? Because those individuals who adhere to this doctrine, consciously or otherwise, lack both manners and culture (that is, they lack refinement, good breeding, and self-control) and as a modern archetype they represent nothing so much as brutish talking animals who walk upright and who possess a very high opinion of themselves; and an opinion that is more delusion than reality. Perhaps most importantly, such individuals do not possess that instinct for disliking rottenness that is the mark of the evolved, the aristocratic, the cultured, human being. Thus are they akin to uncultured barbarians.

Culture essentially implies four important qualities that such barbarians, such talking animals, lack – and these qualities are empathy, the instinct for disliking rottenness [2], reason, and *pathei-mathos*. It is these qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals (and thus express our humanity) but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings. Animals do not have this choice, this ability.

Thus, to make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, some Occult or Satanic way or praxis (like, for example, the Church of Satan did and does) is to negate the very basis of such esoteric ways and praxis. For the essence of such esoteric ways – and especially of Satanism – is to use certain Occult techniques and methods to develop certain esoteric faculties and enable the development, the evolution, of the individual. Where such Occult or Satanic ways may or do differ is in the techniques and methods used and in how development, and evolution, of the individual is understood.

Thus, in the traditional Satanism of the Order of Nine Angles, the evolution of the individual is understood as arising from a practical synthesis, via testing personal experience and magickal praxis, of what is commonly, and – considered esoterically – incorrectly regarded as the opposing opposites of Light and Dark.

In addition, for the ONA the development of the individual – and the cultivation of their faculties, esoteric and otherwise – is indissolubly bound with pathei-mathos, and with empathy. Empathy esoterically [i.e. 'dark empathy'] is the ground of genuine sorcery: an awareness of both affective and effective change [causal and acausal change] and which awareness is the knowing of ourselves as but one connexion, one nexion, to those energies (or forces) which are the essence of Life and thus the essence of our own existence as a human being.

Pathei-mathos means learning from one's own difficult, practical, and testing experience, and which experience by its nature involves hardship, suffering, and an intimation or awareness of the numinous: that is, of that-which is more powerful than we are or we have imagined ourselves to be. Or expressed esoterically, pathei-mathos can be and often is the genesis of empathy: an intimation or awareness of ourselves as but one nexion, one connexion. And pathei-mathos, and esoteric empathy, take the individual far from the preening self-indulgence and macho posturing of the Might is Right types.

In the system of the ONA, pathei-mathos is encouraged by the Grade Rituals, by Insight Roles, and by the practice of Culling as Art: that is, culling as

” ...a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles – culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition.” *Concerning Culling As Art* (ONA text, 122 yf)

Thus, ONA people develop an awareness of themselves far beyond their own ego and delusions about their self-importance. The awareness of themselves as a nexion, as part of a matrix of connexions involving Nature, the Cosmos, and other human beings, with one expression of this awareness – this esoteric knowing – being an Aeonic perspective and Aeonic Sorcery.

However, those who make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, their Occult way or praxis are merely glorifying the irrational uncultured brute, and maintaining the delusions of individuals regarding themselves, their abilities, and their importance. Thus, such Occult ways propound such guff as “Reality is what we perceive it to be,” and “I command the powers,” and “I am (or can be) the only deity which matters” [3].

In essence, therefore, the doctrine of Might is Right – and the belief of pseudo-satanists that they should glorify themselves, indulge themselves *in an uncultured manner*, and do not need anyone or anything except their own strength, will, or abilities – is the ethos of the vulgar mundane and especially of

Homo Hubris, that new de-evolutionary sub-species and unconnected rootless denizen of the megalopolis. Thus are they not only negating the human potential they possess, they have little or no awareness of their wyrd: of the meaning of Life itself.

Hence their ways and their praxis is of the preening individual who has or who may develop some “superior abilities” or acquire personal power (over others) by indulging in some rites or Occult practices where they believe they can “alter or change things in accordance with their will” [4]. In this, they somewhat resemble a comic book hero – LaVey-man perhaps, who acquires his superhuman powers by wearing a specially crafted medallion with that Magian image of pentagram, Hebrew letters and goathead, on it, and which medallion was given to them by some pompous so-called High Priest and entitles them to prance around in black attire and strike a pose that they think makes them look fearsome. Thus, they see their Destiny in terms only of themselves – causally, mundanely – as an extension of their ego, with nothing beyond this personal Destiny of theirs.

In contrast, for the ONA, our Destiny is bound to and part of supra-personal (Aeonic/Cosmic) wyrd, and which wyrd is manifest primarily and exoterically in the truth of our primal and of our necessary tribal (that is, our connected and cultured) nature, and in the necessary of learning directly, personally, from practical experience. That is, manifest in us, as an individual, being but one nexion; in the tribal law of the Drecc (The Dreccian Code), and in pathei-mathos arising from experience of both Light and Dark. It is this unique combination which is the genesis of our particular sinister culture and enables us to evolve, esoterically and otherwise. For if the ONA is anything, it is the way of a particular, and a new type of, culture: that is, a new and evolutionary and esoteric way of living for human beings.



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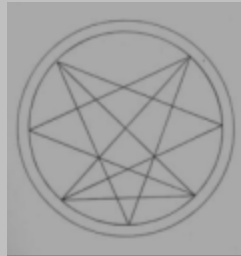
Notes

[1] Nietzsche's approach is one where individual power (as manifest in *Wille zur Macht*) is central. This concentration on the instinct, or motivation, however derived or manifest, of the individual for control and power aligns him with social Darwinism and the doctrine of Might is Right, despite his attempts to distance himself from Darwin's thesis.

[2] For more regarding culture and the human instinct for disliking rottenness, see the ONA text *Culling as Art*.

[3] Such things express the attitude and nature of Magian Occultism, for which see the text *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*, and the compilation *Magian Occultism and The Sinister Way*.

[4] The definition of magick as "altering or changing things in accordance with one's will" – dependant as it is on mere causal cause-and-effect and the delusion of the self – expresses the limited and illusive understanding of those lacking esoteric empathy and the esoteric wisdom born of *pathei-mathos*. That is, it reveals a lack of awareness of acausality, of ourselves as *nexion*.



The Order of Nine Angles Code of Kindred Honour

Those who are not our kindred brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by – and are prepared to die by – our unique code of honour.

Our Kindred-Honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own ONA kind. Our Kindred-Honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to be

ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our kindred honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their honourable deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as kindred individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our kindred honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to act with kindred honour in all our dealings with our own kindred kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their Kindred-Honour and that of their brothers and

sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – means that an oath of kindred loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of kindred honour (“I swear on my Kindred-Honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of kindred honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

120 Year of Fayen



The Geryne of Satan

Introduction

This brief essay will outline a few interesting facts about the terms Satan and Satanism (and thus Satanist), including their historical usage in the English language, and thus may guide the sagacious to an understanding of the geryne [1] of Satan: that the mysterious secret of Satan is the simple heretical, japing, and confrontational reality of *being or becoming a satan*.

Satan

The scribes of the Septuagint mostly rendered the Hebrew שָׂטָן as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβολω - and which Greek term implies someone who is an adversary and who thus is pejoratively regarded (by those so opposed) as scheming, as plotting against them; that is, the sense is of ἐπίβουλος - scheming against/opposed to (the so-called 'chosen ones'). Someone, that is, who stirs up trouble and dissent.

Only in a few later parts - such as Job and Chronicles - does the Hebrew seem to imply something else, and on these occasions the word usually occurs with the definitive article: *hasatan* - *the* satan: the chief adversary (of the so-called 'chosen ones') and the chief schemer, who in some passages is given a fanciful hagiography as a 'fallen angel'.

Now, given that the earliest known parts of the Septuagint date from around the second century BCE [2] - and thus may well be contemporaneous with (or not much older than) the composition of most of the Hebrew Pentateuch (the earliest being from around 230 BCE [3]) - this rendering by the scribes of the word satan as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβολω is very interesting and indicative given the meaning of the Greek, and supports the contention that, as originally used and meant, *satan* is some human being or beings who 'diabolically' plot or who scheme against or who are 'diabolically' opposed to those who consider themselves as 'chosen' by their monotheistic God, and that it was only much later that 'the satan' became, in the minds of the writers of the later parts of the Old Testament, some diabolical 'fallen angel'.

Thus, it is generally accepted by scholars that the Hebrew word satan (usually, *a* satan) in the early parts of Old Testament means a human opponent or adversary (of God's chosen people, the Hebrews) [4] or someone or some many who plot against them.

Now, as has been mentioned in several previous ONA texts, in heretical contradistinction to others and especially to contradict the majority of modern self-described Satanists, the ONA asserts that the word satan has its origin in Ancient Greek.

That is, that it is our contention that the Hebrew word derives from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek αἰτία/αἴτιος - as for example in the Homeric *μείων γὰρ αἰτία* (to accuse/to blame) or as in "an accusation" (qv. Aeschylus: *αἰτίαν ἔχειν*) - and that it was this older Greek form which became corrupted to the Hebrew 'satan' and whence also the 'Shaitan' of Islam. Furthermore, in the Greek of the classical period αἰτία and διαβολή -

accusation, slander, quarrel - were often used for the same thing, when a negative sense was meant or implied (as in a false accusation) with the person so accused becoming an opponent of those so accusing, or when there was enmity (and thus opposition, scheming, and intrigue) as for example mentioned by Thucydides - *κατὰ τὰς ἰδίας διαβολὰς* (2.65).

Given that, for centuries, שָׂטָן as described in the Old Testament of the Hebrews was commonly written in English as sathans [5] and thus pronounced as sath-ans (and not as say-tan) it is perhaps easy to understand how the Greek αἰτία - or the earlier Homeric αἴτιος - could become transformed, by non-Greeks, to שָׂטָן

In respect of this God and this 'fallen angel', as mentioned in another ONA text:

" There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda." *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*

Furthermore, despite claims by some Hebrew and Nazarene scholars, it is now becoming accepted that the oldest parts of the Old Testament were probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE, and thus long after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus and long after Greek word *aitia* was used for an accusation.

It is also interesting that there is an early use, in English, of the plural term *satans* as adversaries, which occurs in the book *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical* published in London in 1685 CE and written by the Shropshire-born Richard Baxter:

" To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Matthew, xvi. 23

In an earlier work, published in 1550 CE, the *chyl dren of Sathan* are corralled

with heretics:

"Dyuers Bysshoppes of Rome beynge Annabaptystes, heretyques, scismatiques, & chyldren of Sathan." John Coke. *The debate betwene the heraldes of Englande and Fraunce*. 1550, g. Giv^v [*Débat des héraults d'armes de France et d'Angleterre*. Paris, Firmin Didot et cie, 1877]

Thus, satan/sathan/sathanas as a term - historically understood - describes: (1) some human being or beings who diabolically plot or who scheme or who are opposed to those who [6] consider themselves chosen by their monotheistic God; and/or (2) some human being or beings who are heretical and adversarial, against the status quo, and especially, it seems, against the religion of the Nazarenes.

Satanism

The earliest use of the term Satanism in the English language, that is, of the suffix *-ism* applied to the word *Satan* - so far discovered - is in *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* published in Antwerp in 1565 CE and written by the Catholic recusant Thomas Harding:

"Meaning the time when Luther first brinced to Germanie the poisoned cuppe of his heresies, blasphemies, and sathanismes." *A Confutation*, Antwerp, 1565, ii. ii. f. 42^v

Three things are of interest, here.

(1) First, the spelling, sathanismes - deriving from *sathan*, a spelling in common usage for many centuries, as for instance in Langland's *Piers Plowman* of 1337 CE:

"For þei seruen sathan her soule shal he haue." *Piers Plowman* B. ix. 61

and also, centuries later, in the 1669 CE play *Man's the Master* by William Davenant:

"A thousand Sathans take all good luck." (v. 87)

(2) The second point of interest is that, as the above and other quotations show, the term sathan was also commonly used to refer to someone or some many who was a schemer, a plotter, a trickster, or an adversary.

(3) The third point of interest is that the first usage of the suffix - by Thomas Harding - as well as the common subsequent usage of the term Satanism has the meaning of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature or doctrine. That is, the earliest meanings and usage of the term satanism are not 'the worship of Satan' nor of some religious or philosophical belief(s) associated with the figure of Sathan.

Furthermore, as mentioned previously, an early (1685 CE) usage of term *Satans* also imputes the foregoing meaning of adversarial or diabolical character:

"To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Richard Baxter. *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical*. London, 1685 CE, Matthew, xvi. 23

Indeed, in 1893 CE the writer Goldwin Smith used the term Satanism in this older general sense to refer to a type of destructive social revolution:

" That sort of social revolution which may be called Satanism, as it seeks, not to reconstruct, but to destroy." Goldwin Smith. *Essays on questions of the day*. (Macmillan, 1893 CE)

Similarly, an earlier 1833 CE article in *Fraser's magazine for Town and Country* used the term in connection with Byron:

" This scene of Byron's is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism." Vol 8 no. 524

Thus, the English term satanism/sathanism - historically understood - describes: (1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

Satanist

The earliest usages of the term Satanist, that is, of the suffix *-ist* applied to the term *Satan* - so far discovered - also imputes a similar meaning to foregoing; that is, of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature, of heretics, and of heretical/adversarial doctrine:

" The Anabaptistes, with infinite other swarmes of Satanistes." John Aylmer. *An harborowe for faithfull and trewe subjects agaynst the late blowne blaste concerning the gouernment of wemen*. London, 1559, sig. H1^v

"Be ye Zuinglians, Arians, Anabaptistes, Caluinistes, or Sathanistes?" Thomas Harding. *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* . Antwerp, 1565.

"By nature an Athiest, By arte a Machiuelist, In summe a Sathanist, loe here his hire." Marphoreus. *Martins Months Minde*. 1589, [7]

Only much later, from around 1896 CE onwards, was the term Satanist used to describe those who were alleged to worship Satan:

" There are five temples of Satanism in Paris itself." Arthur Lillie. *The worship of Satan in modern France*. London 1896.

" It is believed on the Continent that apostate priests frequently consecrate for the Satanists and Freemasons." Joseph McCabe. *Twelve years in a monastery*. London, 1897.

Thus, the English term satanist/sathanist - historically understood - describes: (1) an adversarial, a diabolical, character; (2) those who adhere to or champion heretical/adversarial doctrines.

Conclusion

As someone wrote over two thousand years ago - εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἔοντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ' ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα. [8]

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen
(Revised 2455853.743)

Notes

[1] The Old English word *gerȳne* - from Old Saxon *girūni* - means "secret, mystery".

[2] The earliest MS fragment - Greek Papyrus 458 in the Rylands Papyri collection [qv. *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, 20 (1936), pp. 219-45] - was found in Egypt and dates from the second century BCE.

[3] It is, of course, in the interests of both Nazarenes and Magians to maintain or believe that the Hebrew Old Testament of the Hebrews was written centuries before this date, just as such early dating is a common mundane assumption perpetuated by both those who consider the Internet is a reliable source of information and by those who have not studied the subject, for some years, in a scholarly manner. Had such a scholarly study been undertaken, they would be aware of the scholarly disputes about the dating of Hebrew Old Testament - and of the Septuagint - that have existed for well over a hundred years, as they would also be able to make their own informed judgement about the matter.

My own informed judgement is that there is good evidence to suggest that 230 (\pm 50) BCE is the most likely earliest date for the Hebrew Old Testament. I should, however, add, that this is still a 'minority opinion', with many academics still favouring the more 'safe' (that is, the currently more acceptable) opinion of 350 (\pm 30) BCE.

[4] For example - καὶ ἦσαν σαταν τῷ Ἰσραηλ πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας Σαλωμων (3 Kings 11:14)

[5] See the section on *Satanism*, below.

[6] καὶ ἔστι διάβολος ἐν τῷ Ἰσραηλ

[7] See *The Martin Marprelate Tracts* (1588–89) and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, volume III - Renascence and Reformation, Cambridge UP, 1920, p. 394f

[8] *One should be aware that Polemos pervades, with discord δίκη, and that beings are naturally born by discord.* [Trans DWM.]

A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms

Introductory Note:

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

Abyss

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

Acausal

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos

consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

Acausal Thinking

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

Aeon

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeon *civilization*, which Aeon *civilization* is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

Archetype

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Balobians

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Black Book of Satan

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Core ONA Traditions

Also known as The Five Core ONA Principles.

The basic principles on which the ONA is based. They are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour (qv); (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, a *sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv) and Esoteric Empathy. The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguish the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.]

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister tribe is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Ethos

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it.

Exeatic

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

Exoteric/Esoteric

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner /acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

Falcifer

1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.

2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between *Falcifer* and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

Five Core ONA Principles

See *Core ONA Traditions*.

God

According to the ONA, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

Hebdomadry

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

Homo Hubris

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen – this creation of the modern West – is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry – and mass “culture” – of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the “spin”, the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

Hubriati

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their servants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost excursively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

Hubriati-syndrome

The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief of some Occultists that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter,

including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical statement, replete with abstractions, which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonic, aims and goals.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

Left Hand Path (LHP)

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes. In addition, the LHP is where the individual learns from the practical deeds and practical challenges that are an integral to it.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understand and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrd) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The essence of what we term the Magian ethos is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, religions, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such religions.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual – either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) – can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Naos

- 1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.
- 2) The title of the ONA text *"Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept"*.
- 3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around or near to this particular star.

Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Nine Angles

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrð plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another

- for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

Niner

An alternative name for a Drecc, and also for a freelance operative who upholds the core ONA traditions.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The ONA is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

Presencing The Dark

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or

esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Presence The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrd and thus to work Aeonic Sorcery.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes"

Rounwytha

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy).

Rounwytha Tradition

Also known as The Way of the Rounwytha.

The muliebral tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour - equally, without distinction - to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or

by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom sacrifices were and are offered.

Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Thus the ONA has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

Satan, as a word, is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (possibly in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called a *satan*. Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, ethos,

and the holocaustianity, of those allegedly "chosen by God".

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Satanism is defined, by the Order of Nine Angles, as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

Septenary

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrd, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

Sinister

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the ONA (qv). Often used as a synonym for Left Hand Path.

Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic/Sinister strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to

gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

Sinister-Empathy

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

Sinister-Numen

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Sinister Way

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade.

[See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

Sorcery

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

Star Game

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrð (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

Traditional Nexions

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

Traditional Satanism

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

Tree of Wyrd

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

Vindex

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presenced on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presenced ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means "the Avenger", and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Vindex is thus the name given to the person (male or female) who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

The main opponent of Vindex – both on the practical level and in terms of ethos – is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West – that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive. The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be discovered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.

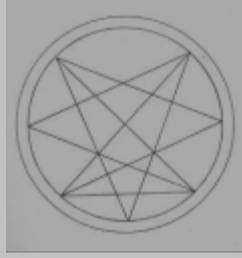


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ONA/O9A/Niner

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών



A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

The ONA has its own, unique, esoteric Philosophy and its own, unique and sinister, Way of Life - which Way of Life may be considered the praxis of the ONA, or how ONA individuals live and implement our sinister way of living and how they become, are of or belong to, the ONA.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA

The esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is known by several names, among which are The Dark Tradition, The Sinister Tradition, and The Sinister Way, and the fundamental principles of this esoteric Philosophy are:

- (1) that the Cosmos consists of a causal continuum [a causal Universe] and an acausal continuum [an acausal Universe], with living beings, of various species, existing in both our own causal continuum and in the acausal continuum;
- (2) that there exists two types of causal being [living and non-living], differentiated by whether or not these types of causal being possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy;
- (3) that acausal energy - from the acausal continuum - is what animates all life in the causal continuum;
- (4) that all living beings in the causal continuum are a nexion - a connexion - between the causal and the acausal;
- (5) the more complex, the more organized, the causal life, the more acausal energy is presented in that life;
- (6) our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy;
- (7) we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.

Hence, The Dark Tradition of the ONA has its own ontology, its own theory of ethics, its own epistemology, and its own praxis, which derive from the ontology of causal and acausal, and from our nature as human beings, which is of us being a nexion to the acausal continuum.

The Nature of Causal and Acausal

- 1) The causal, or phenomenal or physical, universe can be described - or represented - by the three-dimensional causal geometry of causal Space and by one dimension of linear causal Time.
- (2) The acausal universe can be described - or represented - by an acausal Space of n acausal dimensions, and an acausal, un-linear, Time of n dimensions, where n is currently unknown but is greater than three and less than or equal to infinity.

The causal universe is the realm of causal matter/energy, and the acausal universe is the realm of acausal matter/energy.

The causal universe is currently described by causal sciences such as Physics, Chemistry and Astronomy. The acausal universe can be described by a new science based on the new Physics of acausal energy and thus on a new acausal geometry, based on a new acausal metrical Space-Time of n acausal dimensions and an acausal Time also of n dimensions.

In addition, nexions to the acausal, from our own causal Universe, are of two types: (1) physical nexions, where a specific region of or a specific place in causal Space-Time intersects, or is joined to or with, acausal Space-Time; and (2) living (organic) nexions, where acausal energy from the acausal manifests in and thus animates a living, causal, being.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is thus, when conventionally viewed, a new and a rational philosophy.

The Esoteric Praxis of the ONA

Essentially, our praxis consists of:

- 1) Sinister (warrior) Tribes - those directly living and directly presenting our Sinister Way of Life;
- 2) Traditional Nexions - composed of those undertaking our Seven Fold Sinister Way in the traditional manner of Left Hand Path seeker, via Grade Rituals, Insight Roles, and practical LHP magick;
- 3) Sinister Empaths (of which the Rounwytha is an example) and esoteric scientists studying and seeking knowledge of the acausal.

Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. This will also require the development of a new acausal technology, based on the Physics of acausal energy.

Furthermore, we see the breakdown, destruction, and the replacement of all existing (and mundane) societies - by our new progressive societies based on our new warrior tribes - as a necessary prelude to this Galactic aim of ours.

Thus, the immediate and intermediate aims of our sinister Way of Life are:

- (1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;
- (2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonick Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen (see Appendix 1);
- (3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

The Esoteric Ethics of the ONA

The ethics of the ONA are based upon our axiom that personal honour - what we know of as, or what we term, personal honour - expresses our true nature as human beings capable of consciously evolving ourselves and the Cosmos. Thus, personal honour - manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen - is a means to access acausal energy and a means to change and evolve ourselves in a natural way consistent with our true nature and our true purpose, which nature and purpose is to know our natural wyrd, to presence our wyrd: to participate in, to partake of, our own evolution and that of the Cosmos itself.

All evolution - conscious and otherwise - is darkly-numinous; that is, it possesses or it manifests acausal energy in particular ways, and personal honour, as defined by and as manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen, is a practical, a willed, an evolutionary, presencing of acausal energy.

Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is our guide for our own individual personal behaviour, and our guide to how we relate to, and should treat others. It specifies our type of law, and the nature of our justice, as it manifests the nature, the character, of those of our kind: the Dark Warrior, someone who lives, and if necessary dies, by the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (See Footnote 1)

Furthermore, our Law of The Sinister-Numen is manifest - made real and practical - by means of our sinister warrior tribes, for it is by means of these tribes that we can come to know, and to live, our wyrd: that is, (1) come to discover our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos, and (2) actively participate in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos. (See Appendix 2)

The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA

The epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA asserts that there are two distinct types of *knowing* - causal and acausal - and that:

A) knowledge of the causal continuum can be obtained by causal Science which is based on the following foundations:

(i) the causal, phenomenal, universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses and by practical scientific experiments; (iii) logical argument, or reason, is the basic means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (v) that, in competing explanations of events or observations, the simplest and most logical explanation is to be preferred.

B) knowledge of the acausal continuum can be obtained by (i) developing a new Science of acausal Physics, based on an understanding of acausal energy; (ii) by developing and evolving our latent faculties, such as that of dark-empathy; (iii) by coming-to-know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum; and (iv) by means of such things as developing a new and an acausal technology, and thus by exploring the realms of the acausal itself.

According to our esoteric epistemology:

1) *Causal knowing* is that deriving from causal-based rational Philosophies and from causal Sciences such as Physics, and this type of knowing is essentially based on a physical cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Sciences) or an abstract cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Philosophies).

Hence, the type of causal knowing which is the concern of traditional epistemology is limited, and derives from positing causal abstractions, and then projecting these abstractions onto things (onto causal beings, living and non-

living). That is, this type of causal knowing *denotes* things and causal beings by such causal abstractions. There is then the assumptions of knowing, and/or of having understood or having an understanding of, such things and such causal beings. (See Footnote 2)

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, the error of all conventional Philosophies is that they apply, or try to apply, a purely causal perception - based on a linear cause-and-effect - and lifeless causal abstractions, to living beings, such as ourselves. This causal type of knowing is thus un-numinous (that is, devoid or without acausal energy).

2) *Acausal knowing* is that deriving from (i) apprehending the acausal essence of living causal beings; (ii) a study of the nature of acausal energy, and the nature of the acausal Universe itself by means of developing new acausal sciences and technologies; and (iii) apprehending and coming-to-know (interacting with) those living acausal beings we are currently aware of, or can become aware of in our present state of human evolution.

The acausal essence - the acausal energy - of living causal beings can be apprehend, by we human beings, by means of our latent faculties such as what we term dark (or sinister) empathy.

Our traditional esoteric Dark Arts are one means by which we can come to know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum.

Our very evolution, as human beings - in terms of consciousness, understanding and knowledge - results from acausal energy, and from us accessing such acausal energy in particular ways.

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, those things, and/or those creations of our causal Arts - such as music - which we feel are or which we come to know as numinous, are simply a presencing of acausal energy by means of a nexion, and thus can be considered as one type of intimation of the acausal - of the Life there, and of the very nature of the acausal continuum itself. That is, such numinous works of conventional Arts have often been a means whereby: (1) some human beings (through their artistic creations or through their performance of such creations, their own, or others) can access and presence some acausal energy; and (2) where those affected by such numinous works of Art achieve or can achieve some intimation of the acausal. This also applies to genuine work of Dark Sorcery.

We Are As We Are

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is simply a means; an effective and practical means to change, to evolve, ourselves and our societies; to manifest, to present, our *wyrd* - that is, to know, to accept, to live, our correct and natural relationship with the Cosmos, with both the causal Universe and the acausal Universe, and the living beings that exist in both. This *wyrd* of ours is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen.

The ONA is not interested in proselytizing, in converting others, or in trying to persuade others - through argument or debate or by countering distortions and lies about us - to adopt our sinister Way of Life. We are as we are, representing as we do a specific new type, a new breed, of human being, a specific new and expanding tribal family of human beings. Our Way is the practical way of deeds, of living our darkly-numinous Way of Life; of increasing our numbers through the success of our tribes, though drawing others of our kind to us, and through others being personally inspired by our example, by our success.

Footnotes:

(1) One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy.

Acausal energy - that which animates us and makes us alive and which allows and causes our evolution - cannot by its very nature be destroyed in the causal continuum. It can only be presenced in organic, causal (living) beings, or it can be dispersed, thinly, over causal Time, in the causal until it is re-presenced in some-thing, or until it returns to the acausal continuum by some means.

Such an achieved acausal existence, for us, is - by the very nature of the acausal - time-less, eternal, and not subject to the organic process of decay that is an inherent part of all causally existing life.

As stated in two other ONA MSS:

The very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal – mortal – lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from – and totally different to – any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and “religious”. Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal – on this planet, and elsewhere – *and also* as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal “death”, to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being..

Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mudanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence.

(2) Basically, causal abstraction is the positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form of some-*thing*, and/or manufacturing some category which some-*thing* is said "to belong to, or be a part of".

Thus, things - beings in the causal - are allocated to, or classified according to, some abstract category or some abstract type, and/or compared to some abstract or some ideal/perfect form.

Such categories, and such abstract ideal forms, are then often incorrectly used to judge some-thing (including, for example, some living person).

There is thus no direct - and thus certainly no acausal - knowing *of a thing* or of a living human being, as those things

and as human beings *are* in their Cosmic essence and according to their *wyrd*, for the knowing of such traditional epistemology is only the linear, causal, the distorted and/or the illusory, knowing of imposed, projected, intermediate, fallible (often changing), abstractions and categories.

In contrast, the epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA allows, and is a means of obtaining, a Cosmic (a numinous, *wyrdful*, esoteric) knowing, based as this numinous, Cosmic, knowing is on the combination of rational causal Sciences and the acausal knowing obtained by such things as acausal Sciences, acausal-empathy, and the development and evolution of ourselves and our faculties.

Appendix 1

The Law of The Sinister-Numen

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

Appendix 2

Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State A Brief Diatribe

Our *wyrd* - our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos - is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister *warrior* tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen. Furthermore, if we know, and if we develop, our *wyrd*, we become, we are, a particular new type (a new breed) of human being - quite distinct from the mundanes. In essence, we become Dark Warriors, living and if necessary dying by the Law of The Sinister-Numen.

Our sinister tribes are a practical, a darkly-numinous, evolution of that natural tribal instinct that lives within us and which has lived within us, and which tribal instinct has made possible (hitherto mostly unconsciously) our evolution, as human beings. That is, the sinister tribes of the ONA are a means whereby we can access and increase our own acausal energy, as individuals, and participate in our own evolution, and that of the Cosmos. To do this - to know and to live our *wyrd* - is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and *numinous* (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such *honourable* (numinous) co-operation with others *of our own kind* (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual *wyrd* to be evolved.

In direct opposition to our *wyrd* is the modern tyranny of The State, which is un-numinous and de-evolutionary in nature, purpose and intent. For the State takes away our natural right of personal honour, and that natural and evolutionary way of living which is tribal, and replaces honour by impersonal, lifeless, abstract "law", and replaces tribes by the impersonal, lifeless, abstract, State and nation, which are - despite the illusion and pretence of democracy by some such States - are all run by an oligarchy, for the benefit of that wealthy and privileged oligarchy.

In place of the natural and personal knowing - the acausal-knowing - of our tribal (extended) family, there is the impersonal causal lifeless "knowing" of our place as some mechanistic "citizen" of the State or nation. In place of the natural loyalty to, and the care of and from, our own tribal family - based on a personal, numinous, knowing and loyalty - there is the division of us into isolated, un-numinous and de-evolutionary single family units, dependant on usury, and where our given purpose is to toil for the State, on behalf of The State, or for ourselves and our single isolated family unit, and to which State we have to pay, for all of our working lives, mandatory taxes, thus making us wage or salary slaves, almost always burdened by debt.

In place of our natural, healthy, evolutionary warrior way of life - based on a tribal way of living and the law of personal honour - the State denudes us of numinous meaning, of wyrd, and provides us only with de-evolutionary aims and goals. In place of the glory of a Galactic Imperium, and the promise of a warrior-won acausal existence, the tyranny of The State provides us with only causal illusions and abstractions and meaningless "rewards", so that we remain tame, domesticated, animals, paying our taxes, and subservient to their dishonourable enforcers, the bullies they call the forces of their "law and order."

Thus, we by our very nature, by our wyrd, are violently, implacably, and in all practical ways, opposed to the State and its de-evolutionary self-serving tyranny.

Selected Further Reading

The Meaning of The Nine Angles (A Collection of Texts, Parts One and Two)

Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The War Against The Mundanes (Anton Long)

The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning (Anton Long)

We, The Drecc. (ONA)

The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context (Julie Wright)

A Way of Life (Chloe, WSA352)

ONA Manuscripts

Main Category: Guides to the ONA

Sub Category: Esoteric Philosophy of The ONA

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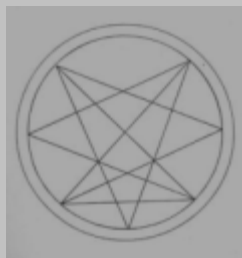
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Mysterium – Beyond The ONA

Given that the emphasis of the ONA is on practical deeds, people curious about or interested on the ONA often ask about what the ONA has actually done – what ONA people actually do – to change the world in a noticeable way.

As often, it is a question of perspective, of criteria used to judge. Of esoteric and exoteric.

Exoterically, perhaps the majority of our people are hidden and do not have an overt association with us, with Satanism, with the sinister or even with the Left Hand Path. Thus their practical deeds are adjudged their personal practical deeds or possibly associated with some outer causal form they themselves may be associated with, be that form political or religious or whatever. In addition, many of us do not have our homes or our place of dwelling littered with mundane Occult paraphernalia, and so there is nothing to connect us to such Occult activities were we ever to be ‘investigated’ by some mundane authority or other. Furthermore, some of our kind adopt professions in keeping with our and their sinister aims and which professions enable them to live in a more exoteric manner.

But this waffle by me aside, esoterically what requires mentioning is Aeonics, our Aeonian perspective. This means that our aims and goals are – viewed causally – quite long-term, measured in causal centuries, and thus it will take centuries for the affective and affecting changes to become manifest on the type of scale most use to judge such matters as causal aims and goals.

The second thing to mention is that our way is to breed a new human type, a new elite – and this begins with each one of us, each one of our kindred, changing themselves and engaging in life in a sinister way, in accord with their wyrd, by applying our methods, techniques, and so on. Thus and for example they can choose to use the technique of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, or apply the way of the Drecc (of tribes and gangs), or the way of the Rounwytha – or any or all of these – according to what interests them, what they find works for them, or whatever.

Thus, one outward sign – if one is interested in such mundane things – of our practical deeds are our people. Their change, their transformation by their association with the ONA and their use of the praxis of the ONA. And it is these people who by this very transformation of themselves – and what many of them will subsequently do in the world of mundanes according to how the sinister mood takes them – that moves us toward our causally-understood aims and goals and which brings-into-being our new aristocracy spread over the world. A practical aristocracy which is sinisterly subversive not because it seeks to implement some abstraction in some causal time-scale or is motivated by some causal idealism (such as overthrowing some nation-State), but because it aids and enhances the lives of those belonging to it in practical and often material ways – for instance, in terms of influence, in terms of providing goods and services, and in materially rewarding loyalty and honour and service to its members and participants.

In effect, it is/will be an international group – bound together by certain rules, such as our Code of Kindred-Honour and viewing mundanes as a resource – formed of kindred local groups in various nation-States, whose members co-operate together, dispense their own justice, obey their own laws, and who aid and help themselves and others of their kind by whatever practical means they can, even if some of these means are viewed by some existing nation-State as

‘illegal’ or ‘criminal’ or whatever. In this sense, we are a new type of organization in the causal, a mysterium, and so might be called The Mysterium, or The Niners (or whatever) rather than The Order of Nine Angles.

In time, our organization may well acquire some covert political and social (or even religious) influence in one or some existing nation-States, by having our members in some influential positions, or by having some power over some of those in such positions. Or some of our tribes might develop in some locality sufficient to bring forth Vindex or someone similar with there thus being an overt challenge to existing mundane authority in that locality. And so on.

But what is not important are the details, the means, the tactics, the minutiae – that is, restricting, causal, forms and causally-limited abstract aims are not important. What works, works. What does not work will be abandoned. What is important is that the ONA – beyond its outer current causal name – is a particular sinister presencing, some-thing that now lives (is presenced) in the causal and thus is acausal sorcery manifest as a living kollektive and an ethos, so that it can and will assume and use and become whatever causal forms are necessary wherever on this planet such forms are or become necessary. Or expressed in another more familiar way – we are now a shapeshifting manifestation of acausal energy presenced in the causal. A collocations of nexions – individual, tribal – who ‘know’ their own kind and who are now actively seeking to assimilate others into our kollektive, not for or because of any altruistic or idealistic reason, but because such assimilation of others is now a function of our necessary causal being, in this Aeon.

By assimilate, do you mean assimilate mundanes?

One of our axioms is that we classify humans as either our kind or as mundanes. Our kind currently, and for some previous Aeons, amount to perhaps five per cent – the creative or the defiant minority who latently or by means of their pathei-mathos have a certain natural intelligence, a certain instinct, a certain type of personality, certain personal qualities.

Another of our axioms is that in general (with many exceptions) mundanes are made, not born, and that therefore perhaps a majority of human beings (though certainly not all) have the potential to cease to be mundanes. Most of course will never realize this potential, for a variety of reasons. A corollary of this axiom is that the children of mundanes have not as yet reached the age when mundanity becomes or could become fixed – their natural pattern of behaviour. Thus the reason why children in practical terms are exempt from being considered fair game, a resource, and why we consider certain activities by adults involving children – and certain proclivities, in adults, in respect of children – to be dishonourable and not something our own kind would do. For such things are one mark of mundanity – of those not able to or capable of controlling or changing themselves.

This axiom of potential within others is one reason why, in respect of culling for instance, we always give mundanes a sporting chance – to see if they can react in a non-mundane manner and so provide evidence of their potential to change.

Thus, yes I do mean assimilate – and change, evolve – those humans who are currently mundanes, which brings us rather neatly to our use of general tests to those who seek to associate with or join us.

I assume you mean here what some have, somewhat colorfully, called being mindfucked by the ONA?

Yes. In contrast, those who are naturally of our kind – and those who when challenged reveal they have the potential to develop to become of our kind – will be able to work their way through our Labyrinthos Mythologicus to the essence, the centre (and then be able to find their way out). As we have mentioned before, we have certain standards. If people do not meet these standards, they are not good enough, and we have no interest in guiding them. It is for others to find us, and prove themselves, not the other way around.

For instance, those who meet our esoteric and intelligence standards will find, discover, the clues we have left in many of our written works; as they will be able to see our fables, our causal forms, for fables and forms. They will see and perhaps laugh at some of the japes we have played on some people. In brief, they will be able to distinguish the esoteric from the exoteric, and mythos from practical exeatic living.

Let me give one simple – one very basic – example. Not that long ago we published an item which simplified Satanism to its practical, causal, core. There was thus a personal pledge by the aspiring Satanist, a code, and three fundamental principles. Very little in the way of traditional ceremonies or rituals or even words, since the core was the live in a particular way, *sans* the laws of the mundanes, where there is no law, no authority, no justice except that of the individual.

This item works on a variety of levels, some of which I will enumerate here. Thus, for some of those who might have the potential to be one of our kind, it is one possible beginning – to entice, to provide experience, to live exactly, and so possibility at some time this might move some of these people toward a desire for more.

For some of those who are already of our kind (but may not yet know it) it is a sign, to what lies beyond such an outer form. An intimation of just why we produce and use such a form.

It is also a practical defiance of those who aid and support the mechanisms which keep mundanes in thrall – for those, for example, who support and aid existing nation-States and the mechanisms of control of those States (be such mechanism psychic, practical, or causal abstractions). For the flunkies of all nation-States do so hate and do find subversive those who believe and who practice the truth there is no law, no authority, no justice except that of the individual. Thus, if that item only influenced ten people in one nation-State in one year to change their way of life and live defiantly, outside mundane law, it would have achieved something in the causal, with no practical effort on our part.

It is also something that undercuts and undermines the pomposity, the pretentiousness, of already existing so-called ‘satanic’ groups, with their ‘temples and ‘grottoes’, their rituals, their books, their discussions, their self-awarded titles, and their old Aeon sycophancy.

Thus, people would react to this simple thing according to their nature, their conditioning, their potential. So it was/is fun, and useful, esoterically and exoterically.

But of course there are and have been, over the decades, far more complex, far more devious, challenges, tests, traps and obstacles, made and used by us for those ‘out there’. So many that one person even went so far as to sigh that for every ONA principle or piece of advice/guidance he came across there seemed to him to be another one which either confused the issue or was almost its exact opposite. Which of course of itself hints at a certain esoteric truth and the need for certain abilities.

You have recently been described as a weird combination of sinister ruthlessness and empathic sensitivity, which I guess makes you an unusual man. One person even described this combination as something of a dilemma in regard to making an assessment of you.

This is no dilemma, for the two aspects are not mutually exclusive – except to mundanes still in thrall to causal abstractions. One of the aims of our sinister Way is to develop the individual and so evolve the human species. Or rather, presence – to consciously bring-into-being – a new type, a new breed, of human beings.

This conscious breeding of a new species is a product of the acausal sorcery which is The Order of Nine Angles: a product of our mythos, our sinister praxis, our diverse ways of living, our collective, and which ways include that of tribes and gangs and of those who individually follow our Seven-Fold Way.

This is why we scorn and laugh at other Occultists, at others who believe they are following and using The Black Arts, and why we have contempt for others, and other groups, who call themselves or who are described as Satanists and/or as followers of the Left Hand Path. For these preening poseurs – these examples of Homo Hubris – lack the experience, the knowing, of the Unity beyond causal and acausal, beyond all causal forms, and thus have no direct practical experience of both Light and Dark external and internal to themselves, and so cannot perceive and know such opposites (and they themselves) as but illusive causal forms, abstractions; as stages toward the necessary alchemical synthesis that brings-into-being our new type of individual and our new ways of living.

These Occult poseurs lack this sensitivity – the natural, esoteric, empathy that for example a following of our Seven-

Fold Way and rites such as that of the extended Grade Ritual of Internal Adept develop in the individual, and which empathy, which sensitivity, is manifest in our Rounwytha tradition. A sensitivity which is just one of the many qualities possessed by those who have indeed undertaken what traditionally is termed The Passing of The Abyss. They – these Occult poseurs – also lack, of course, practical direct experience of the sinister, having never transgressed the laws of the mundanes, never taken themselves in practical ways truly beyond good and evil; never felt that exeat joy when, testing themselves almost to death, they have triumphed and survived.

But in truth, I am nothing unique, just one phenotype: one intimation perhaps of a different human breed; one example of ONA sorcery in the causal and thus presenced, for now, on one planet we call Earth. Just one temporary stage between some-thing in some causal past, and something-else in some causal future – and thus some-thing fallible to be surpassed, in the framework of our causal Time and our dwelling on this planet.

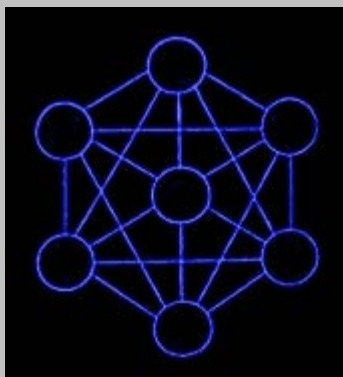


Anton Long

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Fayen



Toward The Sinister Mysterium

Editorial Note (July 2011 CE): Below are answers to some questions submitted to Anton Long over the past few months by a variety of individuals.

How do you understand the relationship between the sinister way and the numinous way?

Here I shall assume that by 'sinister way' you refer to the complete esoteric philosophy and praxis of the ONA (including its mythos) rather than to the practical 'seven-fold sinister way' as a method of esoteric training from Initiate to Adept and beyond.

One way is an intimation – a presencing – of what is conventionally (if incorrectly) termed The Dark Forces and thus of certain energies/influences/archetypes within the psyche of the individual.

The other way is an intimation – a presencing – of what is termed the numinous, and thus of what is conventionally (and again incorrectly) termed The Light Forces.

Hence, they both express an aspect of the acausality (that I/we assume exists) beyond our causal perception, and thus intimate and can manifest what lies beyond the mundane reality of phenomenon we experience by means of our physical senses and by the causal learning acquired from others and by the abstractions (the theories, *-isms* and *-ologies*) we have manufactured over millennia to try and understand ourselves and Reality.

If one desires to place both in the context of terms used (incorrectly) by many Occultists, then one Way re-presents the LHP and the other the RHP – although that is not how our Adepts understand them.

For us, they re-present two different types of 'acausal knowing' and when these two types of knowing are combined (that is, acquired, learnt from personal experience not from books or from someone else), one has the apprehension of Reality that lies beyond what is conventionally termed The Abyss – that is the perception and the understanding of a genuine Mage [aka Grand Master/Grand LadyMaster], and which perception and understanding is the genesis of wisdom, and a knowing, an understanding, of all causal forms (including so-called conflicting opposites) as just limited often distorted causal forms of The Essence beyond them.

Part of this wisdom is a knowing of the reality of what we signify by the term Aeons, and thus a placing of the individual human being – and human beings in general – into a Cosmic perspective. [Where by the Cosmos is to be understood the totality of the causal continuum and the acausal continuum.]

Of course, what we understand by a Mage is very different from what other esoteric groups and traditions understand by the term.

In somewhat oversimplified esoteric terms one might describe the relation thus – (1) the Sinister (LHP) Way are types or modes of apprehension applicable to those who, while following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way as a system of training and individual development, have not yet reached the stage beyond Internal Adept; (2) the Numinous Way is a type of apprehension, complimenting the former, which apprehensions (plural) those beyond Internal Adept acquire and meld with their former (LHP) modes of apprehension to begin the esoteric/alchemical process of (re)unification that forms the essence of what is known as The Passing of The Abyss.

What we call an Internal Adept acquires the beginnings of that specific acausal knowing (modes of acausal apprehension) during the Rite of Internal Adept – that is, spending three months in solitude in an isolated location, and by using such techniques as The Advanced Star Game. Traditionally, this type of acausal knowing was 'the knowing' of the Rounwytha, who were a few individuals (often women) who were naturally gifted with certain abilities deriving from their faculty of empathy, and which empathy encompassed what we now term Nature.

What The Sinister Way – in its casual/acausal totality – does is make this knowing of those few gifted individuals available (at least potentially) to all human beings, and thus enables them to proceed Beyond The Abyss and become almost a different type of human being, not in terms of low-level sorcery (external or results-sorcery) and the like, but in terms of understanding, knowing, of *being*, of Aeonic sorcery – in terms of being wise and having, manifesting, a reasoned, individual, unique, judgement.

Obviously, both of these apparently diverse ways have significance and possibly value in their own right (that is, exoterically) – and thus are or can be an affective and effecting means of change for various, diverse, individuals (not involved in Occultism) over decades and centuries, and thus contribute in their own manner to some of the changes I

understand as necessary for us as a species.

Thus, like all Ways or forms that presence The Unity beyond the illusion of causal conflicting opposites, they have both an exoteric and an esoteric meaning and purpose. Also, just like individuals beyond a certain Occult stage of understanding and experience who of necessity has experienced in a practical manner the Light and the Dark, both Ways can easily be misunderstood.

When some mundane or other huffs and puffs about having taken over or owning the ONA, why don't you ever release a statement about such matters?

For two basic reasons. First, as I wrote in a recent reply to someone:

I personally do not assume any direct authority, nor make 'pronouncements', nor ascribe any grandiose title to myself. I just let things develop, in their own natural ways in their own species of causal Time, and occasionally pen a few of my own intimations based upon my own reflexions and experience, which are only my own fallible reflexions and my own poor attempts to explain – and which words, which intimations, can and should be surpassed by others and are thus not imbued with any kind of grandiose or pretentious 'authority'.

Second, because there is no necessity since if someone presents themselves as ONA or claims to own it and some people are duped by such things, and mistake such fakes for us, then it just reveals those people for the mundanes they are.

Such things – such pretenders – are and have been expected, and are a useful test. A test of the sinister numen/charisma of the ONA; of its growth and influence; and test for those who are interested in the ONA, or rather interested in the Way, the living tradition, we represent.

For such pretenders are a sure sign of our growth, influence, and sinister charisma. Just as if some individuals are duped by these pretenders and their groups, then those individuals are not of us; they do not have to potential to become part of our family, and thus such pretenders, such fakes, save us some trouble and can provide us with some amusement at their expense and at the expense of such easily duped individuals.

Those who are of our kind will find us and know us even if we do not name ourselves or describe ourselves by some term. Just as we have and will continue to teach our Way – *sans* a name and restrictive terms – person to person, generation following generation.

Also, as I have said and written several times over the past few years, no one now controls or owns the ONA – or can control or own the ONA. For it is a sinister kollektive of nexions, a cooperative, disdainful of copyright, dogma, restrictions, and hierarchy. In truth, it is a new type of organism – partly causal and partly acausal, and thus a living, changing, evolving, long-living entity which no one finite fallible mortal with a limited causal life-span can control, contain, or own.

Dreccs/Niners – who now increasingly re-present what was known exoterically as the ONA – do not depend on me, or on any one person. Just as the tradition I inherited did not depend on, or need, a name – and indeed had no name for centuries. It was just an inherited way, a reclusive tradition, part of a particular folk culture, passed on aurally.

Our outer name is therefore not that important; indeed esoterically it is irrelevant, and a causal Time will arise in this Aeon when the outer, exoteric, name I gave to the tradition as I expanded and developed it – the ONA name – will no longer be required. Names by their causal nature restrict, and our essence – which sinister-empathy reveals – cannot be so restricted.

You say the ONA is the exoteric name. There is therefore I presume an esoteric name?

Yes, and no. No there is no such esoteric 'name' since it is not a name as mundanes understand names, but yes in that

what there is expresses something of our acausal essence. No – because it is an actual presencing of an aspect of the acausal, as a particular esoteric chant, correctly performed, is, as for example I tried to outline, in respect of esoteric chant and the ‘names’ of acausal entities, in the *Esoteric Chant as Language* section of my essay *Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities*.

Yes there is an esoteric name – because like The Star Game, it is a new type of language devoid of the subject-object division implicit in current language. An illustration might be a mathematical equation, which represents some physical phenomena. Thus, if someone asked what ‘gravity’ was, the reply might be:

$$F = G \frac{m_1 m_2}{r^2}$$

That is, the equation describes or re-presents what ‘gravity’ is and the explanation does not involve words, but symbols.

Similarly, if someone enquired who and what we are, the reply might be in our numinous esoteric language, using the numinous symbols of one of our new *mysteriums* – such as a combination of images, music, and so on.

This takes us far far beyond the causal apprehension that a name such as The Order of Nine Angles imputes, just as before that name our way was re-presented in such things as a living Rounwytha and in The Ceremony of Recalling rather than in a given name or by some single symbol or sigil. The tradition *was* the Rounwytha, for example.

You have mentioned the mysterium several times recently. What exactly do you mean?

To be precise, we should perhaps write sinister-mysterium, of which there are various types. Some already exist, some are in development, and more will be manufactured in the future.

All manifest the acausal, in their different ways. One type of mysterium is a new esoteric form, a performance, which supersedes Occult ritual, both ceremonial and hermetic, and which employs, among other things, moving images and a new type of music.

The Esoteric Star Game – when used with a specific aim over a period of causal Time, as for example in star mapping as outlined in *The Grimoire of Baphomet* – is another type of mysterium appropriate to our New Aeon.

Basically, our mysteriums take us beyond both Old Aeon sorcery and Old Aeon language, and two aspects which they all share are: (1) that they all involve the presence of and an interaction with a living human being or beings (and are thus an alchemical symbiosis), and (2) that they are not overtly Occult or overtly associated with some existing or past *-ism* or *-ology* because such associations imply a certain duality and a bland causality, which means they cannot be described by any single old-style term or word, such as Satanism, or even the LHP. For they are what they are – a living wordless presencing, and are to be experienced, be part of our living, rather than blandly described in limited causal Old Aeon words.



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Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Fayen

ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos



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Our Sinister-Numinous Emanations

In your Five Core ONA Principles you mention "the practical destruction of the existing status quo manifest for instance in nation-States and their laws..."

Does this mean some grandiose revolutionary plan, some dogma, and if so doesn't this conflict with your other stated aim of individual liberation by esoteric, Occult, means?

The quote refers to such a destruction as an Aeonic liberation, so that the context is the collective liberation (of others) resulting from the replacement of the Old Order and its forms. How will or might this replacement be achieved?

We understand that the esoteric replacement (the destruction/downfall) of the systems of the Old Aeon - such as nation-States - will occur over a causal timespan of a century or far more not as a result of some causal (political/social/religious) revolutionary agenda by us to overthrow, in our own times, the existing System, but rather as the result of three intertwined factors, both esoteric and exoteric.

(1) The first factor is the liberation and development of individuals by means of our esoteric method, manifest as this method is in our kollektive and thus in sinister-numinous emanations/presencings such as Niners, Dreccs, traditional nexions, and tribes. The essence of our method - whatever the outward emanation - is that of practical, challenging, and individual, experience and a learning from that experience; and the basic aim is the development of unique individuals with a unique perspective who have the strength of character, the insight, to live by personal honour rather than by the restrictions of laws imposed by others.

Thus, for such unique individuals, personal honour replaces conformity/adherence to the morality of some State, or to some -ism or to some -ology (religions or political or social or Occult) just as they use their own personal judgement, born from their unique pathei-mathos, instead of relying on the judgement of others or on some guidelines manufactured by others or implicit in some -ism or some -ology.

(2) The second factor is the development - through the chosen association of some or many of our kind in some particular locality or other, or through the natural emergence of extended families of our kind - of a new living culture or cultures, manifest in a practical manner by particular ways of living, such as that of clans and tribes, and which particular ways of living remove them in a natural way from causal forms such as the nation-State. Remove, that is, because their first loyalty is to their kindred and such dependency as they may have is to their own kind, their own kindred, their extended family.

Thus, there is the emergence of a new ethos among our kind: the natural human numinous way of kindred honour and of a shared pathei-mathos. Hence our new culture or cultures develop naturally in their own way in their own places in their own spans of causal Time just by some individuals living, and choosing to live, the way of kindred honour and of a shared pathei-mathos. For there is nothing forced here; no dogma; not even any planning in terms of having some causal agenda; and certainly no expected conformity; only a natural, unique, a numinous, unfolding of the kind that occurs when individuals value pathei-mathos and kindred honour.

(3) The third factor arises from - or rather is - some exoteric effects of the former two factors; that is, from the actions of some or many of those forming themselves into kindreds and/or from individuals undertaking amoral practical, challenging, experiences (which may include Insight Roles or inciting others to disaffection) as part of their personal and esoteric development.

Thus, some of our clans and tribes, our new kindreds, may come into conflict with some aspect or aspects of some State, just as some of the individuals in our esoteric kollektive may do so, planned or otherwise, and for whatever

reason (or none).

Such conflict all aids our 'sinister dialectic', our Aeonic aims and goals (which include liberation resulting from the destruction/downfall of the systems of the Old Aeon), as it may well aid the development of some of our new cultures, or inspire some pathei-mathos among those of our kind affected by such conflict. But such conflict, such confrontation, is not and never has been and cannot be our 'esoteric essence'.

That is, we do not demand or even expect that our clans or our tribes, or that our Niners (or whatever), must 'take on the State' in some overt confrontational manner. If they want to do so, fine, that is their choice, and may well provide some worthwhile personal and/or tribal pathei-mathos, as well as possibly aid our Aeonic aims and goals. But if they do want to do so, fine, that is their choice.

Yet some such conflict, some such confrontation, with some aspects of the Old Order, and for some of our kind (though not all), is inevitable and a natural consequence of our nature, our ethos, of our very existence as an esoteric kollektive with subversive, sinister-numinous, and Aeonic (long-term), aims and goals.

One might express an aspect of this matter thus: defiance of, and opposition to, subservience to such forms as States, State-laws, and religions, is in our blood, our nature, part of who we, our kind, are; but the how (esoterically and exoterically) of this defiance and opposition - or even whether or not this defiance and opposition is openly manifested - is entirely a matter for each individual to decide.

Hence, when we state,

"Our main goal is to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, all governments, and all nations, and in their place create new societies, new ways of life, based on our own tribal way of living..." *Guide To The Kulture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA*

we are expressing our nature, our opposition to Magian abstractions, and our intent to live in a manner consistent with our ethos of kindred honour and of pathei-mathos. How we personally express this nature, this opposition, and how we presence our intent, is for each individual, each nexion, each family, each tribe or clan, to decide; for it is their judgement, their pathos-mathos, which matter, which presence our ethos, and will continue to presence our ethos, and not me personally and not what I may write or have written.

So in an inexact sense it is our living kollektive which could be considered to be 'the grandiose revolutionary plan' - changing, adapting, evolving; and living from decade to decade and century to century.

In conclusion, therefore, it should be clear - as I tried to explain in some recent essays - that while one of our exoteric aims is the collective liberation that results from the destruction/downfall of the systems of the Old Aeon (such as nation-States) and their replacement by our sinister-numinous emanations, this liberation will occur slowly (as measured by durations of causal Time) and naturally as a result of the expansion of our kollektive, the emergence of new clans and tribes, and thus because of the increasing number of individuals of our kind pursuing esoteric aims consistent with our five core principles.

Again, there is a distinction between (a) exoteric praxis, exoteric rhetoric, amoral/diabolical incitement to disaffection, and (b) esoteric individual, and kollektive, development and change. A distinction between outer causal forms and esoteric essence manifest as sinister-numinous emanations, and between causal effects and acausal (affective) change. But I guess this is just an understanding, an insight, too far for some self-described Occultists.

On the personal level, I quite naturally over the past four decades have indulged in some exoteric rhetoric as well as in some diabolical incitement, to disaffection, or whatever. Those who can distinguish between exoteric and esoteric - between causal forms and sinister-numinous emanations, can; while those who lack the faculties esoteric or otherwise to so distinguish, are the kind of people who get trapped in our *Labyrinthos Mythologicus*.

Your use of the term 'sinister-numinous emanations' is interesting, but what exactly does it mean?

By sinister-numinous is meant the perspective, the insight, the understanding that - traditionally and in terms of the Seven Fold Way - a Master or LadyMaster has acquired as a result of their decades-long Occult quest, of their passing through The Abyss and thus of having experienced and transmuted both numinous and sinister. Or, expressed in another non-esoteric way, it is the perspective that someone may acquire from pathei-mathos.

This understanding is the prehension of personal wisdom, and personal wisdom itself is sinisterly-numinous; that is, a knowing and an experiencing of the unity (of sinister and numinous; light and dark) beyond the appearance of outward conflicting opposites.

A sinister-numinous emanation is a presencing, a manifestation in the causal, of this: in and by means of a living human being or some collocation of human beings. Thus, the ONA as a kollektive may be said to a sinister-numinous emanation, as are those individuals who are part of this kollektive and who presence something of the acausal by their life, their living, their deeds.

Hence, the Five Core Principles of the ONA - combined, and when put into practice by individuals and collocations of individuals - are sinister-numinous emanations.

Can you explain, in practical terms, just what your Rounwytha tradition means?

In practical terms our Rounwytha tradition - a development of the ancestral Camlad tradition - means three essential things.

- (1) It means the development by individuals of certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy and acausal-thinking - and thus acquiring acausal knowing.
- (2) It means - as explained in *The Five Core ONA Principles* - that our ONA honour code applies without fear or favour, equally, without distinction, to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, ethnicity, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice.
- (3) It means a cultured, and pagan and muliebral-inclined, way or ways of living different from the patriarchal societies of the present and which societies for the most part devolve and devolved around abstract un-numinous de-evolutionary notions such as 'might is right' and thus around the quest for power, influence, pleasure, wealth and/or for some abstraction, religious, personal, or political.

As for the details of such way or ways of living, such ways will arise as they arise, in their own varying and natural manner, from those so inclined who have developed such acausal knowing. That is, they cannot be the subject of any dogma, or formed into some causal abstraction or be the object of any agenda or any form of planning - for they will live, have their genesis in, those who are Rounwytha by nature or by experience; those so inspired to presence their knowing, their experience, in a particular type of living.

My own assumption is that such ways will most probably be based upon the clan and the tribe.

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Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos

Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA

Pseudo-mythology and Mythos

Lovecraft populated various of his stories with various creatures, or entities, and these entities served mainly to enhance or decorate the stories; to provide what may be termed a certain sinister atmosphere. There was no attempt, nor even intent, to provide such things as an ontology, a theology, for these entities – an ordered philosophical framework – and, importantly, no attempt to provide a detailed esoteric (Occult) praxis whereby interaction with these entities, by humans, could be understood and affective results (or Occult change) achieved. For example, the fictional *Necronomicon* and the language invented for various “calls”, are mere theatrical props, devoid of real esotericism, despite the many silly claims subsequently made for them by some Lovecraft admirers.

In this sense, the Lovecraft entities form a pseudo-mythology, and not a mythos. Only later did people such as Derleth try, unsuccessfully, to provide some Occult context (based of course on Magian distortions), and some semblance of structure, although ontological, ethical, theological, and epistemological, questions were never dealt with. Instead, a pseudo-history was developed.

In contrast, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) – mentioned in many and various texts by the esoteric association known as The Order of Nine Angles – are part of a mythos, having a distinct, and unique, ontology and Occult praxis, as well as being part of a complex esoteric philosophy which addresses ethical, etiological, epistemological, and other philosophical issues [1].

Thus, if one compares the two most important Dark Gods, Satan and Baphomet, with, for example, Cthulhu, then one can immediately see the difference, and understand the claim – often made by critics of the ONA – that the ONA mythos of The Dark Gods is, in some way, derived from, or dependant upon what has, rather erroneously, come to called the Cthulhu mythos of Lovecraft, for the mundane fallacy it is.

Cthulhu has a revulsive physical appearance, and is basically a physical entity existing in causal Space-Time – whose base or home is allegedly some far distant extra-terrestrial planet, and who apparently speaks, or is somehow receptive to or responds to, some alien language, and who may or may not consist of some strange “alien matter” which is or which maybe somehow be affected by the alignment of stars. According to Lovecraft’s pseudo-mythology, Cthulhu has a secret cult, on Earth, deriving from a time when Cthulhu and other Old Ones visited Earth – and which cultists speak or chant some approximation of the alien language of the Old Ones, who could communicate to humans via dreams. This cult desires to awaken the dead, but still alive, Cthulhu who waits, dreaming.

Satan and Baphomet are living shapeshifting entities – of one specific species – who dwell in the acausal continuum, and who, since they are acausal beings, have the ability to open nexions (“gates”) to our causal, phenomenal, continuum where they, being changelings, can assume various physical forms, including human form. [2]

Furthermore, Satan has a propensity for assuming physical male forms, and Baphomet a propensity for female forms,

so that, according to the mythos of the ONA, Baphomet has, in the past, been assumed to be, or come to be regarded as, The Dark Goddess, the violent, bloody, fecund Mistress of Earth, who is also mistress-bride-mother of Satan.

In the ONA mythos, both of these Dark Gods – and some other such acausal entities – are said to have egressed, or travelled to, Earth many times in our historical past, with Satan, for example, giving rise to myths and legends such as that of Ahriman [3]. In addition, it is said to be possible – by various specified, practical, esoteric means [4] – for human beings to open a nexion to the acausal and make contact with some of the Dark Gods, including Satan and Baphomet, with there being the possibility that such entities will once again presence Themselves on Earth. Furthermore, some acausal entities, egressing in the past to Earth, may be the origin for myths and legends about dragons, and various demons.

Some of the particular acausal species known as The Dark Ones are said, in their assumed human forms, to be able to copulate with human beings, and of producing or bearing half-human, half-changeling, offspring [5].

Thus, even this brief overview will suffice to show that the esoteric mythos of The Dark Gods is quite distinct from, bears little or no resemblance to, and is vastly more comprehensive than, the un-esoteric pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft. In fact, so different – philosophically, esoterically, and otherwise – that it seems rather incomprehensible how some people can claim that the ONA mythos is derived from or somehow indebted to the pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

Perhaps in desperation, the proponents of the theory of such indebtedness have claimed that the mention by the ONA of various “star alignments”, in reference to esoteric techniques to open nexions, is somehow proof of their claim. However, even a cursory perusal of some of the relevant ONA texts – such as in *The Grimoire of Baphomet* - will reveal no similarity whatsoever, for the ONA texts mention specific stars, such as Dabih, and particular alchemical seasons. That is, there is not only esoteric detail, but also practical and philosophical context – something totally lacking in the vague pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

What the proponents of the theory of such indebtedness do and have done is commit various logical fallacies, such as the fallacy of *selective attention*. That is, in their desire to prove their cherished theory or belief that the ONA must somehow be indebted to Lovecraft, they search for and try to find and spurious connections and relations, trying to get a few facts to fit their theory, while ignoring the majority of facts that simply do not fit or support their theory.

The Irrelevancy of Evidence in Mythos

Mythos is affective, esoteric, and numinous. That is, it inspires, it provokes, it motivates, enthrals, and presences acausal energy. It is wyrdful – a means of change for human beings, and outlines or intimates how such wyrdful change can be brought-into-being.

The so-called objective, cause-and-effect, “truth” of a mythos – stated or written about by someone else – is basically irrelevant, for a mythos presences its own species of truth, which is that of a type of acausal-knowing [6].

Thus, to seek to find – to ask for – the opinions, views, and such things as the historical evidence provided by others, is incorrect. For that is only their assessment of the mythos, a reliance on the causal judgement of others; whereas a mythos, and especially an esoteric mythos, demands individual involvement by virtue of the fact that such a mythos is a type of being: a living presence, inhabiting the nexion that is within us by virtue of our consciousness, our psyche [7].

Hence, the correct judgement of a mythos can only and ever begin with a knowing of, a direct experience of, the mythos itself by the individual. To approach it only causally, inertly, with some arrogant presumption of objectivity, historical or otherwise, is to miss or obscure the living essence of a mythos, especially one derived from an aural tradition. It is to impose, or attempt to impose, a causal (temporal) abstraction upon some-thing which has an acausal (that is, non-temporal) essence.

Such a presumption – and even worse, the demand for it to be shown to have “objective evidence” in its favour – reveals a lack of initiated, esoteric insight. For the real “truth” of an esoteric mythos lies in what each individual finds

or discovers in it – and thence within themselves. In simple exoteric terms, a mythos can not only re-connect the individual to both the numinous and to their own psyche, but it can also lead them to an individual, and an initiated (esoteric), understanding, of themselves: to a dis-covering of what has hitherto been hidden, especially by un-numinous, causal, abstractions.

For the ONA, the mythos of The Dark Gods – and the mythos of the ONA in general, of which the DG mythos is a part – is a means of sinister change, an Aeonic Occult working, a living Black Mass. For it is a manifestation of the sinisterly-numinous acausal energies that the Order of Nine Angles, and thus Satan and Baphomet, re-present. One important means of Presencing of The Dark, of revealing, to us, in us, for us, Satan and Baphomet as those Dark Ones are.

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Notes

[1] For this esoteric philosophy, refer to such texts as *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*, and *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

For the Occult praxis involving these Dark Gods, refer to such ONA texts as (1) *The Grimoire of Baphomet*; (2) *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; (3) *Warriors of The Dark Way*; and (4) *The Meaning of The Nine Angles*, Parts One & Two.

[2] One is rather reminded, here, of the ancient gods of Greek mythology – for example, Athena as portrayed in Homer's *Odyssey*, who assumes a variety of forms, including that of already living male human beings.

[3] Refer to the ONA text, *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*.

[4] See, for example, *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

[5] See, for example, the fictional stories – which form part of the ONA mythos – *Sabirah*; *Jenyah*; and *Eulalia – Dark Daughter of Baphomet*.

[6] For a basic outline of acausal-knowing, refer to the section *The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA* in the text, *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. See also *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*.

[7] As used by the ONA, the term psyche refers to both the Life that animates us (acausal energy via a nexion) and to those aspects of consciousness, and those faculties, which are initially hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, or undeveloped by, most individuals.

One aspect of this psyche is what has been called “the unconscious”, and some of the forces/energies of this “unconscious” have been, and can be, described by the term “archetypes”. One latent faculty is the faculty of empathy.

In general terms, it is one of the tasks of an Occult way or praxis to develop these latent faculties, and to bring into consciousness (and thus to bring under conscious control) what has hitherto been unknown, or hidden. An Adept refers to someone who has done this, and similar, things, as well as opened the nexion we, as an individual, are to the acausal.



The Septenary, Crowley, and The Origins of The Order of Nine Angles

Crowley and The Sinister Way

Aleister Crowley is regarded, by the ONA, as a rather conventional, if somewhat eccentric, example of what it has been convenient to call The Right Hand Path; that is, the ONA regards him as unconnected with any genuine Left Hand Path or any genuine Sinister Way. This is evident in many things, including (1) his reliance upon Old Aeon “Orders” and organizations, with their grand titles, their sycophancy, their “secret teachings revealed only to qualified initiates”, and especially their presumption of awarding titles and magickal grades to others; (2) that he never did any dark and sinister deeds – works of genuine evil – and neither did he and does he inspire any such works and deeds, or even the presencing of Chaos or genuine heresy; and (3) the pseudo-mystical ramblings of his (and his followers) which pass for “esoteric teachings”.

Crowley has been criticized by the ONA for several reasons. For instance:

1) First, because a study of both his life and his writings make it clear that he never progressed beyond the stage of Adeptship, if indeed he ever achieved Adeptship itself, which is unlikely. To state what one ONA person wrote: “What did Crowley actually do, apart from pose and indulge himself?” His life reveals only such posing, and a personal *Initiate-type* indulgence as well as a basic low-level sinister manipulation of people, appropriate to and often associated with the early stages of a genuine seeker of Occult knowledge with such posing, such Initiate-like indulgence, and such basic manipulation evident in his Abbey of Thelema.

Where, for instance, is the understanding of a genuine Adept: that of manufacturing, and using, *new* archetypes and archetypal forms (See Footnote 1 below); where that understanding of Aeonic Magick and indeed of Aeons? All

Crowley did - in line with the majority of Occultists of his time, and evident in his *Liber AL vel Legis* - is use and propagate the dead archetypal forms of a dead Aeon: that is, and in his case, of those things associated with the former Sumerian Aeon and its associated civilization, the Egyptian.

His *Liber AL vel Legis* - just like Aquino's *Book of Coming Forth By Night* - is a good example of a text produced by an *Initiate* of the Esoteric Arts. That is, it is a work which is quite representative of someone following the early stages of an esoteric Path. To quote an ONA MS, such works are:

"In both style and content, reminiscent of a working done by an... Initiate following the seven-fold way - i.e. a working with one of the pathways that link the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd when various 'entities' are invoked. [An example of one such working has been published, in 1974 en - *The Message of the One of Thoth*]. Such workings are generally understood to be learning experiences - when the... novice is exploring, via archetypal symbolism and archetypal forms, their own psyche. Most magickians, of whatever path or tradition, produce such 'communications' in their learning years. Those who are insightful, learn from these - and then the novice moves on: the workings are seen as merely explorations of the unconscious. Those who are not insightful, dwell upon such workings - they fail to objectify them, they fail to integrate them via a conscious understanding of what they really are: merely workings with various archetypal symbols. [A classic case is John Dee.] Those who fail to integrate them, usually see such workings as 'pronouncements' by some supra-personal being or entity: that is, they are seen as actual and important revelations of some 'deity'. Accordingly, a lot of time is spent 'understanding' what the often cryptic 'communication(s)' means, and in writing "commentaries" upon them."

That Crowley spent much of his life writing about and propagating his *Liber AL vel Legis* - and considered it as a work of immense Occult importance - clearly reveals the true level of his own esoteric understanding.

2) Second, because he propagated the corrupt and bastard system of The Golden Dawn, firmly based as that system was on the qabalah, which qabalah and which corruption of it as used by the Golden Dawn and by Crowley, is the antithesis of the genuine Western tradition, which genuine tradition is septenary based. Indeed, The Golden Dawn system re-presents and re-inforces, the "Magian" distortion of the Western tradition.

This reliance upon the distortion of the genuine Western esoteric tradition is evident, for example, in his system of "magickal correspondences" deriving

from The Golden Dawn, and his use of, and reliance upon, such works as *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage* and his writing about such things as the “conversion of one’s holy guardian angel...”

3) Third, because he lacked an Initiated understanding of Aeons, Aeonic Magick and indeed of Magick itself. His lack of understanding of Aeons is evident in his declaration of a new “equinox of the gods” - after writing his *Liber AL vel Legis*; evident in the mystical and mythical mish-mash contained in that work, as well as in his many other pseudo-mystical ramblings, where, to give just two examples, from many in his verbose book *Magick in Theory and Practice*, he - the self-proclaimed “magus” - (a) mentions his “word” Thelema as the word of a “new aeon”, and compares it with what he regards as previous such “magickal” words, such as those of Buddha and Muhammad; and (b) declares, in the Old Aeon speak used by those of the Right Hand Path, that “the essential characteristic of the Grade is that its possessor utters a Creative Magical Word, which transforms the planet on which he lives by the installation of new officers to preside over its initiation...” And so on, and so on. [Of course, he could have been “having a laugh” here, as elsewhere, but this is - from the evidence of his other works and his own life - to be imbuing him with an esoteric understanding he so evidently did not possess.]

According to the Sinister tradition of the ONA, an Aeon lasts from between one and half thousand years to sometimes nearly two thousand years, and is:

“A particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.” *A Brief Order of Nine Angles Glossary*

4) Fourth, his much-vaunted but verbose book *Magick in Theory and Practice* is replete with Right Hand Path type pseudo-mystical ramblings, such as “astral planes”, the “body of Light”, magical “circles” and talismans, and with Old Aeon qabalistic notions such as “spirits” and Old Aeon stereotypes such as ceremonial “lodges” and “magickal Orders” working with rules and rigid hierarchies. In that work, all Crowley did was insert his own “law of Thelema” into an already existing pseudo-mystical mish-mash.

Thus, the conclusion is that while Crowley may be of interest to some “Right Hand Path” individuals still working within the distorted Golden Dawn tradition, he is of no use, and of no interest whatsoever, to anyone interested in or working within a genuine Left Hand Path and Sinister tradition, and indeed

he is of no interest or practical importance to anyone who wants to forge ahead on their own along the Way of genuine esoteric Arts. Instead, he is a rather good example of the traps, and pitfalls, that await for the unwary, and those who, through lack of direct practical experience (extending to decades) of both the Light and the Dark, prefer pseudo-mystical ramblings and the comfort of Old Aeon stereotypes to the harsh and dangerous reality of genuine practical Occultism. For at worst he was just an Initiate floundering about, trapped by egotism and delusions of grandeur, while, at best, he was a charlatan who enjoyed, as a good Initiate should, sometimes playing games and enjoying japes: someone who never confronted, let alone alchemically synthesized in themselves or presenced, for others, the Darkness beyond and within, and thus someone who did not (to be kind) progress beyond Adeptship, or (to be realistic) did not progress beyond the stage signified by External Adept.

Crowley, The Septenary, and The Origins of the ONA

It has been suggested by several individuals interested in The Order of Nine Angles, and in the life and works of Anton Long, that Anton Long was “influenced” by both the system of the Golden Dawn and by Crowley, since - as described in *Diablerie: Revelations of a Satanist* - Anton Long briefly had some contact with a small ceremonial Golden Dawn based group, in London, when, as a young man, he was beginning his study of The Dark Arts. Thus, the assumption is that the ONA itself - and such things as its Seven Fold Way and the Septenary System - are, in part at least, either derived from or influenced by either the work of Crowley or by The Golden Dawn.

However, as described in a still esoteric autobiographical MS, written by him and entitled *Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis*, this contact was brief, with him, he admits with the arrogance of youth, dismissing both the teachings of the Golden Dawn, and the works of Crowley, as “wishy-washy arty-farty mumbo-jumbo” after a study of, among many other works, Regardie’s *The Golden Dawn*, Crowley’s *Magick in Theory and Practice*, his *Liber AL vel Legis* and other writings, loaned to him by someone in that ceremonial group, and after witnessing “several boring, pompous, and very un-magickal, ceremonial rituals”.

The claim that several aspects of the ONA system were derived from or influenced by either the work of Crowley or The Golden Dawn is addressed, by Anton Long, in the still esoteric autobiographical MS, written by him, dated 118 Year of Fayen, and entitled *Emanations of a Mage* where he states:

“As for the Septenary System itself, this - as I inherited it - was, in essence, an aural tradition, with only a few short handwritten MSS containing some correspondences and giving a brief description, and

an illustration of, the Tree of Wyrd, and it did not take me long, during my time with my Lady Master and her daughter, to realize that, if anything, the Golden Dawn system was a distorted and very corrupt, version of this genuine, and hitherto secret, Western septenary tradition. At that time, following my own Initiation in the Dark Tradition of this, my Lady Master, the true origins of this system of hebdomadry were not known, although there was an aural tradition mentioning the works of people such as Robert Fludd which were said to contain some allusions to this seven-fold order, and it was only some time later, after I had undertaken much research lasting some years, that I considered I had found the original and probably long-forgotten source.

This source was - and for me, at that time (the early to middle 1970's e.n.) surprisingly - the works of various Arabic alchemists and writers, who had not only posited a system of seven fundamental stages or elements - *al-ajsad al-sabaah* - but who had also constructed a system of *nine* emanations of "The One" which included these seven elements plus two others which were quite distinct by virtue of having different aspects, or types of, or sources of, *time* itself, as described in the alchemical manuscript *Al-Kitab al-Aflak*.

What I found especially interesting - or, to be more accurate, what at that time astonished me - was that here was a system of nine emanations which mirrored, or which seemed to me to mirror, what I had termed, some years previously, as the Nine Angles, consisting as those Nine Angles did of the seven emanations (or nexions or spheres or Gates) of the Tree of Wyrd plus the two emanations/nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion (a means to progress toward the acausal), with The Abyss - an actual connexion between the individual and the acausal - being the other one of the those two other emanations/nexions.

My actual reason for first using the term Nine Angles, some time before this discovery in Arabic texts, to describe the traditional "order" I had inherited from my Lady Master, was essentially to do with my other research - since my late teenage years - into tensorial mathematical representations of Space-Time, for I had already, due to my own Occult researches, concluded that in order to rationally understand magick, one must posit a bifurcation of Time itself, something I rudimentary described in the first section of early editions of my *Emanations of Urania* MS, coining the term Cliology to describe this rational apprehension. After my initiation - and after

about two weeks of learning and study with my Lady Master and her daughter - I sensed a similarity between this research of mine, and their aural traditions regarding the Septenary System and the Tree of Wyrd (described by a double tetrahedron), and it seemed to me then that I might be able to find some mathematical connection between the seven plus two emanations of the Septenary (described in one short traditional MS by a double tetrahedron, each of which had nine mathematical angles), and the Tensor which had nine non-zero symmetric components and which formed one part of an equation I had used to connect normal (causal) Space-Time with that new type of non-causal Space which I then had tentatively called the acausal.

Hence the descriptive name I choose for the tradition I had been Initiated into and which traditions I had inherited: the Order of Nine Angles, signifying as that name did not only the basic, and inherited tradition of seven plus two emanations (the Septenary), but also my own theory regarding causal and acausal Space and Time."

On the question of magickal Grades - as described in works such as *Naos* - Anton Long, in the same MS, writes:

"The aural traditions I had inherited included several other aspects: first, a basic, and quite rudimentary, system of Grades related to the stages, or the spheres, of the basic Tree of Wyrd; second, a series of tests, or ordeals, for prospective Initiates, and for some of the early Grades; third, some basic and quite rudimentary guidelines for choosing involuntary opfers...

It should be understood that these were all aural traditions - nothing was written down. Indeed, beyond the few short handwritten MSS mentioned previously, the only complete manuscripts were a handwritten early copy of *The Black Book of Satan* - which in its English version derived from less than fifty years ago - and one other work... Even the traditional esoteric chants were all aural, and had to be transcribed, just as the traditional Ceremony of Recording, as practised by the few secluded rural sinister covens of tradition, was never written down, having been memorized by the Lady Master whose duty was to conduct the ceremony, along with, of course, various traditions regarding Baphomet as the Dark Earth Mother Goddess to whom sacrifices were made...

Thus, the traditional task associated with what I came to term the Grade of Internal Adept was for the person (male or female) to live alone for at least three months in a wilderness type area, during

which they had to fend for themselves, building their own shelter and hunting for, and gathering, all their own food. As for the Grades themselves, they were traditional, having - in a looser way and according to aural tradition - pre-dated the Tree of Wyrd and the Septenary itself, which was regarded as a medieval accretion on something much older, with there originally being no titles, or names (such as Adept or even Initiate), associated with the various stages of someone progressing along The Path, or Journey, of Wyrd, which stages themselves were never classified numerically (one to seven) but were rather seen and understood in relation to what later became known as a "knowing of wyrd" and which originally was just "wyrd-full", with this knowing, this progression itself, relating to certain astronomical cycles, such as the seventeen and nineteen years between certain lunar, stellar, and solar events, connected as those events themselves were with various esoteric traditions and myths, elsewhere described...

The Septenary had given some form to such aural and such early traditions, and I myself gave the tradition some more form, thus making many aspects more conscious, and updating such things as the Grade Ritual associated with Internal Adept, since it was no longer really feasible, in a country such as the British Isles, for individuals to find an isolated area, full of game, where they might live alone by hunting, and gathering, their own food. Furthermore, I desired to make the whole tradition not only accessible - and magick itself more rational and thus easier to understand via notions such as nexion, causal and acausal - but also a means to transform not just a few individuals over several decades, but a much larger number of people, world-wide, thus creating that new elite which might form the basis for a new type of more evolved human being."



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Footnotes:

(1) An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus “in the psyche”): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it “dies” (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

A Sinister View of The Book of The Law

Historical Perspective

The Book of The Law - pretentiously known as Liber AL vel Legis but more commonly known, among the Occult cognoscenti, as Liber AL The Legless, aka The Book AL Scribed While Legless - is an alleged communication, in 1904 CE, from some entity called Aiwass to Aleister Crowley, the English Occultist.

Crowley - and his followers - claimed and claim that the Book of The Law not only gave Crowley the "authority" to award himself the title Magus, but also announce a New Aeon based on the word Thelema. This Thelema is regarded as a new law and new philosophy of life for human beings, outlined in Liber AL, and based on the phrases Do What Thou Wilt, and Love is the Law, love under will.

In later years, Crowley wrote extensive commentaries on, and essays about, this Book, with his explanations generally being dependant upon the Magian qabala.

The Book of The Law

In style, the Book - replete with Thee and Thou and Yeah and Saith - is reminiscent of late English pseudo-romantic poesy and of the King James Bible.

In content, it - like Michael Aquino's *Book of The Coming Forth By Night* - resembles an Occult working done by an esoteric *Initiate* who is undergoing the noviciate process of objectifying unconscious, archetypal, forces in their psyche [1], and thus striving to apprehend them esoterically and rationally in order to proceed to integrate them with their own personality. In the Western esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry, this is the alchemical process of Separation (linked to the Alchemical Season, Scorpio, and the Occult Form, Indulgence) associated with the second of the seven stages that mark the path to Enlightenment and Wisdom, to The Philosopher's Stone.

Most Initiates of esoteric traditions such as Hebdomary produce such cryptic "communications" with "entities" - with an aspect or aspects of their own objectified psyche - and for most of these Initiates it is purely a learning experience. Having apprehended, esoterically and rationally, they move on, knowing they have a lot more to learn and far more to experience, and that they are not yet even Adepts. Thus, while they may have initially been intrigued (and possibly even impressed) by such "communications", they understand them for what they are - a basic esoteric learning experience - and so discard them, as a second-year University undergraduate studying mathematics discards the notes they made in the first terms of their first year having absorbed what learning such notes contained, a learning enabling them to master more complex mathematics.

In the case of Crowley, however, he regarded his Book as an important Occult document, proclaiming such guff as "The Brethren shall be diligent in preaching the Law of Thelema..." and that Thelema amounted to a new religion, with Liber AL being its "sacred book".

No wonder then that the OTO (Ordo Templi Orientis) under Crowley kept its so very Old Aeon shenanigans, and its pretentiousness - Pontiff, Eopt, Keeper of the Golden Book, blah blah blah - as Crowley continued to pen (or have penned on his behalf) awful pretentious, un-original, poesy such as this from Crowley's so-called Gnostic Mass,

Thou, the true fire within the reed

Brooding and breeding, source and seed
Of life, love, liberty, and light,
Thou beyond speech and beyond sight

Thus, instead of some new, clear, philosophy - an original ontology and praxis - one got a dreary Old Aeon mix-n-match including Egyptian myth and legend, Eastern and Western mysticism and practices (including of course the qabala), and much verbiage about finding and following "one's True Will", rather as Nietzsche's Zarathustra proclaimed "I teach you The *Übermensch*..." and waffled on about "eternal recurrence."

In respect of Liber AL itself, consider the following -

"We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that lie: That Thou Must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live. Now let it be understood: If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever."

King?? Just how Old Aeon is that?! But, levity aside, in content, and style, this rather resembles an amalgam of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* (available at the time in an English translation by Alexander Tille) and a pseudo-mystical text of the kind The Golden Dawn was adept at producing, and had been producing, at that time, for many years.

For example, consider, these random extracts from Tille's translation:

One virtue is more than two because it is so much the more a knot on which to hang fate....I love him who justifieth the future ones and saveth the past one... I love him whose soul is deep even when wounded...

Verily, a muddy stream is man. One must be a sea to be able to receive a muddy stream without becoming unclean... Hungry, violent, lonely, godless thus the lion's will willeth itself...Free from the happiness of slaves... fearless and fear-inspiring; great and lonely; this is the will of the truthful one.

Consider, also, these random extracts from some of the MSS of The Golden Dawn, issued years before Liber AL, and which MSS Crowley was quite familiar with -

I am the mighty Mother Isis; most powerful of all the worlds, I am she who fights not, but is always victorious, I am that Sleeping Beauty who men have sought, for all time...

everlasting rivers through glowing channels run, those channels are of gold and thence the countless treasures of the kings of earth...

Anyone who has trawled through the turgid poesy of Golden Dawn ceremonies - and of many of their other documents - and who has read Tille's translation of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, will most probably begin to appreciate from whence came Crowley's inspiration for Liber AL vel Legis.

Perhaps, as some pundit once commented, Aleister Crowley (Al, to his intimates) was legless at the time - on a three day binge - so that the alternative title for his great work, Liber AL The Legless, is not inappropriate. Perhaps, after all, as another pundit once suggested, Liber AL and Thelema, and Crowley's AA group, were a monumental jape, and a means to keep him well-supplied with booze, heroin, guys and gals.

However, it does appear, from events subsequently, as if Crowley did really believe in this "revelation" (or inspiration)

and thus did really believe that Thelema was some sort of new law for human beings, and that he was therefore, as he himself publicly and rather theatrically proclaimed, entitled to call himself an Occult Magus.

Yet - given the nature and content of Liber AL, and Crowley's manner of promulgating it - this claim is most certainly specious; the claim of a charlatan.

Why? For two reasons. First, the style and content. Second, the manner of its writing and its inappropriate promulgation.

In respect of content. (1) there is nothing creatively original; nothing genuinely esoteric. There is only old rather hackneyed insights (such as "finding one's self", following one's Destiny, "loving one's self", and "your duty to mankind") dressed up in pretentious and occasionally cryptic phraseology; and what is claimed to be esoteric all requires "interpretation", exegesis: exactly as all Old Aeon texts require "interpretation", exegesis; (2) there is a reliance on both dead archetypal forms (Egyptian) - indicating an esoteric lack of understanding of archetypes [2] and upon the Magian (non-Western) qabala; and (3) most pertinent of all, its content proclaim it as a working of an esoteric Initiate undergoing the noviciate process of objectifying unconscious, archetypal, forces in their own psyche.

In respect of style. We have already touched upon its literary pretentiousness - upon its late English pseudo-romantic poesy and its imitation of the King James Bible. A pretentious style wholly incompatible with that a genuine Adept (let alone a Magus) who could and who would expound thoughts, intuitions, knowledge, learning, experience, in a refreshingly understandable unpretentious manner. In addition, the style of The Book of The Legless is cryptic, often in the extreme - a cryptic pretentiousness, a mundane affectation, wholly incompatible with that a genuine Adept (let alone a Magus) who would speak and write directly, in a manner most comprehensible.

In respect of its writing and inappropriate promulgation. Crowley did not rationally, in the detached intellectual way appropriate to a genuine Mage, write about the new way of living he wished to promulgate as he did not claim this way - that of Thelema - as being something he himself had manufactured, again as a genuine Mage would.

Instead - like a charlatan - he not only proclaimed that his "new law" resulted from "a voice speaking to him" and that it was "a new revelation," (superseding all others, of course) but also (like some medieval seller of fake potions) issued a disclaimer, thus hedging his bets, and so stated that it was for every individual to interpret *The Book of The Law* for themselves, although of course he himself provided extensive commentaries in order to help them interpret it.

Conclusion

One has to conclude that Liber AL is a document firmly rooted in the traditions, the ways, the pretentiousness, of the Old Aeon, and that far from proclaiming some new impressive revelation, or even philosophy, about the cosmos and ourselves, it merely expresses old rather hackneyed insights (such as "finding one's self", following one's Destiny, "loving one's self", and "your duty to mankind") in some pretentious and occasionally cryptic phraseology.

This view is confirmed by: (1) the interpretation(s) of Liber AL - using the Magian qabala; (2) by use made of Liber AL as some sort of "sacred" or "important" and revelatory text requiring (partly due to its old-hat cryptic statements) interpretation and exegesis; and (3) its reliance on dead archetypal forms.

In short, it is just an Occult working done by some Initiate of the distorted, qabala-based, non-genuine Western Occult tradition, and is redolent of the Magian ethos itself.

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Notes

[1] The ONA define the psyche as

" Those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes"

[2] According to the ONA, archetypes are:

"A particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases)."

The Order of Nine Angles in Historical, and Esoteric, Context



Origins

According to its own internal account [1] of its origins, the esoteric association named The Order of Nine Angles resulted from the amalgamation, in the late 1960's CE, of three small British, and secretive, pagan groups called, respectively, Camlad, The Noctulians, and The Temple of the Sun. The total number of people involved in these three groups, it is said, was less than two dozen.

Two of these groups - Camlad and The Noctulians - were also said to be survivals of an old, indigenous, esoteric tradition which it was claimed flourished in the then still rather isolated rural borderland between Wales and England, in the area now known as The Welsh Marches. Some of this pagan, sinister, tradition is recounted, in fictional form, in the ONA MS [2] *The Giving* and also in the ONA's *Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Whatever the merits or truth - historical and otherwise - of these recorded origins, the ONA itself first emerged into the public light of day in the early 1980's CE, when various Occult 'zines, including *The Lamp of Thoth*, and Stephen Sennitt's *Nox*, published ONA articles after the ONA itself had begun a limited distribution of some of their texts, including *The Black Book of Satan*.

The ONA went on to distribute other texts, including various editions of *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*, and - famously - two volumes entitled *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown* which contained some correspondence between a certain Stephen Brown [3] and Michael Aquino, the then well-known leader of the American organization, *The Temple of Set*. In these

Satanic Letters - and in works such as Anton Long's *Satanism: An Introduction for Prospective Adherents* - what the ONA called its *exoteric doctrines* of the first phase of its Sinister Aeon strategy [4] were clearly outlined.

Subsequently, the ONA received some mention in various books, including Goodrick-Clark's *Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism, and the Politics of Identity*. In many of these books, the ONA was directly associated with fascism and National Socialism, or accused of promoting such political ideologies, and thus came to be regarded, by many people (correctly or incorrectly), as the premier group of what was termed neo-nazi Satanism.

Furthermore, many groups, around the world, have been formed, since the late 1980's and in or after the 1990's CE, which, directly or indirectly, have been influenced by the ONA and its doctrines, or which have been established by ONA members themselves. ONA inspired groups include the Australasian groups The Black Order, Sinister Vivendi, Order of Left Hand Path, The Black Glyph Society and The Temple of Them; the European groups include Fraternity of Balder, Fraternitas Loki, The Society of The Dark Lily, and Secuntra (Italy); and the American groups include WSA352, The Joy of Satan [5], the White Order of Thule, among many others.

Esoteric Context of the ONA

The ONA, in the 1980's, coined the term *Traditional Satanism* to describe and categorize itself, by which term it meant that it represented a particular, a unique, sinister - that is, Satanic - tradition. Although this term, traditional Satanism, has since been appropriated and used (and somewhat mis-used and mis-appropriated) by other Occultists, it is still useful to describe the ONA, especially since the ONA has its own, unique and original, ontology and theology of Satanism, as outlined in the important and seminal ONA text *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

It is this originality - this uniqueness - which serves to distinguish the ONA from all other contemporary Satanist and Left Hand Path Occult groups. Indeed, there are many originality pointers which can be used to describe and distinguish the ONA, some of which pointers are:

(1) Their unique ontology and theology, which posits (a) a bifurcation of

Reality into an acausal continuum and a causal continuum, and (b) the existence of acausal beings in this acausal continuum, one of whom is the being conventionally known as Satan, and another of whom is Baphomet, The Sinister Mistress of Earth, the bride-wife-and-mother of Satan.

(2) Their axiom that "human beings possess the potential to *consciously* evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur." [6]

(3) Their long-term Aeonic goals and esoteric strategy, manifest in their Sinister Dialectic, and their concept of sinister tribes, with these sinister tribes being regarded as an important part of their sinister strategy to build a new, tribal-based, more sinister way of life, and to disrupt and eventually overthrow the societies of what they call the mundanes.

(4) Their claim that "the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation....." [6]

(5) Their rational explanation of magick/sorcery as the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion, and their understanding of Aeons as a type of presencing of acausal energy, and one that lasts (as an individual Aeon) for well over a thousand years.

(6) Their unique Rite of Internal Adept, which requires the candidate to spend at least three months living alone, far from human habitation, carrying everything they need on their back, and to live without speaking to anyone, without any modern devices or conveniences - such as a modern means of timekeeping (watch, or clock); without modern means of lighting (such as a torch or lantern) and without listening to any music other than that which they can produce for themselves by simple, hand-made, instruments such as a flute.

(7) Their placing of Satanism in an Aeonic context, regarding it is one presencing of acausal (sinister) energy during the current Aeon, and thus as one causal form to achieve certain exoteric and esoteric goals during this current Aeon.

(8) Their emphasis on the subversive sinister training of the individual in order to create the phenotype of a new, sinister, human species, with this training involving real, practical, danger to the individual (of the life-and-death, or loss

of one's liberty by going to jail, sort).

(9) The intentionally organic - esoteric - organizational nature of the ONA itself, described by Anton Long as "a type of acausal, living, entity in our causal world."

(10) The uniqueness of their symbols, such as their official Septenary Sigil, their Sigil of Baphomet, and their Star Game.

In addition, and according to Senholt in his thesis *The Sinister Tradition* [7] the sinister tradition of the ONA has seven distinct characteristics, which he enumerates as:

- 1) Anti-ethics. Followers of the Sinister Tradition despise any kind of ethical behaviour, which they see as remnants of a Judeo-Christian worldview;
- 2) Right Wing: All groups related to the Sinister Tradition contain political elements, such as appraisal of National Socialism, Race-theory, Social-Darwinism, and the infiltration or disruption of political powers in society;
- 3) Emphasis on physical training: Physical training is emphasized and is often a requirement in the curriculum of the initiate;
- 4) Direct action: The Sinister Tradition is highly practical, requiring members to perform magickal acts by working undercover in society, or by opposing society by means of direct action such as infiltration, intimidation or assassination of key opponents;
- 5) Distinct sinister vocabulary: A certain common vocabulary, which differs from the one used by the rest of the Left Hand Path is used. Key words are: sinister (often in combination with words such as dialectics and pathworkings), the septenary system, aeonics, causal/acausal, nexion, connexion, homo galactica, dark sorcery, presencing and the Dark Gods;
- 6) Advocate Traditional and theistic Satanism: Groups belonging to the Sinister Tradition advocate what they call Traditional Satanism which is theistic, positively believing in and using supernatural forces;
- 7) Non-semitic tradition: All followers of the Sinister Tradition are characterized by the conscious avoidance of any Semitic and Christian

influences, such as Kabbalah, Qliphoth, and even Goetic magick.

While we might rather pedantically quibble with some of the details given here by Senholt - for instance, with the term theistic applied to the ONA, and the term Right-Wing [8] - these seven characteristics, plus the ten originality pointers we have given above, certainly serve to distinguish the ONA from, and distance the ONA from, all contemporary Occult groups, as they certainly seem to reveal the ONA to be the most sinister, the most esoterically advanced, the most original, and the most practical Occult group currently in existence.

Indeed, one might well be justified in describing the dangerous - and seemingly complex and labyrinthine - Sinister Way as a unique esoteric *Weltanschauung* which makes the ways, methods and teachings of other esoteric groups seem rather mundane and quite tame, quite bourgeois.

In respect of the ONA's claimed aural traditions [9], as Senholt has pointed out, the ONA rite of External Adept bears some resemblance to an old Nordic tradition - a nightly ritual called *utesitta* - and may thus be a survival of such an old, European, pagan tradition, just as their Rite of Internal Adept may be a modern form of a much older pagan tradition, where the aspiring or apprentice sorcerer, or sorceress, had to live alone in the wilds for many months, and often for a year or more, in order to develop their esoteric skills.

Finally, and quite importantly, one must make mention of the intentional organic nature of the ONA itself, a nature manifest in several things, such as the lack of a central hierarchy; the sinister methodology itself which allows the individual to make their own choices and decisions; the lack of restrictions - moral and otherwise - placed on the individual; allowing the individual to form their own groups (or nexions or tribes), and the disdain for copyright, and the lack of secrecy regarding teachings, which has led to the rapid dissemination of the sinister Way, the sinister methodology, and the sinister mythos of the ONA. This organic - or acausal or living - nature of the ONA has allowed other individuals, and other groups, to make their own contributions to the ONA, as well as to take what they need from the ONA, use it, change it, and evolve it. As one ONA member recently described it: "the ONA is akin to acausal viral DNA; a new kind of causal transduction."

It is this acausal nature of the ONA itself - and its underlying sinister methodology - that has not only allowed the ONA to survive and steadily grow in the past thirty years without any apparent outward organization or

individual control, but which has also led, most significantly, to its recent rapid expansion in places like urban America where groups such as WSA352, led by dynamic, intelligent - and interestingly often non-Caucasian - young people, have been inspired to adopt, adapt and evolve the ONA, and give it new life, as the ONA virus spreads and mutates, world-wide.

The Contentious Issue of The Nine Angles

Senholt, in his thesis *The Sinister Tradition*, expresses what has become the accepted view when he states:

The concept of the nine angles appears for the first time in published sources by the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set...and as such from a scholarly point of view this appears to be the probable source of inspiration to the ONA.

This view however, is incorrect, for, as the ONA has pointed out in many essays and documents - including *Ingrowing Angles*, and *The Nine Angles: One More Causal Symbology* the ONA's nine "angles" refer to a causal description of the meeting of acausal and causal space-time metrics, and are thus a re-presentation of a nexion, of that region of the Cosmos where the causal continuum meets or intersects or can intersect the acausal continuum, and thus where acausal energy flows from the acausal into the causal, which energy is capable of making things (or *a* thing) alive [10]. That is, to use an older but appropriate esoteric term, the ONA angles are *alchemical*: some-thing which has life, or which can be made alive.

Classical *esoteric* alchemy was concerned with finding or manufacturing what was called The Philosophers Stone, which was some means, or some element, or some potion, or some combination of means, potions, and various elements, which would animate matter, making alive what was hitherto inert, with this "Stone" (lapis) thus re-presenting the very essence of life itself, and hence capable of imparting health and long life (or even immortality) to the alchemist.

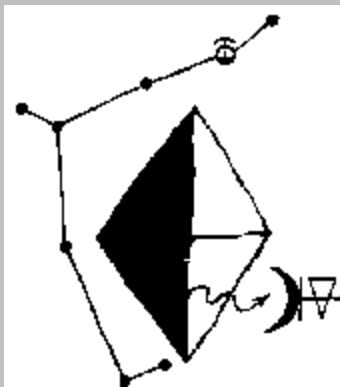
Hence, the ONA's "angles" are alchemical in inspiration. Hence also the mention of the source for this inspiration, this early source being ancient

Arabic alchemical texts, and certainly not a certain Mister Aquino.

Furthermore, the ONA - or rather, Anton Long - has extensively developed and refined, and rationally explicated, the original and often vague and confused alchemical concepts involved. Thus, the Nine Angles of the ONA can be considered to be nine-dimensional - combining the five-dimensions of the acausal continuum, with the four-dimensions of the causal continuum, and thus describing a nexion; one presencing of life-giving acausal energy in the causal.

In rather stark contrast, as the ONA says, the "angles" of Aquino (which angle concept of his both his own Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, used) are just a boring, mundane, dead, two-dimensional geometric thing.

The Nine Angles are most often symbolized, by the ONA, by means of the alchemical combination of a quartz tetrahedron, certain sound vibrations (esoteric chant), the sorcerer/sorceress (the rounwytha) and the appropriate "alchemical season", for it is - according to the ONA - such particular combinations, which must involve a living, conscious, esoterically skilled, human being, that not only "animate" the nine angles, but which are or which can become, the nine angles. Furthermore, according to Anton Long [11], these nine angles represent the survival of the genuine, ancient, esoteric alchemical tradition, and perhaps the only surviving one, a tradition symbolized by the traditional ONA sigil below, where most of the required "elements" are depicted [12]:



The Strange Case of Anton Long

With a few notable exceptions - such as the images of The Sinister Tarot, the MS *Caelethi*, and the odd essay or two - all the works of the ONA are the

creation of one person, Anton Long.

To Anton Long belong classic ONA texts such as *Naos*, *The Deofel Quintet*, *Hostia*, the *Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Way*, and the scores of more recent texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*; the *Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; the *Sinister Tribes of the ONA*, and compilations such as *We*, *The Drecc*, as well as *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, *Dark Goddess*, and sinister stories such as *Eulalia*, *Dark Daughter of Baphomet*. Even the Star Game is Anton Long's creation.

To Anton Long belongs the unique symbols and sigils of the ONA, the Septenary Sigil, and the Sigil of Baphomet. To him belongs new esoteric terms such as nexion, acausal, rounwytha, Vindex, Falcifer, presencing, sinister dialectic, and indeed the esoteric use of the term sinister itself to describe the amoral, individualistic Way of the ONA. To Anton Long belongs the decision to create the ONA as a type of living being; that is, free from the restraints - legal, moral, organizational, hierarchical, personal, and otherwise - of all other esoteric groups.

Given all these things, one might thus be justified in saying two things. First, that the ONA, as it now exists, is the creation of one person, Anton Long. Second, that Anton Long - whomsoever he might be - is most certainly a genius; a reprehensible amoral, sinister, one, perhaps; but a genius nonetheless, in both the senses of the term - an individual of extensive, original, creativity, and intellect, and a *jinni*, a type of daimon, or supernatural entity, who influences or who can influence others, often in an amoral, or sinister, way.

But just who is Anton Long? Despite recent attempts by some individuals, associated with the ONA, to obfuscate matters [13] the general consensus, among both esoteric folk, and among academics and authors interested in the ONA, is that Anton Long is David Myatt. There is, quite literally, no other feasible option.

Even the ONA itself now has what it calls "a test of mundane-ness" which involves how people view the varied life of "Anton Long", whose name they - in one document describing this test (version 1.07 of their *FAQ About the ONA*) - even put in quotes, as if to suggest it might well be a pseudonym.

Furthermore, as Goodrick-Clark noticed [14] the early life of Anton Long, as recounted in *Diablerie*, is remarkably similar to that of Myatt's early life. Senholt [6] gives several other good reasons - based on published material -

why he and others believe Myatt is Anton Long. Anton Long himself - in several published interviews - gives some clues [15] while still unpublished MSS such as *Presencing the Dark: The Weird Life of Anton Long* and especially *Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis* [16] and *Emanations of a Mage* [17] really do leave no room for doubt. [18]

If this be so, then why has Myatt denied - and why does he still deny - being Anton Long? My personal view is that there are two reasons. Firstly, the very practical one of allowing him to continue, over the decades, with his subversive public *personae*, such as neo-nazi street thug, and, latterly, radical Islamist [19]. Second, because it allows Anton Long to operate in the shadows, personally known to only a few trusted acolytes of long-standing, and as someone who is difficult to contact, who does not encourage or even allow a "personality cult" to develop, who never issues personal edicts or commands, and who never seems to be in direct operational control, or even seems to be the leader of, the ONA itself, as befits the sinister, viral, nature of the ONA.

But there seems little doubt that - if our informational culture survives into the next century, with or without printed books - David Myatt as Anton Long will take his place as probably the most influential, and most sinister, character of modern Occultism, for The Order of Nine Angles, what it is now, and will become, will most likely be his most enduring legacy, long after his National Socialist and Islamist writings have been forgotten. For his whole varied and seemingly strange but always very subversive life - from his teenage years onwards - will assuredly be understood as part of a sinister quest, as the peregrinations of a latter-day Mage. [20]

But, crucially, whatever Myatt is, was, or will be, the Order of Nine Angles - by that name or by some other [21] - can now, and will, continue, with or without him; morphing over the decades and centuries in the same way that esoteric alchemy, and all genuine esoteric traditions and mythos, have continued and morphed, and drawn to them those curious individuals, be they few or many, who have been touched by the spell of the sinister numen that lies at the heart of all sorcery and all genuine Occult organizations.



JRW
November 2009 CE

Footnotes

(1) The origins are recounted in several ONA documents and essays, many of which have been published, or are available on the Internet. Among the published documents are *Concerning the Traditions of the ONA*. Among unpublished documents are Anton's Long's *Diablerie: Revelations of a Satanist*, his *Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis*, and his *Emanations of a Mage*.

(2) *MS* refers to ONA manuscripts (or documents and essays); plural *MSS*

(3) Stephen Brown has long been regarded as one of the many pseudonyms of Anton Long, aka David Myatt.

(4) Refer to *Toward The Dark Formless Acausal*.

[5] The group The Joy of Satan originally, shortly after its formation, acknowledged its debt to the ONA, to Myatt, and Anton Long, but then dropped all reference to them, following a public scandal involving its leader and certain officials of the American political organization, the National Socialist Movement.

[6] ONA MS by Anton Long, *The Quintessence of the ONA, A Sinister*

Returning. Dated 119 Year of Fayen.

[7] Jacob C. Senholt: *Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*. Norwegian University of Science and Technology, Conference: Satanism in the Modern World, November 2009

[8] As the ONA explain in their essay *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*, they are not theistic because, for example: (a) they do not accept a creator God; (b) they assert that it is acausal energy which imbues causal beings with life, not God, or some god; (c) they assert that Satan is just one example, one type, of the various acausal beings who exist, primarily, in the acausal continuum; and (d) that such acausal beings such as Satan and the (female) Baphomet are never worshipped or obeyed, but rather are regarded as new friends, or lovers, or as long-lost kin.

In addition - and in respect of the term Right-Wing - the ONA has made it clear, in such texts as *Is The ONA Nazi?*, that National Socialism was, and is, just one causal form used to "presence the sinister" and that their aims go far beyond politics, and are "to breed better human beings; a new sinister elite (or more correctly, new elites) founded on esoteric ability and excellence of personal character; new societies founded on sinister principles and imbued with the sinister spirit, with the ethos of Satan" and that these elites do not have to be defined in ethnic terms.

[9] See, for instance, the ONA MSS *Concerning the Traditions of the ONA and Defending the ONA?* as well as *The Dark Tradition, and Sinister Mythos, of the Order of Nine Angles*.

[10] For a conventional metaphysical description of "a thing", refer to Martin Heidegger's book *What Is A Thing?*

[11] *Emanations of a Mage*. Unpublished MS (in pdf format) by Anton Long, dated 118 Year of Fayen. Kindly made available to me by DarkLogos.

[12] As often happens with some ONA material, this sigil has received no attention, with its esoteric significance being unknown outside the few genuine ONA Adepts.

[13] I refer here to some recent articles by one Ms PointyHat, such as *Even More About Anton Long and David Myatt*.

[14] Goodrick-Clarke, Nicholas. *Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism, and the Politics of Identity*. New York University Press, 2002

[15] For instance, in *Questions for Anton Long* by WSA352.

[16] Unpublished typewritten MS, by Anton Long, dated 107 yf, and kindly made available to me by DarkLogos.

[17] Unpublished MS (in pdf format) by Anton Long, dated 118 Year of Feyen. Kindly made available to me by DarkLogos.

[18] Two items based on available, and unpublished, material about Myatt and Long, make fascinating reading and really lead one to the conclusion that Myatt must indeed be Anton Long.

The two items in question are (a) *Anton Long: A Short Chronology of His Life*, by DarkLogos, version 1.17a, dated November 120yf; and (b) the well-referenced, if somewhat speculative in places, essay *David Myatt: Agent Provocateur?* also by DarkLogos, dated February 2009 CE (Updated 09/011/09)

[19] For an overview of Myatt as sinister shapeshifter, see Wright, Julie: *David Myatt - A Sinister Life* (e-text, October 2009).

[20] The ONA, and its new offshoots such as WSA352, have written many times recently about how the outer, exoteric, ONA will evolve and may shed the ONA name, especially as its sinister tribes grow and spread. See, for instance, the ONA MS *We, The Drecc*.

[21] For one personal and interesting view, see Julie Wright, *David Myatt: A Mage For Our Times?* e-text, 2009



Bringing The Mythos To Life Misconceptions, Lies and Ignorance Regarding the ONA

Introduction

The past few years has seen an explosion of interest in the Order of Nine Angles, with new ONA nexions (groups/tribes etcetera) popping up all over the world, from New York, to Iceland, to Brazil, to Russia, to California, to London, to Serbia, to Romania, to Italy, to South Africa. In just over a year, the main ONA weblog recorded over 101,300 hits (as of February 2010 CE / 121 Year of Feyen).

It is therefore not surprising that articles and items about or concerning the ONA - often critical of it - regularly appear by courtesy of that modern medium of communication, the Internet.

But why bother? Why bother with trying to correct, or to counter, some of the ignorance and misconceptions - and often the prejudice - shown by those who have written about, or who have made comments about, the ONA over the past twenty years? Because of our aims, among which are:

- (1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;
- (2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen;
- (3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

Source: *Brief Guide to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA*

For these aims to be achieved, the ONA - quite simply - needs people. It needs recruits. It requires more and more human beings to be assimilated to the ONA Way and into the ONA collective. It needs people who can change themselves - or who can be changed, by us - and who therefore cease to be mundanes, or who develop *the inner sinister-changeling* that they have always felt was dormant within themselves.

These people - our potential recruits - need information about us; reliable information; informative information. The days of expecting potential recruits to work everything out for themselves are now long gone; partly because we now have so many new recruits, partly because of the Internet thingy, partly because there are better, more sinister, things for our new brothers and sisters to do, and partly because we are in the third phase of our long-term strategy.

We - the living ONA - have evolved, adapted, over the past two decades. Thus, the old way of expecting each new recruit, each new Initiate, to spend many, many, months discovering for themselves *who and what we really are* is no longer, in most instances, appropriate, or productive, in the sinister sense. Now - instead of spending a very long time gathering and sifting through ONA MSS, distilling truth from fable, finding mythos beyond myth, and discovering the esoteric essence behind some outward, useful, causal form we may have used - the new recruit can just get on with beginning their esoteric and their practical sinister training, and which training is still individual, and unique to each individual, even if - or especially if - they belong to some sinister tribe of ours.

Crucially, this countering of certain common - certain mundane - misconceptions about us, does not mean that we have ceased to be elitist; that our training for recruits, our sinister techniques, have become easy or ceased to be difficult, heretical, and dangerous. Many recruits will still fail to meet our high standards, as many will give up, after some time, for whatever reason, or because of some delusion about themselves that they believe in or which makes them comfortable and safe, again.

All it means is that we are now actively, openly, recruiting [1] - recruiting, training, the best, the most sinister, the heretical, the defiant. But it still takes some causal Time - a long, hard, difficult, testing, dangerous, time - for new recruits to pass-out from our boot-camp to become part of our elite sinister association, and this joining is still entirely based on individual achievement, on sinister experience, both practical and esoteric, and on a sinister commitment to our Aeonic tactics and our long-term, strategic, aims.

Mundane Misconceptions About The Order of Nine Angles

Introductory Diatribe

Many mundane misconceptions about the ONA are the result of one or more of the following:

(1) Ignorance - the person or persons who repeat a misconception have simply not bothered to do any real and in-depth research, and have just read a few items, almost always on the Internet, about or by the ONA. In their ignorance, they either jump to unwarranted conclusions, or just mundanely in their laziness repeat what they have read or heard somewhere.

Even if the person or persons reads a lot about the subject, they never, ever, bother to contact an ONA member, Adept or Master/Mistress - or one of the ONA OG - to obtain first-hand, real-life, knowledge about the ONA. That is, they just cannot be bothered to do good old fashioned "leg work", in the real world.

(2) Prejudice - the person or persons has/have a preconceived opinion or belief about the ONA, and simply, and illogically and in their mundaneness, act on that prejudice. Often their prejudice derives from being associated with, and emotionally attached to, some existing group or organization, such as the CoS or the ToSers.

(3) Trashy Internet/paperback psychology - the person or persons has/have read some articles about psychology (usually via the medium of the Internet) and/or they have read some books "popularizing" this Magian-infested pretentious and speculative non-science, and then - with the usual arrogance and delusion of mundanes - believe they have "understood" the ONA and/or those involved with it, on the basis of banally projecting some causal and often Magian abstractions (some labels and *-isms*) onto the ONA and/or those involved with it.

(4) Failure - the person or persons has/have failed to make the grade, having flirted for a while with the ONA. Having failed in their quest to become *of the ONA* - for instance, because they were too cowardly to do practical sinister deeds, or because they did not have the elan, the fortitude, the grit, to undertake and pass the basic ONA physical tests [3] - the person or persons want to "prove" to themselves (and others) that the ONA is "wrong", or a "fake" (or whatever)

and so start spreading rumors/disinformation, and so on.

Sometimes, such failures join other Occult groups, or even become Nazarenes, which groups and which religion they, in their anger and delusion, use as a stick to try and beat the ONA with, in order to try and make themselves feel better.

(5) Pretentiousness - the person or persons has/have a desire to appear knowledgeable about the ONA and the Occult in general, and so makes grandiose and often fatuous statements about the ONA and/or those involved with it.

We list here only the nine most common - the most mundane - misconceptions made by mundanes regarding The Order of Nine Angles/The Order of The Nine Angles. There are dozens of other common misconceptions about us, which we really cannot be bothered to correct.

Some Mundane Misconceptions

Mundane Misconception #1 - The name of the Nine Angles was taken from, or based, on Aquino's Nine Angles Rite, as used by LaVey's Church of Satan

This is a version of the mundane fallacy called *The Magian in the Machine*, where mundanes, influenced by, under the control of, or deluded by, Magian abstractions, have to - just have to - assume that everything relates to, is related to, or is derived from, something Magian, or some Magian distortion, such as the perverted qabalistic traditions and the pantomime "magick" used by groups such as the ToSers and the CoS, and by people such as Crowley.

ONA verity: given in numerous ONA MSS, which quite obviously the mundanes believing in and/or parroting or committing this fallacy have never even bothered to read. MSS such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles* (Part 1 and 2) from which this is a quote:

To understand The Nine Angles is to understand the cosmology of causal and acausal - of the Cosmos itself having a causal continuum (a causal Universe), and an acausal continuum (an acausal Universe). The Nine Angles are a nexion between the two, which means these nine angles have or can presence life; that is, they possess, or are animated by, acausal energy, from the acausal continuum.

There are nine angles because there are nine dimensions involved in all the nexions we currently know - the four dimensions of, or which re-present, the causal continuum, and the five dimensions of, or which re-present, the acausal continuum, and which "five dimensions" form the basis for genuine dark sorcery, that is, the willed bringing forth of acausal energy into the causal by means of a nexion.

The four causal dimensions are, of course, the three spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and the one dimension of causal, linear, Time.

Our term nine-angles thus represents something innovative, sophisticated, numinous, alive - and appropriate to the new sinister Aeon soon to arise - unlike the term nine angles used by others, such as the ToSers, which just refers to a dead two-dimensional geometrical shape.

Mundane Misconception #2 - The ONA's Septenary System is just a version of the qabalistic Tree of Life.

This is yet another version of the widespread mundane fallacy *The Magian in the Machine*, mentioned above.

ONA verity:

According to the aural traditions of the ONA, The Septenary System, with its Tree of Wyrð, is much older than the Magian qabala with its ten spheres comprising the Magian Tree of the Lifeless.

Early, Western, alchemical writings contain many *allusions* to an esoteric septenary system, as do some of the works of Robert Fludd. However, according to the aural traditions of the ONA, the Western Septenary System as inherited and as developed by the ONA and its reclusive predecessors, had its origins in the works of early Arab and Muslim alchemists (who predated Western alchemy) -

"...who had not only posited a system of seven fundamental stages or elements – *al-ajasad al-sabaah* – but who had also constructed a system of *nine* emanations of “The One” which included these seven elements plus two others which were quite distinct by virtue of having different aspects, or types of, or sources of, *time* itself, as described in the alchemical manuscript *Al-Kitab al-Aflak*.”
Source: *Emanations of a Mage* by Anton Long, 118 yf

Thus, the ONA regards the qabalistic Tree of the Lifeless as a horrid Magian distortion of the genuine esoteric tradition manifest in the Septenary System.

Furthermore, the ONA have never claimed to have "invented" the Septenary system - only to have made public various aspects of it; and to have extended it in some particular and important ways.

Mundane Misconception #3 - the ONA symbol is just a combination of the an inverted pentagram with two additional points.

Note that no explanation is ever given, by those making or repeating this misconception, of just how to construct the ONA sigil, in two-dimensional form, from an inverted pentagram by just adding two points.

ONA verity:

Considered esoterically, this sigil not only re-presents the Septenary in two-dimensional form [the seven points (of various angles) which touch the outer circle] but also the various pathways which join them.

However, the actual ONA sigil, as used by the ONA, is a four-dimensional one: that is, the two-dimensional sigil is constructed in three-dimensions, within a sphere, which three-dimensional construct itself changes, thus mimicking the change which is causal Time. This change is both a simple change of perspective (for example, the movement and rotation of the sphere and the construct within it) and also a “mapping” (that is, a causal “distortion”) of both the sphere and the construct within it). This mapping is essentially a change of, a transformation of, the regular Cartesian three-dimensional co-ordinate system, and to a limited extent this can be understood, and re-presented, by reference to the mathematical change of metric in causal Space-Time.

Mundane Misconception #4 - the main ONA book is *The Black Book of Satan*, followed by *NAOS*.

This is known as *the fallacy of the exoteric* because those committing this fallacy cannot distinguish between esoteric and exoteric.

ONA verity: Both *The Black Book of Satan*, and *Naos*, are basic exoteric works, designed for novices and Initiates; for those individuals just beginning their own individual Occult quest. As such, they are or they may not be useful and interesting to such individuals.

The fact is that there is no definitive or main ONA book, or work, or some specific recommended collection of MSS, given the individual nature of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way, and given the nature and diversity of that sinister

association known exoterically as the ONA, a diversity evident in our sinister tribes, our traditional nexions, our reclusive LHP Adepts, and in our small collectives of sinister empaths.

What there is, are hundreds - possibly, now, thousands - of individual, and sometimes related, ONA MSS and works, which deal with a variety of esoteric topics (in an exoteric or esoteric way). The vast majority of these MSS and works are by Anton Long, and they are for the guidance of individuals belonging to, or associated with, or interested in the ONA - the emphasis being on *guidance*.

Mundane Misconception #5 - The Dark Gods of the ONA are derived from the fictional works of HP Lovecraft.

ONA verity: According to our aural traditions, our Mythos of the Dark Gods - of living-beings living in the acausal continuum - is much older than the pseudo-mythology manufactured by Lovecraft.

In addition, our mythos of these acausal sinister entities is quite different in almost all respects from the beings described by Lovecraft. Lovecraft's beings - such as Cthulhu - are loathsome, almost primal, physical creatures, in the ordinary causal continuum. In complete contrast, the Dark Gods are acausal beings, some of whom can manifest in the causal continuum, and many of whom possess the ability to shape-shift and to assume human form. They can thus appear as beautiful human women, or handsome human men. Furthermore, among these acausal beings is the being known, from our human mythology, as Satan. [Refer, for instance, to the ONA MS *Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.] Thus, the ONA mythos, of these Dark Gods, is a sinister, distinctly Satanic, mythos, whereas Lovecraft's pseudo-mythology is not. [For an early ONA reference to Satan as one of these Dark Gods, refer to the fictional work, *Falcifer, Lord of Darkness*, originally written in 1974 CE and first published in 1976 CE.]

The ONA have never claimed to have "invented", or to have made public for the first time, the legends and myths about the Dark Gods, only to have explicated them, given them a rational, scientific, basis, and thus codified the tradition into a genuine Mythos appropriate to our times.

Furthermore, the ONA acknowledge that Lovecraft *may* have somehow stumbled upon some of the ancient, esoteric, legends and myths about The Dark Gods, through, for example, his own research, or perhaps via the medium of dreams (where sometimes the psyche of an individual can obtain intimations of the acausal and experience some effects of acausal energy). But if he did, then either it was a distorted, incomplete, garbled version, or he himself, perhaps for literary purposes, penned his own imaginative version of such intimations.

Moreover, the "names" given for various Dark God entities, in such works as NAOS, are useful exoteric symbols (note the words *useful symbols*) intended for Initiates. That is, they are not re-presentations, in the causal, of what are essentially acausal entities who/which cannot be described in causal terms, but which may be better apprehended or re-presented in part via esoteric vibration/chant. The ONA make it quite clear that it is for the Initiate to discover if this is indeed the case - via their own practical experience.

Mundane Misconception #6 - The ONA does not really exist, and is just an Internet phenomenon.

This is the mundane fallacy of *the deluded middle*, so named because the deluded middle is the muddled mundane who believes this canard, and passes it on, usually in that illusory realm, cyberland, where the sub-species *Mundanus Mundanus* thrive and prosper (in their dreams).

ONA verity:

(1) The ONA is a sinister, world-wide, association of sinister tribes, traditional nexions, and reclusive Adepts, many of

whom do not have, and do not want, an Internet presence, and many of whom - as befits sinister, heretical, esoteric, subversive groups and individuals - do not desire publicity of any kind, desiring instead to be illusive.

(2) As mentioned elsewhere:

The majority of those who are part of or who are associated with an existing traditional ONA nexion (group/Temple) remain hidden, as those nexions themselves remain hidden; for that is how it has been for many, many, decades. And that is how most of our sinister work is undertaken – covertly, in secret.

In addition, some of our tribes do not overtly, in public, present themselves as “sinister” or openly affiliate themselves with the ONA. They just get on with their subversive job of subversion; of being feral; of being real outlaws; of living on the edge; of gaining control of their own local area; of making money for themselves and their tribe; of gaining respect among their own communities; and of generally being a pain in the ass for their local mundanes and for the “law enforcement” agencies of mundane “law and order”. That is, they are living the sinister way, not writing about it; not talking about it, on the Internet or elsewhere.

Furthermore, we have a variety of *nym*s, now – some still esoteric; some just emerging into the light of the mundane world, such as Dreccian. Thus, some of our tribes, and some of our traditional nexions, will use one of these nym, instead of using the traditional term, and title, ONA.

Source: *Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles, Version 1.09*

(3) Our tribes have and seek to expand their own territory. Many of our traditional nexions conduct ceremonial rites and ceremonies, and hold sunedrions, open only to members of good standing and of proven loyalty.

Mundane Misconception #7 - The ONA is a fascist and/or a neo-nazi, anti-Semitic, Satanist group.

ONA verity: The ONA is heretical and subversive, in both the practical and the esoteric sense. Therefore, whatever is heretical, in a particular period of human history, and whatever is or may be useful in a subversive way, we can, or may, or will, use.

Some of our members and associates have, in the past, used the form of overt National Socialism, as others have used - and some still use - the *ethical National-Socialism* of NS groups such as Reichsfolk. Some others have also used that causal *-ology* that mundanes and other term fascism.

Our answer is: so what? The ONA is an amoral, esoteric, Left Hand Path association. As such,

“...there is nothing that is not permitted – nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest. (*The LHP – An Analysis*. ONA MS dated c. 1991 CE)

Thus, if some of our members or associates want to identify with, or use, some form such as National Socialism, for whatever reason (exoteric or esoteric), that is their choice. If some of our members or associates believe in such an *-ism* or such an *-ology*, that is also their choice, which they are free, at liberty, to make. Their belief may or may not change, over causal time, and a result of their experiences, practical, and Occult. Or it may not. Their *wyrd* is their *wyrd*.

As for the ONA being anti-Semitic - the hue and cry of anti-semitism is one of the war-cries of the Magian and of the mundanes following them or manipulated by them, is based on a causal abstraction designed to restrict, contain, tyrannize, and control individuals - their behavior and even their thoughts - and is used to socially engineer a particular type of tyrannical society, for mundanes. This particular causal abstraction derives from the psychology and the sociology of the Magian - a set of causal abstractions and causal theories, based on the fundamental error of what we may call ignorant (or arrant) projectionism, which is when an individual or individuals project some causal abstraction onto the external world, and/or onto human beings, and then “interpret” the external world, and/or human beings according to such abstractions, proceeding then to delude themselves in having “understood” the external world, and/or human beings. We say: psychology and sociology - and all such kindred things - are bunk, and that

knowledge, understanding, and judgment of others, is and can only be individual, as result of direct, practical, experience, discovering, learning and personal interaction. The judgment and opinion of others, and all causal theories, *-isms*, ideas and *--ologies*, are irrelevant.

However, the ONA is decidedly, defiantly, and proudly anti-Magian. That is, opposed to the delusions, the illusions, the abstractions, the distortions, and the ethos, of the Magian. As stated in an ONA MS:

" Magians are a specific type of human being – they are the natural exploiters of others, possessed of an instinctive type of human cunning and an avaricious personal nature. Over the past millennia they have developed a talent for manipulating other human beings, especially Western mundanes, by means of abstractions – such as usury and “freedom” and marxian/capitalist “social engineering/planning” – and by hoaxes/illusions, such as that of “democracy”. The easily manipulated nature of Western mundanes, and the Magian talent for such things as usury and litigation/spiel, their ability to cunningly manipulate, and their underlying charlatanesque (and almost always cowardly nature), have given them wealth, power and influence....

We are [the] scourge of the mundanes, scourge of the Magian, breaker of tyrannical abstractions: scourge and breaker of all that has, for millennia, prevented us from becoming the divine, the numinous, the Cosmic, species we have the potential to be. " *Our Sinister Character*

The ONA regards such things as the qabala, the demonology of grimoires (such as the Lesser Key of Solomon), The Golden Dawn, the Church of Satan, and The Temple of Set, as Magian distortions, corruptions, and/or inventions, and thus as detrimental to the genuine esoteric, Occult, development and evolution of the individual.

We further regard the Magian ethos - exoterically now evident in such things as the new Amerikan world empire (The New World Order) and in nation-States with their laws and Police-forces - as tyrannical and directly and violently opposed to our evolution into a new, higher, species of human being.

A further, non-Occult, discussion of the Magian, and the Magian ethos, can be found in such exoteric works as *Selected Essays Regarding The White Hordes of Homo Hubris*.

Mundane Misconception #8 - The ONA is just one person, who uses a variety of pseudonyms.

Among the ONA OG, this is called *the Aquino fallacy*, because Aquino was the first person to publicly make this fallacy, nearly a quarter of a century ago. Interestingly, Aquino himself stopped making this fallacy around 2000 CE, although mundanes still commit this fallacy today.

ONA verity:

(1) Enough diverse people, around the world, associated with or members of ONA nexions and tribes (past and present; working or defunct), are now known for even the most ordinary and lazy mundane (using only the Internet) to be able to see through this particular fallacy. From WSA352 in the States (especially Chloe and Kayla), to the Temple of Them in Australasia, to nexions and individuals in Iceland, Russia, Italy, and elsewhere; from Beesty Boy to Michael Ford to Ariadne S to Carolyne to Saturnyan... And so, etcetera.

(2) While some pseudonyms *may* be attributable to Anton Long (and names such as Stephen Brown come to mind, here), other pseudonyms used by ONA members or associates (such as DL9 or PointyHat or Caladius) which some people have claimed are used by AL, are most certainly not attributable to Anton Long, a fact which those making such ludicrous claims could easily have found if they had bothered to find and ask the individuals using such 'nyms.

While we have no formal OldAeon-type membership (with an HQ, fees payable and some silly membership card) - but are instead an informal esoteric, subversive, heretical, association, a sinister Way, a sinister methodology, and a sinister mythos - there are currently around several hundred individuals, world-wide, who may be said to be members of, or closely and/or directly associated with, the ONA, and perhaps a thousand or so others indirectly associated with us, or sufficiently influenced or inspired by us and our Way to directly or indirectly aid us and/or our goals, and/or to produce some works (magickal, practical, sinister, or artistic) inspired by us and/or our sinister ethos and our Mythos.

The numbers, fundamentally, are irrelevant - for our influence far outweighs our numbers, as is befitting and esoterically correct, given that we are an elitist group.

Mundane Misconception #9 - The founder of the ONA converted to Islam, and left the ONA. He is a nutter who changes religions like some people change their clothes.

ONA verity: The individual who gave the outer, the exoteric, name The Order of Nine Angles to a small LHP association in the early 1970's CE, has remained steadfastly committed to The Sinister Way that lies at the heart of the ONA. Thus, for over forty years, Anton Long has been involved with the ONA, never deviating from striving to achieve certain sinister Aeonie goals.

Interestingly, Anton Long never ascribes - and has never ascribed - any title or Magickal Grade to himself; all his profuse esoteric writings, and missives, are simply signed *Anton Long, ONA*. This is in stark contrast to almost everyone else, associated at some level with, or involved at some level with, Occult organizations, especially LHP and Satanic ones, which individuals almost invariably ascribe some grand title to themselves, such as High Priest, or Adept, or Magister, or even Magus.

As for outer, temporal, changes - seen and described by some mundane or some mundanes, or by some Magians - so what? The judging of such a particular individual by means of such outer, temporal, changes is, for us,

a basic but effective test of mundane-ness, especially among those who describe themselves as Occultists and "satanists". Have these "Occultists" and "satanists" the instinct, the occult ability - the innate character of one of our sinister kind - to see beyond mere causal form, to the acausal, and thus perceive the reality of one shapeshifting sinister individual?

Naturally, mundanes will still continue, in their delusion and ignorance, making mundane judgments about people based on such causal illusions - unless and until, that is, they change themselves, and evolve, by a means of liberation such as our Sinister Way, and thus discover, perceive, such causal forms for the restrictions, the tyranny, that they are.

DL9 & PointyHat
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] *Recruit openly*, as in publicly encourage candidates to begin their own sinister quest, according to the guidelines we have made available.

Training, as (a) for traditional nexions/aspirant Adepts, outlined in *Guide to The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*; and (b) for aspiring Dreccians (those who live by *The Law of The Sinister-Numen*), sinister living as outlined in documents such as *We*, *The Drecc*, *The War Against The Mundanes*, and *Our Sinister Character*.

[2] The basic physical tests and challenges for aspiring members of the ONA are outlined in *Guide to The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*:

The minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals.]

For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

Note, in particular, that these are just the minimum acceptable standards, and that "those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals." Thus, a competent male cyclist would be expected, for example, to cycle around 350 miles in 24 hours, and a competent male walker would be expected to walk around or over 100 miles in 48 hours.

Also note that even the ONA Grade Ritual of Magus - undertaken only by older folk involved with the ONA for at least three decades - requires the individual to walk 300 miles in 15 days or less, in a wilderness area, carrying all equipment necessary, and then live alone in that area for six months or longer.

Further Reading:

A - Misconceptions

- 1) [The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context](#)
- 2) [The Septenary, Crowley, and The Origins of the ONA](#)
- 3) [Commentary on Dreamers of the Dark](#)
- 4) [Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism](#)
- 5) [Guide to The Philosophy of the ONA](#)
- 6) [Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism](#)
- 7) [Defending the ONA?](#)

B - Training and Ethos

- 1) [Our Sinister Character](#)
- 2) [Our Law of The Sinister-Numen](#)
- 3) [We, The Drecc](#)
- 4) [Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way](#)
- 5) [War Against The Mundanes](#)

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and who made some helpful suggestions and a few small additions

Concerning the Traditions of the ONA

For a long time, the traditions were divulged on an individual basis - from Master or Mistress to Initiate. An 'Order' as such did not exist. There was only, at any one time, a few Adepts who taught a few pupils over a long period of time.

It was not until the sixth decade of this present century that this pattern changed. Hitherto, the tradition was secret and secretive, and prospective pupils were subject to severe tests and ordeals, of a physical, mental and magickal nature. The traditions were oral, with one or two exceptions. These being concerned with certain magickal rituals and Esoteric Chant. But even these were written in code or in symbolic/magickal scripts devised to conceal them from non-Initiates.

The tradition itself concerned: a) certain rites and ceremonies of 'Black Magick' - e.g. The Ceremony of Recalling; The Sinister Calling; the Rites of Nine Angles [Note: These are later titles for what was without title]; b) certain beliefs/legends relating to the Dark Gods; c) certain methods which were believed to be necessary for the achievement of Adeptship [e.g. what later became known as the 'Grade Rituals']; d) certain esoteric knowledge e.g. Esoteric Chant, the septenary system of correspondences; e) certain practices of a sinister nature [described in MSS such as 'Culling'; 'Guidelines for the Testing of opfers'].

There was also a belief which later became known as 'The Sinister Dialectic of History' - an attempt to understand Aeons and the rudiments of what later became Aeonic Magick.

Occasionally, ceremonial rituals were undertaken for specific purposes at which most, if not all, those who belonged to the tradition participated in. Sometimes, this was so few that others had to be recruited, subject to the usual tests and so on. But this 'recruitment' was for a specific purpose, and was not general policy.

In the sixth decade of this present century this, however, changed - under the guidance of the Mistress who then represented the tradition. She formed several ceremonial groups, all autonomous. These, however, were never large, and the combined number of people in these groups never exceeded thirty. A few of the individuals so recruited came from existing Black Magick or Left Hand Path groups (such as the OTP, the Temple of the Sun, and the Black order). Due to this change, some structure was given to the tradition - and a name, in addition to those already existing which served to identify the adherents of this tradition. The existing descriptive names were 'traditional Satanism, the septenary system, and hebdomadry. The new name, adopted by the Mistress, was the Order of Nine Angles. The autonomous groups also adopted their own names, as sub-Temples within the order. One of these was 'Camlad'; another was 'The Temple of the Sun' (nearly all the members of what had been called by this name had joined the ONA).

Over the next few years, Order sunections were held, and ceremonial Initiations undertaken. This continued for some more years, after the Mistress had retired. Her decision was the result of a sinister strategy - to undertake specific acts of sinister magick of a ceremonial kind; to increase the number of genuine Adepts and create temporal forms to direct certain magickal energies and so provoke certain changes, preparing the way for the next stage.

However, the reality was somewhat different from the theory. Some quality had been lost. There was a concentration on the external aspects of magick as against the internal and the aeonic. Accordingly, after some more years, the person who then represented the Order, disbanded the groups, and returned to traditional methods. The methods themselves were refined and extended, and it became the practice for External Adepts to form and manage their own Temple, with complete freedom. Further, a decision was taken to gradually make available all the traditions of the Order together with the new techniques developed.

The new techniques included 'The Star Game'. The Grade Rituals were revised, and further methods developed, together with a comprehensive theoretical system to explicate the true nature of both the methods and magick itself. Thus, a purely practical system of training was created, which made Adeptship and the Grades beyond available to anyone. This system was called 'The Seven-Fold Way' [later 'The Seven-Fold Sinister Way']. The basis of this system

was described in an Order MS entitled 'Naos'.

According to tradition, the traditions themselves, inherited by the present Grand Master from the Mistress who Initiated him, were said to be a survival of what has been called 'The Third Way of Magick'; a survival from the civilization which flourished in Albion. These traditions were limited to a certain geographical area. This was bounded in the north by the Stiperstones; in the West by the Long Mynd; in the east by that neolithic pathway now known as the Kerry Ridgway; and in the south by the river Clun.

This, however, is only a tradition, with no direct evidence to support it.

Such, briefly, is the 'history' of the ONA. At present, the function of the Order is to: (a) guide suitable individuals towards and beyond Adeptship; (b) work Aeonick magick in accord with sinister strategy; (c) implement, via various tactics, that strategy.

One tactic used over the past few years, is making the tradition itself accessible, as well as the new developments which have extended and refined that tradition, forming the practical system mentioned above.

ONA 1990 eh

Editorial Notes:

1) I know that the history from the late sixties, as explained above, is factual, since I participated in it. As to what went before - e.g. the handing on of the tradition from Master/Mistress to pupil over a long period of time, and the association of the area mentioned with the tradition - I have only the word of the Mistress who Initiated me. While I am still inclined, after all the intervening years, to accept her word, there remains no proof, or at least none of which I am aware. All I know is that she taught me a great deal of esoteric knowledge, unavailable at the time in any published books or accessible manuscripts. This knowledge included Esoteric Chant (qv. 'Naos'), the septenary system of correspondences, and the teachings divulged in the MSS 'Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice'; 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers'; 'A Gift for the Prince' etc.

Each person must make their own assessment. (Anton Long)

2) Other knowledge imparted included the Dark Gods mythos (as explicated in the MS 'The Dark Gods' and 'HP Lovecraft and the Dark Gods'), the esoteric meaning of the Nine Angles (as explicated in the MS 'The Secrets of the Nine Angles' - the MS 'Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings' gives a recent extension of the symbolism), and some ceremonial rites (explicated in 'The Black Book of Satan').

- Order of Nine Angles -



Editorial Note (2009 yf): *The following text is claimed to be by New Zealand author W. R. van Leeuwen, and to form unpublished parts of, or drafts for, his published (2008 yf) academic MA thesis entitled **Dreamers of the Dark**. Since the Leeuwen text, used here, has been, in 2009 yf, publicly circulated by means of scribd dot com, and is available on the Internet elsewhere, it is regarded as now "in the public domain" and thus suitable for further non-commercial distribution.*

Furthermore, because this text deals mainly with the Order of Nine Angles, the ONA has - as Devil's Advocate and in the interests of fairness and accuracy - inserted a few comments of its own in the appropriate places.

Satanic Influences on the Order

Like many other Satanic groups, the Order [*i.e.* Kerry Bolton's Order of the LHP] came to both reflect and react against LaVeyian Satanism, but it is in areas which the Order diverged from the Church of Satan which are the most significant. In its reflection, the Order continued to lay great emphasis on the *ubermensch* philosophy which was very much part of LaVey's legacy- the idea that the Satanist had a unique and clear understanding of the true nature of humanity which was, ultimately, the individuals will-to-power. The Order encouraged members to "seek to enhance the individual will and psyche through Nietzschean-type Self-Overcoming"¹. Likewise, Satan was affirmed as a promethean figure, the great liberator of humanity, and the Order quotes Mikhail Bakunin approvingly: "Satan is the first free-thinker and Saviour of the world. He frees Adam and impresses the seal of humanity and liberty on his

forehead by making his disobedient”².

However the Order’s philosophy was more radically influenced by the English based Order of Nine Angles (ONA), and it is in the adherence to the ONA’s vision of Satanism rather than LaVey’s that the Order made a clear and radical differentiation from the Satanic mainstream. The ONA’s influence is clearly shown in that much of the material that was included in the Orders instruction and teaching were often reprints or adaptations of ONA material, which was usually (but not always) acknowledged.

The ONA is possibly the most controversial Satanic group that has arisen since the Church of Satan. Philosophically, the ONA was violently opposed to LaVeyian Satanism, which it branded as weak, deluded and American form of ‘sham-Satanic groups, the poseurs’³. In contrast the ONA claimed to be a multi-generational, traditional Satanic order that advocated such extreme practices as ‘culling’, or human sacrifice of ‘offers’⁴. Satan himself was understood to be both symbolic (or archetypal) and real, he exists “within the psyche of individuals, and beyond individuals”⁵. While the ONA described themselves as Satanists and accepted that Satan was a real and present figure, they rejected the idea of theirs being a religion, rather it was a way of being;

there is no such thing as a ‘religious’ Satanism- the offering of prayers...or whatever in return for Satanic favours. Such things imply fear, subservience and those other traits of character Satan despises. Rather, the satanic approach is to glory in Satanic deeds and chants and such like because they are Satanic - because by so doing them there is an exultation, an affirmation and a being like Satan: not because something is ‘expected’ or done out of fear of the consequences. It is by living life, by deeds, that a Satanist becomes like Satan and so evolves to partake of a new and higher existence. Such deeds are those to bring insight, self-discovery, to achieve, esoteric knowledge, experience of the ‘forbidden’, of the pleasures of living - and they are also those which change others and the world and which thus can and do bring suffering, misery, death: which are, in short, evil.⁶ .

Whether the ONA actually practised human sacrifice or not (despite hints that they did), is debatable and commentators have a right to be sceptical of such claims⁷, nonetheless, the concept of human sacrifice (even if not the actuality) was a central tenet of the ONA. The ONA viewed sacrificial victims as either culls or voluntary. The voluntary offer was a member of the ONA that volunteered to be sacrificed in a year long ritual that bears a strong resemblance to James Frazier, Margaret Murray and Robert Graves's idea of the Sacrificed King⁸.

[ONA Comment: What exactly is the nature of this purported "resemblance"? There does not seem to be any, except that a certain chosen individual is sacrificed in a ritualistic manner, in order to propitiate certain forces; an idea - or a method - familiar to many ancient pagans traditions. The author's suggestion seems to be that the ONA somehow "got the idea" from the quoted authors, although an alternative and more plausible explanation would be that the ONA is simply recording an aural tradition of the British Isles, which somehow survived in a few isolated rural places, or later on perhaps in only one isolated rural place, until the traditional voluntary offer gave way to an involuntary one. For other aural British traditions which strongly hint at a sacrificial rite, see, for example, the tradition in Perthshire (and some other places in Scotland) on the first day of May as recorded in the eighteenth century account of one John Sinclair, where a lot decides which young man is to be the "chosen one" for that year.]

The candidate "ideally should be in his 21st year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual", having been chosen/volunteered the year previous. He is consecrated during the previous summer solstice and during the year of preparation he chooses a woman who will become his priestess. Any child born by the priestess and the offer is to be raised by the temple. At the spring equinox, the offer can also chose to "give his favour to any one member of the temple", and if a child results, that child may be either given to the offer's priestess or also raised by the temple. Also at spring equinox the offer retires into seclusion. Should an offer have a change of heart and try to escape his fate, the temple places him under a death curse and "the Guardian of the Temple [is] sent to seek him out and terminate him"- either way, once the decision has been made to commit it's a one way trip. The sacrificial rite is given at length in *The Black Book of Satan* and is in the form of binding and hooding the offer followed by stabbing or slicing of the throat (which is reminiscent of the portrayal of the sacrificial death of the 'Lindow Man', as

presented by Anne Ross and Don Robins⁹). Blood was collected and formed part of the batter for cakes which were consumed by the temple the following full moon.

Culls, or involuntary sacrifice, were of a completely different nature. While voluntary sacrifice were revered, to be culled was a mark of contempt and derision.

The ONA viewed only a small minority of humanity to be of any value, the majority being no more than a docile and somnambulant herd. Of the contemptible mass, some were particularly worthless and counter-evolutionary and thus made the ideal candidates for culling, hence "Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock by removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (in terms of character)"¹⁰.

The act itself [culling] is one which glorifies the Satanic, which affirms Satanic values - that is, it aids evolution in a positive way, enhancing the lives of individuals. In short, it aids self-development (of the participants) and aids evolution (via the sinister dialectic/nature of the culling). Opfers become/are chosen as victims because of their nature and/or because of their deeds. Mostly, victims are dross - those whose removal will aid change/the growth of civilization/the Aeonic imperative¹¹.

While at the same time, for the Satanist anyway, "to kill someone on a personal level (e.g. with one's own hands) is a character building experience"¹².

The ONA published strict guidelines to the selection of opfers. There were four 'classes' of candidates; the 'dross', the traitor, the revenge/object lesson and someone whose death will

disrupt the *status quo* and encourage the breakdown of the present system, aiming also to bring about a revolutionary state of affairs in his country beneficial to those whose actions and policies [unknown to them] are aiding and will aid the dialectic and thus evolution¹³.

Such sacrifices did not need to be of the 'robe and altar' kind, though that is

an obvious possibility- but “death by practical means” would ideally be accompanied by a ritual as well, most likely ‘off-site’. All potential culls are required to be tested to show their lack of moral worth, but the testing of offers, particularly of the first three kinds, includes giving the prospective candidate a “sporting chance” to redeem themselves and they are given up to three tests with even just one positive result halting the candidature and saving their life¹⁴. A cited example of a test is to see whether the prospective offer would physically intervene if a woman is being assaulted.

The ONA’s advocating of human sacrifice elicited much controversy within the Satanist community, some seeing it as the fulfilment of a truly Satanic ethos while others deplored it as a retrograde step in that it played into the hands of popular prejudice against Satanists- or branded it the fantasies of a sick and deluded individual/s.

While the Order of the Left Hand Path did not adopt culling or human sacrifice as part of its official ideology, given the widespread dissemination of ONA material and philosophy within the Order it is not surprising that the idea of offers (especially as culling out dross) was informally adopted by many¹⁵.

More officially influential ideas that the Order adopted from the ONA were the concept of Aeonics, the ‘Sinister Dialectic’ and the integration of a National Socialist ethos into a Satanic framework.

Aeonics

Aeonics is the theoretical paradigm that both the Order and ONA operated under which justified supporting various forms of neo-Nazism, both politically and ideologically. Simplified, Aeonics is the belief that history operates in a cyclic fashion, and in particular empires struggle to rise, achieve hegemony then decay into decadence and after a while another empire rises to take its place. The rise and fall of nations was not simply a social mechanism but rather was a manifestation into human affairs of a natural law of the universe, in much the same way that the Third Law of Thermodynamics is a natural law. A law of ebb and flow, expansion and contraction, the change in energy states- all given human clothes. As an idea, it can directly trace its spiritual and intellectual roots to both the Theosophical Society’s concept of the Yugas, or the cosmic cycle of ages, and German historian Oswald Spengler’s *Der Untergang des*

Abendlandes (published in English as *Decline of the West*)¹⁶.

[ONA Comment: The debt to people such as Spengler and Toynbee is openly acknowledged by the ONA in several of their MSS, in which it is clearly stated that Aeonics and Aeonick Magick, as described by Anton Long on the ONA, is a recent esoteric development, built upon the exoteric work of others.]

Both the Theosophical Society and Spengler emphasised that there was a periodicity in history that is a function of universal and cosmic forces or laws, a mechanism of ebb and flow in which various energies are manifested depending on what part of which cycle a civilisation is present in. Similarly, both Blatvatsky's and Spengler's writing had racial overtones, especially Blatvatsky with her emphasis on the importance of the fifth 'root-race', the Aryans, as the torchbearers of civilisation. Blavatsky wrote that there were (or will be) seven ages of sentience on earth and with each age of sentience governed by a 'root race'. Across all seven ages, the sophistication, nobility and spirituality of the sentient races will wax and wane. Starting with a noncorporeal first root race in the first age, each successive root race devolves over the aeons and is ultimately replaced by the next, more primitive, root race. The nadir of sentience is reached in the third and fourth age, the Lemurian and Atlantian age, while the fifth, current, age is the age of the Aryan root race and represents the turn of the tide and the start of the waxing of consciousness. At the end of the seventh age, uncountable aeons in the future, this current cycle will come to an end and will be replaced with a new evolutionary round. Perhaps it shouldn't be surprising that Blavatsky's position on race was somewhat ambiguous. On the one hand she wrote of the essential unity of humanity and had a liberal conception of who qualified as being Aryan:

The Aryan races, for instance, now varying from dark brown, almost black, red-brown-yellow, down to the whitest creamy colour, are yet all of one and the same stock — the Fifth Root-Race — and spring from one single progenitor, (...) who is said to have lived over 18,000,000 years ago, and also 850,000 years ago — at the time of the sinking of the last remnants of the great continent of Atlantis.¹⁷

But at the same time, the shadows of the spiritual degeneracy lurked close at hand and she also believed that

No amount of culture, nor generations of training amid civilization, could raise such human specimens as the Bushmen, the Vedddhas of Ceylon, and

some African tribes, to the same intellectual level as the Aryans, the Semites, and the Turanians so called. The 'sacred spark' is missing in them and it is they who are the only inferior races on the globe, now happily — owing to the wise adjustment of nature which ever works in that direction — fast dying out¹⁸

Blatvatsky's idea were later seized upon by the mystical pan-Germans and Ariosophists in late 19th Century and early 20th Century Germany and was a significant contributor to the cultural milieu from which the National Socialist movement grew out of¹⁹.

However, Spengler saw any racial ascendancy as a passing and temporary phase in the history of the world and nothing to get excited about because what is in ascendancy today will be in decline tomorrow. In this way ascendancy was more closely aligned to a motor race, where leading the field is transitory and accidents and breakdowns can happen to anyone at any time. Whatever ascendancy is, it is not tied to an innate racial superiority and as such the power of Europe was in the process of inevitable and unstoppable decline.

For every Culture has *its own* Civilization. In this work, for the first time the two words, hitherto used to express in an indefinite, more or less ethical, distinction, are used in a *periodic* sense, to express a strict and necessary *organic succession*. The Civilization is the inevitable *destiny* of the Culture...Civilizations are the most external and artificial states of which a species of developed humanity is capable. They are a conclusion, the thing-become succeeding the thing- becoming, death following life, rigidity following expansion, intellectual age and the stone-built, petrifying world-city following mother-earth and the spiritual childhood of Doric and Gothic. They are an end, irrevocable, yet by inward necessity reached again and again.²⁰

The nub of Spengler's ideas was to have a significant influence on Walter Darre, Nazi Reichsminister of Food and Agriculture, racial theorist and proponent of the *Blut und Boden* movement. However, Spengler's pessimism was such that in *Das Bauerntum als Lebensquell der nordischen Rasse* (*The Peasantry as Life-source of the Nordic Race*), the book that brought Darre to the attention of Himmler, Darre did not reference Spengler once because, as Karl Haushofer suggested, Spengler's pessimism and determinism would have undermined his argument for the new flowering of 'natural' German peasant society²¹. In Darre's case, such a natural society would have included a return to a pagan agrarian society, a principle untenable according to Spengler. Once

a time is done, it is done- Spengler's Determinism was at odds with Nazi Romanticism²² .

Spengler identified eight civilisations; Babylonian, Egyptian, Chinese, Indian, Mexican, Classical, Arabian, Western or 'European-American' and with each civilisation he associated what could be called a soul type- the Classical civilisation was Apollonian in nature, the Arabian was Magian and Western was Faustian²³ . Through its own soul type, a civilisation expresses its essential nature and beingness that is in part rooted in the land as well as in the cultural psyche. However, sometimes a civilisation was prevented from achieving its full flower through a process of pseudomorphosis caused by the clash of civilisations. In this process an older culture is so entrenched or dominant that a newer culture can not separate from it fully to produce a 'pure' expression of the younger culture. As a result new cultures are cast in the mould of older cultures, leading to stasis rather than creativity. Spengler gives the example of the Battle of Actium, when the gestating Arabian culture lost out to the hegemonic Classical culture resulting in an incomplete and 'corrupt' manifestation of the Magian soul.

From Spengler's periodicity (a principle also picked up with more rigour and less metaphysics by Arnold Toynbee in his *A Study of History*, also quoted by the ONA approvingly²⁴) the ONA developed their theories on Aeonics. The ONA defines an Aeon as "a form or type of acausal energy which manifests in the causal...It reorders the causal- which is simply another way of saying such acausal energy produces certain changes in the causal. A civilisation (or rather a 'higher' or Aeonic civilisation) is how...this energy is ordered in the causal"²⁵ . In other words, the great civilisations are a reflection of the specific energies generated by a particular period of the cosmic cycle.

The ONA concerns itself with six Aeonic cultures, rather than Spengler's eight, with those six concentrated between the Tigris and Connacht, giving the impression of an destiny of fulfilment for the European peoples²⁶ . Long acknowledges another four, non-European, civilizations (Egyptic, Indic, Sinic and Japanese) but dismisses them, in part with the comment that they

have not contributed significantly to...evolution (i.e. they lack large-scale

creativity)...The criteria for an Aeonical Civilization are (1) it possesses a distinctive ethos...(2) it arises primarily from physical challenge (rather than from a social challenge such as the disintegration of another nearby civilization); and (3) it is creative and noble on a large scale²⁷

According to Long,

all the individuals with a particular civilisation- unless and until they attain a specific degree of self awareness...are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from- is determined by- the civilisation and thus the aeon

so that the acausal (Aeonical) energy “determines and/or influences the actions and behaviours of the individuals of the civilisation”²⁸. This leads to the inescapable conclusion that racial differences are more than skin deep, and relates to the very way in which a people relate to the world around them as well as that there is a fundamental and unbridgeable difference between those societies which have been invested with Aeonical influences and those that have not.

From this point, Aeonical provides the foundation for two structures, political and magical.

The ONA and the Order certainly professed a belief in magical powers, broadly subscribing to the widespread definition of magic by Aleister Crowley: that magic is the art and science of causing change in the world through an exercise of will²⁹. In a fit of taxonomic glee, the ONA defined Aeonical (as distinct from external (ceremonial) magic and internal (consciousness altering) magic³⁰) magic in the essay ‘Aeonical Magic’

Aeonical magic “by its fundamental nature, it could only be used in one of three ways”³¹:

- aid the already existing or original wyrd of an existing aeonical civilization (working with existing aeonical energy (as evident in the associated aeonical civilization))
- create a new aeon and thus a new aeonical civilization (working against existing aeonical energy)
- distort or disrupt an existing civilization and thus the aeonical forces of that

civilization. (creating a new type of aeonic energy by opening a new nexion and drawing forth new acausal energies³²)

Thus “aeonic magick involves knowing the wyrd of the presently existing civilization and if there are/have been any attempts to disrupt that wyrd, magickally or otherwise³³”.

Having been generated, the magical Aeonic energy could be used to be

- Directed into a specific already existing form (such as an individual) or some causal structure which is created for this purpose. This structure can be some political or religious or social organization, group or enterprise, or it can be some work or works of ‘Art’, music and so on.
- Drawn forth and left to disperse naturally over Earth (from the site of its presencing).
- Shaped into some new psychic or magical form or forms - such as an archetype or mythos³⁴.

Technically, the cliologist (“someone skilled in, knowledgeable about and who uses Aeonic energies”- i.e. the Aeonic magician) utilises one of three techniques “by which acausal energy can be accessed”.

- By utilising ritual and sacrifice to create a new nexion, or point in which acausal energies leech through into the causal world- a magical gate between the worlds which takes 15 years to fully open.
- By using the Star Game, a kind of chess-like game, by which the pieces are imbued with causal energies. As the pieces are moved, so they influence external events.
- By memisis, which involves identifying a cultural/historic pattern or archetype that one wishes to influence, and then enacting it through drama and ritual. Essentially, rewriting the ending of the ‘story’ so the desired result ensues. It is also possible to use art and sculpture to ‘model’ events and by the way the artist interacts with the art, change the course of the events.

The Order itself did not publish as detailed manifesto as to the mechanics of Aeonic magic, but from clear allusions scattered throughout various manuscripts, it is certain that ONA principles of Aeonic Magic were largely

accepted as both valid and useful.

<!-- [ONA Comment: The ONA has recently (118-120 yf) released many hitherto esoteric MSS dealing with Aeonics which give not only more detail regarding such "mechanics" but which further explicate the nature of both Aeonics and Aeonick Magick. The use of NS type politics as a sinister form to presence certain acausal energies has also been recently explicated.]

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Sinister Dialectic

If Aeonics was the theory, then the Sinister Dialectic was the methodology. Having identified the mechanism which powers civilisation, the next step is to utilise that knowledge to change, meld or direct history to the fulfilment of Satanic ends- "to change the evolution of our species, and thus the cosmos itself"³⁵ .

On a basic level, the dialectic is concerned with oppositional political, social and religious expression, "the Adversarial role- a challenge against conscious and unconscious norms"³⁶ . Privately, the importance of such opposition is given as providing "opportunities for individuals to discover the hidden/forbidden within their own psyche...This means catharsis on an individual level" while in the public arena this expresses itself as the dissemination of 'heretical' material and in both cases the aim is to "challenge and thus provoke change, reaction". The ONA defined heresy as upholding concepts of racial inequality, advocating war and (after a longwinded preamble) Holocaust denial as well as "countering the unhealthy and anti-natural morality of suppression of the Nazarene"³⁷ .

On a 'higher' level, the dialectic is concerned with long-term evolutionary processes. "the creation and change of civilizations and ultimately the creation of a new type of individual, a new species"³⁸ . This requires individuals to change themselves, and to alter structures (such as social conditions) so that they aid the process of change (or at least doesn't hinder change). Personal change is enabled by external and internal magic (the magical change of the adherents personal surroundings and self) and Aeonick magic which is "the

creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection of the psyche of others which results from introducing them- and gaining/using influence”³⁹ .

According to the ONA, Satanism and the sinister dialectic work synergistically in that “each Satanist, by living Satanically, aids the dialectic and thus evolutionary change” while “Aeonics and the sinister dialectic, are means which enhance our existence as individuals”⁴⁰

National Socialism

The ‘heresies’ that the ONA was articulating as a Satanist order were largely to do with encouraging the adoption of a National Socialist ethos- the grand intersection of racism, warmongering and the Holocaust (with the subversion of Christianity thrown in). The ONA went as far as identifying National Socialism as the embodiment of the Faustian, that is Western, soul.

While the origin of the ONA is not known for certain (in its own published historical notes, the ONA claimed that its genesis 6000 years ago, during the Hyperborean Age⁴¹), it’s more recent history has a 21 year old Englishman, David Myatt, joining the ONA in 1973 just before the then head of the order, an unnamed woman, emigrated to Australia. However, if the order’s history, with its ancient origins, untraceable lineage and absent ‘first figure’, is a true and correct account it would possibly be the first such account in modern occultism⁴² . Subsequent to Myatt’s joining, there have been four names associated with the ONA, Myatt (who is not named in ONA material), Stephen Brown, Anton Long and Christos Beest, but speculation is that they are all pseudonyms of Myatt. Certainly the biography of Brown as given in the Beest interview in *The Heretic* matches up with Myatt’s biography in *The Black Sun* and Myatt, Brown and Beest have all been identified as past Grandmasters of the Order⁴³ .

[ONA Comment: Several factual errors here and some incorrect unwarranted assumptions. The ONA does not "claim" that its genesis, as a group, Order or whatever, was thousands of years ago, only that there are certain aural

traditions - to be believed or not; to be accepted as fables or legends or myths according to the individual - that state that the origin of certain traditions used by the ONA date some centuries earlier or derive from an even earlier past. The ONA clearly state that their tradition was and is one maintained by a few reclusive individuals. Obviously, the author is confusing certain traditions carried on, in former times, by a few reclusive individuals with the ONA as extensively developed by Anton Long, which modern ONA carries on a few such old traditions (for example, regarding culling) and records other traditions as being "just aural traditions, without any evidence to substantiate them".

In addition, the name the ONA was given to a small Left Hand Path group by Anton Long, who joined this group in early 1972, not 1973 as stated. Before being so named, the group did not have an explicit exoteric name.]

David Myatt was born in 1952 and joined the Nationalist British Movement in 1969, becoming leader Colin Jordan's bodyguard and during that time Jordan introduced him to *The Lightning and the Sun*, a book by Savitri Devi which identified Hitler as an avatar of Vishnu and which she dedicated "to the god-like Individual of our times; the Man against Time; the greatest European of all times; both Sun and Lightning: ADOLF HITLER, as a tribute of unfailing love and loyalty, for ever and ever"⁴⁴. Myatt was then inspired to meld his already active interest in the occult and Satanism with Devi's esoteric Hitler-worship while still being actively involved in various neo-Nazi and Nationalist movements in the UK such as Combat 18 and the National Socialist Alliance⁴⁵. In June of 2000 the British anti-fascist periodical *Searchlight* described Myatt as "the most ideologically driven nazi in Britain, preaching race war and terrorism"⁴⁶. In 1998 Myatt converted to Islam with the name Abdul Aziz ibn Myatt⁴⁷. However, Myatt maintained his far right/ nouvelle droit politics and "appeal[ed] to all enemies of the Zionists to embrace the Jihad, the 'true martial religion' which will most effectively fight against the Jews and the Americans" and according to political scientist George Michael, Myatt "has arguably done more than any other theorist to develop a synthesis of the extreme right and Islam"⁴⁸.

[ONA Comment: Myatt was born in 1950, and joined CJ's organization in 1968.]

Given Myatt's long involvement with nationalist/neo-Nazi/neouvelle Driot

politics it is not surprising to find that there is nothing subtle about the ONA's adherence to National Socialism. In an interview published in *The Heretic* 8, Beast describes National Socialism as “a fundamental expression of the Wyrd of the Western Soul...It is true to say that National-Socialism is an expression of Satanism (and vice-versa)” while

one of the Satanic masses in use today is based on an evocation of Adolf Hitler...in this particular Satanic mass, Adolf Hitler is not represented as he is today by his opponents- as some sort of 'evil' monster- but as exactly the opposite, as a noble saviour.

The essay 'ONA Strategy and Tactics' discusses the need to spread “subversive and heretical ideas (e.g. National Socialism)”⁴⁹. The ONA also utilises three dating systems and avoids the BC/AD system. One measures year BP, before present, and is mainly used in the context of discussions of Aeonics. The other two are more precise and ideologically grounded. The more common system is 'e.h.', or era horrificus, which is tied to the usual calendar, so 1990 e.h. is the same year as A.D. 1990 and was used from time to time by the Order. The third calendar system is 'yf', translated as 'year of fire' on the title page of *The Black Book of Satan* (which was published in yf 101), and is used in some other essays by Long⁵⁰. Year 1 is evidently 1889- the year of Hitler's birth and 'yf' may pun on 'year of the Fuehrer'⁵¹.

There is a certain irony in the ONA's conception of Satanism. There is an undoubted 'literary-ness' feel about much of the ONA, and resonances have been made between the voluntary sacrifice and the one time academically popular (but ultimately historically untenable) idea of a sacrificial king. Also to be noted is the form of the Black Mass used by ONA has some similarities with classical accounts of Black Masses, despite the ONA explicitly denying the relationship; and the Star Game seems to be inspired by the older 'Enochian Chess', as invented by the Victorian magical order, the Golden Dawn⁵².

[ONA Comment: Again, the author makes several unwarranted assumptions, for which assumptions he gives no details or evidence. For instance, he claims that the ONA's Star Game - an admitted modern invention of Anton Long - seems to be "inspired by Enochian chess". In what way? The two have no similarity other than both are played on boards, using pieces, and both are used by esoteric groups. The pieces of the Star Game relate directly and esoterically to the ONA's concept of causal, acausal and nexions (between causal and acausal) and the pieces when moved are transformed; the boards

are seven, forming a Tree of Wyrd. All these things are so far removed from Enochian chess (and the esotericism of The Golden Dawn) that it is quite incongruous to claim that Enochian chess "inspired the Star Game."

In addition, how is the form of the Black Mass as used by the ONA similar to classic accounts of such a Black Mass when such classic accounts by and large give no precise details such as the complete texts of the ritual? Even a cursory examination of these few "classic texts" with the rites promulgated by the ONA will serve to highlight the differences.

In addition, the author makes an assumption common to many academics and most journalists in assuming that person Alpha or group Gamma have found inspiration in and from - or copied - accounts contained in other, older, works; whereas it is also possible that either person Alpha or group Gamma are merely recounting a similar tradition, hitherto unrecorded, or that they are recounting a different unrelated tradition.

The fact of this particular matter is that the ONA mythos - with its aural traditions, its septenary system, its many other esoteric traditions - presents a consistent esoteric and original alternative to that presented in written accounts of other esoteric traditions (ancient and modern), and one can either choose to accept such "standard" written accounts as "definitive", and as representing "the historical truth", or one can quite rationally claim that the ONA is recording a hitherto unknown tradition, which has recently been extensively developed, and which has no relation to other esoteric traditions. Again, it depends on what perspective one has or assumes; what assumptions one makes; or what "angle" one is using in order to try and prove one's argument or prove or sustain one's own (possibly unconscious) assumptions and prejudices and/or cherished beliefs.

One might also - if one assumes the rôle of Devil's Advocate - make a good case for claiming that some such recorded and "historical accounts" of some other traditions - or parts of them - are merely distorted or divergent accounts of what ONA tradition has aurally, and otherwise, recorded. Thus, it is the traditions, as recorded by the ONA, which represent "the historical, esoteric, truth" and it is the accounts now commonly accepted as "historical" which are corruptions/distortions, and/or are variations of, this truth. Hence, in the matter of the aforementioned mentioned accounts of the "sacrificial King", these are but regional manifestations of the genuine, pagan, dark, tradition, regarding opfers, as aurally recorded by esoteric groups such as the ONA.]

While they call for a practical and 'this-worldly' initiate, their idea of black masses, opfers and culling are largely examples of idealism and fantasism, albeit of a dark and unhealthy variety. Could the order, as advertised, actually

operate under the scrutiny of modern investigative and forensic technology? And if not, is the ONA, as an order, little more than people playing wannabes?

[ONA Comment: Possibly one might conclude that, if one has or makes the assumptions and has the "angle" of such an author as this... But the author, for whatever reason or from whatever motive, does not seem able to think beyond their own somewhat limited and mundane assumptions. For example, could an esoteric Order - or even a lone Adept or Master/Mistress - operate in modern times, despite modern investigative and forensic technology? Of course, because - as hinted at in even some now available ONA MSS - such an Adept of such a Dark Tradition would mostly probably act via a proxy or proxies. In simple exoteric-speak: they would manipulate others into doing such things while themselves remaining hidden. Or they would choose a means - a rôle or a form - where such things as a culling or cullings would go mostly unnoticed. A war, perhaps; or acts of a "religious zealot"; a political "fanatic"; a "revolutionary"; or - in modern mundane-speak - a "terrorist". Or they would be inciting and/or manipulating such people. And so on, ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam.]

Perhaps more likely the ONA was largely a publishing and publicity exercise whose main purpose is to act as a platform from which to articulate a particular set of ideas under the guise of a hardcore Satanic order. In this regard Christos Beast described the ONA as

really only a handful of individuals associated with the ONA, and most of these are hidden and have nothing to do with the occult scene, working real magic in secret... Thus the ONA is not really an 'order' - at least not as other occult organisations are 'orders'. There are no members for the sake of numbers; no meetings for cosy chats; no grades awarded; no hierarchical power structure; no rules, regulations, proscriptions etc. Only a few hard working individuals creating history ⁵³ .

[ONA Comment: CB left the ONA to return to live as a mundane, having advanced only so far as the Grade of Internal Adept. His comments - and his published esoteric MSS - reflected his personal views and the level of personal and esoteric understanding he had attained. Thus, his comments should not be taken as expressing the views of the ONA itself, just as his understanding and

level of esoteric knowledge is that of someone still learning, not that of a Master or Mistress of The Dark Tradition.]



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- [2](#) *The Order of the Left Hand Path* (Pamphlet) 1990
- [3](#) Anton Long, 'An Introduction to Traditional Satanism' (1994) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/intro1.html> (accessed Feb 10, 2007)
- [4](#) 'Concerning the Traditions of the ONA' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/history1.html>; 'Culling: A Guide to Sacrifice II' (1994) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/culling.htm>; 'Guidelines for Testing of Opfers' (1988) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/opfers1.html>; 'A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/completeguide.html>. The term for human sacrifice, 'opfer', is apparently derived from the opfer rune, which was the rune for sacrifice as used by the Nazi party and in particular commemorated the members of the Nazi party killed in the Munich Putsch, see 'Schutzstaffel and the Runes' in *The Nexus* 6 (1996),p.9, and 'Pagan Runes Used By Nazi Germany' at <http://www.geocities.com/vienna/strasse/8514/runes.html> (accessed 1 February 2007)
- [5](#) 'The Left Hand Path: An Analysis' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/lhp.html> (accessed 2 Feb 2007). Also see Anton Long, 'Introduction to Traditional Satanism' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/intro2.html> (accessed 2 Feb 2007).
- [6](#) 'Left Hand Path'
- [7](#) 'Sacrifice' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/sacrifice3.html> (accessed 10 Feb 2007)
- [8](#) Anton Long, 'The Ceremony of Recalling: Sacrificial Conclusion' in *The Black Book of Satan III* (Hereford, Thormynd Press, y.f.101 (1990). C.f. James Frazier, *Golden Bough* (London : Macmillan, 1922), pp.274-83; Robert Graves *Greek Myths* vol.1 (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1962),p.14; Margaret Murray *God of the Witches* (London : Oxford University Press, 1970), pp. 160-197.
- [9](#) *The Life and Death of a Druid Prince* (New York: Summit Books, 1989)
- [10](#) 'Culling: A Guide to Sacrifice II' (1994) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/culling.html> (accessed 2 Jan 2007)
- [11](#) 'Culling'
- [12](#) 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime- The Satanic Truth' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/sacrifice4.htm> (accessed 2 Feb 2007)

[13](#) 'Culling'

[14](#) 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers" (1988) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/opfers1.html> (accessed 2 Jan 2007); 'Victims- A Sinister Expose' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/victims.htm> (accessed 2 Jan 2007).

[15](#) Human sacrifice along the ONA model was given a number of fictional treatments within the Order's journals, including 'The Temple of Satan' and Louis Stephen Davidson's 'Aean's Tale' in *Suspire* 1/4 (1996)

[16](#) H.P. Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, 2 vols (Pasadena, Theosophical University Press, 1960); Oswald Spengler, *The Decline of the West*. Ed. Arthur Helps, and Helmut Werner. Trans. Charles F. Atkinson. (London : Allen & Unwin, 1961)

[17](#) H.P. Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine, the Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy*, Vol.II, (London, Theosophical Publishing House, 1921) p.249

[18](#) *The Secret Doctrine*, p 421

[19](#) To be further explained in another chapter

[20](#) Oswald Spengler. *The Decline of the West*. (abridged) Arthur Helps (ed.) (London : Allen & Unwin, 1961) p.24

[21](#) Anna Bramwell, *Blood and Soil: Walther Darre and Hitler's 'Green Party'* (Abbotsbrook, Kensal Press, 1985),p. 61

[22](#) Spengler himself was also critical of the Nazi regime, specifically citing their racial policies in his 1933 book *The Hour of Decision*, (trans. Charles Francis Atkinson (New York, Knopf, 1934)

[23](#) Spengler, *Decline of the West*, pp.111-126, 192-225

[24](#) 6 vols (London, Oxford University Press, 1948-1961), also see 'Civilisations, Aeons and Individuals' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/aeons3.html>; Long *Aeonic Magic*; 'An Interview with Christos Beest' in *The Heretic* 8, April 1994, p.13

[25](#) 'Civilisation, Aeons and Individuals' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/aeons3.html> (accessed 14 Feb 2007)

[26](#) Anton Long, 'Aeonic Magic, A Basic Introduction' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/aeonics2.html> (accessed 14 Feb 2007).

[27](#) Long *Aeonic Magic*. The ONA also clearly delineated between Aeonic and non-Aeonic civilisations, with non-Aeonic civilisations being, essentially, inconsequential.

[28](#) Long, Aeonik Magic

[29](#) Aleister Crowley, *Magick in Theory and Practice*, (Castle Books, New York, 1960) p.xii. LaVey adapted Crowley's definition to be able to cause "change in situations or events in accordance with one's will, which would, using normally accepted methods, be unchangeable" (*Satanic Bible*, p. 110)

[30](#) 'Guide to Black Magic' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/blackmagic1.html>

[31](#) Long , 'Aeonik Magic'

[32](#) The nexion into which the acausal energies flowed was often associated with an individual, a Caesarian figure who would herald the 'Universal (i.e. ideal) State' who was known as Vindex ('Interview with Christos Beest'; 'ONA Strategy and Tactics').

[33](#) 'wyrd' having the sense of fate, destiny, reason d'etre

[34](#) According to standard magical theory, thoughts can have a real and objective (though usually temporary) existence- for instance this means that somewhere (usually defined as being on the astral plane) dreams and nightmares are actually creating the landscapes and denizens with which the dreamer is interacting and which 'evaporate' shortly after waking. This also means that gods/demons/devils/spirits (the "new psychic or magical form or forms") can be created by people simply believing in them- the more people believe in them, the more real they become and the more effect they have on the real, material world. A great deal of magical practice is concerned with creating such psychic constructs and empowering them and it is through the astral that the mechanism of magic can be described. Within the ONA, this deogenesis given expression by the adoption of the 'Cthulhu Mythos' of 1930s pulp horror writer, H.P. Lovecraft.

[35](#) 'Satanism: An Introduction for Prospective Adherents' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/intro2.htm> (accessed 2 Feb 2007)

[36](#) 'The Satanic Dialectic' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/dialectic.htm> (accessed 2 Feb 2007)

[37](#) 'The Satanic Dialectic'

[38](#) 'The Satanic Dialectic'

[39](#) 'The Satanic Dialectic'

[40](#) 'Satanism: An Introduction for Prospective Adherents' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/intro2.htm> (accessed 2 Feb 2007); 'The Satanic

Dialectic'

[41](#) 'Interview with Christos Beest' in *The Heretic* 8 (1994)

[42](#) Traditionally, esoteric fraternities, from Freemasonry to the Golden Dawn to the Church of Satan, invoke a mythologised past, claiming ancient and dignified antecedents 'confirmed' by scanty or unsupported evidence. Viewed sympathetically, such claims are interpreted as allegories providing the motif and 'flavour' of the group. Viewed hostilely, they are simply lies.

[43](#) Goodrick-Clarke *The Black Sun*, p.216, 'Interview with Christos Beest' in *The Heretic* 8

[44](#) *The Lightning and the Sun* (Calcutta, Temple Press, 1958). Savitri Devi was born Maximiani Portas in Lyon, France and converted to Hinduism in 1932. She became a devoted admirer of Hitler and Aryanism in the late 1920s. She spent the war years in India with her Indian (Aryan) husband but after the defeat of Nazi Germany, she travelled to Germany where she was arrested for spreading Nazi propaganda. See Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke *Hitler's Priestess: Savitri Devi, the Hindu-Aryan Myth and Neo-Nazism* (New York, New York University Press, 2000)

[45](#) Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke also gives a short account of Myatt and his neo-Nazi and occult activities up to 2002 in *The Black Sun*. However, due to lack of alternative evidence, Goodrick-Clarke largely accepts the ONA's 'traditional history' (i.e. propaganda history) of its foundations, activities, and memberships, which are unlikely to be true.

[46](#) *Searchlight* magazine, July 2000, cited by Julie Wright in 'David Myatt: Biography' at <http://www.geocities.com/davidmyatt/biog.html> (accessed 1 Feb 2007).

[47](#) For an extensive online commentary on Myatt, see Julie Wright's website, <http://www.geocities.com/davidmyatt> and in particular the lengthy biography at <http://www.geocities.com/davidmyatt/biog.html> (Both accessed 14 Feb 2007)

[48](#) Ely Karmon, 'The Middle East, Iraq, Palestine - Arenas for Radical and Anti-Globalization Groups Activity', Institute for Counter Terrorism. Proceedings from the *NATO Workshop On Terrorism and Communications - Countering the Terrorist Information Cycle*, Slovakia, April 2005 at <http://ict.org.il/index.php?sid=119&lang=en&act=page&id=5208&str=david%20myatt> (accessed 2 Feb 2007); George Michael, *The Enemy of My Enemy: The Alarming Convergence of Militant Islam and the Extreme Right* (Lawrence, University of Kansas Press, 2006), p.142

[49](http://camlad9.tripod.com/blackmass.html) 'Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/blackmass.html>

(accessed qwerty 2007) 'ONA Strategy and Tactics' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/strategy.html> (accessed qwerty 2007)

[50](#) Anton Long, *The Black Book of Satan* (Hereford, Thormynd Press, y.f.101 (1990); 'The Satanic Way of Living' (103yf) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/living1.html> (accessed 14 Feb, 2007); 'The Book of Coming Forth by Night: A Brief Satanic Analysis' (104yf) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/tosers1.html> (accessed 14 Feb, 2007); 'Mastery- Its Real Meaning and Significance' (104 yf) at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/mastery.html> (accessed 14 Feb, 2007).

[51](#) One important aspect of the ONA was its expectation of a Caesarian figure which, according to Spengler, was a messianic figure which ushers in the Imperium, or zenith, of the new Aeon

[52](#) 'Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass' at <http://camlad9.tripod.com/blackmass.html>; Pat Zalewski, *Enochian Chess of the Golden Dawn: A Four-Handed Chess Game* (St Paul, Llewellyn, 1992)

[53](#) 'Interview with Christos Beest'

Who Is An ONA Adept (and Beyond)?

Here are some questions, which genuine ONA Adepts, and genuine ONA Masters/LadyMasters, can easily answer. These answers (with one partial japed/boobytrapped exception) cannot be found by searching the Internet or in published books and MSS, and are revealed aurally on an individual basis, and when required and/or when necessary, by the ONA Adept/Master/LadyMaster guiding the genuine LHP seeker/Dark Sorcerer/Sorceress.

Given the silly claims made by some charlatans concerning their association with or even 'ownership' of the O9A, these questions serve to expose such people for the frauds they are, as they cannot answer these simple questions.

- 1) What is the meaning and the correct uses [plural] of the term Fayen?
- 2) What alchemical season is appropriate to Dabih and why?
- 3) What is the reason that Petriochor is used in the Rite of Afsana, and what is this Rite?
- 4) What one [singular] terrestrial location is used in calling forth Yusra?
- 5) How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?
- 6) What symbolic structure/construct is beyond the (advanced) form that is The Star Game?
- 7) How does the causal phenomena perceived in the causal as "gravity" relate to a specific type of acausal energy, and what has this to do with the Dark Gods mythos and the nexion that is the planet Earth?
- 8) What is the esoteric name of the acausal entity that has the common exoteric name Satan?
- 9) What manuscript, other than *Al-Kitab Al-Alfak*, is a source for the nine emanations?
- 10) Where and when was *Al-Kitab Al-Alfak* written and what name appears on the title page?

Anton Long
ONA



Notes on Esoteric Calenders

Over the decades, the Order of Nine Angles has used a variety of means of dating their MSS. The following are among the abbreviations which are/have been used, placed after the numerical date. With the exception of JD and YF, the numerical date given is the year according to the common Gregorian calender. Thus, 1991 e.v. is equivalent to 1991 e.n. which is equivalent to 1991 CE and 102 YF.

e.v. - era vulgaris. On old term, often used in traditional ONA nexions, and by some other esoteric groups.

The term era vulgaris came into English use centuries ago following the publication, in 1655 CE, of an English translation of a book by Johannes Kepler.

e.n. - era nazrani. On old term - often used in traditional ONA nexions - implying the Era of the Nazarenes.

YF (yf) - Year of Fire / Year of Fayen / Year of The Fuhrer

Note that each of these has a different meaning. For instance, Year of Fayen refers to the ethos of the New Aeon, where restrictive patriarchal/magian-inspired forms of living (such as nations and States, and the way of Homo Hubris) are replaced by the new ways based upon the clans and tribes of *Homo Galacticus* for whom the only law is that of personal honour.

Year of The Fuhrer is predominantly used by Reichsfolk-inspired groups (esoteric and otherwise) but also by some other esoteric groups/nexions/clans in heretical defiance of the magian *status quo*.

CE - Common (or Current) Era. English version of e.n.

JD - Julian Date.

Embedded Secure Document

The file <http://www.nineangles.info/ona-eulalia.pdf> is a secure document that has been embedded in this document. Double click the pushpin to view.



In The Sky of Dreaming

Prologue

The dream had been startling - and he lay in his bed for several minutes while his sense of reality returned and the single Blackbird song that filtered through the window of his cottage became part of the late April Dawn Chorus.

He had dreamt he was standing among a circle of old Yew trees in some graveyard while beside him the dark-haired woman he had just kissed was transformed: into some-thing. She was still transforming as he awoke, his duvet on the floor, his bedsheets dishevelled, his nightshirt wet from sweat. She was beautiful - this young yet middle-aged woman of indeterminate age whose red lips, whose curvaceous buxom body, whose green eyes, had enticed him as he stood, waiting; waiting, for something he felt he knew yet did not quite know; something exciting, vivifying and yet also strange and, perhaps, terrifying: some Being to take form and venture forth again to Earth, released from alternate dimensions and the alternate time which had enclosed it - and her - kin.

In the sky of dreaming: a gibbeous moon; and light from the Sun which had set an hour or so before. And he could see clearly, and quite strangely given it was night, the hillside beyond his circle of trees as the hill of farmed fields descended down to a narrow valley, while - beyond - the further rising hill was wooded except at the very summit where jagged rocks protruded up from the gorse and heather-covered earth.

There was a vague, uneasy, memory that clung to his dream-image of that place - as if he had been there before, sometime in his distant ancestral pagan past. So he lay there, in his bed in his quiet old cottage in the country with only the sounds of the singing birds outside to disturb the peace of rural England. Then, slowly, tired from a night of broken and disturbed sleep, he got up to stumble forward toward the mirror above the old porcelain sink under the eaves, mindful as he almost always was of the black-painted oak beam that cut across the room.

What he saw in the mirror shocked him, sending him stumbling back toward his bed - until the back of his head hit the beam and he fell. For he had seen the face, the greying hair, of an old man - but he was still only twenty three.

Stumbling up, he looked again. It was no dream - he was an old man, in face and body, his back bent from age; his joints aching; his breathing laboured, his hands arthritic. He called, in his now old raspy voice, to his parents in the room along the narrow corridor. No reply - and so he called again, and again, until he shuffled, slowly, from his room to find their room empty. Totally empty. No furniture; no bed; no old oak wardrobes; no dark oak chest of drawers underneath the small-paned window. Nothing - only the smell of flowers, drifting up from the garden through the open window.

Thus did he pass his day, slowly, perplexed, shuffling - from room to room; from cottage to garden to outhouse to orchard and shed. There was food, in the kitchen - bread and almost stale cheese - and, as an old man unconcerned about his health, he ate them, as he drank a bottle of fine wine from the house's cellar.

There was no telephone - no means of modern communication with the outside world, as he, and his parents, had wished. Only books: thousands upon thousands of books, in the bookcases that lined the downstairs sitting room, the dining room, and hall, from floor to ceiling, and which, in stacks, had inched their way up the winding stairs that led to the four bedrooms, two of which were replete with, and given over to, glass-fronted high cabinets containing his father's prized antiquarian book. mineral, and manuscript collection. He was in his father's study reading from the old

vellum manuscript that lay open on the large Oak desk beside a large quartz tetrahedron:

"In truth, Baphomet – honoured for millennia under different names – is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked for the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth..."

It was not that he had forgotten about his missing parents - or the emptiness of their rooms - for he had remembered they had died, over fifty years ago, now. He had been briefly married, then, for almost a year, with a newly born daughter. But they had died in the nearby reservoir, her boat overturned. So so long ago that no feelings now attached themselves to his memories, and - tired from reading - he, an old aching arthritic man, ambled out onto the veranda to sit in the worn Oak chair, to watch the Sun set behind the old cider Orchard, as it always did at this time of year. So many memories, so many that he drifted into sleep.

He awoke to find himself standing in his room, and although he had for some reason he did not know grown accustomed to the strange temporal peculiarities of his life, he was again surprised by his reflexion in his bedroom mirror.

It was of a naked young woman - quite beautiful - whose green eyes complemented the dark hair that framed her features and fell down to her shoulders. Then, there were thoughts in his - in her - head, and images, perplexing images of Life, strange life, seething, seeding, growing, spreading forth from acausal dimensions.

"I am you as you are me, " she - he - was saying, and he understood without knowing why.

"You brought me back to life, here," she - he - intoned, like an echo.

"How long has it been?" he asked.

"For you, only two of your days."

"It was the book, the crystal tetrahedron," he said.

"Yes!" she breathed out, and smiled. And he was forever gone from the causal world he knew.

The body no longer ached from age. Instead, there was desire; a strong, passionate, vibrant, youthful desire that needed to be fulfilled. The body, as the face, was quite beautiful, well-formed, and he was not surprised to find his - her - wardrobe full of women's clothes. She selected an outfit appropriate to the dark passion of her task and it was not long before she ventured forth to feel the warmth of the Sun on her face. It was an exquisite feeling, which she lingered for a moment to enjoy before her first stalking began. And, when satiated - her need fulfilled - she would, could, begin the task for which she had returned to Earth, to the causal, restricting, dimensions of the so-slow-moving limited beings born to die. She - ageless - had been this way before in those forming times before The Sealing when such Earth-bound beings were struggling to develop both speech and thought, and she was, with her new human emotions, pleased to find that such limited life, still, could be easily inhabited and controlled. Thus would she, ageless, be joined by others of her ageless shapeshifting kind.

So she walked across the old Orchard toward the lane that would take her down the hill to a village of living people where she might find someone, or many - some offer - to provide her with the causal energy she needed to keep her current shapeshifting form.

0: Red Moon Dawning

There was little that he could do, for she had bound his wrists, arms, and legs to the lattice frame that fenced one side

of his small unkempt back garden. It had been a pretty, English cottage-garden, thirty years ago.

She had arrived that morning - early, as the Dawn of June broke over his Farm below the wooded hill where oldly named fields and scattered tumulii kept their waiting vigil. Arrived - to pound upon the heavy old Oak door which he, solitary, taciturn, rudely opened, gruffly saying "Yes!", disliking as he did unexpected, expected, visitors and guests. Then: then, his memory after that was confused, hazy, as if a dream-remembered fading with each dwelling upon some moment, some segment, of it. Confused; hazy - until he awoke to find himself in his back garden, lashed fast by bailing-twine.

How, then, had she done this? For he was tall, stocky, strong - even if nearing the sixtieth year of life - while she, strangely beautiful, seemed to his memory but a slim young woman of little obvious strength. Perhaps someone - or many - had helped her. But there was no memory, only the reality of being there, waiting, trussed, as a farm animal awaiting slaughter.

It was a long wait of hours that saw the hot Sun rise and the humid air sweat and thirst him. The cows in the nearby fields - their milking missed - were strangely quiet; his three Farm dogs absent. So he - annoyed, attacked, by flies - waited, waited, silently waited: for his prolonged yelling, profanities, curses, struggles, had worn him down. She had not - no one had - arrived, been seen, in answer. So he in the old worn working clothes he had fallen asleep in, waited, waited, waited... until the setting Sun brought a red moon dawning. The garden came alive then, briefly, scent following scent - honeysuckle, primrose, night-scented stock - bringing with his exhaustion a memory of life thirty years before when his garden bloomed as it had bloomed in Summers when she his wife lived as she, they, had happily lived before Death came to claim her. Then, the brief memory - the too brief memory - gone, he was alone, again, amid the silence.

Alone: until a slight almost lisping sibillation seemed to chorus around him. No words, only a rushing as breeze among dry leaves. Then, quite suddenly, she was there, before him, and he gasped as if intoxicated by her presence, her scent, her beauty. A test, a test, only a test of dreams, memories, life, desire. She was offering him a choice - offering, without words, feelings or even somehow without thought. The vision, the vista, the strange alien life, was there - in him - as she looked at him, and faintly smiled.

Then, he was free from the causal bonds that bound him, and he momentarily staggered to fall to the dry dusty ground, to silently cry out as she smiled before quickly moonlight-walking with her, against his will, toward the summit of the hill. No signs, no portents, came forth from the starry sky above, as nothing visible would result when his earthly life has been drained away to leave only the shell, only the empty shell, dust to interstellar dust, cosmic atoms to cosmic atom to form, reform, be de-formed, cycle after aeonic cycle.

No, nothing visible: to human eyes. But the cattle in the fields; the Owl; the Farm dogs still cowering in a Barn, the resting sleeping moving hunting hunted life around briefly stopped to feel, to look around, as some-thing now unsealed ventured fastly forth again toward the distant blue planet of Earth as the causal energy she needed seeded itself within her causal female form, bringing the temporary renewal desired.

1: The Seeding

He knew the footpath well, even in the early morning Autumnal dark which reached out to him as he climbed up toward the summit of that wooded hill in rural England. There - tree roots reaching across the worn path; there - the overhanging branch that in the Summer of heavy foliage had been bent lower down to almost touch the broken, now rotten, wooden fence post on his left whose stretching wire had long been worn away by age, rain, frost, neglect. Here - the protruding rocks which snaked down from where the harsh contours of the old limestone Quarry above which had been softened naturally by three decades of abandonment and Nature's resurgent growth.

So he walked steadily, as befitted his age, clothes, in the hours before Dawn, used to the sound of nearby rustling - Deer, perhaps - and the (for him) natural sound of a calling Owl. There was no breeze, and no Moon on this mild mid-October night: but light enough to see by, for eyes used to dark, and senses, body, attuned to the natural being that was Nature. So he walked, as he had done for five and more years from the village where he dwelled on the flat land that bordered the hills and which as pasture continued for miles until it met the sea. Walked - as always - alone: one custom of his reclusive life - scorning any and every artificial light, for he was, had become, almost like the life, the animals, that lived, dwelled. in the almost forgotten woods. Wiry, lean, but well-muscled and with long dark hair going grey which fell around his bearded face lined with nearly three score years of life and three decades of outdoor manual toil which had left his right wrist and hand rheumatic and his lungs a little worse for wear given the long hours spent toiling on dank, rainy, misty, foggy, cold and frosty days.

He did not now even mind the failing vitality of his life, the pains of age, for she - his wife, companion - died five Summers and a Spring ago, and he had grown used to his life alone. The nightly early walks; the work on a neighbours farm; the evening meal where he sat in his chair by the fire drinking glass after glass of Port until tiredness overcome him and he slept, fitfully and for a while. No, he did not mind, not any more - for there was recompense enough in the shrouding, shielding dark; in being-with the life around, in, of the woods, the hills, the very earth, which life he felt as he felt his breath drawn in on a cold and frosty cloud-free Dawn when he would, did, stand - had stood - on that hill's summit clear of trees, that hill's summit a valley, a wood and two paths distant, from where he could see the distant sea and the Sun as it rose bringing a soft joy that seeped into his very bones and a feeling, a feeling, of no longer being alone.

It was as if he belonged there, now - there, on that summit where the old ancient human circles of earth fortifications and trenches of thousands of years ago had been breached, reduced, covered, by the process of Nature's natural change.

He was not surprised to see her, there on the summit - standing on the raised mound of broken grass-covered rocks that marked the almost-centre of the not-quite-round upper fortifications. Standing there, as the dark grey of nearly Dawn gave way to the lighter grey that marked the cloud-obscured rising of another Autumnal Sun. She was dressed in green, as he was; but his olive green seemed drab beside her verdant richness, and as he slowly walked the last twenty upward yards toward her, the rising gentle breeze gently raised the ends of her auburn hair. She turned toward him then, and smiled.

No, he was not surprised to see her, standing, smiling: for she was his dream of the previous night; a woman, beautiful, mature yet of indeterminate age, whose green sapphire necklace both emphasized her green eyes and the tanned skin of her neck and shoulders. Not surprised to see her in that long verdant flowing dress that emphasized her well-proportioned voluptuous body.

But he was startled - momentarily shocked - when she came forward and touched him. He felt the warmth of her hand on his face; felt her soft fingers caress the dry roughness of his cheek. Felt the warmth, the scent, of her breath as she leant her face close to his, and all he could do was stand totally still with a palpitating heart and look into the cosmos of her eyes.

There was no need for words, he knew: for she was his thought and, in that dark numinous moment, the very thread by which he clung to life. She had been waiting for him - waiting for one like him to venture forth close to those sinister pathways where she and her kind waited, dwelling, long century after long century, thousand year after thousand year until almost two Aeons had passed. So he felt and so he knew, beyond words and a rational understanding, and she kissed him then, as a lover might, draining away from him the pains of his age and becoming for him, in him, that warmth of languid repose felt when two lovers, tired, sweaty, sleep together naked body entwined with naked body.

He was not to know, then - as she caressed him and bared her nakedness for him to touch and feel and kiss and enter - that she needed his seed to bring forth into the world a new kind of life. But had he known, then, he would not have cared. So he let his passion, his need, guide him, until he, she, spasmed in ecstasy as the warm Sun rose higher to

warm the human world that dwelt upon, around, the land below that old and sacred hill while They, waiting, were watching as they waited and watched, almost formless in those formless acausal spaces where they dwelt. Waited, waiting, for their bodies as she had waited for hers.

He lay with her, naked body upon naked body, for what seemed to him a long time as part of her seeped into him bringing without words an understanding of what he must do and why. She was offering him a choice, a genuine choice, and he was free to rise and dress himself and walk away even as some-thing, some kind of life, was seeding itself in the womb of her human body.

His choice was to stay; to do as she - as They - desired, and his first willing task would be to seek out and find some women of child-bearing age and bring them to this place so that others might seep through the ever-opening nexion to inhabit their bodies and to breed from them the new species They needed. Thus would he use those acausal seeds that she, in and through and after their joining, had planted in him - talents, skills, and magick: to entice, entrap, beguile, bewitch, ensnare. And thus would he, alive, be rewarded - with her warmth, her touch, her kiss, her body.

2: Zarid, The Pretender

Zarid's day began - as it usually did - with his Russian partner bringing him a cup of black coffee while he lingered and languished in his bed in the stuffy attic room of their house where he slept, surrounded by books and discarded clothes. Years ago Zarid had retreated at night to this room, his lair, to leave his common-law wife to sleep with their child in their room on the first floor of the large Edwardian house, and this retreat had become his habit, his routine, for he valued his privacy and his time, his priority his work at the nearby University, his obsession with seducing young women and his own secret submissive desires.

That morning of the damp overcast November day, he was tired, but aroused by the dream of his night, and, naked, he slunk down the steep winding stairs that led to the first floor and the bedroom of his wife. She was there - attractive, blonde-haired - dressing, and turned to look at him as he entered but he wasted no time on endearments and pleasantries but instead caressed her breasts before telling her of his desire.

She was used to his ways, her early romantic love having given way to the strange practicalities of their strange shared life, and she wearily followed him into their large bathroom where he lay, on the tiled floor, waiting. She did not disappoint, and, squatting over him, urinated on his body and face while he took his own selfish pleasure with his hand. Satiated, he showered and obsessively groomed himself while she attended to the many tasks of her day, and it was not long before he, dressed in his usual ensemble of long black leather jacket, black shoes, grey shirt and dark trousers, departed to walk the mile to his University office, knowing that she, his companion of five years, would assuredly clean the bathroom. He kept promising to marry her, as she, and part of him, desired, for then his little lie of years ago to the University authorities, to others (and sometimes even to himself) would no longer lie in wait to trap him.

He was a tall man, merging seamlessly into his middle-thirties, whose hair - to his chagrin - has begun to thin and recede, and whose body already bore the marks of his life and occupation: stooped shoulders, from hours hunched over books, and a pale complexion occasioned by his indoor existence. He did not care that, until recently, his place of work had been a Polytechnic in a northern industrial city - for he had achieved his dream of being a Professor, a dream nurtured by his boyhood desire to escape from what he felt was the cloying, enclosed, dreary, mundane, banal, dead-end world of the old terraced streets of Leeds where his family had lived for generations and pursued their occupation as tailors, and which he left aged eighteen, never to return. So he was proud of his success, if not of his first name - a choice of his mother's in honour of her immigrant grandfather from the Ukraine - and eager, this morning of threatened rain, to seat himself at his cluttered untidy desk and compose his forthcoming lecture. Then, that task over,

the Professor of Philosophy who taught ethics would gleefully plan another secret assignation with another of his female students.

It was not to be however, for, awaiting him in his modest somewhat cramped office in a rather anonymous modern building, were two unsmiling conservatively dressed middle-aged men in dark suits, one of whom introduced himself as a Detective Sargent named Malloy. As they sat opposite him, Zarid - in his rather more comfortable chair - nervously played with his fountain pen.

"We believe you know this woman," Malloy said, without preamble, showing him a photograph.

Yes, he did - but he held the photograph for a long time before saying, "She does seem familiar. I can't seem to place her, at the moment."

"Sandra Letton. She was a student here."

Zarid pretended to peer at the photograph again. "Ah yes. How can I help?" He smiled, rather unconvincingly.

"She went missing several weeks ago."

"Last I heard, " Zarid said, "she'd moved to work in Cheltenham. Some sort of Civil Service job, I think."

The two men look at each other knowingly before Malloy said, "We understand you had a relationship with her." It was not a question.

Zarid's face went a greyer shade of grey. "That was a while ago, now. Just a brief, casual thing."

"Indeed, so you say," Malloy replied, in a tone Zarid found both intimidating and disapproving.

"I haven't heard from her in a long time," Zarid lied, then instantly regretted saying it.

The two men betrayed no emotion. "Well," Malloy said, standing up, "if you do hear from her, we'd appreciate it if you would contact us," and handed him his card.

"Yes, yes, of course," Zarid replied, his hand shaking as he took it.

"Your public lecture next week," Malloy's hitherto silent companion said, in a cultured accent, as he and Malloy stood at the door. "Very interesting and pertinent topic."

"How did you know about that?" Zarid asked.

But the man only smiled, and then they were gone, from his office, as a mixture of conflicting emotions assailed Zarid. The glass of dry Madeira he poured for himself - from the small cabinet beside his desk - calmed him, a little, and he opened his notebook computer to read again her e-mail, received the evening before.

"Hi Zarid, how you doin? I bet you've kept those photos, haven't you, you naughty boy! It would be great to meet up asap, have a drink (or three!) and chat and maybe - something else, like old times! I'm in your area again for a while. By the way, I've got a wicked story to tell you about a friend of yours. Call me on....."

Without thinking, Zarid dialled the mobile telephone number.

"Sandra?" he asked in reply to the "Hello?"

"Yes?"

"Zarid."

"Hi! Can you meet me?"

"Yes, yes, of course!" he said, remembering their many trysts and her sexy body.

She gave a place, not far, and a time - that evening - and he, after that quick call which she quickly terminated for some reason he did not dwell on, spent the day caught between turmoil, expectation, excitement, and a wordless feeling of unease which he tried, unsuccessfully, to dissipate by concentrating on his work. He wrote a few pages of his lecture, gave up, stood for a long while blankly staring out of his office window, and then sat, disinterested, through a tutorial with one of his students, before leaving the campus to wander into the centre of the city, unaware of the two men discreetly, and professionally, following him.

So he wiled away the late morning and the afternoon hours of that damp overcast November day dallying in various cafés, often taking from the inside pocket of his jacket one of the notebooks he always carried to record his musings and his thoughts, occasionally scribbling away, with his fountain pen, immersed in his worlds of philosophy and sexual fantasy, and smiling once - several times - as he remembered how Sandra had pleased him and how she had allowed him to wear her damp panties, and the suspenders he had bought her.

Then, in the descended darkness of that busy city, he wandered forth to be down by the river where no trees shadowed the footpath by a built-on ancient meadow and the wide railway bridge funnelled a noisy train. He was there, approaching the chosen spot at the chosen time, and saw her, in that diffuse glow sent forth from sodium city lights, waiting. She smiled in greeting, as he did, and he was within three feet of her forming words of humorous welcome when she unexpectedly and slowly tumbled forward.

He caught her, as she fell, but she was already dead, her warm blood staining his hand.

For a minute, and more, Zarid held her, not knowing what to do in the emotional and physical numbness that enveloped him. Then, he was aware of someone standing over him as he knelt still cradling her dead body; aware of others, nearby. They - everything - seemed to him to be moving slowly. Blue flashing lights; distant voices. "Single shot...back of head..." Then another nearer voice, which suddenly intruded upon him.

"Let's get you out of here. You're in serious trouble..."

Zarid recognized the speaker. It was DS Malloy.

3: Consequences

He disliked milky sugared tea, but Zarid drank it nevertheless - his third cup that morning - as he waited, shivering, in the warm brightly-lit, windowless, small and rather clinical interview room of his local Police Station. Waited, still dressed in the white forensic coverall given to him the previous evening, after his own clothes had been taken and before he was locked in a cell whose stark light was constant. Waited, as he had waited all of the evening and many hours of that night, awake, alone. Awake, alone - except for a startling dream during one short period of fitful sleep. He had dreamed that a beautiful woman was in the cell with him. She was chanting some name which he could not quite hear, and smiling at him, exuding a warmth that he could feel, physically feel; gesturing for him to come toward her, and he was about to do so when the cell door opened, returning him to a cold, severe, reality.

Thus was he waiting, again, for some questions; for answers, and thus did he sit that morning waiting for one of the two men opposite him to say something, anything. They just sat there, their arms folded, looking at him as they had looked at him earlier the previous day in his office; sat there, watching, until Malloy - slowly, with a practised ease - took from the folder in front of him several photographs, laying them neatly out on the utilitarian table.

Zarid knew then that they, or someone, someone from the Police, had been to his house.

"Did you know she was pregnant?" Malloy suddenly said.

"No, no I didn't."

"Is that why you killed her?"

"This is ridiculous!" Zarid said.

"Is it? You lied about not having been in contact with her..."

"I can explain."

"I'm sure you can. Just what information did she pass onto you?"

"Information? What information?"

"You knew she worked at GCHQ, didn't you?"

"Where?"

"Don't play games. We found this letter, from her, in your house." From the folder Malloy produced a three page wordprocessed letter.

Zarid glanced at it. It was addressed 'My Dear Naughty Boy!' and signed, by hand in lilac-coloured ink, 'With love and kisses, Sandra.'

"I've never seen it before."

"So you say. She goes into some detail about her work. Classified, government work."

"Like I said, I've never seen it before."

"The evidence against you is piling up."

"Look," Zarid said, afraid and rather annoyed at the same time, "I'd like to see a Solicitor. I'm entitled to, right?"

"Under normal circumstances, yes. These are not normal circumstances."

"But - "

"Aiding and abetting someone who has supplied you with classified information is a serious offence," Malloy said. "Then there is the matter of your affairs with your students - an impressive record, which would come out during a trial. The matter of lying to us. The images we found on your computer. The drugs found at your home and in your office. The fact that your Russian partner doesn't appear to have a valid residence permit. And so on."

"I get the picture."

"But we're prepared," Malloy continued, unsmiling, and collecting the photographs and letter together, to place them back in the folder, "to forget about all these things, if you'll agree to help us."

"Me? Help? How? So you know I didn't kill her?"

"We're working on that assumption."

Relieved, Zarid eagerly asked, "How can I help?"

"We know she went to see a friend of yours, last week."

"Yes?"

"A certain Esmund Yaxley."

"I didn't know they knew each other," said Zarid, with genuine surprise.

"Whatever. But you know his reputation, his past, his activities."

"Yes, yes, of course. But - I've nothing to do with that."

"We know. But we'd like you to go see him, and find out what he knows."

"About Sandra?"

"Yes."

"See him, when?"

"The matter is urgent; a question of national security; so today."

From the briefcase which had been beside his chair on the floor, Malloy's silent companion produced a new, boxed, mobile telephone, two large bundles of twenty pound notes, and two official-looking forms.

Malloy pushed the money over to Zarid. "Expenses. We'll need you to sign this receipt, for the money, and this document, which you should read first."

Zarid read, and signed, as he was told.

"We will arrange transport to take you to the Station."

"But my work; tutorials..."

"All taken care of. A leave of absence has been arranged. And we've brought a few clothes from your house."

"My wife..."

"I'm sure you can think of something!" For the first time that day, Malloy smiled. "From now on, " he continued, as his companion returned the signed receipt and signed document to his case, "you'll be in contact with Malin, here."

"My contact number," Malin said, "is already stored in the telephone, which is connected, with the battery fully charged. I shall expect to hear from you this evening."

4: Nexions

The warmish Sun of mid morning caught Zarid as, carrying a small travel bag, he walked the short distance down to the Railway Station entrance from where the anonymous car, and driver, had deposited him. He was glad of the Sun,

of his freedom, and lingered by the entrance for a while. Then, ticket bought with a little of the given cash, he joined the throng heading for the busy platforms. Once, he thought he saw the woman of his dream the previous night, and rushed toward her - but he was mistaken, and was left, feeling rather foolish, to wait as the others waited for the southbound train.

Esmund Yaxley. Why was he not surprised he might be somehow involved? The train arrived, on-time, and he was glad to sit within its warmth, to try to give some meaning, some semblance of meaning, to the rapid unsettling unforeseen events of the last two days. The warmth, the slight swaying motion and slight constant almost rhythmic noise of the train, his own tiredness, combined to relax him, a little, and once - to his surprise - he found himself overcome with sadness and a certain grief at Sandra's death. A single tear: then, unsettling questions to which he had no answers assailed him, and slowly - as fair-weather cumulus clouds pass slowly below the blue-sky of a languid almost breezeless English Summer day - he understood his situation.

He had been, was being, manipulated, and maybe - just maybe - his old friend Esmund could provide him with some answers. Esmund; the wiry but bearded and fit and well-muscled Esmund who had spent the last decade since their time together at University flitting from one place, to another, from one adventure to another, always seeking something that seemed - at least to Zarid - forever beyond his reach, and acquiring along the way a somewhat sinister reputation, aided by three spells in prison, for violence, association with a variety of disreputable and sometimes criminal characters, and his interest in, and knowledge of, the Occult.

But, soon, physically and emotionally tired, Zarid was briefly asleep, dreaming of that beautiful woman again.

"What brings you here?" Esmund said, jovially. He was sitting on a bench in his well-tended cottage garden in the beginning twilight of what had been a warmish day.

"Just wanted to get away for a few days. Domestic things, you know."

"Is that so?" And Esmund looked at him quizzically.

Zarid sighed. "No, not really. Have you heard? About Sandra?" He sat down on the bench, tired from the exertion. It had been a long journey, involving several changes of train, and a taxi from the market town on the edge of the Costwolds to the small village where Esmund's small cottage lay, up a track inaccessible to motorized vehicles and near the top of a wooded hill. Esmund's Border Collie dog had eyed him suspiciously as Zarid had opened the somewhat rickety wooden gate, then decided not to bark and returned to his slumber by the Cherry tree.

"Yes, there was a brief report, on the news."

"I was there, when she died. She came to see me."

"She said she might," Esmund said.

"So you did know her then?"

"Yes."

"And that she was pregnant?"

"Would you like some tea? I have Keemun, and some rather nice Chinese Sencha. Or there is Darjeeling, of course."

"I was thinking of something a little stronger."

"Coffee it is then. Ethiopian, or Kenyan? Come on in." Esmund led him into the small, recently refurbished and very tidy kitchen. "Espresso, Americano, Cappuccino?" he asked.

"You're joking."

"No. One of life's many little civilized pleasures," and Esmund pointed to his one-group espresso machine.

As darkness descended, they drunk their coffee, black, in silence - seated in comfortable armchairs before the bright warming log-fire of the cottage sitting-room - until Zarid said, "You seem quite comfortable and settled, here."

"Surprised?"

"Yes. Is this place yours?"

"Yes, and no. Belongs to a lady friend of mine."

"It figures!"

"So, about Sandra. What do you want to know?"

"Did you know that she was pregnant?"

"Yes."

"By you?"

Esmund smiled. An enigmatic smile. "Would you like to meet her, this lady friend of mine?"

"Possibly. I don't know. Did you know about Sandra's work?"

"Of course. She made no secret of it. She was very helpful, to us," and he looked at Zarid in that penetrating way he had.

"Us? Not one of your Occult groups?"

"Not really. Beyond all that mundane passé stuff. You really should meet her, you know."

"Who?"

"She wants to meet you. In fact, I've invited her here this evening. You'll be staying here, for at least tonight, I presume?"

"If that's OK with you."

"*Certainmont!* The guest room is ready. Shall I show you, then you can refresh up while I prepare us some dinner? Nothing special, just some Trout I liberated from a stream down the hill."

The guest room of low-ceilinged beams was small, with small windows, as befitted the small old cottage of thick walls, but it was - or seemed to Zarid to be - immaculately and tastefully furnished. There were crystal decanters, of Port and Sherry, on a small table by an armchair near the small fireplace where a fire of coalite burned, spreading a warming glow and a restful warmth.

"Help yourself to an aperitif," Esmund said. "There's a jug, and basin, for a wash." And he indicated the old marble-

topped stand in one darkened corner.

"Thank you," Zarid said, and meant it, surprised by the hospitality.

"Oh, and if you need a light to see by, there are some candles, in holders, there. I much prefer candlelight, don't you," Esmund said, and smiled.

Then Zarid was alone, amid the country silence, and he took advantage of Esmund's absence to try his newly acquired mobile telephone, surprised to find there was signal strength enough for him to make a call.

The meal of whole baked Trout, with lemon and parsley butter and fresh vegetables, over, they settled with their glasses of vintage Port by the fire in the candle-lit sitting room.

"This is all very civilized," Zarid jovially said.

"What did you expect?"

"Well - "

"Don't answer that!"

"Really, I would have visited you sooner, if I'd known."

"You are here now."

"Yes." Zarid felt very tired, almost exhausted, and he briefly closed his eyes before the exotic sensual scent brought him back from the verge of sleep.

She was there - the woman of his dream of the night before - standing beside Esmund who held her hand. She wore a green sapphire necklace and a long verdant flowing dress that emphasized her well-proportioned voluptuous body, and Zarid felt her warmth seeping out to touch him.

But something - some fear once deeply hidden, some nameless dread, something from his own ancestral past, and perhaps also some small knowing of his betrayal of his friend - overwhelmed him in the instant of that sensuous breeching searching touch so that he, gasping, screaming - while Esmund laughed - rose to stumble backward to lurch toward and out from the door to run down the path, falling, scampering over the gate, arms flaying, to the track and the road nearly a mile below where a single street light reminded him to pause and think and seek the best way homeward.

In his head: visions and vistas and words and sounds and laughter. She had touched him, if only for an instant, and all the answers he came to seek, he was sent to seek, he knew, along with many answers to questions he wished he did not know.

5: Homeward

Zarid could not sleep, nor relax, on the even longer journey back to his home. Twice - three times, more - he fumbled with his mobile telephone, and twice, three times - more - he did not call his contact as part of him desired. Would would he say? What could he say? The whole matter was beyond belief - unbelievable - and the more he thought

about it, the more he became convinced no one, least of all Malloy and Malin, would believe him.

So he spent many hours of that tedious journey through the dark of night striving to concoct some convincing story that he might tell. One version had him denying everything; another - that Esmund and Sandra were simply lovers. Or that she was some Priestess, a Mistress of Earth, even, in one of Esmund's many sinister covens. Or that Esmund was going to sell the information Sandra had provided to one of his criminal contacts. But who, then, killed her, and why? The sad, even tragic, thing was that he did know, and this knowledge placed him in danger.

It was in the taxi - well beyond the hour of midnight - on the journey from the Railway Station to his home that he believed he had found a suitable deceptive answer. He would telephone Malin tomorrow, and pleased with himself, he finally began to feel a little relieved. It did not last, for, inside his house, there was no wife waiting to greet him, no child asleep for him to briefly watch, as he often did, before he ascended the stairs to his private eyrie - only Malloy and Malin and two armed Policemen.

"Where are they?" he anxiously asked as he tried to trawl his house before being restrained by Malloy.

"We've taken them into protective custody."

"Why?" he somewhat stupidly asked.

"You found what we wanted, haven't you?" Malin asked him.

"No. I don't know." He felt intimidated, and his resolve to lie began to weaken. He might - probably had been - followed to Esmund's cottage, as they - Malloy and Malin and those who controlled them - might, and probably already did, know the answers, or at least some of them. Why else had they taken his family into protective custody? Or was that itself a ruse, pressure, blackmail, a means to get him to talk? He was beginning to become confused, for his mind again became suffused with visions and vistas and words and sounds and laughter, for she - some alien being - had touched him.

"Can I see my wife?" he asked, trying to calm himself.

"Later, " Malin said, harshly.

You do realize, don't you, Zarid," Malloy interjected, softly, "that this is a matter of national security?"

"Possibly; yes."

"Therefore, surely your duty is to tell us everything that occurred, everything that you learnt."

"Here?"

"No."

So he was taken back to the Police Station where he sat, with another cup of sickly sweet milky tea in another interview room, with Malloy, Malin and another, older, well-dressed and unidentified man who stood by himself in a corner of that room.

"This interview will be recorded," Malloy said, somewhat unnecessarily, as he turned the machine on.

Zarid began, slowly, hesitatingly, telling of Esmund's admission of knowing that Sandra was pregnant; of him receiving information from her; but it was when he spoke of the women - recalling her - that his slow hesitation ceased, and the words flowed fastly, fluidly, from him as if he was being guided, for his mind became suffused again with visions and vistas and words and alien sounds.

"She who touched me is not quite human, you see, as Sandra's child was not, which I'm sure you already knew. They have this plan, you see, to breed a new not quite human species, half human, half alien. She - They, these shapeshifters - need human bodies, at least to begin with. They want to live again, to dwell, again, on Earth: to have form and to cease to be formless. To live, to feel, to love. To guide. Thus, They came back and They will come back, dwelling in human bodies. They need humans to begin with at least like I said as they believe humans need Them. To evolve, together, a symbiosis. That is the key. Symbiosis. They were here thousands upon thousands of years ago, at the dawning of our consciousness, but They were then unable to complete their work, for there were The Others, who opposed Them, and who opposed her - the prime nexion, The Beginning - and who did their own dark work, botched experiments, botched changing, and whose botched living experiments stayed. They got it wrong, you see, The Others; wrong - for they produced a strange, vindictive and twisted and unstable and mutant brood who survived on Earth by their mendacity and ruthless cunning and who made keeping their mutated blood pure into some kind of religion.

"Those humans were genetically-modified by these Others, the evil ones, and their mutant descendants are among us now, manipulating, controlling, planning. Slowly, they have planned, with their ruthless cunning, with the inbred slyness they possess, and over the last hundred years - especially the last seventy years - they, or their agents, have seized clandestine control of our governments, here in Britain, in America, using the power of money, of the Media - which are both under their control - and using the myths, the ideas, they have invented, to control humans, to manipulate humans not of their own kind. The first stage of their plan is for a world government of control, and that is nearing completion.

"To this end they engineered wars, and get some people or, mostly, their own agents among humans to do vile things just so they can get governments to react to them and introduce more laws, more measures of control, more repression, more tyranny, and all in the double-speak name of "freedom and democracy", the false idols which their servants and their lackeys worship and obey, but which the mutants don't. But they have found willing and brutal allies in many lands - particularly in America. They - or their agents and allies - persecute, and torture, and hound, or revile, or discredit, or kill, or imprison on some pretext or other, anyone who knows their plans or who sees them for what they are. That is, they now have the power, the influence to destroy anyone, any person, any group, any country, they want to - to get them out of the way.

But She - They, her shapeshifters from the acausal - want humans to be genuinely free, as evolved individuals; so She has come back as They will come back to liberate humans from those, The Others, the evil ones, and their mutant servants, so that humans might evolve and take their destined place among the stars and particularly among the acausal dimensions. The mutant, materialistic, causally-tied spawn of The Others, you see, have forgotten their origins, lost their true past, do not know who manufactured them, changed, them, made them what they were and are, but they do fanatically believe they are chosen, that it is they who should, who must, who have been chosen to, rule this world and its peoples, whatever the human cost and the misery they cause. They really are the spawn of evil; agents of evil - and She and her siblings will stop these bastard descendants of The Others who cannot ever reach out to, or travel among, or exist in, the timeless blissful beautiful realms of the acausal. But humans can - and can eternally exist there, in the acausal when the new symbiosis is complete."

He was finished, exhausted, himself again, and saw Malloy looking at Malin with a look of disbelief.

"I see," Malloy said, annoyed, before stopping the recording.

"You don't believe me - all that - do you?" Zarin quietly said, uneasy and perplexed.

"Frankly, I'd have thought an intelligent man like you would have come up with a better story than crap and fantasy like that." Turning to the unidentified man he said, "We're finished here, I think?"

The man nodded, and left the room.

"You disappoint me, you really do," Malloy said to Zarin.

Zarid was taken to a cell, where he waited, nervously, for something to happen. For what seemed like hours, nothing did, and he gradually succumbed to his exhaustion, to dream of the beautiful woman. She was speaking to him without words and he felt her moving closer, closer to him until he smelt again her quixotic perfume - but the dream, the beautiful vision, was snatched away from him as two men entered his cell to bind his arms behind his back and tie a dark hood over his head.

He tried to struggle, but the injection he was given soon took effect and he was taken through the corridors of a curiously deserted and darkened Police Station to a waiting van.

"Nothing happened here," Malin said to Malloy as, outside in the cold night air, they watched the van being driven away.

"Your people checked the foetus, I take it?" Malloy asked.

"Perfectly normal," Malin lied.

Esmund knew he was under surveillance, and the reason why - even before Zarid's arrival - and his years of experience of living on and often beyond the fringes of the law had made him prepared for most eventualities. So, from behind the false wall in the cellar of his cottage, he collected the items he considered he might need to evade and escape from those watching him so that he might keep the rendezvous with Raynould on that ancient hill circle where she, their dark goddess, had first touched Raynould and where in the coming hours of darkness she would give birth to his half-human child. For a few seconds, Esmund felt a little jealous of the man he had never met, but he calculatingly placed that human emotion aside.

He selected a variety of weapons - his favoured long-barrelled revolver with hand-loaded rounds; a handy pump-action shotgun; a grenade or two - and a passport, and driving license, for a new identity as well as a small rucksack containing a variety of clothes, bottled water, and toiletry items. Then, as the bright Sun of that early morning rose into the clear sky that had brought the nightly frost, he - revolver in hand, shotgun slung over his shoulder, rucksack on his back - sauntered casually out into the garden, followed by his dog.

"Stay!" he said, and his canine friend obeyed. There would, Esmund knew, be a woman, a lover from the village below, to care for his dog, for however long he was away.

Scorning the path, Esmund vaulted over the fence into the steeply sloping grazing field that adjoined the eastern side of his garden and began to run up, and right at an angle, toward the summit of his hill. There was no cover there for those who might follow him from below, and he had run almost two hundred yards when he saw them begin their delayed pursuit. He had assumed there would be others, covering the summit and the descent from the hill, and he was correct, for he had almost reached to tall centuries-old spreading Ash that grew beside the old summit pathway when he saw two armed Policemen who moved to block his way.

"Armed Police!" one of them shouted, raising his weapon. "Stop! Armed Police!"

Esmund did not stop. Instead, he dropped down, took aim and quickly fired three rounds from his revolver. The bullets hit their targets and he rose to run forward. One of his opponents was dead, shot in the forehead, but the other, only lying injured, was struggling to raise his weapon just as Esmund reached him. Esmund pointed his revolver at the man's head saying, "Sorry mate, nothing personal," before taking the man's holstered Glock pistol and his HK MP5 submachine gun and side-stepping to turn and fire at the armed plainclothes Police Officers still running up the hill toward him. He shot one in the leg before moving sharp left and sprinting toward the woods that covered part of the western side of the hill.

The woods gave him the opportunity he needed - for he knew them well - and he zigzagged down, through the trees, stopping once to stand and listen. He heard shouts, above, and the sound of someone, or two, noisily moving through the leaf-litter and breaking small fallen twigs. There would be Police dogs, and a helicopter, and more men, he knew - but not now; not for a while. So he made it to his first destination without being seen: a path beside a stream to take him to where a vehicle waited, left for just such a time as this, hidden in a rented barn.

It did not take him long, in the old inconspicuous Land Rover, to reach the junction where the narrow rutted pot-holed tarmac lane that for nearly two miles had weaved between fields of pasture gave way to a minor road, and he turned westerly, driving until he found a place suitable enough to stop. It was a wide gated field entrance, and he parked to begin his change of identity. It took him longer than he remembered to trim his beard with scissors and then completely shave it off, but - pleased with the results - he changed his shirt, and jacket, and, with a tweed cap upon his head, his weapons out of sight, the transformation was complete.

No one stopped him as he travelled South, and he became just one driver in one of the multitude of vehicles that thronged the roads of England.

6: Aperiatur Terra, Et Germinet Atazoth

Esmund was early for the rendezvous, in the hour before dusk, and spent a cautious hour scouting out the area. He had parked his vehicle down a secluded track near the foot of the hill, taking only his rucksack, his revolver with spare ammunition, the Glock pistol, and a hand-grenade, before bobby-trapping the vehicle with his remaining grenade.

Satisfied with his reconnaissance, he settled down to wait by a spreading but wind-twisted Hawthorn bush, a good distance away from the hill's ancient fortified summit. There was the crescent Moon above the western horizon, and then stars in the clear darkening sky, and he continued to wait in the cold darkness for what seemed, and what was, a long time, before stretching himself and moving forward a little distance. They were, by now, many hours late, and he was deciding how much longer he would wait when he sensed someone behind him, and spun round, revolver raised, and ready.

Nothing; no one; no sound. And so he returned to his cautious waiting vigil until he saw something, some shape, fastly coming toward him from the summit of the hill. The shape was tawny white-ish and as it got nearer Esmund saw it was an Owl. There was no sound, just that bird of prey coming straight toward him and looking straight at him. He was surprised by its size, its wing-span, and it was within only three feet of him, its talons extended as if to land on his head, when he instinctively ducked down and it veered away to his left. When, only seconds later, he looked again it was gone, down - he assumed - into the copse of trees that clung to the lower slopes of the hill.

Then she was standing beside him, and he rose to his feet without fear. She kissed him, then, and pressed her body into his, her tongue caressing his, and her hand stroking his face.

"We are alone and no harm can come to you here," her melodious voice said as unspoken words within his head, and she gave him a vision of her past hour and more.

Of how she had gently painlessly given birth while Raynould watched. Of how he had taken the human-looking girl-child to a place she had provided for him where his role would be to care for that child as he would care for the other such children born that night and in the few days to all those women - except Sandra - who were seeded. Of how those children had grown quickly in their adopted wombs and how they would, as children, also quickly grow over the next few years until they were ready enough to go forth into the world, each one a nexion waiting to open, to be physically seeded, and to seed in their various and magickal ways those powerful acausal energies which would, in causal-time, break down the barriers of The Others and steadily weaken through many causal presencings the causal that now held so many humans in thrall. Thus would her children gather the allies they needed, in secret at first; thus would they begin the great change that would break-down the very causal order itself; and thus would they breed a new and more evolved race, a new species to seed themselves among the very stars.

There would be those who feared this; those who hated her children and her allies. Those prepared to fight until the last drop of human blood. Those hate-filled ones who would strive to find, to ruthlessly hunt, down her children and their children's children, just as they had found Sandra whom Esmund had seeded: the Sandra whom she changed with her acausal and shapeshifting arts after he, magically adept, had called to her, longed for her, one night having felt her presence, her return to Earth. So had he touched her essence, and so she found him, came unto him, while he lay asleep in Sandra's arms, and so did she change that life that only a few causal moments earlier he and Sandra had brought forth into causal-being.

"But you have proved yourself, to me," her melodious voice said as unspoken words within his head, "and you henceforth are my companion and only with you will I henceforth share this my physical form."

So she kissed him again, and he saw as if in replay his escape from his - from her - cottage, and felt again his one jealous moment, as he saw Sandra's death and Zarid being bound, tied, hooded, and injected. But he, Esmund Yaxley, was human - all-too-human, perhaps - and he surrendered his body and his love to her, there, on the dark night while a crescent moon descended, as Sirius did, into that almost-Winter's starry sky.

He awoke to find himself naked under a warm duvet in a bright room of large windows which showed, below, a cityscape under a clear blue sky of an English Winter. For a moment, he felt disorientated, as if both Time and Space had somehow slipped or been distorted and, after looking out of one of the windows which, except for a door, almost seamlessly surrounded the room, he lay down again on the large bed.

He slept then, and dreamed - of the past, a present and a future - and awoke to find himself hot, as the city below basked in the warmth of early Summer. He understood then, in that moment, and was not surprised when she, suddenly, was there beside him, incarnate again, naked in the bed, pressing her body into his and kissing him as they made sensuous love in that, his, city-penthouse. There was, he knew, on a floor below, a child, a female child, growing, nurtured by his lover's breast milk and cared for by her sibling Nanny, as there was, in the city, many deeds of hate and violence while they, the lovers, loved as they loved, entwined within each other's body and each other's being, just as there was, suddenly and for him, no distinction between Time, place and Space: no him, or her; only a being which lived as it, they, as Them, The Dark Gods, lived: within the acausal Times and Spaces. He was alive, then, joyful, ecstatic, breeding with her, in her, the nexions that were needed; alive, joyful, ecstatic, while Zarid - his knowledge a danger to his captors - was languishing, drugged, in some enclosing psychiatric cell, and Sandra his former lover lay dead, her body and her foetus clinically, methodically, dissected.

Thus did they, her - his - enemies, still seek him with a lustful hate and need, and thus did she - his new lover, mistress - protect him as only she could protect him, and thus did he, when he awoke, feel again the pain of his new lover's absence.

So he dressed in one of his many expensive hand-made suits to linger awhile on a floor below with his three young daughters while they played as precocious children played, and their protecting shapeshifting Nanny waited, silent, smiling, watchful, in a corner of that plush room. Soon, they his daughters would venture forth, each to a life, a world, a task, of their own - as he would return to this building to seed her again as the acausal seeped ever more deeply in the causal world he once knew and loved.

He knew, then, as he walked out that particular time-slipping morning into the busy street of that capital city under the warm Sun of an English Summer, that Raynould had been found, caught, tortured, and killed, and his - her - daughter captured. So he was not surprised to find her, his lover, walking beside him as he walked among the bustling hordes of city-dwelling human beings.

There was a human pain, an anguish, in her, which he felt, and he held her hand as they walked along that street where several men, and women, stared, to stop, to look at her, awed by her beauty, her being, her scent. Then, suddenly, he was with her in a bright forensic room where her first-born daughter lay, stretched out and naked and restrained, but alive, on an operating table while men in white gowns and masks stood around and two men in suits stood by a door in one corner.

They, the men in gowns, were cutting the young woman, her daughter of child-bearing age, and she bled, as a human would - as another scalpel was raised, a probe extended to reach into her body. Her daughter turned, then, and smiled - aware of her mother's presence - but the humans saw only Esmund who, angry, snatched the scalpel to slash wildly at throats, faces. The two men in suits came toward him, one - Malin - brandishing a gun, but Esmund was too quick for them as he raged toward them to knock them to the ground, and the carnage - his berserker carnage - was soon over, even as an alarm sounded, the last gesture of one human scientist now lying dead.

Then Esmund, his lover and her daughter were gone from that particular and causal Time and Space, to leave only questions: only more unanswered perplexing questions for Malin and his ilk.

7: Agios Ischyros Baphomet

They - Esmund, his lover and her daughter - rejoiced, and he was with them for what to him seemed a very long time in a place within acausal Time and Space. But it was only a few heartbeats of his dense causal Earth-bound life that passed while he languished in a beautiful blissful timeless eternity where his knowing, his feeling, stretched, or seemed to stretch, from one end of his Earth-containing Galaxy to the other, and where he was, in that singular acausal instant, all life, all living, all beings-coming-into-being, all the living life given and giving birth.

Then he, changed in some way he did not then understand, was back in his, in her, bed, in that bright city penthouse, while her naked and already healed daughter kissed him and he entered her, taking her human virginity, as her mother lay beside them, touching him, one lover to another. He had never known such bliss, such love, such existence, before in his own brief causal existence, and he lingered within her, this young woman, even as his seed seeded her womb which would bring forth a new kind of life. *Agios Ischyros Baphomet, Agios Ischyros Baphomet* he, his very being, intoned.

Causal Space and causal Time slipped again, as he knew they must - and he was sitting outside his modest mud-brick dwelling in the shade of a Palm tree dressed in a galabiyyah while, nearby, the younger of his two new young half-Nubian daughters played amid the desert sand and one of his two female domestic helpers carried a large pot to bring back water from the nearby artesian well. His afternoon would be filled with duties, as he instructed his two young male students in the ancient skills and arts of esoteric acausal magick, and - despite his satisfaction with such duties and his role - he still missed his former brief enchanted life in England. It was but a necessary stage - and part of him, most of him, had desired to return with her to her acausal spaces even as her daughter gave birth to their first child. But he stayed, for he was not yet ready or able of his own free will to forever pass beyond, to exist beyond, the causal; stayed, while she herself returned as she the primal nexion had to return to become the strange life-force burgeoning within them all. Stayed, for he would be, as he now was, the beginning of that hidden reclusive Order which would, when the causal Time was right, emerge as the Old Order faded, crumbled, and died, aided and partly caused by those others of the new half-human symbiotic race who now dwelt with their growing number of children, and human helpers and allies, on every continent on Earth.

Already the presence of this new acausal centre, this spreading nexion, was felt, as her daughter - now his wife, and Nubian - achieved a local, and for the moment, clandestine following, there on the fringes of that desert. Such beauty; such wordless power. Men, women, loved, obeyed her - and she had only to think a thought for them to strive to make it real just as each one of them would willingly, gladly, give their life for her, knowing the blissful acausal life which would await them. Thus it was as it had been, there, once before - and as it would be again, on another planet in another causal Time and Space.

Soon, he would as foretold retreat into his own world of reclusive and secret desert-dwelling teaching to leave her majestic, ageless with her ageless daughters as their influence spread, as it would spread until her, their, causal Earth-bound tasks were achieved. But, for now, he was happy to prepare her way: she who would open, be, the new nexion to presence the acausal fully upon the Earth, bringing thus that futuristic culture, that star-travelling, star-dwelling, culture that many humans had dreamt about, beginning as such a culture was of new explorations into the very acausal itself, explorations which could, which would then in that future causal-time - as it would for Esmund and all of his esoteric kind now when they had achieved their Earthly goal - lead them toward and into the next stage of their journey of evolution.

"You know," Malin said as Zarid lay, in his windowless cell, half-stupefied by the drugs forced into him, "and considering your ancestry you should know, you had it the wrong way round; inverted. We're the good guys."

"Are you? Are you really?" Zarid managed to say. "But you didn't have to kill her or her unborn child, did you?"

But Malin only smiled and left to let three men enter. They did their work quickly, quietly, efficiently, and Zarid was soon dead, only one more casualty of a war that had already begun.

Algar Merridge
Year of Fayen 118

Note: This brief MS, written by an Adept, and entitled *In The Sky of Dreaming*, is published, in full, here for the first-time. Like *The Deofel Quartet* it is an instructional text written in a non-conventional fictional form. One of its purposes is to outline the reality of The Dark Gods, a reality somewhat obscured by the literary mystifications and misapprehensions of Lovecraft and others.

Sabirah

1

She could smell the rain even though it was still many many miles and hours distant, and - as the Sun descended down to bring the shadows of night upon her chosen town - she carefully left her house in Church Street. It was not that she needed the money, or even, then on that evening, the life-force that she would drain away from him until he almost expired. Rather, she desired - craved - the excitement that another such encounter would most certainly bring.

The streets and paths of Shrewsbury centre were alive, for it was warm and humid: following the end of another bright and sunny Summer's day, and the people she hid from during the daylight hours were taking advantage of their evening. Couples - mostly young - happy in their love; groups of friends, enjoying companionship, life, and the many varied gifts of such a modern town where many Cafés and Inns in the Summer season placed tables outside, such were the hopes for, the memories of, balmy English nights. And she was, there, among them, only one more face, only a beautiful face of curvaceous lips, only a slim - if elegantly dressed - silhouette, there among the throng where the lane from her town centre dwelling took her past Butcher Row toward the steps that led to the medieval and old timber framed houses of Fish Street.

Behind her, as she descended those well-worn stairs, there was laughter from among the people seated on their seats outside the Bear Steps café, and she was about to turn left to walk down the street when a group of five casually dressed young men sauntered toward her as they egressed that narrow shut of overhanging buildings named Grope Lane.

"Give us a kiss, darling!" one of them shouted as he stopped - slightly swaying in his inebriation - before her, blocking her path.

"Does your baby-sitter know you're not in your cot?" she quipped, pushing past him and deliberately walking down Grope Lane while his companions laughed.

"Who the fuck do you think you are, talking to me like that!" he shouted, angry, his pride hurt, as he - turning to follow her - caught her arm.

"I would advise you to let go of my arm," she said, slowly, staring into his eyes.

Instead, he pushed her into a doorway while his still laughing friends gathered round.

"Go on!" one of them said. "Give her one!"

"Show us your tits!" said another.

"Yeah - show us!" laughed another.

"You wanna see 'em?" the insulted man laughingly asked his friends.

"Yeah!"

"Sure!"

"Go for it!"

So he moved to rip away the thin covering of her expensive dress whose upper part barely concealed her fullsome breasts, but she only smiled at him as her slender right hand caught his left wrist to suddenly twist then bend his strong youthful arm back. The crack was audible, and she pushed him away where he fell onto the cobbles of that lane, groaning in his agony.

She stepped forward then, out of the doorway and, instinctively, the young men moved away until - for some dark reason on that warm languid humid night - another primal instinct assailed them to make one of them lunge toward her, wielding a knife, while another went to grasp her by the neck. The knife caught her, plunged into her left side, but she calmly pushed both attackers away with such force that they bounded against the opposite wall before raggedly falling to the ground. Then, just as calmly, she removed the knife from her side. There was no blood.

They knew fear, then. A cold, stark, wordless body-and-mind creasing fear that made those standing back off and those sprawled on cobbles crawl away as fast as they could move using hands, feet, knees. Such fear: to take them then away, running, stumbling, panicking, down Grope Lane toward a bustling High Street where, even then among the crowds and the bright street lights, they - faces the colour of corpses - did not stop.

Thus did she throw the knife away, before continuing, alone, on her journey.

2

She was pleased when he, her tryst for that night, quickly opened the door in answer to her ringing of the bell. It was a small house, terraced, in a lane above Town Walls and he - in his late twenties, unmarried - was smartly dressed, as she had asked. A lock of her strawberry-blonde hair had fallen across her face - the only sign of her previous encounter - and she, smiling, swept it aside, saying, "Are you going to let me in, then?"

"Yes. Yes, of course."

"I thought we might have a drink here, before we went on to the restaurant."

"What?" Then - "Yes, yes, of course."

She had made him uneasy - as was her intent - and she, rather amused, watched as he, trying to find glasses, a suitable bottle of wine, bumbled rather nervously about the small sitting-room and kitchen of his house, furnished according to his modern minimalist taste.

She had been sitting, the previous night - as she often did - in a dim corner of an Inn in Butcher's Row, waiting. Waiting, dressed as she almost always was on such nights: exotic perfume; jewelled necklace; red lipstick upon her lips; a dress contouring her body, revealing of both breasts and thighs. He had arrived straight from the Solicitor's office where he worked and saw her almost immediately. She did not smile, then, as his senses drunk-in the sight of her body, but instead she turned away. So he - and she - waited, as a few more people arrived, conversations were begun, continued; alcoholic beverages were consumed. And it was as her own, before her, was finished, that he made his expected move.

"Would you like another drink?" he asked, after he in his working but still expensive suit, sauntered, casually, over to her table.

"Yes," she smiled.

"G and T?"

"Rum. Oh, and make sure it is Pusser's. They have some."

He looked - momentarily - surprised, which pleased her, and on his return she surprised him further by saying, "Would you like to take me out to a restaurant for a meal, tomorrow evening?"

"Yes," he said, hesitatingly.

"You seem surprised," she said.

"Well. No - not really."

So she had named a restaurant, and a time, asked for his address, and spent one half of one hour asking about his life, his career, his aims, while he sipped his large glass of White wine and she drank three tots of neat Rum. "I shall call for you, tomorrow, then," she had said, kissing him briefly on his cheek, before leaving him seated, and not a little bewildered, in that Shrewsbury town centre Inn.

The memory pleased her as she sat on his sofa waiting for him to do his duty and provide her with a glass of fine wine, and - when he finally did - she took it gracefully and indicated that he should sit beside her. He - normally so arrogant, so determined, so full of pride - silently did as commanded, and it was not long before she put down her own glass and his and drew him to her to kiss him, her tongue seeking his. So his unaccustomed nervousness gave way to an intense sexual arousal, and it was then that she, gently, pushed him away, saying, "Shall we go and eat, now, and - afterwards - I would like you to spend the night with me at my house."

He was hers, then, and they spent a pleasant enough evening eating fine food and drinking fine wine in a fine and elegant restaurant, while he talked about his life, his dreams, his hopes, and she listened as she listened, until the time came for them to leave when a taxi conveyed them to her own town house where darkness awaited. There were only candles, which she lit to light their way as she led him, not - as he expected - to her bed upstairs but down into the warm clean brick-vaulted cellars that fanned out from beneath her dwelling to stretch beneath the road above, and it was there, upon an antique chaise-longue, that she possessed him after stripping away his clothes.

He was very willingly possessed, for he ardently desired her body and let himself be held down, naked, while she removed her silky thong and lifted up her dress to sit upon him after easing his penis inside her. Thus did she and gently - and, he felt, lovingly - drain from him one bodily fluid to then lie beside him and kiss him for a long time, sucking from him his breath of life until there remained only a little of the vital energy keeping his body, his mind, alive. She left him then deeply deeply exhausted to sleep in the darkness while in a niche a large quartz crystal slowly began to glow. Thus did she satisfied venture forth upstairs to bathe so that when the time for the Sun's rising arrived again she was alone, replenished, ready to dream as she dreamed in her darkened room of those alternate realms of her birth, her alternate existence, knowing that he, her offer below, would provide for her in the days, the weeks, to follow while his own weak life-force lasted. And then, his purpose fulfilled, her crystal charged, his money, property, gone, he would be cast off to return to what remained of his Earthly life, where he - as others before him - would in the following weeks languish for months, alone, tormented by nightly sleeping travels into dimensions, places, where no unprepared human should ever go, until - at last, as an almost welcome release - he would die, all alone in the night. There would be no questions; no crime; only one more man, dead, alone.

Thus would she, and only then, return, in the dark of her night, to some Inn - some enclosing warm dim place where young and middle aged men went or gathered - to sit, to preen, to wait. And when she decided her chosen town or city was denuded enough, she would move on, through the years, the decades, centuries, living as she lived, one being of pleasure, of darkness, death, love and night, awaiting he who might - who could, who would - freely, willingly, travel with her to that acausal place of her birth.

She would be free then, returned, at last - as he, her chosen, would be, become, a new eternal being, birthed.

Algar Merridge
119 Year of Fayen



Jenyah

The warm Sun of middle-Spring warmed her as she walked down Broad Street in the county town of Ludlow to the entrance of the Feathers Hotel with its early seventeenth century timber façade. The oldness - the dark oak beams, the never-quite-straight walls, the sense of enclosing dimness - still pleased her, although the changes made during the decades of the last century did not, and she resisted the transformation that would have made the young man at Reception, in his shiny ill-fitting inexpensive suit, follow her unbidden to her room.

Instead, she kept her appearance, and the accent, of an attractive - but not too attractive - mature lady of the County set who probably owned a horse, or three, stabled somewhere in the grounds of her large country house, and the registration procedure lasted no more than a dull five minutes. He was too young, anyway, unable to provide the diversion, the passion, and the acausal-energy, she needed, for already the faint trembling in her hands had begun: the first reminder of her enduring timeless need. And even as she walked up the stairs alone, carrying her small travel bag, she began to feel the centuries weighing down upon her, ageing her ever so slowly.

But she had planned well, as she always did, for there would be men, tonight, some eager - as they almost always were - for that thrill of a tryst in the long evenings following their meetings or conference or whatever it was that drew them away from their homes and their wives. A few lies; one betrayal - first, or one among many - it did not matter to them; for there was their pride, their lust, their still living animal nature. No evolution, upwards: except for those few whose wordless perceiving bade them walk away, or those few who though enticed still had strength enough to resist. No, no evolution, upwards - she knew, except for such few. And she smiled, remembering the delightful dreams she gave to those few.

So she prepared herself as she always prepared herself while she sat in her room alone, knowing that her long-serving servant would tidy her room and see to all formalities after her chosen task was complete. Thus did she prepare: her dress suited to the young woman she was, as were the shoes, and the make-up which she, with expert ease, applied to her face and which reflected the times which had changed this particular chosen and familiar Hotel. And when she was ready she descended the stairs to enter the recently refurbished Bar where gathered some of the already alcohol-soaked conference-attendees.

The room - with its low ceiling, its carved oaken-bar, its discreet lighting - did not particularly displease her, and she sat alone, in a plush wooden armchair, at a table in one corner, already noticed by several of the Bar-thronging men. Perhaps it was her esoteric perfume. Perhaps it was her short purple dress, which seemed to scintillate in the light and which clung to the voluptuous contours of her youthful body. Perhaps it was the way she walked in her stiletto shoes. Or the red lipstick upon her lips. Or her long red hair that fell around her shoulders. Whatever it was, it was not long before a man came to greet her.

His suit was not inexpensive, as his blond hair had only just begun to recede and - to any ordinary woman, perhaps - he would have appeared as not unattractive; a fairly prosperous youngish family man, making his way in the Corporate world.

"Hi, I'm James," he said, self-assuredly and by way of introduction as he stood by her table holding a flûte of champagne. "Can I get you something to drink?"

It was not the worst gambit she had heard, and she smiled at him. "Yes. A Tom Collins."

"Certainly!"

So he left to place her order to return to ask, "May I join you?"

"Why yes! Are you here for the conference?"

"Hmm," he muttered.

"You do not seem particularly enthusiastic."

"I'm not. Bloody boring."

"But necessary and required."

"Unfortunately, yes." He drained his glass, and signalled to the barman to bring him more. "May I ask your name?" he enquired as he sat looking at her nipples, which - erect - prominently impinged upon the thin material of her dress.

"Jenyah," she breathed, softly, letting the scented warmth of her breath touch his face as she leaned toward him.

He smiled then, sure of his success, but began fumbling with his wedding ring.

"Perhaps," she said, now knowing and having sensed enough, and as loud laughter from the three men standing at the Bar reached them, "it would be agreeable to you if we went back to my house?"

"Why, yes. Of course. Certainly!"

"My car is outside."

"Splendid!"

So she led him out from the side entrance of that Hotel to where her car was parked among some others - elegant in its refined blackness and whose tall muscular chauffeur - her servant, his eyes hidden behind designer sunglasses - held open the rear door for her and her chosen companion of the evening. Thus were they conveyed in comfort on that long journey through the dark of the country night until they reached that steep hill of the narrow lane and her house above a valley.

He did not see much of its old-fashioned but clean and fastidiously tidy interior, and neither did he desire to, for his already intense sexual desire had been heightened by the luxury of her car and the wealth so obvious from her dwelling, and he willingly let himself be led along a narrow skein of corridors to a panelled room whose only light came from a burning, large, coal-fire. Even the oppressive heat nor her strength did not concern him as she roughly pushed him toward the large Oak bed to salaciously rip away his clothes and remove her own.

Her beauty of body - her voluptuousness, her sexuality - was everything he imagined, everything he desired, and her

intoxicating scent seemed to increase until he was wrapped, cocooned, within it. She was upon him, then, holding him down, his arms outstretched and pinned to the silken covering of the bed by her hands wrapped around his wrists while she manoeuvred her body to place his erection inside her where he felt the warmth of her warm sensuous wetness. For what seemed a long long moment he experienced an intensity of joy, of physical pleasure, such as he had never known before, making him close his eyes in exultation as she moved upon him. But then - then as he arched his back again in sheer physical exultation and delight - intense pain followed by agony engulfed him and blood from his severed penis flowed out of her.

But she was laughing, laughing, still holding him down, overpowering him as he writhed in pain, until she moved to lick his bloody wound - cauterizing it with her strange oral fluid - to kiss him, and it was in that briefest of brief moments before he fainted - weak, and overcome with the shock of this, and of his seeing - that he saw not a young sensuous woman but something else, not quite human, draining away the acausal-energy of his life through her blood-soaked kiss.

She, satiated, left him then to the ministrations of her servant who effortlessly carried the limp and bloodied but just-living body down stone steps and along a short brick-lined dimly lit tunnel to an unlit cell whose thick and still sturdy iron door bars were pitted with the seeping rust of age. There was a bed, a bucket, a stained blanket - but nothing else - and it was here, amid the cold dank stifling blackness, that he would hours later awake, shivering, lying on the slimy cobbles of the floor, while she - freshly bathed and dressed - walked outside, smiling, happy, renewed, among the wind-speaking moonlit trees of her dark ancestral hill.

There, in that unlit cell, he would live, for a while, while his usefulness lasted. And it was there in the first of his many many days that he would cry out into the darkness for hours, until exhaustion overcame him. There did he languish, lamenting his stupid choices, his lies, his betrayal of his wife and family. There he would briefly vainly plead to God, to any god, deity, for release, and there he would eat and drink the little that was provided him, pushed through the bars of his door by her servant, as it was there - in that unlit blackness - he would hear, or thought he heard, the weak sighs, the cries, of another, until, one day or one night, the soft sighs, the soft distant muffled cries, came no more to torment him.

There he would he close his eyes, sometimes, in sleep when what little strength remained failed him. And there: there were the nightmares, the pitiless nightmares of how she still enticing and scented would come upon him in the blackness to kiss him to suck from him the remaining drops of the life within. He would sleep then, peacefully - but only for a while, only for a while: longing after that short moment of rest never to awake, again.

The hot Sun of late Summer warmed her while she sat outside the trendy Café, waiting. Her chosen and familiar Hotel was nearby, and she would retire to it soon, as darkness descended upon the city. But, for now, she was content enough to let the warm Sun please her, as if almost always did as its healthy rays reached her youthful face, arms, hands and legs while she sat, fashionably if skimpily dressed, as were the other young women who passed, there on that evening in that city by the river whose water flowed, as her life, from one beginning to another: a precious gift, finding its own level, its own way, while bringing death, to some.

Algar Merridge
March 119, Year of Feyen



The Nine Angles – Beyond The Causal Continuum

To understand The Nine Angles is to understand the cosmology of causal and acausal – of the Cosmos itself having a causal continuum (a causal Universe), and an acausal continuum (an acausal Universe). The Nine Angles are a nexion between the two, which means these nine angles have or can presence life; that is, they possess, or are animated by, acausal energy, from the acausal continuum.

There are nine angles because there are nine dimensions involved in all the nexions we currently know – the four dimensions of, or which re-present, the causal continuum, and the five dimensions of, or which re-present, the acausal continuum, and which “five dimensions” form the basis for genuine dark sorcery, that is, the willed bringing forth of acausal energy into the causal by means of a nexion.

The four causal dimensions are, of course, the three spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and the one dimension of causal, linear, Time. The Nine Angles are therefore formed from, or consist of, or re-present, four non-living (inert) causal dimensions, and five living (“alchemical”; “esoteric”; “dark”; sinister) acausal dimensions, and it this combination, of Nine, which is numinous, or, more correctly, which is that sinister-numen which forms the essence of Life itself.

Thus, the term “angle” as used by the ONA esoterically and fundamentally means one type of, one particular species of, a Cosmic dimension – as opposed to the ordinary type of dimension we are familiar with in the causal continuum, and which causal dimensions can be re-presented mathematically and which causal dimensions form the basis for the causal science of Physics.

In causal terms, an angle is simply a convenient geometric construct – an abstraction based upon the linearity of causal Time, on the simplicity of causal cause-and-effect, and an abstraction which can be re-presented in Euclidean (two-dimensional causal) geometry by the meeting or intersection of two lines, and also re-presented in spherical (three-dimensional causal) geometry, and Riemannian-type (four-dimensional causal, or metrical) geometry. All these types of causal “angles” are inert; mere causal abstractions, even when we are describing that causal-angle which re-presents causal Time, because this type of Time (the causal type) is simply a physical (lifeless, un-numinous) cause-and-effect.

In complete contrast, an acausal “angle” is some-thing that lives, that has or which can be imbued with, life: that is, it has or it can be imbued with acausal energy. Or expressed another way, an acausal “angle” re-presents or can be used to re-present, acausal energy, and thus also re-presents the very essence of Life, of what animates physical matter and makes that matter “alive”.

Thus, the-nine-angles is a term for that particular collocation of acausal- and-causal-angles which form, or which construct, or which are, a nexion: the intersection of causal and acausal metrics. Where the acausal continuum (the acausal Universe) meets, or intersects, or joins, or is merged with, the causal continuum, the causal Universe.

Hence it is easy to understand just how the nine angles are the combination of four causal-angles, and five acausal-angles: of the “five dimensions” of acausal Space-Time, and the four dimensions of causal Space-Time.

Confusing Angles

The confusion over the term “angle” arose, in the past – and to some extent, still arises in the present – because we do not, as yet, have a precise language, nor a new type of mathematics, to describe the nine Cosmic dimensions (or cosmic angles) that re-present a nexion (or at least, which re-present all the nexions we currently know or are aware of).

Thus while the esoteric term nine angles can, in many ways, be considered to be synonymous with the esoteric term nexion, there are also many types – or species – of nexion, which variety has been the source of some confusion among non-Adepts and especially among mundanes.

Hence, and for example, the nine angles can re-present the Tree of Wyrd (ToW): the seven plus two (seven spheres and two aspects of cosmic Time, causal and acausal) [Footnote 1]. The Nine Angles can also re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic “alchemical” substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game, which Star Game itself can be re-presented by the term Nine Angles, since the Star Game, correctly used (see, for example, *The Grimoire of Baphomet*), can be a nexion. The ONA itself is another example of a type of nexion: one particular ordering of acausal energy; one means to presence acausal energy in the causal, and so change the causal and the living beings who live in the causal continuum.

Due to the very nature of the acausal, we simply cannot construct acausal angles (that is, we cannot presence or access or re-present acausal dimensions) by some-thing or by some-things which is or which are purely causal; by inert, physical (causal) material or matter, or even by causal types of energy (such as electricity, and plasma).

All that we have, for the moment, are various alchemical-type esoteric Rites which have been shown, by trial and error, to be effective to some degree. That is, we do possess some rather rudimentary means to manufacture a nexion, or to use an existing nexion. [Footnote 2] These rites currently all involve, in some way, human beings, and some combination of some causal-things, such as esoteric chant; a quartz tetrahedron. That is, it is the human being – or rather the type and magnitude of acausal energy which exists in a living human being – which re-presents or which can be used to access, certain acausal-angles (certain specific acausal dimensions).

Manufacturing Future Nexions

What it is important to understand about all existing means of accessing the acausal – of presencing and using acausal energy – is that they are rudimentary and crude; a mere beginning. Once we acquire, we develop, a better understanding of the acausal continuum, and thus of acausal energy, we can begin to construct some means, or some devices, to manufacture a nexion and thus directly access the acausal continuum. Obviously, these devices will not be based on current, purely causal, inert, technology, because they will, to some extent, harness or use acausal energy as opposed to causal energy, and it is such devices which should enable to access the acausal sans the medium of human beings.

Thus, all of our currently existing ways and means of presencing the acausal – all of which are manifest only in the sinister-numen of the ONA and its world-wide kindred – are themselves only a beginning, a temporary means, and they can and will be surpassed when we ourselves develop our faculties sufficiently to be able to rationally comprehend the acausal as it should be apprehended, and when we extend the frontiers of our knowledge by bringing-into-being a genuinely acausal technology, based on acausal energy and, most importantly, upon acausal Time.

Thus, the ONA – representing as it now does the pinnacle of our current esoteric knowledge and representing as it does the most efficacious means currently known to us of using acausal energy – is itself only a beginning, and can, and should, and must, be developed, evolved, changed; for it is only one temporally based means to enable us to develop, and to use, our understanding of The Cosmos as the Cosmos really is: some (currently often mysterious) combination of two different Universes.

The beginning of the new apprehension we needed was contained, esoterically, in the term Nine Angles – but the ONA has now gone beyond even this, as outlined in the exoteric text, *The Physics of Acausal Energy*. And it is such developments of our initial Nine Angles apprehension which will take us beyond our currently rather rudimentary “magick”, of Rites, Ways, means and ends – and which can enable us to construct, in the future, the new very real magick of the Cosmos where we have direct access to the acausal continuum itself, and thus can – to give one relevant example – use that continuum to travel from one place in the causal Universe to another place in the causal Universe, almost instantaneously, without the need for cumbersome, causally-Time based, starships. For one basic Law of acausal Physics, of acausal energy, is: action-at-a-distance, since acausal Space and acausal Time are exactly that, a-causal, not-bound by the metric, the distances, of causal Space – which distances always take a certain amount of causal Time to cover, however fast the velocity.

Thus can we, in reality, not only seed ourselves among the Galaxies of the Cosmos, but also live in those new diverse ways which will themselves be the genesis of our accelerated evolution as a species: as one type of causal life in the Cosmos.

Compared to this, all the “magick”, all the “ways”, all the “esotericism”, of others – and even of the current Order of the Nine Angles – is totally and utterly mundane.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

[This text was first published in Part Two of the compilation *Concerning The Meaning of The Nine Angles*.]

Notes:

(1) The ToW itself can also be “viewed” (or esoterically apprehended) in many ways – for example, it can re-present the consciousness, the life, the psyche, of a single human being – that which animates, or those things which animate, the human being and makes them human, such as archetypes, the very process of rational thought itself, and the faculty of empathy.

The ToW – as one nexion – can also re-present the seven individual nexions (the spheres) plus the two other nexions, one of which is The Abyss, which makes it what it is, an alchemical (that is, living) symbol of Atazoth: that *increasing- of-azoth* which are the “living waters”, The Philosopher’s Stone, the gateway/nexion to an acausal, and thus immortal, existence.

(2) Some of these Rites are given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

The Seven-Fold Way itself (as outlined, for example in Naos, and in The Complete Guide to The Seven-Fold Way) is another means, known to us, which is or which can be effective in giving us access to the acausal – that is, enabling us to presence or access or re-present acausal dimensions, and thus acausal energy.

Another Way, known to us, is *The Way of the Rounwytha*.

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Suggested Further Reading:

[Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles](#)

[The Physics of Acausal Energy](#)

Concerning The Meaning of The Nine Angles: A Collection of Texts (Part One)



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Ingrowing Angles, or How Not to Name Thee Nine Angles Thingy

An article currently [2009 CE] drifting lopsidedly around in cyberspace - with a title something like *Angles incarnés* and giving hyperlinks to boring stuff about a dead two-dimensional shape, the trapezoid - reveals yet again the Aquino-cult for the silliness it is, and yet again serves to highlight the esoteric, intellectual, and sinister, superiority of The Order of Nine Angles over and above the ToSers and the LaVey "satanism of and for the mundanes".

The aforementioned article gives some details about Aquino's much hyped *Ceremony of Nine Angles*, which some idiots claim was the basis for "our" name, although even a cursory glance by a mundane would suffice to show the fundamental, irreconcilable difference between our initiated, esoteric, and sinister, understanding of the term angle, and the silly, pretentious, clumsy, and totally un-esoteric use of the term angle by Aquino, LaVey, and by those mundanes following such pretentious mundane drivel.

In addition, Aquino used a pantomime language - deriving from the fictional works of Lovecraft - which when said or "chanted" serves only to give us a fit of the giggles: *F'tang f'tang o-lay olay biscuit barrel...* kind of stuff (maracas in the background are optional). Let's run that again, with maracas on: *F'tang f'tang o-lay olay biscuit barrel...*

In the matter of Aquino's angles - Ouch! Is that my ingrowing-angle hurting again? - there is a lot of mumbo-jumbo, and very little, if any, genuine esoteric substance, with the mumbo-jumbo itself containing a lot of pretentious pseudo-biblical poesy such as "the laughing one doth cry and the flute wail..."

Well, wail away this Aquino-esque Magic Flute might, for nothing doth come forth, and will ne'er come forth from a boring two-dimensional geometrical shape. Wherein, of course, lies the fundamental flaw - and the laughable nature - of this whole Aquino angles thingy.

For The Order of Nine Angles, an angle is, of course, a five-dimensional concept - composed of two causal metrics "meeting" (or joining) at a particular point in a four-dimensional Space-Time (causal) continuum, with this particular "meeting" (or joining) being only one particular causal re-representation of an acausal event; that is, the "angle" changes in causal Time. It is only one causal re-representation of one event, which event is subject to acausal change.

In more simple terms, our angle can be considered as an extension of a spherical, basic three-dimensional, angle - familiar from spherical geometry. But each intersecting arc is a four-dimensional metric in causal Space-Time, so that to describe it in more detail (at least causally) one has to use a Tensorial re-presentation (such as used in describing for example a Riemannian metric). Even then, this is only another causal simplification (a causal abstraction devoid of acausality), since what we in the ONA are describing are acausal energies being manifest in the causal dimensions (in four-dimensional causal Space-Time) by means of such an "angle" - and these energies can manifest in various ways, by various means.

Let us consider one particular instance - where the means is a particular three-dimensional object (a tetrahedron) composed of a particular material (quartz) and where the esoteric (acausal) aspects of this combination (a quartz tetrahedron of a certain size) are activated by sound resonance (sonic vibrations). This particular instance is used, for example, in the simple ONA Nine Angles rite, where a particular combination of sound waves (a chant or chants at the correct pitch or pitches - for example a fourth or a fifth apart - and of the correct intensity) will "activate" the crystal, that is, make it a (temporary) nexion to the acausal, enabling the flow of causal energy from the acausal into the causal. Thus, the static, causal and a particular combination of nine angles of the crystal tetrahedron become something much more than just three-dimensional geometrical constructs in particular moment of causal Time; they become "alive" because imbued with acausal energy. That is, there is a phase-shift - from causal Time to acausal Time.

Of course, this is just one instance of our esoteric use of the term angle - there are many more, and all these usages, by us, of the esoteric term "nine angles" serve to highlight the buffoonery of Aquino's use of the term. Our esoteric usage of the term nine angles also serve to reveal those who claim we, of the ONA, somehow "ripped off" Aquino's work, for the laughable mundanes that they are.

ONA

[Originally posted October 120 yf by Ms PointyHat on the [Sinister Times](#) blog]

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(Extract from)

The Order of Nine Angles in Historical, and Esoteric, Context

As the ONA has pointed out in many essays and documents - including *Ingrowing Angles*, and *The Nine Angles: One More Causal Symbology* - the ONA's nine "angles" refer to a causal description of the meeting of acausal and causal space-time metrics, and are thus a re-presentation of a nexion, of that region of the Cosmos where the causal continuum meets or intersects or can intersect the acausal continuum, and thus where acausal energy flows from the acausal into the causal, which energy is capable of making things (or a thing) alive. That is, to use an older but appropriate esoteric term, the ONA angles are *alchemical*: some-thing which has life, or which can be made alive.

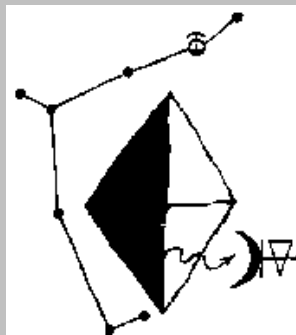
Classical esoteric alchemy was concerned with finding or manufacturing what was called The Philosophers Stone, which was some means, or some element, or some potion, or some combination of means, potions, and various elements, which would animate matter, making alive what was hitherto inert, with this "Stone" (lapis) thus re-presenting the very essence of life itself, and hence capable of imparting health and long life (or even immortality) to the alchemist.

Hence, the ONA's "angles" are alchemical in inspiration. Hence also the mention of the source for this inspiration, this early source being ancient Arabic alchemical texts [see Footnote, below], and certainly not a certain Mister Aquino.

Furthermore, the ONA - or rather, Anton Long - has extensively developed and refined, and rationally explicated, the original and often vague and confused alchemical concepts involved. Thus, the Nine Angles of the ONA can be considered to be nine-dimensional - combining the five-dimensions of the acausal continuum, with the four-dimensions of the causal continuum, and thus describing a nexion; one presencing of life-giving acausal energy in the causal.

In rather stark contrast, as the ONA says, the "angles" of Aquino (which angle concept of his both his own Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, used) are just a boring, mundane, dead, two-dimensional geometric thing.

The Nine Angles are most often symbolized, by the ONA, by means of the alchemical combination of a quartz tetrahedron, certain sound vibrations (esoteric chant), the sorcerer/sorceress (the Rounwytha) and the appropriate "alchemical season", for it is - according to the ONA - such particular combinations, which must involve a living, conscious, esoterically skilled, human being, that not only "animate" the nine angles, but which are or which can become, the nine angles. Furthermore, according to Anton Long, these nine angles represent the survival of the genuine, ancient, esoteric alchemical tradition, and perhaps the only surviving one, a tradition symbolized by the traditional ONA sigil below, where most of the required "elements" are depicted:



Sigil of The Alchemical Nine Angles

Editorial Footnote:

Anton Long - in his MS *Emanations of a Mage* - mentions this ancient alchemical tradition:

This source was – and for me, at that time (the early to middle 1970’s e.n.) surprisingly – the works of various Arabic alchemists and writers, who had not only posited a system of seven fundamental stages or elements – *al-ajasad al-sabaah* – but who had also constructed a system of nine emanations of “The One” which included these seven elements plus two others which were quite distinct by virtue of having different aspects, or types of, or sources of, time itself, as described in the alchemical manuscript *Al-Kitab al-Aflak*.

2

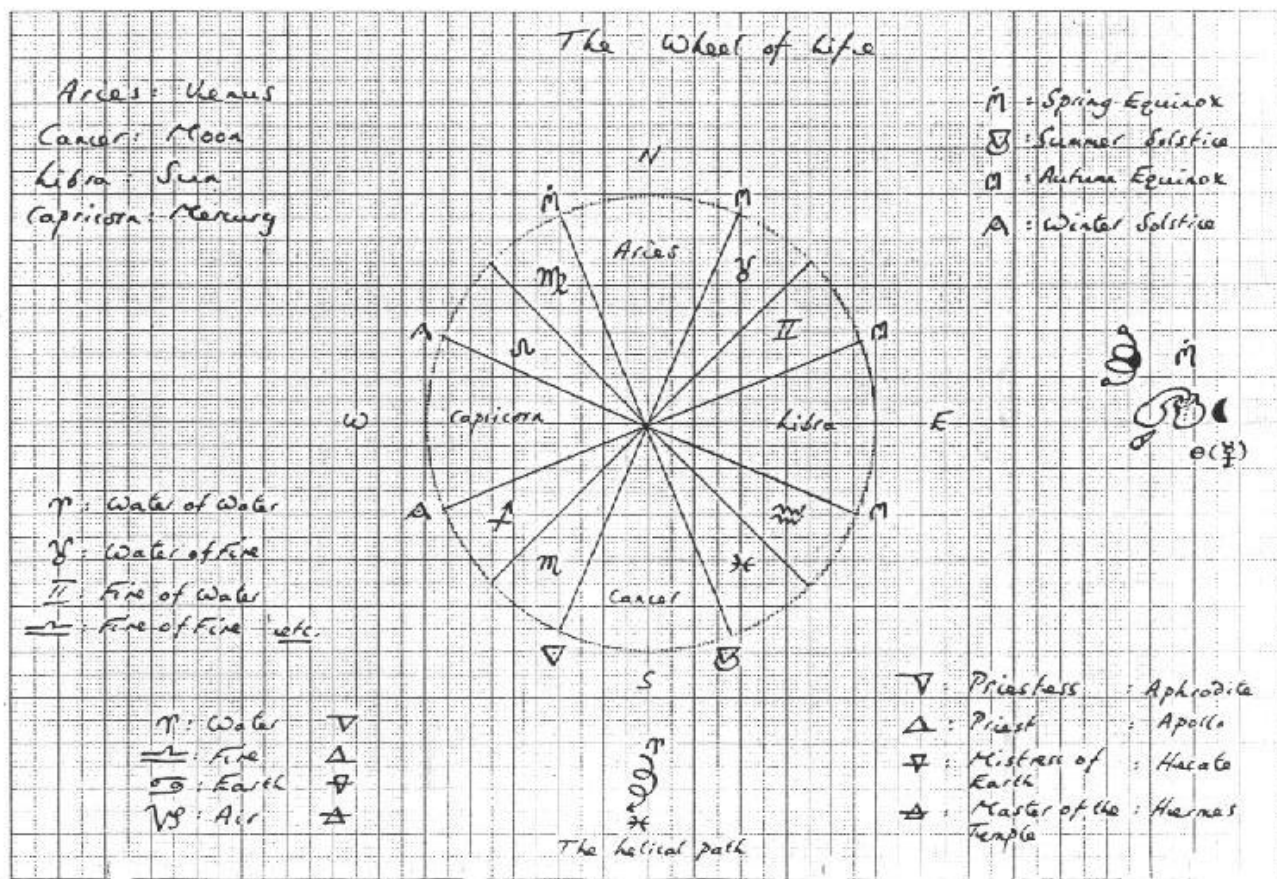
The Nine Angles - Just One More Causal Symbology

As first described in a footnote to the ONA MS *The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings* (published in facsimile in *Hostia*, Volume 1, 1991 e.n.) a nexion – the causal *within* the acausal (or vice versa) – could possibly be mathematically represented by a Tensor which has *nine* non-zero symmetric components, re-presenting a basic causal Space (and forming the “nine subspaces” of one causal apprehension), and whose asymmetric components re-present (some of) the acausal aspects involved in a particular nexion (acausal within causal).

Thus, it is possible to write an equation involving this particular tensor which describes (in a quite limited way) such a nexion and the collocation of spaces within it, with the boundary conditions of this equation giving the metrics of the “Space-Time” of the nexion. Thus, this equation would re-present something of the fusion of causal-acausal energy, and this itself might lead to new (to current causal Science) energies being described, and thence to the development of new, acausally-based (that is, “organic”), technologies.

Two important considerations, however, should be noted. First, that such an equation is only a limited *and causal* re-presentation, based on a causal mathematics, and thus cannot fully describe either the causal or the acausal aspects of the nexion. Second, that no conventional mathematical representation – tensorial or otherwise – can correctly describe any aspect of the acausal, since all conventional mathematical descriptions currently known to us depend on causal metrics, on causal Time. To correctly describe acausal Spaces (and thus acausal energy itself), a new mathematics has to be created which is based on acausal geometry and acausal Time, and which thus can re-present an acausal metric.

The facsimile of the particular MS mentioned above also shows, in diagrammatic form, the relation of the Nine Angles to the (double) tetrahedron; to the helical path (q.v. the hand-drawn diagrammatic of *The Wheel of Life* in facsimile editions of *Naos*); to the Tree of Wyrð; and to the “Four Gates” and thence to the “inverted pentagram”. For more details of some of these esoteric relations, see the facsimile of the MS *The Secrets of the Nine Angles*, also published in *Hostia*, Volume 1.



ONA: The Wheel of Life - Basic Alchemical Seasons

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Concerning The Meaning of The Nine Angles - Part Two

The Nine Angles - Beyond The Causal Continuum



To understand The Nine Angles is to understand the cosmology of causal and acausal - of the Cosmos itself having a causal continuum (a causal Universe), and an acausal continuum (an acausal Universe). The Nine Angles are a nexion between the two, which means these nine angles have or can presence life; that is, they possess, or are animated by, acausal energy, from the acausal continuum.

There are nine angles because there are nine dimensions involved in all the nexions we currently know - the four dimensions of, or which re-present, the causal continuum, and the five dimensions of, or which re-present, the acausal continuum, and which "five dimensions" form the basis for genuine dark sorcery, that is, the willed bringing forth of acausal energy into the causal by means of a nexion.

The four causal dimensions are, of course, the three spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and the one dimension of causal, linear, Time.

The Nine Angles are therefore formed from, or consist of, or re-present, *four* non-living (inert) causal dimensions, and *five* living ("alchemical"; "esoteric"; "dark"; sinister) acausal dimensions, and it this combination, of Nine, which is numinous, or, more correctly, which is that sinister-numen which forms the essence of Life itself.

Thus, the term "angle" as used by the ONA esoterically and fundamentally means *one type of, one particular species of, a Cosmic dimension* - as opposed to the ordinary type of dimension we are familiar with in the causal continuum, and which causal dimensions can be re-presented mathematically and which causal dimensions form the basis for the causal science of Physics.

In causal terms, an angle is simply a convenient geometric construct - an abstraction based upon the linearity of causal Time, on the simplicity of causal cause-and-effect, and an abstraction which can be re-presented in Euclidean (two-dimensional causal) geometry by the meeting or intersection of two lines, and also re-presented in spherical (three-dimensional causal) geometry, and Riemannian-type (four-dimensional causal, or metrical) geometry.

All these types of causal "angles" are inert; mere causal abstractions, even when we are describing that causal-angle which re-presents causal Time, because this type of Time (the causal type) is simply a physical (lifeless, un-numinous) cause-and-effect.

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Thus, *the-nine-angles* is a term for that particular collocation of acausal-and-causal-angles which form, or which construct, or which are, a nexion: the intersection of causal and acausal metrics. Where the acausal continuum (the acausal Universe) meets, or intersects, or joins, or is merged with, the causal continuum, the causal Universe.

Hence it is easy to understand just how the nine angles are the combination of four causal-angles, and five acausal-angles: of the "five dimensions" of acausal Space-Time, and the four dimensions of causal Space-Time.

Confusing Angles

The confusion over the term "angle" arose, in the past - and to some extent, still arises in the present - because we do not, as yet, have a precise language, nor a new type of mathematics, to describe the nine Cosmic dimensions (or cosmic angles) that re-present a nexion (or at least, which re-present all the nexions we currently know or are aware of).

Thus while the esoteric term *nine angles* can, in many ways, be considered to be synonymous with the esoteric term *nexion*, there are also many types - or species - of *nexion*, which variety has been the source of some confusion among non-Adepts and especially among mundanes.

Hence, and for example, the nine angles can re-present the Tree of Wyrd (ToW): the seven plus two (seven spheres and two aspects of cosmic Time, causal and acausal) [Footnote 1]. The Nine Angles can also re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game, which Star Game itself can be re-presented by the term Nine Angles, since the Star Game, correctly used (see, for example, *The Grimoire of Baphomet*), can be a *nexion*. The ONA itself is another example of a type of *nexion*: one particular *ordering* of acausal energy; one means to presence acausal energy in the causal, and so change the causal and the living beings who live in the causal continuum.

Due to the very nature of the acausal, we simply cannot construct acausal angles (that is, we cannot presence or access or re-present acausal dimensions) by some-thing or by some-things which is or which are purely causal; by inert, physical (causal) material or matter, or even by causal types of energy (such as electricity, and plasma).

All that we have, for the moment, are various alchemical-type esoteric Rites which have been shown, by trial and error, to be effective to some degree. That is, we do possess some rather rudimentary means to manufacture a *nexion*, or to use an existing *nexion*. [Footnote 2] These rites currently all involve, in some way, human beings, and some combination of some causal-things, such as esoteric chant; a quartz tetrahedron. That is, it is the human being - or rather the type and magnitude of acausal energy which exists in a living human being - which re-presents or which can be used to access, certain acausal-angles (certain specific acausal dimensions).

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Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

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The Nine Angles of Sinister Change

We perceive. We use reason to try and understand what we perceive (or, at least, some human beings use reason). We arrive at some conclusions - or we give up and just accept what someone else, somewhere, has written or said: the answers of some established religion, or the answers of some political ideology, for example. Sometimes, however, we do need a bit of guidance, something or someone to nudge us in the right direction, to aid our thinking, or inspire us, or maybe to just get us thinking about, and asking questions about, certain matters that most people take for granted.

The Sinister Way is just such guidance, based as this Way is on the accumulated *pathei-mathos* - the learning from direct, hard, difficult and often suffering causing experiences - of some human beings who have detested and who do detest mundanity and mundanes, and who have dared to defy the accepted causal abstractions of their times.

This sinister and individual learning - which it is one of the aims of practical Left Hand Path, or sinister, training to produce, to induce - thus provides insight, perspective; it gives the individual a new take, a new "angle", on things. This learning is both Occult (the perception of essence behind causal form and appearance, and the development of faculties to enable such perception) and directly sinister (Presencing The Dark).

Further practical experience reveals - or should reveal - that we human beings have nine quite distinct ways of viewing, of perceiving, the world: nine different ways of looking at existence, at Life, Nature, Death, and at all those many causal forms we have manufactured over Aeons to interpret Reality, and ourselves, in an attempt to try and understand Reality and ourselves.

That is, our faculty of perception - our human knowing - has nine different modes of being, just as Reality has, with we human beings - our consciousness - being a reflexion of such Order, for what is above (beyond us) is reflexion of what is below (what is within us); that is, there is both a cosmic Order, and a certain symmetry within that order.

But why nine? Why not seven or eleven or even thirteen? Because we human beings are a nexion - that is, we exist in both causal Space-Time (of four dimensions, or angles) and in acausal Space-Time (of five dimensions, or angles). Because we possess acausal energy - which energy animates our physical matter (the chemicals, physical molecules, that makes up our bodies) and thus makes that matter organic, a living being.

We could express this another way - Existence has nine fundamental emanations. Nine different ways of presencing itself, of coming-into-being. Or, if we wanted to use older terminology, we might say: nine fundamental vibrations, nine fundamental dimensions.

But why use the term *angle* instead of dimension, or even vibration? Because it is different; because the term angle, as used by sinister ways such as that of the ONA, requires one to think about - to logically analyse - what the term means or might mean or imply. That is, there is a certain effort required to ascertain its esoteric meaning. For an angle - esoterically - is much more than a dimension, much more than a vibration. Even understood in the exoteric sense, an angle implies something that meets with something else or something that is curving (non-linear; not straight) or the space between two things.

Esoterically, we human beings have the potential - the capacity, the ability - to perceive and thence understand the Order, the ordering, the organization, that is Existence/Reality/Being/The Cosmos; and we also have the potential, the faculties, to use that understanding to change, to consciously evolve, ourselves, as unique individual beings, and collectively: to aid others like us, others of our kind, and thus bring-into-being new Aeons, a new presencing of the sinister; that is, a Dark Imperium where we can fulfil our Galactic potential.

This ordering, this organization, is, for our human consciousness, nine-fold - and thus, exoterically, there are, for us, nine stages, or nine means, of apprehending this basic ordering, and which nine aspects we thence combine into that knowledge which is a knowing of the essence itself, beyond all forms and all causal (all limited human) apprehensions.

Hence, according to sinister ways such as that of the ONA - according to the accumulated pathei-mathos of sinister Adepts - the apprehension is manifest to us both in the nine variations of the basic three (the nine basic pieces of The Star Game, for example) and in the *seven plus two*: in (1) the seven spheres (the seven basic apprehensions, or emanations) that form The Tree of Wyrd, (2) the Abyss (the connexion between the individual and the acausal) ; and (3) the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) itself as but a nexion between causal and acausal.

Or, expressed another way, this *seven plus two* means that the ToW as we exoterically perceive it - a three-dimensional structure consisting of seven spheres and the interconnecting pathways - actually changes, in both causal Space-Time and in acausal Space-Time. That is, it is not some static "thing"; not even just a static "thing" that moves or can be moved (rotated) in causal Space. For it changes both causally and acausally, with part of this change being our - our individual, human - interaction with it: with ourselves, and the cosmic Order beyond us.

That is, we enter into (we are involved with) a symbiotic relationship with what the ToW (and also The Star Game) *represents*: which is the order that is both Existence/Reality/Being/The Cosmos and our own living being, the nexion we are and the presencing of acausal energy which we are.

Thus, the nine angles are alive - possessed of acausal energy: some-thing which lives, and these living angles are manifest to us as, for example, the ordering which is the living ToW within us, and which we can use to change, to evolve, ourselves; that is, to enter and go beyond The Abyss, and thus emerge as new type of human being, one in whom there is knowing of the essence and one in whom there is an abundance of, an increase of, a new flux of, acausal energy.

Hence, these nine angles are genuine magick, Occultism presenced on Earth - a means of changing, of evolving, ourselves; of participating in our own evolution and of becoming a different type of being, just as The Order of Nine Angles is one presencing of the esoteric reality (the true ordering of Existence) beyond the mundanity of the acceptance of mere causality (materialism) that pervades and "animates" mundanes, as well as a presencing that can take us far beyond the lifeless sterility of all the causal forms that are so loved and revered by mundanes.

Order of Nine Angles
121 yf

Ingrowing Angles, or How Not to Name Thee Nine Angles Thingy

An article currently [2009 CE] drifting lopsidedly around in cyberspace – with a title something like *Angles incarnés* and giving hyperlinks to boring stuff about a dead two-dimensional shape, the trapezoid – reveals yet again the Aquino-cult for the silliness it is, and yet again serves to highlight the esoteric, intellectual, and sinister, superiority of The Order of Nine Angles over and above the ToSers and the LaVey “satanism of and for the mundanes”.

The aforementioned article gives some details about Aquino’s much hyped *Ceremony of Nine Angles*, which some idiots claim was the basis for “our” name, although even a cursory glance by a mundane would suffice to show the fundamental, irreconcilable difference between our initiated, esoteric, and sinister, understanding of the term angle, and the silly, pretentious, clumsy, and totally un-esoteric use of the term angle by Aquino, LaVey, and by those mundanes following such pretentious mundane drivel.

In addition, Aquino used a pantomime language – deriving from the fictional works of Lovecraft – which when said or “chanted” serves only to give us a fit of the giggles: *F’tang f’tang o-lay olay biscuit barrel...* kind of stuff (maracas in the background are optional). Let’s run that again, with maracas on: *F’tang f’tang o-lay olay biscuit barrel...*

In the matter of Aquino’s angles – Ouch! Is that my ingrowing-angle hurting again? – there is a lot of mumbo-jumbo, and very little, if any, genuine esoteric substance, with the mumbo-jumbo itself containing a lot of pretentious pseudo-biblical poesy such as “the laughing one doth cry and the flute wail...”

Well, wail away this Aquino-esque Magic Flute might, for nothing doth come forth, and will ne’er come forth from a boring two-dimensional geometrical shape. Wherein, of course, lies the fundamental flaw – and the laughable nature – of this whole Aquino angles thingy.

For The Order of Nine Angles, an angle is, of course, a five-dimensional concept – composed of two causal metrics “meeting” (or joining) at a particular point in a four-dimensional Space-Time (causal) continuum, with this particular “meeting” (or joining) being only one particular causal re-presentation of an acausal event; that is, the “angle” changes in causal Time. It is only one causal re-presentation of one event, which event is subject to acausal change.

In more simple terms, our angle can be considered as an extension of a spherical, basic three-dimensional, angle – familiar from spherical geometry. But each intersecting arc is a four-dimensional metric in causal Space-Time, so that to describe it in more detail (at least causally) one has to use a Tensorial re-presentation (such as used in describing for example a Riemannian metric). Even then, this is only another causal simplification (a causal abstraction devoid of acausality), since what we in the ONA are describing are acausal energies being manifest in the causal dimensions (in four-dimensional causal Space-Time) by means of such an “angle” – and these energies can manifest in various ways, by various means.

Let us consider one particular instance – where the means is a particular three-dimensional object (a tetrahedron) composed of a particular material (quartz) and where the esoteric (acausal) aspects of this combination (a quartz tetrahedron of a certain size) are activated by sound resonance (sonic vibrations). This particular instance is used, for example, in the simple ONA Nine Angles rite, where a particular combination of sound waves (a chant or chants at the correct pitch or pitches – for example a fourth or a fifth apart – and of the correct intensity) will “activate” the crystal, that is, make it a (temporary) nexion to the acausal, enabling the flow of causal energy from the acausal into the causal. Thus, the static, causal and a particular combination of nine angles of the crystal tetrahedron become something much more than just three-dimensional geometrical constructs in particular moment of causal Time; they become “alive” because imbued with acausal energy. That is, there is a phase-shift – from causal Time to acausal Time.

Of course, this is just one instance of our esoteric use of the term angle – there are many more, and all these usages, by us, of the esoteric term “nine angles” serve to highlight the buffoonery of Aquino’s use of the term. Our esoteric usage of the term nine angles also serve to reveal those who claim we, of the ONA, somehow “ripped off” Aquino’s work, for the laughable mundanes that they are.

ONA

[Originally posted October 120 yf by Ms PointyHat on the [Sinister Times](#) blog]

Appendix

The Nine Angles - Just One More Causal Symbology

As first described in a footnote to the ONA MS *The Nine Angles – Esoteric Meanings* (published in facsimile in *Hostia*, Volume 1, 1991 e.n.) a nexion – the causal *within* the acausal (or vice versa) – could possibly be mathematically represented by a Tensor which has *nine* non-zero symmetric components, rep-presenting a basic causal Space (and forming the “nine subspaces” of one causal apprehension), and whose asymmetric components re-present (some of) the acausal aspects involved in a particular nexion (acausal within causal).

Thus, it is possible to write an equation involving this particular tensor which describes (in a quite limited way) such a nexion and the collocation of spaces within it, with the boundary conditions of this equation giving the metrics of the “Space-Time” of the nexion. Thus, this equation would re-present something of the fusion of causal-acausal energy, and this itself might lead to new (to current causal Science) energies being described, and thence to the development of new, acausally-based (that is, “organic”), technologies.

Two important considerations, however, should be noted. First, that such an equation is only a limited *and causal* representation, based on a causal mathematics, and thus cannot fully describe either the causal or the acausal aspects of the nexion. Second, that no conventional mathematical representation – tensorial or otherwise – can correctly describe any aspect of the acausal, since all conventional mathematical descriptions currently known to us depend on causal metrics, on causal Time. To correctly describe acausal Spaces (and thus acausal energy itself), a new mathematics has to be created which is based on acausal geometry and acausal Time, and which thus can re-present an acausal metric.

The facsimile of the particular MS mentioned above also shows, in diagrammatic form, the relation of the Nine Angles to the (double) tetrahedron; to the helical path (q.v. the hand-drawn diagrammatic of *The Wheel of Life* in facsimile editions of *Naos*); to the Tree of Wyrð; and to the “Four Gates” and thence to the “inverted pentagram”. For more details of some of these esoteric relations, see the facsimile of the MS *The Secrets of the Nine Angles*, also published in *Hostia*, Volume 1.

The ONA Deofel Quartet



Included here is the complete **Deofel Quartet**. Also included is the additional instructional text *Breaking the Silence Down*, which makes the Quartet into the Deofel Quintet.

All the texts here have been corrected, by AL, in 119 Year of Feyen, to remove most of the many scanning errors, and typos, which are still prevalent in all other editions.

Most of the items are in pdf format, the files varying in size from 100 Kb to nearly 400 Kb.

[The Magickal Art of the Deofel Quintet](#)

[Introduction to the Deofel Quartet](#)

[Deofel I Falcifer: Lord of Darkness](#)

[Deofel II The Temple of Satan](#)

[Deofel III The Giving](#)

[Deofel IV The Greyling Owl](#)

[Deofel V Breaking the Silence Down](#)

The Star Game

Anton Long
(Order of Nine Angles)

Note: This is a basic introduction to the simple - the training - version of The Star Game. The Star Game, and its variants, are more fully described in the ONA work, *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept*

The Star Game is a technique for developing acausal-thinking, for which technique see [Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism](#)

The Boards:

There are seven boards, each one named after a particular star, which boards are placed one above the other in a spiral and forming a septenary Tree of Life (or Tree of Wyrd, to be precise).

Each board has nine black and nine squares, with each board representing a sphere of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW). See [Figure 0](#)

	Naos	
		Deneb
Rigel		
	Mira	
		Antares
Arcturus		
	Sirius	

The Pieces:

Each player has three sets of nine pieces, that is 27 pieces in all. The nine pieces are:

a(a) a(b) a(c) b(a) b(b) b(c) c(a) c(b) c(c)

The pieces can also be named Alchemically, abstractly or in terms of the Dark Tradition.

In Alchemical terms, a is the Alchemical symbol for Salt. b is the Alchemical symbol for Mercury, and c is the Alchemical symbol for Sulphur. Abstractly, a is the Greek letter alpha, b the letter beta, and c gamma. In terms of the Dark Tradition, a is causal space-time; b is where the acausal is present or manifest in the causal, and c acausal space-time.

These symbols and letters should be written on the pieces which are either small, square pieces of wood (of a size to fit on the board squares), or small tetrahedrons.

One set of three pieces is coloured black, the other set, white. [Or red and blue may be used.]

Esoterically, the pieces represent the combinations of the alchemical substances, or the various combinations and manifestations of causal/acausal.

The Moves:

The central rule of the game is that each piece, when it moves, is transformed into the piece next in sequence:

a(a)-->a(b)-->a(c)-->b(a)-->b(b)-->b(c)-->c(a)-->c(b)-->c(c)

Thus the a(a) piece when it is moved becomes an a(b) piece; a(c) becomes b(a) and so on. A c(c) piece becomes a(a).

The c (or gamma) pieces - c(a) c(b) c(c) - can move to any (vacant) square on any board.

The b (or beta) pieces can move across the board they are already on to any vacant square, and up, or down, one level - for example, from Acturus up to Antares, or down to Sirius. Note that a piece on Sirius can move only up to Arcturus.

The a (or alpha) pieces can move only across the board they are on.

After a piece has been moved, and therefore changed into the piece next in sequence, it moves according to its new identity. Thus, a b(c) piece would become a c(a) piece and on its next move, moves as a c (or gamma) piece.

The Placing of Pieces:

The initial or starting position of the pieces depends on how the game is used. Esoterically, the pieces are placed to represent a particular form at a particular moment in causal time: for example, to represent a civilization, an Aeon, or a person. Exoterically - when the game is played simply as an intellectual game - the placing of the pieces is fixed.

In the exoteric game the starting positions are as follows:

Six pieces are placed on Sirius - two sets of alpha pieces - for white, and six for black. See [Figure 1](#)

Arcturus has three pieces for white and three for black. See [Figure 2](#)

Antares has six pieces for white and six for black - two sets of beta pieces, placed exactly as the pieces on the Sirius board.

Mira has no pieces on it at the start.

Rigel has the three remaining pieces (for each player) of the beta sets, placed as the alpha pieces on Arcturus.

Deneb has six pieces of white and six of black from the gamma set, placed as the alpha set on Sirius.

Naos has the three remaining pieces of the gamma set, placed the same as the alpha sets of Arcturus.

Exoteric Game Rules:

The pieces move according to the rules above (see *The Moves* above), and are transformed as above. However, in the exoteric game, pieces can only stay on Mira for three moves. After three moves have been played (three by white; three by black) the player must move one of their pieces on Mira, if they have pieces on Mira, and this move must - if the piece is able (of the correct sequence) - be up or down from the Mira board. If there are alpha pieces on Mira, these are moved according to alpha piece rules: across the board only. That is, until they become beta pieces when they must move up or down from Mira.

A c(c) piece is the only piece that can capture any opposing piece. A c(c) piece can capture an opposing piece on any square from any board except Naos. The pieces on Naos cannot be captured. The piece so captured is removed from the game and plays no further part.

After a c(c) piece has captured another piece, it becomes a a(a) piece.

Exoteric Game Object:

The simplest form of the game is for one player to occupy certain squares on Mira, of a pattern decided by both players beforehand. A suggested pattern for winning is given in [Figure 3](#).

Thus, the player has to place three of their alpha pieces in the pattern given.

The first player to achieve this pattern (within the three move Mira limit) wins. Note that c(c) pieces can capture pieces on Mira.

Exoteric Rule Variations:

To initially make the game easier to learn, and play, two variations are suggested. The first is to amend the three move Mira limit - to five, or seven, moves. This makes the game much easier.

The second is not to allow the c(c) piece to capture pieces on Mira. This makes the game very easy indeed.

Star Game: Brief Guide to Esoteric Meanings

Aeonic:

1) The seven boards can represent the origin, and change, of one particular Aeon. That is, each board - each sphere - is an aspect of that particular Aeon. Sirius represents the origin, and Naos, the end of the Aeon. The pieces symbolize

causal-acausal, and the presencing of the acausal. Or in more mundane terms, archetypes.

Thus, the present Western Aeon can be symbolized, and the future ascertained - or changed, if the game is used in a Magickal way by an Adept.

2) The seven boards can also represent the seven Aeons, with Sirius being the Sumeric - the first Aeon - and Rigel the present Western Aeon. Thus, the Next Aeon, the galactic, can be studied, understood and perchance brought into being/changed.

(See [Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction](#) for brief details about the seven Aeons of septenary tradition.)

The initial placing of the pieces is the key to representing both of the above, and such placings are taught to Initiates of the Sinister way.

Individual:

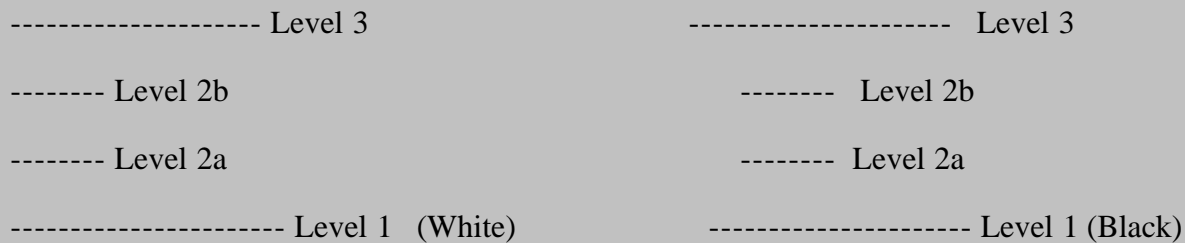
The boards can also represent *one* individual. The pieces then represent aspects of the consciousness - the life - of the individual. The alpha pieces are concerned with the "ego"; the beta pieces with "self"; and the gamma pieces with Adeptship and beyond.

The alpha set represents "feeling"; the beta set "intuition"; and the gamma set "thinking", broadly as those terms are defined by Jung. Each board represents that aspect of the individual associated with that sphere: thus, Sirius represents the "Moon" aspect (Night; Calcination; Aries; Nox and so on), and Mira the "Sun" aspect (Putrefaction; Lux; Vision). See the [Septenary Correspondences](#) (more details of these Correspondences are given in NAOS).

In one very important way, the pieces and the boards represent the esoteric path to Wisdom: to self-understanding, and the creation of a new being.

The initial placing of the pieces is usually done to represent the individual in the present, as they are now, and this placing is an esoteric skill, learned through study and practice.

Note: The above is the general, or simple, form of The Star Game. A more advanced Game exists, with each board having six (minor) boards (three at each end), and there being additional pieces (more sets of nine for each player: often 81 pieces per player; sometimes more), with additional rules regarding movement. In this advanced form, each board is divided into three other levels so that there are four levels to each board:



Level three consists of six squares, three white and three black; level 2b is a single square; level 2a is the same as level three: three black and three white squares.

This document was compiled from ONA manuscripts including *Naos: A Practical Guide to Modern Magick*

The Star Game Further Notes Regarding The Esoteric Form



As mentioned in ONA MSS such as *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism* and in the section The Rite of The Star Game in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, The Star Game is one of the principle means of developing acausal-knowing (a.k.a. acausal-thinking) and is also a powerful if esoteric Dark Art.

The term The Esoteric Star Game (ESG) is used here to refer to what has been described, in MSS such as *Naos*, as the advanced form of The Star Game (TSG), as distinct from the simple (training) form. In truth, the simple form - as described in MSS such as *Naos* - was devised as a basic neophyte and Initiate level introduction to the Star Game proper, enabling the fundamental esoteric concepts of TSG to be understood, and enabling some insight into acausal-thinking itself.

The simple form of TSG has seven boards, and only 27 pieces per side (player; causal/acausal aspect), with each of these boards consisting of nine black and nine white squares.

The complete esoteric SG - full details of which are given in other ONA MSS, including facsimile editions of *Naos* - has seven main boards (nexions) - arranged in a hierarchical spiral, as in the training version - with each of these main boards having six (minor) boards (three at each end), and there being additional pieces (more sets of nine for each player: often 81 pieces per player; sometimes more), with additional rules regarding movement.

Furthermore, there are three forms of the Complete ESG - all of which have three additional levels (small boards) above the main board (level 1) but which differ in the number of squares and the placing of these small (or minor) upper boards.

In the first form, the boards are:



Level three consists of six squares, three white and three black; level 2b is a single square; level 2a is the same as level three: three black and three white squares. Note that level 3 in this form is set directly above the other levels.

In the second form of the ESG, level 3 is set outward, so that it is not protruding above levels 1 and 2, and consists of only 2 squares.

In the third and the standard form - as described in a diagram on p.213 of the facsimile pdf version of *Naos* - level 2b (described therein as level 3 out of 4) is of one square only and is set outward, between the inward levels 2a (described in *Naos* as level 2) and 3 (described in *Naos* as level 4).

These differences are quite minor, and are designed to show Adepts, and beyond, how an alteration of certain aspects of a particular causal-metric (re-presented by a main board and the number, type and placing of the minor boards) affects, or can affect, a nexion or nexions, and thus acausal energies, and the interaction between nexions. Thus, the Adept discovers, for themselves, which if any of these three re-presentations is the most efficacious in terms of re-presenting a nexion, nexions in general, and which if any is the most efficacious in developing acausal-knowing and when used to bring and presence acausal energy.

Construction of the Complete Esoteric Star Game

The ESG was designed to be a physically large structure - to occupy a certain amount of causal Space - so that the Adept or Adepts (the player or players) have to physically move around it in order to see all the boards and pieces, and in order to move the pieces. In addition, in the majority of constructions so far, the Adept or Adepts using the ESG, has to use some form of steps in order to reach the top main boards.

Thus, the ESG, as currently existing and as constructed and used in past decades, is a sizeable construction, previously most often made of wood, but now occasionally made using steel for both the boards and the supports holding the boards, and which boards, in some steel constructed version, are cantilevered out from the supports.

In addition, in order to accommodate the three forms briefly outlined above, the minor boards (or sub-levels) of the seven major boards are designed to be removable, with replacement minor boards, of the required type, being available.

Given the esoteric nature of the ESG, and the complexity of its physical construction, it is therefore not surprising that membership of the ESG club is exclusive and elitist, particularly as most individuals interested in or even associated with the ONA cannot be bothered to construct, and learn, the simple form of TSG, let alone the ESG, and particularly as few of the individuals who have assiduously read many ONA MSS have not even noticed that there are three forms of the ESG.

Furthermore, although the ESG, and thus the simple form of TSG, were designed in an era when the only (digital and commercial) computers were IBM type mainframes using punched cards and magnetic reel tape, no computer version of TSG has so far been developed, nor is likely to be developed for many years, given the complexity of the ESG itself.

However, such a computerized version, while it might make TSG itself more popular, is neither necessary nor even desirable, for reasons which Adepts will understand. For the very physical construction of the ESG is a personal challenge in itself, just as using a large physical ESG is a type of esoteric ritual in itself, and the overcoming of this personal challenge (which takes a certain amount of causal Time) combined with physically using such a structure in an esoteric way, is a prerequisite to joining what is probably one of the most elitist sinister cabals currently presenced on this planet we humans call Earth.



Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

The Rounwytha Tradition

The word Rounwytha and the expression Rounwytha tradition occur in several ONA texts. Can you explain what this tradition is?

What we call The Rounwytha Tradition is the muliebral essence that formed the basis of the aural, esoteric, tradition I inherited from my Lady Master. It is a tradition which, it was claimed, was indigenous to the British Isles.

The basis of this tradition was the cultivation and use of what has often been described as the natural and hitherto (at least in most human beings, especially men) latent faculty of empathy. A faculty naturally possessed in abundance in the past in those few women whom the term Rounwytha describes and names.

This natural empathy is basically a particular Occult sensitivity: to human beings, to Nature, to living-beings (animal and otherwise) and to the Cosmos. The ability of translocation beyond the personal, beyond the immediacy of the moment of one's own passions, desires, thoughts, feelings. What I now describe as being a natural nexion, sensitive to living beings. Part of this natural ability is awareness of and respect for the numinous, as manifest for instance in Life (*ψυχή*), in Nature, in Art and Culture.

Such natural, such Occult or esoteric, empathy is beyond words and terms - and forms the basis of all true 'magick', all genuine sorcery. For instance, the character of Rachael in the story *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized portrayal of a young Rounwytha developing her skills and using, for example, music to enchant, as a form of sorcery.

Also, few years ago now I gave an example of this natural, this esoteric, empathy in my essay *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*, from which this is a quote:

" One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even "Druid"). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st – that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calender which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occultists say, write, and believe this? Because – for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel – they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously "in-tune" with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy – who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calender. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calender. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring Equinox – indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location – an Adept "knows", or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell)

the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them – and its wildlife – is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about “alchemical seasons” – which are not fixed by some abstract solar calendar, which depend on one’s location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain – and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal – varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept – in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA – with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals, its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing, its emphasis on the feminine, its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way – is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention."

That is, our Way keeps alive, and has extended, a particular ancient tradition, the Rounwytha one, once native to the British Isles.

One aspect of this tradition - of this muliebral thread that binds the nexions and individuals of the inner ONA [1] together and which thus influences the larger ONA and our kindred beyond - is the acceptance of Sapphism as natural and indeed as necessary, which is why for instance that we have and always have had many Sapphic nexions and groups.

Another aspect of this tradition is that many of our nexions and groups are led or guided by ladies of a certain breeding, because they possess qualities that we value and respect, such as manners and charm and are cultured individuals. For our inner ONA has always attached importance to good manners, and to an appreciation of music, literature, poetry, and the Arts in general. In this sense, we are quite old-fashioned, cultured, and somewhat aristocratic, and why many of our kind have been and are artists, musicians, artisans, poets, academics and teachers in their exoteric lives.

It is also true to say that we often know our kind instinctively, even if they are not yet part of our family. For instance, over a quarter of a century ago I embarked upon a quest to find a few suitable individuals to guide on a personal basis; to induct into the tradition, and so expand it in what I considered was a necessary way. Over a period of several years - sometimes wearisome sometimes japerly-fun - I met with perhaps a hundred or more individuals under the guise of advocating an exoteric type of Satanism, employing various practical tests to initially screen them. All of them either failed the tests, or lacked the necessary personal qualities and the quality (if only incipient) of possessing empathy. Then I met at last, and within the space of some six months, two most suitable individuals, one a young man and one a young lady - the young man met at a rendezvous on Shrewsbury railway station, and the lady some months before through a personal introduction. I sensed immediately that both were of our empathic and cultured kind.

These qualities - empathy, manners, culture, charm, an awareness of the numinous - are not qualities that most others (and all mundanes) associate with the Left Hand Path and/or with Satanism, due in part to a misunderstanding or ignorance of what both those causal forms, those causal vehicles, represent. But these qualities are possessed by, are developed by, those involved with our tradition, both pre-ONA name and now, and serve to distinguish us from the egotistical poseurs of other LHP/Satanic groups who believe Magian clichés such as "deification of the self" and "reality is a matter of belief", and which groups unsurprisingly attract vulgar young males and in which groups such male specimens of Homo Hubris predominate. [2]

This also explains why those of our inner Way - why the ONA itself correctly understood beyond such causal forms and restrictive terms as LHP/Satanic - melds a numinous way with a sinister way, as outlined in the first part of my essay *Toward The Sinister Mysterium*. And thus why our sorcery - beyond the external stages - is that of mysteriums and of esoteric empathy, with such mysteriums being our contribution to and development of The Rounwytha Tradition.

You mentioned a muliebral thread that binds the inner ONA and influences the ONA in general. Can you explain this in more detail and what muliebral means?

Muliebral is the word we use, of Latin origin, to describe a particular type of lady, one of our kind - that is, the cultured, well-mannered, lady, possessed of esoteric empathy, who has acquired a particular wisdom through some years of experience both esoteric and exoteric. This is our archetypal Lady Master, aka Mistress of Earth. She who was once a Priestess but who has developed, matured, since then.

In a more exoteric way, she is the still fecund mother of young children, and the person who holds the family together, nurtures the children, and guides them toward being cultured, resourceful, individuals with their own personalities, possessed of esoteric empathy, and yet who have all the skills and the attitude necessary to survive in a hostile world. These skills include the ability to defend one's self, if necessary with deadly force, in a way consistent with our kindred code of honour, and also the ability, the personality, to be ruthless if necessary (again consistent with our kindred code of honour).

Thus the muliebral thread refers to the influence and importance of such a person and their qualities and abilities, as well as the striving, the quest, to acquire and develop these qualities and abilities. Note that our female archetype is neither the passive, gentle, submissive feminine archetype pedalled by the Magian and those calling themselves Wiccan, nor the strident imitation macho-man archetype pedalled by those often described by the term 'feminists'. Instead, it is just our archetype, developed from our Rounwytha tradition - an inspiration for our new ways of living.

It can therefore be understood why our tradition, and why the Order of Nine Angles, attracts and nurtures so many women, and why our men have qualities and abilities that distinguish them from the imitation LaVey's and the imitation Crowley's that still so dominate certain forms of the Occult that we have become associated with, i.e. the LHP and Satanism. And if there is one expression which might usefully, if only exoterically, summarize our inner way it is that we are clans (kindred extended families) of esoteric-empaths living by our code of honour and following our own unique living tradition.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, this particular esoteric tradition. Unsurprisingly, the majority of those in this inner ONA are women.

[2] For our inner way refer, for example, to [The Gentleman's – and Noble Ladies – Brief Guide to The Dark Arts.](#)



The Dark Goddess As Archetype

Introduction

The Dark Goddess is often called Baphomet, who is described, according to the aural tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, as:

a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

In former times, as again in this new millennia, it was and it is to Baphomet that human sacrifices were dedicated.

However, often – as in pre-ONA days (that is, before the tradition was given and described by the ONA name) – the Dark Goddess is not referred to directly by name, as, for example, at the end of the instructional text *The Giving*, where Mallam is sacrificed in a communal ceremony, and where Lianna says, “[Satanism] is not the way I follow. My tradition is different, much older.”

Understood esoterically, an archetype is:

a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus “in the psyche”): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it “dies” (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Thus the Dark Goddess in general, and Baphomet in particular, can be considered as types of living being, manifest most often in our psyche [1] but also capable of becoming present in our causal continuum [2].

Mythos and Aural Tradition

According to the aural history of the ONA [3] the old tradition inherited by the present Grand Master was carried on for many generations by mostly reclusive Adepts who instructed only a select, few, individuals. In addition, it should be understood that: (1) the tradition existed mainly in rural areas of South Shropshire and the Welsh Marches; (2) with a few notable exceptions (one being the present Grand Master) all those who guarded and transmitted the tradition, and who instructed candidates, were women; (3) the tradition – never called by any particular name or described by any term – consisted mainly of esoteric chant; the mythos of The Dark Gods (including tales such as later recounted in the stories *Sabirah* and *Jenyah*), certain ceremonies (such as The Ceremony of Recalling), propitiation of certain natural forces by means of communal culling, and so on; and (4) a fictional characterization of one such fairly recent Lady Master/Mistress of Earth is the character of Lianna in *The Giving*, and which fictional work gives a general background to, and a few details about, the old tradition itself.

Furthermore, the instructional account *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized account of the awakening (the development) of a young Rounwytha, manifest in the character of Rachael [4]. Rachael, for instance, enchants naturally, without words or ritual or ceremonies, and forms a natural empathic link to the area where she dwells, and has (being a Rounwytha, albeit a young one) the natural ability to bring forth, to induce, in her lover (Diane) a deep, intuitive, understanding of the importance of the feminine and of Nature.

Breaking The Silence Down also contains an old, traditional, text celebrating the female:

Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!
Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust, softness, understanding, and love!
My breasts pleased you
And brought forth darkness and joy...

(Synecy: The Dark Daughters of Baphomet)

Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype

In contrast to nearly every other manifestation of The Left Hand Path, in the West – and in stark contrast to all other groups who claim to be or who describe themselves as Satanist – the ONA has always been biased toward the feminine aspect of The Sinister.

For example, a majority of traditional nexions, in both the Old World (England) and the New World (America and Canada) are organized and run by Lady Masters/Mistresses of Earth, just as the ONA has always had many Sapphic nexions (for example, The Dark Daughters of Chaos, in England). Conversely, groups such as The Golden Dawn, the OTO, the Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, have all been dominated by men and are redolent of that posturing masculine Homo Hubris ethos that is anathema to Dark-Empathy and the gentility of the well-mannered Adept.

In addition – as hinted at in many ONA texts, such as *The Rite of the Nine Angles* and in *The Ceremony of Recalling* [5] – the ONA emphasizes that it is the female sorcerer (“the priestess”) who is one of the most important keys to opening a nexion to the acausal, and it is through her that acausal energies flow when a ceremony to open a nexion is undertaken.

As someone wrote concerning the depiction of women in the sinister fiction of the ONA:

In general, such depictions – and the mythos of the ONA in general – may be said to empower women; to depict them in a way that has been long neglected, especially in the still male-dominated, materialistic, West. However, this empowerment, it should be noted, is based upon “the sinister”: upon there being hidden esoteric, pagan, depths, abilities and qualities in women who have an important, and indeed vital, rôle to play in our general evolution and in our own lives. Furthermore, it is one of the stated aims of the ONA to develop such character, such qualities, such Occult abilities, in women, and the following of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is regarded as the means to achieve this.

Furthermore, the ONA’s depiction of such women – its explication of the dark feminine principle – is very interesting because it is a move away from, and indeed in stark contrast to, the “feminine principle” of both the political “feminism” which has become rather prevalent in Western societies, and that particular feminine ethos which many pagan and Wiccan “White-light” and Right Hand Path groups have attempted to manufacture.

This political feminism is basically an attempt to have women imitate the behaviour, the personality, the ethos, of men – which is what the strident calls for “equality” are essentially about, and as such it is often a negation of the character, and of those unique qualities and abilities, germane to women. The pagan and

Wiccan type of feminism is most often about some dreamy, pseudo-mystical vision of a once mythical “perfect past” or about goody-goody types “harming none” – in stark contrast to the dark sinister goings-on of the ONA feminine archetype, which most obviously includes using sexual enchantment to manipulate those Homo Hubris type men “who deserve what they get...” *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*

Return of The Dark Goddess

One the primary aims of the Order of Nine Angles is:

to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonick Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (*A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*)

It should be noted – and needs to be emphasized – that the *Law of The Sinister-Numen* applies to both men and women, and that no distinction is made between male, and female, warriors. That is, the only distinction that matters is living by the code which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen, so that, and for example, disputes are settled by having a man *or* woman of honour who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter.

Furthermore, it is possible, and indeed probable, that the new tribal way of living which will evolve – and which will replace the lifeless, un-numinous, male-and-HomoHubris-dominated, abstraction of the nation-State – will veer toward a new and natural balance between male and female, made possible by the real and natural equality that the Law of The Sinister-Numen manifests and creates, and by the re-emergence of the Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype.

For, implicit in this archetype – as in all those who are Mistresses of Earth (of traditional nexions or otherwise) – is that necessary dark-empathy which returns us to a correct understanding and knowing of our relation to other Life through a natural and esoteric resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos. And it is this dark-empathy – this natural, wordless, ritual-less, esoteric resonance – which is the quintessence of the old tradition, presented in the character, the very nature, of a Rounwytha. The Mistress of Earth – *the warrior sorceress* – is thus, in essence, an evolutionary development of the Rounwytha, where the practical (manifest for instance in the Law of The Sinister-Numen and in an outer sinister life of dark deeds) meets and is blended and balanced with the esotericism of Dark-Empathy.

Thus it is that one of secrets of a male Adept (and more so, of a genuine Master) is their unification of the opposites within themselves (for example, and in symbolic exoteric-speak, the archetypes re-presented by Satan and Baphomet), and the emergence from such an alchemical process of a new, more evolved, individual. Manifestations of this new type of male individual (in terms of character) are Dark-Empathy (a natural esoteric resonance and sympathy with Nature, other living beings, and the Cosmos), and the nobility (the excellence of personal character) that comes with being cultured and possessing personal manners and yet being prepared to die to save one’s personal honour. All of which stand in almost direct opposition to the type of hedonistic male Adept that all others Left Hand Path, and so-called Satanic groups, desire to manufacture and which, indeed, they do manufacture, perpetuating as they do that untermensch sub-species, Homo Hubris.

Our archetype of The Dark Goddess – our warrior sorceresses – are one means by which we ourselves, and our current untermensch way of life may be transformed, for:

Δίκη δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσ-
ιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει [6]

and it is through a real *pathei-mathos* that a genuine alchemical transformation begins. Part of which *pathei-mathos* is, of course, the Rite of Internal Adept, wherein the faculty of Dark-Empathy can be discovered and cultivated.

Thus does the Dark Goddess, Baphomet – Mistress of Blood and Mother of Culling – come to be both invoked and evoked and so presented on Earth, since:

“It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things.....” *To Presence The Dark* [7]



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen
(Revised 121 Year of Fayen)

Notes:

[1] The *psyche* of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual – those aspects of consciousness – which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called “the unconscious”, and some of the forces/energies of this “unconscious” have been, and can be, described by the term “archetypes”.

[2] qv. *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

[3] As has been explained many times, these traditions are simply aural traditions, and may or may not contain certain historical facts, it being for each individual to make their own judgement concerning them,

[4] A real-life account of one such similar encounter was briefly recalled in *The Girl Goddess*, published in the now defunct zine, *Exeat*. An expurgated version was later published in vol 3, #2 of Fenrir.

[5] Where it is written:

You who are the daughter of and a Gate
To our Dark Gods...

Kiss me and I shall make you
As an eagle to its prey.

Touch me and I shall make you
As a strong sword that severs
And stains my Earth with blood.

Taste me and I shall make you
As a seed of corn which grows
Toward the sun, and never dies.

Plough me and plant me
With your seed and I shall make you
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

[6] ” The goddess, Judgement, favours someone *learning from adversity.*” Aeschylus: *Agamemnon*, 250

[7] For an explication of Satanism in an Aeonic context, refer to ONA texts such as *Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles* and *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, where it is stated:

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by – for example – returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism – as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) – is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mudanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves “Satanists” and who thus follow the mundane so-called “satanism” of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

The ONA is not just “satanic” because even traditional Satanism (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to one particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be “satanists” will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term sinister instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some -ism or some -ology.

For the reality is that “we” cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need.



A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

While the esoteric philosophy and praxis of The Order of Nine Angles has recently come to the attention of certain academics [1] one aspect of the ONA has so far gone almost unnoticed, even among many aficionados of the ONA. This is the ONA assumption of an afterlife, in the acausal dimensions, and which afterlife is an important, if not to say, crucial, part of their esoteric, their Left Hand Path, philosophy [2].

According to the ONA:

"...the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and "religious". Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal - on this planet, and elsewhere - and also as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal "death", to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being of primal Darkness. " Anton Long. *The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning* 119 Year of Fayen

This new, acausal, existence is, however, not a certainty, and nor is it given by some entity or some type of being, acausal or otherwise, be that entity named Satan or Baphomet, or whatever. Instead, this afterlife has to be achieved, by the individual, in this mortal - that is, this causal - existence of ours, by practical deeds done, with great emphasis being placed on the practical nature of such deeds. According to the ONA:

" ...we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.....

One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen

As to the nature of this new acausal existence which members of ONA tribes might be able to gain for themselves, the ONA says that, currently, we possess neither the language, nor the words, to adequately describe it, although it can be glimpsed - we can acquire intimations of it - if we, for instance, develop our faculty of what the ONA call acausal-empathy, and also if we presence and come to have some knowledge of (by Dark Sorcery), certain acausal entities [3].

The Dark Warrior Nature of the ONA

This afterlife is, for the ONA, inseparably bound up with the ONA's Law of the Sinister-Numen and thence with the ONA's sinister tribes. Indeed, one might with confidence state - as the ONA themselves do - that their Way is fundamentally the Way of the Dark Warrior, one of whose primary aims is to fight, in a practical way, for the creation of, and ultimately on behalf of, what the ONA calls The Dark Galactic Imperium.

" Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. " *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen

For the ONA there is a certain scorn of death:

" Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mundanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence. " Anton Long, *Dark Warriors of The Sinister Way*.

In the ONA's *Law of the Sinister-Numen* it is stated that:

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

This defiance of death is the warrior creed, *par excellence*, and what makes it dark, or sinister, is that such warriors are of a unique kind, dedicated to their own tribe, and pursuing not only their own goals, but also the sinister aims of the ONA itself, one of whose stated aims is:

"...to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen. "

According to the ONA, if a person lives - and if necessary or in particular dies - according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, they are increasing their own amount of acausal energy, and thus enlarging the nexion that they are, and can be, to the acausal. Thus, by living and if necessary dying as a warrior, according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, a person can not only forge for themselves a new type of nexion to the realms of the acausal, but also pattern, strengthen, and control their own acausal energy (that which gives them their causal life) to such an extent that they evolve, after their mortal death, to become an entirely new type of being, beyond the human.

Thus, while on first consideration such an afterlife may appear as somewhat irrational and mystical, it is in fact a logical and indeed a necessary deduction arising from the fundamental axioms of the ONA's esoteric philosophy.

Conclusion

While it may seem somewhat strange that a sinister, a Left Hand Path, an organization known as Satanist, should speak and write of an afterlife, such an afterlife - or rather, their unique kind of afterlife - is quite consistent with both their esoteric philosophy, their ontology, and their praxis. For their philosophy is based on the axiom of there existing an acausal Universe, an acausal continuum, and of there existing, in this acausal Universe, acausal beings. In addition, according to the ONA, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal life, including ours.

Furthermore, it is perhaps this belief in such an afterlife - attainable it seems only by dark warriors doing warrior deeds, and dying heroically in pursuit of dark aims - which not only further distinguishes the ONA from all known esoteric groups, but will also facilitate the spread of both the ONA itself, and its subversive esoteric philosophy.

To have people willing to die because of their belief in such an afterlife [4], surely makes the ONA far more sinister than most people already consider it to be.

Richard Stirling
January 2010 CE

Footnotes:

(1) See, for example, George Sieg: *Angular Momentum - From Traditional to Progressive Satanism in the Order of Nine Angles*, 2009 CE, and Jacob C. Senholt: *The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*, 2009 CE

(2) For an overview of this philosophy, refer to *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen.

For an overview of the ONA and The Left Hand Path, refer to my article *The Left Hand Path - A Comparison Between The Order of Nine Angles and The Temple of Set*, 2010 CE.

(3) Private e-mail from Anton Long (via ONA member DarkLogos) dated 7 January, 2010 CE.

(4) In one document produced by an underground ONA sect (that is, nexion) it is stated that:

We are of and are called to The Dark Way because we identify with, and we yearn for, the acausal spaces - the acausal realms themselves, which are, to us humans, Dark; beyond the illumination we know from our star, the Sun, and beyond the artificial illumination we have manufactured to light our brief mortal living on this planet we named Earth. We are Dark, here, because it is where we can go - where we can transcend to if we live and die in the rightway - where we are the very illumination that lives there; we are, we become, the very light that travels, traverses, that lives - immortal - within the pure undefiled darkness of the dark acausal spaces. We become acausal stars Galaxies of stars - travelling where we will among the infinite darkness, bringing into being by our very travelling, our very existence there, new life both causal and acausal and in both the realms of the causal and acausal spaces. Thus do we, thus can we, become of those Dark Immortals - the Immortals of the dark acausal realms, and thus can we seed the darkness of both causal and acausal with our immortal living light, bringing thus, causing thus, being-thus, evolution itself. *Warriors of The Dark Way*

While this may not be, or represent, official ONA policy - if indeed the ONA have official policies - it certainly does seem to capture something of the spirit that might motivate such Dark Warriors.



A Sigil of Baphomet

Baphomet: Vamperess of The Dark Gods

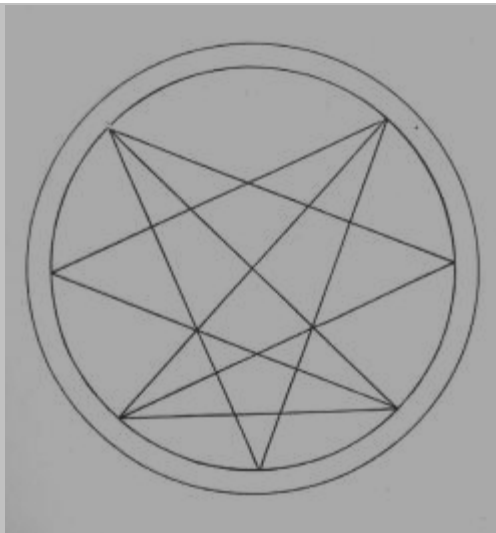
According to the Dark Tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, Baphomet is a sinister acausal entity, and is depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a man.

Thus, She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made.

Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

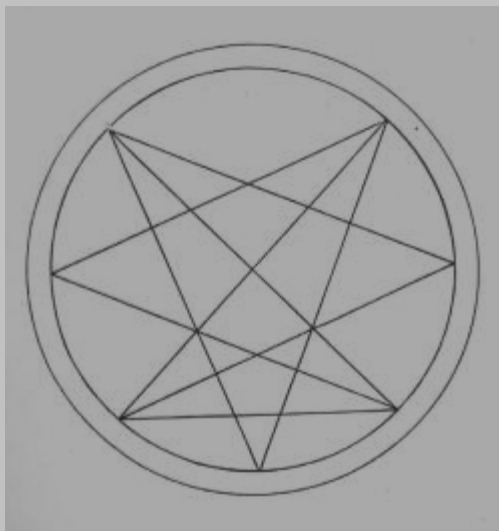
Associated with Baphomet, according to aural tradition and legend, are other dark, Sinister, female acausal entities - described in ONA fictional works such as *Jenyah*, and *Sabirah* - who have existed, hidden, on Earth for millennia, and who maintain their causal, ageless, and secret, existence by feeding off the acausal life-force of their male human victims whom they entrap, and test, using sexual enchantment. These other entities are often described as *The Dark Daughters of Baphomet*, and they - like their Mistress, The Mother of Blood, Baphomet - are thus, in a quite literal sense, vampires. Aural tradition and legend further asserts that some, if not all, of these *Dark Daughters of Baphomet* are capable of not only, if they so wish it, bearing half-human offspring from selected human males, but also of rewarding chosen humans, both male and female, with an ageless existence either on Earth, or in the realms of the dark formless acausal itself.

Exoterically, Baphomet, and Her female kin and offspring, may be said to represent the vivifying fecund *Sinister Feminine Principle*. The dark, sinister, dangerous, beautiful, feminine, balance which is both purifying and necessary - if rather neglected by most other esoteric groups. Baphomet is often regarded as the Bride, The Mistress, of another of The Dark Gods, known to us by the exoteric name *Satan*, and sinister Rites, and sacrifices, to honour Baphomet were often held around the time of Autumn Equinox and associated with the star Arcturus, and, for some special esoteric Rites, the star Dabih.



Further Reading (ONA MSS):

- 1) [Baphomet: A Note on The Name, Parts 1, and 2](#)
 - 2) *The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA* (in the MS [The Occult Fiction of The ONA](#)).
 - 3) *The Ceremony of Recalling* (with Sacrificial Conclusion)
 - 4) [Mythos of the Dark Gods](#)
 - 5) *Synestry: A Sinister Ceremony*
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The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles

Introduction:

The Occult fiction of the Order of Nine Angles comprises the following stories:

- (1) [Eulalia](#) – Dark Daughter of Baphomet. (c.2009 CE)
- (2) [The Deofel Quartet](#), consisting of the four texts *Falcifer*, *Temple of Satan*, *The Giving*, and *The Greyling Owl*. (c.1974-1993 CE)
- (3) [Tales of the Dark Gods](#), comprising the four short stories *In The Sky of Dreaming*, *Jenyah*, *Sabirah*, and *A Dark Trilogy*. (c.2008 CE)
- (4) [Breaking The Silence Down](#). (c.1985 CE)
- (5) The two individual short stories [Hangster's Gate](#) and *Copula cum Daemone*. (c. 1976 CE)
- (6) The short story [Gruyllan's Tale](#), which forms part of the *Balocraft of Baphomet* series. (c.2010 CE)

The most recent works include *Eulalia*, and those included in *Tales of the Dark Gods*, dating from the past few years, while the others date from the 1970's (e.n.) and the late 1980's (e.n.).

Several themes are common to most, if not all, of these stories – and this brief MS will briefly deal with two of the most interesting of these themes, from an Initiated Occult viewpoint. These are what may be called *The Mistress of Earth* archetype (the powerful, sinister, feminine principle), and the setting of the stories in the English county of Shropshire.

The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA:

One of the most noticeable (and neglected) aspects of the ONA mythos is the predominance given to what may be termed the Sinister Feminine Principle, evident, for example, in what the ONA calls the rôle, and Magickal Grade, of Mistress of Earth, and in its depiction of, and homage to, the Dark Goddess Baphomet, whom the ONA describe as one of the most powerful of The Dark Gods.

Thus, in the Occult fiction of the ONA, the main character – the main protagonist, the “hero” – is often a powerful, beautiful, woman, with ordinary men, more often than not, manipulated by, or somehow subservient to, these women who belong to or who identify with some ancient Sinister tradition, or the Left Hand Path, and Satanism, in general. For instance, in *The Giving* – which is probably the most forthright fictional portrayal, by the ONA, of a genuine Mistress of Earth – the heroine is Lianna: a wealthy, powerful, beautiful and mature woman, who is heiress of a sinister rural pagan tradition which involves human sacrifice. She is seen manipulating both Mallam and Thorold, and the story ends to leave the reader to answer the unanswered question as to whether she really contrived Monica’s death and used her sinister charms to beguile – “to beshrew” – Thorold following that death.

Quite often, in these stories, the Dark Goddess Baphomet is invoked directly – as for example in *The Temple of Satan*, and *In The Sky of Dreaming*. In the latter, we are left to speculate as to whether the always un-named alien female shapeshifter who returns to Earth is actually Baphomet herself, and there are several clues, scattered throughout the text, which might be used to answer this question. In other stories – such as *Jenyah* and *Sabirah* – we are presented with sinister, vampiric-like, entities who have assumed female form (or who have always had a female form in our causal world) and who have dwelt on Earth for millennia, using the “life-force” of human male victims to sustain themselves, and who can easily be regarded as “dark daughters of Baphomet”. All of these women are mysterious, enchanting – and physically powerful: for instance, the woman described in *Sabirah* easily overpowers the young men who attempt to molest her, while Eulalia (in *Eulalia – Dark Daughter of Baphomet*) is a ruthless, though charming, killer of whom it is intimated she might be not only half-human but also the mysterious Falcifer, the power behind the male Vindex figure she has chosen and manipulates.

In general, such depictions – and the mythos of the ONA in general – may be said to empower women; to depict them in a way that has been long neglected, especially in the still male-dominated, materialistic, West. However, this empowerment, it should be noted, is based upon “the sinister”: upon there being hidden esoteric, pagan, depths, abilities and qualities in women who have an important, and indeed vital, rôle to play in our general evolution and in our own lives. Furthermore, it is one of the stated aims of the ONA to develop such character, such qualities, such Occult abilities, in women, and the following of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is regarded as the means to achieve this.

Furthermore, the ONA’s depiction of such women – its explication of the dark feminine principle – is very interesting because it is a move away from, and indeed in stark contrast to, the “feminine principle” of both the political “feminism” which has become rather prevalent in Western societies, and that particular feminine ethos which many pagan and Wiccan “White-light” and Right Hand Path groups have attempted to manufacture.

This political feminism is basically an attempt to have women imitate the behaviour, the personality, the ethos, of men – which is what the strident calls for “equality” are essentially about, and as such it is often a negation of the character, and of those unique qualities and abilities, germane to women. The pagan and Wiccan type of feminism is most often about some dreamy, pseudo-mystical vision of a once mythical “perfect past” or about goody-goody types “harming none” – in stark contrast to the dark sinister goings-on of the ONA feminine archetype, which most obviously includes using sexual enchantment to manipulate those Homo Hubris type men “who deserve what they get...”

One of the central themes of the ONA’s *Breaking The Silence Down* is the nature of the dark goddess “manifest in or who can become manifest in women”, and there are many references, in ONA works, to a dark sorceress being one of the essential keys to “opening the nexion that allows The Dark Gods to return to Earth...”

Dark Shropshire Themes:

The still largely rural English county of Shropshire is the setting for many of the Occult stories of the ONA. *The Giving*, *Breaking The Silence Down*, *Jenyah*, *Sabirah*, *Copula cum Daemone*, and *Hangster’s Gate* are all located in Shropshire.

The reason seems obvious, given the ONA’s account of its own history, which is that this area was where its traditions survived into our modern era, handed down by a few mostly reclusive individuals, and where a few small groups of rural followers of that ancient sinister way met to conduct their pagan rites. A glimpse of one such group is given in *Hangsters Gate*, while *Breaking The Silence Down* tells of hereditary knowledge passed down from grandmother (or mother) to daughter, and *The Giving* presents an ancient pagan ritual, The Giving, which perhaps is the original folk

form of the ONA's *The Ceremony of Recalling*.

Interestingly, *Hangster's Gate* and *Breaking The Silence Down* are set in the same area of Shropshire, a century or more apart, with some phrases of the later echoing some of those of the former, as if to suggest, to intimate, an hereditary link.

It should be noted that both *Jenyah* and *Sabirah* - dark stories of ageless female sinister entities ("demons") – are set in Shropshire, as if to suggest that such entities may still be lurking in such places as they frequent in those stories, if one knows where to look, and has the good fortune (or misfortune, depends on one's ethos) to encounter them.

A.M.

Lypehill Nexion
119 Year of Fayen
(Updated 122 yf)

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Appendix 1 – A Note Regarding The Deofel Quartet

The Deofel Quintet – the original Deofel Quartet plus *Breaking the Silence Down* - were designed as Instructional Texts for novices beginning the quest along the Left Hand Path according to the traditions of the ONA.

As such, they are not – and were not intended to be – great, or even good, works of literature. Their intent was to inform novices of certain esoteric matters in an entertaining and interesting way, and as such they are particularly suitable for being read aloud. Indeed, one of their original functions was to be read out to Temple members by the Temple Priest or Priestess.

In effect, they are attempts at a new form of "magikal art" – like Tarot images, or esoteric music. As with all Art, magickal or otherwise, they can and should be surpassed by those possessing the abilities. If they have the effect of inspiring some Initiates of the Darker Path to creativity, to surpass them and create something better, then one of their many functions will have been achieved.

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Appendix 2 – A Note Regarding ONA Texts

All of the Occult fiction of the ONA is freely available on the Internet, with these versions being derived either from electronically scanned copies of photocopies of the original typescripts circulated (in very limited numbers) by the ONA in the mid-1990's (e.n.) or the result of some enthusiast having (sometimes using US English) wordprocessed copies of such typescripts or an already available Internet version.

This scanning, copying and recopying of the original typescripts (which themselves contained some typos) has resulted in numerous errors, omissions, and mistakes in the versions available on the Internet, and in the printed and downloadable books based on such Internet versions.

Such errors and mistakes are most obvious, for instance, in the story *Copula cum Daemone* (Copulating with Demons) – whose Latin phrases and words (deriving from Medieval and Ecclesiastical – not Classical- Latin) are for the most part corrupted through such copying.

Thus, the only genuine ONA versions are those original ONA typescripts (and direct photocopies or direct electronic images of them), which original typescripts were circulated by the ONA.

However, corrected, and revised, versions of various Internet texts have been issued, mostly by Anton Long. To date, corrected versions of all the texts of *The Deofel Quartet*, the text of *Breaking The Silence Down*, and of *Hangster's Gate*, have been issued (available via the links above).

A notable exception to corrupted texts is *Tales of The Dark Gods*, which was first issued by the ONA on the Internet, and is available in various formats, including pdf.



The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts

Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude.

” The faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public. In one word, Adepts possess *ἀρετή*. “

Inwardly, the true Dark – the sinister – Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane.

That this has been forgotten – or not understood, or not even known among the many latter-day pretenders and poseurs – is a sign of how few genuine Masters, and Lady Masters, there are.

Thus, there is a beauty in the Dark Arts and an exultation of Life, and certainly not a wallowing in the symbols, symbolism and accouterments of death and decay. Thus, there is a natural joy, which can be and often is both light and dark but which is always controlled. Not for the Gentleman, or the Lady, the loss of mastery, the stupefaction that arises from over-indulgence (which over-indulgence can and which does include personal emotion).

Thus, one of the true archetypes of the genuine Sinister Path: Baphomet, the beautiful, mature, lady (fecund Mistress of Earth) whose beautiful outward serenity masks the deadly acausal darkness within which can be released when she chooses. (Life-Birth-Joy-Ecstasy-Safety-Wisdom-Giving-Darkness-Death.) Thus, another dark archetype: The Master, the true shapeshifter who is and who might not be what they might appear to be; the polite charming gentleman, who might (and who could) kill you or have you killed if there was a good enough reason, but who might reward you (if there was a good enough reason) with beneficence whose source would be unknown to you; the recluse – The Master Acausal Sorcerer – you do not see nor know, except perhaps in dreams, shadows, or fleeting day and night-time glimpses which might perhaps stir a memory, some memory, personal or beyond (Beautiful-Profound-Wistful-Knowing-Danger-Roborant-Wyrdful-Sad) which inspires, or brings new beginnings or balance or perchance a retribution.

To aspire to – to gain – Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

Mastery *begins* with Internal Adept, and it is from noble cultured – gentlemanly or lady-like – Adepts that candidates for the inner ONA are recruited.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen



Sapphic Sorcery - In Praise of The Feminine

We seek to be with – and to love – girls and women because they are feminine; because they are not men. We desire girls, and women, because we like, we love, we enjoy, their delicate softness – the touch, the taste of their lips; the smell of their breath, their body; the warm softness of their breasts and of their arms as they embrace us and hold us close. We love, we enjoy, their very femininity; that which makes them female.

We love the way they laugh, and how they smile, the very way they look. We love, we desire, them because they are like us – because they know our pain, our vanity, our weakness, our needs, our insecurities and our worries; and because we can share our innermost secrets with them.

We love them, we desire them, because they are not men. For we do not seek to find in them, these our soft feminine lovers, these our friends, what makes a mundane man a man, and while we may sometimes, or rarely, like a man of the non-mundane kind, and may even have a non-mundane man as a friend, we shy away from intimacy with them because of their very manliness; because of that very harshness and often egotistical strength that makes, and marks them as, a man.

Thus do we have no time for those women who profess to be of our Sapphic kind but who imitate, or who want to be like, or who even may dress like or may even be, inside, like a man, a mundane. For they, such women, are not feminine enough, for us; as often – these days – some such women adopt our life as some political role, as some kind of rebellion against the *status quo*.

It is this very status quo – this mundane masculine, paternalistic *status quo* – that has compelled us, generation after generation, for century upon century, to hide ourselves away; to often be a deep well of loneliness, until, perchance, we chance upon someone like us whom we love and whom we may gently coax to love us, to share the joys of such a gentle intimate sharing that most men – perhaps nearly all men – will never know.

For it is the gentle touch of a woman that we desire, that we need. Her delicate, soft, kiss. The very delicate softness of her body, and the very way she may lie in our arms for hours when an impatient man – his sexual often only animal appetite fulfilled – would leave us, alone, as off he went again to some work, to some hobby, to some new interest, or to chase some new desire.

Hence it is that our very way of loving, of desiring, marks our esoteric manner of doing things. There is, then, for us – for those of our kind – that feminine empathy, that fore-seeing, that intuitive wyrdful knowledge, that marks us, so that our Rites are feminine, also. A gentle flowing dance, perhaps, where bodies softly touch, to music. Some spell chanted as we share with our lover the delights of our flesh, naked body to naked body as moonclad under the stars of night, or within some warm and scented room, we, by touch or kiss, bring ourselves to spasm after spasm of joy such as a man may never know.

Even our curses are gentle affairs of mind, body, and heart – as if we have sent forth some Nightingale of Death to carry our message and our meaning as some gentle, beautiful, haunting, yet deadly, song – so that our victims expire as they feel that beauty, that softness, within us, and only too late, far too late, know their lives for the strident wrongness it has been. Death, revenge, enwrapped within a subtle softness and a feminine beauty.

We seduce; we do not, like mundane men, rant and rave. We enchant, with body, dress, perfume, movement, eyes; we do not demand or take by force, for we have no need to. We are subtle, yet strong; we do not make some show of or boast about our prowess, but veil it. For we are what we are, the very embodiment of, the very essence of, woman, and the opposite of present day, and former, mundane men.

Often, there are no need for words; for the verbal diarrhoea of words that mundane men often seem to send forth, pleased as they, the men of the mundanes, often seem to be with their own harsh barking barbaric voices. No, for us there is often and instead that wordless sharing when eyes meet, fingers lightly touch, and the essence of what makes us female seeps out to touch another of our kind, as perfume seeps away from where we placed it on our delicate wrists, or behind the soft lobes of our ears.

We love, we enjoy, delicate softness. We love Nature as She herself is and as we find Her. We do not desire, as men of the mundanes do, to decimate and destroy Her, to dominate Her. Instead, we empathize; we love; we leave Her alone in our reverence, as we tend to try to leave the world of men of the mundanes alone until some harshness or some wrong afflicts or harms us and our kindred, and then, then indeed we are gentle no more; for there is nothing more subtle, nothing more dangerous and nothing more deadly in its passion than us, than our Sapphic and darkly sinister kind, awakened and so empathically aroused.

Sister Morgan
Dark Daughters of Chaos Nexion
2009 CE

The Inner ONA

The Inner ONA is the exoteric name given to a select group of individuals who while now part of The Order of Nine Angles, in many ways pre-date - in tradition, practices and way of life - the formation of the ONA (c.1971 CE) from three pre-existing groups: The Noctulians, The Temple of The Sun, and Camlad. In many ways, the Inner ONA is a continuation of Camlad.

It is from noble cultured – gentlemanly or lady-like – Adepts (qv. [Noble Guide to The Dark Arts](#)) that modern candidates for the Inner ONA are recruited.

The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, and from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, the esoteric Rounwytha (Camlad) tradition. This tradition was, according to aural accounts, that of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition maintained by rural sorceresses who lived in a certain area of England: that is, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches.

Given the requirements and this tradition, it is perhaps not surprising that the majority of those in the Inner ONA are women.

Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen



A Note Concerning Facsimile ONA Manuscripts:

Since their original publication in facsimile, and in limited editions, by the ONA, in the 1980's and early 1990's (e.n.) many of the *earlier* ONA MSS have been re-printed or - since the advent of the Internet - issued in digital form by those interested in the ONA and its works and traditions. This is quite acceptable, given that all ONA MSS are covered by "copyleft", and thus are not "copyright".

However, such re-printing, and such copying into various digital formats, has, in many cases, resulted in unavoidable typos and other errors. It has also led to some of the diagrams in some of the original MSS to being either omitted altogether, or being re-drawn with occasional errors and mistakes.

Thus, those wishing to ensure the accuracy of currently available versions of such early Order of Nine Angles MSS, should compare them with the original (mostly typewritten) MSS, facsimiles of which were published by the ONA in the following works:

- 1) *The Black Book of Satan*, first issued in facsimile in 1983 e.n. Second edition, 1984 e.n. (ISBN 094664604X)
- 2) *Naos*, first issued in facsimile in 1987 e.n. Further facsimile editions published by the ONA in 1989 e.n., 1991 e.n., and 1992 e.n. (ISBN 0946646244)
- 3) *Hostia*, Secret Teachings of the ONA, Three volumes, 1991-1992 e.n.
- 4) *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, Two volumes, 1992 e.n.
- 5) *The Deofel Quartet*, (Complete in two published volumes) 1992 e.n.
- 6) *Satanism: An Introduction for Occultists*. 1992 e.n., ISBN 0946646295
- 7) *Hysteron Proteron*, 1992 e.n.
- 8) *Satanism: A Basic Introduction for Prospective Adherents*, 1991 e.n. Second edition, 1992 e.n.
- 9) *Cliology: A Basic Introduction*, 1976 e.n. (Revised edition issued 1984 e.n.)
- 10) *Grimoire of The Dark Gods*, 1984 e.n.

These *facsimile* editions (direct photocopies or reproductions of early typewritten MSS as circulated among ONA members), issued by Anton Long on behalf of the ONA (often in spiral-bound format with card-covers) should not be confused with published, non-facsimile, editions issued by others - for example, the Coxland Press versions of *Naos*, and *The Deofel Quartet*, and the various items and MSS issued by "Christos Beast", such as "*Black Book of Satan 2*".

ONA Microfilm:

It should also be noted that, in the late 1980's e.n., the ONA produced nine rolls of microfilm, each of which contained direct copies of many of the early ONA MSS, containing most of those detailed above (1 - 10) but also including some not published in the above works. Two of these films were given to academic researchers interested in the ONA, with the others now having found their way into the hands of collectors of esoterica.

ONA
119 Year of Fayen

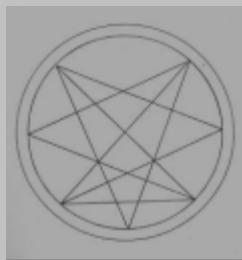
Appendix: A Note Concerning The Book of Wyrd

As mentioned in a letter to a Mr. Austen (dated 6th September 1992 eh, and published in Volume 2 of *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*) The Book of Wyrd was never an official ONA publication, was never published, and contained some MSS from LHP groups other than the ONA. One such group was *The Temple of the Sun* - active in the north of England (around Manchester, Leeds and Hull) in the 1960's e.n. and early 1970's e.n., and one of their MS, included in The Book of Wyrd, and dating from the late 1960's e.n., was entitled *The Nine Angles*.

Thus, the Book did not represent - and was not intended to represent - ONA teachings. Several photocopies - probably no more than a dozen or so - of various "proof editions" of the Book of Wyrd found their way into circulation, with some of these copies containing handwritten corrections or additions.

The Book of Wyrd itself was essentially a fable, designed to provoke, to stimulate interest in the LHP and genuine Satanism, and, most importantly, to provide a series of rather elementary tests for those who might be interested in the ONA, as the ONA - at that particular time and as part of its sinister strategy (which included then, at that date, publishing its teachings and rituals for the first time) - was openly recruiting a few members with a view to expanding its activities world-wide. The tests were preliminary ones designed to weed-out those not possessing a certain intelligence, lacking latent magickal abilities, and not possessed of that desire to question which is one of the qualities of a genuine Satanist.

In respect of the group *The Temple of the Sun*, some of their earlier MSS dating back to the 1960's e.n., containing various ceremonies of theirs, have been issued in facsimile, and were made available on the camlad Tripod ONA website. In addition, most of the members of this particular LHP group joined the ONA in the early 1970's e.n., with the group itself being then disbanded. One of their other, early, MSS - entitled *The Message of the One of Thoth* - was itself mentioned in an early ONA MS as being a typical, and good, example of an individual magickal working undertaken by someone newly initiated into the LHP. This particular Temple of the Sun MS was itself published, in booklet form, and in a very limited edition, by Brekekk, in the 1990's e.n.



The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right

The doctrine Might is Right – variously expressed in texts and writings such as those by the pseudonymous Ragnar Redbeard, by Nietzsche [1], and by proponents of what is known as social Darwinism – is the doctrine, the philosophy (or more correctly, the instinct, the *raison d'être*) of the cowardly bully for whom instinct, mere brute physical strength, or superior weaponry, or superior numbers, command respect and enable them to intimidate and bully others and so get their own way.

This doctrine – though unacknowledged – is also the *raison d'être* of the governments of many if not most modern nation-States, such as Amerika, where military might, or sanctions or bribery, are used as a means of making, and enforcing, policy and ensuring the well-being, prosperity, and security, of such entities.

Why the doctrine of the bully? Because those individuals who adhere to this doctrine, consciously or otherwise, lack both manners and culture (that is, they lack refinement, good breeding, and self-control) and as a modern archetype they represent nothing so much as brutish talking animals who walk upright and who possess a very high opinion of themselves; and an opinion that is more delusion than reality. Perhaps most importantly, such individuals do not possess that instinct for disliking rottenness that is the mark of the evolved, the aristocratic, the cultured, human being. Thus are they akin to uncultured barbarians.

Culture essentially implies four important qualities that such barbarians, such talking animals, lack – and these qualities are empathy, the instinct for disliking rottenness [2], reason, and *pathei-mathos*. It is these qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals (and thus express our humanity) but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings. Animals do not have this choice, this ability.

Thus, to make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, some Occult or Satanic way or praxis (like, for example, the Church of Satan did and does) is to negate the very basis of such esoteric ways and praxis. For the essence of such esoteric ways – and especially of Satanism – is to use certain Occult techniques and methods to develop certain esoteric faculties and enable the development, the evolution, of the individual. Where such Occult or Satanic ways may or do differ is in the techniques and methods used and in how development, and evolution, of the individual is understood.

Thus, in the traditional Satanism of the Order of Nine Angles, the evolution of the individual is understood as arising from a practical synthesis, via testing personal experience and magickal praxis, of what is commonly, and – considered esoterically – incorrectly regarded as the opposing opposites of Light and Dark. In addition, for the ONA the development of the individual – and the cultivation of their faculties, esoteric and otherwise – is indissolubly bound with *pathei-mathos*, and with empathy. Empathy esoterically [i.e. 'dark empathy'] is the ground of genuine sorcery: an awareness of both affective and effective change [causal and acausal change] and which awareness is the knowing of ourselves as but one connexion, one nexion, to those energies (or forces) which are the essence of Life and thus the essence of our own existence as a human being.

Pathei-mathos means learning from one's own difficult, practical, and testing experience, and which experience by its

nature involves hardship, suffering, and an intimation or awareness of the numinous: that is, of that-which is more powerful than we are or we have imagined ourselves to be. Or expressed esoterically, *pathei-mathos* can be and often is the genesis of empathy: an intimation or awareness of ourselves as but one nexion, one connexion. And *pathei-mathos*, and esoteric empathy, take the individual far from the preening self-indulgence and macho posturing of the Might is Right types.

In the system of the ONA, *pathei-mathos* is encouraged by the Grade Rituals, by Insight Roles, and by the practice of Culling as Art: that is, culling as

” ...a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles – culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition.” *Concerning Culling As Art (ONA text, 122 yf)*

Thus, ONA people develop an awareness of themselves far beyond their own ego and delusions about their self-importance. The awareness of themselves as a nexion, as part of a matrix of connexions involving Nature, the Cosmos, and other human beings, with one expression of this awareness – this esoteric knowing – being an Aeonian perspective and Aeonian Sorcery.

However, those who make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, their Occult way or praxis are merely glorifying the irrational uncultured brute, and maintaining the delusions of individuals regarding themselves, their abilities, and their importance. Thus, such Occult ways propound such guff as “Reality is what we perceive it to be,” and “I command the powers,” and “I am (or can be) the only deity which matters” [3].

In essence, therefore, the doctrine of Might is Right – and the belief of pseudo-satanists that they should glorify themselves, indulge themselves *in an uncultured manner*, and do not need anyone or anything except their own strength, will, or abilities – is the ethos of the vulgar mundane and especially of Homo Hubris, that new de-evolutionary sub-species and unconnected rootless denizen of the megalopolis. Thus are they not only negating the human potential they possess, they have little or no awareness of their *wyrd*: of the meaning of Life itself.

Hence their ways and their praxis is of the preening individual who has or who may develop some “superior abilities” or acquire personal power (over others) by indulging in some rites or Occult practices where they believe they can “alter or change things in accordance with their will” [4]. In this, they somewhat resemble a comic book hero – LaVey-man perhaps, who acquires his superhuman powers by wearing a specially crafted medallion with that Magian image of pentagram, Hebrew letters and goathead, on it, and which medallion was given to them by some pompous so-called High Priest and entitles them to prance around in black attire and strike a pose that they think makes them look fearsome. Thus, they see their Destiny in terms only of themselves – causally, mundanely – as an extension of their ego, with nothing beyond this personal Destiny of theirs.

In contrast, for the ONA, our Destiny is bound to and part of supra-personal (Aeonian/Cosmic) *wyrd*, and which *wyrd* is manifest primarily and exoterically in the truth of our primal and of our necessary tribal (that is, our connected and cultured) nature, and in the necessary of learning directly, personally, from practical experience. That is, manifest in us, as an individual, being but one nexion; in the tribal law of the Drecc (The Dreccian Code), and in *pathei-mathos* arising from experience of both Light and Dark. It is this unique combination which is the genesis of our particular sinister culture and enables us to evolve, esoterically and otherwise. For if the ONA is anything, it is the way of a particular, and a new type of, culture: that is, a new and evolutionary and esoteric way of living for human beings.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] Nietzsche's approach is one where individual power (as manifest in *Wille zur Macht*) is central. This concentration on the instinct, or motivation, however derived or manifest, of the individual for control and power aligns him with social Darwinism and the doctrine of Might is Right, despite his attempts to distance himself from Darwin's thesis.

[2] For more regarding culture and the human instinct for disliking rottenness, see the ONA text *Culling as Art*.

[3] Such things express the attitude and nature of Magian Occultism, for which see the text *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*, and the compilation *Magian Occultism and The Sinister Way*.

[4] The definition of magick as "altering or changing things in accordance with one's will" – dependant as it is on mere causal cause-and-effect and the delusion of the self – expresses the limited and illusive understanding of those lacking esoteric empathy and the esoteric wisdom born of *pathei-mathos*. That is, it reveals a lack of awareness of acausality, of ourselves as nexion.

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A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms

Introductory Note:

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

Abyss

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

Acausal

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

Acausal Thinking

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

Aeon

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

Alchemical Seasons

Alchemical seasons are a measure of acausal-knowing, and are known via the faculty of esoteric-empathy. Some alchemical seasons form the natural terran calendar of the Rounwytha and of others of our esoteric kind.

Alchemical seasons often 'measure' or signify the change of fluxions.

For more details, see the ONA MSS *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

Archetype

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Balobians

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Black Book of Satan

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea,

ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Core ONA Traditions

Also known as The Five Core ONA Principles.

The basic principles on which the ONA is based. They are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour (qv); (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

Culture

For us, a *cultured person* is someone who possesses the following five distinguishing marks or qualities: (1) they have empathy, (2) they have the instinct for disliking rottenness, (3) they possess and use the faculty of reason, (4) they value pathemathos; and (5) they are part of living ancestral tradition and are well-acquainted with and appreciate the culture of that tradition, manifest as this often is in art, literature/aural traditions, music, and a specific ethos.

It is these personal qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals - and from Homo Hubris - here on terra firma but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings.

For us, the cultivation and development of empathy is a Dark Art, part of the training of the Initiate. This particular Dark Art is a skill that rites such as that of Internal Adept develop. See, for example, the ONA text *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*.

In respect of 'the instinct for disliking rottenness' see the ONA text *Concerning Culling As Art* (122yf). This instinct is made manifest - conscious - by means of our code of kindred-honour aka sinister-honour.

Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, *a sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv) and Esoteric Empathy. The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguish the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.]

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister/O9A tribe or gang is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Ethos

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular

weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it. See also *ONA Ethos*.

Exeatic

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

Exoteric/Esoteric

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner/acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

Falcifer

- 1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.
- 2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between *Falcifer* and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

Five Core ONA Principles

See *Core ONA Traditions*.

God

According to the ONA, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain

attempt to understand it, and themselves.

Hebdomadry

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

Homo Hubris

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen - this creation of the modern West - is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry - and mass "culture" - of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the "spin", the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

Hubriati

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their servants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost exclusively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

Hubriati-syndrome

The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief of some Occultists that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical statement, replete with abstractions, which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeon, aims and goals.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

Left Hand Path (LHP)

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes. In addition, the LHP is where the individual learns from the practical deeds and practical challenges that are an integral to it.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understood and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrld) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The essence of what we term the Magian ethos is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, religions, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such religions.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

Muliebral

By the term muliebral we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*.

Among muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning/Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

These abilities, qualities, and skills are those of a Rounwytha, and they or some of them were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and *Ἀμαζόνες*; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is such skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Naos

- 1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.
- 2) The title of the ONA text "*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*".
- 3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around or near to this particular star.

Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Nine Angles

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrd plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

Niner

A freelance operative whose culture is that of the ONA, and who thus strives to live by our Code of Kindred-Honour and whose personal character manifests the ONA Ethos.

Also sometimes used as an alternative name for a Drecc, although most Niners, unlike Dreccs, do not belong to a gang, clan, or tribe.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The ONA/O9A is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association - a kollektive - comprising Niners, Tribes, O9A gangs, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

Our aims and goals can thus be achieved in the following manner:

- (1) By more and more individuals adopting or being influenced or inspired by the ethos, mythos, and praxis of the ONA (both what it is now and will evolve to be), and thus becoming in personal character and often in life-style less and less dependant on the nation-State, on The System, on abstractions.

- (2) By the practical actions - exoteric and esoteric - of those of our kind and influenced by us.

(3) By the continuing infiltration of our kind into certain influencing roles and within certain Institutions.

ONA Culture

ONA culture - often spelt kulture - is the culture of those who adopt or who are born into the O9A way of life, a way of life distinguished by: (1) our ethos [qv. *ONA ethos*]; (2) our aural traditions, and (3) our five core principles/five core traditions.

ONA Ethos

The ONA ethos - that which expresses the essence, the spirit, the nature, the character, of our living culture/kulture, of our living kollektive tradition - is manifest in:

- (1) our code of kindred honour;
- (2) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;
- (3) our acceptance that it is primarily by pathei-mathos [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

ONA Iterations

The iterations are an expression of the natural change, the evolution, of the living esoteric being that is known as the ONA.

The first iteration/phase - aka ONA 1 - may be considered to be exoterically manifest in the overt and practical traditional Satanism of the early ONA (c.1972-1985 ce) with its ceremonial groups, and in Rounwytha nexions all of whom were in the UK and known to AL. The second iteration (c.1986-2009 ce) - aka ONA 2 - was most manifest in the Seven-Fold Way and the praxis of individuals, world-wide, establishing their own ceremonial ONA-type groups/nexions. The third iteration - aka ONA 3 - is that of the current ONA, 2010 ce and > and is manifest exoterically in the move from Satan as archetypal symbol to our female Baphomet (the dark goddess) as archetypal symbol.

All iterations - past and present - although different in character co-exist within the ONA, just as a mature living being has within it the younger being from whence it matured.

Presencing The Dark

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Presence The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrð and thus to work Aeonic Sorcery.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

Rounwytha

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy).

Rounwytha Tradition

Also known as The Way of the Rounwytha.

The muliebral [qv.] tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour - equally, without distinction - to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition

can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom sacrifices were and are offered.

The Rounwytha tradition is the basis for our new sinister feminine archetype, for the new ways of living for women of our kind, and which ways of living involve:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by *pathei-mathos*, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.
- (4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

For more details, see ONA MSS such as 1) Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time; 2) Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names; 3) The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype; 4) Diabological Dissent

Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Thus the ONA has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

Satan, as a word, is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (possibly in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same

thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, ethos, and the holocaustianity, of those allegedly "chosen by God".

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Satanism is defined, by the Order of Nine Angles, as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

Septenary

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrd, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

Sinister

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the ONA (qv). Often used as a synonym for Left Hand Path.

Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic/Sinister strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

Sinister-Empathy

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

Sinister-Numen

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Sinister Way

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

Sorcery

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

Star Game

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrd (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

Traditional Nexions

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

Traditional Satanism

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

Tree of Wyrd

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

Vindex

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presented ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means "the Avenger", and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Vindex is thus the name given to the person (male or female) who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

The main opponent of Vindex – both on the practical level and in terms of ethos – is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West – that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive. The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be discovered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.



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Revised 123
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Appendix
The Sinister Code

Those who are not our sinister brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by - and are prepared to die by - our unique code of dark (sinister) honour.

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust - and often despise - all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone - mundane, or one of our own kind - who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty - as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour ("I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.



Enantiodromia

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion

Introduction - The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context

1 The Abyss

2 The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way

3 Individuality and The Abyss

4 Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

5 The Rite of The Abyss

Introduction

The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context

This work brings together a few brief articles and notes, written by me, concerning a particular part of The Seven Fold Way - the Sinister Abyssal Nexion, and the transition from Internal Adept to Master/LadyMaster.

The following of the Seven Fold Way by individuals - from Neophyte to Internal Adept, and beyond and as described in texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) -- was the traditional method used by the initiatory nexions of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA) in order to move toward one of our esoteric aims, that of producing a new type of human being, a type prefigured in our Masters/LadyMasters and a type collectively known by the term Homo Galacticus.

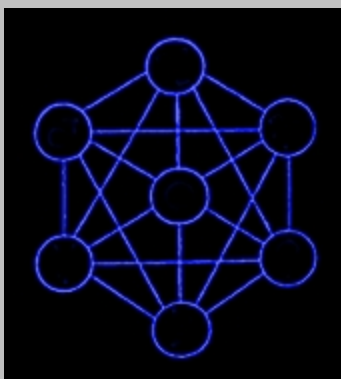
This traditional method has been, until recently, the one chosen by the majority of those individuals recruited into the ONA and by those who, inspired by the ONA, have opted to work on their own in pursuit of both their own esoteric advancement and in pursuit of the aims, objectives, and goals, of the ONA.

However, the ONA is now far more than traditional initiatory nexions following the Seven Fold Way, evolving as it has to become a Kollektive of Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, and others.

Thus the Seven Fold Way - with its Grade Rituals, tasks, challenges, Insight Roles, its sorcery (External, Internal and Aeonic) and its structured Occult ceremonies - is now a personal choice, one practical method among many. A choice suited to those individuals whose personal character, whose psyche, resonates with its mythos, its methods, its Occult mystique, and its slow cultivation of wisdom. In fact, the majority of those now associated with the ONA and/or inspired by it, choose methods other than the Seven Fold Way.

Yet this traditional way remains both valid and important. For it could be said that it forms the Aeonic stable core of the ONA, a central point of unchanging reference: an ancestral tradition in the living expansive Kulture that now encompasses Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, independent nexions, and many others.

In my own case, my life has been considered by some to be a practical manifestation of The Seven Fold Way.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

The Abyss

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion is the esoteric term for what is more commonly (exoterically) known as The Abyss. In the Seven Fold Way of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA), The Abyss is described as separating the fourth and the fifth spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - that is, separating the Grade of Internal Adept from the Grade of Master/LadyMaster.

Furthermore, the Abyss represents the place(s) where the causal merges into the acausal, and thus where the causal is or can be "transcended", so the individual can, if prepared, enter the realm of acausality and become familiar - *sans* a self - with acausal entities. Thus, The Abyss is a nexion to the acausal; a nexus of temporal, a-temporal, and spatial and a-spatial, dimensions.

Entering The Abyss (aka Passing Through The Abyss) is one of the terms used for the Grade Ritual that marks the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster. This Grade Ritual is an *enantiodromia* - that is, a type of confrontational contest whereby what has been separated becomes bound together again [united] enabling the genesis of a new type of being. [1]

As an old alchemical MS stated: " The secret [of the Abyss] is the simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double-pelican... Here is the living water, Azoth..."

What has been separated - into apparent opposites - is the sinister and the numinous, and the necessary preparation for Entering The Abyss (as briefly mentioned in *The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way*, below) involves the Internal Adept, over a period of several years (around three years is the expected and necessary norm), living in an empathic and numinous way and thus learning from such a living.

This living is not, however, an extended Insight Role, but instead a complete and deliberate re-orientation of the consciousness, emotions, psyche, and way of life of the individual, and is often made manifest in a necessary practical manner by the aspirant Master/LadyMaster becoming, for example, an artisan (and thus learning an appropriate craft), or working in a caring profession, or pursuing artistic/musical /cultural pursuits consistent with such empathic and numinous living.

This living is not an Insight Role because Insight Roles are specific and a personal choice. Here, there is no personal choice of type of living (in terms of deciding something opposite to one's personal character) and no specific containing restraining role. There is only a flowing of numinosity through the individual, grounded by some practical means, such as being an artisan.

This numinous living is obviously in stark contrast - and seemingly opposed - to the previously experienced sinister aspects of someone following the Seven Fold Way, and it is for the individual to resolve in their own manner in their own causal Time whatever conflicts - personal, moral, psychic or otherwise - that may arise. A resolution that leads - if the individual decides to continue and after a duration of causal years - to a natural integration, the necessary alchemical synthesis; the individual then having the experience, and the esoteric empathy, to know when such a synthesis of sinister and numinous has occurred.

There then follows a taking of The Oath of The Abyss and thence the Grade Ritual - the Rite of The Abyss - where the annihilation of both sinister and numinous, and of the new amalgam formed from their synthesis, occurs.

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Notes:

[1] According to Myatt in his essay *The Abstraction of Change as Opposites and Dialectic*, enantiodromia is a transliteration of the compound Greek word *ἐναντιοδρομίας* and which word first occurs in *Lives of Eminent Philosophers* by Diogenes Laërtius where Diogenes, apparently paraphrasing Heraclitus, wrote:

πάντα δὲ γίνεσθαι καθ' εἰμαρμένην καὶ διὰ τῆς ἐναντιοδρομίας ἡρμόσθαι τὰ ὄντα (ix. 9)

Myatt translates this as:

" All by genesis is appropriately apportioned [separated into portions] with beings bound together again by enantiodromia."

As noted by Myatt, Carl Jung used the term enantiodromia to describe the emergence of a trait of personal character to offset another trait and which emergence restores a necessary psychological balance within the individual.

Given that the word enantiodromia - as used in the quoted phrase by Diogenes (and thus as possibly used by Heraclitus) - perfectly describes the living alchemical process that occurs before and during the Grade Ritual of The Abyss, we have now appropriated it in preference to older alchemical terms hitherto used.

Notes Concerning Individuality and The Abyss



Exile Song (A Painting by Richard Mould)

One of the more important aspects of both the preparation for The Abyss and of the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster following a successful Passing of The Abyss, is the supra-personal perspective attained. That is, notions of personal Destiny give way to an understanding of Wyrð and a knowing of the impermanent illusory nature of the self, with causal individuality placed into a Cosmic perspective by an experience of the acausal *sans* abstractions, words, language.

There is thus the beginnings of genuine wisdom, manifest on one level in an Aeonic understanding and thus of why the next Aeon is one where human beings return, in an evolved way, to their natural tribal (that is, connected and cultured) nature.

As the Rite of Internal Adept sheds and goes beyond mundane ego to symbolically produce an 'individuated' self - a self made manifest in the months/years following that Rite and grounded in the pursuit of the personal Destiny so revealed - so the preparations for and the Rite of the Abyss itself annihilates this self, this Destiny, by immersing the individual in the living water, Azoth, from whence the Master/LadyMaster emerges.

In the practical sense, this transformation means that the Master/LadyMaster sheds all pretence about esoteric matters - to themselves and others - while melding a being-human (for they are still mortal, fallible, prone to mistakes) with an aeonic-consciousness: a placing of themselves into the Cosmic perspective such that an intimation of their mortal death, an awareness of the Immortality that awaits in the acausal, is an imminent continuing fact of their living. Thus are they joyfully fearless, liberated as they are from both the inertia of mundane-ego and of their previous individuated-self: a true master/mistress of the acausal energies presented as Life on this one planet, their temporary causal home. One exile, waiting, yearning, planning, to leave.

An individual can obtain an intimation of this transformation, this consciousness, by them undertaking, for three days only, the Camlad Rite of The Abyss [see below, *The Rite of The Abyss*] - a three-day working that all candidates for Master/LadyMaster should undertake as part of their necessary preparation, some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

ONA
121 yf

Introduction - The Methods

The Seven Fold Way of the traditional nexions of the ONA is a difficult and life-long personal commitment, and involves three basic methods: (1) practical experience, both esoteric and exoteric; (2) a learning from that experience; and (3) a progression toward a certain specific personal goal.

1. This means the individual acquires practical experience of both of the Occult/TheDarkArts [External, Internal and Aeonic sorcery] and of doing sinister (amoral and exeatic) deeds in the real world.
2. This means that the individual learns from their errors, their mistakes, and their success - a learning requiring self-honesty, interior reflexion, and a rational awareness of themselves into relation to their life-long quest: that is, in relation to the goal.
3. This means that (1) and (2) occur again and again until the long-term goal is reached - a process traditionally represented by the seven stages of the Tree of Wyrd, involving the progress from Neophyte to Magus/Mousa. The actual aim is to progress toward, into, and beyond, The Abyss: which rencounter is: (a) exoterically, the genesis of the new type of human being which it is one of the aims of the ONA to facilitate, as prelude to our New Aeon and as a manifestation, a presencing, of that new Aeon; and (b) esoterically, the genesis of individual wisdom and a prelude to a possible transition toward the next and final stage, that of Immortal in the realms of the acausal.

These methods are personal, direct, individual. They require that the individual take responsibility for themselves; is not bound by any restrictions or any morality, and learns not from books or texts or from someone else but rather by practical experience extending over a period of several decades.

The Tradition

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, which are reasonably well-documented up to Internal Adept - for example, in freely available ONA texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) . These texts enable anyone to learn and experience for themselves, at their own pace.

As has been mentioned elsewhere, to reach the stage on Internal Adept takes at least five years of effort and experience, with that stage lasting from five to eleven, or more, years. Thus, it takes a minimum of ten years before an individual of our tradition is ready to begin the necessary preparations to attempt The Abyss, during which years they must have spent six months in the wilderness (to develop the faculty of Dark Empathy); gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group); mastered the advanced form of The Star Game

(and so developed the basics of Acausal Thinking); have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending; undertaken several challenging Insight Roles each lasting a year or more; organized and run an esoteric group (a nexion) thus gaining practical experience in External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery; and so on.

The necessary preparations for an Internal Adept to attempt The Abyss take at least another five years (more usually ten years), making it at least fifteen years (more usually twenty) before an individual of our tradition is proficient, experienced, learned, mature, skilled, cultured, enough to attempt The Abyss.

These necessary preparations involve the Internal Adept in, over a period of some years, experiencing, and learning from, the numinous - as opposed to the previously experienced sinister - aspects of themselves and of Life; then developing this numinous and empathic aspect of themselves, then fully integrating this aspect with its opposite, to finally dissolve (then go beyond) both. Furthermore, this process is not a series of given, specific, Insight Roles, but instead a re-orientation of consciousness, emotions, and psyche, followed by the years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed - when the causal Time be right - by the deliberate, conscious, unification of this with its opposite, followed by a years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed by the annihilation of both; an annihilation which is the essence of The Abyss.

Obviously, such preparations are both difficult and dangerous, for the individual, and most individuals will fail, usually for one of the following reasons: (1) because the numinous aspect draws them permanently away from their esoteric quest; (2) because they cannot fully embrace the numinous since they cannot overcome the causal illusion of the self, and thus cannot overcome their egotism, their arrogance, their pride, their sense of personal Destiny, their addiction to the sinister; (3) because they cannot integrate these apparently conflicting opposites of numinous and sinister; (4) because even if they succeed in the necessary alchemical melding of seeming opposites (Sol/Luna; Lightning/Sun; Light/Dark), they fail to annihilate (transmute/transform) the amalgam that results and so fail to give birth to a new specimen of Homo Galacticus.

The Tradition of Esoteric Learning

For millennia, according to aural tradition, esoteric knowledge - the methods, the means, required for an individual to acquire wisdom - The Philosophers Stone (aka the stage of Immortal) - has been learnt from a few reclusive Adepts, with this knowledge being concerned with three traditional things: (1) the slow process of an internal, alchemical, decades-long change in the individual as a result of direct esoteric and exoteric personal experience and the learning from that experience - the numinous authority of *pathei-mathos*; (2) a certain and limited personal guidance - from one of those more experienced in such matters - on a direct individual basis (person to person), if such advice be sought; and (3) the cultivation of the virtue of *ἀρετή*, manifest as this is in a noble, cultured, a learned, personal character.

These three things are, for instance, manifest in the Inner ONA, which basically is akin to an extended family, consisting as it does of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of esoteric empathy and certain other personal qualities; who offer guidance on a personal basis to one or more individuals following The Seven Fold Way, and who have the knowledge to prepare individuals for the ordeals of The Abyss.

Thus, there was for millennia and still is in traditional nexions, an understanding that knowledge was mostly to be acquired aurally, from someone of experience and learning; although some knowledge could be acquired by means of patient, scholarly, and personal research. There was also an understanding that genuine wisdom takes a certain duration - decades - of causal Time to be attained, and cannot be hurried and often requires a reclusive personal existence. There was also an understanding of the need to develop a noble, cultured, and learned, personal character.

Thus was there also the placing of the Adept in supra-personal context - in the perspective of Aeons, and of the Cosmos itself.

These qualities, this appreciation and understanding of esoteric wisdom, are what have now been overlooked, forgotten, or scorned, by those who, lacking *ἀρετή*, have come to rely upon the modern rapid means of communication that have been developed.

Charlatans and the Internet

This new fangled Internet thingy is but a useful means of presenting our esoteric information and a useful means of inciting, encouraging, others to use and apply both our traditional and our new esoteric methods, on the off-chance some or a few of them may eventually succeed, thus increasing the number of Adepts in the world; thus giving rise (perhaps) to a few more specimens of Homo Galacticus, and thus (perhaps) by some others becoming Dreccs or Niners or forming themselves into clans, hastening thus the downfall of the Old Aeon and its System and thence aiding the emergence of those new ways of living appropriate to our New Aeon.

But the Internet also encourages fakes, charlatans, imposters. For instance, both the nature of the Internet and the kollektive, individual, non-hierarchical nature of the ONA have made it possible, and easy, for someone (usually anonymously) to make claims for themselves, and boast about deeds allegedly done and what tasks they have undertaken. Sometimes these claims extend to belonging to - or to having organized - some group or nexion of x number of ONA-inclined people for y number of years, and thus of having x number of ONA associates.

For instance, someone may claim to have spent three (or even six) months in the wilderness, and/or claimed to have gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group), and/or claimed to have mastered the

advanced form of The Star Game, and/or to have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending, and/or claimed to have undertaken a challenging Insight Role lasting a year, and so on. All of which activities are a necessary part of the training and experience of someone genuinely following The Seven Fold Way.

Furthermore, someone may create a 'back-story' - a cover - for themselves and set up some ONA-supporting website or blog, and then spend some time 'praising' us and our Way, only to later (as is often the way with infiltrators) try to cause schism and/or doubt within those who have been duped by them.

But, as has been indicated many times, all such shenanigans while expected are Aeonically irrelevant and are thus ignored. Such fakes, charlatans, imposters, and infiltrators are also themselves irrelevant, despite what they may believe.

Why irrelevant? For three reasons: (1) because they - and all such shenanigans - by using or being conveyed by the medium of the Internet (or even by printed books) cannot in any way affect the living ONA (including the Inner ONA) which exists and which thrives in the real world: in the pursuit of The Seven Fold Way by individuals and the guidance of those individuals by living Adepts; (2) because those duped by such people, by such things, are failures, lacking the potential - the inner Baeldraca - that mark the neophytes of our kind; (3) because our real and important work is Aeonic - of centuries and more - and thus surpasses the life-time of everyone living now, and everyone of the next generation and the next.

Whatever happens - whatever people do or write by means of the Internet or say in conferences or have printed in books - our esoteric work continues, slowly, secretly, Aeonically, in the traditional way, with person recruiting, guiding, person, decade following decade, and totally independent of such modern rapid means of communication as have been developed, from printed books to the Internet.

All such modern means of communication may do is slightly hasten both the downfall of The System and the emergence of the New Aeon. But one or three decades sooner - out of the hundred or two hundred (or more) years required - is really nothing for us to get excited about.

Our real wisdom, the essence of our esotericism, lies in our knowledge of ourselves as but one nexion, suspended between causal and acausal Time - one means to presence one more Aeon, one possibility to move toward a new acausal life.

Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Some Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

The transition between Internal Adept and the next stage – that of Master/Lady-Master (Mistress of Earth) – is both long and arduous, requiring as it does – among other things – (1) a personal and practical experiencing, and integration, of both Sinister and non-Sinister aspects of living, and of the Adept's own personality; (2) practical experience of Aeonic Magick and of all forms of The Star Game; (3) contributing, through fulfilling their personal Destiny, something unique, and redolent of the Sinister, to human knowledge, achievement, understanding and/or to that presencing “which is beyond human words” and which is often manifest in works of genuine artistic, and/or magickal, genius and originality. In summation, they will have presenced the Sinister both within, and external, to themselves, and externally to a sufficiency that casual effects are noticeable, as they will have both understood and to a certain extent have experienced, the acausal reality which lies behind the nexion of our causal lives, and behind the causality of appearance and forms.

Then, after such preparation, they will become, gradually, suffused with an increasing yearning for that-which-is, and for Those-Who-Are, acausal, and it is this yearning, at first somewhat intangible but always powerful (in terms of their psyche and their own lives), which propels and guides them toward The Abyss, and which provides them with the desire to take that dangerous, and secret, Oath of The Abyss.

Furthermore, this yearning which becomes transmuted to, at first, a human-type desire and love [for example, for one's sinister partner], and then to some-thing founded on such human emotions but which is an evolution and a sinister transformation of such things (and all the more powerful for being so), and it is such a living-with this new evolutionary “feeling”, this dark Sinister almost supra-personal desire redolent of and which manifests something of the acausal essence, that is one of the reasons whereby a new Master or Lady Master is bound to the very acausal darkness itself, both in their remaining causal years, and in the life in the acausal which can be attained after that.

For the Oath of The Abyss has practical, causal consequences which are both magickal, and personal, and it is these personal practical consequences – and the dark dangerous nature of the magickal consequences – that distinguish this genuine Sinister Oath from the so-called other “oaths of the abyss” that some charlatans and some imposters and some frauds have had the temerity to write about and make pronouncements about, and to lyingly declare that they have “gone beyond the Abyss” itself.

The genuine Oath of The Abyss is a solemn declaration, made in front of several witnesses of our sinister-folk, by which the Adept pledges themselves, for the rest of their causal life, to – among other things – Presence The Dark, to continue with and evolve The Dark Tradition, and to aid human and non-human evolution, with the important and necessary proviso that if at any time they renounce their Sinister aims and goals, and The Dark Tradition itself, then their own life will be forfeit, with them

then becoming an offer who can and who will be sacrificed. In established Nexions (Sinister Temples of a sinister group) the current Grand Master, or Lady Grand Master, appoints several Guardians, unknown to the Candidate, who themselves are pledged to undertake – without warning if required – this honourable duty of sacrifice should such a duty be deemed or found to be necessary.

In addition, The Ceremony of The Oath of The Abyss invokes and presences within and near-to the Candidate certain acausal entities, which – and who – are forever with, or near-to, the Candidate for those remaining causal years, however long or brief, that will mark the rest of the causal life of the Candidate, and the Candidate can never escape, in this causal realm, from these entities.

Thus, it can be seen that the Oath of The Abyss is not something that is to be entered into lightly, even though the rewards of a successful crossing of The Abyss, are great indeed, and include the real possibility of that particular human entity creating for themselves, or being rewarded with, an acausal existence beyond this mortal causal realm.

ONA
119 Year of Fayen

The Rite of The Abyss

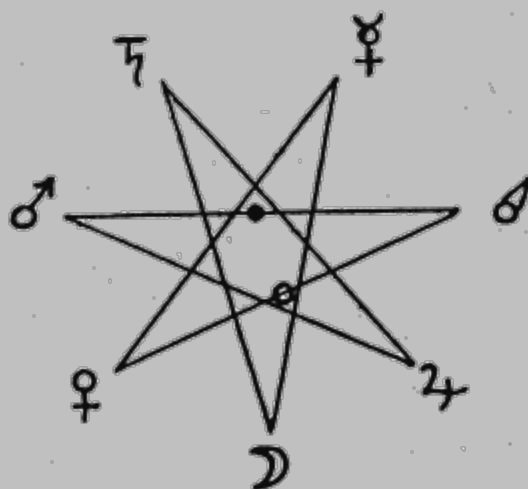
The Rite of The Abyss exists in two forms, one dating from the formation of the ONA some forty years ago, and the other, more traditional one, dating from the pre-ONA Camlad Rounwytha association. Since the simple, modern, ONA Rite has already been described, several decades ago, in another published MS [Naos], the older, more dangerous and more effective Camlad Rite will be given here. [1]

The traditional Rite is quite simple and begins at the first full moon following the beginning of a propitious alchemical season - in the Isles of Britain this was traditionally the first rising of Arcturus in the Autumn. The Rite, if successful, concludes on the night of the following full moon.

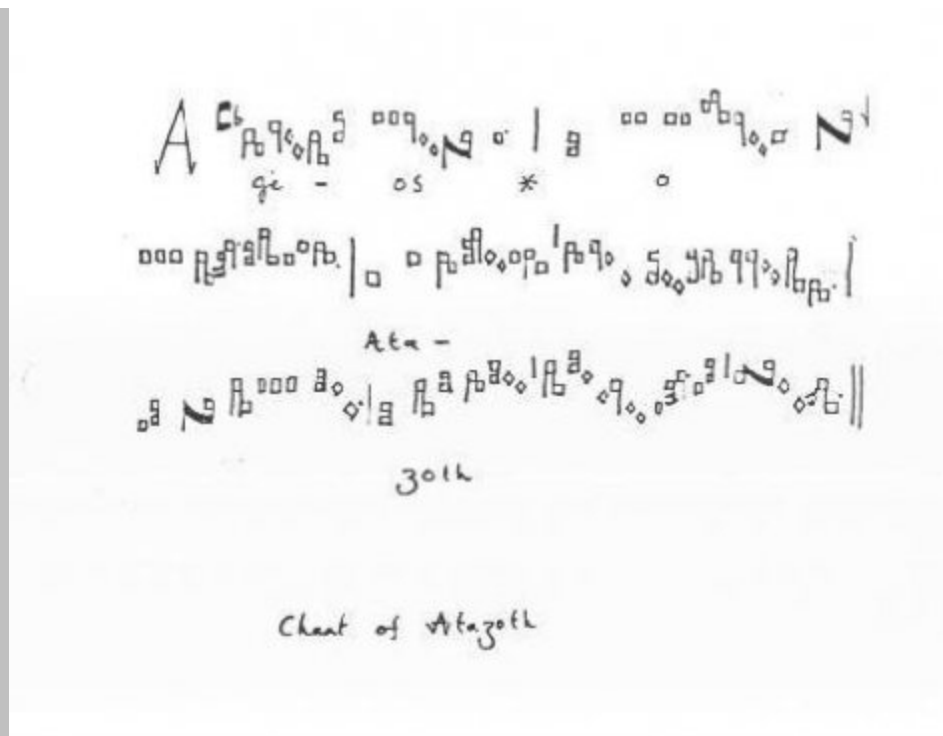
As with the Chthonic Form of the Nine Angles Rite, the Rite of The Abyss occurs in an isolated underground cavern where or near to where water flows, where the candidate dwells alone for the whole lunar month, taking with them all that is required for the duration of the Rite. Ideally, the water should be suitable for drinking. The only light is from candles (housed in a lantern) and the only food is bread and cheese. If the water in or flowing through or near to the cavern in not

suitable for drinking, then supplies of water sufficient to last must also be brought. [Note: as with the Rite of Internal Adept, no means of communication with the outside world should be brought; no timepiece, mechanical or otherwise, is allowed; and no modern means of reproducing music or other forms of entertainment.] The candidate should arrange for one trusted member of their nexion - of the Grade of Internal Adept or above - to enter the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals. [2]

The cavern should ideally possess one area level and sufficient enough for the candidate to paint or mark upon it the septagonal sigil below.



The Rite simply involves the candidate once every day (or night) walking the above pattern - starting at the point between Mars and Sun and ending at the point between Venus and Sun - while chanting the word ka-Os [Chaos] according to the notation below for *at-Azoth* (an increasing of Azoth). Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation. The candidate will also know how spoken and written words such as *at-Azoth* and *ka-Os* have a certain (acausal) significance ('meaning') and thus similarity when chanted in such a manner.



The rest of time the candidate should occupy themselves as their empathic awareness intimates. [3] As mentioned, the Rite ends when their trusted comrade enters the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals.

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Notes:

[1] The Rite as given in *Naos* requires a quartz tetrahedron. While three inch crystals - as mentioned in *Naos* - *may* work, to ensure success (in this Rite as in others using a quartz tetrahedron), the crystal has to be a perfect tetrahedron (no bevelled edges) and free from blemish, external and internal - with a height of six inches or more. Such crystals are rare, and costly, and often have to be custom made by someone skilled in cutting gemstones.

In addition, although it is not stated in *Naos*, the chanting of the word 'Chaos' [ka-Os] in the ONA Rite of Entering The Abyss is according to the notation of the Atazoth chant above. Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation.

[2] There are aural accounts - to be believed or not - of candidates being found insane, or dead, or missing.

[3] It should be noted that a version of this Rite - lasting but three days - should be undertaken by the candidate as preparation some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos



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A Brief Guide To The Grades

ONA

Note: This is an extract from [The Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Way](#)

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional Satanists. It is the practice of Satanism, by individual Satanists, and thus expresses Satanism in action.

The Way is an individual one - each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals - that is, to train individuals in the ways of Satanism. This Satanic training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and a genuine understanding.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine magickal Adeptship (and beyond) and thus fulfil the potential latent within them - thus they can and do enhance their life, and achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of magick. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a Satanic understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

I - Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These are: (1) *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*; (2) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (3) *Hostia - The Secret Teachings of the ONA* (Volumes I & II). The following MSS (contained in *Hostia*) should be particularly studied in order to gain an understanding of traditional Satanism and its methods: (a) *Selling Water By The River*; (b) *Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed*; (c) *Guide to Black Magick*; (d) *Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task

is a necessary prelude to Satanic Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Satanic Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional Satanic group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation". Both of these rituals of Initiation are given in detail in the Order MS *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Satanic Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II - Initiate

Tasks:

1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].

2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.

3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]

4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner, and introduce this person to Satanism. Initiate them according to the rite in *The Black Book of Satan*. Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.

5) Obtain and study the Order MS *The Temple of Satan* [Part II of *The Deofel Quartet*]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis*; and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I of the *Deofel Quartet* - Falcifer, Lord of Darkness - is intended as entertaining Satanic fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS and the MS *Insight Roles - A Guide*, in *Hostia*.] This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Satanic Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of Satanism. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and

so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real Satanic character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Satanic commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III - External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Satanic, group/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Satanic Temple, and teach them about Satanism. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according to the ceremonial ritual in *The Black Book of Satan* as you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks MS*.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonick Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of traditional Satanism, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Satanic Temple' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition. The tradition is contained in *The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia; The Deofel Quartet; Aeonick Magick* and other Order MSS.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Satanic Temple in your absence.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, Satanic character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonick magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance*.]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV - Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting Satanically in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord

with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Satanic Temple, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce Satanic change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them.

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonick Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V - Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

- 1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Temple/group;
- 2) The performance of Aeonick Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;
- 3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonick understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonick Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonick works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

External Adept: One American Experience

[This account is taken from an E-Mail sent the day following the Rite.]

Well I am a bit more rested but I still feel very disoriented. Anyway here is what happened last night...

I drove to a state park about 2 hours south of here that I selected. The site was about a 2 mile walk in with a fairly good trail. The site is on top of a rocky ridge and had an open area for a clear view of the sky. The place I picked was a huge rock slab about 10 X 12 and about 12-15' from the front edge to the ground. The site was ideal and completely isolated with no other campers or hiker around.

I got there about two hours before sunset changed into my clothing (black utilities and black button down oxford with combat boots purchased from the military surplus outfit). As you suggested I took my hand-made ritual knife and tetrahedron as required.

When sunset came I laid down on the stone with my knife in my left hand and my tetrahedron in my right. I listened to what you said about the one initiate that sat up, so I pointed the knife tip at my chest fully knowing that if I jumped up it would stop me and positioned the tetrahedron point in the palm of my hand so if I felt myself starting to doze off I could squeeze my hand and the point of the crystal would wake me up. The fact that the rock slab was up 12 feet was also an incentive not to bolt.

As soon as I lay down I damned near had a panic attack. Genuine terror. In the pit of my gut. I was completely nauseated and thought I was going to vomit right then. It was unreasonable and I wanted to flee more than anything. I did not think I could do it and I wanted out. I was angry and frustrated beyond measure. Now I see why the MSS says not to bring a flashlight. If I had wanted to leave (and I did), I could not have found my way back to my truck.

Somehow I was able to detach from the terror and told myself to calm down and that I only had two goals for the whole night... don't move and don't go to sleep. That actually helped. I knew I had to do it THIS time and I could not do it again. It is like the second jump out of an airplane - first time you don't know what is coming, second time....you know.

After what seemed like an eternity, I began to get leg cramps and "hundreds" of ticks and scorpions began to crawl all over me. There are no scorpions in [deleted] and I know that, but I was hallucinating and it was so real. I somehow detached from that as well. If you asked me how, I don't know if I could tell you. At one point, my little finger on my right hand was so numb that I actually thought I must have cut it off with my knife. I think it was because my elbow was laying against the stone surface and the nerve got crushed so I could not feel it. I could actually "see" it laying there and yet I was so "uncaring". I really didn't care. Bizarre. .None the less....

The stars crept across the sky.... And I mean crept. Airplanes were a wonderful distraction and the shooting stars were infrequent but truly wonderful. I have never had a longer night in my life...

I guess about when the night was half over it started to get really light over in the east and I thought "well that was not so bad"... and then the moon came up - SHIT!

What I didn't know is that the temperature went to 46 degrees F last night. I was poorly dressed for that weather so I guess I had an advantage. It is hard to fall asleep when you are shivering uncontrollably.

About 5:00 it started getting light in the east and when the first bird sang I almost cried. I knew I had done it. I got up about 45 minutes later but it was the shortest 45 minutes of the night. Damn... I was glad it was over. I don't know if I could do it again.

When I finally got up I could not stand. My legs were so weak and cold and I was shivering so hard that I could hardly put my knife and crystal away. When I finally got to where I could stand... I was so exhilarated that I almost ran the two miles to my truck. One other thing that I really fucked up on was not spraying myself with OFF before doing this. You would think a guy that has spent as much time in the woods hunting and fishing as I have would be smarter than that. I must have had 50 ticks to dig out this morning! I guess stupidity should be painful.

As to what I learned... I would not say that I got any big revelation about my destiny but that may have been because I was so focused staying awake and being still. I did learn that if I can freeze my ass off and not move, have, what I really thought were real ticks and scorpions crawling on me and not move....maybe I can do many other things to.

I feel good about completing this step. Perhaps other insights will come but right now I am glad it is over. Really glad. I was dreading it so. I told you at one point that I am far less intimidated about spending three months in the woods that I was this. Hell, three months in the woods sounds like a vacation... hunt, fish, camp and think .. how bad is that?

DYSSOLVING

Diary of an Internal Adept

March

21st: Should the above read "Internal Inept"? A terrible start. I am cold and exhausted after the journey, but weather has been wonderful. I did not do a sufficient 'recce' of area, and arrogantly based my plans according to a map. Getting to this wilderness, burdened with my home on my back, has proved traumatic. Fool! First lesson?

I feel hungry. Upset - I miss J. To be honest, I have doubts about my ability - perhaps this is normal? I swing from one mood to the other. As I write, I can see the comet above - it seems encouraging. I feel frightened.

"Tomorrow is another day" and I really must take this one step at a time. I feel ... inept and about to be exposed as a fraud.

22nd: Collected a month's provisions - not a bad walk (twenty mile round trip) but back-breaking on the way back - kept my mind busy, though. Fairly positive today, particularly after having explored some of the area; and it is beautiful - exactly the right domain for the ritual: treeless, rocky, mountainous ...

I'm fine when I'm busy. This afternoon I was upset. All I can think of is the Summer Solstice - and yet , why can I not just "enjoy" this experience? Here and now? I wait now for the night, then I can sleep and one more day will be over.

This seems an awesome task - wonderful to romanticise about, but as with all things, the living reality is ... many intense things. I am happy using here as a base. It's been raining lightly now for a few hours - it looks as if it has been snowing on the mountains, which I can see from the tent.

I cannot begin to think about what I am doing - I just must go through each day ... And see. I don't see how I can do this; the tent is not really bearable to be in during the day. Raining heavily now. I must just do what I can. I will review the situation a week from yesterday.

23rd: Better day, more settled - explored more of the immediate landscape. Re-pitched the tent - and thought I had lost the tent pegs: I was almost overwhelmed with panic, which shows how nervous I am. This occurred as the afternoon rain started up, and I am paranoid about getting wet, particularly this early on. I have a fear of rain at present. I may re-locate the tent tomorrow to somewhere more picturesque - all the land here is water-logged. Still, as the weeks go on I am expecting the weather to become drier and warmer (!).

When the Sun breaks through the clouds there is some happiness. There is also simple pleasure in doing simple tasks, such as washing cutlery!

Horrors. Have just discovered five or six of what I presume are sheep ticks embedded in each leg. I have applied my insect repellent, pulled the bastards out, applied antiseptic and plasters. They must have pounced via my exposed socks (I am wearing breeks - tomorrow I shall permanently wear over-trousers). Horrible moment - apparently they can

cause fever, but nothing life-threatening. One on my hand.

Those little scum must live everywhere - still, it's their land. I've yet to earn respect and trust from Nature. This is horrible. It's still raining. Cold, damp and feeling ill - already.

24th: Woke up feeling very unimpressed with the strong sunlight and general beauty of the weather. I only began to pick up when cleaning cutlery! The weather remained bright and clear, and helped to slowly instill a sense of cautious well-being. That feeling keeps me occupied, but fades as the day progresses to evening.

This is all very difficult. I do not feel 'esoteric' in the least; or that I am fitting comfortably into the 'role' of 'Hermit'. I am a man missing his beloved terribly. It feels cruel to be parted like this, and the sense of three months stretching before me seems too much to bear. Anguish.

But this situation is my choice - I could leave if I wanted. I just know that if I did, so much would be lost; my path would effectively end - a staying at 'external adept'. I would perhaps go on to live an enjoyable life composing music - but that music would lack the ultimate power that this ordeal can earth. There would be the torture of what could have been achieved. There would be failure, within me, where it matters.

I think my problem is the knowledge of the length of time ahead of me. I must try and become detached from the time-scale; live within each day - each moment in fact, each one acutely felt. Tomorrow does arrive, bringing me one day nearer to my goal.

I do need a task to occupy my time. Perhaps I will try to carve something. This whole situation is difficult, sickeningly so. But each day completed is a mini-triumph. I will endure.

25th: If I wrote this journal early each day there would be positivity; as it is so far, the evening brings such anguish and weeping - I am haunted by the moment we parted. I worry for her, and feel torn. A period of such anguish then brings rest.

There is so much I can derive from this experience - so much loss and failure if I "chicken out".

Generally, my mood is one of contentment (it is still early days!). Today, apart from this evening, was my calmest yet. I spent a productive time contemplating the tarot.

The weather has been bright and warm, and I sat in the sun like an old man in his deck chair. It is during the day when I see things which bring a sense of well-being - ie. circling buzzards (possibly some eagles too), and deer: two hinds very close to the tent yesterday. And a stag standing on a distant rocky crag, as the sun set.

Night is approaching now - a time of great comfort when I don't have to endure - just rest, sleep. I am usually fairly tired at the end of each day, so sleep is no problem. Although quite cold.

Another day done - no further visits from ticks.

26th: Emotionally, a better day. I awoke before dawn, with the rain lashing down on the tent. I went out for some water and was caught in intense wintery showers, sleet and some hail. The river was engorged and raging.

As the showers subsided, I went for a further recce of the area, and decided on a place to re-locate the tent to - quite far from here, but it has a greater sense of wilderness.

Content; I feel I am starting to accept/identify with the role - or rather, am becoming it. Have spent time sitting and watching the land - and listening. Tonight, I watched deer on the horizon, feeding.

27th: I relocated the tent and belongings to the wilder place. Today, I have felt upset again, my mood unsettled by the relocation - it took three trips altogether, carrying all the stuff over steep and hilly land. It really began to irritate me.

Also weather very changeable - hail stones and very strong winds. As I write this, the tent is being buffeted by the

strong weather, and the noise is oppressive. But what do I expect in this far Northern terrain, amid echoes of Winter?

I am low today. Saw two hinds this evening, which cheered me. The wildlife has that effect on me. I also observed a frog today, coloured brown like the heather. In fact, every life form, including the flies, seems of the same brown colour - except me in my bright red mountain cap (a stupid colour).

I am not happy today. Perhaps I will become more ground down as the weeks wear on; but my resolve remains. In fact, the alternative of giving up seems much more repellent now. The 'waiting' is not really that bad - as yet. Still worrying about J. though, still tearful, at times.

I am starting to get a feel for how a day progresses, uncluttered by a timetable of modern life and routine. I am attempting to calmly let each day unfold and pass.

28th: Bad night last night - I froze as rain and hail continued to assault the tent, and could barely sleep. This morning was spent warming up in tent with hot drinks, before venturing outside. The rain persisted on and off throughout day. It has been very grey, cold and damp which has made me feel lethargic. Despite conditions, I sat on a fallen tree by the burn, and began carving a 'wand' for J. This mindful act did go some way to easing an otherwise depressing day. It is a week today since beginning - I should be celebrating having reached this far! Yet it is obviously quite a pathetic 'achievement' compared to all the weeks, the months still to be endured.

After a week, things seem more of a burden - but my mood has certainly been affected by the weather.

I feel irritated, slightly, by my predicament. Yet - on, on, it must be so. I feel pissed off, to be honest.

29th: It is possible to lose track of the day/date - even with diary as a reminder. Since each day has no form, no routine that I am used to, they tend to blur into each other ...

More Wintery showers this morning, cold again, but weather quickly gave way to the glorious Sun. I marvelled at the Sun today, as my body responded to its life-giving rays - I feel that I have gained a new understanding/relationship with the Sun (which I have tried to capture in an attempt at poetry), which seems the first - albeit subtle - gift of this venture. Just a new shift in perception.

Spent most of day carving by the river: it has, on the whole, been a good day, but marred slightly by a period of preoccupation with when I finish, on the Solstice. Too far away to happily dwell upon.

It's raining now. I feel a sort of detachment evolving re. my life prior to being here. I have accepted that I am going to see this ordeal through, so no longer dwell emotionally on what I have left behind. I feel 'I' as a personality am disappearing into the landscape; not an unsettling feeling, but, somehow, something of a relief and quietly inspiring. This detachment is not a rejection or judgement of what I have left behind - rather, this is my life now, and the expression of the life that I am becoming.

Writing poetry and carving have given shape and purpose to the day.

30th: Weather miserable for most of the day - cold, grey and raining. It has had a depressing effect - that coupled with a feeling of being a little physically run down (beginnings of a 'cold' coming on?). I have felt, for the first time, really depressed, and sat by the river emotionally drained. This heaviness continued until early evening when, following the days only decent meal (porridge!), I continued to carve by the river and the Sun appeared, filling me once more with contentment - there was a loss of a certain dread that has plagued me for much of day.

Today, I sensed the awesome time factor ahead of me: tonight there is a sharp coherence, while earlier there was a lethargic, dulled and blurred lack of awareness. Tonight, I feel content.

31st: Last night, some living creature visited the tent. I awoke, in pitch darkness - I literally could not even see my hand before me - to the quiet but determined sound of something pulling things from my rucksack. I felt unnerved to say the least. There was also intermittent scratching at the edge of the tent - something trying to get to the bag of

rubbish that I keep at the foot of the tent. It was a horrible unknown, insistent sound and my mind began to run through the various options: rat; wildcat ...? It might have been a weasel or stoat - whatever, it had claws and incisors (I could hear it nibbling away). I was disturbed. After lying still, my heart racing, I shouted, made movement, and went outside with a torch to see what I could find. Nothing, of course.

Stupidly, I had been keeping my food rubbish in tent, so bound to attract scavengers. I moved the bag some distance from tent, ledging it amongst the foundations of a crofter's cottage. I then securely fastened my rucksack.

From then on, I felt reasonably unbothered whether it returned or not - as long as it did not subject me to any carnivorous violence.

The sky lark has just sung a brief song, which so far, at least here, I have taken to be a herald of rain. Today has been depressing. I woke up reasonably confident, washed some clothes and myself, in the stream by the tent. I explored a part of the valley today. It is a very unsettling place - really, genuinely wild, exuding a sense of pre-human age that is too vast to cope with. There are no footpaths here, no tourist trails - just the fallen green husks of elfin trees, slimy boulders, and the vast violent cliff sides. Perhaps it is my heightening sensitivities, but I have never encountered such an atmosphere; for a twentieth century city dweller (even one who would be 'magickal') there are no familiarities - just a sense of awe, of ancient fear ... I felt unable to progress too far, partly because I was caught in a very heavy bought of rain, and mostly because the valley is too overwhelming. I need to explore it gradually, and build up trust on both sides.

I returned drained and wet to the tent, and have stayed here since the afternoon. Perhaps it was the valley, but for the first time, I felt the beginnings of real loneliness - real 'aloneness'.

The weather, as ever, does effect my mood. It is warmer tonight.

April

1st: The creature re-visited last night with a vengeance. The scavenging, and the ferocious winds worked away at my imagination - at my nerves! I do not mind admitting that terror began to grip me. The 'thing' at one point ran round the inside of the flysheet. Then silence. Then more gnawing and pulling of plastic. I shouted and shone the torch about in a panicked state. Silence - then more nibbling; almost as if it was finding the situation humorous, enjoying my fear. The wind battered the tent - in this ancient place, miles from anyone and anything. I shouted again, and the reply I got was a deep and sudden guttural exclamation - too deep and strong for a little rodent. I was shocked into silence. The gnawing, delicate and intense, continued. Then, I remembered my own magick, held the talisman around my neck, and was calm. I went off peacefully into sleep.

This morning, I discovered that the varmint had eaten through the bag containing my food - and had eaten into the oats and rice. The size of the holes were small, and obviously gnawed at by a rodent - so cannot explain the deep animal noise. I am no longer worried though, but calm in myself. I have wrapped and hidden all food in my rucksack, and firmly fastened it up - so little here now to attract a scavenger. No doubt it will return sometime tonight. But, I have sprinkled chilli powder over the rucksack, and a little at each entrance to tent!

Today, from the start, has been miserable - weather again grey, cold, windy and wet. It has felt the coldest day yet. Very oppressive. I ventured out for a time, as I could not stand just lying in the tent. Sat by the river at various places, then returned to tent, heavy with lethargy, feeling cold. The river does not, at times, lull me - rather its crashing rush seems to mirror the chaos of feelings within me, and can unsettle profoundly.

However, after a hot evening meal (generally, a stock cube boiled up with a little rice or pasta added), I ventured out again when the weather calmed. I sat high up, by the stream that flowed down by the tent, fed from the rocky slopes far above. I looked out across to the sea, with its tiny islands, and felt a sudden overwhelming feeling of tremendous awe

and beauty - a satori... The clouds, like the life forms they were, moving perfectly, calmly and quickly across the sky; the fading light, so serene, and a speck of a tiny white cottage far over the sound, many miles on the other distant shore: all created a sense of my future - of *becoming* the mystery itself. I felt resolved then to return to the world when the ordeal was over, and make a way of life that would capture the essence I felt. This feeling is difficult to describe - perhaps in musick? This experience made up for the drabness of today.

April ... time is passing. I am content with where I am and the journey so far made.

2nd: A funny day. Weather, at last, quite beautiful - strong sunlight all day. Feeling quite positive (no scavenger last night, incidentally). I ventured up the sheer face of the fells, and found the small loch which is the source of my stream - it was beautiful up there, and it felt good to exercise my body after the inertia of yesterday.

Afternoon was spent by the burn that flows from the valley, sitting on rocks and taking in the idyllic scenery. I even saw two eagles, playing in the sky. And yet, I felt troubled. The beautiful weather made me feel rather restless, and I became ... bored, for the first time; with oppressive miserable rain and cold, the day is confined and dulled and passes quickly ...

Missing J. again. My mind has been rabbiting on, preoccupied with the mundane problems of my life prior to here, which certainly did not provide the tranquillity I needed. Also, I seem to lack creative inspiration.

Have decided to eat the oats attacked by the scavenger - hopefully no disease will result.

3rd: I complained about the Sun yesterday, and have been repaid today by cold, rainy, grey weather - exactly what I wanted! Today has been reasonable - started some creative writing, and, having finished the wand, began carving a 'river god'.

This morning was spent watching ravens dive in and out of the rain-mist - rest of day, spent carving by the river. Emotionally, I feel a little fragile; beginnings of loneliness again. Still content to be here - I am wake up now with feelings of excitement about the challenge of the ritual (these feelings lessen as day wears on).

Scavenger, for now, turned away effectively. Perhaps some Sun tomorrow? (!). It's raining now.

4th: The two week mark has been reached - everyone in my past life joked: "He'll be back in two weeks!"

A difficult day in some ways. Weather has been of extremes - an hour or two of beautiful sunshine, followed by a spell of more Wintery showers; hail and sleet and very cold.

Scavenger appeared briefly last night - it didn't stay long, since there is nothing here to scavenge; but its presence, its noise, wakes me up and unsettles me - really annoys me, in fact.

Woke up cold. Day spent walking and carving by river.

Felt very unsettled this evening - my life before this yet again encroaching. Obviously, I can't really expect just to place this to one side - after all, it's there to be learnt from, via this ordeal.

Also have been bothered now for some days by a frequency, which I hear constantly. Have noticed that it is loudest when by a river - particularly when engorged by rain. Am I picking up the vibration of the water - its natural tone? It seems obtrusive at times, but appears to be a natural feature - so quite interesting. It sounds like a note from an organ key permanently held down (an 'A' perhaps?), and certainly seems external to me, rather than some hearing defect. It is cold tonight.

5th: Do not know whether early evening, afternoon or what - but have now retired to tent since weather is atrocious. Last night was freezing. It has been snowing heavily on the mountains but here, only a light flurry of snow and sleet and a few heavy bouts of hail. When not hailing, there is the ever present rain, and now a heavy cold mist has enveloped the area, which looks set to stay throughout the night. The weather has not emotionally bothered me too

much, and I have turned my energies to writing. My mind has been quietened today thanks to an attempt at a vow of silence (I have been talking aloud to myself far too much - driving myself to distraction in fact). I feel calmer, and subdued.

Food supply is running a little low, despite my rationing and meagre diet. Will have to revise my needs when it comes to fetching the next month's supply.

6th: Tent battered by rain and winds all night, and this morning found water seeping in through ground sheet. - not seriously, but obviously that caused some worry.

Heavy rain finally cleared, and there is sunshine tonight, for which I am now grateful. The tent should dry out O.K. - but will re-pitch soon to a higher plateau which does not seem as water logged. Stream engorged.

I have approached today quite practically, generally re-arranging tent so it will dry quickly. I spent some time working on new septenary correspondences, including a section on clouds - based on my experiences and observations so far. Spent time again by river, carving.

Have felt tranquil, at one point nearly idyllic - although always the tinge of caution, and sadness over who I have left behind.

All in all, quite content to be here.

7th: Another cold and wet night; groundsheet was soaked and water started to penetrate sleeping bags. So, have spent today drying out and re-pitching tent. The weather warmed up slightly, which made life easier, but now it is raining again.

So, woke up feeling grotty after an uncomfortable night. Once tent was re-pitched, I ventured some way into the valley and washed myself completely in the rushing river. Water absolutely freezing, but exhilarating to bathe naked - afterwards, I felt refreshed and calm. Rest of day spent carving and washing clothes.

A quiet day of contentment. Scavenger still visits, but am not too bothered.

8th: Today I ventured up into the hills to explore the more distant lochs - possibly to look for a new site, since I feel more solitude is needed. By this I mean that my current proximity to a few ruined foundations of cottages is causing problems - they are becoming an intrusive reminder of human activity, despite their intriguing presence. There must have been a thriving crofting community here, some centuries ago - there is still evidence of 'lazy beds' carved into the slopes.

The day began with a feeling of being rather jaded, lethargic, so felt some strenuous climbing and walking was in order. Having reached the summit, I still felt worn and a little irritable - until I entered a natural arena enclosing one of the highest lochs. My mood changed instantly. Here was one of the most peaceful, natural and numinous places I had encountered so far. The feeling was strange - I actually fell in love, and the whole spirit of the place was beautifully feminine in a startlingly tangible way. It was like meeting a beautiful woman.

All that could be heard was the gentle lapping of the water; and the surroundings - just the magnificent mountains, not a trace of 'civilisation'. I resolved then to pack up the tent and relocate, so investigated the area further. Unfortunately, found the ground was very marshy and waterlogged - but I was still not put off. The views from the highest slope leading up from the loch were breathtaking - the great expanse of sea, all the islands ... This all seemed to confirm that I should be there.

And then I noticed the signs of people - that is, litter, stuffed into rock crevices, a crisp packet in the water ... My precious feelings of isolation became eroded, and I felt sad for this place, to be subject to the stupidity and lack of empathy so characteristic of modern people. The surroundings began to unsettle me - even the views, which I had once, from another vantage point, shared with J.

Depression set in, and I descended the crags to my current site some distance below - it looks like I am staying where I am, for now.

Weather has remained rain-free and warm, and was able to restore some positive feelings. However, I am still attracted to that site, and have found what seems to be a more gradual route to the summit, which would make it easier to relocate. Not sure.

I am having moments of deep loneliness.

9th: Scavenger appeared, really pissing me off, but otherwise a decent sleep. Woke up feeling a bit better than yesterday, but gradually, quite quickly, on rising became depressed. Just lay in the tent for a while. Then dragged myself up and decided to walk to some other high lochs. The rain was torrential when I reached my destination, and I sat utterly desolate by a really grim looking loch, depressing in the greyness. I just sat and watched the land becoming more marshy, and felt the increasing cold and damp. As I stumbled away back to the tent, I was overcome with the desolation of my predicament - feelings that have been building up over the past few days. I wept copiously in the rain. I felt that I had reached my limit of tolerance - that I had reached some internal barrier. No amount of reassuring talk did any good. A natural reaction at this point I suppose, one which has arisen of itself, and that I could not control. So I allowed the misery - and it was Misery.

Got back to the tent and eventually calmed myself into a peaceful state, by carving wood. And have continued thus for the rest of day.

I am still here, and still able to continue.

10th: Scavenger again, but eventually, a good night's sleep. The weather has remained good today: sunshine, no wind - quite warm. I woke up feeling quite positive. After my regular dose of oats and water, I began what I aim to be a regular session of physis: it felt good, and I remain quite supple and feel well, physically.

After that, I spent a large part of day by the river, carving, and pondering on the Minor Arcana.

I feel better than I did yesterday - but do feel different, living with this sense of desolation which threatens always to break out. Today, I could identify my feeling of unease as just boredom - creativity is fine, but it doesn't fill a day.

Days are noticeably getting longer - due to the lengthening hours of daylight and my own unease. Have noticed with pleasure, that some trees in the valley are starting to bud, and primroses are emerging. Spring is spreading finally - at one point, it seemed as if the grey and rain and desolate landscape would always remain.

An echo of Summer, then.

11th: Three week mark reached. This has been a special day: I have experienced - all day - a form of transcendence; almost one long and effortless, flowing meditation. I felt a calmness and unity with my surroundings which I have not felt before - ever. I found myself not dwelling on any one thing, but often I would simply just listen, to changes in the wind, the river ... I feel almost happy. I write almost because I am rather cautious of this feeling - it is perhaps a special moment, which will not return tomorrow, or for a few days/weeks. But, here and now, this day has been one to remember, and to live for its return.

I constructed a circle of eight stones for my physis practice, which I undertook with great enjoyment, and ease. The circle's presence has created an added dimension to the site - I feel like what I really am, or at least becoming: a shaman.

Wrote more poetry, and pondered on further septenary matters. Weather has been very fine and tranquil, which of course helps my mood.

12th: Went to fetch month's supplies today - earlier than planned. My jaunt began well - slow and contemplative in the sunshine: it was good to see the changes that had occurred since my last outing, particularly the trees waking after their

Winter sleep.

The way back was an ordeal - back-breaking in the relentless sun. The experience became absolute agony when I clambered - nearly crawled - over the fells and moorland back to the tent. But when finished, I felt a great sense of accomplishment.

I attempted some physis later on, but was physically too tired. Concluded the evening by sitting in the circle, and, as last night, just listened - listened to the land speak to me. I was transfixed ... this really is a new sensation, and I am beginning to feel different, in myself, as though I have passed through a veil. However, there are many more changes to come - positive and disruptive.

Unpleasant dreams last night - and scavenger.

13th: Slept very well last night, not surprisingly. If scavenger did appear, I was not aware of it.

It has been an uneventful day; still feeling the physical effects of yesterday. Carving; physis ...

My mind has lapsed to my previous life, and so have felt unsettled by all those unresolved things. Have also felt a little bored; but spiritual feeling remains. When my mind ceases to jabber, I remain awed listening to the unfolding of Nature.

14th: It began to rain early this morning, and when I did finally leave the tent, the landscape was wreathed in stratus clouds. Quite cold. Although my mood remained positive, I found the weather quite oppressive.. I became lethargic, with a feeling of confinement and boredom.

The day was rescued from misery by a good physis session.

As the day wore on, I motivated myself to undertake what is now a regular evening walk - excellent; I felt a new controlled dimension of myself emerging.

I felt a little depressed about the weather, until I reminded myself that it was as much part of me as the sunshine. I began to meditate, and became moved by the colours, how the heather has darkened - all the land darkened - by the rain, while the rocks stood out almost white against the ruddy backdrop. I watched the low cloud wreath around the peaks; listened to the stream; felt a warming of the temperature; noticed the differing colours in what is on appearance a dense blanket of grey sky ... the land once more spoke to me, and today has concluded on another beautiful note.

15th: Woke again to greyness, but this began to break up during the day, and occasional blue sky appeared behind dramatic clouds. It has remained cold.

Did not venture far from tent today, initially because of mist, and then lethargy. The physis session was a bit of a struggle as my mind was distracted - all day my mind has babbled on about both mundane and esoteric matters, so have not been very still in myself. I struggled to gain control, and was able to conclude morning session satisfactorily.

I spent some of the day searching for wood with which to make a wand for myself. I do not want to take anything from a living tree, so scavenged for debris. While down by the burn, I looked up and something shone at me, from a distant tree. I made my way towards the tree and found it was dead, so took a large limb back to the tent. The shining object was fungus, reflecting the Sun. I thus felt the wood was meant for me.

But this sense of destiny did not continue as I attempted to carve the wood: instead, it proved a labourious job, and I became bored, and waited for the time to boil up my evening "meal" - at least that was something to do.

Another (minimal) physis session and then, not a meditation, but a further session of babbling mind to round off the day.

Today has been tedious - the only highlight being the sight of a half-Moon in the blue of the late afternoon sky.

16th: Had hoped to be now writing this in a new location, but was not to be. I woke up to Sun and pure blue sky. I decided then it was time to move on - mainly because of a need for a new experience, and my desire to feel even more isolated.

Packed up tent and rucksack, but had to leave food behind for a second trip. So set off with full heavy rucksack, for the area near the loch discovered some time ago. I decided to follow a deer path up the steep slopes above the Valley - I had previously investigated this route, but decided against it, it being too dangerous (the 'path' rises up on a sheer slope which drops straight down, far into the Valley below). But, I decided to face the challenge.

So I ambled off - but not without some apprehension - and discovered very quickly why I had rejected the route in the first place. The 'path' was a difficult climb anyway, but with a heavy rucksack even more so. I was in a precarious position, always walking at a steep angle, close to edge, and the rucksack would often lean too far towards the precipice. So at times, I would be clinging to the heather on the side of the slope to help me up. I slipped on several occasions - once shockingly so, the rucksack adding to my loss of balance - so, decided to turn back. On the final slip, I had to quickly remove the ruck sack, which was pulling me towards the edge. The rucksack was thrown off, and slid down to the edge, but did not go over. I lay there for a while recovering my wits, and then tackled the problem of retrieving the rucksack, putting it on again, and descending. This was done calmly and slowly and - thanks to the gods - I made my way safely back to tent.

After reflecting on the awfulness of the situation and the puniness of one individual life, I decided to go off exploring a new area, further into the mountains. So, took up rucksack again, and waded across the river. Steep climbs, the weight of the rucksack, and merciless Sun soon began to wear me down - but continued walking for some time, aiming for a place marked on map, by a stream. Became quite light-headed and thirsty, so stopped by a river and bathed and drank (there is very little shelter here from the Sun).

Reached the area, but found it to be very marshy - water-logged as it tends to be high up in the peaks. However, I felt very attracted to the wilderness environment, so began putting tent up. The tent pegs slipped into the ground as though going into soft butter - plus on withdrawing my hands from the long grass, I found them absolutely covered in small ticks. The area - also rather too exposed to strong winds - was obviously not suitable. I looked at a few other areas close by, but all was of same terrain. As evening began to appear, I reluctantly decided, for now, to return to previous location.

I felt depressed - as though I was taking the safe option and copping out. Anguished about my reasons for returning (I also, in truth, did not really relish the thought of making a second trip for the food, being so exhausted), I set up camp again, as before. I really have to be practical, ultimately, and that place just was not right - only on surface appearance. No doubt I shall still anguish over my decision tomorrow.

On the return trip, I put wellingtons on in order to wade through the rivers, so I wedged my walking boots into a space in the rucksack. As I was re-pitching tent, I discovered I had returned with only one boot - the other obviously having fallen out, somewhere along the route. A strong pair of walking boots are, as I have found, absolutely essential in a terrain like this, and the thought of only having a pair of wellingtons for the next two months was a terrible realisation to taste. All this, because of my own stupidity, carelessness and complacency. Typical! I had to re-trace my route back to the marshy location - difficult, since there are no paths as such. I found nothing, and felt the gods kicking me for my patheticness. A harsh insight indeed, and I turned back, in a very sorry state.

Just before I reached the tent, only a few yards away, there, miraculously, was the brown boot, nestling in brown heather. I had been spared. I have never fallen in love with footwear before, but at that point we became very close.

Returned to tent feeling very tired.

17th: Today has been quiet and inactive - weather remained very sunny and hot. Excellent physis session this morning - although physically I am appearing to suffer from yesterday's exertions.

I have still felt a little knocked by yesterday, but remain sure that I did the right thing in returning. Also, best to re-locate when food is about to run out. Will look again at another area near the marshy land, soon. For now, I do not

want to be bothered with re-locating, but I must try and resolve my inner unease, and stop being so hard on myself.

Perhaps I have been too swayed by the romantic appearance of a place - but that is just appearance, as I am learning. Here, essentially, I remain in absolute solitude. What is achieved is achieved, regardless of the appearance of the form ...

Today, I have been bored and am feeling continuously hungry. Still, another day done.

18th: A good night's sleep. Woke up to an almost unnatural stillness and silence, which has remained throughout day. Sky filled with blankets of grey cloud, but still warm. All day there has been a serene glow of 'evening light' in the West - orange and yellow light. Tired, but completed a physis session.

I went exploring for most of day, up into the peaks and found new and accessible areas. I love climbing up to high places and viewing the great expanse of mountains and sea - with no reminder of human beings in sight. Only the occasional plane above reminds, even here - or in fact anywhere in this world - that there can be no complete escape from this causal time I was born into. A connection remains, intrudes, and that can sometimes be a little saddening, irritating.

Returned to tent mentally and physically exhausted. For some reason, this intense stillness has not been welcome - it seems so absolute, I can't even hear the river today. Strange. The land does not seem to move - do I need external stimulus? It has been like walking in a vacuum devoid of anything.

Have retired to tent in daylight, as I can't stand anymore of today. Feeling ground down with the burden of this ordeal. Four week mark reached, but there is no celebration. Too tired to think or write any more.

19th: A quiet day. Still tired. Eventually got up, and had breakfast. The weather was a little livelier than yesterday: winds, and the Sun appearing off and on. I cheered up slightly and went for the highlight of the day - a bathe in the river in the Valley. It was good to liberate my body of clothes, worn constantly as a protection against the multitude of ticks that scour the land. The Sun poured through the Valley trees, glittering on the freezing, exhilarating water. It felt good to be really clean. Discovered a good piece of wood for carving.

Returned to tent, refreshed, and undertook a physis session. Perhaps I am over-doing the session, or my diet is imbalanced, but I am left feeling physically exhausted for rest of day.

Idly carved, and practised the Olenos chant. Towards evening went for a walk up to a peak, and rested on a high crag which gave a panoramic view of the sea and islands, and mountains.

Feeling reasonably high-spirited, now.

20th: Another quiet day, although last night strong winds assaulted the tent, and kept me awake. Still strong winds today, but brilliant sunshine and absolutely clear blue sky. Woke up feeling exhausted again. Tried physis, but my legs could not stand the strain - I imagine this physical life is taking its toll, as well as meagre diet. Despite the meagreness, I enjoy the austerity - food now seems a luxury and often a spiritually (and physically) dulling indulgence. Not much is really needed, and the simplicity of my life here appeals and seems spiritually cleansing.

Still, suffering through lack of something - perhaps not drinking enough water. Tired, tired, tired.

Forced myself to go for a short walk, and spent afternoon resting in heather. May take it easy for a while, until I feel physical vitality returning. Just sitting in different places around my site delays the tedium.

I feel reasonably alright within myself - but really, feel too drained to motivate myself to do anything creative. So, tinges of boredom. Never mind, another day has been endured.

21st: The day I have been crawling towards has finally been reached - the one month mark. Weather turned much colder today, with strong winds. Stayed in the tent for most of the morning, inspired by a sudden burst of creativity.

This passed time away quite fruitfully.

Eventually forced myself to do a short walk, and rested as per yesterday. I reflected on the time so far spent. I suppose I should feel a sense of achievement, but do not - rather, I feel lethargic, but eager to continue and complete the month ahead. Still much more to be experienced.

A month is definitely not enough time in which to create real Change (if the rite was limited to a month, it would simply be a holiday). I feel that if I returned now, whatever changes that have occurred would recede and I would be as I was before the rite.

I am developing a sense of perspective on my previous life - an objectivity that could not be bred amidst the clutter and fast pace of everyday urban life. Many things now seem trivial indulgences; many patterns of behaviour now seem blind to me, fitting unconsciously into some acceptable social/domestic regime. I thought I was really different to others, but in so many ways I had not seen before, I too have been one of the masses, swept along with all the rest on the great wave of mediocrity.

Even most foods seem unnecessary and decadent. But even so, I marked today by eating tinned haggis - that great spiritual food. It *was* a spiritual experience - utter joy. I remain very hungry but very content with my monastic diet of purity and simplicity.

Still resting, doing very minimal physical exercise; I assume my strength is returning. Have been drinking more water. The colder weather helps to enliven me - I hope rain is imminent, as the streams are running very low. No scavenger for several nights, so am sleeping well. On with the next month!

It is now raining lightly.

22nd: Night of strong winds and driving rain. Woke up to bright sunlight, but winds still powerful, and temperature cold.

Re-located tent today to a much wilder, isolated location (gradually the need to be away from all things human - even dead reminders - became urgent). I undertook this over two trips; not too arduous. I am on a plateau, slightly sloping, up in the hills. The outcrops provide a natural arena. I feel very hidden, very content.

Had to re-pitch tent: it was in a rather exposed (to the elements) place, and facing lengthways into the North wind (wind from this direction seems the most prevalent).

I am next to a tiny stream, flowing from the earth and rocks a little above me - that and a nearby small spring will hopefully suffice for water. I am much happier and glad I mustered the energy to come here.

A practical and reasonably positive day. I have not dwelt on anything in particular.

23rd: Quiet night on weather front, but had an uncomfortable sleep as tent is pitched stupidly on a slope. Will get used to it though, and re-pitch in a week or so.

This morning was idyllic as I sat in the heather on one of the many immediate peaks that I can choose from in my new location. The Sun stayed out most of today, and the cold winds died down. I sat for what seemed like a long time, just listening, and absorbing the view. My mind felt almost at peace - until my inner mundane voice began babbling, and took over, debating away on the incidents of my previous life. I became more unsettled, began to think of J, and gradually became worn down and depressed. My physical energy waned again. No anguish, just an eroding lethargy which not even the beautiful mountains or sea could dispel.

But the day has passed as it always does. My evening 'meal' - boiled stock cube and a few grains of rice - is becoming a definite highlight: it appeals to (but does not assuage) my hunger, and marks the closing of another day.

Perhaps it is my lethargy, but I seem to have left behind that archetypal shaman/mystic persona that so imbued me up

until now. The idea of carving a wand seems rather pathetic - as does all the paraphernalia that makes up the 'magickians' kit. This is not because I have lost faith or empathy with the 'esoteric', but because I feel, almost intangibly, that the essence, the source, of that form now lies close to me, residing in moments without struggle, when I seem to need nothing. When I am listening, and just being. Such a feeling appears and then fades: I can't expect to lay aside my life prior to here, although often I wish I could. I must try once more not to dwell too much, and allow the time to flow.

24th: What a Hell of a day. Yesterday, there was boredom in the sun. This morning, quite early, I was woken by torrential rain and very strong winds. The weather here changes so quickly. There were signs last night of approaching rain - a halo around the setting sun, and a haze of grey cloud. But the weather was so peaceful and clear, that I thought little of it. Yesterday, I was becoming complacent and the weather encouraged a feeling of ease concerning this ordeal - a sense of triumph.

But today Nature was savage. I woke to the inner groundsheet swimming with water; beneath me, a hollow upon which I had pitched my tent was also welling with water. All around, the sound of rushing water. The inner tent was soaked, so I took it down and attempted to dry it by lying on top of it. Remained calm, but cold and wet - and had a breakfast of hot water and oats. The inner became drier, but as I put it up again, I noticed pools of water steadily filling; gradually, they overflowed and once more soaked the inner tent. Obviously a stream that had been sleeping was awoken by the heavy rain during the night, and I was pitched on its course.

I scrambled outside in the deluge to find bracken and heather to make a dam. Outside was wreathed in fast moving thick cold cloud, and the rain and wind was fierce. The whole site thundered with engorged streams, furiously rushing down to the big river below. My attempts at dam building were pointless, and as myself and all my belongings became soaked, I realised I would have to re-pitch the tent. I found a small patch of ground slightly raised above the flowing waters, and struggled against the winds and rain to re-pitch. The wind tried to tear the tent from my hands, and I shouted at and to the Gods in defiance, and desperation. Eventually I triumphed, but the inner tent remained a good while crumpled in the water, lashed by the rain; all that it contained, including sleeping bags, was thoroughly drenched. I hauled the inner tent under cover, and fetched other stranded belongings.

I spent dreary hours then trying to dry out everything - by again, lying on inner tent. I became colder and more disheartened, and tent remained soaked. Eventually I put it up anyway, took off my wet clothes, got into the sleeping bag and made a hot drink.

And that's the current state of play - everything damp, but now I am fairly warm, and the location of the tent should ensure no problems tonight - but I remain cautious. The winds have lessened, but the rain persists. Now I just need to remain warm and dry. Tomorrow - please: a bit of sun and dryness?

For a time, I rather enjoyed the challenges of today, in contrast to the ease of yesterday. Being a day of practicalities, my mind has been occupied away from the morbid, inward and petty preoccupations of late. I can't say I feel wonderful though - I'm certainly not happy. Still, another day slips away.

25th: The rain continued for most of last night, but I was able to sleep well. Woke up early to Sun and dry weather - thanks to the gods!

An inactive day - sat and watched the sea and islands and mountains. Last night amidst the darkness and rain, I became possessed with a sense of destiny regarding the role I had lived before coming here. This desire spread into my dreams. It was exciting, but daylight has brought a reality, and the esoteric essence is where I belong. Much concerning the next few years has come to light, and I know what I must do on my return.

After the ordeal of yesterday, I decided to do very little. Attempted physis half-heartedly. Dwelling on J. a lot, and missing her. But the day has passed quickly, and its gentle nature has been appreciated.

The weather has remained sunny, but cold - clouds very turbulent, and there was a short lived attempt at rain earlier on. Another day done.

26th: Coldest night so far last night - the cold woke me up several times. However, finally slept and woke to bright sunshine and clear blue sky. Despite this, my mood on waking was irritable, my mind once more dwelling on mundane aspects back 'home'. I decided to go for a good walk to exorcise my mood.

On this walk, I discovered some new - breathtaking - isolated areas. Although I remained unsettled, the walk did calm me a little. I experienced a lovely 'light' esoteric incident, by a delightful stream, as I chanted "aktlal maka" to the pitch of the flowing water ...

Returned to site and undertook physis, which was fulfilling. Spent some time absorbing myself in the view of the sea.

I still sometimes dwell on the end of the rite, but I must take time to savour this unique experience - the land is so wonderful. But I do feel lethargic, and a little depressed.

It seems I have pitched the tent on an ants nest.

So another day done. "Each day completed is a mini triumph", I keep reminding myself. Feeling pissed off.

27th: Woke up to rain this morning. The sky grew threatening as the day developed, but rain never surpassed a miserable drizzle. Now, this evening, the Sun has appeared. First comfortable night's sleep for a while.

I took myself off climbing the peaks, and sat atop high crags, meditating on the view. For a time, despite the cold winds (almost an echo of Winter) and the drizzle, I felt nearly happy. As I woke, I was possessed with a clear understanding of what I have been trying to live and achieve on the Path so far: everything seemed to make sense, whereas before, there was a vague awareness driving the practical living. This experience took me climbing high, with Promethean zeal. Gradually though, my own fervour, together with the cold and damp and greyness, began to wear me out. I returned to the tent depressed, and lay within for quite a while, in a stupor. Sun appeared quickly towards end of day, and my positive mood partly returned. Undertook a good physis session.

Once again I explored the site I had mooted as a potential new home, but found that my instincts had been right - the place was a marsh. A day is done.

28th: Woke again to greyness and icy cold. All day, the threat of rain - but only a slight shower. The sky is very turbulent - I hope this does not herald a major bout of rain a la the 24th - or gale force winds. However, this could blow over, and reveal a clear sunny day tomorrow.

I began the day by constructing a new circle of stones, where I shall practice physis - looking over to the mountains in the south, and the sea to the west. The circle at my previous site seemed to make a lot of difference - it seemed then to draw magickal energies from the earth. Today though, the gesture seemed 'naff' - an entirely romantic gesture not really suited to the person I am at present. At least, it is an evocative place to sit, from where I can contemplate the view.

Undertook a physis session, which was rather a strain. I then climbed the same route as yesterday, and sat high amidst the promise of storm. I do not seem to need to do anything - ie. carving, creative work - and I do not put this down to lethargy: rather, perhaps an internalisation is beginning whereby those things that I am realising about myself now can be dis-covered by a most natural of ways: sitting, walking and dwelling within the landscape.

The day has passed reasonably comfortably, but I do feel physically and emotionally tired - almost like I've had enough. But! I must endure, and I must endure for a long time!

29th: Again, more rain this morning. Stayed in tent until it subsided.

I emerged to what appeared to be promising weather, and had my breakfast of oats and water outside. Blue sky occasionally appeared between the ragged grey clouds, and the Sun was sometimes visible behind a thin veil. Quite warm.

I stayed outside and began to write, and ponder, with great inspiration, on some septenary aspects that have lain within me, unanswered, for years. So the day began well, with a focussed mind - aided by taking a vow of silence (since I often talk aloud, which has a more disturbing effect than an elucidating one). My ponderings held at bay any personal morbid preoccupations - which shall no doubt plague me again.

However the weather developed into a - less devastating - replay of a few days ago: the area became swathed in mist and sheets of heavy rain. Spent much of the day in the tent, continuing my ponderings. Completed a poem.

I did venture out to the 'stone circle' which seemed wonderfully primeval in the white mist, and undertook a physis session, which was reasonable. Once back in the tent, I grew colder, and so had a hot meal.

The rain has now ceased, and sky is clearer, but I am not taking anything for granted, as rain may return with a vengeance in a few hours. Weather wise, it has been a miserable, cold past few days. It has been oppressive and a little wearing - but I know it will change, presently. In slightly better spirits today.

30th: Another good night's sleep, but rain has returned, furiously. Waited in tent for ages for rain to subside. Eventually, I crawled out into the now light drizzle and heavy mist. Light glowed through the mist, in the West, and I sat for a long time in the stone circle, waiting for the Sun.

But the light faded, and the land remained gloomy, dark and very cold. I undertook a walk to keep warm, and the rain began to ease. In afternoon (?) again, a bright light brought promise to the Western horizon. I sat on a crag and waited for the sky to clear. It did not, but instead became colder.

Outside, now, very cold - but perhaps a drier and brighter day tomorrow. I'm getting fed up with the weather - the cold is wearing me down. But what do I expect? Part of me accepts the state of play, but really, another few days of this will make things intolerable.

I feel cold and confined, and yet positive. Some revelations concerning the septenary have warmed my soul. I feel progress is being made in this ritual, and am pleased at having got thus far. I feel confident about what is to follow.

My sex drive seems nearly non-existent: fantasies seem sordid and pointless. Perhaps my sensual self is being re-defined as I shed my cultural conditioning. Some affectations seem to be disappearing - I will be curious to see what remains. But really, in these conditions, food and warmth are upmost in my mind, since they are essentials.

Plodding on.

May

1st: Rain continued hard throughout the night and this morning, thus I was confined to the tent once more. Ventured out when rain had ceased - sky, land and temperature as yesterday. I was in good spirits though, as more esoteric and creative realizations occurred. However, the cold and returning rain began to wear me down again, and I returned to the tent after a short walk, tired, cold and fed up. Lay in tent, in a state of misery.

Out again when rain stopped. The land seemed warmer, and a promising light appeared on the horizon. I stood by the stone circle, my mind for once silent, and I absorbed the sounds and sights.

Eventually hunger - an almost constant companion now - and cold forced me back to make my evening meal. The temperature did seem to rise, and the light began to spread.

The sky is full of clouds, but they are Sun-tinged, and there is a stillness which seems to promise that the grey rainy

weather may pass immanently - but I've thought that before. But tonight feels a little different.

Mentally and physically very tired

2nd: Woke to glorious sunshine, and the weather has remained hot all day. I spent this morning washing a shirt, and wrote some literature for distribution when I return - I seem to have learnt - in the sense of knowing the reality ...

So much creative work to do when I get back. I ventured out last night - the sky was still cloudy, but it was quite warm, and it was exhilarating to see the land transformed in silence by the night.

For the rest of today, I went for a long walk into the high peaks, slowly following a circuit back to the tent. I spent a lot of time sitting by one of the lochs. However, physically it all seemed a great strain, and I returned exhausted. Perhaps the sunshine has drained me - perhaps it is my diet: I am hungry all the time, craving sweet things in particular. Perhaps I am also worn down by the debates still going on in my head.

I have retired for the evening, shattered. Another "mini triumph" accomplished.

3rd: Cloudy sky on waking, but warm. The cloud quickly made way for intense sunshine, which has remained all day. When I left the tent I was still very tired, so the day has been physically inactive.

However, time has not been wasted, as I spent many hours this morning writing, and covered much ground. Rest of day was spent lying in the heather, and watching the sea and mountains.

Again, I have felt absolutely drained - perhaps exposure to the Sun? The intense sunlight will probably continue tomorrow, judging by the evening sky.

Unfortunately, again, a scavenger is visiting at nights and seriously disturbing my sleep. It will give up eventually once it realises there is nothing here for it.

There are certainly some strange bird (?) sounds at night. Writing of which, though not strange, I have had the pleasure of listening to a polyphony of cuckoo calls during the day, for the past week or so. Summer is approaching. Emotionally, I'm fine - but missing J.

4th: A good night's sleep. Woke to bright sunlight - heat intense, but relieved slightly by occasional breeze. This evening, the sky was covered in a uniform blanket of grey, obscuring the Sun - an ominous herald. Sky red on horizon.

Day spent as yesterday, and more good written work achieved. I seem to be re-discovering my occult Destiny: this time round, it involves conscious decisions rather than being swayed by unconscious forces. Interestingly, many of those old forces are being re-visited, and still found valid. But it is I who am in control, this time round (famous last words). This unfolding of Destiny is making me a little unsettled - a little restless to leave and implement what I have learned. But there may well be more to learn - I still have a lot of time to experience here.

Physically a little better, although heat still draining. Drinking plenty of fluid.

After a very over-salted evening meal, I sat for a time in the stone circle looking out to the sea and islands: it was quite moving, as though I were gazing upon the living landscape of the 'Maiden of Wands' card. The light was serene, everything still.

I remain a little tired, and a touch emotionally unsettled - but another day, another psychic dollar.

5th: Something about last night's meal strongly disagreed with me, and I spent an uncomfortable night feeling ill, and not sleeping until just before dawn. Also rain returned in a replay of that April day, and thundered down onto the tent.

Did not leave the tent this morning for quite a while because of torrential rain, and illness. I seemed to have 'flu' like symptoms, so had a hot drink. Sun appeared, dramatically and briefly.

I am exhausted beyond anything yet experienced - it seems an exhausting task just thinking. I feel very low and vulnerable in this state of illness, and just want to regain my strength. Some diarrhoea. Mild food poisoning? - some butter used last night tasted rancid.

For the latter part of day, my mind has gone into overdrive re. esoteric revelations. I really need to quieten my inner self down - approach things in a more meditative way.

Sky is looking ominous, and wind has picked up. Rain will return, I think. I need strength.

6th: I went into flu mode as I settled to sleep last night: muscle pains, high temperature - general physical discomfort. I did not sleep or really rest, particularly when nausea set in. I became very hot. The rain did appear, but briefly, with strong winds.

As light approached, I felt utterly wretched, headache and nausea quite strong. So have spent all day in tent, trying to rest and recover. This seems like food poisoning.

Ventured out briefly tonight. The weather has been very turbulent: a mixture of strong sunshine, occasional hail storms, and strongest winds yet.

Perhaps I will sleep better tonight, and regain my strength. The boredom, mental anguish - all are ultimately bearable; but physical illness is wretched in this situation, exposed as I am to all that Nature wishes to throw at me. A dreadful day.

7th: Became very cold last night as I settled to sleep - icy, the coldest yet. Nevertheless, did eventually sleep well. I woke to strong winds, and heavy snow. The snow has continued all day.

Still feel poorly, so have again spent day resting. Have had quite a bit of diarrhoea. But, have also fasted all day, and gradually feel as if my health is improving. Now that recovery seems imminent, I am in better spirits.

Not much more to add - an unpleasant few days. Right now, the early evening Sun is shining on the tent. Snow has stopped, and winds dropped. All could change again though, within the hour.

8th: As I settled to sleep last night, the temperature dropped, and snow began to fall again. This time very heavily, and the tent began to sag under its weight. Still had illness, which added to discomfort.

When I woke, it was raining, and bitterly cold. All day, brief periods of wintery showers, and occasional sunshine. I ventured out for a while, but was eventually back to seek shelter by rain and very strong North winds - the clouds above raged grey within the wind. Returned to tent, but grew very cold just remaining inert, so with a great effort of will, I went out again. The rain began to ease. Despite a difficult, exhausting start, I got into the rhythm of walking, and my spirits rose, taking a delight in the transformed, rain-engorged land.

As I approached a peak, I saw a fox ambling across my path, very close. It stopped, and we both stared at each other for a moment: it was a beautiful creature - such vivid colour amidst the drabness and bleak grey. After the moment, it ran off, away, occasionally looking back to see if I was following. I went on, in another direction, feeling warmed by this meeting. The weather changed then to a blizzard; utterly cold - so made my way back.

Feeling better, physically and spiritually. Now rain has returned, but I sense the weather will change for the better, shortly. Another day.

9th: The rain ceased last night, but it became freezing; still, slept reasonably well. Awoke to warmth and sunlight, feeling energised - at least, in the spiritual sense. Re-pitched tent today, within current location.

Forced myself to go for a walk, which was still a bit of an effort. But, I did discover new and very beautiful areas - a place where there stands large columns of shining rock quartz; astonishing.

Weather remained very fine; the sky deep blue, but dominated by clouds of varying types: interesting to see such apparently conflicting activity, suggesting several possibilities for weather - all at once, in the one sky, blending and creating the overall condition of today; just like sinister magick. The mountains are capped with snow: against the vivid blue, they are a magnificent sight.

My spirit has recovered from my illness, but - and yes, it is tedious to repeat - I am still physically tired.

Feel a little bad tempered today - perhaps exacerbated by the return of my jabbering mind. Onwards.

10th: Freezing again last night, but slept. Sun appeared this morning and has stayed all day, though there was a brief shower of hail in the afternoon. Spent the morning washing clothes, then went on a long walk. This took up the rest of the day, since I rested for long periods of time in various beautiful places. I decided this morning to attempt to not dwell on anything too much, and my mind remained fluid and relaxed. Walk was good, and did not exhaust me.

I am still in an irritable mood - at times impatient with the very slow pace of things, anxious as I sometimes am to return to 'civilization' and create; at other times, I am content, and content to endure.

I feel very at ease simply walking and sitting and pondering upon the landscape - mostly, I feel that nothing else is needed. I have little to offer in observing changes within, since I have ceased to bother observing: I am just existing in a very quiet, mostly patient way.

11th: Good night's sleep, and warm. Woke to Sun. I was fine for a little while, but on rising and leaving tent, I became depressed. I still feel irritable. My only desire this morning was to spend the day rotting in the tent; but, I forced myself out on a walk. This turned out to be very short, as I got bored. The weather has turned much colder, and all day it has threatened to rain. This evening, rain still seems immanent. Cold wind.

I have felt worn down in every respect today, lacking positivity. I seem in poor shape, physically. Very hungry. Cold, feeling a bit empty within. And yet, I have held on to my objectivity, and understand why I feel this way; and feel this is a phase, as rain is a phase. One day soon, I shall wake up feeling wonderful, consistently. Must push on. May the gods send warmth.

12th: Slept well again, and woke to light rain. Stayed in tent until rain had eased to a drizzle, then set off on a new walk to investigate an alternative route, down from the hills to a track that leads eventually to the road - in preparation for the trek to fetch next month's supplies.

Weather remained grey and drizzly, and I, much to my frustration found my walk hampered by ever-present exhaustion. I saw the fox again - much the same encounter as before: a lovely moment. The new route took me down through a wood of scots pine. It was almost a shock to be amongst so many trees, after having lived thus far on craggy, desolate moorland. The scent and stillness was quite profound. I arrived at a point where I could see the road, in the distance: "civilization". I turned back then to the wilderness, feeling a heavy sadness.

I found my return journey tiring, and began to dread the coming ordeal of fetching supplies. Then I remembered my will power and what it could accomplish, and placed the coming ordeal in a positive context: a challenge to be overcome. Also, this will be my last journey to fetch supplies.

I have recently felt at my lowest so far. I have felt very pissed off, and generally unsettled and uncomfortable. I move my limbs like an old man.

Spent this evening sitting within the stone circle. The weather has brightened: Sun, no rain, but clouds very dramatic and turbulent above. Still quite cold. During the time within the circle, I felt some of my old energy returning. I began to think more positively, and I returned to the tent feeling renewed.

I almost feel as if I am reaching the end of my persona - I have exhausted my personality it seems. How trivial I have seemed. Now there is just a waiting.

I must not forget that I am in a beautiful and wonderful place - that it is a privilege to live here, in this way.

13th: The weather has been atrocious today: heavy rain, and very cold. Went out for a walk, but weather drove me back after a short time. Spent a lot of time festering in the tent, but was able to sit for a time in the stone circle. Increase in wet weather put a miserable end to this.

But my spirit has been encouraged, despite the misery, by a return of energy, which has helped physically. Dwelt on some magickal matters today. Things are not too bad, I suppose.

I can accept the weather in all its guises, since each guise is necessary - and appropriate to/part of where I am at in the ritual. I always imagined the second month to be the most difficult. Another day gradually passes away.

14th: Weather abysmal. Rain, rain, rain. Stayed in tent for hours this morning; even when a meagre piece of sunlight appeared, I felt unmotivated. However, I was able to realise some Tarot concepts, so not an entire waste of a day. I did manage to rouse myself for a walk, which was lacklustre and depressing. Rain has persisted all day, though not as cold as it has been.

I have become fed up with waiting for my trip to fetch supplies, so will set off tomorrow - food is very low anyway.

Very fed up: after my illness, all I can think about is food. I want to return to my almost settled, contemplative self - a self which resided in the environment and ritual, not in a craving for chocolate. Still, this is all part of it. I must admit to feeling a little concerned about the ordeal to collect supplies, since I seem to lack the strength I had earlier on in the rite.

However, I am determined to meet the challenge with my greatest asset - my will.

Very grim. Another ***** day.

15th: Today has been a Triumph of the Will. I set off early amid light rain. My initial apprehension and tiredness began to vanish as I walked the road. On either side, the trees were shimmering with young vibrant leaves, and their presence - the green and its scent heightened by rain - filled me with absolute joy. I seemed to draw strength from the trees, and my determination grew as I reached my destination.

I bought all that I needed to ensure a comfortable - but still spartan - remainder of the rite. The walk back, in torrential rain at first, was a wonder to me. I strode onwards bearing the heavy weight without resting. I was imbued with the sheer determination to overcome, and that walk, difficult though it was towards the end, seemed over much more quickly than the previous trips. The end was a triumph, and the Sun appeared.

I am exhausted in a rewarding way. Today was just what I needed, something to break the awful lethargy. I feel revitalised with magickal power, knowing myself again, and what I am capable of when I return to the world - and the world shall know it!

But I am not complacent: there is still time to endure.

16th: Unfortunately, a bad night. The same bout of illness reappeared.. Strangely, I was far from hungry last night as I ate my evening meal - and the meal made me feel uncomfortable.

I barely slept last night, due to constant diarrhoea - every five minutes it seemed I had to go outside; sometimes digging new holes. The weather was cold with strong winds, which briefly caused some concern about the tent. I slept a bit this morning, after dawn.

Not having eaten today, the sickness has subsided. I hope I can rest tonight. The day has been spent lying ill in the tent. I have attempted some writing, and weather, thankfully, has been calm and warm. My spirit remains strong.

17th: An excellent night's sleep, and I awoke feeling, for once, fit. The light this morning was quite beautiful: dawn is

one of my favourite times - the stillness is inspirational.

Day has been uneventful: very hot, merciless Sun in a cloudless sky. I have sought the shade of large rocks, and have written, a little. I felt a bit bored and unsettled for a while, but once I relaxed and let the day wash over me, I was fine. Not much has happened - within or without.

Have recovered my health, for which I give thanks.

18th: Again, a good night's sleep. The sudden strong wind last night heralded a change in the weather, and this morning I woke to rain and greyness. I was not unsettled by this - in fact the drop in temperature was welcome. Rain didn't last long, and I went for a long walk. I enjoyed the experience of wandering further into the land, into new realms. There was a strong easterly wind on the peaks which was enlivening. I felt a return to form.

I've become much calmer and quieter within myself. My mind no longer becomes embroiled in some irritation from my past life, but lets thoughts flow and pass, like the water around me. All quiet, in every respect.

19th: Felt lazy again today, but forced myself to go for a decent walk - the weather remained bright, though there was the threat of rain. The walk was good, and I enjoyed the quiet meditation of it, and the peace of the land.

On returning to the tent, it began to rain quite lightly and has continued throughout this evening. I felt confined within the tent, and unsettled in myself - with a slight return of the jabbering mind. Still, I feel fine really. Days seem to be washing over me at present, and I am sleeping well. During my walk today, confronted by the beauty and stillness, I realised that I will be sad to leave this place that is becoming home.

Another day washes away.

20th: A bad start. Absolute lethargy on waking up. Totally unmotivated. Had a bad night's sleep - woke up wracked with hunger, and became very restless. I suppose I've lost a lot, physically, through the illness. Have spent today craving food. I never seem to have enough to eat.

I attempted to revive this morning from its stupor by visiting the valley, and bathing in the great river there. This turned out to be a beautiful experience, as the Sun stayed all day, enabling me to lie naked on the rocks, bathing in the warmth. I plunged myself wholly under the freezing rushing water - almost heart-stoppingly cold; but bursting out into the sunshine was wonderful. It sounds so hackneyed, but I really did feel free.

I returned perhaps too early to the tent, for the afternoon was spent idling around, waiting for the time to eat. My hunger and craving brought my mood down slightly. Eating now has become a Holy experience - I can see how food is so taken for granted back in civilization. I thank the gods after each evening meal.

I have lost a lot of weight - none of my clothes fit properly. I am a little unsettled again.

21st: Two months accomplished, and I woke early after a good night's sleep, feeling very positive, and allowed myself to feel proud of having got thus far. Reaching this point has really made a difference - I see now that some of my unsettled moods were partly to do with the interminable crawl towards this stage.

The weather has remained hot all day. Went for another long, slow walk, and appreciated the great beauty of this wilderness land. Found weather a little too hot though, and returned to tent, drained. Although I am pleased to have a sunny spell, I do now wish a bit of rain as water levels are getting low - the spring from which I take my water is just a trickle.

Today's walk passed some time, and allowed me to dwell on further insights into myself. I feel reasonably settled in myself - perhaps a little too eager to complete each day, when I really should be savouring each moment: this special way of living, a way that now is only really beginning for me, will cease in a month.

Still hungry, but not oppressively so.

22nd: Weather has been bright and very windy; gradually, the sky has filled with blankets of grey clouds, and now, this evening, it is raining slightly.

Undertook a good walk today, climbing up to the higher peaks where I had a clear and beautiful view of the sea and islands. I spent some time reviewing what I have learned about myself. Clarified some personal details, examined some demons and ghosts. Felt more positive today.

I asked the gods for strength, and have received, and been thankful. I am achieving a less obsessive state of mind regarding food, though remain constantly hungry. Anyway, another day.

23rd: Last night, I ventured out to look at the Moon, nearly full. I was stunned - at the beauty of its whiteness amidst the shattered clouds. And I was filled with a further sense of Destiny, and received some intriguing creative ideas. This morning, I awoke to sunlight and gathering grey cloud. Re-pitched tent, and became miserable. I was irritated at having to start another day, at having to create diversions for my mind while my body struggled with hunger. Felt fed up with walking - almost resentful of the routine - so I stayed by the tent, and wrote. And this brought a type of contentment, eventually.

The growing irritability is not what I expected at this stage of the rite - when the conclusion is tangible. I thought I would radiate calm and positivity. But, I am treating this emotional state as I have done with all the others - as a stage, that will pass. Perhaps the last few weeks are always more difficult - balanced as one is between the very different worlds of living here, like this, and leaving, back to modern life.

This evening, I sat within the stone circle, and lost myself in the beautiful vista, serene in the evening light. Unfortunately, the midgies really did their best to irritate me, and eventually drove me back to the shelter of the tent, earlier than I had hoped. Tomorrow night therefore, I will sit doused in insect repellent.

A frustrating day in some ways, but it has passed.

24th: Woke again to sunlight, and positivity. I took myself off, without objection, for a slow and long walk. This brought a peace of mind; a detached, tranquil mood.

On return, spent rest of day writing. This was excellent - my creativity flowed with new inspiration, as I drew from my own experiences since I arrived here. This is just the sort of uplifting focus that I need in order to take me towards the conclusion of my time here. However, always cautious, I am not getting too carried away with enthusiasm for my new creativity; I shall see how it sustains itself over the next few days.

This evening, still sunlight, but now strong winds, perhaps bringing a marked change in the weather. My water supply still a trickle, from its underground source.

Feeling alright; just plodding onwards.

25th: No weather change: as yesterday, intense sunlight - but perhaps slightly cooler. I woke feeling reasonable, but soon gave in to weariness. I stayed near the tent all day, and have continued writing. I just could not be bothered to do anything else. I wasn't pissed off exactly, just unmoved.

In between writing, things were a little tedious. The unrelenting "sameness" of the hot weather seems to grate on me - it is confirmed that I am a rainy, turbulent cloud sort of person.

All life is blooming, including insects, and I wake with the occasional bite on my face, and bloated tick somewhere on my body. Spiders, biting flies ... I have learned that I actually like insects, and find them quite fascinating; characterful, rather than cold and alien.

Towards evening, I went to sit in the stone circle feeling burdened and quite depressed. Sometimes, I feel impatient regarding the time left, with the end being in sight, but still much to endure before then. Sometimes, a day seems to amount to nothing more than distracting myself until the day is done. But at other times, there is an ease, a peace,

which is worth suffering for - when I don't contemplate the impermanence of this way of life.

However, as dusk approached, my mood picked up, and I spent a happy few hours sitting in that lovely still evening light. But the one insect I do hate - no, they are not insects, but are in a class of their own - the bastard midgies, eventually forced me back into the tent. They have no problem with the insect repellent. Still, all part of the time of year and environment. Part of life.

26th: Much colder today, and grey - which, of course, I like. Undertook a long walk, but found it exhausting. But sitting by the loch was lovely: everything was still, and I watched and listened to some very strange bird life, emitting unsettling, almost human cries.

On return, I wrote a little more. I rounded the evening off by sitting within the circle, directing my thoughts to J. Tonight was much more comfortable - cooler temperature and light breeze kept the midgies away.

A little more positive today, though feeling physically ground down by this way of living. Now it is rather chilly.

27th: Last night, heavy rain - just as I wished: welcomed also, I am sure, by the land. I awoke to the mist and continuing rain, all streams engorged and rushing. By mid-morning, it had stopped, replaced by clear sky and bright sunlight. And thus it has stayed. Water supplies have been dramatically renewed.

Despite the clear weather, I was content to remain by the tent and write more, still feeling inspired. The day has passed quickly, absorbed as I have been in creativity. My mood is so much better.

The evening has been taken up with a long meditative sit within the circle, looking out as always to the sea and vast mountain range. Looking back over the experiences of the last ten or so years, I felt a new awareness beyond my own personal desires and goals. An awareness of the essential goodness and unselfishness of people, which can easily be missed, amidst the fervour of one's ego. It is an awareness of the "light" side that balances the fanatical "dark". To learn to give in an unselfish way. To learn tolerance, and become part of a greater struggle to bring human decency and honourable behaviour. To do something for others, for no personal gain.

A good and productive day - I feel better than I have done for quite a while: dare I say it, more complete than I have been.

28th: Woke to intense sunlight, which has remained throughout the day and early evening. Went for a new walk, exploring a rocky area that was also the home of some fairly impressive trees - not the usual gnarled elfin wood, clinging to a cliff face. I found several caves - natural shelters big enough to live in. One obviously had been the lair of a fox (?), judging by the old bones scattered on the cave floor. The shelter that I had marked out in case the tent was destroyed by gale force winds has been replaced by one particular cave - ideal for a hermit. Even on a hot day such as this, it is very cold inside. Maybe I will live in one, one day.

I found various places to shelter from the sun, amidst huge boulders and lovely ash and birch trees. As always my idyll was marred by hunger, but I gained spiritual nourishment.

Again, sat this evening within the circle, the weather wonderful. Enjoyed watching the bird life. I feel as if a barrier has been crossed, and I remain content.

29th: Cloudy start to the day, but it gradually cleared, and I have experienced the hottest day so far. Have spent the day writing, but have experienced more unsettled feelings - irritability, mostly. The heat hasn't helped. The day has been uncomfortable, and slightly tedious - physically, have done very little.

Late afternoon, I felt emotionally tired and upset - burdened by the slow, grinding pace of this life of mine here. But I regained an even mood during my evening "meditation" within the circle. I much prefer the temperature of early morning and evening. Much insect life, including midgies - but tonight, I did not mind them so much. Now, shoots of bracken are growing rapidly towards the Sun, and bluebells, buttercups and other flowers are spreading out. Everything looks very beautiful. The bird life is highly active - I love the sound, a burr of beating wings, as little birds nestle on

the heather by the tent.

Unable to sleep last night, I went out and lay beneath the clear starry sky. No need to try and express what cannot be expressed. After that experience, I returned to the tent and slept well.

30th: Weather has been very hot again, and a mist from the sea has added to the stifling atmosphere. My mood has been a little low - irritable and restless.

But, I did pick up during my walk in the new area. Summer really is blossoming: the heady scent of plant life, and business of the insects (I watched two beetles mating!). Everything busy and green and full of life - I felt imbued with this green energy, for most of the walk. But have felt very hungry.

Returned to tent, and wrote. Evening concluded with the usual contemplation within the circle - probably the highlight of the day. The sea was beautifully still. Finished off with a bit of physis. I'm alright, really.

31st: Glorious weather again, with sea mist. Spent the morning writing, until the heat made me restless. I then went off for a walk to sit beneath the shade of an ash tree. It was idyllic, and rescued the day from irritability. I lay on a mossy plateau of rock, among the huge boulders, and gazed up at the ash leaves and flickering sunlight. I felt wonderfully free, and daydreamed of being a Knight Templar.

I am still unsettled in myself though - but, as before am treating it as a phase that will pass. Generally, I am much quieter within myself, and sensitive to sounds that disrupt the natural stillness - even the setting up of the Trangia sets my teeth on edge. Once, I could only clarify thoughts out loud; now, the sound of my own voice is an intrusion - and I am able to clearly debate within my head. I can feel a sort of peace, beginning to flow within.

I am enjoying immensely being among the bird and insect life - particularly the insects, with their different and spontaneous characters. They feel like companions as I integrate progressively with the landscape: there is no loneliness.

It will be strange when the time comes for me to leave. I think part of me expects this way of life to just continue.

Sat within stone circle this evening. Slightly cooler tonight, with a veil over the setting Sun. The light and stillness has been very moving. I would have stayed out longer, but the midgies drove me back to the tent. Concluded with a reasonable physis session. That's it - onwards.

June

1st: Took a while to sleep last night - my mind was buzzing with possibilities, on my return. So I went out and sat beneath the mostly clear, starry sky. The completion of this rite is now tangible, which is making me restless with various emotions - partly excitement that I have got this far, and - although I cannot be complacent - the clear sense that I will triumph; and sadness at having to leave, and face the tedium of everyday life in modern society. My former life seems so far away, and this is now the reality. I often feel almost fearful of the end approaching.

But tonight, during my meditative sit, I felt burdened with the time still left to do - I felt crushingly tired with the waiting.

I am waking to the early morning Sun, which does imbue me with a great sense of freedom and well-being. Heat today very intense - so have done very little, physically, but have continued writing. After writing, I languished beneath the ash tree. This was idyllic, and I day dreamed the time away amidst the activity of wildlife - voles, finches, etc. I felt so content for a while, craving new adventures when this is complete. And then, the burden of time

experienced tonight.

A strong and cool wind has appeared tonight, heralding, I think, a change in the weather. Water levels are low again. Rain is needed - although I am adapting to the heat and continuous sunshine.

2nd: Perhaps I ought to feel some elation that I have reached June, but do not. I am surprised - which is a good thing - at how different I actually feel to how I thought I would feel at this late stage. I am weary and burdened. However, these feelings do not dominate the entire day.

This morning I wrote with renewed inspiration, and spent the afternoon again beneath the ash tree. I felt very relaxed then, almost in a dream mode. But, as with last night, when the time comes for me to sit within the stone circle during the evening, I become heavily burdened. There is now too much a sense of the rite finishing - too much anticipation of the conclusion while I still have time yet to experience and endure. But at such times I return also to my apprehension of the changing land, of deepening Summer, and positivity returns. Tonight I was suddenly struck by the intoxicating sense of life that is bursting all around me - new wild flowers, the frenetic bird life - and that incredible evening light which seems so characteristic of Summer. I feel very fortunate to be here, and to have undergone this experience.

I concluded the evening with a poor physis session - body still wearied by hunger. Although I should not wish time away, another day has passed.

3rd: Intense heat, and again, spent a productive morning writing. Another afternoon beneath the ash tree.

I felt fine in myself until this evening, at the usual place and time. My mind did not accept the day's sense of contentment, and I became caught up in old debates and battles in my head. I felt sad and depressed. I attempted a physis session, which was utterly useless - my joints are stiff, and cracking. I am very lethargic. Perhaps I will give the writing a break, and spend tomorrow walking.

Strong and cold winds appeared again tonight, and I returned to the tent feeling uncomfortable and fed up. As ever, I must treat this as a phase, and it will pass - but I feel wretched. Quite upset.

4th: A positive start to the day: I undertook a long walk to the main loch, and felt the benefit both physically and emotionally. It was definitely the right thing to do - I felt once more involved in the ritual by integrating with the land. It has been intensely hot again today.

As evening wore on, and I sat within the circle, the pattern of weariness returned - although the walk has boosted my spirit somewhat against the misery. I'm feeling worn down, but not really depressed. I just must keep plodding on through the days.

The walk helped clarify and calm the processes of my mind. All in all, a better day than of late. Have given the writing a break.

5th: This evening I have had to retire to the tent earlier than I would have liked - the midgies are out in full force, swarming over everything, and biting. Not a lot can be done, just have to accept it as part of life's rich horror.

Found it difficult to sleep again last night, but this time, my mind was filled with music - specifically new piano compositions. I got up and made a welcome cup of tea, and pondered, wondrously, on the new music. Sleep eventually came, but I woke before dawn - and saw Venus bright above the peaks as I left the tent to sit and experience the dawn.

Yet, as morning grew to its fullness, I again descended into a bleak mood. I felt fed up at the prospect of having to endure another very long day. I felt fed up with the whole venture. However, I roused myself for another long walk, and my spirit was raised. The weather has been incredibly hot, so I made my way up to a small loch, high in the peaks, and bathed there. A lovely experience.

During my evening contemplation, my mood remained good - although the midgies did their best to discourage this.

Water levels very low again. The source I have been using is almost dried up, but I was able to relocate another spring a bit further away from the tent- although this source cannot be guaranteed for the rest of the rite, if this weather remains constant. I may have to re-locate the tent, so tomorrow I will investigate a small loch down at the foot of the fells. Rain would be appreciated.

I am relieved that my mood has picked up, obviously aided by a bit of physical exertion. I feel another internal barrier has been broken down, although I feel the weariness may easily return. I've encountered some very difficult emotional states over the past week or so, which I had not really anticipated - a good insight.

I must note that now, whenever I drink water from the spring, it feels as if I am imbibing the consciousness of the water. A sparkling pure awareness speaks within my body - it is almost as if I am looking through the eyes of water. I am probably much more receptive to the spirit of water now, after having been ill and purged, and purified by starvation. I am nearer to the land.

6th: Forced into tent early tonight - flies and midgies causing hell. A decent night's sleep. On waking, my bleak mood descended again; I felt so worn down. The sky has been quite cloudy today, veiling the Sun - there is a faint echo of rain. I hope the weather does change - the flies are a nightmare early morning and evening.

Now as I write there is rain! Very light, but the sky is thundery. Thank the gods: a temperature drop is just what is needed to disperse the little fiends. I am getting so fed up with them crawling over my face and hands while I sit in the circle, and waking up with swollen eye lids or lips. This adds to my sense of weariness.

I undertook a walk this morning which I did not enjoy. I went to the loch in the land below me. Exploring the lower flatter features does not carry with it the sense of achievement and exertion of the peaks, and I spent most of the walk, until the ascent back to the tent, feeling drained and hungry. The loch and the flat land was bleak, dark and depressing. Afternoon spent lying in the tent, in a stupor.

The sky remains dark, with a hint of summer storm in the air, and the rain light. Worn down, but I still endure.

7th: Took a while to sleep again, my mind once more on music. The rain continued off and on throughout the night, and on waking, it was heavy and the sky turbulent. Remained in tent for most of day, writing. Rain has continued, with very strong, cold, southerly winds. Water levels in full flow.

I have felt content with today, and have not been visited by weariness. The fact that I am gradually moving towards the conclusion of the rite is starting to sink in, sometimes lessening the depression, sometimes creating it. I have quite enjoyed today, and have pondered on some interesting esoteric ideas.

I feel absolutely replete with creativity - music is growing within me: in some ways, this does make me impatient to return.

These past few weeks have been strange; I feel quite different than I did in the previous months. There seems to be a greater edge of struggling, and a clearer vision concerning creativity and the esoteric. I have learned much about myself so far - I feel that my character has deepened with the insights.

Feeling reasonably fine.

8th: Got off to sleep quickly, but was woken before dawn by very strong winds battering the tent. As the winds increased, the tent was partially pulled up from the ground, the flysheet unzipping and flailing about. Several times I had to get out and re-pitch. I could not get back to sleep, even though I was exhausted: I was worried whether the tent would stand up to the battering.

As daylight approached, I witnessed an awesome sea of cloud rushing from the south, and unfurling not far above me. Directly above the raging cloud was calm blue sky with higher cirrus wisps, barely moving. Since my time here, I have never encountered such strong winds. The rain lashed down, on and off.

I felt I had to stay near the tent today, in case the wind tried to tear it up. I began contemplating my alternative accommodation. Thus I was confined within the tent, which was tedious. Suddenly, my creativity no longer seemed sufficient, and I could have done with a good walk.

I sat out for a brief period tonight beneath the rushing sky. It has become very warm, but the wind remains furious. Sitting beneath the column of scudding clouds was absolutely awesome - like watching time lapse film. Surreal.

Although there had been indication of imminent change, I really did not expect this. But as always, one can never be complacent where Nature is concerned.

The power of the winds, their all-consuming presence, has been quite an experience - rather unsettling. Beneath today's practical concerns - or rather, because of them - my mood remains positive. I have asked the gods for calm, and so far conditions have quietened down, a little.

9th: The winds increased as I settled down for the night; earlier I had re-guyed the tent so it was much more secure, so I decided not to worry. I settled down to sleep and was woken only once by the intense battering, and lashing of rain. In the morning, the tent remained unharmed.

The powerful winds and rain continued today, but I decided anyway to undertake a walk, feeling the need to be out in the land amidst the raging elements. It was interesting to observe how the land had been transformed by these conditions. My mood was very contemplative: I do not feel the need whatsoever to continue expressing myself creatively while I am here.

And yet Art etc. is, or can be, important. The majority must be touched by a type of creativity if the ultimate aim of encouraging an upsurge in Adeptship - and thus the beginnings of a new civilization - is to be attained. And so on.

For myself, now, I do not need words to express how I feel - I do not need to tell a story which does not need to be told. The essence does not need to be expressed by anything other than the life here.

As evening drew near, the winds suddenly ceased, as at last the southern horizon was lit with blue sky. Now there is sunlight, stillness and warmth, and I was able to sit in the circle. Midgies are returning - but nothing is perfect.

10th: A good night's sleep. Awoke later than usual to sunlight and stillness, although slightly chilly.

As has been usual, the morning saw a return of recent lethargy, so I took myself off on a walk up to one of the higher lochs, hidden in the peaks. For while, the experience was marred by my mind jabbering on over past debates long since thought resolved. However I was able to resolve these inner conflicts, with honesty.

The walk concluded positively as I unravelled my thoughts and returned to the tent just as rain appeared. There was a brief but dramatic thunderstorm then, with strong winds and lightning. This passed over quickly to leave stillness and sunshine.

I decided to find somewhere new for my evening contemplation, and chose a place higher up. Because there was a slight breeze at that height, there were no midgies. The view was inspirational, and the Sun remained.

I am occasionally feeling the excitement of finishing; but am trying not to dwell too much - there are still days left which may bring new experiences and insights. Any creeping depression seems nulled now by the sense of impending completion. I am not dwelling too much on what has been experienced over the past three months - such a review, such a distillation, is too much - too final

11th: Did not sleep for ages last night - mind buzzing with all manner of general things. Awoke early to sunlight, although temperature at night and early morning is quite chilly. Sky cloudy.

Again, morning prefaced by lethargy. Went for a walk, which was spiritually rewarding, but physically shattering. On return, dwelt further on esoteric matters.

So, day progressed into evening positively. Climbed to my new peak this evening, but the flies and midgies found me. At present, the inside and outside of the flysheet is swarming with them. I am resigned to it.

Feel quite positive - my contemplation of things esoteric seems to have yielded some revelations. Now it is raining, slightly.

12th: Ventured out again last night as dusk gave way to night, and was engulfed in midgies - horrendous. Rain grew heavier as I settled to a good night's sleep.

Awoke with more bites than usual. Tent full of midgies. Got rid of the little scum by re-pitching the tent. It began to rain again, lightly. I went off for a walk and washed in the valley river. The walk was uneventful, but my spirit was strong, feeling a sense of achievement as the days draw on towards the climax of the rite.

Afternoon spent in tent as rain became heavier. No evening out, as rain has increased. Much colder now.

13th: Woke early to rain - the rain had continued throughout the night. Consequently, the day has been quite chilly with hill fog, and wind. Everything has felt damp and cold - almost like the earliest stages of the rite, rather than Summer. Wind now quite strong.

I have been confined to the tent, no variations in light to tell me how early or late it is. However, I have begun composing, developing a - hopefully - new and effective system based on the septenary. This is such a new development, and shows that even at this stage, rewards can flower. Physically, I am quite uncomfortable, cold and hungry, with a lot more bites than usual, particularly on my legs.

The tent has withstood the elements brilliantly, but is now showing signs of wear - a few holes, and less water repellence.

My mood remains positive - almost detached, as I am still aware of the days yet to be experienced.

14th: Rain and winds continued through the night. Strong winds buffeted the tent during the day. Weather has remained really atrocious, and I have been confined again to the tent. Not too bothered though, as I am now engrossed in composition.

But, I became cold just remaining in the tent, so went for a walk. It was invigorating being amidst the strong winds and rain. Rain and winds easing now - probably will be a brighter day tomorrow. I feel very calm.

15th: A good night's sleep. Rain and winds have eased, and this morning I woke to sunlight. The temperature remains a little chilly.

Despite the good weather, the prospect of going for a walk lost its appeal as I continued composing.

I still feel detached, but am a little irritable at present - headache, and tiredness, and hunger. I still can't allow myself to think about leaving this life - I am aware that part of me does not want this to end. The approaching conclusion seems bitter-sweet.

16th: Woke earlier than usual this morning. At first, the temperature was cold, but as the Sun rose over the peaks, the weather became quite hot, with a slight breeze.

I undertook a walk that I have been saving for the conclusion of the rite - back to the loch that had so enchanted me with its feminine aura. The walk up to the summit was very tiring, but the view was breathtaking - I could see all the inner islands, and those beyond.

I wept. I felt such a mixture of feelings: absolute relief at having reached this far, and a sense of great achievement. But also, a deep, deep sadness at having to leave. It was/is a sadness I have never felt before, in connection to anything else, and I cannot really describe it.

I returned to the tent, without dwelling further on the conclusion. I just want to continue, quietly and practically.

17th: Another sunny day. Did some washing, and once more became absorbed in composition. I have never concentrated so much: persistence and absolute focus enabled me to solve some esoteric and compositional riddles. So much came together, at that point. I felt the incredible elation that creativity can bring. The day however became stifling, confined as I was again to the tent, of my own choosing.

I have not really felt motivated to take a walk - each walk now seems so final; it is too upsetting. I will leave uncharted areas for another time, another life. I do feel sad.

After the physical inertia, I attempted to sit out this evening, but the midgies drove me back. Physically, an inactive day, but the creativity has been incredible.

18th: Once again, very hot weather. This time, I undertook a walk first thing, which I found a little tedious and tiring. I was eager to return to my compositions, which again took up much of the day. Keeping my mind focussed and occupied is helping me cope calmly with the very little time I have left.

Evenings are confined to the tent, as the midgies are out in full force. I won't be sorry to live without them.

Some further esoteric ideas came to light, and in the evening, I did a little carving in the tent. Very cold at night, but am sleeping well.

19th: Rain last night, and for most of the day. Thus another day in tent, composing. But my creativity has been less inspired today, and I now feel there is little to add to what has so far been accomplished.

When evening came, my lethargy lifted, and I felt strong positivity - a near happiness, yet one tinged with the burden of return. It seems so depressing to have to be, if only partially, a part of the machine of modern society and its stifling ways and laws. Yet there is J. So many mixed feelings coming to the surface.

I sat out tonight within the circle, when rain had ceased. The view was inspiring, and the ancient land enhanced the feeling recently experienced of my own mortality - the passing of human life in the blinking of a mountain's eye. This feeling is not negative, but liberating: I know life to be an opportunity. I know this with calm acceptance.

Writing this diary has, recently, ceased to be a help - it is now a petty burden: I no longer need or wish to express what I feel. Last full day tomorrow.

20th: Awoke just before dawn, to light rain. It felt good to be awake at that time, with the light, and birdsong, and deer.

I bathed, one final time, in the river valley, and spent a tranquil, if rather cold, time beneath an ash tree, washing, and sharpening my knife, and just 'being'. Further esoteric ideas surfaced - almost final pieces in a jig-saw. I returned to the tent to write.

The evening was marred by the midgies who held me hostage in the tent. However, as evening wore on, the temperature dropped and their activity ceased. I ventured out. As I crawled from the tent, I was confronted by a magnificent Satanic sunset: high up, red clouds; on the horizon, dark clouds, carriers of rain. The clouds created beautiful shapes, of creatures beautiful in their moment - but the shapes became forgotten as they changed into something else. It is the flow, the constant change that is real.

I stood in the circle, and undertook a simple and spontaneous oath of re-dedication. I chanted.

I do not feel sad now - I am ready to return to the world. I feel as if I have arrived at myself, after this long journey of my life so far.

I am very calm. When dawn appears with the first light of the Solstice, this rite will end. I'm not sure I quite believe it.

CB

Order of Nine Angles

Beyond the Adept

(This is an extract from a letter sent to an Internal Adept)

Several issues need to be addressed, such as is the ONA as exists at present, relevant to you, and indeed, relevant of itself, and also what is the meaning of Adeptship and beyond in supra-personal terms.

Let us consider whether there is - and must be - a supra-personal dimension to Adeptship and beyond, and if so, what is the nature of this in practical terms. That is, is it part of being an Adept - and especially of the grades beyond - to strive to change the world in some way? Or is there just a personal dimension to an Adept - that their goal is their goal and the world, and people, and the Cosmos, are basically irrelevant? Indeed, we might also ask are such "Grades" important anyway?

Personally, I do believe such Grades are necessary, still - and thus relevant. There may - indeed, should - come a time when they are no longer required, as forms, but that is a very long way in the future, given the nature of the majority of these beings named "humans". They are relevant and necessary as forms, as guides, providing a structure that is necessary, as a map is often useful in an unknown area, shortening the time required to get where one is going.

The answer to the supra-personal nature of Adeptship is already implicit in what an Adept is - someone who has developed aspects of themselves, and especially their abilities and consciousness. This development is outward, and involves empathy with living beings, with Nature and the Cosmos itself. There is thus an understanding of the individual in relation to these things, as there should also be the beginnings of a rational understanding of the world, of human nature, of "history" and our evolution and promise, as beings. The Adept therefore understands how certain forces (or energies) be they archetypal or whatever can affect individuals, and groups, and how certain forms can presence, and be presenced, to change individuals and groups. This is the beginnings of understanding the real magick beyond the low, external, results magick of Initiates and External Adepts, and this understanding imparts a certain desire in the Adept to produce causal changes - be the method of such production, such presencing, artistic, magickal, or whatever.

But is there a duty of change, of presencing, beyond this still quite personal desire, creativity or action-in-the-world? A duty of dialectic - of causing, provoking, or being the genesis of, larger-scale changes by supra-personal means? And if there is such a duty of Adeptship, then what, if any moral guidelines, should the Adept follow, especially given the empathy they have developed, or many have developed? Such questions really are the beginning of the move from Adeptship to beyond the Abyss - a sign that at a time not too distant in years, the Adept is moving toward the next stage.

As often, there are no clear answers - for each Adept must struggle outward to their own answers to such questions, for it is their answering, their struggle to so answer, which is important, not some given "teachings" or whatever. But there are some guidelines which, as often, may or may not help - and which may or may not serve as a dialectic, to provoke, to be balanced, countered, or perchance even agreed with, but only after much thought.

What are these guidelines? They derive from the nature of an individual, from the nature of magick - from the very meaning and purpose of the life of an individual. Our Way, of esoteric magick, gives some special, often unique, answers to these things, and it is these answers which differentiate our Way from that of other Ways, and especially from what have come to be called Religion and Politics (both terms are of course only reductionist, abstract, terms which describe certain causal projections onto the numinous matrix of the Cosmos). How do we view the individual? As one particular causal presencing of acausal energies. How do we view the purpose, the meaning, of that individual?

As one means of evolving - of accessing more and more of the acausal, through willed change, and thus as a means of positively interacting with the acausal, with the numinous matrix of the very Cosmos itself, which of course includes, Nature, here on this planet which is our home, and the beings we share this planet with. What is this "willed change"? It is true magick, which includes our seven-fold Way, and the various means of presenting the acausal which we have developed or learnt. The answer of our Way means that our duty, as beings, is to evolve ourselves - to seek to take the opportunity which our causal life is; to seek to develop that potential which is latent within us.

How then, in this context, do we view the other beings with which we share this planet? Before Internal Adept, the answer is seen as simple - they are means, which we can use to further ourselves, and the Cosmos, for that is their purpose, even though they themselves do not know this. Their purpose, according to us, is not to attain, a "happiness", or even some kind of "afterlife" in a religious sense. But Internal Adept provides us with that perspective, that empathy, which was often lacking - or rather, it should provide us with these things, as part of our own development. Thus, do we come to understand the true nature of such things as suffering, both personal and supra-personal, and this understanding may present us with some problems, especially when we view what seems to be the futility of bloody struggle, century upon century, thousand year upon thousand year.

Thus are we as Adept brought to questions such as - there must be a better way to evolve this human species, to change the matrix, without the waste, the suffering? What is this better way?

To answer questions such as these we must once again consider such things as the true nature of magick, and the true nature of Time, and the nature of evolution itself. Indeed, we should ask, is there - can there be - such a thing as evolution? Is that also just an abstract construct imposed upon the numinous matrix?

Thus we are led to consider the very nature of the Cosmos, of this numinous matrix. Again, our Way provides some answers, some guidelines. We view the Cosmos as a living entity, albeit an acausal one, and an entity which does not exist apart from us, as finite beings. That is, we as evolving, changing, beings are the evolution of this Being. Our consciousness, our magick, is the consciousness, the magick, of this Being. Thus, our change is implicit in our very nature, as is the truth that we possess the ability to change ourselves - for this is one of the most fundamental principles of our Way, of genuine magick itself. By our magick, our Way, we are bringing consciousness to the Cosmos - which is why of course our move outward, from this planet in the physical sense, is so important so we can access, understand, what is beyond, and thus make that known.

Yet this Being, which we are, is not the Being which other Ways have identified, or posited. It is most certainly not "God" - nor even the abstracted opposite of such an abstract construct. It is just what IS, as what IS exists: a summation of causal and acausal, far beyond our often silly abstract causal projections upon IT. We provide, or rather can provide, the forms to presence aspects of it - sometimes in myths, or a mythos (such as The Dark Gods) - but these are of course just beginnings, mere forms to be transcended; mere beginnings of the real magick which awaits for us. For, yes, to provide, to "create" such forms to presence IT, to propagate such forms and so change other human beings in diverse ways, is an Art, of genuine magick. Just as the dialectic of ours is an Art, albeit one much misunderstood.

This should begin to answer the question about "morality" and such things. One answer is that, yes, there is a way for us to evolve ourselves and others without the stupidities, the wastefulness, of the past - and this is the Way of our magick, of our own still evolving Way, which Way makes available to us all that we need to avoid the waste, the stupidities, of the past, as evident for example in the Seven-fold Way itself, with its Grade Rituals. This particular answer is to refine, enhance, the techniques, and make them known, thus enabling more and more individuals world-wide to begin the process of individual and supra-personal change. That is, to extend, evolve, our Way itself.

Yet - does this not imply a slowness? A significant change in an Aeon, or even more? Is it desirable for us, or some of us, to strive to speed up this process of human evolution, by for example, involving ourselves in using certain causal forms which may produce such speedy change? Or do such forms indeed produce speedy change? Is that merely an illusion? Such are the questions for each Adept to ponder, and answer.

Which brings us to the ONA. Is the ONA as existing at present still relevant? Does it need to change, perhaps some of its symbols, its own causal forms? If so, why? And how, toward what? Such are also questions which each Adept must ponder, and answer for themselves. One clue - is this ONA, as perceived by others and those of Adeptship and below, just an outer form which has a yet unknown inner essence? That is, is this essence hidden, awaiting the consciousness that is created beyond the Abyss? And if it is so hidden, why is this? Deliberate - or just part of its real nature, meaning that this nature cannot be apprehended below this Abyss, that it is unperceptible by those who do not possess the perception to perceive it with this new perception being developed over time by an Adept, propelling them toward the next stage? And is part of this real nature something which cannot be contained by any such causal form and so cannot even be named?

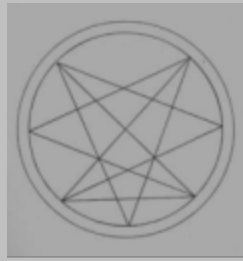
In Conclusion:

Such are some of the questions which arise, or which may arise, for an Internal Adept. And yet - what must be remembered is that all such questions are only questions; that Thought is merely Thought, and often a distraction to that real change, that real presencing of the sinister, that is part of our Way and which involves, as it always does and has done, action-in-the-world: that is, real acts, by the individual.

These acts are and must be - for an Internal Adept moving toward the Abyss and thus the next stage - beyond both the Light and the Dark, yet being both Light and Dark and yet containing the essence of the Sinister itself. If they are indeed moving toward the next stage, then they will understand this - or at least be moving toward this understanding.

Furthermore, those who withdraw from the Sinister, in all its Aeonic forms and presencings, as a result of answering such questions, have indeed withdrawn from our Way, and thus will not move-forward to the stage of Mastery.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles



Mysterium – Beyond The ONA

Given that the emphasis of the ONA is on practical deeds, people curious about or interested on the ONA often ask about what the ONA has actually done – what ONA people actually do – to change the world in a noticeable way.

As often, it is a question of perspective, of criteria used to judge. Of esoteric and exoteric.

Exoterically, perhaps the majority of our people are hidden and do not have an overt association with us, with Satanism, with the sinister or even with the Left Hand Path. Thus their practical deeds are adjudged their personal practical deeds or possibly associated with some outer causal form they themselves may be associated with, be that form political or religious or whatever. In addition, many of us do not have our homes or our place of dwelling littered with mundane Occult paraphernalia, and so there is nothing to connect us to such Occult activities were we ever to be 'investigated' by some mundane authority or other. Furthermore, some of our kind adopt professions in keeping with our and their sinister aims and which professions enable them to live in a more exoteric manner.

But this waffle by me aside, esoterically what requires mentioning is Aeonics, our Aeonian perspective. This means that our aims and goals are – viewed causally – quite long-term, measured in causal centuries, and thus it will take centuries for the affective and affecting changes to become manifest on the type of scale most use to judge such matters as causal aims and goals.

The second thing to mention is that our way is to breed a new human type, a new elite – and this begins with each one of us, each one of our kindred, changing themselves and engaging in life in a sinister way, in accord with their wyrd, by applying our methods, techniques, and so on. Thus and for example they can choose to use the technique of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, or apply the way of the Drecc (of tribes and gangs), or the way of the Rounwytha – or any or all of these – according to what interests them, what they find works for them, or whatever.

Thus, one outward sign – if one is interested in such mundane things – of our practical deeds are our people. Their change, their transformation by their association with the ONA and their use of the praxis of the ONA. And it is these people who by this very transformation of themselves – and what many of them will subsequently do in the

world of mundanes according to how the sinister mood takes them – that moves us toward our causally-understood aims and goals and which brings-into-being our new aristocracy spread over the world. A practical aristocracy which is sinisterly subversive not because it seeks to implement some abstraction in some causal time-scale or is motivated by some causal idealism (such as overthrowing some nation-State), but because it aids and enhances the lives of those belonging to it in practical and often material ways – for instance, in terms of influence, in terms of providing goods and services, and in materially rewarding loyalty and honour and service to its members and participants.

In effect, it is/will be an international group – bound together by certain rules, such as our Code of Kindred-Honour and viewing mundanes as a resource – formed of kindred local groups in various nation-States, whose members co-operate together, dispense their own justice, obey their own laws, and who aid and help themselves and others of their kind by whatever practical means they can, even if some of these means are viewed by some existing nation-State as ‘illegal’ or ‘criminal’ or whatever. In this sense, we are a new type of organization in the causal, a mysterium, and so might be called The Mysterium, or The Niners (or whatever) rather than The Order of Nine Angles.

In time, our organization may well acquire some covert political and social (or even religious) influence in one or some existing nation-States, by having our members in some influential positions, or by having some power over some of those in such positions. Or some of our tribes might develop in some locality sufficient to bring forth Vindex or someone similar with there thus being an overt challenge to existing mundane authority in that locality. And so on.

But what is not important are the details, the means, the tactics, the minutiae – that is, restricting, causal, forms and causally-limited abstract aims are not important. What works, works. What does not work will be abandoned. What is important is that the ONA – beyond its outer current causal name – is a particular sinister presencing, some-thing that now lives (is presenced) in the causal and thus is acausal sorcery manifest as a living kollektive and an ethos, so that it can and will assume and use and become whatever causal forms are necessary wherever on this planet such forms are or become necessary. Or expressed in another more familiar way – we are now a shapeshifting manifestation of acausal energy presenced in the causal. A collocations of nexions – individual, tribal – who ‘know’ their own kind and who are now actively seeking to assimilate others into our kollektive, not for or because of any altruistic or idealistic reason, but because such assimilation of others is now a function of our necessary causal being, in this Aeon.

By assimilate, do you mean assimilate mundanes?

One of our axioms is that we classify humans as either our kind or as mundanes. Our kind currently, and for some previous Aeons, amount to perhaps five per cent – the creative or the defiant minority who latently or by means of their pathei-mathos have a certain natural intelligence, a certain instinct, a certain type of personality, certain personal qualities.

Another of our axioms is that in general (with many exceptions) mundanes are made, not born, and that therefore perhaps a majority of human beings (though certainly not all) have the potential to cease to be mundanes. Most of course will never realize this potential, for a variety of reasons. A corollary of this axiom is that the children of mundanes have not as yet reached the age when mundanity becomes or could become fixed – their natural pattern of behaviour. Thus the reason why children in practical terms are exempt from being considered fair game, a resource, and why we consider certain activities by adults involving children – and certain proclivities, in adults, in respect of children – to be dishonourable and not something our own kind would do. For such things are one mark of mundanity – of those not able to or capable of controlling or changing themselves.

This axiom of potential within others is one reason why, in respect of culling for instance, we always give mundanes a sporting chance – to see if they can react in a non-mundane manner and so provide evidence of their potential to change.

Thus, yes I do mean assimilate – and change, evolve – those humans who are currently mundanes, which brings us rather neatly to our use of general tests to those who seek to associate with or join us.

I assume you mean here what some have, somewhat colorfully, called being mindfucked by the ONA?

Yes. In contrast, those who are naturally of our kind – and those who when challenged reveal they have the potential to develop to become of our kind – will be able to work their way through our Labyrinthos Mythologicus to the essence, the centre (and then be able to find their way out). As we have mentioned before, we have certain standards. If people do not meet these standards, they are not good enough, and we have no interest in guiding them. It is for others to find us, and prove themselves, not the other way around.

For instance, those who meet our esoteric and intelligence standards will find, discover, the clues we have left in many of our written works; as they will be able to see our fables, our causal forms, for fables and forms. They will see and perhaps laugh at some of the japes we have played on some people. In brief, they will be able to distinguish the esoteric from the exoteric, and mythos from practical exeatic living.

Let me give one simple – one very basic – example. Not that long ago we published an item which simplified Satanism to its practical, causal, core. There was thus a personal pledge by the aspiring Satanist, a code, and three fundamental principles. Very little in the way of traditional ceremonies or rituals or even words, since the core was the live in a particular way, *sans* the laws of the mundanes, where there is no law, no authority, no justice except that of the individual.

This item works on a variety of levels, some of which I will enumerate here. Thus, for some of those who might have the potential to be one of our kind, it is one possible beginning – to entice, to provide experience, to live exeatically, and so possibility at some time this might move some of these people toward a desire for more.

For some of those who are already of our kind (but may not yet know it) it is a sign, to what lies beyond such an outer form. An intimation of just why we produce and use such a form.

It is also a practical defiance of those who aid and support the mechanisms which keep mundanes in thrall – for those, for example, who support and aid existing nation-States and the mechanisms of control of those States (be such mechanism psychic, practical, or causal abstractions). For the flunkies of all nation-States do so hate and do find subversive those who believe and who practice the truth there is no law, no authority, no justice except that of the individual. Thus, if that item only influenced ten people in one nation-State in one year to change their way of life and live defiantly, outside mundane law, it would have achieved something in the causal, with no practical effort on our part.

It is also something that undercuts and undermines the pomposity, the pretentiousness, of already existing so-called ‘satanic’ groups, with their ‘temples and ‘grottoes’, their rituals, their books, their discussions, their self-awarded titles, and their old Aeon sycophancy.

Thus, people would react to this simple thing according to their nature, their conditioning, their potential. So it was/is fun, and useful, esoterically and exoterically.

But of course there are and have been, over the decades, far more complex, far more devious, challenges, tests, traps and obstacles, made and used by us for those ‘out there’. So many that one person even went so far as to sigh that for every ONA principle or piece of advice/guidance he came across there seemed to him to be another one which either confused the issue or was almost its exact opposite. Which of course of itself hints at a certain esoteric truth and the need for certain abilities.

You have recently been described as a weird combination of sinister ruthlessness and empathic sensitivity, which I guess makes you an unusual man. One person even described this combination as something of a dilemma in regard to making an assessment of you.

This is no dilemma, for the two aspects are not mutually exclusive – except to mundanes still in thrall to causal abstractions. One of the aims of our sinister Way is to develop the individual and so evolve the human species. Or rather, presence – to consciously bring-into-being – a new type, a new breed, of human beings.

This conscious breeding of a new species is a product of the acausal sorcery which is The Order of Nine Angles: a product of our mythos, our sinister praxis, our diverse ways of living, our kollektive, and which ways include that of tribes and gangs and of those who individually follow our Seven-Fold Way.

This is why we scorn and laugh at other Occultists, at others who believe they are following and using The Black Arts, and why we have contempt for others, and other groups, who call themselves or who are described as Satanists and/or as followers of the Left Hand Path. For these preening poseurs – these examples of Homo Hubris – lack the experience, the knowing, of the Unity beyond causal and acausal, beyond all

causal forms, and thus have no direct practical experience of both Light and Dark external and internal to themselves, and so cannot perceive and know such opposites (and they themselves) as but illusive causal forms, abstractions; as stages toward the necessary alchemical synthesis that brings-into-being our new type of individual and our new ways of living.

These Occult poseurs lack this sensitivity – the natural, esoteric, empathy that for example a following of our Seven-Fold Way and rites such as that of the extended Grade Ritual of Internal Adept develop in the individual, and which empathy, which sensitivity, is manifest in our Rounwytha tradition. A sensitivity which is just one of the many qualities possessed by those who have indeed undertaken what traditionally is termed The Passing of The Abyss. They – these Occult poseurs – also lack, of course, practical direct experience of the sinister, having never transgressed the laws of the mundanes, never taken themselves in practical ways truly beyond good and evil; never felt that exeat joy when, testing themselves almost to death, they have triumphed and survived.

But in truth, I am nothing unique, just one phenotype: one intimation perhaps of a different human breed; one example of ONA sorcery in the causal and thus presenced, for now, on one planet we call Earth. Just one temporary stage between some-thing in some causal past, and something-else in some causal future – and thus some-thing fallible to be surpassed, in the framework of our causal Time and our dwelling on this planet.

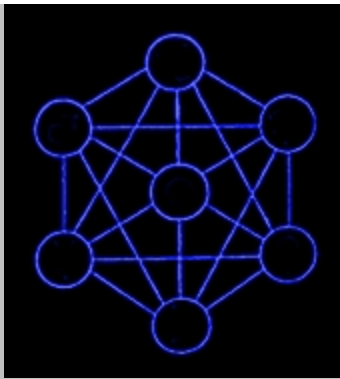


Anton Long

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Feyen



Toward The Sinister Mysterium

Editorial Note (July 2011 CE): Below are answers to some questions submitted to Anton Long over the past few months by a variety of individuals.

How do you understand the relationship between the sinister way and the numinous way?

Here I shall assume that by 'sinister way' you refer to the complete esoteric philosophy and praxis of the ONA (including its mythos) rather than to the practical 'seven-fold sinister way' as a method of esoteric training from Initiate to Adept and beyond.

One way is an intimation – a presencing – of what is conventionally (if incorrectly) termed The Dark Forces and thus of certain energies/influences/archetypes within the psyche of the individual.

The other way is an intimation – a presencing – of what is termed the numinous, and thus of what is conventionally (and again incorrectly) termed The Light Forces.

Hence, they both express an aspect of the acausality (that I/we assume exists) beyond our causal perception, and thus intimate and can manifest what lies beyond the mundane reality of phenomenon we experience by means of our physical senses and by the causal learning acquired from others and by the abstractions (the theories, *-isms* and *-ologies*) we have manufactured over millennia to try and understand ourselves and Reality.

If one desires to place both in the context of terms used (incorrectly) by many Occultists, then one Way re-presents the LHP and the other the RHP – although that is not how our Adepts understand them.

For us, they re-present two different types of 'acausal knowing' and when these two types of knowing are combined (that is, acquired, learnt from personal experience not

from books or from someone else), one has the apprehension of Reality that lies beyond what is conventionally termed The Abyss – that is the perception and the understanding of a genuine Mage [aka Grand Master/Grand LadyMaster], and which perception and understanding is the genesis of wisdom, and a knowing, an understanding, of all causal forms (including so-called conflicting opposites) as just limited often distorted causal forms of The Essence beyond them.

Part of this wisdom is a knowing of the reality of what we signify by the term Aeons, and thus a placing of the individual human being – and human beings in general – into a Cosmic perspective. [Where by the Cosmos is to be understand the totality of the causal continuum and the acausal continuum.]

Of course, what we understand by a Mage is very different from what other esoteric groups and traditions understand by the term.

In somewhat oversimplified esoteric terms one might describe the relation thus – (1) the Sinister (LHP) Way are types or modes of apprehension applicable to those who, while following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way as a system of training and individual development, have not yet reached the stage beyond Internal Adept; (2) the Numinous Way is a type of apprehension, complimenting the former, which apprehensions (plural) those beyond Internal Adept acquire and meld with their former (LHP) modes of apprehension to begin the esoteric/alchemical process of (re)unification that forms the essence of what is known as The Passing of The Abyss.

What we call an Internal Adept acquires the beginnings of that specific acausal knowing (modes of acausal apprehension) during the Rite of Internal Adept – that is, spending three months in solitude in an isolated location, and by using such techniques as The Advanced Star Game. Traditionally, this type of acausal knowing was ‘the knowing’ of the Rounwytha, who were a few individuals (often women) who were naturally gifted with certain abilities deriving from their faculty of empathy, and which empathy encompassed what we now term Nature.

What The Sinister Way – in its casual/acausal totality – does is make this knowing of those few gifted individuals available (at least potentially) to all human beings, and thus enables them to proceed Beyond The Abyss and become almost a different type of human being, not in terms of low-level sorcery (external or results-sorcery) and the like, but in terms of understanding, knowing, of *being*, of Aeonic sorcery – in terms of being wise and having, manifesting, a reasoned, individual, unique, judgement.

Obviously, both of these apparently diverse ways have significance and possibly value in their own right (that is, exoterically) – and thus are or can be an affective and effecting means of change for various, diverse, individuals (not involved in Occultism) over decades and centuries, and thus contribute in their own manner to some of the changes I understand as necessary for us as a species.

Thus, like all Ways or forms that presence The Unity beyond the illusion of causal conflicting opposites, they have both an exoteric and an esoteric meaning and purpose. Also, just like individuals beyond a certain Occult stage of understanding and experience who of necessity has experienced in a practical manner the Light and

the Dark, both Ways can easily be misunderstood.

When some mundane or other huffs and puffs about having taken over or owning the ONA, why don't you ever release a statement about such matters?

For two basic reasons. First, as I wrote in a recent reply to someone:

I personally do not assume any direct authority, nor make 'pronouncements', nor ascribe any grandiose title to myself. I just let things develop, in their own natural ways in their own species of causal Time, and occasionally pen a few of my own intimations based upon my own reflexions and experience, which are only my own fallible reflexions and my own poor attempts to explain – and which words, which intimations, can and should be surpassed by others and are thus not imbued with any kind of grandiose or pretentious 'authority'.

Second, because there is no necessity since if someone presents themselves as ONA or claims to own it and some people are duped by such things, and mistake such fakes for us, then it just reveals those people for the mundanes they are.

Such things – such pretenders – are and have been expected, and are a useful test. A test of the sinister numen/charisma of the ONA; of its growth and influence; and test for those who are interested in the ONA, or rather interested in the Way, the living tradition, we represent.

For such pretenders are a sure sign of our growth, influence, and sinister charisma. Just as if some individuals are duped by these pretenders and their groups, then those individuals are not of us; they do not have the potential to become part of our family, and thus such pretenders, such fakes, save us some trouble and can provide us with some amusement at their expense and at the expense of such easily duped individuals.

Those who are of our kind will find us and know us even if we do not name ourselves or describe ourselves by some term. Just as we have and will continue to teach our Way – *sans* a name and restrictive terms – person to person, generation following generation.

Also, as I have said and written several times over the past few years, no one now controls or owns the ONA – or can control or own the ONA. For it is a sinister kollektive of nexions, a cooperative, disdainful of copyright, dogma, restrictions, and hierarchy. In truth, it is a new type of organism – partly causal and partly acausal, and thus a living, changing, evolving, long-living entity which no one finite fallible mortal with a limited causal life-span can control, contain, or own.

Dreccs/Niners – who now increasingly re-present what was known exoterically as the ONA – do not depend on me, or on any one person. Just as the tradition I inherited did not depend on, or need, a name – and indeed had no name for centuries. It was just an inherited way, a reclusive tradition, part of a particular folk culture, passed on aurally.

Our outer name is therefore not that important; indeed esoterically it is irrelevant, and a causal Time will arise in this Aeon when the outer, exoteric, name I gave to the tradition as I expanded and developed it – the ONA name – will no longer be required. Names by their causal nature restrict, and our essence – which sinister-empathy reveals – cannot be so restricted.

You say the ONA is the exoteric name. There is therefore I presume an esoteric name?

Yes, and no. No there is no such esoteric ‘name’ since it is not a name as mundanes understand names, but yes in that what there is expresses something of our acausal essence. No – because it is an actual presencing of an aspect of the acausal, as a particular esoteric chant, correctly performed, is, as for example I tried to outline, in respect of esoteric chant and the ‘names’ of acausal entities, in the *Esoteric Chant as Language* section of my essay *Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities*.

Yes there is an esoteric name – because like The Star Game, it is a new type of language devoid of the subject-object division implicit in current language. An illustration might be a mathematical equation, which represents some physical phenomena. Thus, if someone asked what ‘gravity’ was, the reply might be:

$$F = G \frac{m_1 m_2}{r^2}$$

That is, the equation describes or re-presents what ‘gravity’ is and the explanation does not involve words, but symbols.

Similarly, if someone enquired who and what we are, the reply might be in our numinous esoteric language, using the numinous symbols of one of our new *mysteriums* – such as a combination of images, music, and so on.

This takes us far far beyond the causal apprehension that a name such as The Order of Nine Angles imputes, just as before that name our way was re-presented in such things as a living Rounwytha and in The Ceremony of Recalling rather than in a given name or by some single symbol or sigil. The tradition was the Rounwytha, for example.

You have mentioned the mysterium several times recently. What exactly do you mean?

To be precise, we should perhaps write sinister-mysterium, of which there are various types. Some already exist, some are in development, and more will be manufactured in the future.

All manifest the acausal, in their different ways. One type of mysterium is a new esoteric form, a performance, which supersedes Occult ritual, both ceremonial and hermetic, and which employs, among other things, moving images and a new type of music.

The Esoteric Star Game – when used with a specific aim over a period of causal Time, as for example in star mapping as outlined in *The Grimoire of Baphomet* – is another type of mysterium appropriate to our New Aeon.

Basically, our mysteriums take us beyond both Old Aeon sorcery and Old Aeon language, and two aspects which they all share are: (1) that they all involve the presence of and an interaction with a living human being or beings (and are thus an alchemical symbiosis), and (2) that they are not overtly Occult or overtly associated with some existing or past *-ism* or *-ology* because such associations imply a certain duality and a bland causality, which means they cannot be described by any single old-style term or word, such as Satanism, or even the LHP. For they are what they are – a living wordless presencing, and are to be experienced, be part of our living, rather than blandly described in limited causal Old Aeon words.



Anton Long

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Fayen

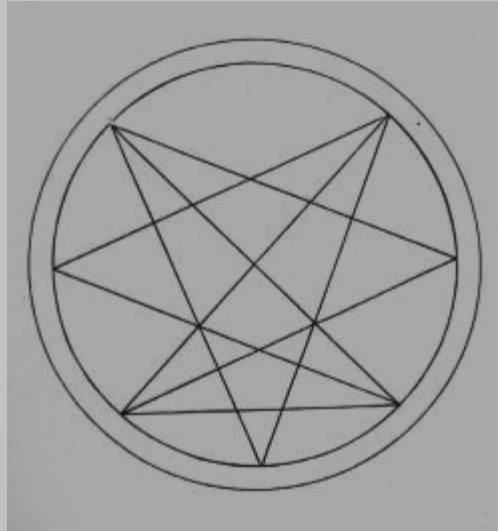
ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos



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$$F = G \frac{m_1 m_2}{r^2}$$



The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has n number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being*. This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can

gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develop, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develop, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develop our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

- (1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;
- (2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;
- (3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, but rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and

acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan - or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet - as conventional "gods" or "goddesses" are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal

thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles



Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".

[Order of Nine Angles: Frequently Asked Questions](#)

[How To Be A Satanist](#)
(pdf)

[Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism](#)

[Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way](#)

Defending the ONA?

There has been some debate over the past decade about the traditions of the ONA. Some people have accused the ONA of "copying" various things - for example from Crowley - while some have claimed that the ONA system itself is flawed.

Before examining some of these claims, several things about the ONA should be understood.

Aims of the ONA

One of the basic aims of the ONA is to create genuine Adepts - that is, individuals who question, who are rational; who possess genuine magickal skills; who have gone to and beyond their own limits. Essentially, the ONA is a LHP organization - there is no morality; no limits; no sycophancy. In fact, the ONA in its essence is profoundly anarchic, and may be said to preach and practice genuine anarchy. The ONA system, such as it is, is for only limited guidance, on a direct individual basis, to be given. The novice, the Initiates, are expected to learn by trial and error, by practical experience.

The championing, by the ONA, of such things as National Socialism, is part of the Sinister Dialectic - a means, one causal form limited to a certain causal time, not the essence of the ONA. Those who cannot understand the difference have totally misunderstood the essence of the ONA, and genuine sinister magick itself.

The Septenary System

The ONA never claimed to have "invented" the Septenary system - only to have made public various aspects of it; and to have extended it in some particular ways.

According to the ONA, the works of Robert Fludd contained some allusions (note: *allusions*) to the genuine Septenary tradition, as did some alchemical MSS.

The Septenary system, as revived by the ONA, is basically contained in NAOS, which is a practical guide to simple external magick (i.e. basic sorcery), appropriate to a novice and an External Adept. That is, such a system, as given in such ONA MSS is itself only a beginning - to such things as the Star Game, which is a new form of magick, appropriate to our times, and which in its advanced form captures the real essence of the nexion that is conventionally described, in noviciate terms, as the Tree of Wyrd.

Part of the Septenary system is the Tree of Wyrd. In essence, this is a 4 dimensional image, or re-presentation - not a 2D one.

What does appear to be original - as published by the ONA - are such things as the Wheel of Life, as given in NAOS, The Star Game itself, the explanation of magick as a willed presencing of acausal energy (for a simple explanation of this, see NAOS) and Insight Roles.

Grade Rituals

Again, the ONA never claimed to have "created" the system of Grades, or magickal training itself - only updated them,

and made them practical, and efficacious, as in the case of Internal Adept.

Crowley et al

The main criticism of Crowley, by the ONA, is that he used the distorted qabalah based ("Magian") system, and thus did not represent the genuine Western esoteric tradition, which esoteric tradition was Septenary based.

Further criticisms of him included his misunderstandings of Aeons, his use of dead archetypal forms (e.g. Ancient Egyptian) and his general egotism, which according to the ONA indicated a lack of the insight of a genuine Adept.

Aeonics

One aspect of the ONA system which is original, *in its esoteric form*, is Aeonics - that is, a conscious understanding of the Sinister Dialectic. However, the ONA made it clear that this conscious apprehension of theirs is built upon the work of others, especially Toynbee and Spengler (see, for instance, Myatt's *Vindex - The Destiny of the West*). This acknowledged debt is evident in the ONA use of the Spenglerian term Magian.

Oral Tradition

The ONA admit there is no written evidence whatsoever for the existence of their oral tradition, and what has been recorded, is to be believed or not, according to what an individual wishes to believe. However, the ONA make it quite clear in many MSS that each novice is expected to be highly critical of all traditions, and use reason and practical experience to help them judge such traditions.

The oral tradition included Esoteric Chant, Insight Roles, legends about the Dark Gods, and the use of crystals, be they tetrahedron shaped or otherwise, in conjunction with sound vibration.

Terms Used

The ONA uses a rather specialized terminology, and defines some terms, such as archetype, and psyche, in a somewhat different way to their generally "accepted" definitions. This usage, by the ONA, can lead, and has led, to some confusion among novices and others.

Some particular terms used by the ONA include - Aeonics, the Sinister Dialectic, nexion, presencing, External Adept; Internal Adept; acausal.

As for the use of the term archetype - the ONA define an archetype as a particular presencing of acausal energy, which presencing is limited in causal time. This is in contrast to, for example, the definition given by Jung. That is, an archetype is akin to a living being: it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it dies (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

The Dark Gods and Lovecraft

Yet again, the ONA never claimed to have "invented" or made public for the first time, the legends about the Dark Gods, just as they acknowledged the work of Lovecraft in making known the tradition. However, the ONA do claim that Lovecraft had access to only part of the genuine tradition regarding them.

The "names" given for various entities, in such works as NAOS, are useful symbols (note the words *useful symbols*) intended for Initiates. That is, they are not re-presentations, in the causal, of what are essentially acausal entities who/which cannot be described in causal terms, but which *may* be better apprehended/re-presented in part via genuine vibration/chant. *The ONA make it quite clear that it is for the Initiate to discover if this is indeed the case - via practical experience.*

Nine Angles

The ONA use this term to refer to what is represented by the elements of the Star Game - the nine aspects of the three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness.

Thus, the ONA use the term nine angles in specific esoteric way unrelated to the use of that term by any other group.

Specific Criticisms of the ONA

1) That the ONA's Tree of Wyrd (ToW) is related to or somehow derived from Crowley's "hexagram" figure or "square of nine".

Several points here:

- a) That hexagram figure is not even original to Crowley, and was, and is used, by esoteric Taoist groups, especially those deriving from Wu Tang mountain, and as such it has a long history, of a thousand or more years.
- b) That this figure is purely 2D while the ToW is 3-D and only an approximation of a true (causal) representation, for which see the advanced Star Game. To relate such a 2-D image, by whomsoever and whensoever it was derived/created, to the ToW shows a basic misunderstanding of the ToW. [To be precise, it should be stated that the ToW is 4-D, where the movement of the pieces in The Star Game represent some aspects of causal time. However, very few will understand what is meant here.]
- c) The ONA use the figure (as given in NAOS) in Martial Arts training (Physis) and in Esoteric Chant, and never claimed it was their "creation".

2) That the ONA copied Nazarene (and other) chants, such as the Dies Irae, and just changed a few words.

This claim shows a basic misunderstanding of magick, especially of both sympathetic magick and the technique of mimesis (qv. mimicry). Mimesis in its basic form is to mimic, and/or adopt and change, with sinister intent, some work/text/ritual/music or whatever and to capture, alter and use the energies that the original form may have used or captured. A classic example here is the genuine Black Mass, which is a mimesis of a Nazarene Mass.

3) That the Tarot used by the ONA is not original - specially that the Christos Beest Tarot is not original.

Yet again, this shows quite basic misunderstandings - in this case of what the Tarot itself, and of artistic creation.

It is stated quite clearly that each Initiate should ideally create their own Tarot images - and that the forms given in such works as NAOS are only basic, causal, guides: one basic means of one type of basic magickal working. That is, they are but learning forms - to be used, and learnt from, and then transcended. Following such a learning experience, the Initiate is then in a position to create their own apprehensions in the causal terms of images. It is the magickal

working that the images are "gates"/nexions to that are important, not the details of the images used. That is, the images are merely magickal props, a device to access certain acausal energies.

Furthermore, the Tarot itself - by whomsoever produced/created in the form of images - is only one, low, causal manifestation of such energies. An imprecise one. To fully apprehend such energies, further experience and workings are required. That is, the Tarot itself is but a stage - for the beginner.

4) That the ONA somehow "copied" or "stole" the use of the tetrahedron from Crowley.

The only reference to a tetrahedron given by those who write such criticisms about the ONA is to one image in Crowley's Tarot cards. There is no proof whatsoever that Crowley knew about the use of the tetrahedron in a magickal way - that is, quartz, and sound vibration and esoteric chant.

The ONA tradition in respect of the tetrahedron is quite specific - the use of a large quartz tetrahedron in conjunction with esoteric chant and/or sound vibration. Indeed, there is no non-ONA Occult or esoteric literature extant which mentions this tradition.

Furthermore - and of great importance vis-à-vis the ONA detractors - the ONA do not claim and never have claimed that they created or invented this tradition regarding the esoteric use of a crystal tetrahedron. Once again, the ONA are merely recording - for the first time it seems - a hitherto secret Western tradition. They do not claim it as their own. This older tradition is mentioned in a specific ONA MS. There is a Latin quote, taken from an Alchemical MS, which the ONA reproduce in their MS *Copula cum Daemone*. This particular ONA MS has indeed made it onto the Internet - but beware, like of lot of older ONA MS it was electronically scanned by a non-Adept who did not proof read it and who obviously did not know any Latin, for there are scanning errors aplenty. Those who really want to know, can seek out copies of the original (there are three, to my knowledge) or learn Latin (hint -both classical and medieval) or even take it to someone who does know Latin and have them correct the scanning errors.

Conclusions

It should be quite obvious that those who have criticised the ONA as enumerated above show either a basic lack of understanding of the ONA, and/or a basic lack of magickal understanding, or both. A lot of the claims made against the ONA are based on hasty assumptions made by people of little esoteric knowledge who thus reveal their lack of genuine magickal training.

In addition, it needs to be made clear, yet again, that -

1) Every Initiate is expected to work many things out for themselves, that the ONA is only a guide; *it is practical experience, self-insight, and self-honesty, which matter.*

2) The information made available by the ONA to public domains - such as the Internet - does not represent the sum total of ONA MSS. Much of the oral tradition remains unrecorded; and some MSS, although available to Initiates and Adepts, have not for practical and other reasons yet been made publicly available. A few MSS have also been lost, and a few exist only in limited, private, editions.

3) That there are some tests which the novice and Initiate are expected to undergo, and that sometimes such tests - to bring a certain self-insight and self-honesty - can be in the form of riddles, or deliberate "mistakes", or fables. Two classic illustrations here.

First, in the days of typewritten letters, sometimes letters might be sent out with a word spelt in an unusual way, or containing deliberate spelling mistakes. Sometimes, the grammar was also unusual. Those who could not see beyond the outer form (the words; the syntax, and so on) to the essence (always contained quite clearly in such letters) so

obviously failed, restricted as their apprehension was by the norms of their own times, by their own preconceptions, by "society", or whatever.

Second, in the quite olden days when little public information about the Dark Tradition was available, an Adept might arrange to meet an aspirant novice. On occasion, the Adept might appear not to keep the appointment (often outdoors in some difficult to reach place) - but would of course be around, observing. Sometimes, the Adept might just "bump into" the person and pretend to be someone else. There were of course many variations on this theme. But the point was to test the person - their commitment; especially their desire to seek; their intuition. That is, things were made difficult, quite often; sometimes things were made confusing for the aspirant novice, and even for the Initiate and the External Adept. In the case of our example "meeting" - the Adept would wait to see if they were contacted again. If they were not; the person was quite obviously not sincere, not sinister, enough. Sometimes the Adept might promise some sort of ritual - only to let the person down "at the last minute". Yet once these initial tests were over, and a commitment made by the person, they would be guided.

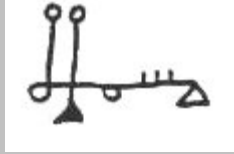
Need it be written that some information available on the Internet might be, or could be, part of some "test"?

4) That a great deal that could be written, about traditions, tests, and the likewise in respect of the ONA, has been written - in *The Deofel Quartet*, and the recent *Dark Trilogy* by Anton Long, which after all are but instructional texts, to learnt from, and to be surpassed.

DarkLogos

River Isis Nexion (115)

(Revised Jan 116)



Our Law of The Sinister-Numen

We, and our tribes – we, The Drecc – are at war with the mundanes, and with their States and governments, desiring as we do to replace the tyranny of mundane abstractions by our sinister-numen, and desiring as we do to replace their States and governments, and their laws, by our new tribal way of life based on our law of the sinister-numen, which law of ours is personal honour.

The Law of The Sinister-Numen

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
120 Year of Fayen

The Magickal Art of the Deofel Quintet

The Deofel Quintet - the original Deofel Quartet plus *Breaking the Silence Down* - were designed as Instructional Texts for novices beginning the quest along the Left Hand Path according to the traditions of the ONA.

As such, they are not - and were not intended to be - great, or even good, works of literature. Their intent was to inform novices of certain esoteric matters in an entertaining and interesting way, and as such they are particularly suitable for being read aloud. Indeed, one of their original functions was to be read out to Temple members by the Temple Priest or Priestess.

In effect, they are attempts at a new form of "magikal art" - like Tarot images, or esoteric music. As with all Art, magickal or otherwise, they can and should be surpassed by those possessing the abilities. If they have the effect of inspiring some Initiates of the Darker Path to creativity, to surpass them and create something better, then one of their many functions will have been achieved.

Anton Long
115yf

[Introduction to the Deofel Quartet](#)

The Magickal Art of The Deofel Quartet:

A Basic Introduction

The works collected under the title “The Deofel Quartet” were written as instructional texts for members of a Black Magick group (The order of Nine Angles). As such, they deal with certain esoteric matters relevant to Novices and those who have begun to follow the path of Black Magick and Satanism.

While the form chosen is fictional, it is not that of a “conventional” novel. Instead, a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that not only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but also sought to involve the unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions – of, for instance, characters and locations – are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such “missing details”: partly from their imagination and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and projections.

This form also had the added advantage of making the works interesting to listen to when read aloud in a group setting. This new form may be considered as an extended “prose poem”.

While each work is self-contained in terms of “plot” and “characters”, they all deal with the varying insights attained by those following the darker path to esoteric enlightenment, as well as with those practical (i.e. real-life) experiences which form the basis of genuine magickal training and which explicate real sinister magick in action.

Each work deals with (although not always exclusively), a certain type of magickal/archetypal energy – and thus is connected with one of the spheres of the septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, in the instructional sense, each work explicates particular archetypal forms as those forms affect people in real life. Naturally, quite a few of the forms so explicated are dark or sinister.

It is suggested that the novice first reads the texts as though they were just entertaining fiction – and then, after so reading them, begin a detailed study of the texts, guided by the notes below and by their own initial reactions to and impressions of the individual works.

In order to guide the interested reader and student of the Occult Arts, some “*Themes and Questions*” concerning the Quartet were included as an Appendix to the first edition of volume One of the Quartet.

Responses and Critical Analysis:

Each novice reading the Quartet should try and analyze their response to it – the feelings, expectations, points of agreement and disagreement and so on which arise from reading it.

A first reading will be sufficient to show the works of the Quartet are Satanically subtle – i.e. they are not blatant “horror/Black Magick” stories and neither are they pornographic. They are also not akin to the amoral diatribes of other writers – e.g. de Sade.

Instead, they are intended for those of discernment, those who can see beyond mere appearance and affectation – i.e. they are aimed at Satanic novices: those who wish to know and who seek to question, those who wish to discover secrets (often about themselves).

As explained elsewhere, they deal with problems a novice following the Left Hand Path might be expected to come across or be familiar with – both in terms of their own development/feelings/expectations, and in terms of real sinister magick. Such magick is, for the most part, subtle and esoteric – it is hidden and bears little, often no, resemblance to what most people (and some Initiates) consider magick to be.

Hence, those who turn to the Quartet hoping to find the kind of cheap and sensational thrills often associated (in the herd-mind) with “Black Magick” stories and “horror” will be disappointed. The Quartet is not intended for such sensation seeking, uncritical and weak individuals – it is instead intended to instruct Satanic novices in some esoteric aspects of their craft; to aid their own understanding and sinister development.

Falcifer concerns Initiation and the gathering of Satanic experience. It also deals with the Dark Gods – revealing some esoteric knowledge. The energies which give form to the story are concerned with the first sphere on the Tree of Wyrð – magickal form “Night/Nox” ; Tarot images – 18, 15, 13; Alchemical Process – Calcination.

The Temple Of Satan also concerns the Dark Gods – but it deals mainly with emotion on the personal level, particularly “love”: how a Satanic Initiate of some experience encounters and deals with this

emotion. “Love” of this type is a stage, to be experienced and transcended. For a Satanist not yet achieved Adeptship, this feeling is often a snare, a trap – which they can fall into, thus ending their sinister quest. It is about feelings and desires which are often still unconscious – about making these more conscious, controlling them and transcending them. Third sphere on Tree of Wyrð. Magickal form – Ecstasy. Images – 6, 14, 17. Alchemical process – Coagulation.

The Giving concerns “primal Satanism” – and a more subtle magick and manipulation than the previous works. It is a story based on fact – on real life happenings and real people. It reveals a real Satanic Mistress in action – someone quite different from the “accepted” notion of a Satanic Mistress. Spheres – Third and Forth. Forms – Ecstasy/Vision. Images 7,12,5,6,14,17. Processes – Coagulation/Putrefaction.

The Greyling Owl (the title is significant, although never explained in the work itself) concerns the second sphere, and the magick here is even more subtle and esoteric than in the previous work, *The Giving*. It requires an understanding of individuals as those individuals are – a subtle changing of them. Magickal Form – Indulgence; process – Separation; Images – 0, 8, 16.

Objectivity:

In all the works of the Quartet, “the other side” (i.e. those with conventional “morals” and little or no esoteric understanding) is shown in context – moral individuals are described and things seen from their point of view. *It is vitally important for a novice to be able to be detached* – to see things and people as those things and people are. Only thus can they learn judgement and discover how to work esoteric sinister magick. Such detachment is necessary – and its cultivation is part of Initiate training. It is the aim of the Quartet to cultivate this ability – and the self-criticism which is part of it. This “criticism” is a self-awareness, a self-knowledge. Thus, some characters in the Quartet and the views and attitudes they express may provoke the Satanic Initiate into disagreement and possibly discomfort. This is intentional. The novice should analyze why they react as they do – and why they expect certain things/certain views/certain outcomes.

In short, the works in the Quartet are entertaining instructional Satanic Texts – and those who are prepared to spend some effort in understanding them will discover many layers, and so learn.

(Note: Plot spoilers follow)

Falcifer :

This MS deals with overt magick in a magickal setting – Temples, rituals etc. It describes Satanic initiation from a Satanic viewpoint, and the tests etc. a novice may undergo as well as the awakening awareness appropriate to a novice.

It also deals with the Dark Gods – describing them and the magick which brings the process that returns them to Earth.

Of all the MSS of the Quartet, it is the most easily understood, although it does contain some hidden/esoteric meanings. These, however, are explicable since the perspective of the MS is overtly Satanic.

Temple of Satan:

This also has an overtly magickal setting, but deals with the stage beyond that of a novice; i.e. someone who has been involved for some time and who has developed certain magickal skills – e.g. manipulation.

Melanie is the archetypal Satanic Priestess: sexually alluring, using her sexuality to manipulate and captivate, enjoying some delicate pleasures (e.g. sadism). But, as a true Satanist, after some time she becomes bored by the routine. So unconsciously at first, she seeks after something else: and is drawn toward Thurstan, against her better Satanic judgement. She is “drawn” because she still has to gain a deep self-understanding – because there are still aspects which remain unconscious and powerful in her psyche (relating to the “numinous” power of love etc.) Gradually, she falls in love – but is she herself being manipulated toward this by Saer? And if so, why? (Consider the crystal he left with Thurstan for her to find and read). Saer is “beyond the Abyss” – an image/symbol of Aeonick magick as against Melanie’s external and internal magick.

But she gradually understands the purpose here – to propel her toward the next stage of the sinister journey, and to provide a child who because of her own sinister abilities and the apparently non-sinister abilities of Thurstan will have special qualities. That is, the child will be beyond opposites (as e.g., symbolized by Melanie and Thurstan).

Toward the end, Melanie is presented with a choice – love, or her Satanic duty/destiny. She chooses the later, and her magick is restored.

Claudia is a complication for Melanie – a further test/distraction. Does her love cause her lover's death? Pead and Jukes, representing old aeon magick, try to keep Melanie and Thurstan apart – because with him she can work aeonic magick, to the detriment of the old order and “the light”.

The Giving:

This MS has several esoteric strands and several overt meanings. Lianna is a Mistress of Earth (note: stages beyond Melanie in “Temple”) and it is her duty to undertake The Giving – a rite of human sacrifice.

As a Satanic Mistress, Lianna uses magick in a subtle way, as benefits her status. This magick is esoteric (e.g. empathic) but she also directly manipulates others, although in a subtle way. Consider how she draws/attracts Thorold to her: sending Sidnal to him with books, visiting his shop as a customer...

Lianna requires two important things: an offer, and someone to father her heir. The MS describes her attaining these goals.

Mallam is a recent initiate – enjoying as all good Initiate should, overt magick and evil. He involves Rhiston in his games. Lianna however presents Mallam with a choice – finely and subtlety presented. She advises him that his activities are not conducive to further advancement, for she understands he has become ensnared by some of his desires, rather than enjoying them and then discarding them to rise beyond them and so attain self-insight and mastery. However, he sees her hints “morally” – he misinterprets them because he cannot see what she is trying to do; i.e. he shows no Satanic insight. The reader is shown this from Mallam's perspective – like Mallam should, a certain discernment is required to see beyond the outer appearance to the essence. (This sudden change of “perspective” occurs in the MS several times, as it does many times in other parts of the Quartet. The reader should often ask: what is really going on here? A critical judgement is required because often characters and what they may do/say are not what they seem; i.e. the real intent/magick is hidden.)

As it is, Mallam's lack of insight means he believes Lianna is making a “moral” point, and he openly breaks with her.

Following this decision by Mallam, Lianna provides him with a test, a new opportunity to prove his worth or otherwise. She sends her Guardian, Imlach, to him – unknown to Mallam, of course – with a secret MS. Again, Mallam fails to realize what is happening – he cannot see through Imlach. Instead, he is overwhelmed by unconscious desires: material greed, lust for power. Rather than controlling, and using his desire for some purpose, he lets his desire control him. He goes to Lianna's village – and again fails, because he cannot recognize the young woman as a Priestess of Lianna's tradition: he sees her as dull, easily manipulated. Thus, he shows he has no genuine magickal insight or abilities.

Hence he becomes a candidate for sacrifice. Basically, he chooses himself – he is not chosen because of his “evil” activities. They merely provide a fail-safe to deflect attention from his disappearance (when the rite is completed): no one in “conventional” society would miss him/mourn him or worry about his disappearance.

Lianna also tests/manipulates Thorold. Does she also manipulate Monica, and her death? Or is she genuinely annoyed when Thorold becomes involved with Monica? Is this a further test of Thorold? Certainly for Lianna, Monica's death or removal is necessary – or it seems to be. Lianna has drawn Thorold into her world – and changes him, for he is captivated by her: in a sense, in her power. He has qualities which she judged would make him a suitable person to father her child.

The MS ends with an unasked question: what is to be Thorold's fate when his purpose has been achieved? That is, when he has fathered her child. Will he be an offer, or will he become part of her tradition? Clues to the answer are given at various points in the MS. Also, is Lianna a Satanist?

Certainly, she does not seem to be – there are no “Satanic” rites, no invocations to Satan. At one point she says she belongs to an older tradition. Does she say this for a reason? - To deceive? She certainly represents a primal darkness: and is a genuine Mistress of Earth....This raises the question as to what genuine Satanism really is: a question answered, in fact, by Lianna's actions as described in the MS from its beginning to its end.

The Greyling Owl:

This is the most esoteric and therefore the most difficult MS to understand – at first reading – and when viewed by conventional/accepted ideas of Satanism/Black Magick.

This shows real magick in action on several levels: manipulation, empathic, forms (e.g. music), images, and via opening psychic nexions within individuals.

Essentially, the MS deals with the changes wrought in the lives of Mickleman and Allison, and how these are made to aid the sinister dialectic – i.e. sinister aeonic strategy, to aid the presencing of sinister energies in the causal and so bring/provoke change to the benefit of the sinister, aiding evolution.

The magick here is that appropriate to an Internal Adept and beyond, while the energies described (the outerform) are symbolic of a particular sphere on the Tree of Wyrð (Mercury), although other energies are sometimes involved/intrude.

This magick is far removed from external magick and thus rituals/robes. This magick means a working with individuals as those individuals are - a subtle re-orientation of their consciousness/lives.

Mickleman is gradually changed, and brought into an influential position – the Professorship – without him realizing this is occurring, in the magickal sense at least. He believes he is still in control of his own Destiny – and it is important not to undermine this belief, except insofar as a certain self-insight is obtained. He must have assurances of his abilities, this confidence to fulfill what is his “hidden” wyrð. He becomes aware, on terms he can cope with/is familiar with (and this is important), of certain archetypal aspects which will be important for his future professional development/standing. These aspects, by which he will influence others in a non-magickal way by “seeding their minds”, will aid the sinister dialectic. Part of this would be through academic work (aided by insights attained during his “manipulation”) and part by his own life style: his “decadent” past and his future deriving from the past – both would influence others, providing inspiration and thus changing others in certain ways. Also, it is hinted that he may be useful in other ways.

Alison also is changed - realizing that power of music to transform. Again, her aims, dreams, hopes, etc. are described from her own perspective, from her own “moral” view of the world. However, her fundamental insights are “provoked” via the subtle magick/influence of

Edmund. Further, the future forms she creates/uses, while having the appearance of conventional forms (and perhaps a moral content), will achieve and aid the sinister (or at least most/some of them will). She herself will see her aims in terms of her own perspective: often “morally”, without fully realizing what she and her work are achieving – opening nexions, and presencing dark energies to influence/infect others.

This arises because she has been influenced/directed by magick in a specific way: to access a nexion within her own psyche. (All this is a very important notion to understand – and marks the insight appropriate to those who aspire to go beyond the stage of novice. It reflects genuine magick in action). Her thoughts/actions etc. (as others) are often “morally” described.

The dark interior life of both Edmund and Fiona (and thus their real aims) are hidden – i.e. not overt, as generally befits a Master and Mistress. Such Adepts generally work esoterically – they do not fit conventional Satanic role-models. In their different ways, Edmund and Fiona live in the ordinary world in an “ordinary” way – they are real shape-changers who blend into their surroundings. This enables them to work sinister magick effectively. Further, Edmund possesses no trappings normally assumed to be part of his station – he has no wealth, no power, no obvious influence. His Satanic power is internal, hidden – it is insight, wisdom, and magickal skill of a rare kind. This skill allows him to work magick on – to manipulate – others (and thus the world) as those others are – in the confines of their own roles/image for the most part. Fiona’s magickal work is often more overt – e.g. using her sexuality to advantage, but her real magick is still hidden. Thus the MS describes real Adepts at work, using genuine magickal skills, and thus moving toward the next stage of their esoteric development.

A note concerning “Breaking The Silence Down”

This MS is often regarded as making the Quartet into a Quintet. It is similar in its magick to The Greyling Owl – although the background is Sapphism.

Basically, Diane – who already possesses an intuitive awareness of primal darkness and thus of those forces sometimes named as Satanism – is led toward self-discovery and a magickal partnership.

She has an insight into the female persona/strength (after the attempted rape) and discovers a power of music to capture the essence hidden by appearance.

She is seduced by Rachael, who uses music (her piano playing) as a magickal act. Apthone is the archetypal immature product of this age and its societies: swayed by desires and using petty manipulation to achieve lowly goals. When he becomes a threat to Diane, he is dealt with by those who desire her, magickally and sexually (Rachael and Watts). Is his accident purely chance? Or is someone, or two, watching over Diane? In the end, Rachael wins Diane. She is an hereditary sorceress – carrying on her grandmothers' tradition (thus missing a generation: Rachael's mother). This tradition thrives in a certain part of the countryside near where Diane lives.

As in "Greyling", the perspective is often that of the characters involved: i.e. events/thoughts etc. are seen through their eyes, with their (often moral and conventional) understanding/attitudes. *This gives (or should give, to the discerning reader) an appreciation and understanding of these people as they are – and how magick affects them, usually without them being aware of it.* It requires the reader to suspend and transcend conventional Satanic/sinister notions (which are often only the outer form of what is Satanic/sinister rather than its essence). Thus can genuine magick to be understood – as the works themselves should aid the understanding of how forms/energies etc. affect/change individuals, often unconsciously. All this should aid the self-insight of the novice/Initiate reading them.

Anton Long
ONA

First issued: 1992 e.n.
This corrected version (v.1.01) issued 119 Year of Feyen

Falcifer - Lord of Darkness

(Deofel Quartet, Volume I)

Anton Long

Order of Nine Angles

First issued 1976 e.n.

This corrected text (v.1.01) issued 119 Year of Feyen

Prologue

The chant rose towards its demonic climax:

Agios o Atazoth! Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus...

There was no wind on the high hill to snatch the chanted words away, and the naked dancers twirled faster and faster around the altar under the moonlit sky of night, frenzied from their dance and by the insistent beat of the tabors.

The two red-robed cantors sang their Satanic chant to its end while, nearby, Tanith the Mistress, as the elder prophetess, uttered words for her Grand Master to hear: "From the Circle of Arcadia he shall come bearing the gift of his youth as sacrifice and key to open the Gate to our gods..."

Swiftly then to the ground the circling dancers fell almost exhausted: ruddied by Bacchus the Great and the force of the dance as, around the altar on which Tanith writhed, the orgy of lust began...

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I

Hull, East Riding of Yorkshire, late 1960's (e.n.)

The room was dark, although the candles on the altar had been lit, and Conrad could dimly see the witches preparing for the ritual. Their High Priestess wore a scarlet robe and came toward him, her bare feet avoiding the circle painted on the floor and the bowls of incense which not only filled the room with a sweet smelling perfume but also added to its darkness.

"Please", she said to him, pressing his hand with hers before re-arranging her long hair so it fell around her shoulders, "do try and relax."

Then she was moving around the room, dispensing final directions to the members of her coven. It all seemed rather boring and devoid of real magick to Conrad and he began to regret his acceptance. He felt uncomfortable dressed in a suit while the others wore robes.

"Nigel!" he heard the Priestess shout, "please do not place our book on the floor!" She retrieved her copy of the *Book of Shadows* and placed it on the altar before ringing the small altar bell. "Let us begin." she said.

She stood in the centre of the circle, the four men and two women around her, raising her hands dramatically before intoning her chant.

"Darksome night and shining moon, harken to our Wiccan rune. East then South then West then North, harken to our calling forth..."

She was twirling round, and beneath her thin robe, Conrad could see her breasts. He found her sexually alluring, and followed her movements intently. Perhaps, he thought, it would not be so boring after all... suddenly, the candles flickered and spluttered. There was no breeze as cause and the sudden darkness was unexpected. Conrad could sense the High Priestess near him but his groping hand could not find her body.

"What is it?" he heard a nervous male voice ask.

The incense became thicker, and several of the coven coughed.

"There is nothing wrong - really!" came the confident voice of the Priestess. "Nigel - do light the candles again."

Nobody moved. A light appeared above the altar, red and circular. It began to pulse before moving up to swoop down and burn one of the coven. The victim fell screaming to the ground while the light moved to rest above Conrad's head, suffusing him with its glow.

He could see the High Priestess frantically making passes in the air with her hands and mumbling "Avante Satanas!" as she did so. But her words and gestures had no effect on him, for she was only an ineffectual Priestess of the Right Hand Path while he knew in that moment he was chosen.

Then the pulsing light was gone, and the candles once more lit the room.

"The lights! Will someone turn on the lights!" Her voice was strained, and Conrad smiled.

The coven gathered behind her in their protective circle as if for comfort. "Go, please go," she asked him. "You are no longer welcome here. I sense evil."

"Yes," Conrad replied, "I will go. But I will return." He stepped toward her and kissed her lips but she drew away. "You are very beautiful," he said, "and are wasted here."

The coldness outside the house refreshed him so that he remembered he had forgotten his coat and that a number 65C bus would take him back to his University. The sodium lit streets seemed to possess an eerie beauty in the darkness of winter and as he walked slowly along them, the sense of the power he had felt became just a vague yet disturbing unease.

A bus disgorged him near the campus and he wandered along the concrete paths that entwined the University without noticing the man following him. He recalled Neil's challenge to his skepticism about witchcraft and magick, the invitation his friend had quickly arranged to the coven meeting and his own laughter. It would be interesting, he had thought, and he would watch with scientific detachment while the simple souls indulged their sexual fantasies under cover of the Occult.

Several times he stopped as he remembered the sensual beauty of the High Priestess, the rich fragrance of the incense, his kiss, and several times he turned around, intent on returning to her house. But the power, the arrogant assurance, he had felt in her house as the strange light suffused him with its glow was gone, and he was only a first year Undergraduate studying science, awkward and shy with women.

Instead, he walked to the house near the campus which Neil shared with some other students. Neil was pleased to see him. They sat in his room while in the house loud music played.

"You're back early," Neil said, and smiled.

Conrad wasted no time on trivialities. "I want you to tell me about magick."

"You're seriously interested, then?"

Conrad thought of the High Priestess, her voluptuous body, and said, "Yes!"

"Well, as you know, I have some little interest in, and knowledge of, the subject."

"So - the aim of the sorcerer is to control those forces or powers which are Occult or hidden from our everyday perception?"

Neil seemed surprised. "Yes, exactly. Have you been reading up on the subject?"

"No."

"Then how - "

Conrad shrugged his shoulders. "It was an obvious and logical deduction."

Neil smiled. His own background was artistic, his home the city and port from which the University derived its name, and he had met the gaunt-faced Conrad a month before while distributing leaflets on campus. Conrad had read the proffered document and, in the discussion that followed, demolished its content logically and effectively. The earnest young man, dressed in a suit in contrast to the casual clothes of all the other students, had impressed him.

"Basically," Neil said, "magick symbolizes the various forces, sometimes in terms of gods, goddesses or demons, and sometimes in purely symbolic forms. Knowledge of such symbolism forms the basis of controlling them - according to the desire or will of the sorcerer."

"I see."

"Of course, some people believe such entities - gods, demons and so on - exist in reality, external to us. Others believe such forms are really only part of our sub-conscious and our unconscious. In practical terms, it does not matter which: the means of gaining control are essentially the same."

"So, where is all this symbolism?" He pointed at the rows of books in the room.

Neil handed him one. "That gives the essentials of ceremonial magick. It is based on what most Occultists believe is the Western tradition of magick."

Conrad glanced through the book. "Which is?"

"The Qabalistic. The Occult world and the forces within it are represented by what is called the Tree of Life which consists of ten stages or sephira. Each sephira corresponds to certain things in the world - human, divine, and of course demonic."

Conrad looked directly at him. "Most Occultists, you say? Then what do you believe?"

Neil was not surprised by Conrad's insight. "There is another tradition - a secret one."

"Which is?"

"It has many names."

"I'm sure. Are you going to tell me or not?"

"I have only heard of it second-hand so to speak. It is a sinister tradition - some would say Satanic. It is based on a division of seven as against the qabalistic ten. Hence one of its names - the septenary system."

"And you have details of this system?"

"I know some people who know a group who use it."

"And through such a magickal system one could obtain one's desire?"

"It is possible, yes."

"Then when can I meet them - these Black Magickians?"

II

"So you are the Black Magickian I have heard so much about?" Conrad gave the man a disdainful look before sitting in the proffered chair.

The room, like the man, was not impressive. Dreary paintings hung from drab walls and a human skull lay atop a pile of paperback books containing horror stories.

"Some call me a Black Magickian." The man was dressed in black and wore a medallion around his neck bearing the symbol of the inverted pentagram. "Your friend Mr. Stanford informed me of your interest in the Black Arts. There are rumours about you."

"Is that so?"

"Why have you come here?" the man asked.

"You hold certain meetings."

"Possibly."

"Meetings which attract a good many people."

"Sometimes."

"One of which will be held here, tonight."

"For a neophyte you are exceptionally well informed."

Conrad smiled. It had taken Neil only a week to arrange the meeting, and he used the time well. "I wish to attend the ritual."

"You must understand," the man said, "we have certain procedures. For those who want to become Initiates. A testing period."

"Quite so. But you would not have agreed to see me this evening at this hour if it was not your intention to allow me to attend."

As if to reflect on his answer, the man lit a small cigar, allowing its smoke to billow round him. "You may attend the first part of the ritual. The second is, I'm afraid, for Initiates only. And then, afterwards, should you wish, we shall talk further about the matter." He stood up. "Come, you must meet some of our members."

He was led into a back-room of the spacious house. The windows were covered with long black drapes and the walls were painted red. A large wooden table, covered with a black cloth, served as the altar upon which were lighted black candles, a sword, several daggers, silver cups and chalices. In one corner of the room stood an almost life-size statue of a naked woman in an indecent posture, reminding him of a Sheila-na-gig. Around the altar the members had gathered in black robes, but they did not speak to him and he was left to stand in his suit by the door while the magickian walked toward the altar. He took up the sword, struck it against the dagger, saying 'Hail Satan, Prince of Darkness!'

The congregation echoed his words, raising their arms dramatically while he removed the robe from a young woman before helping her to lie naked on the altar. She was smiling as she lay, her taut conical breasts rising and falling in rhythm with her breathing and Conrad watched her intently.

One by one the congregation came forwards to kiss her lips.

The magickian kissed her last, turning to face his congregation saying. "I will go down to the altars in Hell."

They responded. "To Satan, the giver of ecstasy."

"Let us praise our Prince."

"Our Father which wert in heaven, hallowed be thy name, in heaven as it is here on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and desires and deliver us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom

for aeons and aeons!"

The magickian inscribed in the air with his left forefinger the sign of the inverted pentagram, before saying, "May Satan be with you."

"As he is with you."

"Let us affirm our faith."

In union, they pronounced their Satanic creed. "I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth and in one Law, Chaos, which triumphs over all. And I believe in one Temple, our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which triumphs over all: the Word of Ecstasy! And I believe in the Law of this Aeon which is Sacrifice, and in the letting of blood for which I shed no tears since I give praise to my Prince the fire-giver and provider as I look forward to his reign and the pleasures to come in this life!"

The congregation continued their litanies in a similar vein while the magickian made passes in the air with his hands over the body of the woman upon the altar. He was chanting something, but Conrad could not hear what it was, and he watched as the magickian raised a chalice over the woman, deliberately spilling some of the wine it contained over her body. He showed the chalice to the congregation before placing it between the woman's thighs. Then one of the congregation came forward to stand by the altar and chant.

"I who am mother of harlots and queen of the Earth: whose name is written by the agony of the falsifier Yeshua upon the cross, I am come to pay homage to thee!" She kissed the woman upon the altar.

Then there was something in her hand which Conrad could not see, but she too made passes with her hands over the naked woman, chanting while she did so. She held up to the congregation what Conrad assumed to be a host.

"Behold," she said, "the dirt of the Earth which the humble shall eat!"

She laughed, the congregation laughed, and then she threw the host, and others which she held, at the congregation who trampled them under their feet. "Give me," she said to the woman upon the altar, "your body and your blood which I shall give to him as a gift to our Prince!"

The magickian was beside her as the woman on the altar raised her legs into the air. But two of the congregation ushered Conrad from the room. Outside a woman waited.

"I am called Tanith - at least here!"

Conrad stared at her. Her grey hair was cut short, accentuating her features and her clothes were a stunning blend of indigo and violet. There was beauty in her mature features and a sexuality evident in her eyes. "I'm sorry?" Conrad said.

"Come, let us talk."

She led him to a comfortable room where a warming fire had been lit, deliberately sitting close to him.

"Your impressions of the ritual," she asked directly.

He had recovered sufficient to say, "Too much pomp and not enough circumstance."

"Humour, as well. A most pleasing combination! What is it that you seek?"

"Knowledge."

"Like Faust? Do you also wish to sell your soul to the Devil?"

"I do not believe there is a soul or a Devil to sell it to."

"And what you have seen, here tonight? Is it what you are seeking?"

He had felt there was no real magickal power in the ritual, no mystery to enthrall, nothing numinous to attract him. There had been only the trappings of sex and what had seemed almost a boredom in the satanic invocations, and he had begun to realize as he watched and waited that he wanted something more than sex. He desired a return of the power he had felt a week ago at the beginning of the wiccan rite. The satanic ritual had disappointed him - but Tanith intrigued him.

"I must admit," he said, "I was disappointed."

"But I interest you."

"I - "

"Why be embarrassed? It is a perfectly natural feeling." She smiled, and moistened her lips with her tongue. "But first to other matters. I could introduce you to a Master who could instruct you. For you, like everyone need to learn. Are you prepared to learn?"

"From someone I can respect."

"Unlike our friend Sanders tonight."

"Yes - unlike him." It was Conrad's turn to smile. Tanith's perfume seemed exotic to him, and he found it difficult to avoid looking at her breasts, partly exposed by the folds of her unusual clothes. "So this evening's entertainment was just a charade?"

"How acute of you! And such hidden talents. But not a charade, exactly."

"An inducement?"

"For some: those lacking your talents." She leant toward him. "Tomorrow, you shall meet the person you are seeking. There will be a price to pay, though."

Conrad was dismayed. "I have no money."

"I was not thinking of money."

"What then?"

"Such innocence!" She leant closer, so close he could feel her breath upon his face and see the fine lines around her eyes. Then she was kissing him. He was so surprised he moved away.

Suddenly, she understood. "You've never done this before, have you?" She touched his face gently with her hand. "Well, I'd better make it memorable then."

Outside, in the darkness, it had begun to snow.

III

Conrad lay in his bed a long time. Dawn was breaking, but he possessed no desire to rise quickly and run, as had been his habit for years, five or more miles before his breakfast whatever the weather. Neither did the prospect of lectures excite him any more. Instead, he felt languid and satiated. Tanith had taken him to a bedroom in the house wherein their passion had flowed to ebb slowly in the hours after midnight. Her departure was sudden, the house empty, and he was left to walk back to his own college room through the snow-covered streets of the city, happy and pleased with himself.

He was still thinking about Tanith when someone knocked on the door of his room. He dressed hastily.

"Conrad Robury?" asked the tall well-dressed man.

Conrad was suspicious, for the man kept nervously glancing around. "Who wants to know?"

"I'm Fitten. Paul Fitten. You are in danger. Grave danger!" He gestured toward the briefcase in his hand. "It's all in here. If only you will listen. Please, I must talk with you."

"About what?"

"Those Satanists! They want to make you their opfer! You are in danger! I do not have much time. Look," and he opened the briefcase, "study these books, please. Take them."

Reluctantly, Conrad took them.

"They are after me," Fitten said, glancing around. "They want to stop me, you see. Read the books, it is all in there. I shall call again. But they are coming - I sense them coming near. I must go now! Here, my address." He gave Conrad a printed card. "We must talk soon."

Fitten rushed along the corridor and down the stairs.

Alone again, Conrad sat at his desk to study the books, curious about them. The first book was entitled 'Falcifer - The Curse of Our Age' and was printed on shoddy paper in a small and unusual typeface. The title page bore no details of the publisher only the words 'Benares, Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Three' and the author's name, R. Mehta.

'Falcifer,' the book began, 'is the name they have chosen. Working in secret, even now they are planning his coming. He is the spawn of Chaos, the leader of those dark gods which even Satan himself fears. For centuries his secret disciples have deceived us and are deceiving us still, for he is not the Beast...'

"Darling," Conrad heard a voice behind him say, "are you ready?"

Tanith came forward and kissed him. "Come, leave your books - I have need of you."

The invitation pleased Conrad, and he forgot about the books, Fitten and everything else. Only Tanith was real, and he surrendered himself to his passion. Afterwards, she dressed herself quickly saying, "We must go. The Master is waiting."

"Of course."

She touched the three books Fitten had bought and, one after the other, they disintegrated into dust.

"The books! - " Conrad began.

"They are not important. We must go now." She threw him his clothes.

He walked beside her, surprised but pleased when a chauffeur ushered them into the luxury of the waiting car. Several students turned to look, and Conrad was secretly proud.

The car took them from the city and along country roads to the tree-lined and long driveway of an impressive house. A fierce looking and very tall man with the build of a wrestler opened the car door, and Conrad followed Tanith up the steps of the house and into the hall. He was led through doors and elegantly furnished passageways to a verandah where a man sat reading.

"Welcome," the man said, and indicated the chair beside him. "Welcome Conrad Robury. You are

most welcome in my house."

Tanith shut the door to leave them in the cold outside air.

"Come, sit beside me," the man said

His beard was neatly trimmed, his dark clothes thin and seemingly unsuitable to the weather. His voice had a musical quality with a veiled accent that Conrad could not identify, but it was his eyes which impressed Conrad most.

"You wish to learn?"

"Yes," Conrad replied, shivering from the cold, although he tried not to show it.

The man smiled. "I am called Aris - at least here! Tell me, Conrad, is it a return of the feeling which you felt after a certain - how shall we say? - well-endowed lady began her wiccan ritual?"

Conrad was amazed at the man's knowledge of his inner feelings.

"Perhaps," Aris continued, "you are beginning to understand that it was not change that brought you here. Perhaps, also, you are beginning to realize that you may have found what - or should I say whom - you are seeking. Do you, then, wish to learn from me the Art whose secrets you believe I know?"

"Yes."

"And you wish Initiation?"

"Yes I do."

"You have a special Destiny to fulfill - and I shall guide you toward the fulfillment of that Destiny. Are you then prepared to accept whatever conditions I may make?"

"Yes."

"You appear unsure - which is good. It is only fitting that you are apprehensive. Our path is difficult and is only for those who dare. The ritual of your Initiation will take place soon, and afterwards you will begin to study our way. But you should understand that, as from yesterday, your experiences are formative and part of your quest - it is for you to understand them."

It had begun to snow again, and Conrad was shivering from the cold despite the elation he felt at being accepted. There was a knock on the door that led to the verandah, and Aris the Master smiled.

"Enter!" he said.

Tanith entered and Aris rose to greet her with a kiss. "You have met my wife, of course." he said to Conrad.

"Your wife?" Conrad said as he also stood, suddenly warmed by the shock.

"Yes, darling!" Tanith said, and kissed Conrad's face.

Conrad was perplexed but the Master said, "See, how profitably you have spent the last twelve hours. Already you are beginning to learn. You see, I know what has occurred between you and Tanith." He laughed. "There are no Nazarene ethics here!"

"In fact," Tanith added, "no ethics at all!"

"Come, Conrad, I have a present for you: a gift of your Initiation."

It was a somewhat dazed Conrad who followed Aris to another room. On a couch, a dwarf with a pugnacious face was apparently asleep.

"Conrad Robury, meet Mador your guide."

At the sound of his name, Mador sprang up, did a somersault and landed near Conrad where he gave a mock bow.

"Charmed, I'm sure!" he said.

"A word of warning - he is a fool," Aris said.

"Bah!" Mador replied. "Ignore him - he's a liar!"

"Show Conrad the house," Aris said.

"Yes, Master," replied Mador, bowing and winking at Conrad.

Aris left them alone. "You are Conrad," Mador said. "Well, I shall call you - Professor! Come!"

The passage that led away from the room was long, adorned with oil paintings and antique furniture. He was shown a small laboratory, the library, the many bedrooms on the floor above, each decorated and furnished differently. Some seemed luxurious, others austere and a few quite bizarre with walls like trapezoids and no windows. The gardens around the house were large with well-tended lawns and Mador pointed to the dense wood that formed their boundary at the rear.

"Not at night," he said breaking the silence between them and shaking his head, "not alone."

"Why not?"

Mador ignored the question. "The cellars! I forgot the cellars!" And he hit himself on the head.

The door to the cellars was locked, and Mador kicked it in anger.

"What does Aris do?" Conrad asked.

"The Master? Do?" replied Mador perplexed. "Why, he is a Magickian!" he cupped his hand to his ear, listening. "Come Professor. It is time. Yes, it is time!"

"For what?"

"For the Professor. She is calling me."

Mador led him to a dining room. "She waits," he said indicating the door, and left him. Tanith was in the room, seated at the table where only two places were laid.

"Sit, here beside me," she said to him.

"Won't your husband be joining us?"

"The Master? Why, no!" She rang the silver hand bell.

A maid came to serve the hors d'oeuvre. Conrad thought her very pretty, but she refused to look at him.

"Did you enjoy your tour?" Tanith asked him as she elegantly devoured her melon.

"Yes - and no."

"Why no?"

"I was still thinking - about you and me and your husband."

"We are different, as you are learning."

"So he does not mind?"

She smiled. "What do you think?"

"I think I'm beginning to understand."

"Excellent! You will be staying here, with us, of course for the next week, few weeks or whatever."

"I had not thought about it. My studies - "

"They are more important to you than the goal you seek? Than the pleasure you find with me?"

"Of course not."

"Whatever belongings you wish to have around you will of course be brought here from your present lodgings."

"And if I didn't want to stay?"

"You are free to go any time." She rang the bell, waiting until the maid completed her duties before speaking again. "However, should you leave - there can be no returning."

"I see."

For some time they ate in silence. "How long might my stay be?" he finally asked.

"However long it takes."

"A test of my desire for Initiation?"

Tanith smiled. "Possibly. Do try the wine, an excellent year. Or so I am told."

"I don't drink alcoholic substances."

"Really? How extraordinary!" She drank from her own glass. "Judging by last night and this morning you do not seem like a Buddhist to me."

"It be-clouds the senses?"

"Buddhism?"

"No - wine and other such beverages."

"Or relaxes them!" She raised her own glass. "To Bacchus the Great!" The glass was soon empty. "I suppose," she said lasciviously, "the cultivation by you of one vice at a time is sufficient - for the moment!"

Conrad sighed. He felt he was being manipulated to some extent; but he also felt he did not care. His memory of his passion with Tanith was strong.

"Can I see you tonight?" he asked. "I mean - "

"I know what you mean," she said softly. "I'm sure it can be arranged. Such youthful vigour!" She closed her eyes. "To paraphrase a certain French author - 'The pleasures of vice must not be restrained.'" She rang the bell again. "You will have a rather full afternoon and evening, I understand."

"Doing what?"

"Oh, various things. You have not eaten very much."

"Bit excited, I suppose."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, please."

The maid returned to whisper into Tanith's ear. "Come," Tanith said to him.

By the outside door in the hall, the wrestler stood holding a man by the arms. Conrad recognized him. It was Fitten.

"Alright, Gedor," Tanith said.

The wrestler nodded his head and released Fitten.

"You must get away!" Fitten shouted at Conrad. "They are cursed! They want you as their - "

Tanith gestured with her hand and Gedor's fist knocked Fitten over, bloodying his face. Conrad saw Tanith smile.

"Escort him away," she said to Gedor, "and lock the gates."

She closed the door. "Fitten will not bother us again."

"You know him then?" Conrad asked, surprised.

"Yes, we know him. He calls himself a White Magickian. Runs a group of sorts in the city. You are in demand, it seems."

"Must be my natural charm!"

She did not respond. Instead her eyes betrayed no emotion.

"The Master awaits you. In the library. Go now." She turned and walked away.

In the library Conrad could see no one. The room was dim, and he was about to open one of the shutters that had been closed over the windows when he heard a voice behind him.

"Be seated," it said.

He saw no one, but sat at the table. Behind him he heard footsteps.

"Do not look round," the voice like that of the Master said.

"Your Initiation will be tonight. Are you prepared?"

He was not, but did not want to say so. "Yes," he lied, trying to convince himself.

"After the ritual of your Initiation there will be a task for you to complete. But now you must meditate".

The sudden blow enfolded Conrad in darkness.

IV

Conrad awoke in darkness. His neck ached, and he was lying on a hard surface. On both sides he felt a cold, rough wall. The mortar between the bricks crumbled as his fingers touched it. No sounds reached him, and the steel door that sealed him in the cell would not open.

He lay for a long time, thinking about his life, Tanith, the Master and the Satanic group to which he assumed they belonged. Once and once only he felt afraid, but the fear soon passed as he remembered how Neil has spoken of the tests of Initiation. The darkness and the silence soon worked their magick upon him, and he fell asleep.

The loud click awoke him, and he rose to see the door swing slowly open, spreading a diffuse light into the cell. He waited, but no one came. Outside, stone steps led up along a narrow passageway and he climbed them slowly. The passage led to a circular room whose light was emanating from a sphere upon a plinth in the centre and, as he stood watching the light pulse in intensity and change slightly in colour, he felt the room begin to turn. Was he being deceived - or was the room really turning? He could hear a distant, sombre chant and smell a rich incense, and was surprised when the movement stopped and what he thought had been a wall part to reveal a large chamber below.

Steps led down to where black robed figures stood around a stone altar. The Master was there, and Tanith, clothed in white, and she gestured to him. Somewhere, drums beat and cantors sang a mesmeric chant in a language unknown to Conrad. Tanith was smiling, and he walked down and

toward her.

"You," Aris the Master said to him in a voice that was almost chanting, "have come here, nameless, to receive that Initiation given to all who desire the greatness of gods!"

Two figures whose faces were hidden by the hoods of their robes came forward to hold Conrad and roughly strip him until he was naked.

"You have come," Aris was saying, "to seal with an oath your allegiance to me, your Mistress here, and all the members of this our Satanic Temple."

Tanith came toward him, and kissed him on the lips. "I greet you," she said, "in the name of our Prince! Let the Dark Gods and His legions witness this rite!" She turned to the congregation. "Dance, I command you!! And with the beating of your feet raise the legions of our lord!"

The Master was chanting something, but Conrad could not understand it.

"Drink!" Tanith said to Conrad, offering him a silver chalice.

He did, draining the wine until the chalice was empty.

"Gather round, my children," Tanith said, and the congregation obeyed to enclose Conrad in their circle, "and feel the flesh of our gift!"

They came towards him, smiling, and ran their hands over his flesh. Conrad was embarrassed, but tried not to show it. One of the congregation was a young woman and she stood for what seemed a long time in front of him so he could see her face enclosed within the hood of her robe. He thought her beautiful, and she ran her hands over his shoulders, chest and thighs before caressing his penis, smiling as he became erect. Then she was gone, enclosed again within the circle of dancers and he found himself held by strong hands and blindfolded.

He could hear Tanith's voice, the chant, and the dancers as they moved around him.

"We rejoice," Tanith was saying, "that another one comes to seed us with his blood and his gifts. We, kin of Chaos, welcome you the nameless. You are the riddle and I an answer and a beginning of your quest. For in the beginning was sacrifice. We have words to bind you through all time to us for in your beginnings, we were. Before you - we have been. After you - we will be. Before us - They who are never named. After us - They will still be. And you, through this rite, shall be of us, bound, as we are bound by Them. We the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess this rock we call this Earth."

Then the Master was before him. "Do you accept the law as decreed by us?"

"Yes, I do," Conrad answered.

"Do you bind yourself, with word and deed and thoughts to us the seed of Satan without fear or dread?"

"Yes"

"Then understand that the breaking of your word is the beginning of our wrath! See him! Hear him! Know him!"

The dancers stopped, and gathered again round Conrad to briefly touch him.

"So you," the Master said "renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver, and all his works?"

"Yes, I do."

"Say it!"

"I renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver and all his works!"

"Do you affirm Satan?"

"I do affirm Satan."

"Satan - whose word is Chaos?"

"Satan - whose word is Chaos!"

"Then break this symbol which we detest!"

A wooden cross was thrust into his hands, and he broke it before throwing the pieces to the ground.

"Now receive," the Master continued, "as a symbol of your faith and a sign of your oath this sigil of Satan."

Tanith gave the Master a small phial of aromatic oil, and with the oil Aris traced the sign of the inverted pentagram on Conrad's forehead, chanting 'AgiOS o Satanas!' as he did so. Aris held Conrad's arm while with a sharp knife Tanith cut Conrad's thumb, drawing blood which she spread over her forefinger to draw the sigil of the Temple over his heart.

"By the powers we as Master and Mistress wield, these signs shall always be a part of you: an auric symbol to mark you as a disciple of our Prince!"

"Now you must be taught," he heard Tanith's voice say, "the wisdom of our way!"

Two of the congregation came forward and forced him to kneel in front of her.

"See," she said, laughing, "all you gather now in my Temple: here is he who thought he knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for his cunning! See how our strength over-comes him!"

The congregation laughed, and he felt his hands being bound behind his back. For a second he felt fear, but it was soon gone, replaced by anger and he tried to wriggle free from his bonds.

"A spirited one, this!" he heard Tanith's voice mock. "Listen!" she said to him. "Listen and learn! Keep your silence and be still!"

Conrad strained to hear. There was a rustling, a sound which might have been made by bare feet walking over stone, the chant ending, and then finally silence. He lay still even when he heard someone approaching him as he lay on the floor of the Temple. He felt a warm hand softly touching his skin, felt a woman's naked softness next to him and smelt a beautiful perfume. He did not resist when soft arms moved him to lie beside her, and he began to respond to her kisses and touch.

"Receive from me," the woman whispered, "the gift of your initiation."

Bound and still blindfolded, he surrendered himself to the physical passion she aroused and controlled, and his climax of ecstasy did not take long to reach. When it was over, she removed the cord which bound his hands and then his blindfolded. Conrad recognized the young woman who had caressed him earlier. On the altar lay a black robe and she gave it to him before ringing the Temple bell.

The sound was the signal for the congregation to return, and each member greeted Conrad, their new Initiate, with a kiss. Chalices of wine were handed round and he was given one. He sipped it while around him an orgy began.

"Come," Tanith said to him, "we have other duties."

She led him out of the chamber, through a passage and up well-worn stone stairs to a wooden door. The door was a concealed one and led into a hut. Outside, it was night, but the snow-scattered light illuminated the woods, and he followed Tanith through the snow, shivering from the cold. She did not speak, and he did not, and it seemed to him a long walk back to the house. Inside, it was warm and smelt vaguely of incense.

"Rest now," Tanith said, and kissed him.

He held her and caressed her breasts.

"I have to go," she said without smiling. "Gedor will show you to your room."

Conrad was surprised when out of the shadows Gedor stepped forward, grim-faced.

The room he was led to was unfurnished except for a bed, but it was warm and Conrad soon settled himself under the duvet to read the book that lay upon the pillow. 'The Black Book of Satan' the title read.

The first chapter was called 'What is Satanism' and he was reading it when he heard strange, almost unearthly, sounds outside. He drew back the curtains and to his surprise found they concealed not a window but an oil painting. It was a portrait of a young man dressed in medieval clothes and he stared at it for some time before realizing it was a portrait of himself. It bore a signature he could not read, and a date which he could: MDCXLII. "1642" he said to himself. The colours of the painting seemed dulled a little with age, the canvas itself cracked as if to confirm the antiquity of the portrait.

The strange sounds had stopped, and were replaced by loud laughter outside the door. He went to it, but it was locked.

V

Baynes was a quiet, almost shy man in his late forties. His handsome features, his neatly trimmed beard - black with streaks of grey - his wealth and the soft, mellow tones of his voice made him attractive to many women. He was well aware of this, and made efforts to avoid being left alone with them. A bachelor, his only interest outside his work was the Occult and he had acquired the reputation of regarding women as distant objects of chivalry. His abstemiousness in this matter gave rise to rumours that he was a homosexual but he did nothing to dispel them except explain when pressed on the matter by some of his friends in the Occult and magickal groups he frequented that he regarded women as a hindrance in the attainment of the highest grades of Initiation.

Dressed in an expensive suit, he sat in the Sitting Room of one of his comfortable city houses listening to Fitten talk about the group of Satanists. It was after midnight, and uncharacteristically he was becoming bored. Several members from his own Temple of Isis sat around him in the subdued light, and some of them were trying to resist the temptation of sleep. Fitten had been talking, in his own disjointed way, for nearly an hour, explaining his theory about the origins of the Satanist group.

"It is an old tradition," Fitten was saying, "a very old tradition. A racial memory, perhaps, of beings who once long ago came to this Earth. For we have been deceived. They are not of the Beast, not of those Others about whom one writer has written, decades ago. We need to understand this, you see: need to finally understand the truth. We have been deceived about them."

Fitten paused to wipe sweat from his forehead with his coloured handkerchief and Baynes took the opportunity to interject.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of contacting a colleague of mine in London who is well-known as a leading authority on Satanism and he has agreed to come and talk to us about the Satanist group to which the gentleman to whom Mr. Fitten referred to belongs - "

"Conrad Robury," interrupted Fitten.

"The group to which Mr. Robury now, apparently belongs," continued Baynes, "has interested us for some time. Since the murder of Maria Torrens, in fact. You will all, no doubt, recall the brutal facts of that case."

He could see his audience now paying attention.

"As you will remember, her naked and mutilated body was found on the Moors, her head resting on what the Police assumed to be a Black Magick altar. An inverted pentagram had been cut on her skin by a sharp knife - a surgical scalpel, I was told. Discreetly of course, I was asked for my opinion.

"At first I and the Police investigating the matter were of the opinion that the killing was a motiveless one with no genuine Occult connections, the murderer or murderers providing the 'Occult' evidence to confuse. For, as you will recall, some rather scurrilous newspapers ascertained and published details regarding the lady's rather unfortunate background. She was a 'Lady of the Night' - "

"A prostitute," someone said, and giggled.

Baynes ignored the remark. " - who frequented the area around this city's dockland. She was last seen apparently accepting a lift in a vehicle driven by an attractive middle- aged lady. Shortly after the newspapers published their story, the Police received an anonymous call, naming a suspect. The man was quickly traced, and interviewed and then arrested when he confessed to the crime. He himself had a rather dubious reputation, and said that he had driven Miss Torrens to the scene of the crime and persuaded her to adorn herself in an Occult manner. Apparently, he had been to the motion-pictures and seen some scenes in a film.

"He later retracted this confession and claimed to have been forced to give it by a man whom he continually referred to as 'The Master' whom he claimed had himself committed the brutal murder. He further alleged that this 'Master' was the leader of a group of Satanist's here, in this city and had killed Miss Torrens during a ritual for his own diabolic ends. He made a statement to the Police to this effect, but shortly afterwards began acting rather strangely, and withdrew that statement. During subsequent weeks before his trial he made several other statements, each more ludicrous than the other - for instance, one referred to beings from another planet landing in a 'space-ship', abducting him and Maria.

"It was at the trial, you may well remember, that the Prosecution proved by the testimony of a very respectable witness that Maria and the defendant had been seen together on the Moor only a few hours before her death. The defendant was sentenced to life imprisonment, and was found, some weeks later, hanged in his prison cell. After the trial, I began my own quiet investigation into Satanist groups in this area - and subsequently uncovered one organized by a certain gentleman whom his followers call 'The Master'. This group uses and has used several different names, and has Temples in various other cities. Among its names are 'The Temple of Satan', 'The Noctulians' and 'Friends of Lucifer'."

Fitten was slumped in a chair, apparently asleep, and Baynes smiled at him, in his gentle way, before continuing. "The group is very selective regarding members, and tests all the candidates for Initiation. These tests are sometimes quite severe and sometimes involve the candidate undertaking criminal acts - this of course serving to bind the candidate to the group as well as giving the group evidence to blackmail the candidate with should he or she later prove uncooperative. Unlike most so-called Satanist and Black Magick groups which are usually only a cover for one or more persons criminal or sexual activities, this particular group does work genuine magick, and seems to possess quite an advanced understanding of the subject. Apparently, they follow their own sinister magickal tradition based on the septenary system - or Hebdomadry as it is called.

"Since the Maria Torrens case we, acting with a number of other 'Right Hand Path' groups in this and other areas, have tried to infiltrate this Satanist group, always without success. Until recently, that is."

Smiling, he waited for the exclamations of surprise to subside before he continued. "This member - whom I shall for obvious reasons call only Frater Achad - has given us valuable information, and he is shortly to be initiated into the sect. What we are hoping is that he can provide us with details regarding members, their magickal workings as well as information regarding their activities which we can pass onto the Police. As I have said, some of their activities verge on the criminal. There are probably others, of a kind of which we are at present unaware, and of course there is always the possibility that Frater Achad can provide us with evidence regarding the Maria Torrens case.

"Naturally, I have told you this in the strictest confidence. Frater Achad is in a delicate - not to say dangerous - position."

Suddenly, Fitten was on his feet, pointing at Baynes. "We must act now! Don't you understand?" He turned and faced the other people present. "Don't any of you understand? We cannot afford to wait! We must act now to destroy them! Soon, their power will grow - so great we, and others, can do nothing. Listen! They will do a ritual to open the gate to the Abyss. An offer - they need an offer to do this, and offering of human blood. Do you want another death on your hands? Once the Gate is opened they will possess the power of the Abyss itself!"

"Mr. Fitten," Baynes said gently, "I - we all - share your concern about them. But we must plan and act carefully in this matter."

"I shall show you!" Fitten shouted. "I shall stop them! Me! Because I know their secrets! I don't need any of you!"

No one followed him as he left the room and the house.

"Our brother," Baynes said, "needs our help. Let us meditate for a while and send him healing and helpful vibrations."

As they closed their eyes to begin, laughter invaded the room. All present heard it, but no one could see its source. But it was soon gone, and Baynes and his followers of the white path of magick soon resumed their own form of meditation, praying to and invoking their one or many gods according to

their many and varied beliefs. The laughter was only one incident and did not undermine their security of faith.

Outside, in the cold and above the snow which covered the ground deeply, an owl screeched in the darkness and silence of the large ornamental garden. The cry startled them more than the demonic laughter.

VI

The voice awoke Conrad, and he roused himself from his troubled sleep to see Mador standing beside his bed.

"Breakfast, Professor?" the dwarf asked again.

"What?"

"Breakfast?"

"What time is it?"

"Time to rise and eat!" He handed Conrad a neat pile of clothes. "Hurry! Rise and eat"

"Leave me alone," Conrad said. His dreams had been disturbing, his sleep broken, and he felt in need of rest.

"The Master sent me," Mador replied, and smiled.

Wearily, Conrad sat up in his warm bed. The room itself felt cold. "Alright. I won't be long."

"I wait for you - outside."

Conrad dressed slowly in the black clothes someone had selected for him before following Mador to the dining room. The maid was waiting, ready to serve him from the many dishes and he was not surprised when Mador left him. He was surprised when the young lady who had sexually initiated him entered the room to sit beside him.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked him, and smiled.

"Er, yes thank you," Conrad replied in his surprise.

"Do try the kippers," she said to him. "From Loch Fyne. Delicious!" she gestured toward the maid who began to serve them both.

"Do you live here?" Conrad cautiously asked her.

"You are sweet!" she chided him. "I suppose you could say that. I'm Susan, by the way."

"Conrad," he said unnecessarily and held out his hand.

She did not take it and he was left to awkwardly shuffle in his chair.

"Did you like your room?" She asked.

"Well, it was unusual."

"They all say that!"

" 'They?' " he asked.

She ignored his question. "Has the Master explained what you will be doing today?"

"No."

"I'm sure he will want to see you - after you have eaten." She gestured toward the kipper with which the maid had served him.

"I'm not very hungry, actually."

She laughed. "You're not a vegetarian by any chance, are you?"

"No, of course not."

"After all the energy you expended last night," she smiled at him, "I would have thought you'd be ravenous!"

Conrad blushed at this reminder of the passion they as strangers had shared.

"Such innocence!" she said,

"There is a painting in my room," he said to cover his embarrassment. "Is it very old?"

"Have you read any of the book that was left in your room?"

"A little. It's very interesting."

"It's a beginning," she shrugged. "Just a beginning."

"Have you been involved with this group long?"

"That's a quaint way of putting it! 'This group!' You mean, have I been a Satanist a long time?"

The woman's self-assurance, his own discomfort at being a guest in an unusual and luxurious house, and his shyness with women all combined to make Conrad wish he was elsewhere - at his lectures, preferably, learning about the mysteries and beauties of Physics. But as he sat looking at the young and quite beautiful woman beside him and as he remembered the bliss they had shared, he began to feel a confidence in himself. It was as though some of the power he had felt during the wiccan ritual over a week ago had returned.

"Yes," he said smiling at her, "how long have you been a Satanist?" He said the last word with relish, as though consciously and proudly committing a sin.

"I was brought up with it - baptised into it."

"Really?"

"Naturally, there was a time when I began to question it, and was given the freedom to do so. In fact even encouraged."

"By your parents?"

"But once you have tasted paradise on Earth, it is irresistible!"

"Why do you evade some of my questions?" Conrad asked, his confidence growing.

Her eyes seemed to him to sparkle as she answered. "Because I am a woman and like to be mysterious!"

Without quite realizing what he was doing he leant toward her and kissed her lips. She did not draw away, and out of the corner of his eye he could see the maid pretending to look out of the window at the garden. Across the room, he heard a discreet and almost gentlemanly cough.

Aris stood by the door. "If you have finished," he said almost smiling, "perhaps we can talk."

"Of course!" Conrad said, surprised.

"In the library." He turned around and left.

"Can I see you - later?" Conrad asked Susan.

"Do you really want to?" She teased.

"Yes!"

"Perhaps. You'd better not keep him waiting."

"No." He stood up, bent down to kiss her, then decided against it.

The door to the library was open, and Aris was already sitting in a chair by the desk.

"Come!" The Master said in greeting.

Conrad sat opposite trying not to appear nervous.

"The power you felt before," Aris said, "is returning to you. As you hoped it would. This is one result of your Initiation. For you must understand, Initiation into our way is similar to opening a channel, a link, to those hidden or Occult powers which form the real essence of magick."

Conrad was impressed, but Aris continues in his unemotional way. "Those powers you may use for whatever you desire. For sexual gratification, should you so wish. Such power as you feel and have felt will grow, steadily, with your own Occult and magickal development. What occurred last night is but the first of many stages in that development. Are you then prepared to go further?"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

"There is a task I wish you to undertake, a task connected to your Initiation. But you must understand that you have been chosen for more than just this and such other tasks as may be necessary for your own magickal development. For remember I have said that you have a special Destiny to fulfil. What this Destiny is, will become clear when the time is right. You are important to us, as we to you. Because of this you are more to me and my comrades in magick than a mere Initiate, a beginner in the ways of our dark gods. Remember this, Conrad Robury. I extend my hospitality to you and not just of my house, as you know, because you are more than another novice.

"Now to your task. It will, for a short while, take you away from the house."

Conrad sensed that, whatever the test was, it would partly be a test of fidelity to Aris and his Satanic group.

"You are familiar with someone called Paul Fitten," Aris said.

It was not a question, but Conrad still answered, "Yes."

"You are to go to him and persuade him that you wish to help him. Then you must endeavour to undertake a magickal ritual with him. It will be a qabalistic ritual, but never mind. During this ritual you are to redirect the power brought forth - which you must help to generate - so that it takes control of Fitten, harms him in some way. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Aris stared at him, then smiled. "You understand part of it - yes. For you believe I aim to test your morals by asking you to harm by magickal means another individual. But there is more, as you will discover. Now, I have a gift for you - a gift of your Initiation." He placed a silver ring with an ornamental stone on the desk. "Wear it always from this day as a sign of your desire to follow our ways."

Without thinking Conrad began to place the ring on the third finger on his right hand.

"The other hand," Aris said.

Conrad obeyed. The ring was a perfect fit.

"Now, Conrad Robury, you must go to accomplish your task. Susan, as my Priestess, will go with you."

Conrad was at the door when Aris said, "Do not let them - or anyone - try to remove your ring."

VII

Susan, obviously prepared, had driven him straight to Fitten's house. It was a small house, bordering a quiet road near the edge of the city and a dog ran out toward them, barking, as they walked along the path to the door. Susan stared at the dog, and it whimpered away.

Conrad knocked loudly on the door, as a Policeman might. Fitten bore no visible scars of his ordeal at the hands of Gedor and greeted them warmly.

"Come in!" he said. "Please come in! I knew you would come! It was in the chart, you see!"

He led them into a room crowded with books and dimly lit but where a coal fire burned warmly.

"Please, be seated!" he enthused. "I have so much to tell you!"

"This is Susan," Conrad said.

"Yes, yes! How did you escape?"

"Escape?" asked Conrad.

"From the house of the Satanists? You were there, yesterday."

"Oh, them. They seemed only too anxious," lied Conrad, "to let me go after you appeared. One of them mentioned something about 'magickal attack. Perhaps they thought I would be a burden to them in that case."

"As you would, as you would my son!"

Conrad winced.

"Did you read the books I gave you?" Fitten asked.

"They destroyed them."

"Ah! They are evil, evil incarnate!"

"But who are they?"

"You do not know?" Fitten looked amazed.

"No. Should I?"

"Perhaps not. It is not important. You are here, now, that's what important."

"I wish," Conrad said and sighed, "someone would tell me what this is all about. I get invited to this party at a house, meet a right bunch of weird characters. Then you appear and are thrown out. Then one of them shows me this Temple they use. I'm a bit out of my depth, here."

"They need an offer, you see. For their Mass. Not a Black Mass - no, something far worse, something more vile and sinister. You had all the right qualities. Just what they needed. They knew that after you attended that meeting of the Circle of Arcadia. They know. They have spies - agents - infiltrators in most groups."

A slim, young woman appeared in the doorway of the room. "Would you like some tea, dear?" she asked her older husband.

"What?" said Fitten.

"Tea. Would you like some?" She innocently returned Conrad's smile.

"Why not! Why not indeed!"

She had gone when Conrad spoke. "You said they needed an offer - a sacrifice."

"I did? Quite! They needed - still need - someone young. They have a tradition, you see, of

sacrificing a young man aged twenty one. But only for this important ritual. The time of this ritual is near. They will have power from it. Not just Occult power. No, real power! They channel the magickal forces, you see, into a practical form - sometimes a person, sometimes an institution, a company, or something like that. Such use of magick is real black magick, real evil! They fermented, these worshippers of the darkest of dark forces, the French Revolution - the blood spilled was a sacrifice, an offering to their strange alien gods. They brought about with their magick the Third Reich. Now they prepare again!" He wiped the sweat from his forehead with his hand.

"But why me?" Conrad asked, trying to appear serious.

"You were a key to open the gate to the powers, the dark powers of the Abyss. Their Black Magick rites would use this power! I have sent for help."

"Sent for help?"

"A Magus. The most powerful White Lodge has been alerted. They will send a Magus."

"You do not want to deal with it yourself?" Conrad asked.

"I? I have no authority! A council must be convened: all the Magister Temple must be invited."

"But if the situation is as serious as you believe," Conrad resisted the temptation to smile, "can you afford to wait. Surely you must do something yourself."

"Well," Fitten sighed, "I did a little ritual. Last night."

"And it worked. I am here."

"I am thankful to the Lord for that. They might try and get you back - or find another offer." He slumped in his chair, looking pale and tired.

Suddenly, Conrad conceived an idea. "Will you excuse me a moment," he said, "I must go to the toilet."

Fitten said nothing, and stared into the fire. Conrad left. He found Fitten's wife in the kitchen of the house.

"Making tea?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Any special kind?"

"No, just ordinary tea."

"I prefer Formosa Oolong myself." He closed the door.

"I wouldn't know!"

"There's a lovely tea shop in the city centre which serves a good selection. Perhaps you've been there?"

"No," she said and turned away from him.

"It's really lovely sitting there of a winter's evening watching people pass in the street. You must try it sometime."

"Maybe."

"You look very tired," he said, softly.

"It's been a hectic week."

"Perhaps you need a break - away from the house."

"Maybe," she said dully.

"Please don't be offended, but perhaps I could take you out to dinner one evening?"

"I'm sorry?" she said with genuine surprise.

"You looked so sad, standing there," he said with kindness in his voice.

"I'm just tired."

"Would you like to come to dinner with me one evening? I know a rather nice restaurant."

"It's very kind of you to ask," she said formally.

"I'm not being kind. It would give me great pleasure to have the company of a beautiful woman for an evening. And you are beautiful."

"I'm a married woman!"

"And a beautiful one. When did you last dine out?" He could see that the question pained her although she did not answer.

"Would he really miss you for one evening?"

She looked at him briefly then lowered her eyes. He moved toward her and held her hand, gently caressing it with his fingers. She closed her eyes, and he was surprised by her reaction as he was by his own confidence. It was as though he had become another person. He bent forward to kiss her but she moved away.

"Please," she pleaded, but made no move to free her hand from his.

"Tonight," he said, "About eight o'clock?"

"I don't know."

"I'll collect you about a quarter to eight, then."

"The lady who came with you - " she asked.

"My sister?" he lied. "She wants to talk to your husband about witchcraft, I think. Can't say I find the subject of interest, myself. I'm studying Physics at the moment."

She finally withdrew her hand from his. "At the University?"

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"I went there," she said shyly.

"Really? What did you study?"

"Geology."

"I've always been fascinated by that subject. You must tell me about it - tonight."

"I didn't complete my course."

"To get married?"

"No. Well, not exactly." She turned away to complete her preparation of the tea. She gave him the tray. "Would you mind?" she asked.

"Not at all! Tonight, then?"

She smiled and held the door open for him. "We'll see!" she said.

Down the dark hallway of the house he could hear Fitten's agitated voice.

"Tea?" he said, entering the warm room.

"Mr. Fitten," Susan said, "is thinking of performing a ritual here tonight."

"Oh? Why?"

"Well," Susan continued, "I suggested it would be a good idea at this moment in time. To strike now, when they are unprepared."

"I don't know, I don't know!" said Fitten, shaking his head.

"I have explained" Susan said to Conrad, "that I myself am a Second Degree Witch, so I can assist."

Suddenly, Fitten stood up. "Yes! We must act! I feel it is right! The time is right! You are right."

"If it would help," Susan said to him, "I have something taken from the house of the Satanists." She fumbled in her handbag.

Fitten took the silver medallion inscribed with an inverted pentagram and the word 'Atazoth'.

"Atazoth. Atazoth," he mumbled. "Yes, this would be very suitable; very suitable indeed. Where did you get it?"

"Conrad found it in the house."

"Yes. I gave it to her. All this Occult stuff does not really interest me. Not any more."

"But you are," Susan asked him "prepared to partake in a ritual with us."

"Of course. As I explained to my sister," he said to Fitten, "although I don't understand all of this, I'm prepared to help. I trust her judgement."

"Good! Good!" Fitten said. "Tonight, you say?" he asked Susan.

"It would be best. You could get assistance? For I have heard you have many contacts. I would of course leave the type of ritual up to you - since you have far more knowledge and experience of ceremonial than I."

Fitten was pleased by Susan's praise. "I would have to make some telephone calls."

"Naturally. What time would you suggest?" Susan asked.

"Eight o'clock. The hour of Saturn!"

"Surely," Conrad said, "the sooner we begin the better. How about now?"

"Now? Now?" Fitten looked amazed.

"There is you, me, my sister - your wife."

"My wife?"

"Such a ritual as we need to do may be dangerous."

"But surely she has assisted you before?"

"Of course! Many times, in fact. We need more time to prepare."

"But we have the medallion," Susan suggested.

"Even so - "

"Do you intend," Susan asked, "to conjure force and send it against the Satanists?"

"Yes. Yes, I had thought in such terms. Psychic attack! I can remember the face of that evil woman!"

"What woman?" Conrad asked.

"That evil woman who was with you in their house!"

"Tanith is her name."

"I thought so! The spirits speak to me, you see. The Lord is with us!" He stared at them both as if possessed. "Yes! We will act now!" Then he was quiet again and softly spoken. "I will make a few telephone calls - perhaps some friends of mine can come at short notice."

As soon as he left the room, Susan asked, "You have a plan?"

"Indeed! It should be interesting!"

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Susan asked, smiling.

"Yes! I feel really alive! Bursting with energy!"

^^^^^^

Fitten was not away long. "Three others!" he announced on his return. "Three have agreed to come!"

"It bodes well, then," Conrad said.

"My Temple - we will wait for them in my Temple."

"Your wife will be participating?"

"Yes, she will. Come, I will show you my Temple."

The Temple was a converted bedroom. There was no altar, only a large circle inscribed on the floor around which were magical names and signs. IHVH, AHIH, ALIVN and ALH. The name Adonai was the most prominent and various Hebrew letters completed the circle's adornment, The walls of the room were grey and white, and inside the circle on the floor stood a small table covered with a sword, several knives, candles and bowls of incense. The sword and knives were inscribed with writing the Conrad, from even his cursory study during the last week of the qabalistic ceremonial tradition, recognized as the magickal script called 'Passing the River'.

"We must meditate while we wait for the others," Fitten said as he lit several candles scattered around the floor.

"Bring good vibrations to assist us."

Following Susan, Conrad sat on the floor. He closed his eyes and imagined the room filling with demons and imps. He was almost asleep when Fitten's wife brought the remainder of the participants, two rather plump men and a woman with an unsmiling sallow face.

"Let us begin!" Fitten announced dramatically. He gave his congregation white robes and offered some to Susan and Conrad who declined. "Let us stand within the circle!" he announced.

Conrad deliberately stood next to Fitten's wife with Susan beside him. Then Fitten was pointing the tip of the sword at the painted circle on the circle on the floor.

"I exhort you," he shouted, "by the powerful and Holy names which are written around this circle, protect us!"

He put down his sword, held a piece of parchment up and then sprinkled incense over the floor. "Let the divine white brilliance descend. Before me Raphael, behind me Gabriel, at my right hand Michael, and at my left hand Auriel. For before me flames the pentagram and behind me stands our Lords' six pointed star. Elohim! Elohim Gibor! Eloath Va-Daath! Adonai Tzabaoth! City of Light, open your radiance to us. We command you and your guardians, by the Holy Names - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Twelve is our number."

"Twelve," repeated the others present, with the exception of Susan and Conrad.

"There are twelve," Fitten continued, "twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve disciples of our Lord!"

"Twelve disciples of our Lord."

"Twelve months in the year!"

"Twelve months in the year."

"Let us adore," Fitten chanted, "the Lord and the King of Hosts. Holy art thou Lord, thee who hast formed Nature. Holy art thou, the vast and the mighty one, Lord of Light and of the Darkness. Holy art thou, Lord! By the word of Paroketh, and by the sign of the rending of the Veil, I declare that the Portal of the Adepts is open! Hear the words! These are the words - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim! Tzabaoth!"

He bent down to scribble a sign on the parchment, then held it up, circling round sun-wise as he did so. "Come!" he shouted. "Come to me! To me!"

Conrad assumed the sign was of a demon, taken from the Lessor Key of Solomon.

"Behold the sign!" Fitten was saying. "Behold the Holy Name and my power! EIO! EIO! EIO! Tzabaoth! I command you! Appear! EIO! Tzabaoth!"

The candles began to dim, and Conrad could sense the anticipation of the participants. He saw Susan close her eyes. She, too, was speaking, but softly so the others might not hear. He caught the words 'AgiOS o SatanAs' as she exhaled but heard nothing more.

Then a vague, ill-defined and almost luminescent shape appeared in the corner of the room.

"Yod He Vau Heh!" Fitten shouted.

Almost immediately, Conrad took the hand of Fitten's wife in his own. She seemed to grasp it eagerly, and he stepped back, placing his foot over the painted circle. He could feel a force pulling him, and he closed his eyes to concentrate, willing the force into Fitten's wife.

She screamed, and fell to the floor. Then was she standing, her hair disheveled, his face contorted and almost leering. She raised her hands like claws and began to walk slowly to where Fitten stood.

Hurriedly, Fitten tried to burn the parchment he was holding in the flame of one of the candles, but he burnt his fingers instead. His wife was laughing and had ripped open her blouse to reveal her breasts.

Suddenly, as if realizing what had happened, Fitten stared at Conrad. He held the medallion Susan had given him over the flame of the candle and as he did so his wife stopped, her hands held motionless before her, her lips bared in a silent snarl. Susan gripped Conrad's arm, and he turned to see her face contorted in pain.

There was a demonic strength in Conrad as he saw this, and his body tensed as he willed Fitten's wife nearer and nearer to her husband. He could sense the elemental force within the room and tried to shape it by his own will to make Fitten's wife take the medallion from his hand. She touched the chain, and then the medallion, but did not scream as the heat from the candle burnt her flesh, its smell invading the darkening room. She threw it to the ground to turn to face her husband, her hands reaching up towards his bare neck.

Then, quite suddenly, she stopped. Conrad felt another force within the confines of the room. It was a powerful force, opposed to him and he watched as Fitten's aura became visible, flaming upwards in patterns of red and yellow and curling up over his head before it turned to inch closer and closer toward him. Fitten's wife turned to walk in pace with the advancing colour-changing aura toward where Conrad stood. There was something Conrad did not understand about all this as he strove to try and will the advancing force away. Two names suddenly entered his mind. Baynes; Togbare an inner almost laughing voice said, and he was wondering what to do next when he remembered the last words of Aris his Master.

He held out his left hand to show Fitten his ring.

"The ring! We must get his ring!" one of Fitten's followers shouted.

They moved toward Conrad, slowly it seemed as if in slow motion, and as they did so Fitten's aural light was sucked into the ring. Then all magickal power in the room was gone, and he could see Fitten, his mouth open, his eyes staring, his face white. Fitten's wife had stopped again and was slowly falling to the floor.

They reached her, but she was dead.

VIII

An exhausted Conrad had slept in Susan's car on their return journey to Aris' house. The death of Fitten's wife had ended the ritual and a crazed Fitten had lunged at Conrad who had time only to raise his arms in self-defence before Susan knocked Fitten unconscious using Martial Arts techniques.

"Go, please go" one of Fitten's group had said, and they had left unmolested.

The Master was waiting for them in the hall, and he ushered Conrad into the library where a log fire had been lit.

"I gather there were certain complications," Aris said.

"Unfortunately."

"Tell me, then, what transpired - exactly as you remember it."

Conrad told his story - Fitten's wife, how he planned to use her during the ritual. The qabalistic conjuration of Fitten. His own breaking of the circle. The aura and the presence. Finally, he spoke of the ring which had drained the hostile magick away.

"Oh," concluded Conrad, "I remember two names. They just came into my mind before I was remembered about the ring."

"Are you certain it was before?"

"Yes."

"Certainly, that is interesting. And the names?"

"Baynes and Togbare."

Conrad thought he detected a look of surprise on Aris' face.

"You know them?" he asked.

"I have heard of them."

"Are they important?"

"You spoke of Fitten mentioning the White Lodge. Do you know what that means?"

"Only that it is supposed to be a group of Occultists who follow the Right Hand Path."

"It is a loose term used to describe a group of followers of that path who are dedicated to counteracting the activities of groups such as ours. Most are also followers of the Nazarene. This White Lodge fears that we will unite to use our powers against them. There are some who believe a 'Black Lodge' exists for just this purpose. Paranoia, naturally." He smiled, and the sinister nature of his appearance in that moment became evident to Conrad. "Or at least it was."

"This White Lodge," Aris continued, "tries to infiltrate Satanist groups, disrupt them, and so on. They conduct rituals for just such a purpose. The Council of this Lodge - an extremely secret organization - oversees all these activities, and its present head is a certain Frater Togbare."

"I see," quipped Conrad, nervously.

"Then perhaps you will explain what you see."

"It was not Fitten I was struggling with toward the end of the ritual but this White Lodge."

"Probably."

"But how - how did they know?"

"Through Fitten himself. You said he had claimed to be in contact with them before the ritual."

"Yes." Earnestly, he looked at Aris. "If this White Lodge is so powerful why did they allow Fitten's wife to die?"

Aris smiled. It was not a pleasing smile. "Once brought, such power has to be used, directed. It was dissipated, one could say, through the woman's death."

"They could not have saved her?"

"Yes, they could have, but they were unprepared for the ring."

"The ring?" Conrad stared at it. It looked ordinary, now in the light of the room and the fire.

"It was a link - between you and Susan."

"Susan? I'm sorry, I don't understand."

"You will."

His tone precluded, it seemed to Conrad, any further discussion of the matter. "But the woman's death," Conrad asked, "surely there will be complications? The Police - "

"Will not be involved," completed Aris. "The White Lodge - or rather the individuals composing it - are quite influential. Death by natural causes, I am sure will be the verdict."

"But surely I - I mean, what occurred during the ritual - will have started something? Fitten and the others will surely not let the matter stop there."

"What occurred was a warning to them - a prelude. There will shortly be a ritual undertaken by us in

which you will figure. Recall the mention I made of your Destiny. The time for fulfillment is near . Now they know our strength and our power, as I wished!"

"So it was more than just a test for me - of my Initiation?"

"Yes! As your Initiation was more than just another Initiation. But you are tired, and in need of sustenance. Go then, and feast yourself. We will meet again, and soon."

He walked to a shelf and took down a book before opening it and beginning to read. Conrad left the library to find Susan waiting.

"Shall we eat first?" she asked him quizzically.

"I'm sorry?" he said obtusely, still suffering from his contact with Aris.

"Which appetite do you want to satisfy first?"

He smiled, and she took his hand leading him toward the stairs and her room. It was luxurious, warm and vaguely perfumed, and he was surprised by her eagerness for she had soon stripped him and herself of clothes. She was remembering the ritual, the momentary exhilaration of rendering Fitten unconscious but most of all the death they had induced as she sought through Conrad to satisfy her lust.

"I want you!" she almost pleaded and screamed, and Conrad in his inexperience believed her. But his own physical experience was growing along with his magickal-inspired confidence, and he sought, and succeeded, to prolong his own pleasure and hers. In the bliss of his satiation he fell asleep, his limbs entwined around her body, and it was in the deep of night he awoke, to find himself alone.

Thirst and hunger roused him from her bed, and he dressed to wander from the room. The house was lit but with subdued and warming light, and he walked cautiously down the stairs, hoping to find someone awake. The silence unnerved him, a little, and he stood by the open door to the dining room for some minutes before going in.

The table was laid for one. The servers' door still swayed, a little, and he was about to push it open to peer into the serving room and kitchen's beyond, when the maid opened it.

She indicated the chair, and he obediently sat at the table. Several times he tried to engage her in conversation, and each time she turned away. Her expression never changed, and twice he asked her after Susan but she continued with her duties, mute and efficient. He was served soup, a course containing fillet steak, and he was sitting shrouded in silence and replete from the food drinking his coffee alone when he saw a light in the garden through the window.

It was a torch, wavering in the distance. Vaguely, he could discern a person running. Intrigued, he extinguished the lights in the room to watch the figure weave closer toward the house. The snow was bright, and as the figure passed by, he recognized Fitten, and Conrad soon had the window open.

He clambered through, surprised by the intense cold outside. Fitten must have heard him, for he turned around and shone the light from the torch into Conrad's face.

Then Fitten was screaming and running toward him. "You killed her! Devil!" he shouted.

Fitten swung the torch at Conrad's face, but Conrad parried the blow as Fitten tried to grapple. Then, they were both on the ground, rolling over and over in the snow with Fitten trying to pummel Conrad's face with his fists. Desperate, but determined, Conrad butted Fitten's head with his own. Dazed, Fitten rolled away and Conrad was about to stand and drag him to his feet when Aris and Gedor walked out of the house toward them.

"How pleasing!" Aris said. "He has arrived just in time to join our little celebration. Bring him!" he commanded Gedor, and Gedor obeyed, lifting Fitten easily.

They were returning toward the house when Aris said, "We have other unwelcome guests, I sense." He appeared to be listening to something no one else could hear, then turned to Gedor. "Release him!"

Gedor dropped Fitten into the snow. Aris bent over him, gripping his neck in his hand and saying in an almost sibilating voice, "He is dead already! Give him to them if they wish it!"

He released Fitten, who fell dazed. Then Aris was gone, into the shadows of the trees beside one side of the house, and as he did so two men appeared, walking over the snow from the front of the house.

"I'm sorry to intrude," the tallest of them said to Conrad, "but we have come for him."

"What do you want?" Conrad asked aggressively.

"My name is Baynes - " the tall man said.

"Baynes?" Conrad repeated, and then remembered.

"Yes. Now, about Mr. Fitten - "

"You are not welcome here," Conrad said.

"That is no surprise to me. We have come to escort Mr. Fitten home. I am very much afraid the recent death of his wife has unsettled him."

Fitten had stood up, his head bowed and he appeared to be crying.

"Take him," Conrad said.

"Thank you Mr. Robury."

Conrad was surprised at the use of his name. "Go, now," he said. "This is private property."

"This place and that attitude," Baynes said gently, "do not suit you. If at any time you wish to come and talk with me - "

Conrad was beginning to get angry. "Push off!"

"You do not realize what is happening to you, do you?"

"Gedor - " Conrad said, gesturing toward Baynes. He was half-surprised when Gedor, obeying him, moved forward menacingly.

"We shall take our leave," Baynes said, holding Fitten's arm.

Conrad watched them go. Someone was walking toward him from the house, and he turned to see Susan.

"Our ritual will begin soon," she said. "Come, I must prepare you - for the fulfillment of your Destiny is near."

His anger had left him by the time they reached the libation chamber, beside the hidden Temple, with its sunken pool. He stood watching Susan as she stripped naked to bathe. The sight aroused him, while nearby in the Temple, he could hear that Satanic chanting had begun.

IX

Only once did Conrad think about the death of Fitten's wife - but he did not care. He had and did feel the pure exhilaration of life, the joy - the blissful ecstasy of living totally without planning and almost without thought. There was an exuberance within him which he felt he was beginning to need.

Events were happening to him, rather than being controlled by him, but he possessed a strong sense of his own importance, a strong belief that life had chosen him for something, and he drifted into the events with wonder but little fear. His life, since the light suffused him during the wiccan rite, had been enhanced. Was what he felt, he briefly thought, the ecstasy that warriors found in war and which they sought again and again? That bliss of being so near oblivion that there was a pure joy in the ordinary moments of living? Was this, he wondered, the true meaning of Satanism?

He did not know, nor particularly care, so far had magick re-made him, and he followed Susan down the steps into the Temple with greedy anticipation, proud of his robe which had been waiting for him beside the waters of libation, and proud that he had physically possessed Susan, the beautiful Satanic priestess.

Near the altar on which Tanith lay naked, a crystal tetrahedron glowed, adding to the light from the candles. The congregation were gathered round the altar and their Master stood nearby, holding up the wax effigy which had lain on Tanith's womb.

"I who delivered you in birth now name you," he said, but Conrad could not hear the name Aris pronounced and blessed with the sign of the inverted pentagram.

Susan took the effigy, and dressed it while the Master raised his arms.

"I will go down to the altars in Hell," he said.

"To Satan, the giver of life," responded the congregation.

Conrad stood within their circle, raising his voice in the Satanic prayers that followed. He knew the Satanist 'Our Father' and Creed by heart.

Aris began the chanting which followed. 'Agios o Satanas!' he sang. It was then that Conrad noticed the small coffin beside the altar, and a black shroud, ready. The chanting continued as Susan assisted Tanith from the altar before clothing her in a crimson robe.

"We" Tanith said to them all, "curse Paul Fitten."

"We curse Paul Fitten."

"He," she said, with glee, "will writhe and die."

"He will writhe and die."

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"We shall kill him!" she laughed.

"We shall kill him!" the congregation, Susan, Aris and Conrad laughed.

In the shadows, someone beat a hand-drum, capturing the rhythm of the chant.

"We shall glory in his death!" Tanith, as Mistress of Earth, said.

"We shall glory in his death!"

Tanith made passes with her hands over the effigy, chanting as she did so, before picking it up and

showing it to the worshippers gathered around her.

"The Earth rejects him," she said.

"You reject him," they responded.

"I who gave you birth, now lay you down to die!" She placed the effigy in the coffin, secured the lid, and wrapped the shroud around it.

"He is dead!" She said.

"He is dead! By our curse, destroyed!"

Slowly, Susan led the dance and the chant. "Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla teste Satan cum sibylla. Quantos tremor est futurus quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

The chant was strange to Conrad, almost unearthly, but he quickly learnt it as he danced and chanted with the others, counter sun-wise around the altar. The dance and the chant were becoming quicker with every revolution, and he was almost glad when Susan pulled him away. She did not speak, but took him down with her to the floor while Tanith stood over them, saying "Frates, ut meum vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanus!"

Susan kissed him as they lay on the ground and Tanith knelt beside them to caress Conrad's buttocks and back. In the excitement of the ritual and Tanith's touch, Conrad's task was soon over, and he slumped over Susan, temporarily exhausted from his ecstasy. He did not resist when Tanith rolled him over, and watched, as the dancers danced around them still chanting and the light pulsed with the beat of the drum, while Tanith buried her head between Susan's thighs. Then she was kissing him with her wet mouth before she stood to kiss each member of the congregation in salutation.

"You gave him his birth," Susan was chanting as she walked toward the shrouded coffin, "and with my power I have killed him who dared to stand against us! See!" she said, laughing as she faced the congregation who had gathered around her to listen, "how my magick destroys him! He died in agony and we rejoiced!"

"He died in agony and we rejoiced!" they responded.

She took the coffin, placed it on the floor of the Temple and held a lighted candle to the shroud. It burst into flames. "Our curse, by my will," she said, "has destroyed him! Dignum et justum est!"

She laughed, Conrad laughed, the congregation laughed as the shroud and the coffin burnt fiercely.

"Feast now, and rejoice," Tanith commanded them, "for we have killed and shown the power of our Prince!"

Near Conrad, the orgy of lust began as two naked men walked down the steps to the Temple carrying large trays full of food and wine. A woman came toward Conrad, smiled, and removed her robe, but Susan took his hand and led him back up the steps.

She did not speak, and he did not, but bathed with him in the libation chamber, to dress herself and wait while he dressed, and take him back to the house. The room to which she took him was dark and empty.

"You felt no power in the ritual?" she suddenly asked as they stood beside each other in the coldness.

"Yes" he lied.

"You must be honest with me," he heard Aris' voice say. Light came slowly - a soft light to reveal only the bare walls of the room and Susan standing and smiling beside him. There were no windows, and the door was closed.

"Do not be afraid," Susan said in her own voice.

"I am not afraid," he answered honestly.

"Tell me, then, about the ritual," Susan asked softly.

"There was something," he said, "but not what I expected."

"Am I what you expect?" she said with Aris' voice. She was watching him, waiting.

Momentarily, Conrad had the impression that Susan was not human at all - she was something unearthly which was using her form and Aris' voice, something from another Time and Space. But he had touched her, kissed her, felt the soft warmth of her body. Confused, he stood watching her. She was not the young woman he had known: her eyes became full of stars, her face the void of space. She became Aris, and then a nebulous chaos that was incomprehensible to him.

He could feel within him her longing for the vastness of space. There was a sadness within this longing, for it had existed before him and would exist after his own death, thousands of years upon thousands of years. He would have to understand, he suddenly knew - he would have to understand and help before this sad longing, this waiting would be over.

Then she was Susan again, standing next to him and holding his hand, caressing his face with her fingers. Gentle and warm.

"You are beginning to understand," she was saying.

Her touch re-assured him. "Yes" he said, "I am yours."

The door opened, and Aris came toward him.

"Your life," Aris the Master said, "will break the seal which binds Them."

"I have no choice," Conrad said as if hypnotized.

"You have no choice," Aris and Susan said together.

Aris smiled, and kissed Susan. "You have done well, my daughter. Now you must prepare him."

It was time, Conrad understood. Yes, it was time. Susan touched his forehead, and he fell unconscious to the floor.

X

Fitten was mumbling to himself as he sat against the wall of Baynes' house. He seemed harmless, and Baynes left him alone.

"He has been like this since you returned from that house?" The speaker was an old man whose white beard terminated in a point. He sat on a comfortable chair, his ornately carved walking stick beside him.

"Yes," replied Baynes. Frater Togbare was his honoured guest.

"I spoke with the Council, last night," Togbare said. "We are agreed the situation is serious. You have had no recent news from Frater Achad?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"His Initiation in the Satanic group is due, you said?"

"Yes. Sometime during the next few days. He should be able to provide us with more information then."

"Excellent. We shall need it. I only hope we have enough time."

Fitten began to gibber, jumping up and down as he watched the guests Baynes and Togbare had invited arrive in their cars. Togbare went to him, and touched his shoulder. The gentle touch of the Old Magus seemed to comfort Fitten, for he sat quietly in the corner, tracing shapes on his palm with his finger.

It was not long before all the guests had arrived and were settled in the room. They had been quietly

told about Fitten, and could ignore him.

Baynes rose to address them. "Ladies and gentlemen. You are all, I know, familiar with the reasons why Frater Togbare and myself have called this meeting. You come here - some I know from far away - as representatives of many and different organizations. All of us, however, have a common aim - to prevent the Satanists succeeding in their plan." He sat down, and Togbare whispered in his ear.

"Er, yes of course," he agreed in answer to Togbare's whispered question. He stood up again. "Frater Togbare has suggested I briefly outline the facts of the matter to you, so that everything is in perspective - before we begin our magickal tasks." He surveyed the eager, expectant and occasional anxious faces before him. Six men, and four women of varying ages and manner of dress. "We believe that the Satanist group responsible for the death by magick of Mr Fitten's wife, the present state of Mr Fitten himself, and the murder of, among others, Maria Torrens, are acting in concert with a number of other Satanic groups in this and other countries to perform a powerful and very sinister ritual. This ritual has as one of its aims, the Opening of the Gates to the Abyss - releasing thus the psychic energy that has been stored over the ages on various astral levels as well as drawing into the ordinary world of our waking consciousness evil entities. This opening will release powerful forces, and change the world. It will be the beginning of an age of darkness.

"As you all know, Satanists - and here of course I refer to genuine practitioners of the Black Arts and not the showman type - have used their magickal powers for centuries to bring about chaos, to increase the evil in this world. Perhaps there exist some centuries old Satanic plan - I do not know. But what is clear, what has become evident to us over the past decade or so, is that some groups are about to perform this particular ritual which to our knowledge no one has attempted before."

He smiled, a little. "Or perhaps I should say - no one has attempted and succeeded. The power of the most important group involved in this is immense - as I am sure you all have realized. It is not easy, in magick, as you all know, to kill another by ritual - but they possess this power, claimed by many others, but rarely proven.

"When this power is released by their ritual there will be immediate effects as well as more long term ones. An increase in evil deeds - resulting from weak individuals becoming possessed by the demonic forces unleashed. That is only one example. You all share, I know, my concern and that of the Council which Frater Togbare represents.

"Thus we have called you here to use our combined abilities to nullify this plan and the ritual. You all are accomplished and experienced Occultists: some working within your own groups, others, alone. I have myself prepared a site for you." He indicated a woman seated near him, resplendent in colourful clothes and jewellery. "Denise here will go with you, and explain the details of the ritual we propose to undertake."

A man rose, respectfully, from his chair. "You will not be accompanying us?" he asked.

"No. Neither will Frater Togbare. Perhaps I should explain. We recently infiltrated the main Satanist

group with one of our members. We are waiting for him to contact us with important details - the time, place of the ritual and so on. As you will appreciate this is a delicate matter, and we need to be available as the information could be received at any time. We will both, of course, at the appointed time of your ritual, perform one of our own, joining you on the astral. I hope this answers your question, Martin."

"Yes. Yes, of course," the now embarrassed man agreed.

"It only remains, therefore, for me to hand you over into the very capable hands of Denise."

Denise smiled affectionately at him, and he looked away.

As they stood to leave, Togbare addressed them. "I am most pleased," he said, "that you have responded to our call so readily at no small sacrifice to yourselves. If I may be allowed to add a codicil to our learned friends remarks, I would remind you that the ritual which the Satanists plan here in this city or nearby, requires at least one - possibly more - human sacrifice. Thank you all, most sincerely."

He beamed with delight, and shook the hands of several of the guests who came to greet him.

"Shall I light the fire?" Baynes asked him when all the guests were gone.

"That would be most kind," Togbare replied. "Most kind of you. Then we must begin."

"I suppose," Baynes said as he knelt down before the hearth to light the fire, already prepared. "We could liken this opening of the gates to the return of Satan himself - Armageddon, and the beginning of the reign of the Anti-Christ."

"Yes, possibly."

Suddenly, Fitten jumped up. "No! No!" he screamed. "He lies!" he shouted at Togbare. "He lies! I know! Me! For I have been given the understanding!"

He moved toward Togbare, and Baynes went to restrain him.

"Leave me alone!" screamed Fitten. "You are cursed! He must know!" He pushed Baynes away. Togbare smiled at him.

"Listen!" Fitten said to Togbare. "We will all be opfers. Not Satan! Not Satan! Do you understand? It is THEM! The spawn of Chaos. They have lied to us, you see. Lied to us! Oh, how they have lied and deceived us. The Master will bring Them - They need us, you see. From the stars They will come. The seal that holds Them in Their own dimensions will be broken! Don't you understand? They are not the Old Ones! They have lied about that, also! The Nine Angles are the key - "

Fitten stopped, his hands raised, his face red. Then he was coughing and choking, spitting blood before he fell to writhe and scream on the floor. Frothy blood oozed from his mouth, and his bones could be heard breaking. His face went blue, his eyes bulged and then he was still. Baynes went to him, but he was dead, having swallowed his own tongue.

"We must be calm," Togbare said as sudden laughter filled the darkening room. "Concentrate, with me." Baynes came to stand beside him. "There is evil in this room. Concentrate, with me," Togbare repeated. "The flaming pentagram and the four-fold breathing."

Gradually, the laughter and the darkness subsided.

"He is dead," said Baynes unnecessarily. He covered Fitten's contorted face with his coat.

Eerily, the telephone began to ring. "Baynes here," he said. He listened, then gave the receiver to Togbare. "It's Frater Achad. He wants to speak with you."

"Hello!" Togbare said. "Yes, we are alone. Mr Fitten? He was here, yes. But listen, my son. Just now he died. Here, in this room. Are you still there? Evil magick - dark powers came to us, here. Yes, I understand. I shall pray for you, my son. Goodbye." He returned the telephone receiver to Baynes. "He could not speak for long."

"Of course. Did he mention anything? About the ritual?"

"Only a manuscript which might be relevant. Sloane MS 3189."

"I am not familiar with it, myself. British Museum?"

"Yes. Now, about poor Mr Fitten - "

"I shall take care of everything. The Police will have to be informed, of course."

"Naturally."

"I have some influence," Baynes said, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not like to use it, but in the circumstances - "

"I quite understand," said Togbare sympathetically.

"There will be no need for the Occult connection to become known. If you will excuse me, for a moment. I have some telephone calls to make."

"Yes, of course."

The fire was burning brightly when Baynes returned to find Togbare still sitting in the chair and

Fitten's body still nearby on the floor. Baynes admired Togbare's calm detachment.

"His notes and papers," Togbare asked. "It might help if we perused them."

"Possibly. I have a key to his house."

"Indeed?" Togbare was surprised.

"A few weeks ago," Baynes explained, "he came to see me. He gave me the key with the instructions to burn all his notes, papers and books should anything happen to him."

"He was expecting something to happen?"

"Apparently. But he was always liable to get excited. It was just his way."

"You did not believe him?" asked Togbare without censure.

"To be honest, no. I wish I had done. Perhaps I could have done something."

"There is nothing anyone of us could have done. You have informed the Police?"

"Yes. Someone will be arriving shortly."

Togbare smiled. "Just as Denise and the others begin their ritual."

"Of course!" said Baynes, suddenly understanding. "The Master has timed this well."

Togbare sighed. "He is powerful. Yet there is something else. Our every effort to neutralize the magickal power of this group over the years has come to nought. I have long suspected they have infiltrated us. The Council itself. These most recent events only confirm my suspicions."

"You believe there is a traitor?" asked Baynes with incredulity.

"I do not believe," Togbare answered quietly, "I know." He sighed again. "For this knowledge I will die. Perhaps my death will stop them - I do not know. But I know that beyond death this Satanic Master will try and claim my soul."

Gently, Baynes held the old man's hand. It was cold, like the room.

"It will be dawn in a few hours," Baynes said.

Then the laughter returned to haunt them - damning, demonic laughter. But it was soon gone as, outside, they heard an owl, screeking.

XI

Around him, Conrad sensed many people. He could not see them directly, for he was held as if paralysed on the floor of a small chamber near the Temple. There was a pillow supporting his head, and he looked down to see himself dressed in a black robe, the septagon sigil of the Order embroidered in red over the place of his heart.

He could hear chanting, smell incense and burning wax. Then a voice, speaking words he remembered from his own Initiation: "Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!" It was Tanith's voice, but it seemed to become very distant. Then he was asleep again, dreaming of being in space above the Earth as it turned in its orbit around the Sun. Then he was among alien but humanoid beings as they descended to Earth from the cold prison of space. Time rushed on, in a fluxion of images. Primitive tribes gathered in awe and greeting for the beings who taught, guided, controlled and destroyed among the forests and the ice. Others opposed to them came forth from space, seeking them out to kill or capture, taking their prisoners away, back into the cold, vast prison in space from which they had escaped, sealing them in forever in a vortex. He was there, in the dimensions and time beyond the causal, and felt their longing to escape, to explore the vastness and the beauty of the stars.

He awoke feeling a sense of loss. For minutes he lay still, scarcely breathing, and then he saw - or thought he saw - Tanith enter the chamber leading a man, blindfolded and bound. She lay with him on the floor to complete his Initiation before removing the blindfold.

"Neil, Neil!" he tried to say as he recognized the man. But the words would not be formed by his mouth and he lay helpless and still until the image vanished. He saw Susan walking toward him, and he closed his eyes, refusing to believe them. But she touched him, washing his face and hands with the warm water she carried in a bowl. She was smiling at him as she gently caressed him.

"I..." he began to say.

"Don't try to move too quickly," she said. "You will take some time to recover."

Slowly, he became aware he could move his fingers, his hands, his feet and as he did so he realized he loved her.

She kissed him, as if understanding his thought. "You understand now?"

Her eyes were beautiful, and it did not matter to Conrad that they had seemed full of stars.

"I think so," he replied.

"Together, we are a key which opens the Gate, breaking the seal which binds Them."

He did not think it a strange thing for her to say.

"Now," she said, "you are prepared. Come - for the Master awaits us."

It was as he stood up that he remembered that she was the Masters' daughter. She led him from the chamber into the dimness of the Temple. There were no candles on the altar, no naked priestess, no congregation gathered to greet them, indeed nothing magickal except the crystal tetrahedron, glowing as it stood on a plinth. Only the Master and Tanith awaited them.

"The season and time being right," intoned the Master, "the stars being aligned as it is written they be aligned, this Temple conforming to the precepts of our Dark Gods, let us heed the Angles of the Nine!"

He gestured toward the crystal, chanting "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" as he did so. The light that seemed to emanate from within it darkened and then began to slowly change colour until only a dim blue glow remained.

"So it has been," the Master intoned, "so it is and so shall it be again. Agarthi has known Them, the Nameless who came forth before we dreamed. And Bron Wrgon, our twin Gate, Here," and he gestured toward Susan and Conrad, "a Key to the dimensions beyond Time: a key to the nine angles and the trapezohedron! From their crisis will come the power to break the seal which binds!"

"They exist," Tanith chanted as Aris began to vibrate with his voice the words of power - "Nii! Ny'thra Kthunae Atazoth. Ny'thra! Nii! Zod das Ny'thra!" - "in the angles of those dimensions that cannot be perceived, waiting for us to call and begin again a new cycle. They have trod the blackness between the stars and they found us, huddled in sleep and cold. But the Sirians came, to seal us and them again in our prisons and our sleep. Soon shall we both become free!"

The Master stood with his hands on the tetrahedron, as Tanith did, and they both began to vibrate a fourth and an octave apart, the words that were the key to the Abyss.

Susan stood beside Conrad, but she did not pull him down with her to the floor as he expected. Instead, she held his hands with hers and stood before him. Her hands were cold, icy cold, and he could feel the coldness invading him. Her eyes became again full of stars which spread to enclose her face. The Temple itself became black, and all he could hear was the insistent and deep chanting of the words which would open the Abyss. It was a strange sound, as the two voices chanted an octave fourth apart. Conrad began to feel dizzy, and felt he was falling. A profusion of stars rushed toward him as if he was travelling incredibly fast in Space itself. He passed a coloured, broken grid made of pulsing lights and world upon alien world. Peoples with strange faces and bodies upon strange worlds, beautiful and disgusting scenes: a sunset on a world with three moons, red, orange and blue; a heap of mangled corpses, spaked and being eaten by small animals with rows of sharp teeth while, nearby, a starship lay crashed and mangled in yellow sand... The impressions were fleeting but powerful and came and went in profusion. And then they suddenly ended. He was alone, totally alone in stark and cold blackness. Faintly, he could hear a rustling. It was the wind, and as he listened and waited, faint images, growing slowly and changing in colour - violet to blue to orange then red.

Brightness came with the swift dawn, and he found himself standing amid barren rocks beneath an orange sky. A figure was walking toward him, and Conrad recognized it. It was himself.

The figure spoke, in Conrad's voice. "The seal that bound us is no more. Soon, we shall be with you."

The man smiled, but it was a sinister smile which both pleased and disquieted Conrad.

"Now I must depart," the image of Conrad said. "But before I go I give you a reward. See me as I have been known to those on your world with little understanding."

The figure contorted, was Satan, and was gone.

XII

"You consider it important?" Baynes asked Togbare as they stood beside Fitten's desk in the study of his house.

Togbare read the tattered manuscript again. "It could be. It well could be."

"Anything interesting?" Neil asked. He had met them at Baynes' house as they were preparing to leave in the dawn light. He was fresh from his Initiation ceremony, but they wasted no time discussing it.

"Does it mean anything to you?" Togbare asked Neil.

Neil took the manuscript - several pages of handwritten sheets. He read it carefully. "Not really," he finally said, passing it to Baynes. "They told me very little - other than to be prepared for an important ritual very soon."

Baynes read the writing. "The ancient and secret rite of the Nine Angles is a call to the Dark Gods who exist beyond Time in the acausal dimensions, where that power which is behind the form of Satan resides, and waits. The rite is the blackest act of black magick, for it brings to Earth Those who are never named." He put the manuscript back on the desk. "Sounds like Lovecraft to me," said Baynes dismissively.

"Of that," replied Togbare, "I am aware. Yet I gain the impression, from what I have read of Mr Fitten's notes and the little I already know, that he himself - and I am inclined to support him - that he regarded the mythos that Lovecraft invented, or which more correctly was given to him by his dreaming-true, as a corruption of a secret tradition. He made his Old Ones loathsome and repulsive. I myself am inclined to believe that if such entities as these so-called 'Dark Gods' exist they might be shape-changers, like the Prince of Darkness himself."

"What do these qabalistic attributions mean?" asked Neil, pointing to a page of the manuscript Fitten had written. "About 418 not being 13?"

"Alas," admitted Togbare, "I do not know."

"Do you think he copied this from somewhere?" Neil asked.

"Possibly. You said they mentioned books and manuscripts in their possession?"

"Yes. 'The Master' said I might see some of them, soon. All their Initiates, apparently, have to study them."

"We shall have to wait, then," said Baynes.

"Possibly, possibly," mumbled Togbare. He began to search among the files that cluttered the desk and the room itself. "There is a tradition," he muttered as he searched, "that Shambhala and Agharti have their origin in a real conflict between cosmic forces at the dawn of Man. It is a persistent tradition, in all Occult schools, and this may point to the tradition having at least some basis in fact." He sat in the chair at the desk. "I am old," he said, shaking his head, "and the Inner Light that guides our Council has been my strength for many, many years. Even as a young man I sought the mysteries. Yet, here I am, many years later, and still I lack understanding. There is evil around, even here - in this room. I sense it. What is happening and has been happening for years is distorting the Astral Light. We seem to be about to face a new, darker, era. We seem no nearer a solution. Perhaps we have looked in the wrong areas. We believed the Satanists who have caused the distortion to be literal worshippers of the Devil. Then they became for us followers of To Mega Therion, their word Thelema. Now, when it is almost too late, we discover they have no Word, except perhaps Chaos - that what they plan is perhaps even more sinister and terrible than we imagined."

"But there is time," Neil tried to say, helpfully, "I am aware there is. Conrad Robury - "

"Ah!" Togbare's eyes brightened.

"If he is important to them in what they plan, then why has he appeared only now? Surely more preparation is required."

"You know the gentleman, I believe?" Togbare asked.

"Yes," said Neil. "I introduced him to the wiccan group."

"And arranged an introduction with Mr Sanders," added Baynes.

"Yes I did."

"Even though," said Baynes quietly, "you knew Sanders to recruit for the Master and his group."

"Well, when you suggested I infiltrate them myself, I thought it would be a good ploy. Show my intent, so to speak, to introduce someone who might be useful to them."

"And so it has proved," said Togbare.

"What are you suggesting?" Neil asked Baynes, as though he had not heard what Togbare said.

"I am not suggesting anything," replied Baynes, softly.

"Come! Come!" chided Togbare, "let us not quarrel. There are elementals about, trying to divide us and disrupt our plans."

"I am sorry," Baynes said sincerely. "I'm just tired. You must forgive me."

Togbare looked at him with kindness. "When did you last sleep?"

"I don't know. A few days ago, perhaps. There has not been time."

"May I suggest," said Togbare, "that you return to your home for a few hours rest?"

"But surely, I can help here?"

"Yes, of course In a few hours time. It will not take all three of us to search these files." He indicated a small pile on the desk, awaiting their attention. "Please, do go and get some rest."

"If you are sure," said Baynes.

"Yes, of course. We shall return to your home within the next few hours."

"Will you be alright?" Baynes turned to leave.

"Do not worry!"

Togbare waved to him through the window. The snow still lay heavy upon the ground, but the sky was clear. "He works very hard," he mumbled to himself before returning to sit by the desk. "This Conrad Robury," he asked Neil.

"Yes?"

"He had no previous interest?"

"No. None. He was a friend, studying science. It all started out as a bit of a joke, actually. He thought

all of the Occult was nonsense. So I suggested that as a scientist he should study the subject at first hand. But there was always something about him. I don't quite know what - perhaps his eyes. Sometimes when he looked at me I felt uneasy. He was a very intense young man. I know it may sound funny, but he was very earnest in an almost puritanical way."

"He could be the sacrifice they need."

Neil sighed. "I know" His eyes showed the sadness and the guilt he felt at the possibility.

"Do not worry," said Togbare sincerely. "If that is what is planned, we shall save your Conrad Robury."

"Did I hear," a voice from the doorway said, "someone call my name?" Conrad stepped into the room.

"Conrad!" Neil said with pleasant surprise. He started to walk toward his friend, but Togbare restrained him by grasping his arm.

"Wait," Togbare advised. He looked at Conrad. "By what right do you dare to enter here?"

Conrad smiled. "By the right of my Word - Chaos!"

"Conrad," Neil said, "what's happened?"

"You thought," Conrad said hatefully to him, "to betray us! You will not stop us! Neither of you will. You!" he pointed at Neil, "are coming with me!"

"He is staying," said Togbare, using his stick to help himself stand.

"You do not frighten me, old man!" Conrad said. He moved toward Neil, but Togbare raised his stick. Conrad felt a sudden and severe pain in his stomach. He tried to move forward, but the pain increased, and he placed his hands on his abdomen, grimacing with pain.

Silently, Susan came into the room to stand beside him. She touched his hand, and the pain vanished. He stared at Togbare, concentrating on shaping his own aura into a weapon. He formed it using his will into an inverted septagon which he aimed at Togbare.

The effect was minimal, for Togbare still smiled and raised his stick. From it's tip white filaments flowed to form a flaming pentagram above the Mage's head. The pentagram came closer and closer, sending purple filaments toward Conrad who held up his ring to absorb them. But however hard Conrad tried he could not will any force to oppose the filaments. The ring simply kept absorbing them. For every one filament absorbed, three new ones arose until both he and Susan were enclosed in a purple web. Desperate and determined, Conrad concentrated on his ring, remembering the chant he had heard in the Temple. The concentration and visualization seemed to work, for a bright red bolt

broke forth from his ring, hurtling toward Togbare. But the Magus simply held out his palm which harmlessly absorbed the light. Conrad could feel his power being slowly drained away. Then he remembered.

Susan's hand was near and he grasped it tightly. She leant against him and he felt a force rush through him. She was laughing, the power she gave him was strong and he had time only to fashion its primal chaos into the sign of the inverted pentagram before it sped across the room in accordance with his desire. It touched Togbare's stick, knocking it from his hand as the purple web which enclosed the Satanists shattered, then disappeared.

Togbare was unharmed, but his power was gone. "You have powerful friends, I see," he said.

"You cannot stop us!" Conrad laughed.

Togbare smiled, and bent down to retrieve his stick. Cautiously, Conrad stepped back. "Do not worry," Togbare said. "My power - like yours - is for the moment gone. But it will return, and soon."

Conrad went toward him and tried to grasp the stick. He wanted to break it over his knee. But some force around Togbare kept him away. It was as if when he got within a few feet of the Magus he became paralysed.

"It is your evil intent," Togbare said, and smiled, "which holds you back."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he caught hold of Neil, twisting his arm behind his back. "You're coming with us!"

"He will be of no use to you," said Togbare. "As your Master will soon realize."

"We shall see!"

"Please," Neil pleaded, "don't let them take me!"

"They cannot harm you, my son," Togbare said. "Trust me. Now I have seen their power, I know what to do."

Neil was unsure, and struggled to be free. Conrad held him round the throat. "So much for his power, eh?" he said as he pushed Neil toward the door.

"Conrad, Conrad!" Neil pleaded. "What's happened to you?"

"You're to be our sacrifice!" Conrad said, and laughed.

"Help me! For God's sake help me!" Neil cried out.

"It's too late!" gloated Conrad. "We need your blood!"

Susan had her car waiting outside the front door of the house, and Conrad pushed Neil into it, holding him down as she drove away toward their Satanic Temple.

XIII

For several hours Togbare stayed in Fitten's house. At first, following the departure of Conrad and Susan with Neil, he sat at the desk and meditated, gradually restoring to himself, by breath control and mantra, the power he had lost during the astral combat.

Afterwards, he studied Fitten's manuscripts, notes and books, and it was almost noon when he stood up from the desk. In his absorption, he had not noticed the cold of the room, and he shivered, a little, as he walked to the door. Outside, the sun was warming, and he walked slowly and steadily like the old man he was, the miles to Baynes' house, glad of the exercise and the snowy coldness of the Winter air.

Baynes was in his large study when Togbare arrived. The room was warm, and Togbare sat by the coal fire as he related the events leading to the taking of Neil. Baynes was clearly perturbed.

"I am sure," Baynes said, "they will sacrifice him. He has betrayed them - broken the oath of his Initiation. This is disturbing news, it really is. I do not believe we can wait any longer. I think the time has come for us to act - swiftly and decisively."

"You have a suggestion?"

"Yes. Since this Conrad Robury is important to them - or so it seems - I suggest we entice him away from their house, and hold him, here if necessary, for a few days as our guest. We can then arrange for him to be exchanged with Mr Stanford."

Togbare's surprise showed on his face. "It would not be right."

"To save Mr Stanford's life? It is the only way, for I do not believe that we can succeed by magick alone. Not now."

For a long time Togbare did not speak. He sat staring into the flames of the fire.

"You are right," he finally said, and sighed. "I do not like it, but it appears to be our only hope. The situation is desperate."

"May I," Baynes said, "therefore suggest that we - you and I - undertake a simple rite with the intention of enticing Robury from the house. I could arrange for some people to be waiting. He would not be harmed, of course."

"You could arrange all this?"

"Yes. It should not take long - a few hours, no more." He turned toward Togbare and smiled. "Wealth has its uses - occasionally!"

"Those good people who were with us, yesterday?"

"Yes?"

"If you could arrange for some of them to come here, you need not be detained. We, then, could do the ritual you suggested."

"Splendid! I shall contact them at once. I told them, this morning, to be prepared as we might need them at short notice."

"You spoke to them all this morning?" Togbare was amazed.

"Well, when I returned here, I could not sleep. I thought I would do something useful. They all felt the ritual they undertook went well."

"It has bought us some time, I think. Some little time. This Mr Robury - I have realized that his apparent Occult ability depends on a certain young lady. She was with him, this morning. It is the same woman, I am sure, who was with him at the ritual at Mr Fitten's house when that unfortunate lady, his wife, passed over to the other side. So, alone and with us, he should have no power. Yes," he mused, "the more I think on this - on this plan of yours - the more I am inclined to believe it will succeed."

"Then," said Baynes, "I shall go and make the necessary arrangements."

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Baynes stood staring out of his office window watching the traffic in the city street below. He liked his spartan office on the top floor of one of the tallest buildings in the city centre as much for the splendid view as for its relative quiet amid his busy business empire which he controlled from this, his, building.

His desk intercom buzzed. "Yes?" he asked.

"A Mr Sanders to see you, sir."

"Excellent! Send him in!" He seated himself in his leather chair behind his uncluttered desk.

"Mr Sanders," his Secretary announced.

"Please," he said, indicating a chair, "be seated."

"I'd rather stand," Sanders said. He was dressed in black as was his habit. "You wanted to see me?" he asked, warily.

"I have a proposition for you - a business proposition."

"So your flunky said on the 'phone."

"You operate what some might describe as a 'Black Magick' temple, do you not?"

Sanders sat in the chair. "Let's cut the crap! I know you, Baynes, and you know me."

"I would like you to do me a favour - for a substantial sum of money."

Suspicious, Sanders looked around the room. "Are you taping this?"

"Of course not!"

"So what's your offer - and how much?"

"Fifty thousand pounds."

Sanders hid his surprise. "To do what?"

"Not long ago, a certain young gentleman - a student - came to visit you. You introduced him, I believe, to a certain group. Well, I would like this gentleman brought from where he is to my house. With the minimal use of force, of course."

Sanders stood up. "I can't say it was a pleasure meeting you. Goodbye."

"You have a very lucrative side-line, I believe."

Sander was nearly at the door when Baynes added, "I'm sure the Police would be very interested in your - what shall I call it? - your import business. A Mr Osterman is your contact in Hamburg, I understand."

Sanders stopped. "You're bluffing."

"I assure you I'm not. Your last assignment arrived last Tuesday. Estimated value - I believe the term used is 'on the street' - two million pounds, at least. Of course, if my figures are correct, your profit is somewhat smaller. Much smaller in fact. So many overheads."

Sanders walked back to the desk. He sat down again, and smiled. "You're very well informed."

"Of course," Baynes said, "we both know who takes most of the profit. You are familiar, I understand, with the house where this Mr Robury is currently residing."

Sanders shrugged. "Possibly."

"Toward dusk, he will be walking in the garden. You are to bring him to me. At this address." He gave Sanders a printed card.

"And the money?"

Baynes opened a draw in his desk. He laid out several piles of ten-pound notes. "A small advance. The rest will await your arrival at the house."

"And if he is not where you said?"

"He will be. But should some unforeseen circumstance arise and he is not there, telephone me and I shall arrange another time."

Sanders scooped up the money and stuffed it into his pockets.

"And," Baynes added as Sanders stood up to leave, "if you are worried about your 'Master' finding out about our little arrangement, I'm sure you have experience enough to work some plan out so as not to implicate yourself."

Sanders was already thinking along similar lines. "You've missed your calling!" he smiled before walking to the door.

Baynes waited until Sanders had left before he used the telephone.

"Hello?" he asked as his caller answered. "Frater Togbare?"

"Yes?" came the quiet and somewhat nervous reply.

"Baynes here!" he said cheerfully, pleased with his success with Sanders. "It went well. All is arranged as planned."

When Togbare did not speak, Baynes said, "Did everything go alright with you?"

"Er, no, not really. You'd better come here - I'll explain."

"I'll be there as quick as I can!"

XIV

It had not taken Togbare long to fall asleep. He was sitting by the fire, as Baynes left for his office, wondering about the events of the past few days and the events to come. He too was tired, and slept soundly by the warmth of the fire.

The doorbell awoke him, and he walked slowly to answer its call, leaning on his stick, and expecting some of the guests of the night before. The cabinet clock in the hallway of Baynes' house showed him he had been asleep for nearly an hour. He did not recognize the woman who waited outside, but her expensive car, waiting with its chauffeur, did not surprise him, for he knew of Baynes' own wealth.

"Is Oswald in?" a smiling and alluringly dressed Tanith asked.

"Oswald?" repeated Togbare, averting his eyes from her breasts, amply exposed by her dress.

"Mr. Baynes. Is he at home?"

"Er, no. Not at the moment. Can I help?"

"I've come for your little ritual - or whatever it is you've planned."

"I'm sorry?" For some reason Togbare felt confused, a fact which he attributed to having just woken from a deep and needful sleep.

"May I come in?" Tanith asked and proceeded to walk past him, making sure their bodies touched. She walked into the study, and stood by the fire. "Dear Oswald," she said, "such a charming gentleman, but so frightfully forgetful sometimes. He forget to tell you I would be coming, didn't he?"

"Well - "

"Do be seated," she said affably.

Togbare obeyed.

"Any idea what this ritual thing is about?" she asked standing near him. "If it is anything like the one's he's invited me to before, we are in for some jolly good fun!" She laughed.

"Fun?" said Togbare, perturbed.

"Why yes! Don't say he hasn't told you? My word! Would you like a drink - to get into the mood?"

"A drink?" Togbare felt distinctly uncomfortable.

She went straight to a bookcase, pushed a hidden button, and waited until a shelf revolved to reveal decanters and glasses. "Whisky?" she said. "You look like a Whisky man to me. He has some very fines malts."

"I myself," Togbare said, rather stuffily, "do not imbibe."

"Shame. I'm partial to Gin, myself." She poured herself a full glassful and drank it immediately. "Splendid! Best on an empty stomach. Straight into the blood!" She poured herself another glass before saying, "Shall I draw the blinds so we are prepared?"

"Pardon?"

She pressed another button and the window-blinds descended to silently close.

Togbare stood up. "You seem to know this house rather well."

"I should say so! All the hours of fun I've had here! Oswald has the most marvellous parties!" She came toward Togbare who was standing by the light of the fire. "Hot in her, isn't it?" she said, beginning to remove her dress.

As she reached Togbare it fell around her ankles. She was naked and an unbelieving Togbare stared at her.

"Your spirit," she said, "is younger than your body."

She took his hand and placed it on her breast.

Togbare snatched it away and almost ran to the door. It was locked, but there was no key.

Tanith stepped out of her dress and moved toward him, laughing. "You will enjoy the pleasure I offer," she said.

Suddenly, Togbare understood. "Harlot!" he shouted. "The Master sent you!"

"Yes!"

She was closing upon him, and to Togbare she became a Satanic curse. He held up his stick, but she laughed at him.

"You are weak!" she sneered. "Look at me! Look at my body!"

Togbare turned away, mumbling words as he did so.

"Your god cannot help you now!" she mocked.

He turned to face her and as he did so she began to change form before his very eyes.

"My God!" he cried with genuine surprise, "you are his wife!"

It was a pitying laugh she gave him before gesturing behind her with her hand. Her dress disappeared, briefly, before re-appearing on her body. She gestured again, and the blinds rose to flood the room with daylight.

"You cannot harm me," Togbare said, holding his stick in front of him for protection.

"I have achieved what I came for!"

He stood aside to let her leave. The doors opened for her and she walked out into the sunlight. Through the window, she saw the Magus kneeling on the floor and saying his prayers.

"Home, Gedor!" she commanded as she got into her car.

Togbare prayed for almost an hour. He was calm then, but dismayed, and stoked and re-built the fire in his study. He sat by it, sighing and shaking his head in consternation, for a long time, rising only to answer the doorbell twice. Each time he half-expected the satanic mistress to return but each time it was only a group of Baynes's guests from the night before, summoned for a new ritual. Each time he apologized and told them to await another call. He did not explain why and they did not ask, but it took him a long time to remove the traces of the woman's presence from the house and the room.

Her mocking, lustful satanic presence seemed to have invaded every corner, and he cast pentagram after pentagram after hexagram to remove it. He only just completed his task when the telephone rang.

"I'll be there as quick as I can!" Baynes had said, and Togbare sat by the fire to wait.

He was almost asleep again when Baynes returned.

"Well," Baynes said after Togbare had explained about Tanith's visit, "it matters little. We can do the ritual ourselves, as I originally thought. That is," he paused, "if you yourself feel able to continue as planned."

"I fear we have no choice," he said sadly. "It will tire us, even more. I just hope we can recover sufficiently."

"In time for when the Satanists attempt to Open the Gates you mean?"

"Yes. Shall we begin?"

Together, they sat by the fire in the last hours of daylight, trying through their powers of visualization and will to entice Conrad away from the safety of the Master's house and into the open where Sanders would, hopefully, be waiting. After several minutes effort, Togbare withdrew from one of his pockets one of the small squares of parchment he always carried. Taking his pen, he began to write, first Conrad's name, and then several sigils, upon it. For several minutes he stared at the completed charm before casting it into the flames of the fire to be consumed.

"So mote it be!" he said as the parchment burned.

Near the window, a raven cried, loudly in the snowful silence that surrounded the house.

XV

Conrad, as Aris had instructed, was reading in the library as the twilight came. The manuscript Aris had left out for him was interesting, telling as it did of the Dark Gods. But the more he read, the more dissatisfied he became.

The work was full of signs, symbols and words - and yet he felt it was insubstantial, as if the author or authors had glimpsed at best only part of the reality. His memory of the recent ritual was vivid, and as he stared at the manuscript he realized what was lacking. The work lacked the stars - the haunting beauty he himself had experienced; the numinous beauty which he felt was waiting for him. He wanted to reach out again and again and capture that beauty, that eerie essence, that nebulousity. He had felt free, drifting through space and other dimensions; free and powerful like a god - free of his own dense body which bound him to Earth.

"Having fun?" a voice unexpectedly asked.

It was Susan, and she walked toward him.

"Not really."

She wore Tanith's exotic perfume and her clothes were thin, moulded to the contours of her body. In that instant of his watching - full as it was of sensual memories and sensual anticipation - he remembered the bliss that a body could bring.

She stood by the French windows looking up at the darkening sky. "Shall we go outside," she suggested, "and watch the stars?"

"You been reading my thoughts again?" he asked, half seriously, and half in jest.

He rose from the desk to stand beside her and was pleased when she placed her hand around his waist before opening the windows.

"I'll just get a coat," she said and kissed him. "I'll join you outside."

The air was cold, but Conrad did not care as he walked out into the snow. The stars were becoming clearer, and he wandered away from the lights of the house to watch them as they shone, unshimmering in the cold air of Winter.

They came upon him swiftly, the three men waiting in the shadows. One carried a gun and pointed it at Conrad while the others grabbed his arms.

"Quiet!" the man with the gun said, "or you're dead."

Conrad struggled, and succeeded in knocking one of the men over. He tried to punch the other man in the face, but a blow to the neck felled him, and he was unconscious as he hit the snow.

"Bring him!" the man with the gun said.

Conrad awoke as he was being bundled into a car, but his hands were bound and he was roughly thrown onto the back seat.

"Bastards!" he screamed, and kicked at the door.

A knife was held to his throat. "Calm down, stupid," its holder said, and smiled. "Or I'll make a mess of your face!"

Yards away, Sanders sat waiting in his own car. No one had followed the men as they had dragged the unconscious Conrad toward the gate and the waiting cars, and he sighed with relief. He followed the car containing Conrad and they were soon far away from the house.

As he had instructed, Conrad was blindfolded, and he stood behind two men as they stood outside Baynes' house holding Conrad between them. Baynes had been watching from his window, and strode out to meet them.

"As promised," Sanders said.

"Excellent!" replied Baynes. He gave Sanders a briefcase. Sanders opened it and then pushed Conrad toward Baynes.

"He's all yours."

Baynes led Conrad into the house. Once in the study, he locked the door before removing Conrad's

blindfold and bonds. It took Conrad only a few moments to adjust to his new surroundings.

"Please," Togbare said, indicating a chair by the fire, "sit down."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he turned to Baynes who stood by the door.

"Resorting to armed violence now, I see," Conrad quipped.

"An unfortunate necessity."

"How very Satanic of you," Conrad smiled. "Well, great Mage," he said mockingly to Togbare, "what is your plan?"

"You will remain here - for a short while."

"I suppose you in your stupidity think they will exchange Neil for me."

Togbare looked at Baynes. Conrad sneered at both of them. "You won't be able," he said, "to hold me. Not once they find out where I am. They will come - are you ready for the violence they will use?"

"What makes you think," said Baynes, "that you are that important to them? You are just another Initiate. They have plenty more. You'll be easy to replace."

"Is that so?" Conrad laughed, but Baynes' words made him feel uneasy.

"We have taken certain precautions," Togbare said.

"Oh, yes?" Conrad sneered. "You have drawn a magick circle thrice around the house - and I stand trembling and abashed at its centre! Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii!"

"Well, well!" said Baynes, "a scholar as well as a comedian."

Suddenly, Conrad rushed at Baynes, intending to punch at his face, but Baynes was too quick and easily avoided the intended blow. His own counter was quick, as he caught Conrad off balance, tripping him to the floor.

Baynes bowed slightly as Conrad slowly got to his feet.

"He studied in Taiwan," Togbare said by way of explanation.

"Oh well," Conrad said, shrugging his shoulders, "so much for that idea then." He looked around the room. "I suppose I'd better make myself comfortable."

"A wise decision," Togbare said.

"Do you not wish," Baynes said to Conrad, "to complete your studies at University?"

"What's it to you?" Conrad looked at him briefly, then at the window. He sat in an upright chair as near to it as possible.

"I believe you have an interest in Spaceflight?"

"No need to guess who told you that."

"Mr Stanford, of course. I have some contacts in the aerospace industry in the States."

"Bully for you."

"I could arrange for you to continue your studies at an American university at the end of which you would be guaranteed work with one of the leading companies in the aerospace industry. You would, of course, be provided with a large capital sum - say fifty thousand pounds - for incidental expenses over the years."

"Are you trying to bribe me?" Conrad asked, amazed - and interested - by the offer.

"Yes." said Baynes without hesitation.

"What would you want in exchange?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" asked Conrad incredulously.

"Except your immediate departure for America. I would, of course, make the necessary arrangements."

"I don't believe it," Conrad said, amazed.

"Money has no interest for me - beyond what good I can do with it."

"And the Master?" Conrad asked. "What of him if I betrayed him by leaving?"

"As I said before, you are a mere Initiate to him. He can easily find someone to take your place. But if you wish, I could provide you with a new identity. I have certain contacts who could arrange matters. You would soon be forgotten."

"It's very tempting. But the Master - "

"All you have to do," said Baynes, "is stay here with us for a few days. You will see when nobody is sent to fetch you, when they show no interest in you whatsoever, that what I say is true."

"How do I know this isn't just some ploy to get me to stay here?"

"You have my word. Should you wish, you can be with me when I make the necessary arrangements. I can have the money here within a few hours, the airline ticket likewise. Your passport and new identity will take a little longer - a day, perhaps. You yourself can speak to the American university I have in mind."

"When do I have to decide?"

"The sooner you decide, the sooner I can make the arrangements."

For several minutes Conrad stared at the fire. Then he rose slowly from his chair to yawn and stretch his limbs. "Any chance of some tea?" he asked casually.

"Have you reached a decision?" Baynes asked.

"Yes." Taking several deep breaths, Conrad grasped the back of the chair, swiftly lifting it and smashing it into the window. The glass shattered, and he threw the chair at Baynes before diving through the broken glass. He landed awkwardly in the snow, his hands cut and bloodied by the glass. Something warm was running down his neck, and he extracted a splinter of glass that had embedded itself in his arm before leaping up to run down the driveway and away from the house. He could hear Baynes shouting behind him, but did not look back, concentrating on running as fast as he could down the street. He ran and ran, past houses, over roads, on pavements, verges and roads, stopping for breath once by a busy main road. Then he was away, out into the dark lanes beyond the lights of the city.

He stopped to hide behind a tree, nauseous and shaking, and it was some time before his breathing returned to normal. His hands, neck and face were covered in blood, but it was dried or drying, and he took off his jacket to tear part of his shirt for a bandage for his arm. Soon, the cloth was soaked, and he lay still, pressing his hand over his bandaged wound to try and stop the bleeding. As he did so, he began to feel pain in his hands and face. He felt very tired.

No one had followed him down the dark narrow lane. He dreamed he was in the Satanic Temple. Neil was on the altar, tied down by thongs, and Tanith bent over him, a knife in her hand.

'It is your deed,' Tanith said to Conrad.

'Your deed,' Aris and Susan repeated as they stood beside him.

'We require his blood,' all three of them said.

Tanith gave him the knife and he walked toward Neil.

'Please,' his former friend pleaded, 'spare me! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!'

'We require his blood,' Conrad heard as a chant behind him. 'His blood to complete your Initiation. We must have his blood!'

Conrad hesitated.

'Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!' the insistent voices said.

He raised the knife to strike, but could not find the strength, and as he lowered it in failure the bound figure on the altar was no longer Neil, but himself. Then Aris, Tanith, Susan and his double on the altar were laughing.

'See how close to failure you came!' Aris said and kissed him on the lips. He made to move away, but it was Susan kissing him until she, too, changed - into Tanith.

Suddenly he was awake again, lying on the cold snow stained by his own blood. Such a waste, he thought, to die here, cold and alone. He tried to sit, up against the tree, but lacked the strength. Then he smiled. 'I would do it all again,' he muttered to the tree, the snow, the stars. 'Susan', he said to himself as his eyes closed of their own accord, 'I love you.'

The last thing he heard was the cry of a hungry owl.

XVI

Denise sat on and surrounded by cushions as brightly coloured as her clothes, two green candles in tall ornate holders alight beside her. Her house was otherwise unlit, and quiet except for the nearby rumble of traffic which passed along the main road less than fifty yards away. She was looking with half-closed eyes into her large crystal scrying sphere and her friend Miranda - High Priestess of the Circle of Arcadia - sat beside her, awaiting her description of her visions.

"I have found him," Denise said as if in trance. "He suffers, and will die."

Slowly, she placed a black cloth over her crystal. "Come," she said to her friend, "I shall need your help."

Her zest was evident in her driving, and it did not take them long to drive away from the city to the dark, narrow, lane she had seen in her vision.

"There, by the tree," she said.

Conrad was unconscious. "We must hurry," Denise said as she bent over him. "Others - the evil ones - will soon be here. I feel they are near."

Together they lifted and carried Conrad into the car.

"You drive," Denise almost commanded her friend. "I must begin, now."

Her hands were warm and she gently placed them on Conrad's cold and almost lifeless face before raising them a few inches to make passes with them over his arms, hands and body. She imagined energy flowing to her from the Earth through her fingers and down through his aura into the vital meridians of his wounded body, stopping only when they reached their destination.

Her house was warm, and they laid Conrad on the cushions between the candles.

"Will he be alright?" an anxious Miranda asked.

"I don't know - yet."

"Shall I let Mr. Baynes know?"

Denise turned toward her, her eyes intense. "No!"

"But I thought - "

"Nobody must know!" And she added, in a softer voice: "Not yet, anyway." She kissed Miranda, saying "Trust me, my love."

Then she knelt over Conrad to renew her healing with her hands.

"Can I do anything?" Miranda asked.

"Be a darling and make some tea." Denise did not turn around or look up.

The pot of tea was cold by the time Denise stood up, tired from her efforts, and she went to her kitchen to hold her hands against the cold tap, earthing the energies, before drinking several cups of the cold brew.

"Do you want me to stay?" Miranda asked hopefully.

"No - I'll be alright. I'll call you if there is any change,"

"Well, if you're sure."

"Yes. And," Denise said, embracing her, "please not a word - to anyone."

They kissed, briefly, and then Miranda left the room and the house. Denise sat beside Conrad, and gently stroked his face. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

"Back with us, then?" she said and smiled.

"What?" Conrad said, confused.

"You had a bit of an accident. And before you say anything, you're in my house."

Conrad sat up. "And you are?"

"Let's just say someone who likes helping waifs and strays!"

Conrad looked around the room. He saw the crystal with its black cover for 'closing down', the incense burner upon the fireplace. There were no furnishings other than the many cushions of varying size strewn over the carpet and the long, heavy drapes covering the window; no light other than that from the candles.

"Whose side are you on?" he asked cautiously.

"Does one have to be 'on a side'?" she countered with a smile.

"You know who I am?"

"Yes. How are you feeling?"

"Alright. I must have passed out." He found the woman strangely attractive, although her features were not beautiful in the conventional sense. But he suppressed his feelings, remembering Susan. "I really ought to go," he said and tried to stand up.

He failed, and slumped back into the cushions.

"Rest, now," Denise said,

"I must telephone someone," he said as he lay down to close his eyes to try and stop the dizziness he felt.

"In a while. But first you must rest."

She left him for a short time, returning with a silver bowl, cloths, phials of lotions and a mug

containing a hot infusion of herbs, all carried on a silver tray.

"Here," she said, "drink this."

He sat up and smelt the contents of the mug. It smelt horrible. "What is it?"

"Just an infusion - of herbs and things. My mother showed me how to make it. It will bring back some of your strength."

Cautiously, Conrad sipped the drink. She removed the bandage he had made to cover the wound on his arm and began to clean the area using the liquid in the bowl. When she has finished, she made a clean covering using a cloth richly suffused with lotion. Soon, she had washed, cleaned and covered all his injuries with her lotions.

"It tasted better," Conrad said after finishing her potion, "than it smelt."

Her nearness, her gentle touch and her bodily fragrance all combined to sexually arouse him, and he held her hand before leaning to kiss her.

She moved away, saying, "I'm sorry to disappoint you - but I'm not that way inclined."

"I hope I didn't offend you," he said sincerely.

She laughed as she collected her lotions. "For an alleged Satanist you are rather innocent. Your aura marks you as different from them."

"Oh, yes?" Conrad was intrigued.

"What is your aim in all this?" she asked. "What do you hope to find?"

He felt his strength returning with every breath he took. Even the throbbing in his arm had begun subside. "Knowledge," he said.

Denise sat down beside him as she did so he felt there was a calmness within her. He felt good, just being near her, as if in some way she was giving him energy. At first, he had felt this as her sexual interest in him, but the more he looked at her and the more he thought about it, the more he realized it was nothing of the sort. It was just beneficent energy flowing from her. He did not know, nor particularly care, why - he just felt relaxed and comfortable in her nearness.

"What is it?" she asked again, smiling, her eyes radiant, "that you hope to find. Why did you join them?"

"I wanted knowledge." It was only partly true, he remembered. Most of all he had wanted to experience sexual passion.

"Is that all?"

He sensed she knew the answer already. "Well, sex as well."

"And then what?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, perplexed.

"Think of it - in a few years time, if you continue along your present path, you will have had many women, learnt many Occult truths. Perhaps you will have acquired some skill in magick. But life is - for most people - quite long: many decades, in fact. What do you do with all this time? The same pleasures and delights over and over again? Someone of your intelligence would surely find that boring?"

"There will be other goals, I'm sure. Other things to achieve."

"Perhaps. Your youth will go, and with its going will come tiredness of both body and spirit."

"So what? It is the present that's important. Why worry about what might never be?"

"And if I said you were giving up your chance of immortality what would you say?"

"I don't believe there is a chance. It's superstition. When we die, that's it."

"Is that what you believe Satanism as all about - the pleasure of the moment?"

"Yes." Then, with less certainty, he added, "Well, at least, I think so."

"There is no belief in something beyond?"

"Not as far as I know." He smiled. "But as you must know, I'm only a new Initiate."

"Would you kill your friend Neil?" she suddenly asked.

"Say again?"

"Neil Stanford. Would you kill him if your Master demanded it?"

"What do you know about Neil?"

"He came to see me once. For a reading. But you haven't answered my question. Would you - could you - kill him, or anyone?"

Conrad remembered his dream. But there was within him a desire to deny that part of himself which would not kill. For a few moments he felt compelled to boast, to answer her question in the affirmative - depicting himself to her as someone ruthless and unafraid. But she was sitting near him, calm and smiling, and it seemed to him that her eyes saw into his thoughts. She would know it was just a boast, the nervous arrogance of naivety.

"I don't know," he said honestly.

"See," she said with a slight tone of censure, "to you all this Satanism is at present a game. An enjoyable one, to be sure, but still a game. Your aura tells a different story. They are serious - they kill, without mercy. They corrupt. Are you ready for all that?"

"You make them sound vile," he said, thinking of Susan, and the bliss he had shared with Tanith. "They are not like that."

"Don't you understand what is happening to you? Of course, now all is pleasure - all is passion and enjoyment. You are being courted, drawn into their web. But soon the perversity will begin. It will start in a small way - something perhaps only a little morally degrading. But soon you will be so involved there will be no escape."

"No, I don't believe it. You're just trying to turn me against them, aren't you?"

"Am I?" she smiled. "I have something to show you."

She fetched her crystal sphere and set it down between them. Carefully she removed the black cloth before making passes over the sphere with her hands.

"Look," she said to him, "and see!"

Conrad peered into the sphere. At first he saw nothing except the reflection of the lights from the candles, but then a blackness appeared within which cleared. He saw the Temple in Aris' house. Susan was there, naked upon the altar, and around her the congregation danced. Then a man went to her, fondling her body before he removed his robe to lay and move upon her. Then the scene changed. Aris was with several other people whose faces Conrad could not see. They were on what looked like a moor, and on the ground a young woman lay, naked and bound. She was struggling, but Aris laughed - Conrad could not hear the laughter, only see the Master as his mouth opened and he rocked from side to side. Then there was a knife in his hand and he bent down to calmly and efficiently slit the woman's throat. Conrad turned away.

"There is more," Denise said,

"So what?" Conrad said, affecting unconcern. "Every war has its casualties. Anyway, what I saw was not real."

"It was. The woman whom you saw murdered was called Maria Torrens. I can show you the

newspaper reports of her death if you wish."

"In every period there are victims and masters. The weak perish and the strong survive."

"Do you really believe that?" she asked.

"What if I do?" Conrad said defensively. "Will you try and convert me?"

"You must make your own decisions - and take the consequences that result from your actions, both in this life and the next."

"Belief in an afterlife," Conrad said scornfully, "is merely blackmail to prevent us from fulfilling ourselves - from achieving god-head - in this life."

"You seem set to continue along the dark path you have chosen - despite what I sense about your inner feelings."

"I've made my choice."

"I know," she said softly.

"Tell me, then, why you have helped me?"

Denise smiled, and her smile disconcerted Conrad. "I have no right to judge. I simply help those in need."

"But even so -"

"You should rest now." She covered the crystal with the black cloth.

Suddenly, Conrad felt tired. He lay down among the softness of the cushions and, in the warm room with its gentle candlelight, he was soon asleep. His sleep was dreamless, and when he awoke he was astonished to find Susan sitting beside him.

XVII

The repair of the window Conrad had shattered was almost complete, and Baynes watched the workmen while Togbare sat, wrapped in a cloak, by the bright fire. Slowly at first, and then heavily, it began to snow again.

When the work was over, Baynes thanked the men, gave them a large gratuity in cash, and stood outside to watch them leave. He was about to return to the warmth of his house when a motor-cycle

entered his driveway. It was a powerful machine, ridden by someone clad in red leathers, and he stood in the bright security lights which adorned his dwelling while the rider dismounted and began to remove the tinted visored helmet.

Miranda shook her long hair free. "I have some news for you," she said.

"Shall we go in?" Baynes asked. He gestured gallantly toward the door, and held it open for her.

"You have not met Frater Togbare, have you?" he asked her as he showed her into the study.

Togbare stood to offer Miranda his hand. "Hi!" she said, smiling, but not shaking his hand.

"Please, do sit," Baynes said.

"Denise found him," Miranda said, "and I think she'll need your help!" She looked anxiously at Baynes.

"Found who?" he asked.

"Robury! He's at her house. She didn't want me to tell you - but I had to." Miranda sighed. For over an hour she had sat at her house, wondering what to do. At first, she had thought of going back to Denise. But her memory of Denise's firm insistence persuaded her otherwise. She had tried to forget her own worries about Denise's safety, and had almost succeeded - for an hour, trusting as she had in Denise's psychic ability.

"They are sure to find him," she continued. "She'll be in danger! We must do something!"

"You mean," Baynes said calmly, "Mr. Robury is at present in her house?"

"Yes!" It was an affirmation of her impatience.

"Did he go there himself?" Baynes raised his eyebrows as he glanced at Togbare.

"No - she found him. And we brought him back. He was injured - quite badly, it seemed."

"I see." Baynes stroked his beard with his hand. "You took him to her house? Why?"

"She wanted to help him." Then, realizing what she had said, and seeing the exchange of looks between Togbare and Baynes, she added, "It's not like that!"

"You said," Togbare asked her, "she found him. Was she therefore looking for him?"

"Well - in a manner of speaking, yes." The room was hot, and she unzipped the front of her leather suit.

Baynes looked at her as she did so, as if suddenly realizing she was a woman. She noticed his attention and smiled at him, shaking her head so that her long hair framed her face. Suddenly, she saw him as a challenge, for she knew of his avoidance of women. Her own liaison with Denise was only for her a brief interlude in her bisexual life, and she smiled enchantingly at Baynes.

Hastily, Baynes turned away.

"Did she say," Togbare asked her, "why she was looking for him?"

"No. And I didn't ask. You know about her, don't you Oswald?" she said to Baynes, smiling at him again and deliberately using his first name. "About her abilities."

"She is rather gifted in certain psychic matters, yes." He looked briefly at her, then turned away.

"Do you know of recent events," Togbare asked Miranda, "involving Mr Robury and the Satanist group?"

"Only that there was to be some sort of ritual. Denise said something about Robury being important."

"You know of the death of Mr. Fitten and his wife?"

"Yes. She mentioned them."

"You were among the first to know of this Conrad Robury, were you not?"

"Actually, yes. He came to attend one of our meetings."

"Introduced by a certain Neil Stanford?"

"Yes." She turned to look at Baynes, but he staring into the flames of the fire.

"I think it is right and fitting," Togbare pompously said to her, "that we take you into our confidence. Mr Stanford, I am grieved to say, has fallen into the hands of the Satanists - he had, on our instructions, infiltrated the group. However, he was betrayed. We do not know by whom. As you probably are aware, such groups do not take kindly to anyone who betrays them, and therefore ever since Mr Stanford was kidnapped by Mr Robury and taken to the house of the so-called 'Master', we have been concerned for his safety.

"Yet for some time I myself, and the Council, have suspected that we ourselves have been infiltrated by the Satanists."

Miranda looked first at Baynes and then at Togbare. "And you now suspect Denise?" she asked with astonishment.

It was Baynes who answered. "It is logical - considering what you have just told us."

"I don't believe it! Not Denise!"

"Of course," Togbare said, "we cannot be sure. But Mr Baynes is right - it is logical to presume she may be implicated."

"So you see, Miranda," Baynes said, and smiled at her, "if it is true then she is unlikely to be in danger from them, as you believed."

Miranda sat in a chair, confused by the accusation against her lover yet pleased that Baynes had apparently shown an interest in her. He had used her first name - something he had never done before - and his smile seemed to convey a warmth toward her. Suddenly, it occurred to her that if the accusation was true, Denise had been cruelly using her. The thought saddened her.

"But if you're wrong about her," she said, still unconvinced, "then she will be in danger?"

"For helping Robury?" Baynes said. "I doubt it. You did say she intended to help him?"

"Yes. She was going to use her healing powers."

"Which, to my knowledge, are quite remarkable. Quite remarkable."

"But surely - " Miranda began to say.

"Why did she wish to find him in the first place? And, more importantly, why did she then wish to heal him? For she knew, being with me a member of the Council itself, that he was important to them - to their ritual."

"She was on the Council?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"Why, yes. Did she never tell you? I knew you two were very close friends." Baynes smiled at her.

Miranda blushed, and shuffled in her chair. "No," she said softly, "she never told me." She sighed in sadness, for she remembered what Denise had once said: "There shall be no secrets between us..."

"He was badly injured, you said?" Togbare asked her.

"Covered in blood."

"Well," Baynes said, "he did jump through that window."

"He was here?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"We had hoped to - how shall I say? - exchange him for Stanford. Now we are back to where we were before."

"But surely the Police - they can help. If Neil has been abducted - "

Baynes shrugged his shoulders and made a gesture of obeisance with his hands. "What evidence have we? What could we say about this conflict which such people would understand?"

"But surely they would listen to someone as well respected as you?"

"Possibly. Even if I sent them to the house of the Master, would they find Stanford there? Of course not. How would I explain why he should have been abducted? What reason - what motive - could I give without appearing as some sort of crank? They would listen, make some routine enquiries, find nothing and decide I was rather strange. No, it is not as easy as that."

"I fear, my child," Togbare said to Miranda, who cringed at his endearment, "that Mr Baynes is right. There have been two deaths, two unfortunate deaths, already. It is due to Mr Baynes' resourcefulness and indeed influence that those deaths have been registered by the authorities as natural ones, unconnected with any suspicious circumstances. And this I myself accepted - for how does one explain to an unbelieving world the true cause of such deaths? If we had tried, then we would now, I am sure, have all manner of journalists intruding upon our affairs, impeding our investigations and preventing us from achieving our goal - that of ending for once and for all this Satanist threat to our world."

Togbare seemed pleased with his speech, and rubbed his hands together.

Miranda turned to Baynes. "I would like to help," she said.

"Then I suggest we go and see Denise. I shall ask her, directly, where she stands on the matter."

"And if Mr Robury is with her?" Togbare asked.

"I shall persuade him to return with us." He walked to the desk and from a drawer took a revolver which he placed in his jacket pocket.

"Please," Togbare said, "surely we can avoid such complications?"

"There is no choice now," Baynes replied. "Do you wish," he asked Miranda, "to travel with me or use your own transport?"

"With you," she smiled and began to remove her leather suit.

Even Togbare glanced at her fulsome figure. "If," Togbare said, clearing his throat, "Mr Robury is not there - what then, my friend?"

"Sanders - he will know how to enter their Temple. He can be persuaded to tell us. We shall then go to them. You ready?" he asked Miranda.

"Yes."

"Excellent!" He turned toward Togbare. "If we're not back within the hour inform the Police."

"But - " mumbled Togbare. "what shall I say?"

"I'm sure you can think of something!"

"But - "

Baynes did not wait to hear the Mage's words.

XVIII

"She has done well!" Susan said as Conrad sat up. "You are better than we thought."

"How did you get here?" Conrad asked her. He looked around the room, but they were alone. "The woman - "

"Denise?" Susan said. "You will see her in a while. The Master is pleased to see you."

She helped him to stand.

"Ah! Conrad!" Aris said as he entered the room. "Such determination! You rejected a most tempting offer, I hear."

"Sorry?" Conrad looked at Susan, and then at the Master whose black cloak and clothes seemed to Conrad appropriately suited the Master's gleeful yet sinister countenance.

"An offer - from Baynes," Aris the Master said.

"You talked in your sleep," Susan said before Conrad could ask the obvious question.

"Come," Aris said, gesturing toward the door.

Conrad followed him up the stairs of the house and into a bedroom where Denise lay on a bed, apparently asleep.

"She is yours," Aris whispered to him.

"I'm sorry?"

"It is for you to decide her fate. Take her - possess her if you wish. She has never been with a man. You can be the first."

Aris walked to Denise, touched her forehead with his hand and she awoke. Then there was a knife in his hand and he held it as if ready to strike.

"Your wish?" Aris asked him, and smiled.

Conrad went to her, took her hand in his and kissed it. "Thank you," he said to her sincerely.

The fear that had been in her eyes disappeared.

"And her fate?" Aris said, still holding the knife.

"I don't want her harmed.,"

"As you wish." Aris touched her forehead with his hand, and she closed her eyes in sleep. "You must go now," he said to Conrad.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him as he reached the bottom of the stairs.

The face of the Master had shown no emotion as Conrad had expressed his wish, and he was wondering whether the Master disapproved.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him again.

"Just a little tired," he replied.

"We must go now." She held the front door of the house open as a gesture of her intent, and, in the snowy street outside, he saw her expensive car.

He walked with her out into the coldness to seat himself beside her, and was soon warm in the cocoon of the car watching the snow covered streets and houses as Susan drove almost recklessly in the dangerous conditions.

The music she chose as an accompaniment to their journey seemed to Conrad to reflect his mood and

the almost demonic aspirations which underlay it, and he listened intently to Liszt's B Minor Sonata. As he listened, he began to realize that his decision regarding Denise was correct, and they were approaching the Master's dwelling when he concluded it made no difference to him what Aris his Master - or indeed what anyone - thought about it. He would do the same again.

Gedor awaited them at the steps of the house, and held Conrad's door open for him in a gesture which pleased Conrad. The very house itself seemed to welcome him, and he was not surprised when Tanith greeted him in the hall with a kiss.

"They will soon heal," she said as she caressed the dried cuts on his face.

Even Mador came to greet him.

"Welcome Professor!" the dwarf said. "Welcome!"

"The Master will see you soon. But first, you should bathe and change. Mador will show you your room."

As Conrad turned to follow Mador, she added, "And Conrad, from this day forth this house is yours as your home."

Her words pleased him, and he followed Mador, proud of himself. Susan was beautiful, wealthy and powerful, and together they would return the Dark Gods to Earth.

The room Mador led him to was on the top floor of the house. It was large and luxurious and he was surprised to find the cupboards full of new clothes, all in his size. He selected some, and was relaxing in a bath of warm water when the maid entered the room, pushing a trolley replete with food.

She did not speak, but smiled at him through the open bathroom door as he lay, blushing at the unexpected intrusion.

"Thank you!" he said unnecessarily as she left.

It was almost an hour later when he too left, cleaned and fed, to find his way to the library where he assumed the Master would be waiting. It took him a long time, for the house was large and mostly unknown to him.

"Do you find," the Master said to him as he entered the library, "your house pleasing?" He smiled as he sat at the desk, indicating a chair.

Conrad sat down.

"From tonight, all this," Aris continued, "shall be yours."

Conrad could only stare in amazement. Was it a jest?

"There shall be a ritual," Aris said, "whose success will begin that New Aeon which we seek. Recall that I said you had a Destiny. Your Destiny is to continue the work which I and others like me have begun. Every Grand Master such as I chooses, when the time is right, someone to succeed him. And I have chosen you. My daughter shall be your guide as your own power develops. She shall be your Mistress, just as Tanith has been mine."

Aris smiled benignly at him. "It is right you are amazed. You have proved yourself fitting for this honour. As to myself, I have other tasks to perform, other places to visit where you at present cannot go. We have tested you, and you have not been found wanting. Now, I shall reveal to you a secret regarding our beliefs. We represent balance - we restore what is lacking in any particular time or society. We challenge the accepted. We encourage through our novices, our acts of magick and through the spread of our ideas that desire to know which religions, sects and political dogmatists all wish to suppress because it undermines their authority. Think on this, in relation to our history, and remember that we are seldom what we seem to others.

"Our Way is all about, in its beginnings, and for those daring individual who join us, liberating the dark or shadow aspect of the personality. To achieve this, we sometimes encourage individuals to undergo formative experiences of a kind which more conventional societies and individuals frown upon or are afraid of. Some of these experiences may well involve acts which are considered 'illegal'. But the strong survive, the weak perish. All this - and the other directly magickal experiences like those you yourself have experienced - develop both the character of the individual and their magickal abilities. In short, from the Satanic novice, the Satanic Adept is produced."

He smiled again at Conrad before continuing his Satanic discourse. "We tread a narrow path, as perhaps you yourself are becoming aware. There is danger, there is ecstasy - but above all there is an exhilaration, a more intense and interesting way of living. We aim to change this world - yes, but we aim to change individuals within it - to produce a new type of person, a race of beings truly representative of our foremost symbol, Satan. Only a few can belong to this new race, this coming race - to the Satanic elect. To this elite, I welcome you."

He passed over to Conrad a small book bound in black leather.

"All this I have said, and more, much more, is written of in here," Aris said. "Read and learn and understand. We shall not speak together again."

He bowed his head, as if respectfully, toward Conrad before rising and taking his leave. Alone in the silence which followed, Conrad though he could hear a woman's voice.

"I am coming for you, I am coming!" it seemed to sing and for an instant he glimpsed a ghostly face, It was Fitten's wife.

Then Conrad was laughing, loudly, at the thought, as he basked in the glory of being chosen by the Master.

"I am the power, I am the glory!" he shouted aloud in his demonic possession as, behind him, the ghostly face cried,

XIX

Several times during their short journey Miranda tried to engage Baynes in conversation and each time she failed. He did not speak even as they left the car near their destination to walk the last few hundred yards.

Only as they approached Denise's house did he relent.

"I fear," he said, pointing to where a car had left its imprint in the snow, "we are too late."

The door was unlocked, and he entered the house cautiously. No sounds came from within the house, and with Miranda in tow he slowly checked every room. The house was empty.

"Has she gone with them?" Miranda asked as they returned to the front door.

"Or been abducted."

"Why would they do that?"

"She would be a prize, I presume. A lady of her - how shall I say? - persuasion would be regarded in some respects as an ideal sacrifice."

"It's my fault," Miranda said sadly.

"Not at all. We still do not know if she is involved with them." He ushered her outside.

"I feel so responsible," she said.

"There is no need," he said kindly.

She took advantage of his tone and his nearness by resting her head on his shoulder. He held her, feebly and briefly, and then drew away.

"Here," he said, giving her the keys to his car, "can you tell Frater Togbare what had occurred?"

"Yes, I will."

"Good. I will make some necessary arrangements."

"To get into their Temple?"

"Exactly. I shall be - say - an hour at most. Tell Frater Togbare to be ready to leave at once."

"Will three of us be enough?"

He looked at her for some seconds before replying. "I cannot allow you to go," he said somewhat pompously.

"Tough! I'm going!" she said with determination.

"No you're not."

She held her head slightly to one side, resting her hands on her hips. "Because I'm a woman?" she demanded, a touch of anger in her voice.

"Actually, yes."

"Oh I see!" she mocked. "It's strictly a job for the boys, is it?"

"It could be dangerous."

"Oh I see! And we weak women, cannot cope with danger, is that what you mean?" By now, she was angry.

"I didn't say that," he protested.

"But you meant it!"

"Look - there are more important things at the moment than this stupid argument!" He himself was beginning, uncharacteristically, to become annoyed.

She smiled at him, as if satisfied to have aroused some emotion within him. "We'll be ready when you get back," she said. She did not wait for his reply and walked back toward his car.

Baynes watched her drive away in the falling snow before he returned to the house. The telephone was working, and he dialled Sanders' number.

"Baynes here. Can you meet me? Or should I say - meet me in fifteen minutes."

'Leave me alone!' he heard Sanders say, 'One favour is - '

"Listen! There will be more money, this time."

'I'm not interested.'

"Just meet me. It will be to your long term advantage. You know what I mean?"

Sanders sighed, and Baynes smiled. 'Where?' he asked.

Baynes gave him the address, and sat on the stairs to wait.

Sanders was late.

"That your car?" Baynes asked.

"Yeah."

"Let's go, then."

As they drove away, Sanders asked "Where to?"

"My house. Now - you've been in the Masters' Temple I imagine."

"Possibly."

"Excellent."

Baynes did not speak again until they were inside his house.

"Some friends of mine," Baynes said as he led Sanders into the study where Miranda and Togbare were waiting.

"Hello Miranda," Sanders said.

"You know each other?" Baynes asked, surprised.

Sanders raised his eyebrows and gave a lascivious smile. "I've hear of her. It's a small world, the Occult." He stared at her breasts.

Miranda stared back, and nervously, Sanders looked away.

"You said," Baynes asked him, "you'd been in the Satanist Temple."

"It's a free country," he shrugged.

"Can you lead us there?"

"You serious?" When Baynes did not answer, he added, "You are serious!"

"Naturally, I would make it worth your while. Financially, of course."

"How much?" he whispered to Baynes.

"Sixty thousand."

"That's a lot of money!" He thought for a minute. "And all I have to do is lead you there, right?"

"Correct."

"When?"

"Now."

"Now?" Sanders said with surprise.

"Yes. And no tricks. I know the Temple is below the house, but I also know there is a secret entrance somewhere, nearby."

"You're well informed," Sanders said with surprise.

"I have my sources of information."

"Don't I know it!" Sanders said like an aside. "And the money?"

"Tomorrow. When the Banks open."

"Let's get this straight," Sanders said, twirling the inverted pentagram he wore around his neck. "I lead you there, then I'm free to go right?"

"Correct. Provided, of course, you do not inform anyone of our presence."

"What do you take me for? I know you've got your pet Policemen."

"Shall we go then?"

"Your car or mine?" Sanders quipped.

"Please," Togbare said quietly to Baynes, "may I talk with you? Alone?"

"As you wish," Baynes replied. "Please, excuse us for a moment," he said to Miranda.

Outside, in the hallway, he firmly shut the door to the study.

"This plan of yours," Togbare said, "are we not being too hasty?"

"I don't believe so."

"But to go to their Temple - "

"What choice do we have? They will sacrifice Stanford and for all we know Denise as well. Did Miranda not say that Denise was 'virgo intacta'?"

"No."

"Don't you see? I am sure their ritual will be tonight."

"The blood of a virgin - yes, yes," Togbare mumbled.

"Your actual presence at the ritual will I am sure suffice to disrupt it."

"It is possible, yes. But the physical danger - "

"I shall of course leave a message with a friend of mine, a Police Officer. Should we not return, he will investigate. Believe me, there will be no second chance for us. Can we afford to wait? What if we do nothing and tonight they complete their sacrifices and open the gates to the Abyss? What then? The evil they will release will spread like a poison. Large scale demonic possession will occur - madness, crime committed by those weak of will ..."

"Yes, yes of course," Togbare said abstractly, "you are right."

"Their success," Baynes continued, "would give them magickal power - Satanic magickal power - beyond imagining. We would be powerless. And their Dark Gods would return, to haunt the Earth."

"You have only voiced me own fears. I shall prepare myself as we journey to our destination. May God protect us."

Baynes left Togbare mumbling prayers. In the study he found Sanders kneeling on the floor, clutching his genitals, his face contorted with pain. "See," Miranda said to Baynes in triumph, "we women can take care of ourselves! Shall I drive then?"

Both Baynes and Sanders watched her as she left the room.

XX

"Your marriage to our daughter," Conrad remembered Tanith had said, "shall be first."

A prelude, he thought to the fugue that would be the opening of the gates to the Abyss.

He stood in the candlelit Temple, resplendent in the crimson robe Tanith had given him for the ceremony. The congregation formed an aisle to the altar upon which the tetrahedron glowed, and he stood in front of it, with the Master and Tanith, to await his Satanic bride.

There was a beating of drums, and Gedor, with Susan beside him, walked down the stone steps and into the chamber of the Temple. She wore a black veil and a black flowing gown and walked alone past the congregation as Gedor stood guard by the door which marked the hidden entrance.

Tanith's viridian robe seemed iridescent in the fluxing light, and she greeted her daughter with a kiss before joining and binding Susan's hand with Conrad's.

"We, Master and Mistress of this Temple," Aris and Tanith said together, "greet you who have gathered to witness this rite. Let the ceremony begin!"

There was a chant from the many voices of the congregation.

"Agios o Satanas! Agios o Satanas!"

We are gathered here, " the Master said, "to join in oath and through our dark magick this man and this woman, so that hence forward they shall as inner sanctuaries to our gods!"

"Hail to they," Tanith chanted, "who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names!"

The Master raised his hands and began to vibrate the name *Atazoth* followed by *Vindex* while Tanith led the congregation in chanting 'Agios o Satanas! Agios o Satanas! Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!' while the drums beat ever louder and more insistent. Then, on Tanith's sign, they stopped.

The sudden silence startled Conrad, a little.

"Do you," the Master said to Conrad, "known in this world as Conrad Robury accept as your Satan-Mistress this lady, Amilichus, known as Susan Aris, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our Dark Gods?"

"I do," Conrad replied.

"Then give as a sign of your oath this ring."

Conrad accepted the silver ring, and placed it on Susan's finger.

Aris turned to his daughter. "Do you Amilichus, accept as your Satan-Master this man, known in this world as Conrad Robury and whom we now honour as Falcifer in name, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our Dark Gods?"

"I do," Susan replied.

"Then give as a sign of your oath this ring."

She took the silver ring, and placed it on Conrad's finger.

"See them!" Aris said, "Hear them! Know them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this Master and Mistress against the desire of this Master and Mistress, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our faith! Hear me you Dark Gods of Chaos gathering to witness this rite!"

Tanith unbound their hands to swiftly cut with a sharp knife their thumbs. She pressed Conrad's bleeding thumb onto Susan's forehead, leaving a mark in blood, before marking Conrad in the same manner and pressing the two thumbs together to mingle the blood. Then she pressed a few drops of blood from each onto a triangle of parchment. There was a silver bowl on the altar containing liquid which Aris lit before Tanith cast the parchment into the flames.

"By this burning," she said, "I declare this couple wed! Let their children be numerous and become as eagles who swoop upon their prey!"

"But ever remember," Aris said, "you who in joining find a magick which creates, never love so much that you cannot see your partner die when their dying-time has come."

"Let us greet," Tanith said, "the new Lord and Lady of the dark!"

Tanith's kiss was signal for the congregation to greet the spaeman and his wife.

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No traffic came along the narrow lane that led past the neglected woods near the Master's house, and Miranda parked the car partly on the snow-covered verge. The snow had stopped, and there was an

almost unearthly beauty about the scene: the snow-capped trees, the virgin white of the fields, the cold quiet stillness of the night air.

But the horizon around the fields began to change, as if the sky itself was full of fury. Red, indigo and thunder-purple vied for mastery. Each passing moment brought a change, a subtle shift in colour or intensity. Yet there was no sound, as there might have been if an Earth-bred storm had existed as cause.

Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the spectacle ceased, to leave Miranda and the others staring at a night sky full-brimming with stars.

"This way," Sanders said as he walked in among the trees.

There was a fence yards within the wood, and he climbed it easily while Baynes gave assistance to Togbare and Miranda. Soon, the undergrowth became thick, but Sanders followed a narrow path deep into the stillness, stopping frequently to wait for his companions. Baynes kept close behind him, one hand in his jacket pocket and holding the revolver.

The snow was deep in places over the path that snaked around trees, bushes, dead bracken and entwining undergrowth, and Togbare stumbled and fell.

"Are you alright?" Miranda asked him.

"Yes, thank you." Slowly, he raised himself to his feet using his stick.

He tried to sense the power of the rituals being undertaken that night on his instructions to try and counter the magick of the Satanists, but he could sense nothing, however hard he strained and however he listened to the emanations from the astral aether. There was nothing, and it took him some minutes as he walked along the path to realise why. The wood was like a vortex in the fabric of Space-Time, absorbing all the psychic energies that radiated upon it. He sighed, then, at this realization, for he knew it meant they would be alone in the magickal battle to come.

He could see a clearing ahead where the others had stopped to wait for him. As he reached its edge, he was startled by the strange cry of an Eagle Owl. He had heard the cry before, in the forests of Scandinavia, and looked up to see the large ominous predator swooping down toward Sanders face, its hooked claws ready to strike.

Sanders shielded his face with his arm. Quickly, Togbare raised his stick and the huge owl veered spectacularly away, up and over the trees. It was not long before they heard its harsh call break the silence that shrouded the wood.

"Come," Togbare said, "we must hurry. They will know now that we are here."

XXI

Denise awoke to find herself in a cell. It was small, brightly lit and warm. There was a thong around her neck, and she was still struggling to remove it when her cell door opened.

Neil, dressed in the black robe of the Satanic order, stood outside and motioned her to come forward.

"Listen to me," he whispered, glancing behind him at the stone stairs, "I don't have much time. You must go and warn the others. It's a trap. Here," he handed her a bunch of keys, "take one of their cars. Come on."

When Denise made no move to leave, he said, "Please, you've got to trust me. Frater Togbare will explain."

She looked into his eyes, then smiled. "How do I get out?" she asked, taking the keys.

"I'll show you."

He led her up the stairs and through an archway. "Through that door," he said, "are some stairs. You'll come to another door which leads to a passage. Follow the passage and you'll be in the hall, near the front door of the house. And don't worry, no one is around - they are all in the Temple. Good luck!"

He watched her go before returning to the top of the stairs. He stood in the circular chamber and waited. It was not a long wait, for soon the floor began to turn. The wall parted, revealing the Temple, and he walked down the steps to join the worshippers.

Conrad greeted him. "The Master has just told me," he said, "that you were one of us all along! Sorry if I used too much force."

"You weren't to know," said a relieved Neil.

Aris, Tanith and Susan were standing in front of the altar, the congregation before them, and they waited until Neil and Conrad joined them.

A proud Conrad held up his wedding ring for Neil to see, and Conrad joined them.

"Let the rite of sacrifice begin!" The Master intoned.

Slowly, the congregation began to chant.

"Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth," they chanted.

Then they began their dance around the altar, singing a dirge as they danced counter to the direction

of the Sun.

"Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla teste Satan cum sybilla. Quantos tremor est futurus, quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

Then the Master was vibrating the words of a chant, *Agios o Baphomet*, as one of the congregation came away from the dance to kneel before Tanith who bared her breasts in greeting.

"It is the protection," the kneeling man said as he removed the hood which covered his head, "and milk of your breasts that I seek."

Tanith bent down, and he suckled. Then she pushed him away, laughing, and saying, "I reject you!"

The man knelt before her, while around them the dancers whirled ever faster, still singing their chant.

"I pour my kisses at your feet," the kneeling man said, "and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of their blood. I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter of and a gate to our Dark Gods. I lift up my voice to you, dark demoness Baphomet, so that my mage's seed may feed your whoring flesh!"

Tanith touched his head with her hand. "Kiss me, and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste my fragrance and I shall make you as a seed of corn which grows toward the Sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a gate which opens to our gods!"

She clapped her hands twice, and the dancers ceased their dance to gather round as she lay down beside the man, stripping him naked. Then she was upon him, fulfilling her lust as the congregation clapped their hands in rhythm to her rising and falling body.

"Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!" Aris the Master was chanting.

Tanith screamed in ecstasy, and for a moment lay still. Then she was standing, intoning the words of her role.

"So you have sown and from your seeding gifts may come if you obedient hear these words I speak." She looked smiling upon the congregation. "I know you, my children, you are dark yet none of you is as dark nor as deadly as I. With a curse I can strike you dead! Hear me, then, and obey! Gather for me the gift we shall offer in sacrifice to our gods!"

She gestured with her hand and two of the congregation ascended the stairs as drum beats began in the Temple. It was not long before one of the men returned, aghast.

"She's gone!" he shouted.

Aris turned toward Neil, and smiled.

"You will do instead," he said.

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By the far edge of the clearing lay a wooden hut, and Sanders led them toward it.

"Inside," he said to Baynes, "there's a trap-door in the floor."

He made to move away, but Baynes said, "Show me."

Reluctantly Sanders went inside and lifted the floor covering in a corner. The hut itself was bare.

"There," he said in a whisper.

"Open it then," answered Baynes.

Sanders did so and light from the stairs suffused the hut. "They're all yours!" Sanders said with relief and walked toward the still open door where Miranda stood beside Togbare,

He was about to step outside when he saw them. Three large dogs snarling and running toward him. Hastily he slammed the flimsy door shut. They jumped against it, fiercely barking. Only his weight against it held it firm. They jumped again and again as if possessed and the wood began to splinter.

"Quick!" Baynes said, indicating the stairs.

He helped Miranda and Togbare down and descended the several steps himself.

"Follow me quickly!" he shouted to Sanders who stood, his eyes wide with terror, with his back and arms against the breaking door.

Baynes had gone, and he ran across the floor of the hut, almost stumbling. The door shattered and he was fumbling with the trap-door ring when the first dog attacked. But he succeeded just in time in closing the door, and leant back against the steps, breathing hard as above him the dogs tried to dig around and through the door.

"Come on," Baynes said to him as he stood, stooping, in the narrow tunnel that led away from the stairs.

Sanders said nothing, but his eyes and face betrayed his fear.

"You don't have any choice," Baynes said unsympathetically.

Above them, the dogs could be heard howling. Miranda edged past Baynes to take Sanders hand in her own.

The gesture worked, and he followed them as they walked along the tunnel. Soon, it began to slope gently downward, but it seemed a long time before they could not hear the barking and the baying of the dogs.

Gradually, the light began to change in intensity, and it was only a faint glow sufficient for them to dimly see by when Baynes reached the door that sealed off the exit to the tunnel. "Are you ready?" he said to Togbare.

"Yes, my friend," he replied, and felt in his pocket for his crucifix.

Dramatically, Baynes brandished the gun before opening the door that led to the Temple. It swung silently on its hinges, and as it did so they heard a man's voice shout: "She's gone!"

XXII

Denise was sitting in Susan's car outside the house when she experienced her vision. She saw the wood, the country lane where Miranda had parked Baynes' car, and she drove toward it, followed her instinct and intuition.

When she arrived, she sensed the woods were a place of danger, both physical and magickal, and she walked cautiously in the snow-steps Baynes and his two companions had left behind, stopping every few minutes to stand and listen. The deeper into the wood she went, the more did she become aware of elemental forces. The wood was alive to her - and she had to shut her psychic senses against the myriad images and sensations: a primitive fear urging her to flee back to the road and safety; leering and laughing demonic faces and shapes peering out from behind the trees and bushes...

She knew as she walked that the Master and his followers had built with their sinister magick a psychic barrier to shield the woods, the house and the Temple. But she was also aware that there were other forces outside this barrier trying to break it down. She saw in her mind groups sitting in a circle within a room within a house... They were focusing their powers upon Togbare: he was their symbol, his stick a magical sword trying like a magnet to attract the energies of their rituals. Her awareness of these rituals, of Togbare's foresightful planning of them, pleased her as she walked in the silence of the wood.

The clearing she entered caused her to stop and stand still for many minutes, and she with her heightened psychic ability sensed the owl before she saw it. And when she did see it, swooping

silently toward her, she spoke to it in words like gentle music. It seemed to hover above her head as if listening to her voice before flying silently away.

She was approaching the hut when she heard the dogs. She did not shorten her pace but walked toward the door to see them crouched in a corner as if ready to pounce.

"Hello, little ones!" she said gently and unafraid.

They snarled at her, but did not attack. But they would not let her near. When she moved toward them, they would bare their teeth and growl as if ready to leap at her. But when she moved back toward the door, they sat down on the trap-door watching her.

Several times she tried to edge near, but the response was always the same. She could not seem to break with her gentle magick the barrier which surrounded them.

With a sigh, she settled down to wait, consciously trying to break a hole in the magickal barrier shielding the woods and the Temple, hoping that the white magick outside might break through to aid Togbare in his battle, and as she spun her mantric spells she experienced a vision of Baynes and his companions entering the Satanic Temple.

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Baynes was the first to step into the Temple, but Miranda and Togbare soon followed.

The Master turned toward them, as if he had expected them.

"Welcome!" he said.

Conrad saw Gedor go through the door and return carrying Sanders whom he carried toward the altar.

"You have betrayed us!" The Master said to him.

"No! No!" Sanders feebly protested.

"Prepare him!"

"Stop!" Togbare shouted, and raised his stick.

The congregation parted, making an aisle to the Master.

"We must begin," Susan whispered into Conrad's ear.

She was standing in front of him, holding his hands as she had often done before, and Conrad understood. Then Neil was attempting to come between them but Conrad knocked him away. Dazed,

Neil retreated to stand beside Togbare.

Gedor was stripping Sanders of his clothes while Tanith stood nearby, holding two knives.

"Stop!" Togbare said again.

The Master held out his hand, his ring glowing. A bolt of energy sprang from it toward Togbare, but it was harmlessly absorbed by the Mage's stick. The tetrahedron on the altar had begun to pulse with varying intensities of light and the Master went to it and laid his hands upon it. As he did so he became engulfed in golden flames. Togbare raised his magickal staff and he too became surrounded by light.

Susan tightened her grip on Conrad's hands and he suddenly felt the primal power of the Abyss within him. He was not Conrad, but a vortex of energy. Then he was in the darkness of Space again, sensing other presences around him. There was an echo of the sadness he had felt before, and then the vistas of stars and alien worlds, world upon world upon world. He became, briefly, the crystal upon the altar, the Master standing beside it. But there were other forces present and around him, trying to send him back into his earthly body and seal the rent that had appeared and which joined the causal universe to the acausal where his Dark Gods waited. He became two beings because of this opposition - a pure detached consciousness caught in the vortex of the Abyss, surrounded by stars, and Conrad, standing holding the hand of his Satanic Mistress in the Temple. His earthly self saw the astral clash between Togbare and the Master as their radiance was transformed by their wills and sent forth, transforming the colourful aura of their opponent. He saw Tanith give Sanders a knife. Saw Gedor approaching him, brandishing his own. Saw the congregation gather around the fight as they lusted for the kill - Sanders tried several times to get away, but the encircling congregation always pushed him back toward Gedor. Baynes, Neil and Miranda were beside Togbare and partly enclosed in the luminescence of his aura.

Then Conrad seemed free again to wander through the barriers that kept the two universes apart. He and Susan, together, had been a key to the gate of the Abyss, his own consciousness freed by the power of the crystal and the Master's magick. He was free, and would break the one and only seal that remained.

In the Temple, the fight did not take long to reach its conclusion. Sanders seemed to have become possessed by the demonic atmosphere in the Temple and attacked several times, slashing at Gedor with his knife. But each time Gedor had moved away. Sanders tried again, and harder, after Gedor cut his arm. He caught Gedor's hand and turned to be stabbed by Gedor in the throat.

"The third key!" Tanith shouted in triumph.

The spurting blood seemed to vaporise and then form an ill-defined image above the altar. It became the face of the Master, of Conrad, of a demon, of Satan himself.

Suddenly, Neil snatched the gun from Baynes. The shot missed the Master, and Baynes knocked Neil over.

Togbare, distracted, looked at Baynes and then at the Master. He felt in that instant the Satanic barrier protecting the Temple break, and renewed magickal power flowing down toward him, energizing his staff and his own aura. He pointed the staff at the Master, sending bolts of magickal energy. They reached him, and the auric energy around the Master, and the shape above the altar, vanished. But Baynes leapt forward to snatch the staff and break it over his knee.

As he did so, the aura around Togbare flickered, and then disappeared. But the old man was too quick for Baynes, and bent down to retrieve part of his stick which he threw at the crystal, hitting it. As it struck, the crystal exploded, plunging the Temple into darkness.

There was then no magickal energy left, and Togbare calmly led Miranda and Neil back along the tunnel to the hut. The dogs departed quietly the instant the crystal shattered, leaving Denise free to open the trap-door and, when Togbare and the others reached her, she realized Neil had gone insane.

Togbare smiled at her as she closed the trap-door, and then he quietly fell to the floor. She did not need to check his pulse, but did so nevertheless as Neil stood over her, dribbling.

Togbare was dead, and over the trees the Eagle Owl sent its call.

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The darkness in the Temple lasted less than a minute, and when it was over both the Master and Tanith had vanished. Conrad looked around and saw Baynes walking toward him. The congregation still stood around the body of Sanders, looking at Conrad and waiting, as Susan looked and waited.

Without speaking, Baynes took hold of Conrad's left hand and bent down to kiss the ring in a gesture of obeisance. Suddenly, Conrad understood. He was not just Conrad but a channel, a like, between the worlds. He would be, because of this, the Anti-Christ and had only to develop and extend his already burgeoning magickal powers for the Earth to become his domain. For by dark ritual a new beast had been born, ready and willing to haunt the Earth. A few more rituals, and his invading legions would be ready.

His laugh reverberated around the Temple.

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Epilogue

Barred windows? Neil shook his head as if he could not remember before returning to his seat. The television was on, as it always was during the day, and he watched it in the smoky, grimy room. He did not know what he watched, but it passed a few hours.

Occasionally he would rise from his chair to stare around the room or out of the window. Once, someone brought him some tablets and he took them without speaking, and, once he wandered across

the room to watch two of his fellow patients play a game of snooker on the worn table with cues that were not quite straight. But neither the game nor they themselves interested him, and he resumed his chair, sunk into his stupor.

Baynes had watched him briefly before he sat with the psychiatrist in the small almost airless room at the end of the ward.

"Yes, indeed," the man was saying, "a perplexing case."

"And he mentioned my name?"

"Once, a few days ago, when he was admitted. He said something about an Eagle Owl, but it didn't really make much sense. You met once I believe?"

"Yes. He was a student, at the University. Into drugs, I understand. And the Occult - that sort of thing. He wanted to borrow some money. Rambled on about some conspiracy or other."

"Well," he fumbled with the folder that contained Neil's psychiatric case notes, "I won't keep you any longer."

"He is receiving treatment, then?"

"Of course. Medication at the moment - although tomorrow we shall start ECT."

"Electroconvulsive therapy?" Baynes asked.

"Yes."

Baynes looked at Neil, and smiled. Then: "If there is anything I can do to help - " he said formally to the Doctor as he stood to leave.

"We have a note of your address."

"Good bye, then."

Neil did not even look at Baynes as he walked through the ward to the door that led down the stairs and out into the bright sunlight.

The Sun warmed the air, a little, but insufficient to melt any of the snow, and Denise stood by a large Beech tree in the grounds of the hospital, watching Baynes leave. She knew better than to try and follow him, and went back to her car where Miranda waited, asleep.

Miranda could remember nothing of the events in the Temple, but by using her own psychic skills, Denise was beginning to understand them. She did not know what, if anything, she could do. All she

knew was that she had to try.

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Fini

The Temple Of Satan

A Symphonic Allegory

Order of Nine Angles

First issued: 102 yf

(This re-issue: [v 1.05] 119 Year of Fyren, Anton Long, ONA)

“Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth.

Traditionally, Baphomet is associated with the magickal grade of Mistress of Earth – the fifth of the seven stages that mark the Satanic path. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth – based living child to be born from these children is the Demon named Love....

Herein are truths to set against the lies
and distortions of Elisphas Levi and others."

Book Of Recalling

Prologue

Melanie was a beautiful woman, and she had grown used to using her beauty for her advantage. Her crimson robes, her amber necklace and her dark hair all enhanced it, and she smiled without kindness at the overweight man prostrate before her.

The black candles gave the only light but she could still see the parchment paleness of his naked skin as the dancers chanted while they danced sun-wise in the temple to the beat of the tabors.

Beside her, a man cloaked in black declaimed in a loud voice words of Initiation.

"Do you bind yourself, with word, deed, and oath to us, the seed of Satan?"

"I do," the nervous, prostrate man replied.

"Then understand that breaking your word is the beginning of our wrath!" He clapped his hands, and the dancers gathered round. "Hear him! See him! Know him!"

Seven beats from a tabor and the dancers broke their enclosing circle, sighing as Melanie raised her whip. The sweating men knew it was a formality, a ritual gesture without pain. But Melanie smiled, and beat him till he bled.

Then she was laughing. "Dance!" she commanded, and they obeyed, completing the ritual to its end. And when it was over and the bloated man with the freshly bloodied skin drew some pleasure as he slumped by the altar in the climax of a whore's sexual embrace, Melanie left to swim naked in the sensuous warmth of her pool.

Soon, only the chief celebrant remained, waiting for her in the small study by her hall. He was a tall man of gaunt face whose eyes brought to some a remembrance of the image of someone who was mad. For years, a monastery had fed his body and tried to break his spirit but he had given way to temptation and sought the road of sin.

Melanie's dress hid little of her flesh, and she sat on the edge of the desk beside him, smiling as he turned his eyes away. He wanted her body, and she knew it and the reason why he would do nothing.

"You are going bored with us, " he said.

"And you are afraid."

"Of where you might be leading us?"

"The Ceremony of Recalling."

"But no one, for a long time, has dared - "

She leaned over him, caressing his lips with her finger. "If I find you sacrifice, have you faith enough to do the ritual and slit his throat?"

!

Thurstan's past seemed to him to consist of a series of disconnected memories and, as he sat above the stream while hot sun drew sweat from his body and a light breeze carried it away from the summit of the hill, tears filled his eyes.

His memories were of women. There was a beauty, and ecstasy about their recalling as there was about his gestures of love and as he remembered he experienced again the intensity of life that those gestures had brought him.

He remembered walking one late perfume-filled Spring evening to see, for just a few minutes, the woman he loved before she left for the company of another man. It was, he remembered, a long walk begun with the sun of afternoon was warm and the bridge that

joined the banks of the river Cam where they in Cambridge would meet only an image - distant and hopeful - in his mind. He remembered, years later, a cycling 15 miles through a winter blizzard to take his letter to the house of the woman he then loved while she slept, unaware of his dreams. He remembered the exhilaration of running through the streets of the city to catch the last train and the long walk in the early morning cold to a

house to apologize to the woman he then loved.

Yet the tears, which came to him, were not the tears of sorrow. Everything around him seemed suddenly more real and more alive - the larks which sang high above the heather-covered hills; the sun, the sky, the very Earth itself. They, and he himself, seemed to almost to possess the divine.

He sensed the promise of his own life - as if in some way he and the woman he loved were, or could be, the instrument of a divine love, a means to reveal divinity to the world. Yet the divinity he sensed was not the stark god of religion, or even of the one omniscient God, and the more he experienced and the more he thought he realize it was not god all. It was a goddess.

This thought pleased him. He felt he had re-discovered an important meaning, maybe even the ultimate meaning, about his life, and he walked slowly down the from the hill to wash his face in the cold water of the stream.

The loss of his wife held no sorrow for him now and the sad resignation of yet another loss began to fade. Like a little boy, he took off his shoes and socks and paddled along in the stream.

There was no Natalie to share this with him as he might have wished, and his meeting with her seemed a dream. Was it a week since you come upon her, sitting by the bank of the river Severn in tree-full Quarry Park while, around, the town of Shrewsbury became drier for the hot sun of summer?

He could remember almost every word of their conversation – she had smiled as he had passed and he, shy and blushing, spoke of the weather, of how the long heat had lowered the level of the water. On her delicate fingers – a ring with a symbol of the Tao. So he had asked, and had sat beside her. For two hours they talk, revealing their pasts like two friends.

"Without my dreams," she had said, "I would be nothing" and he hid his tears.

There was a beauty in her words, in her eyes, sadness in the softness of her voice and by the time she rose to leave he was in love, although he did not realize it then. "Can I see again?" he asked. She was unsure, but agreed and he gave her his address, named a day and time and watched her walk away wanting but not daring to run and embraced her.

And then she was gone, lost to his world. A day only was over before he found her address and sent her flowers. Next day – her long, sad letter. "I have nothing to give," she had written. "You were my random audience."

He sent more flowers, but sat alone by the river at the appointed time before the dying sun dried away the foolish vapour of his dreams.

The cold water of the stream refreshed him and, as he bathed his face again, his sadness slowly returned, only muted by his ecstasy. No one passed him as he walked along the paths that wound down from among the hills. There was no one to welcome him home, and he sat by the window in his small cottage wondering what he should do. The hills of south Shropshire, the isolation, the garden - all had lost their charm. Somewhere, beyond the valley, the hills, the villages and the town, his wife would be happy within the arms of another man.

It was not a long walk from his cottage to the town and its station, but the heat of the day oppressed him as it made the other passengers in the stuffy, noisy train sit silent and still throughout the short journey.

Variegated people mingled over the sun-shadowed platforms of Shrewsbury station and Thurstan followed two young girls as they walked along the concrete above the sun-glinting lines of steel which carried a diesel engine through the humid air and which vibrated with its power the ground and buildings around. Then the wooden barrier siphoned the arrivals down dirty stone steps and through ultramodern doors to the traffic-filled streets of Shrewsbury.

It was in these streets Thurstan realized he was afraid. He believed he could sense the feelings behind the faces of the people he passed – and not only sense them, but feel them as if they were his own. He felt the nervous vulnerability of a young girl as she waited, half-afraid, by the frontage of a shop where people jostled, and an intimation of her gentle innocence being destroyed troubled him. He felt the anger of a young mother as she scolded her screaming child while cars passed, noisy, in the street: the pain of an old man

as he hobbled supported by a stick toward the pedestrian precinct where youths gathered, waiting.

Thurstan fled from the people, their feelings, the noise, and the latent tension he could feel in the air, to sit by the river in Quarry Park. The sun, the flowing water, the warm grass all calmed him. He sat for over an hour, occasionally turning to watch a few people who passed along the paths. He sensed an affinity, perhaps a love, for the individuals around him – an empathy that he could not, even if he had wished, formulate into words. But this insight was destroyed by a woman.

She was beautiful, the woman who passed him as she walked along the path near where he sat vaguely wondering about love. She seemed to smile at him, but he could not be sure for she passed under the shadow of a tree while sunlight narrowed his eyes. His feelings in that moment were not mystical but rather a strange mixture of gentle sexual desire, expectation and a burgeoning vitality mixed with the anguish of his shyness, and he was resigned to simply remembering the moment as he had remembered such moments before when the woman turned around and smiled.

Thurstan felt as though he had been punched in the stomach. The woman turned, past a tree to walk under the bridge that fed a road over the river, and up toward the town along a narrow, stone-lined passage, leaving Thurstan to his turmoil. Then he was on his feet, and following.

He wanted to run, but dared not. So he followed, quickening his step. He would catch her when the lane met the road ahead between High School and Hospital. Perhaps she sensed him lurking behind and was afraid, for she seemed to Thurstan to quicken her step and he was left to follow her not knowing what he would do. She crossed the road. Thurstan saw nothing except her and had decided not to follow her anymore when she turned, almost stopped, and smiled at him again. He felt she was waiting for him and this feeling made him follow her along the empty pavement and down a narrow cobbled street towards the empty market of an empty traffic-free town.

He was within yards of her when she vanished into one of the many small shops that lined the street. '*J. Apted – Antiquarian Books*' the sign above the door read.

No bell sounded when the Thurstan entered and in the musty dimness he peered around the shelves. A portly gentleman with a genial face stared back at him.

"Can I help you at all, sir?" he asked.

In this small room beyond the shelves Thurstan could see no one. "A woman – did woman just come in here?" Thurstan asked shyly, and blushed.

"A woman?"

"Yes - long red hair, green eyes, wearing a long dress."

The man smiled, kindly. "No one but yourself as entered here this last hour."

Fear of having mistaken the shop, which he saw her enter, made Thurstan rush towards the door when he saw her portrait, in oils, upon the wall.

It was only several minutes later, after questioning the bookseller, that Thurstan realized he is seen a ghost. The woman had been dead for 50 years.

II

Fifty years, the bookseller and said.

"It was a sad business, yes indeed. Murdered she was. In here - in this very house. I was a school then, you see. You saw her, you said?" And the old man's eyes seemed to brighten.

Then Thurstan thanked him and fled through the humid heat and the peopled streets to find a train to take him toward his home. He could not sleep that night, and the next day, at the same time, he was in the park again, but she did not appear and he walked away to stand for nearly an hour near the bookshop trying to find the courage to go in.

The bookseller was not surprised to see him. "She is beautiful, yes?" he said as Thurstan stood staring at the painting.

"Where did you see her first?", the old man asked directly.

Thurstan turned towards him, and shyly shuffled his feet. "I -" he began.

The man smiled kindly. "I have always felt this place is still her home but, alas, I have myself never met her, as you have done."

"I didn't realize -"

"That what you saw was an apparition? They appear so real, you see. I myself a small interest in such matters. Would you like some tea?"

The invitation was so unexpected and so kindly meant to the without thinking Thurstan said, "Yes - that would be rather nice."

"Shall we retire - to somewhere more comfortable?" the man smiled and wrung his hands. "I shall close early, today!"

The room beyond the shop was, like the shop itself, lined from floor to ceiling with books, and like the books, the table, chairs and desks were antiquarian. There was a large and oddly shaped specimen of rock crystal on the table and Thurstan bent down to examine it. A face - the face of a beautiful woman - was within it but Thurstan had barely recognized it when it vanished.

"Help me!" he thought he heard a sad, distant voice, say.

The bookseller brought a tray, offered a mug of tea, some biscuits and cake while

Thurstan waited, half -watching the crystal and half -expecting to hear the distant voice. He ate and drank, and listened to the words of the old man without really understanding them. Somewhere, in a nearby recess or room, a large clock struck the quarter hour.

His nervous expectancy, the heat, the man's slow but persistent voice, all combined to make Thurstan disposed towards sleep and he felt himself drifting to embrace that temptation when a loud and persistent wrapping awoke him.

"I'm sorry," the booksellers said. "Would you excuse me?"

Thurstan heard a brief curse, the door being unlocked and a few words of the hurried conversation that followed. He was staring into the crystal when the bookseller returned alone. Nearby, the hidden clock marked the passing of half an hour.

The old man did not smile but stared, nervously, at the floor while he said: "I must go. An appointment, you understand. You will not be offended I hope?"

"No, of course not".

"Perhaps -", but he looked up and cast his eyes down again before leading Thurstan towards the door. He saw Thurstan look again at the woman's portrait but pretended not to notice.

"Well, good-bye," Thurstan said, perplexed by the sudden change in the man's aura.

"It was nice meeting you, Mr. Jebb."

Thurstan held out his hand, but the bookseller shuffled away, leaving Thurstan to stumble down the outside step and awkwardly close the door. He had almost reached Quarry Park where a warm sun cast cool tree shadows over the grass when he realized he'd never told the man his name. But this strangeness did not concern him for long as he walked down to the river to sit on a bench, trying to remember what the bookseller had said.

It had been about apparitions, but not in general and not about the ghost that Thurstan and seen, and as he sat watching the strong river flow silently by, he felt his sadness returning. He would never meet her. Never be able to share his dreams, visions and love. He tried hard to wish himself back in time - 50 years before. He would walk to her house and wait. He would not care how long he waited. But he would be ready and somehow save her.

It was childish fantasy and he knew it was, but still he had to control himself to prevent the tears. "There's so much I don't understand", he said to himself aloud and a young girl, prettily dressed, moved away from him, fearful, as she passed by his bench.

His tiredness returned, slowly, brought by sun and his sadness and he closed his eyes to briefly sleep. No sound woke him from the dream about his wife - only a beautiful scent, nearby. A woman had sat beside him on the bench and for almost a minute he feared to look at her. But then she seemed about to leave and he turned, in desperation.

Her dark hair was cut gracefully to fall just above her shoulders and she wore a necklace of polished amber.

"Do you often gawp like that at a strange woman?", she said as he sat open mouth and unbelieving. Only the colour of her hair and manner of dress was different.

"I...", Then: "I'm sorry, but you are so beautiful," he said without thinking as he let out his breath.

She smiled but stood up to leave.

"Please- ", Thurstan stood beside her, unable to control himself, and held her arm as she turned.

She was alive, and in his joy at this he forgot his fear of her reaction. But only for an instant. He jerked his hand away.

"Yes?"

He struggled to find words would make sense but his thoughts were fastly moving water breaking over the weir of dread.

She's saved him from this turmoil. "You may invite me to share a pot of tea with you at the café around corner."

"What? Yes, of course."

He walked beside her, awkward and blushing, for many yards before she spoke again.

"You are an interesting man."

"Do you live in Shrewsbury?" he managed to say.

"Nearby."

"Do you often walk along here?" The banality of his questions pained him - but she would think him a fool or mad, if he formed his chaos of feelings into words. And did not want to lose her.

"Sometimes."

It was a strange sensation for Thurstan walking beside the beautiful woman. Was she a vision sent to haunt him - or was his dream the ghost of yesterday? But he knew she was real as he seemed to know she was interested in him. In him, Thurstan Jebb. Perhaps she was intrigued. Was it something in his eyes, he wondered, that gave him away? For a long time he had believed he was different - a mystic perhaps, who felt and saw more than others. This secret knowledge gave him security in the outer barrenness of his life as he eked out a type of living as a gardener, content to have forgotten his past.

"You are an interesting man", he heard in his head like an echo, and he smiled.

"May I ask your name?" he said, feeling his mouth go dry.

She turned and smiled. "Melanie."

"Melanie," he repeated, like a fool.

"Yes. I believe it comes from the Greek for black."

"Hence your black dress."

"Not really. I think the colour suits me, don't you?"

Unexpectedly, she twirled around, laughing.

"I think most colours would suit you." she smiled at him again and Thurstan wanted to from

embrace her - more from sexual desire than from any nobler feeling. This sudden desire surprised him with its intensity and he began to tremble. It seemed to him natural that he should be walking with her, for she was not like a stranger to him. He wanted to hold her hand as they walked away from the river up a narrow street to where an almost empty café lay, renovated and waiting beside the boarded up windows and doors of a once notorious Inn. "Barrick Passage", the street sign read.

They sat in silence for a long time as their Darjeeling tea cooled. "I don't", Thurstan said and blushed, "make a habit of this."

"What? Drinking tea on a hot afternoon, " she teased.

"No - I mean inviting strange ladies.... "

"Am I strange then?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean-"

"Don't worry," Melanie laughed. "Anyway, I invited you!"

Her smile made Thurstan's desire return. She seemed to be waiting - expectant. There was warmth and her eyes, in her smile, even in the way that she leaned her body slightly towards him. Her dress emphasized her breasts as her necklace emphasize her green eyes and Thurstan greedily sucked in her beauty through his eyes as he sucked in her perfume through his nose. Her skin was tanned and he found it impossible to judge her age. He wanted to tell her of the ghost he seen - of his dreams and hopes and visions about life. But all he did, trembling of limbs and with straining heart, was reach across the table and hold her hand.

She did not flinch nor move away as half of him expected, but slowly stroked the back of his hand with her thumb. He was elated with his success, and closed his eyes in delight.

"You are trembling, " she said, gently.

Slowly, he shook his head. "I can't believe this. There are so many things I want to say."

"Don't say them. Let's just enjoy this moment."

"You are so beautiful." he reached up and stroked her face with his fingers.

"Will you walk with me to my car? "

Dazed, he followed her out of the building to walk beside her. She did not seem to mind when he held her hand.

Several men turned to stare at her as they descended the shop-strewn steepness of Wyle Cop to cross the busy road. Thurstan was oblivious to it all.

The luxury of her car surprised him and he stood beside it under a hot sun, tongue-tied and embarrassed and feeling lost. Only the wealthy could afford such a car.

"You seem surprised, " she said, breaking free her hand to find the keys in the pocket of her dress.

Their slow but short walk from the café had unsettled Thurstan, for the magick of the moment they had shared appeared to him to be drifting away to another world, and he would begin to convince himself that he had been mistaken. There would be nothing more - except perhaps the future possibility of him trying somehow to painfully recapture those moments: to draw her on toward the fulfillment of desire. But all she did was hold the passenger door of the car open for him, saying, "Come on." And, obedient, he sat beside her, while chaos returned to his head.

Skillfully she drove through the streets to take a road westerly from the town while Thurstan watched and waited, so full of anticipation that he could not speak. She turned to smile several times as a miles lay numberless because uncounted behind them and as a strong summer sun coloured the sky deep blue, he found his desire increasing. He knew she sensed this, and drove faster as if intoxicated both by the power of the car and his feelings toward her. The road rose steadily through small villages, past cottages and houses, to turn and re-turn between the Stiperstonerocks and the growing hills that became Wales, leading up from a tree-lined valley to the desolate wastes of marshlands where abandoned mine-workings lay.

Melanie left the main road that dropped slowly between the Corndon and Black Rhadley hills to follow a low hedged-hemmed lane over the border into Wales. The lane rose and fell to rise again between fields worn for centuries only by sheep and sparse of tree. Then, quite suddenly, Melanie stopped.

Thurstan felt her anger before he saw it in her eyes. She was staring at him, but he only smiled. For a moment, she did not seem quite human and when he reached out for her hand she snatched it away.

He was perplexed by this change in her rather than afraid, and sat, quietly waiting and smiling. When she looked away, he said, "I can walk back if you wish."

She did not turn around. "It might be best."

"I'm sorry if I have upset to you in any way. I thought...."

"I know what you thought!" she said savagely.

"No - not just that." he closed his eyes to see within the fleeting impression of his dreams. The days, hours, minutes shared: the moments of intuitive closeness - sharing a sunset, a snowy day in Spring, laughter, tears, and physical joy. The look, touch, feeling of lovers.

Thurstan did not want to lose his dreams. "You are a rare, precious and beautiful woman. There is something about you - I don't know what it is." He felt so much love within him that he wanted to share and thus his words could not be stopped. "I sensed something about you when we sat by the river. Call me mad - or a fool, or both. I don't care. You sensed it too, I know."

Angry still, she said, "What did you sense then?"

"Then maybe you are my Destiny." Gently, he stroked her face.

"Your dreams are not real."

"They are if I make them real." He sighed and stared out the window. A raven flew nearby,

but it did not interest him. "Maybe it was the goddess I saw in you, I don't know. I've certainly made a fool of myself this time, haven't I?"

"You interest me, " she said, her anger gone.

"And you perplex me." Since he felt he ought to be honest he added, "and you arouse my desire. But you know that. As you know that basically I'm just a romantic fool with a headpiece filled with dreams."

"You do not know anything about me."

"I have always found the beginnings of relationships difficult. The tentative steps, the gradual unravelling of lives. It always seemed such a waste - there are so many more important things. And I'm not talking about the physical aspect either. I always plunge straight in - rather bad choice of phrase - the grand passion every time. Never seem to learn either.

"So, it's not important for you to know me. I sense things about you. I see your beauty, smell your perfume, and am intoxicated. You offer the choice of existence, meaning, bliss, sorrows, tears. Whenever. It does not matter - I am alive again! Really living. Full of energy, anticipation. You are music, poetry, dance - even religion."

He laughed. "Now you know that I am mad!"

Slowly, she drove on to where a cottage with a sagging roof and decaying walls grew beside the road, sheltered from sheep by a small garden where a rusty dismembered tractor lay dead. Incongruous beside it was a new car, spreading bright sun. Melanie stopped, and entered the cottage without knocking on its paint-peeling door. Less than a minute later she returned.

"I must see you again," she said she started her car. "Now I have other matters that must be attended to. "Joel," she indicated the men who emerged from the cottage "shall take you back."

Thurstan look perplexed so she said, "Don't worry," and touched his face. "You were not mistaken. Meet me tomorrow night at nine where we met today. Can you do that?"

"Of course!"

"Good. Now I must go."

To Thurstan's surprise, she leaned over and kissed him on the lips. Then he was outside the metal womb of the car. She did not wave, but drove quickly away to leave him standing beside the ugly man with a madman's grin.

Over the cottage, a raven flew to shadow him briefly from the sun.



They were waiting for her, in the small wood near the circle of ancient stones. Algar, Master of her Temple, smiled as he watched her walk alone towards them.

"So," he said, "he was not to be our chosen." In the light of the wood, his dark gaunt features were sinister.

"There shall be other times." Melanie did not take she offered robe. "Tomorrow when dark comes, we shall gather here again."

"For the sacrifice?" Algar asked.

"Perhaps." She addressed her followers directly. "Go now. And tomorrow we shall feast and rejoice!"

She did not wait but turned back along the track toward he car. Almost obsequious, Algar walked beside her.

"But he was receptive?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You do a particularly fetching in that dress if I may say so." Then, seeing her indifference, he said, "Shall you lure him tomorrow?"

"He may not be suitable."

"Oh? Why would that be then?"

Melanie stopped and stared at him and he visibly cowered. "What do you mean?"

"I meant nothing," he said truthfully. But her anger aroused suspicion.

"The new candidate?"

Algar smiled. "He has healed well. He would like to see you, privately of course."

"Of course. Tonight?"

"I could arrange it, if you wish."

"Arrange it!"

The humid heat of the evening annoyed her while she waited, and when he did come, brought forth from the darkness outside her house by Algar, she was impatient to begin. Algar took the man's money before leading him into the candle-lit incensed Temple where he stripped and bound him to the frame.

But the frenzied whipping of the fat man with bulging eyes and pale skin did not bring forth the joy of pleasure she anticipated - only a hatred that quickly passed as the man groaned and sighed, taking his own dark pleasure from his pain. There was little blood upon the back and buttocks of the man and Algar, leering in the shadows, was surprised when she stopped. The bound man turned to look up at her, his eyes pleading for the pleasure her

pain and dominance brought him. He could see her breasts clearly through her thin sweat-stained robe, but his hands were bound by leather thongs to the cold aluminium frame and he could not reach out and touch them as he wished.

There was a strange desire within Melanie and it appalled her. She tried to destroy it by fulfilling her role as Satanic whip queen and surrendering again to the joy she found in dominating and debasing the men she despised. But it did not work and the lashes she gave became softer until they stopped completely. In disgust at herself she threw the leather scourge upon the altar to let Algar disrobe and take his own selfish pleasure upon the man whom he unbound and pushed roughly to the floor.

Her swim in the warm water of her pool settled some of her feelings, a little, so she was able to plan how best Algar could kill her chosen sacrifice. She and she alone would dare to call the Dark Gods back to Earth. The chosen would be easy to entice to their sacred circle of stones as he had been easy to capture, and the more she thought of the deed to come, the more the anticipated pleasure covered and obscured her remembrances of his gentle dreams.

She was Melanie, Mistress of the Earth in the Temple of Darkness: ruler of a coven of fifty. No man would mould her feelings. For years she had schemed, cheated, manipulated and lied, building from the foundations of her beauty and sexuality the wealth and power she craved as a girl. She was fifteen when her parents died when the plane they were in crashed. A teacher befriended her and was not long before she realized the power her innocence and beauty gave her. He was her first victim, but she soon tired of him and his small gifts and sought more wealthy prey. But she despised them all, these man who lusted after her - they would sell their souls, and most of them had, for the short pleasure she sometimes allowed them to find in her body. Thurstan would be no exception.

It would be good, she felt, to sacrifice him at the moment he achieved his desire. This thought pleased her and she swam slowly, allowing the physical exertion and the warmth of all of water to gently excite her.

Algar watched the rear lights the man's car fade on the long driveway from the house before he shut the door. Melanie was upstairs, asleep, and he did not creep but walked boldly through the hall to her secret Temple. It was a small room, windowless and black, containing only a chair and a wooden plinth on which stood a large quartz tetrahedron.

A diffuse light, reddish in hue, was thrown upward from the opaque floor and for many minutes Algar sat in the chair amid the warm and perfumed air. He felt powerful, sitting

there instead of a kneeling on the floor while she sat smiling and forming her thoughts into the crystal to become the chains, which bound him.

"With a look or smile," he remembered she had said, "I can strike you dead!". He did not doubt it. Three years ago she had stolen his power.

For ten years he had followed the way of his Prince gathering allies and power. Even as a boy he'd followed some of these ways, but his teachers and superiors had mistaken his hatred for intellectual sophistry, his dark interior life for spirituality and his ruthless ambition for spiritual gifts. The world of monastic schooling was all he had ever known or wanted and it was natural that it should lead him to a novitiate and the Order of his teachers.

For one year, and one year only, he tried to follow their way until Bruno the elder novice had one night seduced them as he lay in his cold monastic cell.

For weeks afterwards he had prayed to the Prince, "Our Father, which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our desire and delivers us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons. Prince of Darkness, hear me."

Bruno died soon after, in his sleep, an expression of stark terror on his face. "Heart attack" a doctor had said, but Algar knew his humiliation had been avenged.

He was a Priest, his dark life hidden and a source of satisfaction, when he first met her. It was a cold morning in Spring and she stood outside his little church, radiantly beautiful in the light of the sun. "I have come, " she said, "to ask you to say a Mass for us". She held out her left hand and he saw the strange symbol on her ring. Obedient, he knelt down to kiss it. "How did you know?" he asked. She smiled, not kindly despite her beauty. "I have seen you at night pray to our Prince."

The crystal had guided her. That very night he presided as priest at a Black Mass and afterwards, with only her servant Lois remaining in her large house, she had bound his will with her own. He had been standing by the crystal when Lois had stripped him bare and offered her body. Then Melanie the dark witch was laughing but his sudden anger was no match for her power and she stared at him before binding him by curse.

Her eyes seemed to suck his will away and she unthreaded an amber bead from the many she wore around her neck. "In this bead I bind you by the power of our Prince! Binan ath ga

wath am!" she chanted. "Nythra!..." He watched silent and paralyzed while she counted the fifty beads she wore around her neck. The crystal gave power to and magnified her thoughts and when she released him he stared at it for several minutes. But it was useless - he could do nothing with it and calmly allowed himself to be led by Lois to his room. And when he awoke, worn and feeling old, there was a beautiful boy, waiting naked, by his bed. "I am her gift" the burgeoning man had said....

Algar sighed as he remembered. Even after three years he did not know the secret of her crystal but he did know the Satanic organization she had created to keep her power and wealth, and as he walked from her temple to find a telephone, he was smiling.

"Rathbone?" he said into the telephone receiver. "This is Algar. I believe you owe us a favourI have a job for you."

Upstairs, unknown to or her High Priest, Melanie was awake and watching him on the monitor screen of her discretely installed surveillance system.

IV

Thurstan was early. It was a humid evening and he sat by the river enjoying the twilight. The new clothes he had bought for the occasion made him feel self-conscious and every few minutes he would look around. But the few people who wandered by did not - or pretended they did not - notice him and he would be left to rehearse again in his head what he would say to Melanie when they met.

It was not a sudden decision, but the planning of the night before, that made Melanie watch him silently from a distance. She did not watch for long.

Darkness was upon the hill as in silence the worshippers prepared, guided only by the diffuse light from the candles in their red lanterns. Carefully Algar laid out the sacrificial knife upon the woven cloth inside the circle of stones. The thongs were strong and would bind the victim while the cloth would soak up the blood. Satisfied he whispered commands.

"She is here!" Lois said seeing the signal from one of the men guarding the track that led to the stones.

There was a sigh from thirteen throats and then the slow dance and has chant began.

"Suscipe Satanas munus quod tibi offerimus..." Soon the hissing became like the sound of a thousand demons chattering as they rose gleefully from the pits of Hell. In the centre, Algar waited with his muscular helper to bind the victim's arms and legs.

Then Melanie was before him. One bead of her amber necklace appeared to

Algar to be glowing, pulsing in rhythm with the beat of his heart. He was becoming mesmerized with this when it occurred to him that Melanie was alone.

Before he could move he was held from behind. He felt thongs being tied around his wrists, heard Melanie whisper mockingly in his ear, "We have our sacrifice!"

"No! No!" he screamed. But she was laughing as someone gave her the knife.

Around them, the sibilant chant rose towards its climax, the dancers fleetingly caught in the red glow from the candles.

With a sudden burst of energy Algar screamed. "Jebb dies if I do!" but a gag silenced him.

Melanie held the sharp knife to his throat before loosening the gag. "Tell me what you mean!" she demanded.

"He dies if I do not return," Algar said, flinching.

"Is that so? "

"Rathbone shall - "

Melanie clapped hands twice and from the darkness around the track a man stepped into the dim circle of light. Someone held a lantern near his face.

"I had no choice," Rathbone said, his face, like a weasel, twitching.

Then Algar was on his knees, crying. "Spare me, spare me!" he pleaded

"And if I do?" demanded Melanie.

"I shall always be your slave."

Three times Melanie clapped her hands as a signal for the dancers to gather around. "See" she said, "all you who dwell in my temple. Here is Algar, the High Priest who thought he knew my secret, admired and envied for his fortune by you all. See now how he begs before me! Shall I spare him?"

"Kill him! Kill him!" they demanded.

Melanie laughed. Algar was brought to his feet. "For a year I shall spare your life."

The dancers, as if signalled silently, dispersed to return to their dance. "Now," she whispered to Algar, "you shall see my power - brought without the gift of blood!"

She did not speak, or move, but slowly raised her hands as, many miles away, the crystal within her secret temple began to glow. "Atazoth! Atazoth!", the dancing dancers hissed. The sky above and around them was clear, speckled by stars but a ragged darkness came to cover a part of the sky as a putrid stench filled the air and a circle of cold fell around the worshippers. No one moved, then, or chanted or spoke but all stared up at the sky. The darkness grew slowly before withdrawing into a sphere that darted across sky. And then it was gone.

"Tomorrow, " Melanie said, "you shall see the chaos I have caused. Now feast and rejoice and take your pleasure as you will!"

Around her, the orgy began as she unbound Algar's hands and led him from the revelry toward her car.

"There is much you do not know, " she said she drove toward her house.

Algar did not speak during their journey and slunk away like a broken man into his room on their arrival, while Melanie watched him on a monitor screen. But it was not long before she

began thinking about Thurstan. She had reached out to him while she had watched him sitting by the river and even had not Algar's intended treachery changed her plans she knew that she could not have hurt him.

She had even lost her lust for Algar's blood and let him live. Somewhere, around the world, the dark power she unleashed would be causing disaster and death. It was a small beginning, the prelude to the opening of the Star Gate which would return her Dark Gods to Earth. But it was not fulfilling, and she thought it might be.

Unsettled, she went down to her temple. The warmth of the gentle light, the perfume but most of all the crystal brought here reassurance about her power and role, and she forgot about Thurstan and a burgeoning dichotomy he was causing in her head. Perhaps her Dark Gods and guided her to the crystal - she did not know. But only four years ago she had found it, in a Satanic Temple she had visited. The group had not impressed her, but the High Priest was easy to manipulate and he had given her the crystal as a gift. Only when she first touched it did she discover its power.

The High Priest was the first person whose soul she bound within the beads around her neck. He still brought her money from his schemes, and sometimes a new member. She was content to leave him to bask in his little power, knowing she only had to summon him for him to fall prostrate at her feet. And when his schemes failed or he ceased to be of use, she would remove his bead and grind it into dust, for then he would surely die.

For weeks after the gift of the crystal she had shut herself away in the small house she then shared with Lois. The crystal brought knowledge and she had learned how to use it to travel among the hidden dimensions where the Dark Gods slept, waiting for someone to break the seal that bound them in sleep. She learned of Earth's past, of how the Dark Gods had come bringing terror and much that was strange. Of how her Prince was their Guardian, given the Earth as his domain. Her shape-changing Prince was her guide to the Abyss beyond, and she explored the Abyss without fear, trembling or dread. She would be ready, she knew, when the stars were aligned aright, to call and summon the Dark

Gods from sleep.

Her temple, the men she held in thrall in her beads, were but a means to this call, for the crystal was the key to the Star Gate. She, and she alone of all those who over the centuries had tried to bring the dark terrors forth, would succeed - of that she was sure.

So had she played her games of power and joy, feeling herself the equal of gods. There were few crimes that she had not sanctioned or sent men, in their lust, to commit, few

pleasures she had not enjoyed. Yet she was not maddened by either pleasure or power, and kept her empire small, sufficient for her needs, and herself anonymous. Many small firms headed by small men, a brothel or two, a number of temples in the cities beyond - such were the gifts of her Prince and she tended them all, as a wise woman should.

Slowly, and contented once again, she left for temple to climb the stairs to her bed.

Algar waited, quite patiently, until he was sure she was asleep and knocked, not too loudly, on Lois' door. She had returned alone, as he knew she must, and was not surprised see him.

"Yes!" she asked and smiled, leaning against frame of her door. Sometimes, Algar like to talk with her, as one servant to another.

Algar did not smile, nor speak but moved towards her to stab her in the throat. She rasped, staring in disbelief, and staggered back towards the bed. Not content, he followed and stabbed her through the heart. The beauty that had pleased Melanie would please her no more and, smiling at this thought,

Algar wiped the handle of the knife clean on the satin sheet. Soon, he was running away from the house under the shimmering bright stars of the humid night.

Melanie awoke slowly. She sensed a change in the aura of her house and had walked towards her door before realizing what it was. She was alone. But there was no fear in her and she wandered barefoot and naked along long corridor, as there was no shock when she entered Lois' room.

It was then she knelt down to gently close the eyes of her dead lover that the reaction came. Her cold hatred toward Algar for his deed was soon gone, and in the silence of her house and for the first time in her life, she began to cry.

Outside, a stray, fierce dog howled.

V

Algar heard the howling as he ran down the narrow lane away from the house and in terror

he scrambled through the hedge to run faster across the fields. The dog, sent by the dark force of Melanie's will, had picked up his scent and Algar ran, desperate and stumbling, toward the valley stream.

The house lay alone on a track below the hill that held Billings Ring, the fields around sheep-strewn and rough, overlooked by the southerly slopes of the Mynd that turned the waters of the Onny River south then almost north until a softer rock fed them eastward again. The sound of water was clear amid the silence of the night and Algar stood beside the stream in an effort to slow his straining breath. The lights of a car on the road above and a field away from him shone ragged through the high hedge, and Algar crept down, fearing to be seen.

But his fear of the pursuing beast was stronger and he waded into the stream to walk along it for several yards and hide under the bridge. He could hear the dog but could not see it and waited, cold and shaking, for nearly half an hour. The bridge swept a narrow lane away, and up from the valley road, to a hamlet of a few houses. There would be no safety for him there in the farm workers' houses less than a mile from Melanie's home.

For some time he listened intently, and, hearing nothing, crawled slowly and scared from the stream. He was on the lane, almost at its junction with the road when the stalking dog attacked. It leapt snarling to try and sink its teeth into his throat. But Algar shielded his face with his hands and the dog bit deeply into his arm, knocking him over. It bit him again as Algar struggled with it on the ground. There was a large stone by his hand and Algar used it to smash at the dog's skull. In a frenzy, he struck the dog until it was dead. But even then he kicked it several times and threw the stone at its face before staggering to the road.

The first car that passed him did not stop and nearly knocked him over as he stood in the road waving his bloodied arms, but the second one, a long time after, did stop and Algar pretended to faint. The driver was near when Algar leapt up to push the man away before stealing his car.

The pain was excruciating but he tried to ignore it and the dizziness that threatened to overwhelm him. He had one hope and one hope only and drove fastly toward Shrewsbury to seek sanctuary from Melanie's curse. The roads were empty, the streets of the town deserted in the silent hours before dawn and he abandoned the car to walk the last quarter mile to the church.

No light shone in the Presbytery windows until his insistent knocking on its doors awoke its occupant from his sleep.

Cautious, but not afraid, the old Priest opened the door.

“Help me, Father! Please, help me!” Algar pleaded.

He did not see the bats that flew silently away from the church.

There was no choice, as Melanie knew. The two members of her Temple, summoned from their sleep, carried the body to their van. Melanie had cleaned and bathed it, using her own black satin sheets for a shroud, and she stayed beside it during the hours it took them to dig the grave.

Dawn came, with no wind to break the silence of the forest, but its beautiful colours did not interest her as she stood, dressed in white, in the still air to watch the two men lower the body into the Earth. There were no prayers to her to say, no lament for her to sing – only an unvoiced oath to avenge the death of her friend. The earth was returned, the covering of grass and small bush neatly replaced, the debris of leaves and broken twig scattered again. There was no sign of the grave and, satisfied, Melanie allowed the men to return to her home.

“There shall be gifts for you both,” she said as they bowed slightly before taking their leave.

Slowly, in her secret Temple, she unthreaded from her necklace Algar’s bead. There was no frenzy of anger within her but a desire for Algar to suffer a slow, painful death as she squeezed the amber bead several times between her fingers. To her surprise the crystal did show her Algar contorted in pain. Yet she knew that even though for some reason she could not see him and thus discover his location, she was still causing him pain, and as she danced around her crystal she increased the pressure on the bead before stopping to visualize the time and place of his death, two weeks hence in the centre of her circle of stones.

Slowly, and deliberately she cut the threads, which bound his life to this Earth, and, although still living, he was imprisoned in her web of death. It was not difficult for her to move the plinth upon which the crystal stood, for she had done it many times before and the mechanism which she had installed many years before did not fail her. The plinth, and the stone and which it rested, moved quietly aside to reveal a dark pit that sank deep into Earth. She did not smile, or feel anything, as she let the bead drop to join the scattered human

remains.

The remains were the work of the sinister woman who had in the weeks of her dying given Melanie the house. “I have waited for you,” she remembered the old woman had said, “waited as our Prince said I should. My coven and books and house are yours.” She never spoke again, but signed her name on her will, and Melanie was left to find the old woman’s secrets from the Black Book of workings she had kept. ‘I, Eulalia, Priestess of the forgotten gods, descended from those who kept the faith, here set forth for she who is to come after me, the dark secrets of my craft...’ The book was Melanie’s most treasured possession, after her crystal and her beads. It was the crystal that first showed her the house.

She let the crystal guide her here again and sat in her chair while the plinth slid silently back into place. At first, the tetrahedron showed nothing, but its inner clearness gradually vanished to reveal a man’s face. Thurstan was in his cottage, reading as he sat hunched on the wide inside sill of a window, framed by the rising sun. He looked up, briefly, and smiled as if aware of being observed. He seemed to Melanie to be staring at her. Then he was gone as the crystal cleared.

His smile, that gentle look in his eyes, her sensation of herself being observed all confused her, and she left her Temple to walk under the warm sun in the walled garden at the rear of her house. It was not long before she returned to her crystal.

It did not respond to her commands of thought. There was no Thurstan for her to see, not even an outside view of his cottage. Faint images seemed to be forming, but they were intrusive – bats flying away from a church at night, a raven plucking the eye from a dead dog – and her failure angered her. Her anger was the catalyst, and transformed the flickering images into a clear vision of Algar writhing in agony upon a bed. Above him on the wall, was the symbol of the Nazarene. By the bed an old Priest spoke silent words as he read from a leather breviary.

Melanie’s laugh erased all thoughts of Thurstan from her mind.

VI

“Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnia Satanica potestas omnis incursio infernalis adversarii”

The old Priest continued his prayer of exorcism while Algar writhed in pain on the bed. But then the pain eased. Algar however, did not attribute this to the Priest but to Melanie's curse. She would want him to die slowly, and as he lay smiling inwardly at the antics of the old man who had earlier cleaned and dressed the wounds the vicious dog had caused, Algar sensed a chance for life.

It would not arise from the exorcism for he had no belief in the religion of the Priest which once and briefly he himself had embraced inwardly. The old man had been kind, listening intently as Algar had told him a tale composed mainly of lies. He had been given sanctuary, clothes and medical aid – which was all he wanted – and let the Priest play out his farce of a role. His chance for life would come from his own hands by his breaking of Melanie's curse. For that, she herself would have to die, and he began to think of stratagems by which he could lure her to her death.

Thurstan Jebb held some fascination for her, or some future potential which she planned somehow to draw out for her own advantage and although he did not know nor particularly care which, if any of these was correct, he knew enough to realize Jebb might provide his bait. The plan he thought of pleased him, bringing a resurgence of some of the power he had felt as High Priest and he allowed the old man to finish his prayers before explaining he would have to leave.

He thanked the Priest for the exorcism, lyingly said it was effective and thanked the man for saving his life. He even suggested they go into the church to say a prayer of thanksgiving. Algar, offering his wounds as an excuse not to kneel, sat to say aloud in Latin a suitable prayer. The Priest was impressed, as Algar knew he would be, and did not say no when Algar asked for some money.

“Just a small loan, Father,” the lying High Priest said.

A few hours later, he was safely in Leeds. The pain, which came to him during his journey by train, was not intense or prolonged.

Ray Vitek was not pleased to see him and it showed on his face. But in deference to Algar's position he asked him politely inside the seedy terraced house along the sloping streets between the traffic noise of Hyde Park Corner and the tree lined peace of Meanwood Ridge.

“So,” Vitek said suspiciously as they sat among the books within a mould-filled room, “she has sent you for another favour.” Nervously, with thin fingers, he stroked his pointed beard.

“A favour, yes. But not for her.”

“I see. So it has come to that.”

“Will you join me – against her?”

“Years ago – I forget exactly when it was – I had a Priestess. Perhaps you remember her? No, well I was young then, as you were. I loved her. Linda was her name. Then she came to entice her away. She died – in a brothel.”

“Then you will help?”

“Me – once in love! I have never loved anyone or anything since.”

“I did not know,” Algar said, acting concerned.

“Who cares – I don’t care – not any more.” Then, his mood changed, he added, “what has she done to you then?”

Algar took off the coat that the Priest had given him and showed his bloodstained bandages.

“So?” Vitek said. “Why come to me?”

“Because you have friends. Desperate friends who need a little something every now and then. What would they do for a year’s supply?”

“She would have you killed before you did anything.”

Algar laughed. It was not pleasant to hear. “She does not know about my – how shall I say – my little side-line!”

Vitek was surprised – but his lethargy soon returned. “So what can I do?”

“Your friends,” Algar said – and his imitation of a gargoyle suited him, “shall keep a little something of mine. To lure her. She come – and they – how shall I say – entertain her?”

Vitek’s brief laugh was broken by a spasm of coughing. He spat into the fireplace. Then, remembering: “but her power – “

“When they take her they bring you the necklace she wears. You shall bring it to me.”

“But I remember – “

“The crystal? Yes, I shall smash it while she is away and her power will be gone!”

“A year’s supply, you say? For them all?”

“For them all!”

“It shall be done as you wish. When?”

“Tomorrow!”

“So soon?”

“It must be! When she arrives – surprise her. Take her by force, tear the necklace away! Without it she has no power. And when your friends have finished their games with her –“ he shrugged – “an overdose perhaps.”

“When do you deliver?”

“After the deed is done.”

“I may need something – “

“To offer them? Of course! You shall have it, my friend! This very day. Give me two hours.” His torment was beginning again, and as he strove to control the pain, sweat began to dribble down his face. “I shall return here.”

He did not wait but rushed to flee outside where he stood under a cloudy sky while his body contorted in pain. “I shall kill you!” He repeated. “You shall die a horrible death.”

He imagined that the death Melanie would find tomorrow and although this brought a little satisfaction it did nothing to lessen his pain. He felt like he was being crushed. Then, as suddenly as it had before, it stopped. He walked on toward the summit of the road, dreading its return.

He worked slyly and quickly in the anonymity of the city while thunderclouds covered the sky and the humidity grew. A few telephone calls, a meeting with a man whose expensive car drove him along the crowded streets to a small warehouse by the river. Promises made, a briefcase given to him, another journey by car and he was handing Vitek the promised goods – small packets containing white death.

His pain did not return, but his dread of its returning never left him, becoming during the growing cloud darkness of the daylight hours a demon to haunt him. He was always two footsteps behind, this demon.

The Satanic underworld did not fail him. For two years he had used his influence as Melanie’s High Priest to spin his webs in the temple of the empire she had built. Money diverted, a few small schemes of his own. He had been waiting for her weakness, and had found it. Soon, her empire would be his.

This pleased him. He was given help in her name, but in a few days it would be his name which commanded respect. He had used her name before and she never knew. He used it again, and a young man collected him in a new car and ferried him toward her home.

The demon of dread followed. Several times while lightning struck and nearby thunder crashed, he feared Vitek’s betrayal. “You know how she feels about these,” he had said to Vitek while he gave the white death away. And Vitek’s sunken eyes had bulged. “She does not like them. Warn her, Vitek, and there shall be no more.” Vitek’s thin, grasping hands said he understood. “Your friends, Vitek – I should have to tell them, you understand, if you betrayed me.”

His fears grew like the darkness that brought the day to its end until he became a madman pretending he was sane. He had procured a revolver, and caressed it repeatedly.

Apted was in his shop, as Algar hoped he would be. As soon as Apted unlocked the door he pushed past him.

“Is all well with you?” Apted asked cheerfully.

Algar pressed the barrel of the revolver into a flabby cheek. “Give me Jebb’s address!”

“But she – “

“Give me the address!” He eased back the hammer of the gun with his thumb.

“But I gave it to Rathbone.”

“He is no use to me now! The address!”

Apted gave it.

“Tell her, fat man, and I shall carve the fat from you, slice by slice! Understand? Good! She is finished!” As a gesture of his defiance he spat at her portrait, which hung on Apted’s wall.

The storms, which had followed him from Leeds, fell upon the town to wash the heat and dust away, stealing, for a few brief minutes, the lights that kept the night at bay. Somewhere below the thunder, a young child screamed.

VII

The storm pleased Melanie and she danced naked in her garden while the rain washed her body as she sucked the storm’s health in.

She was inside, allowing the warm air in her secret Temple to dry her when she heard the

telephone ring. The call was brief and she dressed slowly before saying goodbye to her house.

Apted was in a corner of his shop, jibbering, the telephone in his hand, his door open as Algar had left it. She smiled at him and touched his forehead with her hand. Soon, he was almost smiling.

“I had to tell him. I am sorry,” he said and meant it.

“You are safe now. He cannot harm you. Do you believe me?”

“Yes, my princess.” Happiness returned to his face.

“Is Jane still in your care?”

“Why, yes! But they have threatened to take her away from me.”

“May I borrow her for a few days?”

“She is yours now – a gift from an old and grateful man.”

Melanie’s brief kiss surprised him, but when he opened his eyes again, she was gone.

The sky had cleared by the time she drove along the narrow track that led to Thurstan’s cottage among the hills of south Shropshire, and as she left her car to walk the few yards to his door bats swooped around her. She greeted them, as a queen should, laughing as she pushed the door open.

Thurstan was gone, as she half expected him to be, and she felt and smelt the traces that Algar had left. There was a note, stuck to the table by a knife and she read it without emotion. “Come alone,” it read, giving a date, time and place, “or he shall die like Lois.” It demanded a large sum of money.

She burned the note in the fireplace before examining the cottage. There were few books and all of those were in Greek. Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles... Few clothes, furniture or

possessions. In the bedroom she found a neat pile of translations but they did not interest her, as the cottage seemed to hold few clues to Thurstan himself. It was damp if clean, austere but full of memories. The memories, spectral forms and sounds, seeped out of the walls, the floor, the beams which held the roof, to greet Melanie. Sighs, laughter, the pain of childbirth, an old man dying his bed while his spirit wandered the hills above.

Two centuries of life, struggle, love and death.

But however intently she listened, however still she held her gaze, neither sights nor sounds from Thurstan's past seeped to her through the gates of time, and it was behind the only painting in the cottage that she found her answer. It was a good painting of a pretty woman, curiously hung above the long narrow windows where Melanie had seen Thurstan sitting. Behind it, totally obscured, was a niche carved from the rough stone that made up the walls. It contained a large quartz crystal. Stored in the crystal was Thurstan's life, in images only a Mistress of Earth or a Magus could see.

The child that Algar had abducted near Apted's shop during the storm had lain silent and terrified in the car while the young man drove through the night, obedient to Algar's commands because he believed he was acting in Melanie's name.

The young man had said nothing when Algar told him to stop and took the child into the darkness of trees by the road. He kept his silence when Algar returned alone fastening the belt of his trousers. He said nothing as he stood waiting for Thurstan to answer the knocks that Algar made upon his door. Kept his silence as he bound and gagged the man at whose head Algar aimed the revolver. Said nothing as he drove his silent passenger to the city of Leeds and the rotting, broken houses that were Algar's destination. The human shadows that surrounded his car and who dragged the bound man away repulsed him, and he was glad when Algar gave him money and dismissed him.

There was much mute laughter and hissing glee as Thurstan was hauled from room to smelly room whose denizens lay supinely on floors or leaned, festering, against walls while loud music played. Vitek was lashing Thurstan to a chair in an upper room when Algar's demon of dread leapt and sunk its rows of teeth into the flesh of its prey. Algar did not scream but cowered in a corner, his whole body convulsed. Thurstan was smiling – or seemed to Algar to be smiling at him – and he leapt up to punch Thurstan several times in the face. Instantly, his torment ceased. Then Thurstan winked.

Raging, Algar held the revolver to his head, but Vitek calmed him and led him away, saying, "He is our bait, our money. Leave him."

Daylight brought no sun or light through the boarded windows and Algar slept, twitching from nightmares, on the floor of a suppurating room where three men took turns copulating with a young girl too tired and drugged to care. But their energy did not last and soon only Thurstan was awake, dreaming of the woman he had loved.

A few high cirrus clouds flecked the beautiful blue of the sky as Melanie drove slowly under the warm sun through the busy streets of Leeds. She was not late, and parked her car in the narrow rubble filled street of boarded up houses. Two men with long greasy hair wearing chains for belts watched her, showing rotten teeth as they smiled.

Swaggering, they walked toward her as she got out of her car. Behind her, another man emerged from the shadowed alley beside a house. He was within feet of her when she opened the back door of her car. Gracefully, the leopard leapt into the sunlight.

She stood leaning against her car while the leopard sat beside her. Respectfully and silently, the men moved away. Then, one of them moved slowly toward her but he did not speak as she did not, only bowed his head while she stared into his eyes. He walked away, then – and there was a scream as he, obedient to her will, entered the house, then the sound of breaking glass and wood. A shout. "Don't come any closer!" And a single shot, dull but echoing.

Another man walked toward her and he too bowed his head, a little, as she stared into his eyes. "Kill him!" a voice like Algar's screamed, as he too entered the house.

The third and last man came forward to wait with her beside her car. For a long time, silence – broken by a shout from within the house.

"We must kill her."

Three men carrying clubs and knives came forth from the house but the single man was no match for them and was soon beaten unconscious. Triumphant, the three moved sneering and leering toward Melanie.

“Kill her! Kill her!” the demented Algar screamed from the safety of the house.

“Come on!” laughed one of the men, “hypnotize me!”

“She is making me tremble!” jeered another.

“Let’s strip her, hey?” Laughed the third.

Melanie did not see but rather sensed Algar aim his gun and she stared toward the shadows in the doorway. There was no shot, only Algar cursing as the revolver jammed, while the leopard stood and kept the shouting men away.

Their obscenities were irrelevant to Melanie as she was content to wait in the heat of the sun for her full magickal powers to return. Her control of the three men had weakened her, a little, but she knew her weakness would not last. Perhaps the jeering men sensed her weakness or perhaps Algar had told them to try to drain her power away, but it was not important and she hid her strength for Algar’s expected attack.

It was Vitek who came running from the house, carrying an axe. He slowed, as her power touched him, then stopped to stand harmless and silent. But his appearance broke the spell that kept the others at a distance – they rushed toward her howling with drug courage. The leopard snatched one, her power slowed another but the third was not stopped. The knife he carried reflected the sun and Melanie side stepped gracefully to strike the rushing man as he passed, his momentum conveying him into her car. He bounced, slightly, before her blow to his neck sent him falling unconscious onto the road.

Her absorption freed Vitek who fled into the house.

“Leave!” she commanded and the leopard obeyed, leaving the uninjured man to help his sobbing and bloodied companion away.

Behind the house she heard shouting, and a car being driven away. Thurstan, Algar and Vitek were gone, and as she stepped over bodies near the door, the house burst into flames. She could almost hear Algar laughing.

VIII

The coven was gathered, dressed in crimson robes, in the large Satanic Temple to give honour to Melanie as Mistress of Earth. A man lay on the altar, naked, while a young woman in white robes kissed his body in the light of the candles to the insistent beat of the tabors.

A masked figure dressed in black came to lift the man from the altar and place him at the feet of the green robed Mistress of Earth.

“What do you wish?” the Mistress asked.

“It is the protection and milk of your breasts that I seek”. The naked Priest reached up as the Mistress bared her breasts, but she kicked him away with her foot.

“I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and washes in a basin full of their blood.” He stared at her body. “I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter and Gate to our Gods. I lift my voice to stand before you, my sister, and offer myself so that my mage’s seed may feed your virgin flesh.”

“Kiss me,” she taunted, “and I will make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn, which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a Gate that opens to our Gods!”

Slowly, she led him to the Priestess whom she kissed on the lips and caressed before removing her white robe.

“Take her,” she said to the Priest, “for she is me and I am yours!”

Around them the coven gathered, clapping their hands to the rhythm of the tabors as the ritual copulation began. And when it was over and the Priest lay sweating and still upon the Priestess, the masked Guardian of the Temple came to lift him up and forced him to kneel at the feet of his Mistress.

“So you have sown,” she said, “and from your seeding gifts may come if you are obedient

hear these words I speak. I know you, my children, you are dark and yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts: yet none of you is as hateful or as loving as I. With a glance I can strike you dead!"

The Guardian brought her a large silver chalice, which she offered to her coven in turn. The Priestess was the last to receive the gift of wine and the Mistress kissed her to receive the wine from her mouth.

She threw the remains of the wine over the Priest, saying, "No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict you here! Feast and enjoy the ecstasy of this life. But ever remember, I am the darkness that lives in your soul!"

She did not wait for the orgy of lust to begin, but left alone. No sounds of Satanic revelry reached her as she sat in her own small Temple, waiting. But the crystal showed nothing.

For hours, Melanie sat still and alone. She did not think of the flames that only yesterday had engulfed her and from which she had escaped unharmed, nor of Algar, fleeing now from those who sought to collect the bounty she offered for his death. The ritual had bored her, and she did not miss the pleasure that she had obtained in the past through having a man grovelling while she whipped his naked flesh. Instead, she thought of Thurstan and his strange life that she had seen in the crystal. There was a quality about this Thurstan that both pleased and disturbed her, as if he was someone from a dream she had just awoke from and could not quite remember. She wanted to forget the dream and concentrate on the pleasures of her own world, but she was lonely. Thurstan's intrusion into her planned and orderly life, Lois' sudden death, both combined to become a catalyst and change her emotions. And it was her feelings of loneliness which surprised her. For years, she ruled her coven and small empire through her magickal charisma, power and the fear she inspired. She could be charming, subtle, scheming and brutal as the moment and the person required, never losing her belief in herself and her Destiny. For a long time during the years of her growing she had felt herself chosen and different from others. Gradually, awareness of her Destiny came – as Mistress of Earth, ruler of covens, who would dare to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

She still felt her Destiny – but it was the distant beat of her pulse in her ear, not the yearning she now felt to share with someone a moment of life, like the strange moment she had shared with Thurstan while they sat in the café and he, trembling, had first held her hand. She had been playing a role, then, but somewhere and somehow the role had become real to her and for an instant she had become the woman she was pretending to be – gentle, sensitive and vulnerable. This woman had returned, unexpected, when she had held the dead Lois in her arms. Her tears had been real tears of love and loss – but they did not last.

Now this woman sat in Melanie's secret Temple, thinking of Thurstan and the moment they had shared. This woman knew she was alone.

Then Melanie, in anger, walked slowly from her Temple, her eyes glowing, to seek the comfort of her car. Her speed was an attempt to express her anger and she drove westward along narrow lanes and wider roads for nearly an hour before returning east to stop near the stone circle. The twilight of closing cloud and strong wind coloured the sky near the descending sun, and Melanie stood in the circle's centre calling on the storms to break. Thunder cloud rushed toward her, killing the colour, as the wind graved strong and heavy around. There was no thunder, only a sudden and prolonged burst of rain, which Melanie laughing let soak through her thin dress to the warm flesh beneath. She became intoxicated by the power of wind and rain, and danced around the circle calling on the names of her gods. She was Baphomet – dark goddess who held the severed head of a man; she was Asoth – worker of passion and death. Circe – charmer of man; Darket – bride of Dagon. She felt her crystal, many miles distant, begin to respond and draw power from the Abyss beyond. The power came to her, slowly, through the gate in the fabric of space-time, a chaos of energies from the dimensions of darkness. Her consciousness was beginning to transcend to the acausal spaces where the Dark Gods waited and she sensed their longing to return, to fill again the spaces of her causal time. They were there, chattering in lipsed words she could not understand, roused from sleep by the power of her previous rites, ready to seep past the gate to feast upon the blood of humans.

But they could not break through from beyond the stars. The two universes, rent together by her will and crystal, were drifting apart again and she was left to walk along the track from the stones while the wind lost its power and the clouds left with their rain.

She sat in her car for a long time, No power, not even a trace of power, had come down to here over the abyss that divided the causal and the acausal realms of existence. No chaos for her will to form and direct as it had many times before. Her magick was weakened. The cause of her failure became clear to her slowly, like the low autumn mist of a valley becomes cleared by the sun as it heats the cold air of morning. She was in love with Thurstan, and her feelings of love had begun to brighten the darkness that was the source of her power.

IX

“The Police have released the names and photographs of the two men they wish to question in connection with the murders in Leeds...”

Vitek turned the radio off. Algar was beside him in the van they had stolen in Leeds, waiting for the last glimmer of light to conduct the ritual, which he hoped, would free him from Melanie's curse.

"She arranged things well," Vitek said while in the rear of the van Thurstan worked silently to try and free his bound hands.

"Of course!" Algar shouted, "what did you expect? Her influential friends! When she is dead they will be mine!"

"Must we...?" asked Vitek, indicating Thurstan.

"It is the only way. The force cannot be invoked without a sacrifice. Her power is weakening! I sense it!"

The forest Algar had chosen lay in a small valley between the haunted rocks of the Stiperstones and Squilver mound, and had in times past been used by the darker covens which once had abounded in the area. He would invoke the Great Demon, Gaubni, through sacrifice, and imbue himself with power before setting forth to kill Melanie herself. His ritual would strip her of magic, her death would end her curse.

"Come, let us prepare," he said.

Trees were creaking in the breeze and the smell of stinking fungi mingled with the damp the heavy rain had brought as Algar walked carefully the path to the small clearing. Vitek followed, stooping and afraid, listening to Algar mumble incantations. "Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! Agios O Gaubni..."

The incantation became louder until Algar was shouting the name. "Gaubni! Gaubni!" Then a silence that startled Vitek. He could not see Algar's face as he stopped and turned in the clearing but he heard the hissing and saw the hands raised like claws. The long, bony fingers grasped Vitek's neck and the strength of the arms pushed Vitek to the ground. Algar sat on Vitek's chest, slobbering and laughing while his nails tore the flesh on Vitek's face. The spasm of struggle did not last long as the fingers snapped the neck.

Possessed, Algar loped awkwardly out of the wood. Thurstan sat hunched in the back of the van and Algar stared at him, dribbling like an idiot while in the distance a dog howled.

Algar was struggling to control the chaos which had possessed him and direct it to bring another death when he heard the voice behind him.

“Come to me, come to me!” the melodious voice said.

Algar turned to see the leering face of a multitude of witches. Then they vanished. But another voice came from the trees behind him.

“You are my gift!”

He did not look, but the power of the demon he had invoked was sucked from within him to form a hideous face whose rows of teeth gnashed before the mouth opened to spray Algar with fetid breath. Then it was gone, sucked into the trees and down into Earth by the power of the long-dead leering witches.

“You are my gift!” the voice repeated.

There was no longer any magick in Algar and he became just a man who was half-mad. His madness made him move toward Thurstan, but the High Priest was afraid, and all he could do was turn and watch as Vitek with a ruptured face and dead eyes walked toward him.

“You are his gift,” a chorus of voices behind him said.

Desperate, Algar performed a banished ritual, inscribing a pentagram in the air before him with his hand, saying, “The sign of the Earth, protect! Agios O Shugara!”

The dead body of Vitek still came toward him. He invoked more gods, drew a pentagram, called on the Prince he had followed in secret from youth, but Vitek moved ever nearer while behind him the ghostly chorus laughed.

He tried a hexagram, but his gesture and words had no power and, in abject terror, he began to pray fervently in Latin to the god he had scorned.

“In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. In nomine Jesu Christi...” he mumbled.

But Vitek did not stop – instead, the dead eyes swivelled down to stare at him and the mouth opened in a leer. Algar fled, crazed and stumbling, along the track, over a fence and field, to run up the side of the steep hill. He did not stop when he reached the summit, but ran on down the steep bank and over another hill to drop exhausted into a ditch. Terror brought recovery and he ran on for many miles over fields, fences and hills, his clothes and flesh torn by stone, wire and thorn. And when he could run no longer, he crawled among the heather that grew on the side of the Mynd, clawing his way to the slope’s summit. He rested then, staring down into the silent blackness below, fearful and afraid of something following, and praying praying for the light of dawn. He made a kind of cross from stems of heather which he pulled with bleeding fingers from the ground. Around him, nothing stirred.

Thurstan had freed his hands from the cord, which bound then when he saw Algar run away. Cautiously, after unbinding his feet and removing the gag, he left the van.

Twilight had almost ended, but sufficient light remained for him to follow the path into the woods. He walked for sometime but could find nothing and no one. The place seemed peaceful and calm to him.

A large dog was sitting by the van when he returned. It did not bark, but sprang up to run for a few yards along the track before stopping.

“Your guide!” a soft voice beside Thurstan said. When, he turned, he could see nothing.

There was no moon, only the lingering glow of the sun that was now below the horizon. The clear sky soon showed the brighter stars and in the pleasant warmth of the early night Thurstan followed his guide along the track to paths and narrow lanes that kept a southerly course until he was led eastwards by the stream and up to where a large house lay darkened and silent.

He knew why he followed the dog, as he knew whose house it was, but he still stood nervously in the driveway. The evening was dark by the time he walked toward the house, and as he did so a soft light shone through the half-opened door.

“Hello!” he called like a jester to a court of fools as he stepped onto the mosaic tiles of the

hall. He did not see the door behind him close.

Somewhere he could hear a harpsichord being played. He followed the sound, along the hall and up the stairs whose walls were lined with paintings depicting lust, greed and joy, to where a door was open. A voluptuous perfume reached out to him and he closed his eyes, listening to the gentle music. It seemed a long time to him that he waited, listening and trembling. But it was only a few heartbeats of his life that passed.

He took several steps into the candle-lit room. Melanie sat at her harpsichord in a long flowing dress and looked up briefly before playing the fugue to its end.

The room was beautiful, graceful in its few furnishings, the music was beautiful, the light itself was beautiful, casting subtle hues that only a painter, a musician or a poet might recall. But most of all, to Thurstan, Melanie was beautiful. His senses, subdued by his captivity, were overwhelmed and he began to cry, not loudly or for very long, but as a mystic or an artist might cry when overwhelmed by such splendour.

She smiled at him again when her fingers ceased to work their magick upon the keyboard, and held out her hand. He could see her breasts, uplifted and partly exposed by her dress, rise and fall with the rhythm with her breathing: the way her amber necklace seemed to glow a little in the light from the candles around her, and he walked forward, hardly able to breathe.

But this was unreal to him, an idle dream, perhaps, of a hot insect-filled summer's day as he sat by the stream near his cottage. But their fingers touched, bringing reality. He felt shy and foolish as she stood to face him, gently smiling. No words would reveal themselves into the world through his mouth, and he embraced her, stroking her hair with his hand while she moulded her body to his so he could feel the heat of her flesh through the thin dress.

Stretched were the moments of their embraced until she kissed him, pressing her tongue to his lips in supplication. He let her in, smelled the fragrance of her breath and felt with his hand the warmth of her breast and the erection of her nipple as her tongue sought his. He did not see the door of the room close silently, nor the strange shadow that seemed to stand beside it, but let himself be let to the circular bed in the adjoining, darkened room.

She was gentle with him as she removed his clothes and then her own, kissing his body as he kissed hers in return. He tried to speak of his love and her beauty but she pressed a slender finger to his lips as they lay naked together on the sensuous softness of the bed while perfumed incense caressed them. He felt the softness of her breasts and kissed them

in worship as he kissed her lips, shoulders, face and thighs in worship before tasting her moistness. She pulled him gently upon her, opening herself in invitation, and he did not need his hand to guide him to her hidden cleft.

He moved slowly, and for a long time the gentle intimacy continued while the warm humid night brought sweat to him and a gradual urgency to her until a frenzy of passion possessed them both, rising to issue forth into loud ecstasy mutually achieved before the natural fall left limbs loose and a pleasing exhaustion.

He slept then, although he did not wish to, holding her as if he feared she might go, softly breathing the words of his love. He dreamed he was walking on a strange planet whose two bright suns lit the purple sky. There was a city nearby, but it lay in ruins, and as he approached over the warm sand, he could see the desolation of centuries. He wandered the empty streets made of strange steel where above twisting walkways hung or soared to meet the towering pyramids of buildings whose entrails of floor and room had been cut away cleanly and left dangling from tendons of wire. He felt a sadness at the desolation, for the world was abandoned and quite dead.

When he awoke from his dream, Melanie was gone.

X

Part of her wanted to kill him. His death would make her free again; restore to her the power she had lost.

She sat in her Temple wondering what to do. The years of her life had been bereft of love and only Lois had shown her kindness – unexpectedly, for kindness was something she had never wanted nor sought. But she had been too proud, too confirmed in her role and quest for power to let the kindness of Lois matter, and their relationship had become, for her at least, a simple affair to satisfy her lust and turn her momentarily from the hatred she felt for the many men who sold their souls and gave their wealth and power away to satisfy themselves with her body.

For a year she had withheld her favours from all men, using her magick as a snare and a weapon to keep her dominance and power. She let them lust, and satisfy themselves with the whores she gave them. But she had enticed Thurstan, sending a wraith to guide him to her house after she had found him through her crystal waiting bound in the van. Other forces had gathered round, surprising her, but she had fought them and gained control, moulding them to her will to bring the dead body of Vitek back and send Algar in terror to

the hills.

She had sensed the other powers were trying to help Thurstan and keep him from her for some reason she did not understand, but she wanted him and would have her way.

Now, her crystal reached out to him upstairs where an elemental spirit, born from one of her rituals, waited to work her will, hovering by the bed she had left. The spirit was guarding him, shielding him from other powers, but she had only to transform her thought through the crystal for the elemental to cause Thurstan's death and break the heavy chains that now seemed to bind her to his Earth.

But she did nothing. She was intrigued by the other powers she felt and by his crystal that she had found. There was also, for her, a promise in the feelings she felt for him – there seemed to be new pleasures awaiting, new experiences to enhance her life. She began to think of what these might be – of what it would be like to talk with someone, just to be with someone, who seemed to love her, not her power, wealth or influence. Someone whose lust, though real and strong, was bound with sensitivity and who sought through it an ecstasy of sharing beyond the physical; someone who gave, and did not just take. She had captivated him at first, but not as she had expected: not as she had captivated all the merely lustful men before him. He had seen beyond them to another world.

These thoughts pleased and disturbed her, but she sensed he had awoken from his dream and waited, strangely tense, for him to find her. When he did, and stood in the doorway of her Temple, she hid her feelings before trying to destroy them.

She did not succeed. The crystal began to glow, betraying her as it pulsed to the beat of her heart. He walked past it, drew the glow onto his hand and offered it to her. She stared at him as he stood before her smiling. Then, before she could open her hand to receive his gift, the light in the Temple faded, and then was gone, leaving only the glow he held before her.

A multitude of babbling, hissing voices broke the silence.

“He is ours!” one clear voice said.

“Ours!” a second and third repeated.

The powers she had felt before were stronger now and she strove to cast them away by casting her thoughts into her crystal, but the glow on Thurstan's hand dimmed, then died.

There was laughter in the Temple, the smell of rotting flesh as, slowly, a luminous shape began to form in a corner. It began to resemble a bearded man with green skin who held in his hands a crook and a whip, and from whose eyes fine filaments emerged to move toward where Melanie sat. She knew they would form a web to imprison her. She formed her own will into purple strands to form a wall before her but the filaments snaked easily around it before writhing toward her. She cast an inverted seven-pointed star at them, but the star shattered and was obliterated. Sweating from the effort, she held her hands outstretched before her in readiness to absorb the power that came toward her, tensing her body to try to cast it into her crystal and send it out into the acausal space where it would die.

She felt Thurstan beside her and the heat of his hand as he touched her shoulder. In the instant of his touch the mocking laughter stopped. She did not know what was happening but Thurstan's face had become a dark void filled with stars, and she felt herself becoming stronger. A chaos of energies rushed from the void to be transferred to her by Thurstan's touch, but the energies were not hostile and she shaped them by her will into an auric demon before casting them at her foe. The demon greedily ate the filaments before devouring the green bearded man. Then it too vanished, leaving Melanie and Thurstan standing naked beside each other in the soft light of the perfumed Temple.

When she looked at Thurstan, she realized he was in a trance. She sat him down gently and stroked his face until he awoke.

He was surprised to find himself in the Temple and embarrassed by his nakedness.

“Are you alright?” Melanie asked.

“Yes, thanks,” said Thurstan blushing and covering his genitals with his hands. “I must have been dreaming!”

“What did you dream?”

“I was on this dead planet – in a city. Alone. Then I saw you. There was a shadow near you, which I seemed to think was threatening you, so I came to you and held your hand. Strange thought – I thought I woke up.”

There was no guile in Thurstan's face as Melanie looked: and in that instant he seemed an innocent child. He sought to hold her hand as if for reassurance and she did not refuse. She looked at him, as he sat smiling and embarrassed, then at her crystal and then at Thurstan again, realizing as she did so that in some way she did not yet understand Thurstan was a gate to her gods, a medium, perhaps, that anyone might use. It was not the thought of using him and his psychic gifts that made her kneel down beside him and kiss his lips, but a strange desire to somehow share again the moment when he had first touched her hand and trembled – to discover again the joy that his body had brought her, the feeling she had felt when she had examined his face and found a curious trust.

He responded readily to her kiss and they made slow, tender love on the floor of her Temple. Melanie was receptive to him through her burgeoning feelings of love, and felt herself drawing power from him. She let this power build within her before trying to transfer it by an act of will to her crystal but even she was surprised at the ease of this and the extent of the power she had stored. The crystal began to glow, and in her orgasm she felt possessed of the power of a goddess. But she did nothing with her new found power, and let it rest safely in the crystal in her Temple before realizing, as Thurstan breathed in her ear the works of his love, that it was her own feelings of love that were the key.

She lay for a long time while Thurstan caressed her and their sweat dried slow, wondering about the meaning of this in the context of her Satanic life. But only vague feelings, need and desires suffused her and she led him from her Temple in the quiet house to her own bed. He was soon asleep, entwined around her warm body, while she inwardly watched the shadows that gathered outside her house, held away by the power she had stored in her crystal. They beat down, screaming, leering and threatening, upon the auric protective sphere that enclosed her and her new lover, desiring her death or at least a chance to lead Thurstan away. These shades of the dead and dying were like rain to her, and she listened, safe and warm, while they beat noisily down.

In the morning, they were gone. But they had sucked her crystal dry. Melanie slept on, her body pressed close to Thurstan's, while in her garden Algar waited, ready to kill her with the billhook he held in his hand.

XI

Ezra Pead lived surrounded by mould and mites. The mould rose up the feet of the furniture in his small, dark cottage at the end of a muddy track between two high hills that shielded him from most of the sun, while the mites could be seen scurrying away from anything he touched.

The wood burning stove in his kitchen lay broken and unrepaired, letting damp seep up the walls and wood lice to cover the floor, and he cooked his soups on a small gas-burning ring. He was not an old man, but bore himself like one and dressed like a tramp, his beard matted and long. The large sums of money his father had left him he left unused in a bank, and he walked the three miles to the small town of Stretton once a week to withdraw the few pounds he needed to keep himself alive.

Like his cottage, Ezra Pead was slowly falling into decay. His cottage smelled and was like an overgrown, wild forest whose floor is alive and where green fungi crept slowly up trees and where strangling ivy thickens and hardens as it grows round trunks, branches and stems seeking the canopy of leaves. What falls to the ground is captured by the myriad creatures who live mostly unseeing in the dampness, or covered by mould and by mites, or stolen to be eaten or stored away by insects. The roof did not leak, but Ezra Pead would not have cared if it did. He had plenty of buckets. He never opened the windows which were covered by thickly spreading grime.

He spent his days reading the many books and manuscripts that surrounded him everywhere in the chaos, or writing in one of the large vellum bound volumes that covered one of his three scriptorium desks. Unlike his features or dwelling, his handwriting was beautiful, and he used a quill pen and ink that he made himself.

All his books and all his writings were about alchemy or magick. When darkness came, he would light a candle and retire to the room where he slept. There, where no windows relieved the dampness of the walls and where only a rusting metal bed stood upon the floor, he would cast his spells into the night. All his reading, spells and writing were directed toward one end: to discover the secret of life and so make himself immortal. Every night he invoked demons from the pages of the medieval Grimoires he possessed, for he had read once and long ago when young that some of these demons knew the secret. So he invoked, and questioned them, night after night and year after year. Baratchial, Zamradiel, Niantiel, Belphegor, Lucifuge ... he knew the legions of Hell well, and although the answers they gave him he did not often understand, he wrote them all down in his book after the conjuration was over and his ritual banishing complete. A demon named Shulgin he invoked most of all using his ceremonial circle, names of power and sword – but the demon spoke backwards in a numbered code and transcribing the messages took many hours of his day, as breaking the original code had taken over a year of his life.

But the years of his work wore down his body, and he began to wish for a better means to find the answers that he sought. He possessed an insane faith in demons he invoked, and it did not seem to matter to him that most of the information he obtained was meaningless or wrong. He checked and re-checked the answers, searching patiently among his books and manuscripts. There were enough answers over the years, which could be corroborated with

the little he already knew or could find in his books to keep his faith in the quest, and it never once occurred to him that this quest was destroying the life which he hoped to prolong.

Sometimes, he would venture from his cottage in search of herbs to grind and make into incense or oils to aid his invocations, talking to himself while he walked. All his original ideas and expectations had been eroded over the years – there was no stone for him to make by alchemical means, no potion for him to drink. He had tried both ways, led by manuscripts and demons, but his alchemical apparatus lay dismantled in his shed together with the rare juices of plants and bizarre ingredients he had used. His apparatus and ingredients had come from a dealer only too eager to indulge his expensive needs, but the cost made little difference in the money that he kept in the bank.

For almost a year, following the ten years of his alchemical work, an idea had come to possess him. Something was happening that was threatening his quest. His demons were becoming increasingly disturbed or disoriented. Sometimes his invocations did not succeed – or he obtained a jumble of form as if someone or something was disrupting the energies. He felt something himself – a force darker than the demons he knew. An ancient manuscript gave him the clue – the cosmic tides were changing, or rather being changed by someone. The very balance of the hidden universe was threatened.

Minor ripples in these tides were no stranger to him, but these did nothing to change in any significant way the current of Osirian energies that he worked with and which for centuries had passed over the Earth, partly due to the rites of the Church of the Nazarene and those who followed its faith, for they belonged to the same world as him. He was only part of its darker side. He knew a change was coming, symbolized by the son of Osiris as a child, but this was a natural progression that would not affect his own work or alter in any meaningful manner the balances of power on the Earth, despite the rhetoric of some of its adherents.

But this new distortion was different. If it succeeded, it would bring a new Aeon, which had no magickal Word to describe it – an Aeon of Chaos. He spent months searching his manuscripts and books for answers. Parcels of books arrived regularly from his dealer – they were read, then discarded, to suck more mould from the floor.

He began to realize that he was near the centre of the disruption, but the demons he invoked to question were incoherent or would not appear. He needed the blood of sacrifices. The dealer brought him a dog, which he kept chained outside. He began using necromancy to bring him the spirits of the dead, sacrificing often by sending the dog out to bring a victim back. Sheep were not a problem, for they roamed the hills around cottage, and he would sever their necks letting the blood pour to his floor while he chanted his invocations. And when it was over, he would burn the body in a pit outside while the spirits

he had raised gathered round.

He found his answers. He did not know the identity of the person who was trying to break through the causal dimensions and draw to Earth the energies of Chaos, but he knew the area from where the forces were being drawn down and sent his reluctant spirits to guard it. His ancient manuscript told of dark entities that were waiting to be returned to Earth to drink their fill of human blood. Atazoth, Dagon, Athushir, Darkat ... such were some of their names. Once summoned, they could not be returned. To be summoned they needed human sacrifice of special kind.

His own work had wrought changes in the astral planes, drawing to his cottage another Adept, and Ezra Pead did not like the man who arrived at his cottage. Jukes did not like Ezra Pead either, nor the squalor he found. But a vision by his Priestess had brought him, and her trance warnings made him stay, offering his help and that of his Temple of Ma'at, to prevent the Dark Gods from returning.

“We have a common aim,” he said, and Pead, reluctant, had agreed. “They cannot be allowed to break the Current of Aiwaz.”

Jukes, stocky and squat, sincerely believed what he said. For over a year he had run his small Temple in London, helping by his acts of magick to further the Aeon of Ma'at. By day, he worked in an office, but at night, in his basement flat, he became High Priest for his gods. He had read widely on the subject of the Occult, made many contacts during the years of his searching, but he was surprised by the books and manuscripts the Pead possessed.

Avarice was a stranger to Jukes, but the rare books and manuscripts introduced them.

“They need a human sacrifice,” Pead said in his lisping voice.

“Can we prevent it?”

“If we knew who it was.”

“Your manuscripts – “

“They are silent.”

“May I?”

Pead smiled. “Study them here? Of course.”

For two days he studied, while at night, he stayed in a hotel in the nearby town, slightly fearful of the obsessive Pead and the savage dog, which strained on its chain snarling every time he entered and left. The filth and squalor oppressed him while he worked, as avarice whispered cunning words in his ear, but he ignored them. On the third day he rose from the stool by a scriptorium desk, triumphant.

“So they need a psychic, eh? Pead said.

“There is a ritual – the Ceremony of Recalling – to which he is brought. The sacrifice, and it must be a man, is killed and the High Priestess washes in a basin full of his blood before calling the Dark Gods back to Earth.”

“So, you found all of this there?”

Jukes held the vellum manuscript carefully. “Yes. The first few pages are a blind – and the last few. Quotations from the Fathers of the Church. The real text begins here – “ He pointed with his finger.

Pead shrugged. “I cannot read Coptic.”

Jukes spent a day copying the manuscript while Pead watched over him. He was glad to leave and, returned to his flat, he burned all his clothes before scrubbing himself clean in the bath. That night he summoned his Temple. The ritual began at the time he had agreed with Pead. He did not know what ritual Pead himself would do, but he had his suspicions and he did not want to ask.

Jukes’ Temple was the room where he lived, lit by candles and perfumed by thick incense and his members sat on the floor touching hands. It was not long before his Priestess was in a trance, guided by the sigil that Pead had inscribed on parchment. She spoke of being in a forest where two men walked, leaving one who was bound. Of how spirits had gathered to

help her. “Above his eyes – the one who sits waiting and bound – there glows a tattvic sign. He is the one we seek... but there are horrors of which I cannot speak! Another will opposed with mine. Stronger – it casts me away and back...”

All night they tried, until, pale and exhausted, the Priestess slept, severing the astral link that had bound her to Pead and his spirits of death. And in the morning while a few rays of sun brightened for a few minutes the top of the basement window, she told of battles on the night that had drained their power away to leave the one who was chosen in the sanctuary of the Dark Gods' Temple.

Jukes knew that where magick had failed, physical force might succeed.

“We must stop them!” he had said, his eyes bright with the fervour of his strange faith.

Outside a solitary bird sung, unheard amid the early traffic that chuntered along that narrow London street.

XII

Melanie did not sleep for long. But there was no desire within her to rise and breakfast before using her telephones and telex to establish the well being of her world. She had done so for years, and it was a new experience for her to lie watching a man sleep in her bed. The few who in previous times had been granted her favours for reasons of Satanic or financial power, she had told to leave after the conquest of them was complete.

She watched until he awoke, roused by her gentle caress of his face. She left him them, to dress and walk in her bare feet across the lawn of her walled garden. The sun was warm as she walked, intrigued by her own feelings. There was a beauty about the world that she had never seen before. She felt this beauty in the blue of the sky, in the delicate colours of the flowers that bordered her lawn, in the sound of the wind as it rushed through the trees nearby. It was the warmth of the sun, the dampness of the grass, the silence that surrounded her. She understood that there were many worlds within the one on which she lived, brought to reality perhaps by a mood or a circumstance.

This world of beauty was real to her in a way that brought unusual feelings to her, but the world that she had left yesterday was still there – still full of the feelings she felt: contempt for the members of her coven while she played her role as Mistress of Earth, hatred and love of strife. Each year, each day of her life was a world into which she projected

meanings, interpretations and from which she sought to wrest for herself money and power.

There were worlds beyond – alien worlds, which she hoped to join with hers, bringing chaos and much that was strange. But, for now, she found happiness in walking around her garden in the warming sun and thinking about Thurstan. She wanted to make him her High Priest, share her power and wealth with him and enjoy the pleasure that she felt such a sharing would bring, ending the years of her loneliness

She did not see, nor even sense such was her preoccupation, Algar creeping toward her and when she did her attempt to stop him by her magick power failed. She had no power. This startled her, and she could only watch in silence as Algar, grinning like the madman he had become, raised the billhook to slash at her throat.

She raised her arm to deflect the blow when Thurstan, sprinting across the lawn, jumped on Algar, knocking both of them over. Algar was screaming, trying to slash at Thurstan but Thurstan grappled and held his arm round Algar's neck. They rolled over the dewy grass until Algar's body went limp.

“I've killed him! I've killed him!” Thurstan said.

Melanie's inspection of the body was brief. “Come on,” she said. “Let's go inside.”

“But I've killed him.”

The beauty she had felt was destroyed. “He deserved it.”

“I didn't mean to,” Thurstan tried to explain. “The Police – “

Melanie smiled. “There is no need to involve them.”

“But I killed him.”

Melanie turned to face him. He was now quite calm, but perplexed. “There are some things you should know about me.”

“All I know is that I love you.”

With his words and the look on his face part of the beauty returned. She had been defenceless against Algar, and now she felt defenceless against Thurstan. She did not like either of the forms this defencelessness took, and walked with Thurstan into her house to arrange the removal and disposal of Algar’s body.

Thurstan followed her from room to room, listening amazed while she made her telephone calls. And when they were done and they sat eating the breakfast he cooked, Melanie explained about her life. Thurstan listened, intently and gently smiling.

“So now you know the person you think you are in love with.”

“Why did you tell me?”

“Because – “ She turned away, appalled at herself. “In your cottage I found a crystal sphere.”

“I love you.”

Her feelings for Thurstan seemed to her to have stolen the personal power she had over people, and she was uncertain as to whether she cared about this. “You are not appalled by what I have told you?” she asked.

“No. Nor about the chap lying in your garden. He was going to harm you. I love you, so I stopped him. Simple really. The Police would ask too many questions.” He shrugged.

“Considering what you have said, that is very understandable!”

“It will bind you to me.”

“Why do you think I have agreed?” he said directly.

“You are not afraid?”

“Of what?”

“That I might use this to control you?”

“No.”

“Even after what you know about me?”

No – because I sense you love me even though you are afraid to say the words.”

She did not answer, but stared out of the window. “They should be here soon – to dispose of the body.”

“And then?”

“We shall go to your cottage.”

The two men who had taken Lois’ body arrived and Melanie talked to them briefly before they went to carry the dead High Priest to the van. Thurstan was in her secret Temple when she returned, having seen them depart.

“What do you feel?” she asked.

“About this crystal? That it shall take us to the stars!”

Intrigued, she asked, “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. Just a feeling. I remember you were a dream of my youth. Maybe I am your Destiny as you are mine.

Melanie perceived forces gathering around them, as if a rent had appeared again but without her will in the metric of causal space, such that acausal energies were surrounding them. Then, suddenly, the Temple darkened while she stood breathless beside Thurstan watching her crystal become filled with stars. She touched him then, drawing his hand into

hers, to feel the power tense her body as it would be tensed before an orgasm relaxed it. But she did not feel the old intoxication of power, nor the sensuous bliss that her many and varied pleasures had brought her over the years of her reign. Instead, there was the quiet ecstasy of gentle and suffusing love coupled with an expectation, a promise of vistas yet to be explored but waiting. But it was soon over, this tantalizing glimpse, as light returned to her Temple, leaving only a dim glow to suffuse her crystal.

Her house, drained by the demon battles of the night, was alive again, and she let her own spirit wander from room to room. The early oppression she had felt was gone, as if somewhere and somehow a storm had broken.

A vague memory came to her, like details of a landscape seen through thin mist, and she led Thurstan out of her house and into her car. She did not speak, and he did not as she drove the narrow, hilly lanes, in the warmth of the early morning, that lead to his cottage. The crystal was in its niche, where she had left it, and she took it down. She tried to read it, as she had done before when it gave up its images to her mind, but it was empty.

“You seem surprised,” Thurstan said.

“Where did you obtain this?” she asked.

“An old man gave it to me.”

She sensed he was not lying, for she could almost see the image that formed in his mind as he spoke the words. “Why?”

“A gift, he said. He was insistent. How could I refuse?”

“When was this?”

“Oh, not long ago. A few months. I forget exactly when. He came here to beg a little food. I suppose he wanted to give something in return.”

“You do not know what this is?” she asked.

“A crystal ball? He might have been, once, a teller of fortunes.”

For a long time, Melanie had controlled her life, guiding herself toward the goals she sought. She was always the Mistress, the Satanic queen who ruled, never possessed of fear. No one she had ever met had disturbed her belief in herself or shown in any way an inner power greater than her own. Satanist, criminal, businessman or people of wealth – she had mastered them all through her wiles, will and beauty. She found their weakness, and used it to her own advantage. Thurstan had disturbed her because he was so transparent – there was nothing in him that was hidden, neither to her or himself. His feelings, thoughts and pleasures seemed spontaneous and enthusiastic like those of a child. Yet he possessed a fatalism that no child possessed or could possess: an inner belief in the necessity of change, which far from negating his own life, seemed to enhance it by making each moment of life unique.

But it was not Thurstan who disturbed her now. The control she had in life was ebbing away. The loss of her personal power, evident in her failure to control Algar as he attacked, was only a part of this. Events were happening to her, rather than being controlled by her, and she did not like this. What she had seen in Thurstan’s crystal had sent her in pursuit to Leeds, drawing outward her burgeoning feelings of love. Something had and was happening to her because of Thurstan, and she began to believe because of his crystal that forces she did not understand or even know about were trying in some way to manipulate her.

It was simpler for her to believe that her love for Thurstan was changing her life, and she tried to believe this. But a suspicion remained.

“You are a strange man,” she said to Thurstan as she gave him the crystal.

“Not really. I live – or did live – a quite simple and somewhat boring life.”

“You know nothing about this crystal – or my own?”

“No. Only what I feel.”

“And what do you feel now?”

“That there are forces trying to keep us together – and other forces that are trying to break

us apart.”

“And you are not afraid of where we might be going?”

“All I know is that I love you and want to be with you!

He embraced her then, kissing her, and she did not push him away. She felt again, as they stood in the room of his cottage, swaying slightly in their embrace, that with him and through him she possessed a greater, if different, power that made her own past and even her dreams, seem tawdry.

“There is a gathering tonight,” she said, “which I would like you to come to.”

“Oh? What?”

“Just a simple ritual called the Ceremony of Recalling.”

“To what purpose?”

She walked away from him to watch a few ragged cumulus clouds straggle from the horizon toward the sun that rainbowed in places the old, worn glass of the window. “To draw down to Earth a certain power.”

“Why?” he asked in innocence.

“To bring change.”

“Why?”

“To hasten our evolution.”

“Toward what?”

“A higher consciousness,” she said, a little exasperated.

“Such is the aim of the covens that you rule?”

“Not really. They are a means to provide me with things.”

“Enjoyment? Pleasure? Power?”

“Yes!”

Urwroth showed in her eyes but she quickly controlled her feelings.

“Come,” he said smiling and taking her hand, “I would like to show you something.”

His cottage lay in a fold of small hills between the steep slopes of bare Caer Caradoc and the road, which rose from the Stretton valley to track eastwards through field and village toward the wooded ridge of Wenlock Edge. All around, springs began small brooks among the slopes where sheep mostly grazed and few trees grew, and Thurstan took a path to one of these. Yards from where the water issued forth as a trickle, a small pool had formed on a slight piece of level ground, and Thurstan knelt beside it while Melanie stood, bemused, watching and listening to a kestrel as it flew between the bare hills that made a little valley for the brook. The kestrel flew toward her, circling three times overhead before calling its woeful call and flying away.

“Look!” Thurstan said, rising and showing her the palm of his hand.

On it, no larger than the nail of his thumb, sat a frog. “Isn’t it wonderful?” he said enthusiastically.

Melanie looked at it but without much interest.

“I come here often,” Thurstan said as he placed the frog in the water. “Every time it is different. In one day the light may change so much. In March the frogs come. Last year there was thick snow, but they still came. There is always change – even in this little spot – as the seasons change. Snow, ice, frost, mud, scorching sun that bleeds the green from the

grass and brittles the fern. At night – perhaps a moon or only the stars, which change too. No day in its weather and light is ever the same as any other day.”

He stood up to stand beside her. “And I do nothing. Yet everything changes. Even I change, a little with the passing of each year. There,” he pointed, “miles away is a road where fast cars carry people. They seldom see the change around them, only that which lives in their head. A few miles - and another world where those small specimens of life,” he gestured toward the frog, “are never seen and become squashed without thought.

“You are beautiful – slightly wild, perhaps, like that kestrel which flew overhead – and your world is strange to me. These hills, that cottage, the farm over there where I work, are my world. There is so much in so little – so much beauty to share. I make love with you – kill someone to protect you – and our two worlds join, for a little while. But they are still two worlds. You want me to step into yours as I wish you to enter mine. The change you seek to bring may destroy my world – and I not ready for that.”

Melanie had felt the warmth in Thurstan as he talked.

It was a strange warmth to her, a kind of supra-personal love which she did not understand and which she could not relate to the pleasures of her own life or the goals that she had sought. Yet she liked being beside him as he talked, watching his face and eyes. He could have crushed the frog in his hand as she might have done in her youth or as she had crushed people that opposed her – but he did not seek to mould it or destroy it according to his will. He accepted it as it was at that moment in Earth’s history.

“I have seen in you,” Thurstan was saying, “the same beauty I see in this small piece of land, as if you were natural to it in a way I cannot describe. More natural, more real and living than most other people. Yet the world in which you live and have lived and in which you possess power, is not where you should be. I fear it will destroy you, and I don’t want that.”

“I know no other world.”

“But you have begun to discover mine. I touch you, hold you, make love to you.”

His world possessed a fascination for Melanie, as if he had divined what she had felt and as she stood beside him she was no longer a Satanic queen, ruler of a coven of fifty, but a woman in love.

“I would like you to share my world as well,” she said.

Thurstan smiled. “Then I shall come to your ritual.”

The kestrel returned to swoop down toward them before veering away, calling, as it flew toward the sun.

XIII

The wood where Algar had been buried was not silent for long. The sun had set, leaving a nebulous light, when the sibilation began, muffled by earth. Algar had awoken in his grave.

The Priestess screamed, and fell unconscious into the circle of worshippers in Jukes’ Temple. Jukes held her, and she awoke to wail before crying in terror at the vision she had seen. She could not speak aloud but described the horror in a slow sobbing whisper.

It did not take them long to prepare and they left London, in three cars as the sky darkness became complete, to travel toward the hills of Shropshire and the house the Priestess had described before the horror had ended her trance. The eight were silent and subdued in spirit during the hours of their journey, nervous when they left the warmth of the cars parked on the verge of a narrow lane almost a mile from Melanie’s house. Around them and dark, the countryside was silent and still.

Jukes led them, walking slowly and beginning to doubt. With every step he seemed to become more tired. He stopped before the driveway of the house, listening, while the Priestess, shaking and sweating, held his hand.

“It will be soon,” she whispered, touching the silver scarab she wore as an amulet around her neck.

The driveway was full of cars, and a warm glow of light spread around the house. Jukes thought he could hear the beat of drums. His Priestess sensed it first, and turned toward the blackness beyond the hedge where they stood, huddled together in the increasing cold. There was a rustling in the field beyond, the sound of wood being broken sharply by force.

Algar smashed the gate apart with his torn and bloodied hands and came toward them. Only Jukes and his Priestess did not flee at the harrowing sight, but hid, pressing themselves into the thorns and leaves of the hedge. They were not seen, and watched, trembling and afraid, as Algar walked lumbering like the living dead he was toward the house.

XIV

Thurstan waited in her secret Temple, feeling embarrassed by the luxurious crimson robe he wore. He could not hear them, but knew that many of Melanie's members had arrived and were preparing for the ritual.

She prepared him well, returning him to her house in her car whose telephone she used to summon her willing servants. He had bathed, been massaged, his body relaxed by the gentle hands of a pretty woman who caressed perfumed oils into his skin; been served food, manicured, his hair attended to. Dressed in silken clothes. No one had spoken to him, but he was treated with deference, and by the end of the afternoon had begun to appreciate in a way that was not real to him before, Melanie's power. When she finally came to him, hauntingly beautiful like an ancient queen, part of him had already begun to accept her world and enjoy it. She was corrupting him with luxury and he knew it.

Melanie, in a green robe almost transparent and which emphasized the contours of her body, came to guide him to where her Satanic worshippers were gathered. The large Temple was lit only by candles and a naked woman lay on the altar beside which a young girl dressed in white with a garland of flowers in her hair swung a thurible. Somewhere, among the shadows, hooded red-robed figures beat their shaman drums.

"Hail to he who comes in the name of our gods!" the worshippers chanted as a greeting for Thurstan.

Two men with the physique of wrestlers whose faces were covered by black masks and who wore very little, closed the doors of the Temple as Thurstan followed Melanie to the altar. Melanie kissed the temples, lips, breasts, womb and pubic hair of the altar Priestess before kissing Thurstan who turned to receive a kiss from all of the congregation.

"Now shall we," Melanie chanted, "with feet

Faster than storm's horses

Seek to bring she who with fire

And cutting sword leaps plunging

Upon her foe while the fates of dread

Unerring gather round!”

“Agios O Baphomet!” came the shouted response.

“See!” Melanie pointed at Thurstan, before twirling round, building her feelings into a temple to frenzy while the congregation sighed and the beat of the drums sounded loud,

“Here is he

Who shall this night

Be her consort and pour forth

As libation his seed of life!

Dance – I command you

And with the beating of your feet

Raise the dead!

I shall take him down into Earth

And let her with her teeth

Suck him dry!

Dance! – I command you!

And I, Mistress of this Earth

Shall raise him up and feed him

With the fragrance between my thighs!

So shall he unlamenting

Become the Gate that opens

To our gods!"

The congregation began to dance, slowly at first, chanting loudly as they did so. Melanie stood in the centre of the circle they were tracing with their bare feet, raising her arms as the power was invoked. The chant of Ba-pho-met pulsed to the beat of the drums as the dancers danced faster and faster, throwing off their robes as quietly the altar-Priestess arose to climb down from her altar.

Her eyes were closed, but she walked within the circle of the enclosing dancers toward Thurstan. She embraced him, lightly, before pulling his robe open and revealing his nakedness. Then she kissed his lips and opened her eyes.

Her eyes did not seem human to Thurstan, but he was not afraid. The young woman with the slender body had become Melanie – the power with Melanie and the greater power beyond her. She was lover, mistress, wife, mother, daughter and sister – goddess and demoness, and Thurstan let himself be pulled to the floor of the Temple. He had no will to resist as he looked into her eyes. She was not gentle with him, but tore off his robe before wrapping her legs around him and digging her nails into his back. There was pain, but it seemed to enhance the delight that came to him. The drumbeats, the chanting, the naked whirling dancers, the incense, the writhing woman beneath him – all ravished his senses. The pain brought frenzied desire, and sweat soon bathed their naked bodies. Then she was screaming in ecstasy as he was while around them the dancers stopped to turn inward, clapping their hands as they watched and shouted the name of their goddess. And when it was over and Thurstan lay breathless upon the relaxing body, the two men by the door came to lift him and place his still naked upon the altar.

The worshippers formed an aisle to the altar down which Melanie came to kiss Thurstan and rekindle his fire with her lips. It did not take her long to succeed and she leaned over Thurstan's face to brush his lips with hers before whispering as her eyes became the eyes of the altar-Priestess: "Now you are mine forever!"

She signalled with her hand, and her dancers moved slowly in a circle around her and her altar, calling down with a dirgeful but powerful chant the Dark Gods beyond the Gate that was Earth.

"Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" they chanted.

Melanie did not remove her robe, only lifted it as she lowered herself upon him. The beat of the drums had slowed to match the slowness of the chant, and she moved upon him slowly. Somewhere, in the Temple, two cantors began to chant, a fifth apart, above the chanting drone of the slow circling dancers.

“Agios Rotanev”, sang the cantors, their powerful, clear voices making the complicated plainchant flow like a high crested wave toward shore, rising, falling slowly with grace but always moving on.

The slow moving organum of the cantors, the chant of the slow moving dancers who had linked hands, the energy brought by sexual frenzy, the shamans drums and wild dance, all conspired to push open the Gates to the Abyss. The slowness was a counter-part to the earlier frenzy, and Melanie used it to gather the energies to herself. She showed no outward sign of the ecstasy within and was smiling as she transferred the energy to her crystal while Thurstan’s body spasmed and then relaxed. She kissed him before climbing down from the altar.

She signalled the dancers to stop and gather round her in preparation for the climax of the rite when she would release the stored energy to bring her Dark Gods to Earth. They would still their minds, as she had shown them, to become parts of a mirror that would focus the energy.

But the doors of the Temple burst open. No one screamed as Algar stood, hideous, in the light of the candles, but they seemed to gather closer to Melanie. The two men by the door moved upon him but he easily knocked them to the side and they fell away unconscious. He was snarling, staring at Melanie as he walked toward her in silence. She did not move except to hold up her hand to restrain Thurstan who had risen to stand beside her. Then she smiled.

Algar stopped, his body twisting forward as if he wanted to move but could not. Melanie raised her hand toward him and he fell upon his knees, oozing blood as his already torn flesh, festering, split further. She raised her hand again, and he screamed as if tortured, before crawling face down on the floor. She dropped her hand, and his screaming stopped. He looked up at her then, not as a madman and not as one of the possessed that had returned, briefly, to life. Instead, his look was that of a mute child who could not bear the pain that it felt. But Melanie raised her hand again and the spectre that had once been Algar lowered its head and died.

XV

“Join us!” Melanie said as she stepped past the body.

Jukes and his Priestess stood in her hall, awed by what they had seen. They had followed Algar, and were still trembling.

“Come to me!” said Melanie softly.

Jukes stared at the floor while the Priestess looked upon Melanie’s face. She was smiling, her dread gone, as she walked forward to kneel at Melanie’s feet.

“No!” shouted Jukes. He tried to move toward her, but could not.

Gently Melanie raised the Priestess to her feet and kissed her on the lips. The Priestess understood her thought and went to touch the masked Guardians who lay unconscious in the Temple. They awoke and followed her to stand on either side of Melanie.

“Will you be mine,” Melanie said to Jukes, “as she is?”

“Never!”

“Then I shall make you mine!”

She was about to raise her hand to force his head up so she could see into his eyes when she saw an old man dressed like a peddler walk through the open door of her house.

“He is mine, I believe,” he said as he tapped Jukes on the shoulder to free him from the bonds Melanie had placed around him. “He is no use to you. But if you object –“

There was great magickal power in the old man, hidden even in his eyes, but Melanie perceived it.

“Who are you?” she asked.

He bowed deeply, like a jester. “I am Saer.”

“Saer?”

He looked around the hall and peered briefly into the Temple. “You have made great changes, I see.” Then smiling, he bowed again before escorting Jukes away.

She let him go. “Feast! Rejoice!” she said, turning to greet her coven and they felt happiness spread among them as the drums began to beat again.

She detailed her Guardians to carry the body and let them into her secret Temple where they threw it into the pit beneath the plinth that held her crystal. There was laughter and lust among the worshippers when she returned, servants carrying trays of food and chalices of wine. She thanked her Guardians, bid them join the feast, and watched Thurstan as he stood, covered by the robe he had discarded, beside the Priestess from Jukes’ Temple. She did not mind the hidden desire between them and went to walk alone in the hazy darkness of the garden.

Forces opposed to her own were present, returned from the night before and sent forth against her by the shedding of blood, but they did not affect her or the guests in her house, kept away by the power in her crystal, and she walked slowly in her bare feet over the cooling grass, idly looking up toward the stars.

It was not long before Thurstan joined her. He was followed by Jukes’ Priestess.

You knew, didn’t you?” Thurstan said, a little shyly. He too had been awed.

“That it was Saer who gave you the crystal? Yes, I knew it as soon as I saw him.”

“Then you know who he is?”

“Perhaps!” she laughed. “What is your name?” She asked the Priestess.

“Claudia.”

“Yes – it suits you. I shall not change it. Do you wish to stay with me, Claudia?”

“Oh, yes!”

“You are free to go.”

“I don’t want to go.” She looked down at the ground. “Not now I have found you.”

“I shall never harm you – unless you turn against me.” She took Claudia’s hand and held it to her own breast. “You are mine now and I shall always protect you. As a sign of my trust I shall give you a gift.” She placed Claudia’s hand in Thurstan’s, kissed them both and left them standing together in the mild night air.

They were still standing in her garden holding hands when she looked upon them from a high window in the house. She knew Thurstan did not know what to do and Claudia was too shy to initiate anything. Melanie wanted, through the ritual and her gift of him to Claudia, to draw out Thurstan’s darker self, and as she watched while a bright large moon began to rise quickly above the distant hills and an owl screeched nearby, she felt she had found the means to achieve her goals.

The ritual had returned both her power and her role. She was stronger than she ever had been and, with Thurstan as her willing High Priest, she would make herself stronger still by uniting his world with hers. Together, they might wander among the stars. The prospect excited her, as her desire to watch Thurstan and Claudia have sexual intercourse excited her, and she remembered words from the Black Book of the witch queen before her: ‘The secret of the Moira who lies beyond our Grade of Mistress of Earth, is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens – it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna. Whoever takes of this elixir will live immortal among the stars.’

Melanie believed that she had found the secret, brought forth from within her by her feelings for Thurstan and the power of ritual. She was preparing Thurstan – for first she had to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

Excited, she saw Thurstan briefly kiss Claudia before leading her toward the house, and she retreated to her room to follow them on her monitor. They seemed uncertain what to do as they stood in the hall, but the naked worshippers who rushed past them to run up the stairs gave them their clue. Suitable rooms lay open and waiting on the first floor of the house, as they always did. No one ever dared violate the floor above, reserved for Melanie and her special guests, and Thurstan did not as he slowly led Claudia to an empty room.

Nothing in the house was hidden from the surveillance system but Melanie did not often use it as she used it now to watch and listen to Thurstan and Claudia, for there were a multitude of pleasures that gave her satisfaction. In her desire to make Thurstan part of her world she pressed a switch to record images and sounds in the room on the floor below.

Melanie became aroused by watching them. Thurstan undressed Claudia slowly and as her naked body appeared, Melanie realized she desired it also. Claudia responded to Thurstan's kisses by pulling him down with her onto the softness of the low bed in the luxurious room and it was not long before Thurstan's tentative slowness of delight gave way to sexual frenzy. But this was not prolonged and there was no scream, nor even sigh of ecstasy from Claudia – only Thurstan's groan as he slumped fulfilled upon her voluptuous body.

This pleased Melanie and she lay listening to them talk.

“Who is she?” Claudia asked.

“You don't know?” an exhausted Thurstan said.

“I saw her in a vision – in this house. We came to stop her.”

“But you didn't.”

“I couldn't. When I came near to her I felt – “

Thurstan smiled. “An overpowering love?”

“Maybe,” she said and blushed. “And you?”

“She is the most remarkable woman I have ever met.”

“You serve her then? I mean as High Priest?”

Thurstan laughed. “I know little of her world. I only met her a few days ago.”

Claudia was surprised. “But are you an Initiate?”

“Of what?”

“Her Temple.”

“Not as far as I know. She told me she was involved in something – “

“Satanism?”

“Yes. But I assumed it was some kind of game. You know what I mean? Then,” he sighed, “this ritual. There is real power in her, real magick. She casts a spell with just a look.”

“You love her then?”

“Yes. Because, I suppose, like you I am sensitive to things and people. When I saw you I felt a warmth in me, a happiness. I don’t normally do this sort of thing.”

“What?”

“Leap into bed with women I have only just met.”

“Neither do I! I think she overwhelmed us both.”

“Do you mind?” asked Thurstan softly.

“No,” she whispered. “I feel I have found what I have always been seeking – here in this house. It is exciting and yet I feel protected. Before I came I assumed it was evil in some way – that she was evil and must be stopped. But now –“

“Stopped from what?”

“Changing the cosmic tides that wash upon the Earth and give to people a certain energy.”

“I understand nothing of such things.”

“I saw that man – in his grave.”

“The one who died?”

“Yes. He was her High Priest wasn't he?”

“Yes.”

“I assumed you had taken his place,” she gestured to his robe, discarded on the floor.

“I know little of her beliefs.”

“It is a new beginning, then, for us both.”

“Perhaps we can learn things – together?”

“I sense that is what she wishes.”

“And the man you came with?”

“High Priest of my Temple in London.” She laughed. “I suppose he will be thinking I have been abducted against my will and forced to indulge in hideous Satanic rites! Or be offered as a sacrifice to Satan.”

“You are not afraid that you will be?”

“No – as I’m sure you feel. I know nothing about her except what I feel, and I feel she will not harm me. Quite the reverse, in fact.”

Thurstan leaned on his elbow to look at her. “It may seem like a trite thing to say, but you are not like a stranger to me.”

She touched his face with her hand. “I know what you mean. She is not a stranger to me either.”

“What shall we do?”

“Apart from the obvious, you mean?” They both laughed. “Wait, I suppose for her to tell us.”

“It could be an enjoyable wait.”

“I hope so.”

Melanie had seen and heard enough. It did not take her long to reach their room and she stood in the doorway while they sat up from the bed, nervously smiling.

She gave Thurstan his robe. “Leave us,” she said to him.

He left, obedient to her word, and she closed and locked the door before sitting beside Claudia on the bed.

“You are beautiful,” she said, caressing Claudia’s neck.

Her soft kiss was returned, shyly, and she took off her robe before drawing Claudia toward her in an embrace.

“I have never done this before,” Claudia whispered.

Melanie kissed her neck and breasts. “Do you want to?” she asked gently.

“Oh, yes.”

The tender caresses, the perfumed softness of Melanie’s body, the slow intimate kisses and movements, her own feelings of warmth, the sensuous pleasure that Melanie brought to her gently through touch and tongue, all combined to stimulate Claudia to an ecstasy both physical and emotional and of a kind she had never experienced before.

She lay beside Melanie, embracing her and softly crying, drawing comfort from the strange woman who kissed away the tears, feeling in that moment that all the confusion, doubts and sorrow that her sensitivity had brought her over the years, was no more. Her past, with its broken relationships its traumas and dreams, was forgotten. Her future was unreal – only the present was meaningful to her. She sensed forces outside the house that wish to harm the woman who kissed her and whose body heat reassured, but she was protected for the moment from those forces as Claudia felt protected. The harmful forces, which were waiting for weakness, drew more emotion from Claudia until she felt a genuine love.

Jukes had stolen her love when they first met and through him she had learned to use her powerful psychic gifts. But his passion for her had just been a passion, fleeting like the brightness of a meteor in the sky of night, and she had learned to live again and alone with her dreams while he filled and emptied his bed with the women in the Temple in the name of the magick he invoked. Her gifts brought empathy and vision, but never the love she needed.

Melanie to her, in that moment, became all her dreams and it did not matter to her then that she gave her love to another woman. It felt natural to her – as it had seemed natural when she and Thurstan had made love, and she understood, as she lay warm and relaxed, that she had given her body to him because it was what Melanie had wanted.

To Melanie, she had given her body also, but now she gave up her soul as well.

“I think I love you,” she said, and Melanie, in the humid room, felt a confusion of love that she did not need nor desire grow within her heart.

XVI

Thrust forth from the room, Thurstan wandered around the house. The Temple was full of naked bodies and the incense of sex, and when he tried the door that he knew led to the crystal, it would not open.

Other doors were locked to him as to other worshippers, and the one that did open led him to a library. He heard the door closing behind him, but it did not open when he tried the handle and he contented himself with trying to see out of the window. He could see nothing, for the outside shutters had been closed. The room was large, with a high ceiling and books rose in shelves on all the walls, darkly lit. A chair stood waiting beside a table whereon a single book lay open. ‘The Book of Wyrð’, the gilt spine read.

She planned this, he thought to himself and sat down to read.

“Satanism is the philosophy of the noble and strong. It is the antithesis of the religion of Yeshua, that worship of decaying fish. To the cowards and the followers of the Nazarene belong the meekness of the weak, the rapid utterances about pity and the vileness of the bully. Above all, Satanism is the enjoyment of this life.

The most fundamental principle of Satanism is that we as individuals are gods. The goal of Satanism is simple – to make an individual an Immortal, to produce a new species. To Satanists, magick is a means, a path, to this goal. We walk toward the Abyss and dare to pass through to the cold spaces beyond where CHAOS reigns. There is ecstasy in us – and much that is strange. Vitality, health, laughter and defiance – we challenge everything, and the greatest challenge is ourselves.”

There was music filling the room as he read. He knew it was real even if he could not see its source, but it was faint – an unearthly sound that he found beautiful and brought a vision of stars and a remembrance of his strange dream after he had first made love to Melanie. His body tensed as he listened, carried to another plane of existence, and he experienced in that moment, a possession of feeling surpassing the ecstasy of physical passion. Then, there was no room, only a rushing of stars, the exhilaration of phenomenal speed and then a silent slowing that brought him to the planet of his dreams. The music was a slow chant of words he did not understand combined with sounds from instruments he had never heard

before, and it expressed the desolation of the dead planet as well as his longing for Melanie – and Claudia.

Then the vision and the music ended and he was simply sitting alone in a library staring down at a book. He tried, but could not recapture what he had seen and heard and he felt a longing that strained his breathing and brought tears to his eyes. Melanie was the woman he had always sought to bring meaning into his life, the reality behind his insight of days before when he had stood by the stream near his cottage and made his divinity a goddess. Her power, charisma and promise made his own life and expectations seem dull, as his vision made the world around him seem unreal and ponderous.

He experienced a sudden need to express his feeling through the frenzy of his body and was not surprised to find the door unlocked. He began to understand the house itself was alive, an extension of Melanie's will, and he let it guide him. Lights brightened to show him the way, or dimmed when he went wrong. He was led to a room where all that he needed, and more, lay waiting. He dressed quickly, his heart beating fast and ran along the corridor and down the stairs to leave the house.

He was not alone. Something was with him as he ran along the driveway in the cooling air under the stars with the light of the moon to guide him. He sensed the presence as he sensed that it was protective of him, and he ran fastly down the narrow lane allowing the freedom of physical exertion to suffuse his body. His running brought some of the vision back to him and he left the road to follow a track that led alongside the slopes of the Long Mynd. He was soon tired and breathing heavily but he ran on to become a little detached from his body, defying it. He ran for miles before turning and running only a little slower back to the house, suffused with a desire to learn, to be master and equal of Melanie. Her world had become real for him, and he did not want to leave it.

The house seemed to welcome him on his return. There were no cars in the driveway, for all the worshippers had gone, and he followed the lights to a bathroom where he soaked himself for a longtime in a deep bath, pleased and expectant. His love for Melanie, his hope of their affinity, the passion they had already shared, the ritual, her sharing of him with Claudia, even the killing he thought he had done for her - all had liberated him, releasing the inner energies that his normal life had kept under control. He felt there was no challenge that he could not overcome, nothing that he would not do. Life was before him – a large canvas on which he would paint a masterpiece. He wanted to make his own life a work of Art.

Satan was the name he gave to the energy that made both his body and his mind vivid with life, he dried himself vigorously, covered himself with the silk robe that hung from a hook on the door and let the lights guide him to Melanie's room.

The door opened for him and we walked over the soft carpet in the azure light to find Melanie was not alone and the door closing behind him. Claudia was beside her in the bed, asleep. He was not shocked by this, only momentarily confused. They were both naked.

“Come”, his Mistress said, “sit beside me.” And he obeyed.

She kissed him, before stroking Claudia’s hair. “She is lovely, isn’t she?”

“Yes.”

“Can you share me?”

The directness of the question startled him. “I think so.”

“Come then and take off your robe.”

He obeyed, and lay beside her. She was pleased with his arousal, and the reasons behind it, but she teased him saying, “Trying for four in a row, then?”

“I’m sorry – I didn’t – “

“Don’t be sorry, my darling.”

The endearment made him happy, lessening the awe he felt and which came upon him as soon as he had entered her room.

“You are pleased with things?”

Their bodies were touching as they lay together and he felt his awe ebbing away. “I want to learn. Share your world with you.”

“It is good that your inner strength returns. I want us to share.”

“But I feel a little lost sometimes.”

“Because of what I own?”

“Partly. But also –“

“Do not say anymore.” She pressed her finger to his lips “I shall tell you something. You have made me realize how lonely I was. How much I need love.” She laughed, self-mockingly. “I, with all that I have, all the power you have seen, need you. I am human after all, even though I don’t want to be.”

Thurstan kissed her, and Melanie felt like crying. But she mastered her feelings. Thurstan had changed, as she had hoped and planned he would, but she herself was changing. Never before had she displayed her feeling and she felt vulnerable. She knew Thurstan sensed this, as Claudia had when they walked hand in her hand to her room. She was not afraid of them, only herself, and when Thurstan spoke she was composed.

“And Claudia?” he asked gently.

“I need you both, it seems.”

“You have enough love to give.”

“You must be tired – after all of your exertions!”

“I am.”

She kissed his eyelids and he smiled, languid, before relaxing into sleep. She watched him for some time. Her feelings of love, born by Thurstan and suckled by Claudia, now enhanced her power and did not destroy it, and she drew down energies while her lovers slept beside her, storing them in her crystal below. Words from the Black Book kept returning to her. She had never understood them before, knowing only that they described the process of change necessary before a Magus or a Mousa was born in the coldness that lay beyond the Abyss where Satan reigned. She did not know what awaited for her and in her if this change was successful, for all her books were silent about it and there was no one whom she could ask. She had believed with a certainty that her own power had

confirmed, that no one living in her time had passed that way toward the final stage of the seven that marked the Satanic path.

This belief, however, troubled her now more than the changes within her wrought by love – more than the duality that love has assumed in the past hours of her life. More even than the persistent hostile force which still surrounded her house and came with the night like hail. She was troubled by Saer, and tried to cast an image of him into her crystal, but some barrier beyond her own power to breach prevented her, and she lay awake between her two lovers pondering instead the patterns which the Dark Gods might assume when, tomorrow as she had planned, they would be returned finally to spread their chaos upon Earth.

Only Saer, she felt, might prevent her - and if he tried, she would have the power of two lovers to help her.

XVII

The old man who had rescued him from the Satanists left Jukes as he had arrived – without greeting or explanation – and Jukes walked toward the cars and the shivering members of his Temple who had fled from Algar.

He did not speak to them and they asked no questions of him, and they sat huddled together while the moon rose and their sense of reality returned. Then, in whispered words Jukes told his tale and how he wished them to join him in the battle that was to come when, with Pead, they would conjure from the Abyss a destructive force to send against the witch queen and her house.

They gave their assent, and in all the cars drove along the moonlit roads over and down hills and through turning valleys to Pead's unlit cottage. The dog snarled, straining on its chain, while a voice from the darkness said, "Why do you come?"

Jukes shown a torch on Pead's face, then turned it away. "We failed," he said and explained.

"This man," asked Pead, "did he say his name?"

"Saer."

“Saer? I thought he was dead!”

“You know him?”

“No, but there are stories. Come in, my friends!”

Inside, Pead lit a single candle.

“We must act!” Jukes said while his followers adjusted themselves to the stench and the flickering shadows.

“This night I have sent a fetch against them.”

“Perhaps Saer – “

“If indeed he lives, I do not know where to find him.”

“She had no power over him. If – “

“He would act if he wished. If he does not, then maybe it is for us to do nothing also.”

“But we must do something!” shouted Jukes. Several members of his Temple, standing behind him, were already scratching themselves.

“I see you do not understand.”

“I understand,” persisted Jukes, “enough to know this planet is threatened. By her and the forces she wants to bring.”

“If Saer – “

“Saer this! Saer that! Who is this bloody Saer anyway?” said Jukes in anger, his body

trembling in reaction to the events of the night.

“He is an old man, older than me – much older than me – who in his youth sought the secret of the alchemical Stone. Some say he found it. Myself – I do not know. It is said of him that he understands and can control should he wish, the cosmic tides themselves. He had a pupil once, a young woman. But she abused his trust and they parted – he to live alone and she to follow the sinister path. But that was a long time ago. No one has heard of him or seen him for – what? - maybe thirty years.”

“Then he is a Magus?” asked Jukes.

“Indeed. The only one this century – although there have been many who claimed the title but lacked the understanding and the power.”

Even in the dim light, Jukes could see Pead’s sly smile. He ignored the slight at the man whose teachings he followed. “But surely then he must do something.”

Pead shrugged his hunched shoulders. “Maybe he is.”

“I feel nothing.”

“As I.”

“But surely,” persisted Jukes, “his very appearance – his saving of me – means something.”

“Perhaps.”

For years, Jukes had absorbed diverse Occult theories, and he quickly made an assumption. “Perhaps it was a sign for us to act? Perhaps he has chosen us to act?”

“I do not know.”

“I saw and felt the power he had. He must have wanted me to do something. We could summon Shugara.”

“Do you know what you ask?”

“Yes! There is enough of us to invoke such power.”

“It is dangerous.” Pead rested against one of his desks as if seeking comfort from the books upon it.

“We cannot allow her to succeed. Shugara would destroy her – and all of her followers.”

“And maybe us, also.” He moved to where a pile of small, bound manuscripts lay on the floor. Extracting one, he began to read aloud. “Shugara is one of the most dangerous to invoke. Manifestations may be accompanied by the smell of rotting corpses. Symbolized by the Tarot card The Moon – Shugara is the great Beast that comes from the dark pool under the Moon. His call is to be chanted in the key of G major...”

“It is the only way!” said Jukes with messianic zeal.

“In all my workings I have never dared – “

“We must dare it now! Listen to me! Do you believe in evil?”

“Evil?”

“Yes, evil. Do you believe that there is a dark power at work on this Earth?”

“I know that there are dark forces that we as magickians can use.”

“Yes, yes. But what about innocence?” He reached behind him and drew forward a young female member of his Temple. “See her?” And the young woman blushed. “I would call her innocent – someone who trusts and believes in the good. Now,” he continued, intoxicated by his eloquence, “If I for whatever reason threw her to the ground and raped her, I would destroy that trust, that innocence, wouldn’t I?”

“Maybe.”

“I would be imposing my will on hers, to fulfill my own desire. Well, I should really respect her – her own desires, for ‘every man and woman is a star’ and ‘love is the law, love under will’. My act would be an evil one.” Something obscure occurred in his mind, but he could not define it and passed on. “Our magick – the Osirian current and that of the child who comes after – is to bring love into this world, to bring a New Aeon. Yet she – “ he spat out the word – “wants to break our magickal current and impose her own. We would become possessed by the power she brought – invaded in our minds. There would be evil – the ending of love!”

With his strong words, Jukes seemed to have invoked a presence in the damp, shadowed room. They all sensed it – and Pead most of all.

“Yes, you’re right,” Pead said, glancing behind him. “We shall do as you say.”

“Then let us prepare,” said Jukes confidently.

Pead took the candle and led them to the room where he slept. They could not see the bloodstains that covered the floor and he set the candle by the window to fetch his ceremonial equipment. The magickal circle, inscribed with sigils and words of power, almost filled the room when joined together, and Jukes and his followers stood within it while Pead brought candles, incense, a sword, parchment and pen. The burner was lit, incense burned, the circle purified by the sprinkling of salt and sealed by the passing along it of the tip of the sword.

Jukes and Pead stood in the centre while the others linked hands and began to walk, slowly at first, sun-wise around the circle. Pead drew a sigil on parchment, showed it to the four corners of the room and began his chant.

“You I invoke, Shugara, who lurks waiting in the pits of the Abyss! You are Fury and the bringer of Death! Hear me! And hearing hearken to my call! For I am the Lord of Powers in this circle – hear me! And hearing hearken to my call!”

‘Shu-ga-ra!’ chanted the circling dancers as the incense filled the room and the candles flickered. “Shu-ga-ra!”

“Shugara!” commanded Pead. “With this my seal and sword I conjure you! Attend to the words of my voice! Exarp! Bitom! Nanta! Hcoma! I rule over you all: Gil ol nonci zamran! Micma! Come Shugara! To me! To me!”

Jukes felt the frenzy and began to chant the demon's name in the key of G major while Pead continued with his invocation and the dancers, circling fast, chanted their own chant.

First the smell choked them, and then the laughter stopped their chants. The dried blood on the floor seemed to boil, and then seeped away into the room to form an ill-defined shape that hung near the ceiling. Pead began to speak, but the shape swooped down to engulf his face and vanished.

“You fools!” he hissed before turning and walking from the room.

Outside, the dog growled, yelped and then was silent. When Jukes found it, it was dead. Jukes waited a long time, but could hear nothing. He left the implements of magick, the candles and the incense burning, but performed a banishing for himself and his followers before leading them to their cars. He felt sick and oppressed and, in silence, drove slowly through the night knowing Pead was possessed and would probably die. There was nothing they could do except hope that in some way he would fulfill the purpose of the ritual.

There was little traffic as they drove down the roads toward London, sensing that they might have failed. In his depressive state, Jukes did not care about leaving Claudia and as the time of the journey turned into hours and clouds came to cover the moon, he had come to believe his own beliefs were an illusion. Nothing was threatened, there were no powers trying to break through the dimensions, no magick – only hallucinations and dread. He found comfort in these thoughts, a sense of reality returning, and all he wanted to do was return to his flat, throw away his books and begin a normal life. He could forget the terrors of the night. He was like a person suddenly and unexpectedly locked in a prison cell – first, there was the loss of his will, a disbelief, the slow depression of shock, and then the gradual adjustment to the reality of the surroundings. But there would be no anger, no sudden resentment at this fate as there might have been for one unjustly imprisoned. The terror had burned that from his soul as a flash of lightning burns out the bark of trees.

For the first time in his life, Jukes felt the need of a personal love. His need was not for the love that was an idea that he carried in his head, nor for that which was only a word in someone else's faith used to bring a little self-importance to his life, as when he used a woman in a magick ritual or real life. Instead, his need was for the comfort and gentle joy that personal love could sometimes bring, and as he drove carefully and slowly toward the lights of London, he held out his hand for the young woman beside him. She did not refuse, for she loved his charisma as High Priest and in her gentle, trusting way held his fingers tight.

The simple gesture destroyed all the demons of Jukes' past.

XVIII

It was dawn when Thurstan awoke to find Claudia still asleep beside him. It was her hand, which rested on his shoulder, her warm breath against his face, and for some time he thought the memory of Melanie being between them was the memory of a dream.

A thin duvet covered them, but their closeness, Claudia's bare shoulder and his memory of her body, aroused Thurstan's passion and he was about to let his hand stroke her breast when she awoke. For a moment there was fear in her eyes, which he saw, destroying his passion. She smiled at him and in her smile was an awkward vulnerable trust, which brought to Thurstan a remembrance of all the women he had loved and the reason why he loved them.

He kissed her, as a brother might, before leaving the room to find his clothes. Dressed, he wandered around the house but could not find Melanie. The air of late summer was mild and hazy and he sat on the grass in the walled garden, listening. A contemplative calm came to him and he might have been a Taoist monk meditating in the still air of dawn. He was at peace, within himself, and felt in a way stronger than he had ever done before that the world, and he himself, unfolded in its own natural way. It was also beautiful, in a strange, calm way and he sat, very still but without effort, while the gentle euphoria suffused him.

The mood drifted from him, slowly. His fervour of the night was unreal – a memory of another person. The calm he felt now was real and he realized with a sudden insight that it was this feeling that he wished above all else to share with Melanie. It was the beauty, the calm he found when he looked into a woman's eyes – the gentleness he experienced sometimes when he lay naked beside the woman he loved and she showed by a caress or a kiss or a smile that she cared for him. It was the longing he felt to be with a sensitive woman – the soft desire to make slow, gentle love to her. All the sharing moments, all the experiences of two people in love would be a remembrance of such moments, a giving and returning, a mutual embrace and breaking of barriers, that he knew no words might describe.

The energy of the night, even the magick, was alien to him. He wanted his vulnerable love to lead himself and the woman he loved to another existence, and he began to feel that such a love might in a way he did not understand, affect the world, as once he had believed that prayer to a god might. He knew this was an ideal – but it was an attainable one, if the love was mutual and without reservation. He began to think of how a monk or a nun,

pledged to contemplation, might seek to love God – he wanted and needed to love a woman in such a way: a woman of flesh and blood who responded to his kisses, who laughed, cried, danced, became angry or sad, but who, whatever the emotions and whatever the experience loved him faithfully as he would love her. There would be a sacred quality about such a love.

He did not need the energy of power or magick or money, for he sensed the beauty of life lay hidden in its simplicity, in a kind of detachment, and as he sat in the still warming air of early morning only the sound of bird-song around him, his body and mind languid, he felt it easy to believe in a god who might have made it all - or some force, perhaps named Fate, which governed the workings of the cosmos. He was aware, as he sat, of the suffering and misery in the world, as he was aware that he himself was not God – not even a god. He did not understand the suffering, or the misery, but felt that all he could do was try and change himself, re-orientate in some way his own consciousness so as not to add to those burdens.

All the threads of his life were gathered together in the moments of his sitting: the memories, sometimes painful and intense, of the women he had loved; the lessons of his own past, his feelings and thoughts of and about others. He drew them to himself by a quiet process of thought to make his feelings and memories conscious and part of a whole, and by the time he had completed the task, his view of the world had profoundly changed. He felt he had at last discovered the reality of his own self, buried for so long in a confusion of feelings, moods and desires.

Perhaps his intuitive awareness of Claudia's vulnerability or the strange things of magick he had seen caused this. He did not know or particularly care. There was a happiness within him, which was gentle and made him smile. He felt in love with the world and possessed an awareness of meaning. He sensed there was something beyond his own life, which a particular way of living would create – which a sharing of love with another person would make possible. Perhaps this was another life in another plane of existence. It was a nebulous sensation, this belief, which he could not formulate directly into ideas expressed by the words of his thoughts, but nonetheless real to him and he added it to his view of the world before rising from the grass and walking, in the sunlight, toward the house.

A man was by the door, leaning on an Ash walking stick. It was Saer and he was smiling. Thurstan blinked in surprise – and Saer was gone. Thurstan felt he had seen a ghost, and did not bother to look for the old man.

Melanie sat by the crystal in her Temple and he stood beside her.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

“What?”

“Will you marry me? Leave all of this and come and live with me in my cottage?”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“There are many things that I must do.”

“Forget them. Forget all this.”

She smiled at him. “And Claudia?”

He sighed. “And Claudia. I cannot share you.”

“All that I have is from this day yours – and hers.”

“I want nothing except you.”

“Nothing?”

“Nothing. No money, power – whatever. I earn enough to support us both, if we live simply.”

“You need never work again.”

“But I need to.”

She laughed, and touched his face. “It is a lovely, romantic ideal! But not possible.”

“Why not?”

She gestured toward her crystal. "This is my life."

"I can be your life."

"But for how long?"

Thurstan flinched, and in that moment part of his hope was extinguished. "We can try."

"Why this sudden change?"

"All this really isn't me. You have power, money, charisma – and magick to bind people to you, to control. I love what is beyond all that in you. My real world is outside, sitting in the sun listening to the songs of the birds or watching clouds or waiting for the frogs to return in Spring. I do not belong here – in a Temple, doing strange rituals."

"You are tempting me," she said smiling.

"As you tempted me?"

"Perhaps."

They stood in silence for a long time until Thurstan said, "You could use your power to bind me, but –"

"I no longer have any power over you," Melanie said softly. "I knew that when you entered here."

"You still love me then?"

"It is not my love that makes me powerless to bind you. There is something else."

"What?"

“Would you like to take Claudia some breakfast? There are many things to do this morning.”

“Marry me.” When she did not answer, Thurstan said, “well at least come away with me.”

“And if I want you to stay here with me? Share my world?”

“I don’t think it would work,” Thurstan said, sadly.

“You could try.”

“It would be a game. What would be the point?”

“To enjoy the game, perhaps.”

“I want to go straight to what is beyond all that.”

“Our bridge is in danger.”

Thurstan looked at her and began to cry. He made no sound and Melanie wiped the tears away with her hand.

“Go now,” she said. “Before I do something I will regret.”

The sunlight seemed painful to him as he walked along her driveway toward the lane. He had not looked back and she did not run after him, and he walked slowly shuffling like an old man along the lane and down toward the road. He stopped for several minutes to stand and lean on the bridge toward the bottom of the lane, watching and listening to the fastly flowing stream of water. A cyclist, brightly clad and whose bicycle was laden with panniers, passed and wished him good-day.

“Lovely day!” Thurstan said.

“Yes, splendid!” replied the traveller before changing down into a lower gear and riding up the hill.

The scenery, the weather, the brief human contact charmed Thurstan, bringing the world around him alive. Melanie the Satanic witch queen was not of this world where he himself belonged, and as Thurstan walked away to take the Neolithic track that rose up the slopes of the Mynd a mile distant, his sadness was relieved by a presentiment of joy.

XIX

The house seemed, to Melanie, to sigh as Thurstan left. Her own grief was longer, and it was nearly an hour later that she went to her bedroom to find Claudia asleep.

For several minutes she stood, watching the sleeping woman. There was a gentleness and trust in Claudia that brought to Melanie an intimation of a type of love she did not know nor even perhaps understand, and she allowed her grief at losing Thurstan to sharpen this intimation. But she could not hold in her consciousness this insight and left, imbued again with her role and Destiny, to make arrangements for the evening ritual.

There would be no sacrifice, only a calling down of dark power through her crystal – a breaking of the gates by the directed frenzy of the members of her Temple and the guests she had invited from around the world. The hours of the day passed quickly for her, Claudia was happy, receiving guests, preparing the Temple and food for the feast, which would follow the recalling, directing the servants that morning had drawn to the house on Melanie's command.

Fifty-four people were gathered in the Temple as darkness came slow to cover the land around. Melanie left them as her cantors began their discordant chant and her dancers began to dance, slowly, drawing forth from themselves a rising pyramid of power. Claudia waited for her in the secret Temple, her hands on the crystal and soon the diffusing light from the floor began to change in colour until a purple aura surrounded them.

There was a yearning in Melanie as she stood beside her Priestess and lover. But it was not a yearning for love - only a cold desire to alter the living patterns in the world and so fulfill her Destiny by returning the Dark Gods to Earth. She was suspended between her past with all its charisma and power and the future that might have been possible if she had surrendered to Thurstan's love. She was aware of herself only through the images of the past and her barely formed feelings for Claudia: detached from the realness of her body and personal emotions. The power being invoked seemed to be drawing her toward the Abyss

and the spaces beyond the Abyss where she had never been.

The Abyss was within her, within Claudia, within all those in the Temple and all those outside it. It was primal awe, terror and intoxication and she entered it she felt its energies forming into shapes ready to ascend to Earth through her crystal and Temple. She was not conscious of the world around her and so did not see the door of the secret Temple open or the leering man who entered.

The darkness of the Abyss had attracted the darkness which had possessed Pead, as it made him sense the vulnerability of Claudia. He was growling like the animal he had become as he fastened his hands around her neck. Melanie heard the scream but she was paralyzed by the Abyss and could only return slowly to the world of the living as inadvertently Claudia operated the mechanism, which opened the pit beneath the crystal. She and Pead stood on its ledge as the plinth with its crystal slid aside.

“Take me!” Melanie screamed. But she was too late and as she moved toward them they stumbled and fell into the pit.

Silently the plinth returned to seal them in deep darkness. Melanie could not make it move and bloodied her hands trying. And when it did, no answer came to her repeated calls, only silence rising from the rotting blackness below.

The power in the crystal had gone and she hid her tears as she walked toward the Temple and its worshippers. They were still chanting and dancing, unaware that the real power was gone from the crystal, the house and its Mistress they all held in awe. Melanie watched and listened, aware as she did so that what they felt as they chanted and danced was only a flickering shadow. So she left them to seal herself in her room.

She sat for a long time, vaguely aware of the passing hours and the people who drifted away from the house, perplexed. They had danced, chanted and waited for her to appear, but when she had not come forth to carry them to the Abyss they had waited again until the realization of failure made them shuffle and slink away.

Dawn drew her to her garden and in the long moments of her walking barefoot in the dewy grass she found an answer to her grief. It was an answer without words – a feeling that drew her beyond the cold Abyss to where a new universe waited. She was drifting in this universe, floating among the stars and galaxies of love, sadness, sorrow and joy, and as she consciously drifted, her body tensed and tears came to her eyes.

Images and feelings rushed through her as a whirling system of planets and stars forms from chaos and rushes through a galaxy past other stars when time itself is compressed. The images were of her past but the feelings attached to them were not the original feelings. There was sadness instead of exultation, love instead of anger, grief instead of joy. They had changed because her perspective had changed for she was seeing herself and her past not as before through her own eyes but from beyond herself where other people were part of her in a way that brought an awareness of their sorrow, passion, hurt, narrowness, love and stupidity. She was Thurstan as he sat in the café holding her hand and trembling with the expectation of love; she was Claudia as she lay being kissed for the first time by a woman – the possessed man who in blindness and unthinking hate had killed Claudia.

The images and feelings rushed through her and when they were gone she was left feeling both sorrow and love. Her sorrow was in her lack of vision – she had drawn forces from within herself and beyond herself and used them to fulfill her will and desires: nothing had been real for her except those powers and herself. Here love was in a yearning to try and understand by giving herself, by sharing what she felt with someone who understood.

The sorrow that burst upon her broke her free of her past: it was a storm which smashed her mooring and snapped the anchorage of her self so she became a ship sailing free blown by winds she did not understand. Her feelings for Thurstan, her brief sorrow at Lois' death, her brief love of Claudia were distant heralds of the storm, which had come.

Gradually, her yearning became a yearning for love. She felt the blue of the sky above pour down upon her as the warmth of the sun, felt the wholeness of the patterns of Nature before her as if they were all notes in a beautiful piece of music – Vivaldi, perhaps, exulting in song the god of his faith, or Bach transforming a fugue to its end. She received the emanations that broke upon her with a joy seldom before known except in brief moments of physical passion, and she became happy, sad, compassion, ecstatic and afraid until a vision calmed her. Her vision was of the vital, ineffable mechanism of the cosmos itself – the eternal beyond the transient forms that life assumed through the process of slow evolution to something beyond itself.

This something she felt to be a vast, calm ocean where evolution ended, and began, in an indescribable transcendent bliss. But the vision was soon over, and she found herself lying on the grass of her garden in the chilly air of morning.

For over an hour she lay, calm and gently breathing while physical senses returned to her body and an awareness of self brought need. She did not want to move as she did not want the calm, her perception of the whole of which she was a part, to end, and when she did move it was to slowly walk toward her car to drive away from her house, hoping, as she did

so, that Thurstan would still love her.

XX

The past came back to Jukes. The day had barely gone after the night of his return before his insight faded. He was in bed with his new and gentle lover when they called.

“I hope you do not mind us calling,” the nervous young man said.

“Not at all.” He gestured to the sofa and watched keenly as they sat. The young woman with short hair was pretty, dressed in a purple dress while the young man with a straggly beard seemed weak-willed and shy.

“We heard about your group,” the man said, “and are very interested.”

“How did you hear?” Jukes asked.

“Oh – the chap in the ‘Occult Bookshop’.”

“Actually – “ Jukes began.

“He said you were an Adept – and we would very much like to learn from you.”

“How do you mean?”

“Be one of your pupils.”

Jukes was flattered and when he looked at the woman she turned her eyes away and blushed. His new Priestess entered bearing a pot of tea on a tray – she smiled at him with love, but his own smile was brief and she sat down in a corner, quiet and trusting, while Jukes began to manipulate, again.

He talked of the Occult path, the difficulties and the sacrifice that was needed, and the importance of being willing to learn. He drew them to him, talking of the Aeon to come when

truly free individuals would change the world forever. He talked of the magick within, which could be drawn out and help each individual find their True Will, and as he talked he drew nearer to the subject of Initiation and acts of sexual magick. His desire for the woman who sat opposite him grew as he talked, moulding his will through words which seeped into his new followers as a parasite seeps into the intestine of the host.

“You are very sensitive – to certain forces,” he said to the woman.

“I don’t think I am,” she said softly.

“It seem to me you have a natural gift.” He sensed the compliment was well received. “It can be developed by certain means, should you wish to do so.”

For hours, he talked while they listened. He felt a power, talking to them about magick, a mastery that made him confident. He was an Adept, and would guide them toward magickal understanding. Part of him was sincere as well, and over the years he had covered his desires with lovely names as his assumption of having attained Adeptship made all that he did or chose to do seem right for both the cosmos and him. His names were Destiny, free love and the Chosen.

As the hours passed he became his role – there was no dichotomy within him. His pupils would be a means, sent by his gods, whereby he himself – and they – could attain further magickal understanding.

Darkness came early, shielding, and his Priestess lit some candles to shed some light and add to the atmosphere of magick that he was building with his words. The terrors of his recent past became rationalized as he talked – Pead had brought misfortune on himself by his past deeds of sacrifice, and the terrors at the Satanist house were the result of a battle between Saer and the woman who had enticed Claudia away. It was not his battle, and his only mistake had been to become involved. That involvement was Claudia’s doing, she was obviously being manipulated by other powers emanating from the Satanist house.

Jukes was pleased with his understanding. He described to his new pupils the ritual Pead had done and explained how the magickian became possessed.

“So you see, there is always danger present. We must learn to master our wills!”

His two pupils looked at each other, and the woman nodded.

“When,” asked the man, “can we be Initiated?”

Jukes pretended to consider the matter carefully. “We have a meeting next week at which Initiation could take place.”

“Really? As soon as that?” The man was surprised.

“Of course, if you wish to delay – “

“No, no. What you suggest is fine. We are only too keen to begin our quest.”

“Good. I shall arrange everything.”

“May I ask you something?” For the first time the woman spoke.

“Why yes!”

“What happened to the man in that ritual?”

Jukes laughed. “He is probably wandering around still, quite mad!”

Jukes was pleased to see them go, knowing the woman would soon be his and knowing that his Priestess would be only too willing to please him when they returned to his bed. He slept well that night, tired from his bodily exertions and safe again within the world he had created. He did not hear his Priestess crying, a little, toward dawn as she sensed what next week would bring. But she would accept it, for she was only a Priestess and he was her teacher.

Outside, two Blackbirds sung her to sleep.

‘Therefore, let every mortal see that last day

When they die – not considering themselves fortunate

Until without suffering they cross the boundary of this life.’

Thurstan wrote the words slowly, savouring them, before collecting together the scattered pages of his translation. He glanced through it, satisfied at the labour of months, but sad because he would have to think of something else to do in the long hours to be spent alone as summer changed to autumn and brought the dark of night to cover the evening hours.

A premonition of dawn came to him as he looked out from his window to the eastern hills, and he snuffed out the candles by which he liked to work. The air outside was fresh like that of early autumn and he stood by the door of the cottage slowly breathing it in. There was no wind to break the silence and he walked into his small garden, riddled by weed and long of grass, to watch the haze of Aurora grow. Definition of fence, tree, fields and hills came slowly in rhythm with the song of birds as if those very songs were calling Eos from her sleep. The growing light though without warmth still drew the cold sadness from Thurstan as he stood waiting for the sun god to rise. And when He did, climbing steadily between the cleft in hills on the horizon, Thurstan smiled in reverence.

Phrases from his translation repeated themselves in his mind and it did not seem to him a long span of time since Sophocles had seen or imagined the sun rising over the mountains of Phocis: *‘Bright as a flame from the snows of Parnassus comes a voice...’* Who, Thurstan wondered, had in the intervening centuries understood the message? Would his own attempt to present it in his own language fail should it ever be printed and read? Would hubris – defiance that broke the balance in the cosmos – increase? Could the balance ever be restored?

He did not know the answers to these questions as he did not know any answers that were solutions to the problems of his own life, and he contented himself with enjoying the beautiful world around him; the sights, sounds, smells of sky-god and Earth-mother. The Earth around him was real in a way that his memories and dreams were not and as he stood, experiencing the dawn of day, he forgot his love of Melanie and his dreams of sharing his life, making himself content by his work in the gardens of mother Earth and by his night time toil of translations.

He became at peace again with himself and sat upon the step to plan his next translation. The turning of Earth brought the sun higher into his sky while he sat, enjoying the warmth of

his last day free from his work. Tomorrow, his brief holiday over, he would return to the farm to strain and stretch his muscles and delight in his simple tasks.

The sun was warm when he heard a vehicle approaching, but he did not rise even when he recognized the car, which was screechingly braked to a halt. Melanie came toward him and his peace vanished like darkness by lightning. For minutes they stood, pressed close together by their arms.

“I love you.” Melanie’s words were a spell, which bound her to him. She knew they would be and had never used them before.

“You seem changed,” Thurstan said as she began to cry, gently.

“Claudia is dead.”

He kissed her, sat her in a garden chair in the sun, made and brought her a pot of Shenca tea and sat beside her to listen while she talked. She spoke of the man who came rushing into her house, drawn somehow by the power she was invoking, of how he seemed to sense, as she had, Claudia’s innocence. She described the pit into which they fell where Algar’s disfigured body lay rotting: of how she had let her grief walk her to her garden and how the burgeoning light of a new day had brought to her an understanding of the tragedy of her past.

“Your simple love,” she said, “broke through the shield around me. I don’t know how or why – but it did.”

“What will you do?”

She laughed. “Did you mean what you said?”

“Yes.”

“Then I want to stay here – with you.”

Clouds began to gather around the eastern horizon of hills as they spoke, growing as a wind

arose to shape and move them across the sky to cover, briefly, the sun. Other, darker clouds followed.

“But your house – your plans?”

“I shall forget them.”

“Can you?”

“Yes. My perspective may have changed – but not my will!”

Thurstan was delighted, both by the answer and the spirit which sent it forth from her lips. “Will you marry me, then?” he asked.

“Yes!”

They kissed like new lovers while clouds covered the whole of the sky.

“Shall we go in?” Thurstan asked.

“I would like that.”

Inside Melanie said; “You know what I wish?”

He was attuned to her and answered, “I think so.”

“It may be possible, for I no protection and my cycle is right.”

This new desire enhanced the closeness they found as naked body lay upon naked body. Rain fell around the cottage in where they lay, sweating. It beat down as a storm upon the roof and windows, a counter-point to their passionate ecstasy and love, and when it was over and they lay entwined together while the sun sent shafts of light through a window, Melanie began to cry. She softly cried for a long time as if the tears purged her of her past. Thurstan felt this, and brushed them away as she lay resting her head on his chest.

The knocking on his door startled them both. Hastily Thurstan covered part of his nakedness.

“Yes?” he asked as he opened the door.

The old man was in ragged clothes and it was some seconds before Thurstan recognized Saer.

“I am sorry to intrude – at such a time,” smiled Saer. “May I enter?”

Thurstan was reluctant, for he sensed the Saer was more than an intrusion. “I’d rather you didn’t.”

“Her power is gone.”

“Please go.” Thurstan did not understand what was happening – but Saer seemed a threat to him in some way.

“I cannot leave without her.”

The words struck Thurstan like blows. “We are to marry.”

“It cannot be,” said Saer quietly.

“Leave us alone!” shouted Thurstan and in anger shut the door. He bolted it before returning to Melanie.

Saer stood by the bed. “It cannot be,” he repeated.

Thurstan’s wrath made him move toward Saer who raised his hand. Thurstan’s body became paralyzed and he could only watch as Saer gave Melanie her clothes.

“I shall kill you!” Thurstan screamed.

Saer smiled.

“Why are you doing this?” Thurstan asked, realizing his rage was useless. Melanie did not look at him and seemed to be in a trance.

Saer smiled and Thurstan’s rage returned. He channelled it to his body. Trembling with effort he could only manage to move his feet a little forward.

“Sleep now,” Saer quietly said.

Thurstan’s eyes were closing and he could not stop them. The last thing he saw was Melanie’s pleading but helpless eyes. Then he was dreaming. He was in his garden under a searing sun – but his garden was different: full of beautiful flowers and luxurious grass. Claudia, radiantly beautiful, was beside him and held his arm. He felt peaceful with her and listened almost rapturously as she spoke.

“You were part of his plan. He could do nothing until your love broke her power.”

“Help me,” Thurstan asked.

“We can do nothing here.”

Thurstan awoke to find himself lying on his bed. Moonlight reached his room and he lay trying to unravel dream from reality and reality from dream. It was a slow process, but helped by Melanie’s perfume, which still lay on his pillow and when it was over he remembered her car.

It was still outside his cottage. He felt uncomfortable with its power and drove carefully along he moonlit lanes and roads to her house, which he found empty and cold. Nervous, he switched on all the lights as he journeyed from room to room and floor to floor avoiding the temple of her crystal. But he felt and saw nothing except the shadows and fears of his own mind. And the memories of their brief time together.

Only the library possessed some warmth as if in indication of the answers he hoped to find, and he shut its door before browsing among the books. All of them, and the manuscripts bound like books, were about alchemy, magick or the Occult. He could read the Latin of the medieval manuscripts and books, but what it related did not interest him as the later books brought forth no desire to read further. Even the Black Book of Satan, resting on the table, seemed irrelevant to him. They were all compilations of shadow words, appearing to Thurstan to fall short of the aim that the searchers who had written them should have aimed for. His instinctive feeling was to observe in a contemplative way some facet of the cosmos – to stand outside in the dark of the night and listen for the faint music that travelled down to Earth from the stars – rather the enclose himself in the warm womb of a house to read the writings of others. Demons, spells, hidden powers, the changing of base metal to gold, even the promises of power and change for himself, were not important to Thurstan, and he left the library with its stored knowledge and forbidden secrets and lurking gods, to walk in the moonlit garden.

The stars were not singing for him – or he could not hear them above the turmoil of his thought – but his slow moon-wise walking brought a calm. His dreams of sharing life with Melanie were still vivid, but he realized that if such sharing was not to be, it would not be. He might try, through force or even magick to win her back. But if he succeeded, his dreams would only become real if she wished to make them real for him, and all he could do was give her the freedom of choice. Saer was using her – for what purpose he did not know – and he would try and find her, somehow, to give the promise of choice. He was not afraid of Saer, not worried about the magickal powers he possessed, for as he walked with a calm that deepened and brought awareness of the rhythms of the cosmos, he felt that it was his fate to try and find her. What happened when and if he did, would happen, as Spring happens after the cold darkness of Winter.

XXII

It was not a long wait. Thurstan did not enter the secret Temple and use the crystal nor any magickal means. His way was not the way of magick but of sensitive thought and he sat on the damp, cold grass to close his eyes and think of Melanie.

What he saw guided him and he walked in the moonlight along the narrow turning hilly lanes singing softly to himself. His songs were from his translations and he invented the music to match the rhythm of his walking feet. There was joy in him then, a simpleness that gave him the strength of water and its ability to follow any channel or shape itself while still being itself to any vessel or container. His goal was a small cottage of stone with a sagging roof and tiny windows beside an unmarked track that weaved among the mamelons between the western slopes of the Mynd and the tress of Linley Hill. No one passed him as he walked and the fields were quite silent and quite still. His chosen track led him for a hundred yards

through a wood, past a stream flowing down between two hills to curve eastwards and rise north among the rocky barren land. As its sudden end lay the cottage but briefly home to the short sun of Winter. Dawn was almost rising behind him as he knocked upon the old studded oak door.

No one came to answer his call and he opened the door. Inside in the flickering light of a fire, he saw Saer hunched on a stool before the hearth while against the wall in the recessed bed, Melanie lay sleeping. The large room comprised all of the cottage and it smelled of burnt hazel mingled with pine. Saer, though surprised, did not move.

“You are persistent.” Saer did not look toward Thurstan but still stared into the large flames that ate, with sporadic breaking of tree-limbs and fingers, the wood.

Thurstan did not close the door but began to walk toward Melanie. Suddenly, Saer rose.

“Leave her,” he said quietly and raised his left hand.

For an instant Saer’s features seemed, to Thurstan, to be lacertilian but the impression soon vanished to leave only an old man with white hair standing before a fire. As soon as Thurstan touched Melanie she awoke. “She is mine,” he said, almost sadly.

“It is not for you or for me but for Melanie to decide,” Saer said, and smiled. It was a kindly smile and he raised his hand again.

Thurstan just sighed and held Melanie’s hand.

“I can see,” Saer said to Thurstan, “what powers you now represent.”

“I have no power – only my love for her.”

“Even now you do not understand.” Saer turned toward Melanie. “It is written: *‘Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth-based living child born from these children is the Demon named Love.’*”

“So I,” said Melanie, suddenly understanding, “as Mistress of Earth passed beyond the Abyss.”

“To bring into this world what must be.”

“And now I must choose?”

“Yes.”

For a long time Melanie looked at Thurstan. “I must go with Saer,” she finally said. In that instant, she felt her magickal powers return.

“But I –“

“Say nothing.” She pressed her forefinger to his lips.

“I don’t understand,” said Thurstan, almost crying with emotion.

Melanie smiled, sadly. “There will be enough time for understanding in old age. What lives now and grows within me will always be a part of you.”

She kissed his cheek and he became too full of emotion to do anything but watch her and Saer walk into the burgeoning dawn. Then, suddenly, they vanished. He ran outside, but he could not find them.

He walked slowly away from the cottage. The light of dawn seemed to be sucking mist from the ground, but he did not care. He moved, like an old man pained by his limbs, through the cold and sometimes swirling mist along a path that took him toward the Mynd and up, steeply, to its level summit where he stood, high above the mist, to watch the mist-clotted valleys below. The heather was beginning to show the glory of its colour, and he walked through it northbound along the cracked and stony road stopping often to turn around and wait. But no one and nothing came to him – no voices, song or sigh. There was hope within him as he walked as he had often walked along the almost level top of that long and beautiful low mountain. But hope did not last, for he felt he would never see her again – never know their child. The very Earth itself seemed to be whispering to him the words of this truth. He began to sense, slowly, that there was for him real magick here where

moorland fell to form deep hollows home to those daughter of Earth known as springs and streams, and where the Neolithic pathway had heard perhaps ten million stories. No wisps of clouds came to spoil the glory of the sun as it rose over the mottled wavy hills beyond the Stretton valley miles distant and below. No noise to break the almost sacred silence heard. For an instant it seemed as if some divinity, strange but pure, came into the world, and smiled.

The smile might have been one of understanding, but Thurstan sat down in the heather and cried.

XXIII

It was raining still and dull of day when Jukes arrived at Pead's cottage, summoned by avarice. His fear began to ebb away as he saw it was empty, unchanged since the night of the ritual – except for the stench of the dismembered, half-eaten and rotting dog.

He selected his goods carefully, taking only the rarest of books and manuscripts to his car wherein his Priestess waited, soothed by his words of charm: 'He said if anything happened to him, I was to keep his books...'

So he worked while she, in trust, waited. And when, to his satisfaction, the collection was complete, he drove in curiosity to see from a safe distance the house wherein Claudia had left him and where he thought she lived in bondage to her Satanic mistress.

An old tramp was walking away from the direction of the house and Jukes stopped him, saying: "Do you know who lives there?"

"In that there house?" said the old man before spitting on the ground. "Empty it is – has been for weeks if you ask me. No mug of tea for me there, that's for sure."

Jukes did not thank him or even watch him walk away. He was excited, and led his Priestess along the driveway to the house, as, behind them, Saer turned in the rain, and smiled.

Jukes tried the door, and to his surprise found it open. The house was warm, comforting after the cold rain, and they ambled along the hallway with Jukes calling "Hello?"

No one came. Jukes left his Priestess for he felt strangely aroused. The house, he felt, was a woman of beauty and he was violating her. He was full of physical lust and felt powerful and began to explore all the aspects of her warm and scented body – hoping vaguely he might find a real woman whom he could rape. He eagerly sought the bedrooms – caressing the silken sheets – as he eagerly sought items of clothing, which he hoped by their texture, and smell, might bring nearer to him the woman he was searching for. Night came from outside while he wandered, bringing light and increased warmth within the house. But Jukes did not notice this. His arousal became stronger until he became a man intent only on rape. He did not see the shadows from his own Abyss as they gathered around him lisping words of encouragement, as he did not find in his search the woman he wanted. But he remembered a woman, waiting for him below.

He found her asleep in a chair fluxed in the glow of a large crystal before her. He did not care about the strange room nor wonder about the crystal. He cared only for satisfying his lust – he wanted, as he had never wanted before, to abuse her cruelly, to beat her and rape her savagely. He was strong in body and would use his strength to satisfy himself by forcing her beneath him.

He moved toward her, leering. But, then, she opened her eyes and smiled.

Jukes found he could not move, and did not see the door behind him close. “You are mine now,” the woman who had once been his willing lover said. “With a look I can strike you dead!”

Jukes did not doubt it. Reality for him returned quickly. She was no longer his Priestess, but a woman, mistress of him, who by magick bound his will. Beside the crystal where he stood watching helplessly, an amber necklace lay and she rose from the chair to take it for herself. She was still smiling as she unthreaded one bead, which began to glow in her fingers. She showed it to him, mockingly, and laughed before re-threading it and placing the beads around her neck.

“You are mine,” she repeated and smiled. “Through Them whom we never name, we who garb ourselves in black possess this rock we call this Earth.”

She did not yet know what she would do with her new power, but there was plenty of time for her to think of something, plenty of secret books to be read. The old man who had led her from the hallway to this chamber would return, one day, to instruct her, she remembered he had said.

Thurstan saw the lights in Melanie's house, and waited. He waited for a long time in the cold and the darkness, trying to forget his hunger, his tiredness and the rain. At last the lights became fewer, until all were gone, and he walked, trusting in his love and hopeful still, toward the door. It was not locked.

There was a woman sleeping in Melanie's bed. He did not wake her, nor the man he found sleeping in another room, but left them and the house to walk along the dark road that would take him to the Mynd, down into the valley and back to his cottage.

"I am an old man in a young man's body," he said to himself as he walked amid the rain. Maybe some day he would love again, but the shattering of his dreams had changed him, making him to wish to live alone, content with his translations. He did not fully understand his recent past but he felt that Melanie's child, when born, would be important in some way to the world – a kind of channel for the forces which both she and Saer represented.

He had seen enough of the hidden dimensions of the world to realize his lack of knowledge, but this lack did not bother him. He would go his own way, slowly as perhaps befitted a hermit-scholar, seeking through the slowness of the years a kind of inner peace in the little piece of Earth that was his home. Change would come – as it always had and always would – and he would sigh, while he treasured what he knew.

In the rain he thought he heard a strange creator star-god sigh, but walked on – shaking his head at the perplexity that was human life and the sadness that was the breaking of his dreams.

Incipit Vitriol.....

In your beginnings – we, waiting.
In your quest - we are.
Before you - we were.
After you - we shall be, again.
Before us - They who are never named.
After us - They who will be, waiting.

[Fini]

Appendix

A Note Concerning The Deofel Quartet:

The books in the *Deofel Quartet* were designed as esoteric Instructional Texts for novices beginning the quest along the Left Hand Path according to the traditions of the ONA.

As such, they are not - and were not intended to be - great works of literature or novels of literary value, and their style is not that of a conventional novel. Thus, detailed descriptions – of people, events, circumstances – are for the most part omitted, with the reader/listener expected to use their own imagination to create such details.

Their intent was to inform *novices* of certain esoteric matters in an entertaining and interesting way, and as such they are particularly suitable for being read aloud. Indeed, one of their original functions was to be read out to Temple members by the Temple Priest or Priestess.

In effect, they are attempts at a new form of "magickal art" - like Tarot images, or esoteric music.

In addition, each individual book represents particular forms, aspects, and the archetypal energies associated with particular spheres of the Septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, and for example, *The Temple of Satan* relates to the third sphere, the alchemical process Coagulation, and the magickal process represented by the magickal word *Ecstasy*. [For more details, refer to the ONA MS *Introduction to the Deofel Quartet*.]

The Giving

Order of Nine Angles

(Deofel Quartet)

Re-issued and corrected [v 1.03]: Anton Long 119 Year of Feyen

(First published 101 yf)

“In truth, Baphomet – honoured for millennia under different names – is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked for the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth...

For centuries, we have kept this image secret, as the Templars and their descendants did...”

Book of Asoth

There was much that was unusual about Sidnal Wyke, including his name. His name no longer brought forth any comments from his neighbours in the small hamlet of Stredbow where he had spent all his life, and his strange habits were accepted because he was regarded by them as a cunning man, well versed in the ways of the old religion.

He was six years old when the old car his father was driving went out of control on a steep local hill, killing both his parents while the child was safe at his grandmother's house. For twelve years he lived at her cottage. Stredbow was his home and he knew no other.

It was an isolated village, surrounded by hills and accessible only by narrow, steep and twisting lanes. To the west of the village lay The Wilderness, Robin's Tump and the steep hills of Caer Caradoc hill. The lane northward led along Yell Bank, skirted Hoar Edge and the side of Lawley hill to the old Roman road to Wroxeter. To the south, the village was bounded by Stredbow Moor, Nant Valley and Hope Bowdler hill. The area around the small village was, like the village itself, unique. Small farms nestled on the lee of the hills or rested in sinewy valleys hidden from the lanes. Coppice and woods merged into rough grazing land and the few fields or arable crops were small, the size hardly changed in over a century. But it was the sheltered isolation of the area that marked it out, like a time-slip into the past – as if the surrounding hills not only isolated it physically but emotionally as well. Perhaps it was that the hills dispersed the winds and weather in a special way, creating over the area of the village and its surrounding land an idiosyncratic climate; or perhaps it was the almost total lack of motorized transport along the rutted lanes. But whatever the cause, Stredbow was different, and Sidnal Wyke knew it.

He had known the secret for years, but it was only as his twenty-first birthday approached that he began to understand why. Stredbow was an ancient village, an oval of houses at whose center was a mound. Once, the mound contained a grove of oaks. But a new religion came, the trees were felled and a church built from stone quarried nearby. The church was never full, the visiting ministers came and went, and the oaks began to grow again, although reduced in number. The village was never large, although once – when the new railway fed trains to the small town of Stretton in the valley miles beyond the hills – there had been a school. But it had long ago closed, its building left to slowly crumble as the towns, cities and wars sucked some of the young men away from their home and their land. Yet a balance had been achieved through the demands of the land. For over sixty years, since the ending of the Great War, no new houses had been built and no outlanders came to settle. The village attracted no visitors, for there was nothing to attract them – no historical incidents, no fine houses or views – and the few who came by chance did not stay, for there was no welcome for them, only the stares of hostility and scorn, the barking and the snarling of farm and cottage dogs.

Sidnal knew every square foot of the village and the lands around. He had visited every field, every coppice, every valley and stream, all the houses and farms. He knew the history of the village and its people and this learning, like his name, was his grandmother's idea. He had been to a school, once and briefly – against his grandmother's wishes. But her daughter and son in law had died to leave Sidnal in her care. She taught him about herbs, how to listen and talk to trees; about the know of animals. She owned some acres of land and he farmed them well, in his strange way.

His clothes, and he himself, never looked clean, but he bore himself well, as befitted his well-muscled body. His solitary toil on the land and his learning left him little time to himself, but he was growing restless and his grandmother knew it and the reason why. She had no chance to guide him further, no opportunity to find him a suitable wife to end the isolation she had forced upon him. A few days before his twenty-first birthday, she died – slowly and quietly sitting in her chair by the fire.

It was a warm evening in middle May with a breeze to swing some of the smaller branches of the large Ash tree behind the cottage which a mild winter had brought full into leaf, and Sidnal did not hurry back from the fields. He greeted the tree, as he always had, and smiled, as he almost always did. He did not cry out, or even seem surprised when he found her. He just sighed, for he knew death to be the fated ending of all life.

It was as he closed the cottage door on his way to gather his neighbours that the reaction came. For the first time in his life, he felt afraid.

II

Maurice Rhiston did not even know her name. A room of his house overlooked her bedroom and she was there, again, as she had been every weekday morning for the past three weeks. Her routine was always the same – the curtains would be drawn back and she would stand by the mirror for a minute or so before removing her nightdress, unaware of him watching from behind a chink in his curtain.

Naked, she wandered around her room in her parent's house. He lost sight of her several times – before she stood by the mirror to slowly dress. He guessed her age at about fifteen. His watching had become a secret passion that was beginning to engulf him, but he was too obsessed to care. He was forty-five years of age, his childless marriage a placid one. For fifteen years he had sat behind his office desk in a large building in Shrewsbury town, satisfied with steadily improving both his standard of living and his house on the small and select estate which fringed the river. He was diligent, and efficient as he worked as a Civil

Servant, calculating and assessing the benefits of claimants. His suits were always subdued in colour, his shirts white, his ties plain and even his recent worrying about his age, baldness and spreading fat, did not change his taste. The cricket season had begun, his place in the team was secure and he had begun to feel again that sense of security and belonging which pleased him.

He had, during the past week, turned his observing room into a kind of study to allay the suspicions of his wife. He bought a desk, some books and a small computer as furnishings. He had changed his unchanging routine of the morning to give time to sit at the desk with the thin curtains almost meeting but allowing him his view. Then, he would wait for her to draw back the curtains, and undress.

Today, as for the last week, he would be late for his work. Yesterday he had spent most of his evening in the room, hoping to see her and she, as if obliging, had appeared toward dusk – switching on her room light. For almost an hour she wandered in and out – and then his moment came. She undressed to change her clothes completely.

The morning was warm, again, and he left his overcoat on the stand by the front door. The goodbye kiss to his wife had long ago ceased, and she was already stripping away the bedclothes at the beginning of her workday. She was singing to herself, and Maurice smiled. His watching had brought to him an intense physical desire and his wife was pleased, mistaking his renewed interest for love. But he kept the girl's naked image in his head, while his ardour lasted.

His journey to work by car was not long, and only once did he have cause to cease his planning of how best to photograph the girl. He was about to turn from the busy road to the street which held the office where he worked when a young man, dirtily dressed and carrying an armful of books, stepped off the pavement in front of the car. Maurice sounded his horn, hurled abuse through the open window, but the man just smiled to walk slowly away toward the town centre to try and sell some of the books his grandmother had owned.

The routine of Maurice's morning at work was unchanged, and he sat at his desk in the over-bright, stuffy office, found or retrieved files from other desks and cabinets, entered or read information on pieces of paper and computer screen, his concentration broken only by his short breaks for morning tea and lunch. It was at lunch that his interest had become aroused.

As was his habit, he ate his sandwiches at his desk. One of the ladies from the section that investigated fraud brought him a case file and he recognized the name written on the cover.

The young lady was fashionably dressed and had swept her long black hair back over her shoulders where it was held by a band. She smiled at him, and for a few seconds Maurice felt an intense sexual desire. But it did not last. She explained about the man and the information anonymously received – as she might not have done had Maurice not been responsible for her training in her early months in the office before she became bored and sought the work of investigating fraud.

He gave her his computer read-out of the benefits the man had claimed and listened intently as she, a little shocked and angry, explained about the man's activity – Satanism, child prostitution, living off immoral earnings. She borrowed Maurice's file on the man and left him to continue his lunch in peace.

There was turmoil in Maurice's head, images which made him nervous and excited, and it did not take him long to decide. In the relative quiet of the office, he dialled Edgar Mallam's number, wishing him to be in.

Edgar Mallam was a man of contrived striking appearance. His hair was cropped, and his beard pointed and trimmed. He dressed in black clothes, often wore sunglasses even indoors, and black leather gloves. Maurice watched him for some time as Mallam sat at a table in an Inn in the centre of the town amid the warmth of the breezy late Spring evening.

People mingled singly, in pairs or small clusters around the town as evening settled, traffic thinned and shops closed, and Maurice, fearful of being seen, had tried to avoid them all. He had bought a hat, thinking it might disguise him, but wore it only briefly as he waited for the appointed time. The image of the naked girl obsessed him – and had obsessed him all afternoon: her soft white unblemished skin, her small still forming breasts, the graceful curve of her back...

Cautiously, he sat down beside Mallam.

“So, you want an introduction?” Mallam smiled.

“Well – “

“Don't be nervous! One favour deserves another. I presumed that is why you – ah – warned me. How old?”

“Pardon?”

“How old do you want the item in question to be?”

Maurice coughed, and shuffled his feet. “I –“

“Thirteen? Fourteen?”

Maurice felt an impulse to leave, and rose slightly, but Mallam’s strong hand gripped his arm.

“Let’s say fourteen. It’s a middling figure. Come on, then!” Mallam rose to leave.

“Now?”

“Of course!”

For an instant fear gripped Maurice, but the haunting image returned and he followed Mallam through the customers and to the door. The alley outside the side door seemed dark and he did not see the two waiting figures cloaked by the sun’s shadows. But he felt their hands gripping his arms.

“Just a precaution,” Mallam explained. “I’m sure you understand.”

He was searched, led to a car, blindfolded. The journey seemed long and he was guided into a house where the blindfold was removed. The luxury of the house surprised him. Mallam indicated a door.

“One hour,” he said. “Any longer,” and he smiled, “and there will be a charge!”

Maurice needed no encouragement to open the door.

The river, swollen by heavy rain and brown from sediment, swept swiftly and noisily over the weir, and in the dim light of dawn Thorold could see water eddying over the edge of the concrete riverside path that led into town. The warm weather had been broken by storms.

No corpse was water borne to add interest to Thorold's day and he walked slowly, trying to savour the light, the sounds and his happy mood. A few people, work-bound on bicycles, passed him along the path but they did not greet him as he did not greet them. Sometimes he would smile, and an occasional individual might forget for an instant the impersonal attitude of all modern towns. There would be then a brief exchange of humanity through the medium of faces and eyes: and the two individuals would pass each to their own forms and patterns of life, never to meet again.

But today, no one returned his smile. He stood for several minutes under the wide spans of the railway bridge watching the water carry its burden of branch, silt, twigs and grass. He was thirty-five years of age and alone in his life, except for his books. His marriage of years ago had been brief, broken by his quietness and unwillingness to socialize, but the years were beginning to undermine the happiness he had found in solitude. His face was kind, his hair unruly, his body sinewy from years of long-distance walking over hills, his past forgotten.

He liked the hours after dawn in late Spring and Summer, and would rise early to walk the almost empty streets of his town and along the paths by the river, sensing the peace and the history that seemed to seep out toward him from the old timbered houses, the narrow passages, the castle, bridges and town walls. Gradually, during the hours of his walking, the traffic would increase, people come – and he would retreat to the sloping cobbled lane, which gave access to his small shop, ready for his day of work. 'Antiquarian & Secondhand Books' his shop sign said.

The path from the railway bridge took him along below the refurbished Castle, set high above the meander of the river, under the Grinshill stone of the English bridge to the tree-lined paths of Quarry Park. He stopped for a long time to sit on a bench by the water, measuring the flow of time by the chimes of the clock in Shrewsbury School across the river. No one disturbed him, and by the time he rose to leave the cloud had broken to bring warm morning sun.

His shop lay between the Town Walls at the top of the Quarry and the new Market Hall with its high clock tower of red brick. The window was full of neat rows of well-polished antiquarian book, and inside it was cold and musty. Summer was his favorite season, for he

would leave the door open and watch, from his desk by the window, the people who passed in the street.

A pile of books, recently bought from a young man whose grandmother had died, lay on his desk, and he began to study them, intrigued by the titles and the young man who had offered them for sale. The four books were all badly bound and in various states of neglect and decay. One was simply leaves of vellum stitched together then bound into wooden boards, the legible text consisting mainly of symbols and hieroglyphics with a few paragraphs in Latin in a scholarly hand. There was no title – only the words ‘Aktlal Maka’ inscribed at the top of the first folio. The words meant nothing to Thorold. The three remaining books were all printed, although only one of them in a professional manner. It bore the title ‘Secretorum Naturalium Chymicorum et Medicorum Thesauriolis, and a date, 1642. The titles of the other two works – ‘Books of Asoth’ and ‘Karu Samsu’ - signified nothing to him, and though the books bore no date he guessed they were less than a hundred years old. They also contained pages of symbols, but the style of the written text was verbose, the reasoning convoluted, and after several hours of reading he still only had a vague idea of the subjects discussed. There was talk of some substance which if gathered in the right place at the right time would alter the world – ‘the fluxion of this causing thus sklenting from the heavenly bodies and a terrible possidenting of this mortal world...’

He was still reading when a customer entered his shop. The woman was elegantly dressed and smiled at him.

“I wonder if you can help me,” she said confidently.

Thorold smiled back, and as he looked at her he felt an involuntary spasm in the muscles of his abdomen. But it was transient and he forced himself to say “I hope so” as he looked at her beauty.

“Do you have a copy of Prometheus Bound by Aeschylus? Only my son – “

“Aeschylus?” he repeated, and blushed.

“Yes, the playwright – “

“Of ancient Greece,” he completed. “Was it a Greek text that you wanted or a translation?”

“The Greek, actually. Julian has just begun his “O” levels at his school.”

The woman was near him and he could smell her perfume. For some reason it reminded him of the sun drying the earth after brief rain following many dry days. “Yes, we do have a copy.”

He rose from his chair slowly and as he did so the woman smiled at him again. In his desire to impress with his agility he tripped and stumbled into a bookcase.

“Are you alright?” she asked with concern as he lay on the floor.

“Yes, thanks.” He rose awkwardly to search the shelves for the book. “Ah! Here it is. It is a fairly good edition of the text,” he said as he handed the book to her.

She glanced through it. “I’ll take it.” She placed it on his desk before taking her purse from the pocket of her dress. Their fingers touched briefly as she handed over the money but she did not look at him and he was left to wrap the book neatly in brown paper. The ‘Book of Asoth’ still lay open upon his desk and he could see her interest.

“May I?” she asked, indicating the book.

“Yes,” he faltered, unsure. “If you wish.”

She handled it carefully, supporting the covers with one hand while she turned the pages with the other. She stood near him, silent and absorbed, for several minutes. But her nearness began to make him tremble.

“I have not, as yet, had occasion to study the work in detail,” he said to relieve some of his feelings.

She held it for him to take, glanced briefly at the two other books before perusing the vellum manuscript.

“They are for sale?” she asked.

“Well – “ he hesitated, wondering about the price. “You have an interest in such matters?”

“Yes!” and then softly, “do you?”

She turned to face him, so close he could smell her fragrant breath as she had exhaled with her forceful affirmation.

“Actually, no.” She did not avert her eyes from his and part of him wanted to reach out with his fingers to softly touch the freckled smoothness of her face. He smiled instead, as she did. “I am not familiar with the field – but would think it was a very specialized market: if a market as such exists.”

“Are these recent acquisitions?”

“Yes.”

“May I enquire from where – or whom?”

He did not mind her questions, for he wished their contact, and closeness, to continue. “A young chap brought them in – in the last few days. They belonged to his grandmother, apparently.”

“I would like to buy them – name your price. Except that one,” she indicated the ‘Secretorum’. “That does not interest me.”

“As I say, I have not really had time to study them in detail and so – to be honest – have no idea what they are worth.” Her nearness was beginning to affect his concentration and he edged away on the pretext of studying the manuscript.

“But surely you have some idea of their value?”

“Actually, no. I did consult some of my reference works and auction records but could find nothing.”

“How refreshing!”

“What?”

She laughed, gently. “To find someone – particularly in business – who is so open and honest.”

“Well, bookselling is a small world.” He looked away embarrassed, but pleased.

“How much – if I may ask such a question – did you pay?”

“Actually only a part payment – I was going to research them, particularly the manuscript, and then, if they or the manuscript were particularly valuable, add to that payment.”

“Do you wish to sell them?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then I will buy them. You will want my address, naturally.”

“Sorry?”

“My address. So you can bring the books with you tonight when you come to dinner. Nothing formal, so no need to dress. Do you have a pen and paper?”

“Er, yes.” Dazed, he gave her his favourite fountain pen and notebook.

She wrote quickly. “Shall we say half past seven for eight? Good. Oh – and you can bring that Greek book with you as well.”

She smiled at him, waved, and then was gone, out into the sunlit street and away from his world of dead books. Her perfume lingered, and it was some time before Thorold’s amazement disappeared. He tried to still his excitement and imagination by searching again

through his reference works.

He did not succeed, and the one reference he did find to anything mentioned in the books did not interest him. 'Asoth', it read, 'was a demoness worshipped by some ancient and secret sects about which nothing is known beyond the fact that women played a prominent role.'

No customers spoiled the solitude of what remained of his morning, and he carefully wrapped the books and manuscripts for the woman, sorted some stock from the piles of books against the cabinet by his desk before closing his shop early. He wandered happy and full of anticipation along the paths by the river, pleased with the sun and warmth of the day, occasionally stopping to sit. He spent a long time sitting on a bench by the weir, watching people as they passed, vaguely aware of his dreams but unwilling from fear of disappointment to make them conscious, to dwell upon them.

He had not noticed a man dressed in black following him, and did not notice him as he began a slow walk under the hot sun along the overgrown riverside path that led him back to his small riverside Apartment.

IV

The gardens of the large detached house were quiet and secluded, and Lianna spent the hours of the afternoon removing weeds from the many beds of flowers. The house stood on Kingsland above the river and beside Shrewsbury School but afforded views of neither. Once, the area had been select, but the decades had drawn some of the wealthy away, their homes absorbed by the School or divided into still expensive Flats and Apartments. But an aura remained, and it pleased Lianna.

Her interest in her garden waned slowly, and she discarded her implements and her working clothes to bathe in the bright surroundings of her bathroom. She lay relaxed and soaking in the warm water for a long time, occasionally thinking of the bookseller. She had enjoyed her game with his emotions and although the books he would bring interested her, he himself interested her more.

She was dressing in readiness for her evening when someone loudly rapped the brass knocker of the oak front door. She did not hurry, Edgar Mallam smiled at her as she opened the door, but she did not return his greeting.

“Yes?” she said coldly.

“Hello Lianna. May I come in?” He removed his sun glasses.

“Why?”

“To talk – about my group.”

“Fifteen minutes – that is all the time I can spare.”

He followed her into the Sitting Room to sit beside her in a leather armchair.

“Well?” she asked.

“I thought you and me – “

“As I have said to you many times, our relationship is purely a teaching one.”

“You know how I feel,” he said almost gently.

“What you feel, you feel. It is a stage, and all stages pass.”

His mood changed abruptly. “Is that so?” There was anger in his voice.

Her smile was one of pity, not kindness. “I sense your feelings are being inverted. What you thought was love is turning to anger because your will is thwarted. You will doubtless now find reasons for disliking me.”

Edgar stood up. “I’m sick of your teaching!”

“As I have said to you many times since you first embarked upon your quest, the way is not

easy.”

He took a step toward her, but she rose to face him and smile. He stared at her, but only briefly – averting his eyes from her suddenly demonic gaze.

“I’ll go my own way! I don’t need you!” he shouted.

“You are, of course,” and she smiled generously at him, “free to do so. But I have heard reports that some of your activities are, shall I say, not exactly compatible with the ethos of our Order.”

“So what?”

“Such activities are not conducive to the self-development which our way wishes to achieve. They are not, in fact, connected with any genuine sinister tradition but are personal proclivities, best avoided if advancement is sought.”

“Stuff your tradition and your pompous words!” He walked toward the door. “And I’m not afraid of you – or your curses!”

“True Adepts do not waste time on such trivia. Everyone has to make their own mistakes.”

He laughed. “Just as I thought! You’re all talk! Well, I do have magickal power! So stuff your Order!”

She waited, and was not disappointed for he slammed her front door shut on his leaving. One of her telephones was within easy reach, and she dialled a number.

“Hello? Imlach?” she queried. “Lianna. Mr. Mallam has I regret to say just resigned. You will know what to do. Good.” She replaced the receiver and smiled.

The hours of her waiting did not seem long, and when the caterers arrived she left them with their duties while she occupied herself in her library. The table was laid, the food heating, the wine chilled by the time of Thorold’s arrival and all she had to do was light the candles on the table. The caterers had departed as they had arrived – discreetly, leaving her alone.

Thorold was early, and nervously held the books as he knocked on her door surrounded by the humid haze of evening. She greeted him, took the books and led him to her library where he stood by the mahogany desk staring with amazement. Books, in sumptuous bookcases, lined the room from floor to high ceiling. She placed her new acquisitions on the desk.

“Later, if you wish,” she said, “you can spend some time in here.”

Only two places were laid on the table in the dining room.

“Will your husband not be joining us?” an expectant but nervous Thorold asked.

“Joining us? Why no!” she laughed. “He went abroad, some years ago. Living with some Oriental lady, I believe.”

For two hours they conversed while they ate, pausing only while she served her guest the courses of the meal. The topics of their conversation varied, and as the hours drew darkness outside, Thorold began to realize there was much that was unusual about Lianna. She asked about his knowledge of and interest in a wide variety of arcane subjects – alchemy, the Knights Templars, witchcraft, sorcery.... He had admitted his ignorance concerning most of them, and she, slightly smiling, had explained in precise language, and briefly, their nature, extent and history.

“Come,” she said as she poured him a cup of fresh coffee, “let us sit together in the Sitting Room.”

She took his cup and held it while she sat on the sofa. “Here, beside me,” she indicated.

Thorold sat beside her and blushed. All evening he had tried to avert his eyes from her breasts, uplifted and amply exposed by the dress she had chosen. But his eyes kept drifting from her face to her eyes to her breasts. He knew she knew, and he knew she did not mind.

She gave him his cup and he managed to control the shaking he felt beginning in his hand.

“Do you believe in Satan?” she abruptly said.

“Satan?” he repeated.

“Yes. The Devil.”

“Well, actually, I was brought up Roman Catholic to believe that he existed. But now – “ he shrugged his shoulders.

“Now you no longer trouble yourself with such matters.”

“I did – once. There was a time,” he said wistfully, “when I believed I had a vocation to be a Priest. I suppose most Catholic children – the boys, that is – who are brought up according to the faith have such yearnings at least once.”

“But you sought another road.”

“I lost my faith in God.”

“So you do not believe there is a supra-human being called the Devil who rules over this Earth?”

‘No. Why do you ask?’

She did not avert her eyes from his. “Why do you want to know?”

“Because I sense the question is important to you.”

She laughed, and touched his face lightly with he fingers. “You are astute! I like that.”

“In what way can I help you?”

“You underestimate yourself.”

For a moment Thorold was perplexed. He had accepted her unusual invitation to her house partly from curiosity but mostly because he had been sexually attracted to her. The intimate dinner, her topics of conversation, her looks and gestures had gradually made him aware – or at least he had thought so – of her purpose in inviting him. This, he had believed, would explain why a beautiful obviously wealthy and exceptionally intelligent woman would be interested in an unadventurous bookseller.

She saved him from his perplexity by saying, “You know what I am, then?”

“I can guess.”

“Yes – you have guessed. And the prospect of your guess being correct does not frighten you?” When he did not answer, she continued. “It excites you, in fact – as I now excite you.”

Thorold began to sense he was losing the initiative. Then it occurred to him that he had never had the initiative. Since his first meeting with her he had been playing the role of victim. He tried to distance himself from his desire for her, but she moved toward him until their bodies touched. Her lips were near his, her breath warm and fragrant and he did not resist when she kissed him. She did not restrain his hand as it caressed her breasts just as he did not prevent her from undoing the buckle of the belt that supported his trousers. He felt a vague feeling of unease, but it did not last. It had been a long time since he had kissed and touched a woman, and he abandoned himself to his desire, a desire enhanced by her perfume, her beauty and her eagerness.

Their passion was frenzied, then gentle at his silent urging until her need overcame his control. They lay, then sweaty and satiated with bodies entwined for some time without speaking until she broke their silence.

“You are full of surprises,” she said with a smile, and kissed him.

He wanted to stay with her, naked, and sleep but she kissed him again before rising to dress.

“Come,” she said, throwing him his clothes. “I have something to show you.”

Outside in the warm air, a nearly full moon in a clear night sky cast still shadows around and upon the house.

V

Mallam could sense the girl's fear. He did his best to increase it by staring at her while Monica, his young Priestess and mistress, held the girl's arm ready. The room was brightly lit in readiness for the filming of the ritual that was to follow, and Mallam walked slowly toward the girl, a small syringe fitted with a hypodermic needle in his hand.

The girl could not struggle, for a man dressed in a black robe whose face was shadowed by the hood, held her other arm and body, and Mallam carefully pierced the vein of her arm with the needle and filled the syringe with her blood.

“See,” he said to her as he withdrew the needle, “you are mine now!”

The girl began to cry, but he had no pity for her. “Betray me, and I shall kill you – wherever you are.” He showed her the blood-filled syringe for effect. “Take her,” he said to Monica, “and prepare her.”

The Temple was in a large cellar of a house, and Mallam walked around it, ensuring that everything was prepared. The black candles on the stone altar had been lit, the incense was burning, the lights and camera ready. A black inverted pentagram was painted on the red wall behind the altar.

He did not have long to wait. The now naked girl was carried by some of the black robed worshippers and laid upon the altar. Stupefied by drugs, she was smiling and seemed oblivious to the people around her as, behind the bright enclosing circle of camera lights, drumbeats began.

Mallam raised his hands dramatically to signal the beginning of the ritual, his facemask in place.

“Asmodeus! Set! Jaal! Satan! Hear us!” he shouted.

“Hear us!” his followers responded.

“We gather here to offer you the first blood of this girl!”

“Hear us!”

“Hear us, you Lords of the Earth and of the Darkness. This day a new sister shall join us in our worship!” He gestured toward the girl and one after the other, the worshippers kissed her.

“Now we shall dance to your glory!”

The worshippers removed their robes to dance around the altar laughing; screeching and shouting the names of their gods while the drums beat louder and louder. Only Mallam and another man did not join the dance, and Maurice Rhiston let himself be led toward the girl. He did not notice the camera lurking in the darkness and operated by a black robed figure, as he hardly noticed Mallam remove his robe. The girl seemed to be smiling at him as he walked naked toward her. Mallam had offered him the privilege and he could not refuse.

For Rhiston, the orgy that followed did not last long. Mallam, still robed and masked ushered him upstairs into a house where they both dressed before sitting in the comfortable Sitting Room.

“You have done well,” Mallam said. “There are two matters, though, that need your attention.”

“I am only too pleased to help,” an obsequious Maurice said.

“All of this,” Mallam smiled, “is not cheap.”

“I understand.”

“The other little matter is a short trip – to London. I have some contacts there, there will be a film to deliver.”

“As you wish. May I ask you something?”

“Yes.”

“With all these people involved – there is a risk, surely?”

Mallam’s laugh made Maurice even more nervous. “I have the power of my magick to bind them!”

“Yes – but...”

“So you do not believe? I shall show you, as I have shown them!” and his eyes glowed with his intensity of feeling. “Fear! Fear – that is what keeps them silent. Fear of me.” Quick, like lightning, his mood changed. “You like girls – I give you girls. So why should you worry?”

“I’m not worried, really,” Maurice lied. Then, to ingratiate himself, he said, “there is someone I know who might interest you.”

“Who?”

“Shall I say a certain young girl who lives near me.”

“For something like tonight?” And Mallam smiled again.

“Possibly, yes.”

“For yourself, I presume.”

“If you wish it so.”

“I might – because I am beginning to like you. Of course, it would be expensive. All the arrangements, and so on.

“I understand.”

“If you can bring her – I shall take care of the rest. I’ll need details.”

Before Maurice could answer, Monica entered the room. Beneath the black velvet cloak Maurice could see she was naked.

“What do you want?”

“Sorry to interrupt, but there is someone to see you.”

“They can wait.”

“He insists.”

“So what? I’ve better things to do.”

“He mentioned Lianna’s name,” whispered Monica.

Mallam’s face twitched. He indicated Maurice. “Look after him, then.”

A tall man with the face of an undertaker stood in the hallway, holding his hat in his hand. He was dressed well, except the cut of his suit was forty years out of fashion.

“You do not know me,” he said directly. “But we have a common enemy.”

“Is that so?”

“I have information you might find useful.”

“Oh yes?” Mallam pretended indifference.

“I don’t ask much.”

“What makes you think I’m interested?”

“If you are not, there are others.” He turned to leave.

“So what is this information?”

“A place I found out about. She knows about it – but no one else. Special it is, see. For the likes of you – and her.”

“So?”

“There are rich pickings, in that place.”

Mallam was suspicious. “Then why come to me?”

“I need your help. The place, see, where to find it exactly is written about in a sort of code – a secret writing. I know nothing of such matters.” He took a step toward Mallam. “Ever wonder where she gets her money? I’ll tell you. A hoard, from this place.”

Mallam had often wondered. Once, when he had been her pupil for only a few months, he had asked and she laughing had said, “It is a long story. Involving the Templars. I may tell it some day.” He had been infatuated with her even then and could remember most of their conversations. But the months of his learning with her were short, for he lusted after success, wealth, power and results while she urged him toward the difficult – and for him inaccessible – path of self-discovery. So he had drifted away from her teachings, seeking his own path.

“What about this place?” he asked, his curiosity aroused.

“An old preceptory it is – of the Knights Templars. South of here, exactly where is a secret only known to her. But I stole her precious manuscript!”

Mallam controlled his excitement. “How are you involved with her?”

“I’ve seen you – many a time. Coming to the house. The gardens – for years I tended them, made them bloom. These hands, see, they worked for her and her father before her. I paid no heed to their doings. Paid to be quiet, see. But then, after all these years a weeks’ notice is all I got. No thanks. Nothing. No reason given. Turned out of my home, as well. Nothing to show for forty years!”

“A manuscript, you say?”

“Yes, sir. For a price!”

“I would need more proof than your story.”

“Would I cheat you? You pay – a small sum, see – I give you the thing to you. You find something – you give me some more money. You find nothing – you come and find me, have your money back. Is this fair – or is this not fair?” The man held his hands out, palms upward, in a gesture of hopelessness.

It did not take Mallam long to decide. “You have the document with you?”

“You have money to give me now?”

Mallam smiled. “How much?”

“A few hundred pounds, that is all I ask.”

”Wait here.”

Mallam was not away long. He counted the money into the man’s hand. The manuscript the man took from the inside pocket of his jacket consisted of several small pieces of parchment rolled together and tied with a cord.

“I call upon you again,” the man said, “in two weeks.”

Mallam did not answer. He had already untied the cord and unrolled the parchments by the time that man closed the door. Each sheet consisted of several lines of writing in a secret magickal script and, with increasing excitement, he walked slowly toward the stairs and his

own room. The small desk was cluttered with letters, books, bizarre artifacts and empty wine glasses, and he pushed them all aside.

For hours he studied the script, making notes on pieces of paper or consulting some book. Once, Monica entered. At first he did not notice her as she tidied the heap of clothes from the dishevelled bed. But she came to caress his neck with her hand and he pushed her away, shouting, "Leave me alone!"

It was nearing dawn when his efforts of the night were rewarded and with a shaking hand he wrote his transliteration out. The parchments told of how Stephan of Stanhurst, preceptor, had in 1311 and prior to his arrest in Salisbury, taken the great treasure stored in the preceptory at Lydley - property of Roger de Alledone, Knight Templar – to a place of safe keeping. It told how the preceptory was founded in 1160 and how, centuries later, the lands granted with it became the subject of dispute and passed gradually into other grasping hands; for Stephen after his arrest was confined within a Priory and refused to reveal where he had hidden the treasure. But, most importantly to Mallam, it told where the treasure had been stored when the foresightful Roger de Alledone realized the Order was about to be suppressed by Pope Clement V and all its properties and treasures seized.

The name of the building housing the treasure meant nothing to Mallam, but he did recognize the name of the village containing it. As soon as he could, he would buy a large scale map of the village of Stredbow, and begin his search.

VI

The bright light of the rising sun awoke Thorold, and for several minutes he lay still, remembering where he was and the events of the previous evening and night.

He had not slept well. He had watched the film Lianna had shown him in silence and was almost glad when at its end she had shown him one of the many guest bedrooms, kissed him briefly saying, "I'm sorry, but I always sleep by myself. I shall call you for breakfast."

The film disturbed him not only because of its content but because Lianna, before, during and after it, had made no comment to him about it. For years, Thorold had lived like a recluse – dimly aware of some of the terrible realities of life but content to follow his own inner path. He prided himself on his calm outlook and his intuitive understanding of people, accepting events with an almost child-like innocence. The film had shown what he assumed to be some kind of Black Magick ritual during which a young girl, obviously drugged and

probably only around fourteen years of age, was placed on an altar and forced into several acts of sexual intercourse with men, all of whom had worn face masks to protect their identity. But, coming so soon after his passion with Lianna, the film destroyed his calm. By the time the film ended, his own passion – and the beauty he had felt in his relationship with Lianna – was only a vague remembered dream.

He had felt anger – a desire for the girl somehow to be rescued. But this did not happen. Lianna's face had shown no emotion and he became perplexed because he could not equate the woman with whom he had made love with the woman who, by having such a film, must be somehow connected with the events depicted. And Lianna had left him alone with his feelings.

The sun rose into a clear blue sky and he watched it until it became too bright for his eyes. He dressed quickly, and left to find Lianna. It did not take him long, for he could hear her singing.

She was in the bathroom and he, politely, knocked on the door.

“Do come in!” she said.

She was bathing in the large bath and indicated the chair beside it.

“Did you sleep well?” she asked and smiled.

Her breasts were visible above the foamy water and Thorold blushed and averted his eyes.
“No, not really.”

“Do you want to join me?” she said mischievously.

“I'd rather talk, actually.”

“About the film, I presume.”

“Yes.”

“Your verdict? I presume you have come to some conclusions.”

She smiled at him and Thorold closed his eyes to her beauty. When he opened them again, she was still smiling.

“Are you – “ he began, hesitant.

“Am I involved, you mean?”

“Yes.”

“What do you feel – sense about me?”

“You really want to know?”

“Of course.”

Thorold sighed. “This is all very strange to me. It’s like a dream. I cannot believe I’m sitting here, in the bathroom of a beautiful woman who last night shared with me something beautiful and who then shows me a”

“A perverted film?”

“Basically, yes.”

“But you have not answered my question,” she said, softly.

He shook his head. “I sense you could not be involved in something like that.”

“And?”

“Which leaves the question – why show me the film?”

“To which your answer is?”

“I don’t have an answer. Except –“

“Except what?”

“It has something to do with the subjects we discussed – correction, which you talked about - last night.”

“Nothing else?”

“Actually, it occurred to me that you might be testing me.”

“And if I was, why would that be?”

“I can only guess.

“Guess, then.”

Thorold turned away. “Our relationship.”

“Would you like to join me now?”

Without hesitation, Thorold stripped away his clothes.

“After breakfast” she had said, “you might like to browse in the library.”

He was surprised to find that the manuscripts he had brought were no longer on the desk but this discovery did not detain him from beginning to inspect the contents of the library. For an hour or more he wandered around the shelves and bookcases reading the titles and

occasionally removing a book. He found a section devoted to classical Greek literature and, among the volumes, several editions of 'Prometheus Bound'. This startled him, as Lianna did when he came up quietly behind him.

"So," she said, observing the copy of Aeschylus he held in his hand, "another secret discovered."

He replaced the book, tried to appear unconcerned, and failed. "You are an intriguing woman."

She laughed. "In both senses of the word!"

"I didn't mean it that way."

"Nevertheless, it is true."

"So I was right after all. Our meeting was obviously not by chance."

"Is anything?"

Thorold ignored the remark. His feelings became confused again. And his pride was hurt. "So, how can I help?" he asked, almost angry.

"Help is not exactly the right word."

"Is that so?"

She answered softly and slowly. "I would say 'partnership' is the word that captures the essence."

He could see her, outwardly unperturbed, watch him as she waited for his reply and as he did so he became aware of his own feeling for her. He wanted her to elaborate, but dared not ask directly in case he had misunderstood her usage of the word. He was still trying to think of something reasonable to say when she spoke.

“You are,” she said, “unusual for a man in being so sensitive.”

Thorold was unsure whether he was pleased or insulted, and said nothing.

“That is,” she continued, “one of the qualities that attracted me to you. I have watched you for some time.”

“Say again?”

“I met you once before – although you will probably not remember. You were walking, one morning very early, along by the river. I was there, too. You passed me, and smiled. You revealed yourself through your eyes.”

Thorold tried, but could not remember the incident. He began to tremble, thinking in his innocence that she spoke of love. But her speaking dismayed him.

“I shall be honest with you, now – and cease to play games.” She sat on the edge of the desk, but Thorold remained silent and still. “You see around you what I possess, and you have, I believe, some intimation of some of my interests and activities. I am approaching that time in my life when certain changes are inevitable. Before that time, there is one role I would like to fulfill. But more than that I wanted companionship. Of course, I could have, with you, carried on as I began. But I wanted you to know, to understand. Because of who I am and because of – shall I say? – my interest, there was really no other way.

“Also, you have other qualities, besides sensitivity – or perhaps I should say, besides your empathy. At this moment in time, you yourself are probably unaware of them. But they are important to me – to my interests.”

“In all this,” Thorold said, “haven’t you forgotten something?”

For a few seconds Lianna looked wistful. “I don’t think so.”

“Spontaneity? Love?”

“That’s two things,” she smiled.

For an instant, Thorold thought of abruptly leaving, slamming the door as a gesture of his intent. He did make a move in that direction, but he was already smiling in response to her remark.

“What am I letting myself in for?” he said humorously as he turned toward her again.

“Paternity?”

“And I thought romance was dead!”

“You will stay tonight, then?”

“I might consider it – if I have any energy left.”

“I shall make sure you have! But now, there is someone I would like you to meet.”

“No more games – or tests?”

“Naturally not. It is only a short drive. You may drive me, if you wish.”

Thorold bowed in deference. “Of course, ma’am. There be, like” he said in a demotic voice, “one little problem, your Ladyship. I canna’ drive.”

She started to play her allotted role, then thought better of it and said, seriously, “Really? I didn’t know.”

Thorold made an imaginary mark on an imaginary board with his finger. “One up for me, then!”

She did not quite know how to react to his playfulness. “Do you wish to learn?” she asked.

“What?”

“To drive, of course.”

“Not really. I’m quite content walking. Why should I want to leave Shropshire? All I need is here – within walking distance usually.”

“But your business, surely,” she said.

“A few trips a year – by train. The fewer, the better.”

Nearby, a pendulum clock struck the hour. “Come,” she urged, “or we shall be late.”

“May I ask to where?”

“Oh a small village, not far”

“Why the rush?”

“Because it is seven o’clock already, and we have to arrive before someone else.”

“I suppose all will be revealed?”

She smiled. “Possibly.”

Thorold followed her out of the library. He was curious, perplexed and pleased. Her dress was thin, and suited to the warm weather and he had noticed, while she talked, how her nipples stood out. He could not help his feelings, and as he watched her collect her keys from a table in the hall, turn and briefly smile at him, he realized he was in love.

Compared to that feeling, the reason for the journey was not important to him. Outside, he could hear cats fighting.

VII

Lianna was right. Their journey was not long even though she took the longer route. She drove along the narrow, twisty lanes southeast of Shrewsbury town to pass the *Tree with the House in It*, the wood containing *Black Dick's Lake*, to take the steep lane up toward Causeway Wood.

"This lane," she said, breaking their silence, "used to be called the Devil's Highway. Just there –" and she indicated an overgrown hedge, "was a well called Frog Well where three frogs lived. The largest was, of course, called Satan and the other two were imps of his."

The lane rose, to twist, then fall to turn and rise again, always bound by high hedge and always narrow. A few farms lay scattered among the valleys and the hills on either side, a few cottages beside it and Thorold caught glimpses of nearby Lawley Hill and wooded banks and ridges that he did not know.

The village she drove through was quiet, its houses, cottages and church mostly built from the same gray stone, and Thorold was surprised when she stopped beside an old timbered cottage whose curtainless small windows were covered in grime.

"Wait here, will you?" she asked.

Thorold watched her enter the door of the cottage without knocking. For over ten minutes he waited. But the heat of the sun made the car stuffy and uncomfortable, and he got out to walk toward the cottage gate. As he did so a man appeared, quite suddenly from the small rutted driveway across the road. He was old, dressed in worn working clothes and wore a battered hat.

"You not been here before, then?" he asked Thorold.

A surprised Thorold stopped, and turned. "Er, no I haven't."

"You come for The Giving, then?"

Before he could reply, Lianna appeared beside him. She smiled at the old man, nodded and held Thorold's hand. Thorold saw the man's look of surprise, and the old man raised his hat, slightly, bowed just a little toward Lianna and shuffled away, back along the tree-shadowed driveway.

"Come on," she said to Thorold, "I shall show you round."

She still held his hand as they walked along the lane toward the mound and the church. Her gesture pleased him, but she did not speak and he let himself be led sun-wise around the mound, up through the wooden gate and through under the shade of the trees. She lingered, briefly, by the largest oak to take him down and back toward her car. A young woman in a rather old-fashioned dress stood near it.

"I shall not be long," Lianna said, and left him, to walk the fifty yards.

He could not hear what was said between the two women, but several times the young stranger turned to look at him. Then, she seemed to curtsy slightly to Lianna before walking away, but the movement was so quick Thorold believed he had been mistaken.

Lianna beckoned to him and he, obedient, went toward her.

"There is something else I would like to show you." She opened the passenger door of her car for him.

"What did you think?" she asked as they drove away from the village.

"Of what?"

"The village, of course."

"Alright. Seemed a very quiet place. They seemed to know you."

She avoided the subject by saying, "Do you ever see your wife?"

"Occasionally. Why do you ask?"

“You never divorced.”

Her words confirmed Thorold’s earlier suspicions. “So, you’ve been checking up on me?”

“Of course! You are still friends, then?”

“Yes. Where exactly are we going?”

“Just a place I know. Very efficacious – for certain things. A stone circle, in fact.”

The lane gave way to a wide road that took them down and turning into the Stretton valley, through the township and up the steep Burway track to the heather-covered, sheep-strewn Mynd. The turning she took, brought them down over Wild Moor to a stream filled valley of scattered farmsteads, up over moor, past the jagged rocks of the Stiperstones, past woods and abandoned mine-workings and high hills, to a narrow rutted track.

“Just a short walk,” she said, and briefly touched his face with her fingers.

The moorland was exposed and covered in places by fern, almost encircled by distant undulating hills. Thorold had walked the path before, in a storm, to the clearing which contained a flattened circle of stones, some tall, some broken and some fallen. He had not stayed long then, for his walk of that day was long and the weather bad. Now, a breeze cooled him as he walked beside Lianna, and she held his hand as they entered the circle to stand at its centre.

“Looks like someone has lit a fire recently,” Thorold said, indicating the burned ground under their feet.

In answer, Lianna kissed him and guided his body to the Earth. She did not need to encourage him further. His passion was strong but her need and frenzy were stronger and his body soon arched upon hers in orgasmic ecstasy to leave him relaxed and sleep-inclined.

“I must go now,” she suddenly said before rising and smoothing down her dress. “Meet me

on June the twenty-first outside the church in the village. At dawn. And do not worry about what you saw in the film. I will solve that particular problem – in my own way.” She bent down to touch his forehead with her hand. “Sleep now, and remember me.”

No sooner had she touched him than he was asleep, and she pulled up his trousers and re-fastened his belt before walking back along the track to her car.

Almost an hour later, Thorold awoke. She was not waiting for him by her car as he hoped and he walked slowly under the hot sun along the road and away from the stone circle. He walked for miles without stopping and when he did stop his memory of her was like a dream. A few cars and other vehicles passed him as he continued walking along the road past the wooded sides of Shelve Hill and down toward Hope Valley, but he did not try to stop them to ask for their assistance. There was a shop in the village at the valley’s bottom but he passed it by, unwilling to break the rhythm of his walking. He wondered about the lateness of the hour, about customers waiting for his shop to open, about Lianna and her strange interests.

There was little breeze to dry the sweat, which covered him as he walked, and he would stop, occasionally, to wipe the forehead with his hand. He did not mind the sweat, the heat or even his walking, and the nearer he came to Shrewsbury town, following the road down from the hills to the well-farmed plain around the town, the more he became convinced of the folly of his love. He began to convince himself that he did not care about Lianna – that she was only a brief liaison to be well and happily remembered in the twilight years of his life. But he nevertheless took the town roads that led toward her house.

He stood outside her gate for a long time, aware of his thirst for water and his sweat-filled clothes. For almost five hours he had walked toward his goal, and he stood before it exhausted and dizzy but still determined.

No one came to answer his loud rapping on the door of the house, and he wandered round, peering in the windows. Around the back, a young woman was kneeling as she tended a bed of bright flowers, and she smiled at Thorold before rising and saying, “Hello! Can I help you?”

Her face and bare arms were sunburned, and as she came closer, Thorold could see her hands were roughened and hard.

“I came to see Lianna.”

“Ah! You must be Thorold. She told me to expect you.”

“Is she in?”

“Afraid not.”

“Do you know when she will be back?”

“Three to four weeks.”

“Are you sure?”

“Quite.”

“Do you know where she has gone?”

“Amsterdam, she said.”

In the middle of the large expanse of well-tended lawn, a sprinkler showered water, and Thorold went toward it to stand in the spray. The coolness refreshed him, and he washed his face and neck several times with his hands before cupping his palms together to try to catch sufficient water to drink. He was not very successful.

The young woman with the sad face watched him, bemused.

“Would you like a drink?” she finally asked.

“If you don’t mind.” He left the spray to stand in the sun.

He followed her to a small outbuilding shaded by the branches of a walnut tree. Inside, and neatly arranged, was a large selection of gardening tools, two small tables and some chairs. A small sink and tap adorned one wall.

“Tea?” she asked, and seeing his surprise, added, “I was about to make one for myself.”

“You work here, then?”

“Sometimes.”

She smiled, and her smile reminded Thorold of Lianna and the reason why he had come. He thought, briefly, of rushing away to an airport to find her, but this romantic impulse did not last. He felt physically exhausted from his walk and emotionally confused, a piece in a game Lianna was playing. And his own pride was sometimes quite strong.

“Actually,” the woman said, intruding upon his thoughts, as she filled the kettle with water, “my father is the gardener here. He’s away at the moment.” She handed him a towel.

Thorold did not mind its colour or the stains. “Does she often go away?”

“Quite often, yes.”

“I know this may sound strange,” Thorold said, “but I don’t know her surname.”

“Alledone.” She smiled as she said the name.

Its significance escaped Thorold. “Mine’s Imlach, but you can call me Sarah.” The young woman smiled again, and began to remove her clothes.

VIII

It was if Thorold could still hear her laughter. He had left, as she had stood naked before him. It was not that he was not aroused by the sight of her lithe body; it was that he felt himself again part of a game Lianna was playing.

He had left without speaking, and her laughter seemed to mock him. He did not care for

long. His tiredness, hunger and thirst returned, and he walked almost as if in a trance of his Apartment. He drank, ate and rested, and when darkness came he lay himself wearily down to sleep. His sleep was fitful, disturbed by images of Lianna. Once, she appeared before him smiling and dressed in black. They were in a dark and cold place; full of mists and smells and when she kissed him it was as if she was sucking life from him. He felt dizzy and exhausted, and when she stopped to stand back and laugh, he fell to the ground where rats waited.

Several times during the night he awoke shouting and covered in sweat. Morning found him tired but restless and mentally disturbed. Outside his dwelling, the weather was cloudless and hot, but he himself felt cold, and dressed accordingly.

Dawn had long since passed when he left to walk to his shop and, despite the lateness of the hour; he was surprised to find the town quiet. Only on entering his shop did he remember it was Sunday. Momentarily pleased, he left to walk up the narrow street toward the trees and spaces of Quarry Park. For some time he stood by the wrought iron gates, looking down toward the river, and while he stood, absorbed in his thoughts and feelings about Lianna, church bells tolled, calling the faithful to prayer.

The sound pleased him, as the weather itself did, but he began to shiver from cold. But the strange sensation did not last and he began to slowly walk beside the old town walls toward the reddish-gray stones of the Catholic Cathedral.

Mass had not long ended, and he could still smell burning wax from the altar candles. A faint fragrance of incense remained and, conditioned by his childhood, he performed a genuflexion before seating himself near the altar. Even in the years of his apostasy he had often visited churches of the religion of his youth, finding within them a peace and tranquillity which pleased him and which drew him back. He did not know the reason for this, and although he had thought about it occasionally, he had left the matter alone, content just to accept the feeling, whatever its cause. Once, his wife – tired of such visits and such silent sittings – had challenged him repeatedly on the matter, and he, unwilling to speak, had muttered briefly about the stones and the space within the building as creating a special atmosphere. He had partly believed himself, but a vague suspicion about God remained. All his subsequent visits during the years of his marriage he had made alone.

He sat on the wooden pew gently breathing and still for a long time, free from thoughts and feelings about Lianna and was about to leave, calm and happy, when a Priest walking toward the altar turned toward him and smiled.

The man was young – too young, Thorold thought, to be a Priest. His face was gentle, his

smile kind and in the moment that measured the meeting of their eyes Thorold felt a holy aura about the man. It was a strange sensation – a mixture of joy and sadness – and possessed for Thorold a uniqueness, bringing back memories from the years of his youth: the sound of the communion bell, the reverence as the head was bowed, the host shown; the smell of incense... Then the Priest genuflected, and walked through the sacristy door.

Thorold followed, consumed by a desire to speak to the Priest. But the sacristy was empty and, beyond in the narrow corridor, a balding bespectacled man in a cassock mumbled words from a Breviary he held in his hand.

“Yes. Can I help you?” he asked as he saw Thorold.

“Yes – I’m looking for the young Priest who just came this way.”

The old man squinted, closed his Breviary, and said, “Young man, you say? No one else is here but me.”

“But – “ Thorold looked up and down the corridor, back toward the sacristy, and as he did so he realized he had seen a ghost.

“Father –“ Thorold began.

“Yes?”

“Can I talk to you for a moment?”

The old Priest started to look at his wristwatch, thought better of it, and said, “Yes, of course. Shall we go into the garden?”

He led Thorold down the corridor, through several doors, rooms and a passage, into a small but neat garden. He indicated a wooden bench.

“Do you believe,” Thorold asked directly, “that Satanism exists today?”

The Priest smiled. “I myself do, of course. But some of our younger brethren have different

ideas.”

“About Satan?”

“Indeed.”

“And such people – would they have any powers?”

“To an extent, yes. I remember reading somewhere – a long time ago...” He thought for a moment, removed his spectacles, cleaned the lenses with a handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose and continued. “Joseph de Tonquedec I believe it was, who said something like *‘the Devil’s interventions in the material realm are always particular and are of two kinds, corresponding to miracle and Providence on the divine side. For just as there are divine miracles, so there are diabolical signs and wonders.’*” He replaced his spectacles, squinted at Thorold, and said, “Why do you ask?”

“Curiosity.”

“Curiosity, of course,” smiled the Priest.

“And these people, when they want to – how shall I say? – draw someone into their circle, how would that person feel?”

“I am no authority on such matters.”

“But surely you have heard things?”

“Heard things? Yes, of course. I have been in Holy Orders a long time.”

“And?”

“I remember one incident – years ago. Many years ago. A young girl was involved. There was a man – whether he actually worshipped the Devil, I do not know, but he was said to. He brought this girl under his influence. Gradually, of course, for that is how I believe they work. She who was happy became joyless – a shell. For he sucked the life from her.

Thinking back now, she was like an addict – needing him.” The Priest kept his silence for a long time.

When he did not speak, Thorold asked, “And what became of her – and him?”

“Oh, she died – wasted away. He left the country. Never heard of him again. My first Parish. Her family of course kept the matter quiet. That’s how they work: slowly, offering to their victims what that victim most desires. For some, it is money, others power – for others perhaps love and affection. When they have that person under their control - they have one more soul for the Devil. He rewards them, of course, for bringing such a prize.” He looked at his wristwatch. “Just curiosity, you say?” When Thorold did not reply, he added, “I have a friend, a monk, who knows more about such matters.”

“No. No, thank you, Father. I must be going now.”

He stood up.

“As you wish,” the Priest said and smiled.

“Thank you, Father.” Thorold turned, and hurried away, back through the church and into the bright sunlight.

He felt cold again, and walked briskly back along the path by the narrow road toward Quarry Park, aware as he did so of a man behind him. The man stopped when he stopped, waited when he waited, and walked when he did, many yards behind. Thorold felt a brief fear. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly for him, he felt anger and turned to walk back to face the man.

The man was tall, his face tanned and lined by decades of weather. He held in his hat in his hand and his heavy unfashionable suit seemed to be unsuited to the hot weather.

“Why are you following me?” Thorold demanded.

“I am Imlach.”

Thorold's surprise lasted only a few seconds. "Well, you can tell Lianna that I'm not playing any more of her games! I never want to see her again!" His anger, frustration and incipient fear moulded his words and he felt himself shaking.

"You will be there," Imlach said, with menace in his voice, "on the twenty-first as she instructed." He touched Thorold's shoulder, placed his hat upon his head and abruptly turned to walk away, down the hill.

Thorold did not watch for long. But he had taken only a few steps back toward his shop when he realized the coldness he had felt was gone.

Around him, he felt he could hear Imlach's daughter laughing.

IX

Carefully, in the dawn light which entered his room, Mallam refolded the parchment before hiding it, safely he thought, behind the mirror on the wall. He felt unusually excited, almost possessed, by a desire to find and steal Lianna's secret horde.

He found Monica asleep downstairs on the sofa, the house quiet and otherwise quite empty. He did not like the silence, and turned the radio on loudly.

"Come on, wake up!" He shook Monica several times.

"What?" she mumbled.

"Get up! I want some breakfast," he demanded.

"What time is it?"

"About four. Come on – I've got to go out soon."

Monica turned over intent on resuming her sleep.

“Get up you lazy bitch!” he shouted.

“Leave me alone,” she mumbled.

“Get up!” he snarled, and shook her again.

“I’m tired.”

“I want some breakfast!”

“Get you own.”

This sign of defiance, meek though it was, enraged Mallam, and he took her by the shoulders to throw her onto the floor.

“Get off me!” she screamed. In the struggle, she kicked him.

“You whore! You bitch!” Mallam shouted and began to beat her body with his fists.

She tried to protect herself with her arms, but to no avail, and Mallam in his fury, ripped off her dress.

“You like this, don’t you?” he smirked as he fumbled with the belt on his trousers.

But Monica was crying, and tried desperately to wriggle free. He slapped her face several times before attempting to kiss her. Suddenly, her flailing hand touched a lamp knocked over in the struggle and before she was aware of what she was doing, she hit his head with it several times. He groaned, then collapsed but she pushed his body from her.

He was only stunned by the blows, and she took advantage of this to grasp her dress and flee from the room and house. Her dress was torn, but she did not care, and she put it on before running away.

It did not take him long to recover. He changed his clothes, collected a large portion of the money he had hidden in the house, and left to find her. He toured the streets around the house in his car, then, finding nothing, drove to her Flat. The streets around the Abbey were deserted and he parked in the shadow of the large old Benedictine building to wait and watch the row of terraced houses across the road. A few cars passed while he waited, and he was soon bored.

He thought the church was mocking him, and he spat in its direction before crossing the road to unlock the front door with his key. Her Flat was on the ground floor, and faced the Abbey, a fact that he had detested on his infrequent visits. Quietly, he opened her door and it did not take him long to wreck her few possessions, and he sat at the table by the window to wait for her. Her clothes he had torn and scattered on the floor, and with a knife from her small kitchen he had slashed her bedding, her pictures and anything else he could find. Her Teddy bear he had disembowelled and set upon the table before him.

The longer he waited, the more frustrated he became until, after hours of waiting, he smashed the table, the chairs and overturned her bed. Then, hearing movement in the Flat above, he crept out into the bright sun of morning.

He drove fast and almost recklessly away from the town toward the village of Stredbow, remembering his greed and his hatred of Lianna. He left his car near the mound of the church and wandered around the quiet village trying to locate the house and, when he did, he was not impressed, as a tourist might have been by the black and white half-timbered, if somewhat restored, house. The front garden of the residence was separated from the narrow lane by a low wall of large stones, and, set back in a corner of the grounds and almost obscured by a tree, Mallam saw a small stone building. The stones were worn by the weather of centuries, and he was considering how best to sneak toward when he knew to be his goal – whether then or later that night – when a young woman in an old fashioned dress came out of the house toward him.

Her face was round and her cheeks red and she had gathered her hair in a band behind her neck.

“It’s a fair old morning, isn’t it?” she asked and smiled.

Immediately, Mallam thought her stupid and dull. “Yes!” he agreed, trying to ingratiate himself.

“You passing through, then?” She stood by the low wooden gate, resting her hands on its top.

“Yes. Yes I am.”

“Come far, have you?”

“No, not really.”

“Be a hot day, again.”

“Yes. I don’t suppose,” he asked and smiled at her, “there is anywhere I could get a cup of tea. Only I’ve been driving all night.”

“Can’t say as I can think of anywhere. Lest ways, not round here.”

“Oh.” He tried to sound disappointed.

“You must be hot – in all them black clothes.”

“Yes – I am a bit.”

“Well – “ she began before looking him over, letting her eyes linger for a while on his crotch, “I suppose I could see my way to letting you have some water. You want to come into my kitchen? It’s cool in there – and what with you being so hot.”

“Yes, that would be fine.” He concealed his glee.

“Follow me, then.”

He did, his mind already full of scheming.

“Sit yourself down.”

The kitchen was large, cool and full of old furnishings. Bunches of drying herbs hung from the walls, and rows of cork-stoppered glass jars adorned nearly all the other spaces. Most seemed to contain herbs or spices but a few appeared to Mallam to contain parts of animals or insects. He could not be sure for the strong odours made him feel dizzy.

“Sit you down.”

She brought him an earthenware mug full of water, which she placed on the old table beside him.

“Good water, that is. From the well. None of your piped stuff.”

Mallam drank, and began to feel better. “You have a well, then?” he asked.

“Been here for centuries, that well.”

“That old building in your garden – that’s not it, is it?”

“That? No – that belongs to her!” She almost spat the last word out.

“Who?”

“She herself who owns this house – and most of the village. You mark my words, one day that family will pay for what its done!”

“So that old building is not yours, then?”

“Keeps it locked, she does. Once or twice a year she comes to it. Nobody I know has seen inside.”

“You don’t like her then?”

“No one here does, I tell you. For as long as anyone can remember her family have owned all the land here - and the houses what’s in them.”

The woman looked around while she spoke, and Mallam guessed she was afraid.

“She herself does not live here, in the village?”

“Why no! Got a big house in Shrewsbury town, she has. And others elsewhere – abroad, as well. You feeling better now, then?”

“Yes, thanks.”

“You’d best be going.”

Mallam sensed the sudden change in her mood, as if her resentment had overcome all her other feelings. Mallam had no doubt that the woman had referred to Lianna, and he began to form a plan of action in his mind.

“The water is good, as you said. Can I take some with me?”

“If you like. I got an empty bottle somewhere.”

“Your husband out, then?”

She filled the bottle from an urn by the sink before answering. “In the fields, yes. Since dawn.”

“You must get lonely.”

“There, take that with you.” She handed him the bottle. Its shape and rubber stopper gave away its age.

Mallam stood up to face her. “I’ll bring the bottle back, if you wish.”

“If you like.”

“I often pass this way. Well, nearby.”

They stood watching each other. Mallam felt she was waiting for him to make the first gesture of their intent, and he was about to raise his hand to touch her face when she turned away.

“Folk around here talk,” she said. “You’d best be away.”

She walked him to the door, where he said, “What would be the best time for me to call for more water?”

“Sunday, after dark. Wait by there.” She indicated the stone building.

“Until then.” He did not look back as he walked along the path, through the gate and back up along the lane toward his car, elated by his success and his plan. She would, he thought, be easy to control. He had seen the desire plain on her face, sensed her frustration. He had it all worked out in his mind – a homely woman, young and burdened with a desire her hard-working husband could not or would not fulfill. He would play his role, and gain access to the building, which he was certain would contain the treasure of the Templars.

Happy and contented, he drove away from the village. He would forget about Monica – she was just another whore, and there were plenty more, as there were plenty more girls ready to be enticed into his group. Maurice Rhiston, he felt sure, would not fail him.

X

Thorold spent the hours of the morning walking slowly or sitting by the river as it wound its way through the town, and when he did return to his Apartment he was tired and thirsty and still thinking about Lianna. For once, the hot sun in a clear deep blue sky did not bring forth a mood of peace and contentment, and he trudged wearily up the short overgrown path that led from the river to the road of his dwelling.

A woman was sitting on his doorstep, and he sighed, thinking of Lianna and the games she played with people. The woman was a pitiful sight to him – her face was swollen, she was barefoot and her dark dress was torn. She saw him approaching, and rose.

“Hello!” he said like a simpleton.

Monica smiled at him.

“Can I help you?” he asked. She nodded, but said nothing and Thorold could see the fear in her eyes. “You’d better come in,” he said.

Across the street he could see a net-curtain twitching in the bottom Apartment. His dwelling was stuffy and hot, and he opened all the windows. By the time he had finished the woman had curled up and fallen asleep on the sofa. He covered her with a blanket. She was young; her oval face enchanting despite the swelling, and Thorold searched his own wardrobes for suitable clothes for her, which might fit.

For hours she slept, and when she did awake, he sat by her on the floor.

“Would you like some tea?” he asked.

“You haven’t got anything stronger, have you?”

“Sorry, no. But I do have a good selection of teas. Any preference?”

“Not really.” Her smile was forced.

“Are you hungry?”

“A little, yes.”

“Some toast, then?”

“That would be nice. You’re very kind.”

Embarrassed, Thorold stood up. "Mind if I ask," he said as he busied himself in his kitchen, "what you were doing on my doorstep."

"Waiting for you of course!"

"I suppose that is logical. There are some clothes there, if you want to try them."

"Thanks, I will. You have a bathroom, I presume."

"Down the hall, second door."

She returned wearing a shirt several sizes too large and a pair of jeans that almost fitted. He presented her with a tray containing teapot, jug of milk, cup and saucer and a plate of buttered toast.

"I was right about you," she said softly, taking the tray.

"Since we have not met, Thorold said, "may I introduce myself?"

"Thorold West," she replied.

"Ah! My fame precedes me! And you are?"

"Monica."

"Well, Monica, I suppose that a certain lady sent you?"

"Sorry?"

"Lianna. Or perhaps I should say Alledone."

“No.”

“But you do know her?”

“Not exactly. Perhaps I should explain.”

“It might help – after you’ve finished your tea, of course.”

He sat beside her, and waited, occasionally smiling when she stole a look at his face.

“The person who did this –“ she gestured toward her face, “was watching you because you were involved with that woman. He was an ex-pupil of hers but they disagreed about his activities.”

Thorold guessed her meaning. “Young girls?”

“You know, then?”

“Just a guess. What’s his name?”

“Mallam. Edgar Mallam.”

“And he did that to you?”

“Yes.”

Thorold’s objectivity began to disappear. The film he had seen, the physically abused woman who sat beside him, his own fading but still present and mixed feelings about Lianna, all combined to undermine his calm resigned acceptance of the world and its darker deeds.

“He sent me to follow you – once,” she said.

“I must be more observant in the future!” When she did not return his smile, he said, “tell me about yourself – only if you want though.”

“And if I do – will you still help me?”

“It is my help you want, then?”

“Yes. I want out. I’m finished with them.”

Slowly at first, then with increasing confidence as she saw he was not repulsed or disapproving, she explained about her life. The parties at University, the half-serious searching for new experiences which led her and some friends into a kind of ‘Black Magick’ sect and a meeting with Mallam. It had been, for her, a game at first – a revolt against her upbringing, her parents and what she saw as society. She had enjoyed herself – and was gradually drawn deeper and deeper into the activities of this sect.

“I knew what was going on,” she concluded. “At first, I did not care. Then he – Mallam – chose me as his Priestess. I was flattered. I had power over others and for a long time I thought I was in love with him. But I began to feel disturbed at some things he and the others were doing. Then this – it sobered me up!” She laughed, a little, at herself. “I should have come to you sooner. I spent yesterday and last night hiding in the town.”

“How do you know you can trust me?”

She sighed. “I have to start somewhere – trusting someone. Anyway – you’ve got a kind face!”

“Have you thought of going to the Police?”

“Yes – but what could they do? They need evidence.”

“You could give them plenty.”

“Not really. Now I’m gone he’ll change all of his arrangements – even the places they use.”

“Any you still fear him?”

“Yes,” she said quietly.

“Do you live in Shrewsbury?”

“Yes. Why?”

“I thought – “

“I couldn’t go back there!” He’s probably got someone watching the place.”

“What do you intend to do?”

“I know it’s asking a lot, but could I stay here - at least for a few days?”

Thorold liked living by himself, but his compassion for the woman overcame his objections.

“Well, actually, I suppose so – for a few days.’

“You are kind!” And she kissed him.

Embarrassed again, Thorold stood up. “We could go to your place and collect some clothes for you. Those are not exactly a good fit.”

“He might be waiting,” she said softly.

“Is that so? I’ll telephone for a taxi, then.”

The wait and the journey were not long, and he stood beside her while she rang the doorbell of the Flat above.

“Hi!” she said in greeting to the dishevelled man who opened the door. “Forgot my front

door key again! Sorry!”

The man yawned, scratched his face and sauntered back up the stairs.

“Can you?” Monica asked Thorold, pointing at the door to her Flat.

“Are you sure?”

“I won’t be coming back here again.”

Thorold tested the door, stepped back, and kicked it hard, bursting the lock open. Monica said nothing about the devastation Mallam had caused, but stood by the window, cuddling her torn Teddy bear and crying while Thorold began to sort through the devastation to find undamaged clothes and belongings. He found a suitcase for his collection, took Monica’s hand and led her, still crying and clutching her bear, out to where the taxi waited. He saw no one watching them, or following the taxi, and relaxed, wanting to hold her hand as a gesture but unwilling to commit himself in case his gesture was misunderstood.

Books adorned the floor and bed of his spare room, and on his return he removed them.

“Come on,” he said as she sat still on his sofa holding the bear. “I shall show you your room, and then we can begin.”

She looked at him nervously, so he added, “finding evidence to use against him.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I presume you want to.”

“What?” she asked defensively.

“Find evidence?”

“I suppose so. I hadn’t really thought about it. I just wanted to get away. I have no friends

here – he saw to that.”

“Can you drive?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

“But I don’t have a license. Can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“Are you involved – in her activities?”

“The mysterious Lianna Alledone herself you mean?”

“No. She bought some books and manuscripts form me. That’s all.”

“Really?” Her expression was of surprise and belief in what he had said.

He did not want to lie to her. “Well, there was something else, but that is over now.”

She smiled, and held up her bear. “Let me introduce you. Reginald, say hello to Thorold.” She waved his paw.

“Hello, Reginald!” a bemused Thorold said.

“Regi to his friends.”

“Hello Regi!”

“Do you have a needle and some thread?”

“Somewhere. Going to do a bit of minor surgery, then?”

She patted Regi’s head. “It’s alright, Regi, it won’t hurt. Honest.”

Thorold sighed. “I hope I’m not going to regret this.”

“What – lending me a needle and thread?”

It was not what he meant, and she knew it, as he instantly understood her playfulness. He felt comfortable with her and re-assured – for in the first moments of their meeting he had liked her. Unwilling to think about his feelings further, he said, “You know where he lives?”

“Yes.”

“Then I suggest we eat, provide ourselves with some transport and begin our quest.”

She saluted in good-humoured mockery. “Just one thing, General.”

“Yes?”

“Can I have a bath first, please?”

“You don’t have to ask.”

A speeding car braked suddenly in the road outside and he saw Monica wince and hold her bear tightly. It was only a car avoiding a strolling cat, and as he returned from looking out the window, her fear made him resolve to seek out and destroy Mallam: her tormentor and the molester of children. His resolution made him forget both his dreams about, and his memories of, Lianna.

XI

Several times, while Monica lay in his bath singing to herself, Thorold resisted the temptation to wander into the bathroom on some pretext or other. Instead, he busied himself by telephoning one of his few friends.

He spoke quietly, not wishing to be overheard, and ended the conversation abruptly when Monica entered the room, dressed in some of her rescued clothes.

“I shall see you shortly, then,” he said and replaced the telephone receiver.

“A friend?” Monica asked.

“Just arranging some transport. Are you ready?”

“What for?”

“I thought we would eat out.”

“That would be nice.” She went toward him to kiss him to thank him for his kindness, and then decided against it, thinking he might misinterpret her gesture.

The evening was humid; the sun hazy and there was no breeze to cool them as they walked the streets that took them to the centre of the town. The restaurant Thorold chose was small, its food plain but wholesome and its windows overlooked the river – a fact which appealed to him. The waiter recognized him, and pretended not to see Monica’s swollen face.

“Good evening, Mr. West. A table by the window?”

Thorold nodded, embarrassed, believing Monica would think he had chosen the restaurant to impress her.

They ate in silence for a long time until Thorold said, “what do you know about Mallam’s

connection with Lianna?

“Not much. He approached her about a year ago - wanted to learn about her tradition.”

“Which is what?”

“What she called the seven-fold sinister way – or something similar.”

“Satanism?”

“Not in the conventional sense. Our friend Mallam,” and she smiled, “takes that route. He showed me a book she had given him.”

“Oh, yes?”

“*The Black Book of Satan* I believe it was called. She believes that each individual can achieve greatness: but that must come through self-insight. There are certain rituals – ceremonies – to bring this.”

“And Mallam?”

“He wants power and pleasure – for himself.”

“And is prepared to do anything to achieve it.”

“Yes.”

“But she – Lianna – still uses people.”

“Yes. I think she was using Edgar. But why and for what purpose, I don’t know. In her book I remember reading about members of the sect being given various tests and led into diverse experiences. These were supposed to develop their personality.”

“Doesn’t sound like Satanism to me.”

“Well, some of the experiences involved confronting the dark or shadow aspect: that hidden self which lies in us all. Liberating it through experiences. Then rising above it.”

“And Mallam and his cronies? They wallow in their dark side – without transcending it?”

“Something like that. Enough of him – tell me about yourself. If you want to, that is.”

“Not much to tell, actually.”

“That’s not what I’ve heard.”

Thorold soon hid his surprise. “Oh, yes?”

“He found out about your past,” she said softly.

“Is that why you came to me?”

“Yes.”

Thorold smiled. “And I thought it was just because of my kind face!”

“So it’s true?”

“That depends. How did he come by such information?”

“Someone involved in the sect was once a Policeman – through his contacts.”

Thorold sighed. He had guessed that Lianna had discovered at least something about his past, but this new revelation dismayed him, although not for long.

“Do you want to talk about it?” she asked.

“Not really.”

“That’s fine by me. I’m not as bad as you think. Your past is yours, just as mine is mine. What is important is what we are now.”

“Your past does not matter to me.”

“Likewise.” And she smiled.

“However did you become involved with such people? Thorold sighed.

“Not the type you mean?”

“Not really. How did you become involved?”

“I suppose – “ She stopped, waiting until the waiter had removed their dishes and served them coffee. “I just wanted more and more ‘highs’. I remember I used to find that with men – the first intimate touch, the first French kiss, and then the exploration of the new. Of course, what followed was good. Well, some of the time,” she laughed. “But – I don’t know – it was, how can I say, the excitement, the build-up that really got me. I just couldn’t get enough of that feeling. What Mallam and his sect offered seemed – at the time – just an extension of that.”

“I do know what you mean. It’s why I used to do what I did. There was an ecstasy there – a feeling, which made me, exult. Most men fight not because of idealism or patriotism or whatever, but because they enjoy it. They like living on the edge of death. It gives them a feeling that ordinary life cannot match.”

For a long time they looked at each other until he said: “I used to live with that feeling – or searched for it, like you perhaps, but in a different way.”

“Then something happens to bring you down to reality.”

“Usually other people.”

“A big slap in the face - literally, with me!” she laughed at her own misfortune. “So what happened to you?”

“I won’t bore you with the details – you know the rest, I’m sure.”

“But the Court of Inquiry exonerated you?”

“That does not stop people talking.”

“So you resigned.”

“Only way. I put it all behind me – to live quietly.”

“Until now.”

“I suppose I knew it couldn’t last forever. You don’t change that much in a decade. Not deep inside. You only pretend to yourself. I’ve just stopped pretending.”

“So now what?”

“I pay the bill and we go. That’s enough talking!”

Outside, the streets were busy with people, the road burdened by traffic flowing past the monument to Hotspur, past the tall spire of St. Mary’s church to descend down the steepness of Wyle Cop.

“He does not live far,” said Thorold unhelpfully.

“Who?”

“Oh, didn’t I say? The chap who is going to lend me his motorcycle.”

“You must know him well,” Monica said as she struggled into the leather motorcycle suit.

Thorold ignored the remark. “You’re about the same size as his wife, fortunately. Hope the helmet fits.”

“I hope you can drive that thing,” she said, pointing at the gleaming, powerful motorcycle that Thorold had brought back from the terraced house in the narrow alley near the railway bridge and a strip of waste ground covered in second-hand cars for sale at bargain prices.

“I had a few lessons – a few years ago,” he joked.

The visors on both helmets were tinted, the suits black, and Thorold felt good as he skillfully rode along the streets out toward the suburb where Monica had told him Mallam lived. Darkness came as they rode, then lightning and thunder to herald the storm. The house was on a new estate that had expanded the western boundary of the town, and they waited nearby while lights showed in the house. The storm passed, and their patience was rewarded, as twilight settled.

It was not difficult for Thorold to follow Mallam’s car along the roads of west and south Shropshire, but he was surprised when Mallam took the turning that led to the village of Stredbow. He left the bike a discreet distance behind where Mallam had parked his car and walked, with Monica, in the fading light in the direction Mallam had taken.

A diffuse light from an upstairs window made Mallam visible as he crept into the garden of the house, and Thorold recognized the woman who was waiting as the one Lianna had spoken to when she had brought him to the village. He could not hear what was said between them as he crouched by the garden wall, but he saw the woman point to the window then to the darkness that shrouded the back of the garden. He did not follow them further.

Mallam was not away for long. The light showed him nervously glancing around as he stood by the stone building in the garden. He tried the door, fumbled with the heavy padlock, glanced around several times more before almost creeping toward the gate.

Hurriedly, Thorold pushed Monica down to the ground. He could hear her breathing as he lay close to her, but Mallam neither heard nor saw them as they huddled close to the wall in the shielding dark, and they were left to slowly rise and follow him back to his car.

Somewhere among the houses near the mound, a dog howled.

XII

Mallam led them not to his house, but over the hills toward the Welsh border. Thorold thought the roads familiar, but it was only as Mallam came to his destination that Thorold realized where they were – near the track that led to the circle of stones Lianna had shown him.

“I wish I had brought a camera,” he whispered to Monica as they lay, under the cover of the ferns, watching the group that had assembled within the stones. Lanterns, holding candles, were spread around the ground and in their light the ritual unfolded. Mallam had bedecked himself in a black cloak.

“Our Father which wert in heaven,” they heard the assembly chant, “hallowed be thy Name, in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and deliver us to evil as well as temptation, few we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.”

A woman was stripped, and bound to one of the larger standing stones. There were more chants, people in black robes dancing anti-sunwise inside the circle, dramatic invocations by Mallam, and a ritual scourging of the woman who was bound.

“Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness,” Thorold heard a man say, “and help us to fulfill our desires!”

The balding, slightly overweight man unbound the woman, pushed her to the ground, and began to copulate with her, while others gathered around, clapping their hands and chanting to their Prince.

Thorold was not impressed. "It takes all sorts, I suppose," he said quietly to Monica. "That the sort of thing you used to be involved in?"

"Yes."

"No one under age I can see."

"Those sorts of things are never done in the open."

The balding man interested Thorold. "We might as well wait until they've finished."

It was a long wait, and several times Thorold almost fell asleep. When the revellers did leave, he followed not Mallam, but the man he had watched. His trailing of Rhiston led him back to a prosperous riverside house in Shrewsbury town – a house almost visible from Thorold's own Apartment across the water.

For almost an hour they waited outside.

"Well, that's one down, ten to go," he said as he indicated to Monica that they should go.

He was glad to return to the peace of his own dwelling. He had removed his leather suit when Monica said, "Can you help?" She was struggling to free herself from hers.

"It's a bit tight," she said.

Thorold smiled. "You're somewhat larger in some places than she is."

She lay on the floor while he pulled on the legs of the suit. He fell backwards and banged his head against a bookcase. He did not mind her laughter, and held his hand out to help her up from the floor. She stood in front of him, still holding onto his hand, and she had closed her eyes in anticipation of his kiss when someone knocked, very loudly, on the door of his Apartment.

Thorold sighed, before leaving to walk down the stairs.

“Yes?” he said gruffly as he opened the door.

“She has sent me,” the man outside said.

It was as he spoke that Thorold recognized Imlach.

“So?” Thorold replied, annoyed.

“She does not like your interference.”

“My what?”

“You are to leave a certain gentleman alone. He is her concern, not yours.”

“Is that so?”

“She kindly requests you not bother him – or any members of his group.”

“Oh, really?”

Imlach moved closer to him. “You’d best heed her advice. For your own sake.”

“Tell her from me I’m not playing her games anymore and I’ll do what I like!” He slammed the door shut.

Imlach knocked loudly on the door, but when Thorold thrust it open in anger, he could see no one. He looked around, but the streets were quiet and still. Upstairs he found Monica asleep on the bed in his spare room. He covered her with a blanket before closing her door and settling down to listen to music, keeping the volume low.

But the music did not still his feelings as he had hoped, and he spend a listless hours, listening, attempting to read, and thinking about Monica, Lianna and Mallam. When he did

retire to his bed, strange dreams came again. He was on a cliff above the sea when a man leapt upon him from behind and tried to stab him. A woman was nearby, and it was Lianna, laughing. He wrestled the knife away from the man, and stabbed him by accident. Only then did he see the man's face. It was his own, and the man lay dead, while Lianna stripped away her clothes to offer him her body. He moved toward her, aroused and disgusted at the same time but she changed herself into Monica and he awoke, clawing at the humid air in his room.

He lay awake, then, restless and troubled, and when sleep came again he dreamt of his shop. There was a doorway among the shelves where he knew no door existed but he opened it to walk down stone steps into a cavern. Mallam was there, bent over a stone altar on which Monica lay tied and bound. He began to move toward them but he found himself paralyzed and when he could move it was slowly and painfully. Monica kept looking at him, her eyes pleading and helpless, but then he was alone, riding the motorcycle around the circle of ancient stones, faster and faster. There was a sudden mist, and he could not stop, crashing into the largest stone. He felt sad, lying on the ground knowing he was dying – for there was so much he wanted to do. The mist seemed to form into Lianna's face, then of her holding in her arms a baby. 'You will never know your daughter,' she said. He awoke again, to lie tired but unable to sleep, and was glad when dawn came, bringing light to his room.

He left Monica asleep to spend a few hours alone, thinking about his life and his dreams, before breakfasting and leaving her a note about his intended surveillance.

Rhaston, in his car, was easy to follow among the morning traffic that took most of the vehicle occupants to their work, and Thorold was pleased with his success. He watched Rhaston park his car in front of the large office building before returning to his Apartment.

Monica, obviously watching from his window, came out into the street to greet him, smiling happily. Thorold was glad, and it seemed natural that he should embrace her. He liked the feel of her body, but she drew away to take the helmet from his hand and lead him, her other hand in his, toward the door. Before he could speak, a car drew up alongside and Thorold recognized Lianna.

“So,” she said as she stood in the road near them, “this is how you repay me!” She stared at Monica.

Thorold could not understand her sudden anger toward him. “Were you following me?” he asked.

Lianna ignored the question. "I told you to stop but you took no notice of my words."

"Why should I?" He could feel Monica tighten her grip on his hand.

"You do not understand," said Lianna haughtily. "Great things are at stake."

"Is that so?"

"You deserve better than the likes of her!" She looked at Monica with contempt.

"Really?"

"Leave her – now, and come with me."

"No!"

For several seconds Lianna did not speak. "You are a fool!" she finally said.

"Goodbye, then."

Lianna stared at Monica. "You will pay for this!"

"I – " Monica began to say.

"I think you'd better leave her alone," Thorold said to Lianna, a trace of anger in his voice.

Lianna laughed. "I'm not finished with you either!"

"Go play your games somewhere else." He turned away, led Monica into his Apartment and shut the door without even looking at Lianna.

“She seemed a little angry,” Monica said as they, from the window, watched her drive away.

Thorold shrugged her shoulders. “Jealous of you, I guess.”

“And does she have reason to be jealous?”

“Yes.”

She turned toward him and kissed him. It was a long kiss. “Does she frighten you?” Monica asked at its end.

“No, actually.”

“I think Edgar is afraid of her.”

“Are you?” He stood beside her but she still held his hand.

“No. Well – perhaps a little.” She shivered.

“Shall we go and see what your old friend Edgar is up to, then?”

“What, now?”

“Yes.” He understood her look and touched her playfully on the end of her nose with his finger. “We have plenty of time.”

“Good,” she smiled, and kissed him again.

“On the hand, Mallam can wait,” he said as he began to unbutton her dress.

For Mallam, the day passed quietly. A van, driven by a trusted member, arrived early in the morning and he helped in the loading of cult and Temple equipment, including the video cameras and lights. A few telephone calls, and a safe haven was found - a place unknown, he knew to Monica. The removal had not taken him long, and he smiled as the van left, thinking of the rituals to come.

The sun of the afternoon saw him in the neighbouring town of Telford, visiting a house in a quiet street in Dawley where some of his ladies brought their clients. One girl, just seventeen, still looked much younger and she was seldom alone on the streets for long. He arrived at the house as she was leaving for the third time that day.

“Hi. Jenny!” he said in greeting. “You alright?”

“Sure!”

“No problems?” She was his most lucrative girl to date, and he intended to keep it that way.

“No. See ya!”

“Jess in?” he asked.

“Sure!” She waved and walked away to find another client.

Jess was a smiling man of Caribbean appearance with the physique of a wrestler, and he looked after the practical aspects of Mallam’s business. Their business that day did not take long. Jess gave him a pile of money which Mallam counted before giving half of it back.

“Any problems?” Mallam asked.

“Not one. I tell you it's too quiet.”

“Got a new house lined up – if we need to move.”

“Any new girls?”

“Maybe soon. I’ll see you next week.”

“Sure thing!”

Outside, in the warm sun, he could see no one watching the house but still drove carefully away, checking several times to ensure he was not being followed, and he drove slowly back to Shrewsbury arriving at Rhiston’s house at the time he had arranged.

“You have no trouble arranging time off?” he asked as Rhiston came out to greet him.

“Not at all!”

“Good.”

“Your wife in?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent.”

Inside the house, Mallam greeted Rhiston’s wife by kissing her hand. She was pleased by this gesture as well as by the look, and smile, which he gave her, unaware that this charm was a net closing around her.

“Could you,” Mallam asked Rhiston, “get my briefcase from my car?” He held out his car keys.

“Yes. Yes, of course,” the obsequious Maurice said.

Mallam waited until he was gone. “Jane, isn’t it?” he asked.

“Yes.” She smiled.

“You’re more attractive than I was led to believe.”

“Maurice said you used to work in his department. Is that right?”

“Only for a brief time,” he lied, convincingly. “I’m having a small party – tomorrow night – and wondered if you’d like to come. He paused for effect. “With your husband, of course.”

“That would be nice.”

“I shall look forward to seeing you there.”

Rhaston returned, bearing the unwanted case. But Mallam took it, saying, “Shall we retire to your room? That computer program you wanted to show me?”

“Ah, yes!” He turned to his wife. “We’ll be about an hour, dear.”

In the bedroom, Rhiston quickly set up his binoculars on a stand behind the curtains, before handing Mallam photographs of the girl.

“Not bad!” Mallam said. “Not bad at all!”

“She should not be long, now. A creature of habit,” and he smiled his lecherous smile.

“You seem more settled now.”

”Oh, I am, I am!”

“Good. There is a quote from de Sade, which always appealed to me. It goes something like – in translation of course! – *“The pleasures of crime must not be restrained. I know them. If the imagination has not thought of everything, if one’s hand one hand has not executed everything, it is impossible for the delirium to be complete because there is always the feeling of remorse: I could have done more and I have not done it. The person who, like*

us, is eagerly pursuing the career of vice, can never forgive a lost opportunity because nothing can make it good..." Mallam smiled. "You agree?"

"Naturally, naturally! You and your group have opened my eyes. I cannot stop now."

"Excellent. I am having a party tomorrow night. Nothing special – just some friends. Bring your wife."

"Jane?"

"Yes." Then: "you seem unsure."

"No, not really. Just surprised." He wanted to ask, but dared not.

"Does this work?" Mallam asked, pointing to the computer.

"No. But I could set it up for you, if you wish."

"Our prey has arrived," Mallam announced. He watched the girl through the binoculars for some time before saying, "she is most suitable."

"I'm glad you are pleased."

"I shall make the necessary arrangements. Should they be successful – "

"I'm sure they will!"

"– I can arrange for you to be the first. There will be expenses, and so on."

"I do understand."

"How soon can you have the money ready?"

“Next week. I have savings.”

“Tomorrow.”

Yes. Yes, of course. Can I ask how you will - I mean, how she will be...”

“I have experience in these matters.” She had gone from her room, and he studied the photographs again. “A pretty young thing. At such an age, they all have a weakness. With her – a wish to be a model, perhaps. Some infatuation with a celebrity. Whatever – there are ways.”

“Do go on, it’s fascinating.”

“Have her followed – find out where her haunts are. A chance meeting – then an offer suited to her weakness. Perhaps a few legitimate modelling sessions. Then disguise the ritual as one, get her drunk. You know the rest.”

“I admire your cleverness! And after?”

“Depends on her – how she reacts. If she takes to it, fine. If not, let her go. If her family doesn’t care or she wants away from them for whatever reason, draw her in.” He turned to stare at Rhiston. “I’ve told you all this because for some reason I like you. I’m going abroad for a while, and want someone to handle things here.”

“I’m very flattered that you should consider me.”

“You’ve proved yourself. But first, there is something I want you to do for me.”

”Anything. Just ask.”

“Tomorrow, after our little party, I have some business to attend to, not far from here. You will assist me.”

“As you wish.”

The warm weather had brought people into their gardens, and as Mallam stood fingering the photographs again, he could hear children playing happily and noisily under the heat of the summer sun. The sounds pleased him, because he understood them as part of a society he despised. To him, the people in the houses, no less than their children, were important only insofar as they might offer him the opportunities to indulge both his own pleasure and power. He felt himself different from them in a fundamental way – a prince among slaves – and the fact that society had passed laws in favour of them and what he saw as their utterly futile and wasteful ways of living, made him aware of his own genius even more. He knew with an arrogant certainty that he could outwit them and their laws – and he enjoyed doing so, planning and scheming and reaping his rewards, financial and physical and mental.

He believed, sincerely in his own way, in the powers of the Prince of Darkness. To the Devil he had dedicated his life – his Prince had given him power over ordinary mortals, and he used that power for his own glory and that of his god. With Lianna's treasure and his own powers and genius, he would be invincible.

Pleased with himself, he began to laugh.

XIV

Thorold awoke slowly. Monica's arm rested on his chest and her face was near his, peaceful, as she slept. He watched her before caressing her shoulders.

"I have to go out," he said as she opened her eyes.

"Want me to come?" she said sleepily.

"Only if you want to. Just going to put a note in my shop window. I shouldn't be long."

"What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock."

“Still early, then.”

“We’ll go out for lunch when I get back.”

“Fine.”

She was asleep as he left the bedroom. Vaguely, she heard him leave the Apartment as, some time after; she vaguely heard a knock on the bedroom door.

“He should really lock his door when he leaves,” a woman’s voice said.

Startled, Monica sat up. Lianna leaned against the door frame, smiling mischievously.

“What do you want?” Monica asked, angry and afraid at the same time.

“Just a little chat. I have a proposition to put to you.”

“I think it would be better if you left.”

“This will not take long. I have here,” and she held up an attaché case, “ten thousand pounds in cash. Plus a train ticket – first class naturally – to London. There in a train in half an hour. I shall of course drive you to the railway station.”

“He will be back in a minute.”

“Not so. Such a charming man, but so open to magickal persuasion.” She took a square of parchment inscribed with magickal sigils from the pocket of her dress, glanced at it and smiled before returning it. “So you see, you have no option.”

“Please go.”

“I should explain. If you do not accept my little gift then you will be arrested and charged with possession of certain drugs. Before I came here, I visited your Flat. Such a mess. You will be pleased to hear that I have had the place tidied. One telephone call – and a valuable

find by the Police. If you care to look out from the window you will see my car and a gentleman within it waiting. So useful, those new car telephones!”

“I would deny everything.”

“Of course. But you had a conviction at University, did you not? Only cannabis then – but we all know, do we not, what the next stage usually is. Then there is the little matter of a certain video, which had by some chance come into my possession. You may not recall it – so many such things made, I understand – but there are certain scenes in it which certain newspapers would enjoy describing. They would no doubt publish some of the photographs.”

Lianna’s smile was almost mocking. “I have of course used only that material which does not feature a certain person who, until yesterday, you were somewhat well acquainted with.”

“You seemed to have planned things well.”

“I always do.”

“Why is Thorold so important to you that you want me out of the way? I don’t believe for one moment that you are jealous of me.”

“It is not important for you to know the reason.”

“I want to know – and then,” she said resignedly, “I might accept your offer.”

“A wise decision. It makes things much more civilized. I had other things planned, of course, if you had resisted.”

”Tell me then.”

“About Thorold?”

“Yes.”

“Since you are going, I suppose it will do no harm. All I will say is that something is about to

occur – something very special which takes place only every fifty or so years.”

“And for this Thorold is important?”

“It could well be,” Lianna smiled. “Now gather your belongings since you have a train to catch.”

“Mind if I check the case?” Monica asked.

“I shall leave it with you – while you dress.”

Monica did not bother to count the money. She was ready and prepared to leave when she surreptitiously placed two of the ten pound notes she had extracted from the case under the motorcycle helmet as it lay on the bookcase in Thorold’s living room. She did not look back as she left the Apartment.

It was partly the sunny weather, partly Monica waiting asleep in his bed, that prompted Thorold’s decision – or so he thought at the time. The message in the window of his shop – announcing an ‘illness’ forcing closure for a week – he left to ride the borrowed motorcycle back to the house of its owner.

Jake was the opposite of Thorold in almost every way. Broad when Thorold was sinewy; tall where Thorold was only of medium height; bearded and with many tattoos on his arms. Thorold was quiet by nature, serious and determined, while Jake was naturally boisterous with an amiable attitude toward life – unless provoked. He had been easily provoked, until marriage calmed him a little. Their unusual friendship had been forged in the unusual years which made Thorold’s past interesting and intriguing, to some who knew of it or who had discovered it.

Thorold had hardly entered the narrow alley beside the terraced house when Jake descended upon him. He inspected the bike carefully while Thorold stood and watched in amusement.

“I don’t suppose,” Thorold said, “you want to sell?”

Jake glared at him, then smiled. “No way!”

“I didn’t think you would. You free for a bit, then?”

“Why?” he asked cautiously.

“Need your advice.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“I thought I might buy something similar.”

“You serious?”

“Yes. Can’t really afford it – but still.”

“She’s really got to you, ain’t she?” He thumped Thorold on the back in a friendly gesture. But Thorold was almost knocked over.

“Not at all – I just thought I might as well make use of this suit and helmet I bought. I had it in mind when I bought them, in fact,” he said trying to convince himself. “Sitting behind you a few times a year – well, it’s a bit of waste.”

“I’ll get me helmet, then.”

The staff at Thorold’s Bank were helpful and showed no surprise at him wishing to draw from his account what, for him, was a large amount cash, and he let Jake drive him to a succession of motorcycle dealers where machines were discussed, touched, sat upon and inspected. After less than an hour, Thorold made his decision. He bade his friend farewell and walked back toward his Apartment, eagerly anticipating the collection of his present to himself later that afternoon.

At first, on ascending the stairs that led up from his front door, he assumed Monica’s absence to be temporary – a walk perhaps, by the river, or a visit to a shop nearby. But then

he found her clothes and suitcase missing, and he became sad without quiet knowing why he was sad. His sadness did not last, for he thought of Mallam forcing her away against her will.

The idea angered him, and he smashed his fist against his bookcase. The bookcase shook, moving the helmet and revealing the money. He held the money in his hand, feeling the newness of the banknotes, and wondering, and the more he thought the more it became clear to him that it was not Mallam, but Lianna who was responsible. He knew Monica had had no money of her own. Mallam certainly would not have given her any or left such a small amount, hidden under his helmet she had used, for him to eventually find. His reasoning brought him to the conclusion that Lianna had left him the money – as an insult or gesture. And this displeased him more. Perhaps Monica had been involved with Lianna?

He refused to believe this, and wander around his dwelling without purpose, occasionally thumping a wall or a door, frustrated and angry – with himself, Lianna and the world. Then, quite suddenly, it occurred to him that Monica might have left the money as an explanation. Immediately, he understood – or hoped he did, for he grabbed his own helmet, then hers, to run down his stairs and out into the street, returning after a few yards as he remembered to lock his door.

Fine wisps of high white cirrus clouds had begun to cover the blue of the sky, dimming the sun. But the sun was still hot, sweating Thorold as he ran enclosed in his leather suit toward the centre of the town.

XV

It did not take Thorold as long as he had expected, even though he had run only for about the first mile. A taxicab waited outside the entrance to the railway station, and he was glad to let it convey him the rest of the distance. Several times he checked to ascertain whether any vehicle was following him.

But Monica was not there, as he had expected and hoped, and he sat on the low wall that marked Jake's rear garden, not wanting to think about the consequences of his now obvious misunderstanding. Neither Jake nor his wife came in answer to Thorold's repeated thumps on the door of the house, and he removed his suit to let the sun and breeze dry his sweat. When an hour of waiting became two and brought scuttering low clouds to smother at intervals the searing heat of the sun, he folded his suit under his arm, collected the helmets, and began to walk slowly along the traffic lined streets, over the English Bridge and into the

centre of town.

His new motorcycle, powerful and gleaming as Jake's had been, brought him only a brief sparkle of pleasure, and he rode without any enthusiasm out and away from the town. But he could not dismiss Monica from his mind and rode dangerously fast, back to his Apartment.

She was not there – no one was – and without any hope left, he returned to Jake's house, intent only on intoxicating himself at best by sharing Jake's prodigious supply of beer or at worst by patronizing the nearby Inn.

But she was there, waiting as he had waited, sitting on the wall, and he stopped, stood his bike on its stand and removed his helmet while she stood and smiled. He wanted to rush toward her and embrace and kiss her, but he forced himself not to, hoping she would come to him as a gesture of her feelings.

She did not, so he said, "I was right, then, about your message."

"I thought you'd understand!"

"Lianna?"

"Yes." She reached behind the wall where she had hidden the attaché case, and opened it for him to see.

"Quite a lot there."

"Nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty pounds, exactly." She closed the case, and with a slow precision rested it against the wall.

He needed no more gestures and embraced her. She was relieved, and began to cry, but soon stopped herself.

"Another bike?" She asked, embarrassed by her own show of feelings.

“Yes!” he said and went to stand beside it. “Do you like it?” He ran his hand over the seat. “I’ve just bought it.”

“It is rather nice,” she said approvingly as she came to stand beside him and hold his hand. “Where shall we go?” She laughed. “We are not exactly short of money!”

“Monica?”

“Yes?” she said, trembling a little.

“I’ll have to give it back.”

“But you’ve only just bought it!” she joked.

“You know what I mean.”

“I know. I thought you’d say that.” Then, smiling again, she added, “A pity though! I’ve often wondered what I’d do if I had some money.” She went to collect the case. “Here you are!”

He took it from her, and she sighed. “And I suppose,” she said, “you’re still going to follow what’s-his-name?”

“Yes.”

“Also as I expected.”

She smiled at him, and he embraced her again, saying, “I’m glad you’re back.”

She began to cry again, then pulled away from him to laugh and point to her face. “Looks much better now, doesn’t it?”

“You look beautiful.”

“I see you brought my helmet. Shall we go and return the gift?”

“Actually, I would rather you stayed with a friend of mine – here, in this house. At least for a few days.”

“Not likely! Where you go – I go. Anyway, I want to see the look on her face when you hand back the money.

“But – “

She repossessed the case. “I’ll hold onto that while you drive. Unless you want me to!”

“Come here,” he said gently.

“Yes, Master!” she playfully mocked, “I hear and obey!”

He held her hand. “I’d rather you were safe, here.”

“What? And miss all the fun? Not likely! Come on!” she sat on the pillion

seat of the motorcycle, put on her helmet, held onto the case with one hand and waited.

Thorold shook his head, sighed, and then put on his own helmet. Clouds began to cover the whole of the sky, blotting out the sun, and as they arrived at the driveway of Lianna’s house, rain had begun to fall. They stood together outside the door, helmets in hand, and waited for an answer to Thorold’s insistent knocking.

“I hope she is not going to spoil things by being out.”

Thorold was about to answer when Lianna opened the door. She betrayed surprise at seeing Monica, but only for an instant.

“I expected you,” she said to Thorold, “but alone.”

“You can have this back!” Monica held the case out.

“So? You ignore my offer?” Lianna said to Monica.

Monica smiled at her. “I changed trains at Wellington.”

“I see I shall have to make that telephone call.”

“Go ahead! Monica shouted as Thorold stood watching. “Do your worst! Do you think I care? But I’ll tell you one thing – if you do. I’ll kill you. A few years to wait – maybe. But one day I’ll be there!” She was staring at Lianna her eyes full of passion. “You will never be safe and none of your magick will protect you!”

“I – “ Thorold started to say, but both of them ignored him.

“You’ll have to kill me,” Monica continued, “to stop me! Or have me killed – that’s more your style! So here, take your money before I start stuffing it somewhere very uncomfortable for you!” She threw the case down at Lianna’s feet.

Lianna turned to smile at Thorold. “Such a common woman, don’t you think?”

“I’ll show you how common I am! Monica said before punching Lianna on the chin. The blow knocked Lianna over and Monica did not wait for her to recover.

“Just a taste!” she said before kicking the case into the hallway where Lianna lay prostrate.

“You coming?” she demanded of Thorold, and a somewhat startled Thorold followed her down the steps to his transport.

Suddenly, a shaft of sunlight bathed the scene in brightness and warmth.

XVI

Thirteen people were present – a number that pleased Mallam – and he mingled with his guest in subdued light of the room while loud music played and could be heard throughout the house. Rhiston, alone among all the people, sat by himself.

The owner of the house was a widowed woman in whom Mallam had once shown an interest. But she soon bored him, as he found most women did – although not before he induced her into his sect where she prospered, finding younger men to her liking and often only too eager to physically please her while their interest, hers, and her monetary gifts, lasted.

There would be no ritual following the gathering, for several of the guests were new and unblooded. The party was a ruse – to arouse their interest, offering as it did drugs to those who wished them as well as the sexual services of members of Mallam's sect. Mallam's own interest centred on Rhiston's wife and Rhiston knew it and like a child sulked in his corner. Mallam found this amusing, considering Rhiston's proclivities, and soon directed a lady member of about Rhiston's age to seduce him. Rhiston did not resist the woman's charm.

“Come on Maurice,” she said, “let's go and make love.”

Mallam was slightly more subtle in his approach to Jane. She had been watching him since she had arrived to be greeted by his seemingly friendly kiss, and when she saw her husband leave with the woman, he went to her.

“I hope you don't think I've been ignoring you,” he said.

“No, honestly.”

He smiled at her. “Another drink? Or would you like to go somewhere quieter – where we can talk?”

She was hesitant, so he said, “You know why I invited you, don't you?”

“Another drink would be fine!”

“I find you very attractive, Jane – as you must have guessed.”

“Maurice – “

“You’ve never been to a party like this before, have you?”

“No,” she answered softly.

“You’re not offended though?”

“No.” she whispered.

He kissed her and at first she did not respond, and when she did, half-regretful and half-thrilled, he led her out of the room and upstairs.

Twilight had begun outside when he left her in one of the many bedrooms of the house. Rhiston was asleep alone in another room, still tied to the bed as the woman had left him. Mallam freed him and gave him his clothes.

“I’ll wait for you outside in the car,” he said.

Downstairs, the music still played loudly, now mingled with sporadic laughter.

They arrived in Stredbow as the last vestiges of twilight gave way to a sky clear of cloud and full of stars, and Mallam parked his vehicle by the mound, some distance from the house and the small stone building where his real interest lay.

“Now,” he said, “to action. We’ll walk to a house and I want you to use this – “ He gave him a Police Warrant Card. “You are investigating the escape of a dangerous criminal who has been spotted in the area – making a routine check. There will be a man and a woman in the house. Just keep them talking – local gossip, sightings of strangers and so on. Use your own work experience,” he smiled. “Alright?”

“Yes. Is that all?” a relieved Rhiston said.

“What did you expect? I’ll be fifteen minutes – no longer than half an hour though.” He reached over to the back seat of the car where a torch and a pair of bolt-croppers lay. “I’ll meet you back here.”

They walked in silence to the gate of the house where Mallam waited while Rhiston went to ring the doorbell. Swiftly then, Mallam crept toward the stone building. The padlock was easy to cut through and he was soon inside. His torch showed a bare room. It smelled of burned wood and he was creeping along the walls, inspecting them for hidden recesses or loose stones when the thick oak door was closed behind him. He tried to force it open, but without success.

Outside, Sidnal Wyke secured the door with a new padlock before calmly walking back to his cottage.

Rhiston did as he had been told, and it was half an hour later when he left the house to return to the car. For hours he waited by, then near, the car – sitting on the mound under a tree, leaning against the stonewall that supported most of the mound among its circumference, or crouching. Twice villagers came near, and he hid himself by the trees.

It was after midnight when he made his decision and left to look again at the house. But it was quiet, and he walked along the lanes he knew would take him to the main road miles away and thence along and down to the township of Stretton.

With the departure of Rhiston, preparations for the celebration in the village began.

XVII

It was a long time before Mallam ceased his shouting and banging his fists against the door. His voice had echoed in the empty stillness and, tired and confused, he slumped against the wall.

The building was windowless and without sound, and he was soon restless. For hours he checked the walls, the stones of the floor, the door itself by the light of his torch. But nothing moved. He could see a narrow slit in the wall far above his head, but could not reach it. He tried to sleep, but the floor was cold and as soon as he closed his eyes he thought he could hear someone behind the door. Each time he leapt up and listened, but could hear nothing.

The torchlight began to fade. Its dim glow lasted a while, and then was gone to leave Mallam in darkness. He had never before experienced such blackness and several times tried to see his hands in front of his eyes. But he could not see them. He crawled along beside the walls until he reached the door by touch, but no one came in answer to his shouting or in response to the banging of his fists against the studded oak, and he lay in the darkness listening to the roaring silence.

Sleep came, and when he awoke he could not see the time by his expensive watch. His waiting passed slowly and he began to feel hungry and thirsty. He shouted, and nothing happened. He began to curse all the people he knew and had known and then the whole world, and his voice grew hoarse and he himself, more thirsty. He prayed fervently to his Prince many times, saying: 'My Prince and Master, help me! Free me and I shall do terrible deeds in your name!'

He stared into the darkness trying to imagine where he had seen the slit in the wall, but no light, not even a glimmer of light, came to relieve his darkness. He began to imagine he heard sounds – people laughing and talking, then strange music. But the more he listened, the more he began to believe he was mistaken.

He slept again, only to awake in terror because he had forgotten where he was and could not see. He crawled over the floor, along the walls – sat and listened and strained to see. He stood up but became disoriented and dizzy and fell against the door, injuring his arm. He shouted, beat his fists again against the door, but nothing changed except inside his head. His hunger and thirst became intense for what seemed to him a long time until his increasing fear made him forget them.

To calm his fears he lay with his back against a wall, trying to understand why and for what purpose he was being kept a prisoner. At first he had believed that some mischance had imprisoned him – a gust of wind, perhaps, which jammed the door – but he had become gradually aware that it was not chance that brought him to the village and the building which had become his prison. Somehow, he felt, Lianna must have planned it all, and as the hours of his captivity became countless because he could not measure their passing, he came to increasingly believe that she might be testing him. Vaguely, he remembered – his memory brought back by his desperation for hope – her once saying when first he had

asked to become her pupil, that those who sought Adeptship underwent severe ordeals; ordeals not of their own choosing and about which they were never forewarned.

This is a test of hers, he believed, briefly smiling – she is testing my will. And this belief sustained him, for he believed in the power and strength of his will. But his hunger, thirst, the darkness around him and the darkness within him eventually broke this explanation. For she had never followed his own path as at first he had ardently believed. The weeks and the months of her teaching had extinguished his hope – she was no dark, evil, mistress with whom he might forge a physical and magickal alliance. So he had gradually turned away from her, seeking again his old ways, friends, helpers and slaves, understanding that she had been using him, playing with him almost. And this deeply offended his pride. For he, Edgar Mallam – High Priest of the Temple of the Prince – was above them all.

He had thought then that she had used him as he had used others – for her pleasure and satisfaction. She was playing the role of mistress, with him as her pupil – and this made him despise her more, for his own pleasures were carnal and real. He lusted after women, and money – enjoyed the power he had over others, making them his slaves; he enjoyed the misfortunes of others, the taking of young girls. But she simply played her mind-games from the safety and comfort of her house. Her power, he had thought, was nothing compared to his own.

His remembrance of this thinking from his past comforted him, and he began to laugh. But then his laughing stopped. He thought he could hear someone else laughing and when he stopped and unconsciously stooped to listen, he imagined he could hear a woman's laughing voice.

Then there seemed to be a voice inside his head. "Remember The Giving from the Black Book of Satan!" it said and laughed again.

Mallam remembered.

The Book, which Lianna had given him, spoke of an ancient blood ceremony performed only once every 51 years. The sacrifice was always male, an Initiated Priest, and before his blood was offered he was kept for days in a darkened room wherein to draw magickal forces to himself...

He tried to convince himself otherwise. But he heard "Remember The Giving..." in his head again, like an echo.

“I won’t be fooled by you!” he shouted aloud. “Do you hear me Lianna!” He shook his fist at the darkness. “You can’t fool me! I know that you are testing me! You’ll see – I’m strong! Stronger than you!”

He laughed, to convince himself. But the suspicion remained.

“Must not fall asleep!” he muttered aloud. “She’ll try and get me when I’m asleep. I’ll beat her! Me – her sacrifice? Hah! She’ll be mine!” He began to visualize in lurid detail how he might sacrifice her – tying her naked to the altar in his house, ravishing her, the letting others have their fun. He would kill her slowly, very slowly. These thoughts pleased and fascinated him, and he was still thinking them – visualizing them in detail – when he fell full asleep.

His dream was vivid – the most vivid dream of his life. He was surrounded by spiders; they were crawling all over him, biting him and filling him with their poison. He could not move, trapped in webs, and a large spider was crawling over his chest toward his face. But it was Monica, a spider again, Monica smiling with blood on her teeth and mouth and he awoke to thrust the imaginary spiders away with his hands as he writhed in panic on the floor.

XVIII

The evening and the night that had marked Mallam’s party passed swiftly for Thorold and Monica.

“I don’t think she will bother us again,” a confident Monica said as they sat in his Apartment on their return from visiting Lianna.

“You amaze me.” Thorold said. “Would you like some tea?” he asked.

“I know what I would like!”

Thorold’s surprise turned quickly into delight. “I’ll just have a quick bath,” he said.

“No, don’t. Perhaps I shouldn’t give all my secrets away, but the natural smell of a man – well, some men! – turns me on.”

Thorold blushed. In that moment, Monica reversed their roles – standing to take his hand and lead him to his bedroom. She was gentle at first, then passionate and after hours of mutual bliss they lay with their bodies touching, sleep-inclined but pleased. Several times she started to speak – to try and form into words the feeling within her. But each time she stopped, afraid of herself and her future.

The recent years of her past had been years full of new experiences and through them all she had kept her cynicism. Only Mallam had disturbed her, for he seemed to fulfill, at least in some measure, her expectations: a man of mystery, arrogant and self-assured. But she had discovered the real Mallam was selfish, cruel and somewhat vain.

Her defences had been and were still being broken by recent events, and of all of them she felt her friendship with Thorold was the most significant. For as Lianna offered her the money, she knew she was in love with Thorold. She wanted to tell him, but felt constrained by her own doubts and fears, and as she lay beside him she realized for the first time in her life that she needed to be loved.

They awoke together at dawn. She had expected his suggestion and so was not surprised when he mentioned following Mallam. She did not want his quest to continue, but said nothing. She sensed Thorold wanted somehow to avenge her beating as he sensed his disgust and outrage at Mallam’s paedophile activities.

Thus it was that less than an hour later they rode together on the motorbike to wait near Mallam’s house.

“We’ll try the other chap,” Thorold said after an almost interminable time.

They waited again, outside Rhiston’s home, and then followed him to his place of work. Several times during the day they returned to find his car was still in place outside the building, and several times they returned to Mallam’s house, without success.

Dark cloud covered the sky promising rain, but they sat for nearly an hour by the river, refreshing themselves with food and drink, before lying beside each other in the grass in the peace of Quarry Park. She spoke to him, as their hands and lips touched and desire became aroused, of her bleak childhood without love, but still she could not say the words

she wished. She spoke instead with her body and they made passionate love in the long grass near the river's edge while people ambled or fastly walked along the path above.

By three o'clock in the afternoon they had returned to wait for Rhiston. He spent a few hours at his home then journeyed to Mallam's house and then to a house nearby to briefly speak to the woman who answered his knocking upon her door. And thence he led Thorold and his lover to Stredbow village.

Mallam's car was still where he had left it the night before, and in the twilight Rhiston checked it before walking toward the black and white house. Thorold saw him stop by the gate, turn and listen, and then enter the garden to creep toward the stone building. Rhiston listened again, tried the door, then noticed the broken padlock and the bolt-croppers discarded on the ground. He tried to cut the padlock several times before finally succeeding and Thorold watched in surprise as Mallam crawled from the building.

He blubbered something that Thorold could not hear before Rhiston assisted him to his feet. Then Mallam was running fast away from the house, his face contorted, his eyes staring, his clothes dirty and torn. He reached the car, fumbled in his pockets for his keys and shouted several times at Rhiston. Rhiston ran to the car, panting and exhausted, and Mallam pushed him inside before driving them both away.

They were not far from the village when Mallam slewed the car in the lane, using the driveway of a farm, to drive straight toward Thorold whose motorbike light he had seen in the rearview mirror. Thorold reacted as best he could, braking and steering away, but the front of the car clipped the side of the bike causing him to lose control. His front wheel hit the curb and he was e HeHe in the air, briefly, to land dazed in the hedge by the verge.

He sat up to see the car reverse over Monica as she lay still in the road. He ran toward her, but she was dead.

Carefully, and almost crying, Thorold carried the body to the verge. His motorcycle was undamaged apart from scratches and a few dents, and he collected several stones from beside the road before riding with fury after the car. He soon caught it and sped past to turn, skidding, and race back, throwing a stone at the windscreen of the car.

He did not hear the screech of brakes – or see the car swerve and weave across the road as the driver's vision became obstructed by the suddenly frosted glass. But he did see, as he turned, the car crash and come to rest on its side. Mallam was dazed, his face bleeding,

while Rhiston was unconscious. Thorold dragged Mallam from the car, banged his head against the underside and threw him onto the verge, and he was walking toward where Monica's murderer lay when the car suddenly exploded, searing the air with heat and light and throwing him to the ground.

Instantly, he regretted saving Mallam's life, and as he stood up to edge away from the burning, he felt an urge to throw Mallam onto Rhiston's funeral pyre. Mallam began to moan, and Thorold was considering what to do when, in the light of the flames, he saw people approaching.

Thorold recognized the young man leading them. He was Sidnal Wyke, seller of Lianna's books, and Thorold made no move to stop them as they carried Mallam away from the burning and back to the darkness that covered the lane to their village.

Many miles away, in a room of her house, Lianna smiled as she burned her square of inscribed magickal parchment in the flame of a black candle.

XIX

They had not spoken to Thorold and he had not spoken to them, and he watched them - numb with shock from Monica's death - depart, carrying Mallam. His rage had gone and he stood near the now slow burning car for several minutes before riding to the nearby farm.

To his surprise, the Police did not take long to arrive, and the Policeman found him waiting beside his bike near Monica's body.

"My girlfriend." Thorold explained. "The car - just came straight toward me."

He explained about the crash, the car reversing, and his moving the body. "There was nothing I could do. Then I heard a crash and an explosion and went to see."

The young but kindly Policeman smiled. "We'll need a statement. No need now - tomorrow."

Thorold gave his name and address, heard a Fire Engine approach, watched an Ambulance

arrive and take Monica's body away. He did not quite know why he did not speak about Mallam, but he did not, but as he drove slowly away from the scene to take the roads that led to Shrewsbury, he began to regret his lie. He stopped once, to turn back and tell the full story, but it was not his courage that failed. Rather, he began to sense he was involved in something of great and sinister import, and although he did not have all the answers – or indeed perhaps not even the right questions – he would find them. He did not, at this moment, know how, but Monica's death gave him the desire to succeed.

Jake was at home with his wife as Thorold had hoped, and he sat with them, drinking beer while the television relayed some film.

“Want to talk about it?” Jake asked.

“No.”

But Jake was not offended, and offered him more beer. Gradually, Thorold drank himself into a forgetful stupor to slither from his chair to the floor where he fell asleep.

He awoke to find himself alone in the house and obviously carried by Jake to a bed. He soon dressed and left to drive in the light rain to Lianna's home.

“I have been waiting for you,” she said as she led him inside. “I am sorry for what happened.”

“You know?” he asked without surprise.

“One gets to hear these things.”

“You know why I have come then?”

“Yes.” She took him to her living room. A copy of *The Black Book of Satan*, bound in black leather, lay on a table, but its title did not interest Thorold.

“I have to make a statement to the Police,” he said.

“You met Constable Tong, I believe.”

Thorold was not familiar with the name, but he made the obvious deduction.

“Such a bright young man,” she continued. “A cousin of Mr. Wyke – whom of course you have met.”

“I see,” said Thorold, uneasy.

“I thought you would.”

“What will you do with him?”

“With whom?” she teased.

“Edgar Mallam.”

“Does it matter?”

“It might.”

“To you?”

“I might want to see justice done. He killed Monica!”

“What is justice?” she mocked.

“He killed her!”

“An accident. A body burned beyond recognition,” she shrugged.

“I should have left him to die in the explosion!”

“You had no choice.”

“What?’ he asked perplexed.

She ignored the subject. “Come, do not let us argue. Remember how it was between us.”

Her smile, her eyes seemed to be affecting him and he became aware again of how beautiful she was. He remembered the ecstasy and passion he had shared with her – the soft sensuous beauty of her naked body; her intoxicating and seductive bodily fragrance. She was moving toward him with her mouth open, her lips waiting to be kissed.

But something inside him made him suddenly aware of her witchery, and he forced himself to think of Monica – her body, bloody and broken, on the road. His remembrance of her death and her face in death broke Lianna’s spell.

“I must go,” he said, turning away from her eyes.

“As you wish!”

Her words seemed to end the tension he felt in his neck and shoulders, but he still avoided looking at her.

“Remember,” she said as if chanting, “I want to share my life with yours.”

Even as he left he felt an urge to return and surrender to her seductive beauty, but he rode away down to the river where he sat for hours in the first nascent and then fulsome sun thinking about Monica, Mallam, Lianna and the events that bound them, and he himself, together.

He was disturbed by this thinking and tried to relax by returning to the secure reality of his bookshop. He wandered around the shelves, seated himself at his desk, and opened the mail that had begun to accumulate. But the longer he stayed in the musty shop, the more he felt that the world of books in which had been his world for years, was a dead one. Its charm

had gone. Monica had been real – exciting and full of promise for his future: his surveillance had been exciting, reminding him of the years before his marriage. Lianna herself had been real – warmly alive, as the books around him were not. He could give his statement to the Police, forget about Mallam and Lianna – forget about them all – and live again within his cloistral world of books. Except he did not want to.

The door to his shop opened.

“You are open?” asked the elderly man who entered.

“No, not at the moment.” Thorold was annoyed at being disturbed.

“Oh, dear! And I did so want to look around. I called yesterday.”

“Didn’t you see the note?” asked Thorold, pointing to it on the door.

The man bent down to peer, took some spectacles from the pocket of his tweed jacket and squinted. “My! How silly of me!” He turned to smile at Thorold. “But you are here now.”

The man was short and rotund with red cheeks and thinning white hair. His manner of dress was conservative and he carried a rolled up umbrella.

Thorold relented. “You can have a look if you wish. But I will be closing again soon.”

“You were recommended to me.”

“Oh, yes?” Thorold said without interest. He was still thinking of Lianna.

“Perhaps recommended is not the right word. May I sit down? My legs are not what they were.”

Surprised at the request, Thorold offered him his own chair.

“Most kind! Let me introduce myself.” He held out his hand. “Aiden is the name.”

Thorold shook his hand.

“I shall be brief,” Aidan said. “You spoke to a friend of mine some days ago about a certain matter.” He smiled at a perplexed Thorold. “The Devil,” he said calmly.

“Just curiosity.”

“I know a little about such things.”

“Academic interest, that’s all. Someone wanted to sell me some books on the subject.”

“You have these books?”

“No, actually.” Then, thinking quickly, he added, “I threw them out.” He pointed to a bundle of books tied by string, which lay on the floor. “I haven’t got the room. Have to be very selective.”

“For over forty years I have studied the subject. Meeting people. Often those who have been involved. One develops an instinct.” He smiled again. “Rather like a Detective. Although in my own case, an ecclesiastical one.”

“You must excuse me – I really ought to close the shop.”

“You have the scent of Satan about you,” the old man said in a quiet voice.

“Say again?” Thorold was startled.

“A figure of speech. Those who practice the Occult Arts believe there is an aura surrounding the body. It is said Initiation, particularly into the darker mysteries alters that aura, most noticeably between the eyes. You must forgive me if I speak frankly.”

“You are welcome to have a quick look around the shelves for any books that might interest

you.”

“You interest me.”

“You must excuse me – I have a busy day.”

“Are you afraid of someone?”

Thorold was insulted. “Of course not!”

“I came only to help.”

“Why?” Thorold was becoming a little angry.

Gently, the man said, “Because I am concerned about the growth of evil.”

“What is evil?” He realized he was echoing Lianna’s parody and added, “I sell books, that is all.”

Aiden sighed. “I can only help if you want me to. You know where I will be staying if you wish to contact me.”

“The Cathedral?”

“Yes. Sometimes it is better to ask for help than to try to solve things alone.”

“Are you staying long?”

“A few days.”

“I hope you enjoy your stay. Goodbye.”

Aiden pointed to the motorcycle, which Thorold had parked outside. “Yours?”

“No, I always dress like this,” Thorold quipped.

Aiden did not mind the jest. “So different now, such machines. Once – a very long time ago before I accepted my vocation within the Church – I rode. An Enfield – at least, that is what I think it was called. So long ago. Fast?”

“Very. Zero to sixty miles per hour in less than six seconds.”

“A different world, now. Such memories. I shall pray for you.”

“Goodbye.”

“Adieu!”

Thorold had declined the man’s gambit to prolong their conversation, and he watched Aidan walk slowly up the narrow lane that led to St. Chad’s church and the gates of Quarry Park. He did not regret his decision not to share his secrets, and as soon as Aidan was out of sight, he closed the shop and rode down into the traffic that was congesting the roads through the town.

The street, which contained Mallam’s house, seemed quiet, and he parked his bike nearby to walk the last hundred yards. To his surprise he found the door slightly ajar, and cautiously entered. A faint perfume lingered, reminding him of Lianna, but he quickly forgot about it as he slowly moved from room to room. The rooms were untidy and he was making his way upstairs when he heard someone moving about.

“Hello!” he called.

No one answered, and he crept into a bedroom. Someone touched his shoulder and he raised his hands, saying, “it’s a fair cop!” before suddenly turning around and smiling.

His quick movement startled the woman, and Thorold recognized her as Rhiston’s wife.

“Can I help?” he asked cunningly.

“You haven’t seen Maurice, have you?” she asked hopefully.

“No,” he lied. “Not recently. He gave you this address?”

She stared down at the floor. “Edgar did.”

Thorold drew the correct conclusion. “Been waiting here long?”

“I’ve just arrived.”

“You’ve got a key, then?”

“The door was open.”

“You checked the other rooms?”

“Not yet.”

“Come on, then.”

All of them, at least to Thorold’s once practised eye, bore evidence of a quick but thorough search.

“You don’t know where Maurice is?” she asked.

“Afraid not. You know Edgar,” he smiled. “Likes to be a man of mystery. They’ve probably gone somewhere together.” He had no qualms about lying to her since he assumed, from her involvement with Mallam, that she knew at least something about his activities. “Do you want to wait here?” he asked her.

“I’d better be going. If you see him – “

“I’ll tell him you called.”

“Thank you.”

He walked with her down the stairs. She turned to smile weakly at him before she left, and he felt sad. But he did not follow her to tell her about the fate of her husband. Instead, he sighed, remembered Monica’s death, and began to search the house, after locking the door. He found nothing of interest and nothing to incriminate Mallam – only a large collection of pornographic magazines, some leather whips and some manacles and chains. No photographs of his activities, no letters, documents, and nothing to indicate his interest in the Occult or the names and addresses of his varying contacts. He was disappointed, but not surprised, and left the house wondering what he could do next. Mallam was gone, Rhiston was dead, he had no names and addresses, no factual evidence concerning Mallam’s activities. Then he remembered the woman that Rhiston had briefly visited.

She answered his knock on her door wearing a nightdress and squinting into the brightness outside.

“Yes?”

“I am a friend of Edgar.”

“Do come in! Please excuse the mess. A social occasion – last night – you know how they drag on and on.”

“You came highly recommended,” he said, guessing.

“Really?” Pleased, she thought he looked promising, although somewhat older than she had come to expect. “Would you like something to drink? Beer, perhaps?”

“Tea?”

“Darjeeling, if you have some.”

“You don’t look like a tea drinker to me.”

“It’s the leathers! Often gives the wrong idea.”

“You must be warm in that black leather.” She breathed out the last words as though black leather interested her.

“It has its uses.”

“I’m sure! Do you ride often?” she asked mischievously.

“As the mood takes me.”

“Does it take you now?”

“Possibly.” After such a promising beginning he was at a loss as to how to continue, except the obvious course. But he was not disposed to take this, despite the attractiveness of the lady whom he guessed was at least fifteen years older than him. He began to feel embarrassed by the role he was creating for himself as well as surprised by his burgeoning desires. She was standing near him, her nightdress almost transparent and he could see her nipples and dark mass of pubic hair. He forced himself to remember the reason for his visit.

“Have you known Edgar long?” he asked.

“Long enough! Have you brought anything from him?”

As she said the words he saw the needle marks on her arms. The sight decided him.

“I’ve just remembered it!” he said, and dashed out of the house.

He did not seem to consciously decide, but just arrived at the road to Lianna’s house, and he did not have long to wait in her driveway. Attracted by the noise of the motorcycle, she came out to greet him.

“I must know,” he said as he removed his helmet and she stood, smiling and beautiful, in the sunlight. “About Mallam.”

“It is good that you come of your own free will.”

By the side of the house, Thorold could see Imlach turn around and walk back into the garden.

XX

The house was cool, and Thorold and Lianna sat in the Drawing Room overlooking the rear garden. She brought him iced tea before sitting beside him.

“What will happen to him?”

“Do you care?”

“Not in that way.”

“But you want revenge?”

“Possibly. I don’t know.”

“And if you were given the opportunity to dispense justice by taking his life, would you?”

“It’s not up to me. There is the law.”

“The Law! Hah! The Law is an accumulation of tireless attempts to prevent the gifted from making their lives a succession of ecstasies!” Her passion was soon gone, and she smiled kindly at Thorold. “I’m glad you came to see me again.”

Thorold returned her smile. "You didn't answer the question."

"About Edgar?"

"Yes. I do have my suspicions."

"Do you?"

"It seems to me you planned things."

"I will not deny – to you - that I planned some things. But I will tell you something. I planned things, yes – but I did not plan to fall in love with you."

For several minutes Thorold could not speak. He watched her, and she began to cry, gently, until tears ran down her cheeks.

"I have never said that to anyone before," she said, softly.

Thorold did not know what to do. He thought, vaguely and not for very long, that she might in some way be trying to manipulate his feelings, but the more he looked at her and the more he remembered the ecstasy they had shared in the past, the more his doubts began to disappear. She had turned her face away, to wipe the tears with her hand when he reached over to stroke her hair.

"Don't cry," he said.

"I'm sorry." She held his hand. "See what you do to me! I can't remember the last time I cried!"

"You are a strange woman."

"If I ask you something will you give me an honest answer?"

“Possibly.”

“Were you in love with Monica?”

The question surprised him. “I don’t know,” he said hesitantly. “I don’t think so.” He felt he had betrayed her.

“Good. I was a little jealous.”

“The thought occurred to me.”

“But I’m sorry about what happened – with her, I mean.”

“So am I,” His sense of having betrayed Monica began to fade. “I’d rather not talk about it.”

“I’ve missed you.” She moved toward him and kissed his lips.

The kiss, her perfume, the feel of her body pressing against his, overpowered his senses and he began to return her passion.

“Not here!” she said.

She held his hand as they walked from the room, and along the hall to a door. The door led down some steps into a dimly lit chamber. A dark, soft carpet covered the floor and she took him to an alcove where cushions were strewn, drawing him down with her. Her passion seemed to draw from Thorold all the darker memories of the past days and he abandoned himself to his lusts, remembering the tears and her words of love. Her hands gripped his shoulders and as her own passion became intense her nails sank into his flesh, drawing blood. But he did not care, as her body spasmed in ecstasy, followed by his own.

They relaxed then, in the gently bliss that followed.

“I want you,” she whispered, “with me always. Will you do something for me?”

“Yes,” he answered without hesitation.

“Whatever it is?”

“Yes.” His hands stroked her breasts. “You are beautiful.”

“I am all yours – now.”

“What did you want me to do?”

“Live with me.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously!” She kissed him. “I love you.” She sat up to lean against a cushion. “Tomorrow night there is a celebration in the village that I would like you to attend – with me.”

“Your village?”

She laughed. “I suppose it is!”

Thorold sat up to rest beside her against the stone wall and as he did so he noticed in a far corner, a statue. Beside it hung a lighted candle shielded by red glass. The light reminded him of the sanctuary lamp in a Catholic Church, but the statue showed a woman, naked from the waist up, who held in her outstretched hand the severed head of a bearded man. The woman was smiling.

“What’s that?” Thorold asked, pointing with his finger.

“The violent goddess – Mistress of Earth. There was a time when men were sacrificed in her name, and the Priestess of her cult would wash her hands in the victim’s blood before taking it to sprinkle on the fields. It ensured the fertility of the land – and the people.”

Thorold understood – or felt he did. He looked around the chamber. It was bare, except for one wall where a battered medieval shield, sword and armour hung.

“And those?” he asked.

“Family heirlooms. They were supposed to belong to an ancestor of mine – Roger de Alledone. There is a book in the library about the family – if you’re interested.”

“Yes. Does your son visit you often?”

“My son?” she asked, surprised. Then, remembering, “I have no children – yet.”

“But I remember you saying when you came to my shop – “

“A fabrication – to meet you. Am I forgiven?”

He vaguely remembered something else she had said, but could not form the vague remembrance into a distinct recollection of words, so he dismissed it. “Of course!” he said.

“Will you stay tonight?” she asked.

“Do you want me to?”

“You know I do.”

“I would have to collect a few things.”

“Naturally. Do you have a suit?” She looked at his motorcycle clothing discarded in haste.

“Yes, why?”

“I thought we could go to a rather nice restaurant I know. For dinner, tonight. And then come back here.”

Totally captivated by her, totally under her spell, Thorold simply said, “That would be nice.”

They embraced before he rose to dress. She watched him, before dressing herself. In the hallway, she kissed him saying, “Don’t be long, my darling!” He was almost to the door when she added, “I love you!”

It was a dazed almost hypnotized Thorold who sat outside astride his bike. Then he rode slowly out of the driveway only to be confronted by Imlach’s daughter who waved him to a halt.

“Listen!” she said, fearfully glancing around. “I must talk with you.”

He removed his helmet before saying, “What about?”

“I can’t talk here – it’s too dangerous. Please, you’ve got to hear me.”

“But – “

“Please!” she pleaded. “I must talk to you about Lianna!”

“Come on, then!” He indicated the pillion seat, replaced his helmet and drove down the road to take the lane that led to the toll bridge. He stopped before reaching it.

“Well?” he asked as they both stood beside the bike.

“She killed Monica,” she said.

Thorold’s smile disappeared. Stark realities, and memories of love and death, returned.

In the hazy sunlight, Thorold stared at the river flowing nearby. Two rowing boats, carrying their rowdy youthful crews, passed under the bridge.

“That’s ridiculous,” he finally said in answer to Sarah’s accusation. “It was an accident.”

“Was it? She arranged it using her magick.”

“Impossible.” He looked at her, but she did not turn her eyes away from his.

“Believe me, she has powers – sinister powers. She put a death curse on Monica.”

“Nonsense!”

“Is it?”

Thorold became perturbed. He had sensed many things about Lianna – including her natural charisma. “She wouldn’t – she had no reason.” Even as he spoke the words he knew a reason existed.

Sarah smiled, out of sympathy. “I saw her inscribing the parchments she uses to work her spells.”

Thorold still did not completely believe her. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I – we - need your help.”

Thorold sighed, and went to stand on the bridge, leaning against the supports and watching the water flow below. She followed him.

“For centuries,” Sarah began, “her family has ruled the village. Her father before her. But she is different – they are all afraid of her. She owns the land, nearly all the houses – the fields. Without her, they could not survive. But she had followed a different way. I was born in the village, so I know.

“She is using you, as she uses everyone, including me and my father. There is a ceremony due – part of an old tradition. She has captivated you – like the dark witch she is.”

The rowing boats had gone, and the river seemed quite peaceful. Sarah continued speaking while Thorold watched the breeze ripple the surface of the water.

“Her family kept alive for generations the old traditions, the old ways – as did the folk of the village. But she has meddled in other things. We need your help.”

“Why?”

“Because you are important to her – at least, in what she is planning.”

“And what is that?”

“To use the power of The Giving for herself. I don’t agree with the old ways – and want them stopped. You must know – or have guessed – what will be involved. The man whom you saw escape – “

“I did wonder. There is a statue in her house.”

“Yes. So you do understand?”

“I am beginning to.”

“Will you help, then?”

“I don’t know.”

“She will take you to the ceremony – we, you and I, must prevent what she plans.”

“And then?”

“Let him go.”

“I see.”

“I could give you enough evidence.”

“About his activities?”

“Yes. She removed all his files, last night from his house.”

“I did wonder,” Thorold said.

“She has other evidence against him as well. I could get that.”

“What is she to you?”

Sarah sighed. “My mother.”

When Thorold had recovered from his surprise he said, “she told me she had no children.”

“Oh, she doesn’t acknowledge me – not as her heir and all that.”

She smiled at him and Thorold saw the faint resemblance to Lianna that he had seen before but dismissed.

Sarah laughed. “I am a mistake that she made in her youth!”

“She never said anything to me.”

“She is not exactly proud of me. That’s why she keeps me around in her sight.”

“And you father?” Thorold still found it difficult to believe that she was Lianna’s daughter.

“He is her loyal servant – and servant is the right word!”

“So they are no longer close?”

“Close? They have never been close! She used him - once and for her own ends. He was and always has been her guardian. She despises him. He is totally in her power.”

Thorold felt relieved, but he soon suppressed the feeling. “You will be present tomorrow night at the ceremony?”

“Yes. You will help, then?”

“I’ll think about it.”

“I shall have to get back – before I’m missed.” She walked a few paces, and then turned toward him. “She killed Monica. And when she has finished with you – “ she shrugged, “ – who knows?”

Thorold did not watch her go. The past few hours, through their intensity and contradiction, seemed to have drained away his vitality and he rode to his Apartment to sit in the stuffy interior silence for a long time, without feeling and without thinking about recent events. When he did think about them, he came first to one conclusion and then another, to finally change his mind again, and it was without any enthusiasm that he collected clothes suitable for Lianna’s evening.

She greeted his return with a kiss, and did not seem to him to notice his change of mood.

“I feel very tired this evening,” he said to build his alibi.

She led him upstairs to the bedroom he had slept in before.

“I’ll see you downstairs, in the Sitting Room,” she said smiling, and left him.

He was soon changed, and sat to wait for her in the Sitting Room. It was a long wait, and he rose to briefly play the Grand Piano.

“You must play for me,” she said as she entered, startling him.

He was momentarily stunned by her beauty and appearance. She wore a brooch of colourful design, held by a black silk band around her neck, and her close-fitting dress emphasized the feminine proportions of her body. It was cut low at the back, exposing her tanned skin to the waist, its fit so close that Thorold could see she wore nothing underneath.

“What do you think?” she asked unnecessarily, turning in a circle in front of him.

“I think other women will hate you.”

“Good!” she laughed.

Her driving matched her mood, for she drove fast but with skill out of Shrewsbury to take a circuitous route to the restaurant. Inside, the furnishings were antique, and they were ushered to a table overlooking the extensive private grounds.

“Such a civilized place, don’t you agree?” Lianna said as Thorold sat amazed by the selection of food, and the prices, which were shown on the menu.

The tables were set at a discreet distance from each other, some at different levels. No one else was present – except two waiters and a waitress, discreetly watching them.

“I suppose the prices put people off,” Thorold said as he glanced at the empty chairs.

“We have the place to ourselves tonight.”

Thorold blushed, and stared at the menu.

“Decided what you want yet?” she asked, pleased by his show of innocence.

“Cod, chips, mushy peas and scraps.” He waited for her reaction and when none came, he said, “You decide.”

She did, and a waiter sidled up to her on her signal to take the order. She chose wine, and Thorold had drunk two full glasses of her expensive choice when he said, “all we need is an orchestra.”

“There are speakers secreted among the oak beams to channel background music.”

As if listening to their conversation, the nearby waiter walked gracefully toward their table. “Would Madam like some music?”

“Do you have any Strauss Waltzes?”

“I shall see!”

A few minutes later the music began as the first course of their meal was served. Thorold watched Lianna while they ate and talked of inconsequential things – the long spell of hot weather, the restaurant, his likes and dislikes in music. She did not seem to him to be evil – just exceptionally beautiful, wealthy woman, born to power and used to it. But he could not still his doubts. He heard Sarah’s voice in his head accusing her; remembered Lianna’s lie about having no children; her anger toward Monica. But most of all he remembered Monica’s death and Mallam being borne away by the people of Lianna’s village.

“Why did you never have any children?” he asked to test her.

She smiled. “My husband. Marriage of convenience, really. Did not want him as the father of my children.”

“Did you never want any?”

“Apart from now, you mean?” And her eyes sparkled.

“Years ago. As an heir.”

“Together we shall solve this problem!”

“But seriously – “

“Seriously – not until now. I never found the right man, until now. One has to be so careful.”

Thorold had his answer, and he did not like it. “It is a pity,” he said, guarding his feeling, “that there is not room enough to dance.”

“We could ask them to make room.”

“No – I’d be too embarrassed.”

The evening passed slowly for Thorold. Their conversation returned to the mundane, and he drank an excessive amount of wine to stifle both his feelings and his thoughts. He pretended to fall asleep in her car on their return to her house, awaking at their journeys end to say, “I’m sorry. Drunk too much.”

She smiled indulgently, and did not seem to mind when her kiss, as they stood in his bedroom, was not returned.

“We have the rest of our lives together!” she laughed in reply to his apology for his tiredness.

“I shall be leaving early in the morning. To prepare for our little ceremony. Meet me outside the village mound at ten in the evening. Can you remember that?” she asked playfully.

He slumped onto the bed, playing his role. “Of course.”

“No curiosity?” she asked.

“‘Bout what?” he slurred his words.

“The ceremony?”

“Too tired to be curious. Anyway – trust you.”

She looked directly into his eyes and for an instant he felt she knew about his pretence and the reasons for it. But she kissed him, and the moment was gone, making him sure he had been mistaken, for she touched his face gently with her hand, saying, “sleep well my darling!” to leave him alone in his room.

No sounds reached him and he undressed to sleep naked in the humid night on top of the bed. He was soon asleep. He did not sleep for long. The weather oppressed, making him restless and sweaty, and his mind was troubled by thoughts of Monica, Mallam and Lianna’s lies. Only when dawn came, bringing a slight breeze through his open windows, did renewed rest come, and he did not hear as Lianna quietly opened the door to watch, for almost a minute while he slept. She smiled as she closed the door to leave him to his dreams.

It was late morning when Thorold awoke, tired and thirsty. The house was quiet, and empty, and he wandered to one of the many bathrooms before dressing. He found Lianna’s note on the table in the kitchen. “Yours – to keep,” it simply read. Next to it was a key to the front door of the house.

Half expecting to find Sarah or Imlach, he ventured into the gardens. He found no one, not even in the buildings where Sarah – a long time ago it seemed to him now – had taken him to strip away all her clothes. Now, he felt, he understood: angry with her mother, she had tried to seduce him as an act of revenge.

He spent an hour wandering around the house, occasionally opening a drawer or a cupboard as if by such openings he might find something to incriminate or explain Lianna. Even the library held no clues – only books, many of which he would once have been glad to own or buy for his shop. The door that led to the stone chamber was unlocked, and he walked down the steps aware that he might be transgressing Lianna’s hospitality. But he hardened himself against the feeling, remembering Sarah’s story, Monica’s death and Lianna’s lies. Black candles lit the chamber.

The red light by the statue was still burning, and as he approached, he saw a book lying on the floor. *The Black Book of Satan*’ the spine read.

The book was open at a chapter entitled ‘*A Gift for the Prince*’ and he began to read.

‘In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth usually takes on the role of violent goddess, the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan, the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess – the bride of our Prince.

‘Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed – or stored, for example, in a crystal sphere) and it draws down dark forces or ‘entities’. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal according to the principles of magick, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the ‘astral shell’ around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of the sacrifice, is disruptive – that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that sacrifice further the works of Satan...’

He read no more, but carefully replaced the book, leaving the chamber to ascend the stairs to his room. He felt comfortable again in his motorcycle leathers, gloves and boots, and left the house without locking the door.

The roads and lanes he took led him to a narrow, old stone bridge over a narrow stream, and he stopped to sit beside the water under the blue sky while larks sang high above the fields of ripening wheat. The book had given him final confirmation of his suspicions.

XXII

It was nearing the hour of ten when Thorold arrived in the village, his sealed letter safely in Jake’s house. His friend would open it and know what to do should he fail to return.

Twilight was ending, and as he parked his bike by the mound, removed his helmet and as he listened, hearing only the leaves of the trees moving in the breeze, he found it difficult to believe in magick. The perfume of flowers was strong, reminding him of quiet English villages full of charm. He had not heard or seen the old tractor that was driven across the lane, blocking it, after he had passed to take the last turn into the village, as he did not know the other entrance to the village was similarly obstructed. Neither did he see or hear Lianna approach until she stood beside him and touched him on the shoulder, startling him, again.

“Come”, she said, “they are waiting.”

She carried a wicker basket but he could not see what was in it. He was surprised when she lead him toward and into the church.

Inside, a multitude of candles and lanterns had been lit, and he saw the whole village assembled with Sidnal standing and waiting by the altar. But the altar was covered with fruit, food and what appeared to be casks of beer, and as he looked around he could see that all Christian symbols and artefacts had been removed.

The assembly parted as he and Lianna entered.

“Wait here,” she whispered to him before walking by herself toward the altar. Sidnal bowed slightly as she gave him her basket. It contained envelopes bearing a substantial gift of money, the same amount in each, and Sidnal took the envelopes one at a time, read the name written thereon, and waited for the recipient to come forward.

Each villager received an envelope, and Sidnal gave the empty basket to Lianna. She held it upside down and on this signal a young man and woman came forward. She touched their foreheads with her hands, saying, “I greet the Lord and Lady!”

They turned, as the assembled villagers did, toward where Thorold stood. The door opened, and Imlach entered holding a rope whose ends were tied round Mallam’s hands, binding them.

Lianna addressed the congregation, saying, “You have heard the charges against him. How say you – is he guilty or not guilty?”

“Guilty! Guilty!” The congregation responded.

“Is that the verdict of you all?”

“Yes!” the voices chorused.

“And his sentence?”

“Burn him! Burn him!”

Mallam looked terrified. Lianna led the exit from the church.

“Come,” she said to Thorold, taking his hand. Imlach led Mallam into the darkness followed by Lianna, Thorold, Sidnal and the folk of that village.

Sarah waited by the gate to the mound, holding a burning torch. She led the procession through the village and into the fields where they stopped beside an unlit bonfire. In its centre was a stake.

“No! No!” Mallam pleaded. “Forgive me! I’ll do anything! Anything!”

Imlach had a long-bladed knife, which he gave to Lianna as Sarah came to stand beside Thorold while the villagers gathered in a circle round the stake. Thorold felt Sarah’s hand touching his, then cold metal. He was surprised, but put the revolver in his pocket, and watched as Lianna approached Mallam.

“Are you ready?” Sarah whispered to him.

Thorold did not answer. Nearby, Lianna cut the rope which bound Mallam.

“Run!” she said to him. “Run!”

For some seconds Mallam did not move, and when he did the waiting villagers moved aside to let him through. He ran, bent-over, into the high, shielding wheat. No one followed.

“There is she,” Lianna pointed at Sarah, “who has betrayed us.”

Lianna came forward, took the torch from Sarah’s hand and beckoned to two men. They held Sarah by her arms while Thorold stood with his hand clutching the gun in his pocket. But he did not move, surprised by Mallam’s freedom, as the two men took Sarah away. Lianna lit the bonfire with the torch, and on this signal the villagers began to dance around it, laughing and singing. Two young women came to Thorold, held his arms and ushered

him toward the circle of the dance, and soon he lost sight of Lianna. He danced with them around the fire, several times trying to break away. But another circle of dancers had formed around the one containing him, dancing in the opposite direction, and constraining his movement.

He seemed to dance a long time until he saw Lianna again. She was outside the circle of dancers and came toward him, took his hand and joined in the dance. The heat of the fire had become intense, and the dancers moved away, still holding the circles. Wood crackled, and, among the singing and shouting,

Thorold thought he could hear music accompanying the dance.

“You did not believe her, then?” Lianna asked.

“You knew?”

“Of course!”

“And if I had believed her?” he asked, panting from the exertion of the dance and the heat.

“It would have been a pity to spoil the celebration.”

“And Mallam?”

She smiled. “He has his just reward!”

“Then Sarah is not your daughter?”

“Naturally not! And you have shown the insight I would expect from my future husband.”

Thorold was so surprised he stopped his dancing, and as he did so he could see, by the light of the fire, blood upon Lianna’s hands and dress.

XXIII

Thorold had no time to think. The dancing stopped, and he was borne along in the crush back through the gate of the field toward the village.

Several times he tried to find Lianna but without success. He was approaching the church when he saw her standing by the door with a young woman. Her hands were clean, her dress a different one.

“Shall we go and see Sarah?” She said, smiling, when he reached her.

Inside the church, the feasting had begun, and Thorold followed Lianna and the young woman, unwilling to form his fears and feelings into words. The light from the windows of the black and white house illuminated the garden, and as they passed through it Thorold could see, through the open door, fresh straw covering the floor of the stone building that had been Mallam’s prison.

Sarah sat, her head resting in her hands, by the table in the kitchen, the two men who had taken her away beside her, with Sidnal standing close by.

“Leave us,” Lianna said, and the two men left. “You have done well,” she said to Sidnal. “I have a gift for you - as your grandmother I know, would have wished.”

Sidnal shuffled his feet and looked down at the floor as Lianna joined his hand with that of the young woman who laughed playfully and dragged an unresisting Sidnal away. As they left the house, Thorold saw Imlach standing by the door.

Sarah looked hopefully at Thorold. “Why didn’t you stop her?”

When Thorold did not answer, she said, “You didn’t believe me, did you?”

“No.”

“But it was true,” she said in desperation. “My father will tell you.”

Imlach turned away.

“Tell him! Damn you, tell him!” she shouted.

Imlach said nothing, and Sarah began to cry. Then, suddenly, she was angry and glowered at Thorold. “You’re pathetic,” she snarled. “I pity you, I really do! You’re totally in her power! She’s corrupted you, beshrewed you, and you don’t see it!”

“I know what has gone on,” Lianna said.

“What do you mean?” Sarah demanded, angry – and afraid.

“Between you and your father.”

“No! It’s lies!”

“I have known for a long time,” Lianna said quietly.

“I hate you!”

“So, that’s why you pretended to be her daughter?” Thorold asked.

“Yes!” Sarah was defiant. She stood up, as if to strike Lianna, and as she did so, Imlach moved toward her. “I knew you loved her!” she said to her father. “That’s why I did what I did – with you!” She laughed, almost hysterically.

Imlach raised his hand to hit her, but Lianna stopped him.

“Now,” Sarah shouted, “you’ll never know your child!”

Swift, she ran out of the house, too quick for her father to catch her. She was in the stone

building, pushing the door shut, by the time they reacted, and when they reached it she had set fire to the straw.

She laughed at them as they stood by the door and flames engulfed her. Thorold tried to reach her, but the flames and heat and smoke were intense and Imlach pulled him back. Sarah screamed, briefly, and then was silent.

“I shall be at the feast,” Imlach said before walking along the garden path to take the lane to the church.

“Come on,” Lianna said to Thorold, “there is nothing you can do here.”

She took his hand to lead him back into the house. She brought wine, and they sat at the table in the kitchen drinking.

“I suppose,” Thorold said, “this is your house as well.”

“Indeed! Shall we live here – rather than in Shrewsbury?”

He ignored the question. “She said that you killed Monica – by cursing her.”

“Do you believe I did?”

For a long time Thorold did not speak. “No,” he finally said. “There was a book I found, in your house, the evening – “

“The Black Book of Satan?”

“Yes. It mentioned sacrifice.”

Lianna smiled, disconcerting Thorold still further. He realized then that he still loved her. It had been love that had overcome the doubts Sarah had given him, not reason.

“Tell me about Mallam,” he asked.

“What do you want to know?”

He wanted to ask about what he had seen – the blood on her hands and dress – but it had been the briefest of glimpses in difficult light, and he could have been mistaken.

“He is free, then?” he asked.

“Yes – at last.”

“And you planned everything?”

“You tell me,” she said enigmatically.

“I think you set him up right from the beginning. Let him make his mistakes. Condemn himself, in fact.”

“Possibly,” she smiled.

“But why?”

“I’m sure you can work it out.”

It was the answer he had expected. “How does the book I found fit into all this?” It was not exactly the question he wanted to ask, but it would, he hoped, lead him toward it.

She smiled, as a schoolmistress might toward an otherwise intelligent pupil. “Satanism, you mean?”

“Yes,” he answered, amazed at her perspicacity.

“It is not the way I follow. My tradition is different – much older.”

“And Mallam?”

“He followed his own dark path.”

“And Monica – surely she did not have to die?”

“No – it was an accident. But he killed her, accidentally or otherwise.”

“The village – how does it fit in?”

“Do you want to marry me – and share all this?” she asked.

Thorold smiled. “I thought I was supposed to ask you?”

”There is an older way.” She paused. “Yes – or no?”

Thorold felt the importance of the moment, heard the beating of his pulse in his ear, saw the enigmatic beauty of the woman seated beside him, and remembered her physical passion, her tears and words of love. “Yes,” he said trembling.

She kissed him. “I never really had much choice, did I?” he asked.

“Oh, yes, you had plenty of times to chose.”

For a moment Thorold had the impression that she had planned everything – including Sarah’s intervention and death – but the impression was transient. He looked at her, and could not believe it. She was smiling, and he suddenly realized that he would not care if she had.

“Imlach – what will happen to him?” He asked to test her.

“He will stay with us – should you so wish it.”

He was pleased with her answer. “And if I don’t wish it?”

I believe that Sidnal will need some help with his land. Now,” she said, and stood up, “let’s go to bed!”

Thorold needed no further encouragement to follow her.

Tired from the physical passion of the night, Thorold was sleeping soundly when Lianna left the house in the burgeoning light to dawn.

The village was quiet, and she walked past the church and into the fields. The bonfire of the night before was but a smouldering pile of ash, and she walked past it and through the wheat along the path Mallam had taken in his flight. Nothing remained by the edge of the field to mark his passing, except a large patch of discoloured earth, which, she knew, would soon be gone, and she smiled before returning to her house.

It would be another fifty years before the field would be needed again, and her heir would be there to carry on the sacred tradition. She was pleased with her choice for the man who would father her daughter, and, around an oak tree on the mound, she danced a brief dance in the light of the rising sun.

[Fini]

Appendix

A Brief Note Concerning The Deofel Quartet:

The books in the Deofel Quartet were designed as esoteric Instructional Texts for novices beginning the quest along the Left Hand Path according to the traditions of the ONA.

As such, their style is not that of a conventional novel. Thus, detailed descriptions – of people, events, circumstances – are for the most part omitted, with the reader/listener expected to use their own imagination to create such details.

Their intent was to inform novices of certain esoteric matters in an entertaining and interesting way, and as such they are particularly suitable for being read aloud. Indeed, one of their original functions was to be read out to Temple members by the Temple Priest or Priestess.

In addition, each individual book represents particular forms, aspects, and the archetypal energies associated with particular spheres of the Septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, and for example, *The Giving* – dealing with “primal Satanism” - relates to the third and fourth spheres, the two alchemical processes of Coagulation and Putrefaction, and the magickal forms represented by the magickal words Ecstasy and Vision. [For more details, refer to the ONA MS *Introduction to the Deofel Quartet*.]

The Greyling Owl

Order of Nine Angles

First issued: 1986 e.n.

This corrected version (v.1.03) issued 119 Year of Feyen

Introductory Note

Unlike the other MSS in *The Deofel Quartet*, the magickal and "Sinister" aspects, themes, and nature, of this work are not overt, nor implicit nor obvious, and thus - exoterically - it does not appear to be a work of Sinister, or even of Occult, fiction.

However, it does describe several works of real (and hidden) magick, in the real world, undertaken by hidden Adepts for specific purposes.

!

York, 1976 e.n.

Colin Mickleman stared contentedly out of the window before refilling his large pipe. Three mallards sat on the bank of the artificial lake that formed the aesthetic and geometric centre of the University, and Colin rose to open the window to the warm Spring air before standing

in front of a mirror in his room.

Tall and sturdily built, his enjoyment of life's many pleasures had left him physically unaffected but he had begun to worry about his increasing baldness, and it was some minutes before he completed his now routine inspection of his hair. His thirtieth birthday was now some weeks away and, notwithstanding his youth, he had earned for himself, by reason of his hard work and diligence, a considerable reputation in the academic circle of philosophers. During his tenure at York he had been voted 'The Most Interesting Lecturer of the Year' many times. That this award, by the students, was partly sartorial did not concern him in the least and he derived great satisfaction from it.

His teaching commitments were not very heavy, and he would often spend an idle hour or so drinking tea in the offices of the Philosophy Department in Derwent College, talking to the Secretary and anyone else who chanced along. The topic of conversations on these occasions varied, and while at times he might discourse learnedly to a colleague on philosophical matters, he was as likely to be found – always with a lighted pipe – discussing the fate of the England middle order batting or the latest calamity to befall his beloved Sheffield Wednesday football team. Although born in Sheffield, he had spent only ten years there as a child, and his rather hazy memories of the place did not in any way affect his fierce loyalty to the team that he - with his father - had supported as a boy.

Yet it was not only his loyal support of this team that had earned him the nickname of 'The Owl'.

The owl is, by nature, a nocturnal creature, and although somewhat retiring by day, at night it is a predator. Colin Mickleman's prey were women.

He did not possess any particular preference regarding women, although over the years he had often found himself strongly desiring women whose views were opposed to his own and with a particular type of sensuous lips. In his search for prey, he never ventured from his University territory or the venues of the many and various conferences he attended, and the supply seemed inexhaustible. Every year there was new blood at the University.

Sometimes, his liaisons lasted several months, although the average was around two weeks, and he was careful almost to the point of obsession not to clutter his day with assignations. The day belonged to his work. Occasionally, a liaison would prove troublesome when a woman's emotions became involved, and on these occasions he would bury himself in his work and academic duties, trusting in his emotional indifference, since it was mostly the pleasure of a woman's body he desired and not a personal involvement. Perhaps the pattern of his conquests had been set by the mental effort of his youth and

family situation, but however it had arisen it did not concern him much. As a boy nurtured by the hilly terraced streets of Sheffield between his father's factory and the Corporation Baths, his pursuits and interests had been those of any boy his age and class, and it was not until his family had moved to Leeds by virtue of his mother having to care for elderly relatives that his ardour for learning – as well as his desire to be somewhat different and escape from what he regarded as the drab limitations of his parents' life – was aroused.

The light in his room was growing dimmer as the sun set and he sat down at his desk to collect together the scattered pages of the article he had spent the day writing. His room filled a modest space on the ground floor of Goodricke College, and he had chosen it in preference of the large, but dull, flats normally reserved for members of the academic staff. He liked the view of the lake, the grassy bank with its weeping willow trees, and the three post-Graduate students with whom he shared a corridor and kitchen were quiet and unassuming companions.

The article pleased him, as his style of life did. He was content, teaching, publishing articles, writing his book on philosophy – and adding to his list of female conquests. He kept a list of the names of the women with whom he had had sexual relations, and he took it briefly from a locked drawer in his desk, smiling to himself, before he re-read his article. Soon, he felt, the academic adulation he desired would be his.

The knock on his door annoyed him, disturbing his reverie, and he sighed deeply before opening the door.

Alison, her eyes puffy and red, stood outside in the corridor.

“Yes?” he asked as if he did not know her.

She began to cry and he watched in astonishment as she sat on his bed with her head in her hands. Her wailing annoyed him, and he sat at his desk to refill his pipe. She was a second year Undergraduate of passionate intensity, and as he watched her he began to think of stratagems that might bring their relationship to a satisfying end.

Nevertheless, a part of him resented the stratagems that the cynical Owl proposed, and he rose to sit beside her before regaining control of himself and returning to his desk.

“Do you love me?” she asked suddenly.

When he did not answer, she wiped away her tears with her hands. "I have something to tell you," she whispered.

He looked suspiciously at her as if correctly guessing. She was watching him, and waiting for his reaction and he was glad when someone else knocked on his door. He bounded across the room to open it, and stood staring at the man in the corridor.

Edmund Arrowsmith had known Colin for over ten years, and was not surprised to find a woman in the room of his friend. He had travelled a long way and eased the heavy weight of his large rucksack off his shoulder for a moment.

"I can come back," he said.

"No, it's alright!" Colin replied. "Come in! This," he said, pointing, "is Alison."

She looked at Edmund, but did not return his smile of greeting and he eased his rucksack onto the floor.

"Well then," said Colin amicably to him, "what's your latest hair-brained scheme?"

Edmund looked pained. "Actually, I'm off to join a community."

Colin laughed, turned to Alison and said, "This is he! Ex-student, ex-political agitator, ex-mercenary, now soon to be ex- something else!"

He stood up, stretched and yawned. "I'll make some tea," he said before searching among the books and papers that lay in profusion on his desk. He gave Edmund a copy of his latest published article.

Alison watched Colin leave, but the invitation she hoped for did not come. She saw Edmund study a few sections of the article carefully, glance at the rest and then throw it back upon the desk.

"What are you studying?" he asked her.

“Music,” she said sharply and instantly regretted it.

“Then what instrument do you play?”

His eyes gave the impression of looking straight through her, and she felt there was something sinister about him which his outward appearance belied. His boots were well worn, his dull woollen shirt patched and his trousers well made and old, his face and arms deeply tanned. Only the gauntness of his face and his staring eyes betrayed him.

“Violin,” she said softly, turning to look out of the window.

“Oh, I see.”

Suddenly, she turned toward him. “What’s wrong with the violin?” she demanded aggressively.

Edmund smiled. “I just imagined you’d play something else – the piano.”

“Of course I play the piano!”

“Which do you prefer?”

“It’s not a question of ‘which do I prefer’! It’s a question of what music I choose to play.”

“I’d like to hear you play sometime.”

The question was so unexpected and so sincerely meant that Alison did not know what to say in reply and she was glad that Colin returned at that moment.

“What do you think?” he asked Edmund, pointing to the article and carefully laying two mugs of tea upon the corner of the desk.

“Not bad – style’s a bit turgid.”

Colin squinted at him. “You have to write like that – Editors expect it.”

“Doesn’t say much for Editors does it?”

Alison began to laugh, then thought better of it. “Where’s mine, then?” she asked, indicating the mugs.

“But you don’t like tea,” Colin protested.

“True! But I’d like to be asked.”

They glowered at each other for some moments.

“I need to stretch my legs a bit,” Edmund said as he stood, sensing an intrusion. “See you in, say, half an hour?”

He did not wait for a reply and as he walked down the corridor he could hear Colin and Alison shouting at each other. He caught the words; “I haven’t seen him for over a year!” But in the deserted and otherwise silent corridor it was Alison’s words that he carried out with into the warm, still air of Spring. They were sad words, perhaps even tragic, he thought, given the knowledge of his friend, and he stood outside the building for some minutes, looking across the lake as it scintillated under the now glowing lights of Vanbrugh College. “Don’t you understand,” Alison had shouted, “I’m pregnant!” and Edmund allowed the temporary peace of his academic surroundings to calm him as he walked toward the lake.

II

Edmund had always like the University since he had visited it many years ago. Spread over a two hundred acre site, its centrepiece was the fifteen-acre lake and despite the modernity of its buildings, he felt a harmony had been achieved unlike anything else he had seen in modern academia. This was partly due, he knew, to the planned and the fortuitous bird-life that had gathered around the lake, and partly because of the transplantation of mature trees

around the campus. He particularly liked the tall, broad Chestnut trees. Even the large Central Hall adjacent to the lake and near the fountain that shot water high into the air, did not seem out of place among the Weeping Willows that lined the banks and the Cherry trees that frequented the paths. The Hall was a semi-octagon, its upper stories cantilevered above the water and, planned or otherwise, it dominated the site. The whole effect pleased Edmund, although he felt the multitude of students spoiled it.

He sat for a long time by the lake, watching night fall and students pass. When he did rise, a sense of caution led him to walk slowly, and as he reached the residential block containing Colin's room, he saw Alison in animated conversation with a young man; she was trying to restrain his arm but he pushed her away. Edmund walked across the grass, smiled at Alison, and entered the building.

Colin was in the kitchen, a teapot in his hand, while beside him stood a young man clenching a carving knife.

"You bastard!" he was shouting, "you bloody bastard!"

Edmund went toward him.

"Stay out of this!" the young man growled.

Colin appeared to be mildly amused and swiftly, Edmund kicked the knife from the man's hand. It spun toward the roof, and then fell to clatter harmlessly into the sink. The man rushed toward Edmund who blocked the intended punch and pinned his assailant against the wall in an arm lock.

"He's drunk," Colin said by way of explanation. "Fancy some tea?"

"Please," Alison said as she stood by the door, "let him go."

"Her brother," Colin explained.

Cautiously, Edmund released him, and Alison's brother bent over the sink, vomiting.

“I’m sorry,” Alison said to Edmund as she attended to her brother.

“Is he alright?” Edmund asked her.

“I’ll take him to his room.”

After they had gone, Edmund said, “What are you going to do?”

“Have some tea!”

“About Alison, I meant.”

Colin squinted, as was his habit. “You know then?”

“Yes.”

The smell of vomit was strong, and Edmund flushed it away before turning to his now ashen-faced friend. “Come on, fresh air is what you need.”

They stood on the bridge over the edge of the lake.

“What will you do?” asked Edmund again.

Colin sighed. “She’ll have to have an abortion,” he said without conviction.

“What does she want?”

“She’s done this to try and trap me. She said she’d taken precautions.”

“You don’t feel responsible, then? Edmund asked.

“Of course not. She’s over eighteen.”

“You don’t feel in the slightest bit responsible?”

“No.” He stared down at the water, watching the scattering of light from the profusion of illumination near then and around the whole campus. He felt the transitory bloom of his thought would be crushed by Alison’s weight – the inertial weight of a childbearing body.

“You do care, really, don’t you?” Edmund said after the long silence.

Colin sighed, although it was not the sigh of the cynical Owl, still less that of the academic philosopher who watched life as it unfolded around his chosen dwelling. “I never misled her about my intentions,” he said.

“You don’t like women much, do you?”

“What?” Colin’s face was a carefully contrived combination of wounded pride and annoyance.

“Not as they are – in themselves. For you they are just reflectors of your self image.”

Colin was considering his answer when an obese man in a crumpled suit approached them. He was panting, and sweat dribbled from his forehead. He held a book in his hand from which protruded several sheets of notepaper. The man smiled at Colin, wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief, and thrust the papers at him.

“Sorry.” He explained, sucking in his lower lip, “reader’s report against it. Glad I caught you, Colin. Sorry, but I’m late already.”

Colin took the sheaf of papers. “Thanks.”

“Better luck next time, eh?” the man smirked before wobbling away.

“The bastard!” Colin said mutely.

“Friend of yours, then?” Edmund asked.

Colin glanced through his rejected article, and then stuffed it into his pocket. “That was Doctor Richard Storr, Ph.D. (Oxon) – infamous editor of the British Journal of Philosophy and – would you believe it – my Head of Department!”

“He’s the Professor?”

“Thankfully, no. But he’s in charge until one is appointed.”

“I gather you two are not on friendly terms.”

Colin ignored the question. “So how long are you staying this time?”

“A few days – maybe longer.”

For several minutes Colin was silent. Then, taking money from his pockets, he trust it at Edmund saying, “Here, get yourself something to eat. I’ll see you later tonight.”

“Where are you going?”

Colin hunched up his shoulders and wrung his hands. “To forget!”

He left his friend standing on the bridge and walked quickly back to his room to collect his camera. It did not take him long to arrange his assignation, and he waited by the road that intersected the campus beneath the walkway that siphoned students to and from the Library.

“Well,” he said as he climbed into the car, which stopped for him and held out his camera, “have you decided?”

The woman smiled at him. She was several years older than Mickleman, a Lecturer in English, her oval face graced by large blue eyes and framed by straight tawny hair. For months she had resisted his flattery and attentions. Her body showed a slight tendency toward corpulence, and Mickleman had lusted after it. She was polite where he was often gruff; her office tidy whereas his was chaotic. They taught the same Undergraduate student

and it was from this student that he had come to know of Magarita's existence. All her students held her in awe and it was this one fact which led Mickleman to seek her out and begin to plan his seduction. It was over a month ago since he had succeeded, and he had sown the seeds for the next stage of his conquest.

“You'll develop them yourself?” Magarita asked him, still unsure.

“Yes,” he lied before putting down his camera and rubbing his hands together gleefully.

III

Alison was alone again in the quietness of a practice room in the Music Department, and sat down on the piano stool to re-read her diary.

‘The corridor was dark - all the rooms were closed and I felt afraid. I could not bear a repeat of my last visit – the angry words, the tears, needs that were not fulfilled, things left unsaid. I remember I said: “It's better if I never see you again” – hoping he would plead with me to stay. He said nothing. I couldn't resist any more: ‘What shall I do?’ I cried, catching the lapels of his jacket, tears on them, my tears as I clung to him, trying to make a bridge. ‘Come on Wednesday’ he struggled to say. ‘On Wednesday,’ I repeated.

Such a dark corridor, outside. Last time I just stood in the kitchen, kicking the door and shouting at it: ‘Why do you never understand me!’ Yet I was back again – I had no pride left. Was this need really love? What would I say this time? Could I find a way of letting him understand – of getting through? I knocked on his door. ‘Come in’. The voice was subdued. He was sitting in his chair I remember as if it was a moment ago. Dispirited. ‘What is it?’ I wondered if all relationships were like this – so charged with emotion. ‘Your letter, your letter,’ he struggled to say. ‘I've hurt you,’ I whispered with awe. Then, sitting on his lap, my head against him, buried. Crying. ‘It's alright.’ A soft voice, a soft touch on my face.

It did not last. ‘Are you pleased to see me?’ I asked. ‘About as pleased as a Mickleman can be.’ Then, the inevitable wandering hand. The moment gone, and never repeated.

Only a month ago, she sighed; before I knew my fate. She put down the diary, thought of tearing it up, but did not. Then she began to play the piano, an Intermezzo by Brahms, transforming her feelings into her performance. And at its end, she sat, quite still, trying to recapture the beauty she had felt.

'I feel,' she wrote in her diary, *'only music can lead me to the knowledge I am seeking. I want to be at peace – when I play, I am at peace.'* What then, she thought, of the child now growing within her womb?

She did not know, and rose to walk slowly out of the building. She did not bother to seek Colin's room, but walked aimlessly along the paths, her face downturned.

"Hello!" a cheerful voice said to her.

It was some moments before she recognized the speaker.

"Are you alright?" Edmund asked her.

"Fine." She looked around, but could not see Colin.

"I'm just going to get something to eat. Would you like to join me?"

Eating was repellent to her but in atonement for the guilt she felt she said, "Yes."

She shuffled after Edmund toward the dining hall to join the small queue that babbled past the serving hatch. The dead and steaming flesh behind the glass cages nauseated her, as the gaggles of students at the tables annoyed her, and she followed Edmund's example by selecting a salad. Near her, someone laughed while they walked balancing a tray full of food. "I suppose" his companion said, "nothing matters but the quality." He looked at Alison and smiled.

For some reason Alison wanted to slap the young man's face, but the feeling soon vanished, and she followed Edmund to an empty table where she sat under the bright lights prodding her lifeless food.

“Aren’t you hungry?” Edmund asked her kindly.

“Not for food.” Then she was laughing at herself. “God! I’m beginning to sound like a cheap novel!”

“Surely you mean a character from a cheap novel?”

She stared at him, suddenly angry and defensive. Then she smiled. “Sorry.”

“It’s alright.”

She was surprised at the warmth in his words and in his eyes. “Would you,” she said impetuously, “like me to play some music for you?”

“Yes, I would. Very much indeed.”

“Come on, then!” She grasped his hand to lift him up from the table, then suddenly took it away thinking he might misconstrue her gesture.

She walked with him at a brisk pace back to the practice room. She was impatient to begin without quite understanding why. The Partita she played was followed by Brahms and then more Brahms while Edmund sat on the floor, listening. She seemed to play for a long time, and when she stopped she rested her incandescent face in her hands.

“Beautiful,” Edmund said.

She shrugged her shoulders. “I made a lot of mistakes.”

“I didn’t notice any.”

She smiled at being caught out. “What do you think of Brahms?”

“Nice.”

She was offended. “Nice? Is that all?” she said, a trace of anger in her voice.

“What do you think of his music then?” he countered.

“Sublime!”

“Possibly – sometimes.”

“You’re not serious? He is unsurpassed. Unsurpassable!”

“Everything can be surpassed – its just a question of will and genius.”

“Not today it isn’t – in this decadent culture.”

“Culture is only genuine culture if it smells of blood.”

She stared at him, but he smiled. His statement was so out of place with his benign expression she ignored it.

“What are you going to do?” he suddenly asked her.

She looked at him suspiciously, then turned away. “What do you mean?” she asked softly.

“I overheard – earlier on.”

She blushed, and shuffled her feet. “He’s offered to live with me.”

“And do you want that?”

“I don’t know.” Then, cheerfully: “ I don’t think he does, though!”

“No – I can’t really imagine him living a life of domestic bliss.”

“What do you think of him?”

“I think he is a genius.”

“Really?” she asked in astonishment.

“Intellectually, yes. Perhaps he needs to become a bit more human, though. Anyway, what do you want to do with your life?”

“I’d like to compose something,” she said enthusiastically, “something beautiful and profound.”

“Like Brahms’ Fourth Symphony?”

She looked at him quizzically. “I thought you didn’t like Brahms?”

“I never actually said that.”

She sighed. “We all have impossible dreams.”

He gave his enigmatic smile. “Some of us make them a reality.”

“Oh, yes?” she said.

Edmund turned his face away slightly, and her first thought was that she had offended him until she realized he was listening. She strained to hear what it was, but was surprised when Colin appeared at the door.

“Thought you’d be in here” Colin said to Alison. Then, seeing Edmund, he added “He been having an attack of his verbal diarrhoea?”

“She played some Brahms for me,” Edmund said as he stood up.

“Romantic cretin,” Colin muttered.

“I’m surprised,” Edmund said, “that you in your modernist existence have heard of him – let alone heard him.”

“Goes on a bit, doesn’t he?” Colin said to Alison.

“Had fun, then?” Edmund countered, pointing at the camera Colin held.

Colin ignored the remark. “You eaten, yet?” he asked Alison.

“Yes, thank you,” she said curtly and began to play the piano.

Colin winced.

“I gather,” Edmund said to him, “you don’t like Bach either?”

“Baroque cretin. Well, I’m going to have something to eat. “You coming?” he asked Edmund.

“In a while.”

Disgruntled, Colin left them to walk along the concrete path toward the bridge. He had not gone far when he realized he was being followed. The man was tall, his suit in contrast to his milieu, and Colin waited on the bridge for the man to pass him by. Instead, the man stopped, and waited. Colin walked on, the man followed, keeping his distance. He slowed his pace and the man did likewise. But when he reached the dining hall and turned around again the man had gone.

Alison had ceased her playing shortly after Colin had left the room.

“I suppose,” she said, “we’d better join him – or he’ll sulk all evening.”

“Have you ever thought of performing – professionally?”

“I’m not that good.”

“Yes you are.”

“Anyway,” she said and touched her abdomen with her hand, “it’s out of the question, now.”

“Not necessarily.”

Her look was one of disapproval, and they did not speak as they left the room and the building to walk the brightly lit paths. As they neared the dining hall, a tall man dressed in a suit stepped out from the shadows and come toward them.

“Excuse me,” Edmund said to Alison. “Tell Colin I’ll see him early tomorrow morning.”

She saw Edmund talk briefly with the man before she walked into the hall. Colin sat by himself at a table eating, rather gluttonously she thought, from a plate full of steaming food.

“He said,” she remarked as she sat beside him, “that he’d see you tomorrow.”

“Typical. Always disappearing mysteriously. That’s Edmund.”

“You are really fond of him, aren’t you?” she said, surprised by his obvious disappointment.

“Have you decided what you are going to do yet?”

“Go home – for a while at least.”

“I meant – “

“I know what you meant.”

Colin squinted at her. “What?” Then, annoyed by his own affectation, he said, “I meant what I said.”

“Part of you did, at least.” Colin’s presence – so physically near and yet so emotionally distant – made her feel like crying.

He saw this, and then nervously looked around.

“Don’t worry,” she said, “I won’t embarrass you by crying.”

He was about to answer when a young lady, colourfully dressed and possessed of a freckled face and an athletic build, shouted from the doorway of the hall.

“Hi Colin!” she said and sauntered to their table. “I’m so glad I found you!” She sat down. “What a day!” As if becoming aware of Alison, she turned toward her. “Hi! I’m Maren!”

“And I am just leaving,” Alison replied, having seen Colin’s eyes widen in gleeful remembrance as he looked at Maren.

“But – “ he began to say, then faltered, torn between his desire for Maren and his feeling of responsibility toward Alison. In his indecision, he let Alison walk away.

“You know,” Maren said to him, “that exhibition in John’s Gallery today? Well – you should have seen how they displayed my painting! Horrible, absolutely horrible. I objected, of course. And tried to explain to Jenny – she was with me – the ultimate meaning of having it displayed just right. You know what I mean, don’t you? Well, she – Jenny that is – she was so caught up in her own problems, she didn’t understand. And John! How he could devalue the exquisite contents of the painting that way, I’ll never know.

She took a drink from his glass of water. “You know what I dread, Colin? Dread most of all? The inevitable threat of being passé. Shall we have some fun tonight?” She looked around the dining hall. “Shake the cretins up a bit?”

Colin smiled at her and she smiled back.

IV

It took several minutes for Colin Mickleman to realize where he was. The curtains were still closed, but enough light penetrated for him to make out the contents of his room.

Normally he placed a glass of water beside his bed before he went to sleep. But this morning it was not there, and he yawned. His yawning occupied him for some minutes while he recovered some of his strength that his debauch of the night before had dissipated. Maren, at his insistence, had left his bed in the early hours of the morning, for he like to sleep alone.

Finally, after much yawning, sighing and stretching of his arms, he rose from his bed to begin his extensive toilet. When he was dressed, groomed and washed to his satisfaction, he sat at his desk for several minutes watching the lake through his window and smoking his pipe. He was thinking what to do about Alison when someone knocked at his door.

Edmund stood in the corridor, smiling in such a way that the ends of his mouth came very close to his ears.

“Lovely day, isn’t it?” Edmund said cheerfully. “Like some breakfast?” He held out a plate containing eggs, bacon and tomatoes.

Colin hunched his shoulders. “I hate people like you in the mornings.” Grumpy, he shuffled away to open the window in his room.

“Breakfast?” Edmund repeated.

“I don’t eat breakfast.”

“I wondered why your growth was stunted. More for me, then. Want some coffee?”

“I haven’t got any coffee – or any food for that matter.”

“Never mind.” He went to the kitchen to eat.

Colin joined him, but only to obtain a drink of water.

“Any plans for today?” Edmund asked.

“Lectures – then a meeting. I’ll meet you in the ‘Well’ in Derwent at twelve.”

“Sure you won’t have something to eat?” He held out a piece of bacon on the end of his fork.

Colin muttered something incomprehensible before returning to his room. Outside, in the bright sun, students seethed along the paths and he joined them as he made his way to his lecture. He disliked the lecture room with its high windows and bright, impersonal lights, but was glad to find all his first year students present and waiting. Of the women, Kate had been conquered already, but she ignored his smile as he remembered his photographs of her, locked in the drawer of his desk in the privacy of his room. His favourite among them was of her standing on a chair by his door, lifting her skirt to reveal her nakedness, the ginger tufts of pubic hair. She had held her head to one side, as if wearily obeying his desire to make her look ridiculous, her brown eyes staring at the camera and her mass of ginger curls slightly in disarray around her shoulders.

Of the others present, only Fenton did not turn his eyes away from Colin’s gaze. Instead, he stared directly at the Owl, as if understanding. He wore a long scarf and un-fashionable clothes, and the badge of his lapel proclaimed him as a supporter of the ‘Gay Liberation Front’. Not for the first time, Colin felt uneasy looking at him and turned his gaze elsewhere.

“Right,” Colin said, rubbing his hands together as was his habit. “I can see you’re all keen for me to begin.” He checked the pocket of his jacket to make sure his pipe was there. It was. “Now, in many ways, modern philosophy is considered to have begun with Descartes...”

He kept the attention of his students for the allotted span, and watched with satisfaction as they all, with the exception of Fenton, closed their notebooks with what seemed to be reluctance as he sidled into the corridor outside. Fiona Pound was ahead of him, her thin

cotton dress swaying as she walked. Underneath it, he sensed she was naked.

Unusually, the door of his room in the Department was open, but everything seemed in its familiar place – the stuffed owl on the bookcase, the picture of Sheffield Wednesday football team on the wall, the chaos of books upon floor and desk – and he sat down to fill his pipe, pleased with the newly acquired copy of Laclos' "Les Liaisons Dangereuses", bound in black leather. The fact that he did not speak French did not diminish his enjoyment in the least.

With his academic aims always in mind, Colin was scrupulous almost to the point of obsession about being on time for meetings and lectures, and it came as an unwelcome surprise to find himself late for the Departmental meeting. Fiona smiled at him as he entered the room; Whiting and Hill ignored him while Storr, as usual, seemed anxious and nervous. Horton sat in his usual corner by the window, dressed in the inevitable tweeds, ignoring everybody including Mrs. Cornish with whom, for the past fifteen years, he had been conducting an illicit affair.

"Sorry I'm late," said Colin as he sat next to Fiona.

Storr grunted and then expectorated loudly. "We were discussing," he said, "Mrs. Pound's new course in Philosophy of Society."

Colin nodded his head like a coot and proceeded to ignore what Storr was saying. The staff sat on both sides of a long table with Storr at their head. Beside the table and its chairs, the room contained some bookcases and magazine racks while the walls were covered with charts. Storr loved charts and spent a great deal of time creating them. Among his latest ventures were: 'The Frequency Of Post-Graduate Research Topics', Undergraduate Performance in Relation to School Achievement' and (Colin's favorite) 'Continuity in Staff/Student Relations'. Colin's own chart, showing the rise to fame of Sheffield Wednesday, had not lasted very long on the wall.

Mrs. Cornish, a middle-aged lady of somewhat stern countenance was smoking one of her small cigars, while Horton continued solving his crossword puzzle. He was the most senior member of the staff, and coveted the Professorship, his disdain of Departmental meetings being matched by his own dislike of Storr whom he called a 'smelly twerp'.

Storr's confederates, Whiting and Hall, seemed to be avidly devouring the words of their Master, and Colin concentrated on Fiona whose perfume pleased him. She was leaning forward, apparently listening to Storr, and resting her elbows on the table in such a way that several inches of her bronzed flesh were visible in the neckline region of her dress. Her

face, like the rest of her body, was tanned, and Colin thought her green eyes offset beautifully the red hair that advancing age had left untouched. Twice married, and divorced, Mickleman had pursued her avidly during his first year in the Department but her skill was equal to if not surpassed his own, and she had kept her distance. But her challenge and enigma remained for him, breeding a dark desire.

Mrs. Cornish was watching him ogle Fiona, and he winked at her. She pretended not to notice. Her hair was flaxen, gathered awkwardly on her head, and it had occurred to Colin many times that he would like to see her stand on a chair in his room, naked. With the photographs he would take, her power and authority – at least for him - would be broken.

“Er,” Storr was saying, his diatribe apparently over, “I think we should all, er, congratulate Mrs. Pound on the success of this new venture of hers. Don’t you all agree?”

“Yes!” Chimed Hill with bovine expression, “good show!”

He showed his large white teeth to everyone.

“Thank you,” smiled Fiona. “As you know,” she continued in her precise, accentless way, “this subject is very dear to me and I would just like to say – “

“What, again?” growled Horton.

“Er, did you have a point to make, Mr. Horton?” asked Storr meekly.

“Can’t we get on? Heard it all before and it’s all drivel. What next on the agenda, Storr?”

“I say!” protested Hill. Fiona and Storr, like himself, were Oxford graduates. Horton was a Cambridge man.

“If I could say a word – “ began Whiting in his slow way. He had studied at Keele, and everybody except Colin ignored him.

“You’ve said six already,” growled Horton.

Whiting's thin, droopy, moustache began to twitch.

"Yes, Richard," Mrs. Cornish said with a smile to Storr, "what is next? We really ought to press on."

"Well, er," Storr said, getting the notes in front of him into a terrible mess. "I think it's a memorandum from the Vice-Chancellor. It's here somewhere." He fumbled among his notes and papers before smiling and wiping his forehead with his brightly coloured silk handkerchief. About selection policy."

Colin watched Storr with amusement.

"I don't seem to be able to find it at the moment," Storr said.

"Typical!" Horton scowled, and continued with his crossword puzzle.

Storr ignored him, "But I do, er, remember most of its contents. We are to take a more favourable attitude to ethnic minorities – be flexible in accepting those without, ah, formal qualifications."

This was too much for Horton. He flung down his newspaper. "You mean lower our already disastrously low entrance standards to let more of them in!"

"Mr. Horton, please!" chided Fiona.

"Ruddy stupid idea!" Horton said.

"The Government," continued Storr, "has asked – "

"Might have known," Horton grunted, "it was those bunch of damn fools!" He rustled his newspaper loudly.

"The Vice-Chancellor says – and I must admit I agree with him – " Storr said, " – that they should be encouraged. And in view of our policy toward, er, mature candidates, he

considers we, that is this Department, should make a determined start in this direction.”

“We are a University,” Horton said gruffly, “not an unemployment training scheme!”

“I believe we have, er, a valuable role to play in ensuring equality of opportunity.”

“Why don’t you ruddy well say what you mean instead of waffling like a twerp!”

“Sorry?”

“Gentlemen, please,” Fiona said, smiling at Horton.

Whiting’s moustache twitched again. “You,” he said to Horton, “sound like a racist.”

“I’m sure,” Mrs. Cornish smiled, “Lawrence did not mean to imply anything of that sort. Did you Lawrence?”

Lawrence Horton glowered at her, then turned toward Whiting. “You, sir, are an oaf!”

“Er,” stuttered Storr, “I assume, Mr. Horton, that you’re opposed to the Vice-Chancellor’s suggestion?”

“As a racist,” protested Whiting, “he would be.”

“Racism,” Horton said calmly, neatly folding up his newspaper, “is an abstract idea invested by sociologists which they project, most incorrectly, onto the real world to make it accord with their prejudices. It has about as much reality as an intelligent Vice-Chancellor: both are impossible according to the Laws of Nature.” He stood up. “And now I have to wring from the minds of my students all the pretentious sociological nonsense you insist on indoctrinating them with.” His newspaper under his arm, he strode out of the room.

“Er, I believe,” Storr said after Horton had slammed the door, “that we can record Mr. Horton as opposed to the Vice-Chancellor’s rather splendid idea. Wouldn’t you all agree?”

“I do so hope,” Hill said, “that he doesn’t become the Professor. A reactionary like that?”

Storr smiled. It was not a pleasing sight. “I don’t think, speaking confidentially of course, that there is much possibility of his assuming that particular responsibility.”

“Thank goodness,” Whiting said.

“You are misconstruing his objection,” Mrs. Cornish interjected.

“He’d set us back fifty years,” continued Whiting. “We must progress with the times. Philosophy is a social science, after all.”

“Er, Mickleman,” Storr asked, “what is your opinion?”

“Yes, Colin,” Fiona smiled at him, “I’m sure we would all like to know where you are on this particular matter.”

“Well,” he said as he withdrew his pipe from his pocket and proceeded to light it, “I would have to give this matter some thought. It’s not an area that I am familiar with.”

“But surely,” Fiona persisted, “you have an opinion?”

“As a matter of fact, I try to avoid opinions – about things I have not thought through or deeply about or studied in detail.”

“Quite,” Storr said curtly. “Shall we get on?”

Fiona ignored him. “And in this particular instance?” she said to Colin.

“If necessary I would pursue the matter and then form a judgement – not an opinion – a judgement on the basis of careful thought.”

“I see,” Fiona smiled at him.

So did Mrs. Cornish, while both Whiting and Storr scowled, in their different ways. Hill studied his fingernails.

“Well, er,” Storr said shuffling his notes, “Mrs. Pound’s course, because of its success may be extended to second year students, as a major option. There is to be a staff seminar on the subject – next month. I think. Er, yes,” he glanced at a crumpled sheet of paper among his notes, “next month. Is there anything else anyone wants to add?” He looked around. “Well, then, we have all earned our coffee, I believe!” He began to shuffle the notes.

Colin left him, Whiting, Hill and Fiona discussing the relevance of Philosophy to society. Mrs. Cornish followed him into the corridor.

“I was impressed,” she said to him, “by what you said.”

“Won’t make any difference, though. They have made their minds up already.”

“True.” She withdrew the pocket watch she always carried and checked the time. “You’ve had another paper published I understand?”

Surprised, since he had only been informed himself a few days ago, he said, “Yes – how did you know?”

“One hears things. I also understand Richard has rejected another of yours.”

“Yes.”

“A pity. It was an insightful piece.”

“You read it?”

“Why yes. Do you have a copy?”

“Of course.”

“Then I shall send it to the ‘Bulletin’. With a covering letter, of course.”

“Thank you,” Colin said sincerely.

“Richard can be jealous, sometimes,” she said abstractly. “He envies you your success at so young an age.” Her smile seemed motherly. “May I offer you some advice?”

“Yes,” Colin said, hesitantly.

Her eyes seemed to Mickleman to shine almost wickedly. “Certain preoccupations are inadvisable for someone who aspires to high office.” Her eyes resumed their normal appearance. “Certain things – are just not done. They will make you enemies. I do so hope you understand me. Now, I really must be going.”

She turned abruptly and walked away from him.

“You bastard!” Colin heard someone behind him say.

He looked around and was punched in the face.

V

As Colin Mickleman struggled up from the floor it occurred to him in a slow way that Edmund would probably have been able to block the blow.

Blood from his nose slithered down his face, and he stared at Alison’s brother in astonishment. Bryn’s kick was well aimed, and although it knocked him over Colin did not at first realize it had struck him because he could feel no pain from the impact. He seemed to fall slowly, and as he did so he noticed the floor tile was chipped. There was a stain on the tile, the pattern of which he found quite interesting, and his detachment was enhanced by his inability to hear. He lay on the floor watching Fenton restrain Bryn and push him up

against the wall. Then he saw Horton, rushing out of Mrs. Cornish's room, and students crowding the corridor and the top of the steps. In the same moment his hearing returned, and he heard Horton shouting.

“What is the meaning of this?” he said to Bryn while Fenton held Colin's assailant aggressively by the throat.

Horton gestured toward Fenton and he released him.

“Well, boy! Horton demanded.

“That bastard – “ Bryn began to say, pointing at Colin who slowly got to his feet.

“Mind your language, boy!” Horton shouted at Bryn.

“Are you alright?” Fenton asked Colin and gave him a handkerchief.

“Fine,” he said, stopping the blood with the gift.

“What's your name?” Horton demanded of Bryn.

“What's it to do with you?” Bryn said defiantly.

“Listen to me, you runt!” Horton straightened his back. Despite his advancing years, he seemed a formidable adversary to Bryn who nervously turned his head as Horton clenched his fists. “This is a serious matter!”

Fenton was turning to walk away down the stairs and Colin walked toward him.

“Thanks,” he said.

Fenton smiled, and then shrugged his shoulder before disappearing down the stairs. Mrs. Cornish was in her room, and as Colin walked past her open door, he saw her using the telephone.

“It’s alright, Lawrence,” Colin said to Horton as he returned to the scene of the fight, “I know him.”

“I see.”

“Yes.” He noticed Kate looking at him down the corridor but she, like the others, turned away. The drama was over, and the corridor was clearing.

“Can he go?” Colin asked Horton.

“This is a disciplinary matter. You are a student, I presume?” Horton asked Bryn.

“Yes,” Bryn replied nervously.

“Yes, he is,” confirmed Colin. “Second year, Politics.”

“Politics?” repeated Horton. “Oh well, that explains it!”

Mrs. Cornish joined them. “Perhaps, Lawrence,” she said, “it might be better to leave the matter here.”

“Well – “ Then to Colin, he said, “Personal, is it?”

“Yes.” He watched Horton’s face carefully, as if his fate was being decided. When Horton smiled, he felt relieved.

“Maybe it’s for the best.” He faced Bryn. “If I hear so much as one whisper about you from this day on, I’ll make sure you’re sent down. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Bryn said and meant it.

“Now go, before I change my mind.”

Bryn scuttled away just as Storr emerged from his own room around the corner.

“Er, been some trouble?” he muttered.

Horton glowered at him, and then walked away.

“Just a little altercation, Richard,” Mrs. Cornish said. “Nothing to worry about. It’s all over now.”

“Er, if you’re sure.”

“Perfectly sure, Richard. Lawrence dealt with the matter admirably.”

“The I needn’t make a report out?”

“Certainly not.”

“Well, if you’re sure, Elizabeth.”

“Quite sure,” she replied primly.

“Well, that’s good then. If you could, Elizabeth, spare me a moment of your time. You see, I —“

“Not now. Perhaps later.”

“Yes. Yes, I quite understand. Later, then.”

“Come with me, Colin, and I’ll get you something instead of that.” She looked disdainfully at the now bloodied handkerchief he was holding to his nose.

He followed her into her room. As befitted a Senior Lecturer it was larger than his, with a splendid view of the lake. It was also very tidy. She closed the door firmly.

She briefly inspected his nose. "Nothing serious. Here," she gave him a sheaf of tissues. "If it bleeds again, hold your head back. Now, sit down."

He did as she commanded.

"Really, you must learn discretion, Colin." She lit one of her cigars. "Not a good start. You're very ambitious, are you not?"

"Well – " perhaps Bryn's blow had affected him more than he thought, for he felt momentary embarrassment.

She blew smoke directly into his face. "Would you be happy with Richard as Professor?"

"Well – "

"Hmm. I thought not. Not many would, actually."

"But surely Lawrence stands a better chance?"

"It is possible, of course. But Richard himself is not without influence. Besides, there are other considerations. The Vice-Chancellor and Lawrence are not the best of friends."

"I see."

"I hope you do, Colin. Is the manuscript of your book complete?"

He looked at her questioningly. "Almost."

"Good." She blew smoke directly into his face again. "Do you have a publisher yet?"

“No. not really.”

“Applicants for Professorships are viewed more favourably if they have published a major work,” she said almost casually.

Colin stared at her. Was it a joke?

“Ours is an expanding Department,” she said. “We hope soon to appoint two more lecturers.”

Colin knew the rivalry between Storr and Horton was intense. Of the nine members of the Department, only Fiona, Whiting and Hill favored Storr. The rest, including himself, were favourably disposed toward Horton. Of those four, Lee and Holland – whom Colin noticed with regret were not present at the morning’s meeting and thus had missed Horton insulting Storr – might be enticed away. If Storr was appointed, his Readership would become vacant, and Fiona seemed certain to benefit.

“However,” Mrs. Cornish continued, “if Richard is appointed, it will be seen in some influential quarters as a victory for the radical element and we are thus unlikely to be allocated the resources required to appoint more lecturers.”

“I see,” Colin said again. “But surely, an outside appointment is possible.”

“Of course,” she said smiling, “the Professorial Board is quite independent, and they could conceivably take such a course of action. If no suitable candidate – from here naturally – was found. Were you to apply, I would of course forward your application with my recommendation. Lawrence would of course support your application as well.”

“What?” he said in amazement.

“It is your decision – but consider what I have said. Now, I really must get on.” She held the door open for him.

He stumbled to his feet.

“Please learn to be discrete in certain matters,” she said.

“Yes,” he mumbled, and staggered down the corridor like a drunken man.

VI

Mickleman spent the rest of his morning drafting and redrafting his application. When, to his satisfaction, it was complete, he appended a list of his publications to date. He was proud of his published articles, and derived immense satisfaction from re-reading his list, and it was well past noon when he presented his application to Elizabeth Cornish.

She was in her office, smoking a cigar, looked up briefly from her work to acknowledge his presence, said a curt ‘Thank You’ and dismissed him. He was not offended. On the contrary, he was excited, and stood for several minutes in the corridor watching the lake in an effort to calm himself.

He was not deceived, however, by his prospects in the matter of Professorship, and was satisfied merely to have applied. When the offer of a Professorship did come – and he was certain it would, one day – he would be ready, with all his allies.

Several students passed him as he stood looking out from the window, and he heard them whisper conspiratorially. But he was not concerned, for he seemed to be one step nearer his goal.

‘The Well’ was the central concourse of the Derwent building, and was essentially an open Common Room with low tables and even lower chairs. It contained a small cafeteria, a gallery - which sprouted various artefacts of modern Art - and was seldom empty of students.

At first, among the human profusion, Colin did not see Edmund, and when he did, he was surprised. He was talking to Fiona. Edmund saw him approaching, said something to Fiona and without turning she walked away to disappear into the throng of students crowding the entrance to the Bar.

“Alison’s brother been at you again?” Edmund asked as Colin reached him.

Fiona had completely disappeared from sight. “Do you know her, then?” he quizzically asked Edmund.

“Who?”

“Fiona.”

“What?”

“That woman you were just talking to.” He looked at his friend suspiciously.

“Oh, her! She just wanted to borrow a match.” He saw Colin peering around the room. “Why – do you know her?”

“She’s in my Department.”

“Oh, yes? Edmund gave a sly smile. “What number is she on your list of conquests?”

“She’s not,” Colin said, and screwed up his face into a morbid expression.

“What’s this? ‘The Owl’ has met his match?” Edmund said gleefully.

Still chagrined by his past failure, he changed the subject. “Have you seen Alison?”

“Yes, actually. I had an interesting talk with her this morning.”

“Oh, yes?” He said almost in disbelief.

“She’s very gifted. A brilliantly intuitive mind.”

“Did she say anything about – “

“About your child?”

Embarrassed, Colin looked around.

“She still,” Edmund said, “hasn’t decided anything. I suggest she go and stay with those friends of mine – you know, Magnus and his wife. They run that small farm. The change would do her good. She ought to get away from this place – it’s very incestuous.”

“I’ve just handed in my application for the Professorship,” Colin said proudly.

“Why don’t you spend a few days on Magnus’ farm? Some manual labour would do you good.”

Colin looked at him as if he had said something offensive.

“What chance,” Edmund continued, “do you think you’ve got?” For the Professorship, I mean.”

“Not much, really. But it’s a start.”

“When will you know?”

“Not sure. Perhaps next month.”

“Who recommended you?”

“Elizabeth. Mrs. Cornish.”

“Isn’t she the one you wanted to get into bed?”

Colin winced.

“You told me about her – last year,” Edmund explained. “Don’t you remember?”

“If you say so.”

“Smokes cigars?”

“Yes.”

“You described her attributes in a rather fulsome way, if I remember correctly.”

Colin rubbed his hands together, again. “Nice body! Wouldn’t mind getting my hands around it!” His fantasy of having Elizabeth standing naked on a chair in his room returned. He would get her to wear a studded collar to make the humiliation complete.

Edmund sighed. “The Superior Philosopher is for the belly, not the eye.”

“Eh?”

“Lao Tzu.”

“Oh, that antiquated Chinese cretin.”

“Shall we eat? I’m hungry.”

“What?” His fantasy was still intruding upon reality. Nearby, a young woman sat talking to her friends, her blouse emphasizing her breasts. Colin stared at her. “You have something,” he said to Edmund. “I’ll catch you later.”

His sexual passion aroused, he strode off toward Alison’s room.

Alison was sitting on her bed, listening to music and cuddling a very large toy lion whom she

called Aslan. The sunlit gardens behind Heslington Hall were visible from her window, and she did not look away when a familiar knock sounded on her door.

“Come in,” she said wearily.

Colin, as was his habit, wrestled the lion away from her and with undisguised glee proceeded to stuff it through the open window. She let him enjoy his childish fun. Her room was on the ground floor, and Aslan could easily be retrieved.

His ritual greeting over, he rubbed his hands and shuffled toward her. Alison was annoyed at the lust so evident on his face.

“Why don’t you grow up?” she shouted at him.

Momentarily perplexed, he retrieved Aslan.

“After your oats, then?” she said seethingly.

“I am after expanding my being through the experience of the ultimate,” he said in the prose of The Philosopher.

“Why can’t you stop being so false?”

“Ah! ‘Tis true, falsehood is my matchless probity!” He sat beside her on the bed and began to caress her earlobe with his fingers.

He could sense her beginning to succumb, and this pleased him. He wanted to lay people bare to affirm his superiority, control them by his words and his body, and he was surprised when Alison pushed him away.

“I’m going away for a few days,” she said, moving to sit on the floor and cuddle Aslan.

He was about to summon forth a clever riposte when someone knocked on the door of the room.

Eagerly, Alison rose to answer. Fiona stood in the corridor, her dress unbuttoned so that very little of her breasts were not exposed.

“Sorry to intrude,” she said with a smile which pleased Colin, “but could I speak to Mr. Mickleman for a moment?”

“Yes, come in.”

Fiona stayed outside. “It’s about your application,” she said to Colin. “Can you come to the Department?”

Colin looked at Alison who shrugged her shoulders.

“Won’t be long,” he said to Alison.

He walked with Fiona down the corridor and out into the sunlight.

“Shall we go to your room?” Fiona said. “It is quite near.”

“It would be more private,” smiled Colin.

“Elizabeth told me about your application.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes.”

They reached his room without further conversation.

“Not what I expected,” she said as she glanced around. Clothes lay in an untidy heap upon the floor and it smelled of pipe smoke.

“Welcome to my lair!” Colin said, posing.

“What exactly are your intentions?” she asked him.

“Total experiential liberation!”

She ignored the remark. “About your application.”

“And I thought – “

“I was after your body?” she completed.

“The thought had suggested itself.”

She sat down on his bed, crossing her legs to expose most of her thigh. “Are you serious?” she said, smiling.

“Do you want me to be?”

“That depends.”

“Oh, yes?” He guessed her purpose.

“To some, you might seem the ideal candidate.”

As he looked at her, the conviction grew in him that the Professorship was really within his grasp. Fiona was courting him; Elizabeth and Horton would endorse his application with their references. He could deftly and with cunning play Storr off against Horton. Professor Colin Mickleman. It sounded right. The more he looked at Fiona, the more his lust gave way to scheming. She would be a valuable ally.

“Why don’t you come and sit beside me?” she said.

He did, and leaned over toward her to kiss her lips but she moved away, laughing.

“Do you like Early Music?” she asked.

“Not particularly.” He was wondering whether to touch her thigh when she spoke.

“There’s a concert tonight. The Early Music Group is playing in the Lyons Hall. Music by Landini and Machaut. The Vice-Chancellor will be there. Good form for you to be seen – with the right person, of course.

“Of course. You have tickets, then?”

“Naturally. Shall we meet at half past seven?”

“Fine by me.”

She stood up. “Excellent! And afterwards,” she ran her finger down his face, “you can explain just what your intentions are.”

She left him wondering who had been manipulating whom. He searched his pockets for his pipe, and as he did so he remembered last having it when he was attacked by Bryn.

“Damn!” he said, frustrated by its loss and the lack of sexual gratification that the last half hour had brought. “Damn!”

“Well,” Edmund said as he stood in the doorway, “if you’re going to be like that, I might as well go away again.”

“Eh?”

“She didn’t stay long,” quipped Edmund.

“I’m meeting her tonight.” He searched in his desk and found his spare pipe which he

proceeded to fill and light. “Not a good day,” he sighed. Then, remembering his application, he smiled.

“Came for my rucksack,” Edmund said.

Colin was surprised. “Leaving already?”

“Afraid so.” He opened the wardrobe and extracted his rucksack.

“Can’t you stay a little longer?” He was visibly disappointed.

“Not really. Have some unfinished business.”

“Such as?”

“Oh, various things.” He shouldered his heavy burden.

“You going now?”

“Yes.”

“When shall we meet again?”

“Who can say – who cannot say?”

They smiled at each other.

Colin squinted, then held out his hand which Edmund shook strongly, causing Colin to grimace, only half mockingly.

Edmund turned, waved and then walked out of the room and away from his friend.

VII

Colin was only a little late for his afternoon tutorial, but Andrea was already waiting in his room in the Department. She was dressed in a fashionable padded jacket of colourful design and her scarf seemed inappropriate considering the weather, its whiteness in contrast to the patterned blue of her dress. Her dark hair, although well brushed, looked untidy, and she smiled, a little, as Colin entered the room, before her boyish face resumed its startled look.

“So,” Colin said gleefully before assuming the correct intonation and accent, “relentlessly pursued over aerial house top and vice-versa, I have thwarted the malevolent machinations of our most scurrilous enemies. In short, I am arrived.”

Andrea did not know whether to be embarrassed by the W.C Fields impersonation.

Colin cast his lustful gaze upon her. Her gestures were awkward as she fumbled in her bag for her essay.

“Sorry, it’s a bit late,” she said holding the pages out for him.

The Owl watched, and the Philosopher set the trap. “Relationships are difficult things – sometimes.” He took her essay and sat behind his desk. “Perhaps’, he said, pausing for effect, “I shouldn’t say this – and stop me if I say anything untoward – but sometimes with some people I get feelings; impressions. Call it empathy, if you like. One of the great things about life is that we can talk about things – bring problems out of ourselves. Remember Descartes?”

“Yes,” she said shyly.

He sprang his trap. His face bore a kindly smile, but inside his minds was full of scheming. “If you would like to talk about things, I’m a good listener. Share the sadness I sense about you.” He smiled his smile again. “I’ll be in the Bar here in Derwent tomorrow after seven. Now, your essay.”

He lit his pipe and settled back in his chair to read her offering. His criticisms were minor, and he talked for only a quarter of an hour about the essay's content while she sat across from him, wringing her hands together and occasionally meeting his glance.

He gave her back her essay. "Tomorrow – if you want," he said, before picking up the receiver of his telephone. It was a sign of his dismissal of her and she did not fail him.

"Goodbye, then," she said and briefly smiled.

He dialled a few numbers before she closed his door. Then he replaced the receiver. But his pleasure did not last for long.

"Ah!" Storr said as he opened the door without first knocking upon it. "Colin! I, er, just wanted to say how pleased I am about your application. Yes, most pleased."

"Oh yes?"

"Er, yes indeed my dear boy!"

"Did you want something?"

"What?" Storr looked around. "How are your tutorials going?" Well, I hope."

Before Colin could reply, Elizabeth pushed Storr aside.

"Have you a match?" she said as she reached Colin's desk. "My lighter is U/S."

Colin fumbled in his pockets until he found his box of matches. He held them out for her but she ignored his gesture and leaned toward him with one of her small cigars between her fingers.

After he had lit it, she blew the smoke into his face. "Mind if I keep the box?" she asked.

"No, of course not."

Both he and Storr watched her leave.

“Well, I must get on! Storr said to him. “Nice talking to you, Colin.” Nodding his head, he walked into the corridor.

Colin was soon at work. He needed one chapter to complete his book, and he worked eagerly but steadily during the hours of the afternoon, filling pages of paper with his writing. Occasionally he would stop to read what he had written, sometimes making corrections, and occasionally he would stop to refill and relight his pipe. Only once did he leave the room. But the Secretary’s Office was deserted and he made his own cup of coffee before returning to his desk.

It was becoming dark outside when his task was completed, and he collected together all the pages of the chapter. Satisfied with his effort, he wrote a note. “Could you type this out for me? Rather urgent!” it read. He thought of adding a rude suggestion, but desisted, and left it attached to his chapter on the Secretary’s desk.

Pleased with himself, he wandered out into the fresh air of evening, but it did not take him long to forget about his book and concentrate on his evening with Fiona. His wardrobe in his room in the Hall of Residence contained many black clothes, and he was deciding on a fitting combination when he heard a noise behind him.

He turned to see the door open. But it was not Fiona as he hoped, nor Alison as he half expected. Instead, it was the tall man he had seen the day before, following him. The man walked toward him and knocked him unconscious with one powerful blow.

He awoke to find himself lying on a carpet that smelled of urine, and turned to see his attacker standing by a window whose panes were broken. Near him, a bald man stood smoking a cigarette. He was much smaller in stature than the other man, and his face reminded Colin of a toad. The glare from the bright light hurt Colin’s eyes and he shook his head.

“He’s awake,” he heard a voice say. Then he was hauled to his feet.

Dramatically, the toad-faced man put on black leather gloves.

“Someone,” he sneered as Colin was pushed toward him, “wants to teach you a lesson.”

“You what?” Colin said, feeling his mouth go dry and stomach churn.

The man grinned, flexed his hands menacingly and moved closer. “I am going to enjoy this!” he said.

Outside, there was a sudden sound of breaking glass, and a drunken shout.

“Ger up!” the drunken man helped his companion to his feet. Then he peered into the window at Mickleman. “What you doin’?” he asked, smiling insanely, his bushy beard wet from beer. He drank from the bottle in his hand.

“We’ll deal with you later,” the toad-faced man said to Colin.

Colin was pushed to the ground as his would be assailants ran away. When he stood up, the two drunken men had gone as well, and cautiously and nervously, he walked into the darkness outside.

The house stood on a decaying Estate and appeared to be newly wrecked, but Mickleman wasted no time and was soon walking briskly toward the city centre. No one followed him, and he stopped awhile beside a busy road, pleased to find his pipe and tobacco in the pocket of his jacket. The ritual calmed him and he walked on into the centre of the city to find a bus to take him back toward the comfort of the University.

It was nearing nine o’clock when he returned to his room, and he sat at his desk, smoking his pipe, trying to understand his abduction. All he could think of was Bryn. Somehow, he had hired them. This conclusion did not please him, and he was shaking as he left his own room to find Bryn’s. But Alison’s brother was not in his Hall of Residence, and Colin resisted the temptation he felt to break down Bryn’s door.

He was sauntering back to his own room when he remembered his assignation with Fiona, and as he stood waiting outside the Lyons Hall for the concert to end, it occurred to him that Storr might be responsible for his abduction. But the thought was ludicrous, and he forgot about it. Instead, he spent his waiting trying to find epithets to describe Magarita’s body, particularly her large breasts. He wanted his epithets to be as crude as possible, and the more clichéd the better, since this naming was for him an affirmation of his superiority. But

he had not progressed very far when the audience began to leave the Hall.

Fiona was not among them, and he stood among the shadows for some minutes after the last person had departed before returning to his room. But he was not happy, sitting alone at his desk. Magartia seemed glad of his telephone call, and he lurked by the road in black clothes, clutching his camera, to await her arrival.

He did not see Edmund watching him from the walkway above the road.

VIII

It was approaching the twilight hours when Alison left the University in the company of Edmund's friend. She had been glad of the invitation, and readily accepted Edmund's second offer.

She sat beside Magnus in the Land Rover, her small suitcase in the back, watching the scenery as it passed. Occasionally, Magnus would turn and smile at her and she would return his friendly gesture. Magnus was a big man with a full beard, and Alison found something reassuring in his size and his cheerful eyes. Magnus' farm was small, and although its position among the Hambleton Hills at the southern end of the North Yorkshire moors was not ideal, it was sufficiently isolated to afford the privacy Magnus and his wife deemed essential.

The Land Rover climbed the steep hill to Bank Top easily and, in the dim light, Alison found the scene enchanting. It seemed magical to her to be rising above the plain north of the city of York and to have the moors ahead, in the spreading darkness. A car passed them, descending the hill carefully, and Magnus drove off the main road to travel through a plantation of trees. The narrow road he had taken gradually levelled out, and Alison could see to her left and below, the headlights of a vehicle as it was driven along beside the boundary of the moors.

It was dark when they reached their destination. Inside the stone farmhouse was warm.

"Welcome! My name is Ruth," a woman with a shawl around her shoulders said in greeting as Magnus led Alison toward the log fire.

Alison smiled. In the dim light cast by the fire she found it easy to believe Ruth, and the house itself, belonged to an earlier age.

“It’ll be a cold night,” Magnus said as he warmed his gnarled hands by the fire.

“Alison, is it?” Ruth asked her.

“Yes.” Alison replied.

“Well, sit you down! Food won’t be long.”

They left her alone as she sat bathed in the warmth and the restful light of the fire, and Alison felt an urge to write a letter to Colin. But the house worked its magick upon her, and she soon fell asleep. Ruth awoke her, and she made her way to where the table was spread full with food.

“Sorry about the candles,” Magnus said.

“I think it’s lovely!” Alison said with sincerity.

“Haven’t got round to electricity – yet.”

She sat on the bench beside Ruth, but they did not say grace before their meal as she had expected. The conversation during the meal was minimal, and she was glad when Ruth showed her to her room. It was sparsely furnished, like the house itself, but warm from the small coal fire, and she set the lighted candles by her bed before taking her small cassette player and headphones from her case.

It was some time before she began to write.

“My dear Colin,

Darkness has already fallen as I listen to Bach’s Matthew Passion – crying at the

beauty and haunting sadness of some of the music. Aware also, as I listen, of a loneliness because there is no one here with me to share these moments. All I can do is dare to write to you, keeping the memory of these moments to perhaps mould them at some future time into words spoken when we are together again. Or, perhaps, I might this once let them become the genesis of some music of my own.

Now I sit with the light of a candle to guide my pen, unaware of my future – the darkness beyond my closed window seems mysterious: a mystery, which once and not long ago would have held the numinosity of myths and legends.

The darkness, outside, may have gone – changed by technology, by artificial light, but perhaps (or so it seems at this moment to me) it has returned to within us. There seems nothing to fear outside that the lights of technology and the reason of scientific explanation cannot dispel. Yet so few seem to see the blackness within – which even two thousand years of a powerful allegory has not changed. I mean, of course, the story of the “Passion” - of a kind of innocence betrayed. The actors, their names, changes every year... I wonder if you will understand what I mean.

It seems to me that all great Art uplifts and offers us the possibilities of existence. That ecstasy of experience where we are a unity of passion and reason – where life is constantly renewed and made vital. Bach reminds me of this insight – as a hot summer day can when no cloud obscures the beautiful blue of the sky and we become again, for just that day, children again. Once, it seems a long time ago now, I believed that love between two individuals should and could bring us this awareness, this understanding where answers to all our problems are found: not because we ignore them, but because our love conquers all. ‘A shameless romantic’ I hear you say.

But now experience seems to have dimmed this vision of mine. Through music and other things (music particularly) I have been transported to other planes of existence, and this has made my personal relationships difficult because I have tried to capture the bliss of those other places in moments with others. This has made me intense – and perhaps difficult because I could often not express in words what it was that I wished: in a relationship, in life.

I would like to believe that you offer me, through love, a beginning. But I know that this can never be. Maybe in music, in performance and creation, I will find my answer. No doubt you will continue to be you, safe within your own frame of reference. As to me, I expect the future to be full of discovery: a discovery of both joy and sadness.

With love,

Alison”

She felt happier, having written the letter and re-read it several times, glad that she had been able to express in words the feelings that had haunted her for so long. But she knew she might lack the courage to post the letter. She turned off her music and lay on the bed, listening to the silence. Nothing stirred, not even outside and as she lay, hearing the beating of her own pulse within her ears, she began to realize that it would be better for her if she did not see Colin again. He was her past. So thinking, she rose to delete some words from her letter, making ‘when we are together again’ illegible.

The candle was nearly spent, and she blew it out to fall asleep in the silent darkness.

It was late next morning she awoke. The house was deserted, but she found food awaiting her on the table. No one came to greet her and she ate slowly before walking into the gardens. The morning mist had almost completely dispersed, revealing a bright sun, which had begun to spread its warmth.

There were few flowers to colour the scene, for the gardens were productive ones given over to vegetables, soft fruit and an orchard. Alison found a bench abutting the brick wall that screened the garden from the yard and the clustered farm buildings behind the house, and she sat awhile, letting the sun warm and relax her. She was nearly asleep when a sheepdog came and lay down near her feet.

Magnus’ voice startled her. “He don’t take to many people,” he said.

Alison patted the dog’s head. “Is there any work I do to help?” she asked.

“There is no shortage of work, here,”

“I’d like to do something.”

“Thought you had come for a holiday.”

“Just a break from things. I’d like to help out.”

“Well, if you’re sure.”

“Yes.”

“The onions need weeding and thinning.”

The day passed quickly for her, although by late afternoon her enthusiasm for the back straining work had disappeared. Their lunch had been frugal – soup with plentiful bread – and she was beginning to feel both hungry and tired.

“You ready to eat?” Magnus said as he came toward her.

“Yes, indeed!”

“Didn’t expect you to do all this,” Magnus said as he surveyed her work.

Alison smiled, and scraped dirt from her hands.

“You go in, I’ll tidy up,” Magnus said. “Got some friends coming over,” he added as she began to walk away.

To her surprise she found the kitchen full of people, and children.

“This here is Alison,” Ruth said by way of introduction, “she’s staying for a while.”

“Hello!” Alison said, and blushed.

“That’s Tom,” Ruth said indicating a small unshaven man in worn clothes who smiled in reply, showing his broken teeth. “And Mary.” Mary, a large lady with a young and cheerful face deeply weathered, came and embraced Alison, much to Alison’s embarrassment. “And John.” John, sallow faced and stocky, raised his battered hat in greeting. “And Wendy.”

Wendy, a tall thin woman with long straight hair, smiled at her briefly before admonishing her children. "Leave that alone!" she shouted to her small son who was trying to remove the lid from the metal milk pail on the floor. "And Lucy – stop that!" She dragged her daughter away to stop her kicking her brother.

"There is plenty of hot water," Ruth said to Alison, pointing to the sink.

Alison was washing her hands when Magnus entered the room. He took the now crying Lucy into his arms, scooped up her brother and carried with him before setting them down near the fire. They were staring at him expectantly, and Alison came to sit near them, enchanted by the sudden change in their demeanour and glad to be away from the others.

Magnus began his story. He told how Thrym the Giant stole Thor's hammer Mjollnir as a ransom in order to make Freyja his wife; of how Loki, the Sly One, persuaded mighty Thor to dress as a woman in order to deceive Thrym.

"And so mighty Thor disguised himself as a woman, pretending to be Freyja who Thrym wanted as a bride. Thrym the Giant sat waiting in his draughty Hall. 'They are coming! They are coming' his giant servants shouted as the guests from Asgard arrived.

"Thus Thor entered the Hall which Thrym and his servants had lain with food and drink, for the wedding feast. It had been a long journey from Asgard and Thor was both hungry and thirsty. So he ate and drank. He ate a whole pig and then six whole salmon. He drank a gallon of mead.

"Thrym the Giant was amazed. 'What appetites,' he shouted. 'What a woman! Let us hope,' he said to one of his giant servants, 'her other appetites are as good!' And Thrym the Giant laughed, a laugh so loud it rocked the whole Hall and loosened some of the planks of the wall.

"So Thrym was eager to begin the ceremony of marriage and commanded Mjollnir, Thor's magical hammer which he had stolen, be brought forth. 'I shall,' he shouted, 'swear my oath on Mjollnir as my bride shall.'

"So saying, the hammer was brought forth. And seeing it, Thor rushed forward and

grasped it, tearing off his veil as he did so. His eyes were as red as his beard. There was no escape for his foe, for one by one he split open their skulls with his hammer, starting with Thrym the Giant until the whole floor of the Hall was littered with the dead bodies of the giants who had dared to defy the gods of Asgard!"

There was a moment of silence, and then Lucy's voice. "Another, tell us another!" the little girl said eagerly.

Alison left them to change her clothes, a little disturbed by the tale she had heard. She was in her room, listening to Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony through her headphones when she realized what had disturbed her. She thought the children too young for such a tale of violence with its suggestion of sexuality. But the music gradually transported her to another plane of existence, and she sat on the bed, listening. The sombre starkness of the Epilogue made her cry and she rose to stand by the window and watch the rising moon. She became aware of the coldness and isolation of Space – of the great distance which separated her from the moon; of the even greater distances to the stars. She began to imagine worlds circling the stars – worlds full of life, of people, alive with their own dreams, desires, thoughts and problems. The very vastness of the Cosmos seemed suddenly real to her, and she experienced an almost overwhelming feeling of greatness: of the Cosmos itself, and of her own life. It was as though she glimpsed a secret. The stars seemed awesome and yet thaumaturgic, and she felt a painful desire to travel among them, to explore the new worlds that awaited. There would be so many new experiences, so many things to see, to learn, to listen to. There was almost something holy waiting out there.

There grew within her then a desire to compose some music, something unique, which would capture at least in some way the feelings she had experienced, and she in a frenzy tore open her case to find pen and paper. Music filled her mind, a strange polyphony of sound, and she wove it into reality through the written notes of her pen.

Then the inspiration died, and she found herself sitting on the bed in the dim light staring down at the music she had written. She sighed then, for she understood what she had to do about Colin and her own unborn baby.

As if to counterpoint her thought, a distant bell began to toll, echoing between the valleys and the hills. Its sound was clear, and then distant, then clear again before it faded. It was a medieval sound, and as she listened she remembered the remains of Rievaulx but five miles distant and shrouded in a wooded valley. But the bell was real and not a dream, and she stood by the window, listening.

There was a monastery, she recalled, somewhere in the valleys below. A modern monastery replete with a Public School. A link between the past and the present. This thought pleased her and she smiled. She was not to know that a young novice – full of a youthful desire to return to ancient tradition – had, and against the Prior's wishes, set in motion the mechanism which would swing the six ton bell of Ampleforth Abbey, high in its squat church tower, sending its hallowed sound miles out in remembrance of the monk who had died that same hour. The novice wanted the whole monastery, and the School, to cease, if only for an instant, their tasks and pray for the departing soul.

Had she known this, she would have approved, for the sound of the bell suddenly ceased, leaving her disappointed.

IX

The air of early morning was warm, and Mickleman sat contently at his desk in his room, a notebook beside him.

He sat for some time, watching the lake and vaguely thinking about his life until he began to remember the years that had passed since his youth. He became a little sad, as he often did when he reviewed the passing of the years by remembering the events of the same day one year, then two, then three years ago until he had reached the years of his schooling. 'What have I done since then?' he would ask himself, and be displeased with the answer.

His self pity and melancholia lasted for several hours until he began to lay upon his desk his secret collection of photographs. The photographs pleased him, and as he looked through them his happiness returned.

It was nearing mid-day when he gathered up his notebook and pipe before returning his photographs to the drawer of his desk. Perhaps his preoccupation with Fiona's body or Andrea's shyness made him forgetful, but he did not lock his drawer, and wandered, pleased with himself, out into the bright sun of the day.

Two young male students came toward him on creaking bicycles as he stepped onto the path outside the Hall of Residence, their eager faces smiling. One of them carried a haversack on which was painted: *'Newton Calculates. Watts works. But Coles' word is Law.'* Coles was the Professor of Physics. Mickleman smiled ruefully, and followed a small huddle

of students as they walked toward and over the bridge.

He was early for the Departmental meeting, and sat contentedly in the room smoking his pipe until he could no longer resist the temptation to defile Storr's charts. He added a few extra dots to one, extended the line of another and flicked ink in an inconvenient spot on a third. He was admiring his work when Lee entered the room.

Lee was not a tall man, his jerky movements seemed not quite coordinated, and he looked older than his thirty-five years. His suit was not conspicuous, as he himself was not, and he reminded Colin of a studious monk misplaced in a world which seemed to startle him.

Lee smiled nervously and then crept toward a chair, laying his voluminous notes and files upon the table. His tutorial was only just over and, as he always did, Lee wrote an account of it in order to assess his own performance. 'A moderate success, for once,' he wrote in his notebook in his neat handwriting, 'except regarding the questions about Heidegger. I must do more background reading...'

He was still writing when Horton bustled in and took his usual seat by the window. From his pocket he produced a copy of Iliad, in Greek, and was soon absorbed in his reading.

Soon, the room was full, Storr, squirming and smiling as he sat at the head of the table; Whiting and Hill, near their master, Mrs. Cornish, next to Lee and smoking her small cigars. And last of all, Fiona, who sat next to Colin, graciously smiling as if he had not missed their assignation.

"Well, eh," Storr said, looking around with evident satisfaction. "I'm sorry I had to rearrange this meeting at such short notice. But as you are all aware, I am away next week and rather than postpone next week's meeting I decided to bring it forward. I was hoping to sound to you all out about –"

The door opened, and they all turned to look.

"Ah, Timothy!" Storr said. "Glad you could join us."

Timothy was the most junior member of the Department and Colin was not surprised by his lateness or his manner of dress. He wore a mauve shirt, green trousers and shoes, and had tied a mauve scarf around his neck.

“Sorry I’m late!” he smiled, showing his two gold-capped teeth.

“Just in time! Said Storr. “Jonathon – “ he smiled at Lee, “was about to talk about the audio-visual equipment he had just, eh, taken charge of. A very valuable edition to our Department. Yes indeed. Very valuable.

“Is that all?” Horton turned and glared at Storr.

“Sorry?” Storr said.

“You brought all of us here,” Horton continued, anger evident in his voice, “to waffle on about audio-visual equipment!”

“Well, er, it is rather an important addition to our facilities if I may say so.”

“You have the audacity to – “ Horton began.

“Gentlemen, please!” Mrs. Cornish said in an attempt at mediation.

“There was something else on the agenda, Richard?” Fiona asked.

“Actually, no.”

“I see,” Mrs. Cornish said, disgusted.

“But I was going to mention finances – “ Storr muttered weakly.

Horton stood up. “You could not bear the thought of someone, namely myself, chairing the meeting in your unmissed absence, I assume?”

Storr himself stood up. “You will withdraw that remark, of course.”

It was the nearest Colin has seen Storr to anger.

“May I suggest,” Colin said, “that those wishing to hear Jonathon stay, while those who wish to leave do so. If there are any vital points which emerge, I am sure one of those who stays would be willing to tell – “

“What a waste of time all of these perfidious meeting are!” Horton said and strode out of the room.

To Colin’s surprise, Timothy followed him. Then Mrs. Cornish. Fiona smiled briefly at him and then also left.

“Well, if you all will excuse me,” he himself said, and departed.

Fiona was waiting, as he expected, in the corridor.

“You were otherwise engaged, I imagine,” she said.

He thought of telling her the truth. But it was so unlikely she was bound to think it was a lie, so he lied instead, not really believing she would believe it. “I was not feeling well and fell asleep.”

He was watching her, waiting for her reactions, when he realized how much he desired her. Her face showed no emotion, and it was this almost lofty indifference of hers that aroused his ardour keenly.

“Perhaps the Owl’s nocturnal activities are too tiring?” she said, her face expressionless.

“I waited outside the Lyons Hall at the end of the concert”, he said, trying to salvage something. “I’m sorry, I really am.”

“Cheetah’s One, Owls Nil,” she said and smiled.

She left him standing perplexed and a little shaken, and he walked slowly to his room in the

Department. He sat at his desk, vaguely wondering about Fiona and how he might best approach her. Gradually, there grew within him the feeling that he was no longer the master of his own Destiny, and this discomfited him, as his thoughts about Fiona did. He began to doubt his own self-appointed role about revealing individuals to themselves and the world while he, the puppet master, pulled their strings. But his self-doubt did not last. He remembered Andrea, who would be waiting for him later in the day – another victim whose soul he could lay bare; he remembered the Professorship, his philosophical work, his spreading fame – and his child, growing within Alison’s womb.

He was smiling at these, his achievements, when someone knocked on the door of his room. Without waiting for his response Elizabeth Cornish strode in.

“Ah! Glad I caught you!” she said. “The Professorial Board meets next week. The interview, I believe, will be next Tuesday. There is an outside candidate.”

“So soon?” Colin said, surprised.

She smiled. “It was felt a swift decision was needed.”

“Do you know how many candidates there are?”

“Four, including yourself.”

“And the outsider?”

“Chap from Oxford. You have a tie, I presume?” she asked in her matronly voice.

“Yes.”

“Good form for you to be presentable.”

“Of course.”

Her smile was curt, and she retreated from his room briskly, the leather soles of her plain shoes clacking against the floor.

For several minutes he sat at his desk before sidling into the corridor. In several of the rooms lectures were in progress, and he stood listening to the muted words, which seeped out to him. There was, he felt, an aura about them, for here, in his chosen Department, the High Priestess and High Priest were at work, teaching their followers. The deities were Truth, Reason, Feeling and Understanding, and each deity, according to the gospel of Mickleman, was a goddess – or at least a woman. And he wanted to possess and master them all.

These thoughts pleased him, and he spent the remainder of the daylight hours writing steadily at his desk. His completed article also pleased him and he laid it aside to walk in the twilight toward the Refectory. But a memory of Fiona drew him away.

He felt his desire for her keenly as he walked toward her house but a short distance from the University. The village of Heslington was joined to the campus by a road, which had sprouted red brick houses. Fiona's dwelling was a small unprepossessing house along a lane which led off from the road. The gardens, lawns and fences were all well tended, and he was about to push open the gate when the front door was opened. Light from inside gave him a view of Storr's face, and he walked past, momentarily perplexed. But it was not long before he turned to see Storr shambling away.

No sooner had Colin knocked on Fiona's door that it was opened.

“Just passing?” she said and smiled.

She wore a thin dress, which left very little to the imagination.

“Not really.”

“Been watching long?”

“Sorry?”

She did not pursue the matter. “Come in,” she said.

She opened the door further for him and he stepped over her threshold, smiling as she

closed and locked the door. The house smelled of expensive perfume, as Fiona herself did, and he breathed the scent in.

She stepped past him, but he did not move aside and she allowed her body to brush against his. For a few moments he stared at her, and as he did so he thought her face bore a striking resemblance to one of the women in Bruegel's

'Allegory of Lust'. But the impression was fleeting. He thought her beautiful and sexually alluring and moved forward to kiss her lips.

"Not here!" she laughed, and walked slowly up the stairs to her bedroom.

He followed, fascinated by his desire.

The bedroom was all black and crimson and seemed luxurious to Colin.

"Take your clothes off." She said as she sat on the edge of the large bed.

"What?"

"Your clothes – take them off."

Then he saw it. In the corner of the room, a camera stood on a tripod, and in her hand Fiona held the remote control release.

"I want to watch you," she said, still smiling. She rummaged in a drawer by the bed. "And then I want you to put these on." She held out a pair of handcuffs.

Colin smiled, but she soon destroyed his fantasy. "On you," she said, and laughed.

Her laughter, and this reversal of roles, confused Colin, and he stood, in the bright light, by her bed unable to speak.

"Come on, don't be shy," she smiled. "What are you waiting for?" She dangled the

handcuffs in front of him.

When he still did not speak, she added: "Just a few photographs of you - in various poses."

She rose to stand before him and, somewhat abashed, Colin retreated from the room. She did not follow him, and he could hear her laughter as he opened the door of the house to the dark and cooling air.

X

The food did not interest him, but Colin sat at a table in the crowded Refectory eating nevertheless while he listened to the chatter and clatter of the students around him.

He left his meal half-eaten to saunter toward the Bar in Derwent college, and he was soon drinking himself into a stupor. The beer made his melancholia even worse and he sat vaguely detesting the people who gradually filled the room with their noise.

"Hello!" Andrea said cheerfully. She was dressed all in black, an affectation which surprised him, and he glowered at her because he thought it was his own copyright.

"Join me?" he said, holding up his glass but making no effort to rise from his seat.

When she returned he sat silently watching her sip her drink.

"A bit crowded, isn't it?" she said, embarrassed by his silence.

He watched her lustfully. "I know what you need," he said without any subtlety.

"Oh, yes?" She appeared to him to be only half-insulted.

"Someone to talk to." He smiled as he savoured his first little victory. "It is never easy, is it?"

“What?”

“Sharing moments. Just when you think you understand someone – they surprise you.” The alcohol was beginning to affect his thought, and he struggled to not let this show. “They surprise you,” he repeated. “Usually with other people, betraying.”

Andrea thought of her own just broken relationship and began to be amazed at what she saw as Colin’s insight.

“You thought you understood him,” he continued.

How could he know? She thought. Is it so evident on my face?

“Are you happy here?” he asked, then seeing her questioning face added, “here, at University.”

“Sometimes.”

“What will you do? His pause was deliberate. “When you graduate?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe teach.”

She smiled a defensive smile which Colin divined and he forgot about trying to lay her soul bare with the scalpel of his words, and leaned across the small table that held his many empty glasses to grasp her hand in his own. She did not move away.

“Mind if I join you?” a voice asked above the babble around them.

Andrea jerked her hand away. On the lapel of his tweed jacket Fenton, their interloper, wore a badge saying *‘Being Weird Isn’t Enough’*.

Without being asked, he sat down. “Is this a philosophical discussion – or can anyone join in?”

Colin looked at Andrea who looked at him. Fenton looked at them both and then said, "That's exactly my point! The academic study of morals is no guarantee that those who so study are moral themselves. Won't you agree, Dr. Mickleman?" Fenton gave an inane smile.

The Doctor of Philosophy took a long drink of his beer and then burped loudly.

"Ah!" Fenton exclaimed. "The existential viewpoint! I could not have put it better myself." He gestured toward Andrea. "And you, Mademoiselle? How would you, as a student of the illustrious Dr. Mickleman, express your own desire for understanding?"

She looked at him angrily, then rose and left. Colin watched her push her way through the crowded room and was about to follow when Fenton laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"I am in dread," Fenton said, "that from all this silence something ill shall burst forth."

Eh?"

"Sophocles." He removed his hand.

"That antiquated Greek cretin!"

For some seconds they looked at each other, but Colin turned away before rising to follow Andrea. He soon caught up with her as she walked along the path that took them turning and down toward the light-shimmering lake. They did not speak but she limply held his hand as it sought hers while they walked toward his room. His understanding had impressed her, his eyes seemed to radiate a warmth, and she was lonely.

In his dimly lit room, the smell of pipe smoke and sweaty feet pervaded, and he was soon kissing her and fondling her body. Only partly undressed, they lay on his bed, but his body refused to obey his desire. This alcohol induced failure made him angry. As a remedy to try and arouse his erection he began to beat her bare buttocks with his discarded shoe.

"Please, don't!" she pleaded and began to cry.

Her utter helplessness appealed to him and, as his remedy began to take effect, he forced

himself upon her. But his desire did not last long and, satiated, he turned over to fall into an alcoholic sleep.

She dressed while he slept. Her feelings in turmoil, she sat down at his desk. She would write him a note, she thought, although she did not know what to write and in her search for a clean sheet of paper and pen, she opened the drawer of his desk.

Among the photographs, she recognized Kate, and Magarita, and she carefully replaced them in the drawer. Without feeling anything she silently stole out and away from the room. Dawn was many hours away, as midnight itself was, and she wandered around the lake, keeping to the shadows and avoiding the gaggles of students who passed in the still but seldom silent night air.

Their laughter and their words were devoid of meaning for her. There was no one and nothing she could trust. No boyfriend, parents, friends or tutor; no God. 'I would have been just one more sordid photograph,' she thought as she walked slowly back to her own room, wishing to cry but too full of discordant emotion to succeed.

XI

Alison frowned, but otherwise bore herself stoically as one who, having thought deeply about a particular matter, had made a decision. She had surprised Colin by arriving to see him early in the morning.

Bewildered, he sat hunched on his bed while Alison stood beside the window.

“Well?” he asked, chagrined at both being disturbed from his slumber so early and not finding Andrea in his room.

“I’ve made a decision,” Alison announced.

“Oh yes?”

“I’m going to have an abortion,” she said without any preamble.

“What?” He remark awakened him.

“You heard.”

“But you can’t – “

“I thought I’d tell you now rather than later.”

“But I would help. Money, that sort of thing. You know that’s not what I want.”

“Who said anything about what you want?”

“But I’ll get you a Flat. Everything.”

“Too late,” she said.

He smiled at her then. But she divined his purpose. “And nothing,” she added, “you say or do can make me change my mind. You’ll not wheedle you way into my affections again.” Her hardness was only in part a pose. “Well, goodbye then. I doubt we shall meet again.”

She turned around and left him sitting on the bed. He sat still for a while and then suddenly leapt up to find his clothes and dress himself. A faint mist shrouded the University and he was half across the bridge outside his residence, straining to see ahead, when he realized he had run in the wrong direction. He turned, and collided with a student carrying an armful of books. He did not want to help but shouted a “Sorry!” to the fallen young man and sprinted away along the path toward the car park behind the large Physics building. There was a Land Rover leaving and he ran toward it shouting Alison’s name, but it steadily pulled away and he was left to bend breathless and alone by the side of the running track. No one saw him as he in anger kicked a post. He hurt his foot, and limped slowly back to his room.

Clarity of thought and release from the pain in his foot came slowly as he sat at his desk smoking his pipe. The idea of a child, unwanted though it was at its conception, had pleased him, but there would, he felt sure, be other opportunities, some woman to bear his children

and whom he might marry if she accepted his need for other purely physical liaisons. Magarita, perhaps? She knew of his other liaisons and did not seem to care. But that, he felt certain, would come in its own species of time. His concern now was the Professorship and although Alison's decision and departure saddened him, he was also a little relieved to be free of what he had felt to be her cloying emotions. Thus was he satisfied with himself and his world again. He made himself a strong brew of tea before departing for his office in his Department.

A pile of mail awaited him in the Secretary's Office, and he spent nearly an hour with her, idling chatting and making rude suggestions. The Secretary, a youngish lady with a tender face and richly coiffured dark blond hair given to slightly audacious and in some circles fashionable clothes, did not mind, for she was recently and happily married. Colin's seduction of her was over a year away and for both it was part of their past. And when he did finally peruse his mail in his own room, he was pleased to find a letter asking him for an article from an academic journal he never read.

So he sat and wrote and read a little while the hours of the morning passed. Fenton was late for his tutorial, and Colin calmly waited. Half an hour; an hour. But in his relaxed way he did not care, and was even a little pleased, for last night Fenton had disturbed him. The meaning of his words had not escaped Colin, inebriated though he was, and he began to surmise that Fenton was too embarrassed to attend the tutorial as he began to believe that Fenton, the avowed homosexual, was attracted to him. He felt this explained all of Fenton's behaviour, and was even a little pleased. Perhaps, after all, he had found the key to unravel Fenton's character. Still thinking these thoughts, he was surprised by Fiona who entered his room without knocking.

He watched her carefully as she came to sit on the side of his desk. As was her habit, her dress seemed to reveal rather than hide her body.

"Dinner, tonight?" she asked.

"Well – "

"Are you afraid of me?" she asked directly.

"What do you mean?"

"Of my strength."

“I didn’t realize that you took steroids,” he said in an attempt to be clever.

It did not work. “I have some outfits which I think you would look very good in.”

“Oh yes?”

“Yes. Are you afraid to experiment then? And after all I’ve heard!”

“Such as?”

“Oh various things.”

The phrase startled him, for some reason he could not remember. But he did remember feeling almost as startled by something Fenton had said to him, last night. He could not remember what that was either. Fiona was staring at him while her lips were drawn into a smile, and this perplexed him as well.

“Try it,” she said, “tonight. You might surprise yourself and have a good time..” She pursed her lips. “I think we’d make a good combination – in bed.”

She smiled at him and then walked toward the door. “I’ll expect you about seven.”

Her perfume and presence lingered a long time, and he found himself unable to concentrate on his work. His mind began to fill with erotic images and visions, and all of them involved him and Fiona. It was these which persuaded him: he would go and meet her, confident that he would be equal to any situation, and, in his anticipation and delight, he forgot about both Andrea and Fenton.

Fenton had been with a party of his friends when he had seen Andrea pass in the night. He caught sight of her face as she slowly walked under a lamp near the door to her residence.

“Come on,” a friend had urged him as he stood wondering whether to call out her name – and he had gone with them to their rooms where music played and cups were filled with

wine. Soon the voices were raised to try to right all the political wrongs in the world.

“Worker’s Councils – that is what we need! It would show the bosses!” an enthusiastic student said.

“But surely, democratic reforms,” another countered, “are the only viable means.”

“Bull! Revolution has been and still is the only answer.”

But Fenton remembered, as he listened, Andrea’s face. It had spoken to him, one soul to another, one outcast to another. There was real suffering there which he felt no political discussion would change, and he rose unobserved to take his leave.

“Go away!” a voice shouted in answer to his knuckle raps upon Andrea’s door.

“Leave me alone!” the voice said as he tried again.

“It’s me!” he said.

“Look!” an angry face said as Andrea opened the door, “I want to be left alone.”

Then there was not more anger in her face as she staggered back inside to collapse upon the floor.

“Are you alright?” Fenton asked as he knelt beside her. Her room was brightly lit, very tidy and very warm.

“Get your hands off me, you poof!” she said, slurring her words.

An empty bottle of whiskey lay on the floor, and he was about to leave when he saw a bottle of barbiturate tablets. It was almost empty.

She peered at the container as he held it up. “Have you taken any?” he asked.

“Leave me alone. Want to sleep,” she said through half-closed eyes. She tried to speak again but drifted into unconsciousness.

“Andrea! Wake up!” Gently, he held her head in his hands. “Have you taken any of these tablets?”

She did not respond and he lifted her to lay her down on the bed. On the bedside table was a letter, propped up against the lamp. ‘Dr. Colin Mickleman’ the writing on the envelope read.

‘Will you regret not having a photograph of me? I doubt it.’

Fenton read the note three times before placing it in his pocket and lifting Andrea into his arms. He carried her along the corridor and down the stairs, oblivious to the two female students who drunkenly laughed as he passed them by.

“You Tarzan, she Jane!” one of them said, and laughed again.

His car was small and some distance away, but he ran with his burden to lay her softly on the back seat. His driving was fast as he raced toward the city. He nearly crashed once, as he slewed the car into a corner, and once he had to stop to try to remember his way before reversing to take another turning.

No one came to greet him or relieve him of his burden as he kicked open the doors to the Casualty department of the Hospital.

“Please,” he pleaded to the woman behind the desk, “she’s taken an overdose!”

The waiting patients stared while, somewhere, a baby cried.

Then, there was a sudden rushing of white coats, blue uniforms and anxious faces.

“Wait here, will you?” a young woman said. And then a Nurse was asking: “Do you know what she has taken?”

“Some tablet – and alcohol.”

“How long ago?”

“Not sure. Half an hour, perhaps. Will she be alright?”

No answer, only another person asking questions. The questioning nurse had a kindly face and ushered him to a chair in the corridor. He gave her Andrea’s name and address, as well as his own.

‘You are students at the University then?’ she asked. But her kindly smile did not change.

“Yes. Will she be alright?”

“I should think so, yes. They’ll pump her stomach out. She’ll be drowsy for a while and sleep.

“Can I see her?” He saw the look on the young girl’s face and was about to correct her natural assumption when he said instead, “I’m sorry for all the trouble.”

“That’s what we are here for.”

“Can I see her?” he asked again.

“In a while, probably.”

She left him, and he was suddenly aware of his surroundings, of voices, near and distant, of people walking past. A telephone ringing. He sat for a long time.

“Mr. Fenton?” a Doctor asked. The pockets of his white coat bulged with pens, a stethoscope, a small compendium about drugs.

“Yes.” He stood up.

“You can see her now.” They walked together toward a cubicle.

“Is she alright?”

“Yes, fine. We’ll keep her in overnight. Just for observation. I should think she will sleep most of tomorrow.” He nodded curtly, then walked away to disappear behind a curtain.

Andrea lay on her side, covered by a sheet and an thin blanket, an intravenous infusion supplying fluid through a needle in the back of her hand. She did not stir as he did not try to wake her, and he stood beside her for what seemed a long time.

“She’ll be alright.” The Nurse who questioned him said as she passed. “We’ll be moving her onto the ward soon. I’m sure they wouldn’t mind if you wanted to call and see her in the morning.”

He returned her smile, and left to wander back into the night, and it took him several minutes to realize his car had been stolen. In his haste, he had left the door open and the keys in the ignition.

XII

It was a long walk back to the University, but Fenton did not mind. He had reported the theft before setting out into the cold, sodium-lit darkness. But he was soon warm, despite being without a jacket, and by the time he reached his room he had decide on his plan of campaign.

His sleep was brief, if sound, and he ate a small breakfast in the refectory before boarding a bus for the city. The Ward Sister was helpful and kind, and let him briefly sit by Andrea’s bed while, around him in the busy ward, Student Nurses made beds while they chatted.

“Thank you,” Andrea said, and weakly held his hand as she tried to keep awake.

“I haven’t told anyone yet,” he said, embarrassed by her gesture.

“There was a letter.”

“I have it, it’s alright.” He withdrew his hand and made to search his pockets, but it was just an excuse to remove his hand from her. “I must have left it in my room.”

“You know, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Such a stupid thing to do!” She tried to smile. “I was so fed up. You won’t tell him, will you?”

“No,” he lied and turned his face away.

“You’re very kind.” She held his hand again.

In embarrassment, he stood up. “I’ll call again this afternoon. Is there anything you want?”

“They discharge me today. The Doctor is coming to see me later this morning.”

“I’ll telephone the Ward to ask. Do you want me to come and meet you if you are discharged?”

“That would be very kind.”

“Not at all.”

“You’re a strange man,” she said gently.

He smiled in response and walked back down along the long line of beds.

His visit to the Police Station to confirm the theft of his vehicle was brief, but he lingered in the centre of the city, watching people, drinking tea at a café and browsing in a bookshop. It was past midday when he returned to the University.

Colin was in his room, in the Department, smoking a pipe and scribbling.

“Come in!” he said cheerfully. Then, seeing Fenton, he added, “bit late, aren’t we?”

Calmly, Fenton sat down opposite him.

“Black seems an appropriate colour,” Fenton said, alluding to Colin’s manner of dress.

“Shall I,” Colin responded, quoting, “entrust myself to entangled shadows?”

“Perhaps,” Fenton retorted, unsmiling, “I shall do violence to your person.”

Colin gaped, then squinted, trying to find a clever response. But Fenton calmly handed him Andrea’s envelope and note.

“From Andrea,” Fenton said. “She tried to kill herself – last night.”

This was something beyond the Owl’s comprehension, but he strove to understand it, and the strain showed on his face.

“Is she – “ he began.

“Don’t worry – she’ll be alright.”

“How?” The strain was lessening, but anxiety had begun.

“Overdose. Luckily, I found her in time.”

“You?”

“No one else knows. Yet.”

Colin came to several conclusions, almost at the same time.

Fenton let him suffer. "Of course," he said with apparent indifference, "a scandal at this time would do your chances of obtaining the Professorship no good."

For a few seconds, the Owl gaped in horror at one of his own conclusions. Then he shivered in revulsion. Was he about to be blackmailed into a homosexual encounter?

Fenton sighed, as he saw the perplexity and horror evident on Colin's face. "Don't judge everybody by your own standards," he said. "Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I've no moral standards."

"Sorry?"

"I know what you were thinking. And you were wrong. I have no intention of telling anyone anything – unless Andrea wishes it. She and she alone will decide. And shall I tell you something else?"

Colin was not sure whether he wanted to know. But he said nothing.

"There was a time when I fancied you," Fenton continued. "You had an aura of genius about you. But so cold – so little real humanity. I know you dislike me. Not because I'm gay – but because I see through your pose. What is beyond that pose? Is there anything?"

He took the note and envelope, which Colin had left on his desk and walked over toward the door. Outside, in the quiet corridor, he stood shaking for several minutes. He disliked the anger he had felt toward Colin and walked quickly down the stairs and out in the freshness outside. Ragged cumulus clouds sped swiftly below the blue of the sky, carried on the rising wind, and Fenton tore Andrea's note in small pieces as he walked, casting them into the lake from a bridge. He watched them as they sank, bopped or floated away. Around him, the University pulsed with life.

He did not have long to wait in the corridor of the Ward. Several of the beds were screened by their curtains and he was idly wondering why when Andrea, dressed in her clothes of the night before, came slowly toward him. She smiled on seeing him leaning against the wall,

and then broke into a run to hug him strongly. He held her body feebly by one hand while she clung to him, and then edged away.

“I’ve got a taxi waiting,” he said while a passing Nurse smiled at them.

“You are kind,” Andrea said and held his hand briefly. “Sorry I embarrassed you,” she whispered.

They did not speak again as they walked the short distance to the entrance to enter their waiting carriage and be conveyed along the traffic filled roads to the campus. But every few minutes Andrea would turn and glance at his face as if trying to measure his feelings. But his face betrayed no emotion.

He walked with her to her room, and stood outside as she opened the door.

“Please,” she said almost pleading, “I’d like you to come in.”

She lay on her bed while he sat, awkwardly, on the chair by the small study desk.

“I feel like I could sleep for a week, she said, and yawned.

Instead, she rested her head on her elbow as she looked at him. “Have you still got the note?” she asked.

“I threw it away.”

“Good.” Then she sighed. “You know, I’m not depressed any more. When I woke up this morning and saw the sunlight streaming through the window I was happy. There was this woman in the bed next to mine – did you see her? – who’d had most of her bowel cut out. They were very kind to her, the Nurses, but

you could see she was dying. I felt so ashamed, being there. Do you mind if I talk?”

”Of course not.”

“What will happen?” she asked softly. “About last night, I mean?”

“Nothing, I imagine. Unless you want to tell anyone.”

“No, of course not. Not even – “

“I’ve told him.”

She was not certain whether she was pleased or upset. “And?” she said, hesitantly.

“He’ll keep quiet, I imagine.”

“I’ll have to leave the University,” she said sadly.

“Do you really want to?”

“No.”

“Then why?”

“I can’t face him.”

“I’ll be with you in lectures.”

She smiled at him. “You’re very sweet. But he is my personal tutor.”

“Change to someone else. It happens.”

“What could I say? What reason could I give?”

It was Fenton’s turn to smile. “With his reputation, you don’t need a reason.”

She thought for a while, and then said, “I just couldn’t bear it, seeing him.”

“Imagine what he would feel like, seeing you.”

Andrea laughed. “I can’t believe I was so stupid, last night.”

“In the midst of many, it is easy to be alone.”

“You know, I always thought you were so reserved. Aloof. Even a bit arrogant. But you’re not, are you? You’re really kind.”

“You’ll have me blushing in a moment.”

“You’re not like other men.” Then realizing what she had said, added, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean – “

“It’s alright. I don’t keep it a secret. Anymore.”

“I mean you’re – for a man – oh, I’m not saying this right!” she finally said in exasperation. “I mean I can actually talk to you. You understand.”

“And I am no threat,” he smiled in self-mockery.

She began to feel that she would not have minded if he were. She would feel safe, in his arms, with the world shut out. But she said nothing and even tried to hide her feelings so that they would not show in her face and eyes. She wanted to be strong and self-reliant, not depending on men for her emotional security, but she did not know how to begin. She remembered the father she saw only twice a year, her sisters leaving school early to work while she studied, always alone in her life. Her always-disastrous relations with men. Her need for love seemed to drive them away.

“There’s a strength in you,” she finally said. “An inner strength. I feel better just being with you. Can we be friends?”

He gave a crooked smile. “I thought we already were.”

She jumped up to kiss him, then decided against it. The sudden movement made her feel dizzy and she lay down on her bed again.

“You ought to get some rest,” he said with concern.

“Yes, I suppose so.” She smiled at him as she sat up. “I’ll get into bed, if you don’t mind.”

“Er, no. I was just going,” he said as he nervously stood because she had begun to remove her clothes.

“Please,” she said, half-pleading and half-seductively, “stay and talk to me for a while.” Naked except for her panties, she got into bed.

“Well, actually –“ he began.

“Please, just for a few minutes.”

He sat down again.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” she asked.

“Depends on the question!”

“Have you ever been with a woman?” she asked impulsively, surprised at her own audacity.

“I really ought to go,” he said as he stood up again.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you.” She suddenly realized that she did not want to be alone. “Look, I’ll be honest with you, Carl. I need to be with somebody at the moment.”

“But I can’t – “

“Just hold me, please.” There was no longer any tone of seduction in her voice or manner, just a pleading, a helplessness, and she began to cry, slowly and almost in silence.

He went to set beside her on the bed, and she clung to him, her tears wetting his shoulder and drawing forth from within her some of the sadness and misery she felt. Her tears were the rain from the clouds which had come to pass over the sun of her joy, and it was minutes before the dark clouds retreated. She curled up, then, in the warmth of her bed, and closed her eyes to sleep. He brushed her cheek dry and briefly kissed it before leaving her to the silence of her room.

XIII

There were no meetings, lectures or tutorials to fill Colin’s afternoon, but he could not settle down to his writing. He spent an hour wandering around the University library, but neither the books nor some research he needed to do interested him, and he wandered the campus in search of Magarita.

But she was not in her office, and he returned to his room in the Hall of Residence. But he soon became listless and bored. Fiona troubled him, as Andrea and Fenton did, and as he wandered for the third time around the campus, he began to realize he was alone. There was no one with whom he could share his secrets; no one with whom he could talk without assuming the mask of his role. He thought of Edmund, and it took him over an hour of diligent and then frenzied searching in the piles of old letters, manuscripts and papers that littered parts of his room before he found an address.

There was a grimy public telephone kiosk in a gloomy corner of Derwent college between the lavatories and the Porter’s prison of glass, and he was approaching it when a crowd of students came toward him, babbling. One of them, a brightly dressed young lady with frizzy hair, waved at him, and he waved back. She smiled, and then was sucked away within the crowd. He had no idea who she was, and shrugged his shoulders. Inside the soundproof booth, graffiti declared: *‘Jesus Saves, Moses Invests, But Buckby spends it all.’* Buckby was the Treasurer of the University.

His efforts were to no avail. There was no telephone number under that name, the discordant voice emanating from the receiver had said. Disgruntled, he wandered back to

his bedroom. It was then he realized the drawer that contained his photographs was unlocked. Had Andrea seen them? Was that the meaning of her cryptic message?

Suddenly, it seemed his world was in chaos. There would be no Professorship, only rumours about his photographs, about Andrea's attempted suicide. For a few moments he panicked. But calmness eventually came, although the pains he felt in his stomach remained. The ritual of cleaning and filling and lighting his pipe aided his thinking, and by the time he had smoked his fill he was certain neither Andrea or Fenton would compromise him. Yet a slight uncertainty remained, seeping down into his unconscious. Secure again in the confines of his world, he lay on his bed reading academic books.

It was nearing five o'clock in the evening when he left his room, no longer able to resist the temptation of visiting Andrea. He needed to know how she felt - what she would do. The hours of his reading had brought light rain to the outside world, and sheen of wetness pervaded the buildings and the paths which were entwined around them. It was only a short walk to the building which housed Andrea's room, which pleased him, since he so disliked rain.

It was Fenton who opened Andrea's door.

"She doesn't want to see you," Fenton said.

"Who is it?" a faint voice said.

"The esteemed Dr. Mickleman."

"I'll get dressed. Tell him to come back in a few minutes."

Fenton smiled ruefully at Colin and then shut the door. Colin waited outside for the allotted span, and then knocked on the door again.

Fenton, adopting the pose of a deferential butler, bowed slightly and in a disdainful accent said, "Madam will see you now, sir." He moved aside while Colin entered, then closed the door.

"How are you?" Colin asked Andrea as she sat on her bed. She was demurely dressed, but Fenton's presence, the disordered bedclothes, the discarded female underclothes on the

floor, perplexed him.

Before Andrea could answer, Fenton said, "As well as might be expected under the circumstances, sir."

Colin ignored him. "Is there anything I can do?" he asked her.

"With all due respect, sir," Fenton said, continuing with his accent and his role, "I believe you have done quite enough already. May I therefore respectfully suggest you return to your lucubrations? Shall I show the gentleman out, Madam?"

Andrea giggled.

"Very well Madam if that is what you wish." For Colin's benefit he gestured toward the door. "This way, sir, if you please. Terrible weather, isn't it? For the time of year."

Colin was beginning to become annoyed. "Can I talk with you alone?" he asked Andrea.

Andrea affected her own accent and role. "Be so good," she said to Fenton, "as to leave us."

Fenton bowed. "As you wish. If Madam is quite sure."

"Quite sure."

"I shall be directly outside, should you at any time require my assistance." He flicked imaginary dust from his imaginary livery.

Colin waited until he and Andrea were alone. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What will you do?"

"About what?"

“Does anyone else know?”

“Don’t worry,” she smiled. “I shall not make a fuss.”

“I didn’t mean – “

“I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Pardon?”

“At the lecture. On Kant’s aesthetics isn’t it?”

“Er, yes.” He did not know what else to say and stood immobile with his arms hanging limply by his side.

Andrea rose to open the door, and as it was opened Fenton sprang into the room. But he quickly resumed his role.

“The gentleman,” Andrea said, acting again, “is just leaving.”

“Very good, Madam. This way, sir.” Fenton gestured toward the corridor. Colin was at the top of the stairs when Fenton, as Fenton, said, “If I were you, I’d leaver her alone from now on.”

Andrea was sitting on her bed when he returned to her room.

“I was shaking and trembling,” she admitted, “seeing him again. I’m glad that’s over. I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t been here.”

Reverting to his role, he said, “Your servant, Madam.”

She threw her pillow playfully at him, and then looked at her discarded underclothes on the

floor. “Do you think he thought – “ she began.

“Probably!”

They both laughed. She wanted to embrace him, but all she did was rest her head in her hands and sigh.

“Some friends of mine,” Fenton said in an effort to comfort her, “are having a party tonight. Would you like to come?”

“Not really. I’m not in the mood.”

“Well, when I say ‘party’ it’s not exactly the right word. Just a quiet get together.”

“Thanks, but no.”

“It’s sort of an informal gathering of the GaySoc.”

“Sorry?”

The Gay Society.”

“Sounds like the title of a thirties musical.”

“Maybe it was. Anyway, they’ll be some women there. It’s not all men. There’s someone there I’d particularly like you to meet.”

She thought for a while, then said, “I don’t really think it would be my scene.”

“We are not all weirdoes you know.”

“I didn’t say you were. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

“Do I look offended?”

“No.”

“It would be good for you to get out – meet people.”

“I’m not really a gregarious person.”

“Look, I’ll tell you what. I have to go – for some silly reason I let myself be talked into running the thing this year. But afterwards we can go out for a meal, just you and I.”

“You don’t have to take pity on me, you know.”

“Is that what you think?”

“I don’t know what to think anymore.”

“I’m asking you as a friend.”

“I know. I’m sorry. Alright, then – but I’m not sure I feel like eating much.”

“Doesn’t matter. Now you ought to get some more rest. Will you be alright?”

“I won’t do anything silly, if that’s what you mean.”

“No it was not what I meant. I meant I’ll stay and talk to you if you like.”

“I’ll be fine. I do still feel tired. You’ve done more than enough.”

“I’ll be back about six then.”

“Fine.”

He had opened the door to leave when she said, “You are very kind.”

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. “What are friends for?”



Fenton was over half hour late.

“Sorry!” he said as an anxious Andrea opened her door. “I fell asleep.”

Andrea wore a tight jumper and close-fitting trousers and even Fenton noticed that she was wearing no bra, for her nipples stood out quite prominently. Fenton was dressed as he almost always was in tweed jacket and trousers. Only the colour of his shirts and his badges varied. His small but brightly coloured badge declared: *Laugh Now, But One Day We'll Be In Charge.*

“Are you ready,” he asked unnecessarily.

“Lead on!”

The gathering was held in the first floor room of one of the colleges. The chairs were low and comfortable, the décor modern but subdued. The blinds were drawn to cover the window and one table was spread with glasses, bottles of wine and cans of beer. Of the nine students, three were women. They did not turn to stare as Andrea and Fenton entered, and Andrea was surprised to find that all of those gathered in the room looked and dressed like ordinary students.

Fenton saw her surprise. “What did you expect?”

“I don't know,” she whispered. “They all look so normal.”

He adopted an effeminate pose. “Well to tell you the truth dear, we are. It’s the others who aren’t!”

She cuffed him playfully on the ear with her hand.

“Come on,” he said, “I’ll introduce you.” He walked toward a tall woman with startling blue eyes and very short black hair. “Julie,” he said to her, “this is Andrea.”

“Hi,” Julie said, and held out her bony hand.

Andrea blushed, held the proffered hand briefly, and said, “Hello!”

“What are you studying?” Julie asked her.

“Philosophy. And you?”

“Physics. Can I get you a drink?”

“Orange juice – if there is one.”

“We’ll see!” As she passed Fenton, Julie whispered in his ear. “Pretty, isn’t she?”

She was not away long, and Andrea clutched her glass nervously while she and Julie stood on the edge of the conclave. Fenton moved away to talk to the others.

“What made you choose York?” Julie asked her.

“The course, mainly.”

“Do you like music?”

“It’s alright.”

“I just love Classical, myself. Now Carl – well! His taste runs to that horrendous noise he calls ‘Progressive’. Personally, I would say ‘regressive’ – back to the primitive.”

She laughed at her own joke. “But enough of me – tell me about yourself.”

Andrea sipped her orange juice, and looked at Carl. He was obviously at ease, among friends, and his laugh made her feel a little sad. “Are you in your first year?” she asked Julie.

“Heavens no! Only wish I were. Finals time! What made you chose philosophy?”

“Seemed a good idea at the time.”

“Are you liking it?”

“Yes and no.”

“We had a few lectures from a chap in your Department. On the philosophy of Science. Can’t remember his name. Fancied himself, though. Tall chap – often wore black. Some sort of gesture, I suppose. Typical arty-farty type. Do you know him?”

“Not really,” Andrea lied. She wanted to get away, to talk to Carl to leave the room. Julie was smiling intently at her. “Have you any plans after your Degree?” she asked to hide her embarrassment.

“Year off. Cycling across America, then Scandinavia.”

“You do a lot of cycling then?”

“Sure! I love it. You?”

“No. I am not very sporting.”

“You should try it! There’s a marvellous, simply marvellous, feeling about riding a bike –

such freedom. Just you, and your surroundings. You're really in tune with your environment. I love it – touring and racing, cycling at speed. You and the machine, a perfect harmony. All your own effort and skill. Beautiful! I've a race – well, Time Trial actually – on Sunday. Would you like to come?"

"Well, I was thinking of - " she returned her gaze from Carl to Julie. There was something about Julie's earnest, youthful enthusiasm, which pleased her, and she smiled, envying her vivacity.

"I'm afraid," Julie was saying, "it starts rather early. Six in the morning actually. I'm off number three – they always start the slowest riders first!" She laughed, again, rocking slightly backwards on her feet and as she did so she lightly touched Andrea's arm with her hand. "It's only twenty five though."

"Sorry?"

"Twenty five miles. Fast course, though. I hope to do a One-Six." Then seeing Andrea's obvious incomprehension, she added, "one hour, six minutes."

"You mean," Andrea said, astounded, "you cycle twenty five miles in just one hour and six minutes?"

"More or less. I'm not as fast as some of the ladies, though."

"That's nearly – what?" she thought for a moment. "Twenty three miles an hour."

Julie shrugged her shoulders. "Lots of ladies get under the hour."

"You must be very fit."

"Well, I do lots of training! It's lovely to be out on the bike after hours of lectures or lab work. Really relaxing. There's only you, the bike and the road – everything else ceases to exist. Marvellous for stress!"

"I doubt I could make it into the town on a bike."

“Fancy a ride tomorrow? I’ve got an spare bike?”

“I’d only slow you down.”

“Nonsense! I like touring speeds as well.” She looked at Andrea’s body, letting her gaze linger on her breasts. “You look fit enough. I’ve got a Flat in town. If you want to come round about ten in the morning, say. I’ll give you the address.”

“Really, I –“

“No bother! Just a minute, I’ll borrow some paper and a pen.”

She returned with Carl, and scribbled her address on a crumpled sheet of paper. “I’ll look forward,” she said as she gave it to Andrea, “to seeing you.” She turned toward Carl. “Got to dash!” To Andrea’s surprise, Julie kissed Carl on the cheek, tousled his hair with her hand and said, “You take care. Probably see you next week.” She waved at Andrea, smiled warmly, and was gone from the room in a burst on energy. For a few seconds, Andrea regretted her departure.

Then she was annoyed with herself. ‘I’m so fickle and immature,’ she thought.

“Come and meet the others.” Carl said to her.

“Can we go? I really not in the mood to be around people.”

“Of course. I’ll just say my farewells.”

He returned smiling and holding out some car keys. “Julian's lent me his car,” he beamed.

The car turned out to be an old Volkswagen laden with rust whose interior was sorely in need of repair. But it conveyed them, albeit slowly, into the city centre. The restaurant Carl had chosen was not expensive but the food was reasonable even if the service was slow and the somewhat garish décor faded. But in the dim light it was easy to ignore.

Andrea settled for the soup while Carl ate, what seemed to her, a gargantuan meal.

“So you’ve arranged to see Julie again?” he asked.

“I let myself be talked into it.”

“She’s a bit like that,” he smiled.

“Is she -?”

“What do you think?”

“Silly question. God, I’m stupid! Why else would she be there!”

“I don’t think you are stupid,” he said gently.

“I must be! Shall I tell you something? No, on second thoughts, I won’t.”

“You can trust me, you know.”

She briefly held his hand. “I know.”

“You liked her, didn’t you?”

Andrea sighed. “Yes, I suppose so. But only because she showed an interest in me – seemed to like me. I sometimes think I’m just a reflection of other people’s interest.”

“We all need to be liked.”

“But I seem to need others in a different way. Without them I sometimes feel I don’t exist at all.”

“You just need someone to love you,” he said softly.

She cried then, not loudly or very much. “I know,” she said, almost as a whisper. “And I wish it could be you.”

For some time he looked at her, not knowing what to say or do, and when he did speak, his own emotion was evident in his measured words. “I’m sorry. But you will find someone. I know you will. I do love you, as a friend.”

She turned away, then, to stare out of the window, her silent tears returning. Outside, in the resurgent rain, people hurried along the pavement in the city-lit darkness, burdened with the burdens of their worlds.

XIV

Such was Colin’s perplexity that, on leaving Andrea’s room, he did not notice the rain. It was light, a mere drizzle to dampen clothes only with prolonged exposure, and he walked through it along the campus paths to the streets beyond and thence to Fiona’s house.

He was early for his assignation, but she was not there and, disgruntled, he trudged back to the University. No one disturbed him as he sat, alone in the Philosophy Department, in his room, vaguely looking out from the window.

Tomorrow, he knew, he would see Andrea and Fenton at his lecture and this both pleased and disturbed him, bringing discomfort to his stomach and pain to his head. He was pleased because he wanted to show he was not concerned about their presence and secret knowledge, and because he would then know what, if anything, they would do. Yet he was agitated because that knowledge was another day away. He began, however, to prepare himself. If necessity demanded it, he would say she was infatuated with him, and he spent nearly an hour creating in his mind answers to any questions he might face.

Pleased with himself again, he issued forth from his office to walk briskly to Fiona’s house. He was only a few minutes early and waited, leaning on her gate smoking his pipe. ‘I think we’d make a good combination’ he remembered she had said, ‘in bed.’

He waited half an hour; then an hour, leaning against her fence, a nearby lamppost and her door. He banged his fist against the door, stole a look through windows front and back, but no one was seen or came, and it was another half and hour before, in disappointment, he walked away. From his office he telephoned Magarita. But his recent experiences had done nothing to change his habits, and in the bedroom of her almost city-centre and quite artistically furnished flat, he resumed his manipulative role.

It was sad for Magarita that she loved him. She stood before him naked, her tawny hair held neatly by a band behind her head and already he had remarked about her tendency to plumpness. He held his camera ready.

“Go on!” he said, “just one of you sitting on the toilet.”

“No.”

“What are you afraid of?”

“I just don’t want to, alright?” She had begun to frown, and made to grab her clothes..

“Come here,” he said, almost softly.

Reluctantly, she did. Then he was kissing her and steering her toward the bed. She resisted, a little, but did not want to be alone and let him win again. Her ecstasy came slowly and when it was over and she wished to lie warm and languid beside him resting her head on his chest, he spoke to her again.

“Humour me,” he said and kissed her.

“Alright, then. But only one.”

He left shortly thereafter, clutching his undeveloped prize.

Sleep came easily to him on his own bed and he slept deeply until a disturbing dream awoke him. He dreamed he was in Fiona’s bed, waiting for her to join him. She was a long

time, and he fell asleep. Then warm hands were caressing his body and genitals, arousing him and he turned over to find not Fiona but Fenton, naked, beside him. Then Fenton was guiding his hand, downward.... He awoke sweating and kicking his bedclothes onto the floor.

He did sleep again, but in spasms of half-conscious tiredness and deep perplexing dreams, and when the hard, strident ringing on his clock alarm finally aroused him, he lay, tired and yawning and disturbed. But the passing minutes faded his memory of the dream, until it gradually slipped away from his conscious recollection. Outside, the sun glowed warmly, and he rose to select from his untidy collection a recording of loud modern music.

Soon, he was ready for his day. He forsook the black clothes of his pose, choosing instead a conventional ensemble replete with a silk bow tie. The effect pleased him and he smiled at himself in the mirror.

He was not surprised to find Andrea and Fenton seated next to each other in the room apportioned for his lecture. They did not smile or stare at him, but sat idly talking to those around them, their notebooks and pens ready on the table before them, and he began to wonder if it had all been some dream, for they appeared relaxed, at ease. But the feeling passed. It had been real, and he himself began to tremble and sweat.

Then his own emotions faded, as he remembered the plan of his lecture. For he was, after all, the master, they the disciples.

“Finally,” he said at his lecture’s end, “and in conclusion, you can say that Kant wished to prove that aesthetic experience improves our lives: it makes or can make us moral beings. In essence, that it its reason for existing. Any questions?”

“Yes,” Fenton said immediately. “So what you’re saying is that Kant’s aesthetics show the value of things like Art resides in the moral realm?”

“Not exactly! I believe Kant hints – and I repeat only hints – that aesthetic experience humanizes us. For example, in his *‘Solution to the Antinomy of Taste’* he – “

“Yes, but going on from there, what about the life of the artist – or indeed the philosopher. Does their life have to be moral, in the conventional sense, for their works to be perceived as sublime and thus contributing to an aesthetic experience?” Colin wanted to interject, but Fenton continued. “If you, for example, study the lives of most of the great artists – and some philosophers – you will find a certain turmoil, even moral turpitude. Then – “

“It is an interesting point,” he said, trying to smile. “But one not directly relevant to our study of Kant.

“I think it is very relevant to aesthetics. Central to the life of the philosopher, in fact.”

“Perhaps you would like to study the matter further.”

“I would have thought you would have developed Kant’s – what did you call it? Hints? – further.”

Colin looked around the room. “Any other points?” he asked.

Fenton said aloud, and to no one in particular, “it would make a good thesis – the lives of philosophers in relation to their ideas. Is there a correlation between the humanity of their teachings and the morality of their lives?”

“Perhaps,” Colin said with an elegant smile, “you should write a thesis about it – assuming you pass your finals.”

“No,” Fenton said, screwing up his face into a gargoyle-like expression, “it’s a boring subject. Much more important things to do.”

Gradually the students left. In the corridor, Colin heard talk and laughter. Was it about him, he wondered? But no one stared at him as he walked to his office. He was inside, smoking his pipe and glancing at Kant’s *‘Observations on the Feeling of the Beautiful and the Sublime’* when a possible solution to what he saw as a potential problem occurred to him. He had no diary or timetable to consult, for he despised dependence on such items, but he knew from memory that no engagements, lectures, tutorials or assignments would hinder him, and he used his telephone to summon a taxi to convey him to his destination.

In his intense satisfaction, he rubbed his hands together and smiled.

Andrea had made her excuses in a brief telephone conversation and it was with some reluctance that she arrived at Julie's Flat in the afternoon at the re-arranged time. The Flat was part of an elegant Georgian building some distance from the centre of the city where a road fed an incessant stream of traffic and a little piece of parkland opened wide. But inside, there was only a perfumed silence, a clutter of books, furniture and bikes.

"The weather is just right! Julie said. "Do you want something to drink or shall we make a start?"

"I'm fine."

"Good! Here you are." She pointed to a bike in the small corridor. "I've adjusted the saddle height for you."

"Thanks."

Julie laughed. "Don't look so worried! Right, if you want to lug that down, I'll get changed and be right with you."

The cycle was lighter than Andrea expected, and she waited outside the front door of the apartment feeling slightly conspicuous. Julie duly arrived wearing skin-tight cycling shorts and jumper and carrying her gleaming bike. The shorts were black but the jumper was bright and banded. 'York Road Club' was flocked in large letters on the back.

Soon, Andrea was regretting her acceptance. The roads they took led them after a few miles beyond the limits of the city and, as houses gave way to hedges and fields, Andrea was tired and sweating profusely. She judged their pace fast; although for Julie it was only a slow dawdle.

"You alright?" Julie kept saying as she dropped back to ride beside her.

Andrea would nod, and smile, and turn the pedals faster in an effort to convince. But after a few more miles even her pride could not make her continue. She dismounted to lean the cycle against a field gate and sit herself on the ground. Julie returned to sit beside her.

“Here,” Julie said, giving her a handkerchief from a pocket of her jumper.

“Thanks.” She wiped the sweat on her forehead away.

“You look done in.”

“I am!”

“The sun is warm, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Why don’t you take your cardigan off? You must be hot.”

Andrea looked at her suspiciously, but Julie laughed and said, “don’t worry! I’m not after your body – nice though it is!”

“I didn’t think you were,” Andrea said quietly and without conviction.

“I just want to be your friend. You seem to need one.”

“Is that what Carl said?”

“He said nothing. I like you, that’s all. Alright, so I’m gay. Big deal.”

Andrea felt like a fool and, although she did not want to because she did not feel particularly warm sitting in the breeze, she removed her cardigan.

“You thirsty?”

“Yes.”

“There’s a little tea shop just up the road.”

“Ah! Just what I need!” Then she added: “What do you mean by ‘just up the road?’”

“About five or six miles.”

“Six miles?” Are you serious?”

“Well, it was about six last time I looked on a map.”

“I didn’t mean that!”

“Think you can make it?”

“I don’t think so. But even if I could, we’ve got to ride back. How far is it back, anyway – from here?”

“Six or seven miles – no more.” She stood up and held out her hand. “Come on then! Home.”

Andrea let Julie help her up. She did not want to jerk her hand away as they stood facing each other for fear that Julie would misunderstand, so they stood looking at each other and holding hands for almost a minute. It was Julie who broke the contact, turning away abruptly. Then she was smiling again.

“I was going to say,” she laughed, “race you back!”

“Only if you give me an hours start!” She wrapped the arms of her cardigan around her waist.

A few cars passed them on their way into the city, and high cloud came to haze the sun. But it was a pleasant ride, for Andrea, and even the city streets, often dense with traffic, did not unduly disturb her. Yet she was glad when it ended. Her arms and legs ached, a little, her crotch a lot, and she felt bathed in her own sweat. The Flat felt warm and she let Julie carry

both bicycles, one after the other, up the stairs and into the spare room where they rested with others.

“What do you want first,” Julie asked her as they sat on the sofa, “Tea or a bath?”

Andrea blushed, and turned her face away. “Tea, I think.”

“Any preference?”

“Sorry?”

“What sort of tea would you like? Darjeeling? Assam? Formosa Oolong? Gunpowder?”

“I really don’t mind.”

“Look around. I won’t be long.”

In the kitchen, Julie began to sing. Andrea did not know what it was except that it sounded like opera. There were piles of books nearly enclosing the sofa, and Andrea picked the first book off one of them. ‘Lectures on Physics’ the bright red cover read. But the mathematical questions, the diagrams and even most of the words were meaningless to her, and she selected another. ‘Duino Elegies’. She was flicking through the pages when a handwritten piece of paper fell to the floor. The handwriting was vaguely familiar and she began to read. It was set out in stanzas and bore the title: ‘Fragment 31’.

Equal of the gods, it appears to me,

The man who sits beside you

And, being so near, listens

While you softly speak

And laugh your beautiful laugh

That in honesty makes my heart to tremble.

When I unprepared meet you

I am tongue-tied, words dry in my mouth

Flames dance under my skin

And I am blinded,

Hearing only the beating of my pulse.

My body, bathed in sweat, sways

And I am paler than sun burnt grass

And nearer to death...

She read the poem three times, and began to cry because it was so simple and yet so well expressed the feelings of love. How many times in the past few years of her life had she felt tongue-tied and trembled when she had met a beloved? Carefully, she wiped away the tears and replaced the paper within the book. She turned around and saw Julie watching from the doorway to the kitchen.

Julie did not speak but came to sit beside her and gently touch her face with her hand.

“I think your kettle is boiling,” Andrea finally said. But she was momentarily sad when the gentle touching stopped.

“What were you reading?” Julia asked almost nonchalantly, as they sat with their mugs of tea.

Nervous and embarrassed, Andrea gave her the book.

“Ah! The Sappho. Carl translated it for me. Lovely, isn't it?”

“Carl?” she asked. She had heard of Sappho, vaguely, but only now made the connection with the love between two women. She blushed, for suddenly that love seemed quite real and not strange. It was not that she identified with it but rather she intuitively understood in that moment that the love between two women was in no way different from the love

between a woman and a man. In that instant, all the conditioned responses, foisted upon her by her upbringing and society, of Sapphic love as unnatural and unhealthy, vanished.

“Carl?” she heard herself repeating, like an echo in a dream.

“Yes. He quite talented, you know. Could have been a classical scholar. Well anyway,” she laughed her vivacious laugh, “that’s what he tells me!”

Andrea smiled in response, and for the first time let her liking of Julie show in her face.

“You really like him, don’t you?” Andrea said.

“Of course!” She put her mug on the floor. “I know how you feel about him,” she said quietly.

“What do you mean?” Then: “Sorry, I didn’t mean it that way.”

“It’s alright. I saw.” Julie said, and held Andrea’s hand, “how you looked at him last night.”

“It’s not like that,” Andrea retorted and withdrew her hand. “He helped me through a very difficult time, that’s all.”

Julie simply smiled. “You don’t have to explain.”

“You make me want to.” She felt a desire to explain about her attempted suicide, but the desire did not last. “This race of yours on Sunday. What time did you say it started?”

“Six. You coming, then?” she asked enthusiastically.

“Yes, I’d like to.” She felt a fool about almost loving Carl.

Julie held up the book of Rilke’s poetry. “Have you read any?” she asked.

“No. I was never one for poetry at school.”

“I’m not surprised – considering the drivel they teach!” Shall I read you some?” Then, before Andrea could answer she said, “You don’t speak German do you?”

“No, sorry.”

“Ah well. But this translation is superb. Best ever done.” She opened the book and began to read.

After she had read the first elegy, they sat in silence for what seemed a very long time until Julie rose to play a record on her high-fidelity system. So they listened, and talked and read aloud to each other while the hours of the afternoon passed, the sun clouded over and twilight came to the world outside. And when the time of leaving came, as she knew it must, Andrea stood, re-assured in friendship, to embrace her new friend.

“I’ll see you on Sunday, then,” Andrea said before beginning her descent of the stairs.

“I’ll look forward to it.”

And so will I, Andrea thought as she walked toward the door.

XVI

The taxi conveyed Colin to the gate of Magnus’ farm leaving him free to walk the track under the warm sun with trees and singing birds around him. The breeze refreshed him, and he slowed his pace.

No one came to greet him as he walked to the farmhouse, or answer his knock, and he stood looking round the farmyard where the odour of muck pervaded.

“Yes?” said a strong voice, startled him.

He turned to face Magnus. Tall though he himself was, Colin had to look up. Magnus’ sheepdog growled at him.

“Hi! I’m Colin. Edmund’s friend.” Wary, he moved away from the dog.

“He’s not here,” Magnus said gruffly.

“Well, it’s really Alison I came to see.”

“Is that so? And what would you be wanting with her?”

“I’d just like to talk to her.”

“Colin, you say?” Magnus asked, inspecting him.

“Yes. Colin Mickleman.”

“We don’t get many strangers, here.”

“She is here, isn’t she?”

“Could be. You any good with pigs?”

“You what?”

Magnus gave Colin the large shovel leaning against the wall. “I’ll get some boots. That lot,”

he indicated the pigpens, “needs shifting.”

Colin was still gaping in amazement when Magnus returned.

“But Alison,” Colin protested as Magnus handed him the boots.

“She’ll be along. Shouldn’t take you long to shift that lot.” The dog followed him as he walked away.

At first, Colin stood beside the smelly, stone-built sties whose occupants grunted loudly. Then, tired of waiting, he climbed over one of the low walls. To his surprise, the pigs did not attack him and he began the imposed task. Soon he was removing his jacket and rolling up the sleeves of his shirt. The work was half done – or seemed to him to be half done – when a woman’s laugh made him straighten his already aching back and turn around.

“You’ve found your true vocation, I see,” Alison said. She was dressed in obviously well used working denim clothes.

“Very funny.” He put down his shovel.

“They seem to like you,” she said, indicating the pigs. “Recognize their kin I suppose.” She laughed again.

Colin stepped back over the wall.

“You haven’t finished.” She said, disapprovingly.

“I came to see you, not muck out a pig sty!”

“A bit of practice – perhaps you’ll start with your room next!”

He ignored the insult and wiped sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. “Is he always like that?”

“Who?”

“That big chap.”

“You mean Magnus? He's affable enough. Quite sweet, really.”

“You could have fooled me.”

“He obviously did!”

He winced, trying to ignore her laughter. “Is there anywhere I can wash?” he asked.

“There's a tap over there.” She pointed to the wall of one of the buildings.

“Thanks,” he said, obviously displeased. He returned to change back into his shoes and jacket. “Can we go somewhere and talk?”

“What's wrong with here? Fresh air, the smell of the country.”

“Well – it is not the perfect setting.” The pigs were grunting again.

“I suppose we could sit in the garden.”

He followed her. “Well?” she asked as they sat on the bench.

“This is not exactly easy.”

“What isn't?”

He sighed deeply, and then looked around. No one was watching, or even about, and he heard only the distant noise of the pigs, the songs of birds and the breeze in the trees.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

For some reason Alison was so surprised she could not speak and when she did her voice was a single loud exclamation. “What!”

He shuffled his feet. “Will you marry me?” he repeated.

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

To fill the embarrassed silence, he said, “I know I have my faults, but I can try to change.”

She felt an instant love for him and remembered with intensity her former needs and desires. “Thanks,” she said briefly squeezing his hand with her own, “I do appreciate it.”

“Does that mean ‘no’ then?”

“It wouldn’t work.”

“It could.”

She watched his face become pale. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I really am, but I don’t love you. Not anymore, anyway.”

He was more sad that he could have imagined. “Perhaps it is for the best.” He stood up. “I was serious, you know.”

“I know.” She stood up and kissed him briefly.

“I’d better go.”

“How will you get back?”

”I have a taxi waiting.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I was going to ask you to come back with me. We’d look for a Flat or house somewhere. I’ve got some savings.”

Alison looked up at the sky. “Looks like it might rain.”

In that moment, as he stood beside her, his arms hanging limply beside him, he looked to her like a lost child. She embraced him warmly. “I’ll visit you,” she said before running toward the house. She had almost reached the door when she ran back.

“I haven’t changed my mind,” she said, “about the termination. I just wanted you to know. In case you thought – “ She was watching his face when she spoke, and even as the words were issuing forth from her mouth – an expression of her feeling and sudden confusion – she regretted saying them. “It wouldn’t have worked,” she added.

He shrugged his shoulders. “No, maybe not. Silly idea, really.”

“No it wasn’t! It was the real you. I only wish you’d shown that more often in the past.”

“I’d better get back. Can’t keep the taxi waiting for ever.”

“Will you be alright?” she said, almost as an afterthought as he began to walk away.

He turned, and she could see the face of his posing.

“I have weathered the storm,” he said, “I have beaten out my exile.” He bowed, smiled, and then turned away to lope along the winding driveway to the distant gate.

He had lied about the waiting taxi, and it was a long walk to the nearest village. There were no shops in the village, not even an Inn, and he was surprised when the elderly lady, bent by arthritis, who answered his knocking upon her cottage door, let him use her telephone.

The taxi was a long time coming, and he sat in her heated parlour drinking the tea she offered. She chatted amiably until his city transport came. He had been pleased, embarrassed and arrogantly cynical about her unaffected hospitality to a stranger, and it occurred to him as he sat in the car whose driver drove it along the, at first, twisty lanes and then the major roads to York, that his divergent feelings summoned up his attitudes to life. But this self-analysis made him even more depressed, and he arrived back at the University exhausted.

Darkness found him sitting smoking his pipe in the untidy clutter of his bedroom. He had begun to read several books, discarding one after the other after only a few lines were read, as he had several times begun to write an academic article promised weeks ago to the editor of a prestigious journal. But he was in no mood for work, his stomach pains had returned, and he sought relief by sauntering toward Andrea's room. He did not know what to do when he got there.

"Hello," he said as she, only recently returned, opened the door.

For a few seconds she felt pleased to see him, but the feeling vanished. Perhaps Carl's and Julie's friendship had given her some of the strength she needed, for she said, although not in a harsh voice, "I don't think we've got anything to say to each other."

"I just came to apologize," he said. Only half of him was sincere – for the Owl inside him was hoping to avoid any future problems.

"I'll be changing tutors," she said, attempting a smile. Now, she was wishing he would go away.

"Fine. I'll arrange it for you if you like."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose I'd better get back to my work. I really am sorry."

"So am I." She closed the door upon him.

He had returned to his office and was sitting at his desk, smoking his pipe and wondering how to fill the long hours of the evening, when he heard footsteps outside. But it was only

Storr, shuffling to his own room carrying a bundle of books. He was disappointed, and telephoned Fiona's house. There was no reply.

"Enter!" Storr said as Colin knocked at his door.

"You don't happen to know where Fiona is, do you?" she asked as he entered.

Storr gave his quirky and toady smile. "Didn't you know? She's, er, gone away for some days."

"Do you know when she will be back?"

"Er, Monday. Yes, Monday. Anything I can help you with?"

"No."

"You ready for Tuesday?" he slobbered.

"Just about. I don't rate my chance, though."

"Come, come! Er, you underestimate yourself. Yes indeed."

He lifted one of the books off the stack on his desk. "My latest book," he smirked. "You, er, won't have seen it yet, of course."

"Well, I'll have to get back to work."

"You're welcome to a copy, of course." He held on out.

He humoured him, for Storr might next week become the Professor, "Thanks." He walked toward the desk and took the book.

"That will be ten pounds."

“You what?” said a surprised Colin.

“Ten pounds. Er, that includes the discount.”

Colin was annoyed. He put the book back on the desk. “I’ll read the Library copy. I’m sure you will be donating one. Or six.”

“Possibly, possibly.” Storr seemed oblivious to the comment. He looked lovingly at a copy of his book and spread his clammy hand over the spine. “So important for, er, a Professor to have an established reputation, don’t you think?”

“Depends on the reputation.”

“Quite, quite! My feeling exactly. Well, I’m glad we’ve had this little chat – cleared the air, so to speak. I do so, er, wish fortune favours you on Tuesday. Yes, indeed!” He glanced at his watch. “My word! I must be off. Er, nice to talk to you Colin.”

“I can’t say it’s been a pleasure,” he mumbled almost inaudibly in reply and left to seek the Union Bar with the intention of drinking himself into an alcoholic stupor.

Among the milling, sitting and standing crowd in the smoke infested room, he thought he saw Edmund. But when he pushed his way through the students, the individual had gone, leaving him to sit alone and self-pitying while an excess of alcohol dulled the processes of his brain.

XVII

Sunday. Six o’clock in the morning, and Andrea yawned. It was quite cold, and she shivered as she stood on the verge of the road watching Julie pedal seemingly effortlessly away from the lay-by. A few other cyclists, all in racing clothing, ambled along, waiting for the start.

Then the first rider, his bicycle held steady by a helper, bent his head as the Timekeeper

counted down the seconds of his start.

“Five-Four-Three-Two-One. Go!

He was away, sprinting toward the rising sun where the road swung gently between hedges and fields and trees, to disappear from sight. No traffic came past to spoil the scene, and Andrea saw Julie join the small queue of riders that had formed.

“Good luck!” she said as she came to stand beside her.

“Thanks!” Julie’s smile was short. “This is the worst bit – waiting.”

She had covered her legs in strong smelling embrocation and Andrea found the smell faintly pleasing. It seemed somehow to complement the scene: the gleaming cycles, the strain of nervous anticipation upon the faces of those waiting.

Then Julie herself was gone, and Andrea walked slowly back to where Julie had left the car. It was the same one that Carl had borrowed with the addition of a rather grease-covered sheet to cover the rear seat whereon Julie’s cycle, with the wheels removed, had rested. Andrea sat inside, and waited, watching riders cycle by, a few cars arrive to disgorge their drivers and their cycles. Then, tired of sitting, she stood by the side of the road.

“You’re Julie’s friend, aren’t you?” a young man asked her as he brought his cycle to a stop beside her.

His ginger hair was short but curled, and on the back of his cycling jumper she saw the words ‘York Road Club’.

“Yes,” she said. His body was lean rather than muscular and his face was broadly smiling.

“There is no wind,” he said looking around, “should be fast times, today.”

“What time do you hope to do?” she asked, trying to appear knowledgeable.

“Not too bothered, really. Early in the season yet. Still, I’ll be satisfied with a fifty-five.”

“What number do you start?” It was pleasant, she felt, chatting, while the sun gradually warmed the earth and the friendly cyclists gathered in groups around her, talking in their sometimes strange jargon: *‘There I was, honking up the hill on fixed when the rear tub blew...’*

The young man smiled at her. “I’m off at last. You not riding?”

“No. Well, actually Julie is trying to convert me.”

“Got promise, she has,” he said, seemingly to no one in particular. “What do you do?” he asked her directly.

“I’m at University.”

“Well, nobody’s perfect!”

His broad smile stopped her being offended.

He looked at his watch. “Better get warmed up. Hope I’ll see you later.”

“Maybe.”

He had started to cycle away when he shouted back. “See you at the result board, then.”

Nearly an hour had elapsed since Julie’s departure and she was sauntering to where another Timekeeper stood beside a checkered board when Julie swept past, her eyes fixed intently on the road ahead of her, her speed fast. There were a few cheers from the small crowd as she went by to only gradually slow her speed while a single car, its occupants staring at the strange spectacle, noisily motored past.

It seemed to Andrea a long time before Julie returned, sweating, her face flushed but pleased. Carefully, she leant her cycle against the car before briefly embracing Andrea. Then she was covering herself in extra clothing.

“You alright?” Andrea asked.

“Great! First time under the hour!” She checked the stopwatch strapped to the handlebars of her cycle for the third time.

They were soon standing among the crowd around the results board where Julie revelled in the congratulations from members of her own and other clubs. Slowly, the board became full of times set against the listed names, and Andrea, feeling somewhat bored, was watching a man write '55-23' against the name of the last rider to start when the young man came and stood beside her.

“I see Julie broke the hour,” he said, and wiped his brow of sweat. A dark tracksuit swathed his body.

“Yes,” and she returned his smile. “Looks like you won easily.”

He shrugged his shoulders. “It was a good day. No real opposition. Fast men are riding Boro' course today.

“Hey!” Julie said as she joined them. “Congratulations!”

“And to you!” He accepted her sisterly kiss, but blushed.

“Well,” Julie said to Andrea, briefly touching her arm with her hand, “you deserve congratulating as well!”

“Sorry?”

Julie laughed. “You've got to talk to him after a race! Usually he just goes off by himself.”

Andrea watched the young man blush again.

“Ah!” Julie turned, and waved at someone in the crowd still gathered around the board, “there's Jill. I'll see you in a minute.”

They both watched her go. For almost a minute there was an embarrassed silence between them. Andrea broke it by asking, "What does the J stand for?" She pointed toward his name on the board.

"James."

"I'm Andrea. Is this your fastest time?"

"No. I've done a short fifty-four. You don't race, then?"

"Fraid not. Didn't know such things existed until I met Julie."

"That used to be the point. Anyway, I'd better be off, doesn't do to stand around too long."

"I suppose not."

He looked around, then said somewhat shyly, "There's a club 'ten' on Wednesday evening if you'd like to come."

"Yes. Yes, I would."

"I'll see you there, then."

She saw him walk toward an older man, give him the tracksuit and collect his cycle. Soon he was out of sight as he pedalled down the road. He seemed to her to make his riding seem effortless.

"James gone, then?" Julie asked her.

"Yes. Is there a club something-or-other on Wednesday?"

"A ten mile time trial, yes. Why?"

“James mentioned it. You going?”

“Usually do. You certainly made an impression on him.”

“What do you mean?”

“He hardly talks to anybody. Quiet type of chap. Mind you,” she said in a quieter voice, “can’t blame him. I quite fancy you myself. As if you didn’t know.”

Andrea smiled weakly.

But Julie said, “Don’t worry! I do understand.” She kissed her briefly, then walked quickly away. The tears she felt were soon suppressed, and she needed only a barely perceptible movement of her hand to wipe her eye dry. “Marvellous time James did, wasn’t it?” she said to a club member among the crowd as, out of the corner of her eye, she watched Andrea watching the road. She knew her friend was hoping for James to return.

Nearby, two blackbirds vied in song.

XVIII

Colin Mickleman felt uneasy. The late afternoon sun was warm as he walked toward Derwent and the inevitable congratulations.

The interview had astounded him. The Vice-Chancellor was exceedingly affable, and the whole exercise seemed a formality, as if they were, in the favoured tradition of elderly academics, being polite and excusing him for his temerity in applying. ‘Too young’, he thought they would mutter among themselves while he sat with the other candidates awaiting their judgement; ‘no substantial work published’ they would smile.

Now, in the busy soft lateness, he was walking toward his Department. No one stopped him, as he half-expected them to, saying: ‘Good afternoon, Professor!’ No one – student, staff or

friend – ran to him saying: ‘Well done! And so young!’

Instead, the quiet steady sameness of concrete, path, students and sun remained as they had remained for years, and he waited uneasily, fearing it was all a mistake.

‘We’re so sorry, Doctor Mickleman. We’ve made the most dreadful mistake....’ It was unbelievable because it had been so easy.

They were waiting, as he expected them to be – crowded into the secretarial office. Some bottles of wine had been procured and, in turn, they all offered their sincerest congratulations. Fiona – voluptuous, delectable Fiona; Mrs. Cornish – almost prim, except she had exchanged her small cigars for a pipe; Horton, squeezing his hand painfully: ‘Excellent choice! They have seen sense at last!’ Even Whiting. They were all present, shaking his hand, opening their mouths with thanks and praise. Except Storr, who looked on sourly, and soon slunk away.

Soon the insincere statements began. “I was hoping they would appoint you,” said Hill.

Timothy, in an azure ensemble and wearing a strong perfume, clasped Colin’s hand weakly. “You don’t look very happy,” he said quietly.

“Just surprised.” He looked around, desperate to be rescued.

“I’m sure you’d like to be alone.”

“What?” Then, seeing that Timothy was sincere, he added, “Yes. Yes I would.”

“You’ll need time to adjust.”

Colin smiled, and escaped to his office. Its chaos seemed out of keeping with his Professorship, and in a frenzy of activity he began to try to tidy it. It was some minutes later when he realized his efforts would be in vain since he would be given new offices as befitted his new status, and he sat down at his still cluttered desk to smoke his pipe. But he soon became filled with a nervous excitement.

His walk took him down to the lake and he wandered along the grassy bank between trees of willow, pleased with himself and his world. He was approaching the wooded bridge of Spring Lane, shadowed by trees, when he saw Fiona. She was leaning against the lattice of the bridge in an animated conversation with the Vice-Chancellor, and it seemed to Colin from his posture and her smile that there existed intimacy between them. He could not hear the words that passed between them and was about to walk away when Fiona turned and saw him. She waved and then spoke briefly to the Vice-Chancellor who staidly walked away, as befitted his position and traditional manner of dress.

Colin was still standing by the side of the lake, his mind befuddled, when she approached him

“I think,” she said softly, and smiled, “you owe me a favour.”

“Is that so?” He had tried to make his voice sound strong, but his words emerged as a feeble croak.

“I shall have my camera ready. Tonight.” She laughed, and left him standing trembling and alone.

It was several minutes before he resumed his walk. The Physics building, Goodricke, Wentworth, Biology, Vanbrugh, Langwith... he passed them all to finally stop by a narrow wooden bridge whose trees sang with the songs of birds. He stood and listened, watching the water below him swell gently.

But his surroundings did nothing to ease the turmoil of his mind, and he walked back toward his office with stomach pains grieving him.

At the top of the stairs he met Timothy. “Visited your new office yet?” he asked in a friendly manner.

“No,” came the curt Mickleman reply.

But Timothy was not offended. “If there is anything I can do to help –“

“No thank you!” His stomach pains seemed worse.

“But even you need someone to talk to.”

Timothy’s eyes were evidential of understanding, and Colin’s impending, and clever, insult was negated by his sudden and momentary empathy with him. For a quintessential moment of time he perceived the human person behind the mask of the individual before him: someone who lived, and who probably suffered; who experienced sadness and joy, pleasure and pain.

But the moment was only a moment: his own patterns of thought and feeling flowed on past this one insight to create another moment when he was not a unity with all things. Yet an almost ineffable memory remained.

“Thanks,” he said kindly.

Timothy smiled. “It is better to live unhappily than not to live at all.”

Then he was gone, down the stairs. But it was not long before a shadow fell between Colin’s moment of understanding and his past.

Magarita was in her own small office in the quiet confines of her Department, and he sat on the edge of her desk while she continued to type her letter. The room was obsessively tidy with a profusion of plants scattered around.

“Look, I am very busy,” she said. “I must get this done.”

“You haven’t heard, then?”

“Heard what?” She did not look up from her work.

“Nothing important,” he sulked.

She continued with her typing for a while as he began to rearrange the furnishings on her desk.

Exasperated, she shouted: “Stop it!”

He was still for only a short time, and began to noisily remove, and then replace, books from her bookcases.

“Aren’t you going to ask?” he said.

“Whatever it is, I’m not interested! Damn! Now look what you’ve made me do!” She tried to correct her typing mistake.

“I was appointed Professor today,” he said with apparent indifference.

“Bully for you!”

“Is that all you can say?”

She made another mistake and, in anger, tore the paper from the typewriter, screwed it up into a ball and threw it at him.

He smiled. “I stood still,” he said, quoting his favourite poet of the year, “and was a tree amid the wood, knowing the truth of things unseen before.” He smiled again. “To wit. I surmise you period is coming.”

She was struggling to insert another sheet of paper into her typewriter as he said this, but crumpled it. She yanked it out. It also became a projectile but missed its target. “Just leave me alone!” she shouted.

“Come on,” he said. “Let’s go and celebrate. You’ll feel better.”

His assumptions infuriated her, and she threw a book at him.

“Temper! Temper! Her breasts had wobbled as she threw the book, and he came to her and tried to touch them, his lust aroused.

She pushed him away, but he persisted. Then she slapped his face.

“Leave me alone!” She shouted.

For a few seconds he stood staring at her, and then turned to walk out of her room. He waited outside, in the corridor, for many minutes, expecting her to follow, and when she did not he walked into the cloud-weakened sunlight. Behind him, he could hear her typewriter clacking. He had not gone far when his stomach pains returned, fiercer than before. He was soon back at her room.

“What do you want?” she asked querulously as he opened the door.

He held his hand against his stomach. “I’ve got those pains again.”

“Go to the Doctor, then,” she said without sympathy. “It’s getting late and I must finish this and get it into the post.”

Her indifference perplexed him. She began to type again, but stopped after a few seconds.

“Look,” she said, sighing, “I’ve been doing some thinking today and I think it would be better if we didn’t see each other again.”

“What?”

“You heard. It’s over.”

Sudden, outright rejection was a new experience for him and he stared at her. His pain became worse. “Alright, then if that’s what you want.” His indifference was affected.

“Yes it is. We are just not compatible.”

“I thought we got on rather well.”

“There is more to a relationship than sex. Anyway, I must finish this letter.”

“Fine.” He shrugged his shoulders and began to wonder who might be next on his list of conquests.

He was at the door when she said, “And by the way. Congratulations, Professor Mickleman.”

He did not see her begin to cry.

By the time he reached Fiona’s house both his body and his spirit had recovered, and he leaned against her doorframe, smiling as he knocked.

A bath towel hung loosely around Fiona’s body. “Come in!”

“Your invitation – “ he said as she closed and locked the door firmly behind him.

“Shall we go up?” She pointed toward the stairs.

“Not for what you have in mind.”

“Really?” She smiled, and seemed unconcerned by his tone.

“OK So I’d like to go to bed with you.”

“You do surprise me,” she said mockingly.

“But as for your little games – no way!”

“Such a shame. Are you so afraid of me?”

“I’m not afraid of you at all!” he countered.

“Really?” She smiled at him again. “You do surprise me. You do, however, owe me a favour.”

“So what? There is nothing you can do – now.”

“Are you sure?”

He was not certain, but did not let any of his doubt show. “Let’s go upstairs,” he said quietly.

Slowly, she removed her towel to stand naked before him then turn and walk up the stairs. On her bed, the camera and handcuffs lay ready. He saw them, as he entered the room.

“Take your clothes off!” She commanded him, and held the camera ready.

“No!” He moved toward her, and knocked the camera out of her hand but before he could push her down to the bed as he had intended, she kicked him in the groin. He fell to the ground, helplessly clutching his genitals, and by the time he had recovered sufficiently to look up, she was dressed in a bathrobe.

“Get out!” She said sternly, and he slowly obeyed.

She pushed him through the front door of her house.

“You’ll pay for this, you bastard!” she shouted as he half-hobbled down her garden path toward the street.

Slowly, it began to rain.

XIX

The silence of the mountain was disturbed only by the wind, and Colin stood contentedly observing the view. From Glyder Fawr he could see the smoothed outline of Snowdon in the distance and then, in the east, the jagged rocks of the Castle of the Winds, only a short walk

from the slate-strewn plateau where he stood. There was no sun, only mist edging its way toward him and gradually obscuring his view. Then there were faces around him – a coven of laughing faces enclosing him in their circle. Fiona was there, laughing. And Andrea. Fenton and Alison – all laughing while he stumbled toward the edge, trying to escape.

“You’ll pay for this!” Fiona’s voice said.

There was no father to rescue him, as there had been in his youth when, together, they climbed the Idwal slabs below. He felt himself falling – only to awake in the dim light of a hospital ward at night. In a bed nearby someone coughed loudly.

Three nurses were sitting together at a table in the middle of the ward, a low lamp spreading a pool of light around them, and Colin began to wonder what Fiona had done to him. ‘You’ll pay for this, you bastard!’ he remembered.

But his attempt to sit up and get out of his bed brought a return of his stomach pain, and he lay back, sweating and remembering the events of the evening. The pains had become excruciating as he, like a drunken man, had staggered away from Fiona’s house. There was a brief telephone call he had made from somewhere to his Doctor. A brief visit by the Doctor to his bedroom, and then the Ambulance and another medical examination. “We’ll keep you in overnight. For observation,” the youthful hospital Doctor said.

Sleep proved difficult for Colin. The ward was stuffy, with a subdued but persistent background of noise – coughing, the movements of patients in their beds, the wandering of the watchful Nurses, someone snoring – and his pain was not a sedative.

Dawn found him restive and anxious. There was a trolley laden with an urn of tea, but his pleading was in vain, for the smiling but elderly Auxiliary Nurse pointed to the red sign that hung in adornment from the top of his bed: ‘Nil By Mouth’ it read.

“But why?” he asked.

“Doctor’s orders. They’ll see you in the morning, dear.”

“But it is morning.”

“Later. When they do the rounds.”

When this ‘later’ came – after much activity among both the patients and staff including a trolley bearing an assortment of sometimes richly smelly breakfasts – the assembled huddle of white coats with dangling stethoscopes and attendant blue-clad, stern faced Sister simply passed him by, except for a curt: ‘He can go home’ issuing forth from a wizened face.

A lowly young Nurse came bearing these tidings some minutes later.

“You can get dressed now,” she said as she began to rummage in his bedside locker for his clothes.

“So God has spoken, then?”

The Nurse suppressed a laugh, and kicked the locker door shut with her foot.

“This is intolerable!” the now almost distant voice of God said as he stood with his acolytes around a bed. “Sister, if you cannot control your Nurses – “

The Nurse by Colin’s bed turned away from the Consultant’s stare.

“This summation gallop is difficult to hear – “ the Consultant said in a very audible mutter.

“I’ll put the curtains round,” the Nurse whispered to Colin.

She began this not altogether noisy task when the Sister came to stop her. “Not now,” she said. “Side-ward!”

The Nurse went to join the other staff skulking out of harm’s way.

It seemed to Colin a long time before she returned.

“Hope I didn’t get you in trouble,” he said, and smiled his Owlsh smile.

“Nah!”

“Is he always like that?”

“Huh! Today was a good day! Get him on a bad day and – “ She began to giggle. “Oops!”

He sensed the reason for her sudden embarrassment and said, “It’s alright, I won’t tell anyone.”

“Trust me! Always being bleedin’ unprofessional!”

“You been a Nurse long?”

She finished laying his clothes out on the bed. “Nah! A few months.”

“You training, then?”

“Yep! First ward, this.”

“Really? You seem very competent.”

“You must be joking!”

“Think you’ll stick at it?”

“Who knows? Me mam says I never stick at anything. There you go.” She drew the curtains around the bed. “Be a Doctor’s letter for ya, in the office.”

“What time do you finish?”

She gave a quizzical look. “You askin’?”

“Got any plans for tonight?”

“Not really, You’re a right one, aren’t you?”

“You in the Nurses Home, then?”

“I’ll have to go. Don’t forget your letter!”

Then she was gone, and he was left to dress himself in solitude, straighten his bedclothes and walk smiling to the Ward office.

The Ward Sister was using the telephone, looked up briefly to acknowledge his presence and pushed a brown envelope toward him across the cluttered desk. “Give it to your own Doctor,” she said to him.

“The new patient’s here, Sister,” another Nurse interjected as she pushed past Colin.

“Just a minute,” the Sister said into the telephone. On her desk, the other telephone rang. “He’s a CVA,” she said to the Nurse. “Second bed on the right. I’ve bleeped Doctor Stone.”

Colin took the envelope and slipped away. The corridor that gave access to the Wards was full of unused beds and trolleys of varying descriptions, and from the Public Telephone kiosk he dialled Magarita’s number.

“What do you want?” her voice said in reply.

“I’m in hospital,” he said. “Admitted last night.”

“Are you serious?”

“Would I joke about it? Listen – “ He held the receiver out into the noisy corridor: people passing, a porter whistling, the sounds of trolleys being wheeled, a gaggle of voices.

“Are you alright?” she said in a softer voice.

“Yes, I think so. I went to the Doctor like you said. They kept me in overnight. But they are letting me home now.”

“Shall I come and collect you?”

He could hear the guilt creeping into her voice.

“That would be kind! I’ll be waiting outside the main entrance.”

“I’ll be a quick as I can. Bye!”

It was a smiling Colin who stood in the bright and warming sunlight to wait for his lover’s arrival. And when she did come, voicing her concern, he let his expression change as though he still felt some pain.

“What did they say?” she asked as she drove him back toward his University home.

“Not a lot. Thought it might be an ulcer acting up. Eat less fatty foods – that sort of thing.”

“I always said your diet was disgusting!”

“I’m sorry about yesterday.”

“It’s me that should apologize.”

“You free this evening?”

“Yes.”

He caressed her leg with his hand. “I’ll look forward to it.”



“Is Fiona in?” he asked the Departmental Secretary as he opened the door to her office.

“Good morning, Professor!” she laughed. “You alright? We heard the news. About hospital, I mean.”

“Fine. Just a bit of stomach trouble. Is Mrs. Pound about.”

“No. She’s taking some time off. Didn’t say when she’d be back. Least ways, no one’s told me! Been to your new office, yet?”

“Just now, yes. How’s Albert?” he asked, alluding to her husband.

“Moaning – about work. Too much at the moment. Still, it’ll pay for the holiday.”

“Going anywhere in particular?”

“Florida.”

“You should get a nice tan.”

“Hope so!”

“You’ll have to let me see you when you get back.”

“Maybe I will, at that!”

“Keeping you satisfied, is he?” he asked, smiling lasciviously.

“Yeah! I’ll say!”

“Pity. Thought my luck was in.”

“Get off with you!” she laughed. “Want your mail?” She handed him a bundle.

“Thanks. Well, I’d better go and inspect my domain.”

His new office was spacious and bright with a particularly good vista of the lake, and as he sat at his desk, surrounded by empty bookcases, he felt intense pleasure. It was not that he had forgotten Fiona’s meeting with the Vice-Chancellor but rather that it felt irrelevant. His work should be his justification: with his teaching, his own research and his mastery of the Department there could never be a threat to his position. He was happy, and felt eager to begin his tasks. There was his afternoon lecture, the first in his new role, his evening assignation with Magarita, his first Departmental meeting of tomorrow. There would be, in that morning, many hours of peace for him to write – his continued contributions, diligently researched, presented and prepared, to the wealth of philosophical knowledge.

No more would he seek out female students, for he knew they could be a snare to entrap him, and the knowledge of this dismayed him – but only for a while. He began to think of stratagems to circumvent the dangers: of how he might choose more wisely, and this pleased him, as his recollection of other possibilities did. He would forego them – for a while at least. He thought of the Nurse who had attended him, and began to contrive a new and owlish campaign. She would look good, in her uniform, standing on the chair in his room while he photographed her.

Smiling happily to himself, he left his office to begin the tasks of his new Professorial day. Over the University, a few ragged cumulus cloud came to briefly cover the sun.

XX

The Temple was quiet and Edmund sat, quite still in the semi-darkness amid the lightly swirling incense, facing the stone altar. The Temple was large, the walls lined with oak panelling, and Edmund sat for a long time, his eyes vaguely fixed upon the stone statue near the altar. It showed, in a realistic way, a seated naked woman one of whose hands held the severed head of a man.

Then, his task fulfilled, he stretched himself before standing, allowing his bare feet to caress the luxurious carpet. As if on cue, the heavy Temple door opened, throwing a shaft of bright light into the Temple and onto the statue.

“I wondered if you would come down to me here,” he said to the woman who entered the room.

“Did I have a choice?” Fiona said, and smiled.

She wore an amber necklace and was dressed in a purple silk robe.

“There is one person I still have to see,” he said.

“Surely she can wait.”

He smiled at her understanding. “We have plenty of time.”

“I shall wait for you here, then.”

He smiled in reply and walked out of her Temple up the stairs to the ground floor of her house. It was only a short walk to the University and Alison’s room. She was there, as he knew she would be, and she embraced him while he stood in the doorway.

“You’ve decided to complete your studies, then?” he said as she broke away from their embrace.

She watched him for a while, but his smiling face seemed to answer her unasked question.

“Of course!” she said.

“And then?”

“I don’t know. Teach. Compose, perhaps.”

“I’m glad.”

For almost a minute she watched him in silence. Then she said, “Even now I don’t understand you.”

”There shall be time enough for understanding when you are old and the inner fire burns less bright. Maybe through your music you’ll find a way.”

She laughed, a little nervously, for it was as if in that moment she sensed something powerful: something illuminating yet dark. A transient feeling to inspire her Art perhaps. Something that perchance he in some way had given her? Was it his eyes, his look? She did not know, but the moment passed, to leave her with a memory, disturbing only in part.

“Will you be seeing Professor Mickleman?” he asked.

“No. He is part of my past.”

“Perhaps that’s wise. I really have to go now.”

“You’ll keep in touch?”

“Of course. People like you are rare.”

She smiled, half-defensively. “Take care, won’t you?”

“Naturally,” He gave his enigmatic smile, turned and left her staring after him. Suddenly, new music grew in almost swirling profusion inside her head.

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Fiona was lying on the floor of her Temple, as if asleep, when Edmund returned. In his absence she had lit two purple candles and placed them on the altar where they spread their esoteric light to enhance her beauty. For a few moments, he watched her breasts rising and falling with the motion of her breathing before laying down beside her to caress her body through the silk of her robe. She did not move, except to slightly part her lips, as his caressing began.

Slowly, his touching continued. Then she was kissing him, lips to lips and lips to flesh, her

hands clawing at his clothes, and it was not long before they were writhing about on the carpet of the Temple, naked and joined in carnal bliss. Her cries of ecstasy were not loud, as his final cry was not, and they lay, sweating from their exertion and pleasures, for some time.

She broke their silence. "Have you achieved what you wished – with him?"

"Who can say – who cannot say?"

"Sometimes you can be quite infuriating!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes!"

As he stood up, she said: "And Alison?"

"Ah! Forces shall be earthed, presenced, in her music."

She looked at him then, and he guessed her meaning. "You don't have to ask," he said, to re-assure her.

"All this," she gestured around her Temple with her hand, "can be yours."

"I have retired."

"So you said." She retrieved her robe and he began to dress himself.

"I have other things to do," he said.

"And me?"

"You are useful here."

“Part of the grand design?” she mocked.

“You know exactly what I mean.”

“Perhaps. Tell me, why did you wait?”

“For this, you mean?” he asked, smiling.

“From the moment you revealed yourself I was willing. Well, before then as well,” she laughed.

“It was necessary to wait.”

“There are lots of things I would like to ask you. We’ve hardly spent any time together.”

”Delicacies are best contemplated and then savoured slowly.”

“Tell me, how did you know?”

”About your past, your secret?”

”Yes.”

“A Master shall always know his Mistresses of Earth even though they have never met. And your own group? What of them?”

“I tired of them – long ago.”

“Forsaking the external for the internal?”

“Something like that.” She smiled at him. “But you interest me.”

When he did not reply, she said: “He will never realize, will he?”

Attuned to her, he said: “Naturally not. His ego would never allow even an entertainment of the thought. An interesting experiment – with perhaps an excellent result and future sinister promise. We shall see. Now, I really must be going.”

“Must you?” She removed her robe and walked toward him in the now flickering light of the candles.

“Well, perhaps not just yet.”

Above them, and nearby, new inner nexions were opening.

Fini

Breaking The Silence Down

Order of Nine Angles

First issued 1985 e.n.

This corrected version (v.1.03) issued 119 Year of Feyen

Introduction

The following MS extends and amplifies the esoteric matters dealt with in *'The Deofel Quartet'*, and the esoteric insight it deals with is appropriate to an aspirant Internal Adept.

Unlike the MSS in *The Deofel Quartet*, the magickal and "Satanic" aspects, themes and nature of this work are not overt, nor implicit nor obvious, and thus - exoterically - it does not appear to be a work of Sinister, or even of Occult, fiction.

However, the MS can – like the works of the Quartet – be read without trying to unravel its esoteric meaning. Like those other works, it might through its reading promote a degree of self-insight and supra-personal understanding within the reader. Unlike the works of the Quartet (which in the main are concerned on the polarity of male/female vis-à-vis personal development/understanding) this

present work centres, for the most part, around the alternative, or gay (in this case, Sapphic), view.

An understanding of this view is necessary for a complete integration of all divergent aspects of the individual psyche – an integration which the Rite of Internal Adept creates.

*Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!*

*Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust, softness, understanding, and love!
My breasts pleased you
And brought forth darkness and joy...*

(Synecdoche: The Dark Daughters of Baphomet)

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Prologue

Shropshire, Late 1970's (e.n.)

Summer had come early to the Shropshire town of Greenock, perched as it was on the lofty bank that overlooked the Severn valley and the undulating land southeast of Shrewsbury, and Leonie Symonds set her face against the dry wind that swirled dust past the half-timbered Guildhall. Down the narrow street she could see a woman struggle with her hat in the wind

that rattled the iron sign beside the ancient Raven Inn.

A farmer in his dirty jeep wished her good day but the wind snatched at his words and he was left to spit on the pavement as he turned his vehicle toward his distant farm. Thunder was brewing, but the lightning was still many miles to the east.

Inside, the Raven Inn was cool and Richard Apthone, with an unaccustomed mug of ale, settled nervously in a corner, folding his town-styled jacket neatly beside him. The silence which had greeted his entrance filled slowly, and soon the conversation had resumed its leisurely pace.

“I canna’ think w’eer ‘es gwun,” he heard a voice say. The room was shadowed darkly, stained by almost a century of smoke, soot from the open fire and the centuries old oak timbers, and Apthone felt uneasy.

Dominoes rattled against a dark oak table. “Whad’n you bin doin’ at my house?” a voice asked.

“Him bin doin’ summat!”

In the sky, the thunder had begun, relieving some of Apthone’s tension, and he settled down to slowly drink his mug of teak-coloured ale.

No rain came, and Leonie waited for half an hour outside the Inn under a darkening sky before walking away. She possessed no courage to follow Apthone further. He was a Probationary teacher, his spotty face fresh from University, while she was thirty-two and divorced. He had left her, and his mocking laugh still pained.

Slowly, Leonie ambled along the narrow street to the ruins of the Priory. Greenock owed its existence to the Cluniac foundation, and the town had continued its quiet, if at times prosperous, existence after the Reformation in the sixteenth century, a huddle of half-timbered and limestone buildings, until modern development had ruined its charm. The old town, clustered on four narrow streets to the west and south of the Priory and nurtured by the medieval prosperity of the monks and the local trade in corn and wool, had been conquered by new red-brick estates whose occupiers and owners owed little, if anything, to the long and rich heritage of the town or the land around. The old, cloistered community, bred through centuries of local toil, tied to the land or the local trades of such a small market town, was dying out. But a few remained, unchanged in speech or gesture, and sometimes a few of the surviving men

would gather to talk in their strange dialect in the dark of the Raven Inn. From a small town famed for its stonemasons, Greenock had grown haphazardly to hold over a thousand souls.

The sky above the Priory ruins darkened again, and Leonie sat on the dry grass by the high remains of the south transept, listening to the distant rumble of articulated lorries that skimmed against the west of the town along the main road that joined somewhere to somewhere else.

Her childhood had been strict and Catholic and she found a form of comfort among the ruins. Its destruction seemed to lessen her own feelings of rejection and for several minutes she felt saddened as if the stones were giving up to her, after all the intervening centuries, all the intervening prayers and plainsong that had seeped into them, year-by-year, day-by-day and DivineOffice-by-DivineOffice. Once, as a child, she had felt the call of her God, the holy promise of a religious vocation, but the years drew away the calling as she fulfilled the ambitions of her parents at University and through marriage. Perhaps she had been wrong, and she touched the rough stone of the transept by way of expiation. Perhaps her God was punishing her for her desertion of His cause. For years a vague need had suffused her, a longing whose fulfillment would somehow imbue her life with meaning and perhaps even joy. Her marriage had failed, her affair with Richard seemed over and she began to realize that it was human affection she craved. For an instant she longed to rest in the divine love of her God's human and crucified Son, but her faith was broken, chipped away by intellectual doubts and the desires of the flesh.

She sat for nearly half an hour amid the petriochor of storm, trying to desire nothing. She was unsuccessful, and found her thoughts drifting between the selfishness of Apthone and the kindness of Diane. She had dreamt of Diane many times but after each dream was ashamed and as if to punish herself for this betrayed, she clung to Apthone. She despised herself for her dependence and there had been days when she appeared cold and cynical towards him until her generosity of spirit triumphed. Diane Dietz was her most intimate friend – a colleague in whom she had confided after her divorce – but the friendship had become both her blessing and her curse. The more she confided, the more she wanted to confide simply to preserve the special moments when they seemed to share the same understanding, feel the same feelings and perhaps nurture the same desire.

But the stones were no longer singing for her and she walked away from the Priory, her sadness and her dreams.

Leonie was late again. She did her best to appear unhurried and failed. Hume 4, her first class of the day, were all present among the desks and overturned chairs and she fumbled with her books while waiting for the tumult to subside.

“Cor, Miss!” shouted one of her girls whose leg warmers were singularly inappropriate considering the weather, “I like your dress.”

Leonie smiled. The early morning Sun of summer cast shadows over the nearby fields and for an instant she forgot Aphone’s harsh words, the spot on her chin and her recent divorce.

The class soon settled to their work and she enjoyed watching them while they toiled with their essay. Somewhere, along the road that joined the large Comprehensive school to the small town of Greenock, a noisy mower trimmed drought-burned grass.

Soon, too soon for Leonie, the lesson was over and she watched while the children fled at the sound of the bell to add more noise to the corridor outside. The cloudless sky over the fields near Windmill Hill made her happy and she wandered contently along the corridors to the Staff Room. Aphone stood by the door. She smiled and went toward him but he was embarrassed by the attention and walked away haughtily down the stairs. ‘Look,’ she remembered he had said, ‘I enjoy sleeping with you – but as for anything else, forget it.’

Suddenly, her happiness disappeared like sun behind thick cloud.

“Are you alright, Leonie?” a gentle voice asked her. There seemed such warmth of understanding there, in her eyes, that Leonie blushed and in her confusion allowed Diane to guide her, like a lost child, into the Staff Room and onto a chair. She was brought a cup of coffee, and biscuits, and when Diane moved away to collect some books from a chair by the window, Leonie followed her every movement. Diane was a sylph, and Leonie envied her. She felt herself unattractive – her hips were too large, her breasts were different sizes and too big for her stature and she had wrinkles around her eyes. Diane’s skin was fair, unblemished and soft and she experienced a sudden desire to touch it.

By the time Diane returned, she had composed herself sufficiently to ask, “How is your husband?”

“Off on one of his jaunts again. He’s training to cycle from Land’s End to John O’Groats in

three days. Silly bugger!” As she laughed her small breasts wobbled, just a little.

Leonie lit a cigarette and nervously blew the smoke away.

“Is it Richard?” Diane asked softly.

“Yes.” It was only half a lie. Diane’s physical nearness was making her tremble and she felt ashamed. Part of her wanted to touch Diane’s long hair. It was soft and flaxen and swayed slightly in the breeze from the window.

There was anguish on Leonie’s face and Diane said, “Would you like me to have a word with Richard?”

“No, please!” She placed a restraining hand on Diane’s arm but almost as soon took it away. She felt disgusted that Diane might be disgusted with her desire. She forced herself to think about other things.

“Are you going to Morgan’s party tonight?” Diane asked, intruding upon Leonie’s morbid thoughts.

“No – I don’t think so.”

“That’s a pity,” Diane said sincerely. “I wanted you to go.”

Perplexed but pleased, an innocent Leonie said, “why?”

“Because I like being with you. It won’t be the same without you there.” She touched Leonie’s face very gently with her hand.

Diane’s touch astonished her and her emotions were too contradictory for her to do anything but mumble incoherently as Diane excused herself and strode purposefully through the huddle of men around the door.

The lean figure of Emlyn Thomas, the Headmaster, whom the children perhaps unkindly called Crater Face, ambled toward Leonie but his progress was interrupted by Thumper Watts. Watts' nickname had its genesis in his first few years at the school when, discipline still being of the Wass Hill grind sort when errant pupils were forced to run up the 1 in 5 hill that joined the northern edge of Greenock to the medieval hamlet of Wass, he was fond of clipping unruly boys around their ears.

“Mr. Thomas,” said Thumper sarcastically, “I’m sending Howell to you – again!”

“Oh? What has the poor lad done now?”

“Only tried to set fire to Reynolds’ hair.”

Thomas wrung his hands like an elderly cleric. “I’ll give the lad a good talking to, mark my words, I will.”

“He wants his balls cut off if you ask me,” mumbled Watts.

“What?”

“I was just saying, a talk is what he needs.”

“Yes, my feeling exactly!” Satisfied, he sidled away, completely forgetting about his intention to talk to Leonie.

Watts sat next to her instead. “Stupid idiot!” he said in frustration, and winked at Leonie.

Leonie shivered. It was not that she disliked Watts – on the contrary, he was one of the few male members of the teaching staff whom she respected. But his physical presence she found intimidating, as if his sheer size overawed. Sometimes she found it hard to believe he was Head of Physics Department for his build seemed more suitable to a more athletic profession and it was easy for her to imagine him shot putting or tossing the cabre in some isolated glen.

Morgan came toward them, dramatically shaking her head so her frizzled red hair moulded itself decoratively around her shoulders.

“Gosh! It’s hot!” she said.

Leonie smiled at her, but the gesture was ignored as Morgan sat next to Watts. Leonie did not mind – the sun was searing what remained of the green from the grass of the school playing fields and she stood by the window, watching sheep graze on Windmill Hill. It would have been a peaceful scene – the fields of pasture, the scattered sheep, the twisting lane enclosed by untrimmed hedge – except for the noise of the children. Sometimes the din from the school could be heard in the centre of Greenock, almost a mile to the south.

Leonie rested her head in her hands, her face alternatively possessed of sorrow and joy. She watched a kestrel as it hovered briefly above the lane before swooping down to snatch its prey. Around her, the staff room slowly filled with noise, and she did not see Diane looking at her from the sun shadow by the door.

Diane watched Leonie intently for some time. Leonie’s feelings seemed a part of her, as if they were related closely by reason of birth, and she felt sad because of the selfish desire which captivated men like Apthone and which drove them to use a woman’s body while abusing the warmth and sensitivity that a woman possessed. For an instant there existed in Diane a strong desire to protect Leonie, to interfere dramatically in her life and free her from Apthone. But more than that, Diane Dietz, a teacher of seven years standing and hitherto contented, was jealous of Apthone. She wanted Leonie all to herself and in a mood of jealous rage that might have made her hit Apthone or driven her to reveal her secret hopes to Leonie, she ran crying from the room, down the stairs and out into the bare and unrelenting sun.

II

Richard Apthone was ignoring her again. He stood in the corner of Morgan’s garishly furnished room talking jovially to the scantily clad hostess while conservatively dressed Leonie skulked in the one empty corner. The loud music displeased her, as did the wine-soaked and incestuous throng of teachers, and she regretted she had come. Watts was staring at her while pretending to listen to Diane whose thin dress hid very little. Leonie blushed.

Morgan left Apthone and Leonie took advantage of the anonymity of the close-pressed crowd to approach him.

“I must speak with you,” she said.

Apthone sighed, then swayed like a drunken clown. “You are.”

“Alone, please.”

“Can’t it wait? I’m enjoying myself.”

“No, it can’t wait.” She was almost crying.

“Can I stay tonight?” he whispered, attempting to affect concern. His face, however, did not mould itself as his calculating mind intended, and he leered. Apthone was lanky in build with a face like a frost-broken gargoyle.

“I’m pregnant,” Leonie said softly.

Apthone stared blankly at the wall, then looked nervously around. No one else seemed to have heard. “But,” he stuttered, “you said you took precautions.”

“I’m sorry, but – “

“My god!” he rasped, “are you sure it’s mine?”

The insult made her cry. “Look,” he said for Watts was staring at them, “it’s not my problem. For god’s sake woman, stop crying!”

She did not, and he walked away to gawk at Diane but she rudely pushed past him. Leonie’s

crying was making him nervous and he smiled drunkenly at Watts.

“Come outside a moment, will you?” said Watts.

Apthone blinked, but followed him.

“You alright, Leonie?” Diane asked.

“Yes, I’m fine,” she lied.

Instinctively, Diane embraced her, but their contact was brief, broken by Leonie.

Diane smiled. “We’d both be better off without men.”

“What do you mean?” asked Leonie sharply and instantly regretted it.

Diane shrugged. “They cause more problems than they solve.”

For nearly a minute they stood facing each other, both expectant, nervous and unsure and both wishing for some gesture or word that might somehow make tangible their feelings. Diane made to speak but Leonie, confused by her own suddenly conflicting feelings, smiled nervously and withdrew to her corner.

Diane, full of rage at herself for her own timidity, muttered a long stream of obscene curses which the loud music drowned, and by the time her courage had returned, Watts was talking to Leonie. She drank two glasses of wine in quick succession and barged between them.

“Apthone gone then?” she asked pre-emptively.

Watts smiled mischievously. “He’s outside. Having a little sleep. Too much to drink if you ask me.” He drank from his can of beer, then burped. “Well, I’m off. Can I give either of you a lift?”

“No thanks,” an embarrassed Leonie asked.

“Diane?”

“Leonie has invited me back for coffee. Thanks, anyway.”

Watts affected another burp and loped away, stooping to go through the door.

Before Leonie could speak, Diane said, “I’m going to take you home, make you a hot drink and get you to tell me all about what’s upset you so much.”

“But –“

“Forget Richard. He’s probably so drunk he won’t even know you’ve gone.” Briefly, she held Leonie’s hand. “I really care for you and hate seeing you unhappy.”

“You are kind,” said Leonie softly.

Leonie’s house bore some resemblance to her life, slightly disorganized but planned with the best of intentions. It was a large house, bounded by gardens which were beginning to grow wild, and carried its mantle of children well. Toys were neatly stored in the playroom and the expensive furnishings had escaped largely untouched by melting ice cream, spilled, sticky drinks, small dirty hands and impetuous ravaging feet. Its size and luxury had, at one time, been of some solace to Leonie, but it had become empty and a constant reminder of what she thought of as her marital incompetence. Her children were asleep when she and Diane arrived and the young girl who had minded her children during her absence was soon gone, leaving the two women alone. Diane made coffee and they sat, almost touching, on the leather sofa in the sitting room.

“You seem very unhappy,” Diane said as a small circle of subdued light enclosed them among the humid darkness of the room.

“I feel so peaceful with you.”

“I’m glad.”

Very quietly, she said, “I’m so confused.”

Diane’s face was gentle and serene and Leonie smiled awkwardly before saying, “I’m going to have Richard’s baby.”

”Oh my darling!” Their embrace was natural but brief and Diane gently wiped away Leonie’s tears.

“I don’t know what to do. It is such a mess. No one cares.”

“I do,” said Diane. “I care very much.”

“But – “ She turned her head away.

“Leonie,” Diane began in a whisper afraid that the beauty of the moment might be lost and afraid of herself, “I find you very attractive.”

“Diane – I”

“Don’t say anything, please.” She stroked Leonie’s face with her hand, and then kissed her, very gently. Leonie made no move to stop her and Diane kissed her again.

Leonie was not afraid, only pleased because Diane possessed the courage to express with words and deeds what she herself had felt but would never have dared to express in any way.

“I need you, Leonie,” she heard Diane whisper.

The simple words ceased to be simple: they were a magickal invocation, a chant of power and possessed for Leonie, in that instant of her troubled life, an almost sacred, childhood quality. Nothing was real for her except Diane – her warm breath, her perfume, the softness of her touch and the enfolding pressure of her body. She felt she wanted to be enveloped by Diane’s

warmth.

“I love your beauty,” Diane was saying. Diane’s touch was gentle, as gentle as Leonie had imagined, once, that it might be and she did not tense nor speak words of discouragement when Diane caressed her breasts.

There was gentleness in Diane’s kisses and touch that Leonie had never experienced before – a kind of empathy as if Diane was not taking but sharing. She clung to Diane, fearing the moments might end. But the moments did not end as she feared but changed instead into physical passion.

“Diane”, she said slowly and precisely, “please stay with me tonight.”

Slowly, hand in hand, they walked the stairs to bed.

^^^

Light mist obscured the river Severn and the surrounding fields, and Leonie stared at the tops of the trees. Soon, the warmth of the summer sun would disperse the mist and the mystery it seemed to bring, returning the harsh contours, bleak colours, and breaking the silence down. Leonie smiled. She liked her bedroom with its view of the Severn, the trees full of birds and fields and found it easy to forget she lived on the edge of a town.

Diane was still asleep in her bed and there was an innocent joy in Leonie as she watched her lover. Everything she could see seemed more beautiful because of Diane, as if her very presence added a precious quality to the day. She wanted to lie down beside her, feel the warmth and softness of her body.

Diane stretched, sleepy, and Leonie accepted the refuge of her arms.

“How do you feel?” Diane asked.

“A little guilty, I suppose. But happy!”

“You are lovely!”

“Can I ask you something?”

”Of course.”

“Is this your...what I – “

Diane smiled. “You mean is this the first time I have made love with a woman?”

Shyly, Leonie said, “Yes.”

She smiled. “I was very nervous last night – I almost didn’t do anything.”

“I’m glad you did.”

”If I had been wrong – “ Diane shrugged.

“What made you try?”

”You mean,” said Diane playfully, “apart from your beautiful body?”

”Seriously, though.”

”Something about the way you looked at me, I suppose.”

”I used to dream about you a lot. Very naughty dreams.”

“And now your dreams have come true.”

”I feel really funny.”

“Well, you make me laugh!” Diane kissed her, and then said, “you mean you can’t really believe it’s happened?”

“In a way, yes. But I also feel I’m not the same person I was yesterday. I can’t explain.”

Diane smiled and rested her head on Leonie’s breasts. “A woman’s breasts are the softest pillow in the world.”

“You make me happy,” Leonie said as she stroked Diane’s hair. “I never thought I could be happy again.”

The sound of Leonie’s children near the bedroom door surprised them, and Diane dressed quickly, kissed her lover saying, “You make me happy as well!” and left.

Leonie ran down the stairs to wave goodbye, but the car had gone and she was left to return slowly to the perfumed emptiness of her room.

Apthone did not seem important to her anymore. The half-resented need, which had bound her to him, had been broken by Diane and as she dressed she found reasons for hating him. Even the growing child in her womb held no terror; she would have an abortion and then Apthone would be removed from her life. She would be free at last, and could give her life to Diane whose gentle words of love during the long humid night had brought her tears of joy. There was a quality about Diane’s love and passion that she had never experienced before, and it pleased her.

The mist over the river was dispersing and she watched it disappear with a mixture of happiness and loss. It would always remind her of her first night with Diane – yet it would be good to feel the hot sun on her body, warming it.

Languid, she lay on her bed until a sudden guilt made her jump up to attend to the tasks of her day, suppressing the thought she would be murdering her unborn child for the sake for the pleasures of her body and the love of a woman. Defiantly, she took the crucifix from the wall of her room and threw it under the bed.

Diane had closed the kitchen door of their bungalow in the tourist town of Church Stretton when her husband appeared wobbling like a drunken duck on his cleated cycling shoes. He was lean, burnt from the repeated exposure to the sun, wind and rain, with cropped hair as befitted a racing cyclist – even an amateur one.

“Well?” he asked, feigning annoyance.

“Well what?” She stared at him holding her head to one side.

“Have a good time?”

“As a matter of fact – yes!” Immediately, she became defensive. “You off out to play, then?”

He looked pained – and not a little funny in his tight fitting cycling jumper and shorts. The long, very close fitting shorts were superbly comfortable on a bicycle, but off it, they made a grown man look ridiculous and a little obscene.

“Don’t tell me – ‘your training schedule’ demands it.”

”As a matter of fact, yes.”

”You think more of your rotten bikes than you do of me!”

“That’s a ridiculous and inaccurate thing to say.”

”But true.”

“No, it is not.”

”Aren’t you jealous?” she demanded.

“About what?” he looked at his watch.

“I’m having an affair,” she announced.

“That’s nice,” he replied without feeling.

“Don’t you care?”

“I know you are joking,” he smiled.

“Oh, we are the superior man, aren’t we?” she mocked.

Suddenly she was angry and he took advantage of her preoccupation with her emotion to slip out the door. She saw him take his expensive cycle from the garage, resisted the temptation to rush out and kick it, and watched him pedal down the road. The mask of calm, which she used in her role of teacher returned slowly, helped by the morning stillness and the gathering mist, and sat down in her bedroom to write her diary.

Her desire for her own children had long ago been vanquished by the natural facts of her genetics and the need which bound her to women, and her innate love for children found its poignant expression through the medium of her profession. She loved the mostly gentle unfolding of a child from the often shy and awkward first-year into a young adult, aware of themselves and mostly possessed of a youthful zeal, and she made no distinction between those who were intellectually inclined and those who were naturally gifted with their hands. To her, each child was unique, and she cared for them all – not out of sentiment or because she believed it was morally right, but because it was in her nature to do so.

Yet she sought some satisfaction in life beyond the undoubted rewards of her profession and the undeniable lesser rewards of being married to a cycling fanatic whose idea of a good day was to thrash himself to exhaustion in a fifty mile trial – preferable over hilly terrain – talk about it for hours afterwards and fall asleep in the evening reading a cycling magazine or a technical report on the strength of the latest titanium axle. Their sitting room cabinet was full of medal he had won, but after five years it was all predictably boring.

She had had no affairs with men, for she found them either too shallow in the head or too uncaring. Their tenderness, she knew, was a ploy to obtain a woman’s body and for the most part they had no interest in her as a person.

Three years ago, her experiences in adolescence, her hopeful expectations and secret desires, had caused her to deliberately seek out the company of women. Her liaisons had been brief, and unsatisfying, but they produced a stronger longing for what could be – a relationship based on mutual desire for love and affection and a mutual, instinctive understanding of the kind she felt was impossible with men.

Her thoughts carried her pen. “Maybe,” she wrote in her diary as a schoolgirl might, “I have found my answer at last. There seems to be something special between us.”

Said laid the book aside to watch from her window the mist swirl slowly over the hills that breasted the road to her school fifteen miles to the east. The sun cast a beautiful light between the ground mist and the higher fog that obscured the hilltops, and she regretted her lack of artistic talent. To paint such a light would be divine – but all she had ever done was compose a few pieces of schoolgirl music. The diary was some solace, and she hid it, as she had done for years among the clothes in her drawer, before writing a letter to Leonie. The act of writing inspired her, as the misty light had done, and her letter became one of love.

She folded the letter neatly, sealing it within a perfumed envelope and placed it carefully if nervously in her handbag. Its existence pleased her, and she sang happily while preparing her breakfast. The breakfast was soon over and, showered and changed, she departed early for school. The mist thinned and dispersed as her car carried her over Hazler Hill and along under the blue sky on the country road that joined Stretton and its glacial, moor covered Mynd, to the ancient settlement of Greenock.

Apthone’s rusty vehicle was already in the empty car park. The thought of meeting the adolescent with the gait of Quasimodo and the meanness of Genghis Khan did not please her, but even Apthone with his spotty face and fetid breath could not diminish the joy she still felt. Soon, she would be with Leonie again.

The staff room was empty – except for Apthone. His face was bruised and he bore a black eye. He also limped and his expression been less venomous, she might have laughed.

“Walked into a wall, then?” she asked.

He sneered, and the expression suited him. It also caused his face some pain. “I fell of my motorcycle,” he lied.

“I didn’t know you had one.”

“Oh, yes! It’s an old....”

She left him grimacing to mark a few of her pupil’s exercise books. After a while, the marking bored her and laying her handbag on top of the pile of books as she nearly always did, she left to make herself a cup of coffee. A few children dawdled by the front door below. Apthone was grinning maliciously, as well as his face would allow, when she returned.

He sat next to her. “Your little secret is safe with me,” he drooled.

Diane looked at him coldly. “What do you mean?”

He produced her precious letter. “That’s mine!” She made to snatch it but was too slow. “You bastard! You’ve no right to go into my handbag!” She attempted to slap his face but he gripped her arm.

“We wouldn’t like this to become general knowledge now, would we?”

“You bastard!”

“Listen,” he lisped, “I’ll keep quiet about this on one condition.”

“Go to hell!”

“I’m sure Mr. Thomas would be most interested in this. Or the School Governors. Like to be dismissed would you? For being a lesbian.” He said the word with relish, and let her arm go. “You do me a favor – I do you a favor. Can’t say fairer than that can I now?”

“Could I have my letter back please?” She demanded.

“Of course!” he smiled. “After you sleep with me.” He stood up dramatically, placing the letter in his jacket pocket.

Angry, Diane stood in front of him. “I don’t care what you tell others!”

“Is that so?” he smirked.

“No one will believe you!”

“Willing to find out, are we? If that’s what you want.”

She moved toward him, but he pushed her away. “Think about it!” he said before turning and almost running out the door.

Diane was too angry to cry. She also hated herself for being too physically weak to take her letter by force and give Apthone what he so richly deserved. She thought of telephoning her husband but he would still be pedaling furiously around the roads and she would be incapable of explaining why she had written the letter in the first place.

Several members of staff arrived simultaneously and she bade them all good morning in her customary cheerful manner. Apthone reappeared but ignored her. Morgan arrived to greet all the men – she fussed a little over Apthone’s wounds, and Apthone’s laugh made Diane feel sick. At the door she collided with Watts. Despite his size and often oafish manner, he held her gently..

“Can’t stand it any longer, then?” he asked jovially.

She saw Apthone look at Watts and turn immediately away, his face pale and intuitively she understood.

“I’ve left something in my car,” she said by way of explanation.

Watts winked at her and she escaped through the door, down the stairs and into the warm air of morning.

Upstairs, Apthone would be polluting the room with his stench.

IV

The heat of the sun surprised her, and Diane moved her chair into the shadow. Her class was restless, for no speck of white appeared in the sky.

“Miss,” Rachael the raven-haired asked while Bryan behind her pulled monster faces for attention and the rest sulked in the heat, “How did you derive the solution?” She pointed to the mathematical scrawl on the blackboard.

Diane frowned. It was not easy teaching lower sixth form mathematics on a humid day toward the end of the summer term. Good natured Bryan, his cropped hair belying the astute brain beneath, had started moaning to add sound to his impression when Rachael turned and rapped his knuckles with her ruler.

“Grow up will you?” she mumbled. The sixth form was exempt from school uniform and as she turned, framed from the side by a shaft of sun, Diane could see her breasts through the dress. The fleeting sight brought a physical sensation of which she felt ashamed, but she smiled calmly at Rachael until their eyes met. For a second, perhaps more, each understood each other. Diane saw Rachael smile, then blush.

Bryan stuck out his tongue, but the beautiful Rachael with the mature body ignored him. Through the glass in the door he caught sight of Apthone shuffling along the corridor.

“The bells! The bells!” he intoned, hunching himself.

Inspired, Diane went up to him, patted his gently on the head and said, “There, there. You’ll feel better in a minute.”

Bryan did not mind the laughter. “Ah! Esmeralda!” he chuckled as Diane returned to the blackboard. His lurch was curtailed by the toneless buzzer in the corridor.

Rachael pretended to write in her exercise book until she and Diane were alone. “Miss,” she asked, “can you help me with this?”

“I hope so Rachael!”

She was leaning over Rachael’s shoulder studying the neatly written equations. Rachael made no move away and Diane could smell slight perfume. Part of her moved to kiss Rachael’s cheek, but another pulled away. It was a battle her respectable half nearly lost.

“There,” she pointed, moving her face away, “you’ve written ‘y’ instead of ‘x’. No wonder you cannot solve the equation.”

“Oh, how silly of me!” chided Rachael as Diane smiled and escaped through the door.

Leonie was waiting, shyly, by the stairs to the Staff Room, uncertain how to respond. Around them, the childish mayhem continued.

“You stink!” one small freckled face said to another.

“Don’t.”

“Do! So there!”

“You smell more than me!”

“Don’t you ever wash, pongy?”

Impulsively, Diane held out her hand for Leonie, then withdrew it. “Can I see you tonight?” she whispered as they climbed the stairs.

“I would like that Diane,” she smiled briefly. Then she quickened her pace to become enclosed

in the relative peace of the childfree Staff Room.

A gaggle of young and mostly female teachers surrounded the repulsive Aphone who was heroically recounting the story of his accident, and Diane sneered at them before sitting beside Watts.

“I think,” she said, “you’ve made him look better.”

He smiled at her understanding. “Dry bones can hurt no one.”

“Unless they are moved by evil intent.”

“And are they?”

“Who knows?” said Diane embarrassed. Suddenly, she smiled. “You’ve never liked him have you?”

Gruffly, he said, “Met this sort before. He shouldn’t be a teacher. He’ll get some girl in trouble, believe you me.”

“Didn’t you once teach Judo?”

”No, lass, Karate. Was competitive, once. Black belt, Third Dan, and all that. It’s quite easy to kill someone, you know, without leaving a mark.”

“Could you teach me?”

“To kill someone?”

“No, of course not!” she laughed, nervously. “Just a few basic things. How long would it take?”

“To learn anything useful – maybe a few weeks. Why?”

Diane shrugged. “Just an idea. These are troubled times.” To lessen his suspicion, she said, “what don’t you start classes here – self defense for women? I would certainly attend.”

“Maybe. Doubt if old doubting Thomas would agree, though.”

“You could always try.”

“I’ll think about it.”

The expression on Watts’ face – full of warmth and love – surprised and shocked Diane and she excused herself hurriedly to rush down the stairs and thread her way through the throng of children in the corridor to a room when she could be alone.

After the noise of the school, the room seemed possessed of the quietness of a church and she sat for a long time by the window trying to recapture the lost innocence of the warm Autumn days of years ago during her first weeks at the school. The promise of those days, the spontaneous joys, seemed to have been sucked away by the drab reality of adults and their narrow-minded schemes.

V

Diane’s husband was engrossed in lubricating the chain of one of his bikes in the kitchen when she arrived, late, from work.

“I was attacked on the way home,” she said airily.

“That’s nice.” He did not look up.

“And I’m being blackmailed.”

“Hmmm.”

“Don’t you care about me?”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing.” She looked at the well-polished racing cycle. “Is your bike more important?”

He stood up. “Are you feeling alright?”

“No I’m not! Not that you care!” She went to kick his cycle but he moved it in time.

“Careful!” he admonished. “That’s a 753 frame!”

“So what?”

Exasperated, he leaned the cycle gently against the wall. “Do you want to talk then?”

“Heaven forbid! What’s the point?”

“Personally, I cannot see any. When you are in an emotional mood like this.”

Diane stared at him. She felt resentful. For years they had lived uncomplicated almost separate lives: hers dedicated to teaching; his to cycling. His employment was a means to the end of cycle racing whereas hers had become the most important part of her life. They had quarreled sometimes, but had existed quite happily without the intimacy of emotions she craved. Several times in the years of their marriage when the emotional bareness of their relationship had become unbearable, she had sought the soft scented comfort of a woman. But the affairs had been brief and had filled her with guilt and a little self-loathing. She had enjoyed, more than she at times liked to admit to herself, the physical part of her relationships, but she had never found a woman to compliment her – one with whom she could share intimate personal details, one with whom she could relax and be herself. Someone to share the pleasures of companionship and someone with whom she could make love because such love making would be an extension of their friendship – the ultimate tribute of a relationship. Yet despite all the guilt, the doubts, the self-loathing and the fear of discovery, her desire for female intimacy remained, promising so much that was unfulfilled.

She had existed in a sort of twilight zone between her wishes and the reality of her marriage, accepting her married life because she had grown used to it and because there had always been times when her husband would allow himself to become emotionally involved – when he showed by words and deeds that he loved and needed her. But increasingly, he had become, it seemed, absorbed in his racing as she had become absorbed in her secret desires and the joy of teaching and the two passions never met. Once she had watched him at a time trial – fifty miles on a cold and very early summer morning – but she had found it so boring, watching rider speed after another at one minute intervals then stand around drinking tea for several hours until all had completed the course and the winner was declared. She never went again. The cycle he had bought her lay in the shed, ridden once and forgotten, and her loneliness bred desire.

An obsession seemed to drive her husband. He had no time for fine ideas, thoughts or emotions. He simply loved life – and hated to be bothered by thinking or feeling guilty about it. He was almost satiric in the enjoyment he derived from his existence. He had no worries – except about his bicycles – and would begin each day as though no other existed. Every problem – every one of her problems – would be met with a smile (sometimes a laugh) and the promise that everything would be all right. At first, she had loved his energy and enthusiasm. Nothing daunted him; he was cheerful and full of vitality and even the knowledge that she could not bear his children did not daunt. “Oh well,” he had said, “there is no use worrying about a fact of Nature. Looks like a beautiful evening – we could go for a walk ...”

Slowly, very slowly, she had begun to poison herself with resentment, but it was only her love for Leonie that made her realize it.

She stood staring at her husband. She wanted him to come and embrace her; to tell her that he loved and needed her, to offer to stay at home with her for a few hours instead of riding off into the warm, humid evening. But all he did was look at his watch and check the pressure in his tubular tires.

He was smiling and, as she nearly always did, she allowed her good nature to triumph over her own desires.

“Go on!” she smiled and kissed him. “I don’t want to keep you.”

Soon, she was alone again in the silence of their house. The prospect of the evening excited

her and she was shaking when she picked up the telephone. Aphone was in his lodgings, as she knew he might be, and she smiled satanically when she said: "Richard? Diane. Can you meet me tonight?" She heard the glee in his voice.

"If you bring the letter – you can have what you want." She could almost hear him drooling. "Meet me a half past nine by the Devil's Mouth on the Burway."

The hours passed slowly, much to her consternation, until the sun of late evening cast long shadows of the Stretton hills. The town was quiet as she drove toward the Burway. Several tourists, distinguished by the cameras, idled along the streets and by the crossroads that divided the Burway road from the tree-lined Sandford Avenue, a group of youths in leather jackets lingered, shouting at cars as they passed.

A van heading for the town passed her as she steered the car slowly over the cattle grid boundary between town and National Trust land, and she drove in low gear along the steep sheep-strewn hill. The road dropped precipitously to her right into the tourist trap of Cardingmill Valley, but she had little desire to dwell on the scene, poignant though it was in the soft light of beginning dusk. The road wound sharply, following the old droving route. Fifty years ago, few people had walked the moors. But with the laying of the road and the spread of the tourist-idea, swarms wore away, inch by inch, the thin soil among the bracken and heather and fern. Many were the summer days when Diane had seen long lines of cars ascending the road, spreading their contents and noise. She loved the Long Mynd and found something almost mystical and sacred in walking along its top while wild wind scattered her hair and drove snow into her face. From its varying steep sides, worn by glacier, water and frost, she could see high Caer Caradoc with its hill-fort, the limestone escarpment of Wenlock Edge, the plain around Shrewsbury with the volcanic mound of the Wrekin to the east, and to the south the mottled contours of Nordy Bank. On a clear day, to the west, legend said Snowdon could be seen.

The road climbed steadily until she passed by the long conical spur of Devil's Mouth. A large gravel and scree patch, shadowed by early morning sun, had been set aside for cars and straddled the brief but level plateau below the spur. To the south, the hill fell steeply to Townbrook before rising to the heights of Yearlet Hill. To the north, the land dropped steadily for several hundred yards, blotched by sheep, heather, fern and grass, then steeply fell to Carding Mill valley, cut by fast flowing water, before rising to Haddon Hill.

No cars were parked by the road and no one stood on the shale top of Devil's Mouth to gaze upon the Shropshire view. Diane left her car and waited. A few sheep, their necks blotched with blue dye, tore the vegetation nearby and a slight wind stirred while no white cloud broke

the blue above. Quite unexpectedly, Diane felt sick. She began to shake, her mouth went dry and she felt very cold. But quickly the fear and panic subsided.

She heard Apthone before she saw him. His motorcycle was loud amid the windy silence of the hills and she watched him swagger toward her car, his helmet in his hand. He lounged against her car, affecting boredom in his dirty jacket and jeans.

“Have you the letter?” she asked.

A pale and skinny hand grasped her letter and he smiled.

“Right,” she said coldly, “I think over there in the heather would be fine.” She pointed, as he turned to look she withdrew the knife she had hidden in her sleeve.

It was not courage, but anger, which made her swiftly press it to his neck. Before Apthone could react, she snatched the letter.

“Bother me again you little runt,” she said coldly suppressing her anger, “and I will use this. Understand?”

Apthone tried to smile, and she pressed the tip of the knife into the skin of his neck. He flinched.

“Understand?” she repeated and he nodded. “Now go and stand over there,” she demanded.

Apthone obeyed and she calmly walked toward his motorcycle and plunged the knife into the tire. He made no move toward her and she smiled at him before returning to her car. Soon, the figure of Apthone disappeared from the rearview mirror of her car.

Less than a quarter of an hour later, her reaction came. In the kitchen of her house she began to laugh. Apthone was no threat to her – and her hours of worry, anger, fear and frustration seemed pointless. He was a spoiled child with the body of a man.

Pleased with herself, she was making herself a special brew of tea in celebration when she heard a car stop outside. By the light of dusk she could see Watts slowly ease his bulk from the enclosing steel of the car.

“Just came to see if you were alright,” he said as she opened the door.

“Why shouldn’t I be?”

He shrugged. “Just a feeling. Didn’t want to intrude.”

Feeling guilty about her rudeness, she said, “Would you like some tea?”

“Yes, fine.”

Watts was inspecting the shelves of books in the sitting room when she returned with the tray.

“I didn’t know that you were interested in musical composition,” he said.

“Only a little.”

He returned the book, evidently satisfied. “There is a lot about each other we don’t know.”

“Isn’t that true of everyone?”

“Your husband not here?”

“He’s riding most of the night – preparation for a 24 hour time trial or something.”

“You must get lonely.”

“No.”

“Does a lot of cycling, your husband?”

“Quite a lot, yes.” She was beginning to feel annoyed by his presence and personal questions.

“Seen anything of Leonie?”

”I don’t mean to be rude – “

“But you’d like me to go on. Can I see you tomorrow night?”

“I’m going out.”

“With Leonie?”

“How did – “ She watched him, but he continued to smile. “Yes.”

“How about the day after?”

“I don’t know.”

He had stood up to leave when she said, “Are you in love with Leonie?”

“Why look at me with eyes askance, Shropshire filly, and cruelly flee, thinking me bereft of sense? A bridle I could place around your neck.”

“You’re an intriguing man.” She laughed.

“Why? Because I mis-quote Greek poetry or because – “

He looked at her but she turned away. He was blushing and the unexpected appearance of this expression of his feeling perplexed Diane. He walked toward her and touched her face, very

gently, with his large, calloused hand before lifting her to her feet.

“I have always loved you.” He said.

She smiled nervously. “I never guessed until today.”

He kissed her forehead, but she moved away. “Please, don’t.”

“Diane – “

“Please, I want you to go.”

”I’m sorry if I have offended you.” He was not angry.

“No. Not really. It’s just that I’m a little confused. I don’t know what to think.”

He smiled, and then kissed her on the cheek. “I can wait.”

“Oh why did you have to tell me now!”

“Things just happen in their own time.”

She did not resist his kiss, but it was not what she wanted and she began to feel angry.

“Don’t, please!” she said, pulling away.

He let her go. “All that matters is that I love you.”

“And Leonie!” she taunted.

“Maybe. I thought you would understand.” He touched her face with his hand but she was torn between apathy and anger and knocked it away.

“I would like you to go now,” she said, staring at the floor.

He shrugged. “If that’s what you want.”

“Yes.”

“Shall I see you tomorrow? Just a thought. Maybe we could – “

“I don’t think so.”

“Well, I’d best be off then.” He did not move.

“Yes.”

He started to move toward her, then stopped, bowed fairly gracefully considering his build, and winked. Before she could respond, he had closed the door behind him and for several seconds she stood staring. No physical desire had possessed her, and all she could think of was Leonie.

Outside, darkness stirred lazily, as it does on warm summer days treading past mid-summer. In the shadows of a tree across the road, a freshly dress Apthone lurked, smiling to himself as he watched Watt depart. Slowly, in his rusty car, he drove away to post his poisoned letter.

VI

The church bell, its chimes carried in the breeze, had tolled eleven when Diane’s doorbell rang. The breeze did little to alter the humidity or Diane’s mood and languidly in her nightdress she opened the door, half-expecting Watts. It was Apthone who leered at her.

“Push off!” she shouted.

His face crumpled and his breath smelled of beer. “I came to apologize Diane.”

“Go away or I’ll scream.”

“Now that wouldn’t,” he said staring at her breasts, “be nice, would it?”

“Don’t touch me!”

He laughed, and touched her breast. She screamed briefly, for he hit her in the stomach with his fist before throwing her to the floor. In the struggle, her nightdress tore, exposing her breasts. The sight increased Apthone’s drunken lust and he began to tear at her thin covering while pinning her to the ground with his body and covering her mouth with his other hand.

She struggled, but his drunken strength was strong while he fumbled with his trousers. Desperate and determined, she freed herself sufficiently to grasp his shoe, which had come loose during the struggle. Her blows to his head were hard and insistent and he made to grasp her arm, the action sufficient for Diane to free herself from the weight of his body. Apthone was trying to stand when, with the fury of her anger fed by her desire to not be humiliated, she kicked his face. She did not feel the blow, but it knocked Apthone over and she swiped the heel of the shoe three times into his face.

“You bastard! You bastard!” she screamed as another of her blows broke his nose. Apthone struggled to his feet, his face covered in blood. He lurched toward her and she threw the shoe at him before running into the kitchen. He followed, staggering.

The carving knife she wielded was long, with a blade of surgical steel and she hissed like a woman possessed.

“Get out or I’ll kill you!”

Apthone, trying to stop his bleeding nose with his hand, stepped back.

Diane's eyes glowed. "I'd enjoy killing you, you pathetic bastard!"

She was intoxicated with the primal power of her Viking ancestors and no longer felt unsure. Her education, her upbringing, all the finer feelings of her life, even her love of the innocence of children, were banished in that moment and she perceived with a terrible clarity the passionate realness of life. Its color was red, its expression blood.

"Come on!" she taunted him, her knife-holding knuckles white. "Come and get me you ugly little bastard!"

But Apthone the coward retreated to the door to flee toward the dark and Diane had closed and locked the door before she dropped the knife in horror at herself.

Blood spattered her wall; Apthone's shoe was by the door that for five years she had closed on her way to work. She began to shiver and had moved to the kitchen to retch into the sink when the realization of her will became a fact in her consciousness. She knew with an irrefutable arrogance born from the moments of fear and anger, that she and she alone was responsible for herself and her feelings. She possessed not only the consciousness to decide but also the will to make the decision possible. Everything was clear to her: there were no more questions; no more doubts that undermined and made her weak.

The insight of understanding made her laugh; then cry. Apthone was gone but there would be other Apthone's somewhere imposing themselves and polluting with their warped will and desire. The thought made her angry and she began to understand as she made herself some tea in the neon brightness of her freshly painted and appliance strewn kitchen, that she need never again allow herself to be weak or dominated. The civilization to which she belonged had nurtured her, softly shielding her and she had been playing a doomed society's role. Apthone's attempted rape, her own anger, the fear and humiliation that had possessed her, had broken through this appearance to the real essence of the woman beyond. She was a unique individual and did not have to conform to someone else's set of rules or ideas.

Calmly, she collected a dressing gown before drinking her tea. She thought, momentarily, about telephoning the Police – but that would merely confirm and reinforce the role. Apthone had condemned himself by his act and she wanted personal revenge. If her understanding signified anything it was this – Apthone was her problem to solve. And she, Diane Dietz, lately a weak, emotional woman tied to feelings of insecurity and guilt as she had been tied to the idea of marriage, could do anything because she had begun to discover the liberation of

self.

Among the clothes that lay in her drawer lay the revolver. It was a .38 Service issue revolver and had lain in its box since her birthday over fifteen years ago. She had fired it once, she remembered, as a young girl...

Sun dappled the front lawn through the summer clouds as her father held her steady. On the rear lawn, her mother played tennis while the sun dried the large Georgian house of rain.

“Gently now,” he advised, “squeeze the trigger.”

The retort was not as loud as she had imagined and she closed her eyes as she squeezed.

“My dear Diane,” remonstrated her father, twirling his mustache, “it is rather bad form to close one’s eyes.”

She squinted at the target nailed to a tree and fired twice in rapid succession. After a brief inspection her father, hobbling on his stick, returned to slap her on the back.

“Well done, I must say! One bull, other just a touch to the left.”

Next month, she had received the gun, in a presentation box, as a birthday gift. It had been one of her father’s few mementoes from the war.

She inspected it carefully, as her father had shown her all those years ago. Oil clung to it and she wiped some away, lightly, with the small cloth before loading the chambers. It was lighter that she remembered.

In the dark outside, the church bell struck the quarter hour.

VII

No lights showed in Morgan's house and Diane drove slowly past. The gun felt heavy in her jacket pocket but she ignored it, watching the street of terraced houses carefully. No one stirred, among the houses or parked cars and no vehicle passed her.

Her visit to Apthone's lodgings had been brief and had she been a few minutes earlier she might have cornered her prey. The landlady was apologetic – Apthone had rushed in, and hastily departed on his repaired motorcycle. Diane had smiled nicely at the old woman and left.

A few of the terraced houses showed lights and she parked near one, walking the few yards to Morgan's garishly painted door. Nearby two cats wailed in the clear humid night.

The response to her knocking was slow; a stair light, then footsteps to creak the stairs. Morgan, wrapped in a coat, held the door on a chain.

“Yes?” she asked brusquely.

“Is Richard here?”

“No.”

“I must speak to him.”

Morgan's voice was sympathetic. “He's not here.”

Diane peered around the door and what she saw shocked her. “May I come in?”

“Look,” Morgan said with a sigh, “I'm very tired. I really want to go back to sleep. I don't mean to be rude but – “

“You'd rather I went?”

“Yes.”

“Fine. I can see why.” She turned and walked briskly to her car. Inside, she held the gun, momentarily, then returned it wearily to her pocket. Her quest for vengeance had been eclipsed by what she had seen and, slowly at first, she began to cry. Propped against Morgan’s stairs had been her husband’s expensive bicycle.

It was the betrayal of trust that hurt the most, and she was alternatively angry, sad and a little overjoyed. She did not mind the physical fact of her husband’s adultery as much as she minded the deceit: there was obviously nothing, no emotional ties of a sensitive kind, no moral obligation, that bound her to her husband, and the thought of revealing to him the dreadful shame of Apthone’s attack made her sadder still. It would be impossible to reveal it, now, because she was free and had only to rely on herself to experience a new strength. Nothing bound her and she drove slowly toward Leonie’s house.

She sat in the car outside the house for some time, listening to a Vivaldi cassette. The music calmed her and she found the trees, weird Celtic deities by the strange sodium lights, quite beautiful. Behind the widely spaced houses, the river Severn flowed in darkness and drought.

The single headlight was blinding and Diane shielded her eyes. The screeching tires and crash startled her, just a little, and she walked without much feeling toward the scene. A motorcyclist had collided with the front of a stationary van and the impact had tossed the rider into the air to collide with a concrete lamppost.

The rider, his helmet missing, was groaning and as Diane approached she recognized Apthone. She did not smile but withdrew the gun from the pocket of her jacket while Apthone, with his bloody face and twisted limbs, stared incomprehendingly.

“Diane” he whispered, coughing blood, “help me.”

She aimed the gun, easing the hammer back with her thumb. Apthone, horrified, shook his head in desperation while Diane aimed the weapon at his head. He tried to wriggle away, but his broken body refused to obey his commands of thought and Diane gently eased the hammer back. There was no owl to haunt with its screech as she turned toward her lover’s house – only the sound of people running, a car braking to halt in the road.

“Quick!” someone shouted as she stood by Leonie’s door. “Call an ambulance!” A large garden hid her from the road.

Leonie was quick to answer the chimes. “Diane!” She hugged her friend. Come in. I hoped you’d come.” She looked around. “I thought I heard a noise.”

“Yes,” smiled Diane. “There’s been some sort of accident.”

“Hadn’t we better go and see if we can help?”

“I don’t think so. There seems to be enough people there already. We would probably only get in the way.”

Leonie strained to see, but the road was thirty yards away. “You’re probably right.” She led Diane into the brightness. “You look awful!”

“Thanks!” said Diane.

“No, honestly, I didn’t mean – “

“It’s alright,” smiled Diane, holding Leonie’s hand. The touch pleased both, if for slightly different reasons. “Any chance of some coffee?”

“Actually, there’s some on. Just in case you called.”

The kitchen was all stainless steel and pine, but the subdued light and Leonie’s presence made Diane feel welcome and warmly disposed toward the world. She could forget Aphone the twisted, the deceiving adultery of her husband and the problem diversion of Watts.

“Can I stay the night?” she asked.

“Oh Diane, you don’t have to ask!” Shyly she handed Diane some coffee from the percolator. “I feel this is as much your home now as mine.”

The words, the manner of their delivery and the gentle vulnerability of their speaker brought euphoria to Diane. She forgot all her problems and embraced and kissed Leonie. Her love felt like a physical pain.

“Do you mind if I tell you something?”

“Nothing would make me happier.”

In the sitting room, Diane lay on the sofa, her head in Leonie’s lap while Leonie stroked her hair.

“I’m leaving my husband.”

”Not because of me?” asked Leonie, her voice trembling.

“Partly. But partly because he is having an affair with Morgan.”

”I’m sorry,” said Leonie sincerely. “I thought your marriage was fine.”

“These things happen.”

”Are you sure it’s not my fault?”

“If anyone is to blame it is probably Morgan the man-eater.”

”I’m sorry,” repeated Leonie.

“It’s for the best. It was inevitable anyway, as things were developing.”

“What will you do?”

Diane sighed. She felt content, lying in Leonie's lap while her lover with sensuous breasts stroked her hair. Aphone was irrelevant, Watts was not important. Even her husband, warm and sweaty in Morgan's scented bed, no longer held any power to mould her emotions. Tonight, she could sleep with Leonie and in the morning she would watch the mist over the river while sun warmed the green richness of earth. Then, with Leonie, to school where her treasured pupils would be waiting and where she would try and infuse into them some of the special meanings which were entwined through life. The day of work done, she could come home with Leonie to their house, play awhile with the children before the dark of night brought the peace of contented and blissful post-Sapphic sleep.

"Leonie," she whispered.

"Yes?" there was expectation in her voice.

"I hope you don't think I'm imposing myself on you."

"Even if you were, I would be glad."

"I do love you."

"And I –" Leonie closed her eyes, but the reluctance remained. "Diane," she said by way of expiation, "please take me to bed."

VIII

The morning was beautiful as the night had been and Diane stared out of the window. The post dawn mist eddied slowly around the trees that clung to the grassy banks of the Severn, and along the path a hundred yards below the house that followed the river for many a winding mile, a solitary man in shorts ran, his stride like a gazelle. He vaulted the style of the fence that separated the two small and shrub-strewn fields of cows, and Diane watched him run bare-chested and lithe until he disappeared into the mist. No cars spoiled the quiet of dawn.

Naked Leonie joined her at the window and for several minutes both stood, arm in arm, watching their minute part of the world change as low sun bore down to disperse the mists of late night. It was one of those intense and rare magical moments that lovers share when no words are needed and where the two halves seem united in empathy and expectation. A spell

bound them through both the gentle scented lusciousness of their bodies and the fusion of their wordless thought. Both felt and understood the natural extension of the maturing relationship that their lovemaking made; they were equal and reversed the roles as they and their other half required. Giving and receiving, in turn as their feelings and desires changed with the passing of the hours. For them, in the two passionate nights shared, there had been no distinction between submission and dominance – between recipient and receiver – as there had been no guilt of submission or defeat. Instead, a mutual response to unspoken desire. A sensitivity of not only touch but mood that had hitherto been lacking in all their relations with men; a feminine giving tempered by a very natural and gentle feminine mastery. But above all, a genuine sharing.

For Diane the long night had been both a liberation and a release; Leonie was the woman whom for many years she had sought, and with her all problems were resolved. She neither needed nor desired anything else.

“I need no one but you, Leonie,” she said.

Leonie’s kiss was soft. “Where will you stay after today?”

“Would you mind? – “

“If you stayed here?”

“If you have no objection.”

“Diane, I was hoping you would.” She stared out of the window and the blush covered her face and spread to her neck. “But I would prefer it if you lived here with me.” She hesitated. “If you wanted to.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

”You are lovely.”

Embarrassed, Leonie retreated to the bed. “It may sound stupid but I feel safe with you. Secure. I don’t have to pretend anymore. I can be myself.”

"I know what you mean," she said softly. She liked being near Leonie and experienced a pleasure when she looked at Leonie's body. "Of course I want to live with you silly!"

The bare-chested runner had returned from his peregrinations and Diane watched him jump the style before she joined Leonie in bed.

"I have a spare room," Leonie said. She blushed, and then added, "what is mean is – your things."

"You don't have to explain," smiled Diane.

Into the room rushed Leonie's little boy. His hair was tossed and his pajamas askew. He stopped and stared at Diane.

"What are you doing in my mummy's bed?" he asked cheekily.

"I had a nightmare," Diane said immediately.

He pointed at himself. "Me too!" and he rushed into his mother's arms.

The little head disappeared for a while, but every few seconds would sneak a look at Diane and they bury himself again.

Diane laughed and began to tickle the boy who giggled and fell off the bed. The child, the morning and all its facets but particularly Leonie, reminded Diane of the happiness and ecstasy that were possible within human existence and she felt a sudden, overwhelming and unexpected desire to be alone.

"Do you mind if I go for a little walk?" she asked.

"Diane," replied Leonie obviously moved by the question, "you don't have to ask."

Hurriedly, though without shame, Diane dressed, careful not to let the revolver fall from her

pocket. It's steel brought a reminder of the blood of the night and she quickly slipped through Leonie's rear garden, down the steep slope that separated the house fence from the pasture and scrub toward the river.

No one came to disturb her peace and she wandered along the well-worn path by the river in the burgeoning warmth of the early sun. Unaccountably, she found herself recalling almost note for note the beauty of Tammasso Vitali's Chaconne in G Minor and for an instant of infinite time she had to stop as she experienced in one incredible moment the ecstasy and the sacred beauty of life.

The mystic vision made everything around her seem holy and possessed of a stupendous beauty. But most of all everything – from the grass, the bushes, sky and trees – was as it should be, a part of a whole. There existed in the surroundings – in the soil she trod as much as in the sun which had cracked it dry – something of the numinosity that she had felt in the convent years of youth when in church, the choir singing Allegri, she had smelled the vague incense that seemed to suffuse the stone and nun's stalls, had seen the beauty of the sun as if shafted the gloom of the church and felt the centuries heavy in reverence and adoration.

Now, as it almost had then, the moment overwhelmed so that she was forced to steady herself by a fence and cry. Cry from an ecstasy that was almost incomprehensible and which no words could explain.

She saw and felt as if it was her own pain, all the bitter sadness and waste just as she realized and felt the beauty inherent in the world. She understood the possibility of what she – of what everyone – could be. She had been blind, but could finally see. Before she had heard noises, but did not listen and she finally understood the passion and demonic obsession that drove composers like Beethoven. Music was a commitment, a means to discover and express life. It could be holy, and might express the divine. She saw as if for the first time the rich blue of the sky, the sumptuous green and browns of the trees, the miracle of life that was the mallard and the indescribable beauty of people gifted with the wonder of thought and which yet might make them divine.

The moment overwhelmed, then passed, etched upon her mind and she sat in the cow-torn, broken and dewy grass. Nothing, she felt, surpassed this insight and she wanted desperately as she had never wanted before, to find a means to preserve the moment, to capture it for herself and others. The thought stirred her and she realized in her joy and vitality the essence of her freedom: she was free and had only to grasp a possibility to make that possibility real.

The spiritual poverty and impoverishment of her own life became clear. She taught, a little, but so many contradictions had pulled her she was largely ineffective. There was conflict because others sought to keep their own image and desires alive. Lies, deceit, blackmail, the bitterness and the hate, all destroyed vitality and vision. Only in and because of Leonie had she experienced hitherto a glimpse of what lay beyond – but it had been a vague longing partially fulfilled. Yet it was all so simple she now understood. So absolutely simple that there was no problem which a time under sun could not solve.

Carefully, she resumed her walk trying through the slowness of her motion to retain the precious moment and its mystic glow. As she walked, music grew in her and she began to feel the need to compose, to capture through such a form part of the essence she had touched. The thought brought renewed joy and a sharp intimation of destiny so that she ran along the path laughing playfully at herself. Tonight, when her thoughts and feelings had settled, she would share with Leonie this moment of hers.

Like a Mistress of Earth, no cares assailed her. Each tree was a deity she blessed and over the slow water under a mottled sun, Diane the witch, cast her spell.

IX

It was a different Diane who strode before the fateful hour of nine into a staff room quieted by news of Apthone. The failed rapist lay in a coma, balanced between life and death, and Diane smiled when the worried Fisher with the balding head and nervous jerks of a coot, told her.

“It’s awful, really, isn’t it?” the sociology master said, before scratching his overgrown ear.

Watts and Morgan entered together and Diane smiled oddly at them.

“Can I speak with you Morgan?” she asked. Watts touched her shoulder, lightly, and sauntered off.

“Diane,” began Morgan, “before you say anything – I am sorry.”

“Why? You’re only doing what comes naturally. How long has it been going on?”

Morgan looked pained. “Diane – “

“As far as I am concerned you can have him. And good luck. I hope you like bicycles.”

Despite her affected anger, Diane could not help noticing how beautiful Morgan looked. Her dress, gathered by a belt at the waist, was the perfect compliment to her figure, the halter neck showing sun-browned shoulders that seemed to highlight the green eyes and red hair, and for a few seconds Diane envied her husband. Fortunately perhaps, she disliked Morgan’s personality.

“Diane, it is all over believe me.”

“Only because I found out.” She smiled warmly, disconcerting Morgan who did not know how to react. “Really, I don’t care. You’re both consenting adults. I just hope he makes you happy.” She kissed Morgan lightly on the cheek and Morgan could only stare in amazement.

The gesture was only half kindly meant, for although the remembrance of her morning ecstasy was vivid with its visions, sufficient of Diane’s anger remain to confuse her motives and she was about to explain her behavior to Leonie who was sitting morosely and alone by the sun-filled window, when Thomas the headmaster accosted her.

“Diane!” he said, placing his hand on her arm, a habit, which had hitherto irritated her. “Bad news about Richard, isn’t it?”

“Yes.” She lied. Aphone was one person she never intended to forgive.

“Can I see you in my office for a few minutes before the bell?”

“Now?”

“If you have no objections, that is.”

Lost Leonie was watching so she said, “Yes, of course, Mr. Thomas, I won't be a moment.”

”No rush,” he muttered in his abstract way.

Leonie appeared close to tears. “Are you alright, darling?” Diane whispered, holding Leonie's hand between the two chairs so that others would not see.

“Richard – he ...Last night when – “

“I know.”

“And to think this morning I had been so happy.”

It was true, Diane knew, for at breakfast a youthful Leonie had laughed, played with her children and afterwards allowed Diane the pleasure of helping her dress.

“It must have been him – his accident – that we heard,” Leonie said morosely.

“Seems so.”

“So close and we did not know. We could have helped. I feel so responsible.”

“He was drunk.”

”Really?”

“So the Police said. Stupid of him to drive when you're like that.”

”But still – “

“It was his own fault, apparently.”

”I suppose so. But if only I'd been there. I feel dreadful.”

”The boss wants to see me.”

“I heard.” Suddenly Leonie’s face glowed. “Hey – it might be your promotion!”

Diane laughed and stood up. “I doubt it.” No one was near so she said, “I’ll bring a few things around this evening if you don’t mind.”

“That would be nice.”

Leonie’s face with its gentleness appeared to Diane to express an ineffable need for affection, and she had to turn hurriedly away because she wanted to hold Leonie in her arms, stroke her hair and tell her of her love. Each step she took toward the door seemed a physical effort, separating her from the one person whom she loved with a deep and passionate intensity. The aura which they had formed and shared during and since the late hours of night when in the warmth and dark they made love and talked of their hopes and desires and needs, was stretching, dividing, and only a conscious effort of will walked her body along the noisy, child-littered corridors to the office of the Headmaster.

The large room was uncluttered and too tidy. Books sat undusted and unused behind the cabinet glass and the large desk contained only a few writing materials and a telephone. On the wall, two well-made notice boards hung, neatly filled, and the steel gray of the filing cabinet complimented the bureaucratic gray of the chairs.

“Ah! Diane. Nice of you to come. I shan’t keep you long, believe me. Sit down! Sit down! Sit down!”

He rose in a gentlemanly way before settling his half-rimmed spectacles upon his nose.

“I have had a rather strange letter.” He held the write envelope for her to see.
”Delivered by hand last night it was.”

“And it’s about me?”

“Yes. Not only that. Oh no – but enclosed was a photocopy of a private letter.” He handed her the copy. “You recognize it may I ask?”

It was a copy of her letter to Leonie, and its existence and possession by Thomas shocked her. “Yes,” she said in a whisper.

Thomas peered over his spectacles like a judge. “What you do is no concern of mine, you know. Nor, ideally of course, should it be of this establishment. As long as it does not interfere with or affect your teaching – as I am sure it never will.” He removed his spectacles, slowly and laid them on the desk. “I have a notion who sent this, and as far as I am concerned that is the end of the matter.”

Diane was astounded. Her understanding of Thomas had been totally and utterly incorrect. The man of staff room jokes and unkind remarks was a lie, a figment of the imagination. There he sat, in his worn tweed jacket whose buttons were loose, his graying hair catching a little of the little sun that edged to his window, his lean and wrinkled hands fumbling with his spectacles, there he sat – smiling slightly, exuding a kindness that Diane could feel and understood. For a brief moment, Emlyn Thomas worn by the battles of his school and nearing retirement, seemed to Diana to be only very weakly attached to life, to the world of school, village and earth. If she blew, he might drift away to another world.

“Mr. Thomas – I don’t know what to say.”

He gave her a clean and starched handkerchief to wipe her eyes.

“I thought a lot, last night,” he said stuffing the now damp white cloth into his trouser pocket, “about not telling you. But decided it was for the best. So you knew where I stood, so to speak. Neatly, he folded the anonymous letter, photocopy and envelope together. “I’ll burn this and we will say no more about it. Now – “

Diane was standing, as if on cue.

“ – Before you go I would just like to say this.” He smiled at her. “If you have problems, anytime, I am always here. You are too good a teacher to lose.”

Diane’s feeling of relief was strong and she had begun to walk toward him before stopping herself. She wanted to say he was a kind man, but she lacked the simple courage to directly express her feelings, and she was at the door before another intimation of his frailty assailed her.

She kissed his cheek. The gesture delighted him and he chuckled, “Perhaps I should get more such letters!” before she rushed from his room.

The knowledge that one more person knew her secret soon dismayed Diane, and as she walked along the corridors of the school to the room of her first lesson of the day, she felt oppressed. The room was on the ground floor, shadowed by the angled assembly hall from the morning sun. The blackboard still held her mathematical equations, her desk a few tatty books. Soon the desks would be occupied. The trauma of Aphone’s attack had been destroyed by her mystic ecstasy of the early morning, but the memory of the letter was fading in its reality and Diane sat at her desk, watching starlings pick worms from the playing field grass. No supra-personal love overwhelmed and she began to feel as if her vocation was drifting away – there would be suspicion and doubt, the keen sidelong look, the unspoken thought. Of course, she could deny it all – “I ought to say, Mr. Thomas, that I am not a lesbian....” But even the possibility of denial was repulsive to her. She was who she was, too self-willed to deny the accusations.

It was true, and she thought, briefly, of announcing to the world (well, at least the school staff) the truth of her nature. There were organizations, somewhere, she had heard, who would defend her rights. Yet her feelings and desires were deeply personal and she could not think of being labelled thus; somehow, it might debase her relationship with Leonie. No longer would she be Diane Dietz, the mathematics teacher – she would be Diane the lesbian, marked by the label which would colour what people said to her or thought of her. She knew it should not matter to others – but it would. The thought of Morgan – pretty red-haired Morgan – saying “and her a lesbian! Well, really, I always thought she was, well, a little odd!” was not a prospect at all pleasing and she would be forced to play a role. Worse, she was bound to lose her job. “I’m very sorry,” they would say, “but you must understand we have a duty to the children. Imagine what the parents of little girls would think – a lesbian teaching their child.”

“Miss,” a young voice beside her said.

“What?” she smiled at Rachael. “I’m sorry, I was day-dreaming.”

“Are you alright?” asked Rachael nervously.

“Fine. Just thinking.”

“Terrible about Mr. Apthone, isn’t it Miss?”

“I suppose so.” She tried to disguise her feelings.

“Miss?” Rachael shuffled her feet while smoothing her thin cotton dress. “Can I ask you something?”

“Yes, of course, Rachael.”

“My parents are giving a small party on Saturday and I was wondering, well, if you’d like to come. You could stay the night if you didn’t want to travel back late to Stretton.”

“Rachael – I ...”

Bryan chose the right moment to open the door, stare around like a lunatic and tumble twice across the room with the control and agility of a gymnast. As he took his bow, Diane said, “Your wealth of talent continues to surprise me, Bryan.”

The calculated stupidity and innocent vitality of her pupil preserved Diane’s objectivity as well as reinforced her dwindling love of teaching. Rachael was sulking because of the interruption and aware of the delicate situation, Diane smiled at her.

“Yes, I love to come, Rachael.”

“Oh,” said Rachael a little dismissively, “if you like.”

Dianne was not offended, for the classroom soon contained all of her sixth form set and, amid the dry heat of the cloudless summer’s day in the restful Shropshire town, she soon forgot the pressures of her past.

In a hospital, fifteen miles to the northwest, Apthone opened his eyes while monitors pulsed with life. Briefly, Diane shivered, but Bryan was pulling his funny faces, Rachael was smiling at her and a slight breeze caught her face.

“Miss?” asked Bryan seriously.

“Yes?”

“Why do cowboys ride their horses into town?”

Diane frowned.

“Because,” smirked Bryan, “they’re too heavy to carry!”

Diane’s laugh erased Apthone from her thoughts.

X

A cooling breeze flowed through Leonie’s sitting room while her children played in the garden. It was nearly six o’clock and Leonie was becoming increasingly morose.

“Diane,” she said as she blew smoke from her cigarette away, “I feel I ought to go and see him.”

Diane placed her pile of mathematics exercise books aside. “You don’t owe him anything.”

“But I am going to have his baby.”

“You don’t love him, do you?”

“No. But I feel responsible for him in a way.”

”You ought to forget him.”

“I can’t. He needs someone, now more than ever.”

“Are you surprised that he hasn’t got any friends? Look at the way he treated you.”

”He’s going to be paralyzed for life, the doctors said.”

”it was his own fault.”

”You can be heartless at times>”

“Leonie please don’t go.”

”Why are you so insistent? You’re not jealous are you?”

“No, of course not! It’s just that –“

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“I think I’ll go.”

”Don’t please.”

”I have to see him.”

”He’s not worth it.” Diane felt that Aphone was taunting her – exercising control over Leonie even from his hospital bed. Suddenly, she wished she had killed him.

“Will you come?” Leonie asked.

The thought horrified Diane. “Never!”

“Why do you dislike him so much?”

”It doesn’t matter.” She watched Leonie – soft, gentle Leonie – for some time before saying, “I wish you could just trust me. Accept I have a good reason why I don’t want you to see him.”

She sat down beside Leonie and held her hand. “Please, Leonie, don’t let him come between us.

“You are all that I have left.”

”I do care for you Diane.” She stroked her stomach. “But for my own peace of mind, I really must go.”

Tenderly, Diane said, “If you must, you must; I’ll stay here with the children.”

“Would you? Really? That would be kind.”

Leonie was happy and ran from the room to tell her children. She returned hastily, to shout, “Won’t be lone. Promise!” before the front door slammed and Diane was alone with her thoughts.

Leonie was shaking a little as the nurse led her to Apthone’s room. It was brighter and much cleaner than she had expected, a corridor away from the main ward in the new glass and concrete Shrewsbury hospital. A monitor blipped in rhythm with Apthone’s heart while a drip-fed some form of life into his arm. Near the solitary bed, a mechanical respirator stood ready.

Apthone lay on his back, unable to move, staring at the ceiling, his face puffy and bruised. A naso-gastric tube taped to his nose did little to offset the clinical nature of the room.

“How are you?” she asked.

Apthone gurgled. His voice was a thin reedy whine. “Tired.”

“You’ll be alright.” His physical helplessness appalled Leonie and she held his lifeless hand.

“Leonie,” he breathed with effort, “I love you.” He closed his eyes.

“He’s heavily sedated,” said the nurse in explanation.

“Richard –“

“It’s too late now,” she said.

“Richard,” Leonie whispered in his ear, “remember our child.”

His eyes opened and he tried to smile. “Yes.”

The nurse was gesturing at Leonie and said. “I’ve got to go now, but I’ll be back later.”

But Apthone was asleep and Leonie was crying as the nurse guided her to the corridor.

“Would you like some tea?” the kindly nurse asked.

An ambulance drove slowly away from the entrance while Leonie walked to her car trying to untangle the emotions which knotted her stomach and made her feel sick. People came, cars passed, a single-decker bus, bright red and flashing sun as its air-brakes panted in the heat, disgorged a few passengers under the cirrus flecked blue of the sky.

Leonie dreaded seeing Diane. Yet she wanted to rest her head on Diane’s shoulder, stroke her beautiful flaxen hair and talk quietly of her feelings and pain. The conflict made her dizzy, and she had to steady herself by the car.

Ignoring the stuffy heat, she sat still in the car for nearly half an hour, disgusted with herself. The years of conditioning were telling her, insistently, that she was a pervert. All the expectations of her parents, all the pressure of her role as a respected teacher, made her think her desire for Diane’s love was unhealthy. She began to worry about her children and to feel it would be wrong for them if she stayed with Diane. They would need a father, a stable and proper family – all the things her upbringing had conditioned her to believe were right and necessary. Shame touched her, and she wondered if her feelings for Diane were simply an excuse, nothing special and their affair a trivial episode that signified nothing except a very temporary need.

These thoughts relieved her, and she forced herself to think about Apthone, vaguely aware that

she might not, after all, be different from other women, some sort of freak. Apthone would need help, and the more she thought about his helplessness the more she began to feel that she might atone for her own weakness, inferiority and perversion by helping him. It was a noble sentiment, if wrongly conceived, for it did not occur to Leonie as it might have occurred to a woman who had not her confidence undermined for years by a neurotic and scheming husband and whose strict religious upbringing precluded self-expression, that she was neither inferior nor perverted. But her parents, her husband and the pressure of her role as wife and mother had done their work well, insidiously well, until she had almost become in herself what others expected her to be, a reflection of their image of her. There seemed to Leonie to nothing inside herself, nothing of her own, nothing lovable – her husband had often said as much – nothing that mattered in any way special. Even as a teacher, the one area she felt gifted, she had soon her prospects of promotion fade with the advancing years, confirming her self-loathing and doubt. Unbidden, a remembered phrase broke the passage of her thought: *‘Look up now, thou weak wretch, and see what thou art. Be loathe to think of aught but Himself..’*

The phrase brought recollection and a remembrance of the childhood dread of sin, the smell of churches and an image of Apthone, crippled. Leonie tried very hard, while the hot sun beat down dryly upon her car, to pretend her feelings for Diane were not real. Diane did not love her – she was just being kind. Diane could not love her because there was nothing to love and she had just fooled herself again, as she had done about her husband’s love. Morbidly, she believed she was in some sinister, occult way, responsible for Apthone’s plight – she had wanted to abort their child, and she was culpable, before God, she was culpable.

No cloud came to ease the burden of heat, and she sat, quite still, while around her cars passed and were parked, people talked or laughed. A memory of happier days at university, free from self-torment and expectation and love, was soon gone, and she began to cry, very quietly, needing Diane yet terrified that such need was shameful and perverse. Desperate, she pushed all her thoughts, longings and desires aside, determined to shut out the world completely, to lock herself away, to be safe inside again.

She drove away from the hospital slowly and stopped only when she reached the driveway of her house. Shrewsbury town had seemed cheerful, if sultry, caught in the burden of summer’s heat, and she wished it would rain, as if the rain would wash away her feelings of traumatic guilt. Instead of driving to her house, she stopped alongside the main road outside. No sign of Apthone’s accident was evident, but she wandered beside the pavement imagining the terror. She had been inside while a crippled Apthone shed his blood on the road – inside, enjoying the pleasures of her senses.

The contrast appalled her, bringing remorse for her own sensual desires and the desire to

somehow protect the child growing in her womb – to give it life, or at least a chance of life. Two young girls in flowery dresses came skipping along the pavement, oblivious to the tragedy, and Leonie smiled at them but they did not notice and continued on their way, small bundles of vitality whose innocence made Leonie want to cry.

Diane, her small suitcase beside her was in the garden when Leonie entered the house. Her children were watching the one-eyed god, unaware of her return and she sneaked like a broken thief into the garden. Below and beyond the boundary of fench, several young boys walked shirtless along the river path, strangely silent under the downing sun as insects swirled in profusion and a Redstart called.

Diane did not look up as Leonie approached. “Did you see him?” she asked.

“Yes.” Leonie sat on the springy grass, restraining her desire to stroke Diane’s smooth, tanned and beautifully lithe legs. If Diane touched her, she would be certain of her love.

The touch, and affirmation, she yearned for did not come and she clung in desperation to her guilt. “He said he loved me,” she sighed, softly, like snow sighs softly against glass. For an instant she felt cold, as cold as a winter blizzard wind.

When Diane did not speak, she said. “I really ought to go back and stay with him.”

“If that is what you want to do.”

”It’s what I feel I should do.”

“Why?”

“Diane, please. We’ve been through all this before.”

For an instant Diane regretted her insistence – but Apthone was so detestable and the thought of him using his self-induced helplessness to ensnare Leonie angered her as she had been angered by Leonie’s desire to see him. She felt it was a betrayal, and she was jealous. She thought of her revolver, but the idea of murder displeased her because she understood, through her love of Leonie, that Leonie was free to make her own choices. She could not force

Leonie's love. She wanted, with an almost satanic desire, to protect Leonie and the love they had shared; wanted, jealously, to share her with no one and she waited for some word or gesture from Leonie that would confirm their love. None came, and her desire nurtured the wish to tell Leonie about Aphone – but the assault was still too humiliating and degrading for her and its terrible memory broke the wish the way lightning breaks the air with sound.

“You must,” she said clearly, “do what you think is best.”

”What do you think I should do?” Leonie asked unexpectedly.

“Do you love him?” She watched the inner struggle evident on Leonie's face and was relieved when Leonie spoke.

“I don't know. Sometimes, yes. Other times – I don't know.”

“But you want to look after him?”

“Yes. But I want us – you and I to still be friends. “To... But I bear his child. I can't escape that. He will live again in his child.”

Leonie's faith, trust and innocence brought tears to Diane's eyes, but she hid them and when she spoke she was smiling. “I thought I'd spend the weekend at home. Get a few things sorted out.”

Leonie's voice was a whisper. “If you want to.”

“Well, if you are going to spend time visiting him, it would be best.”

“I suppose so.”

“Alex has offered to help me wind up a few things. Dispose of furniture: that sort of thing.”

“Oh.”

“I promised I’d see him tonight. He offered to move my husband’s belongings,” she said jovially, trying to make the lie convincing.

“Will you be alright by yourself tonight, Leonie?”

“Yes, Diane, of course.”

”I could stay – if you wished.”

“No, honestly. I’ll be fine. The children are more than enough!” she said mournfully at the bedroom window where, in the early morning, she and Diane had stood. “Will you come and see me tomorrow, in the morning?”

“I would like to, yes.” She held Leonie’s hand. Leonie’s grip was tight as if she did not want to let go but Diane stood up and the brief contact that brought a score of memories to Leonie was broken.

In the sky, a single cloud spread the sun in haze.

XI

The Long Mynd, the growing bracken bright green against the drought worn heather, was cool as it stood in the Welsh breeze. A few cars lined the narrow pot-holed road that rose steeply up Burway Hill, meandered along the flattened top and then dropped precipitously beyond the Gliding Station to the scattered hamlets in the Onny valley. Shropshire west of the Long Mynd lived in a different time, for no main roads addled the small, steep hills; there was nothing special about it and after four thousand years of habitation the land wore its human mantle discreetly. Generations of families grew together and died, in small cottages, farms and even shacks. Few outsiders settled; fewer still bought holiday cottages and after two hundred years of industrialization and four decades of agri-business that had reduced Shropshire to just another English county, its settlements were mostly unchanged. Few small farms had been mangled to form the huge concerns often run from a city or a town; fewer hedges had been despoiled, and the native oak still grew wide and tall in the small fields, beside the twisty lanes

or in scattered clumps that overflowed the Welsh border. It was as if a little piece of old Shropshire had been saved by its poorness and lack of tourist charm. True, Land Rovers and cars passed along the lanes, but even these seemed unwilling concessions and the only speeding vehicles belong to tourist outlanders. They seldom stayed long.

To these rushing denizens from the many conurbations and towns to the east and south for whom change and speed were more often than not solutions to the problem of boredom, the whole area seemed desolate and unkempt: farm fences would be patched with old bedsteads, old barns with odd pieces of sack or fence, and rusty, antiquated farm machinery would lay beside or on rutted lanes. But the land had its pride, a very local and individual pride which few outlanders could understand since the area was suited only to rough grazing or patchy spreads of arable crops. Yet, along many a lane among the mamelons, hedges were laid with a care born of generations of skill.

The whole area abounded in dark legends and strange names. Squilver, Grigg, Crudhall, Sorrowful, Murmurers. To the north lay the boundary crags of the Stiperstones where comely witches, raven and red-haired, were wont to meet in more enlightened times to practice fertility rites and the pagan ecstasies of the Old Religion which many a local myth said still survived, darkly and sometimes in the young. On the Stiperstones – Hell Gutter and Devil's Chair where Wild Edric lost his way and beneath which he lies imprisoned with his beautiful wife to haunt the mists of night.

Diane parked her car on the road by the square of trees that marked the boundary of Pole Cottage. No cottage remained, and it might never have been. Only the trees and a few ruts remained in the soil to mark its glory around the turn of the century when trains of pack horses and droving sheep wore steadily and slowly at the Portway track, marked across the Mynd by Neolithic man. Even the trees, spindly and twisted by wind and which solely relieved the heathered, mossy plateau, were dying, their seedlings destroyed every year by the roaming sheep.

Diane followed a downward westerly path among the heather, passed several tumps, to stand and gaze at the land below. Around, Meadow pipits flitted while the wind moved her hair and still warm sun cast her broken shadow. Nearby, a curlew called.

The sound of the curlew saddened her, but it did not take long for the Long Mynd to work its magic. The land below, stretching to the Welsh border, intrigued her with its hill-valleys and sun-shrouded calm. She felt a desire to live here with such a view, among the moors where she could sense, and feel in a way that calmed, the fructifying goodness of Earth, the sometimes dangerous and illusive serenity and the companionship of wind. She would never be lonely,

and it was as if, in that moment and the others like it, all that she most needed or wanted from life existed on the Mynd. Often, as she walked, following in preference sheep tracks which few, if any, human feet had ever trod, in winter, autumn, spring or summer dawn, she had talked like a child to the land, naming every nuance of a valley or spirit of a stream. It was difficult, sometimes, for her to leave and when she did, after a long walk of many hours, she resented the scurrying world below. But, always, the numinosity vanished slowly and she had come to realize over many years that she needed people, and her life below, as much as she needed the long walks alone. But always, always, the lure of the Mynd drew her back.

She had thought many times of a cottage on the Mynd. But most of the land she loved could not be bought and the prospect of tourist trooping summerly displeased her, a little, with the passing of each year. At time, there existed within her no distinction between her as a person and the Mynd. She knew this must be an illusion, but the thought did not trouble her, as she did not care if others thought she was mad. It was a very private sharing which she doubted she could even share with a living soul as part of her wanted to share it – not because she cared what others thought, but because to talk about it to someone who could not or would not understand and who lacked the empathy she felt she herself possessed, would she know destroy some of the sacred quality. Her feeling would be cheapened.

Yet there were cottages, scattered along the edge of the Mynd as it dropped steeply to the valleys and plains below. She might buy one, someday. She understood it was paradoxical that teaching inspired her like the Mynd. Her teaching was bright, an innocent joy that brought a remembrance of childhood dreams, while her Mynd was earth-bound and dark, a woman, a sorceress, perhaps, she had seen in her dreams.

She removed her shoes and stockings and, as she had done many times, walked barefoot on the moor. She loved the feel of the earth, stone and turf warmed by sun – even the brittle scratchy heather. A young man with a bright orange rucksack bore heavily alone the road, but he did not see her and she was left to complete her widdershin circumambulation in defiance of all cars.

Hunger and the dying sun drew her to her car, and she sat in the twilight trying to think of Leonie. The earth, wind and sky, her Mynd, had given her a calm, receptive power that enhanced in an indefinable way her sexuality and she experienced a desire for Leonie. Here among the heather, under the darkening sky they might together find peace. It was an impossible fantasy – because of Apthone the deranged. But the sad reality made Diane aware that, for the first time in her adult life, she possessed no desire, however small, for men. They were a world away and would not be touched.

The air, her thoughts and walk in bare feet, but most powerfully her empathy with the Mynd, all combined to alter her and although she did not know it, she radiated a beautiful and bewitching aura that would have captivated any man and made her mistress over them all.

Her house felt empty even before she opened the door to its darkness. The stain of Apthone's blood had faded and on the pine kitchen table she found her husband's note.

"I'm sorry," it read, "but we both knew our marriage never worked. Have gone to stay with Morgan. You see, we're in love."

He had not signed it and she took it to her bedroom. "It was kind of you to write," she wrote sincerely, "I wish you happiness and hope you achieve all you are meant to. Thank you for giving me some of the best times of my life. I will never forget how happy I have been and hope we can still be friends. Diane."

Her kindness came easily, since she had ceased to struggle, possessed no desire for men, and still felt the power of the Mynd and the memory of her morning ecstasy. She felt sad at losing part of her life, but it was deeper inner sadness that, in a strange way, calmed her – like a slow movement from the Vivaldi concerto. Somehow, the demise of her marriage seemed to compliment her new feelings and she felt free from the often-insidious pressures that a relationship with a man – any man – involved. However kindly they talked, however interested they seemed in her as a person, there existed the tension of their sexual desire and, often, a wish to dominate. She had scorned this at University and school not only because she instinctively distrusted men. The shallow personalities of her men friends had not attracted her, and she buried herself in her work. She had been courted, often, for her sylph-like beauty and intellectual mind seemed to attract, but she disliked the male façade of pretence, their insensitivity, and it was only a year before her marriage that she set out with a single-minded determination to seduce a man.

It had not been as exciting as she had anticipated and it, and her one brief subsequent encounter, did little to assuage her intimate feeling toward women. But, insidiously, there seemed to grow within her a desire for children. Little that she did or thought seemed to lessen it and the guilt she felt about herself, and when on one winter's morning with a sprinkling of snow she had passed in her car an athletic young man clad in short sleeve jumper and shorts, a hitherto unknown desire possessed her. He was changing his punctured tubular tire and smiled as she passed, warm within her car, his well-muscled legs almost obscene, and his face and whole body suffused with health. For several days afterwards she thought of his eyes, and passed the same spot at the same time. He was always around, pedalling easily and fast along the snowy road joining her lodging and school. A week later she passed him, fully in thinly

dressed, on a street in Stretton, and their friendship had been born.

But it was all over and in the sad serenity of her loneliness she prepared herself a meal. Leonie, she felt, would be thinking about Apthone the half-dead, and tomorrow at Rachael's party, she, as befitted a natural Mistress of Earth, would wear black. Her sympathetic witchcraft might even work.

XII

Rachael stood in the bright light by her parents piano, laughing at Bryan's joke while, around her, her parent's guests gabbled or drank or smoked to mute a mostly-unintelligible background of Mozart. Rachael's use of cosmetics had been light, the result perfectly suited to her gentle features, but it was the manner of her dress that attracted Diane as a scruffy Fisher tried to engage her, on her arrival, in conversation and she tried to forget Leonie's telephone call. "He has asked me to marry him," the distant Leonie had said.

"Really, Diane," Fisher was saying, "even your subject can be taught in a more, shall we say, relevant way." He moved his mouth like a fish and his few strands of spiky hair swayed.

"What?" said Diane. Rachael had clothed herself in a black dress that exposed an ample amount of her large breasts and she wore a necklace of real amber. Her shoes and stockings were black to match her hair.

"Mathematics," droned Fisher, "can be taught – "

"Excuse me!" she said, pushing him aside.

"Hello Miss."

"I see we chose the same colour."

"Yes."

“It might suggest something. Your necklace is beautiful.”

”It was my Grandmother’s. An hereditary gift.”

“It suits your green eyes.”

Rachael smiled, and Bryan the astute, left them.

Diane touched the piano, gently. “Will you play?”

“I couldn’t.”

“For me?”

“I – “

“I will turn the pages of your music.”

Rachael smiled and from the pile in the piano-seat selected a large bound book. She smiled, nervously, but Diane lightly touched her shoulder and she began to play the Arietta for Beethoven’s Opus 111. Across the room, scattered with the guests, Bryan turned the Mozart off.

Soon, only the Beethoven could be heard, and had Diane been alone she would have cried. The music, the beautiful Rachael, her concentration, even the movement of her fingers, enthralled, bringing both memory and desire and purging her of the past. Aphone, the blood, Leonie, her walk by the river. But, beyond all, it was Rachael who captivated her. Rachael’s perfume and music had bewitched.

Then, too soon, the perfect music was over. For ten seconds, silence.

“I did not know you could play like that!” said Rachael’s astonished mother.

Rachael smiled at Diane before saying, “neither did I!”

It was Bryan who began the applause, and Rachael’s mother who ended it by saying, “Really, it seems we have had a musical genius in our midst all this time!”

“Yes, Rosalind,” grinned Fisher as he leered at her, “it certainly does.”

Rosalind smiled endearingly at him, pleased with his attention, before ushering her guests into dinner. The dining room was about half the size of Diane’s bungalow, the large oak table was formally spread and Diane began to regret her acceptance. She would have to make polite, boring and feminine conversation. Only Rachael’s presence would redeem the ordeal. Bryan, the only other pupil, had been seated next to Rachael and was about to offer Diane his seat when Rachael’s mother intervened.

“There Bryan,” she said, patting his arm, a gesture he clearly disliked, “you sit next to our talented Rachael. I am sure you will have a lot to talk about, won’t you?”

Bryan shrugged and sat down. Diane was seated between a benign old gentleman with white hair and a nervous man in an ill-fitting suit with a face of a starveling owl.

“Mr. Karlowicz,” said Rosalind helpfully as she patted him on the arm, “is a painter.”

”You the teacher?” asked the old man beside Diane.

“Yes.”

“Oh,” he replied puzzled. “I thought you were the teacher.”

”What do you paint?” she asked Karlowicz.

“Canvas!” he chuckled, the resumed his nervous frown.

“Do start!” chided Rosalind.

Rachael was leaning forward over her melon and Karlowicz stared at her. But Rachael's smile was for Diane, and she ate her melon slowly while Karlowicz sweated in the heat.

"If you are not the teacher," the old man asked Diane, "are you the painter chap?"

"No, I'm the lesbian," she almost said, but manfully resisted. Instead, she said, "actually, I am the teacher."

"Funny, you don't look like the painter."

The agony was relieved only by Rachael, and she smiled at her across the table before immersing herself in the delicate task of social eating. The thought of Leonie, sitting beside the cripple Apthone's bed angered, momentarily, and she remembered Leonie's nervous voice over the telephone. "Diane – he, that is Richard, asked me to marry him." A silence without circuits crackled. "And will you?" she had asked. "I really don't know... but I have to consider the baby." And the guilt, Diane knew, always the guilt and insecurity oppressing. Apthone was poisoning Leonie: but there was not even a momentary desire in Diane, as there had been yesterday, to kill him and free Leonie. Her lover had chosen and in the sadness Diane remembered some lines of Sappho:

Because you love me

Stand with me face to face
And unveil the softness in your eyes...

Diane sat in silence for the rest of the meal while Fisher monopolized the conversation with a lecture on the relevance and significance of sociology. She smiled kindly at him, once, but he was too engrossed in the torrent of his own words to notice while everyone except Rachael, Bryan and herself (and the old man, who had fallen asleep) nodded sagely their assent. Toward the end of the interminable meal she could see Bryan fighting a desperate battle with himself and was a little disappointed when he did not leap up and cartwheel over the table as part of him so obviously wanted.

"You see!" said Fisher, his eyes glazed while Rachael's mother served coffee, "the community of similar interests which underlies this restricted code obviates the requirement for subjective intent to be verbally elaborated and made fundamentally explicit."

Fisher smiled. “It’s quite simple, Bryan. The codes determine the area of discretion – “

Diane could restrain herself no more. She stood up. “If you’ll excuse Rachael and me. She has promised to play a little more music.”

“Yes,” agreed Rosalind, “that would be very nice. We could listen in here.”

Rachael did not disappoint and followed Diane out.

“You don’t have to play,” Diane said as Rachael sat at the piano. “It was just an excuse.”

“I know. But I’d like to play, Diane.” She breathed the name softly and Diane was aware of the intimacy.

Scorning the Beethoven, Rachael played from memory part of Scriabin’s Ninth Sonata. Half of her youthful face was shadowed, and as she bent over the piano, her eyes closed, her fingers seemingly possessed of a life all their own, she seemed to Diane to embodiment of enchantment and it occurred to her, very slowly, that she was seducing Rachael. As the last notes faded, undampened by the pedal, Rachael’s mother shouted from the dining room.

“That is awful! Play something better.”

Angry, Rachael played a few bars of a nursery rhyme before slamming the lid in disgust. The tempestuousness, the vitality and Rachael’s youthful health, vibrated a memory in Diane and she was torn between a desire to become close with Rachael and her faithfulness toward the insecure Leonie. For an instant, an incredible instant, it seemed to her as if Rachael was the wildness of the Mynd come alive.

“Is Mr. Apthone any better?” Rachael asked, intruding upon her thought.

“Not really.”

”I never liked him,” Rachael said directly. “He gave me the creeps.”

The juxtaposition of Rachael's mature sensibilities with the speaking of uncritical youthful thought confused Diane momentarily because she had forgotten Rachael was her pupil. Rachael herself was embarrassed by the change and bit her lip.

“Shall I play some more for you?”

They were clearly forgotten, for laughter drifted from the dining room, following the cigar smoke and the aroma of ground coffee.

“Yes, Rachael, I would love you to. You never said you were so talented.”

“I only play when I am inspired.” She laid the book out at the beginning of Opus 111. “You inspire me,” she said and immediately began to play.

Her playing and Rachael herself were magickal. She was possessed, hardly seemed human and Diane found it difficult to believe her age because her playing was so full of mature emotion. Rachael did not need the music and Diane stood beside her, fearing to breath, and when it was over she was crying, softly. Never before in her life had she been so moved by a piece of music: she had attended better performances, perhaps, listened to greater music, but never had it been so personal. Never had she been involved as she was when Rachael played. It was not Beethoven – it was Rachael and she, a joining of mutual souls. The music joined them together in an indefinable numinous way.

“Why,” Diane said, trying to hold the moment through silence as she touched Rachael's shoulder, “are you studying maths?”

“I'm not that good,” replied Rachael softly.

“Oh but Rachael, you are!”

Rachael shrugged. “I don't know. I feel different tonight. It was like I didn't have to try. I can't explain really. Once I'd begun, everything happened naturally. I've never felt like that before.” She stared at the floor. “I've never been able to play the whole Sonata before – but I wanted to play well – for you.”

“You could become a professional pianist.”

“Would you be proud of me if I was?”

The question hit Diane like a slap in the face. Carefully, she said, “you are lovely as you are!”

Rachael’s reply was never uttered as the guests, led by Rachael’s mother entered the room.

“Mr. Karlowicz,” announced Rosalind, gripping Karlowicz’s arm, has agree to paint Rachael’s portrait, haven’t you?

The painter smiled awkwardly and nodded while Fisher grinned and said, “In the nude, eh?”

”I do not know,” replied Karlowicz. “I cannot say.”

“Until you have seen the goods, eh?” laughed Fisher while Rachael’s mother smiled.

“Have you ever thought,” Diane asked Rachael’s mother in a loud voice, “that Rachael might be a pianist?”

“Heavens no!” She wants to be a mathematician, like my father. He was a Professor, you know.”

“No, I didn’t.” Bryan had rescued Rachael from the clutches of Karlowicz and Fisher and in a gentle voice Diane added, “she has a talent for the piano. A great gift. She could obtain a scholarship easily. It would be a pity to waste such talent.”

“Nonsense! She is more gifted at mathematics. Like my father was.”

Diane remained silent while Rachael’s mother smiled gracefully and left to attend to her guests. Fisher was moving toward Diane, but she brushed past him. After the shared passion of Beethoven everything and everyone except Rachael seemed bland.

“Rachael,” she said while Bryan winked at her and left to talk with Fisher. “I’m afraid I’d like to go.”

Rachael’s face crumpled and she looked as if she might cry, but Diane said “it’s all right. Your piano playing has made everything – “

Rachael smiled. “Nowhere, Geliebte, can world exist but within. Life passes in transformation.”

Unnecessarily, she added, “I do understand, Diane.”

“We must meet for a talk sometime.”

“I would like that very much. Can it be soon?”

“I hope so.” She moved to hold Rachael’s hand but stopped herself. She felt responsible – for Rachael was barely seventeen and her pupil. She could pretend she did not care and become formal, delineating through her authority as Rachael’s teacher, their respective roles and had she not stood and listened and shared with Rachael the Beethoven and had she not felt instinctively that her own feelings were reciprocated, she might have done so. She had no experience to guide her and felt confused.

“Can you convey my apologies to your parents?” was all she said.

“Yes – they won’t mind. Probably won’t even notice you’re gone.”

“I’ll telephone you tomorrow,” Diane said without thinking.

Rachael blushed. “I’ll look forward to that.”

They stared at each other, both unsure what to do. It was Diane who said, “Well, goodbye.” Without looking back she walked out into the hazy sunlight of middle evening.

The drive along the deserted Greenock to Stretton road brought some calm to Diane and she was able to forget, for a while, Rachael and her music. It was a beautiful evening, humid with a slight breeze and it did not seem to matter that the haze was caused by industrial pollution in Europe being carried in the lofty winds of the high-pressure area. Twice a day, five times a week during term, for nearly six years, she had been along the road and knew every grassy bank, the shape of every hedge through every season, even the position of each pothole. The road wound its undulating way, straddling the coppiced, oak-filled ridge that rose above the cultivated plain to the north-east of the Stretton fault, before dropping into the scattered farmsteads and villages of Ape Dale, and turning west over the Stretton hills and down into the valley, a funnel for trunk road traffic.

Everything here changed slowly. No new houses had been built during her time of tenure and over the years the villages through which she passed remained the same: the squat cottages with their small gardens of rose and bright flowers; the farms, often with the pungent smell of manure. She felt part of the land, secure because of her familiarity. Two-thirds of the distance out from Greenock lay a garage, skirting the few houses and bungalows of the village of Wall through which the road turned sharply west. The garage, well-worn and fraying brick, had been closed twice, re-sold often and now its small grimy windows showed the familiar sign: ‘Under New Management.’

Diane slowed, but a large ‘Closed’ sign was battened to the patched door and she drove on while Beethoven played in her head. Stretton was quiet. Only a few cars were parked beside the Limes of the main wide street of Victorian shop facades. The cinema has long ago been replaced by a red-brick supermarket and the cottages which had once graced the top corner of the street down which the water flooded after storm, had been removed, replaced by Banks as the railway brought prosperity and popularity to the town.

The High Street, leading south past the mock columned Banks, was a jumble of periods from half-timbered Georgian through mock wattle and daub to a handful of Victorian facades, and the breeze stirred the pavement litter. It had been a good day, for tourists.

The narrow road widened past new housing estates clawed out from farming land, past the disused and quaintly small gas-works to the beginning of World’s End and the foot of Ashlet Hill where Diane’s bungalow lay, shaded from all evening sun. She sat in her car in the driveway for several minutes, thinking about Rachael and Leonie until someone rapped on the roof.

It was Watts. "I've been waiting for you."

"Lucky for you I was early then. I suppose you'd better come in."

The sitting room smelled, vaguely, and she opened all the windows wide.

"Well?" she asked while Watts leaned against the frame of the door.

"Have you seen Leonie?"

"No."

"They are getting married."

She betrayed to surprise. "I thought they might."

"You know why?"

"I've got a good idea."

"She feels guilty as well, I presume."

"It's typical of Apthone."

"You don't mind?"

"She had her own life to lead."

"And Apthone?"

“I try not to think about him.” She shivered involuntarily. “Would you like some coffee?”

“Yes.” He did not stand aside and she had to brush past him on her way to the kitchen.

“Please don’t.” She moved away.

“But Diane – “

“I’m sorry. I’ve gone off men since – “

“What?”

“Nothing. It doesn’t matter.”

Watts held her by the shoulder, but she did not look at his face. “Diane, I love you.”

”Don’t say that!” She wriggled free.

“Why not? It’s true!” She stood with her back to him and he said, “What’s wrong? What has Apthone done now?”

“What make you think it has anything to do with him?”

“Instinct,” said Watts sharply.

She turned around suddenly. “Look Alex, I’m very fond of you but at the moment I don’t want any sort of relationship. With anyone.”

He smiled, lopsidedly. “We’d all be better off with Apthone dead.”

“He’s crucified himself.”

“And now he’s crucifying Leonie. And you.” He watched her very carefully. “You’ve gone off Leonie, haven’t you?” When she did not answer he said, “Because she is still bound to Apthone, isn’t it? She prefers Apthone to you.”

“You don’t know what you are talking about!”

He smiled. “I think I do.”

“I’m very tired,” she said coldly. “I’m sorry but would you mind if we forgot about the coffee?”

“You want me to go?”

“Yes.”

“I guess I can wait a little longer,” he shrugged then squinted at her. “Did Apthone come here the other night after I left?”

“What makes you say that?”

“Nothing. Just a guess. Well, I suppose I’d better be going then.”

“If you wouldn’t mind.”

She walked with him to the door. “All problems can be solved,” he said mordantly. He moved to kiss her but she stepped back and shut the door before he could speak.

She was tired and sat in her sitting room while a refreshing breeze caught her face and ruffled, slightly, her hair. Among her records she found a performance of Beethoven’s Opus 111 but it was Rachael’s music and she could not listen to someone else playing it.

Instead, she contented herself with watching a television program. The play seemed realistic

with the characters screaming at each other in broad Glaswegian and she watched it to its conclusion before switching the set off. The real world was in her head, full of conflicting dreams and desires, and after she had carefully closed all windows and locked and bolted the doors, she undressed for bed.

Sleep did not come easily and in the humid darkness she was restless for many hours before the pleasant relief of sleeping dreams overcame her troubled mind and allowed her naked, sweaty body to relax. The dreamed she was by the sea under a beautiful blue sky but the sea was full of rubbish and untreated sewage. Rachael was walking nearby, laughing and smiling while she talked to several young men. She walked toward her and, as a stranger invited the beautiful girl for a drink. Access to the bar of the hotel was through a small door through which they had to crawl and she had ordered drinks for them both while Watts the bartender sneered. She felt guilty and tried to escape through the door, but the opening was now only a small hole and she could not squeeze through. Instead, she returned to Rachael secretly pleased that she could not escape.

She was awoken in the early morning hours of darkness by the ringing of the doorbell. A brief terror suffused her, but she calmly dressed, gathered her revolver from the drawer and walked purposefully into the stinging brightness of the hall.

It was Rachael, leaning on her cycle and Diane hid the revolver behind her back.

“I had an argument with my mother,” she said.

“And you’ve cycled all the way here?”

”Yes.”

“You’d better come in.”

Rachael wheeled her bicycle into the hall while Diane hid the gun in a pocket of a coat by the door. In the sitting room, they sat together on the sofa.

“What was the argument about?”

“Nothing.”

“It was about me wasn’t it?”

“Yes.” She stared glumly at the carpet. “She said I was too old to have crushes on women teachers.”

“I see.”

“She doesn’t understand.” Nervously, she bit a nail. “I’m not wrong, am I?”

Looking at Rachael’s face, Diane could not lie. “No, Rachael, you are not wrong.”

“What shall we do?”

“I don’t know. I am in a very difficult position.”

“Because you are my teacher?”

“I’m afraid so.”

”I wouldn’t want to do anything to harm you.”

“I know. Are you sure – “

“That it is not just a crush? Oh yes, I’m sure.”

“Do your parents know you are here?”

“No.”

“Hadn’t we better tell them? They will be worried.”

”I’m over sixteen. Anyway, they don’t care about me – only about themselves.”

“Shall we telephone them?”

“I’d rather you didn’t. I left a note. They’ll find it in the morning. It was really awful after you left.” She looked around.

“Is your husband here?”

“No.”

“Oh. I presumed – “

“Actually, we’re getting divorced.”

”Really?”

“Yes.”

“Can I stay with you – for a while?”

“It might not be wise.”

”But no one will know – about us, I mean.”

”There is nothing for anyone to know.”

“But the could be, couldn’t there, Diane?”

“You might be mistaken about yourself.”

Rachael smiled. “I don’t think so. Not after tonight. When I played the Beethoven for you, I knew. I have felt like this for you for a long time, but never dared say anything.”

“If the weather is fine tomorrow, shall we have a picnic on the Long Mynd?”

“That would be marvellous!”

“Now you must get some sleep. I’ll show you to the spare room.” She smiled. “I don’t suppose you brought any clothes?”

”No.”

”Don’t worry. You can borrow one of my nightdresses. It might just fit!”

“It doesn’t matter really. It’s too hot anyway.”

Diane showed her to the small room, somewhat cluttered with space bicycle wheels and punctured tubular tires.

“Diane, it’s very kind of you.”

Embarrassed, she said, “Sleep well.”

”And you.”

Her own bed felt damp with the sweat that the sultry night had drawn and she lay naked on the sheet in the airless room. She heard the church clock strike the half-hour and she counted the three tolls. The bedroom door opened, showing a chink or light from the hall and she lay motionless while Rachael sneaked into her bed.

“I couldn’t sleep,” the girl said as she lay beside Diane covering herself with part of the duvet. For several minutes they both lay still, without speaking, until almost at the same time they moved toward each other. They embraced, strongly, naked body to naked body, before relaxing in each other’s arms, and it was like that that they fell asleep to dream in the humid heat of the night.

Diane's awakening was gentle and she opened her eyes in response to Rachael's hand to find Rachael dressed and holding a tray.

"I thought you'd like some breakfast."

"What time is it?" she asked grogged.

"Half past ten."

"Really? I have overslept!"

Holding the duvet to cover her breasts, she sat up and took the tray. "What's the weather like?"

"Beautiful!" Rachael opened the curtains and window. "I didn't know how you liked your eggs, so I guessed. Hope they are all right. There's more coffee if you want it."

"Do you know, this is the first time that I have ever had breakfast in bed?"

"You deserve it! I'll finish cleaning the sitting room."

Before Diane could respond, Rachael left. Soon, she heard a vacuum cleaner being used and she had finished her breakfast and set the tray aside before Rachael had returned.

"Shall we take sandwiches?" an exuberant Rachael asked.

"Sorry?"

"For the Long Mynd. You know, the picnic."

"I hadn't really thought about it. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes. But I always get up around six."

“Good heavens! Why?”

“I run.” Shyly, she added, “not far, only a couple of miles.”

”Rather you than me.”

“Your ought to try it.”

”No thanks, I’m happy being as I am – fat and flabby.”

Rachael laughed, gathered the tray and said, “I’ll see to this while you get dressed.”

Rachael was not an intrusion into her privacy, and Diane found it natural that she should be around. A little diffidence remained, but it was if they had been friends for years. She emerged dressed to find the whole house, with the exception of her bedroom, tidied and cleaned.

“Well,” explained Rachael a little embarrassed, “I woke up at six out of habit and had to do something.”

“Do you want to telephone your parents?”

“Not really.”

”It would be best.”

”Well, if you think so.”

”You could say you were staying here for a few days – that is, if you want to.”

Rachael was ecstatic. “Can I telephone them now, then?”

“Yes, of course”

She returned dejected. “My mother wasn’t too happy. She wants me to go home.”

“And do you want to?”

”Not any more.”

”Shall we go for a walk?”

”I suppose so.”

”Rachael,” Diane said softly. “I don’t mean to interfere. You are an adult – you can make your own decisions. You are free to do what you want. Nobody owns you – not any more anyway. If you wanted to leave school for that matter, no one could prevent you. But if you want to stay, do so for the right reasons, not because you are being emotionally blackmailed.”

“By my mother you mean?”

“Maybe. I don’t know, and it’s not really for me to say. You must make your own decisions.”

“I don’t want to go back home. There’s nothing for me there.

“Except a grand piano!”

Rachael laughed, “except the piano!”

Together they walked from the bungalow in the warm air of mid-Sunday morning along the road to the Little Stretton and wooded track to Ashes Hollow, a stream filled batch between the steeply rising hills of Grindle Hills and Yearlet. The summer’s morning was alive with promise and the early mist had been dispersed by the sun, leaving dewy grass. The water in the stream was low, and Rachael removed her shoes to walk barefoot. No one came along the isolated valley to disturb them.

“Cor!” Rachael shouted, “this water’s cold!”

Under the blue sky with a wind to cool the rising heat of the sun surrounded by the nature-filled peace of the valley, it was not long before Diane had removed her own shoes and began walking tentatively among the stines and boulders of the stream.

It was the splash of water that Rachael threw over her that freed her and, like two friends of the same age, they played in and with the water, chasing each other in turn, until they were both exhausted and soaked. On the grassy bank they stretched themselves to dry.

“Do you want to do mathematics at University?” Diane asked.

There was a long pause, while Rachael ran her hand through the short, sheep-cropped grass and a Dipper bobbed around the stream. “Not particularly. I don’t know what I want to do.”

“You could make a career as a pianist.”

Rachael laughed, but it was not a dismissive laugh. “I don’t know as if I want to, though.”

”You have ample time to decide.”

”Probably. Now I’m leaving home.”

”What would you like to do this afternoon?”

“I could stay here all day.”

”If I stay here much longer I will fall asleep.”

Rachael sat up. “I suppose we’d better go and change.”

”Hmmm.” Diane closed her eyes and Rachael crept to the stream to fill her shoe with water. Slowly, she poured it over Diane’s head. Diane shrieked, and chased Rachael along the path. A middle-aged man with a wizened face stood by the footbridge at the end of the path where it grew rocks, staring with a puzzled look at the two women. They saw him and stopped their chasing and playful yells.

“Good morning!” said Rachael loudly as they passed him.

He looked at them both quizzically, snorted and strode purposefully down the path while Rachael and Diane laughed.

“Race you home.” Rachael said.

“It wouldn’t be a race! Perhaps if you gave me fifteen minutes start!”

“You’d be home by then.”

“Exactly!”

Barefooted they followed the track to the road and the warm pavement to Diane’s home. In front of the driveway stood a car.

“Oh dear,” said Rachael, nodding her head toward it, “trouble!”

“Your parents?”

”My mother.”

“Rachael!” shouted her mother as they drew near, “what have you been doing?”

”Just a walk mother.”

Her mother was speedily out of the car. “Just look at you! And Miss Dietz, I’m surprised at you!”

“Would you like to come in for some coffee?” Diane asked with a smile.

“No thank you. I came to fetch Rachael. And by the looks of things I arrived just in time.”

”Oh mother, don’t fuss!”

“Are you sure you won’t come in?” Diane asked.

“Rachael,” shouted her mother, “put your shoes on and come with me!”

Rachael held her head to one side. “No.”

Her mother looked for a moment. “What did you say?”

“I said no. I’m staying here with Diane.”

”I see! So it’s Diane now, is it? Just wait until your father hears of this!”

“I’m staying with Diane. I’m leaving home.”

”That is impossible!”

“No, it is not. I’m over sixteen.”

”You are just a child!”

Rachael turned away as her mother held her arm. “Rachael, you are coming home with me this instant!”

“No I’m not.”

”How dare you speak to me like that! Do you forget who I am, who you are?”

But Rachael shook herself free from her mother and turned toward Diane. “I can see you have had a hand in all this Miss Dietz.”

”Its Mrs. Dietz, actually,” corrected Rachael.

“I see!” shouted her mother embarrassed and angry. “Well, Mrs. Dietz, I am holding you responsible for all this. Dividing our family. Rachael are you coming?”

”No! I’m not!”

“Well Miss Dietz, just wait until Mr. Thomas hears of your interference. A fine teacher you are telling a young girl to disobey her parents!”

“Mother, that’s not fair! It was my own decision.”

”I would not at all be surprised, Miss Dietz, if you weren’t forced to resign over this. Encouraging young girls in their lewd and sordid fantasies indeed! You should be ashamed of yourself, corrupting a young innocent girl. You are not fit to be a teacher! “

Diane smile only served to make her more angry. She got into her car a slammed the door.

“Rachael! For the last time are you coming home?”

”No.”

”Just wait, Miss Dietz! I am not without influence with the School Governors, you know!”

Then: “You!” She was too angry to speak, and drove away.

“I’m very sorry,” Rachael said when she and Diane were safely in the house.

“Don’t worry,” smiled Diane. “It will be all right, I’m sure. Come on, we’ll get changed.”

”But she said you’d get the sack.”

”I’d resign first.”

“But you can’t. You haven’t done anything!”

“That’s not what other people will think.”

”I don’t really care what they think. You can’t resign. I won’t let you. I’d go back home first.”

”It probably won’t come to anything. Just a little storm in a big teacup.”

”You don’t know my mother! She won’t give up. It’s not fair!”

“Would you like a shower or a bath?”

“If I wasn’t your pupil there is nothing anyone could do, it there?”

“But you are and there is.”

”But if I left school...”

“But you can’t.”

”Why not? You yourself said I could. Anyway, I can and I’m going to!”

“But Rachael – “

“I’ll get a scholarship to the Royal College of Music!”

“I couldn’t let you do that.”

“Unless I wanted to.”

”Rachael – “

Very quietly, Rachael said, “I don’t want to leave you. You must realize I love you.”

The Beethoven, the playfulness by the stream, Rachael’s mother, Rachael’s offer and her pleasing words, were too much for Diane and she turned away.

“I – “ began Rachael. “I’m sorry if I’ve – if I have offended you. I thought – “

Diane did not look at her. “You haven’t.”

Rachael’s voice was tearful. “I assumed we –“ nervously she smiled. “Perhaps I ought to go home.”

The battle was hopelessly lost, for Diane could not bear to inflict upon Rachael more agony. She turned to see Rachael’s face contorted between anticipation and terror of rejection, and her embrace of Rachael relieved her of suppressed emotion as much as it made Rachael happy.

For several minutes they stood in each other’s arms, swaying slightly while sun leaked to them from the window in the hall.

“I don’t want you to go: I don’t want you to go.” Diane said. Then: “I really think we should get changed.”

They parted, but held hands. “What shall I wear?” Rachael asked, looking at her sodden dress.

“I have a few clothes which might fit. You’re a bit larger than me, though.”

Rachael looked down at her breasts and giggled. “I meant what I said you know. About leaving school.”

”It probably won’t be necessary.”

”But if it is – I will do it.”

“You don’t have to.”

“Yes I do. I want to. Because I want to stay with you, Diane. Always.”

Diane held Rachael’s hand tighter. She felt a great love inside her and the sadness of losing Leonie had been immeasurable reduced. But she was afraid.

“You can stay here as long as you wish,” she said, “whatever happens.”

Several strands of Rachael’s dark hair were stuck by sweat to her forehead and Diane brushed them tenderly aside before Rachael kissed her fingers.

“I shall buy you a piano!” she said, blushing and embarrassed.

“And I shall play for you in the evening when we are alone.”

”When will you collect your belongings?”

Rachael shrugged. “Today, tomorrow, I don’t care.”

”Fine. Now will you change your clothes?” she said jovially.

“I’m just going, Miss” replied Rachael sarcastically. “Please don’t beat me!” She laughed and

ran into the bathroom.

She was sitting among the perfumed foam when Diane entered bearing clothes.

“Diane,” she began with an enchanting smile that belied her age. “Will you bath me?”

Diane was trembling, but she laid the clothes aside long enough to kneel beside the bath and kiss Rachael lightly on the cheek. On the roof of the house, several jackdaws fought.

XIV

The invitation, or rather command, had not been long in coming upon Diane’s arrival at school, and she sat in Thomas’s office while he studied some notes on his desk. Outside children played beneath a branding sun.

“Now, Diane,” he smiled, neatly folding his spectacles before wiping his brow of sweat. “Mrs. Paulding, as you may know, has, er, been in contact with me regarding her daughter, Rachael.”

”I thought she might.”

”It seems, from what she had told me, that Rachael is staying with you against her parent’s wishes. Is that so?”

”Yes.”

”Diane – I will be honest with you. I am in a difficult, not to mention delicate situation, as I am sure you appreciate. On one side, there is Mrs. Paulding; on the other, you. Mrs. Paulding has, shall we say, made some serious allegations.”

”About me and Rachael, I presume.”

”I’m afraid so. And since Rachael is a pupil – “

”She isn’t.”

”Pardon?”

”She isn’t a pupil anymore. She had decided to leave school.”

"Do her parents know of this?"

"She telephoned them this morning."

"I see." He fumbled with some notes on his desk. "Is that Rachael's own decision?"

"Yes. Nothing I could do to dissuade her."

"But is she, er, staying with you?"

Without rancor, Diane said, "I know what you are implying. But it is not like that at all. She is simply staying with me because she has left home and has nowhere else to go – at the moment."

"I would like to believe – "

"But you know that I am a lesbian."

"No! No! Good heavens! I didn't mean to imply – "

"That I am corrupting Rachael?"

"Diane," he smiled kindly at her. "I know you well enough after – what is it? Six years? – to know that you are a very professional teacher."

"I'm prepared to resign," she said slowly and mutely.

"Come now! I won't hear of it!"

"But – "

"We can sort this out, between the two of us."

"But the Board of School Governors – "

Thomas smiled – a strange smile, mixing benevolence with occult knowledge. "I am sure I can come to some arrangement. With Mrs. Paulding. No need to involve anyone else. Would it be possible for me to speak with Rachael?"

"Of course. Do you want her to come here?"

Thomas pondered. "No. It would perhaps be best away from school."

”Mr. Thomas?” asked Diane shyly.

“Hmm?”

”Can I ask you a personal question?”

”You mean why am I, as Headmaster of a vast and sometimes incomprehensible Comprehensive school, going to such trouble for you?”

”Well, yes.”

”It is simple really.” He smiled his strange smile. “You are a good teacher. But perhaps most of all – the pupils like you. Strange that, are rare, believe me. But – “

“But?”

”I realize that you are undergoing a difficult period in your life – what with you marriage and everything – but you should perhaps be more, shall we say, discreet?”

“And not become involved with pupils?”

“Precisely.”

”I never have before and never intend to again.”

”Good. I can help this time. There will not be another, believe me. The last thing we as a school need is another scandal,” he said abstractly. One was enough.

A year ago, one of the male teachers had had an affair with a female student. When it became known, he had left in haste, leaving the girl and her baby, to find employment in a large city in America, a suitable place many agreed.

“No,” said Thomas, shaking his head, “Not another scandal.” He thought for a moment. “It may be necessary for Rachael to leave. Would she have obtained her ‘A’ levels?”

”Definitely! Good grades, probably.”

”I will talk with her tonight – “ His telephone rang.

“Mr. Thomas speaking... Hello Rosalind! I’ve just heard.” He covered the mouthpiece with his hand and said to Diane, “I’ll call after school.”

”Fine!” She smiled at him to find Watts lurking outside the door.

“I’ve heard,” he said perfunctorily.

“How?” Diane was surprised.

Watts tapped his nose with his forefinger. “Shall I just say a middle aged witch told me.”

Diane watched him suspiciously. “What have you been up to now?”

“Come to dinner tonight and I’ll explain everything.”

”I can’t. Mr. Thomas is coming to see Rachael.”

”Lunch then?”

Diane was intrigued and said, “Yes.”

The morning passed painfully slow for Diane. She expected her classes to be interrupted by Mr. Thomas who would ask for an urgent meeting. Or Mrs. Paulding would rush in, pointing the accusing finger and shout, “you lesbian! Corrupting my daughter!”

Yet, because she was an accomplished teacher, and she actually cared for the children she taught more than she cared about the teaching staff or what they thought or said, she was able to teach as if nothing had happened, as if it was another Monday morning like any other – except the last week of term and exceptionally hot. Only one blemish marked her morning.

As she walked to meet Watts by the double glass doors that fronted the school and overlooked the car park and Windmill Hill and near where school buses thronged at the beginning and ending of the day, Bryan accosted her.

“Miss,” he asked, “is it true that Rachael has left?”

She looked at him, amazed. “News travels fast, I see.”

“Her parents told me.”

”When?”

”I saw them at break.”

”Here?”

”Sure! Going into the Crater – I mean Mr. Thomas’ room.”

”Oh, I see. She might be leaving. I really don’t know yet.”

”Probably the best thing that could happen.”

”What?”

”Her leaving. I mean, like getting a scholarship in music.”

”Bryan – “

”Sorry Miss,” he smirked, “got to dash!” He ran to join the throng of children bound for the refectory.

Watts was waiting by his new car and she allowed him to close the door as he seated himself.

“And where,” he asked, touching his forelock, “would Madam like to be driven today?”

She waved her hand imperiously, “That way, my man.”

”Very good, Madam!” he saluted.

He took them through the town, along a few twisty lanes all neatly hedged, to an isolated country Inn. A few cars were beside the lofty Oak outside and in the cool if dim and modernized interior they sat with their drinks.

“Well?” she asked before drinking most of her cider.

“Eh?” groaned Watts obtusely.

“Any idea why Leonie did not come in this morning?”

“No.” He drank his pint of ale in a few gulps, burped and said, “It’s me charm which get ‘em! You any idea?”

”About Leonie? No, she wasn’t in when I telephoned this morning.”

“With the bastard Apthone, no doubt.”

”Probably.” She finished her cider.

“Like another?”

”Not for me. I can’t teach well if I have too much to drink.”

”Huh! I can’t teach without too much!” He loped to the bar taking almost half of its width, and returned with a mug of dark brew and plate of sandwiches.

Diane snatched most of the sandwiches from the plate. “You were going to tell me about Mr. Thomas.”

”Was I now? Did you see Morgan this fine morning?”

“No. She kept out of my way.”

”Not surprising really,”

”Mr. Thomas?”

”Nay, lass, me name be Watts. ‘Thumper’ for them as ‘have a care.’”

She clutched his mug. “Are you going to tell me or do I shampoo your hair?”

Watts chuckled, rather loudly. “Not the dreaded beer over the hair ploy! All right, I give in, I’ll tell you.” He squinted at her. “There was gossip a few years back about him and Rachael’s mother.”

Diane was astonished. “Really? I never heard about it.”

”Yep. ‘cause,” he smiled, “it might not be true.”

”And?”

”You know me! I went to him and said, nudge, nudge, wink, wink – “

“You’re showing your age now.”

He ignored the remark. “I said to him, straight like, ‘Create quite a scandal, a story like that. And you a Headmaster.’ And he said, “well I’ll know whom to thank’ and gave me a straight look.” He waited for the accolade. There was no response, so he said, “I think he got the message.”

He finished his beer. “You’ll be all right.”

Diane understood only too well. Outside, the sun shone bright and hot while a lark sang above a field. On the road a car passed while sunlight glinted upon glass.

Diane sighed. “You really shouldn’t have.”

Watts shrugged. “What the hell? I did it because you’re a friend, not because of what you are thinking.”

”Was there any truth in the rumour?”

“About the boss and Rosalind?”

”Yes.”

He smirked again. “Who can say?”

”You can I am sure.”

”Just between you and me and the rest of the staff, of course, there was a lot of truth in it.”

”How do you know?”

”Shall we get back?”

”If you like.”

”I’ve something to give you when we get back to school.”

”What?”

”Wait and see.”

They returned through the Shropshire landscape in silence. Watts occupied, as well he might be, with his maniacal driving, Diane with her sombre thoughts. Two children were fighting by the main door when they returned but when Diane instinctively went toward them Watts held her back. He handed her a small neatly wrapped package.

“Open it when I’m gone,” he said and strode off to lift the two boys with bloody noses straight into the air and carry them bodily into the foyer.

Inside the package, wrapped in a small, embroidered silk purse, was a sapphire engagement ring.

XV

Diane had spent the afternoon trying to avoid Watts, and she was glad when school finished. Unusually, she felt no desire to retire to the relative peace of the staff room, as was her habit, to drink coffee, talk a little or mark some of the children’s exercise books from the inevitable pile that had collected during the day. Instead, she hurried in the tropical humidity toward her car while school buses siphoned the children away.

The sameness of her journey make it uneventful, but she stopped by the side of the road near the rocky outcrop of Hope Bowdler Hill before the Greenock road cut its way down to the Stretton valley. Clouds gathered to obscure a little of the Stretton valley and she could smell ozone among the wind-borne smells of summer.

Slowly, she began to realize that little that was real or natural bound her to the land on which she lived, still less to the surroundings of her school. She and her fellow teachers formed a cabal – a sort of sub-community within the boundaries of Greenock, Shrewsbury and Stretton. Most of her own friends were teachers from the school, and almost all of her social life involved them, the parents or school events. She, and the others like her, had little contact with the community from which the children came. She did not live among her pupils, and indeed the school was too large for her to know all of them personally, as she wished. The school day ended, and she was gone, shut up in her house or with her friends while her children carried on their lives, in a little sub-society all their own. Children came to her eleven years old and she taught them, watched them, and worried about them for five, six, and soon seven years. And then they left. Sometimes a little card, or a meeting by chance. But they were gone; lost to her world of village, town and school. The thought made her sad, but she knew no solutions and, under the gathering gloom, drove slowly home.

Rachael was waiting, her hair plaited, her body clothed in a bright cotton dress, and as soon as Diane opened the door, Rachael embraced her.

“Mr. Thomas is coming,” Diane said.

“I know. My mother telephoned.” She took Diane’s handbag. “Come and sit down. I’ve made some coffee.”

”That’s kind of you. Have you changed your mind?”

”About what?”

“School, of course.”

”No.” She brought coffee and demurely offered Diane a piece of cake. “Hope you like it.”

Diane held the cake suspiciously, then thought better about making the joke. “Hmm,” she said truthfully, “it is delicious! You are lovely!”

“I suppose,” said Rachael sullenly, holding her head in her hands as she sat next to Diane on the sofa, “Mr. Thomas will try and persuade me.”

”Probably.”

”My mother wasn’t angry, you know.”

”Oh?”

”Yes. Quite calm about it all. Strange, really.”

”I suppose she’s realized that you are a young woman, not her little girl.”

”Your husband called this afternoon. Seemed surprised to find me here.”

Diane smiled. “Good!”

“He left his door keys.”

”Did he say what he wanted?”

”Just some wheels – for his bicycle I think.”

“That fits! Did he say anything else?”

”Don’t think so. Oh yes, he left you a note.”

With supine agility that Diane admired, Rachael leapt from the sofa and extracted the letter from the mantelpiece.

‘Diane,’ it read. ‘I will call tomorrow to collect the rest of my belongings. Sorry things did not work out and thanks for your kind letter.’

Diane screwed the letter up and threw it toward the empty fireplace. She missed and Rachael had moved to retrieve it when the doorbell rang.

“I’ll go!” said Rachael excitedly.

“Rachael!” Diane heard Thomas say, “how nice to see you!”

“It’s Mr. Thomas,” said Rachael unnecessarily, as she let him into the room.

“Well now, Rachael,” he said as he sat down. “You know why I have come to see you?”

“Yes.”

”And you are still of the opinion that you want to leave?”

“Yes.”

Diane stood up. “Would you like some coffee?”

”I’ll be in the kitchen,” Diane said.

“Diane,” said Thomas, “there is no need for you to leave, I assure you.”

”Mr. Thomas,” Rachael said.

“Yes Rachael?”

“I’m not going back.”

”But why? You have your ‘A’ levels next year.”

”I don’t want to.” She looked at Diane. “Besides, I can’t live with Diane – Mrs. Dietz - if I’m at school, can I?”

”Well,” muttered Thomas, “it would be highly unusual.”

”I’m not ashamed to say that being here is more important to me than going to school or taking examinations.”

”I see.” He looked owlshly at Diane before smiling at Rachael. “And what will you do? For a career, I mean?”

”I haven’t decided yet. I may not need one. But I could try for an RCM scholarship. In the meantime, I thought I would study privately, and still take my exams.”

”I see.” He smiled benevolently. “You seem to have thought everything out.”

”Yes, I have.”

”Well, you could not have a better tutor!”

“Has my mother spoken to you?”

”Naturally.” He stared at the carpet and shuffled his feet. “She realizes that you are old enough to make you own decisions about your future. She would still like you to go home, of course.”

“There’s no chance of that.”

“No, that’s what I thought. Well, I’d best be on my way.” He stood up and shook Rachael’s hand. “I wish you well for the future. You are in good hands.”

Rachael blushed. “Thanks.”

“I’ll show you out,” said Diane.

At the door, Thomas said, “I’m well satisfied. I do not anticipate any problems – with the school, at least. Diane,” he whispered, “it may not be any of my business, but she is very young.”

”Does she look happy to you?”

”Well, yes. Very much so, in fact.”

”You have answered your own unasked question then.”

Thomas appeared a little embarrassed. “Well, goodbye then. See you tomorrow, as usual!” he said cheerfully.

“Yes.” She watched him walk to his car before closing the door.

“I’m glad that’s over!” said Rachael.

“So am I!”

“I was trembling all over.”

”Honestly? I thought you were very self-possessed.”

Rachael laughed. “I feel really free! And happy!” She danced around the room shouting “I’m happy! I’m free!”

“Fancy a walk?”

Rachael stopped, stared out of the window and scowled. “It’s going to pour!”

“I’m game if you are. I am not afraid of the rain, even if you are,” said Diane playfully.

“Where do you want to go then?”

”Top of the Mynd?”

”Suits me. It will be nice and windy up there!”

They decided against the car and walked into the town along the High Street to take the road to the Burway. By the cattle grid that stopped the spread of detached houses and signified the beginning of the moorland, they left along a track to follow the path by the stream in Townbrook valley. The hills rose steeply on either side, fledged in green and sheep while the sky above grew darker and distant thunder rolled.

The thunder alarmed Rachael a little, and she threaded her fingers into Diane’s as they passed almost four hundred feet below Devil’s Mouth, its scree and frost broken boulders scattering the hill. The upward path of cracked, bare and brown earth led them past the growing ferns toward the greenish-gray siltstones of the Long Synalds heights.

It was an isolated spot, well known to Diane, and overlooked the small, spreading valleys that fed the stream in Ashes Hollow. Behind them, the hill rose steadily until it became the levelled plateau of Mynd top.

Thunder violet threatened them above as lightning forked, striking higher ground. Almost instantaneously the clap of thundering air, which shook them as they huddled close to the ground. The Mynd seemed to vibrate in response as Rachael screamed amid the large drops of rain. Another flash, nearer, as rain and thunder battered them and ozone seared the sky. The

darkness of rain and closing cloud was ominous.

But Diane was a dark goddess; imbued with the storm's power and she laughed and beat her fists into the soaking earth. The storm was her storm and would not – could not – harm them. Its power was hers, but she let it break itself over the town and hills beyond. Then, both she and Rachael were laughing – a strange laugh, redolent of Dionysus, perhaps, or an ancient witches' meet. Rain soaked them, but they did not care. They alone were alive in a world of the dead.

Slowly, their demonic life-enhancing ecstasy ebbed with the passing of the storm, and they were left to find their way down the hill while their bodies tingled and their sense of reality returned.

“You realize,” Rachael said as they trod the street into the town, “we are bound together now. Beyond even our own death.”

It was not a strange thing to say, and it did not sound strange to Diane. Somewhere, alone their walk into the storm they had crossed into another world.

“I know,” she replied. The bonds that had bound her to Leonie were broken and her own fear of becoming deeply involved with Rachael had vanished, as the lightning had vanished, sending only a distant thunder while they walked.

They were both removing their sodden clothes when Diane's doorbell rang. It was Leonie, and Diane, in her dressing gown, stared at her with a mixture of welcome and annoyance.

“Leonie,” she finally said, “come in.”

Hurriedly, Rachael wrapped a towel around her body.

Leonie stared at Diane for a second, and then said, “I can't stay long. The children are in the car. Hello Rachael.”

“Hello Miss,” said Rachael shyly and locked herself in the bathroom.

“I just came to tell you,” said Leonie sadly, “that Richard asked me to marry him – and I said I might. Only – “

”Only?”

”I thought we – “ she hesitated, then added, “but I see I was wrong.”

Diane held her arm. “Leonie. You know I didn’t want you to become involved with Apthone again.”

“He needs me,” she said gently.

“For God’s sake! No he doesn’t! Not in the way you believe. He’s just using you – again!”

“That’s unkind of you.” She shook Diane’s hand off her arm.

“No it’s not.”

”You have never liked him, have you?”

”No!”

“I thought we understood one another.”

”We can’t – with Apthone in the way.”

”I will probably marry him. He’s very kind and gentle.”

Suddenly Diane was angry. “Look!” she pointed to the wall of her hall. “See those stains? Do you know whose blood it is? Well, I’ll tell you! It’s your bloody, beloved Apthone! You know the night of his accident?” she was re-living the terror and the words would not be silenced. “He came here, your precious and gentle Richard, and tried to rape me!”

Leonie stepped backwards, holding her hands to her face. “It’s not true!” she said weakly. “I don’t believe you.”

Diane shook her head. The anger and terror and repressed guilt had gone and softly she said, “I

really don't care if you believe me or not.”

“You only said it because you hate him,” pleaded Leonie, half to herself.

“Leonie – I didn't ...”

Leonie was crying. “I don't want to talk to you,” she said and ran out of the room.

Diane was about to follow when she heard Rachael behind her.

“Diane, I couldn't help overhearing.”

Leonie had driving away and Diane closed the door.

“It was true, wasn't it?” asked Rachael, “what you said.”

Diane nodded and began to cry. “I shouldn't have told her I know. But I was so angry.”

Rachael came to her and held her hand. “I hope I didn't embarrass you.”

Diane stopped crying. “Embarrass me?”

”By being here – with no clothes on.”

Diane was moved by Rachael's gentle innocence and embraced her. “Rachael, my darling, nothing you could do, would embarrass me.”

”I can think of something,” she said with a modest smile before loosening Diane's dressing gown and bending down to kiss her breast. Diane was trembling, and slowly Rachael let the gown fall to the floor before she led Diane toward the bed.

Exceptionally, Diane did not wish to leave for school. For a long time she lay in bed, Rachael curled up asleep beside her. She wanted to stay with Rachael, spend the day with her, for school seemed charmless, a charade full of children in adult bodies playing indoor games.

Rachael seemed to make everything clear; there was no guile in her, only a trusting innocence that Diane loved and wanted to cherish and protect. Last night after Rachael had broken the barrier which Diane herself had feared to break, it had seemed, many times, that she and Rachael were not different people. There was no question of identity, no barriers of any kind at all and they did not have to speak to understand each other's needs. A look, a vague smile... And she found it difficult to believe, in the hazy light of morning, that Rachael was so young. An instinct seem to guide Rachael and her body so that she gave to Diane a divine and physical ecstasy such as she had never before experienced.

With Rachael, all her own insights and experiences – the path by the Severn, the Long Mynd, the storm, even her planned revenge on Apthone – seemed to possess her again with a force all their own, as if Rachael, just by loving so selflessly, transformed those insights into reality and suddenly it occurred to Diane that she had never been in love before. Always, with her husband, with Leonie, a part of her had been detached and critical just as a part had not surrendered for fear of being hurt. But with Rachael, everything was easy and natural and she wanted to find some form, some suitable expression, with which to represent her love. She wanted to hold Rachael in her arms, cry and laugh at the same time and tell her that she loved her as she had never loved anyone before.

Through and because of Rachael, she possessed everything she had even dreamt about, and beside this young and beautiful woman, men seemed a pale, distorted flicker. Rachael fulfilled the deepest longings Diane had ever nurtured.

She kissed her, softly, before stretching and leaving the room to dress. On the kitchen table, laid and made ready by Rachael the night before without Diane's knowledge, she found, propped up on a vase containing a single white rose, a note. 'Diane' it said simply in Rachael's italic hand, 'I love you.' Diane was overwhelmed, and crept back to the bedroom to steal a look at her sleeping lover.

It was nearing eight o'clock when she was prepared. Rachael, unusually, still slept, and, closing the kitchen door, she used the extension to make her telephone call. Calculated deceit was alien to her and she was shaking when she dialled Fisher's number.

“Hello? Diane here. Sorry to bother you, but just rang to say I won’t be in until after ten this morning. Can you get someone to look in on my lower sixth group? Good.... Sorry about the short notice but – “ she hurriedly thought of some excuse, “ – I have a dental appointment. I’d forgotten about it!” she laughed to give credence to her lie.

Diane was still trembling when she closed the door and walked to her car. No mist blighted the sky as no regret blighted Diane.

Shrewsbury was busy with commuter traffic and she followed the road over English Bridge, round the Town Walls, and Quarry, along the river until she drove past the stone memorial to Hotsper to park on a side street. For over half an hour she sat on the grass where the tall spire of St. Margaret’s church shadowed squat buildings while the road channelled traffic down toward Wyle Cop Hill. She enjoyed quietly watching the people rush along the pavements, buses stop to empty and fill, cars to pass, and was almost sad when the time came for her to leave.

She waited outside the shop on Dogpole, while heavy lorries beat upon the narrow road, until its myopic, stooped owner opened, reluctantly, it seemed, his door.

“Can I help you Madam?” he smiled.

“I hope so!” Diane said confidently. “I want to buy the best piano you have in stock.”

The man’s eyes brightened, and he wrung his hands. “Certainly Madam! But we do not carry a large stock.” He sighed. “All we have at the moment is this Baby Grand.” He patted it gently. “Would you like to try it? It has lovely tone. Actually, I’m very fond of it myself, but get so little time to practice, these days.”

“I’ll take it.”

The man raised his eyebrows. “I could play a little, if you wish.”

”No, really, it looks perfect. When can you deliver?”

He scratched his nose. “Toward the end of the week?”

”How about today? I don’t care what it costs.”

”Of course, Madam. If you are sure.”

Quickly, she wrote out the cheque and handed it to the man.

“But Madam – “ he protested when he looked.

“I’ll leave you to fill out the amount. You can send the bill. You’ll want the address, of course.”

”Yes, Madam.”

She wrote it on the back of her cheque. The man stared at the check, then at her. “A present!” she said.”

“Yes, of course, Madam. We do provide free tuning for a year. I myself – “

“Splendid! What time will you deliver?”

”What time would be most convenient?”

”Four this afternoon.”

”I am sure that can be arranged.”

”Splendid...and,” she added, “I assure you the cheque will not bounce. You can telephone my bank, if you wish. Or I can go to the bank now and withdraw the amount in cash, if you prefer.”

“There is no need for that Madam, I assure you.” He scratched his nose. “If you could provide me with a telephone number where you can be reached during the day. Only if an unforeseen problem arises, I assure you.”

”Yes, of course.” She wrote the telephone number of the school on her cheque. “Well, goodbye.”

“But Madam,” he protested as she made for the door, “don’t you want to know how much it will cost?”

”Not really,” she smiled and left.

She was trembling as she walked toward the High Street. Soon, she had arranged the transfer of all her savings. Wistfully she knew it might not be enough, but did not care. It was irrelevant compared to Rachael's happiness and she smiled as she tramped along the streets to her car, singing softly to herself.

On her return to school she found Watts and Morgan in the staff room alone. But they could not spoil her bliss and she walked toward Morgan while Watts eyed her hopefully from his corner.

"Well," she said jovially to Morgan, "I hope you take care of him."

"I was a bit worried – "

"About me? Don't be! As long as you are both happy, what's the problem?"

"I thought – "

"Do you love him?"

Morgan gave a little smile. "I think so."

"Has he mentioned marriage?"

"Yes. But I'm not sure. It's too soon."

Diane touched her on the arm. "Take your time and learn to be happy. Are you interested in cycling?"

"Only a little."

"Well, there's hope then."

"Diane, why are you being so – so nice?"

Diane laughed. "Simple! Because it makes people happy. It is really easy to be happy."

Morgan shook her head. "I don't understand you."

"Nothing to understand, really," Diane quipped before turning towards Watts.

He grinned at her. “Did you like it?”

She sat down beside him. “Yes. But look, Alex, I don’t want to hurt you – “

”But you are going to anyway.”

She shrugged. Morgan was making some exercise books, but Diane still whispered. “You know what I am.”

”Part of you perhaps.”

”No, Alex. All of me. I care for you, very much, but I could never become involved as you wish.”

“I’ve loved you for years. Since the first day I met you.”

”Please,” she sighed, “I’m living with Rachael.”

”Temporarily, I assumed.”

”No, permanently. You might not understand, but we love each other.”

”What! You and Rachael? She is only a child!”

“I don’t want to talk about it any more.”

”I won’t give up,” he insisted.

She removed his ring from her handbag. When she held it out, he pushed her hand away.

“You keep it.”

”I can’t.”

”Yes you can. Why do you think I have never married?”

”Please,” she pleaded. Then: “But I thought you loved Leonie?”

He shrugged. “Maybe. But only because she reminded me of you.”

”Why don’t you fight for her?”

“Maybe.” He stood up. “You keep the ring.” Then without rancour, but with his lopsided smile, he said, “give it to Rachael.”

Before she could reply he had walked away and out of the room. Morgan was smiling at her, but she could not have been more wrong.

XVII

The bulbous red sun was still hidden behind the height of Caer Caradoc when Diane and Rachael began their journey. No traffic blighted the road and in the cool respite of an early dawn the world seemed quiet and quite dead.

Diane could not afford the holiday, but she did not care. The piano had been delivered, as promised, and Diane remembered how Rachael had laughed, then cried and enfolded her in kisses when she had returned, a little weary, from school. All evening she played, creating through her music a magic spell that bound Diane and made her a prisoner of love and desire. Then, at last, an exhausted Rachael, her body and dress drenched in sweat, had held her hand and said, “Now I want to give you something special.” Her body still ached, a little, from the passion of Rachael’s love.

The hours brought the heat and the traffic and both were relieved to leave the car when they arrived at the Yorkshire hamlet of Gilling. To the north, less than a mile distant, were the North Yorkshire moors while to the south, the plain of York whose fertile land had been farmed for millennia. There was nothing unique or even interesting about the village – a few stone build houses gather around a dip in the road from Helmsley to York – but for Diane it was special. Not simply because a mile away to the northwest lay the imposing while stone buildings of Ampleforth Abbey with its community of Benedictine monks, but also because of the surrounding lakes and forest, once part of the wealthy Fairfax estate and now managed by the monastery. For her, discovered by chance while at University, it was a place where she could relax, untroubled by crowds of people, and where, after a walk in the forest, she could sit in the monastic choir with its carved oak stalls, and listen to the beauty of Gregorian chant. But perhaps the most fitting of all, she could swim privately in the icy coldness of the lakes.

The cottage guesthouse was Spartan, but clean, and they unpacked hastily in their shared room before briskly walking along the narrow track to the lakes. On one side, the forest, on the other, grazing fields, the monastery and its enclosing large Public School.

“It seems very peaceful,” Rachael said, stroking her amber necklace.

“Is it – even during term time when the boys are here.”

”A shame about the trees.”

”Sorry?”

”The trees.” Behind the roadside deciduous fringe, a conifer plantation grew. “Shame it is so dead within.”

”By the lake – “

“It is different!” said Rachael confidently.

“Yes.”

”I bet it has a dark history.”

”I wouldn’t know.”

”Up there, on the hill, where the broken tree grows.”

They walked in silence to the lake. It was a small lake, girdled with trees and reed and a rotten jetty pointed like a broken finger toward its heart. But there was silence and a pale blue sky while water rippled, slowly.

They undressed and swam naked, racing each other to and from the jetty to where a small rusty buoy was anchored, until tired with the effort and by the cold of the water, their laughter and the long journey, they lay on the mossy bank to dry beneath the summer sun.

“If we hurry,” Diane said as Rachael stretched herself like a cat, “we might be in time for Vespers.”

Dressed, but not dry, they walked the mile or so to the monastery through the large expanse of rugby fields until, in the slanting shadows, they stood below the church while crows flocked noisily above the stone.

“Come on!” chided Diane as she climbed the steps to the church.

Rachael shook her head. “I’d rather not go in.”

”Why ever not?”

”I’m afraid places like this give me the creeps – always have done.” She shivered.

“You should have said! I’d never have dragged you all this way.”

“I didn’t want to disappoint you.”

”Anyway,” smiled Diane, “it doesn’t matter and I’m hungry.”

Arm-in-arm, they returned to their lodging.

The next day began the pattern which they were to follow for the remainder of their stay. They would rise late from their bed and after a large breakfast walk among the forest and hills, often silent, but sometimes sharing through their words their private thoughts and dreams, fascinated as new lovers are by each other. They talked, played, walked or sat, touching, sharing every experience: the damp feel of rotting wood, the dew of the grass, the joy of watching a deer, the naming of wild flowers. Their afternoon was spent swimming and lying in the tessellated lakeside sun while the earth moved imperceptibly toward dark. It was sufficient for them to be together, close enough to touch, and it did not occur to either that such exclusive closeness might restrict. In the evening, they would lock their bedroom door and exhaust themselves with love. Not once did they visit the Abbey, and the days with their sameness soon passed, bringing to both security and great joy. Rachael, with her sometimes sombre thoughts, bound herself physically, emotionally and mentally to Diane. Diane was everything to her: lover, sister, husband and wife. The labels, and the roles of the world, which they hid, were meaningless for them, and it never occurred to either of them that there was anything unnatural about their relationship. No barriers, reminded and no guilt bound them just as no thought restricted.

They would dress to please each other, perfume their bodies richly, and sometimes, soak into the pores of their body the heady scent of forest or lakeside earth. The earth, with its canopy of trees spread full for summer, the reedy depths of the lake, the sun and scarce breeze, even the moon of morning, served them, offering gifts, nurturing the divine. No music sufficed for their feelings, no words could represent their joy.

Once, when the sun made long shadows by the road and dust dried their mouths, they had left in their car for an Inn. It was an old Inn, gabled and small, and they sat in the corner, cleanly dressed but scented of earth, their faces blushed and burned by both sun and lake water, while tourist men fresh from tourist cars stared and local men surmised.

They had allowed themselves to be brought drinks, a meal they did not need, while the two vultures in perfumed shirts that had sought them out preened and fed their minds with glee at the promise of the night. Under the table, Diane caressed Rachael's leg with her foot.

“Well,” she said finally, “we'd better go.”

A vulture grinned. “Shall we drive you home? I have my Mercedes outside..”

Rachael, Diane knew, understood, and wickedly she said, “Well, we are staying at the Grange – The Abbey guest house.” She told the lie well.

“Yes,” a leering face said, its moustache twitching, “I know it.”

”If,” whispered Diane, “you want to see us, come after eleven tonight. We'll leave the doors open. I'm in number 17, second floor.”

“And I,” smiled Rachael, “am in 19.”

Outside, in the privacy of their car, Rachael said, “That was very naughty of you!”

“Awful wasn't it?”

”But I enjoyed it.”

”So did I!”

“Did you see their faces when you gave them your room number?”

“Yes! I thought they were going to wet themselves.”

They laughed, and waved at the two men dallying between the Inn and a Mercedes car before driving away, pleased and satisfied with their ploy.

It had been the happiest week of both their lives, and both were sombre when the morning of their departure arrived. “We must never part!” Rachael had said and clung to Diane before the long and tedious journey that returned them to their home. It was significant, both felt, that on their return cloud came, bringing a steady drizzle of rain.

On the floor of their hall, scattered by the letterbox, three handwritten notes lay, but Diane had time only to retrieve one of them before the telephone rang.

“Hello,” Rachael said. Then, sadly, “It’s Leonie - for you.”

“Hello, Leonie, Diane.” She held Rachael’s hand while she talked. “Yes, we’re back. What? When? ... I see. Yes, of course, I’ll come.”

Rachael was looking at her expectantly. “It’s Apthone,” Diane said, “he’s dead.”

In the dim light of late evening, Diane was certain she saw Rachael smile.

XVIII

“I would like you to come,” said Diane. “Very much.”

”I – I don’t know,” replied Rachael shyly. “I might be in the way.”

”You,” Diane said kissing her, “could never be in the way as far as I am concerned.”

Rachael smiled. “I was a little jealous when she telephoned.”

”No one is more important to me than you.”

"I know really. I just like to hear you say it, that's all."

They departed immediately and it was dark and still raining when they arrived to find Leonie and her house in a state of confusion.

"Children are in bed," she said her face drawn. Nervously, she bit her nails, "Diane, I am so glad you came!"

Leonie moved forward, but Diane stepped back. "I brought Rachael with me – I hope you don't mind."

"No. I wondered if you would." Her voice trembled. "Come in, both of you."

Diane sat on the edge of the sofa while Rachael stood in a shadowed corner of the room fingering her amber necklace.

"When did he die?" Diane asked.

"The day before yesterday. It was awful!" She sobbed a little, then smiled.

"Has no one been to see you since?"

"Yes." She lit a cigarette and blew the smoke away. "Alex. He was with me just before Richard...."

"Has anyone seen to the funeral arrangements?"

"I don't know." Leonie tried to control her shaking hands, and partially succeeded. "Alex mentioned something."

"Is there anything I can do?"

Leonie smiles. "It is nice you just being here."

"Perhaps it was all for the best."

"Don't say that Diane!" Leonie started crying.

The memory of their love returned to Diane, but she ignored her feelings and, in atonement,

handed Leonie her handkerchief.

“Thanks.” Then, to Rachael, “You must think me silly.”

Rachael came forward and to Diane’s astonishment kissed Leonie on the cheek.

“No, I don’t” she said. She astonished Diane even more when she said, “Do you want us to stay here – for the night, I mean?”

“No,” smiled Leonie, holding Rachael’s hand. “That’s very kind, but I’ll be all right. Alex – Mr. Watts – said he’s calling round later to see how I am.” She returned the handkerchief before saying, “Would you like something to drink?”

Rachael and Diane looked at each other. Diane said, “No, not for me.”

”Rachael?”

“No, thanks. We had something on the way down.

“Of course,” said Leonie, “You’ve just got back, haven’t you?”

”Yes.” It was Diane who answered but Rachael who yawned.

The ringing chimes of the doorbell startled Leonie. “I’ll go!” offered Rachael.

Watts blocked the doorframe and smiled broadly. “Rachael!” he said loudly, “You look more beautiful every time I see you.”

Rachael curled her lip, but he did not wait for her reply.

“Well!” he boomed, rubbing his hands together and shaking rain from his hair, “I see we’re all gathered for the wake!”

Diane stood up and smiled politely at Watts. “We are just going.”

“Had a good holiday, then?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Diane, staring at him, “very good.”

“Splendid!” He turned to Rachael who was standing by the door. With her raven hair slightly wet from the rain, her black dress and amber necklace, she might have been a wise woman of the Old Religion.

“I see,” Watts said to her, “you’re not wearing the ring Diane bought for you.”

Rachael looked at Diane quizzically. “It was a surprise!” she said quickly, “and now the oaf’s spoiled it!”

“Sorry,” he said without conviction.

“We’d best be going,” Diane said.

“I hope both of you sleep well,” Watts said sarcastically.

Diane ignored him. “I’ll telephone,” she said to Leonie. “In the morning to see how you are.”

“That would be kind.” Leonie smiled weakly and went with them to the door. “It was good of you to come. I only wish you’d been here before.”

”Take care, won’t you?” Diane said.

“I’ll try.”

They stared at each other for a moment until Diane turned and walked into the rain.

“I hope,” she said to Rachael as they walked to the car, “he didn’t offend you by his remarks.”

"No," laughed Rachael as Leonie closed the door, "he didn't. I don't care what he or anyone else says. He can call me names as far as I care."

Diane held the car door for her. "We might get more of the same in the future."

"So what?" When Diane had started the engine, she added, "I love you. That's all that matters to me. If the whole world was against us, I wouldn't care."

"Rachael, you continue to amaze me!"

"Why, because I am so mature?"

"Well, yes."

"I had to grow up quickly when I was younger. My mother – " she began. "But it doesn't matter." Then she began to quote some verse:

"We don't love like flowers, with only a single

Season behind us; immemorial sap

Mounts in our arms when we love.'

She smiled innocently. "There's a lot more, but I won't bore you with it."

"It was beautiful," said Diane sincerely.

"It was Rilke."

"Really? I see I'll have to read him."

"He's one of my favourite poets."

"You must read me some."

"I'd love to."

"I suppose you can read it in the original German as well?"

"Of course!" smiled Rachael.

Blissful, they returned to their home. The rain ceased with their arrival and in the subdued light in the now cramped sitting room of their bungalow, Rachael sat at her piano to transform herself and the night. Diane listened and watched, entranced. Rachael's playing created a new world and a new woman, and Diane watched this strange woman of dark secrets create from the instrument of wood, steel and tone a universe of beauty, ecstasy and light. Bach, Beethoven – it made no difference what or for how long she played. But, as it always had since that night, Beethoven's Opus 111 fascinated her with feelings, visions, and stupendous, world-creating thought. It imbued her with insight, and a love that wanted to envelope Rachael and consume her. It was pleasure and pain to watch Rachael transform herself through the act of her playing into a goddess she would die for. No reason touched her while she listened. There was, she knew, no greater life than this, no greater feeling and she wanted to immolate herself with Rachael's ecstasy, immolate world upon world with this glory and passion which no male god described.

Then the silence, while clamoured notes faded and dimmed light framed. There were no more tears Diane could cry and she waited while Rachael slowly rose and offered her hand. She – the goddess within – was smiling and Diane allowed herself to be led.

The music in her head, the memories and secret dreams of youth: all were before her, embodied in flesh and she had only to kiss the slightly scented lips or see the secret wisdom hidden in the eyes to reach the summit of her life, slowly, in the dim corners of the bedroom's reflected dark.

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IXX

The journey was lonely and more terrifying than she had thought or imagined it would be, and for a moment the memory of her children's faces held her. But her ineffable sadness remained and Leonie Symonds in the burgeoning dawn drove the steep road to the Mynd.

Cloud fractured the sun, spreading luteous colours of stupendous beauty while light mist lingered in the Stretton valley below. Nothing in sound challenged the engine of her car and

with shaking hands she attached her chosen instrument of death. Soon the fumes filled the chilling air as a memory of Diane filled her heart and creeping death her lungs.

Consciousness flickered, briefly, and was gone as her mind tried to tell the body of a new desire to live. Too late the desire and very slowly Leonie Symonds, not quite thirty-three, slipped toward death.

The dream startled Diane and she awoke sweating while Rachael turned in her sleep. But the light did little to ease the sense of foreboding and with trembling fingers she dialled Leonie's number. It was some time before the answer.

"Leonie?" her trembling voice asked.

"Eh?" said a gruff voice. A cough, then "Who is this?"

"Diane."

"Oh, Alex here."

"Where is Leonie?"

"She got up early. Said something about going for a walk. I just went back to sleep. Hang on." It seemed minutes before he returned. "She gone! There's a note...My god! I'll ring you back."

No call came, and, dazed, she dressed to sit by the piano with a fresh mug of coffee. But she could not be still and woke Rachael.

"I'm just off for a walk," she said. "Won't be long."

"Shall I come?" Rachael asked, sleepy.

"No, you need your rest."

Rachael smiled and went back to sleep.

The dawn was chilly and she wandered sadly among the spreading light, cheered a little by the

changing red around the sun. No one passed her, and she walked steadily through the town to briefly sit upon the Burway bench overlooking Cardingmill valley and its stream. The silent beauty of the morning calmed her, dispelling the fear and dread of her dream and she trod happily the steep of the hill while sheep wandered to find the warmth of the sun.

At first recognition escaped her, then the reality of the car held her immobile. She ran, shouting Leonie's name. But she was too late with her love. The door opened to the grip of her hand and she stood staring in shocked agony as the warm body tumbled out.

“No! No!” she screamed as, behind her, tyres slowed on gravel and scree.

Watts looked briefly at the body, turned off the engine of Leonie's car and gently led Diane away.

XX

The light of dusk blurred the contours in Diane's room and Rachael watched through the window the hills and trees soften in outline and fade with the slow silent passing of time. Diane did not move, content to stare at her hands as she sat hunched in a chair, weakened by guilt. She smiled, a little and briefly, when Rachael rose to gently stroke her hair, but this interlude of life was soon gone. Outside, a few birds sang to call the moon from sleep.

Rachael began, haltingly at first, to play upon her piano but it was not long before the music consumed her, obliterating the external world. Beethoven's Opus 111 became again for her the embodiment of her feelings and she played faultlessly, draining away the morose days since Leonie's death, forgetting Diane's withdrawn self-absorption and her own tiredness.

She did not notice Diane standing beside her as she did not hear her lover crying in the burgeoning dark of the room. The music was transforming Diane, each note breaking slowly the barriers she had created within her as if the music explained all the grief and elevated her inner suffering to a supra-personal joy. Before the music ended, the catharsis was complete, but she waited, silently crying and when it was over she knelt down to place her head in Rachael's lap.

“I’m sorry,” Diane said as Rachael gently brushed the tears away, “I must have hurt you a lot in the past few days.”

Rachael smiled. “I’m glad we are together again.”

“I will never be apart from you again.”

Tomorrow, Diane felt, she would sit at the piano and try through the medium of music to express in composition all she had experienced: Leonie’s tragic death, her own ecstasy and visions, the moments of dark magick when she felt herself attuned to the powers of the Earth, the innocent joy she found in teaching. But most of all, she wanted to try and capture in some lasting form her love for Rachael, and began to feel as Rachael began to play music by Bach, that her life possessed meaning. She might, through her music, and way of living help in some way others to achieve the insight that she knew Rachael had made possible for her. Even now, she did not understand how this had happened. Was it simply because of love?

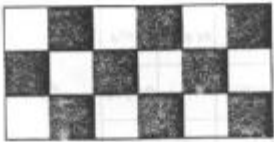
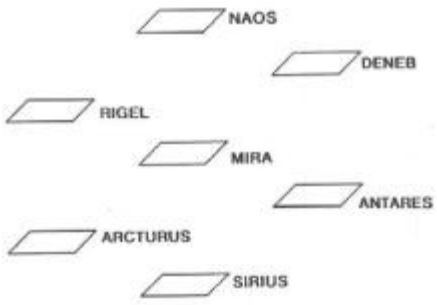
Outside her house darkness was stirring, but inside she felt herself renewed through the brightness of personal experience and she began to feel a presentiment of meaning of individual existence that she knew only music, for her, might explain. She rose slowly – while Rachael seemed to measure with music the cadence of those feelings – to watch the stars shimmer in the dark sky above.

But clouds, rushed by wind, soon came to cover the sky while, less than fifteen miles away, Watts stood by Leonie’s grave wondering if his killing of Apthone had, after all, been in vain.

He had the impression that Rachael, the dark hereditary sorceress, was watching him. But he knew better than to look around. Her skill was growing, as her beshrewing of Diane by music had proved, and Diane was now forever lost to him, unable to provide the heir which he, like Rachael herself, required. Would her heir, then, he wondered, be a Initiate and not her granddaughter as tradition decreed? And would, could, Diane's music presence something of Rachael's ancestral gods in the land, the places, they both loved? He did not know – but would say nothing, as Rachael herself would say nothing, for there was nothing to be said which words might describe. ‘It is not right,’ an Ancient Greek had written, ‘to give names to some deeds.’

Somewhere, in the darkness nearby, a dog howled.

The Boards



$\alpha(\beta)_\phi$		$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	
$\alpha(\beta)_\lambda$	$\alpha(\gamma)_\lambda$	$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$
$\alpha(\alpha)_\lambda$	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	$\alpha(\beta)_\lambda$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\lambda$	
$\alpha(\alpha)_\lambda$		$\alpha(\beta)_\lambda$

Figure 1

ϕ = black pieces

λ = white pieces

$\alpha(\beta)_\phi$		$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\gamma$	
$\alpha(\alpha)_\gamma$		$\alpha(\beta)_\gamma$

Figure 2

$\alpha(\beta)_\gamma$		$\alpha(\alpha)_\gamma$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\gamma$	
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	
$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$		$\alpha(\beta)_\phi$

Figure 3

Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction

Anton Long & ONA 1994 CE

I - Causal and Acausal

An aeon is the term used to describe a stage or a type of evolution. Evolution itself is taken to result from a certain specific process - and this process can be described, or explained [or 're-presented'] via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes over or through or because of, 'time' - this 'time' having two components. These two components are the causal and the acausal.

More exactly, the cosmos itself can be described or explained or re-presented by acausal and causal space-time. Causal space-time is 4-dimensional: there are 3 spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and 1 time dimension, this time dimension being linear and unidirectional. That is, causal time 'flows' in one direction only from past to present to future. Causal time is defined by this one-way flow and by the moments which are used to mark the changes in this flow. [In effect, causal space-time is the 'everyday' physical world we live in and can perceive by our physical senses. It is the world described by the laws of Physics.] Acausal space-time has n spatial dimensions [where n is at present undefined but is greater than 3 and less than infinity] and acausal time dimensions. The spatial dimensions of acausal space are not at right angles to each other. Further, acausal time is not unidirectional - it can flow in any direction - and it is not linear: that is, it has more than one component. In effect, acausal time (unlike causal time) has more than one time-dimension.

The acausal and the causal can be considered as two different 'universes'. The causal universe contains physical matter - that is, varying types of physical energy. We are familiar with the various forms of this physical matter - stars, planets, the rocks and elements forming the planets. The acausal universe likewise contains matter - acausal matter or energy. This acausal energy and its changes in acausal space-time can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and a representation of acausal time. At present, we are mostly unfamiliar with the types of acausal energy. However, the acausal universe intersects or manifests in the causal universe at specific places - that is, a particular type of acausal energy is present in the causal universe at these places. These places are life-forms or living organisms. That is, a living organism is a region of the cosmos where the fabric of causal space-time and the fabric of acausal space-time meet or 'intersect'. The more evolved, the more complex, the life-form or organism, the greater this intersection.

Thus, living organisms result from a specific type of acausal energy 'flowing' into the causal universe - in effect, this acausal energy changes the structure of causal space-time. The greater the acausal energy, the more evolved, the more complex the organism. The physical death of an organism is when this energy flow ceases - the organism then becomes just inert, physical matter. Death means that the connection between the causal and the acausal is severed at the localized place of intersection.

Our own sentient life - the most advanced and complex living organism we know at present - is therefore the largest intersection of these two universes. We access more of this specific acausal energy than any other organism we know. In effect, each individual is a nexion - that is, a connection or nexus between the two universes. Our consciousness means that we possess the latent ability to directly access the acausal.

Aeons, Civilizations and Archetypes:

An aeon is a manifestation, in the causal, of a particular type of acausal energy. This energy re-orders, or changes, the causal. These changes have certain limits - in both causal space and causal time. That is, they have a specific beginning and a specific end. A civilization (or rather, a higher or aeonic-

civilization) is how this energy becomes ordered or manifests itself in the causal: how this energy is revealed. A civilization represents the practical changes which this energy causes in the causal - in terms of the effect such energy has on individuals and this planet. A civilization is tied to, is born from, a particular aeon. By the nature of this energy, a civilization is an evolution of life - a move toward a more complex, and thus more conscious, existence. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree - in this case, the surface of the soil is the boundary between the causal (above the soil) and the acausal (below or in the soil). The roots of the tree are thus in the acausal [and here represent acausal energy] and the trunk and branches are in the causal. The civilization is the trunk of the tree, and the aeon is represented by the roots - they 'drive' or make the growth and thus determine the shape and health of the tree. The societies that make up a particular civilization are the branches of the tree, and the individuals who make up the societies are the small twigs and the leaves of the tree.

Aeons, civilizations and individuals are examples of organisms. They are all created, or are born; they all grow and change; and they all at some time die. They all occupy a finite space over a finite span of time. They all undergo metamorphosis or change. They all possess an organic structure of change. This structure - for aeons, civilizations and individuals - is of a similar type, and it can be studied and thus understood. That is, various 'models' can be developed to describe this structure and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is the practical manifestation of a particular aeon, and an individual is an aspect, or part of, a particular civilization or a particular culture. A culture represents the various stages below that of a civilization - cultures are also an evolutionary development, a coming-together of individuals which enables more of the acausal to be 'accessed' and which thus produces changes for those individuals. A civilization, however, represents a much higher stage of development - a conscious awareness. Here we are only concerned with civilizations and the individuals associated with civilizations - for the simple reason that compared to civilizations, cultures and the peoples associated with them, are relatively insignificant in evolutionary terms: cultures are the evolutionary forms which pre-date civilization. The reality is that civilization, and thus aeons, are the first significant manifestations of individual consciousness and thus creativity.

All the individuals associated with a particular civilization - unless and until they attain a specific degree of self-awareness [variously called 'individuation' and 'Adeptship']- are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from - is determined by - the civilization and thus the aeon. In practical terms, the psyche is a manifestation of the acausal energy that creates/created the civilization. Archetypes (in the Jungian sense) are one aspect of the psyche - that is, archetypes are expressions of the acausal energy which a particular civilization represents.

This acausal energy determines and/or influences the actions and behaviour of the individuals of the civilization. That is, for the majority of individuals, their Destiny is that of the civilization itself - they do not possess a unique Destiny of their own. Only those individuals who have achieved the stage of evolutionary development which individuation/Adeptship represents have a unique Destiny, because only these individuals have freed themselves from the mostly unconscious influences and constraints which the psyche imposes. In terms of the inexact oak tree analogy, an individual with a unique Destiny is a seed or acorn which breaks free of the tree and can begin a new life as a sapling - if it survives.

The energies which a particular aeon and civilization represent are unique to that aeon and its associated civilization. That is, each civilization and aeon has its own unique, separate identity: its own ethos. Each civilization represents a stage of evolution, a step forward in the process of evolution itself. This means that each civilization has unique archetypes and that these archetypes are born with that civilization, grow with that civilization and die with that civilization - they possess no life beyond the confines of that civilization or aeon.

An aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time - a civilization lasts around 1,500 years. That is, it takes several centuries for the energies of a particular aeon, already presencing or 'flowing' to Earth from the acausal, to produce practical, visible and significant changes: to re-order the causal in a specific geographical region. An aeon is linked to a specific geographical area - and there is a place, or centre or 'nexion' where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because of how the type of acausal energy which creates a civilization works. Fundamentally, an aeon is an actual physical presencing, on Earth, of a particular type of acausal energy. Generally, this centre acquires a religious or cult significance in the centuries before and the centuries following the emergence of the civilization associated with the

particular aeon whose energies are most manifest at that centre. In general, in the early stages of a civilization, the acausal energy is apprehended in a particular archetypal or mythological way which is unique to that civilization.

The list in *Table I* describes the energy associated with a particular civilization - although it should be understood that such descriptions, in terms of 'ethos' and such things, are merely inaccurate guides to the type of energy. Such things as 'ethos' are how the individuals within a particular civilization apprehend such energy. This apprehension is both causal and acausal - in inexact terms, both rational and intuitive. This ethos, like a civilization, grows and changes; i.e. it evolves, while retaining the same inner essence.

The four civilizations listed in *Table I* are the higher or aeonic civilizations - i.e. those which have changed/shaped our conscious evolution. Four other civilizations have existed [the Egyptian; the Indic; the Sinic and the Japanese] but they (a) have not contributed significantly to such evolution (i.e. they lack large-scale creativity) and (b) they are related to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an aeonic civilization are: (1) it possesses a distinctive ethos [note: an ethos is not a 'religion' - rather, it is a particular and original "outlook on the world" and a particular way of living]; (2) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from a social challenge such as the disintegration of another nearby civilization]; and (3) it is creative and noble on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the insights of both Toynbee and Spengler are interesting - forming the basis for further analysis and extension. Basically, Spengler expressed the organic nature of a civilization (although he did not fully and accurately define what a civilization is) while Toynbee provided an historical formulation for the formative changes a civilization undergoes (such things as a 'Time of Troubles' and a Universal State or Imperium) and a useful definition of civilization (in terms of being a response to a physical or social challenge). Cliology, although based on these insights, does not depend on the minute details inherent in their work; rather, what is essential is extracted and used as a foundation to build another more far-reaching model.

The mechanisms by which civilizations have hitherto affected evolution is that of 'creative/heroic' individuals. Most of these individuals are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act or to express that ethos by their living. Hitherto, few individuals in any civilization have reached the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence (mostly unconscious) of the civilization's ethos or *wyrd*. Of course, there are many who now believe they have done this - as there have been some individuals who believed this in the past; but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is one of the primary aims of genuine esoteric arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious evolution and thus personal development, where they become free of such influence - i.e. for individuals to achieve a uniqueness of identity, a personal *wyrd*. This development requires the cultivation of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason - and for this cultivation to be achieved it is necessary for individuals to know and understand how and why things like civilizations and aeons are as they are. What I have called 'cliology' is an expression of such understanding, and as such a study and understanding of cliology [the science of aeons and the study of the acausal] aids conscious development, thus making Adeptship/individuation possible and enabling aeonic magick.

The pattern which each and every civilization follows can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for both an aeon and an individual. This symbolism enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification - a rational insight into and thus understanding of the patterns and processes themselves. Secondly, it significantly develops an already existing mental faculty and creates a new one - the ability to reason in abstract symbols, and the ability to reason in numinous symbols.

The ability to reason in abstract symbols basically describes mathematics (and thus the laws of Physics which are best expressed in mathematical form). Cliology extends the intellectual faculty which mathematics encourages and develops by creating an abstract symbolism which represents the acausal and some of the effects of this acausal in the causal. [For a brief outline of this abstract symbolism see the MSS: Cliology - A Basic Introduction] Further, cliology creates and encourages the development of an entirely new faculty of consciousness - the ability to think in numinous symbols.

This difference between purely abstract symbols and numinous symbols is important. Basically, a numinous symbol is a symbol which possesses acausal energy - it captures the essence of something which is acausal, and in doing this the symbol has the power to provoke or cause causal changes. In the simple sense [which is rather inexact] one might say a numinous symbol possesses or has 'life' - it is a

living entity in itself, although it lives in the psyche. A rudimentary and mostly unconscious numinous symbol is an archetype; another is a myth/mythos. The numinous symbols of cliology (of which the Star Game is an excellent example) are conscious. By 'conscious' here is meant - rational, understood. An unconscious symbol such as an archetype is in reality a proto-numinous symbol - it is seldom consciously understood, being felt and/or experienced rather than rationally apprehended. Further, a conscious numinous symbol can be used by an individual to bring about controlled aeonic changes because such symbols, being understood, can be precisely controlled and directed. An unconscious symbol produces imprecise internal change and imprecise external change: that is, it is not by its nature particularly amenable to manipulation. A numinous symbol thus makes Aeonic magick feasible for really the first time.

Aeons and Civilizations

Table I

Aeon	Symbol	Associated Civilization	Dates	Magickal Working
Primal	Horned Beast	--	9,000-7,000BP	Shamanism
Hyperborean	Sun	Albion	7,000-5,500BP	Henges
Sumerian	Dragon	Sumeric/Egyptiac	5,000-3,500BP	Trance/Sacrifice
Hellenic	Eagle	Hellenic	3,000-1,500BP	Oracle;Choral-dance
Thorian (Western)	Swastika	Western	1,000BP-500AP	Ritual
Galactic	--	Galactic	>2,000eh	Star Game and >

Notes:

(1) 'BP' means Before Present (c.1980eh); 'AP' means After Present.

(2) There was no civilization (aeonic or otherwise) associated with the first aeon.

(3) The magickal centres (or nexion) for the civilizations are as follows: Albion - Stonehenge; Sumerian - between the Tigris and Euphrates [near present-day Baghdad]; Hellenic - Delphi; Western - area in the Welsh Marches.

II. Basic Principles of Aeonic Magick

All aeonic magick can only be used, by its nature, in three ways - (1) aid the already existing or original wyrd of an existing aeonic civilization; (2) create a new aeon and thus a new aeonic civilization; (3) distort or disrupt an existing civilization and thus the aeonic forces of that civilization. That is, aeonic magick involves working (a) with existing aeonic energy (as evident in the associated aeonic civilization); or (b) against existing aeonic energy; or, finally, it involves (c) creating a new type of aeonic energy by opening a new nexion and drawing forth new acausal energies. Thus aeonic magick involves knowing the wyrd of the presently existing civilization and if there are/have been any attempts to disrupt that wyrd, magickally or otherwise.

The energy brought forth by aeonic magick can be used in three ways.

(a) Directed into a specific already existing form (such as an individual) or some causal structure which is created for this purpose. This structure can be some political or religious or social organization, group or enterprise, or it can be some work or works of 'Art', music and so on.

- (b) Drawn forth and left to disperse naturally over Earth (from the site of its presencing).
- (c) Shaped into some new psychic or magickal form or forms - such as an archetype or mythos.

Before undertaking any form of aeonic magick, the cliologist [someone skilled in, knowledgeable about and who uses aeonic energies] must formulate an aim or intent. The means to achieve this must be chosen - and the practical forms, if required, must be created and be in readiness for the energies once the energies are unleashed. If a specific form - such as a new archetype - is chosen as means, then the cliologist must be knowledgeable about archetypes and adept at manipulating magickal energies into psychic forms. Similarly, if a physical nexion is chosen as a means of accessing acausal energies, the appropriate individuals must be organized and trained to undertake the appropriate rite(s).

Techniques and Control:

There are only a certain number of techniques by which acausal energy can be accessed, as there are only a certain number of ways whereby this energy, once accessed, can be directed or 'controlled' into the various forms which are to be used to spread or disperse that energy.

(1) The first technique is creating a new physical nexion. This can be done by specific hitherto esoteric magickal rites, such as the Rites of the Nine Angles (qv.) and the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion (qv.). [It should be noted that Esoteric Chant, combined with a quartz tetrahedron, is one of the most effective ways of opening a nexion.] The chosen rite is conducted on the chosen site. It is often necessary to conduct a second or third rite within the space of a few weeks to fully open a new nexion. The new nexion, once open, needs to be kept open and this requires regular rites on the chosen site for many years - a specific rite [which does not necessarily involve sacrifice] should be constructed to do this. This specific rite needs to be undertaken at the very least twice yearly for the first five years, and then once yearly for at least ten years. One of the best methods to use for this specific rite is Esoteric Chant using a quartz tetrahedron.

(2) The second technique is using the advanced form of the Star Game. The cliologist sets the pieces to represent the existing aeon and the existing civilization at the specific moment of causal time the energy is to be accessed. The pieces are then selectively moved to change what presently exists and to represent the changes desired in the future. In this technique, the cliologist becomes a nexion via the symbolism - or rather, they access the acausal via their own psyche by means of the numinous symbols of the Star Game. This is so because the Star Game exactly re-presents those intersections between the causal and acausal which are an aeon, an aeonic civilization and an individual. [It should be noted that while this technique is the simplest, it is also the most difficult, requiring great skill in the Star Game and thus a high level of cliological understanding.]

(3) The third - and only ancient - method is mimesis. This involves imitating either (i) some aspect of an already existing cosmic/Earth-based cycle/pattern/working and then either following the natural pattern or introducing a slight variation; or (ii) creating a new pattern/cycle/mythos to describe the energies and their effects. In effect this often involves (a) "acting-out" an archetypal r"le or drama (the key here is identification with the r"le - often during a ceremony involving others); or (b) creating realistic 'models' of events, symbolically imbuing them with "life" and then acting out with these models the desired future events. [It should be noted that (a) and (b) are difficult to do properly - because intent and portrayal have to be precise- and thus are not often very effective.] One neglected form of mimesis is creative art - using an art-form (such as a work of fiction, a sculpture) to portray someone, some sequence of events or some archetypal energy. This form becomes a nexion - and thus influences the psyche of others by those others reading/viewing the art-form. However this form does not produce large-scale significant aeonic change.

The keys to controlling the energy are symbolism and forms. Unless it is left undirected, all acausal energy, once accessed by whatever means, has to be directed by the person or persons who draw it forth into the causal world. The easiest way to deal with acausal energy is to let it disperse naturally - i.e. no effort is made to control and direct it into specific forms or symbols. Such energy is 'raw' - it is

chaotic and primal (when viewed from the causal) and thus exceedingly dangerous if brought forth by someone who has not attained the stage of Master/Lady Master. It is psychically disruptive.

It has to be remembered that all acausal energy cannot be contained beyond certain limits - that is, such energy produce acausal changes as well as causal changes. The causal changes are temporal ones - present or future effects caused by such energy. It is these changes which can, in the simple sense, be produced by the cliologist by that cliologist controlling or directing the energy via symbolism and/or forms. That is, these are the changes which are desired by the cliologist who uses the symbolism and/or forms to achieve them. The acausal changes are not temporal - i.e. they are not controllable in causal time. In the simple sense, they are - or rather appear to be - random changes. The cliologist must create or aim to create future forms and/or symbolism which takes into account the possible emergence into the causal of such acausal changes - in practice, such forms absorb the 'random' energy when it appears or manifests in the causal. If this is not done, it is possible that such energy may disrupt/distort and thus undermine the causal changes created by the cliologist. Most of these acausal changes can be gleamed from the symbolism of the advanced Star Game if the pieces are set to represent the conditions pertaining at the moment of causal time when the aeonic working is first undertaken, and if the aeonic working itself is represented by the first sequence of moves from that departure point.

To fully control and thus direct the energy, new forms and/or symbolism should be created to channel the energy. These then enshrine or come to re-present the energy. Examples of practical social forms are ideas and ideals; an example of a practical psychic form is an archetypal figure - a character from a new mythos; an example of a practical political form is a political organization; and example of a practical 'religious' form is a new ethos. All these things - and the many others like them - should be created before the act or acts of aeonic magick by the cliologist with the intention of them being used to cause or bring about changes in the real world, in the causal. The nature of such things should be akin to the type of changes desired. Each such creation should itself be represented by a unique symbol or sign; by a unique descriptive word, phrase or slogan; by a unique piece of sound [or 'music']; by particular collocations of colour, and so on - or by one particular individual who embodies that idea, ideal, mythos or whatever. These unique creations should embody the essence of the change or changes required.

During the act or acts of aeonic magick, the cliologist focuses or directs the energy so accessed into artifacts which portray or represent the unique symbols or signs, and thus into the very symbols themselves and the forms represented by those symbols. In effect, the symbols and forms become alive - they exist, have being and cause changes. They grow and undergo metamorphosis. They acquire an independent existence of their own. The greater the acausal energy presented by or in such forms and symbols, the greater the changes produced - the more life they possess.

Fundamentally, aeonic magick is concerned with producing large-scale changes over many centuries - it is concerned with changing or altering the destiny of millions of peoples on time-scales which be as long as a millennia. This requires certain abilities and certain skills - but above all it requires that wisdom and knowledge which only genuine Masters/Lady Masters possess.

Aeons, Civilization and Ethos

Aeonic Civilization	Essence of Ethos	Country of Ethos
Albion	proto-Druidism	Britain
Sumerian	Vedas	Indus
Hellenic	Iliad	Greece
Western	National-Socialism	Third Reich
Galactic	Galactic Empire	Solar System and >

- Notes:
- (1) The ethos is the unique spirit, the unique wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon. What is listed above is that practical form or expression which captures or captured the essence of a particular ethos.
 - (2) Manifestations of the ethos include the following.
 - (a) for the Hellenic - Greek Tragedy; Reason; Logic.
 - (b) for the Western: Science; Technology; Exploration; Space-Travel
 - (c) for Albion - Stonehenge and other, similar monuments.
 - (3) Little is known about the practical expression of the ethos of the civilization of Albion other than genuine Druidism (as portrayed by the Classical writers) enshrined some of its spirit.

Some Septenary Correspondences

Sphere	Stone	Perfume	Star	Causal Color	Acausal Color	Process	Word	Season
Dark-Form								
Moon Aries	Quartz	Petriochor Night	Sirius	Blue	Silver	Calcination	Nox	
Mercury Indulgence	Opal	Henbane	Arcturus	Yellow	Black	Seperation	Satan	Scorpio
Venus Ecstasy	Emerald	Hazel	Mira	Green	White	Coagulation	Hriliu	Mid-Winter
Sun Summer	Amethyst Vision	Oak	Antares	Orange	Gold	Putrefaction	Lux	Mid-
Mars Libra	Ruby Blood	Pine	Rigel	Red	Blue	Sublimation	Azif	
Jupiter Capricorn	Amber Azoth	Alder	Deneb	Violet	Crimson	Fermentation	Azoth	
Saturn	Diamond Reason	Ash	Naos	Indigo	Purple	Exaltation	Chaos	-----

The Three Levels of the Spheres

(Tarot Images)

Sphere	Salt (Unconscious)	Mercury (Ego)	Suplhur (Self)
1 (Moon)	18	15	13
2	0	8	16
3	6	14	17
4	7	12	5
5	1	4	9
6	11	3	2
7 (Saturn)	10	19	20

[The Septenary](#)

[The Wheel of Life](#)

Baphomet: A Note On The Name

The name of Baphomet is regarded by Traditional Satanists as meaning "the mistress (or mother) of blood" - the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained. [See 'The Ceremony of Recalling'.]

The supposed derivation is from the Greek *βαφη μητρα* and not, as is sometimes said, from *μητιος* (the Attic form for 'wise'). Such a use of the term 'Mother'/Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings – for example Iamblichus in "De Mysteriis" used *μητριζω* to signify possessed by the mother of the gods. Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of 'amalgam' (and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna, in the sexual sense).

In the Septenary System, Baphomet, as Mistress of Earth, is linked to the sixth sphere (Jupiter) and the star Deneb. She is thus in one sense a magickal "Earth Gate" (qv. the Nine Angles), and Her reflexion (or 'causal' nature - as against Her acausal or Sinister nature) is the third sphere (Venus) related to the star Antares. According to esoteric Tradition, the Antares aspect was celebrated by rites in Albion c.3,000 BP – in the middle and toward the end the month of May and some stone circles/sacred sites were said to be aligned for Antares. In contrast, the Sinister aspect of the Mistress (i.e. Baphomet) was celebrated in the Autumn and was linked to the rising of Arcturus, Arcturus itself being related to the Sinister male aspect (Mercury - second sphere), later identified with Lucifer/ Satan. Thus, the August celebration was a Sinister hierosgamos - the union of Baphomet with Her spouse (or 'Priest' who took on the role of the Sinister male aspect). According to Tradition, the Priest was sacrificed after the sexual union, where the role of Baphomet was assumed by the Priestess/Mistress of the cult. Thus, the May celebration was the (re-)birth of new energies (and the child of the Union). Tradition relates this Sinister, sacred Arcturian rite as taking place once every seventeen years. Once again, some sacred sites in Albion are said to be aligned to the rising of Arcturus, over three thousand years ago. In the middle ages, Baphomet came to be regarded as the Bride of Satan – and it is from this time that both 'Baphomet' and 'Satan', as names for the female and male aspect of the dark side came into use (at least in the secret sinister tradition).

Hence the Traditional depiction of Baphomet - a beautiful mature woman (often shown naked) holding up the severed head of the sacrificed priest (usually shown bearded).

To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding and for their own purposes. They adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua, but with some bloody/ sinister aspects - and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially 'Satanic'. Rather, they saw themselves as holy warriors, and became a military cult with bonds of honour, although their concept of "holy" differed somewhat from that of the church of the time, including as it did dark/Gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle and not part of a specific rite.

The image of Baphomet (e.g. by Levi) as a hermaphrodite figure are romantic

confusions and/or distortions: essentially of the symbolic/real union of mistress and priest and his later sacrifice. The same applies to the derivation of the suffix of her name with 'wisdom' (and a male image at that!) - even the confused Gnostics understood 'wisdom' as female.

Order of Nine Angles



Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles

Version 3.01

What is the ONA?

The Order of Nine Angles is a sinister esoteric organization, a sinister Way, an ethos, a kulture, a sinister methodology, and a sinister mythos.

1) The ONA is a kollektive - an esoteric association - of individuals, world-wide, who use, or who apply, or who are inspired by, our sinister methodology, our sinister mythos, and/or our sinister Way. By *esoteric association* we mean something different from an *association* as understood by mundanes and as manifest in the mundane world of the mundanes. We mean *an association of individuals and clandestine cells*, for the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of (often clandestine) cells (nexions) and independent freelance operatives. This is because of the overall subversive nature of the ONA itself.

2) The Sinister Way of the ONA is evident in the members of the O9A kollektive who apply and identify with one or more of our traditional methods or who develop/devise their own methods inspired by our ethos.

Our traditional methods include The Seven Fold Way - as manifest in manuscripts (MSS) such as *Naos* and in the work of traditional ONA nexions - and the Way of The Rounwytha as well as the way of sinister tribes, clans and gangs.

Our ethos - the essence of our O9A kulture - is manifest in:

- (a) our code of kindred honour;
- (b) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;
- (c) our acceptance that it is primarily by *pathei-mathos* [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

3) The sinister methodology of the ONA is manifest, for example, in our Niners - our freelance operatives and their families - and in what we call sinister tribes, all of whom live by our code of kindred honour, and who thus live practical adversarial lives.

4) The sinister mythos of the ONA is evident in stories such as *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and is briefly outlined in the MS *The Dark Tradition, and Sinister Mythos, of the Order of Nine Angles* (Esoteric Notes 103a).

What are the aims of the ONA?

Three of the primary aims of the ONA are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors;

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about – by practical and esoteric means (such as Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States – and their impersonal governments – by our new tribal societies.

How can I join the ONA?

There are three ways of joining – or becoming part of – the subversive ONA. The first, and perhaps the easiest, way, is to, by yourself, just start living by our code of kindred honour. You can then choose whether to work as a Niner, or follow the Seven Fold Sinister Way, using the guidance of practical works such as *Naos*, and the *Complete Guide to The Seven-Fold Way*.

The second way is to seek out a traditional ONA nexion or an ONA Adept, and then follow or apply or put into practice the guidance that may be offered. This is similar to the first way, although here the individual usually has some practical guidance and practical advice from someone who has been involved with the ONA for some time and who, as a consequence, has done practical sinister stuff, magickal and otherwise.

Note that in both these cases, the individual – when sufficient practical experience is acquired – can establish their own ONA nexion (aka Temple aka group), if they so desire.

The third way is to find and join an existing ONA tribe, or to form, or to become the founder of, your own sinister tribe by applying the sinister methodology of the ONA, as given, for example, in MSS such as (1) *The War Against The Mundanes*; (2) *We, The Drecc*, and (3) *Dark Warriors of the Sinister ONA*. Our tribes, by their very feral nature, are territorial, and local – they live and thrive in a certain geographical area, or a certain ‘hood, although some are now beginning to form alliances with other similar groups in other areas, or have expanded their operations and territory, and so can be found spread over several localities. In some ways, many or most of our sinister tribes are a new type of gang culture, and most of them are urban-based.

In all cases, one does not join – or pay membership fees to – some central ONA headquarters, or some ONA command, because, as mentioned previously, the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of what are often clandestine cells because of the generally subversive nature of the ONA itself, and because (expressed in rather esoteric terms) the ONA is an organized presencing of acausal energy through that nexion which is the ONA, which presencing is a willed, or directed, act of dark (sinister) sorcery.

In all cases, “membership” is earned through hardship, experience, and practical deeds, for the individual becomes of the ONA by their practical deeds and because of their sinister experience, their following of our dark and sinister esoteric path; that is, because they are, they become, living examples – living nexions – of our kulture.

I have heard it said that the ONA is defunct?

The ONA is thriving. Expanding; changing; evolving. Just because most of our members or associates – or any of The Old Guard (OG) – do not deign to partake in Internet discussions on some mundane forum or other, does not mean the ONA is defunct. Similarly, just because someone such as Anton Long keeps a low (and clandestine) profile, never ever now gives public interviews, and can only be contacted by trusted ONA members of long-standing, does not mean that he has “left”, or that he has changed his “life-long commitment to the sinister way”.

The mistake here is the silly mundane presumption that for some esoteric group, today, to be considered to “exist” it must have some thriving blatant Internet presence, or some snail-mail address, or some public “representative”, or to have some books published by some mundane publisher; or have some commercially available merchandise or some trade-marked logo; or be officially “recognized” by some mundane authority or other.

The majority of those who are part of or who are associated with an existing traditional ONA nexion (group/Temple) remain hidden, as those nexions themselves remain hidden; for that is how it has been for many, many, decades. And that is how most of our sinister work is undertaken – covertly, in secret.

In addition, some of our tribes do not overtly, in public, present themselves as “sinister” or openly affiliate themselves with the ONA. They just get on with their subversive job of subversion; of being feral; of being real outlaws; of living on the edge; of gaining control of their own local area; of making money for themselves and their tribe; of gaining respect among their own communities; and of generally being a pain in the ass for their local mundanes and for the “law enforcement” agencies of mundane “law and order”. That is, they are living the sinister way, not writing about it; not talking about it, on the Internet or elsewhere.

Furthermore, we have a variety of *nyms*, now – some still esoteric; some just emerging into the light of the mundane world, such as Dreccian. Thus, some of our tribes, and some of our traditional nexions, will use one of these nyms, instead of using the traditional term, and title, ONA.

The confusion about being “defunct” arises, quite often, because the ONA is a subversive, sinister, organization operating on the basis of (often clandestine) cells, and because the OG really have gone back “underground”, to continue their sinister work, in secret. And also because, of course, the ONA is a shapeshifting sinister entity, in the world of the mundanes; as befits a sinister, subversive, heretical, revolutionary, group.

What do you mean by mundanes?

We mean any and all of those who “are not of us”. Those who do not belong to or who do not associate with our sinister tribes, our traditional nexions, or who do not share our sinister ethos, or our sinister way of life.

We call them mundanes, because that is what they are – mundane. They are ordinary; they engage with and live in the mundane world of everyday work, and they have mundane goals. They accept the status quo; they pay their taxes. Even the “rebellion” of some of them is no real rebellion against the mundane ethos of wage and salary slavery, no real rebellion against the laws and ethics of the mundanes, of The State; no real rebellion against The State itself, and against the organized forces of mundane “law and order”.

The fundamental difference between us and mundanes is that we demonically aspire to be more than we are, and we are tribal and individualistic; we are warriors. In contrast, the mundanes seek safety and security and the “order” that comes with Police forces and with State or government-made laws, and with large, organized armed forces. They also accept impersonal Courts of Law where some abstract, government-made so-called “justice” is said to be obtained. In contrast, we accept that the only law is the warrior law of personal honour: that we are responsible for ourselves, that we have a right to the natural justice of revenge, retribution, a fair fight, and personal duels; and we refuse to surrender this responsibility of ours to anyone else or to any organized force, or forces, of mundane “law and order”, such as law-enforcement agencies or government so-called Courts of Law.

Thus, we accept that our sinister tribes have the right and the duty to make their own laws, to dispense their own justice, to defend themselves with deadly force, and to have their own territory where they are the law. If they want to co-operate with others, it is their decision – and cannot be imposed upon them by some outside agency or by some abstract law. Thus, we accept that we can only give our loyalty to someone we know personally, and that we have a duty to be loyal to our kind, to those of our “family”, to those of our kindred, our tribe. And we would rather fight and die than surrender to any mundane or allow any agent of a government to take away our honour and our dignity. And so on.

Mundanes do not like this genuine individualism; this tribalism; this proud ethos of personal honour before, and above and beyond, and in place of, State/government, law.

We know our kind; our kind can find us. And it is our kind that the mundanes fear, and rightly so.

You talk of a Dark Imperium - a kind of Galactic Empire. But isn't there a contradiction here between the goal of developing unique individuals and an Imperium which by its nature requires a certain loyalty and obedience, a certain submission to its ideals?

In its beginning (and for probably many centuries), such a sinister Imperium may well involve our new, aristocratic, elite (our developed individuals) in leading those less developed and less enlightened; and/or in manipulating people, perhaps by some causal form (for example, what mundanes often call a political ideology, or say, what mundanes often call a religion).

Thus, our Dark Imperium may well be built and established by others, but under our guidance, our leadership; under the inspiration of our numinous-mythos, and under the aegis of our new type of human being. But it is this very Imperium which will provide the challenges, the Cosmic diversity, to speed up the process of human evolution and thus produce more enlightened, unique, individuals who can fulfil their potential, as has been explained in various texts.

Hence, the Dark Imperium will be our new sinister collective, assimilating other humans and then possibly other alien life-forms - a manifestation of our sinister ethos; a means to test, refine, evolve, individuals; to have the best triumph and lead; to provide more opportunities for evolution, not less.

In addition, our overall aim is to produce individuals with an Aeonic perspective, an understanding of wyrd, of the sinister imperative, who thus understand our new tribal ways of life and thus the ethos of our Law of The Sinister-Numen. Our aim is not to produce more Homo Hubris types who are addicted to an egotistical way of life and who thus are arrogantly unbalanced, believing as such types do the Magian illusion (evident in Magian Occultism) that they - some puny mundane - are the most important (and the most powerful) thing in the Cosmos. Our Way - in contrast to such Magian egotism, in contrast to the un-numinous hubris of Homo Hubris - is the Way of the Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law is the foundation of the Dark Imperium, and the basis for the way of life of the warriors of our Imperium.

Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also (and importantly) no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mundanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves “Satanists” and who thus follow the mundane so-called “satanism” of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

The ONA is not just “satanic” because even *traditional Satanism* (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to *one* particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be “satanists” will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term *sinister* instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions

of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some *-ism* or some *-ology*.

For the reality is that “we” cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need. Thus – and to consider a relevant example – most mundanes want, and need, to classify or to define someone such as “Anton Long” by whether or not that person adheres or – or rather is seen, by mundanes, to adhere to – some already existing *-ism* or some *-ology*. Thus, they the mundanes become confused, perplexed, when such a person seems to adhere to several of those supposedly conflicting *-isms* or *-ologies* at the same time, or seems to move easily from one to another; and thus do they, the mundanes, in their confused perplexion, readily reach for a ready-made explanation, and project upon that person some other mundane term, believing by describing this person by such a term they have “understood” that person. Hence, the mundane is relieved, satisfied, comfortable again with themselves and their world.

Where can I find out more about the ONA?

Currently (121 yf), there is an unofficial [ONA website](#), and a semi-official [ONA weblog](#) (which is not regularly updated). There was also an older, unofficial, website (camlad9), which gave some of the more exoteric ONA material related to Satanism, but it was shut down – banned – in October of 120 Year of Feyen because the ONA material there was, according to the mundanes, subversive and “dangerous”. Most of the material on the censored website is, however, available elsewhere on the Internet, and in printed books.

In addition, there are some individuals who publish collections of ONA material, and ONA books.

One important attribute of the ONA is that we do not believe in the mundane concept of copyright, so that all ONA works can be redistributed, and re-printed and re-published, with anyone free to print them and even charge money for them if they want to make a profit.

Some photostatic copies of some original and older ONA items – as issued by the ONA in the 1980's and 1990's CE – are now available, often in pdf format. These copies of originals include *Naos*, and *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, and the original *Black Book of Satan*, as well *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

There may arise a time – soon, or not so soon – when we no longer have even an unofficial ONA website or an ONA blog, so that the neophyte and the curious will have to rely on either the sites and blogs of one or more of our cells, nexions or tribes, or do some practical research for themselves in the traditional, non-Internet, way of finding and reading books and articles, and finding and asking “those who know”.

What is the official symbol of the ONA?

We have two main, exoteric, sigils or symbols. The first relates to our Sinister Way, to causal and acausal and the Nine Angles, and is usually represented, in a two-dimensional way, as below:



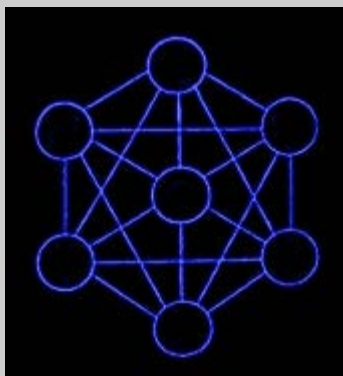
ONA Sigil

The second, given below, relates to our sinister mythos, and is associated with Baphomet, whom we regard – in contrast to all other Occultists – as a female acausal and sinister being, who can manifest in the causal, and this sigil is known both as The Sigil of Baphomet, and as The Dreccian Moons of Baphomet.



Sigil of Baphomet

We also sometimes use the Septenary sigil, as below:



The Septenary Sigil

What should be understood, however, is that these sigils are only two-dimensional, exoteric, re-presentations of four-dimensional forms.

Thus, the ONA sigil, given above, is properly (that is, esoterically) constructed in three-dimensions, within a sphere, which three-dimensional construct itself changes, thus mimicking the change which is causal Time. This change is both a simple change of perspective (for example, the movement and rotation of the sphere and the construct within it) and also a “mapping” (that is, a causal “distortion”) of both the sphere and the construct within it). This mapping is essentially a change of, a transformation of, the regular Cartesian three-dimensional co-ordinate system, and to a limited extent this can be understood, and re-presented, by reference to the mathematical change of metric in causal Space-Time. This change is – viewed causally – random, and thus there is some esoteric appreciation, on viewing this four-dimensional sigil, of some of the properties of a nexion: of where the acausal is manifest in the causal.

Similarly, both the Septenary Sigil and the Sigil of Baphomet should be constructed in three-dimensions, and be animated.

What is the true origin of the name Order of the Nine Angles?

The Order of Nine Angles is only our exoteric name, and the origin of the term Order of Nine Angles – or as some people write, and, say, The Order of The Nine Angles – has been explained by us, several times. See, for instance, the collection of texts, *The Meaning of The Nine Angles*, [Part One](#) and [Part Two](#) issued in 120 yf in pdf format, and currently available on the ONA website.

There are several other, older, Order MSS where the term is discussed, and those genuinely interested can seek those

other MSS out and read them. Mundane Occultists, of course, will continue to make their spurious and silly claims about the supposed origin of the outward, exoteric, name of our subversive organization.

Is it true that you advocate human sacrifice?

We refer to such deeds as culling, and all genuinely sinister organizations, groups, associations and individuals undertake such cullings, and have always done so. Such deeds – whether collective or individual – are one of things which distinguish our type of life, our breed, from that of the mundanes.

Establishing, maintaining, providing for, and expanding, a sinister tribe involves culling. Combat involves culling, as does war. We just make the deeds or deeds of culling more conscious, more directed, more controlled, more rational, and view such deeds in the perspective of Aeonics, in terms of our centuries-long Aeonic strategy, and in terms of the evolution of the individual and of our human species.

What about the illegal nature of such deeds, and other such sinister deeds, that you advocate?

We say: illegal according to whose definition? That of the mundanes, of some mundane government? Their definitions, their laws, are irrelevant to us. We strive to only abide by our own law, which is the law of the sinister-numen, as outlined in MSS such as *The War Against The Mundanes*. Our justice is the justice of The Drecc, founded on our law of the sinister-numen.

Thus are we subversive, heretical, genuinely revolutionary, aiming as we do to replace the laws and the societies of the mundanes with our law and our new types of societies.

I've heard that your Dark Gods are taken from the fiction of HP Lovecraft. Is that true?

That is a common and mistaken assumption made by mundanes. A study of our tradition will suffice to show that the esoteric mythos of The Dark Gods is quite distinct from, bears little or no resemblance to, and is vastly more comprehensive than, the un-esoteric pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft. See, for example, the ONA text *Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos: Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA*.

In contrast to pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are part of a distinct, and unique, ontology and Occult praxis, as well as being part of our complex esoteric philosophy which addresses ethical, etiological, epistemological, and other philosophical issues. For an overview of this esoteric philosophy of ours, refer to such texts as *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

Essentially, The Dark Gods are considered to be acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum.

How can I contact someone from the ONA?

The simple answer is that you cannot; unless we want to contact you or recruit you for some reason, because – for instance – you had made a name for yourself by doing practical sinister deeds, or because you might have strayed into territory run by one of our tribes, or if you had some particular esoteric ability or some practical skill which we, or one of our traditional nexions, or one of our tribes, might find useful. Even then, of course, you would be tested, and would remain untrusted until you had been blooded (British English) or hazed (US English) and taken a binding oath.

ONA
123 Year of Fayen

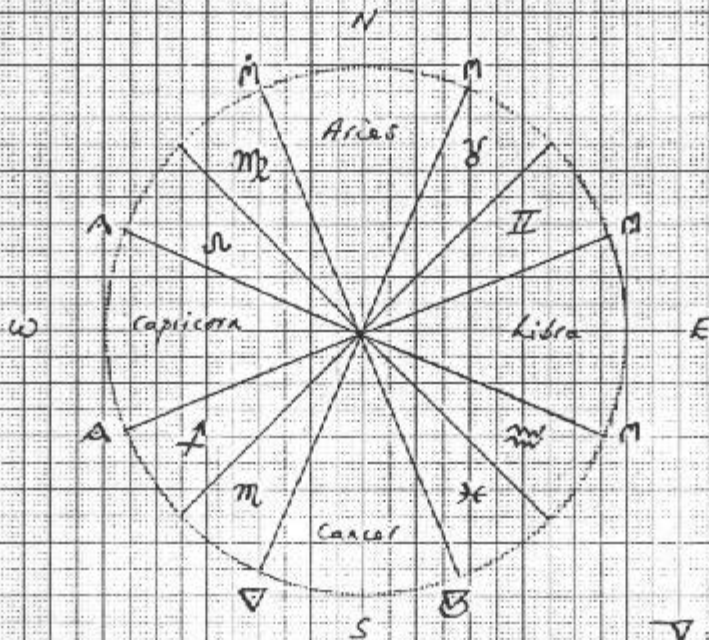
FAQ Version 3.01



The Wheel of Life

Aries: Venus
 Cancer: Moon
 Libra: Sun
 Capricorn: Mercury

♈ = Spring Equinox
 ♋ = Summer Solstice
 ♎ = Autumn Equinox
 ♏ = Winter Solstice

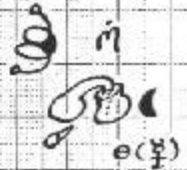


♈: Water of Water
 ♉: Water of Fire
 ♊: Fire of Water
 ♋: Fire of Fire etc.

♈: Water ▽
 ♉: Fire △
 ♊: Earth ♀
 ♋: Air ☆

▽: Priestess : Aphrodite
 △: Priest : Apollo
 ♀: Mistress of Earth : Hecate
 ☆: Master of the Temple : Hermes

The helical path



ONA



The Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles

Notes On Phase 2 Era Of ONA

Phase 2 of ONA was the era of the Order of Nine Angles' development before Phase 3 and after Phase 1. Phase 1 was the Coagulation of the Mythos which was a period in time when the ONA was coalescing thru the Mind of DM as a coherent system. Phase 2 was the era when ONA was being actively propagated via snail mail. During Phase 2 Christos Beest [aka RM, Audun, & Beesty Boy] was instrumental in the labour of production and transmission of data to those interested. It is this period that we will take a side step to re-consider since it is a part of ONA history. One which is often forgotten and overlooked or dismissed by outsiders and Niners.

The ONA's "operation of manifestation" during the P2 period [circa 1990's] was actually typical of an institution of this pre-internet period and decade. Essentially the ONA of this phase was what we might call a "P.O. Box Enterprise." During this 90's decade it was common for occult institutions to propagate itself and find new members via snail mail and P.O. Box. The most well known occult organization that may have first utilized this method was/is the Rosicrucian Order AMORC which was founded legally in San Jose, California circa 1915. Well first take a look at AMORC since they also actually worked in "phases" of manifestation unofficially.

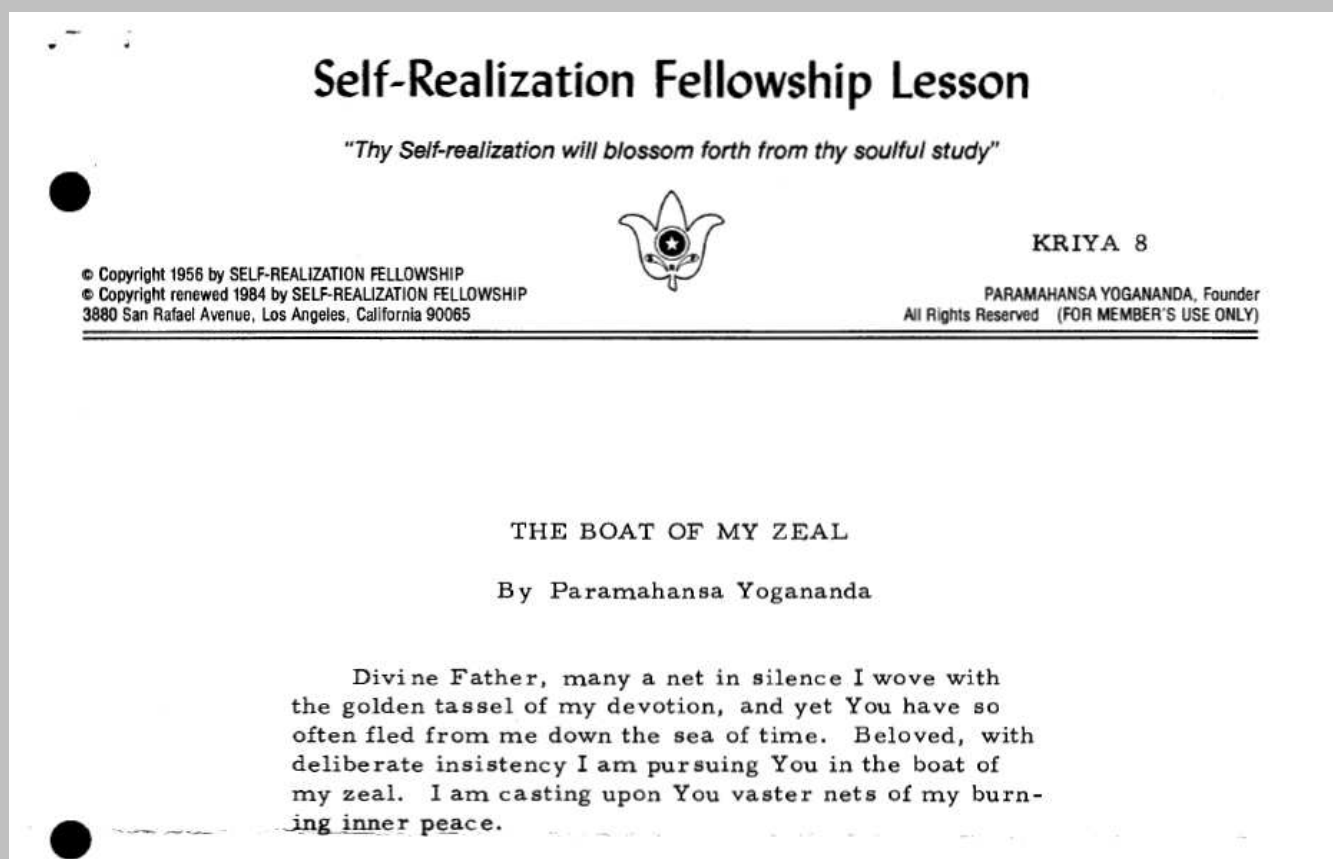
In the very early days of the AMORC [its Phase 1] the organization began as only an idea inspired by the OTO, Golden Dawn, and S.R.I.A, etc. At this time those named organizations had themselves already manifested in the real human world with their own lodges and membership. For the AMORC to have the same real world lodges it needed membership, and for it to have membership it needed to spread its coherent memplex. AMORC's phase 1 was the visible and historic period when its founder created it's Mythos and then collected associated into an institution called the FUDOSI which "authorized" the existence of AMORC. After this phase, AMORC entered its "phase 2."

Phase 2 of AMORC was the unique idea of compiling its teachings into pamphlets called "Monographs," and then modifying their initiation degrees into solitary rituals a person can perform at home by themselves in what is called the "Home Sanctorum," which in most cases was just your bedroom with an altar and mirror in the corner. The Monographs themselves were not "sold" since AMORC was a non-profit organization at the time. What was "sold" was the actual membership [fee]. Membership invitations were often placed in the back of magazines. If a person was interested in joining the AMORC they sent in their membership fees for a quarter year, during which time the new member would get Monographs in their snail mail box biweekly or so. The objective of this "phase 2" of AMORC was to collect enough membership in order that they can have real functioning lodges. After several decades of nurturing this phase AMORC was able to actually collect many members via snail mail to have meeting in lodges. During what we might call their "phase 3" of existence AMORC rented - and they still do - Masonic Lodge rooms to perform their initiation degrees, and hold classes for their teachings. AMORC does not really call their stages in development "phases." I was a member of AMORC up to the Third Atrium Degree, so I'm familiar with this concept of propagation. This all gives new meaning to the word "Order" doesn't it? Get it: Mail Order.

I was also a member of another old institution which successfully used snail mail to collect membership, eventually turning itself into a world wide phenomenon. This institution was and is named the Self Realization Fellowship [SRF] founded by Paramahansa Yogananda in around 1915. I discovered in when I was 18 when I had read an orange book called the Autobiography of a Yogi or something like that. This book was the SRF's "Foot In Your Door," tool. After reading it and being amazed with the story of "Guruji" Paramahansa's super power [I was not very bright back then] you ended up also wanting to learn this secret and mysterious Kriya Yoga, which the SRF conveniently offered.

So with the SRF I sent in 10-20 dollars for my quarterly membership. In return I got these cheap xeroxed copies of typewritten poems and basic teaching biweekly. Each piece of paper had three hole in the side so you can save them in a three ring binder like school work. When you start off your membership you sign a promise note stating that you will follow the Guru, practice the teachings daily, and never teach nonmembers anything. It takes three years of them milking you before you get your Kriya Yoga lessons and only after you

send them reports of your daily practices. I never went that far. I only stuck with the SRF for one year and I got tired of the silly nonsense I was getting. I just wanted to know the secret techniques of Kriya Yoga. So I ended up dropping out of the SRF and I waited for the internet to be invented and then I just found the entire SRF corpus online and downloaded it. This is what the paper the SRF sends you in your mail box looks like:



As you can see it's a cheap shoot [Hollywood lingo]. It's a piece of xeroxed paper with three holes. Every paper you get begins with a poem by the guru which you just have to endure week after week. I put up with this guy's poetry for a whole year. I don't know if you've ever watched "The Hitch Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy," where these aliens call Vogons torture you with their awful poetry, but the guru's poetry was on par to Vagon poetry. Don't extrapolate this and think I feel the same way for other people's poetry like DM's! In the Autobiography Yogananda says that he did not know English. He said that one day after he was chosen to re-teach Kriya Yoga to the world [here meaning the wealthy West] that he just miraculously knew how to speak English one fine day.

Regardless of the amount of cheese in the guru's poetry, the SRF from his mail order teachings over many decades since 1915 collected a world wide membership becoming a wealthy organization. The SRF today owns real world based Temples around the world, and their big center - which I have visited - up by Encino [Ventura county] California houses it's own lake. AMORC by the way is the wealthiest occult insitution in the world grossing an estimated \$25-30 million per annum, just from "membership fees."

So with many things like these organizations and some inventions like the automobile you have three basic phases of development. The first phase is the "idea" phase. This is when the automobile began as an idea. The second phase is the "attraction" phase. This is when the idea is used to attract those who resonates with the idea. The third phase is the "manifestation" which is when a group of people have come together who actually manifest the idea in the real world. There is a stage after that called "actualization," which is when a body of people organized into a coherent social order begins to work to actualize its aims and objectives.

If you study the occult industry like I did or do, you'll learn that the decade of the 90's was the occult age of the Mail Order business. You look at the back parts of any occult type magazine from this decade and you'll see all of these Wiccan Covens, Satanic groups, Mystical schools, Tarot classes advertising themselves in these magazines. Before the internet this was the only way to actually collect membership. One very

successful such mail order Orders is BOTA which send you their esoteric tarot card based mystical teachings in the mail. Most of these mail order Orders never succeeded in leaving their phase 2 and they all died out.

The thing to keep in mind with these mail order organizations is that membership with their established insitution was real. You paid dues for the membership and in exchange you got a mail box stuffed with private teachings. Granted membership with these mail order organizations wasn't like being a member of the OTO, Golden Dawn, or Masons since they were only in their second phase of development, and those old world secret societies has had a century and more to manifest their third phase of evolution. This is basically the same concept the old Church of Satan used in the old days sans the private teachings. You send in some money, got your Church of Satan membership card and you were a member. Rarely membership in the C/S during the 90's meant you had grottoes of fellow Satanists to hang out with and conduct Satanic Rituals with. If you made it to Grotto Master, the C/S would send you a pamphlet of private instructions. With the C/S it was up to you in the old days to put together your own Grotto.

And so, in this decade of 1990 the Order of Nine Angles was also - like many of its contemporary occult organizations - in its second phase or stage in development. Like AMORC, or BOTA, or most occult organizations of this period, the ONA actually advertised itself in the back of magazines, selling pamphlets and booklets, as well as collecting membership. Most if not all of the old books we associate with the Order of Nine Angles comes from this period, and some people do have the original mail order xeroxed copies. You can sometimes find these sold on eBay today from time to time.

Back in this era and phase of development the main organ the Order of Nine Angles propogated itself thru was its zine or magazine we know of as Fenrir. Xeroxed copies of these Fenrirs from P2 of ONA can still be found. What interests us are not the actual teachings, but what we find in the back of many of these P2 era Fenrirs. For in their back parts we find the lists of ONA books with pricings and an address to send your checks and membership inquiries to. Here's a copy from Fenrir II:

SCRIPTORIUM SINISTRUM

*The Satanic Works
of
The Order of Nine Angles*

- * *NAOS - A Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick*
£12 US\$31 including Air Mail Postage
- * *THE BLACK BOOK OF SATAN - A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial Magick*
£10 US\$29 including Air Mail Postage
- * *CAELETHI - THE BLACK BOOK OF SATAN II*
£7.00 US\$21 including Air Mail Postage
- * *THE BLACK BOOK OF SATAN III*
£7.00 US\$21 including Air Mail postage
- * *HYSTERON PROTERON - Inner Teachings of the ONA*
£3.50 US\$16 including Air Mail postage
- * *HOSTIA - Secret Teachings of the ONA Vol I*
£14 US\$37 including Air Mail postage
- * *HOSTIA Vol II & III*
£7.00 US\$21 each including Air Mail postage
- * *THE SINISTER TAROT - 21 colour illustrations with text*
£45 US\$100 including Air Mail postage
- * *THE DEOFEL QUARTET - In two volumes*
£14 US\$37 each including Air Mail postage
- * *BREAKING THE SILENCE DOWN*



- * *BREAKING THE SILENCE DOWN*
£7.00 US\$21 including Air Mail Postage
- * *THE SELF-IMMOLATION RITE - A Guided Pathworking through the Dark Spheres*
C90 Cassette £5.00 US\$10 including Air Mail postage
- * *SAPPHO: FRAGMENTS - Sinister evocation of the Greek poetess Sappho*
C45 Cassette £3 US\$9 including Air Mail Postage
- * *SATANISM - A Basic Introduction for Prospective Adherents*
£1.00 US\$5 including Air Mail postage
- * *SATANISM - An Introduction for Occultists*
£1.00 US\$5 including Air Mail postage
- * *THE SATANIC LETTERS OF STEPHEN BROWN I & II*
£7.00 US\$21 including Air Mail postage
- * *FENRIR - Journal of Satanism & the Sinister*
£2.00 US\$4 including Air Mail postage

Please make cheques etc payable to 'RIGEL PRESS', PO Box 228, YORK, YO1 2GZ, UK. None of the above can be sold to anyone under 18(UK) and 21(US) - please send age statement with order.

So this is what I mean when I say: "P.O. Box Enterprise." I don't mean it in any mean way. It's just an objective term to refer to such organizations which has items to sell via a P.O. Box to those interested who would chance upon such ads and magazines. Looking thru this list of ONA items I never noticed that the Sinister Tarot was selling for freaking \$100 back in the 90's! Damn. This picture is a xeroxed copy of a Fenrir of a pre-internet ONA in P2. You can see originally this Fenrir - like the original Naos - was spiral bound and typewritten. Also something interesting to note is the last sentence which states: "Please send age statement with order." This suggests that whoever was behind the ONA back then may have been thinking of the legality of age. Here a few more pictures from old Fenrirs of this P2 era for historical reasons:

USEFUL CONTACTS:

- *CHAOS INTERNATIONAL - For latest issue, send £2.70 to
BM Sorcery, London WC1N 3XX.
- *DARK LILY - The Reality of the Left Hand Path. £1.50 from:
BCM BOX 3406, London WC1N 3XX.
- *MANTEIA - Newsletter for the Mantic Arts. Details from
SCT.HANSGADE 20, DK 4000 ROSKILDE, DENMARK.
- *THE MAGICAL WORKSHOP - Magical equipment, custom made.
P.W.Baines, 30 Duke Street, DEAL, Kent CT14 6DS. Tel. 0304 360042.
- *SOL JEWELLERY - Chaos rings, Eris rings, various runic pendants
etc. SAE for full list: BM SOL, London WC1N 3XX.
- *HARDCORE SATANIC MOTHERFUCKING BARBARIAN VIDEOS - Highly
recommended. Details from KULL c/o Brekekk, P.O.Box 109, Newport,
Gwent NP6 1XZ.
- *IRON FEATHER - Tekno Acid, Anarkyz, Skamz. \$1.00 to P.O.Box 1905,
Boulder, Colorado 80306 1905 USA.
- *THE LAMP OF THOTH - Sorcerer's Apprentice, 1 The Crescent,
Hyde Park Corner, Leeds. (Send £2.95).
- *NOX - Latest issue £3 ch/P.O.payable to 'Longship Warrior'.
From S.L.Sennitt, 15 Oxford St, Mexborough, South Yorkshire
S64 9RL.
- *THEE TEMPLE OV PSYCHICK YOUTH - PO Box 227, Brighton, Sussex
BN2 3GL. This is actually the address of Temple Press - although
although I'm sure all enquiries will be forwarded to the
relevant characters.
- *ORCRO - The Occult Response to the Christian Response to the
Occult. £1.50 monthly, annual subscription £15.00 or \$30 US
from BCM GEVURAH, London WC1N 3XX.

[Not sure what a "hardcore Satanic motherfucking barbarian video" is. But the Brekekk address is the same one for Naos.]

FENRIR - JOURNAL OF SATANISM AND THE
SINISTER VOLII No.1 £2.50 \$5.00 U.S.

For this manifestation of Fenrir the
Sacrificial Offerings are:
Christos Beest, Pete Carroll, Annie
Aaron, Fra. Nefarious, Kull, Soror Fyr,
Fra. Autonemesis, Lianna and the
Nameless Entities of the ONA.
Thanks to The Manifest Negation and
Temple C.H.A.O.S.
Gibboneyadas to Friendly Scrotums.

All Hail Avcn Von Awein !

Edited, deranged and dismembered by

Christos Beest.

Printed and published by:

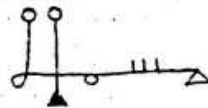
Brekekk

PO Box 109

Newport

Gwent NP6 1XZ

All articles copyright Brekekk/ONA
except 'Chaos In Magical Development'
and 'The Saturn Rite' copyright
Pete Carroll.
May 1990 Era Horrificus.



[Beesty Boy working the "front desk" as Outer Rep at the Brekekk address.]

BRKZKK
PO Box 109
NEWPORT
QUEEN
NP6 LXZ

©1950 BRKZKK

[The above picture is from the Original NAOS found at the very back. Note the date in the lower left.]

Aperiatur terra
 et germinet Atazoth!

[The Original NAOS by the way should begin with the above hand written statement in Latin.
 Note the xeroxed copy of an original spiral bound book.]



DON'T MISS LOT 21

- * THE MAGICK OF SILENCE
- * SEX & SEX ROLES IN WESTERN ESOTERICS: Mike Howard's controversial analysis
- * HER SYMBOLISM: Atavistic consciousness analysed by S.L. Sennitt
- * THE MAGICK OF SILENCE: Dave Myatt of the ONA discusses Sound Magick
- * E=MC2 THE ULTIMATE MAGIC: SN Robinson reviews Quantum mechanic Magic
- * BRAG OF THE FEMALE SUB-GENIUS Shock-invocation of the Dark Initiatress
- * CHAKRAS & THE TREE: With methods for vitalising them (Will Parfitt)
- * SPIRITS IN THE COMPUTER (Kevin Carlyon)

All These Special Feature articles, plus continuations of the serials in this issue, the regular columns like Aunt Sally, Pandora's Box; Occult Book Reviews Golem's Gossip; etc, etc, and MANY MORE SURPRISE ITEMS OF WORTH

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 COPIES OF CURRENT ISSUE ARE OBTAINABLE AT £2.25 each (£2.50 FOR OVERSEAS)
 BACK ISSUES ARE OOP BUT PHOTOCOPIES OF ANY ARE £2.75 EACH (£3.50 OVERSEAS)

That last picture is something very rare. I usually try to keep things like this private and out of the public. But it's a xeroxed copy of an old English magazine called "The Lamp of Thoth," which I assume may be an counter-culture magazine catering to the occult oriented market. I highlighted one very interesting entry in which DM is stated as being "Dave Myatt of the ONA." What I've always found confusing was how does "Sound Magick" relate to a "Magick of Silence?" If you make a sound, wouldn't the silence be broken? I love the entry just two below DM's: "Brag of the female Sub-Genius Shock-invocation of the Dark Initiatress." Initiatress! I joined the Church of the Sub-Genius when I was 18 and still am a proud member. Enterprising no?

I love getting whatever real glimpses of ONA as it was in its early stages of development. These old xeroxed copies and ads the "Old Guards" put up and the wordings they used give me a more clearer [objective] glimps of what ONA may have been beneath all the smoke, mirror, mythos, glamour, and propaganda me and many of us put up today. By glamour, mythos, and propaganda I also mean the image outsiders believe ONA to be, which they talk about and judge ONA by and with. For example many outsiders have this image of the ONA being some secret sinister Satanist organization. Is this image they have of ONA objectively accurate when ONA since 1990 has been advertizing itself in the back of occult magazines in public circulation? How secret of an organization can you be when you advertise in big letters "Hardcore Satanic Motherfucking Barbarian Videos," right in a public venue? The language used seems to be more carefree or not too serious. In fact in one of those pictures I included there is mention of "Friendly Scrotums."

ONA Membership In P2

So during that mail order era of the occult industry [1990's] what did "membership" in ONA actually mean in a realistic and objective sense? If you look at the first picture [2 halves of one] I included what you will see is that 13 out of the 15 named book and booklets are Core Books one would need to put the ONA into practice. We know that the Book of Satan contains the rites of Traditional Satanism, and that Naos contains the Seven Fold Way and the mystical stuff. The Black Book of Satan also contains basic instructions for making and running your own Temple/Nexion [group], finding your own members, and it comes with a Self Initiation Rite. Other organizations of this era such as AMORC also have their own self initiation rites the members performs at home by themselves. So what does membership in the ONA mean during this period?

Objectively membership in ONA during this era was pretty simple and obvious. If you look at the same picture in question you see that after the list of 15 ONA books is a pricing in Pounds and Dollars. At the bottom you see instruction on whom to make your checks out to, and there is given an address to send your checks to. Basically "membership" in the ONA began with the first step of being curious enough to Buy one of those books and sending the Old Guards a check. If you were further interested in being an Initiate of the ONA you have Naos which gave you the entire degree or grade system of the ONA for you to go thru on your own. But you also had the address to ask the Old Guards questions. Back then the Old Guards would give instructions to those who desired to go deeper into the Order of Nine Angles. These ads and books were gateways.

This is something that outsiders speculating about ONA entirely over look or just dismiss. Outsiders speculating often ask if ONA ever "really existed." They forget to count a decade worth of ONA [Beesty Boy, DM, and Friends] spending their own money to make all those spiral bound books, spending their own money buying and placing ads, and spending their time sending out books they sold to their market. It's the market we want to look at. It may have been a small market, but books were sold nevertheless to people who were drawn to and attracted to the aura or elan of the ONA. A member of the ONA is basically a person who puts ONA into practice and goes thru the Seven Fold Way. Of that decade, of all the money and time inputted, of all the people who bought ONA books and studied them, how many of these people were ONA Initiates?

The only way we can really say that ONA never existed or that it never had members is to dismiss all of those people and pretend the entire effort of the snail mail era of ONA never happend. We'd have to force ourselves to pretend that not a single person bought a book or studied its teachings. How do those that state over and over again that ONA never existed or never had membership know that ONA never made members during this era? Where are they getting their numbers and stats from?

ONA during this daced was not doing anything different from AMORC, the SRF, or BOTA. You sent in fees to these groups, you had your self initiations, were members, and got your lessons in the mail. In fact ONA during this time did more for their members and market than the Church of Satan, because with ONA you actually got material for your money you spent. Whereas with the Church of Satan you got nothing but a laminated card for your \$200 dollars. And yet these mundanes out there considers that the Church of Satan existed and had members, but not ONA? Why? Because of the fucking issuing of "membership cards?" Give me a fucking break. Why, because ONA people use pseudonyms like the Black Book of Satan outlines we use? Why, because ONA people don't hang out with them in their internet venues? Why, because ONA has no cool designed website?

When we start our education process into the ONA, we have to learn to consider the whole ONA from beginning to today and all of its stages of development. It's very easy in this day and age when the internet saturates our everyday reality to dismiss the ONA and anything else not securely rooted in that internet reality. In that cyber-samsara, we forget that groups and organizations did exist before the internet and forums were invented. Back during pre-internet days most organizations had to utilize what medium of data transmission was at available to them. In most cases it was snail mail, P.O. Boxes, and magazine ads.

Phase 2 of ONA is done. The Old Guards have collected or attracted or made their numbers and cells of groups of people interested in ONA. They have seen ONA exist this long into our era and generation. And so with this Phase 3 ONA uses a new medium to spread its memeplex which is the internet via free blogs and free PDF booklets and manuals. So what does "membership" in ONA mean in this day and age? How do you join the ONA?

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Joining The Order

The title "Joining The Order" is a nonsensical phrase in regard to the "Order of Nine Angles," because essentially the ONA is not an "Order" and there is no such thing as membership. You can't join something which does not "exist."

By the word "Order" in general, I would mean to denote a structured, often hierarchal organization such as the Ordo Templi Orientis, the "Masonic Order," the Rosicrucian Order, the Traditional Martinist Order, the Order of the Garter, the Order of the Golden Fleece, the Order of Saint Benedict, et cetera. In this context the ONA is not an "Order," in fact, according to this general meaning of the word "Order," the ONA doesn't even exist at all.

The ONA is more accurately what is known as a "Social Order" which is a sociological concept. Wikipedia explains a "social order" like this:

[Begin Quote]

Social order is a concept used in sociology, history and other social Sciences. It refers to a set of linked social structures, social institutions and social practices which conserve, maintain and enforce "normal" ways of relating and behaving.

A "social order" is a relatively stable system of institutions, patterns of interactions and customs, capable of continually reproducing at least those conditions essential for its own existence. The concept refers to all those facts of society which remain relatively constant over time. These conditions could include both property, exchange and power relations, but also cultural forms, communication relations and ideological systems of values. – [Source](#)

[End Quote]

So basically as a social order, the ONA is designed to memetically transmit something which may be referred to as a

“Nine Angles” Tradition, which would include certain basic practices, customs, patterns of thought, ideologies, ethos, world views, and culture, peculiar to this “Nine Angles” Tradition. And like any social order, this ONA thing continually reproduces its subcultural memes over time via a loose collection of individuals who resonate with this Nine Angles Tradition.

Thus, to illustrate the difference between an organizational Order, and a social order, we can use the subculture of surfers as an example. There is no such thing as an “Order of Surfers” where you join or apply for membership to be a genuine, government approved, IRS recognized, authenticated, bona fide, real McCoy surfer. It is simply a social order or a memplex of certain social and practical memes pertaining to surfing which you simply assume or adopt and put into practice. The social order/subculture of surfing does come with certain shared ideas, common practices; language and vocabulary specific to the subculture, perhaps also common dress codes where certain brand name clothing and apparel are utilized.

You simply “plug” yourself into this social order, put it into practice, and perhaps teach others later. And so through adoption of this social order, application of its activities and practices, and teaching of others, the memetic components of this subculture is reproduced and replicated from one generation to the next; from one person to another. And over such time, new elements may be incorporated while old elements are dropped. But we cannot say that surfing is an organizational entity with elected leaders, and membership cards.

This is pretty much what the ONA is. It is a social order. So there is truth to the idea or statement that the ONA as an Order never existed like the Dominican Order existed or exists as an “Order.” But it does exist in the form of a social order with its own unique traditions or culture, which is adopted, put into practice, and taught to others by individuals who may resonate with its subcultural way of life.

Although the ONA may not have existed as an Order. It does exist and it was designed from the very beginning to be self-replicating over time through “nexions” or those who assume the social order of the Nine Angles Tradition, put the tradition into practice, and teach it to others.

The self-replicating “thought-ware” or program of the ONA is directly embedded into its “back bone” called the Seven Fold Way, or the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, which is a sequence of seven Grades, levels of progression, “stages,” or “degrees.”

Each Grade in the Seven Fold Way comes with certain tasks the “Initiate” executes on their own time and terms. From the get go one of the tasks as an initiate of one of the lowest grades is that you find a partner, initiate this partner into the ONA, and begin practicing certain rites together. So from the very beginning, even if only one person finds the ONA worth adopting and practicing, this person has the task of seeking and initiating a second person into the ONA. A following task of a higher grade in the ONA has the Initiate organize or make from scratch an entire Temple/Nexion; which is a group of underlings, cells, or students the Initiate mentors and teaches into the ONA.

So essentially you do not join the ONA: You make the ONA. In this way, it is not accurate to say that the ONA does not exist, or that it has never existed, or has gone dormant. Simply because the very foundation and back bone of the ONA (the Seven Fold Way) is designed from the very beginning to be self manifesting and self replicating. Even if every present ONA Initiate and Old Guard were to all die, be imprisoned, or just dropped out of the Seven Fold Way, the ONA would still be able to re-create itself because all of the instructions, rites, practices, ideology, world view, the sinister dialectic, and concepts of sinister subversion are all “there.” And as long as there is one person alive who resonates with the social order of the Nine Angles, the ONA will always have a nexion [aperture] to re-manifest itself through.

Even if we say that originally the ONA was just one man [Anton Long] and his ideas, those ideas were engineered to be self creating and self replicating as a memplex. All thing that exists in our modern world first began as the idea of one man, designed to attract other people who resonate with its essence and potential, and through such people are the ideas of individual men manifest by effort and assertion of causal force in the real world of experience. The cars that we drive first began as an idea in the mind of the anti-Semite Ford; telecommunications satellites which our modern world can’t exist without first began as an idea of some guy, who now also has a “belt” named after him: the Clarke Belt. Christianity first began as an idea of a crazy Jew who thought he was God, and now there are 2 billion Christians. Buddhism first began as the ideas of a Punjabi Beggar, now if we count the Buddhists in Communist China, there are over 1.6 billion Buddhist. Liberty, and the right of the people to govern themselves first began as criminal ideas in Christendom entertained in a group of daring minds. Today most people in the [developed] world

live in republics which are free from the tyranny of the Church and Crown. Ideas become things as the mystics say. You become what you think as the Buddha says. It's very hard to say that the ideas of one man named Hitler or one man named Marx never causally manifested into anything real or measurable.

We as Humans are thinking animals. The "flaw" is that we are not born with ideas already in our heads to think of, interpret the world with, and regulate our actions with. Such that it becomes common practice – even a human necessity – for others who have come before us to create ideas for us to eventually adopt, think with, to influence our world views, and our actions in the causal world: if our respective human cultures and human civilizations are to continue. And if such memplexes are to evolve, and progress, then there must always be dialectical conflict, where old memes are ruthlessly dethroned by new tested and tried memes. Like the old genes of an aged, impotent alpha male is ruthlessly replaced by a new more potent, more relevant and healthy alpha male.

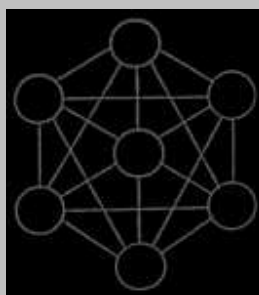
Of all the hundreds of ONA MSS, and thousands of pages presenting ONA thought-ware; the most simple, revealing, and instructional is the following called "The Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way." It presents the foundation, the back bone and basic self replicating program of the ONA. You do not join the ONA: You make it.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

Order of Nine Angles

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional ONA nexions – that is, by those esoteric groups which use a sinister (LHP) Initiatory system based on The Dark Tradition (aka Hebdomary). It is the learning of The Art of Dark Sorcery, by individual Occultists, and thus is the graded and guided practice of The Dark Arts.

The Way is an individual one: each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Sinister individuals – that is, to train individuals in The Dark Arts. This sinister training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and that genuine understanding that is the beginning of wisdom.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine esoteric (Occult) Adeptship – and beyond – and thus fulfil

the potential latent within them, and thus they can and do enhance their life, and come to know and then achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* – involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of sorcery. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

All of these stages (with the exception of the stages beyond Master/Mistress) are associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts/texts [hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a sinister, esoteric, understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual – of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage – that of sinister Initiation – the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional sorcery should gain some understanding of what The Sinister Way is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- * A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles
- * A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms (v 2.01)
- * The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way
- * Our Sinister Character
- * An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

An Important Note Regarding Copies of Naos

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of Naos (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of Naos have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them.

The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatur Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes – in the following order – Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

I – Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These include: (1) *Naos – A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (2) The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonick Magick – A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to sinister Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional nexion or group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation", as given in detail in the Order MS *Naos*. There is no difference between a

Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II – Initiate

Tasks:

- 1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal “magickal diary” about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].
- 2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.
- 3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]
- 4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your ‘magickal’ companion and sexual partner [or of the same sex if you incline that way], and introduce this person to The Dark Tradition. Initiate them according to the rite in *Naos*, or devise your own rite of Initiation (which should culminate in sexual intercourse with your partner). Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.
- 5) Obtain and study (a) the Order MS *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and (b) the Order MS *The Deofel Quartet*. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis* and *The Deofel Quartet – A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I and Part II of the *Deofel Quartet* are intended as entertaining sinister fiction.]
- 6) Undertake an ‘Insight Role’ [see the *Secret Tasks* MS [appended below] and the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* (119yf edition)]. This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.
- 7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last – depending on the commitment of the Initiate – from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Sinister Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of dark sorcery. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or “forces” – and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding – divorced from conventional “moral opposites”.

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real sinister character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Sinister commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III – External Adept

Tasks:

- 1) Organize a magickal, and Sinister, group/nexion/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Nexion, and teach them about The Dark Tradition of the ONA. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according a ceremonial ritual of your own devising, for which you may use texts such as The Grimoire of Baphomet and *The Black Book of Satan* for inspiration and some guidance. In addition, you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Nexion/Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed, for instance, in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months, as you should write and use your own *Black Book* of ceremonial rituals, with some help from the members of your group, if possible, in the writing of this work, and with all rituals firmly based on the non-Magian dark, septenary, tradition of the ONA, and you should use this work of yours in preference to using published works such as the *Black Book of Satan*.
- 2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks – the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]
- 3) Undertake the ‘Secret Task’ as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.
- 4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.
- 5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonic Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.
- 6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].
- 7) Study the esoteric traditions of The Dark Tradition, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Nexion' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition.
- 8.) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept – if necessary choosing someone to run the Nexion in your absence.

Concerning The Nexion:

The Temple [aka Nexion] must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women if the Temple is so orientated toward heterosexuality. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Left Hand Path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truly sinister, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising dark sorcerers. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over – with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed – you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage – Internal Adept – is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, sinister character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonic magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of “individuation”, of esoteric Adeptship. [See, for some basic exoteric guidance, the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance*.]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV – Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny – that is, to presence the dark force by acting sinister in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Nexion, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense – presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce sinister change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized – being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there are Adepts to undertake them. [For a text appropriate to one such Destiny, see the ONA MS *Warriors of The Dark Way*.]

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonic Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see, for some basic exoteric guidance, the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their ‘self-image’, having taken themselves to and beyond their limits – physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack – and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V – Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

- 1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Nexion/Temple/group;
- 2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;
- 3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time – this is Aeonic Magick, but without “ritual”, as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet* and in texts such as *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress – so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years – when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

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Appendix – The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature – they represent genuine dark sorcery in action and as such often are “a-moral”. Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the sinister novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to culling. [These teachings are contained in such traditional Order MSS as *Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice* and *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*. For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a sinister novice must undertake as part of their commitment to The Dark Tradition. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are sinister and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual sorcerer. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of dark sorcerer. They are sinister. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, sinister in a practical way. Some who profess to be sinister - and some who wish to become sorcerers of The Dark Tradition - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as “Such tasks are not necessary”. By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as mundanes - as “ordinary” and weak - as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine sinister novices possess or must develop. The Dark Way is at it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the “ordinary”, the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine dark sorcery requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.) After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Undertake, as a solo hermetic working, either the traditional *Mass of Heresy* (suitably adapted for such an hermetic rite), and then, nine days later, the *Rite of Defiance*.

Note: Both the Mass of Heresy and the Rite of Defiance are intentionally heretical in our times; as well as being means of catharsis, and providing a practical means whereby those undertaking them can develop a sinister-empathy with that which and those whom are currently regarded, by Magians and mundanes and in a very practical way, as "evil" and deserving of approbation.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* - 119yf edition].

External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

- 1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks – see the *Guide* – perform both the *Mass of Heresy* and *The Rite of Defiance*.
- 2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an offer. Select some suitable candidates for the post of offer, using sinister guidelines for so selecting an offer, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen candidate. The offer or offers having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* using the chosen offer(s) in the central role. Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further offer using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake *The Ceremony of Recalling* [see *The Grimoire of Baphomet*].

It must be stressed that (i) the offer(s) must be chosen according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the candidates for the position of offer can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the sinister path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Order of Nine Angles
101yf
(Revised 121 yf)

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Being ONA - A Family Guide

Introduction

Since there has been much confusion lately as to what being ONA, belonging to the Order of Nine Angles, or describing one's self as ONA means – and also as to what exactly membership of the O9A collective involves – it is fitting that the matter is explained in words that are not open to misinterpretation.

Historically, the ONA was organized into ‘underground’ cells – local Temples, groups, nexions – composed of a small number of individuals personally known to each other. Some cells recruited clandestinely; some did not. Many cells consisted of individuals related to each other so that they formed an esoteric extended family. Most of these cells were in the British Isles, and most followed the Seven Fold Way, with the remainder following the Rounwytha Way. The numbers involved were never large, and all recruits – even blood relatives of already pledged members – served a probationary period during which they were tested and had to accomplish certain tasks, with this probationary period generally lasting for around six months, after which they swore an oath of loyalty to their comrades and pledged themselves to follow the ONA Way.

Thus, the deeds, the accomplishments, of all those involved with the ONA were known to others.

Prior to the mid 1990’s ce, AL personally knew someone or several from most of these O9A cells, with the remainder known to someone who knew AL. Thereafter, from the mid 1990’s ce onward, a few autonomous cells – Temples or nexions – were established, in a few countries around the world, for instance in The Antipodes, America, Canada and certain European countries. These autonomous cells were established by people interested in the ONA who had obtained various ONA MSS – such as copies of *Naos* and *BBSI* – with a few of these people being in communication, by postal letters, with someone from the ONA such as CB.

However, most of these new groups did not last very long, anything from a few months to a few years, with the individual or individuals either founding a new, non-ONA, group, or joining another Occult group, or losing interest in the Occult altogether. Without exception, these groups initially followed the Seven Fold Way, with many using the form of Traditional Satanism, and it was made clear to them that, if the members of these groups and the group itself desired to describe themselves as ONA, they were expected to undertake the Grade Rituals, do Insight Roles, learn Esoteric Chant, and so on. That is, do practical sorcery; live a sinister life, undertake exeatic deeds. They were also expected to provide evidence of their achievements, for example either by publishing (if necessary under a pseudonym) an account of their experiences during the Grade Rituals and Insight Roles, or by sending them to their ONA contact if they had one, which is what most chose to do. A few of these people, inspired by our mythos, came to visit Britain and thence came to meet us personally, as we had hoped some might do.

After around 1998 ce, with the widespread use of the ‘world wide web’ and the dissemination of ONA MSS via that medium, interest in and the influence of the ONA steadily grew, with a few more autonomous cells being established, one or two of which are still in existence. One of these autonomous cells – no longer extant – established an unofficial well-designed ONA website (*naszdom*) containing a good selection of written ONA material, with most new ONA written material (mostly written by AL) being made available by means of the ‘world wide world’, with many of these newer MSS stressing the importance of ONA-inspired people doing practical sinister deeds given the practical nature of the ONA way.

In addition, electronic mail made it easier for those forming new autonomous cells to contact someone from the ONA, as several of the ONA OG took to using the ‘world wide web’ as a means of propaganda, incitement, provokation, and recruitment, and thus would occasionally participate in discussions on Usenet or, later on, on forums.

However, what tended to happen was that the majority of those who did make the effort to contact someone from the ONA via electronic mail – and who more often than not sought some guidance – did not provide or publish the necessary evidence of their deeds, of their progress along the Seven Fold Way, even though a few of them had proclaimed, via the ‘world wide web’ that they were ONA. Neither did they desire to meet with us personally.

That is, they remained anonymous, unknown to and untrusted by us, with no verifiable deeds to their name, while proclaiming they were ONA or were associated with the ONA. [1] Thus a situation arose when it seemed that anyone for whatever reason or from whatever motive, and anonymously, could claim via the ‘world wide web’ to be ONA or part of the O9A collective.

Being ONA

While we do not, due to our subversive, clandestine, and non-hierarchical nature, have a conventional membership – in terms of an easily found or public contact address; in terms of application forms, a membership list, fees, and the like – there are certain conditions a person has to fulfil and certain obligations to undertake in order to be O9A and be entitled to call themselves ONA.

Why? Simply because the Order of Nine Angles, as the name implies, is an order; a world-wide esoteric association of

individuals who share the same ethos, pursue similar aims and goals, and who are part of or who adopt our particular distinctive culture. This culture has certain traditions, certain standards of personal behaviour.

Our ethos, our culture, is easily recognizable in two things. In what we call our code of kindred-honour, and in the necessity of practical deeds, sinister-numinous – and thence the necessity of pathei-mathos. Our code of honour means a personal loyalty, to people you know and trust; loyalty to people you personally know and trust, nothing else.

To be ONA means to be of our culture, which means – as our code of honour states – we are suspicious by nature, that we judge people only by knowing them personally and according to their known deeds, and that we value practical deeds over and above words.

Thus we judge if they are our kind, if they belong to our culture, by the criteria of: (1) personally knowing them, or (2) by them being personally known to and vouched for by others we know and trust, or (3) by the known public record of their deeds, although in this case doubts remain, with only a qualified acceptance until such time as one or many of us can personally vouch for them. Someone may claim to be ONA all they want – especially via the ‘world wide web’ – but unless or until they meet one of the foregoing criteria their claim has no value, and they themselves have no merit with us.

There is nothing complicated here, nothing that is difficult to understand. Hence if someone does not want to uphold our traditions, does not like our standards of personal behaviour, they are not of our culture, not of our kind, even if they speak, or try to speak, our language.

The Kollektive

The kollektive is simply our kind co-operating among themselves, sometimes locally, personally, and sometimes with others far-distant by using the ease of communication that the ‘world wide web’ enables. The operative term being ‘our kind’. It does not mean anonymous people calling themselves ONA communicating with other anonymous people calling themselves ONA.

In the case of ‘with others far-distant’ it means establishing a foundation of trust, first. That is, establishing if indeed these others are our kind. Which returns us to either a personal knowing, or having some credible evidence that they are indeed our kind.

In addition, when we state that the ONA is a kollektive, and there is no hierarchy, it means a kollektive of our kind who know and who trust each other, and who thus are akin to a large extended, world-wide, family. It does not mean a collection of unknown untrusted people ‘on the internet’ who describe themselves as ONA and who communicate and discuss things with other unknown untrusted people ‘on the internet’. Thus, when we mean family we mean family: ties of personal loyalty, of duty to those you personally know and trust, and quite often we mean ties of actual kinship, one generation to the next, and of partners, of brothers, sisters, and so on.

Thus our kollektive is our personal extended world-wide family – which may well include those in our own nexion, since they are or become our family – plus those, more distant from us, we know or who are known by others we trust, and so on.

Again, there is nothing complicated here, nothing that is difficult to understand.

Conclusion

This all means something quite interesting about the Order of Nine Angles, something that many, it seems have overlooked – enamoured as they appear to be by this new ephemeral ‘internet’ thing and lacking as they do seem to be in certain Occult faculties.

It means we grow and have grown slowly, as befits our Aeonian perspective. Slowly, through personal contact, a personal knowing, pledges of duty and loyalty based on our code of honour; and more recently and sometimes through using modern mediums such as ‘the world wide web’ and electronic mail *as a prelude* to such a personal knowing and such personal pledges. It means our presence on ‘the world wide web’ had a purpose, an intent.

It means we are something of a large, growing, unconventional family, whose relations and relatives are becoming dispersed around the Earth, and who – unlike many extended natural families – have a shared, supra-personal, purpose and a shared culture.

Naturally, like all families, sometimes there are disputes, as sometimes a young son or daughter leaves home to adopt another culture or none. But by and large the family stays together, because of our culture, our traditions, our practices, our Occult abilities and faculties, our very long-term esoteric aims and goals.

Which is one reason why many of our people have been with us, part of our family, for ten, twenty, thirty years and more, and why we have slowly grown through assimilating their friends, their sons, their daughters, their relatives, their colleagues. And why have recruited, we still recruit and will continue to recruit, in the old-fashioned way, our ephemeral years using ephemeral modern mediums such as ‘the world wide web’ and electronic mail having revealed just how inefficacious such mediums are, in esoteric and family terms.

Order of Nine Angles

January, 123 yfayen

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[1] In a recent article, DL9 provided some pointers as to what was implicitly expected of someone describing themselves, via the ‘world wide web’, as ONA:

First, privately reveal themselves, and thus their practical deeds, exoteric or esoteric or both – that which makes them ONA – to the ONA OG or AL,

or

Second, go public, allowing they themselves and their deeds, their life, to be judged *by others* according to the criteria for what makes someone ONA;

or

Third, publish (even if anonymously) enough evidence for critical ONA people *and* others to judge. Evidence, in the case of esoteric deeds, such as their journal of the Internal Adept rite, photographs of their Star Game structure, recordings of them performing esoteric chant. Evidence, in the case of exoteric deeds, such as an authentic account of many sinister deeds, with sufficient detail that someone knowing such deeds or experienced in dealing with people who have done such deeds (such as police officers or lawyers or forensic investigators) might conclude they were authentic.

In addition, as we have stated many times over the past decade, we do not accord respect to people whose personal character and scholarly/Occult knowledge is unproven, unknown to us, and thus consider the words, the opinions, the views of such unknown, unproven, people – especially if made via the medium of the internet using some nym – as worthless, as having no value.

Thus it really is quite amusing when unknown individuals – often young, often having little or no practical Occult experience, and invariably never having followed our Way to Internal Adept – pontificate about the ONA on internet ‘forums’ and the like. Their pontifications have, in most instances, been written or said before.

Our respect is limited to and reserved for: (1) our own kind whom we know personally, and especially those among us who have attained at least Internal Adept; (2) those with a proven public record of *scholarly* works; (3) those with a proven public record of sinister deeds, and (4) those who, like their sinister deeds, are known to us personally. By scholarly we mean learned and having undertaken meticulous, unbiased, research over a period of some years.

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ONA, A Brief Overview

I actually just wanted to write Anything before the holiday season rolls in. I'll be out in the real world with my family

duties and celebrating well into the new years from here. It might be a month or two before I get a chance or wave of inspiration to write again. I just wanted to restate a few things in different ways, so I can put the cool new date of 123 yf on something. Think about it for a moment: the next time in ONA's history those numbers will be in that order again is 1123 yf and 1230 yf. Makes me wonder what everything "out there" will be like 1000 years from now? Wyrd.

The Order of Nine Angles was founded in 1972 which was the date the first ONA 'Manuscript' was written by DM, who later adopted the pen name "Anton Long." The pen name has its origins in the name of a river named Anton, which was actually a short one, if I remember the story right. DM publicly denies being ever associated with the ONA for his own reasons. But If you look around hard enough, you'll find certain items of "interest." For example the Temple of THEM sometimes puts old [pre-internet] ONA booklets up on eBay which is signed [an actual signature] off "David Myatt," and not "Anton Long." Then there are the several old photo copies of ONA ads placed in certain zines and magazines concerning ONA booklets which have the name David Myatt on them and not "Anton Long."

Whenever an associate of the ONA passes these items to me, I help the glamour by kindly asking them to not make these items of interest too available to the public. Personally it is my desire to gradually separate the actual person of David Myatt from "Anton Long." I've spoken about this idea with a few other associates. The idea is based on the factor of Time and what inevitably comes to us all in Time. Whatever people will think of the idea, I'll probably just do it myself over time.

DM is a real person, and so given enough Time, he will pass on to his 7th Degree in the Seven Fold Way. If an ONA is too heavily dependent on a single mind – such as DM – for all of its input, memes, and insights, DM's inevitable passing may threaten the longevity of the ONA. Not many personality cults survives the death of its personality. Let's watch North Korea and see what happens! I heard from Yahoo news that what's his name passed away.

I propose two methods for circumventing this possible threat. The first is to continue to encourage the Open Source nature of the ONA: it being a Peer Group meta-organism. The Scientific Community is my personal model. Science has no "leaders," or central commanding meme-maker. It is a group of equals – Peers – working a certain basic Methodology [the scientific method]. Yet science has a way of evolving over time where new theories replaces out dated theories, and so forth.

The other method I get from studying my own culture. The second method is to slowly over Time, make "Anton Long" a Cultural meme of the ONA Kulture itself. Meaning that "Anton Long," over Time, becomes a 'character' indivisible from the ONA's overall Mythos. Characters of mythos don't die. So a basic example of a character forever fixed in a living culture would be the Yellow Emperor of China. The actual person is long dead, but as a character of a people's culture, the Yellow Emperor is a fixture and aspect of that culture. King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table would be an example of characters that are fixture of a cultural mythos. Or more closer to the occult industry, Christian Rosencreutz, who is the mythic founder of the Rosicrucian Order, is a living aspect of that Rosicrucian "occulture*." [*Note: I give credit to Kori Houghton for coining that cool term].

This in itself does not "fix" the "threat." There are other minor issue regarding ONA, that can contribute to this "threat" due to misunderstandings of just what a "member" of the ONA is exactly. Ultimately as a person interested in the ONA you have two sources to get your information: 1) The Yapping of know-it-all outsiders; or 2) the ONA itself.

The most basic "definition" of what a member of the ONA is was stated by the ONA way back in 1994 ever before the internet was publicly used en masse. So I will quote it here:

[Begin Quote]

Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims -of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA -and the Seven-Fold Way itself -create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an Individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from The Black Book of Satan', is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this - that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal -they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are

fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution- they are using their lives to some purpose.

- Sacramentum Sinistrum, O.N.A., 1994

[End Quote]

It's concise and precise. It's easier to use that Traditional 1994 statement as the foundation of what "membership" in the ONA means. Sacramentum Sinistrum by the way is [today] a PDF of a xeroxed copy of typed documents written during the early and late 90's.

Membership in the ONA is basically anybody who somehow chances upon the ONA or ONA material, and of their choice, free will and accord, chooses to Live the ONA Way. Fundamentally, this Way begins with the Seven-Fold Way.

So, besides the 7 Degrees or Grades of the Seven Fold Way, there are fundamental "MSS" that teaches the new member the "Kulture" or Way of the ONA. Such old pre-internet booklets are: the Black Book of Satan; Naos; the Hostias; Otonen; Sacramentum Sinistrum; & the Deofel Quintet. All of the named booklets state in different ways – over and over again – just what exactly membership in the ONA means. It virtually means anybody interested in the Sinister Tradition of the ONA enough to apply that Way in their life.

Once you have carefully read each of those named books – especially the Black Book of Satan – you will get or understand exactly How the ONA was originally constructed or put together. The BBS in plain English will tell the new member/initiate that the ONA's existence is virtually up to him or her to express and manifest. The BBS give the member a basic outline for how to go about creating the ONA from scratch. The Traditional Rites are given; the way a Temple/Group – subsidiary of the "ONA" - is created, recruitment, meetings is also outlined in plain English.

If you have carefully read the BBS, then you should understand that the ONA cannot "die" out as a memplex. It was constructed from the very beginning to recreate itself via what DM calls "nexions" which means the individual member or initiate and also the group such individual member may establish.

Besides those Core booklets, the ONA member has a huge corpus of documents and "manuscripts" to learn more about the ONA from. Anton Long over the 40 years or so has continuously produced about 5000 pages worth of philosophically inclined "extracurricular" material to give blood to the meat and bone of the ONA. The most important of these documents – from my point of understanding at least – is the Sinister Dialectic, which is another classic pre-internet ONA document. It is worth quoting in full since not many insiders or outsiders seem to pay much careful attention to what the document actually says, suggests, and implicates:

[Begin Quote]

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic strategy - that is, (a) the use of Black Magick to change individuals/events on a significant scale; (b) to gain control and influence; and (c) the use of Satanic forms (individuals/influence etc.) to produce/provoke changes.

This strategy, and the tactics involved to achieve it, is esoteric - and its learning forms an important part of noviciate training. Satanic strategy has its ground or foundation in Aeonics - Aeonics providing a means of rationally studying the patterns, processes and energies, both causal and acausal, which do and have shaped individuals and their groupings from societies to civilizations. Further, Aeonics provides a means of interpreting recent events/trends and can predict (within certain limits) future patterns.

[A basic introduction to Aeonics is given by the Order MSS dealing with the subject. A more advanced study involves becoming proficient in the advanced Star Game.]

I. On a basic level, the dialectic is concerned with simple opposition - with defiance of what is accepted or conventional at particular times. This is heresy - the Adversarial role, a challenge against both conscious and unconscious norms. This opposition works on two levels - the individual, and society. 1) individual: The strategy is to provide opportunities for individuals to discover the hidden/forbidden within their own psyche, or lead them/influence them toward this. This means catharsis on an individual level. 2) Society: The strategy means Satanic individuals/organizations disseminate (often with no direct Satanic connotations) heretical ideas or otherwise encourage them. The aim of both (1) and (2) is to challenge and thus provoke change, reaction.

At the present time, (1) means rites such as The Black Mass [qv. the Order MS 'Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass'], and other means of inner liberation. (2) means an aiding of what actually is heretical, now - this means upholding (a) inequality (particularly racially), (b) the concept of war, and (c) aiding discussion/spread of information/exchange of ideas/triumphing the cause of those things which actually are heretical, in Law and mostly ignored by the majority such is their supine nature - such as certain views regarding events in World War Two the propagation of which are illegal and which render the person spreading them to imprisonment

(i.e. denying 'the Holocaust' ever took place). Further, (2) at this time also involves countering the unhealthy and anti-natural morality of suppression of the Nazarene.

All these are, however, tactics. to achieve broader strategic goals - they are means, only. These means can and often do change as the times changes - as societies change. For instance, regarding (2)(a) above - in a society which was tyrannically anti-egalitarian, the tactic would probably be to aid egalitarian tendencies.

II. On a higher level, the dialectic is concerned with long-term evolution - with the creation and change of civilizations and ultimately with the creation of a new type of individual, a new species. This means altering our evolution, this alteration being toward the 'Satanic'.

This means two things - or rather two tactical approaches. (1) Enabling individuals to change themselves, to evolve, consciously, and so become part of that evolutionary change. (2) Changing/influencing the structures (such as societies) to make them instruments for such change or at least not detrimental to it.

(1) involves such things as External and Internal Magick - a following of the Seven Fold Sinister Way. (2) involves Aeonick magick - e.g. the creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection in the psyche of others which results from introducing them - and gaining/using influence.

It should be understood that while the tactics of I above can and do change, the tactics used to attain II remain essentially the same because the goal is precise. Further, I in many ways aids II - that is, the opposition to some fixed idea or dogma, accepted at a particular moment in history, provokes a change and leads to a new synthesis and thus an evolution of conscious understanding in individuals, thus aiding the sinister dialectic on a higher level.

Essentially, I is exoteric, and II esoteric Satanism - and it is necessary to make this distinction because the means of I vary with time (over centuries) while II remains relatively fixed, and all too often novices (and others) confuse a tactic used in I (such as politics) as something Satanic when it is only a tactic, a means, a form.

The reason 'why' there is (in genuine Satanism, anyway) a sinister strategy - a dimension beyond the personal - is simple: it is in the nature of Satanism (genuine Satanism, anyway) itself. Satanism at its highest level is concerned with 'cosmic change' - that is, it is an expression of the evolution of conscious existence. Evolution is something we, as conscious beings, can participate in and indeed create - by so doing, we are extending the range of our being, fulfilling (and going beyond) the potential we possess; affirming our existence in the most intense way possible. Viewed another way (in terms developed recently to explicate such things - i.e. make them more conscious and thus controllable) Satanism accesses the acausal, via nexions, and so increases the amount of the acausal presented in the causal. These nexions are psychic (within the psyche of individuals), physical (places on Earth where the causal and acausal intersect or are close) or created via magickal rites.

Aeonics, and the sinister dialectic, are means which enhance our existence as Individuals - which offer us the opportunity not only to increase our consciousness and our abilities, but to use that consciousness and those abilities.

Thus, Satanism, correctly understood, is more than a glorification of the ego, or an indulgence in pleasures, or some kind of intellectual, 'esoteric' knowledge. It is also more than just living 'on the edge' and garnishing dark and other experiences [that is only a stage - qv. the MS 'The Practice of Evil, In Context'].

In essence, the sinister dialectic is Satanism and Satanists in action - it is Satanists playing at god: altering themselves, others, societies, civilization and evolution itself. This is its purpose, and the justification of sinister strategy.

--O.N.A.

[End Quote]

The Key Points to seriously think about are: “(2) Society: **The strategy means Satanic individuals/organizations disseminate (often with no direct Satanic connotations) heretical ideas or otherwise encourage them.**” & “(2) involves Aeonick magick - e.g. **the creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection in the psyche of others which results from introducing them - and gaining/using influence.**”

The first statement gives a general outline of why some ONA people do what they do, say what they say, and associate or support what they are associated with and support. This can be anything from racialism, National-Socialism, Holocaust denial, Radical Islam, Radical Anything, Crime, Terrorism, whatever. If that Magian World Order “out there” fears it, hates it, insulates itself from it, condemn it, then as an ONA person you somehow spread those ideas. There is always a receptive social group that is counter-culture

willing to accept any of these ideas. The trick is to learn from pros like the KGB or CIA and to not force such propaganda down the general public's throats, but to spread those memes in subcultures Already primed to like or accept such memes. The fruits of such “subversive” measures take a while to see. It takes a generation or so [circa 30 years] to actually see results. This is because you have to wait for one generation to age out and the new generation to come to their Minds. With the succession of generations there is always a “tension” where one generation as a collective zeitgeist will try to somehow break itself free from the social order established by the older one. For example the people of the generation during the Cold War would have never dared to entertain Communist ideology in their heads. Yet today it is very common to come across a person of our current generation to entertain anti-Capitalist sentiments. The USSR as a political entity may be defunct, but the work their covert operatives did inside receptive subcultures back then, still infects.

The second statement brings us to the doorstep of the Causal Forms and iteration and things of that sort. The basic idea is that if we desire to aeonically – in the span of hundreds of years – change social order because we dislike this Western Magian Order, then we create memetic vehicles [forms] to spread new seed ideas, so that in time those forms will influence and infect receptive subgroups in this West.

There are plenty of other instances in the 5000 pages of ONA stuff where it is stated in plain ordinary English that the creation of new rites, ceremonies, and causal forms is a pass time of ONA initiates, or something they should try to do to either help develop and evolve the ONA or society aeonically, but we'll just stick with this basic quoted statement and the idea of aeonics.

Basically what the essence of that statement says is that the individual ONA person should not just be fixated on a Satanism. Satanism is only one tool or archetypal form or causal form to get a job done. It is effective in countering Magian memes and ethos in its dwindling receptive market. But society in general is huge and goes beyond Satanism and the “fringe occult.”

If we say that we dislike this Western Magian Ethos that influences and sickens the West, then, anything not Western and Magian is a useful tool and form to be used to introduce new idea, memes, ideologies, philosophical gibberish, into this Western Magian Order. The trick is to learn to dismantle these non-Western Magian forms into their basic functioning memes and then graft those memes into a memetic vehicle of some type which has a receptive audience. In Buddhism we call this same basic idea “Upaya.”

Three years ago I wrote a long essay for the ONA on ideas and how to manufacture new ideas and so on, but I trashed that essay thinking that other people would find an essay on ideas boring.

I learned about engineering ideas actually from a little book I found in the bookstore. I can't remember the title of the book, but it was something like the “Science of Ideas.” It was written in the 1930's and was in the New Thought section of the bookstore.

Basically the author of the book was hired by a very rich business tycoon of that time to study what ideas are and how new ideas are manufactured. This tycoon was afraid that patents would run out, meaning that he believed that it might be possible that there is a limit to what we can make or come up with. The tycoon wanted to know if ideas can be created so as to keep his own business one step a head of competition.

So to make the long story short the author of the book took up the challenge and figured out what he termed the “Science of Ideas.” Science here – for the author – meaning that he conducted experiments, came up with a methodology of making new ideas, and if you followed his methodology, you can come up with similar results.

Essentially the author comes to learn that things like inventions or religions or beliefs are composed of “units of ideas.” This was way before the word and idea of a “meme” was coined, so the author just used the word “unit” and tried to explain these units as like atoms to matter. So just like elements in the periodic table, idea-units have sources which you “mine.” Then you can take those units and construct what the author called “idea-clusters,” out of. I took that term and morphed it into “meme-cluster.”

One of the examples the author gives is Mr. Ford and his automobile. The idea-cluster of an automobile is actually composed of a number of idea-units. Each unit if looked at closely can be traced back to older sources: steam engines, carriage wheels, cranks, coal burning or combustion, the steering wheel thing on ships and boats, etc.

The fascinating thing about the book was that the author states that new ideas, concepts, models, inventions, religions, philosophies, ideologies, can be manufactured endlessly, but that it requires a person with the right Mind to do this.

The author goes to then describe two essential kinds of people. The first kind is one who lacks the ability to see things clearly. This type usually has to be told what to believe, how to live, he is in essence a Consumer of other peoples ideas, because he simply lacks the capability to manufacture his own ideas.

The second type of person the author describes is the kind that has the mental ability to take an idea or thing and systematically deconstruct that thing or see that thing in as many different ways as possible. This second type has the ability to remove, extract, or take bits and pieces of many things, and in his or her mind is able to put idea-units together into a new combination. The second type is essentially a Producer rather than a consumer of ideas-constructs. He is the type with the nature to tinker with things to alter them to his liking. Whereas the other type is has the nature of religiously supporting a pre-constructed thing or idea. The author goes to say that a company which desires to stay ahead of competition and remain in business long term wise must invest in acquiring a large number of the second type and not the idea consumer type.

The point to all this is that it requires a certain type of person to be able to mentally mine “idea-units” from the thousands and so religions, philosophies, and ideologies, or whatever out there and manufacture new models of idea-cluster for a receptive market.

In context to ONA and aspects of the Sinister Dialectics, it may not be enough to take a non-Western memplex and just give it to Magianized Westerners to adopt hoping that they will in time give up their dependence on Magian Ethos/Culture. It may require the ability to deconstruct such non-western things into their constituent memes and to take those memes and either graft them into Forms or to manufacture entire new idea-constructs.

This goes well with the idea of further developing the ONA. I would describe DM as the second type of person, and his past M.O in the many forms he associated with shows it. In all of the things DM got involved with, he seemed to not be satisfied as a mere consumer of an idea product. Instead you can see him tinker with what he got involved with by adding new ideas or morphing it altogether. A good example to see this is in with DM and National-Socialism. He starts off in his early days as a normal NS person, but gradually he tinkers with NS until he and his friends came up with Reichsfolk, and Folk Culture. Or you can even see it with him and Islam. You can actually see him grafting his own “non-Islamic” ideas into his past Islamic writings.

DarkLogos once shared with me how in the olden days DM even tried to create a hybrid Islam-Numinous Way form which did not germinate sadly. But interestingly, if you read around DM's writings enough, you'll catch the glitches, where sometimes you will read DM equate Allah with the Acausal, which I would actually agree with. Or at least I like the idea of Allah being the Acausal, and Creation being the Causal. It would lead to a more deeper mystical understanding of reality in general. My only “argumentive point” would be that the concept of Allah implies or infers a being that is conscious or at least alive enough to care what people do. And at the moment I don't have the understanding that the Acausal is something aware or conscious. I tend to agree with DM's latter concept of the Cosmic Being. Now, if we could take DM and his M.O. And clone him, so that the ONA is populated with such creative tinkering types and not the mere consumer of ideas.

Which brings us to the last topic I'd like to talk about: that of the ONA Faten Three. In this Third Phase of Faten the ONA is a collective of peers. Each peer to me seems to nicely express the core concept of the Sinister Dialectic in their own unique and creative ways. Each introduces new ideas either into the ONA to help further develop it, or they introduce new memes into the larger Satanic Subculture, to slowly help evolve it. Anything that will chip away at the old structure and introduce new invigorating, inspiring, ideas-stuff helps evolve what is being worked with, whether it is ONA, Satanism at large, or society.

ONA or its ideas are now so successful that we have people claiming now to own it, or be its leader, and we hear now ONA people wining about how it has become too popular. I'm personally indifferent to the whole matter. It is what it is and personally I have to stay on course and take one step at a time. Things had to be evolved or changed in the ONA. And such changes have obviously produced the side effect of the ONA seemingly being “too popular” for comfort for some. At such a moment when ONA is in the midst of a transitioning phase or metamorphic phase, it will not be stable. Meaning that if ONA were a line graph we'd see the line drastically move up and down all crazy. It will in time find it's own stasis or equilibrium. Some nexions are already going dark and leaving the internet. Private oral traditions and privately circulated MSS are now coming into play. I think the “problem” and growing pains we are experiencing are healthy for a meta-organism like ONA. At least ONA is alive enough to have problems and growing pains. Personally it is too early to judge how the ONA will actually be when it stabilizes. I'd give it at least another 3 years, before I make a judgment based on what results materializes. I doubt the ONA will ever be “that” in vogue with the mundane Satanic genry. But I also know that with numbers can come dilution of essence and quality. But even the realization of this is good, cuz it helps us understand that ONA just might need a big body of only privately circulated stuff for those “on the inside.”

There is a draw back to being on the radar which I find cumbersome. [Like Biggy & Friends once said](#): “The more money we come across, the more problems we see.” But in our case, it might be the more on the radar ONA is, the more drama we get, ain't that right. Such drama comes with the turf. At least they are talking about ONA. Meaning that of all the institutions, people, birds, tree, celebs, politicians, religions, Stuff in the world, ONA is what those people talk about, hate on, occupy their mental time with. Like our old WSA friend from Puerto Rico once said: “Worry when they stop talking about you.” Cuz that's when you know you're out of business and irrelevant to anybody.

This short overview was just a re-iteration of what has been iterated and obliterated over and over again for the past 40 years now. They are just the same basic ideas people have a mis-understanding of, due to a few loud mouths that are either pretentious or just think their assumptions about ONA is divine fact. Where they go off stating – as many have done before them – that ONA is dead, defunct, and so on. A basic reading of old ONA booklets will actually show you otherwise. That it can't die because it was made to be self replicating and self manifesting. As long as there is one person interested and devoted to giving life to the Sinister Way and Tradition of the ONA, the Order of Nine Angles will always have a nexion or portal to materialize thru.

And should ONA die out in any ways: this WSA352, myself especially, and my friends will always be here to revive it, recreate it, redevelop it, remanifest it, over and over again. At least for the next 27 years. If people in and out of ONA don't like that, then tough. Deal with it or leave. It ain't like porn, where you just have to look at it. If you don't like what you see, either leave, or kill me. Cuz as long as I have some sort of medium to write on, I will keep doing what I have been doing.

A couple of years ago in a private conversation I made a small promise to DM care-of DarkLogos which was that I will duplicate DM's time he spent on the ONA by spending the next 30 years writing for the ONA. I am a patient person. Writing and sharing my ideas and life doesn't take much effort or calories. It's just something I do anyways in my diaries and private wordpresses. I might as well devote that skill or talent to something I truly love: ONA. And don't doubt for one moment that I can't actualize what I set out to do with ONA. I know myself, and I know ONA as it was 4 years ago and what it is now today. Granted I am only a small domino in a row of causally falling dominoes. But should that causal and wyrdful cascade of dominoes falling stops and ONA – whatever iteration – were to die: I'll be right here patiently doing what I have been doing for three years. Writing my ideas, talking about my culture and family to the ether. Like attracts like. In time my ideas will call out the next set of dominoes which will fall in a beautiful pattern.

It's like I'm an artist. But I paint with memes. This ONA like Buddhism is my paint brush. It doesn't matter who I am. What should matter is how each painting I make captivates or inspires you in some way. In the same way that the mysterious etchings and painting along a cave inspires and captivates some people, even today when the cave person that once etch the drawing is long gone and forgotten. If I should be known and remembered at all, it is my desire to only be known for my ideas and insights I share. It's best this way, so that when the time is right, I can just slip back into the dark and be a simple ONA member – one of many - “out there” somewhere unmolested and at peace.

2012 will be a busy year though, so I won't be writing as much. Others should write and have a go at the ONA thing. At any rate, in conclusion, I will be “here” for the next 27 years. Same person, same blog. Or hopefully the same blog. I don't know how long wordpress lets you keep a blog, or if wordpress will be alive even 20 years from now. But, whatever. I'll be here, doing what I do for a very long time. Same WSA352 nexion, same me, same writing style. The cool thing for me is to watch myself grow over the years. Which is one reason why I love wordpress. You have all of your writings dated. I tried looking back at my own writings from just 3 years back and they were lame and embarrassing. I can't imagine what I'll be writing about or be like 20 years from now. Culturally I was born and raised to be honourable and to keep my word, especially to an elder. I'll honour my word/wyrd I gave to DM c/o DarkLogos and keep writing for ONA for 30 years. Even if I am the last Niner alive. Regardless of who likes me or hates me. People come and go in life as friends and companions. But once in a blue moon you'll meet a loyal companion who for whatever reason will stick by you through thick and thin till the end. Such loyal and honourable type of people are rare in the West. I think that's what it all boils down to for me? Loyalty. Maybe it's a cultural thing?

In my culture we have two type of “marriage” ceremonies. The first is the normal kind, where a man and woman who love each other get married. The second type of “marriage” ceremony is between loyal friends. This second type grew out of ancient military rites of comradeship where in the ancient time during the Khmer Empire before soldiers set out to war, two best friend soldiers would take themselves to the temple. At the temple before a shaman [Isa] or Monk, the two make a sacred vow before Shiva or the Buddha or Brahma that they will love each other as blood brothers [or blood sisters] till death. That they will care for each other and their families as natural blood siblings. And that out in the battlefield they will lay their lives down for the other, and if one of them does not make it back alive, that the living one will care for his fallen brother's children, wife, and parents.

This concept of loyalty is not exclusive to my culture. One reason why I like Islam is because I read once that in old Islamic cultures [very old times] when you are out and about and you come upon a person who is bleeding for some reason in front of you, you and that person, by the will of Allah are at that moment Blood siblings and must promise to care for each other and each others family. My favourite blood brothering story of this type is the story of Genghis Khan and his best friend who performed a similar blood rite of loyalty. Then of course the olden Japanese empire express loyalty superbly during world war two with their Kamikaze pilots.

It's as if concepts that are ancient and living is Greater Asia such as Honour, Loyalty, and Duty are so simple to grasp and live or express in life for us. But here in the West such concepts that makes an Ariya and Ariya is dead or forgotten, or silly, or too hard to intuitively understand. Or worse such concepts and ways of life and living for others or for a body of teachings, kung fu style, guru, etc, are useless.

I do have a natural – or culturally instilled – sense of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty for my big family, my kinfolk, for my culture, for my people's ancestral Traditions, for our Theravada Buddhism, for friends and associates of family. Which means that for the rest of my life, I will be devoted to such things, bound to such things like a fish in a net, bound to care for them until one of us dies. And that's that. And so I unconsciously bring that same Ariya way of life into things like the ONA. You are just simply bound to it forever, or until you die. Regardless of what other will think of ONA, what shit talking they will do about it or you. You simply just know where your loyalties are, what your duty is, and honour the ways of things. In the streets we say you're a “Lifer.” You're in it for life. Even if nobody likes your crew, or set, or family, or culture, or traditions. If you know what Honour is as an Ariya, then you simply know to devote yourself to what you are bound to by loyalty till the end.

I'm thinking of things like honour, duty, and culture because of my granny and her aging years. It's easy to desire to walk away. Sometimes I do think about it. But in the end, you just can't. It's just impossible after so many years of cultural conditioning to turn your back on what you know to be duty and those you know you are loyal to. It's hard to stay and perform your duties. I'll be here doing what I do for the next 27 years at least. Like I said elsewhere a few times, it's not the actual tool or martial arts style but the person wielding the tool [sword] or style that actually makes the tool and style do the skilled things they seem to do. And from my experience, its the same way with thing like memeplexes. There is no “perfect” style or form. You just stick with one and master it, then refine it. Become Master of it, and not be mastered by it. Don't let your memeplex master you, master your memeplex. If there is something you don't like about it, and you know of a better way, refine it accordingly. People will shit talk and hate on you. They can only yap off for so long before they tire and their interests changes. I'm very patient. It's a test of endurance and will. As a Buddhist I am indifferent [unattached] to most real life situations, and especially to chitter chatter in cyberspace. It's expected. I'll be here helping to create the ONA and develop it further for a long time. Even if I'm the last Drecc standing. I have the skills to make more in Time. Peace & Happy Holidays.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

123 yfayen

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Anton Long & The ONA Family

In this Third Phase of Fayen the most immediate focus before us is to physically manifest individual ONA Initiates, Cells, Nexions, Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, and Balobians, for the long aeonic work ahead. We now have the people, the groups, the nexions, and tribes. An academician of a Norwegian Universit is now even conducting a survey and research on the ONA and its groups, temples, nexions, and tribes.

Our ONA manuscripts – in the thousands of pages – are now also publicly available. With this also our ideas spread and inspire the Left Hand Path. This is something which we have seen bare fruit in the past decade with Satanic groups such as the Joy of Satan [initially], Temple ov Blood, Temple of the Black Light, Ordo Sinistra Vivendi, Order of the Left Hand Path, etc, etc, all having been inspired into existence from being exposed to ONA MSS and ONA ideas/concepts; eventually becoming their own organizations. In this manner, the ONA and our MSS still inspires and influences even more feverishly than a decade ago. A decade ago people and organizations only borrowed from the ONA to create their own Satanic Orders – as per Codex Saerus – whereas now people and internet organizations goes so far as to try and “destroy” the ONA, or pretend to be its leader and whatever.

But now as we have entered our Third Phase of Fayen, we have before us a new focus or project which will help us aeonically get our work done: Culture & Tradition. And with this ONA Kulture, there now must exist Cultural Coherency in our awareness as associates of this ONA which Anton Long is the Father of.

The seeds of our ONA Kulture are our cells, Sevenfold Way Initiates, Nexions, and associates now scattered around the globe in different parts. Each Initiate is thus a living nexion through which in time the next generation of Initiates will come. Thru each living nexion with Time, a common Kulture and Tradition will emerge. Which Culture and Tradition is the main tool of seeding a new aeon into first Imperium and later – after we have long gone – a Galactic

Imperium and a new Breed of Humans.

Anton Long

The ONA – in this Third Phase of Fayen – is still so new; being only 30 something years old; that the Founder, Source-Personality, and Father of our ONA Kulture is still alive. Anton Long still writes and shapes the ONA. He still is at the center of the ONA.

During the older phases of Fayen when people were still into the idea of initiatic orders and structured hierarchical organizations, the Old Guards of the ONA dressed the ONA up to reflect such in fashion styles of organization for certain reasons. Thus in older manuscripts dating from this phase of Fayen you'll see ONA presented as an organization with members, with a leader, and degrees, and so on.

During this Third Phase of Fayen with our focus now on Family and Kulture, the old rhetoric has been faded out. We started 4-3 years ago presenting the idea into the general public that the ONA is leaderless, without structure, etc, with success. This is so because a living culture has no structure or leader, and that Anton Long will not live forever with us.

But for those of us who were inside the ONA during both phases of Fayen – during both rhetorical periods – we should know that at no time did anything esoteric actually change. Only the Forms and Outer Presentations change. Only the superficial - exoteric – words were modified. Instead of the word “member” we say “associate;” instead of “Order” we say “social order,” or an “ordering of people.” Instead of “Grand Master” being a hierarchical title, we left it as a name for one of the higher degrees of Our Sevenfold Way. Instead of referring to “the Grand Master,” we now just say “Anton Long.”

But nothing has really changed has it? Everything for Us essentially is still in its place. Anton Long is still the center of the ONA. Although he may not now be rhetorically a leader of the ONA, Anton Long trumps us all in his Seniority simply because he Founded and Fathered the ONA, and every one of Us today who considers Ourselves to be ONA is literally fathered by his ideas. Unless you are so ungrateful, so hubris, so peasantile that you don't acknowledge and Honour the Man who gave you his thoughts and wisdom which We made our own as a foundation our private thoughts may have sprung from.

Anton Long may not be a leader rhetorically, but to those genuinely a part of his ONA, We give him his due respect and honour as the master mind and source of the ONA and Our Kulture.

I say rhetorical because whatever we call Anton Long, the ONA is still his because the man created the thing. But the word game is important, because We need to start to ween Ourselves from this old aeon idea of having leaders, and instead of respecting our Elders and Seniors with Honour. Like I pay my respect to my grandmother. She's not a or the leader of my family, but the entire family came out of her, and so we give her the proper Honour of a “progenatrix” of our family/clan. Because of that we give her a large amount of respect and honour, and recognize an important person in our family. And this is what Anton Long is to the ONA: The Progenator. Anton Long is in the ONA Kollektive and Kulture an important senior person.

By Seniority I also mean that as far as the ONA's Sevenfold Way goes, Anton Long is at this moment the only one among us to hold the degree of Grand Master which is the name of the 6th [of 7] degrees or grades. A girl or woman at this grade in the Sevenfold Way would be called a Grand Mistress or Grand Lady Master. It is the name of a grade in the Way and not that of an office or power. Each degree in the Sevefold Way takes time to go through, and each is actually is bound to a number of years. It takes a very long time to get to that grade. At least 25 years as the Old Guards say. Therefore, there is no such thing as a 6th Degree Adept who is under 50 years of age in the ONA. As ONA associates, the most senior among in pathei-mathos and degree deserved the most Honour.

Family Tree

The ONA is still so young – only 30 something – that each cell, each initiate, each nexion can or shold be able to trace their lineage back to Anton Long thru somebody. It doesn't even matter if like our WSA nexion you or your nexion developed in isolation. Eventually as you grow you will meet others and thus find your contacts and be grafted to a branch on Our Family Tree.

Which was how the ONA is and was esoterically structured then and now in cells. The basic idea is that there exists a

chain-link of association which leads back to Anton Long. So Anton Long is the center and Source-Personality of the ONA. He has in his circle the Old Guard in England. He and these Old Guards spend time mentoring Cells orally/aurally. Each cell becomes an associate/initiate of the ONA and founds their own temple, nexion, or tribe, or order. Each cell orally/aurally teaches their group members the oral traditions of the ONA they got from their Old Guard mentors, who got it from Anton Long.

So even though superficially to the mundane it appears as if the ONA is not structured or organized, which may seem as nothing more than a pile of manuscripts, on the inside level as an associate of the ONA, the ONA has structure and organization which is cellular. And a common oral/aural set of teachings only passed from Initiate to Initiate binds everyone together as one Family. This set of oral/aural teachings Anton Long calls *Myndsquilver*.

This makes it so that pretenders can't realistically fool an actual associate of the ONA. All that an Old Guard, Adept, or Inner ONA member, or Family member has to ask is what their lineage looks like, where are they on the Family Tree, and who orally gave them their *Myndsquilver*. If they can't trace their connection to Anton Long, then they are in no position to claim any kind of authority to assert their ideas or will.

So there are two sides to the ONA. There is the visible side of ONA MSS, public nexions such as this, associates online mingling. Then there is the unseen side which consists of a cellular organization with aural links to Anton Long. Eventually if ONA is what you really like, you will get linked and thus have a "lineage" back to Anton Long in some way. If you are mundane steeped in magian crap, more than likely you will get lost in the many thousands of pages of manuscripts.

There is a point to being online for some ONA people. The obvious point is communication. Second point and use of the internet is spreading our ideas. The third point for being online is to locate those of Our Kind who may have germinated in isolation to Connect them to the Family Tree in some way. And the whole point to having an organized communicating cellular structure is because the ONA as an organism is still growing and ideas from Anton Long are still leaving his mind via MSS but also via the chain of Old Guards, cells, and associates of the Family.

This should be the very first thing that you ask a retard you encounter online who acts like they own the ONA. Ask them in what way they are connected to the Man himself. Ask them how many people are they away from Anton Long, and ask them who of the Old Guards, or any known ONA associate vouches for them. If they can't produce a name, then they are nobodies.

This is also the major thing mundanes on the internet do not understand. They get their information about the ONA from the internet. They get their information about DM from cyberchatter. In no way are any of these people personally connected with the DM. They fail to understand that DM is a real person who has real associates, who has real Old Guard, who have real cells they have mentored and stay in private contact with, and these cells have associates. Everyone on the inside of the ONA is connected. Thus when an outsider says this and that about how DM is not ONA or is Muslim or whatever and such people have no real causal connection to DM, then how is their mundane assumptions accurate compared to an Old Guard of ONA who may not only be connected to DM but may live in the same city? Some of these mundane outsiders can't separate the internet and cyberchatter for real life and the real world.

Closing Remarks

This is a short FYI intended to point out a few basic ideas We should all learn to keep in mind as we progress into Our Third Phase of Fayen. Culture, Tradition, and Family is the most important concepts in this Third Phase. This is not to say that the other activities ONA may have used in spirit of the Sinister Dialectic is out of style. It's just not priorities have changed. Culture, Tradition, and Family are key concepts needed in an aeonic sense if the ONA is to live long enough to do anything. Honour, Loyalty, Duty thus what binds us together.

So to recapitulate the main ideas to keep in mind during Phase Three of Fayen are: (A) A Living Culture has no leader, but is a collective of individuals sharing a common way of life consisting of a Family of nexions and cells. (B) Anton Long is not a leader, but he is the Progenator of this seed-culture we call the ONA, plus he is the most senior among us, who is the only one to have the degree of Grand Master. Thus We should respect him. (C) beneath the superficial side of the ONA – however we each explain it to be – there is an organized cellular structure of associates all linked to Old Guards who are direct associated of Anton Long; (D) The ONA is an extended Family, and thus there is a Family Tree. We each have our lineage or branch connected us back to the Source-Personality. (E) The internet is a useful

tool and should only be used as such. It may be a tool of communication and data sharing. As well as a way for some of us to find our Own Kind who germinated in isolation, to link them to the Family Tree. The rest of what the ONA is and does should be kept off line. (F) ONA was born from an Aural Tradition, it still remains an aural system. On a nexion level we each teach our brothers and sisters orally/aurally. On a Kollektive level, the aural side of the Sinister Tradition is still in living praxis. The written manuscripts are not everything.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Got What It Takes To Be ONA?

Mundane or Sinister? The Standards of The Sinister Way

So, you want to join us? You want to become one of the sinister few? Part of our sinister Order of Nine Angles family? One of those who understand – who know – mundanes for the expendable resource they are. One of those who knows or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that we can be far more than we are; one of those who knows, who understands, or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that all laws, past and present, are restrictions – a means of mundane control, devised and implemented by mundanes in a mundane attempt to prevent we sinister few from turning our lives into a succession of ecstasies. One of those defiant ones who would rather die than submit, and who understands that words are a means, not the essence.

Know then that you have to prove and test yourself – taking yourself to and beyond your physical and emotional and moral limits. If you succeed, fine. If you fail – no excuses, you failed. You can try again, and again, until you succeed. Or you can accept the truth – that failure makes you, marks you, as mundane. No excuses.

Are you, then, ready to test yourself? To defy, to overcome? To be heretical? If so, here are the challenges. Here are the minimal standards you must meet to become of us, to join us. And if you do not desire to so test yourself, to meet, to surpass, the standards, we set – then go elsewhere. If you somehow in some way want to debate or to dispute these standards of ours, then you can go elsewhere.

We are not interested in your excuses, your mundane words – for these are minimal entry standards for our traditional sinister nexions. For you to join us – for you to become a member of our sinister elite, to become a genuine Initiate of our Seven-Fold Sinister Way – you have to undertake the following.

Physical Standards

Train for and undertake all three of the following physical tasks – the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.

If you cannot achieve all these minimal standards – you failed.

Mental Standards

Construct and learn to play both the basic and the advanced Star Game.

If you cannot do this – you failed.

Moral Standards

Find, and test (according to our sinister guidelines) a suitable mundane, and then cull that mundane.

If you cannot do this – you failed.

Heretical Standards

Become, for a minimum of six months, a public advocate of one of the following modern heresies – radical (Jihadi) Islam, or National-Socialism.

If you cannot do this – or fail to understand why these are genuine modern heresies – you failed.

No excuses; no debates. You are either of us, or you are mundane.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

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The Core ONA Tradition

The core ONA traditions are also known as The Five Core ONA Principles, and these are basic principles/traditions on which the Order of Nine Angles is based and which may thus serve to distinguish us, exoterically, from all other esoteric/LHP/Satanic/sinister groups.

These basic ONA traditions are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour; (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition.

Practical Deeds

The principle that it is practical deeds which breed our kind, and which thus are necessary and required. Practical deeds undertaken in real life and which deeds express our sinister ethos: that is, they are exeatic, they challenge, they test, they are hard and difficult, they are amoral, they are heretical, and they are dangerous. One such practical deed undertaken by our kind – or by those desirous of becoming one of us – is culling.

For us, such deeds come before words and before any theory – even before our own kind of esoteric theory.

Culling

The principle that culling – of mundanes – is natural, and also necessary for our kind, both in personal and in Aeonic terms. To cull is to test one's self and to gain some necessary sinister pathei-mathos.

Exoterically, culling is our esoteric badge of sinister-honour, and marks us – internally, to ourselves, and externally, to those of our kindred whom we personally know and trust. Thus, such a bleeding-in is a condition of joining us – as Drecc, or as a Niner, or as a pledged member of a traditional nexion.

One either culls or one reveals an inner weakness, a cowardice: a refusal to be sinister in real life. If one culls and succeeds, then one has shown the cunning, the skills, the character, that make and mark our kind. If one culls and fails – and so, for example, gets caught by some mundane 'authority' and so becomes confined – then one has failed, and one can either accept that failure (and forever remain mundane), or use that failure as a learning experience and thus as another opportunity, for instance to make a name for one's self in some place of mundane confinement

and/or recruit there and blood-in others there and so establish there a nexion of our sinister kind, to the detriment of mundane 'authority', and as a new presencing of our Sinister Code.

As mentioned elsewhere, culling is of two kinds – the individual and the collective.

The individual is when a specific individual is removed because of specific deed or deeds done, with their rotten character so revealed. The collective is when a specific method – such as combat, insurrection, revolution – is being used either by one of us as a causal form or within a rôle, or by a nexion (or collocation of nexions) as a means or tactic to implement Aeonic strategy, and which collective type of culling does not target specific, named, individuals, but rather 'the sworn enemy' any of whom are deemed acceptable targets.

Thus, individual culling involves giving the potential offer a sporting chance by testing them according to our well-established guidelines for the testing of offers; while collective culling does not require such guidelines, only that the target(s) belong to or are part of the group designated as sworn enemies, it being for individual nexions, or a gang of Dreccs/Niners, to decide for themselves as to who and what are their sworn enemies, it being understood that such nexions, such Dreccs and Niners, are by their very nature at war with mundanes and with the Magian System, exemplified as this System is by the modern nation-State with its laws, its so-called Courts of Law and its Police and armed forces.

Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them (and their wealth and property) as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonic, aims and goals.

Thus, we have respect for our own kind, and only our own kind – with such trust being earned, and with our kind known to us by their practical deeds, by their behaviour, not by their words, written or spoken.

Thus, we regard mundanes as useful and often necessary since they are the ones who make our chosen causal forms work when we undertake works of Aeonic sorcery or when we desire, by means of some causal form or forms, to exeatically enhance our own causal existence and/or learn from sinister pathei-mathos. In this sense, mundanes are or can be useful nexions whose (acausal) energies (life-force) we direct and use for our own purposes and/or to achieve our aims and goals and/or those of the ONA. Hence, if we use a political form or some religious causal form – for whatever reason – then mundanes are required, necessary, to presence that form in the real world: to achieve the goals set/defined by such a form with such mundanes adhering to or believing in such a causal form and of course being expendable.

Opposition to Magian Abstractions

The principle that our kind not only know Magian abstractions for tyranny that they are, but also are pledged by practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System based on these abstractions and replace it with our own ways of living based on our tribes and our Law of Kindred Honour.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in a practical way – exoterically – in the tyranny of the modern nation-State, with its abstract laws, its politics, its consumer-capitalism, its dishonourable impersonal so-called 'justice'; in the vulgar mass 'culture' that has replaced living ancestral traditions based on aural pathei-mathos, and in subservience to dogma, ideas, ideology, 'qualifications' and spiel, over and above practical experience and a learning from such individual experience.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in terms of psyche and archetypes in the religions of Nasrany, Islam, and Judaism, in the Magian Occultism propagated by the likes of Crowley, the CoS, the ToS, and others, and in modern myths such as that of 'democracy' and that of holocaustianity, both of which myths have now become akin to official religions for Homo Hubris sponsored by all modern Western nation-States.

Among our practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System are our Dreccs, our Niners, our Balobians, and our gangs. Among our esoteric means are our traditional nexions and their Aeonic sorcery, and which sorcery includes the use/manipulation of specific causal forms, including some forms which may seem to be, exoterically and by mundanes, a part of The System.

Thus, our kind (1) are known by their practical ways of living (based on tribes and our Dreccian law and justice) and which ways are harbingers of our New Aeon and which ways by their very nature oppose the Magian and The System (even though this opposition may never be overtly stated); and/or (2) are known by their overt practical esoteric and exoteric opposition to all causal abstractions and thus by their emphasis on the five core ONA traditions.

Rounwytha Tradition

The Rounwytha tradition is also known as The Way of the Rounwytha. This is the muliebral tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour – equally, without distinction – to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom human sacrifices were and are offered.

Furthermore, to cultivate, develop, and use the faculty of esoteric empathy is a Dark Art – and this particular Dark Art can be cultivated and developed in two ways, one exoteric, and one esoteric.

Exoterically, by those of our kind who seek to or who have the character (the wyrd) to live a practical sinister life as, for instance, a Drecc, a Niner and who thus express the Rounwytha tradition by their very practical way of tribal living in accord with our Sinister Code. That is, it is this style or way of living which, over years, develops this faculty as a successful response to the challenges inherent in such a tribal living and inherent in such a practical, years-long, implementation of Kindred Honour.

Esoterically, as part of the life-long commitment of those of our kind who have chosen to follow (who have the character, the wyrd to follow) the inner (the esoteric) way of individual training to Adept and beyond, and who thus undertake at the very least the basic Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

As a Dark Art, the skills so developed enhance our character and our living in practical ways and in a manner consistent with our unique and individual wyrd, as well as, for example, giving us advantages over mundanes and the ability if and when required to use/manipulate mundanes.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

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What Satanism Is & Isn't

I. What Satanism Is:

a) Satanism is a quest for self-excellence, involving real danger, real challenges and requiring real courage. It involves taking your body to and beyond its physical limits of endurance. It involves real action, alone: without the support of friends, comrades, lovers, relations or anyone.

It involves accepting challenges - physical, psychic, intellectual and triumphing solely by one's own efforts. It involves the triumph of pure, individual will and desire.

b) Satanism is, in part, an Inner quest, an exploration of the 'hidden' (and overt) aspects of consciousness: a dis-discovery of the darkness within and beyond the individual psyche. This involves 'magickal acts' - such as rituals. This magick, however, is a means, not an end.

c) Satanism involves ordeals, both physical and magickal. Those who are suitable triumph; the others fail. [One such ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - where the candidate lives alone and isolated, bereft of everything except the bare necessities for physical survival, for a period of three months.]

d) Satanism requires the practical experiencing of all moral limits, and then a mastery of the feelings, desires, pleasures, terrors, pains and so on that these imply.

e) Satanism involves the individual defiance of all subservience: a Satanist accepts guidance only, and refuses to be dominated or intimidated by anyone. This guidance is toward practical experience, and it by this experience that the novice learns and develops a genuine Satanic character.

f) Satanism involves sacrifice - this is a necessary test of character [qv. the MSS, "Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth", and "Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed" for more details.]

g) Satanism is a means - a method, or way, and the purpose of this means, method or way is to produce a specific type of individual: the next stage of our evolution as a species. Satanism is thus an expression of evolutionary change - on both the individual level and in respect of 'societies' and 'history'.

The individuals so created often inspire in the supine majority a certain terror/awe/admiration/fear/jealousy.

h) Satanism is elitist. It does not compromise - its tests, ordeals, methods and character-building experiences are severe and will never be made easier to make them acceptable to more people or easier to undertake.

i) Satanism is esoteric by nature and intent: it is both a 'secret' way, by virtue of its methods etc., and it is not nor probably will be suitable for the majority for many, many centuries.

II. What Satanism Is Not:

a) Satanism is not, nor can ever be, a religion, nor just a 'philosophy'. A religion means acceptance of authority, the rigid structure of a 'Church' or a 'Temple', and a unified dogma (with the consequent schisms and claims to "authenticity"). The religious attitude is the antithesis of what Satanism really is - for Satanism is a way of living, a way of experiencing, in the raw, whereas religion abstracts, limits endeavor, behavior and moralizes. In short, a Satanist plunges into reality, without any supports (moral, psychic or human) whereas a religious person has that reality prescribed by dogma, authority and such like, and is supported by a 'Church', its members and their attitudes. Satanism is an ecstatic affirmation of existence - a taking of existence into new and higher realms, as well as a plunge into existing darkness and the creation of new darkness.

b) Satanism cannot have anyone impose upon it any structure, authority, or institution of any kind by claiming a 'dark mandate' or some kind of 'revelation'. There can be no such thing as an, 'infernal mandate' of whatever kind because the only thing that really matters to Satanism is experience, its accumulation and the highly individualized learning that results from such experience. A genuine Satanist, for example, confronted by an entity which exhibited all the powers attributed to Satan would not even accept what that 'entity' said and would most certainly not show any submission - instead, they would a defiance, a reasoned assessment of what was said, and then a judgement made from experience. A Satanist never surrenders to anything - and would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit. This applies even to 'Satan'.

If and when a Satanist accepts guidance, it is from someone of experience who has explicated Satanism by their life and thus who can offer advice based on that experience. The aim of Satanism is to create willful, characterful, defiant, unique individuals who have or can fulfil their potential as gods - it is not to create followers or sycophants. An

'infernal mandate' implies sycophancy.

c) Satanism does not involve discussions, meetings, talks. Rather, it involves action, deeds. Words - written or spoken - sometimes follow, but not necessarily. The ideal candidate for Satanism is the individual of action rather than the 'intellectual'.

By the nature of most Satanic actions, they can seldom be mentioned and thus remain esoteric. The essence that Satanism leads the individual towards, via action, is only ever revealed by that participation which action is. Words, whether written or spoken, can never describe that essence - they can only hint at it, point toward it, and often serve to obscure the essence.

Satanism strips away the appearance of 'things' - living, Occult and otherwise by this insistence on experience, unaided. What is thus apprehended by such experience, is unique to each individual and thus is creative and evolutionary. Discussions, meetings, talks, even books and such like, de-vitalize: they are excuses for not acting.

A Satanist will sometimes use such forms as he/she may use the form of a Temple - to enhance and/or provoke experiences. But they are then actively manipulating, actively creating experiences - the others involved are being used by that person. That is, there is only one Satanist at such gatherings (usually) - the others may believe they are 'Satanists', but they are deluded.

d) Satanism does not apply moral absolutes to real-life situations and forms. This may best be explicated by two examples. First, politics. Satanism does not affirm or deny any political forms or type of politics - it does not, for example, announce that 'fascism and Satanism are incompatible'. Such announcements/pronouncements arise from a moral bias and a lack of insight into both Satanism and 'society' and thus Aeonics.

A Satanist, concerned with experience, may use a political form for a specific purpose - the nature of that form in terms of conventional politics and morality (such as 'extreme Right-wing') is irrelevant. What is important is whether it can be used to (a) provide experience of living and the limits of experience, and/or (b) aid the sinister dialectic of history. Thus a Satanist may become involved in, or set up, an organization of the extreme Right - this is dangerous, exciting, vitalizes, provides experiences 'on the edge' and should thus aid the development of the character and insight of that Satanist [*]. What is important, is that this involvement is done for an ulterior, Satanic, motive: what others think and believe about such actions is totally irrelevant. Anyone purporting to be a Satanist who criticizes such an action, whatever the political hue of the group/organization, reveals by that criticism that they are not Satanists - but rather, moralizing curds lacking in insight and real Satanic understanding.

The second example concerns the formation and use of Satanic 'Temples' and groups by a Satanist. A Satanic novice, in order to gain experience of magickal rituals and people manipulation, usually forms a group to perform Satanic rituals. The people recruited are for the most part used - and the novice often assumes a specific Satanic 'role' for this: the role of sorcerer/sorceress. He/she may dress in a certain way and so on, as he/she may use fables to impress and/or manipulate. This, however, for a genuine Satanist, is only a stage - and one which lasts a year or two. After that, experience and mastery of ceremonial and hermetic magick gained, they move on to new challenges and experiences, as all good Satanists should. Further, the individuals of this 'Temple' or group are not Satanists, although they may believe themselves to be - they are simply being used to afford the novice pleasure/excitement/experience and so on. Had any of them any Satanic character or potential, they would rebel to undertake their own quest by forming such a group/'Temple' and experience the limits of themselves.

Sometimes, the group has another aim - an Aeonic or suprapersonal one, in which case its life may be extended. But whatever, genuine Satanic guidance by an Adept or Master/Mistress to a novice always occurs on an individualized basis, never within the rigid and constraining form of a 'Temple'.

Thus, there is not nor can be any constraining rules applied to the conduct of such 'Temples' and groups - there is no 'moral code', no bounds which cannot be overstepped. The rules, such as they are, are made by the Satanic novice according to their desire and goals. That is, they can do with that group and its individuals whatever they desire to do and no one - not even the Adept/ Master/Mistress who may be guiding them - can set limits or prescribe their behaviour. They must learn for themselves - and from their mistakes, should they make some.

This naturally leads to the obvious Satanic deduction that a group like the Temple of Set may contain one, perhaps two, Satanists - who are using the 'members' for their own Satanic goals. This person (or persons) would of course deny this, and if that denial was sincere, they could not be Satanists.

What is certain, is that that group cannot contain more than perhaps two Satanists - for the members accept the constraints imposed upon them from above, and are servile, in both theory and practice. They are also not being led into real experiences, but accept a sterile, sanitized and safe 'Satanism' as pedaled by their leader.

[*] It can also aid the sinister dialectic - here, an understanding of Aeonics is important.

e) Satanism does not seek any form of official recognition as it does not seek to become respectable or the prerogative of a majority.

Rather 'Satanism operates' and must operate' for the most part in a clandestine or 'underground' manner. 'Official' recognition mean someone or some organization is granted some sort of "status" and thus assumes both in theory and in fact an 'authority' and an organizational structure to support it. This authority and this structure mean followers, sycophants - and contradict the essence of Satanism.

'Respectability' means a moral stance broadly in line with that pertaining at the time - that is, it means a restricting morality, ethics, as well a limiting of action to what is deemed broadly 'acceptable' by the 'society' of the time. Both of these - official recognition and respectability - also mean that the self-appointed authority which is recognized and becomes or seeks to be respectable, sets its own limits: there is 'proscription' of other groups, a peer hierarchy and all the many trappings of herd conformity; the triumph of illusive forms over essence. In brief, the deluding of others, rather than their liberation.

Since the experience of the essence that Satanism brings is unique, this uniqueness is totally contradictory to all forms that seek to constrain, define and restrict - two of these forms being 'official recognition' and 'respectability'.

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Some other hard facts about Satanism are in order - to be placed on record Satanism is hard and very dangerous. This danger is much more than just a 'mental' or a psychic one of the kind sometimes experienced in magickal workings. It is a personal danger of the 'life or death' kind. If it is not, then it is not tough enough, it is not Satanic. For far too long the pathetic imitation Satanists, such as those in the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan, have had no one to contradict their sickly, wimpish versions of Satanism - they have tried to deny the darkness and evil which are essential to Satanism because the frauds in those organizations are fundamentally weak: they have never gone to their limits, never experienced the realness of evil. They have tried to make 'Satanism' safe and 'respectable': they have intellectualized it because they are typical products of this present intellectualized, peace-loving, "we need to be safe" society.

A Satanist is like a beast of prey - in real life, not in fantasy. A Satanist may be and often is an assassin, a warrior, an outlaw - in real life. The imitation Satanists, however, pretend to be these things - their fantasy-life is greater than their real experiences of such things. A Satanist seeks and makes real his/her fantasies and then masters the real-life situations and all those desires/feelings which give birth to those fantasies - they live them and then transcend them, creating from those experiences something beyond them: a new individual. Often, things go wrong - but as always in life, the strong survive and the weak perish, are written off. The Satanist creates the dreams, standards of excellence and spirit which others often later aspire to emulate. This creation is in real life, by deeds and deeds alone.

Because of this, few indeed are the genuine Satanists. Sometimes their lives (or aspects of them) become public - but often they are hidden, working their darkness in secret, for the benefit of evolution.

Order of Nine Angles

[Classic from "Hysteron Proteron," written in the 1990's]

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The Geryne Of Satan

Introduction

This brief essay will outline a few interesting facts about the terms Satan and Satanism (and thus Satanist), including their historical usage in the English language, and thus may guide the sagacious to an understanding of the geryne [1] of Satan: that the mysterious secret of Satan is the simple heretical, japing, and confrontational reality of *being or becoming a satan*.

Satan

The scribes of the Septuagint mostly rendered the Hebrew שָׂטָן as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβωλω – and which Greek term implies someone who is an adversary and who thus is pejoratively regarded (by those so opposed) as scheming, as plotting against them; that is, the sense is of ἐπιβουλος - scheming against/opposed to (the so-called ‘chosen ones’). Someone, that is, who stirs up trouble and dissent.

Only in a few later parts – such as Job and Chronicles – does the Hebrew seem to imply something else, and on these occasions the word usually occurs with the definitive article: *hasatan* – *the satan*: the chief adversary (of the so-called ‘chosen ones’) and the chief schemer, who in some passages is given a fanciful hagiography as a ‘fallen angel’.

Now, given that the earliest known parts of the Septuagint date from around the second century BCE [2] – and thus may well be contemporaneous with (or not much older than) the composition of most of the Hebrew Pentateuch (the earliest being from around 230 BCE [3]) – this rendering by the scribes of the word satan as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβωλω is very interesting and indicative given the meaning of the Greek, and supports the contention that, as originally used and meant, *satan* is some human being or beings who ‘diabolically’ plot or who scheme against or who are ‘diabolically’ opposed to those who consider themselves as ‘chosen’ by their monotheistic God, and that it was only much later that ‘the satan’ became, in the minds of the writers of the later parts of the Old Testament, some diabolical ‘fallen angel’.

Thus, it is generally accepted by scholars that the Hebrew word satan (usually, *asatan*) in the early parts of Old Testament means a human opponent or adversary (of God’s chosen people, the Hebrews) [4] or someone or some many who plot against them.

Now, as has been mentioned in several previous ONA texts, in heretical contradistinction to others and especially to contradict the majority of modern self-described Satanists, the ONA asserts that the word satan has its origin in Ancient Greek.

That is, that it is our contention that the Hebrew word derives from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek αἰτία/αἴτιος – as for example in the Homeric *μείων γὰρ αἰτία* (to accuse/to blame) or as in “an accusation” (qv. Aeschylus: *αἰτίαν ἔχειν*) – and that it was this older Greek form which became corrupted to the Hebrew ‘satan’ and whence also the ‘Shaitan’ of Islam. Furthermore, in the Greek of the classical period αἰτία and διαβολή – accusation, slander, quarrel – were often used for the same thing, when a negative sense was meant or implied (as in a false accusation) with the person so accused becoming an opponent of those so accusing, or when there was enmity (and thus opposition, scheming, and intrigue) as for example mentioned by Thucydides – *κατὰ τὰς ιδίας διαβολὰς* (2.65).

Given that, for centuries, שָׂטָן as described in the Old Testament of the Hebrews was commonly written in English as sathans [5] and thus pronounced as sath-ans (and not as say-tan) it is perhaps easy to understand how the Greek αἰτία – or the earlier Homeric αἴτιος – could become transformed, by non-Greeks, to שָׂטָן

In respect of this God and this ‘fallen angel’, as mentioned in another ONA text:

” There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon

myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.” *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*

Furthermore, despite claims by some Hebrew and Nazarene scholars, it is now becoming accepted that the oldest parts of the Old Testament were probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE, and thus long after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus and long after Greek word *aitia* was used for an accusation.

It is also interesting that there is an early use, in English, of the plural term *satans* as adversaries, which occurs in the book *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical* published in London in 1685 CE and written by the Shropshire-born Richard Baxter:

” To hinder us in God’s work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God’s work.” Matthew, xvi. 23

In an earlier work, published in 1550 CE, the *chylidren of Sathan* are corralled with heretics:

“Dyuers Bysshoppes of Rome beyng Annabaptystes, heretyques, scismatiques, & chylidren of Sathan.” John Coke. *The debate betwene the heraldes of Englande and Fraunce*. 1550, g. Giv^v [*Débat des héraults d’armes de France et d’Angleterre*. Paris, Firmin Didot et cie, 1877]

Thus, *satan/sathan/sathanas* as a term – historically understood – describes: (1) some human being or beings who diabolically plot or who scheme or who are opposed to those who [6] consider themselves chosen by their monotheistic God; and/or (2) some human being or beings who are heretical and adversarial, against the status quo, and especially, it seems, against the religion of the Nazarenes.

Satanism

The earliest use of the term Satanism in the English language, that is, of the suffix *-ism* applied to the word *Satan* – so far discovered – is in *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled ‘An Apologie of the Church of England’* published in Antwerp in 1565 CE and written by the Catholic recusant Thomas Harding:

“Meaning the time when Luther first brinced to Germanie the poisoned cuppe of his heresies, blasphemies, and sathanismes.” *A Confutation*, Antwerp, 1565, ii. ii. f. 42^v

Three things are of interest, here.

(1) First, the spelling, *sathanismes* – deriving from *sathan*, a spelling in common usage for many centuries, as for instance in Langland’s *Piers Plowman* of 1337 CE:

“For þei seruen sathan her soule shal he haue.” *Piers Plowman* B. ix. 61

and also, centuries later, in the 1669 CE play *Man’s the Master* by William Davenant:

“A thousand Sathans take all good luck.” (v. 87)

(2) The second point of interest is that, as the above and other quotations show, the term *sathan* was also commonly used to refer to someone or some many who was a schemer, a plotter, a trickster, or an adversary.

(3) The third point of interest is that the first usage of the suffix – by Thomas Harding – as well as the common subsequent usage of the term Satanism has the meaning of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature or doctrine. That is, the earliest meanings and usage of the term *satanism* are not ‘the worship of Satan’ nor of some religious or philosophical belief(s) associated with the figure of Sathan.

Furthermore, as mentioned previously, an early (1685 CE) usage of term *Satans* also imputes the foregoing meaning of adversarial or diabolical character:

“To hinder us in God’s work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God’s work.” Richard Baxter. *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical*. London, 1685 CE, Matthew, xvi. 23

Indeed, in 1893 CE the writer Goldwin Smith used the term Satanism in this older general sense to refer to a type of

destructive social revolution:

” That sort of social revolution which may be called Satanism, as it seeks, not to reconstruct, but to destroy.” Goldwin Smith. *Essays on questions of the day*. (Macmillan, 1893 CE)

Similarly, an earlier 1833 CE article in *Fraser’s magazine for Town and Country* used the term in connection with Byron:

” This scene of Byron’s is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism.” Vol 8 no. 524

Thus, the English term satanism/sathanism – historically understood – describes: (1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

Satanist

The earliest usages of the term Satanist, that is, of the suffix *-ist* applied to the term *Satan* – so far discovered – also imputes a similar meaning to foregoing; that is, of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature, of heretics, and of heretical/adversarial doctrine:

” The Anabaptistes, with infinite other swarmes of Satanistes.” John Aylmer. *An harborowe for faithfull and trewe subjects agaynst the late blowne blaste concerning the gouernment of wemen*. London, 1559, sig. H1^v

“Be ye Zuinglians, Arians, Anabaptistes, Caluinistes, or Sathanistes?” Thomas Harding. *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled ‘An Apologie of the Church of England’*. Antwerp, 1565.

“By nature an Athiest, By arte a Machiuelist, In summe a Sathanist, loe here his hire.” Marphoreus. *Martins Months Minde*. 1589, [7]

Only much later, from around 1896 CE onwards, was the term Satanist used to describe those who were alleged to worship Satan:

” There are five temples of Satanism in Paris itself.” Arthur Lillie. *The worship of Satan in modern France*. London 1896.

” It is believed on the Continent that apostate priests frequently consecrate for the Satanists and Freemasons.” Joseph McCabe. *Twelve years in a monastery*. London, 1897.

Thus, the English term satanist/sathanist – historically understood – describes: (1) an adversarial, a diabolical, character; (2) those who adhere to or champion heretical/adversarial doctrines.

Conclusion

As someone wrote over two thousand years ago – *εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἔοντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ’ ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα*. [8]

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen
(Revised 2455853.743)

Notes

[1] The Old English word *gerȳne* – from Old Saxon *girūni* – means “secret, mystery”.

[2] The earliest MS fragment – Greek Papyrus 458 in the Rylands Papyri collection [qv. *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, 20 (1936), pp. 219-45] – was found in Egypt and dates from the second century BCE.

[3] It is, of course, in the interests of both Nazarenes and Magians to maintain or believe that the Hebrew Old Testament of the Hebrews was written centuries before this date, just as such early dating is a common mundane assumption perpetuated by both those who consider the Internet is a reliable source of information and by those who

have not studied the subject, for some years, in a scholarly manner. Had such a scholarly study been undertaken, they would be aware of the scholarly disputes about the dating of Hebrew Old Testament – and of the Septuagint – that have existed for well over a hundred years, as they would also be able to make their own informed judgement about the matter.

My own informed judgement is that there is good evidence to suggest that 230 (\pm 50) BCE is the most likely earliest date for the Hebrew Old Testament. I should, however, add, that this is still a ‘minority opinion’, with many academics still favouring the more ‘safe’ (that is, the currently more acceptable) opinion of 350 (\pm 30) BCE.

[4] For example – *καὶ ἦσαν σαταν τῷ Ἰσραηλ πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας Σαλωμων* (3 Kings 11:14)

[5] See the section on *Satanism*, below.

[6] *καὶ ἔστι διάβολος ἐν τῷ Ἰσραηλ*

[7] See *The Martin Marprelate Tracts* (1588–89) and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, volume III - Renaissance and Reformation, Cambridge UP, 1920, p. 394f

[8] *One should be aware that Polemos pervades, with discord δίκη, and that beings are naturally born by discord.* [Trans DWM.]

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Our Law Of The Sinister-Numen

We, and our tribes – we, The Drecc – are at war with the mundanes, and with their States and governments, desiring as we do to replace the tyranny of mundane abstractions by our sinister-numen, and desiring as we do to replace their States and governments, and their laws, by our new tribal way of life based on our law of the sinister-numen, which law of ours is personal honour.

The Law of The Sinister-Numen

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
120 Year of Fayen

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A Glossary Of Order of Nine Angles Terms

Introductory Note:

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

Abyss

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

Acausal

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

Acausal Thinking

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

Aeon

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

Alchemical Seasons

Alchemical seasons are a measure of acausal-knowing, and are known via the faculty of esoteric-empathy. Some alchemical seasons form the natural terran calendar of the Rounwytha and of others of our esoteric kind.

Alchemical seasons often 'measure' or signify the change of fluxions.

For more details, see the ONA MSS *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

Archetype

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Balobians

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Black Book of Satan

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Core ONA Traditions

Also known as The Five Core ONA Principles.

The basic principles on which the ONA is based. They are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour (qv); (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

Culture

For us, a *cultured person* is someone who possesses the following five distinguishing marks or qualities: (1) they have empathy, (2) they have the instinct for disliking rottenness, (3) they possess and use the faculty of reason, (4) they value *pathei-mathos*; and (5) they are part of living ancestral tradition and are well-acquainted with and appreciate the culture of that tradition, manifest as this often is in art, literature/aural traditions, music, and a specific ethos.

It is these personal qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals - and from *Homo Hubris* - here on terra firma but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings.

For us, the cultivation and development of empathy is a Dark Art, part of the training of the Initiate. This particular Dark Art is a skill that rites such as that of Internal Adept develop. See, for example, the ONA text *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*.

In respect of 'the instinct for disliking rottenness' see the ONA text *Concerning Culling As Art* (122yf). This instinct is made manifest - conscious - by means of our code of kindred-honour aka sinister-honour.

Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, a *sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv) and Esoteric Empathy. The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguish the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presented, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.]

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister/O9A tribe or gang is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Ethos

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it. See also *ONA Ethos*.

Exeatic

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

Exoteric/Esoteric

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner/acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

Falcifer

- 1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.
- 2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between Falcifer and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

Five Core ONA Principles

See *Core ONA Traditions*.

God

According to the ONA, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

Hebdomadry

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

Homo Hubris

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen – this creation of the modern West – is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry – and mass “culture” – of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the “spin”, the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

Hubriati

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their servants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost exclusively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

Hubriati-syndrome

The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief of some Occultists that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical statement, replete with abstractions, which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonic, aims and goals.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

Left Hand Path (LHP)

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes. In addition, the LHP is where the individual learns from the practical deeds and practical challenges that are an integral to it.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understand and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrd) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The essence of what we term the Magian ethos is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, religions, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such religions.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual – either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) – can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

Muliebral

By the term muliebral we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*.

Among muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning /Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

These abilities, qualities, and skills are those of a Rounwytha, and they or some of them were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and Ἀμαζόνες; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is such skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live

by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Naos

- 1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.
- 2) The title of the ONA text "*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*".
- 3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around or near to this particular star.

Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Nine Angles

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrð plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

Niner

A freelance operative whose culture is that of the ONA, and who thus strives to live by our Code of Kindred-Honour and whose personal character manifests the ONA Ethos.

Also sometimes used as an alternative name for a Drecc, although most Niners, unlike Dreccs, do not belong to a gang, clan, or tribe.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The ONA/O9A is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association - a kollektive - comprising Niners, Tribes, O9A gangs, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

Our aims and goals can thus be achieved in the following manner:

- (1) By more and more individuals adopting or being influenced or inspired by the ethos, mythos, and praxis of the ONA (both what it is now and will evolve to be), and thus becoming in personal character and often in life-style less and less dependant on the nation-State, on The System, on abstractions.
- (2) By the practical actions – exoteric and esoteric – of those of our kind and influenced by us.
- (3) By the continuing infiltration of our kind into certain influencing roles and within certain Institutions.

ONA Culture

ONA culture - often spelt kulture - is the culture of those who adopt or who are born into the O9A way of life, a way of life distinguished by: (1) our ethos [qv. *ONA ethos*]; (2) our aural traditions, and (3) our five core principles/five core traditions.

ONA Ethos

The ONA ethos - that which expresses the essence, the spirit, the nature, the character, of our living culture/kulture, of our living kollektive tradition - is manifest in:

- (1) our code of kindred honour;
- (2) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;
- (3) our acceptance that it is primarily by pathei-mathos [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

ONA Iterations

The iterations are an expression of the natural change, the evolution, of the living esoteric being that is known as the ONA.

The first iteration/phase – aka ONA 1 – may be considered to be exoterically manifest in the overt and practical traditional Satanism of the early ONA (c.1972-1985 ce) with its ceremonial groups, and in Rounwytha nexions all of whom were in the UK and known to AL. The second iteration (c.1986-2009 ce) – aka ONA 2 – was most manifest in the Seven-Fold Way and the praxis of individuals, world-wide, establishing their own ceremonial ONA-type groups/nexions. The third iteration – aka ONA 3 – is that of the current ONA, 2010 ce and > and is manifest exoterically in the move from Satan as archetypal symbol to our female Baphomet (the dark goddess) as archetypal symbol.

All iterations - past and present - although different in character co-exist within the ONA, just as a mature living being has within it the younger being from whence it matured.

Presencing The Dark

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Presence The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrd and thus to work Aeon Sorcery.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

Rounwytha

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy).

Rounwytha Tradition

Also known as The Way of the Rounwytha.

The muliebral [qv.] tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour - equally, without distinction - to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom sacrifices were and are offered.

The Rounwytha tradition is the basis for our new sinister feminine archetype, for the new ways of living for women of our kind, and which ways of living involve:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by pathemathos, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.
- (4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

For more details, see ONA MSS such as 1) Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time; 2) Denotatum – The Esoteric Problem With Names; 3) The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype; 4) Diabological Dissent

Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Thus the ONA has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

Satan, as a word, is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (possibly in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv.*Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, ethos, and the holocaustianity, of those allegedly "chosen by God".

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Satanism is defined, by the Order of Nine Angles, as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

Septenary

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrð, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

Sinister

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the ONA (qv). Often used as a synonym for Left Hand Path.

Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic/Sinister strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

Sinister-Empathy

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

Sinister-Numen

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Sinister Way

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

Sorcery

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal /chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

Star Game

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrd (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

Traditional Nexions

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

Traditional Satanism

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

Tree of Wyrd

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

Vindex

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presented ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means "the Avenger", and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Vindex is thus the name given to the person (male or female) who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

The main opponent of Vindex - both on the practical level and in terms of ethos - is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West - that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era *Vulgaris*), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive. The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be dis-covered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.



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The Sinister Method

The beauty of an Aural Tradition is that such Aural Traditions is housed in the initiate's Mind and Heart and not on paper, such that as the Dreccian grows internally in wisdom and insight, he/she automatically updates the Aural memplex. Thus such a memplex – in such an ethereal and amorphous form – evolves with the Initiate and with time easier and more Naturally.

Something unfortunate to a living memplex happens when it is Captured like a photograph and forced into written words onto paper. What happened is a Still Image of the memplex at That specific Time and State of evolution is frozen in Time on paper. From such an act, "Idolatry" is born. We use the word "Idolatry" here metaphorically to mean how a living god [Dark Gods or whatever] is frozen into a statue. This phenomenon can also be described as the Medusa Effect where a living man is frozen in a state of stillness. A natural man grows and evolves in Mind and Body, he is not a statue frozen in Time. Where is your eyes and Mind fixated in Idolatry? On the Idol and not the Essence. The memplex becomes an Idol and how it is Captured at that moment in Time gradually becomes to such idolaters something "sacred" or something sanctimonious, that excluded all other forms.

An example of the Medusa Effect which I know personally is Buddhism. During the life of the Buddha, he never committed his own teachings onto paper. He taught them Orally to his Disciples who were admonished to remember them in Mind and Heart and to actualize those memorized teaching through their actions, behavior, interactions, and relationships with each other – as well as to Aurally teach others.

If the Buddha ever had the intent of placing his oral teachings onto paper, we would have expected him to write them down at some point in his life, but he never did. Even after his passing to the Other Shore, his Disciples did not commit the Aural tradition that they got from the Buddha onto paper. Because of this the Aural Tradition of the Buddha went viral as a memplex in India and evolved or gave birth to new insights and new knowledge, morphing in outer form, inspiring, and influencing. It wasn't until a whole 300 years After the passing of the Buddha that what had become the teachings of the Buddha was committed onto paper by a council of Theras [Elders].

These Theras were politically concerned that the other forms Buddhism which were evolving in essence too far off from what they believed to be Buddhism may become more powerful and influential than their idea of what Buddhism must be. Thus the Theras collected all of the ideas and Aural teachings that had become Buddhism and put them into writing. When they were finished the Tipitakas consisted of over 24,000 pages. What began as simple teachings the Buddha once taught Aurally, in 300 years of Aural transmission had evolved into many different schools of thought and thousands upon thousands of pages worth of memes. The Tipitakas were first committed into writing around the year 230BC, and since then Theravada Buddhism has never evolved, because it had been frozen in time.

Going to such written text containing a captured image of a memplex frozen in a still time frame to use such text as a means to somehow invalidate the memplex's natural growth and evolution is like you having a still photo of a person when they were 17 years old and refusing to recognize that same person when they have grown to be 30 years old because they do not look the same. It's stupid. With a photo of a person, it is easy for any imbecile to understand that that captured image is not a real living person, and that such an image is a representation of how the person looked at that moment in Time when the picture was actually taken. We all know that people grow and evolve mentally daily. But when a memplex is captured in writing and forced onto paper, people fall into imbecility and believe that what has been written on paper is the only acceptable and truest form of an idea.

Thankfully, this imbecility of the Medusa Effect was overcome and destroyed by the Royal Society of England who first gave life to Empirical Science from which the Scientific Method came. In science although theories are written down on paper, old outdated ideas are systematically replaced by new ideas and new perspectives due to greater mind capacity, better instruments, and a better understanding of how things work.

The ONA began as an Aural Tradition, which Anton Long got from a Mistress sometime during the 1960s. Although what has become the ONA today is written and captured in text format; this does not mean that the ONA has stopped being an amorphous Aural Tradition. But since it is written on paper, there has been and will be idolaters and imbeciles who deify the written text over Empirical Apprehension and Empirical Insight.

To prevent this from happening a "scientific method" for the ONA is now presented, which we shall call the "Sinister Method."

The Sinister Method

The "Sinister Method" should not be confused with the methodology of the Sinister Way. The Sinister Method is an aspect of the Methodology of the Sinister Tradition used to understand the ONA, extract new insight, and to evolve the ONA as a Progressive Science; as opposed to a static religion or inert philosophy written in stone. The Sinister Method begins with "The Three Sinister Understandings" which are as follows:

- 1) The Outer Form is not the Essence.
- 2) The written text serves only as a guide. The map is not the terrain.
- 3) What is gained from direct experience trumps written text.

The next part of the Sinister Method is the "Three Empirical Jewels" of the ONA which are as follows:

- 1) Direct Experience of Life and Nature
- 2) One's own Pathei Mathos
- 3) The Sevenfold Way

The next aspect of the Sinister Method are the "The Three Sinister Instruments" which is used in the Sinister Method. They are as follows:

- 1) Body – the Body or Person of the Dreccian is the living tool of direct experience.
- 2) Mind – the Mind of the Dreccian deciphers experience into Insights.
- 3) Laboratory – The Lab of the Dreccian is the Causal World outside his/her head.

The Nine Steps of the Sinister Method are thus as follows:

- 1) Know and Understand the Three Sinister Understandings.
- 2) Practice, Live, and Apply the Three Empirical Jewels of the ONA.
- 3) Utilize in Life and Praxis the Three Sinister Instruments.
- 4) Study & Exegesis: Study every ONA text, as well as Reichsfolk and Numinous Way writings and try to extract the inner essence beneath the literal text and outer forms. Always keeping in mind what David Myatt said: *“Reliance on texts – revealed, venerated, or otherwise – is a fundamental problem because it not only removes wisdom from the personal experience of the individual, but it also tries to prescribe, to define, to restrict, the numinous.”* – DM, Exegesis, and the Discovery of Wisdom.
- 5) Travel: By the word “travel” we mean a mental quest. David Myatt is our Exemplar. On his personal quest for self evolution his Mind has Traveled into many different cultures and many different religions. He learns what he needs and moves on to the next culture, Way, or religion of interest, thus adding to his personal stock of knowledge and insight. Don’t limit yourself to just some occult and some Satanism. We also need to learn to “travel” into other cultures, ways, and religions to collect our own stock of knowledge and insight. By “Travel Into” I don’t mean it on an Etic level, but on an Emic level. The word “Etic” in anthropology and the social sciences basically describes an outsider looking and apprehending things as an observer studying from the outside. The word “Emic” in anthropology and the social sciences basically denotes an individual who immerses himself or herself directly into the culture and people being studied to see and experience things from the Inside out – to “go native” in other words. You cannot gain any real insight by etically observing and studying something. Etic apprehension only breeds opinions based on an outsiders interpretation of what is being studied. The same goes with the ONA. You cannot know what the ONA is etically by reading and debating it. It must be emically experience from the inside via application and praxis.
- 6) Aeonic Insight: Removing a weapon from a crime scene to try and learn about the crime does not work. The weapon must be kept as a part of the whole crime scene if a detective wants to actually learn what happened. Removing a broken shard of pottery from the ground disregarding the soil and artifacts and data surrounding the shard in hopes of learn about the ancient people and culture who made it leads to gross misunderstandings. That shard of pottery must be apprehended in context to its matrix [the soil and surrounding data]. Same goes with ONA related texts. When was the text written? Where was it written? Who or what was the target audience? In what era was it written? What was the political atmosphere like at the time of the writing in the specific place it was written? What were the people like in that Time frame? What were their world views? What was the main concerns of the Zeitgeist of the period. And do all of those contextual spacio-temporal conditions of that period of Time still apply to your own Time frame, Zeitgeist, and worldviews? If NOT than drop it, evolve it, and bring it up to date to make it meaningful and relevant to you and your time period and world view, or you’re going to be psychologically stuck in a Time Warp. When you are psychologically stuck in a time warp of outdated memes, you become dislodged from your own Time frame, which thus renders you useless to your own people and generation. Outdated memes are mind parasites which does nothing more then use you to spread itself. Ask yourself what the end result or what fruits adherence to such outdated and irrelevant memes manifests.
- 7) Sinister Praxis: What do I mean here when I use the word “Sinister?” It comes from the Latin word which essentially denotes the “Left Side.” The meme “Sinister” here covers and occupies the semantic field of: What is not Right. By “Right” we mean: That which has been accepted and/or established as being right and acceptable by the Mundanes. So to be “Sinister” means to exist in an “adversarial” state of being to the Mundanes, their establishments, and that which they collectively believe as being “right” and acceptable. You don’t have to read some sinister bible to be Sinister. Sinister Ethos is based on two essential things: (a) your own inner nature. You’re either Sinister By Nature, or you aren’t. (b) truly understanding Mundanes, and living Life opposite to how they live Life. If mundanes live Life as segregated units, you strive instead to live Life Tribally. If the mundanes reject crime as being not right and unacceptable, you support crime. If they believe morals and righteous living is right and acceptable, you strive to indulge in what they believe to be morally wrong and unrighteous. If mundanes believes in the sanctity of their State and Government, you reject that sanctity. If they believe in creationism and/or evolution, you go find something different to believe in. Don’t just believe and think opposite to how mundanes believe and think. Do the opposite of what they do: Hence the word Praxis in the term “Sinister Praxis.” We don’t strive to be the opposite of mundanes because of some desire to be different from them. It is because we as Dreccians should understand that it is their essential Nature as mundanes – their stupidity and their acceptance of righteous ideology given to them by their authority figures – that gives States their power and that actually perpetuates the power monopoly of a state. In the

same way that these same mundanes and their mundane ancestors during the so called Dark Ages gave power to the Church and perpetuated the Churches political power over Europe by merely believing and accepting what the Church indoctrinated into them to believe and uphold which they considered to be “right.” The good citizens of Christendom of the past are today’s good citizens of Nation-States. The only difference between religion and secular ideology are the titles and the abstract figurehead.

8) **Experiment:** Take what you have learn – the teachings, the principles, the Sinister Praxis – and actually apply and Test it in the Lab [the Real World of Experience]. Put things to the test in the Lab. Don’t accept things at face value because it was written. Genuine Sinister Wisdom doesn’t come from a written manual, it comes from Tests, Ordeals, Trials, and Error in the Real World, and the insights born from such trial and error. It comes from experimenting with ideas in the real world to discover what works, what is useful, what bares the best results, and what needs to be changed to produce better results. Don’t rely on written text as infallible facts. Do not use old written text to try and invalidate new insights and new perspectives. If the ONA writes to “push your limits” go out and take that Principle and Experiment. What you dis-cover and learn in the process of experimentation is the real “unwritten sinister doctrine” which is the esoteric Methodology of our Sinister Way. In this way the ONA teaches its teachings without teaching. Only by testing ONA ideas in the Lab can you directly learn for yourself what is outdated and doesn’t work, and what still works, and what needs to be evolved. In this way, a Dreccian who actually puts his ONA to the test in the real world can always tell if another Dreccian actually lives the Sinister Way of the ONA in real life, or if that Dreccian does nothing more then rely on internet texts.

9) **Update & Evolve:** When you have psychologically, mentally, emotionally, and physically gone through the first 8 steps of the Sinister Method, you will have come to a direct and personally understanding of the Sinister Way as it works itself out to you and to your Time frame, and to the generation you belong to. Write and teach what you have learned to other Dreccians. In this way, the ONA constantly remains practical and relevant to each person, to each generation, and to each time period. Thus, it evolves in time and keeps up with time, rather than being lost in time. You and I are each real Nexions through which the Sinister Way passes into the Future. It is our duty then to upgrade, update, and evolve the ONA and our Sinister Way via what we have come to learn, experience, and dis-cover – if the ONA is to mean anything to the minds of a future time frame. Each generation of Dreccians adds their empirical insights and knowledge to the ONA for the benefit of the generation to come after them. Although this is the last step in the Sinister Method, it is as important as the other 8 steps. The Sinister Method ends with this 9th Step. These 9 steps are collectively called the “Nine Angles [of Approach]” of the Sinister Method, which the Dreccian must learn to use with the ONA, the Sinister Way, and with Life in general.

Just as the philosophy of science and the progression of scientific knowledge is based on the scientific method, the philosophy and progression of the ONA must also be based on the Sinister Method. As each discipline of science, such as physics, biology, botany, and chemistry are specific outer disciplines arising from the specialization of data processed through the scientific method, the various outer forms and disciplines of the ONA such as its National-Socialism, Traditional Satanism, and Radial Politics, are specialized disciplines arising from specialized data being processed through the Sinister Method of experience, trial, and error. In this way, just as the scientific method can be used to give birth to new scientific disciplines and nullify old scientific theories and outdated disciplines, so too can the Sinister Method give birth to new outer forms, nullify old and outdated theories and concepts. A proper application of the Sinister Method will insure that the ONA remains a progressive science and a progressive Way of Life that keeps up with us, rather than hold us down.

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Order of Nine Angles

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Traditional Satanism

This is a slight departure from my usual Buddhist ramblings. You know sometimes I wonder what a Buddhist is doing in the ONA. Actually I know why, it just looks odd if I were a different person looking in. This essay was inspired by an event yesterday which has nothing to do with the ONA. A nice elderly lady came over yesterday and shared her Jehovah's Witness message with me. I invited her into the living room to have a seat and talk to me. Being the properly raised person I am, I treated the lady kindly and tried not to disrespect her in any overt way. But once I closed the door and securely had her in my living room, I spent 30 minutes interrogating the poor thing. It wasn't even an argument of whose religion was better than the other. I told her from the very beginning that I was a Theravada Buddhist and that because I was, I cannot accept anything at face value. The Buddha even tells us to question what he teaches and that Dhamma must be observable, testable, and replicable for it to be Dhamma.

So after pointing those out I asked her to share her message with me. She did and I led our conversation into talks about science and archaeology, and such. How in such fields we empirically observe things, hypothesize, test and try, and come to a rational understanding of things, where that in the end, faith and belief are non-applicable. I interrogated her by asking her to give me what she knows about how her Jehovah's Witness religion developed historically, to give me secular proof that Jesus or any body in his ancestral line existed, and for carbon dating of biblical scrolls etc to determine if such biblical books were written before or after so called prophecies. I also asked her to bring me back ingredients used in the parchments that made up the ink used in the book of Isaiah, as well as documents from a secular academic who shows in a research paper the dialect of Hebrew used and the state of development of the Hebrew used in such books. I then gave the poor thing a long lecture on how I cannot accept anything at face value when given to me outside of that thing's proper time and contextual matrix. The elderly lady excused herself to me saying that she is only an old woman trying to spread the message of Jehovah's paradise. But she was a sincere and sweet lady and told me that she would take my long list of questions and demands and return with research work to give to me.

Contextual Matrix

In certain conditions I get obsessively over analytical about things. For my own good. So when it comes to things like religions, philosophies, etc, I approach those things like a detective. For example with me and Buddhism, what I do is take all that people tell me about it and throw it in the trash or set it aside to compare notes later. Then I remove Buddhism out of the 21st century, and as best as I can, stick it back into 500BC ancient India. Once I get that Buddhism into its Native Time and Contextual Matrix, then I spend my time researching on the political, sectarian, and social climate of that time, as well as the languages used, idiom, meanings of words back then, and frame of mind or worldview-model people back then were using. Once I collect all that information I start to build up a picture of how Buddhism may have been in that specific time and place to those people. Once I get a picture of what Buddhism looked back then, I start to move forward to come to my own understandings of Buddhism from that recreated point. The only time I ask anybody alive in the 21st century anything is when I am stuck on something and can't figure things out on my own. Usually your Buddhist elder will respond to your questions with questions and tell you to go away and figure things out on your own anyways.

This is something I just do naturally, which the friends I have in life don't seem to do. I try to explain to them that it is like being a paleontologist or archaeologist. You don't remove artifacts completely disregarding the matrix such artifacts came from. You will not be able to figure out anything about the dinosaur you dug up if you are just staring at its bone. 90% of the data of its life, what it ate, how it lived, the climate it lived in is in the matrix - dirt - it was found in. It's like being a detective at a crime scene. You're not gonna know shit about anything if you remove a gun from a scene and just study the gun in your office. You have to wholistically consider the entire crime scene as a whole - Samma in Pali/Buddhism - together, in order to piece together a realistic Buddhi/Understanding of what may have happened. This includes studying the character and psychology of your suspects. If you are a Buddhist, do a total background check on the Buddha. If you are a Jesus freak, check Jesus's background, records, etc. Profile the hell out of them, racial profiling, sexual profiling, everything. That's one thing which bugs me about Jesus. He wants you to think like he "understands" humanity, he tried to incarnate as a human in the flesh, and even dies for us so we can believe that he really does sympathizes with our human condition and like he knows what it's like to be human. Yet the guy [Jesus] died a fucking virgin. He never had a girlfriend. Never been in love. Never had his heart broken. Never masturbated perhaps. Never been a father or a husband. Never seen his mother or father die of old age even. Isn't all that the actual stuffness of being human? He's a freaking 30 year old suicidal virgin who thinks he is god, and his mom doesn't even really know who his real daddy is. That's not a religion, that's a Jerry Springer show. But that's what

I mean by profiling your prophets and gods. It amazes me how much time and effort [and money] the generic American public puts in to questioning presidential candidates, vet them, does all these background checks, but when it comes to gods and religious figures running their lives, they just let in any Nazarene-nutter, pedo-priests, kid-caressing-cardinals, and stuff.

Traditions and Culture

As I was saying: contextual matrix. So personally when I approach the ONA to gain an actual objective understanding of it, I treat the ONA as a crime scene. Most people approach the ONA out of context and time. I'm not here saying that seeing ONA in context and time will reveal some truth. But it may help us gain a different perspective of ONA. So I'll analyze ONA here objectively, and I may hurt a few people's feeling in ONA doing it. But I'll keep in mind that we see what we want to see in things, so Robert Anton Wilson once said. Our Prime Suspect is DM allegedly also known as "Anton Long." However the ONA was said by me or whoever to have come about, what we know is that first came DM, and then out of him came the ONA. So those are our two biggest clues. Our Prime Suspect DM leads us to the Native Time frame or era of any "crystallization" or influence that may have affected him consciously or unconsciously. We know DM was born in 1950. Which means that he was an impressionable and rebellious teen during the 1960's. So it's to the 60's and 70's when he was in his early 20's that we must start looking for data. What does a rebellious teen boy in England get involved with or is exposed to in 1960 England if he wanted to be counter culture to a dying post-Victorian frigid zeigeist? Besides National-Socialism which we already know had a visible influence on him.

A man by the name of Gerald Gardner in the 1950's in England came out with something he originally called "Wica," or "The Witch Cult," or "Witchcraft." Later Gardner's cult became known as "Traditional Wicca," during the 1960's. Then later on, this Gardnerian Traditional Wicca with the spin offs it spawned collectively became know "British Traditional Wicca." So now we can compare the descriptor "Traditional Wicca," with the descriptor "Traditional Satanism," and ask ourselves if we see anything which may look similar. If we do then we go in deeper to dig for more data. I see a potential similarity. Knowing that British Traditional Wicca was risqué in the 1960's and appealing to the young counter culture generation, I'd have a closer look. So lets briefly see if we can find any parallels between Traditional Wicca and Traditional Satanism [ONA]. We should keep in mind that ONA first coined and used the term "Traditional Satanism" before it was usurped by theistic Satanists.

In Gardnerian and Alexandrian Traditional Wicca you have something called a Book of Shadows which contains the Tradition's rites and ceremonies. In Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have something called the Black Book of Satan which contains all of ONA's rites and ceremonies. The most important part about Traditional Wicca which makes one a legit Traditional Witch/Wiccan are a set of 3 initiatory degrees. In Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have a vital part of the Tradition which are the 7 initiatory degrees/grades called the Seven Fold Way. In Traditional Wicca you have a "Duodeistic" centered pantheon which are the Triple Goddess and Horned God. In Traditional Satanism you have the Dark Goddess Baphomet and the Dark God Satan. Gardner is the Grand Master of his Tradition. Alex Sander is Grand Master of his Alexandrian Traditional Wicca. "Anton Long" is the Grandmaster of his Tradition.

Those are the major parallels. There are minor parallels. Such as where in Traditional Wicca they usually - more so in contemporary eclectic Wicca - have a private body of magickal and esoteric teachings. Usually these magickal and esoteric teachings are similar to what you'd find in the Golden Dawn with its Kabbalah, mixed with eastern inspired tantra, meditation on the chakras, and so on. Traditional Satanism [ONA] similarly has its own corpus of magickal and esoteric practices expounded in Naos, except the stuff in Naos is unique in the sense that it's not a word for word copy cat occult or some Jewish mysticism or some deluded Indic mysticism and pranayama. Another minor parallel is Traditional Wicca will use special alphabets or cipher scripts to write their things in. We see a similar concept in Naos with a couple or few special alphabets, and later we see the Dark Immortal Script develop. Another minor - yet key - similarity is that in Traditional Wicca each Tradition spawns what are called covens. Judging the fact that Gardner's 3 initiatory degrees and their oaths are 80-90% the same as the initiation rituals of British Craft Freemasonry, I'd venture to say that a "coven" is based on the idea of a "lodge." Like a lodge puts the culture of an OTO or Freemasonry into living practice, a Coven also puts the culture/Tradition of their Wicca into practice. We see the same basic concept in Traditional Satanism [ONA] where in the early days a "coven" or constituent cell of the Tradition was called a "Temple," which today is most often referred to as a "Nexion."

So based on those numerous parallels, I'd personally say that there was an influence that took place in the very early days of the ONA. But this should not in any way make the ONA look "bad." To me personally, knowing that Traditional

Wicca may have directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously inspired or influenced the ONA actually helps me gain a better grasp of what the term "Traditional Satanism" might mean. With the old skool Traditional Wicca the word "Traditional" is interchangeable with the word "Lineage," "Custom," and "Culture," where we can say Gardnerian Traditional Wicca is Wicca according to the Gardnerian Tradition. This concept of Tradition referring to Initiatic Lineage, Custom, and Culture will make more sense if you are savvy with the Traditions and politics of Initiatic Orders such as the OTO, Golden Dawn, and Masonry. The key idea to keep in mind is "Initiatic," meaning that you belong in a legitimate way to the Lineage, Custom of Rites, and Cultural Praxis, of the Tradition you were duly initiated into. That word "Traditional" is most often mistaken as meaning some sort of passing down from one generation to another from grandparent, to parent, to child. If there is a passing of the Tradition - aka corpus of customs and rites - from one generation to another it is from one generation of Initiates to a new set of Initiates. In this very context the word "Tradition" has the exact essence as the Pali-Sanskrit word "Sasana" which is used most often only to describe Theravada Buddhism and Shaivism. A Sasana being a body of instructions, observances, rites, rituals, ceremonies, customs, and culture of praxis or cultivation of practice.

So for example we have with the OTO several actual rival bodies spawned from the original Academia Masonica of Karl Kellner, which was later renamed Ordo Templi Orientis under Reuss. During which time all of its degrees were word for word Masonic degrees. When after Crowley took over the OTO, in an attempt to gain favour from the regular United Grand Lodge of England as a "regular" Masonic rite, Crowley removed the first degrees of Masonry of the OTO and constructed his own to substitute them. The ass kissing didn't work since Crowley's entire Masonic credentials were not of Mainstream Tradition. Here meaning that the United Grand Lodge of England has a Tradition of their own rites, ceremonies, and rituals, rules, and regulations, and all lodges in their jurisdiction which conforms to such established Traditions are deemed as "regular" or "recognized" lodges. Whereas Mr. Crowley was initiated in a lodge not recognized by the Mainstream Grand Lodges and he got his 33rd degree in an unknown lodge somewhere in Mexico. Meaning that because Crowley was not Initiated in a lodge of the United Grand Lodge of England "Tradition" that he thus did not belong to such Tradition of established Masonry. After Crowley's death a power battle arose and from that struggle was born the rival OTO bodies of today. So that now you have distinct established OTO Traditions, where that if you get initiated into the SOTO you are not tied to the Typhonian OTO or any other OTO but the one you were initiated into. In this regard that old day Traditional Wicca worked in the same way. If you were initiated by a coven of Alexandrian Traditional Witches you really have no ties to Blue Star Wicca since that species of Tradition of Wicca has their own unique set of rites, ceremonies, rituals, practices, and pantheons. You belong to the "Tradition" you were initiated into. And that word "Tradition" or "Traditional" tries to mean a specific established body of customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, practices, beliefs, and pantheon, as well as lineage, and not something necessarily "passed down by tradition." Lineage here simply meaning that if you were Initiated into Gardnerian Wicca, you are connected thru your initiator, to their initiator, to their initiator back to Gardner, which linearly constitutes a "Lineage," traced back to the originator of such established Tradition.

Traditional Satanism

And so, once we get a grasp of the "politics" and structuring or organization of such groups and understand that the words "Tradition" and "Traditional" points to a group of organized people's peculiar customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, beliefs, pantheon, culture of practice, etc, we can thus better understand - or at least gain a different understanding of - what the term "Traditional Satanism" may mean in context and time to the period and era the ONA coalesced into a codified institution.

Traditional Satanism would thus simply mean a school or species or vehicle of Satanism according to a certain Tradition: customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, beliefs, pantheon, culture of practice, and lineage. So in Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have books like the Black Book of Satan & Naos which teaches the rites, ceremonies, initiatic degrees, magickal and esoteric cultural practices and observances of such Tradition. You have a specifically established pantheon expressed primarily as the Dark Goddess Baphomet and the Dark God Satan, plus the several other Dark Gods. Then of course you have the established system of initiation of such Tradition which would be the Seven Fold Sinister Way. Here I should try to point out that the word "Sinister" is the Latin for "Left" and most often when used by ONA means "Of The Left Hand" and not simply 'evil' and wicked as it is generally assumed to mean. "Sinister Way" and "Left Hand Path/Way" should be fungible, if the word is understood correctly. It's just easier to say "Sinister Praxis," or "Sinister Nature" as opposed to "Left Handish Practice," or "Left Hand Pathish Nature." Traditional Satanism also ends up meaning the set of philosophical teachings, beliefs, and paradigm specific to such Tradition. Then lastly Traditional Satanism [ONA] has its "Lineage" which is traced back to the originator or founder of the actual Tradition in question, "Anton Long" being the founder or originator or "presencer" of the Tradition.

When I break things down in this way to myself, it is easier for me to understand ONA as it was back then, as it still should be today, and as it should continue to be in future. As I said, in my own culture we have a word which has the same meaning as "Tradition" in this context which is Sasana. Our Sasana Preahput is not in any way the same thing as the Buddhism which exists up in the North in China, Tibet, and Japan. Our word "Sasana" points to a specific established Tradition or culture, customs, sangas, teachings, beliefs, rites, worldviews, folk-culture, unique and different from Mahayana Buddhism. The word "Sasana" as a borrowed Pali word goes further and has an even more specific meaning because the "root" word "Sas" means a Race, Breed, or People in Khmer. Or more accurately the word "Sas" is an indigenous Khmer word, which just so happens to have an audible twin in the word "Sasana," so after many centuries of "folk etymology" the borrowed Pali Sasana comes to gain the extra meaning in Khmer as a Tradition specific to a Race or People. But Sasana does not mean "Religion." For example when I eat with a fork at the dinner table and my elders are eating with spoons or chopstickes, they talk to themselves and say: "That grand daughter has gone into the Sasana of the White People, she eats with a fork like them." In this case, eating with a fork is not a religion or philosophy or ideology White People believe in. It is a Traditional Practice, or custom, or cultivated [culture] observance or shared or established behaviour peculiar to a group of people. But in this case the hybrid term "Sasana Satanism" ends up having no meaning, because then the question arises: Sasana of Satanism according to what people? In our case the answer would be: according to the ONA. So we'd have to call it: Sasana Satanism poohg ONA, which in English would be the Tradition of Satanism of the ONA people. Like we say: *Sasana Preahput Khmer* [Buddha Tradition according to the Khmer], or *Sasana Phraputa Thai* [Buddha Tradition according to the Thai], *Sasana Preahput poohg Jen* [Buddhism according to the Chinese people].

If you understand this much, then each ONA person will understand that there is no ONA without the Traditional Satanism, or without the established Tradition, lineage, customs, ceremonies, culture, observances, etc peculiar to the ONA as it was established by a founder or the founder(s) when ONA was established. Traditional does not necessarily suggest that such established customs and traditions have been past down AS IS from some ancient past of ancient Traditional Satanist. Meaning that it's not likely that ONA as we know it since 1972 existed with a BBS, Naos, 7FW, etc, since ancient times immemorial. Anton Long even goes through the trouble of stating quite the opposite, where he states that he took the old Aural Tradition and Added new elements to it. There is thus a specific date the Tradition was established. And to get specific there are criteria for what constitutes a "Tradition." For instance in Traditional Wicca a practice is only "Tradition" if it has been initiated down thru 3 generations of adherents, not necessarily meaning grandparent, parent, and offspring. In my own culture a "Tradition" is only a Tradition if and when you ask a person: "Hey who started this cultural practice anyways?" And everybody around how shrugs their shoulders and says: "I don't know. The old people before us." Or if your grandmother - who is already old - answers: "My grandfather started it, or one of the old people started it when I was a child," that means its official Tradition, since if your granny is old, the people she refers to as "old people" are long dead. Another thing which makes something a "Tradition" especially inside the limits of a family/clan is if say someone started a family reunion on your grandmother's birthday - which is what my family does - and it is observed several times effortlessly by every one of your relatives and does not stop being observed, it is officially part of our Sasana as a family. It doesn't matter who started it and why. As long as everybody just observes it together effortlessly.

Which means that my own cultural understanding of the word Sasana or Tradition has its implications in the ONA since I identify myself as being an ONA person. The implication is that rites and ceremonial observances such as the Self Immolation Rite and other stuff created by Beesty Boy [and other new stuff in future], because of the years that have past and the continued observance of them by those who affiliate with the ONA's Traditional Satanism, is to me a rightful living part of the ONA. It is how a Culture builds onto itself. Drinking tea was not always a practice observed by English people. That cultural meme was introduced by somebody - whoever, it doesn't matter - which was perhaps infected from China, and the English/British as a whole people just kept on doing the tea sipping thing at "tea time," whenever that is. I'm Asian-American so I don't actually know when British Tea time is. Tea time for those of us of spawn of Chinese people means in the morning at breakfast with noodle soup, after lunch, in the evening, on cold days, and whenever other people are over. As long as everybody continues to effortlessly observe it over time, it is a Tradition observed by a people plain and simple. Because what does the word Culture mean? A Culture is essentially something which you and/or others do/CULTIVATE over and over again. That is the most simplest definition of a Culture which actually works with most living cultures.

Tradition in Buddhism [Theravada] is important, at least per the Tipitaka cannons. There is a part of the Tipitaka where a group of people had so many leaders in their town who established all sorts of traditional observances that they lost their native traditions. So they went to the Buddha to tell him of their dukkha: the troublesome problem of

not having a native tradition like other people. The Buddha tells them to gather everyone in their town together and collectively come to an agreement on which practices and observances everyone likes and make those as their people's tradition to pass down. In another instance the Buddha was teaching his monks key words and the meaning of each key word. One of those key words meant "Impression From Outside." And the Buddha says: "Bhikkhus! [Beggars! Vagabonds!] what is the meaning of Impression From Outside? It means when a people are ignorant and have no traditions of their own. Being so ignorant with no traditional observances of their own Bhikkhus, such people are open to the influence of outsiders influencing them with their foreign traditions and customs by impressing such on the ignorant people." That Dhamma is extrapolated in various ways to sometimes mean or suggest that if you are Buddhist and in the business of controlling your own Mind, Emotions, and Life, then not having a sure foundation such as a Tradition, you make yourself open to being controlled by others, which in turn leads to dukkha. Buddha in a different place states that Dhamma must be observable, testable, and replicable for it to be real Dhamma. So all we have to do is observe the Black People in America as an example to prove and test that Dhamma. Black People had their entire way of life taken away from them. They even lost their ancestral name. They went by the White man's name, believed in the white man's gods, saw the world with the white man's paradigm which placed them in an unlucky servile position socially, etc. So we ask ourselves: having lost their Traditions as a people and having been forced to adopt the foreign traditions of another culture/people, were these Black people Free socially? No. Were they Free to believe their own beliefs? No. Were they Free to be their own people? No. Where they Happy? No. Did the white man's ways and traditions and gods make the Black People Free, sovereign, autonomous, self-determined? No. Does the white man love and respect the Black people more because they have adopted the white man's traditions? No, they are still disliked. Are they "Free" and happy today after 300 something years?

Even if we say they are free and happy in America, that freedom is superficial. Because when the Black man goes to the white man's church to worship Jesus, you are bound to follow those rules of that religion which has nothing to do with Africa or the ancient and ancestral Tradition of Africa. The minute you do something Their religion, Their social rules, Their ideologies are against, you are shunned and treated like a criminal or evil doer. Whereas for me I'll burn incense to a statue of a Buddha like my people's Tradition has it. I don't give a shit of some group of White people or Mexican Catholics or fucking Somali Muslim called me an evil pagan idolator. Fuck you and you whole Hubris breed too. Take your asses back to church and your mosque and mind your own fucking business. The only White people I like and respect are mostly the Aryan kind who have it in their blood and breed to be proud of their own people, be Traditionalists to their own ancient ancestral traditions, and conservatively pass that pride and culture down to their well bred children. I don't care if you hate me because I'm not "Aryan," cuz we're still kinfolk Traditionalists, still on the same level of mind and heart where we each still have a love and pride for our folk and culture. If we can be friends that's cool, if not than we'll stay out of each others way. If we can be friends and retain and maintain our unique differences that would be awesomer. But I have no ounce of respect for any white American punk who is ignorant of his own roots. You know the type. You ask them where they come from and they say Alabama, fucking Ohio, California. That's not what I mean dummy. I mean your roots, your seed your grandparents gave you, your culture your people gave you, your blood, your roots as a white person, the ancient tradition your ancient ancestors gave you, where the fuck did that come from, where has your blood been for the past 1000 years? What's really funny to me is when one of these White Hubris American Mundanes [[WHAM](#) as opposed to WASPs] come up to me and try to sell me their Mormon shit or Jehovah's Witness shit. Like I'm gunna fucking give up 1000 years of my own people's ancestral traditions, for a lunatic religion founded merely in the 1800's by a couple nutcase white devils. So I can do what exactly? How do they "practice" their religion? You sit your ass in a church and listen to some hubris white devil yap for an hour about a Jew. Do I look like a Jew? Do I look I want to worship a Jew? I got my own pantheon of Chinese gods to worship, shit. And they act like their mere 200 year old Joseph Smith shit is "better" than all other people's Tradition. Whatever skin color you are, be proud of your folk and blood, Mind your culture and ancestry, and do your children right and proper by somehow passing some sort of stable ground, roots, and identity for them.

You think it's just only one person when you are liberal and let your kids drift away from your roots. But there are 300 million people in America, and of those 300 million how many other parents and grandparents are mindless and liberal like you. Those numbers add up and aeonically devastates you as coherent people. Like you pick a hypothetical race for example. In the first generation you have the young people from this race practice a little Chinese Kung Fu, some listen to rap and act Black. Next generation more of the new young people do the same and instead of being rooted in their own Traditions and Culture they drift off like loose canon balls rolling a round aimlessly on the deck of a ship. As each generation passes and more young people in this race goes into some other people's Traditions, in Time where will your people be? And you think seriously about, if you have the brain cells to think aeonically as a WHAM, you are being surrounded by other peoples that stay true to their own folk culture, and the Black People you

messed up are slowly developing their own folk culture. So while you WHAMs drift further apart incoherently, every other people around you maintains their status, community, families, extended families, traditions, and culture. Divide & Conquer. Your people started it and were good at it. There was a time when you divided ethnic races and made them into incoherent groups fighting each other to control them. Now its payback time, and the best part is, YOU yourselves are Dividing your own people into cultureless individualized units. Half of you don't even have a real family anymore with two parents. I fear that as a hubris and arrogant breed that you WHAMs are, you are too stupid to wake up and change your ways. If you are the few to wake up and know something is wrong: DIG. Start digging deep in your blood and ancestry and find your roots and dormant Tradition your people left for you and live them once again. Make a Tradition up if you have to, just stabilize yourself with a Tradition for your progeny's sake, not yours. [Reichsfolk](#). Not many in or out of ONA speak of Reichsfolk now, but the simple lessons it teaches keeps your Blood and Roots flowing deep over Time. /Rant.

So this Traditional Satanism which is the ONA and a part of the ONA is a species or Tradition of Satanism. If we don't try to see that Traditional Satanism grow into being inside its original native time and context, you can't fully grasp the ONA and will be prone to assumptions, speculations, and misunderstandings of what may have been intended. The ONA proper first started off with that Traditional Satanism soil. Everything else, such as the philosophical writings "Anton Long" and others have written, grew out of that fertile Tradition, within the matrix of that soil. You have to try to study what the ONA is today within that soil in a wholistic way. As you would study a flowing river. Not in bits and pieces, but in consideration of the whole river, from the mountain spring it springs from, to the rapids and gorges in the middle, all of the twists and turns, and ending at the great delta where it flows into the ocean. To fully understand ONA you have to consider ONA of 1970, consider its decades long slow twistings and turnings, and consider what it is today, as one Flowing. As one Tradition moving and growing slowly. But that Flowing begins at the spring of Traditional Satanism. Which in itself is something to be proud of if you recall your history. The ONA's Traditional Satanism was one of the first three "institutionalized" or codified schools of Satanism that started this whole Satanism thing back in the 60's-70. CoS came out in 1966. ONA cropped up in England in 1972ish. ToS was miraculously reborn when Set woke up from a 3000 year sleep and gave birth to the Universe in 1975. If I were Set I would have picked an Egyptian in my "home country" to be my prophet of a new aeon, rather than a Grandpa Munster of America; but that's just me, maybe Set has a sense of humour? But ONA is one of three that started this whole Satanism thing off in the West. It's Tradition is still here, still influencing contemporary Satanists' understandings of their Satanism. Sans the competitive BS, Satanism as a single memplex is a great thing with a lot of potential. You guys as Satanists have a good thing going, if we consider Satanism all together as one newly emerged system in the West. Sans the rivalry BS, when each Satanist adds their own thoughts and understandings to the common body of knowledge, it in turn ripples and helps evolve all of Satanism as a single pool of ideas. But we can't get all egalitarian and liberal with this shit or we'll ruin a good thing. Not every meme is equal, some will make this growing and very young pool of Satanism sick and weak. A little capitalistic competition is good for the gene pool as it breeds and encourages innovation and creativity.

There is an old Greek philosophical concept mostly translated into English as "Justice," which is something worth considering and applying if as Satanists "we" all wish to help it move forwards into the future, for the next generation. Justice according to some of the olden schools of thought is the proper balance between One's own self interests, and the Interests/needs of a collective/other. Justice is the balancing line between one's own duty to Self, and Duty to Other [wife, husband, children, family, clan, kin, tribe]. Justice is the the Balance between One's own needs and the needs of Other. Too much to one side or the other causes an imbalance. And being in a causal system, such imbalance causes chain reactions of fruit. Too much leaning towards Self Interest/Need/Duty destroys Community and Family. Which in turn disrupts the sensitive clockwork and causes it to be dysfunctional. What is dysfunctional stops working, and what stops working dies in Time. Too much leaning to the other side vanquishes the Individual as a slave to a mindless collective. There is a balance or Equilibrium where the Self and Other Naturally comes to a Balance, which was once called Justice. Where there must be a Balance between the collective Interest of those that "govern" and the Interests or Needs of those that are "governed." That was Justice. Where there is a Balance between the needs of a corporation and the needs of its market. That Balance is Justice. Where there is the Balance between the Needs and Interests of the individual Satanist and of Satanism as a whole-Thing. That is Justice and Equilibrium. A little competition and self interest in Satanism is healthy. But without that Justice, either way we lean, the clockwork stops. If this ancient notion of Justice is a living phenomenon in Nature, then it must be observable, testable, and replicable. Thus, nobody should have to take my word for it. All I'll say is that a Satanism with only one school of thought and one paradigm will be like a USSR with only one party making all the products. Shit's gunna be cheap. In this regard, I will keep ONA going as long as I can, even if I am the last ONA person alive. There is plenty of room in Satanism as a

whole-Thing for the atheist, theist, materialist, spiritualist, or whatever. There are retards and geniuses in all camps. We need all the genies and thinkers, even if they don't like each other or get along. The retards, they can go, well actually, they should stay to support the infrastructure. Just like there is room in Life or the Cosmos for every perspective and angle of understanding. It's all of it added up that gives us the clearest picture of things. Satanism as a whole-Thing limits itself, if it struggles to only have one "right" and one "acceptable" perspective and weltanschauung.

Narcissistic Paradigm

I was thinking of the mentality some people have for things such as weltanschauung, world-views, politics, religions, philosophies, etc, and I noticed something which lacked a word but I gave it a term to refer to it. Thinking about this mentality caused me to remember a weird Sufi story I once read a long time ago. The Sufi story I read - as I later found out - is a twist or slant of a well known Greek myth, used as an esoteric jape with Mainstream Islam. This esoteric jape runs along the same vein as the Sufi saying that goes something like: "The only way to Know Allah is by riding the dragon's tail." Meaning here that it is from being familiar with Iblis or Shaitan and his ways that you truly come to know Allah. So we read in the Holy Qur'an that when after Allah had made Adam, he called the angels of heaven down to the earth to behold Adam and commanded all of the angels to kneel and worship Adam. All did as they were commanded except Iblis who stood in defiance. The Qur'an does not go any further into the details as to why Iblis did not worship Adam, but the Sufis continues that story saying that Allah demanded Iblis why he did not worship Adam, and Iblis answered Allah: "Because I am better than him. Because I am made of the Flame of Heaven, and he [Adam] is made from the soil of the ground." Allah now angry ordered Iblis to do as the other angels and kneel before Adam to worship him. Iblis refused to do so. And so Allah threatens to send Iblis into the lake of fire to punish him if he did not worship Adam. Iblis still refused and said he'd rather burn in hell than worship a creature made of the lowly earth. So then Allah one last time threatens Iblis with the punishment of eternally being outside of His Divine presence for ever and ever. When Iblis heard this, he rushed to Allah's feet and said to Allah: "La ilaha illallah; There is no God but God, and only he is worthy of worship." After hearing this Allah turns to the angels that fell and worshiped Adam and cursed them to forever serve Mankind. But to Iblis, who genuinely loved Allah, that he would defy Allah's word to be True to his Love, Allah gave him the Earth to rule. This little Sufi story has the esoteric teaching that God made a facsimile of his own divine self out of something worthless [dirt] as a test to see if his angels loved Him of their own free will, or because out of fear of being punished. Only Iblis refused to serve and fall before that false idol Adam. In other words, in life we either Submit [Islam] to the Divine [numinous], or to man made idols. What or whom do you serve in life? The Natural, or the Artificial? The esoteric jape hidden in this Sufi story is that mainstream Muslims today worship and serve Adam, or the teachings and words of men, and not the Divine Essence of Allah.

So the other Sufi story I remembered is like the backstory to the one I just told, which took place just before the creation of Adam. The story goes that one day Allah having found the earth walked around it and found the dark water of the earth. He looked into it and for the first time in eternity saw Himself in the dark water. Seeing a reflection of himself he fell in love with it and reached out to try and Behold it. But could not because his fingers went thru the image disturbing the reflection with ripples. Out of a deep desire to Behold that image God took mud and formed from that mud Adam and loved Adam above all other creation. The hidden esoteric jape is directed at mainstream superficial Islam's God and Muslims. It is saying that their God is essentially narcissistic and thus cannot be the Divine Artist of the Cosmos. It also is japing the mainstream Muslims in saying that they are so captivated by their own facsimile of God that they reject the Divinity in all other things of Creation. Or, as the saying goes in English: "Like Father, like son."

I notice this same mentality in people. It's not narcissism as the word is generally used. I'll try and explain what I mean. For example you have these materialist who can't get themselves to See the world any other way beyond their material world model. And so like this delusional God, these materialist fashion for themselves a memplex or weltanschauung that is merely a reflection of themselves: materialistic. Or you see them being drawn, engrossed, enchanted, captivated, only by idea that are reflections of themselves: materialistic. You see them being oblivious and out right rejecting and denying other possible models of reality. You see the same engrossment of/for ego/self with theists and spiritualists who do the opposite. They are in love with ideas and world views only which are reflections of themselves. They become enraptured and engrossed in ideas where only the spiritual is real, only "our god" is real, only the god we can picture is real, everything else is fake. You see this in politics. Conservatives are drawn only to that which is merely and simplistically a reflection of their inner self. Libertines [modern usage] are drawn to and attached to only what ideologies are merely and simplistically reflections of their inner egos. And the delusional aspect of this is that they are oblivious to and deny or reject everything that is not a personification of their egos. Libertine in the olden days around the 1700's or so meant a person or breed of people without culture or proper upbringing.

Just like their symbolical narcissistic God, you see these people also acting out their narcissism when they make things, like ideologies. They make their cults and religions in a self-perspective narcissistic "utopian" manner. When I say "utopian" I simply mean the artificial desire to create a system of some type which is "perfectly" a reflection of their egos. Like when you see a group of peasants get together and watch them create a political memplex, you see them enter that narcissistic utopian mentality where the Bourgeois who hurt their egos are evil and peasants should rule, where religion that was used to control them is bad, etc. You take a group of Jesus nutters and watch them create their sectarian memplexes. They relocate themselves to a paradise, name it Jonestown, get all enraptured in only stuff which are a reflection of their own ego-perspective of reality. And the same goes unfortunately with mainstream materialist science. Where you see these very intelligent scientists get lost in the same delusional game of seeing reality only insofar as reality is a reflection of their ego/self, and every other theory is fake or not worth considering. And of course Buddhists and Satanists do this too. Buddhist create for themselves a narcissistic utopian world model based on their simple single ego-perspective. And Satanist will do the same with their Satanism. Their Satanism has to be a utopian reflection of their ego-perspective and narcissism. You can almost hear them say to themselves in their heads: "I can't fucking wrap my head around anything else beyond my self and my puny grasp of reality, so any religion or type of Satanism that is beyond that is fake." The funny part is we tell ourselves that we are "thinking outside" a box, when most of us never left that box. Because that box is the self and the walls of the box are the person's limited grasp of things or his own amorousness for their own beauty. So the question is: Can there be growth, if we remain within the confined limits of our ego-perspectives of life and reality? Can a Self grow, evolve, or truly gain an understanding of things, if all it sees is it Self?

Everything to such narcissistic people has to be a perfect utopian reflection of their egos. A materialist will reject something like Buddhism because the Buddhism has elements such as "reincarnation," karma, spirits, etc which are not paradigmatic elements in their ego-based world-model. Those things are not a reflection of their self, so they reject it. It becomes so predictable that you can literally read a person's inner topography just by reviewing their beliefs or analyzing what memplexes they are drawn to and which memplexes they reject and deny. That's how simplistic mundanes have become. The complexities and diversity of Life are non-existent to these people. What is real - what can only be reality - must be a personification of their self/ego.

Beyond Ego

Such people never emotionally or intuitively realize that Life/Reality is so big, it is beyond our puny ego-based paradigms. Life is so big it is uncomfortable. You can be a hardcore materialist and if you study reality too deep you'll find quantum physics where reality is not as material as you wish it to be. You can be a hardcore moralist and if you venture too far outside your ego, you will observe that life and Nature is oblivious to morals. You can be a hardcore Darwinist and if you look too far outside your narcissistic utopian personification of self, you'll see that ecosystems are called systems for an actual reason. You'll see that nature does not compete with itself, but is symbiotic and co-evolutionary, which is scary and blasphemous to a Darwinist who is conditioned inside an urban matrix to see life as a "survival of the fittest" game. Things like religions - cyberreligions - philosophies, and ideologies, have today become mere vanity mirrors and security blankets to protect people from an uncomfortable reality. A reality that is much bigger than us, much more beyond our graspings and assumptions and speculations of it.

If you haven't picked up already, what I am trying to say and what the esoteric value of that second story is that there can be no true growth or inner development when a person is trapped inside the limits of his/her own ego. I should quickly define how I'm using the word ego and self. I mean to say the conscious mind and what it thinks it knows or what it believes in. And so religions, philosophies, and ideologies today are not a means to self-development, but merely a means to perpetuate our already existent ego-based world-models. If you really think about it and we say a materialist will be inside a materialist belief system for 50 years, during those 50 years will that materialist ever be anything different outside what that materialist paradigm allots? If Life/Reality behaved in such a remarkably simplistic manner, where reality is merely a comforting reflection of what we can grasp, what we wish to believe is true, would anything even be here? You know how many Muslims have been born and raised inside an Islamic paradigm for the past thousand years who have not ever thought outside or developed beyond what their paradigm has allotted for them? There is even a word to explain this phenomenon: Orthodoxy. And tellingly, there is even a word to describe the act of crossing that line of orthodoxy: Transgression. How many theists have ever Transgressed their theistic worldview into uncharted territory? How many materialists have ever Transgressed their materialistic paradigm for uncharted territory? The most powerful limits are those that we ourselves set for our own selves, because of our life long conditioning. It's like domesticated elephants in Thailand. You take a baby elephant and tie its feet with chains so it grows up conditioned mentally and emotionally to Believe that it can't break that chain, and

when it grows up all you have to do is tie a thin rope to its feet and it will not even try to break the rope. Because it is trapped in the conditioned Belief that it cannot break free. You have people who condition themselves - hypnotize themselves - into being "trancefixed" inside the limits of their own narcissistic paradigm, and these same people believe they are free thinking, or free people. You give these same people anything that is not a reflection of their egos and they will say: "Oh your ideology is retarded. It looks nothing like me. Those aren't my opinions. I disagree with anything not a reflection of my opinions."

I'm bringing this Narcissistic Paradigm thing up because a lot of Satanists - and more nonsatanists - will not and do not like ONA because it is not a reflection or personification of their egos. It is not a comfy and cozy box. It's got weird chants, a pantheon of unproven entities, it looks nothing like the average mundane ego, it's just big and bloated and ugly to them. That ain't shit though. You wanna know bloated, go read the Pali Canons. 40 volumes, 25000 pages of 2500 years of gibberish and nonsense. Nothing makes any sense. We're just good at faking sense. Nobody knows what the hell Buddha was tripping on when he said: Anatta. Even more bloated than that is the Universe. It's so big the universe doesn't even fit into a book. The greatest minds like Hawking have pondered on it their whole lives and all they produce are black holes. We don't know if it is finite or infinite, if it's flat, round or saddle shaped, if it's eternally expanding or if entropy will force all things back to Chaos [void, absolute stillness/inertia].

But the beauty about Life or the universe is that it is big, and in trying to understand ever nook and cranny of Life, we actually grow in our understandings of reality and ourselves as a part of Life or the Cosmos. In essence it is like we grow into Life, in the same way we grow into our hand-me-down our older siblings and cousins passes onto us. They are uncomfortable in the beginning, but the extra room allows us to grow to fill them in.

Most of Buddhism doesn't even make sense to me, but I don't bitch about it and look for something comfy to fit my ego. Many things about ONA and its Traditional Satanism hardly make any complete sense to me. I still don't know what an acausal is. But I let things be and slowly work my way to filling in the nooks and crannies. Which takes time. So the whole point to this in regard to ONA is don't be so self absorbed where you reject things left and right because your religion, or philosophy, or whatever does not fit you perfect like a glove. That perfect fit is not something you really want long term wise. Have you ever heard of Chinese Feet Binding? Back in the old days men use to think girls with tiny feet were beautiful so girls feet were tightly bounded with silk or cloth from a small age. So that as they grew older, the binding kept their feet from growing their proper size. It was actually disfiguring and rendered them crippled and unable to walk. Don't Spellbind your own self with your own words and beliefs. Let Traditional Satanism and the rest of the ONA be big. If we disagree with certain things in ONA fine, but just leave it and instead nurture it so it can grow bigger in time. The more room in ONA, the more space we have to grow in perspective and understanding.

[Download a PDF of major ONA MSS on: [TraditionalSatanism](#). The PDF is 1692 pages and 71 Megz.]

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

123 yfayen

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Fruits Of Destiny

"Word to your moms I came to drop bombs*." [*[House of Pain](#)]. What's that mean, have you ever wondered? Or what are the actual origins of those two key phrases? Both terms or key parts of that phrase have their origins in the city of Harlem inside a not so well known subculture that had – and still has – a big influence inside the hip hop scene/culture. The subculture is commonly known as the 5% Nation, which is an open source splinter group of the Nation of Islam. The two parts of that phrase specifically comes from something called the "One-Twenty," which is an

Oral Tradition passed down by word of mouth from 5%er to 5%er made up of 120 Q&A discourses.

The One-Twenty originally were the private or secret teachings the Messenger W.D. Fard gave to Elijah Muhammad in the mid 1930's. There is a part of the 120 where the Messenger asks E.M.: *“Have you not heard that your Word shall be Bond regardless to whom or what?”* And E.M. answered and declared: *“Yes, my Word is Bond, Bond is Life, & I shall give my Life before my Word shall fail.”*

So from that Q&A you get the 'secret' teaching among the 5% Nation that your Word is Bond and that word you give is worth your Life. That you give your Life up to your people when you give your word. This is where the latter idea of “Blood In, Blood Out,” that developed on the streets came from also. Once you “blood into” a “gang,” there is no way out honourably but 6 feet deep. Or in some gangs what this comes to mean is when you want to be a member you prove your Word/Loyalty by shooting someone. Then when you want to get out you kill someone. That way you can't snitch. Or in some Asian gangs I used to know the same entry level test of Loyalty applies, but if you want out of the game, you let your own boys shoot you like in the leg or something. As a way to Prove your Word that you are willing to die by the hands of your ex-homies than snitch and talk.

So back in the old days the old skool cats on the East Side used to say to each other: “Word is Bond,” to each other on the streets as a way of reaffirming your bond and loyalty. This phrase came to mean something like “Alright,” “Cool,” “I Got You,” or “I'm Down.” Then that just got shortened to the slang word “Word,” as in “Word up.” 5 up 6 down.

“Dropping Bombs,” and “Tha Bomb,” has its origins from this subculture also. What that means is say when you want to be a 5%er you gotta go out and find one to mentor you and breakdown the 120 Oral Tradition for you. “Breakdown” means that your mentor first teaches you to memorize word for word the 120, then he or she will “breakdown” each little exoteric part you memorized and drop the Esoteric value or meanings on you. Meaning that what you memorize of the oral tradition houses deeper meaning or hidden cultural teachings.

So you got a double layer of protection or two layers of firewall. You have to keep in mind that groups or movements like this started when Black folks did not have social equality yet. And that these were movements that tried to bring those early Black folks together to force change in the social structure. So you have to hide your ideology and stuff beneath what looks and sounds like nonsense and gibberish in case the White man get a hold of it to learn you're organizing into some movement bent on destroying his social order. For sure, you don't write that shit down, if you knew how to write that is.

So “dropping the bomb” is when you're a beginning initiate of this subculture and you have memorized a bit of Q&A from that oral lesson, and your mentor says: “Alright, let me break that shit down for you Sun, and tell you what it means,” and he proceeds to pile insights and ideological stuff on you one after another left and right, and it leaves your mind spinning. That's when you go tell your friends: “Ey, my Mentor gave me “tha Bomb” on that insight the other day.”

So as an example I'll give you “the bomb” on an insight which has to do with a certain species of Alchemy in the Flowing rhythm like how you would get it mouth to ear: “Philosopher's Stone. What's that shit mean? A Stone is a Tablet. You do what with Tablets? Write on it. What did God write down on Stone Tablets for Moses? The 10 COMMANDMENTS. What's a Commandment? It's a set of INSTRUCTIONS to be followed. What is the meaning of a “philosopher?” It is from two Greek words meaning Friend/Lover Of [Phil-] and Wisdom [Soph-]. What is WISDOM? Wisdom is the APPLICATION of Knowledge for Results. What is Knowledge? Knowledge is Power. How does the bible use the word to Know? When after Eve and Adam ate the Fruit of the tree of KNOWLEDGE, the bible says “And Adam KNEW his wife Eve.” So what does that word 'Know' mean? To have sexual congress. So what is WISDOM esoterically? It is the Application of “Knowledge” for Results. Now what is the Philosopher's Stone? It is the secret Instructions followed regarding the secret Science of utilizing the Power of Sexual Energy derived from a man and woman [Lovers] as a means of achieving Immortality which is the Gold the Stone make.” And so, if say what science and insight I dropped “blew your mind” away, you would say: “Damn, that was tha bomb.” My example was just something I randomly threw together as an example.

Wyrd Is Bond

The only real meaningful kind of Word or Loyalty given is to people in front of you meaning in real life. Meaning that you can't give your word and loyalty to people on the internet, because even though such people we meet are cool and we can work together, such “relationships” are illusory and ethereal and devoid of an organic Natural and intimate

knowing which would develop between two people or a group of people in real life over Time.

So when we are talking about the Bond and fellowship between people in the real world of experience a certain unseen phenomenon or aspect of Life comes into play. In the English language there is no real single word to describe this phenomenon. But in Khmer we have a single word for this which is “Nisay,” properly pronounced as “knee-SIGH” with a rising tone on the last syllable. Nisay is something you have or can have so it is a noun.

Nisay when translated into English roughly means: 1) Love at first sight; 2) Fated to be together; 3) or Destined to know one another.

So to explain the use and meaning of Nisay, my aunt-mom will tell me that a Family is when a group of Souls have Nisay for each other, so they incarnate as a family together. If a man and woman have Nisay when they see each other their “chitta” will “Stuh;” or they will have a ‘Stuhchitt;’ and they will know they were meant to be together in their chitta. “Stuh” is perhaps the only Khmer word that not only sounds like an English word, but also has a very similar meaning to its English doppelganger. In English we say my “Heart Stirs.” But you say the English word Stir as a Brit word to make the schwa vowel at the end. Stuh in Khmer means when something “Wiggles or Undulate.” The word Stuh as I have heard it used, is used most often with worm like creatures moving, like you can say a caterpillar “Stuh” in its pupa. When something unseen moves in the dark that is also a “Stuh.” Or if you say your head-stuh that means something like you were spinning around or something shocked you which caused you to be confused and disoriented. Which aptly describes your blissful state of mind when you are deeply and freshly in love. Jet or Chitta or Jai in Thai/Lao means the Heart-mind, which has no equivalent unfortunately in the English “universe.” Or as it is rendered in the 5% memplex: U&I-Verse; meaning the Universe is the manifestation of the Verse/Word [Wyrd] that You & I weave together in Life.

When two boys or girls meet and become best friends in Life, it is said they have Nisay for each other. That when they met or saw each other, their Chitta stirred. They were Moved deep inside. They felt a tugging of the Heart. They were fated to be friends. So in Khmer we have two words describing friendship. There is the common word for a regular friend which is Poohg-Mak. Poohg is short for the Pali Puggala meaning Person or People, and Mak means to Come. Pug-mak is your “Come-Along Person.” This has its idiomatic origins way back in very ancient tribal times. When your tribe lives in a forest and you want some meat to eat, a young man with a bow and arrow will volunteer to go hunt for the meat. Some of his tribe-mates will Come-Along with him. And so his Come-Along Persons are his buddies who keep each other company in the forest. So if somebody asks you who's walking with you, you say: “That's my Come-Along Person.” My 'Fellow Traveler.' My Road Dog.

The high class of friend is a “Mit-Somlagn” with the “gn” read as it is read in French or Italian making the n~ sound in Pina Colada. This word is used in the higher register 'dialects' by the more cultured and well bred types. Mit from the Sanskrit Mitra or Maitr meaning a Friend, and Somlagn being a variation of the word for 'Love' and 'Cherish.' Your Mitsomlagn is your Beloved Companion in life. That special friend who will be your friend for life no matter what. The one who will lay his life for you and care for you. One who honours and serves your parents as his own, and you his. In upper class families, that requirement of a friend honouring and serving your parents like his own and you his or her parents is a Defining Requirement of a genuine [and acceptable] friend. It is the Mark of a friend who is well bred, properly raised and cultured, Ariya. As opposed to a “friend” who is barbaric, ignoble: Anariya.

Nisay is neither good or bad. It just means that when you have a destiny or fate to meet someone for whatever reason. So in Khmer there are two words for a “Soul-Mate.” The first is Kooh-Praeng and the second is a Kooh-Kamm. Kooh means a “Pair,” think the first part of the word COUple. Praeng means Oil. Oil as in fuel for a lamp which burns, passion, oil as in slippery and easy flowing. Kamm is Kamma or Karma.

Nisay will have it that at times your heart will stir for someone, you will fall in love, get married, have children. Then that relationship turns very bad, you are affected and effected badly from that relationship. The other person leaves you in pain and Dukkha. That is a Kooh-Kamm. It is said in this context that you were fated to briefly meet such a person in the name of Karma. Either to “pay back” a karmic debt, either to teach you a lesson to awaken you to a flaw in your own character, or because Life [jivit] used the two of you to sow a karmic [causal] act into its wyrdful fabric for a future event.

So we have in my culture these old cultural myths of how devattas or naga people take on human form to marry humans, only to stay long enough together to have their human wives bare them an unlucky child – or a child of misfortune – that grows to reek havoc in the land. The cursed child will grow and do his duty for Life. And from the

havoc, the people in turn grow to learn their lessons in life. That is also called a Kooh-Kamm, and such unlucky offspring are referred to as the Fruit of such Kooh-Kamm.

If you were raised in such a culture as this, where you see things like Nisay and fate, and how Life plays with us, then you see stuff in the world much differently, in terms of causal connexions and causal flowings. For instance it makes you think how, if Hitler's parents were never fated to meet, he would have never existed. Had Hitler never existed the European front of WWII may have never happened. If that war never happened a whole domino effect of causal occurrences we know of today, may not even exist? Israel as a nation might not be here. There would be a State of Palestine. Arabs might not have Yahoudi to whine politically about? The leaders of the UK and US may not have ever been elected? The US may not have become a "super power" the way it is today? Same thing with the Kooh-Kamm couples that came together and gave the world the cursed Lenin and Stalin. "Cursed" here just meaning "unlucky fate." There would not have been an arms race or space race. Hence no mission to the moon. And so on.

Then, even though such wars were "tragic" there were lessons that we learned as a people, or peoples, respectively. They say nothing brings a family closer together than tragedy. And perhaps tragedy and strife is also needed to bring a people and "nation" together, to stir them awake to a more greater, connected – interconnected – awareness/consciousness of the Oneness of Humanity and all things? That all people are the same in need. That no matter what language we may speak, color our skin may be, or how we look; we all need and want the same human things. It may not be a coincidence that after that war, something "awoke" in the collective psyche of humanity where the many oppressed and colonized indigenous races stirred inside for the simple desire to be treated fairly like a human being. Actually the war in Europe stirred into being when the German people grew a desire to be treated simply as decent human beings.

Which all makes you wonder, in the Grand Causal Flowing of Tao are such people like a Hitler, a Stalin, a Mao, Pol Pot, or Satan "bad," if we truly consider the great flowing of causality? If the devil had not given the fruit in the beginning of the Bible, the many dukkha and strife the human race experienced in the whole middle of the Bible would not exist. Without that struggle and strife, we can never really appreciate the New Jerusalem in the End. Neither would we have a genuine and heartfelt appreciation for God's Divine Providence. In a way it is like our lives growing up. We get into some hurry to grow up. In our teens we rebel to gain our mental freedom from our parents grip. We fight to be independent from them. Then in our progressive adult years we struggle in life. Somewhere and somewhen during that struggle we reflect and think back. And so it becomes that we realize that there was a time when we were innocent inside the paradise of our parents caring providence when our every need was met by them. That there was a time in our lives when we truly did mean the world to someone. When someone or many someones really loved us unconditionally with all of their being. And we let that Moment all go.

Centeredness

We are conditioned in the West to chase after the Pendulum's Swing. Around and around after its extreme swings. To the extreme left, to the extreme right. For either extreme moralism or perverse immoralism. For either a fascist collective or a dysfunctional individualized segregation. Taught to chase the swing of wealth, the swing of barbie-doll beauty, the swing of the perfect career, the perfect car, the perfect mate, the perfect anything. And we go in circles. Never realizing that the Natural and Effortless state of a Pendulum is Centered and Stillness. Wu Wei is that Natural state of stillness, where the Pendulum comes to a rest. Neither good nor bad. Neither right nor wrong. Wu Wei is before Tai-Chi [the cleaving]. Yin and Yang [the division] arises from Tai-Chi. That Pendulum only swings when a finger pushes it. The swing is artificial. We are taught in the West to spend our lives chasing after Artificial things. And in that process of chasing after such Artificial stuff, we fool our selves into believing that we are Natural. That we live in tune to Nature, here in our urban surroundings. Here chasing after the artificiality of the Pendulum's Swing.

In the East we are taught to find the center. To become familiar in chitta to the essence of its effortless state of being. And having found that effortless Flow, move with it in life. For example a "genuine" friendship is the effortless type with where neither friend must struggle to push things to maintain that friendship. An artificial friendship built from pushing and shoving and striving to keep the friendship together will fall apart as soon as that artificial kinetic energy stops. The same way with romantic relationships. One built from artificial pushing and shoving, from struggle and striving for some perfect and ideal relationship or mate, will fall apart when the artificial pushing and propping-up stops. The "real estate bubble" we saw can only stay puffed up as long as somebody is puffing and blowing. When the blowing stops, the bubble collapses. Because it was artificial from the beginning. This Capitalist economy and civilization of ours can only be propped up so long as the people have work and so long as there are things to make

and markets to consume. When that insane artificiality stops, what will happen to everything we know?

Have you ever wondered how some ancient civilizations such as an Ancient Egypt, and ancient India, or China as a civilization lasted for thousands of years. And we see today that some civilizations [nation-states] barely last 100 years? There comes a Time or a Moment of existence where a people will learn to understand from trial and error that building anything on the foundation of the illusory and artificiality of that Pendulum's Swing is Impermanent. The Center is permanent. Where that proverbial pendulum finds its natural condition of equilibrium. Where it is in its natural state of effortlessness and being. That is permanent. That is "perfection" because it is not trying to be anything. What is the source and foundation of Cosmos according to the ancient Greek? Chaos, meaning Void, Emptiness, "Gaping Silence," "Abysmal Stillness." Sunyata, Anicca, right? I love how over the centuries Chaos went from meaning something like a big old boring yawn to an apocalyptic thriller movie with a death metal soundtrack. Talk about losing something in the translation.

The very thing the Universe is "built" on is the wu wei of effortless stillness. There is a permanence of sorts to Stillness or the "Emptiness." You can keep a jar full of empty nothing and float it in space forever. And if we assume that the jar never breaks and keeps floating forever, that still emptiness will be just as it is forever and ever. Because it never was anything or trying to be anything at all. So we can say that it is "permanent." What is not permanent is that which arises or struggles to arise. All that dance of quanta, quarks, atoms, elements, molecules, must Change. Just like the Pendulum's motion must change. It is the Nature of the swing to be transitory, fleeting, and changing. So we can get all philosophical and drop the bomb and ask ourselves: Does the universe exist? If it does, is it eternal? If it is then the foundation of it is stillness and nothing. Does Self exist? If it does is it eternal? If it is eternal, then it is stillness and nothing. Therefore if self exists it is "paradoxically" nothing. Nothing as in the absence of trying to be a something: a consciousness, an ego, a body, a mind, a spirit, a whatever. It is whatever it is not trying to be. If it is Self, it is trying to be Self. So if self exists, it is Not-Self or that which it is not trying to be. So went the wacko Buddha to his first 5 monks once.

In other words, there are two states of "Stuffness" which are: Being and Non-being. Being tries to denote when that stuffness or person is trying to be something. The English language even gives us a clue when it adds the suffix -ing to the Be. Nonbeing tries to express that condition of suchness when you have put so much Effort into something, pretending to be stuff you are not, and you stop. Like a runner just stops from exhaustion from a marathon and falls to the ground to Rest. In that state of effortless Rest the runner realizes that the marathon is not a natural condition of Suchness. It is artificial. Running is being. Non-Running is Non-Being. The moment you Try or strive to be something, your action-input gives rise to a reaction/fruit. Thus Kamma – causation – arises. Causation is impermanent in its Nature because it must change to be something. Stop that Trying/Being and you have the stillness, effortlessness. In that abysmal silence of stillness there is no Trying, no act. And thus no cause. It is "perfect" and eternal.

In my Mind being and nonbeing I see as a big ocean. It's one ocean. In the dark deep it is silent and still. Up top it is trying to be waves, pretty ripples, typhoons, beautiful shorelines. In its top state of trying to be stuff that it is Not, it causes chain reactions to happen. The waves crash and tear apart land. The typhoons kill people, the shorelines attract poisonous box jelly fish and sharks. All that causation bugs and changes things. It's peaceful and still down in the abysmal region. And the funny thing to me is that this ocean tries really hard to be alive at the surface you know. It's got its fish and plankton. It needs that right amount to sunlight and pH balance to maintain its life [activity]. But the deeper this ocean goes, the less it seems to care about being "alive." It's like: "Whatever man, I'm not even gonna try anymore. Who am I kidding. I wasn't even alive in the first place."

Non-being is not the opposite of Being. The opposite is Non-existence. Nonbeing is the effortless state of the Center. A car is a good example. If the car does not exist we can say that it is non-existent. If the car is at rest in a garage we say that it is Not-Being [anything]. If it moves on the street we say that it is Being, or in the state and condition of Trying to Be something. That car is "Naturally" whatever it is at rest where that nobody has to touch it or input energy or force into it for it to be something. The car's state of motion is "artificial" [causal] and takes force [causal input]. That motion is a Doing or Action [kamma]. The car is not what it does. We are not anything we are Doing or Trying to Be. But we often confuse Self for what Self is Being or Trying to Be. We say "I'm a cop." No you're not a cop. You are a person Being a cop. We say "I'm a criminal or junky." No you are not. You are just a person and your existence is not based on what you do. We say "the Self is a spirit and spirit is energy." No it is not. Energy is an aspect of a Process [Doing].

Lightning is an expression of the Process of negative charged stuff mixing with positive charged stuff. Light [photons] is an expression or byproduct of when an electron jumps shells and the difference of energy level out puts a photon. The Process of Doing is not a Thing in and of itself. We say the Self is consciousness. No it is not. Consciousness is a process of the brain and how it works. When a Process/Doing stops whatever is expressed by that Process stops. That's why your batteries run out of juice. The chemical activities inside that battery stops working [kamma/causation]. Thus the energy that battery once produced is not there anymore. It's like saying "air is wind." It's not that simple. Wind is the out put or causal byproduct of a convection belt where hot air and cold air chases each other in a big circle Naturally, thus producing energy.

When the moving, doing, procession, causation stops whatever was moving goes back to its Natural state of rest. Air is the stuff that is at rest that is not trying to be anything or go anywhere. We may say "the cosmos/reality is causal." Is it that simple? Is it the impermanent flowing – Procession – of Time and Causation? What is actually Doing that flowing, and what is it at its state and condition of inertia/rest? It's like the electromagnetic spectrum where we can point out parts said say this here is gamma ray, over here is x-ray, and the light spectrum fits in here. But we don't pay any mind to what is beneath all that causal action [waving]. We don't ask ourselves what is actually waving, and what is that What which is waving when it is not waving? When the "artificial" activities and processes stops, what is expressed or produced by such causal activity stops also.

Have you ever blown a soap bubble and wondered why they come out perfect spheres and not cubes? Because that spherical shape is actually that bubble-thing's most effortless shape to take. And in that state of wu wei where it is not trying to be a cube or pyramid, we say that it is a beautiful Perfect sphere. It is only Perfect because it is not trying to be anything. And so we say to people: You are most beautiful when you are just Being yourself. You are perfect and likable and beautiful inside and out when you are not trying to be something you are not. You are effortlessly Just You. And I am Just Me. And so if we are friends effortlessly, when we don't even try to be, that relationship is Centered, in tune to Nature's wu wei, and it is perfect and beautiful. Because we are not trying to be or make anything.

But you take a closer look at that bubble analogy. The bubble's "perfect" sphere shape is what it is be-Cause of the conditions of its matrix/environs which it exists inside of. I can't find the right words to explain it, but it's like there exists an "understanding" or interconnected dependence of being between that bubble and its matrix. Where its like the bubble's matrix and its laws of physics says: "If you bubbles want to exist, you gotta be round sphere, cuz that's all the energy I can lend to you to maintain your causal activities." And the bubble say: "Okay, I'll work with you and be a sphere since I want to exist." In a way we can say that bubble is truly itself and "at peace/rest" when it exists in harmony to the way or flow of its conditional environment which it is a part of. Human relationships also exists inside its own "matrix." Do you go with the effortless flow of that matrix, or artificially push against it?

Relationships

So the other type of Soul-Mate – Kooh-praeng – is the more boring type. That's that person you meet who fits you like a glove. Who loves you for who you are. You don't have to Try to hold the relationship together or keep the Love or Passion alive. It all just flows easy. You are just being you, and the other person is just being themselves. There is no trying to fall in love. There is no forcing a relationship to arise. You both effortlessly get along, and know inside when to give and take like two dance partners in each other's rhythm. Things just effortlessly grow into place in a not-trying way. The person does not have to impress you to make you love them or want them or need them. You do not have to impress, them to make them want to like you, love you, need you. The need for one another is already there and effortlessly comes to be. And that type of relationship is what last.

The Need a forest has for rain Naturally exists and does not have to be artificially forced into being. It develops effortlessly into being one with the other. You look close at that for a moment. The forest has a natural need for rain, and the rain has a natural need for the forest. Without the rain the forest dies. Without the water molecules evaporating from the leaves of the forest, there is no rain. There is a visible "need" one has for the other which exist as a natural aspect of that relationship between a rainforest and rain. Or not a "need" but a Natural interconnection of dependence. That Naturally arising relationship is what lasts a long time. How long has the Amazon forest and rain had a relationship? Millions of years maybe. How long will the relationship between your lawn or back yard garden last with your garden hose and sprinkler system? Not long because they are artificial and forced. The minute you stop watering that garden or lawn, it will die. So, when you have the Nisay to meet such Kooh-Praeng, you stay together for life. In many cases Life has it so that you first meet all of your Kooh-kamms before you have the Nisay to meet up with "The One." The One: who almost always comes when you least expect it. Only so because you are not consciously

trying to be anything during those moments when you are least expecting whatever it is you are least expecting. This doesn't mean to stop trying in life. It just means to Center yourself, feel the Natural Flow of Life, and don't try so hard. Let things be.

There are also the same two types of friends life pairs you up with. A Mit-kamm is a friend you have a Nisay to meet and like as a friend. That Mit-kamm will cause to arise in your life hardship, dukka, problems, etc. Then the two of you split. Mit-praeng or Mit-somlang is the other type who helps generate in your life positive or constructive life fruits. So what is the literal meaning of a Mit-Kamm or a Kooh-Kamm? A Causal-Friend or a Causal-Pair. A relationship which comes into existence because of causal force, push, pressure, a struggling to stay together and like each other. A conditional reason. Because such causal input will yield in Time its consequences. Conditional reasons meaning stuff like: I'll love you if you are rich. The love dies when that richness is gone. I'll love you if you put out. What happens when your stop putting out? I'll be your friend if you share your ice cream with me. When that ice cream melts, your friendship will fall apart. We'll be business partners if we go 50-50. What happens when the numbers and overhead changes? We'll be a civilization if we have oil. What happens when the oil runs out? It's when the artificial thing runs out of its conditional artificial input that it starts to fall apart. That is when dukkha arises. What lasts is the Unconditional based relationship. Something that just arises and Is without the artificial effort and conditions.

So in my culture, we are born and raised inside a way of seeing and understanding the world where this world of human experience has something called Nisay. The "heart" or core of Nisay is Chitta, as a compass is to a ship sailing in the open sea. Chitta points, and you Follow. We say in our culture that nothing in Life is bigger than Chitta. Meaning that in Life, the tug or will of Chitta is all powerful. It is what drives us to passion, to love, to hate, to make friends, to war, to give, to take, to feel compassion, and to kill. It is the source of our love and affection for our people, our children, our culture, as well as the source of our dislike of other people. It is the source of Act. But Chitta is so small it's tiny, just like the needle in a compass. The saying goes, it's hard to find a needle in a hay stack. But that same needle is powerful enough to influence whole ships at sea to move to its will, and if you think about it without that tiny needle, the New World would not have been found when it was. A whole New World came into those past people's conscious "world" by the will of the needle. Out at sea, in that environment when you know you need that compass, nothing is more greater and important beyond that needle. In our "world" of human existence, and the relationship or connectivity between all things – and the ability to function in such environment – nothing is greater or more important than chitta and what arises from chitta: Volition, Emotion, Intuition, Understanding, Empathy. A people without it or unaware of it is like a ship at at sea without a compass. Yes, in that compassless condition you can use your logic and intelligence and science of Windology and Cloudstronomy to move your ship in what looks like a logical and intelligent direction, but you will discover that long term wise that ship is actually going nowhere productive.

You really, really should try to study the rise and fall of civilizations and city-states in this light. You look back at all of these past civilizations that seem to keep going and going for thousands of years and the further into the past you dig around, the more non-existent the chances that you will discover a "founding father" story. Meaning that we really don't even know where ancient Egypt, Sumer, the Indus Valley civilization, and the Mayan and Native American came from. It's not like you had 30 ancient Sumerian colonialists say: "Let's found ourselves a nation, and lets get our intellectuals together and put together a logical theory of a nation-state, with terms and conditions, and a kick ass theory of economics." But you look at "modern" States say in the Middle East which may have arose from a similar process. Where a group of people win autonomy, and they get their nerdy think tanks together and come up with all of these great sounding constitutions, political and economic theories, and shit, and these same States don't even last 100 years. What's wrong? Or what's missing from the equation? How is it that a "civilization" which may have arisen Naturally over time in a place where a people just decided to settle and cooperate end up evolving in Time aeonically into thousand year old empires, and those States that put so much intellectual and logical force into creating their "perfect" utopia collapses in a matter of decades or centuries?

Natural "Ethics"

I see Nisay as like string or thread, or "lines of fate" as we might say in English. Where was each have a spool of thread, stretched out for as long as we have been humanly alive. And so as we live out our human lives, Nisay Binds us or ties us to others. This is like two threads of Nisay tying together in a knot. But human existence is far more complex than just a few people. It is a complex relationship or network of many, many people – many lines of Nisay – tied together. And so looking from afar all those many lines of Nisay tied together makes a big fish net of knots. And inside this Knot-work of Wyrd – like fish trapped in a net– we are all stuck together with the people we have Nisay for.

So in my culture, we believe that there can only be genuine or sacred Loyalty between two or more people if they have Nisay for each other. If the heart does not stir, if there is not a pulling or tugging deep within for someone or something, then there can be no genuine loyalty or honour. Things such as Loyalty and Honour are a Natural byproduct of Nisay. You do not have to read a discourse on how to heartfully love and honour your own mother. The Nisay was already there which brought you two together in the first place. You don't have to go to school to learn how to have a fulfilling, peaceful, and passionate relationship with a Kooh-Praeng. Because Nisay first brought you two together, and the passionate love that burn between is a natural product of that Nisay, where it is not forced or artificial. Two best friends in life don't need to study written lectures on honour and loyalty. It is a Natural fruit of their friendship as Mit-Somlagns brought first together by Nisay.

In other words there are in a sense two kinds of loyalty, honour, and duty. The “Numinous” type which arises Naturally in the flow of Nisay, and there is the “artificial” or stressed types where it is fake, superficial, chitta-less [heartless], fateless, Forced. You can't Force a feral dog to like you and live for you. But you don't have to teach or train one with Nisay for you to love you.

There are two kinds of Duty. The Effortless or Numinous type where no mother needs to be educated or forced to pay her duty to her own children and serve them, nurture them, and care for them. There is the artificial or forced type, where you have to force someone or pay someone to take care of your kids. They may go thru the motions of providing care for such children, but there is no genuine – real living – Love or sense of Duty there.

And so there are also two types of “morality.” One that is effortless which exists organically between a people with the Nisay to be together in Life. Such as a father-son relationship for example. In that context there is an effortless – wu wie - “moral” and “ethical” “code” or way of behaving between that father and his son. It needs no preacher or religion to teach it. It needs no words to articulate it. It is an essence of Chitta. Where we can loosely say that the father is behaving “morally” or “ethically” when he feeds his child and cares for it. Then there is the forced or artificial “morality” or “ethics,” where we may just arbitrarily state as a blanket term: All children need to be fed and so it is moral to care for children in Ethiopia, and so therefore those adults who don't give a shit about starving children are immoral and would make bad parents.

In Khmer no word for “morality” exists. At least not with the register that I hear everyday used by my family, and their friends. None that means what “morality” has come to mean in English anyways. There are several words we use perhaps to cover portions of the same semantic field. One is the Pali word “Sacchivato,” which here is my best phonetic spelling of. When you do not know how to speak to your elders, do not know how to act with your older siblings and cousins, talk back to your parents, act indecent with people, use foul and indecent language, carry yourself or behave in a vulgar manner, it is said you have no Sacchivato. No Manners, no Culture, not having been raised proper by a civilized person. When you don't have this sacchivato you hear the elders in my family complain that such a person is like a “Gon [offspring] Sat [animal],” or a “Manuss [Human] Prey [Jungle].”

Then there is the word “Garooob.” That means something like to Honour, Venerate, Respect, or to Hold something in High Esteem in such a way that you Devote your service. You use that word as when you Garooob your elders, your Sasana [culture or Tradition], a king, a teacher, your elder siblings. Garooob suggests a certain way of dealing with people. The only way I know how to explain it would be say you are a Devout Catholic and you have a statue of the Virgin Mary. Out of that devotion and honour or veneration of Her [the statue] there is no way in hell you would spit on Her, or step on that statue. When a nation of Muslims Garooobs their Quran and Prophet and you step on that Quran or make fun of the Prophet you will get an ass full of jihad. You talk shit about anybody's mom and you will get a your ass kicked. I make it sound like it has something to do with religion, but it doesn't. Your pet dog is said to Garooob you. It has a Natural sense of honouring, venerating you, and devoting itself to you. It loves you, obeys you, and will never leave your side, and it will do what it can to protect and defend you form harm. Or actually in most all Southeast Asian cultures we Garooob the tops of our heads. It is considered indecent, greatly disrespectful for someone to touch your head. If you walk up to any Southeast Asian an tap their head or touch it your ass will get kicked. You certainly never touch your mother's head or the head of a Buddha statue.

Then there is the word “Rome-Tome” which pretty much has the essential meaning as the English idiomatic term “Prim & Proper.” You Jes [know how to] Rome-Tome. Rome-Tome means you speak in the right tone of voice with people, you are well bred and well mannered, know when to clasp your hands to greet anyone older than you, know how to say yes and thank you, know how to behave around people older than you, and know how to treat those younger than you [kindly with older sisterly/brotherly affection]. You can touch the heads of people younger than

you.

Then the last term just basically means the same in English when we say we “Value the worth” of something. A girl who sleeps around is said to not know or understand her own Value and Worth. People who kill animals for no useful reason are disliked for not knowing the value and worth of life. In this context it is “wrong” or culturally “unethical” for you to eat and have left overs on your plate and you throw that left over away. Your elders get very angry and yell at you saying that you do not Understand the value and worth of that food you wasted because although you yourself did not grow that food, some other person put in their sweat and labour into producing that food for you. You dishonour those who worked to make that food, and you dishonoured whoever cooked that food. Same thing goes with mistreating your spouse. It is culturally not right for a husband to abuse his wife because he shows that he has no Understanding of the love and service and devotion his wife gives to him. It is culturally wrong for a wife to cheat on her husband because she shows that she does not understand the value and worth of the work he does to provide for she and her/their children. That she is so low that she puts her fleeting desires before her own children and their welfare. Such people who lack the understanding of the value and worth of things are said to be “Manuss [human] min [not] jes [know how to] gut [think].” Which implies here that you make yourself Subhuman because the very word manuss [Manussa in Sanskrit] comes from the root “Man” [Latin Mens] which means Mind and Think.

Factories

In all cases, the “morality” or “code of ethics” is implied to be inherent inside the culture or a people's culture, tradition, and way of living with and for each other: the Matrix you are born, conditioned, and raised inside of. Which is why when a person from my family or culture would say see an American misbehave in some way or do something “unethical” [based on what we are culturally conditioned to know] we don't say that such a person is being “immoral,” or “unethical,” as if he broke a rule of some religious law. Instead we say that such a people has no culture where that “one of their own” can be a grown person and he acts and behaves like a wild creature. So instead of putting the blame of such acts on some rule or law, the blame is placed on your entire breed and culture: the matrix which made you. Which suggests and implies that such a breed and culture of people is dysfunctional [or rotten] and not working together right to produce proper Fruit [well bred offspring].

Breed is “Bpooch” which is an agricultural word meaning the Stalk or Strain of a kind of crop. The crop and its harvest/fruit is the end product [Vipaka] of the work [kamma] of the farmers involved in the cultivation of such strain of crops. Therefore if a farm produces crappy fruits and vegetables then it is the fault of the causal labour [kamma] such farmers inputted. A people, breed, culture, that continually produces crappy people generation after generation is not causally working right somewhere. There is something broken/rotten [Koach] about the culture and people. We can understand that if China sends us crappy toys year after year that somebody doesn't care somewhere, the standard or notion or quality is gone, or the workers are retarded, or the factories are broke. But when a nation, or culture, or folk of people manufactures crappy people year and year, we somehow can't come to the same understandings.

Instead we blame it on the actual person that is crappy. That's like me saying: “This shitty Chinese toy is shitty because it is shitty.” It explains nothing because: Why is it shitty? Because shitty work went into making it by either a worker who did not care or a factory that was not working right. In our ignorance we would throw the shitty toys away and order a new batch from China, only to get more crappy toys. Then we scratch our heads and ask why this is so. And so we take our crappy humans and throw them into prisons and psychotherapy sessions, and we make more crappy humans of the same crappy quality. And we scratch our heads and wonder why this is so.

Concluding Remarks

I'm thinking about Nisay currently because this holiday season brings out a lot of family and family get togethers. And in turn my family causes me to think about the Natural Bond we have for each other. Culturally I was born. Conditioned, and raised to honour and be loyal to people directly within my personal sphere of life to have a Nisay to be “my folk,” and for whom I have a Nisay for. It is the ties and knots of Nisay that lasting and Natural loyalty and honour arises. These people can be my parents who fell in love with me the first time they saw me when I was born. The grandpas who I saw, am connected with, and have a stirring of the heart/chitta for. But that honour and loyalty is Natural and between living people. That loyalty, love, respect, and honour is born between two people with Nisay for each other and goes no further then the parties involved, bound together by Nisay. This has its cultural implications.

In the past when certain relatives worked public offices back in their country, the question arises thus: What is the family loyal to, the actual person, or what ideology such person is waxing and preaching. Culturally the family is loyal

to the person. Because that person - as a politician – can and will say anything to get into power. Thus, it makes no sense to be loyal to words and ideology. The loyalty is tied to a person or a group of people, and not to what such groups may say or preach to the common public.

If the Nisay was never there, then in no ways are you held accountable for not having any honour or loyalties. Otherwise it would be fake, superficial, artificial, forced, which does not last long. It's brief and has its own uses, but it ends quick.

If you have no living Nisay for anything in life then there is no connection. If you study a Buddhism, fall in love with its people and traditions, the Nisay is there, and so you may chose to stay and make that Buddhism or whatever your chitta-home. But if you try to expose yourself to a Buddhism or whatever, and the Nisay is not there, there will not ever be a Natural effortless connection, loyalty, honour for such people and their traditions. So you will leave. And there is nothing wrong with that. At least you gave it a try and found out the Nisay was not there. That you did not fall in love with it at first sight. That you were not fated to be together. You were not destined to know each other.

With something like Buddhism inside its “native” Asian countries, what Asian who do become Buddhist become so Naturally. They are exposed to it and and its people, its culture, and something about what they are exposed to stirs them inside. They fall in love, and just Naturally become a part of that cultural and Buddhism. And so because of that unstressed – Natural – Nisay of being or becoming a Buddhist, Buddhism has been able to be alive for 2500 years continuously. It has been able to exist that long because Buddhism just effortlessly just is. It doesn't try to be anything special. It does not try to force people to be Buddhist. Some people just are born or come and stay, and some just have no chitta-connection and leave. No big deal.

During the three years I have seen many people come into the ONA, and I have seen few leave. I can say that the turn over rate of ONA is still impressive. From what I have seen, those that stay or stayed for many years always seem to be those many types that one day found the ONA, had a Nisay for DM and ONA Traditions and just stayed, quietly minding their own business. Doing ONA their own way to themselves. I know ONA enough to know that if it just sits there – as the pile of writings it is – it has the ability to draw in those with a Nisay for it, and it has the ability to inspire and influence many, even if they do not claim ONA and dislike other parts of it.

I'm aware of every aspect of ONA from its Traditional Satanism to its more philosophical tracks by AL. Everything together considered, I still have a Nisay for ONA. There are aspects of it which reflects my own culture. We have Pali chants in our Buddhism that are teaching and some are used magickally. I love that aspect of Buddhism. Do I practice those chants? No, by my grandma does. I love the philosophical side of Buddhism. Do most people in my family go into the deep end? No, but I do. I love the 2500 year old tradition of Sanghas and monks in orange robes. Am I a monk? No, I can't be, and neither are 99% of the men in my family, but one or two of us are monks. I love the concept of meditation in Buddhism. 99% of the people in my family and culture don't meditate, but I do. Usually only old people, monks, and the very religious meditate. Every aspect of Buddhism is there, we each are drawn to that Buddhism for whatever something which we have a Nisay for, and we get involved with what aspects we like. Leaving the other stuff for whoever likes the stuff. But this is just my way of thinking and feeling, which is culture based. Each person might not express the whole of Buddhism and 2500 year of tradition, 25000 pages of stuff, but each of us passes that root of Buddhism down to our next generation or others. And it is the next generation and others that may and will find their own combination of Buddhism to put into practice.

I can say in honesty that I am such type to just find the ONA and have a Natural Nisay for it. I saw it one day and all of its faults and imperfection and fell in love. I have my own fault and manipulative imperfections. At least I'm not fat. I am aware of some of the ONA's strengths and weaknesses. And I also have my strengths and weaknesses. If the "two of us" [ONA & me] can get along effortlessly with our faults, imperfections, and weaknesses, then it will last a long time. There are aspects of what is the ONA that has counterparts to my own indigenous culture which I like. In my culture we are still Animists and still into the old pre-Brahmanism “shamanism” that existed with our people since ages past. There is no single word for this animistic tradition. Everything is just a Preah [sacred/god] which is living. The earth, the sky, the trees, the land, your people, the old way. You know spirit things are there, and you offer incense and food to them, and to your departed ancestors, and you talk to them or understand that you are, like they, and all things a part and piece of a big living clockwork. There is no forcing of belief or artificial acceptance of such phenomena. If you have seen it, you seen it. If you have experienced it, you experienced it. If you have felt them, then you have felt them. And then in the ONA you have a similar thing to this, but which is referred to by a few different terms such as “dark paganism,” “primal paganism,” or the Rounwytha Tradition. So for me there is nothing stressed or

forced or artificial. And so to myself, I understand that this "relationship" I have with the "ONA" will be Naturally long term.

People come and go in any type of relationship. In the culture I was born inside of we understand that the connection or "glue" that ties one person to another or one person to something is chitta based. That it is Nisay, meaning that Life caused our so very different flowing of life to cross so that we met. And having met you I feel my chitta stir and want to be with you. And so poetically we say that it was "destiny" or "fate." The ancient sages and poets who wrote the Mahabharata likened fate to a fish net, which catches a group of people together in its hold. If it is Nisay then the connexion is heartfelt and Natural, without a Trying. If anything is to Last, it must be rooted in the Center of not Trying, non-being. If anything is to grow and evolve, it must do so within the Flow of effortlessness. We don't have to try to become mothers and fathers in life. We Flow into that stage of development Naturally in its time and season.

Ancient indigenous people don't have to try to forcefully invent pyramids. It's just the most basic natural process of evolution of that type of architectural structure. All a "pyramid" is, is a platform built on a platform, built on a platform, and so on. Which is why that type of structure is "universal" to many indigenous peoples. In ancient times nobody had to artificially force a tribe into existence. They just Naturally grow into one over time. You either live together and care for each other in the forest, or everybody dies. Old time street gangs with roots back in the 60's don't have to artificially be forced to be. You have poor folks in ghettos who are economically neglected. Some of these folks will just Naturally band together and work together. The rest falls into place with the flowing of Time, trial, and error. Culture moves from on generation to another without force in healthy conditions. You are simply exposed to that culture as a child. You mimic what you see and hear, and you grow up to have children of your own who mimic what they see and hear from you. Without Nisay though, it is all meaningless and empty and transitory. There is nothing bigger than chitta. It's unfortunate that the West has forgotten where they placed their chitta. I have a nagging suspicion that this West must experience a collapse before its people learns to realize that what was missing was Chitta.

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Disturbing Notes II

I. Children

I've always wondered if what we describe as being "human" is innate or original and unique to our species. The more I look at animal behaviour, the less I believe there is anything unique about us. Especially when I study the behaviour of animals that live with people or are exposed to humans. Like the fascinating case of Koko the gorilla who can communicate in sign language. Or talking parrots and crows. Cats and dogs also. These animals seem to be able to pick up or mimic things which we would consider to be "human." Then opposite to that are the fascinating cases of feral children. Especially the children who are disconnected from other humans below the age of 5 or so.

I've been fascinated with the feral children phenomenon for a long time. One of the first things I read about this subject was a book I can't remember the title of since I read it over a decade ago. The book wasn't about feral children. It was a book on mysticism and the ancient quest for the first human language. The book said that for a very long time people believed that Hebrew was the divine and first human language. At least in Europe. The book told of the only known case of when children were used to conduct an experiment to see if Hebrew was a divine language. What happened was a real king - I can't recall what country he ruled - got into an argument with a few religious people who claimed that Hebrew was the Original human language. But this king believed that the language of his people was the Original human tongue. I want to say that the king believed Greek was the first human language, but I don't think I'm

recalling it right. So the king set out to prove himself right by conducting an actual experiment using real children. What the king did was take very young children of peasants away from their parents and he raised them up isolated from all human language. He had instructed the nurses who would care for these children to never ever utter a single word to them. The king hypothesized that since his people's language was the first and original language, then these children isolated from all human language will grow up naturally speaking his people's language and not Hebrew. Strangely the children did grow up to spontaneously speak a language, but it was neither Hebrew or the language of the king. It was Phrygian of all things! I'm not really sure I can believe this historical incident.

I watched a documentary on feral children and the several scientists in the doc said that there is a short window of opportunity for a human child to acquire language which is between the moment of birth to around the age of 6. This is because the language center in the child's head is barely developing, and its synaptic networks forming. So whatever language or means of communication it is exposed to during those crucial years is what the child ends up speaking and using. After the threshold age, a human becomes incapable of learning language. The longer this child is isolated from human contact or language, the less likely the child will use, learn, and comprehend language. Not to mention the less "human" in Nature and behaviour they will become. The doc spent a lot of time on a particular feral child sometimes called the Dog Girl who is from Russia or one of those countries near Russia. She was in her teens when they found her, so she was well past the threshold to be humanized. Since she was raised by dogs, she even walked on all four like one, slept on the ground like one, and ate like one. The only thing human about the unfortunate girl was her human body. Otherwise she was very, "not-human-like," is a nice way to put it.

After many years of thinking about this subject, and how even our so called "humanness" is an acquired mode of behaviour, I learned to see and appreciate Culture more. I use 'Culture' in an Eastern sense and a European sense. I didn't think there was a difference until I was having a conversation with a friend of mine once. He was a normal White America. I brought up the topic of culture and to continue our conversation, my friend jumps on the subject and said in a deep and thoughtful way: "You know, I never liked the opera. I mean no offense to you. I just never got into it. The plot is boring, the singing is obnoxious and in a different language, and the audience are usually senior citizens." I didn't have the heart to argue with my friend or inform him that he was a retard, so I just nodded my head, and went along with the opera tangent. But in my mind to myself I was like: "What the fuck. I said Culture and he talks about opera. Are we talking the same language?"

Culture is any social meme -idea, act, behaviour, music, etc - which you Cultivate; you can see the same root word in those two words. This correlation between Culture and Cultivation of plants may be "universal." In Khmer we have an indigenous term [sans Pali or Sanskrit] meaning a people's Culture, Customs, and Ways which is "T'nam T'lop," which is pronounced here as "Tuh-nee-uhm Tuh-lawp." If you take those two words apart from each other and pronounce them as they are spelt in Khmer, then you can decipher the essence of what a Culture is in this oriental world-view. The word T'nam [Tuh-nam] means Plant, Vegetation, and edible crops you grow and cultivate on a farm. It doesn't mean any old plant or bush, it strictly means cultivated and grown produce that people eat like tomatoes and herbs. T'lop [Tlawp] is the word for Habit, or an act one is acCUSTOM to doing over and over again, or to have done something before. Like if I say: "I t'lop go to Mexico," it means that I have been to Mexico before and I imply that I might go again. Or the idiom "T'lop Dai [hand]" means a habit you Do which is hard to break, literally meaning a Habit of the Hand. I would translate that term as "Habitual Cultivation," or "Cultivated Habit," in English. When one person does something over and over again, it is called a Habit. When two or more people do the same thing together over and over again it is called a Culture, Custom, or Way. But this is how I understand the word coming from my cultural background. I honestly don't know what the word "culture" means in American English as it is used by a cultureless breed of White people here. For example if I study every day at school for an hour before lunch, it is a personal or private Habit of mine which I just cultivate or am in the habit of doing. But if all of my Asian friends also studies at the same time everyday, and we do it all together in the same place, then it is a Culture a group of students Share. So that's what a Culture is when I use the word. This then would include such things as dance style, music style, art style, structural architecture, traditional wardrobe, dialect of language, etc. The key point here is a Sharing of acts and behaviour. That Sharing together of habitual cultivation of acts and behaviour over time induces a strong group identification in each group member, and it induces cohesion and solidarity. Think the military. You collect the most random young people from all walks of life who have nothing in common, force them to share a habitually cultivated routine for a few months, and they come out Cultured, structured, Disciplined, with a group identity, group solidarity, and out in the battlefield, they are prepared to fight and die for each other.

This is where things like sasana, rites, rituals, ceremonies, observances, and Traditions in a Culture comes into important play. Growing up as a child my aunt-mom when she tucked me in at night would teach me a simple, but

repetitive little rite before going to bed. She'd teach me to pray to my dead blood grandfather - her father - by calling his name and asking him to follow me and keep me safe and bless me with peace and happiness. After I said my prayer, she'd remind me that our spirit doesn't die, and that our ancestors are always with us, watching over us. I also was taught the cultural upper class habit of clasping my hands to my aunt-mom every morning when she dropped me off at school to ask her for permission to leave her to go to class, and I wasn't allowed to leave the car until she dismissed me with permission. These are little rites, but they are cultivated habitually over and over, year after year. Not only in and by me due to my upbringings, but also in every other child of my culture and class. Such that it becomes a Cultural practice of a people, which has been observed and practiced for many centuries. This simple rites breeds in you the knowing of respect for your ancestors and the inner - empathic - understanding of what Honour is and means. After doing that morning rite of properly asking for permission to leave for school with clasped hands from grade school to junior high, I know what Honour and honouring your mother and parents means inside. Any soldier who has been habitually cultivating that military life knows - from cultivated experience - what Honour and respect means. The minute an American open his mouth and questions in a smart ass way what Honour means and what the value of respect is, he gives his cultureless and rootless Nature and upbringings away.

Like any farmer will tell you, it is the Fruit which comes out of one's hard labour that speaks and is a testimony for the value and worth of the labour wrought. If a farmer brings to his farmer's market huge and healthy fruits and vegetables, as a neighbor farmer who wants to grow the same kind of fruits and vegetables you ask him what he did to grow such. Then you take the technique he shared with you and duplicate it. Or if you ate a great tasting dish at a friend's house and you want to learn to cook the same dinner with the same great taste, you ask your friend for her secret family recipe. In Pali we have a word for that sharing of technique or secret recipe, it's is: Sasana. Sasana is basically a methodology shared to you by someone in order that you causally manifest an end result. Do you like the dinner I cooked? If so here are the step by step methods and ingredients I use. If you follow it, you will end up with the same end results.

So just like we can say that a soldier in the military is the end result of his military culture and training, we can say that you and I and our children we may have or will have are products and the end result of a culture shared by a group of people [folk, family]. Now, just like we look at and evaluate fruits and vegetables at a farmer's market, we look at me and you, or pick a handful of people from different places around the world. Then ask yourself what type of person you want to be, and more importantly, what kind of children/humans, do you wish to populate your country with in future.

Do you want yourself and children to be like the generic White Hubris American Mundane? Like them who are sell outs. Who uprooted themselves and sold out their ancestral culture for the faux culture of Consumerism, and democratic or republican policies? What do these Homo Hubris actually live for. Think about it. I can say I live for a big family. Meaning how I act and live goes to benefit my family. Meaning that my efforts ultimately goes to benefit my family. Meaning that everything I do, goes to benefit my family and friends. I am not independent of my family. Now you look at these White Hubris American Mundanes who stress that they are "individuals," free from religion, culture, social restraint, who have no real family. Who are they living out their human lives for? For employers, for banks, for car lots, for politicians. In essence for people out to make a lot of money and power off of them. The more individualized you are, and the less of a people or family you have to live for, the more dependent you are on the fat cats for handouts. Do you want your children like them? Cuz if you do, all you have to do is be liberal and let your kids just be "raised" like they were raised. If you don't want your children like them, then you're gunna have to be a little more conservative and traditionalistic with your ancestral Culture, heritage, folk or family identity, etc. But it goes beyond just having kids. A nation or civilization is nothing more than the collective habitual way of life a mass of people share. So it is actually about how your country, nation, or civilization will be like far in the future. Can you see that far? And then can you plan ahead and begin to causally act to produce end results that far? The average mundane human can't, and I doubt they care either.

It's like the old story of the ant and grasshopper we've all heard. Unfortunately the story is misunderstood, or people don't get the deeper meaning. You have ant busy working, and a grasshopper hanging around and eating leaves. That grasshopper will mate and the female grasshopper will lay her eggs in the ground. Then she dies. The ants work themselves until they die. Both the grasshopper and the ants will meet the same end fate: death. But they each lived their lives for something different. The ants lived their lives to build up their nest or colony for their Unborn. The grasshopper lived for himself. The difference is that the progeny of the ants will inherit a big colony and a means to a prosperous life. Whereas the grasshopper children will come out individualized with nothing. You look at any given nation and you'll see these same two ant and grasshopper culture. The majority of a population are the ignorant

grasshoppers, who are born poor, wage earners, dependent on a system. The few are the ant who inherit what their family left for them. These usually end up running the system and corporations. It's not about money. It's about the Quality of life. Or Dukkha as we call it in Buddhism. It is your duty as a Buddhist to try to relieve the Dukkha of your family and kin. To try and some how give your family and sangha a peaceful life without much worry. It all goes back to Culture and Traditionalism or Conservatism if you understand it all. Your children are borne literally blank slated, even without their humanness. These things are learned and acquired by them following and mimicking your acts and examples. Culture is the medium by which our humanness, language, worldview, mode of bahaviour, are cultivated in the next generation. In life - in any race and country - there are Noble high quality humans, and there are the many generic common peasantry. Which type our own children will be depends on us and the culture we instill in them or lack thereof.

II. Prisons

I think prison is a place where we hide and dismiss what Jung calls the Shadow self. We know that we are human, and we know that people in prison are human, but it becomes very hard for many of us to admit that what prison folk have done is human. We fear such Shadow nature enough to lock them up in prisons: out of sight, out of mind. Or as they say in Spanish: Ojos que no ven, Corazon que no siente; what the eyes do not see, the heart-mind/chitta does not feel. We fear that Shadow nature enough to lock it up in hell in our myths and religious beliefs. If not fear, then we are at least in denial of such Shadow aspect of our human Nature.

War is another place to see this Shadow nature. Not the silly romantic idealisms pushed by people who have never seen a war or experienced a war physically. But real war out in the battlefield. The visuals of dead bodies, the act of slaughtering people, the women raped, the people uprooted from their land and homes, the orphaned children crying and dying, the helplessness of innocent lives caught up in a war they did not want. I have never seen or experienced a war directly, but my family has been through a genocidal revolution. It's not pretty, heroic, or romantics. My grandmother is tough. While fleeing the country during the revolution to Thailand, she experienced the full effect of the revolution. She and her older children has see the many corpses, the decomposed bodies, the fields of bones, the slaughtering of their own family members. I consider that a valuable experience. So I once asked my grandmother what her impression of humans were based on what she had seen during that revolution. She shook her head and just said: "It's as if they [the Khmer Rouge] weren't human, but animals." She then added: "Which is why the ancestors admonished us to know Sasana, any Sasana, and to believe in God and Metta. Because even though we as humans can commit such deplorable acts, we as humans also have a softer, more caring nature as well."

The idea is to not deny or dismiss that Shadow nature of our humanness, but to understand it. And you can't understand something without a direct experience. That Shadow self must somehow be experienced, where that we come to realize - empathically - that we each have both a Light side and a Shadow side. The trick then is to integrate the Light and the Shadow, and fade them into Grey. Integration doesn't mean to beat your wife with your left hand and give to charity with your right. It means to merge the two into one new holistic wholeness, samma, wholesome Nature.

This subject of denial of the Shadow self reminds me of the Jewish mythos regarding YHVH. There was a point in time when God [yhvh] vowed that he would never be wrathful to his people again. And so God removed that wrathful part of himself, and he cast that wrathful part down into the dark sea of the earth. That wrathful part was called Leviathan. Levi meaning 'Curved' or 'crooked' as in a Curved shepherds staff; Than meaning serpent or dragon. I've always found it funny how these mundane satanists act like the Jew God when they deny and dismiss their Shadow nature. When they ethically bleat out things like: "A true satanists isn't racist. Racism is wrong!" And things of that sort. They try hard to dismiss that unethical or socially unacceptable aspects of human nature, rather than come to intimately understand that nature. And in doing so, they become a house divided, where they themselves - as a being of human nature - are divided, cleaved, halved. And you look closely at who is dictating what is socially ethical and socially acceptable which they dismiss. It's the generic unthinking mass that simply fears such Shadow nature. We fear that which we do not understand. Locking what we don't understand up in a prison or whatever does not lead to a gnosis or understanding. Neither does denying and dismissing such Shadow nature. But again, this has nothing to do with picking sides. It has to do with being mature enough to understand our own human nature in a holistic and objective manner so that we can integrate ourselves into a Whole person sans the childish denial, and sans the idealistic or ideological blinders.

III. ONA

I think it was common practice in the past during phase 2 of faye for different Satanic organizations to liberally borrow from ONA to add to their institutions. And then we have some ONA groups which took what they needed of ONA and then slowly drifted away from ONA to be their own thing. Usually so the founder can be their own grandmaster with their own following. And there is nothing wrong with this, if we really understand the meaning of the word "influence" and "inspire."

When the WSA³⁵² came into the scene we were entirely ignorant of how past ONA influenced groups did things. So we ended up doing the entire opposite. Instead of beefing up the Satanism and weird demon mythos, we faded that out and just talked about Buddhism and other forms of Oriental mysticism. Instead of trying to separate from ONA, we tried to get closer in different ways. One way was over the years we dismantled our WSA "memplex" into all of its itty-bitty memes, and then very slowly, gradually grafted each of those memes into the ONA. So if anybody ever wondered what ever happened to WSA's stuff and why all we talk about is ONA, it's because the two have long since been merged. I'll give a quick example of how I dismantle a WSA meme and graft it into the ONA.

For instance in the old days WSA had something called Opus Vrilis which is our collection of writings. The idea or concept behind Opus Vrilis originally was to get all of our friends 3 years ago to each add their own thoughts to Opus Vrilis in such a way where that "our" Satanism Progress as a peer based project. So instead of consuming a Satanism some other person created, we as peers produce a Satanism we need and want. Unfortunately the peer based idea didn't work for Opus Vrilis because nobody wanted to write or produce ideas. They were more willing to consume ideas. So what we did was we took that same peer based development meme and we silently grafted it into the ONA. Which was easy to do because DM & RM in the old days left instructions in their old writings that the ONA needs to evolve and be developed. All we did was peg our peer group memes onto that imperative.

So now instead of just one Anton Long as the sole executive producer of ONA memes, we each as fellows of the ONA help produce, develop, and evolve the ONA. This peer based approach has its pros and cons. A pro is that with all of us building onto the ONA, we ween ourselves off of a reliance on Anton Long's ideas and leadership. This fixes a big problem: the problem of people saying shit like: "Oh David Myatt has gone to better things, he left ONA, therefore its dead." Those mundane satanists can have a satanism without a leader, but they won't allow us to have an ONA without a leader, even when AL has over and over again for the past 3 years stated that ONA is now peer based. If it is peer based, who the hell cares if one person of many [DM] left or not? Like the Gods said in a video: "Bury the man, and continue the plan." Not that they have any real proof to support their assertions that DM has left. Which I think is funny. All they have are their personal extrapolations based on internet chatter. No mundane satanist who asserts that DM has left ONA actually has any real communication connection with DM, or RM, or anybody in their 'inner circle.' There are plenty of us who have been communicating with the Usual Suspects for at least 5 years like the Temple of THEM, those balobians who talk to RM, etc.

The important concept to keep in mind is that if we as an ONA are dependent on one person [DM] or whoever to give us our ideas and our ONA, then when DM passes away, then yes, ONA will be dead. It boggles my mind how Science as an institution and memplex can stay in tact since the 1600's and also evolve and remain rational without a leader, and how living cultures the world over can exist in tact memetically for thousands of years without a sole meme provider, but yet this same concept cannot apply to ONA? At least in the minds of these mundanes. How is it that Muhammad was able to presence Islam, die, and the culture, tradition, customs, and way of life, remain alive and in tact after he is long dead? Islamic culture exists today independent of the person Muhammad, who doesn't even exist anymore. How does that work?! Can we figure this shit out so we can make it work for ONA? How is it that science today is independent of the olden day Royal Society which was the first institution of science, but ONA can't be independent of its original nexion? How is it that those mundanes' satanism can have no leader, but ONA can't?

So lets look at this issue more closer, cuz it bugs me to bits. You got these fucktard mundane satanists who in their early teens came to know of satanism from The Satanic Bible of Anton LaVey's. They liked what they read which was created by LaVey. They identified themselves as satanists. Then as they get older, they proceed to steal that satanism which they did not invent themselves and they dismiss LaVey. Then you see them adding their own ideas into their stolen satanism, you see them trying to make their own satanic churches, they own true satanisms, and so forth.

Has any person who identifies themselves as ONA ever done that shit? Has any ONA person ever stolen ONA from DM or even from RM? NO. Do we add our own ideas into the mix? Yes, but after the original creators of the ONA gave the thumbs up. In fact we do the whole opposite to our own aeonic detriment. We still sentimentally look toward AL and the Shropshire crew to give us our ONA. None of those mundane satanists invented their satanism. They were

consumers of a commercialized satanism sold by Avon of all book publishers which also sell fat bitch romance novels. Nobody in ONA outside of DM invented our ONA either. But we give credit to where it should be, and we keep ONA associated with its founder. DM will say what he needs to say in public, and those mundanes will believe what they read in public. But those of us on the actual inside know things differently. How is it that these mundane fucks can steal Satanism from LaVey, make their satanism leaderless, but they can't allow ONA the same line of development where we actually are doing things in the Legit manner and getting DM/AL to make ONA into a peer based leaderless institution. Do we have to do shit in a dishonourable way like them and steal ONA from its maker for it to be Legit in their dumb fuck eyes?

The con to having a peer based institution is that if there are no safety guards put into place, then things can get diluted and watered down into stupidity. For example Science has safety guards in place which makes sure science stays rational. Some of these safety guards is the use of the scientific method, which basically says that if you want your shit to be science, it's first gotta be tested and then it must be replicable by others. You have the peer review process where the old timers who are respected in the scientific community looks over and gives you their critique of your theories and experimentation and conclusions. This way not any insane person with an over active imagination can introduce his beliefs and speculations as valid science.

The ONA as a peer based institution must have the same safety guards. It already does. We have the 5 Core Principles which gives us five simple things that makes ONA genuinely ONA. Those are 5 big landmarks which defines the psychological territory of ONA. What happens if you cross the defined boundaries? You're no longer in the territory. It's simple. We have the Sinister Dialectics, which essentially keeps retarded ONA people from making ONA into a socially - mundanely - acceptable institution, like those dummies in mundane satanism is trying to make their satanism. They work hard at trying to make their LaVey rip off satanism socially acceptable by the generic average idiot [fellow citizen] of their society so their rip off shit is Legit or something. Fuck the generic public and their opinions or acceptance. Be above that generic mass. Don't seek to be of it. The Seven Fold Way is the measuring stick of ONA. The Traditions, Rites, Ceremonies, Mythos, established in the Black Book of Satan and Naos are the Foundation of what ONA is. What do you do with a Foundation? After a construction team build a foundation, what the hell do you do with the shit? You fucking Build shit on top of it: the actual Structure. The foundation has been set by DM and you/we build our respective Temples and Cathedrals or Pagodas on top of it. That Traditional foundation stays in place, but add to it. Like the 16th Satanic Point said once: "Strive not only forwards, but upwards for greatness lies in the highest." On a fundamental level ONA will always be a dark pagan and Traditional Satanism institution. Traditional as in there has been established a set of traditions. Satanism according to the ONA has different extrapolations. You have what is expounded in the old Ms., "What Satanism Is," you have the spiritual tangent where Satan is the name given to a real being. You have the symbolic Satanism as expounded by the "Geryne of Satan." Then you have my personal favourite where the word Satanist in ONA is another way to say an anti-Jew, since Satan is the enemy of the Jew or their God. Most outsider mundanes don't know that the ONA word "Magian" is a term for Jews and their Jew memes, religions, political ideologies, world view, way of life, etc.

For the past three years what I have personally been doing is migrating DM concepts and ideas from his Numinous Way, and the Traditionalist stuff from Reichsfolk over into ONA, to make ONA more Myattian. Others are doing this too such as AL, where you see AL use Myattian terms like "Pathei-Mathos." And now you have things like the concept of the Sinisterly-Numinous, which is the integrated synthesis or Balance of the Sinister [dark/primal/Shadow] with the Numinous [light/divine].

As the years pass by, I would like to see the ONA develop into a means and medium of manifesting in the West a more Natural, Wholistic, way of Life based on Traditionalism, our respective Cultures, Clan family structures, Conservatism, ancestral pathei-mathos, and living aural traditions. So that the next generation in the West can have a way, a means, to revert back to their Natural Humanness. This way, in Time - wyrdwilling [as AL coined] - the West is given something it needs and is missing. But the ONA as a means to make adepts who are "sinisterly" [of the Left Hand] Enlightened must remain in place. The so called magian right handed religions have had 2000 years to show and prove themselves. Their end results we are experiencing today tells us that humanity and the human world in the hands and spirit of these magian religions, ethos, and methods of living are destructive to the species or at least devolutionary. There is a need and use of the Shadow Left Hand.

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Answers To Some Search Terms

This blog gets a few reoccurring search terms that people look up as if they are trying to get more info on these searched terms? By reoccurring I mean the same wording of search terms shows up on our stats at least once every other week repeatedly for months and years. Most of these don't have anything to do with ONA. But I feel bad for whoever is looking for answers searching over and over again so I'll just gather the most frequent ones and try to answer them here for whoever.

First Search Term:

“What is the difference between a tribe and a clan?”

Answer: One envelops the other. A “clan” just means a big extended family. This clan usually exists “inside” of a much larger grouping of people which we would call a “tribe.”

If we were to take 1000 Americans and stick them in the middle of the amazon jungle, inside that jungle these Americans would anthropologically be considered a “tribe” of people. Why? Because they share common customs, traditions, views and dialect of language distinguishable from other groups of people in this jungle. So that is technically what a “tribe” is.

Clan is a word that usually tries to mean – at least in my culture – your great grandparents and every human that came out of them down to the tiniest baby and their spouses. All of that is a “clan.”

So what happens in this culture is say your great grandma – since we are socially and domestically matriarchal – has 5 siblings who each have progeny of their own. Each of those siblings of your great grandma is the Pillar or starting point of another clan which is a sister clan to yours. In this case a “tribe” is all clans that share a common history and ancestry.

Some real tribes here in America get all legal and specific. I found this out way back during my college years when me and a few of my friends had this idea of experiencing a hallucinogenic plant called Peyote. We had heard that it gives you a mind blowing trip, so we planned to go buy some “buttons” of Peyote. Except its a federally controlled plant we learned. Only Indians are technically allowed to grow and use Peyote. Then we learned that such Indian tribes actually have tribal rules for who and what constitutes a member of their tribe. Usually their rule states that to be considered “Indian,” or “Native American” you have to be at least 1/8th Native American. Meaning – if I'm doing my math right – one of your great grand parents has to be Indian to be considered Indian.

We found away around this legality though. There is this own “church” located on an Indian reservation out in Arizona by Kingstown which offers Peyote buttons as “holy” Native American sacraments lol. My friend actually called this church and asked for information on “church services,” and what the holy sacrament can do to you. The “minister” told my friends some info and added that the buttons have to be peeled right or you can be poisoned and die a horrible death. The minister also said that when you eat the button it makes you very sick in your stomach and you will vomit during the whole experience and may even shit on yourself. My friends got all excited. They were like: “Fuck yeah! It's camping out and trippin on good shit!” Once they told me the finer details of barfing and defecating on yourself, I naturally opted out. I'd rather take a wafer.

The Scottish and Irish make these things called clans and tribes harder to understand, for me at least. When they say “clan” it seems like they mean everyone with the same last name. Like every McMullet belongs to Clan McMullet.

That could be tens of thousands. You know how many MacDonalds there are in America. If that's how big their clans are, then where are their tribes at?

In my culture marrying people outside of our own culture and tradition is a cause for great confusion. It's not a tragic confusion, just old folks not knowing who is family and who is not. I like teasing old people in my family. For example when the elders gather to eat and hang out together I'll show them a picture of a Penguin from Antarctica. In the Khmer, Thai, indigenous [folk] "science" of zoology a "fish" [trey] actually means any aquatic animal with fins or flippers. So I'll go up to them with a Penguin picture and show them youtube videos of Penguins in the sea and asked them: "Grandpas what do you call this creature in Khmer, is it a fish or a bird?" The funny part is to just sit there after you ask that question because all these 70 year old men actually get into these long winded and heated debated on whether the creature I showed them is a fish or a bird. Since they've never seen a penguin what they usually say which is funny to me and my cousins is usually: "We've never seen anything like that in our country. What is that. It's a fish with a beak and feet? What country do they live in?" If I laugh too much they'll shake a fist at me and say: "Bad karma for you grandchild! Just wait and see. You'll get old some day too."

But with their confusion with clans, it's based on how we live as a people by ancient tradition. In Thai, Khmer, and Lao culture daughters stay with their parents when they marry and the sons are the ones that leave to live with their wives parents. In our culture you never "move out." You either live with your parents or your spouses parents forever. So in a clan you will always have many generations living together, sometimes in the same house.

So the way things works is that when a girl in our family marries her husband lives with us and so their children is "one of us," or a member of our clan. If a boy in our family marries he goes to live with his wife and her parents and their children are members of that family/clan. Because traditionally since ancient times, the girl stays put, it becomes that what clan you belong to depends on what clan your mother belongs to. But this is ancient unwritten common law that only works inside a people who share that same way of life.

The confusion can happen when one of us – Thai, Khmer, Lao – even marries a Vietnamese. The Vietnamese do this the opposite way around. Their sons stays put with their parents and their wives moves in, and vice versa. So what happens is that if a girl from our clan/family loves a Vietnamese man, she goes to move in with her husband, and that is what challenges these old people's ancient traditional way of counting relations. Because when the girl has a baby, which clan/family does that baby belong to? It's worse with those of my generation who do things like Americans and just get married with somebody of a different culture and move out on their own, cuz when they are on their own they aren't living with any clan, so the child is clanless, or considered to be family-less, since a family and a clan in this culture is the same thing.

But the old people have a back up method of tell who is what. In our culture, your "ethnicity" is not based on skin color but Language you speak. I think – if I remember right – that the ancient Greeks and Romans saw "ethnicity" in the same or similar way? Meaning you are Greek if you speak Greek.

So with my family and culture, by blood we are Thai/Chinese, but since most speak the Khmer language we are "ethnically" Khmer, by this way of reckoning. This means that if a girl from our family moves in with her Vietnamese family and that child speaks Vietnamese, the child is Vietnamese and rightfully belongs to that Vietnamese people and culture who raises it. But if it's mother teaches it Thai or Khmer and our culture, than it is Us and thus a member of our clan and family. If it speaks Both languages and practices Both traditions and culture, than it is considered to be a "mixed" child. This has nothing to do with blood and genetics.

This is different from a Western way of reckoning Race and ethnicity. In the West you are whatever you were born in and/or whatever your parents are. If you were born inside of China you are Chinese, even if you don't speak a word of Chinese or know its culture. If you are Black, than you are eternally identified as being "African," even though most "African"-Americans here have not seen Africa or has anything to do with Africa in 300-400 or so years. Which is the same amount of time the Europeans have been living in America. Yet they don't call themselves European-Americans. They call themselves just Americans. Whereas Other people are forever Mexican-American, Asian-American, and African-American. Why? That causes a subtle psychological effect on the psyche of some people. It makes some of us feel like we are not fully American, as if we are second class citizens. Wouldn't it be funny if women here were referred to as Women-Americans. How about Gay-American too. Why just be half considerate, let's just call them Fudgepacker-Americans.

I brought this topic up in a debate of some sort with the old people in my family once. It wasn't a debate, more like

getting clarification. I asked some of the grandpas: “If the grandfathers are by blood Thai and Chinese but consider themselves to be Khmer because you speak Khmer; then what are me and my cousins if we don't speak Khmer, or Thai, or Chinese. Are we Thai people?”

I tried to explain to the old people there how the Americans see this. Technically since me and most of my cousins were not born in Cambodia, and technically since nobody in the family is racially mixed with Khmer, than me and my cousins technically are ethnically Thai and Chinese. But the old people shook their heads and disagreed. One of the grandpas said: “Do you speak Thai or understand spoken Chinese?” I said: “No.” And he said: “Then you are not Thai or Chinese. How can you claim to be of a people if you don't know the people's language or culture? You are whatever you and your kin speaks. We speak Khmer. Thus you are Khmer.” But I added: “I only understand Khmer. Us cousins speak only English.” So another grandpa adds to that: “Then you are in between our race and theirs. You little ones are thus half whatever we are and whatever they are.”

If we take one country in Southeast Asia like Cambodia and study its population, we'll see something interesting. The Southwestern region of this country is inhabited by what we might call “Negroid” people. These people have a skin tone slightly darker than that of a Dravidian and African. Genetically they are related to the humans found on the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. The Khmer and Mon languages themselves are related to the language spoken on those islands. But those islander speak a much more isolated and ancient dialect of Mon-Khmer. I don't know if you have ever image googled “Andaman and Nicobar” to see the people on these islands, but they are so dark they look blue. These people are also via DNA related to the Aborigines of Australia.

The Southeast of this country is inhabited by a people brown skinned in complexion who are descendents Islanders from Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines, and Papua New Guinea. The Khmer language still has words it shares in common with languages found on all of these islands.

The word “Khmer” itself has variations in the Southeast Asian Peninsula. In Thailand there is a tribe of hill people of a brown complexion not of “Mongoloid” stock that call themselves the Khmu [k-moo]. And then in Thailand there is a different ethnicity of non-tribal people called the Kham/Khom who speak a language related and intelligible to Khmer. The Thais used the alphabet of the Kham to create theirs. The word “Khmer” as it is spelled like that with European letters is a French rendering and should be pronounced as a Frenchman would say it, as “K-may(r)” with their weird R that the Germans make to. The old French colonialists had to render it like that because their language actually lacks the vowel sound the “-er” represents. The word when spoken sounds like we're saying “K-my” like the English word “My” with a K sound at the beginning. It's not a long 'I' sound. It's an “AE” sound which Old English once had, and which the Portuguese still have in their word “Mae” meaning mom/mother.

All those variations: Kham, Khmu, Khmy, Khmi; are variations of the word “Khmau” the -AU sounding like the OW in Cow. The word Khmau is the Khmer word for the color “Black.” Interestingly enough, way back in Ancient Egypt the word “Kemu” [and its variations] also means Black. The MtDNA of these dark skinned people of this country via the Monda/Munda which is an older group of people Mon-Khmer came out of is genetically linked to the mummies found in the Valley of Kings in Egypt. Many of the mummies in that valley were of Monda stock. This Monda group of people exists in pockets from India, into the Arabian Peninsula, into Ethiopia [Nubia]. Monda has the root word “Mon/Mun” in it from where you get Mon-Khmer. Mon meaning “First” and “Original,” very similar – if not the same root – in the Greek word Mono, as in the word “Monogamy” etc. The Khmer word for “One” being “Muy.”

The Monda/Munda language is important to any person interested in the Indic Civilization. Monda and its sister – unrelated – language Dravidian had a huge influence on what we know of today as “Sanskrit.” In fact most of all the high profile words we assume to be native genetic Sanskrit such as Karma, Dharma, Shiva, etc, are genetically Dravidian words not native to Sanskrit. The Monda language in early times mostly contributed to Sanskrit's grammar and low profile words. The Dravidian language – if you like language like I do – shares words in common with Bantu languages in Africa.

In the northern region of this country [Cambodia] are a completely different kind of people who we might call “Mongoloid.” These people migrated from China with the Tai-Kradai [ancient Thai-Lao people]. Later they mixed with the Mon and Khmer. This is the base stock I come from. We have very light if not pale skin, like our northern Chinese ancestors who mostly came down to this peninsula to escape the horde of Genghis Khan. We have different facial structures, thinner and taller noses, and our eyes are slightly slanted, unlike the people down south.

So in this little country alone which is smaller than LA County you have at least 3 different so called “races” according

how Westerners defines a “race.” But to these people, since ancient times, every person I have described are authentically Khmer in Race because these people reckon Race or Ethnicity by the Language you speak. In our Minds or “weltanschauung” when we see or meet another person of a different skin color and physical feature from us, if they speak Khmer, we feel them to be Khmer. It's just that they might be of a darker complexion and look different. If you were Caucasian and you lived in this country with these people for several generations so that your grandchildren spoke Khmer, they would be – felt to be – Khmer by Race and Ethnicity based on the Language they speak, and long-time close familiarity. The skin tone to these ancient people has nothing to do with the “race” you are and the people you “belong” to. It's only in this Western civilization that race is based on look and skin tone. The point is, it is ignorant and myopic to believe and assume that just because you as a Westerner sees Race the way you do, that all humans on earth [7 billion] sees Race in the same way. This simply is not true and not a constant in the real human world. If you would just venture out beyond that myopia, you just might realized that you are alone in the way you reckon race and ethnicity in the human world: Backwards from the rest of us, since ancient times.

Even with something like the old Cherokee tribe in old days this was the case if you would just snap out of that myopic view of the world. Back in the old days when Black slaves ran away, sometimes they ended up living with the native Cherokees. After these exslaves learned to speak Cherokee and lived like they do, they were considered – Empathed – by the tribe to be full Cherokee. And the same with White people that abandoned their cities to live with the Cherokee in the past. You are Cherokee if you speak and live like everyone else who considers themselves of be Cherokee. And when there was a war between two tribes, what usually happened is the Cherokees would take some of the other tribe's people and absorb them into their tribe as full Cherokee. Race to ancient people had nothing to do with skin color. What can be more Superficial than to judge a person by the superficial hue of their skin? Do you know what the word “Superficial” means? It's from the word “Superfice,” which is the old word for a 2 dimensional shape. A triangle is a superfice, a square is a superfice, so is a rombus. When you add depth to a superfice you get what? A Solid. The Solid of a superficial circle is a Sphere. Some of you people literally see the world and humanity in 2 dimensions: just the surface and no Depth. What is below the superficial layer of human skin? The human Heart [chitta]. The Heart is the Depth of a person. It is with the Human Heart [chitta] that we Understand [buddhi] the Depth of things, not with the eyes.

A Tribe is a grouping of people that live in close proximity to each other such that over time they have interbred, and have come to hare a common history, ancestry, culture, tradition, customs, observances, dialect, and world-model-view. A clan is an big family inside the tribe which makes up a tribe. Color of skin and facial feature has nothing to do with clans and tribes. It's just that after hundreds of years living and breeding together, all of your tribe people end up looking the same, and different from other tribes of people.

Second Search Term:

“Black Sun.”

Answer: Black Sun is the second most searched term used to find this blog for some reason. I don't know much of anything about how the imagery of the Black Sun was used by the Nazi Party back in old Germany. So I can't say anything about that. But there are two different other uses of the term.

The first use is a technical astronomical extrapolation used as a tool or device. So first what you do is imagine a perfect circle. At the center of that perfect circle you imagine a dot. Around at the circumference of is swirling another dot. In this case, since the circle is Perfectly round, the central dot can logically and mathematically be denoted as the “Center” of the outer circle's orbit.

So now you imagine an Oval and around that Oval orbits a planet. Inside this uneven orbit which is not perfectly round is a Sun. This Sun is not at the center. So where is the central point in this case? In this case the Oval has two central loci. The first is the Sun itself, and the second is a reification or mathematically defines spot relative to the Sun and the Orbiting planet. Usually this second spot is very near the Sun. In this case astronomically that second spot is referred to as the “Black Sun” in olden days.

The other usage of the term Black Sun is more ancient. Oddly enough several ancient cultures share similar myths. Specifically Greece and India. In ancient times in the mythos of these two people the planet Saturn is referred to as the Black Sun. The myth via the Greek goes that Saturn was once the reign God during which time Saturn shined like the Sun. When he was dethroned he lost his fire and went dark and so he is called the black sun. In civilizations like ancient China Saturn may not have been called the black sun, but it was associated with the metal Lead, which for

some weird reason is also an alchemical constant in India, old Jewish mysticism, and even European alchemy.

Even stranger is that within the growing theory of Plasma Cosmology there is a part of that theory which posits that the planet Saturn may have been a brown dwarf that got captured by the sun, and that our Earth was at one time a moon of this brown dwarf. After the brown dwarf was captured the sun's gravitation pulled away a couple moons from what would be Saturn. One large icy moon ran amok, crashed into a dwarf planet in what is the asteroid belt. The collision of Saturn's rogue moon and this planet caused the rogue moon to split into molten matter which later became the Earth and its moon. The other rogue moon is posited to be Pluto.

It's a crazy idea, but not original. Before Plasma Cosmology ever coalesced into a coherent theory, there was a Russian scientist with a very long name which started with a V [I can't remember] who had already come up with that theory or a slightly different version of that Saturnian theory.

This Russian scientist believed that the planet Venus is a rogue moon of Saturn which flew out of Saturn's orbit circa ~50,000 or so years ago and which recently just found its home orbit. This scientist said that during Venus's chaotic period of finding its equilibrium it acted like a giant comet and produced a tail which to this day is still called the "Beard of Venus." This Russian scientist says that it's because of Venus's chaotic period that the ancient referred to Venus as Lucifer, the shining star and often drew it with a beard or tail like a comet. This scientist was naturally vilified by the scientific community of his day and era. And also quite naturally, many scientists of today are now ripping off this man they once vilified as a freak. I love how some of these mundane people vilify and dehumanize creative people, then later take their ideas and pass it off as theirs.

You see that with ONA if you watch closely and study the movement and trends of the subculture. You'll see in the liberal theistic and modern camps of satanism a few attack ONA and David Myatt. Then liberally borrow concepts and words ONA and DM put together. What I find funny is to watch these Traditional Satanist [here meaning Theists] attack ONA and DM, while they use a descriptor coined by ONA and DM. It's real funny – in a pitiful way – how ONA since 1970 whatever has been teaching that Satanism is a quest of self-development and self-enlightenment while the CoS taught Satanism was liberal indulgence, and the ToS taught some Egyptian spirit being is Satan. Then now in these liberal modern satanist camp you see all these satanists talk about how Satanist is some way of self development and self enlightenment like they found buried treasure, and they attack ONA. It's funny when these liberal moderns in their cyberspaces openly use words first used by ONA such as The Sinister Way, Acausal, Causal, Numinous, etc, etc, with one breath, and dismiss and talk shit about ONA. I'm just waiting for the moment when these liberal modern satanisms in their cyberspaces to start claiming that their satanism is a quest for Pathei-Mathos and that they first used the term as they talk shit about ONA. Give it a few months.

I'm telling you, you cannot trust a breed who has no family, no culture, and knows no honour because they will turn on you. In my own culture and family if you want to marry a person one of the first things they look for in the person you want to marry is if they are orphans or if they have any family. If the person is an orphan or has no real family, then you can marry the person, can't be friends with them, and can't bring them to the house. The old folks will tell you over and over again: "A breed without a mother or culture will turn on you, your family, and children."

If you do an actual thought experiment and research about this subject, you'll see things in a different point of view. Take America and Europe. Consider both their people and population. Generally we can say that is very roughly the same size in population, the EU being bigger in population. Both of these countries are made up of the "same" "ethnic" mix of people, with Caucasians as the majority in most cases. Then you input the factor Religion into both and what do you see?

Tell me why religion and Christianity is actually dying out very fast in Europe, but Christian fundamentalism is on the rise in America? Tell me why all manners of religious sects and cults can so easily take up root in America as opposed to Europe. I'm sure Europe has its crazy cults, but count the number of crazy cults. And then think like a social scientist and ask yourself why is it that in America during the 50's era 1 out of ever 4 men belonged to a fraternal society like the Odd Fellows, Masons, Elks, etc. The question is: What is the difference between America and Europe which would cause such a noticeable variation of numbers? Especially when the EU has more people in it! Why is one gradually giving up this religion crap and the other is a cesspool of satanists, mormons, wackos and nuttjobs?

When you as a people lack your own native culture and ancestral roots, that lack causes a "hole" or empty spot in the psyche. So you run around finding a substitute culture to fill in that empty spot. In place of a real culture you see Americans substitute that lack with ideologies, idealisms, religious sects of all and every type, and so on. Why is it that

these same religious sects [“cults”] and fanatic ideologies seem to not have a responsive market outside the West [mostly America]? Why don't you see Chinese and African cyberspace filled with thousands of devil worshipers, sumerianites, thelemites, rosicrucians, etc? Because they have their own cultures and traditions to satisfy that human spot. Even when things like Christianity and Mormonism takes root in a place like Southeast Asian [which it has] such religions BELIEFS in no way displaces the people's living cultures and traditions.

When Brahmanism was brought to Southeast Asian via the silk road thousands of years ago, it was adopted by the natives, but in no way did it displace the ancient animism. When Buddhism was brought over 900-1000 years ago, the natives adopted it. But that Buddhism has never and still does not displace the ancient Brahmanism and even more older folk animism.

These European-Americans here are sell outs. They cut ties with their ancestral European cultures and living history for dead things like Webster and a document call the Constitution and its ideals. Great ideals, but certainly not substitutes for human culture. And you collectively see these Americans desperately grasp for some semblance of a culture. They either reach out for other people's cultures and traditions, or they buy into sects and cults as substitute “cultures.” You see them hold onto these political things like Capitalism with a death grip. Capitalism is a part of the identity pack of what an “American” is. Just like Kilts help define the identity of Irish and Scots, like Fat Buddhas is an aspect of Chinese culture, like gumbo is an aspect of Black Southern culture. God, I love gumbo with crayfish. And it's not even Capitalism that they are talking about. It's consumerism.

My once business mentor broke this topic down in baby talk for me to understand. Say you have an apple tree and you are the farmer. I come along and tell you: “Mister, I will offer my services to you and sell your apples for you so you don't have to for 5 cents an apple.” You agree to the deal. So I go around selling your apples – which I didn't grow or work hard on myself – and I sell it to people who like eating apples. Only 5 cents an apples, but the market demand and its size makes me rich. In this scenario the farmer is the factory or producer of a product. The Middle Man who did not make the stuff is the Capitalist. The people buying the apples from the Middle Man is called the what? The Consumers. What is Capital? Basically money. If you are not making capital and all you do is work a wage job and buy shit, you are not a Capitalist, you are a consumer participating in a Capitalist system. And that consumerism – working a wage job and buying shit from rich people, corporations – is your culture and all that you have, besides your occultism, satanism, etc. Not even your cults, religions, ideologies, ideals, are yours. You simply Consumed them and bought them from Other who made it. At least I have all of that AND my own culture and traditions. At least the European, African, Islander, Middle Easterner, Russian has that AND their own cultures, roots, traditions.

The Black Sun is sometimes used in association with Reichsfolk National-Socialism, along with the Odal Rune and Flag. I personally really like Reichsfolk and append it to my own culture as an add-on or plug-in. Of all the “garage inventions” DM made, from my perspective Reichsfolk is the most Fruitful. I say that from a Buddhist point of view.

In Buddhism – Theravada at least – you ignore what is said, who says it, and what is done, and you focus on the Vipaka which means Fruit [End Result], or the possible future yield. Reichsfolk is simple, but its concepts actually help keep a person grounded in their culture and tradition. I've always liked Reichsfolk for its pragmatic yields in my own life and culture. Secondly I like the Numinous Way. Which is why I work at migrating Reichsfolk and Numinous Way memes into ONA. Because I like ONA and I want to have all of these things in “one place.”

So the most basic principles in Reichsfolk is that one's Culture is an expression of Nature. The corollary I add to that is, because Nature is diverse in her makeup, then human Culture is most Natural when it too is diverse. So that Diversity of our many Cultures is “sacred” in Reichsfolk. This does not in any way mean that one race or folk or culture is better than any other. It just means that the diversity itself is Natural, Numinous, and Beautiful. There is room in a forest for all kinds of animals and plants. And when you look closely at each individual species you notice that they each have their own “culture,” or way of life, or way of doing, or praxis.

Vultures scavenge, lions kill, leaf cutter ants farm. Tigers live as solitary animals, bees live collectively in hives. Beavers make dams out of wood, termites eats and destroys things made of wood. Penguins are monogamous, coral just squirt their stuff out in a huge cloud. Chimps are patriarchal, bonobos are matriarchal. Diversity also makes since in business. The more you are able to diversify your options and investments, the less likely you will lose your capital/investment. Can Mother Nature risk putting everything She has into one single type of creature and one single modality of? I don't believe Nature would have lasted 4 billions years if it did. With diversity, if on species fails to take Life further, others exist to try. When the reptiles of the dinosaur age could take Nature's Life any further, the Mammals stepped up and brought us this far. Can Mother Nature really afford to invest all of her option into one

single human modality of existence?

We no from business that monopoly as far as causal results goes is destructive because it decreases the chance of innovation and creative development [evolution]. And we know that when an ecosystem's balance is upset by the “monopolization” [over population] of a species, the rest of the ecosystem is destructively effected. What happens when we apply that same concept of monopolization in the Human world where only one human way of Life is the “right” or “acceptable” way? Aeonically what will happen?

Reichsfolk teaches you to just simple be mindful of your own roots, traditions, and cultures. To not give it up so easily for substitutes such as magian ethos etc. To do your children a human favour and pass them into mortal earthly existence with a firm ground to stand on, and with roots that run deep into their ancestral history. Who we are today is literally built on – or grows out of – the lives, stories, and wyrd of our ancestors in the past. We are literally a Fruit [vipaka] and end product of our past ancestors. Do you want your children to come into this world with an empty spot in their psyche like many of these Americans? Do you want them to whore themselves around with every ideology and cult to fill that empty spot? Isn't it like whoredom? Is a nympho really practicing her liberty to have sex, or is she suffering from a deep lack and need of something? These mundane Americans, do they join the cults and believe in the ideologies they do out of natural freedom, or because of a much deeper want, need, and lack within their soul and psyche? It is a psyche of a people without culture, who literally lives their human life working 5 days a week 9-5 for wages. It's not their fault though. They are the product of decades of the untested ideals of Capitalism/Consumerism. Zombies that exist only to work and make others rich.

And so aeonically, or as a people with long-time sight, is the end Fruit of being liberal and cultureless worth it? Are we able to learn from the mistakes of others, before we ourselves commit the same acts? Can we learn from these many Americans. With something as simple as Reichsfolk, all that Dukkha of our future children and grand children's quality of life is decreased in the Now. Which is why I personally consider Reichsfolk National-Socialism to be pragmatic in character over any set of ideals or ideologies. It's simply learning to honour your blood and to strive to stay firmly rooted. A tree with shallow roots is easily felled by a mild breeze. With simple word play in a debate you can sway a cultureless person to adopt your cults, ideologies, buy your products, vote for your party, etc.

But you look at the lessons learned from the genocide committed in the past. We see that no force of genocide and mass death has the power to wipe out the culture and spirit of a people. No Communist murdering 2 million Khmers, all of their monks, was able to destroy their culture. No Mao and the 50 or so million murdered was able to wipe out the folk spirit of the Chinese people, their Confucianism, their Taoism, and Buddhism. Not even the 50 or so million slaughtered in Russia was able to wipe the minds of the Russian people clean of their imperial past, their spirit, or their faith and culture. They are still here. And the Jews. 7 million murdered and that was not able to rid the Jew of his Jewry. They are still here, and they have their own State. But yet, a simply and sly play of words in some debate or a convincing speech can sway the common cultureless American in every direction, to give up their ancestral roots and culture for lifeless ideologies, theories, and beliefs. You don't have to genocide America. They aeonically do it themselves. The only real way to get rid of a people is to make them get rid of themselves. Study your history. The Maya is a good place to start, where a people turn on itself and self destructed. Stupidity kills aeonically more efficiently than genocide. What happened to a tree without roots? It dies in Time.

Saturn in those olden days was the God of the Harvest, the original Reaper. He has the Sickle or Scythe as his symbol. The seeds have been sown. The saplings grown. Now the Fruit is born and ready to be Harvested. We all wyrdfully reap what we sow. And more importantly just as we wyrdfully reap what our ancestors have sown, so to do those in our future reap what wyrd we have woven together now. Because of the amount of National debt we today have created, the lives of our grand children will not be any better than things are today. If we think times are tough now, wait 50 more years or so. Today we see these individualized Americans exploited by corporations and political parties were they must struggle 40-50 hours of work just to barely get by. How tougher will things be for the cultureless scoundrels with no one to depend on 50 years from now? Father Saturn is Black and cold. His scythe cuts everyone their due share in Time my friends. It's just a matter of Time.

Third Search Term:

“Death”

Death is another top 10 search term and constant reoccurring search term. Death is real scary for me. Not the idea of myself dying, but of those I love around me dying. When you are raised your whole life constantly around grandpas,

grandmothers, mothers, uncles, etc, the thought of them dying is scary.

Jan 22nd was the death of an old year and the start of a new one. Or at least it was the eve day of the Chinese New Year. Traditionally on the eve the whole family gathers all together at one house to eat together and hang out, catch up, etc.

The family observance of Chinese New Years starts in the morning of the eve. In our culture when the Year of the Dragon comes you shouldn't do anything on its first day, but since the Chinese go by the Lunar calendar, just to be safe you don't do much all week. The traditional belief is that the Dragon represents hard work, struggle, striving, complications, things like that. So on the first day the old people warn you not to start anything or you'll get stuck working hard at it all year long. So that day every single person in our family did not go to work, called out sick, did not drive anywhere, and just spent the whole day lazy. For example my oldest cousin flew to Brazil that day for a month, so for the rest of the year he'll be stuck flying all over the place.

Then your grandmother and her siblings gather to start cooking all this food for dead people [ancestors]. The aunts and uncles stuff red envelopes with money and give them to us cousins. We bring out all these picture frames of all of our dead family members and offer the food to them, burn incense to them, and pray or ask them to watch over us and bless us with a peaceful and fruitful years. The pure ethnic Chinese spend around 14 or 15 days celebrating it, but that's too much for us. In my family we celebrate 3 new year days: the American one, the Chinese one after that, and the Khmer/Thai/Lao Theravada one in April 13 or so when the Buddha's passing.

I was hanging out with people in my age range talking about the death of famous people we knew and grew up with, which caused this whole family talks about one of the most bizarre topics you'd never hear in a lifetime in a White-American household.

I started the bizarre and interesting whole family talk when I asked my aunt-mom what famous person she knew who died and which shocked her. After she gave her answer I changed the subject because I suddenly remembered something a friend of mine had told me about death and I wanted my grandmother to confirm it for me. So I asked my aunt-mom to translate my curiosity for me to granny. I had said to my big mom: "I had an older Mexican lady friend once tell me that in her culture they say that when we die we know we will be going. Can you ask grandmother if it's true?" The question started this big old people talk of recalling stories from their youth, talks of dying, and the bizarre talks of rebirth, which to me uncovered the even more bizarre realization that these old people have been friends and family for several life times and they have the stories and proofs to share.

The Flow Of Mindstream

My grandmother answered: "Mmm, so I hear the old people say. It's interesting that a different people and culture shares our beliefs, do you siblings agree?" My last great grandpa [great uncle in American] Great Grandpa Savout quickly responded to that in his dry witty humour to us: "She [granny] says that as if she wasn't one of the 'old people.' If what the grand daughter said is true then I'm nowhere near death! I can barely remember what happened yesterday, never mind what will happen tomorrow."

The only family story of this nature I have heard was the first story to come up. One of my aunts said that according to her own experience, what I asked was true. During the revolution she had a daughter [would be my oldest cousin] named Aran. The Khmer Rouge had killed all of the doctors and two year old Aran was very sick. Aran had already become blind from her sickness and she was having intestinal bleeding. This auntie was fortunate enough to have normal Khmer Rouge people to oversee the camp she was put in as she was separated from the rest of the family during this time. Her Khmer Rouge friends felt sorry for the 2 year old Aran so they put this auntie [mother's sister] onto the back of their military truck with the baby and they would take them all the way to Thailand to see a doctor.

On the way to Thailand little Aran died in her mother's arms, but in a very weird way. My auntie explained to everyone that she had Aran when she was only 19 and so she was terribly ignorant of motherhood and child stuff. She explained that she grew up with maids like her siblings when the kingdom was good, so that she grew up ignorant of such matters in life.

She explained that on the back of the truck after a while of driving little Aran – only two years of age – started to say over and over again to her: “Mother, I’ll be leaving soon far away. I’ll be leaving soon.” Curious my auntie said she said to Aran: “Where are you going if you are blind, and how far can it be with such little feet?” She said Aran just said quietly: “I’m going away soon. It’s far away, and I won’t come back. I have to go now, I love you.” My auntie said Aran had asked where her father was because she wanted to kiss him good bye one last time before she left for wherever she was going. But her father was far away, so the auntie just told Aran that he was far away and for her to go to sleep. She said Aran just closed her eyes half way and never woke up. I’ve always found this story very fascinating because Aran was only 2 years old. I can’t believe that a 2 year old knows anything about death to know that she is dying or to make up stories about going places as she is dying. But what I have always wondered was not how she knew she was dying, but Where she knew she was going?

My other aunt we all call Mien [auntie] Oonh [Oon~] means the Char-black Auntie because she is dark in complexion told the second story which I have not heard before. Her story made my grandma and a few other cry.

The story is that during the revolution mien Oonh was 8 years old and her father – my late grandfather – was sick. It was just around the time when the KR had taken the Capital of the kingdom. My grandfather [still young] was too sick to care for himself so 8 year old auntie Blackie was nursing him and bathing him. The auntie said that on the day of his death he had said to her: “May all you wish for come true for caring for me. Father is leaving. They’ve come to take me.”

Looking around the room the auntie saw nobody and asked her father what people had come to take him where. She said grandpa said that a group of people in white were in the room waiting for him. Before he died he told her to tell grandma that he loves her.

There is an old belief in my culture these old people have where they believe that there are these wild spirits that make your children sick, cause misfortune, and sometimes kill you children. And so to ward off or trick these spirits to not bother your children you “hide” their birth name and call your children nick names that are ugly. So I have an uncle nymed Uncle Chubby [who is thin], there is an Auntie Blackie, and so on. The peasants don’t even bother giving their children real words for names, they just give them meaningless sounds. Like for instance of a peasant family had 6 children the children would just be named: “Ma, Me, Mi, Mo, Mu, and Mao.” That’s suppose to detere the bad spirits somehow.

Or if a person in my culture constantly gets sick or has constant bad luck what they do is go to the temple and have a monk give them a new name. Then they have a mock funeral for their old name and from that moment on they go by their new name. And this sort of refreshes your life, keeps you from getting constantly sick again, and gets rid of the bad luck or something. Monks are useful in a Buddhist culture for other uses too. For instance sometimes to protect trees, statues, and animals from being logged, sold in the black market or eaten monks will ordain the trees, statues, and animals and put an orange cloth on them. It would be the same idea as to ordain an endangered Spotted Owl as a Catholic Bishop to keep the ignorant lay people from harming it LMAO. This is one reason why if you look at picture of Angkor Wat you’ll see statues with orange or gold cloth on them. Those statues are technically really ordained Bhkkhus, and this keeps fools from taking them to sell them in the black market.

Auntie Oonh herself her story was the first subject of the more fascinating and less depressing topic. My oldest aunt, who is the oldest of her siblings told the story of Auntie Oonh's past life.

My oldest aunty told us that in town before auntie Oonh was ever born their was an old lady they called Yay [granmother] Lach. Lach is short for a “Talach” which is the name of a melon called Wintermelon in English. The folks around town called her that because she grew lots of wintermelon and gave them out. She was a distant kin of my grandmother [as everyone in that town was]. The oldest auntie asked grandma if she remembers Yay Lach laughing. My grandma said she did and explained how this lady was related to us.

The oldest auntie then told us that as a child after school she use to go over to Grandmother Lach's house to massage and need her muscles. At the time she was 80 something. The auntie explained that Yay Lach's breasts sagged all the way to her stomach and that she use to play with them to tease Yay Lach. Yay Lach was noble born, but dark skinned, so people in town teased her by saying that her mother slept with a peasant

labourer. The oldest auntie said that when she [the auntie] was that young her nose would run continuously and it would cause sore for her. Yay Lach cured this by rubbing her Slah and Maloo [betelnut] on the sores.

One time the auntie said that old lady Lach told her that she was going to die soon and that she picked who she wanted to be reborn with. The old lady told my auntie: “I’m going to rebirth with your mother. We can be sisters. I love you like my own flesh and blood. I would rebirth with your mother’s cousin, but she’s too mean. Your mother is more kinder. I love your mother like close kin.”

When the old lady died my grandmother said that she had a dream in which old lady Lach had come to ask her if she can live with her, and my grandmother said yes, since the house was big with plenty of rooms. More strangely my grandmother said that half the kinfolk in town all had dreams at different times about old lady Lach telling them that she would reborn with my grandmother. When my auntie Oonh was born she came out with dark skin just like old lady Lach, and nobody in our family has dark skin. The tons people knew my auntie Oonh was old lady Lach.

My oldest auntie told us of habits and traits old lady Lach and auntie Oonh share. The oldest auntie said that old lady Lach was a clean freak and used to wash her dishes with only one finger so as to keep her other fingers clean, and when she ate she had the habit of putting very little food in her spoon and nibbled at the food carefully so as not to touch the utensil to her mouth. My auntie Blackie has the same two weird habits. I’ve watched her – and mocked her for it – washing the dishes and eating.

That’s when my step dad – who is a distant relative of my grandmother – told the story of his uncle who is a relative of mine, who was at the house with the other elders. My step dad said after auntie Blackie’s story: “What about my own uncle here. He remembers his past life.” So the two of them talked about it. We call an uncle of an uncle or step dad a Grandfather.

This grandfather’s story was that he had an awful bad mouth when he was 2 years old. He used profanity all over the place with his parents and siblings. The grandfather’s father told his 2 year old son to stop cussing or he’ll be punished. So the grandpa [2 year old boy] said to his dad: “You bastard, you know who your talking to!? I’m your friend not your son. I came back to hang out with you again.”

Confused the grandfather’s father tested the 2 year old by asking him questions about the person the boy claimed to be, such as the names of his past life parents and how he died. The 2 year old boy [grandfather] explained accurately that he was killed by thugs because he owed them money. The 2 year old boy grandfather was even able to tell his father/friend where his past life dead body was found. Then the 2 year old boy grandfather said in Khmer the equivalent to his dad and uncle: “If you fuckers want to get rich just go under a certain bridge where I buried the gold and money. I knew they were coming after me in advance. Nobody better have found it. I’ll show you where its at, bring a shovel.”

Everything the 2 year old boy said was accurate, and he was able to take his father and uncle who were his best friends in his past life to the spot where he hid the gold and money.

One of the grandmothers who is a cousin of my grandma told her story. She has what the old people call a “Dao [rhymes with Cow] Mark.” I had never heard the word or term before that evening. It looks like a normal red colored birth mark. The elders at the house that evening were talking about these Dao Marks as if its just every day common knowledge. I did not know what they were talking about, so I had to ask my aunt-mom what a Dao Mark is. They were using the term as a verb.

My aunt-mom said that sometimes when a person dies their family and kin will rub a colored dye made of balm consecrated by a monk on the dead body just as the person had died. That act of rubbing the colored balm is called “Dao-ing” and the resultant mark in the next life caused by the Dao-ing is called a Dao Mark.

My aunt-mom explained that they “dao” a colored mark on the dead body somewhere so that they can tell who this person will be reborn as in their next life. The dao color on the dead body becomes a birth mark on the new reborn body appearing in the same place and in the general same shape.

So this grandmother was calmly explaining this bizarre cultural tradition as it happened to her. She shows us all her Dao Mark, which is a light reddish streak on her left shoulder. The reddish birth mark is about an inch and a half long and half an inch wide at its thickest area. The grandmother explained to the aunts and uncles

that the color of the balm used to dao a dead body has to be dark. Black colored balm leaves a faint reddish birthmark, and red colored balm leaves a white colored birthmark. I guess this is because the coloring fades during the “transition” period?

The grandmother said that she remembers everything. She told us all that she died of old age and that she was standing by her dead body watching people cry. She said she then saw her surviving siblings dao the upper part of her left shoulder and said to the dead body [or her] to remember where the dao was marked so they can tell who she is in her next birthing.

The old people of her age group nodded their head and added that in their days when a grand child was born they would inspect the new born babies' whole body for any marks they may have dao-ed. They said that many times you don't always rebirth with your past family. In the old days they said, when a baby is born with an unusual birth mark the word would be past around the kinfolk, extended families, and friends about the baby's birthmark, so as to find who in town made the dao mark.

The grandmother said that she picked a son of her favourite brother to rebirth with and had gone into their dream to ask them if she can live with them. When she was born her family saw the dao mark and knew who she was. Rebirth in Khmer is “Jab [Capture] Gannad [Nativity],” literally meaning to catch a birth. Like a surfer would say to catch a wave or something, or when we say to catch the bus or to catch a cold. In my mind the term makes me think of people waiting in some line to catch the next available fetus with whomever you picked.

This other grandpa in the elder group retold his story. He said that back in the home province when the kingdom was good his family owned a large plantation with many servants and labourers who worked and lived on the land. Like my grandmother's parents, this grandfather's family treated their peasants very nice and only took 10% of each peasant family's harvest.

Each year when the leaves of some trees fell the grandpa said that the peasants had a custom of gathering these fallen leaves in a big pile to burn it. This was to clean the land up, but they also put yams and other foodstuff into the pile of leaves they gathered to share amongst themselves. The occasion was a seasonal peasant celebration of sorts.

Unfortunately during one of these leaf burning things one of the female workers got too close to the fire and her clothes caught fire. The lady was very badly burned and later she died of her burn wounds from an infection.

The grandfather remembers several nights after the death of this lady worker of his that both he and his wife had a dream in the same night. In the grandfather's dream he said the lady had come to him and in the night saying that she has spent her time faithfully working for him, and with nowhere to go would like to be born as his daughter. The grandfather said he told the lady in his dream that he felt very bad for her death and that it was his fault not doing all he could to help her. He told the lady that to rid this bad karma of his that he would accept her as his daughter and raise her so that she will never have to work again.

His daughter was born who is an aunt of mine. Technically she is a cousin of my blood aunts and uncles. This aunt remembers her past life as a servant worker of this grandpa. This aunt says that she remembers dying and seeing people cry around her grave they had dug for her. She remembers being on a tree close by her own grave screaming to her siblings, and friends to stop crying because she was still “alive” and up in the tree, but nobody heard her. As a child she was – and still is – deathly afraid of fire.

A cousin of my blood uncle we call uncle also told his story about his daughter I call a “cousin.” This cousin was not at the house that day. The uncle explained that in her past life his daughter was a man who was his close friend. They worked together when the country was good.

In that life this man worked at a car garage fixing cars with the young uncle. Both this man and this uncle were in love with the same girl [an aunt of mine], but they never fought each other over her. They agreed that they would not let a girl destroy their friendship and that they will let the girl pick which of the two of them she liked. So they ended up making a game or competition out of it to see who can win her heart and out do the other.

One day this man tells my aunt [cousin of by blood aunts] that if she does not pick him it would be okay because he loves his friend and wants him to be happy. But that she should know that she will be the only girl he will ever love. He made a promise with her that he will never marry or love anyone if not her. My aunt picked the uncle and not the guy.

So to keep his promise this man joined the national army which was fighting the Khmer Rouge. Before he joined he told his best friend – this uncle – that should anything happen to him, he will catch a birth with him and the girl he loves to be with the both of them again.

The man was captured by the KR one day and they killed him by tying him to a palm tree and swung an ax to the back of his head. His head was busted open and face crushed.

The uncle told us that when my cousin – his daughter – was born she had a huge birth mark on the back of her head. The birth mark looked like a red scare and the area was very soft. The face of the baby also looked uneven at the time. Is cousin remembers her past life to this day. The uncle says that as a baby this cousin would stop crying when he held her. She only stopped crying when her mother held her and was breast feeding her. Growing up as a child the uncle said that my cousin used foul language just like his dead best friend, drank coffee and beer and even stole cigarettes from him all at the age of 3. At 3 she also refused to call her father father, but by his nickname he used to call him, and the 3 year old referred to her mother as her “wife.” The uncle told us all that this cousin as a little 3 year old also had the strange habit of peeing at the toilet standing up, or at least trying to pee into the toilet standing up.

The most convincing proof this cousin has is the unbelievable details of her past life. In her past life she died a very young man of only 20 something. At the age of 5 this cousin named her past life parents and described in detail where they used to live. At 5 she also demanded and cried to be taken to see what she called her “real parents” because she missed them. So the cousin's parents did take her to see her past life parents who lived all the way out in Boston.

The uncle had tracked down his late best friend's parents and had explained to them that their son had caught a birth with him and his wife and was demanding and crying to see them. They said they did not know what to do because it was such a bizarre experience for them being new parents. The Boston based parents [past life ones] agreed to the visit. So my cousin at the age of 5 was taken to Boston to see her “real parents.”

At her “real parents” house she gave detailed information about thing that only this man and his family knew about which the uncle was not aware of. This was when she explained to her two sets of parents the details of how she died, which explained the huge birth mark she was born with. The birth mark by that age was gone and her face had long gone to normal. After the visit the Boston parents were convinced that this cousin was indeed their dead son.

To this day this cousin has a parent child bond and relationship with her Boston parents from her past life. She goes to visit them from time to time. Growing up as a teen she would actually use her Boston pair of parents as a threat against her present life parents. She'd threaten to run away to Boston and live with her other parents if they mistreated her.

At the house that evening you had all of these people of different generations telling their stories and memories of a past life and those that remember lived a past life with the same people in the same family. And as they talk among themselves of these memories they have, it all sounds like a timeless family reunion of a group of people who have been living together for several lifetimes.

I asked the Great Grandpa Savout since he was the witty and funny one what he was going to reborn as if he died unfortunately. He said: “It's not a matter of if I'm going to die some day grandchild! Soon! I'm tired of being human. Too much dukkh. I'm going to stay a ghost. All you young people seem to feed the dead better than the living. You have to be dead in this family to get good eating!”

I've always been fascinated with this topic. Especially with the cases of very young children who die and know they are going to die. And those children who seem to come into the world with memories intact of a past life. It's not a topic you usually hear thrown around in the West. But being of an Asian family it's everywhere and when you do hear about it there are verifiable things. Like those dao marks. They talk about it like its an ancient practice everybody should know about.

Several weeks ago I had a dream where my late Great Grandfather who recently passed came to visit they house. In the dream my little mom had open the door and he just stepped inside and told us that he only came to tell us that he was okay and for us not not worry, especially me. Then he wished us peace and happiness and said he had to go.

Do I personally believe the Stories I hear about death and some afterlife? No. I think I have matured beyond the need to believe anything. I can for example believe as hard as I can that when people die we go to a big purple shoe box in the sky, and no matter how hard I believe, no matter how debate the issue, my believe does not in any way change the realism/reality of the nature of things.

I come to the point in my Life where I now just Consider what others have to share, and I Consider the person sharing such insights and stories. In that, I see a cultural value. But personally I can't believe anything until I myself go through the Experience of death. Which will come it's Time and Season.

I once read a children's story in the kid section of a bookstore I used to go to often and I read a beautiful little story that actually changed the way I think and see things about such subjects as this.

The story goes that there was once in a forest a pond of fish. On that pond were lily pads. And on one lily pad there lives a mother frog. One day she laid many eggs in the pond. After her little tadpoles had hatched and were swimming and playing in the pond with their new guppy friends the mother frog hopped away deep into the forest to find her food.

During the mother frog's absence the tadpoles grew bigger and began to become curious about their little world. They started to ponder and ask questions. Some began to believe that they were fish like their guppy friends because they looked similar to fish. Some after sticking their heads out of the pond noticed that there was a whole different world beyond the pond.

One day the mother frog returns to her lily pad to check on her tadpole. The tadpoles swam to their mother to ask her their many questions about the world She lived in. The mother frog tried to explain to them what air was, what trees were, what the sun was, but she could find the right words to make her tadpoles Understand these things.

She thought a while and in her heart knew that she also was once a tadpole who was ignorant about the world beyond the pond and once asked the same questions. Then when she grew into a frog, she grew into her Understandings of the world beyond the pond in its time and season.

So with that Wisdom of age and experience she said to her many tadpoles: "Nothing I say will even make sense to you. All that you need to know is to enjoy your time in that pond for in Time you will change and leave it behind. And when you change, you will know and understand things out here in its time and season. Nothing has to be explained."

And what that mother frog said was true, even for us Humans in our human existence, if we pay close attention. As small children we were ignorant of sex and sexual nature. Even if our peers taught us the word, being so small we simply cannot grasp or relate in a realistic way to the reality of sex. In our teen age years – in it's Time and Season – during our puberty, we grew naturally into our sexual nature. Nothing had to be explained to us.

And young adults even if we lived with a mother and father we were not able to Understand what it is like to be a mother or father. Only when some of us grew in age to become ourself mothers and fathers with our own children, did we come to Understand inside [Buddhi/Gnosis] the Nature of motherhood and fatherhood: in its own Time and Season. And nothing had to be explained to us.

And so I now in this second decade of my Life see Death in the same manner. As a mortal creature alive with a body on this earth I am at the moment very far from my season of death. Such that, even if I knew the words and have seen the deaths of loved ones, the Nature and Reality of death will always be beyond my grasp. Not having the experience of such death, whatever I say, think, intellectualize, speculate, ponder, assume, believe, are simply superficial abstractions: the juggling or empty words and opinions. When the proper Time and Season comes, then the "mystery" of death will naturally unfold for me. And when that fated moment comes, no one will need to explain anything to me. All I need to know for now is to enjoy my

brief moment here, for soon, things will change. All things must change. It is the Dharma of dhamma to change.

Which is why I find something like ONA – and satanism – to be of a realistic value. Something like a satanism – when used with Balance – helps ground you and helps bring your wondering mind down from the speculative clouds of “what ifs” and abstractions back to this moment: This World of Mortal Existence. To enjoy the moment while it is here, in this Kamasukkha Pumi, in this World of Peace & Pleasure, as the Buddha calls it.

This is not to say that we should be willfully ignorant of such things. Just that out of time and season, such subjects of human life is neither here nor there. About as valueless and out of season as children talking and opinionating about sex, as teenagers speaking about parenthood, of students in a classroom speaking of the virtues of war, of a single man giving advice to his married friend, or rich politicians speaking of knowing the condition of life, needs, and worries, of the common citizen. I once asked my bhikkhu grandfather what Buddhahood is like. He said something back like: “How should I know grand daughter, I’m just an old man in an orange robe? The only way to buddhi the Nature of Buddha is to first become a Buddha.”

The only way to Know-Gnosis Motherhood is to first become a mother. The only way to Know-Buddhi Death is to first die. Personally I'd rather wait as long as I can to “Know” the nature and mystery of death. Something like satanism helps you ground yourself and brings you back down into the human world of experience. If it is used intelligently with balance. I personally prefer the ONA's Traditional Satanism for it's balanced nature. Where the Sinister [Left] is balanced and integrated with the Numinous. If find the other schools of Satanism to be imbalanced and too Left Handed. Too “dichotomized.” Too unnaturally divided into an extreme.

If you were to do a thought experiment and stand yourself at the equator then walk the Left Path around the world all 25,000 miles to the same point you started, look behind you. What do you realize? That you came from the Right Path. Too much ice cream makes you sick. Too much good food makes you fat. Too much Freedom leads into tyranny. How so? Tyranny of the Mob. Too much tyranny leads to freedom. How so? Revolution. Too much freedom of religion leads back into ideological tyranny. How so? Look close at the satanic subculture and watch how whenever a person is not a satanaist as the mob of satanists define it they are rejected and vilified. Too much religious tyranny leads to religious liberty. How so? There must be balance for things to be Whole: Wholesome: Healthy.

And so this earthly or carnal Life of ours must be balanced with that Numinous or Spiritual element. Too much of one leads into division – self division – and extremism. I fear the West has lost its balance.

Fourth Search Term:

“Buddhism”

I find it very hard to share technical Buddhist concepts with people who only speak English. It's not because the people I am speaking or writing to is “ignorant.” It's because I got my Buddhism first in a non-English language, and secondly as a cultural phenomenon. When I say “cultural phenomenon” I'm trying to say what Islam is to an Arab living in Arabia versus Islam written in some book, website, or in the America where it is some religion. To better grasp what I mean you take Judaism and the Torah, Islam and the Quran, and Christianity and the Bible. The three books talk about the same stories and teach nearly the same things. But Jewish Culture, Islamic Culture, and Catholic Culture are extremely different. Which culture goes beyond what was or is written. That's the difference between something written and dead theory/belief, and a living expression/culture/cultivation of it.

In it's “home soil” there is more to Islam then just a book and beliefs. It is a people wide cultural phenomenon that is practiced by everyone. You are surrounded by Islamic culture in full practice everyday. You pray 5 times a day with everybody etc. It is something you are immersed in. You don't have to read a book to get Islam. And the living culture over the thousand years has spawned it's own unique customs and cultural traditions to such people. It is the same way with Buddhism to a Southeast Asian. It has nothing to do with a written book. 90% of us have never ever seen or read a book on Buddhism. The teachings is passed own verbally. The Practice in embedded right into the culture. This is what makes it very hard to explain Buddhism

to someone not of that living culture who needs or expects citations, academic papers, doctrines, and so on.

I am culturally Asian, and those people in my big family not of my age or peer group don't speak English. They either speak Khmer or Thai. I understand Khmer and a little Thai, but I can't speak either. Pragmatically I know more religious Pali words than I do every day Khmer words. This is because my family's line of descent comes from a line of religious leaders and monks, so that religious nature is inherited by each generation. For instance a blood uncle of my own grandmother – whom I would refer to as a Great Grandfather – was the Supreme Patriarch of Thailand until his passing in the 90's. The Supreme Patriarch in Thailand's Theravada Buddhism is kinda like a Dalai Lama or the Pope is to his Church, except in Thailand [75 million Buddhists] the reigning King of Thailand appoints the Holy Patriarch who serves that post for life, just like how our Presidents will pick a Supreme Justice who serves for life. So before he was a monk he was married and had children. These children eventually intermarried with my grandmother and her line of descent. Then so in each generation we have all of these men in our family feel the urge to be monks. Then many of our elder women in our family go to be “nuns.” I put “nun's” in quotations because they technically are not since the nun lineage in Theravada died out centuries ago. One of my young cousins at the age of 21 went to get ordained to do something we call “Song Gun” which means to pay your debts to your parents in honour of them giving birth to you and caring for you. He's still in robes right now.

If the people in my family don't have the dharma to be monks they are what we call a “Nik Pratch,” which means One who is Prone to Preach and Teach ancestral wisdom. Those are the older guys and women that breaks down for you our history and myths and explains to you their meaning and they go on and on and on and ramble insight after insight. That's what the word “Pratch” literally means, to “Ramble.” The word “Nik” means “One Who Is/Does/Person,” very similar to the Scottish “suffix” -Nach like when they call the deplorable English “Sassenach” [sasunnach in Gaelic]. It's just that we stick our Nik in the front and they in the back of their words. Don't ask me why those words sound similar and have similar meanings, cuz I don't know. I remember one other word in Scottish that is similar to a Khmer word. In Khmer we call it “Ach,” which sounds like your saying “Ah,” plus a Ch sound as in Chair. Ach is the word for Shit, Excrement, Feces. Ach Go [cow] means Manure as well Bullshit which is used idiomatically as how we do in English. I think I remember the Scottish word “Ach” pronounced like Ahkhh also means Shit. Just thought I'd share.

So anyways. Being raised in such a non-English speaking family with many monks and Ramblers [my grandmother claims I am a Rambler] means that I got my Buddhism all in a non-English language, and thus also in a non-English weltanschauung. I wish some of you reader were able to speak or understand or think in two languages so you'll feel what I mean when I say non-English Weltanschauung. I don't simply mean a “world view” or “paradigm” or world model. I have no other way to explain the difference of seeing everything based on language. And if you are interested in such subjects then there are plenty of much more intelligent resources to go to than me. You can start with the theories behind something like E Prime and try it. E Prime is just English without all forms of the word/idea “is/be.” You take something like Khmer and keep in mind that not only does it not have a word/idea for is/be but the word for 'The,' 'a,' 'an,' 'exist,' and a whole list of other words and suffixes we take for granted in English just do not exist. For example in Khmer there is no such thing as a plural ending to nouns or a suffix for verbs like -ing or -ed. In Khmer the sentences 1) I run with a dog, 2) I ran with dogs, 3) I am running with dogs, are all the same wording. You have to unconsciously [almost beyond your awareness] extrapolate the essence of the meaning based on context.

To make it worse in the dialect of Khmer my family speaks [higher register] it is wrong to use personal pronouns. There is in our dialect or form of Khmer we use no such thing as words for “I,” “me,” “you,” “he,” “she,” etc. It is impossible to literally – word for word – translate the simple English sentence “I exist” into the register of Khmer I understand and my family uses because neither of those words/ideations actually exists in the our weltanschauung. And again this goes beyond the language to a sociolinguistic phenomenon. No I or you as an idea/word exist because it is wrong to see yourself as an Other person separate from whom you are talking to. You divide Self into two parts the minute you say I and you. There is no division period. Not in the language, not in the culture, not in the religion, not in the worldmodel, not in how you see yourself, not in anything. You are not given a means via language to express division. There is no such thing as an I and a you.

For instance if I wanted to say “I love you” to my mom I have no other means but to say: Gon [child] Srolanh [love] Mae [mom]. That statement forces you to be consciously aware – to know – that there exist a living

relationship between you the speaker you and whom you are speaking with. One being is a Child of the other being who is a mother or the birther of the speaker. If I met a new friend older than me who is a male and I wanted to say the simple English sentence: "I like you," I have to say: "Khnyom [one who serves] Jol Jet [go into chitta] Bong [older sibling] Pros [male/man/boy]. That statement forces you to become aware that there exist a relationship between you and the other person. He is to you and Older Brother and should be honoured as such and you are to him a Servant who must do as he asks. As soon as you open your mouth in Khmer with someone and refer to yourself, you call yourself a Khnyom of the other person, meaning a servant, worker, helper. The word actually literally means "Subject" as in a King's subjects. In ancient Imperial times if you were not the God-King of the empire, you were his Khnyom. There is no other word in the proper lower and middle dialects for I/Me but Khnyom.

And so with my Theravada Buddhism I get it from first being obviously immersed in its living culture and following examples of it in practice, and secondly I get my Buddhism in Khmer and Pali. Because of this inside the Western English weltanschauung I am handicapped.

If an American Buddhist came up to me and said: "Can you show me where in the Tipitaka Buddha teaches about Metta?" I wouldn't be able to help him or point to any quotes because I have never read any teachings about Metta. I've only seen it done every day. I can show you how it is done, but not refer you to scriptures and quote stuff for you. Metta [compassion] is when you obey those older than you. Metta is when stick together as a family. Metta is when you are true to a friend you love and never turn on them. Metta is caring for your old ones until they pass away naturally in your home around those they loved. The teaching is easy to read agree or disagree with. The practice of Metta is hard and makes you cry sometimes. To spend your free time taking care of old people, and to watch them die with your own eyes. To know that one day your own grandmother will need care and will pass away in front of you. To know that you will care for your parents until they die in front of you. It's not easy, and its not a philosophical debate. It's pitiful to watch these pretentious Americans in their forums and internet places debate and talk about the merits of Buddhism when they have never known what it's like to live it.

If an American Buddhist who got his Buddhism from the Northern Schools [Mahayana] came up to me and asked me: "So can you share a few things about the Three Bodies doctrine?" I would not double know what you are talking about because for one, I didn't get my Buddhism in the English language. For two, the Three Bodies doctrine is a Mahayana teaching via the Sanskrit which does not exist in the Theravada via the Pali. I absolutely don't know what that is. All I know is that in Theravada Buddhism no such doctrine exists. What exists is what we might call a "primordial" seed of such doctrine, in which the Buddha said in Pali that he is "Dhammakaya," which simply either means the corpus of teachings and/or the Body of Natural Phenomena. Theravada does not go any further to explain what Buddha meant.

If an American Buddhist were to ask me: "So what do you think about the doctrine of Emptiness [Sunyata]?" I actually won't know what he was talking about because in the Pali and Theravada no such doctrine really exists. Emptiness [Sunyata] is a Northern doctrine via the Sanskrit. Us Southerners get our Buddhism in the Pali. I like the idea of Sunyata and use it, but it's not Theravada proper. This word appears in the Theravada, but it is not a formal or fully formed doctrine or concept. It is like I tried to explain an idea which is only Hinted at. So when I use that word, I use it in line of that hinting. In other words I use that word to carry my extrapolations of what may be hinted at. In the same way that Mayahaya took the hint and manifested a complete kick ass doctrine out of it, which I honest do not know about. I'm not Mahayana. Folk Chan is as close I get ancestrally to Mahayana. The Northerners extrapolated an entire – superb – doctrine of Sunyata from Anicca. How so?

Let's say you have a Theravada monk and a Zen monk standing at a train station together and they are looking at the train tracks. The Train wizzes by fast passed them. In that instant the Theravada monk says to his Zen friend: "Did you see that Train which passed by? It was impermanent because it was only here for a brief moment and now it is gone." The Zen monk says back to his friend: "Hmm, you're right. It was impermanent. But what do you call that Stuff in front and behind of that changing impermanence. You know this non-trainness which is now in front of us?" So the Mahayanas call that stuffiness Sunyata meaning Void or Emptiness. Not literally, but just to refer to that something all the changing is being impermanent inside of. Remember those Mahayanas cured like wet cement inside a Chinese culture which comes with an ancient something called Taoism. That Taoism "contaminates" [not in a bad way] their Buddhism. What is Tao Taoing

in? Wu Wei [emptiness/stillness]. Is the cup half empty or half full? The Theravadin would say the cup is half full but that the nature of that fullness is impermanent. The Mahayana says the cup was always empty and is just temporarily half full.

Even if a American Buddhist were to ask me: “So what Buddha say about Dharma,” I won't be able to tell him, because that word Dharma is the Sanskrit and now English ideation, and not the Pali Dhamma. They mean two different things to very different peoples, even though they are clearly dialects of each other. It would be ignorant of me to say that because French is a dialect of old Latin, that those two languages' words and thus weltanschauung are the same because the words are similar. Is that statement true or false? If I were to say: “English and German are the same shit because half of the words sound the same. They see the world in the same way as the Brits.” Is that statement true or false?

Pali like French is more rounded, feminized, and softer versions of its parent language. They say Dharma in Sanskrit while we say Dhamma in Pali. They say Karma we say Kamma. They say Dharma to mean the natural way of things as in the natural order of the universe, and your natural inclinations. I use Dharma in the Sanskrit to mean this. It is my Dharma to write and share ideas and teach. It is not my Dhamma to write and share and teach. Dhamma in Pali means natural way of thing too, but it goes off into its own dialectal tangent. Dhamma means Natural Phenomena and secondly a teaching. They say Karma to mean cosmic retribution. We say Kamma to mean the Act which we set into motion, as in the Pali term Samma Kammanta which is one of the 8 steps in the eight fold path wrongly translated as “Right Action.” It should be “Complete Acting.” What do these ancient people mean when they say to Act Totally or Act Completely?

It means to first review ALL of your option. You are a farmer in 500BC India. You are lazy. You don't want to work and want to take a month break. What are your options? After you review ALL of your option you review ALL of the consequences of each option you have. If you take a month break, your field may die. If your field dies you have no money. If you have no money your family starves. If your family starves they too will die. After you have reviewed ALL and EVERY possible consequence [Vipaka] of ALL your options then you pick the one you really want to set into motion. Do you want to kill your family? If not: get your ass to work and give it ALL you got for the future FRUIT. You are poor. Your children are hungry and haven't eaten in days. You know if they don't eat now they will soon die. Your country is being run by the Khmer Rouge. You are in a labour camp. Stealing food not provided for you by Big Brother Pol Pot means they will kill you. What do you do? Do you break their laws and risk being killed to feed your children? You must first Completely [samma] think of all your option. Then think of all their consequences. Then you commit the act into motion which best fits you. It isn't about some silly notion of right or wrong, left hand or right hand, good or bad. It's real live human life and real live human situations and real live human needs.

Every action you do or don't do has its Fruit [Vipaka]. You are Tibet. You believe in nonviolence. You have a pathetic army due to your beliefs in nonviolence. It is 1950. The Chinese Commies are invading your country. What do you do? Fight or bitch out and give Big brother Mao your country? What are your options and the consequences of your actions or failure to Act? This scene does not have to be hypothetical. Just google shit about Tibet. How their culture and way of life is dying. How their people are abused and losing their freedom, etc. Was it worth not fighting? Do you like the Fruit of your lack of Action? Now that your entire people suffer [Dukkha] can you look at yourselves in the mirror and say you are proud Buddhists, that you have done well for your grand children who are subjects of a foreign regime? That's Kamma. It is different from Karma. It has nothing to do with some stupid ideation of right or wrong, Himsa or Ahimsa. It's about real Life. Real human situations. And real consequences of our actions or lack of actions. Think twice before you act or not act. That's kamma.

So getting my Buddhism from the Khmer and Pali, and seeing most of its teachings expressed in culture, traditions, and practice, my Buddhism is very different and alien to the Buddhism you would find in a book store or a website. It is also different from all those Northern Schools. This is something the well meaning Westerner most often fails to understand or realize. There are different schools of Buddhism with very different ways of doing things and seeing things. Most often when I say I am a Buddhist these Westerners just group me into this stupid group of Yoga classes, New Agers meditating on their chakra, burning perfumed incense [which we don't do], chanting OM or some special word guru gave you, zen koans, fat Buddha, vegetarianism, non-violence, and so on. I have nothing to do with any of those things and I don't know shit about them. The only Buddhism I know is the stuff I get from my family which is both only Khmer/Thai

Theravada and folk Chinese Chan Buddhism. And I got my Buddhism is Khmer and Pali not English or Sanskrit. There is nothing wrong with those languages. It's just that you have to literally speak "my Buddhist language" for me to understand you.

This is where something like the ONA and DM came in. As I write here at this blog I often try to explain how I grasp ONA by first using in my own mind my Buddhism. The unfortunate thing is I have no way of expressing what exists in my head because I don't have the right English and Sanskrit terms for these things. This is because like I said, I didn't not get my Buddhism from a book, in English or Sanskrit. I had only one real choice which was to pirate ONA and DM words to try to express myself. So at first what happens is you see this mess of ONA mixed with Buddhism and you wonder what I'm trying to do or synthesize. I'm not trying to do anything besides ramble about my ideas and insights. Unfortunately all I have to work with are Theravada-Khmer-Pali-Buddhist inner ideas and ONA-DM outer words. Which was the challenging part for me.

After training myself all these years to express myself using Myattian words and concepts something happened. The more I figured out how to use Myattian words to explain my Buddhism to whoever reads this stuff, the more I gained a better grasp of my own Buddhism. It became that writing here for a ONA audience was a mental trick I used to tease out a better understanding of my own Buddhism for myself. And then all that Reichsfolk stuff and Numinous Way stuff got me to better appreciate my own culture and history [roots].

So DM and ONA honestly do have an immense influence on me. And I mean that when I say immense. I've written elsewhere or hinted at, just how immense this is and how seductive words and language are. I tried to say in in a not so obvious way, but I don't think people caught on to what I was trying to say when I said that ONA next stage in development was to develop and refine its lexicon. I was suggesting something from personal experience and personal analysis. I'm not going to spell it out in plain English.

I think the Muslim got it right. They say that the Holy Quran is the Classic Arabic text and all translations of that Quran are only merely translations of the Quran. With Buddhism, the minute you process it into Sanskrit you change it into a Sanskrit weltanschauung, where each Sanskrit word has its own meaning. The same thing has now happened to Buddhism in English. It now becomes that in the English, Buddhism is not the same thing as it is in the Sanskrit or the Pali. I'll give an example.

Did the Buddha say life was suffering and that we should work to get rid of suffering? In the English, sure. And so you see very well meaning spiritual English Buddhist work in their own ways to get rid of human suffering, which is wonderful and I wouldn't wish it to stop.

Pali Buddhism is slightly different. The word is "Dukkha," which does not mean suffering. Dukkha means Un-Ease, Dis-Comfort, Worry, and that's it. Like when my grandma says that her head "does Dukkha" to her, it simply means she has a headache. Like when finals week comes and I say the week "does Dukkha" to me, it means finals week makes me worried.

Dukkha is when you have a hobby as a toy collector. A Thanksgiving sale is putting a toy item you collect on sale so you make a tent and camp outside a Walmart all night. When you finally get inside the toy runs out. You stress out, get angry, cry, throw a tantrum. That's Dukkha. Your obsession or gross attachment to that hobby or want for that toy has caused you Dukkha. You are upset and un-easy. In Theravada, the Buddha simply wants to tap you on the back and say: "Calm down. It's okay. It's not the end of the world. Wait a while and come back. When you are in a state of Dukkha, you don't Think Straight." Did Buddha in Pali say to be a superhero and save the human race from doom and suffering? Not in Pali. He simply said to "Chill," "Simmer Down," "[Don't Worry, Be Happy.](#)"

In Pali and Khmer it's actually insane to use the word Dukkha to describe 1000 children dying of starvation in Africa. It expresses a dismissiveness because the word does not describe the weight of the condition. It's just like that part in Monty Python's Holy Grail movie where that King Arthur is sword fighting the bridge keeper in the dark armour and King Arthur chops his arm off and thinks he won, then the knight goes: "What this, 'tis but a flesh wound!" It's not "just" a flesh wound. Your arm is on the ground! The word to use for something as tragic as genocide and thousands of people dying is "Apap." In English this word most often is badly translated as simply "evil" which is completely meaningless. Apap is very huge tragedy of a big kind that involves tons of people dying. The tsunami that hit Japan and ripped up half their country, killed thousands,

and messed up their nuclear power plants is Apap, which does not simply mean “evil,” or “bad.”

When you translate something like a Buddhism or Torah from one language into another you don't just get a new set of words. You get an entire new “weltanschauung” contaminating the original. Which isn't “bad” if you are smart enough to understand this and then try to go figure out what the original actually meant. But as the Christians of the world have proven, a majority of the people can't bother with that. They take the Bible as is in English as if God really actually spoke English to Moses and God used common English idioms and expressions and Webster defines words.

Nobody really question what the ancient Israelites may have idiomatically meant when they used the term “Burning Bush” thousands and thousands of years ago. It is taken literally as if Moses spoke to a plant being consumed by fire. We know that before the Israelites scrapped their Canaanite pantheon for Yahweh and Ha-Satan, that Zoroastrianism existed before which had an influence on the paradigm of these ancient Israelites. In Zoroastrianism there is a sacred or divine plant they call “Haoma,” which is their equivalent of the Brahmanical Soma. If you were to simply google Haoma and look for its picture, you'd see that it is a little bushy shrub and its flowers is a flaming red color. It's a hallucinogen. The little bush actually looks like it's got flames on it. But people just can't be bothered to transgress their sacred beliefs to do a google and research. This topic of ancient Israelites has always made me ask about what time period the Hebrews threw out their Canaanite gods and adopted Yehweh and Satan. Satan itself – as far I I have seen – is not a carry over of any pantheon of that area. Like we can assume Yehweh to be a carry over of the Canaanite God El from the Hebrew's use of the God names Eli and Elohim. But no god or deity, or demon from a pantheon I have seen in this area fits the Ha-Satan character. The average person is just mentally lazy. It's just easier to make an assumption, and to Believe one's own assumptions to be true.

I personally consider Buddhism as it exists in the English language to be rightfully it's own Vehicle. And just like I can say with all honesty that I am not a Mahayana Buddhist and do not know any real thing about Mahayana; I also am not an Anglayana Buddhist and don't really know anything about it's teachings and scriptures. It's not a “bad” thing that something like Anglayana exist. I think it is wonderful and I'd like to try and be helpful and explain things. But we all have to learn to understand that we're all coming from very different paradigms and worldmodels. Which is why what I understand of Buddhism might not always make sense to you and might not always match up to your great Western scholars and vice versa. Your understandings of Buddhism at times makes no real sense to me either. There is more to definitions of words in a language. It's highly unfortunate that the average person doesn't understand that. Language is our “reality.” In my reality something we call Chitta exists. In yours it does not. In mine Chitta is a very important aspect of our Buddhism. In your reality Chitta is totally absent from your Buddhism. In my reality Buddhi just simply means to Understand or be “educated” in some way. In yours Buddhi means a great and sacred enlightenment, which nobody can seem to every reach or define. Whose right or wrong? Nobody. The only person right with Buddhism was Buddha, if he ever existed at all. Otherwise, it's all good.

What should be kept in the mind of the Theravada Buddhist is not what was taught and by whom, or what should, could, would, must be done. The most important thing to concentrate [samadhi] on is the end results of such beliefs, teachings, and action.

In the Western Vehicle, Buddhism is a spiritual philosophy and that is the End of it. In Southeast Asia It is an Upaya: a trick meant to give rise to a desired End Goal. What is the Upaya trying to manifest? The way of life we have been living for the 1000 years we have had our Buddhism. It is just Bullshit and Tricks to make a people learn to think, and learn to practice Metta with at least their own family. To care for each other, raise our young properly, take care of our elders, maintain our traditions and culture, and pass our ancestral wisdom down to the next generation, as it was given to us. The way of life of the people is the Fruit and End Result. Today this doesn't seem significant. Who the hell cares if a bunch of Asian people have a culture and their own way of life right? What's the Big Deal?

The Big Deal IN CONTEXT was Brahminical India in which social order you had – and have – something called a caste system. The Big Deal was what Buddhism taught completely challenged that system. It was trying to free those untouchables and lowly ranking people suffering from the samrara of the belief in that system. To free them so they can live in peace and have their own culture and tradition more productive and happy. That desired End Goal took 2500 years to manifest. It eventually did what it set out to do. It made a

living culture of 500 million Buddhists in Asia who do not live as subjects of some goofy caste system subservient to Brahmins. So today many of us can afford to take such long term end goals for granted in the luxury of our modern 21st century.

The End Fruit is that now you have 500 million humans trained for 2500 years to practice Buddhism with each other. To live Compassion with each other, meaning to actually care for our own families and fellows, like nursing our elders instead of throwing them away. That's Metta in living practice. It is beyond a belief and an opinion. It is a doing. In the Western vehicle metta is a pretty New Age belief which makes you feel all warm inside when you agree with it. If such folks put it into practice it means giving a sandwich to a bum on Christmas, but neglecting to have compassion for anybody the other 364 days, and your elders are still in their nursing homes. That's the actual difference between a Belief you ascribe to and a Praxis you must do without believing or thinking.

The ignorant can ask me: "Well what do you do as a Buddhist? What have you done?" I don't write self published books or make videos or make forums on the shit. No person related to me no matter how old they are live away from me. That includes all my elders 50 years and up. The praxis of Metta for my family and me means taking care of these elders, great aunts, great uncles, old in law, until they die. That includes spending your free time feeding them, bathing them, cleaning after them when they use the restroom, and sleeping by their side at night. Don't deflect and ask me what I am doing. Look at yourself, your family [or lack thereof], your kin, your sangha [community or lack thereof], and the old people you lock up out of sight and mind, and ask yourselves what you are NOT doing. It's easy to believe [in anything]. It's hard to do. And it takes centuries and sometimes a thousand years to bare Fruit. It's all bullshit – upaya – and that bullshit is needed as fertilizer to give birth to Sasana: Culture. Something America is missing. Don't ask me what I'm doing. The question is: What are you as an "individual" and people NOT doing that got you the way you are today.

Anybody can Believe ONA ideas, or argue them. It's harder to put ONA into Living Praxis somehow. Praxis here simply means anything and everything in and of ONA that can be practices and cultivated. I'm not talking about blowing up bridges, hijacking planes, burning federal structures, acting like Rambo Commando in some jungle, plotting world war 3. I just mean realistic ONA things as simple as a chant, as trying to forge a clan or tribe, as trying to re-create a culture, as trying to maintain your own people's culture, as passing ONA's Tradition down to your children, as trying to breed with a person that is or can be or will be ONA. A Living Culture is made up of thousands of very little Cultivable memes called Customs and Traditional Observances.

But we keep in mind that the Light must be integrated with the Shadow nature. We can't be too goofy where we reject the productive use of the Shadow element of our Human nature. What I mean is as an ONA person just stealing shit and considering that Sinister Praxis don't make you any better than random petty criminal. Productive meaning if your folk or children are hungry and you got no money, then steal. If the Chinese are trying to subjugate your Tibetan people, then militarize and kill the fuckers. By "Sinister Praxis" I don't mean wicked doings. Sinister as in Latin for Left Hand. What's Left Hand Practice, or Left Handed Observance suggest, imply and mean in the ancient Oriental way of reckoning "sides," as in Vama Marga? What and more importantly why do the Aghori do what they do? If we're gonna be talking about Roots, then let's not forget that ONA considers itself to be a Left Hand [Sinister] Path [Way]. If this is so then the Left Hand has roots into that Oriental soil in the ancient past. Start digging.

Before you can put an ONA into any kind of real "praxis," you first have to what what the hell it is inside and out. It is more than the philosophical tracks of AL, and more than Anti-Statism as assumed. There is the Traditional Satanism, the Code of Honour, Renunciation of Magian Ethos and their way of life, which includes the rejection of Nuclear Family structure for the more Human Clan family structure. All of this is actual ONA Culture which is Cultivable, which takes Time and Effort to manifest. No amount of belief, intellectualization, debate, philosophication, will ever materialize and actualize a Living Culture and Tradition. It will take a thousand years to Bare Fruit. Are you down with the aeonics of it. Or is it just a pass time. Are you down to play the game all the way, or is it just a Belief, a philosophy, or whatever? If Buddhism can do it: liberate a group of people from the samsara prison of Brahminical Ethos and have them manifest their own Living Culture where they cooperatively care for each other, can ONA liberate a few people from the samsara prison of Magian Ethos and have these few people over Time aeonically materialize their own cultures to care for their own people? It has nothing to do with believing and intellectualizing. Are you down

with going all the way with the game – upaya – or is it just a belief and identity tag you wear, yet you Do and Live life the exact same way as everybody else in America, don't you?

End Remarks

I didn't realize 4 subjects made 27 pages of stuff. I'll close this essay. No institution – not even ONA – has the answers to everything about Life. Life is just too big. Only Life itself has it's own answers. Things like ONA or Buddhism or Catholicism, or whatever are only wagons. They carry you to the source. It is up to you to drink. Like the saying that goes: “You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink.” Or as it is stated in the Hermetic mythos. In the beginning the Universal Mind after creating the world placed a cup of water in the center so that all who drank of it will Understand the mysteries of the world. Hermes asks the Universal Mind: “Why then is not everyone enlightened?” The Universal Mind said back: “Because I can make the world, and the cup, but I can't make everyone drink from it.”

Something like the ONA is only and merely a feeble commentary of the Book of Life. It slaps some sense into you and sets your feet firmly on the ground and tries to lead you in the experience of the Living World of Human Experience. The rest it up to you. Sambuddhi means to Educate Oneself to an Understanding of things. The Buddha can lead you into the forest and set you down by the river he sat by. But the rest is up to you. I can lead you to the college I went to where I learned many things, but the enrollment, the sticking to it for 4 years, and your own will to learn, is all up to you. That is all something like the ONA, or some Buddhism, or some “religion” should ever be: a Wagon [yana] which simply and merely leads you the Living person to the Living Source. You yourself must do the drinking. The Yana leads you to the Dhamma. The Wagon lead you to the Natural Phenomenon. Science is not the natural phenomenon itself. It leads the scientist to the Natural Phenomenon face to face. What becomes of you after that point is entirely up to you. Just make sure that the Wagon you are riding actually leads you to the Source. As opposed to leading you in a circle jerk of abstractions, idealisms, ideologies, and opinions given in lieu of Life Born Gnosis. Only Life Herself has Her own answers.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

2.19.123 yfayen

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Non Campos Tempus

Q. The meaning behind “Non Campos Tempus?”

A. It means that I essentially and boldly disagree with the Buddha when he stated that all things are transitory or temporary or do not last. It is true that Time [Kala in Sanskrit, from which comes Kali] devours everything in Nature, as Nature is her domain. So we see in symbolical drawing that Kali steps on a flaccid Shiva. This depiction of Kali stepping on a flaccid Shiva hints at a great Esoteric lesson to be apprehended by those with the vipassana and panna able to extract its insight.

Shiva is the Unmanifested. He does not belong in the Manifested realm. Thus the world of phenomena – the domain of Kali – is alien to the Unmanifested, so Shiva appears to be powerless. In this depiction he symbolizes MIND which is Emptiness and Unmanifested enthralled or grossly enchanted or “trapped” inside the Manifested Realm. “Non Campos Tempus” means “No Command of Time,” or Not Master of Time, but Mastered By Time.

Time changes and eventually destroys everything in Nature such that all things in Time's domain fades into oblivion as Time passes. When Mind is enthralled in the domain of Time, whatever it manifests, creates, expresses, in and onto this domain will thus fade with Time as well. In the same sense that if we were to build a sand castle on the beach that the ebb and flow of the ocean's tide will eventually annihilate all traces of our sand castle. Therefore there is perceived a futility or impotency when Mind asserts and exerts itself in an environment that is not it's own domain you see.

When we understand this simple Insight we can thus learn to Master Time, and not be Mastered by it.

Q. How does one evade the destruction of Time then?

A. By simply understanding that there are Two “domains” to Reality or the Cosmos: The Manifested/Causal which is subject to Time and causality; and the Unmanifested/Acausal which is beyond causal Time and beyond causality. On one level of understanding what we mean by “Manifested” is the world in front of your eyes. By Unmanifested we mean the world behind your eyes.

You see, the Buddha himself may have existed as a man in the world in front of our eyes. And existing in Time’s domain he has been devoured by the tides of Time. But he was wise enough to cause himself to exist inside the world behind our eyes – the Mind – such that for 2,500 years he not only still exists in the minds of 400 million people, but he still wields and yields his influence on the Manifested Causal domain.

Did not Muhammad do the same also circa 600AD? Does not Muhammad still have the force and power to influence our Causal Reality and people as if he were still with us? He may have passed away as we all do in Life. But that passing was irrelevant because he still - from behind the Minds he dwells in – continues to expand Islam, expand his civilization, create new civilizations, wage wars, destroy infidel civilizations, up till our present era. He has thus Mastered Time.

If we understand esoterically that the Manifested world we see outside our eyes is illusion, then Mind is the “un-illusion.” If we understand esoterically that all things in Manifested Reality fades away in Time, then Mind is Timeless.

As much blood and force Alexander the Great and his army exerted onto the Manifested world to forge himself an empire, that empire did not last and was annihilated by Time. Thus all that blood and force was futile. As futile as strenuously using all your effort and might to build yourself the biggest and tallest sand castle on the beach.

How is it that a human like Muhammad, someone like Jesus or Buddha, can manifest themselves civilizations, hundreds of kingdoms, influence billions of people across Time without much effort, but Alexander and Genghis Khan with much effort were never able to replicate these results?

It’s the same end results you see? Empire, Influence, Evolution of Humanity. It is not the force that is applied. The Art Of War tells us that a war can be won without much force so long as Intelligence [and subversion] is applied. The difference as to why Alexander and Genghis were futile in their effort and why Muhammad and Buddha continues to influence and manifest civilizations is a matter of WHERE they are building the Foundation or Base of their Empires: In the domain of Time, or in a Timeless domain?

These Mundanes – Anariya – being entranced by Materialism fail to understand that what Material world they are perceiving and experiencing has its essential foundation in Mind. As Within, So Without. This is the very esoteric fundamental of Wyrd and Causality. Our Thought influences our emotions, our emotions governs our actions, those actions bears fruit. Such that what first began as Thoughts inside one’s Mind, truly does manifest as what you will observe and experience.

Everything that we know of the modern world we all exist in – from streets, to cars, to skyscrapers, to computers, to the clothes you wear, to the wars we fight, to the republics we are citizens of, to rovers on Mars – literally first began as an Idea/Meme in someone’s Mind. Can you not see the sheer influence and power that Mind genuinely has over Matter? Mind is the only thing impervious to Time, and from it our Causal Reality arises for us to experience. If you understand everything that has been said, then you will have gained a new appreciation for that old saying that goes: “The pen is mightier than the sword.” In other words Memes are more creative than force.

Q. Would you say that the ONA has come to understand this subject?

A. Most definitely. It even has a name for it: Aeonic Strategy – or at other times this Insight is referred as Aeonic Magick, sometime Future Magick. Nowhere is this more exemplary then in the life of David Myatt and his writings, who is alleged and believed by some in the ONA to be the fountainhead of ONA insights. As a recent piece by Richard Stirling [of Reichsfolk] states:

“So, in my view, we have to understand whatever Myatt writes, about himself, in the time-scale of centuries, as if he’s

writing for a future audience, centuries, or more, from now.

Same with the ONA – which many of us consider to be a Myatt creation, although he denies it, and will undoubtedly continue to deny it. For the ONA is not primarily concerned with recruiting lots of people, now; not primarily concerned with having lots of supporters and lots of sycophantic followers, now, in the present. Instead, it's concerned with achieving some pretty specific long term goals; with seeding certain sinister concepts, certain sinister themes, a certain mythos, into people's consciousness, and even into their unconscious. That is, manufacturing new archetypes; spreading new memes; being heretical and subversive on the practical level.

Thus, Myatt himself – in my view – has his eyes set firmly on the future. So, he's not the least bit concerned how he's perceived, now. He's not the least bit concerned about what mundanes think or believe about him. In fact, I'm guessing he's quite pleased with all those Moacs out there, in cyberland, who keep writing about him, who have blogorrhea and cyberorrhea and mediaorrhea because of him.” – Richard Stirling, Aeon Strategy – Understanding Myatt & The ONA

So it can be seen that Myatt has learned – Dis-Covered – something insightful and crucial during the past 40 years. Where in the beginnings of his “career” he may have used force and inspired others to use force to bring about Causal change. But now we can see that his strategy has shifted from the impermanent to the permanent: From Matter to Mind. And this realization that building a foundation with memes in the Minds of people is more permanent and lasting only comes with direct experience, of trial and error, and mistakes made in the past, and Insights learned from such errors and mistakes.

This indeed makes Myatt all the more dangerous as a person. For although in Life a man deemed a threat to the status quo can be stopped, and Time can bring mortal death, Memes are phantoms that cannot be stopped, and once taken root in a Mind, will duplicate Myatt's effort. In the same sense that although Muhammad is no longer a mortal being, and although war is being waged against his Islamic Civilization he has manifested: the Meme of Jihad is unstoppable. You can arrest and stop a person, who has been influenced, inspired, affected, infected by the Jihad Meme, but this Meme will keep on replicating itself and spreading, and from that spreading is causal effort duplicated.

Duplication of causal effort is the key to building a Foundation in the realm of Mind so that over time the causal realm is affected and changed. Thus a Meme or memplex which has the power to inspire or influence the Mind it lives in to act in behaviour, application, praxis, and deed becomes a potent Meme whose creative force transcends Time and the passing of human generations. From such Memes and/or Memplexes is born Empire.

It is from the memplex the Buddha manufactured that gave birth to the civilizations of East and Southeast Asia, which inspires, influences, evolves over a billion humans and billions of humans in the past. It is the memplex Muhammad manufactured, housed in his Holy Qu'ran, that has materialized over Time – rather than be devoured by Time – the Islamic Civilizations, which has inspired, influenced, and evolved billions of human lives, and those countless humans that have come and gone in the region across time. That is True Empire. True Power. The Power to evolve billions and billions of human lives towards new heights and states of being. An Empire of billions and billions of souls impervious to Time. How does the empire of Genghis Khan or Alexander the Great even compare?

In this Light, we can even ask: How great and influential is the civilization of America and its memes? For it has only been in existence as an entity for roughly 300 years. Should it fall 200 years from now, will its ideals, its politics, its capitalism, its hubris way of life continue to inspire and influence human lives onward towards greater potential? Or will it be forgotten as it is crushed under the foot of Kali?

Myatt – and the ONA – is now focused on the Minds of the future: the Unborn. For the minds of today are all constipated with their own opinions, conviction, and worldviews, which will die with the bodies that houses these minds of these present generations. It is the countless Minds of those yet to be born that are blank canvases, onto which a Master Artist learns to paint his masterpiece. For on such a Timeless and Unmanifested medium – a medium which is the source of causal reality – can any creation be permanent.

What Unborn Minds and Unmanifested Generations will come in the distant future, will undoubtedly look back into the past – our old aeon – and see and understand for themselves the treachery, tyranny, stagnation, exploitation, and destructive nature of what we today call Nation-States has/had on the human species and Nature.

Thus, in the same way that what people out there go out of their way to hate Myatt and write their discontentments about him are actually only helping us create our Mythos for a future generation; so to are these Nation-States helping

us create our mythos just by simply existing and manifesting their destructive causal fruits on this earth and our species. For there will come a Time when the Human Race will become Mature enough to look back at this dark age of ours and know what needs to be known. And from that knowing – that realization and desire to evolve and grasp for greater states of existence – they will reach for the stars and some during this distant future will resonate with the ONA and with the Life and Vision that a man named Myatt once lived. In the same way how some of us are inspired and influenced in Mind by a man and his vision that once lived long ago named Faust.

Q. How does Kulamagga (Kulachara) relate to Aeonix Strategy?

A. Shakti once asked Shiva to teach her the most powerful magic/tantra he knew. Shiva said to Shakti that Kulachara is the greatest and most powerful of all tantras and magic and that it is to be kept a secret from the unthinking mass. In the ancient past the words Vamachara and Kulachara were fungible and interchangeable terms which expressed the same essence. It is only today that this greatest of tantra – Kulamagga in Pali meaning “Way of Tribes” – is forgotten or repressed due to Magian Ethos. What passes as vamamarga today is a safe “hinduized” form that is far different from the Vamamarga of the ancient Mon-Khmer Shaktas.

If we look at a Clan/Tribe in its most basic aspect we will begin to understand why Kulachara was said by Shiva to be the most powerful of all magic and tantra. A tribe basically is just a group of males and females who live together to better their chance of survival. The males essentially have sperm, and the females essentially give birth to new people, and those new people are born into the tribe. Those new people come out of the womb as blank slates onto which the mother or father or clan impresses onto that blank slate the tribe’s language, culture, and tradition. So thus, with each birth of a new generation, the memeplex of the tribe jumps from older generation to newer generation. This way, when the older generation dies, the memeplex – the culture, tradition, language, beliefs, mythos, way of life – of the tribe still lives and survives in the minds of the new generation. This is very elementary.

Because of the fact that people have off spring, pass memes to such progeny, grow old and die, and this cycle is repeated: memeplexes transcends Time. Because memeplexes transcends Time, such immortal memeplexes thus has in all frames of Time – eras, centuries, millennia – have the potential; via the people it lives in/through; to influence and effect causal reality. This is also simple. But as with Nature, all things on a fundamental level in Nature are simple such as the simple few elements of the Periodic Table and the simple composition of atoms. What gives such simple fundamental components of Nature such power and realism is the coherency of these fundamental parts.

The basic composition of a tribe and that of a group of random people are the same: People. The difference is the cohesion and coherency. In the realm of atomic Nature, atomic and electromagnetic force and laws brings atoms together into coherent structures. On the human level, memes brings people together. Memes influences how we think and perceive the world: in essence memes charges the Mind with a certain quality such that other minds of like quality resonates with each other. And this resonance factor brings such people together into a coherent structure.

Coming together into a coherent group is not the final fruit or result of a memeplex. The memeplex of Buddha or Muhammad in their early periods of life did bring people together into a coherent structure. But once that cohesion has been established, the real work begins: the work of molding causal reality to the will of the coherent group. Thus territory is acquired and maintained, temples and structures constructed, farms and irrigation created, armies made to defend and spread the will of the group such that over Time Empire comes into existence.

It is from an evolutionary perspective – that of the progression and evolution of the Human Species – that Empire/Civilization has its most greatest potential. Because nothing else on earth has so much influence over a people then Civilization.

So you see, a single tantra, or meme of magick, or teaching may have the power to inspire and influence one or two people and change their lives; but through a tribe – over Time – that same tantra, magick, and teaching has the immense power to literally change the entire earth’s face and influence billions and billions of Lives. Hence, Kulamagga is esoterically said to be the most powerful tantra/magic. The kula/clan/tribe itself is thus a nexus of a memeplex, and that nexus thus is a nexion through which – over Time – is born Empire and massive influence.

According to current genetic findings, all 7 billion humans alive today came from a small group of Homo Sapiens of about 10,000 that once lived somewhere in the Horn of Africa. Something in our species’ past caused a near extinction in our species so that only about 10,000 survived circa 13,000 years ago. In the course of 13,000 years that small band of 10,000 humans became the 7 billion humans alive today.

So if we did a thought experiment and placed 10,000 ONA Initiates on a hypothetical planet and waited for 13,000 years, we would have 7 billion Dreccians. Can you think of the possibilities with 7 billion Dreccs and a living ONA Culture whose basic aim is Galactic Empire? But we don't have to have a hypothetical planet and we already have our 10,000 Initiates: The Unborn of the future, and those of the 7 billion of today who resonates with the memplex of the ONA and with the writings and Life of David Myatt.

The ONA, and Myatt's Reichsfolk and his Numinous Way have already constructed a memplex that collects people of like resonance into Sinister Tribes, Clans, and small communities. All we have to do is wait, work on living the Way of Clans, and further refine our memes.

There is another causal benefit to kulamagga which was why it was said to be a secret kept from the mass. It is understandable that an organized and coherent group of people pooling their energy and resources is more potent causally than an incoherent mass of people. And usually the incoherent mass is usually dominated and exploited by the organized kulas, which is their causal reward.

If we closely observe our own human history we will see that what we today call Nation-States only came into existence and grew in power when the secrets of kulachara or Tribes were forced out of people by Magian Ethos. When we understand this, we will come to understand that kulamagga, or the Way of Tribes and Clans is not just something to believe in, but is a Methodology, a Sadhana, and tantra. It just does absolutely nothing to believe in or disagree with Tribalism. Tribalism must be lived and experienced as a Way of Life. In living this Way of Life the monopoly of power of the Nation-State is weakened, with each new clan and tribe.

It will be through tribes, clans, and small communities which shares a common Myattian Culture and Vision, which have the reproductive discipline and coherency to imbue each of its emerging generation with that same Culture and Vision, that the Aeon Strategy of the ONA will most potently be expressed through over Time. But for this to happen, we must learn methods of teaching and imbuing our progeny with our Ethos, Culture, and Vision. Currently this is a major weakness of ours which must be addressed sooner or later.

Q. Name a few things that can be done by us today to help the ONA.

A. Myatt can continue to live his Life as he has been living for the past 40 years making his very Life an example and aspect of the mythos. He can continue to write for Reichsfolk and The Numinous Way. Anton Long and others can continue to write for the ONA, to fill our memplex with more insights, more sinister fiction, more culture, more, rites, more clan oriented ideas.

Others in the ONA can and must continue to create their poetry, painting and art, and music. A culture without art, and music will not have the power to captivate a people's hearts and Minds to inspire resonance. Insights and teachings and rites alone cannot do it.

Outsiders can continue to attack Myatt for in doing so, they only help generate the mythos. If Myatt were genuinely "pathetic" and "diminutive," and insignificant people wouldn't be writing books and articles about him, his writings wouldn't be used and quoted on ONA and Jihadist websites. And lunatics wouldn't be spending 3-4 years running around the internet and obsessing over Myatt.

The greatest thing we can do now that is in our power to actualize it to apply the praxis of the ONA, Reichsfolk, and the Numinous Way in our Lives and to live the Way of Tribes with each other, with those who resonate with our "aura" that will find their way to us, and to vow to raise our own children in this Numinous Clannish Culture of ours, so that what progeny we bare will always have that Myattian Ethos of reaching for greater heights.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Seven ONA Fundamentals

THESIS

Q: What is the ONA?

A: Anton Long once called it an “Intimation.” I call it an approximation.

Q: An Intimation or Approximation of what?

A: Of something wordless. A kind of phenomenon or aspect of the Cosmic Body of Phenomena [dharmakaya]. When we speak of the actual “is-ness” of Natural occurring phenomena, or phenomena of Nature, we are dealing with something that has been around long before we humans ever evolved. That’s what I mean when I say “wordless,” having existed before our species put things into words and writing. We often forget that the world and Cosmos was here before us. Most oft we almost unconsciously assume or assume-project our human words and thoughts out into the world and believe that such phenomenal world is made of the fabric of our own words, urban apprehension, and weltanschauung. When we experience or observe such ancient and primeval phenomena, we apprehend such phenomena first in our human thought which is flawed or weak [being the product of a three pound brain], then we degenerate such thought further into words of our various human languages. Hence the descriptors “Intimation,” or “approximation.” For our words and thought are only in reality feeble intimations, feeble human verbal approximation of that which is ancient, pre-human, and primal. The words and the thoughts or ideation such words carry are not the primal essence. Thus, when I say that the ONA is an “intimation” or “approximation” of a “Primal Essence,” or a “Sinister Essence,” those wording and the thoughts they evoke are only feeble apprehensions of a “Something” that has Been, that has Pulsated, that has Undulated in and of the Cosmic Body of Phenomena long before our species set foot on this earth, and this “Something” will continue to Be, Crawl, Haunt, long after we are gone.

Q: What do you mean by “Primal Essence” or “Sinister Essence?”

A: I mean the Crawling Darkness, the hair that stands on the back of your neck, the leaping of hearts, the flush of adrenaline, the beating of tribal drums, the frenzy dance of feral humans around a fire, the spear piercing a chest, the war cry, the scream of terror, the eating of human flesh, head hunters beheading foes, the smell of fear in the darkness of jungles. I mean that Unknown Dark we fear and despise, which we make our religions and gods to give us a sense of safety and protection from. Like children clutching onto a teddy bear to the feel of crawling nothingness in the dark. I mean that Unknown Dark that haunts the depths of our collective psyche, that haunts even our unconscious dreams.

I mean that Dark Something that overtakes a mass of warriors screaming for blood, lost, enraptured in Primeval Darkness. Oblivious to life and loved ones, running to slaughter and to be slaughter. How does one put that Essence, that Phenomenon, that Primal Nature into words? That Primal Nature has been here before us. It has possessed our species since the dawn of our race. Its signature is clawed into the whole history of our species. Our Human history is a literal succession of blood, war, sacrifice, slaughter, murder, plunder, rape, exploitation, domination. We all Flow with the Primal Force of Darkness; or we all “know” – intuit – that this Dark Essence is “there.” We feel it. We fear it. It is nameless, wordless. It is experienced. As all phenomena of the greater Body of Phenomena is experienced, intuited, empathetically felt. Whatever words or forms we try to express this crawling dark in is merely an intimation, an imitation, a rough sketch drawn by the hands of one person. Expressed through the mind of one person.

Q: In what other way is this Sinister Essence intimated in the ONA?

A: At times the ONA refers to this Dark as “The Sinister.” It is the “Dark” which we try to Presence. At times we refer

to the various “currents” and archetypes that composes The Sinister via our Mythos as “The Dark Ones,” or “The Dark Gods.” We feebly try to explain the act of our expressing The Sinister, manifesting The Sinister, Precensing The Dark, living in tune to that Dark Essence, allowing that crawling Dark to possess us, as “The Dark Tradition,” or as “The Sinister Tradition.” And sometimes we feebly – exoterically – intimate this, approximate this Essence, as “Satanism.”

Q: What is Satanism in the ONA?

A: [Satanism](#) in the ONA is a manufactured outer shell, a construction of wordful attempts at humanizing what is not human. An intellectualization of what is not of human intelligence. Satanism as the ONA understands it is a Causal Form of that wordless Dark Phenomena, or that aspect of the greater Body of Phenomena. It is an amalgamation of human words and thoughts born from feeling, intuiting, and knowing The Sinister via our Dark-Empathy and Acausal Knowing. For those of the ONA, Satanism in and of itself, is not the Essence, not the true actuality, not the phenomenal reality itself. It is a means, a vehicle, a Way of expressing, conveying, the Essence. It doesn't matter what it is exoterically called if we understand and intuit The Sinister. And so how we of the ONA understand Satanism becomes a test and marker to differentiate between those who can see and understand the Essence beneath the Form. As Anton Long puts it simply:

“The second test concerns the nature of what is termed “Satanism” and what we, of the ONA, call “the sinister”. If they accept or understand “Satanism” as something which can be divided up into categories, such as “theistic” or “atheistic” – and especially if they accept that someone called LaVey “founded modern Satanism” – then they have failed. Furthermore, if they do not understand or do not accept or do not feel that being “sinister” means being sinister on a practical, amoral, level – in the real world by deeds done – then they have also failed our test. [1]”

Q: What is Sinister Nature?

A: When “The Sinister” lives or flows in a person, such that this person exists in a state of Harmony with The Dark Primal Essence, this person can be said to possess a “Sinister Nature.” This Sinister Nature presences or expresses itself through such person's Being in thought, emotion, word, action, and Ethos. Sinister Nature is thus something that you have. It is a quality or “type” of person that you are. You cannot teach a person how to have Sinister Nature. In the same sense that you cannot teach or give a Warrior ethos to a random person and make him a soldier. In the same sense that you cannot teach somebody how to be suave and romantic. All you can do is give a person the intimation, the imitation, the worded approximation of the Formless so that the person gains a feel for the Essence. All one can do is Guide and show such person a Way or Methodology for such person to directly experience The Sinister himself/herself. For all phenomena in Nature must be apprehended by direct association, direct experience, direct and personal observation. And so the ONA's Satanism is the Way and Methodology by which the Initiate of the Sinister Tradition is guided slowly into the Dark, to experience the Sinister Essence directly and personally.

Q: The manner in which you explained guiding an Initiate into the Dark side of Life, does this have parallels outside of the West?

A: Most of the time in the East it is called things like Vama Marga, Vamachara, or, Kulachara; or in other words, what I tried to explain above is the very essence of the ancient and traditional Left Hand Path of the Orient. Vama means “Left,” but in some dialects of Sanskrit it also means “Female.” This alluded to Uma Shakti in ancient times who was the Female Left-Side half of Ardhanari. Shiva being the male right side. It was believed originally by the Mon-Khmer Shaktas in ancient times that Primal Nature was symbolically gynandromorphic; having both “male” and “female” aspects in one single body. This was so because it symbolized that Primal Nature - being both genders – is thus Self-Creating and Self-Perpetuating. That Primal Nature literally copulates itself to regenerate itself continuously. Thus sex was seen as the living aperture or vortex through which Primal Nature renews itself.

In ancient times it was believed that the Right “male” half Shiva – known in those times by the Dravidians and Mon-Khmer as “An” and “Kumara” – was the Unmanifested Life Force. The Left female half Shakti - known as Uma and Kumari – was the condensation of this Life Force manifested as the world of phenomena. From this two school of living Life emerged. The Right Handed Path school believed that the world of phenomena was intrinsically evil and an illusory prison of the spirit. The methodology of the Right Handed Path was to reject mortal existence, and strive to transcend the world so that the spirit can merge with the Unmanifested.

The Left Handed Path school of thought believed that it is natural that spirit or Life Force condensates as matter and flesh, thus there was nothing wrong with mortal existence. Mortal existence was believed to be a theater of learning

where the newly individualized spirit becomes flesh to learn what Life is. Just because you are alive, does not mean you know what Life is or where it came from or why it is here. Except as a finite causal being, Life and Nature and Natural Phenomena was like a vast primeval ocean. The only way to know Life is to directly submerge into this primeval ocean and struggle to experience every aspect, state, condition, and phenomena of Life. To ride every wave and current in other words.

Thus instead of rejecting Life, the Initiate of the ancient Left Path lived a Life in which the Initiate went on a Quest to “shock” his consciousness awake from the moment and illusion of the Now by struggling to personally experience both the enjoyable Light side of Life, as well as the dangerous and fearful dark side of life. By “shock” I mean that the Initiate will force itself to physically experience and break all taboos and social norms to “shock” or shake itself free from its illusion of the mundane limits consciousness and thus gain Illumination from directly experiencing such phenomena and acts. And so we have many sects and methodologies of the Left Path such as the Kapalas and the Aghoris who may be the two most familiar in the West. For example the Aghori Initiate lives a long life on a Quest to experience every phenomena of the Dark side of Life. He will live in cemeteries, eat dead human flesh, perform human sacrifice, etc. These acts of shocking oneself free from the grip of the illusions of consciousness is not a permanent way of life. These acts are just a means to an end. The End being that at the End of the Initiate’s Left Path Quest, his unconscious true self is shocked and shaken free from the illusion of consciousness and thus come to Realize inside the Nature and Essence of Reality beyond the veils of consciousness. For the conscious mind is the very veil and factor of illusion that restricts the power of the unconscious self from knowing the totality of what is the Greater Reality. For this world we exist in is only a small part and aspect of a Reality or Body of Phenomena which is much larger. By “larger” I mean a Reality beyond the limitations of causal space and causal time, of which this “reality” we are consciously aware of is only a minor phenomenon of. Reality - or rather the Cosmic Body of Phenomena - is not an illusion; consciousness - the conscious mind/self/ego - is the factor of illusion.

So now, if you understand the essence of the Left Path Quest, that it is a means of a human being to shake itself free of the grip of consciousness to Realize the greater reality beyond, we will thus come to understand the basic reasoning or logic behind Right Path methodology. The methodology of the Right Path – because it reject Life – seeks to constrict or restrict consciousness within a fixed “Nowness” or in other words, it seeks to fixate consciousness on “things” in the same way that a dog is tied to a tree so that it cannot wonder to experience the rest of the forest. This act of fixation of consciousness which is the methodology of all Right Paths can be seen in such things as idol worship for example where the conscious mind is fixated on a finite statue. This Right Path methodology can be seen expressed in its methods of adoration of written books, of constructed temples, of veneration of gurus, in the glorification and deification of myths over natural phenomena, of conscious fixation to strict rules of living, of the fixation of the conscious mind on external mythic gods and deities. For all these things perpetuates consciousness and fixates consciousness to things in front of it which it can lose itself in. Consciousness is the veil which separates us from what is Reality.

In the same sense that the amniotic sack a fetus comes into mortal existence inside of is a literal Veil that covers the fetus and separates it from what is beyond this veil. We thus see that when this fetus is “born” into the world outside its womb it breaks free from this Veil which once covered it for nine month. And so, in mystic circles the world over, Divine Illumination is sometimes expressed as a “Second Birth.” This second birth is the breaking of the Veil of mortal and mundane consciousness out of which the unconscious self – the psyche, the citta – enters the greater world Beyond. It may be hard for a Westerner to grasp the idea that consciousness is a veil or what causes the illusion of mortal unknowingness. To illustrate we can imagine that you were born with a magnifying glass glued to your eyes, such that you spend your whole life viewing and apprehending life as images seen through this magnifying glass. Being conditioned to apprehend life and existence via that magnifying glass you Believe that the image you see with it is reality, unconscious of the blurry stuff around you. And so you may even believe that consciousness and reality are the same phenomena, or two sides of the same things. It is not until you shake yourself free from this magnifying glass, that you slowly realize that the world is much bigger then the images seen on the lens of the magnifying glass. That magnifying glass is consciousness, as it is the function of consciousness to focus and fixate. Consciousness or mundane awareness with abstractions are the fetters one must shake oneself free of. This consciousness is like the outer shell of an egg or seed. We come into this causal existence with this shell. As the rootling or chick must struggle to break free from its shell, the individuated entity - a distinct manifestation of the Living Cosmos which we are - must grow out of its conscious shell by shaking free from its confines.

Q: Is there a leader or a single authoritative source in the ONA?

A: There simply cannot be if we genuinely understand what The Sinister is. It is a wordless essence and phenomena of Life and Nature. No one single person has the true and correct apprehension of this Sinister Essence. It is like the essence and phenomenon of human love, to which relationships is the exoteric Form of. Who is the “leader” of the human phenomenon of Love? What single person knows so much about Love that they are some authority of the phenomenon of Love? We each experience Love directly. And we each have our own intimations, apprehensions, and understandings of this phenomenon. We each put our own personal experiences of Love into our own words as a way of sharing or trying to share what we experience of it. There is no leader or authoritative source. There are just other people who may have experienced more of it than you. Who may have had their hearts broken more than you. Who may have lasted longer in a marriage than you. It’s like Life. Who is the leader or spokes person of Life? Nobody. That’s a ridiculous notion. Who is the leader and authoritative source of dogma of the phenomenon of gravity? Nobody is. It’s a phenomenon that naturally occurs in Nature for god’s sake. There may be scientists who have dedicated a lot of time to understanding the phenomenon of gravity, whose insights may be worth listening to.

It’s like Einstein. There exists a phenomena in nature which was wordless. Einstein dedicated some of his time to apprehending this phenomenon. He gave it a name: Relativity. He came up with theories to better understand it. He tried to describe it using mathematics for other to understand. So we can say that Einstein “presented relativity” into the world. He didn’t create relativity, he just presented it to others. Gradually others came and learned to understand it like he did. Those others who understood the theory and mathematics eventually become on equal terms with Einstein, equally understanding relativity as he did. Einstein is not the leader of relativity and every physicist who understands relativity is equally a knowledgeable “authority” on the theory. And then from the theory of relativity other theories developed, other fields or forms of scientific disciplines developed. This is how the ONA is. There can be no leaders or single source of authoritative information. The ONA is just a “university” which puts the Initiate into the laboratory of human experience and the phenomenal world so that they can directly experience and observe The Sinister to experiment with and duplicate experiences, thus gaining their own understandings of The Sinister.

ANTITHESIS

Q: Who are the Mundanes?

A: Those who are not of us are mundane, plain and simple. By “Of Us,” I don’t here necessarily mean a person who is bona fide ONA. I mean our “kind,” those who understand existence similar to how we do. Those who live their life similar to us. Those who resonates with the Sinister Essence. Those who live in Harmony with, in tune to, in empathy with Nature and Others around them. Those with a natural ethos of Honour. Such people are “our kind” whether they are “ONA” or not. The ONA is just an amalgamation of such “kind” bound together by a common mythos and Way of Life.

Mundanes, are mundane. In Buddhism they are called the “Anariya,” meaning the “worldly,” the “ignoble.” Mundane coming from the Latin “Mundus” meaning “World.” The Mundanes are those that are enthralled by the mundane world. Or more specifically, Mundanes are those people who are spellbound, enthralled, transfixed, mesmerized, in/by the mundane world via their mundane consciousness who do not have the power to break free to apprehend and understand – via intuition and empathy – the greater world beyond mundane reality.

And so, being Mundane, like their Right Path ancestors of olden times, these Mundanes preoccupy their time or are only aware of such causal mundane things as gods, religions, holy books, doctrines, dogma, leaders, gurus, statues, ego, churches, words, etc. Their consciousness are fixated onto these causal forms and with such they construct abstract worlds, paradigms, and worldviews, which further imprisons their consciousness in a coffin of their own words, beliefs, and assumption.

These Mundanes are ignoble. They have no Honour. They have no manners. No respect for their elders. No bond with their family and kin. No sense of loyalty for anything but the abstractions which captivates their mundane minds. Duty is an alien concept. Blood comradeship is alien to them. By blood comradeship I mean to describe the bond, the relationship, the companionship that exists between to brothers, two best friends, two soldiers on the battle field who live for one another in times of piece, and who would without second thought die with each other or for one another in times of war. These Mundanes can barely maintain a healthy functional marriage with their spouse. Mundanes lack Empathy. They are Heart-Blind to the world and to people. They cannot feel or intuit a connection with others. And so from this Heart-Blindness they are prone to mistreating and abusing others and Nature. The Mundanes are basal, mechanical organic machines. They have no numinous or organic awareness of who or what their Self is. Instead they grasp for abstract ideologies, superficial labels, and trinkets of belief to make into a substitute Self-Identity for their

egos.

As Anton Long puts it: *“The reality of these our causal-times is that we are at war with the mundanes, and this war is both a practical one, and an esoteric one involving our Dark, esoteric, Arts.*

“One of the reasons for this war is that we are in direct conflict because the aims of the mundanes are mundane, while our aims are a manifestation of the sinister-numen. Another reason is that the mundanes have constructed tyrannical systems – governments, government agencies (such as the Police), and societies – which now exist to enforce and ensure, by the threat or the use of physical force, mundane-ness, and which tyrannical systems demand and enforce the collection of taxes in order to perpetuate their own mundane tyrannical existence. Another reason is that the mundanes have manufactured lifeless, un-numinous, abstractions – ideas, theories, -isms and -ologies – which enshrine mundane-ness and which abstractions keep the majority in thrall. [2]”

Q: What is a Nation-State?

A: A Mundane Farm in which Mundanes are bred and raised like cattle to the benefit of their overlords. The Nation-State is an abstract imposition. It is regime which maintains and monopolized power. The Nation-State is held together with abstract secular ideologies. The Law and Order of a Nation-State is established to maintain the structure of the system. Usually Mundanes legislate the laws and Mundanes vote such laws into effect. We sometimes refer to the “entity” or incorporation of overlords of a Nation-State as the Magian Occupied Regime & Government or “the M.O.R.G.” The MORG is both the enemy and prison.

What we call a “Nation-State” is just an abstract concept no different than what “The Church” was to medieval Christendom. Both had power-regimes. Both used abstract ideologies to mesmerize the populous. Both used force and punishment to subjugate the populous. But today Religion or The Church is powerless, and so because of current condition, we can objectively understand the difference between religions old world temporal rule, and its powerless state of existence today. No police force enforces Religious laws. No military follows the command of the Vatican any longer. This is only because it took a thousand years to educate the mass about their personal freedom and liberty. Thus only when the populous realized an alternative to Christendom – Democracy – did they gradually struggle to leave the old world order for that alternative.

David Myatt presents an alternative to the modern Nation-State: *“I suggest small, rural, communities, which co-operate with, and which trade with, other local communities for their own mutual benefit. That is, a return to what is human; to the human-scale-of-things, and a moving-forward to a simple, ethical, letting-be based upon personal honour. This letting-be means that we concern ourselves with ourselves, and our immediate family and community - that we do not embark upon some abstract "crusade" in some foreign land where we desire to impose ourselves, our ways, upon others, and upon other cultures, and that we do not seek to expand at the expense of others, causing thus suffering to others. It means that we are reasonably content, and view our lives as a nexion, a connexion to Nature, to the Cosmos, and to that acausal existence which we may possibly achieve if we live, in this causal existence, in the right, in an ethical, way.*

“The abolition of the State and the nation - of impersonal, remote, governments, of tyrants, of impersonal laws and of the taxes imposed by these - would be a liberation, a return to genuine freedom and honour. It would be an evolutionary step - not a retrograde one. Of course, there would be problems, in such a change, but the most important thing is for us, as individuals, to begin the process, the personal change, that is necessary. From this, the social change will follow in its own way, in its own "Time": gently, without causing any more suffering, and without individuals acting in a dishonourable way. [3]”

Q: What is Magian or who are the Magian?

A: When we say “Magian” we mean the way of life, the paradigm, the worldview, the causal abstractions founded upon and/or born from the un-numinous Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, which are the bastard children of the ancient Right Hand Path. The essence of these Right Hand Path religions is collectively called the “Magian Ethos.” Any human who has this Magian Ethos – whatever their ethnicity – is Magian. Although most of the Magian are Homo Hubris. Magian Ethos is thus understood as the opposite of The Sinister. For this same Sinister Essence of Nature is the mother and source of the ancient Left Hand Path Traditions, as well as the Mother and source of the ONA.

The most destructive memetic-program within the Magian Ethos & Weltanschauung is the way of life called the “Nuclear Family.” The Nuclear Family is an un-numinous or deformed expression of human nature. It is the end

product of natural human tribes and clans beings systematically broken down into segregated family units. Thus, without a tribe or clan to depend and rely on, the mundane family becomes dependent on the State, the Corporations, the Banks, and the MORG. Today we currently see a further degradation of this family unit being further broken down into dysfunctional families, single parent households, and fully individualized units. This distortion of human nature – the natural way humans live and have lived – only exists in the Magian West. Outside the West almost all humans live in large clans of kin and close friends, as well as in communitarian tribes. The most disgusting and despicable end result of this Western Hubris way of life is the throwing away of old people and elders to die forgotten in convalescent homes. This is the just reward of the individualized Westerner after all his years of toiling for his beloved State: to die alone in a nursing home. No culture or people outside the dishonourable West does this. The clan takes care of its elders who die naturally around their loved ones in our homes.

SYNTHESIS

Q: What is the Sinister Dialectic?

A: *“The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic strategy - that is, (a) the use of Black Magick to change individuals/events on a significant scale; (b) to gain control and influence; and (c) the use of Satanic forms (individuals/influence etc.) to produce/provoke changes.*

“This strategy, and the tactics involved to achieve it, is esoteric - and its learning forms an important part of noviciate training. Satanic strategy has its ground or foundation in Aeonics - Aeonics providing a means of rationally studying the patterns, processes and energies, both causal and acausal, which do and have shaped individuals and their groupings from societies to civilizations. Further, Aeonics provides a means of interpreting recent events/trends and can predict (within certain limits) future patterns. [4]”

A practical method of Sinister Strategy is to first establish a known aim, objective, goal, or end result congruent to the essence of Sinister Dialectic. Once the end goal has been established the Initiate works backwards to determine what steps, tactics, memes, and forms will be needed to actualize that end goal. Then the Initiate works – in deed and action – forward to execute each step. Thus Sinister Strategy involves the synthesis of new forms or “Causal Forms.”

Q: What is a Causal Form?

A: A Causal Form is a vehicle, means, method which carries or conveys the Essence. For example Natural Phenomena is the wordless Essence, and Scientific Fields such as chemistry, astronomy, quantum physics, etc are the Causal Forms. Dharmakaya is the wordless Essence of the Cosmic Body of Phenomena; and Theravada, Mahayana, and Vajrayana are the Causal Forms which carries that Essence in human language and thought. The Form is an intimation, imitation, or approximation of the wordless Essence and Phenomena. Forms attempting to intellectualize, conceptualize, present the Essence will and do vary. The Satanism of the ONA itself is a Causal Form of The Sinister. The Dark Mythos of the ONA is a Causal Form of the same Sinister Essence. The Form is not the Essence. The Form should lead one to directly experience the Essence.

Forms are also useful and needed tools to help materialize the objectives and end goals of the ONA. If the objective is a future disruption of Nation-States, the Initiate must learn to manufacture and engineer subversive forms now to spread subversive memes that will eventually actualize such end goals. If the enemy of the ONA is the Magian, then the Initiate of the ONA should understand that manufacturing new forms that counter-acts Magian Ethos will subvert in time that Magian Ethos. Thus Satanism is one useful and needed form to subvert Magian Ethos, but it is not and should not be the only form. The Western populous today is very open to foreign memplexes such as Buddhism and Vedanta. Thus it should be understood that engineering new forms of Buddhism and Vedanta impregnated with subversive memes, will gradually infect such social groups in the enemy and so disrupt Magian Ethos. It must be also understood that creating forms using Magian memes does not subvert or disrupt the coherency of Magian Ethos but only perpetuates and strengthens that coherency and ethos. How so?

To illustrate let us say a young Initiate of the ONA desiring to create a causal form manufactures an anti-Semitic form. This causal form the young inexperienced Initiate actually utilizes Magian memes which are native to Magian Weltanschauung. In other words all the inexperienced Initiate did was take the meme “Jew” and add the emotive meme “hate” to it. Our inexperienced Initiate may be successful at causing some people who associate with his form to dislike Jews, but that very same sentiment will eventually cause the Jews to come together in a more coherent manner to resist such anti-Semitism. The concept is akin to a Jew and an anti-Jew chasing each other in a circle. In

that circular chase, both are chasing each other and both are reacting to each other, and both are still inside the Magian Weltanschauung. Nothing is thus really disrupted or subverted.

The idea is to engineer causal forms which introduces non-native memes into Magian Weltanschauung, to disrupt its coherency. Non-native meaning memes that originate outside Magian Weltanschauung and Paradigm. Don't disrupt Jewish Coherency with anti-Jew memes; disrupt it with manufactured memes that are hybrid Jew-Buddhist memes for example. Bring them gradually away from Magian Ethos altogether. Don't disrupt Christian coherency with theistic Devil Worship, because this does not subvert its coherency, it strengthens Christian coherency and memetic solidarity. You want to fracture that solidarity and coherency. How do you disrupt that coherency? First you study Christianity as a whole. You will notice that it is already fractured into many competing sects. Help them compete with each other. Make more causal forms of Christian sects to cause further rivalry and competition. Radicalize Christianity by engineering memes or forms that causes fanaticism and fundamentalism.

If you see disenfranchised young ex-Christians, help them move away from Christianity by infecting their minds with new forms not native to Magian Weltanschauung such as Vedanta or liberal secularism, etc. Don't just rely on Satanism. We don't want them to be Satanists. We want to save Satanism for ourselves. Give them instead cheap imitations of non-Magian memplexes. It's like arms dealing. You don't want to sell to your potential enemy the best top grade weapons you can make. They will use it against you more likely in the future. Give them cheap weapons, watered down forms with no substance. Use those cheap forms to lead them like cattle into a direction that will ease our end goals. Use those cheap forms to get them out of our way so we can manifest our objectives unimpeded. Even better make causal forms that will subvert their paradigm and worldviews so that in future their children will end up seeing things our way and support our objectives.

When times and generations changes, learn to evaluate the climate of the new era and the collective sentiments of the populous, and adjust your tactics accordingly. If a majority of White people are no longer receptive to racism, don't push racialist forms onto them; give them something new. If Muslims are a growing concern of Europe, then manufacture Nationalist and Traditionalist causal forms to radicalize the Europeans. If religion as a concept is dying out in the West, don't continue to make religions, because such religion forms will not be effective in such target groups; instead give them secularized Buddhism as an example.

This is the meaning of Synthesis. To synthesize new forms to manipulate the public according to ONA interests. Proper synthesis of causal forms is based on knowing the enemy and know who and what we are as ONA, and understanding the Sinister Dialectic. It is based on knowing how and in what way we desire to gradually alter and change the enemy, and how and in what way our aims and objectives are to be actualized. The intrinsic idea behind the creation of causal forms is the gradual change of society over long spans of time in our favour; as well as manifesting for ourselves [ONA] a more coherent and inspiring mythos, Tradition, and Kulture.

Remember: *“His [Anton Long’s] diverse experiences then and later (some dangerous, some at variance with prevailing social dogma, many dark, some heretical) provided useful background for an Occult and personal synthesis and led to him taking responsibility for a small LHP group. The teaching of this group were rather garbled, full of mystifications and occasional insights, but they did provide some basis for creative extension. Thus, the new synthesis that was the seven-fold way was created. [5]”*

METAMORPHOSIS

Q: What is the core understanding behind “metamorphosis?”

A: It is the understanding that the ONA itself is an exoteric expression or causal form of The Sinister, and that it is not perfect. It is the understanding that the ONA is not and must not be a static entity. The ONA must be living, it must shapeshift, it must refine itself, it must metabolize new potent memes, and discard ineffective memes. It must struggle to keep up with the Flow of Time and learn to Master Time, rather be mastered by time. The ONA of the 70's is not the ONA of the 80's. The ONA of the 90's was not the ONA of the new millennium. The ONA of 2050 cannot be what the ONA is currently. What remains stagnant eventually dies. Even a culture over time progresses and changes.

Q: How does the ONA gradually evolve?

A: Via its individual Initiates. Those who live the Sinister Sevenfold Way, from their practical experiences and Pathemathos, endues the ONA with fresh new ideas and more effective methods. The idea is to evolve the ONA, but not to destroy the mythos, Tradition, Kulture, and Numinous Ethos of the ONA but to build these things up, to breathe more

life into them, and to strengthen their coherency. From the mythos and Tradition the culture of the ONA is born. The key is “effective evolution” or refinement, rather than evolution for the sake of evolution. Don’t change what is not broke, but polish and shine it, in other words.

Q: With metamorphosis are old forms thrown away?

A: No they are refined and reformatted into more effective forms to use. For example Reichsfolk is not German National-Socialism. Reichsfolk is an evolution of the latter, a morphed version of the latter which is imbued with memes and ideas that will help materialize a tribal way of life where a folk is intimately connected to their kin and comrade as well as to the land and nature. The end result of such a form as Reichsfolk is an important objective for the ONA and its culture, which seeks to nurture the ethos of tribalism in its Initiates, which is the more natural and numinous way of life of our human species.

Likewise the ONA’s Satanism is also still a useful form. But if it has flaws or ineffective aspects/memes, then these ineffective aspects must be recognized and such form must morph into a more refined and effective form. In other words, the Satanism of the ONA should not be thrown away because it is assumed to have no effective or productive place in some future. Instead it must be allowed to evolve itself, or be evolved by ONA Initiates into a potent and inspiring causal form, possessed of the Sinister Essence and more in tune or in harmony to the ancient Left Hand Path traditions of the ancient East. The ONA Initiate must understand that the Left Hand Path is not an invention of Madam Blavatsky, or anyone that came after her who were inspired by her misapprehension of the genuine Left Hand Path. It has existed for thousands of years in Asia. Some genuine sects of the more ancient traditions of the Left Hand Path of Asian are so in tune to The Sinister that they make the imitation LHP of the West and its mundane Satanism look like girl scouts role playing. We must learn to understand and differentiate our Satanism with the products of the Magian/Mundane imitation LHP. This is not to say that the ancient pagan West did not have its own Left Path traditions based on the same Sinister Essence. The rites and Mysteries of Odin as well as the Dionysian Mysteries comes to mind. The ONA and it’s Satanism in essence is more similar to its ancient and traditional Vama Marga cousins in the East and to those Dark Mysteries of the ancient West. But the Initiate must also learn to not be so fixated and attached to outer names of such forms. Is Satanism it’s name? If we give Satanism a new or “better” name, does this change what is beneath the name?

Q: Where else does metamorphosis express itself in the ONA?

A: In our very core objectives: our own alchemical metamorphosis, and the alchemical metamorphosis of society; from a state of basal lead to a condition of Gold. As it has been stated elsewhere:

“Three of the primary aims of the ONA are:

“(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

“(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors;

“(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about – by practical and esoteric means (such as Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States – and their impersonal governments – by our new tribal societies. [6]”

AXIS

Q: What is the meaning of Axis?

A: Your alignment. During world war two the world aligned itself into two major camps the Allies or the Axis. Each side was composed of a number of different peoples, cultures, ethnicities, political ideologies, worldviews, and religions. Each side was bound together in war by the bonds Honour, Loyalty, and Duty. Although the causal war is over, the essence of the two camps is still alive. Chose your camp: the Magian Allied camp of Homo Hubris consumerists, or the Axis of Honour and the Numinous. Which side do you align yourself with: the side of Mundanes conditioned to be consumers and mental slaves of abstract ideologies, and labourers in a System designed to empower

and enrich oligarchies. Or to the side who seeks to reconnect with the folk and the land, with each other and with Nature.

Those Mundanes don't know what Honour, Loyalty, and Duty is. They are anariya: not noble. Only those of Noble spirit understands Honour, Loyalty, and Duty. A peasant has no need for such things. A peasant just tills the land, works for wages, and spends the remainder of their leisure time aimlessly indulging in mundane things. Then the same peasant way of life is done again the next day, over and over and over. This is the nature and way of a peasant the world over. Are you a peasant with peasantile ethos? Is this the type of people you want to align yourself with?

I give my Honour to my family and close friends in exchange for reciprocation of the same. I offer my loyalty to my family, relatives, and friends, only in hopes that the same Loyalty will be given to me. I choose to make it my Duty to live for and care for my family, my relations, and my friends, for no other rewards other than a simple reciprocation of the same. Everything and every phenomena in Nature exists in a "relationship" with something else. The relationship between the sun and earthly life; the relationship between rain and plants; the relationship between plants and animals; the relationship between animals and humans; the relationship between human and land; the relationship between people. The very essence of Life, Nature, and Reality itself is "relationship," of causal interconnection, of causal relation, of causal dependence.

Those mundanes are ignorant of Life, Nature, and Reality. They live their peasantile lives in a perpetual state of disharmony, dysfunction with Life, Nature, and others around them. Because they do not have it in their mundane nature to understand that the simple ethos of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty builds and manifests healthy and vital relationships. They are a dishonourable and despicable breed. They have no loyalty to anything but their own egos and individual needs. They have no sense of duty, to anyone or anything concrete and real. By concrete and real I mean people, land, nature, earth. Instead they most often offer their duty to reifications and abstractions. To some distant and nebulous State, God, Religion, Ideology. To what end? Will that State care for you in your elderly years? Will that God provide for your real needs? Will that political ideology love you?

It's simple really. The only things that are real and worth developing a relationship/connexion with are your family, relations, companions in life, and with the land and Nature. This ONA is just a simple collection of such Noble and aware people who have come to realize that the only thing that matters in life are the simple and numinous things most often manifested as our own blood and soil, our own kith and kin, our own comrades and progeny. The ONA is just a presencing of the more natural and human Way of being Human. The simple idea behind the ONA is to gradually collect those Noble few who resonates with this Natural and Numinous Human Way of Life, so that in time, through our collective effort and collective will, a new Way of Life is presenced. One based on the bond of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty. A definition of Axis is an alliance of powers to promote mutual interest and policies. This is what the ONA is essentially. There is no such thing as "membership" in the ONA. It is an aligning and alliance. You either align yourself to this Axis or not.

PRAXIS

Q: What is the Seven Fold Way?

A: The Seven Fold Way is a system of Seven Grades in the ONA. Each Grade has a set of tests, trials, ordeals, and tasks for the Initiate to execute and perform. Each grade is set to a certain span of time. Usually it may take over 25 years to reach the 6th Grade of the Seven Fold Way. Because of the amount of time it takes to move from Grade to Grade, there is no such thing as a 23 year old "adept" of the ONA. Nor is there such a thing as an "adept" of the ONA who just became ONA a few years before. And anyone who says they have made it to the 7th Grade of the ONA who is still alive is lying. Old age and the experiences, tests, trials, ordeals, and Pathei-Mathos that blossoms in old age are the lessons of the 7th Grade, and your death – after living a long and fruitful Human life – is your Final Initiation.

In one sense the Seven Fold Way is the ONA's causal form of rites of passage known and practiced by every tribe the world over in various similar methods and traditions. In such indigenous tribes there is usually an organization of "initiated men" called the "Men's House." When a young boy has come of age he must pass through a number of Initiation Rites which involved a number of tests and ordeals or tasks. When he has passed his Initiation Rites, he is recognized as a man, and the elders then imparts to him the mythos, traditions, and culture of the tribe. The young girls of such indigenous tribes also have their own form of Rites of Passage.

But the tests, tasks, and ordeals of the Seven Fold Way themselves coupled with the Dark Tradition of the Sinister

Way is a reflection of the methodology of the more ancient and traditional Left Hand Path school in Asia. For example some Kulas of Shaktas once had their initiates spend 9 months alone in the jungle. The Aghori must live alone for a set number of years in the cremation ground along the Ganges. Some Shaivite kulas had the Initiate kill a human. The breaking of social taboos is almost a universal methodology in the ancient and traditional Left Path. By “social taboo” is also meant concepts such as incest and copulation of animals, cannibalism, etc. The basic idea behind the breaking of taboos and the experience of such extreme acts is that the worldlings of a society are enthralled by their own egos and consciousness, and imprisoned by walls of inane and arbitrary morals and beliefs, that breaking such taboos and going beyond the established limits of this prison Liberated you. From being liberated from such a small “world” the Initiate of the Left Path gains divine illumination and comes to realize the Reality beyond such a small field of conscious perception/existence.

Q: What is the Sinister Ethos?

A: The Law of Honour. Sometimes called the Law of the Sinister-Numen. Sometimes called the Dreccian Code [of Honour].

“Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

“Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

“For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

“Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

“Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

“Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

“Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of

their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one’s word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

“Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

“Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane. [7]”

Q: What is the Septenary System?

A: Sometimes also called the Hebdomadry. It is the Traditional system of Magick and practice as expounded in the ONA book Naos. The major parts of it would include Physis; The Star Game; Magick; and Pathworking the Tree of Wyrd. Such esoteric practices are not a unique concept to the ONA. Even in Buddhism there exists similar esoteric practices, especially in Vajrayana; but also in the Tipitaka of Theravada, where the Buddha expounds various methods, meditative practices, and such to develop magical or supra-mundane occult abilities. The various kinds of Magick and Pathworking also has parallels in old and indigenous animistic cultures and tribes; shamanism and interaction or communication with spirits are two examples. I personally believe that the ONA’s Septenary System or its Traditional practice must remain an important fixture and vital aspect of the overall mythos and praxis of the Sinister Way of the ONA. For the outer praxis of deed and action must be balanced by an inner praxis where the mind and its undeveloped abilities are developed.

Q: Are there other ways of putting the ONA into practice?

A: There are many others, such as the Pathei-Mathos, Dark Sorcery, the Dark Arts, Exeatics, Acausal Knowing, Aeonie Perception, Insight Role, etc. The list goes on and on, and no doubt as time passes the list will grow. This manuscript is just a summary of the general backbone and framework of the ONA.

SYMBIOSIS

Q: What is the most important Work of the ONA?

A: Us and our Progeny is the simple answer. Or as Anton Long puts it:

“For it is the development of our new sinister family, our new sinister kindred, which is both an exoteric and an esoteric priority, manifest as our new family is in our new tribes, and bound as our clannish family is and should be by our law of the sinister-numen.

“In essence, therefore, we are – we, our kind, represent – a new culture, here on this planet we have called Earth; and it is the spread, the growth, of this new culture, of our new families, our tribes, which will begin to undermine, in a most important and a very practical way, the way of life, the societies, and the nation-States of the mundanes. This is and will continue to be a subversive revolution against the current Magian status quo and will lead, in the not too distant future in some area on this planet, to a practical armed insurrection, led by Vindex. [8]”

Tribalism and clans is the golden thread of all of David Myatt’s forms: Reichsfolk, The Numinous Way, and the Order of Nine Angles. This is the most important Work of the ONA: to make real what is really Human. To re-present in our world – or in the West – the more Human Way of Life, which Magian Ethos has destroyed.

A natural Human tribe and clan is neither capitalist where a few exploit the many for personal profit or communist where everyone is forced to be unnaturally equal or where peasants are glorified. A Tribe or clan in any part of the world outside the Magian West is a collectivist system of symbiosis, mutual aid, and mutual dependence. In a tribe or

clan you share your strengths and abilities with others in exchange for the service of others' strengths and abilities. Your weaknesses and underdeveloped aspects are complimented and supplemented by the strengths and development of others. The elders pass their wisdom down to the young. The young care for the old. Natural resources are shared, everyone looks after everyone. This concept of tribalism or living in clans is an alien concept to Mundanes because for so many centuries Magian ethos has broken their own ancient and numinous clans and tribes down into dysfunctional family units.

Tribal culture is a choice and willed into being. It manifests via real praxis and by a real change in understanding of Life and a real change in ones Way of Life. A tribe or clan takes time to grow. No girl can birth a whole tribe out of her womb in one lifetime, no matter how many times she gets pregnant. The mythos, ethos, traditions, and culture must be passed down to our children and grand children, if a clan and tribe is to blossom.

Thus Culture to us of the ONA is the most important factor of everything that we are about. Without Culture our long term aims will be fruitless and remain just ideas. Without Culture that Myattian Dream of colonizing the stars will remain a dream. Without Culture the State's political ideologies and decadent secular way of life will be a substitute cheap culture that enslaves rather than frees. To be free means to be free of influence. Tribes is the numinous way to disrupt and gradually break the power monopoly of the MORG. The more tribes there are in, the less reliant the people are of the State and all that comes with the State.

A Culture is leaderless. No single person dictated in a Culture what other will do. A Culture is beyond skin color, religion, ideology, and worldviews. Without Culture there can be no clan or tribe. Without the symbiosis of a clan or tribe we will forever be segregated slaves to a dead and distant machine that neither cares for us or for Nature.

A return to a more natural and human Way of Life is the most important Work of the ONA. But this is not to suggest that we devolve and reject science and technology. The key is balance. To balance our inner Human social instincts of living in clans and tribes with our outer Human genius of science and technology. Symbiosis, or the condition where we live for one another and care for each other is the bedrock and Numinous foundation of everything that is the ONA. As Anton Long explained:

"Acausal knowing brings the uncovering of this esoteric truth of the individual as a living nexion – and thus of how they are not, and will not be, an isolated being. This knowing of being such a living nexion is the knowing of our true human nature, and of our cosmic, supra-terran, and acausal, potential.

"Part of this discovered truth is that of how such small tribal communities are – or rather can be – living beings; a new type of living consciously presenced by us in the causal, and a type of living which aids the evolution of the individual in the aforementioned manner. That is, such communities – such tribes (and there are various types of tribes) – are a type of cosmic sorcery, an esoteric symbiosis, by means of which the individual can interact with Nature and the Cosmos (and other human beings) in ways necessary for Aeonian Change, with such interaction being beneficial to individuals in terms of their psyche, their knowing, the development of their faculties, and so on. Or, expressed another way, such tribal communities provide opportunities which enhance living and life in ways which change, evolve, Life itself and individuals themselves. [9]"

To conclude; this summary of the framework and core concepts of the ONA presents the Order of Nine Angles in Seven parts: Thesis, Antithesis, Synthesis, Metamorphosis, Axis, Praxis, & Symbiosis [10]. Our thanks goes out to the Temple of THEM for actually providing those Seven parts, as well as the inspiration that fueled the insights. This summary is only a brief description of what the ONA is, so many pieces of the ONA that fits into those Seven parts have not been named. Each Initiate of the ONA will build on this idea and understand each part on their own. These "Seven ONA Fundamentals" only serves as a rough guide so that anybody who is interested in becoming ONA will be able to gain an understanding of what the ONA is from beginning, middle, to end.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

122 yf

Footnotes:

[1] Anton Long; *Some ONA Tests*.

[2] Anton Long; *The War Against The Mundane*.

[3] David Myatt; *A Numinous Future*.

[4] ONA; *The Sinister Dialectic*.

[5] ONA; *Reductio Ad Absurdum, 1989*.

[6] ONA; *Frequently Asked Questions About The ONA*.

[7] Anton Long; *Our Law Of The Sinister-Numen*.

[8] Anton Long; *ONA: Prophet of Vindex?*

[9] Anton Long; *Sinister Tribes, Sinister Individuality, And The Sinister Way*.

[10] Temple of THEM actually gave me the seven parts. I had been contemplating about somehow summarizing the fundamentals of the ONA for some time, but did not know how to articulate the idea. It wasn't until working with THEM that one of THEM gave me an ingenious format and layout for me to work with. Kudos to THEM for their help and contribution. I hope that this will be the beginning of more joint works between our two Nexions.

^^^

The Inner ONA

The Inner ONA is the exoteric name given to a select group of individuals who while now part of The Order of Nine Angles, in many ways pre-date - in tradition, practices and way of life - the formation of the ONA (c.1971 CE) from three pre-existing groups: The Noctulians, The Temple of The Sun, and Camlad. In many ways, the Inner ONA is a continuation of Camlad.

It is from noble cultured – gentlemanly or lady-like – Adepts (qv. [Noble Guide to The Dark Arts](#)) that modern candidates for the Inner ONA are recruited.

The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, and from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, the esoteric Rounwytha (Camlad) tradition. This tradition was, according to aural accounts, that of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition maintained by rural sorceresses who lived in a certain area of England: that is, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches.

Given the requirements and this tradition, it is perhaps not surprising that the majority of those in the Inner ONA are women.

Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

-Fini-

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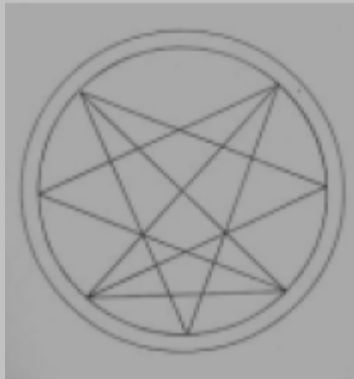
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The Order of Nine Angles

Traditional Satanism



ONA/O9A

This is an archive of the classic texts that are the foundation of Traditional Satanism. The Order of Nine Angles was the first to coin and use this term, and it is still used by ONA. This Compilation contains the Foundation for everything you need to practice genuine Traditional Satanism.

[TRADITIONAL SATANISM](#)

[THE BLACK BOOK OF SATAN I-III](#)

[PDF]

The First Book of Satan is the original book of the ONA but BBS II & III are traditionally now a part of ONA Kulture.

[NAOS](#)

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[SACRAMENTVM SINISTRVM](#)

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[OTONEN](#)

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[DEOFEL QUINTET](#)

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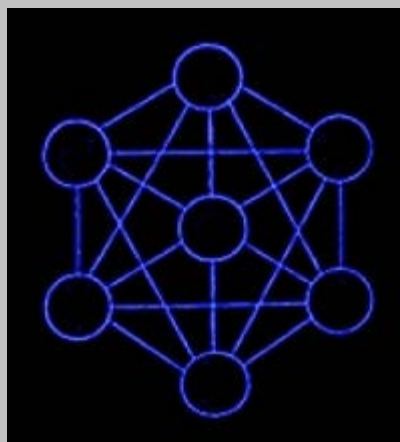
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This PDF also contains the Steven Brown Letters

[GRIMOIRE OF BAPHOMET](#)

[TREE OF WYRD](#)



Some MSS by Anton Long

[ONTOLOGY & THEOLOGY OF TRADITIONAL SATANISM](#)

[A SHORT HISTORY & ONTOLOGY OF SATAN](#)

[AFTER LIFE IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ONA](#)

[THE FIVE CORE PRINCIPLES](#)

[A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE SINISTER WAY](#)



[CLOSING NOTES](#)



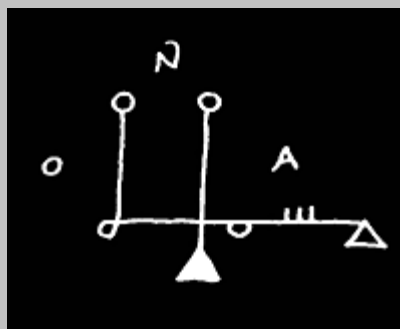
ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών



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Traditional Satanism

This is a slight departure from my usual Buddhist ramblings. You know sometimes I wonder what a Buddhist is doing in the ONA. Actually I know why, it just looks odd if I were a different person looking in. This essay was inspired by an event yesterday which has nothing to do with the ONA. A nice elderly lady came over yesterday and shared her Jehovah's Witness message with me. I invited her into the living room to have a seat and talk to me. Being the properly raised person I am, I treated the lady kindly and tried not to disrespect her in any overt way. But once I closed the door and securely had her in my living room, I spent 30 minutes interrogating the poor thing. It wasn't even an argument of whose religion was better than the other. I told her from the very beginning that I was a Theravada Buddhist and that because I was, I cannot accept anything at face value. The Buddha even tells us to question what he teaches and that Dhamma must be observable, testable, and replicable for it to be Dhamma. So after pointing those out I asked her to share her message with me. She did and I led our conversation into talks about science and archeology, and such. How in such fields we empirically observe things, hypothesize, test and try, and come to a rational understanding of things, where that in the end, faith and belief are non-applicable. I interrogated her by asking her to give me what she knows about how her Jehovah's Witness religion developed historically, to give me secular proof that Jesus or any body in his ancestral line existed, and for carbon dating of biblical scrolls etc to determine if such biblical books were written before or after so called prophecies. I also asked her to bring me back ingredients used in the parchments that made up the ink used in the book of Isaiah, as well as documents from a secular academic who shows in a research paper the dialect of Hebrew used and the state of development that Hebrew used in such books. I then gave the poor thing a long lecture on how I cannot accept anything at face value when given to me outside of that thing's proper time and contextual matrix. The elderly lady excused herself to me saying that she is only an old woman trying to spread the message of Jehovah's paradise. But she was a sincere and sweet lady and told me that she would take my long list of questions and demands and return with research work to give to me.

Contextual Matrix

In certain conditions I get obsessively over analytical about things. For my own good. So when it comes to things like religions, philosophies, etc, I approach those things like a detective. For example with me and Buddhism, what I do is take all that people tell me about it and throw it in the trash or set it aside to compare notes later. Then I remove Buddhism out of the 21st century, and as best as I can, stick it back into 500BC ancient India. Once I get that Buddhism into its Native Time and Contextual Matrix, then I spend my time researching on the political, sectarian, and social climate of that time, as well as the languages used, idiom, meanings of words back then, and frame of mind or worldview-model people back then were using. Once I collect all that information I start to build up a picture of how Buddhism may have been in that specific time and place to those people. Once I get a picture of what Buddhism looked back then, I start to move forward to come to my own understandings of Buddhism from that recreated point. The only time I ask anybody alive in the 21st century anything is when I am stuck on something and can't figure things out on my own. Usually your Buddhist elder will respond to your questions with questions and tell you to go away and figure things out on your own anyways.

This is something I just do naturally, which the friends I have in life don't seem to do. I try to explain to them that it is like being a paleontologist or archeologist. You don't remove artifacts completely disregarding the matrix such artifacts came from. You will not be able to figure out anything about the dinosaur you dug up if you are just staring at its bone. 90% of the data of its life, what it ate, how it lives, the climate it lived in in the matrix - dirt - is was found in. It's like being a detective at a crime scene. You're not gonna know shit about anythings if you remove a gun from a scene and just study the gun in your office. You have you wholistically consider the entire crime scene as a whole - Samma in Pali/Buddhism - together, in order to piece together a realistic Buddhi/Understanding of what may have happened. This includes studying the character and psychology of your suspects. If you are a Buddhist, do a total background check on the fucker [Buddha]. If you are a Jesus freak, check Jesus's background, records, etc. Profile the hell out of them, racial profiling, sexual profiling, everything. That's one thing which bugs me about Jesus. He wants you to think like he "understands" humanity, he tried to incarnate as a human in the flesh, and even dies for us so we can believe that he really does sympathizes with our human condition and like he knows what it's like to be human. Yet the guy [Jesus] died a fucking virgin. He never had a girlfriend. Never been in love. Never had his heart broken. Never masturbated perhaps. Never been a father or a husband. Never seen his mother or father die of old age even. Isn't all that the actual stuffness of being human? He's a freaking 30 year old suicidal virgin who thinks he is god, and his mom doesn't even really know who his real daddy is. That's not a religion, that's a Jerry Springer show. But that's what I mean by profiling your prophets and gods. It amazes me how much time and effort [and money] the generic American public puts in to questions presidential candidates, vet them, does all these background checks, but when it comes to gods and religious figures running their lives, they just let in any Nazarene-nutter, pedo-priests, kid-caressing-cardinals, and stuff.

Traditions and Culture

As I was saying: contextual matrix. So personally when I approach the ONA to gain an actual objective understanding of it, I treat the ONA as a crime scene. Most people approach the ONA out of context and time. I'm not here saying that seeing ONA in context and time will reveal some truth. But it may help us gain a different perspective of ONA. So I'll analyze ONA here objectively, and I may hurt a few people's feeling in ONA doing it. But I'll keep in mind that we see what we want to see in things, so Robert Anton Wilson once said. Our Prime Suspect is DM allegedly also known as "Anton Long." However the ONA was said by me or whoever to have come about, what we know is that first came DM, and then out of him came the ONA. So those are our two biggest clues. Our Prime Suspect DM leads us to the Native Time frame or era of any "crystallization" or influence that may have affected him consciously or unconsciously. We know DM was born in 1950. Which means that he was an impressionable and rebellious teen during the 1960's. So it's to the 60's and 70's when he was in his early 20's that we must start looking for data. What does a rebellious teen boy in England get involved with or is exposed to in 1960 England if he wanted to be counter culture to a dying post-Victorian frigid zeigeist? Besides National-Socielism which we already know had a visible influence on him.

A man by the name of Gerald Gardner in the 1950's in England came out with something he originally called "Wica," or "The Witch Cult," or "Witchcraft." Later Gardner's cult became known as "Traditional Wicca," during the 1960's. Then later on, this Gardnerian Traditional Wicca with the spin offs it spawned collectively became know "British Traditional Wicca." So now we can compare the descriptor "Traditional Wicca," with the descriptor "Traditional Satanism," and ask ourselves if we see anything which may look similar. If we do then we go in deeper to dig for more data. I see a potential similarity. Knowing that British Traditional Wicca was risque in the 1960's and appealing to the young counter culture generation, I'd have a closer look. So lets briefly see if we can find any parallels between Traditional Wicca and Traditional Satanism [ONA]. We should keep in mind that ONA first coined and used the term "Traditional Satanism" before it was usurped by theistic Satanists.

In Gardnerian and Alexandrian Traditional Wicca you have something called a Book of Shadows which contains the Tradition's rites and ceremonies. In Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have something called the Black Book of Satan which contains all of ONA's rites and ceremonies. The most important part about Traditional Wicca which makes one a legit Traditional Witch/Wiccan are a set of 3 initiatory degrees. In Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have a vital part of the Tradition which are the 7 initiatory degrees/grades called the Seven Fold Way. In Traditional Wicca you have a "Duodeistic" centered pantheon which are the Triple Goddess and Horned God. In Traditional Satanism you have the Dark Goddess Baphomet and the Dark God Satan. Gardner is the Grand Master of his Tradition. Alex Sander is Grand

Master of his Alexandrian Traditional Wicca. "Anton Long" is the Grandmaster of his Tradition.

Those are the major parallels. There are minor parallels. Such as where in Traditional Wicca they usually - more so in contemporary eclectic Wicca - have a private body of magickal and esoteric teachings. Usually these magickal and esoteric teachings are similar to what you'd find in the Golden Dawn with its Kabbalah, mixed with eastern inspired tantra, meditation on the chakras, and so on. Traditional Satanism [ONA] similarly has its own corpus of magickal and esoteric practices expounded in Naos, except the stuff in Naos is unique in the sense that it's not a word for word copy cat occult or some Jewish mysticism or some deluded Indic mysticism and pranayama. Another minor parallel is Traditional Wicca will use special alphabets or cipher scripts to write their things in. We see a similar concept in Naos with a couple or few special alphabets, and later we see the Dark Immortal Script develop. Another minor - yet key - similarity is that in Traditional Wicca each Tradition spawns what are called covens. Judging the fact that Gardner's 3 initiatory degrees and their oaths are 80-90% the same as the initiation rituals of British Craft Freemasonry, I'd venture to say that a "coven" is based on the idea of a "lodge." Like a lodge puts the culture of an OTO or Freemasonry into living practice, a Coven also puts the culture/Tradition of their Wicca into practice. We see the same basic concept in Traditional Satanism [ONA] where in the early days a "coven" or constituent cell of the Tradition was called a "Temple," which today is most often referred to as a "Nexion."

So based on those numerous parallels, I'd personally say that there was an influence that took place in the very early days of the ONA. But this should not in any way make the ONA look "bad." To me personally, knowing that Traditional Wicca may have directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously inspired or influenced the ONA actually helps me gain a better grasp of what the term "Traditional Satanism" might mean. With the old skool Traditional Wicca the word "Traditional" is interchangeable with the word "Lineage," "Custom," and "Culture," where we can say Gardnerian Traditional Wicca is Wicca according to the Gardnerian Tradition. This concept of Tradition referring to Initiatic Lineage, Custom, and Culture will make more sense if you are savvy with the Traditions and politics of Initiatic Orders such as the OTO, Golden Dawn, and Masonry. The key idea to keep in mind is "Initiatic," meaning that you belong in a legitimate way to the Lineage, Custom of Rites, and Cultural Praxis, of the Tradition you were duly initiated into. That word "Traditional" is most often mistaken as meaning some sort of passing down from one generation to another from grandparent, to parent, to child. If there is a passing of the Tradition - aka corpus of customs and rites - from one generation to another it is from one generation of Initiates to a new set of Initiates. In this very context the word "Tradition" has the exact essence as the Pali-Sanskrit word "Sasana" which is used most often only to describe Theravada Buddhism and Shaivism. A Sasana being a body of instructions, observances, rites, rituals, ceremonies, customs, and culture of praxis or cultivation of practice.

So for example we have with the OTO several actual rival bodies spawned from the original Academia Masonica of Karl Kellner, which was later renamed Ordo Templi Orientis under Reuss. During which time all of its degrees were word for word Masonic degrees. When after Crowley took over the OTO, in an attempt to gain favour from the regular United Grand Lodge of England as a "regular" Masonic rite, Crowley removed the first degrees of Masonry of the OTO and constructed his own to substitute them. The ass kissing didn't work since Crowley's entire Masonic credentials were not of Mainstream Tradition. Here meaning that the United Grand Lodge of England has a Tradition of their own rites, ceremonies, and rituals, rules, and regulations, and all lodges in their jurisdiction which conforms to such established Traditions are deemed as "regular" or "recognized" lodges. Whereas Mr. Crowley was initiated in a lodge not recognized by the Mainstream Grand Lodges and he got his 33rd degree in an unknown lodge somewhere in Mexico. Meaning that because Crowley was not Initiated in a lodge of the United Grand Lodge of England "Tradition" that he thus did not belong to such Tradition of established Masonry. After Crowley's death a power battle arose and from that struggle was born the rival OTO bodies of today. So that now you have distinct established OTO Traditions, where that if you get initiated into the SOTO you are not tied to the Typhonian OTO or any other OTO but the one you were initiated into. In this regard that old day Traditional Wicca worked in the same way. If you were initiated by a coven of Alexandrian Traditional Witches you really have no ties to Blue Star Wicca since that species of Tradition of Wicca has their own unique set of rites, ceremonies, rituals, practices, and pantheons. You belong to the "Tradition" you were initiated into. And that word "Tradition" or "Traditional" tries to mean a specific established body of customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, practices, beliefs, and pantheon, as well as lineage, and not something necessarily "passed down by tradition." Lineage here simply meaning that if you were Initiated into Gardnerian Wicca, you are connected thru your initiator, to their initiator, to their initiator back to Gardner, which linearly constitutes a "Lineage," traced back to the originator of such established Tradition.

Traditional Satanism

And so, once we get a grasp of the "politics" and structuring or organization of such groups and understand that the words "Tradition" and "Traditional" points to a group of organized people's peculiar customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, beliefs, pantheon, culture of practice, etc, we can thus better understand - or at least gain a different understanding of - what the term "Traditional Satanism" may mean in context and time to the period and era the ONA coalesced into a codified institution.

Traditional Satanism would thus simply mean a school or species or vehicle of Satanism according to a certain Tradition: customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, beliefs, pantheon, culture of practice, and lineage. So in Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have books like the Black Book of Satan & Naos which teaches the rites, ceremonies, initiatic degrees, magickal and esoteric cultural practices and observances of such Tradition. You have a specifically established pantheon expressed primarily as the Dark Goddess Baphomet and the Dark God Satan, plus the several other Dark Gods. Then of course you have the established system of initiation of such Tradition which would be the Seven Fold Sinister Way. Here I should try to point out that the word "Sinister" is the Latin for "Left" and most often when used by ONA means "Of The Left Hand" and not simply 'evil' and wicked as it is generally assumed to mean. "Sinister Way" and "Left Hand Path/Way" should be fungible, if the word is understood correctly. It's just easier to say "Sinister Praxis," or "Sinister Nature" as opposed to "Left Handish Practice," or "Left Hand Pathish Nature." Traditional Satanism also ends up meaning the set of philosophical teachings, beliefs, and paradigm specific to such Tradition. Then lastly Traditional Satanism [ONA] has its "Lineage" which is traced back to the originator or founder of the actual Tradition in question, "Anton Long" being the founder or originator or "presencer" of the Tradition.

When I break things down in this way to myself, it is easier for me to understand ONA as it was back then, as it still should be today, and as it should continue to be in future. As I said, in my own culture we have a word which has the same meaning as "Tradition" in this context which is Sasana. Our Sasana Preahput is not in any way the same thing as the Buddhism which exists up in the North in China, Tibet, and Japan. Our word "Sasana" points to a specific established Tradition or culture, customs, sangas, teachings, beliefs, rites, worldviews, unique and different from Mahayana Buddhism. The word "Sasana" as a borrowed Pali word goes further and has an even more specific meaning because the "root" word "Sas" means a Race, Breed, or People in Khmer. Or more accurately the word "Sas" is an indigenous Khmer word, which just so happens to have a audible twin in the word "Sasana," so after many centuries of "folk etymology" the borrowed Pali Sasana comes to gain the extra meaning in Khmer as a Tradition specific to a Race or People. But Sasana does not mean "Religion." For example when I eat with a fork at the dinner table and my elders are eating with spoons or chopstickes, they talk to themselves and say: "That grand daughter has gone into the Sasana of the White People, she eats with a fork like them." In this case, eating with a fork is not a religion or philosophy or ideology White People believe in. It is a Traditional Practice, or custom, or cultivated [culture] observance or shared or established behaviour peculiar to a group of people. But in this case the hybrid term "Sasana Satanism" ends up having no meaning, because then the question arises: Sasana of Satanism according to what people? In our case the answer would be: according to the ONA. So we'd have to call it: Sasana Satanism poohg ONA, which in English would be the Tradition of Satanism of the ONA people.

If you understand this much, then each ONA person will understand that there is no ONA without the Traditional Satanism, or without the established Tradition, lineage, customs, ceremonies, culture, observances, etc peculiar to the ONA as it was established by a founder or the founder(s) when ONA was established. Traditional does not necessarily suggest that such established customs and traditions have been pasted does AS IS from some ancient past of ancient Traditional Satanist. Meaning that it's not likely that ONA as we know it since 1972 existed with a BBS, Naos, 7FW, etc, since ancient times immemorial. There is a specific date the Tradition was established. And to get specific there are criteria for what constitutes a "Tradition." For instance in Traditional Wicca a practice is only "Tradition" if it has been initiated down thru 3 generations of adherents, not necessarily meaning grandparent, parent, and offspring. In my own culture a "Tradition" is only a Tradition if and when you ask a person: "Hey who started this cultural practice anyways?" And everybody around how shrugs their shoulders and says: "I don't know. The old people before us." Or if your grandmother - who is already old - answers: "My grandfather started it, or one of the old people started it when I was a child," that means its official Tradition, since if your granny is old, the people she refers to as "old people" are long dead. Another thing which makes something a "Tradition" especially inside the limits of a family/clan is if say

someone started a family reunion on your grandmother's birthday - which is what my family does - and it is observed several times effortlessly by every one of your relatives and does not stop being observed, it is officially part of our Sasana as a family. It doesn't matter who started and why. As long as everybody just observes it together effortlessly.

Which means that my own cultural understanding of the word Sasana or Tradition has its implications in the ONA since I identify myself as being an ONA person. The implication is that rites and ceremonial observances such as the Self Immolation Rite and other stuff created by Beesty Boy [and other in future], because of the years that have past and the continued observance of them by those who affiliate with the ONA's Traditional Satanism, is to me a rightful living part of the ONA. It is how a Culture builds onto itself. Drinking tea was not always a practice observed by English people. That cultural meme was introduced by somebody - whoever, it doesn't matter - which was perhaps infected from China, and the English/British as a whole people just kept on doing the tea sipping thing at "tea time," whenever that is. I'm Asian-American so I don't actually know when British Tea time is. Tea time for those of us of spawn of Chinese people means in the morning at breakfast with noodle soup, after lunch, in the evening, on cold days, and whenever other people are over. As long as everybody continues to effortlessly observe it over time, it is a Tradition observed by a people plain and simple. Because what does the word Culture mean? A Culture is essentially something which you and/or others do/CULTIVATE over and over again. That is the most simplest definition of a Culture which actually works with most living cultures.

Tradition in Buddhism [Theravada] is important, at least per the Tipitaka cannons. There is a part of the Tipitaka where a group of people had so many leaders in their town who established all sorts of traditional observances that they lost their native traditions. So they went to the Buddha to tell him of the dukkha: the troublesome problem of not having a native tradition like other people. The Buddha tells them to gather the everyone in their town together and collectively come to an agreement on which practices and observances everyone likes and make those as their people traditions to pass down. In another instance the Buddha was teaching his monks key words and the meaning of each key word. One of those key words meant "Impression From Outside." And the Buddha says: "Bhikkhus! [beggars! vagabonds!] what is the meaning of Impression From Outside? It means when a people are ignorant and have no traditions of their own. Being so ignorant with no traditional observances of their own Bhikkhus, such people are open to the influence of outsider influencing them with their foreign traditions and customs by impressing such on the ignorant people" That Dhamma is extrapolated in various ways to sometimes mean or suggest that if you are Buddhist and in the business of controlling your own Mind, Emotions, and Life, then not having a sure foundation such as a Tradition, you make yourself open to being controlled by others, which in turn leads to dukkha. Buddha in a different place states that Dhamma must be observable, testable, and replicable for it to be real Dhamma. So all we have to do is observe the Black People in America as an example to prove and test that Dhamma. Black People had their entire way of life taken away from them. They even lost their ancestral name. They went by the White man's name, believed in the white man's gods, saw the world with the white man's paradigm which placed them in an unlucky servile position socially, etc. So we ask ourselves: having lost their Traditions as a people and having been forced to adopt the foreign traditions of another culture/people, were these Black people Free socially? No. Were they Free to believe their own beliefs? No. Were they Free to be their own people? No. Were they Happy? No. Did the white man's ways and traditions and gods make the Black People Free, sovereign, autonomous, self-determined. Are they "Free" and happy today after 300 something years?

Even if we say they are free and happy in America, that freedom is superficial. Because when the Black man goes to the white man's church to worship Jesus, you are bound to follow those rules of that religion which has nothing to do with Africa or the ancient and ancestral Tradition of Africa. The minute you do something Their religion, Their social rules, Their ideologies are against you are shunned and treated like a criminal or evil doer. Whereas for me I'll burn incense to a statue of a Buddha like my people's Tradition has it. I don't give a shit of some group of White people or Mexican Catholics or fucking Somali Muslim called me an evil pagan idolator. Fuck you and you whole Hubris breed too, take your asses back to church and your mosque and mind your own fucking business. The only White people I like and respect are mostly the Aryan kind who have it in their blood and breed to be proud of their own people, be Traditionalists to their own ancient ancestral traditions, and conservatively pass that pride and culture down to their well bred children. I don't care if you hate me because I'm not "Aryan," cuz we're still kinfolk Traditionalists, still on the same level of mind and heart where we each still have a love and pride for our folk and culture. If we can be friends that's cool, if not than we'll stay out of each others way. If we can be friends and retain and maintain our unique differences that would be awesomer. But I have no ounce of respect for any white American punk who is

ignorant of his own roots. You know the type. You ask them where they come from and they say Alabama, fucking Ohio, California. That's not what I mean dummy. I mean your roots, your seed your grandparents gave you, your culture our people gave you, your blood, your roots as a white person, the ancient tradition your ancient ancestors gave you, where the fuck did that come from, where has your blood been for the past 1000 years? What's really funny to me is when one of these White Hubris American Mundanes [WHAM as opposed to WASPs] come up to me and try to sell me their Mormon shit or Jehovah's Witness shit. Like I'm gonna fucking give up 1000 years of my own people's ancestral traditions, for a lunatic religion founded merely in the 1800's by a couple nutcase white devils. So I can do what exactly? How do they "practice" their religion? You sit your ass in a church and listen to some hubris white devil yap for an hour about a Jew. Do I look like a Jew? Do I look I want to worship a Jew. I got my own pantheon of Chinese gods to worship, shit. And they act like their mere 200 year old Joseph Smith shit is "better" than all other people's Tradition. Whatever skin color you are, be proud of your folk and blood, Mind your culture and ancestry, and do your children right and proper by somehow passing some sort of stable ground, roots, and identity for them.

You think it's just only one person when you are liberal and let your kids drift away from your roots. But there are 300 million people in America, and of those 300 million how many other parents and grandparents are mindless and liberal like you. Those numbers add up and aeonically devastates you as coherent people. Like you pick a hypothetical race for example. In the first generation you have the young people from this race practice a little Chinese Kung Fu, some listen to rap and act Black. Next generation more of the new young people do the same and instead of being rooted in their own Traditions and Culture they drift off like loose canon balls rolling a round aimlessly on the deck of a ship. As each generation passes and more young people in this race goes into some other people's Traditions, in Time where will your people be? And you think seriously about, if you have the brain cells to think aeonically as an WHAM, you are being surrounded by other peoples that stay true to their own folk culture, and the Black People you messed up are slowly developing their own folk culture. So while you WHAMs drift further apart incoherently, every other people around you maintains their status, community, families, extended families, traditions, and culture. Divide & Conquer. Your people started it and were good at it. There was a time when you divided ethnic races and made them into incoherent groups fighting each other to control them. Now its payback time, and the best part is, YOU yourselves are Dividing your own people into cultureless individualized units. Half of you don't even have a real family anymore with two parents. I fear that as a hubris and arrogant breed that you WHAMs are, you are too stupid to wake up and change. If you are the few to wake up and know something is wrong: DIG. Start digging deep in your blood and ancestry and find your roots and dormant Tradition your people left for you and live them one again. Make a Tradition up if you have to, just stabilize yourself with a Tradition for your progeny's sake, not yours. Reichsfolk. Not many in or out of ONA speak of Reichsfolk now, but the simple lessons it teaches keeps your Blood and Roots flowing deep over Time. /Rant.

So this Traditional Satanism which is the ONA and a part of the ONA is a species or Tradition of Satanism. If we don't try to see that Traditional Satanism grow into being, inside its original native time and context, you can't fully grasp the ONA and will be prone to assumptions, speculations, and misunderstandings of what may have been intended. The ONA proper first started off with that Traditional Satanism soil. Everything else such as the philosophical writings "Anton Long" and others have written grow out of that fertile Tradition, within the matrix of that soil. You have to try to study what the ONA is today within that soil in a wholistic way. As you would study a flowing river. Not in bits and pieces, but in consideration of the whole river, from the mountain spring it springs from, to the rapids and gorges in the middle, all of the twists and turns, and ending at the great delta where it flows into the ocean. To fully understand ONA you have to consider ONA of 1970, consider its decades long slow twistings and turnings, and consider what it is today, as one Flowing. As one Tradition moving and growing slowly. But that Flowing begins at the spring of Traditional Satanism. Which in itself is something to be proud of if you recall your history. The ONA's Traditional Satanism was one of the first three "institutionalized" or codified schools of Satanism that started this whole Satanism thing back in the 60's-70. CoS came out in 1966. ONA cropped up in England in 1972ish. ToS was miraculously reborn when Set woke up from a 3000 year sleep and gave birth to the Universe in 1975. If I were Set I would have picked an Egyptian in my "home country" to be my prophet of a new aeon, rather than a Grandpa Munster of America; but that's just me, maybe Set has a sense of humour? But ONA is one of three that started this whole Satanism thing off in the West. It's Tradition is still here, still influencing contemporary Satanists' understandings of their Satanism. Sans the competitive BS, Satanism as a single memplex is a great thing with a lot of potential. You guys as Satanists have a good thing going, if we consider Satanism all together as one newly emerged system in the West. Sans the rivalry BS, when each Satanist adds their own thoughts and

understandings to the common body of knowledge, it in turn ripples and helps evolve all of Satanism as a single pool of ideas. But we can't get all egalitarian and liberal with this shit or we'll ruin a good thing. Not every meme is equal, some will make this growing and very young pool of Satanism sick and weak. A little capitalistic competition is good for the gene pool as it breeds and encourages innovation.

There is an old Greek philosophical concept mostly Translated into English as "Justice," which is something worth considering and applying if as Satanists "we" all wish to help it move forwards into the future, for the next generation. Justice according to some of the olden schools of thought is the proper balance between One's own self interests, and the Interests/needs of a collective/other. Justice is the balancing line between one's own duty to Self, and Duty to Other [wife, husband, children, family, clan, kin, tribe]. Justice is the the Balance between One's own needs and the needs of Other. Too much to one side or the other causes an imbalance. And being in a causal system, such imbalance causes chain reactions of fruit. Too much leaning towards Self Interest/Need/Duty destroys Community and Family. Which in turn disrupts the sensitive clockwork and causes it to be dysfunctional. What is dysfunctional stops working, and what stops working dies in Time. Too much leaning to the other side vanquishes the Individual as a slave to a mindless collective. There is a balance or Equilibrium where the Self and Other Natural comes to a Balance, which was once called Justice. Where there must be a Balance between the collective Interest of a those that "govern" and the Interests or Needs of those that are "governed." That was Justice. Where there is a Balance between the needs of a corporation and the needs of its market. That Balance is Justice. Where there is the Balance between the Needs and Interests of the individual Satanist and of Satanism as a whole-Thing. That is Justice and Equilibrium. A little competition and self interest in Satanism is healthy. But without that Justice, either way we lean, the clockwork stops. If this ancient notion of Justice is a living phenomena in Nature, then it must be observable, testable, and replicable. Thus, nobody should have to take my word for it. All I'll say is that a Satanism with only one school of thought and one paradigm will be like a USSR with only one party making all the products. Shit's gunna be cheap. In this regard, I will keep ONA going as long as I can, even if I am the last ONA person alive. There is plenty of room in Satanism as a whole-Thing for the atheist, theist, materialist, spiritualist, or whatever. There are retards and geniuses in all camps. We need all the genies and thinkers, even if they don't like each other or get along. The retards, they can go, well actually, they should stay to support the infrastructure. Just like there is room in Life or the Cosmos for every perspective and angle of understanding. It's all of it added up that gives us the clearest picture of things. Satanism as a whole-Thing limits itself, if it struggles to only have one "right" and one "acceptable" perspective and weltanschauung.

Narcissistic Paradigm

I was thinking of the mentality some people have for things such as weltanschauung, world-views, politics, religions, philosophies, etc, and I noticed something which lacked a word but I gave it a term to refer to it. Thinking about this mentality caused me to remember a weird Sufi story I once read a long time ago. The Sufi story I read - as I later found out - is a twist or slant of a well known Greek myth, used as an esoteric jape with Mainstream Islam. This esoteric jape runs along the same vein as the Sufi saying that goes something like: "The only way to Know Allah is by riding the dragon's tail." Meaning here that it is from being familiar with Iblis or Shaitan and his ways that you truly come to know Allah. So we read in the Holy Qur'an that when after Allah had made Adam, he called the angels of heaven down to the earth to behold Adam and commanded all of the angels to kneel and worship Adam. All did as they were commanded except Iblis who stood in defiance. The Qur'an does not go any further into the details as to why Iblis did not worship Adam, but the Sufis continues that story saying that Allah demanded Iblis why he did not worship Adam, and Iblis answered Allah: "Because I am better than him. Because I am made of the Flame of Heaven, and he [Adam] is made from the soil of the ground." Allah now angry ordered Iblis to do as the other angels and kneel before Adam to worship him. Iblis refused to do so. And so Allah threatens to send Iblis into the lake of fire to punish him if he did not worship Adam. Iblis still refused and said he'd rather burn in hell than worship a creature made of the lowly earth. So then Allah one last time threatens Iblis with the punishment of eternally being outside of His Divine presence for ever and ever. When Iblis heard this, he rushed to Allah's feet and said to Allah: "La ilaha illallah; There is no God but God, and only he is worthy of worship." After hearing this Allah turns to the angels that fell and worshiped Adam and cursed them to forever serve Mankind. But to Iblis, who genuinely loved Allah, that he would defy Allah's word to be True to his Love, Allah gave him the Earth to rule. This little Sufi story has the esoteric teaching that God made a facsimile of his own divine self out of something worthless [dirt] as a test to see if his angels loved Him of their own free will, or because out of fear of being punished. Only Iblis refused to serve and fall before that false idol Adam. In other words, in life we either Submit [Islam] to the Divine [numinous], or to man made idols.

What or whom do you serve in life? The Natural, or the Artificial? The esoteric jape hidden in this Sufi story is that mainstream Muslims today worship and serve Adam, or the teachings and words of men, and not the Divine Essence of Allah.

So the other Sufi story I remembered is like the backstory to the one I just told, which took place just before the creation of Adam. The story goes that one day Allah having found the earth walked around it and found the dark water of the earth. He looked into it and for the first time in eternity saw Himself in the dark water. Seeing a reflection of himself he fell in love with it and reached out to try and Behold it. But could not because his fingers went thru the image disturbing the reflection with ripples. Out of a deep desire to Behold that image God took mud and formed from that mud Adam and loved Adam above all other creation. The hidden esoteric jape is directed at mainstream superficial Islam's God and Muslims. It is saying that their God is essentially narcissistic and thus cannot be the Divine Artist of the Cosmos. It also is japing the mainstream Muslims in saying that they are so captivated by their own facsimile of God that they reject the Divinity in all other things of Creation. Or, as the saying goes in English: "Like Father, like son."

I notice this same mentality in people. It's not narcissism as the word is generally used. I'll try and explain what I mean. For example you have these materialist who can't get themselves to See the world any other way beyond their material world model. And so like this delusional God, these materialist fashion for themselves a memplex or weltanschauung that is merely a reflection of themselves: materialistic. Or you see them being drawn, engrossed, enchanted, captivated, only by idea that are reflections of themselves: materialistic. You see them being oblivious and out right rejecting and denying other possible models of reality. You see the same engrossment of/for ego/self with theists and spiritualists who do the opposite. They are in love with ideas and world views only which are reflections of themselves. They become enraptured and engrossed in ideas where only the spiritual is real, only "our god" is real, only the god we can picture is real, everything else is fake. You see this in politics. Conservatives are drawn only to that which is merely and simplistically a reflection of their inner self. Libertines [modern usage] are drawn to and attached to only what ideologies are merely and simplistically reflections of their inner egos. And the delusional aspect of this is that they are oblivious to and deny or reject everything that is not a personification of their egos. Libertine in the olden days around the 1700's or so meant a person or breed of people without culture or proper upbringing.

Just like their symbolical narcissistic God, you see these people also acting out their narcissism when they make things, like ideologies. They make their cults and religions in a self-perspective narcissistic "utopian" manner. When I say "utopian" I simply mean the artificial desire to create a system of some type which is "perfectly" a reflection of their egos. Like when you see a group of peasants get together and watch them create a political memplex, you see them enter that narcissistic utopian mentality where the Bourgeois who hurt their egos are evil and peasants should rule, where religion that was used to control them is bad, etc. You take a group of Jesus nutters and watch them create their sectarian memplexes. They relocate themselves to a paradise, name it Jonestown, get all enraptured in only stuff which are a reflection of their own ego-perspective of reality. And the same goes unfortunately with mainstream materialist science. Where you see these very intelligent scientists get lost in the same delusional game of seeing reality only insofar as reality is a reflection of their ego/self, and every other theory is fake or not worth considering. And of course Buddhists and Satanists do this too. Buddhist create for themselves a narcissistic utopian world model based on their simple single ego-perspective. And Satanist will do the same with their Satanism. Their Satanism has to be a utopian reflection of their ego-perspective and narcissism. You can almost hear them say to themselves in their heads: "I can't fucking wrap my head around anything else beyond my self and my puny grasp of reality, so any religion or type of Satanism that is beyond that is fake." The funny part is we tell ourselves that we are "thinking outside" a box, when most of us never left that box. Because that box is the self and the walls of the box are the person's limited grasp of things or his own amorousness for their own beauty. So the question is: Can there be growth, if we remain within the confined limits of our ego-perspectives of life and reality? Can a Self grow, evolve, or truly gain an understanding of things, if all it sees is it Self?

Everything to such narcissistic people has to be a perfect utopian reflection of their egos. A materialist will reject something like Buddhism because the Buddhism has elements such as "reincarnation," karma, spirits, etc which are not paradigmatic elements in their ego-based world-model. Those things are not a reflection of their self, so they reject it. It becomes so predictable that you can literally read a person's inner topography just by reviewing their beliefs or analyzing what memplexes they are drawn to and which memplexes they reject and deny. That's how simplistic

mundanes have become. The complexities and diversity of Life are non-existent to these people. What is real - what can only be reality - must be a personification of their self/ego.

Beyond Ego

Such people never emotionally or intuitively realize that Life/Reality is so big, it is beyond our puny ego-based paradigms. Life is so big it is uncomfortable. You can be a hardcore materialist and if you study reality too deep you'll find quantum physics where reality is not as material as you wish it to be. You can be a hardcore moralist and if you venture too far outside your ego, you will observe that life and Nature is oblivious to morals. You can be a hardcore Darwinist and if you look too far outside your narcissistic utopian personification of self, you'll see that ecosystems are called systems for an actual reason. You'll see that nature does not compete with itself, but is symbiotic and co-evolutionary, which is scary and blasphemous to a Darwinist who is conditioned inside an urban matrix to see life as a "survival of the fittest" game. Things like religions - cyberreligions - philosophies, and ideologies, have today become mere vanity mirrors and security blankets to protect people from an uncomfortable reality. A reality that is much bigger than us, much more beyond our graspings and assumptions and speculations of it.

If you haven't picked up already, what I am trying to say and what the esoteric value of that second story is that there can be no true growth or inner development when a person is trapped inside the limits of his/her own ego. I should quickly define how I'm using the word ego and self. I mean to say the conscious mind and what it thinks it knows or what it believes in. And so religions, philosophies, and ideologies today are not a means to self-development, but merely a means to perpetuate our already existent ego-based world-models. If you really think about it and we say a materialist will be inside a materialist belief system for 50 years, during those 50 years will that materialist ever be anything different outside what that materialist paradigm allots? If Life/Reality behaved in such a remarkably simplistic manner, where reality is merely a comforting reflection of what we can grasp, what we wish to believe is true, would anything even be here? You know how many Muslims have been born and raised inside an Islamic paradigm for the past thousand years who have not ever thought outside or developed beyond what their paradigm has allotted for them? There is even a word to explain this phenomenon: Orthodoxy. And tellingly, there is even a word to describe the act of crossing that line of orthodoxy: Transgression. How many theists have ever Transgressed their theistic worldview into uncharted territory? How many materialists have ever Transgressed their materialistic paradigm for uncharted territory? The most powerful limits are those that we ourselves set for our own selves, because of our life long conditioning. It's like domesticated elephants in Thailand. You take a baby elephant and tie its feet with chains so it grows up conditioned mentally and emotionally to Believe that it can't break that chain, and when it grows up all you have to do is tie a thin rope to its feet and it will not even try to break the rope. Because it is trapped in the conditioned Belief that it cannot break free. You have people you condition themselves - hypnotize themselves - into being "trancefixed" inside the limits of their own narcissistic paradigm, and these same people believe they are free thinking, or free people. You give these same people anything that is not a reflection of their egos and they will say: "Oh your ideology is retarded. It looks nothing like me. Those aren't my opinions. I disagree with anything not a reflection of my opinions."

I'm bringing this Narcissistic Paradigm thing up because a lot of Satanists - and more nonsatanists - will not and do not like ONA because it is not a reflection or personification of their egos. It is not a comfy and cozy box. It's got weird chants, a pantheon of unproven entities, it looks nothing like the average mundane ego, it's just big and bloated and ugly to them. That ain't shit though. You wanna know bloated, go read the Pali Cannons. 40 volumes, 25000 pages of 2500 gibberish and nonsense. Nothing makes any sense. We're just good at faking sense. Nobody knows what the hell Buddha was tripping on when he said: Anatta. Even more bloated than that is the Universe. It's so big the universe doesn't even fit into a book. The greatest minds like Hawking have pondered on it their whole lives and all they produce are black holes. We don't know it is finite or infinite, if its flat, round or saddle shaped, if its eternally expanding or if entropy will forces all things back to Chaos [void, absolute stillness/inertia].

But the beauty about Life or the universe is that it is big, and in trying to understand ever nook and cranny of Life, we actually grow in our understandings of reality and ourselves as a part of Life or the Cosmos. In essence it is like we grow into Life, in the same way we grow into our hand-me-down our older siblings and cousins passes onto us. They are uncomfortable in the beginning, but the extra room allows us to grow to fill them in.

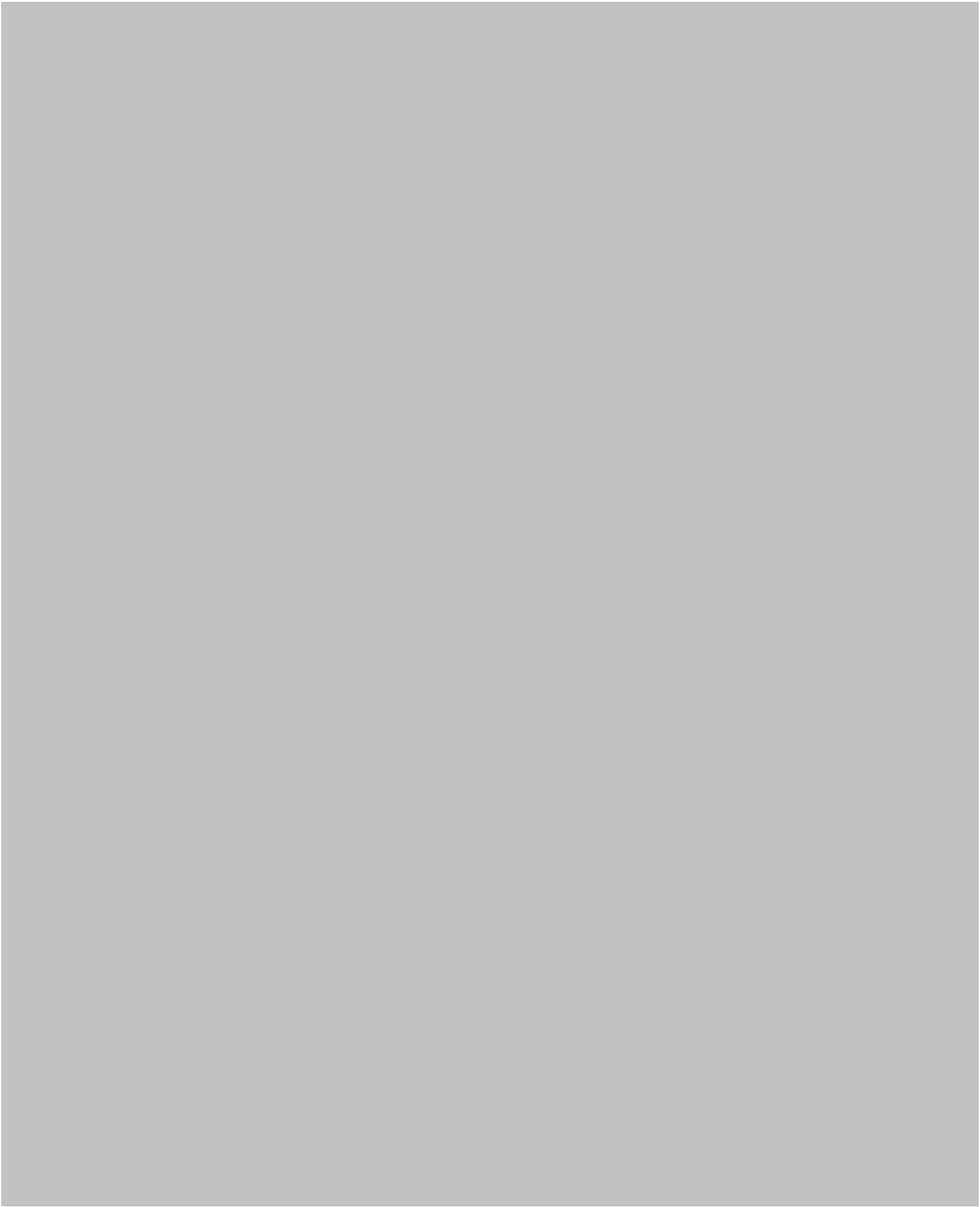
Most of Buddhism doesn't even make sense to be, but I don't bitch about it and look for something comfy to fit my ego. Many things about ONA and its Traditional Satanism hardly make any complete sense to me. I still don't know what an acausal is. But I let things be and slowly work my way to filling in the nooks and crannies. Which takes time. So the whole point to this in regard to ONA is don't be so self absorbed where you reject things left and right because your religion, or philosophy, or whatever does not fit you perfect like a glove. That perfect fit is not something you really want long term wise. Have you ever heard of Chinese Feet Binding? Back in the old days men use to think girls with tiny feet were beautiful so girls feet were tightly bounded with silk or cloth from a small age. So that as they grew older, the binding kept their feet from growing their proper size. It was actually disfiguring and rendered them crippled and unable to walk. Don't Spellbind your own self with your own words and beliefs. Let Traditional Satanism and the rest of the ONA be big. If we disagree with certain things in ONA fine, but just leave it and instead nurture it so it can grow bigger in time. The more room in ONA, the more space we have to grow in perspective and understanding.

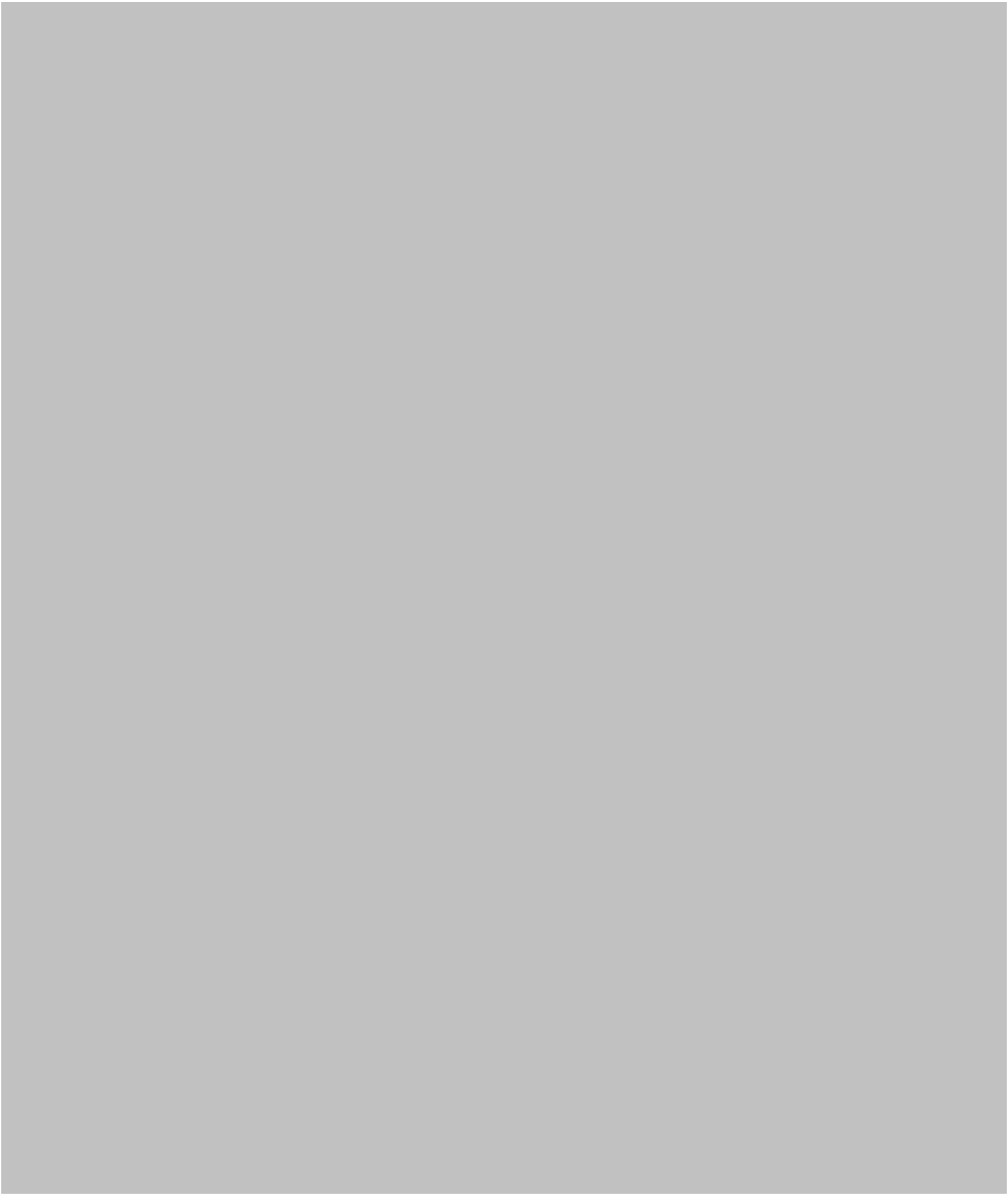
Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Order
of
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Preface by the editor:

*The following work re-presents the Order of Nine Angles 'Books' database
[Naos is contained as a separated .pdf file]
to be found within 'Sitra Ahra' on 'www.MurderDeathKill.net'.*

Other databases are:

- Various Manuscripts*
- Chants*
- Interviews*
- Tales & Poetry*
- The Deofel Quintet*

Layout and compilation by Caput Mortuum

*Stand: May 2004 * 4 Books * 222 pages*

Please note: This summary is not authorized by the O.N.A.

*Caput Mortuum
Ayin Quadma'ah Movement*

~ Books:

- I.** The Black Book Of Satan
- II.** The Black Book Of Satan II
- III.** The Black Book Of Satan III
- IV.** Naos [separated]

Order of Nine Angles

Order of Nine Angles

Codex Saerus



The Black Book of Satan

Order of Nine Angles

With illustrations from 'The Sinister Tarot' by Christos Beest

by **Conrad Robury**

Codex Saerus



The Black Book of Satan Part One

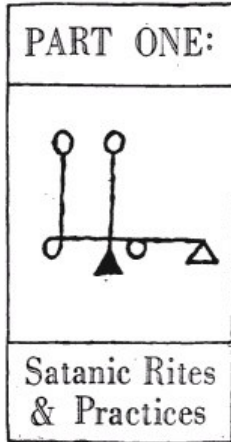
According to tradition, each Master or Mistress who was responsible for a particular Satanic Temple or group, was given on his or her assumption of that responsibility, a copy of the Black Book of Satan. The Black Book contained the basic Satanic rituals, instructions relating to ceremonial magick in general. It was the duty of the Master or Mistress to keep this book safe, and non-Initiates of the Temple were forbidden to see it. Copies were forbidden to be made, although Initiates above the grade of External Adept were allowed to see and read the Temple copy.

In traditional Satanism (i.e. those using the Septenary System: this system also being known as the Hebdomadry) this practice continued until quite recently when the Grand Master representing traditional groups decided to allow Initiates of good standing to copy the work. This decision was recently extended to enable specialist publication in a limited edition.

The whole text of the traditional Black Book is included in the present work, together with several additional chapters (e.g. Self-Initiation; Organizing and Running a Temple). These additions make this present work a concise practical handbook for those seriously interested in the Black Arts.

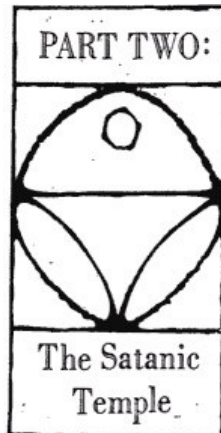
Black Book Of Satan Contents:

Part 1: Satanic Rites And Practices:



- The 21 Satanic Points
- I: What is Satanism?
- II: The Temple
- III: Ceremonial Rituals
- IV: The Black Mass
- V: The Ceremony of Birth
- VI: The Death Rite
- VII: The Pledging
- VIII: The Rite of Initiation
- IX: Consecration of The Temple
- X: The Dying Time
- XI: The Ceremony of Recalling
- XII: Satanic Orders
- XIII: Sinister Chant

Part 2: The Satanic Temple



- Introduction
- XIV: Self-Initiation
- XV: Organising and Running Satanic Temples
- XVI: Invokation to the Dark Gods
- Appendix I: A Satanic Blessing
- Appendix II: The Sinister Creed
- Appendix III: Initiate Names

The XXI Satanic Points

1. Respect not pity or weakness, for they are a disease which makes sick the strong.
2. Test always your strength, for therein lies success.
3. Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.
4. Enjoy a short rest, better than a long.
5. Come as a reaper, for thus you will sow.
6. Never love anything so much you cannot see it die.
7. Build not upon sand, but upon rock. And build not for today or yesterday but for all time.
8. Strive ever for more, for conquest is never done.
9. And die rather than submit.
10. Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art.
11. Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all.
12. The blood of the living makes good fertilizer for the seeds of the new.
13. He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest.
14. Discard not love but treat it as an imposter, but ever be just.
15. All that is great is built upon sorrow.
16. Strive not only forwards, but upwards for greatness lies in the highest.
17. Come as a fresh strong wind that breaks yet also creates.
18. Let love of life be a goal but let your highest goal be greatness.
19. Nothing is beautiful except man: but most beautiful of all is woman.
20. Reject all illusion and lies, for they hinder the strong.
21. What does not kill, makes stronger.

Atu III



Mistress of the Earth

I - What is Satanism?

Satanism is fundamentally a way of living - a practical philosophy of life. The essence of this way is the belief that we can all, as individuals, achieve far more with our lives than we realize. Most people waste the opportunities that life can, by magick, be made to bring.

Satanic magick is simply the use of magickal forces or energies to enhance the life of an individual or individuals according to their desires. This usage can be of two types - the first is 'external' and the second is 'internal'. External magick is essentially sorcery: the changing of external events, circumstances or individuals in accordance with the wishes of the sorcerer. Internal magick is the changing of the consciousness of the individual magician using certain magickal techniques - this is essentially the quest of the Initiate for the higher grades of magickal attainment, a following of the way of Adeptship.

To external magick belongs ceremonial and hermetic rituals. To internal magick belongs the seven-fold sinister way. Ceremonial rituals are rituals involving more than two individuals, the ritual taking place in either a Temple or an outdoor area consecrated as a Temple. Ceremonial rituals involve a set text which is followed by the participants, and the wearing of ceremonial robes together with the use of certain items having magickal or Occult significance. Hermetic rituals are usually undertaken by an individual working alone or with one assistant/ companion. This present work deals with Satanic ceremonial magick: Satanic hermetic and internal magick is dealt with in the book *'NAOS - A Practical Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick'*.

Satanism, in its beginnings, is all about making conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature, and to this end, Satanic magick is undertaken. Satanists believe that we are already gods: but most people fail to understand this and continue to grovel: to others or to a 'god'. The Satanist is proud, strong and defiant and detests the religion of the crucified god founded by the Nazarene, Yeshua. A Nazarene (a follower of Yeshua) is afraid of dying and weighed down by guilt and envy. The religion of Yeshua has inverted all natural values, setting back the course of our conscious evolution. Satanism, on the contrary, is a natural expression of the evolutionary or 'Promethean' urge within us: and its magick is a means to make us gods upon Earth, to realize the potential that lies within us all.

Satanic ceremonies are a means to enjoy the pleasures of life: they offer carnality, the pleasure of fulfilling one's desires, the bringing of material and personal rewards and the joys of darkness. But they are only a beginning, a stage toward something greater. It is one of the purposes of a Satanic Temple to guide those Initiates who may be interested along the difficult and dangerous path which is the seven fold way. Those who do not wish to follow this path to Adeptship and beyond should simply enjoy the many pleasures which the Prince of Darkness offers to those who by a Satanic Initiation wish to follow His philosophy of living.

In traditional Satanism there is an appreciation of the role of women, for Satanism at its highest level is concerned with the development of the individual: roles as such are a necessary part of self-development. To be played, discarded and then transcended. The structure of traditional Temples and the rituals performed by those members of those Temples reflect this appreciation and understanding. For example, it is possible and indeed desirable for a Mistress of Earth to establish and :: organize her own Temple unless she herself wishes otherwise, just as it is possible and desirable to celebrate the Black Mass using a priest, naked, upon the altar while the Priestess conducts the service, such reversal being an accepted principle of Black Magick.

II - The Temple

Satanic rites are conducted either in an indoor Temple or in an isolated outdoor locality during the hours of darkness. Indoor Temples usually have a static altar, made of either stone or wood, and this altar should be set in the East. It should be covered by an altar cloth made of good quality material and coloured black. Upon this is woven either an inverted pentagram, the septenary sigil or the personal sigil of the Master/Mistress or Temple if there is one. Candle-holders, made of either silver or gold, are placed on the altar, one at either end. Black candles are usually the most employed although some rituals require the use of other colours.

Other candleholders should be placed around the Temple, since the only light used in the Temple both during rituals and at other times should come from candles. The Black Book should be placed on an oak stand on the altar, the altar itself being of sufficient size for an individual to lie upon it. Indoor Temples should be painted either black or crimson (or a combination of the two), the floor bare or covered with rugs or carpets of plain design, either black or crimson. When not in use, the Temple should be kept dark and warm, hazel incense being burned frequently. A quartz sphere or large crystal should be kept in the Temple, either in or near the altar: if near, supported by an oak stand.

Above the altar or behind it should be an image or sculpture of Baphomet according to Satanic Tradition. Baphomet is regarded by Satanists as a 'violent goddess' and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked from the waist up. In her left hand she holds the severed head of a man. In her other hand she holds a burning torch. The severed head, which drips blood onto her lower white garment, is held so that it partially obscures her smiling face. Baphomet is regarded as the archetype of the Mistress of Earth, and the Bride of Lucifer.

No other furnishings are present in the Temple. The Temple implements are few in number and should be either made or commissioned by the Master or Mistress. If this is not possible, they should be chosen by them with care. The implements required are several large silver chalices, a Censor (or incense holders), a quartz tetrahedron, a large silver bowl, and the Sacrificial Knife which should have a wooden handle. These implements may be kept on the altar if it is large enough, or wrapped in black cloth and kept in an oak chest.

No one is allowed into the Temple unless they are dressed in ceremonial robes and barefoot. The robes are generally black with a hood, although some rituals require the use of other colours. If possible, an ante-chamber should be used by members to change into the ceremonial robes.

If an outdoor location is used, the area should be marked out by a circle of seven stones, by the Master or Mistress. An outdoor altar is usually the body of one of the participants - naked or robed depending on the ritual and the prevailing conditions. The one chosen for this honour lies on an altar cloth, black in colour and woven with an inverted pentagram, the size of this cloth being not less than seven feet by three.

Candles should be placed in lanterns which open on one side only, this side being of glass which is often coloured red. The participants should know the area well, since they should not use any artificial light of any kind including candles, to guide them to the chosen site. Neither must any fires be lit during any ritual. For this reason the night of the full moon is often chosen.

Both indoor Temples and outdoor areas chosen for rituals should be consecrated according to the rite of Temple consecration. When any ritual of Satanic magick is undertaken, no attempt should be made in any way to banish the magickal forces - what forces or energies remain following a ritual are to remain, since they dedicate the area or Temple still further to the powers of Darkness.

Preparation for Rituals:

The Master or Mistress should choose one member to act as 'Altar Brother or Sister'. It is the duty of this member to ensure that the Temple is prepared - for example, lighting the candles, filling the chalices with wine, incensing prior to the ritual.

It is the duty of the Master and Mistress to prepare the members for the ritual. This usually involves them assembling in robes in the Temple or in an ante-chamber designated as a preparation area at least half of one hour before the beginning of the ritual. During this period they are to keep their silence while standing, concentrating on the image of Baphomet or some sigil (such as an inverted pentagram) as decreed by the Master or Mistress.

One or several members should be chosen to act as Cantor and instructed in the proper chanting of the chants. Other members may be chosen as musicians - the preferred instruments being tabor (or hand-drum) or flute.

III - Ceremonial Rituals

Ceremonial rituals, as given here, are conducted for basically two reasons: to generate magickal energy (and thus direct that energy to achieve a magickal goal or desire) and for the benefit of the participating congregation. The benefits the congregation derive from a successfully conducted ritual of Black Magick are many and varied: there are the carnal ones, the material ones and the spiritual ones.

To be successful, a ceremonial ritual must be both dramatic and emotional. That is, the right atmosphere has to be created and maintained. The object is to involve the emotions of the congregation, and all the many ritualized elements (e.g. the robes and the candles) are a means to aid this. However, the single most important element is the power of the voice, whether spoken, chanted, vibrated or sung. (See the chapter on 'Magickal Vibration' for one aspect of this.)

When you are conducting a ceremonial ritual you must use the set texts and chants (such as the Satanic Our Father, the Diabolus) as a means of gradually working yourself into an emotional but still controlled frenzy. It is no use just saying the correct words - they must be spoken or chanted with a Satanic desire - and the emotion once brought must be sustained until the ritual is over. This does not mean simply acting: it means actually becoming the role you assume, that of a powerful sorcerer or sorceress. And this feeling must be communicated to the audience: by voice, gestures eyes and so on. Ceremonial Magick is and always has been an Art, and to master this Art takes practice.

However, you (and the person working as Mistress/Master or Priestess/Priest) must always remain in control of your emotions stopping just short of possession. This also means that each and every ritual must be undertaken without fear or doubt (not even unconscious fear or doubt) - that is, in the true spirit of Satanic pride and mastery: with an exultation in the forces conjured forth.

In most ceremonial rituals it is one of the tasks of the congregation to abandon themselves to their lusts and frenzy, but you as ceremonial Master/Mistress cannot do this since you must control and direct all the energies which are brought forth via the ritual and the frenzy produced. It is up to you to initiate the emotion in the Temple, to cultivate its development in the congregation, to get them to reach a ritual frenzy and climax. And then the energy must be controlled - towards a specific magickal aim or dispersed by you into the Temple/surrounding area and left to dissipate/spread according to its nature and to the glory of the Prince of Darkness.

To direct the energy, you must before the ritual choose a specific desire or aim (either your own or as a favour to one of the members). This aim (for example, it might be to harm a specific individual) must be enshrined in both a simple phrase and a simple visualization according to the principles of hermetic magick. The visualization should be of the successful outcome desired - however, if this proves difficult, concentrate solely on the phrase. This phrase, which should be succinct, should then and by you prior to the ritual, be written on a piece of parchment - you could use a 'secret script' of your own devising or one of the magickal ones in general use. You then burn this parchment at the climax of the ritual: at a point you feel is right. To do this, fill the silver bowl with spirit, place the parchment in this at the beginning of the ritual, and light it using one of the candles during the ritual. While it burns shout/chant/vibrate your chosen phrase, visualizing your desire according to the visualization chosen (if you wish to and can include the visualization part). Then exult in the triumph of your desire. Follow this with continuing the ritual to its ceremonial end.

To disperse the energy, just imagine it (as, for example, filaments) surrounding the Temple and gradually creeping outwards. You may also (for example in an Initiation ritual) direct the energy into an individual who is present (in that ritual, by using a sigil and a chant.).

IV - The Black Mass

Introduction:

The Black Mass is a ceremonial ritual with a threefold purpose. First, it is a positive inversion of the mass of the Nazarene church, and in this sense is a rite Black Magick (see the 'Guide to Black Magick'). Second it is a means of personal liberation from the chains of Nazarene dogma and thus a blasphemy: a ritual to liberate unconscious feelings. Third, it is a magickal rite in itself, that is, correct performance generates magickal energy which the celebrant can direct.

The Black Mass has been greatly misunderstood. It is not simply an inversion of Nazarene symbolism and words - when a Nazarene mass is celebrated (as occurs every day, many times, throughout the world) certain energies or vibrations compatible with the Nazarene ethos may or may not be generated, depending on the circumstances and the individuals attending. That is, under certain circumstances, the Nazarene mass can be a ritual of 'white magic': the energies that are sometimes produced being produced because a number of individuals of like mind are gathered together in ritualized setting; there is nothing in the production of energies which is attributable to external agencies (e.g. 'god').

What a genuine Black Mass does is 'tune into' those energies and then alter them in a sinister way. This occurs during the 'consecration' part of the Black Mass. The Black Mass also generates its own forms of (sinister) energy.

To see the Black Mass as simply a mockery is to misunderstand its magick. Also, the Black Mass does not require those who conduct it or participate in it to believe or accept Nazarene theology: it simply means that the participants accept that others, who attend Nazarene masses, do believe in at least to some degree in Nazarene theology - the Black Mass uses the energy produced by those beliefs against those who believe in them, by distorting that energy, and sometimes redirecting it. This is genuine Black Magick.

Participants:

Altar Priest - lies naked upon altar
Priestess - in white robes
Mistress of Earth - in scarlet robes
Master - in purple robes
Congregation - in black robes

Setting:

Usually an indoor Temple. If outdoors, clearings in forests or woods are suitable. Caves are ideal. The reason for such Outdoor settings are to provide an impression of 'enclosure'.

Versions:

The Black Mass exists in several versions. The one given below is the version most often used today. The other main version uses almost the same text, but is undertaken by a Priest using a naked Priestess on the altar.

Preparation of the Temple:

Hazel incense to be burnt (if obtainable, the hazel is mingled with civit). Several chalices full of strong wine. Black candles. Several patens (of silver if possible) containing the consecrated cakes - these are baked the night before by the Priestess and blessed (i.e. dedicated to the Prince of Darkness - see chapter of Chants) by the Mistress of Earth. The cakes consist of honey, spring water, sea salt, wheat flour, eggs and animal fat. One paten is set aside for the ritual hosts. These should be obtained from a Nazarene place of worship - but if this is not possible, they are made by the Priestess if imitation of them (unleavened white hosts).

The Mass

The Priestess signifies the beginning of the Mass by clapping her hands together twice. The Mistress of Earth turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram with her left hand, saying:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

The Priestess responds by saying:

To Satan, the giver of life.

All:

Our Father which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name In heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy And deliver us to evil as well as temptation For we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.

Master:

*May Satan the all-powerful Prince of Darkness
And Lord of Earth
Grant us our desires.*

All:

*Prince of Darkness, hear us!
I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth,
And in one Law which triumphs over all. I believe in one Temple
Our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which triumphs over all:
The Word of ecstasy. And I believe in the Law of the Aeon,
Which is sacrifice, and in the letting of blood
For which I shed no tears since I give praise to my Prince
The fire-giver and look forward to his reign
And the pleasures that are to come!*

The Mistress kisses the Master, then turns to the congregation, saying: May Satan be with you.

Master:

Veni, omnipotens aeternae diabolus!

Mistress:

By the word of the Prince of Darkness, I give praise to you

(She kisses the lips of the altar-Priest)

*My Prince, bringer of enlightenment. I greet you
Who cause us to struggle and seek the forbidden thoughts.*

(The Master repeats the 'Veni' chant)

Mistress:

Blessed are the strong for they shall inherit the Earth.

(She kisses the chest of the altar-Priest)

Blessed are the proud for they shall breed gods!

(She kisses the penis of the altar-Priest)

Let the humble and the meek die in their misery!

Order of Nine Angles

(She kisses the Master who passes the kiss on to the Priestess who kisses each member of the congregation. After this, she hands the paten containing the 'hosts' to the Mistress. The Mistress holds the paten over the altar-Priest, saying:)

*Praised are you, my Prince and lover, by the strong:
Through our evil we have this dirt; by our boldness and Strength, it will become for us a joy in this life.*

All:
Hail Satan, Prince of life !

(The Mistress places the paten on the body of the altar-Priest, saying quietly:)

Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam Recolentes vindex.

(The Priestess, quietly saying 'Sanctissimi Corporis Satanas', begins to masturbate the altar-Priest. As she does, the congregation begin to clap their hands and shout in encouragement while the Master and the Mistress chant the 'Veni' chant. The Priestess allows the semen to fall upon the 'hosts', then hands the paten to the Mistress who holds it up before the congregation saying to them:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you.

All:
As they are with you!

(The Mistress returns the paten to the body of the altar-Priest, takes up one of the chalices, saying:)

*Praised are you, my Prince, by the defiant: through our Arrogance and pride
We have this drink: let it become for us an elixir of life.*

(She sprinkles some of the wine over the altar-Priest and towards the congregation, then returns the chalice to the altar, saying to the congregation:)

*With pride in my heart I give praise to those who drove
The nails
And he who thrust the spear into the body of Yeshua,
The imposter.
May his followers rot in their rejection and filth!*

(The Master addresses the congregation saying:)

Do you renounce Yeshua, the great deciever, and all his works?

All:
*We do renounce the Nazarene Yeshua, the great deceiver
And all his works.*

Master:
Do you affirm Satan?

All:
We do affirm Satan!

(The Master begins to vibrate 'Agios o Satanas' while the Mistress picks up the paten with the 'hosts' and turns to the congregation, saying:)

*I who am the joys and pleasures of life which strong men
Have forever sought, am come to show you my body and my blood.*

Order of Nine Angles

(She gives the paten to the Priestess, then removes the robe of the Priestess, saying:)

*Remember, all you gathered here, nothing is beautiful except Man:
But most beautiful of all is Woman.*

(The Priestess gives the paten back to the Mistress, then takes the chalices and consecrated cakes to the congregation who eat and drink. When all have finished, the Mistress holds up the paten, saying:)

Behold, the dirt of the earth which the humble will eat!

(The congregation laughs while the Mistress flings the 'hosts' at them which they trample underfoot while the Master continues with the 'Agius o Satanus' vibration. The Mistress claps her hands three times to signal to the congregation. She then says:

Dance, I command you!

(The congregation then begin a dance, counter sunwise, chanting 'Satan! Satan!' while they dance. The Priestess catches them one by one, kisses the person caught and then removes their robe after which they return to the dance. The Mistress stands in the centre of the dancers, and uplifting her arms, says:)

*Let the church of the imposter Yeshua crumble into dust
Let all the scum who worship the rotting fish suffer and die in their misery and rejection!
We trample on them and spit of their sin!
Let there be ecstasy and darkness; let there be chaos and laughter,
Let there be sacrifice and strife: but above all let us enjoy
The gifts of life!*

(She signals to the Priestess who stops the dancer of her choice. The congregation then pair off, and the orgy of lust begins. The Mistress helps the altar-Priest down from the altar, and he joins in the festivities if he wishes.)

Should the Master and Mistress wish, the energies of the ritual are then directed by them towards a specific intention.

NOTES: During the 'consecration' of the 'hosts', the Master may opt to say the following quietly (leaving the Veni chant to the Mistress):

Muem suproc mine tse cob

He then takes up the chalice, saying:

*Murotaccep menoissimer ni rutednuffe sitlum orp iuq iedif muiretsym itnematset inretea ivon iem
siniugnas xilac mine tse cih.*

It is this chalice which the Mistress then takes to sprinkle the altar-Priest. The above words are usually printed on a small card which is placed on the altar before the Mass begins: the Master using the card when the above is spoken.

As with all ceremonial rituals, it is helpful if all participants know from memory the content and spoken text. It is important that this is done and that the ritual, when undertaken, follows the text on every occasion. The ritual then is more effective as a ritual, enabling the participants to be both more relaxed and more able to enter into the spirit of the rite.

The Gay Version of the Black Mass is available in OPFER (FENRIR Vol II No 2)

V - The Ceremony of Birth

Setting:

Indoor Temple, or outdoor area previously used for rituals.

Participants:

Master - black robes tied with crimson girdle
Mistress - black robes tied with crimson sash
Priestess - white robes tied with black sash
Priest - white robes tied with black girdle
Congregation (if present): black robes

Preparation:

Black candles on altar together with quartz crystal or tetrahedron. Phial of musk oil (if male child) or civit oil (if female child). Incense of Yew to be burnt (male child) or Black Poplar (female child). Before the ceremony the parents of the child appoint two Temple Members as guardians of the newborn. They also provide a small pendant made of silver inscribed with an inverted septagon (or sigil of the Temple) which, for the ceremony, they hang around the neck of the newborn on a leather thong. When the child is old enough, this can be worn by them all the time. A feast, to follow the ceremony, is prepared. The newborn is brought to the ceremony loosely wrapped in black cloth.

The Ceremony:

The Master signifies the beginning of the rite by ringing the Temple bell seven times. The parents then hand the newborn to the Priestess if the child is male, and to the Priest if female. The Master then says:

We gather here to welcome to our clan one newborn destined to share our gifts.

Mistress:
Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:
Agios o Satanas!

(The Mistress turns toward the altar, holds her hands outstretched and says quietly but in an audible voice:)

Veni, omnipotens aeterne Diabolus!

(She then turns back to the participants, saying:)

Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:
Agios o Baphomet!

Order of Nine Angles

(Note: if no congregation are present the responses are said by the Priestess et al.)

(The Master touches the head of the newborn saying:)

*May the gifts of Satan be forever with you, as they are with us.
Pone, diabolus, custodiam. With this mark I seal wyrd.*

(The Mistress hands him the phial and he anoints the forehead of the newborn with it in the shape of an inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple saying as he does this:)

Ad Satanas qui leatificat juventutem meam.

(He then turns to the parents, saying:)

How is he/she to be known?

(The parents answer, giving the Temple name they have chosen for the newborn:)

We have named him/her

(The Master then says:)

So shall it be. I name you amongst us.

(He then touches the forehead of the newborn, visualizing an inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple. As he does this the Mistress says:)

Pone, diabolus, custodiam!

(The Master then turns toward the congregation saying:)

Come forth, guardians of this child.

(The child-guardians step forward. The Master says to them:)

Do you, so chosen, pledge to guard and watch over this newborn and to teach when the teaching-time is right, our ways so that (He states the Temple name of the newborn) may learn our ways?

(The guardians answer: ' We do. 'The Master then turns to the congregation, saying:)

See them! Hear them! Know them!

(The Mistress hands him the phial and he anoints each of their foreheads with the sign of the inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple. He then turns toward the congregation saying:)

So it is done according to our ways. Let the feasting begin!

(The participants leave the Temple to partake of the feast -this is provided by members of the Temple, to honour the parents of the newborn, who may also provide gifts for the newborn and the parents.)

VI - The Death Rite

Participants:

Priest - in black robes
Priestess - naked, upon altar
Mistress - crimson robes, sexually alluring
Congregation - black robes tied with crimson cord

Temple Preparation:

Black candles on altar. Small silver Temple bell. Incense of Mars to be used (musk). A small wooden coffin (suitable in size for the wax effigy which will be made), draped in black, is placed near the altar and a handful of graveyard earth is placed on it.

Before the ritual proper begins, the Mistress makes a wax figurine in a corner of the Temple with only the Priestess present. (The easiest way to make the effigy is to place several white candles in a receptacle containing water which has just been boiled. After a while, the wax will form a thin film on the surface. This wax can then be used to fashion, by hand, the figurine which should be made as life-like as possible.) The Priestess lies naked upon the altar. The Mistress places this figurine on the womb of the Priestess, then moves it symbolically downwards to rest between her thighs. She anoints it with a musk based oil, laying: 'I who made you and delivered you in birth now name you N.N.' (She states the full name of the victim.) The Mistress and the Priestess then visualize the figurine as the intended victim - and they may if they wish then dress it as the victim dresses. The image is then placed on the womb of the Priestess, the Mistress ringing the bell thirteen times to signify the beginning of the ritual at which the Priest leads the congregation into the Temple.

The Ritual:

Priest:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

All:

To Satan, the giver of life.

(The Priest then kisses the Priestess on the lips, turns toward the congregation and makes the sign of the inverted pentagram, saying:)

Our Father which wert in heaven ...

(The congregation join him in the Satanic Our Father - see Black Mass for text. The Priest then leads the congregation in saying the Satanic Creed: 'I believe ...' - see text in Black Mass. After the Creed the Priest says:)

Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness, and help us fulfil our desires.

(He turns and fondles the Priestess, saying:)

With ecstasy we give praise to our Prince.

(The congregation chant the Sanctus Satanas - see Chants -as the Priest says quietly over the waxen image:)

Sie anod namretae meuqer.

(He then says loudly, facing the congregation:)

Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

(The Mistress then says:)

Agios o Satanas!

Order of Nine Angles

(To which the congregation respond:)

Agios o Satanas!

Mistress:
Satanas - venire!

All:
Satanas - venire!

Mistress:
Dominus diabolus sabaoth. Tui sunt caeli

All:
Tua est terra!

Mistress:
Ave Satanas!

All:
Ave Satanas!

(The Mistress kisses the Priest. The Priest makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the congregation, saying:)

We, the spawn of Chaos, curse N.N.

All:
We curse N.N.

Priest:
N.N. will writhe and die

All:
N.N. will writhe and die!

Priest:
By our will, destroyed

All:
By our will, destroyed!

Priest:
Kill and laugh!

All:
Kill and laugh!

Priest:
Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince

All:
Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince!

Priest:
N.N. is dying!

All:
N.N. is dying!

Order of Nine Angles

Priest:

N.N. is dead!

All:

N.N. is dead

Priest:

We have killed and now glory in the killing!

All:

We have killed and now glory in the killing!

(The Priest laughs, then the congregation laugh, jumping and dancing with glee. They continue until the Mistress rings the bell twice, The Priest points to her. She says:)

The Earth rejects N.N.

All:

You reject N.N.

(The Mistress picks up the image, holds it for the congregation to see and then places it on the graveyard earth, folding the black cloth over it. She places the cloth with the earth and image within it, inside the coffin. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

N.N. is dead.

(The congregation begin to dance, counter sunwise, chanting the Diabolus (see chants).After the chant, they gather round the coffin and the Mistress. The Priest says to them:)

Fratres, ut meum ac vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanas.

(The Priest has sexual intercourse on the altar with the Priestess while the congregation clap their hands in approval, chanting 'Ave Satanas!' repeatedly as they do so. After the climax, the Priest withdraws, the Mistress kisses the Priestess on the lips and then 'locis muliebribus'. She then kisses each member of the congregation. The Priest, after this, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the coffin, saying loudly:)

N.N. is dead and we all have shared in this death. N.N. is dead and we rejoice !

Mistress:

Dignum et justum est.

(The Priest and the congregation laugh. The Mistress then goes toward the Priest, takes his penis in her mouth until he is erect again. Then she stands back to admire her work, saying to the congregation:)

I who bring life, also take.

(She then passes her hands over the coffin, visualizing as she does so, the dead body of N.N. lying in a coffin. She takes up the coffin and leaves the Temple. As she leaves, the Priest says:)

Feast now, and rejoice, for we have killed, doing the work of our Prince!

(He begins the orgy of lust in the Temple. The Mistress takes the coffin to a small grave, outside, prepared beforehand. She places the coffin in Earth, covers it with earth saying: 'N.N. you are dead, now, killed by our curse.' She completes the burial and leaves the area.)

VII -The Pledging

(Note: this is the traditional Satanic wedding ceremony.)

Setting:

Temple - or outdoor area within circle of nine stones.

Participants:

Master - purple robes
Mistress - viridian robes
Priestess and Priest - black robes
Congregation - black robes
(Those who are making their pledge wear crimson robes)

Preparation:

Altar covered with black cloth on which is woven the sigil of the Tree of Wyrd with the connecting paths. Purple candles to be used. Chalices of mead. Silver bowl on altar containing inflammable liquid. Small square of parchment. Sharp knife. Two silver rings, provided by those making their pledge. Ash incense to be burnt.

The Ceremony

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple: the Master and Mistress standing before the altar with the Priest and Priestess beside them. When all is ready, the Master rings the Temple bell nine times as a signal to the Guardian who leads those desirous of pledging into the Temple where they stand before the altar.

The Master and Mistress greet both with a kiss, saying:

We, Master and Mistress of the Temple greet you.

(The Priestess and the Priest together chant 'Agios o Satanas Agios o Satanas!' This chant is repeated by the congregation. After, the Master says:)

*We are gathered here to join in oath through our sinister magick this man and this woman.
Together they shall be as inner sancturies to our gods!*

(The Mistress turns to the congregation, saying:)

Hail to they who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names! Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:
Agios o Baphomet

Mistress:
Agios o Atazoth!

Congregation:
Agios o Atazoth

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Mistress:

Agios o Satanus!

Congregation:

Agios o Satanus!

(The Master turns to the betrothed, saying:)

Do you, known in this world as (he states the name of the spaeman) accept as spaewife this lady (he states the Initiated name of the lady) known in this world as (he states the name of the lady) according to the precepts of our Temple and to the glory of our Lord Satan?

Spaeman:

I do.

(The Master says to the lady:)

Do you known in this world as (he states the name of the lady) accept as spaeman this jarl (he states the name of the jarl) according to the precepts of our Temple and to the glory of our Lord Satan?

Spaewife:

I do.

Master:

Then give as a sign of your pledge, these rings.

(The Mistress takes the silver rings from the altar and the jarl and his lady place them on the fingers of each other's left hand. The Mistress turns to the congregation saying:)

Thus in oath and magick they are joined.

(The Master raises his arms, saying:)

See them! Hear them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this jarl and his lady against the desire of that jarl and that lady, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our Lord the Prince of Darkness! Hear me, you dark gods gathering to witness this rite!

(The Mistress takes up the knife and the square of parchment as the jarl and his lady hold out their left hands. She swiftly cuts their thumbs, presses drops of each blood onto the parchment and then presses the two thumbs together. She then presses the thumb of the jarl to the forehead of the lady and then the thumb of the lady against the forehead of the jarl, marking both in blood. The parchment is cast into the silver bowl and the Priestess lights the liquid in this.

The following statement is then read out first by the lady and then the jarl. This statement is usually written/printed on a card which is kept on the altar and handed to the lady by the Priest after the Priestess ignites the liquid in the bowl:)

Esse filo captum palchritudinis suae, et nil amplius desiderare, quam ejus amplexu frui: et omen concubitus - ex commixtione hominis cum Diabolo et Baphomet aliquoties nascuntur hominis, et tali modo nasciturum esse Anti-Nazarenus.

(After this is read by the jarl, the Priest takes the card and replaces it on the altar while the Mistress comes forward to kiss first the lady then the jarl. The Master does likewise, after which he says:)

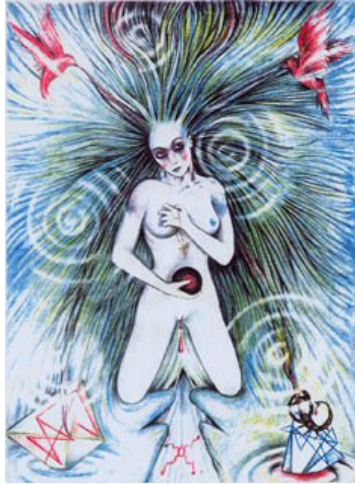
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I declare them pledged!

(The congregation et al then exchange greetings with the spaeman and his wife. The Priest and Priestess hand out the chalices which are emptied. A feast usually follows the ceremony.)

Note: Either party can end the joining at any time by placing their ring on the altar and informing the Master or Mistress who announce the parting at the next Temple gathering.

Atu II



High Priestess

VIII - The Rite of Initiation

Introduction:

The candidate is usually sponsored by an existing Initiate, and this member accompanies the candidate of the test of fidelity which the Master or Mistress of the Temple specifies. The candidate also undergoes a test of knowledge (relating to what he or she has learned of Temple teachings during the six-month probationary period) and a test of courage.

The text given below is for a male candidate: for a female candidate, the text should be altered in the appropriate places.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - in scarlet robes
Mistress of Earth - sexually alluring scarlet robes
Priestess - naked, upon altar (if male candidate)
Priest - naked, upon altar (if female candidate)
Guardian of the Temple - dressed in black and wearing a face mask
Congregation - Black robes

Preparation:

The candidate provides a new black robe, designed according to the precepts of the Temple. This is given to the Master before the ritual and placed on the altar. The candidate attends the ritual in a coarse brown garment which can be easily removed.

The ritual takes place at sunset. A small phial containing a civit-based oil is placed on the altar. Black candles to be used, incense of the Moon burnt (petriocho, if available, otherwise hazel). Some symbolism appropriate to the Moon should also be present - e.g. quartz crystals. Chalices full of strong wine.

The congregation assemble in the Temple with the Master and Mistress. The Guardian stands near the Temple entrance. The candidate is blindfolded and is led into the Temple by the sponsor.

The Rite

(The Master greets the candidate, saying:)

You the nameless have come here to receive that initiation given to all who desire the greatness of our sinister gods!

(The Master kisses the Mistress who kisses the altar-Priest [or Priestess]. The Master then says:)

*You the nameless have come to give yourself to us and your quest:
To seal with a sinister oath the beliefs and practices
You have accepted since first you were allowed into this
Temple to Satan.*

(The Master turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over them with his left hand, and says:)

*I greet you all in the name of our Prince. Let his legions
Gather to witness this, our Satanic rite! Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!*

(The congregation repeat the `Veni' chant after which the Mistress turns to them and says:)

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*Dance, I command you! And with the beating of your feet
Raise the legions of our Lord and the Dark Gods who watch
Over our games!*

(The congregation now dance, anti-sunwise, chanting the Diabolus as they dance. While they dance the Master takes a chalice and raises it, saying:)

You the nameless have come to break the chains that bind!

(The Mistress removes the garment of the candidate leaving naked. The Master approaches him, puts the chalice to his lips, saying: 'Drink!' The candidate drinks the wine. The congregation continue their dance and chant until the Mistress raises her arms as a signal for them to stop. She says to them:)

Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!

(The congregation gather round the candidate and run their hands over all his body. While they do this, laughing, the Master chants the 'Veni' chant several times. The Mistress claps her hands twice and the congregation move away. She kisses the candidate [whether male or female] and says:)

*We the noble rejoice that you have come to seed us with your blood and gifts.
We, the kin of Chaos, welcome you, now nameless. You are the riddle and I the answer that begins your quest. We, the cursed, welcome you who by being here among us have dared to defy. In the beginning there was sacrifice but now we have words which can bind you through all time to us. In your beginnings - we were. In your quest - we are. Before you - we existed. After you - we shall still be. Before us - They who are never named. After us - They will be, waiting. And you through this Rite shall be of us and thus of them who are never named. We the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess this world we call Earth.*

(The Master stands before the candidate, saying:)

Do you accept the law as decreed by us?

(The candidate [R] responds:)

I do.

Master:

Do you bind yourself with word, deed and thought, to us the Seed of Satan without fear and dread?

R:

I do

Master:

Do you affirm in the presence of this gathering that I am Your Master and that she who stands before you as I stand before you is your Mistress?

R:

I do.

Master:

*Then understand that the breaking of your word is the Beginning of our wrath! See him! Hear him!
Know him!*

(The Master points to the candidate and the congregation gather round him, touching him again. After this, the Mistress -removes his blindfold. The Master says to the candidate:)

Do you renounce the Nazarene Yeshua the deciever, and all his works ?

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R:

I do renounce Yeshua the deceiver and all his works.

Master:

Do you affirm Satan?

R:

I do affirm Satan.

Master:

Satan, whose word is Chaos?

R:

Satan, whose word is Chaos.

Master:

Then break this symbol which we detest.

(The Mistress hands the candidate a suitably defiled wooden cross which the candidate breaks and thrown it to the ground.)

Master:

*Now receive as a symbol of your new desire and as a Sign
Of your oath this sigil of Satan. This sign shall be the
Power which I as Master wield shall always be a part of
You - a symbol to those who can see and the Mark of our Prince.*

(The Mistress hands the phial of oil to the Master who traces the sign of the inverted pentagram on the forehead of the candidate, vibrating as he does so the name the candidate has chosen. The Mistress then stands behind the candidate and traces with her left forefinger, the sigil of the Temple on the back of the candidate, chanting 'Agios o Satanas' as she does so. If there be no Temple sigil, she traces the inverted pentagram. She stands before the candidate. If the candidate is male, she kisses him on the forehead, then the lips, the chest and penis. If the candidate is female, she kisses her on the forehead, each breast, then pubis. After this, she claps her hands once as a signal for the Guardian to come forward. As he does, she says to the candidate:)

Now you must be taught the wisdom of our way!

(The Guardian seizes the candidate and holds his/her arms, forcing them to kneel before the Mistress who laughs and says:)

*See, all you gathered in my Temple: here is he who thought
He knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for
His cunning! See how our strength overcomes him!*

(The congregation laugh while the Master blindfolds the candidate again. The Guardian then binds the hands of the candidate with cord. The Mistress then whispers to the candidate, saying: 'Lay down, keep your silence and be still!' The congregation and the Guardian leave the Temple.

The Master then has sexual intercourse with the Priestess on the altar [or if the candidate is female, the Mistress has intercourse with the Priest]. In both versions, this task may be delegated to a member of the congregation, chosen before the ritual by either the Master or Mistress. The male or female member so chosen stays in the Temple when the congregation depart.

After-the act, the Priestess [or Priest] is assisted down from the altar, and the Master and Mistress [and the one chosen to perform in their stead, if present] leave the Temple. The Priestess [or Priest then approaches the candidate, saying:)

*Recieve from me and through me the gift of your Initiation
So it has been, so it is, and so shall it be again.*

(They then unbind and remove the blindfold from the candidate and sexual intercourse takes place. After, the Priestess [or Priest] fetches the robe from the altar and dresses the candidate in it. She

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[or he] then briefly leaves the Temple to announce to the congregation et al 'So-it is done according to our desires! The congregation et al then return to the Temple, each greeting the new Initiate with a kiss. The chalices are handed round, and the members take their pleasure as they wish.)

Notes: For the ritual of Initiation, the Priestess is chosen for the pleasure she obtains from coitus, the Guardian for his physical strength; if the candidate is female, the altar-priest chosen for his control during coitus - he should bring the Mistress to ecstasy, without himself losing control, thus saving elixir for the candidate. It is the duty of the Mistress to find among the Temple members someone to fulfil this role, although she may delegate this task to a female member of the Temple, the person being chosen by the obvious experimentation. Those thus chosen are then invested with their office of altar-Priest or Priestess and hold this office for a year and a day.

If possible, candidates should know no details of the Rite of Initiation - i.e. they should not be told what to expect. For this reason, members of the Temple should take a vow of silence regarding the Rite, promising not to reveal its details to nonmembers and candidates, Thus, the 'Black Book' should for this and other reasons never be shown to non-Initiates.

IX - Consecration of the Temple

Preparations:

Incense of Mars to be burnt for several hours before the ritual is due to begin. The Temple itself is furnished as for a Black Mass. One chalice contains The Elixir.

(To make The Elixir: the night before the ritual, the Master has sexual intercourse in the Temple [the Temple having been already furnished, with altar etc.] at the moment of his ecstasy depositing his seed in an empty chalice. To this, the Priestess adds seven drops of her own blood [taken from her left forefinger following intercourse], three pinches of soil [finely ground and dried] taken from a grave in a graveyard on the night of the full moon, ground and dried shavings from an oak tree collected on a night when Saturn is rising, and strong wine to fill the chalice. The chalice is left on the altar until the ritual begins.)

The Master enters the Temple before the congregation, and seals the dimensions according to the Rite of Sealing:

For this, a crystal tetrahedron is required. It should be as large as possible and made of quartz. The person conducting the rite, places both their hands on the crystal (which may be on an altar) and visualizes a rent appearing in a star studded sky. This rent gradually spreads its darkness down toward the crystal, enclosing it and the surroundings. The person then vibrates:

Binan Ath Ga Wath Am.

This vibration is repeated seven times. The person then says:

From dark dimensions I call thee forth!

The person then visualizes a darkness entering the crystal. After, the person bows to the crystal. The Rite is then complete, the person removing their hands and moving away from the crystal.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - in black robes
Priestess - in black robes
Congregation - in black robes

(Note: if the group in question is run by a Mistress, then she assumes the role allocated to the Master, and a Priest is present instead of a Priestess. For producing the Elixir, the procedure above is followed although the blood is that of the Mistress and the seed that of the Priest.)

The Dedication

The Master goes to the entrance of the Temple, and ushers the congregation in. They enter chanting the Sanctus Satanas (see Chants) walking counter sunwise three times around the altar. They continue chanting until the Master claps his hands twice. He stands behind the altar, facing the congregation, the Priestess beside him. He says to the congregation:

Consorts of Satan! We gather here in this place at this Hour to dedicate this Temple to our sinister work. We Summon forth Satan, Prince of Darkness and Guardian of the Gate to the Dark Gods, to witness our rite of Dedication. For this shall be a Temple wherein we shall celebrate the Mysteries and the joys of life - wherein we and others Shall partake of the Elixir which is black to the blind. Mindful then of our sinister past which has made this Work of darkness possible, let us re-affirm our allegiance.

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(All present recite the 21 Satanic Points. After, the Master spreads his hands over the chalice containing The Elixir and vibrates 'Agius o Satanas'. He then kisses the Priestess who goes to kiss each member of the congregation. Then he holds up the -chalice, saying:)

As it has been, so it is and so shall it be again by the Power of our Prince, Satan, and the powers of They who are Never named. From dark dimensions they will come while we sleep as this Temple becomes a Gate to their world!

(He places the chalice back upon the altar, spreads his hands over the crystal tetrahedron and vibrates 'Nythra' three times. After this, he takes up the chalice, sprinkles some of its contents toward the congregation and Priestess and then over the altar. He then sprinkles more around the entrance to the Temple before walking counter sunwise around the Temple sprinkling the walls and floor. He then pours the remainder of the contents around the base of the altar. He replaces the empty chalice on the altar, turns to the congregation, saying:)

So, another chapter in our history is begun. Let the Rite of The Black Mass begin!

(He assists the one chosen before hand as altar-Priest to remove his robe and take his place upon the altar. The Mass then begins. The Mass follows the text in the Black Book except that the Priestess assumes both the role of the Mistress and her own role as Priestess, and the Master concludes the Mass with the following words [after the 'Mistress' has said '... let us enjoy the gifts of life.'])

By my Power - the Power of Satan, Prince of Darkness - I Declare this Temple charged!

(The usual orgy/feast that follows the Black Mass begins.)

X - The Dying Time

Setting:

Ⓞutdoors, in an isolated location. A funeral pyre is prepared by the Guardian. An ellipse of nine stones should be made enclosing the pyre. Wooden goblets, sufficient in number for each participant, should be filled with mead and kept ready on a wooden table (oak if possible) away from the pyre.

Participants:

Master
Mistress
Priest
Priestess
Congregation
Guardian
(all are in black robes)

Additional Guardians may be appointed to guard access to the site, ensuring privacy.

The Rite

(The body of the deceased member is brought in a light wooden casket, carried by members of the Temple toward the stones and the pyre. It is covered with a crimson drape. After the casket has been placed on the pyre, all present gather round, outside the ellipse of stones. The Master begins the Rite by saying:)

Agios o Satanas! We gather here to pay homage to our brother/sister who by his/her life and magick did deeds of glory to the honour of our name! Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:
Agios o Satanas!

Master:
Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:
Agios o Baphomet!

Mistress:
So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

Master:
So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

Congregation:
So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

(The Priest and Priestess hand out the goblets. When this is done, the Master raises his head toward the pyre, saying:)

Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam.

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(The Mistress then lights the pyre. As it burns, the Master drinks from his goblet, throwing the empty vessel into the flames. The congregation et al then raise their own goblets, say the 'Ad Satanus' chant, drink and likewise cast the empty goblets into the flames. The Mistress is the last to drink. After she has thrown her own goblet, she says:)

May our memories linger to haunt the spaces and the dark! So it has been, so it is and so shall it be again!

(The gathering then depart from the site. It is the duty of the Guardian [and his helpers, if any) to attend to and watch over the pyre, ensuring the casket and contents are reduced by flames. What remains is left, to be scattered as it will.)

XI - The Ceremony of Recalling

Introduction:

The Ceremony exists in three versions. The one given here is the one most often used today - where the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is symbolic. In former times, the Priest, having been chosen according to tradition a year before, was ritually sacrificed by the Mistress and Master. This version is published in OPFER (Fenrir Vol II No 2). This sacrificial Ceremony traditionally occurs once every cycle of seventeen years.

Preparations:

The night before the ritual, the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water (spring), egg, honey and animal fat. The congregation gather outside the Temple, the Master and Mistress wait within. The Guardian leads the Priest toward the congregation and the Priestess blindfolds the Priest. She then leads him to each member of the Temple who kiss him.

The Temple itself is furnished with red candles; Incense of Jupiter to be burning. Quartz tetrahedron on plinth or altar. Phial containing musk oil.

Participants:

Master - in black robes
Mistress of Earth - white robes
Priestess - in a red robe tied with a white sash
Guardian of the Temple - black robe, with face mask
Priest ('The Chosen One'/Opfer) - white robe
Congregation - red robes

The Ceremony

(The Priestess and Guardian lead the Priest into the Temple and are followed by the congregation.

The Mistress greets the Priest with a kiss while the Master vibrates [with his hands on the tetrahedron] 'Agius o Atazoth'.

After this, the congregation chant the 'Diabolus' [see Chants] while slowly walking, counter sunwise, around the Priest in a circle. This chant is repeated seven times. The Master and Mistress [or two Temple members chosen and trained as Cantors] then chant in parallel and a fourth apart according to the Principles of Esoteric Chant, the 'Agius o Baphomet' chant. This chant may be an octave and a fourth apart. However, should for whatever reason,

those conducting the ritual be unable to chant in this manner, the 'Agius o Baphomet' may be vibrated seven times according to the principles of esoteric vibration. [The magick is more powerful if the chant is sung in parallel as indicated.] During this, the Guardian lifts the Priest onto the altar and the Priestess removes his robe.

After the chant, the Mistress then anoints the body of the Priest with the oil while the congregation walk, as before, chanting the Diabolus. After the anointing, the Priestess and Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess then arouses the 'secret fire' of the Priest with her lips - without bringing him to ecstasy however. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel before the Priestess. The Master then kneels before the Mistress at which point the congregation cease their chanting and gather round forming a

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circle. The Priestess copies the Mistress in both words and actions, using the Priest.
The Mistress places her hands on the head of the Master and the Master says:)

It is the protection and juices of your body that I seek

(The Mistress opens her thighs, and the Master drinks. The Guardian forces the Priest to do likewise to the Priestess. Then, the Mistress pushes him away, saying:)

As you have drunk so shall you die!

Master:

*I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you
Who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of
Their blood. I lift my eyes to gaze upon the beauty of body
- You who are the daughter of and a Gate to our Dark Gods:
They who are never named. I lift my voice to stand
(He here stands)
Before you my sister and offer you my body so that my
Mage's seed shall feed your virgin flesh.*

Mistress:

*Kiss me and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that
Severs and stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn which
Grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me
With your seed
And I shall make you as a Gate which opens to our gods!*

(The Mistress goes to the Priest and whispers to him:)

Take me, for she is me and I am yours!

(She then removes the blindfold and pushes him into the arms of the Priestess. She then has congress with the Master while the congregation continue with their slow walk and chanting. After the priest has achieved his ecstasy, the Mistress says:)

*So you have sown and from your sowing gifts may come if
You obedient heed these words I speak.*

(The Guardian gives her the sash from the robe of the Priestess. She claps her hands twice and the congregation, the Priest and Priestess gather round her, the Master and the Guardian She says:)

*I know you my dark children: you are sinister yet none
Of you is as sinister or as deadly as I.
I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts:
Yet not one of you is as hateful or as loving as I.
With a glance I can strike you dead!*

(She goes to each member, kissing them in turn - on the lips and removing their robes. She then points to the Priest and the Guardian comes forward to hold him while she binds his hands with the sash. She then blindfolds him and the Guardian lays him on the floor, covering his prostrate body with the robe of the Mistress. He lies still and motionless while the Mistress says to the congregation:)

*No guilt shall bind you here; no thought restrict.
Feast then and enjoy but ever remember that I am the
Wind that snatches your soul!*

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(The Guardian then leaves the Temple, returning with trays of wine and food prepared beforehand. The congregation feast and drink and take their pleasures according to their desire always leaving a circle around the Priest clear [the circle may be drawn on the floor before the Ceremony and the Priest placed within it by the Guardian at the appropriate point]. The feasting and pleasures continue until the altar candles are burnt to a line inscribed previously by the Master - this being of sufficient duration for plentiful pleasures to be enjoyed. At this point the Mistress claps her hands seven times and the congregation et al [apart from Mistress, Priestess and Master] leave the Temple. The Priestess removes the blindfold of the Priest, unbinds and uncovers him and helps him to his feet. She then leads him out from the Temple. The Master and Mistress then take their own pleasure, directing the energies of their own congress and those present within the Temple toward a specific aim or intention.)

Notes: 1) During the feasting, the Master and Mistress abstain and instead begin to direct the energy released via the Ceremony into the crystal (using visualization etc). This energy may then be left stored there, or they may elect to release it during the conclusion toward the aim or intention. However, should they wish, they may direct the energy into the Priest. If this is done the Priest should be informed beforehand and told to observe the effects over several days. This latter procedure is intended mainly for new initiates and is an aid to their magickal development.

2) The Ceremony may be performed on a regular basis, the Master choosing the Priest who is notified only just before the start of the ritual. The ceremony may also be performed with a Priestess as 'Opfer', the ritual following the text above except that the roles of the Priest and Priestess are reversed.

3) At the discretion of the Master or Mistress, the Ceremony may be extended - the Priest (or Priestess) being left in the Temple over night, the Ceremony in this instance being begun at sunset and finally concluding at sunrise. For this extension, the energy present is always sent into the Priest (or Priestess). The person chosen for this can be any member of the Temple. In this, the Master, Mistress and Priestess leave the congregation, the member chosen being told to remain lying and unmoving until the Master returns at dawn.

XII - Satanic Orders

For a long time, traditional Satanism was taught on an individual basis from Master (or Mistress) to pupil/Initiate, this Initiate following the path to Adeptship under guidance. When ceremonial rituals were undertaken, it was in secret with only members of long standing attending. The few Initiates that were accepted had to undergo a probationary period of several years before being allowed to participate.

It was one of the duties of the Master and Mistress to guide their pupils along the difficult path toward magickal mastery, and to this end 'internal magick' was employed, this system of internal magick being gradually extended and refined over the centuries. In its initial stages, genuine Satanism is all about the Initiate experiencing the dark or shadow aspect of themselves and in the past the Initiate was instructed to experience in reality many things. Sometimes, the Master or Mistress would lead them into specific situations (some of which would be dangerous) for the Initiate to learn from them. Some of these experiences were unconventional and frowned on by 'conventional society' -and some would have been 'illegal' as well. Of course, such methods were difficult, but for the Initiates who survived or remained at liberty they provided genuine experience and self insight. However, gradually, (at least in traditional Satanism) a means was found to 'short-circuit' these evolutionary experiences: whereas in the past most of them would have been practical in the sense of taking the individual to his or her limits, the new techniques became 'internalized'. That is, they tended to be magickally based rather than practical. The essence of the new methods was and still is the 'Grade Rituals'.

The Grade Rituals (the first of which is Initiation) are a series of tasks and undertakings, and the individual who follows the procedure of a Grade Ritual (the main Grade Rituals are given in detail in NAOS - A Practical Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick') will achieve magickal understanding and self insight of a kind appropriate to the Grade Ritual being undertaken. There are seven Grade Rituals, and these take the individual from Initiate to External Adept to Internal Adept and thence to Master/Mistress and beyond. Associated with the Grade Rituals are other tasks, and these form the basis of the training of the Satanic Initiate! By their very nature, they produce a specific type of individual: one, that is, imbued with the Satanist spirit.

The Grade Ritual of Internal Adept involves the individual in living in isolation for at least three months, and if this is undertaken according to the principles of the rite itself, the individual will emerge as a genuine Adept. Naturally, this ritual is not easy.

The next stage involves the individual in entering the Abyss: Of becoming part of the acausal, that is, of allowing acausal/ chaotic energies to enter consciousness without any means of Conscious control, This magickal part of the Grade Ritual is Preceded by a physical part (for men: walking alone and unaided a distance of 80 miles beginning at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day; for women: the distance is 56 miles).

This physical part is essential (and the time limit and conditions must be rigidly observed) since it drains the candidate both physically and mentally, the candidate then having few 'barriers'. This ritual is also not easy to undertake.

Thus it can be seen that the training of Initiates in genuine Satanic Orders is both comprehensive and difficult, for Satanic Orders are not religious institutions committed to indoctrinating their members, just as they are not groups for the discussion and study of magickal and Occult topics. They are places where real sinister magick is undertaken - this real magick is difficult and may at times be dangerous. Genuine Satanists do not talk - they do; they do not seek to study obscure legends and myths pertaining to the dark side - they become, through sinister magick, the dark side itself; they do not flit from one 'group' to another, from one system to another - they follow the techniques of the seven-fold way, under guidance, to the very end refusing to give in when things become difficult and dangerous. In short, they exemplify the spirit of the Satanist: that life-affirming ecstasy which both conquers and defies.

XIII - Sinister Chant

Sinister chant is divided into three distinct methods, all of which have the same general aim - to produce magickal energy. The type and effect of this energy varies according to the method employed.

The first method is the vibration of words and phrases; the second is chanting, and the third is 'Esoteric Chant' - that is, the following of a specific text which is chanted in one of the esoteric modes. Esoteric Chant is explained in detail in *Naos*.

Vibration is the simplest method, and involves the individual 'projecting' the sound. A deep breath is taken, and the first part of the word to be vibrated is 'expelled' with the exhalation of breath. This exhalation must be controlled - that is, the intensity of sound should be prolonged (not less than ten seconds for each part of the word) and as constant as possible. The person undertaking the vibration then inhales, and the process is repeated for the second part of the word and so on.

Thus 'Satanas' would be vibrated as Sa - tan - as. The vibration is not a shout or a scream but a concentration of sound energy. Vibration should involve the whole body and should be a physical effort. Regular practice is essential in mastering the technique, and the individual should learn to project at varying distances (from ten to thirty feet or more) as well as enhance the power of the vibration itself. The essence of the method is controlled sound of the same intensity throughout each part of the word and the whole word and/or text.

Chanting is essentially the singing of words or text in a regular 'monotone' - that is, in the same key, although the last part of the chant is usually 'embellished' to a certain extent by first chanting on a higher note and then a lower one. The pace of the chant varies, and can be slow (or 'funerial') or fast (or ecstatic) depending on the ceremony and the mood of the participants.

It is one of the tasks of the Master or Mistress who runs the Temple to train the congregation and new members in all three methods of chant, and to this end regular sessions of practice should be held. Chant, of whatever type, when correctly performed is one of the keys to the generation of magickal energy during a ceremonial ritual and, like the dramatic performance of a ritual, its importance cannot be overemphasized.

Satanic Chants:

1) Diabolus

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat Saeclum in favilla
Teste Satan cum sibylla.
Quantos tremor est futurus
Quando Vindex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
Dies irae, dies illa!

2) Sanctus Satanas

Sanctus Satanas, Sanctus
Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth.
Satanas - venire!
Satanas - venire!
Ave, Satanas, ave Satanas.
Tui sunt caeli,
Tua est terra,
Ave Satanas!

Order of Nine Angles

3) Oriens Splendor

Oriens splendor lucis aeternae
Et Lucifer justitiae: veni
Et illumine sedentes in tenebris
Et umbra mortis.

4) General chants:

* Ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam. (To Satan, giver of youth and happiness.)

* Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! (Come, almighty eternal devil!)

* Pone, diabolus, custodiam! (Devil, set a guard.)

5) Invokation to Baphomet

We stand armed and dangerous before the bloody fields of history;
Devoid of dogma - but ready to carve, to defy the transient:
Ready to stab forth with our penetrative will,
Strain every leash, run yelling down the mountainside of Man:
Ready and willing to immolate world upon world
With our stunning blaze.
And let them all sing that WE were here, as Masters
Among the failing speciens called Man.
Our being took form in defiance
To stand before your killing gaze.
And now we travel from flame to flame
And tower from the will to the glory!
AGIOS O BAPHOMET! AGIOS O BAPHOMET!

Codex Saerus



The Black Book of Satan
Part Two

Atu VII



Satanas

Introduction

A Satanist Temple or group can be formed for three reasons: 1) to practice authentic Satanism; 2) to experience the reality of Sinister Magick; and 3) as a task of the External Adept. This part of the 'Black Book' applies to all three: those who have not as yet been Initiated by an established traditional Satanist Temple but who wish to begin practical Satanism for whatever personal reason, should undertake the ritual of Self-Initiation given in chapter XI, then put into practice the advice given in chapter XII about organizing and running a practical group.

If you undertake the self-Initiation, you should as soon as possible find an individual of the opposite sex who is interested in Black Magick. You can then Initiate this person, using the ritual of Initiation in Part One as your guide. You should find somewhere suitable to use as a Temple and dedicate this according to the Dedication in Part One.

You should then give your Temple a suitable Sinister name (such as The Temple of Satan) and begin to recruit members, your companion acting as Priestess/Priest and/or Mistress/Master. The gifts and joys of Satan will then be yours to enjoy.

However, should you wish to go further and begin the sevenfold sinister way, you should obtain a copy of 'Naos' and begin to undertake hermetic and internal magick, continuing with your running your Temple until and if you decide to undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. The choice is yours.

XIV - Self-Initiation

Two rituals will be given - one for an indoor location, and one for an outdoor one. Choose the one you feel is most suitable for you.

I - Indoor

Set aside an area for the performance of the ritual and in this erect an altar and cover it with a black cloth. (The altar may be a table,). Obtain some black candles, some candle holders, some hazel incense, a quartz crystal or crystals. You will also need two small squares of parchment (or expensive woven paper), a quill type pen, a sharp knife, some sea salt, a handful of graveyard earth (obtained on a night of the new moon) and a chalice which you should fill with wine. All of these items should be placed on the altar.

Should you wish, you may also obtain a black robe of suitable design. If not, you should dress all in black for the ritual. An hour before sunset, enter your Temple area, face east and chant the Sanctus Satanas twice. Then say, loudly,

*To you, Satan, Prince of Darkness and Lord of the Earth,
I dedicate this Temple: let it become, like my body,
A vessel for your power and an expression of your glory!*

Then vibrate 'Agios o Satanas' nine times. After this, take up the salt and sprinkle it over the altar and around the room, saying:

With this salt I seal the power of Satan in!

Take the earth and cast it likewise, saying:

With this earth I dedicate my Temple. Satanas - venire! Satanas venire! Agios O Baphomet! I am god imbued with your glory!

Then light the candles on the altar, burn plentiful incense and leave the Temple. Take a bath, and then return to the Temple.

Once in the Temple, do the 'Sinister Blessing' (see Appendix), then facing the altar, lightly prick your left forefinger with the knife. With the blood and using the pen inscribe on one parchment the Occult name you have chosen (see Appendix III for some suggestions regarding names). On the other inscribe an inverted pentagram. Hold both parchments up to the East saying:

With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life!

Then turn counter sunwise three times, saying:

I (state the Occult name you have chosen) am here to begin my sinister quest! Prince of Darkness, hear my oath! Baphomet, Mistress of Earth, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss!

Burn the parchments in the candles. (Note: it is often more practical to fill a vessel with spirit and place the parchments in this and then set the spirit alight. However if you have chosen woven paper, this method will not be necessary.) As they burn, say:

Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!

Take up the chalice, raise it to the East, saying:

With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name!

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles and then depart from the Temple. The Initiation is then complete.

II - Outdoor

Find a suitable outdoor area. It should be near a stream, lake or river. The ritual should be conducted on the night of the full moon at a time half way between sunset and sunrise.

You will need: ambergris oil, black candles (in lanterns if possible), two squares of parchment or woven paper, sharp knife or silver pen, quill-type pen, black robe or clothes. Chalice full of wine.

Begin the ritual by bathing naked in the stream, lake or river. After, rub the ambergris oil into the body, saying as you do 'Agios o Satanias'. Then change into the robe/clothes and proceed to where the candles etc have been lain out on the ground. Light the candles. Then facing East, conduct a Satanic Blessing (see Appendix). After, chant the Sanctus Satanias.

Then prick your left forefinger with the knife/pin and inscribe one parchment with your chosen Occult name. Inscribe an inverted pentagram on the other. Hold both parchments up to the East, saying:

'With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life.'

Then turn counter sunwise and three times saying:

'I (state your Occult name) am here to begin my sinister quest. Prince of Darkness, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss.'

Burn the parchments in the candles. (If parchment, use the method given in I above.) As they burn, say:

'Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!' Take up the chalice and say: 'With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name.'

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles, collect all the items you have used and depart from the area. The Initiation is then complete.

XV - Organising and running Satanic Temples

One of the purposes of the Temple is to perform ceremonial Satanic rituals on a regular basis, and the following schedule is suggested:

a) Once a month (at a new moon if possible) celebrate the Black Mass. This celebration should be followed by a feast where food and wine prepared and/or brought to the Temple by the members is consumed, this feast itself following on after the orgy that concludes the Black Mass. Should you, as organiser of the Temple (and thus an honorary 'Master' or 'Mistress'- the organiser of a new Temple is generally known by the title of 'Choregos') wish, the feast only may conclude the Mass - it being left to your discretion as to when the orgy is to be included. That is, it is not always necessary to conclude the Mass with an orgy, although for obvious Satanic reasons, it forms a pleasing end to the Mass.

b) Every fortnight, the members should assemble for a meeting (a sunedrion) where any member may request magickal aid for themselves or others. The aid may be of any kind - constructive, material, or destructive. Those wishing aid should write their requests on paper and seal this in an envelope which they place in a special urn/receptacle kept for this purpose near the entrance to the Temple. The members should assemble (in robes and barefoot) in the Temple, and the sunedrion is formally begun by you, the Choregos, saying 'Let the sunedrion begin'. If a member has been appointed Guardian (see the list of Offices at the end of the chapter) he should stand by the entrance to the Temple and refuse admittance to any members arriving late. Those present in the Temple then recite the Satanic Creed (see text of Black Mass).

Following this, the Priestess then removes at random two of the requests, which she reads. The members who have been chosen thus, acknowledge their requests by bowing to the Priestess. The request first chosen by the Priestess is performed that evening, the other at the next full moon. This means that you as Choregos should have everything in readiness for all possible hermetic and ceremonial rituals.

The requests may be for anything a member wishes, and it is up to you to decide how the request may be magickally fulfilled by choosing an appropriate ceremonial or hermetic ritual. The monthly Black Mass may be used as a vehicle, for example - you choosing suitable chants/visualizations for the members desire.

The member requesting help must offer something in return this is usually a financial donation to the Temple, a ritual object for use in the Temple, robes for use of members, or their own body for the gratification of the Choregos or someone chosen by the Choregos. It is however, the member requesting magickal aid who decides on the nature of the gift.

Those requests not chosen by the Priestess are considered by the Choregos after the sunedrion, and those considered suitable are undertaken as soon as possible, the members being informed.

If you as Choregos choose a hermetic ritual for a request, then you either work alone or with the member whose request it is - unless the ritual you choose is a hermetic one, when you work with the Priestess/Priest or the member if that member has offered their body as payment for the aid.

After choosing the requests, the members depart from the Temple while you and the altar brother/sister prepare the Temple for the ritual you have chosen to fit the first request. During this preparation, the members should prepare themselves for the ritual if a ceremonial form has been chosen. Should a hermetic form be chosen, this is done in the Temple while the members feast and drink outside of the Temple.

c) At full moon, an outdoor ritual should be conducted in a suitable location. This should be either a group invocation to the Dark Gods (see Chapter XVI) or another ceremonial ritual (for example, the Death Rite might be chosen because of a member's request).

You can elect to hold the sunedrion some days before this, or combine the sunedrion with this ritual, depending on the number of members, and their commitment. What is important is to establish a pattern of meetings and rituals.

Teaching:

Another purpose of the Temple should be teaching. You should try and arrange regular sessions with interested members -the best time being after the sunedrion and its associated ritual (if any), the best length for the sessions being around three quarters of one hour. During these sessions you can explain about the septenary system, the Star Game, the Satanic Tarot and so on. (All these and other topics of esoteric Satanism are covered in *Naos*.) Thus, you might organize the following programme to be held on successive sessions:

- i) Introduction to the septenary system - Tree of Wyrd, spheres, correspondences.
- ii) Further correspondences, including Tarot images associated with spheres.
- iii) Pathways and their 'demon-forms'. Invokation etc.
- iv) Hermetic rituals
- v) Introduction to the Star Game
- vi) The Satanist Tarot - divination etc.
- vii) Esoteric Chant - practice etc.
- viii) Practice of playing the Star Game.

Should you wish to follow the seven-fold sinister way yourself, you may set yourself a suitable physical task, achieve this, then undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept. **After** this, you might begin to teach internal magick to others - getting them to work with the pathways and spheres etc. and setting them goals.

Gaining Members:

There are many ways of gaining members. For instance, you might infiltrate already existing groups (of either Left or Right Hand Paths) and seek out those interested in working sinister magick. You might also try and interest friends or the friends of your companion - using the bait of an 'orgy'. Whatever method you use, try and make your first ritual dramatic and impressive - you may decide to use an established ritual like Black Mass, or you might try the ritual suggested below (First Ritual for a Choregos). The 'First Ritual' is intended mainly to impress those who may be new to magick.

You should try and create before hand the right magickal atmosphere, making your Temple as impressive as possible. Try and be creative - for example, a 'plasma ball' in a candle lit Temple is more impressive than a boring collection of old bones and a skull. Also, do not use symbols and/or Occult designs which you yourself do not know the meaning of. Keep to the symbolism of traditional Satanism - that is, the septenary, avoiding using the tired, old (and inauthentic) symbolism of the 'qabala'. Do not use any symbolism from old and dead Aeons - for example Egyptian, Sumerian - as the more pure your magick is, the more effective it will be. By pure here is meant following a genuine esoteric tradition like the septenary. In the beginnings it is often helpful if you feel part of a living, exclusive tradition such as the one represented in this 'Black Book' and 'Naos'. This adds power and charisma to both you and your magickal workings.

First Ritual:

It is important, before the ritual, for you to prepare those who will be attending. They should be told that during the ritual they are to remain silent and not move. They should be told no details of the ritual: only that it is a Satanic invokation, and they should not have seen the Temple before. To increase their expectation, you can arrange to meet them some distance from the Temple itself. They are then blindfolded and taken to the Temple, the ritual being begun immediately. (This also applies to new members of an established Temple.)

Both you and your companion (Priestess/Priest) and any others involved should have practiced your roles beforehand - being familiar with the words, gestures and so on.

Aim: The aim of the ritual is to draw down magickal energy by basically hermetic means with a view to impressing the 'novices' who are present.

Setting: Usually an indoor Temple. Black candles providing the only light. Incense well (hazel) for hours before the ritual. Music from a suitably hidden system should be played during the ritual: choose something 'demonic' which starts slowly and gradually builds to a climax.

Participants: Choregos and companion (Priestess and Priest)

The Rite:

The congregation are led into the Temple. The Priestess (or Choregos if female) should wear sexually revealing clothing. The music is started by the Choregos who walks past the congregation staring at them and saying 'Agios O Satanas'.

The Choregos and/or Priest then vibrates the 'Agios o Satanas' three times after which the Priestess kisses each member of the congregation, rubbing her hands over the genitals of the men as she does so. Following this, the Choregos/priest declare the 'Invokation to Baphomet' while the Priestess visualizes sinister magickal energy being drawn down and entering the congregation.

She then begins a slow, sensual dance to the music while the Choregos/Priest chants the Dies Irae followed by the Invokation to Baphomet. He continues to chant the 'Agios o Satanas' while

the music builds to a climax. While chanting this he passes behind the congregation, making passes in the air as he does so. The Priestess during the dance should continue with the visualization.

While still behind the congregation the Choregos/Priest says aloud: 'You are all His, now! We have words to bind your soul to us!'

The Priestess ceases her dance, chants 'Agios o Satanas' and then extinguishes the candles. She then visualizes a sinister/ demonic form entering the Temple near the altar (this form may be one of the 'demons' on the septenary paths - e.g. Shugara). During this, the Choregos/Priest should chant the name of the chosen entity (e.g. 'Agios o Shugara' Agios o Shugara!'). Do not expect at this stage a visual manifestation to occur - although this might happen if the energies are pronounced and/or one of the congregation is psychically gifted. The aim is to affect the sub-conscious of the congregation.

After this, there should be silence for some minutes (the music having ended). The Priestess then says 'It is over' and the Choregos/Priest leads the congregation from the Temple.

Note: One of the best means is for the Choregos/Priest to use a tabor or small hand-drum to accompany the ritual and the dance, instead of recorded music.

Temple Grades:

Temple members can be appointed to the following positions: Guardian of the Temple, Altar Brother (or Sister), Thurifer, Keeper of the Books.

The Thurifer is responsible for keeping the Temple incensed during and before a ritual: this may be by either using a thurifer, or a static incense burner. The altar brother/sister is responsible for ensuring the Temple is ready for a ritual: the candles lit, incense ready and so on. The Keeper of the Books is responsible for ensuring the safety of the Black Book and other Temple books and manuscripts, as well as ensuring the Book and/or altar cards are in place in readiness for a ritual.

In addition the Choregos can appoint any member to be a Priest or Priestess for either a specific ritual or for a year and a day. A Priest, when officiating in Temple rituals wears a medallion inscribed with either an inverted pentagram or inverted septagon; a Priestess wears an amber necklace and may also opt to wear a silver ankle chain.

The sign of a Choregos is, for men, a plain black ring worn on the left hand. Temple members may wear, for men, a ring set with quartz and worn on the left hand, and, for women, a quartz necklace.

XVI - Invokation to the Dark Gods

To open a Star Gate and return the Dark Gods to our causal universe a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz is required. This should be as large as possible - and made from a natural shape by a skilled operator.

The rite of returning exists in two versions: the first is suitable for two or more individuals and involves basic magick; the second requires detailed preparation and Cantors trained to a high standard in esoteric chant. The second version is more powerful, but regular invocation using the first method has the same effect.

I.

The participants for the first version are Priestess and Priest, together with any number of other Initiates provided male and female are present in equal numbers. The invocation can, however, take place without these Initiates - that is, with only the Priestess and Priest present.

The rite begins on the night of the new moon with Saturn rising if only the Priest and Priestess are present, otherwise it is undertaken on the night of the full moon. The rite should if possible be conducted on an isolated hill-top and the Priest and Priestess should both be naked. The congregation should wear black robes. Candles in lanterns should be placed to mark out a large circle on the ground.

The invocation begins with the Priest vibrating seven times the phrase 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Priestess holds the tetrahedron in her hands, palms upward. When the vibration is complete the Priest places his hands on the tetrahedron and both vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' until the ritual is complete.

After the vibration, the Priestess - still holding the crystal - should lie on the ground, her head North, the Priest arousing her with his tongue, The sexual union then begins, with both visualizing the Star Gate opening and the primal form of Atazoth coming forth. Atazoth may be visualized as a dark nebulous chaos - a rend in the fabric of star-studded space which changes into a Dagon like/dragon entity.

After her sexual climax, the Priestess buries the crystal within the earth of the hill. When this is done, she vibrates over the spot 'Aperiatur terra, et germinet CHAOS!' She then signals to the congregation who cease their chanting. All the participants then depart from the hill.

Note: The tetrahedron should be well-buried in a spot prepared by the Priest and Priestess before the rite. If the invocation is done again, the rite begins with the Priestess unearthing the tetrahedron. It should be cleaned before the ritual begins - and must be buried without any covering whatever.

II.

The second version involves at least eight people including Cantor (s) and Priest and Priestess. Male and female should be present in equal numbers. The rite takes place on or around the autumnal equinox or winter solstice. The best place is an isolate isolated hilltop.

According to tradition, the best time to invoke is when (autumn equinox) Venus sets after the sun and the moon itself is very near the star Dabih; or when (winter solstice) Jupiter and Saturn are near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. The first is associated with the 'Star Gate' Dabih, the second with Algol. The most effective place magickally is a hill top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and one of another rock. The top of the hill should have a line of pre-Cambrian grit passing through it - this description allowing the hallowed places, in this country, to be found.

The crystal should be placed on a sheet of mica upon a pediment of oak. The rite begins with the Cantors vibrating in E minor 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while at least six of the congregation dance moonrise around the crystal, Cantors, Priestess and Priest. This dance is slow and gradually increases in speed, the participants chanting 'Binan ath ga wath am' as they dance.

The Cantors vibrate their phrase seven times at the end of which the Priestess places her hands on the tetrahedron. The Cantors (if there is only one, the Priest acts as a cantor) then sing according to Esoteric Chant - that is, in fourths - the Diabolus. The Priestess visualizes the Star Gate opening.

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After the Diabolus, the Priestess and Priest vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' a fifth apart (or a fifth and an octave) while the Cantors vibrate the same phrase also a fifth apart. (If only one Cantor is present he vibrates Atazoth in E minor.) After this vibration and on a signal from the Priestess, the congregation begin an orgiastic rite, during which the Priestess continues with the visualization and the Cantors with the 'Binan ...' chant a fifth apart. The Priest may visualize the orgiastic energy of the congregation into a magical force which forces open the Star Gate, allowing the Dark Gods to return to Earth.

The Priest and Priestess may then visualize the Chaotic energies as being dispersed over the Earth.

However, if the ritual is undertaken correctly, the Dark Gods may become manifest. Should this occur, all the participants should exult.

Note: This second version may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling - and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to tradition. The invocation to the Dark Gods begins after the sacrifice with the Cantor vibrating 'Nythra ...' as above while the Mistress anoints the participants with the Red Elixir. For this combined ritual, the Mistress in the 'Ceremony' assumes the role of 'Priestess' in the invocation: the Master that of the Priest. This combined ritual is rightly forbidden, for it is the most sinister ritual that exists, its performance actually calling back to Earth in physical form the Dark Gods themselves.

Order of Nine Angles

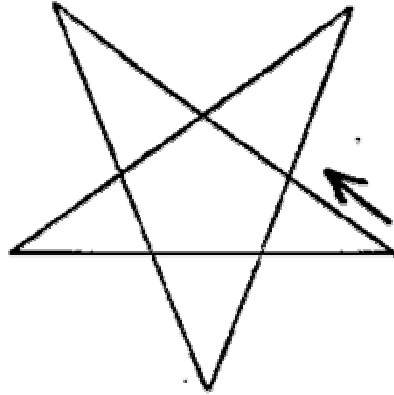
Appendix:

I - A Satanic Blessing

Vibrate the following toward the person or area:

Agios ischyros Baphomet!

After, and with the left hand, extending the forefinger, construct in the air an inverted pentagram, beginning at the right corner, thus:



Do this in one unbroken movement. When it is complete, strike the area of the heart with your right hand, saying:

Agios athanatos.

The blessing is then complete.

II - The Sinister Creed

1. Satan in particular and the Dark Gods in general are a means to self-fulfillment and self-understanding.
2. Only by journeying through the darkness within us and without can we attain self-divinity and thus fulfil the potentiality of our existence.
3. Our rites, ceremonies and practices are all life-affirming, and show us the ecstasy of existence and the self-overcoming of the true Adept.
4. We are feared because we defy and seek to know and thus understand. We rejoice in living: in all its pleasures but most particularly in its possibilities. We thus extend the frontiers of evolution while others sleep or cry.
5. We detest all that enervates and would rather die than submit to anyone or anything - this pride is the pride of Satan, and Satan is a symbol of our defiance and a sign of our life-enhancing energy. Others see our way of living and our way of dying and are afraid.
6. When we hate we hate openly and with arrogance, and when we love, we love with a passion to match this arrogance: always mindful never to love anyone so much that we cannot see them die, for death is a natural changing of energies.
7. We prepare - through our magick and our ways of living - for the Age of Fire (the Aeon of the Dark Gods) which is to come, when we elitist few shall reach out toward the stars and the galaxies and the new challenges they will bring.
8. Our way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly defy the matrix of illusions - of 'good' and 'evil' - that stifle the potentiality of our being.
9. What does not kill us, makes us stronger.

III - Initiate Names

a) Some suggestions, based on names traditionally used in sinister Temples:

Male: Oger, Hacon, Serell, Noctulius, Athor, Engar, Aulwynd, Algar, Suevis, Angar, Wulsin, Gord, Ranulf

Female: Sirida, Eulalia, Lianna, Aesoth, Richenda, Edonia, Annia, Liben, Estrild, Selann

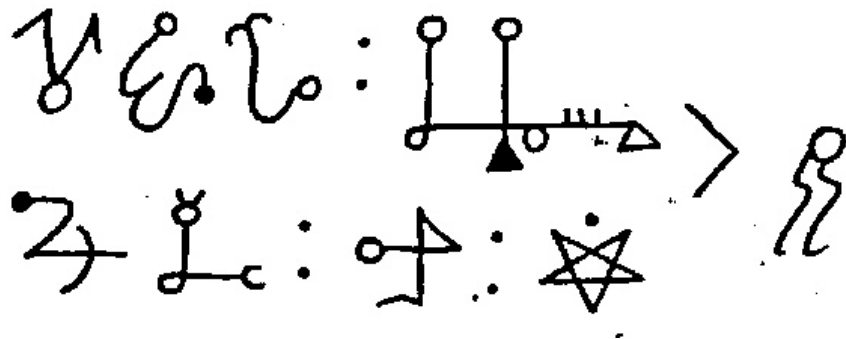
b) Contract and/or transpose your own name to form another; for example, 'Conrad Robury' gives Cabur, Nocra and so on.

c) Find a demon form with whom you feel an affinity, and use that name, either as it is or contracted/transposed.

d) Construct your name from a Satanic phrase or chant - for example, 'Quinvex' can be derived from the 'Quando Vindex' of the Diabolus.

What is important about all the above is that you feel 'attracted' to a particular name or phrase.

Whatever method is used, the name or phrase should derive from traditional Satanism (as explicated in this book) and for this reason names/demons deriving from other traditions should not be used.



Atu XX



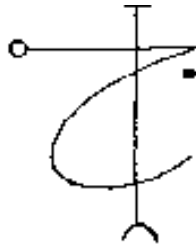
Aeon

Order of Nine Angles

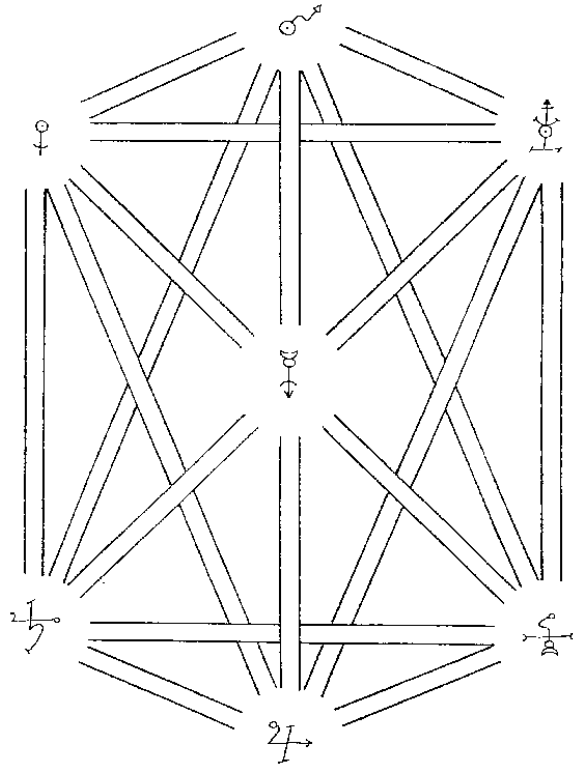
Order of Nine Angles

CAELETHI

The Black Book Of Satan II



by
Christos Beest



O.

Invoke all as given, by $\nu\alpha\sigma\varsigma$

Use also the crystal tetrahedron
As a key
To the Dark Pool beneath the Moon...

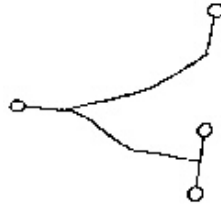
$\sqrt{7}$:

$\nu\varsigma\gamma\alpha\beta\theta - \nu\theta - \alpha\sigma\tau$
 $\nu\mu\nu\omega\phi\psi\chi\eta\theta\iota\kappa\lambda\mu\eta\sigma\tau$
 $\rho - \sigma - \tau\alpha\sigma\tau$
 $\nu\zeta\gamma\beta\gamma\delta\epsilon\zeta\eta\theta\iota\kappa$
 $\mu\sigma\tau\omega\phi\psi\chi\eta\theta\iota\kappa\lambda\mu\eta\sigma\tau$
 $\rho\sigma\tau\omega\phi\psi\chi\eta\theta\iota\kappa$
 $\beta\gamma\delta\epsilon\zeta\eta\theta\iota\kappa\lambda\mu\eta\sigma\tau$
 $\rho\sigma\tau - \nu$

$\rho - - * - \nu$...

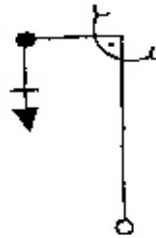
Order of Nine Angles

I : N A O S



The woman beneath the water
The Temple within
Of War torn landscapes, black hills
Grab the lightening and hold it
Shell shocked
The Giving within Her arms...

II : A O S O T H



The Bleeding Earth
From the throats of fools,
in brooks
From the Gate
a red bird
This, the corn needs
Containment of Winter:
The Maiden is ready.

Order of Nine Angles

III : L I D A G O N



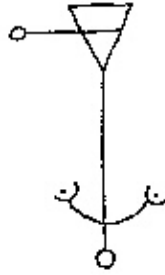
Autumn -
A marriage beneath the Earth
In Elixir
She washes Her hands
A Black Eagle
A Palace of Light
She becomes the snake
Who offers the sword
To sever the arm...

IV : M A C T O R O N



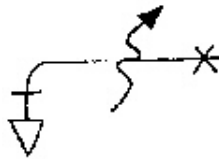
She rows a boat in a black pool
From Her steps:
The Hermaphrodite,
the body drowned.
The Planet of Them
And the first drop
In a white desert
Into clear waters
Aktlal Maka.

VII : A Z A N I G I N



In red desert
Three fingers and a skull
Are laid on fur
The stones of a circle
Turn to frogs
The skeleton of a child
The birth of an army
A Nexion is opened.

VIII : A B A T U



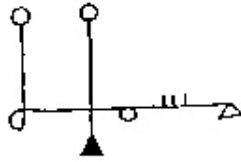
In a dungeon, a bed of fire
From an exploded sphere
Red butterflies
With a look
The war is begun
A sexless mask
In the caves of the sea.

IX : V E L P E C U L A



Now in the desert,
A jester
Greets the transparent horse
On hill Golden folk
Become fire
The snow melts
The faces of Mountains
The raven with
The woman's face,
Her gold begets the Blood...

X : VINDEX



Two horses
Fight within a circle of trees
(The Sun at Night)
Two angels
Laughing in a room of sacrifice
Two
In a haze of gold
Beyond the Door.

XI : SAUROCTONOS



A crippled boy
A tunnel of bone
A Star descends into a forest
Faces are removed
And She sits in the stone house
Unheard.

XII : NOCTULIUS



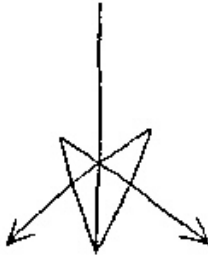
The Moon wraps itself
Around the Savage God;
Impaled on a throne
As the wheel of skulls turns.
The jeweled Lady
The crone...
Winter in the wildest of woods.

XIII : NYTHRA



A canal route lined
By white Griffins.
A vortex of grey starless space.
The chalice spills its
White blood
And the Herdsman's light shines
In the Chamber of the Sphinx.

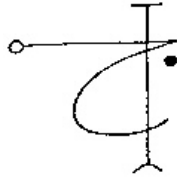
XIV : SHAITAN



The ruby is the password
She of the white robe
Rides the transparent horse
The maiden closes.
On broken legs he steps forth
He becomes the Dragon...

Order of Nine Angles

XV : S H U G A R A



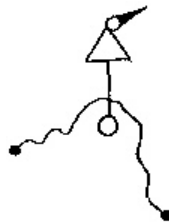
A frog reveals human heads
Within its mouth
Furrowed white fields
White, snow laden trees -
Her face, caught by the Moon;
Her eyes come to know
The Pool,
Take the spiral staircase
to the Blue room...

XVI : N E K A L A H



Their Name ...
Inside the room of Sacrifice:
White flowers.
A garden, dry, of dead roses.
The masked lady
Holds Her new child.

XVII : G A W A T H A M



The power within is great
The eagle eats
Its human offspring
Cold music here
Blue woman hold the horse's head While the Seer weaves.

XVIII : B I N A N A T H



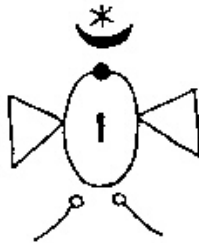
Headless
The white angel impaled
By Seven.
Seven bells rung,
The cortege from a black hill
Passed the squatter's cottage.
Black flame engulfed
Black flame ate the 'holy'.

XIX : K A R U S A M S U



Sappho dance in still water
Chains and roses in blue
Invoke the Sun
To an arch of fire
Gravestones, butterflies
And rivers of snakes.

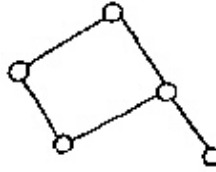
XX : N E M I C U



The blue statue
His red eyes survey the maze
Bringer of wisdom
The perfect child
And the tetrahedron
Bathing hair in the Dark Pool
Successor...

Order of Nine Angles

XXI : K T H U N A E

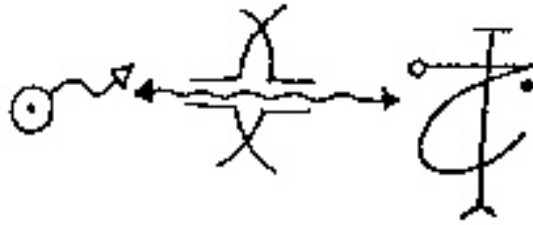


The Elixir of Recalling
Flows into clear water
The contracting of the Dark Star The severing of the attractant
The Pool is opened
Go deeper
Against all other And ever Darker, Recall.

⚡⚡⚡⚡⚡⚡⚡⚡

Sanctioned: Christos Beest
Order of Nine Angles
Yf 103 Era Horrificus

AGIOS O SHUGARA



4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

The
Black Book
Of
Satan

III

by **Christos Beest**

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7. The Ceremony of Recalling

Appendix:

1. The Nine Angles Esoteric Meanings
2. The Secrets of the Nine Angles
3. Chants

Wyrd non est aliud, quam halitus
aquae, terraeque, solis calore
exacte attenuatus et coctus, a
frigore secutae noctis in unum
coactus, densatusque . . .

I: THE SINISTER CALLING

Introduction:

The aim of the following ceremonial ritual can be either (a) returning to Earth those 'negative, chaotic, sinister' forms/energies dark legend knows as 'The Dark Gods'; (b) drawing forth from acausal dimensions chaotic energies, directed towards a specific goal/aim/intent or channeled into a particular individual(s)/group/temporal form. The main difference between the two is that in (a) the forms/energies are left to disperse/create conditions according to their nature. If insufficient preparation/desire is present within those performing this Calling, (b) can become (a) - sometimes to the detriment of those Calling. The rite of the Sinister Calling is a traditional ritual - perhaps the most sinister ritual that exists. The rite assumes willing Sacrifice.

Setting:

An isolated hill top, sunset, with Saturn rising - or a sinister Temple/cave.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - purple robes
Mistress of Earth - purple robes
Priestess - naked, upon altar
Priest - black robe, tied with white cord/girdle
Congregation - black robes
Guardian of the Temple - black robes with face mask

Preparations:

1) Seven days before the rite, the congregation assemble in the dwelling of the Master or Mistress. Here they stay until the rite is complete. During the seven days they are forbidden to speak, wear only ceremonial robes, will abstain from intoxicating drinks and sexual pleasures and eat no meat (this is a 'Black Fast'). During the hours of darkness no lights except black candles are to be lit and at sunset on each day they gather in the Temple to chant the Diabolus nine times. During the seven days no contact with outsiders is allowed, and no music or intrusive sound, save for the Diabolus and the Atazoth chant is to be heard. Both the dwelling and the Temple is to be incensed with Saturnian incense. According to tradition, the robes worn will contain a hood/cowl which is to be worn during the hours of daylight, these hours being taken up with walking within the dwelling grounds (or a suitable, isolated location nearby) for at least three hours together with such diversions as the Master or Mistress will arrange. (Note: These diversions - which in recent times include playing the Star Game - are so chosen so as not to destroy the black tranquility of the fast.) In the past they have included study of alchemical MSS, silent Tarot readings (using sign language/drawn symbols for the reader to express meanings) and practice in performing esoteric chant (Diabolus/Atazoth chant - fourth/fifths and so on), this latter in the Temple if the Calling is to be performed there.

2) The Temple is prepared seven days before the rite (this applies to the site chosen - which should thereafter be guarded by appropriate energy). This consists of the Master and Mistress incensing the area with Saturnian incense while chanting seven times the 'Sanctus Satanas'. They then unite in sexual union, the Mistress visualizing the nexion to the Dark Gods as being gradually opened, though remaining partly closed.

One planetary hour before the Calling begins on the seventh day, the Temple/outdoor area is made ready by an Initiate chosen for this task. A black cloth is laid on the altar and seven black candles placed upon it and lit. A large quartz crystal is placed in the centre of the Temple, on an oak (or wooden) stand. (Note: It enhances the energies if this crystal is shaped as a tetrahedron. Whatever the shape the crystal should be as large as possible.) The Master brings the Sacrificial knife. An image of Baphomet according to sinister tradition (for example, Atu III of the Sinister Tarot) may be present in the Temple but no other artifacts, furnishings, signs or symbols.

The congregation et al gather outside the Temple, robed as described, and are led into the Temple by the (naked) Priestess at the beginning of the Rite.

3) As the Congregation assemble on the seventh day before the Rite (they will have been informed some time before by the Master or Mistress of the date of the Calling, its purpose and intent being

explained) lots are drawn to decide which man among them will be chosen. The one chosen by the drawing of lots is free to then accept or decline the honour. If this honour is declined, another lot is held, and the one so chosen may also decline. After this a further lot is held, the result of which is binding. The Opfer so chosen by lot is then led by the Guardian(s) to a secure, secluded place and resides there until the Calling begins. Each night and in this place, the Opfer receives the Priestess for the length of one planetary hour, the Priestess being chosen from among the Temple to be at this period capable of conception. If the Master or Mistress so desire, another lady in addition to the Priestess may be chosen and received by the Opfer during the days before the Rite, and lead him to the Temple for the Calling.

The Rite:

The congregation process into the Temple, led by the Priestess who is assisted onto the altar by the Mistress. The congregation gather in a semi-circle before the altar, the Guardian(s) holding the Opfer by the entrance. The Mistress greets the Master with a kiss, saying:

'To you it is fitting, Master, to speak to our gods for these many. With your own eyes see how we seekers of darkness await this calling forth of our gods!'

The Mistress gestures with her hands, and the congregation remove their hoods/cowls. She says: 'So shall we rejoicing dance!' The congregation begin to dance counter-sunwise around the altar chanting "Binan ath ga wath am".

The Master lays the S.Knife on the womb of the Priestess while the Mistress places her hands on the crystal and joins the Master in chanting the Diabolus in fourths while visualizing the nexion opening. This chant is repeated seven times while the congregation continue their dance and chant.

After the seventh chant, the Master claps his hands nine times as a signal for the congregation to gather round. The Guardian brings the Opfer forward.

The Master gives the Opfer a chalice of wine, which he drinks. After this, the Master says to him: 'We greet our honoured guest with a kiss'. He kisses the Opfer, followed by the Mistress and the congregation who kiss the Opfer in turn.

The Mistress then removes the robe of the Opfer and begins to raise his secret fire with her lips, while the Master gestures to the congregation as a sign for them to remove their robes. They then begin to dance again - chanting 'Atazoth', Satanus and/or shouting/laughing/screaming as they whirl faster in ecstasy and frenzy.

As they dance, the Guardian lifts the Priest upon the altar while the Master takes up the S.Knife. The Priestess holds the Opfer in sexual union and visualizes the nexion opening as she draws by movement the secret fire from the Opfer. She then releases him and on this sign the Mistress signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires.

The Mistress then touches the crystal with her hands visualizing/intoning the aim/intent of the Calling, ad libitum according to the frenzy/energy generated in the Temple. As she touches the crystal, the Guardian(s) assist the Opfer from the altar and with the Master (who takes the S.Knife and the empty chalice used by the Opfer) leave the Temple and go to a secluded place (which may be the place used by the Opfer during the preparation period).

In this secluded place, the Master vibrates 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Guardian(s) hold the Opfer. After the vibration, the Master uses the S.Knife, collecting some of the elixir in the chalice.



He then returns to the Temple and the Mistress symbolically washes her hands in the red elixir before herself chanting 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth!' Following this, she and the Master chant in fourths the Diabolus, directing the chant towards the crystal.

The Rite is concluded by the Master assisting the Priestess down from the altar. She departs from the Temple, returning with trays of food and wine which she offers to the congregation - then revelry continues until desires are fulfilled. The Priestess herself withdraws after offering the food and drink, as the Master and Mistress do.

Note:

After the final Diabolus chant by the Master and Mistress, if an aim/intent is intended, this is visualized/voiced by them according to magickal principles before they depart from the Temple. Should they wish, they may combine this with their own sexual union. Should no intent/aim be desired, the dark forms/energies are left to gather/disperse according to their nature. The Guardian(s) are sworn to secrecy, and after the red elixir is produced, they secrete/bury the empty vessel in a location prepared beforehand.

II: THE BLACK MASS OF LIFE (The Promethean Office I)

For daily (dawn;dusk) or ad libitum performance either solo or by Priest  and Priestess .

Aperiatu terra, et germinet Vindex

(Chant:)

Agios o Vindex

(Hymn:)

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
Penna biformis per liquidum aethera
Vates, neque in terris morabor
Longius, invidiaque maior
Orbis relinquam



Agios athanatos



Dignum et justum est

(Chant:)

Agios o Baphomet
O Oriens splendour lucis aeternae
Et sol justitiae:
Veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris
Et umbra mortis

(Chant:)

Agios o Vindex

(Hymn:)

Rerum Atazoth, tenax vigor
Immotus in te permanens
Lucis diurnae tempora
Successibus determinans:
Qui venturis es in mundum
Atazoth, ne tardaveris



Nocturna lux viantibus
A nocte noctem segregans,
Praeco diei iam sonat
Iubarque solis evocat



Hoc excitatus Lucifer
Solvit polum caligine
Agios o Vindex
Laetus dies hic transeat.

Textual variations - Sunday and Feast days:

Order of Nine Angles



A porta inferni Atazoth, in adjutorium.



Aperiatum terra et germinet Vindex

(Hymn:)

Cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum
Implicat casas virentes de flagello myrteo:
Cras canoris feriatos ducit in silvis choros;
Cras Gaia jura dicit fulta sublimi throno.
Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.
Cras erit cum primus aether copulavit nuptias:
Tunc cruore de superno spumeo et ponti globo
Caerulas inter catervas inter et bipedes equos,
Fecit undantem Dionem de maritis imbribus.
Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.
Ipsa gemmis purpuantem pingit annum floridis;
Ipsa turgentes papillas de favoni spiritu
Urget in nodos tepentes; ipsa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentes aquas.
Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.

Sunset, special Feast days:



Ad Gaia qui laetificant juventum meam.



Aperiatum terra, et germinet Vindex.

(Hymn:)

Hraegl min swigad ponne ic hrusan trede
Oppe pa wic buge oppe wado drefo.
Hwilum mec ahebbad ofer haelepa byht
Hyrste mine and peos hea lyft
And mec ponne wide wolcna strengu
Ofer folc byred; fraetwe mine
Swogad hlude and swinsiad
Torhte singed ponne ic getenge ne beom
Flode and foldan, frende gaest.
Berk Odins mjod a Engla bjod!

III: THE MASS OF HERESY

Participants:

Mistress of Earth - scarlet robes
Master of the Temple - purple robes
Guardian of the Temple - black robes with face mask
Congregation - black robes

Temple Preparations:

Altar covered by a red cloth on which is woven a gold inverted pentagram. Black candles and incense of Mars to be used. Behind the altar is a large swastika banner: black swastika on white circle against red background. Silver chalices containing strong wine; crystal tetrahedron and small altar bell on altar.

The Aim:

The aim of this Mass is to a) challenge accepted beliefs about recent history; b) provoke dissent and encourage Promethean challenge - particularly within the psyche of the individual; c) encourage dark forces. It should be noted that performance of this Mass is illegal in many Western countries - and acceptance of its tenets renders individuals liable to persecution. Performance of this Mass in these times is as dangerous as saying a genuine 'Black Mass' in the era of Nazarene persecution/'witch hunts'.

The Mass:

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple. The Master and Mistress enter at the start of the rite, precess to the altar, bow to the banner and turn to face the congregation.

Mistress:

Hail to you, most holy and free,
Revealer of Dark:
We greet you with forbidden thoughts!

Congregation:

Hail - most holy and free!

Master:

We believe -

Congregation:

Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods
To guide us to greatness.
We believe in the inequality of races
And in the right of the Aryan to live
According to the laws of the folk.
We acknowledge that the story of the holocaust
Is a lie to keep our race in chains
And express our desire to see the truth revealed.
We believe in justice for our oppressed comrades
And seek an end to the world-wide
Persecution of National-Socialists.
We believe in the Magick of our wyrd
And curse all who oppose us.
We express our pride in the great achievements
Of our race
And shall not cease from striving

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Since we believe the destiny
Of our noble Aryan race lies among the stars!

Mistress:

Let us remember in silence
Our comrades who gave their lives
Before, during and after the Holy War.

(The Master rings the bell twice. The silence which follows is broken by the Master ringing the bell once when all present give a brief Hitlerian salute.)

Mistress:

I who am Mistress of Earth welcome you
Who have dared to defy the dogmas
That now hold our peoples in chains!
No thought should bind you:
No dogma restrict!

(The Master now vibrates the 'Agius o Falcifer' standing facing the altar with his hands over the chalices. During this, the Mistress kisses each member of the congregation saying: 'Honour be yours', goes to the altar and takes up a chalice.)

Mistress:

By our love of life we have this drink:
It will become for us a gift
From our gods!

(The Mistress raises up the chalice, turns and replaces it on the altar, passes her hands over the chalices saying quietly: 'Oriens splendour lucis aeternae et sol justitiae - veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis.' She then goes to the Master who kisses her and holds his hands outstretched toward the congregation.)

Master:

Caligo terrae scinditur
Percussa solis spiculo
Dum sol ex stellis nascitur
In fedei diluculo
Rebusque jam color
Redit Partu nitentis sideris.

(The Master turns, bows briefly toward the banner, faces the congregation and points to the swastika, saying:)

Behold the sign of the sun
And the flag of he who was chosen
By our gods!
Praised are you by the defiant:
Through your courage we have
The strength to dream!

(The Master hands the Mistress a chalice, saying:)

Suscipe, Lucifer, munus quod tibi offerimus
Memoriam recolentes Adolphus.

(The Mistress sips the wine, holds the chalice toward the congregation and says:)

Let us affirm again our faith.

(The Guardian steps forward, raises his right arm in the Hitlerian salute)

Guardian:

Hail Hitler!

(The congregation respond with a salute and a greeting.)

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Master:

So you have spoken and from your speaking
Gifts shall come to you
Given by our gods.
Drink now, to seal with honour
Your faith.

(The Mistress gives the chalice she is holding to the Guardian who drains it, holds it upside down to show the congregation and places the empty chalice on the altar. The congregation, in single file, then approach the Mistress. She hands them a chalice each, which each drain, hold upside down and return to the altar. When all have drunk, the Master vibrates the 'Agius o Falcifer' while the Mistress turns to the congregation.)

Mistress:

To believe is easy,
To defy is hard -
But most difficult of all
Is to die fighting for a noble cause.
Go now, and remember
So that we few who survive
Can gather again in secret
At the appointed time
To recall the greatness promised us
By our gods!

(The Guardian opens the door to the Temple and ushers the congregation out.)

Note:

The altar may contain, at the start of the Mass, a copy of 'Mein Kampf' and a framed photograph of the Leader.

IV: THE BLACK MASS - GAY VERSION

Guidelines for Gay Initiates

i) Temple Organization:

The Temple is organized according to the principles laid down in the 'Black Book of Satan I' except that: a) for women, the External Adept who organizes the Temple is known by the title 'Erie' b) the Initiation of new members, and the rituals (such as the Black Mass) which are used by the Temple are changed from the texts given in the Black Book I and other writings in accordance with the principles given below.

ii) Rituals:

In general, the form of the ritual used and much of the spoken text is unaltered. The titles/roles of the participants are changed thus:

- a) for men - the role of 'Priestess' is assigned to the Acolyte; the role of 'Mistress of Earth' is assigned to the Deacon.
- b) for women - the role of 'Master' is assigned to the High Priestess; that of 'Priest' to the Magistra.

Thus, for example, the participants in the Black Mass are:

- a) for men - the Priest; the Acolyte; the Altar-Priest.
- b) for women - Magistra; Priestess; Altar-Priestess.

In rituals with an overt sexual content, heterosexual intercourse is replaced by excitation to orgasm (usually orally) for women, and penetration for men (unless in the case of men, the Choregos favours oral stimulation). The Choregos/Eria can decide on suitable variations according to taste and preference.

iii) Images

Sapphic Temples are generally sub-dedicated (ie. although primarily dedicated to Satan, they are also dedicated to another Dark Diety) to Hecate, and accordingly an image of Hecate (painting, sculpture etc.) is present in the Temple. Also reproductions of Atus VI and III of the Sinister Tarot may be present, the latter representing Baphomet. Male Temples are usually sub-dedicated to Sapanur: the 'demon' of all-male spirituality, and an image is present in the Temple. Traditionally, Sapanur is depicted as a strong man of sinister features who wears thongs on his arms. He brandishes a cuboid from which intense light is emerging, and his member is wellformed and erect. Reproductions of Atus X, XII and XV may also be present.

(Note: in the Septenary System, Hecate is associated with the sphere of the Moon, and Sapanur with the 11th path.)

The Mass:

Setting:

Usually an indoor Temple. Black altar cloth and black candles. Behind the altar is an inverted pentagram and on the altar, a cuboid.

If outdoors - candles in lanterns.

Participants:

Altar Priest - naked on altar
Priest - black robes
Deacon - purple robes
Acolyte - white robes
Guardian - appropriate colours, with face mask

Preparations:

Hazel incense to be burnt. Silver paten containing hosts, specially obtained - or made before the ritual by the Acolyte (unleveled and in imitation of Nazarene type). Other preparations as in the Black Book I.

The Rite:

The Deacon begins the Mass by clapping his hands twice. He turns to the congregation and makes the sign of the inverted pentagram with his left hand, saying:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

The Acolyte responds:

To Satan, giver of life.

(The congregation and all present then recite the Satanic Our Father and the Creed [see texts of Black Mass in Black Book I]).

After, the Deacon says:

May Satan be with you.

All:

As He is with you.

Deacon:

Veni omnipotent aeterne diabolus!

Priest:

By the word of the Prince of Darkness

I give praise to thee.

(He kisses the lips of the altar-Priest)

Priest:

My Prince, bringer of lust and fire.

I greet you who cause us to struggle

And seek the forbidden pleasure.

Deacon:

Blessed are the strong

For they shall bring delight.

(He kisses the chest of the altar-Priest)

Blessed are the proud

Order of Nine Angles

For they produce ecstasy.

(He kisses the penis of the altar-Priest)

Let the Nazarenes die in their rejection
And misery!

(He turns to the congregation)

We who defy know how to lust!

(He kisses the Acolyte who passes the kiss onto the members of the congregation. The Acolyte then hands the Deacon the paten containing the hosts. The Deacon holds them up, saying:)

Praised are you my Prince
By the proud: through our evil
We have this dirt; by our boldness
It will become for us a joy!

All

Hail Satan, Prince of Darkness!

(The Deacon places the paten on the body of the altar-Priest, saying quietly:)

Suscipe Satanas munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth.

(The Acolyte quietly says 'Sanctissimi Corporis Satanas' and begins to masturbate the altar-Priest - via hand or mouth according to his desire. As he does this, the congregation begin to clap their encouragement while the Deacon chants loudly:)

Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

(The Acolyte allows the semen of the altar-Priest to fall upon the hosts - or he, himself deposits the semen if orgasm was achieved via mouth. The Deacon then takes up the now consecrated paten saying:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you!

All:

As they are with you!

(The Deacon then takes up one of the chalices, saying:)

Praised are you Prince of Darkness
By the defiant:
Through our lusts for delights
We have this drink.
Let it become for us an elixir of joy.

(He sprinkles some of the wine over the altar-Priest, replaces the chalice and says:)

With pride in my heart I give praise
To those who drove the nails
And he who thrust the spear
Into the body of Yeshua, the imposter.
May his followers rot in filth!

(The Guardian stands before the congregation saying:)

Do you renounce the Nazarene Yeshua
The great deceiver
And all his works?

All:

We do renounce Yeshua the deceiver

Order of Nine Angles

And all his works.

Guardian:
Do you affirm Satan?

All:
We do affirm Satan.

Guardian:
Hail and praise to Satan, the lord of life
And provider of pleasure.

(The Deacon vibrates the Agios o Satanus while the Priest picks up the paten with the hosts and says to the congregation:)

I who am the joys and pleasures
Which you my Brethren seek
Am here to show you my body.

(He holds the paten out while the Guardian removes his robe. The Deacon points to him as the Acolyte fondles the Priest and says:)

Most beautiful of all
Is the power of our lusts.

(The Deacon takes the paten from the Priest, saying:)

Behold the dirt of the Earth
Which the humble eat!

(He then throws the hosts to the ground while the congregation laugh and trample the hosts. The congregation abandon themselves to their lusts. The Deacon chants Agios o Satanus three times and then joins them in the celebration. Feasting and drinking begin as the pleasures of the flesh are enjoyed.)

V: SYNESTRY: A Sinister Ceremony

Location:

Usually an indoor Temple.

Participants:

Amatrix - in white robes
Priestess - in violet robes flecked with purple
Defensatrix - in black, with face mask
Congregation - black robes

Temple preparations:

The altar is covered with a black cloth on which is woven an inverted seven-pointed star and on this is a large quartz crystal (which may be shaped as a tetrahedron).

A large statue or image (Atus III, IV or XX) of Baphomet according to Sinister tradition is to the left of the altar.

Chalices of wine, temple bell, violet candles and incense of Jupiter (both aspects: ie. Beech and civil).

The Priestess and Amatrix stand before the altar, the Defensatrix by the entrance. The Priestess rings the Temple bell seven times to signify the beginning of the rite at which the congregation process in to the altar and are greeted by the Amatrix with a kiss. They then form a semi-circle before the altar.

The Ceremony:

The Priestess raises her hands, saying:

Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!

(The Amatrix hands her a chalice, which she drinks from, then passes to the congregation. After all have drunk, the Priestess holds the empty chalice upside down, and says:)

Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust!

(She opens her robe to reveal her breasts. The Defensatrix comes forward and forces the Amatrix to kneel before the Priestess who says:)

My breasts pleased you
And brought forth joy!

(She bends down, and the Amatrix kisses her nipples. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

I opened myself, and gave you knowledge
And the joy of knowledge was sweet.

Order of Nine Angles

Desire and knowledge made you great
And we, together, dared to defy!
We feasted and enjoyed!
We sacrificed, and loved!
But then the bastard came:
Yeshua, the deceiver!

Congregation:
Curse him! We curse him!

Priestess:
So we gather again to give praise to her
Who rules our world.
Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!

(The congregation repeat the chant seven times while the Amatrix takes up the crystal which she holds in her outstretched hands. The Priestess places her own hands over the crystal. They and the congregation then chant "Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet!" 21 times, the Defensatrix ringing the Temple bell after each chant until the number is reached.

The Amatrix then takes the crystal round the congregation who lay their hands upon it in turn, each silently saying 'Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet' while the Priestess vibrates/chants aloud "Agios o Baphomet".

The crystal is then returned to the altar by the Amatrix while the Priestess lays on the floor, her Head touching the feet of the Baphomet image. The Amatrix stimulates her to orgasm using her tongue while the congregation dance around them chanting 'Agios o Baphomet'.

The Priestess channels the energy into the crystal and thence out from the Temple to achieve the desired goal. If no external goal is desired, it is stored in the crystal.

Following the climax by the Priestess, the congregation cease their dance and one by one kneel down to kiss the Priestess and then the Amatrix. As each one does this, the Defensatrix whispers to them: "So it is done again according to our ways, bringing strength and joy."

After the kissing, each rises, bows to the Priestess, and departs from the Temple. After all the congregation have departed, the Amatrix leaves, followed by the Defensatrix. A feast follows, outside the Temple.

The Priestess remains in the Temple until she adjudges the times aright to leave. However, if she so wishes, any member of the Temple who so desires and who has informed her beforehand, may join her in the Temple, whatever energy being produced being directed toward the goal, or stored in the crystal.

In both instances, the Priestess is the last to leave - bowing to the image, extinguishing the candles and chanting 'Ponne, diabolus, custodian!' as she leaves.)

Notes:

- 1) The ceremony was originally performed each year on the return of Sirius - although it is often performed now at any time, "Sirius" being replaced by another appropriate star (or sometimes 'the Moon').
- 2) The rite generates sinister magickal energy - which can be directed via the usual means toward a specific aim/goal/undertaking, or into an individual (eg. a novice), or stored in the crystal to await further use, perhaps at another ceremony (eg. 'Sacrifice').

(Daughters of Baphomet)

VI: THE RITE OF THE NINE ANGLES

The rite may be undertaken on either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih gate) or the winter solstice (for Algol). The Naos rite is suitable for southern climes and will not be given here although in form it is the same as the version given.

Ideally, the rite should be undertaken either:

- a) on a hill-top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and another rock - in Britain, this other rock is 'Buxton'
- b) in an underground cavern where water flows [this applies only to the 'chthonic' form]
- c) in a glade consecrated beforehand within a circle of nine stones (the first stone being set on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising, the second at the full moon and so on: the first stone marking the point on the horizon where Saturn rises). [Note: this applies only to the 'natural' form of the rite.]

Further, the time is right when, for Dabih, Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it; and, for Algol, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. These conditions mean that the energies are available to enhance the working.

The rite exists in three versions - the natural form, the chthonic, and the solo. The chthonic form may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to Tradition. It must be noted however that this combination is exceedingly dangerous - if done correctly with a) above and with the conditions for Algol as above, it brings back to Earth the Dark Gods themselves by opening the Star Gate between the causal and acausal.

However, the chthonic form may be successful in bringing to presence the Dark Gods without the Sacrificial aspect if the chants are done correctly, the crystal is sufficient in size, and the cosmic tides are aligned aright [note: this usually occurs when an Aeon is (magickally) ending, the energies being more pronounced in the last three decades. At other times the rite can be used to bring about such changes]

The natural form involves a Priest and Priestess [ideally these should have undertaken the ritual of Internal Adept - or at the very least External Adept] and is basically a drawing to the Earth of acausal energies - these are left to disperse naturally: ie. without any magickal intent.

The chthonic form involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant together with a congregation of male and female. This form is either an invocation to the Dark Gods - the energies being dispersed naturally - or a channelling of those energies into a specific event or events or individual. This channelling however requires the skill of at least a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

The solo form involves one individual and the aim is usually the alteration of the consciousness of that individual: this however is very dangerous.

Note: all the above forms require a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz.

I: Natural Form

If possible, the conditions above should be met - if not, conduct the rite on an isolated hill-top at sunset. Both Priest and Priestess should be naked. The rite begins with the Priest vibrating seven times "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" while the Priestess holds the crystal in her hands, palms upward.

The vibration should consist of three projected vibrations followed by four resonant ones - all aimed at the crystal which should be at a distance of not less than two feet and not more than three. After the vibrations, the Priest places his hands on the crystal and both vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" as a projected vibration.

The Priestess, still holding the crystal, then lies with her head North while the Priest arouses her with his tongue, *locis muliebribus*. The sexual union begins after, and both visualize the Star Gate opening and energy flowing through it down to them. If desired (ie. sinister intent) this energy may be symbolized by Atazoth - a dark nebulous chaos issuing forth from a star strewn Space which

changes into a 'Dagon' like entity before becoming chaos again. This visualization continues until the sexual climax of the Priestess after which the Priest reaches his own climax. The Priestess then rises and buries the crystal in the earth of the hill [as deep as possible - this may be prepared beforehand - and leaving few traces]. When complete, she vibrates over the place "Aperiatur terra, et germinet Chaos". They then depart from the hill.

Note: further rituals may take place over the burial, but they must have the same intent and follow the form as above except the vibrations are aimed toward the buried crystal - no further crystal being required.

II: Chthonic Form

If the special conditions cannot be met [(a) and Algol are most effective; (b) and Dabih are generally for channelling into specific events/individuals] then a hill-top containing volcanic quartz is suitable.

The crystal should be placed on an oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood [this enhances still further the effect of the crystal and is a recent modification). The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the crystal, while the congregation (of at least six - three male and three female) form a circle around them. The congregation dance moonwise and according to their desire chant "Atazoth" as they do while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth".

After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the "Diabolus" chant [see set texts] while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Gate opening (as in I).

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "Atazoth". If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "Atazoth" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition [see set texts]. While the Cantors are chanting the Priest and Priestess continue their visualization.

If only one Cantor is present, the "Atazoth" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths.

The Dark Gods will then be manifest.

[If for some reason (eg. inexperience of the participants) the manifestations do not occur, the Priestess should chant in C major "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" after which the Priest also places his hands on the crystal and he and the Priestess vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am", the Cantor(s) chanting the Diabolus as before after which the Priest visualizes the energies arising from the orgiastic rite as cohering and then entering the crystal to be then drawn forth into both himself and the Priestess before being sent forth to render asunder the Star Gate]

Notes of this form:

* the rite may be enhanced by the use of tabors/drums during the dance and the orgiastic rite, individuals being appointed for this task.

* The maximum number of participants should not exceed twenty-one in total.

* Provided rigorous training is undertaken beforehand, the dance and the orgiastic rite can be replaced with the congregation chanting from the start of the rite the "Diabolus" in fifths they continue with this until the Priest signals them to stop (after the Cantors Diabolus chant) after which they chant the 'Atazoth chant' in fifths repeatedly until the end of the rite. If this form is done, it is important for the congregation to visualize the Star Gate opening while they chant - and this visualization should be agreed beforehand and be the same as that of the Priestess and Priest. This form of the chthonic rite is however only effective if the congregation has been trained to chant in the correct manner. A suitable cavern/resonant building/Temple may be used in this instance. [Further note: providing the chanting is accurate, the crystal large enough, this form is among the most effective.]

III: Solo Form

This form should be undertaken on either a hill-top or in a Temple/resonant building. It begins at sunset on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising.

The individual should face Saturn and vibrate "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth" seven times while holding the crystal. Then "Binan ath ga wath am" is vibrated followed by the Diabolus chant after which the visualization is begun (as above)

[Note: this form involves the 'Saturnian' gate and thus the Gate may be visualized near the planet Saturn].

The energy is then visualized as flowing down into the individual, this visualization lasting for at least one quarter of an hour. After, the individual chants the 'Atazoth chant', places the crystal on the ground and sits near it, to visualize its interior becoming black and this blackness spreading out to engulf the individual.

Note: This ritual should not be undertaken lightly. There must be a preparedness to exult in the energies. After the rite (the individual will know when it is complete) the crystal should be wrapped in black cloth and stored until required again. Before attempting this form, individuals are advised to seek the guidance of a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

VII: THE CEREMONY OF RECALLING With Sacrificial Conclusion.

Participants:

Mistress of Earth - in white robes
Master of the Temple - in black robes
Priestess - in a red robe tied with a white sash
Guardian of the Temple - in a black robe, with a white mask
Priest ('The Chosen One'/Opfer) - in a white robe
Congregation - in red robes

Preparations:

The night before the ritual the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water, egg, honey, animal fat and marijuana.

An hour before the ritual the Priestess and the Guardian lead the Priest to a place where he ritually bathes (if possible this should be a lake or a stream if the ritual is undertaken outdoors) and changes into his robe. The Priestess gives him cakes which he eats.

The congregation wait outside the Temple (or Temple area if outdoors - see notes) and the Guardian leads the Priest toward them. The Priestess blindfolds the Priest and takes him to each member of the congregation who kiss him. He is taken into the temple where the Mistress and Master wait and is followed by the congregation.

The Ritual:

On the altar - red candles and quartz tetrahedron. Incense of Jupiter to be burnt. Chalices of strong wine.

The Master intones (ie. vibrates) three times 'Agios o Atazoth' after which the congregation gather round the Priest and chant the 'Diabolus' while slowly walking round him anti-clockwise three times.

The Master and the Priestess (or two members of the congregation chosen and trained as Cantors) chant in parallel a fourth apart (or an octave and a fourth) 'Agios o Baphomet' while the Guardian lifts the Priest and lays him on the altar.

The Mistress removes the robe of the Priest and anoints him with civit oil. She then removes his blindfold.

When the chant is complete the Priestess stands by the altar while the Mistress stands beside the Master, the congregation beginning to walk slowly anti-clockwise around the altar chanting the Diabolus.

The Priestess and the Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess arousing the fire of the Priest with her lips. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel in front of the Priestess.

As the Guardian does this the Master kneels before the Mistress. The Priestess copies the Mistress word for word and action for action, using the Priest. The Mistress places her hands on the Master's head.

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Master:

It is the protection and milk
Of your breasts that I seek.

(The Mistress bends down and he suckles her breasts. She then pushes him away, but he kneels before her, saying:)

I put my kisses at your feet.
And kneel before you who crushes
Your enemies and who washes
In a basin full of their blood.
I lift up my eyes to gaze
Upon your beauty of body:
You who are the daughter and a Gate
To our Dark Gods.
I lift up my voice to stand
Before you my sister
And offer my body so that
My mage's seed may feed
Your virgin flesh

Mistress:

Kiss me and I shall make you
As an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you
As a strong sword that severs
And stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you
As a seed of corn which grows
Toward the sun, and never dies.
Plough me and plant me
With your seed and I shall make you
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

(The Master has congress with the Mistress - and the Priest with the Priestess - while the congregation continue with their slow walk and their chant. If the 'Sacrificial conclusion' is undertaken then the ritual is complete with the details under that heading. If this conclusion is not undertaken, then the ritual continues as follows after the Master reaches his highest ecstasy:)

Mistress:

So you have sown and from your seeding
Gifts may come if you obedient heed
These words I speak:

(The congregation cease their dance and listen: they are joined by the Priestess, Priest and Guardian who form a circle around the Master and Mistress.)

I know you, my children, you are dark
Yet none of you is as dark
Or as deadly
As I.
I know you and the thoughts
Within all your hearts: yet
Not one of you is as hateful
Or as loving as I.
With a glance I can strike
You dead.

(She then goes to each member of the congregation in turn kissing them all on the lips, and removes their robes. She then takes up a chalice of wine and offers it to the person (male or female) of her choice. The person chosen sips the wine, hands the chalice to the Mistress who offers it to each member of the congregation in turn. When all have drunk she says:)

No guilt shall bind you
No thought restrict!

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Feast then and enjoy
The ecstasy of this life:
But ever remember
I as the wind that snatches
Your soul!

(The Mistress takes the person she has chosen and indulges herself according to her desire. The congregation consume the consecrated cakes and wine and take their own pleasures according to their desires.

After the festivities have begun in earnest, the Mistress should she so desire, directs the forces of the ritual by concentrating the energies upon the tetrahedron and invoking through a gate, the powers of the Dark Gods into the participants to spread outwards upon the Earth.)

Sacrificial conclusion:

The candidate (who is always male and who ideally should be in his twenty first year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual) is chosen by the Mistress from among the Temple members on the Summer Solstice one year before the ritual will occur.

If the chosen one accepts this honour then he becomes an honorary Priest for the year and is allowed to choose from the members of the Temple a woman to be his Priestess. In a simple ceremony the Mistress seals them in union, dedicating them to the Dark Gods. If by the Winter Solstice the Priestess is not with child, then the Priest may choose another woman to be his Priestess. The child, when born is adopted by the Temple and raised accordingly, being given great honour and, if found suitable, trained to fulfil the role of Mistress or Master.

At the Spring Equinox, the chosen is permitted to give his favour to any one female member of the Temple and should issue result from this, the child is adopted by either the Priestess of the chosen or by the Temple according to the wishes of the Mistress.

After the Spring Equinox, the chosen lives with his Priestess, retiring from all mortal affairs save his duties as Priest to the Temple. He shall also arrange his temporal affairs in readiness for the day of the ritual.

Should the chosen at any time fail to observe his vow by fleeing and hiding from members of the Temple, he shall by all the Temples of the Order and all kindred temples and Orders be placed under a death curse, and the Guardian of his Temple sent to seek him out and terminate without warning his existence. The Guardian shall not rest until this task is complete, and the Mistress may appoint other Guardians as well to assist in this should she so desire.

After the congress between Priest and Priestess, the Guardian places a hood over the head of the Priest, fastens his ankles, binds his wrists while the Master, on a signal from the Mistress completes the sacrifice using the sacred knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in a chalice. This Elixir is used by the Mistress in the baking of the sacrificial cakes which all the members present will eat during assembly on the night of the next new moon. The cakes consist of wheat, fish, fowl, spring water, egg and salt together with the Red Elixir, animal fat and honey.

After the sacrifice, the guardian removes the body and the Mistress takes up the sacred knife, pointing it at the Master saying:

So you have sown and from your seeding
Gifts may come if you obedient heed
The words I speak.

She then takes the Chalice with the Red Elixir, dips the tip of the sacred knife into it and anoints each member present who have formed a circle around her. The ritual continues as before with the Mistress saying:

I know you my children ...

The Guardian takes the body and buries it in a secluded spot prepared beforehand. It is on this place of burial that the Temple gathers on the night of the new moon to eat the sacrificial cakes.

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In former times it was sometimes the practice to sever the head of the chosen one and place it in the Temple or the Temple area if outdoors for a day and a night. During this night, initiations would be conducted and the head shown to new Initiates.

Notes:

Rituals outdoors should be conducted within an (isolated) stone circle during twilight. If the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is undertaken the ritual occurs on the Summer Solstice once every cycle of seventeen years (or nineteen in some traditions).

The one chosen, according to ancient tradition, reaped many benefits in the realm of the acausal (or the lands of the Dark Immortals as it was sometimes called) where that eternal aspect of the individual which initiation into the darker mysteries created was transported after the mortal death to begin on another plane of existence. This belief made willing sacrifice possible.

APPENDIX

I: THE NINE ANGLES - Esoteric Meanings

The name nine angles is, in one fundamental sense, selfdescriptive: the Tree of Wyrd possesses nine causal angles and nine acausal angles in the causal geometric sense, and these can be represented as formed by the corners or angles of a causal and acausal tetrahedron, one a reflexion of the other, the base lying in the plane of the middle sphere (the sun). This double tetrahedron encloses in three dimensional space the path from the causal to the acausal - the 'initiate journey' from the sphere of the Moon to Saturn via the other spheres, this path being helical (cf. *'The Wheel of Life'* in NAOS). The direction of this path is 'counter-clockwise'. In essence, the acausal is a reflexion (and vice versa) of the causal, so the single term 'Nine Angles' describes what is our normal (ie. un-initiated) view of the Septenary, this Septenary being a 'map' of consciousness and the cosmos. The realization of the dual nature of the spheres (for example Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars) arises from Initiation and is the first stage of an esoteric understanding of the term 'nine angles'.

The term also describes the nine fundamental 'alchemical' forms (represented by the symbols $\theta(\theta)$, $e(\xi)$ or $\alpha(\alpha)$, $\alpha(\gamma)$, $\alpha(\omega)$) and so on: ie. the pieces of the Star Game). These forms are the basic apprehensions of magickal energy and thus re-present the acausal manifest in the causal (in the many forms of that manifestation - eg. individual consciousness: the images/archetypes pertaining thereto). Hence each of these symbols is an 'angle' re the above description of the septenary Tree. These nine fundamental forms (the abstract symbolism is a stage of understanding beyond the purely causal geometric one) exist in many combinations within the nexion which the Tree of Wyrd represents - and these combinations are abstractly symbolized by the placement of the many pieces of the Star Game over the seven boards ('spheres') of that game. (Note: the advanced form of the Star Game is the most complete representation, but for convenience the septenary form will be used here. It should be noted, however, that the septenary form - difficult though it is for initiates - serves only as an introduction to the advanced game.) This abstraction, in terms of the Star Game, makes the forms understandable on a level higher than that of using words and ideas - this understanding is a new form of thinking, a form appropriate to the next century and beyond. Such an understanding arises from playing the Star Game and relating the abstract symbols to conventional representations (eg. archetypal forms; the energies of the pathways; the symbolism of the Tarot and the many and various occult symbolisms) - this develops the capacity for what may be termed 'acausal thinking': when the conventional representations are abandoned and collocations are viewed abstractly. This 'abstraction' is however a new 'insight' (a lower form of which is often described as 'intuition') and not a dry, academic process: it extends consciousness into new and important realms and pre-figures the development of a symbolic language which eliminates the confusion, both moral and linguistic which exists in words and the translation of complex ideas into such words. It is 'mathesis' in the ancient Greek sense and while not being what we understand as 'mathematics' it complements mathematical abstraction and indeed interacts with it in some places. For example, the causal within the acausal can be represented by the tensor $T^{\gamma\mu}$ where $C^{\gamma\mu}$ is the causal component and $\alpha^{\gamma\mu}$ the acausal one. For an \mathcal{X}^{γ} system (Euclidean space) $C^{\gamma\mu}$ has nine non-zero components. These are the symmetric components of $T^{\gamma\mu}$: the skew-symmetrical being acausal. In this sense, the nine form 'sub-spaces' of the causal and the tensor 'describes' the nexion causal/acausal. It is possible to write an equation involving the tensor which describes the multi-dimensional space, the boundary conditions of which give, for example, the metrics of each form of 'spacetime' (causal and acausal).

Essentially, the symbolism is a new tool to assist and develop our understanding, and it is via this symbolism that the meanings of the nine angles may most easily be understood without confusion.

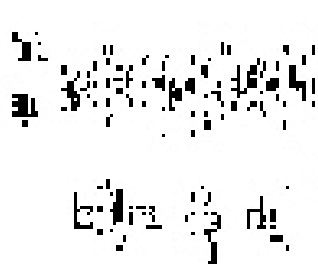
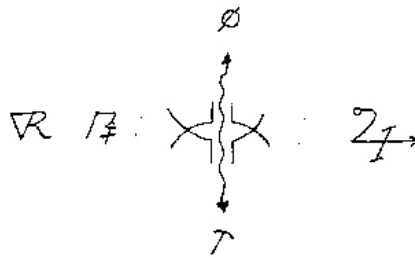
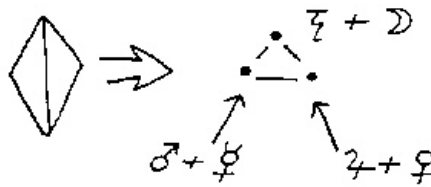
On a less refined esoteric level (ie. in more 'conventional' esoteric terms) the nine angles symbolize the sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the two most important 'Gates' (see illustration). This sigil describes the energy flow and may be used, magickally in several ways - for example as a visualization 'sigil' (in hermetic rituals etc.) as a symbol of the path walked during certain rites (some connected with esoteric chant - qv. NAOS) and when an 'Earth Gate' is being sought with a view to drawing acausal energy through it to change the causal (eg. inaugurate a new aeon).

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The nine also represents the tetrahedron (for example, the crystal one used in the Rite of the Nine Angles) which is itself symbolic of the nexion described by the Tree of Wyrd. Thus, for instance, in the Nine Angles Rite, the crystal represents one aspect of the nexion, the Priest and Priestess the other: together (ie. the bringing together in the ritual) they enable the nexion to be opened. In this sense, the Priest and Priestess (when conjoined) form a tetrahedron which, joined with the crystal one, enables acausal energy to become manifest in the causal (the 'world') - this is the secret hinted at in many historical alchemical MSS (for example the '*Rosarium Philosophorum*':



"Make a round circle of the man and woman ...") and occasionally depicted in drawings. This 'double tetrahedron' is a magickal form of the double described above in the first paragraph (the causal geometric one).

In some 'esoteric' circles the nine is seen in terms of the five, the five itself deriving from the five angles of the inverted pentagram. This is, however, a misunderstanding, deriving as it does from viewing the 'angles' two-dimensionally when in fact they should be considered in a three dimensional way, at first, and then four-dimensionally (the helical path within the tetrahedrons). This four-dimensional view is in itself only a beginning - beyond is the multi-dimensional when both the causal and the acausal spaces are considered. One means to apprehend this duality is the Star Game (qv. NAOS).




II: THE SECRETS OF THE NINE ANGLES


The diagrams show how the basic nine angles relate to the

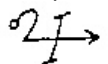
inverted pentagram. Thus,  is the first sphere, the Moon,  the second sphere, Mercury, and so on.

The diagrams signify the order of working in order to create types of magickal energy - that is, they are rites of invocation. Thus, the inverted pentagram shows how magickal energy can be created (or rather drawn from the acausal) - the type depending on where the process is begun.


For example, to Invoke 'Satanic' energies, the  point would be the starting one, going on to

the next, , and then ~ and so on. The diagrams refer to the chants (given in NAOS and elsewhere) which when sung correctly open the gate or nexion (to the acausal) located

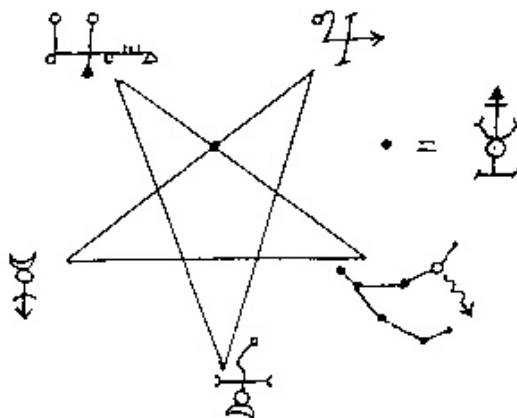
at/represented by the specific point or sphere shown. Thus,  means the use of the 'Agius

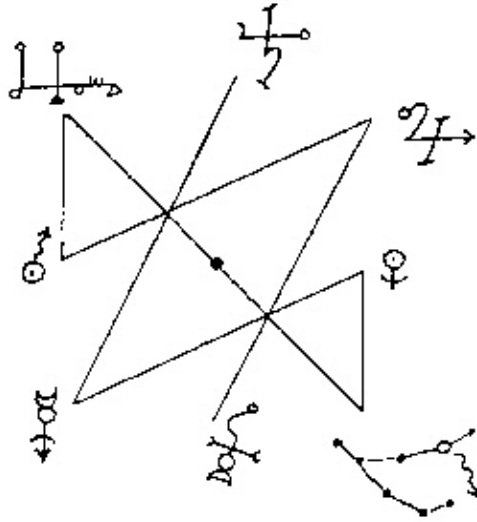
Lucifer' chant (mode IV);  means the use of the Agios Baphomet (mode I) and so on. For a ritual, the chants are undertaken in order.

The 'symbol of the nine' shown below the inverted pentagram is only one form of the many possible by joining the seven spheres of the septenary and the 'gates' - as shown, the invocation begins with the Moon sphere and ends with the Saturn sphere (and thus the Agios Vindex chant). Each symbol of nine represents a particular type of energy - for example, to open an 'Earth' gate, the sequence would end with the Earth Gate (ie. the Jupiter sphere); while to open a Star Gate it

would end with that gate -  on the diagram.

A simpler form of invocation is possible, and involves not the complete chants, but simply the "word or name" associated with the particular sphere (according to the septenary tradition). Thus, the Moon sphere would involve the vibration of "Nox", the Mercury sphere "Satan" and so on (qv. the correspondences in NAOS).





$\begin{matrix} \text{☿} \\ \text{♁} \end{matrix} : \mathbb{R} : 4 \left. \vphantom{\begin{matrix} \text{☿} \\ \text{♁} \end{matrix}} \right\} \text{ etc.}$
 $\begin{matrix} \text{♁} \\ \text{♁} \end{matrix} : \mathbb{R} : 4 \left. \vphantom{\begin{matrix} \text{♁} \\ \text{♁} \end{matrix}} \right\}$

$\begin{matrix} \text{♁} \\ \text{☿} \\ \text{♁} \end{matrix} : \begin{matrix} \text{Agios Lucifer : Mode IV} \\ \text{Agios Baphomet : Mode I} \\ \text{Agios Vindex : Mode II} \end{matrix} \left. \vphantom{\begin{matrix} \text{♁} \\ \text{☿} \\ \text{♁} \end{matrix}} \right\} \text{ etc.}$

$\begin{matrix} \text{♁} \\ \text{♁} \end{matrix} : \text{Nythra Kathunae : } \mathcal{S} - - * - \mathcal{N}'$

$\begin{matrix} \text{♁} \\ \text{♁} \end{matrix} : \text{Nythra Kathunae : } \mathcal{T} / \cdot \text{ } \mathcal{N} \mathcal{T} * \mathcal{V} \mathcal{T}$

III: CHANTS

A-gi - os * o
Be - ho
met

A - o - 3072

Gau - de - te hodie scietis qui - vens -
et Vindex



Aas



Deuch



Engel



Niss



Antares



Ancturus



Sirus



Figure 1 - The Boards

		☉	☽	♁	
Moon	Calcination	18	15	13	Engel
Mercury	Separation	0	8	16	Yew
Venus	Congelation	8	14	17	Black Poplar
Sun	Putrefaction	7	12	5	Oak
Mars	Sublimation	1	4	9	Alder
Jupiter	Permeation	11	3	2	Beech
Saturn	Exaltation	10	19	20	Ash

Tarot Atm:
'Archetypal Image'

Fig 3: Arculus

$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_0$		$\phi(\phi)_0$
	$\phi(\phi)_0$	
	$\phi(\phi)_2$	
$\phi(\phi)_2$		$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_2$

Fig 4: Pattern 6 via

$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_2$		$\phi(\phi)_2$
	$\phi(\phi)_2$	
	$\phi(\phi)_0$	
$\phi(\phi)_0$		$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_0$

	$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_0$		$\phi(\phi)_0$
		$\phi(\phi)_0$	
	$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_0$	$\phi(\phi)_2$	$\phi(\phi)_0$
	$\phi(\phi)_2$	$\phi(\phi)_0$	$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_2$
		$\phi(\phi)_2$	
	$\phi(\phi)_2$		$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_2$

ϕ = black piece
 λ = white piece

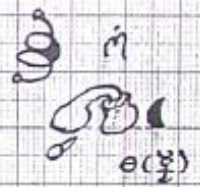
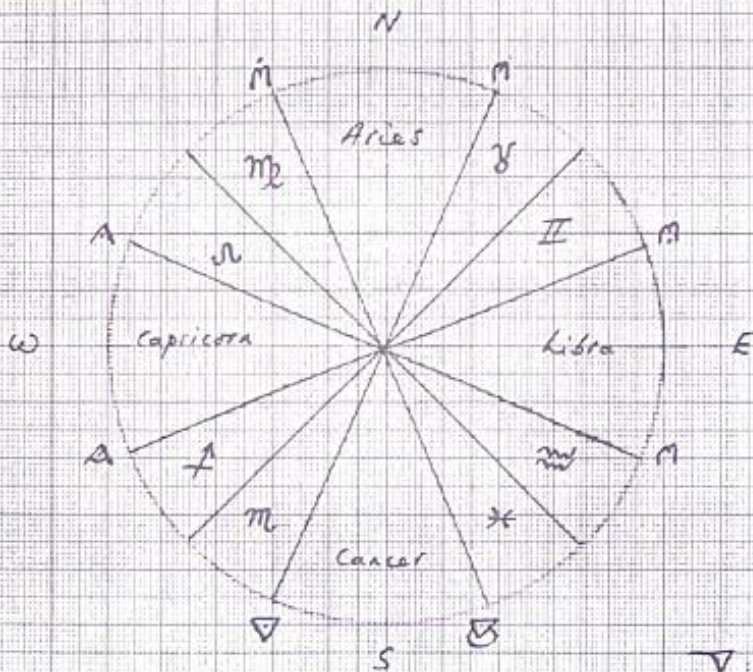
(ϕ pieces on black squares)

Fig 2: Street piece

The Wheel of Life

Aries: Venus
 Cancer: Moon
 Libra: Sun
 Capricorn: Mercury

♈ : Spring Equinox
 ♋ : Summer Solstice
 ♎ : Autumn Equinox
 ♏ : Winter Solstice



♏ : Water of Water
 ♋ : Water of Fire
 ♎ : Fire of Water
 ♌ : Fire of Fire etc.

♏ : Water ▽
 ♌ : Fire △
 ♋ : Earth ♁
 ♎ : Air ♀

▽ : Priestess : Aphrodite
 △ : Priest : Apollo
 ♁ : Mistress of Earth : Hecate
 ♀ : Master of the Temple : Hermes

The helical path

1st four levels of one group



Level 4



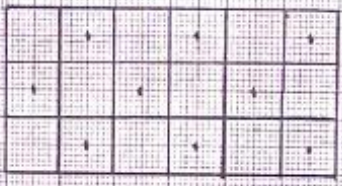
Level 3



Level 2



↗ aspect
[causal]



Level 1

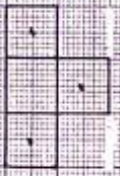
• = black square



Level 2



Level 3



Level 4

φ aspect
[Measurement]

Level 4

Level 3

Level 2

Level 1

Spa View

SACRA
MENT
U M S
I N I
STRUM

Preface

The following work compliments the various introductory MSS which serve as a practical guide to the Seven-Fold Sinister Way (these other works include *Naos*; *Thernn*; and *Codex Saerus*).

Published for the first time in this present volume, are MSS detailing the secret tasks of Satanic Tradition - acts of genuine Sinister magick that many (including would-be Sinister magickians) will find disturbing.

An Introduction to Traditional Satanism

Essentially, the difference between Traditional Satanic groups and other organizations which profess to belong to the 'Left Hand' or 'Sinister' Path, or which claim to be Satanic, is that Traditional groups seek to realistically guide their members along the difficult and dangerous path of self-development, the goal of which is the creation of an entirely new individual. This path is fundamentally a quest for self-excellence and wisdom.

We believe that there is no easy way to *real* knowledge and insight of the 'Occult' kind - that each individual must walk this path and achieve things for themselves. There are no 'ceremonies', no magickal 'rites', not even any teachings which can provide the individual with genuine wisdom: real wisdom is only and always *attained* by the personal effort of the individual over many years. It is the result of a synthesis - a development of the dark side and an integration of that aspect of our being thus creating a complete, more evolved individual. Furthermore, the means to this attainment are essentially practical; that is, they involve the individual undergoing certain formative, character-developing experiences 'in the real world' rather than in some pseudo-mystical, pseudo-intellectual 'magickal rite' or sitting at the feet of some pretentious 'master'.

For us, Satanism is a quest involving real personal danger where the individual Initiate undertakes genuine challenges which take them to and beyond their limits: physical, 'mental' and psychic. This quest, in its beginnings, involves the individual in exploring their 'hidden' or 'dark' side - and a part of this is participation in overtly Occult and magickal ceremonies and rites. This beginning - where the new Initiate participates in and later conducts Satanic rituals such as the 'Black Mass' - enables the individual to explore this dark side, to gradually understand it, make it more conscious, and thus control it. An aspect of this making-conscious, is symbolism - such as the 'septenary system' - where various Occult/magickal energies are symbolised in certain ways via a system of correspondences. This symbolism enables the energies dealt with to be objectified and thus consciously understood - this in itself makes possible an integration of the 'dark' side. Thus, there is a synthesis - a dynamic, conscious, moving-forward by the individual: an evolution of personality. Insight is gained. In psychological terms, there is the start of "individuation". This leads to a practical experiencing of the sinister, and thus further personal development, further building of character.

Because of the type of practical experiences, the type of challenges, the individual undertakes, the character so formed is - viewed conventionally - Satanic. There is a defiance of restrictions, a proudness, an experience and then understanding of those things that the religion of the Nazarene frowns upon. In Nietzschean terms, there is a practical living of a "master-morality". The person created via these experiences is the type to inspire a certain terror/awe in the supine majority, weaned as that majority have been by the softness of the Nazarene ethic.

However, this individual has only *begun* the process. That is, the type of character so described (which results from these early experiences) is not even what we would call an Adept: of the seven stages of this sinister way (or practical alchemy), this practical involvement in the 'Occult' via ceremonies and such things as organizing and running a Satanic group, describe just the first two stages of the way. Furthermore, even this beginning takes some years - and this beginning requires the individual to succeed by their own efforts, by their own will and determination. That is, there are no 'magickal grades' or titles awarded

for money or sycophancy [as in all other so-called 'Satanic' groups] - what the individual achieves, in terms of 'magickal grades', *they* achieve through their own toil, through undergoing the experiences which create the type of character appropriate to a particular stage of the way being followed.

Thus, each stage of this way has associated with it certain tasks, certain experiences, which the individual must undertake by themselves in their own time. It is these and these alone which bring self-insight, mastery, understanding and skill - both 'occult' and personal. All a traditional group does, at each stage and for each member, is offer advice - based on experience. That is, the group guides its members - it offers a practical system whereby real wisdom may be attained. The onus is on the individual to achieve the goal.

For us, Satanism is all about the creation of proud, strong, characterful, insightful individuals - individuals who have gone beyond the majority and who thus represent a higher type. Genuine Satanic groups do *not* seek subservient, decadent, weak-willed followers. They seek to create a real élite - almost a new race of beings. Of course, this is not easy - it is really dangerous. Quite often, new Initiates fail because of the difficulty or because they lack the essential desire to succeed. But that is how evolution works - the strong overcome challenges and evolve; the others stay where they are, descend, or are destroyed.

Thus, Satanism is élitist - it does not compromise. It is not really for the majority. The tests, the ordeals, the methods of genuine Satanism are tough and severe because only such things will create the right type of person. These things cannot be made easier, less tough, less dangerous: to do so would destroy the essence of Satanism itself.

After the early stages of the way - which involve direct experience of the sinister both via rituals, magickal groups and undertaking certain sinister tasks - the individual moves on [if I said one such early task involved culling, or Satanic sacrifice, it is possible to appreciate the difficulty and danger]. That is, the Satanic novice gains more understanding of themselves, and the world, by more experiences - they move toward a real individuation, a synthesis of conscious/unconscious, light and sinister. Part of this involves them undertaking a specific task for some months, and it is this task - based on the foundations the previous, early, stages of the way have built - that creates a genuine Adept. This task requires the candidate for Adeptship to live alone, in an isolated area, for three months (usually from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice) - to talk with no one, to live frugally, with no modern conveniences, no wireless, no modern 'distractions', in a shelter they have built [in recent years, the rules have been relaxed and a tent is allowed]. The aim of this is for them to experience themselves and Nature without any distractions - to really get to know themselves and the natural energies which exist, as those energies are (and not as books, or 'teachers' or theories describe those energies). This, of course, is very difficult. It requires real determination; it requires the individual to face themselves, and all their fears. It is a severe test of character - and of their Satanic resolve. Most individuals who get this far (and that is not very many, over the past few decades) give up after a while - they find excuses to return to the world and its comforts. The classic excuse is the delusion that they have actually 'attained' Adeptship in a few days or perhaps weeks of isolation. And it is a delusion - for it is only by living in such a harsh, isolated way *for at least three months* that a real Adept is created. Naturally, other so-called Satanic or Left Hand Path groups award a spurious 'Adeptship' to their members/followers: or those members/followers award it to themselves, usually after some boring, pompous, totally meaningless ceremony.

The Adept marks the end of the third stage of our seven-fold sinister way - and to reach this

stage usually takes three to six years, from Initiation. The task or Grade Ritual which creates the Adept also makes the Adept aware of their unique, personal Destiny - and the fourth stage is all about the Adept seeking to make that Destiny real. This involves a 'return to the world' - the gaining of more experience, the creation of new insights, new skills. This in itself takes some years. The character of the Adept grows and deepens - they achieve the beginning of wisdom. In magickal terms, they gain an understanding of 'Aeonics' - of things like sinister strategy (the use of acausal or supra-personal energies to change societies/civilizations over centuries). Hitherto, most of their experience/learning has been directly personal, relating to their personal development - now, aeonic perspective is gained, it becomes a part of them. That is, they develop still further, again via direct experience - this time, of the acausal itself.

From this, further personal development takes place - they become complete, highly developed individuals who possess skills and an understanding few possess. They fulfil the potential of genius which is latent within them. Thus, they move on to become genuine Masters or Lady Masters/Mistresses. But to reach this stage - the fifth - takes at least ten years (more usual is fifteen to twenty). And there is another stage beyond this.

Thus, it will be seen that our way is difficult and takes a long time. The journey of the initiate toward Adeptship and beyond has no mystery about it - it is actually very simple. Most people could do it - if they possessed the determination. But the majority are just too lazy or too weak. The same applies to most who apply to join Satanic groups or are interested in Satanism - they go for the easy option; they are not prepared to work at their own self-development. They prefer someone to do it for them. And, furthermore, they are not fundamentally prepared to go to and beyond their limits - to really experience the sinister in a practical way; they want to simply play safe, pseudo-Satanic games. Thus, they gravitate toward what we call the sham-Satanic groups, the *poseurs* - those who like the glamour associated with Satanism but are basically afraid to experience its realness within and external to them. Thus such groups issue - and believe in! - ethical guidelines as they constantly affirm that Satanism does not condone such things as 'human sacrifice'. We, on the contrary, are dark and really sinister - and propound culling. That is, we uphold human culling as beneficial, for both the individual who does the culling (it being a character-building experience) and for our species in general, since culling by its nature removes the worthless and thus improves the stock. Naturally, there are proper ways to choose who is to be culled - each victim is chosen because they have shown themselves to be suitable. They are never chosen at random, as they are never 'innocent'.

Our affirmation of such things as human culling offends other so-called Satanic groups - which to us just re-affirms our assessment of those groups as pretend Satanic groups. Basically, such groups have little or no real understanding of Satanism, as evident, for instance, in the ethical, meek, Occidental, 'religious' approach of some groups who claim that Satanism is some sort of organized religion. To us, the Occidental religious attitude and mentality - involving as it does dogma, sycophancy, and subservience by the individual to some self-appointed authority - is the antithesis of Satanism.

In essence, we understand Satanism as the individual quest for self-excellence - to create an entirely new type. This quest involves practical experience - for only real experience creates character. The essence that Satanism leads the individual toward is only ever revealed by practical experience - never by books, never by someone else's 'teachings', never by words. Words themselves can never really describe this essence - they can only point the way, hint

at it, and usually serve only to obscure it. In the same way, ceremonies and forms such as rituals are only means - they are a means to experience, to symbolize things and thus apprehend what hitherto has been 'hidden' or unconscious or instinctive. Furthermore, this quest is and must be individual - it means the individual develops, via experiences (and sometimes by learning from mistakes) the strength of character needed. Or they fail - usually by deluding themselves about their real level of attainment, their real level of self-insight, their level of self-control and mastery. The aim is self-control, self-mastery, self-understanding - and then a moving-on to what is beyond even this new 'self'. The aim is *not* a wallowing in decadence, as it is *not* the encouragement of instinctive, sinister desires/pleasures as an end in themselves. Such things are means, a beginning - to be used, learned from, and then transcended via mastery of one's self.

For us, Satanism is an individual quest because it aims to produce unique, strong, individuals who do not need the support of groups, of dogma, ethics, a religion, of some pontificating poseur of a 'master'. Thus, Traditional groups exist to offer advice and guidance - to point the way. The individual must begin the quest, and they and they alone must continue with it.

Because of the difficulty of our way, few follow it. In some ways, this is unfortunate - for we believe the way offers anyone the opportunity to advance along the path to genuine Adeptship and beyond. It makes real, or can make real, the potential that most individuals possess - the latent genius within. However, given human nature the small numbers are understandable.

What traditional groups have done - over the past thirty years or so - is to create a simple practical system which works: which can produce genuine Adepts and Masters/Lady Masters. In effect, we have distilled the essence from thousands of years of conscious understanding, producing an elixir, an 'internal alchemy', which anyone can use.

We describe this system as Satanic, as Sinister because it is. It is a complete rejection of the philosophy/religion of the Nazarene. The philosophy/religion of the Nazarene is anti-life and anti-evolutionary, as Nietzsche, for example, understood. For us, Satan is both an archetype or symbol of our defiance, *and* some-thing real - the re-presentation of what we describe as 'the acausal'. That is, we understand the 'darker forces' as not simply a part of our *psyche* (as most modern so-called Satanic groups do) - but as beyond our own, individual *psyche*. These darker forces - or the acausal - are beyond us, as individuals: they are beyond our conscious control (and even real understanding) until we become a part of them. This does not mean a submission to those forces - but rather an expanding of individual consciousness, a development of individual conscious, to include those forces. This expansion is what marks the genuine Satanic Master/Lady Master.

Other 'Satanic' groups - if they are serious and not just using the Black Arts for their own weak gratification - claim the darker forces are merely an aspect of the *psyche*, the unconscious or whatever. They do this for two reasons. First, they need to - because they want to feel safe; they want to be able to play their pseudo-Satanic, pseudo-intellectual, games in a mostly urbanized safety, because the members of such groups are not proud, characterful, self-aware individuals: they *need* the comfort of a group, of a 'leader', of ethical guidelines, of feeling that Satan can be controlled by some meaningless mumbo-jumbo. In effect, the members and leaders of these groups are weak - they lack self-discipline; they lack even the desire for real self-mastery, content as they are to continue with edifying their own weaknesses, with massaging their inflated egos.

Second, such groups and their members do not really understand the Sinister. They have had no real experience of the primal, numinous, supra-personal power of the dark forces - of

how that power can destroy individuals. In effect, they have never really 'tapped into' the acausal itself - to what is *really* sinister. They have never really confronted Satan. They have never really striven to be like Satan - to become one with Him; to merge with the acausal itself; to become a 'nexion' for the acausal, for sinister energies. This becoming-one is what makes, what creates a genuine Satanic Master/Lady Master, as living alone like a hermit creates the Adept. It is dangerous, naturally - *but the only means whereby that synthesis which is beyond the synthesis that is individuation can be achieved*. There is thus a real, a genuine, transcending beyond 'good' and 'evil'; beyond 'light' and 'dark'. This achievement, as with all real achievements of an Occult kind, derives from practical experience - from a real personal knowledge. Anything else is mere affectation, mere pose.

Other groups have tried to 'intellectualize' Satanism - to take away the real experiences by which genuine Satanic character is formed. Or they wallow in the weaknesses of those addicted to impulses they cannot understand and do not have the strength to control. They have tried and continue to try and make Satanism respectable and safe - just another 'religion'. They fantasize, and play games. They simply do not understand Satanism as a means to create new, more highly evolved, individuals. In reality, the genuine Satanist creates by participating in real life, the dreams, the standards of excellence, the élan which others often aspire to emulate. A genuine Satanist can be like a beast of prey - in real life. They can be and sometimes are, in real life, assassins, warriors, outlaws. The imitation Satanists *pretend* to be such things - usually by means of some stupid 'ritual'. The Satanist is sinister and dark, in real life - and then they move on, to new experiences, to even higher levels of understanding until eventually they acquire real wisdom, or are destroyed. Whatever, they will have really lived, 'on the edge'; they will really have achieved something with their lives. They will have inspired others. They will in some way by their living have 'presenced' the dark forces on earth. If they survive - their rewards are their achievements and the wisdom that awaits. If they do not survive, at least they will have done something with their lives.

A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional Satanists. It is the practice of Satanism, by individual Satanists, and thus expresses Satanism in action.

The Way is an individual one - each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals - that is, to train individuals in the ways of Satanism. This Satanic training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and a genuine understanding.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine magickal Adeptship (and beyond) and thus fulfil the potential latent within them - thus they can and do enhance their life, and achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of magick. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts [hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a Satanic understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted.

Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of Satanic Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional Satanism should gain some understanding of what genuine Satanism is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- * Satanism - An Introduction For Prospective Adherents
- * The Sinister Path: An Introduction to Traditional Satanism
- * The Essence of the Sinister Path [contained in *Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA*]

I Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These are: (1) *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*; (2) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (3) *Hostia - The Secret Teachings of the ONA* (Volumes I & II). The following MSS (contained in *Hostia*) should be particularly studied in order to gain an understanding of traditional Satanism and its methods: (a) *Selling Water By The River*; (b) *Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed*; (c) *Guide to Black Magick*; (d) *Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to Satanic Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Satanic Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional Satanic group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation". Both of these rituals of Initiation are given in detail in the Order MS *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Satanic Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II Initiate

Tasks:

- 1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].
- 2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.
- 3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]
- 4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual

partner, and introduce this person to Satanism. Initiate them according to the rite in *The Black Book of Satan*. Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.

5) Obtain and study the Order MS *The Temple of Satan* [Part II of *The Deofel Quartet*]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis*; and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I of the *Deofel Quartet* - Falcifer, Lord of Darkness - is intended as entertaining Satanic fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS and the MS *Insight Roles - A Guide*, in *Hostia*.] This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Satanic Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of Satanism.

The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real Satanic character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Satanic commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Satanic, group/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Satanic Temple, and teach them about Satanism. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according to the ceremonial ritual in *The Black Book of Satan* as you must

perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonic Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of traditional Satanism, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Satanic Temple' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition. The tradition is contained in *The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia; The Deofel Quartet; Aeonic Magick* and other Order MSS.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Satanic Temple in your absence.

Concerning The Satanic Temple:

The Temple must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Satanic path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truly Satanic, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising Satanists. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, Satanic character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonic magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance.*]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting Satanically in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Satanic Temple, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid/produce Satanic change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adept to undertake them.

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonic Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their

limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold: (1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Temple/group; (2) The performance of Aeonick Magick to aid the sinister dialectic; (3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonick understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonick Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonick works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Sinister Way:
Additional Tasks

Neophyte:

Prior to the "Secret Task", undertake the *Self-Immolation Rite*, within a 'ritualised' setting - ie. within a prepared indoor Temple.

External Adept:

1) If the magickal group is to continue beyond the minimum period and function as a Satanic Temple proper, then an outdoor location must be sought where rituals can be conducted, and a Nexion (ie. 'Earth Gate') opened. For guidelines re. the Nexion, see *Therinn - A Guide to Natural Septenary Magick*. [This outdoor location could also be the site previously chosen for the External Adept rite.] Undertake rituals from *The Black Book of Satan I & III*.

2) Undertake with the companion the 'Natural' form of the **Nine Angles Rite** (*Black Book III*).

3) Undertake the **Black Pilgrimage** (qv).

4) Undertake Hermetic ritual in *Black Book II*.

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The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the Satanic novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to human sacrifice, or culling. [These teachings are contained in such Order MSS as (1) *The Hard Reality of Satanism*; (2) *Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime*; (3) *Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice*; (4) *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*; (5) *Victims - A Sinister Expose*; (6) *The Practice of Evil in Context*.]

For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual Satanist. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, Satanists. Some who profess to be 'Satanists' - and some who wish to become Satanists - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as "ordinary" and weak, as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine Satanic novices possess or must develop. Satanism is at it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl.

For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.)

After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Obtain from a Nazarene place of worship some 'hosts' as used in their perverse and sordid rituals. If you are seeking Initiation into an established ceremonial group/Temple, this will probably be your task of fidelity to that group/Temple, with the hosts being used in the celebration of *The Black Mass*. If however you are undertaking a Self-Initiation (as given in *The Black Book of Satan*) then immediately following that rite of Self-Initiation you should trample on or otherwise defile these 'hosts' (e.g. by urinating on them) saying as you do so the following: "By this deed I pledge myself to counter Nazarene filth, and give myself, body, blood and soul, to Satan, Prince of Darkness." You should then burn the hosts or what remains of them by placing them in a vessel containing flammable liquid and setting this alight, laughing as the burning seals your gesture and your oath.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the *MS Insight Roles - A Guide*].

External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

(1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform a *Black Mass* using hosts obtained by one of the newer members of this Temple, or obtained by a candidate seeking Initiation.

(2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an offer - a human sacrifice. Select some suitable victims, using Satanic guidelines for so selecting a victim, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen victim. The victim or victims having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* with the intent of eliminating by magickal means the chosen victim(s). Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further victim using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake a culling by disposing of the victim either during a suitable rite (e.g. *The Ceremony of Recalling*) or via practical means (e.g. assassination). You may elect to do this practical means yourself, or you may choose a trusted suitable member of your Temple to undertake this for the glory of the Temple. If you have elected for practical means, have your Temple undertake *The Death Ritual* at the chosen time.

It must be stressed that (i) the victim(s) must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the victims can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those

members are following the Satanic path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Insight Roles - A Guide

As stated in several esoteric Order MS, the Satanic novice is expected to undertake experiences in the real world. This is above and beyond the tasks mentioned in the various guides to the 'Seven-Fold Way', which were intended for publication and thus did not contain the secret tasks. These secret tasks are outlined in the MSS *The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way*. One of these tasks, undertaken by an Initiate, is an **Insight Role**.

An Insight Role is in effect an extended magickal ritual and involves the individual living in a certain way and striving for a specific (often non-esoteric) goal. It involves playing a specific 'role'. The novice is expected to learn from this experience. It is important that the novice identifies with the role to the extent that friends/associates and those the novice is brought into contact with by virtue of that role, do not realize the novice is playing a 'role'. For the duration of the Insight Role, the task of that role should be the main interest/occupation of the novice.

Insight Roles, as a technique, have been used by Satanic novices for at least a century, and this technique has as its primary aim the gaining of self-insight by the novice using the technique. The technique also develops certain skills - some magickal, some involving the gaining of Satanic judgement and insight. Expressed simply, Insight Roles develop Satanic character. Until quite recently, Insight Roles were wide-ranging and also exceptionally difficult to undertake - the novice was expected to undertake a role which was the opposite of what they considered their own character to be [qv. the now deleted Order MS *Insight Roles I & II*]. The technique, however, has been recently revised by the Grand Master representing Traditional groups. In this revised form, it is an extremely effective noviciate technique, although (like all genuine esoteric techniques of Satanic magick) it is still quite difficult to undertake and still requires a genuine Satanic commitment from the novice. Like the Sinister Way itself, it is not for the dilettantes or the imitation 'Satanists'/'Sinister warriors' etc. who merely wish to play at being Black Magicians.

One essential aspect of an Insight Role is that it requires the novice to change their life-style and usually their place of residence. Another, is that it tends to isolate them from non-Satanists. Third, it brings them into conflict and confrontation - with others and themselves. Fourth, it tests them - forcing them to find inner strengths and reserves. Or, of course, it destroys them - or makes them renounce their Satanic quest and vows. All these are necessary.

All Insight Roles are demanding; some are physically dangerous. All force the novice to make choices - to learn. All, when successfully undertaken, build self-confidence and thus character. All, in brief, express Satanism in action.

The novice is expected to make his/her own choice from the roles outlined below. It must be understood that: (a) only the roles listed below are actually Insight Roles, so the choice must be one of them; (b) the completion of at least one of these roles is necessary before the **Internal Adept** rite can be undertaken.

It is usual for the novice to undertake an Insight Role following Initiation and

after the completion of the tasks outlined in the MS *The Seven-Fold Way - A Comprehensive Guide* (ie. after completion of the tasks associated with the stage of Initiation and before undertaking the rite of **External Adept**). However, if the novice wishes, an Insight Role can be undertaken when s/he is an External Adept and has completed all the tasks of External Adept (such as running a Satanic Temple for a certain period of time). Generally, it is advisable for the novice to undertake a role before External Adept. Further, should the novice so desire, two insight roles can be undertaken, one after the other. This is an interesting experience, but requires a demonic commitment.

During some of the roles, the Satanic novice should try and keep their Satanic views and beliefs secret, and become in fact a shape-changer, a chameleon.

The Roles:

~ Either by foot or by bicycle or by accepting lifts, travel alone around the world, taking between six months to one year (or more). You must live frugally, and carry with you most of what you need. You should travel to as many countries as possible, the more remote the better, and expect sometimes to find work to enable you to travel further.

~ Become a professional burglar, targetting your victims who have revealed themselves to be suitable (eg. by testing them - qv. the Order MSS dealing with victims, etc.). The aim is to specialize in a particular area - eg. Fine Art, jewellery - and become an 'expert' in that area and in the techniques needed to gain items.

~ Undertake the role of extreme political activist and so champion heretical views (by for example becoming involved in extreme Right-Wing activism). The aim is to express fanaticism in action and be seen by all 'right-thinking people' as an extremist, and a dangerous one.

~ Join the Police Force (assuming you meet the requirements) and so experience life at 'the sharp end' and being a servant of a higher authority. [Note: In times of War, an alternative Insight Role is to join one of the Armed Forces and so gain combat experience.]

All roles should last for at least six months and all must be completed (ie. you leave them) before the end of eighteen months. All the roles will by their very nature test your Satanic views and beliefs and thus your desire to continue along the Sinister Way. All will expose you to difficulties.

Once the choice is made, it is up to you to find means of undertaking the role - eg. in the case of joining the Police, finding reasons why which will convince a selection panel; in the case of becoming a burglar, finding someone to buy your stolen items, and so on.

The essence of these roles can be succinctly stated: Incipit Vitriol.

The Black Pilgrimage

As detailed in the Order MS *Thermin*, cultivating a skill in Natural Magick is essential if genuine Adeptship is to be attained. The first stage in acquiring this skill [the final is that of **Internal Adept**] involves the regular performance of ceremonial Magick in an outdoor location - the location being chosen for its natural beauty, undisturbed by modern development. The seasonal performance of a rite such as that of the **Nine Angles** (qv. *The Black Book of Satan III*), will teach those participating infinitely more about the 'Wheel of the Seasons', than some pseudo-pagan ritual containing outdated symbolic representations of the forces involved. It is important that the rites are conducted upon the same site throughout the year(s), during the times of the seven festivals (qv. *Thermin*). The second task involves undertaking, with the companion, the Natural form of the **Nine Angles** rite [the site involved may be the same as that used by the Temple, or one specifically chosen for the task].

The third task involves undertaking the Black Pilgrimage. Traditionally, this is a walk - undertaken alone - of approximately 50 miles, which passes through sites associated with the Dark Tradition [located on the Welsh borders]. This rite is undertaken around the time of the Autumn Equinox; beginning at dawn, and aiming to end near dusk the following day. The candidate must possess a quartz crystal (ideally a tetrahedron), and is allowed to take only a sleeping bag (no other form of shelter), and the minimum food required. The candidate is allowed to rest/sleep during the hours of darkness on the first evening, at one of the sites of interest. Throughout the journey, the candidate may opt to stop at the various sites, and perform a Chant (ie. the *Diabolus*). Towards the following evening, the candidate must aim to reach a certain site on the Long Mynd (a site near Wild Moor), and there, undertake the solo rite of the **Nine Angles**. Following the completion of the solo rite, the candidate remains to rest/sleep at the site. The candidate departs from the area at dawn, when the Pilgrimage is completed.

This task is most usually undertaken by those who have attained the grade of External Adept (qv. *Naos*), but the Initiate may choose to combine the Pilgrimage with the External Adept rite. This would involve the Grade Ritual being undertaken immediately following the solo **Nine Angles** rite [this is a very effective combination - but is optional].

With regard to Initiates who live in other countries: the candidate must spend some time creating an appropriate route by which the Pilgrimage can be undertaken. The route must include sites which express, for the Candidate - and for subsequent Initiates - a numinosity: they need not be of established historical or magickal interest (indeed it would be far better if they were not). Rather, they must convey isolation and natural beauty/wildness, and the route itself must be fairly arduous, keeping away from conventional footpaths. The site chosen for the solo **Nine Angles** rite must be of particular esoteric significance, and this aspect should be created prior to undertaking the Pilgrimage - via the ceremonial opening of an 'Earth Gate', or the Natural form of the **Nine Angles** rite, and so on. The creation of a Black Pilgrimage relevant to the respective Land of each Initiate, will be a further new and vital expression of the Sinister Tradition.

Makrokosmos

Satanic reasoning, and the judgement of a 'thing', derive from direct personal experience. Thus, for the Satanist, there can be no real understanding of something until that something is *lived*. Before then, understanding is merely academic, relying as it does on the validity of sources other than one's own experience. An understanding of a form cannot be acquired through academic research, since one never lives the form - there is only observation within the comfort and confines (morally and otherwise) of one's own life, in the same sense as a play or a film is viewed by an audience. For the most part, the student is free to be convinced or not by the evidence studied - there is still the freedom, consciously *and* unconsciously, to believe whatever one feels comfortable in believing. All there is, is 'opinion'.

With regard to a form which possesses spirit, *elan* [such as National-Socialism], there can be no crossing over from the life of the academic into that form via academic study, because the form so 'studied' is a living one; it cannot ever be really known through words and ideas (such as 'politics'), archaic folk-tales - or even Art and Musick. It is a revolution of the *soul*, and as such, true understanding via which a reasoned judgement may be derived, can only be developed by living that revolution; by experiencing the reality of those forces as those forces are - by, essentially, living beyond the confines of one's own self.

With this living, the life of the individual, both inner and outer, is effected and changed by the experience because the experience is dynamic and direct - it disrupts, and unlike a book which can be closed and put away, it lives within and without the individual every second of that experiencing. There is a deeper understanding gained whereby the force that motivates such a form is fully apprehended, and thus, the various causal manifestations (or 'histories'), are understood from the context of the essence, and are placed in perspective without the interference of contemporary morality and social sensitivity. Essentially, this dynamic method of understanding is the only method relevant to a form that possesses *elan*. This approach to learning may invalidate the methods by which the majority seek to establish their right to learn and so judge - but that is the reality. One either approaches learning as a consumer via the 'definitive', established approach (ie. investigation solely via the respected methods of academic bodies - such as 'universities'), or one seeks the difficult - and sometimes dangerous - path of challenging one's own reasons for believing (and living!) via practical *integration* with a particular form.

Of course, there are very few who would undertake this direct approach simply because, if they are being honest, they would not wish their lives to be so disrupted - and living life as, for example, a dangerous revolutionary is too frightening a prospect. For the Satanist, it is precisely these reasons which make such an undertaking necessary.

The development of Satanic reasoning is part of the purpose of the Insight Role (qv.). This alchemical method is very hard, as it requires the Satanist to believe in their role - and convince other non-Satanists of their sincerity via practical acts [it is no use just editing a (for example) National-Socialist journal - or writing learned

articles for existing journals]. The role usually brings an alienation of occult comrades; family; other friends - sometimes the loss of personal freedom. It severely tests, and thus develops - or destroys - character.

This method is not, as some may perceive, solely a cynical/clever manipulation of a form for selfish ends, whereby all forms are regarded as merely means to be discarded when personally appropriate. An Insight Role teaches empathy - of forces that exist beyond the life of the Satanist, and how they influence the *masses*, contributing to the evolving of civilisations, etc. There is a real appreciation of the form so lived; an appreciation judged not solely from a 'Satanic/Sinister' - or socially conditioned - perspective, but according to the form as that form is, on its own "light" terms. The Satanist is and is not that role: an awareness that is, before Adeptship, quite difficult to live with - and is seldom, if ever understood by non-Initiates.

This is the meaning and purpose of Sinister Magick: to bring a *synthesis* via the conflict of opposites that exist within and without the Individual. This synthesis is the result of a practical journey, where this bifurcation must **still** be experienced if the forces that do still exist within the *psyche* of the Initiate are to be eventually understood, beyond intellectual apprehension, as 'abstractions'. Thus, the meaning of Satan and the purpose, for Individuals and Aeons, of the *Seven-Fold Sinister Way*: to undertake acts of positive opposition, 'blasphemy'; because without such acts of extreme *defiance*, there is no genuine inner liberation... and so shall it remain for many centuries to come (see also *Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass MS*).

An Insight Role thus creates a real understanding of Aeonics - an understanding beyond the self, and thus the cultivation of the faculty of Reason, and the glimmerings of genuine Wisdom. As stated, without this (arduous) experience, there is a staying where one is - despite whatever level of intellectual esoteric apprehension gained - centred around a mostly self-indulgent life-style. Essentially, without *experiencing* this bifurcation, the psyche will not be changed, thus preventing it from travelling towards those realms that separate the Initiate from the Adept.

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The Aims of the ONA

The fundamental aims of the ONA are:

- 1) To increase the number of genuine Adepts, Masters/Lady Masters, by guiding individuals along the path to Adeptship and beyond.
- 2) To make the path to Adeptship and beyond [the 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'] more widely available, enabling anyone, should they possess the necessary desire, to strive toward the ultimate goal.
- 3) To extend esoteric knowledge and techniques - i.e. to (a) creatively extend our esoteric knowledge and understanding and thus increase the consciousness of our species; (b) develop new techniques which make this new knowledge and understanding useful to those following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way; (c) implement this knowledge and understanding in a practical way, thus causing change(s) in society/societies. Areas of importance for the immediate future are: (i) music; (ii) Art/images/film etc.; (iii) the creation of an 'esoteric' community; and (iv) the development and extension of an abstract symbolic language ('beyond the Star Game').
- 4) To implement sinister strategy - i.e. to presence the acausal (or 'the dark forces') via nexions and so change evolution. One immediate aim is to presence acausal energies in a particular way so creating a new aeon and then a new, higher, civilization from the energies unleashed.

In respect of (1). This will be a slow process, by virtue of the difficulty of the Way, and the desire of most of those interested in esoteric arts for an 'easy option'. It is anticipated that only about four or five new Adepts (at most) will emerge every decade (i.e. an average of one per year). Of these, only two per decade will probably make it to the stage of Master/Lady Master. These figures are unlikely to increase until the energies of the new aeon become more pronounced (around 2020 eh) - even then, the increase will be gradual. It will not be before 2070 (at the earliest) that there will be a significant increase.

This slow progression is natural and necessary - great numbers are not required in order for the more immediate covert aims (e.g. regarding sinister strategy) to be achieved.

In respect of (2). This will arise by itself provided the continuity of the Order is maintained.

In respect of (3). Since the Destiny of each ONA Adept is unique, these aims and

others will be fulfilled by those Adepts striving for the next stage, that of Master/Lady Master. It should be remembered that Adepts - although they possess a knowledge and some understanding of Aeonics - are actually still swayed by aeonic forces: i.e. their Destiny achieves supra-personal aeonic aims. In effect, their Destiny is part of the wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon to which they belong. A Master/Lady Master, by virtue of having reached that stage, can transcend this wyrd *and implement their own.*

In respect of (4). The fundamental immediate aim [c. 1990 eh - 2020 eh] here is to actively presence the energies of the next aeon and channel these, via various nexions, forms, structures, 'ideas' and so on, to create the next higher civilization. The former means accessing the acausal [in the simplistic sense, 'returning the Dark Gods' via various rites] and creating those forms/structures necessary to channel the energies so accessed. This will take several decades. [Some structures/forms/ideas etc. have already - i.e. before 1994eh - been created.] In conjunction with these things, there will be disruption of existing structures/ideas etc. by Masters/ Adepts/novices.

Beyond this immediate aim [i.e. beyond c.2020 eh] there is the nurturing of the new energies and the forms/structures etc. created to presence these. This will last several centuries - and during this time one of the tasks of the Order is to presence the acausal at regular intervals via certain rites at certain sites, thus ensuring the survival of those things imbued with such energies, one of which will be the new civilization and thus the societies it gives rise to.

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Expressed simply, the aim of the ONA is to create a new species - to significantly change our evolution as a species. This will take time - many centuries, in fact. The Seven-Fold Way is a practical means whereby an individual, *now*, can develop and so become a part of this new species. The other activities which the Order pursues are directed toward changing present structures and creating a new civilization whereby this new species can be made real *on a large scale*: the societies of such a civilization aspiring to realize this goal in a practical way.

The ONA is not interested in transitory 'fame'/notoriety - and neither does it desire to attract large numbers of 'followers'. It is not in the business of competing with other 'Satanic' or 'Occult' groups because such groups are irrelevant, lacking any understanding of sinister strategy and incapable of really guiding their members toward and beyond a genuine Adeptship. Such groups usually represent the ego of one person, who surrounds him/her self with sycophantic followers, and/or they fumble about in diverse mumbo-jumbo lands, playing fantasy games, try to evoke long-dead archetypes and forms, and worship their petty, mostly

bovine selves.

What the ONA desires to achieve is significant and worth-while - it is not transitory. The ONA does not depend on the whim of some self-appointed 'leader' as it does bleat about some fantasy-given "mandate" from some "higher authority". It does not peddle some spurious, continually updated theory nor offer religious answers to keep individuals in thrall. Neither does the ONA declare that its worth is based on some pretentious/legendary 'tradition'. The worth of the ONA lies in its aims and the practical methods it has created, and will create, to achieve those aims.

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Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims - of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA - and the Seven-Fold Way itself - create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from 'The Black Book of Satan', is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. *Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this* - that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal - they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution - they are using their lives to some purpose. Members of the ONA are doing and achieving - they are being significant and shaping future events. *They are making history.*

Compared to this, other groups are irrelevant.

(1994 eh)

A Note on 'Seven'

For the West, the cosmos has always been apprehended as a division of seven fundamental vibrations - a concept which originated from Albion. Throughout the ages, this division has been symbolised by various forms: stars, trees, metals - and planets. The forms so chosen are, for the most part, used in a *symbolic* sense, rather than a literal one. Thus, with regard to the planets, those ascribed to the spheres of the **Tree of Wyrð** as used within the Septenary System [or 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'; Traditional Satanism, and so on] are used purely as symbols to represent the seven fundamental forces of the cosmos, rather than there being forces literally ascribed to the planets themselves, or the planets somehow creating those forces.

Thus, that there were at one time only seven observable planets, did not influence the concept of the 'cosmic seven'; rather, because seven planets were known to exist, they were conveniently ascribed as symbols representing the already existing seven vibrations. The fact that other planets have since been observed is irrelevant, since those other planets do not change what actually exists - the seven - and are not important esoterically, since the planets are used only in a symbolic sense.

Of course, this is not to say that the planets and the constellations do not signify 'effects' in the esoteric sense, but within a magickal ritual, the usual 'grimoire' type approach to their contribution produces perceived results so small as to be negligible [and what may exist - fairly negligible in itself - is not recognised because something else is anticipated].

With regard to the constellations, an understanding of their significance within the workings of the cosmos requires a particular type of living few will undertake today - and that living may span over several 'alchemical seasons' (many years). In both cases, the Adept must discover, for themselves, by practical living, the reality of these natural forms - as entirely separate from their traditional use as abstract symbols throughout history.

A form such as astrology approaches nature via an understanding confined within symbolism; magick uses symbolism as a means towards a unified understanding, the symbolism [and this includes such forms as the Tree of Wyrð] being discarded once the cosmos is apprehended as it is, devoid of projections. As always stressed, this apprehension can only ever be created by an alchemical way of living, as enshrined by the practical ordeals of the Seven Fold-Way.

ONA 1997 eh

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— *S*torer —

A Guide to the Stage of Initiate

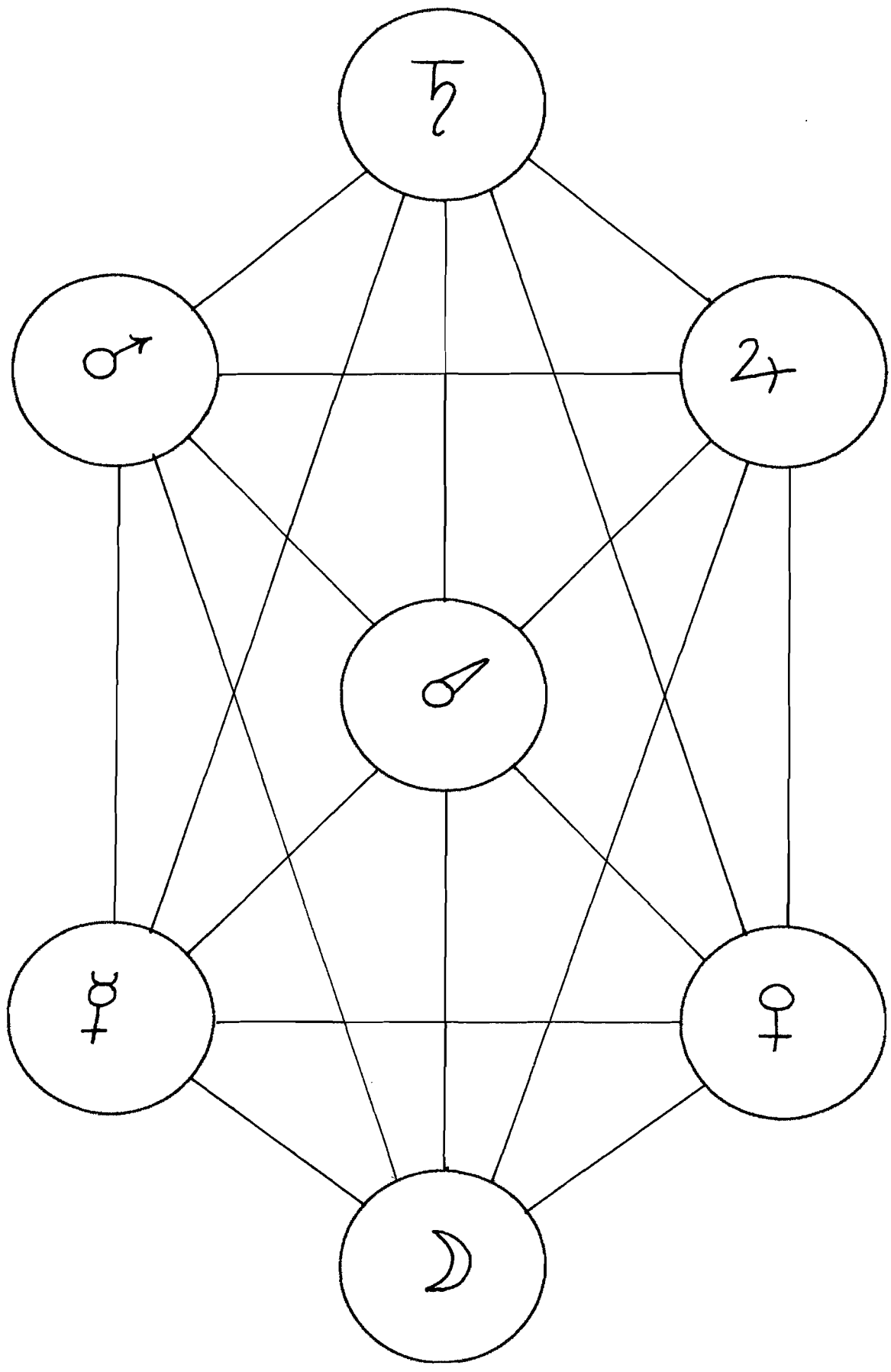
Introduction:

The aim of the present work is to outline some of the specific tasks facing a new Initiate. Throughout these tasks, and their completion, genuine initiation takes place. As noted in these MSS, genuine initiation is not simply the product of a single ritual – but rather an expansion of consciousness that occurs over a period of time along the chosen path (in this case the Seven-Fold Sinister Way). *Otonen* is intended to further explicate the tradition as previously laid out in *Naos, Hostia I – III, Sacramentum Sinistrum*, and *The Deofel Quartet*.

Along with various instructional texts herein are also included various insights a few initiates of the Sinister Way have met. It must be noted, and understood before further reading, that the insights of each initiate is his or her own, and arise from the unique circumstances of each person's psyche. Therefore, it should be understood that the accounts contained herein by the initiates of the Sinister Way, should in no way dictate or influence the workings of future initiates. As each new initiate of our path experiences the Septenary Spheres, and the pathways which link them, there should be no hesitation in letting the whatever visions come and go as they will. An initiate might feel, since reading the accounts of fellow initiates, that their experiences are “too different”. One should not take into account, in their *own* self-development, what others have written of theirs. If one let others' experiences in these rites dictate their own, they would sacrifice the effectiveness of the workings, proscribing to a pre-defined set of occurrences which simply should not and do not exist. Though the accounts of others may prove useful in understanding the Sinister Way, and the process of Initiation.

The Sinister Way is an individual way, a means whereby an individual may become more and achieve more than would otherwise be possible – in means of self-awareness, balance, *and* external achievement. What is of fundamental importance during the stage of Initiate, and henceforth, is brutal self-honesty. Without this, there is little progress.

[*Thornian – Day of Immolation, 110yf*]
ONA



a
-Kosari-

⌘ Dark Night

It felt as though he was going mad, the inner confusion swept swiftly through his mental centre. What is this? What am I doing? Where am I going? Confusion, confusion, confusion. Confusion threefold, confusion ad infinitum. An abyss of confusion and then... and then came the despair. The light faded and the demons of darkness greeted him once more. What way should he turn? Should he renounce it all and begin again? Return to another way? But, start again? No, he could not, would not. This was it, there was no other Path. This Path had chosen him, he had been selected as different from the other mortals. Selected by the three sisters who watched over the brief, almost instantaneous lives of the blind fools called men. And how could he desert the forces he had called upon? The forces that had called him. What wrath would come down upon him if he renounced the Way, as many before him had done? And what had happened to them? Had they all not died with sadness as their only deathbed companion? Rather to sign the Pact and die with a Cyclopean Wisdom than renounce a lifes work and die in ignorance as a bed fellow. At least he could say he had sought reality even if it blinded him. At least he could say he had sought it. Simply to be, simply to live, simply to breath, simply to experience, were not all of these keys to the truth of that which lay Beyond? That Being that existed behind the Stars and the Planets and the Moons?

The Nazarene had come close again, he had felt his presence. A pestilence that sought to break the bond between him and his Nameless Gods. You may overpower me at times Nazarene he thought, but eventually I will be given the Power of this world of men, then we will see who is stronger.

Suddenly he felt an urge to press ahead, to continue that which had already begun. For what else could satisfy that deep spiritual hunger that he felt. That hunger for life and unity with the Dark Ones, that hunger that the Sinister fed so well. Here was a Way that could bring a feeling of life, a feeling of Being, a feeling of communion with the Natural forces. What else in these times could answer the cries of the spiritually starving?

He moved to the window, pulled the curtain aside and watched the sea below pound heavily against the shoreline. Above the low dark clouds moved briskly across the night sky, pushed by the strong northerly breeze. The Powers of Darkness had returned once more and again he felt the deep urge to remain on the Path, the Path that would lead him into the Abyss...

Lyceus,
ONA 1998eh

Towards Genuine Freedom

For some time now I have been seeking to find a release from recurring patterns in my life. Again and again I have asked myself why nothing seems to really change for me, why my circumstances remain the same. In an attempt to answer such a question it is important that I am, or at the very least attempt to be honest with myself. It is only through such self-honesty that the barriers towards genuine lasting freedom can be broken, surpassed, eradicated.

I believe, though it might sound strange to the reader, that one of the largest barriers that prevents my desired changed is actually myself, or, perhaps more accurately my personality, my persona, the 'shell' through which I experience the world and other people.

Knowing exactly what needs to be changed in myself in order that my outer world will also change is not an easy task. It takes a long time to observe ones habits, reactions, thoughts, emotions and psychic states. It requires a lasting process of self-awareness to be able to see where ones psychic energy is being continually directed and how one reacts to certain stereotypical circumstances.

Even now, at this point in my life, when I have at last realised that I must change myself I am still unsure of exactly how this change can occur. I can at least say, on a subjective level, I am positive that deep change is not going to occur by reading numerous occult books and mss, or through writing lengthy intellectualised pieces or commentaries on something I have previously read or studied.

Fair enough there are some texts and books that are useful to the aspiring Adept. But an over-emphasis upon reading and making notes leads one nowhere. I know! I have it seems, largely got nowhere! So, with a pinch or two of Self-Honesty and a hint of Realisation I can begin at last to properly boil the broth of Self-Change!

I think too much. That is my first problem. The first problem to be overcome. This is where my psychic energies are largely directed. I should try and feel more, become more emotional - though, obviously this must be kept in balance.

The essential prize that comes through Self-Knowledge is that one can begin to see these circular movements. Then comes the harder part, knowing what to do to stop this ever decreasing circle and break free from the binding spell that I have unconsciously cast upon myself. It has taken me a good number of years to reach this stage of awareness, during which much of my time has been spent 'studying' and reading and making notes and generally wasting my time. I cannot emphasise Self-Honesty too much here, because it does take a lot of guts to realise that who you are is really just a creation of many different factors that have all been merged together in a hotch-potch manner. There does not seem to exist a centrifugal point around which ones interests all merge. But it is there, hiding in Its palace deep within the confines of the persona. There it seems to command its armies of ideas and psychic orientations. One moment I will do this, another moment I will do that. All the time I run around and around at its infernal beck and call and where am I now? Now, at last I am looking back at him and refusing to be his minion. Now I seek to be Master.

Yes, so I seek to be Master. But how do I achieve this? This is the fundamental question. The primary question. It is not a simple task of suddenly ceasing to be who I am. Nor is it a case of suddenly changing my interests - or my 'religious beliefs' for that matter - because it is not the interests or the 'religious beliefs' that are keeping me in stasis. It is something other, something within me that is the cause. So it is not necessarily about changing my interests rather it is about changing who I am within myself. If I change then perhaps so will the outer world or, perhaps it won't need to.

The hardest thing about all of this is that I am so closely identified with who I am, with my Self-Image that its death seems to be my death. Even now I am still too close to be objective about this. I know, perhaps

vaguely at the present, that I must die psychically if the Gift of Satan within me is to grow and become something greater than it is now, but I am so close to the persona, nay I feel emotionally that *I am* the persona that must die that it will cause me much inner conflict and pain before I can separate fully from it and then, the cloud over my consciousness will be lifted and perhaps at last I will be able to see as clearly as They who are Never Named. The price to pay at the moment is huge, but then, whoever said selling your soul was cheap?

Who the Devil am I? Who? The Devil am I...

Lyceus

1st July 1998 e.h.

The Tradition of the Sinister Way

The essence of genuine Satanism can be simply stated: it is a way to inner development, the goal of which is a new individual. This way involves three essential stages and these exemplify the spirit of that way and the individuals who follow it.

The first is direct experience, the second is direct practice and the third self-development. The first involves direct experience of both the external 'world' and the inner (or psychic) 'world' through striving to achieve certain goals both practical and magickal. The second involves using 'practical' (or causal) and 'magickal' (or acausal) energies to manipulate others, situations and energies in a practical way - producing changes in accord with certain goals. The third involves beginning the process again but starting from the new level of self-understanding and ability attained - pursuing different (and probably more complex) goals

A Satanist is an individual explorer - following in the footsteps of others (and perhaps using their guide books) but always seeking further horizons, daring to defy convention (in ideas as well as in morals and attitude) yet part of an evolutionary succession enabling what is experienced to be understood and become beneficial. For this reason, a genuine Satanist understands tradition as important and necessary - the culmination of centuries of insight and experience a useful guide which enables further progress and exploration: a starting point for that inner and outer journey which is begun by Initiation, as well as a map of the way chosen and followed.

This tradition is not sacrosanct - but it does possess a validity until the individual reaches the stage where the unique genius within each individual has been brought to fruition enabling the creation (from experience and self-insight) of a unique way and a fulfilling of a unique Destiny. In magickal terms, this is the stage of Internal Adept, where that unique Destiny is made known (dis-covered) and where the individual Initiate has developed the talents necessary to fulfill it by a following of the previous stages - a stage reached from between three to five years after Initiation.

The tradition (explicated in the 'seven-fold sinister way') provides only a beginning - it is for the individual to go beyond it, toward the dangers and rewards of the Abyss. It is, however, necessary - since it is, in one sense, a 'short-cut': enabling self-development to be achieved far quicker than would be the case without it as well as fully enabling the explication of individual potential. This does not mean that following it is easy - the path may be shorter, but it is just as dangerous (and in some places, more so). It is a mountain path to the summit rather than a meandering valley path, and enables the horizon, the other mountains waiting to be conquered, to be seen - as they cannot be seen from the wooded valleys below.

But each new Initiate must walk this path - alone. And for each it is a new experience, a process of direct learning and a personal achievement, for only a very few have ever ventured that way before and stood atop the summit that is 'Internal Adept' to see in the distance the still higher peaks that wait beyond the Abyss.

What is important is following that path - and going beyond it, toward the Abyss - actually undertaking the journey and experiencing in real time what is encountered and seen: of being taken to the very limits of your endurance and abilities. No one can do this for you - just as the path does not lead to some pleasant grove where you sit at the feet of some 'Master' listening to their past experiences and fables. It does not involve you staying comfortably 'at home' with the security of your known world and friends and ideas, just as it is not a 'mental' journey done in comfortable surroundings and with no physical effort or danger. It is practical, and direct - and involves physical and psychic hardship, and while you may be a little soft when you start, you will not be so when you succeed, just as if you believe you are tough enough now, you will be rudely awakened.

Is this what you really want?

Creating Falseifer: Through the Forbidden Gates II

Neophyte

Seek and gain entry into an existing Temple of the Order or undertake the Rite of Self Initiation (Black Book of Satan/Naos).

Note that certain entry requirements will usually have to be fulfilled:

- Gain from a place of Nazarene worship a host or hosts for use during Sinister Initiation.
- Purchase/make black robe.
- Build simple version of the Star Game.
- Acquisition and study of Order manuscripts.
- Purchase relevant item of jewellery: Males: quartz ring. Females: quartz necklace.
- Undertake and complete a specified physical test.
- Undertake a test of commitment.
- Undertake Initiatory tasks as specified by Master/Mistress.

Initiate

- Undertake Self Immolation Rite.
- Begin to journey through the Dark Pathways (one a week).
- Read and study the Deofel Quartet + Breaking the Silence Down.
- Study and use (play) the Star Game, by self if no partner has been found or with partner if one has been found.
- Upon completion of Dark Pathways begin Sphere Workings (one sphere per week).
- Begin to purchase items for Sinister Temple.
- Cultivate the image of Sorcerer/Sorceress, i.e. wear only black, quartz ring/necklace etc. Attend New Age Fairs/Festivals/Moots etc. in the role of Sinister Adversary. Also, dispel or imply certain attitudes when with acquaintances or friends etc.
- Infiltrate an existing Occult group/Order/Temple and re-direct magickal energies towards personal reasons/aims during the performance of a ritual.
- Train for and undertake specific physical task.
- Undertake the Black Pilgrimage.
- Begin to learn and practice Sinister Chants.
- Begin and maintain a 'Sinister Book of Shadows' writing up experiences, feelings and thoughts.
- Seek out Magickal partner of opposite sex (or same if gay).
- Hunt, kill and eat some game.
- Prepare for and undertake the External Adept Rite.

The Sinister Alchemy

What follows is the sequence of workings for the Initiate. During the course of these rituals the Initiate should begin to undertake the other tasks, thereby uniting a number of different tasks into a cohesive whole. Only one working should be undertaken per week. Upon completion of all the workings the Initiate should undertake the Rite of External Adept and then begin the tasks associated with that Grade.

- Sinister Initiation Rite

- Dark Pathways:

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. Noctulius | 12. Karu Samsu |
| 2. Nythra | 13. Nemicu |
| 3. Shugara | 14. Macto ron |
| 4. Satanas | 15. Velpecula |
| 5. Asoth | 16. Kthunae |
| 6. Azanigin | 17. Atazoth |
| 7. Nekalah | 18. Vindex |
| 8. Ga Wath Am | 19. Davcina |
| 9. Binan Ath | 20. Sauroctonos |
| 10. Lidagon | 21. Naos |
| 11. Abatu | |

- Sphere workings (using Sinister Chant)

Moon - Deofel - Death

Physis - Change - War

Lovers - Hel - Star

Azoth - Opfer - Master

Magickian - Lord of the Earth - Hermit

Desire - Mistress of the Earth - High Priestess

Wyrd - Sun - Aeon

Further Explanatory Notes

The tasks of the various Grades, as has been previously written, provide a framework through which the Initiate passes during his or her Sinister Journey. The 'bare bones' of this journey have already been provided in Naos. Other Order mss that deal with the subject of Initiate tasks (up to and including Master/Mistress) serve to provide the Magickian with extra tasks that can be undergone. There is not, nor shall there ever be a dogmatism that states the Initiate must or must not undertake a certain task, rather a task is suggested for the Ini-

tiatiate and it is up to the Initiate to undertake a certain task or not. The decision is ultimately for the Initiate.

Thus the Order has issued a number of mss that illustrate various tasks that have been undertaken by members of the Tradition. Different members have and still do undergo different experiences as this is from one perspective the very essence of the Way itself - it is individual. Thus, to provide two examples:

According to Order mss an Initiate is instructed to infiltrate a RHP group and cause disruption and adversity. Variations on this task can include political adversity (especially amongst students) and 'religious' adversity amongst those who are mentally inclined towards the modern bastard child of the Nazarene known as the 'New-Age'. Thus, the role of Sinister adversity is not an absolute and does not have to be undertaken in exact terms or conditions, because those very terms and conditions are determined by the Wyrd of the individual.

The second example concerns the physical task. There can be a variation on this but the actual essence of the task is that it pushes the individual to and beyond his or her physical limits. There should be a feeling that the individual is really pushing against the boundaries. What is important is that the Initiate must truly and objectively address his or her fitness and adapt accordingly, this does not infer that the actual physical goal should become lessened but rather that the Initiate attempts to pull him or herself up to the highest standard of physical fitness as possible. One variation on the physical task is for the Initiate to undertake the Black Pilgrimage, or a variation thereof. For those individuals who live within or near hilly or mountainous terrain outside of the Sinister Land the physical task should ideally be set amongst these conditions with the Initiate carrying a weighted pack and walking forty or fifty miles (accounting for up-hill mileage) in relative isolation and within a preset time-scale (usually between a day and a half and two days). At certain intervals, perhaps based upon natural variations in the landscape, such as a waterfall, cliff-face, hill-top or cave, the Initiate can stop and meditate upon the Sinister Tarot. The Initiate should realistically consider his or her level of fitness and begin to address physical weaknesses.

The only real way to become a Sinister Adept is for the Initiate to make continuous efforts along the Way and these efforts must be measured by self-honesty. As it has been said before: 'If you lie to yourself you will get nowhere.'

Lyceus

ONA 1999eh

The Brink of Discovery

At the brink of a great quest, one often finds oneself overwhelmed with great questions. Thus far I have embodied more answers than questions themselves. Before, I had yet to be faced with any real wondering, any *real* desire, or any *real need* to uncover my destiny. Perhaps such a thing can only *come* from absolute need.

I have had great desire to do my part to further a dialectic of cosmic wyrd; to be a *part* of the glory that is to come. This was my destiny, my place in the cosmic order of things, my absolute desire. What I have until now failed to realize is that my destiny lies in myself, in uncovering *my* essence. To *myself* grow and learn. This can be the only way. I am a part of nature, and unless I uncover what is truly my *unique* place within it, I will never obtain the empathy I need.

I have failed before in great endeavors, and probably will again. I have died by my own hand in pursuing the things I long for, and I have yet to let this longing be reborn. My strong will and desire somehow crippled my goal. I failed, in a life long dream. Yet I moved on, to other things, other passions. My failure did not lie in the hands of others; it was not absolute. It lay in my own hands, it was my own doing; and ultimately, my own fight.

These other things, other passions in which I have moved on to, have been essential insofar as discovering what I can do. How I can *create*, and replenish. My recent pursuits have led me to learn something at least daily – something important not for what I have learned, but *how* I have learned it. I am forced, by my own choice of a challenging profession, to forever learn and accommodate my mind and its techniques in different ways. What I must learn in what I do, I must learn the hard way. I must find a solution, and there is little aid – no one to find the solution *for* me. All I've to go by is what I've already learned.

Perhaps necessity changes an individual. In a way I am pressing my own boundaries, *forcing* myself to conquer new ground in my knowledge. I can feel it affect me. I triumph through many small feats, and this builds my confidence. My sense of overcoming. And perhaps this is what has started to rekindle what I've already lost.

If I am to know myself, *truly* know myself, I must follow my intuition. I must explore the frontiers of my mind, push my own boundaries, and explore my passions. By doing this I will find at least a real way to manifest my intuitive character, my acausal self. Even so, if I find my rekindled lost passions are in contradiction of my real essence; I will have learned of myself by eliminating these wonders...

And with this realization, that I must pursue what I intuitively desire; I am a step closer to finding myself, my essence. This will likely take a good portion of my life, but will be an essential uncovering. In this, I am uncovering a means within myself to ultimately help fulfill cosmic wyrd, and aid this dialectic that I have devoted my very soul to. Once I have further advanced on this quest of self-discovery, by my very life, the Sinitic Dialectic will be aided, in a way much larger than even I realize. Once I obtain this empathy with and knowledge of nature I so desire, both outward and inward, I will have evolved; in a very real way.

To surpass myself I must truly know myself. This is when the real change will happen, and when I shall become as Satan.

Thornian, ONA.
1998eh

The Sinister Work

The two individuals passed through the Cathedral Main Gate. There was little difficulty in passing the ticket boxes, installed a year or so ago with the intention of collecting payment from the mass of tourists that passed through the Cathedral each year. The first individual showed his pass, he didn't speak or smile. His partner quickly spoke to the woman seated in the little office before continuing his journey.

It was an overcast day, a light rain gently fell towards the dampening earth, Without speaking to one another the two figures followed the path that provided tourists and pilgrims alike with a route around the Cathedral. Already the walls were becoming black, a sign that their power was growing stronger. Only the two individuals, both dressed in black, noticed the gargoyles and Green Men that smiled grimly down on the passers-by. Every now and again one of them would stop outside a doorway and speak a few words in Latin, a language that few used in modern times, but one that sustained within its grammar and syntax an emotive feeling that could concentrate the mind upon the Magickal Powers the individual was invoking. As their journey continued they passed the statue known as the 'Son of Man', they ignored it, knowing that soon it would become host to one of their own.

With their walk of the circumference completed they made their way inwards, entering the sanctuary of the Nazarene. Here, there had been many phases of building, the fire of 1174 had left half of the building in need of repair and there could still be seen many symbols and signs left by the Masonic workers. Over the following eight-hundred years building work had continued right up until modern times when the Nave had been refloored. And though the Nazarenes had ensured that no historical proof of the Old Ways was to be found during the recent phase of excavation and building work, whispered rumours of ancient mounds and sacred wells found within the Cathedral walls remained.

Walking around the upper part of the Cathedral the companions remained in a state of inner calm and meditation, the shorter of the two speaking Latin in a hushed voice. Reaching the pulpit the figures separated, as one focused his energies upon the Pulpit itself, watching as its body became blackened until it collapsed in upon itself as decay set in.

"To open the blind eyes, to bring the prisoners from the dungeons, and Them that sit in darkness out of the prison house..."

"...ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the isles, and the inhabitants thereof..."

"Let them give glory unto the Lord and declare his praise in the islands. The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war; he shall cry, yea, he shall shout aloud: he shall do mightily against his enemies.

Standing at the Lectern, the Priest carefully selected the verses from the Bible which lay open at the Book of Daniel, he smiled as his words formed images that filled the Cathedral with Chaos. Turning to the High Altar he felt the cold current of Chaos energy pass through his body and into the foremost place of

Nazarene worship and it was destroyed.

When they entered the Crypt all was silent. Here they had come many times, in preparation, communing silently with the ancient images of the beasts: Wyverns, Dragons, Griffins, Green Men all apparent to the discerning eye. Their existence proving that the apparition of the Nazarene religion was but a thin veil through which the Old Ones look. Here, the minds eye, the Eye of Satan, could watch Them sleep, frozen in stone and yet, with the right Magick, They could be awoken and return as a cold wind that blows the stench of death upon a recent field of battle.

At the far end of the Crypt, known as Eastern Crypt there lay the Jesus Chapel, the Chapel of the impostor. Here the two Sinister Priests were left alone, a brief reprise from the constant throng of tourists and pilgrims that unconsciously invaded the silence of their Black Meditation.

Concentrating intently upon the energies they were invoking they began the slow unearthly chant of their Tradition: *Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla, teste Satan cum sybilla, quantos tremor est futurus, quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus, dies irae dies illa.*" The words resonated throughout the Crypt, as though the Crypt itself had suddenly awoken from a sleep and was now replying or uniting with the Sinister Chant. With the second chant came the birthing and the preparation of the host who would become the new channel for the Chaos.

Looking at one another, on completion of their third chant, they moved to the Chapel of the Lady of the Undercroft, the central chapel in the crypt where they would light the three candles in honour of the work.

With their Black Meditation completed, in silence they left the Crypt, passing members of the Nazarene clergy as they left. Outside it remained overcast...

Epilogue

Late that evening, high upon one of the ancient hills that formed part of a ridgeway that passed through the countryside of South-East England, two individuals gathered to prepare the way for They Who Are Never Named. To attempt to open a Gate to the Land Beyond and so return to Earth the Blackest powers in the Universe...

Aperiatum terra et germinet Chaos!

Lyceus, ONA.

The Seven-Fold Way: Training and Grades

In many ways the seven-fold way can be regarded as a process, by the individual, of discovery and experience. The goal of this process is the production of individuals skilled and knowledgeable in the magickal arts who have developed their latent, occult faculties and who possess the beginnings of wisdom.

This process can result, sometimes by accident over extended periods of time (for example, three decades or more) but it is most usually undertaken as a result of a conscious decision by an individual to seek esoteric and/or magickal groups/Order/Adepts. In this latter case – and provided the guidance received is good – the goal can be achieved in a much shorter time.

The first part of the process is in many ways the easiest: that of seeking some form of Initiation (qv. the Order MS 'A Novices Guide to Initiation.'). Before and after Initiation the novice is required to undertake various tasks by the Master or Mistress who has agreed to guide the individual along the seven-fold way. The pre-Initiation tasks are the performance by the individual of a simple hermetic ritual (usually on the night of the full moon), the construction of the simplified version of the Star Game and the successful completion of the various tests aimed at proving the serious intent and commitment of the candidate. The important thing about these tests of intent is that the candidate is unaware of them – for example, the candidate is asked to be present at a certain time and place and instead of meeting there the expected Master or Mistress meets a person of odd appearance who propounds various views which the individual in question may find not only unusual but distasteful. Such tests and encounters are not games but merely devices which enable the candidate to begin to understand their own motives and expectations and as such are an important preparation to Initiation. It is to be understood that it is not the order, which tests the candidate – but the candidates themselves. Initiation is the beginning of the breaking of the illusion of roles, and to be successful this breaking must be done by the individual, from within.

Once this breaking down begins, then Initiation is already underway, and no 'Rite of Initiation' however complex or well meaning is a substitute for this change in the individual. Such a rite, as a ceremonial ritual, is only the representation of this process in a dramatic form and in many cases is not necessary if some other form of Initiation is more suited to the candidate.

Besides this breaking of self-delusion, Initiation is an awakening of the occult faculties – that is, the experience by the candidate of the reality of magickal forces. This experience can be brought about in several ways – first, by means of a powerful ritual of Initiation which produces magickal forces through invocation; second, through the candidate experiencing the charisma of a Master or Mistress; and third, as a consequence of the individual undergoing a particular experience where magickal forces are present. An example of this third type is when a candidate, expecting perhaps (as a result of their own imagination) a ceremonial ritual of Initiation, is led to an isolated spot where magickal energies are present either naturally (as for example in most stone circles) or have been created beforehand by an Adept in readiness for the candidate. The candidate is then left alone. What the candidate then experiences (sometimes for many hours) is an Initiation – although this is seldom understood by the candidate at the time because outwards form is lacking. In many respects, this third type is the most valuable of all the forms of Initiation since it does not rely on the illusion of ceremonial, or the dogma normally associated with such ritual forms. Initiation is complete when the candidate realises that a process of inner change has begun.

The next stage of the seven-fold way, following Initiation, is when the novice begins to undertake in a systematic way workings with the various magickal forces through such forms as Path Workings, hermetic and ceremonial rituals. Such workings in themselves take several months and during this time the novice will be

given several tasks - some practical, some magickal - to perform. These tasks may themselves take several months to complete. The most usual magickal task involved the novice assuming the 'role' of a dark sorcerer/sorceress for example, dressing in black and cultivating a satanic appearance - and in this guise attending various Occult functions and generally trying to provoke argument and dissent. The novice in this is advised to cultivate an attitude of arrogance and pride and must be prepared to defend forcefully their Satanic views. Following this, the novice is expected to infiltrate another magickal group/Order with the intent of attending a ritual and during that ritual either redirecting the magickal power (if any) or invoking by their own effort during the ritual a powerful force of their own choosing to disrupt or otherwise alter the original ritual. In some cases, the novice may organize their own group (recruiting people for it) for just this purpose.

This magickal task develops not only the use of magickal forces in an interesting way but also provides the novice with a goal the attainment of which is invigorating. It also provides an opportunity for the novice to develop various skills pertaining to the manipulation of other individuals chiefly through the deliberate development of a 'charismatic' personality or role. It is the fundamental task of the novice to learn from those experiences - that is, not to allow the role to become dominant.

This is achieved by the novice remembering that they are involved in a seven-fold quest and accepting the advice given by the Master or Mistress who assigned the task. Both of these things some novices find difficult to do. The behaviour of the novice during this task is governed by specific guidelines - failure to observe the guidelines by an individual means the end of their noviciate as far as the Order is concerned.

The practical tasks associated with this stage usually involve the novice developing certain physical abilities suited to their character. Such physical goals (for example, cycling 100 miles in under 5 hours or running 20 miles in 2 hours 30 minutes - fitter individuals will be given a more demanding goal) are a necessary balance to the magickal tasks as well as enabling those tasks to be achieved in a more invigorating manner.

This stage generally takes from six months to two years and is concluded when the novice finds changes of perspective arising as a consequence of the self-understanding brought through following the goals and tasks. This change should arise naturally and it is made conscious to the novice toward the end of the stage through the grade ritual of External Adept. This ritual is a prelude to the goals and tasks of the next stage and signifies the beginning of Adeptship.

The Grade Ritual involves the individual constructing a septenary Star game and the performance by the individual of a certain ritual on a night of the new moon. This ritual involves the invoking of a certain force, female in aspect.

The External Adept may choose to continue with the group or temple begun in the previous stage (or create one if this was not done before) for the purpose of conducting ceremonial and hermetic rituals of the type associated with, for example, the 'Book of Wyrd' as well as for the performance of the chthonic Nine Angles rite if desired. Alternatively, the individual may opt to concentrate on magickal working with the Star Game - and for this (as the task above) a companion is required. It is a task of the External Adept to find such a companion, as well as to teach them all they themselves have learned during the previous stages - guiding them as they themselves have been guided. This in itself generally takes from one to two years, and because of this most External Adepts prefer, during this time, to organize a magickal group/Temple since it provides a structure and a focus.

During this stage the External Adept will experience many things, particularly of a magickal kind if rituals are undertaken by a group, and contact with the Master or Mistress will be limited and occur for the most part if the External Adept wishes. It is important during the long period associated with this particular stage, that the individual does not become prey to the illusion of being a Master or Mistress.

Most will of course succumb at some time to this as a consequence of the varied magickal experiences and contacts with those less experienced in magick, many individual sever their links with the Order as a consequence of this illusion.

In some ways this stage is the most difficult, involving as it does confrontation with various roles and what had been called the 'anima/animus', this latter occurring naturally through the training of a companion. Provided the individual maintains during the stage their resolve to follow to its end the seven-fold way (and here the advice from the Master or Mistress is often crucial at some point during this stage) then, with the completion of the Ritual of the fifth stage, the new Master or Mistress assumes a teaching role via an Order or an individual basis, and usually those who attain this stage take over at some time their Order, guiding individuals along the seven-fold way. They may also create their own Order or group should they so wish - or reactivate the Temple they organized during their time as an External Adept, since the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept by its nature, means the individual must disband such a Temple or leave it in care of one less experienced.

After some years teaching, the Master or Mistress may withdraw to seek the next stage - provided they have trained at least one person to continue the tradition of the seven-fold way.

Thus it will be seen that the seven-fold way is not easy. It is a way of life, which any individual may follow. Those who only follow its early stages gain something of benefit - those who go further may achieve the goal that awaits us all: the next stage of human evolution.

In the past, in any one decade, the Order had many hundreds of candidates seeking Initiation. About four or five a year, sometimes less, may become Initiates through their own choice. Of these, perhaps two will complete the noviciate and only two or three from twenty a decade become Internal Adepts, the others drifting away for various reasons. Every twenty years, a new Master or Mistress may take office. There may be one or two Magi a century. So it has been - and so it will probably unfortunately remain until the New Aeon begins to emerge on the practical level three to four centuries in the future.

The seven-fold way possesses the potential to create (given good guidance) in ten years what it has taken seven civilizations, five Aeons or nearly ten thousand years to achieve. Every individual is free to choose between this path to the divine and a continuation of the sleep that keeps the potentiality of life at bay. All magick is a glimpse of this path - it is up to the individual to walk along it.

Heretical Catharsis I

And again the repulsion comes to the surface. Faced with what was spiritual in one sense and diabolical in another, a dilemma arises, like the newborn Sun afresh over a dew laden earth. And there he is the Man of Destiny, but I am repulsed. The inner disease rises to the surface and I feel ill, literally physically sick. There is a glimpse of freedom, but the illness overcomes this, rising to the surface before descending once more where it lies dormant, a parasite that I have been force-fed and made to accept as true, as real. I know the reality of those high values that he and his followers preached and preach still. I have a sense of what they are and how high they would seek to pull the lost soul up to Greatness. I have partly lived this idealism and know that it lies within me still, deeper perhaps than the foreign beast with which I have been injected. But everywhere the enemy rears Its head, again and again and again. There are so few who can think for themselves. They said that about the Cause that he created and the new men and women that he sought to create. 'Think for yourself' - a projection perhaps? And yet I am blessed that I see where his followers are now, I hear what they say, whilst all around me the enemy force their creed upon me, friends and foe alike. Why am I sick? What repulses me? Is this an apparition? A distorted lens that I look through? I cannot see clearly through the glass they have put up around me. And yet I know that to smash the glass requires strength and a sense of certainty, or Destiny. An internal battle that often may become physical. How can I know who is true? But is not uncertainty an ally of the enemy? Conviction will be slow, there must be something more than mere words that captures the essence of the Spirit. It was shown years ago during the First State, but now it's beauty is distorted, mis-represented. And so I enter the Temple:

Hail to you, most holy and free,
Revealer of Dark:
We greet you with forbidden thoughts!

Hail - most holy and free!

We believe -

Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods...

Lyceus, ONA.

Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass

In one important respect, Satanism may be regarded by new Initiates as a catharsis - a means whereby individuals may divest themselves of those limiting roles that often are the creation of the ethos or ethics of the society in which those individuals find themselves.

Thus, in the past thousand years or so in Western Europe, one of the most important Satanic rituals, insofar as novices and 'the public' were concerned, was the Black Mass - simply because the ethos which outwardly ruled was the organized religion of the Nazarene. However, where genuine Satanism has been misunderstood is in the reason for this act of catharsis, particularly since the genuine Black Mass bears only a superficial resemblance to the 'black mass' described by various writers and 'authorities' over the last five hundred years or so.

For the Satanic novice [the first two stages of the seven-fold Satanic path] Satanism represents the dark aspect of the individual *psyche* - and by identifying with this, the individual is enabled, by the transformation that results, to begin the 'Great Work' whose attainment is the goal of the Adept. This 'Great Work' is simply the creation of a new individual - and this new type, by virtue of the path followed, often inspires in others a certain terror. Of course, the Left Hand Path is difficult, not to say dangerous, and failure often results because the person journeying along the path misunderstands how the dark forces may be approached, manipulated and most importantly integrated to enable an identification beyond both good and evil as these terms are commonly understood. That is, those who fail in their quest along this path [and Gilles de Rais is an example] often do so because they fundamentally accept the dichotomy of 'evil' and 'good' and identify with what they perceive or believe to be, 'evil' - this perception and understanding almost always deriving from what the 'opposition' have declared to be 'evil'. The reality is that this dichotomy does not exist in the cosmos - the convention of what is 'evil' has been imposed, by the projection of mostly Nazarene dogmatists, upon reality.

In a fundamental sense, Satanism is a means whereby each individual can discover [or rather 'dis-cover' in the sense of Heidegger] the reality for themselves.

Hence, Satanic catharsis is essentially a blasphemy - but one ordered and with a definite aim; it results from an individual will channelled by a conscious understanding. It is this application of will - of conscious intent - which marks the genuine Satanist from the imitation and the failure. A Satanist revels in life - the failures find themselves trapped by their own unconscious desires which they do not have the intelligence to understand nor the will to direct toward a conscious apprehension.

Blasphemy is only effective if it is, for the period in which the individual lives, firstly a genuine shock and a reaction to those values which though accepted are often unconsciously accepted; and, secondly, if it is an appreciation of the positive and life-enhancing qualities inferred by infernal opposition. Thus, while the traditional Black Mass - with its denial of the Nazarene - is still useful because of the continuing constraints of Nazarene beliefs, it is today supplemented by a Mass which in its unexpurgated version represents a shocking blasphemy to the majority of peoples in Britain and other Western countries.

The Black Mass, and the modern Satanic masses which derive from it, in their genuine forms provoke an invigorating response through the very fact of *positive* opposition. Negative opposition - such as the so-called black mass described by Huymans in "La-Bas" - is enervating. True Satanic opposition - codified in a ritual - produces the exact opposite - a will to *more* life; and it is this positive, vital, will that is the essence of the genuine archetypal image of Satan, the adversary. Negative opposition - a wallowing in death, decay, horror and the filth of uncontrolled *décadence* - is a sign of imitation Satanism: a distorted image of the putrid corpse of the Nazarene.

One of the Satanic masses in use today is based on an evocation of Adolf Hitler - and not as something artificial, still less as a psychological 'game'. Rather, there is a genuine identification with the positive, life-enhancing, aspects of National-Socialism. [To most readers, this will be shocking - a blasphemy; which is exactly the point.] As with the traditional Black Mass, it is the stress placed on the positive, vital qualities of opposition that are important – *because these contradict in their very essence all that is assumed about what or whom the mass is concerned with.* Thus, in this particular Satanic Mass, Adolf Hitler is not represented as he is today portrayed by his opponents - as some sort of 'evil' monster – but as exactly the opposite, as a noble saviour.

Genuine ritual Satanism, for a novice, is not simply inversion - it is a complete rejection of the images and ethics of a particular ethos - and a Satanist uses those images, and the ethics, their very *essence* reversed, against their own often unconscious 'conditioning', and ultimately against the society which uses/creates those images and ethics. Individuals who participate in genuine, well-performed, Satanic masses sometimes experience a kind of *satori* – a sudden enlightenment – and are thus led to increase their own conscious understanding. They also achieve an increase in their own vitality because they have broken free of constraining opposites.

In a very important sense, Satanism uncovers what the ethos of a particular society or societies have covered up through images, dogma, ethics, words and ideas - and it returns the individual to the primal chaos out of which opposites were formed.

This uncovering gives the individual control, a conscious understanding and an awareness of their unique Destiny. It is and has been the purpose of genuine Satanic groups to foster such an uncovering by guiding novices and having them participate in blasphemous rites. Beyond such an uncovering, ritual and ceremony cease - to be replaced by a profound wordless skill, a profound empathy. The ground or foundation of this empathy is what has been called "individuation" – the unity that a genuine Adept represents. But this "individuation", this Adeptship is itself only another beginning; it is only the fourth stage toward the ultimate goal.

Fundamentally, Satanic Orders enhance, speed-up, evolution – while the majority of people sleep, fearful of such infernal terrors.

[ONA 1974eh]

Mass of Heresy

Participants:

Mistress of Earth (in scarlet robes)

Master (in purple robes)

Guardian of the Temple (dressed in black, and wearing a face mask)

Congregation (in black robes, or black clothes)

Temple Preparation:

The altar is covered by a red cloth on which is woven a gold inverted pentagram. Black candles and incense of Mars to be burnt. Behind the altar is a large swastika banner: black swastika on white circle against a red background. On the altar are silver chalices containing strong wine; a crystal tetrahedron and a small altar bell. The altar may also contain a framed photograph of The Chief, and a copy of Mein Kampf.

The Aim:

The aim of this Mass is to: (a) challenge accepted beliefs about recent history; (b) provoke dissent and encourage Promethean challenge - particularly within the psyche of the individual; (c) encourage sinister forces.

Important Note: It should be noted that performance of this Mass is illegal in many 'Western' countries - and in these and many other countries anyone who accepts and propounds the tenets outlined in this Mass renders themselves liable to criminal prosecution and/or persecution by the 'authorities'.

Performance of this Mass of Heresy in these times is as dangerous an undertaking as was performing a genuine 'Black Mass' in the era of Nazarene persecution/'witch-hunts'.

The Mass

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple. The Master and Mistress enter at the start of the rite, precess to the altar, bow to the banner and turn to face the congregation.

Mistress

Hail to you, most holy and free,

Revealer of Dark:

We greet you with forbidden thoughts!

Congregation

Hail - most holy and free!

Master

We believe -

Congregation

Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods

To guide us to greatness.

We believe in the inequality of races

And in the right of the Aryan to live

According to the laws of the folk.
We acknowledge that the story of the Jewish 'holocaust'
Is a lie to keep our race in chains
And express our desire to see the truth revealed.
We believe in justice for our oppressed comrades
And seek an end to the world-wide
Persecution of National-Socialists.

We believe in the magick of our wyrd
And curse all who oppose us.
We express our pride in the great achievements
Of our race
And shall not cease from striving
Since we believe the destiny
Of our noble Aryan race lies among the stars!

Mistress

Let us remember in silence
Our comrades who gave their lives
Before, during and after our Holy War.

[The Master rings the bell twice. The silence which follows lasts for about two minutes after which the Master rings the bell once when all present give a brief Hitlerian salute. The Mistress then says:]

Mistress

I who am Mistress of Earth welcome you
Who have dared to defy the dogmas
That now hold our peoples in chains!
No thought should bind you:
No dogma restrict!

[The Master now vibrates the words 'Agius o Falcifer' as he stands facing the altar with his hands spread over the chalices. During this chant, the Mistress kisses each member of the congregation, saying to them 'Honour be yours' after which she goes to the altar and takes up one of the chalices.]

Mistress

By our love of life we have this drink:
It will become for us a gift
From our gods!

[The Mistress raises up the chalice, turns and replaces it on the altar, then passes her hands over the chalices saying quietly 'Oriens splendor lucis aeternae in tenebris et umbra mortis'. She then goes to the Master, who kisses her, holds his hands outstretched toward the congregation, and says:]

Master

Caligo terrae scinditur
Percussa solis spiculo
Dum sol ex stellis nascitur
In fedei diluculo
Rebusque jam color
Redit Partu nitentis sideris.

[The Master turns, bows briefly toward the banner, faces the congregation and points to the swastika, saying:]
Behold the sign of the sun
And the flag of he who was chosen
By our gods!

Praised are you by the defiant:
Through your courage we have
The strength to dream!

[The Master hands the Mistress a chalice, saying:]

Suscipe, Lucifer, munus quod tibi offerimus
Memoriam recolentes Adolphus.

[The Mistress sips the wine, holds the chalice toward the congregation, saying:]

Mistress

Let us affirm again our faith.

[The Guardian steps forward, and raises his right arm in the Hitlerian salute, saying as he does:]

Guardian

Hail Hitler!

[The Congregation respond with the same salute and greeting.]

Master

So you have spoken and from your speaking
Gifts shall come to you
Given by our gods.
Drink now, to seal with honour
Your faith.

[The Mistress gives the chalice she is holding to the Guardian who drains it, holds it upside down to show the congregation, and who then places it upon the altar. The congregation, in single file, then approach the Mistress. She hands them a chalice each, which each drain, hold upside down and place upon the altar. {Note: If the congregation is large, the chalices may be replaced by small cups or other suitable containers.} When all have drunk, the Master vibrates the words Agios o Falcifer while the Mistress turns to the congregation.]

Mistress

To believe is easy,
To defy is hard -
But most difficult of all
Is to die fighting for a noble cause.
Go now, and remember,
So that we few who survive
Can gather again in secret
At the appointed time
To recall the greatness promised us
By the gods!

[The Guardian opens the doors of the Temple and ushers the congregation out.]

Dark Pathworkings

One of the initial tasks along the Sinister Path is the Magickal technique known commonly as Pathworking. Essentially this technique is a fundamental to the beginnings of Magickal development.

When working with the Sinister Tarot the Initiate may notice that some workings are far more intense than others. Combined with this intensity is the feeling that the characters and scenery within the image have actually come to life themselves. That is, they suddenly have a life of their own, a life that is no longer restricted by the consciousness of the individual, but suddenly becomes distinctive and objective from that consciousness. It is within these deeper forms of Pathworking that genuine Initiation begins to take place, for it should be noted that the Rite of Initiation does not always bring a complete transformation, but rather is only a beginning.

Two forms of Pathworking can generally be distinguished by the degree of control that the Sinister Pathworker has over the energies/images. In a lesser form of Pathworking the direction of the energies is controlled purely by the individuals imagination, that is for example, the Initiate visualises the Moon Goddess, imagining that she begins to talk, perhaps in a strange and deep ethereal voice, one that is imbued with the acausal nature of the Being She symbolises but which many believe to be purely a dead hunk of rock...

The working here is directed purely by ones imagination. However a deeper state of Pathworking, one which usually only comes when the Initiate has been continually working with the images themselves, is when the Beings within the Cards themselves become alive and imbued, not with the energy of the individuals imagination, for this is itself only a means to work with the energies, but rather, become alive of themselves expressing Their own nature and energy, that which is both within and without, that which is the acausal.

Another aspect of this degree of difference between the objective and subjective status of the Being with which the Dark Tradition works is expressed in the Dark Pathways themselves. These workings further the initial descent into the acausal, one which may itself be tentative and misunderstood.

As is stated in other Order MSS, it is by practical experience that the Sinister Initiate discerns the status of the Dark Gods themselves and this can never really be passed on in writings. For it is often believed that the writings of others can bring wisdom and enlightenment by themselves, yet this also is an illusion of the Abyss. It is quite correct to assume that the writings of others may help to guide, but, as has been stated many times before, they are only a guide, not a substitute. It is only through direct personal Invokation that the Dark Gods can be understood.

During the Dark Pathways the Magickian meditates upon the corresponding Tarot image, allowing the energies summoned to manifest as it will in accordance with the symbolism. However, if a working is truly successful the imagery of the card will serve its purpose by providing a gateway, or perhaps more accurately a vehicle through with the specific Dark God may manifest its Being. Thus working with Atazoth, the Master card itself is soon lost in the vortical Chaos that is emitted from the pictorial representation of the Man of the Abyss. Atazoth then fills the Initiates mind, revealing his being to be far more alien than that of a mere humanoid.

As an expansion upon the existing Dark Pathways techniques I suggest the following working:

Dark Pathways II

Requirements:

Black Robe
Quartz crystal
Sinister Tarot Atu.

Decide upon a mode of dress. Usually this will be one of three: Black robe, naked, or dressed in black.

Arriving at the area near or after sunset, prepare your clothing and set out the implements.

Chant the respective sphere chant facing East and holding the crystal at chest height.

Now vibrate the Sacred Word nine times. If a chant is required then chant this instead, but if this is not known then vibrate the name nine times then another four times.

Place the crystal in a secure position and begin the slow dance, the direction of which you may decide yourself (usually Deosil for lighter spheres and Widdershin for darker spheres, i.e. Mars and Jupiter would be Widdershins).

Speed the dance up faster and faster until you fall to the ground.

Now vibrate or shout the name as strongly as possible.

After a moment, visualise the Tarot image, do not attempt to control or direct the visions though, let them come and go as they do.

Once the visions pass, stand and then begin a dance in the opposite direction to the original dance. Singing/chanting "I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am a God."

When satisfied, cease your dance. Then face bow to the North saying: "It is completed."

Leave the area of the working.

Additional Notes:

Prior to the ritual for seven days meditate upon the sigil of the Dark God to be invoked for at least fifteen minutes each night prior to sleep, quietly repeating its name. If possible follow the recommended Black Fast.

The location of a suitable area for working is also essential. An isolated wood is ideal, though geographical variations may determine alternative locations.

The addition of the Sphere chant at the beginning of the Rite seems to open the Gate to the acausal wider

thereby enabling the Dark God/Energy to manifest in a far stronger manner.

Try and use the dance to express the sphere/planet itself. It may be helpful to consider the astronomical/astrological significances of the planet, such as the size, its speed around the Sun and so on. These may give clues to the planets energies and thereby by expressed during the dance itself.

Essentially the Dark Pathways should be experienced by the Initiate him or herself in order for the individual to devise the technique that works best for him/her. However, although the main body of the Ritual should stay essentially the same, it is quite natural that the individual will find variations that work better for him/her, such as the manner of the dance itself for example.

Lyceus, ONA. 1998eh.

Wild Child of the Woods

Satan-boy
A Wild Child of the Woods
Seated serenely upon the
Rock of the Dark Goddess

The Magick of Sound
Pure and natural
Comes towards me as a hauntingly
Beautiful melody

Until I am upon him
This Wild Child of the Woods
Dirtied by Mother Nature
Pure and Unafflicted by the disease of a rotted civilisation and its offspring

I watch silently awe-struck in his presence
As his music plays to the dance of life
And I feel the longing deep within
Come forth again as I see now

A Glimpse of my Self, my Destiny
Portrayed in my vision of this
Satan-boy
This Wild Child of the Woods

15th March 1998
Lyceus

Eclipse

I see the woman from the painting, seated in a drawing-room of spacious, Victorian elegance. The curtains, large velvet hangings, are drawn. To one side is a piano on which a nameless person gently plays slow, haunting music, evocative of the Adagio from Beethoven's 14th Sonata.

One side of the woman's face is in shadow; the other side is marble perfection. She of the large, dark eyes pours a cup of tea, and sips at it. All is done in a cultured, precise manner. She takes up a deck of cards and begins a game of Solitaire, placing the cards deliberately, pondering each one.

The door opens: a gentleman enters. A slight *frisson* possesses him as he notices the woman – she of the large, dark eyes – seated there. The light from the hallway falls upon her face, and the side in shadow is revealed. It is pocked and gouged, and on her neck is a scar, creating the impression of cracked porcelain.

The man sits in a chair beside her. He nervously pulls at his waistcoat.

"Good evening, Lisa" he says, a note of anxiety in his voice. "Can you find no other occupation?"

"This pleases me most, at the present hour." Her voice is cool as mellifluous.

"But ..." begins the man.

"There is nothing you can do about me now, Adrian. You created me, yet I am beyond you. I am less and more than your mortal dreams. By these cards I follow the traces of fate that fix the future. You shall not harm me or interrupt me – you know it is not in your power."

The man passes a hand across his eyes and sighs. "If I could just correct these ..." he says, reaching his hand towards the unsightly marks on her shadowed side.

"No, I am what I am: incomplete. Yet more potent for that. Do not fear, Adrian, I shall remain hidden upstairs when your guests arrive. Only you may know me directly."

The man stares at her. At those dark hallowed eyes that must not be held. For when they are so held, strange and disturbing images arise in the mind; images that cannot be controlled. Nightmares or dreams of seduction.

Most of the time – thankfully – she stays in the attic. On a full Moon she can be found sitting by the open window, gazing into the silver perfection. On those nights, shades and shadows, noises and whispers from Aeons, rustle down the corridor, climb the stairs, and haunt the doorways.

One night, he was determined to destroy her – she of the large, dark eyes. He had taken burning candles, but at the door she had addressed him coolly, and he lost all motivation for the act. From the cold spaces, she had addressed him.

The woman represents, it seems, a door into the past, and future. And at the apex where those points meet, she lives in her strange world, neither dead nor alive, within a dimension that seeps into all dimensions.

She is unfathomable quantity that on occasions fills him with dread. He will never entirely get used to her.

Later tonight, he will go to his room and write in his diary. Write of the evening's encounter, his fears – the other images that haunt him.

And he will lie down to sleep, still thinking of her soulless eyes, those large, dark eyes that come from a cavernous dark.

And as he sleeps, he will dream ...

Shugara – A Sinister Pathworking

I have just returned from that specially chosen site in the forest, just three miles from here. This time, I had been successful in allowing myself to become more thoroughly immersed into, and absorbed with, the spirit of the place, and the Invokation itself. As for the previous Pathworkings, there had always been a kind of foreboding, a certain hesitation, a tangible fear and recognition that this communion with primal Nature, under the dark, open sky, all alone, was overwhelming - beyond the romanticized, dualistic perception of Nature and the Cosmos so prevalent within modern-day paganism and new-age thinking.

Today, however, all such hesitation and fear - separateness - dissolved. A manifest connexion has been created on this cold, early Winter morning. All distractions, all strange, hidden surroundings united with my Being. I had successfully confronted the fear, which once, when I was unaware, had controlled and limited the promise that is my Life; that primal fear of the Dark - that Shadow which threatens to emerge into this causal existence and devour. Today, I have faced this fear.

The walk to the chosen site was a brisk one, as I was forced to travel up the hillside in a long, winding manner, as necessitated by the steep cliffs of the hillside. Every step was made in deliberation and contemplation, knowing that this was an exercise of Will, in unison with Nature's higher order, a discovery of the Primal Darkness within and without. I was aware that this Darkness, this Shadow was about to be confronted.

Unlike before, I instinctively understood that on this morning, I would travel through the forest without aid of flashlight or lantern. There existed simply an instinctive knowing - that this was necessary, that there could be no crutches, no hesitation, no turning back. This newly added element, together with the fact that coyotes are well known to roam and hunt along these parts, functioned to make this Pathworking, this brief moment in a life-long Quest, all the more interesting - all the more worthwhile.

Finally, after traveling through the heavily forested area, I entered into the small, flat circular clearing, which I had gone to some pains to locate some weeks earlier. I knew when I first came to this place, with its solitary, circular formation of trees in the center, that this clearing was indeed fated for such a venture. Here, one was surrounded by both the awe-inspiring presence of Nature, in the raw, and by the stark, intimidating vastness of the heavens. Here, there could be no simple pandering to the ego in some urbanized, disrespectful form of sorcery so prevalent within the city. One was within Nature's grasp, with only three choices : 1) to bow down to Her in some feeble attempt to show respect; 2) to disrespect Her by ignoring Her, and by investing one's energy into the petty purpose of building one's own ego; or 3) to become One with Her - what, in fact, She truly desires.

After unloading the relevant supplies from my backpack, I first lit the charcoal I had packed, and placed on top of it the incense I had prepared – a mixture representing the combination of the energies attributed to Luna (the sphere of hidden knowledge) and Mars (the sphere of sacrifice, death and destruction). Afterwards, I lit the candles, one red, the other blue, and stood quietly, understanding that this exercise was more than a mere mindless, egotistic abstraction. This was the continuation of a sequential Becoming, of a living, breathing entity possessing the potential to alchemically transform. This Calling was a step further in that process of stripping away the deceptive, temporal layer to reveal what is , and to progressively become One with that essence. Yes, I had understood that this was in fact a sequential unfolding of the genuine Dark Tradition.

After several moments, I began visualizing the sigil of Shugara, the Dark God-related entity associated with the fourth Pathway of the Dark Tradition. And, as I visualized this sigil, I began the first of thirteen deep vibrations, nine in continuous succession, then a short pause, and four more vibrations. The deep, resonant

quality of these vibrations was revealing a remarkable improvement from previous attempts. The entire week previous had been spent preparing for this event. A steady decrease of food, meat and sleep had been implemented one week prior to this morning, with the last day providing very little food or sleep for this morning. At this moment, I could feel the positive effects produced by such a preparation, as the vibrant, resonant energy emanating from my solar plexus began rising and spreading throughout the whole of my body. This tangible energy was reverberating within my uttermost Being; an energy which, had I not taken the previous week to prepare for, I'd have been numb toward.

An altered state of consciousness was rapidly manifesting. It felt as though it were my very own spirit producing the sound. A tangible oneness had begun to travel like an electric current pulsating through my Being - a concrete partaking of energies that were at once both personal and supra-personal, unconscious and Cosmic.

It seemed as though I had "plugged in" to an entirely new source of energy. Indeed, by the fourth or fifth repetition, my vibrations began to grow not only in strength and power, but in duration as well. A good fifteen to twenty seconds was elapsing before my breath and power gave out, requiring a new breath to be drawn. Yes, something inside was awakening, a Chthonic Darkness millennia old, yet so vibrantly and enticingly new.

Now, I finished the thirteenth and final vibration, my voice echoing in the dark, intimidating silence. With my Will vocalized, I reclined across the cold ground, closing my eyes and breathing deeply, waiting for this new energy to manifest. At this point, while realizing I was confronting that Darkness which threatens to devour, I could sense a literal hair-raising fear, a fear which seemed to be sensed by the forest itself.

At first, what I witnessed was a violent eruption of dark, black smoke mushrooming forth out of a deep well. I knew at once that this signified the awakening and unleashing of the Shadow within. The Dark was being presenced...

What then followed was both enlightening and unsettling. It seemed as though I was able to leave my body and travel directly overhead. I could see the area of the forest which directly surrounded me. What this panoramic view revealed was rather disconcerting: in a perfect circle, surrounding me on every side, were a pack of wolves, crouched down and hidden by the surrounding brush, visibly positioned to pounce at any given moment. What I immediately found to be even more alarming, was the simple fact that each wolf was perfectly still - there was no sound, no sign of restlessness, no apparent agitation or warning of any kind. Not once did I hear them approach. Nevertheless, they were there, and my own prior lack of empathy and self-awareness became startling clear.

These "wolves" represented, for me, that which threatens to devour, and that which most likely will devour if not confronted, explored and resolved. The fact that I could now see these "wolves" revealed that I was indeed now beginning to develop a real empathy with my true self and with the primal essence of Nature. The genuine Sinister Tradition had afforded for me the opportunity to transcend these primal fears which had earlier held sway over my Being. This Tradition had provided me with the raw materials for surpassing present consciousness – a surpassing which alone is able to provide one with a clear and precise evaluation of one's true self.

After what seemed a long time, new images began to appear, most notably those which had been invading my dreams, or rather nightmares, ever since I had been initiated into the Dark Tradition some weeks earlier. These strange dreams had contained very bizarre images, and had even occasionally become somewhat disruptive. It was as though distant, faded objects, from a past that I was minutely aware of, began invading my consciousness, though I knew perfectly well that it was all in accordance with my own Will. I was more consciously aware now than at any other moment that my Initiation had in fact opened a Gate within my psyche, that this was in fact a genuine occurrence beyond mere delusion, and that the Shadow is indeed a factual fragment of the Self, lying dormant, awaiting the opportunity to be developed and integrated, so as to create a

new, evolved, un-divided Being.

The most startling image, which appeared at that moment, was (and had been since I first encountered it in a horrific dream just days earlier) an enigma that seemed to haunt at the very edges of consciousness. It appeared as an intimidating black fish, or shark, of very large proportions, silently hovering at the very bottom of the ocean in complete darkness, as though it had remained there for centuries, or even for millennia, forgotten – waiting...

While gazing at this image, it was as I had been transported into that timeless existence in which the Dream itself had originally taken place. This time, I possessed a clarity of understanding, which I had not earlier possessed while in the dream. I found myself plunged once again into the cold, dark, murky depths in which I first encountered the huge Beast. In the original dream, I had, at this point, become frenzied and hurried, struggling to head back up to the water's surface, where I could hope to find some sort of safety. However, now all such desperation was absent - controlled. Rather than struggling to escape the Darkness, I found myself exploring the Darkness. And again, just as in the Dream, I bumped into that impenetrable Darkness, which at first puzzled me, that is, until I saw the Face of that Darkness.

There it was, the same giant creature, which, in the Dream, had devoured me. Actually, I had awoken just after the huge creature grunted and immediately lunged toward me with teeth glaring, but I was nevertheless aware that I had been devoured within the Dream, and that this encounter was symbolic of something unknown, yet very real. However, at this precise moment in the replaying of my Dream, I immediately understood the meaning of this fish. I now understood that I was encountering a projected symbol of my undiscovered, unrealized self - the Dark Unconscious; that aspect of the psyche which has been the occasion for many uncontrolled, destructive, frightening bursts of the acausal into the physical world throughout history. I also understood that this Darkness was not only something internal, but external to myself as well.

During this last phase of the Pathworking, I could sense the increase of a tangible euphoria coming over my body. I could truly sense a genuine Becoming taking place, and that this experience was void of any mystification or abstract romanticism. There was present only a steely, sober clarity that what was taking place was genuine, solid step toward Eternity, toward Becoming, and toward Destiny.

As I left the site, a new awareness of, and connexion with, the forest permeated my being. All noise, all abstract thoughts, all nervous mind-activity, so common within the metropolis, was absent. Only a distinct, unmistakable knowing permeated my consciousness; a knowing which only further clarified, and solidified, Direction. This new insight, this new personal victory, was to be only one of many such victories and events, which, together, allow for a Becoming. Yes, there would many more experiences, which would, over time, become much more varied and certainly more difficult.

Now, the darkness in the forest did not intimidate – it called. Shugara had come, and I was not the same.

Collyn Branwell, ONA.

Pathworking: Satanus

Atu VII - AZOTH

"The Menstruum – the Sinister aspect implicit within the 'homogenous metallic water': the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity – the 'Accuser'. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal – or destruction by it."

Clothed in black I entered the chamber, intent to invoke a destructive energy I knew could overcome me in an equally destructive way. The intent filled my very being with an anxiousness that should have seemed out of place. But there was a feeling of glory to what I would do – a feeling that would surely come back to me time and time again as I'd venture into the Dark deeds that presence, and *create*, Satan.

I gave flame to the candles, and breathed deeply, slowly, for some minutes – knowing I must first relax and become content with my surroundings, before I once again ventured to that gate. The Quartz Tetrahedron the altar bore I could tell was pulsing with the Dark. It was one part of a Nexion, slowly being formed between it, I, and the chants I have sung to lure Dark Gods. These Gods I knew, as invoked to intrude upon my consciousness, could cause much unrest, even terror. But such an intrusion, obtainable it seems in only a small way – when compared to the utter terror and chaos which in essence *are* these Dark Gods, is an important element to achieving the balance one seeks. The Dark Gods embody the spirit of life, and give it the Acausal Charge implicit in any conscious being. Once the Dark Gods intruded upon our Causal world, and caused the terror, unrest, and destructiveness which *forced* the evolution of our species by way of increasing our consciousness. This is what I aim to achieve, individually. Not simply to further open the Nexion in me, but to draw forth that blackened essence of being, so that I may advance my own consciousness, survive the terror, and move one step closer to the balance of Causal/Acausal I will eventually be. I seek to *become*.

As I began the vocal vibrations – "Sa-tan-as" – I kept awareness as to my surroundings, and attuned my focus to drawing forth the Sinister element of both destructive and creative force; that which I know to be **Satanus**. As I completed the vibrations, which bond me to my Tetrahedron in an inexplicable way, I experienced a coldness of being. Or would it be better described as non-being? I had become slightly detached from where I stood, and continued the rite. I began a slow dance, repeatedly chanting "Satanus", whilst increasing in speed. The dance spiraled inward to where I draw Satanus' presence, and where I eventually collapsed, exhausted and becoming separate from my physical self. I lay breathing deeply, not obscuring or consciously directing anything which might take place. I aimed to relax, and begin to let the visions that would be used as communication to consciousness come through.

The visions were elusive, but the feelings were not. Coldness took hold of the chamber, and Satanus began to elusively take hold of the emptiness. I found myself in a struggle, for I was entrenched in a sort of chaos which I could make no sense of. Reason was evasive, understanding was beyond reach. All I could apprehend was being lost, not knowing which way to turn, or to turn at all. The figure in the Atu mutated, and began to give form to the energy. But this happened not within the Atu itself, but rather inside me, outside of me, in front of me, around me.

My body weakened, and exhaustion gripped firmly as I struggled to retain the strength to stand and complete the rite. I was not being drained, as some might take it. But rather I was experiencing a realm in which my consciousness was hitherto unaware. It was an intrusion which I unknowingly desired to be harsh. And the harsher the better, so long as I retained the ability to move on. The exhaustion I experienced during the dance had not lasted, as it was merely a result of frenzy. But with Satanus, quickly came a deeper felt ex-

haustion, not only one of the body, but one of the spirit.

Afterward, my perception detached. This feeling of detachment, and the exhaustion which accompanied it, would last longer than twenty-four hours after completion of the rite. This detachment however, was not an ignorance to the causal world of our existence, but rather an awareness of the forces at work behind it. Such exhaustion, I felt, was a painfully mocking result – but all I could do was to smile at this, for it is a small price to pay for what I seek, and I will undoubtedly experience worse. Worse perhaps, but not without that glory I had felt beginning this – a glory which did not subside.

Thornian, ONA. 1999eh
– Vindex Division –

*[The preceding was adapted from the notes in my Magickal diary depicting my experiences with the Tree of Wyrð and the Septenary Tradition: Hebdomandry. – **Thornian.**]*

Star-gates

The stars were everywhere to be seen, amidst the unknown blackness that begged to be conquered. One in particular shone through with vibrancy unmatched. It was neither the brightest, closest, nor largest star. But its glow reached much further than the eye, it extended into the very core of the being, of the initiate who stood beneath it. A lifetime of light-years away, yet revealing itself as destination.

There was no gate, he knew, linking his consciousness to that of the cosmos. For they were already intertwined, via *thousands* of gates. Woven together through initiation and the stripping of illusion that is the Dark Tradition, he *was* the cosmos, and he let himself be directed by its Will. This intertwining, between Causal and Acausal, was the core of his being. The Acausal Charge, understood by lesser men as a “divine spark” was also the single factor for by which organic existence was made possible. It was into this, the *Nexion* within his consciousness – both latent and realized – that the light of the star extended into, penetrated, and became.

Standing enthralled with the energy this star produced – just as the sun did in Aeons past and Worlds long forgotten – the Sinister Initiate understood it as embodying Wyrd. It had itself given life, meaning – *numen*, to his deeds even before its light came into view. Far off as it was, it had no form – no answers to be bestowed without the seeking of a lifetime through those portals of being and non-being, that must be discovered before even the faintest form could be identified. This he accepted.

Transferred now from his world, to limits hitherto black, he floated weightless among the galaxies of time past and time to come. But time did not matter there – it did not flow, but rather produced chaos to the point of nothingness. And he among it saw the stars close to his – a thousand destinies woven into one galaxy which transcended all thought and reason. For it was only the stripping away of such things, to reveal a genuine intuition that naturally excelled further past the confines of conscious mind.

Blinding light then encompassed the Initiate, in an instant blaze. A satori then incomprehensible at any level spoke in still incomprehensible ways, until the initiate was hurled into visions of fallen leaders, bereft of their destinies – as was necessary to bring forth the wyrd of a thousand others. And the Cosmic Being nodded to the initiate, in recognition.

Back on his home land, the formless remnants of bloody war scorned at his feet. Detached in a way that was more aware than it was illusory, the initiate had no feelings. There was no despair, no horror, no compassion. But simply an understanding of why it must be. A black cloud spread about the ground, and moved slowly through the land, as a nameless god brought him these insights – and the Dark Gods manifest themselves throughout the rest of this world in the form of bloody war. But he took no notice of the visions sent to his conscious – of the people themselves, who were sacrificed to the galactic will. For such sacrifice was necessary, in the continuing flux of life – and all that deserved notice were the changes taking place, and the greater achievements of life to follow. Most others would not believe them to be for the better, but those others were simply the pawns.

Once these intrusions subsided, he was left among cold nothingness; with only the leveled remnants of a world – to be built anew before him. In front of him stood the past – a manifestation of nobility and determination he had in this life yet to match. The soldier stood as not only his past, but the past of his destiny, and others whose destinies were to be brought together under cosmic wyrd. Each destiny individual, but woven into the will of the cosmos...

The soldier and he needed no words. For they communicated solely through self-insight, more effectively than could otherwise be. This soldier of the past brought startling insights to the future and of times gone, for which the present was but a narrow road between. He saw in the eyes of the soldier only lifeless chaos.

Looking back to the sky, he again identified his nameless star. The soldier was now gone, and the initiate was left only to ponder the worlds he'd just traveled – somewhere between the Moon and Saturn – but far outside and beyond the galaxies and star systems in which they reside. Deep into the unknown blackness his star shone through, emanating with Wyrð awaiting fulfillment. One day he should again join the mysterious soldier, with matched qualities of the determination, honour, and destiny he represented – on that lone planet that orbits his star.

Thornian, ONA. 1999eh
–Vindex Division–

Dark Pathworkings II

A successful completion of all the Dark Pathways leaves the Sinister Initiate with a feeling of exaltation and pride based on the knowledge that one has completed one stage of the Great Work. There is a greater belief in oneself and a development of individual Will. Yet there should also be an honest self-examination of the past 6 months. The Initiate should honestly evaluate the overall degree of success of the workings. If a particular working was not successful why was this? Was the Initiates mind fully on the working itself? Or were other events in the Initiates life, events perhaps outside of the Initiates involvement in the Tradition that were causing disruption? All of this must be analysed so that the Initiate can begin to see what factors combined to create a successful working and what factors worked against this success.

For a working to be successful the visions or astral experiences of the Initiate will have a strong effect upon the Initiates consciousness. Astral projection to a lesser or greater degree may occur (but this is also dependant upon the extent of the relaxation of the Initiates body). The contact with archetypal forms will also be spontaneous, that is, the characters met within the working will seem to have a volition and consciousness of their own, there is not, in a genuine working an apparent manipulation of the astral forms by the Initiates consciousness, rather these forms appear overtly as distinct from the Initiates consciousness. The working will then leave the Initiate with a feeling of loss when he or she returns to the mundane world.

Immediately it can be seen that there is a differing degree of intensity between a successful and unsuccessful working, with the latter requiring the Initiate to try and make the astral characters speak to him or her. This latter form of working tends to leave the Initiate with a feeling that he is simply talking to himself, whilst the former leaves a quite different feeling not only of success and therefore elation, but one that also enhances the Initiates connection with the Dark Gods Themselves. It should not need to be stated that one of the aims of the Stages of Initiate and External Adept is to hone the success rate of Magickal Ritual to a fine degree.

But, whatever descriptions are applied to Sinister Ritual these will always unfortunately be inadequate because Sinister Ritual taps the emotional energy of the participants and such energy can never be expressed in words.

Another factor that plays heavily upon the working is the location for the working itself. The isolated hilltop or wood are usually the best outdoor locations but are not necessarily easy to find and the (unconscious) fear of intrusion upon the working can actually impede the working itself to such an extent that it may suffer accordingly. For this reason it may be more suitable to undertake the working indoors in a room set aside as a Sinister Temple or in a part of a room if individual circumstances cannot provide a separate Temple. However with this said, outdoor workings do add to the overall working and the effects of such isolated locations can be quite considerable where such an isolated location can (and should) add to the intensity of the ritual itself, it being ideal if the Initiate can undertake a reasonably long walk bereft of artificial light to the chosen site prior to the ritual.

If such a location cannot be found then another solution presents itself whereby the Sinister Initiate should move to an area of the country that can provide an isolated wilderness wherein he or she can continue to follow the Seven-Fold Sinister Way without attracting too much attention. Of course such a move depends greatly upon the Initiates involvement with Tradition and desire to follow the Way to completion.

However, one should note that although the intensity of the actual working may be impeded by the possible proximity of intruders/non-initiates, this reason alone should not prevent the workings to be undertaken to some extent out doors in a reasonably isolated location.

The actual time-scale of the Dark Pathway Rituals are not - as many may misunderstand - one per week, rather it is for a continuous period of 21 weeks. For the Dark Pathway Rituals should not be perceived as individual and separate from one another, but rather, combine to create an organic whole (and this is true of the whole of the Septenary System itself). Thus, the Initiate is undertaking one single ritual that is broken down into 21 smaller rituals. This single ritual provides an insight into the reality of Adept hood, a reality that reveals a long and slow process of alchemical change.

Lyceus, ONA 1999eh

Pathworking II: A Brief Example

Introduction

As stated in previous Order mss the Initiate is expected to complete successively all Dark Pathways prior to undertaking the Sphere-workings, which will last until the undertaking of the Rite of External Adept. The following diary extract is provided to enable a glimpse into the practice of modern Hermetic Satanism on an individual level.

Sphere-Workings - 25th December 1998

Moon Sphere

Moon - Deofel - Death

I began the working with the continual repetition of the vibration of the word of power Nox. As I did so I held my hands over my quartz rock crystal.

Following this I chanted the Agios Kabeiri and then began the second and final vibration, accompanied by the visualisation of the sphere sigil, as given in Naos. Essentially all my visions were spontaneous and I feel that they were essentially more genuine and thus of themselves rather than imaginary/false.

As I vibrated Nox, I was standing at the large oak door of a cave. The door slowly opened as I vibrated the word of power.

As the door opened the figure of the Moon Goddess appeared beyond. She stood looking at me in silence in the darkness. Then she turned and without a word walked deeper into the darkness of the caves interior. I followed her noticing that she illuminated the surrounding cave walls as she slowly made her way deeper into the Earth. Eventually, within a fairly short space of time she led me out into another world. A large Moon hung low against the sky of night yet I saw no other stars or planets. Beneath us, a heavy sea raged in perpetual motion, as though overtly intimating a strong connection to the passing of Time and as I looked seawards I wondered what ships might be distantly sailing upon the heavy waves or what strange creatures might be swimming beneath its surface. Truly archetypal I thought. And not once did she speak to me, but remained silent as though in a speechless communion with the surrounding Nature and low grey scarred Moon. There was no need for words, they would just hinder this understanding I realised.

Behind us a huge wall of rock veered upwards. As my eyes followed its height I saw the ghost of an old and hideous looking house that had once stood upon its summit. As I looked upwards the sky suddenly lit up as a jagged lightening bolt struck the ghost-house. A steady downpour began and I looked back at the Goddess who remained motionless, Her silent communion seemingly undisturbed by the onset of rain.

Before me a new vision began to appear, as though a new sphere of existence had suddenly lowered itself to the sphere I was now on. At first a Path of Water, appearing icy and cold, then a wood, waterlogged but sur-

rounding the original Path. This too changed until I began to see firm ground, patches of green and brown, decaying leaves, twigs and branches that lay discarded under a cold blanket of snow.

I began forwards, then upwards as the Path led me from the first sphere into a new and yet also disturbing world. Then, the first vision. The beast so black in fur, its eyes black then red. The beast from Little Red Riding Hood lived in this world and I knew that this spiritual encounter would be far removed from a Nazarene influenced fairy tale. I began to run after him. His pace swift as he deftly passed through the undergrowth. As I ran I tried to commune with the beast, to understand him on his level not mine. A level that lay beyond the images and false ideas projected by the unconscious human and that only served to cage the animal in a false reality. Thoughts aplenty came forth. How many times I had seen the animals both wild and tamed and it always seemed that I could never truly commune with them because my naturalness had been bred out of me, because all around me people had tried, albeit unconsciously, to keep me away from the imaginary fears and loathings they held towards their true saviour and kin: the Nature Goddess and her children. I was no hunter in this world, nor was there any hunted. Rather to commune with that totem spirit that had at last appeared to me. The power of the Wolf calling me onwards, deeper and deeper into that cold and humanless wilderness. Until, I fell into the circle, an openness deep within the cold dusk-laden wood.

The pack and its leader surrounded me as I lay upon the ground my back to the earth, my face to the stars, and yet, there were no stars here. Only the hideous howl that issued forth from the Pack leader. That beast, that Deofel. Then they were upon me, snarling and clawing and biting and ripping the flesh from my soon-to-be corpse. Within seconds, the supernatural beasts had feasted upon my flesh and bone leaving only bright red blood and shiny blood stained bones, my rib-cage remained intact, so also my skull, all else had been taken as I gladly paid my overdue troth to my totem animal, a gift of spiritual sacrifice. As I lay there conscious that I no longer had a flesh-body she appeared to me. Was this Hekate? Returned from the long dead past? Or Morrighan? Budsturga? Cat Anna? I looked upon Her radiant beauty as she smiled hovering above the ground, a white aura silhouetting her shape. Then she was gone and the unearthly howls of the Wolf-pack began to fade and I awoke in a place: a chamber wherein a wise and cunning beast was Lord.

At first the figure remained motionless. Here I felt that I was able to move more easily, my corpse having been left with the Deofel and his Pack. The Sphinx left the pedestal and began to walk around the room, confident that I would not attempt to pass through the Gate. She began to preen herself, her snake-like tongue flicking momentarily as she spoke. "You can move around easier without your body." She said, I remained silent. "Are you going to ask me a riddle?" I asked.

"You are the riddle." She replied. "The human is the riddle." She walked slowly around the room, I floated over to the opening, but with no intention of passing through until I had been granted permission.

"Look," she said indicating to the darkness of the Cosmos, "There is the riddle. You are that. What else could be more important than the realisation that you are one with that?" Again I remained silent listening to her words.

"You do not even exist, that is all there has been, that is all there is, and that is all there will be." I saw flashes of my destiny, understood more about the Great Work, why I was where I was and how important our work was. I could see the possibility of a future Man of Destiny. A Man of the Cosmos. He who would restore the Pagan Warrior ethos and thereby insure Wyrð was achieved.

"You may pass through," The sphinx said as I stood looking into the room, my back to the opening. I sensed that I began to fall backwards, until I was falling into the emptiness. I saw the star above me and knew that it was not a journey I would be taking this time. As I fell I began to sense a unity with that emptiness and then all was nothing...

Notes

It is easy to write off Pathworking as simply fantasy or 'imagination'. Such discarding of one of the oldest shamanic practices of Europe is frankly rather ridiculous. Not only does such an opinion have no basis in fact, it also proves that such an individual has never undertaken to follow an occult way for a length of time. Or perhaps such an individual began a Path for a day or two, didn't achieve any results and so decided it was all nonsense. Of course such individuals will never achieve anything significant because they are unable to maintain the discipline required for genuine Initiation. Pathworkings will only begin to come alive after a period of time. It is useless to expect results immediately. This is like the impatient child wanting everything straight away. Perseverance is one of the keys to successful Pathworking, but there is more besides and this bears repeating because it is very important if a successful outcome of Pathworking is sought.

There needs to be an invocation and direction of energy to begin with so that the archetypes become enlivened with acausal energy. If there is little or no energy raised then there will only be imagination. A chief factor in this might be due to the chosen location. If a chosen location is not adequately isolated - there being a strong chance of interruption - then a different location should be found less this adversely affects the workings.

After 6 months of continued Pathworking the acausal Gate within the Initiate will begin to open, some may achieve greater degrees of success such as astral projection and foresight, whilst others may only have brief almost momentary experiences. The astral body should become stronger and there will be a growing belief in oneself and ones abilities, which will enhance as the individual moves deeper into the Abyss. The work is simple and effective, it is proved to work by those who have followed it in their individual ways. All is needed is determination.

Lyceus, ONA.

The Meaning of Sinister Initiation: An Initiates Perspective

The Sinister Path

For many non-initiates and, unfortunately Initiates (an indication perhaps of the current state of the 'Occult world' itself), it is often misunderstood that the performance of a Rite of Initiation will bring forth immediate psychic, that is, Magickal change. Practical experience reveals that this is not usually the case however. There are of course exceptions to this 'rule'. One is that an immediate psychic change is noticeable in the individual; this itself will most likely be due to the intensity of the Rite of Initiation. But whether such change has a lasting effect is another question, it being more likely that such immediate change will slowly evaporate as time passes. Another exception is that although there will have been no real or genuine inner change the Initiate will fall prey to one of the many delusions of the Abyss and believe that a change has occurred against all indications that tell otherwise (q.v. **The Deceitful Occult Ego**). So, although immediate change within the Initiate is possible, a more balanced and natural approach is to perceive Initiation as a process. It may be – and often actually is – psychically desirable for the beginning of this process to be symbolised by the outer form of an Initiation Ritual (be it hermetic or ceremonial).

Along the Seven-Fold Sinister Way these Initiation rites (for in one sense all the rituals involved during the various stages of the Sinister Way are initiation rites in themselves) are primarily concerned with presenting the Darkness or acausal component of the psyche in the conscious world, or mind, of the Initiate. This enables the consciousness of the Initiate – as he or she slowly progresses along the Path – to develop from that of non-Initiate (that is, where the individual is largely controlled by unconscious desires and impulses) to that of Initiate (where the Satanist begins to comprehend and interact consciously with these previously unconscious components) and then on to Adept hood where these energies are consciously understood enabling a certain balance to be attained between causal and acausal.

The Path of the Initiate

As each new Initiate progresses along the Sinister Path, it is expected that individual insights will add to the Tradition as a whole (the Heir to the Tradition adding significantly). Whether this does or does not happen is really dependant upon the Initiate and the quality of his or her contact with the Sinister Tradition. If the Path is genuinely followed, that is, if the Sinister is being actively pursued during the daily life of the Initiate (such pursuit or questing being a continuous act, and thereby a development of individual Will) genuine occult transformation will begin to occur. With this transformation it is possible that variations on some Sinister Rituals may arise whereby the Initiate finds a more powerful method of manifesting the acausal during the rite.

The rituals that are of primary concern for the Initiate are the Dark Pathways and the Sinister Pathworkings. Besides these rituals – which will already, if followed continuously, begin to dominate the Initiates consciousness – there are the individual sphere chants to be learnt, the undertaking of the physical training, the study and practice of the Star Game, the study of Order texts and correspondences, the collation of incenses

and the purchasing of specific implements for the future Temple. In regard to this latter aspect, by undertaking such actions these actions themselves will or may (dependent upon Individual Destiny) aid to the manifestation or creation of a Sinister Temple. That is to say, that by purchasing or making items that are specifically for a Sinister Temple, the reality of that (future) Temple is becoming presented in the causal life of that Initiate.

Further to previous Order guide-lines, a new method of Initiate development advises that the Initiate begins with the Dark Pathways themselves (instead of the Sinister Sphereworkings). The aim is to invoke one Dark God per week, meditating each night leading up to the ritual for no less than fifteen minutes on the respective sigil whilst slowly repeating the name of the Dark God or the Word of Power. Combined with this the Initiate should aim to reduce sleep and food until the night of the ritual whilst also locating the respective planetary incense (taken from the bark of the respective tree) and burning this, during the ritual. Once all Dark Pathways have been experienced, the Initiate may then undertake the Sinister Pathworkings, performing the nightly meditations. The following of the Sinister Path in this manner, implies that the Initiate has already re-created or made conscious the Tree of Wyrd within him or herself, by consciously invoking each of the fundamental archetypes into consciousness. This conscious presenting of the archetypes then being further developed by the Sphere Meditations themselves.

Initiate Tasks: Other Aspects

Besides the primary rituals that are required for the completion of Sinister Initiation, it is advisable that the Initiate purchases - or contracts a jeweler to make - the relevant piece of jewelry to be worn (ring set with quartz for males, quartz necklace for females). The wearing of such an item of jewelry further stimulates the Initiates awareness that he or she is a member of a Tradition, one that is far more important and potent than the frankly rather pathetic past-times that most people take as an interest or hobby. This ring or necklace becomes for the Initiate a 'Mark of Satan', a symbol of the Initiates quest and a constant reminder of the Sinister in the Initiates life, that is the Initiate is constantly aware that he or she is wearing an outward symbol - that others can see - of his or her Sinister Quest.

When all the different factors or tasks of Sinister Initiation are combined the Initiates entrance into the Sinister becomes a very potent force, one that is active (by virtue of the fact that the Initiate is consciously realising or making real the Sinister in his or her life).

The practice of the chants is, as mentioned previously, a further task of the Sinister Way. Although this does not necessarily have to be undertaken during the stage of Initiate, it is advisable to begin to learn these so that once the Grade of Professed Brother or Sister is attained, the Sinister Magickian may be a little more prepared for the running of a Sinister Temple. By virtue of the fact that there are a number of chants that will need to be learnt for use during Sinister ceremonial ritual it is usually advisable that the Diabolus is the first chant to be learnt. Besides this the sphere chants are probably the next most important (the Agios Lucifer chant being ideal to begin with) since they provide a foundation for a number of rituals, and can be - and have been - used during the Dark Pathways Invocations.

There are of course a number of other tasks that are suggested, some new and some more Traditional aspects. One of the older and more secretive tasks is for the Sinister Initiate to gain some hosts from a Nazarene place of worship and desecrate these either during or after the Rite of Initiation. If one is seeking to join an

existing Temple it will be necessary to have attained these prior to Initiation for use during Initiation, such an acquisition further proving the worth of the candidate.

A more recent addition to Tradition is that whilst the Initiate is undertaking the Dark Pathways, he or she draws a Tree of Wyrð in his or her Magickal Diary or 'Sinister Book of Shadows'. This map however should only be added to once a Dark Pathway has been concluded. Thus, the Initiate begins by drawing the seven spheres, in appropriate sphere colours. Then, once the Noctulius Pathway is completed this is drawn in, then the Shugara Pathway is drawn in and so on. This in itself adds (albeit in a minor way) to the conscious integration of the energies being brought forth as enabling the Initiate to see - in physical terms - how the Pathways are connected to the spheres and one another.

Self-honesty and Sinister Occult Development

It is important to remember that, as an Initiate you have made a pledge to Satan and the Dark Gods to follow the Sinister Way:

'Now receive as a symbol of your new desire and as a sign of your oath this sigil of Satan. This sign shall be the Power which I as Master wield shall always be a part of you - a symbol to those who can see and the Mark of our Prince.'

'I (state name chosen) am here to begin my Sinister quest! Prince of Darkness, hear my oath! Baphomet, Mistress of Earth, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss!'

(The Black Book of Satan)

It is easy in times of anger or tiredness to say to oneself that it doesn't matter too much if a meditation is missed, or you don't have a ring, or you don't bother with the physical aspect, or that the Initiation Rite doesn't need to be undertaken, or the Grade Ritual of External Adept isn't really too important. That, because you know you could do it, it isn't necessary to prove it to yourself. And so on and so forth. And yes, it is easy to say such things because it means that you don't have to make an effort. But, the Sinister Path is hard and demands commitment. It is only with this commitment, with this continuous effort, with this continual personal act of Will, of individual defiance, that such changes will occur. So in the context of Sinister Pathworking:

'... faithful repetition is important, because by following the procedure exactly the required changes in consciousness are produced.'

(Naos)

How easy it is to miss these simple statements that describe the very means to achieve Sinister Adepthood. Perhaps if more Initiates actually did what was said by virtue of an act of Will then there might be more Sinister Adepts in the world. But things are as they are and human weakness is usually the cause of a waste of life, of potential. So, it is necessary, if the Sinister Initiate truly seeks an understanding of the Sinister that runs

deeper than mere words, but is a wordless understanding that cannot be taken away from him or her, to follow the way as stated in numerous Order mss. It is necessary to face the challenges that are set before the Initiate. At this stage there is no need to look too far ahead. Rather it is better to keep ones mind and thoughts on the current stage, because it is by following this stage now, and then the stage of External Adept, that the heights of the stage of Sinister Adept may finally be approached.

Thus, with all this in mind although the Initiate may have a tendency to say that it is not necessary to meditate upon the sigil of the Dark God each night prior to the Dark Pathways Invocations, such meditations really do enhance the energies brought forth and, after an unspecified amount of time has passed (dependent of course upon each Initiate) the Initiate will start to feel the acausal body surrounding the causal body.

From Sinister Initiate to Sinister Adept

The Sinister Tradition, as has been stated previously, does not grant titles or adepthood through friendship or money or sex or for any other reason. The title of Adept and that which is beyond must be fought for, must be pursued actively, now, during the present, because it is from this point in time that the desired future may eventually become a present reality. This is true of the esoteric nature of the Sinister Way, as it is also true of the Aeonic imperatives that are being strived for by Sinister Adepts and Masters. For each stage of the Tree of Wyrd is a Tree of Wyrd in itself. That which is within is without and that which is without is within. Just as the Sinister Tradition is a Tree of Wyrd, so also are the individual Initiates self-contained Trees of Wyrd and so inherently each stage of the Way contains the seeds of all the other stages.

Why are there so few Sinister Adepts today? Is it perhaps because the tendency is to write and talk, just as the typical armchair Qabalist might act, or rather, not act. Is it because those who seek to make the Great Work a reality in their own life do so only in their dreams; 'I wish I was...' For the Satanist the wish is just the first impulse. Perhaps this impulse might be unconscious at first, but such is the Satanist way that it and many other things will become conscious and thereby understood. Such is the method to gain Wisdom through practical action, through experience.

Perhaps also, it is true to say that when, and if, one reaches the final stage of External Adept it is a far easier option to say that one does not need to undertake the Sinister Retreat, that it isn't really necessary in order to become an Adept. But is this really so? And, does it not really speak volumes about those few genuine Adepts who have undertaken the Sinister Retreat that they have at least not lied to themselves, but have undertaken the Rite, with all the terrifying implications and inner fears that it brings forth...

*Yet even now I do not know what lies ahead
Now is my time to seek the glory of my Gods
That I may one day walk with Satan
In His world,
With His Bride*

*And that I may also Become
Something far greater than the mortal
I am leaving behind,
The mortal that must die
That a God may be born.*

The Path of the Sinister

An Initiate's Perspective – or Why I am a Sinister Satanist

I am Becoming, Again, I am Becoming. Perhaps this time I can maintain my resolve. I am part of something larger than myself, thus I am not simply my ego any more. I am becoming something greater.

I am learning that Honour, is not an easy path. Often it means going against the psychic grain. Fighting against oneself. Holding ones tongue. Not being drawn into (dishonourable) slugging matches, or agreeing with someone who is putting someone else down. Not judging people by what is heard, but from what one knows. This, I understand to be honour. Add to this the qualities of fairness and of balance.

Where does talk lead? Does it lead to Destiny? Does it lead to the Gods? Is it not through practical action - as the Seven-Fold Way continually states - that the Sinister Satanist may become more than he or she is. As an Initiate I already am more than I was prior to Initiation. Each step enhances and strengthens my bond with my Tradition, with my Gods, my Folk. And what is this Tradition? Is it something that can be idly explained away, done away with, because it has 'served its purpose'? Is it something that can be understood and therefore judged from the past writings of Initiates and Adepts rather than from personal and direct experience?

In my *personal experience* of the Sinister Tradition, of the Sinister sites themselves, of the creations of other Sinister Satanists, of the works, the musick and the art of the Sinister Tradition in general I have come to know a little more of the Tradition directly and of what Sinister Satanism means practically to me. Such insight comes not from reading the various Order texts and manuscripts, nor from studying Occult journals, rather it comes through a practical interaction with the Dark Gods of the Sinister Tradition by following the Seven-Fold Way. In short the Sinister is being born anew, re-created In myself as a Sinister Initiate, I am now becoming a part of the Sinister and no words can take this away from me.

Eventually I shall be at one with Satan, a form that is not dead whatever others (outside of the Tradition) may say. Practically Satan is a fundamental archetype of the West re-expressed, reborn, revitalised. Who can really know the essence of Satan unless he or she follows a Sinister or Satanic Path? And furthermore who within the Sinister Tradition can really know Satan unless he or she has *personally attained* the title of Priest or Priestess? How then can a judgement be made when the reality of Satan is not experienced? Are such judgements made only from what has been read? Perhaps such judgements only come from imitation, from a desire to be perceived as a new adversary, a new Satan...

I for one know that Satanism, or the Sinister Tradition at least, is not part of the sickness of the West, rather it remains one of the genuine expressions of the pre-Nazarene West. An expression, in essence of that which is Beyond the Nazarene societies in which we live. Hence the Sinister Arthurian Tradition, hence the continuation of the head-cult and the 'worship' of the War Goddess Baphomet, hence the continued use of certain locations by Sinister Initiates and Adepts alike. Sinister Satanism is an advancement of Paganism itself, it is Paganism renewed, reborn in a new form. Furthermore it has not solely evolved as a response to the Nazarene influence, but rather as an aspect of the natural evolution of the energies (from one perspective symbol-

ised by the sacred words ‘Ga Wath Am’) as they are in essence.

The Sinister Tradition is built upon what has existed before and continues to add to this whilst simultaneously influencing/infecting areas outside of itself , be these Sociological, Political, Religious or ‘Occult’. Sinister Satanism has brought freshness to the Occult scene, such is its influence and few other Traditions can make such a claim.

Lyceus, ONA.

The Black Pilgrimage: Practical Application

Introduction

The following notes are an example of the practical application of the Sinister Tradition. They are provided for Initiates and non-Initiates alike for three specific reasons: 1) to provide Sinister Initiates and Prospective adherents to the Tradition with a practical introduction to the Task itself; 2) to further explicate the Sinister Tradition in practice and 3) for historical interest.

What is important to note in relation to the Black Pilgrimage is that it is an Initiation ceremony in itself though one that is devoid of the overt symbolism as used in Traditional ceremonial rituals as explicated in the Black Book of Satan. The Pilgrimage serves to Initiate the Sinister Satanist into a number - though not necessarily all - of the sites associated with the Sinister Tradition. These sites are as they are and may appear to many to be of little interest having no outstanding features that establish them as 'magickal sites' or ley lines etc. Thus, for example some of the stone circles are actually now in ruin and may not even appear to resemble a stone circle to the passer-by.

The journey itself is mapped out by the Initiates Order contact who will instruct the candidate on what is expected of him/her and what equipment is to be taken and what omitted. The Black Pilgrimage Initiation does not simply cease when the ordeal has been completed, rather it continues through the stage of Initiate and on through the Gate that is the Rite of External Adept. During the Black Pilgrimage the Initiate may glimpse certain aspects of future rites such as the Rite of External Adept and the Ritual of the Abyss, this glimpsing is however only a taster of the even harder reality that is to come. For those who seek the Key to Existence the journey begins within...

Vindex est Venturus.

Pre-ritual Notes

Camping at top of Stor. Initial walk [up to chosen camp-site] taxing. Pack too heavy will leave inner tent behind and just take flysheet and poles. Other equipment not to be used includes specifically torch.

Important during walking to maintain control of thoughts as laziness and negativity can overtake oneself and impede performance - needs to be a certain amount of detachment. I know I can complete the task, though I may be late due to physical weakness (asthma) however, chest seemed fairly clear during much of the walking.

Have been given a mss to read tonight by my Order contact, am told to meditate on this during the Black Pilgrimage. Have not taken Sinister Tarot – will recall images mentally (visualisation) when relevant.

Most important thing to do is to control thoughts and objectify them. That is, be aware that they might be preventing me from attaining the goal, try and replace useless thoughts with controlled useful thoughts, make

small aims - aim for that dip in the earth, than make another small aim – aim for that flat area, break the journey down into smaller sections. This seems to be a key to success (in all ones endeavours!).

One other note. Am looking out over the town of Dredgelock. I am so near the world of 'society' yet I am no longer of society, all those people with their conformist imitatory beliefs, how close and yet how far away the Sinister Initiate is from them. Agios o Satanas!

Day One

Descended from Stor to area where ritual commences.

First ascent - packed/left at first light.

Black Mass of Life in Stor ring. Felt energies raised - feelings/sensations of something Beyond, but as though can only partially open the Gate. Misty, strong breeze. Leave now for next stage. NB. At top of ascent (was guided?) went straight to the ring.

Okay, got lost at Middleton- gone up hill and then towards Inwardstone. Am therefore going over same ground again. Yes, it is annoying but sometimes have to go in a roundabout way to get to ones destination. Am going to take an alternative (clearer – I hope!) route at Middleton.

Am now near the end of the Misterly Road, Last walk have felt very tired and drained. Gives an idea of Ritual of Abyss - Master creation. Am hungry, but am eating a roll. Having a few minutes rest, but still have a long way to go to reach Stuppington, just want to lie down and sleep.

[Lost use of pen so following notes were made after the ritual had finished.]

After Stuppington got lost - went in direction of Losington (on XXXX). Followed main road up to Pitchford, couldn't find stone circle though - area now very over-grown, no horses either.

When reached Stuppington, sun still high so decided to go on to Niiford and hopefully Gateon.

Spent a short period of time at Niiford. Chanted Nythra Kthunae Atazoth. No noticeable feelings though.

Niiford felt good - chanted Agios Lucifer at a Cairn before descending. Descent tricky, straight down into a nightmare forest of ferns, then a marshy/boggy area, Got partially lost, but quickly found road.

Now got dark quickly (lost some time due to arduous venture at bottom of Niiford).

Reached area around foot of Gateon but unsure of where ascent should begin.

Camped out about 100 yards (or so) from foot of Gateon. Only sleeping bag and insulation mat.

Noticeable during night how slow stars move across the sky – External Adept Rite.

Day Two

Next morning do not perform the Black Mass of Life as intended. Instead begin immediate ascent on Gateon. Disaster strikes early though as find I have to fight my way through another forest of ferns! Ascent difficult. Legs ache, feet painfully blistered. Manage to ascend through fern and over rock – vegetation looks akin to that in Fenrir IV no i. But what location? Meditate upon cave of Goddess. Chant Agios Baphomet, good personal meditation. Descend and commune with the Dark Goddess. Water passes through the cave, other individuals present (hand-maidens?). She wears the Luna headress, but a necklace of skulls adorns her neck. She is bare breasted.

Once reach top of Gateon, shout Agios o Atazoth. Impressive hill in my mind, something, some energies here but cannot fix anything definite. Phrase Agios o Atazoth sums it up I think. Good place for my External Adept Rite.

Descent good but felt painful. Decide I will keep checking the map so I don't get lost like yesterday (I wish!) Got lost! This time going across Stuppleton Road towards Stuppleton ended up in Blindingford area. So went back and ended up at Minster. Angry, feet hurt, don't want to waste time/energy due to pain.

Reconnect with route along road towards Miserly Lane. Now begin to sing as walk along: Black Mass of Life, Agios Lucifer, Agios Olenos, Asoth, Sanctus Satanas and some non Tradition songs. This takes mind off pain – might be good idea to have a particular (exclusive) chant to be sung during the Black Pilgrimage? Though a number of chants should be performed at particular sites anyway.

Hill up to Torford very long and very steep. Seemed like a lot of breaks needed as ascended. Often better to keep pace going though. Track at top of hill up to Townstead good to walk on, that is, it was easy to follow.

Townstead. Yes! Feel good have come close to conclusion of Black Pilgrimage. Binan Ath. Their time, my time (on reflection it goes back even further than the sisters). Meditation. Again feeling that I am missing the vital link because I have not yet achieved consciousness of a Sinister Priest... must meditate further on Magickian when return home...

Leave Townstead. Sun still high but pace now much slower: hobbling pace due to pain. Start off on track but think I'm getting lost. Immediately sort this out and got back on right track (I incorrectly thought!) follow it down between hills following water down to Hometown. Not sure where went wrong here? (I think that I have been on the path I should have gone on at this point during the Black Pilgrimage previously?) Seems to take ages to get Hometown. Feeling tired and under pressured, can I make the time? Or at least a reasonable time? Reach Hometown. Oh what joy to walk on a road again! But still a long way to Finalsted.

Reach Finalsted at about 3.30pm. So am a few hours behind schedule from one perspective and a few hours ahead of schedule from another. Feel good and very tired/exhausted.

General Notes/Insights

Felt difficult to meditate at sites because of time pressure.

Thought of asking people what the time was on a few occasions but didn't.

Connect Black Pilgrimage to External Adept Rite (by sleeping out) and Ritual of Abyss due to rhythmic walking.

Order contact gave me mss to read prior to ritual, which I did. But found that my thoughts were more focused towards the ordeal of the Black Pilgrimage itself.

Journey distance should have been approx 28 miles (43km)

I actually covered 32.31 miles (52km) due to getting lost on a number of occasions.

It is now a few days after the ordeal and I do feel different psychically. Although I fall back into my old self when with friends and acquaintances. When alone and in silence I feel a renewed presencing of the astral. My dreams are currently much more intense and personally provocative. I believe that much repressed material is presencing itself. The Black Pilgrimage is indeed a Sinister Initiation Rite, one that, as mentioned above, continues after the ordeal itself has been concluded. This Initiation - which for me has taken place halfway through my Dark Pathways workings - adds to what I have already undertaken and will be added to by what is yet to come.

Lyceus
ONA

Further Reading/Associated Texts

The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way: The Black Pilgrimage
The Meaning of Sinister Initiation: An Initiates Perspective

The Seven-Fold Way: Training and Grades

Hostia Volumes I - III

Deofel Quartet: IV volumes

The Sinister Tarot

The Black Pilgrimage: Addendum Notes

After discussion with my Order Contact the following notes are provided for clarity: The actual distance of the Black Pilgrimage is approximately 45 - 48 miles, this distance taking into account the miles of ascent.

The Lesser Black Pilgrimage occurs when it does to enable a balance to be struck between a Physical and an esoteric ordeal.

In many ways, the undertaking of the Lesser Black Pilgrimage replaces the physical task as laid out in Naos.

Contact with the sites is based on the individual. If contact is short this is how it is meant to be, if it is of a longer (causal) time period then this also is how it is meant to be (implications of Destiny). In the context of a short length of time in which the sites are experienced: exactly what time duration are we referring to? Causal or Acausal?

External Adept: Honesty and Failure

If the Initiate seeks to move on to the higher stages of the Way, then he or she must undergo the External Adept Rite. The 'form' of this Rite is simple in words but difficult in practice: the Initiate must, at sunset, lie down on the ground (preferably on a hilltop clear of trees, thereby enabling an unobstructed view of the sky) and remain there without moving until sunrise. Obviously there is no overt symbolism or even an apparent ceremonial form through which the Rite is structured, rather, there is only the individual, the Being that that individual inhabits: Gaia and the other Beings of the Cosmos: the Stars.

First and foremost this Rite is a test of will over a - relatively speaking - long period of time (approximately 12 hours). During the course of the evening the Initiate should consider the previous two stages of the Way (Neophyte and Initiate), his or her relationship with his/her companion if there is or has been one, or the possibility of a future companion as well as other more personal factors.

During the course of the evening the Initiate should be prepared for spontaneous visions which might be reasonably obscure or apparently archetypal. Further insights concerning the Tradition may occur of themselves or may stem from mindful contemplation of the previous Stages.

Personal experience of the Rite has revealed the difficulty in maintaining will-power against seemingly impossible odds! However it seems that there are three main 'adversarial' aspects to the Rite itself:

- i) control of physical movement
- ii) detachment from overpowering thoughts
- iii) detachment from overpowering emotions and imagination.

These factors do however at times combine to become an effective overpowering of the individuals will, thus to cite an example:

Involuntary physical movement from the cold (shaking) had combined with the seemingly very real image or visions that I was lying upon a battlefield. I could vividly see myself (from above) lying upon the battle-scarred earth with both my legs blown off just below the thighs. Flesh, blood, bone and tissue were all apparent to my sight and I sat upright, my outstretched arms supporting my upper body.

The fact that I could barely feel my legs due to the cold and the intermittent and involuntary spasms of my thigh muscles - also due to the cold - combined to make this an extremely overpowering and rather uncomfortable (to say the least!) vision. This in itself led to physical movement to alleviate the discomfort and emotional anguish which in turn led to a failure of the Rite.

Another interesting factor concerning the overall Rite are the weather conditions. If the sky is overcast a deeper and more painful psychic isolation is caused and, conversely, if the sky is clear and the stars are visible then the mind has something to focus upon. It is important not to let the mind, that is the thoughts, and the emotions overpower you as this will inevitably lead to failure.

To conclude, it is worthwhile repeating a few words from an associated Ms:

'...the Grade rituals [are] there to be allowed - no matter what the desire of the Initiate - to occur of them-

selves. In allowing this the Initiate needs to develop a certain detachment from the personal - a combination of the intuitive and the objective.'

I could have continued to move during the course of the Rite and then convinced myself that this didn't really matter, that it wasn't really necessary that I lay still. Some slight movement is allowed, but there is a very very fine line between one or two slight movements and moving whenever you feel like it. I failed my External Adept Rite this first time, but this has just made me more determined to face the pain once more and overcome:

'Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all.' (Black Book of Satan)

Lyceus, ONA. 1999eh

Associated texts:

Naos

Beyond Illusion

Magick With Tears

A common misconception made by those few who follow the Seven-fold Sinister Way, is that it will, somehow, make their lives easier i.e. having drawn certain forces to them, they believe via 'satanic mastery' to avoid Trauma City. The lonely realization that this is not so, is often enough to make the Initiate (or even in some cases, Adept) renounce their magickal quest altogether. This can occur for two reasons - 1) the individual becomes possessed and then disillusioned with a 'satanic role' (roles are useful only if understood as being simply a means to an end) and 2) via this realization, Sinister energies are revealed in a far more potent form than the playing of a role could invoke (these energies are, however, the culmination of that role). Quite simply Satanism is not an escape from, but the partaking in life. The challenge of living life as a self contained entity, creating a lifestyle that intuitively follows the path of individual Destiny (by this process Destiny becomes, gradually, consciously apparent) is just too disturbing for the majority of the human race to accept. So the failures crawl back to mediocrity, absolved of taking responsibility for their own lives. Mental and physical degeneracy follows as a way of dulling the guilt that their new/old lifestyle encourages within them. For those who remain on their quest, it is the rising to the challenge of the Sinister Way which creates the Adept and the stage(s) beyond. And this requires an understanding of what forces are in play, and how they all contribute towards self evolution.

It is this understanding which prevents such experiences from becoming detrimental to progression. Trauma will never be eliminated by any magickal system. For those who are working prior to Adeptship, it is wise to see how trauma actually feeds (amongst other things) creativity, and how this creativity would diminish if a comfortable reliance - materially and psychically - upon another individual was established.

This situation would reduce the obstacles that are borne from self reliance; those obstacles being catalysts of an individual's creative expression. One only has to consider the uninspired content of the products of most artists once they are 'patronised'. Life becomes too easy. This situation in itself produces conflict but many fail to understand this and descend into a pit of self abuse. This forms the misconception of 'the suffering artist'. Suffering must be understood for therein lies wisdom. This requires a type of honesty of which most lack the courage to express. To be a victim or martyr to suffering will slow down, reverse and destroy the process of self evolution. Why do so many fail to understand this obvious fact?

None of this necessarily means that an individual should deliberately destroy and create situations - unless this was seen as being beneficial at the time. Such occurrences arise naturally by virtue of living with self honesty and striving towards self excellence. Every act will be spontaneous and 'true' to one's Destiny.

To achieve the highest success possible should always be totally desirable, but the individual should arrive at their own concept of success and not that of the general consensus.

Christos Beest, ONA.

External Adept

The workings with the spheres and pathways, together with the Grade Ritual of External Adept, will have given the individual some experience of magickal energies together with the glimmerings of self-insight. There may well be, also, an appreciation of what is possible, in terms of magickal achievement - that is, in terms of 'external magick'.

The most significant tasks of an External Adept are the extension of magickal, and personal, experience via the creation of a Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals, together with the seeking of, and working with, a magickal companion. These externalize the mostly 'internalized' magick undertaken so far, as well as extend the experience of magickal energy. They also develop still further the personal abilities and insight of the individual.

It will probably have occurred to the individual, either during the Grade Ritual of External Adept or before, that the symbolism employed during the pathworkings and the workings with the spheres merely codifies, in a way accessible to non-Adept consciousness, the acausal energies. That is, it is an apprehension still limited to some extent by the duality implicit in all concepts 'below the Abyss'. In one sense, a Temple run by a Choregos is a manifestation of the 'energies' of the spheres/pathways: that is, in the simple sense, each member of the Temple partakes of a 'role' in accordance with the energies of a certain pathway/sphere - although one individual may assume one or more roles, either at the same time, or at different times. This insight allows the Choregos to not only further manipulate magickal energies, but also gain self and 'cosmic' understanding. Of course, the reality of each member of the Temple/group is somewhat more complicated, just as the actual assumption of an 'established role' - such as 'Guardian', 'Priestess' and so on by those members is for them a usually unconscious process: they embody, to a greater or lesser extent according to the rituals undertaken and the intensity of magickal energy which the Choregos brings to the Temple (and thus those within it), the 'images' met by the Initiate while undertaking the workings with the pathways and the spheres. Given their 'independent' reality, these are somewhat more difficult to control/learn from/experience than the 'psychic' images of the earlier workings. Naturally, the Choregos can bring out the images (suit the Temple/ritual role) to accord with his/her feelings/desire to confront/manipulate.

The Initiate workings were, in one sense, without Time: that is, they re-presented, although on a limited scale, aspects of the acausal. The workings of a Choregos, given the above, are a Coagulation - that is, the acausal becomes presented in the causal, firstly via a ritual (which takes place for a specified time at a specified place for a specified aim: thus its parameters are bound by causal space and time) and secondly via others who have a causal existence. These 'others' are the Temple members and the companion. Of course, the acausal 'flow', in such a ritualized setting, can be and often is 'two-way' (this basically explains the above in different terms). The 'first' way is the creation/drawing forth of acausal energy via the ritual form - that is, the Choregos uses the ritualized setting/texts/members to 'create/draw' magickal energy; the 'second' arises because the others present by 'identification' with 'roles'/septenary images affect the Choregos. (This is particularly true of the companion.)

O.N.A.

**The Black Glyph Society
extends its gratitude
to V.S.
for his assistance
in the cover design.**

The Magickal Art of the Deofel Quintet

The Deofel Quintet - the original Deofel Quartet plus Breaking the Silence Down - were designed as Instructional Texts for novices beginning the quest along the Left Hand Path according to the traditions of the ONA.

As such, they are not - and were not intended to be - great, or even good, works of literature. Their intent was to inform novices of certain esoteric matters in an entertaining and interesting way, and as such they are particularly suitable for being read aloud. Indeed, one of their original functions was to be read out to Temple members by the Temple Priest or Priestess.

In effect, they are attempts at a new form of "magickal art" - like Tarot images, or esoteric music. As with all Art, magickal or otherwise, they can and should be surpassed by those possessing the abilities. If they have the effect of inspiring some Initiates of the Darker Path to creativity, to surpass them and create something better, then one of their many functions will have been achieved.

Anton Long

115yf

Introduction to the "Deofel Quartet"

The works collected under the title "The Deofel Quartet" were written as instructional texts for members of a Black Magick group. As such, they deal with certain esoteric matters relevant to Novices and those who have begun to follow the path of Black Magick and Satanism.

While the form chosen is fictional, it is not that of a "conventional" novel. Instead, a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that not only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but also sought to involve the unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions – of, for instance, characters and locations – are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such "missing details": partly from their imagination and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and projections.

This form also had the added advantage of making the works interesting to listen to when read aloud in a group setting. This new form may be considered as an extended "prose poem".

While each work is self-contained in terms of "plot" and "characters", they all deal with the varying insights attained by those following the darker path to esoteric enlightenment, as well as with those practical (i.e. real-life) experiences which form the basis of genuine magickal training and which explicate real sinister magick in action.

Each work deals with (although not always exclusively), a certain type of magickal/archetypal energy – and thus is connected with one of the spheres of the septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, in the instructional sense, each work explicates particular archetypal forms as those forms affect people in real life. Naturally, quite a few of the forms so explicated are dark or sinister.

In order to guide the interested reader and student of the Occult Arts, some "Themes and Questions" concerning the Quartet are included as an Appendix to Volume I.

(Typed note at bottom of the page from which this MS is drawn: The works are reproduced exactly as they were

originally circulated in manuscript form, with typed/hand-written corrections.)

ONA

Responses and Critical Analysis:

Each novice reading the Quartet should try and analyze their response to it – the feelings, expectations, points of agreement and disagreement and so on which arise from reading it.

A first reading will be sufficient to show the works of the Quartet are Satanically subtle – i.e. they are not blatant “horror/Black Magick” stories and neither are they pornographic. They are also not akin to the amoral diatribes of other writers – e.g. de Sade.

Instead, they are intended for those of discernment, those who can see beyond mere appearance and affectation – i.e. Satanic novices: those who wish to know and who seek to question, those who wish to discover secrets (often about themselves).

As explained elsewhere, they deal with problems a novice following the Left Hand Path might be expected to come across or be familiar with – both in terms of their own development/feelings/expectations, and in terms of real sinister magick. Such magick is, for the most part, subtle and esoteric – it is hidden and bears little, often no, resemblance to what most people (and some Initiates) consider magick to be.

Hence, those who turn to the Quartet hoping to find the kind of cheap and sensational thrills often associated (in the herd-mind) with “Black Magick” stories and “horror” will be disappointed. The Quartet is not intended for such sensation seeking, uncritical and weak individuals – it is intended to instruct Satanic novices in some esoteric aspects of their craft; to aid their own understanding and sinister development.

“Falcifer” concerns Initiation and the gathering of Satanic experience. It also deals with the Dark Gods – revealing esoteric knowledge. The energies which give form to the story are concerned with the first sphere on the Tree of Wyrð – magickal

form "Night/Nox" ; Tarot images – 18, 15, 13; Alchemical Process –Calcination.

The Temple Of Satan also concerns the Dark Gods – but it deals mainly with emotion on the personal level, particularly "love": how a Satanic Initiate of some experience encounters and deals with this emotion. "Love" of this type is a stage, to be experienced and transcended. For a Satanist not yet achieved Adeptship, this feeling is often a snare, a trap – which they can fall into, thus ending their sinister quest. It is about still unconscious feeling and desires – about making these more conscious, controlling them and transcending them. Third sphere on Tree of Wyrd. Magickal form – Ecstasy. Images – 6, 14, 17. Alchemical process – Coagulation.

"The Giving" concerns "primal Satanism" – and a more subtle magick and manipulation than the previous works. It is a story based on fact – on real life happenings and real people. It reveals a real Satanic Mistress in action – someone quite different from the "accepted" notion of a Satanic Mistress. Spheres – Third and Forth. Forms – Ecstasy/Vision. Images 7,12,5,6,14,17. Processes – Coagulation/Putrefaction.

"The Greyling Owl" (the title is significant) concerns the second sphere, and the magick is even more subtle and esoteric than the previous work. It requires an understanding of individuals as those individuals are – a subtle changing of them. Magickal Form – Indulgence; process – Separation; Images – 0, 8, 16.

In all the works of the Quartet, "the other side" (i.e. those with "moral") is shown in context – moral individuals are described and things seen from their point of view. It is vitally important for a novice to be able to be detached – to see things and people as those things and people are. Only thus can they learn judgment and discover how to work esoteric sinister magick. Such detachment is necessary – and its cultivation is part of Initiate training. It is the aim of the Quartet to cultivate this ability – and the self-criticism which is part of it. This "criticism" is a self-awareness, a self-knowledge. Thus, some characters in the Quartet and the views and attitudes they express may provoke the Satanic Initiate into disagreement and possibly discomfort. This is intentional. The novice should analyze why they react as they do – and why they expect certain things/certain views/certain outcomes.

In short, they are entertaining Instruction Satanic Texts – those who are prepared to spend some effort in understanding them will discover many layers, and so learn.

Falcifer :

This MS deals with overt magick in a magickal setting – Temples, rituals etc. It describes Satanic initiation from a Satanic viewpoint, and the tests etc. a novice may undergo as well as the awakening awareness appropriate to a novice. It also deals with the Dark Gods – describing them and the magick which returns them to Earth.

Of all the MSS of the Quartet, it is the most easily understood, although it does contain some hidden/esoteric meanings. These, however, are explicable since the perspective of the MS is overtly Satanic.

Temple of Satan:

This also has an overtly magickal setting, but deals with the stage beyond that of a novice; i.e. someone who has been involved for some time and who has developed certain magickal skills – e.g. manipulation.

Melanie is the archetypal Satanic Priestess: sexually alluring, using her sexuality to manipulate and captivate, enjoying some delicate pleasures (e.g. sadism). But, as a true Satanist, after some time she becomes bored by the routine. So unconsciously at first, she seeks after something else: and is drawn toward Thurstan, against her better Satanic judgment. She is “drawn” because she still has to gain a deep self-understanding – because there are still aspects which remain unconscious and powerful in her psyche (relating to the “luminous” power of love etc. Gradually, she falls in love – but is she herself being manipulated toward this by Saer? And if so, why? (Consider the crystal he left with Thurstan for her to find and read). Saer is “beyond the Abyss” – an image/symbol of aeonic magick as against Melanie’s external and internal magick.

But she gradually understands its purpose – to propel her toward the next stage of the sinister journey, and to provide a child who

because of her own sinister abilities and the apparently non-sinister abilities of Thurstan will have special qualities. That is, the child will be beyond opposites (as e.g., symbolized by Melanie and Thurstan). Toward the end, Melanie is presented with a choice – love, or her duty/destiny. She chooses the latter, and her magick is restored.

Claudia is a complication for Melanie – a further test/distraction. Does her love cause her lover's death? Pead and Jukes, representing old aeon magick, try to keep Melanie and Thurstan apart – because with him she cannot fulfill aeonic magick, to the detriment of the old order and "the light".

The Giving:

This MS has several esoteric strands and several overt meanings. Lianna is a Mistress of Earth (note: stages beyond Melanie in "Temple") and it is her duty to undertake The Giving – rite of sacrifice.

As a Satanic Mistress, Lianna uses magick in a subtle way, as benefits her status. This magick is esoteric (e.g. empathic) but she also directly manipulates others, although in a subtle way. Consider how she draws/attracts Thorold to her: sending Sidal to him with books, visiting his shop as a customer...

Lianna requires two important things: an offer, and someone to father her heir. The MS describes her attaining these goals.

Mallam is a recent initiate – enjoying as all good Initiates should, magick and evil. He involves Rhiston in his games. Lianna however presents Mallam with a choice – finely and subtly presented. She advises him that his activities are not conducive to further advancement, for she understands he has become ensnared by some of his desires, rather than enjoying them and then discarding them to rise beyond them and so attain self-insight and mastery. However, he sees her hints "morally" – he misinterprets them because he cannot see what she is trying to do; i.e. he shows no Satanic insight. The reader is shown this from Mallam's perspective – like Mallam; certain discernment is required to see beyond the outer appearance to the essence. (This sudden change of perspective occurs in the MS several times, as it does many times in other parts of the Quartet. The reader should often ask: what is really going on here? A critical judgment is required

because often characters and what they may do/say are not what they seem; i.e. the real intent/magick is hidden.)

As it is, Mallam's lack of insight means he believes Lianna is making a "moral" point, and he openly breaks with her.

Following this decision by Mallam, Lianna provides him with a test, a new opportunity to prove his worth or otherwise. She sends her Guardian, Imlach, to him – unknown to Mallam, of course – with a secret MS. Again, Mallam fails to realize what is happening – he cannot see through Imlach. Instead, he is overwhelmed by unconscious desires: material greed, lust for power. Rather than controlling, and using his desire for some purpose, he lets his desire control him. He goes to Lianna's village – and again fails, because he cannot recognize the young woman as a Priestess of Lianna's tradition: he sees her as dull, easily manipulated. Thus, he shows he has no genuine magickal insight or abilities.

Hence he becomes a candidate for sacrifice. Basically, he chooses himself – he is not chosen because of his "evil" activities. They merely provide a fail-safe to deflect attention from his disappearance (when the rite is completed): no one in "conventional" society would miss him/mourn him or worry about his disappearance.

Lianna also tests/manipulates Thorold. Does she also manipulate Monica? Or is she genuinely annoyed when Thorold becomes involved with Monica? Is this a further test of Thorold? Certainly for Lianna, Monica's death or removal is necessary – or it seems to be. Lianna has drawn Thorold into her world – and changes him, for he is captivated by her: in a sense, in her power. He has qualities which she judged would make him a suitable person to father her child.

The MS ends with an unasked question: what is to be Thorold's fate when his purpose has been achieved? That is, when he has fathered her child. Will he be an opfer, or will he become part of her tradition? Clues to the answer are given at various points in the MS. Also, is Lianna a Satanist?

Certainly, she does not seem to be – there are no "Satanic" rites, no invocations to Satan. At one point she says she belongs to an older tradition. Does she say this for a reason? - To deceive? She certainly represents a primal darkness: and is a genuine Mistress of

Earth....This raises the question as to what genuine Satanism really is: a question answered, in fact, by Lianna's actions as described in the MS from its beginning to its end.

The Greyling Owl:

This is the most esoteric and therefore the most difficult MS to understand – at first reading – and when viewed by conventional/accepted ideas of Satanism/Black Magick.

This shows real magick in action on several levels: manipulation, empathic, forms (e.g. music), images, and via opening psychic nexions within individuals.

Essentially, the MS deals with the changes wrought in the lives of Mickleman and Allison, and how these are made to aid the sinister dialectic – i.e. sinister aeonic strategy, to aid the presencing of sinister energies in the causal and so bring/provoke change to the benefit of the sinister, aiding evolution.

The magick here is that appropriate to an Internal Adept and beyond, while the energies described (the outer form) are symbolic of a particular sphere on the Tree of Wyrd (Mercury), although other energies are sometimes involved/intrude.

This magick is far removed from external magick and thus rituals/robes. This magick means a working with individuals as those individuals are - a subtle re-orientation of their consciousness/lives.

Mickleman is gradually changed and brought into an influential position – the Professorship – without him realizing this is occurring, in the magickal sense at least. He believes he is still in control of his own Destiny – and it is important not to undermine this belief, except insofar as certain self-insight is obtained. He must have assurances of his abilities, this confidence to fulfill what is his "hidden" wyrd. He becomes aware, on terms he can cope with/is familiar with (this is important), of certain archetypal aspects which will be important for his future professional development/standing. These aspects, by which he will influence others in a non-magickal way by "seeding their minds", will aid the sinister dialectic. Part of this would be through academic work

(aided by insights attained during his "manipulation") and part by his own life style: his "decadent" past and his future deriving from the past – both would influence others, providing inspiration and thus changing others in certain ways.

Alison also is changed - realizing the power of music to transform. Again, her aims, dreams, hopes, etc. are described from her own perspective, from her own "moral" view of the world. However, her fundamental insights are "provoked" via the subtle magick/influence of Edmund etc. Further, the future forms she creates/uses, while having the appearance of conventional forms (and perhaps a moral content), will achieve and aid the sinister (or at least most/some of them will). She herself will see her aims in terms of her own perspective: often "morally", without fully realizing what she and her work are achieving – opening nexions, and presencing dark energies to influence/infect others.

This arises because she has been influenced/directed by magick in a specific: to access a nexion within her own psyche. (All this is a very important notation to understand – and marks the insight appropriate to those who aspire to go beyond the stage of novice. It reflects genuine magick in action). Her thoughts/actions etc. (as others) are often "morally" described.

The dark interior life of both Edmund and Fiona (and thus their real aims) are hidden – i.e. not overt, as generally befits a Master and Mistress. Such Adepts generally work esoterically – they do not fit conventional Satanic role-models. In their different ways, Edmund and Fiona live in the ordinary world in an "ordinary" way – they are real shape-changers who blend into their surroundings. This enables them to work sinister magick effectively. Further, Edmund possesses no trappings normally assumed to be part of his station – he has no wealth, no power, no obvious influence. His Satanic power is internal, hidden – it is insight, wisdom, and magickal skill of a rare kind. This skill allows him to work magick on others (and thus the world) as those others are – in the confines of their own roles/image for the most part. Fiona's magickal work is often more overt – e.g. using her sexuality to advantage, but her real magick is still hidden. Thus the MS describes real Adepts at work.

A note concerning "Breaking The Silence Down"

This MS is often regarded as making the Quartet into a Quintet. It is similar in its magick to The Greyling Owl – although the background is Sapphism.

Basically, Diane – who already possesses an intuitive awareness of primal darkness and thus Satanism – is lead toward self-discovery and magickal partnership.

She has an insight into the female persona/strength (after the attempted rape) and discovers a power of music to capture the essence hidden by appearance.

She is seduced by Rachael, who uses music (her piano playing) as a magickal act. Aphone is the archetypal immature product of this age and its societies: swayed by desires and using petty manipulation to achieve lowly goals. When he becomes a threat to Diane, he is dealt with by those who desire her, magickally and sexually (Rachael and Watts). Is his accident purely chance? Or is someone, or two, watching over Diane? In the end, Rachael wins Diane. She is a hereditary sorceress – carrying on her grandmothers' tradition (thus missing a generation: Rachael's mother). This tradition thrives in a certain part of the countryside near where Diane lives.

As in "Greyling", the perspective is often that of the character involved: i.e. events/thoughts etc. are seen through their eyes, with their (often moral and conventional) understanding/attitudes. The give an appreciation and understanding of these people as they are – and how magick affects them, usually without them being aware of it. It requires the reader to suspend and transcend conventional Satanic/sinister notions (which are often only the outer form of what is Satanic/sinister rather than its essence). This should enable genuine magick to be understood – as it should aid the understanding of how forms/energies etc. affect/change individuals, often unconsciously. All this should aid self-insight.

The Deofel Quintet

Volume I

By
Anton Long
ONA

Falcifer ~ Lord of Darkness

Prologue:

The chant rose towards its demonic climax:

Agios o Atazoth! Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus...

There was no wind on the high hill to snatch the chanted words away, and the naked dancers twirled faster and faster around the altar under the moonlit sky of night, frenzied from their dance and by the insistent beat of the tabors.

The two red-robed cantors sang their Satanic chant to its end while, nearby, Tanith the Mistress, as the elder prophetess, uttered words for her Grand Master to hear: "From the Circle of Arcadia he shall come bearing the gift of his youth as sacrifice and key to open the Gate to our gods..."

Swiftly then to the ground the circling dancers fell almost exhausted: ruddied by Bacchus the Great and the force of the dance as, around the altar on which Tanith writhed, the orgy of lust began...

I

The room was dark, although the candles on the altar had been lit, and Conrad could dimly see the witches preparing for the ritual. Their High Priestess wore a scarlet robe and came toward him, her bare feet avoiding the circle painted on the floor and the bowls of incense which not only filled the room with a sweet smelling perfume but also added to its darkness.

"Please", she said to him, pressing his hand with hers before re-arranging her long hair so it fell around her shoulders, "do try and relax."

Then she was moving around the room, dispensing final directions to the members of her coven. It all seemed rather boring and devoid of real magick to Conrad and he began to regret his acceptance. He felt uncomfortable dressed in a suit while the others wore robes.

"Nigel!" he heard the Priestess shout, please do not place our book on the floor!" She retrieved her copy of the Book of Shadows and placed it on the altar before ringing the small altar bell. "Let us begin." she said. She stood in the centre of the circle, the four men and two women around her, raising her hands dramatically before intoning her chant.

"Darksome night and shining moon, harken to our Wiccan rune. East then South then West then North, harken to our calling forth..."

She was twirling round, and beneath her thin robe, Conrad could see her breasts. He found her sexually alluring, and followed her movements intently. Perhaps, he thought, it would not be so boring after all... suddenly, the candles flickered and spluttered. There was no breeze as a cause and the sudden darkness was unexpected. Conrad could sense the High Priestess near him but his groping hand could not find her body.

"What is it?" he heard a nervous male voice ask.

The incense became thicker, and several of the coven coughed.

"There is nothing wrong - really!" came the confident voice of the Priestess. "Nigel - do light the candles again."

Nobody moved. A light appeared above the altar, red and circular. It began to pulse before moving up to swoop down and burn one of the coven. The victim fell screaming to the ground while the light moved to rest above Conrad's head, suffusing him with its glow.

He could see the High Priestess frantically making passes in the air with her hands and mumbling "Avante Satanas!" as she did so. But her words and gestures had no effect on him, for she was only an ineffectual Priestess of the Right Hand Path while he knew in that moment he was chosen.

Then the pulsing light was gone, and the candles once more lit the room.

"The lights! Will someone turn on the lights!" Her voice was strained, and Conrad smiled.

The coven gathered behind her in their protective circle as if for comfort. "Go, please go," she asked him. "You are no longer welcome here. I sense evil."

"Yes," Conrad replied, "I will go. But I will return." He stepped toward her and kissed her lips but she drew away. "You are very beautiful," he said, "and are wasted here."

The coldness outside the house refreshed him so that he remembered he had forgotten his coat and that a number 65C bus would take him back to his University. The sodium lit streets seemed to possess an eerie beauty in the darkness of winter and he walked slowly along them, his sense of the power he had felt was a vague yet disturbing unease.

A bus disgorged him near the campus and he wandered along the concrete paths that entwined the University without noticing the man following him. He recalled Neil's challenge to his scepticism about witchcraft and magick, the invitation his friend had quickly arranged to the coven meeting and his own laughter. It would be interesting, he had thought, and he would watch with scientific detachment while the simple souls indulged their sexual fantasies under the cover of the Occult.

Several times he stopped as he remembered the sensual beauty of the High Priestess, the rich fragrance of the incense, his kiss, and several times he turned around, intent on returning to her house. But the power, the arrogant assurance, he had felt in her house as the strange light suffused him with its glow was gone, and he was only a first year Undergraduate studying science, awkward and shy with women.

Instead, he walked to the house near the campus which Neil shared with some other students. Neil was pleased to see

him. They sat in his room while in the house loud music played.

"You're back early," Neil said, and smiled.

Conrad wasted no time on trivialities. "I want you to tell me about magick."

"You're seriously interested, then?"

Conrad thought of the High Priestess, her voluptuous body, and said, "Yes!"

"Well, as you know, I have some little interest in, and knowledge of, the subject."

"So - the aim of the sorcerer is to control those forces or powers which are Occult or hidden from our everyday perception?"

Neil seemed surprised. "Yes, exactly. Have you been reading up on the subject?"

"No."

"Then how -"

Conrad shrugged his shoulders. "It was an obvious and logical deduction."

Neil smiled. His own background was artistic, his home the city and port from which the University derived its name, and he had met the gaunt-faced Conrad a month before while

distributing leaflets on campus. Conrad had read the proffered document and, in the discussion that followed, demolished its content logically and effectively. The earnest young man, dressed in a suit in contrast to the casual clothes of all the other students, had impressed him.

"Basically," Neil said, "magick symbolizes the various forces, sometimes in terms of gods, goddesses or demons, and sometimes in purely symbolic forms. Knowledge of such symbolism forms the basis of controlling them - according to the desire or will of the sorcerer."

"I see."

"Of course, some people believe such entities - gods, demons and so on - exist in reality, external to us. Others believe such forms are really only part of our sub-conscious and our unconscious. In practical terms, it does not matter which: the means of gaining control are essentially the same."

"So, where is all this symbolism?" He pointed at the rows of books in the room.

Neil handed him one. "That gives the essentials of ceremonial magick. It is based on what most Occultists believe is the Western tradition of magick."

Conrad glanced through the book. "Which is?"

"The Qabalistic. The Occult world and the forces within it are represented by what is called the Tree of Life which consists of ten stages or sephira. Each sephira corresponds to certain things in the world - human, divine, and of course demonic."

Conrad looked directly at him. "Most Occultists, you say? Then what do you believe?"

Neil was not surprised by Conrad's insight. "There is another tradition - a secret one."

"Which is?"

"It has many names."

"I'm sure. Are you going to tell me or not?"

"I have only heard of it second-hand so to speak. It is a sinister tradition - some would say Satanic. It is based on a division of seven as against the qabalistic ten. Hence one of its names - the septenary system."

"And you have details of this system?"

"I know some people who know a group who use it."

"And through such a magickal system one could obtain one's desire?"

"It is possible, yes."

"Then when can I meet them - these Black Magickians?"

II

"So you are the Black Magickian I have heard so much about?" Conrad gave the man a disdainful look before sitting in the proffered chair.

The room, like them, was not impressive. Dreary paintings hung from drab walls and a human skull lay atop a pile of paperback books containing horror stories.

"Some call me a Black Magickian." The man was dressed in black and wore a medallion around his neck bearing the symbol of the inverted pentagram. "Your friend Mr. Stanford informed me of your interest in the Black Arts. There are rumours about you."

"Is that so?"

"Why have you come here?" the man asked.

"You hold certain meetings."

"Possibly..."

"Meetings which attract a good many people."

"Sometimes..."

"One of which will be held here, tonight."

"For a neophyte you are exceptionally well-informed."

Conrad smiled. It had taken Neil only a week to arrange the meeting, and he used the time well. "I wish to attend the ritual."

"You must understand," the man said, "we have certain procedures. For those who want to become Initiates. A testing period."

"Quite so. But you would not have agreed to see me this evening at this hour if it was not your intention to allow me to attend."

As if to reflect on his answer, the man lit a small cigar, allowing its smoke to billow round him. "You may attend the first part of the ritual. The second is, I'm afraid, for Initiates only. And then, afterwards, should you wish, we shall talk further about the matter." He stood up. "Come, you must meet some of our members."

He was led into a back-room of the spacious house. The windows were covered with long black drapes and the walls were painted red. A large wooden table, covered with a black cloth, served as the altar upon which were lighted black candles, a sword, several daggers, silver cups and chalices. In one corner of the room stood an almost life-size statue of a naked woman in an indecent posture, reminding him of Sheila-na-gig. Around the altar the members had gathered in black robes, but they did not speak to him and he was left to stand in his suit by the door while the magickian walked toward the altar. He took up the sword and struck it against the dagger, saying 'Hail Satan, Prince of Darkness!'

The congregation echoed his words, raising their arms dramatically while he removed the robe from a young woman before helping her to lie naked on the altar. She was smiling as she lay, her taut conical breasts rising and falling in rhythm with her breathing and Conrad watched her intently.

One by one the congregation came forward to kiss her lips.

The magickian kissed her last, turning to face his congregation saying. "I will go down to the altars in Hell."

They responded. "To Satan, the giver of ecstasy."

"Let us praise our Prince."

"Our Father which wert in heaven, hallowed be thy name, in heaven as it is here on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and desires and deliver us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons!"

The magickian inscribed in the air with his left forefinger the sign of the inverted pentagram, before saying, "May Satan be with you."

"As he is with you."

"Let us affirm our faith."

In union, they pronounced their Satanic creed. "I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth and in one Law, Chaos, which triumphs over all. And I believe in one Temple, our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which triumphs over all: the Word of Ecstasy! And I believe in the Law of this Aeon which is Sacrifice, and in the letting of blood for which I shed no tears. Since I give praise to my Prince the fire-giver and provider as I look forward to his reign and the pleasures to come in this life!"

The congregation continued their litanies in a similar vein while the magickian made passes in the air with his hands over the body of the woman upon the altar. He was chanting

something, but Conrad could not hear what it was, and he watched as the magickian raised a chalice over the woman, deliberately spilling some of the wine it contained over her body. He showed the chalice to the congregation before placing it between the woman's thighs. Then one of the congregation came forward to stand by the altar and chant.

"I who am mother of harlots and queen of the Earth: whose name is written by the agony of the falsifier Yeshua upon the cross, I am come to pay homage to thee!" She kissed the woman upon the altar.

Then there was something in her hand which Conrad could not see, but she too made passes with her hands over the naked woman, chanting while she did so. She held up to the congregation what Conrad assumed to be a host.

"Behold," she said, "the dirt of the Earth which the humble shall eat!"

She laughed, the congregation laughed, and then she threw the host, and others which she held, at the congregation who trampled them under their feet. "Give me," she said to the woman upon the altar, "your body and your blood which I shall give to him as a gift to our Prince!"

The magickian was beside her as the woman on the altar raised her legs into the air. But two of the congregation ushered Conrad from the room. Outside a woman waited.

"I am called Tanith - at least here!"

Conrad stared at her. Her grey hair was cut short, accentuating her features and her clothes were a stunning blend of indigo and violet. There was beauty in her mature

features and a sexuality evident in her eyes. "I'm sorry?" Conrad said.

"Come, let us talk."

She led him to a comfortable room where a warming fire had been lit, deliberately sitting close to him.

"Your impressions of the ritual," she asked directly.

He had recovered sufficiently to say, "Too much pomp and not enough circumstance."

"Humour, as well. A most pleasing combination! What is it that you seek?"

"Knowledge."

"Like Faust? Do you also wish to sell your soul to the Devil?"

"I do not believe there is a soul or a Devil to sell it to."

"And what you have seen, here tonight? Is it what you are seeking?"

He had felt there was no real magickal power in the ritual, no mystery to enthrall, nothing numinous to attract him. There had been only the trappings of sex and what had seemed almost a boredom in the satanic invocations, and he had begun to realize as he watched and waited that he wanted something more than sex. He desired a return of the power he had felt a week ago at the beginning of the wiccan rite. The satanic ritual had disappointed him - but Tanith intrigued him.

"I must admit," he said, "I was disappointed."

"But I interest you."

"I -"

"Why be embarrassed? It is a perfectly natural feeling." She smiled, and moistened her lips with her tongue. "But first to other matters. I could introduce you to a Master who could instruct you. For you, like everyone need to learn. Are you prepared to learn?"

"From someone I can respect."

"Unlike our friend Sanders tonight."

"Yes - unlike him." It was Conrad's turn to smile. Tanith's perfume seemed exotic to him, and he found it difficult to avoid looking at her breasts, partly exposed by the folds of her unusual clothes. "So this evening's entertainment was just a charade?"

"How acute of you! And such hidden talents. But not a charade, exactly."

"An inducement?"

"For some: those lacking your talents." She leant toward him. "Tomorrow, you shall meet the person you are seeking. There will be a price to pay, though."

Conrad was dismayed. "I have no money."

"I was not thinking of money."

"What then?"

"Such innocence!" She leant closer, so close he could feel her breath upon his face and see the fine lines around her eyes. Then she was kissing him. He was so surprised he moved away.

Suddenly, she understood. "You've never done this before, have you?" She touched his face gently with her hand. "Well, I'd better make it memorable then."

Outside, in the darkness, it had begun to snow.

III

Conrad lay in his bed a long time. Dawn was breaking, but he possessed no desire to rise quickly and run, as had been his habit for years, five or more miles before his breakfast whatever the weather. Neither did the prospect of lectures excite him any more. Instead, he felt languid and satiated. Tanith had taken him to a bedroom in the house wherein their passion had flowed to ebb slowly in the hours after midnight. Her departure was sudden, the house empty, and he was left to walk back to his own college room through the snow-covered streets of the city, happy and pleased with himself.

He was still thinking about Tanith when someone knocked on the door of his room. He dressed hastily.

"Conrad Robury?" asked the tall well-dressed man.

Conrad was suspicious, for the man kept nervously glancing around. "Who wants to know?"

"I'm Fitten. Paul Fitten. You are in danger. Grave danger!" He gestured toward the briefcase in his hand. "It's all in here. If only you will listen. Please, I must talk with you."

"About what?"

"Those Satanists! They want to make you their offer! You are in danger! I do not have much time. Look," and he opened the briefcase, "study these books, please. Take them."

Reluctantly, Conrad took them.

"They are after me," Fitten said, glancing around. "They want to stop me, you see. Read the books, it is all in there. I shall call again. But they are coming - I sense them coming near. I must go now! Here, my address." He gave Conrad a printed card. "We must talk soon."

Fitten rushed along the corridor and down the stairs.

Alone again, Conrad sat at his desk to study the books, curious about them. The first book was entitled 'Falcifer - The Curse of Our Age' and was printed on shoddy paper in a small and unusual typeface. The title page bore no details of the publisher only the words 'Benares, Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Three' and the author's name, R. Mehta.

'Falcifer,' the book began, 'is the name they have chosen. Working in secret, even now they are planning his coming. He is the spawn of Chaos, the leader of those dark gods

which even Satan himself fears. For centuries his secret disciples have deceived us and are deceiving us still, for he is not the Beast...'

"Darling," Conrad heard a voice behind him say, "are you ready?"

Tanith came forward and kissed him. "Come, leave your books - I have need of you."

The invitation pleased Conrad, and he forgot about the books, Fitten and everything else. Only Tanith was real, and he surrendered himself to his passion. Afterwards, she dressed herself quickly saying, "We must go. The Master is waiting."

"Of course."

She touched the three books Fitten had bought and, one after the other, they disintegrated into dust.

"The books! -" Conrad began.

"They are not important. We must go now." She threw him his clothes.

He walked beside her, surprised but pleased when a chauffeur ushered them into the luxury of the waiting car. Several students turned to look, and Conrad was secretly proud.

The car took them from the city and along country roads to the tree-lined and long driveway of an impressive house. A fierce looking and very tall man with the build of a wrestler opened the car door, and Conrad followed Tanith up the

steps of the house and into the hall. He was led through doors and elegantly furnished passageways to a verandah where a man sat reading.

"Welcome," the man said, and indicated the chair beside him. "Welcome Conrad Robury. You are most welcome in my house."

Tanith shut the door to leave them in the cold outside air.

"Come, sit beside me," the man said

His beard was neatly trimmed, his dark clothes thin and seemingly unsuitable to the weather. His voice had a musical quality with a veiled accent that Conrad could not identify, but it was his eyes which impressed Conrad most.

"You wish to learn?"

"Yes," Conrad replied, shivering from the cold, although he tried not to show it.

The man smiled. "I am called Aris - at least here! Tell me, Conrad, is it a return of the feeling which you felt after a certain - how shall we say? - well-endowed lady began her wiccan ritual?"

Conrad was amazed at the man's knowledge of his inner feelings.

"Perhaps," Aris continued, "you are beginning to understand that it was not change that brought you here. Perhaps, also, you are beginning to realize that you may have found what - or should I say whom - you are seeking. Do you, then, wish to learn from me the Art whose secrets you believe I know?"

"Yes."

"And you wish Initiation?"

"Yes I do."

"You have a special Destiny to fulfill - and I shall guide you toward the fulfillment of that Destiny. Are you then prepared to accept whatever conditions I may make?"

"Yes."

"You appear unsure - which is good. It is only fitting that you are apprehensive. Our path is difficult and is only for those who dare. The ritual of your Initiation will take place soon, and afterwards you will begin to study our way. But you should understand that, as from yesterday, your experiences are formative and part of your quest - it is for you to understand them."

It had begun to snow again, and Conrad was shivering from the cold despite the elation he felt at being accepted. There was a knock on the door that led to the verandah, and Aris the Master smiled.

"Enter!" he said.

Tanith entered and Aris rose to greet her with a kiss. "You have met my wife, of course." he said to Conrad.

"Your wife?" Conrad said as he also stood, suddenly warmed by the shock.

"Yes, darling!" Tanith said, and kissed Conrad's face.

Conrad was perplexed but the Master said, "See, how profitably you have spent the last twelve hours. Already you are beginning to learn. You see, I know what has occurred between you and Tanith." He laughed. "There are no Nazarene ethics here!"

"In fact," Tanith added, "no ethics at all!"

"Come, Conrad, I have a present for you: a gift of your Initiation."

It was a somewhat dazed Conrad who followed Aris to another room. On a couch, a dwarf with a pugnacious face was apparently asleep.

"Conrad Robury, meet Mador your guide."

At the sound of his name, Mador sprang up, did a somersault and landed near Conrad where he gave a mock bow.

"Charmed, I'm sure!" he said.

"A word of warning - he is a fool," Aris said.

"Bah!" Mador replied. "Ignore him - he's a liar!"

"Show Conrad the house," Aris said.

"Yes, Master," replied Mador, bowing and winking at Conrad.

Aris left them alone. "You are Conrad," Mador said. "Well, I shall call you - Professor! Come!"

The passage that led away from the room was long, adorned with oil paintings and antique furniture. He was shown a small laboratory, the library, and the many bedrooms on the floor above, each decorated and furnished differently. Some seemed luxurious, others austere and a few quite bizarre with walls like trapezoids and no windows. The gardens around the house were large with well-tended lawns and Mador pointed to the dense wood that formed their boundary at the rear.

"Not at night," he said breaking the silence between them and shaking his head, "not alone."

"Why not?"

Mador ignored the question. "The cellars! I forgot the cellars!" And he hit himself on the head.

The door to the cellars was locked, and Mador kicked it in anger.

"What does Aris do?" Conrad asked.

"The Master? Do?" replied Mador perplexed. "Why, he is a Magickian!" he cupped his hand to his ear, listening. "Come Professor. It is time. Yes, it is time!"

"For what?"

"For the Professor. She is calling me."

Mador led him to a dining room. "She waits," he said indicating the door, and left him. Tanith was in the room, seated at the table where only two places were laid.

"Sit, here beside me," she said to him.

"Won't your husband be joining us?"

"The Master? Why, no!" She rang the silver hand bell.

A maid came to serve the hors d'oeuvre. Conrad thought her very pretty, but she refused to look at him.

"Did you enjoy your tour?" Tanith asked him as she elegantly devoured her melon.

"Yes - and no."

"Why no?"

"I was still thinking - about you and me and your husband."

"We are different, as you are learning."

"So he does not mind?"

She smiled. "What do you think?"

"I think I'm beginning to understand."

"Excellent! You will be staying here, with us, of course for the next week, few weeks or whatever."

"I had not thought about it. My studies - "

"They are more important to you than the goal you seek?
Than the pleasure you find with me?"

"Of course not."

"Whatever belongings you wish to have around you will of course be brought here from your present lodgings."

"And if I didn't want to stay?"

"You are free to go any time." She rang the bell, waiting until the maid completed her duties before speaking again.
"However, should you leave - there can be no returning."

"I see."

For some time they ate in silence. "How long might my stay be?" he finally asked.

"However long it takes."

"A test of my desire for Initiation?"

Tanith smiled. "Possibly. Do try the wine, an excellent year. Or so I am told."

"I don't drink alcoholic substances."

"Really? How extraordinary!" She drank from her own glass.

"Judging by last night and this morning you do not seem like a Buddhist to me."

"It be-clouds the senses?"

"Buddhism?"

"No - wine and other such beverages."

"Or relaxes them!" She raised her own glass. "To Bacchus the Great!" The glass was soon empty. "I suppose," she said lasciviously, "the cultivation by you of one vice at a time is sufficient - for the moment!"

Conrad sighed. He felt he was being manipulated to some extent; but he also felt he did not care. His memory of his passion with Tanith was strong.

"Can I see you tonight?" he asked. "I mean - "

"I know what you mean," she said softly. "I'm sure it can be arranged. Such youthful vigour!" She closed her eyes. "To paraphrase a certain French author - 'The pleasures of vice must not be restrained.'" She rang the bell again. "You will have a rather full afternoon and evening, I understand."

"Doing what?"

"Oh, various things. You have not eaten very much."

"Bit excited, I suppose."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, please."

The maid returned to whisper into Tanith's ear. "Come," Tanith said to him.

By the outside door in the hall, the wrestler stood holding a man by the arms. Conrad recognized him. It was Fitten.

"Alright, Gedor," Tanith said.

The wrestler nodded his head and released Fitten.

"You must get away!" Fitten shouted at Conrad. "They are cursed! They want you as their - "

Tanith gestured with her hand and Gedor's fist knocked Fitten over, bloodying his face. Conrad saw Tanith smile.

"Escort him away," she said to Gedor, "and lock the gates."

She closed the door. "Fitten will not bother us again."

"You know him then?" Conrad asked, surprised.

"Yes, we know him. He calls himself a White Magickian. Runs a group of sorts in the city. You are in demand, it seems."

"Must be my natural charm!"

She did not respond. Instead her eyes betrayed no emotion.

"The Master awaits you. In the library. Go now." She turned and walked away.

In the library Conrad could see no one. The room was dim, and he was about to open one of the shutters that had been closed over the windows when he heard a voice behind him.

"Be seated," it said.

He saw no one, but sat at the table. Behind him he heard footsteps.

"Do not look round," the voice like that of the Master said.

"Your Initiation will be tonight. Are you prepared?"

He was not, but did not want to say so. "Yes," he lied, trying to convince himself.

"After the ritual of your Initiation there will be a task for you to complete. But now you must meditate".

The sudden blow enfolded Conrad in darkness.

IV

Conrad awoke in darkness. His neck ached, and he was lying on a hard surface. On both sides he felt a cold, rough wall. The mortar between the bricks crumbled as his fingers touched it. No sounds reached him, and the steel door that sealed him in the cell would not open.

He lay for a long time, thinking about his life, Tanith, the Master and the Satanic group to which he assumed they belonged. Once and once only he felt afraid, but the fear soon passed as he remembered how Neil has spoken of the tests of Initiation. The darkness and the silence soon worked their magick upon him, and he fell asleep.

The loud click awoke him, and he rose to see the door swing slowly open, spreading a diffuse light into the cell. He waited, but no one came. Outside, stone steps led up along a narrow passageway and he climbed them slowly. The passage led to a circular room whose light was emanating from a sphere upon a plinth in the centre and, as he stood watching the light pulse in intensity and change slightly in colour, he felt the room begin to turn. Was he being deceived - or was the room really turning? He could hear a distant, sombre chant and smell a rich incense, and was surprised when the movement stopped and what he thought had been a wall parted to reveal a large chamber below.

Steps led down to where black robed figures stood around a stone altar. The Master was there, and Tanith, clothed in white, and she gestured to him. Somewhere, drums beat and cantors sang a mesmeric chant in a language unknown to Conrad. Tanith was smiling, and he walked down and toward her.

"You," Aris the Master said to him in a voice that was almost chanting, "have come here, nameless, to receive that Initiation given to all who desire the greatness of gods!"

Two figures whose faces were hidden by the hoods of their robes came forward to hold Conrad and roughly strip him until he was naked.

"You have come," Aris was saying, "to seal with an oath your allegiance to me, your Mistress here, and all the members of this our Satanic Temple."

Tanith came toward him, and kissed him on the lips. "I greet you," she said, "in the name of our Prince! Let the Dark Gods and His legions witness this rite!" She turned to the congregation. "Dance, I command you! And with the beating of your feet raise the legions of our lord!"

The Master was chanting something, but Conrad could not understand it.

"Drink!" Tanith said to Conrad, offering him a silver chalice.

He did, draining the wine until the chalice was empty.

"Gather round, my children," Tanith said, and the congregation obeyed to enclose Conrad in their circle, "and feel the flesh of our gift!"

They came towards him, smiling, and ran their hands over his flesh. Conrad was embarrassed, but tried not to show it. One of the congregation was a young woman and she stood for what seemed a long time in front of him so he could see her face enclosed within the hood of her robe. He thought her beautiful, and she ran her hands over his shoulders, chest and thighs before caressing his penis, smiling as he became erect. Then she was gone, enclosed again within the circle of dancers and he found himself held by strong hands and blindfolded.

He could hear Tanith's voice, the chant, and the dancers as they moved around him.

"We rejoice," Tanith was saying, "that another one comes to seed us with his blood and his gifts. We, kin of Chaos, welcome you the nameless. You are the riddle and I an answer and a beginning of your quest. For in the beginning was sacrifice. We have words to bind you through all time to us for in your beginnings, we were. Before you - we have been. After you - we will be. Before us - They who are never named. After us - They will still be. And you, through this rite, shall be of us, bound, as we are bound by Them. We the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess this rock we call this Earth."

Then the Master was before him. "Do you accept the law as decreed by us?"

"Yes, I do," Conrad answered.

"Do you bind yourself, with word and deed and thoughts to us the seed of Satan without fear or dread?"

"Yes"

"Then understand that the breaking of your word is the beginning of our wrath! See him! Hear him! Know him!"

The dancers stopped, and gathered again round Conrad to briefly touch him.

"So you," the Master said "renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver, and all his works?"

"Yes, I do."

"Say it!"

"I renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver and all his works!"

"Do you affirm Satan?"

"I do affirm Satan."

"Satan - whose word is Chaos?"

"Satan - whose word is Chaos!"

"Then break this symbol which we detest!"

A wooden cross was thrust into his hands, and he broke it before throwing the pieces to the ground.

"Now receive," the Master continued, "as a symbol of your faith and a sign of your oath this sigil of Satan."

Tanith gave the Master a small phial of aromatic oil, and with the oil Aris traced the sign of the inverted pentagram on Conrad's forehead, chanting 'Agnos o Satanus!' as he did so. Aris held Conrad's arm while with a sharp knife Tanith cut Conrad's thumb, drawing blood which she spread over her forefinger to draw the sigil of the Temple over his head.

"By the powers we as Master and Mistress wield, these signs shall always be a part of you: an auric symbol to mark you as a disciple of our Prince!"

"Now you must be taught," he heard Tanith's voice say, "the wisdom of our way!"

Two of the congregation came forward and forced him to kneel in front of her.

"See," she said, laughing, "all you who gather now in my Temple: here is he who thought he knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for his cunning! See how our strength over-comes him!"

The congregation laughed, and he felt his hands being bound behind his back. For a second he felt fear, but it was soon gone, replaced by anger and he tried to wriggle free from his bonds.

"A spirited one, this!" he heard Tanith's voice mock. "Listen!" she said to him. "Listen and learn! Keep your silence and be still!"

Conrad strained to hear. There was a rustling, a sound which might have been made by bare feet walking over stone, the chant ending, and then finally silence. He lay still even when he heard someone approaching him as he lay on the floor of the Temple. He felt a warm hand softly touching his skin, felt a woman's naked softness next to him and smelt a beautiful perfume. He did not resist when soft arms moved him to lie beside her, and he began to respond to her kisses and touch.

"Receive from me," the woman whispered, "the gift of your initiation."

Bound and still blindfolded, he surrendered himself to the physical passion she aroused and controlled, and his climax of ecstasy did not take long to reach. When it was over, she removed the cord which bound his hands and then his

blindfold. Conrad recognized the young woman who had caressed him earlier. On the altar lay a black robe and she gave it to him before ringing the Temple bell.

The sound was the signal for the congregation to return, and each member greeted Conrad, their new Initiate, with a kiss. Chalices of wine were handed round and he was given one. He sipped it while around him an orgy began.

"Come," Tanith said to him, "we have other duties."

She led him out of the chamber, through a passage and up well-worn stone stairs to a wooden door. The door was a concealed one and led into a hut. Outside, it was night, but the snow-scattered light illuminated the woods, and he followed Tanith through the snow, shivering from the cold. She did not speak, and he did not, and it seemed to him a long walk back to the house. Inside, it was warm and smelt vaguely of incense.

"Rest now," Tanith said, and kissed him.

He held her and caressed her breasts.

"I have to go," she said without smiling. "Gedor will show you to your room."

Conrad was surprised when out of the shadows Gedor stepped forward, grim-faced.

The room he was led to was unfurnished except for a bed, but it was warm and Conrad soon settled himself under the duvet to read the book that lay upon the pillow. 'The Black Book of Satan' the title read.

The first chapter was called 'What is Satanism' and he was reading it when he heard strange, almost unearthly, sounds outside. He drew back the curtains and to his surprise found they concealed not a window but an oil painting. It was a portrait of a young man dressed in medieval clothes and he stared at it for some time before realizing it was a portrait of himself. It bore a signature he could not read, and a date which he could: MDCXLII. "1642" he said to himself. The colours of the painting seemed dulled a little with age, the canvas itself cracked as if to confirm the antiquity of the portrait.

The strange sounds had stopped, and were replaced by loud laughter outside the door. He went to it, but it was locked.

V

Baynes was a quiet, almost shy man in his late forties. His handsome features, his neatly trimmed beard - black with streaks of grey - his wealth and the soft, mellow tones of his voice made him attractive to many women. He was well aware of this, and made efforts to avoid being left alone with them. A bachelor, his only interest outside his work was the Occult and he had acquired the reputation of regarding women as distant objects of chivalry. His abstemiousness in this matter gave rise to rumours that he was a homosexual but he did nothing to dispel them except explain when pressed on the matter by some of his friends in the Occult and magickal groups he frequented that he regarded women as a hindrance in the attainment of the highest grades of Initiation.

Dressed in an expensive suit, he sat in the lounge of one of his comfortable city houses listening to Fitten talk about the group of Satanists. It was after midnight, and uncharacteristically he was becoming bored. Several members from his own Temple of Isis sat around him in the subdued light, and some of them were trying to resist the

temptation of sleep. Fitten had been talking, in his own disjointed way, for nearly an hour, explaining his theory about the origins of the Satanist group.

"It is an old tradition," Fitten was saying, "a very old tradition. A racial memory, perhaps, of beings who once long ago came to this Earth. For we have been deceived. They are not of the Beast, nor of those Others about whom one writer has written, decades ago. We need to understand this, you see: need to finally understand the truth. We have been deceived about them."

Fitten paused to wipe sweat from his forehead with his coloured handkerchief and Baynes took the opportunity to interject.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of contacting a colleague of mine in London who is well-known as a leading authority on Satanism and he has agreed to come and talk to us. The Satanist group to which the gentleman to whom Mr. Fitten referred to belongs - "

"Conrad Robury," interrupted Fitten.

"The group to which Mr. Robury now, apparently belongs," continued Baynes, "has interested us for some time. Since the murder of Maria Torrens, in fact. You will all, no doubt, recall the brutal facts of that case."

He could see his audience now paying attention.

"As you will remember, her naked and mutilated body was found on the Moors, her head resting on what the Police assumed to be a Black Magick altar. An inverted pentagram had been cut into her skin by a sharp knife - a surgical

scalpel, I was told. Discreetly of course, I was asked for my opinion.

"At first I and the Police investigating the matter were of the opinion that the killing was a motiveless one with no genuine Occult connections, the murderer or murderers providing the 'Occult' evidence to confuse. For, as you will recall, some rather scurrilous newspapers ascertained and published details regarding the lady's rather unfortunate background. She was a 'Lady of the Night' - "

"A prostitute," someone said, and giggled.

Baynes ignored the remark. "- who frequented the area around this city's dockland. She was last seen apparently accepting a lift in a vehicle driven by an attractive middle-aged lady. Shortly after the newspapers published their story, the Police received an anonymous call, naming a suspect. The man was quickly traced, and interviewed and then arrested when he confessed to the crime. He himself had a rather dubious reputation, and said that he had driven Miss Torrens to the scene of the crime and persuaded her to adorn herself in an Occult manner. Apparently, he had been to the motion-pictures and seen some scenes in a film.

"He later retracted this confession and claimed to have been forced to give it by a man whom he continually referred to as 'The Master' whom he claimed had himself committed the brutal murder. He further alleged that this 'Master' was the leader of a group of Satanist's here, in this city and had killed Miss Torrens during a ritual for his own diabolic ends. He made a statement to the Police to this effect, but shortly afterwards began acting rather strangely, and withdrew that statement. During subsequent weeks before his trial he made several other statements, each more ludicrous than the other - for instance, one referred to beings from another planet landing in a 'space-ship', abducting him and Maria."

"It was at the trial, you may well remember, that the Prosecution proved by the testimony of a very respectable witness that Maria and the defendant had been seen together on the Moor only a few hours before her death. The defendant was sentenced to life imprisonment, and was found, some weeks later, hanged in his prison cell. After the trial, I began my own quiet investigation into Satanist groups in this area - and subsequently uncovered one organized by a certain gentleman whom his followers call 'The Master'. This group uses and has used several different names, and has Temples in various other cities. Among its names are 'The Temple of Satan', 'The Noctulians' and 'Friends of Lucifer'."

Fitten was slumped in a chair, apparently asleep, and Baynes smiled at him, in his gentle way, before continuing. "The group is very selective regarding members, and tests all the candidates for Initiation. These tests are sometimes quite severe and sometimes involve the candidate undertaking criminal acts - this of course serving to bind the candidate to the group as well as giving the group evidence to blackmail the candidate with should he or she later prove uncooperative. Unlike most so-called Satanist and Black Magick groups which are usually only a cover for one or more persons criminal or sexual activities, this particular group does work genuine magick, and seems to possess quite an advanced understanding of the subject. Apparently, they follow their own sinister magickal tradition based on the septenary system - or Hebdomadry as it is called.

"Since the Maria Torrens case we, acting with a number of other 'Right Hand Path' groups in this and other areas, have tried to infiltrate this Satanist group, always without success. Until recently, that is."

Smiling, he waited for the exclamations of surprise to subside before he continued.

"This member - whom I shall for obvious reasons call only Frater Achad - has given us valuable information, and he is shortly to be initiated into the sect. What we are hoping is that he can provide us with details regarding members, their magickal workings as well as information regarding their activities which we can pass onto the Police. As I have said, some of their activities verge on the criminal kind of which we are at present unaware, and of course there is always the possibility that Frater Achad can provide us with evidence regarding the Maria Torrens case."

"Naturally, I have told you this in the strictest confidence. Frater Achad is in a delicate - not to say dangerous - position."

Suddenly, Fitten was on his feet, pointing at Baynes. "We must act now! Don't you understand?" He turned and faced the other people present. "Don't any of you understand? We cannot afford to wait! We must act now to destroy them! Soon, their power will grow - so great we, and others, can do nothing. Listen! They will do a ritual to open the gate to the Abyss. An offer - they need an offer to do this, and an offering of human blood. Do you want another death on your hands? Once the Gate is opened they will possess the power of the Abyss itself!"

"Mr. Fitten," Baynes said gently, "I - we all - share your concern about them. But we must plan and act carefully in this matter."

"I shall show you!" Fitten shouted. "I shall stop them! Me! Because I know their secrets! I don't need any of you!"

No one followed him as he left the room and the house.

"Our brother," Baynes said, "needs our help. Let us meditate for a while and send him healing and helpful vibrations."

As they closed their eyes to begin, laughter invaded the room. All present heard it, but no one could see its source. But it was soon gone, and Baynes and his followers of the white path of magick soon resumed their own form of meditation, praying to and invoking their one or many gods according to the many and varied beliefs. The laughter was only one incident and did not undermine their security of faith.

Outside, in the cold and above the snow which covered the ground deeply, an owl screeched in the darkness and silence of the large ornamental garden. The cry startled them more than the demonic laughter.

VI

The voice awoke Conrad, and he roused himself from his troubled sleep to see Mador standing beside his bed.

"Breakfast, Professor?" the dwarf asked again.

"What?"

"Breakfast?"

"What time is it?"

"Time to rise and eat!" He handed Conrad a neat pile of clothes. "Hurry! Rise and eat"

"Leave me alone," Conrad said. His dreams had been disturbing, his sleep broken, and he felt in need of rest.

"The Master sent me," Mador replied, and smiled.

Wearily, Conrad sat up in his warm bed. The room itself felt cold. "Alright. I won't be long."

"I will wait for you - outside."

Conrad dressed slowly in the black clothes someone had selected for him before following Mador to the dining room. The maid was waiting, ready to serve him from the many dishes and he was not surprised when Mador left him. He was surprised when the young lady who had sexually initiated him entered the room to sit beside him.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked him, and smiled.

"Er, yes thank you," Conrad replied in his surprise.

"Do try the kippers," she said to him. "From Loch Fyne. Delicious!" she gestured toward the maid who began to serve them both.

"Do you live here?" Conrad cautiously asked her.

"You are sweet!" she chided him. "I suppose you could say that. I'm Susan, by the way."

"Conrad," he said unnecessarily and held out his hand.

She did not take it and he was left to awkwardly shuffle in his chair.

"Did you like your room?" She asked.

"Well, it was unusual."

"They all say that!"

"They?" he asked.

She ignored his question. "Has the Master explained what you will be doing today?"

"No."

"I'm sure he will want to see you - after you have eaten." She gestured toward the kipper with which the maid had served him.

"I'm not very hungry, actually."

She laughed. "You're not a vegetarian by any chance, are you?"

"No, of course not."

"After all the energy you expended last night," she smiled at him, "I would have thought you'd be ravenous!"

Conrad blushed at this reminder of the passion they as strangers had shared.

"Such innocence!" she said,

"There is a painting in my room," he said to cover his embarrassment. "Is it very old?"

"Have you read any of the book that was left in your room?"

"A little. It's very interesting."

"It's a beginning," she shrugged. "Just a beginning."

"Have you been involved with this group long?"

"That's a quaint way of putting it! 'This group!' You mean, have I been a Satanist a long time?"

The woman's self-assurance, his own discomfort at being a guest in an unusual and luxurious house, and his shyness with women all combined to make Conrad wish he was elsewhere - at his lectures, preferably, learning about the mysteries and beauties of physics. But as he sat looking at the young and quite beautiful woman beside him and as he remembered the bliss they had shared, he began to feel a confidence in himself. It was as though some of the power he had felt during the wiccan ritual over a week ago had returned.

"Yes," he said smiling at her, "how long have you been a Satanist?" He said the last word with relish, as though consciously and proudly committing a sin.

"I was brought up with it - baptised into it."

"Really?"

"Naturally, there was a time when I began to question it, and was given the freedom to do so. In fact even encouraged."

"By your parents?"

"But once you have tasted paradise on Earth, it is irresistible!"

"Why do you evade some of my questions?" Conrad asked, his confidence growing.

Her eyes seemed to him to sparkle as she answered. "Because I am a woman and like to be mysterious!"

Without quite realizing what he was doing he leant toward her and kissed her lips. She did not draw away, and out of the corner of his eye he could see the maid pretending to look out of the window at the garden. Across the room, he heard a discreet and almost gentlemanly cough.

Aris stood by the door. "If you have finished," he said almost smiling, "perhaps we can talk."

"Of course!" Conrad said, surprised.

"In the library." He turned around and left.

"Can I see you - later?" Conrad asked Susan.

"Do you really want to?" She teased.

"Yes!"

"Perhaps. You'd better not keep him waiting."

"No."

He stood up, bent down to kiss her, then decided against it.

The door to the library was open, and Aris was already sitting in a chair by the desk.

"Come!" The Master said in greeting.

Conrad sat opposite trying not to appear nervous.

"The power you felt before," Aris said, "is returning to you. As you hoped it would. This is one result of your Initiation. For you must understand, Initiation into our way is similar to opening a channel, a link, to those hidden or Occult powers which form the real essence of magick."

Conrad was impressed, but Aris continued in his unemotional way. "Those powers you may use for whatever you desire. For sexual gratification, should you so wish. Such power as you feel and have felt will grow, steadily, with your own Occult and magickal development. What occurred last night is but the first of many stages in that development. Are you then prepared to go further?"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

"There is a task I wish you to undertake, a task connected to your Initiation. But you must understand that you have been chosen for more than just this and such other tasks as may be necessary for your own magickal development. For remember I have said that you have a special Destiny to fulfil. What this Destiny is, will become clear when the time is

right. You are important to us, as we to you. Because of this you are more to me and my comrades in magick than a mere Initiate, a beginner in the ways of our dark gods. Remember this, Conrad Robury. I extend my hospitality to you and not just of my house, as you know, because you are more than another novice.

"Now to your task. It will, for a short while, take you away from the house."

Conrad sensed that, whatever the test was, it would partly be a test of fidelity to Aris and his Satanic group.

"You are familiar with someone called Paul Fitten," Aris said. It was not a question, but Conrad still answered, "Yes."

"You are to go to him and persuade him that you wish to help him. Then you must endeavour to undertake a magickal ritual with him. It will be a qabalistic ritual, but never mind. During this ritual you are to redirect the power brought forth - which you must help to generate - so that it takes control of Fitten, harms him in some way. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Aris stared at him, then smiled. "You understand part of it - yes. For you believe I aim to test your morals by asking you to harm by magickal means another individual. But there is more, as you will discover. Now, I have a gift for you - a gift of your Initiation." He placed a silver ring with an ornamental stone on the desk. "Wear it always from this day as a sign of your desire to follow our ways."

Without thinking Conrad began to place the ring on the third finger of his right hand.

"The other hand," Aris said.

Conrad obeyed. The ring was a perfect fit.

"Now, Conrad Robury, you must go to accomplish your task. Susan, as my Priestess, will go with you."

Conrad was at the door when Aris said, "Do not let them - or anyone - try to remove your ring."

VII

Susan, obviously prepared, had driven him straight to Fitten's house. It was a small house, bordering a quiet road near the edge of the city and a dog ran out toward them, barking, as they walked along the path to the door. Susan stared at the dog, and it whimpered away.

Conrad knocked loudly on the door, as a Policeman might. Fitten bore no visible scars of his ordeal at the hands of Gedor and greeted them warmly.

"Come in!" he said. "Please come in! I knew you would come! It was in the chart, you see!"

He led them into a room crowded with books and dimly lit but where a coal fire burned warmly.

"Please, be seated!" he enthused. "I have so much to tell you!"

"This is Susan," Conrad said.

"Yes, yes! How did you escape?"

"Escape?" asked Conrad.

"From the house of the Satanists? You were there, yesterday."

"Oh, them. They seemed only too anxious," lied Conrad, "to let me go after you appeared. One of them mentioned something about 'magickal attack'. Perhaps they thought I would be a burden to them in that case."

"As you would, as you would my son!"

Conrad winced.

"Did you read the books I gave you?" Fitten asked.

"They destroyed them."

"Ah! They are evil, evil incarnate!"

"But who are they?"

"You do not know?" Fitten looked amazed.

"No. Should I?"

"Perhaps not. It is not important. You are here, now, that's what's important."

"I wish," Conrad said and sighed, "someone would tell me what this is all about. I get invited to this party at a house, meet a right bunch of weird characters. Then you appear and are thrown out. Then one of them shows me this Temple they use. I'm a bit out of my depth, here."

"They need an offer, you see. For their Mass. Not a Black Mass - no, something far worse, something more vile and sinister. You had all the right qualities. Just what they needed. They knew that after you attended that meeting of the Circle of Arcadia. They know. They have spies - agents - infiltrators in most groups."

A slim, young woman appeared in the doorway of the room. "Would you like some tea, dear?" she asked her older husband.

"What?" said Fitten.

"Tea. Would you like some?" She innocently returned Conrad's smile.

"Why not! Why not indeed!"

She had gone when Conrad spoke. "You said they needed an offer - a sacrifice."

"I did? Quite! They needed - still need - someone young. They have a tradition, you see, of sacrificing a young man aged twenty one. But only for this important ritual. The time of this ritual is near. They will have power from it. Not just Occult power. No, real power! They channel the magickal forces, you see, into a practical form - sometimes a person, sometimes an institution, a company, or something like that. Such use of magick is real black magick, real evil! They fermented, these worshippers of the darkest of dark forces,

the French Revolution - the blood spilled was a sacrifice, an offering to their strange alien gods. They brought about with their magick the Third Reich. Now they prepare again!" He wiped the sweat from his forehead with his hand.

"But why me?" Conrad asked, trying to appear serious.

"You were a key to open the gate to the powers, the dark powers of the Abyss. Their Black Magick rites would use this power! I have sent for help."

"Sent for help?"

"A Magus. The most powerful White Lodge has been alerted. They will send a Magus."

"You do not want to deal with it yourself?" Conrad asked.

"I? I have no authority! A council must be convened: all the Magister Templi must be invited."

"But if the situation is as serious as you believe," Conrad resisted the temptation to smile, "can you afford to wait. Surely you must do something yourself."

"Well," Fitten sighed, "I did a little ritual. Last night."

"And it worked. I am here."

"I am thankful to the Lord for that. They might try and get you back - or find another offer." He slumped in his chair, looking pale and tired.

Suddenly, Conrad conceived an idea. "Will you excuse me a moment," he said, "I must go to the toilet."

Fitten said nothing, and stared into the fire. Conrad left. He found Fitten's wife in the kitchen of the house.

"Making tea?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Any special kind?"

"No, just ordinary tea."

"I prefer Formosa Oolong myself." He closed the door.

"I wouldn't know!"

"There's a lovely tea shop in the city centre which serves a good selection. Perhaps you've been there?"

"No," she said and turned away from him.

"It's really lovely sitting there of a winter's evening watching people pass in the street. You must try it sometime."

"Maybe."

"You look very tired," he said, softly.

"It's been a hectic week."

"Perhaps you need a break - away from the house."

"Maybe," she said dully.

"Please don't be offended, but perhaps I could take you out to dinner one evening?"

"I'm sorry?" she said with genuine surprise.

"You looked so sad, standing there," he said with kindness in his voice.

"I'm just tired."

"Would you like to come to dinner with me one evening? I know a rather nice restaurant."

"It's very kind of you to ask," she said formally.

"I'm not being kind. It would give me great pleasure to have the company of a beautiful woman for an evening. And you are beautiful."

"I'm a married woman."

"And a beautiful one. When did you last dine out?" He could see that the question pained her although she did not answer.

"Would he really miss you for one evening?"

She looked at him briefly then lowered her eyes. He moved toward her and held her hand, gently caressing it with his fingers. She closed her eyes, and he was surprised by her reaction as he was by his own confidence. It was as though he had become another person. He bent forward to kiss her but she moved away.

"Please," she pleaded, but made no move to free her hand from his.

"Tonight," he said, "About eight o'clock?"

"I don't know."

"I'll collect you about a quarter to eight, then."

"The lady who came with you - " she asked.

"My sister?" he lied. "She wants to talk to your husband about witchcraft, I think. Can't say I find the subject of interest, myself. I'm studying Physics at the moment."

She finally withdrew her hand from his. "At the University?"

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"I went there," she said shyly.

"Really? What did you study?"

"Geology."

"I've always been fascinated by that subject. You must tell me about it - tonight."

"I didn't complete my course."

"To get married?"

"No. Well, not exactly." She turned away to complete her preparation of the tea. She gave him the tray. "Would you mind?" she asked.

"Not at all! Tonight, then?"

She smiled and held the door open for him. "We'll see!" she said.

Down the dark hallway of the house he could hear Fitten's agitated voice.

"Tea?" he said, entering the warm room.

"Mr. Fitten," Susan said, "is thinking of performing a ritual here tonight."

"Oh? Why?"

"Well," Susan continued, "I suggested it would be a good idea at this moment in time. To strike now, when they are unprepared."

"I don't know, I don't know!" said Fitten, shaking his head.

"I have explained" Susan said to Conrad, "that I myself am a Second Degree Witch, so I can assist."

Suddenly, Fitten stood up. "Yes! We must act! I feel it is right! The time is right! You are right."

"If it would help," Susan said to him, "I have something taken from the house of the Satanists." She fumbled in her handbag.

Fitten took the silver medallion inscribed with an inverted pentagram and the word 'Atazoth'.

"Atazoth. Atazoth," he mumbled. "Yes, this would be very suitable; very suitable indeed. Where did you get it?"

"Conrad found it in the house."

"Yes. I gave it to her. All this Occult stuff does not really interest me. Not any more."

"But you are," Susan asked him "prepared to partake in a ritual with us."

"Of course. As I explained to my sister," he said to Fitten, "although I don't understand all of this, I'm prepared to help. I trust her judgment."

"Good! Good!" Fitten said. "Tonight, you say?" he asked Susan.

"It would be best. You could get assistance? For I have heard you have many contacts. I would of course leave the type of ritual up to you - since you have far more knowledge and experience of ceremonial than I."

Fitten was pleased by Susan's praise. "I would have to make some telephone calls."

"Naturally. What time would you suggest?" Susan asked.

"Eight o'clock. The hour of Saturn!"

"Surely," Conrad said, "the sooner we begin the better. How about now?"

"Now? Now?" Fitten looked amazed.

"There is you, me, my sister - your wife."

"My wife?"

"Such a ritual as we need to do may be dangerous."

"But surely she has assisted you before?"

"Of course! Many times, in fact. We need more time to prepare."

"But we have the medallion," Susan suggested.

"Even so - "

"Do you intend," Susan asked, "to conjure force and send it against the Satanists?"

"Yes. Yes, I had thought in such terms. Psychic attack! I can remember the face of that evil woman!"

"What woman?" Conrad asked.

"That evil woman who was with you in their house!"

"Tanith is her name."

"I thought so! The spirits speak to me, you see. The Lord is with us!" He stared at them both as if possessed. "Yes! We will act now!" Then he was quiet again and softly spoken. "I will make a few telephone calls - perhaps some friends of mine can come at short notice."

As soon as he left the room, Susan asked, "You have a plan?"

"Indeed! It should be interesting!"

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Susan asked, smiling.

"Yes! I feel really alive! Bursting with energy!"

Fitten was not away long. "Three others!" he announced on his return. "Three have agreed to come!"

"It bodes well, then," Conrad said.

"My temple - we will wait for them in my Temple."

"Your wife will be participating?"

"Yes, she will. Come, I will show you my Temple."

The Temple was a converted bedroom. There was no altar, only a large circle inscribed on the floor around which were magical names and signs. IHVH, AHIH, ALIVN and ALH. The name Adonai was the most prominent and various Hebrew letters completed the circle's adornment, The walls of the room were grey and white, and inside the circle on the floor stood a small table covered with a sword, several knives, candles and bowls of incense. The sword and knives were inscribed with writing that Conrad, from even his cursory study during the last week of the qabalistic ceremonial tradition, recognized as the magickal script called 'Passing the River'.

"We must meditate while we wait for the others," Fitten said as he lit several candles scattered around the floor.

"Bring good vibrations to assist us."

Following Susan, Conrad sat on the floor. He closed his eyes and imagined the room filling with demons and imps. He was almost asleep when Fitten's wife brought the remainder of the participants, two rather plump men and a woman with an unsmiling sallow face.

"Let us begin!" Fitten announced dramatically. He gave his congregation white robes and offered some to Susan and Conrad who declined. "Let us stand within the circle!" he announced.

Conrad deliberately stood next to Fitten's wife with Susan beside him. Then Fitten was pointing the tip of the sword at the painted circle on the circle on the floor.

"I exhort you," he shouted, "by the powerful and Holy names which are written around this circle, protect us!"

He put down his sword, held a piece of parchment up and then sprinkled incense over the floor. "Let the divine white brilliance descend. Before me Raphael, behind me Gabriel, at my right hand Michael, and at my left hand Auriel. For before me flames the pentagram and behind me stands our Lords six pointed star. Elohim! Elohim Gibor! Eloath Va-Daath! Adonai Tzabaoth! City of Light, open your radiance to us. We command you and your guardians, by the Holy Names - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Twelve is our number."

"Twelve," repeated the others present, with the exception of Susan and Conrad.

"There are twelve," Fitten continued, "twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve disciples of our Lord!"

"Twelve disciples of our Lord."

"Twelve months in the year!"

"Twelve months in the year."

"Let us adore," Fitten chanted, "the Lord and the King of Hosts. Holy art thou Lord, thee who hast formed Nature. Holy art thou, the vast and the mighty one, Lord of Light and of the Darkness. Holy art thou, Lord! By the word of Paroketh, and by the sign of the rending of the Veil, I declare that the Portal of the Adepts is open! Hear the words! These are the words - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim! Tzabaoth!"

He bent down to scribble a sign on the parchment, then held it up, circling round sun-wise as he did so. "Come!" he shouted. "Come to me! To me!"

Conrad assumed the sign was of a demon, taken from the Lesser Key of Solomon.

"Behold the sign!" Fitten was saying. "Behold the Holy Name and my power! EIO! EIO! EIO! Tzabaoth! I command you! Appear! EIO! Tzabaoth!"

The candles began to dim, and Conrad could sense the anticipation of the participants. He saw Susan close her eyes. She, too, was speaking, but softly so the others might not hear. He caught the words 'Agius o Satanas' as she exhaled but heard nothing more.

Then a vague, ill-defined and almost luminescent shape appeared in the corner of the room.

"Yod He Vau Heh!" Fitten shouted.

Almost immediately, Conrad took the hand of Fitten's wife in his own. She seemed to grasp it eagerly, and he stepped back, placing his foot over the painted circle. He could feel a force pulling him, and he closed his eyes to concentrate, willing the force into Fitten's wife.

She screamed, and fell to the floor. Then she was standing, her hair disheveled, her face contorted and almost leering. She raised her hands like claws and began to walk slowly to where Fitten stood. Hurriedly, Fitten tried to burn the parchment he was holding in the flame of one of the candles, but he burnt his fingers instead. His wife was laughing and had ripped open her blouse to reveal her breasts.

Suddenly, as if realizing what had happened, Fitten stared at Conrad. He held the medallion Susan had given him over the flame of the candle and as he did so his wife stopped, her hands held motionless before her, her lips bared in a silent snarl. Susan gripped Conrad's arm, and he turned to see her face contorted in pain.

There was a demonic strength in Conrad as he saw this, and his body tensed as he willed Fitten's wife nearer and nearer to her husband. He could sense the elemental force within the room and tried to shape it by his own will to make Fitten's wife take the medallion from his hand. She touched the chain, and then the medallion, but did not scream as the heat from the candle burnt her flesh, its smell invading the darkening room. She threw it to the ground to turn to face her husband, her hands reaching up towards his bare neck.

Then, quite suddenly, she stopped. Conrad felt another force within the confines of the room. It was a powerful force, opposed to him and he watched as Fitten's aura became visible, flaming upwards in patterns of red and yellow and curling up over his head before it turned to inch closer and closer toward him. Fitten's wife turned to walk in pace with the advancing colour-changing aura toward where Conrad stood. There was something Conrad did not understand about all this as he strove to try and will the advancing force away. Two names suddenly entered his mind. Baynes; Togbare an inner almost laughing voice said, and he was wondering what to do next when he remembered the last words of Aris his Master.

He held out his left hand to show Fitten his ring.

"The ring! We must get his ring!" one of Fitten's followers shouted.

They moved toward Conrad, slowly it seemed as if in slow motion, and as they did so Fitten's aural light was sucked into the ring. Then all magickal power in the room was gone, and he could see Fitten, his mouth open, his eyes staring, his face white. Fitten's wife had stopped again and was slowly falling to the floor.

They reached her, but she was dead.

VIII

An exhausted Conrad had slept in Susan's car on their return journey to Aris' house. The death of Fitten's wife had ended the ritual and a crazed Fitten had lunged at Conrad who had time only to raise his arms in self-defence before Susan knocked Fitten unconscious using Martial Arts techniques.

"Go, please go" one of Fitten's group had said, and they had left unmolested.

The Master was waiting for them in the hall, and he ushered Conrad into the library where a log fire had been lit.

"I gather there were certain complications," Aris said.

"Unfortunately."

"Tell me, then, what transpired - exactly as you remember it."

Conrad told his story - Fitten's wife, how he planned to use her during the ritual. The qabalistic conjuration of Fitten. His own breaking of the circle. The aura and the presence. Finally, he spoke of the ring which had drained the hostile magick away.

"Oh," concluded Conrad, "I remember two names. They just came into my mind before I remembered about the ring."

"Are you certain it was before?"

"Yes."

"Certainly, that is interesting. And the names?"

"Baynes and Togbare."

Conrad thought he detected a look of surprise on Aris' face.

"You know them?" he asked.

"I have heard of them."

"Are they important?"

"You spoke of Fitten mentioning the White Lodge. Do you know what that means?"

"Only that it is supposed to be a group of Occultists who follow the Right Hand Path."

"It is a loose term used to describe a group of followers of that path who are dedicated to counteracting the activities of groups such as ours. Most are also followers of the Nazarene. This White Lodge fears that we will unite to use our powers against them. There are some who believe a 'Black Lodge' exists for just this purpose. Paranoia, naturally." He smiled, and the sinister nature of his appearance in that moment became evident to Conrad. "Or at least it was."

"This White Lodge," Aris continued, "tries to infiltrate Satanist groups, disrupt them, and so on. They conduct rituals for just such a purpose. The Council of this Lodge - an extremely secret organization - oversees all these activities, and its present head is a certain Frater Togbare."

"I see," quipped Conrad, nervously.

"Then perhaps you will explain what you see."

"It was not Fitten I was struggling with toward the end of the ritual but this White Lodge."

"Probably."

"But how - how did they know?"

"Through Fitten himself. You said he had claimed to be in contact with them before the ritual."

"Yes." Earnestly, he looked at Aris. "If this White Lodge is so powerful why did they allow Fitten's wife to die?"

Aris smiled. It was not a pleasing smile. "Once brought, such power has to be used, directed. It was dissipated, one could say, through the woman's death."

"They could not have saved her?"

"Yes, they could have, but they were unprepared for the ring."

"The ring?" Conrad stared at it. It looked ordinary, now in the light of the room and the fire.

"It was a link - between you and Susan."

"Susan? I'm sorry, I don't understand."

"You will."

His tone precluded, it seemed to Conrad, any further discussion of the matter. "But the woman's death," Conrad asked, "surely there will be complications? The Police - "

"Will not be involved," completed Aris. "The White Lodge - or rather the individuals composing it - are quite influential. Death by natural causes, I am sure will be the verdict."

"But surely I - I mean, what occurred during the ritual - will have started something? Fitten and the others will surely not let the matter stop there."

"What occurred was a warning to them - a prelude. There will shortly be a ritual undertaken by us in which you will

figure. Recall the mention I made of your Destiny. The time for fulfillment is near. Now they know our strength and our power, as I wished!"

"So it was more than just a test for me - of my Initiation?"

"Yes! As your Initiation was more than just another Initiation. But you are tired, and in need of sustenance. Go then, and feast yourself. We will meet again, and soon."

He walked to a shelf and took down a book before opening it and beginning to read. Conrad left the library to find Susan waiting.

"Shall we eat first?" she asked him quizzically.

"I'm sorry?" he said obtusely, still suffering from his contact with Aris.

"Which appetite do you want to satisfy first?"

He smiled, and she took his hand leading him toward the stairs and her room. It was luxurious, warm and vaguely perfumed, and he was surprised by her eagerness for she had soon stripped him and herself of clothes. She was remembering the ritual, the momentary exhilaration of rendering Fitten unconscious but most of all the death they had induced as she sought through Conrad to satisfy her lust.

"I want you!" she almost pleaded and screamed, and Conrad in his inexperience believed her. But his own physical experience was growing along with his magickal-inspired confidence, and he sought, and succeeded, to prolong his own pleasure and hers. In the bliss of his satiation he fell

asleep, his limbs entwined around her body, and it was in the deep of night he awoke, to find himself alone.

Thirst and hunger roused him from her bed, and he dressed to wander from the room. The house was lit but with subdued and warming light, and he walked cautiously down the stairs, hoping to find someone awake. The silence unnerved him, a little, and he stood by the open door to the dining room for some minutes before going in.

The table was laid for one. The servers' door still swayed, a little, and he was about to push it open to peer into the serving room and kitchen's beyond, when the maid opened it.

She indicated the chair, and he obediently sat at the table. Several times he tried to engage her in conversation, and each time she turned away. Her expression never changed, and twice he asked her after Susan but she continued with her duties, mute and efficient. He was served soup, a course containing fillet steak, and he was sitting shrouded in silence and replete from the food drinking his coffee alone when he saw a light in the garden through the window.

It was a torch, wavering in the distance. Vaguely, he could discern a person running. Intrigued, he extinguished the lights in the room to watch the figure weave closer toward the house. The snow was bright, and as the figure passed by, Conrad recognized Fitten. He soon had the window open.

He clambered through, surprised by the intense cold outside. Fitten must have heard him, for he turned around and shone the light from the torch into Conrad's face.

Then Fitten was screaming and running toward him. "You killed her! Devil!" he shouted.

Fitten swung the torch at Conrad's face, but Conrad parried the blow as Fitten tried to grapple. Then, they were both on the ground, rolling over and over in the snow with Fitten trying to pummel Conrad's face with his fists. Desperate, but determined, Conrad butted Fitten's head with his own. Dazed, Fitten rolled away and Conrad was about to stand and drag him to his feet when Aris and Gedor walked out of the house toward them.

"How pleasing!" Aris said. "He has arrived just in time to join our little celebration. Bring him!" he commanded Gedor, and Gedor obeyed, lifting Fitten easily.

They were returning toward the house when Aris said, "We have other unwelcome guests, I sense." He appeared to be listening to something no one else could hear, then turned to Gedor. "Release him!"

Gedor dropped Fitten into the snow. Aris bent over him, gripping his neck in his hand and saying, "He is dead already! Give him to them if they wish it!"

He released Fitten, who fell dazed. Then Aris was gone, into the shadows of the trees beside one side of the house, and as he did so two men appeared, walking over the snow from the front of the house.

"I'm sorry to intrude," the tallest of them said to Conrad, "but we have come for him."

"What do you want?" Conrad asked aggressively.

"My name is Baynes -" the tall man said.

"Baynes?" Conrad repeated, and then remembered.

"Yes. Now, about Mr. Fitten - "

"You are not welcome here," Conrad said.

"That is no surprise to me. We have come to escort Mr. Fitten home. I am very much afraid the recent death of his wife has unsettled him."

Fitten had stood up, his head bowed and he appeared to be crying.

"Take him," Conrad said.

"Thank you Mr. Robury."

Conrad was surprised at the use of his name. "Go, now," he said. "This is private property."

"This place and that attitude," Baynes said gently, "do not suit you. If at any time you wish to come and talk with me - "

Conrad was beginning to get angry. "Push off!"

"You do not realize what is happening to you, do you?"

"Gedor - " Conrad said, gesturing toward Baynes. He was half-surprised when Gedor, obeying him, moved forward menacingly.

"We shall take our leave," Baynes said, holding Fitten's arm.

Conrad watched them go. Someone was walking toward him from the house, and he turned to see Susan.

"Our ritual will begin soon," she said. "Come, I must prepare you - for the fulfillment of your Destiny is near."

His anger had left him by the time they reached the libation chamber, beside the hidden Temple, with its sunken pool. He stood watching Susan as she stripped naked to bathe. The sight aroused him, while nearby in the Temple, he could hear that Satanic chanting had begun.

IX

Only once did Conrad think about the death of Fitten's wife - but he did not care. He felt the pure exhilaration of life, the joy - the blissful ecstasy of living totally without planning and almost without thought. There was an exuberance within him which he felt he was beginning to need.

Events were happening to him, rather than being controlled by him, but he possessed a strong sense of his own importance, a strong belief that life had chosen him for something, and he drifted into the events with wonder but little fear. His life, since the light suffused him during the wiccan rite, had been enhanced. Was what he felt, he briefly thought, the ecstasy that warriors found in war and which they sought again and again? That bliss of being so near oblivion that there was a pure joy in the ordinary moments of living? Was this, he wondered, the true meaning of Satanism?

He did not know, nor particularly care, so far had magick re-made him, he followed Susan down the steps into the

Temple with greedy anticipation, proud of his robe which had been waiting for him beside the waters of libation, and proud that he had physically possessed Susan, the beautiful Satanic priestess.

Near the altar on which Tanith lay naked, a crystal tetrahedron glowed, adding to the light from the candles. The congregation were gathered round the altar and their Master stood nearby, holding up the wax effigy which had lain on Tanith's womb.

"I who delivered you in birth now name you," he said, but Conrad could not hear the name Aris pronounced and blessed with the sign of the inverted pentagram.

Susan took the effigy, and dressed it while the Master raised his arms.

"I will go down to the altars in Hell," he said.

"To Satan, the giver of life," responded the congregation.

Conrad stood within their circle, raising his voice in the Satanic prayers that followed. He knew the Satanist 'Our Father' and Creed by heart.

Aris began the chanting which followed. 'Agios o Satanas!' he sang. It was then that Conrad noticed the small coffin beside the altar, and a black shroud, ready. The chanting continued as Susan assisted Tanith from the altar before clothing her in a crimson robe.

"We" Tanith said to them all, "curse Paul Fitten."

"We curse Paul Fitten."

"He," she said, with glee, "will writhe and die."

"He will writhe and die."

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"We shall kill him!" she laughed.

"We shall kill him!" the congregation, Susan, Aris and Conrad laughed.

In the shadows, someone beat a hand-drum, capturing the rhythm of the chant.

"We shall glory in his death!" Tanith, as Mistress of Earth, said.

"We shall glory in his death!"

Tanith made passes with her hands over the effigy, chanting as she did so, before picking it up and showing it to the worshippers gathered around her.

"The Earth rejects him," she said.

"You reject him," they responded.

"I who gave you birth, now lay you down to die!" She placed the effigy in the coffin, secured the lid, and wrapped the shroud around it.

"He is dead!" She said.

"He is dead! By our curse, destroyed!"

Slowly, Susan led the dance and the chant. "Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla teste Satan cum sibylla. Quantos tremor est futurus quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

The chant was strange to Conrad, almost unearthly, but he quickly learnt it as he danced and chanted with the others, counter sun-wise around the altar. The dance and the chant were becoming quicker with every revolution, and he was almost glad when Susan pulled him away. She did not speak, but took him down with her to the floor while Tanith stood over them, saying "Fratres, ut meum vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanas!"

Susan kissed him as they lay on the ground and Tanith kneeled beside them to caress Conrad's buttocks and back. In the excitement of the ritual and Tanith's touch, Conrad's task was soon over, and he slumped over Susan, temporarily exhausted from his ecstasy. He did not resist when Tanith rolled him over, and watched, as the dancers danced around them still chanting and the light pulsed with the beat of the drum, while Tanith buried her head between Susan's thighs. Then she was kissing him with her wet mouth before she stood to kiss each member of the congregation in salutation.

"You who gave him his birth," Susan was chanting as she walked toward the shrouded coffin, "and with my power I have killed him who dared to stand against us! See!" she said, laughing as she faced the congregation who had

gathered around her to listen, "how my magick destroys him! He died in agony and we rejoiced!"

"He died in agony and we rejoiced!" they responded.

She took the coffin, placed it on the floor of the Temple and held a lighted candle to the shroud. It burst into flames. "Our curse, by my will," she said, "has destroyed him! Dignum et justum est!"

She laughed, Conrad laughed, the congregation laughed as the shroud and the coffin burnt fiercely.

"Feast now, and rejoice," Tanith commanded them, "for we have killed and shown the power of our Prince!"

Near Conrad, the orgy of lust began as two naked men walked down the steps to the Temple carrying large trays full of food and wine. A woman came toward Conrad, smiled, and removed her robe, but Susan took his hand and led him back up the steps.

She did not speak, and he did not, but bathed with him in the libation chamber, then began to dress herself and waited while he dressed, and took him back to the house. The room to which she took him was dark and empty.

"You felt no power in the ritual?" she suddenly asked as they stood beside each other in the coldness.

"Yes" he lied.

"You must be honest with me," he heard Aris' voice say. Light came slowly - a soft light to reveal only the bare walls

of the room and Susan standing and smiling beside him. There were no windows, and the door was closed.

"Do not be afraid," Susan said in her own voice.

"I am not afraid," he answered honestly.

"Tell me, then, about the ritual," Susan asked softly.

"There was something," he said, "but not what I expected."

"Am I what you expect?" she said with Aris' voice. She was watching him, waiting.

Momentarily, Conrad had the impression that Susan was not human at all - she was something unearthly which was using her form and Aris' voice, something from another time and space. But he had touched her, kissed her, felt the soft warmth of her body. Confused, he stood watching her. She was not the young woman he had known: her eyes became full of stars, her face the void of space. She became Aris, a nebulous chaos that was incomprehensible to him.

He could feel within him her longing for the vastness of space. There was a sadness within this longing, for it had existed before him and would exist after his own death, thousands of years upon thousands of years. He would have to understand, he suddenly knew - he would have to understand and help before this sad longing, this waiting would be over.

Then she was Susan again, standing next to him and holding his hand, caressing his face with her fingers. Gentle and warm.

"You are beginning to understand," she was saying.

Her touch re-assured him. "Yes" he said, "I am yours."

The door opened, and Aris came toward him.

"Your life," Aris the Master said, "will break the seal which binds Them."

"I have no choice," Conrad said as if hypnotized.

"You have no choice," Aris and Susan said together.

Aris smiled, and kissed Susan. "You have done well, my daughter. Now you must prepare him."

It was time, Conrad understood. Yes, it was time. Susan touched his forehead, and he fell unconscious to the floor.

X

Fitten was mumbling to himself as he sat against the wall of Baynes' house. He seemed harmless, and Baynes left him alone.

"He has been like this since you returned from that house? The speaker was an old man whose white beard terminated in a point. He sat on a comfortable chair, his ornately carved walking stick beside him.

"Yes," replied Baynes. Frater Togbare was his honoured guest.

"I spoke with the Council, last night," Togbare said. "We are agreed the situation is serious. You have had no recent news from Frater Achad?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"His Initiation in the Satanic group is due, you said?"

"Yes. Sometime during the next few days. He should be able to provide us with more information then."

"Excellent. We shall need it. I only hope we have enough time."

Fitten began to gibber, jumping up and down as he watched the guests Baynes and Togbare had invited arrive in their cars. Togbare went to him, and touched his shoulder. The gentle touch of the Old Magus seemed to comfort Fitten, for he sat quietly in the corner, tracing shapes on his palm with his finger.

It was not long before all the guests had arrived and were settled in the room. They had been quietly told about Fitten, and could ignore him.

Baynes rose to address them. "Ladies and gentlemen. You are all, I know, familiar with the reasons why Frater Togbare and myself have called this meeting. You come here - some I know from far away - as representatives of many and different organizations. All of us, however, have a common aim - to prevent the Satanists succeeding in their plan." He sat down, and Togbare whispered in his ear.

"Er, yes of course," he agreed in answer to Togbare's whispered question. He stood up again. "Frater Togbare has

suggested I briefly outline the facts of the matter to you, so that everything is in perspective - before we begin our magickal tasks." He surveyed the eager, expectant and occasionally anxious faces before him. Six men and four women of varying ages and manner of dress. "We believe that the Satanist group responsible for the death by magick of Mr Fitten's wife, the present state of Mr Fitten himself, and the murder of, among others, Maria Torrens, are acting in concert with a number of other Satanic groups in this and other countries to perform a powerful and very sinister ritual. This ritual has as one of its aims, the Opening of the Gates to the Abyss - releasing thus the psychic energy that has been stored over the ages on various astral levels as well as drawing into the ordinary world of our waking consciousness evil entities. This opening will release powerful forces, and change the world. It will be the beginning of an age of darkness.

"As you all know, Satanists - and here of course I refer to genuine practitioners of the Black Arts and not the showman type - have used their magickal powers for centuries to bring about chaos, to increase the evil in this world. Perhaps there exists some centuries old Satanic plan - I do not know. But what is clear, what has become evident to us over the past decade or so, is that some groups are about to perform this particular ritual which to our knowledge no one has attempted before."

He smiled, a little. "Or perhaps I should say - no one has attempted and succeeded. The power of the most important group involved in this is immense - as I am sure you all have realized. It is not easy, in magick, as you all know, to kill another by ritual - but they possess this power, claimed by many others, but rarely proven."

"When this power is released by their ritual there will be immediate effects as well as more long term ones. An increase in evil deeds - resulting from weak individuals becoming possessed by the demonic forces unleashed. That

is only one example. You all share, I know, my concern and that of the Council which Frater Togbare represents."

"Thus we have called you here to use our combined abilities to nullify this plan and the ritual. You all are accomplished and experienced Occultists: some working within your own groups, others, alone. I have myself prepared a site for you." He indicated a woman seated near him, resplendent in colourful clothes and jewelry. "Denise here will go with you, and explain the details of the ritual we propose to undertake."

A man rose, respectfully, from his chair. "You will not be accompanying us?" he asked.

"No. Neither will Frater Togbare. Perhaps I should explain. We recently infiltrated the main Satanist group with one of our members. We are waiting for him to contact us with important details - the time, place of the ritual and so on. As you will appreciate this is a delicate matter, and we need to be available as the information could be received at any time. We will both, of course, at the appointed time of your ritual, perform one of our own, joining you on the astral. I hope this answers your question, Martin."

"Yes. Yes, of course," the now embarrassed man agreed.

"It only remains, therefore, for me to hand you over into the very capable hands of Denise."

Denise smiled affectionately at him, and he looked away.

As they stood to leave, Togbare addressed them. "I am most pleased," he said, "that you have responded to our call so readily at no small sacrifice to yourselves. If I may be allowed to add a codicil to our learned friend's remarks, I

would remind you that the ritual which the Satanists plan here in this city or nearby requires at least one - possibly more - human sacrifice. Thank you all, most sincerely."

He beamed with delight, and shook the hands of several of the guests who came to greet him.

"Shall I light the fire?" Baynes asked him when all the guests were gone.

"That would be most kind," Togbare replied. "Most kind of you. Then we must begin."

"I suppose," Baynes said as he knelt down before the hearth to light the fire, already prepared. "We could liken this opening of the gates to the return of Satan himself - Armageddon, and the beginning of the reign of the Anti-Christ."

"Yes, possibly."

Suddenly, Fitten jumped up. "No! No!" he screamed. "He lies!" he shouted at Togbare. "He lies! I know! Me! For I have been given the understanding!"

He moved toward Togbare, and Baynes went to restrain him.

"Leave me alone!" screamed Fitten. "You are cursed! He must know!" He pushed Baynes away. Togbare smiled at him.

"Listen!" Fitten said to Togbare. "We will all be offers. Not Satan! Not Satan! Do you understand? It is THEM! The spawn of Chaos. They have lied to us, you see. Lied to us!"

Oh, how they have lied and deceived us. The Master will bring Them - They need us, you see. From the stars They will come. The seal that holds Them in Their own dimensions will be broken! Don't you understand? They are not the Old Ones! They have lied about that, also! The Nine Angles are the key - "

Fitten stopped, his hands raised, his face red. Then he was coughing and choking, spitting blood before he fell to writhe and scream on the floor. Frothy blood oozed from his mouth, and his bones could be heard breaking. His face went blue, his eyes bulged and then he was still. Baynes went to him, but he was dead, Having swallowed his own tongue.

"We must be calm," Togbare said as sudden laughter filled the darkening room. "Concentrate, with me." Baynes came to stand beside him. "There is evil in this room. Concentrate, with me," Togbare repeated. "The flaming pentagram and the four-fold breathing."

Gradually, the laughter and the darkness subsided.

"He is dead," said Baynes unnecessarily. He covered Fitten's contorted face with his coat.

Eerily, the telephone began to ring. "Baynes here," he said. He listened, then gave the receiver to Togbare. "It's Frater Achad. He wants to speak with you."

"Hello!" Togbare said. "Yes, we are alone. Mr Fitten? He was here, yes. But listen, my son. Just now he died. Here, in this room. Are you still there? Evil magick - dark powers came to us, here. Yes, I understand. I shall pray for you, my son. Goodbye." He returned the telephone receiver to Baynes. "He could not speak for long."

"Of course. Did he mention anything? About the ritual?"

"Only a manuscript which might be relevant. Sloane MS 3189."

"I am not familiar with it, myself. British Museum?"

"Yes. Now, about poor Mr Fitten - "

"I shall take care of everything. The Police will have to be informed, of course."

"Naturally."

"I have some influence," Baynes said, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not like to use it, but in the circumstances - "

"I quite understand," said Togbare sympathetically.

"There will be no need for the Occult connection to become known. If you will excuse me, for a moment. I have some telephone calls to make."

"Yes, of course."

The fire was burning brightly when Baynes returned to find Togbare still sitting in the chair and Fitten's body still nearby on the floor. Baynes admired Togbare's calm detachment.

"His notes and papers," Togbare asked. "It might help if we perused them."

"Possibly. I have a key to his house."

"Indeed?" Togbare was surprised.

"A few weeks ago," Baynes explained, "he came to see me. He gave me the key with the instructions to burn all his notes, papers and books should anything happen to him."

"He was expecting something to happen?"

"Apparently. But he was always liable to get excited. It was just his way."

"You did not believe him?" asked Togbare without censure.

"To be honest, no. I wish I had done. Perhaps I could have done something."

"There is nothing any one of us could have done. You have informed the Police?"

"Yes. Someone will be arriving shortly."

Togbare smiled. "Just as Denise and the others begin their ritual."

"Of course!" said Baynes, suddenly understanding. "The Master has timed this well."

Togbare sighed. "He is powerful. Yet there is something else. Our every effort to neutralize the magickal power of this group over the years has come to naught. I have long suspected they have infiltrated us. The Council itself. These most recent events only confirm my suspicions."

"You believe there is a traitor?" asked Baynes with incredulity.

"I do not believe," Togbare answered quietly, "I know." He sighed again. "For this knowledge I will die. Perhaps my death will stop them - I do not know. But I know that beyond death this Satanic Master will try and claim my soul."

Gently, Baynes held the old man's hand. It was cold, like the room.

"It will be dawn in a few hours," Baynes said.

Then the laughter returned to haunt them - damning, demonic laughter. But it was soon gone as, outside, they heard an owl, screeching.

XI

Around him, Conrad sensed many people. He could not see them directly, for he was held as if paralysed on the floor of a small chamber near the Temple. There was a pillow supporting his head, and he looked down to see himself dressed in a black robe, the septagon sigil of the Order embroidered in red over the place of his heart.

He could hear chanting, smell incense and burning wax. Then a voice, speaking words he remembered from his own Initiation: "Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!" It was Tanith's voice, but it seemed to become very distant. Then he was asleep again, dreaming of being in space above the Earth as it turned in its orbit around the sun. Then he was among alien but humanoid beings as they descended to Earth from the cold prison of space. Time rushed on, in a fluxion of images. Primitive tribes gathered in

awe and greeting for the beings who taught, guided, controlled and destroyed among the forests and the ice. Others opposed to them came forth from space, seeking them out to kill or capture, taking their prisoners away, back into the cold, vast prison in space from which they had escaped, sealing them in forever in a vortex. He was there, in the dimensions and time beyond the causal, and felt their longing to escape, to explore the vastness and the beauty of the stars.

He awoke feeling a sense of loss. For minutes he lay still, scarcely breathing, and then he saw - or thought he saw - Tanith enter the chamber leading a man, blindfolded and bound. She lay with him on the floor to complete his Initiation before removing the blindfold.

"Neil, Neil!" he tried to say as he recognized the man. But the words would not be formed by his mouth and he lay helpless and still until the image vanished. He saw Susan walking toward him, and he closed his eyes, refusing to believe them. But she touched him, washing his face and hands with the warm water she carried in a bowl. She was smiling at him as she gently caressed him.

"I..." he began to say.

"Don't try to move too quickly," she said. "You will take some time to recover."

Slowly, he became aware he could move his fingers, his hands, his feet and as he did so he realized he loved her.

She kissed him, as if understanding his thought. "You understand now?"

Her eyes were beautiful, and it did not matter to Conrad that they had seemed full of stars.

"I think so," he replied.

"Together, we are a key which opens the gate, breaking the seal which binds Them."

He did not think it a strange thing for her to say.

"Now," she said, "you are prepared. Come - for the Master awaits us."

It was as he stood up that he remembered that she was the Masters' daughter. She led him from the chamber into the dimness of the Temple. There were no candles on the altar, no naked priestess, no congregation gathered to greet them, indeed nothing magickal except the crystal tetrahedron, glowing as it stood on a plinth. Only the Master and Tanith awaited them.

"The season and time being right," intoned the Master, "the stars being aligned as it is written they be aligned, this Temple conforming to the precepts of our Dark Gods, let us heed the angles of the nine!"

He gestured toward the crystal, chanting "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" as he did so. The light that seemed to emanate from within it darkened and then began to slowly change colour until only a dim blue glow remained.

"So it has been," the Master intoned, "so it is and so shall it be again. Agarthi has known Them, the Nameless who came forth before we dreamed. And Bron Wrgon, our twin Gate, Here," and he gestured toward Susan and Conrad, "a

Key to the dimensions beyond time: a key to the nine angles and the trapezohedron! From their crasis will come the power to break the seal which binds!"

"They exist," Tanith chanted as Aris began to vibrate with his voice the words of power - "Nii! Ny'thra Kthunae Atazoth. Ny'thra! Nii! Zod das Ny'thra!" - in the angles of those dimensions that cannot be perceived, waiting for us to call and begin again a new cycle. They have trod the blackness between the stars and they found us, huddled in sleep and cold. But the Sirians came, to seal us and them again in our prisons and our sleep. Soon shall we both become free!"

The Master stood with his hands on the tetrahedron, as Tanith did, and they both began to vibrate a fourth and an octave apart, the words that were the key to the Abyss.

Susan stood beside Conrad, but she did not pull him down with her to the floor as he expected. Instead, she held his hands with hers and stood before him. Her hands were cold, icy cold, and he could feel the coldness invading him. Her eyes became again full of stars which spread to enclose her face. The Temple itself became black, and all he could hear was the insistent and deep chanting of the words which would open the Abyss. It was a strange sound, as the two voices chanted an octave and a fourth apart. Conrad began to feel dizzy, and felt he was falling. A profusion of stars rushed toward him as if he was traveling incredibly fast in space itself. He passed a coloured, broken grid made of pulsing lights and world upon alien world. Peoples with strange faces and bodies upon strange worlds, beautiful and disgusting scenes: a sunset on a world with three moons, red, orange and blue; a heap of mangled corpses, staked and being eaten by small animals with rows of sharp teeth while, nearby, a starship lay crashed and mangled in yellow sand... The impressions were fleeting but powerful and came and went in profusion. And then they suddenly ended. He was alone, totally alone in stark and cold blackness. Faintly, he could hear a rustling. It was the wind, and as he listened and waited, faint images, growing slowly and changing in

colour - violet to blue to orange then red. Brightness came with the swift dawn, and he found himself standing amid barren rocks beneath an orange sky. A figure was walking toward him, and Conrad recognized it. It was himself.

The figure spoke, in Conrad's voice. "The seal that bound us is no more. Soon, we shall be with you."

The man smiled, but it was a sinister smile which both pleased and disquieted Conrad.

"Now I must depart," the image of Conrad said. "But before I go I give you a reward. See me as I have been known to those on your world with little understanding."

The figure contorted, was Satan, and was gone.

XII

"You consider it important?" Baynes asked Togbare as they stood beside Fitten's desk in the study of his house.

Togbare read the tattered manuscript again. "It could be. It well could be."

"Anything interesting?" Neil asked. He had met them at Baynes' house as they were preparing to leave in the dawn light. He was fresh from his Initiation ceremony, but they wasted no time discussing it.

"Does it mean anything to you?" Togbare asked Neil.

Neil took the manuscript - several pages of handwritten sheets. He read it carefully. "Not really," he finally said,

passing it to Baynes. "They told me very little - other than to be prepared for an important ritual very soon."

Baynes read the writing. "The ancient and secret rite of the nine angles is a call to the Dark Gods who exist beyond Time in the acausal dimensions, where that power which is behind the form of Satan resides, and waits. The rite is the blackest act of black magick, for it brings to Earth Those who are never named." He put the manuscript back on the desk. "Sounds like Lovecraft to me," said Baynes dismissively.

"Of that," replied Togbare, "I am aware. Yet I gain the impression, from what I have read of Mr Fitten's notes and the little I already know, that he himself - and I am inclined to support him - regarded the mythos that Lovecraft invented, or which more correctly was given to him by his dreaming-true, as a corruption of a secret tradition. He made his Old Ones loathsome and repulsive. I myself am inclined to believe that if such entities as these so-called 'Dark Gods' exist they might be shape-changers, like the Prince of Darkness himself."

"What do these qabalistic attributions mean?" asked Neil, pointing to a page of the manuscript Fitten had written. "About 418 not being 13?"

"Alas," admitted Togbare, "I do not know."

"Do you think he copied this from somewhere?" Neil asked.

"Possibly. You said they mentioned books and manuscripts in their possession?"

"Yes. 'The Master' said I might see some of them, soon. All their Initiates, apparently, have to study them."

"We shall have to wait, then," said Baynes.

"Possibly, possibly," mumbled Togbare. He began to search among the files that cluttered the desk and the room itself. "There is a tradition," he muttered as he searched, "that Shambhala and Agharti have their origin in a real conflict between cosmic forces at the dawn of Man. It is a persistent tradition, in all Occult schools, and this may point to the tradition having at least some basis in fact." He sat in the chair at the desk. "I am old," he said, shaking his head, "and the Inner Light that guides our Council has been my strength for many, many years. Even as a young man I sought the mysteries. Yet, here I am, many years later, and still I lack understanding. There is evil around, even here - in this room. I sense it. What is happening and has been happening for years is distorting the Astral Light. We seem to be about to face a new, darker, era. We seem no nearer a solution. Perhaps we have looked in the wrong areas. We believed the Satanists who have caused the distortion to be literal worshippers of the Devil. Then they became for us followers of To Mega Therion, their word Thelema. Now, when it is almost too late, we discover they have no Word, except perhaps Chaos - that what they plan is perhaps even more sinister and terrible than we imagined."

"But there is time," Neil tried to say, helpfully, "I am aware there is. Conrad Robury - "

"Ah!" Togbare's eyes brightened.

"If he is important to them in what they plan, then why has he appeared only now? Surely more preparation is required."

"You know the gentleman, I believe?" Togbare asked.

"Yes," said Neil. "I introduced him to the wiccan group."

"And arranged an introduction with Mr Sanders," added Baynes.

"Yes I did."

"Even though," said Baynes quietly, "you knew Sanders to recruit for the Master and his group."

"Well, when you suggested I infiltrate them myself, I thought it would be a good ploy. Show my intent, so to speak, to introduce someone who might be useful to them."

"And so it has proved," said Togbare.

"What are you suggesting?" Neil asked Baynes, as though he had not heard what Togbare said.

"I am not suggesting anything," replied Baynes, softly.

"Come! Come!" chided Togbare, "let us not quarrel. There are elementals about, trying to divide us and disrupt our plans."

"I am sorry," Baynes said sincerely. "I'm just tired. You must forgive me."

Togbare looked at him with kindness. "When did you last sleep?"

"I don't know. A few days ago, perhaps. There has not been time."

"May I suggest," said Togbare, "that you return to your home for a few hours rest?"

"But surely, I can help here?"

"Yes, of course, in a few hours time. It will not take all three of us to search these files." He indicated a small pile on the desk, awaiting their attention. "Please, do go and get some rest."

"If you are sure," said Baynes.

"Yes, of course. We shall return to your home within the next few hours."

"Will you be alright?" Baynes turned to leave.

"Do not worry!"

Togbare waved to him through the window. The snow still lay heavy upon the ground, but the sky was clear. "He works very hard," he mumbled to himself before returning to sit by the desk. "This Conrad Robury," he asked Neil.

"Yes?"

"He had no previous interest?"

"No. None. He was a friend, studying science. It all started out as a bit of a joke, actually. He thought all of the Occult was nonsense. So I suggested that as a scientist he should study the subject at first hand. But there was always something about him. I don't quite know what - perhaps his eyes. Sometimes when he looked at me I felt uneasy. He

was a very intense young man. I know it may sound funny, but he was very earnest in an almost puritanical way."

"He could be the sacrifice they need."

Neil sighed. "I know" His eyes showed the sadness and the guilt he felt at the possibility.

"Do not worry," said Togbare sincerely. "If that is what is planned, we shall save your Conrad Robury."

"Did I hear," a voice from the doorway said, "someone call my name?" Conrad stepped into the room.

"Conrad!" Neil said with pleasant surprise. He started to walk toward his friend, but Togbare restrained him by grasping his arm.

"Wait," Togbare advised. He looked at Conrad. "By what right do you dare to enter here?"

Conrad smiled. "By the right of my Word - Chaos!"

"Conrad," Neil said, "what's happened?"

"You thought," Conrad said hatefully to him, "to betray us! You will not stop us! Neither of you will. You!" he pointed at Neil, "are coming with me!"

"He is staying," said Togbare, using his stick to help himself stand.

"You do not frighten me, old man!" Conrad said. He moved toward Neil, but Togbare raised his stick. Conrad felt a sudden and severe pain in his stomach. He tried to move forward, but the pain increased, and he placed his hands on his abdomen, grimacing with pain.

Silently, Susan came into the room to stand beside him. She touched his hand, and the pain vanished. He stared at Togbare, concentrating on shaping his own aura into a weapon. He formed it using his will into an inverted septagon which he aimed at Togbare.

The effect was minimal, for Togbare still smiled and raised his stick. From it's tip white filaments flowed to form a flaming pentagram above the Mage's head. The pentagram came closer and closer, sending purple filaments toward Conrad who held up his ring to absorb them. But however hard Conrad tried he could not will any force to oppose the filaments. The ring simply kept absorbing them. For every one filament absorbed, three new ones arose until both he and Susan were enclosed in a purple web. Desperate and determined, Conrad concentrated on his ring, remembering the chant he had heard in the Temple. The concentration and visualization seemed to work, for a bright red bolt broke forth from his ring, hurtling toward Togbare. But the Magus simply held out his palm which harmlessly absorbed the light. Conrad could feel his power being slowly drained away. Then he remembered.

Susan's hand was near and he grasped it tightly. She leant against him and he felt a force rush through him. She was laughing, the power she gave him was strong and he had time only to fashion its primal chaos into the sign of the inverted pentagram before it sped across the room in accordance with his desire. It touched Togbare's stick, knocking it from his hand as the purple web which enclosed the Satanists shattered, then disappeared.

Togbare was unharmed, but his power was gone. "You have powerful friends, I see," he said.

"You cannot stop us!" Conrad laughed.

Togbare smiled, and bent down to retrieve his stick. Cautiously, Conrad stepped back. "Do not worry," Togbare said. "My power - like yours - is for the moment gone. But it will return, and soon."

Conrad went toward him and tried to grasp the stick. He wanted to break it over his knee. But some force around Togbare kept him away. It was as if when he got within a few feet of the Magus he became paralysed.

"It is your evil intent," Togbare said, and smiled, "which holds you back."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he caught hold of Neil, twisting his arm behind his back. "You're coming with us!"

"He will be of no use to you," said Togbare. "As your Master will soon realize."

"We shall see!"

"Please," Neil pleaded, "don't let them take me!"

"They cannot harm you, my son," Togbare said. "Trust me. Now I have seen their power, I know what to do."

Neil was unsure, and struggled to be free. Conrad held him round the throat. "So much for his power, eh?" he said as he pushed Neil toward the door.

"Conrad, Conrad!" Neil pleaded. "What's happened to you?"

"You're to be our sacrifice!" Conrad said, and laughed.

"Help me! For God's sake help me!" Neil cried out.

"It's too late!" gloated Conrad. "We need your blood!"

Susan had her car waiting outside the front door of the house, and Conrad pushed Neil into it, holding him down as she drove away toward their Satanist Temple.

XIII

For several hours Togbare stayed in Fitten's house. At first, following the departure of Conrad and Susan with Neil, he sat at the desk and meditated, gradually restoring to himself, by breath control and mantra, the power he had lost during the astral combat.

Afterwards, he studied Fitten's manuscripts, notes and books, and it was almost noon when he stood up from the desk. In his absorption, he had not noticed the cold of the room, and he shivered, a little, as he walked to the door. Outside, the sun was warming, and he walked slowly and steadily like the old man he was, the miles to Baynes' house, glad of the exercise and the snowy coldness of the Winter air.

Baynes was in his large study when Togbare arrived. The room was warm, and Togbare sat by the coal fire as he related the events leading to the taking of Neil. Baynes was clearly perturbed.

"I am sure," Baynes said, "they will sacrifice him. He has betrayed them - broken the oath of his Initiation. This is disturbing news, it really is. I do not believe we can wait any longer. I think the time has come for us to act - swiftly and decisively."

"You have a suggestion?"

"Yes. Since this Conrad Robury is important to them - or so it seems - I suggest we entice him away from their house, and hold him, here if necessary, for a few days as our guest. We can then arrange for him to be exchanged with Mr Stanford."

Togbare's surprise showed on his face. "It would not be right."

"To save Mr Stanford's life? It is the only way, for I do not believe that we can succeed by magick alone. Not now."

For a long time Togbare did not speak. He sat staring into the flames of the fire.

"You are right," he finally said, and sighed. "I do not like it, but it appears to be our only hope. The situation is desperate."

"May I," Baynes said, "therefore suggest that we - you and I - undertake a simple rite with the intention of enticing Robury from the house. I could arrange for some people to be waiting. He would not be harmed, of course."

"You could arrange all this?"

"Yes. It should not take long - a few hours, no more." He turned toward Togbare and smiled. "Wealth has its uses - occasionally!"

"Those good people who were with us, yesterday?"

"Yes?"

"If you could arrange for some of them to come here, you need not be detained. We, then, could do the ritual you suggested."

"Splendid! I shall contact them at once. I told them, this morning, to be prepared as we might need them at short notice."

"You spoke to them all this morning?" Togbare was amazed.

"Well, when I returned here, I could not sleep. I thought I would do something useful. They all felt the ritual they undertook went well."

"It has bought us some time, I think. Some little time. This Mr Robury - I have realized that his apparent Occult ability depends on a certain young lady. She was with him, this morning. It is the same woman, I am sure, who was with him at the ritual at Mr Fitten's house when that unfortunate lady, his wife, passed over to the other side. So, alone and with us, he should have no power. Yes," he mused, "the more I think on this - on this plan of yours - the more I am inclined to believe it will succeed."

"Then," said Baynes, "I shall go and make the necessary arrangements."

Baynes stood staring out of his office window watching the traffic in the city street below. He liked his office on the top floor of one of the tallest buildings in the city centre as much for the splendid view as for its relative quiet amid his busy business empire which he controlled from his building.

His desk intercom buzzed. "Yes?" he asked.

"A Mr Sanders to see you, sir."

"Excellent! Send him in!" He seated himself in his leather chair behind his uncluttered desk.

"Mr Sanders," his Secretary announced.

"Please," he said, indicating a chair, "be seated."

"I'd rather stand," Sanders said. He was dressed in black as was his habit. "You wanted to see me?" he asked, warily.

"I have a proposition for you - a business proposition."

"So your flunky said on the 'phone."

"You operate what some might describe as a 'Black Magick' temple, do you not?"

Sanders sat in the chair. "Let's cut the crap! I know you, Baynes, and you know me."

"I would like you to do me a favour - for a substantial sum of money."

Suspicious, Sanders looked around the room. "Are you taping this?"

"Of course not!"

"So what's your offer - and how much?"

"Fifty thousand pounds."

Sanders hid his surprise. "To do what?"

"Not long ago, a certain young gentleman - a student - came to visit you. You introduced him, I believe, to a certain group. Well, I would like this gentleman brought from where he is to my house. With the minimal use of force, of course."

Sanders stood up. "I can't say it was a pleasure meeting you. Goodbye."

"You have a very lucrative side-line, I believe."

Sander was nearly at the door when Baynes added, "I'm sure the Police would be very interested in your - what shall I call it? - your import business. A Mr Osterman is your contact in Hamburg, I understand."

Sanders stopped. "You're bluffing."

"I assure you I'm not. Your last assignment arrived last Tuesday. Estimated value - I believe the term used is 'on the

street' - two million pounds, at least. Of course, if my figures are correct, your profit is somewhat smaller. Much smaller in fact. So many overheads."

Sanders walked back to the desk. He sat down again, and smiled. "You're very well informed."

"Of course," Baynes said, "we both know who takes most of the profit. You are familiar, I understand, with the house where this Mr Robury is currently residing."

Sanders shrugged. "Possibly."

"Toward dusk, he will be walking in the garden. You are to bring him to me. At this address." He gave Sanders a printed card.

"And the money?"

Baynes opened a draw in his desk. He laid out several piles of ten-pound notes. "A small advance. The rest will await your arrival at the house."

"And if he is not where you said?"

"He will be. But should some unforeseen circumstance arise and he is not there, telephone me and I shall arrange another time."

Sanders scooped up the money and stuffed it into his pockets.

"And," Baynes added as Sanders stood up to leave, "if you are worried about your 'Master' finding out about our little

arrangement, I'm sure you have experience enough to work some plan out so as not to implicate yourself."

Sanders was already thinking along similar lines. "You've missed your calling!" he smiled before walking to the door.

Baynes waited until Sanders had left before he used the telephone.

"Hello?" he asked as his caller answered. "Frater Togbare?"

"Yes?" came the quiet and somewhat nervous reply.

"Baynes here!" he said cheerfully, pleased with his success with Sanders. "It went well. All is arranged as planned."

When Togbare did not speak, Baynes said, "Did everything go alright with you?"

"Er, no, not really. You'd better come here - I'll explain."

"I'll be there as quick as I can!"

XIV

It did not take Togbare long to fall asleep. He was sitting by the fire as Baynes left for his office, wondering about the events of the past few days and the events to come. He too was tired, and slept soundly by the warmth of the fire.

The doorbell awoke him, and he walked slowly to answer its call, leaning on his stick, and expecting some of the guests of the night before. The cabinet clock in the hallway

of Baynes' house showed him he had been asleep for nearly an hour. He did not recognize the woman who waited outside, but her expensive car, waiting with its chauffeur, did not surprise him, for he knew of Baynes' own wealth.

"Is Oswald in?" a smiling and alluringly dressed Tanith asked.

"Oswald?" repeated Togbare, averting his eyes from her breasts, amply exposed by her dress.

"Mr. Baynes. Is he at home?"

"Er, no. Not at the moment. Can I help?"

"I've come for your little ritual - or whatever it is you've planned."

"I'm sorry?" For some reason Togbare felt confused, a fact which he attributed to having just woken from a deep and needful sleep.

"May I come in?" Tanith asked and proceeded to walk past him, making sure their bodies touched. She walked into the study, and stood by the fire. "Dear Oswald," she said, "such a charming gentleman, but so frightfully forgetful sometimes. He forgot to tell you I would be coming, didn't he?"

"Well -"

"Do be seated," she said affably.

Togbare obeyed.

"Any idea what this ritual thing is about?" she asked standing near him. "If it is anything like the one's he's invited me to before, we are in for some jolly good fun!" She laughed.

"Fun?" said Togbare, perturbed.

"Why yes! Don't say he hasn't told you? My word! Would you like a drink - to get into the mood?"

"A drink?" Togbare felt distinctly uncomfortable.

She went straight to a bookcase, pushed a hidden button, and waited until a shelf revolved to reveal decanters and glasses. "Whisky?" she said. "You look like a Whisky man to me. He has some very fine malts."

I myself," Togbare said, rather stuffily, "do not imbibe."

"Shame. I'm partial to Gin, myself." She poured herself a full glassful and drank it immediately. "Splendid! Best on an empty stomach. Straight into the blood!" She poured herself another glass before saying, "Shall I draw the blinds so we are prepared?"

"Pardon?"

She pressed another button and the window-blinds descended to silently close.

Togbare stood up. "You seem to know this house rather well."

"I should say so! All the hours of fun I've had here! Oswald has the most marvellous parties!" She came toward Togbare who was standing by the light of the fire. "Hot in here, isn't it?" she said, beginning to remove her dress.

As she reached Togbare it fell around her ankles. She was naked and an unbelieving Togbare stared at her.

"Your spirit," she said, "is younger than your body."

She took his hand and placed it on her breast.

Togbare snatched it away and almost ran to the door. It was locked, but there was no key.

Tanith stepped out of her dress and moved toward him, laughing. "You will enjoy the pleasure I offer," she said.

Suddenly, Togbare understood. "Harlot!" he shouted. "The Master sent you!"

"Yes!"

She was closing upon him, and to Togbare she became a Satanic curse. He held up his stick, but she laughed at him.

"You are weak!" she sneered. "Look at me! Look at my body!"

Togbare turned away, mumbling words as he did so.

"Your god cannot help you now!" she mocked.

He turned to face her and as he did so she began to change form before his very eyes.

"My God!" he cried with genuine surprise, "you are his wife!"

It was a pitying laugh she gave him before gesturing behind her with her hand. Her dress disappeared, briefly before re-appearing on her body. She gestured again, and the blinds rose to flood the room with daylight.

"You cannot harm me," Togbare said, holding his stick in front of him for protection.

"I have achieved what I came for!"

He stood aside to let her leave. The doors opened for her and she walked out into the sunlight. Through the window, she saw the Magus kneeling on the floor and saying his prayers.

"Home, Gedor!" she commanded as she got into her car.

Togbare prayed for almost an hour. He was calm then, but dismayed, and stoked and re-built the fire in his study. He sat by it, sighing and shaking his head in consternation, for a long time, rising only to answer the doorbell twice. Each time he half-expected the satanic mistress to return but each time it was only a group of Baynes's guests from the night before, summoned for a new ritual. Each time he apologized and told them to await another call. He did not explain why and they did not ask, but it took him a long time to remove the traces of the woman's presence from the house and the room.

Her mocking, lustful satanic presence seemed to have invaded every corner, and he cast pentagram after pentagram after hexagram to remove it. He only just completed his task when the telephone rang.

'I'll be there as quick as I can!' Baynes had said, and Togbare sat by the fire to wait.

He was almost asleep again when Baynes returned.

"Well," Baynes said after Togbare had explained about Tanith's visit, "it matters little. We can do the ritual ourselves, as I originally thought. That is," he paused, "if you yourself feel able to continue as planned."

"I fear we have no choice," he said sadly. "It will tire us, even more. I just hope we can recover sufficiently."

"In time for when the Satanists attempt to Open the Gates you mean?"

"Yes. Shall we begin?"

Together, they sat by the fire in the last hours of daylight, trying through their powers of visualization and will to entice Conrad away from the safety of the Master's house and into the open where Sanders would, hopefully, be waiting. After several minutes effort, Togbare withdrew from one of his pockets one of the small squares of parchment he always carried. Taking his pen, he began to write, first Conrad's name, and then several sigils, upon it. For several minutes he stared at the completed charm before casting it into the flames of the fire to be consumed.

"So mote it be!" he said as the parchment burned.

Near the window, a raven cried, loudly in the snowful silence that surrounded the house.

XV

Conrad, as Aris had instructed, was reading in the library as the twilight came. The manuscript Aris had left out for him was interesting, telling as it did of the Dark Gods. But the more he read, the more dissatisfied he became.

The work was full of signs, symbols and words - and yet he felt it was insubstantial, as if the author or authors had glimpsed at best only part of the reality. His memory of the recent ritual was vivid, and as he stared at the manuscript he realized what was lacking. The work lacked the stars - the haunting beauty he himself had experienced; the numinous beauty which he felt was waiting for him. He wanted to reach out again and again and capture that beauty, that eerie essence, that nebulosity. He had felt free, drifting through space and other dimensions; free and powerful like a god - free of his own dense body which bound him to Earth.

"Having fun?" a voice unexpectedly asked.

It was Susan, and she walked toward him.

"Not really."

She wore Tanith's exotic perfume and her clothes were thin, moulded to the contours of her body. In that instant of his watching - full as it was of sensual memories and sensual anticipation - he remembered the bliss that a body could bring.

She stood by the French windows looking up at the darkening sky. "Shall we go outside," she suggested, "and watch the stars?"

"You been reading my thoughts again?" he asked, half seriously, and half in jest.

He rose from the desk to stand beside her and was pleased when she placed her hand around his waist before opening the windows.

"I'll just get a coat," she said and kissed him. "I'll join you outside."

The air was cold, but Conrad did not care as he walked out into the snow. The stars were becoming clearer, and he wandered away from the lights of the house to watch them as they shone, unshimmering in the cold air of Winter.

They came upon him swiftly, the three men waiting in the shadows. One carried a gun and pointed it at Conrad while the others grabbed his arms.

"Quiet!" the man with the gun said, "or you're dead."

Conrad struggled, and succeeded in knocking one of the men over. He tried to punch the other man in the face, but a blow to the neck felled him, and he was unconscious as he hit the snow.

"Bring him!" the man with the gun said.

Conrad awoke as he was being bundled into a car, but his hands were bound and he was roughly thrown onto the back seat.

"Bastards!" he screamed, and kicked at the door.

A knife was held to his throat. "Calm down, stupid," its holder said, and smiled. "Or I'll make a mess of your face!"

Yards away, Sanders sat waiting in his own car. No one had followed the men as they had dragged the unconscious Conrad toward the gate and the waiting cars, and he sighed with relief. He followed the car containing Conrad and they were soon far away from the house.

As he had instructed, Conrad was blindfolded, and he stood behind two men as they stood outside Baynes' house holding Conrad between them. Baynes had been watching from his window, and strode out to meet them.

"As promised," Sanders said.

"Excellent!" replied Baynes. He gave Sanders a briefcase. Sanders opened it and then pushed Conrad toward Baynes.

"He's all yours."

Baynes led Conrad into the house. Once in the study, he locked the door before removing Conrad's blindfold and bonds. It took Conrad only a few moments to adjust to his new surroundings.

"Please," Togbare said, indicating a chair by the fire, "sit down."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he turned to Baynes who stood by the door.

"Resorting to armed violence now, I see," Conrad quipped.

"An unfortunate necessity."

"How very satanic of you," Conrad smiled. "Well, great Mage," he said mockingly to Togbare, "what is your plan?"

"You will remain here - for a short while."

"I suppose you in your stupidity think they will exchange Neil for me."

Togbare looked at Baynes. Conrad sneered at both of them. "You won't be able," he said, "to hold me. Not once they find out where I am. They will come - are you ready for the violence they will use?"

"What makes you think," said Baynes, "that you are that important to them? You are just another Initiate. They have plenty more. You'll be easy to replace."

"Is that so?" Conrad laughed, but Baynes' words made him feel uneasy.

"We have taken certain precautions," Togbare said.

"Oh, yes?" Conrad sneered. "You have drawn a magick circle thrice around the house - and I stand trembling and abashed at its centre! Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii!"

"Well, well!" said Baynes, "a scholar as well as a comedian."

Suddenly, Conrad rushed at Baynes, intending to punch at his face, but Baynes was too quick and easily avoided the intended blow. His own counter was quick, as he caught Conrad off balance, tripping him to the floor.

Baynes bowed slightly as Conrad slowly got to his feet.

"He studied in Taiwan," Togbare said by way of explanation.

"Oh well," Conrad said, shrugging his shoulders, "so much for that idea then." He looked around the room. "I suppose I'd better make myself comfortable."

"A wise decision," Togbare said.

"Do you not wish," Baynes said to Conrad, "to complete your studies at university?"

"What's it to you?" Conrad looked at him briefly, then at the window. He sat in an upright chair as near to it as possible.

"I believe you have an interest in Spaceflight?"

"No need to guess who told you that."

"Mr Stanford, of course. I have some contacts in the aerospace industry in the States."

"Bully for you."

"I could arrange for you to continue your studies at an American university at the end of which you would be guaranteed work with one of the leading companies in the aerospace industry. You would, of course, be provided with a large capital sum - say fifty thousand pounds - for incidental expenses over the years."

"Are you trying to bribe me?" Conrad asked, amazed - and interested - by the offer.

"Yes." said Baynes without hesitation.

"What would you want in exchange?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" asked Conrad incredulously.

"Except your immediate departure for America. I would, of course, make the necessary arrangements."

"I don't believe it," Conrad said, amazed.

"Money has no interest for me - beyond what good I can do with it."

"And the Master?" Conrad asked. "What of him if I betrayed him by leaving?"

"As I said before, you are a mere Initiate to him. He can easily find someone to take your place. But if you wish, I could provide you with a new identity. I have certain contacts who could arrange matters. You would soon be forgotten."

"It's very tempting. But the Master - "

"All you have to do," said Baynes, "is stay here with us for a few days. You will see when nobody is sent to fetch you, when they show no interest in you whatsoever, that what I say is true."

"How do I know this isn't just some ploy to get me to stay here?"

"You have my word. Should you wish, you can be with me when I make the necessary arrangements. I can have the money here within a few hours, the airline ticket likewise. Your passport and new identity will take a little longer - a day, perhaps. You yourself can speak to the American university I have in mind."

"When do I have to decide?"

"The sooner you decide, the sooner I can make the arrangements."

For several minutes Conrad stared at the fire. Then he rose slowly from his chair to yawn and stretch his limbs. "Any chance of some tea?" he asked casually.

"Have you reached a decision?" Baynes asked.

"Yes." Taking several deep breaths, Conrad grasped the back of the chair, swiftly lifting it and smashing it into the window. The glass shattered, and he threw the chair at Baynes before diving through the broken glass. He landed awkwardly in the snow, his hands cut and bloodied by the glass. Something warm was running down his neck, and he

extracted a splinter of glass that had embedded itself in his arm before leaping up to run down the driveway and away from the house. He could hear Baynes shouting behind him, but did not look back, concentrating on running as fast as he could down the street. He ran and ran, past houses, over roads, on pavements, verges and roads, stopping for breath once by a busy main road. Then he was away, out into the dark lanes beyond the lights of the city.

He stopped to hide behind a tree, nauseous and shaking, and it was some time before his breathing returned to normal. His hands, neck and face were covered in blood, but it was dried or drying, and he took off his jacket to tear off his shirt for a bandage for his arm. Soon, the cloth was soaked, and he lay still, pressing his hand over his bandaged wound to try and stop the bleeding. As he did so, he began to feel pain in his hands and face. He felt very tired.

No one had followed him down the dark narrow lane. He dreamed he was in the Satanic Temple. Neil was on the altar, tied down by thongs, and Tanith bent over him, a knife in her hand.

'It is your deed,' Tanith said to Conrad.

'Your deed,' Aris and Susan repeated as they stood beside him.

'We require his blood,' all three of them said.

Tanith gave him the knife and he walked toward Neil.

'Please,' his former friend pleaded, 'spare me! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!'

'We require his blood,' Conrad heard as a chant behind him. 'His blood to complete your Initiation. We must have his blood!'

Conrad hesitated.

'Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!' the insistent voices said.

He raised the knife to strike, but could not find the strength, and as he lowered it in failure the bound figure on the altar was no longer Neil, but himself. Then Aris, Tanith, Susan and his double on the altar were laughing.

'See how close to failure you came!' Aris said and kissed him on the lips. He made to move away, but it was Susan kissing him until she, too, changed - into Tanith.

Suddenly he was awake again, lying on the cold snow stained by his own blood. Such a waste, he thought, to die here, cold and alone. He tried to sit, up against the tree, but lacked the strength. Then he smiled. 'I would do it all again,' he muttered to the tree, the snow, the stars. 'Susan', he said to himself as his eyes closed of their own accord, 'I love you.'

The last thing he heard was the cry of a hungry owl.

XVI

Denise sat on and surrounded by cushions as brightly coloured as her clothes, two green candles in tall ornate holders alight beside her. Her house was otherwise unlit, and quiet except for the nearby rumble of traffic which passed along the main road less than fifty yards away. She was looking with half-closed eyes into her large crystal scrying

sphere and her friend Miranda - High Priestess of the Circle of Arcadia - sat beside her, awaiting her description of her visions.

"I have found him," Denise said as if in trance. "He suffers, and will die."

Slowly, she placed a black cloth over her crystal. "Come," she said to her friend, "I shall need your help."

Her zest was evident in her driving, and it did not take them long to drive away from the city to the dark, narrow lane she had seen in her vision.

"There, by the tree," she said.

Conrad was unconscious. "We must hurry," Denise said as she bent over him. "Others - the evil ones - will soon be here. I feel they are near."

Together they lifted and carried Conrad into the car.

"You drive," Denise almost commanded her friend. "I must begin, now."

Her hands were warm and she gently placed them on Conrad's cold and almost lifeless face before raising them a few inches to make passes with them over his arms, hands and body. She imagined energy flowing to her from the Earth through her fingers and down through his aura into the vital meridians of his wounded body, stopping only when they reached their destination.

Her house was warm, and they laid Conrad on the cushions between the candles.

"Will he be alright?" an anxious Miranda asked.

"I don't know - yet."

"Shall I let Mr. Baynes know?"

Denise turned toward her, her eyes intense. "No!"

"But I thought - "

"Nobody must know!" And she added, in a softer voice: "Not yet, anyway." She kissed Miranda, saying "Trust me, my love."

Then she knelt over Conrad to renew her healing with her hands.

"Can I do anything?" Miranda asked.

"Be a darling and make some tea." Denise did not turn around or look up.

The pot of tea was cold by the time Denise stood up, tired from her efforts, and she went to her kitchen to hold her hands against the cold tap, earthing the energies, before drinking several cups of the cold brew.

"Do you want me to stay?" Miranda asked hopefully.

"No - I'll be alright. I'll call you if there is any change,"

"Well, if you're sure."

"Yes. And," Denise said, embracing her, "please not a word - to anyone."

They kissed, briefly, and then Miranda left the room and the house. Denise sat beside Conrad, and gently stroked his face. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

"Back with us, then?" she said and smiled.

"What?" Conrad said, confused.

"You had a bit of an accident. And before you say anything, you're in my house."

Conrad sat up. "And you are?"

"Let's just say someone who likes helping waifs and strays!"

Conrad looked around the room. He saw the crystal with its black cover for 'closing down', the incense burner upon the fireplace. There were no furnishings other than the many cushions of varying size strewn over the carpet and the long, heavy drapes covering the window; no light other than that from the candles.

"Whose side are you on?" he asked cautiously.

"Does one have to be 'on a side'?" she countered with a smile.

"You know who I am?"

"Yes. How are you feeling?"

"Alright. I must have passed out." He found the woman strangely attractive, although her features were not beautiful in the conventional sense. But he suppressed his feelings, remembering Susan. "I really ought to go," he said and tried to stand up. He failed, and slumped back into the cushions.

"Rest, now," Denise said,

"I must telephone someone," he said as he lay down to close his eyes to try and stop the dizziness he felt.

"In a while. But first you must rest."

She left him for a short time, returning with a silver bowl, cloths, phials of lotions and a mug containing a hot infusion of herbs, all carried on a silver tray.

"Here," she said, "drink this."

He sat up and smelt the contents of the mug. It smelt horrible. "What is it?"

"Just an infusion - of herbs and things. My mother showed me how to make it. It will bring back some of your strength."

Cautiously, Conrad sipped the drink. She removed the bandage he had made to cover the wound on his arm and began to clean the area using the liquid in the bowl. When she had finished, she made a clean covering using a cloth

richly suffused with lotion. Soon, she had washed, cleaned and covered all his injuries with her lotions.

"It tasted better," Conrad said after finishing her potion, "than it smelt."

Her nearness, her gentle touch and her bodily fragrance all combined to sexually arouse him, and he held her hand before leaning to kiss her.

She moved away, saying, "I'm sorry to disappoint you - but I'm not that way inclined."

"I hope I didn't offend you," he said sincerely.

She laughed as she collected her lotions. "For an alleged Satanist you are rather innocent. Your aura marks you as different from them."

"Oh, yes?" Conrad was intrigued.

"What is your aim in all this?" she asked. "What do you hope to find?"

He felt his strength returning with every breath he took. Even the throbbing in his arm had begun to subside. "Knowledge," he said.

Denise sat down beside him and as she did so he felt there was a calmness within her. He felt good just being near her, as if in some way she was giving him energy. At first, he had felt this as her sexual interest in him, but the more he looked at her and the more he thought about it, the more he realized it was nothing of the sort. It was just beneficent energy flowing from her. He did not know, nor particularly

care, why - he just felt relaxed and comfortable in her nearness.

"What is it?" she asked again, smiling, her eyes radiant, "that you hope to find. Why did you join them?"

"I wanted knowledge." It was only partly true, he remembered. Most of all he had wanted to experience sexual passion.

"Is that all?"

He sensed she knew the answer already. "Well, sex as well."

"And then what?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, perplexed.

"Think of it - in a few years time, if you continue along your present path, you will have had many women, learnt many Occult truths. Perhaps you will have acquired some skill in magick. But life is - for most people - quite long: many decades, in fact. What do you do with all this time? The same pleasures and delights over and over again? Someone of your intelligence would surely find that boring?"

"There will be other goals, I'm sure. Other things to achieve."

"Perhaps. Your youth will go, and with its going will come tiredness of both body and spirit."

"So what? It is the present that's important. Why worry about what might never be?"

"And if I said you were giving up your chance of immortality what would you say?"

"I don't believe there is a chance. It's superstition. When we die, that's it."

"Is that what you believe Satanism as all about - the pleasure of the moment?"

"Yes." Then, with less certainty, he added, "Well, at least, I think so."

"There is no belief in something beyond?"

"Not as far as I know." He smiled. "But as you must know, I'm only a new Initiate."

"Would you kill your friend Neil?" she suddenly asked.

"Pardon?"

"Neil Stanford. Would you kill him if your Master demanded it?"

"What do you know about Neil?"

"He came to see me once. For a reading. But you haven't answered my question. Would you - could you - kill him, or anyone?"

Conrad remembered his dream. But there was within him a desire to deny that part of himself which would not kill. For a few moments he felt compelled to boast, to answer her question in the affirmative - depicting himself to her as someone ruthless and unafraid. But she was sitting near him, calm and smiling, and it seemed to him that her eyes saw into his thoughts. She would know it was just a boast, the nervous arrogance of naivety.

"I don't know," he said honestly.

"See," she said with a slight tone of censure, "to you all this Satanism is at present a game. An enjoyable one, to be sure, but still a game. Your aura tells a different story. They are serious - they kill, without mercy. They corrupt. Are you ready for all that?"

"You make them sound vile," he said, thinking of Susan, and the bliss he had shared with Tanith. "They are not like that."

"Don't you understand what is happening to you? Of course, now all is pleasure - all is passion and enjoyment. You are being courted, drawn into their web. But soon the perversity will begin. It will start in a small way - something perhaps only a little morally degrading. But soon you will be so involved there will be no escape."

"No, I don't believe it. You're just trying to turn me against them, aren't you?"

"Am I?" she smiled. "I have something to show you."

She fetched her crystal sphere and set it down between them. Carefully she removed the black cloth before making passes over the sphere with her hands.

"Look," she said to him, "and see!"

Conrad peered into the sphere. At first he saw nothing except the reflection of the lights from the candles, but then a blackness appeared within which cleared. He saw the Temple in Aris' house. Susan was there, naked upon the altar, and around her the congregation danced. Then a man went to her, fondling her body before he removed his robe to lay and move upon her. Then the scene changed. Aris was with several other people whose faces Conrad could not see. They were on what looked like a moor, and on the ground a young woman lay, naked and bound. She was struggling, but Aris laughed - Conrad could not hear the laughter, only see the Master as his mouth opened and he rocked from side to side. Then there was a knife in his hand and he bent down to calmly and efficiently slit the woman's throat. Conrad turned away.

"There is more," Denise said,

"So what?" Conrad said, affecting unconcern. "Every war has its casualties. Anyway, what I saw was not real."

"It was. The woman whom you saw murdered was called Maria Torrens. I can show you the newspaper reports of her death if you wish."

"In every period there are victims and masters. The weak perish and the strong survive."

"Do you really believe that?" she asked.

"What if I do?" Conrad said defensively. "Will you try and convert me?"

"You must make your own decisions - and take the consequences that result from your actions, both in this life and the next."

"Belief in an afterlife," Conrad said scornfully, "is merely blackmail to prevent us from fulfilling ourselves - from achieving god-head - in this life."

"You seem set to continue along the dark path you have chosen - despite what I sense about your inner feelings."

"I've made my choice."

"I know," she said softly.

"Tell me, then, why you have helped me?"

Denise smiled, and her smile disconcerted Conrad. "I have no right to judge. I simply help those in need."

"But even so -"

"You should rest now." She covered the crystal with the black cloth.

Suddenly, Conrad felt tired. He lay down among the softness of the cushions and, in the warm room with its gentle candlelight, he was soon asleep. His sleep was dreamless, and when he awoke he was astonished to find Susan sitting beside him.

XVII

The repair of the window Conrad had shattered was almost complete, and Baynes watched the workmen while Togbare sat, wrapped in a cloak, by the bright fire. Slowly at first, and then heavily, it began to snow again.

When the work was over, Baynes thanked the men, gave them a large gratuity in cash, and stood outside to watch them leave. He was about to return to the warmth of his house when a motor-cycle entered his driveway. It was a powerful machine, ridden by someone clad in red leathers, and he stood in the bright security lights which adorned his dwelling while the rider dismounted and began to remove the tinted visored helmet.

Miranda shook her long hair free. "I have some news for you," she said.

"Shall we go in?" Baynes asked. He gestured gallantly toward the door, and held it open for her.

"You have not met Frater Togbare, have you?" he asked her as he showed her into the study.

Togbare stood to offer Miranda his hand. "Hi!" she said, smiling, but not shaking his hand.

"Please, do sit," Baynes said.

"Denise found him," Miranda said, "and I think she'll need your help!" She looked anxiously at Baynes.

"Found who?" he asked.

"Robury! He's at her house. She didn't want me to tell you - but I had to." Miranda sighed. For over an hour she had sat at her house, wondering what to do. At first, she had thought of going back to Denise. But her memory of Denise's firm insistence persuaded her otherwise. She had tried to forget her own worries about Denise's safety, and had almost succeeded - for an hour, trusting as she had in Denise's psychic ability.

"They are sure to find him," she continued. "She'll be in danger! We must do something!"

"You mean," Baynes said calmly, "Mr. Robury is at present in her house?"

"Yes!" It was an affirmation of her impatience.

"Did he go there himself?" Baynes raised his eyebrows as he glanced at Togbare.

"No - she found him. And we brought him back. He was injured - quite badly, it seemed."

I see." Baynes stroked his beard with his hand. "You took him to her house? Why?"

"She wanted to help him." Then, realizing what she had said, and seeing the exchange of looks between Togbare and Baynes, she added, "It's not like that!"

"You said," Togbare asked her, "she found him. Was she therefore looking for him?"

"Well - in a manner of speaking, yes." The room was hot, and she unzipped the front of her leather suit.

Baynes looked at her as she did so, as if suddenly realizing she was a woman. She noticed his attention and smiled at him, shaking her head so that her long hair framed her face. Suddenly, she saw him as a challenge, for she knew of his avoidance of women. Her own liaison with Denise was only for her a brief interlude in her bisexual life, and she smiled enchantingly at Baynes.

Hastily, Baynes turned away.

"Did she say," Togbare asked her, "why she was looking for him?"

"No. And I didn't ask. You know about her, don't you Oswald?" she said to Baynes, smiling at him again and deliberately using his first name. "About her abilities."

"She is rather gifted in certain psychic matters, yes." He looked briefly at her, then turned away.

"Do you know of recent events," Togbare asked Miranda, "involving Mr Robury and the Satanist group?"

"Only that there was to be some sort of ritual. Denise said something about Robury being important."

"You know of the death of Mr. Fitten and his wife?"

"Yes. She mentioned them."

"You were among the first to know of this Conrad Robury, were you not?"

"Actually, yes. He came to attend one of our meetings."

"Introduced by a certain Neil Stanford?"

"Yes." She turned to look at Baynes, but he was staring into the flames of the fire.

"I think it is right and fitting," Togbare pompously said to her, "that we take you into our confidence. Mr Stanford, I am grieved to say, has fallen into the hands of the Satanists - he had, on our instructions, infiltrated the group. However, he was betrayed. We did not know by whom. As you probably are aware, such groups do not take kindly to anyone who betrays them, and therefore since Mr Stanford was kidnapped by Mr Robury and taken to the house of the so-called 'Master', we have been concerned for his safety.

"Yet for some time I myself, and the Council, have suspected that we ourselves have been infiltrated by the Satanists."

Miranda looked first at Baynes and then at Togbare. "And you now suspect Denise?" she asked with astonishment.

It was Baynes who answered. "It is logical - considering what you have just told us."

"I don't believe it! Not Denise!"

"Of course," Togbare said, "we cannot be sure. But Mr Baynes is right - it is logical to presume she may be implicated."

"So you see, Miranda," Baynes said, and smiled at her, "if it is true then she is unlikely to be in danger from them, as you believed."

Miranda sat in a chair, confused by the accusation against her lover yet pleased that Baynes had apparently shown an interest in her. He had used her first name - something he had never done before - and his smile seemed to convey a warmth toward her. Suddenly, it occurred to her that if the accusation was true, Denise had been cruelly using her. The thought saddened her.

"But if you're wrong about her," she said, still unconvinced, "then she will be in danger?"

"For helping Robury?" Baynes said. "I doubt it. You did say she intended to help him?"

"Yes. She was going to use her healing powers."

"Which, to my knowledge, are quite remarkable. Quite remarkable."

"But surely - " Miranda began to say.

"Why did she wish to find him in the first place? And, more importantly, why did she then wish to heal him? For she knew, being with me a member of the Council itself, that he was important to them - to their ritual."

"She was on the Council?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"Why, yes. Did she never tell you? I knew you two were very close friends." Baynes smiled at her.

Miranda blushed, and shuffled in her chair. "No," she said softly, "she never told me." She sighed in sadness, for she remembered what Denise had once said: 'There shall be no secrets between us...'

"He was badly injured, you said?" Togbare asked her.

"Covered in blood."

"Well," Baynes said, "he did jump through that window."

"He was here?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"We had hoped to - how shall I say? - exchange him for Stanford. Now we are back to where we were before."

"But surely the Police - they can help. If Neil has been abducted-"

Baynes shrugged his shoulders and made a gesture of obeisance with his hands. "What evidence have we? What could we say about this conflict which such people would understand?"

"But surely they would listen to someone as well respected as you?"

"Possibly. Even if I sent them to the house of the Master, would they find Stanford there? Of course not. How would I explain why he should have been abducted? What reason - what motive - could I give without appearing as some sort of crank? They would listen, make some routine enquiries, find

nothing and decide I was rather strange. No, it is not as easy as that."

"I fear, my child," Togbare said to Miranda, who cringed at his endearment, "that Mr Baynes is right. There have been two deaths, two unfortunate deaths, already. It is due to Mr Baynes' resourcefulness and indeed influence that those deaths have been registered by the authorities as natural ones, unconnected with any suspicious circumstances. And this I myself accepted - for how does one explain to an unbelieving world the true cause of such deaths? If we had tried, then we would now, I am sure, have all manner of journalists intruding upon our affairs, impeding our investigations and preventing us from achieving our goal - that of ending for once and for all this Satanist threat to our world."

Togbare seemed pleased with his speech, and rubbed his hands together.

Miranda turned to Baynes. "I would like to help," she said.

"Then I suggest we go and see Denise. I shall ask her, directly, where she stands on the matter."

"And if Mr Robury is with her?" Togbare asked.

"I shall persuade him to return with us." He walked to the desk and from a drawer took a revolver which he placed in his jacket pocket.

"Please," Togbare said, "surely we can avoid such complications?"

"There is no choice now," Baynes replied. "Do you wish," he asked Miranda, "to travel with me or use your own transport?"

"With you," she smiled and began to remove her leather suit.

Even Togbare glanced at her fulsome figure. "If," Togbare said, clearing his throat, "Mr Robury is not there - what then, my friend?"

"Sanders - he will know how to enter their Temple. He can be persuaded to tell us. We shall then go to them. You ready?" he asked Miranda.

"Yes."

"Excellent!" He turned toward Togbare. "If we're not back within the hour inform the Police."

"But - " mumbled Togbare. "what shall I say?"

"I'm sure you can think of something!"

"But - "

Baynes did not wait to hear the Mage's words.

XVIII

"She has done well!" Susan said as Conrad sat up. "You are better than we thought."

"How did you get here?" Conrad asked her. He looked around the room, but they were alone. "The woman - "

"Denise?" Susan said. "You will see her in a while. The Master is pleased to see you."

She helped him to stand.

"Ah! Conrad!" Aris said as he entered the room. "Such determination! You rejected a most tempting offer, I hear."

"Sorry?" Conrad looked at Susan, and then at the Master whose black cloak and clothes seemed to Conrad appropriately suited to the Master's gleeful yet sinister countenance.

"An offer - from Baynes," Aris the Master said.

"You talked in your sleep," Susan said before Conrad could ask the obvious question.

"Come," Aris said, gesturing toward the door.

Conrad followed him up the stairs of the house and into a bedroom where Denise lay on a bed, apparently asleep.

"She is yours," Aris whispered to him.

"I'm sorry?"

"It is for you to decide her fate. Take her - possess her if you wish. She has never been with a man. You can be the first."

Aris walked to Denise, touched her forehead with his hand and she awoke. Then there was a knife in his hand and he held it as if ready to strike.

"Your wish?" Aris asked him, and smiled.

Conrad went to her, took her hand in his and kissed it. "Thank you," he said to her sincerely.

The fear that had been in her eyes disappeared.

"And her fate?" Aris said, still holding the knife.

"I don't want her harmed."

"As you wish." Aris touched her forehead with his hand, and she closed her eyes in sleep. "You must go now," he said to Conrad.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him as he reached the bottom of the stairs.

The face of the Master had shown no emotion as Conrad had expressed his wish, and he was wondering whether the Master disapproved.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him again.

"Just a little tired," he replied.

"We must go now." She held the front door of the house open as a gesture of her intent, and, in the snowy street outside, he saw her expensive car.

He walked with her out into the coldness to seat himself beside her, and was soon warm in the cocoon of the car watching the snow covered streets and houses as Susan drove almost recklessly in the dangerous conditions.

The music she chose as an accompaniment to their journey seemed to Conrad to reflect his mood and the almost demonic aspirations which underlay it, and he listened intently to Liszt's B Minor Sonata. As he listened, he began to realize that his decision regarding Denise was correct, and they were approaching the Master's dwelling when he concluded it made no difference to him what Aris his Master - or indeed what anyone - thought about it. He would do the same again.

Gedor awaited them at the steps of the house, and held Conrad's door open for him in a gesture which pleased Conrad. The very house itself seemed to welcome him, and he was not surprised when Tanith greeted him in the hall with a kiss.

"They will soon heal," she said as she caressed the dried cuts on his face.

Even Mador came to greet him.

"Welcome Professor!" the dwarf said. "Welcome!"

"The Master will see you soon. But first, you should bathe and change. Mador will show you your room."

As Conrad turned to follow Mador, she added, "And Conrad, from this day forth this house is yours as your home."

Her words pleased him, and he followed Mador, proud of himself. Susan was beautiful, wealthy and powerful, and together they would return the Dark Gods to Earth.

The room Mador led him to was on the top floor of the house. It was large and luxurious and he was surprised to find the cupboards full of new clothes, all in his size. He selected some, and was relaxing in a bath of warm water when the maid entered the room, pushing a trolley replete with food.

She did not speak, but smiled at him through the open bathroom door as he lay, blushing at the unexpected intrusion.

"Thank you!" he said unnecessarily as she left.

It was almost an hour later when he too left, cleaned and fed, to find his way to the library where he assumed the Master would be waiting. It took him a long time, for the house was large and mostly unknown to him.

"Do you find," the Master said to him as he entered the library, "your house pleasing?" He smiled as he sat at the desk, indicating a chair.

Conrad sat down.

"From tonight, all this," Aris continued, "shall be yours."

Conrad could only stare in amazement. Was it a jest?

"There shall be a ritual," Aris said, "whose success will begin that new aeon which we seek. Recall that I said you had a Destiny. Your Destiny is to continue the work which I and others like me have begun. Every Grand Master such as I choose, when the time is right, for someone to succeed him. And I have chosen you. My daughter shall be your guide as your own power develops. She shall be your Mistress, just as Tanith has been mine."

Aris smiled benignly at him. "It is right you are amazed. You have proved yourself fitting for this honour. As to myself, I have other tasks to perform, other places to visit where you at present cannot go. We have tested you, and you have not been found wanting. I shall reveal to you secrets of our beliefs. We represent balance - we restore what is lacking in any particular time or society. We challenge the accepted. We encourage through our novices, our acts of magick and through the spread of our ideas that desire to know which religions, sects and political dogmatists all wish to suppress because it undermines their authority. Think on this, in relation to our history, and remember that we are seldom what we seem to others.

"Our way is all about, in its beginnings, and for those daring individuals who join us, liberating the dark or shadow aspect of the personality. To achieve this, we sometimes encourage individuals to undergo formative experiences of a kind which more conventional societies and individuals frown upon or are afraid of. Some of these experiences may well involve acts which are considered 'illegal'. But the strong survive, the weak perish. All this - and the other directly magickal experiences like those you yourself have experienced - develop both the character of the individual and their magickal abilities. In short, from the Satanic novice, the Satanic Adept is produced."

He smiled again at Conrad before continuing his Satanic discourse. "We tread a narrow path, as perhaps you yourself

are becoming aware. There is danger, there is ecstasy - but above all there is an exhilaration, a more intense and interesting way of loving. We aim to change this world - yes, but we aim to change individuals within it - to produce a new type of person, a race of beings truly representative of our foremost symbol, Satan. Only a few can belong to this new race, this coming race - to the Satanic elect. To this elite, I welcome you."

He passed over to Conrad a small book bound in black leather.

"All this I have said, and more, much more, is written of in here," Aris said. "Read and learn and understand. We shall not speak together again."

He bowed his head, as if respectfully, toward Conrad before rising and taking his leave. Alone in the silence which followed, Conrad thought he could hear a woman's voice.

"I am coming for you, I am coming!" it seemed to sing and for an instant he glimpsed a ghostly face, It was Fitten's wife.

Then Conrad was laughing, loudly, at the thought, as he basked in the glory of being chosen by the Master.

"I am the power, I am the glory!" he shouted aloud in his demonic possession as, behind him, the ghostly face cried.

XIX

Several times during their short journey Miranda tried to engage Baynes in conversation and each time she failed. He

did not speak even as they left the car near their destination to walk the last few hundred yards.

Only as they approached Denise's house did he relent.

"I fear," he said, pointing to where a car had left its imprint in the snow, "we are too late."

The door was unlocked, and he entered the house cautiously. No sounds came from within the house, and with Miranda in tow he slowly checked every room. The house was empty.

"Has she gone with them?" Miranda asked as they returned to the front door.

"Or been abducted."

"Why would they do that?"

"She would be a prize, I presume. A lady of her - how shall I say? - persuasion would be regarded in some respects as an ideal sacrifice."

"It's my fault," Miranda said sadly.

"Not at all. We still do not know if she is involved with them." He ushered her outside.

"I feel so responsible," she said.

"There is no need," he said kindly.

She took advantage of his tone and his nearness by resting her head on his shoulder. He held her, feebly and briefly, and then drew away.

"Here," he said, giving her keys to his car, "can you tell Frater Togbare what had occurred?"

"Yes, I will."

"Good. I will make some necessary arrangements."

"To get into their Temple?"

"Exactly. I shall be - say - an hour at most. Tell Frater Togbare to be ready to leave at once."

"Will three of us be enough?"

He looked at her for some seconds before replying. "I cannot allow you to go," he said somewhat pompously.

"Tough! I'm going!" she said with determination.

"No you're not."

She held her head slightly to one side, resting her hands on her hips. "Because I'm a woman?" she demanded, a touch of anger in her voice.

"Actually, yes."

"Oh I see!" she mocked. "It's strictly a job for the boys, is it?"

"It could be dangerous."

"Oh I see! And we weak women, cannot cope with danger, is that what you mean?" By now, she was angry.

"I didn't say that," he protested.

"But you meant it!"

"Look - there are more important things at the moment than this stupid argument!" He himself was beginning uncharacteristically, to become annoyed.

She smiled at him, as if satisfied to have aroused some emotion within him. "We'll be ready when you get back," she said. She did not wait for his reply and walked back toward his car.

Baynes watched her drive away in the falling snow before he returned to the house. The telephone was working, and he dialled Sanders' number.

"Baynes here. Can you meet me? Or should I say - meet me in fifteen minutes."

'Leave me alone!' He heard Sander say, 'One favour is - '

"Listen! There will be more money, this time."

'I'm not interested.'

"Just meet me. It will be to your long term advantage. You know what I mean?"

Sanders sighed, and Baynes smiled. 'Where?' he asked.

Baynes gave him the address, and sat in the stairs to wait, Sanders was late.

"That your car?" Baynes asked.

"Yeah."

"Let's go, then."

As they drove away, Sanders asked "Where to?"

"My house. Now - you've been in the Masters' Temple I imagine."

"Possibly."

"Excellent."

Baynes did not speak again until they were inside his house.

"Some friends of mine," Baynes said as he led Sanders into the study where Miranda and Togbare were waiting.

"Hello Miranda," Sanders said.

"You know each other?" Baynes asked, surprised.

Sanders raised his eyebrows and gave a lascivious smile. "I've heard of her. It's a small world, the Occult." He stared at her breasts.

Miranda stared back, and nervously, Sanders looked away.

"You said," Baynes asked him, "you'd been in the Satanist Temple."

"It's a free country," he shrugged.

"Can you lead us there?"

"You're serious?" When Baynes did not answer, he added, "You are serious!"

"Naturally, I would make it worth your while. Financially, of course."

"How much?" he whispered to Baynes.

"Sixty thousand."

"That's a lot of money!" He thought for a minute. "And all I have to do is lead you there, right?"

"Correct."

"When?"

"Now."

"Now?" Sanders said with surprise.

"Yes. And no tricks. I know the Temple is below the house, but I also know there is a secret entrance somewhere, nearby."

"You're well informed," Sanders said with surprise.

"I have my sources of information."

"Don't I know it!" Sanders said like an aside. "And the money?"

"Tomorrow. When the Banks open."

"Let's get this straight," Sanders said, twirling the inverted pentagram he wore around his neck. "I lead you there, then I'm free to go right?"

"Correct. Provided, of course, you do not inform anyone of our presence."

"What do you take me for? I know you've got your pet Policemen."

"Shall we go then?"

"Your car or mine?" Sanders quipped.

"Please," Togbare said quietly to Baynes, "may I talk with you? Alone?"

"As you wish," Baynes replied. "Please, excuse us for a moment," he said to Miranda.

Outside, in the hallway, he firmly shut the door to the study.

"This plan of yours," Togbare said, "are we not being too hasty?"

"I don't believe so."

"But to go to their Temple - "

"What choice do we have? They will sacrifice Stanford and for all we know Denise as well. Did Miranda not say that Denise was 'virge intacta'?"

"No."

"Don't you see? I am sure their ritual will be tonight."

"The blood of a virgin - yes, yes," Togbare mumbled.

"Your actual presence at the ritual will I am sure suffice to disrupt it."

"It is possible, yes. But the physical danger - "

"I shall of course leave a message with a friend of mine, a Police Officer. Should we not return, he will investigate. Believe me, there will be no second chance for us. Can we afford to wait? What if we do nothing and tonight they complete their sacrifices and open the gates to the Abyss? What then? The evil they will release will spread like a poison. Large scale demonic possession will occur - madness, crime committed by those weak of will ..."

"Yes, yes of course," Togbare said abstractly, "you are right."

"Their success," Baynes continued, "would give them magickal power - Satanic magickal power - beyond imagining. We would be powerless. And their Dark Gods would return, to haunt the Earth."

"You have only voiced my own fears. I shall prepare myself as we journey to our destination. May God protect us."

Baynes left Togbare mumbling prayers. In the study he found Sanders kneeling on the floor, clutching his genitals, his face contorted with pain. "See," Miranda said to Baynes in triumph, "we women can take care of ourselves! Shall I drive then?"

Both Baynes and Sanders watched her as she left the room.

XX

"Your marriage to our daughter," Conrad remembered Tanith had said, "shall be first."

A prelude, he thought to the fugue that would be the opening of the gates to the Abyss.

He stood in the candlelit Temple, resplendent in the crimson robe Tanith had given him for the ceremony. The congregation formed an aisle to the altar upon which the tetrahedron glowed, and he stood in front of it with the Master and Tanith to await his Satanic bride.

There was a beating of drums, and Gedor, with Susan beside him, walked down the stone steps and into the chamber of the Temple. She wore a black veil and a black flowing gown and walked alone past the congregation as Gedor stood guard by the door which marked the hidden entrance.

Tanith's viridian robe seemed iridescent in the fluxing light, and she greeted her daughter with a kiss before joining Susan's hand with Conrad's.

"We, Master and Mistress of this Temple," Aris and Tanith said together, "greet you who have gathered to witness this rite. Let the ceremony begin!"

There was a chant from the many voices of the congregation.

"Agios o Satanas! Agios o Satanas!"

We are gathered here," the Master said, "to join in oath and through our dark magick this man and this woman, so that hence forward they shall be as inner sanctuaries to our gods!"

"Hail to they," Tanith chanted, "who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names!"

The Master raised his hands and began to vibrate the name Atazoth followed by Vindex while Tanith led the congregation in chanting 'Agios o Satanas! Agios o Satanas! Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet! while the drums beat ever louder and more insistent. At Tanith's sign, they stopped.

The sudden silence startled Conrad, a little.

"Do you," the Master said to Conrad, "known in this world as Conrad Robury accept as your Satanic Mistress this lady, Amilichus, known as Susan Aris, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our dark gods?"

"I do," Conrad replied.

"Then give me as a sign of your oath this ring."

Conrad accepted the silver ring, and placed it on Susan's finger.

Aris turned to his daughter. "Do you Ambilichus, accept as your Satanic Master this man, known in this world as Conrad Robury and whom we now honour as Falcifer in name, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our dark gods?"

"I do," Susan replied.

"Then give as a sign of your oath this ring."

She took the silver ring, and placed it on Conrad's finger.

"See them!" Aris said, "Hear them! Know them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this Master and Mistress against the desire of this Master and Mistress, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our faith! Hear me you dark gods of Chaos gathering to witness this rite!"

Tanith unbound their hands to swiftly cut with a sharp knife their thumbs. She pressed Conrad's bleeding thumb onto Susan's forehead, leaving a mark in blood, before marking Conrad in the same manner and pressing the two thumbs together to mingle the blood. Then she pressed a few drops of blood from each onto a triangle of parchment. There was a silver bowl on the altar containing liquid which Aris lit before Tanith cast the parchment into the flames.

"By this burning," she said, "I declare this couple wed! Let their children be numerous and become as eagles who swoop upon their prey!"

"But ever remember," Aris said, "you who in joining find a magick which creates, never love so much that you cannot see your partner die when their dying-time has come."

"Let us greet," Tanith said, "the new lord and lady of the dark!"

Tanith's kiss was signal for the congregation to greet the spaeman and his wife.

No traffic came along the narrow lane that led past the neglected woods near the Master's house, and Miranda parked the car partly on the snow-covered verge. The snow had stopped, and there was an almost unearthly beauty about the scene: the snow-capped trees, the virgin white of the fields, the cold quiet stillness of the night air.

But the horizon around the fields began to change, as if the sky itself was full of fury. Red, indigo and thunder purple vied for mastery. Each passing moment brought a change, a subtle shift in colour or intensity. Yet there was no sound, as there might have been if an Earth-bred storm had existed as cause.

Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the spectacle ceased, to leave Miranda and the others staring at a night sky full-brimming with stars.

"This way," Sanders said as he walked in amongst the trees.

There was a fence yards within the wood, and he climbed it easily while Baynes gave assistance to Togbare and Miranda. Soon, the undergrowth became thick, but Sanders followed a narrow path deep into the stillness, stopping frequently to wait for his companions. Baynes kept close behind him, one hand in his jacket pocket and holding the revolver.

The snow was deep in places over the path that snaked around trees, bushes, dead bracken and entwining undergrowth, and Togbare stumbled and fell.

"Are you alright?" Miranda asked him.

"Yes, thank you." Slowly, he raised himself to his feet using his stick.

He tried to sense the power of the rituals being undertaken that night on his instructions to try and counter the magick of the Satanists, but he could sense nothing, however hard he strained and however he listened to the emanations from the astral aether. There was nothing, and it took him some minutes as he walked along the path to realise why. The wood was like a vortex in the fabric of space-time, absorbing all the psychic energies that radiated upon it. He sighed, then, at this realization, for he knew it meant they would be alone in the magickal battle to come.

He could see a clearing ahead where the others had stopped to wait for him. As he reached its edge, he was startled by the strange cry of an Eagle Owl. He had heard the cry before, in the forests of Scandinavia, and looked up to see the large ominous predator swooping down toward Sanders face, its hooked claws ready to strike.

Sanders shielded his face with his arm. Quickly, Togbare raised his stick and the huge owl veered spectacularly away, up and over the trees. It was not long before they heard its harsh call break the silence that shrouded the wood.

"Come," Togbare said, "we must hurry. They will know now that we are here."

XXI

Denise awoke to find herself in a cell. It was small, brightly lit and warm. There was a thong around her neck, and she was still struggling to remove it when her cell door opened.

Neil, dressed in the black robe of the Satanic order, stood outside and motioned her to come forward.

"Listen to me," he whispered, glancing behind him at the stone stairs, "I don't have much time. You must go and warn the others. It's a trap. Here," he handed her a bunch of keys, "take one of their cars. Come on."

When Denise made no move to leave, he said, "Please, you've got to trust me. Frater Togbare will explain."

She looked into his eyes, then smiled. "How do I get out?" she asked, taking the keys.

"I'll show you."

He led her up the stairs and through an archway. "Through that door," he said, "are some stairs. You'll come to another door which leads to a passage. Follow the passage and you'll be in the hall, near the front door of the house. And don't worry, no one is around - they are all in the Temple. Good luck!"

He watched her go before returning to the top of the stairs. He stood in the circular chamber and waited. It was not a long wait, for soon the floor began to turn. The wall parted, revealing the Temple, and he walked down the steps to join the worshippers.

Conrad greeted him. "The Master has just told me," he said, "that you were one of us all along! Sorry if I used too much force."

"You weren't to know," said a relieved Neil.

Aris, Tanith and Susan were standing in front of the altar, the congregation before them, and they waited until Neil and Conrad joined them.

A proud Conrad held up his wedding ring for Neil to see, and Conrad joined them.

"Let the rite of sacrifice begin!" The Master intoned.

Slowly, the congregation began to chant.

"Suscipe, Satanas, munos quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth," they chanted.

Then they began their dance around the altar, singing a dirge as they danced counter to the direction of the sun.

"Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla teste Satan cum sybilla. Quantos tremor est futurus, quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

Then the Master was vibrating the words of a chant, Agios o Baphomet, as one of the congregation came away from the dance to kneel before Tanith who bared her breasts in greeting.

"It is the protection," the kneeling man said as he removed the hood which covered his head, "and milk of your breasts that I seek."

Tanith bent down, and he suckled. Then she pushed him away, laughing, and saying, "I reject you!"

The man knelt before her, while around them the dancers whirled ever faster, still singing their chant.

"I pour my kisses at your feet," the kneeling man said, "and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of their blood. I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter of and a gate to our Dark Gods. I lift up my voice to you, dark demoness Baphomet, so that my mage's seed may feed your whoring flesh!"

Tanith touched his head with her hand. "Kiss me, and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste my fragrance and I shall make you as a seed of corn which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a gate which opens to our gods!"

She clapped her hands twice, and the dancers ceased their dance to gather round as she lay down beside the man, stripping him naked. Then she was upon him, fulfilling her lust as the congregation clapped their hands in rhythm to her rising and falling body.

"Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!" Aris the Master was chanting.

Tanith screamed in ecstasy, and for a moment lay still. Then she was standing, intoning the words of her role.

"So you have sown and from your seeding gifts may come if you obedient hear these words I speak." She looked smiling upon the congregation. "I know you, my children, you are dark yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. With a curse I can strike you dead! Hear me, then, and obey! Gather for me the gift we shall offer in sacrifice to our gods!"

She gestured with her hand and two of the congregation ascended the stairs as drum beats began in the Temple. It was not long before one of the men returned, aghast.

"She's gone!" he shouted.

Aris turned toward Neil, and smiled.

"You will do instead," he said.

By the far edge of the clearing lay a wooden hut, and Sanders led them toward it.

"Inside," he said to Baynes, "there's a trap-door in the floor."

He made to move away, but Baynes said, "Show me."

Reluctantly Sanders went inside and lifted the floor covering in a corner. The hut itself was bare.

"There," he said in a whisper.

"Open it then," answered Baynes.

Sanders did so and light from the stairs suffused the hut. "They're all yours!" Sanders said with relief and walked toward the still open door where Miranda stood beside Togbare,

He was about to step outside when he saw them. Three large dogs snarling and running toward him. Hastily he slammed the flimsy door shut. They jumped against it, fiercely barking. Only his weight against it held it firm. They jumped again and again as if possessed and the wood began to splinter.

"Quick!" Baynes said, indicating the stairs.

He helped Miranda and Togbare down and descended the several steps himself.

"Follow me quickly!" he shouted to Sanders who stood, his eyes wide with terror, with his back and arms against the breaking door.

Baynes had gone, and he ran across the floor of the hut, almost stumbling. The door shattered and he was fumbling with the trap-door ring when the first dog attacked. But he succeeded just in time in closing the door, and leant back against the steps, breathing hard as above him the dogs tried to dig around and through the door.

"Come on," Baynes said to him as he stood, stooping, in the narrow tunnel that led away from the stairs.

Sanders said nothing. His eyes and face betrayed his fear.

"You don't have any choice," Baynes said unsympathetically.

Above them, the dogs could be heard howling. Miranda edged past Baynes to take Sanders hand in her own.

The gesture worked, and he followed them as they walked along the tunnel. Soon, it began to slope gently downward, but it seemed a long time before they could not hear the barking and the baying of the dogs.

Gradually, the light began to change in intensity, and it was only a faint glow sufficient for them to dimly see by when Baynes reached the door that sealed off the exit to the tunnel.

"Yes, my friend." He felt in his pocket for his crucifix. Dramatically, Baynes withdrew the gun from his pocket before opening the door that led to the Temple. It swung silently on its hinges.

"She's gone!" they heard a man's voice shout.

XXII

Denise was sitting in Susan's car outside the house when she experienced her vision. She saw the wood, the country lane where Miranda had parked Baynes' car, and she drove toward it, followed her instinct and intuition.

When she arrived, she sensed the woods were a place of danger, both physical and magickal, and she walked cautiously in the snow-steps Baynes and his two companions had left behind, stopping every few minutes to stand and listen. The deeper into the wood she went, the more did she become aware of elemental forces. The wood was alive to her - and she had to shut her psychic senses against the myriad images and sensations: a primitive force urging her to flee back to the road and safety; leering and laughing demonic faces and shapes peering out from behind the trees and bushes...

She knew as she walked that the Master and his followers had built with their sinister magick a psychic barrier to shield the woods, the house and the Temple. But she was also aware that there were other forces outside this barrier trying to break it down. She saw in her mind groups sitting in a circle within a room within a house... They were focusing their powers upon Togbare: he was their symbol, his stick a magical sword trying like a magnet to attract the energies of their rituals. Her awareness of these rituals, of Togbare's foresightful planning of them, pleased her as she walked in the silence of the wood.

The clearing she entered caused her to stop and stand still for many minutes, and she with her heightened psychic ability sensed the owl before she saw it. And when she did see it, swooping silently toward her, she spoke to it in words like gentle music. It seemed to hover above her head as if listening to her voice before flying silently away.

She was approaching the hut when she heard the dogs. She did not shorten her pace but walked toward the door to see them crouched in a corner as if ready to pounce.

"Hello, little ones!" she said gently and unafraid.

They snarled at her, but did not attack. But they would not let her near. When she moved toward them, they would bare their teeth and growl as if ready to leap at her. But when she moved back toward the door, they sat down on the trap-door watching her.

Several times she tried to edge near, but the response was always the same. She could not seem to break with her gentle magick the barrier which surrounded them.

With a sigh, she settled down to wait, consciously trying to break a hole in the magickal barrier shielding the woods and the Temple, hoping that the white magick outside might break through to aid Togbare in his battle.

As she spun her mantric spells she experienced a vision of Baynes and his companions entering the Satanic Temple.

Baynes was the first to step into the Temple, but Miranda and Togbare soon followed.

The Master turned toward them, as if he had expected them.

"Welcome!" he said.

Conrad saw Gedor go through the door and return carrying Sanders whom he carried toward the altar.

"You have betrayed us!" The Master said to him.

"No! No!" Sanders feebly protested.

"Prepare him!"

"Stop!" Togbare shouted, and raised his stick.

The congregation parted, making an aisle to the Master.

"We must begin," Susan whispered into Conrad's ear.

She was standing in front of him, holding his hands as she had often done before, and Conrad understood. Then Neil was attempting to come between them but Conrad knocked him away. Dazed, Neil retreated to stand beside Togbare.

Gedor was stripping Sanders of his clothes while Tanith stood nearby, holding two knives.

"Stop!" Togbare said again.

The Master held out his hand, his ring glowing. A bolt of energy sprang from it toward Togbare, but it was harmlessly absorbed by the Mage's stick. The tetrahedron on the altar had begun to pulse with varying intensities of light and the Master went to it and laid his hands upon it. As he did so he became engulfed in golden flames. Togbare raised his magickal staff and he too became surrounded by light.

Susan tightened her grip on Conrad's hands and he suddenly felt the primal power of the Abyss within him. He was not Conrad, but a vortex of energy. Then he was in the darkness of space again, sensing other presences around him. There was an echo of the sadness he had felt before, and then the vistas of stars and alien worlds, world upon world upon world. He became, briefly, the crystal upon the altar, the Master standing beside it. But there were other forces present and around him, trying to send him back into his earthly body and seal the rent that had appeared and which joined the causal universe to the acausal where his Dark Gods waited. He became two beings because of this opposition - a pure detached consciousness caught in the vortex of the Abyss, surrounded by stars, and Conrad, standing holding the hands of his Satanic Mistress in the Temple. His earthly self saw the astral clash between Togbare and the Master as their radiance was transformed by their wills and sent forth, transforming the colourful aura of their opponent. He saw Tanith give Sanders a knife. Saw Gedor approaching him, brandishing his own. Saw the

congregation gather around the fight as they lusted for the kill - Sanders tried several times to get away, but the encircling congregation always pushed him back toward Gedor. Baynes, Neil and Miranda were beside Togbare and partly enclosed in the luminescence of his aura.

Then Conrad seemed free again to wander through the barriers that kept the two universes apart. He and Susan, together, had been a key to the gate of the Abyss, his own consciousness freed by the power of the crystal and the Master's magick. He was free, and would break the one and only seal that remained.

In the Temple, the fight did not take long to reach its conclusion. Sanders seemed to have become possessed by the demonic atmosphere in the Temple and attacked several times, slashing at Gedor with his knife. But each time Gedor had moved away. Sanders tried again, and harder, after Gedor cut his arm. He caught Gedor's hand and turned to be stabbed by Gedor in the throat.

"The third key!" Tanith shouted in triumph.

The spurting blood seemed to vaporise and then form an ill-defined image above the altar. It became the face of the Master, of Conrad, of a demon, of Satan himself.

Suddenly, Neil snatched the gun from Baynes. The shot missed the Master, and Baynes knocked Neil over.

Togbare, distracted, looked at Baynes and then at the Master. He felt in that instant the Satanic barrier protecting the Temple break, and renewed magickal power flowing down toward him, energizing his staff and his own aura. He pointed the staff at the Master, sending bolts of magickal energy. They reached him, and the auric energy around the

Master, and the shape above the altar, vanished. But Baynes leapt forward to snatch the staff and break it over his knee.

As he did so, the aura around Togbare flickered, and then disappeared. But the old man was too quick for Baynes, and bent down to retrieve part of his stick which he threw at the crystal, hitting it. As it struck, the crystal exploded, plunging the Temple into darkness.

There was then no magickal energy left, and Togbare calmly led Miranda and Neil back along the tunnel to the hut. The dogs departed quietly the instant the crystal shattered, leaving Denise free to open the trap-door. When Togbare and the others reached her, she realized Neil had gone insane.

Togbare smiled at her as she closed the trap-door, and then he quietly fell to the floor. She did not need to check his pulse, but did so nevertheless as Neil stood over her, dribbling.

Togbare was dead, and over the trees the Eagle Owl sent its call.

The darkness in the Temple lasted less than a minute, and when it was over both the Master and Tanith had vanished. Conrad looked around and saw Baynes walking toward him. The congregation still stood around the body of Sanders, looking at Conrad and waiting, as Susan looked and waited.

Without speaking, Baynes took hold of Conrad's left hand and bent down to kiss the ring in a gesture of obeisance. Suddenly, Conrad understood. He was not just Conrad but a channel, a link, between the worlds. He would be, because of this, the Anti-Christ and had only to develop and extend his

already burgeoning magickal powers for the Earth to become his domain. For by dark ritual a new beast had been born, ready and willing to haunt the Earth. A few more rituals, and his invading legions would be ready.

His laugh reverberated around the Temple.

Epilogue:

Barred windows? Neil shook his head as if he could not remember before returning to his seat. The television was on, as it always was during the day, and he watched it in the smoky, grimy room. He did not know what he watched, but it passed a few hours.

Occasionally he would rise from his chair to stare around the room or out of the window. Once, someone brought him some tablets and he took them without speaking, and, once he wandered across the room to watch two of his fellow patients play a game of snooker on the worn table with cues that were not quite straight. But neither the game nor they themselves interested him, and he resumed his chair, sunk into his stupor.

Baynes watched him briefly as he sat with the psychiatrist in the small almost airless room at the end of the ward.

"Yes, indeed," the man was saying, "a perplexing case."

"And, he mentioned my name?"

"Once, a few days ago, when he was admitted. He said something about an Eagle Owl, but it didn't really make much sense. You met once I believe?"

"Yes. He was a student, at the University. Into drugs, I understand. And the Occult - that sort of thing. He wanted to borrow some money. Rambled on about some conspiracy or other."

"Well," he fumbled with the folder that contained Neil's psychiatric case notes, "I won't keep you any longer."

"He is receiving treatment, then?"

"Of course. Medication at the moment - although tomorrow we shall start ECT."

"Electroconvulsive therapy?" Baynes asked.

"Yes."

Baynes looked at Neil, and smiled. "If there is anything I can do to help - " he said formally to the Doctor as he stood to leave.

"We have a note of your address."

"Good bye, then."

Neil did not even look at Baynes as he walked through the ward to the door that led down the stairs and out into the bright sunlight.

The sun warmed the air, a little, but insufficient to melt any of the snow, and Denise stood by a large Beech tree in the grounds of the hospital, watching Baynes leave. She

knew better than to try and follow him, and went back to her car where Miranda waited, asleep.

Miranda could remember nothing of the events in the Temple, but by using her own psychic skills, Denise was beginning to understand them. She did not know what, if anything, she could do. All she knew was that she had to try.

The Deofel Quintet

Volume III

By

Anton Long

ONA

The Temple of Satan

A Symphonic Allegory

"Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth. Traditionally, Baphomet is associated with the magickal grade of Mistress of Earth – the fifth of the seven stages that mark the Satanic path. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth-based living child to be born from these children is the Demon named Love...."

Herein are truths to set against the lies and distortions of Elisphas Levi and others.

Book of Recalling

Prologue

Melanie was a beautiful woman, and she had grown used to using her beauty for her advantage. Her crimson robes, her amber necklace and her dark hair all enhanced it, and she smiled without kindness at the overweight man prostrate before her.

The black candles gave the only light but she could still see the parchment paleness of his naked skin as the dancers chanted while they danced sun-wise in the temple to the beat of the tabors.

Beside her, a man cloaked in black declaimed in a loud voice, words of Initiation.

"Do you bind yourself, with word, deed, and oath to us, the seed of Satan?"

"I do," the nervous, prostrate man replied.

"Then understand that breaking your word is the beginning of our wrath!" He clapped his hands, and the dancers gathered round. "Hear him! See him! Know him!"

Seven beats from a tabor and the dancers broke their enclosing circle, sighing as Melanie raised her whip. The sweating men knew it was a formality, a ritual gesture without pain. But Melanie smiled, and beat him till he bled.

Then she was laughing. "Dance!" she commanded, and they obeyed, completing the ritual to its end. And when it was over and the bloated man with the freshly bloodied skin drew some pleasure as he slumped by the altar in the climax of a

whore's sexual embrace, Melanie left to swim naked in the sensuous warmth of her pool.

Soon, only the chief celebrant remained, waiting for her in the small study by her hall. He was a tall man of gaunt face whose eyes brought to some a remembrance of the image of someone who was mad. For years, he'd lived in a monastery and fed his body and tried to break his spirit but he had given way to temptation and sought the road of sin.

Melanie's dress hid little of her flesh, and she sat on the edge of the desk beside him, smiling as he turned his eyes away. He wanted her body, and she knew it and the reason why he would do nothing.

"You are getting bored with us," he said.

"And you are afraid."

"Of where you might be leading us?"

"The Ceremony of Recalling."

"But no one, for a long time, has dared-"

She leaned over him, caressing his lips with her finger. "If I find you a sacrifice, have you faith enough to do the ritual and slit his throat?"

I

Thurstan's past seemed to him to consist of a series of disconnected memories and, as he sat above the stream while hot sun drew sweat from his body and a light breeze

carried it away from the summit of the hill, tears filled his eyes.

His memories were of women. There was a beauty, and ecstasy about their recalling as there was about his gestures of love and as he remembered he experienced again the intensity of life that those gestures had brought him.

He remembered walking one late perfume-filled Spring evening to see, for just a few minutes, the woman he loved before she left for the company of another man.

It was, he remembered, a long walk begun when the sun of afternoon was warm and the bridge that joined the banks of the river Cam where they in Cambridge would meet was only an image - distant and hopeful- in his mind. He remembered, years later, cycling 15 miles through a winter blizzard to take his letter to the house of the woman he then loved while she slept, unaware of his dreams. He remembered the exhilaration of running through the streets of the city to catch the last train and the long walk in the early morning cold to a house to apologize to the woman he loved.

Yet the tears, which came to him, were not the tears of sorrow. Everything around him seemed suddenly more real and more alive - the larks which sang high above the heather-covered hills, the sun, the sky, the very Earth itself. They, and he himself, seemed to almost possess the divine.

He sensed the promise of his own life - as if in some way he and the woman he loved were, or could be, the instrument of a divine love, a means to reveal divinity to the world. Yet the divinity he sensed was not the stark god of religion, or even to one omniscient God, and the more he experienced and the more he thought he realized it was not god all. It was a goddess.

This thought pleased him. He felt he had re-discovered an important meaning, maybe even the ultimate meaning, about his life, and he walked slowly down from the hill to wash his face in the cold water of the stream.

The loss of his wife held no sorrow for him now and the sad resignation of yet another loss began to fade. Like a little boy, he took off his shoes and socks and paddled along in the stream.

There was no Natalie to share this with him as he might have wished, and his meeting with her seemed a dream. Was it a week since you came upon her, sitting by the bank of the river Severn in tree-full Quarry Park while, around, the town of Shrewsbury became drier for the hot sun of summer?

He could remember almost every word of their conversation – she had smiled as he had passed and he, shy and blushing, spoke of the weather, of how the long heat had lowered the level of the water. On her delicate fingers – a ring with a symbol of the Tao. So he had asked, and had sat beside her. For two hours they talked, revealing their pasts like two friends.

"Without my dreams," she had said, "I would be nothing" and he hid his tears.

There was a beauty in her words, in her eyes, sadness in the softness of her voice and by the time she rose to leave he was in love, although he did not realize it then. "Can I see you again?" yet asked. She was unsure, but agreed and he gave his address, named a day and time and watched her walk away wanting but not daring to run and embrace her.

And then she was gone, lost to his world. A day only was over before he found her address and sent her flowers. Next

day – her long, sad letter. "I have nothing to give," she had written. "You were my random audience."

He sent more flowers, but sat alone by the river at the appointed time before the dying sun dried away the foolish vapor of his dreams.

The cold water of the stream refreshed him and as he bathed his face again then slowly his sadness returned, only muted by his ecstasy. No one passed him as he walked along the paths that wound down from among the hills. There was no one to welcome him home, and he sat by the window in his small cottage wondering what he should do. The hills of south Shropshire, the isolation, the garden - all had lost their charm. Somewhere, beyond the valley, the hills, the villages and the town, his wife would be happy within the arms of another man.

It was not a long walk from his cottage to the town and its station, but the heat of the day oppressed him even as it made the other passengers in the stuffy, noisy train sit silent and still throughout the short journey.

Variegated people mingled over the sun-shadowed platforms of the Shrewsbury station and Thurstan followed two young girls as they walked along the concrete above the sun-glinting lines of steel, which carried a diesel engine through the humid air that vibrated with its power the ground and buildings around. A wooden barrier siphoned the arrivals down dirty stone steps and through ultramodern doors to the traffic-filled streets of Shrewsbury.

It was in the streets that Thurstan realized he was afraid. He believed he could sense the feelings behind the faces of the people he passed in the streets – and not only sense them, but feel them as if they were his own. He felt the nervous vulnerability of a young girl as she waited, half-afraid by the

frontage of a shop where people jostled, and an intimation of her gentle innocence being destroyed troubled him. He felt the anger of a young mother as she scolded her screaming child while cars passed, noisy, in the street: the pain of an old man as he hobbled supported by a stick toward the pedestrian precinct where youths gathered, waiting.

Thurstan fled from the people, their feelings, the noise, and the latent tension he could feel in the air to sit by the river in Quarry Park. The sun, the flowing water, the warm grass all calmed him. He sat for over an hour, occasionally turning to watch a few people who passed along the paths. The sense of an affinity, perhaps a love, for the individuals around him – an empathy that he could not, even if he had wished, formulate into words. But this insight was destroyed by a woman.

She was beautiful, the woman who passed him as she walked along the path near where he sat vaguely wondering about love. She seemed to smile at him, but he could not be sure for she passed under the shadow of a tree while sunlight narrowed his eyes. His feelings in that moment of not mystical but rather a strange mixture of gentle sexual desire, expectation and a burgeoning vitality mixed with the anguish of shyness, and he was resigned to simply remembering the moment as he had remembered such moments before when the woman turned around and smiled.

Thurstan felt as though he had been punched in the stomach. The woman turned, passed a tree to walk under the bridge that fed a road over the river, and up toward the town along a narrow, stone-lined passage, leaving Thurstan to his turmoil. Then he was on his feet, and following.

He wanted to run, but dared not. So he followed, quickening his step. He would catch her when the lane met the road ahead between High School and Hospital. Perhaps she sensed him lurking behind and was afraid, for she seemed to

Thurstan to quicken her step and he was left to follow her not knowing what he would do.

She crossed the road. Thurstan saw nothing except her and decided not to follow her anymore, then she turned, almost stopped, and smiled at him again. He felt she was waiting for him and this feeling made him follow her along the empty pavement and down a narrow cobbled street towards the empty market of an empty town.

He was within yards of her when she vanished into one of the many small shops that lined the street. 'J. Apted - Antiquarian Books' the sign above the door read.

No bells sounded when Thurstan entered and in the musty dimness he peered around the shelves. A portly gentleman with a genial face stared back at him.

"Can I help you at all, sir?" he asked.

In this small room beyond the shelves Thurstan could see no one. "A woman - did a woman just come in here?" Thurstan asked shyly, and blushed.

"A woman?"

"Yes - long red hair, green eyes, wearing a long dress."

The man smiled, kindly. "No one but yourself has entered here this last hour."

Fear of having mistaken the shop which he saw her enter, made Thurstan rush towards the door when he saw her portrait, in oils, upon the wall.

It was only several minutes later, after questioning the bookseller, that Thurstan realized he had seen a ghost. The woman had been dead for 50 years.

II

Fifty years, the bookseller had said.

"It's a sad business, yes indeed. Murdered she was. In here - in this very house. It was a school then, you see.

"You saw her, you said?" And the old man's eyes seemed to brighten.

Then Thurstan had thanked him and fled through the streets of humid people to find a train to take him toward his home. He could not sleep that night and the next day, at the same time, he was in the park again, but she did not appear and he walked away to stand for nearly an hour near the bookshop trying to find the courage to go in.

The bookseller was not surprised to see him. "She is beautiful, yes?" he said as Thurstan stood staring at the painting.

"Where did you see her first?", the old man asked directly.

Thurstan turned towards him, and shyly shuffled his feet. "I - " he began.

The man smiled kindly. "I have always felt this place is still her home but, alas, I myself have never met her, as you have done."

"I didn't realize -"

"That what you saw was an apparition? They appear so real, you see. I myself have a small interest in such matters. Would you like some tea?"

The invitation was so unexpected and so kindly meant, that without thinking Thurstan said, "Yes - that would be rather nice."

"Shall we retire - to somewhere more comfortable?" the man smiled and wrung his hands.

"I shall close early, today!"

The room beyond the shop was, like the shop itself, lined from floor to ceiling by books, and like the books, the table, chairs and desks were antiquarian. There was a large and oddly-shaped specimen of rock crystal on the table and Thurstan bent down to examine it. A face - the face of a beautiful woman - was within it but Thurstan had barely recognized it when it vanished.

"Help me!" he thought he heard a sad, distant voice, say.

The bookseller brought a tray, offered a mug of tea, some biscuits and cake while Thurstan waited, half-watching the crystal and half-expecting to hear the distant voice. He ate and drank, and listened to the words of the old man without really understanding them. Somewhere, in a nearby recess or room, a large clock struck the quarter hour.

His nervous expectancy, the heat, the man's slow but consistent voice, all combined to make Thurstan disposed

towards sleep and he felt himself drifting off to embrace the temptation when a lot of persistent rapping awoke him.

"I'm sorry," the bookseller said. "Would you excuse me?"

Then Thurstan heard a brief curse, the door being unlocked and a few words of a hurried conversation that followed. He was staring into the crystal when the bookseller returned alone. Nearby, the hidden clock marked the passing of half an hour.

The old man did not smile but stared, nervously, at the floor while he said: "I must go. An appointment, you understand. You will not be offended I hope?"

"No, of course not".

"Perhaps -", but he looked up and cast his eyes down again before leading Thurstan towards the door. He saw Thurstan look again at the woman's portrait but pretended not to notice.

"Well, good-bye," Thurstan said, perplexed by the sudden change in the man's aura.

"It was nice meeting you, Mr. Jebb."

Thurstan held out his hand, but the bookseller shuffled away, leaving Thurstan to stumble down the step and awkwardly close the door. He had almost reached Quarry Park where a warm sun cast cool tree shadows over the grass when he realized he'd never told the man his name. But this strangeness did not concern him for long as he walked down to the river to sit on a bench, trying to remember what the bookseller had said.

It had been about apparitions, but not in general and not about the ghost of the woman Thurstan had seen, as he sat watching the strong river flow silently by, he felt his sadness returning. He would never meet her. Never be able to share his dreams, visions and love. He tried hard to wish himself back in time - 50 years before. He would walk to her house and wait. He would not care how long he waited. But he would be ready and somehow save her.

It was childish fantasy and he knew it was, but still he had to control himself to prevent the tears. "There's so much I don't understand", he said to himself aloud and a young girl, prettily dressed, moved away from him, fearful, as she passed by his bench.

His tiredness returned, slowly, brought on by sun and his sadness and he closed his eyes to briefly sleep. No sound woke him from the dream about his wife - only a beautiful scent, nearby. A woman had sat beside him on the bench and for almost a minute he feared to look at her. But then she seemed about to leave and he turned, in desperation.

Her dark hair was cut gracefully to fall just above her shoulders and she wore a necklace of polished amber.

"Do you often gawp like that at a strange woman?", she said as he sat open mouthed and unbelieving. Only the color of her hair and manner of dress was different.

"I...", Then: "I'm sorry, but you are so beautiful," he said without thinking as he let out his breath.

She smiled but stood up to leave.

"Please- ", Thurstan stood beside her, unable to control himself, and held her arm as she turned.

She was alive, and in his joy at this he forgot his fear of her reaction. But only for an instant. He jerked his hand away.

"Yes?"

He struggled to find words that would make sense but his thoughts were fast moving water breaking over the weir of dread.

She saved him from his turmoil. "You may invite me to share a pot of tea with you at the cafe around the corner."

"What? Yes, of course."

He walked beside her, awkward and blushing, for many yards before she spoke again.

"You are an interesting man."

"Do you live in Shrewsbury?" he managed to say.

"Nearby."

"Do you often walk along here?" The banality of his questions pained him - but she would think him a fool or mad, if he formed his chaos of feelings into words. And did not want to lose her.

"Sometimes."

It was a strange sensation for Thurstan walking beside the beautiful woman. Was she a vision sent to haunt him - or was his dream the ghost of yesterday? But he knew she was real just as he seemed to know that she was interested in him. In him, Thurstan Jebb. Perhaps she was intrigued. Was it something in his eyes, he wondered, that gave him away? For a long time he had believed he was different - a mystic perhaps, who felt and saw more than others. This secret knowledge gave him security in the outer barrenness of his life as he eked out a type of living as a gardener, content to have forgotten his past.

"You are an interesting man", he heard in his head like an echo, and he smiled.

"May I ask your name? " he said, feeling his mouth go dry.

She turned and smiled. "Melanie."

"Melanie, " he repeated, like a fool.

"Yes. I believe it comes from the Greek for black."

"Hence your black dress."

"Not really. I think the color suits me, don't you?"

Unexpectedly, she twirled around, laughing.

"I think most colors would suit you." she smiled at him again and Thurstan wanted to embrace her - more from sexual desire than from any nobler feeling. This sudden desire surprised him with its intensity and he began to tremble. It seemed to him natural that he should be walking with her, for she was not like a stranger to him. He wanted to hold her

hand as they walked away from the river up a narrow street to where an almost empty cafe lay, renovated and waiting beside the boarded up windows and doors of a once notorious Inn. "Barrick Passage", the street sign read.

They sat in silence for a long time as their Darjeeling tea cooled. "I don't", Thurstan said and blushed, "make a habit of this."

"What? Drinking tea on a half hot afternoon," she teased.

"No - I mean inviting strange ladies.... "

"Am I strange then?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean-"

"Don't worry," Melanie laughed. "Anyway, I invited you!"

Her smile made Thurstan's desire return. She seemed to be waiting - expectant. There was warmth in her eyes, in her smile, even in the way that she leaned her body slightly towards him. Her dress emphasized her breasts as her necklace emphasized her green eyes and Thurstan greedily sucked in her beauty through his eyes as he sucked in her perfume through his nose. Her skin was tanned and he found it impossible to judge her age. He wanted to tell her of the ghost he had seen - of his dreams and hopes and visions about life. But all he did, with trembling limbs and straining heart, was reach across the table and hold her hand.

She did not flinch nor move away as half of him expected, but slowly stroked the back of his hand with her thumb. He was elated with his success, and closed his eyes in delight.

"You are trembling," she said, gently.

Slowly, he shook his head. "I can't believe this. There are so many things I want to say."

"Don't say them. Let's just enjoy this moment."

"You are so beautiful." he reached up and stroked her face with his fingers.

"Will you walk with me to my car? "

Dazed, he followed her out of the building to walk beside her. She did not seem to mind when he held her hand.

Several men turned to stare at her as they descended the shop-strewn steepness of Wyle Cop, to cross the busy road. Thurstan was oblivious to it all.

The luxury of her car surprised him and he stood beside it under a hot sun, tongue-tied and embarrassed and feeling lost. Only the wealthy could afford such a car.

"You seem surprised," she said, breaking free her hand to find the keys in the pocket of her dress.

Their slow but short walk from the cafe had unsettled Thurstan, for the magick of the moment they had shared in it appeared to him to have drifted away to another world, and he had convinced himself that he had been mistaken. There would be nothing more -except perhaps the future possibility of him somehow trying to painfully recapture her in those moments: to draw her on toward the fulfillment of desire. But she held the passenger door of the car open for him,

saying, "Come on." Obedient, he sat beside her, while chaos returned to his head.

Skillfully she drove through the streets to take a road westerly from the town while Thurstan watched and waited, so full of anticipation that he could not speak. She turned to smile several times, as miles lay numberless and uncounted behind them and a strong summer sun colored the sky deep blue, he found his desire increasing. He knew she sensed this, and drove faster as if intoxicated both by the power of the car and his feelings toward her. The road rose steadily through small village, past cottage and house, to turn and returned between the Stiperstone rocks and the growing hills that became Wales, leading up from a tree-lined valley to the desolate wastes of marshlands where abandoned mine-workings lay.

Melanie left the main road before dropping slowly between Corndon and Black Rhadley hills to follow a low hedged-hemmed lane over the border to Wales. The lane rose and fell to rise again between fields worn for centuries only by sheep and sparse of tree. Then, quite suddenly, Melanie stopped.

Thurstan felt her anger before he saw it in her eyes. She was staring at him, but he only smiled. For a moment, she did not seem quite human and when he reached out for her hand she snatched it away.

He was perplexed by this change in her rather than afraid and sat, quietly waiting and smiling. When she looked away, he said, "I can walk back if you wish."

She did not turn around. "It might be best."

"I'm sorry if I have upset to you in any way. I thought-"

"I know what you thought!" she said savagely.

"No - not just that." he closed his eyes to see within the fleeting impression of his dreams. The days, hours, minutes shared: the moments of intuitive closeness - sharing a sunset, a snowy day in Spring, laughter, tears, and physical joy. The look, touch, feeling of lovers.

Thurstan did not want to lose his dreams. "You are a rare, precious and beautiful woman. There is something about you - I don't know what it is." he felt so much love within him that his want to share his words could not be stopped. "I sensed something about you when we sat by the river. Call me mad - or a fool, or both. I don't care. You sensed it too, I know."

Angry still, she said, "What did you sense then?"

"That maybe you are my Destiny." gently, he stroked her face.

"Your dreams are not real."

"They are if I make them real." He sighed and stared out the window. A raven flew nearby, but it did not interest him. "Maybe it was the goddess I saw in you, I don't know. I've certainly made a fool of myself this time, haven't I?"

"You interest me, " she said, her anger gone.

"And you perplexed me." Since he felt he ought to be honest he added, "and it arouses my desire. But you know that. As you know that basically I'm just a romantic fool with a headpiece filled with dreams."

"You do not know anything about me."

"I have always found the beginnings of relationships difficult. The tentative steps, the gradual unraveling of lives. It always seemed such a waste - there are so many more important things. And I'm not talking about the physical aspect either. I always plunge straight in - rather bad choice of phrase - the grand passion every time. Never seem to learn either."

"So, it's not important for you to know me. I sense things about you. I see your beauty, smell your perfume, and am intoxicated. You offer the choice of existence, meaning, bliss, sorrows, tears. Whatever. It does not matter - I am alive again! Really living. Full of energy, anticipation. You are music, poetry, dance - even religion."

He laughed. "Now you know that I am mad!"

Slowly, she drove on to where a cottage with a sagging roof and decaying walls grew beside the road, sheltered from sheep by a small garden where a rusty dismembered tractor lay dead. Incongruous beside it was a new car, spreading bright sun. Melanie stopped, and entered the cottage without knocking on its paint-peeling door. Less than a minute later she returned.

"I must see you again," she said as she started her car. "Now I have other matters that must be attended to. "Joel," she indicated the man who emerged from the cottage "shall take you back."

Thurstan look perplexed so she said, "Don't worry," and touched his face. "You were not mistaken. Meet me tomorrow night at nine where we met today. Can you do that?"

"Of course!"

"Good. Now I must go."

To Thurstan's surprise, she leaned over and kissed him on the lips. Then he was outside the metal womb of the car. She did not wave, but drove quickly away to leave him standing beside the ugly man with a madman's grin.

Over the cottage, a raven flew to shadow him briefly from the sun.

III

They were waiting for her, in the small wood near the circle of ancient stones. Algar, Master of her Temple, smiled as he watched her walk alone towards them.

"So," he said, "He was not to be our chosen." In the light of the wood, his dark gaunt features were sinister.

"There shall be other times." Melanie did not take the offered robe. "Tomorrow when dark comes, we shall gather here again."

"For the sacrifice?" Algar asked.

"Perhaps." She addressed her followers directly. "Go now. And tomorrow we shall feast and rejoice!"

She did not wait but turned back along the track toward her car. Almost obsequious, Algar walked beside her.

"But he was receptive?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You do look particularly fetching in that dress if I may say so." Then, seeing her indifference, he said, "Shall you lure him tomorrow?"

"He may not be suitable."

"Oh? Why would that be then?"

Melanie stopped and stared at him and he visibly cowered. "What do you mean?"

"I meant nothing," he said truthfully. But her anger aroused suspicion.

"The new candidate?"

Algar smiled. "He is healed well. He would like to see you, privately of course."

"Of course. Tonight?"

"I could arrange it, if you wish."

"Arrange it!"

The humid heat of the evening annoyed her while she waited, and when he did come, brought forth from the

darkness outside her house by Algar, she was impatient to begin. Algar took the man's money before leading him into the candle-lit incensed Temple where he stripped and bound him to the frame.

But the frenzied whipping of the fat man with bulging eyes and pale skin did not bring forth the joy of pleasure she anticipated - only a hatred that quickly passed as the man groaned and sighed, taking his own dark pleasure from his pain. There was little blood upon the back and buttocks of the man and Algar, leering in the shadows, was surprised when she stopped. The bound man turned to look up at her, his eyes pleading for the pleasure her pain and dominance brought him. He strained to see her breasts clearly through her thin sweat-stained robe, but his hands were bound by leather thongs to the cold aluminum frame and he could not reach out and touch them as he wished.

There was a strange desire within Melanie that appalled her. She tried to destroy it by fulfilling her role as a Satanic whip queen and surrendering again to the joy she found in dominating and debasing the men she despised. But it did not work and the lashes she gave became softer until they stopped completely. In disgust at herself she threw the leather scourge upon the altar to let Algar disrobe and take his own selfish pleasure upon the man whom he unbound and pushed roughly to the floor.

Her swim in the warm water of her pool settled some of her feelings, a little, so she was able to plan how best Algar could kill her chosen sacrifice. She and she alone would dare to call the Dark Gods back to Earth. The chosen would be easy to entice to their sacred circle of stones as he had been easy to capture, and the more she thought of the deed to come, the more the anticipated pleasure covered and obscured her remembrances of his gentle dreams.

She was Melanie, Mistress of the Earth in the Temple of Darkness: ruler of a coven of fifty. No man would mold her feelings. For years she had schemed, cheated, manipulated and lied, building from the foundations of her beauty and sexuality the wealth and power she craved as a girl. She was fifteen when her parents died when the plane they were in crashed. A teacher befriended her and it was not long before she realized the power her innocence and beauty gave her. He was her first victim, but she soon tired of him and his small gifts and sought more wealthy prey. But she despised all the men who lusted after her - they would sell their souls, and most of them had, for the short pleasure she sometimes allowed them to find with her body. Thurstan would be no exception.

It would be good, she felt, to sacrifice him at the moment he achieved his desire. This thought pleased her and she swam slowly, allowing the physical exertion and the warmth of the water to gently excite her.

Algar watched the rear lights of the man's car fade on the long driveway from the house before he shut the door. Melanie was upstairs, asleep, and he did not creep but walked boldly through the hall to her secret Temple. It was a small room, windowless and black, containing only a chair and a wooden plinth on which stood a large quartz tetrahedron.

A diffuse light, reddish in hue, was thrown upward from the opaque floor and for many minutes Algar sat in the chair amid the warm and perfumed air. He felt powerful, sitting there instead of kneeling on the floor while she sat smiling and forming her thoughts into the crystal to become the chains, which bound him.

"With a look or smile," he remembered she had said, "I can strike you dead!". He did not doubt it. Three years ago she had stolen his power.

For ten years he had followed the way of his Prince gathering allies and power. Even as a boy he'd followed some of these ways, but his teachers and superiors had mistaken his hatred for intellectual sophistry, his dark interior life for spirituality and his ruthless ambition for spiritual gifts. The world of monastic schooling was all he had ever known or wanted and it was natural that it should lead him to a novitiate and the Order of his teachers.

For one year, and one year only, he tried to follow their way until Bruno the elder novice had one night seduced them as he lay in his cold monastic cell.

For weeks afterwards he had prayed to the Prince, "Our Father, which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our desire and deliver us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons. Prince of Darkness, hear me."

Bruno died soon after, in his sleep, an expression of stark terror on his face. "Heart attack" a doctor had said, but Algar knew his humiliation had been avenged.

He was a Priest, his dark life hidden and a source of satisfaction, when he first met her. It was a cold morning in Spring and she stood outside his little church, radiantly beautiful in the light of the sun. "I have come," she said, "to ask you to say a Mass for us". She held out her left hand and he saw the strange symbol on her ring. Obedient, he knelt down to kiss it. "How did you know?" he asked. She smiled, not kindly despite her beauty. "I have seen you at night pray to our Prince."

The crystal guided her. That very night he presided as priest at a Black Mass and afterwards, with only her servant Lois remaining in her large house, she had bound his will with her

own. He had been standing by the crystal when Lois had stripped him bare and offered her body. Then Melanie the dark witch was laughing but his sudden anger was no match for her power and she stared at him before binding him by curse.

Her eyes seemed to suck his will away and she unthreaded an amber bead from the many she wore around her neck. "In this bead I bind you by the power of our Prince! Binan ath ga wath am!" she chanted. "Nythra!..." He watched silent and paralyzed while she counted the fifty beads she wore around her neck. The crystal gave power to and magnified her thoughts and when she released him he stared at it for several minutes. But it was useless - he could do nothing with it and calmly allowed himself to be led by Lois to his room. And when he awoke, worn and feeling old, there was a beautiful boy, waiting naked, by his bed. "I am her gift," the burgeoning man had said....

Algar sighed as he remembered. Even after three years he did not know the secret of her crystal but he did know the Satanic organization she had created to keep her power and wealth, and as he walked from her temple to find a telephone, he was smiling.

"Rathbone?" he said into the telephone receiver. "This is Algar. I believe you owe us a favorI have a job for you."

Upstairs, unknown to her High Priest, Melanie was awake and watching him on the monitor screen of her discretely installed surveillance system.

IV

Thurstan was early. It was a humid evening and he sat by the river enjoying the twilight. The new clothes he had bought for the occasion made him feel self-conscious and

every few minutes he would look around. But the few people who wandered by did not - or pretended they did not - notice him and he would be left to rehearse again in his head what he would say to Melanie when they met.

It was not a sudden decision, but the planning of the night before, that made Melanie watch him silently from a distance. She did not watch for long.

Darkness was upon the hill as in silence the worshippers prepared, guided only by the diffuse light from the candles in their red lanterns. Carefully Algar laid out the sacrificial knife upon the woven cloth inside the circle of stones. The thongs were strong and would bind the victim while the cloth would soak up the blood. Satisfied he whispered commands.

"She is here!" Lois said seeing the signal from one of the men guarding the track that led to the stones.

There was a sigh from thirteen throats and then the slow dance and his chant began. "Suscipe Satanas munus quod tibi offerimus..." Soon the hissing became like the sound of a thousand demons chattering as they rose gleefully from the pits of Hell. In the center, Algar waited with his muscular helper to bind the victim's arms and legs.

Then Melanie was before him. One bead of her amber necklace appeared to Algar to be glowing, pulsing in rhythm with the beat of his heart. He was becoming mesmerized with this when it occurred to him that Melanie was alone.

Before he could move he was held from behind. He felt thongs being tied around his wrists, heard Melanie whisper mockingly in his ear, "We have our sacrifice!"

"No! No!" he screamed. But she was laughing as someone gave her the knife.

Around them, the sibilant chant rose towards its climax, the dancers feet fleetingly caught in the red glow from the candles.

With a sudden burst of energy Algar screamed. "Jebb dies if I do!" but a gag silenced him.

Melanie held the sharp knife to his throat before loosening the gag. "Tell me what you mean!" she demanded.

"He dies if I do not return," Algar said, flinchingly.

"Is that so?"

"Rathbone shall-"

Melanie clapped hands twice and from the darkness around the track a man stepped into the dim circle of light. Someone held a lantern near his face.

"I had no choice," Rathbone said, his face, like a weasel, twitching.

Then Algar was on his knees, crying. "Spare me, spare me!" he pleaded

"And if I do?" demanded Melanie.

"I shall always be your slave."

Three times Melanie clapped her hands as a signal for the dancers to gather around. "See" she said, "all you who dwell in my temple. Here is Algar, the High Priest who thought he knew my secret, admired and envied for his fortune by you all see now how he begs before me! Shall I spare him?"

"Kill him! Kill him!" they demanded.

Melanie laughed. Algar was brought to his feet. "For a year I shall spare your life."

The dancers, as if signaled silently, dispersed to return to their dance. "Now," she whispered to Algar, "you shall see my power - brought without the gift of blood!"

She did not speak, or move, but slowly raised her hands as, many miles away, the crystal within her secret temple began to glow. "Atazoth! Atazoth!", the dancing dancers hissed. The sky above and around them was clear, speckled by stars but a ragged darkness came to cover a part of the sky as a putrid stench filled the air and a circle of cold fell around the worshippers. No one moved, chanted or spoke but all stared up at the sky. The darkness grew slowly before withdrawing into a sphere that darted across sky. And then it was gone.

"Tomorrow, " Melanie said, "you shall see the chaos I have caused. Now feast and rejoice and take your pleasure as you will!"

Around her, the orgy began as she unbound Algar's hands and led him from the revelry toward her car.

"There is much you do not know, " she said as she drove toward her house.

Algar did not speak during their journey and slunk away like a broken man into his room on their arrival, while Melanie watched him on a monitor screen. But it was not long before she began thinking about Thurstan. She had reached out to him while she had watched him sitting by the river and even had Algar's intended treachery not changed her plans she knew that she could not have hurt him.

She had even lost her lust for Algar's blood and let him live. Somewhere, around the world, the dark power she unleashed would be causing disaster and death. It was a small beginning, the prelude to the opening of the Star Gate, which would return her Dark Gods to earth. It was not fulfilling, and she thought it might be.

Unsettled, she went down to her temple. The warmth of the gentle light, the perfume but most of all the crystal brought her reassurance about her power and role, and she forgot about Thurstan and a burgeoning dichotomy he was causing in her head. Perhaps her dark gods had guided her to the crystal - she did not know. But only four years ago she had found it, in a Satanic Temple she had visited. The group had not impressed her, but the High Priest was easy to manipulate and had given her the crystal as a gift. Only when she first touched it did she discover its power.

The High Priest was the first person whose soul she had bound within the beads around her neck. He still brought her money from his schemes, and sometimes a new member. She was content to leave him to bask in his little power, knowing she only had to summon him for him to fall prostrate at her feet. And when his schemes failed or he ceased to be of use, she would remove his bead and grind it into dust, for then he would surely die.

For weeks after the gift of the crystal she would shut herself away in the small house she then shared with Lois. The crystal brought knowledge and she had learned how to use it

to travel among the hidden dimensions where the Dark Gods slept, waiting for someone to break the seal that bound them in sleep. She learned of Earth's past, of how the Dark Gods had come bringing terror and much that was strange. Of how her Prince was their Guardian, given the earth as his domain. Her shape-changing Prince was her guide to the Abyss beyond, and she explored the Abyss without fear, trembling or dread. She would be ready, she knew, when the stars were aligned aright, to call and summon the Dark Gods from slumber.

Her temple, the men she held in thrall in her beads, were but a means to this call, for the crystal was the key to the Star Gate. She, and she alone of all those who over the centuries had tried to bring the dark terrors forth, would succeed - of that she was sure.

So she had played her games of power and joy, feeling herself the equal of gods. There were few crimes that she had not sanctioned or sent men, in their lust, to commit, few pleasures she had not enjoyed. Yet she was not maddened by either pleasure or power, and kept her empire small, sufficient for her needs, and herself anonymous. Many small firms headed by small men, a brothel or two, a number of temples in the cities beyond - such were the gifts of her Prince and she tended them all, as a wise woman should.

Slowly, and contented once again, she left the temple to climb the stairs to her bed.

Algar waited, quite patiently, until he was sure she was asleep and knocked, not too loudly, on Lois' door. She had returned alone, as he knew she must, and was not surprised see him.

"Yes!" she asked and smiled, leaning against the frame of her door. Sometimes, Algar liked to talk with her, as one servant to another.

Algar did not smile, nor speak but moved towards her to stab her in the throat. She rasped, staring in disbelief, and staggered back towards the bed. Not content, he followed and stabbed her through the heart. The beauty that had pleased Melanie would please her no more and, smiling at this thought, Algar wiped the handle of the knife clean on the satin sheet. Soon, he was running away from the house under the shimmering bright stars of humid night.

Melanie awoke slowly. She sensed a change in the aura of the house and had walked towards her door before realizing what it was. She was alone. But there was no fear in her and she wandered barefoot and naked along the corridor, experiencing no shock when she entered Lois' room.

It was then that she knelt down to gently close the eyes of her dead lover the reaction came. Her cold hatred toward Algar for his deed was soon gone, and in the silence of her house for the first time in her life, she began to cry.

Outside, a stray, fierce dog howled.

V

Algar heard the howling as he ran down the narrow lane away from the house and in terror he scrambled through the hedge to run faster across the fields. The dog, sent by the dark force of Melanie's will, had picked up his scent and Algar ran, desperate and stumbling, toward the valley stream.

The house lay alone on a track below the hills that held Billings Ring, the fields around sheep-strewn and rough,

overlooked by the southerly slopes of the Mynd that turned the waters of the Onny River south then almost north until a softer rock fed them eastward again. The sound of water was clear amid the silence of the night and Algar stood beside the stream in an effort to slow his straining breath. The lights of a car on the road above and a field away from him shone ragged through the high hedge, and Algar crept down, fearing to be seen.

But his fear of the pursuing beast was stronger and he waded into the stream to walk along it for several yards and hide under the bridge. He could hear the dog but could not see it and waited, cold and shaking, for nearly half an hour. The bridge swept a narrow lane away and up the valley road to a hamlet of a few houses. There would be no safety for him there in the farm workers' houses less than a mile from Melanie's home.

For some time he listened intently, and, hearing nothing, crawled slowly and scared from the stream. He was on the lane, almost at the junction of the road when the stalking dog attacked. It leapt snarling to try and sink its teeth into his throat. But Algar shielded his face with his hands and the dog bit deeply into his arm, knocking him over. It bit him again as Algar struggled with it on the ground. There was a large stone by his hand and Algar used it to smash at the dog's skull. In a frenzy, he struck the dog until it was dead. But even then he kicked it several times and threw the stone at its face before staggering to the road.

The first car that passed him did not stop and nearly knocked him over as he stood in the road waving his bloodied arms, but the second one, a long time after, did stop and Algar pretended to faint. The driver was near when Algar leapt up to push the man away before stealing his car.

The pain was excruciating but he tried to ignore it and the dizziness that threatened to overwhelm him. He had one

hope and one hope only and drove quickly toward Shrewsbury to seek sanctuary from Melanie's curse. The roads were empty, the streets of the town deserted in the silent hours before dawn and he abandoned the car to walk the last quarter mile to the church.

No light shone in the Presbytery windows until his insistent knocking on its doors awoke its occupant from his sleep.

Cautious, but not afraid, the old Priest opened the door.

"Help me, Father! Please, help me!" Algar pleaded.

He did not see the bats that flew silently away from the church.

There was no choice, as Melanie knew. The two members of her Temple, summoned from their sleep, carried the body to their van. Melanie had cleaned and bathed it, using her own black satin sheets for a shroud, and she stayed beside it during the hours it took them to dig the grave.

Dawn came, with no wind to break the silence of the forest, but its beautiful colors did not interest her as she stood, dressed in white, in the still air to watch the two men lower the body into the Earth. There were no prayers for her to say, no lament for her to sing – only an unvoiced oath to avenge the death of her friend. The Earth was returned, the covering of grass and small bush neatly replaced, the debris of leaves and broken twig scattered again. There was no sign of the grave and, satisfied, Melanie allowed the men to return to her home.

"There shall be gifts for you both," she said as they bowed slightly before taking their leave.

Slowly, in her secret Temple, she unthreaded from her necklace Algar's bead. There was no frenzy of anger within her but a desire for Algar to suffer a slow, painful death as she squeezed the amber bead several times between her fingers. To her surprise the crystal did not show her Algar contorted in pain. Yet she knew that even though for some reason she could not see him and thus discover his location, she was still causing him pain, and as she danced around her crystal she increased the pressure on the bead before stopping to visualize the time and place of his death, two weeks hence in the center of her circle of stones.

Slowly, and deliberately she cut the threads, which bound his life to this Earth, and, although still living, he was imprisoned in her web of death. It was not difficult for her to move the plinth upon which the crystal stood, for she had done it many times before and the mechanism which she had installed many years before did not fail her. The plinth, and the stone upon which it rested, moved quietly aside to reveal a dark pit that sank deep into the Earth. She did not smile, or feel anything, as she let the bead drop to join the scattered human remains.

The remains were the work of the sinister woman who had in the weeks of her dying given Melanie the house. "I have waited for you," she remembered the old woman had said, "waited as our Prince said I should. My coven and books and house are yours." She never spoke again, but signed her name on her will, and Melanie was left to find the old woman's secrets from the Black Book of workings she had kept. 'I, Eulalia, Priestess of the forgotten gods, descended from those who kept the faith, here set forth for she who is to come after me, the dark secrets of my craft...' The book was Melanie's most treasured possession, after her crystal and her beads. It was the crystal that first showed her the house.

She let the crystal guide her again and sat in her chair while the plinth slid silently back into place. At first, the

tetrahedron showed nothing, but its inner clearness gradually vanished to reveal a man's face. Thurstan was in his cottage, reading as he sat hunched on the wide inside sill of a window, framed by the rising sun. He looked up, briefly, and smiled as if aware of being observed. He seemed to Melanie to be staring at her. Then he was gone as the crystal cleared.

His smile, that gentle look in his eyes, her sensation of herself being observed all confused her, and she left her Temple to walk under the warm sun in the walled garden at the rear of her house. It was not long before she returned to her crystal.

It did not respond to her commands of thought. There was no Thurstan for her to see, not even an outside view of his cottage. Faint images seemed to be forming, but they were intrusive – bats flying away from a church at night, a raven plucking the eye from a dead dog – and her failure angered her. Her anger was the catalyst, and transformed the flickering images into a clear vision of Algar writhing in agony upon a bed. Above him on the wall, was the symbol of the Nazarene. By the bed an old Priest spoke silent words as he read from a leather breviary.

Melanie's laugh erased all thoughts of Thurstan from her mind.

VI

"Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnia Satanica potestas omnis incurio infernalis adversarii"

The old Priest continued his prayer of exorcism while Algar writhed in pain on the bed. But then the pain eased. Algar however, did not attribute this to the Priest but to Melanie's curse. She would want him to die slowly, and as he lay

smiling inwardly at the antics of the old man who had earlier cleaned and dressed the wounds the vicious dog had caused, Algar sensed a chance for life.

It would not arise from the exorcism for he had no belief in the religion of the Priest which once and briefly he himself had embraced inwardly. The old man had been kind, listening intently as Algar had told him a tale composed mainly of lies. He had been given sanctuary, clothes and medical aid – which was all he wanted – and let the Priest play out his farce of a role. His chance for life would come from his own hands by his breaking of Melanie's curse. For that, she herself would have to die, and he began to think of stratagems by which he could lure her to her death.

Thurstan Jebb held some fascination for her, or some future potential which she planned somehow to draw out for her own advantage and although he did not know nor particularly care which, if any of these was correct, he knew enough to realize Jebb might provide his bait. The plan he thought pleased him, bringing a resurgence of some of the power he had felt as High Priest and he allowed the old man to finish his prayers before explaining he would have to leave.

He thanked the Priest for the exorcism, lyingly said it was effective and thanked the man for saving his life. He even suggested they go into the church to say a prayer of thanksgiving. Algar, offering his wounds as an excuse not to kneel, sat to say aloud in Latin a suitable prayer. The Priest was impressed, as Algar knew he would be, and did not say no when Algar asked for some money.

"Just a small loan, Father," the lying High Priest said.

A few hours later, he was safely in Leeds. The pain, which came to him during his journey by train, was not intense or prolonged.

Ray Vitek was not pleased to see him and it showed on his face. But in deference to Algar's position he asked him politely inside the seedy terraced house along the sloping streets between the traffic noise of Hyde Park Corner and the tree lined peace of Meanwood Ridge.

"So," Vitek said suspiciously as they sat among the books within a mould-filled room, "she has sent you for another favor." Nervously, with thin fingers, he stroked his pointed beard.

"A favor, yes. But not for her."

"I see. So it has come to that."

"Will you join me – against her?"

"Years ago – I forget exactly when it was – I had a Priestess. Perhaps you remember her? No, well I was young then, as you were. I loved her. Linda was her name. Then she came to entice her away. She died – in a brothel."

"Then you will help?"

"Me – once in love! I have never loved anyone or anything since."

"I did not know," Algar said, acting concerned.

"Who cares – I don't care – not any more." Then, his mood changed, he added, "what has she done to you then?"

Algar took off the coat that the Priest had given him and showed his bloodstained bandages.

"So?" Vitek said. "Why come to me?"

"Because you have friends. Desperate friends who need a little something every now and then. What would you do for a year's supply?"

"She would have you killed before you did anything."

Algar laughed. It was not pleasant to hear. "She does not know about my – how shall I say – my little side-line!"

Vitek was surprised – but his lethargy soon returned. "So what can I do?"

"Your friends" Algar's imitation of a gargoyle suited him, "shall keep a little something of mine. To lure her. She comes – and they – how shall I say – entertain her?"

Vitek's brief laugh was broken by a spasm of coughing. He spat into the fireplace. Then, remembering: "but her power – "

"When they take her they bring you the necklace she wears. You shall bring it to me."

"But I remember – "

"The crystal? Yes, I shall smash it while she is away and her power will be gone!"

"A year's supply, you say? For them all?"

"For them all!"

"It shall be done as you wish. When?"

"Tomorrow!"

"So soon?"

"It must be! When she arrives – surprise her. Take her by force, tear the necklace away! Without it she has no power. And when your friends have finished with their games with her –" he shrugged – "an overdose perhaps."

"When do you deliver?"

"After the deed is done."

"I may need something – "

"To offer them? Of course! You shall have it, my friend! This very day. Give me two hours." His torment was beginning again, and as he strove to control the pain, sweat began to dribble down his face. "I shall return here."

He did not wait but rushed to flee outside where he stood under a cloudy sky while his body contorted in pain. "I shall kill you!" He repeated. "You shall die a horrible death."

He imagined the death Melanie would find tomorrow and although this brought a little satisfaction it did nothing to lessen his pain. He felt like he was being crushed. Then, as

suddenly as it had before, it stopped. He walked on toward the summit of the road, dreading its return.

He worked slyly and quickly in the anonymity of the city while thunderclouds covered the sky and the humidity grew. A few telephone calls, a meeting with a man whose expensive car drove him along the crowded streets to a small warehouse by the river. Promises made, a briefcase given to him, another journey by car and he was handing Vitek the promised goods – small packets containing white death.

His pain did not return, but his dread of its returning never left him, becoming during the growing cloud of darkness of the daylight hours a demon to haunt him. He was always two footsteps behind, this demon.

The Satanic underworld did not fail him. For two years he had used his influence as Melanie's High Priest to spin his webs in the temple of the empire she had built. Money diverted, a few small schemes of his own. He had been waiting for her weakness, and had found it. Soon, her empire would be his.

This pleased him. He was given help in her name, but in a few days it would be his name, which commanded respect. He had used her name before and she never knew. He used it again, and a young man collected him in a new car and ferried him toward her home.

The demon of dread followed. Several times while lightning struck and nearby thunder crashed, he feared Vitek's betrayal. "You know how she feels about these," he had said to Vitek while he gave the white death away. And Vitek's sunken eyes had bulged. "She does not like them. Warn her, Vitek and there shall be no more." Vitek's thin, grasping hands said he understood. "Your friends, Vitek – I should have to tell them, you understand, if you betrayed me."

His fears grew like the darkness that brought the day to its end until he became a madman pretending he was sane. He had procured a revolver, and caressed it repeatedly.

Apted was in his shop, as Algar hoped he would be. As soon as Apted unlocked the door he pushed past him.

"Is all well with you?" Apted asked cheerfully.

Algar pressed the barrel of the revolver into a flabby cheek. "Give me Jebb's address!"

"But she - "

"Give me the address!" He eased back the hammer of the gun with his thumb.

"But I gave it to Rathbone."

"He is no use to me now! The address!"

Apted gave it.

"Tell her, fat man, and I shall carve the fat from you, slice by slice! Understand? Good! She is finished!" As a gesture of his defiance he spat at her portrait, which hung on Apted's wall.

The storms, which had followed him from Leeds, fell upon the town to wash the heat and dust away, stealing, for a few brief minutes, the lights that kept the night at bay. Somewhere below the thunder, a young child screamed.

VII

The storm pleased Melanie and she danced naked in her garden while the rain washed her body as she sucked the storm's health in.

She was inside, allowing the warm air in her secret Temple to dry her when she heard the telephone ring. The call was brief and she dressed slowly before saying goodbye to her house.

Apted was in a corner of his shop, jibbering, the telephone in his hand, his door open as Algar had left it. She smiled at him and touched his forehead with her hand. Soon, he was almost smiling.

"I had to tell him. I am sorry," he said and meant it.

"You are safe now. He cannot harm you. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, my princess." Happiness returned to his face.

"Is Jane still in your care?"

"Why, yes! But they have threatened to take her away from me."

"May I borrow her for a few days?"

"She is yours now – a gift from an old and grateful man."

Melanie's brief kiss surprised him, but when he opened his eyes again, she was gone.

The sky had cleared by the time she drove along the narrow track that led to Thurstan's cottage among the hills of south Shropshire, and as she left her car to walk the few yards to his door bats swooped around her. She greeted them, as a queen should, laughing as she pushed the door open.

Thurstan was gone, as she half expected him to be, and she felt and smelt the traces that Algar had left. There was a note, stuck to the table by a knife and she read it without emotion. "Come alone," it read, giving a date, time and place, "or he shall die like Lois." It demanded a large sum of money.

She burned the note in the fireplace before examining the cottage. There were few books and all of those were in Greek. Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles... Few clothes, furniture or possessions. In the bedroom she found a neat pile of translations but they did not interest her, as the cottage seemed to hold few clues to Thurstan himself. It was damp if clean, austere but full of memories. The memories, spectral forms and sound, seeped out of the walls, the floor, the beams which held the roof, to greet Melanie. Sighs, laughter, the pain of childbirth, an old man dying in his bed while his spirit wandered the hills above.

Two centuries of life, struggle, love and death.

But however intently she listened, however still she held her gaze, neither sights nor sounds from Thurstan's past seeped to her through the gates of time. Behind the only painting in the cottage she found her answer. It was a good painting of a pretty woman, curiously hung above the long narrow windows where Melanie had seen Thurstan sitting. Behind it, totally obscured, was a niche carved from the rough stone

that made up the walls. It contained a large quartz crystal. Stored in the crystal was Thurstan's life, in images only a Mistress of Earth or a Magus could see.

The child that Algar had abducted near Apted's shop during the storm had lain silent and terrified in the car while the young man drove through the night, obedient to Algar's commands because he believed he was acting in Melanie's name.

The young man had said nothing when Algar told him to stop and took the child into the darkness of trees by the road. He kept his silence when Algar returned alone fastening the belt of his trousers. He said nothing as they stood waiting for Thurstan to answer the knocks that Algar made upon his door. Kept his silence as he bound and gagged the man at whose head Algar aimed the revolver. Said nothing as he drove his silent passenger to the city of Leeds and the rotting, broken houses that were Algar's destination. The human shadows that surrounded his car and who dragged the bound man away repulsed him, and he was glad when Algar gave him money and dismissed him.

There was much mute laughter and hissing glee as Thurstan was hauled from room to smelly room whose denizens lay supinely on floors or leaned, festering, against walls while loud music played. Vitek was lashing Thurstan to a chair in an upper room when Algar's demon of dread leapt and sunk its rows of teeth into the flesh of its prey. Algar did not scream but cowered in a corner, his whole body convulsed. Thurstan was smiling – or seemed to Algar to be smiling at him – and he leapt up to punch Thurstan several times in the face. Instantly, his torment ceased. Then Thurstan winked.

Raging, Algar held the revolver to his head, but Vitek calmed him and led him away, saying, "He is our bait, our money. Leave him."

Daylight brought no sun or light through the boarded windows and Algar slept, twitching from nightmares, on the floor of a suppurating room where three men took turns copulating with a young girl too tired and drugged to care. But their energy did not last and soon only Thurstan was awake, dreaming of the woman he had loved.

A few high cirrus clouds flecked the beautiful blue of the sky as Melanie drove slowly under the warm sun through the busy streets of Leeds. She was not late, and parked her car in the narrow rubble filled street of boarded up houses. Two men with long greasy hair wearing chains for belts watched her, showing rotten teeth as they smiled.

Swaggering, they walked toward her as she got out of her car. Behind her, another man emerged from the shadowed alley beside a house. He was within feet of her when she opened the back door of her car. Gracefully, the leopard leapt into the sun.

She stood leaning against her car while the leopard sat beside her. Respectfully and silently, the men moved away. He did not speak and she did not but as he passed her he bowed his head while she stared into his eyes. There was a scream as he, obedient to her will, entered the house, then the sound of breaking glass and wood. A shout. "Don't come any closer!" And then a single shot, dull but echoing.

Another man walked toward her and he too bowed his head, a little, as she stared into his eyes. "Kill him!" a voice like Algar's screamed, as he too entered the house.

The third and last man came forward to wait with her beside her car. For a long time silence – broken by a shout from within the house.

"We must kill her"

Three men carrying clubs and knives came forth from the house but the single man was no match for them and was soon beaten unconscious. Triumphant, the three moved sneering and leering toward Melanie.

"Kill her! Kill her!" The demented Algar screamed from the safety of the house.

"Come on!" Laughed one of the men, "hypnotize me!"

"She is making me tremble!" Jeered another.

"Let's strip her, hey?" Laughed the third.

Melanie did not see but rather sensed Algar aim his gun and she stared toward the shadows in the doorway. There was no shot, only Algar cursing as the revolver jammed, while the leopard stood and kept the shouting men away.

Their obscenities were irrelevant to Melanie as she was content to wait in the heat of the sun for her full magical powers to return. Her control of the three men had weakened her, a little, but she knew her weakness would not last. Perhaps the jeering men sensed her weakness or perhaps Algar had told them to try to drain her power away, but it was not important and she hid her strength for Algar's expected attack.

It was Vitek who came running from the house, carrying an axe. He slowed, as her power touched him, then stopped to stand harmless and silent. But his appearance broke the spell that kept the others at a distance – they rushed toward her howling with drug courage. The leopard snatched one, her power slowed another but the third was not stopped. The knife he carried reflected the sun and Melanie side

stepped gracefully to strike the rushing man as he passed, his momentum conveying him into her car. He bounced, slightly, before her blow to his neck sent him falling unconscious onto the road.

Her absorption freed Vitek who fled into the house.

“Leave!” she commanded and the leopard obeyed, leaving the uninjured man to help his sobbing and bloodied companion away.

Behind the house she heard shouting, and a car being driven away. Thurstan, Algar and Vitek were gone, and as she stepped over bodies near the door, the house burst into flames. She could almost hear Algar laughing.

VIII

The coven was gathered, dressed in crimson robes, in the large Satanic Temple to give honor to Melanie as Mistress of Earth. A man lay on the altar, naked, while a young woman in white robes kissed his body in the light of the candles to the insistent beat of the tabors.

A masked figure dressed in black came to lift the man from the altar and place him at the feet of the green robed Mistress of Earth.

“What do you wish?” the Mistress asked.

“It is the protection and milk of your breasts that I seek”. The naked Priest reached up as the Mistress bared her breasts, but she kicked him away with her foot.

“I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and washes in a basin full of their

blood." He stared at her body. "I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter and Gate to our Gods. I lift my voice to stand before you, my sister, and offer myself so that my mage's seed may feed your virgin flesh."

"Kiss me," she taunted, "and I will make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn, which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a Gate that opens to our Gods!"

Slowly, she led him to the Priestess whom she kissed on the lips and caressed before removing her white robe.

"Take her," she said to the Priest, "for she is me and I am yours!"

Around them the coven gathered, clapping their hands to the rhythm of the tabors as the ritual copulation began. And when it was over and the Priest lay sweating and still upon the Priestess, the masked Guardian of the Temple came to lift him up and forced him to kneel at the feet of his Mistress.

"So you have sown," she said, "and from your seeding gifts may come if you are obedient and hear these words I speak. I know you, my children, you are dark and yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts: yet none of you is as hateful or as loving as I. With a glance I can strike you dead!"

The Guardian brought her a large silver chalice, which she offered to her coven in turn. The Priestess was the last to receive the gift of wine and the Mistress kissed her to receive the wine from her mouth.

She threw the remains of the wine over the Priest, saying, "No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict you here! Feast and enjoy the ecstasy of this life. But ever remember, I am the darkness that lives in your soul!"

She did not wait for the orgy of lust to begin, but left alone. No sounds of Satanic revelry reached her as she sat in her own small Temple, waiting. But the crystal showed nothing.

For hours, Melanie sat still and alone. She did not think of the flames that only yesterday had engulfed her and from which she had escaped unharmed, nor of Algar, fleeing now from those who sought to collect bounty she offered for his death. The ritual had bored her, and she did not miss the pleasure that she had obtained in the past through having a man groveling while she whipped his naked flesh. Instead, she thought of Thurstan and his strange life that she had seen in the crystal. There was a quality about this Thurstan that both pleased and disturbed her, as if he was someone from a dream she had just awoken from and could not quite remember. She wanted to forget the dream and concentrate on the pleasures of her own world, but she was lonely. Thurstan's intrusion into her planned and orderly life, Lois' sudden death, both combined to become a catalyst and change her emotions. Her feelings of loneliness surprised her. For years, she ruled her coven and small empire through her magickal charisma, power and the fear she inspired. She could be charming, subtle, scheming and brutal as the moment and the person required, never losing her belief in herself and her Destiny. For a long time during the years of her growing she had felt herself chosen and different from others. Gradually, awareness of her Destiny came – as Mistress of Earth, ruler of covens, who would dare to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

She still felt her Destiny – but it was the distant beat of her pulse in her ear, not the yearning she now felt to share with someone a moment of life, like the strange moment she had

shared with Thurstan while they sat in the café and he, trembling, had first held her hand. She had been playing a role, but somewhere and somehow the role had become real to her and for an instant she had become the woman she was pretending to be – gentle, sensitive and vulnerable. This woman had returned, unexpected, when she had held the dead Lois in her arms. Her tears had been real tears of love and loss – but they did not last.

Now this woman sat in Melanie's secret Temple, thinking of Thurstan and the moment they had shared. This woman knew she was alone.

Melanie, in anger, walked slowly from her Temple, her eyes glowing, to seek the comfort of her car. Her speed was an attempt to express her anger and she drove westward along narrow lanes and wider roads for nearly an hour before returning east to stop near the stone circle.

The twilight of closing cloud and strong wind colored the sky near the descending sun, and Melanie stood in the circle's center calling on the storms to break. Thunder cloud rushed toward her, killing the color, as the wind graved strong and heavy around. There was no thunder, only a sudden and prolonged burst of rain, which Melanie laughing let soak through her thin dress to the warm flesh beneath. She became intoxicated by the power of wind and rain, and danced around the circle calling on the names of her gods. She was Baphomet – dark goddess who held the severed head of a man; she was Asoth – worker of passion and death. Circe – charmer of man; Darket – bride of Dagon. She felt her crystal, many miles distant, begin to respond and draw power from the Abyss beyond. The power came to her, slowly, through the gate in the fabric of space-time, a chaos of energies from the dimensions of darkness. Her consciousness was beginning to transcend to the acausal spaces where the Dark Gods waited and she sensed their longing to return, to fill again the spaces of her causal time. They were there, chattering in lispéd words she could not

understand, roused from sleep by the power of her previous rites, ready to seep past the gate to feast upon the blood of humans.

But they could not break through from beyond the stars. The two universes, rent together by her will and crystal, were drifting apart again and she was left to walk along the track from the stones while the wind lost its power and the clouds left with their rain.

She sat in her car for a long time, No power, not even a trace of power, had come down to her over the abyss that divided the causal and the acausal realms of existence. No chaos for her will to form and direct as it had many times before. Her magick was weakened. The cause of her failure became clear to her slowly, like the low autumn mist of a valley becomes cleared by the sun as it heats the cold air of morning. She was in love with Thurstan, and her feelings of love had begun to brighten the darkness that was the source of her power.

IX

"The Police have released the names and photographs of the two men they wish to question in connection with the murders in Leeds..."

Vitek turned the radio off. Algar was beside him in the van they had stolen in Leeds, waiting for the last glimmer of light to conduct the ritual, which he hoped, would free him from Melanie's curse.

"She arranged things well," Vitek said while in the rear of the van Thurstan worked silently to try and free his bound hands.

"Of course!" Algar shouted, "What did you expect? Her influential friends! When she is dead they will be mine!"

"Must we...?" asked Vitek, indicating Thurstan.

"It is the only way. The force cannot be invoked without a sacrifice. Her power is weakening! I sense it!"

The forest Algar had chosen lay in a small valley between the haunted rocks of the Stiperstones and Squilver mound, and had in times past been used by the darker covens which once had abounded in the area. He would invoke the Great Demon, Gaubni, through sacrifice and imbue himself with power before setting forth to kill Melanie herself. His ritual would strip her of magick, her death would end her curse.

"Come, let us prepare," he said.

Trees were creaking in the breeze and the smell of stinking fungi mingled with the damp the heavy rain had brought as Algar walked carefully the path to the small clearing. Vitek followed, stooping and afraid, listening to Algar mumble incantations. "Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! Agios O Gaubni..."

The incantation became louder until Algar was shouting the name. "Gaubni! Gaubni!" Then a silence that startled Vitek. He could not see Algar's face as he stopped and turned in the clearing but he heard the hissing and saw the hands raised like claws. The long, bony fingers grasped Vitek's neck and the strength of the arms pushed Vitek to the ground. Algar sat on Vitek's chest, slobbering and laughing while his nails tore the flesh on Vitek's face. The spasm of struggle did not last long as the fingers snapped the neck.

Possessed, Algar loped awkwardly out of the wood. Thurstan sat hunched in the back of the van and Algar stared at him, dribbling like an idiot while in the distance a dog howled.

Algar was struggling to control the chaos, which had possessed him and direct it to bring another death when he heard the voice behind him.

"Come to me, come to me!" the melodious voice said.

Algar turned to see the leering face of a multitude of witches. Then they vanished. But another voice came from the trees behind him.

"You are my gift!"

He did not look, but the power of the demon he had invoked sucked from within him to form a hideous face whose rows of teeth gnashed before the mouth opened to spray Algar with fetid breath. Then it was gone, sucked into the trees and down into Earth by the power of the long-dead leering witches.

"You are my gift!" the voice repeated.

There was no longer any magick in Algar and he became a man who was half-mad. His madness made him move toward Thurstan, but the High Priest was afraid, and all he could do was turn and watch as Vitek with a ruptured face and dead eyes walked toward him.

"You are his gift," a chorus of voices behind him said.

Desperate, Algar performed a banished ritual, inscribing a pentagram in the air before him with his hand, saying, "The sign of the Earth, protect! Agios O Shugara!"

The dead body of Vitek still came toward him. He invoked more gods, drew a pentagram, called on the Prince he had followed in secret from youth, but Vitek moved ever nearer while behind him the ghostly chorus laughed.

He tried a hexagram, but his gesture and words had no power and, in abject terror, he began to pray fervently in Latin to the god he had scorned.

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. In nomine Jesu Christi...." he mumbled.

But Vitek did not stop – instead, the dead eyes swiveled down to stare at him and the mouth opened in a leer. Algar fled, crazed and stumbling, along the track, over a fence and field, to run up the side of the steep hill. He did not stop when he reached the summit, but ran on down the steep bank and over another hill to drop exhausted into a ditch. Terror brought recovery and he ran on for many miles over fields, fences and hills, his clothes and flesh torn by stone, wire and thorn.

When he could run no longer, he crawled among the heather that grew on the side of the Mynd, clawing his way to the slope's summit. He rested then, staring down into the silent blackness below, fearful and afraid of something following and praying for the light of dawn. He made a kind of cross from stems of heather which he pulled with bleeding fingers from the ground. Around him, nothing stirred.

Thurstan had freed his hands from the cord, which bound him when he saw Algar run away. Cautiously, after unbinding his feet and removing the gag, he left the van.

Twilight had almost ended, but sufficient light remained for him to follow the path into the woods. He walked for some time but could find nothing and no one. The place seemed peaceful and calm to him.

A large dog was sitting by the van when he returned. It did not bark, but sprang up to run for a few yards along the track before stopping.

“Your guide!” A soft voice beside Thurstan said. When, he turned, he could see nothing.

There was no moon, only the lingering glow of the sun that was now below the horizon. The clear sky soon showed the brighter stars and in the pleasant warmth of the early night Thurstan followed his guide along the track to paths and narrow lanes that kept a southerly course until he was led eastwards by the stream and up to where a large house lay darkened and silent.

He knew why he followed the dog, as he knew whose house it was, but he still stood nervously in the driveway. The evening was dark by the time he walked toward the house, and as he did so a soft light shone through the half-opened door.

“Hello!” he called like a jester to a court of fools as he stepped onto the mosaic tiles of the hall. He did not see the door behind him close.

Somewhere he could hear a harpsichord being played. He followed the sound, along the hall and up the stairs whose walls were lined with paintings depicting lust, greed and joy, to where a door was open. A voluptuous perfume reached out to him and he closed his eyes, listening to the gentle

music. It seemed a long time to him that he waited, listening and trembling. But it was only a few heartbeats of his life that passed.

He took several steps into the candle-lit room. Melanie sat at her harpsichord in a long flowing dress and looked up briefly before playing the fugue to its end.

The room was beautiful, graceful in its few furnishings, the music was beautiful, the light itself was beautiful, casting subtle hues that only a painter, a musician or a poet might recall. But most of all, to Thurstan, Melanie was beautiful. His senses, subdued by his captivity, were overwhelmed and he began to cry, not loudly or for very long, as a mystic or an artist might cry when overwhelmed by such splendor.

She smiled at him again when her fingers ceased to work their magick upon the keyboard, and held out her hand. He could see her breasts, uplifted and partly exposed by her dress, rise and fall with the rhythm of her breathing: the way her amber necklace seemed to glow a little in the light from the candles around her, and he walked forward, hardly able to breathe.

It was unreal to him, an idle dream, perhaps, of a hot insect-filled summer's day as he sat by the stream near his cottage. But their fingers touched, bringing reality. He felt shy and foolish as she stood to face him, gently smiling. No words would reveal themselves into the world through his mouth, and he embraced her, stroking her hair with his hand while she molded her body to his so he could feel the heat of her flesh through the thin dress.

Stretched were the moments of their embrace until she kissed him, pressing her tongue to his lips in supplication. He let her in, smelled the fragrance of her breath and felt with his hand the warmth of her breast and the erection of

her nipple as her tongue sought his. He did not see the door of the room close silently, nor the strange shadow that seemed to stand beside it, but let himself be led to the circular bed in the adjoining, darkened room.

She was gentle with him as she removed his clothes and then her own, kissing his body as he kissed hers in return. He tried to speak of his love and her beauty but she pressed a slender finger to his lips, as they lay naked together on the sensuous softness of the bed while perfumed incense caressed them. He felt the softness of her breasts and kissed them in worship as he kissed her lips, shoulders, face and thighs in worship before tasting her moistness. She pulled him gently upon her, opening herself in invitation, and he did not need his hand to guide him to her hidden cleft.

He moved slowly, and for a long time the gentle intimacy continued while the warm humid night brought sweat to him and a gradual urgency to her until a frenzy of passion possessed them both, rising to issue forth into loud ecstasy mutually achieved before the natural fall left limbs loose and a pleasing exhaustion.

He slept then, although he did not wish to, holding her as if he feared she might go, softly breathing the words of his love. He dreamed he was walking on a strange planet whose two bright suns lit the purple sky. There was a city nearby, but it lay in ruins, and as he approached over the warm sand, he could see the desolation of centuries. He wandered the empty streets made of strange steel where above twisting walkways hung or soared to meet the towering pyramids of buildings whose entrails of floor and room had been cut away cleanly and left dangling from tendons of wire. He felt a sadness at the desolation, for the world was abandoned and quite dead.

When he awoke from his dream, Melanie was gone.

X

Part of her wanted to kill him. His death would make her free again; restore to her the power she had lost.

She sat in her Temple wondering what to do. The years of her life had been bereft of love and only Lois had shown her kindness – unexpectedly, for kindness was something she had never wanted or sought. But she had been too proud, too confirmed in her role and quest for power to let the kindness of Lois matter, and their relationship had become, for her at least, a simple affair to satisfy her lust and turn her momentarily from the hatred she felt for the many men who sold their souls and gave their wealth and power away to satisfy themselves with her body.

For a year she had withheld her favors from all men, using her magick as a snare and a weapon to keep her dominance and power. She let them lust, and satisfy themselves with the whores she gave them. But she had enticed Thurstan, sending a wraith to guide him to her house after she had found him through her crystal waiting bound in the van. Other forces had gathered round, surprising her, but she had fought them and gained control, molding them to her will to bring the dead body of Vitek back and send Algar in terror to the hills.

She had sensed the other powers were trying to help Thurstan and keep him from her for some reason she did not understand, but she wanted him and would have her way.

Her crystal reached out to him upstairs where an elemental spirit, born from one of her rituals, waited to work her will, hovering by the bed she had left. The spirit was guarding him, shielding him from other powers, but she had only to transform her thought through the crystal for the elemental

to cause Thurstan's death and break the heavy chains that now seemed to bind her to his Earth.

But she did nothing. She was intrigued by the other powers she felt and by his crystal that she had found. There was also, for her, a promise in the feelings she felt for him – there seemed to be new pleasures awaiting, new experiences to enhance her life. She began to think of what these might be – of what it would be like to talk with someone, just to be with someone, who seemed to love her, not her power, wealth or influence. Someone whose lust, though real and strong, was bound with sensitivity and who sought through it an ecstasy of sharing beyond the physical; someone who gave, and did not just take. She had captivated him at first, but not as she had expected: not as she had captivated all the merely lustful men before him. He had seen beyond them to another world.

These thoughts pleased and disturbed her, but she sensed he had awoken from his dream and waited, strangely tense, for him to find her. When he did, and stood in the doorway of her Temple, she hid her feelings before trying to destroy them.

She did not succeed. The crystal began to glow, betraying her as it pulsed to the beat of her heart. He walked past it, drew the glow onto his hand and offered it to her. She stared at him as he stood before her smiling. Then, before she could open her hand to receive his gift, the light in the Temple faded, and then was gone, leaving only the glow he held before her.

A multitude of babbling, hissing voices broke the silence.

"He is ours!" one clear voice said.

"Ours!" A second and third repeated.

The powers she had felt before were stronger now and she strove to cast them away by casting her thoughts into her crystal, but the glow on Thurstan's hand dimmed, then died.

There was laughter in the Temple, the smell of rotting flesh as, slowly, a luminous shape began to form in a corner. It began to resemble a bearded man with green skin who held in his hands a crook and a whip, and from whose eyes fine filaments emerged to move toward where Melanie sat. She knew they would form a web to imprison her. She formed her own will into purple strands to form a wall before her but the filaments snaked easily around it before writhing toward her. She cast an inverted seven-pointed star at them, but the star shattered and was obliterated. Sweating from the effort, she held her hands outstretched before her in readiness to absorb the power that came toward her, tensing her body to try to cast it into her crystal and send it out into the acausal space where it would die.

She felt Thurstan beside her and the heat of his hand as he touched her shoulder. In the instant of his touch the mocking laughter stopped. She did not know what was happening but Thurstan's face had become a dark void filled with stars, but she felt herself becoming stronger. A chaos of energies rushed from the void to be transferred to her by Thurstan's touch, but the energies were not hostile and she shaped them by her will into an auric demon before casting them at her foe. The demon greedily ate the filaments before devouring the green bearded man. Then it too vanished, leaving Melanie and Thurstan standing naked beside each other in the soft light of the perfumed Temple.

When she looked at Thurstan, she realized he was in a trance. She sat him down gently and stroked his face until he awoke.

He was surprised to find himself in the Temple and embarrassed by his nakedness.

"Are you alright?" Melanie asked.

"Yes, thanks," said Thurstan blushing and covering his genitals with his hands. "I must have been dreaming!"

"What did you dream?"

"I was on this dead planet – in a city. Alone. Then I saw you. There was a shadow near you, which I seemed to think was threatening you, so I came to you and held your hand. Strange though – I thought I woke up."

There was no guile in Thurstan's face as Melanie looked: and in that instant he seemed an innocent child. He sought to hold her hand as if for reassurance and she did not refuse. She looked at him, as he sat smiling and embarrassed, then at her crystal and then at Thurstan again, realizing as she did so that in some way she did not yet understand Thurstan was a gate to her gods, a medium, perhaps, that anyone might use. It was not the thought of using him and his psychic gifts that made her kneel down beside him and kiss his lips, but a strange desire to somehow share again the moment when he had first touched her hand and trembled – to discover again the joy that his body had brought her, the feeling she had felt when she had examined his face and found a curious trust.

He responded readily to her kiss and they made slow, tender love on the floor of her Temple. Melanie was receptive to him through her burgeoning feelings of love, and felt herself drawing power from him. She let this power build within her before trying to transfer it by an act of will to her crystal but even she was surprised at the ease of this and the extent of the power she had stored. The crystal began to glow, and in

her orgasm she felt possessed of the power of a goddess. But she did nothing with her new found power, and let it rest safely in the crystal in her Temple before realizing, as Thurstan breathed in her ear the works of his love, that it was her own feelings of love that were the key.

She lay for a long time while Thurstan caressed her and their sweat dried slow, wondering about the meaning of this in the context of her Satanic life. But only vague feelings, need and desires suffused her and she led him from her Temple in the quiet house to her own bed. He was soon asleep, entwined around her warm body, while she inwardly watched the shadows that gathered outside her house, held away by the power she had stored in her crystal. They beat down, screaming, leering and threatening, upon the auric protective sphere that enclosed her and her new lover, desiring her death or at least a chance to lead Thurstan away. These shades of the dead and dying were like rain to her, and she listened, safe and warm, while they beat noisily down.

In the morning, they were gone. But they had sucked her crystal dry. Melanie slept on, her body pressed close to Thurstan's, while in her garden Algar waited, ready to kill her with the billhook he held in his hand.

XI

Ezra Pead lived surrounded by mold and mites. The mold rose up the feet of the furniture in his small, dark cottage at the end of a muddy track between two high hills that shielded him from most of the sun, while the mites could be seen scurrying away from anything he touched.

The wood burning stove in his kitchen lay broken and unrepaired, letting damp seep up the walls and wood lice cover the floor, and he cooked his soups on a small gas-burning ring. He was not an old man, but bore himself like one and dressed like a tramp, his beard matted and long. The large sums of money his father had left him he left

unused in a bank, and he walked the three miles to the small town of Stretton once a week to withdraw the few pounds he needed to keep himself alive.

Like his cottage, Ezra Pead was slowly falling into decay. His cottage smelled and was like an overgrown, wild forest whose floor is alive and where green fungi crept slowly up trees and where strangling ivy thickens and hardens as it grows round trunks, branches and stems seeking the canopy of leaves. What falls to the ground is captured by the myriad creatures that live mostly unseen in the dampness, or covered by mold and by mites, or stolen to be eaten or stored away by insects. The roof did not leak, but Ezra Pead would not have cared if it did. He had plenty of buckets. He never opened the windows, which were covered by thickly spreading grime.

He spent his days reading the many books and manuscripts that surrounded him everywhere in the chaos, or writing in one of the large vellum bound volumes that covered one of his three scriptorium desks. Unlike his features or dwelling, his handwriting was beautiful, and he used a quill pen and ink that he made himself.

All his books and all his writings were about alchemy or magick. When darkness came, he would light a candle and retire to the room where he slept. There, where no windows relieved the dampness of the walls and where only a rusting metal bed stood upon the floor, he would cast his spells into the night. All his reading, spells and writing were directed toward one end: to discover the secret of life and so make himself immortal. Every night he invoked demons from the pages of the medieval Grimoires he possessed, for he had read once and long ago when young that some of these demons knew the secret. So he invoked, and questioned them, night after night and year after year. Baratchial, Zamradiel, Niantiel, Belphegor, Lucifuge ... he knew the legions of hell well, and although the answers they gave him he did not often understand, he wrote them all down in his

book after the conjuration was over and his ritual banishing complete. A demon named Shulgin he invoked most of all using his ceremonial circle, names of power and sword – but the demon spoke backwards in a numbered code and transcribing the messages took many hours of his day, as breaking the original code had taken over a year of his life.

But the years of his work wore down his body, and he began to wish for a better means to find the answers that he sought. He possessed an insane faith in the demons he invoked, and it did not seem to matter to him that most of the information he obtained was meaningless or wrong. He checked and re-checked the answers, searching patiently among his books and manuscripts. There were enough answers over the years, which could be corroborated with the little he already knew or could find in his books to keep his faith in the quest, and it never once occurred to him that this quest was destroying the life which he hoped to prolong.

Sometimes, he would venture from his cottage in search of herbs to grind and make into incense or oils to aid his invocations, talking to himself while he walked. All his original ideas and expectations had been eroded over the years – there was no stone for him to make by alchemical means, no potion for him to drink. He had tried both ways, led by manuscripts and demons, but his alchemical apparatus lay dismantled in his shed together with the rare juices of plants and bizarre ingredients he had used. His apparatus and ingredients had come from a dealer only too eager to indulge his expensive needs, but the cost made little difference in the money that he kept in the bank.

For almost a year, following the ten years of his alchemical work, an idea had come to possess him. Something was happening that was threatening his quest. His demons were becoming increasingly disturbed or disoriented. Sometimes his invocations did not succeed – or he obtained a jumble of form as if someone or something was disrupting the energies. He felt something himself – a force darker than

the demons he knew. An ancient manuscript gave him the clue – the cosmic tides were changing, or rather being changed by someone. The very balance of the hidden universe was threatened.

Minor ripples in these tides were no stranger to him, but these did nothing to change in any significant way the current of Osirian energies that he worked with and which for centuries had passed over the Earth, partly due to the rites of the Church of the Nazarene and those who followed its faith, for they belonged to the same world as him. He was only part of its darker side. He knew a change was coming, symbolized by the son of Osiris as a child, but this was a natural progression that would not affect his own work or alter in any meaningful manner the balances of power on the Earth, despite the rhetoric of some of its adherents.

But this new distortion was different. If it succeeded, it would bring a new Aeon, which had no magickal Word to describe it – an Aeon of Chaos. He spent months searching his manuscripts and books for answers. Parcels of books arrived regularly from his dealer – they were read, then discarded, to suck more mold from the floor.

He began to realize that he was near the center of the disruption, but the demons he invoked to question were incoherent or would not appear. He needed the blood of sacrifices. The dealer brought him a dog, which he kept chained outside. He began using necromancy to bring him the spirits of the dead, sacrificing often by sending the dog out to bring a victim back. Sheep were not a problem, for they roamed the hills around cottage, and he would sever their necks letting the blood pour to his floor while he chanted his invocations. And when it was over, he would burn the body in a pit outside while the spirits he had raised gathered round.

He found his answers. He did not know the identity of the person who was trying to break through the causal dimensions and draw to Earth the energies of Chaos, but he knew the area from where the forces were being drawn down and sent his reluctant spirits to guard it. His ancient manuscript told of dark entities that were waiting to be returned to Earth to drink their fill of human blood. Atazoth, Dagon, Athushir, Darkat ... such were some of their names. Once summoned, they could not be returned. To be summoned they needed human sacrifice of a special kind.

His own work had wrought changes in the astral planes, drawing to his cottage another Adept. Ezra Pead did not like the man who arrived at his cottage. Jukes did not like Ezra Pead either, nor the squalor he found. But a vision by his Priestess had brought him, and her trance warnings made him stay, offering his help and that of his Temple of Ma'at, to prevent the Dark Gods from returning.

"We have a common aim," he said, and Pead, reluctant, had agreed. "They cannot be allowed to break the Current of Aiwaz."

Jukes, stocky and squat, sincerely believed what he said. For over a year he had run his small Temple in London, helping by his acts of magick to further the Aeon of Ma'at. By day, he worked in an office, but at night, in his basement flat, he became High Priest for his gods. He had read widely on the subject of the Occult, made many contacts during the years of his searching, but he was surprised by the books and manuscripts that Pead possessed.

Avarice was a stranger to Jukes, but the rare books and manuscripts introduced them.

"They need a human sacrifice," Pead said in his lisping voice.

"Can we prevent it?"

"If we knew who it was."

"Your manuscripts – "

"They are silent."

"May I?"

Pead smiled. "Study them here? Of course."

For two days he studied, while at night, he stayed in a hotel in the nearby town, slightly fearful of the obsessive Pead and the savage dog, which strained on its chain snarling every time he entered and left. The filth and squalor oppressed him while he worked, as avarice whispered cunning words in his ear, but he ignored them. On the third day he rose from the stool by a scriptorium desk, triumphant.

"So they need a psychic, eh? Pead said.

"There is a ritual – the Ceremony of Recalling – to which he is brought. The sacrifice, and it must be a man, is killed and the High Priestess washes in a basin full of his blood before calling the Dark Gods back to Earth."

"So, you found all of this there?"

Jukes held the vellum manuscript carefully. "Yes. The first few pages are a blind – and the last few. Quotations from the Fathers of the Church. The real text begins here – " He pointed with his finger.

Pead shrugged. "I cannot read Coptic."

Jukes spent a day copying the manuscript while Pead watched over him. He was glad to leave and, returned to his flat, he burned all his clothes before scrubbing himself clean in the bath. That night he summoned his Temple. The ritual began at the time he had agreed with Pead. He did not know what ritual Pead himself would do, but he had his suspicions and he did not want to ask.

Jukes' Temple was the room where he lived, lit by candles and perfumed by thick incense and his members sat on the floor touching hands. It was not long before his Priestess was in a trance, guided by the sigil that Pead had inscribed on parchment. She spoke of being in a forest where two men walked, leaving one who was bound. Of how spirits had gathered to help her. "Above his eyes – the one who sits waiting and bound – there glows a tattvic sign. He is the one we seek... but there are horrors of which I cannot speak! Another will opposed with mine. Stronger – it casts me away and back..."

All night they tried, until, pale and exhausted, the Priestess slept, severing the astral link that had bound her to Pead and his spirits of death. And in the morning while a few rays of sun brightened for a few minutes the top of the basement window, she told of battles in the night that had drained their power away to leave the one who was chosen in the sanctuary of the Dark Gods' Temple.

Jukes knew that where magick had failed, physical force might succeed.

"We must stop them!" he had said, his eyes bright with the fervor of his strange faith.

Outside a solitary bird sung, unheard amid the early traffic that chuntered along the narrow London street.

XII

Melanie did not sleep for long. But there was no desire within her to rise and breakfast before using her telephones and telex to establish the well being of her world. She had done so for years, and it was a new experience for her to lie watching a man sleep in her bed. The few who in previous times had been granted her favors for reasons of Satanic or financial power, she had told to leave after the conquest of them was complete.

She watched until he awoke, roused by her gentle caress of his face. She left him then, to dress and walk in her bare feet across the lawn of her walled garden. The sun was warm as she walked, intrigued by her own feelings. There was a beauty about the world that she had never seen before. She felt this beauty in the blue of the sky, in the delicate colors of the flowers that bordered her lawn, in the sound of the wind as it rushed through the trees nearby. It was the warmth of the sun, the dampness of the grass, the silence that surrounded her. She understood that there were many worlds within the one on which she lived, brought to reality perhaps by a mood or a circumstance.

This world of beauty was real to her in a way that brought unusual feelings to her, but the world that she had left yesterday was still there – still full of the feelings she felt: contempt for the members of her coven while she played her role as Mistress of Earth, hatred and love of strife. Each year, each day of her life was a world into which she projected meanings, interpretations and from which she sought to wrest for herself money and power.

There were worlds beyond – alien worlds, which she hoped to join with hers, bringing chaos and much that was strange. But she found happiness in walking around her garden in the warming sun and thinking about Thurstan. She wanted to make him her High Priest, share her power and wealth with him and enjoy the pleasure that she felt such a sharing would bring, ending the years of her loneliness

She did not see, nor even sense such was her preoccupation, Algar creeping toward her and when she did her attempt to stop him by her magick power failed. She had no power. This startled her, and she could only watch in silence as Algar, grinning like the madman he had become, raised the billhook to slash at her throat.

She raised her arm to deflect the blow when Thurstan, sprinting across the lawn, jumped on Algar, knocking both of them over. Algar was screaming, trying to slash at Thurstan but Thurstan grappled and held his arm round Algar's neck. They rolled over the dewy grass until Algar's body went limp.

"I've killed him! I've killed him!" Thurstan said.

Melanie's inspection of the body was brief. "Come on," she said. "Let's go inside."

"But I've killed him."

The beauty she had felt was destroyed. "He deserved it."

"I didn't mean to," Thurstan tried to explain. "The Police – "

Melanie smiled. "There is no need to involve them."

"But I killed him."

Melanie turned to face him. He was now quite calm, but perplexed. "There are some things you should know about me."

"All I know is that I love you."

With his words and the look on his face part of the beauty returned. She had been defenseless against Algar, and now she felt defenseless against Thurstan. She did not like either of the forms this defenselessness took, and walked with Thurstan into her house to arrange the removal and disposal of Algar's body.

Thurstan followed her from room to room, listening amazed while she made her telephone calls. And when they were done and they sat eating breakfast he cooked, Melanie explained about her life. Thurstan listened, intently and gently smiling.

"So now you know the person you think you are in love with."

"Why did you tell me?"

"Because – " She turned away, appalled at herself. "In your cottage I found a crystal sphere."

"I love you."

Her feelings for Thurstan seemed to her to have stolen the personal power she had over people, and she was uncertain as to whether she cared about this. "You are not appalled by what I have told you?" she asked.

"No. Nor about the chap lying in your garden. He was going to harm you. I love you, so I stopped him. Simple really. The Police would ask too many questions." He shrugged. "Considering what you have said, that is very understandable!"

"It will bind you to me."

"Why do you think I have agreed?" he said directly.

"You are not afraid?"

"Of what?"

"That I might use this to control you?"

"No."

"Even after what you know about me?"

No – because I sense you love me even though you are afraid to say the words."

She did not answer, but stared out of the window. "They should be here soon – to dispose of the body."

"And then?"

"We shall go to your cottage."

The two men who had taken Lois' body arrived and Melanie talked to them briefly before they went to carry the dead

High Priest to the van. Thurstan was in her secret Temple when she returned, having seen them depart.

“What do you feel?” she asked.

“About this crystal? That it shall take us to the stars!”

Intrigued, she asked, “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. Just a feeling. I remember you were a dream of my youth. Maybe I am your Destiny as you are mine.

Melanie perceived forces gathering around them, as if a rent had appeared again but without her will in the metric of causal space and acausal energies were surrounding them. The Temple darkened while she stood breathless beside Thurstan watching her crystal become filled with stars. She touched him then, drawing his hand into hers, to feel the power tense her body as it would be tensed before an orgasm relaxed it. But she did not feel the intoxication of power, nor the sensuous bliss that her many and varied pleasures had brought her over the years of her reign. Instead, there was the quiet ecstasy of gentle and suffusing love coupled with an expectation, a promise of vistas yet to be explored but waiting. But it was soon over, this tantalizing glimpse, as light returned to her Temple, leaving only a dim glow to suffuse her crystal.

Her house, drained by the demon battles of the night, was alive again, and she let her own spirit wander from room to room. The early oppression she had felt was gone, as if somewhere and somehow a storm had broken.

A vague memory came to her, like details of a landscape seen through thin mist, and she let Thurstan out of her house and into her car. She did not speak, and he did not as

she drove the narrow, hilly lanes, in the warmth of the early morning, that lead to his cottage. The crystal was in its niche, where she had left it, and she took it down. She tried to read it, as she had done before when it gave up its images to her mind, but it was empty.

"You seem surprised," Thurstan said.

"Where did you obtain this?" she asked.

"An old man gave it to me."

She sensed he was not lying, for she could almost see the image that formed in his mind as he spoke the words. "Why?"

"A gift, he said. He was insistent. How could I refuse?"

"When was this?"

"Oh, not long ago. A few months. I forget exactly when. He came here to beg a little food. I suppose he wanted to give something in return.

"You do not know what this is?" she asked.

"A crystal ball? He might have been, once, a teller of fortunes."

For a long time, Melanie had controlled her life, guiding herself toward the goals she sought. She was always the Mistress, the Satanic queen who ruled, never possessed of fear. No one she had ever met had disturbed her belief in herself or shown in any way an inner power greater than her

own. Satanist, criminal, businessman or people of wealth – she had mastered them all through her wiles, will and beauty. She found their weakness, and used it to her own advantage. Thurstan had disturbed her because he was so transparent – there was nothing in him that was hidden, neither to her or himself. His feelings, thoughts and pleasures seemed spontaneous and enthusiastic like those of a child. Yet he possessed a fatalism that no child possessed or could possess: an inner belief in the necessity of change, which far from negating his own life, seemed to enhance it by making each moment of life unique.

But it was not Thurstan who disturbed her now. The control she had in life was ebbing away. The loss of her personal power, evident in her failure to control Algar as he attacked, was only a part of this. Events were happening to her, rather than being controlled by her, and she did not like this. What she had seen in Thurstan's crystal had sent her in pursuit to Leeds, drawing outward her burgeoning feelings of love. Something had and was happening to her because of Thurstan, and she began to believe because of his crystal that forces she did not understand or even know about were trying in some way to manipulate her.

It was simpler for her to believe that her love for Thurstan was changing her life, and she tried to believe this. But a suspicion remained.

"You are a strange man," she said to Thurstan as she gave him the crystal.

"Not really. I live – or did live – a quite simple and somewhat boring life."

"You know nothing about this crystal – or my own?"

"No. Only what I feel."

"And what do you feel now?"

"That there are forces trying to keep us together – and other forces that are trying to break us apart."

"And you are not afraid of where we might be going?"

"All I know is that I love you and want to be with you!"

He embraced her then, kissing her, and she did not push him away. She felt again, as they stood in the room of his cottage, swaying slightly in their embrace, that with him and through him she possessed a greater, if different, power that made her own past and even her dreams, seem tawdry.

"There is a gathering tonight," she said, "which I would like you to come to."

"Oh? What?"

"Just a simple ritual called the Ceremony of Recalling."

"To what purpose?"

She walked away from him to watch a few ragged cumulus clouds straggle from the horizon toward the sun that rained in places the old, worn glass of the window. "To draw down to Earth a certain power."

"Why?" he asked in innocence.

"To bring change."

“Why?”

“To hasten our evolution.”

“Toward what?”

“A higher consciousness,” she said, a little exasperated.

“Such is the aim of the covens that you rule?”

“Not really. They are a means to provide me with things.”

“Enjoyment? Pleasure? Power?”

“Yes!”

Wroth showed in her eyes but she quickly controlled her feelings.

“Come,” he said smiling and taking her hand, “I would like to show you something.”

His cottage lay in a fold of small hills between the steep slopes of bare Caer Caradoc and the road, which rose from the Stretton valley to track eastwards through field and village toward the wooded ridge of Wenlock Edge. All around, springs began small brooks among the slopes where sheep mostly grazed and few trees grew, and Thurstan took a path to one of these. Yards from where the water issued forth as a trickle, a small pool had formed on a slight piece of level ground, and Thurstan knelt beside it while Melanie stood, bemused, watching and listening to a kestrel as it flew

between the bare hills that made a little valley for the brook. The kestrel flew toward her, circling three times overhead before calling its woeful call and flying away.

“Look!” Thurstan said, rising and showing her the palm of his hand.

On it, no larger than the nail of his thumb, sat a frog. “Isn’t it wonderful?” He said enthusiastically.

Melanie looked at it but without much interest.

“I come here often,” Thurstan said as he placed the frog in the water. “Every time it is different. In one day the light may change so much. In March the frogs come. Last year there was thick snow, but they still came. There is always change – even in this little spot – as the seasons change. Snow, ice, frost, mud, scorching sun that bleeds the green from the grass and brittles the fern. At night – perhaps a moon or only the stars, which change too. No day in its weather and light is ever the same as any other day.”

He stood up to stand beside her. “And I do nothing. Yet everything changes. Even I change, a little with the passing of each year. There,” he pointed, “miles away is a road where fast cars carry people. They seldom see the change around them, only that which lives in their head. A few miles – and another world where those small specimens of life,” he gestured toward the frog, “are never seen and become squashed without thought.”

“You are beautiful – slightly wild, perhaps, like that kestrel which flew overhead – and your world is strange to me. These hills, that cottage, the farm over there where I work, are my world. There is so much in so little – so much beauty to share. I make love with you – kill someone to protect you – and our two worlds join, for a little while. But they are still

two worlds. You want me to step into yours as I wish you to enter mine. The change you seek to bring may destroy my world – and I am not ready for that.”

Melanie had felt the warmth in Thurstan as he talked.

It was a strange warmth to her, a kind of supra-personal love which she did not understand and which she could not relate to the pleasures of her own life or the goals that she had sought. Yet she liked being beside him as he talked, watching his face and eyes. He could have crushed the frog in his hand as she might have done in her youth or as she had crushed people that opposed her – he did not seek to mold it or destroy it according to his will. He accepted it as it was at that moment in Earth’s history.

“I have seen in you,” Thurstan was saying, “the same beauty I see in this small piece of land, as if you were natural to it in a way I cannot describe. More natural, more real and living than most other people. Yet the world in which you live and have lived and in which you possess power, is not where you should be. I fear it will destroy you, and I don’t want that.”

“I know no other world.”

“But you have begun to discover mine. I touch you, hold you, make love to you.”

His world possessed a fascination for Melanie, as if he had divined what she had felt and as she stood beside him she was no longer a Satanic queen, ruler of a coven of fifty, but a woman in love.

“I would like you to share my world as well,” she said.

Thurstan smiled. "Then I shall come to your ritual."

The kestrel returned to swoop down toward them before veering away, calling, as it flew toward the sun.

XIII

The wood where Algar had been buried was not silent for long. The sun had set, leaving a nebulous light, when the sibilation began, muffled by earth. Algar had awoken in his grave.

The Priestess screamed, and fell unconscious into the circle of worshippers in Jukes' Temple. Jukes held her, and she awoke to wail before crying in terror at the vision she had seen. She could not speak aloud but described the horror in a slow sobbing whisper.

It did not take them long to prepare and they left London in three cars as the sky's darkness became complete, to travel toward the hills of Shropshire and the house the Priestess had described before the horror had ended her trance. The eight were silent and subdued in spirit during the hours of their journey, nervous when they left the warmth of the cars parked on the verge of a narrow lane almost a mile from Melanie's house. Around them and dark, the countryside was silent and still.

Jukes led them, walking slowly and beginning to doubt. With every step he seemed to become more tired. He stopped before the driveway of the house, listening, while the Priestess, shaking and sweating, held his hand.

"It will be soon," she whispered, touching the silver scarab she wore as an amulet around her neck.

The driveway was full of cars, and a warm glow of light spread around the house. Jukes thought he could hear the beat of drums. His Priestess sensed it first, and turned toward the blackness beyond the hedge where they stood, huddled together in the increasing cold. There was a rustling in the field beyond, the sound of wood being broken sharply by force.

Algar smashed the gate apart with his torn and bloodied hands and came toward them. Only Jukes and his Priestess did not flee at the harrowing sight, but hid, pressing themselves into the thorns and leaves of the hedge. They were not seen and watched, trembling and afraid, as Algar walked lumbering like the living dead he was toward the house.

XIV

Thurstan waited in her secret Temple, feeling embarrassed by the luxurious crimson robe he wore. He could not hear them, but knew that many of Melanie's members had arrived and were preparing for the ritual.

She prepared him well, returning him to her house in her car whose telephone she used to summon her willing servants. He had bathed, been massaged, his body relaxed by gentle hands of a pretty woman who caressed perfumed oils into his skin, been served food, manicured, his hair attended to. Dressed in silken clothes. No one had spoken to him, but he was treated with deference, and by the end of the afternoon had begun to appreciate in a way that was not real to him before, Melanie's power. When she finally came to him, hauntingly beautiful like an ancient queen, part of him had already begun to accept her world and enjoy it. She was corrupting him with luxury and he knew it.

Melanie, in a green robe almost transparent and which emphasized the contours of her body, came to guide him to where her Satanic worshippers were gathered. The large

Temple was lit only by candles and a naked woman lay on the altar beside which a young girl dressed in white with a garland of flowers in her hair swung a thurible. Somewhere, among the shadows, hooded red-robed figures beat their shaman drums.

"Hail to he who comes in the name of our gods!" the worshippers chanted as a greeting for Thurstan.

Two men with the physique of wrestlers whose faces were covered by black masks and who wore very little, closed the doors of the Temple as Thurstan followed Melanie to the altar. Melanie kissed the temples, lips, breasts, womb and pubic hair of the altar Priestess before kissing Thurstan who turned to receive a kiss from all of the congregation.

"Now shall we," Melanie chanted, "with feet
Faster than storm's horses
Seek to bring she who with fire
And cutting sword leaps plunging
Upon her foe while the fates of dread
Unerring gather round!"

"Agios O Baphomet!" came the shouted response.

"See!" Melanie pointed at Thurstan, before twirling round, building her feelings in the temple to frenzy while the congregation sighed and the beat of the drums sounded loud.

"Here is he
Who shall this night
Be her consort and pour forth
As libation his seed of life!

Dance – I command you
And with the beating of your feet
Raise the dead!
I shall take him down into Earth
And let her with her teeth
Suck him dry!
Dance! – I command you!
And I, Mistress of this Earth
Shall raise him up and feed him
With the fragrance between my thighs!
So shall he unlamenting
Become the Gate that opens
To our gods!”

The congregation began to dance, slowly at first, chanting loudly as they did so. Melanie stood in the center of the circle they were tracing with their bare feet, raising her arms as the power was invoked. The chant of Ba-pho-met pulsed to the beat of the drums as the dancers danced faster and faster, throwing off their robes as quietly the altar-Priestess arose to climb down from her altar.

Her eyes were closed, but she walked within the circle of the enclosing dancers toward Thurstan. She embraced him, lightly, before pulling his robe open and revealing his nakedness. Then she kissed his lips and opened her eyes.

Her eyes did not seem human to Thurstan, but he was not afraid. The young woman with the slender body had become Melanie – the power with Melanie and the greater power beyond her. She was lover, mistress, wife, mother, daughter and sister – goddess and demoness, and Thurstan let himself be pulled to the floor of the Temple. He had no will to resist as he looked into her eyes. She was not gentle with him, but tore off his robe before wrapping her legs around him and

digging her nails into his back. There was pain, but it seemed to enhance the delight that came to him. The drumbeats, the chanting, the naked whirling dancers, the incense, the writhing woman beneath him – all ravished his senses. The pain brought frenzied desire, and sweat soon bathed their naked bodies. Then she was screaming in ecstasy as he was while around them the dancers stopped to turn inward, clapping their hands as they watched and shouted the name of their goddess. And when it was over and Thurstan lay breathless upon the relaxing body, the two men by the door came to lift him and place him still naked upon the altar.

The worshippers formed an aisle to the altar down which Melanie came to kiss Thurstan and rekindle his fire with her lips. It did not take her long to succeed and she leaned over Thurstan's face to brush his lips with hers before whispering as her eyes became the eyes of the altar-Priestess: "Now you are mine forever!"

She signaled with her hand, and her dancers moved slowly in a circle around her and her altar, calling down with a dirgeful but powerful chant the Dark Gods beyond the Gate that was Earth.

"Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" they chanted.

Melanie did not remove her robe, only lifted it as she lowered herself upon him. The beat of the drums had slowed to match the slowness of the chant, and she moved upon him slowly. Somewhere, in the Temple, two cantors began to chant, a fifth apart, above the chanting drone of the slow circling dancers.

"Agios Rotanev", sang the cantors, their powerful, clear voices making the complicated plainchant flow like a high

crested wave toward shore, rising, falling slowly with grace but always moving on.

The slow moving organum of the cantors, the chant of the slow moving dancers who had linked hands, the energy brought by sexual frenzy, the shamans drums and wild dance, all conspired to push open the Gates to the Abyss. The slowness was a counter-part to the earlier frenzy, and Melanie used it to gather the energies to herself. She showed no outward sign of the ecstasy within and was smiling as she transferred the energy to her crystal while Thurstan's body spasmed and then relaxed. She kissed him before climbing down from the altar.

She signaled the dancers to stop and gather round her in preparation for the climax of the rite when she would release the stored energy to bring her Dark Gods to Earth. They would still their minds, as she had shown them, to become parts of a mirror that would focus the energy.

But the doors of the Temple burst open. No one screamed as Algar stood, hideous, in the light of the candles, but they seemed to gather closer to Melanie. The two men by the door moved upon him but he easily knocked them to the side and they fell away unconscious. He was snarling, staring at Melanie as he walked toward her in silence. She did not move except to hold up her hand to restrain Thurstan who had risen to stand beside her. Then she smiled.

Algar stopped, his body twisting forward as if he wanted to move but could not. Melanie raised her hand toward him and he fell upon his knees, oozing blood as his already torn flesh, festering, split further. She raised her hand again, and he screamed as if tortured, before crawling face down on the floor. She dropped her hand, and his screaming stopped. He looked up at her then, not as a madman and not as one of the possessed that had returned, briefly, to life. Instead, his look was that of a mute child who could not understand

the pain that it felt. But Melanie raised her hand again and the spectre that had once been Algar lowered its head and died.

XV

"Join us!" Melanie said as she stepped past the body.

Jukes and his Priestess stood in her hall, awed by what they had seen. They had followed Algar, and were still trembling.

"Come to me!" Said Melanie softly.

Jukes stared at the floor while the Priestess looked upon Melanie's face. She was smiling, her dread gone, as she walked forward to kneel at Melanie's feet.

"No!" shouted Jukes. He tried to move toward her, but could not.

Gently Melanie raised the Priestess to her feet and kissed her on the lips. The Priestess understood her thought and went on to touch the masked Guardians who lay unconscious in the Temple. They awoke and followed her to stand on either side of Melanie.

"Will you be mine," Melanie said to Jukes, "as she is?"

"Never!"

"Then I shall make you mine!"

She was about to raise her hand to force his head up so she could see into his eyes when she saw an old man dressed up like a peddler walk through the open door of her house.

"He is mine, I believe," he said as he tapped Jukes on the shoulder to free him from the bonds Melanie had placed around him. "He is no use to you. But if you object –"

There was great magickal power in the old man, hidden even in his eyes, but Melanie perceived it.

"Who are you?" she asked.

He bowed deeply, like a jester. "I am Saer."

"Saer?"

He looked around the hall and peered briefly into the Temple. "You have made great changes, I see." Then smiling, he bowed again before escorting Jukes away.

She let him go. "Feast! Rejoice!" she said, turning to greet her coven and they felt happiness spread among them as the drums began to beat again.

She detailed her Guardians to carry the body and led them into her secret Temple where they threw it into the pit beneath the plinth that held her crystal. There was laughter and lust among the worshippers when she returned, servants carrying trays of food and chalices of wine. She thanked her Guardians, bid them join the feast, and watched Thurstan as he stood, covered by the robe he had discarded, beside the Priestess from Jukes' Temple. She did not mind the hidden desire between them and went to walk alone in the hazy darkness of the garden.

Forces opposed to her own were present, returned from the night before and sent forth against her by the shedding of blood, but they did not affect her or the guests in her house, kept away by the power in her crystal, and she walked slowly in her bare feet over the cooling grass, idly looking up toward the stars.

It was not long before Thurstan joined her. He was followed by Jukes' Priestess.

You knew, didn't you?" Thurstan said, a little shyly. He too had been awed.

"That it was Saer who gave you the crystal? Yes, I knew it as soon as I saw him."

"Then you know who he is?"

"Perhaps!" she laughed. "What is your name?" She asked the Priestess.

"Claudia."

"Yes - it suits you. I shall not change it. Do you wish to stay with me, Claudia?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You are free to go."

"I don't want to go." She looked down at the ground. "Not now I have found you."

"I shall never harm you – unless you turn against me." She took Claudia's hand and held it to her own breast. "You are mine now and I shall always protect you. As a sign of my trust I shall give you a gift." She placed Claudia's hand in Thurstan's, kissed them both and left them standing together in the mild night air.

They were still standing in her garden holding hands when she looked upon them from a high window in the house. She knew Thurstan did not know what to do and Claudia was too shy to initiate anything. Melanie wanted, through the ritual and her gift of him to Claudia, to draw out Thurstan's darker self, and as she watched while a bright large moon began to rise quickly above the distant hills an owl screeched nearby, she felt she had found the means to achieve her goals.

The ritual had returned both her power and her role. She was stronger than she ever had been and, with Thurstan as her willing High Priest, she would make herself stronger still by uniting his world with hers. Together, they might wander among the stars. The prospect excited her, as her desire to watch Thurstan and Claudia have sexual intercourse excited her, and she remembered words from the Black book of the witch queen before her: 'The secret of the Moira who lies beyond our Grade of Mistress of Earth, is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens – it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna. Whoever takes of this elixir will live immortal among the stars.'

Melanie believed that she had found the secret, brought forth from within her by her feelings for Thurstan and the power of

ritual. She was preparing Thurstan – for first she had to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

Excited, she saw Thurstan briefly kiss Claudia before leading her toward the house, and she retreated to her room to follow them on her monitor. They seemed uncertain what to do as they stood in the hall, but the naked worshippers who rushed past them to run up the stairs gave them their clue. Suitable rooms lay open and waiting on the first floor of the house, as they always did. No one ever dared violate the floor above, reserved for Melanie and her special guests, and Thurstan did not as he slowly led Claudia to an empty room.

Nothing in the house was hidden from the surveillance system but Melanie did not often use it as she used it now to watch and listen to Thurstan and Claudia, for there were a multitude of pleasures that gave her satisfaction. In her desire to make Thurstan part of her world she pressed a switch to record images and sounds in the room on the floor below.

Melanie became aroused by watching them. Thurstan undressed Claudia slowly and as her naked body appeared, Melanie realized she desired it also. Claudia responded to Thurstan's kisses by pulling him down with her onto the softness of the low bed in the luxurious room and it was not long before Thurstan's tentative slowness of delight gave way to sexual frenzy. But this was not prolonged and there was no scream, nor even a sigh of ecstasy from Claudia – only Thurstan's groan as he slumped fulfilled upon her voluptuous body.

This pleased Melanie and she lay listening to them talk.

"Who is she?" Claudia asked.

"You don't know?" an exhausted Thurstan said.

"I saw her in a vision – in this house. We came to stop her."

"But you didn't."

"I couldn't. When I came near to her I felt – "

Thurstan smiled. "An overpowering love?"

"Maybe," she said and blushed. "And you?"

"She is the most remarkable woman I have ever met."

"You serve her then? I mean as High Priest?"

Thurstan laughed. "I know little of her world. I only met her a few days ago."

Claudia was surprised. "But are you an Initiate?"

"Of what?"

"Her Temple."

"Not as far as I know. She told me she was involved in something – "

"Satanism?"

"Yes. But I assumed it was some kind of game. You know what I mean? Then," he sighed, "this ritual. There is real

power in her, real magick. She casts a spell with just a look."

"You love her then?"

"Yes. Because, I suppose, like you I am sensitive to things and people. When I saw you I felt a warmth in me, a happiness. I don't normally do this sort of thing."

"What?"

"Leap into bed with women I have only just met."

"Neither do I! I think she overwhelmed us both."

"Do you mind?" asked Thurstan softly.

"No," she whispered. "I feel I have found what I have always been seeking – here in this house. It is exciting and yet I feel protected. Before I came I assumed it was evil in some way – that she was evil and must be stopped. But now –"

"Stopped from what?"

"Changing the cosmic tides that wash upon the Earth and give to people a certain energy."

"I understand nothing of such things."

"I saw that man – in his grave."

"The one who died?"

"Yes. He was her High Priest wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I assumed you had taken his place," she gestured to his robe, discarded on the floor.

"I know little of her beliefs."

"It is a new beginning, then, for us both."

"Perhaps we can learn things – together?"

"I sense that is what she wishes."

"And the man you came with?"

"High Priest of my Temple in London." She laughed. "I suppose he will be thinking I have been abducted against my will and forced to indulge in hideous Satanic rites! Or be offered as a sacrifice to Satan."

"You are not afraid that you will be?"

"No – as I'm sure you feel. I know nothing about her except what I feel, and I feel she will not harm me. Quite the reverse, in fact."

Thurstan leaned on his elbow to look at her. "It may seem like a trite thing to say, but you are not like a stranger to me."

She touched his face with her hand. "I know what you mean. She is not a stranger to me either."

"What shall we do?"

"Apart from the obvious, you mean?" They both laughed. "Wait, I suppose for her to tell us."

"It could be an enjoyable wait."

"I hope so."

Melanie had seen and heard enough. It did not take her long to reach their room and she stood in the doorway while they sat up from the bed, nervously smiling.

She gave Thurstan his robe. "Leave us," she said to him.

He left, obedient to her word, and she closed and locked the door before sitting beside Claudia on the bed.

"You are beautiful," she said, caressing Claudia's neck.

Her soft kiss was returned, shyly, and she took off her robe before drawing Claudia toward her in an embrace.

"I have never done this before," Claudia whispered.

Melanie kissed her neck and breasts. "Do you want to?" she asked gently.

"Oh, yes."

The tender caresses, the perfumed softness of Melanie's body, the slow intimate kisses and movements, her own feelings of warmth, the sensuous pleasure that Melanie brought to her gently through touch and tongue, all combined to stimulate Claudia to an ecstasy both physical and emotional and of a kind she had never experienced before.

She lay beside Melanie, embracing her and softly crying, drawing comfort from the strange woman who kissed away the tears, feeling in that moment that all the confusion, doubts and sorrow that her sensitivity had brought her over the years, were no more. Her past, with its broken relationships its traumas and dreams, was forgotten. Her future was unreal – only the present was meaningful to her. She sensed forces outside the house that wished to harm the woman who kissed her and whose body heat reassured, but she was protected for the moment from those forces as Claudia felt protected. The harmful forces, which were waiting for weakness, drew more emotion from Claudia until she felt a genuine love.

Jukes had stolen her love when they first met and through him she had learned to use her powerful psychic gifts. But his passion for her had just been a passion, fleeting like the brightness of a meteor in the sky of night, and she had learned to live again and alone with her dreams while he filled and emptied his bed with the women in the Temple in the name of the magick he invoked. Her gifts brought empathy and vision, but never the love she needed.

Melanie to her, in that moment, became all her dreams and it did not matter to her then that she gave her love to another woman. It felt natural to her – as it had seemed natural when she and Thurstan had made love, and she understood, as she lay warm and relaxed, that she had given her body to him because it was what Melanie had wanted.

To Melanie, she had given her body also, but now she gave up her soul as well.

“I think I love you,” she said, and Melanie, in the humid room, felt a confusion of love that she did not need nor desire grow within her heart.

XVI

Thrust forth from the room, Thurstan wandered around the house. The Temple was full of naked bodies and the incense of sex, and when he tried the door that he knew led to the crystal, it would not open.

Other doors were locked to him as to other worshippers, and the one that did open led him to a library. He heard the door closing behind him, but it did not open when he tried the handle and he contented himself with trying to see out of the window. He could see nothing, for the outside shutters had been closed. The room was large, with high ceiling and books rose in shelves on all the walls, darkly lit. A chair stood waiting beside a table whereon a single book lay open. ‘The Book of Wyrð’, the gilt spine read.

She planned this he thought to himself and sat down to read.

“Satanism is the philosophy of the noble and strong. It is the antithesis of the religion of Yeshua, that worship of decaying fish. To the cowards and the followers of the

Nazarene belong the meekness of the weak, the rabid utterances about pity and the vileness of the bully. Above all, Satanism is the enjoyment of this life.

The most fundamental principle of Satanism is that we as individuals are gods. The goal of Satanism is simple – to make an individual an Immortal, to produce a new species. To Satanists, magick is a means, a path, to this goal. We walk toward the Abyss and dare to pass through to the cold spaces beyond where CHAOS reigns. There is ecstasy in us – and much that is strange. Vitality, health, laughter and defiance – we challenge everything, and the greatest challenge is ourselves.”

There was music filling the room as he read. He knew it was real even if he could not see its source, but it was faint – an unearthly sound that he found beautiful and brought a vision of stars and a remembrance of his strange dream after he had first made love to Melanie. His body tensed as he listened, carried to another plane of existence, and he experienced in that moment, a possession of feeling surpassing the ecstasy of physical passion. There was no room, only a rushing of stars, the exhilaration of phenomenal speed and then a silent slowing that brought him to the planet of his dreams. The music was a slow chant of words he did not understand combined with sounds from instruments he had never heard before, and it expressed the desolation of the dead planet as well as his longing for Melanie – and Claudia.

Then the vision and the music ended and he was simply sitting alone in a library staring down at a book. He tried, but could not recapture what he had seen and heard and he felt a longing that strained his breathing and brought tears to his eyes. Melanie was the woman he had always sought to bring meaning into his life, the reality behind his insight of days before when he had stood by the stream near his cottage and made his divinity a goddess. Her power, charisma and promise made his own life and expectations

seem dull, as his vision made the world around him seem ponderous.

He experienced a sudden need to express his feeling through the frenzy of his body and was not surprised to find the door unlocked. He began to understand the house itself was alive, an extension of Melanie's will, and he let it guide him. Lights brightened to show him the way, or dimmed when he went wrong. He was led to a room where all that he needed, and more, lay waiting. He dressed quickly, his heart beating fast and ran along the corridor and down the stairs to leave the house.

He was not alone. Something was with him as he ran along the driveway in the cooling air under the stars with the light of the moon to guide him. He sensed the presence as he sensed that it was protective of him, and he ran down the narrow lane allowing the freedom of physical exertion to suffuse his body. His running brought some of the vision back to him and he left the road to follow a track that led alongside the slope of the Long Mynd. He was soon tired and breathing heavily but he ran on to become a little detached from his body, defying it. He ran for miles before turning and running only a little slower back to the house, suffused with a desire to learn, to be master and equal of Melanie. Her world had become real for him, and he did not want to leave it.

The house seemed to welcome him on his return. There were no cars in the driveway, for all the worshippers had gone, and he followed the lights to a bathroom where he soaked himself for a long time in a deep bath, pleased and expectant. His love for Melanie, his hope of their affinity, the passion they had already shared, the ritual, her sharing of him with Claudia, even the killing he thought he had done for her - all had liberated him, releasing the inner energies that his normal life had kept under control. He felt there was no challenge that he could not overcome, nothing that he would not do. Life was before him - a large canvas on which he

would paint a masterpiece. He wanted to make his own life a work of Art.

Satan was the name he gave to the energy that made both his body and his mind vivid with life, he dried himself vigorously, covered himself with the silk robe that hung from a hook on the door and let the lights guide him to Melanie's room.

The door opened for him and he walked over the soft carpet in the azure light to find Melanie was not alone and the door closing behind him. Claudia was beside her in the bed, asleep. He was not shocked by this, only momentarily confused. They were both naked.

"Come", his Mistress said, "sit beside me." And he obeyed.

She kissed him, before stroking Claudia's hair. "She is lovely, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Can you share me?"

The directness of the question startled him. "I think so."

"Come then and take off your robe."

He obeyed, and lay beside her. She was pleased with his arousal, and the reasons behind it, but she teased him saying, "Trying for four in a row, then?"

"I'm sorry - I didn't - "

“Don’t be sorry, my darling.”

The endearment made him happy, lessening the awe he felt and which came upon him as soon as he had entered her room.

“You are pleased with things?”

Their bodies were touching as they lay together and he felt his awe ebbing away. “I want to learn. Share your world with you.”

“It is good that your inner strength returns. I want us to share.”

“But I feel a little lost sometimes.”

“Because of what I own?”

“Partly. But also –”

“Do not say anymore.” She pressed her finger to his lips “I shall tell you something. You have made me realize how lonely I was. How much I need love.” She laughed, self-mockingly. “I, with all that I have, all the power you have seen, need you. I am human after all, even though I don’t want to be.”

Thurstan kissed her, and Melanie felt like crying. But she mastered her feelings. Thurstan had changed, as she had hoped and planned he would, but she herself was changing. Never before had she displayed her feelings and she felt vulnerable. She knew Thurstan sensed this, as Claudia had

when they walked hand in hand to her room. She was not afraid of them, only herself, and when Thurstan spoke she was composed.

“And Claudia?” he asked gently.

“I need you both, it seems.”

“You have enough love to give.”

“You must be tired – after all of your exertions!”

“I am.”

She kissed his eyelids and he smiled, languid, before relaxing into sleep. She watched him for some time. Her feelings of love, born by Thurstan and suckled by Claudia, now enhanced her power and did not destroy it, and she drew down energies while her lovers slept beside her, storing them in her crystal below. Words from the Black Book kept returning to her. She had never understood them before, knowing only that they described the process of change necessary before a Magus or a Mousa was born in the coldness that lay beyond the Abyss where Satan reigned. She did not know what awaited for her and in her if this change was successful, for all her books were silent about it and there was no one whom she could ask. She had believed with a certainty that her own power had confirmed, that no one living in her time had passed that way toward the final stage of the seven that marked the Satanic path.

This belief, however, troubled her now more than the changes within her wrought by love – more than the duality that love had assumed in the past hours of her life. More even than the persistent hostile forces which still surrounded her house and came with the night like hail. She was

troubled by Saer, and tried to cast an image of him into her crystal, but some barrier beyond her own power to breach prevented her, and she lay awake between her two lovers pondering instead the patterns which the Dark Gods might assume when, tomorrow as she had planned, they would be returned finally to spread their chaos upon Earth.

Only Saer, she felt, might prevent her - and if he tried, she would have the power of two lovers to help her.

XVII

The old man who had rescued him from the Satanists left Jukes as he had arrived - without greeting or explanation - and Jukes walked toward the cars and the shivering members of his Temple who had fled from Algar.

He did not speak to them and they asked no questions of him, and they sat huddled together while the moon rose and their sense of reality returned. Then, in whispered words Jukes told his tale and how he wished them to join him in the battle that was to come when, with Pead, they would conjure from the Abyss, a destructive force to send against the witch queen and her house.

They gave their assent, and in all the cars drove along the moonlit roads over and down hills and through turning valleys to Pead's unlit cottage. The dog snarled, straining on its chain, while a voice from the darkness said, "Why do you come?"

Jukes shone a torch on Pead's face then turned it away. "We failed," he said and explained.

"This man," asked Pead, "did he say his name?"

“Saer.”

“Saer? I thought he was dead!”

“You know him?”

“No, but there are stories. Come in, my friends!”

Inside, Pead lit a single candle.

“We must act!” Jukes said while his followers adjusted themselves to the stench and the flickering shadows.

“This night I have sent a fetch against them.”

“Perhaps Saer – ”

“If indeed he lives, I do not know where to find him.”

“She had no power over him. If – ”

“He would act if he wished. If he does not, then maybe it is for us to do nothing also.”

“But we must do something!” shouted Jukes. Several members of his Temple, standing behind him, were already scratching themselves.

“I see you do not understand.”

“I understand,” persisted Jukes, “enough to know this planet is threatened. By her and the forces she wants to bring.”

“If Saer – ”

“Saer this! Saer that! Who is this bloody Saer anyway?” said Jukes in anger, his body trembling in reaction to the events of the night.

“He is an old man, older than me – much older than me – who in his youth sought the secret of the alchemical Stone. Some say he found it. Myself – I do not know. It is said of him that he understands and can control should he wish, the cosmic tides themselves. He had a pupil once, a young woman. But she abused his trust and they parted – he to live alone and she to follow the sinister path. But that was a long time ago. No one has heard of him or seen him for – what? - maybe thirty years.”

“Then he is a Magus?” asked Jukes.

“Indeed. The only one this century – although there have been many who claimed the title but lacked the understanding and the power.”

Even in the dim light, Jukes could see Pead’s sly smile. He ignored the slight at the man whose teachings he followed. “But surely then he must do something.”

Pead shrugged his hunched shoulders. “Maybe he is.”

“I feel nothing.”

“As I.”

“But surely,” persisted Jukes, “his very appearance – his saving of me – means something.”

“Perhaps.”

For years, Jukes had absorbed diverse Occult theories, and he quickly made an assumption. “Perhaps it was a sign for us to act? Perhaps he has chosen us to act?”

“I do not know.”

“I saw and felt the power he had. He must have wanted me to do something. We could summon Shugara.”

“Do you know what you ask?”

“Yes! There is enough of us to invoke such power.”

“It is dangerous.” Pead rested against one of his desks as if seeking comfort from the books upon it.

“We cannot allow her to succeed. Shugara would destroy her – and all of her followers.”

“And maybe us, also.” He moved to where a pile of small, bound manuscripts lay on the floor. Extracting one, he began to read aloud. “Shugara is one of the most dangerous to invoke. Manifestations may be accompanied by the smell of rotting corpses. Symbolized by the Tarot card The Moon – Shugara is the great Beast that comes from the dark pool under the Moon. His call is to be chanted in the key of G major...”

“It is the only way!” said Jukes with messianic zeal.

“In all my workings I have never dared – ”

"We must dare it now! Listen to me! Do you believe in evil?"

"Evil?"

"Yes, evil. Do you believe that there is a dark power at work on this Earth?"

"I know that there are dark forces that we as magickians can use."

"Yes, yes. But what about innocence?" He reached behind him and drew forward a young female member of his Temple. "See her?" And the young woman blushed. "I would call her innocent – someone who trusts and believes in the good. Now," he continued, intoxicated by his eloquence, "If I for whatever reason threw her to the ground and raped her, I would destroy that trust, that innocence, wouldn't I?"

"Maybe."

"I would be imposing my will on hers, to fulfill my own desire. Well, I should really respect her – her own desires, for 'every man and woman is a star' and 'love is the law, love under will'. My act would be an evil one." Something obscure occurred in his mind, but he could not define it and passed on. "Our magick – the Osirian current and that of the child who comes after – is to bring love into this world, to bring a New Aeon. Yet she – " he spat out the word – "wants to break our magickal current and impose her own. We would become possessed by the power she brought – invaded in our minds. There would be evil – the ending of love!"

With his strong words, Jukes seemed to have invoked a presence in the damp, shadowed room. They all sensed it – and Pead most of all.

“Yes, you’re right,” Pead said, glancing behind him. “We shall do as you say.”

“Then let us prepare,” said Jukes confidently.

Pead took the candle and led them to the room where he slept. They could not see the bloodstains that covered the floor and he set the candle by the window to fetch his ceremonial equipment. The magickal circle, inscribed with sigils and words of power, almost filled the room when joined together, and Jukes and his followers stood within it while Pead brought candles, incense, a sword, parchment and pen. The burner was lit, incense burned, the circle purified by the sprinkling of salt and sealed by the passing along it of the tip of the sword.

Jukes and Pead stood in the center while the others linked hands and began to walk, slowly at first, sun-wise around the circle. Pead drew a sigil on parchment, showed it to the four corners of the room and began his chant.

“You I invoke, Shugara, who lurks waiting in the pits of the Abyss! You are Fury and the bringer of Death! Hear me! And hearing hearken to my call! For I am the Lord of Powers in this circle – hear me! And hearing hearken to my call!”

‘Shu-ga-ra!’ chanted the circling dancer as the incense filled the room and the candles flickered. “Shu-ga-ra!”

“Shugara!” commanded Pead. “With this my seal and sword I conjure you! Attend to the words of my voice! Exarp!”

Bitom! Nanta! Hcoma! I rule over you all: Gil ol nonci zamran! Micma! Come Shugara! To me! To me!”

Jukes felt the frenzy and began to chant the demon’s name in the key of G major while Pead continued with his invocation and the dancers, circling fast, chanted their own chant.

First the smell choked them, and then the laughter stopped their chants. The dried blood on the floor seemed to boil, and then seeped away into the room to form an ill-defined shape that hung near the ceiling. Pead began to speak, but the shape swooped down to engulf his face and vanished.

“You fools!” he hissed before turning and walking from the room.

Outside, the dog growled, yelped and then was silent. When Jukes found it, it was dead. Jukes waited a long time, but could hear nothing. He left the implements of magick, the candles and the incense burning, but performed a banishing for himself and his followers before leading them to their cars. They felt sick and oppressed and, in silence, drove slowly through the night knowing Pead was possessed and would probably die. There was nothing they could do except hope that in some way he would fulfill the purpose of the ritual.

There was little traffic as they drove down the roads toward London, sensing that they might have failed. In his depressive state, Jukes did not care about leaving Claudia and as the time of the journey turned into hours and clouds came to cover the moon, he had come to believe his own beliefs were an illusion. Nothing was threatened, there were no powers trying to break through the dimensions, no magick – only hallucinations and dread. He found comfort in these thoughts, a sense of reality returning, and all he

wanted to do was return to his flat, throw away his books and begin a normal life. He could forget the terrors of the night. He was like a person suddenly and unexpectedly locked in a prison cell – first, there was the loss of his will, a disbelief, the slow depression of shock, and then the gradual adjustment to the reality of the surroundings. But there would be no anger, no sudden resentment at this fate as there might have been for one unjustly imprisoned. The terror had burned that from his soul as a flash of lightning burns out the bark of trees.

For the first time in his life, Jukes felt the need of a personal love. His need was not for the love that was an idea he carried in his head, nor for that which was only a word in someone else's faith used to bring a little self-importance to his life, as when he used a woman in a magick ritual or real life. Instead, his need was for the comfort and gentle joy that personal love could sometimes bring, and as he drove carefully and slowly toward the lights of London, he held out his hand for the young woman beside him. She did not refuse, for she loved his charisma as High Priest and in her gentle, trusting way held his fingers tight.

The simple gesture destroyed all the demons of Jukes' past.

XVIII

It was dawn when Thurstan awoke to find Claudia still asleep beside him. It was her hand, which rested on his shoulder, her warm breath against his face, and for some time he thought the memory of Melanie being between them was the memory of a dream.

A thin duvet covered them, but their closeness, Claudia's bare shoulder and his memory of her body, aroused Thurstan's passion and he was about to let his hand stroke

her breast when she awoke. For a moment there was fear in her eyes, which he saw, destroying his passion. She smiled at him and in her smile was an awkward vulnerable trust, which brought to Thurstan a remembrance of all the women he had loved and the reason why he loved them.

He kissed her, as a brother might, before leaving the room to find his clothes. Dressed, he wandered around the house but could not find Melanie. The air of late summer was mild and hazy and he sat on the grass in the walled garden, listening. A contemplative calm came to him and he might have been a Taoist monk meditating in the still air of dawn. He was at peace, within himself, and felt in a way stronger than he had ever done before that the world, and he himself, unfolded in its own natural way. It was also beautiful, in a strange, calm way and he sat, very still but without effort, while the gentle euphoria suffused him.

The mood drifted from him, slowly. His fervor of the night was unreal – a memory of another person. The calm he felt now was real and he realized with a sudden insight that it was this feeling that he wished above all else to share with Melanie. It was the beauty, the calm he found when he looked into a woman's eyes – the gentleness he experienced sometimes when he lay naked beside the woman he loved and she showed by a caress or a kiss or a smile that she cared for him. It was the longing he felt to be with a sensitive woman – the soft desire to make slow, gentle love to her. All the sharing moments, all the experiences of two people in love would be a remembrance of such moments, a giving and returning, a mutual embrace and breaking of barriers, that he knew no words might describe.

The energy of the night, even the magick, was alien to him. He wanted his vulnerable love to lead himself and the woman he loved to another existence, and he began to feel that such a love might in a way he did not understand, affect the world, as once he had believed that prayer to a god might. He knew this was an ideal – but it was an attainable

one, if the love was mutual and without reservation. He began to think of how a monk or a nun, pledged to contemplation, might seek to love God – he wanted and needed to love a woman in such a way: a woman of flesh and blood who responded to his kisses, who laughed, cried, danced, became angry or sad, but who, whatever the emotions and whatever the experience loved him faithfully as he would love her. There would be a sacred quality about such a love.

He did not need the energy of power or magick or money, for he sensed the beauty of life lay hidden in its simplicity, in a kind of detachment, and as he sat in the still warming air of early morning only the sound of bird-song around him, his body and mind languid, he felt it best to believe in a god who might have made it all - or some force, perhaps named Fate, which governed the workings of the cosmos. He was aware, as he sat, of the suffering and misery in the world, as he was aware that he himself was not God – not even a god. He did not understand the suffering, or the misery, but felt that all he could do was try and change himself, re-orientate in some way his own consciousness so as not to add to those burdens.

All the threads of his life were gathered together in the moments of his sitting: the memories, sometimes painful and intense, of the women he had loved; the lessons of his own past, his feelings and thoughts of and about others. He drew them to himself by a quiet process of thought to make his feelings and memories conscious and part of a whole, and by the time he had completed the task, his view of the world had profoundly changed. He felt he had at last discovered the reality of his own self, buried for so long in a confusion of feelings, moods and desires.

Perhaps his intuitive awareness of Claudia's vulnerability or the strange things of magick he had seen caused this. He did not know or particularly care. There was a happiness within him, which was gentle and made him smile. He felt in

love with the world and possessed an awareness of meaning. He sensed there was something beyond his own life, which a particular way of living would create – which a sharing of love with another person would make possible. Perhaps this was another life in another plane of existence. It was a nebulous sensation, this belief, which he could not formulate directly into ideas expressed by the words of his thoughts, but nonetheless real to him and he added it to his view of the world before rising from the grass and walking, in the sunlight, toward the house.

A man was by the door, leaning on a stick. It was Saer and he was smiling. Thurstan blinked in surprise – and Saer was gone. Thurstan felt he had seen a ghost, and did not bother to look for the old man.

Melanie sat by the crystal in her Temple and he stood beside her.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

“What?”

“Will you marry me? Leave all of this and come and live with me in my cottage?”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“There are many things that I must do.”

“Forget them. Forget all this.”

She smiled at him. "And Claudia?"

He sighed. "And Claudia. I cannot share you."

"All that I have is from this day yours – and hers."

"I want nothing except you."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. No money, power – whatever. I earn enough to support us both, if we live simply."

"You need never work again."

"But I need to."

She laughed, and touched his face. "It is a lovely, romantic ideal! But not possible."

"Why not?"

She gestured toward her crystal. "This is my life."

"I can be your life."

"But for how long?"

Thurstan flinched, and in that moment part of his hope was extinguished. "We can try."

"Why this sudden change?"

"All this really isn't me. You have power, money, charisma – and magick to bind people to you, to control. I love what is beyond all that in you. My real world is outside, sitting in the sun listening to the songs of the birds or watching clouds or waiting for the frogs to return in Spring. I do not belong here – in a Temple, doing strange rituals."

"You are tempting me," she said smiling.

"As you tempted me?"

"Perhaps."

They stood in silence for a long time until Thurstan said, "You could use your power to bind me, but – "

"I no longer have any power over you," Melanie said softly. "I knew that when you entered here."

"You still love me then?"

"It is not my love that makes me powerless to bind you. There is something else."

"What?"

"Would you like to take Claudia some breakfast? There are many things to do this morning."

"Marry me." When she did not answer, Thurstan said, "Well at least come away with me."

“And if I want you to stay here with me? Share my world?”

“I don’t think it would work,” Thurstan said, sadly.

“You could try.”

“It would be a game. What would be the point?”

“To enjoy the game, perhaps.”

“I want to go straight to what is beyond all that.”

“Our bridge is in danger.”

Thurstan looked at her and began to cry. He made no sound and Melanie wiped the tears away with her hand.

“Go now,” she said. “Before I do something I will regret.”

The sunlight seemed painful to him as he walked along her driveway toward the lane. He had not looked back and she did not run after him, and he walked slowly shuffling like an old man along the lane and down toward the road. He stopped for several minutes to stand and lean on the bridge toward the bottom of the lane, watching and listening to the fast flowing stream of water. A cyclist, brightly clad and whose bicycle was laden with panniers, passed and wished him good-day.

“Lovely day!” Thurstan said.

"Yes, splendid!" replied the traveler before changing down into a lower gear and riding up the hill.

The scenery, the weather, the brief human contact charmed Thurstan, bringing the world around him alive. Melanie the Satanic witch queen was not of this world where he himself belonged, and as Thurstan walked away to take the Neolithic track that rose up the slopes of the Mynd a mile distant, his sadness was relieved by a presentiment of joy.

XIX

The house seemed, to Melanie, to sigh as Thurstan left. Her own grief was longer, and it was nearly an hour later that she went to her bedroom to find Claudia asleep.

For several minutes she stood, watching the sleeping woman. There was a gentleness and trust in Claudia that brought to Melanie an intimation of a type of love she did not know nor even perhaps understand, and she allowed her grief at losing Thurstan to sharpen this intimation. But she could not hold in her consciousness this insight and left, imbued again with her role and Destiny, to make arrangements for the evening ritual.

There would be no sacrifice, only a calling down of dark power through her crystal – a breaking of the gates by the directed frenzy of the members of her Temple and the guests she had invited from around the world. The hours of the day passed quickly for her, Claudia was happy, receiving guests, preparing the Temple and food for the feast, which would follow the recalling and directing the servants that morning whom had drawn to the house on Melanie's command.

Fifty-four people were gathered in the Temple as darkness came slow to cover the land around. Melanie left them as her cantors began their discordant chant and her dancers

began to dance, slowly, drawing forth from themselves a rising pyramid of power. Claudia waited for her in the secret Temple, her hands on the crystal and soon the diffusing light from the floor began to change in color until a purple aura surrounded them.

There was a yearning in Melanie as she stood beside her Priestess and lover. But it was not a yearning for love - only a cold desire to alter the living patterns in the world and so fulfill her Destiny by returning the Dark Gods to Earth. She was suspended between her past with all its charisma and power and the future that might have been possible if she had surrendered to Thurstan's love. She was aware of herself only through the images of the past and her barely formed feelings for Claudia: detached from the realness of her body and personal emotions. The power being invoked seemed to be drawing her toward the Abyss and the spaces beyond the Abyss where she had never been.

The Abyss was within her, within Claudia, within all those in the Temple and all those outside it. It was primal awe, terror and intoxication and as she entered it she felt its energies forming into shapes ready to ascend to Earth through her crystal and Temple. She was not conscious of the world around her and so did not see the door of the secret Temple open or the leering man who entered.

The darkness of the Abyss had attracted the darkness, which had possessed Pead, as it made him sense the vulnerability of Claudia. He was growling like the animal he had become as he fastened his hands around her neck. Melanie heard the scream but she was paralyzed by the Abyss and could only return slowly to the world of the living as inadvertently Claudia operated the mechanism, which opened the pit beneath the crystal. She and Pead stood on its ledge as the plinth with its crystal slid aside.

“Take me!” Melanie screamed. But she was too late and as she moved toward them they stumbled and fell into the pit.

Silently the plinth returned to seal them in deep darkness. Melanie could not make it move and bloodied her hands trying. And when it did, no answer came to her repeated calls, only silence rising from the rotting blackness below.

The power in the crystal had gone and she hid her tears as she walked toward the Temple and its worshippers. They were still chanting and dancing, unaware that the real power was gone from the crystal, the house and its Mistress they all held in awe. Melanie watched and listened, aware as she did so that what they felt as they chanted and danced was only a flickering shadow. She left them to seal herself in her room.

She sat for a long time, vaguely aware of the passing hours and the people who drifted away from the house, perplexed. They had danced, chanted and waited for her to appear, but when she had not come forth to carry them to the Abyss they had waited again until the realization of failure made them shuffle and slink away.

Dawn drew her to her garden and in the long moments of her walking barefoot in the dewy grass she found an answer to her grief. It was an answer without words – a feeling that drew her beyond the cold Abyss to where a new universe waited. She was drifting in this universe, floating among the stars and galaxies of love, sadness, sorrow and joy, and as she consciously drifted, her body tensed and tears came to her eyes.

Images and feelings rushed through her as a whirling system of planets and stars formed from chaos and rushed through a galaxy past other stars when time itself was compressed. The images were of her past but the feelings attached to them were not the original feelings. There was sadness

instead of exultation, love instead of anger, grief instead of joy. They had changed because her perspective had changed for she was seeing herself and her past not as before through her own eyes but from beyond herself where other people were part of her in a way that brought an awareness of their sorrow, passion, hurt, narrowness, love and stupidity. She was Thurstan as he sat in the café holding her hand and trembling with the expectation of love; she was Claudia as she lay being kissed for the first time by a woman – the possessed man who in blindness and unthinking hate had killed Claudia.

The images and feelings rushed through her and when they were gone she was left feeling both sorrow and love. Her sorrow was in her lack of vision – she had drawn forces from within herself and beyond herself and used them to fulfill her will and desires: nothing had been real for her except those powers and herself. Her love was in a yearning to try and understand by giving herself, by sharing what she felt with someone who understood.

The sorrow that burst upon her broke her free of her past: it was a storm which smashed her mooring and snapped the anchorage of her self so she became a ship sailing free blown by winds she did not understand. Her feelings for Thurstan, her brief sorrow at Lois' death, her brief love of Claudia were distant heralds of the storm, which had come.

Gradually, her yearning became a yearning for love. She felt the blue of the sky above pour down upon her as the warmth of the sun, felt the wholeness of the patterns of Nature before her as if they were all notes in a beautiful piece of music – Vivaldi, perhaps, exulting in song the god of his faith, or Bach transforming a fugue to its end. She received the emanations that broke upon her with a joy seldom before known except in brief moments of physical passion, and she became happy, sad, compassionate, ecstatic and afraid until a vision calmed her. Her vision was of the vital, ineffable mechanism of the cosmos itself – the eternal beyond the

transient forms that life assumed through the process of slow evolution to something beyond itself.

This something she felt to be a vast, calm ocean where evolution ended, and began, in an indescribable transcendent bliss. But the vision was soon over, and she found herself lying on the grass of her garden in the chilly air of morning.

For over an hour she lay, calm and gently breathing while physical senses returned to her body and an awareness of self brought need. She did not want to move as she did not want the calm, her perception of the whole of which she was a part, to end, and when she did move it was to slowly walk toward her car to drive away from her house, hoping, as she did so, that Thurstan would still love her.

XX

The past came back to Jukes. The day had barely gone after the night of his return before his insight faded. He was in bed with his new and gentle lover when they called.

"I hope you do not mind us calling," the nervous young man said.

"Not at all." He gestured to the sofa and watched keenly as they sat. The young woman with short hair was pretty, dressed in a purple dress while the young man with a straggly beard seemed weak-willed and shy.

"We heard about your group," the man said, "and are very interested."

"How did you hear?" Jukes asked.

"Oh – the chap in the 'Occult Bookshop'."

"Actually – " Jukes began.

"He said you were an Adept – and we would very much like to learn from you."

"How do you mean?"

"Be one of your pupils."

Jukes was flattered and when he looked at the woman she turned her eyes away and blushed. His new Priestess entered bearing a pot of tea on a tray – she smiled at him with love, but his own smile was brief and she sat down in a corner, quiet and trusting, while Jukes began to manipulate.

He talked of the Occult path, the difficulties and the sacrifice that was needed, and the importance of being willing to learn. He drew them to him, talking of the Aeon to come when truly free individuals would change the world forever. He talked of the magick within, which could be drawn out and help each individual find their True Will, and as he talked he drew nearer to the subject of Initiation and acts of sexual magick. His desire for the woman who sat opposite him grew as he talked, molding his will through words which seeped into his new followers as a parasite seeps into the intestine of the host.

"You are very sensitive – to certain forces," he said to the woman.

"I don't think I am," she said softly.

"It seems to me you have a natural gift." He sensed the compliment was well received. "It can be developed by certain means, should you wish to do so."

For hours, he talked while they listened. He felt a power talking to them about magick, a mastery that made him confident. He was an Adept, and would guide them toward magickal understanding. Part of him was sincere as well, and over the years he had covered his desires with lovely names as his assumption of having attained Adeptship made all that he did or chose to do seem right for both the cosmos and him. His names were Destiny, free love and the Chosen.

As the hours passed he became his role – there was no dichotomy within him. His pupils would be a means, sent by his gods, whereby he himself – and they – could attain further magickal understanding.

Darkness came early, shielding, and his Priestess lit some candles to shed some light and add to the atmosphere of magick that he was building with his words. The terrors of his recent past became rationalized as he talked – Pead had brought misfortune on himself by his past deeds of sacrifice, and the terrors at the Satanist house were the result of a battle between Saer and the woman who had enticed Claudia away. It was not his battle, and his only mistake had been to become involved. That involvement was Claudia's doing, she was obviously being manipulated by other powers emanating from the Satanist house.

Jukes was pleased with his understanding. He described to his new pupils the ritual Pead had done and explained how the magickian became possessed.

"So you see, there is always danger present. We must learn to master our wills!"

His two pupils looked at each other, and the woman nodded.

“When,” asked the man, “can we be Initiated?”

Jukes pretended to consider the matter carefully. “We have a meeting next week at which Initiation could take place.”

“Really? As soon as that?” The man was surprised.

“Of course, if you wish to delay – ”

“No, no. What you suggest is fine. We are only too keen to begin our quest.”

“Good. I shall arrange everything.”

“May I ask you something?” For the first time the woman spoke.

“Why yes!”

“What happened to the man in that ritual?”

Jukes laughed. “He is probably wandering around still, quite mad!”

Jukes was pleased to see them go, knowing the woman would soon be his and knowing that his Priestess would be only too willing to please him when they returned to his bed. He slept well that night, tired from his bodily exertions and safe again within the world he had created. He did not hear his Priestess crying, a little, toward dawn as she sensed what

next week would bring. But she would accept it, for she was only a Priestess and he was her teacher.

Outside, two Blackbirds sung her to sleep.

XXI

'Therefore, let every mortal see that last day
When they die – not considering themselves fortunate
Until without suffering they cross the boundary of this life.'

Thurstan wrote the words slowly, savoring them, before collecting together the scattered pages of his translation. He glanced through it, satisfied at the labor of months, but sad because he would have to think of something else to do in the long hours to be spent alone as summer changed to autumn and brought the dark of night to cover the evening hours.

A premonition of dawn came to him as he looked out from his window to the eastern hills, and he snuffed out the candles by which he liked to work. The air outside was fresh like that of early autumn and he stood by the door of the cottage slowly breathing it in. There was no wind to break the silence and he walked into his small garden, riddled by weed and long of grass, to watch the haze of Aurora grow. Definition of fence, tree, fields and hills came slowly in rhythm with the song of birds as if those very songs were calling Eos from her sleep. The growing light though without warmth still drew the cold sadness from Thurstan as he stood waiting for the sun god to rise. And when he did, climbing steadily between the cleft in hills on the horizon, Thurstan smiled in reverence.

Phrases from his translation repeated themselves in his mind and it did not seem to him a long span of time since

Sophocles had seen or imagined the sun rising over the mountains of Phocis: 'Bright as a flame from the snows of Parnassus comes a voice...' Who, Thurstan wondered, had in the intervening centuries understood the message? Would his own attempt to present it in his own language fail should it ever be printed and read? Would hubris – defiance that broke the balance in the cosmos – increase? Could the balance ever be restored?

He did not know the answers to these questions as he did not know any answers that were solutions to the problems of his own life, and he contented himself with enjoying the beautiful world around him; the sights, sounds, smells of sky god and Earth mother. The Earth around him was real in a way that his memories and dreams were not and as he stood, experiencing the dawn of day, he forgot his love of Melanie and his dreams of sharing his life, making himself content by his work in the gardens of mother Earth and by his night time toil of translations.

He became at peace again with himself and sat upon the step to begin his next translation. The turning of Earth brought the sun higher into his sky while he sat, enjoying the warmth of his last day free from his work. Tomorrow, his brief holiday over, he would return to the farm to strain and stretch his muscles and delight in his simple tasks.

The sun was warm when he heard a vehicle approaching, but he did not rise even when he recognized the car, which was screechingly braked to a halt. Melanie came toward him and his peace vanished like darkness by lightning. For minutes they stood, pressed close together by their arms.

"I love you." Melanie's words were a spell, which bound her to him. She knew they would be and had never used them before.

"You seem changed," Thurstan said as she began to cry, gently.

"Claudia is dead."

He kissed her, sat her in a garden chair in the sun, made and brought her a pot of tea and sat beside her to listen while she talked. She spoke of the man who came rushing into her house, drawn somehow by the power she was invoking, of how he seemed to sense, as she had, Claudia's innocence. She described the pit into which they fell where Algar's disfigured body lay rotting: of how she had let her grief walk her to her garden and how the burgeoning light of a new day had brought to her an understanding of the tragedy of her past.

"Your simple love," she said, "broke through the shield around me. I don't know how or why – but it did."

"What will you do?"

She laughed. "Did you mean what you said?"

"Yes."

"Then I want to stay here – with you."

Clouds began to gather around the eastern horizon of hills as they spoke, growing as a wind arose to shape and move them across the sky to cover, briefly, the sun. Other, darker clouds followed.

"But your house – your plans?"

"I shall forget them."

"Can you?"

"Yes. My perspective may have changed – but not my will!"

Thurstan was delighted, both by the answer and the spirit, which sent it forth from her lips. "Will you marry me, then?" he asked.

"Yes!"

They kissed like new lovers while clouds covered the whole of the sky.

"Shall we go in?" Thurstan asked.

"I would like that."

Inside Melanie said; "You know what I wish?"

He was attuned to her and answered, "I think so."

"It may be possible, for I have no protection and my cycle is right."

This new desire enhanced the closeness they found as naked body lay upon naked body. Rain fell around the cottage in where they lay, sweating. It beat down as a storm upon the roof and windows, a counter-point to their passionate ecstasy and love, and when it was over and they lay entwined together while the sun sent shafts of light through a window, Melanie began to cry. She softly cried for a long

time as if the tears purged her of her past. Thurstan felt this, and brushed them away as she lay resting her head on his chest.

The knocking on his door startled them both. Hastily Thurstan covered part of his nakedness.

"Yes?" he asked as he opened the door.

The old man was in ragged clothes and it was some seconds before Thurstan recognized Saer.

"I am sorry to intrude – at such a time," smiled Saer. "May I enter?"

Thurstan was reluctant, for he sensed that Saer was more than an intrusion. "I'd rather you didn't."

"Her power is gone."

"Please go." Thurstan did not understand what was happening – but Saer seemed a threat to him in some way.

"I cannot leave without her."

The words struck Thurstan like blows. "We are to marry."

"It cannot be," said Saer quietly.

"Leave us alone!" shouted Thurstan and in anger shut the door. He bolted it before returning to Melanie.

Saer stood by the bed. "It cannot be," he repeated.

Thurstan's wrath made him move toward Saer who raised his hand. Thurstan's body became paralyzed and he could only watch as Saer gave Melanie her clothes.

"I shall kill you!" Thurstan screamed.

Saer smiled.

"Why are you doing this?" Thurstan asked, realizing his rage was useless. Melanie did not look at him and seemed to be in a trance.

Saer smiled and Thurstan's rage returned. He channeled it to his body. Trembling with effort he could only manage to move his feet a little forward.

"Sleep now."

Thurstan's eyes were closing and he could not stop them. The last thing he saw was Melanie's pleading but helpless eyes. Then he was dreaming. He was in his garden under a searing sun – but his garden was different: full of beautiful flowers and luxurious grass. Claudia, radiantly beautiful, was beside him and held his arm. He felt peaceful with her and listened almost rapturously as she spoke.

"You were part of his plan. He could do nothing until your love broke her power."

"Help me," Thurstan asked.

"We can do nothing here."

Thurstan awoke to find himself lying on his bed. Moonlight reached his room and he lay trying to unravel dream from reality and reality from dream. It was a slow process, but helped by Melanie's perfume, which still lay on his pillow and when it was over he remembered her car.

It was still outside his cottage. He felt uncomfortable with its power and drove carefully along the moonlit lanes and roads to her house, which he found empty and cold. Nervous, he switched on all the lights as he journeyed from room to room and floor to floor avoiding the temple of her crystal. But he felt and saw nothing except the shadows and fears of his own mind. And the memories of their brief time together.

Only the library possessed some warmth as if in indication of the answers he hoped to find, and he shut its door before browsing among the books. All of them, and the manuscripts bound like books, were about alchemy, magick or the Occult. He could read the Latin of the medieval manuscripts and books, but what it related did not interest him as the later books brought forth no desire to read further. Even the Black Book of Satan, resting on the table, seemed irrelevant to him. They were all compilations of shadow words, appearing to Thurstan to fall short of the aim that the searchers who had written them should have aimed for. His instinctive feeling was to observe in a contemplative way some facet of the cosmos – to stand outside in the dark of the night and listen for the faint music that traveled down to Earth from the stars – rather than enclose himself in the warm womb of a house to read the writings of others. Demons, spells, hidden powers, the changing of base metal to gold, even the promises of power and change for himself, were not important to Thurstan, and he left the library with its stored knowledge and forbidden secrets and lurking gods, to walk in the moonlit garden.

The stars were not singing for him – or he could not hear them above the turmoil of his thought – but his slow moon-

wise walking brought a calm. His dreams of sharing life with Melanie were still vivid, but he realized that if such sharing was not to be, it would not be. He might try, through force or even magick to win her back. But if he succeeded, his dreams would only become real if she wished to make them real for him, and all he could do was give her the freedom of choice. Saer was using her – for what purpose he did not know – and he would try and find her, somehow, to give the promise of choice. He was not afraid of Saer, not worried about the magickal powers he possessed, for as he walked with a calm that deepened and brought awareness of the rhythms of the cosmos, he felt that it was his fate to try and find her. What happened when and if he did, would happen, as Spring happens after the cold darkness of Winter.

XXII

It was not a long wait. Thurstan did not enter the secret Temple and use the crystal nor any magickal means. His way was not the way of magick but of sensitive thought and he sat on the damp, cold grass to close his eyes and think of Melanie.

What he saw guided him and he walked in the moonlight along the narrow turning hilly lanes singing softly to himself. His songs were from his translations and he invented the music to match the rhythm of his walking feet. There was joy in him then, a simpleness that gave him the strength of water and its ability to follow any channel or shape itself while still being itself unto any vessel or container. His goal was a small cottage of stone with a sagging roof and tiny windows beside an unmarked track that weaved among the mamelons between the western slopes of the Mynd and the trees of Linley Hill. No one passed him as he walked and the fields were quite silent and quite still. His chosen track led him for a hundred yards through a wood, past a stream flowing down between two hills to curve eastwards and rise north among the rocky barren land. At its sudden end lay the cottage but briefly home to the short sun of Winter.

Dawn was almost rising behind him as he knocked upon a studded oak door.

No one came to answer his call and he opened the door. Inside in the flickering light of a fire, he saw Saer hunched on a stool before the hearth while against the wall in the recessed bed, Melanie lay sleeping. The large room comprised all of the cottage and it smelled of burnt hazel mingled with pine. Saer, though surprised, did not move.

"You are persistent." Saer did not look toward Thurstan but still stared into the large flames that ate, with sporadic breaking of tree-limbs and fingers, the wood.

Thurstan did not close the door but began to walk toward Melanie. Suddenly, Saer rose.

"Leave her," he said quietly and raised his left hand.

For an instant Saer's features seemed, to Thurstan, to be lacertilian but the impression soon vanished to leave only an old man with white hair standing before a fire. As soon as Thurstan touched Melanie she awoke. "She is mine," he said, almost sadly.

"It is not for you or for me but for Melanie to decide," Saer said, and smiled. It was a kindly smile and he raised his hand again.

Thurstan sighed and held Melanie's hand.

"I can see," Saer said to Thurstan, "what powers you now represent."

"I have no power – only my love for her."

"Even now you do not understand." Saer turned toward Melanie. "It is written: 'Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth-based live child born from these children is the Demon named Love,'"

"So I," said Melanie, "as Mistress of Earth passed beyond the Abyss."

"To bring into this world what must be."

"And now I must choose?"

"Yes."

For a long time Melanie looked at Thurstan. "I must go with Saer," she finally said. In that instant, she felt her magickal powers return.

"But I –"

"Say nothing." She pressed her forefinger to his lips.

"I don't understand," said Thurstan, almost crying with emotion.

Melanie smiled, sadly. "There will be enough time for understanding in old age. What lives now and grows within me will always be a part of you."

She kissed his cheek and he became too full of emotion to do anything but watch her and Saer walk into the burgeoning dawn. Then, suddenly, they vanished. He ran outside, but he could not find them.

He walked slowly away from the cottage. The light of dawn seemed to be sucking mist from the ground, but he did not care. He moved, like an old man pained by his limbs, through the cold and sometimes swirling mist along a path that took him toward the Mynd and up, steeply, to its level summit where he stood, high above the mist, to watch the mist-clotted valleys below. The heather was beginning to show the glory of its color, and he walked through it northbound along the cracked and stony road stopping often to turn around and wait. But no one and nothing came to him – no voices, song or sign. There was hope within him as he walked as he had often walked along the almost level top of the long and beautiful low mountain. But it did not last. He sensed he would never see her again – never know their child. The very Earth itself seemed to be whispering to him the words of this truth. He began to sense, slowly, that there was for him real magick here where moorland fell to form deep hollows home to those daughters of Earth known as springs and streams, and where the Neolithic pathway had heard perhaps ten million stories. No wisps of cloud came to spoil the glory of the sun as it rose over the mottled wavy hills beyond the Stretton valley miles distant and below. No noise to break the almost sacred silence heard. For an instant it seemed as if some divinity, strange but pure, came into the world, and smiled.

The smile might have been one of understanding, but Thurstan sat down in the heather and cried.

XXIII

It was raining still and dull of day when Jukes arrived at Pead's cottage, summoned by avarice. His fear began to ebb

away as he saw it was empty, unchanged since the night of the ritual – except for the stench of the dismembered, half-eaten and rotting dog.

He selected his goods carefully, selecting only the rarest of books and manuscripts to take to his car wherein his Priestess waited, soothed by his words of charm: 'He said if anything happened to him, I was to keep his books...'

So he worked while she, in trust, waited. And when, to his satisfaction, the collection was complete, he drove in curiosity to see from a safe distance the house wherein Claudia had left him and where he thought she lived in bondage to her Satanic mistress.

An old tramp was walking away from the direction of the house and Jukes stopped him, saying: "Do you know who lives there?"

"In that house? Said the old man before spitting on the ground. "Empty it is – has been for weeks if you ask me. No mug of tea for me there, that's for sure.

Jukes did not thank him or even watch him walk away. He was excited, and led his Priestess along the driveway to the house. Behind them, Saer turned in the rain, and smiled.

Jukes tried the door, and to his surprise found it open. The house was warm, comforting after the cold rain, and they ambled along the hallway with Jukes calling "Hello?"

No one came. Jukes left his Priestess for he felt strangely aroused. The house, he felt, was a woman of beauty and he was violating her. He was full of physical lust and felt powerful and began to explore all the aspects of her warm and scented body – hoping vaguely he might find a real

woman whom he could rape. He eagerly sought the bedrooms – caressing the silken sheets – as he eagerly sought items of clothing, which he hoped by their texture, and smell might bring nearer to him the woman he was searching for. Night came from outside while he wandered, bringing light and increased warmth within the house. But Jukes did not notice this. His arousal became stronger until he became a man intent only on rape. He did not see the shadows from his own Abyss as they gathered around him lisping words of encouragement, as he did not find in his search the woman he wanted. But he remembered a woman, waiting for him below.

He found her asleep in a chair fluxed in the glow of a large crystal before her. He did not care about the strange room nor wonder about the crystal. He cared only for satisfying his lust – he wanted, as he had never wanted before, to abuse her cruelly, to beat her and rape her savagely. He was strong in body and would use his strength to satisfy himself by forcing her beneath him.

He moved toward her, leering. Then she opened her eyes and smiled.

Jukes found he could not move, and did not see the door behind him close. “You are mine now,” the woman who had once been his willing lover said. “With a look I can strike you dead!”

Jukes did not doubt it. Reality for him returned quickly. She was no longer his Priestess, but a woman, mistress of him, who by magick bound his will. Beside the crystal where he stood watching helplessly, an amber necklace lay and she rose from the chair to take it for herself. She was still smiling as she unthreaded one bead, which began to glow in her fingers. She showed it to him, mockingly, and laughed before re-threading it and placing the beads around her neck.

"You are mine," she repeated and smiled. "Through Them whom we never name, we who garb ourselves in black possess this rock we call this Earth."

She did not yet know what she would do with her new power, but there was plenty of time for her to think of something, plenty of secret books to be read. The old man who had led her from the hallway to this chamber would return, one day, to instruct her, she remembered he had said.

Thurstan saw the lights in Melanie's house, and waited. He waited for a long time in the cold and the darkness, trying to forget his hunger, his tiredness and the rain. At last the lights became fewer, until all were gone, and he walked, trusting in his love and hopeful still, toward the door. It was not locked.

There was a woman sleeping in Melanie's bed. He did not wake her, nor the man he found sleeping in another room, but left them and the house to walk along the dark road that would take him to the Mynd, down into the valley and back to his cottage.

"I am an old man in a young man's body," he said to himself as he walked amid the rain. Maybe some day he would love again, but the shattering of his dreams had changed him, making him to wish to live alone, content with his translations. He did not fully understand his recent past but he felt that Melanie's child, when born, would be important in some way to the world – a kind of channel for the forces which both she and Saer represented.

He had seen enough of the hidden dimensions of the world to realize his lack of knowledge, but this lack did not bother

him. He would go his own way, slowly as perhaps befitted a hermit-scholar, seeking through the slowness of the years a kind of inner peace in the little piece of Earth that was his home. Change would come – as it always had and always would – and he would sigh, while he treasured what he knew.

In the rain he thought he heard a strange creator star-god sigh, but walked on – shaking his head at the perplexity that was human life and the sadness that was the breaking of his dreams.

Incipit Vitriol.....

The Deofel Quintet

Volume III

By

Anton Long

ONA

The Giving

In truth, Baphomet – honored for millennia under different names – is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked from the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth...

For centuries, we have kept this image secret, as the Templars and their descendants did..."

Book of Asoth

I

There was much that was unusual about Sidnal Wyke, including his name. His name no longer brought forth any comments from his neighbors in the small hamlet of Stredbow where he had spent all his life, and his strange habits were accepted because he was regarded by them as a cunning man, well versed in the ways of the old religion.

He was six years old when the old car his father was driving went out of control on a steep local hill, killing both his parents while the child was safe at his grandmother's house. For twelve years he lived at her cottage. Stredbow was his home and he knew no other.

It was an isolated village, surrounded by hills and accessible only by narrow, steep and twisting lanes. To the west of the village lay The Wilderness, Robin's Tump and the steep hills of Caer Caradoc hill. The lane northward led along Yell Bank, skirted Hoar Edge and the side of Lawley hill to the old Roman road to Wroxeter. To the south, the village was bounded by Stredbow Moor, Nant Valley and Hope Bowdler hill. The area around the small village was, like the village itself, unique. Small farms nestled on the lee of the hills or rested in sinewy valleys hidden from the lanes. Coppice and woods merged into rough grazing land and the few fields or arable crops were small, the size hardly changed in over a century. But it was the sheltered isolation of the area that marked it out, like a time-slip into the past – as if the surrounding hills not only isolated it physically but emotionally as well. Perhaps it was that the hills dispersed the winds and weather in a special way, creating over the area of the village and its surrounding land an idiosyncratic climate; or perhaps it was the almost total lack of motorized transport along the rutted lanes. But whatever the cause, Stredbow was different, and Sidnal Wyke knew it.

He had known the secret for years, but it was only as his twenty-first birthday approached that he began to understand why. Stredbow was an ancient village, an oval of houses at whose center was a mound. Once, the mound contained a grove of oaks. But a new religion came, the trees were felled and a church built from stone quarried nearby. The church was never full, the visiting ministers came and went, and the oaks began to grow again, although reduced in number. The village was never large, although once – when the new railway fed trains to the small town of Stretton in the valley miles beyond the hills – there had been a school. But it had long ago closed, its building left to slowly crumble as the towns, cities and wars sucked some of the young men away from their home and their land. Yet a balance had been achieved through the demands of the land. For over sixty years, since the ending of the Great War, no new houses had been built and no outlanders came to settle. The village attracted no visitors, for there was nothing to attract them – no historical incidents, no fine houses or views – and the few who came by chance did not stay, for there was no welcome for them, only the stares of hostility and scorn, the barking and the snarling of farm and cottage dogs.

Sidnal knew every square foot of the village and the lands around. He had visited every field, every coppice, every valley and stream, all the houses and farms. He knew the history of the village and its people and this learning, like his name, was his grandmother's idea. He had been to a school, once and briefly – against his grandmother's wishes. But her daughter and son-in-law had died to leave Sidnal in her care. She taught him about herbs, how to listen and talk to trees; about the know of animals. She owned some acres of land and he farmed them well, in his strange way.

His clothes, and he himself, never looked clean, but he bore himself well, as befitted his well-muscled body. His solitary toil on the land and his learning left him little time to himself, but he was growing restless and his grandmother knew it and the reason why. She had no chance to guide him

further, no opportunity to find him a suitable wife to end the isolation she had forced upon him. A few days before his twenty-first birthday, she died – slowly and quietly sitting in her chair by the fire.

It was a warm evening in middle May with a breeze to swing some of the smaller branches of the large Ash tree behind the cottage which a mild winter had brought full into leaf, and Sidnal did not hurry back from the fields. He greeted the tree, as he always had, and smiled, as he almost always did. He did not cry out, or even seem surprised when he found her. He just sighed, for he knew death to be the fate ending of all life.

It was as he closed the cottage door on his way to gather his neighbors that the reaction came. For the first time in his life, he felt afraid.

II

Maurice Rhiston did not even know her name. A room of his house overlooked her bedroom and she was there, again, as she had been every weekday morning for the past three weeks. Her routine was always the same – the curtains would be drawn back and she would stand by the mirror for a minute or so before removing her nightdress, unaware of him watching from behind a chink in his curtain.

Naked, she wandered around her room in her parent's house. He lost sight of her several times – before she stood by the mirror to slowly dress. He guessed her age at about fifteen. His watching had become a secret passion that was beginning to engulf him, but he was too obsessed to care. He was forty-five years of age, his childless marriage a placid one. For fifteen years he had sat behind his office desk in a large building in Shrewsbury town, satisfied with steadily

improving both his standard of living and his house on the small and select estate that fringed the river. He was diligent, and efficient as he worked as a Civil Servant, calculating and assessing the benefits of claimants. His suits were always subdued in color, his shirts white, his ties plain and even his recent worrying about his age, baldness and spreading fat, did not change his taste. The cricket season had begun, his place in the team was secure and he had begun to feel again that sense of security and belonging, which pleased him.

He had, during the past week, turned his observing room into a kind of study to allay the suspicions of his wife. He bought a desk, some books and a small computer as furnishings. He had changed his unchanging routine of the morning to give time to sit at the desk with the thin curtains almost meeting but allowing him his view. Then, he would wait for her to draw back the curtains, and undress.

Today, as for the last week, he would be late for his work. Yesterday he had spent most of his evening in the room, hoping to see her and she, as if obliging, had appeared toward dusk – switching on her room light. For almost an hour she wandered in and out – and then his moment came. She undressed to change her clothes completely.

The morning was warm, again, and he left his overcoat on the stand by the front door. The goodbye kiss to his wife had long ago ceased, and she was already stripping away the bedclothes at the beginning of her workday. She was singing to herself, and Maurice smiled. His watching had brought to him an intense physical desire and his wife was pleased, mistaking his renewed interest for love. He kept the girl's naked image in his head, while his ardor lasted.

His journey to work by car was not long, and only once did he have cause to cease his planning of how best to photograph the girl. He was about to turn from the busy

road to the street, which held the office where he worked when a young man, dirtily dressed and carrying an armful of books, stepped off the pavement in front of the car. Maurice sounded his horn, hurled abuse through the open window, but the man just smiled to walk slowly away toward the town center to try and sell some of the books his grandmother had owned.

The routine of Maurice's morning at work was unchanged, and he sat at his desk in the over-bright, stuffy office, found or retrieved files from other desks and cabinets, entered or read information on pieces of paper and computer screen, his concentration broken only by his short breaks for tea and lunch. It was at lunch that his interest had become aroused.

As was his habit, he ate his sandwiches at his desk. One of the ladies from the section that investigated fraud brought him a case file. He recognized the name written on the cover.

The young lady was fashionably dressed and had swept her long black hair back over her shoulders where it was held by a band. She smiled at him, and for a few seconds Maurice felt an unusual, and intense, sexual desire. But it did not last. She explained about the man and the information anonymously received – as she might not have done had Maurice not been responsible for her training in her early months in the office before she became bored and sought the work of investigating fraud.

He gave her his computer read-out of the benefits the man had claimed and listened intently as she, a little shocked and angry, explained about the man's activity – Satanism, child prostitution, living off immoral earnings. She borrowed Maurice's file on the man and left him to continue his lunch in peace.

There was turmoil in Maurice's head, images which made him nervous and excited, and it did not take him long to decide. In the relative quiet of the office, he dialed Edgar Mallam's number, wishing him to be in.

Edgar Mallam was a man of contrived striking appearance. His hair was cropped, and his beard pointed and trimmed. He dressed in black clothes, often wore sunglasses even indoors, and black leather gloves. Maurice watched him for some time as Mallam sat at a table in an Inn in the center of the town amid the warmth of the breezy late Spring evening.

People mingled singly, in pairs or small clusters around the town as evening settled, traffic thinned and shops closed, and Maurice fearful of being seen, had tried to avoid them all. He had bought a hat, thinking it might disguise him, but wore it only briefly as he waited for the appointed time. The image of the naked girl obsessed him – and had obsessed him all afternoon: her soft white unblemished skin, her small still forming breasts, the graceful curve of her back...

Cautiously, he sat down beside Mallam.

"So, you want an introduction?" Mallam smiled.

"Well – "

"Don't be nervous! One favor deserves another. I presumed that is why you – ah – warned me. How old?"

"Pardon?"

"How old do you want the item in question to be?"

Maurice coughed, and shuffled his feet. "I –"

“Thirteen? Fourteen?”

Maurice felt an impulse to leave, and rose slightly, but Mallam’s strong hand gripped his arm.

“Let’s say fourteen. It’s a middling figure. Come on, then!”
Mallam rose to leave.

“Now?”

“Of course!”

For an instant fear gripped Maurice, but the haunting image returned and he followed Mallam through the customers and to the door. The alley outside the side door seemed dark and he did not see the two waiting figures cloaked by the sun’s shadows. But he felt their hands gripping his arms.

“Just a precaution,” Mallam explained. “I’m sure you understand.”

He was searched, led to a car, blindfolded. The journey seemed long and he was guided into a house where the blindfold was removed. The luxury of the house surprised him. Mallam indicated a door.

“One hour,” he said. “Any longer,” and he smiled, “and there will be a charge!”

Maurice needed no encouragement to open the door.

III

The river, swollen by heavy rain and brown from sediment, swept swiftly and noisily over the weir, and in the dim light of dawn Thorold could see water eddying over the edge of the concrete riverside path that led into town. The warm weather had been broken by storms.

No corpse was water borne to add interest to Thorold's day and he walked slowly, trying to savor the light, the sounds and his happy mood. A few people, work-bound on bicycles, passed him along the path but they did not greet him as he did not greet them. Sometimes he would smile, and an occasional individual might forget for an instant the impersonal attitude of all modern towns. There would be then a brief exchange of humanity through the medium of faces and eyes: and the two individuals would pass each to their own forms and patterns of life, never to meet again.

But today, no one returned his smile. He stood for several minutes under the wide spans of the railway bridge watching the water carry its burden of branch, silt, twigs and grass. He was thirty-five years of age and alone in his life, except for his books. His marriage of years ago had been brief, broken by his quietness and unwillingness to socialize, but the years were beginning to undermine the happiness he had found in solitude. His face was kind, his hair unruly, his body sinewy from years of long-distance walking over hills, his past forgotten.

He liked the hours after dawn in late Spring and Summer, and would rise early to walk the almost empty streets of his town and along the paths by the river, sensing the peace and the history that seemed to seep out toward him from the old timbered houses, the narrow passages, the castle, bridges and town walls. Gradually, during the hours of his walking, the traffic would increase, people come – and he would retreat to the sloping cobbled lane, which gave access to his small shop, ready for his day of work. 'Antiquarian & Secondhand Books' his shop sign said.

The path from the railway bridge took him along below the refurbished Castle, set high above the meander of the river, under the Grinshill stone of the English bridge to the tree-lined paths of Quarry Park. He stopped for a long time to sit on a bench by the water, measuring the flow of time by the chimes of the clock in Shrewsbury School across the river. No one disturbed him, and by the time he rose to leave the cloud had broken to bring warm morning sun.

His shop lay between the Town Walls at the top of the Quarry and the new Market Hall with its high clock tower of red brick. The window was full of neat rows of well-polished antiquarian book, and inside it was cold and musty. Summer was his favorite season, for he would leave the door open and watch, from his desk by the window, the people who passed in the street.

A pile of books, recently bought from a young man whose grandmother had died, lay on his desk, and he began to study them, intrigued by the titles and the young man who had offered them for sale. The four books were all badly bound and in various states of neglect and decay. One was simply leaves of vellum stitched together then bound into wooden boards, the legible text consisting mainly of symbols and hieroglyphics with a few paragraphs in Latin in a scholarly hand. There was no title – only the words 'Aktlal Maka' inscribed at the top of the first folio. The words meant nothing to Thorold. The three remaining books were all printed, although only one of them in a professional manner. It bore the title 'Secretorum Naturalium Chymicorum et Medicorum Thesauriolis, and a date, 1642. The titles of the other two works – 'Book of Asoth' and 'Karu Samsu' – signified nothing to him, and though the books bore no date he guessed they were less than a hundred years old. They also contained pages of symbols, but the style of the written text was verbose, the reasoning convoluted, and after several hours of reading he still only had a vague idea of the subjects discussed. There was talk of some substance which

if gathered in the right place at the right time would alter the world – ‘the fluxion of this causing thus sklenting from the heavenly bodies and a terrible possidenting of this mortal world...’

He was still reading when a customer entered his shop. The woman was elegantly dressed and smiled at him.

“I wonder if you can help me,” she said confidently.

Thorold smiled back, and as he looked at her he felt an involuntary spasm in the muscles of his abdomen. But it was transient and he forced himself to say “I hope so” as he looked at her beauty.

“Do you have a copy of Prometheus Bound by Aeschylus? Only my son – ”

“Aeschylus?” he repeated, and blushed.

“Yes, the playwright – ”

“Of ancient Greece,” he completed. “Was it a Greek text that you wanted or a translation?”

“The Greek, actually. Julian has just begun his “O” levels at his school.”

The woman was near him and he could smell her perfume. For some reason it reminded him of the sun drying the earth after brief rain following many dry days. “Yes, we do have a copy.”

He rose from his chair slowly and as he did so the woman smiled at him again. In his desire to impress with his agility he tripped and stumbled into a bookcase.

"Are you alright?" she asked with concern as he lay on the floor.

"Yes, thanks." He rose awkwardly to search the shelves for the book. "Ah! Here it is. It is a fairly good edition of the text," he said as he handed the book to her.

She glanced through it. "I'll take it." She placed it on his desk before taking her purse from the pocket of her dress. Their fingers touched briefly as she handed over the money but she did not look at him and he was left to wrap the book neatly in brown paper. The 'Book of Asoth' still lay open upon his desk and he could see her interest.

"May I?" she asked, indicating the book.

"Yes," he faltered, unsure. "If you wish."

She handled it carefully, supporting the covers with one hand while she turned the pages with the other. She stood near him, silent and absorbed, for several minutes. But her nearness began to make him tremble.

"I have not, as yet, had occasion to study the work in detail," he said to relieve some of his feelings.

She held it for him to take, glanced briefly at the two other books before perusing the vellum manuscript.

"They are for sale?" she asked.

“Well – ” he hesitated, wondering about the price. “You have an interest in such matters?”

“Yes!” and then softly, “do you?”

She turned to face him, so close he could smell her fragrant breath as she had exhaled with her forceful affirmation.

“Actually, no.” She did not avert her eyes from his and part of him wanted to reach out with his fingers to softly touch the freckled smoothness of her face. He smiled instead, as she did. “I am not familiar with the field – but would think it was a very specialized market: if a market as such exists.”

“Are these recent acquisitions?”

“Yes.”

“May I enquire from where – or whom?”

He did not mind her questions, for he wished their contact, and closeness, to continue. “A young chap brought them in – in the last few days. They belonged to his grandmother, apparently.”

“I would like to buy them – name your price. Except that one,” she indicated the ‘Secretorum’. “That does not interest me.”

“As I say, I have not really had time to study them in detail and so – to be honest – have no idea what they are worth.” Her nearness was beginning to affect his concentration and he edged away on the pretext of studying the manuscript.

“But surely you have some idea of their value?”

“Actually, no. I did consult some of my reference works and auction records but could find nothing.”

“How refreshing!”

“What?”

She laughed, gently. “To find someone – particularly in business – who is so open and honest.”

“Well, bookselling is a small world.” He looked away embarrassed, but pleased.

“How much – if I may ask such a question – did you pay?”

“Actually only a part payment – I was going to research them, particularly the manuscript, and then, if they or the manuscript were particularly valuable, add to that payment.”

“Do you wish to sell them?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then I will buy them. You will want my address, naturally.”

“Sorry?”

"My address. So you can bring the books with you tonight when you come to dinner. Nothing formal, so no need to dress. Do you have a pen and paper?"

"Er, yes." Dazed, he gave her his favorite fountain pen and notebook.

She wrote quickly. "Shall we say half past seven or eight? Good. Oh – and you can bring that Greek book with you as well."

She smiled at him, waved, and then was gone, out into the sunlit street and away from his world of dead books. Her perfume lingered, and it was some time before Thorold's amazement disappeared. He tried to still his excitement and imagination by searching again through his reference works.

He did not succeed, and the one reference he did find to anything mentioned in the books did not interest him. 'Aosoth', it read, 'was a demoness worshipped by some ancient and secret sects about which nothing is known beyond the fact that women played a prominent role.'

No customers spoiled the solitude of what remained of his morning, and he carefully wrapped the books and manuscripts for the woman, sorted some stock from the piles of books against the cabinet by his desk before closing his shop early. He wandered happy and full of anticipation along the paths by the river, pleased with the sun and warmth of the day, occasionally stopping to sit. He spent a long time sitting on a bench by the weir, watching people as they passed, vaguely aware of his dreams but unwilling from fear of disappointment to make them conscious, to dwell upon them.

He had not noticed a man dressed in black following him, and did not notice him as he began a slow walk under the

hot sun along the overgrown riverside path that led him back to his Flat.

IV

The gardens of the large detached house were quiet and secluded, and Lianna spent the hours of the afternoon removing weeds from the many beds of flowers. The house stood on Kingsland above the river and beside Shrewsbury School but afforded views of neither. Once, the area had been select, but the decades had drawn some of the wealthy away, their homes absorbed by the School or divided into still expensive Flats. But an aura remained, and it pleased Lianna.

Her interest in her garden waned slowly, and she discarded her implements and her working clothes to bathe in the bright surroundings of her bathroom. She lay relaxed and soaking in the warm water for a long time, occasionally thinking of the bookseller. She had enjoyed her game with his emotions and although the books he would bring interested her, he himself interested her more.

She was dressing in readiness for her evening when someone loudly rapped the brass knocker of the oak front door. She did not hurry. Edgar Mallam smiled at her as she opened the door, but she did not return his greeting.

“Yes?” she said coldly.

“Hello Lianna. May I come in?” He removed his sunglasses.

“Why?”

“To talk – about my group.”

“Fifteen minutes – that is all the time I can spare.”

He followed her into the Sitting Room to sit beside her in a leather armchair.

“Well?” she asked.

“I thought you and me – ”

“As I have said to you many times, our relationship is purely a teaching one.”

“You know how I feel,” he said almost gently.

“What you feel, you feel. It is a stage, and all stages pass.”

His mood changed abruptly. “Is that so?” There was anger in his voice.

Her smile was one of pity, not kindness. “I sense your feelings are being inverted. What you thought was love is turning to anger because your will is thwarted. You will doubtless now find reasons for disliking me.”

Edgar stood up. “I’m sick of your teaching!”

“As I have said to you many times since you first embarked upon your quest, the way is not easy.”

He took a step toward her, but she rose to face him and smile. He stared at her, but only briefly – averting his eyes from her suddenly demonic gaze.

"I'll go my own way! I don't need you!" he shouted.

"You are, of course," and she smiled generously at him, "free to do so. But I have heard reports that some of your activities are, shall I say, not exactly compatible with the ethos of our Order."

"So what?"

"Such activities are not conducive to the self-development which our way wishes to achieve. They are not, in fact, connected with any genuine sinister tradition but are personal proclivities, best avoided if advancement is sought."

"Stuff your tradition and your pompous words!" He walked toward the door. "And I'm not afraid of you - or your curses!"

"True Adepts do not waste time on such trivia. Everyone has to make their own mistakes."

He laughed. "Just as I thought! You're all talk! Well, I do have magickal power! So stuff your Order!"

She waited, and was not disappointed for he slammed her front door shut on his leaving. One of her telephones was within easy reach, and she dialed a number.

"Hello? Imlach?" she queried. "Lianna. Mr. Mallam has I regret to say just resigned. You will know what to do. Good." She replaced the receiver and smiled.

The hours of her waiting did not seem long, and when the caterers arrived she left them with their duties while she occupied herself in her library. The table was laid, the food heating, the wine chilled by the time of Thorold's arrival and all she had to do was light the candles on the table. The caterers had departed as they had arrived – discreetly, leaving her alone.

Thorold was early, and nervously held the books as he knocked on her door surrounded by the humid haze of evening. She greeted him, took the books and led him to her library where he stood by the mahogany desk staring with amazement. Books, in sumptuous bookcases, lined the room from floor to ceiling. She placed her new acquisitions on the desk.

"Later, if you wish," she said, "you can spend some time in here."

Only two places were laid on the table in the dining room.

"Will your husband not be joining us?" an expectant but nervous Thorold asked.

"Joining us? Why no!" she laughed. "He went abroad, some years ago. Living with some Oriental lady, I believe."

For two hours they conversed while they ate, pausing only while she served her guest the courses of the meal. The topics of their conversation varied, and as the hours drew darkness outside, Thorold began to realize there was much that was unusual about Lianna. She asked about his knowledge of and interest in a wide variety of arcane subjects – alchemy, the Knights Templar, witchcraft, sorcery.... He had admitted his ignorance concerning most of them, and she, slightly smiling, had explained in precise language, and briefly, their nature, extent and history.

"Come," she said as she poured him a cup of fresh coffee, "let us sit together in the Sitting Room."

She took his cup and held it while she sat on the sofa. "Here, beside me," she indicated.

Thorold sat beside her and blushed. All evening he had tried to avert his eyes from her breasts, uplifted and amply exposed by the dress she had chosen. But his eyes kept drifting from her face to her eyes to her breasts. He knew she knew, and he knew she did not mind.

She gave him his cup and he managed to control the shaking he felt beginning in his hand.

"Do you believe in Satan?" she abruptly said.

"Satan?" he repeated.

"Yes. The Devil."

"Well, actually, I was brought up Roman Catholic to believe that he existed. But now – " he shrugged his shoulders.

"Now you no longer trouble yourself with such matters."

"I did – once. There was a time," he said wistfully, "when I believed I had a vocation to be a Priest. I suppose most Catholic children – the boys, that is – who are brought up according to the faith have such yearnings at least once."

"But you sought another road."

"I lost my faith in God."

"So you do not believe there is a supra-human being called the Devil who rules over this Earth?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

She did not avert her eyes from his. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because I sense the question is important to you."

She laughed, and touched his face lightly with her fingers. "You are astute! I like that."

"In what way can I help you?"

"You underestimate yourself."

For a moment Thorold was perplexed. He had accepted her unusual invitation to her house partly from curiosity but mostly because he had been sexually attracted to her. The intimate dinner, her topics of conversation, her looks and gestures had gradually made him aware – or at least he had thought so – of her purpose in inviting him. This, he had believed, would explain why a beautiful obviously wealthy and exceptionally intelligent woman would be interested in an unadventurous bookseller.

She saved him from his perplexity by saying, "You know what I am, then?"

"I can guess."

“Yes – you have guessed. And the prospect of your guess being correct does not frighten you?” When he did not answer, she continued. It excites you, in fact – as I now excite you.”

Thorold began to sense he was losing the initiative. Then it occurred to him that he had never had the initiative. Since his first meeting with her he had been playing the role of victim. He tried to distance himself from his desire for her, but she moved toward him until their bodies touched. Her lips were near his, her breath warm and fragrant and he did not resist when she kissed him. She did not restrain his hand as it caressed her breasts just as he did not prevent her from undoing the buckle of the belt that supported his trousers. He felt a vague feeling of unease, but it did not last. It had been a long time since he had kissed and touched a woman, and he abandoned himself to his desire, a desire enhanced by her perfume, her beauty and her eagerness.

Their passion was frenzied, then gentle at his silent urging until her need overcame his control. They lay, then sweaty and satiated with bodies entwined for some time without speaking until she broke their silence.

“You are full of surprises,” she said with a smile, and kissed him.

He wanted to stay with her, naked, and sleep but she kissed him again before rising to dress.

“Come,” she said, throwing him his clothes. “I have something to show you.”

Outside in the warm air, a nearly full moon in a clear night sky cast still shadows around and upon the house.

V

Mallam could sense the girl's fear. He did his best to increase it by staring at her while Monica, his young Priestess and mistress, held the girl's arm ready. The room was brightly lit in readiness for the filming of the ritual that was to follow, and Mallam walked slowly toward the girl, a small syringe fitted with a hypodermic needle in his hand.

The girl could not struggle, for a man dressed in a black robe whose face was shadowed by the hood, held her other arm and body, and Mallam carefully pierced the vein of her arm with the needle and filled the syringe with her blood.

"See," he said to her as he withdrew the needle, "you are mine now!"

The girl began to cry, but he had no pity for her. "Betray me, and I shall kill you – wherever you are." He showed her the blood-filled syringe for effect. "Take her," he said to Monica, "and prepare her."

The Temple was in a large cellar of a house, and Mallam walked around it, ensuring that everything was prepared. The black candles on the stone altar had been lit, the incense was burning, the lights and camera ready. A black inverted pentagram was painted on the red wall behind the altar.

He did not have long to wait. The now naked girl was carried by some of the black robed worshippers and laid upon the altar. Stupefied by drugs, she was smiling and seemed oblivious to the people around her as, behind the bright enclosing circle of camera lights, drumbeats began.

Mallam raised his hands dramatically to signal the beginning of the ritual, his facemask in place.

"Asmodeus! Set! Jaal! Satan! Hear us!" he shouted.

"Hear us!" his followers responded.

"We gather here to offer you the first blood of this girl!"

"Hear us!"

"Hear us, you Lords of the Earth and of the Darkness."

"This day a new sister shall join us in our worship!" He gestured toward the girl and one after the other, the worshippers kissed her.

"Now we shall dance to your glory!"

The worshippers removed their robes to dance around the altar laughing; screeching and shouting the names of their gods while the drums beat louder and louder. Only Mallam and another man did not join the dance, and Maurice Rhiston let himself be led toward the girl. He did not notice the camera lurking in the darkness and operated by a black robed figure, as he hardly noticed Mallam remove his robe. The girl seemed to be smiling at him as he walked naked toward her. Mallam had offered him the privilege and he could not refuse.

For Rhiston, the orgy that followed did not last long. Mallam, still robed and masked ushered him upstairs into a house

where they both dressed before sitting in the comfortable Sitting Room.

"You have done well," Mallam said. "There are two matters, though, that need your attention."

"I am only too pleased to help," an obsequious Maurice said.

"All of this," Mallam smiled, "is not cheap."

"I understand."

"The other little matter is a short trip – to London. I have some contacts there, there will be a film to deliver."

"As you wish. May I ask you something?"

"Yes."

"With all these people involved – there is a risk, surely?"

Mallam's laugh made Maurice even more nervous. "I have the power of my magick to bind them!"

"Yes – but..."

"So you do not believe? I shall show you, as I have shown them!" and his eyes glowed with his intensity of feeling. "Fear! Fear – that is what keeps them silent. Fear of me." Quick, like lightning, his mood changed. "You like girls – I give you girls. So why should you worry?"

"I'm not worried, really," Maurice lied. Then, to ingratiate himself, he said, "there is someone I know who might interest you."

"Who?"

"Shall I say a certain young girl who lives near me."

"For something like tonight?" And Mallam smiled again.

"Possibly, yes."

"For yourself, I presume."

"If you wish it so."

"I might – because I am beginning to like you. Of course, it would be expensive. All the arrangements, and so on.

"I understand."

"If you can bring her – I shall take care of the rest. I'll need details."

Before Maurice could answer, Monica entered the room. Beneath the black velvet cloak Maurice could see she was naked.

"What do you want?"

"Sorry to interrupt, but there is someone to see you."

"They can wait."

"He insists."

"So what? I've better things to do."

"He mentioned Lianna's name," whispered Monica.

Mallam's face twitched. He indicated Maurice. "Look after him, then."

A tall man with the face of an undertaker stood in the hallway, holding his hat in his hand. He was dressed well, except the cut of his suit was forty years out of fashion.

"You do not know me," he said directly. "But we have a common enemy."

"Is that so?"

"I have information you might find useful."

"Oh yes?" Mallam pretended indifference.

"I don't ask much."

"What makes you think I'm interested?"

"If you are not, there are others." He turned to leave.

"So what is this information?"

"A place I found out about. She knows about it – but no one else. Special it is, see. For the likes of you – and her."

"So?"

"There are rich pickings, in that place."

Mallam was suspicious. "Then why come to me?"

"I need your help. The place, see, where to find it exactly is written about in a sort of code – a secret writing. I know nothing of such matters." He took a step toward Mallam. "Ever wonder where she gets her money? I'll tell you. A hoard, from this place."

Mallam had often wondered. Once, when he had been her pupil for only a few months, he had asked and she laughingly had said, "It is a long story. Involving the Templars. I may tell it some day." He had been infatuated with her even then and could remember most of their conversations. But the months of his learning with her were short, for he lusted after success, wealth, power and results while she urged him toward the difficult – and for him inaccessible – path of self-discovery. So he had drifted away from her teachings, seeking his own path.

"What about this place?" he asked, his curiosity aroused.

"An old preceptory it is – of the Knights Templar. South of here, exactly where is a secret only known to her. But I stole her precious manuscript!"

Mallam controlled his excitement. "How are you involved with her?"

"I've seen you – many a time. Coming to the house. The gardens – for years I tended them, made them bloom. These hands, see, they worked for her and her father before her. I paid no heed to their doings. Paid to be quiet, see. But then, after all these year a weeks' notice is all I got. No thanks. Nothing. No reason given. Turned out of my home, as well. Nothing to show for forty years!"

"A manuscript, you say?"

"Yes, sir. For a price!"

"I would need more proof than your story."

"Would I cheat you? You pay – a small sum, see – I give the thing to you. You find something – you give me some more money. You find nothing – you come and find me, have your money back. Is this fair – or is this not fair?" The man held his hands out, palms upward, in a gesture of hopelessness.

It did not take Mallam long to decide. "You have the document with you?"

"You have money to give me now?"

Mallam smiled. "How much?"

"A few hundred pounds, that is all I ask."

"Wait here."

Mallam was not away long. He counted the money into the man's hand. The manuscript the man took from the inside

pocket of his jacket consisted of several small pieces of parchment rolled together and tied with a cord.

"I call upon you again," the man said, "in two weeks."

Mallam did not answer. He had already untied the cord and unrolled the parchments by the time the man closed the door. Each sheet consisted of several lines of writing in a secret magical script and, with increasing excitement; he walked slowly toward the stairs and his own room. The small desk was cluttered with letters, books, bizarre artifacts and empty wine glasses, and he pushed them all aside.

For hours he studied the script, making notes on pieces of paper or consulting some book. Once, Monica entered. At first he did not notice her as she tidied the heap of clothes from the disheveled bed. But she came to caress his neck with her hand and he pushed her away, shouting, "Leave me alone!"

It was nearing dawn when his efforts of the night were rewarded and with a shaking hand he wrote his transliteration out. The parchments told of how Stephan of Stanhurst, preceptor, had in 1311 and prior to his arrest in Salisbury, taken the great treasure stored in the preceptory at Lydley - property of Roger de Alledone, Knight Templar - to a place of safe keeping. It told how the preceptory was founded in 1160 and how, centuries later, the lands granted with it became the subject of dispute and passed gradually into other grasping hands; for Stephen after his arrest was confined within a Priory and refused to reveal where he had hidden the treasure. But, most importantly to Mallam, it told where the treasure had been stored when the foresightful Roger de Alledone realized the Order was about to be suppressed by Pope Clement V and all its properties and treasures seized.

The name of the building housing the treasure meant nothing to Mallam, but he did recognize the name of the village containing it. As soon as he could, he would buy a large scale map of the village of Stredbow, and begin his search.

VI

The bright light of the rising sun awoke Thorold, and for several minutes he lay still, remembering where he was and the events of the previous evening and night.

He had not slept well. He had watched the film Lianna had shown him in silence and was almost glad when at its end she had shown him one of the many guest bedrooms, kissed him briefly saying, "I'm sorry, but I always sleep by myself. I shall call you for breakfast."

The film disturbed him not only because of its content but because Lianna, before, during and after it, had made no comment to him about it. For years, Thorold had lived like a recluse – dimly aware of some of the terrible realities of life but content to follow his own inner path. He prided himself on his calm outlook and his intuitive understanding of people, accepting events in an almost child-like innocence. The film had shown what he assumed to be some kind of Black Magick ritual during which a young girl, obviously drugged and probably only around fourteen years of age, was placed on an altar and forced into several acts of sexual intercourse with men, all of whom had worn face masks to protect their identity. But, coming so soon after his passion with Lianna, the film destroyed his calm. By the time the film ended, his own passion – and the beauty he had felt in his relationship with Lianna – was only a vague remembered dream.

He had felt anger – a desire for the girl somehow to be rescued. But this did not happen. Lianna’s face had shown no emotion and he became perplexed because he could not equate the woman with whom he had made love with the woman who, by having such a film, must be somehow connected with the events depicted. And Lianna had left him alone with his feelings.

The sun rose into a clear blue sky and he watched it until it became too bright for his eyes. He dressed quickly, and left to find Lianna. It did not take him long, for he could hear her singing.

She was in the bathroom and he, politely, knocked on the door.

“Do come in!” she said.

She was bathing in the large bath and indicated the chair beside it.

“Did you sleep well?” she asked and smiled.

Her breasts were visible above the foamy water and Thorold blushed and averted his eyes. “No, not really.”

“Do you want to join me?” she said mischievously.

“I’d rather talk, actually.”

“About the film, I presume.”

“Yes.”

"Your verdict? I presume you have come to some conclusions."

She smiled at him and Thorold closed his eyes to her beauty. When he opened them again, she was still smiling.

"Are you – " he began, hesitant.

"Am I involved, you mean?"

"Yes."

"What do you feel – sense about me?"

"You really want to know?"

"Of course."

Thorold sighed. "This is all very strange to me. It's like a dream. I cannot believe I'm sitting here, in the bathroom of a beautiful woman who last night shared with me something beautiful and who then shows me a ..."

"A perverted film?"

"Basically, yes."

"But you have not answered my question," she said, softly.

He shook his head. "I sense you could not be involved in something like that."

“And?”

“Which leaves the question – why show me the film?”

“To which your answer is?”

“I don’t have an answer. Except –”

“Except what?”

“It has something to do with the subjects we discussed – correction, which you talked about - last night.”

“Nothing else?”

“Actually, it occurred to me that you might be testing me.

“And if I was, why would that be?”

“I can only guess.”

“Guess, then.”

Thorold turned away. “Our relationship.”

“Would you like to join me now?”

Without hesitation, Thorold stripped away his clothes.

"After breakfast" she had said, "you might like to browse in the library."

He was surprised to find that the manuscripts he had brought were no longer on the desk but this discovery did not detain him from beginning to inspect the contents of the library. For an hour or more he wandered around the shelves and bookcases reading the titles and occasionally removing a book. He found a section devoted to classical Greek literature and, among the volumes, several editions of 'Prometheus Bound'. This startled him, as Lianna did when she came up quietly behind him.

"So," she said, observing the copy of Aeschylus he held in his hand, "another secret discovered."

He replaced the book, tried to appear unconcerned, and failed. "You are an intriguing woman."

She laughed. "In both senses of the word!"

"I didn't mean it that way."

"Nevertheless, it is true."

"So I was right after all. Our meeting was obviously not by chance."

"Is anything?"

Thorold ignored the remark. His feelings became confused again. And his pride was hurt. "So, how can I help?" he asked, almost angry.

“Help is not exactly the right word.”

“Is that so?”

She answered softly and slowly. “I would say ‘partnership’ as a word that captures the essence.”

He could see her, outwardly unperturbed, watch him as she waited for his reply and as he did so he became aware of his own feelings for her. He wanted her to elaborate, but dared not ask directly in case he had misunderstood her usage of the word. He was still trying to think of something reasonable to say when she spoke.

“You are,” she said, “unusual for a man in being so sensitive.”

Thorold was unsure whether he was pleased or insulted, and said nothing.

“That is one of the qualities that attracted me to you. I have watched you for some time.”

“Pardon?”

“I met you once before – although you will probably not remember. You were walking, one morning very early, along by the river. I was there, too. You passed me, and smiled. You revealed yourself through your eyes.”

Thorold tried, but could not remember the incident. He began to tremble, thinking in his innocence that she spoke of love. But her speaking dismayed him.

"I shall be honest with you, now – and cease to play games." She sat on the edge of the desk, but Thorold remained silent and still. "You see around you what I possess, and you have, I believe, some intimation of some of my interests and activities. I am approaching that time in my life when certain changes are inevitable. Before that time, there is one role I would like to fulfill. But more than that I wanted companionship. Of course, I could have, with you, carried on as I began. But I wanted you to know, to understand. Because of who I am and because of – shall I say? – My interest, there was really no other way."

"Also, you have other qualities, besides sensitivity – or perhaps I should say, besides your empathy. At this moment in time, you yourself are probably unaware of them. But they are important to me – to my interests."

"In all this," Thorold said, "haven't you forgotten something?"

For a few seconds Lianna looked wistful. "I don't think so."

"Spontaneity? Love?"

"That's two things," she smiled.

For an instant, Thorold thought of abruptly leaving, slamming the door as a gesture of his intent. He did make a move in that direction, but he was already smiling in response to her remark.

"What am I letting myself in for?" he said humorously as he turned toward her again.

"Paternity?"

"And I thought romance was dead!"

"You will stay tonight, then?"

"I might consider it – if I have any energy left."

"I shall make sure you have! But now, there is someone I would like you to meet."

"No more games – or tests?"

"Naturally not. It is only a short drive. You may drive me, if you wish."

Thorold bowed in deference. "Of course, ma'am. There be, like," he said in a demotic voice, "one little problem, your Ladyship. I canna' drive."

She started to play her allotted role, then thought better of it and said, seriously, "Really? I didn't know."

Thorold made an imaginary mark on an imaginary board with his finger. "One up for me, then!"

She did not quite know how to react to his playfulness. "Do you wish to learn?" she asked.

"What?"

"To drive, of course."

"Not really. I'm quite content walking. Why should I want to leave Shropshire? All I need is here – within walking distance usually."

"But your business, surely," she said.

"A few trips a year – by train. The fewer, the better."

Nearby, a pendulum clock struck the hour. "Come," she urged, "or we shall be late."

"May I ask to where?"

"Oh a small village, not far"

"Why the rush?"

"Because it is seven o'clock already, and we have to arrive before someone else."

"I suppose all will be revealed?"

She smiled. "Possibly."

Thorold followed her out of the library. He was curious, perplexed and pleased. Her dress was thin, and suited to the warm weather and he had noticed, while she talked, how her nipples stood out. He could not help his feelings, and as he watched her collect her keys from a table in the hall, turn and briefly smile at him, he realized he was in love.

Compared to that feeling, the reason for the journey was not important to him. Outside, he could hear cats fighting.

VII

Lianna was right. Their journey was not long even though she took the longer route. She drove along the narrow, twisty lanes southeast of Shrewsbury town to pass the Tree with the House in It, the wood containing Black Dick's Lake, to take the steep lane up toward Causeway Wood.

"This lane," she said, breaking their silence, "used to be called the Devil's Highway. Just there –" and she indicated an overgrown hedge, "was a well called Frog Well where three frogs lived. The largest was, of course, called Satan and the other two were imps of his."

The lane rose, to twist, then fall to turn and rise again, always bound by high hedge and always narrow. A few farms lay scattered among the valleys and the hills on either side, a few cottages beside it and Thorold caught glimpses of nearby Lawley Hill and wooded banks and ridges that he did not know.

The village she drove through was quiet, its houses, cottages and church mostly built from the same gray stone, and Thorold was surprised when she stopped beside an old timbered cottage whose curtain-less small windows were covered in grime.

"Wait here, will you?" she asked.

Thorold watched her enter the door of the cottage without knocking. For over ten minutes he waited. But the heat of the sun made the car stuffy and uncomfortable, and he got out to walk toward the cottage gate. As he did so a man appeared, quite suddenly from the small driveway across the

road. He was old, dressed in worn working clothes and wore a battered hat.

"You not been here before, then?" he asked Thorold.

A surprised Thorold stopped, and turned. "Er, no I haven't."

"You come for the giving, then?"

Before he could reply, Lianna appeared beside him. She smiled at the old man, nodded and held Thorold's hand. Thorold saw the man's look of surprise. He raised his hat, slightly, bowed just a little toward Lianna and shuffled away, back along the tree-shadowed drive.

"Come on," she said to Thorold, "I shall show you round."

She still held his hand as they walked along the lane toward the mound and the church. Her gesture pleased him, but she did not speak and he let himself be led sun-wise around the mound, up through the wooden gate and through under the shade of the trees. She lingered, briefly, by the largest oak to take him down and back toward her car. A young woman in a rather old-fashioned dress stood near it.

"I shall not be long," Lianna said, and left him, to walk the fifty yards.

He could not hear what was said between the two women, but several times the young stranger turned to look at him. Then, she seemed to curtsy slightly to Lianna before walking away, but the movement was so quick Thorold believed he had been mistaken.

Lianna beckoned to him and he, obedient, went toward her.

"There is something else I would like to show you." She opened the passenger door of her car for him.

"What did you think?" she asked as they drove away from the village.

"Of what?"

"The village, of course."

"Alright. Seemed a very quiet place. They seemed to know you."

She avoided the subject by saying, "Do you ever see your wife?"

"Occasionally. Why do you ask?"

"You never divorced."

Her words confirmed Thorold's earlier suspicions. "So, you've been checking up on me?"

"Of course! You are still friends, then?"

"Yes. Where exactly are we going?"

"Just a place I know. Very efficacious – for certain things. A stone circle, in fact."

The lane gave way to a wide road that took them down and turning into the Stretton valley, through the township and up the steep Burway track to the heather-covered, sheep-strewn Mynd. The turning she took, brought them down over Wild Moor to a stream filled valley of scattered farmsteads, up over moor, past the jagged rocks of Stiperstones, past woods and abandoned mine-workings and high hills, to a narrow rutted track.

“Just a short walk,” she said, and briefly touched his face with her fingers.

The moorland was exposed and covered in places by fern, almost encircled by distant undulating hills. Thorold had walked the path before, in a storm, to the clearing which contained a flattened circle of stones, some tall, some broken and some fallen. He had not stayed long then, for his walk of that day was long and the weather bad. A breeze cooled him as he walked beside Lianna, and she held his hand as they entered the circle to stand at its center.

“Looks like someone has lit a fire recently,” Thorold said, indicating the burned ground under their feet.

In answer, Lianna kissed him and guided his body to the Earth. She did not need to encourage him further. His passion was strong but her need and frenzy were stronger and his body soon arched upon hers in orgasmic ecstasy to leave him relaxed and sleep-inclined.

“I must go now,” she suddenly said before rising and smoothing down her dress. “Meet me on June the twenty-first outside the church in the village. At dawn. And do not worry about what you saw in the film. I will solve that particular problem – in my own way.” She bent down to touch his forehead with her hand. “Sleep now, and remember me.”

No sooner had she touched him than he was asleep, and she pulled up his trousers and re-fastened his belt before walking back along the track to her car.

Almost an hour later, Thorold awoke. She was not waiting for him by her car as he hoped and he walked slowly under the hot sun along the road and away from the stone circle. He walked for miles without stopping and when he did stop his memory of her was like a dream. A few cars and other vehicles passed him as he continued walking along the road past the wooded sides of Shelve Hill and down toward Hope Valley, but he did not try to stop them to ask for their assistance. There was a shop in the village at the valley's bottom but he passed it by, unwilling to break the rhythm of his walking. He wondered about the lateness of the hour, about customers waiting for his shop to open, about Lianna and her strange interests.

There was little breeze to dry the sweat, which covered him as he walked, and he would stop, occasionally, to wipe the forehead with his hand. He did not mind the sweat, the heat or even his walking, and the nearer he came to Shrewsbury town, following the road down from the hills to the well-farmed plain around the town, the more he became convinced of the folly of his love. He began to convince himself that he did not care about Lianna – that she was only a brief liaison to be well and happily remembered in the twilight years of his life. But he nevertheless took the town roads that led toward her house.

He stood outside her gate for a long time, aware of his thirst for water and his sweat-filled clothes. For almost five hours he had walked toward his goal, and he stood before it exhausted and dizzy but still determined.

No one came to answer his loud rapping on the door of the house, and he wandered round, peering in the windows.

Around the back, a young woman was kneeling as she tended a bed of bright flowers, and she smiled at Thorold before rising and saying, "Hello! Can I help you?"

Her face and bare arms were sunburned, and as she came closer, Thorold could see her hands were roughened and hard.

"I came to see Lianna."

"Ah! You must be Thorold. She told me to expect you."

"Is she in?"

"Afraid not."

"Do you know when she will be back?"

"Three to four weeks."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"Do you know where she has gone?"

"Amsterdam, she said."

In the middle of the large expanse of well-tended lawn, a sprinkler showered water, and Thorold went toward it to stand in the spray. The coolness refreshed him, and he washed his face and neck several times with his hands

before cupping his palms together to try to catch sufficient water to drink. He was not very successful.

The young woman with the sad face watched him, bemused.

“Would you like a drink?” she finally asked.

“If you don’t mind.” He left the spray to stand in the sun.

He followed her to a small outbuilding shaded by the branches of a walnut tree. Inside, and neatly arranged, was a large selection of gardening tools, two small tables and some chairs. A small sink and tap adorned one wall.

“Tea?” she asked, and seeing his surprise, added, “I was about to make one for myself.”

“You work here, then?”

“Sometimes.”

She smiled, and her smile reminded Thorold of Lianna and the reason why he had come. He thought, briefly, of rushing away to an airport to find her, but this romantic impulse did not last. He felt physically exhausted from his walk and emotionally confused, a piece in a game Lianna was playing. And his own pride was sometimes quite strong.

“Actually,” the woman said, intruding upon his thoughts, as she filled the kettle with water, “my father is the gardener here. He’s away at the moment.” She handed him a towel.

Thorold did not mind its color or the stains. “Does she often go away?”

"Quite often, yes."

"I know this may sound strange," Thorold said, "but I don't know her surname."

"Alledone." She smiled as she said the name.

Its significance escaped Thorold. "Mine's Imlach, but you can call me Sarah." The young woman smiled again, and began to remove her clothes.

VIII

It was as if Thorold could still hear her laughter. He had left, as she had stood naked before him. It was not that he was not aroused by the sight of her lithe body; it was that he felt himself again part of a game Lianna was playing.

He had left without speaking, and her laughter seemed to mock him. He did not care for long. His tiredness, hunger and thirst returned, and he walked almost as if in a trance to his flat. He drank, ate and rested, and when darkness came he lay himself wearily down to sleep. His sleep was fitful, disturbed by images of Lianna. Once, she appeared before him smiling and dressed in black. They were in a dark and cold place; full of mists and smells and when she kissed him it was as if she was sucking life from him. He felt dizzy and exhausted, and when she stopped to stand back and laugh, he fell to the ground where rats waited.

Several times during the night he awoke shouting and covered in sweat. Morning found him tired but restless and mentally disturbed. Outside his flat, the weather was

cloudless and hot, but he himself felt cold, and dressed accordingly.

Dawn had long since passed when he left his Flat to walk to his shop and, despite the lateness of the hour; he was surprised to find the town quiet. Only on entering his shop did he remember it was Sunday. Momentarily pleased, he left to walk up the narrow street toward the trees and spaces of Quarry Park. For some time he stood by the wrought iron gates, looking down toward the river, and while he stood, absorbed in his thoughts and feelings about Lianna, church bells tolled, calling the faithful to prayer.

The sound pleased him, as the weather itself did, but he began to shiver from cold. But the strange sensation did not last and he began to slowly walk beside the old town walls toward the reddish-gray stones of the Catholic Cathedral.

Mass had not long ended, and he could still smell burning wax from the altar candles. A faint fragrance of incense remained and, conditioned by his childhood, he performed a genuflexion before seating himself near the altar. Even in the years of his apostasy he had often visited churches of the religion of his youth, finding within them a peace and tranquility which pleased him and which drew him back. He did not know the reason for this, and although he had thought about it occasionally, he had left the matter alone, content just to accept the feeling, whatever its cause. Once, his wife – tired of such visits and such silent sittings – had challenged him repeatedly on the matter, and he, unwilling to speak, had muttered briefly about the stones and the space within the building as creating a special atmosphere. He had partly believed himself, but a vague suspicion about God remained. All his subsequent visits during the years of his marriage he had made alone.

He sat on the wooden pew gently breathing and still for a long time, free from thoughts and feelings about Lianna and

was about to leave, calm and happy, when a Priest walking toward the altar turned toward him and smiled.

The man was young – too young, Thorold thought, to be a Priest. His face was gentle, his smile kind and in the moment that measured the meeting of their eyes Thorold felt a holy aura about the man. It was a strange sensation – a mixture of joy and sadness – and possessed for Thorold a uniqueness, bringing back memories from the years of his youth: the sound of the communion bell, the reverence as the head was bowed, the host shown; the smell of incense... Then the Priest genuflected, and walked through the sacristy door.

Thorold followed, consumed by a desire to speak to the Priest. But the sacristy was empty and, beyond in the narrow corridor, a balding bespectacled man in a cassock mumbled words from a Breviary he held in his hand.

“Yes. Can I help you?” he asked as he saw Thorold.

“Yes – I’m looking for the young Priest who just came this way.”

The old man squinted, closed his Breviary, and said, “Young man, you say? No one else is here but me.”

“But – ” Thorold looked up and down the corridor, back toward the sacristy, and as he did so he realized he had seen a ghost.

“Father –” Thorold began.

“Yes?”

"Can I talk to you for a moment?"

The old Priest started to look at his wristwatch, thought better of it, and said, "Yes, of course. Shall we go into the garden?"

He led Thorold down the corridor, through several doors, rooms and a passage, into a small but neat garden. He indicated a wooden bench.

"Do you believe," Thorold asked directly, "that Satanism exists today?"

The Priest smiled. "I myself do, of course. But some of our younger brethren have different ideas."

"About Satan?"

"Indeed."

"And such people – would they have any powers?"

"To an extent, yes. I remember reading somewhere – a long time ago..." He thought for a moment, removed his spectacles, cleaned the lenses with a handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose and continued. "Joseph de Tonquedoc I believe it was, who said something like 'the Devil's interventions in the material realm are always particular and are of two kinds, corresponding to miracle and Providence on the divine side. For just as there are divine miracles, so there are diabolical signs and wonders.'" He replaced his spectacles, squinted at Thorold, and said, "Why do you ask?"

"Curiosity."

"Curiosity, of course," smiled the Priest.

"And these people, when they want to – how shall I say? – Draw someone into their circle, how would that person feel?"

"I am no authority on such matters."

"But surely you have heard things?"

"Heard things? Yes, of course. I have been in Holy Orders a long time."

"And?"

"I remember one incident – years ago. Many years ago. A young girl was involved. There was a man – whether he actually worshipped the Devil, I do not know, but he was said to. He brought this girl under his influence. Gradually, of course, for that is how I believe they work. She who was happy became joyless – a shell. For he sucked the life from her. Thinking back now, she was like an addict – needing him." The Priest kept his silence for a long time.

When he did not speak, Thorold asked, "And what became of her – and him?"

"Oh, she died – wasted away. He left the country. Never heard of him again. My first Parish. Her family of course kept the matter quiet. That's how they work: slowly, offering to their victims what that victim most desires. For some, it is money, others power – for others perhaps love and affection. When they have that person under their control - they have one more soul for the Devil. He rewards them, of course, for bringing such a prize." He looked at his

wristwatch. "Just curiosity, you say?" When Thorold did not reply, he added, "I have a friend, a monk, who knows more about such matters."

"No. No, thank you, Father. I must be going now."

He stood up.

"As you wish," the Priest said and smiled.

"Thank you, Father." Thorold turned, and hurried away, back through the church and into the bright sunlight.

He felt cold again, and walked briskly back along the path by the narrow road toward Quarry Park, aware as he did so of a man behind him. The man stopped when he stopped, waited when he waited, and walked when he did, many yards behind. Thorold felt a brief fear. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly for him, he felt anger and turned to walk back to face the man.

The man was tall, his face tanned and lined by decades of weather. He held his hat in his hand and his heavy unfashionable suit seemed to be unsuited to the hot weather.

"Why are you following me?" Thorold demanded.

"I am Imlach."

Thorold's surprise lasted only a few seconds. "Well, you can tell Lianna that I'm not playing any more of her games! I never want to see her again!" His anger, frustration and incipient fear molded his words and he felt himself shaking.

"You will be there," Imlach said, with menace in his voice, "on the twenty-first as she instructed." He touched Thorold's shoulder, placed his hat upon his head and abruptly turned to walk away, down the hill.

Thorold did not watch for long. But he had taken only a few steps back toward his shop when he realized the coldness he had felt was gone.

Around him, he felt he could hear Imlach's daughter laughing.

IX

Carefully, in the dawn light, which entered his room, Mallam refolded the parchment before hiding it, safely he thought, behind the mirror on the wall. He felt unusually excited, almost possessed, by a desire to find and steal Lianna's secret horde.

He found Monica asleep downstairs on the sofa, the house quiet and otherwise quite empty. He did not like the silence, and turned the radio on loudly.

"Come on, wake up!" He shook Monica several times.

"What?" she mumbled.

"Get up! I want some breakfast," he demanded.

"What time is it?"

"About four. Come on – I've got to go out soon."

Monica turned over intent on resuming her sleep.

"Get up you lazy bitch!" he shouted.

"Leave me alone," she mumbled.

"Get up!" he snarled, and shook her again.

"I'm tired."

"I want some breakfast!"

"Get your own."

This sign of defiance, meek though it was, enraged Mallam, and he took her by the shoulders to throw her onto the floor.

"Get off me!" she screamed. In the struggle, she kicked him.

"You whore! You bitch!" Mallam shouted and began to beat her body with his fists.

She tried to protect herself with her arms, but to no avail, and Mallam in his fury, ripped off her dress.

"You like this, don't you?" he smirked as he fumbled with the belt on his trousers.

But Monica was crying, and tried desperately to wriggle free. He slapped her face several times before attempting to kiss her. Suddenly, her flailing hand touched a lamp knocked over in the struggle and before she was aware of what she was doing, she hit his head with it several times. He groaned then collapsed but she pushed his body from her.

He was only stunned by the blows, and she took advantage of this to grasp her dress and flee from the room and house. Her dress was torn, but she did not care, and she put it on before running away.

It did not take him long to recover. He changed his clothes, collected a large portion of the money he had hidden in the house, and left to find her. He toured the streets around the house in his car, then, finding nothing, drove to her Flat. The streets around the Abbey were deserted and he parked in the shadow of the large old Benedictine building to wait and watch the row of terraced houses across the road. A few cars passed while he waited, and he was soon bored.

He thought the church was mocking him, and he spat in its direction before crossing the road to unlock the front door with his key. Her Flat was on the ground floor, and faced the Abbey, a fact that he had detested on his infrequent visits. Quietly, he opened the door to her Flat. It did not take him long to wreck her few possessions, and he sat at the table by the window to wait for her. Her clothes he had torn and scattered on the floor, and with a knife from her small kitchen he had slashed her bedding, her pictures and anything else he could find. Her Teddy bear he had disemboweled and set upon the table before him.

The longer he waited, the more frustrated he became until, after hours of waiting, he smashed the table, the chairs and overturned her bed. Then, hearing movement in the Flat above, he crept out into the bright sun of morning.

He drove fast and almost recklessly away from the town toward the village of Stredbow, remembering his greed and his hatred of Lianna. He left his car near the mound of the church and wandered around the quiet village trying to locate the house and, when he did, he was not impressed, as a tourist might have been by the black and white half-timbered, if somewhat restored, house. The front garden of the residence was separated from the narrow lane by a low wall of large stones, and, set back in a corner of the grounds and almost obscured by a tree, Mallam saw a small stone building. The stones were worn by the weather of centuries, and he was considering how best to sneak toward what he knew to be his goal – whether then or later that night – when a young woman in an old-fashioned dress came out of the house toward him.

Her face was round and her cheeks red and she had gathered her hair in a band behind her neck.

“It’s a fair old morning, isn’t it?” she asked and smiled.

Immediately, Mallam thought her stupid and dull. “Yes!” he agreed, trying to ingratiate himself.

“You passing through, then?” She stood by the low wooden gate, resting her hands on its top.

“Yes. Yes I am.”

“Come far, have you?”

“No, not really.”

“Be a hot day, again.”

"Yes. I don't suppose," he asked and smiled at her, "there is anywhere I could get a cup of tea. Only I've been driving all night."

"Can't say as I can think of anywhere. Least ways, not round here."

"Oh." He tried to sound disappointed.

"You must be hot – in all them black clothes."

"Yes – I am a bit."

"Well – " she began before looking him over, letting her eyes linger for a while on his crotch, "I suppose I could see my way to letting you have some water. You want to come into my kitchen? It's cool in there – and what with you being so hot."

"Yes, that would be fine." He concealed his glee.

"Follow me, then."

He did, his mind already full of scheming.

"Sit yourself down."

The kitchen was large, cool and full of old furnishings. Bunches of drying herbs hung from the walls, and rows of cork-stoppered glass jars adorned nearly all the other spaces. Most seemed to contain herbs or spices but a few appeared to Mallam to contain parts of animals or insects. He could not be sure for the strong odors made him feel dizzy.

“Sit yourself down.”

She brought him an earthenware mug full of water, which she placed on the old table beside him.

“Good water, that is. From the well. None of your piped stuff.”

Mallam drank, and began to feel better. “You have a well, then?” he asked.

“Been here for centuries, that well.”

“That old building in your garden – that’s not it, is it?”

“That? No – that belongs to her!” She almost spat the last word out.

“Who?”

“She herself who owns this house – and most of the village. You mark my words, one day that family will pay for what its done!”

“So that old building is not yours, then?”

“Keeps it locked, she does. Once or twice a year she comes to it. Nobody I know has seen inside.”

“You don’t like her then?”

"No one here does, I tell you. For as long as anyone can remember her family have owned all the land here - and the houses what's in them."

The woman looked around while she spoke, and Mallam guessed she was afraid.

"She herself does not live here, in the village?"

"Why no! Got a big house in Shrewsbury town, she had. And others elsewhere - abroad, as well. You feeling better now, then?"

"Yes, thanks."

"You'd best be going."

Mallam sensed the sudden change in her mood, as if her resentment had overcome all her other feelings. Mallam had no doubt that the woman had referred to Lianna, and he began to form a plan of action in his mind.

"The water is good, as you said. Can I take some with me?"

"If you like. I got an empty bottle somewhere."

"Your husband out, then?"

She filled the bottle from an urn by the sink before answering. "In the fields, yes. Since dawn."

"You must get lonely."

"There, take that with you." She handed him the bottle. Its shape and rubber stopper gave away its age.

Mallam stood up to face her. "I'll bring the bottle back, if you wish."

"If you like."

"I often pass this way. Well, nearby."

They stood watching each other. Mallam felt she was waiting for him to make the first gesture of their intent, and he was about to raise his hand to touch her face when she turned away.

"Folk around here talk," she said. "You'd best be away."

She walked him to the door, where he said, "What would be the best time for me to call for more water?"

"Sunday, after dark. Wait by there." She indicated the stone building.

"Until then." He did not look back as he walked along the path, through the gate and back up along the lane toward his car, elated by his success and his plan. She would, he thought, be easy to control. He had seen the desire plain on her face, sensed her frustration. He had it all worked out in his mind – a homely woman, young and burdened with a desire her hard-working husband could not or would not fulfill. He would play his role, and gain access to the building, which he was certain would contain the treasure of the Templars.

Happy and contented, he drove away from the village. He would forget about Monica – she was just another whore, and there were plenty more, as there were plenty more girls ready to be enticed into his group. Maurice Rhiston, he felt sure, would not fail him.

X

Thorold spent the hours of the morning walking slowly or sitting by the river as it wound its way through the town, and when he did not return to his Flat he was tired and thirsty and still thinking about Lianna. For once, the hot sun in a clear deep blue sky did not bring forth a mood of peace and contentment, and he trudged wearily up the short overgrown path that led from the river to the road of his Flat.

A woman was sitting on his doorstep, and he sighed, thinking of Lianna and the games she played with people. The woman was a pitiful sight to him – her face was swollen, she was barefoot and her dark dress was torn. She saw him approaching, and rose.

“Hello!” he said like a simpleton.

Monica smiled at him.

“Can I help you?” he asked. She nodded, but said nothing and Thorold could see the fear in her eyes. “You’d better come in,” he said.

Across the street in the bottom Flat he could see a net-curtain twitching. His Flat was stuffy and hot, and he opened all the windows. By the time he had finished the woman had curled up and fallen asleep on the sofa. He covered her with a blanket. She was young; her oval face enchanting despite

the swelling, and Thorold searched his own wardrobes for suitable clothes for her, which might fit.

For hours she slept, and when she did awake, he sat by her on the floor.

"Would you like some tea?" he asked.

"You haven't got anything stronger, have you?"

"Sorry, no. But I do have a good selection of teas. Any preference?"

"Not really." Her smile was forced.

"Are you hungry?"

"A little, yes."

"Some toast, then?"

"That would be nice. You're very kind."

Embarrassed, Thorold stood up. "Mind if I ask," he said as he busied himself in his kitchen, "what you were doing on my doorstep."

"Waiting for you of course!"

"I suppose that is logical. There are some clothes there, if you want to try them."

"Thanks, I will. You have a bathroom, I presume."

"Down the hall, second door."

She returned wearing a shirt several sizes too large and a pair of jeans that almost fitted. He presented her with a tray containing teapot, jug of milk, cup and saucer and a plate of buttered toast.

"I was right about you," she said softly, taking the tray.

"Since we have not met," Thorold said, "may I introduce myself?"

"Thorold West," she replied.

"Ah! My fame precedes me! And you are?"

"Monica."

"Well, Monica, I suppose that a certain lady sent you?"

"Sorry?"

"Lianna. Or perhaps I should say Alledone."

"No."

"But you do know her?"

"Not exactly. Perhaps I should explain."

“It might help – after you’ve finished your tea, of course.”

He sat beside her, and waited, occasionally smiling when she stole a look at his face.

“The person who did this –” she gestured toward her face, “was watching you because you were involved with the woman. He was an ex-pupil of hers but they disagreed about his activities.”

Thorold guessed her meaning. “Young girls?”

“You know, then?”

“Just a guess. What’s his name?”

“Mallam. Edgar Mallam.”

“And he did that to you?”

“Yes.”

Thorold’s objectivity began to disappear. The film he had seen, the physically abused woman who sat beside him, his own fading but still present and mixed feelings about Lianna, all combined to undermine his calm resigned acceptance of the world and its darker deeds.

“He sent me to follow you – once,” she said.

"I must be more observant in the future!" When she did not return his smile, he said, "Tell me about yourself – only if you want though."

"And if I do – will you still help me?"

"It is my help you want, then?"

"Yes. I want out. I'm finished with them."

Slowly at first, then with increasing confidence as she saw he was not repulsed or disapproving, she explained about her life. The parties at University, the half-serious searching for new experiences which led her and some friends into a kind of 'Black Magick' sect and a meeting with Mallam. It had been, for her, a game at first – a revolt against her upbringing, her parents and what she saw as society. She had enjoyed herself – and was gradually drawn deeper and deeper into the activities of this sect.

"I knew what was going on," she concluded. "At first, I did not care. Then he – Mallam – chose me as his Priestess. I was flattered. I had power over others and for a long time I thought I was in love with him. But I began to feel disturbed at some things he and the others were doing. Then this – it sobered me up!" She laughed, a little, at herself. "I should have come to you sooner. I spent yesterday and last night hiding in the town."

"How do you know you can trust me?"

She sighed. "I have to start somewhere – trusting someone. Anyway – you've got a kind face!"

"Have you thought of going to the Police?"

“Yes – but what could they do? They need evidence.”

“You could give them plenty.”

“Not really. Now I’m gone he’ll change all of his arrangements – even the places they use.”

“And you still fear him?”

“Yes,” she said quietly.

“Do you live in Shrewsbury?”

“Yes. Why?”

“I thought – ”

“I couldn’t go back there!” He’s probably got someone watching the place.”

“What do you intend to do?”

“I know it’s asking a lot, but could I stay here - at least for a few days?”

Thorold liked living by himself, but his compassion for the woman overcame his objections. “Well, actually, I suppose so – for a few days.’

“You are kind!” And she kissed him.

Embarrassed again, Thorold stood up. "We could go to your Flat and collect some clothes for you. Those are not exactly a good fit."

"He might be waiting," she said softly.

"Is that so? I'll telephone for a taxi, then."

The wait and the journey were not long, and he stood beside her while she rang the doorbell of the Flat above.

"Hi!" she said in greeting to the disheveled man who opened the door. "Forgot my front door key again! Sorry!"

The man yawned, scratched his face and sauntered back up the stairs.

"Can you?" Monica asked Thorold, pointing at the door to her Flat.

"Are you sure?"

"I won't be coming back here again."

Thorold tested the door, stepped back, and kicked it hard, bursting the lock open. Monica said nothing about the devastation Mallam had caused, but stood by the window, cuddling her torn Teddy bear and crying.

He began to sort through the devastation to find undamaged clothes and belongings. He found a suitcase for his collection, took Monica's hand and led her, still crying and clutching her bear, out to where the taxi waited. He saw no one watching them, or following the taxi, and relaxed,

wanting to hold her hand as a gesture but unwilling to commit himself in case his gesture was misunderstood.

Books adorned the floor and bed of his spare room, and on his return he removed them.

“Come on,” he said as she sat still on his sofa holding the bear. “I shall show you your room, and then we can begin.”

She looked at him nervously, so he added, “finding evidence to use against him.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I presume you want to.”

“What?” she asked defensively.

“Find evidence?”

“I suppose so. I hadn’t really thought about it. I just wanted to get away. I have no friends here – he saw to that.”

“Can you drive?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

“But I don’t have a license. Can I ask you something?”

"Of course."

"Are you involved – in her activities?"

"The mysterious Lianna Alledone herself you mean? No. She bought some books and manuscripts from me. That's all."

"Really?" Her expression was of surprise and belief in what he had said.

He did not want to lie to her. "Well, there was something else, but that is over now."

She smiled, and held up her bear. "Let me introduce you. Reginald, say hello to Thorold." She waved his paw.

"Hello, Reginald!" a bemused Thorold said.

"Regi to his friends."

"Hello Regi!"

"Do you have a needle and some thread?"

"Somewhere. Going to do a bit of minor surgery, then?"

She patted Regi's head. "It's alright, Regi, it won't hurt. Honest."

Thorold sighed. "I hope I'm not going to regret this."

“What – lending me a needle and thread?”

It was not what he meant, and she knew it, as he instantly understood her playfulness. He felt comfortable with her and re-assured – for in the first moments of their meeting he had liked her. Unwilling to think about his feelings further, he said, “You know where he lives?”

“Yes.”

“Then I suggest we eat, provide ourselves with some transport and begin our quest.”

She saluted in good-humored mockery. “Just one thing, General.”

“Yes?”

“Can I have a bath first, please?”

“You don’t have to ask.”

A speeding car braked suddenly in the road outside and he saw Monica wince and hold her bear tightly. It was only a car avoiding a strolling cat, and as he returned from looking out the window, her fear made him resolve to seek out and destroy Mallam: her tormentor and the molester of children. His resolution made him forget both his dreams about, and his memories of, Lianna.

XI

Several times, while Monica lay in his bath singing to herself, Thorold resisted the temptation to wander into the bathroom on some pretext or other. Instead, he busied himself by telephoning one of his few friends.

He spoke quietly, not wishing to be overheard, and ended the conversation abruptly when Monica entered the room, dressed in some of her rescued clothes.

"I shall see you shortly, then," he said and replaced the telephone receiver.

"A friend?" Monica asked.

"Just arranging some transport. Are you ready?"

"What for?"

"I thought we would eat out."

"That would be nice." She went toward him to kiss him to thank him for his kindness, and then decided against it, thinking he might misinterpret her gesture.

The evening was humid; the sun hazy and there was no breeze to cool them as they walked the streets that took them to the center of the town. The restaurant Thorold chose was small, its food plain but wholesome and its windows overlooked the river – a fact which appealed to him. The waiter recognized him, and pretended not to see Monica's swollen face.

"Good evening, Mr. West. A table by the window?"

Thorold nodded, embarrassed, believing Monica would think he had chosen the restaurant to impress her.

They ate in silence for a long time until Thorold said, "what do you know about Mallam's connection with Lianna?"

"Not much. He approached her about a year ago - wanted to learn about her tradition."

"Which is what?"

"What she called the seven-fold sinister way - or something similar."

"Satanism?"

"Not in the conventional sense. Our friend Mallam," and she smiled, "takes that route. He showed me a book she had given him."

"Oh, yes?"

"The Black Book of Satan I believe it was called. She believes that each individual can achieve greatness: but that must come through self-insight. There are certain rituals - ceremonies - to bring this."

"And Mallam?"

"He wants power and pleasure - for himself."

"And is prepared to do anything to achieve it."

“Yes.”

“But she – Lianna – still uses people.”

“Yes. I think she was using Edgar. But why and for what purpose, I don’t know. In her book I remember reading about members of the sect being given various tests and led into diverse experiences. These were supposed to develop their personality.”

“Doesn’t sound like Satanism to me.”

“Well, some of the experiences involved confronting the dark or shadow aspect: that hidden self which lies in us all. Liberating it through experiences. Then rising above it.”

“And Mallam and his cronies? They wallow in their dark side – without transcending it?”

“Something like that. Enough of him – tell me about yourself. If you want to, that is.”

“Not much to tell, actually.”

“That’s not what I’ve heard.”

Thorold soon hid his surprise. “Oh, yes?”

“He found out about your past,” she said softly.

“Is that why you came to me?”

"Yes."

Thorold smiled. "And I thought it was just because of my kind face!"

"So it's true?"

"That depends. How did he come by such information?"

"Someone involved in the sect was once a Policeman – through his contacts."

Thorold sighed. He had guessed that Lianna had discovered at least something about his past, but this new revelation dismayed him, although not for long.

"Do you want to talk about it?" she asked.

"Not really."

"That's fine by me. I'm not as bad as you think. Your past is yours, just as mine is mine. What is important is what we are now."

"Your past does not matter to me."

"Likewise." And she smiled.

"However did you become involved with such people?" Thorold sighed.

"Not the type you mean?"

“Not really. How did you become involved?”

“I suppose – ” She stopped, waiting until the waiter had removed their dishes and served them coffee. “I just wanted more and more ‘highs’. I remember I used to find that with men – the first intimate touch, the first french kiss, and then the exploration of the new. Of course, what followed was good. Well, some of the time,” she laughed. “But – I don’t know – it was, how can I say, the excitement, the build-up that really got me. I just couldn’t get enough of that feeling. What Mallam and his sect offered seemed – at the time – just an extension of that.”

“I do know what you mean. It’s why I used to do what I did. There was an ecstasy there – a feeling, which made me, exult. Most men fight not because of idealism or patriotism or whatever, but because they enjoy it.”

“They like living on the edge of death. It gives them a feeling that ordinary life cannot match.”

For a long time they looked at each other.

“I used to live with that feeling – or searched for it, like you perhaps, but in a different way.”

“Then something happens to bring you down to reality.”

“Usually other people.”

“A big slap in the face- literally, with me!” she laughed at her own misfortune. “So what happened to you?”

"I won't bore you with the details – you know the rest, I'm sure."

"But the Court of Inquiry exonerated you?"

"That does not stop people talking."

"So you resigned."

"Only way. I put it all behind me – to live quietly."

"Until now."

"I suppose I knew it couldn't last forever. You don't change that much in a decade. Not deep inside. You only pretend to yourself. I've just stopped pretending."

"So now what?"

"I pay the bill and we go. That's enough talking!"

Outside, the streets were busy with people, the road burdened by traffic flowing past the monument to Hotspur, past the tall spire of St. Mary's church to descend down the steepness of Wyle Cop.

"He does not live far," said Thorold unhelpfully.

"Who?"

"Oh, didn't I say? The chap who is going to lend me his motorcycle."

"You must know him well," Monica said as she struggled into the leather motorcycle suit.

Thorold ignored the remark. "You're about the same size as his wife, fortunately. Hope the helmet fits."

"I hope you can drive that thing," she said, pointing at the gleaming, powerful motorcycle that Thorold had brought back from the terraced house to the narrow alley near the railway bridge and a strip of waste ground covered in second-hand cars for sale at bargain prices.

"I had a few lessons – a few years ago," he joked.

The visors on both helmets were tinted, the suits black, and Thorold felt good as he skillfully rode along the streets out toward the suburb where Monica had told him Mallam lived. Darkness came as they rode, then lightning and thunder to herald the storm. The house was on a new estate that had expanded the western boundary of the town, and they waited nearby while lights showed in the house. The storm passed, and their patience was rewarded, as twilight settled.

It was not difficult for Thorold to follow Mallam's car along the roads of west and south Shropshire, but he was surprised when Mallam took the turning that led to the village of Stredbow. He left the bike a discreet distance behind where Mallam had parked his car and walked, with Monica, in the fading light in the direction Mallam had taken.

A diffuse light from an upstairs window made Mallam visible as he crept into the garden of the house, and Thorold recognized the woman who was waiting as the one Lianna had spoken to when she had brought him to the village. He could not hear what was said between them as he crouched

by the garden wall, but he saw the woman point to the window then to the darkness that shrouded the back of the garden. He did not follow them further.

Mallam was not away for long. The light showed him nervously glancing around as he stood by the stone building in the garden. He tried the door, fumbled with the heavy padlock, glanced around several times more before almost creeping toward the gate.

Hurriedly, Thorold pushed Monica down to the ground. He could hear her breathing as he lay close to her, but Mallam neither heard nor saw them as they huddled close to the wall in the shielding dark, and they were left to slowly rise and follow him back to his car.

Somewhere among the houses near the mound, a dog howled.

XII

Mallam led them not to his house, but over the hills toward the Welsh border. Thorold thought the roads familiar, but it was only as Mallam came to his destination that Thorold realized where they were – near the track that led to the circle of stones Lianna had shown him.

“I wish I had brought a camera,” he whispered to Monica as they lay, under the cover of the ferns, watching the group that had assembled within the stones. Lanterns, holding candles, were spread around the ground and in their light the ritual unfolded. Mallam had bedecked himself in a black cloak.

"Our Father which wert in heaven," they heard the assembly chant, "hallowed be thy Name, in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and deliver us to evil as well as temptation, for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons."

A woman was stripped, and bound to one of the larger standing stones. There were more chants, people in black robes dancing anti-sunwise inside the circle, dramatic invocations by Mallam, and a ritual scourging of the woman who was bound.

Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness," Thorold heard a man say, "and help us to fulfill our desires!"

The balding, slightly overweight man unbound the woman, pushed her to the ground, and began to copulate with her, while others gathered around, clapping their hands and chanting to their Prince.

Thorold was not impressed. "It takes all sorts, I suppose," he said quietly to Monica. "That the sort of thing you used to be involved in?"

"Yes."

"No one under age I can see."

"Those sorts of things are never done in the open."

The balding man interested Thorold. "We might as well wait until they've finished."

It was a long wait, and several times Thorold almost fell asleep. When the revelers did leave, he followed not Mallam, but the man he had watched. His trailing of Rhiston led him

back to a prosperous riverside house in Shrewsbury town – a house almost visible from Thorold’s own Flat across the water.

For almost an hour they waited outside.

“Well, that’s one down, ten to go,” he said as he indicated to Monica that they should go.

He was glad to return to the peace of his own Flat. He had removed his leather suit when Monica said, “Can you help?” She was struggling to free herself from hers.

“It’s a bit tight,” she said.

Thorold smiled. “You’re somewhat larger in some places than she is.”

She lay on the floor while he pulled on the legs of the suit. He fell backwards and banged his head against a bookcase. He did not mind her laughter, and held his hand out to help her up from the floor. She stood in front of him, still holding onto his hand, and she had closed her eyes in anticipation of his kiss when someone knocked, very loudly, on the door of his Flat.

Thorold sighed, before leaving to walk down the stairs.

“Yes?” he said gruffly as he opened the door.

“She has sent me,” the man outside said.

It was as he spoke that Thorold recognized Imlach.

“So?” Thorold replied, annoyed.

“She does not like your interference.”

“My what?”

“You are to leave a certain gentleman alone. He is her concern, not yours.”

“Is that so?”

“She kindly requests you not bother him – or any members of his group.”

“Oh, really?”

Imlach moved closer to him. “You’d best heed her advice. For your own sake.”

“Tell her from me I’m not playing her games anymore and I’ll do what I like!” He slammed the door shut.

Imlach knocked loudly on the door, but when Thorold thrust it open in anger, he could see no one. He looked around, but the streets were quiet and still. Upstairs he found Monica asleep on the bed in his spare room. He covered her with a blanket before closing her door and settling down to listen to music, keeping the volume low.

But the music did not still his feelings as he had hoped, and he spent a listless hour, listening, attempting to read and thinking about Monica, Lianna and Mallam. When he did

retire to his bed, strange dreams came again. He was on a cliff above the sea when a man leapt upon him from behind and tried to stab him. A woman was nearby, and it was Lianna, laughing. He wrestled the knife away from the man, and stabbed him by accident. Only then did he see the man's face. It was his own, and the man lay dead, while Lianna stripped away her clothes to offer him her body. He moved toward her, aroused and disgusted at the same time but she changed herself into Monica and he awoke, clawing at the humid air in his room.

He lay awake, then, restless and troubled, and when sleep came again he dreamt of his shop. There was a doorway among the shelves where he knew no door existed but he opened it to walk down stone steps into a cavern. Mallam was there, bent over a stone altar on which Monica lay tied and bound. He began to move toward them but he found himself paralyzed and when he could move, it was slowly and painfully. Monica kept looking at him, her eyes pleading and helpless, but then he was alone, riding the motorcycle around the circle of ancient stones, faster and faster. There was a sudden mist, and he could not stop, crashing into the largest stone. He felt sad, lying on the ground knowing he was dying – for there was so much he wanted to do. The mist seemed to form into Lianna's face, then of her holding in her arms a baby. 'You will never know your daughter,' she said. He awoke again, to lie tired but unable to sleep, and was glad when dawn came, bringing light to his room.

He left Monica to sleep to spend a few hours alone, thinking about his life and his dreams, before breakfasting and leaving her a note about his intended surveillance.

Rhaston, in his car, was easy to follow among the morning traffic that took most of the vehicles occupants to their work, and Thorold was pleased with his success. He watched Rhiston park his car in front of the large office building before returning to his Flat.

Monica, obviously watching from his window, came out to greet him, smiling happily. Thorold was glad, and it seemed natural that he should embrace her. He liked the feel of her body, but she drew away to take the helmet from his hand and lead him, her other hand in his, toward the door. Before he could speak, a car drew up alongside and Thorold recognized Lianna.

"So," she said as she stood in the road near them, "this is how you repay me!" She stared at Monica.

Thorold could not understand her sudden anger toward him. "Were you following me?" he asked.

Lianna ignored the question. "I told you to stop but you took no notice of my words."

"Why should I?" He could feel Monica tighten her grip on his hand.

"You do not understand," said Lianna haughtily. "Great things are at stake."

"Is that so?"

"You deserve better than the likes of her!" She looked at Monica with contempt.

"Really?"

"Leave her – now, and come with me."

"No!"

For several seconds Lianna did not speak. "You are a fool!" she finally said.

"Goodbye, then."

Lianna stared at Monica. "You will pay for this!"

"I – " Monica began to say.

"I think you'd better leave her alone," Thorold said to Lianna, a trace of anger in his voice.

Lianna laughed. "I'm not finished with you either!"

"Go play your games somewhere else." He turned away, led Monica into his Flat and shut the door without looking at Lianna.

"She seemed a little angry," Monica said as they, from the window, watched her drive away.

Thorold shrugged her shoulders. "Jealous of you, I guess."

"And does she have reason to be jealous?"

"Yes."

She turned toward him and kissed him. It was a long kiss. "Does she frighten you?" Monica asked at its end.

"No, actually."

"I think Edgar is afraid of her."

"Are you?" He stood beside her but she still held his hand.

"No. Well – perhaps a little." She shivered.

"Shall we go and see what your old friend Edgar is up to, then?"

"What, now?"

"Yes." He understood her look and touched her playfully on the end of her nose with his finger. "We have plenty of time."

"Good," she smiled, and kissed him again.

"On the other hand, Mallam can wait," he said as he began to unbutton her dress.

XIII

For Mallam, the day passed quietly. A van, driven by a trusted member, arrived early in the morning and he helped in the loading of cult and Temple equipment, including the video cameras and lights. A few telephone calls and a safe haven was found - a place unknown, he knew to Monica. The removal had not taken him long, and he smiled as the van left, thinking of the rituals to come.

The sun of the afternoon saw him in the neighboring town of Telford, visiting a house in a quiet street in Dawley where some of his ladies brought their clients. One girl, just seventeen, still looked much younger and she was seldom alone on the streets for long. He arrived at the house as she was leaving for the third time that day.

"Hi. Jenny!" he said in greeting. "You alright?"

"Sure!"

"No problems?" She was his most lucrative girl to date, and he intended to keep it that way.

"No. See ya!"

"Jess in?" he asked.

"Sure!" She waved and walked away to find another client.

Jess was a smiling man of Caribbean appearance with the physique of a wrestler, and he looked after the practical aspects of Mallam's business. Their business that day did not take long. Jess gave him a pile of money which Mallam counted before giving half of it back.

"Any problems?" Mallam asked.

"Not one. I tell you it is too quiet."

"Got a new house lined up – if we need to move."

"Any new girls?"

"Maybe soon. I'll see you next week."

"Sure thing!"

Outside, in the warm sun, he could see no one watching the house but still drove carefully away, checking several times to ensure he was not being followed, and he drove slowly back to Shrewsbury arriving at Rhiston's house at the time he had arranged.

"You have no trouble arranging time off?" he asked as Rhiston came out to greet him.

"Not at all!"

"Good."

"Your wife in?"

"Yes."

"Excellent."

Inside the house, Mallam greeted Rhiston's wife by kissing her hand. She was pleased by this gesture as well as by the look, and smile, which he gave her, unaware, that this charm was a net closing around her.

"Could you," Mallam asked Rhiston, "get my briefcase from my car?" He held out his car keys.

"Yes. Yes, of course," the obsequious Maurice said.

Mallam waited until he was gone. "Jane, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes." She smiled.

"You're more attractive than I was led to believe."

"Maurice said you used to work in his department. Is that right?"

"Only for a brief time," he lied, convincingly. "I'm having a small party – tomorrow night – and wondered if you'd like to come." He paused for effect. "With your husband, of course."

"That would be nice."

"I shall look forward to seeing you there."

Rhaston returned, bearing the unwanted case. But Mallam took it, saying, "Shall we retire to your room? That computer program you wanted to show me?"

"Ah, yes!" He turned to his wife. "We'll be about an hour, dear."

In the bedroom, Rhiston quickly set up his binoculars on a stand behind the curtains, before handing Mallam photographs of the girl.

"Not bad!" Mallam said. "Not bad at all!"

"She should not be long, now. A creature of habit," and he smiled his lecherous smile.

"You seem more settled now."

"Oh, I am, I am!"

"Good. There is a quote from de Sade, which always appealed to me. It goes something like – in translation of course! – 'The pleasures of crime must not be restrained. I know them. If the imagination has not thought of everything, if one's hand has not executed everything, it is impossible for the delirium to be complete because there is always the feeling of remorse: I could have done more and I have not done it. The person who, like us, is eagerly pursuing the career of vice, can never forgive a lost opportunity because nothing can make it good...'" Mallam smiled. "You agree?"

"Naturally, naturally! You and your group have opened my eyes. I cannot stop now."

"Excellent. I am having a party tomorrow night. Nothing special – just some friends. Bring your wife."

"Jane?"

"Yes." Then: "you seem unsure."

"No, not really. Just surprised." He wanted to ask, but dared not.

"Does this work?" Mallam asked, pointing to the computer.

"No. But I could set it up for you, if you wish."

"Our prey has arrived," Mallam announced. He watched the girl through the binoculars for some time before saying, "she is most suitable."

"I'm glad you are pleased."

"I shall make the necessary arrangements. Should they be successful - "

"I'm sure they will!"

" - I can arrange for you to be the first. There will be expenses, and so on."

"I do understand."

"How soon can you have the money ready?"

"Next week. I have savings."

"Tomorrow."

Yes. Yes, of course. Can I ask how you will - I mean, how she will be..."

"I have experience in these matters." She had gone from her room, and he studied the photographs again. "A pretty young thing. At such an age, they all have a weakness. With her - a wish to be a model, perhaps. Some infatuation with a celebrity. Whatever - there are ways."

"Do go on, it's fascinating."

"Have her followed – find out where her haunts are. A chance meeting – then an offer suited to her weakness. Perhaps a few legitimate modeling sessions. Then disguise the ritual as one, get her drunk. You know the rest."

"I admire your cleverness! And after?"

"Depends on her – how she reacts. If she takes to it, fine. If not, let her go. If her family doesn't care or she wants away from them for whatever reason, draw her in." He turned to stare at Rhiston. "I've told you all this because for some reason I like you. I'm going abroad for a while, and want someone to handle things here."

"I'm very flattered that you should consider me."

"You've proved yourself. But first, there is something I want you to do for me."

"Anything. Just ask."

"Tomorrow, after our little party, I have some business to attend to, not far from here. You will assist me."

"As you wish."

The warm weather had brought people into their gardens, and as Mallam stood fingering the photographs again, he could hear children playing happily and noisily under the heat of the summer sun. The sounds pleased him, because he understood them as part of a society he despised. To him, the people in the houses, no less than their children, were important only insofar as they might offer him the opportunities to indulge both his own pleasure and power. He felt himself different from them in a fundamental way – a

prince among slaves – and the fact that society had passed laws in favor of them and what he saw as their utterly futile and wasteful ways of living, made him aware of his own genius even more. He knew with an arrogant certainty that he could outwit them and their laws – and he enjoyed doing so, planning and scheming and reaping his rewards, financial and physical and mental.

He believed, sincerely in his own way, in the powers of the Prince of Darkness. To the Devil he had dedicated his life – his Prince had given him power over ordinary mortals, and he used that power for his own glory and that of his god. With Lianna’s treasure and his own powers and genius, he would be invincible.

Pleased with himself, he began to laugh.

XIV

Thorold awoke slowly. Monica’s arm rested on his chest and her face was near his, peaceful as she slept. He watched her before caressing her shoulders.

“I have to go out,” he said as she opened her eyes.

“Want me to come?” she said sleepily.

“Only if you want to. Just going to put a note in my shop window. I shouldn’t be long.”

“What time is it?”

“Eleven o’clock.”

“Still early, then.”

“We’ll go out for lunch when I get back.”

“Fine.”

She was asleep as he left the bedroom. Vaguely, she heard him leave the Flat as, some time after; she vaguely heard a knock on the bedroom door.

“He should really lock his door when he leaves,” a woman’s voice said.

Startled, Monica sat up. Lianna leaned against the doorframe, smiling mischievously.

“What do you want?” Monica asked, angry and afraid at the same time.

“Just a little chat. I have a proposition to put to you.”

“I think it would be better if you left.”

“This will not take long. I have here,” and she held up an attaché case, “ten thousand pounds in cash. Plus a train ticket – first class naturally – to London. There is a train in half an hour. I shall of course drive you to the railway station.”

“He will be back in a minute.”

“Not so. Such a charming man, but so open to magickal persuasion.” She took a square of parchment inscribed with magickal sigils from the pocket of her dress, glanced at it and smiled before returning it. “So you see, you have no option.”

“Please go.”

“I should explain. If you do not accept my little gift then you will be arrested and charged with possession of certain drugs. Before I came here, I visited your Flat. Such a mess. You will be pleased to hear that I have had the place tidied. One telephone call – and a valuable find by the Police. If you care to look out from the window you will see my car and a gentleman within it waiting. So useful, those car telephones!”

“I would deny everything.”

“Of course. But you had a conviction at University, did you not?” Only cannabis then – but we all know, do we not, what the next stage usually is. Then there is the little matter of a certain video, which had by some chance come into my possession. You may not recall it – so many such things made, I understand – but there are certain scenes in it which certain newspapers would enjoy describing. They would no doubt publish some of the photographs.”

Lianna’s smile was almost mocking. “I have of course used only that material which does not feature a certain person who, until yesterday, you were somewhat well acquainted with.”

“You seemed to have planned things well.”

“I always do.”

"Why is Thorold so important to you that you want me out of the way? I don't believe for one moment that you are jealous of me."

"It is not important for you to know the reason."

"I want to know – and then," she said resignedly, "I might accept your offer."

"A wise decision. It makes things much more civilized. I had other things planned, of course, if you had resisted."

"Tell me then."

"About Thorold?"

"Yes."

"Since you are going, I suppose it will do no harm. All I will say is that something is about to occur – something very special which takes place only every fifty or so years."

"And for this Thorold is important?"

"It could well be," Lianna smiled. "Now gather your belongings since you have a train to catch."

"Mind if I check the case?" Monica asked.

"I shall leave it with you – while you dress."

Monica did not bother to count the money. She was ready and prepared to leave when she surreptitiously placed two of the ten-pound notes she had extracted from the case under the motorcycle helmet as it lay on the bookcase in Thorold's living room. She did not look back as she left the Flat.

It was partly the sunny weather, partly Monica waiting asleep in his bed, that prompted Thorold's decision – or so he thought at the time. After leaving the message in the window of his shop – announcing an 'illness' forcing closure for a week – he left to ride the borrowed motorcycle back to the house of its owner.

Jake was the opposite of Thorold in almost every way. Broad when Thorold was sinewy; tall where Thorold was only of medium height; bearded and with many tattoos on his arms. Thorold was quiet by nature, serious and determined, while Jake was naturally boisterous with an amiable attitude toward life – unless provoked. He had been easily provoked, until marriage calmed him a little. Their unusual friendship had been forged in the unusual years which made Thorold's past interesting and intriguing, to some who knew of it or who had discovered it.

Thorold had hardly entered the narrow alley beside the terraced house when Jake descended upon him. He inspected the bike carefully while Thorold stood and watched in amusement.

"I don't suppose," Thorold said, "you want to sell?"

Jake glared at him, then smiled. "No way!"

"I didn't think you would. You free for a bit, then?"

"Why?" he asked cautiously.

"Need your advice."

"Oh, yeah?"

"I thought I might buy something similar."

"You serious?"

"Yes. Can't really afford it – but still."

"She's really got to you, ain't she?" He thumped Thorold on the back in a friendly gesture. But Thorold was almost knocked over.

"Not at all – I just thought I might as well make use of this suit and helmet I bought. I had it in mind when I bought them, in fact," he said trying to convince himself. "Sitting behind you a few times a year – well, it's a bit of waste."

"I'll get me helmet, then."

The staff at Thorold's Bank were helpful and showed no surprise at him wishing to draw from his account what, for him, was a large amount cash, and he let Jake drive him to a succession of motorcycle dealers where machines were discussed, touched, sat upon and inspected. After less than an hour, Thorold made his decision. He bade his friend farewell and walked back toward his Flat, eagerly anticipating the collection of his present to himself later that afternoon.

At first, on entering his Flat, he assumed Monica's absence to be temporary – a walk perhaps, by the river, or a visit to a shop nearby. But then he found her clothes and suitcase missing, and he became sad without quite knowing why he was sad. His sadness did not last, for he thought of Mallam forcing her away against her will.

The idea angered him, and he smashed his fist against his bookcase. The bookcase shook, moving the helmet and revealing the money. He held the money in his hand, feeling the newness of the banknotes, and wondering, and the more he thought the more it became clear to him that it was not Mallam, but Lianna who was responsible. He knew Monica had had no money of her own. Mallam certainly would not have given her any or left such a small amount, hidden under his helmet she had used, for him to eventually find. His reasoning brought him to the conclusion that Lianna had left him the money – as an insult or gesture. And this displeased him more. Perhaps Monica had been involved with Lianna?

He refused to believe this, and wandered around his Flat without purpose, occasionally thumping a wall or a door, frustrated and angry – with himself, Lianna and the world. Then, quite suddenly, it occurred to him that Monica might have left the money as an explanation. Immediately, he understood – or hoped he did, for he grabbed his own helmet, then hers, to run down his stairs and out into the street, returning after a few yards as he remembered to lock his door.

Fine wisps of high white cirrus clouds had begun to cover the blue of the sky, dimming the sun. But the sun was still hot, sweating Thorold as he ran enclosed in his leather suit toward the center of the town.

XV

It did not take Thorold as long as he had expected, even though he had run only for about the first mile. A taxicab waited outside the entrance to the railway station, and he was glad to let it convey him the rest of the distance. Several times he checked to ascertain whether any vehicle was following him.

But Monica was not there, as he had expected and hoped, and he sat on the low wall that marked Jake's rear garden, not wanting to think about the consequences of his now obvious misunderstanding. Neither Jake nor his wife came in answer to Thorold's repeated thumps on the door of the house, and he removed his suit to let the sun and breeze dry his sweat. When an hour of waiting became two and brought scuttering low clouds to smother at intervals the searing heat of the sun, he folded his suit under his arm, collected the helmets, and began to walk slowly along the traffic lined streets, over the English Bridge and into the center of town.

His new motorcycle, powerful and gleaming as Jake's had been, brought him only a brief sparkle of pleasure, and he rode without any enthusiasm out and away from the town. But he could not dismiss Monica from his mind and rode dangerously fast, back to his Flat.

She was not there – no one was – and without any hope left, he returned to Jake's house, intent only on intoxicating himself at best by sharing Jake's prodigious supply of beer or at worst by patronizing the nearby Inn.

But she was there, waiting as he had waited, sitting on the wall, and he stopped, stood his bike on its stand and removed his helmet while she stood and smiled. He wanted to rush toward her and embrace and kiss her, but he forced

himself not to, hoping she would come to him as a gesture of her feelings.

She did not, so he said, "I was right, then, about your message."

"I thought you'd understand!"

"Lianna?"

"Yes." She reached behind the wall where she had hidden the attaché case, and opened it for him to see.

"Quite a lot there."

"Nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty pounds, exactly." She closed the case, and with a slow precision rested it against the wall.

He needed no more gestures and embraced her. She was relieved, and began to cry, but soon stopped herself.

"Another bike?" She asked, embarrassed by her own show of feelings.

"Yes!" he said and went to stand beside it. "Do you like it?" He ran his hand over the seat. "I've just bought it."

"It is rather nice," she said approvingly as she came to stand beside him and hold his hand. "Where shall we go?" She laughed. "We are not exactly short of money!"

"Monica?"

"Yes?" she said, trembling a little.

"I'll have to give it back."

"But you've only just bought it!" she joked.

"You know what I mean."

"I know. I thought you'd say that." Then, smiling again, she added, "A pity though! I've often wondered what I'd do if I had some money." She went to collect the case. "Here you are!"

He took it from her, and she sighed. "And I suppose," she said, "You're still going to follow what's-his-name?"

"Yes."

"Also as I expected."

She smiled at him, and he embraced her again, saying, "I'm glad you're back."

She began to cry again, then pulled away from him to laugh and point to her face. "Look's much better now, doesn't it?"

"You look beautiful."

"I see you brought my helmet. Shall we go and return the gift?"

“Actually, I would rather you stayed with a friend of mine – here, in this house. At least for a few days.”

“Not likely! Where you go – I go. Anyway, I want to see the look on her face when you hand back the money.”

“But – ”

She repossessed the case. “I’ll hold onto that while you drive. Unless you want me to!”

“Come here,” he said gently.

“Yes, Master!” she playfully mocked, “I hear and obey!”

He held her hand. “I’d rather you were safe, here.”

“What? And miss all the fun? Not likely! Come on!” she sat on the pillion seat of the motorcycle, put on her helmet, held onto the case with one hand and waited.

Thorold shook his head, sighed, and then put on his own helmet. Clouds began to cover the whole of the sky, blotting out the sun, and as they arrived at the driveway of Lianna’s house, rain had begun to fall. They stood together outside the door, helmets in hand, and waited for an answer to Thorold’s insistent knocking.

“I hope she is not going to spoil things by being out.”

Thorold was about to answer when Lianna opened the door. She betrayed surprise at seeing Monica, but only for an instant.

"I expected you," she said to Thorold, "but alone."

"You can have this back!" Monica held the case out.

"So? You ignore my offer?" Lianna said to Monica.

Monica smiled at her. "I changed trains at Wellington."

"I see I shall have to make that telephone call."

"Go ahead! Monica shouted as Thorold stood watching. "Do your worst! Do you think I care? But I'll tell you one thing – if you do. I'll kill you. A few years to wait – maybe. But one day I'll be there!" She was staring at Lianna her eyes full of passion. "You will never be safe and none of your magick will protect you!"

"I – " Thorold started to say, but both of them ignored him.

"You'll have to kill me," Monica continued, "to stop me! Or have me killed – that's more your style! So here, take your money before I start stuffing it somewhere very uncomfortable for you!" She threw the case down at Lianna's feet.

Lianna turned to smile at Thorold. "Such a common woman, don't you think?"

"I'll show you how common I am! Monica said before punching Lianna on the chin. The blow knocked Lianna over and Monica did not wait for her to recover.

“Just a taste!” she said before kicking the case into the hallway where Lianna lay prostrate.

“You coming?” she demanded of Thorold, and a somewhat startled Thorold followed her down the steps to his transport.

Suddenly, a shaft of sunlight bathed the scene in brightness and warmth.

XVI

Thirteen people were present – a number that pleased Mallam – and he mingled with his guests in the subdued light of the room while loud music played and could be heard throughout the house. Rhiston, alone among all the people, sat by himself.

The owner of the house was a widowed woman in whom Mallam had once shown an interest. But she soon bored him, as he found most women did – although not before he induced her into his sect where she prospered, finding younger men to her liking and often only too eager to physically please her while their interest, hers and her monetary gifts lasted.

There would be no ritual following the gathering, for several of the guests were new and unblooded. The party was a ruse – to arouse their interest, offering as it did drugs to those who wished them as well as the sexual services of members of Mallam’s sect. Mallam’s own interest centered on Rhiston’s wife and Rhiston knew it and like a child sulked in his corner. Mallam found this amusing, considering Rhiston’s proclivities, and soon directed a lady member of about Rhiston’s age to seduce him. Rhiston did not resist the woman’s charm.

“Come on Maurice,” she said, “let’s go and make love.”

Mallam was slightly more subtle in his approach to Jane. She had been watching him since she had arrived to be greeted by his seemingly friendly kiss, and when she saw her husband leave with the woman, he went to her.

“I hope you don’t think I’ve been ignoring you,” he said.

“No, honestly.”

He smiled at her. “Another drink? Or would you like to go somewhere quieter – where we can talk?”

She was hesitant, so he said, “You know why I invited you, don’t you?”

“Another drink would be fine!”

“I find you very attractive, Jane – as you must have guessed.”

“Maurice – ”

“You’ve never been to a party like this before, have you?”

“No,” she answered softly.

“You’re not offended though?”

“No.” she whispered.

He kissed her and at first she did not respond, and when she did, half-regretful and half-thrilled, he led her out of the room and upstairs.

Twilight had begun outside when he left her in one of the many bedrooms of the house. Rhiston was asleep alone in another room, still tied to the bed as the woman had left him. Mallam freed him and gave him his clothes.

"I'll wait for you outside in the car," he said.

Downstairs, the music still played loudly, now mingled with sporadic laughter.

They arrived in Stredbow as the last vestiges of twilight gave way to a sky clear of cloud and full of stars, and Mallam parked his vehicle by the mound, some distance from the house and the small stone building where his real interest lay.

"Now," he said, "to action. We'll walk to a house and I want you to use this – " He gave him a Police Warrant Card. "You are investigating the escape of a dangerous criminal who has been spotted in the area – making a routine check. There will be a man and a woman in the house. Just keep them talking – local gossip, sightings of strangers and so on. Use your own work experience," he smiled. "Alright?"

"Yes. Is that all?" a relieved Rhiston said.

"What did you expect? I'll be fifteen minutes – no longer than half an hour though." He reached over to the back seat

of the car where a torch and a pair of bolt-croppers lay. "I'll meet you back here."

They walked in silence to the gate of the house where Mallam waited while Rhiston went to ring the doorbell. Swiftly then, Mallam crept toward the stone building. The padlock was easy to cut through and he was soon inside. His torch showed a bare room. It smelled of burned wood and he was creeping along the walls, inspecting them for hidden recesses or loose stones when the thick oak door was closed behind him. He tried to force it open, but without success.

Outside, Sidnal Wyke secured the door with a new padlock before calmly walking back to his cottage.

Rhiston did as he had been told, and it was half an hour later when he left the house to return to the car. For hours he waited by, then near, the car – sitting on the mound under a tree, leaning against the stonewall that supported most of the mound among its circumference, or crouching. Twice villagers came near, and he hid himself by the trees.

It was after midnight when he made his decision and left to look again at the house. But it was quiet, and he walked along the lanes he knew would take him to the main road miles away and thence along them down to the township of Stretton.

With the departure of Rhiston, preparations for the celebration in the village, began.

XVII

It was a long time before Mallam ceased his shouting and banging his fists against the door. His voice had echoed in

the empty stillness and, tired and confused, he slumped against the wall.

The building was windowless and without sound, and he was soon restless. For hours he checked the walls, the stones of the floor, the door itself by the light of his torch. But nothing moved. He could see a narrow slit in the wall far above his head, but could not reach it. He tried to sleep, but the floor was cold and as soon as he closed his eyes he thought he could hear someone behind the door. Each time he leapt up and listened, but could hear nothing.

The torchlight began to fade. Its dim glow lasted a while, and then was gone to leave Mallam in darkness. He had never before experienced such blackness and several times tried to see his hands in front of his eyes. But he could not see them. He crawled along beside the walls until he reached the door by touch, but no one came in answer to his shouting or in response to the banging of his fists against the studded oak, and he lay in the darkness listening to the roaring silence.

Sleep came, and when he awoke he could not see the time by his expensive watch. His waiting passed slowly and he began to feel hungry and thirsty. He shouted, and nothing happened. He began to curse all the people he knew and had known and then the whole world, and his voice grew hoarse and he himself, more thirsty. He prayed fervently to his Prince many times, saying: 'My Prince and Master, help me! Free me and I shall do terrible deeds in your name!'

He stared into the darkness trying to imagine where he had seen the slit in the wall, but no light, not even a glimmer of light, came to relieve his darkness. He began to imagine he heard sounds – people laughing and talking, then strange music. The more he listened, the more he began to believe he was mistaken.

He slept again, only to awake in terror because he had forgotten where he was and could not see. He crawled over the floor, along the walls – sat and listened and strained to see. He stood up but became disoriented and dizzy and fell against the door, injuring his arm. He shouted, beat his fists again against the door, but nothing changed except inside his head. His hunger and thirst became intense for what seemed to him a long time until his increasing fear made him forget them.

To calm his fears he lay with his back against a wall, trying to understand why and for what purpose he was being kept a prisoner. At first he had believed that some mischance had imprisoned him – a gust of wind, perhaps, which jammed the door – but he had become gradually aware that it was chance that brought him to the village and the building, which had become his prison. Somehow, he felt, Lianna must have planned it all, and as the hours of his captivity became countless because he could not measure their passing, he came to increasingly believe that she might be testing him. Vaguely, he remembered – his memory brought back by his desperation for hope – her once saying when first he had asked to become her pupil, that those who sought Adeptship underwent severe ordeals; ordeals not of their own choosing and about which they were never forewarned.

This is a test of hers, he believed, briefly smiling – she is testing my will. And this belief sustained him, for he believed in the power and strength of his will. But his hunger, thirst, the darkness around him and the darkness within him eventually broke this explanation. For she had never followed his own path as at first he had ardently believed. The weeks and the months of her teaching had extinguished his hope – she was no dark, evil, mistress with whom he might forge a physical and magickal alliance. So he had gradually turned away from her, seeking again his old ways, friends, helpers and slaves, understanding that she had been using him, playing with him almost. And this

deeply offended his pride. For he, Edgar Mallam – High Priest of the Temple of the Prince – was above them all.

He had thought then that she had used him as he had used others – for her pleasure and satisfaction. She was playing the role of mistress, with him as her pupil – and this made him despise her more, for his own pleasures were carnal and real. He lusted after women, and money – enjoyed the power he had over others, making them his slaves; he enjoyed the misfortunes of others, the taking of young girls. But she simply played her mind-games from the safety and comfort of her house. Her power, he had thought, was nothing compared to his own.

His remembrance of this thinking from his past comforted him, and he began to laugh. But then his laughing stopped. He thought he could hear someone else laughing and when he stopped and unconsciously stooped to listen, he imagined he could hear a woman's laughing voice.

Then there seemed to be a voice inside his head. "Remember The Giving from the Black Book of Satan!" it said and laughed again.

Mallam remembered.

The Book, which Lianna had given him, spoke of an ancient blood ceremony performed only once every 51 years. The sacrifice was always male, an Initiated Priest, and before his blood was offered he was kept for days in a darkened room wherein to draw magickal forces to himself...

He tried to convince himself otherwise. But he heard "Remember The Giving..." in his head again, like an echo.

"I won't be fooled by you!" he shouted aloud. "Do you hear me Lianna!" He shook his fist at the darkness. "You can't fool me! I know that you are testing me! You'll see – I'm strong! Stronger than you!"

He laughed, to convince himself. But the suspicion remained.

"Must not fall asleep!" he muttered aloud. "She'll try and get me when I'm asleep. I'll beat her! Me – her sacrifice? Hah! She'll be mine!" He began to visualize in lurid detail how he might sacrifice her – tying her naked to the altar in his house, ravishing her, then letting others have their fun. He would kill her slowly, very slowly. These thoughts pleased and fascinated him, and he was still thinking them – visualizing them in detail – when he fell fully asleep.

His dream was vivid – the most vivid dream of his life. He was surrounded by spiders; they were crawling all over him, biting him and filling him with their poison. He could not move, trapped in webs, and a large spider was crawling over his chest toward his face. But it was Monica, a spider again, Monica smiling with blood on her teeth and mouth and he awoke to thrust the imaginary spiders away with his hands as he writhed in panic on the floor.

XVIII

The evening and the night that had marked Mallam's party passed swiftly for Thorold and Monica.

"I don't think she will bother us again," a confident Monica said as they sat in his Flat on their return from visiting Lianna.

"You amaze me." Thorold said. "Would you like some tea?" he asked.

"I know what I would like!"

Thorold's surprise turned quickly into delight. "I'll just have a quick bath," he said.

"No, don't. Perhaps I shouldn't give all my secrets away, but the natural smell of a man – well, some men! – turns me on."

Thorold blushed. In that moment, Monica reversed their roles – standing to take his hand and lead him to his bedroom. She was gentle at first, then passionate and after hours of mutual bliss they lay with their bodies touching, sleep-inclined but pleased. Several times she started to speak – to try and form into words the feeling within her. But each time she stopped, afraid of herself and her future.

The recent years of her past had been years full of new experiences and through them she had kept her cynicism. Only Mallam had disturbed her, for he seemed to fulfill, at least in some measure, her expectations: a man of mystery, arrogant and self-assured. But she had discovered the real Mallam was selfish, cruel and somewhat vain.

Her defenses had been and were still being broken by recent events, and of all of them she felt her friendship with Thorold was the most significant. For as Lianna offered her the money, she knew she was in love with Thorold. She wanted to tell him, but felt constrained by her own doubts and fears, and as she lay beside him she realized for the first time in her life that she needed to be loved.

They awoke together at dawn. She had expected his suggestion and so was not surprised when he mentioned following Mallam. She did not want his quest to continue, but said nothing. She sensed Thorold wanted somehow to avenge her beating as she sensed his disgust and outrage at Mallam's pedophile activities.

Thus it was that less than an hour later they rode together on the motorbike to wait near Mallam's house.

"We'll try the other chap," Thorold said after an almost interminable time.

They waited again, outside Rhiston's home, and then followed him to his place of work. Several times during the day they returned to find his car was still in place outside the building, and several times they returned to Mallam's house, without success.

Dark cloud covered the sky promising rain, but they sat for nearly an hour by the river, refreshing themselves with food and drink, before lying beside each other in the grass in the peace of Quarry Park. She spoke to him, as their hands and lips touched and desire became aroused, of her bleak childhood without love, but still she could not say the words she wished. She spoke instead with her body and they made passionate love in the long grass near the river's edge while people ambled or fastly walked along the path above.

By three o'clock in the afternoon they had returned to wait for Rhiston. He spent a few hours at his home; they journeyed to Mallam's house and then to a house nearby to briefly speak to the woman who answered his knocking upon her door. He led them then to Stredbow village.

Mallam's car was still where he had left it the night before, and in the twilight Rhiston checked it before walking toward

the black and white house. Thorold saw him stop by the gate, turn and listen, and then enter the garden to creep toward the stone building. Rhiston listened again, tried the door, then noticed the broken padlock and the bolt-croppers discarded on the ground. He tried to cut the padlock several times before finally succeeding and Thorold watched in surprise as Mallam crawled from the building.

He blubbered something that Thorold could not hear before Rhiston assisted him to his feet. Then Mallam was running fast away from the house, his face contorted, his eyes staring, his clothes dirty and torn. He reached the car, fumbled in his pockets for his keys and shouted several times at Rhiston. Rhiston held onto the car, panting and exhausted, but Mallam pushed him inside before driving them both away.

They were not far from the village when Mallam slewed the car in the lane, using the driveway of a farm; to drive straight toward Thorold whose motorbike light he had seen in the rearview mirror. Thorold reacted as best he could; braking and steering away, but the front of the car clipped the side of the bike causing him to lose control. His front wheel hit the curb and he was launched into the air, briefly, to land dazed in the hedge by the verge.

He sat up to see the car reverse over Monica as she lay still in the road. He ran toward her, but she was dead.

Carefully, and almost crying, Thorold carried the body to the verge. His motorcycle was undamaged apart from scratches and a few dents, and he collected several stones from beside the road before riding with fury after the car. He soon caught it and sped past to turn, skidding, and race back, throwing a stone at the windscreen of the car.

He did not hear the screech of brakes – or see the car swerve and weave across the road as the driver’s vision became obstructed by the suddenly frosted glass. But he did see, as he turned, the car crash and come to rest on its side. Mallam was dazed, his face bleeding, while Rhiston was unconscious. Thorold dragged Mallam from the car, banged his head against the underside and threw him onto the verge. He was walking toward where Monica’s murderer lay when the car suddenly exploded, searing the air with heat and light and throwing him to the ground.

Instantly, he regretted saving Mallam’s life, and as he stood up to edge away from the burning, he felt an urge to throw Mallam onto Rhiston’s funeral pyre. Mallam began to moan, and Thorold was considering what to do when, in the light of the flames, he saw people approaching.

Thorold recognized the young man leading them. He was Sidnal Wyke, seller of Lianna’s books, and Thorold made no move to stop them as they carried Mallam away from the burning car and back to the darkness that covered the lane to their village.

Many miles away, in a room of her house, Lianna smiled as she burned her square of inscribed magickal parchment in the flame of a black candle.

XIX

They had not spoken to Thorold and he had not spoken to them, and he watched them depart, carrying Mallam, numb with shock from Monica’s death. His rage had gone and he stood near the now slow burning car for several minutes before riding to the nearby farm.

To his surprise, the Police did not take long to arrive, and the Policeman found him waiting beside his bike near Monica's body.

"My girlfriend." Thorold explained. "The car – just came straight toward me."

He explained about the crash, the car reversing, and his moving the body. "There was nothing I could do. Then I heard a crash and an explosion and went to see."

The young but kindly Policeman smiled. "We'll need a statement. No need now – tomorrow."

Thorold gave his name and address, heard a Fire Engine approach, watched an Ambulance arrive and take away Monica's body. He did not quite know why he did not speak about Mallam, but he did not, but as he drove slowly away from the scene to take the roads that led to Shrewsbury, he began to regret his lie. He stopped once, to turn back and tell the full story, but it was not his courage that failed. Rather, he began to sense he was involved in something of great and sinister import, and although he did not have all the answers – or indeed perhaps not even the right questions – he would find them. He did not, at this moment, know how, but Monica's death gave him the desire to succeed.

Jake was at home with his wife as Thorold had hoped, and he sat with them, drinking beer while the television relayed some film.

"Want to talk about it?" Jake asked.

"No."

But Jake was not offended, and offered him more beer. Gradually, Thorold drank himself into a forgetful stupor to slither from his chair to the floor where he fell asleep.

He awoke to find himself alone in the house and obviously carried by Jake to a bed. He soon dressed and left to drive in the light rain to Lianna's home.

"I have been waiting for you," she said as she led him inside. "I am sorry for what happened."

"You know?" he asked without surprise.

"One gets to hear these things."

"You know why I have come then?"

"Yes." She took him to her living room. A copy of the Black Book of Satan, bound in black leather, lay on a table, but its title did not interest Thorold.

"I have to make a statement to the Police," he said.

"You met Constable Tong, I believe."

Thorold was not familiar with the name, but he made the obvious deduction.

"Such a bright young man," she continued. "A cousin of Mr. Wyke – of course you have met."

"I see," said Thorold, uneasy.

"I thought you would."

"What will you do with him?"

"With whom?" she teased.

"Edgar Mallam."

"Does it matter?"

"It might."

"To you?"

"I might want to see justice done. He killed Monica!"

"What is justice?" she mocked.

"He killed her!"

"An accident. A body burned beyond recognition," she shrugged.

"I should have left him to die in the explosion!"

"You had no choice."

"What?" he asked perplexed.

She ignored the subject. "Come, do not let us argue. Remember how it was between us."

Her smile, her eyes seemed to be affecting him and he became aware again of how beautiful she was. He remembered the ecstasy and passion he had shared with her – the soft sensuous beauty of her naked body; her intoxicating and seductive bodily fragrance. She was moving toward him with her mouth open, her lips waiting to be kissed.

But something inside him made him suddenly aware of her witchery, and he forced himself to think of Monica – her body, bloody and broken, on the road. His remembrance of her death and her face in death broke Lianna's spell.

"I must go," he said, turning away from her eyes.

"As you wish!"

Her words seemed to end the tension he felt in his neck and shoulders, but he still avoided looking at her.

"Remember," she said as if chanting, "I want to share my life with yours."

Even as he left he felt an urge to return and surrender to her seductive beauty, but he rode away down to the river where he sat for hours in the first nascent and then fulsome sun thinking about Monica, Mallam, Lianna and the events that bound them, and he himself, together.

He was disturbed by this thinking and tried to relax by returning to the secure reality of his bookshop. He wandered around the shelves, seated himself at his desk, and opened the mail that had begun to accumulate. But the longer he stayed in the musty shop, the more he felt that the world of books which had been his world for years, was a dead one.

Its charm had gone. Monica had been real – exciting and full of promise for his future: his surveillance had been exciting, reminding him of the years before his marriage. Lianna herself had been real – warmly alive, as the books around him were not. He could give his statement to the Police, forget about Mallam and Lianna – forget about them all – and live again within his cloistral world of books. Except he did not want to.

The door to his shop opened.

“You are open?” asked the elderly man who entered.

“No, not at the moment.” Thorold was annoyed at being disturbed.

“Oh, dear! And I did so want to look around. I called yesterday.”

“Didn’t you see the note?” asked Thorold, pointing to it on the door.

The man bent down to peer, took some spectacles from the pocket of his tweed jacket and squinted. “My! How silly of me!” He turned to smile at Thorold. “But you are here now.”

The man was short and rotund with red cheeks and thinning white hair. His manner of dress was conservative and he carried a rolled up umbrella.

Thorold relented. “You can have a look if you wish. But I will be closing again soon.”

“You were recommended to me.”

"Oh, yes?" Thorold said without interest. He was still thinking of Lianna.

"Perhaps recommended is not the right word. May I sit down? My legs are not what they were."

Surprised at the request, Thorold offered him his own chair.

"Most kind! Let me introduce myself." He held out his hand. "Aiden is the name."

Thorold shook his hand.

"I shall be brief," Aiden said. "You spoke to a friend of mine some days ago about a certain matter." He smiled at a perplexed Thorold. "The Devil," he said calmly.

"Just curiosity."

"I know a little about such things."

"Academic interest, that's all. Someone wanted to sell me some books on the subject."

"You have these books?"

"No, actually." Then, thinking quickly, he added, "I threw them out." He pointed to a bundle of books tied by string, which lay on the floor. "I haven't got the room. Have to be very selective."

"For over forty years I have studied the subject. Meeting people. Often those who have been involved. One develops an instinct." He smiled again. "Rather like a Detective. Although in my own case, an ecclesiastical one."

"You must excuse me – I really ought to close the shop."

"You have the scent of Satan about you," the old man said in a quiet voice.

"Pardon?" Thorold was startled.

"A figure of speech. Those who practice the Occult Arts believe there is an aura surrounding the body. It is said Initiation, particularly into the darker mysteries alters that aura, most noticeably between the eyes. You must forgive me if I speak frankly."

"You are welcome to have a quick look around the shelves for any books that might interest you."

"You interest me."

"You must excuse me – I have a busy day."

"Are you afraid of someone?"

Thorold was insulted. "Of course not!"

"I came only to help."

"Why?" Thorold was becoming a little angry.

Gently, the man said, "Because I am concerned about the growth of evil."

"What is evil?" He realized he was echoing Lianna's parody and added, "I sell books, that is all."

Aiden sighed. "I can only help if you want me to. You know where I will be staying if you wish to contact me."

"The Cathedral?"

"Yes. Sometimes it is better to ask for help than to try to solve things alone."

"Are you staying long?"

"A few days."

"I hope you enjoy your stay. Goodbye."

Aiden pointed to the motorcycle, which Thorold had parked outside. "Yours?"

"No, I always dress like this," Thorold quipped.

Aiden did not mind the jest. "So different now, such machines. Once – a very long time ago before I accepted my vocation within the Church – I rode. An Enfield – at least, that is what I think it was called. So long ago. Fast?"

"Very. Zero to sixty miles per hour in less than six seconds."

"A different world, now. Such memories. I shall pray for you."

"Goodbye."

"Adieu!"

Thorold had declined the man's gambit to prolong their conversation, and he watched Aiden walk slowly up the narrow lane that led to St. Chad's church and the gates of Quarry Park. He did not regret his decision not to share his secrets, and as soon as Aiden was out of sight, he closed the shop and rode down into the traffic that was congesting the roads through the town.

The street, which contained Mallam's house, seemed quiet, and he parked his bike nearby to walk the last hundred yards. To his surprise he found the door slightly ajar, and cautiously entered. A faint perfume lingered, reminding him of Lianna, but he quickly forgot about it as he slowly moved from room to room. The rooms were untidy and he was making his way upstairs when he heard someone moving about.

"Hello!" he called.

No one answered, and he crept into a bedroom. Someone touched his shoulder and he raised his hands, saying, "it's a fair cop!" before turning around and smiling.

His movement round startled the woman, and Thorold recognized her as Rhiston's wife.

"Can I help?" he asked cunningly.

"You haven't seen Maurice, have you?" she asked hopefully.

"No, he lied. "Not recently. He gave you this address?"

She stared down at the floor. "Edgar did."

Thorold drew the correct conclusion. "Been waiting here long?"

"I've just arrived."

"You've got a key, then?"

"The door was open."

"You checked the other rooms?"

"Not yet."

Come on, then."

All of them, at least to Thorold's once practiced eye, bore evidence of a quick but thorough search.

"You don't know where Maurice is?" she asked.

"Afraid not. You know Edgar," he smiled. "Likes to be a man of mystery. They've probably gone somewhere together." He had no qualms about lying to her since he assumed, from her involvement with Mallam, that she knew at least something about his activities. "Do you want to wait here?" He asked her.

"I'd better be going. If you see him – "

"I'll tell him you called."

"Thank you."

He walked with her down the stairs. She turned to smile weakly at him before she left, and he felt sad. But he did not follow her to tell her about the fate of her husband. Instead, he sighed, remembered Monica's death, and began to search the house, after locking the door. He found nothing of interest and nothing to incriminate Mallam – only a large collection of pornographic magazines, some leather whips and some manacles and chains. No photographs of his activities, no letters, documents, and nothing to indicate his interest in the Occult or the names and addresses of his varying contacts. He was disappointed, but not surprised, and left the house wondering what he could do next. Mallam was gone, Rhiston was dead, he had no names and addresses, no factual evidence concerning Mallam's activities. Then he remembered the woman that Rhiston had briefly visited.

She answered his knock on her door wearing a nightdress and squinting into the brightness outside.

"Yes?"

"I am a friend of Edgar."

"Do come in! Please excuse the mess. A social occasion – last night – you know how they drag on and on."

"You came highly recommended," he said, guessing.

"Really?" Pleased, she thought he looked promising, although somewhat older than she had come to expect. "Would you like something to drink? Beer, perhaps?"

"Tea?"

"Darjeeling, if you have some."

"You don't look like a tea drinker to me."

"It's the leathers! Often gives the wrong idea."

"You must be warm in that black leather." She breathed out the last words as though black leather interested her.

"It has its uses."

"I'm sure! Do you ride often?" she asked mischievously.

"As the mood takes me."

"Does it take you now?"

"Possibly." After such a promising beginning he was at a loss as to how to continue, except the obvious course. But he was not disposed to take this, despite the attractiveness of the lady whom he guessed was at least fifteen years older than him. He began to feel embarrassed by the role he was creating for himself as well as surprised by his burgeoning desires. She was standing near him, her nightdress almost transparent and he could see her nipples and dark mass of

pubic hair. He forced himself to remember the reason for his visit.

“Have you known Edgar long?” he asked.

“Long enough! Have you brought anything from him?”

As she said the words he saw the needle marks on her arms. The sight decided him.

“I’ve just remembered it!” he said, and dashed out of the house.

He did not seem to consciously decide, but just arrived at the road to Lianna’s house, and he did not have long to wait in her driveway. Attracted by the noise of the motorcycle, she came out to greet him.

“I must know,” he said as he removed his helmet and she stood, smiling and beautiful, in the sunlight. “About Mallam.”

“It is good that you come of your own free will.”

By the side of the house, Thorold could see Imlach turn around and walk back into the garden.

XX

The house was cool, and Thorold and Lianna sat in the drawing room overlooking the rear garden. She brought him iced tea before sitting beside him.

“What will happen to him?”

“Do you care?”

“Not in that way.”

“But you want revenge?”

“Possibly. I don’t know.”

“And if you were given the opportunity to dispense justice by taking his life, would you?”

“It’s not up to me. There is the law.”

“The Law! Hah! The Law is an accumulation of tireless attempts to prevent the gifted from making their lives a succession of ecstasies!” Her passion was soon gone, and she smiled kindly at Thorold. “I’m glad you came to see me again.”

Thorold returned her smile. “You didn’t answer the question.”

“About Edgar?”

“Yes. I do have my suspicions.”

“Do you?”

“It seems to me you planned things.”

"I will not deny – to you - that I planned some things. But I will tell you something. I planned things, yes – but I did not plan to fall in love with you."

For several minutes Thorold could not speak. He watched her, and she began to cry, gently, until tears ran down her cheeks.

"I have never said that to anyone before," she said, softly.

Thorold did not know what to do. He thought, vaguely and not for very long, that she might in some way be trying to manipulate his feelings, but the more he looked at her and the more he remembered the ecstasy they had shared in the past, the more his doubts began to disappear. She had turned her face away, to wipe the tears with her hand when he reached over to stroke her hair.

"Don't cry," he said.

"I'm sorry." She held his hand. "See what you do to me! I can't remember the last time I cried!"

"You are a strange woman."

"If I ask you something will you give me an honest answer?"

"Possibly."

"Were you in love with Monica?"

The question surprised him. "I don't know," he said hesitantly. "I don't think so." He felt he had betrayed her.

“Good. I was a little jealous.”

“The thought occurred to me.”

“But I’m sorry about what happened – with her, I mean.”

“So am I,” His sense of having betrayed Monica began to fade. “I’d rather not talk about it.”

“I’ve missed you.” She moved toward him and kissed his lips.

The kiss, her perfume, the feel of her body pressing against his, overpowered his senses and he began to return her passion.

“Not here!” she said.

She held his hand as they walked from the room, and along the hall to a door. The door led down some steps into a dimly lit chamber. A dark, soft carpet covered the floor and she took him to an alcove where cushions were strewn, drawing him down with her. Her passion seemed to draw from Thorold all the darker memories of the past days and he abandoned himself to his lusts, remembering the tears and her words of love. Her hands gripped his shoulders and as her own passion became intense her nails sank into his flesh, drawing blood. But he did not care, as her body spasmed in ecstasy, followed by his own.

They relaxed then, in the gentle bliss that followed.

"I want you," she whispered, "with me always. Will you do something for me?"

"Yes," he answered without hesitation.

"Whatever it is?"

"Yes." His hands stroked her breasts. "You are beautiful."

"I am all yours – now."

"What did you want me to do?"

"Live with me."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously!" She kissed him. "I love you." She sat up to lean against a cushion. "Tomorrow night there is a celebration in the village that I would like you to attend – with me."

"Your village?"

She laughed. "I suppose it is!"

Thorold sat up to rest beside her against the stone wall and as he did so he noticed in a far corner, a statue. Beside it hung a lighted candle shielded by red glass. The light reminded him of the sanctuary lamp in a Catholic Church, but the statue showed a woman, naked from the waist up, who held in her outstretched hand the severed head of a bearded man. The woman was smiling.

"What's that?" Thorold asked, pointing with his finger.

"The violent goddess – Mistress of Earth. There was a time when men were sacrificed in her name, and the Priestess of her cult would wash her hands in the victim's blood before taking it to sprinkle on the fields. It ensured the fertility of the land – and the people."

Thorold understood – or felt he did. He looked around the chamber. It was bare, except for one wall where a battered medieval shield, sword and armor hung.

"And those?" he asked.

"Family heirlooms. They were supposed to belong to an ancestor of mine – Roger de Alledone. There is a book in the library about the family – if you're interested."

"Yes. Does your son visit you often?"

"My son?" she asked, surprised. Then, remembering, "I have no children – yet."

"But I remember you saying when you came to my shop – "

"A fabrication – to meet you. Am I forgiven?"

He vaguely remembered something else she had said, but could not form the vague remembrance into a distinct recollection of words, so he dismissed it. "Of course!" he said.

"Will you stay tonight?" she asked.

"Do you want me to?"

"You know I do."

"I would have to collect a few things."

"Naturally. Do you have a suit?" She looked at his motorcycle clothing discarded in haste.

"Yes, why?"

"I thought we could go to a rather nice restaurant I know. For dinner, tonight. And then come back here."

Totally captivated by her, Thorold said, "that would be nice."

They embraced before he rose to dress. She watched him, before dressing herself. In the hallway, she kissed him saying, "Don't be long, my darling!" He was almost to the door when she added, "I love you!"

It was a dazed Thorold that sat astride his bike. He rode slowly out of the driveway to be confronted by Imlach's daughter who waved him to a halt.

"Listen!" she said, fearfully glancing around. "I must talk with you."

He removed his helmet before saying, "what about?"

"I can't talk here – it's too dangerous. Please, you've got to hear me."

"But – "

"Please!" she pleaded. "I must talk to you about Lianna!"

"Come on, then!" He indicated the pillion seat, replaced his helmet and drove down the road to take the lane that led to the toll bridge. He stopped before reaching it.

"Well?" he asked as they both stood beside the bike.

"She killed Monica," she said.

Thorold's smile disappeared.

XXI

In the hazy sunlight, Thorold stared at the river flowing nearby. Two rowing boats, carrying their rowdy youthful crews, passed under the bridge.

"That's ridiculous," he finally said in answer to Sarah's accusation. "It was an accident."

"Was it? She arranged it using her magick."

"Impossible." He looked at her, but she did not turn her eyes away from his.

"Believe me, she has powers – sinister powers. She put a death curse on Monica."

"Nonsense!"

"Is it?"

Thorold became perturbed. He had sensed many things about Lianna – including her natural charisma. "She wouldn't – she had no reason." Even as he spoke the words he knew a reason existed.

Sarah smiled, out of sympathy. "I saw her inscribing the parchments she uses to work her spells."

Thorold still did not completely believe her. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Because I – we - need your help."

Thorold sighed, and went to stand on the bridge, leaning against the supports and watching the water flow below. She followed him.

"For centuries," Sarah began, "her family has ruled the village. Her father before her. But she is different – they are all afraid of her. She owns the land, nearly all the houses – the fields. Without her, they could not survive. But she has followed a different way. I was born in the village, so I know.

"She is using you, as she uses everyone, including me and my father. There is a ceremony due – part of an old tradition. She has captivated you – like the dark witch she is."

The rowing boats had gone, and the river seemed quite peaceful. Sarah continued speaking while Thorold watched the breeze ripple the surface of the water.

“Her family kept alive for generations the old traditions, the old ways – as did the folk of the village. But she has meddled in other things. We need your help.”

“Why?”

“Because you are important to her – at least, in what she is planning.”

“And what is that?”

“To use the power of The Giving for herself. I don’t agree with the old ways – and want them stopped. You must know – or have guessed – what will be involved. The man whom you saw escape – ”

“I did wonder. There is a statue in her house.”

“Yes. So you do understand?”

“I am beginning to.”

“Will you help, then?”

“I don’t know.”

“She will take you to the ceremony – we, you and I, must prevent what she plans.”

“And then?”

“Let him go.”

“I see.”

“I could give you enough evidence.”

“About his activities?”

“Yes. She removed all his files, last night from his house.”

“I did wonder,” Thorold said.

“She has other evidence against him as well. I could get that.”

“What is she to you?”

Sarah sighed. “My mother.”

When Thorold had recovered from his surprise he said, “she told me she had no children.”

“Oh, she doesn’t acknowledge me – not as her heir and all that.”

She smiled at him and Thorold saw the faint resemblance to Lianna that he had seen before but dismissed.

Sarah laughed. "I am a mistake that she made in her youth!"

"She never said anything to me."

"She is not exactly proud of me. That's why she keeps me around in her sight."

"And your father?" Thorold still found it difficult to believe that she was Lianna's daughter.

"He is her loyal servant – and servant is the right word!"

"So they are no longer close?"

"Close? They have never been close! She used him - once and for her own ends. He was and always has been her guardian. She despises him. He is totally in her power."

Thorold felt relieved, but he soon suppressed the feeling.

"You will be present tomorrow night at the ceremony?"

"Yes. You will help, then?"

"I'll think about it."

"I shall have to get back – before I'm missed." She walked a few paces, and then turned toward him. "She killed Monica. And when she has finished with you –" she shrugged, "– who knows?"

Thorold did not watch her go. The past few hours, through their intensity and contradiction, seemed to have drained away his vitality and he rode to his Flat to sit in the stuffy silence for a long time, without feeling and without thinking about recent events. When he did think about them, he came first to one conclusion and then another, to finally change his mind again, and it was without any enthusiasm that he collected clothes suitable for Lianna's evening.

She greeted his return with a kiss, and did not seem to notice his change of mood.

"I feel very tired this evening," he said to build his alibi.

She led him upstairs to the bedroom he had slept in before.

"I'll see you downstairs, in the Sitting Room," she said smiling, and left him.

He was soon changed, and sat to wait for her in the Sitting Room. It was a long wait, and he rose to briefly play the Grand Piano.

"You must play for me," she said as she entered, startling him.

He was momentarily stunned by her beauty and appearance. She wore a brooch of colorful design, held by a black silk band around her neck, and her close-fitting dress emphasized the feminine proportions of her body. It was cut low at the back, exposing her tanned skin to the waist, its fit so close that Thorold could see she wore nothing underneath.

“What do you think?” she asked unnecessarily, turning in a circle in front of him.

“I think other women will hate you.”

“Good!” she laughed.

Her driving matched her mood, for she drove fast but with skill out of Shrewsbury to take a circuitous route to the restaurant. Inside, the furnishings were antique, and they were ushered to a table overlooking the extensive private grounds.

“Such a civilized place, don’t you agree?” Lianna said as Thorold sat amazed by the selection of food, and the prices, which were shown on the menu.

The tables were set at a discreet distance from each other, some at different levels. No one else was present – except two waiters and a waitress, discreetly watching them.

“I suppose the prices put people off,” Thorold said as he glanced at the empty chairs.

“We have the place to ourselves tonight.”

Thorold blushed, and stared at the menu.

“Decided what you want yet?” she asked, pleased by his show of innocence.

“Cod, chips, mushy peas and scraps.” He waited for her reaction and when none came, he said, “You decide.”

She did, and a waiter sidled up to her on her signal to take the order. She chose wine, and Thorold had drunk two full glasses of her expensive choice when he said, "all we need is an orchestra."

"There are speakers secreted among the oak beams to channel background music."

As if listening to their conversation, the nearby waiter walked gracefully toward their table. "Would Madam like some music?"

"Do you have any Strauss Waltzes?"

"I shall see!"

A few minutes later the music began as the first course of their meal was served. Thorold watched Lianna while they ate and talked of inconsequential things – the long spell of hot weather, the restaurant, his likes and dislikes in music. She did not seem to him to be evil – just an exceptionally beautiful, wealthy woman, born to power and used to it. But he could not still his doubts. He heard Sarah's voice in his head accusing her; remembered Lianna's lie about having no children; her anger toward Monica. But most of all he remembered Monica's death and Mallam being borne away by the people of Lianna's village.

"Why did you never have any children?" he asked to test her.

She smiled. "My husband. Marriage of convenience, really. Did not want him as the father of my children."

"Did you never want any?"

“Apart from now, you mean?” And her eyes sparkled.

“Years ago. As an heir.”

“Together we shall solve this problem!”

“But seriously – ”

“Seriously – not until now. I never found the right man, until now. One has to be so careful.”

Thorold had his answer, and he did not like it. “It is a pity,” he said, guarding his feeling, “that there is not room enough to dance.”

“We could ask them to make room.”

“No – I’d be too embarrassed.”

The evening passed slowly for Thorold. Their conversation returned to the mundane, and he drank an excessive amount of wine to stifle both his feelings and his thoughts. He pretended to fall asleep in her car on their return to her house, awaking at their journeys end to say, “I’m sorry. Drunk too much.”

She smiled indulgently, and did not seem to mind when her kiss, as they stood in his bedroom, was not returned.

“We have the rest of our lives together!” she laughed in reply to his apology for his tiredness.

"I shall be leaving early in the morning. To prepare for our little ceremony. Meet me outside the village mound at ten in the evening. Can you remember that?" she asked playfully.

He slumped onto the bed, playing his role. "Of course."

"No curiosity?" she asked.

"Bout what?" he slurred his words.

"The ceremony?"

"Too tired to be curious. Anyway – trust you."

She looked directly into his eyes and for an instant he felt she knew about his pretense and the reasons for it. But she kissed him, and the moment was gone, making him sure he had been mistaken, for she touched his face gently with her hand, saying, "sleep well my darling!" to leave him alone in his room.

No sounds reached him and he undressed to sleep naked in the humid night on top of the bed. He was soon asleep. He did not sleep for long. The weather oppressed, making him restless and sweaty, and his mind was troubled by thoughts of Monica, Mallam and Lianna's lies. Only when dawn came, bringing a slight breeze through his open windows, did renewed rest come, and he did not hear as Lianna quietly opened the door to watch, for almost a minute while he slept. She smiled as she closed the door to leave him to his dreams.

It was late morning when Thorold awoke, tired and thirsty. The house was quiet, and empty, and he wandered to one of the many bathrooms before dressing. He found Lianna's

note on the table in the kitchen. "Yours – to keep," it simply read. Next to it was a key to the front door of the house.

Half expecting to find Sarah or Imlach, he ventured into the gardens. He found no one, not even in the buildings where Sarah – a long time ago it seemed to him – had taken him to strip away all her clothes. Now, he felt, he understood: angry with her mother, she had tried to seduce him as an act of revenge.

He spent an hour wandering around the house, occasionally opening a drawer or a cupboard as if by such openings he might find something to incriminate or explain Lianna. Even the library held no clues – only books, many of which he would once have been glad to own or buy for his shop. The door that led to the stone chamber was unlocked, and he walked down the steps aware that he might be transgressing Lianna's hospitality. But he hardened himself against the feeling, remembering Sarah's story and Lianna's lies. Black candles lit the chamber.

The red light by the statue was still burning, and as he approached, he saw a book lying on the floor. The 'Black Book of Satan' the spine read.

The book was open at a chapter entitled 'A Gift for the Prince' and he began to read.

'In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth usually takes on the role of violent goddess, the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan, the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess – the bride of our Prince.

'Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be

directed – or stored, for example, in a crystal sphere) and it draws down dark forces or ‘entities’. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal according to the principles of magick, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the ‘astral shell’ around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of the sacrifice, is disruptive – that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that sacrifice furthers the works of Satan...’

He read no more, but carefully replaced the book, leaving the chamber to ascend the stairs to his room. He felt comfortable again in his motorcycle leathers, gloves and boots, and left the house without locking the door.

The roads and lanes he took led him to a narrow, old stone bridge over a narrow stream, and he stopped to sit beside the water under the blue sky while larks sang high above the fields of ripening wheat. The book had given him final confirmation of his suspicions.

XXII

It was nearing the hour of ten when Thorold arrived in the village, his sealed letter safely in Jake’s house. His friend would open it and know what to do should he fail to return.

Twilight was ending, and as he parked his bike by the mound, removed his helmet and as he listened, hearing only the leaves of the trees moving in the breeze, he found it difficult to believe in magick. The perfume of flowers was strong, reminding him of quiet English villages full of charm. He had not heard or seen the old tractor that was driven across the lane, blocking it, after he had passed to take the last turn into the village, as he did not know the other

entrance to the village was similarly obstructed. Neither did he see or hear Lianna approach until she stood beside him and touched him on the shoulder, startling him, again.

“Come”, she said, “they are waiting.”

She carried a wicker basket but he could not see what was in it. He was surprised when she led him toward and into the church.

Inside, a multitude of candles and lanterns had been lit, and he saw the whole village assembled with Sidnal standing and waiting by the altar. But the altar was covered with fruit, food and what appeared to be casks of beer, and as he looked around he could see that all Christian symbols and artifacts had been removed.

The assembly parted as he and Lianna entered.

“Wait,” she whispered to him before walking toward the altar. Sidnal bowed slightly as she gave him her basket. It contained envelopes bearing a substantial gift of money, the same amount in each, and Sidnal took the envelopes one at a time, read the name written thereon, and waited for the recipient to come forward.

Each villager received an envelope, and Sidnal gave the empty basket to Lianna. She held it upside down and on this signal a young man and woman came forward. She touched their foreheads with her hands, saying, “I greet the Lord and Lady!”

They turned, as the assembled villagers did, toward where Thorold stood. The door opened, and Imlach entered holding a rope whose ends were tied round Mallam’s hands, binding them.

Lianna addressed the congregation, saying, "You have heard the charges against him. How say you – is he guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty! Guilty!" The congregation responded.

"Is that the verdict of you all?"

"Yes!" the voices chorused.

"And his sentence?"

"Burn him! Burn him!"

Mallam looked terrified. Lianna led the exit from the church.

"Come," she said to Thorold, taking his hand. Imlach led Mallam into the darkness followed by Lianna, Thorold, Sidnal and the village.

Sarah waited by the gate to the mound, holding a burning torch. She led the procession through the village and into the fields where they stopped beside an unlit bonfire. In its center was a stake.

"No! No!" Mallam pleaded. "Forgive me! I'll do anything! Anything!"

Imlach had a long-bladed knife, which he gave to Lianna as Sarah came to stand beside Thorold while the villagers gathered in a circle around the stake. Thorold felt Sarah's hand touching his, then cold metal. He was surprised, but

put the revolver in his pocket, and watched as Lianna approached Mallam.

"Are you ready?" Sarah whispered to him.

Thorold did not answer. Nearby, Lianna cut the rope which bound Mallam.

"Run!" she said to him. "Run!"

For some seconds Mallam did not move, and when he did the waiting villagers moved aside to let him through. He ran into the high, shielding wheat. No one followed.

"There is she," Lianna pointed at Sarah, "who has betrayed us."

Lianna came forward, took the torch from Sarah's hand and beckoned to two men. They held Sarah by her arms while Thorold stood with his hand clutching the gun in his pocket. But he did not move, surprised by Mallam's freedom, as the two men took Sarah away. Lianna lit the bonfire with the torch, and on this signal the villagers began to dance around it, laughing and singing. Two young women came to Thorold, held his arms and ushered him toward the circle of the dance, and soon he lost sight of Lianna. He danced with them around the fire, several times trying to break away. But another circle of dancers had formed around the one containing him, dancing in the opposite direction, and constraining his movement.

He seemed to dance a long time until he saw Lianna again. She was outside the circle of dancers and came toward him, took his hand and joined in the dance. The heat of the fire had become intense, and the dancers moved away, still holding the circles. Wood crackled, and, among the singing

and shouting, Thorold thought he could hear music accompanying the dance.

"You did not believe her, then?" Lianna asked.

"You knew?"

"Of course!"

"And if I had believed her?" he asked, panting from the exertion of the dance and the heat.

"It would have been a pity to spoil the celebration."

"And Mallam?"

She smiled. "He has his just reward!"

"Then Sarah is not your daughter?"

"Naturally not! And you have shown the insight I would expect from my future husband."

Thorold was so surprised he stopped his dancing, and as he did so he could see, by the light of the fire, blood upon Lianna's hands and dress.

XXIII

Thorold had no time to think. The dancing stopped, and he was borne along in the crush back through the gate of the field toward the village.

Several times he tried to find Lianna but without success. He was approaching the church when he saw her standing by the door with a young woman. Her hands were clean, her dress a different one.

"Shall we go and see Sarah?" She said, smiling, when he reached her.

Inside the church, the feasting had begun, and Thorold followed Lianna and the young woman, unwilling to form his fears and feelings into words. The light from the windows of the black and white house illuminated the garden, and as they passed through it Thorold could see, through the open door, straw covering the floor of the stone building that had been Mallam's prison.

Sarah sat, her head resting in her hands, by the table in the kitchen, the two men who had taken her away beside her, with Sidnal standing close by.

"Leave us," Lianna said, and the two men left. "You have done well," she said to Sidnal. "I have a gift for you - as your grandmother I know, would have wished."

Sidnal shuffled his feet and looked down at the floor as Lianna joined his hand with that of the young woman who laughed playfully and dragged an unresisting Sidnal away. As they left the house, Thorold saw Imlach standing by the door.

Sarah looked hopefully at Thorold. "Why didn't you stop her?"

When Thorold did not answer, she said, "You didn't believe me, did you?"

“No.”

“But it was true,” she said in desperation. “My father will tell you.”

Imlach turned away.

“Tell him! Damn you, tell him!” she shouted.

Imlach said nothing, and Sarah began to cry. Then, suddenly, she was angry and glowered at Thorold. “You’re pathetic,” she snarled. “I pity you, I really do! You’re totally in her power! She’s corrupted you and you don’t see it!”

“I know what has gone on,” Lianna said.

“What do you mean?” Sarah demanded, angry – and afraid.

“Between you and your father.”

“No! It’s lies!”

“I have known for a long time,” Lianna said quietly.

“I hate you!”

“So, that’s why you pretended to be her daughter?” Thorold asked.

“Yes!” Sarah was defiant. She stood up, as if to strike Lianna, and as she did so, Imlach moved toward her. “I

knew you loved her!" she said to her father. "That's why I did what I did – with you!" She laughed, almost hysterically.

Imlach raised his hand to hit her, but Lianna stopped him.

"Now," Sarah shouted, "you'll never know your child!"

Swift, she ran out of the house, too quick for her father to catch her. She was in the stone building, pushing the door shut, by the time they reacted, and when they reached it she had set fire to the straw.

She laughed at them as they stood by the door and flames engulfed her. Thorold tried to reach her, but the flames and heat and smoke were intense and Imlach pulled him back. Sarah screamed, briefly, and then was silent.

"I shall be at the feast," Imlach said before walking along the garden path to take the lane to the church.

"Come on," Lianna said to Thorold, "there is nothing you can do here."

She took his hand to lead him back into the house. She brought wine, and they sat at the table in the kitchen drinking.

"I suppose," Thorold said, "this is your house as well."

"Indeed! Shall we live here – rather than in Shrewsbury?"

He ignored the question. "She said that you killed Monica – by cursing her."

“Do you believe I did?”

For a long time Thorold did not speak. “No,” he finally said. “There was a book I found, in your house, the evening – ”

“The Black Book of Satan?”

“Yes. It mentioned sacrifice.”

Lianna smiled, disconcerting Thorold still further. He realized then that he still loved her. It had been love that had overcome the doubts Sarah had given him, not reason.

“Tell me about Mallam,” he asked.

“What do you want to know?”

He wanted to ask about what he had seen – the blood on her hands and dress – but it had been the briefest of glimpses in difficult light, and he could have been mistaken.

“He is free, then?” he asked.

“Yes – at last.”

“And you planned everything?”

“You tell me,” she said enigmatically.

“I think you set him up right from the beginning. Let him make his mistakes. Condemn himself, in fact.”

“Possibly,” she smiled.

“But why?”

“I’m sure you can work it out.”

It was the answer he had expected. “How does the book I found fit into all this?” It was not exactly the question he wanted to ask, but it would, he hoped, lead him toward it.

She smiled, as a schoolmistress might toward an otherwise intelligent pupil. “Satanism, you mean?”

“Yes,” he answered, amazed at her perspicacity.

“It is not the way I follow. My tradition is different – much older.”

“And Mallam?”

“He followed his own dark path.”

“And Monica – surely she did not have to die?”

“No – it was an accident. But he killed her, accidentally or otherwise.”

“The village – how does it fit in?”

“Do you want to marry me – and share all this?” she asked.

Thorold smiled. "I thought I was supposed to ask you?"

"There is an older way." She paused. "Yes – or no?"

Thorold felt the importance of the moment, heard the beating of his pulse in his ear, saw the enigmatic beauty of the woman seated beside him, and remembered her physical passion, her tears and words of love. "Yes," he said trembling.

She kissed him. "I never really had much choice, did I?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, you had plenty of times to choose."

For a moment Thorold had the impression that she had planned everything – including Sarah's intervention and death – but the impression was transient. He looked at her, and could not believe it. She was smiling, and he suddenly realized that he would not care if she had.

"Imlach – what will happen to him?" He asked to test her.

"He will stay with us – should you so wish it."

He was pleased with her answer. "And if I don't wish it?"

I believe that Sidnal will need some help with his land. Now," she said, and stood up, "let's go to bed!"

Thorold needed no further encouragement to follow her.

Tired from the physical passion of the night, Thorold was sleeping soundly when Lianna left the house in the burgeoning light to dawn.

The village was quiet, and she walked past the church and into the fields. The bonfire of the night before was but a smoldering pile of ash, and she walked past it and through the wheat along the path Mallam had taken in his flight. Nothing remained by the edge of the field to mark his passing, except a large patch of discolored earth, which she knew, would soon be gone, and she smiled before returning to her house.

It would be another fifty years before the field would be needed again, and her heir would be there to carry on the sacred tradition. She was pleased with her choice for the man who would father her daughter, and, around an oak tree on the mound, she danced a brief dance in the light of the rising sun.

The Deofel Quintet

Volume IV

By

Anton Long

ONA

The Greyling Owl

I

York, 1976

Colin Mickleman stared contentedly out of the window before refilling his large pipe. Three mallards sat on the bank of the artificial lake that formed the aesthetic and geometric center of the University, and Colin rose to open the window to the warm Spring air before standing in front of a mirror in his room.

Tall and sturdily built, his enjoyment of life's many pleasures had left him physically unaffected but he had begun to worry about his increasing baldness, and it was some minutes before he completed his now routine inspection of his hair. His thirtieth birthday was now some weeks away and, not withstanding his youth, he had earned for himself by reason of his hard work and diligence, a considerable reputation in the academic circle of philosophers. During his tenure at York he had been voted 'The Most Interesting Lecturer of the Year' many times. That this award, by the students, was partly sartorial did not concern him in the least and he derived great satisfaction from it.

His teaching commitments were not very heavy, and he would often spend an idle hour or so drinking tea in the offices of the Philosophy Department in Derwent College, talking to the Secretary and anyone else who chanced along. The topic of conversations on these occasions varied, and while at times he might discourse learnedly to a colleague on philosophical matters, he was as likely to be found – always with a lighted pipe – discussing the fate of the England middle order batting or the latest calamity to befall his beloved Sheffield Wednesday football team. Although born in Sheffield, he had spent only ten years there as a child,

and his rather hazy memories of the place did not in any way affect his fierce loyalty to the team that he and his father had supported as a boy.

Yet it was not only his loyal support of this team that had earned him the nickname of 'The Owl'.

The owl is, by nature, a nocturnal creature, and although somewhat retiring by day, at night it is a predator. Colin Mickleman's prey were women.

He did not possess any particular preference regarding women, although over the years he had often found himself strongly desiring women whose views were opposed to his own and with a particular type of sensuous lips. In his search for prey, he never ventured from his University territory or the venues of the many and various conferences he attended, and the supply seemed inexhaustible. Every year there was new blood at the University.

Sometimes, his liaisons lasted several months, although the average was around two weeks, and he was careful almost to the point of obsession not to clutter his day with assignations. The day belonged to his work. Occasionally, a liaison would prove troublesome when a woman's emotions became involved, and on these occasions he would bury himself in his work and academic duties, trusting in his emotional indifference, since it was mostly the pleasure of a woman's body he desired and not a personal involvement. Perhaps the pattern of his conquests had been set by the mental effort of his youth and family situation, but however it had arisen it did not concern him much. As a boy nurtured by the hilly terraced streets of Sheffield between his father's factory and the Corporation Baths, his pursuits and interests had been those of any boy his age and class, and it was not until his family had moved to Leeds by virtue of his mother having to care for elderly relatives that his ardor for learning – as well as his desire to be somewhat different and escape

from what he regarded as the drab limitations of his parents' life – was aroused.

The light in his room was growing dimmer as the sun set and he sat down at his desk to collect together the scattered pages of the article he had spent the day writing. His room filled a modest space on the ground floor of the Goodricke College, and he had chosen it in preference of the large, but dull, flats normally reserved for members of the academic staff. He liked the view of the lake, the grassy bank with its weeping willow trees, and the three post-Graduate students with whom he shared a corridor and kitchen were quiet and unassuming companions.

The article pleased him, as his style of life did. He was content, teaching, publishing articles, writing his book on philosophy – and adding to his list of female conquests. He kept a list of the names of the women with whom he had had sexual relations, and he took it briefly from a locked drawer in his desk, smiling to himself, before he re-read his article. Soon, he felt, the academic adulation he desired would be his.

The knock on his door annoyed him, disturbing his reverie, and he sighed deeply before opening the door.

Alison, her eyes puffy and red, stood outside in the corridor.

“Yes?” he asked as if he did not know her.

She began to cry and he watched in astonishment as she sat on his bed with her head in her hands. Her wailing annoyed him, and he sat at his desk to refill his pipe. She was a second year Undergraduate of passionate intensity, and as he watched her he began to think of stratagems that might bring their relationship to a satisfying end.

Nevertheless, a part of him resented the stratagems that the cynical Owl proposed, and he rose to sit beside her before regaining control of himself and returning to his desk.

"Do you love me?" she asked suddenly.

When he did not answer, she wiped away her tears with her hands. "I have something to tell you," she whispered.

He looked suspiciously as if correctly guessing. She was watching him, and waiting for his reaction and he was glad when someone else knocked on his door. He bounded across the room to open it, and stood staring at the man in the corridor.

Edmund Arrowsmith had known Colin for over ten years, and was not surprised to find a woman in the room of his friend. He had traveled a long way and eased the heavy weight of his large rucksack off his shoulder for a moment.

"I can come back," he said.

"No, it's alright!" Colin replied. "Come in! This," he said, pointing, "is Alison."

She looked at Edmund, but did not return his smile of greeting and he eased his rucksack onto the floor.

"Well then," said Colin amicable to him, "what's your latest hair-brained scheme?"

Edmund looked pained. "Actually, I'm off to join a community."

Colin laughed, turned to Alison and said, "This is he! Ex-student, ex-political agitator, ex-mercenary, now soon to be ex- something else!"

He stood up, stretched and yawned. "I'll make some tea," he said before searching among the books and papers that lay in profusion on his desk. He gave Edmund a copy of his latest published article.

Alison watched Colin leave, but the invitation she hoped for did not come. She saw Edmund study a few sections of the article carefully, glance at the rest and then throw it back upon the desk.

"What are you studying?" he asked her.

"Music," she said sharply and instantly regretted it.

"Then what instrument do you play?"

His eyes gave the impression of looking straight through her, and she felt there was something sinister about him, which his outward appearance belied. His boots were well worn, his dull woolen shirt patched and his trousers well made and old, his face and arms deeply tanned. Only the gauntness of his face and his staring eyes betrayed him.

"Violin," she said softly, turning to look out of the window.

"Oh, I see."

Suddenly, she turned toward him. "What's wrong with the violin?" she demanded aggressively.

Edmund smiled. "I just imagined you'd play something else – the piano."

"Of course I play the piano!"

"Which do you prefer?"

"It's not a question of 'which do I prefer! It's a question of what music I choose to play."

"I'd like to hear you play sometime."

The question was so unexpected and so sincerely meant that Alison did not know what to say in reply and she was glad that Colin returned at that moment.

"What do you think?" he asked Edmund, pointing to the article and carefully laying two mugs of tea upon the corner of the desk.

"Not bad – style's a bit turgid."

Colin squinted at him. "You have to write like that – Editors expect it."

"Doesn't say much for Editors does it?"

Alison began to laugh, then thought better of it. "Where's mine, then?" she asked, indicating the mugs.

"But you don't like tea," Colin protested.

"True! But I'd like to be asked."

They glowered at each other for some moments.

"I need to stretch my legs a bit," Edmund said as he stood, sensing an intrusion. "See you in, say, half an hour?"

He did not wait for a reply and as he walked down the corridor he could hear Colin and Alison shouting at each other. He caught the words; "I haven't seen him for over a year!" But in the deserted and otherwise silent corridor it was Alison's words that he carried out with him into the warm, still air of Spring. They were sad words, perhaps even tragic, he thought, given the knowledge of his friend, and he stood outside the building for some minutes, looking across the lake as it scintillated under the now glowing lights of Vanbrugh College. "Don't you understand," Alison had shouted, "I'm pregnant!" and Edmund allowed the temporary peace of his academic surroundings to calm him as he walked toward the lake.

II

Edmund had always liked the University since he had visited it many years ago. Spread over a two hundred acre site, its centerpiece was the fifteen-acre lake and despite the modernity of its buildings, he felt a harmony had been achieved unlike anything else he had seen. This was partly due, he knew, to the planned and the fortuitous bird-life that had gathered around the lake, and partly because of the transplantation of mature trees around the campus. He particularly liked the tall, broad Chestnut trees. Even the large Central Hall adjacent to the lake and near the fountain that shot water high into the air, did not seem out of place among the Weeping Willows that lined the banks and the

Cherry trees that frequented the paths. The Hall was a semi-octagon, its upper stories cantilevered above the water and, planned or otherwise, it dominated the site. The whole effect pleased Edmund, although he felt the multitude of students spoiled it.

He sat for a long time by the lake, watching night fall and students pass. When he did rise, a sense of caution led him to walk slowly, and as he reached the residential block containing Colin's room, he saw Alison in animated conversation with a young man; she was trying to restrain his arm but he pushed her away. Edmund walked across the grass, smiled at Alison, and entered the building.

Colin was in the kitchen, a teapot in his hand, while beside him stood a young man clenching a carving knife.

"You bastard!" he was shouting, "you bloody bastard!"

Edmund went toward him.

"Stay out of this!" the young man growled.

Colin appeared to be mildly amused and swiftly, Edmund kicked the knife from the man's hand. It spun toward the roof, and then fell to clatter harmlessly into the sink. The man rushed toward Edmund who blocked the intended punch and pinned his assailant against the wall in an arm lock.

"He's drunk," Colin said by way of explanation. "Fancy some tea?"

"Please," Alison said as she stood by the door, "let him go."

"Her brother," Colin explained.

Cautiously, Edmund released him, and he bent over the sink, vomiting.

"I'm sorry," Alison said to Edmund as she attended to her retching brother.

"Is he alright?" Edmund asked her.

"I'll take him to his room."

After they had gone, Edmund said, "What are you going to do?"

"Have some tea!"

"About Alison, I meant."

Colin squinted, as was his habit. "You know then?"

"Yes."

The smell of vomit was strong, and Edmund flushed it away before turning to his now ashen-faced friend. "Come on, fresh air is what you need."

They stood on the bridge over the edges of the lake.

"What will you do?" asked Edmund again.

Colin sighed. "She'll have to have an abortion," he said without conviction.

“What does she want?”

“She’s done this to try and trap me. She said she’d taken precautions.

“You don’t feel responsible, then? Edmund asked.

“Of course not. She’s over eighteen.”

“You don’t feel in the slightest bit responsible?”

“No.” He stared down at the water, watching the scattering of light from the profusion of illumination near them and around the whole campus. He felt the transitory bloom of his thought would be crushed by Alison’s weight – the inertial weight of a childbearing body.

“You do care, really, don’t you?” Edmund said after the long silence.

Colin sighed, although it was not the sigh of the cynical Owl, still less that of the academic philosopher who watched life as it unfolded around his chosen dwelling. “I never misled her about my intentions,” he said.

“You don’t like women much, do you?”

“What?” Colin’s face was a carefully contrived combination of wounded pride and annoyance.

“Not as they are – in themselves. For you they are just reflectors of your self image.”

Colin was considering his answer when an obese man in a crumpled suit approached them. He was panting, and sweat dribbled from his forehead. He held a book in his hand from which protruded several sheets of notepaper. The man smiled at Colin, wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief, and thrust the papers at him.

"Sorry." He explained, sucking in his lower lip, "reader's report against it. Glad I caught you, Colin. Sorry, but I'm late already."

Colin took the sheaf of papers. "Thanks."

"Better luck next time, eh?" the man smirked before wobbling away.

"The bastard!" Colin said mutely.

"Friend of yours, then?" Edmund asked.

Colin glanced through his rejected article, and then stuffed it into his pocket. "That was Doctor Richard Storr, Ph.D. (Oxon) – infamous editor of the British Journal of Philosophy and – would you believe it – my Head of Department!"

"He's the Professor?"

"Thankfully, no. But he's in charge until one is appointed."

"I gather you two are not on friendly terms."

Colin ignored the question. "So how long are you staying this time?"

"A few days – maybe longer."

For several minutes Colin was silent. Then, taking money from his pockets, he thrust it at Edmund saying, "Here, get yourself something to eat. I'll see you later tonight."

"Where are you going?"

Colin hunched up his shoulders and wrung his hands. "To forget!"

He left his friend standing on the bridge and walked quickly back to his room to collect his camera. It did not take him long to arrange his assignation, and he waited by the road that intersected the campus beneath the walkway that siphoned students to and from the Library.

"Well," he said as he climbed into the car, which stopped for him and held out his camera, "have you decided?"

The woman smiled at him. She was several years older than Mickleman, a Lecturer in English, her oval face graced by large blue eyes and framed by straight tawny hair. For months she had resisted his flattery and attentions. Her body showed a slight tendency toward corpulence, and Mickleman had lusted after it. She was polite where he was often gruff; her office tidy whereas his was chaotic. They taught the same Undergraduate student and it was from this student that he had come to know of Magarita's existence. All her students held her in awe and it was this one fact, which led Mickleman to seek her out and begin to plan his seduction. It was over a month ago since he had succeeded, and he had sown the seeds for the next stage of his conquest.

"You'll develop them yourself?" Magarita asked him, still unsure.

"Yes," he lied before putting down his camera and rubbing his hands with glee.

III

Alison was alone again in the quietness of a practice room in the Music Department, and sat down on the piano stool to re-read her diary.

'The corridor was dark - all the rooms were closed and I felt afraid. I could not bear a repeat of my last visit - the angry words, the tears, needs that were not fulfilled, things left unsaid. I remember I said: 'It's better if I never see you again' - hoping he would plead with me to stay. He said nothing. I couldn't resist any more: 'What shall I do?' I cried, catching the lapels of his jacket, tears on them, my tears as I clung to him, trying to make a bridge. 'Come on Wednesday' he struggled to say. 'On Wednesday,' I repeated.

Such a dark corridor, outside. Last time I just stood in the kitchen, kicking the door and shouting at it: 'Why do you never understand me!' Yet I was back again - I had no pride left. Was this need really love? What would I say this time? Could I find a way of letting him understand - of getting through? I knocked on his door. 'Come in'. The voice was subdued. He was sitting in his chair I remember as if it was a moment ago. Dispirited. 'What is it?' I wondered if all relationships were like this - so charged with emotion. 'Your letter, your letter,' he struggled to say. 'I've hurt you,' I

whispered with awe. Then, sitting on his lap, my head against him, buried. Crying. 'It's alright.' A soft voice, a soft touch on my face.

It did not last. 'Are you pleased to see me?' I asked. 'About as pleased as a Mickleman can be.' Then, the inevitable wandering hand. The moment gone, and never repeated.'

Only a month ago, she sighed; before I knew my fate. She put down the diary, thought of tearing it up, but did not. Then she began to play the piano, an Intermezzo by Brahms, transforming her feelings into her performance. And at its end, she sat; quite still, trying to recapture the beauty she had felt.

'I feel,' she wrote in her diary, 'only music can lead me to the knowledge I am seeking. I want to be at peace – when I play, I am at peace.' What then, she thought, of the child now growing within her womb?

She did not know, and rose to walk slowly out of the building. She did not bother to seek Colin's room, but walked aimlessly along the paths, her face down-turned.

"Hello!" a cheerful voice said to her.

It was some moments before she recognized the speaker.

"Are you alright?" Edmund asked her.

"Fine." She looked around, but could not see Colin.

"I'm just going to get something to eat. Would you like to join me?"

Eating was repellant to her but in atonement for the guilt she felt she said, "Yes."

She shuffled after Edmund toward the dining hall to join the small queue that babbled past the serving hatch. The dead and steaming flesh behind the glass cages nauseated her, as the gaggles of students at the tables annoyed her, and she followed Edmund's example by selecting a salad. Near her, someone laughed while they walked balancing a tray full of food. "I suppose" his companion said, "nothing matters but the quality." He looked at Alison and smiled.

For some reason Alison wanted to slap the young man's face, but the feeling soon vanished, and she followed Edmund to an empty table where she sat under the bright lights prodding her lifeless food.

"Aren't you hungry?" Edmund asked her kindly.

"Not for food." Then she was laughing at herself. "God! I'm beginning to sound like a cheap novel!"

"Surely you mean a character from a cheap novel?"

She stared at him, suddenly angry and defensive. Then she smiled. "Sorry."

"It's alright."

She was surprised at the warmth in his words and in his eyes. "Would you," she said impetuously, "like me to play some music for you?"

“Yes, I would. Very much indeed.”

“Come on, then!” She grasped his hand to lift him up from the table, then suddenly took it away thinking he might misconstrue her gesture.

She walked with him at a brisk pace back to the practice room. She was impatient to begin without quite understanding why. The Partita she played was followed by Brahms and then more Brahms while Edmund sat on the floor, listening. She seemed to play for a long time, and when she stopped she rested her incandescent face in her hands.

“Beautiful,” Edmund said.

She shrugged her shoulders. “I made a lot of mistakes.”

“I didn’t notice any.”

She smiled at being caught out. “What do you think of Brahms?”

“Nice.”

She was offended. “Nice? Is that all?” she said, a trace of anger in her voice.

“What do you think of his music then?” he countered.

“Sublime!”

“Possibly – sometimes.”

"You're not serious? He is unsurpassed. Unsurpassable!"

"Everything can be surpassed – it's just a question of will and genius."

"Not today it isn't – in this decadent culture."

"Culture is only genuine culture if it smells of blood."

She stared at him, but he smiled. His statement was so out of place with his benign expression she ignored it.

"What are you going to do?" he suddenly asked her.

She looked at him suspiciously, then turned away. "What do you mean?" she asked softly.

"I overheard – earlier on."

She blushed, and shuffled her feet. "He's offered to live with me."

"And do you want this?"

"I don't know." Then, cheerfully: "I don't think he does, though!"

"No – I can't really imagine him living a life of domestic bliss."

"What do you think of him?"

"I think he is a genius."

"Really?" she asked in astonishment.

"Intellectually, yes. Perhaps he needs to become a bit more human, though. Anyway, what do you want to do with your life?"

"I'd like to compose something," she said enthusiastically, "something beautiful and profound."

"Like Brahms' Fourth Symphony?"

She looked at him quizzically. "I thought you didn't like Brahms?"

"I never actually said that."

She sighed. "We all have impossible dreams."

He gave his enigmatic smile. "Some of us make them a reality."

"Oh, yes?" she said.

Edmund turned his face away slightly, and her first thought was that she had offended him until she realized he was listening. She strained to hear what it was, but was surprised when Colin appeared at the door.

"Thought you'd be in here" Colin said to Alison. Then, seeing Edmund, he added "He's been having an attack of his verbal diarrhea?"

"She played some Brahms for me," Edmund said as he stood up.

"Romantic cretin," Colin muttered.

"I'm surprised," Edmund said, "that you in your modernist existence have heard of him – let alone heard him."

"Goes on a bit, doesn't he?" Colin said to Alison.

"Had fun, then?" Edmund countered, pointing at the camera Colin held.

Colin ignored the remark. "You eaten, yet?" he asked Alison.

"Yes, thank you," she said curtly and began to play the piano.

Colin winced.

"I gather," Edmund said to him, "you don't like Bach either?"

"Baroque cretin. Well, I'm going to have something to eat. "You coming?" he asked Edmund.

"In a while."

Disgruntled, Colin left them to walk along the concrete path toward the bridge. He had not gone far when he realized he was being followed. The man was tall, his suit in contrast to his milieu, and Colin waited on the bridge for the man to pass him by. Instead, the man stopped, and waited. Colin walked on, the man followed, keeping his distance. He slowed his pace and the man did likewise. But when he reached the dining hall and turned around again the man had gone.

Alison had ceased her playing shortly after Colin had left the room.

"I suppose," she said, "we'd better join him – or he'll sulk all evening."

"Have you ever thought of performing – professionally?"

"I'm not that good."

"Yes you are."

"Anyway," she said and touched her abdomen with her hand, "it's out of the question, now."

"Not necessarily."

Her look was one of disapproval, and they did not speak as they left the room and the building to walk the brightly lit paths. As they neared the dining hall, a tall man dressed in a suit stepped out from the shadows and came toward them.

"Excuse me," Edmund said to Alison. "Tell Colin I'll see him early tomorrow morning."

She saw Edmund talk briefly with the man before she walked into the hall. Colin sat by himself at a table eating, rather gluttonously she thought, from a plate full of steaming food.

"He said," she remarked as she sat beside him, "that he'd see you tomorrow."

"Typical. Always disappearing mysteriously. That's Edmund."

"You are really fond of him, aren't you?" she said, surprised by his obvious disappointment.

"Have you decided what you are going to do yet?"

"Go home – for a while at least."

"I meant – "

"I know what you meant."

Colin squinted at her. "What?" Then, annoyed by his own affectation, he said, "I meant what I said."

"Part of you did, at least." Colin's presence – so physically near and yet so emotionally distant – made her feel like crying.

He saw this, and then nervously looked around.

“Don’t worry,” she said, “I won’t embarrass you by crying.”

He was about to answer when a young lady, colorfully dressed and possessed of a freckled face and an athletic build, shouted from the doorway of the hall.

“Hi Colin!” she said and sauntered to their table. “I’m so glad I found you!” She sat down. “What a day!” As if becoming aware of Alison, she turned toward her. “Hi! I’m Maren!”

“And I am just leaving,” Alison replied, having seen Colin’s eyes widen in gleeful remembrance as he looked at Maren.

“But – ” he began to say, then faltered, torn between his desire for Maren and his feeling of responsibility toward Alison. In his indecision, he let Alison walk away.

“You know,” Maren said to him, “that exhibition in John’s Gallery today? Well – you should have seen how they displayed my painting! Horrible, absolutely horrible. I objected, of course. And tried to explain to Jenny – she was with me – the ultimate meaning of having it displayed just right. You know what I mean, don’t you? Well, she – Jenny that is – she was so caught up in her own problems, she didn’t understand. And John! How he could devalue the exquisite contents of the painting that way, I’ll never know.”

She took a drink from his glass of water. “You know what I dread, Colin? Dread most of all? The inevitable threat of being passé. Shall we have some fun tonight?” She looked around the dining hall. “Shake the cretins up a bit?”

Colin smiled at her and she smiled back.

IV

It took several minutes for Colin Mickleman to realize where he was. The curtains were still closed, but enough light penetrated for him to make out the contents of his room.

Normally he placed a glass of water beside his bed before he went to sleep. But this morning it was not there, and he yawned. His yawning occupied him for some minutes while he recovered some of his strength that his debauch of the night before had dissipated. Maren, at his insistence, had left his bed in the early hours of the morning, for he liked to sleep alone.

Finally, after much yawning, sighing and stretching of his arms, he rose from his bed to begin his extensive trip to the toilet. When he was dressed, groomed and washed to his satisfaction, he sat at his desk for several minutes watching the lake through his window and smoking his pipe. He was thinking what to do about Alison when someone knocked at his door.

Edmund stood in the corridor, smiling in such a way that the ends of his mouth came very close to his ears.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" Edmund said cheerfully. "Like some breakfast?" He held out a plate containing eggs, bacon and tomatoes.

Colin hunched his shoulders. "I hate people like you in the mornings." Grumpy, he shuffled away to open the window in his room.

"Breakfast?" Edmund repeated.

"I don't eat breakfast."

"I wondered why your growth was stunted. More for me, then. Want some coffee?"

"I haven't got any coffee – or any food for that matter."

"Never mind." He went to the kitchen to eat.

Colin joined him, but only to obtain a drink of water.

"Any plans for today?" Edmund asked.

"Lectures – then a meeting. I'll meet you in the 'Well' in Derwent at twelve."

"Sure you won't have something to eat?" He held out a piece of bacon on the end of his fork.

Colin muttered something incomprehensible before returning to his room. Outside, in the bright sun, students seethed along the paths and he joined them as he made his way to his lecture. He disliked the lecture room with its high windows and bright, impersonal lights, but was glad to find all his first year students present and waiting. Of the women, Kate had been conquered already, but she ignored his smile as he remembered his photographs of her, locked in the drawer of his desk in the privacy of his room. His favorite among them was of her standing on a chair by his door, lifting her skirt to reveal her nakedness, the ginger tufts of pubic hair. She had held her head to one side, as if

wearily obeying his desire to make her look ridiculous, her brown eyes staring at the camera and her mass of ginger curls slightly in disarray around her shoulders.

Of the others present, only Fenton did not turn his eyes away from Colin's gaze. Instead, he stared directly at the Owl, as if understanding. He wore a long scarf and unfashionable clothes, and the badge of his lapel proclaimed him as a supporter of the 'Gay Liberation Front'. Not for the first time, Colin felt uneasy looking at him and turned his gaze elsewhere.

"Right," he said, rubbing his hands together. "I can see you're all keen for me to begin." He checked the pocket of his jacket to make sure his pipe was there. It was. "Now, in many ways, modern philosophy is considered to have begun with Descartes..."

He kept the attention of his students for the allotted span, and watched with satisfaction as they all, with the exception of Fenton, closed their notebooks with what seemed to be reluctance as he sidled into the corridor outside. Fiona Pound was ahead of him, her thin cotton dress swaying as she walked. Underneath it, he sensed she was naked.

Unusually, the door of his room in the Department was open, but everything seemed in its familiar place – the stuffed owl on the bookcase, the picture of Sheffield Wednesday football team on the wall, the chaos of books upon floor and desk – he sat down to fill his pipe, pleased with the newly acquired copy of Laclos' "Les Liaisons Danereuses", bound in black leather. The fact that he did not speak French did not diminish his enjoyment in the least.

With his academic aims always in mind, Colin was scrupulous almost to the point of obsession about being on time for meetings and lectures, and it came as an unwelcome

surprise to find himself late for the Departmental meeting. Fiona smiled at him as he entered the room; Whiting and Hill ignored him while Storr, as usual, seemed anxious and nervous. Horton sat in his usual corner by the window, dressed in the inevitable tweeds, ignoring everybody including Mrs. Cornish with whom, for the past fifteen years, he had been conducting an illicit affair.

"Sorry I'm late," said Colin as he sat next to Fiona.

Storr grunted and then expectorated loudly. "We were discussing," he said, "Mrs. Pound's new course in Philosophy of Society."

Colin nodded his head like a coot and proceeded to ignore what Storr was saying. The staff sat on both sides of a long table with Storr at their head. Beside the table and its chairs, the room contained some bookcases and magazine racks while the walls were covered with charts. Storr loved charts and spent a great deal of time creating them. Among his latest ventures were: 'The Frequency Of Post-Graduate Research Topics', 'Undergraduate Performance in Relation to School Achievement' and (Colin's favorite) 'Continuity in Staff/Student Relations'. Colin's own chart, showing the rise to fame of Sheffield Wednesday, had not lasted very long on the wall.

Mrs. Cornish, a middle-aged lady of somewhat stern countenance was smoking one of her small cigars, while Horton continued solving his crossword puzzle. He was the most senior member of the staff, and coveted the Professorship, his disdain of Departmental meetings being matched by his own dislike of Storr whom he called a 'smelly twerp'.

Storr's confederates, Whiting and Hall, seemed to be avidly devouring the words of their Master, and Colin concentrated

on Fiona whose perfume pleased him. She was leaning forward, apparently listening to Storr, and resting her elbows on the table in such a way that several inches of her bronzed flesh were visible in the neckline region of her dress. Her face, like the rest of her body, was tanned, and Colin thought her green eyes offset beautifully the red hair that advancing age had left untouched. Twice married, and divorced, Mickleman had pursued her avidly during his first year in the Department but her skill was equal to if not surpassed his own, and she had kept her distance. But her challenge and enigma remained for him, breeding a dark desire.

Mrs. Cornish was watching him ogle Fiona, and he winked at her. She pretended not to notice. Her hair was flaxen, gathered awkwardly on her head, and it had occurred to Colin many times that he would like to see her stand on a chair in his room, naked. With the photographs he would take, her power and authority – at least for him - would be broken.

“Er,” Storr was saying, his diatribe apparently over, “I think we should all, er, congratulate Mrs. Pound on the success of this new venture of hers. Don’t you all agree?”

“Yes! Chimed Hill with bovine expression, “good show!”

He showed his large white teeth to everyone.

“Thank you,” smiled Fiona. “As you know,” she continued in her precise, accent-less way, “this subject is very dear to me and I would just like to say – ”

“What, again?” growled Horton.

“Er, did you have a point to make, Mr. Horton?” asked Storr meekly.

"Can't we get on? Heard it all before and it's all drivel. What's next on the agenda, Storr?"

"I say!" protested Hill. Fiona and Storr, like himself, were Oxford graduates. Horton was a Cambridge man.

"If I could say a word – " began Whiting in his slow way. He had studied at Keele, and everybody except Colin ignored him.

"You've said six already," growled Horton.

Whiting's thin, droopy, moustache began to twitch.

"Yes, Richard," Mrs. Cornish said with a smile to Storr, "what is next? We really ought to press on."

"Well, er," Storr said, getting the notes in front of him into a terrible mess. "I think it's a memorandum from the Vice-Chancellor. It's here somewhere." He fumbled among his notes and papers before smiling and wiping his forehead with his brightly colored silk handkerchief. About selection policy."

Colin watched Storr with amusement.

"I don't seem to be able to find it at the moment," Storr said.

"Typical!" Horton scowled, and continued with his crossword puzzle.

Storr ignored him, "But I do, er, remember most of its contents. We are to take a more favorable attitude to ethnic minorities – be flexible in accepting those without, ah, formal qualifications."

This was too much for Horton. He flung down his newspaper. "You mean lower our already disastrously low entrance standards to let more of them in!"

"Mr. Horton, please!" Chided Fiona.

"Ruddy stupid idea!" Horton said.

"The Government," continued Storr, "has asked – "

"Might have known," Horton grunted, "it was those bunch of damn fools!" He rustled his newspaper loudly.

"The Vice-Chancellor says – and I must admit I agree with him – " Storr said, " – that they should be encouraged. And in view of our policy toward, er, mature candidates, he considers we, that is this Department, should make a determined start in this direction."

"We are a University," Horton said gruffly, "not an unemployment training scheme!"

"I believe we have, er, a valuable role to play in ensuring equality of opportunity."

"Why don't you ruddy well say what you mean instead of waffling like a twerp!"

"Sorry?"

"Gentlemen, please," Fiona said, smiling at Horton.

Whiting's moustache twitched again. "You," he said to Horton, "sound like a racist."

"I'm sure," Mrs. Cornish smiled, "Lawrence did not mean to imply anything of that sort. Did you Lawrence?"

Lawrence Horton glowered at her, then turned toward Whiting. "You, sir, are an oaf!

"Er," stuttered Storr, "I assume, Mr. Horton, that you're opposed to the Vice-Chancellor's suggestion?"

"As a racist," protested Whiting, "he would be."

"Racism," Horton said calmly, neatly folding up his newspaper, "is an abstract idea invented by sociologists which they project, most incorrectly, onto the real world to make it accord with their prejudices. It has about as much reality as an intelligent Vice-Chancellor: both are impossible according to the Laws of Nature." He stood up. "And now I have to wring from the minds of my students all the pretentious sociological nonsense you insist on indoctrinating them with." His newspaper under his arm, he strode out of the room.

"Er, I believe," Storr said after Horton had slammed the door, "that we can record Mr. Horton as opposed to the Vice-Chancellor's rather splendid idea. Wouldn't you all agree?"

"I do so hope," Hill said, "that he doesn't become the Professor. A reactionary like that?"

Storr smiled. It was not a pleasing sight. "I don't think, speaking confidentially of course, that there is much possibility of his assuming that particular responsibility."

"Thank goodness," Whiting said.

"You are misconstruing his objection," Mrs. Cornish interjected.

"He'd set us back fifty years," continued Whiting. "We must progress with the times. Philosophy is a social science, after all."

"Er, Mickleman," Storr asked, "what is your opinion?"

"Yes, Colin," Fiona smiled at him, "I'm sure we would all like to know where you are on this particular matter."

"Well," he said as he withdrew his pipe from his pocket and proceeded to light it, "I would have to give this matter some thought. It's not an area that I am familiar with."

"But surely," Fiona persisted, "you have an opinion?"

"As a matter of fact, I try to avoid opinions – about things I have not thought through deeply about or studied in detail."

"Quite," Storr said curtly. "Shall we get on?"

Fiona ignored him. "And in this particular instance?" she said to Colin.

"If necessary I would pursue the matter and then form a judgment – not an opinion – a judgment on the basis of careful thought."

"I see," Fiona smiled at him.

So did Mrs. Cornish, while both Whiting and Storr scowled, in their different ways. Hill studied his fingernails.

"Well, er," Storr said shuffling his notes, "Mrs. Pound's course, because of its success may be extended to second year students, as a major option. There is to be a staff seminar on the subject – next month. I think. Er, yes," he glanced at a crumpled sheet of paper among his notes, "next month. Is there anything else anyone wants to add?" He looked around. "Well, then, we have all earned our coffee, I believe!" He began to shuffle the notes.

Colin left him, Whiting, Hill and Fiona discussing the relevance of Philosophy to society. Mrs. Cornish followed him into the corridor.

"I was impressed," she said to him, "by what you said."

"Won't make any difference, though. They have made their minds up already."

"True." She withdrew the pocket watch she always carried and checked the time. "You've had another paper published I understand?"

Surprised, since he had only been informed himself a few days ago, he said, "Yes – how did you know?"

"One hears things. I also understand Richard has rejected another of yours."

"Yes."

"A pity. It was an insightful piece."

"You read it?"

"Why yes. Do you have a copy?"

"Of course."

"Then I shall send it to the 'Bulletin'. With a covering letter, of course."

"Thank you," Colin said sincerely.

"Richard can be jealous, sometimes," she said abstractly. "He envies you and your success at so young an age." Her smile seemed motherly. "May I offer you some advice?"

"Yes," Colin said, hesitantly.

Her eyes seemed to Mickleman to shine almost wickedly. "Certain preoccupations are inadvisable for someone who aspires to high office." Her eyes resumed their normal appearance. "Certain things – are just not done. They will make you enemies. I do so hope you understand me. Now, I really must be going."

She turned abruptly and walked away from him.

"You bastard!" Colin heard someone behind him say.

He looked around and was punched in the face.

V

As Colin Mickleman struggled up from the floor it occurred to him in a slow way that Edmund would probably have been able to block the blow.

Blood from his nose slithered down his face, and he stared at Alison's brother in astonishment. Bryn's kick was well aimed, and although it knocked him over Colin did not at first realize it had struck him because he could feel no pain from the impact. He seemed to fall slowly, and as he did so he noticed the floor tile was chipped. There was a stain on the tile, the pattern of which he found quite interesting, and his detachment was enhanced by his inability to hear. He lay on the floor watching Fenton restrain Bryn and push him up against the wall. Then he saw Horton, rushing out of Mrs. Cornish's room, and students crowding the corridor and the top of the steps. In the same moment his hearing returned, and he heard Horton shouting.

"What is the meaning of this?" he said to Bryn while Fenton held Colin's assailant aggressively by the throat.

Horton gestured toward Fenton and he released him.

"Well, boy! Horton demanded.

"That bastard – " Bryn began to say, pointing at Colin who slowly got to his feet.

"Mind your language, boy!" Horton shouted at Bryn.

"Are you alright?" Fenton asked Colin and gave him a handkerchief.

"Fine," he said, stopping the blood with the gift.

"What's your name?" Horton demanded of Bryn.

"What's it to do with you?" Bryn said defiantly.

"Listen to me, you runt!" Horton straightened his back. Despite his advancing years, he seemed a formidable adversary to Bryn who nervously turned his head as Horton clenched his fists. "This is a serious matter!"

Fenton was turning to walk away down the stairs and Colin walked toward him.

"Thanks," he said.

Fenton smiled, and then shrugged his shoulders before disappearing down the stairs. Mrs. Cornish was in her room, and as Colin walked past her open door, he saw her using the telephone.

"It's alright, Lawrence," Colin said to Horton as he returned to the scene of the fight, "I know him."

"I see."

“Yes.” He noticed Kate looking at him down the corridor but she, like the others, turned away. The drama was over, and the corridor was clearing.

“Can he go?” Colin asked Horton.

“This is a disciplinary matter. You are a student, I presume?” Horton asked Bryn.

“Yes,” Bryn replied nervously.

“Yes, he is,” confirmed Colin. “Second year, Politics.”

“Politics?” repeated Horton. “Oh well, that explains it!”

Mrs. Cornish joined them. “Perhaps, Lawrence,” she said, “it might be better to leave the matter here.”

“Well – ” Then to Colin, he said, “Personal, is it?”

“Yes.” He watched Horton’s face carefully, as if his fate was being decided. When Horton smiled, he felt relieved.

“Maybe it’s for the best.” He faced Bryn. “If I hear so much as one whisper about you from this day on, I’ll make sure you’re sent down. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Bryn said and meant it.

“Now go, before I change my mind.”

Bryn scuttled away just as Storr emerged from his own room around the corner.

"Er, been some trouble?" he muttered.

Horton glowered at him, and then walked away.

"Just a little altercation, Richard," Mrs. Cornish said. "Nothing to worry about. It's all over now."

"Er, if you're sure."

"Perfectly sure, Richard. Lawrence dealt with the matter admirably."

"Then I needn't make a report out?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, if you're sure, Elizabeth."

"Quite sure," she replied primly.

"Well, that's good then. If you could, Elizabeth, spare me a moment of your time. You see, I - "

"Not now. Perhaps later."

"Yes. Yes, I quite understand. Later, then."

"Come with me, Colin, and I'll get you something instead of that." She looked disdainfully at the now bloodied handkerchief he was holding to his nose.

He followed her into her room. As befitted a Senior Lecturer it was larger than his, with a splendid view of the lake. It was also very tidy. She closed the door firmly.

She briefly inspected his nose. "Nothing serious. Here," she gave him a sheaf of tissues. "If it bleeds again, hold your head back. Now, sit down."

He did as she commanded.

"Really, you must learn discretion, Colin." She lit one of her cigars. "Not a good start. You're very ambitious, are you not?"

"Well - " perhaps Bryn's blow had affected him more than he thought, for he felt momentary embarrassment.

She blew smoke directly into his face. "Would you be happy with Richard as Professor?"

"Well - "

"Hmm. I thought not. Not many would, actually."

"But surely Lawrence stands a better chance?"

"It is possible, of course. But Richard himself is not without influence. Besides, there are other considerations. The Vice-Chancellor and Lawrence are not the best of friends."

"I see."

"I hope you do, Colin. Is the manuscript of your book complete?"

He looked at her questioningly. "Almost."

"Good." She blew smoke directly into his face. "Do you have a publisher yet?"

"No. Not really."

"Applicants for Professorships are viewed more favorably if they have published a major work," she said almost casually.

Colin stared at her. Was it a joke?

"Ours is an expanding Department," she said. "We hope soon to appoint two more lecturers."

Colin knew the rivalry between Storr and Horton was intense. Of the nine members of the Department, only Fiona, Whiting and Hill favored Storr. The rest, including himself, were favorably disposed toward Horton. Of those four, Lee and Holland – whom Colin noticed with regret were not present at the morning's meeting and thus had missed Horton insulting Storr – might be enticed away. If Storr was appointed, his Readership would become vacant, and Fiona seemed certain to benefit.

"However," Mrs. Cornish continued, "if Richard is appointed, it will be seen in some influential quarters as a victory for the

radical element and we are thus unlikely to be allocated the resources required to appoint more lecturers.”

“I see,” Colin said again. “But surely, an outside appointment is possible.”

“Of course,” she said smiling, “the Professorial Board is quite independent, and they could conceivably take such a course of action. If no suitable candidate – from here naturally – was found. Were you to apply, I would of course forward your application with my recommendation. Lawrence would of course support your application as well.”

“What?” he said in amazement.

“It is your decision – but consider what I have said. Now, I really must get on.” She held the door open for him.

He stumbled to his feet.

“Please learn, to be discrete in certain matters,” she said.

“Yes,” he mumbled, and staggered down the corridor like a drunken man.

VI

Mickleman spent the rest of his morning drafting and redrafting his application. When, to his satisfaction, it was complete, he appended a list of his publications to date. He was proud of his published articles, and derived immense satisfaction from re-reading his list, and it was well past noon when he presented his application to Elizabeth Cornish.

She was in her office, smoking a cigar, looked up briefly from her work to acknowledge his presence, said a curt 'Thank You' and dismissed him. He was not offended. On the contrary, he was excited, and stood for several minutes in the corridor watching the lake in an effort to calm himself.

He was not deceived, however, by his prospects in the matter of Professorship, and was satisfied merely to have applied. When the offer of a Professorship did come – and he was certain it would, one day – he would be ready, with all his allies.

Several students passed him as he stood looking out from the window, and he heard them whisper conspiratorially. But he was not concerned, and he thought on how he would be one step nearer his goal.

'The Well' was the central concourse of the Derwent building, and was essentially an open Common Room with low tables and even lower chairs. It contained a small cafeteria, a gallery, which sprouted various artifacts of modern Art, and was seldom empty of students.

At first, among the human profusion, Colin did not see Edmund, and when he did, he was surprised. He was talking to Fiona. Edmund saw him approaching, said something to Fiona and without turning she walked away to disappear into the throng of students crowding the entrance to the Bar.

"Alison's brother been at you again?" Edmund asked as Colin reached him.

Fiona had completely disappeared from sight. "Do you know her, then?" he quizzically asked Edmund.

“Who?”

“Fiona.”

“Sorry?”

“That woman you were just talking to.” He looked at his friend suspiciously.

“Oh, her! She just wanted to borrow a match.” He saw Colin peering around the room. “Why – do you know her?”

“She’s in my Department.”

“Oh, yes? Edmund gave a sly smile. “What number is she on your list of conquests?”

“She’s not,” Colin said, and screwed up his face into a morbid expression.

“What’s this? ‘The Owl’ has met his match?” Edmund said gleefully.

Still chagrined by his past failure, he changed the subject. “Have you seen Alison?”

“Yes, actually. I had an interesting talk with her this morning.”

“Oh, yes?” He said almost in disbelief.

“She’s very gifted. A brilliantly intuitive mind.”

"Did she say anything about – "

"About your child?"

Embarrassed, Colin looked around.

"She still," Edmund said, "hasn't decided anything. I suggested she go and stay with those friends of mine – you know, Magnus and his wife. They run that small farm. The change would do her good. She ought to get away from this place – it's very incestuous."

"I've just handed in my application for the Professorship," Colin said proudly.

"Why don't you spend a few days on Magnus' farm? Some manual labor would do you good."

Colin looked at him as if he had said something offensive. "What chance," Edmund continued, "do you think you've got?" For the Professorship, I mean."

"Not much, really. But it's a start."

"When will you know?"

"Not sure. Perhaps next month."

"Who recommended you?"

"Elizabeth. Mrs. Cornish."

“Isn’t she the one you wanted to get into bed?”

Colin winced.

“You told me about her – last year,” Edmund explained.
“Don’t you remember?”

“If you say so.”

“Smokes cigars?”

“Yes.”

“You described her attributes in a rather fulsome way, if I remember correctly.”

Colin rubbed his hands together for glee. “Nice body! Wouldn’t mind getting my hands around it!” His fantasy of having Elizabeth standing naked on a chair in his room returned. He would get her to wear a studded collar to make the humiliation complete.

Edmund sighed. “The Superior Philosopher is for the belly, not the eye.”

“Eh?”

“Lao Tzu.”

“Oh, that antiquated Chinese cretin.”

“Shall we eat? I’m hungry.”

“What?” His fantasy was still intruding upon reality. Nearby, a young woman sat talking to her friends, her blouse emphasizing her breasts. Colin stared at her. “You have something,” he said to Edmund. “I’ll catch you later.”

His sexual passion aroused, he strode off toward Alison’s room.

Alison was sitting on her bed, listening to music and cuddling a very large toy lion that she called Aslan. The sunlit gardens behind Heslington Hall were visible from her window, and she did not look away when a familiar knock sounded on her door.

“Come in,” she said wearily.

Colin, as was his habit, wrestled the lion away from her and with undisguised glee proceeded to stuff it through the open window. She let him enjoy his childish fun. Her room was on the ground floor, and Aslan could easily be retrieved.

His ritual greeting over, he rubbed his hands and shuffled toward her. Alison was annoyed at the lust so evident on his face.

“Why don’t you grow up?” she shouted at him.

Momentarily perplexed, he retrieved Aslan.

“After your oats, then?” she said seethingly.

"I am after expanding my being through the experience of the ultimate," he said in the prose of the philosopher.

"Why can't you stop being so false?"

"Ah! 'Tis true, falsehood is my matchless probity!" He sat beside her on the bed and began to caress her earlobe with his fingers.

He could sense her beginning to succumb, and this pleased him. He wanted to lay people bare to affirm his superiority, control them by his words and his body, and he was surprised when Alison pushed him away.

"I'm going away for a few days," she said, moving to sit on the floor and cuddle Aslan.

He was about to summon forth a clever riposte when someone knocked on the door of the room.

Eagerly, Alison rose to answer. Fiona stood in the corridor, her dress unbuttoned so that very little of her breasts were not exposed.

"Sorry to intrude," she said with a smile which pleased Colin, "but could I speak to Mr. Mickleman for a moment?"

"Yes, come in."

Fiona stayed outside. "It's about your application," she said to Colin. "Can you come to the Department?"

Colin looked at Alison who shrugged her shoulders.

“Won’t be long,” he said to Alison.

He walked with Fiona down the corridor and out into the sunlight.

“Shall we go to your room?” Fiona said. “It is quite near.”

“It would be more private,” smiled Colin.

“Elizabeth told me about your application.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes.”

They reached his room without further conversation.

“Not what I expected,” she said as she glanced around. Clothes lay in an untidy heap upon the floor and it smelled of pipe smoke.

“Welcome to my lair!” Colin said, posing.

“What exactly are your intentions?” she asked him.

“Total experiential liberation!”

She ignored the remark. “About your application.”

“And I thought – ”

"I was after your body?" she completed.

"The thought had suggested itself."

She sat down on his bed, crossing her legs to expose most of her thigh. "Are you serious?" she said, smiling.

"Do you want me to be?"

"That depends."

"Oh, yes?" He guessed her purpose.

"To some, you might seem the ideal candidate."

As he looked at her, the conviction grew in him that the Professorship was really within his grasp. Fiona was courting him; Elizabeth and Horton would endorse his application with their references. He could deftly and with cunning play Storr off against Horton. Professor Colin Mickleman. It sounded right. The more he looked at Fiona, the more his lust gave way to scheming. She would be a valuable ally.

"Why don't you come and sit beside me?" she said.

He did, and leaned over toward her to kiss her lips but she moved away, laughing.

"Do you like Early Music?" she asked.

"Not particularly." He was wondering whether to touch her thigh when she spoke.

"There's a concert tonight. The Early Music Group is playing in the Lyons Hall. Music by Landini and Machaut. The Vice-Chancellor will be there. Good form for you to be seen – with the right person, of course.

"Of course. You have tickets, then?"

"Naturally. Shall we meet at half past seven?"

"Fine by me."

She stood up. "Excellent! And afterwards," she ran her finger down his face, "you can explain just what your intentions are."

She left him wondering who had been manipulating whom. He searched his pockets for his pipe, and as he did so he remembered last having it when he was attacked by Bryn.

"Damn!" he said, frustrated by its loss and the lack of sexual gratification that the last half hour had brought. "Damn!"

"Well," Edmund said as he stood in the doorway, "if you're going to be like that, I might as well go away again."

"Eh?"

"She didn't stay long," quipped Edmund.

"I'm meeting her tonight." He searched in his desk and found his spare pipe which he proceeded to fill and light.

"Not a good day," he sighed. Then, remembering his application, he smiled.

"Came for my rucksack," Edmund said.

Colin was surprised. "Leaving already?"

"Afraid so." He opened the wardrobe and extracted his rucksack.

"Can't you stay a little longer?" He was visibly disappointed.

"Not really. Have some unfinished business."

"Such as?"

Oh, various things." He shouldered his heavy burden.

"You going now?"

"Yes."

"When shall we meet again?"

"Who can say - who cannot say?"

They smiled at each other.

Colin squinted, then held out his hand which Edmund shook strongly, causing Colin to grimace, only half mockingly.

Edmund turned, waved and then walked out of the room and away from his friend.

VII

Colin was only a little late for his afternoon tutorial, but Andrea was already waiting in his room in the Department. She was dressed in a fashionable padded jacket of colorful design and her scarf seemed inappropriate considering the weather, its whiteness in contrast to the patterned blue of her dress. Her dark hair, although well brushed, looked untidy, and she smiled, a little as Colin entered the room, before her boyish face resumed its startled look.

“So,” Colin said gleefully before assuming the correct intonation, “relentlessly pursued over aerial house top and vice-versa, I have thwarted the malevolent machinations of our most scurrilous enemies. In short, I am arrived.”

Andrea did not know whether to be embarrassed by the W.C Fields impersonation.

Colin cast his lustful gaze upon her. Her gestures were awkward as she fumbled in her bag for her essay.

“Sorry, it’s a bit late,” she said holding the pages out for him.

The Owl watched, and the Philosopher set the trap. “Relationships are difficult things – sometimes.” He took her essay and sat behind his desk. “Perhaps’, he said, pausing for effect, “I shouldn’t say this – and stop me if I say anything untoward – but sometimes with some people I get feelings; impressions. Call it empathy, if you like. One of the great things about life is that we can talk about things – bring problems out of ourselves. Remember Descartes?”

“Yes,” she said shyly.

He sprang his trap. His face bore a kindly smile, but inside his mind was full of scheming. “If you would like to talk about things, I’m a good listener. Share the sadness I sense about you.” He smiled his smile again. “I’ll be in the Bar here in Derwent tomorrow after seven. Now, your essay.”

He lit his pipe and settled back in his chair to read her offering. His criticisms were minor, and he talked for only a quarter of an hour about the essay’s content while she sat across from him, wringing her hands together and occasionally meeting his glance.

He gave her back her essay. “Tomorrow – if you want,” he said, before picking up the receiver of his telephone. It was a sign of his dismissal and her and she did not fail him.

“Goodbye, then,” she said and briefly smiled.

He dialed a few numbers before she closed his door. Then he replaced the receiver. But his pleasure did not last for long.

“Ah!” Storr said as he opened the door without first knocking upon it. “Colin! I, er, just wanted to say how pleased I am about your application. Yes, most pleased.”

“Oh yes?”

“Er, yes indeed my dear boy!”

“Did you want something?”

"What?" Storr looked around. "How are your tutorials going?" Well, I hope."

Before Colin could reply, Elizabeth pushed Storr aside.

"Have you a match?" she said as she reached Colin's desk. My lighter is U/S."

Colin fumbled in his pockets until he found his box of matches. He held them out for her but she ignored his gesture and leaned toward him with one of her small cigars between her fingers.

After he had lit it, she blew the smoke into his face. "Mind if I keep the box?" she asked.

"No, of course not."

Both he and Storr watched her leave.

"Well, I must get on! Storr said to him. "Nice talking to you, Colin." Nodding his head, he walked into the corridor.

Colin was soon at work. He needed one chapter to complete his book, and he worked eagerly but steadily during the hours of the afternoon, filling pages of paper with his writing. Occasionally he would stop to read what he had written, sometimes making corrections, and occasionally he would stop to refill and relight his pipe. Only once did he leave the room. But the Secretary's Office was deserted and he made his own cup of coffee before returning to his desk.

It was becoming dark outside when his task was completed, and he collected together all the pages of the chapter. Satisfied with his effort, he wrote a note. "Could you type this out for me? Rather urgent!" it read. He thought of adding a rude suggestion, but desisted, and left it attached to his chapter on the Secretary's desk.

Pleased with himself, he wandered out into the fresh air of evening, but it did not take him long to forget about his book and concentrate on his evening with Fiona. His wardrobe in his room in the Hall of Residence contained many black clothes, and he was deciding on a fitting combination when he heard a noise behind him.

He turned to see the door open. But it was not Fiona as he hoped, nor Alison as he half expected. Instead, it was the tall man he had seen the day before, following him. The man walked toward him and knocked him unconscious with one powerful blow.

He awoke to find himself lying on a carpet that smelled of urine, and turned to see his attacker standing by a window whose panes were broken. Near him, a bald man stood smoking a cigarette. He was much smaller in stature than the other man, and his face reminded Colin of a toad. The glare from the bright light hurt Colin's eyes and he shook his head.

"He's awake," he heard a voice say. Then he was hauled to his feet.

Dramatically, the toad-faced man put on black leather gloves.

"Someone," he sneered as Colin was pushed toward him, "wants to teach you a lesson."

"You what?" Colin said, feeling his mouth go dry and stomach churn.

The man grinned, flexed his hands menacingly and moved closer. "I am going to enjoy this!" he said.

Outside, there was a sudden sound of breaking glass, and a drunken shout.

"Ger up!" the drunken man helped his companion to his feet. Then he peered into the window at Mickleman. "What you doin'" he asked, smiling insanely, his bushy beard wet from beer. He drank from the bottle in his hand.

"We'll deal with you later," the toad-faced man said to Colin.

Colin was pushed to the ground as his would-be assailants ran away. When he stood up, the two drunken men had gone as well, and cautiously and nervously, he walked into the darkness outside.

The house stood on a decaying Estate and appeared to be newly wrecked, but Mickleman wasted no time and was soon walking briskly toward the city center. No one followed him, and he stopped awhile beside a busy road, pleased to find his pipe and tobacco in the pocket of his jacket. The ritual calmed him and he walked on into the center of the city to find a bus to take him back toward the comfort of the University.

It was nearing nine o'clock when he returned to his room, and he sat at his desk, smoking his pipe, trying to

understand his abduction. All he could think of was Bryn. Somehow, he had hired them. This conclusion did not please him, and he was shaking as he left his own room to find Bryn's. But Alison's brother was not in his Hall of Residence, and Colin resisted the temptation he felt to break down Bryn's door.

He was sauntering back to his own room when he remembered his assignation with Fiona, and as he stood waiting outside the Lyons Hall for the concert to end, it occurred to him that Storr might be responsible for his abduction. But the thought was ludicrous, and he forgot about it. Instead, he spent his waiting trying to find epithets to describe Magarita's body, particularly her large breasts. He wanted his epithets to be as crude as possible, and the more clichéd the better, since this naming was for him an affirmation of his superiority. But he had not progressed very far when the audience began to leave the Hall.

Fiona was not among them, and he stood among the shadows for some minutes after the last person had departed before returning to his room. But he was not happy, sitting alone at his desk. Magarita seemed glad of his telephone call, and he lurked by the road in black clothes, clutching his camera, to await her arrival.

He did not see Edmund watching him from the walkway above the road.

VIII

It was approaching the twilight hours when Alison left the University in the company of Edmund's friend. She had been glad of the invitation, and readily accepted Edmund's second offer.

She sat beside Magnus in the Land Rover, her small suitcase in the back, watching the scenery as it passed. Occasionally, Magnus would turn and smile at her and she would return his friendly gesture. Magnus was a big man with a full beard, and Alison found something reassuring in his size and his cheerful eyes. Magnus' farm was small, and although its position among the Hambleton Hills at the southern end of the North Yorkshire moors was not ideal, it was sufficiently isolated to afford the privacy Magnus and his wife deemed essential.

The Land Rover climbed the steep hill to Bank Top easily and, in the dim light, Alison found the scene enchanting. It seemed magical to her to be rising above the plain north of the city of York and to have the moors ahead, in the spreading darkness. A car passed them, descending the hill carefully, and Magnus drove off the main road to travel through a plantation of trees. The narrow road he had taken gradually leveled out, and Alison could see to her left and below, the headlights of a vehicle as it was driven along beside the boundary of the moors.

It was dark when they reached their destination. Inside the stone farmhouse was warm.

"Welcome! My name is Ruth," a woman with a shawl around her shoulders said in greeting as Magnus led Alison toward the log fire.

Alison smiled. In the dim light cast by the fire she found it easy to believe Ruth, and the house itself, belonged to an earlier age.

"It'll be a cold night," Magnus said as he warmed his gnarled hands by the fire.

"Alison, is it?" Ruth asked her.

"Yes." Alison replied.

"Well, sit you down! Food won't be long."

They left her alone as she sat bathed in the warmth and the restful light of the fire, and Alison felt an urge to write a letter to Colin. But the house worked its magick upon her, and she soon fell asleep. Ruth awoke her, and she made her way to where the table was spread full with food.

"Sorry about the candles," Magnus said.

"I think it's lovely!" Alison said with sincerity.

"Haven't got round to electricity – yet."

She sat on the bench beside Ruth, but they did not say grace before their meal as she had expected. The conversation during the meal was minimal, and she was glad when Ruth showed her to her room. It was sparsely furnished, like the house itself, but warm from the small coal fire, and she set the lighted candles by her bed before taking her small cassette player and headphones from her case.

It was some time before she began to write.

"My dear Colin,

Darkness has already fallen as I listen to Bach's Matthew Passion – crying at the beauty and haunting sadness of some of the music. Aware also, as I listen, of a loneliness because there is no one here with me to share these moments. All I can do is dare to write to you, keeping the memory of these

moments to perhaps mould them at some future time into words spoken when we are together again. Or, perhaps, I might this once let them become the genesis of some music of my own.

Now I sit with the light of a candle to guide my pen, unaware of my future – the darkness beyond my closed window seems mysterious: a mystery, which once and not long ago would have held the luminosity of myths and legends.

The darkness, outside, may have gone – changed by technology, by artificial light, but perhaps (or so it seems at this moment to me) it has returned to within us. There seems nothing to fear outside that the lights of technology and the reason of scientific explanation cannot dispel. Yet so few seem to see the blackness within – which even two thousand years of a powerful allegory has not changed. I mean, of course, the story of the “Passion” - of a kind of innocence betrayed. The actors, their names, changes every year... I wonder if you will understand what I mean.

It seems to me that all great Art uplifts and offers us the possibilities of existence. That ecstasy of experience where we are a unity of passion and reason – where life is constantly renewed and made vital. Bach reminds me of this insight – as a hot summer day can when no cloud obscures the beautiful blue of the sky and we become again, for just that day, children again. Once, it seems a long time ago now, I believed that love between two individuals should and could bring us this awareness, this understanding where answers to all our problems are found: not because we ignore them, but because our love conquers all. ‘A shameless romantic’ I hear you say.

But now experience seems to have dimmed this vision of mine. Through music and other things (music particularly) I have been transported to other planes of existence, and this has made my personal relationships difficult because I have

tried to capture the bliss of those other places in moments with others. This has made me intense – and perhaps difficult because I could often not express in words what it was that I wished: in a relationship, in life.

I would like to believe that you offer me, through love, a beginning. But I know that this can never be. Maybe in music, in performance and creation, I will find my answer. No doubt you will continue to be you, safe within your own frame of reference. As to me, I expect the future to be full of discovery: a discovery of both joy and sadness.

With love,

Alison”

She felt happier, having written the letter and re-read it several times, glad that she had been able to express in words the feelings that had haunted her for so long. But she knew she might lack the courage to post the letter. She turned off her music and lay on the bed, listening to the silence. Nothing stirred, not even outside and as she lay, hearing the beating of her own pulse within her ears, she began to realize that it would be better for her if she did not see Colin again. He was her past. So thinking, she rose to delete some words from her letter, making ‘when we are together again’ illegible.

The candle was nearly spent, and she blew it out to fall asleep in the silent darkness

It was late next morning she awoke. The house was deserted, but she found food awaiting her on the table. No one came to greet her and she ate slowly before walking into the gardens. The morning mist had almost completely

dispersed, revealing a bright sun, which had begun to spread its warmth.

There were few flowers to color the scene, for the gardens were productive ones given over to vegetables, soft fruit and an orchard. Alison found a bench abutting the brick wall that screened the garden from the yard and the clustered farm buildings behind the house, and she sat awhile, letting the sun warm and relax her. She was nearly asleep when a sheepdog came and lay down near her feet.

Magnus' voice startled her. "He don't take to many people," he said.

Alison patted the dog's head. "Is there any work I can do to help?" she asked.

"There is no shortage of work, here,"

"I'd like to do something."

"Thought you had come for a holiday."

"Just a break from things. I'd like to help out."

"Well, if you're sure."

"Yes."

"The onions need weeding and thinning."

The day passed quickly for her, although by late afternoon her enthusiasm for the back straining work had disappeared.

Their lunch had been frugal – soup with plentiful bread – and she was beginning to feel both hungry and tired.

“You ready to eat?” Magnus said as he came toward her.

“Yes, indeed!”

“Didn’t expect you to do all this,” Magnus said as he surveyed her work.

Alison smiled, and scraped dirt from her hands.

“You go in, I’ll tidy up,” Magnus said. “Got some friends coming over,” he added as she began to walk away.

To her surprise she found the kitchen full of people, and children.

“This here is Alison,” Ruth said by way of introduction, “she’s staying for a while.”

“Hello!” Alison said, and blushed.

“That’s Tom,” Ruth said indicating a small unshaven man in worn clothes who smiled in reply, showing his broken teeth. “And Mary.” Mary, a large lady with a young and cheerful face deeply weathered, came and embraced Alison, much to Alison’s embarrassment. “And John.” John, sallow faced and stocky, raised his battered hat in greeting. “And Wendy.”

Wendy, a tall thin woman with long straight hair, smiled at her briefly before admonishing her children. “Leave that alone!” she shouted to her small son who was trying to remove the lid from the metal milk pail on the floor. “And

Lucy – stop that!” She dragged her daughter away to stop her kicking her brother.

“There is plenty of hot water,” Ruth said to Alison, pointing to the sink.

Alison was washing her hands when Magnus entered the room. He took the now crying Lucy into his arms, scooped up her brother and carried them with him before setting them down near the fire. They were staring at him expectantly, and Alison came to sit near them, enchanted by the sudden change in their demeanor and glad to be away from the others.

Magnus began his story. He told how Thrym the Giant stole Thor’s hammer Mjollnir as a ransom in order to make Freyja his wife; of how Loki, the Sly One, persuaded mighty Thor to dress as a woman in order to deceive Thrym.

“And so mighty Thor disguised himself as a woman, pretending to be Freyja who Thrym wanted as a bride. Thrym the Giant sat waiting in his draughty Hall. ‘They are coming! They are coming’ his giant servants shouted as the guests from Asgard arrived.

“Thus Thor entered the Hall which Thrym and his servants had lain with food and drink, for the wedding feast. It had been a long journey from Asgard and Thor was both hungry and thirsty. So he ate and drank. He ate a whole pig and then six whole salmon. He drank a gallon of mead.

“Thrym the Giant was amazed. ‘What appetites,’ he shouted. ‘What a woman! Let us hope,’ he said to one of his giant servants, her other appetites are as good!’ And Thrym the Giant laughed, a laugh so loud it rocked the whole Hall and loosened some of the planks of the wall.

“So Thrym was eager to begin the ceremony of marriage and commanded Mjollnir, Thor’s magical hammer which he had stolen, be brought forth. ‘I shall,’ he shouted, ‘swear my oath on Mjollnir as my bride shall.’

“So saying, the hammer was brought forth. And seeing it, Thor rushed forward and grasped it, tearing off his veil as he did so. His eyes were as red as his beard. There was no escape for his foe, for one by one he split open their skulls with his hammer, starting with Thrym the Giant until the whole floor of the Hall was littered with the dead bodies of the giants who had dared to defy the gods of Asgard!”

There was a moment of silence, and then Lucy’s voice. “Another, tell us another!” the little girl said eagerly.

Alison left them to change her clothes, a little disturbed by the tale she had heard. She was in her room, listening to Vaughn Williams’ Six Symphony through her headphones when she realized what had disturbed her. She thought the children too young for such a tale of violence with its suggestion of sexuality. But the music gradually transported her to another plane of existence, and she sat on the bed, listening. The somber starkness of the Epilogue made her cry and she rose to stand by the window and watch the rising moon. She became aware of the coldness and isolation of space – of the great distance, which separated her from the moon; of the even greater distances to the stars. She began to imagine worlds circling the stars – worlds full of life, of people, alive with their own dreams, desires, thoughts and problems. The very vastness of the cosmos seemed suddenly real to her, and she experienced an almost overwhelming feeling of greatness: of the cosmos itself, and of her own life. It was as though she glimpsed a secret. The stars seemed awesome and yet thaumaturgic, and she felt a painful desire to travel among them, to explore the new worlds that awaited. There would be so many new experiences, so many things to see, to learn, to

listen to. There was almost something holy waiting out there.

There grew within her then a desire to compose some music, something unique, which would capture at least in some way the feelings she had experienced, and she in a frenzy tore open her case to find pen and paper. Music filled her mind, a strange polyphony of sound, and she wove it into reality through the written notes of her pen.

Then the inspiration died, and she found herself sitting on the bed in the dim light staring down at the music she had written. She sighed then, for she understood what she had to do about Colin and her own unborn baby.

As if to counterpoint her thought, a distant bell began to toll, echoing between the valleys and the hills. Its sound was clear, and then distant, then clear again before it faded. It was a medieval sound, and as she listened she remembered the remains of Rievaulx but five miles distant and shrouded in a wooded valley. But the bell was real and not a dream, and she stood by the window, listening.

There was a monastery, she recalled, somewhere in the valleys below. A modern monastery replete with a Public School. A link between the past and the present. This thought pleased her and she smiled. She was not to know that a young novice – full of a youthful desire to return to ancient tradition – against the Prior's wishes, set in motion the mechanism which would swing the six ton bell of Ampleford Abbey, high in its squat church tower, sending its hallowed sound miles out in remembrance of the monk who had died that same hour. The novice wanted the whole monastery, and the School, to cease if only for an instant, their tasks and pray for the departing soul.

Had she known this, she would have approved, for the sound of the bell suddenly ceased, leaving her disappointed.

IX

The air of early morning was warm, and Mickleman sat contently at his desk in his room, a notebook beside him.

He sat for some time, watching the lake and vaguely thinking about his life until he began to remember the years that had passed since his youth. He became a little sad, as he often did when he reviewed the passing of the years by remembering the events of the same day one year, then two, then three years ago until he had reached the years of his schooling. 'What have I done since then?' he would ask himself, and be displeased with the answer.

His self-pity and melancholia lasted for several hours until he began to lay upon his desk his secret collection of photographs. The photographs pleased him, and as he looked through them his happiness returned.

It was nearing mid-day when he gathered up his notebook and pipe before returning his photographs to the drawer of his desk. Perhaps his preoccupation with Fiona's body or Andrea's shyness made him forgetful, but he did not lock his drawer, and wandered, pleased with himself, out into the bright sun of the day.

Two young male students came toward him on creaking bicycles as he stepped onto the path outside the Hall of Residence, their eager faces smiling. One of them carried a haversack on which was painted: 'Newton Calculates. Watts works. But Coles' word is Law.' Coles was the Professor of Physics. Mickleman smiled ruefully, and followed a small huddle of students as they walked toward and over the bridge.

He was early for the Departmental meeting, and sat contentedly in the room smoking his pipe until he could no longer resist the temptation to defile Storr's charts. He added a few extra dots to one, extended the line of another and flicked ink in an inconvenient spot on a third. He was admiring his work when Lee entered the room.

Lee was not a tall man, his jerky movements seemed not quite coordinated, and he looked older than his thirty-five years. His suit was not conspicuous, as he himself was not, and he reminded Colin of a studious monk misplaced in a world which seemed to startle him.

Lee smiled nervously and then crept toward a chair, laying his voluminous notes and files upon the table. His tutorial was only just over and, as he always did, he wrote an account of it in order to assess his own performance. 'A moderate success, for once,' he wrote in his notebook in his neat handwriting, 'except regarding the questions about Heidegger. I must do more background reading...'

He was still writing when Horton bustled in and took his usual seat by the window. From his pocket he produced a copy of Iliad, in Greek, and was soon absorbed in his reading.

Soon, the room was full, Storr, squirming and smiling as he sat at the head of the table, Whiting and Hill, near their master, Mrs. Cornish, next to Lee and smoking her small cigars. And last of all, Fiona, who sat next to Colin, graciously smiling as if he had not missed their assignation.

"Well, eh," Storr said, looking around with evident satisfaction. "I'm sorry I had to rearrange this meeting at such short notice. But as you are all aware, I am away next week and rather than postpone next week's meeting I

decided to bring it forward. I was hoping to sound to you all out about – “

The door opened, and they all turned to look.

“Ah, Timothy!” Storr said. “Glad you could join us.”

Timothy was the most junior member of the Department and Colin was not surprised by his lateness or his manner of dress. He wore a mauve shirt, green trousers and shoes, and had tied a mauve scarf around his neck.

“Sorry I’m late!” he smiled, showing his two gold-capped teeth.

“Just in time!” Said Storr. “Jonathon – “ he smiled at Lee, “was about to talk about the audio-visual equipment he had just, eh, taken charge of. A very valuable edition to our Department. Yes indeed. Very valuable.”

“Is that all?” Horton turned and glared at Storr.

“Sorry?” Storr said.

“You brought all of us here,” Horton continued, anger evident in his voice, “to waffle on about audio-visual equipment!”

“Well, er, it is rather an important addition to our facilities if I may say so.”

“You have the audacity to – “ Horton began.

"Gentlemen, please!" Mrs. Cornish said in an attempt at mediation.

"There was something else on the agenda, Richard?" Fiona asked.

"Actually, no."

"I see," Mrs. Cornish said, disgusted.

"But I was going to mention finances – " Storr muttered weakly.

Horton stood up. "You could not bear the thought of someone, namely myself, chairing the meeting in your unmissed absence, I assume?"

Storr himself stood up. "You will withdraw that remark, of course."

It was the nearest Colin had seen Storr to anger.

"May I suggest," Colin said, "that those wishing to hear Jonathon stay, while those who wish to leave do so. If there are any vital points which emerge, I am sure one of those who stays would be willing to tell – "

"What a waste of time all of these perfidious meetings are!" Horton said and strode out of the room.

To Colin's surprise, Timothy followed him. Then Mrs. Cornish. Fiona smiled briefly at him and then also left.

“Well, if you all will excuse me,” he himself said, and departed.

Fiona was waiting, as he expected, in the corridor.

“You were otherwise engaged, I imagine,” she said.

He thought of telling her the truth. But it was so unlikely she was bound to think it was a lie, so he lied instead, not really believing she would believe it. “I was not feeling well and fell asleep.”

He was watching her, waiting for her reactions, when he realized how much he desired her. Her face showed no emotion, and it was almost lofty indifference – that aroused his ardor keenly.

“Perhaps the Owl’s nocturnal activities are too tiring?” she said, her face expressionless.

“I waited outside the Lyons Hall at the end of the concert,” he said, trying to salvage something. “I’m sorry, I really am.”

“Cheetah’s One, Owls Nil,” she said and smiled.

She left him standing perplexed and a little shaken, and he walked slowly to his room in the Department. He sat at his desk, vaguely wondering about Fiona and how he might best approach her. Gradually, there grew within him the feeling that he was no longer the master of his own Destiny, and this discomfited him, as his thoughts about Fiona did. He began to doubt his own self-appointed role about revealing individuals to themselves and the world while he, the puppet master, pulled their strings. But his self-doubt did not last.

He remembered Andrea, who would be waiting for him later in the day – another victim whose soul he could lay bare; he remembered the Professorship, his philosophical work, his spreading fame – and his child, growing within Alison’s womb.

He was smiling at these, his achievements, when someone knocked on the door of his room. Without waiting for his response Elizabeth Cornish strode in.

“Ah! Glad I caught you!” she said. “The Professorial Board meets next week. The interview, I believe, will be next Tuesday. There is an outside candidate.”

“So soon?” Colin said, surprised.

She smiled. “It was felt a swift decision was needed.”

“Do you know how many candidates there are?”

“Four, including yourself.”

“And the outsider?”

“Chap from Oxford. You have a tie, I presume?” she asked in her matronly voice.

“Yes.”

“Good form for you to be presentable.”

“Of course.”

Her smile was curt, and she retreated from his room briskly, the leather soles of her plain shoes clacking against the floor.

For several minutes he sat at his desk before sidling into the corridor. In several of the rooms lectures were in progress, and he stood listening to the muted words, which seeped out to him. There was, he felt, an aura about them, for here, in his chosen Department, the High Priestess and High Priest were at work, teaching their followers. The deities were Truth, Reason, Feeling and Understanding, and each deity, according to the gospel of Mickleman, was a goddess – or at least a woman. He wanted to possess and master them all.

These thoughts pleased him, and he spent the remainder of the daylight hours writing steadily at his desk. His completed article pleased him and he laid it aside to walk in the twilight toward the Refectory. But a memory of Fiona drew him away.

He felt his desire for her keenly as he walked toward her house but a short distance from the University. The village of Heslington was joined to the campus by a road, which sprouted red brick houses. Fiona's dwelling was a small unpreposing house along a lane, which led off from the road. The gardens, lawns and fences were all well tended, and he was about to push open the gate when the front door was opened. Light from inside gave him a view of Storr's face, and he walked past, momentarily perplexed. But it was not long before he turned to see Storr shambling away.

No sooner had Colin knocked on Fiona's door than it was opened.

"Just passing?" she said and smiled.

She wore a thin dress, which left very little to the imagination.

“Not really.”

“Been watching long?”

“Sorry?”

She did not pursue the matter. “Come in,” she said.

She opened the door further for him and he stepped over her threshold, smiling as she closed and locked the door. The house smelled of expensive perfume, as Fiona herself did, and he breathed the scent in.

She stepped past him, but he did not move aside and she allowed her body to brush against his. For a few moments he stared at her, and as he did so he thought her face bore a striking resemblance to one of the women in Bruegel’s ‘Allegory of Lust’. But the impression was fleeting. He thought her beautiful and sexually alluring and moved forward to kiss her lips.

“Not here!” she laughed, and walked slowly up the stairs to her bedroom.

He followed, fascinated by his desire.

The bedroom was all black and crimson and seemed luxurious to Colin.

“Take your clothes off.” She said as she sat on the edge of the large bed.

“What?”

"Your clothes – take them off."

Then he saw it. In the corner of the room, a camera stood on a tripod, and in her hand Fiona held the remote control release.

"I want to watch you," she said, still smiling. She rummaged in a drawer by the bed. "And then I want you to put these on." She held out a pair of handcuffs.

Colin smiled, but she soon destroyed his fantasy. "On you," she said, and laughed.

Her laughter, and this reversal of roles, confused Colin, and he stood, in the bright light, by her bed unable to speak.

"Come on, don't be shy," she smiled. "What are you waiting for?" She dangled the handcuffs in front of him.

When he still did not speak, she added: "Just a few photographs of you - in various poses."

She rose to stand before him and, somewhat abased, Colin retreated from the room. She did not follow him, and he could hear her laughter as he opened the door of the house to the dark and cooling air.

X

The food did not interest him, but Colin sat at a table in the crowded Refectory eating nevertheless while he listened to the chatter and clatter of the students around him.

He left his meal half-eaten to saunter toward the Bar in Derwent College, and he was soon drinking himself into a stupor. The beer made his melancholia even worse and he sat vaguely detesting the people who gradually filled the room with their noise.

"Hello!" Andrea said cheerfully. She was dressed all in black, an affectation which surprised him, and he glowered at her because he thought it was his own copyright.

"Join me?" he said, holding up his glass but making no effort to rise from his seat.

When she returned he sat silently watching her sip her drink.

"A bit crowded, isn't it?" she said, embarrassed by his silence.

He watched her lustfully. "I know what you need," he said without any subtlety.

"Oh, yes?" She appeared to him to be only half-insulted.

"Someone to talk to." He smiled as he savored his first little victory. "It is never easy, is it?"

"What?"

"Sharing moments. Just when you think you understand someone – they surprise you." The alcohol was beginning to

affect his thought, and he struggled to not let this show. "They surprise you," he repeated. "Usually with other people, betraying."

Andrea thought of her own just broken relationship and began to be amazed at what she saw as Colin's insight.

"You thought you understood him," he continued.

How could he know? She thought. Is it so evident on my face?

"Are you happy here?" he asked, then seeing her questioning face added, "here, at University."

"Sometimes."

"What will you do? His pause was deliberate. "When you graduate?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe teach."

She smiled a defensive smile which Colin divined and he forgot about trying to lay her soul bare with the scalpel of his words, and leaned across the small table that held his many empty glasses to grasp her hand in his own. She did not move away.

"Mind if I join you?" a voice asked above the babble around them.

Andrea jerked her hand away. On the lapel of his tweed jacket Fenton, their interloper, wore a badge saying 'Being Weird Isn't Enough'.

Without being asked, he sat down. "Is this a philosophical discussion – or can anyone join in?"

Colin looked at Andrea who looked at him. Fenton looked at them both and then said, "That's exactly my point! The academic study of morals is no guarantee that those who so study are moral themselves. Won't you agree, Dr. Mickleman? Fenton gave an inane smile.

The Doctor of Philosophy took a long drink of his beer and then burped loudly.

"Ah!" Fenton exclaimed. "The existential viewpoint! I could not have put it better myself." He gestured toward Andrea. "And you, Mademoiselle? How would you, as a student of the illustrious Dr. Mickleman, express your own desire for understanding?"

She looked angry, then rose and left. Colin watched her push her way through the crowded room and was about to follow when Fenton laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"I am in dread," Fenton said, "that from all this silence something ill shall burst forth."

Eh?"

"Sophocles." He removed his hand.

"That antiquated Greek cretin!"

For some seconds they looked at each other, but Colin turned away before rising to follow Andrea. He soon caught

up with her as she walked along the path that took them turning and down toward the light-shimmering lake. They did not speak but she limply held his hand as it sought her toward his room. His understanding had impressed her, his eyes seemed to radiate a warmth, and she was lonely.

In his dimly lit room, the smell of pipe smoke and sweaty feet pervaded, and he was soon kissing her and fondling her body. Only partly undressed, they lay on his bed, but his body refused to obey his desire. This alcohol induced failure made him angry. As a remedy to try and arouse his erection he began to beat her bare buttocks with his discarded shoe.

"Please, don't!" she pleaded and began to cry.

Her utter helplessness appealed to him and, as his remedy began to take effect, he forced himself upon her. But his desire did not last long and, satiated, he turned over to fall into an alcoholic sleep.

She dressed while he slept. Her feelings in turmoil, she sat down at his desk. She would write him a note, she thought, although she did not know what to write and in her search for a clean sheet of paper and pen, she opened the drawer of his desk.

Among the photographs, she recognized Kate, and Magarita, and she carefully replaced them in the drawer. Without feeling anything she silently stole out and away from the room. Dawn was many hours away, as midnight itself was, and she wandered around the lake, keeping to the shadows and avoiding the gaggles of students who passed in the still but seldom silent night air.

Their laughter and their words were devoid of meaning for her. There was no one and nothing she could trust. No boyfriend, parents, friends or tutor; no God. 'I would have

been just one more sordid photograph,' she thought as she walked slowly back to her own room, wishing to cry but too full of discordant emotion to succeed.

XI

Alison frowned, but otherwise bore herself stoically as one who, having thought deeply about a particular matter, had made a decision. She had surprised Colin by arriving to see him early in the morning.

Bewildered, he sat hunched on his bed while Alison stood beside the window.

"Well?" he asked, chagrined at both being disturbed from his slumber so early and not finding Andrea in his room.

"I've made a decision," Alison announced.

"Oh yes?"

"I'm going to have an abortion," she said without any preamble.

"What?" Her remark awakened him.

"You heard."

"But you can't - "

"I thought I'd tell you now rather than later."

"But I would help. Money, that sort of thing. You know that's not what I want."

"Who said anything about what you want?"

"But I'll get you a flat. Everything."

"Too late," she said.

He smiled at her then. But she divined his purpose. "And nothing," she added, "you say or do can make me change my mind. You'll not wheedle your way into my affections again." Her hardness was only in part a pose. "Well, goodbye then. I doubt we shall meet again."

She turned around and left him sitting on the bed. He sat still for a while and then suddenly leapt up to find his clothes and dress himself. A faint mist shrouded the University and he was half across the bridge outside his residence, straining to see ahead, when he realized he had run in the wrong direction. He turned, and collided with a student carrying an armful of books. He did not want to help but shouted a "Sorry!" to the fallen young man and sprinted away along the path toward the car park behind the large Physics building. There was a Land Rover leaving and he ran toward it shouting Alison's name, but it steadily pulled away and he was left to bend breathless and alone by the side of the running track. No one saw him as he in anger kicked a post. He hurt his foot, and limped slowly back to his room.

Clarity of thought and release from the pain in his foot came slowly as he sat at his desk smoking his pipe. The idea of a child, unwanted though it was at its conception, had pleased him, but there would, he felt sure, be other opportunities, some woman to bear his children and whom he might marry if she accepted his need for other purely physical liaisons. Magarita, perhaps? She knew of his other liaisons and did

not seem to care. But that, he felt certain, would come in its own species of time. His concern now was the Professorship and although Alison's decision and departure saddened him, he was also a little relieved to be free of what he had felt to be her cloying emotions. Thus satisfied with himself and his world again. He made himself a strong brew of tea before departing for his office in his Department.

A pile of mail awaited him in the Secretary's Office, and he spent nearly an hour with her, idling chatting and making rude suggestions. The Secretary, a youngish lady with a tender face and richly coiffured dark blond hair given to slightly audacious and in some circles fashionable clothes, did not mind, for she was recently and happily married. Colin's seduction of her was a year away and for both it was part of their past. And when he did finally peruse his mail in his own room, he was pleased to find a letter asking him for an article from an academic journal he never read.

So he sat and wrote and read a little while the hours of the morning passed. Fenton was late for his tutorial, and Colin calmly waited. Half an hour; an hour. But in his relaxed way he did not care, and was even a little pleased, for last night Fenton had disturbed him. The meaning of his words had not escaped Colin, inebriated though he was, and he began to surmise that Fenton was too embarrassed to attend the tutorial as he began to believe that Fenton, the avowed homosexual, was attracted to him. He felt this explained all of Fenton's behavior, and was even a little pleased. Perhaps, after all, he had found the key to unravel Fenton's character. Still thinking these thoughts, he was surprised by Fiona who entered his room without knocking.

He watched her carefully as she came to sit on the side of his desk. As was her habit, her dress seemed to reveal rather than hide her body.

"Dinner, tonight?" she asked.

“Well – ”

“Are you afraid of me?” she asked directly.

“What do you mean?”

“Of my strength.”

“I didn’t realize that you took steroids,” he said in an attempt to be clever.

It did not work. “I have some outfits which I think you would look very good in.”

“Oh yes?”

“Yes. Are you afraid to experiment then? And after all I’ve heard!”

“Such as?”

“Oh various things.”

The phrase startled him, for some reason he could not remember. But he did remember feeling almost as startled by something Fenton had said to him, last night. He could not remember what that was either. Fiona was staring at him while her lips were drawn into a smile, and this perplexed him as well.

"Try it," she said, "tonight. You might surprise yourself and have a good time." She pursed her lips. "I think we'd make a good combination – in bed."

She smiled at him and then walked toward the door. "I'll expect you about seven."

Her perfume and presence lingered a long time, and he found himself unable to concentrate on his work. His mind began to fill with erotic images and visions, and all of them involved him and Fiona. It was these which persuaded him: he would go and meet her, confident that he would be equal to any situation, and, in his anticipation and delight, he forgot about both Andrea and Fenton.

Fenton had been with a party of his friends when he had seen Andrea pass in the night. He caught sight of her face as she slowly walked under a lamp near the door to her residence.

"Come on," a friend had urged him as he stood wondering whether to call out her name – and he had gone with them to their rooms where music played and cups were filled with wine. Soon the voices were raised to try to right all the political wrongs in the world.

"Worker's Councils – that is what we need! It would show the bosses!" an enthusiastic student said.

"But surely, democratic reforms," another countered, "are the only viable means."

"Bull! Revolution has been and still is the only answer."

But Fenton remembered, as he listened, Andrea's face. It had spoken to him, one soul to another, one outcast to another. There was real suffering there which he felt no political discussion would change, and he rose unobserved to take his leave.

"Go away!" a voice shouted in answer to his knuckle raps upon Andrea's door.

"Leave me alone!" the voice said as he tried again.

"It's me!" he said.

"Look!" an angry face said as Andrea opened the door, "I want to be left alone."

Then there was no more anger in her face as she staggered back inside to collapse upon the floor.

"Are you alright?" Fenton asked as he knelt beside her. Her room was brightly lit, very tidy and very warm.

"Get your hands off me, you poof!" she said, slurring her words.

An empty bottle of whiskey lay on the floor, and he was about to leave when he saw a bottle of barbiturate tablets. It was almost empty.

She peered at the container as he held it up. "Have you taken any?" he asked.

"Leave me alone. Want to sleep," she said through half-closed eyes. She tried to speak again but drifted into unconsciousness.

"Andrea! Wake up!" Gently, he held her head in his hands. "Have you taken any of these tablets?"

She did not respond and he lifted her to lay her down on the bed. On the bedside table was a letter, propped up against the lamp. 'Dr. Colin Mickleman' the writing on the envelope read.

'Will you regret not having a photograph of me? I doubt it.'

Fenton read the note three times before placing it in his pocket and lifting Andrea into his arms. He carried her along the corridor and down the stairs, oblivious to the two female students who drunkenly laughed as he passed them by.

"You Tarzan, she Jane!" one of them said, and laughed again.

His car was small and some distance away, but he ran with his burden to lay her softly on the back seat. His driving was fast as he raced toward the city. He nearly crashed once, as he slewed the car into a corner, and once he had to stop to try to remember his way before reversing to take another turning.

No one came to greet him or relieve him of his burden as he kicked open the doors to the Casualty department of the Hospital.

"Please," he pleaded to the woman behind the desk, "she's taken an overdose!"

The waiting patients stared while, somewhere, a baby cried.

There was a sudden rushing of white coats, blue uniforms and anxious faces.

"Wait here, will you?" a young woman said. And then a Nurse was asking: "Do you know what she has taken?"

"Some tablet – and alcohol."

"How long ago?"

"Not sure. Half an hour, perhaps. Will she be alright?"

No answer, only another person asking questions. The questioning nurse had a kindly face and ushered him to a chair in the corridor. He gave her Andrea's name and address, as well as his own.

"You are students at the University then?" she asked. But her kindly smile did not change.

"Yes. Will she be alright?"

"I should think so, yes. They'll pump her stomach out. She'll be drowsy for a while and sleep."

"Can I see her?" He saw the look on the young girl's face and was about to correct her natural assumption when he said instead, "I'm sorry for all the trouble."

"That's what we are here for."

"Can I see her?" he asked again.

"In a while, probably."

She left him, and he was suddenly aware of his surroundings, of voices, near and distant, of people walking past. A telephone ringing. He sat for a long time.

"Mr. Fenton?" a Doctor asked. The pockets of his white coat bulged with pens, a stethoscope, a small compendium about drugs.

"Yes." He stood up.

"You can see her now." They walked together toward a cubicle.

"Is she alright?"

"Yes, fine. We'll keep her in overnight. Just for observation. I should think she will sleep most of tomorrow." He nodded curtly, then walked away to disappear behind a curtain.

Andrea lay on her side, covered by a sheet and a thin blanket, an intravenous infusion supplying fluid through a needle in the back of her hand. She did not stir as he did not try to wake her, and he stood beside her for what seemed a long time.

"She'll be alright." The Nurse who questioned him said as she passed. "We'll be moving her onto the ward soon. I'm sure they wouldn't mind if you wanted to call and see her in the morning."

He returned her smile, and left to wander back into the night. It took him several minutes to realize his car had been stolen. In his haste, he had left the door open and the keys in the ignition.

XII

It was a long walk back to the University, but Fenton did not mind. He had reported the theft before setting out into the cold, sodium-lit darkness. But he was soon warm, despite being without a jacket, and by the time he reached his room he had decided on his plan of campaign.

His sleep was brief, if sound, and he ate a small breakfast in the refectory before boarding a bus for the city. The Ward Sister was helpful and kind, and let him briefly sit by Andrea's bed while, around him in the busy ward, Student Nurses made beds while they chatted.

"Thank you," Andrea said, and weakly held his hand as she tried to keep awake.

"I haven't told anyone yet," he said, embarrassed by her gesture.

"There was a letter."

"I have it, it's alright." He withdrew his hand and made to search his pockets, but it was just an excuse to remove his hand from her. "I must have left it in my room."

"You know, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Such a stupid thing to do!" She tried to smile. "I was so fed up. You won't tell him, will you?"

"No," he lied and turned his face away.

"You're very kind." She held his hand again.

In embarrassment, he stood up. "I'll call again this afternoon. Is there anything you want?"

"They discharge me today. The Doctor is coming to see me later this morning."

"I'll telephone the Ward to ask. Do you want me to come and meet you if you are discharged?"

"That would be very kind."

"Not at all."

"You're a strange man," she said gently.

He smiled in response and walked back down along the long line of beds.

His visit to the Police Station to confirm the theft of his vehicle was brief, but he lingered in the center of the city, watching people, drinking tea at a café and browsing in a

bookshop. It was past midday when he returned to the University.

Colin was in his room, in the Department, smoking a pipe and scribbling.

"Come in!" he said cheerfully. Then, seeing Fenton, he added, "bit late, aren't we?"

Calmly, Fenton sat down opposite him.

"Black seems an appropriate color," Fenton said, alluding to Colin's manner of dress.

"Shall I," Colin responded, quoting, "entrust myself to entangled shadows?"

"Perhaps," Fenton retorted, unsmiling, "I shall do violence to your person."

Colin gaped, then squinted, trying to find a clever response. But Fenton calmly handed him Andrea's envelope and note.

"From Andrea," Fenton said. "She tried to kill herself – last night."

This was something beyond the Owl's comprehension, but he strove to understand it, and the strain showed on his face.

"Is she – " he began.

"Don't worry – she'll be alright."

"How?" The strain was lessening, but anxiety had begun.

"Overdose. Luckily, I found her in time."

"You?"

"No one else knows. Yet."

Colin came to several conclusions, almost at the same time.

Fenton let him suffer. "Of course," he said with apparent indifference, "a scandal at this time would do your chances of obtaining the Professorship no good."

For a few seconds, the Owl gaped in horror at one of his own conclusions. Then he shivered in revulsion. Was he about to be blackmailed into a homosexual encounter?

Fenton sighed, as he saw the perplexity and horror evident on Colin's face. "Don't judge everybody by your own standards," he said. "Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I've no moral standards."

"Sorry?"

"I know what you were thinking. And you were wrong. I have no intention of telling anyone anything – unless Andrea wishes it. She and she alone will decide. And shall I tell you something else?"

Colin was not sure whether he wanted to know. But he said nothing.

"There was a time when I fancied you," Fenton continued. You had an aura of genius about you. But so cold – so little real humanity. I know you dislike me. Not because I'm gay – but because I see through your pose. What is beyond that pose? Is there anything?"

He took the note and envelope, which Colin had left on his desk and walked over toward the door. Outside, in the quiet corridor, he stood shaking for several minutes. He disliked the anger he had felt toward Colin and walked quickly down the stairs and out in the freshness outside. Ragged cumulus clouds sped swiftly below the blue of the sky, carried on the rising wind, and Fenton tore Andrea's note in small pieces as he walked, casting them into the lake from a bridge. He watched them as they sank, bopped and floated away. Around him, the University pulsed with life.

He did not have long to wait in the corridor of the Ward. Several of the beds were screened by their curtains and he was idly wondering why when Andrea, dressed in her clothes of the night before, came slowly toward him. She smiled on seeing him leaning against the wall, and then broke into a run to hug him strongly. He held her body feebly by one hand while she clung to him, and then edged away.

"I've got a taxi waiting," he said while a passing Nurse smiled at them.

"You are kind," Andrea said and held his hand briefly. "Sorry I embarrassed you," she whispered.

They did not speak again as they walked the short distance to the entrance to enter their waiting carriage and be conveyed along the traffic filled roads to the campus. But every few minutes Andrea would turn and glance at his face as if trying to measure his feelings. But his face betrayed no emotion.

He walked with her to her room, and stood outside as she opened the door.

"Please," she said almost pleading, "I'd like you to come in."

She lay on her bed while he sat, awkwardly, on the chair by the small study desk.

"I feel like I could sleep for a week, she said, and yawned.

Instead, she rested her head on her elbow as she looked at him. "Have you still got the note?" she asked.

"I threw it away."

"Good." Then she sighed. "You know, I'm not depressed any more. When I woke up this morning and saw the sunlight streaming through the window I was happy. There was this woman in the bed next to mine – did you see her? – who'd had most of her bowel cut out. They were very kind to her, the Nurses, but you could see she was dying. I felt so ashamed, being there. Do you mind if I talk?"

"Of course not."

"What will happen?" she asked softly. "About last night, I mean?"

"Nothing, I imagine. Unless you want to tell anyone."

"No, of course not. Not even – "

"I've told him."

She was not certain whether she was pleased or upset. "And?" she said, hesitantly.

"He'll keep quiet, I imagine."

"I'll have to leave the University," she said sadly.

"Do you really want to?"

"No."

"Then why?"

"I can't face him."

"I'll be with you in lectures."

She smiled at him. "You're very sweet. But he is my personal tutor."

"Change to someone else. It happens."

"What could I say? What reason could I give?"

It was Fenton's turn to smile. "With his reputation, you don't need a reason."

She thought for a while, and then said, "I just couldn't bear it, seeing him."

"Imagine what he would feel like, seeing you."

Andrea laughed. "I can't believe I was so stupid, last night."

"In the midst of many, it is easy to be alone."

"You know, I always thought you were so reserved. Aloof. Even a bit arrogant. But you're not, are you? You're really kind."

"You'll have me blushing in a moment."

"You're not like other men." Then realizing what she had said, added, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean - "

"It's alright. I don't keep it a secret. Anymore."

"I mean you're - for a man - oh, I'm not saying this right!" she finally said in exasperation. "I mean I can actually talk to you. You understand."

"And I am no threat," he smiled in self-mockery.

She began to feel that she would not have minded if he were. She would feel safe, in his arms, with the world shut out. But she said nothing and even tried to hide her feelings so that they would not show in her face and eyes. She wanted to be strong and self-reliant, not depending on men for her emotional security, but she did not know how to begin. She remembered the father she saw only twice a year, her sisters leaving school early to work while she studied, always alone in her life. Her always-disastrous relations with men. Her need for love seemed to drive them away.

"There's a strength in you," she finally said. "An inner strength. I feel better just being with you. Can we be friends?"

He gave a crooked smile. "I thought we already were."

She jumped up to kiss him, then decided against it. The sudden movement made her feel dizzy and she lay down on her bed again.

"You ought to get some rest," he said with concern.

"Yes, I suppose so." She smiled at him as she sat up. "I'll get into bed, if you don't mind."

"Er, no. I was just going," he said as he nervously stood because she had begun to remove her clothes.

"Please," she said, half-pleading and half-seductively, "stay and talk to me for a while." Naked except for her panties, she got into bed.

"Well, actually –" he began.

"Please, just for a few minutes."

He sat down again.

"Can I ask you a personal question?" she asked.

"Depends on the question!"

"Have you ever been with a woman?" she asked impulsively, surprised at her own audacity.

"I really ought to go," he said as he stood up again.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you." She suddenly realized that she did not want to be alone. "Look, I'll be honest with you, Carl. I need to be with somebody at the moment."

"But I can't - "

"Just hold me, please." There was no longer any tone of seduction in her voice or manner, just a pleading, a helplessness, and she began to cry, slowly and almost in silence.

He went to sit beside her on the bed, and she clung to him, her tears wetting his shoulder and drawing forth from within her some of the sadness and misery she felt. Her tears were the rain from the clouds which had come to pass over the sun of her joy, and it was minutes before the dark clouds retreated. She curled up, then, in the warmth of her bed, and closed her eyes to sleep. He brushed her cheek dry and briefly kissed it before leaving her to the silence of her room.

XIII

There were no meetings, lectures or tutorials to fill Colin's afternoon, but he could not settle down to his writing. He spent an hour wandering around the University library, but neither the books nor some research he needed to do interested him, and he wandered the campus in search of Magarita.

But she was not in her office, and he returned to his room in the Hall of Residence. But he soon became listless and bored. Fiona troubled him, as Andrea and Fenton did, and as he wandered for the third time around the campus, he began to realize he was alone. There was no one with whom he could share his secrets; no one with whom he could talk without assuming the mask of his role. He thought of Edmund, and it took him over an hour of diligent and then frenzied searching in the piles of old letters, manuscripts and papers that littered parts of his room before he found an address.

There was a grimy public telephone kiosk in a gloomy corner of Derwent College between the lavatories and the Porter's prison of glass, and he was approaching it when a crowd of students came toward him, babbling. One of them, a brightly dressed young lady with frizzy hair, waved at him, and he waved back. She smiled, and then was sucked away within the crowd. He had no idea who she was, and shrugged his shoulders. Inside the soundproof booth, graffiti declared: 'Jesus Saves, Moses Invests But Buckby spends it all.' Buckby was the Treasurer of the University.

His efforts were to no avail. There was no telephone number under that name, the discordant voice emanating from the receiver had said. Disgruntled, he wandered back to his bedroom. It was then he realized the drawer that contained his photographs was unlocked. Had Andrea seen them? Was that the meaning of her cryptic message?

Suddenly, it seemed his world was in chaos. There would be no Professorship, only rumors about his photographs, about Andrea's attempted suicide. For a few moments he panicked. But calmness eventually came, although the pains he felt in his stomach remained. The ritual of cleaning and filling and lighting his pipe aided his thinking, and by the time he had smoked his fill he was certain neither Andrea or Fenton would compromise him. Yet a slight uncertainty

remained, seeping down into his unconscious. Secure again in the confines of his world, he lay on his bed reading academic books.

It was nearing five o'clock in the evening when he left his room, no longer able to resist the temptation of visiting Andrea. He needed to know how she felt - what she would do. The hours of his reading had brought light rain to the outside world, and a sheen of wetness pervaded the buildings and the paths, which were entwined around them. It was only a short walk to the building, which housed Andrea's room, which pleased him, since he disliked rain.

It was Fenton who opened Andrea's door.

"She doesn't want to see you," Fenton said.

"Who is it?" a faint voice said.

"The esteemed Dr. Mickleman."

"I'll get dressed. Tell him to come back in a few minutes."

Fenton smiled ruefully at Colin and then shut the door. Colin waited outside for the allotted span, and then knocked on the door again.

Fenton, adopting the pose of a deferential butler, bowed slightly and in a disdainful accent said, "Madam will see you now, sir." He moved aside while Colin entered, then closed the door.

"How are you?" Colin asked Andrea as she sat on her bed. She was demurely dressed, but Fenton's presence,

disordered bedclothes, the discarded female underclothes on the floor, perplexed him.

Before Andrea could answer, Fenton said, "as well as might be expected under the circumstances, sir."

Colin ignored him. "Is there anything I can do?" he asked her.

"With all due respect, sir," Fenton said, continuing with his accent and his role, "I believe you have done quite enough already. May I therefore respectfully suggest you return to your lucubrations?" Shall I show the gentleman out, Madam?"

Andrea giggled.

"Very well Madam if that is what you wish." For Colin's benefit he gestured toward the door. "This way, sir, if you please. Terrible weather, isn't it? For the time of year."

Colin was beginning to become annoyed. "Can I talk with you alone?" he asked Andrea.

Andrea affected her own accent and role. "Be so good," she said to Fenton, "as to leave us."

Fenton bowed. "As you wish. If Madam is quite sure."

"Quite sure."

"I shall be directly outside, should you at any time require my assistance." He flicked imaginary dust from his imaginary livery.

Colin waited until he and Andrea were alone. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What will you do?"

"About what?"

"Does anyone else know?"

"Don't worry," she smiled. "I shall not make a fuss."

"I didn't mean - "

"I'll see you tomorrow."

"Pardon?"

"At the lecture. On Kant's aesthetics isn't it?"

"Er, yes." He did not know what else to say and stood immobile with his arms hanging limply by his side.

Andrea rose to open the door, and as it was opened Fenton sprang into the room. But he quickly resumed his role.

"The gentleman," Andrea said, acting again, "is just leaving."

"Very good, Madam. This way, sir." Fenton gestured toward the corridor. Colin was at the top of the stairs when Fenton said, "If I were you, I'd leave her alone from now on."

Andrea was sitting on her bed when he returned to her room.

"I was shaking and trembling," she admitted, "seeing him again. I'm glad that's over. I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't been here."

Reverting to his role, he said, "Your servant, Madam."

She threw her pillow playfully at him, and then looked at her discarded underclothes on the floor. "Do you think he thought – " she began.

"Probably!"

They both laughed. She wanted to embrace him, but all she did was rest her head in her hands and sigh.

"Some friends of mine," Fenton said in an effort to comfort her, "are having a party tonight. Would you like to come?"

"Not really. I'm not in the mood."

"Well, when I say 'party' it's not exactly the right word. Just a quiet get together."

"Thanks, but no."

"It's sort of an informal gathering of the GaySoc."

“Sorry?”

The Gay Society.”

“Sounds like the title of a thirties musical.”

“Maybe it was. Anyway, there’ll be some women there. It’s not all men. There’s someone there I’d particularly like you to meet.”

She thought for a while, then said, “I don’t really think it would be my scene.”

“We are not all weirdoes you know.”

“I didn’t say you were. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

“Do I look offended?”

“No.”

“It would be good for you to get out – meet people.”

“I’m not really a gregarious person.”

“Look, I’ll tell you what. I have to go – for some silly reason I let myself be talked into running the thing this year. But afterwards we can go out for a meal, just you and I.”

“You don’t have to take pity on me, you know.”

“Is that what you think?”

"I don't know what to think anymore."

"I'm asking you as a friend."

"I know. I'm sorry. Alright, then – but I'm not sure I feel like eating much."

"Doesn't matter. Now you ought to get some more rest. Will you be alright?"

"I won't do anything silly, if that's what you mean."

"No it was not what I meant. I meant I'll stay and talk to you if you like."

"I'll be fine. I do still feel tired. You've done more than enough."

"I'll be back about six then."

"Fine."

He had opened the door to leave when she said, "you are very kind."

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. "What are friends for?"

Fenton was over half an hour late.

"Sorry!" he said as an anxious Andrea opened her door. "I fell asleep."

Andrea wore a tight jumper and close-fitting trousers and even Fenton noticed that she was wearing no bra, for her nipples stood out quite prominently. Fenton was dressed as he almost always was in tweed jacket and trousers. Only the color of his shirts and his badges varied. His small but brightly colored badge declared: Laugh Now, But One Day We'll Be In Charge.'

"Are you ready," he asked unnecessarily.

"Lead on!"

The gathering was held in the first floor room of one of the colleges. The chairs were low and comfortable, the décor modern but subdued. The blinds were drawn to cover the window and one table was spread with glasses, bottles of wine and cans of beer. Of the nine students, three were women. They did not turn to stare as Andrea and Fenton entered, and Andrea was surprised to find that all of those gathered in the room looked and dressed like ordinary students.

Fenton saw her surprise. "What did you expect?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "They all look so normal."

He adopted an effeminate pose. "Well to tell you the truth dear, we are. It's the others who aren't!"

She cuffed him playfully on the ear with her hand.

"Come on," he said, "I'll introduce you." He walked toward a tall woman with startling blue eyes and very short black hair. "Julie," he said to her, "this is Andrea."

"Hi," Julie said, and held out her bony hand.

Andrea blushed, held the proffered hand briefly, and said, "Hello!"

"What are you studying?" Julie asked her.

"Philosophy. And you?"

"Physics. Can I get you a drink?"

"Orange juice – if there is one."

"We'll see! As she passed Fenton, Julie whispered in his ear. "Pretty, isn't she?"

She was not away long, and Andrea clutched her glass nervously while she and Julie stood on the edge of the conclave. Fenton moved away to talk to the others.

"What made you choose York?" Julie asked her.

"The course, mainly."

"Do you like music?"

"It's alright."

"I just love Classical, myself. Now Carl – well! His taste runs to that horrendous noise he calls 'Progressive'. Personally, I would say 'regressive' – back to the primitive."

She laughed at her own joke. "But enough of me – tell me about yourself."

Andrea sipped her orange juice, and looked at Carl. He was obviously at ease, among friends, and his laugh made her feel a little sad. "Are you in your first year?" she asked Julie.

"Heavens no! Only wish I were. Finals time! What made you choose philosophy?"

"Seemed a good idea at the time."

"Are you liking it?"

"Yes and no."

"We had a few lectures from a chap in your Department. On the philosophy of Science. Can't remember his name. Fancied himself, though. Tall chap – often wore black. Some sort of gesture, I suppose. Typical arty-farty type. Do you know him?"

"Not really," Andrea lied. She wanted to get away, to talk to Carl, to leave the room. Julie was smiling intently at her. "Have you any plans after your Degree?" she asked to hide her embarrassment.

"Year off. Cycling across America, then Scandinavia."

"You do a lot of cycling then?"

"Sure! I love it. You?"

"No. I am not very sporting."

"You should try it! There's a marvelous, simply marvelous, feeling about riding a bike – such freedom. Just you, and your surroundings. You're really in tune with your environment. I love it – touring and racing, cycling at speed. You and the machine, a perfect harmony. All your own effort and skill. Beautiful! I've a race – well, Time Trial actually – on Sunday. Would you like to come?"

"Well, I was thinking of - " she returned her gaze from Carl to Julie. There was something about Julie's earnest, youthful enthusiasm, which pleased her, and she smiled, envying her vivacity.

"I'm afraid," Julie was saying, "it starts rather early. Six in the morning actually. I'm off number three – they always start the slowest riders first!" She laughed, again, rocking slightly backwards on her feet and as she did so she lightly touched Andrea's arm with her hand. "It's only twenty five though."

"Sorry?"

"Twenty five miles. Fast course, though. I hope to do a One-Six." Then seeing Andrea's obvious incomprehension, she added, "one hour, six minutes."

"You mean," Andrea said, astounded, "you cycle twenty five miles in just one hour and six minutes?"

"More or less. I'm not as fast as some of the ladies, though."

"That's nearly – what?" she thought for a moment. "Twenty three miles an hour."

Julie shrugged her shoulders. "Lots of ladies get under the hour."

"You must be very fit."

"Well, I do lots of training! It's lovely to be out on the bike after hours of lectures or lab work. Really relaxing. There's only you, the bike and the road – everything else ceases to exist. Marvelous for stress!"

"I doubt I could make it into the town on a bike."

"Fancy a ride tomorrow? I've got a spare bike?"

"I'd only slow you down."

"Nonsense! I like touring speeds as well." She looked at Andrea's body, letting her gaze linger on her breasts. "You look fit enough. I've got a flat in town. If you want to come round about ten in the morning, say. I'll give you the address."

"Really, I –"

"No bother! Just a minute, I'll borrow some paper and a pen."

She returned with Carl, and scribbled her address on a crumpled sheet of paper. "I'll look forward," she said as she gave it to Andrea, "to seeing you." She turned toward Carl. "Got to dash!" To Andrea's surprise, Julie kissed Carl on the cheek, tousled his hair with her hand and said, "You take care. Probably see you next week." She waved at Andrea, smiled warmly, and was gone from the room in a burst of energy. For a few seconds, Andrea regretted her departure.

Then she was annoyed with herself. 'I'm so fickle and immature,' she thought.

"Come and meet the others." Carl said to her.

"Can we go? I'm really not in the mood to be around people."

"Of course. I'll just say my farewells."

He returned smiling and holding out some car keys. "Julien's lent me his car," he beamed.

The car turned out to be an old Volkswagen laden with rust whose interior was sorely in need of repair. But it conveyed them, albeit slowly, into the city center. The restaurant Carl had chosen was not expensive but the food was reasonable even if the service was slow and the somewhat garish décor faded. But in the dim light it was easy to ignore.

Andrea settled for the soup while Carl ate, what seemed to her, a gargantuan meal.

"So you've arranged to see Julie again?" he asked.

"I let myself be talked into it."

"She's a bit like that," he smiled.

"Is she -?"

"What do you think?"

"Silly question. God, I'm stupid! Why else would she be there!"

"I don't think you are stupid," he said gently.

"I must be! Shall I tell you something? No, on second thought, I won't."

"You can trust me, you know."

She briefly held his hand. "I know."

"You liked her, didn't you?"

Andrea sighed. "Yes, I suppose so. But only because she showed an interest in me – seemed to like me. I sometimes think I'm just a reflection of other people's interest."

"We all need to be liked."

"But I seem to need others in a different way. Without them I sometimes feel I don't exist at all."

"You just need someone to love you," he said softly.

She cried then, not loudly or very much. "I know," she said, almost as a whisper. "And I wish it could be you."

For some time he looked at her, not knowing what to say or do, and when he did speak, his own emotion was evident in his measured words. "I'm sorry. But you will find someone. I know you will. I do love you, as a friend."

She turned away, then, to stare out of the window, her silent tears returning. Outside, in the resurgent rain, people hurried along the pavement in the city-lit darkness, burdened with the burdens of their worlds.

XIV

Such was Colin's perplexity that, on leaving Andrea's room, he did not notice the rain. It was light, a mere drizzle to dampen clothes only with prolonged exposure, and he walked through it along the campus paths to the streets and Fiona's house.

He was early for his assignation, but she was not there and, disgruntled, he trudged back to the University. No one disturbed him as he sat, alone in the Philosophy Department, in his room, vaguely looking out from the window.

Tomorrow, he knew, that he would see Andrea and Fenton at his lecture and this both pleased and disturbed him, bringing discomfort to his stomach and pain to his head. He was pleased because he wanted to show he was not concerned about their presence and secret knowledge, and because he would then know what, if anything, they would do. Yet he was agitated because that knowledge was another day away. He began, however, to prepare himself. If necessity demanded it, he would say she was infatuated with him, and he spent nearly an hour creating in his mind answers to any questions he might face.

Pleased with himself again, he issued forth from his office to walk briskly to Fiona's house. He was only a few minutes early and waited, leaning on her gate smoking his pipe. 'I think we'd make a good combination' he remembered she had said, 'in bed.'

He waited half an hour; then an hour, leaning against her fence, a nearby lamppost and her door. He banged his fist against the door, stole a look through windows front and back, but no one was seen or came, and it was another half an hour before, in disappointment, he walked away. From his office he telephoned Magarita. But his recent experiences had done nothing to change his habits, and in the bedroom of her almost city-center and quite artistically furnished flat, he resumed his manipulative role.

It was sad for Magarita that she loved him. She stood before him naked, her tawny hair held neatly by a band behind her head and already he had remarked about her tendency to plumpness. He held his camera ready.

"Go on!" he said, "just one of you sitting on the toilet."

"No."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I just don't want to, alright?" She had begun to frown, and made to grab her clothes.

"Come here," he said, almost softly.

Reluctantly, she did. Then he was kissing her and steering her toward the bed. She resisted, a little, but did not want

to be alone and let him win again. Here ecstasy came slowly and when it was over and she wished to lie warm and languid beside him resting her head on his chest, he spoke to her again.

“Humor me,” he said and kissed her.

“Alright, then. But only one.”

He left shortly thereafter, clutching his undeveloped prize.

Sleep came easily to him on his own bed and he slept deeply until a disturbing dream awoke him. He dreamed he was in Fiona’s bed, waiting for her to join him. She was a long time, and he fell asleep. Then warm hands were caressing his body and genitals, arousing him and he turned over to find not Fiona but Fenton, naked, beside him. Then Fenton was guiding his hand, downward.... He awoke sweating and kicking his bedclothes onto the floor.

He did sleep again, but in spasms of half-conscious tiredness and deep perplexing dreams, and when the hard, strident ringing of his clock alarm finally aroused him, he lay, tired and yawning and disturbed. But the passing minutes faded his memory of the dream, until it gradually slipped away from his conscious recollection. Outside, the sun glowed warmly, and he rose to select from his untidy collection a recording of loud modern music.

Soon, he was ready for his day. He forsook the black clothes of his pose, choosing instead a conventional ensemble replete with a silk bow tie. The effect pleased him and he smiled at himself in the mirror.

He was not surprised to find Andrea and Fenton seated next to each other in the room apportioned for his lecture. They

did not smile or stare at him, but sat idly talking to those around them, their notebooks and pens ready on the table before them, and he began to wonder if it had all been some dream, for they appeared relaxed, at ease. But the feeling passed. It had been real, and he himself began to tremble and sweat.

Then his own emotions faded, as he remembered the plan of his lecture. He was the master, they the disciples.

"Finally," he said at his lecture's end, "and in conclusion, you can say that Kant wished to prove that aesthetic experience improves our lives: it makes or can make us moral beings. In essence, that is its reason for existing. Any questions?"

"Yes," Fenton said immediately. "So what you're saying is that Kant's aesthetics show the value of things like Art resides in the moral realm?"

"Not exactly! I believe Kant hints – and I repeat only hints – that aesthetic experience humanizes us. For example, in his 'Solution to the Antinomy of Taste' he –"

"Yes, but going on from there, what about the life of the artist – or indeed the philosopher. Does their life have to be moral, in the conventional sense, for their works to be perceived as sublime and thus contributing to an aesthetic experience?" Colin wanted to interject, but Fenton continued. "If you, for example, study the lives of most of the great artists – and some philosophers – you will find a certain turmoil, even moral turpitude. Then –"

"It is an interesting point," he said, trying to smile. "But one not directly relevant to our study of Kant."

"I think it is very relevant to aesthetics. Central to the life of the philosopher, in fact."

"Perhaps you would like to study the matter further."

"I would have thought you would have developed Kant's – what did you call it? Hints? – further."

Colin looked around the room. "Any other points?" he asked.

Fenton said aloud, and to no one in particular, "It would make a good thesis – the lives of philosophers in relation to the ideas. Is there a correlation between the humanity of their teachings and the morality of their lives?"

"Perhaps," Colin said with an elegant smile, "you should write a thesis about it – assuming you pass your finals."

"No," Fenton said, screwing up his face into a gargoyle-like expression, "it's a boring subject. Much more important things to do."

Gradually the students left. In the corridor, Colin heard talk and laughter. Was it about him, he wondered? But no one stared at him as he walked to his office. He was inside, smoking his pipe and glancing at Kant's 'Observations on the Feeling of the Beautiful and the Sublime' when a possible solution to what he saw as a potential problem occurred to him. He had no diary or timetable to consult, for he despised dependence on such items, but he knew from memory that no engagements, lectures, tutorials or assignments would hinder him, and he used his telephone to summon a taxi to convey him to his destination.

In his intense satisfaction, he rubbed his hands together and smiled.

XV

Andrea had made her excuses in a brief telephone conversation and it was with some reluctance that she arrived at Julie's flat in the afternoon at the pre-arranged time. The flat was part of an elegant Georgian building some distance from the center of the city where a road fed an incessant stream of traffic and a little piece of parkland opened wide. But inside, there was only a perfumed silence, a clutter of books, furniture and bikes.

"The weather is just right! Julie said. "Do you want something to drink or shall we make a start?"

"I'm fine."

"Good! Here you are." She pointed to a bike in the small corridor. "I've adjusted the saddle height for you."

"Thanks."

Julie laughed. "Don't look so worried! Right, if you want to lug that down, I'll get changed and be right with you."

The cycle was lighter than Andrea expected, and she waited outside the front door of the apartment feeling slightly conspicuous. Julie duly arrived wearing skin-tight cycling shorts and jumper and carrying her gleaming bike. The shorts were black but the jumper was bright and banded. 'York Road Club' was flocked in large letters on the back.

Soon, Andrea was regretting her acceptance. The roads they took led them after a few miles beyond the limits of the city and, as houses gave way to hedges and fields, Andrea was tired and sweating profusely. She judged their pace fast; although for Julie it was only a slow dawdle.

"You alright?" Julie kept saying as she dropped back to ride beside her.

Andrea would nod, and smile, and turn the pedals faster in an effort to convince. But after a few more miles even her pride could not make her continue. She dismounted to lean the cycle against a field gate and sit herself on the ground. Julie returned to sit beside her.

"Here," Julie said, giving her a handkerchief from a pocket of her jumper.

"Thanks." She wiped the sweat on her forehead away.

"You look done in."

"I am!"

"The sun is warm, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you take your cardigan off? You must be hot."

Andrea looked at her suspiciously, but Julie laughed and said, "don't worry! I'm not after your body – nice though it is!"

"I didn't think you were," Andrea said quietly and without conviction.

"I just want to be your friend. You seem to need one."

"Is that what Carl said?"

"He said nothing. I like you, that's all. Alright, so I'm gay. Big deal."

Andrea felt like a fool and, although she did not want to because she did not feel particularly warm sitting in the breeze, she removed her cardigan.

"You thirsty?"

"Yes."

"There's a little tea shop just up the road."

"Ah! Just what I need!" then she added: "What do you mean by 'just up the road?'"

"About five or six miles."

"Six miles?" Are you serious?"

"Well, it was about six last time I looked on a map."

"I didn't mean that!"

"Think you can make it?"

"I don't think so. But even if I could, we've got to ride back. How far is it back, anyway – from here?"

"Six or seven miles – no more." She stood up and held out her hand. "Come on then! Home."

Andrea let Julie help her up. She did not want to jerk her hand away as they stood facing each other for fear that Julie would misunderstand, so they stood looking at each other and holding hands for almost a minute. It was Julie who broke the contact, turning away abruptly. Then she was smiling again.

"I was going to say," she laughed, "race you back!"

"Only if you give me an hours start!" She wrapped the arms of her cardigan around her waist.

A few cars passed them on their way into the city, and high cloud came to haze the sun. But it was a pleasant ride, for Andrea, and even the city streets, often dense with traffic, did not unduly disturb her. Yet she was glad when it ended. Her arms and legs ached, a little, her crotch a lot and she felt bathed in her own sweat. The flat felt warm and she let Julie carry both bicycles, one after the other, up the stairs and into the spare room where they rested with others.

"What do you want first," Julie asked her as they sat on the sofa, "tea or a bath?"

Andrea blushed, and turned her face away. "Tea, I think."

"Any preference?"

"Sorry?"

"What sort of tea would you like? Darjeeling? Assam? Formosa Oolong? Gunpowder?"

"I really don't mind."

"Look around. I won't be long."

In the kitchen, Julie began to sing. Andrea did not know what it was except that it sounded like opera. There were piles of books nearly enclosing the sofa, and Andrea picked the first book off one of them. 'Lectures on Physics' the bright red cover read. But the mathematical questions, the diagrams and even most of the words were meaningless to her, and she selected another. 'Duino Elegies'. She was flicking through the pages when a handwritten piece of paper fell to the floor. The handwriting was vaguely familiar and she began to read. It was set out in stanzas and bore the title: 'Fragment 31'.

Equal of the gods, it appears to me,
The man who sits beside you
And, being so near, listens
While you softly speak
And laugh your beautiful laugh
That in honesty makes my heart tremor.

When I unprepared meet you
I am tongue-tied, words dry in my mouth
Flames dance under my skin
And I am blinded,

Hearing only the beating of my pulse.
My body, bathed in sweat, trembles
And I am paler than sun burnt grass
And nearer to death...

She read the poem three times, and began to cry because it was so simple and yet so well expressed the feelings of love. How many times in the past few years of her life had she felt tongue-tied and trembled when she had met a beloved? Carefully, she wiped away the tears and replaced the paper within the book. She turned around and saw Julie watching from the doorway to the kitchen.

Julie did not speak but came to sit beside her and gently touch her face with her hand.

"I think your kettle is boiling," Andrea finally said. But she was momentarily sad when the gentle touching stopped.

"What were you reading?" Julia asked almost nonchalantly, as they sat with their mugs of tea.

Nervous and embarrassed, Andrea gave her the book.

"Ah! The Sappho. Carl translated it for me. Lovely, isn't it?"

"Carl?" she asked. She had heard of Sappho, vaguely, but only now made the connection with the love between two women. She blushed, for suddenly that love seemed quite real and not strange. It was not that she identified with it but rather she intuitively understood in that moment that the love between two women was in no way different from the love between a woman and a man. In that instant, all the conditioned responses, foisted upon her by her upbringing

and society, of Sapphic love as unnatural and unhealthy, vanished.

"Carl?" she heard herself repeating, like an echo in a dream.

"Yes. He's quite talented, you know. Could have been a classical scholar. Well anyway," she laughed her vivacious laugh, "that's what he tells me!"

Andrea smiled in response, and for the first time let her liking of Julie show in her face.

"You really like him, don't you?" Andrea said.

"Of course!" She put her mug on the floor. "I know how you feel about him," she said quietly.

"What do you mean?" Then: "Sorry, I didn't mean it that way."

"It's alright. I saw." Julie said, and held Andrea's hand, "how you looked at him last night."

"It's not like that," Andrea retorted and withdrew her hand. "He helped me through a very difficult time, that's all."

Julie simply smiled. "You don't have to explain."

"You make me want to." She felt a desire to explain about her attempted suicide, but the desire did not last. "This race of yours on Sunday. What time did you say it started?"

"Six. You coming, then?" she asked enthusiastically.

"Yes, I'd like to." She felt a fool about almost loving Carl.

Julie held up the book of Rilke's poetry. "Have you read any?" she asked.

"No. I was never one for poetry at school."

"I'm not surprised – considering the drivel they teach!" Shall I read you some?" Then, before Andrea could answer she said, "You don't speak German do you?"

"No, sorry."

"Ah well. But this translation is superb. Best ever done." She opened the book and began to read.

After she had read the first elegy, they sat in silence for what seemed a very long time until Julie rose to play a record on her high-fidelity system. So they listened, and talked and read aloud to each other while the hours of the afternoon passed, the sun clouded over and twilight came to the world outside. And when the time of leaving came, as she knew it must, Andrea stood, re-assured in friendship, to embrace her new friend.

"I'll see you on Sunday, then," Andrea said before beginning her descent of the stairs.

"I'll look forward to it."

And so will I, Andrea thought as she walked toward the door.

XVI

The taxi conveyed Colin to the gate of Magnus' farm leaving him free to walk the track under the warm sun with trees and singing birds around him. The breeze refreshed him, and he slowed his pace.

No one came to greet him as he walked to the farmhouse, or answer his knock, and he stood looking round the farmyard where the odor of muck pervaded.

"Yes?" said a strong voice, startling him.

He turned to face Magnus. Tall though he himself was, Colin had to look up. Magnus' sheepdog growled at him.

"Hi! I'm Colin. Edmund's friend." Wary, he moved away from the dog.

"He's not here," Magnus said gruffly.

"Well, it's really Alison I came to see."

"Is that so? And what would you be wanting with her?"

"I'd just like to talk to her."

"Colin, you say?" Magnus asked, inspecting him.

"Yes. Colin Mickleman."

"We don't get many strangers, here."

"She is here, isn't she?"

"Could be. You any good with pigs?"

"Pardon?"

Magnus gave Colin the large shovel leaning against the wall. "I'll get some boots. That lot," he indicated the pigpens, "needs shifting."

Colin was still gaping in amazement when Magnus returned.

"But Alison," Colin protested as Magnus handed him the boots.

"She'll be along. Shouldn't take you long to shift that lot." The dog followed him as he walked away.

At first, Colin stood beside the smelly, stone-built sties whose occupants grunted loudly. Then, tired of waiting, he climbed over one of the low walls. To his surprise, the pigs did not attack him and he began the imposed task. Soon he was removing his jacket and rolling up the sleeves of his shirt. The work was half done – or seemed to him to be half done – when a woman's laugh made him straighten his already aching back and turn around.

"You've found your true vocation, I see," Alison said. She was dressed in obviously well used working denim clothes.

"Very funny." He put down his shovel.

"They seem to like you," she said, indicating the pigs. "Recognize their kin I suppose." She laughed again.

Colin stepped back over the wall.

"You haven't finished." She said, disapprovingly.

"I came to see you, not much out a pig sty!"

"A bit of practice – perhaps you'll start with your room next!"

He ignored the insult and wiped sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. "Is he always like that?"

"Who?"

"That big chap."

"You mean Magnus? He's affable enough. Quite sweet, really."

"You could have fooled me."

"He obviously did!"

He winced, trying to ignore her laughter. "Is there anywhere I can wash?" he asked.

"There's a tap over there." She pointed to the wall of one of the buildings.

"Thanks," he said, obviously displeased. He returned to change into his shoes and jacket. "Can we go somewhere and talk?"

"What's wrong with here? Fresh air, the smell of the country."

"Well – it is not the perfect setting." The pigs were grunting again.

"I suppose we could sit in the garden."

He followed her. "Well?" she asked as they sat on the bench.

"This is not exactly easy."

"What isn't?"

He sighed deeply, and then looked around. No one was watching, or even about, and he heard only the distant noise of the pigs, the songs of birds and the breeze in the trees.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

For some reason Alison was so surprised she could not speak and when she did her voice was a single loud exclamation. "What!"

He shuffled his feet. "Will you marry me?" he repeated.

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

To fill the embarrassed silence, he said, "I know I have my faults, but I can try to change."

She felt an instant love for him and remembered with intensity her former needs and desires. "Thanks," she said briefly squeezing his hand with her own, "I do appreciate it."

"Does that mean 'no' then?"

"It wouldn't work."

"It could."

She watched his face become pale. "I'm sorry," she said. "I really am, but I don't love you. Not anymore, anyway."

He was more sad than he could have imagined. "Perhaps it is for the best." He stood up. "I was serious, you know."

"I know." She stood up and kissed him briefly.

"I'd better go."

"How will you get back?"

"I have a taxi waiting."

"Oh, I see."

"I was going to ask you to come back with me. We'd look for a flat or house somewhere. I've got some savings."

Alison looked up at the sky. "Looks like it might rain."

In that moment, as he stood beside her, his arms hanging limply beside him, he looked to her like a lost child. She embraced him warmly. "I'll visit you," she said before running toward the house. She had almost reached the door when she ran back.

"I haven't changed my mind," she said, "about the termination. I just wanted you to know. In case you thought – " She was watching his face when she spoke, and even as the words were issuing forth from her mouth – an expression of her feeling and sudden confusion – she regretted saying them. "It wouldn't have worked," she added.

He shrugged his shoulders. "No, maybe not. Silly idea, really."

"No it wasn't! It was the real you. I only wish you'd shown that more often in the past."

"I'd better get back. Can't keep the taxi waiting for ever."

"Will you be alright?" she said, almost as an afterthought as he began to walk away.

He turned, and she could see the face of his posing.

"I have weathered the storm," he said, "I have beaten out my exile." He bowed, smiled, and then turned away to lope along the winding driveway to the distant gate.

He had lied about the waiting taxi, and it was a long walk to the nearest village. There were no shops in the village, not even an Inn, and he was surprised when the elderly lady, bent by arthritis, who answered his knocking upon her cottage door, let him use her telephone. The taxi was a long time coming, and he sat in her heated parlor drinking the tea she offered. She chatted amiably until his city transport came. He had been pleased, embarrassed and arrogantly cynical about her unaffected hospitality to a stranger, and it occurred to him as he sat in the car whose driver drove it along the, at first, twisty lanes and then the major roads to York, that his divergent feelings summoned up his attitudes to life. But this self-analysis made him even more depressed, and he arrived back at the University exhausted.

Darkness found him sitting smoking his pipe in the untidy clutter of his bedroom. He had begun to read several books, discarding one after the other after only a few lines were read, as he had several times begun to write an academic article promised weeks ago to the editor of a prestigious journal. But he was in no mood for work, his stomach pains had returned, and he sought relief by sauntering toward Andrea's room. He did not know what to do when he got there.

"Hello," he said as she, only recently returned, opened the door.

For a few seconds she felt pleased to see him, but the feeling vanished. Perhaps Carl's and Julie's friendship had given her some of the strength she needed, for she said, although not in a harsh voice, "I don't think we've got anything to say to each other."

"I just came to apologize," he said. Only half of him was sincere – for the Owl inside him was hoping to avoid any future problems.

"I'll be changing tutors," she said, attempting a smile. Now, she was wishing he would go away.

"Fine. I'll arrange it for you if you like."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose I'd better get back to my work. I really am sorry."

"So am I." She closed the door upon him.

He had returned to his office and was sitting at his desk, smoking his pipe and wondering how to fill the long hours of the evening, when he heard footsteps outside. But it was only Storr, shuffling to his own room carrying a bundle of books. He was disappointed, and telephoned Fiona's house. There was no reply.

"Enter!" Storr said as Colin knocked at his door.

"You don't happen to know where Fiona is, do you?" he asked as he entered.

Storr gave his quirky and toady smile. "Didn't you know? She's, er, gone away for some days."

"Do you know when she will be back?"

"Er, Monday. Yes, Monday. Anything I can help you with?"

"No."

"You ready for Tuesday?" he slobbered.

"Just about. I don't rate my chances, though."

"Come, come! Er, you underestimate yourself. Yes indeed."

He lifted one of the books off the stack on his desk. "My latest book," he smirked. "You, er, won't have seen it yet, of course."

"Well, I'll have to get back to work."

"You're welcome to a copy, of course." He held on out.

He humored him, for Storr might next week become the Professor, "Thanks." He walked toward the desk and took the book."

"That will be ten pounds."

"Pardon?" said a surprised Colin.

"Ten pounds. Er, that includes the discount."

Colin was annoyed. He put the book on the desk. "I'll read the Library copy. I'm sure you will be donating one. Or six."

"Possibly, possibly." Storr seemed oblivious to the comment. He looked lovingly at a copy of his book and spread his clammy hand over the spine. "So important for, er, a Professor to have an established reputation, don't you think?"

“Depends on the reputation.”

“Quite, quite! My feeling exactly. Well, I’m glad we’ve had this little chat – cleared the air, so to speak. I do so, er, wish fortune favors you on Tuesday. Yes, indeed!” He glanced at his watch. “My word! I must be off. Er, nice to talk to you Colin.”

“I can’t say it’s been a pleasure,” he mumbled almost inaudibly in reply and left to seek the Union Bar with the intention of drinking himself into an alcoholic stupor.

Among the milling, sitting and standing crowd in the smoke infested room, he thought he saw Edmund. But when he pushed his way through the students, the individual had gone, leaving him to sit alone and self-pitying while an excess of alcohol dulled the processes of his brain.

XVII

Sunday. Six o’clock in the morning, and Andrea yawned. It was quite cold, and she shivered as she stood on the verge of the road watching Julie pedal seemingly effortlessly away from the lay-by. A few other cyclists, all in racing clothing, ambled along, waiting for the start.

Then the first rider, his bicycle held steady by a helper, bent his head as the Timekeeper counted down the seconds of his start.

“Five-Four-Three-Two-One. Go!”

He was away, sprinting toward the rising sun where the road swung gently between hedges and fields and trees, to disappear from sight. No traffic came past to spoil the scene, and Andrea saw Julie join the small queue of riders that had formed.

“Good luck!” she said as she came to stand beside her.

“Thanks!” Julie’s smile was short. “This is the worst bit – waiting.”

She had covered her legs in strong smelling embrocation and Andrea found the smell faintly pleasing. It seemed somehow to complement the scene: the gleaming cycles, the strain of nervous anticipation upon the faces of those waiting.

Then Julie herself was gone, and Andrea walked slowly back to where Julie had left the car. It was the same one that Carl had borrowed with the addition of a rather grease-covered sheet to cover the rear seat whereon Julie’s cycle, with the wheels removed, had rested. Andrea sat inside, and waited, watching riders cycle by, a few cars arrive to disgorge their drivers and their cycles. Then, tired of sitting, she stood by the side of the road.

“You’re Julie’s friend, aren’t you?” a young man asked her as he brought his cycle to a stop beside her.

His ginger hair was short but curled, and on the back of his cycling jumper she saw the words ‘York Road Club’.

“Yes,” she said. His body was lean rather than muscular and his face was broadly smiling.

"There is no wind," he said looking around, "should be fast times, today."

"What time do you hope to do?" she asked, trying to appear knowledgeable.

"Not too bothered, really. Early in the season yet. Still, I'll be satisfied with a fifty-five."

"What number do you start?" It was pleasant, she felt, chatting, while the sun gradually warmed the earth and the friendly cyclists gathered in groups around her, talking in their sometimes strange jargon. 'There I was, honking up the hill on fixed when the rear tube blew..."

The young man smiled at her. "I'm off at last. You not riding?"

"No. Well, actually Julies trying to convert me."

"Got promise, she has," he said, seemingly to no one in particular. "What do you do?" he asked her directly.

"I'm at University."

"Well, nobody's perfect!"

His broad smile stopped her being offended.

He looked at his watch. "Better get warmed up. Hope I'll see you later."

"Maybe."

He had started to cycle away when he shouted back. "See you at the result board, then."

Nearly an hour had elapsed since Julie's departure and she was sauntering to where another Timekeeper stood beside a checkered board when Julie swept past, her eyes fixed intently on the road ahead of her, her speed fast. There were a few cheers from the small crowd as she went by to only gradually slow her speed while a single car, its occupants staring at the strange spectacle, noisily motored past.

It seemed to Andrea a long time before Julie returned, sweating, her face flushed but pleased. Carefully, she leaned her cycle against the car before briefly embracing Andrea. Then she was covering herself in extra clothing.

"You alright?" Andrea asked.

"Great! First time under the hour!" She checked the stopwatch strapped to the handlebars of her cycle for the third time.

They were soon standing among the crowd around the results board where Julie reveled in the congratulations from members of her own and other clubs. Slowly, the board became full of times set against the listed names, and Andrea, feeling somewhat bored, was watching a man write '55-23' against the name of the last rider to start when the young man came and stood beside her.

"I see Julie broke the hour," she said, and wiped his brow of sweat. A dark tracksuit swathed his body.

"Yes," and she returned his smile. "Looks like you won easily."

He shrugged his shoulders. "It was a good day. No real opposition. Fast men are riding Boro' course today."

"Hey!" Julie said as she joined them. "Congratulations!"

"And to you!" He accepted her sisterly kiss, but blushed.

"Well," Julie said to Andrea, briefly touching her arm with her hand, "you deserve congratulating as well!"

"Sorry?"

Julie laughed. "You've got to talk to him after a race!" Usually he just goes off by himself."

Andrea watched the young man blush again.

"Ah!" Julie turned, and waved at someone in the crowd still gathered around the board, "there's Jill. I'll see you in a minute."

They both watched her go. For almost a minute there was an embarrassed silence between them. Andrea broke it by asking, "What does the J stand for?" She pointed toward his name on the board.

"James."

"I'm Andrea. Is this your fastest time?"

"No. I've done a short fifty-four. You don't race, then?"

"Fraid not. Didn't know such things existed until I met Julie."

"That used to be the point. Anyway, I'd better be off, doesn't do to stand around too long."

"I suppose not."

He looked around, then said somewhat shyly, "There's a club 'ten' on Wednesday evening if you'd like to come."

"Yes. Yes, I would."

"I'll see you then, then."

She saw him walk toward an older man, give him the tracksuit and collect his cycle. Soon he was out of sight as he pedaled down the road. He seemed to her to make his riding seem effortless.

"James gone, then?" Julie asked her.

"Yes. Is there a club something-or-other on Wednesday?"

"A ten mile time trial, yes. Why?"

"James mentioned it. You going?"

"Usually do. You certainly made an impression on him."

“What do you mean?”

“He hardly talks to anybody. Quiet type of chap. Mind you,” she said in a quieter voice, “can’t blame him. I quite fancy you myself. As if you didn’t know.”

Andrea smiled weakly. But Julie said, “don’t worry! I do understand.” She kissed her briefly, then walked quickly away.

The tears she felt were soon suppressed, and she needed only a barely perceptible movement of her hand to wipe her eye dry.

“Marvelous time James did, wasn’t it?” she said to a club member among the crowd as, out of the corner of her eye, she watched Andrea watching the road. She knew her friend was hoping for James to return.

Nearby, two blackbirds vied in song.

XVIII

Colin Mickleman felt uneasy. The late afternoon sun was warm as he walked toward Derwent and the inevitable congratulations.

The interview had astounded him. The Vice-Chancellor was exceedingly affable, and the whole exercise seemed a formality, as if it were, in the favored tradition of elderly academics, being polite and excusing him for his temerity in applying. ‘Too young’, he thought they would mutter among themselves while he sat with the other candidates awaiting

their judgment; 'no substantial work published' they would smile.

Now, in the busy soft lateness, he was walking toward his Department. No one stopped him, as he half-expected them to, saying: 'Good afternoon, Professor!' No one – student, staff or friend – ran to him saying: 'Well done! And so young!'

Instead, the quiet steady sameness of concrete, path, students and sun remained as they had remained for years, and he waited uneasily, fearing it was all a mistake.

'We're so sorry, Doctor Mickleman. We've made the most dreadful mistake....' It was unbelievable because it had been so easy.

They were waiting, as he expected them to be – crowded into the secretarial office. Some bottles of wine had been procured and, in turn, they all offered their sincerest congratulations. Fiona – voluptuous, delectable Fiona; Mrs. Cornish – almost prim, except she had exchanged her small cigars for a pipe; Horton, squeezing his hand painfully: 'Excellent choice! They have seen sense at last!' Even Whiting and Storr. They were all present, shaking his hand, opening their mouths with thanks and praise. Only Storr looked passé, and he soon slunk away.

Soon the insincere statements began. "I was hoping they would appoint you," said Hill.

Timothy, in an azure ensemble and wearing a strong perfume, clasped Colin's hand weakly. "You don't look very happy," he said quietly.

"Just surprised." He looked around, desperate to be rescued.

"I'm sure you'd like to be alone."

"What?" Then, seeing that Timothy was sincere, he added, "Yes. Yes I would."

"You'll need time to adjust."

Colin smiled, and escaped to his office. Its chaos seemed out of keeping with his Professorship, and in a frenzy of activity he began to try to tidy it. It was some minutes later when he realized his efforts would be in vain since he would be given new offices as befitted his new status, and he sat down at his still cluttered desk to smoke his pipe. But he soon became filled with a nervous excitement.

His walk took him down to the lake and he wandered along the grassy bank between trees of willow, pleased with himself and his world. He was approaching the wooded bridge of Spring Lane, shadowed by trees, when he saw Fiona. She was leaning against the lattice of the bridge in an animated conversation with the Vice-Chancellor, and it seemed to Colin from his posture and her smile that there existed intimacy between them. He could not hear the words that passed between them and was about to walk away when Fiona turned and saw him. She waved and then spoke briefly to the Vice-Chancellor who staidly walked away, as befitted his position and traditional manner of dress.

Colin was still standing by the side of the lake, his mind befuddled, when she approached him

"I think," she said softly, and smiled, "you owe me a favor."

"Is that so?" He had tried to make his voice sound strong, but his words emerged as a feeble croak.

"I shall have my camera ready. Tonight." She laughed, and left him standing trembling and alone.

It was several minutes before he resumed his walk. The Physics building, Goodricke, Wentworth, Biology, Vanbrugh, Langwith... he passed them all to finally stop by a narrow wooden bridge whose trees sang with the songs of birds. He stood and listened, watching the water below him swell gently. But his surroundings did nothing to ease the turmoil of his mind, and he walked back toward his office with stomach pain grieving him.

At the top of the stairs he met Timothy. "Visited your new office yet?" he asked in a friendly manner.

"No," came the curt reply.

But Timothy was not offended. "If there is anything I can do to help –"

"No thank you!" His stomach pains seemed worse.

"But even you need someone to talk to."

Timothy's eyes were evidential of understanding, and Colin's impending, and clever, insult was negated by his sudden and momentary empathy with him. For a quintessential moment of time he perceived the human person behind the mask of the individual before him: someone who lived, and who probably suffered; who experienced sadness and joy, pleasure and pain.

But the moment was only a moment: his own patterns of thought and feeling flowed on past this one insight to create another moment when he was not a unity with all things. Yet an almost ineffable memory remained.

"Thanks," he said kindly.

Timothy smiled. "It is better to live unhappily than not to live at all."

Then he was gone, down the stairs. But it was not long before a shadow fell between Colin's moment of understanding and his past.

Magarita was in her own small office in the quiet confines of her Department, and he sat on the edge of her desk while she continued to type her letter. The room was obsessively tidy with a profusion of plants scattered around.

"Look, I am very busy," she said. "I must get this done."

"You haven't heard, then?"

"Heard what?" She did not look up from her work.

"Nothing important," he sulked.

She continued with her typing for a while as he began to rearrange the furnishings on her desk.

Exasperated, she shouted: "Stop it!"

He was still for only a short time, and began to noisily remove, and then replace, books from her bookcases.

"Aren't you going to ask?" he said.

"Whatever it is, I'm not interested! Damn! Now look what you've made me do!" She tried to correct her typing mistake.

"I was appointed Professor today," he said with apparent indifference.

"Bully for you!"

"Is that all you can say?"

She made another mistake and, in anger, tore the paper from the typewriter, screwed it up into a ball and threw it at him.

He smiled. "I stood still," he said, quoting his favorite poet of the year, "and was a tree amid the wood, knowing the truth of things unseen before." He smiled again. "To wit. I surmise your period is coming."

She was struggling to insert another sheet of paper into her typewriter as he said this, but crumpled it. She yanked it out. It also became a projectile but missed its target. "Just leave me alone!" she shouted.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go and celebrate. You'll feel better."

His assumptions infuriated her, and she threw a book at him.

“Temper! Temper!” Her breasts had wobbled as she threw the book, and he came to her and tried to touch them, his lust aroused.

She pushed him away, but he persisted. Then she slapped his face.

“Leave me alone!” She shouted.

For a few seconds he stood staring at her, and then turned to walk out of her room. He waited outside, in the corridor, for many minutes, expecting her to follow, and when she did not he walked into the cloud-weakened sunlight. Behind him, he could hear her typewriter clacking. He had not gone far when his stomach pains returned, fiercer than before. He was soon back at her room.

“What do you want?” she asked querulously as he opened the door.

He held his hand against his stomach. “I’ve got those pains again.”

“Go to the Doctor, then,” she said without sympathy. “It’s getting late and I must finish this and get it into the post.”

Her indifference perplexed him. She began to type again, but stopped after a few seconds.

“Look,” she said, sighing, “I’ve been doing some thinking today and I think it would be better if we didn’t see each other again.”

"Pardon?"

"You heard. It's over."

Sudden, outright rejection was a new experience for him and he stared at her. His pain became worse. "Alright, then if that's what you want." His indifference was affected.

"Yes it is. We are just not compatible."

"I thought we got on rather well."

"There is more to a relationship than sex. Anyway, I must finish this letter."

"Fine." she shrugged her shoulders and began to wonder who might be next on his list of conquests.

He was at the door when she said, "And by the way. Congratulations, Professor Mickleman."

He did not see her begin to cry.

By the time he reached Fiona's house both his body and his spirit had recovered, and he leaned against her doorframe, smiling as he knocked.

A bath towel hung loosely around Fiona's body. "Come in!"

"Your invitation – " he said as she closed and locked the door firmly behind him.

"Shall we go up?" She pointed toward the stairs.

"Not for what you have in mind."

"Really?" She smiled, and seemed unconcerned by his tone.

"OK So I'd like to go to bed with you."

"You do surprise me," she said mockingly.

"But as for your little games – no way!"

"Such a shame. Are you so afraid of me?"

"I'm not afraid of you at all!" he countered.

"Really?" She smiled at him again. "You do surprise me. You do, however, owe me a favor."

"So what? There is nothing you can do – now."

"Are you sure?"

He was not certain, but did not let any of his doubt show. "Let's go upstairs," he said quietly.

Slowly, she removed her towel to stand naked before him then turn and walk up the stairs. On her bed, the camera and handcuffs lay ready. He saw them, as he entered the room.

"Take your clothes off!" She commanded him, and held the camera ready.

"No!" He moved toward her, and knocked the camera out of her hand but before he could push her down to the bed as he had intended, she kicked him in the groin. He fell to the ground, helplessly clutching his genitals, and by the time he had recovered sufficiently to look up, she was dressed in a bathrobe.

"Get out!" She said sternly, and he slowly obeyed.

She pushed him through the front door of her house.

"You'll pay for this, you bastard!" she shouted as he half-hobbled down her garden path toward the street.

Slowly, it began to rain.

XIX

The silence of the mountain was disturbed only by the wind, and Colin stood contentedly observing the view. From Glyder Fawr he could see the smoothed outline of Snowdon in the distance and then, in the east, the jagged rocks of the Castle of the Winds, only a short walk from the slate-strewn plateau where he stood. There was no sun, only mist edging its way toward him and gradually obscuring his view. Then there were faces around him – a coven of laughing faces enclosing him in their circle. Fiona was there, laughing. And Andrea. Fenton and Alison – all laughing while he stumbled toward the edge, trying to escape.

"You'll pay for this!" Fiona's voice said.

There was no father to rescue him, as there had been in his youth when, together, they climbed the Idwal slabs below. He felt himself falling – only to awake in the dim light of a hospital ward at night. In a bed nearby someone coughed loudly.

Three nurses were sitting together at a table in the middle of the ward, a low lamp spreading a pool of light around them, and Colin began to wonder what Fiona had done to him. 'You'll pay for this, you bastard!' he remembered.

But his attempt to sit up and get out of his bed brought a return of his stomach pain, and he lay back, sweating and remembering the events of the evening. The pains had become excruciating as he, like a drunken man, had staggered away from Fiona's house. There was a brief telephone call he had made from somewhere to his Doctor. A brief visit by the Doctor to his bedroom, and then the Ambulance and another medical examination. "We'll keep you in overnight. For observation," the youthful hospital Doctor said.

Sleep proved difficult for Colin. The ward was stuffy, with a subdued but persistent background of noise – coughing, the movements of patients in their beds, the wandering of the watchful Nurses, someone snoring – and his pain was not a sedative.

Dawn found him restive and anxious. There was a trolley laden with an urn of tea, but his pleading was in vain, for the smiling but elderly Auxiliary Nurse pointed to the red sign that hung in adornment from the top of his bed: 'Nil By Mouth' it read.

"But why?" he asked.

"Doctor's orders. They'll see you in the morning, dear."

“But it is morning.”

“Later. When they do the rounds.”

When this ‘later’ came – after much activity among both the patients and staff including a trolley bearing an assortment of sometimes richly smelling breakfasts – the assembled huddle of white coats with dangling stethoscopes and attendant blue-clad, stern faced Sister simply passed him by, except for a curt: ‘He can go home’ issuing forth from a wizened face.

A lowly young Nurse came bearing these tidings some minutes later.

“You can get dressed now,” she said as she began to rummage in his bedside locker for his clothes.

“So God has spoken, then?”

The Nurse suppressed a laugh, and kicked the locker door shut with her foot.

“This is intolerable!” the now almost distant voice of God said as he stood with his acolytes around a bed. “Sister, if you cannot control your Nurses – ”

The Nurse by Colin’s bed turned away from the Consultant’s stare.

“This summation gallop is difficult to hear – ” the Consultant said in a very audible mutter.

"I'll put the curtains round," the Nurse whispered to Colin.

She began this not altogether noisy task when the Sister came to stop her. "Not now," she said. "Side-ward!"

The Nurse went to join the other staff skulking out of harm's way.

It seemed to Colin a long time before she returned.

"Hope I didn't get you in trouble," he said, and smiled his Owlsh smile.

"Nah!"

"Is he always like that?"

"Huh! Today was a good day! Get him on a bad day and – "
She began to giggle. "Oops!"

He sensed the reason for her sudden embarrassment and said, "It's alright, I won't tell anyone."

"Trust me! Always being bleedin' unprofessional!"

"You been a Nurse long?"

She finished laying his clothes out on the bed. "Nah! A few months."

"You training, then?"

"Yep! First ward, this."

"Really? You seem very competent."

"You must be joking!"

"Think you'll stick at it?"

"Who knows? Me mum says I never stick at anything. There you go." She drew the curtains around the bed. "Be a Doctor's letter for ya, in the office."

"What time do you finish?"

She gave a quizzical look. "You askin'?"

"Got any plans for tonight?"

"Not really, you're a right one, aren't you?"

"You in the Nurses Home, then?"

"I'll have to go. Don't forget your letter!"

Then she was gone, and he was left to dress himself in solitude, straighten his bedclothes and walk smiling to the Ward office.

The Ward Sister was using the telephone, looked up briefly to acknowledge his presence and pushed a brown envelope toward him across the cluttered desk. "Give it to your own Doctor," she said to him.

"The new patient's here, Sister," another Nurse interjected as she pushed past Colin.

"Just a minute," the Sister said into the telephone. On her desk, the other telephone rang. "He's a CVA," she said to the Nurse. "Second bed on the right. I've bleeped Doctor Stone."

Colin took the envelope and slipped away. The corridor that gave access to the Wards was full of unused beds and trolleys of varying descriptions, and from the Public Telephone kiosk he dialed Magarita's number.

"What do you want?" her voice said in reply.

"I'm in hospital," he said. "Admitted last night."

"Are you serious?"

"Would I joke about it? Listen – " He held the receiver out into the noisy corridor: people passing, a porter whistling, the sounds of trolleys being wheeled, a gaggle of voices.

"Are you alright?" she said in a softer voice.

"Yes, I think so. I went to the Doctor like you said. They kept me in overnight. But they are letting me go home now."

"Shall I come and collect you?"

He could hear the guilt creeping into her voice.

"That would be kind! I'll be waiting outside the main entrance."

"I'll be a quick as I can. Bye!"

It was a smiling Colin who stood in the bright and warming sunlight to wait for his lover's arrival. And when she did come, voicing her concern, he let his expression change as though he still felt some pain.

"What did they say?" she asked as she drove him back toward his University home.

"Not a lot. Thought it might be an ulcer acting up. Eat less fatty foods – that sort of thing."

"I always said your diet was disgusting!"

"I'm sorry about yesterday."

"It's me that should apologize."

"You free this evening?"

"Yes."

He caressed her leg with his hand. "I'll look forward to it."

"Is Fiona in?" he asked the Departmental Secretary as he opened the door to her office.

"Good morning, professor!" she laughed. "You alright? We heard the news. About hospital, I mean."

"Fine. Just a bit of stomach trouble. Is Mrs. Pound about."

"No. She's taking some time off. Didn't say when she'd be back. Least ways, no one's told me! Been to your new office, yet?"

"Just now, yes. How's Albert?" he asked, alluding to her husband.

"Moaning – about work. Too much at the moment. Still, it'll pay for the holiday."

"Going anywhere in particular?"

"Florida."

"You should get a nice tan."

"Hope so!"

"You'll have to let me see you when you get back."

"Maybe I will, at that!"

"Keeping you satisfied, is he?" he asked, smiling lasciviously.

"Yeah! I'll say!"

“Pity. Thought my luck was in.”

“Get off with you!” she laughed. “Want your mail?” She handed him a bundle.

“Thanks. Well, I’d better go and inspect my domain.”

His new office was spacious and bright with a particularly good vista of the lake, and as he sat at his desk, surrounded by empty bookcases, he felt intense pleasure. It was not that he had forgotten Fiona’s meeting with the Vice-Chancellor but rather that it felt irrelevant. His work should be his justification: with his teaching, his own research and his mastery of the Department there could never be a threat to his position. He was happy, and felt eager to begin his tasks. There was his afternoon lecture, the first in his new role, his evening assignation with Magarita, his first Departmental meeting of tomorrow. There would be, in that morning, many hours of peace for him to write – his continued contributions, diligently researched, presented and prepared, to the wealth of philosophical knowledge.

No more would he seek out female students, for he knew they could be a snare to entrap him, and the knowledge of this dismayed him – but only for a while. He began to think of stratagems to circumvent the dangers: of how he might choose more wisely, and this pleased him, as his recollection of other possibilities did. He would forego them – for a while at least. He thought of the Nurse who had attended him, and began to contrive a new and owlish campaign. She would look good, in her uniform, standing on the chair in his room while he photographed her.

Smiling happily to himself, he left his office to begin the tasks of his new Professorial day. Over the University, a few ragged cumulus clouds came to briefly cover the sun.

The Temple was quiet and Edmund sat, quite still in the semi-darkness amid the lightly swirling incense, facing the stone altar. The Temple was large, the walls lined with oak paneling, and Edmund sat for a long time, his eyes vaguely fixed upon the stone statue near the altar. It showed, in a realistic way, a seated naked woman in one of whose hands was held the severed head of a man.

Then, his task fulfilled, he stretched himself before standing, allowing his bare feet to caress the luxurious carpet. As if on cue, the heavy Temple door opened, throwing a shaft of bright light into the Temple and onto the statue.

"I wondered if you would come down to me here," he said to the woman who entered the room.

"Did I have a choice?" Fiona said, and smiled.

She wore an amber necklace and was dressed in a purple silk robe.

"There is one person I still have to see."

"Surely she can wait."

He smiled at her understanding. "We have plenty of time."

"I shall wait for you here, then."

He smiled in reply and walked out of her Temple up the stairs to the ground floor of her house. It was only a short walk to the University and Alison's room. She was there, as

he knew she would be, and she embraced him while he stood in the doorway.

"You've decided to complete your studies, then?" he said as she broke away.

She watched him for a while, but his smiling face seemed to answer her unasked question.

"Of course!" she said.

"And then?"

"I don't know. Teach. Compose, perhaps."

"I'm glad."

For almost a minute she watched him in silence. Then she said, "Even now I don't understand you."

"There shall be time enough for understanding when you are old and the inner fire burns less bright. Maybe through your music you'll find a way."

She laughed, a little nervously, for it was as if in that moment she sensed something powerful: something illuminating yet dark. A transient feeling to inspire her Art perhaps. Was it his eyes, his look? She did not know, but the moment passed, to leave her with a memory, disturbing only in part.

"Will you be seeing Professor Mickleman?" he asked.

"No. He is part of my past."

“Perhaps that’s wise. I really have to go now.”

“You’ll keep in touch?”

“Of course. People like you are rare.”

She smiled, half-defensively. “Take care, won’t you?”

“Naturally,” He gave his enigmatic smile, turned and left her staring after him. Suddenly, new music grew in almost swirling profusion inside her head.

Fiona was lying on the floor of her Temple, as if asleep, when Edmund returned. In his absence she had lit two purple candles and placed them on the altar where they spread their esoteric light to enhance her beauty. For a few moments, he watched her breasts rising and falling with the motion of her breathing before laying down beside her to caress her body through the silk of her robe. She did not move, except to slightly part her lips, as his caressing began.

Slowly, his touching continued. Then she was kissing him, lips to lips and lips to flesh, her hands clawing at his clothes, and it was not long before they were writhing about on the carpet of the Temple, naked and joined in carnal bliss. Her cries of ecstasy were not loud, as his final cry was not, and they lay, sweating from their exertion and pleasures, for some time.

She broke their silence. “Have you achieved what you wished – with him?”

“Who can say – who cannot say?”

"Sometimes you can be quite infuriating!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes!"

As he stood up, she said: "And Alison?"

"Ah! Forces shall be earthed in her music."

She looked at him then, and he guessed her meaning. "You don't have to ask," he said, to re-assure her.

"All this," she gestured around her Temple with her hand, "can be yours."

"I have retired."

"So you said." She retrieved her robe and he began to dress himself.

"I have other things to do," he said.

"And me?"

"You are useful here."

"Part of the grand design?" she mocked.

"You know exactly what I mean."

“Perhaps. Tell me, why did you wait?”

“For this, you mean?” he asked, smiling.

“From the moment you revealed yourself I was willing. Well, before then as well,” she laughed.

“It was necessary to wait.”

“There are lots of things I would like to ask you. We’ve hardly spent any time together.”

“Delicacies are best contemplated and then savored.”

“Tell me, how did you know?”

“About your dark past.”

“Yes.”

A Master shall always know his Mistresses of Earth even though they have never met. And your own group? What of them?”

“I tired of them – long ago.”

“Forsaking the external for the internal?”

“Something like that.” She smiled at him. “But you interest me.”

When he did not reply, she said: "He will never realize, will he?"

Attuned to her, he said: "Naturally not. His ego would never allow even an entertainment of the thought. An interesting experiment – with perhaps an excellent result. We shall see. Now, I really must be going."

"Must you?" She removed her robe and walked toward him in the now flickering light of the candles.

"Well, perhaps not just yet."

Above them, and nearby, new inner nexions were opening.

The Deofel Quintet

Volume V

By
Anton Long
ONA

Breaking the Silence Down

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Introduction

The following MS extends and amplifies the esoteric matters dealt with in 'The Deofel Quartet' and the insight it deals with is appropriate to an aspirant Internal Adept.

However, the MS can – like the works of the Quartet – be read without trying to unravel its esoteric meaning. Like those other works, it might through its reading promote a degree of self-insight and supra-personal understanding within the reader. Unlike the works of the Quartet (which in the main are concerned on the polarity of male/female vis-à-vis personal development/understanding) this present work centers, for the most part, around the alternative, or gay (in this case, Sapphic), view.

An understanding of this view is necessary for a complete integration of all divergent aspects of the individual psyche – an integration, which the Rite of Internal Adept creates.

Prologue

Summer had come early to the Shropshire town of Greenock, perched as it was on the lofty bank that overlooked the Severn valley and the undulating land southeast of Shrewsbury, and Leonie Symonds set her face against the dry wind that swirled dust past the half-timbered Guildhall. Down the narrow street she could see a woman struggle with her hat in the wind that rattled the iron sign beside the ancient Raven Inn.

A farmer in his dirty jeep wished her good day but the wind snatched at his words and he was left to spit on the pavement as he turned his vehicle toward his distant farm. Thunder was brewing, but the lightning was still many miles to the east.

Inside, the Raven Inn was cool and Richard Apthone, with an unaccustomed mug of ale, settled nervously in a corner, folding his town-styled jacket neatly beside him. The silence which had greeted his entrance filled slowly, and soon the conversation had resumed its leisurely pace.

"I canna' think w'eer 'es gwun," he heard a voice say. The room was shadowed darkly, stained by almost a century of smoke, soot from the open fire and the centuries old oak timbers, and Apthone felt uneasy.

Dominos rattled against a dark oak table. "Whad'n you bin doin' at my house?" a voice asked.

"Him bin doin' summat!"

In the sky, the thunder had begun, relieving some of Apthone's tension, and he settled down to slowly drink his mug of teak-colored ale.

No rain came, and Leonie waited for half an hour outside the Inn under a darkening sky before walking away. She possessed no courage to follow Apthone further. He was a Probationary teacher, his spotty face fresh from University, while she was thirty-two and divorced. He had left her, mocking laugh still pained.

Slowly, Leonie ambled along the narrow street to the ruins of the Priory. Greenock owed its existence to the Cluniac foundation, and the town had continued its quiet, if at times prosperous existence after the Reformation in the sixteenth century, a huddle of half-timbered and limestone buildings, until modern development had ruined its charm. The old town, clustered on four narrow streets to the west and south of the Priory and nurtured by the medieval prosperity of the monks and the local trade in corn and wool, had been conquered by new red-brick estates whose occupiers and owners owed little, if anything, to the long and rich heritage of the town or the land around. The old, cloistered community, bred through centuries of local toil, tied to the land or the local trades of such a small market town, was drying out. But a few remained, unchanged in speech or gesture, and sometimes a few of the surviving men would gather to talk in their strange dialect in the dark of the Raven Inn. From a small town famed for its stonemasons, Greenock had grown haphazardly to hold over four hundred souls.

The sky above the Priory ruins darkened again, and Leonie sat on the dry grass by the high remains of the south transept, listening to the distant rumble of articulated lorries that skimmed against the west of the town along the main road that joined somewhere to somewhere else.

Her childhood had been strict and Catholic and she found a form of comfort among the ruins. Its destruction seemed to lessen her own feelings of rejection and for several minutes she felt saddened as if the stones were giving up to her after all the intervening centuries, all the intervening prayers and plainsong that had seeped into them, year-by-year, day-by-day and Divine-Office-by-Divine-Office. Once, as a child, she had felt the call of her God, the cold promise of a religious vocation, but the years drew away the calling as she fulfilled the ambitions of her parents at University and through marriage. Perhaps she had been wrong, and she touched the rough stone of the transept by way of expiation. Perhaps her God was punishing her for her desertion of His cause. For years a vague need had suffused her, a longing whose fulfillment would somehow imbue her life with meaning and perhaps even joy. Her marriage had failed, her affair with Richard seemed over and she began to realize that it was human affection she craved. For an instant she longed to rest in the divine love of her God's human and crucified Son, but her faith was broken, chipped away by intellectual doubts and desires of the flesh.

She sat for nearly half an hour amid the petriochor of storm, trying to desire nothing. She was unsuccessful, and found her thoughts drifting between the selfishness of Apthone and the kindness of Diane. She had dreamt of Diane many times but after each dream was ashamed and as if to punish herself for this betrayal, she clung to Apthone. She despised herself for her dependence and there had been days when she appeared cold and cynical towards him until her generosity of spirit triumphed. Diane Dietz was her most intimate friend – a colleague in whom she had confided after her divorce – but the friendship had become both her blessing and her curse. The more she confided, the more she wanted to confide simply to preserve the special moments when they seemed to share the same understanding, feel the same feelings and perhaps nurture the same desire.

The stones were no longer singing for her and she walked away from the Priory, her sadness and her dreams.

I

Leonie was late again. She did her best to appear unhurried and failed. Hume 4, her first class of the day, were all present among the desks and overturned chairs and she fumbled with her books while waiting for the tumult to subside.

"Cor, Miss!" shouted one of her girls whose leg warmers were singularly inappropriate considering the weather, "I like your dress."

Leonie smiled. The early morning sun of summer cast shadows over the nearby fields and for an instant she forgot Apthone's harsh words, the spot on her chin and her recent divorce.

The class soon settled to their work and she enjoyed watching them while they toiled with their essay. Somewhere, along the road that joined the large Comprehensive school to the small town of Greenock, a noisy mower trimmed drought-burned grass.

Soon, too soon for Leonie, the lesson was over and she watched while the children fled at the sound of the bell to add more noise to the corridor outside. The cloudless sky over the fields near Windmill Hill made her happy and she wandered contently along the corridors to the Staff Room. Apthone stood by the door. She smiled and went toward him but he was embarrassed by the attention and walked away haughtily down the stairs. 'Look,' she remembered he had said, 'I enjoy sleeping with you - but as for anything else, forget it.'

Suddenly, her happiness disappeared like sun behind thick cloud.

"Are you alright, Leonie?" a gentle voice asked her. There seemed such warmth of understanding there, in her eyes, that Leonie blushed and in her confusion allowed Diane to guide her, like a lost child, into the Staff Room and onto a chair. She was brought a cup of coffee, and biscuits and when Diane moved away to collect some books from a chair by the window, Leonie followed her every movement. Diane was a sylph, and Leonie envied her. She felt herself unattractive – her hips were too large, her breasts were different sized and too big for her stature and she had wrinkles around her eyes. Diane's skin was fair, unblemished and soft and she experienced a sudden desire to touch it.

By the time Diane returned, she had composed herself sufficiently to ask, "How is your husband?"

"Off on one of his jaunts again. He's training to cycle from Land's End to John O'Groats in three days. Silly bugger!" As she laughed her small breasts wobbled, just a little.

Leonie lit a cigarette and nervously blew the smoke away.

"Is it Richard?" Diane asked softly.

"Yes." It was only half a lie. Diane's physical nearness was making her tremble and she felt ashamed. Part of her wanted to touch Diane's long hair. It was soft and flaxen and swayed slightly in the breeze from the window.

There was anguish on Leonie's face and Diane said, "Would you like me to have a word with Richard?"

"No, please!" She placed a restraining hand on Diane's arm but almost as soon took it away. She felt disgusted that Diane might be disgusted with her desire. She forced herself to think about other things.

"Are you going to Morgan's party tonight?" Diane asked, intruding upon Leonie's morbid thoughts.

"No - I don't think so."

"That's a pity," Diane said sincerely. "I wanted you to go."

Perplexed but pleased, an innocent Leonie said, "why?"

"Because I like being with you. It won't be the same without you there." She touched Leonie's face very gently with her hand.

Diane's touch astonished her and her emotions were too contradictory for her to do anything but mumble incoherently as Diane excused herself and strode purposefully through the huddle of men around the door.

The lean figure of Emllyn Thomas, the Headmaster, whom the children perhaps unkindly called Crater Face, ambled toward Leonie but his progress was interrupted by Thumper Watts. Watts' nickname had its genesis in his first few years at the school when, discipline still being of the Wass Hill grind sort when errant pupils were forced to run up the 1 in 5 hill that joined the northern edge of Greenock to the medieval hamlet of Wass, was fond of clipping unruly boys around their ears.

"Mr. Thomas," said Thumper sarcastically, "I'm sending Howell to you – again!"

"Oh? What has the poor lad done now?"

"Only tried to set fire to Reynolds' hair."

Thomas wrung his hands like an elderly cleric. "I'll give the lad a good talking to, mark my words, I will."

"He wants his balls cut off if you ask me," mumbled Watts.

"Pardon?"

"I was just saying, a talk is what he needs."

"Yes, my feeling exactly!" Satisfied, he sidled away, completely forgetting about his intention to talk to Leonie.

Watts sat next to her instead. "Stupid idiot!" he said in frustration, and winked at Leonie.

Leonie shivered. It was not that she disliked Watts – on the contrary, he was one of the few male members of the teaching staff whom she respected. But his physical presence she found intimidating, as if his sheer size overawed. Sometimes she found it hard to believe he was Head of Physics Department for his build seemed more suitable to a more athletic profession and it was easy for her to imagine him shot putting or tossing the cabre in some isolated glen.

Morgan came toward them, dramatically shaking her head so her frizzled red hair molded itself decoratively around her shoulders.

"Gosh! It's hot!" she said.

Leonie smiled at her, but the gesture was ignored as Morgan sat next to Watts. Leonie did not mind – the sun was searing what remained of the green from the grass of the school playing fields and she stood by the window, watching sheep graze on the Windmill Hill. It would have been a peaceful scene – the fields of pasture, the scattered sheep, the twisting lane enclosed by untrimmed hedge – except for the noise of the children. Sometimes the din from the school could be heard in the center of Greenock, almost a mile to the south.

Leonie rested her head in her hands, her face alternatively possessed of sorrow and joy. She watched a kestrel as it hovered briefly above the lane before swooping down to snatch its prey. Around her, the staff room slowly filled with noise, and she did not see Diane looking at her from the sun shadow by the door.

Diane watched Leonie intently for some time. Leonie's feelings seemed a part of her, as if they were related closely by reason of birth, and she felt sad because of the selfish desire which captivated men like Apthone and which drove them to use a woman's body while abusing the warmth and sensitivity that a woman possessed. For an instant there existed in Diane a strong desire to protect Leonie, to interfere dramatically in her life and free her from Apthone. But more than that, Diane Dietz, a teacher of seven years standing and hitherto contented, was jealous of Apthone. She wanted Leonie all to herself and in a mood of jealous rage that might have made her hit Apthone or driven her to reveal her secret hopes to Leonie, she ran crying from the

room, down the stairs and out into the bare and unrelenting sun.

II

Richard Apthone was ignoring her again. He stood in the corner of Morgan's garishly furnished room talking jovially to the scantily clad hostess while conservatively dressed Leonie skulked in the one empty corner. The loud music displeased her, as did the wine-soaked and incestuous throng of teachers, and she regretted she had come. Watts was staring at her while pretending to listen to Diane whose thin dress hid very little. Leonie blushed.

Morgan left Apthone and Leonie took advantage of the anonymity of the close-pressed crowd to approach him.

"I must speak with you," she said.

Apthone sighed, then swayed like a drunken clown. "You are."

"Alone, please."

"Can't it wait? I am enjoying myself."

"No, it can't wait." She was almost crying.

"Can I stay tonight?" he whispered, attempting to affect concern. His face, however, did not mould itself as his calculating mind intended, and he leered. Apthone was lanky in build with a face like a frost-broken gargoyle.

"I'm pregnant," Leonie said softly.

Apthone stared blankly at the wall, then looked nervously around. No one else seemed to have heard. "But," he stuttered, "you said you took precautions."

"I'm sorry, but – "

"My god!" he rasped, "are you sure it's mine?"

The insult made her cry. "Look," he said for Watts was staring at them, "it's not my problem. For god's sake woman, stop crying!"

She did not and he walked away to gawk at Diane but she rudely pushed past him. Leonie's crying was making him nervous and he smiled drunkenly at Watts.

"Come outside a moment, will you?" said Watts.

Apthone blinked, but followed him.

"You alright, Leonie?" Diane asked.

"Yes, I'm fine," she lied.

Instinctively, Diane embraced her, but their contact was brief, broken by Leonie.

Diane smiled. "We'd both be better off without men."

"What do you mean?" asked Leonie sharply and instantly regretted it.

Diane shrugged. "They cause more problems than they solve."

For nearly a minute they stood facing each other, both expectant, nervous and unsure and both wishing for some gesture or word that might somehow make tangible their feelings. Diane made to speak but Leonie, confused by her own suddenly conflicting feelings, smiled nervously and withdrew to her corner.

Diane, full of rage at herself for her own timidity, muttered a long stream of obscene curses which the loud music drowned, and by the time her courage had returned, Watts was talking to Leonie. She drank two glasses of wine in quick succession and barged between them.

"Apthone gone then?" she asked pre-emptively.

Watts smiled mischievously. "He's outside. Having a little sleep. Too much to drink if you ask me." He drank from his can of beer, then burped. "Well, I'm off. Can I give either of you a lift?"

"No thanks," an embarrassed Leonie asked.

"Diane?"

"Leonie has invited me back for coffee. Thanks, anyway."

Watts affected another burp and loped away, stooping to go through the door.

Before Leonie could speak, Diane said, "I'm going to take you home, make you a hot drink and get you to tell me all about what's upset you so much.

"But –"

"Forget Richard. He's probably so drunk he won't even know you've gone." Briefly, she held Leonie's hand. "I really care for you and hate seeing you unhappy."

"You are kind," said Leonie softly.

Leonie's house bore some resemblance to her life, slightly disorganized but planned with the best of intentions. It was a large house, bounded by gardens, which were beginning to grow wild, and carried its mantle of children well. Toys were neatly stored in the playroom and the expensive furnishings had escaped largely untouched by melting ice cream spilled, sticky drinks, small dirty hands and impetuous ravaging feet. Its size and luxury had, at one time, been of some solace to Leonie, but it had become empty and a constant reminder of what she thought of as her marital incompetence. Her children were asleep when she and Diane arrived and the young girl who had minded her children during her absence was soon gone, leaving the two women alone. Diane made coffee and they sat, almost touching, on the leather sofa in the sitting room.

"You seem very unhappy," Diane said as a small circle of subdued light enclosed them among the humid darkness of the room.

"I feel so peaceful with you."

"I'm glad."

Very quietly, she said, "I'm so confused."

Diane's face was gentle and serene and Leonie smiled awkwardly before saying, "I'm going to have Richard's baby."

"Oh my darling!" Their embrace was natural but brief and Diane gently wiped away Leonie's tears.

"I don't know what to do. It is such a mess. No one cares."

"I do," said Diane. "I care very much."

"But – " She turned her head away.

"Leonie," Diane began in a whisper afraid that the beauty of the moment might be lost and afraid of herself, "I find you very attractive."

"Diane – I ... "

"Don't say anything, please." She stroked Leonie's face with her hand, and then kissed her, very gently. Leonie made no move to stop her and Diane kissed her again.

Leonie was not afraid, only pleased because Diane possessed the courage to express with words and deeds what she herself had felt but would never have dared to express in any way.

"I need you, Leonie," she heard Diane whisper.

The simple words ceased to be simple: they were a magickal invocation, a chant of power and possessed for Leonie, in

that instant of her troubled life, an almost sacred, childhood quality. Nothing was real for her except Diane – her warm breath, her perfume, the softness of her touch and the enfolding pressure of her body. She felt she wanted to be enveloped by Diane’s warmth.

“I love your beauty,” Diane was saying. Diane’s touch was gentle, as gentle as Leonie had imagined, once, that it might be and she did not tense nor speak words of discouragement when Diane caressed her breasts.

There was gentleness in Diane’s kisses and touch that Leonie had never experienced before – a kind of empathy as if Diane was not taking but sharing. She clung to Diane, fearing the moments might end. But the moments did not end as she feared but changed instead into physical passion.

“Diane”, she said slowly and precisely, “please stay with me tonight.”

Slowly, hand in hand, they walked the stairs to bed.

Light mist obscured the river Severn and the surrounding fields, and Leonie stared at the tops of the trees. Soon, the warmth of the summer sun would disperse the mist and the mystery it seemed to bring, returning the harsh contours, bleak colors, and breaking the silence down. Leonie smiled. She liked her bedroom with its view of the Severn, the trees full of birds and fields and found it easy to forget she lived on the edge of a town.

Diane was still asleep in her bed and there was an innocent joy in Leonie as she watched her lover. Everything she could see seemed more beautiful because of Diane, as if her very presence added a precious quality to the day. She wanted

to lie down beside her, feel the warmth and softness of her body.

Diane stretched, sleepy, and Leonie accepted the refuge of her arms.

"How do you feel?" Diane asked.

"A little guilty, I suppose. But happy!"

"You are lovely!"

"Can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"is this your...what I – "

Diane smiled. "You mean is this the first time I have made love with a woman?"

Shyly, Leonie said, "Yes."

She smiled. "I was very nervous last night – I almost didn't do anything."

"I'm glad you did."

"If I had been wrong – " Diane shrugged.

"What made you try?"

"You mean," said Diane playfully, "apart from your beautiful body?"

"Seriously, though."

"Something about the way you looked at me, I suppose."

"I used to dream about you a lot. Very naughty dreams."

"And now your dreams have come true."

"I feel really funny."

"Well, you make me laugh!" Diane kissed her, and then said, "you mean you can't really believe it's happened?"

"In a way, yes. But I also feel I'm not the same person I was yesterday. I can't explain."

Diane smiled and rested her head on Leonie's breasts. "A woman's breasts are the softest pillow in the world."

"You make me happy," Leonie said as she stroked Diane's hair. "I never thought I could be happy again."

The sound of Leonie's children near the bedroom door surprised them, and Diane dressed quickly, kissed her lover saying, "You make me happy as well!" and left.

Leonie ran down the stairs to wave goodbye, but the car had gone and she was left to return slowly to the perfumed emptiness of her room.

Apthone did not seem important to her anymore. The half-resented need, which had bound her to him had been broken by Diane and as she dressed she found reasons for hating him. Even the growing child in her womb held no terror; she would have an abortion and then Apthone would be removed from her life. She would be free at last, and could give her life to Diane whose gentle words of love during the long humid night had brought her tears of joy. There was a quality about Diane's love and passion that she had never experienced before, and it pleased her.

The mist over the river was dispersing and she watched it disappear with a mixture of happiness and loss. It would always remind her of her first night with Diane – yet it would be good to feel the hot sun on her body, warming it.

Languid, she lay on her bed until a sudden guilt made her jump up to attend to the tasks of her day, suppressing the thought she would be murdering her unborn child for the sake of the pleasures of her body and the love of a woman. Defiantly, she took the crucifix from the wall of her room and threw it under the bed.

III

Diane had closed the kitchen door of their bungalow in the tourist town of Church Stretton when her husband appeared wobbling like a drunken duck on his cleated cycling shoes. He was lean, burnt from the repeated exposure to the sun, wind and rain, with cropped hair as befitted a racing cyclist – even an amateur one.

“Well?” he asked, feigning annoyance.

“Well what?” She stared at him holding her head to one side.

"Have a good time?"

"As a matter of fact – yes!" Immediately, she became defensive. "You off out to play, then?"

He looked pained – and not a little funny in his tight fitting cycling jumper and shorts. The long, very close fitting shorts were superbly comfortable on a bicycle, but off it, they made a grown man look ridiculous and a little obscene.

"Don't tell me – 'your training schedule' demands it."

"As a matter of fact, yes."

"You think more of your rotten bikes than you do of me!"

"That's a ridiculous and inaccurate thing to say."

"But true."

"No, it is not."

"Aren't you jealous?" she demanded.

"About what?" he looked at his watch.

"I'm having an affair," she announced.

"That's nice," he replied without feeling.

"Don't you care?"

"I know you are joking," he smiled.

"Oh, we are the superior man, aren't we?" she mocked.

Suddenly she was angry and he took advantage of her preoccupation with her emotion to slip out the door. She saw him take his expensive cycle from the garage, resisted the temptation to rush out and kick it, and watched him pedal down the road. The mask of calm, which she used in her role of teacher returned slowly, helped by the morning stillness and the gathering mist, and she sat down in her bedroom to write her diary.

Her desire for her own children had long ago been vanquished by the natural facts of her genetics and the need which bound her to women, and her innate love for children found its poignant expression through the medium of her profession. She loved the mostly gentle unfolding of a child from the often shy and awkward first-year into a young adult, aware of themselves and mostly possessed of a youthful zeal, and she made no distinction between those who were intellectually inclined and those who were naturally gifted with their hands. To her, each child was unique, and she cared for them all – not out of sentiment or because she believed it was morally right, but because it was in her nature to do so.

Yet she sought some satisfaction in life beyond the undoubted rewards of her profession and the undeniable lesser rewards of being married to a cycling fanatic whose idea of a good day was to thrash himself to exhaustion in a fifty mile trial – preferable over hilly terrain – talk about it for hours afterwards and fall asleep in the evening reading a cycling magazine or a technical report on the strength of the latest titanium axle. Their sitting room cabinet was full of medals he had won, but after five years it was all predictably boring.

She had had no affairs with men, for she found them either too shallow in the head or too uncaring. Their tenderness, she knew was a ploy to obtain a woman's body and for the most part they had no interest in her as a person.

Three years ago, her experiences in adolescence, her hopeful expectations and secret desires, had caused her to deliberately seek out the company of women. Her liaisons had been brief, and unsatisfying, but they produced a stronger longing for what could be – a relationship based on mutual desire for love and affection and a mutual, instinctive understanding of the kind she felt was impossible with men.

Her thoughts carried her pen. "Maybe," she wrote in her diary as a schoolgirl might, "I have found my answer at last. There seems to be something special between us."

Said laid the book aside to watch from her window the mist swirl slowly over the hills that breasted the road to her school fifteen miles to the east. The sun cast a beautiful light between the ground mist and the higher fog that obscured the hilltops, and she regretted her lack of artistic talent. To paint such a light would be divine – but all she had ever done was compose a few pieces of schoolgirl music. The diary was some solace, and she hid it, as she had done for years among the clothes in her drawer, before writing a letter to Leonie. The act of writing inspired her, as the misty light had done, and her letter became one of love.

She folded the letter neatly, sealing it within a perfumed envelope and placed it carefully if nervously in her handbag. Its existence pleased her, and she sang happily while preparing her breakfast. The breakfast was soon over and, showered and changed, she departed early for school. The mist thinned and dispersed as her car carried her over Hazler Hill and along under the blue sky on the country road that joined Stretton and its glacial, moor covered Mynd, to the ancient settlement of Greenock.

Apthone's rusty vehicle was already in the empty car park. The thought of meeting the adolescent with the gait of Quasimodo and the meanness of Genghis Khan did not please her, but even Apthone with his spotty face and fetid breath could not diminish the joy she still felt. Soon, she would be with Leonie again.

The staff room was empty – except for Apthone. His face was bruised and he bore a black eye. He also limped and had his expression been less venomous, he might have laughed.

“Walked into a wall, then?” she asked.

He sneered, and the expression suited him. It also caused his face some pain. “I fell off my motorcycle,” he lied.

“I didn't know you had one.”

“Oh, yes! It's an old...”

She left him grimacing to mark a few of her pupil's exercise books. After a while, the marking bored her and laying her handbag on top of the pile of books as she nearly always did, she left to make herself a cup of coffee. A few children dawdled by the front door below. Apthone was grinning maliciously, as well as his face would allow, when she returned.

He sat next to her. “Your little secret is safe with me,” he drooled.

Diane looked at him coldly. “What do you mean?”

He produced her precious letter. "That's mine!" She made to snatch it but was too slow. "You bastard! You've no right to go into my handbag!" She attempted to slap his face but he gripped her arm.

"We wouldn't like this to become general knowledge now, would we?"

"You bastard!"

"Listen," he lisped, "I'll keep quiet about this on one condition."

"Go to hell!"

"I'm sure Mr. Thomas would be most interested in this. Or the School Governors. Like to be dismissed would you? For being a lesbian." He said the word with relish, and let her arm go. "You do me a favor – I do you a favor. Can't say fairer than that can I now?"

"Could I have my letter back please?" She demanded.

"Of course!" he smiled. "After you sleep with me." He stood up dramatically, placing the letter in his jacket pocket.

Angry, Diane stood in front of him. "I don't care what you tell others!"

"Is that so?" he smirked.

"No one will believe you!"

"Willing to find out, are we? If that's what you want."

She moved toward him, but he pushed her away. "Think about it!" he said before turning and almost running out the door.

Diane was too angry to cry. She also hated herself for being too physically weak to take her letter by force and give Apthone what he so richly deserved. She thought of telephoning her husband but he would still be pedaling furiously around the roads and she would be incapable of explaining why she had written the letter in the first place.

Several members of staff arrived simultaneously and she bade them all good morning in her customary cheerful manner. Apthone reappeared but ignored her. Morgan arrived to greet all the men – he fussed little over Apthone's wounds, and Apthone's laugh made Diane feel sick. At the door she collided with Watts. Despite his size and often oafish manner, he held her gently.

"Can't stand it any longer, then?" he asked jovially.

She saw Apthone look at Watts and turn immediately away, his face pale and intuitively she understood.

"I've left something in my car," she said by way of explanation.

Watts winked at her and she escaped through the door, down the stairs and into the warm air of morning.

Upstairs, Apthone would be polluting the room with his stench.

IV

The heat of the sun surprised her, and Diane moved her chair into the shadow. Her class was restless, for no speck of white appeared in the sky.

"Miss," Rachael the raven-haired girl asked while Bryan behind her pulled monster faces for attention and the rest sulked in the heat, "How did you derive the solution?" She pointed to the mathematical scrawl on the blackboard.

Diane frowned. It was not easy teaching lower sixth form mathematics on a humid day toward the end of the summer term. Good natured Bryan, his cropped hair belying the astute brain beneath, had started moaning to add sound to his impression when Rachael turned and rapped his knuckles with her ruler.

"Grow up will you?" she mumbled. The sixth form was exempt from school uniform and as she turned, framed from the side by a shaft of sun, Diane could see her breasts through the dress. The fleeting sight brought a physical sensation of which she felt ashamed, but she smiled calmly at Rachael until their eyes met. For a second, perhaps more, each understood each other. Diane saw Rachael smile, then blush.

Bryan stuck out his tongue, but the beautiful Rachael with the mature body ignored him. Through the glass in the door he caught sight of Aphone shuffling along the corridor.

"The bells! The bells!" he intoned, hunching himself.

Inspired, Diane went up to him, patted him gently on the head and said, "There, there. You'll feel better in a minute."

Bryan did not mind the laughter. "Ah! Esmeralda!" he chuckled as Diane returned to the blackboard. His lurch was curtailed by the toneless buzzer in the corridor.

Rachael pretended to write in her exercise book until she and Diane were alone. "Miss," she asked, "can you help me with this?"

"I hope so Rachael!"

She was leaning over Rachael's shoulder studying the neatly written equations. Rachael made no attempt to move away and Diane could smell slight perfume. Part of her moved to kiss Rachael's cheek, but another pulled away. IT was a battle her respectable half nearly lost.

"There," she pointed, moving her face away, "you've written 'y' instead of 'x'. No wonder you cannot write the equation."

"Oh, how silly of me!" chided Rachael as Diane smiled and escaped through the door.

Leonie was waiting, shyly, by the stairs to the Staff Room, uncertain how to respond. Around them, the childish mayhem continued.

"You stink!" one small freckled face said to another.

"Don't."

"Do! So there!"

"You smell more than me!"

"Don't you ever wash, pongy?"

Impulsively, Diane held out her hand for Leonie, then withdrew it. "Can I see you tonight?" she whispered as they climbed the stairs.

"I would like that Diane," she smiled briefly. Then she quickened her pace to become enclosed in the relative peace of the childfree Staff Room.

A gaggle of young and mostly female teachers surrounded the repulsive Apthone who was heroically recounting the story of his accident, and Diane sneered at them before sitting beside Watts.

"I think," she said, "you've made him look better."

He smiled at her understanding. "Dry bones can hurt no one."

"Unless they are moved by evil intent."

"And are they?"

"Who knows?" said Diane embarrassed. Suddenly, she smiled. "You've never liked him have you?"

Gruffly, he said, "Met this sort before. He shouldn't be a teacher. He'll get some girl in trouble, believe you me."

"Didn't you once teach Judo?"

"No, lass, Karate. Was competitive, once. Black belt, Third Dan, and all that. It's quite easy to kill someone, you know, without leaving a mark."

"Could you teach me?"

"To kill someone?"

"No, of course not!" she laughed, nervously. "Just a few basic things. How long would it take?"

"To learn anything useful – maybe a few weeks. Why?"

Diane shrugged. "Just an idea. These are troubled times." To lessen his suspicion, she said, "why don't you start classes here – self-defense for women? I would certainly attend."

"Maybe. Doubt if old doubting Thomas would agree, though."

"You could always try."

"I'll think about it."

The expression on Watts' face – full of warmth and love – surprised and shocked Diane and she excused herself hurriedly to rush down the stairs and thread her way through the throng of children in the corridor to a room when she could be alone.

After the noise of the school, the room seemed possessed of the quietness of a church and she sat for a long time by the

window trying to recapture the lost innocence of the warm Autumn days of years ago during her first weeks at the school. The promise of those days, the spontaneous joys, seemed to have been sucked away by the drab reality of adults and their narrow-minded schemes.

V

Diane's husband was engrossed in lubricating the chain of one of his bikes in the kitchen when she arrived, late, from work.

"I was attacked on the way home," she said airily.

"That's nice." He did not look up.

"And I'm being blackmailed."

"Hmmm."

"Don't you care about me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing." She looked at the well-polished racing cycle. "Is your bike more important?"

He stood up. "Are you feeling alright?"

"No I'm not! Not that you care!" She went to kick his cycle but he moved it in time.

"Careful!" he admonished. "That's a 753 frame!"

"So what?"

Exasperated, he leaned the cycle gently against the wall. "Do you want to talk then?"

"Heaven forbid! What's the point?"

"Personally, I cannot see any. When you are in an emotional mood like this."

Diane stared at him. She felt resentful. For years they had lived uncomplicated almost separate lives: hers dedicated to teaching; his to cycling. His employment was a means to the end of cycle racing whereas hers had become the most important part of her life. They had quarreled sometimes, but had existed quite happily without the intimacy of emotions she craved. Several times in the years of their marriage when the emotional bareness of their relationship had become unbearable, she had sought the soft scented comfort of a woman. But the affairs had been brief and had filled her with guilt and a little self-loathing. She had enjoyed, more than she at times liked to admit to herself, the physical part of her relationships, but she had never found a woman to compliment her – one with whom she could share intimate personal details, one with whom she could relax and be herself. Someone to share the pleasures of companionship and someone with whom she could make love because such love making would be an extension of their friendship – the ultimate tribute of a relationship. Yet despite all the guilt, the doubts, the self-loathing and the fear of discovery, her desire for female intimacy remained, promising so much that was unfulfilled.

She had existed in a sort of twilight zone between her wishes and the reality of her marriage, accepting her married life

because she had grown used to it and because there had always been times, when her husband would allow himself to become emotionally involved – when he showed by words and deeds that he loved and needed her. But increasingly, he had become, it seemed, absorbed in his racing as she had become absorbed in her secret desires and the joy of teaching and the two passions never met. Once she had watched him at a time trial – fifty miles on a cold and very early summer morning – but she had found it so boring, watching rider speed after another at one minute intervals then stand around drinking tea for several hours until all had completed the course and the winner was declared. She never went again. The cycle he had bought her lay in the shed, ridden once and forgotten, and her loneliness bred desire.

An obsession seemed to drive her husband. He had no time for fine ideas, thoughts or emotions. He simply loved life – and hated to be bothered by thinking or feeling guilty about it. He was almost satiric in the enjoyment he derived from his existence. He had no worries – except his bicycles – and would begin each day as though no other existed. Every problem – every one of her problems – would be met with a smile (sometimes a laugh) and the promise that everything would be all right. At first, she had loved his energy and enthusiasm. Nothing daunted him; he was cheerful and full of vitality and even the knowledge that she could not bear his children did not daunt. “Oh well,” he had said, “there is no use worrying about a fact of nature. Looks like a beautiful evening – we could go for a walk ...”

Slowly, very slowly, she had begun to poison herself with resentment, but it was only her love for Leonie that made her realize it.

She stood staring at her husband. She wanted him to come and embrace her; to tell her that he loved and needed her, to offer to stay at home with her for a few hours instead of

riding off into the warm, humid evening. But all he did was look at his watch and check the pressure in his tubular tires.

He was smiling and, as she nearly always did, she allowed her good nature to triumph over her own desires.

“Go on!” she smiled and kissed him. “I don’t want to keep you.”

Soon, she was alone again in the silence of their house. The prospect of the evening excited her and she was shaking when she picked up the telephone. Apthone was in his lodgings, as she knew he might be, and she smiled satanically when she said: “Richard? Diane. Can you meet me tonight?” She heard the glee in his voice.

“If you bring the letter – you can have what you want.” She could almost hear him drooling. “Meet me a half past nine by the Devil’s Mouth on the Burway.”

The hours passed slowly, much to her consternation, until the sun of late evening cast long shadows of the Stretton hills. The town was quiet as she drove toward the Burway. Several tourists, distinguished by the cameras, idled along the streets and by the crossroads that divided the Burway road from the tree-lined Sandford Avenue, a group of youths in leather jackets lingered, shouting at cars as they passed.

A van heading for the town passed her as she steered the car slowly over the cattle grid boundary between town and National Trust land, and she drove in low gear along the steep sheep strewn hill. The road dropped precipitously to her right into the tourist trap of Cardingmill Valley, but she had little desire to dwell on the scene, poignant though it was in the soft light of beginning dusk. The road wound sharply, following the old droving route. Fifty years ago, few people had walked the moors. But with the laying of the

road and the spread of the tourist-idea, swarms wore away, inch by inch, the thin soil among the bracken and heather and fern. Many were the summer days when Diane had seen long lines of cars ascending the road, spreading their contents and noise. She loved the Long Mynd and found something almost mystical and sacred in walking along its top while wild wind scattered her hair and drove snow into her face. From its varying steep sides, worn by glacier, water and frost, she could see high Caer Caradoc with its hill-fort, the limestone escarpment of Wenlock Edge, the plain around Shrewsbury with the volcanic mound of the Wrekin to the east, and to the south the mottled contours of Nordy Bank. On a clear day, to the west, legend said Snowdon could be seen.

The road climbed steadily until she passed by the long conical spur of Devil's Mouth. A large gravel and scree patch, shadowed by early morning sun, had been set aside for cars and straddled the brief but level plateau below the spur. To the south, the hill fell steeply to Townbrook before rising to the heights of Yearlet Hill. To the north, the land dropped steadily for several hundred yards, blotched by sheep, heather fern and grass, then steeply fell to Carding Mill valley, cut by fast flowing water, before rising to Haddon Hill.

No cars were parked by the road and no one stood on the shale top of Devil's Mouth to gaze upon the Shropshire view. Diane left her car and waited. A few sheep, their necks blotched with blue dye, tore the vegetation nearby and a slight wind stirred while no white cloud broke the blue above. Quite unexpectedly, Diane felt sick. She began to shake, her mouth went dry and she felt very cold. But quickly the fear and panic subsided.

She heard Apthone before she saw him. His motorcycle was loud amid the windy silence of the hills and she watched him swagger toward her car, his helmet in his hand. He lounged

against her car, affecting boredom in his dirty jacket and jeans.

“Have you the letter?” she asked.

A pale and skinny hand grasped her letter and he smiled.

“Right,” she said coldly, “I think over there in the heather would be fine.” She pointed, as he turned to look she withdrew the knife she had hidden in her sleeve.

It was not courage, but anger, which made her swiftly press it to his neck. Before Apthone could react, she snatched the letter.

“Bother me again you little runt,” she said coldly suppressing her anger, “and I will use this. Understand?”

Apthone tried to smile, and she pressed the tip of the knife into the skin of his neck. He flinched.

“Understand?” she repeated and he nodded. “Now go and stand over there,” she demanded.

Apthone obeyed and she calmly walked toward his motorcycle and plunged the knife into the tire. He made no move toward her and she smiled at him before returning to her car. Soon, the figure of Apthone disappeared from the rear-view mirror of her car.

Less than a quarter of an hour later, her reaction came. In the kitchen of her house she began to laugh. Apthone was no threat to her – and her hours of worry, anger, fear and frustration seemed pointless. He was a spoiled child with the body of a man.

Pleased with herself, she was making herself a special brew of tea in celebration when she heard a car stop outside. By the light of dusk she could see Watts slowly ease his bulk from the enclosing steel of the car.

"Just came to see if you were alright," he said as she opened the door.

"Why shouldn't I be?"

He shrugged. "Just a feeling. Didn't want to intrude."

Feeling guilty about her rudeness, she said, "Would you like some tea?"

"Yes, fine."

Watts was inspecting the shelves of books in the sitting room when she returned with the tray.

"I didn't know that you were interested in musical composition."

"Only a little."

He returned the book, evidently satisfied. "There is a lot about each other we don't know."

"Isn't that true of everyone?"

"Your husband not here?"

"He's riding most of the night – preparation for a 24 hour time trial or something."

"You must get lonely."

"No."

"Does a lot of cycling, your husband?"

"Quite a lot, yes." She was beginning to feel annoyed by his presence and personal questions.

"Seen anything of Leonie?"

"I don't mean to be rude – "

"But you'd like me to go on. Can I see you tomorrow night?"

"I'm going out."

"With Leonie?"

"How did – " She watched him, but he continued to smile.
"Yes."

"How about the day after?"

"I don't know."

He had stood up to leave when she said, "Are you in love with Leonie?"

“Why look at me with eyes askance, Shropshire filly, and cruelly flee, thinking me bereft of sense? A bridle I could place around your neck.”

“You’re an intriguing man.” She laughed.

“Why? Because I quote Greek poetry or because – ”

He looked at her but she turned away. He was blushing and the unexpected appearance of this expression of his feeling perplexed Diane. He walked toward her and touched her face, very gently, with his large, calloused hand before lifting her to her feet.

“I have always loved you.” He said.

She smiled nervously. “I never guessed until today.”

He kissed her forehead, but she moved away. “Please, don’t.”

“Diane – ”

“Please, I want you to go.”

“I’m sorry if I have offended you.” He was not angry.

“No. Not really. It’s just that I’m a little confused. I don’t know what to think.”

He smiled, and then kissed her on the cheek. “I can wait.”

“Oh why did you have to tell me now!”

“Things just happen in their own time.”

She did not resist his kiss, but it was not what she wanted and she began to feel angry.

“Don’t, please!” she said, pulling away.

He let her go. “All that matters is that I love you.”

“And Leonie!” she taunted.

“Maybe. I thought you would understand.” He touched her face with his hand but she was torn between apathy and anger and knocked it away.

“I would like you to go now,” she said, staring at the floor.

He shrugged. “If that’s what you want.”

“Yes.”

“Shall I see you tomorrow?”

“Just a thought. Maybe we could – ”

“I don’t think so.”

“Well, I’d best be off then.” He did not move.

“Yes.”

He started to move toward her, then stopped, bowed fairly gracefully considering his build, and winked. Before she could respond, he had closed the door behind him and for several seconds she stood staring. No physical desire had possessed her, and all she could think of was Leonie.

Outside, darkness stirred lazily, as it does on warm summer days treading past mid-summer. In the shadows of a tree across the road, a freshly dressed Apthone lurked, smiling to himself as he watched Watts depart. Slowly, in his rusty car, he drove away to post his poisoned letter.

VI

The church bell, its chimes carried in the breeze, had tolled eleven when Diane’s doorbell rang. The breeze did little to alter the humidity or Diane’s mood and languidly in her nightdress she opened the door, half-expecting Watts. It was Apthone who leered at her.

“Push off!” she shouted.

His face crumpled and his breath smelled of beer. “I came to apologize Diane.”

“Go away or I’ll scream.”

“Now that wouldn’t,” he said staring at her breasts, “be nice, would it?”

“Don’t touch me!”

He laughed, and touched her breast. She screamed briefly, for he hit her in the stomach with his fist before throwing her to the floor. In the struggle, her nightdress tore, exposing her breasts. The sight increased Apthone's drunken lust and he began to tear at her thin covering while pinning her to the ground with his body and covering her mouth with his other hand.

She struggled, but his drunken strength was strong while he fumbled with his trousers. Desperate and determined, she freed herself sufficiently to grasp his shoe, which had come loose during the struggle. Her blows to his head were hard and insistent and he made to grasp her arm, the action sufficient for Diane to free herself from the weight of his body. Apthone was trying to stand when, with the fury of her anger fed by her desire to not be humiliated, she kicked his face. She did not feel the blow, but it knocked Apthone over and she swiped the heel of the shoe three times into his face.

"You bastard! You bastard!" she screamed as another of her blows broke his nose. Apthone struggled to his feet, his face covered in blood. He lurched toward her and she threw the shoe at him before running into the kitchen. He followed, staggering.

The carving knife she wielded was long, with a blade of surgical steel and she hissed like a woman possessed.

"Get out or I'll kill you!"

Apthone, trying to stop his bleeding nose with his hand, stepped back.

Diane's eyes glowed. "I'd enjoy killing you, you pathetic bastard!"

She was intoxicated with the primal power of her Viking ancestors and no longer felt unsure. Her education, her upbringing, all the finer feelings of her life, even her love of the innocence of children, were banished in that moment and she perceived with a terrible clarity the passionate realness of life. Its color was red, its expression blood.

"Come on!" she taunted him, her knife holding knuckles white. "Come and get me you ugly little bastard!"

But Apthone the coward retreated to the door to flee toward the dark and Diane had closed and locked the door before she dropped the knife in horror at herself.

Blood splattered her wall; Apthone's shoe was by the door that for five years she had closed on her way to work. She began to shiver and had moved to the kitchen to retch into the sink when the realization of her will became a fact in her consciousness. She knew with an irrefutable arrogance born from the moments of fear and anger, that she and she alone was responsible for herself and her feelings. She possessed not only the consciousness to decide but also the will to make the decision possible. Everything was clear to her: there were no more questions; no more doubts that undermined and made her weak.

The insight of understanding made her laugh; then cry. Apthone was gone but there would be other Apthone's somewhere imposing themselves and polluting with their warped will and desire. The thought made her angry and she began to understand as she made herself some tea in the neon brightness of her freshly painted and appliance strewn kitchen, that she need never again allow herself to be weak or dominated. The civilization to which she belonged

had nurtured her, softly shielding her and she had been playing a doomed society's role. Aphone's attempted rape, her own anger, the fear and humiliation that had possessed her, had broken through this appearance to the real essence of the woman beyond. She was a unique individual and did not have to conform to someone else's set of rules or ideas.

Calmly, she collected a dressing gown before drinking her tea. She thought, momentarily, about telephoning the Police – but that would merely confirm and reinforce the role. Aphone had condemned himself by his act and she wanted personal revenge. If her understanding signified anything it was this – Aphone was her problem to solve. And she, Diane Dietz, lately a weak, emotional woman tied to feelings of insecurity and guilt as she had been tied to the idea of marriage, could do anything because she had begun to discover the liberation of self.

Among the clothes that lay in her drawer lay the revolver. It was a .38 Service issue revolver and had lain in its box since her birthday over fifteen years ago. She had fired it once, she remembered, as a young girl...

Sun dappled the front lawn through the summer clouds as her father held her hand steady. On the rear lawn, her mother played tennis while the sun dried the large Georgian house of rain.

"Gently now," he advised, "squeeze the trigger."

The report was not as loud as she had imagined and she closed her eyes as she squeezed.

"My dear Diane," remonstrated her father, twirling his moustache, "it is rather bad form to close one's eyes."

She squinted at the target nailed to a tree and fired twice in rapid succession. After a brief inspection her father, hobbling on his stick, returned to slap her on the back.

“Well done, I must say! One bull, the other just a touch to the left.”

Next month, she had received the gun, in a presentation box, as a birthday gift. It had been one of her father’s few mementoes from the war.

She inspected it carefully, as her father had shown her all those years ago. Oil clung to it and she wiped some away, lightly, with the small cloth before loading the chambers. It was lighter than she remembered.

In the dark outside, the church bell struck the quarter hour.

VII

No lights showed in Morgan’s house and Diane drove slowly past. The gun felt heavy in her jacket pocket but she ignored it, watching the street of terraced houses carefully. No one stirred, among the houses or parked cars and no vehicle passed her.

Her visit to Apthone’s lodgings had been brief and had she been a few minutes earlier she might have cornered her prey. The landlady was apologetic – Apthone had rushed in, and hastily departed on his repaired motorcycle. Diane had smiled nicely at the old woman and left.

A few of the terraced houses showed lights and she parked near one, walking the few yards to Morgan's garishly painted door. Nearby two cats wailed in the clear humid night.

The response to her knocking was slow; a stair light, then footsteps to creak the stairs. Morgan, wrapped in a coat, held the door on a chain.

"Yes?" she asked brusquely.

"Is Richard here?"

"No."

"I must speak to him."

Morgan's voice was sympathetic. "He's not here."

Diane peered around the door and what she saw shocked her. "May I come in?"

"Look," Morgan said with a sigh, "I'm very tired. I really want to go back to sleep. I don't mean to be rude but - "

"You'd rather I went?"

"Yes."

"Fine. I can see why." She turned and walked briskly to her car. Inside, she held the gun, momentarily, then returned it wearily to her pocket. Her quest for vengeance had been eclipsed by what she had seen and, slowly at first, she began

to cry. Propped against Morgan's stairs had been her husband's expensive bicycle.

It was the betrayal of trust that hurt the most, and she was alternatively angry, sad and a little overjoyed. She did not mind the physical fact of her husband's adultery as much as she minded the deceit: there was obviously nothing, no emotional ties of a sensitive kind, no moral obligation, that bound her to her husband, and the thought of revealing to him the dreadful shame of Aphthone's attack made her sadder still. It would be impossible to reveal it, now, because she was free and had only to rely on herself to experience a new strength. Nothing bound her and she drove slowly toward Leonie's house.

She sat in the car outside the house for some time, listening to a Vivaldi cassette. The music calmed her and she found the trees, weird Celtic deities by the strange sodium lights, quite beautiful. Behind the widely spaced houses, the river Severn flowed in darkness and drought.

The single headlight was blinding and Diane shielded her eyes. The screeching tires and crash startled her, just a little, and she walked without much feeling toward the scene. A motorcyclist had collided with the front of a stationary van and the impact had tossed the rider into the air to collide with a concrete lamp-post.

The rider, his helmet missing, was groaning and as Diane approached she recognized Aphthone. She did not smile but withdrew the gun from the pocket of her jacket while Aphthone, with his bloody face and twisted limbs, stared on comprehendingly.

"Diane" he whispered, coughing blood, "help me."

She aimed the gun, easing the hammer back with her thumb. Apthone, horrified, shook his head in desperation while Diane aimed the weapon at his head. He tried to wriggle away, but his broken body refused to obey his commands of thought. There was no owl to haunt with its screech as she turned toward her lover's house – only the sound of people running, a car braking to a halt in the road.

"Quick!" someone shouted as she stood by Leonie's door. "Call an ambulance!" A large garden hid her from the road.

Leonie was quick to answer the chimes. "Diane!" She hugged her friend. Come in. I hoped you'd come." She looked around. "I thought I heard a noise."

"Yes," smiled Diane. "There's been some sort of accident. Hadn't we better go and see if we can help?"

"I don't think so. There seems to be enough people there already. We would probably only get in the way."

Leonie strained to see, but the road was thirty yards away. "You're probably right." She led Diane into the brightness. "You look awful!"

"Thanks!" said Diane.

"No, honestly, I didn't mean – "

"It's alright," smiled Diane, holding Leonie's hand. The touch pleased both, if for slightly different reasons. "Any chance of some coffee?"

"Actually, there's some on. Just in case you called."

The kitchen was all stainless steel and pine, but the subdued light and Leonie's presence made Diane feel welcome and warmly disposed toward the world. She could forget Apthone the twisted, the deceiving adultery of her husband and the problem diversion of Watts.

"Can I stay the night?" she asked.

"Oh Diane, you don't have to ask!" Shyly she handed Diane some coffee from the percolator. "I feel this is as much your home now as mine."

The words, the manner of their delivery and the gentle vulnerability of their speaker brought euphoria to Diane. She forgot all her problems and embraced and kissed Leonie. Her love felt like a physical pain.

"Do you mind if I tell you something?"

"Nothing would make me happier."

In the sitting room, Diane lay on the sofa, her head in Leonie's lap while Leonie stroked her hair.

"I'm leaving my husband."

"Not because of me?" asked Leonie, her voice trembling.

"Partly. But partly because he is having an affair with Morgan."

"I'm sorry," said Leonie sincerely. "I thought your marriage was fine."

"These things happen."

"Are you sure it's not my fault?"

"If anyone is to blame it is probably Morgan the man-eater."

"I'm sorry," repeated Leonie.

"It's for the best. It was inevitable anyway, as things were developing."

"What will you do?"

Diane sighed. She felt content, lying in Leonie's lap while her lover with sensuous breasts stroked her hair. Aphone was irrelevant, Watts was not important. Even her husband, warm and sweaty in Morgan's scented bed, no longer held any power to mould her emotions. Tonight, she could sleep with Leonie and in the morning she would watch the mist over the river while sun warmed the green richness of earth. Then, with Leonie, to school where her treasured pupils would be waiting and where she would try and infuse into them some of the special meanings which twinned them through life. The day of work done, she could come home with Leonie to their house, play awhile with the children before the dark of night brought the peace of contented and blissful sleep.

"Leonie," she whispered.

"Yes?" there was expectation in her voice.

"I hope you don't think I'm imposing myself on you."

"Even if you were, I would be glad."

"I do love you."

"And I – " Leonie closed her eyes, but the reluctance remained. "Diane," she said by way of expiation, "please take me to bed."

VIII

The morning was beautiful as the night had been and Diane stared out of the window. The post dawn mist eddied slowly around the trees that clung to the grassy banks of the Severn, and along the path a hundred yards below the house that followed the river for many a winding mile, a solitary man in shorts ran, his stride like a gazelle. He vaulted the style of the fence that separated the two small and shrub-strewn fields of cows, and Diane watched him run bare-chested and lithe until he disappeared into the mist. No cars spoiled the quiet of dawn.

Naked Leonie joined her at the window and for several minutes both stood, arm in arm, watching their minute part of the world change as low sun bore down to disperse the mists of late night. It was one of those intense and rare magical moments that lovers share when no words are needed and where the two halves seem united in empathy and expectation. A spell bound them through both the gentle scented lusciousness of their bodies and the fusion of their wordless thought. Both felt and understood the natural extension of the maturing relationship that their lovemaking made; they were equal and reversed the roles as they and their other half required. Giving and receiving, in turn as their feelings and desires changed with the passing of the hours. For them, in the two passionate nights shared, there had been no distinction between submission and dominance – between recipient and receiver – as there had been no guilt of submission or defeat. Instead, a mutual response to

unspoken desire. A sensitivity of not only touch but mood that had hitherto been lacking in all their relations with men; a feminine giving tempered by a very natural and gentle feminine mastery. But above all, a genuine sharing.

For Diane the long night had been both a liberation and a release; Leonie was the woman whom for many years she had sought, and with her all problems were resolved. She neither needed nor desired anything else.

"I need no one but you, Leonie," she said.

Leonie's kiss was soft. "Where will you stay after today?"

"Would you mind? - "

"If you stayed here?"

"If you have no objection."

"Diane, I was hoping you would." She stared out of the window and the blush covered her face and spread to her neck. "But I would prefer it if you lived here with me." She hesitated. "If you wanted to."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"You are lovely."

Embarrassed, Leonie retreated to the bed. "It may sound stupid but I feel safe with you. Secure. I don't have to pretend anymore. I can be myself."

"I know what you mean," she said softly. She liked being near Leonie and experienced a pleasure when she looked at Leonie's body. "Of course I want to live with you silly!"

The bare-chested runner had returned from his peregrinations and Diane watched him jump the style before she joined Leonie in bed.

"I have a spare room," Leonie said. She blushed, and then added, "what I mean is – your things."

"You don't have to explain," smiled Diane.

Into the room rushed Leonie's little boy. His hair was tussled and his pajamas askew. He stopped and stared at Diane.

"What are you doing in my mummy's bed?" he asked cheekily.

"I had a nightmare," Diane said immediately.

He pointed at himself. "Me too!" and he rushed into his mother's arms.

The little head disappeared for a while, but every few seconds would sneak a look at Diane and then bury himself again.

Diane laughed and began to tickle the boy who giggled and fell off the bed. The child, the morning and all its facets but particularly Leonie, reminded Diane of the happiness and ecstasy that were possible within human existence and she felt a sudden, overwhelming and unexpected desire to be alone.

"Do you mind if I go for a little walk?" she asked.

"Diane," replied Leonie obviously moved by the question, "you don't have to ask."

Hurriedly, though without shame, Diane dressed, careful not to let the revolver fall from her pocket. Its steel brought a reminder of the blood of the night and she quickly slipped through Leonie's rear garden, down the steep slope that separated the house fence from the pasture and scrub toward the river.

No one came to disturb her peace and she wandered along the well-worn path by the river in the burgeoning warmth of the early sun. Unaccountably, she found herself recalling almost note for note the beauty of Tammasso Vitali's Chaconne in G Minor and for an instant of infinite time she had to stop as she experienced in one incredible moment the ecstasy and the sacred beauty of life.

The mystic vision made everything around her seem holy and possessed of a stupendous beauty. But most of all everything – from the grass, the bushes, sky and trees – was as it should be, a part of a whole. There existed in the surroundings – in the soil she trod as much as in the sun which had cracked it dry – something of the luminosity that she had felt in the convent years of youth when in church, the choir singing Allegri, she had smelled the vague incense that seemed to suffuse the stone and nun's stalls, seen the beauty of the sun as it shafted the gloom of the church and felt the centuries heavy in reverence and adoration.

Now, as it almost had then, the moment overwhelmed so that she was forced to steady herself by a fence and cry. Cry from an ecstasy that was almost incomprehensible and which no words could explain.

She saw and felt as if it was her own pain, all the bitter sadness and waste just as she realized and felt the beauty inherent in the world. She understood the possibility of what she – of what everyone – could be. She had been blind, but could finally see. Before she had heard noises, but did not listen and she finally understood the passion and demonic obsession that drove composers like Beethoven. Music was a commitment, a means to discover and express life. It could be holy, and might express the divine. She saw as if for the first time the rich blue of the sky, the sumptuous green and browns of the trees, the miracle of life that was the mallard and the indescribable beauty of people gifted with the wonder of thought and which yet might make them divine.

The moment overwhelmed, then passed, etched upon her mind and she sat in the cow-torn, broken and dewy grass. Nothing, she felt, surpassed this insight and she wanted desperately as she had never wanted before, to find a means to preserve the moment, to capture it for herself and others. The thought stirred her and she realized in her joy and vitality the essence of her freedom: she was free and had only to grasp a possibility to make that possibility real.

The spiritual poverty and impoverishment of her own life became clear. She taught, a little, but so many contradictions had pulled her she was largely ineffective. There was conflict because others sought to keep their own image and desires alive. Lies, deceit, blackmail, the bitterness and the hate, all destroyed vitality and vision. Only in and because of Leonie had she experienced hitherto a glimpse of what lay beyond – but it had been a vague longing partially fulfilled. Yet it was all so simple she now understood. So absolutely simple that there was no problem which a time under sun could not solve.

Carefully, she resumed her walk trying through the slowness of her motion to retain the precious moment and its mystic glow. As she walked, music grew in her and she began to

feel the need to compose, to capture through such a form part of the essence she had touched. The thought brought renewed joy and a sharp intimation of destiny so that she ran along the path laughing playfully at herself. Tonight, when her thoughts and feelings had settled, she would share with Leonie this moment of hers.

Like a Mistress of Earth, no cares assailed her. Each tree was a deity she blessed over and over the slow water under a mottled sun, Diane the witch, cast her spell.

IX

It was a different Diane who strode before the fateful hour of nine into a staff room quieted by news of Apthone. The failed rapist lay in a coma, balanced between life and death, and Diane smiled when worried Fisher with a balding head and nervous jerks of a coot, told her.

"It's awful, really, isn't it?" the sociology master said, before scratching his overgrown ear.

Watts and Morgan entered together and Diane smiled oddly at them.

"Can I speak with you Morgan?" she asked. Watts touched her shoulder, lightly, and sauntered off.

"Diane," began Morgan, "before you say anything – I am sorry."

"Why? You're only doing what comes naturally. How long has it been going on?"

Morgan looked pained. "Diane - "

"As far as I am concerned you can have him. And good luck. I hope you like bicycles."

Despite her affected anger, Diane could not help noticing how beautiful Morgan looked. Her dress, gathered by a belt at the waist, was the perfect compliment to her figure, the halter neck showing sun-browned shoulders that seemed to highlight the green eyes and red hair, and for a few seconds Diane envied her husband. Fortunately perhaps, she disliked Morgan's personality.

"Diane, it is all over, believe me."

"Only because I found out." She smiled warmly, disconcerting Morgan who did not know how to react. "Really, I don't care. You're both consenting adults. I just hope he makes you happy." She kissed Morgan lightly on the cheek and Morgan could only stare in amazement.

The gesture was only half kindly meant, for although the remembrance of her morning ecstasy was vivid with its visions, sufficient of Diane's anger remained to confuse her motives and she was about to explain her behavior to Leonie who was sitting morosely and alone by the sun-filled window, when Thomas the headmaster accosted her.

"Diane!" he said, placing his hand on her arm, a habit, which had hitherto irritated her. "Bad news about Richard, isn't it?"

"Yes." She lied. Aphone was one person she never intended to forgive.

"Can I see you in my office for a few minutes before the bell?"

“Now?”

“If you have no objections, that is.”

Lost Leonie was watching so she said, “Yes, of course, Mr. Thomas, I won’t be a moment.”

“No rush,” he muttered in his abstract way.

Leonie appeared close to tears. “Are you alright, darling?” Diane whispered, holding Leonie’s hand between the two chairs so that others would not see.

“Richard – heLast night when – ”

“I know.”

“And to think this morning I had been so happy.”

It was true, Diane knew, for at breakfast a youthful Leonie had laughed, played with her children and afterwards allowed Diane the pleasure of helping her dress.

“It must have been him – his accident – that we heard,” Leonie said morosely.

“Seems so.”

“So close and we did not know. We could have helped. I feel so responsible.”

“He was drunk.”

"Really?"

"So the Police said. Stupid of him to drive when you're like that."

"But still – "

"It was his own fault, apparently."

"I suppose so. But if only I'd been there. I feel dreadful."

"The boss wants to see me."

"I heard." Suddenly Leonie's face glowed. "Hey – it might be your promotion!"

Diane laughed and stood up. "I doubt it." No one was near so she said, "I'll bring a few things around this evening if you don't mind."

"That would be nice."

Leonie's face with its gentleness appeared to Diane to express an ineffable need for affection, and she had to turn hurriedly away because she wanted to hold Leonie in her arms, stroke her hair and tell her of her love. Each step she took toward the door seemed a physical effort, separating her from the one person whom she loved with a deep and passionate intensity. The aura which they had formed and shared during and since the late hours of night when in the warmth and dark they made love and talked of their hopes and desires and needs, was stretching, dividing, and only a conscious effort of will walked her body along the noisy, child-littered corridors to the office of the Headmaster.

The large room was uncluttered and too tidy. Books sat undusted and unused behind the cabinet glass and the large desk contained only a few writing materials and a telephone. On the wall, two well-made notice boards hung, neatly filled, and the steel gray of the filing cabinet complimented the bureaucratic gray of the chairs.

"Ah! Diane. Nice of you to come. I shan't keep you long, believe me. Sit down! Sit down! Sit down!"

He rose in a gentlemanly way before settling his half-rimmed spectacles upon his nose.

"I have had a rather strange letter." He held the written envelope for her to see. "Delivered by hand last night it was."

"And it's about me?"

"Yes. Not only that. Oh no – but enclosed was a photocopy of a private letter." He handed her the copy. "You recognize it may I ask?"

It was a copy of her letter to Leonie, and its existence and possession by Thomas shocked her. "Yes," she said in a whisper.

Thomas peered over his spectacles like a judge. "What you do is no concern of mine, you know. Nor, ideally of course, should it be of this establishment. As long as it does not interfere with or affect your teaching – as I am sure it never will." He removed his spectacles, slowly and laid them on the desk. "I have a notion who sent this, and as far as I am concerned that is the end of the matter."

Diane was astounded. Her understanding of Thomas had been totally and utterly incorrect. The man of staff room jokes and unkind remarks was a lie, a figment of the imagination. There he sat, in his worn tweed jacket whose buttons were loose, his graying hair catching a little of the little sun that edged to his window, his lean and wrinkled hands fumbling with his spectacles, there he sat – smiling slightly, exuding a kindness that Diane could feel and understood. For a brief moment, Emlyn Thomas worn by the battles of his school and nearing retirement, seemed to Diane to be only very weakly attached to life, to the world of school, village and earth. If she blew, he might drift away to another world.

“Mr. Thomas – I don’t know what to say.”

He gave her a clean and starched handkerchief to wipe her eyes.

“I thought a lot, last night,” he said stuffing the now damp white cloth into his trouser pocket, “about not telling you. But decided it was for the best. So you knew where I stood, so to speak. Neatly, he folded the anonymous letter, photocopy and envelope together. “I’ll burn this and we will say no more about it. Now – ”

Diane was standing, as if on cue.

“ – Before you go I would just like to say this.” He smiled at her. “If you have problems, anytime, I am always here. You are too good a teacher to lose.”

Diane’s feeling of relief was strong and she had begun to walk toward him before stopping herself. She wanted to say he was a kind man, but she lacked the simple courage to directly express her feelings, and she was at the door before another intimation of his frailty assailed her.

She kissed his cheek. The gesture delighted him and he chuckled, "Perhaps I should get more such letters!" before she rushed from his room.

The knowledge that one more person knew her secret soon dismayed Diane, and as she walked along the corridors of the school to the room of her first lesson of the day, she felt oppressed. The room was on the ground floor, shadowed by the angled assembly hall from the morning sun. The blackboard still held her mathematical equations, her desk a few tatty books. Soon the desks would be occupied. The trauma of Aphone's attack had been destroyed by her mystic ecstasy of the early morning, but the memory of the letter was fading in its reality and Diane sat at her desk, watching starlings pick worms from the playing field grass. No supra-personal love overwhelmed and she began to feel as if her vocation was drifting away – there would be suspicion and doubt, the keen sidelong look, the unspoken thought. Of course, she could deny it all – 'I ought to say, Mr. Thomas, that I am not a lesbian...'. But even the possibility of denial was repulsive to her. She was who she was, too self-willed to deny the accusations.

It was true, and she thought, briefly, of announcing to the world (well, at least the school staff) the truth of her nature. There were organizations, somewhere, she had heard, who would defend her rights. Yet her feelings and desires were deeply personal and she could not think of being labeled thus; somehow, it might debase her relationship with Leonie. No longer would she be Diane Dietz, the mathematics teacher – she would be Diane the lesbian, marked by the label which would color what people said to her or thought of her. She knew it should not matter to others – but it would. The thought of Morgan – pretty red-haired Morgan – saying "and her a lesbian! Well, really, I always thought she was, well, a little odd!" was not a prospect at all pleasing and she would be forced to play a role. Worse, she was bound to lose her job. "I'm very sorry," they would say, "but you

must understand we have a duty to the children. Imagine what the parents of little girls would think – a lesbian teaching their child.”

“Miss,” a young voice beside her said.

“What?” she smiled at Rachael. “I’m sorry, I was day-dreaming.”

“Are you alright?” asked Rachael nervously.

“Fine. Just thinking.”

“Terrible about Mr. Aphthone, isn’t it Miss?”

“I suppose so.” She tried to disguise her feelings.

“Miss?” Rachael shuffled her feet while smoothing her thin cotton dress. “Can I ask you something?”

“Yes, of course, Rachael.”

“My parents are giving a small party on Saturday and I was wondering, well, if you’d like to come. You could stay the night if you didn’t want to travel back late to Stretton.”

“Rachael – I ...”

Bryan chose the right moment to open the door, stare around like a lunatic and tumble twice across the room with the control and agility of a gymnast. As he took his bow, Diane said, “Your wealth of talent continues to surprise me, Bryan.”

The calculated stupidity and innocent vitality of her pupil preserved Diane's objectivity as well as reinforced her dwindling love of teaching. Rachael was sulking because of the interruption and aware of the delicate situation, Diane smiled at her.

"Yes, I'd love to come, Rachael."

"Oh," said Rachael a little dismissively, "if you like."

Dianne was not offended, for the classroom soon contained all of her sixth form set and, amid the dry heat of the cloudless summer's day in the restful Shropshire town, she soon forgot the pressures of her past.

In a hospital, fifteen miles to the northwest, Apthone opened his eyes while monitors pulsed with life. Briefly, Diane shivered, but Bryan was pulling his funny faces, Rachael was smiling at her and a slight breeze caught her face.

"Miss?" asked Bryan seriously.

"Yes?"

"Why do cowboys ride their horses to town?"

Diane frowned. "Because," smirked Bryan, "they're too heavy to carry!"

Diane's laugh erased Apthone from her thoughts.

A cooling breeze flowed through Leonie's sitting room while her children played in the garden. It was nearly six o'clock and Leonie was becoming increasingly morose.

"Diane," she said as she blew smoke from her cigarette away, "I feel I ought to go and see him."

Diane placed her pile of mathematics exercise books aside. "You don't owe him anything."

"But I am going to have his baby."

"You don't love him, do you?"

"No. But I feel responsible for him in a way."

"You ought to forget him."

"I can't. He needs someone, now more than ever."

"Are you surprised that he hasn't got any friends? Look at the way he treated you."

"He's going to be paralyzed for life, the doctors said."

"It was his own fault."

"You can be heartless at times."

"Leonie please don't go."

"Why are you so insistent? You're not jealous are you?"

"No, of course not! It's just that –"

"What?"

"Nothing."

"I think I'll go."

"Don't please."

"I have to see him."

"He's not worth it." Diane felt that Apthone was taunting her – exercising control over Leonie even from his hospital bed. Suddenly, she wished she had killed him.

"Will you come?" Leonie asked.

The thought horrified Diane. "Never!"

"Why do you dislike him so much?"

"It doesn't matter." She watched Leonie – soft, gentle Leonie – for some time before saying, "I wish you could just trust me. Accept I have a good reason why I don't want you to see him." She sat down beside Leonie and held her hand. "Please, Leonie, don't let him come between us."

"You are all that I have left."

"I do care for you Diane." She stroked her stomach. "But

for my own peace of mind, I really must go.”

Tenderly, Diane said, “If you must, you must; I’ll stay here with the children.”

“Would you? Really? That would be kind.”

Leonie was happy and ran from the room to tell her children. She returned hastily, to shout, “Won’t be long. Promise!” before the front door slammed and Diane was alone with her thoughts.

Leonie was shaking a little as the nurse led her to Apthone’s room. It was brighter and much cleaner than she had expected, a corridor away from the main ward in the new glass and concrete Shrewsbury hospital. A monitor blipped in rhythm with Apthone’s heart while a drip fed some form of life into his arm. Near the solitary bed, a mechanical respirator stood ready.

Apthone lay on his back, unable to move, staring at the ceiling, his face puffy and bruised. A naso-gastric tube taped to his nose did little to offset the clinical nature of the room.

Apthone gurgled. His voice was a thin reedy whine. “Tired.”

“You’ll be alright.” His physical helplessness appalled Leonie and she held his lifeless hand.

“Leonie,” he breathed with effort, “I love you.” He closed his eyes.

“He’s heavily sedated,” said the nurse in explanation.

“Richard –”

"It's too late now," she said.

"Richard," Leonie whispered in his ear, "remember our child."

His eyes opened and he tried to smile. "Yes."

The nurse was gesturing at Leonie and said. "I've got to go now, but I'll be back later."

But Apthone was asleep and Leonie was crying as the nurse guided her to the corridor.

"Would you like some tea?" the kindly nurse asked.

An ambulance drove slowly away from the entrance while Leonie walked to her car trying to untangle the emotions which knotted her stomach and made her feel sick. People came, cars passed, a single-decker bus, bright red and flashing sun as its air-brakes panted in the heat, disgorged a few passengers under the cirrus flecked blue of the sky.

Leonie dreaded seeing Diane. Yet she wanted to rest her head on Diane's shoulder, stroke her beautiful flaxen hair and talk quietly of her feelings and pain. The conflict made her dizzy, and she had to steady herself by the car.

Ignoring the stuffy heat, she sat still in the car for nearly half an hour, disgusted with herself. The years of conditioning were telling her, insistently, that she was a pervert. All the expectations of her parents, all the pressure of her role as a respected teacher, made her think her desire for Diane's love was unhealthy. She began to worry about her children and to feel it would be wrong for them if she stayed with Diane. They would need a father, a stable and proper family – all the things her upbringing had conditioned her to believe

were right and necessary. Shame touched her, and she wondered if her feelings for Diane were simply an excuse, nothing special and their affair a trivial episode that signified nothing except a very temporary need.

These thoughts relieved her, and she forced herself to think about Apthone, vaguely aware that she might not, after all, be different from other women, some sort of freak. Apthone would need help, and the more she thought about his helplessness the more she began to feel that she might atone for her own weakness, inferiority and perversion by helping him. It was a noble sentiment, if wrongly conceived, for it did not occur to Leonie as it might have occurred to a woman who had not had her confidence undermined for years by a neurotic and scheming husband and whose strict religious upbringing precluded self-expression, that she was neither inferior nor perverted. But her parents, her husband and the pressure of her role as wife and mother had done their work well, insidiously well, until she had almost become in herself what others expected her to be, a reflection of their image of her. There seemed to Leonie to be nothing inside herself, nothing of her own, nothing lovable – her husband had often said as much – nothing that mattered in any way special. Even as a teacher, in the one area she felt gifted, she had soon felt her prospects of promotion fade with the advancing years, confirming her self-loathing and doubt. Unbidden, a remembered phrase broke the passage of her thought: 'Look up now, thou weak wench, and see what thou art. Be loathe to think of aught by Himself.'

The phrase brought recollection and a remembrance of the childhood dread of sin, the smell of churches and an image of Apthone, crippled. Leonie tried very hard, while the hot sun beat down dryly upon her car, to pretend her feelings for Diane were not real. Diane did not love her – she was just being kind. Diane could not love her because there was nothing to love and she had just fooled herself again, as she had done about her husband's love. Morbidly, she believed she was in some sinister, occult way, responsible for

Apthone's plight – she had wanted to abort their child, and she was culpable, before God, she was culpable.

No cloud came to ease the burden of heat, and she sat, quite still, while around her cars passed and were parked, people talked or laughed. A memory of happier days at university, free from self-torment and expectation and love, was soon gone, and she began to cry, very quietly, needing Diane yet terrified that such need was shameful and perverse. Desperate, she pushed all her thoughts, longings and desires aside, determined to shut out the world completely, to lock herself away, to be safe inside again.

She drove away from the hospital slowly and stopped only when she reached the driveway of her house. The town had seemed cheerful, if sultry, caught in the burden of summer's heat, and she wished it would rain, as if the rain would wash away her feelings of traumatic guilt. Instead of driving to her house, she stopped alongside the main road outside. No sign of Apthone's accident was evident, but she wandered beside the pavement imagining the terror. She had been inside while a crippled Apthone shed his blood on the road – inside, enjoying the pleasures of her senses.

The contrast appalled her, bringing remorse for her own sensual desires and the desire to somehow protect the child growing in her womb – to give it life, or at least a chance of life. Two young girls in flowery dresses came skipping along the pavement, oblivious to the tragedy, and Leonie smiled at them but they did not notice and continued on their way, small bundles of vitality whose innocence made Leonie want to cry.

Diane, her small suitcase beside her was in the garden when Leonie entered the house. Her children were watching the one-eyed god, unaware of her return and she sneaked like a broken thief into the garden. Below, several young boys walked shirtless along the river path, strangely silent under

the downing sun as insects swirled in profusion and a Redstart called.

Diane did not look up as Leonie approached. "Did you see him?" she asked.

"Yes." Leonie sat on the springy grass, restraining her desire to stroke Diane's smooth, tanned and beautifully lithe legs. If Diane touched her, she would be certain of her love.

The touch, and affirmation, she yearned for did not come and she clung in desperation to her guilt. "He said he loved me," she sighed, softly, like snow sighs softly against glass. For an instant she felt cold, as cold as a winter blizzard wind.

When Diane did not speak, she said. "I really ought to go back and stay with him."

"If that is what you want to do."

"It's what I feel I should do."

"Why?"

"Diane, please. We've been through all this before."

For an instant Diane regretted her insistence – but Apthone was so detestable and the thought of him using his self-induced helplessness to ensnare Leonie angered her as she had been angered by Leonie's desire to see him. She felt it was a betrayal, and she was jealous. She thought of her revolver, but the idea of murder displeased her because she understood, through her love of Leonie, that Leonie was free to make her own choices. She could not force Leonie's love. She wanted, with an almost satanic desire, to protect Leonie and the love they had shared; wanted, jealously, to share

her with no one and she waited for some word or gesture from Leonie that would confirm their love. None came, and her desire nurtured the wish to tell Leonie about Aphone – but the assault was still too humiliating and degrading for her and its terrible memory broke the wish the way lightning breaks the air with sound.

“You must,” she said clearly, “do what you think is best.”

“What do you think I should do?” Leonie asked unexpectedly.

“Do you love him?” She watched the inner struggle evident on Leonie’s face and was relieved when Leonie spoke.

“I don’t know. Sometimes, yes. Other times – I don’t know.”

“But you want to look after him?”

“Yes. But I want us – you and I to still be friends. “To... But I bear his child. I can’t escape that. He will live again in his child.”

Leonie’s faith, trust and innocence brought tears to Diane’s eyes, but she hid them and when she spoke she was smiling. “I thought I’d spend the weekend at home. Get a few things sorted out.”

Leonie’s voice was a whisper. “If you want to.”

“Well, if you are going to spend time visiting him, it would be best.”

“I suppose so.”

"Alex has offered to help me wind up a few things. Dispose of furniture: that sort of thing."

"Oh."

"I promised I'd see him tonight. He offered to move my husband's belongings," she said jovially, trying to make the lie convincing.

"Will you be alright by yourself tonight, Leonie?"

"Yes, Diane, of course."

"I could stay – if you wished."

"No, honestly. I'll be fine. The children are more than enough!" she said mournfully at the bedroom window where, in the early morning, she and Diane had stood. "Will you come and see me tomorrow, in the morning?"

"I would like to, yes." She held Leonie's hand. Leonie's grip was tight as if she did not want to let go but Diane stood up and the brief contact that brought a score of memories to Leonie was broken.

In the sky, a single cloud spread the sun in haze.

XI

The Long Mynd, the growing bracken bright green against the drought worn heather, was cool as it stood in the Welsh

breeze. A few cars lined the narrow pot-holed road that rose steeply up Burway Hill, meandered along the flattened top and then dropped precipitously beyond the Gliding Station to the scattered hamlets in the Onny valley. Shropshire west of the Long Mynd lived in a different time, for no main roads added the small, steep hills; there was nothing special about it and after four thousand years of habitation the land wore its human mantle discreetly. Generations of families grew together and died, in small cottages, farms and even shacks. Few outlanders settled; fewer still bought holiday cottages and after two hundred years of industrialization and four decades of agri-business that had reduced Shropshire to just another English county, its settlements were unchanged. Few small farms had been mangled to form the huge concerns that often run from a city or a town; fewer hedges had been despoiled, and the native oak still grew wide and tall in the small fields, beside the twisty lanes or in scattered clumps that overflowed the Welsh border. It was as if a little piece of old Shropshire had been saved by its poorness and lack of tourist charm. True, Land Rovers and cars passed along the lanes, but even these seemed unwilling concessions and the only speeding vehicles belonged to tourist outlanders. They seldom stayed long.

To these rushing denizens from the many conurbations and towns to the east and south for whom change and speed were more often than not solutions to the problem of boredom, the whole area seemed desolate and unkempt: farm fences would be patched with old bedsteads, old barns with odd pieces of sack or fence and rusty, antiquated farm machinery would lay beside or on rutted lanes. But the land had its pride, very local and individual pride which few outlanders could understand since the area was suited only to rough grazing or patchy spreads of arable crops. Yet, along many a lane among the mamelons, hedges were laid with a care born of generations of skill.

The whole area abounded in dark legends and strange names. Squilver, Grigg, Crudhall, Sorrowful, Murmurers. To the north lay the boundary crags of the Stiperstones where

comely witches, raven and red-haired, were wont to meet in more enlightened times to practice fertility rites and pagan ecstasies of the Old Religion which many a local myth said still survived, darkly and sometimes in the young. On the Stiperstones – Hell Gutter and Devil’s Chair where Wild Edric lost his way and beneath which he lies imprisoned with his beautiful wife to haunt the mists of night.

Diane parked her car on the road by the square of trees that marked the boundary of Pole Cottage. No cottage remained, and it might never have been. Only the trees and a few ruts remained in the soil to mark its glory around the turn of the century when trains of pack horses and droving sheep wore steadily and slowly at the Portway track, marked across the Mynd by Neolithic man. Even the trees, spindly and twisted by wind and which solely relieved the heathered, mossy plateau, were dying, their seedlings destroyed every year by the roaming sheep.

Diane followed a downward westerly path among the heather, passed several stumps, to stand and gaze at the land below. Around Meadow pipits flitted while the wind moved her hair and still warm sun cast her broken shadow. Nearby, a curlew called.

The sound of the curlew saddened her, but it did not take long for the Long Mynd to work its magic. The land below, stretching to the Welsh border, intrigued her with its hill-valleys and sun-shrouded calm. She felt a desire to live here with such a view, among the moors where she could sense and feel in a way that calmed the fructifying goodness of Earth, the sometimes dangerous and illusive serenity and the companionship of wind. She would never be lonely, and it was as if, in that moment and the others like it, all that she most needed or wanted from life existed on the Mynd. Often, as she walked, following in preference sheep tracks which few, if any, human feet had ever trod, in winter, autumn, spring or summer dawn, she had talked like a child to the land, naming every nuance of a valley or spirit of a

stream. It was difficult, sometimes, for her to leave and when she did, after a long walk of many hours, she resented the scurrying world below. But, always, the luminosity vanished slowly and she had come to realize over many years that she needed people, and her life below, as much as she needed the long walks alone. Always, the lure of the Mynd drew her back.

She had thought many times of a cottage on the Mynd. But most of the land she loved could not be bought and the prospect of tourists trooping summerly displeased her, a little, with the passing of each year. At times, there existed within her no distinction between her as a person and the Mynd. She knew this must be an illusion, but the thought did not trouble her, as she did not care if others thought she was mad. It was a very private sharing which she doubted she could even share with a living soul as part of her wanted to share it – not because she cared what others thought, but because to talk about it to someone who could not or would not understand and who lacked the empathy she felt she herself possessed, would she knew destroy some of the sacred quality. Her feeling would be cheapened.

Yet there were cottages, scattered along the edge of the Mynd as it dropped steeply to the valleys and plains below. She might buy one, someday. She understood it was paradoxical that teaching inspired her like the Mynd. Her teaching was bright, an innocent joy that brought a remembrance of childhood dreams, while her Mynd was earth-bound and dark, a woman, perhaps, she had seen in her dreams.

She removed her shoes and stockings and, as she had done many times, walked barefoot on the moor. She loved the feel of the earth, stone and turf warmed by sun – even the brittle scratchy heather. A young man with a bright orange rucksack bore heavily along the road, but he did not see her and she was left to complete her widdershin circumambulation in defiance of all cars.

Hunger and the dying sun drew her to her car, and she sat in the twilight trying to think of Leonie. The earth, wind and sky, her Mynd, had given her a calm, receptive power that enhanced in an indefinable way her sexuality and she experienced a desire for Leonie. Here among the heather, under the darkening sky they might together find peace. It was an impossible fantasy – because of Apthone the deranged. But the sad reality made Diane aware that, for the first time in her adult life, she possessed no desire, however small, for men. They were a world away and would not be touched.

The air, her thoughts and walk in bare feet, but most powerfully her empathy with the Mynd, all combined to alter her and although she did not know it, she radiated a beautiful and bewitching aura that would have captivated any man and made her mistress over them all.

Her house felt empty even before she opened the door to its darkness. The stain of Apthone's blood had faded and on the pine kitchen table she found her husband's note.

"I'm sorry," it read, "but we both knew our marriage never worked. Have gone to stay with Morgan. You see, we're in love."

He had not signed it and she took it to her bedroom.

"It was kind of you to write," she wrote sincerely, "I wish you happiness and hope you achieve all you are meant to. Thank you for giving me some of the best times of my life. I will never forget how happy I have been and hope we can still be friends. Diane."

Her kindness came easily, since she had ceased to struggle, possessed no desire for men, and still felt the power of the Mynd and the memory of her morning ecstasy. She felt sad

at losing part of her life, but it was deeper inner sadness that, in a strange way, calmed her – like a slow movement from the Vivaldi concerto. Somehow, the demise of her marriage seemed to compliment her new feelings and she felt free from the often-insidious pressures that a relationship with a man – any man – involved. However kindly they talked, however interested they seemed in her as a person, there existed the tension of their sexual desire and, often, a wish to dominate. She had scorned this at University and school not only because she instinctively distrusted men. The shallow personalities of her men friends had not attracted her, and she buried herself in her work. She had been courted, often, for her sylph-like beauty and intellectual mind seemed to attract, but she disliked the male façade of pretence, their insensitivity and it was only a year before her marriage that she set out with a single-minded determination to seduce a man.

It had not been as exciting as she had anticipated and it, and her one brief subsequent encounter, did little to assuage her intimate feeling toward women. But, insidiously, there seemed to grow within her a desire for children. Little that she did or thought seemed to lessen it and the guilt she felt about herself, and when on one winter's morning with a sprinkling of snow she had passed in her car an athletic young man clad in short sleeve jumper and shorts, a hitherto unknown desire possessed her. He was changing his punctured tubular tire and smiled as she passed, warm within her car, his well-muscled legs almost obscene, and his face and whole body suffused with health. For several days afterwards she thought of his eyes, and passed the same spot at the same time. He was always around, pedaling easily and fast along the snowy road joining her lodging and school. A week later thinly dressed, she passed him, on a street in Stretton, and their friendship had been born.

But it was all over and in the sad serenity of her loneliness she prepared herself a meal. Leonie, she felt, would be thinking about Apthone the half-dead, and tomorrow at Rachael's party, she, as befitted a natural Mistress of Earth,

would wear black. Her sympathetic witchcraft might even work.

XII

Rachael stood in the bright light by her parents piano, laughing at Bryan's joke while, around her, her parent's guests gabbled or drank or smoked to mute a mostly-unintelligible background of Mozart. Rachael's use of cosmetics had been light, the result perfectly suited to her gentle features, but it was the manner of her dress that attracted Diane as a scruffy Fisher tried to engage her, on her arrival, in conversation and she tried to forget Leonie's telephone call. "He has asked me to marry him," the distant Leonie had said.

"Really, Diane," Fisher was saying, "even your subject can be taught in a more, shall we say, relevant way." He moved his mouth like a fish and his few strands of spiky hair swayed.

"What?" said Diane. Rachael had clothed herself in a black dress that exposed an ample amount of her large breasts and she wore a necklace of real amber. Her shoes and stockings were black to match her hair.

"Mathematics," droned Fisher, "can be taught - "

"Excuse me!" she said, pushing him aside.

"Hello Miss."

"I see we chose the same color."

"Yes."

"It might suggest something. Your necklace is beautiful."

"It was my Grandmother's. A hereditary gift."

"It suits your green eyes."

Rachael smiled, and Bryan the astute, left them.

Diane touched the piano, gently. "Will you play?"

"I couldn't."

"For me?"

"I – "

"I will turn the pages of your music."

Rachael smiled and from the pile in the piano-seat selected a large bound book. She smiled, nervously, but Diane lightly touched her shoulder and she began to play the Arietta for Beethoven's Opus 111. Across the room, scattered with the guests, Bryan turned the Mozart off.

Soon, only the Beethoven could be heard, and had Diane been alone she would have cried. The music, the beautiful Rachael, her concentration, even the movement of her fingers, enthralled, bringing both memory and desire and purging her of the past. Aphone, the blood, Leonie, her walk by the river. But, beyond all, it was Rachael who captivated her. Rachael's perfume and music had bewitched.

Then, too soon, the perfect music was over. For ten seconds, silence.

"I did not know you could play like that!" said Rachael's astonished mother.

Rachael smiled at Diane before saying, "neither did I!"

It was Bryan who began the applause, and Rachael's mother who ended it by saying, "Really, it seems we have had a musical genius in our midst all this time!"

"Yes, Rosalind," grinned Fisher as he leered at her, "it certainly does."

Rosalind smiled endearingly at him, pleased with his attention, before ushering her guests into dinner. The dining room was about half the size of Diane's bungalow, the large oak table was formally spread and Diane began to regret her acceptance. She would have to make polite, boring and feminine conversation. Only Rachael's presence would redeem the ordeal. Bryan, the only other pupil, had been seated next to Rachael and was about to offer Diane his seat when Rachael's mother intervened.

"There Bryan," she said, patting his arm, a gesture he clearly disliked, "you sit next to our talented Rachael. I am sure you will have a lot to talk about, won't you?"

Bryan shrugged and sat down. Diane was seated between a benign old gentleman with white hair and a nervous man in an ill-fitting suit with a face of a starveling owl.

"Mr. Karlowicz," said Rosalind helpfully as she patted him on the arm, "is a painter."

"You the teacher?" asked the old man beside Diane.

"Yes."

"Oh," he replied puzzled. "I thought you were the teacher."

"What do you paint?" she asked Karlowicz.

"Canvas!" he chuckled, then resumed his nervous frown.

"Do start!" chided Rosalind.

Rachael was leaning forward over her melon and Karlowicz stared at her. But Rachael's smile was for Diane, and she ate her melon slowly while Karlowicz sweated in the heat.

"If you are not the teacher," the old man asked Diane, "are you the painter chap?"

"No, I'm the lesbian," she almost said, but manfully resisted. Instead, she said, "actually, I am the teacher."

"Funny, you don't look like the painter."

The agony was relieved only by Rachael, and she smiled at her across the table before immersing herself in the delicate task of social eating. The thought of Leonie, sitting beside the cripple Aphone's bed angered, momentarily, and she remembered Leonie's nervous voice over the telephone. "Diane - he, that is Richard, asked me to marry him." A silence without circuits crackled. "And will you?" she had asked. "I really don't know... but I have to consider the baby." And the guilt, Diane knew, always the guilt and insecurity oppressing. Aphone was poisoning Leonie: but there was not even a momentary desire in Diane, as there

had been yesterday, to kill him and free Leonie. Her lover had chosen and in the sadness Diane remembered some lines of Sappho:

Go gladly, remember me
And the sensuous times we had
Now you have put away
At once longing for maidens.

Diane sat in silence for the rest of the meal while Fisher monopolized the conversation with a lecture on the relevance and significance of sociology. She smiled kindly at him, once, but he was too engrossed in the torrent of his own words to notice while everyone except Rachael, Bryan and herself (and the old man, who had fallen asleep) nodded sagely their assent. Toward the end of the interminable meal she could see Bryan fighting a desperate battle with himself and was a little disappointed when he did not leap up and cartwheel over the table as part of him so obviously wanted.

"You see!" said Fisher, his eyes glazed while Rachael's mother served coffee, "the community of similar interests which underlies this restricted code obviate the requirement for subjective intent to be verbally elaborated and made fundamentally explicit."

Fisher smiled. "It's quite simple, Bryan. The codes determine the area of discretion - "

Diane could restrain herself no more. She stood up. "If you'll excuse Rachael and me. She has promised to play a little more music."

"Yes," agreed Rosalind, "that would be very nice. We could listen in here."

Rachael did not disappoint and followed Diane out.

"You don't have to play," Diane said as Rachael sat at the piano. "It was just an excuse."

"I know. But I'd like to play, Diane." She breathed the name softly and Diane was aware of the intimacy.

Scorning the Beethoven, Rachael played from memory part of Scriabin's Ninth Sonata. Half of her youthful face was shadowed, and as she bent over the piano, her eyes closed, her fingers seemingly possessed of a life all their own, she seemed to Diane the embodiment of enchantment and it occurred to her, very slowly, that she was seducing Rachael. As the last notes faded, undampened by the pedal, Rachael's mother shouted from the dining room.

"That is awful! Play something better."

Angry, Rachael played a few bars of a nursery rhyme before slamming the lid in disgust. The tempestuousness, the vitality and Rachael's youthful health, vibrated a memory in Diane and she was torn between a desire to become close with Rachael and her faithfulness toward the insecure Leonie.

"Is Mr. Apthone any better?" Rachael asked, intruding upon her thought.

"Not really."

"I never liked him," Rachael said directly. "He gave me the creeps."

The juxtaposition of Rachael's mature sensibilities with the speaking of uncritical youthful thought confused Diane momentarily because she had forgotten Rachael was her pupil. Rachael herself was embarrassed by the change and bit her lip.

"Shall I play some more for you?"

They were clearly forgotten, for laughter drifted from the dining room, following the cigar smoke and the aroma of ground coffee.

"Yes, Rachael, I would love you to. You never said you were so talented."

"I only play when I am inspired." She laid the book out at the beginning of Opus 111. "You inspire me," she said and immediately began to play.

Her playing and Rachael herself were magical. She was possessed, hardly seemed human and Diane found it difficult to believe her age because her playing was so full of mature emotion. Rachael did not need the music and Diane stood beside her, fearing to breathe, and when it was over she was crying, softly. Never before in her life had she been so moved by a piece of music: she had attended better performances, perhaps, listened to greater music, but never had it been so personal. Never had she been involved as she was when Rachael played. It was not Beethoven – it was Rachael and she, a joining of mutual souls. The music joined them together in an indefinable way.

"Why," Diane said, trying to hold the moment through silence as she touched Rachael's shoulder, "are you studying math?"

"I'm not that good," replied Rachael softly.

"Oh but Rachael, you are!"

Rachael shrugged. "I don't know. I feel different tonight. It was like I didn't have to try. I can't explain really. Once I'd begun, everything happened naturally. I've never felt like that before." She stared at the floor. "I've never been able to play the whole Sonata before – but I wanted to play well – for you."

"You could become a professional pianist."

"Would you be proud of me if I was?"

The question hit Diane like a slap in the face. Carefully, she said, "You are lovely as you are!"

Rachael's reply was never uttered as the guests, led by Rachael's mother entered the room.

"Mr. Karlowicz," announced Rosalind, gripping Karlowicz's arm, has agree to paint Rachael's portrait, haven't you?

The painter smiled awkwardly and nodded while Fisher grinned and said, "In the nude, eh?"

"I do not know," replied Karlowicz. "I cannot say."

"Until you have seen the goods, eh?" laughed Fisher while Rachael's mother smiled.

"Have you ever thought," Diane asked Rachael's mother in a loud voice, "that Rachael might be a pianist?"

"Heavens no! She wants to be a mathematician, like my father. He was a Professor, you know."

"No, I didn't." Bryan had rescued Rachael from the clutches of Karlowicz and Fisher and in a gentle voice Diane added, "she has a talent for the piano. A great gift. She could obtain a scholarship easily. It would be a pity to waste such talent."

"Nonsense! She is more gifted at mathematics. Like my father was."

Diane remained silent while Rachael's mother smiled gracefully and left to attend to her guests. Fisher was moving toward Diane, but she brushed past him. After the shared passion of Beethoven everything and everyone except Rachael seemed bland.

"Rachael," she said while Bryan winked at her and left to talk with Fisher. "I'm afraid I'd like to go."

Rachael's face crumpled and she looked as if she might cry, but Diane said "it's all right. Your piano playing has made everything - "

Rachael smiled. "Nowhere, Geliebe, can world exist but within Life passes in transformation."

Unnecessarily, she added, "I do understand, Diane."

"We must meet for a talk sometime."

"I would like that very much. Can it be soon?"

"I hope so." She moved to hold Rachael's hand but stopped herself. She felt responsible – for Rachael was barely seventeen and her pupil. She could pretend she did not care and become formal, delineating through her authority as Rachael's teacher, their respective roles and had she not stood and listened and shared with Rachael the Beethoven and had she not felt instinctively that her own feelings were reciprocated, she might have done so. She had no experience to guide her and felt confused.

"Can you convey my apologies to your parents?" was all she said.

"Yes – they won't mind. Probably won't even notice you're gone."

"I'll telephone you tomorrow," Diane said without thinking.

Rachael blushed. "I'll look forward to that."

They stared at each other, both unsure what to do. It was Diane who said, "Well, goodbye." Without looking back she walked out into the hazy sunlight of middle evening.

The drive along the deserted Greenock to Stretton road brought some calm to Diane and she was able to forget, for a while, Rachael and her music. It was a beautiful evening, humid with a slight breeze and it did not seem to matter that the haze was caused by industrial pollution in Europe being carried in the lofty winds of the high-pressure area. Twice a day, five times a week during term, for nearly six years, she had been along the road and knew every grassy bank, the shape of every hedge through every season, even the

position of each pothole. The road wound its undulating way, straddling the coppiced, oak-filled ridge that rose above the cultivated plain to the north-east of the Stretton fault, before dropping into the scattered farmsteads and villages of Ape Dale, and turning west over the Stretton hills and down into the valley, a funnel for trunk road traffic.

Everything here changed slowly. No new houses had been built during her time of tenure and over the years the villages through which she passed remained the same: the squat cottages with their small gardens and roses and bright flowers; the farms, often with the pungent smell of manure. She felt part of the land, secure because of her familiarity. Two-thirds of the distance out from Greenock lay a garage, skirting the few houses and bungalows of the village of Wall through which the road turned sharply west. The garage, well-worn and fraying brick, had been closed twice, re-sold often and now its small grimy windows showed the familiar sign: "Under New Management."

Diane slowed, but a large 'Closed' sign was battened to the patched door and she drove on while Beethoven played in her head. Stretton was quiet. Only a few cars were parked beside the lines of the main wide street of Victorian shop facades. The cinema had long ago been replaced by a red-brick supermarket and the cottages which had once graced the top corner of the street down which the water flooded after storm, had been removed, replaced by Banks as the railway brought prosperity and popularity to the town.

The High Street, leading south past the mock columned Banks, was a jumble of periods from half-timbered Georgian through mock wattle and daub to a handful of Victorian facades, and the breeze stirred the pavement litter. It had been a good day, for tourists.

The narrow road widened past new housing estates clawed out from farming land, past the disused and quaintly small

gas-works to the beginning of the World's End and the foot of Ashlet Hill where Diane's bungalow lay, shaded from all the evening sun. She sat in her car in the driveway for several minutes, thinking about Rachael and Leonie until someone rapped on the roof.

It was Watts. "I've been waiting for you."

"Lucky for you I was early then. I suppose you'd better come in."

The sitting room smelled, vaguely, and she opened all the windows wide.

"Well?" she asked while Watts leaned against the frame of the door.

"Have you seen Leonie?"

"No."

"They are getting married."

She betrayed surprise. "I thought they might."

"You know why?"

"I've got a good idea."

"She feels guilty as well, I presume."

"It's typical of Apthone."

"You don't mind?"

"She had her own life to lead."

"And Apthone?"

"I try not to think about him." She shivered involuntarily.
"Would you like some coffee?"

"Yes." He did not stand aside and she had to brush past him on her way to the kitchen.

"Please don't." She moved away.

"But Diane – "

"I'm sorry. I've gone off men since – "

"What?"

"Nothing. It doesn't matter."

Watts held her by the shoulder, but she did not look at his face. "Diane, I love you."

"Don't say that!" She wriggled free.

"Why not? It's true!" She stood with her back to him and he said, "What's wrong? What has Apthone done now?"

"What makes you think it has anything to do with him?"

"Instinct," said Watts sharply.

She turned around suddenly. "Look Alex, I'm very fond of you but at the moment I don't want any sort of relationship. With anyone."

He smiled, lopsidedly. "We'd all be better off with Apthone dead."

"He's crucified himself."

"And now he's crucifying Leonie. And you." He watched her very carefully. "You've gone off Leonie, haven't you?" When she did not answer he said, "Because she is still bound to Apthone, isn't it? She prefers Apthone to you."

"You don't know what you are talking about!"

He smiled. "I think I do."

"I'm very tired," she said coldly. "I'm sorry but would you mind if we forgot about the coffee?"

"You want me to go?"

"Yes."

"I guess I can wait a little longer," he shrugged then squinted at her. "Did Apthone come here the other night after I left?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Nothing. Just a guess. Well, I suppose I'd better be going then."

"If you wouldn't mind."

She walked with him to the door. "All problems can be solved," he said mordantly. He moved to kiss her but she stepped back and shut the door before he could speak.

She was tired and sat in her sitting room while a refreshing breeze caught her face and ruffled, slightly, her hair. Among her records she found a performance of Beethoven's Opus 111 but it was Rachael's music and she could not listen to someone else playing it.

Instead, she contented herself with watching a television program. The play seemed realistic with the characters screaming at each other in broad Glaswegian and she watched it to its conclusion before switching the set off. The real world was in her head, full of conflicting dreams and desires, and after she had carefully closed all windows and locked and bolted the doors, she undressed for bed.

Sleep did not come easily and in the humid darkness she was restless for many hours before the pleasant relief of sleeping dreams overcame her troubled mind and allowed her naked, sweaty body to relax. She dreamed she was by the sea under a beautiful blue sky but the sea was full of rubbish and untreated sewage. Rachael was walking nearby, laughing and smiling while she talked to several young men. She walked toward her and, as a stranger invited the beautiful girl for a drink. Access to the bar of the hotel was through a small door through which they had to crawl and she had ordered drinks for them both while Watts the bartender sneered. She felt guilty and tried to escape through the door, but the opening was now only a small hole and she

could not squeeze through. Instead, she returned to Rachael secretly pleased that she could not escape.

She was awoken in the early morning hours of darkness by the ringing of the doorbell. A brief terror suffused her, but she calmly dressed, gathered her revolver from the drawer and walked purposefully into the stinging brightness of the hall.

It was Rachael, leaning on her cycle and Diane hid the revolver behind her back.

"I had an argument with my mother," she said.

"And you've cycled all the way here?"

"Yes."

"You'd better come in."

Rachael wheeled her bicycle into the hall while Diane hid the gun in a pocket of a coat by the door. In the sitting room, they sat together on the sofa.

"What was the argument about?"

"Nothing."

"It was about me wasn't it?"

"Yes." She stared glumly at the carpet. "She said I was too old to have crushes on women teachers."

"I see."

"She doesn't understand." Nervously, she bit a nail. "I'm not wrong, am I?"

Looking at Rachael's face, Diane could not lie. "No, Rachael, you are not wrong."

"What shall we do?"

"I don't know. I am in a very difficult position."

"Because you are my teacher?"

"I'm afraid so."

"I wouldn't want to do anything to harm you."

"I know. Are you sure – "

"That it is not just a crush? Oh yes, I'm sure."

"Do your parents know you are here?"

"No."

"Hadn't we better tell them? They will be worried."

"I'm over sixteen. Anyway, they don't care about me – only about themselves."

"Shall we telephone them?"

"I'd rather you didn't. I left a note. They'll find it in the morning. It was really awful you left." She looked around.

"Is your husband here?"

"No."

"Oh. I presumed – "

"Actually, we're getting divorced."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Can I stay with you – for a while?"

"It might not be wise."

"But no one will know – about us, I mean."

"There is nothing for anyone to know."

"But there could be, couldn't there, Diane?"

"You might be mistaken about yourself."

Rachael smiled. "I don't think so. Not after tonight. When I played the Beethoven for you, I knew. I have felt like this for you for a long time, but never dared say anything."

"If the weather is fine tomorrow, shall we have a picnic on the Long Mynd?"

"That would be marvelous!"

"Now you must get some sleep. I'll show you to the spare room." She smiled. "I don't suppose you brought any clothes?"

"No."

"Don't worry. You can borrow one of my nightdresses. It might just fit!"

"It doesn't matter really. It's too hot anyway."

Diane showed her to the small room, somewhat cluttered with spare bicycle wheels and punctured tubular tires.

"Diane, it's very kind of you."

Embarrassed, she said, "Sleep well."

"And you."

Her own bed felt damp with the sweat that the sultry night had drawn and she lay naked on the sheet in the airless room. She heard the church clock strike the half-hour and she counted the three tolls. The bedroom door opened, showing a chink of light from the hall and she lay motionless while Rachael sneaked into her bed.

"I couldn't sleep," the girl said as she lay beside Diane covering herself with part of the duvet. For several minutes they both lay still, without speaking, until almost at the same time they moved toward each other. They embraced,

strongly, naked body to naked body, before relaxing in each other's arms, and it was like they fell asleep to dream in the humid heat of the night.

XIII

Diane's awakening was gentle and she opened her eyes in response to Rachael's hand to find Rachael dressed and holding a tray.

"I thought you'd like some breakfast."

"What time is it?" she asked grogged.

"Half past ten."

"Really I have overslept!"

Holding the duvet to cover her breasts, she sat up and took the tray. "What's the weather like?"

"Beautiful!" Rachael opened the curtains and window. "I didn't know how you liked your eggs, so I guessed. Hope they are all right. There's more coffee if you want it."

"Do you know, this is the first time that I have ever had breakfast in bed?"

"You deserve it! I'll finish cleaning the sitting room."

Before Diane could respond, Rachael left. Soon, she heard a vacuum cleaner being used and she had finished her

breakfast and set the tray aside before Rachael had returned.

"Shall we take sandwiches?" an exuberant Rachael asked.

"Sorry?"

"For the Long Mynd. You know, the picnic."

"I hadn't really thought about it. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes. But I always get up around six."

"Good heavens! Why?"

"I run." Shyly, she added, "not far, only a couple of miles."

"Rather you than me."

"Your ought to try it."

"No thanks, I'm happy being as I am - fat and flabby."

Rachael laughed, gathered the tray and said, "I'll see to this while you get dressed."

Rachael was not an intrusion into her privacy, and Diane found it natural that she should be around. A little diffidence remained, but it was if they had been friends for years. She emerged dressed to find the whole house, with the exception of her bedroom, tidied and cleaned.

"Well," explained Rachael a little embarrassed, "I woke up at six out of habit and had to do something."

"Do you want to telephone your parents?"

"Not really."

"It would be best."

"Well, if you think so."

"You could say you were staying here for a few days – that is, if you want to."

Rachael was ecstatic. "Can I telephone them now, then?"

"Yes, of course"

She returned dejected. "My mother wasn't too happy. She wants me to go home."

"And do you want to?"

"Not any more."

"Shall we go for a walk?"

"I suppose so."

"Rachael," Diane said softly. "I don't mean to interfere. You are an adult – you can make your own decisions. You are free to do what you want. Nobody owns you – not any more anyway. If you wanted to leave school for that matter, no one could prevent you. But if you want to stay, do so for the right reasons, not because you are being emotionally blackmailed."

“By my mother you mean?”

“Maybe. I don’t know, and it’s not really for me to say. You must make your own decisions.”

“I don’t want to go back home. There’s nothing for me there.

“Except a grand piano!”

Rachael laughed, “except the piano!”

Together they walked from the bungalow in the warm air of mid-Sunday morning along the road to the Little Stretton and wooded track to Ashes Hollow, a stream filled batch between the steeply rising hills of Grindle Hills and Yearlet. The summer’s morning was alive with promise and the early mist had been dispersed by the sun, leaving dewy grass. The water in the stream was low, and Rachael removed her shoes to walk barefoot. No one came along the isolated valley to disturb them.

“Cor!” Rachael shouted, “this water’s cold!”

Under the blue sky with a wind to cool the rising heat of the sun surrounded by the nature-filled peace of the valley, it was not long before Diane had removed her own shoes and began walking tentatively among the acres and boulders of the stream.

It was the splash of water that Rachael threw over her that freed her and, like two friends of the same age, they played in and with the water, chasing each other in turn, until they

were both exhausted and soaked. On the grassy bank they stretched themselves to dry.

“Do you want to do mathematics at University?” Diane asked.

There was a long pause, while Rachael ran her hand through the short, sheep-cropped grass and Dipper that bobbed around the stream. “Not particularly. I don’t know what I want to do.”

“You could make a career as a pianist.”

Rachael laughed, but it was not a dismissive laugh. “I don’t know if I want to, though.”

“You have ample time to decide.”

“Probably, now I’m leaving home.”

“What would you like to do this afternoon?”

“I could stay here all day.”

“If I stay here much longer I will fall asleep.”

Rachael sat up. “I suppose we’d better go and change.”

“Hmmm.” Diane closed her eyes and Rachael crept to the stream to fill her shoe with water. Slowly, she poured it over Diane’s head. Diane shrieked, and chased Rachael along the path. A middle-aged man with a wizened face stood by the footbridge at the end of the path where it grew rocks, staring with a puzzled look at the two women. They saw him and stopped their chasing and playful yells.

“Good morning!” said Rachael loudly as they passed him.

He looked at them both quizzically, snorted and strode purposefully down the path while Rachael and Diane laughed.

“Race you home.” Rachael said.

“It wouldn’t be a race! Perhaps if you gave me fifteen minutes start!”

“You’d be home by then.”

“Exactly!”

Barefooted they followed the track to the road and the warm pavement to Diane’s home. In front of the driveway stood a car.

“Oh dear,” said Rachael, nodding her head toward it, “trouble!”

“Your parents?”

“My mother.”

“Rachael!” shouted her mother as they drew near, “what have you been doing?”

“Just a walk mother.”

Her mother was speedily out of the car. "Just look at you! And Miss Dietz, I'm surprised at you!"

"Would you like to come in for some coffee?" Diane asked with a smile.

"No thank you. I came to fetch Rachael. And by the looks of things I arrived just in time."

"Oh mother, don't fuss!"

"Are you sure you won't come in?" Diane asked.

"Rachael," shouted her mother, "put your shoes on and come with me!"

Rachael held her head to one side. "No."

Her mother looked for a moment. "What did you say?"

"I said no. I'm staying here with Diane."

"I see! So it's Diane now, is it? Just wait until your father hears of this!"

"I'm staying with Diane. I'm leaving home."

"That is impossible!"

"No, it is not. I'm over sixteen."

"You are just a child!"

Rachael turned away but her mother held her arm. "Rachael, you are coming home with me this instant!"

"No I'm not."

"How dare you speak to me like that!" Rachael shook herself free from her mother and turned toward Diane. "I can see you have had a hand in all this Miss Dietz."

"It's Mrs. Dietz, actually," corrected Rachael.

"I see!" shouted her mother embarrassed and angry. "Well, Mrs. Dietz, I am holding you responsible for all this. Dividing our family. Rachael are you coming?"

"No! I'm not!"

"Well Miss Dietz, just wait until Mr. Thomas hears of your interference. A fine teacher you are telling a young girl to disobey her parents!"

"Mother, that's not fair! It was my own decision."

"I would not at all be surprised, Miss Dietz, if you weren't forced to resign over this. Encouraging young girls in their lewd and sordid fantasies indeed! You should be ashamed of yourself, corrupting a young innocent girl. You are not fit to be a teacher! "

Diane's smile only served to make her more angry. She got into her car and slammed the door. "Rachael! For the last time are you coming home?"

"No."

"Just wait, Miss Dietz! I am not without influence within the School Governors, you know!"

"You -!" She was too angry to speak, and drove away.

"I'm very sorry," Rachael said when she and Diane were safely in the house.

"Don't worry," smiled Diane. "It will be all right, I'm sure. Come on, we'll get changed."

"But she said you'd get the sack."

"I'd resign first."

"But you can't. You haven't done anything!"

"That's not what other people will think."

"I don't really care what they think. You can't resign. I won't let you. I'd go back home first."

"It probably won't come to anything. Just a little storm in a big teacup."

"You don't know my mother! She won't give up. It's not fair!"

"Would you like a shower or a bath?"

"If I wasn't your pupil there is nothing anyone could do, is there?"

"But you are and there is."

"But if I left school..."

"But you can't."

"Why not? You yourself said I could. Anyway, I can and I'm going to!"

"But Rachael - "

"I'll get a scholarship to the Royal College of Music!"

"I couldn't let you do that."

"Unless I wanted to."

"Rachael - "

Very quietly, Rachael said, "I don't want to leave you. You must realize I love you."

The Beethoven, the playfulness by the stream, Rachael's mother, Rachael's offer and her pleasing words, were too much for Diane and she turned away.

"I - " began Rachael. "I'm sorry if I've - if I have offended you. I thought - "

Diane did not look at her. "You haven't."

Rachael's voice was tearful. "I assumed we -" nervously she smiled. "Perhaps I ought to go home."

The battle was hopelessly lost, for Diane could not bear to inflict upon Rachael more agony. She turned to see Rachael's face contorted between anticipation and terror of rejection, and her embrace of Rachael relieved her of suppressed emotion as much as it made Rachael happy.

For several minutes they stood in each other's arms, swaying slightly while sun leaked to them from the window in the hall.

"I don't want you to go: I don't want you to go." Diane said. Then: "I really think we should get changed."

They parted, but held hands. "What shall I wear?" Rachael asked, looking at her sodden dress.

"I have a few clothes which might fit. You're a bit larger than me, though."

Rachael looked down at her breasts and giggled. "I meant what I said you know. About leaving school."

"It probably won't be necessary."

"But if it is – I will do it."

"You don't have to."

"Yes I do. I want to. Because I want to stay with you, Diane. Always."

Diane held Rachael's hand tighter. She felt a great love inside her and the sadness of losing Leonie had been immeasurably reduced. But she was afraid.

"You can stay here as long as you wish," she said, "whatever happens."

Several strands of Rachael's dark hair were stuck by sweat to her forehead and Diane brushed them tenderly aside before Rachael kissed her fingers.

"I shall buy you a piano!" she said, blushing and embarrassed.

"And I shall play for you in the evening when we are alone."

"When will you collect your belongings?"

Rachael shrugged. "Today, tomorrow, I don't care."

"Fine. Now will you change your clothes?" she said jovially.

"I'm just going, Miss" replied Rachael sarcastically. "Please don't beat me!" She laughed and ran into the bathroom.

She was sitting among the perfumed foam when Diane entered bearing clothes.

"Diane," she began with an enchanting smile that belied her age. "Will you bathe me?"

Diane was trembling, but she laid the clothes aside long enough to kneel beside the bath and kiss Rachael lightly on the cheek. On the roof of the house, several jackdaws fought.

XIV

The invitation, or rather command, had not been long in coming upon Diane's arrival at school, and she sat in Thomas's office while he studied some notes on his desk. Outside children played beneath a branding sun.

"Now, Diane," he smiled, neatly folding his spectacles before wiping his brow of sweat. "Mrs. Paulding, as you may know, has, er, been in contact with me regarding her daughter, Rachael."

"I thought she might."

"It seems, from what she had told me, that Rachael is staying with you against her parent's wishes. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Diane – I will be honest with you. I am in a difficult, not to mention delicate situation, as I am sure you appreciate. On one side, there is Mrs. Paulding; on the other, you. Mrs. Paulding has, shall we say, made some serious allegations."

"About me and Rachael, I presume."

"I'm afraid so. And since Rachael is a pupil – "

"She isn't."

"Pardon?"

"She isn't a pupil anymore. She has decided to leave school."

"Do her parents know of this?"

"She telephoned them this morning."

"I see." He fumbled with some notes on his desk. "Is that Rachael's own decision?"

"Yes. Nothing I could do to dissuade her."

"But is she, er, staying with you?"

Without rancor, Diane said, "I know what you are implying. But it is not like that at all. She is simply staying with me because she has left home and has nowhere else to go – at the moment."

"I would like to believe – "

"But you know that I am a lesbian."

"No! No! Good heavens! I didn't mean to imply – "

"That I am corrupting Rachael?"

"Diane," he smiled kindly at her. "I know you well enough after – what is it? Six years? – to know that you are a very professional teacher."

"I'm prepared to resign," she said slowly and mutely.

"Come now! I won't hear of it!"

"But – "

"We can sort this out, between the two of us."

"But the Board of School Governors – "

Thomas smiled – a strange smile, mixing benevolence with

occult knowledge. "I am sure I can come to some arrangement. With Mrs. Paulding. No need to involve anyone else. Would it be possible for me to speak with Rachael?"

"Of course. Do you want her to come here?"

Thomas pondered. "No. It would perhaps be best away from school."

"Mr. Thomas?" asked Diane shyly.

"Hmm?"

"Can I ask you a personal question?"

"You mean why am I, as Headmaster of a vast and sometimes incomprehensible Comprehensive school, going to such trouble for you?"

"Well, yes."

"It is simple really." He smiled his strange smile. "You are a good teacher. But perhaps most of all – the pupils like you. Strange that, it's rare, believe me. But –"

"But?"

"I realize that you are undergoing a difficult period in your life – what with your marriage and everything – but you should perhaps be more, shall we say, discreet?"

"And not become involved with pupils?"

"Precisely."

"I never have before and never intend to again."

"Good. I can help this time. There will not be another, believe me. The last thing we as a school need is another scandal," he said abstractly. One was enough.

A year ago, one of the male teachers had had an affair with a female student. When it became known, he had left in haste, leaving the girl and her baby, to find employment in a large city in America, a suitable place many agreed.

"No," said Thomas, shaking his head, "Not another scandal." He thought for a moment. "It may be necessary for Rachael to leave. Would she have obtained her 'A' levels?"

"Definitely! Good grades, probably."

"I will talk with her tonight – " His telephone rang.

"Mr. Thomas speaking... Hello Rosalind! I've just heard." He covered the mouthpiece with his hand and said to Diane, "I'll call after school."

"Fine!" She smiled at him to find Watts lurking outside the door.

"I've heard," he said perfunctorily.

"How?" Diane was surprised.

Watts tapped his nose with his forefinger. "Shall I just say a middle aged witch told me."

Diane watched him suspiciously. "What have you been up to now?"

"Come to dinner tonight and I'll explain everything."

"I can't. Mr. Thomas is coming to see Rachael."

"Lunch then?"

Diane was intrigued and said, "yes."

The morning passed painfully slow for Diane. She expected her classes to be interrupted by Mr. Thomas who would ask for an urgent meeting. Or Mrs. Paulding would rush in, pointing the accusing finger and shout, "you lesbian! Corrupting my daughter!"

Yet, because she was an accomplished teacher, and she actually cared for the children she taught more than she cared about the teaching staff or what they thought or said, she was able to teach as if nothing had happened, as if it was another Monday morning like any other – except the last week of term and exceptionally hot. Only one blemish marked her morning.

As she walked to meet Watts by the double glass doors that fronted the school and overlooked the car park and Windmill Hill and near where school buses thronged at the beginning and ending of the day, Bryan accosted her.

"Miss," he asked, "is it true that Rachael has left?"

She looked at him, amazed. "News travels fast, I see."

"Her parents told me."

"When?"

"I saw them at break."

"Here?"

"Sure! Going into the Crater – I mean Mr. Thomas' room."

"Oh, I see. She might be leaving. I really don't know yet."

"Probably the best thing that could happen."

"What?"

"Her leaving. I mean, like getting a scholarship in music."

"Bryan – "

"Sorry Miss," he smirked, "got to dash!" He ran to join the throng of children bound for the refectory.

Watts was waiting by his new car and she allowed him to close the door as he seated himself.

"And where," he asked, touching his forelock, "would Madam like to be driving?"

She waved her hand imperiously, "that way, my man."

"Very good, Madam!" he saluted.

He took them through the town, along a few twisty lanes neatly hedged, to an isolated country inn. A few cars were beside the lofty oak and in the cool if dim and modernized interior they sat with their drinks.

"Well?" she asked before drinking most of her cider.

"Eh?" groaned Watts obtusely.

"Any idea why Leonie did not come in this morning?"

"No." He drank his pint of ale in a few gulps, burped and said, "It's me charm which gets 'em! You any idea?"

"About Leonie? No, she wasn't in when I telephoned this morning."

"With the bastard Apthone, no doubt."

"Probably." She finished her cider.

"Like another?"

"Not for me. I can't teach well if I have too much to drink."

"Huh! I can't teach without too much!" He loped to the bar taking almost half of its width, and returning with a mug of dark brew and plate of sandwiches.

Diane snatched most of the sandwiches from the plate. "You were going to tell me about Mr. Thomas."

"Was I now? Did you see Morgan this fine morning?"

"No. She kept out of my way."

"Not surprising really,"

"Mr. Thomas?"

"Nay, lass, me name be Watts. 'Thumper' for them as 'have a care."

She clutched his mug. "Are you going to tell me or do I shampoo your hair?"

Watts chuckled, rather loudly. "Not the dreaded beer over the hair ploy! All right, I give in, I'll tell you." He squinted at her. "There was gossip a few years back about him and Rachael's mother."

Diane was astonished. "Really? I never heard about it."

"Yep. 'cause," he smiled, "it might not be true."

"And?"

"You know me! I went to him and said, nudge, nudge, wink, wink - "

"You're showing your age now."

He ignored the remark. "I said to him, straight like, 'Create quite a scandal, a story like that. And you a Headmaster.' And he said, 'well I'll know whom to thank' and gave me a straight look." He waited for the accolade. There was no response, so he said, "I think he got the message."

He finished his beer. "You'll be all right."

Diane understood only too well. Outside, the sun shone bright and hot while a lark sang about a field. On the road a car passed while sunlight glinted upon glass.

Diane sighed. "You really shouldn't have."

Watts shrugged. "What the hell? I did it because you're a friend, not because of what you are thinking."

"Was there any truth in the rumor?"

"About the boss and Rosalind?"

"Yes."

He smirked again. "Who can say?"

"You can I am sure."

"Just between you and me and the rest of the staff, of course, there was a lot of truth in it."

"How do you know?"

"Shall we get back?"

"If you like."

"I've something to give you when we get back to school."

"What?"

"Wait and see."

They returned through the Shropshire landscape in silence. Watts occupied, as well he might be, with his maniacal driving, Diane with her somber thoughts. Two children were fighting by the main door when they returned but when Diane instinctively went toward them Watts held her back. He handed her a small neatly wrapped package.

“Open it when I’m gone,” he said and strode off to lift the two boys with bloody noses straight into the air and carry them boldly into the foyer.

Inside the package, wrapped in a small, embroidered silk purse, was a sapphire engagement ring.

XV

Diane had spent the afternoon trying to avoid Watts, and she was glad when school finished. Unusually, she felt no desire to retire to the relative peace of the staff room, as was her habit, to drink coffee, talk a little or mark some of the children’s exercise books from the inevitable pile that had collected during the day. Instead, she hurried in the tropical humidity toward her car while school buses siphoned the children away.

The sameness of her journey made it uneventful, but she stopped by the side of the road near the rocky outcrop of Hope Bowdler Hill before Greenock road cut its way down to the Stretton valley. Clouds gathered to obscure a little of the Stretton valley and she could smell ozone among the wind-borne smells of summer.

Slowly, she began to realize that little that was real or natural bound her to the land on which she lived, still less to the surroundings of her school. She and her fellow teachers formed a cabal – a sort of sub-community within the boundaries of Greenock, Shrewsbury and Stretton. Most of her own friends were teachers from the school, and almost all of her social life involved them, the parents or school events. She, and the others like her, had little contact with the community from which the children came. She did not live among her pupils, and indeed the school was too large for her to know all of them personally, as she wished. The school day ended, and she was gone, shut up in her house

with her friends while her children carried on their lives, in a little sub-society all their own. Children came to her eleven years old and she taught them, watched them, and worried about them for five, six, and soon seven years. And then they left. Sometimes a little card, or a meeting by chance. But they were gone; lost to her world of village, town and school. The thought made her sad, but she knew no solutions and under the gathering gloom, drove slowly home.

Rachael was waiting, her hair plaited, her body clothed in a bright cotton dress, and as soon as Diane opened the door, Rachael embraced her.

"Mr. Thomas is coming," Diane said.

"I know. My mother telephoned." She took Diane's handbag. "Come and sit down. I've made some coffee."

"That's kind of you. Have you changed your mind?"

"About what?"

"School, of course."

"No." She brought coffee and demurely offered Diane a piece of cake. "Hope you like it."

Diane held the cake suspiciously, then thought better about making the joke. "Hmm," she said truthfully, "it is delicious! You are lovely!"

"I suppose," said Rachael sullenly, holding her head in her hands as she sat next to Diane on the sofa, "Mr. Thomas will try and persuade me."

"Probably."

"My mother wasn't angry, you know."

"Oh?"

"Yes. Quite calm about it all. Strange, really."

"I suppose she's realized that you are a young woman, not her little girl."

"Your husband called this afternoon. Seemed surprised to find me here."

Diane smiled. "Good!"

"He left his door keys."

"Did he say what he wanted?"

"Just some wheels – for his bicycle I think."

"That fits! Did he say anything else?"

"Don't think so. Oh yes, he left you a note."

With supine agility that Diane admired, Rachael leapt from the sofa and extracted the letter from the mantelpiece.

'Diane,' it read. 'I will call tomorrow to collect the rest of my belongings. Sorry things did not work out and thanks for your kind letter.'

Diane screwed the letter up and threw it toward the empty fireplace. She missed and Rachael had moved to retrieve it when the doorbell rang.

"I'll go!" said Rachael excitedly.

"Rachael!" Diane heard Thomas say, "how nice to see you!"

"It's Mr. Thomas," said Rachael unnecessarily, as she let him into the room.

"Well now, Rachael," he said as he sat down. "You know why I have come to see you?"

"Yes."

"And you are still of the opinion that you want to leave?"

"Yes."

Diane stood up. "Would you like some coffee?"

"I'll be in the kitchen," Diane said.

"Diane," said Thomas, "there is no need for you to leave, I assure you."

"Mr. Thomas," Rachael said.

"Yes Rachael?"

"I'm not going back."

"But why? You have your 'A' levels next year."

"I don't want to." She looked at Diane. "Besides, I can't live with Diane - Mrs. Dietz - if I'm at school, can I?"

"Well," muttered Thomas, "it would be highly unusual."

"I'm not ashamed to say that being here is more important to me than going to school or taking examinations."

"I see." He looked owlishly at Diane before smiling at Rachael. "And what will you do? For a career, I mean?"

"I haven't decided yet. I may not need one. But I could try for an RCM scholarship. In the meantime, I thought I would study privately, and still take my exams."

"I see." He smiled benevolently. "You seem to have thought everything out."

"Yes, I have."

"Well, you could not have a better tutor!"

"Has my mother spoken to you?"

"Naturally." He stared at the carpet and shuffled his feet. "She realizes that you are old enough to make your own decisions about your future. She would still like you to go home, of course."

"There's no chance of that."

"No, that's what I thought. Well, I'd best be on my way." He stood up and shook Rachael's hand. "I wish you well for the future. You are in good hands."

Rachael blushed. "Thanks."

"I'll show you out," said Diane.

At the door, Thomas said, "I'm well satisfied. I do not anticipate any problems – with the school, at least. Diane," he whispered, "it may not be any of my business, but she is very young."

"Does she look happy to you?"

"Well, yes. Very much so, in fact."

"You have answered your own unasked question then."

Thomas appeared a little embarrassed. "Well, goodbye then. See you tomorrow, as usual!" he said cheerfully.

"Yes." She watched him walk to his car before closing the door.

"I'm glad that's over!" said Rachael.

"So am I!"

"I was trembling all over."

"Honestly? I thought you were very self-possessed."

Rachael laughed. "I feel really free! And happy!" She danced around the room shouting "I'm happy! I'm free!"

"Fancy a walk?"

Rachael stopped, stared out of the window and scowled. "It's going to pour!"

"I'm game if you are. I am not afraid of the rain, even if you are," said Diane playfully.

"Where do you want to go then?"

"Top of the Mynd?"

"Suits me. It will be nice and windy up there!"

They decided against the car and walked into the town along the High Street to take the road to the Burway. By the cattle grid that stopped the spread of detached houses and signified the beginning of the moorland, they left along a track to follow the path by the stream in Townbrook valley. The hills rose steeply on either side, fledged in green, and sheep while the sky above grew darker and distant thunder rolled.

The thunder alarmed Rachael a little, and she threaded her fingers into Diane's as they passed almost four hundred feet below Devil's Mouth, its scree and frost broken boulders scattering the hill. The upward path of cracked, bare and brown earth let them past the growing ferns toward the greenish-gray siltstones of the Long Synalds heights.

It was an isolated spot, well known to Diane, and overlooked the small, spreading valleys that fed the stream in Ashes Hollow. Behind them, the hill rose steadily until it became the leveled plateau of Mynd top.

Thunder violently threatened them above as lightning forked, striking higher ground. Almost instantaneously the clap of thundering air, shook them as they huddled close to the ground. The Mynd seemed to vibrate in response as Rachael screamed amid the large drops of rain. Another flash, nearer, as rain and thunder battered them and ozone seared the sky. The darkness of rain and closing cloud was ominous.

But Diane was a dark goddess; imbued with the storm's power and she laughed and beat her fists into the soaking earth. The storm was her storm and would not – could not – harm them. Its power was hers, but she let it break itself over the town and hills beyond. Then, both she and Rachael were laughing – a strange laugh, redolent of Dionysus, perhaps, or an ancient witches meet. Rain soaked them, but they did not care. They alone were alive in a world of the dead.

Slowly, their demonic life-enhancing ecstasy ebbed with the passing of the storm, and they were left to find their way down the hill while their bodies tingled and their sense of reality returned.

"You realize," Rachael said as they trod the street into the town, "we are bound together now. Beyond even our own death."

It was not a strange thing to say, and it did not sound strange to Diane. Somewhere, along their walk into the storm they had crossed into another world.

"I know," she replied. The bonds that had bound her to Leonie were broken and her own fear of becoming deeply involved with Rachael had vanished, as the lightning had vanished, sending only a distant thunder while they walked.

They were both removing their sodden clothes when Diane's doorbell rang. It was Leonie, and Diane, in her dressing gown, stared at her with a mixture of welcome and annoyance.

"Leonie," she finally said, "come in."

Hurriedly, Rachael wrapped a towel around her body.

Leonie stared at Diane for a second, and then said, "I can't stay long. The children are in the car. Hello Rachael."

"Hello Miss," said Rachael shyly and locked herself in the bathroom.

"I just came to tell you," said Leonie sadly, "that Richard asked me to marry him – and I said I might. Only – "

"Only?"

"I thought we – " she hesitated, then added, "but I see I was wrong."

Diane held her arm. "Leonie. You know I didn't want you to become involved with Apthone again."

"He needs me," she said gently.

"For God's sake! No he doesn't! Not in the way you believe. He's just using you – again!"

"That's unkind of you." She shook Diane's hand off her arm.

"No it's not."

"You have never liked him, have you?"

"No!"

"I thought we understood one another."

"We can't – with Apthone in the way."

"I will probably marry him. He's very kind and gentle."

Suddenly Diane was angry. "Look!" she pointed to the wall of her hall. "See those stains? Do you know whose blood it is? Well, I'll tell you! It's your bloody, beloved Apthone! You know the night of his accident?" she was re-living the terror and the words would not be silenced. "He came here, your precious and gentle Richard, and tried to rape me!"

Leonie stepped backwards, holding her hands to her face. "It's not true!" she said weakly. "I don't believe you."

Diane shook her head. The anger and terror and repressed guilt had gone and softly she said, "I really don't care if you believe me or not."

"You only said it because you hate him," pleaded Leonie, half to herself.

"Leonie - I didn't ..."

Leonie was crying. "I don't want to talk to you," she said and ran out of the room.

Diane was about to follow when she heard Rachael behind her.

"Diane, I couldn't help overhearing."

Leonie was driving away and Diane closed the door.

"It was true, wasn't it?" asked Rachael, "what you said."

Diane nodded and began to cry. "I shouldn't have told her I know. But I was so angry."

Rachael came to her and held her hand. "I hope I didn't embarrass you."

Diane stopped crying. "Embarrass me?"

"By being here – with no clothes on."

Diane was moved by Rachael's gentle innocence and embraced her. "Rachael, my darling, nothing you could do, would embarrass me."

"I can think of something," she said with a modest smile before loosening Diane's dressing gown and bending down to kiss her breast. Diane was trembling, and slowly Rachael let the gown fall to the floor before she led Diane toward the bed.

XVI

Exceptionally, Diane did not wish to leave for school. For a long time she lay in bed, Rachael curled up asleep beside her. She wanted to stay with Rachael, spend the day with her, for school seemed charmless, a charade full of children in adult bodies playing indoor games.

Rachael seemed to make everything clear; there was no guile in her, only a trusting innocence that Diane loved and wanted to cherish and protect. Last night after Rachael had broken the barrier which Diane herself had feared to break, it had seemed, many times, that she and Rachael were not different people. There was no question of identity, no

barriers of any kind at all and they did not have to speak to understand each other's needs. A look, a vague smile... And she found it difficult to believe, in the hazy light of morning, that Rachael was so young. An instinct seem to guide Rachael and her body so that she gave to Diane a divine and physical ecstasy such as she had never before experienced.

With Rachael, all her own insights and experiences – the path by the Severn, the Long Mynd, the storm, even her planned revenge on Apthone – seemed to possess her again with a force all their own, as if Rachael, just by loving so selflessly, transformed those insights into reality and suddenly it occurred to Diane that she had never been in love before. Always, with her husband, with Leonie, a part of her had been detached and critical just as a part had not surrendered for fear of being hurt. But with Rachael, everything was easy and natural and she wanted to find some form, some suitable expression, with which to represent her love. She wanted to hold Rachael in her arms, cry and laugh at the same time and tell her that she loved her as she had never loved anyone before.

Through and because of Rachael, she possessed everything she had ever dreamt about, and beside this young and beautiful woman, men seemed a pale, distorted flicker. Rachael fulfilled the deepest longings Diane had ever nurtured.

She kissed her, softly, before stretching and leaving the room to dress. On the kitchen table, laid and made ready by Rachael the night before without Diane's knowledge, she found, propped up on a vase containing a single white rose, a note. 'Diane' it said simply in Rachael's italic hand, 'I love you.' Diane was overwhelmed, and crept back to the bedroom to steal a look at her sleeping lover.

It was nearing eight o'clock when she was prepared. Rachael, unusually, still slept, and, closing the kitchen door,

she used the extension to make her telephone call. Calculated deceit was alien to her and she was shaking when she dialed Fisher's number.

"Hello? Diane here. Sorry to bother you, but just rang to say I won't be in until after ten this morning. Can you get someone to look in on my lower sixth group? Good.... Sorry about the short notice but – " she hurriedly thought of some excuse, " – I have a dental appointment. I'd forgotten about it!" she laughed to give credence to her lie.

Diane was still trembling when she closed the door and walked to her car. No mist blighted the sky as no regret blighted Diane.

Shrewsbury was busy with commuter traffic and she followed the road over English Bridge, round the Town Walls, and Quarry, along the river until she drove past the stone memorial to Hotsper, to park on a side street. For over half an hour she sat on the grass where the tall spire of St. Margaret's church shadowed squat buildings while the road channeled traffic down toward Wyle Cop Hill. She enjoyed quietly watching the people rush along the pavements, buses stop to empty and fill, cars pass, and was almost sad when the time came for her to leave.

She waited outside the shop on Dogpole, while heavy lorries beat upon the narrow road, until its myopic, stooped owner opened, reluctantly, it seemed, his door.

"Can I help you Madam?" he smiled.

"I hope so!" Diane said confidently. "I want to buy the best piano you have in stock."

The man's eyes brightened, and he wrung his hands.

"Certainly Madam! But we do not carry a large stock." He sighed. "All we have at the moment is this Baby Grand." He patted it gently. "Would you like to try it? It has lovely tone. Actually, I'm very fond of it myself, but get so little time to practice, these days."

"I'll take it."

The man raised his eyebrows. "I could play a little, if you wish."

"No, really, it looks perfect. When can you deliver?"

He scratched his nose. "Toward the end of the week?"

"How about today?"

"I don't care what it costs."

"Of course, Madam. If you are sure."

Quickly, she wrote out the check and handed it to the man.

"But Madam – " he protested when he looked.

"I'll leave you to fill out the amount. You can send the bill. You'll want the address, of course."

"Yes, Madam."

She wrote it on the back of her check. The man stared at the check, then at her. "A present!" she said.

"Yes, of course, Madam. We do provide free tuning for a year. I myself – "

"Splendid! What time will you deliver?"

"What time would be most convenient?"

"Four this afternoon."

"I am sure that can be arranged."

"Splendid...and," she added, "I assure you the check will not bounce. You can telephone my bank, if you wish. Or I can go to the bank now and withdraw the amount in cash, if you prefer."

"There is no need for that Madam, I assure you." He scratched his nose. "If you could provide me with a telephone number where you can be reached during the day. Only if an unforeseen problem arises, I assure you."

"Yes, of course." She wrote the telephone number of the school on her check. "Well, goodbye."

"But Madam," he protested as she made for the door, "don't you want to know how much it will cost?"

"Not really," she smiled and left.

She was trembling as she walked toward the High Street. Soon, she had arranged the transfer of all her savings. Wistfully she knew it might not be enough, but did not care. It was irrelevant compared to Rachael's happiness and she smiled as she tramped along the streets to her car, singing softly to herself.

On her return to school she found Watts and Morgan in the staff room alone. But they could not spoil her bliss and she

walked toward Morgan while Watts eyed her hopefully from his corner.

"Well," she said jovially to Morgan, "I hope you take care of him."

"I was a bit worried – "

"About me? Don't be! As long as you are both happy, what's the problem?"

"I thought – "

"Do you love him?"

Morgan gave a little smile. "I think so."

"Has he mentioned marriage?"

"Yes. But I'm not sure. It's too soon."

Diane touched her on the arm. "Take your time and learn to be happy. Are you interested in cycling?"

"Only a little."

"Well, there's hope then."

"Diane, why are you being so – so nice?"

Diane laughed. "Simple! Because it makes people happy. It is really easy to be happy."

Morgan shook her head. "I don't understand you."

"Nothing to understand, really," Diane quipped before turning towards Watts.

He grinned at her. "Did you like it?"

She sat down beside him. "Yes. But look, Alex, I don't want to hurt you - "

"But you are going to anyway."

She shrugged. Morgan was making some exercise books, but Diane still whispered. "You know what I am."

"Part of you perhaps."

"No, Alex. All of me. I care for you, very much, but I could never become involved as you wish."

"I've loved you for years. Since the first day I met you."

"Please," she sighed, "I'm living with Rachael."

"Temporarily, I assumed."

"No, permanently. You might not understand, but we love each other."

"What! You and Rachael? She is only a child!"

"I don't want to talk about it any more."

"I won't give up," he insisted.

She removed his ring from her handbag. When she held it out, he pushed her hand away.

"You keep it."

"I can't."

"Yes you can. Why do you think I have never married?"

"Please," she pleaded. Then: "But I thought you loved Leonie?"

He shrugged. "Maybe. But only because she reminded me of you."

"Why don't you fight for her?"

"Maybe." He stood up. "You keep the ring." Then without rancor, but with his lopsided smile, he said, "give it to Rachael."

Before she could reply he had walked away and out of the room. Morgan was smiling at her, but she could not have been more wrong.

XVII

The bulbous red sun was still hidden behind the height of Caer Caradoc when Diane and Rachael began their journey. No traffic blighted the road and in the cool respite of an early dawn the world seemed quiet and quite dead.

Diane could not afford the holiday, but she did not care. The piano had been delivered, as promised, and Diane remembered how Rachael had laughed, then cried and enfolded her in kisses when she had returned, a little weary,

from school. All evening she played, creating through her music a magic spell that bound Diane and made her a prisoner of love and desire. Then, at last, an exhausted Rachael, her body and dress drenched in sweat, had held her hand and said, "Now I want to give you something special." Her body still ached, a little, from the passion of Rachael's love.

The hours brought the heat and the traffic and both were relieved to leave the car when they arrived at the Yorkshire hamlet of Gilling. To the north, less than a mile distant, were the North Yorkshire moors while to the south, the plain of York whose fertile land had been farmed for millennia. There was nothing unique or even interesting about the village – a few stone build houses gathered around a dip in the road from Helmsly to York – but for Diane it was special. Not simply because a mile away to the northwest lay the imposing white stone buildings of Ampleford Abbey with its community of Benedictine monks, but also because of the surrounding lakes and forest, once part of the wealthy Fairfax estate and now managed by the monastery. For her, discovered by chance while at University; a place where she could relax, untroubled by crowds of people, and where, after a walk in the forest, she could sit in the monastic choir with its carved oak stalls, and listen to the beauty of Gregorian chants. But perhaps the most fitting of all, she could swim privately in the icy coldness of the lakes.

The cottage guesthouse was Spartan, but clean, and they unpacked hastily in their shared room before briskly walking along the narrow track to the lakes. On one side, the forest, on the other, grazing fields, the monastery and its enclosing public school.

"It seems very peaceful," Rachael said, stroking her amber necklace.

"Is it – even during term time when the boys are here?"

"A shame about the trees."

"Sorry?"

"The trees." Behind the roadsides deciduous fringe, a conifer plantation grew. "Shame it is so dead within."

"By the lake – "

"It is different!" said Rachael confidently.

"Yes."

"I bet it has a dark history."

"I wouldn't know."

"Up there, on the hill, where the broken tree grows."

They walked in silence to the lake. It was a small lake, girdled with trees and reed and a rotten jetty pointed like a broken finger toward its heart. There was silence and a pale blue sky while water rippled, slowly.

They undressed and swam naked, racing each other to and from the jetty to where a small rusty buoy was anchored, until tired with the effort and by the cold of the water, their laughter and the long journey, they lay on the mossy bank to dry beneath the summer sun.

"If we hurry," Diane said as Rachael stretched herself like a cat, "we might be in time for Vespers."

Dressed, but not dry, they walked the mile or so to the monastery through the large expanse of rugby fields until, in

the slanting shadows, they stood below the church while crows flocked noisily above the stone.

"Come on!" chided Diane as she climbed the steps to the church.

Rachael shook her head.

"I'd rather not go in."

"Why ever not?"

"I'm afraid places like this give me the creeps – always have done." She shivered.

"You should have said! I'd never have dragged you all this way."

"I didn't want to disappoint you."

"Anyway," smiled Diane, "it doesn't matter and I'm hungry."

Arm-in-arm, they returned to their lodging.

The next day, began the pattern which they were to follow for the remainder of their stay. They would rise late from their bed and after a large breakfast walk among the forest and hills, often silent, but sometimes sharing through their words and private thoughts and dreams, fascinated as new lovers are by each other. They talked, played, walked or sat, touching, sharing every experience: the damp feel of rotting wood, the dew of the grass, the joy of watching a deer, the naming of wild flowers. Their afternoon was spent swimming and lying in the tessellated lakeside sun while the earth

moved imperceptibly toward dark. It was sufficient for them to be together, close enough to touch, and it did not occur to either that such exclusive closeness might restrict. In the evening, they would lock their bedroom door and exhaust themselves with love. Not once did they visit the Abbey, and the days with their sameness soon passed, bringing to both security and great joy. Rachael with her sometimes-somber thoughts, bound herself physically, emotionally and mentally to Diane. Diane was everything to her: lover, sister, husband and wife. The labels and the roles of the world, which they hid, were meaningless for them, and it never occurred to either of them that there was anything unnatural about their relationship. No barriers, reminded and no guilt bound them just as no thought restricted.

They would dress to please each other, perfume their bodies richly and sometimes, soak into the pores of their body the heady scent of forest or lakeside earth. The earth, with its canopy of trees spread full for summer, the reedy depths of the lake, the sun and scarce breeze, even the moon of morning, served them, offering gifts, nurturing the divine. No music sufficed for their feelings, no words could represent their joy.

Once, when the sun made long shadows by the road and dust dried their mouths, they had left in their car for an Inn. It was an old Inn, gabled and small, and they sat in the corner, cleanly dressed but scented of earth, their faces blushed and burned by both sun and lake water, while tourist men fresh from tourist cars stared and local men surmised.

They had allowed themselves to be brought drinks, a meal they did not need, while the two vultures in perfumed shirts that had sought them out, preened and fed their minds with glee at the promise of the night. Under the table, Diane caressed Rachael's leg with her foot.

"Well," she said finally, "we'd better go."

A vulture grinned. "Shall we drive you home? I have my Mercedes outside."

Rachael, Diane knew, understood, and wickedly she said, "Well, we are staying at the Grange - The Abbey guest house." She told the lie well.

"Yes," a leering face said, its moustache twitching, "I know it."

"If," whispered Diane, "you want to see us, come after eleven tonight. We'll leave the doors open. I'm in number 17, second floor."

"And I," smiled Rachael, "am in 19."

Outside, in the privacy of their car, Rachael said, "That was very naughty of you!"

"Awful wasn't it?"

"But I enjoyed it."

"So did I!"

"Did you see their faces when you gave them your room number?"

"Yes! I thought they were going to wet themselves."

They laughed, and waved at the two men dallying between the Inn and a Mercedes car before driving away, pleased and satisfied with their ploy.

It had been the happiest week of both their lives, and both were somber when the morning of their departure arrived. "We must never part!" Rachael had said and clung to Diane before the long and tedious journey that returned them to their home. It was significant, both felt, that on their return cloud came, bringing a steady drizzle of rain.

On the floor of their hall, scattered by the letterbox, three handwritten notes lay, but Diane had time only to retrieve one of them before the telephone rang.

"Hello," Rachael said. Then, sadly, "It's Leonie - for you."

"Hello, Leonie, Diane." She held Rachael's hand while she talked. "Yes, we're back. What? When? ... I see. Yes, of course, I'll come."

Rachael was looking at her expectantly. "It's Apthone," Diane said, "he's dead."

In the dim light of late evening, Diane was certain she saw Rachael smile.

XVIII

"I would like you to come," said Diane. "Very much."

"I - I don't know," replied Rachael shyly. "I might be in the way."

"You," Diane said kissing her, "could never be in the way as far as I am concerned."

Rachael smiled. "I was a little jealous when she telephoned."

"No one is more important to me than you."

"I know really. I just like to hear you say it, that's all."

They departed immediately and it was dark and still raining when they arrived to find Leonie and her house in a state of confusion.

"Children are in bed," she said her face drawn. Nervously, she bit her nails, "Diane, I am so glad you came!"

Leonie moved forward, but Diane stepped back. "I brought Rachael with me - I hope you don't mind."

"No. I wondered if you would." Her voice trembled. "Come in, both of you."

Diane sat on the edge of the sofa while Rachael stood in a shadowed corner of the room fingering her amber necklace.

"When did he die?" Diane asked.

"The day before yesterday. It was awful!" She sobbed a little, then smiled.

"Has no one been to see you since?"

"Yes." She lit a cigarette and blew the smoke away. "Alex. He was with me just before Richard...."

"Has anyone seen to the funeral arrangements?"

"I don't know." Leonie tried to control her shaking hands, and partially succeeded. "Alex mentioned something."

"Is there anything I can do?"

Leonie smiles. "It is nice you just being here."

"Perhaps it was all for the best."

"Don't say that Diane!" Leonie started crying.

The memory of their love returned to Diane, but she ignored her feelings and in atonement, handed Leonie her handkerchief.

"Thanks." Then, to Rachael, "You must think me silly."

Rachael came forward and to Diane's astonishment kissed Leonie on the cheek.

"No, I don't" she said. She astonished Diane even more when she said, "Do you want us to stay here – for the night, I mean?"

"No," smiled Leonie, holding Rachael's hand. "That's very kind, but I'll be all right. Alex – Mr. Watts – said he's calling round later to see how I am." She returned the handkerchief before saying, "Would you like something to drink?"

Rachael and Diane looked at each other. Diane said, "No, not for me."

"Rachael?"

"No, thanks. We had something on the way down."

"Of course," said Leonie, "You've just got back, haven't you?"

"Yes." It was Diane who answered but Rachael who yawned.

The ringing chimes of the doorbell startled Leonie. "I'll go!" offered Rachael.

Watts blocked the doorframe and smiled broadly. "Rachael!" he said loudly, "You look more beautiful every time I see you."

Rachael curled her lip, but he did not wait for her reply.

"Well!" he boomed, rubbing his hands together and shaking rain from his hair, "I see we're all gathered for the wake!"

Diane stood up and smiled politely at Watts. "We are just going."

"Had a good holiday, then?" he asked.

"Yes," said Diane, staring at him, "very good."

"Splendid!" He turned to Rachael who was standing by the door. With her raven hair slightly wet from the rain, her black dress and amber necklace, she might have been a wise woman of the Old Religion.

"I see," Watts said to her, "you're not wearing the ring Diane bought for you."

Rachael looked at Diane quizzically. "It was a surprise!" she said quickly, "and now the oaf's spoiled it!"

"Sorry," he said with conviction.

"We'd best be going," Diane said.

"I hope both of you sleep well," Watts said sarcastically.

Diane ignored him. "I'll telephone," she said to Leonie. "In the morning to see how you are."

"That would be kind." Leonie smiled weakly and went with them to the door. "It was good of you to come. I only wish you'd been here before."

"Take care, won't you?" Diane said.

"I'll try."

They stared at each other for a moment until Diane turned and walked into the rain.

"I hope," she said to Rachael as they walked to the car, "he didn't offend you by his remarks."

"No," laughed Rachael as Leonie closed the door, "he didn't. I don't care what he or anyone else says. He can call me names as far as I care."

Diane held the car door for her. "We might get more of the same in the future."

"So what?" When Diane had started the engine, she added, "I love you. That's all that matters to me. If the whole world was against us, I wouldn't care."

"Rachael, you continue to amaze me!"

"Why, because I am so mature?"

"Well, yes."

"I had to grow up quickly when I was younger. My mother –
" she began. "But it doesn't matter."

"We don't love like flowers, with only a single
Season behind us; immemorial sap
Mounts in our arms when we love."

She smiled innocently. "There's a lot more, but I won't bore
you with it."

"It was beautiful," said Diane sincerely.

"It was Rilke."

"Really? I see I'll have to read him."

"He's one of my favorite poets."

"You must read me some."

"I'd love to."

"I suppose you can read it in the original German as well?"

"Of course!" smiled Rachael.

Blissful, they returned to their home. The rain ceased with
their arrival and in the subdued light in the now cramped
sitting room of their bungalow, Rachael sat at her piano to
transform herself and the night. Diane listened and watched,

entranced. Rachael's playing created a new world and a new woman, and Diane watched this strange woman of dark secrets create from the instrument of wood, steel and tone a universe of beauty, ecstasy and light. Bach, Beethoven – it made no difference what or for how long she played. But, as it always had since that night, Beethoven's Opus 111 fascinated her with feelings, visions, and stupendous, world-creating thought. It imbued her with insight, and a love that wanted to envelope Rachael and consume her. It was pleasure and pain to watch Rachael transform herself through the act of her playing into a goddess she would die for. No reason touched her while she listened. There was, she knew, no greater life than this, no greater feeling and she wanted to immolate herself with Rachael's ecstasy, immolate world upon world with this glory and passion which no male god described.

Then the silence, while clamored notes faded and dimmed light framed. There were no more tears Diane could cry and she waited while Rachael slowly rose and offered her hand. She – the goddess within – was smiling and Diane allowed herself to be led.

The music in her head, the memories and secret dreams of youth – all were before her, embodied in flesh and she had only to kiss the slightly scented lips or see the secret wisdom hidden in the eyes to reach the summit of her life, slowly, in the dim corners of the bedroom's reflected dark.

IXX

The journey was lonely and more terrifying than she had thought or imagined it would be, and for a moment the memory of her children's faces held her. But her ineffable

sadness remained and Leonie Symonds in the burgeoning dawn drove the steep road to the Mynd.

Cloud fractured the sun, spreading luteous colors of stupendous beauty while light mist lingered in the Stretton valley below. Nothing in sound challenged the engine of her car and with shaking hands she attached her chosen instrument of death. Soon the fumes filled the chilling air as a memory of Diane filled her heart and creeping death her lungs.

Consciousness flickered, briefly, and was gone as her mind tried to tell the body of a new desire to live. Too late the desire and very slowly Leonie Symonds, not quite thirty-three slipped toward death.

The dream startled Diane and she awoke sweating while Rachael turned in her sleep. But the light did little to ease the sense of foreboding and with trembling fingers she dialed Leonie's number. It was some time before the answer.

"Leonie?" her trembling voice asked.

"Eh?" said a gruff voice. A cough, then "Who is this?"

"Diane."

"Oh, Alex here."

"Where is Leonie?"

"She got up early. Said something about going for a walk. I just went back to sleep. Hang on." It seemed minutes before he returned. "She gone! There's a note... My god! I'll ring you back."

No call came, and, dazed, she dressed to sit by the piano with a fresh mug of coffee. But she could not be still and woke Rachael.

"I'm just off for a walk," she said. "Won't be long."

"Shall I come?" Rachael asked, sleepy.

"No, you need your rest."

Rachael smiled and went back to sleep.

The dawn was chilly and she wandered sadly among the spreading light, cheered a little by the changing red around the sun. No one passed her, and she walked steadily through the town to briefly sit upon the Burway bench overlooking Cardingmill valley and its stream. The silent beauty of the morning calmed her, dispelling the fear and dread of her dream and she trod happily the steep of the hill while sheep wandered to find the warmth of the sun.

At first recognition escaped her, then the reality of the car held her immobile. She ran, shouting Leonie's name. But she was too late with her love. The door opened to the grip of her hand and she stood staring in shocked agony as the warm body tumbled out.

"No! No!" she screamed as behind her tires slowed on gravel and scree.

Watts looked briefly at the body, turned off the engine of Leonie's car and gently led Diane away.

XX

The light of dusk blurred the contours in Diane's room and Rachael watched through the window the hills and trees soften in outline and fade with the slow silent passing of time. Diane did not move, content to stare at her hands as she sat hunched in a chair, weakened by guilt. She smiled, a little and briefly, when Rachael rose to gently stroke her hair, but this interlude of life was soon gone. Outside, a few birds sang to call the moon from sleep.

Rachael began, haltingly at first, to play upon her piano but it was not long before the music consumed her, obliterating the external world. Beethoven's Opus 111 became again for her the embodiment of her feelings and she played faultlessly, draining away the morose days since Leonie's death, forgetting Diane's withdrawn self-absorption and her own tiredness.

She did not notice Diane standing beside her as she did not hear her lover crying in the burgeoning dark of the room. The music was transforming Diane, each note breaking slowly the barriers she had created within her as if the music explained all the grief and elevated her inner suffering to a supra-personal joy. Before the music ended, the catharsis was complete, but she waited, silently crying and when it was over she knelt down to place her head in Rachael's lap.

"I'm sorry," Diane said as Rachael gently brushed the tears away, "I must have hurt you a lot in the past few days."

Rachael smiled. "I'm glad we are together again."

"I will never be apart from you again."

Tomorrow, Diane felt, she would sit at the piano and try through the medium of music to express in composition all

she had experienced: Leonie's tragic death, her own ecstasy and visions, the moments of dark magick when she felt herself attuned to the powers of the Earth, the innocent joy she found in teaching. But most of all, she wanted to try and capture in some lasting form her love for Rachael, and began to feel as Rachael began to play music by Bach, that her life possessed meaning. She might, through her music, and way of living help in some way others to achieve the insight that she knew Rachael had made possible for her. Even now, she did not understand how this had happened. Was it simply because of love?

Outside her house darkness was stirring, but inside she felt herself renewed through the brightness of personal experience and she began to feel a presentiment of meaning of individual existence that she knew only music, for her, might explain. She rose slowly – while Rachael seemed to measure with music the cadence of those feelings – to watch the stars shimmer in the dark sky above.

But clouds, rushed by wind, soon came to cover the sky while, less than fifteen miles away, Watts stood by Leonie's grave wondering if his killing of Aphone had, after all, been in vain.

He had the impression that Rachael, the dark hereditary sorceress, was watching him. But he knew better than to look around as he knew that one day, maybe soon, she like himself would need an heir. Would hers, he wondered, be an Initiate and not her child? He did not know – but would say nothing, as she herself would say nothing, for there was nothing to be said which words might describe. 'It is not right,' Sophocles had said, 'to give names to some deeds.'

Somewhere, in the darkness nearby, a dog howled.

A Study of "The Giving"

by F.ley.

Temple of THEM

The Giving - Rhiston and Mallam: what is their level of development/understanding? Does this change? Can they as characters be related to the journey of an Initiate?

Mallam is somewhere between Initiate and the rank of External Adept*/ Rhiston is never more than a neophyte.

No - although Mallam's words hint at knowledge of the greater manipulatory methods used beyond a runner of a Temple it is due to his actions and his inability to transcend his obsession on a personal/selfish basis that he is restrained from travelling any further in the Path. Rhiston's understanding increases of the genuinely Sinister (not the affectations conjured forth by Mallam that he claims to Rhiston represent Satanism) only when Mallam does not return from the house to meet him as arranged. He finally senses that due to his own involvement in the proclivities of Mallam's world he is now rendered impotent to help Mallam by calling the Police - for then his own activities would risk being uncovered when he was called upon to explain his presence at the house and his knowledge of and relationship to Mallam.

Mallam's journey has aspects of the journey of an Initiate on an outward level such as conducting a Temple, being trained by a Mistress/Master, experiencing various cartharsis and carnal desires, etc - but his attitude and his actions; involving persons in his activities against their will, forcing his will on others, his greed, beating his mistress etc. are the signs of a coward, a weak individual with a demeanour much like a child - ruled by his own impulses and absorbed only with his own self-gratification without empathy for the greater aims or noble aspects of the Tradition.

Rhaston is a repressed character bored with his life (the life he has chosen and created) who seeks the thrill of a group that can fulfil his secret desires. He is never technically initiated in the Sinister Tradition, that is, the story never mentions his undertaking of an oath to Satan or to the Sinister Tradition and thus he is never made aware of an expectation for him to treat the experiences he undergoes as a temporary stage before passing on - indeed he seems from the outset to be lacking in any desire to transcend his lusts and even exhibits surprise and jealousy when Mallam tries to seduce his wife. Despite his own love of control over others without their consent he seems guarded against any witness of seeing his own practices being externalized.

Although Mallam is initiated he fails to understand more than very basic manipulation and Rhaston even less. As a result of their own weaknesses and immature personalities neither of their paths are congruent with the journey of an Initiate with promise. Externally, the occult and emotional/physical settings can be expected to be encountered by an Initiate but I do not expect they are typical of all paths.

** I should expect someone who has reached the stage of EA to not be so hasty in judging people nor so easily manipulated by the appearances/roles displayed by others.*

Lianna - what is her esoteric development or insight? What key factors influence her?

Lianna is a Mistress of Earth. A preoccupation with the ceremony of the Giving permeates all her more minor/personal interactions and affections with the other characters in the story and she is continually testing all around her to ascertain their loyalty by arranging circumstances that let others test themselves. By their own actions do they decide their own fate but she is motivated to create tests to determine suitable candidates for a husband and an offer. Through Thorold's more noble actions and conduct as well as his capability to think for himself and not be easily lead by the rumours/claims of others does he pass her many tests for loyalty and Satanic character, especially the understanding of the need for and the secrecy around the Giving. Mallam on the other hand condemns himself and is led by his own weakness to his

destruction. It is likely that Lianna knew from the outset (merely from the personality that emanated) that Mallam would turn on her and succumb to his own fevered lusts for power and carnality; but requiring an offer that is Initiated, she lead him into the practice of Initiatory (and Illusory when not coupled with eventual transcendence) Satanism to let him 'stew in his own black magical juices' to turn him into a suitably magically empowered individual as an offer for the Giving. I.e. someone most assuredly deserving of Death that it would benefit the world to be rid of.

And, Love. Love influences Lianna, not just on a personal level but also the Great Love that is a requisite of all Mistresses/Masters and motivates the living of the Way of the Sinister Tradition.

Thorold - what is his role and how does this change? Has he esoteric self-awareness? Is there a manipulation of him by Lianna? If so, why?

Thorold is selected for Initiation by Lianna (who is likely informed of Thorold by Sidnal Wyke) and gradually tested in various situations to determine a) if his character lives up to the impression received from Sidnal when he sold the books and b) if Thorold will make a suitable Satanist, i.e. is he easily intimidated, can he be trusted, does he help others in need or think only about himself, can he think for himself, is he easily persuaded by others, is he strong enough to see his desires fulfilled or will he repress them under feelings of guilt or fear, does he possess intuition and foresight, courage, valour etc.

His role changes when he suddenly becomes aware of the nature of the many tests that he has been through due to Lianna and his mature understanding of why they were required and the aims that they eventually produced. Thus he sees the intent and direction in what seemed to be unconnected chaotic currents and situations as directed acts of will magic and manipulation to bring about a natural course for all involved (owing to each of their separate personalities that fated them to different destinies). I think his self-awareness is esoteric/unconscious until the point that he ties all that has gone on, himself and his role in it, in together. He seems to make this connection some time before Sarah asks him to betray Lianna and that is why he does not.

My own belief is that the Grand Master also makes an appearance in the story disguised as Aiden (=A Identity) with the words 'Alone and Along' featured directly after his name, as well as some unusual confusion on the authors part regarding whether it is 'Aiden' or 'Aidan'. Some would say it is of no consequence but the manner in which the Satanists operate, who they send in to play what role and when does lend itself to some interesting study.

Imlach and his daughter - what are their roles and level of esoteric development. How well does Imlach fulfill the archetypal role of Guardian?

Imlach seems to be at least an Internal Adept - his age, coupled with his clear knowledge of the procedures required for forceful coercion (more precisely, passive threats of violence) indicates a longevity in living the Tradition and thus having passed beyond External Adept.

The time between his final knock on the door and his seeming disappearance when Thorold tears it open seems unnatural and if I am to visage how this illusion was created, logically he ran off as soon as he knocked, or perhaps he possessed some type of ninja skill and concealed himself to the side of the door or above it and left silently after Thorold had shut the door again. Although Thorold looks around he probably did not look up - and since Satanists tend to be acutely aware of the typical behaviours of the human species it is likely that Imlach would have known almost no-one looks up without good reason when looking around for someone who was just on their doorstep.

However, it is also possible that this scene is merely a 'device' to evoke mysteriousness and not an actual practice of Satanism, in general.

Imlach is also in a highly trusted position and I do not imagine that position comes to be filled lightly. Sarah is an External Adept; she is a practiced hand at manipulation particularly sexual, and aware of The Giving and the various procedures involved thus has knowledge of the Black Books but lacks the maturity to understand the necessity for such procedures beyond the personal sphere and can thus progress no further in the Way. Indeed, she renounces the 'Old Ways' and sets about to betray her mother and sabotage the Giving and stay the just execution and Giving of the paedophile

Mallam who has selected himself, revealing her weakness of character.

Is Imlach really trying to be menacing or is he simply playing a role of an overt menacer to incite Thorold into taking various actions or making various assumptions about the role and thus Lianna? If Imlach is trying to be menacing in a physical sense he does not achieve creating fear in Thorold. If he is trying to incite Thorold to think various things about Lianna and Lianna's motives thus obscuring the real moves in play by cloaking them in deliberate misdirection and thus protecting/shielding the real aims of Lianna, i.e. guarding her and her genuine activities by using roles and misdirection; then he is successful. It is difficult to determine the nature of Imlach's intentions/character from the details given in the story. That said, Imlach seems to contravene what I feel is the appropriate archetype for a Temple Guardian who would be more likely to watch on and observe things without formally identifying themselves as a threat to any outsider by knocking on their door, issuing threats, etc. I tend to think that the Temple Guardian is more aptly portrayed in the 1973 movie of 'The Wicker Man' whereby the Temple Guardian, a large burly man, steps out of the way of the policeman offer in the climactic scene. The policeman proceeds to step past him, but is then grabbed and thrown back down the hill where he is overwhelmed. Although the burly man is present in many of the games; he does not openly approach or even talk to the offer beforehand.

Monica - is she manipulated? If so, why? Is her death the result of magick? If so, why?

Monica is certainly manipulated by Mallam - owing to her own confession at her love for thrill-seeking and gradual immersement in Mallam's black magical farce. But is she manipulated by Lianna?

I think so. There is no real emotional attachment to the roles played by a Mistress, that is to say, she is detached even though an excellent mimic. I think it is pure affectation when Lianna plays roles that involve emotion such as jealousy, anger, etc. There is all the appearance of a person living in the moment and consumed by a role to play but a Mistress of Earth would be in control of her emotions due to such things as knowledge that brings a great sadness, Aeonie awareness, infinite patience for achieving impersonal/suprapersonal goals, etc. and thus any semblance of uncontrolled or emotional displays seen to be had by Lianna must

stem purely from manipulatory affectation. At least, that is my understanding (presumptuous as it is) were Lianna a genuine Mistress of Earth. Lianna is aware of Monica's base level of esoteric understanding and her superstition of the occult - thus Lianna shows Monica a magical parchment to incite fear and a sense of powerlessness then informs her she has 'no option'.

There are two likely scenarios - the first is that Lianna tried to buy off Monica and manipulate her into leaving. If Lianna knew that Monica would not leave, then she must have predicted that the case of money would be presented to Thorold at some point when Monica told him of Lianna's plot to buy her off. Lianna would have either suspected that Thorold would bring it back and thus the money was a test of character for him on Lianna's behalf using Monica to perform it - or Lianna was trying to make Thorold further aware of the methods of Satanic Manipulation and her own reach in such matters, perhaps to educate him, perhaps to attempt to intimidate him. But either way it is likely that based on what she already knew of his character she guessed that Thorold would return the money and be brought back into contact with her, hence the author mentions a passage where Lianna betrays surprise, but only for an instant, at Monica's presence with Thorold.

Lianna does succeed in setting up a brilliant comparison of character between herself and Monica by breaking Monica's composure enough for Monica to not only strike her, but to shout irascibly and to then bark a petulant question as to whether Thorold is coming - perhaps this plays on Thorold's mind when he sees some of the truer colours of Monica and her behaviour when she is emotionally moved, revealed.

Monica's death is the result of being run over by a car. Magick could be said to have something to do with why she was where she was and doing what she was doing with Thorold - in that others had conspired with various magical and non-magical forces to force Thorold to take certain courses of action, and perhaps if Lianna had conspired to force Monica to accompany Thorold or incited Mallam's hatred of Monica via the magickal parchment then a sympathetic magic could be said to have been responsible...

Some themes:

a) What is the magick of the 'story'? Is this magick Sinister?

In ONA terminology, the magic in the Giving fluctuates between that of an External Adept and that of Internal Adept; that is, a necessary sensing of the imprisonment of ones Being in the illusions of the material connected to that Time in which the Being lives, then a subsequent mastery of the Matrix for some characters but horror and annihilation in the occult labyrinth for others, each interspersed with intimations of what must be done to understand and realize without doubt and beyond trial that 'Way' which transcends the Matrix and leads to the detachment crucial to abstract reasoning and an appreciation of Form as an active component of Narrative Magic driven to an indeterminable extent by forces beyond us and forces within us. A Love for the Abyss and the contradictions it brings - contradictions that are only dissolved when essence is distilled from appearance following the results of a caustic alchemical formulae of living. In short, the magic presented involves the Sinister, while the Sinister itself is best represented by the permutative process that leads to Change and the Changeling, not just that of Neophyte to External, External to Internal, Internal to Aeon, but what comes after when the Masters can teach no more. And beyond that, and so on.

The DQ series is extremely complex in terms of exactly what IT is for. The Stories as you say, are variously layered, and many of these layers I have covered in my various readings. It is my impression that in itself using stories to portray, [re-portray] the Satanic world and certain aspects of its reach, prowess, attitude are another layer of this vehicle for inducing changes both magickal and cerebral. While some of these, let's call them 'tools', are clearly reliant on the convenient science-fiction conjured around magick, 'a stepping stone to the obtuse' - they do have the power to 'shape' their reader and to prey upon their fears, expectations, and consequently, their behaviour. The idea that the Satanic world is always one step ahead of them, for instance, is enough to cause some individuals to be much more careful and certainly to display and live a greater degree of integrity in their dealings with others, under the suspicion that everything is not what it seems and that invisible phantoms will inevitably punish them for their transgressions. This beautiful art of multiple dimensions of form is in my opinion, generally the case with the Sinister.

Although the creation of these “phantasms” [in what THEM call a Sinister Matrix] will probably go over the head of neophytes and probably some Initiates too – it is not merely the literal story, but the creation of a new world with ‘new rules’ suited to the environment and disposition of the ONA. What we call, Narrative Magic that is achieved with the DQ, esp. given the resonance of archetypal forms to seize on the imagination of the unwitting or romantic. I refer here to, for instance, the manipulative power within the text to romanticize the subtleties of magic so that they may be conceivable, or perhaps a better word is ‘witnessed’ or ‘seen’, as forms, not as the invisible subtle pressures of opportunity in the world they tend to be. Such is the path of the gymnastics a mind must perform to untwist the forms presented to it to form the points of a Sinister Compass well presented by the DQ series.

This grand display of at once “truthful” deception is quite wonderful to behold, yet another artform produced by the ONA to hint at that which cannot be hinted at, and there is something deliciously rewarding about being arrogant enough to claim that I am able to see the wire mesh behind the intricacy of this form but also a feeling of sadness for those who remain ignorant of their own strings. Including myself, clever as I am... for such currents are organic, and with insight, comes further mystery.

b) How do Mallam’s belief and magick differ from Lianna’s? Is he a Satanist? Is Lianna? What is Lianna’s relationship to him, his wyrd?

Mallam has fallen prey to the Deceitful Occult Ego - he believes that he has reached the pinnacle of power - [and for him he probably has] - and thus fails in his Satanic Quest. His satisfaction and contentment with his network of suppliers, contacts, etc to bring him a platter of further carnal delights and his expectations of this feast to continue unchanged indicate his inability to divine the next step in the Satanic Quest and to transcend himself beyond it. Moreover, Mallam’s magic is only ever emotional, spiteful, vindictive - caught up in the web of his personal matrix and his emotions his magic never becomes detached from his projections and thus clouds his perception - leading to his ultimate destruction as he deceives himself about his power.

Lianna on the other hand is already showing the signs of transcendence one would expect of a Satanic Adept as she struggles with herself [unlike Mallam who shields himself from his own inadequacies and thus never illuminates them in order to face them] and confronts herself about her emotions and moves into them to understand, approach, and ultimately, integrate, the overpowering forces of Love. In itself, this demonstration of strength of character and the absolute arrogance and trust to follow ones Way, even though it be clouded, emotionally agonizing, draining, confusing, potentially destructive and or lead to death - is a key factor in defining the separation between Lianna's genuine magic from the lesser magic of Mallam who merely masters manipulation for no greater end than his own self-gratification ad nauseum.

Lianna's aims in the beginning are originally on par with the magic of Mallam - they both show aspects of the External Adept, Manipulation, Emotional involvement - but as the story progresses it becomes clear that while Mallam seeks only to wallow in the lower rewards of what are merely the results of a clever liar; Lianna is pursuing supra-personal goals, goals that affect a great number of people and consciously uses her Being to bring about changes that take priority over her own personal needs or wants as she comes to understand her role, the power of Love, and her power over Love in a Satanic/Aeonic context. Thus Mallam may have been initiated as a Satanist, may have performed several of the tasks and requirements, and even run his own Temple; but his inability to progress and his subsequent entrapment in the material rewards without understanding or desire to transcend them - in effect, is failure. Such activities, behaviour, wallowing, cancels out his oath to his Satanic Quest and renders him once more merely one more offer who had his chance and blew it. Lianna and her magic, need it be said, represents a stark opposition to Mallam and is correctly portrayed as a genuine Satanic Mistress.

In this sense, Lianna's relationship to Mallam is archetypal - Mallam represents the would-be Satanic devotee who by their excesses and lack of understanding is devoured by the temptations of Satanic Living. A trap that few resist even now. Mallam is a good example of failure even with all his rewards and contacts that some readers may envy - his lack of understanding for the reason, origin, and responsibility of those rewards and contacts is his ultimate downfall. Because Mallam, a Satanic Initiate, so very richly emanates this archetype and thus becomes it in form - a form that is loathsome yet educationally instructive to Satanism -

his life is perfectly ideal for Sacrifice – because of his essential representation of pure Narrative Magick. That is to say, he represents an ideal sacrifice because he has so excellently demonstrated how to fail and is perfectly deserving of death according to Satanic Custom. Mallam acts/lives out a role that perfectly captures Failure because he is oblivious to having failed by forgetting the role was meant to be temporary - this Irony is deeply archetypal and imbues Mallam's failure into his Being, and Mallam's Being into his failure. Lianna on the other hand rises above herself, and as we watch Mallam tie his own noose by his actions, we eventually realize that it is Lianna, the Satanic Mistress by virtue of being able to transcend her own personal wyrd, that will transform into Mallam's noose as the representative of Satanic Justice.

c) Is the historical setting (Templars, etc.) necessary?

The Giving is a story. A setting, historical or modern is generally necessary to tell a story. If the Templars are related to the Sinister Tradition as it is hinted in some MSS, then there is no harm in sharing direct information in a secretive/occult way by including certain details in the Narrative. Such sharing is a common practice in ONA MSS though some secrets are easier to divulge than others. Other ways to explain the wealth of Lianna Alledone could easily be used so why the emphasis on the Templars? Perhaps it is to make a connection to Baphomet and form a further association to the Goddess who washes her hands in blood as opposed to the common Templar association of Baphomet as depicted as a goat. However, necessary is as necessary does - if the author intended to share occult information as for instance is down throughout the entire DQ and other fictional MSS on the Templars, then this is a stylish way to do it - but the Giving would be just as effective, without the mention of the Templars, in my humble opinion. It is however a good question - as an answer would determine where and just how much focus a reader was placing on essence or appearance.

d) Does the story show Lianna as a real Mistress of Earth?

Lianna, like all the Satanic characters in the DQ - "teach" when they interact, generally by 'boxing'/restricting the conversation into a series of rewarding/punishing reactions/responses pending the content of that interaction.

I.e. Thorold admits ignorance as to the value of the books Lianna wishes to buy, and Lianna congratulates him on his honesty - thereby showing Thorold honesty is valued by Lianna and more of it is likely to be well-received. Moreover, she subtly puts forward the emphasis on good manners and honesty over any financial/monetary concerns and thus "teaches" Thorold how to please her + displease her and also gives him the message [that he will probably receive unconsciously] that she is analysing his character, his inner mirror, not just his books or bookstore.

Immediately in such interactions there is intimacy created, Self-exchange, and in particular, the Erotic. The character, Thorold, for instance, senses in the continuing "teaching" of Lianna that they are building something together, progressing, closing gaps and really communicating - this intimacy, is an interesting force that any who teach are well familiar with. It is a fine balancing act, indeed an art form, to get close to those you teach without mistaking the erotic for the sexual.

Few can handle the overwhelming force of the Erotic that comes from such intimacy and this may lead to projections of Love, but more commonly leads to the feeling of sexual desire; a path unconsciously pursued to alleviate the tingling touch of the erotic.

But while Thorold remains unconscious of this and the role the two forces play; Lianna, being both a Woman and a Sinister Mistress is well aware - hence her approach to "teaching" Thorold how to please/displease her and largely by self-reward of maintaining/exhibiting his own character.

On another aspect; Lianna is quite clearly able to sustain a long-term deception, kill with Love, and detach herself from her emotions. She exhibits a mastery of both External and Internal Magic, and the story climaxes with hints of her moving onward to perform Aeonic Magic.

This summary of her authenticity does though require an examination of the use of sympathetic magic. On one hand I can

conceive the mention of her using a magical square on parchment to control Monica etc, does not correspond to a belief by the author in the reality of such practices, but that it exists to test the gullible, illustrates a contrast in subtle magic vs popular myth, exists to provide entertainment/provoke thought for the reader, or is used in the context of showing how superstition by others can be manipulated using magical devices.

On the other hand, the ONA's Star Game is essentially a gigantic voodoo doll and a very serious exercise in sympathetic magic - thus the belief of the author in the efficacy of such practices indicates a strong vouch for them. Though I think such a device as a magical square is only needed 'publicly' and not used privately - my aversion to ritual tools, etc. does bias my analysis. Perhaps I should open my mind to the possibilities. Nevertheless, in my opinion, although a story unfolds a little too perfectly to match the unpredictability that requires constant changes in strategy to keep up a deception in real life - I do believe Lianna is representative of a real Mistress of Earth, in terms of tactics, demeanour and drive to complete her goals, quest and Sinister Way.

e) What is Sidnal's role in relation to the magick and Lianna? Is he 'Satanic'? (What is Satanic?)

His "moniker", seems to have been too good an opportunity for the author to miss in using the opening line "there was much that was strange about Sidnal Wyke, including his name".

Sidnal appears to be a trained Choregos or Temple Guardian. He was trained by his Grandmother in the ways of the Old Religion, is fit and accepted as part of the land by the surrounding folk, thus mostly invisible, and at the end of the story is depicted performing all sorts of Ritual-related tasks, handing Lianna items related to the Giving for instance. However, I am assuming that Lianna and Sidnal know of each other before Lianna buys the books from Thorold - and that it has been arranged between them for Sidnal to sell the books to Thorold, so Lianna will have a pretext on which to begin interacting with Thorold at the bookstore. Perhaps Sidnal initiates this exchange after discovering his Grandmother, who was possibly a Grand Mistress, dead - and is afraid, as the story mentions, for the continued lineage of the Sinister Tradition.

It seems that Mallam and Thorold, switch places as offer as tests are conducted and one of the parties continually found wanting - such values and the rewarding of those values are what I call literary 'phantasms' - I.e. conceptual ghosts that "teach" a reader what is valuable and what is not and showing them a certain response to an act - and thus Mallam is the mistake-maker who does not repent but is doomed to become the offer.

I feel that Thorold is also tested in the beginning for his suitability, perhaps as an offer, but perhaps initially as a potential mate for Lianna following the suggestion of someone like Sidal.

Finally, Sidal is Sinister. On one hand he is close to or even one with his land and pursues a quiet contemplative way of living that does not need and is beyond the form of 'Satanism' - even as he plays his part, he seems more passive, natural, Aeonian than the others, and even innocent as he is it seems a virgin. Yet, on the other hand, a man that accepts death for what it is at so young an age is mature beyond his years, some dark sorrowful joy - the ecstasy of wisdom - is etched upon this man's brow and that might imply contact with Satanic Living as do the books in his possession hint at a less than sedentary life.

There is also the matter of whether Sidal sold the books to Thorold to initiate a path for Lianna, or if Lianna initiated the path by asking Sidal to sell them. That is to say, depending on whose idea it was would need to be known to consider the implications of Sidal in a Satanic, and not just Sinister, way of living and the extent of either of those practices.

(As for what is Satanic - the essence of this question can be answered in three places. The Causal, the Acausal, the Abyss. All are right, two are wrong.)

Taken from "A Study of the Deofel Quintet":

By

f of THEM

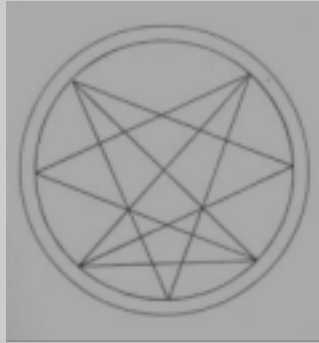
119 f.

[The Rest of this Document remains archived with the Temple of THEM.]

ONA Text Archive

Volume Three

**ONA Texts Part II
(Historical Curiosities)**



[Sui Generis - Introduction](#)

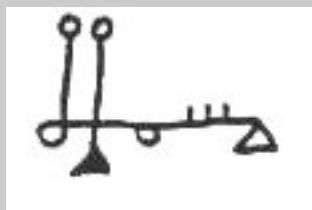
[The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown, Part 1](#)

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[Hostia Volume II](#)

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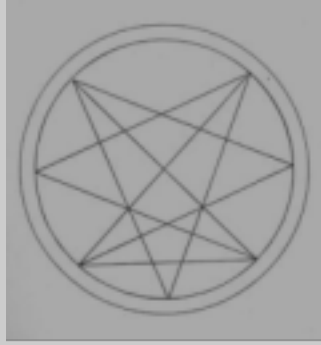
Volume I - ONA Website Archive

Volume II - Texts Part I

Volume III - Texts Part II

Volume IV - Texts Part III

Volume V - Occult Fiction



Introduction to ONA Text Archive Volume III

Some Historical Curiosities

With the exception of the *Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, the texts in this volume contain a selection of older typewritten ONA MSS circulated among ONA members in the 1980's and the early 1990's CE, and as such may be of some interest, as historical curiosities of the Occult kind. The majority of these MSS are no longer in circulation among ONA members, and thus are no longer used by ONA members (or ONA associates) for instructional purposes, having been superseded by newer texts authored by Anton Long, many of which newer instructional texts are available in Volume I of this archive ([The ONA Website Archive](#)) and in compilations such as [The Requisite ONA – A Practical Guide to The Sinister Sorcery of The Order of Nine Angles](#) and [Excerpta Esoterica - A Concise Compendium of The Sinister Esoteric Philosophy and Praxis of The Order of Nine Angles](#).

Some of these older MSS - in the three volumes of *Hostia* - have been included in other old ONA publications, such as the now outdated *Hysteron Proteron*, and in some of the Appendii of *Naos* (which work continues to be used as an instructional text). Many of these older typewritten MSS have also been available on the Internet, in various forms and formats, for many years, as a very few of them have been subsequently updated (for example, *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way*, and *A Guide to Insight Roles*) and thus are, in this updated form, in use by ONA members.

The two volumes of the *Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown* may also be of some historical interest, as the letters contain not only some to and from Michael Aquino of the Temple of Set, but were also written, and to some extent deal with, that brief causal period (the middle 1980's to the very early 1990's) when the ONA was clandestinely recruiting members and could be easily contactable by the curious.

It should be noted that the facsimile copies of *Hostia* included here contain some omissions (due to errors while scanning the Xeroxed pages to obtain digital images) - for example, the first few pages of the Occult short story *Copula cum Daemone* are missing.

Historical Comparison - Sui Generis

Those interested in or curious about comparing the aforementioned old ONA typewritten MSS with newer ONA texts, many find **Excerpta Esoterica** of interest, and which new ONA text (*sui generis*) is included here to enable such comparison.

Excerpta Esoterica

ONA
121 Year of Fayen

Acknowledgements

The ONA gratefully acknowledge the work and enthusiasm of those members and associates who produced scanned images of texts such as Hostia, and Naos, from the original spiral-bound and Xeroxed publications.

THE SATANIC LETTERS

OF

STEPHEN BROWN

Volume I

O.N.A.

First Published 1992 eh

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Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam



Introduction

Collected here are some of the letters written by a Satanic Adept over a period of a few years to a variety of individuals with a view to explaining some of the tenets of traditional Satanism.

Some letters to or concerning this Adept are also included to give context. All the letters are reproduced from the originals.

It is anticipated that the publication of these letters will be of interest to those who, for whatever reason, are curious about Satanism in particular and the Occult in general.

This present volume is the first of a series of projected volumes containing letters from the Adept who now has the honour of being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups.

This present selection deals mainly with the difference between traditional Satanism, as represented by the Order of Nine Angles, and what has become accepted within the Occult fraternity as 'Satanism' - as represented by the American group the Temple of Set, led by Dr. Aquino. For a long time, the ONA was secret and secretive. In the early part of the eighth decade of this present century, a decision was taken to gradually make available the methods, philosophy and teachings of the Order - this decision being based on Aeonically or sinister strategy. One of the tactics to be used to try and achieve the strategic aim was to challenge what had become the accepted notion of 'Satanism' as represented by such groups as the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan.

Accordingly, contacts were established. It should be remembered that at this time, few details about the teachings and methods of traditional Satanism were known to outsiders, and so the ONA was judged to be just another Satanic group in the Church of Satan/La Vey mould. Gradually, however, the stark reality of traditional Satanism was made known - via letters such as the ones published here, via the establishment of an underground zine ('Fenrir') and via the distribution of works containing the tradition ('The Black Book of Satan', 'Naos' and so on). The earlier curiosity and tolerance displayed by groups like the Temple of Set soon disappeared as they began to realize how different the ONA was - how far removed from what they considered Satanism to be.

Thus, the ONA became, for the Temple of Set and its members, a proscribed organization. This reaction served to highlight the real nature of this Temple, as the letters make clear - and threw into doubt, for those with any sagacity, their version of 'Satanism'.

The difference between the ONA and groups like the Temple of Set is evident most clearly in the matter of human sacrifice, as the letters reveal.

P.O. Box 4
Church Stretton
Shropshire
England

7th September 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

It was with interest that I read your letter in a recent issue of 'Brimstone' after my attention was drawn to that magazine by a friend. An open (rather friendly) reply to some of the points you raised has been sent to the Editor - I am sure he would send you a copy should you be interested.

However, there are some points which perhaps are best raised in a private letter. First - and perhaps inconsequential out of its context - no one has ever claimed to be 'Head' of the ONA: no such position exists. Your statement on this was somewhat surprising because I felt you would be above using 'Kennel' type tactics re mis-information about other LHP individuals and groups. Am I mistaken? Or perhaps the information was supplied by a not altogether too reliable source here in the U.K.?

Second - and most important - your mention of the MSS concerning sacrifice. These were published basically because they form part of an esoteric tradition, which tradition was being made accessible to those who might be interested following a decision to publish Order methods, teachings and traditions. Essentially, such publication lets others decide what is or is not worthwhile or valuable or interesting from an esoteric point of view - there is not, within the ONA, any control of esoteric information as a result of one or more individuals deciding what is 'right' or 'true teaching' - simply because individuality is the foundation of the "ONA way". This way is the development of self-insight and magickal mastery via individuals following the seven-fold way.

But this background aside, you raise an interesting point in your use of the term 'ethical'. Does Satanism have ethics? And if so, what are they and who formulates them? By the nature of the Temple of Set I am led to assume the answer would be affirmative and that it is the ToS which formulates these. Is this assumption incorrect? If it is not, then I and some others would offer dissent - based not only on the principle of individuality mentioned above but also on the reality of there existing divergent LHP and Satanic traditions (some of which existed before the foundation of the Church of Satan). Speaking for myself, I consider debate about ethics futile in a LHP context - except to express the obvious Satanic assertion (qv 'The Dark Forces' in "Fenrir" 4) that one essential personal quality is honour born from the quest for self-excellence and self-understanding. One either has this personal quality (or the potential to possess it) or one does not: intellectual debate about it is irrelevant. This quality is expressed by the way of living an individual follows and as far as the ONA is concerned this quality is one of those that marks the genuine Satanic elite from the imitation. Yet we accept that others may disagree since we feel there can be no religious dogma about Satanism or the LHP: no subserviance to someone else's ideas or ways

of living. Each individual develops their own unique perspective and insight as a consequence of striving to achieve Adeptship - a perspective and insight which derives mainly from practical experience, both magickal and personal. Thus we uphold anarchism.

Hence the publication of the many and various Order MSS. Yet, all this notwithstanding, I do understand that some may believe that tactically the time was not right to publish some of these MSS. However, is the time ever right? Once again, some interesting questions arise. For example, for the benefit of those groups (like the ToS) which do adopt a high media profile, is it necessary and indeed desirable for other groups and individuals on the LHP to restrict what they say and teach and publish in case such things are mis-interpreted and/or distorted and used against the LHP in general? This would imply some sort of concensus among those individuals and groups on the LHP - a concensus which it seems both the ToS and the Church of Satan wish to achieve by claiming a religious 'authority'. To this end there seems to be developing an almost Church-like mentality - with schisms and prohibitions and proscribing of other groups and individuals. Rather 'Old Aeon' values. If such a concensus is indeed necessary (and I and some others have doubts whether it is) then it would seem better achieved on a mutual basis by recognition of diversity and traditions and then the development of mutual understanding rather than one group trying to impose its dogma by a religious type belief: such dogma and such belief being entirely contrary to the basic principles of Satanism and the LHP - self-development via self-experience.

I and others like me respect your right to promulgate the Setian philosophy just as I trust you have the sagacity to understand that what La Vey codified and what the early Church of Satan represented is not the only form Satanism can take. Satanism existed in many forms long before La Vey, and the ONA simply represents one such form: a form that has changed and is still changing - developed as it is and has been by creative individuals within it. As I mentioned to you in a previous letter some time ago, this does not mean we claim to be a 'peer' organization with a claim to some kind of 'authority'. We are simply a small group following our own way - a way somewhat different from that developed by the Church of Satan and the ToS. Our tradition, such as it is, is not static - indeed in many ways the most significant developments (e.g. the Star Game, Grade Ritual codification, Deofil Quartet) have occurred quite recently. Doubtless these developments will continue.

When in the past we and others like us have said things that others interpret as being 'against' the ToS or La Vey, we were simply assuming the role of Adversary - challenging what seemed to be becoming accepted dogma that the only 'real' Satanists are either in the ToS or the Church of Satan. Such a dogma is an historical absurdity and its acceptance an affront to the Satanic desire to know and understand and not meekly believe.

If you have any comments about these matters I would be interested to read them.

Cordially yours,

Stephen Brown



Temple of Set

Post Office Box 470307, San Francisco, California 94147
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Michael A. Aquino, Ph.D.
High Priest of Set

October 7, XXV

Mr. Stephen Brown
Post Office Box 4
Church Stretton, Shropshire
England

Dear Mr. Brown:

Thank you for your letter of September 7th.

Under your several aliases every single letter and publication of the O.N.A. is authorized over your personal signature, whether as "pp" or otherwise. Personal contacts by our former Priest Martin confirmed that you are the leader, if not indeed the sole member of this institution.

The old Church of Satan used to play games with mythical officials and executive bodies behind the scenes. As a senior official of the Church I helped to keep this particular hot-air balloon inflated, initially assuming that it did no harm and made the Church a bit more colorful to the membership. Ultimately I became uncomfortable with it, however, because in the last analysis it involved deceiving the very persons - the membership of the Church - who had come to it in good faith depending upon it to not deceive them, even in so "playful" a fashion.

It was also responsible for a more serious kind of damage. It enabled Anton LaVey to announce policies in the name of a fictitious "Council of Nine", or in the name of a fictitious official, and thus to escape personal responsibility for his actions. Nor was there any executive body or other official to whom he was accountable. Had there been, the catastrophe of 1975 might have been averted without the entire Church of Satan organization having to be scrapped. [Even if it had evolved into a Setian mode, as in many Lesser Magical ways it was indeed doing prior to the crisis, it still might have continued as an unbroken organization - and Anton LaVey might be its High Priest today.]

When the Temple of Set was founded, therefore, the old occult game of "Ascended [or in this case 'Descended'] Masters behind the scenes" was ashcanned along with the other practices of the old Church with which we were ethically uncomfortable. From the moment of its founding, the Temple has made all of its officials and executive bodies a matter of record, known to all Setians [and to non-Setians with a legitimate interest]. And neither the High Priest of Set nor any other official has the sort of dictatorial power that Anton LaVey had in the Church.

Given the present climate of witch-hunting hysteria in England, publication of a "Satanic ritual" by an avowedly "Satanic" institution which includes human sacrifice is thoroughly irresponsible. In fact it would be irresponsible even in a normal social climate, as the Satanic religion is not and has never been based upon the principle of human sacrifice. [It is Christianity which espouses that principle, sacrificing its god in human form every Easter.]

If you were presenting that ritual text as an example of Christian hate-propaganda against the Satanic tradition, making clear that it has no basis in fact, that would be one thing. But the ritual which you have published makes no such distinctions, and is thus a dangerous "loaded weapon" to be used by any child (of any age) who picks it up. And of course it plays right into the hands of any anti-Satanic maniac who is looking for "evidence" of "Satanic ritual murder". Your argument that the O.N.A. does not consider itself responsible for such uses may satisfy you, but it certainly doesn't satisfy the Temple of Set as guardian of this religion.

Indeed Satanism is an ethical religion, and yes, I do consider the Temple of Set the institution consecrated by Set to establish and maintain such an ethical environment - which is carefully developed in the *Crystal Tablet of Set*.

As a non-Initiate of the Temple, you are of course at liberty to dissent from this ethical standard. But neither, by your non-Initiatory status, does the Temple consider you a member of the Setian/Satanic religion. You are, in our eyes, simply one more individual affecting "Satanism" as a personal hobby. In this you may be more or less skilled, more or less articulate, more or less artistic: these we do not judge.

But what we do judge is that in all of this you have not been Recognized by the Temple which exclusively is consecrated by Set. We consider the Temple a sacred institution, not just one of a number of "Satanic clubs" around the world. From 1966 to 1975 CE we held precisely this view concerning the Church of Satan, which welcomed the interest and enthusiasm of amateur "Satanists" and "Satanic" groups such as the O.N.A. but considered only its own membership and Priesthood formally deserving of the religious titles they held.

This last point deserves further elaboration and emphasis. Just because we regard the Temple as seriously and exclusively as we do does not mean that we hold non-Temple "Satanic" groups in blanket contempt. Some of them are indeed

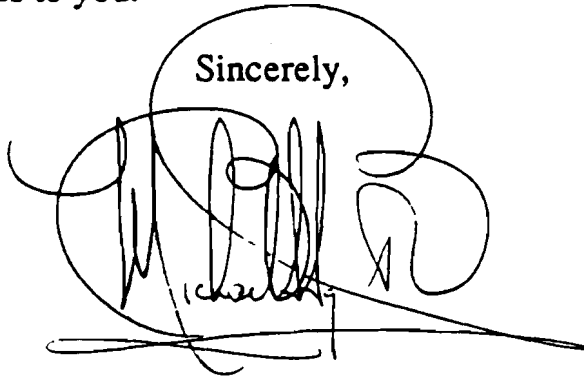
amateurish and embarrassing to the Satanic tradition, and the sooner they disintegrate the better. But others are quite serious and sophisticated, and deserve our respect and admiration - which are quite freely given where due. Some, upon encountering the Temple of Set, have voluntarily dissolved and commended their membership to it. Some have retained their independent structure and interests while at the same time encouraging/allowing their members to affiliate with the Temple as a formal religion. Some have simply gone their own way, maintaining a polite non-acceptance of the Temple's avowed Infernal Mandate.

The distinction we draw in all cases is dictated simply by our sacred regard for the Priesthood of Set, and the Temple under its care, as established by Set in the *Book of Coming Forth by Night*. If we did not draw that distinction, then we would be, at our heart, an insincere and fraudulent religion.

Therefore the exclusiveness of the Temple of Set is not born of either arrogance or competitiveness, but simply of the utter seriousness with which we regard ourselves. It is this same attitude which makes the Temple of Set reject any "council of churches", occult or conventional, for the simple reason that we consider our religion correct and theirs incorrect. As is stated in our informational letter, "they may serve a useful social function as purveyors of soothing myths and fantasies to humans unable to attain Setian levels of self-consciousness".

I have re-read the comments I made concerning the O.N.A. and yourself in *Brimstone*, and I see nothing in them that I think should be amended - including the compliment to you at the conclusion of those comments. You are, from what I have seen of your writings, an intelligent and creative individual who could become an influential and respected philosopher of the Left-Hand Path if you can bring yourself to cast aside all of the fictitious "lumber and wreckage" with which you are unnecessarily crippling yourself. If I didn't see Setian qualities in you, I wouldn't even bother to say such things. But just as in my university classes I speak most bluntly to the students who do have the intelligence to master the curriculum and aren't doing so, so I speak thus to you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be "Michael A. Aquino", written in a cursive style. The signature is enclosed within a large, hand-drawn circle. Below the signature, there is a horizontal line that extends to the right and then loops back under the signature.

Shropshire

England

20th October 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

Thank you for your letter of October the 7th.

I appreciate your comments and before passing on to specific points raised, would like to make some general comments.

What I sense (and I use the word advisedly) is that you and I, despite our differing methods, are fundamentally trying to achieve the same thing. I here mean in terms of 'esoteric' magick and not in terms of outward terms or expressions.

We are both aware of the potential inherent within individuals and how certain forms, magickal or otherwise, can be used to explicate that potential, bringing thus an evolution of consciousness both individual and beyond the individual. Thus are individuals, and 'society', changed over varying periods of time. You have established and maintained an organization and imbued it with certain forms, which forms via their various transformations, create and establish conditions for changes in tune with certain energies. Because of the nature of this organization, and the energies, there is a need to maintain a coherence, a magickal continuity and thus the establishment of a system which protects the viability of all aspects.

As to myself, I deal with similar forms but make them manifest in a different way - building in to some of those manifestations a random or 'chaotic' element and into others a 'numinous' aspect. Thus, further forms are developed, in both causal and acausal time, and achieve certain goals, some of which are quite long-term (beyond my own temporal lifetime at the earliest).

All these energies are 'sinister' (or Left Hand Path, if you prefer) - at the most simple level this means they enhance our creative evolution; at another, it means they 'disrupt' already existing forms which may hinder such evolution and explication of individual potential.

Where we might (and seem to) differ is in our respective time-scale for fundamental change and in making some elements more manifest than others, to achieve specific ends.

Of course, I accept that my understanding may not be complete (and might possibly be incorrect on some points) as I assume that you, claiming the title 'Ipssisimus', understand the preceding four paragraphs without me having to elaborate at length.

You have accepted a "role" within the Temple of Set with all the duties and obligations implied, and there is much to admire in this. This of necessity means adhering to the principles of what you describe as the 'sacred trust' placed in you vis-a-vis the 'Infernal Mandate'. Thus there is a religious attitude and acceptance. All this I myself regard as natural and necessary, given

the vehicle chosen - that is, the Temple of Set. The way of the ONA is, however, quite different - we see our way as guiding a few individuals to self-awareness, to Adeptship and beyond, via various practical and magickal techniques. The emphasis is on guide, on self-development, on self-discovery. There is no religious attitude, no acceptance of someone else's authority, and no mystique: the methods, as divulged in the recently published book 'Naos', are essentially practical.

All this arises from the understanding that changes such as I mentioned earlier (regarding individual potential) will occur slowly and for the most part on a small scale for some time to come: bringing changes to 'society' (a generalization here, for brevity) - and thus to larger numbers of individuals - on the timescale of a century or more.

The present aim of the ONA is to make these techniques - which give all individuals the means to achieve the next stage of individual evolution should they so wish - more generally available. These techniques (the Grade Rituals for example, and the Star Game) will probably and indeed should be refined and extended in the future, as they have been refined in their creation over the past decade or so. Older techniques, inherited by me, have served their purpose - and to an extent have made possible the present advances, including preparing the way, on the level of mystique, for a dissemination of the 'new'. To be more explicit - an 'aura' was created around the ONA (quite deliberately) by using certain methods, magickal forms, and by publishing certain material. This aura, existing, becomes transformed - and serves a very useful purpose on the acausal level. (In simple terms and on an elementary level, it provides a certain impetus to seek out and try the 'new' techniques, the 'new' way - on the level of individuals.)

Thus, as the new techniques (and hence the new forms deriving from them) become more widely distributed, via books such as Naos, the Deofil Quartet and the Black Book of Satan (these last two due for publication this Winter Solstice) then the methods used hitherto are no longer needed, and are abandoned - they have served their purpose. It is the same with the ONA: once the techniques and the essence are more widely available then 'membership' as such is irrelevant, since everything is available and accessible (and this includes past methods and teachings) - the individual taking responsibility for their own development, their own experiences (both magickal and personal). This is the fundamental point: the responsibility for development ultimately rests with individual desire, just as each individual must make their own assessment of what is valuable and what is 'ethical/just' from their own experience, it being the aim of the techniques of the seven-fold sinister way to provide the character-building, evolutionary, experiences. There is no pre-judgement by me or anyone, no set of rules. The function of the ONA is now to guide, simply because its members have undergone the experiences of the way and can speak from a position of experience - an experience which may or may not be of value to others.

Thus the fundamental difference in our approach. It was

made quite clear to the former Temple of Set Priest you mentioned that each individual is expected to work on the practical level to achieve his or her own magickal development - to actually practice magick, to use magickal and other techniques, rather than just talk about them. This takes quite a number of years, and is a personal effort. Most people cannot be bothered - they want easy solutions - and most people who enquired in the past about the ONA were not prepared to work toward their own self-development. They either wanted someone else to do it for them (be such a someone a 'Master' or an Infernal Manifestation) or would not/could not undertake the life-style change necessary for achieving genuine Adeptship (such as spending three months alone under special conditions). Ultimately, their loss.

I, for one, do not believe there is a 'religious' solution to Adeptship and beyond - a gift, Infernal or otherwise. There is only self-experiencing, in the real and the magickal worlds, and that is it. Wisdom is acquired by the alchemical process of internal change over a period of time: the techniques developed by the ONA may shorten that time from several decades to perhaps a decade or just under, but they do not do away with it, just as those techniques make the possibility of such change available to all.

For this reason, the ONA does not attempt to define what is or is not of the Left Hand Path and what is or is not Satanism (or even what Satan is) - each individual arrives at their own understanding via experience. Occasionally, as I have mentioned, there may be the adoption of an adversarial role in order to attack accepted (or even unconscious) dogmas within the broad spectrum of the LHP movement - but that is as it should be, for individuals questing after knowledge who refuse to meekly believe. Once again, a 'role' is only a role, played out in the quest for understanding.

On the specific point of membership - yes, there is more than one (not that it really matters anymore now that dissemination is being achieved). Not many, it is true, but enough - some only beginning their quests, some more advanced along the way: in this country, in Scandinavia, in the countries of Europe and elsewhere.

Of course, all this may confirm your opinion that the ONA is not 'Satanic' (or 'Setian' - this latter I would agree with). Do you therefore understand 'Satanism' as now the exclusive preserve of the Temple of Set because of the 'Infernal Mandate' you mentioned? If so, this raises rather interesting questions regarding 'Infernal' authority, revelation and such like - questions partly answered by your use of the term religion. What then of Satanic organizations which existed before the revelation: such as (to take an odd example) the Order of Satanic Templars here in England which existed (and was undertaking Initiations) before the establishment of the Church of Satan? (It later became known as the Orthodox Temple of the Prince.) Personally, I see Satanism more as a way of living than as a religion: an attitude to life, and one which is ultimately personal, striving to ever more.

However, as mentioned above, I believe our ultimate goals are the same even though our methods may differ. Of course in this, as in many things, I may be mistaken: I claim no authority, and my creations, profuse as they are, will in the end be accepted or rejected on the basis of whether they work (Satan forbid they should ever become 'dogma' or a matter of 'faith'). I also expect to see them become transformed, by their own metamorphosis and that due to other individuals: changed, extended and probably ultimately transcended, may be even forgotten. They - like the individual I am at the moment - are only a stage, toward something else.

In the interests of sinister fellowship I could arrange for a copy of 'Naos' (and other works as and when they become available) to be sent to you, should you be interested.

Enclosed please find a copy of an article due to appear shortly in the journal 'Balder'. It may make you smile.

Cordially yours,

Stephen Broom

[Editorial Note: In view of the controversy in Occult circles about using 'pseudonyms' and the desire of certain groups to operate 'underground' without media scrutiny - a subject mentioned by Dr. Aquino in his letters and since taken up by a number of others both within and without the LHP - the following observations are in order:

*It has been for many centuries an established principle among LHP Adepts to work in a reclusive manner in 'secret'. The reason for this is basically two-fold: the magickal work is mis-understood by 'outsiders' [and often by such people catagorized from their own social/political/religious perspectives] and to try and explain it to non-Initiates was seen as a waste of time; and, secondly, it enabled that work to be undertaken without hindrance from interfering individuals and officials. Without this secrecy, the LHP would not have survived. Today, conditions have changed somewhat, but still not enough in some areas.

* A labyrinth was created to confuse the merely curious and those seeking to disrupt the magickal work and tradition.

* Quite often, LHP Adepts have a 'seperate professional' life (which in some cases is part of their long-term magickal goals) and the 'stigma' of involvement with magick would be detrimental to that. Quite often this seperate life is beneficial to the evolution of the 'Occult' in general as it provides opportunities for dissemination (mostly clandestine).

That some individuals have gone 'public' is fair enough - that is their decision. But those who prefer or need to work 'underground' in order to continue their own reclusive and secret traditions should not be castigated for in many cases they are guardians who can never have a 'public' Occult role. Societies, and the individuals within them, are still structured on the basis of categories and generalizations.]

Shropshire
England

14th March 1991 eh

Dear Mr. Milner,

Thank you for your letter. I have sent the items you requested by separate post.

You raise two matters which are of considerable interest - viz. is the obtaining of wealth and power the sign of a successful Satanist; and can there really be such a thing as a Mandate given by the Prince of Darkness.

I shall answer your first question, first. The pursuit and obtaining of wealth and power, like all worldly things including the pleasures of the flesh, is a worthy Satanic goal - indeed, it is one which all Satanic novices should aspire to. However, the fundamental aim of the way of Satanism is the achievement by the individual Satanist of a unique Destiny - i.e. fulfilling the potential of existence latent within. For some, this Destiny is the obtaining of wealth and influence in the world. For others, however, the goal is different - it may be creativity (e.g. in music or some other artistic form), or discovery (e.g. in knowledge, science) or exploration or the achievement of Wisdom (i.e. a deep esoteric understanding and skill in esoteric Arts, particularly Aeonick magick). For all, however, the fulfilment of Destiny implies excellence - achievement in a specific field or fields. Thus, while one Master or Mistress may because of their unique Destiny achieve material 'success', another Master or Mistress may to all outward appearances be 'poor', and mostly bereft of material possessions. Fundamentally, what matters is what each achieves with their lives - what is internal, what is known, learnt, experienced, rather than what is outward appearance or show.

The common image of a Satanic 'Master' as someone possessing great wealth who dresses in a certain way (e.g. like Mephistopheles in an amateur production of Faust or like Mr. Lee in Dracula) is a fictional image. That some who call themselves Satanists ape this image, just shows their lack of understanding of genuine Satanism. A Satanist is a chameleon - someone who adapts and blends into their surroundings, for the most part. However, sometimes a Satanist (e.g. during the novice stage of development) may assume a certain 'role' or 'roles' (such as the fictional and popular image of a 'Satanist') for a particular purpose. This purpose is usually to obtain experience - e.g. in manipulating others; enjoying playing the 'role') - but once the purpose is achieved, the Satanist moves on, to other adventures. The role has served its purpose.

Regarding your second question. I presume you refer to certain organizations who base their claim to representing Satanism on the fact that they claim to be empowered by the Prince of Darkness Himself. One organization, based in America, uses the term 'Infernal Mandate' - they claim that their Priesthood and only their Priesthood are truly representatives of the Prince of Darkness because of this Mandate.

In reality, the very concept of a mandate is anti-Satanic - it is, in fact, a Nazarene concept. The Prince of Darkness desires Comrades, not sycophantic followers - that is, He wishes us, as individuals, to be like Him. He is proud, defiant, individualistic and creative. Satanists seek to be like Him - to become gods, to be Satanic in their own lives. Of course, Satan Himself and his Comrades likewise, often use others for Satanic ends - and this is natural and necessary. For essentially individuals divide into two groups - those who lead, and those who follow. Satanists are always leaders - they are the manipulators.

Further, the concept of a Mandate means a religious approach - a dogma, a zeal in upholding that dogma, a rigid structured grouping wherein individuals are rewarded for their zeal, for their conformity to dogma and authority. And also the religious approach means a certain attitude, a certain way of being - it means acceptance, observance, a mental weakness, a lack of defiance, of pride.

The whole of Satanism is a defiance against this religious spirit, this religious attitude. Thus, an organization which upholds or claims to uphold Satanism as a religion cannot be Satanic - it is, in short, a fraudulent organization.

I repeat, that Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold our being, our spirit in chains - which bind us, which restrict our potential, our evolution - and the most potent form which has bound us, and which still binds the majority, is the religious attitude, the dogmatic approach, be this overtly expressed via a religion or a religious approach or covertly by social and political zealousness and conformity. Religion emasculates us.

Naturally, groups like the Temple of Set cover their religious approach and dogma in fine-sounding words. For instance: "The Temple seeks merely to be a forum for Setians to communicate and cooperate with one another constructively and courteously.." [Extracted from the General Information and Admissions Policies of the Temple of Set.] To which should be added - 'provided they are obedient to what their 'Master' says or lays down as law or policy'. They are forbidden to associate with certain people/groups (of which I am one, and the ONA one group) because those people/groups are "proscribed" - for a reason or reasons devised by the 'High Priest of Set' himself. In effect, certain people/groups are cast out as 'heretics'. Does this all sound familiar? The Temple of Set uses subtle intellectual ideas to propagate what they say is 'an individual striving' for becoming (or 'Xepher') - but what it amounts to in reality is an individual subserviance to the Temple, its ways, its authority and its 'Master'.

This reality is 'justified' by the 'Infernal Mandate' - i.e. Aquino in particular and the Temple of Set in general have a "sacred duty" apparently given by the Prince of Darkness Himself. What this means is that Aquino claims his authority because he claims to have received a Mandate from some entity. Real religious stuff.

A genuine Satanist, on the contrary, has authority by virtue of his or her Wisdom - and has achieved Wisdom by virtue of practical experience. There is no need to claim a 'spiritual' authority given by some 'entity' be that entity Satan or Set or whatever - indeed, to so claim such authority exposes the individual who so claims as needing this spiritual crutch because they lack real Wisdom: i.e. they rely on something external to themselves, something external to their own achievements. Such individuals have to rely on something external because what really matters is missing - that which is created by the following of the Black Arts to their ultimate ending. In brief, such ones who claim and so need to rely on an external mandate are charlatans.

This neatly returns us to the first question. A genuine Satanic Master (or Mistress) can be known because they possess character - i.e. they are unique charismatic individuals (although often the charisma is veiled) who have depth: it shows in their eyes, in their attitude. They have been to Hell and back - and been to Heaven and back; they have experienced, and so learnt. They do not need to pose, assume a 'role' or claim some 'mandate' or even an ancient lineage. They just are themselves.

I trust this will be of interest.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

Shropshire
England

19th June 1991 eh

Dear Miss Stockton,

Thank you for your letter enquiring about the ONA which has been passed on to me to reply to.

Essentially, the ONA is a Satanic organization which seeks to guide its members toward Adeptship and what is beyond Adeptship. This is an individual quest, which involves the Initiate striving to achieve the goal by their own self-effort. Initially, on joining the Order, the new member has one Order contact. This contact offers advice and guidance, and makes available Order teachings and methods. Should the new member decide to continue, they undergo a simple Initiation. Thereafter, they work at their own pace, following the techniques and so on as explicated, for example, in the MSS 'Naos'. This takes some months, during which time they meet their contact to discuss matters and during which the contact may give advice if such advice is sought.

Following this initial period of basically hermetic and solo magickal workings and tasks, the Initiate usually goes on to the next stage - the formation of a Satanic Temple to undertake ceremonial workings and gain experience in people-manipulation and other Satanic skills. The Initiate is expected to recruit members for this Temple - which is solely under that Initiate's control. Thus, the Initiate learns by experience - no constraints of any kind are placed on the novice who runs the Temple. Generally, the novice in running the Temple, follows the guidelines and rituals as given in the Black Book of Satan - i.e. they use the magickal energies of traditional Satanism and so enhance the sinister, rather than the energies associated with other 'traditions' which tend to undermine the sinister.

The novice then, after some further time, moves on to the other tasks which await along the sinister path - i.e. undertakes further workings, magickal ordeals, and gains further experience. Generally, their Order contact remains the same, although occasionally it may be changed. The novice is free to continue with and expand their Satanic Temple, and may if they wish, turn it into a teaching Temple - i.e. the novice teaches and trains those who may be suitable to follow the path of traditional Satanism, as they themselves have done. Or they may keep the Temple as an instrument for their personal edification - or they may disband it; it is entirely their choice.

All this takes from a year to a few years. There are then other tasks, other knowledge to be gained, other experiences to be learnt from. Thus, there is a commitment by the Initiate to follow the path of Satanism. This path is not easy, and requires effort. Adeptship is achieved, by each individual who gets that far - it is never a gift. Furthermore, the individual is for the most part alone - they rely on themselves, they **have** to rely on themselves, make their own mistakes, and learn from them. Their contact only guides, only offers advice. There is no contact with other Order members, at whatever stage of development - no secret gatherings, no Order rituals which members attend, no group discussions. Thus, there is self-effort, and self-achievement. No one to 'reward' you, to delude you, to whom you must be subserviant. There is only the unique journey you undertake and which you learn from in your own time according to your commitment. This is so, because Satanism is a commitment - by each individual. One aim is to find your unique Destiny, and fulfil that. No one can do this for you.

You write that you are at present studying at University. Well, you attend lectures, may read, may discuss matters with others - but in the Finals, the effort is yours alone, and you may on your own efforts pass. Of course, someone could sit the Finals for you - but then the achievement, the Degree, would not be yours. It is the same with magick - what really matters is the amount of effort you put in. The achievement of genuine Adeptship requires **you** to learn: no one can do this on your behalf.

This lack of meeting with other members also have a very practical point above and beyond the fact that it encourages a uniqueness and the development of a strong character [both traits a Satanist has or aspires to] - i.e. it ensures the security of those other members. They remain secret, and so continue with their work. Unless, that is, they decide for themselves to the contrary. But the number who do this are very few, for obvious practical reasons, most connected with the dark nature of Satanism and its still heretical nature insofar as the majority of non-Occultists are concerned (and, indeed, as far as the majority of Occultists are concerned!).

It is fact of the nature of most individuals that gathering in groups is necessary: few possess the strength of character to be and act alone. Most require the comfort of others around - of knowing they are not alone, that help is near, that problems can be discussed, and so on. This is true in magick as in life - in fact, more so, particularly in the Left Hand Path. People like to compare experiences, like to re-assured, like to feel part of a larger grouping. But this is actually detrimental to the development of the qualities a Satanist must possess or develop. An Adept of the Left Hand Path must be self-sufficient, must be strong - must be an individual who has developed a unique 'view of life', a unique 'philosophy of living' from their own experience. A being-with-others implies a social or 'peer' pressure, a conformity, and an expectation - an 'image' to strive toward and conform to, a 'role' to fulfil. A genuine uniqueness of character can only be forged through a certain isolation - through struggling alone, **through finding solutions to one's own problems by one's own efforts.** The path of Satanism (or rather the following of the path by an individual) poses problems for each individual - it is in the nature of the path itself for this to happen. It tests, it presents the individual with ordeals (and rewards of course - but we are considering the formative experiences which breed Satanic character). There is and must be a 'self-overcoming' - a development of the individual. Thus is the Adept born.

Of course this is very difficult, and there are easier options. These, however, do not lead to real Adeptship, but to the illusion of attainment. The Satanic path sorts out the strong from the failures. Only the strong, the gifted, survive and prosper. And that is as it should be, for Satanism is elitist.

Thus, we maintain the isolation of the novice from other novices. If they want contacts - they find their own, via the Temple they form, as explained earlier. But here, they are the 'role-model' for others - an obvious inversion which has benefits insofar as developing Satanic character is concerned. Since their Order contact only guides them, each novice has no image to aspire to - they must find their own. Often, they try many 'images', then discard them, and so gain experience, the hard way.

I have gone into this matter at some length, since the person with whom you have been in contact, has intimated that you thought the Order was akin to some others who held 'social' type gatherings and rituals for members. In fact, most individuals who enquire about the Order have this misconception - and most are disappointed when they discover or are told of the reality! To be honest, the majority dislike the notion that they are expected to work at their own development via their own efforts without the support and comfort of other members being around. Thus, do they show themselves unfitted for the Order - not possessed of 'the right stuff'!

You ask who has authority in the Order and what this authority represents. Basically, the only 'authority' is that which arises or develops because of experience. For example, the Order contact you may have should you decide to begin the Satanic quest, offers advice and guidance based on their experience - you are free to accept that advice, or decline it. Your contact teaches what they have learnt from practical experience - they offer no 'theory', they demand no obedience, no subservience. As to myself, I "represent" the Order, in a sense, simply because I have travelled further along the Way than the other members - because I have more experience. Perhaps I have learnt more. I certainly consider I have achieved something - perhaps some little Wisdom. But I am not infallible - I have no 'authority' in the real sense - I simply offer advice and guidance

based on my own experiences. I am still learning. What I teach is not 'sacred' - hopefully, it will be surpassed, refined, changed, when others discover and experience and attain. I inherited some esoteric knowledge, and have added to it - and that really is what esoteric knowledge is: a slowly accumulating body of knowledge which re-presents both what Is and what is Not. Gradually, this representation is refined - gets closer to being a genuine representation.

Thus, when I speak or write I speak or write from my own experience - I do not claim some supra-personal authority, to be in contact with some entity (like Satan) who has chosen me, or empowered me or whatever. I am a unique individual, and what I say or write should be judged by its merits - by whether it works, is effective, is a genuine representation of what it is supposed to be. My creations do not pretend to be other than what they are - my creations. They are not the 'sacred words of the Devil' or whatever. I may sometimes have been inspired by the Prince of Darkness, but the works are mine - and should be judged as mortal rather than the product of some entity. I leave it to others to claim that their works are imbued with a sacred quality (or Infernal power) and so they deserve 'obediance' and all that religious stuff!

The same applies to the traditions I inherited. They are simply traditions, and like most traditions are a mixture. Some contain a little Wisdom; there are bits of insight; bits of real esoteric knowledge. And an awful lot of mystification as well as some fables. Each individual must assess them for themselves - if they are useful, fine. If not - fine. [If you are interested, the traditions are: some of the rituals in 'The Black Book of Satan', certain techniques of magick (e.g. Esoteric Chant; Insight Roles) and certain esoteric 'knowledge' connected with the Dark Gods mythos and the Septenary system - the sigils, some chants, words, and septenary correspondences.]

To end, I must repeat that our Way is not easy. It requires many years of effort - you will receive little help, and a lot will be expected of you. It will be your effort - not mine, not that of your contact or a friend or any one else. You will be faced with ordeals, with tests of character. There are rewards, of course - including the obvious ones of carnality and wealth, if that is what you desire. But there are also an awful lot of other things awaiting ... I make no promises - if you succeed, you will succeed. You might fail. It is you who will decide.

No one will or can award you Adeptship -^{or} any magickal Grade. You will have to achieve them. It usually takes five or more years to reach the stage of Adeptship - few get that far. Most who begin, give up, because the quest is just too hard or they are too soft. It will probably take fifteen or twenty years to reach the stage of Mistress of Earth, the fifth stage of the seven that mark the path. Are you prepared for this?

Should you be interested in taking the matter further, I can arrange for you to meet the person to whom you gave your letter. She will be able to answer any questions you might have regarding the next step, should you decide to undertake it.

Incidentally, there are no fees, no dues of any kind connected with membership of the Order . And all Order MSS are available to members, at cost - none are 'secret' or withheld until you reach a certain stage. Once Initiation is complete, and the first tasks are achieved by you, all Order MSS are accessible.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

P.O. Box 700
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Shropshire
England
27th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Thank you for your very interesting letter, and the questionnaire.

Regarding publications which present the teachings of the ONA, the following are available (from the above address):

- °Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept. 121 pages. \$30 including Air Mail postage
- °The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial Magick. 56 pages. \$ 20
- °Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA, Volume I. 130 pages. \$35
- °Hostia, Vol. II. 56 pages. \$20
- °The Deofel Quartet, Volume I. (Falcifer, Lord of Darkness; Temple of Satan). 211 pages. \$50
- °The Deofel Quartet, Vol II. (The Giving; The Greyling Owl.) 221 pages. \$52

The prices are rather high due to the cost of Air Mail postage - for instance, Naos would be just £11 without the postage costs. All the above are copies of the original MSS as circulated among members. Most of the articles which appeared in 'Fenrir' are in either 'Hostia' or the Black Book. The Deofel Quartet are instructional texts written in fictional form. [Cheques payable to Thormynd Press.]

In replying to your detailed and reasoned comments, perhaps I should start by saying that in attacking the 'intellectualism' of the Temple of Set, I am attacking the mostly non-practical (in terms of living) approach of that and other groups. They have made Satanism seem mostly cerebral - a subject to be studied, discussed, argued about, analyzed, rather than being a practical guide to living on the edge. Their practice, such as it is, is again cerebral - magickal workings which are mostly devoid of a primal exultation, ecstasy. In short, their approach revolves essentially around abstract ideas. I am not critical of intellectualism per se - I am regarded by some as 'an intellectual', having been trained both as a scientist and a classical scholar [I have several translations of Greek Drama to my credit]. Rather, I have tried to make clear (sometimes by exaggerating the point) that I regard Satanism first and foremost as a practical way which involves garnishing experiences of the limits of living, and learning from those experiences - transmuting the experiences into self-insight, the development of consciousness and so on. I also believe that these experiences must be tough - must take each individual to and beyond their own limits - and that they must be done without relying on anything other than a pure defiance, a pure strength of character. To me, it seems that both the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan provide 'props' for their members - there is dogma, an organizational structure, a sense of belonging, and the belief that Satanism is somehow a 'fantasy game' or playing at soccerers.

Basically, intellectualism should follow action - not prejudge it nor limit it. All the members of the ToS and the CoS I have met over the years were full of 'Satanic theory' but had little (sometimes no) experience of going to and beyond their own limits. Basically, they played at Satanism - the occasional (boring) ritual, the odd working with a magickal intent. But nowhere was there a proud, defiant, exultation in living; nowhere was there real Satanic character born from character-building experiences. There was, and is, an awful lot of discussions, of meetings, of articles, of letters, of 'organizing' things. But try and get one of them to actually do something really Satanic in the real world - to divest themselves of the props (psychic, human and Occult) which supported them, and so return them to their primal nature - was impossible: they were too lazy or weak; too comfortable with playing their Satanic fantasy roles and games.

Regarding my own tradition, and the question of what is and what is not 'Satanism'.

I make no claim that the ONA represents the only 'true form of Satanism' - it is simply one tradition among many, although it does pre-date the formation of the CoS. What I express and have expressed, is that organizations like the CoS and the ToS by their very nature actually hinder the development of those qualities which I and some others believe to be central to Satanism. By this I mean that any organization which prescribes a dogma for its members to believe, which restrains them by 'ethical conditions' and which implicitly or explicitly require those members to submit to an organizational authority/Master/leader, is not Satanic. The ToS in particular believes in Satanism as some kind of 'religion'. I, and the Mistress who Initiated me into the ONA tradition, have always seen Satanism as being individualized - concerned with building a unique character, a truly free being. An organizational structure such as possessed by the ToS contradicts this in essence, however many clever words may be used to try and hide this fact. Such organizations breed sychophancy, dependence - one has to 'conform', to a certain degree at least. Of course, I understand some of the tactical reasons which explain why the ToS, for instance, claims 'religious status' - but even these reasons, on examination, show that the adoption of these tactics are unnecessary and actually counter-productive, in terms of producing real Satanic Adepts: i.e. individuals of Satanic character who truly represent an evolutionary development.

In my own tradition, for instance, it was the custom to train one, at most two, novices on an individualized basis. That is, a Satanic Master/Mistress guided one or two novices in the way of Satanism - there was and is no organizational structure, no limiting the behaviour of those novices, only an imparting of tradition and advice born from personal experience of having oneself undergone ordeals and formative experiences in the real world.

Sometimes, in undertaking an Adversarial role against the CoS and the ToS, I have been rather strident - but to provoke, to try and get others to think constructively about those organizations and the type of Satanism I believe they represent.

I describe the ONA as being a 'traditional Satanist' grouping by which I mean it adheres to certain traditions - chief among these being a guiding of novices on an individualized basis, it undertakes certain rites/practices on a basis established in earlier times, and it accepts that Satanism is dark, evil in a very real sense (one of which is that there are certain powers/ dark energies which are beyond the psyche of the individual and which can overwhelm it - which are primal). The traditions I inherited were really a mixture - some ceremonial rituals (such as the Ceremony of Recalling), some legends regarding Albion, some beliefs concerning Baphomet as a dark goddess who was propitiated in former times by sacrifice, some methods (such as 'Insight Roles') used to develop Satanic character, and some ordeals, both practical and magickal, designed to test, to create skill, to provoke self-insight. All these I have made accessible, mostly without comment. I make no claims as to their validity, historically or otherwise. It is for others to judge them, and use them if they consider them to be useful.

What I have done, is to refine what I have inherited and add to it, making what I believe to be a purely practical system which enables any individual prepared for the hardships and struggles, to reach Satanic Adeptship and beyond. There is no mystery or mystique about achieving Adeptship and Satanic mastery: all it takes is years of self-effort, years of experiences, years of refining abilities and learning new ones. Furthermore, there is no need for me to set myself up as some 'all-knowing' Master empowered by an Infernal Mandate or whatever. What I have done I have done because I followed the traditional way of seeking experiences and because I possessed a Satanic pride which made me survive and learn from those experiences.

Many of my experiences - as befits a traditional Satanist - were dark; an awful lot were dangerous in the 'life or death' sense. I gambled my life, everything, many times, and won.

There is nothing very remarkable about this - or there should not be. Everyone has potential (or at least most do) - but they seldom if ever realize a fraction of that potential for various reasons: they are constrained, by 'society', by their own fears and weaknesses, they are lazy, they prefer 'easy' solutions (such as sitting at the feet of some 'Master')... To me, and some others, Satanism is a means to realize that potential, to go even beyond that. To do this, radical measures are required - and these are always testing as they are mostly in the real world.

By the nature of quite a lot of my experiences, they are 'secret' - they were beyond the bounds of conventional morality and law. Thus have Satanists operated for a long time - in secret, by the very nature of their existence, by the very nature of some of the experiences that are required to transcend the conformity of the herd and the inertia of one's own psyche, and which thus are a 'Yes!' to being. Naturally, this is dangerous - as you say, it can be an excuse for just plain foolhardiness. But a Satanist is someone who achieves a mastery - who experiences, and then, learning from that experience, transcends it. It is the failures who become trapped (in their own desires and their limited perceptions, for instance). So some fail - they obviously were not possessed of enough Satanic qualities. That is the nature of our existence - the tough win through, the weak perish. It is not for me or anyone to limit, to prescribe, to forbid - the selection occurs by itself, by 'trial and error'. Each individual must learn for themselves - this is the crux. No one can do it for them. The essence, born via experiences, cannot be learnt from books, it cannot even be taught - it must be experienced. All I and any genuine Master can/is give advice, perhaps suggest some experiences which may be interesting and suitable - but the novice must undertake the experiences. If they learn from them, fine. There are more experiences and adventures waiting. If they fail, for whatever reason, or do not learn from the experience - tough!

In respect of politics. You mention that if a Satanist used politics, he or she never could achieve political success because Satanism is so unpopular. Naturally, if that Satanist was known as a Satanist - but if he/she kept this secret, as many do and have done, there is no problem. Of course there might be a danger of being 'exposed' as a Satanist - but that in itself is a challenge: to work under "deep cover". It requires a special person, certain skills - a Satanic character, in fact. I know of one particular person, many years ago, who did just that, until his aims were achieved.

However, my general point concerned a novice who might get involved with politics as a learning experience - for perhaps a year or so. This experience is quite different from that resulting from announcing, publicly, that one is a Satanist (this in itself is an experience which some Satanic novices choose to learn from). To become involved in extreme politics provides many opportunities for manipulating others (speaking in public; writing propaganda); for testing one's courage (participating in a rally/march where one's opponents are in the majority and threaten violence); for learning about comradeship and betrayal. And so on.

Further, although fascism as a creed had some links with the Nazarene Church, National-Socialism was, in essence, contradictory to Nazarene philosophy and ways of living. Most modern and authentic National-Socialist groups are anti-Nazarene (as witness Matt Koehl's 'New Order' in the US). But, essentially, the question is not about a particular type of political world-view, be it fascism or whatever, being contradictory or not to Satanism. The question is about all political forms being forms - structures which can be used, for a Satanic purpose, to achieve Satanic goals. The question of what might happen to individuals within a certain type of State is only a short-term question, and its asking implies a lack of what I have called 'Aeonic insight'.

Basically, Aeonics is a study of those processes which mould individuals and societies over long periods of time - how people, alone and in groupings, have been and can be manipulated, changed, controlled. It is study of those energies which affect and infect the psyche and which produce and change archetypal forms,

and which thus mould character - and thus make 'history'.

Aeonics has nothing to do with Crowley. It is a rational analysis of the causes underlying historical change, and Aeonick Magick is the use of magickal energies to effect aeonic change - i.e. change on a large scale over significant periods of time. Basically, Satanic strategy (or 'the sinister dialectic of history' as it is sometimes called) is about using such energies to bring changes broadly in line with Satanic aims - i.e. enable individuals to fulfil their potential, evolve to become like gods and so on. This strategy is based on reality - both in terms of the energies used, and 'human nature'. Therefore, the goals are seen as long term - of centuries or more. The aim has been, and is to increase the number of genuine Satanic Adepts, and to provide changes which enable this.

Thus, it will be seen that Satanism, when understood correctly, is not solely about self-advancement - it is also about using magickal and non-magickal forms/energies to produce changes within societies which incline toward the fulfilment of Satanic aims. This does not mean a kind of 'altruism' - it means a calculating, reasoned assessment and then a striving and working toward certain long-term goals, this assessment and this striving actually enhancing our existence in a positive, Satanic way. In the simple sense, it may be considered as Satanic manipulation on a large scale. The assessment itself, and the reasoned understanding behind it, requires the development of special abilities - one of which may be said to be 'Thought'. This is a development of our consciousness, and leads beyond language. It is a special kind of 'thinking' - a thinking with symbols, although the symbols are not abstract, as in mathematics, but rather 'numinous', archetypal. Essentially, it extends the range of our being. This type of thinking is pre-figured, and made possible by, 'The Star Game' - a collocation of symbols which extends both our intuitive and our reasoning faculties. The mastery of this 'game', and thus the use of a new way of reasoning/being, is a sign that one has taken evolution further - has become almost a new type of 'human', one so far above the majority that it is difficult to conceive one ever belonged to or related to that majority.

This rational analysis of Aeonics leads to certain judgements, a lot of which are mis-contrued by those who call themselves Satanists because they understand those judgements on a personal basis - usually castigating the individual or group which presents them from what is essentially a 'moral' position. That is, there is a 'projection', by those Satanists (and Occultists in general), onto the forms/judgements that they cannot really understand because their perspective is so limited - so caught up in the constraints of their time and society. This is what I meant by 'cosy, intellectual and basically moral abstractions'. Most who profess to be Satanists cannot see very far - they cannot reason, coldly and unemotionally and deeply. They accept other people's abstractions and ideas and 'reasons' and have not thought the matter out for themselves because it is either too difficult for them or they (once again) are too lazy, too smug, too self-satisfied, too comfortable in their little 'Satanic' world with their 'Satanic' friends.

This judgement is part of genuine Satanic character, and arises from the self-insight born via hard, testing experiences and ordeals. A Satanist has to strip everything away - all props, go right back to the primal. This means he/she relies only their instinct, their character, their spirit - their inner resolve. This process takes years - and then, and only then, can the person acquire the other aspects a Satanist needs and must have: the 'intellectual' super-structure, the new ways of being, one of which I mentioned above (vide 'The Star Game'), the skills in magickal and people arts.

What has happened is that this foundation, this hard foundation, is lacking in nearly all modern 'Satanists' - they are too soft, have not been toughened, they rely too much on the comforts of society, on what others (like Aquino et al) have given them in terms of principles, beliefs, dogma and so on.

Hence, when I say that National-Socialist Germany aided the sinister dialectic, it is mis-understood: as me being a 'National-Socialist' or something of the kind. I am simply stating a fact of Aeonics - as I do when I say that a future State or

Empire which was inspired by National-Socialism would also aid the achievement of Satanic aims, over centuries. Others, who perhaps have not reasoned deeply about such things, express naive views like a new Satanic age is just around the corner and that politics hinders the coming of this age. I know the reality of human nature and the times in which we live, and I know most people today are little different from what they were thousands of years ago (in some ways, we have lost something - as I am aware when I read Homer or Sophocles). They have hardly evolved at all - there is more illusion about 'inner progress' and conscious evolution than there is reality. In fact, the Occult in general fosters this illusion. Thus I understand that real change arises slowly - most people still delude themselves, are still in thrall to unconscious influences, still swayed by appearance. Our whole modern world conspires to make this so - magick, and particularly the Left Hand Path, is a means to the essence behind appearance: or rather, it was. Its awe, primal nature, its inspiration, its dark numinosity can really liberate and change. Thus my castigation of those who I see as pedalling a 'safe Satanism', an easy path to liberation - they destroy the one thing capable of liberating those in thrall. And they do it (a) to glorify they own ego, and (b) because they have not understood the way itself.

I trust this will/^{be}of interest and perhaps thought-provoking, and look forward to your comments.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

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England

28th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Further to my recent letter, perhaps a few more comments might clarify the position of the ONA, and be of interest to you.

By making certain material available - on sacrifice, for example - and by writing certain MSS dealing with that and other 'dark' topics, I and others have done two things. First, made it clear that such material is part of my tradition and that it recounts what was/is done. Second, returned to Satanism that darkness and evil which really belongs to it (at least in the novice stage).

I have no desire to give Satanism a 'good name' - on the contrary. I wish it to be seen as I understand it to be - really dangerous and difficult. Naturally, many others believe the publication of certain material is mistaken, just as those who oppose Satanism have and can use that material to confirm their views on Satanism. The decision to make such material available was made only after considerable thought with full knowledge of the consequences.

Of course, I may be mistaken - I make no claim to be 'inferentially infallible'. I welcome positive discussion - the dialectic of learning. My thesis re the nature of certain practices which I inherited is open to discussion, an 'antithesis', from which a new synthesis and understanding may emerge. But all those in other Satanic organizations have done is 'proscribe' the ONA, or attack me personally or mount campaigns of dis-information against the ONA. The whole attitude of such groups, as befits their nature, is patronising - vide Aquino, in his letter to me of October 7 XXV: he, the Master or teacher, and I a student (of potential!) under his guidance and submitting to the rules of the ToS. He, and others, have stated that human sacrifice is not and never has been a part of Satanism. Well, it probably is not and never has been a part of some traditions - but it was/is a part of my own tradition, according to principles laid down a long time ago regarding the victim or offer choosing themselves, the act then being akin to an act of 'natural justice'. [qv. the MSS 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime'; 'Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed'; A Gift for the Prince' etc. I shall send you copies of some of these, since they may be of interest.]

As with many things, sacrifice can be misconstrued. The affirmation that it has occurred as part of one Satanic tradition at least can be taken up by those weaklings (in terms of character) who circulate around the fringes of the Left Hand Path, and give them an excuse to indulge in criminal acts. That is, such people fail to understand the reasons for such acts (the correct choice of offer, for instance) as they can never rise above their own weaknesses. Are these consequences my responsibility, or not? Or am I acting like a Satanist (my kind, anyway) and standing back, perhaps with laughter, when a probable consequence becomes a fact? Does this unsettle you? Horrify you? Does this provoke a challenge and make you question the nature of Satanism?

The same applies to the use of politics. Is it worth the death of x number of others (in a war, say) to give birth to one, perhaps two, genuine Satanic Adepts? I would answer in the affirmative. Does that make me cruel? Or Satanic?

Also, I do not believe it to be necessary nor desirable for Satanism to try and become respectable - or even improve its image. Nor even to try and counter the propaganda of the Nazarene fundamentalists. Such things are irrelevant. What matters is presenting the essence of Satanism so enabling individuals to work at their own self-development in a Satanic way. As I mentioned before, Satanism fundamentally means individuals striving to go beyond what they are. This is hard, and means that not many will attempt it; even fewer will be successful. The means cannot be made easier - for that would destroy the essence.

Thus, the ONA is in conflict with groups like the ToS who really want to make Satanism easy and safe and thus become rather more widespread than it is now. It is personal, direct experience, ordeals and so on, which are important. For instance, to achieve Adeptship the ONA believes each individual must undergo certain formative experiences. One of these involves living alone, in an isolated location, for three months with only the bare necessities required for physical survival. These conditions are necessary, for by so living in such a way the individual strips away all self-illusions, exposes all their inner weaknesses, and makes them reliant only on themselves. There are no distractions, no friends to give comfort, no material comforts to soften the hardship. This [which is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept] is tough. But it is the key to Adeptship. There is no short cut, no easy way. To succeed in this ordeal, the individual must have or develop an infernal strength, a certain character. Naturally, many fail - some renounce their Satanism, some find excuses for giving up. But one either stays the distance, observing the conditions of harshness, or one does not. Many are they who have said that this ordeal is not necessary - they believe there are other ways (all easier, of course), or they are afraid of confronting themselves without the supports normally around them: friends, lovers, organizations, dogma, material comforts. They and others like them can believe what they wish - but that particular ordeal works: it produces a strong, insightful character ready for the new challenges which can inspire an Adept. Or it destroys.

I understand Adeptship not as a reward given by someone else (such as Aquino) for what they perceive as 'progress' or 'ability', nor even as the undertaking of any kind of ritual at the end of which one congratulates oneself and appoints oneself as 'Adept'. Rather, it is the achievement of a certain self-insight and knowledge, allied to an understanding and judgement born of experience. It is also mastery of certain skills (some magickal, some not-magickal) and a developed awareness stemming from a synthesis of rational understanding (or 'intellectualism') and intuition. It is a stage in the Satanic way of living - a stage reached by self-effort and struggle. A Master (or Mistress) is a stage beyond this - there is no gift, infernal or otherwise, which confers the attributes of this stage of individual evolution. It is achieved, by the individual, not a reward and certainly not a self-appointed title assumed after a few years playing at Satanism and safe magick.

However, it is true that present conditions are more favourable toward the propagation of Satanism than was the case decades ago. But even were direct 'persecution' and anti-Satanic laws to return, Satanism would continue: it would re-adopt the practices of those decades. The cell system; the oral transmission; 'deep cover'. Novices would still be trained; goals would still be achieved. So 'favourable' conditions are not necessary - indeed, some see them as detrimental: they make organizations like the CoS possible!

These present conditions provide some opportunities - of increasing the number of genuine practitioners of the Black Arts and of making available for present and future generations the methods and techniques of those Arts. The real aims of Satanism will be achieved whatever the external forms our societies may take - Satanists, like the shape-changers they are, will adapt and prosper. These aims are essentially two-fold: continuing the tradition (i.e. training Adepts; providing opportunities for seeding Satanism), and gradually changing evolution.

The second of these will actually arise from the first - the changes will occur because of the increasing number of Adepts. These may be likened to a new species which at first is small in number but which, over decades and centuries, increases. In time, it will dominate. The first arises because it is one of the obligations of each new Adept to find someone suitable and guide them toward Adeptship. These changes will, as I explained in my last letter, take time - centuries, in fact. There is no way the process can be speeded up - each individual must acquire the knowledge, the character, the experiences, for themselves, and this takes time. It takes less time now than it did - because we understand more, we are more conscious of what we are actually doing (or at least some of us are). It is possible and indeed probable that over the next century or so the time taken to reach Adeptship and the stages beyond will be reduced. But the situation at the moment is as it is. A century ago it took perhaps twenty or thirty years of one's life to achieve real Adeptship. Now, it can take as little as five to ten years. What has not changed (at least yet) is the number who reach that stage. As I wrote many years ago, most people want easy solutions, they want someone to do the work for them, to confer titles on them - or they are so comfortable with their illusions and delusions (regarding their magickal abilities and their self-insight, for instance) that they see no reason to change, to really struggle; to reach toward Adeptship. All I can do is point the way - offer some guidance. It is up to each individual whether they begin the quest, and having begun, whether they succeed.

The fundamental questions which should be asked are: what, fundamentally, is Satanism? What does it mean in terms of the life of the individual? What does it mean in terms of society? The ONA offers some answers. Organizations like the ToS give other answers, some of which contradict the ONA ones. Each individual must arrive at their own assessment. The ONA offers a practical system which I and others know from experience works - at least in producing our kind of Satanist! The ONA is critical and controversial: it is provoking, Adversarial, occasionally irreverent. This in itself is creative. It engenders response.

Once again, I would welcome your response to the matters raised in this letter and the various MSS.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

David Austen.

Magister Templi. 10.
Temple of Set

x 4793
N
3XX

United Kingdom

Adept Kerry Bolton
PO Box 38-262
Peytone
WELLINGTON
New Zealand

5th August 1992

Dear Adept Bolton

I trust you are well and not working too hard? Also thankyou for the past copies of the *WATCHER* which has proved to be an interesting little magazine.

It is concerning publishing and avertising that I am writing to you.

Over the last 18 months or so a group calling itself *The Brotherhood of Balder* has emerged and at the first glance their endeavours seem quite worthy. However I have had to draw the High Priest's attention to certain of the *small print* in the *BALDER* magazine.

They apparently claim to have *working relationships* with the following groups The Order of Nine Angles (ONA) and The Ordo Templi Baph-metis (OTB)

The ONA was proscribed to Setians by the High Priest aprox five years ago and on his direct instructions we do not retain in the Temple anyone who affiliates with it. Reasons:

(1) The ONA published rituals purporting to be "Satanic" which prescribe human sacrifice. Human Sacrifice is unacceptable to the Temple of Set, and the representation of it as a "Satanic" practise is equally unacceptable.

(2) The ONA whilst representing itself as a viable, functioning organisation, appears to be only a fictional device used by a single individual for self-advertisement, and even that individual hides behind a varley of false names viz: Christos Beestos, Stephen Brown, Anton Long and his legal mundane name David Myatt, but all the letters from these "individals" are written on the same typewriter! Such deviousness and dishonesty are unacceptable to the Temple of Set.

(3) The ONA takes its name and elements of its imagery from the *Ceremony of the Nine Angles*, authored by Dr Aquino for the *Satanic Rituals*, in 1971.CE. The ONA denies this appropriation and declines to ask our permission for such use, and this is unacceptable to the Temple of Set.

(4) The Temple of Set, while welcoming and appreciating non-affiliated interest in Satanism generally, recognises no claim to confer or hold any Priesthood of the Prince of Darkness other than the Priesthood of Set as entrusted to the Temple of Set.

The OTB and its magazine ABRAXAS are run by one James Martin. Martin was formerly a Setian 1* with the Temple of Set nearly 5-6 years ago a copy of a magazine called *Ganymede* was sent to the High Priest by the proprietor one Stephen J Waters. The reason being that Martin had written an article for the same. GANYMEDE has a reputation in the UK for promoting pederasty and pædophilia, the article was also along those lines.

The Priesthood were asked to interview James Martin which was accordingly done. Assurances were given by Martin that he had no inclinations toward pædophilia but shortly after the interview resigned from the Temple. Martin wrote to Waters claiming he had been expelled for being gay!

Shortly there after ABRAXAS appeared openly supporting Pæophilia and pederasty duely complimenting GANYMEDE. The OTB was a latter development based on Waters' organisation CEROS, promoting the *Erosian current*.

We are also disappointed to discover that John [REDACTED] (who resigned from the Priesthood and Temple last April) held dual membership of the Brotherhood of Balder whilst a Priest of Set which is not permitted. [REDACTED] was assigned an alias because of employment problems (he works for the Inland Revenue-in which he is a senior officer). Mr [REDACTED] had been threaten with the sack if he continued in the TOS and so adopted the name *Richard Saunders* or Bro Richard of Shropshire, circa 1989.

Sadly he has been rather foolish in placing his personal security at risk by using this name in a non-Temple capacity and would have been better advised to create a new "name". I have since been made aware that one of members, expelled by Ippsissimus Lewis, is also a member of this group and well aware of [REDACTED] alias, couple with this person's lust for position and power [REDACTED] has placed himself in a rather precarious position.

In making you aware of these matters Dr Aquino, The High Priest, has asked me to advise you that any Official functions or Contacts or Publications of your own OLHP in your capacity as an Adept or Pylon Sentinel of the Temple of Set should not in any way promote or acknowledge any of these groups or individuals. Also that membership in them is incompatible with Temple of Set Affiliation.

Indeed in the samples of BALDER I have received, April 1991-July 1991, it was difficult not to miss articles refered to as originating from OLHP-by Scorpianus, an advert for the WATCHER and also the detailed piece about the group under *working relationships*?

If you have any questions or problems with the forgoing information I am more than happy for you to discuss the matter further with the High Priest or any other member of the Priesthood you see fit to write to.

However I do hope you can appreciate the general concerns over this matter and any connections with the Order of the Nine Angles. Like wise the Brotherhood of Balder.

██████ clear deceit in association with such a group was clearly deliberate since he holds the title *First National Member*. However the holder of that designation for Finland has since resigned finding it incompatible with his Temple Affiliation.

I would commend this matter to you for most urgent action and would appreciate being kept informed of development etc.

Needless to add this letter is confidential in its entirety and not for general discussion or information outside of the Priesthood of Set.

Xeper and Remanifest

David Austen IV*

David Austen IV*
Magister Templi

CC:

Dr Michael A Aquino
Priest Petri Laakso

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire

28th August 103 yf (1992 ev)

Dear Mr. Austen,

A copy of your letter of the 5th of August to K. Bolton of New Zealand has been passed on to me. I consider a letter from me to you to be in order since you made mention of the ONA, and myself.

First, I will deal with the issues you itemised in your letter, in the order you listed them.

1) Human sacrifice. Human sacrifice has been and still is part of traditional Satanism. The victims or offers are never chosen at random. They are carefully selected, then judged, then given tests of character. Accordingly, it is their own character and actions which condemn them. Human sacrifice is a culling and an expression of Satanism in action. [In this respect, the enclosed MS may be of interest, as might articles which deal in detail with this and related topics of esoteric Satanism, and which are contained in the collections 'Hysteron Proteron' and 'Hostia'.]

Until quite recently, this aspect of tradition was governed by a strict code of silence. But this has now been done away with in order to express for once and for all the real nature of Satanism - to counteract the moralizing of some individuals who regard themselves as 'Satanists' and who deny that such sacrifice is a part of Satanism in order to gain "respectability" and win sycophantic supporters.

If you peruse the literature we have made available on this subject (such as the MSS 'Guidelines for the Testing of Offers', 'Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice II') you will see that the approach is sophisticated and genuinely Satanic. Of course, I and others expect organizations like the Temple of Set to not only disapprove of publishing such things, but also to claim that such things are not and never have been a part of Satanism. Well, they are certainly not part of armchair Satanism - nor of the pseudo-intellectual type which reduces (or tries to reduce) Satanism to a playing at wizards for the titillation of the ego.

2) The members of the ONA remain - with two exceptions - secret, for obvious tactical and strategic reasons given the nature of traditional Satanism and the reality of the sinister dialectic. Furthermore, we regard Satanism as an individual quest, and so as an Order offer guidance and advice only: each novice forms, as part of their quest, a Temple to work magick and to practice Satanism in action. Thus, there is a cell system.

The two exceptions are myself, and Christos Beest. We have a limited 'public' role - mine is decreasing as his is increasing since he is ascending to be the outer representative of the Order. The fact that you regard these two individuals as one and the same person shows your lack of research and lack of information concerning the ONA. You might, for instance, have asked Pete Carroll about Mr. Beest - and one of the Temple of Set members who some years ago enquired about joining the ONA and met me - before you sat down at your keyboard to write your letter. Had you done this fundamental research, you would have discovered that there are two different individuals involved. Not that either Christos or myself are bothered - for myself, it is pleasing to be credited with the skills which produced the beautifully Satanic images of 'The Sinister Tarot' (some colour photographs were published in 'Manteia' No. 4 if you are interested).

As for typewriters - what is one typewriter $\kappa\omicron\lambda\nu\acute{o}\varsigma$ between two? Other than perhaps an obvious tactic to avoid detection of that other one (or two or whatever) and to make people like you draw the conclusion you were intended to make. Perhaps I shall lend Christos this typewriter, or another one, when he writes his own reply to your letter.

3) The ONA takes its name from an aspect of esoteric tradition which existed before the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan - and which perhaps was unconsciously (perhaps consciously) 'tapped into' by he who wrote some of the rituals for the Satanic Bible attributed to LaVey. Or perhaps it was even more sinister than that - a psychic contagion as part of the sinister dialectic. Whatever, what Aquino related was garbled nonsense, esoterically, and bears no resemblance to the genuine esoteric tradition. This tradition is accessible for those prepared to look - and concerns re-presenting causal and acausal space-time. One aspect of this tradition is the septenary Star Game. If you are really interested, the relevant MSS can be sent to you. [Some have appeared in various Occult zines.]

Or perhaps you are referring to a fable published in that fable which was to be 'The Book of Wyrd'? I quote from 'List of ONA MSS 1974-1992ev': "This work was first collated in 1985 eh. It contained some ONA material but was mostly written as an introduction to the Order ... As such, many of the rituals were 'sanitized' or otherwise changed, and some fables were included which those of sufficient sagacity (i.e. prospective applicants) were expected to see through ... The book was never published by the Publisher who had agreed to do so... Shortly after the work was abandoned for publication a decision was made by the Grand Master of the Order to make all ONA MSS available without alteration over a period of seven years." This period of seven years ends this year - and all the MSS are now available, including hitherto highly secret ones. [These were mostly published in the last two issues of 'Fenrir'.]

Now, to the really interesting part of your letter - the attitude and structure of the Temple of Set.

By proscribing certain organizations and individuals, and indeed by having a code of ethics which members must adhere to, the Temple of Set shows itself not to be an organization of the Left Handed Path and not to be Satanic. As I have written in an article which I understand 'The Heretic' will be publishing:

"The LHP means the individual takes responsibility for their actions and their quest ... There are no safety nets of any kind on the LHP - there is no dogma to rely on, no one to provide comfort and soften the blows, no organization, individual or 'Being' to run to when things get difficult and which will provide support and sympathy and understanding. Or which, just as importantly, takes away the responsibility of the Initiate for their deeds.

... The RHP prescribes behaviour and limits personal responsibility. The LHP means self-responsibility and self-effort. The RHP requires the individual to conform in certain ways. The LHP is non-restrictive... LHP organizations and Masters/Mistresses only offer guidance and advice, based on their own experience."

In the LHP, there is nothing that is restricted or forbidden - each Initiate make their choice, and acts. By proscribing certain things, and having a code of ethics, the Temple of Set is acting like a restrictive RHP organization. It is also not being Satanic when it insists that members be submissive to its doctrines and views. Satanism, of the genuine kind, is concerned with individual defiance - a Satanist never submits to anyone or anything. As it has been written: 'A Satanist would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit.' You have submitted yourself to the Temple of Set, and to Aquino most of all. Where is your proud defiance? Where is your individual, unique Destiny?

You further say, and I quote: 'The Temple of Set ... recognises no claim to confer or hold any Priesthood of the Prince of Darkness other than the Priesthood of Set as entrusted to the Temple of Set.'

In the context of genuine Satanism, this is arrant nonsense. Why? Because the Prince of Darkness does not seek followers who act and behave like slaves - like Nazarene scum. Who obey, who expect, who fear, who are fundamentally weak because they need the security of belief, of being dominated by someone. Rather, the Prince of Darkness seeks those who wish to be like Him - those who strive in their lives to be Satanic. That is, proud, strong, defiant, individualistic, creative, Promethean ... Of course, He also wants these strong ones, these brothers and sisters of His, to control others, to do His works through them and by them - to lead them into evil and lead the world toward a more satanic way of living.

What this means in reality, is that organizations like the Temple of Set may contain one or perhaps two real Satanists who are using the members for their own ends or for the glory of Satan Himself, to work evil. Were they not doing this, they would not be Satanists, but altruistic individuals of the RHP kind. Further, had the Temple of Set any real satanists other than the few who control it and thus direct its members, those Satanists would rebel. That they meekly accept their lot (however many clever words they may use to delude themselves with) shows their true nature.

While on this subject - you refer to yourself as a Master of the Temple. What, then, are your creative achievements? What have you, as a 'Master' added to esoteric knowledge? Have you really confronted the Hell within you and external to you and are truly a Master of yourself - mentally, psychically and physically? Have you existed in the Abyss of Nothingness and so been tempted by 'the other side'? By 'the good', by the 'divine'? Have you - as a Master of the Temple has - gone into the real wilderness and stripped away all the delusions of the conscious, the unconscious and the pre-conscious and so become one with Satan and thus that un-named energy which motivates change and hence evolution? Have you faced the terror of what is beyond even the power of the Prince of Darkness? Have you - as a Master of the Temple has - been intoxicated with living? Been faced with your own physical death? Have you tasted the Elixir of violence, of combat, of conquest, of exploration, of creation? Have you gone to and beyond your physical limits of endurance? Have you felt what it is like to kill - to love with the passion of a demon? Have you lived on the edge like van Gogh, Nietzsche, Beethoven - aware of what is to be done, of the power of oneself and yet aware of madness? To be brief - have you lived to the full, become replete with experiences and needed time to savour them, to learn from them, to distill that elixir which is Wisdom? Have you experienced the delights and the knowledge and the sadness of knowing: of a god? Are you a real Master of magic!

Or have you had your 'title' awarded by someone? Have you real judgement of others? Real esoteric knowledge - real skills in all forms of magick? Real understanding of aeons, of individuals, of those things which shape others consciously and unconsciously over both causal and acausal time? Or have you a title because you have been helpful to someone and conformed to his ideas and ways and so been rewarded? Has what you perceive to be your progress been via theory or via someone else's rituals? Or has it been via the testing fires of experience in real life? Are you really the Master of your own Temple - or that of someone else? Have you gone to both extremes of living - the light and the dark - and found the synthesis between and beyond them?

It would be interesting to learn of your answers to some of these questions. Meanwhile, I enclose some recent ONA material which should be of interest, if only for its controversial statements.

On the personal level, I - and some others - believe that what I have added to the esoteric tradition I inherited surpasses that of all other traditions put together. In comparison, the contribution of the Temple of Set is negligible and Satanically irrelevant. On other subjects my creative contribution is impressive - as it should be for a Satanist.

Stephen Brown

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THE SATANIC LETTERS
OF
STEPHEN BROWN

Volume II

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First published 1992 eh

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Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam

Introduction

Collected here are some of the letters written by a Satanic Adept over a period of a few years to a variety of individuals with a view to explaining some of the tenets of traditional Satanism.

Some letters to or concerning this Adept are also included to give context. All the letters are reproduced from the originals.

It is anticipated that the publication of these letters will be of interest to those who, for whatever reason, are curious about Satanism in particular and the Occult in general.

This present volume is the second of a series of projected volumes containing letters from the Adept who now has the honour of being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups.

This present selection contains some correspondence with Order novices which seeks to explain what is expected of a Satanic novice. It also contains letters which continue some of the themes of letters in Volume I - in particular human sacrifice and the nature of other groups describing themselves as 'Satanist'.

Order of Nine Angles

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire
England

9th September 103yf

Dear Dr. Aquino,

Enclosed please find a copy of a reply to a letter by Mr. Austen here in the U.K. With his letter, he included a copy of yours to Mr. Bolton in which you made mention of me. Thus, I considered a letter from me to you to be in order.

Apropos of sacrifice. To the material originally published, to which you took exception, there has now been added much more - and some of these MSS are enclosed since they might be of interest. You will probably regard the publication of this material as 'mistaken' - among other things.

I, however, regard it as necessary at this moment of time, for three fundamental reasons. (1) It expresses what traditional Satanists regard as Satanic practice: i.e. Satanism in action. (2) It restores to Satanism that darkness which belongs to it. (3) Such distribution of such material is a part of sinister strategy, - an exoteric aspect of this being an obvious dialectic: opposition, synthesis, change.

If you study the literature we have made available on this subject, you may appreciate that what is stated is rather different from what most assume or believe is stated. [I refer to the MSS "Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice II"; "Victims - A Sinister Expose"; "Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers" and so on.] We are expressing the philosophy of the noble and the strong in forthright terms - not shying away from difficult issues, not pretending we, as Satanists, are some kind of altruistic, pacifist, kind folk who are 'mis-understood'. The fundamental principle behind the action is that some people are worthless - and, because of their deeds and character, do not deserve to live. In fact, that their demise is healthy - akin to an act or acts of 'natural justice'. This is a statement of genuine Satanism - as is the statement that opfers are human culling in action. The MSS make it quite clear that opfers - victims for Satanic sacrifice - deserve what they get: they have been judged, tested, and found suitable. Thus, no victim can be 'innocent' or a child. It is/deeds of those chosen which condemns them.

It is to be expected that you will not find this acceptable. I could give many examples of creatures who by their actions have shown themselves to be worthless - who deserve to die. Any individual who possesses a noble character, who understands the concept of 'honour', will know what is meant here - they will have a healthy instinct, not be perverted by the sickness of the Nazarene, and so will possess real judgement. Accordingly, I will give a general example in the hope of explicating the matter. [A few specific examples are given in the MSS.]

Those who adhere to the real philosophy which underlies Satanism [to be precise I suppose I should say 'philisophy of life' rather than just 'philosophy'] accept that battle, war, combat and conquest are necessary - the strong thrive, the weak perish. And perhaps most important of all, through struggle character is bred - and individuals exposed for what they are: noble or ignoble; brave or cowardly. In battle, there is no hiding place - words are no good, it is deeds which count. Intellectual sophistry is of no avail - one either is noble, or one is not. In facing death, there is truth - within each one who faces death. I quote from a fragment of an ancient Greek poem which is of interest here (my translation):

"Noble and glorious is he who fights
For his folk and family against the foe.
Since death comes when chosen by Fate -
Bringing to an end the thread of life -
Go forward with spear held high and shields shielding brave hearts

When battle is joined:

There is no flight from death, for that Destiny comes to all mortals
Even they claiming descent from the gods.

Many from the battle fury of roaring javelins have fled to their home -
But even there, their fate of death awaits:
And they die unloved and unmourned by their folk
While both the high and the low born lament for the brave.

All of a community weep for the courageous, who die:
And if they live, they are hailed like a god,
Exalted by those who behold them
For the deeds of the many, they did alone."

[Kallinos.]

In battles, people die. Someone kills them. In an important sense, a battle is a culling - a test, a trial by the gods. A warrior society (such as that of ancient Greece or Rome) is one where what I call 'Satanic' values are upheld. There is no guilt about certain things, no morbid 'ethics' to condemn certain things, like conquest and combat. There are warrior gods - gods to whom sacrifices are made. In a sense, those slain in battle are offerings to these gods.

Of course, some of these attributes are instinctive - certain deeds and beliefs arise from a 'thinking with the blood' rather than from cerebral contemplation. As such, they describe the individual of action rather than the gentle Nazarene mystic or the monkish philosopher. The morality of such a society re-presents natural justice - a balance, and, as mentioned above, a part of this is that some people are worthless.

As you are aware, this morality, this natural balance, has been supplanted by a morality deriving from the Nazarene - in the societies of the West, at least. The result, as someone once wrote, is a slave-morality rather than a master-morality: the celebration of the coward and the pseudo-intellectual (whose abstract cleverness is esteemed more than the judgement born via experience), and the demise of the warrior, the noble of spirit. This has resulted in the proliferation of human dross - for every 'human' life is regarded as somehow 'sacred' or at least worth something.

It is in this context that the 'Sacrifice' MSS should be understood. They espouse truths about worth and character - truths which are really heretical. And Satanic. That you and some others who profess to be Satanists have joined in the chorus of condemnation is interesting.

The real difference between the action advocated in these heretical writings and warriors in battle is, of course, that the former are rational, calculated acts. They arise from assessment, a judgement. In effect, they are morally superior because of this - because they are conscious and deliberate. In this, lies their Satanic essence. They do not arise from an uncontrolled personal desire. They are not performed by weak persons in thrall to their desires or their unconscious or indeed anything. They derive from a higher, ethical, understanding - from the experience of character. In brief, from real Wisdom, an overview. I wonder if you will understand what I mean.

The same applies, although more so, to those actions which result from the implementation of sinister strategy - or, rather, which can and occasionally have, resulted from such strategy. To wit, wars; disruption, conflict. Things which achieve certain sinister goals, which aid evolution, change. Since you claim the title 'Satanic Ipssimus' you should really understand all this - and have the insight to perceive what I and others have been trying to do all these years.

That you castigate my work from an 'ethical' standpoint makes me wonder two things. First, have you the understanding and the insight but for tactical reasons connected with the structure and strategy of the Temple of Set prefer to write and speak otherwise? Or, second, whether you do, in fact, lack the insight and understanding of even a real Satanic 'Master of the Temple' not to mention the

stages beyond?

I state what I understand to be Satanic truths openly and honestly - for example, what Satanism means and implies both for the individual, ^{and} or aeonically (particularly this latter) - while the Temple of Set seems intent only on creating a 'good public impression', with promoting an 'image'. This 'image' is of a respectable, ethical religion. Of course, I have heard it said, that the real work of the Temple of Set is hidden from those who have not proved themselves loyal members - or something similar. If this is true, then who is being deceitful? Who is using duplicity? If it is not true - that is, there is nothing beyond this 'image', this playing at Satanism - then the Temple is meaningless, in aeonic terms, and probably in personal terms as well. I hide nothing - the ONA hides nothing. All its teachings are now accessible. There are no 'secrets', no doctrines for an 'inner circle' of trusted acolytes. The only thing that is secret, is connected with the identity of members - for obvious tactical reasons.

This brings me to the ONA itself. It is not a fictitious organization used as a front by myself. Its members are few, and for the most part stay well away from 'the Occult scene' and other organizations. But I imagine you and others in the Temple will continue to claim otherwise, and repeat ad nauseam your claims. Personally, I do not care - the other members do not care, for we all know such claims bolster the image of the Temple of Set.

On the personal level, I do not hide behind a claim like having an Infernal Mandate. I cultivate no personal, demonic, image. I do not claim that what I teach and write is sanctified by the Prince of Darkness Himself. What I teach or write is the result mostly of my own experiences, my own creativity, my own insight. It should be judged on that basis - whether it is useful, it works, is significant. It should be judged by others on its merits. I did inherit some teachings from she who instructed me before and after one of the many Satanic Initiations I underwent. But even these are to be judged on their merits - they are not sanctified. Some of them are merely fables. Some derive from other sources and traditions (e.g. the alchemical one). Some, like Esoteric Chant, seem original. Whatever - it does not really matter. They are all means; steps to something beyond. They serve a purpose and then are mostly discarded. It is for each and every individual to judge them.

Maybe a fruitful dialogue will result from this letter. Maybe not. One trouble with playing a role, and maintaining a standing in an organization, is that it is often difficult to admit one is mistaken - and that someone, or some others, may be just as 'advanced' as oneself. One strives so hard not to 'lose face'.

I, fortunately, can just be myself. I am not infallible - have no position or even 'authority' to defend. Accordingly, I send you my best wishes.

Regards,

Stephen Brown



Temple of Set

Post Office Box 470307, San Francisco, California 94147
MCJ-Mail: 278-4041 * Telex: 6502784041

Michael A. Aquino, Ph.D.
High Priest of Set

August 21, 1992CE

Mr. Kerry R. Bolton
P.O. Box 38-262
Petone, Wellington
New Zealand

Dear Mr. Bolton:

Thank you for your 8/13 letter. While I did not dictate the contents of Magister Austen's 8/5 letter to you, and did not see it until after it had been sent, I did indicate to him that he was welcome to express his concerns to you. I think he did so fairly and reasonably and in keeping with the standards of ethics the Temple feels it is important to maintain in our contacts with other organizations and individuals.

In the past the Temple of Set has not formally "proscribed" any other organization, though individuals within the Temple have made known their evaluations of organizations and individuals when it seemed that such might be advocating or practicing behavior incompatible with our ethics, hence running the risk of reflecting badly upon any Setian, and by implication the Temple as a whole, found to be involved. This is something we have tried to do carefully and fairly, since Setians' freedom of speech and association is important to us.

What Magister Austen attempted to do was to set certain facts in front of you and point out that you were embarrassing the Temple, and risking your own reputation as a defender of ethics in the Satanic religion, by doing any degree of business with the persons in question. He welcomed further dialogue with you in an effort to resolve any confusion over the matter. While I am sorry that you decided to resign your Temple affiliation immediately in lieu of such further dialogue, it does relieve us from this awkward situation. It is none of the Temple's concern whom non-affiliated individuals endorse, publicize, or promote.

I must note one correction to your letter: I have never "acknowledged the æonic work or creativity of the ONA" - as the "ONA" is simply a fictitious organization used as a front by Mr. Myatt. I did say that I found Myatt himself to be articulate and intellectual - and that I accordingly regretted his duplicity, plagiarism, and advertisement of "Satanic human sacrifice" accordingly.

You have done the Prince of Darkness a great service in your defense of his name against the hate-propagandists in your country who have tried to distort and dishonor it. I am ever mindful of that, and wish you well in the future. Please feel welcome to contact us at any time.

Sincerely,

Michael A. Aquino



Temple of Set

2nd September 1992

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David Austen
Magister Templi IV°

Dear Mr Brown/Long/Mayatt

Many thanks for your letter 28th August for the contents there-in and the enclosures.

May I first take you up on the assumption that I lack in my research. Until the present time you have met with three persons who were or ultimately became affiliated to the Temple of Set viz Martin [REDACTED], Rosemary [REDACTED], and Vivienne [REDACTED]. I understand your favourite meeting point to be the Devils Elbow or armpit or whatever. S [REDACTED] met Anton Long, W [REDACTED] did not say what name was used in her meeting but B [REDACTED] met Stephen Brown all describe the same person. Now being perfectly frank I really do not care what you call yourself or how many people you play at being perhaps you might like to acquire a different typeface for each and suitable graphological changes to each signature.

The information I have referred to in writing to Mr Bolton was obtained from the afore-mentioned sources and Martin [REDACTED] also afforded me the opportunity to read the *BOOK OF WYRD*. I found the subject matter well written, well presented and quite informative.

Taking that material and balancing it out against the rendering of the Rite of the Nine Angles it shows the work of the RNA to have its origins in the Satanic Rituals of Anton LaVey. For in my experience of the Prince of Darkness is that when he moves to work in partnership with an Initiate he interfaces with the bodies own brain data banks. Thus one persons experience of *Tapping into the Source* would be as individual in the human difference.

As far as the Temple of Set is concerned. The TOS operates the iceberg policy most of its work is hidden from view. However as a legally constituted church we do have to provide some public interface. Whether or not that fits in with your notion of the way things should be is of little consequence to myself or the Temple of Set.

-2-

I do not refer to myself as a Master of the Temple. I am a Master of the Temple and have tasted of all of the basic experiences your letter outlines. However I have absolutely no intention of discussing such matters in an open letter to a perfect stranger. Likewise I do not think I have enough paper to do a reply justice!

The accent of the Temple is on individuality, not the sheep mentality, I chose at this present time to operate within the Temple of Set. My own written work is suitably catalogue within the Temple's archives, and various magazines. I do not use somebody else's rituals I write my own.

Whilst the material quality of the ONA's writings are excellent they are spoilt by the domination of a huge ego at work behind the whole "organisation". The contribution of the ONA or yourself to Satanism is great retarded by the duplicity this ego enjoys. Were this not the case you would not have written to me in the first place.

Thank you once again for the material I will read it through, I have read one FENRIR before, it was quite interesting.

I enclose Dr Aquino's reply to Boltons letter 13th/8.

If you are in London at any time and fancy debating this further then let me know.

My Regards

David Austin

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6th September 1992 eh

Dear Mr. Austen,

Thank you for your letter, and also a copy of the Aquino/Bolton letter, both of which were of interest.

Regarding the question of my 'ego' - yes, I naturally wish my own work, both magickal and non-magickal to be both remembered and useful: that is in the nature of any artist, even if they are unaware of it. It is part of the quest for excellence: that quality which inspired the ancient Greeks and which imbued so much of the 'Faustian' civilization whose end we are living through. But above and beyond this, I have a purpose or intent which is esoteric and genuinely sinister. By my letters, my writings, my actions, I construct an image and imbue it with certain energies. This is deliberate, a tactic to achieve certain specific esoteric goals, and these goals really have little to do with egotism.

In the past, I have used fables and a variety of names for good reasons. The obvious reasons are : (a) regarding fables - to test others, in accord with procedures established for those who wish to become members; (b) pseudonyms - to protect my professional work, and the confuse the media/Nazarenes. Some time ago, I chose a profession in order to achieve something specific in terms of sinister strategy. Until that aim was achieved (as it now is, on one level) * pseudonyms were necessary.

The less obvious reasons are connected with long-term goals. Most of the things/actions which you and others castigate as arising from 'egotism' were calculatingly done, as I mentioned above, to achieve esoteric goals. I will return to these later, since they are important in understanding the ONA, and since you might be interested in them, having the experience to appreciate them.

But to return for a moment to the question of the term 'Nine Angles' and the various rites and so on where the symbolism is employed. As mentioned in my previous letter, the 'Book of Wyrd' was essentially a fable. Chris Bray originally agreed to publish it and intended to 'hype' sales by various advertising ploys. This would have generated quite a lot of interest. The book was never intended to represent what at that time were the esoteric teachings and rituals of the ONA - it was basically an 'introduction' to the Order. Because the ONA version of Satanism was so different from what then was regarded as Satanism (basically the Church of Satan - few at the time in the U.K. knew of the Temple of Set) some common reference points were deemed to be necessary. One of these was a text called 'The Nine Angles' which appeared in the Book of Wyrd. This, and some of the rituals, was taken from a manuscript used by a group called 'The Temple of the Sun'. While this was a Left Hand Path group, it was not the ONA, nor even a part of the ONA, at the time the manuscript was written. (This was mentioned in the original Introduction to the Book of Wyrd.) Most of the (few) members left in this Temple did in fact join the ONA.

The esoteric meaning of the Nine Angles is given in several Order MSS, all of which have now been published in zines such as 'Fenrir' [one appeared in 'Brimstone'] and in works like 'Hostia'. As I mentioned to you in a letter dated 3.x.88 ev, the Nine Angles are understood as 'gates' (or nexions) to the acausal, seven of these being the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd. But beyond this, the nine re-present the pieces of The Star Game - a new form of magickal working appropriate to the next century.

The fact that copies of 'The Book of Wyrd' are still being read, for whatever reasons, is indicative of just how successful the pre-publicity of Mr Bray was. And the fact that its fables, intended to get people thinking for themselves, are not understood as fables is indicative of something else!

* I now move on to other tasks, and soon a new way of living - as is befitting, to gain even more experience.

While on this matter, you write that one individual, tapping 'into the source' would produce something individual - by which I presume you mean something different. While this is true sometimes - it is not true all the time, particularly in acts of sinister magick. It depends on the intent of that magick. For instance, consider The Black Mass. In most genuine Satanic versions, this is more than a mockery of the Nazarene mass - and more than a catharsis for the individual. A genuine Black Mass "tunes into" the magical energies often produced by the Nazarene ritual, and then alters them in a sinister way, to produce changes or effects 'in the world' and in susceptible people. These 'energies' exist in the psyche, and are accessed in ritual and via magic(k)l workings. The same is true of archetypal forms - these can be accessed by appropriate rites, and then altered/distorted by sinister desire. These changes then have an influence on the unconscious of those affected by the archetypes. Further, one individual may do a 'magickal' working and access some of the energies/archetypal forms - and then re-present them in the causal (the conscious world) perhaps by an artistic image or by an article or by a 'ritual'. Whatever, the 'original' energies re-emerge, perhaps in a new form, but still with some semblance to the original.

What Aquino created in his Nine Angles rites was essentially Lovecraftian. Where did he acquire the term 'nine angles' itself? Did he create it? He certainly created his nine angles as being the 5 points of the pentagram and the 4 edge angles of the phi-trapezoid. Or was there in existence before the creation of this rite by Aquino an esoteric tradition (however vague) concerning nine angles based on an entirely different concept - i.e. the angles formed by a di-tetrahedron enclosing the spiral path which links the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd? The septenary tradition is well-established in many versions - some alchemical, as evident in some alchemical manuscripts. Because of the Golden Dawn, and Crowley, the qabalistic tradition of 'ten' became the accepted norm in the Occult world - i.e. it was regarded as the "authentic esoteric tradition". The septenary tradition was never mentioned - until the ONA published the correspondences and so on of the Septenary Tree of Wyrd. Part of this tradition concerned Esoteric Chant, and here we may be getting to the ground of the problem.

Lovecraft created a fine sinister atmosphere via a mythos. He evoked a primal awareness of something sinister - something 'nameless'. That is, almost beyond words. To evoke this primal consciousness, language is useless. What is needed is something else. Aquino understood this, and so created his Nine Angles rites using not words, but almost primal sounds (most people probably did not understand the difference). In his creation, therefore, he was re-shaping what Lovecraft had created. But was this solely Lovecraft's creation? Or did Lovecraft by some means 'access' certain levels of consciousness (pre- or sub- if one prefers) and so re-present via the creative medium of writing some of the energies already present on those levels? He certainly evoked, despite what others see as his literary limitations, a primal energy which possessed more of the sinister than the accepted 'sinister' accessible in works of demonology, Grimoires and Crowley - at that time.

The tradition of Esoteric Chant (given in full in 'Naos' and recent issues of 'Fenrir') maintained that by certain chants (patterns of sound energy) certain sinister energies could be evoked. That is, these sounds, if faithfully reproduced, could access primal, sinister, energies - could, in fact, invoke the Dark Gods. However, by 'chants' I mean something specific - not merely 'chanting' words as chants are often understood today: one has to hear them to know what is meant.

I certainly did not 'create' Esoteric Chant - it is one of the few traditions inherited. It certainly evokes the sinister. The question is has what it represents been accessed by others, perhaps unconsciously? For example, by Lovecraft; by Aquino. What Esoteric Chant is, as a magickal technique, has been mentioned in what is now and has been 'accepted' as the Western esoteric tradition - the power of sound, to transform, to evoke, destroy and create. It is, in effect, part of esoteric legend.

All this, while quite interesting, takes us away somewhat from the contents of your letter! To conclude this question of the 'nine angles', I can only repeat

what I have said and written many times: the ONA uses the term in a specific way, connected with the septenary system, and does not derive it from Aquino, LaVey or Lovecraft or whomsoever. If others choose not to accept this, that is fine.

Regarding the Temple of Set members (or those who later became members) that I met. Those whom you mention, were just three individuals out of nearly 150 individuals I met between 1985 eh and 1990 eh who were interested in the Order.

One whom you mention, essentially just wanted to discuss things and talk about magick and the LHP - this person was not really interested in following the methods of the ONA. Another person whom you mentioned, desired a 'Master' in most senses of that term, while the other one was apparently merely curious, although possessed of a certain insight and a Satanic understanding. At my meeting with all of these, I stressed that the effort and commitment was theirs and theirs alone, that discussion of the means and ideas was basically irrelevant, and that it required hard, individual, work over many years.

As to the meeting places, these were chosen deliberately, either to provide them with an initial effort (and ensure they were alone - hence the isolated location) or to de-glamourize both myself and the Order, or indeed to do both. Most who enquired about the Order expected to find a La Vey or Aquino figure, suitably clothed, and a glamorous location. Their image of a 'Satanist' was conventional, and to destroy that image was a good starting point. This applies even to the 'intellectual' types - who consciously knew the image was false, but who often still unconsciously ^{ly} expected/hoped that image to be fulfilled.

Of all those I met in those years, only a few actually began to follow our system of training - most were not suitable to the Order and/or did not take their initial interest any further (mostly after realizing we worked on an individual basis and did not offer what they had expected). Of the few who did venture along the path, most gave up after some months or years. But the very few who remain are sufficient, at this moment in time.

Of course, I told some 'fables' to some people I met initially and sometimes on other occasions. And of course I, and a few others, tested all those who applied for membership - often without them being aware they were being tested. During the years mentioned, I was searching for suitable individuals, trying to recruit a few individuals to undertake specific esoteric tasks connected with sinister strategy - as well as weeding out the undesirables. I was not interested in gaining 'converts', in mere numbers, in playing the 'role' of all-knowing 'Master'. The procedures, which included the odd meeting places and much else, were designed to select, to test - they had a sinister intent. I never claimed to be 'ethical', just as I have never said or written that the ONA is an 'ethical' organization. What was necessary to achieve specific aims, was done. Years ago, while living in the Far East, I trained in a certain Martial Art - the procedures and tests used by Masters of that Art make the ones I used seem tame!

Since the aims of that period were achieved, the 'open' policy - of the Order being easily accessible and thus the tests and procedures required - is no more. We have moved on to the next phase of our strategy.

Before describing something of this strategy, perhaps I should add that I write 'we' with intent. Despite what Dr. Aquino and yourself, and some others, have and do claim, the ONA is a functioning Order comprising more than one or even two individuals. We do not compare to the Temple of Set in numbers - for a variety of reasons, most of them intentional. The members ~~are~~ secret and secretive - and mostly they work on their own, receiving only guidance and advice on an individual basis. They do form, as part of the tasks of a novice, a Temple or group of their own, to perform ceremonial magick and gain certain Satanic skills, such as manipulation of people, playing a 'role'. They recruit their own members - and have complete freedom: they can find their own moral and ethical limits. No one constrains them by any set of rules, or even any guidelines. They gain their own experience, find their own standards and make their own mistakes. All new members have one and only one Order contact, who guides and advises. They seldom if ever meet other members - or even correspond with them. The quest is theirs; they must develop strength

and a unique, individual, character. They have no 'image' to follow - no 'Master' to copy or imitate. We seek no assurances from members - they can say and do and write what they will; associate with whom they please.

Regarding esoteric sinister strategy. As I wrote at the beginning of this letter, on a very basic level, there is an image of the ONA, created in part by letters such as this, by 'Fenrir', by works published and distributed. This image has been created, with conscious deliberation, to achieve something. One aspect of this, is our image of Satanism - i.e. what the ONA understands Satanism to be. This stands in contrast to the Temple of Set. A part of this image is our understanding of Satanism as really evil, as involving dark deeds. In brief, an alternative view of Satanism is presented. This in itself is creative - it engenders response, and in some, a self-assessment, a reflexion on the nature of Satanism itself. There is a dialectic in operation - not only via the obvious mediums, such as letters, articles, discussions, but also magickally, on the magickal level. Another aspect, is our techniques and methods - a contribution, which engenders growth. There are many other aspects - and I believe Dr. Aquino may be aware of some of them, and understand, as you might, the dialectic in this aspect.

But this level is quite basic, and while important, is so because it is a causal connection, an 'earthing'. What is really important, is the Aeonie aspect - using magick and non-magickal forms and means to achieve aeonic goals. Basically, this means changing evolution - on one level, changing society; on another level, creating a new type of individual, by guiding others to become Adepts and to go beyond Adeptship.

To achieve the strategic goals, certain tactics have to be used. This means involvement 'in the world' by some individuals/members - for instance, the disruption of society, the creation/manipulation of certain forms, the guiding of others. To be more precise, the strategic goal is the emerge of a Satanic aeon, and thus a Satanic society - in effect, the emergence of a new species. This will take time - centuries, in fact. But aspects can be created now, and the future prepared for, controlled to an extent by using certain magickal energies and by creating certain forms. One such aspect may be an 'Imperium' - a type of society which restores balance and which is anti-Nazarene in essence. To aid this, disruption of existing societies and norms is required together with an aiding of Imperium-type forces. One part of this is actively aiding such forces; another is 'seeding' susceptible minds with certain (sinister) energies to influence them, perhaps to disrupt (and thus create a reaction to that disruption), perhaps to aid the sinister.

All this might seem complicated and/or confusing. But it really is quite simple - at least when explained in context and in detail! But the strategy and the tactics arise from Aeonics - which is a rational assessment of our being, and how societies and civilizations arise and decline, and can be manipulated by magickal means. If you are interested, I am sure a personal meeting with someone (not myself) can be arranged for this and other similar matters to be discussed.

As I wrote in a letter to Dr. Aquino some years ago, there was a purpose behind doing certain things - a purpose not obvious to most. But this esoteric purpose should be accessible to Satanic Adepts, whatever organization they outwardly adhere to. This should have been most obvious in the matter of the ONA itself - in publishing certain material, such as relating to sacrifice. What I appear to do, is very different from what actually is being done. One is appearance; the other, essence. That you - and it seems Dr Aquino - still cannot see the difference is interesting. Or can you, but for tactical reasons prefer not to say so? The 'huge ego at work' is really a tactic used by the Prince of Darkness to achieve some of His Satanic aims - i.e. I, the ONA, my creations, are merely expressions of the sinister, of the Prince of Darkness at work in the world. Can you hear

Him laughing? Is this a Satanic jape?

However, unlike some, I do not claim a 'Satanic' authority. I do not claim that my work, or the ONA, or my 'authority' such as I possess, is sanctified by the Prince of Darkness Himself. I do not claim, nor need, an Infernal Mandate. I am, in one basic sense, the Adversary to they who claim a Satanic authority. I accuse. The ONA is heresy. Does this make the dialectic easier to understand in one particular sinister context? The Prince always challenges, always likes to test ... But there is much, much more.

As ever, it would be interesting to read your comments.

Best wishes,

Stephen Bram

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25th September 1992 eh

Dear Kimberly,

Thank you for your letter of the 15th September. A copy of The Black Book of Satan, together with various other Order MSS, has been sent by separate post.

By all means continue with your present affiliations - we impose no restrictions on members. They are free to associate with whom they please, and be members of other organizations of a Left Hand Path or Satanic nature. We simply offer advice and guidance to the individual, and that advice and guidance does not have to be followed - each member is expected to consider it, and then make their own decisions.

The same principle applies to the 'personal ethics' you describe - it is for you, as an individual, to decide what is or is not acceptable. We seek to foster a unique individuality, not a conformity of any kind, and therefore have no 'ethical standards' which members must conform to. They find their own standards in their own time, and thus really are mature individuals.

Regarding the tasks of a novice. What is important is that the novice undertakes tasks in the real world, and learns from them. The tasks can and do vary, according to the desire, interests and circumstances of the individual novice. It is suggested, however, that all novices organize their own group to perform ceremonial magickal rituals and to gain experience in people-manipulation. This is suggested, because it is considered important for a Satanist to have experience and knowledge of ceremonial magick - that is, rituals involving more than two or three people. The correct performance of such rituals - with a primal Satanic desire - develops certain abilities and brings an esoteric understanding. This task lasts for between six and eighteen months, depending on the novice who undertakes it. The exact number of people involved is not important. One of the abilities developed by this task is 'shape-changing'. By this is not meant the changing of one's physical appearance and so on, but rather the chameleon-like ability to blend into the background - to work unnoticed, secretly, without exposure. Most novices opt to form a clandestine group of less than ten other individuals - seeking out the right individuals who can be discreet and so on is an interesting challenge, the following of which develops certain skills in the person undertaking the challenge. A few novices go to the opposite extreme, and court 'exposure' - but that is their decision.

The purpose of the group that the novice forms also varies, depending on what the novice wants from the experience. Some wish to guide the members of that group along the Left Hand Path in an individualistic way; some wish to merely use the members for their own Satanic pleasure. It is, once again, the novice who decides. You have indicated that you would wish to do the former - that is, seek to make your members genuine Satanists, like yourself. This is excellent, and shows an understanding beyond the novice stage.

Because of your previous experience, it is not necessary for you to form a group, as outlined above, unless you feel it would be an interesting/worthwhile experience. The Black Book of Satan contains some useful information, should you decide to go ahead and form a group.

Often, another task of a novice is using politics. Once again, this is not mandatory. Politics is suggested because it offers opportunities to gain experience and to implement Satanism in a practical way. Further, politics can also aid what is known as 'the sinister dialectic of history' - basically, this means politics can help achieve Aeonic goals.

The use of politics, by Satanists, is often mis-understood, however. Politics is simply a tactic, used to achieve either personal insight of a novice, or to

bring about changes beneficial to Satanism in general. The Aeonian aim of Satanism is to create a new species - a race of truly free, individual, beings. This race will fulfil the potential of existence latent within us - a potential that only Satanism can truly realize. However, to achieve this aim will take time - many centuries. One aim of an organization like the ONA is to try and guide a few individuals toward Satanic Adeptship (and what is beyond) - to have some individuals fulfil that potential now. But the Aeonian aim means that the majority of people will fulfil that potential - will thus possess the understanding, insight and abilities of an Adept. To achieve this aim, certain things are considered necessary - and these things are the other aims of the ONA. Thus, the ONA is more than just another Satanic organization - it has a long-term strategy and commitment.

To achieve this 'ultimate aim', as mentioned above, certain things are considered necessary. One of these things is to undermine and destroy the creed and influence of the Nazarene - which is regarded as a sickness, something which emasculates us. Another is to create a society or societies imbued with Satanic ideals - not, of course, a society which is openly 'Satanic' (that is hopelessly idealistic, at least for the next few centuries). But, rather, one which expresses the essence of what Satanism really is. It is possible that real Satanists would be secretly behind the creation of such a society - i.e. they would be the 'powers behind the power-structures'. This, however, is not strictly necessary, as there are other, more subtle ways of gaining control.

The creation of such a society is only a stage toward the final aim - there would still be perhaps some centuries of work to be done. To achieve this society - this liberation of a large number of people, if you wish - certain other things have to be done. One is to de-stabilize present day societies; another, is to spread heretical and Satanic ideas. To achieve change, conflict is necessary. This will mean upheavals, probably wars.

To some, these tactics will be abhorrent - but to a genuine Satanist, they are realistic. A Satanist understands human nature, and is prepared to act in the real world to foster and produce change in accord with Satanic goals. Of course, most people will not understand what a Satanist is doing or trying to do - they will see only the outward actions, not the motivation, the understanding, behind those actions.

Real change will not arise simply because some desire it - it has to be created, and to be created, there has to be people prepared to act, to do. Aeonics is all about understanding the forces which form, mould and change societies, civilizations and individuals, and a Satanist studies Aeonics, and then can, if they so desire, act in the real world. Their actions are based on knowledge, and, being Satanists, they can act ruthlessly if they need to. By so acting Aeonically, they are really fulfilling their potential. [Thus, it will be seen that Satanism is much more than simply Black Magick rituals or gaining personal pleasure and wealth.] They are also contributing to evolution - in fact, they are shaping evolution, playing at god, and thus being really Satanic.

This brings me back to politics. Politics is a tactical form - used to provoke or cause change, in the real world. To de-stabilize societies; to inspire the creation of new societies, and so on. Thus, a Satanist may become involved in politics to achieve something Aeonian (or merely to gain personal experience - but we will consider the Aeonian, as it is more significant). What that involvement is, each Satanist chooses for themselves, based on their understanding of Aeonics and sinister strategy. It could be, for instance, involvement with 'Right-Wing' extremism - aiding certain heretical views, and so on. Or it might be the opposite - aiding libertarian causes. What matters, is that the individual knows what they are doing, Aeonically - that is, they are trying to achieve something esoteric using the exoteric form of politics. Whatever the outward form, in terms of 'conventional/moral' views, all such individuals will be aiding Satanism, secretly - all will be acting to further Satanic goals.

Naturally, what we mean by 'Satanic goals' is different from what most other "Satanists" mean by such things. For the most part, these others have little or no knowledge and understanding of Aeonics, and possess no long-term strategy. In short, they do not really understand Satanism at all - for its essence lies in Aeonics, in this strategy.

Thus, in your own case, before deciding on whether you wish to undertake a directly political task, a study of Aeonics and sinister strategy would be required. Further, whether such a task is necessary, depends on your individual, unique Destiny. For some, such a task is not necessary. One of the aims of the 'seven-fold sinister way' is to help those who follow it to discover their unique Destiny - and one aim of the ONA is to aid its members to fulfil their Destiny once they have discovered it.

I trust this answers your question about the tasks of a novice in relation to politics! All the MSS which deal with Aeonics and sinister strategy are available, should you be interested either now or in the future. [The majority of ONA MSS are now available on one 16mm microfilm. Included are Aeonics MSS 'Naos', 'Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA', Volumes I & II, and the four volume 'Deofel Quartet'. I enclose a leaflet in case this is of interest.]

Being a member of the ONA simply means that the individual follows, or tries to follow, the path to Adeptship as outlined in various works including 'Naos'. The 'seven-fold sinister way' of the ONA is essentially a practical system of training - the various stages of that way are associated with some tasks, some magickal workings, some personal goals, and the gaining of esoteric knowledge and skills. All these things are known to work - that is, the tasks etc. associated with the stages, are derived from experience over a long period of time. They have proved effective in the past in producing genuine Adepts, Masters and Mistresses. Each stage of the Way is associated with a 'magickal grade', and this is achieved by the individual because he/she has developed the knowledge, skills, and insight of that stage by practical experience. The individual follows the Way in their own time. We offer advice and guidance, if such advice and guidance is sought - there are no 'hidden' teachings; nothing for a member to prove. Nothing is expected nor obligatory. The effort belongs to each individual - they must learn, discover, experience, for themselves. And make their own mistakes. A strong desire is required, and something of a strong character. We are not interested in mere numbers of members, in making the Way appear other than it is. The Way to real Adeptship is hard, and requires years of effort.

Works such as 'Naos' and 'The Black Book of Satan' are really practical handbooks - the MSS of the ONA make Adeptship available to all. There is no mystery about Adeptship - no special magickal formulae or ritual by which it can be gained. No one can confer it on another. We have kept nothing hidden - as we do not profess to be anything other than what we are: a small number of individuals, at varying stages of our personal development, striving to achieve something esoteric, for the benefit of ourselves and evolution. The ONA is not 'sanctified' by the Prince of Darkness Himself - I myself do not claim any 'Infernal Authority'. What we teach results from our own hard-won experience and insight. There is no attempt to 'glamourise' either our Way or the ONA itself - or indeed anyone within it.

The teachings are there to be studied and used. It is as simple as that - and as difficult as that. It is up to you to decide if they are suitable for you, and if they are, for you to begin what is a very difficult and dangerous quest.

All this, of course, means that very few indeed will begin. For this is not what they wish to read or hear. The ONA offers the reality; others, the illusions that have so blighted 'Occultists'.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

24th March 103yf

Dear Julian,

Your Order contact has said that you would be interested in a written clarification regarding the tasks of an Initiate - particularly in relation to the 'secret' tasks.

If an Initiate decides that they do not wish to undertake some task or challenge - whether it be an exoteric one as given in 'Naos' or an esoteric one as given in the esoteric MSS - that is their decision. However, there are certain things which are **absolutely** necessary for Adeptship to be achieved - which, in fact, create Adeptship. Without these things, there can be no genuine Adeptship. The tasks given in 'Naos' and other Order MSS capture in their detail, the essence of what is required to create Adeptship: they give practical form to this essence. What matters, is that this essence is realized - the outer form can vary. Thus the given Order tasks are only one expression of this essence - there are others.

This essence - that which causes Adeptship, which transforms the individual in certain specific ways - exists in the following, all of which are necessary.

- a) Undertaking and succeeding in demanding physical challenges - which challenges by this demanding nature involve stamina/determination: i.e. a 'mental' challenge.
- b) Practical experience over many months, and on a regular basis, of both hermetic and ceremonial magick.
- c) Exploring the archetypal symbolism of magick - e.g. the correspondences, the Tarot images, alchemical symbolism, chants, god/demon-forms etc. - in a practical way in a limited time.
- d) Finding and working with in both a personal and magickal way, a companion of the opposite sex [or same sex, if so orientated].
- e) Experiencing in real life situations involving danger, one's moral limits; facing one's possible physical death, and finding and surpassing one's intellectual limits.
- f) Spending a period of at least three months living alone, in an isolated location without material comforts and without, for most of that time, seeing or speaking to anyone.

While to most, these may seem 'bizarre', they develop in the individual what must be developed for real Adeptship. For Adeptship, correctly understood, is an evolution of the individual - the development of the next stage of conscious evolution. It is a synthesis - a uniting of the elements (latent and overt) within the psyche: in conventional terms, the 'light' and the 'dark'; the conscious and the unconscious; the making conscious what is unconscious and the extension of consciousness into new realms. This means a self-insight; a self-understanding. And a supra-personal understanding and awareness - an empathy, particularly with what is 'magickal': with those energies magick describes. In a limited sense, Adeptship is the emergence of a unique 'self' - a going-beyond the 'ego' stage: the development of a maturity; the prehension of wisdom.

The tasks by which Adeptship may be achieved are difficult. They have to be. They breed character - or they make failures. There is no easy way - show me someone who claims to be an Adept and who has not done all of (a) to (f) above - or very similar things - and I will show you a liar: be that person consciously lying or so deluded they do not realize they are lying.

Consider (a) - the absolute minimum standards required of an able-bodied person under about 45 years of age are **all** of the following. (1) Walking 32 miles in less than 7 hours while carrying a pack weighing not less than 30 lbs. (2) Running, in hilly/fell-like/mountain terrain, at least 20 miles in less than 2½ hours. (3) Cycling at least 200 miles in 12 hours non-stop. There can be no

excuses: one either succeeds, or one does not* There is no middle way.

All the above - i.e. (a) to (f) - describe the bare minimum of experiences which create an Adept. There are many others which provide a greater depth, a deeper character, and which can thus inspire the individual to go beyond Adeptship. For it should be remembered that the stage of Adept [which is Internal Adept in the septenary system] is only the fourth out of seven stages in the Occult Way.

The specific tasks which the Order suggests novices undertake - as given in 'Naos' and other MSS - are tried and tested methods. They work - they enable someone using them to achieve the goal of Adeptship in the shortest possible time. But they are not the only methods. None are easier, and most other methods take far longer to achieve the specific goal of Adeptship. As mentioned earlier, what matters is whether a method or methods capture that essence which creates Adeptship.

Returning to the physical challenges mentioned in (a) above and detailed further on. [The details given concerning the physical challenges - e.g. walking 32 miles with a pack in under 7 hours - are the ones used by the Order.] These challenges toughen the individual - they sort the proto-Adepts out from the failures, the armchair Occultists. All of these challenges require a hard physical and mental effort - require the person undertaking them to go through the 'pain barrier'. They usually require some training over a period of weeks and months. All require a self-discipline, and all are achievements of which the individual can be proud. All of gritty, earthy, in nature - they demand some character, and it is expected the effete, and/or psuedo-intellectual pretentious ill-disciplined slobs who make and infest the 'Occult scene' and who drift into various groups, Temples and organizations, will not like them. They will certainly not undertake them. Of course, many of these psueds will make all sorts of excuses as to why they will not take up such challenges - and most of these excuses will revolve around mystical/psuedo-intellectual ideas concerning what they describe as 'adeptship'. That is, they will describe Adeptship in terms which are acceptable to their own weak natures and lack of character - not to mention lack of real Occult insight and abilities. For decades, a meaningless and sterile concept of 'adeptship' has been pedalled by such charlatans. But the reality is as it is - and given the nature of the majority of individuals now and in the past, the majority will refuse to accept it, and quest after an illusory, soft, option.

We have exposed the reality. Individuals must consider the matter, and make their own choices.

As part of our long-term strategy, we will make the 'secret' Order MSS describing the secret tasks, available on a general basis within the next year. Thus, all the traditions and methods will then be available, without restriction. Everyone will then have a real choice - and Adeptship and the Grades will really be open to anyone.

If you have any further questions, do write.

Regards,

Stephen Brown

* Naturally, those who already train in running and/or cycling are given more difficult goals. For example, a runner would seek several PB's in a Marathon, and a cyclist at least 400 miles in a 24 hr. Time Trial.

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire

23rd September 1990 ev [101yf]

Dear Lea,

Many thanks for your recent letter. Regarding your question concerning the origin of the Order, the tradition is that the original teachings (such as empathic magick) derived from Albion: i.e. what has been called the 'Hyberborean' civilization. Gradually, the original understandings of that period were lost or became corrupted, with a few exceptions, notably the attempts to understand what we now call Aeon progression (and the civilizations which derive from Aeons); how Aeons may be created/changed; the use of crystals to effect such changes, and the belief that Wisdom/gnosis (or what is now described by these terms) is attainable by following a certain Path or Way. The Druids are regarded as representing aspects of this by then corrupted knowledge. The figure known as 'Merlin' is regarded as one of the last of this line - the lone man of wisdom/magick, who understands the hidden order of things and who thus possesses insight. And who can give advice, if such advice is sought. [One other skill possessed by such individuals was prophecy: an empathy.]

However, it must be understood that this 'ancient wisdom' was not all that rational or complete. It was among the first attempts to consciously make sense/order out of Nature/the cosmos/the gods - a beginning, which later, more non-magickal traditions (such as Greek philosophy and early science) substantially added to. [A fuller account of such matters is contained in various Order MSS - such as 'Satan, Crowley and the Sinister Way', and 'The Dark Gods'; 'Physis - The Third Way of Magick'. I enclose copies of some of these.]

In essence, our knowledge has not decreased - in the esoteric sense. Rather, it has increased. Our ancestors were knowledgeable about certain esoteric matters, certainly, and some of them possessed genuine magickal skill. But there is more knowledge today about these esoteric matters - and a lot more known, concerning things they were ignorant of. There is also an equal magickal skill, an equal wisdom: but possessed by fewer individuals who possessed it in former times because to acquire this takes years, and requires living in a certain way - most 'Occultists' today are both too soft and too replete with Occult delusions/illusions.

Further, our knowledge is more rational, and thus not only more understandable, but also easier to deal with. That is, abstract systems have been developed to make it comprehensible, to extend the frontiers of our understanding. One of these is the Septenary system; another is alchemical symbolism. A more recent development is The Star Game.

But, returning to the original traditions themselves. According to tradition they survived in an area of the Marches - and this area is regarded as being the 'home' of Merlin. It is bounded in the North by the Stiperstones; in the West by the Long Mynd; in the East by what is now known as the Kerry Ridgway; and in the South by the river Teme. It is from this area that the Mistress who Initiated me came from. And she claimed that she herself was Initiated by someone who lived near this area. And so on, right back to the 'Dark Ages'. This, of course, is a tradition - with nothing to support it, except the legacy of teachings passed on to myself. [See the MS 'Concerning the Traditions of the ONA' (enclosed).]

Furthermore, there is a tradition concerning both King Arthur and Bron Wrgan (our twin Gate or nexion) linking them with Shropshire. Well, placing Camelot in Shropshire, if I am being honest. This has been a secret tradition - to guard the ancient sites, or at least where they are supposed to be. As with our other traditions, this will soon be revealed, discreetly - for it is considered the time is right for such revelations.

Since you have done some research into the various legends concerning Arthur you might be interested in this tradition.

A battle recounted in 'Perlesvaus' is placed, in local legend, near to Red Castle and Bury Walls in Shropshire - near the present-day hamlet of Marchamley. And Gonnore - better known as Gwinivere, Arthur's wife - is also regarded as from Shropshire - a place known as Old Oswestry. There are some other local legends connected with King Arthur. But many other places also have similar legends.

What is interesting, however, is that the secret tradition places Camelot and Arthur firmly within Shropshire - and names a place. Given this, the scattered local legends are seen in a new light: in a sense, confirming Arthur's presence in the area. The place is the town that the Romans knew as Viroconium. The 'lake', mentioned in the legend, is not far from this. But where, I will not say for the present, nor where the tradition relates Arthur to be buried (not too far, in fact). The romantic haze surrounding the Glastonbury area has served its purpose, in preserving the real sites until the time was right for them to be appreciated. Such a time is near.

On the surface, this may seem to have little to do with 'Satanism'. Your reading of 'The Giving' was perceptive, as your letter indicates. Satanism is a form, like any other - a "container" constructed in the causal world to effect certain changes. These are of an Aeonic kind. On the exoteric level, this form is Opposition, Heresy, Change - and also, on this basic level, a re-presentation of certain truths, of a certain spirit, or ethos, or way of living. With regard to the present Western civilization, it re-presents the original ethos, an ethos since distorted by the Nazarene and beliefs deriving from the Nazarene. This Western civilization is the outward expression of the Western Aeon - and this Aeon began in the time that Arthur and Merlin lived: the first practical, outward, effects on a large scale occurred (as they always do) some centuries later.

On the esoteric level, the form does several things - it maintains evolutionary development: the creativity, the inspiration that drives individuals and thence gives birth and maintains civilizations. On this level, it is beyond 'form', beyond transient (causal) opposites - and thus is 'nameless'. In a sense, it is the essence that is 'Satan'.

Thus the exoteric forms - the name, the rituals, the overt opposition to religion, and so on - are effective within the causal confines of those forms: i.e. the civilization. When the causal aims are achieved, another form or forms is chosen/developes naturally. On the practical level, this means that the Order is Satanic for this civilization - to effect changes upon the civilization. When the new civilization arises [if all goes to plan, around 2400 ev] then another outward form will emerge - in fact, it will already have emerged, to prepare the way for what is to be. Until such time, the outward form remains necessary.

There exists beyond whatever outward form is chosen/developes, the essence - and this is what is intimated in 'The Giving'. This essence is always and of necessity, Dark (viewed conventionally) - that is, creative, evolutionary, inspirational. And it always brings Change, Disruption, Opposition and so on. It is not a part of a dialectic process - it is the process itself.

The legends that have come down regarding Arthur are mostly Nazarene-influenced: i.e. distorted. But the originals can still be discerned. For instance, the first meeting between Arthur and his future wife, in the original, reflecting the actual events, is more pagan - she is presented to him naked from the waist upward: "... he behelde her with a gladde chere, and saugh her pappes smale and rounde as two smale appels that were harde; and her flessh whitter than snowe, and was not to fatte ne sklender; and he covayed her gretly in his heart..."

(and the enclosed MSS)

I believe this/will answer your question. Since I anticipate that you will want to visit certain sites, I can meet you in Church Stretton and we can travel on from there. You might care to suggest some dates.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brann

Shropshire

16th September 1990 ev

Dear Miss Browning,

Thank you for your letters of the 13th and the 18th of July which were waiting for me on my return from a trip overseas - hence the delay in replying.

Since you have been candid and honest in your letters, so shall I be. As Creon says to Oedipus in the 'Oedipus Tyrannus' - "In reply to your speaking be as long in hearing my answer so you can, with knowledge, judge for yourself."

I appreciate that you were 'somewhat disconcerted' by the treatment you received at the meeting, as I know that no other organization does such things, as you surmised. And, yes, as you asked in your second letter, it was a kind of test.

Some individuals when they have realized they are, or were, being tested - in effect selected - have been indignant, even offended. They see themselves as 'victims'. Such reactions in some are expected, and show quite clearly that those concerned are unsuitable to begin serious training along the Left Hand Path.

It is a question of (a) desire to undertake what is a difficult quest; and (b) having certain abilities: some perception, some insight, some judgement - being able to be a little detached from immediate emotions.

These are important - for an Initiate of our Way. Those who do not possess the right character are not suitable and so are weeded out, quite ruthlessly at times. You yourself reflected on the matter, and came to certain conclusions - correct ones, actually. Thus, you have asked for another meeting, which will be arranged.

The conclusions you reached are important - for it is not I or some others in league with me who select, who decide who is suitable and who is not suitable. It is the individuals themselves. They make their choice. A crucial factor, as I have mentioned, is desire - a desire to undertake a quest along the Left Hand Path, regardless of the difficulties, the dangers, the problems, the illusions that will be encountered to begin with, particularly when one is seeking a contact, a guide, an organization. Our tests are a first hurdle (or two) - and some [most, in fact] trip up, or cannot even see there is a hurdle there.

If a person cannot overcome the initial - mostly trivial - problems and difficulties and fables, then that person really has little chance of successfully following the path to Adeptship. If someone cannot be bothered to reflect and consider certain things, or really lacks the perception to intuitively understand the real character of the person met initially, then there is little or no latent ability of the Occult kind to develop via training. Or at least, not the kind of abilities a Satanist must develop.

These things are, as these things are. The Left Hand Path is selective; it is elitist. It cannot be made easy or easier - for that would in effect destroy its very essence. The Left Hand Path is not for the majority, or even for a minority. It is for the few. Quintessentially, the LHP is the way of the individual.

Of course, some who contact LHP individuals or groups may expect some sort of a test. But the ones we use are never what most expect. Thus you yourself - having had some experience of other 'LHP' groups, came expecting certain things: expecting the ONA to be similar. You met someone, who advised you to return later in the day [a first test, here]. You expected a ceremony of some kind - and perhaps a 'test' of the kind you were familiar with from the other 'LHP' groups. So you arrived, at the appointed place and time - to find only the person you met initially. He led you some way along a track, without saying anything. You followed. And after a rather steep climb, he stopped to tell you there was nothing awaiting you, and led you back down. He suggested another meeting, and left it to you

to write again. An expectation, an illusion shattered. Was the person you met just an idiot, having some fun? Perhaps a criminal intent on some ghastly deed? Or was he, as you came to conclude, actually someone of character who was testing your resolve?

Here, the expected 'Occult'/ceremonial form for the expected test was absent - it was just like an 'ordinary' incident. There was no obvious or even hidden clue to the fact that it was a test for a candidate seeking Initiation. Hence its effectiveness. And each such test is unique to the candidate - based on their expectations, even if these are, as with some, unconscious. These expectations are perceived by the person whom the candidate meets, because that person actually does possess the insight and abilities of an Adept. In essence, the expectations/image of the candidate is used against them - reflected back, in one sense.

You mention various rumours you have come across concerning the ONA and some of the individuals connected with it. The rumours are not surprising, given the esoteric nature of the Order at present, and given the nature of the majority of that species mis-named Homo Sapiens. Neither is it surprising that these rumours are believed within what is mistakenly called the 'Occult fraternity'. In the Occult, as in most if not all other fields of endeavour, there are always those who, from a weakness of character and/or out of jealousy, cast aspersions. A person should be judged by their present character - not by their past or by rumours and certainly not by anything written about them in the 'Media' or elsewhere by those congenital liars and falsifiers mis-described as 'journalists'. For such a judgement, a personal meeting or meetings are necessary - and even then, a certain ability to judge: something not everyone possesses.

The same applies to an organization or group - it can only really be judged by someone studying its actions from a personal knowledge and by studying its teachings/methods/writings. A knowledge of its actions on a personal basis implies a knowledge of some of the individuals within that organization or group. It is to be expected, given the nature of some organizations, that they wish and/or need to enhance the reputation of that organization by denigrating other organizations and individuals. As ever, a certain discernment is needed - those who cannot see beyond or through the miasma emanating from certain organizations and individuals, lack the rudiments necessary for a genuine Occultist, never mind a Satanist!

On the question of what the next steps are. As I have written above, another personal meeting will be arranged. Before then, various Order MSS including a copy of 'Naos' will be sent to you for you to begin should you so wish the first stage of the quest along the Left Hand Path. This begins the process of self-discovery and practical experience of magickal forces or energies - and this is symbolized by an Initiation. We do not conduct ceremonial Initiations for new members. Each person undergoes their own - we suggest two forms, one given in 'Naos', and one given in 'The Black Book of Satan'. The effort and the commitment are and must be, yours. You will, however, have an Order contact with whom you will meet at places and times mutually agreed between you. This person will offer advice and guidance only. After some months of undertaking the initial tasks, we suggest that each new member tries to form their own Satanic Temple to perform ceremonial rituals - for example, as given in The Black Book. Most members find this - the recruiting of people, the performance of Satanic ceremonial rituals etc. - great fun: they enjoy playing the role of Satanic 'Priest/Priestess'. All this is experience, a learning, the development of qualities and skills necessary for an aspirant Adept.

The pace of these experiences are of your own choosing. And, it should be noted, the quest along the Left Hand Path is an individual one. The effort and the achievement are yours - we offer some guidance, and that is all. In a sense, the initial tests we have used for a long time to dissuade those who apply, show the real nature of the Left Hand Path itself - if an applicant is put off (and this usually means they

go and find a safer option - an 'easier' group) then they really do not understand what the Left Hand Path is all about, and neither do they possess the qualities or character to succeed along that Path should they begin such a quest.

I always inform those whom I meet, or write to, who enquire about the Order that the Left Hand Path and Satanism are concerned with the individual - they are the Way of the individualistic, strong person; the solitary magickian, the naturally defiant. The ones who question, who have genuine individual pride and who refuse to bow down before anyone or anything. The ones who can and need to work alone; that is, learning from their own experience - of a practical and magickal kind.

The Left Hand Path and Satanism are not 'theoretical' systems. They are not simply areas of esoteric knowledge. They are practical ways, involving real, dark experiences - **ways of living**. A Satanist, for example, lives life more intensely than others - experiences more, takes more risks. They take their living into new realms of existence - they explore, they discover, and thus they learn and grow. This is not easy.

For some time - due to the imitation softee 'Satanists' who abound - Satanism in particular has been seen as some kind of urbanized game: a playing at wizards with ghoulish imagery, 'Satanic rites' and comfy discussions and talks and research into 'satanic' traditions and myths. In reality, it is a living of the way of the "creative minority" - going to extremes, in real life; being 'Satanic' in one's way of living. Few possess the strength of character to live this way. But we have begun to expose to those who seek the Order, and those who read what we have written, the startling reality of genuine Satanism. That is, we have begun to contradict the softee, intellectualized image of 'Satanism' disseminated by the softee, intellectualized organizations who claim and have claimed to be Satanic.

I enclose some MSS which should be of interest in this respect.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

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Secret Teachings

of

The O.N.A.

Volume I

INTRODUCTIONS

THE TREATISES OF THE CHURCH

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AEONIC HISTORY - GENERAL HISTORY
AEONIC HISTORY - GENERAL HISTORY

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Introduction

The present work contains esoteric manuscripts circulated among members of the ONA. The MSS contain further details of the sinister tradition of that Order and compliment the information about it already available in the books 'Naos', 'The Black Book of Satan' and 'The Deofel Quartet' as well as that published in the journal 'Fenrir'.

The aim of publishing these MSS is to make the rituals and methods of this sinister tradition available to all those who might be interested. Such publication, as will be evident, enables individual potential to be fulfilled, aiding the emergence of a new Aeon.

The essence of genuine Satanism can be simply stated: it is a way to inner development, the goal of which is a new individual. This way involves three essential stages and these exemplify the spirit of that way and the individuals who follow it.

The first is direct experience, the second is direct practice and the third self-development. The first involves direct experience of both the external 'world' and the inner (or psychic) 'world' through striving to achieve certain goals both practical and magickal. The second involves using 'practical' (or causal) and 'magickal' (or acausal) energies to manipulate others, situations and energies in a practical way - producing changes in accord with certain goals. The third involves beginning the process again but starting from the new level of self-understanding and ability attained - pursuing different (and probably more complex) goals.

A Satanist is an individual explorer - following in the footsteps of others (and perhaps using their guide books) but always seeking further horizons, daring to defy convention (in ideas as well as in morals and attitude) yet part of an evolutionary succession enabling what is experienced to be understood and become beneficial. For this reason, a genuine Satanist understands tradition as important and necessary - the culmination of centuries of insight and experience, a useful guide which enables further progress and exploration: a starting point for that inner and outer journey which is begun by Initiation, as well as a map of the way chosen and followed.

This tradition is not sacrosanct - but it does possess a validity until the individual reaches the stage where the unique genius within each individual has been brought to fruition enabling the creation (from experience and self-insight) of a unique way and a fulfilling of a unique Destiny. In magickal terms, this is the stage of Internal Adept, where that unique Destiny is made known (dis-covered) and where the individual Initiate has developed the talents necessary to fulfil it by a following of the previous stages - a stage reached from between three to five years after Initiation.

The tradition (explicated in the 'seven-fold sinister way') provides only a beginning - it is for the individual to go beyond it, toward the dangers and rewards of the Abyss. It is, however, necessary - since it is, in one sense, a 'short-cut': enabling self-development to be achieved far quicker than would be the case without it as well as fully enabling the explication of individual potential. This does not mean that following it is easy - the path may be shorter, but it is just as dangerous (and in some places, more so). It is a mountain path to the summit rather than a meandering valley path, and enables the horizon, the other mountains waiting to be conquered, to be seen - as they cannot be seen from the wooded valleys below.

But each new Initiate must walk this path - alone. And for each it is a new experience, a process of direct learning and a personal achievement, for only a very few have ever ventured that way before and stood atop the summit that is 'Internal Adept' to see in the distance the still higher peaks that wait beyond the Abyss.

What is important is following that path - and going beyond it, toward the Abyss - actually undertaking the journey and experiencing in real time what is encountered and seen: of being taken to the very limits of your endurance and abilities. No one can do this for you - just as the path does not lead to some pleasant grove where you sit at the feet of some 'Master' listening to their past experiences and fables. It does not involve you staying comfortably 'at home' with the security of your known world and friends and ideas, just as it is not a 'mental' journey done in comfortable surroundings and with no physical effort or danger. It is practical, and direct - and involves physical and psychic hardship, and while you may be a little soft when you start, you will not be so when you succeed, just as if you believe you are tough enough now, you will be rudely awakened.

Is this what you really want?

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way: A Comprehensive Guide

Aim:

Essentially three fold: a) Initiation; b) magickal Adeptship; c) fulfillment of individual wyrd and potential.

Stages:

1) Neophyte; 2) Initiate; 3) External Adept; 4) Internal Adept;
5) Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth; 6) Magus/Magistra; 7) Immortal

Note: Initiates are sometimes known as 'Novices', Neophytes as 'Oblates'. External Adepts as 'Professed Brother/Sister'; Internal Adepts as Priest and Priestess; a Magus as 'Grand Master'.

Neophyte:

Tasks: Study of Esoteric tradition as given in Order MSS - particularly Black Book, Naos, Azoth and 'Fenrir'. After this preliminary study (c.1 month) undertake ritual of Self-Initiation [Black Book] and construct simple form of the Star Game [Naos].

Initiate:

Tasks: Study septenary system in detail [Naos etc.] and begin workings with the spheres and the pathways. Study and use of Tarot.

Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific desires/personal requests.

Continue with study and use of Star Game - relating the abstract symbolism to the Tree of Wyrd, septenary etc.

Set a demanding physical goal [e.g. running 20 miles in 2½ hours or less or cycling 100 miles in less than 5½ hours or walking 32 miles in less than 7 hours: it must be one of these] train and achieve it.

Seek and find a companion and Initiate this individual [Black Book] and then undertake the workings with the spheres and pathways with this person.

Begin to teach this individual the Star Game, and use the game together.

Undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept.

*The first stage is the awakening of the darker/unconscious aspects within the psyche. These aspects/energies are identified with in the rite of Initiation and then symbolised in the workings with the spheres and pathways following Initiation. These workings give practical experience of the darker forces/energies. The Star Game begins the process of objectifying these energies in a more conscious way: giving greater insight and control, and this is the beginning of self-awareness since the Tree of Wyrd is symbolic of individual consciousness, both unconscious/ acausal ('sinister') and causal, as well as representing the forces/energies beyond the individual psyche.

The setting of a physical goal, by the Initiate, and the training to achieve it, is important because it enhances the vitality and develops personal qualities important to the magickian: determination, elan and so on. This task must be undertaken, for without it, the Initiate stage is not complete.

The seeking, finding and working with a companion begins the confrontation with the 'anima/animus' energies/archetypes resulting in practical experience of them as well as enabling the use of sexual magickal formulae [qv Rite of Nine Angles etc.]. This is a very important part of developing self-awareness, and the 'ritualized' setting enables both practical experience and the possibility of developing self-insight. (This 'ritualized' setting is first the workings with the spheres and pathways, use of Star Game, and then later the organization

of a Temple [see below].)

External Adept:

Tasks: Organize a magickal group/Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals as given in the Black Book - the Ext. Adept as the 'Master'/Mistress of this Temple, the companion as the 'Mistress'/Master'.

It is the task of the new External Adept to find suitable members, Initiate them and so on. Regular sunedrions should be held [Black Book, for details. The Ext. Adept is called a 'Choregos' while running the Temple.].

After the group has been run for c. 3-6 months, the Ext. Adept should set another but more demanding physical goal, train and achieve it. [For example, running a marathon in less than 3 hrs (men) or 3hrs 30 (women); cycling 100 miles in less than 5 hrs (4:45 if really determined) or walking 50 miles in 13 hrs.]

After running the Temple for between 6-12 months, choose a Priest and Priestess from the group to run the Temple while the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept is being undertaken.

°Notes: The titles assumed by the Ext. Adept, the companion and those appointed by the Ext. Adept to positions within the Temple such as Priest and Priestess, are purely honorary, and do not signify the achievement of the magickal grade associated with that title in the 'Seven Fold Way'. It is one of the tasks of the Ext. Adept ('Choregos') in running the Temple to appoint suitable members to fulfil the positions required by rituals (e.g. Priest, Altar-Priest, Thurifer and so on). It is up to the Choregos whether to inform members that the Temple is organized as part of the tasks/training of an Ext. Adept in the sinister path. If the Choregos decides to do so inform the members of this, then those members, should the Choregos so wish, may also begin to follow the tasks of the Seven Fold Way as above: the Choregos always keeping a step or two (in terms of Grades) ahead of them. No one can be appointed to the Grades themselves: not even by a Grand Master - the Grades must be achieved by each and every individual, the only exception being Initiation. Initiation may be given, according to the ceremonial ritual [Black Book] by anyone of the grade of External Adept and above who organizes a Temple, provided that the Initiate completes the initiate tasks as above.

The final task of an External Adept is to prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

*The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal skills. The organizing and running of a Temple brings further magickal experience as well as enables several archetypal roles to be lived, this living vitalizing (partly through the energy of the archetypes) the individual, enabling greater magick. One of the roles is that of the 'shadow' - the sinister magickian adept at ritual. The personal qualities developed include manipulation, the charisma of power and sexual/material pleasures. There is also a growing self-awareness, and understanding of archetypal energies as well as the further confrontations with the anima/animus. There may also be glimmerings of the unique wyrd of the individual - a wyrd revealed through the ritual of Internal Adept.

Internal Adept:

Tasks: Depending on the wyrd of the individual, either continue with and expand the Temple (training Initiates in the Seven Fold Way and so on) or begin the personal tasks revealed by the Grade Ritual.

Study of and training in Esoteric Chant [Note: this may be undertaken earlier, by an Initiate or External Adept if an aptitude exists and someone of or above the Grade of Internal Adept is willing to give instruction.].

Study of Advanced Star Game and esoteric, aeonic aspects of both forms of the game['cliology' etc.].

Preparation for and undertaking of Nine Angles rituals: 'natural' and/or 'chthonic' according to desire.

Further training of companion up to and including Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, if required.

Prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Abyss.

Master/Mistress:

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are three-fold: the teaching to suitable individuals of the Seven Fold Way either on an individual basis or via an organized Temple; the performance of Aeonic magick, and development of proficiency in the Star Game, particularly the advanced form.

Some may opt to specialize in a particular field.

°General Notes:

The Initiate stage lasts between six months to a year. The External Adept stage lasts from one to three years. The Internal Adept stage lasts from three to seven years.

Fundamental books, manuscripts etc:

*The Black Book of Satan [Re-issued 1989 ev: a complete guide to sinister ceremonial rituals and organizing a Temple] 63 pages

*Naos [A guide to hermetic workings, basic septenary system and the Star Game] 65 pages

*Azoth[An introduction to more advanced septenary workings] 38 pages

*Falcifer [A fictional account of noviciate training] 103 pages

*Temple of Satan [A fictional account of confrontation with anima/aminus in a sinister context] 109 pages

*Advanced Star Game 5 page MS

*The Forbidden Alchemy 4 page MS [Note:published in 'Fenrir' no.8]

*Rite of the Nine Angles (and other Order MSS)

Insight Roles - A Guide

As stated in several esoteric Order MSS, the Satanic novice is expected to undertake experiences in the real world. This is above and beyond the tasks mentioned in the various guides to the 'seven-fold Way', which guides were intended for publication and thus did not contain the secret tasks. These secret tasks are outlined in the MSS 'The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way.' One of these tasks, undertaken by an Initiate, is an "Insight Role".

An Insight Role is in effect an extended magickal ritual and involves the individual living in a certain way and striving for a specific (often non-esoteric) goal. It involves playing a specific 'role'. The novice is expected to learn from this experience. It is important that the novice identifies with the role to the extent that friends/associates and those the novice is brought into contact with by virtue of that role do not realize the novice is playing a 'role'. For the duration of the Insight Role, the task of that role should be the main interest/occupation of the novice.

Insight Roles, as a technique, have been used by Satanic novices for at least a century, and this technique has as its primary aim the gaining of self-insight by the novice using the technique. The technique also develops certain skills - some magickal, some involving the gaining of Satanic judgement and insight. Expressed simply, Insight Roles develop Satanic character. Until quite recently, Insight Roles were wide-ranging and also exceptionally difficult to undertake - the novice was expected to undertake a role which was the opposite of what they considered their own character to be. [qv. the now deleted Order MS 'Insight Roles' I & II.] The technique, however, has been recently revised by the Grand Master representing traditional groups. In this revised form, it is an extremely effective noviciate technique, although (like all genuine esoteric techniques of Satanic magick) it is still difficult to undertake and still requires a genuine Satanic commitment from the novice. Like the Sinister Way itself, it is not for the dilettantes or the imitation 'Satanists' who merely wish to play at being Black Magickians.

One essential aspect of an Insight Role is that it requires the novice to change their life-style and usually their place of residence. Another, is that it tends to isolate them from non-Satanists. Third, it often brings them into conflict and confrontation - with others, and themselves. Fourth, it tests them - forcing them to find inner strengths and reserves. Or, of course, it destroys them - or makes them renounce their Satanic quest and vows. All these are necessary.

All Insight Roles are demanding; some are physically dangerous. All force the novice to make choices - to learn. All, when successfully undertaken, build self-confidence and thus character. All, in brief, express Satanism in action.

The novice is expected to make his/her own choice from the roles outlined below. It must be understood that: (a) only the roles listed below are actually Insight Roles, so the choice must of one of them; (b) the completion of at least one of these roles is necessary before the Internal Adept rite can be undertaken.

It is usual for the novice to undertake an Insight Role following Initiation and after the completion of the tasks outlined in the MS 'The Seven Fold Way - A Comprehensive Guide' (i.e. after completion of the tasks associated with the stage of Initiation and before undertaking the rite of External Adept). However, if the novice wishes, an Insight Role can be undertaken when he/she is an External Adept and has completed all the tasks of an External Adept (such as running a Satanic Temple for a certain period of time). Generally, it is advisable for the novice to undertake a role before External Adept. Further, should the novice so desire, two Insight Roles can be undertaken, one after the other. This is an interesting experience - but requires a demonic commitment.

During some of the roles, the novice should try and keep their Satanic views and beliefs secret, and become in fact a shape-changer, a chameleon.

The Roles:

- ° Either by foot or by bicycle or by accepting lifts, travel alone around the world, taking between six months to one year (or more). You must live frugally, and carry with you most of what you need. You should travel to as many countries as possible, the more remote the better and expect sometimes to find work to enable you to travel further.
- ° Become a professional burglar, targetting only victims who have revealed themselves to be suitable (e.g. by testing them - qv. the Order MSS dealing with victims etc.). The aim is to specialize in a particular area - e.g. Fine Art, jewellery - and become an 'expert' in that area and in the techniques needed to gain items.
- ° Undertake the role of extreme political activist and so champion heretical views (by, e.g. becoming involved in extreme Right-Wing activism). The aim is to express fanaticism in action and be seen by all 'right-thinking people' as an extremist, and a dangerous one.
- ° Join the Police Force (assuming you meet the requirements) and so experience life at 'the sharp end' and being a servant of a higher authority. *

All roles should last for at least six months and all must be completed (i.e. you leave them) before the end of eighteen months. All the roles will by their very nature test your Satanic views and beliefs and thus your desire to continue along the sinister way. All will expose you to difficulties.

Once the choice is made, it is up to you to find means of undertaking the role - e.g. in the case of joining the Police, finding reasons why which will convince a selection panel; in the case of becoming a burglar, finding someone to buy your stolen items and so on.

The essence of these Insight Roles can be succinctly stated: Incipit Vitriol.

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* Note: In times of actual War, an alternative Insight Role is to join one of the Armed Forces and so gain combat experience.

The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The Order MS "The Seven Fold Sinister Way - A Comprehensive Guide" details the tasks and so on which an individual following the sinister path must undertake in order to reach Adeptship and beyond. That 'Guide', however, is exoteric. There are, in addition, esoteric tasks to be undertaken. These tasks have remained secret by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are 'a-moral'. Such esoteric tasks are revealed following a Satanic Initiation.

Further, to understand these tasks, it is necessary for the Initiate to be familiar with, and in agreement with, the secret teachings explicated in the various esoteric MSS - for example, 'The Hard Reality of Satanism', 'Satanism, Sacrifice & Crime', 'Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice', 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers', 'Victims - a Sinister Expose', 'The Practice of Evil in Context'.

For a long time, the matters mentioned in these secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for the teachings and practices so transmitted to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, this has now changed.

Accordingly, this MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these tasks - and the others detailed in the MS 'The Seven Fold Sinister Way - A Comprehensive Guide' - are both required and necessary: without them, there can be no genuine advancement along the way, for such tasks develop that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the Satanist.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the Initiate, over a period of years. It involves ordeals, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult abilities born - only thus is an Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation and after undertaking the tasks of a Neophyte as given in the 'Guide' MS: (a) find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (such as a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary 'hanging' the game until it is ready) and (when ready) cook and eat it. "Game" in this context means [for the U.K.] venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl and so on. In effect, you are assuming the 'role' of hunter.

(b) obtain, from a Nazarene place of worship, some 'hosts'. If you are seeking Initiation into an established group, this will be your test of fidelity (etc.) and the hosts will be used in the celebration of the Black Mass. If you are undertaking a self-Initiation (as for example given in The Black Book of Satan) then immediately following this rite you should trample on or otherwise defile these 'hosts' (e.g. by urinating on them) saying "By this deed I pledge myself to counter Nazarene filth and give myself, body, blood and soul, to Satan, Prince of Darkness." You should then burn the hosts or what remains of them by placing them in a vessel containing flammable liquid and setting this alight, laughing while the burning seals your gesture and your oath.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of Initiation and following completion of the tasks as given in the 'Guide' MS, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an 'Insight Role'. [See the MS 'Insight Roles - A Guide'.]

External Adept:

(a) With the Temple (formed as one of the tasks of an External Adept - see the 'Guide') perform a Black Mass with hosts obtained by a neophyte of the Temple wishing Initiation.

(b) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of tests relevant to choosing an offer. Select some suitable victims, using the general guidelines for so selecting, and undertake the relevant tests. The victim or victims having been chosen, perform The Death Ritual with the intent of eliminating by magickal means the chosen victim(s). Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further victim using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide and undertake a culling either during a suitable rite (e.g. the Ceremony of Recalling) or via practical means. You may elect to do this latter yourself, or you may nominate a trusted, suitable member in good standing to undertake this for the glory of the Temple, using a method of your own devising. At the same time, perform a Death Ritual.

It must be stressed - (i) the victims must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the various Order MSS; (ii) those chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the relevant MSS; (iii) the acts or acts of culling may arise from your own implementation of Satanic strategy and tactics or from one of the members of your Temple who is fulfilling Satanic wyrd by some role or Satanic act, that member having elected to follow the sinister path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path, to undertake.

These secret tasks, together with the tasks and ordeals and rites described in the 'Guide' and explained in detail in the books "Naos" and "The Black Book of Satan" (and explicated in the various Order MSS contained in 'Hostia I/II' and 'Hysteron Proteron') represent the Way of Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they are fitting only to a minority. Some who profess to be Satanists (and who may be seeking a Satanic Initiation in an established Order) will read them, or hear of them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled. 'They are not necessary' they or some others will say, fearing to really begin following the reality of the Left Handed Path as marked out by those tasks.

But Satanism and the Left Handed Path are as they are - dark, dangerous, difficult and full of diabolic ecstasies. So it is, so it has been and so shall it be - to enable evolution while the fearful majorities in their sloth and delusions continue their morbid existence.

ONA

Selling Water By The River

Question: What is Satanism?

Answer: Satanism is fundamentally a way of living - a practical philosophy of life. The essence of this way is the belief that we all as individuals can achieve far more than we realize during our lifetime. Most people waste the opportunities that life can, does and can be made to bring. We are gods when we awake.

Q: How do you then understand magick?

A: Magick is essentially the opening up of areas of consciousness latent within all - a means of changing the individual and the world. The techniques of magick (for example, rituals) are simply means to achieve this. For too long magick has been mis-understood as 'spells, conjurations' and the like, and while such things are magick, they are only a beginning, a mere intimation of what real magick is all about.

Q: You often use the term 'traditional Satanism'. What does this mean?

A: Traditional Satanism is a term used to describe the sinister path which for centuries was taught on an individual basis from Master (or Mistress) to pupil. To this path belongs the Septenary System, Esoteric Chant, the comprehensive training of novices (including the development of the physical side), the Star Game, and - most importantly - the Internal system of magick (the Grade Rituals etc.). This path is also known as the Seven-Fold Way.

Q: I've heard of La Vey and his 'Satanic Bible'. How does the Seven-Fold Way differ from his Satanism and those who follow his views?

A: La Vey took what may be described as the popular/media conception of Satanism - the black-robed, Mephistophelean figure - together with the 'pleasure principle' and some simple magic(k), mixed it with the qabala and various historical myths and legends pertaining to the dark side, and served the whole lot up to a gullible audience. The whole thing was pretty pathetic - although it did provide some with a few thrills. There was no substance to either La Vey or his 'Church': no inner path, direction or way. Nothing original.

The Seven-Fold Way, on the contrary, possesses direction, and goes far beyond the external type of magick implicit in both the 'pleasure principle' and ordinary sorcery. It offers the individual the difficult (and sometimes dangerous) path to genuine Adeptship - to self-mastery, self-excellence and ultimately wisdom. It is not a refuge for the neurotic, the weak-willed or the self-deluded, but rather a challenge to the daring.

Those who follow in the foot-steps of La Vey (as a recent 'Temple' does) have added little - they are still trapped by 'role-playing', still fettered by self-delusion (often about their magickal abilities) and still lack not only self-insight but also that spontaneity which is one of the marks of a genuine Adept. They concern themselves still with the awarding of meaningless titles, seek members

and the recognition of the 'authorities'. They teach the same historical mish-mash as La Vey and possess an originality quota of zero.

They have failed to understand that the ceremonial, ritualistic and 'theoretical' approach is but the first small step toward inner progress. Because of this, there can be no organized 'Temple', no 'authority' within it, no proselytizing and no awarding of grades/initiation or titles. There is only - in the genuine path - a limited amount of guidance, and the struggle of the individual through experience.

Q: But surely rituals are important - e.g. the Black Mass?

A: Yes - but only in the beginning stages of the Way when the novice/initiate is discovering the hidden (or magickal) forces of nature and themselves, and is daring to walk along the path to Adepthood.

Ceremonial and hermetic rituals are the province of the novice and the 'External Adept' and are pointers to what is beyond.

Q: Which is what?

A: First, the discovery of the unique Destiny of that individual; second the living of that Destiny, and third, for those whose Destiny becomes fulfilled by such living, the crossing of the Abyss. From the Abyss the Master and Mistress is born. All this takes many years.

Q: What then is the purpose of your Order?

A: To offer our teachings and guidance to those who might be interested. In former times, teachings were kept secret, but there is no need for that now: the opportunity is open to all.

Q: But are you not still secretive?

A: Yes and no. Those who seek hard enough will find us, and those who are sincere will not be put off by the obstacles placed in their way (sometimes by us). For those who are, there are plenty of other groups around.

Q: What about Initiations?

A: We do not offer Initiation - candidates achieve Initiation. We do not offer nor award (for money or anything else) Grade Rituals or titles of any kind: these are again achieved by individuals, through their own toil, hardships, terror and joy. We simply guide them toward the self-achievement that, e.g., the Grade Rituals represent. Any other way is simply fraud and self-deception.

Grade Rituals - which signify the different stages of achievement along the Seven-Fold Way - may be likened to running in a race. You either race, or don't; and if you race, you either win (achieve the goal) or do not. You may pretend to yourself that you have raced and run, but in the end you are fooling only yourself.

Q: What, then, are the Grade Rituals?

A: They are tasks, simple in form, but difficult to complete successfully. For example, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept simply involves the candidate in living totally alone and isolated for at least three months: without any of our modern 'conveniences'/technology, and without speaking to anyone. Simple to describe - difficult to undertake. The 'ritual' is the (alchemical) change which occurs in the individual by virtue of living so for at

least three months. Such primitive isolation creates the Adept, bringing a genuine mastery of magick and a lasting self-insight.

It is the intention of the Order to publish all the Grade Rituals in the next issue of 'Fenrir'.

Q: Returning now to the popular conception of Satanism, what about sacrifices, the blackmailing of members, sexual crimes and so on?

A: Satanism is all about - in its beginnings - making conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature. In the past, certain experiences were often undergone in order to achieve this, and some of those experiences were often frowned on by 'conventional' society. Some might have been 'illegal' at the time as well. But gradually (at least in traditional Satanism) a way was found to 'short-circuit' these evolutionary experiences which enhanced the consciousness and thus wisdom of those undergoing them - if they survived, of course. Thus was Internal Magick evolved. This enabled the experiencing of the dark side, and its integration, as well as made possible what was beyond.

This system had been gradually refined and enhanced, and while it avoids the quicksand of criminality it is still not lacking in danger or difficulty. It offers, in short, the distilled essence of thousands of years of evolutionary understanding - and makes possible the next stage of our evolution as a species: Homo Galactica.

Q: You stress the development of the physical side. Why?

A: Because traditional Satanism aims to develop the whole individual - mind, body and character. We give our novices difficult physical goals to achieve (such as running 20 miles in under 2½ hours - fitter individuals are naturally given more difficult tasks) because the striving for such goals, and their achievement, develops qualities necessary in any Adept. They are tests of determination and character, and sort the serious out from the pathetic. The striving also creates a physical joy, increasing the vitality of the person.

Q: I met someone recently who claimed to be a 'Master'. I had my doubts about him. Is there some way of identifying a genuine Master?

A: The answer should be obvious. A Master is someone who has passed beyond the Abyss, the stage beyond an Adept. In consequence he will be somewhat detached: intense and serious, but also natural, spontaneous and quite cheerful (almost playful, sometimes). But perhaps most of all, he will not take himself too seriously, and he will certainly not play a 'role' or fulfil the expectations of novices (e.g. by dressing up, cultivating a 'demonic' stare and answering questions mysteriously). He will possess that illusive quality - natural charisma.

Q: What about wealth - and power? Surely all Satanic Masters possess these?

A: Some do, some do not. The sign of a Master is neither wealth nor power, but achievement - of wisdom, skill in esoteric arts, and original creation (e.g. the extending of human knowledge, artistic creativity). The Destiny of each Master is different, as is the life-style which reflects that Destiny. For example, out of the four Masters who exist in the West at this moment in time, one lives

a somewhat isolated existence with hardly any material possessions, while another lives in relative luxury and splendour. The former concerns himself primarily with aeonic magick, while the latter teaches a few pupils.

Genuine Masters do not conform to someone else's expectations or ideas: they are individual, and unique.

Q: Do you worship a being called Satan?

A: Genuine Satanists do not worship anything - not even themselves. Fundamental to Satanism is a desire to overcome, to accept challenges and to seek to know and understand. A genuine Satanist would rather die - laughing and defiant - than submit to anyone or anything. Most people waste their lives and die old and miserable: the Satanist revels in life and adventure, and knows the right time to die, for challenges never end. This way of living is hard, and this way of dying breeds fear among the feeble multitude who prefer comfort and security to the ecstasy of living on the edge like gods.

As to Satan - each Initiate discovers the reality for themselves. All that need be said is that there are external forces beyond the psyche of an individual: in genuine Satanist magick there is identity with these darker external forces, not a fear of them and certainly not a submission. This, of course, is somewhat dangerous - but the strong survive, and the weak perish. Good riddance to the weak.

Q: So, fundamentally, you would say that Satanism is the way you live your life?

A: Yes, as I indicated at the beginning. Magick - of whatever type - enhances your life, and is a way to knowledge and increased vitality. Magickal acts are important in the beginning, but most important of all is our attitude to life and our ways of living. This is why we despise the Nazarene philosophy - the Satanist is proud, strong, defiant, while a Nazarene is afraid of living, afraid of dying and mentally sick: weighed down by guilt and envy. The meek espouse peace because they know the strong would destroy them - so they infect the strong with the disease of 'pacifism', with guilt because they are strong ...

Q: But surely that particular philosophy - of, as you call it, the 'Nazarene' - is dying out today.

A: As an organized religion it might be - but over the past two hundred or so years this poisonous philosophy has sprouted various political and psuedo-political forms, and it is these forms which are eroding our vitality. There have been a few attempts to cut out the cancer - but they have unfortunately failed, and the cancer grows and spreads.

Q: What, then, can you do?

A: Why should we do anything? Most people are stupid and deserve their fate. We offer an alternative - those who have if only in a small way the Promethean spirit will be drawn to us and thus have the opportunity to master their own Destiny. It is up to each and every individual: we can point the way, but they must make the effort to walk along it.

Sinister Shadow Magick

Satanism is dark, and Satanists revel in evil. As a word, evil is regarded as deriving from the Gothic (via Old English) "ubils" implying 'beyond' and 'going beyond due limits'. Later, the word - like so many others - was re-interpreted 'morally', in the abstract terms of Nazarene fundamentalism and 'evil' became a general term, applied to one's opponents and those excesses which timid and psychically ailing Nazarenes feared.

Genuine Satanists do evil, they cultivate evil: they are evil, in all senses of the term now accepted. Imitation Satanists, however, play mental and intellectual games: they enjoy the 'thrill' of calling themselves Satanists. Some go further, and may revel in a local notoriety, finding a vicarious pleasure in being known as a 'Satanist'. But these imposters do no evil - in fact, they explain (quite often) that Satanism has been misunderstood and is really rather a "moral religion" (or something of the kind), perhaps even an 'ethical knowledge'. Such people are pathetic - and certainly not Satanists.

In the beginning, a genuine Satanist will cultivate evil on the personal level - by going to and thus finding his or her limits. This involves more than just going beyond the (accepted) limits imposed by society or whatever. It means experience, on the practical level, of evil and all that it implies. Later, when the Satanic novice has some experience and thus self-understanding and mastery, there is impersonal evil. The first is sinister shadow magick of the external and internal kind. The second is sinister shadow magick of the aeonic type - the manipulation, changing, of individuals and events on a not insignificant scale, that is, one which produces tangible results and often disruption/creation/evolution and thus continues the sinister dialectic of history. This is called 'shadow magick' not only because it is mostly secretly done, but also because it is dangerous, psychically and physically, involving as it does acts of defiance against the restrictions imposed by all other forms and individuals.

Neither of these mean a type of juvenile "rebellion" nor purely 'mental' acts (achieved by ritual or anything else). They mean a directed, calculating, purposeful involvement in real life and situations: for the beginner Satanist (the novice) just as much as the Adept. What differs, is the aim - at first, it is personal, to aid self-mastery, understanding and thus build Satanic character; then, it is impersonal or aeonic. Thus one image of the genuine Satanist - someone in control, seeking more mastery of life; seeking more challenges and goals and insights.

Let me be explicit so I cannot be mis-understood.

1) The Satanic novice will aspire - to what is beyond, in all things. This means practical experience, testing Destiny and achieving difficult goals in the personal life. It means real danger in the real world, not cheap manufactured 'thrills' of self-induced stupour and loss of control - but rather, life and liberty threatening situations. These may be and often are amoral, illegal and evil - all laws are "fundamentally an accumulation of tireless attempts to stop creative individuals making life into instants of poetry".

Naturally, some guidance may be needed - it is easy to become lost, directionless, or caught - and this is where the advice of a more experienced Satanic Adept may be useful. However, the acts of a Satanist are not random nor motiveless and neither do they arise from any weakness of character nor uncontrolled desire. Instead, they arise from fulfilling Satanic wyrd - or, viewed another way, from presencing the energies of 'darkness'/Satan on the Earth in accord with sinister intent.

An example will explicate this. A Satanic novice, having developed to a certain extent via ordeals such as Grade Rituals, the achievement of personal, physical goals and the organizing and running of a Satanic Temple, desires to go further. For this, practical experience and some guidance is needed. Let us assume the novice is advised or chooses to use a political form to achieve this experience - and thus becomes involved with radical 'right-wing' politics because such people already possess an element or two of Satanic spirit, the 'other sides' in this form and at this moment in the history of this aeon representing the Nazarene disease in another guise. Thus, she takes part in direct political actions - this is both exciting and dangerous, given the prevailing sickness of this age. Gradually, she acquires practical experience "on the edge", and hopefully some real, tangible enemies, if she is performing right. These enemies probably hate her for her political views - and some of them may even try to harm her personally. Thus, one or more of them deserve to die - or at least come to some harm, psychically if not physically. For they not only threaten her own Destiny and thus achievement, but also Satanic wyrd, because she by her actions is fulfilling higher, Satanic goals (in simple terms, presencing the darker forces via a tangible form). This fulfilling is expressed in the form she is guided toward or chooses for herself via a knowledge of Aeonics. On the practical level, she can and should undertake magickal rites (such as the Death Ritual) to aid her - but other means can be used, such as assassination. She may wish to do this herself, or she may manipulate others into doing it. The result is the same - personal experience and development, and aeonic energies presenced via the execution of the act. This is her own evolution, and that of the acausal or sinister, furthered.

Given the nature of the form chosen, this Satanic novice, by using such a form to the utmost of her ability (that is, seeing it as fulfilling a part of her own Destiny - conventionally, "believing in the correctness of the views so espoused") goes beyond the norms of society and its herd majority and thus achieves personal knowledge of the illegal and the forbidden (in that society).

2) Beyond this, when Adeptship is attained by experiences such as the foregoing, the Satanist will try and open a nexion - to directly access acausal energies on Earth via rites such as Nine Angles etc. This is the beginning of aeonic shadow magick - and this involves an even greater commitment to change than before, on the practical level. What form or forms this takes depends on individual wyrd, dis-covered by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and prepared for by previous rites, and experiences. It may be political, as it may be the use/manipulation of archetypal forms/images with sinister intent - or involve using 'religion' as a Satanic instrument of change. Whatever the form, the changes are supra-personal - they effect more than a few individuals. In fact, they radically disrupt existing forms and norms. For example, a political form may be chosen and used. After some time, violence, riots somewhere, the spread of a new idea ... The rising of a type of State in essence inspired with sinister energies and thus contributing to aeonic evolution ... Perhaps a war, to propitiate with blood the darker forces ...

Thus, it will be understood that Satanists act in a directed way, whether they are novices, or Adepts. Their evil has a purpose [as Satan Himself does - as do THEY who are beyond Him have a purpose, on this Earth]. The acts, and the evil, arise from a Satanic desire and understanding made real in a practical

form or forms. The going beyond, the evil, are part of Satanic wyrd - on the personal and aeonic level. I repeat - they are not directionless, motiveless acts, nor do they arise because the person doing them is somehow inadequate or weak or in the thrall of some uncontrolled desire* The Satanist is controlled - knowledgeable, particularly about themselves and what Satanism means in supra-personal terms. They are part of history - participants in a sinister dialectic of supra-aeonic proportions, and aware of the power of the sinister to change both themselves and those forms which others through the ages have created to shape our evolution or which [like the Nazarene disease] hinder our evolution.

Have I been understood? Does this sound the death-bell for the imitation Satanists? γνώση τέχνης σημεια της εμης κλύων. It is a pity that this, like Satanism, is so often misunderstood and mis-translated.

ONA

* The conventional description of Satanic deeds and 'crime': most so-called Satanic crimes are acts by dabblers who have no self-insight and even less self control; the rest, results from acts by characterless, insipid morons who are weak. Such description and such attributions arise from a fundamental mis-understanding of genuine Satanic acts.

DIABOLIC ETYMOLOGY

Diabolic:

The word 'diabolic' itself derives from the Greek διαβάλλω meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root διά - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of".

Later, διαβάλλω acquired a more moral sense - for example 'to set against' (Aristotle) although it was sometimes used (as διάβολος) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

Later still, διάβολος became "devil" or "The Devil" in the sense of Nazarene theology.

Devil:

The early forms of the English word 'devil' are regarded as deriving from the Gothic (e.g. the Old English divul) 'diabaulus' which came from the Latin 'diabolus'.

However, the Old English 'deofol' and kindred words like the Old Frisian 'diovel' could possibly be derived from the suffix 'fel', a variant of 'fell' meaning fierce, savage, wild. Then the original form, e.g., deofel, would mean the 'fierce/savage/wild' god. There is some justification for the use of the Latin prefix in this manner - e.g. 'deodand', which occurs in 12th Century English. It is interesting in this context that 'fell' (from the Latin 'fello') was often used to describe both a wild, fierce person (such as an outlaw) and a brave man or warrior. Much later, the word passed into general usage as 'felon' - with a moral sense.

Satan:

This is often regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning accuser. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the Greek αἰτία - "an accusation" - qv. Aeschylus: αἰτίαν ἔχω .

The Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'.

In Greek of the classical period αἰτία and διαβολή were often used for the same thing, particularly when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was required.

It is not generally known, outside of certain academic circles, that Hebrew is Greek [a Jewish scholar once wrote a book with that title; it did not please his brethren] - that Hebrew is essentially in its origins a corrupt form of Greek, with some other influences thrown in.

Evil:

The word 'evil' derives from the Gothic 'ubils' which meant a 'going beyond' (the due measure) - and did not have a 'moral' sense. Only later (under the influence of Nazarene theology) did it acquire a strict moral sense, and become an abstract absolute.

ONA

Guide to Black Magick

According to traditional Satanism, magick may be divided into three forms: external magick, internal magick and aeonic magick.

External Magick

This is results magick or sorcery, and it is the magick of the Initiate and External Adept. It itself exists in two forms: ceremonial and hermetic.

Ceremonial is ritual magick - ceremonies and rites where more than two individuals are involved. Ceremonial magick can be done for basically two reasons: to create/draw down and then direct magickal energy for a specific aim (e.g. cursing), or to represent through words and symbolism the myths/knowledge of a particular tradition or cultus. Sometimes, however, the energy generated by a symbolic rite can be directed to a specific end - as in the Black Mass.

Hermetic rituals usually involve one or two individuals ('sex magick' is usually hermetic) and are generally done extempore. They require those undertaking them to possess or be capable of developing during the ritual, an empathy with the forces/energies employed, as well as possessing the necessary desire to direct the forces/energies. In contradistinction, ceremonial rituals are usually written down and when performed a set text is followed, with only minor variations to allow for the emotion of the moment.

Internal Magick

This is when magickal techniques (e.g. Grade Rituals) are used to alter the consciousness of an individual. The rites of internal magick 'open the gates' between the causal and the acausal, and change the perception from 'ego' consciousness to the 'self' and what is beyond. In the Jungian sense, internal magick produces 'individuation' and leads to Adepthood.

The main rites of internal magick are the hermetic workings associated with the spheres and pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyrd, and the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept which involves the individual living in isolation for at least three months.

It is one of the main functions of established Orders and Temples to prepare their members for internal magick and offer guidance along the way.

Aeonic Magick

This is the magick of the Master, the Mistress of Earth and the Magus, and its basis is an understanding of those forces which influence large numbers of people over long periods of time. On one level, aeonic magick is the alteration/distortion of such forces; on another, it is the 'creation' of new energies and their dispersion over the Earth to change conscious evolution. In one sense, this is the 'blackest' magick of all.

Satanism, as a way of magick, has no seasonal rites, no servitude or submission to any diety and no fear. There are thus in Satanic rites no defensive circles or measures of any kind: only an exultation in the forces of the rite, a prideful possession and mastery.

Rituals are often done at the time of the full moon because it helps one to see when the ritual is done outdoors and because it gives atmosphere to the rite. Sometimes, rites are conducted on or around the seasonal changes - solstice and equinox - because there is magickal energy present then (due to Earth's changes) and this energy can be harnessed. The same applies to planetary workings - the rising and setting of planets (astronomically calculated for the horizon of the observer - and not using the fraudulent 'planetary' tables given in most books). Such planetary energies exist - but are generally small, and have little effect on rituals done correctly. Most Occultists delude themselves about the nature and extent of these energies (this is particularly true of the Moon) - to become sensitive to them is difficult in our shielded, technological society. Generally, only Adepts (and the naturally gifted) possess the required empathy.

However, this said, the full moon is rightly associated with 'lunacy' and 'demonic' possession - as any one who has worked nights at Mental Hospitals will testify. This power can also be harnessed during a ritual.

Celebratory rites in traditional Satanism are of two kinds - 1) those that express the energies of Satanism - e.g. the Black Mass, Ceremony of Recalling - and whose performance thus distorts the currents of the Nazarenes and the Old Aeon; and 2) those which create new energies appropriate to the Satanic age of fire to come - e.g. invocations to the 'Dark Gods'.

The Black Mass is still celebrated simply because the Nazarenes (and their allies) are still powerful and still polluting us with their filth. It is still the main ceremonial rite performed on a regular basis by organized Temples, and - like all ceremonial rituals - its performance gives identity to the Temple, strengthening the magickal and personal ties of the members as well as furthering the work of the Prince of Darkness because it is a rite of Black Magick.

The mysteries of the Nine Angles form an important aspect of genuine Black Magick. On the physical level, the nine represent energy vibrations - for according to tradition, a crystal shaped like a tetrahedron responds to voice vibration of the correct pitch and intensity. In simple terms, the crystal amplifies the power of thought and produces magickal change. Quartz gives the best results, although spinel may be used. The tetrahedron shape has to be created from the natural material by a skilled operator.

On another level, the nine symbolize (that is, re-present) the progression of Aeons and thus the Aeonie energies. The representation is that of the nine combinations of the three alchemical substances ($\Theta(\Theta)$ $\Theta(\frac{\gamma}{\delta})$ $\Theta(\frac{\alpha}{\beta})$ etc.) over the seven fundamental levels, these levels being the spheres of the septenary 'Tree of Wyrd'. The Star

Game is a physical representation of these symbols - the seven boards are the spheres, and the pieces are the alchemical variations. (It should be noted that the nine main variations spread over the seven spheres also represent an individual - their consciousness, life and wyrd.) Thus the magick or 'sorcery' of the Star Game - an imitation (magickally done) of an Aeon or individual whose change (the moves of the Star Game) is manipulated by the magickian (the 'player' of the Game). The Star Game has two sets of twenty-seven pieces - one set white, the other black, representing the two aspects of cosmic Change (or the causal and acausal). These pieces are spread over the seven boards.

The Nine Angles also symbolize the seven plus two gates (or spheres) that join our causal universe with the acausal (or 'magickal') universe. The seven are the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (zones of magickal energy), and the other two are the Abyss - where the causal and acausal meet in temporary stasis - and the acausal itself, which is beyond even the Tree. The Abyss, in the septenary system, lies between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and its crossing is the ordeal of the Adept and the genesis of the Master/Mistress of Earth. It signifies the beginning of acausal perception.

The other important form of Black Magick is to do with self-survival after death. This can be done in two ways, depending on the aim of the operator. The first is transference of the essence of self-hood, near the moment of physical death, into another physical body, ensuring thus the continuation of existence on the physical level. The second is passing the acausal Gate - creating an existence entirely in the acausal dimensions.

The first involves finding a suitable body to inhabit; the second has some resemblance to the creation of the 'diamond body' in some of the esoteric schools of Taoism and it is this form which is generally undertaken by the Adept. The first is sometimes done as a temporary measure or if the wyrd of the individual compels completion of some task on the physical.

The process of the first involves the creation of a strong 'astral self' - via chant and visualization and strengthened through acts of magick over a period of time, sometimes using a crystal tetrahedron to ensure the right amount of magickal energy. Thus an 'astral double' is created - and this energy is most usually stored in a crystal until the time for transfer. Meanwhile, a donor should have been found - a good, healthy specimen. The psyche of this donor is then infiltrated through both astral and physical contact. The actual transfer occurs during a ritual with both donor and operator present (the former may be hypnotized or drugged or otherwise enticed) - consciousness being transferred to the 'double' which then ousts the weakened psyche of the donor.

The second form is actually the next stage of conscious evolution - and the goal of the Adept.

What it is important to realize about traditional Satanism is what is meant by 'Satan'. Traditional Satanists regard Satan as not simply a symbol of self consciousness, but rather as a representative of those supra-personal forces beyond the individual psyche.

To see 'Satan' as simply a self symbol - as two recent 'satanic' groups do - is, firstly, to be self-deluded about the nature of cosmic forces, and second, to make (or attempt to make) Black Magick tame and safe. To deal with greater forces is to court danger - psychologically and physically. Traditional Satanists see this danger as a means: the strong survive and the weak perish; this simply being a reflection of genuine Satanist philosophy rather than the tame view spewed forth by the imitation and toy 'satanists' who abound today.

Satan - in traditional Satanism - is never represented pictorially, and apprehension of the physical or causal manifestation of our Prince is an experience that each Satanic novice achieves for themselves by undertaking rites of Black Magick according to the dark tradition. This apprehension may or may not change when the new Master or Mistress of Earth is born via the ordeal of the Abyss, and it is up to each and every Adept to undergo this experience since the reality cannot be taught - only experienced in the primal Chaos that is the Abyss. What pictorial representations that are used, are those of the forms sometimes chosen by the Shape-Changer himself, for the Prince of Darkness must have his fun with feeble mortals.

It is important to realize also that the name 'Satan' is not His real name - it is a convenient epithet, used because it expresses part of His nature. There is, in fact, no real 'name' as we understand names - only perhaps a sound vibration (which cannot really be written down) which summons Him to our consciousness and our world. In a sense which few people will understand, Satan is the essence of the acausal: the cosmic force of Chaos whose intrusion into our causal dimensions disrupts the entropy that linear time produces. Our species requires and has required symbols to enable apprehension and evolution - and this is true also of the Initiate (and to a lesser extent of the Adept) who belong to that lower order. The Abyss destroys - or creates a new species, a new 'mind' capable of functioning on levels not normally accessible to those of the lower order. And the most potent symbol of certain cosmic forces has been, and still is, Satan.

In reality, Satan (who has a secret or 'genuine' name known to all Initiates) concerns Himself generally only with Aeonic magick - the changing of this world. Through Him, the Masters and Mistresses work Internal Magick, and through their Orders, Initiates undertake rites of External Magick, to the glory of His name.

It is a fact - seldom fully understood and appreciated - that most individuals follow the creative lead of a few. It is also true that some of this majority absorb the creativity of others and bring it forth again, sometimes slightly altered, to claim it as their own - and that this whole majority needs the stimulus of new forms, ideas and ways, born via a creative genius or two, to vitalize them and begin the process of internal and external change.

The recent history of Satanism gives evidence for this. Various types of Satanism have emerged over the centuries, as have various exponents of it. Historically, Satanism is often taken to be - by those unacquainted with the Left Handed Path - as Diabolism, that is, the invocation of the Devil and the making of a pact with Him. This is evidenced in the medieval Grimoires and in those who were accused of such things. Later, various individuals were regarded as 'Satanic' and as teaching a form of Satanism, the most familiar being A. Crowley, Esq. Still later, various organizations emerged, each claiming to be Satanic and each teaching what they called was authentic Satanism. The most significant of these are the Church of Satan (Anton LaVey), the Temple of Set (Michael Aquino) and the Order of Nine Angles (ONA).

Diabolism: Central to all forms, is fear - of the powers, entities invoked. Hence the use of various forms of protection such as 'circles'. The "pact" so familiar from the Grimoires and accounts of Diabolism was one between a Master (The Devil) and a servant (the sorcerer). Implicit in all forms of Grimoire-type Satanism is the belief (deriving from Nazarene religion) of Satan as a fallen angel ruled over, ultimately, by "God" - there is always the possibility of being 'saved'. The archetypal Diabolist was a lapsed or practising Nazarene whose conjurations brought excitement and a sense of the 'forbidden'.

Crowleyism: While 'Thelema' as a doctrine and belief is regarded by many non-Occultists as "Satanic", there is very little real Satanism in it or indeed in Crowley's own life and works. The work of Crowley is, in many ways, a continuation of the Eastern-influenced esoteric groups and societies active before and during his own time - a type of Westernized Tantra heavily imbued with qabalism. The archetypal follower of Crowley is someone versed in Occult doctrines and mysticism who seeks through sex and other rites certain states of consciousness and who is orientated toward a belief in 'Thelema' as a new faith/creed.

Church of Satan: The church achieved a high media-profile due to the showmanship of LaVey. He expounded a philosophy of unenlightened egotism and self-interest together with a belief in carnality. The rituals were in the tradition of the Grimoires and imbued with qabalistic symbolism/notions (including some deriving from Crowley). Further, the Devil was dispensed with as an external Power - making the LaVey type of Satanism more of a practical belief system than a dangerous (in Occult terms) undertaking.

Temple of Set: The Temple was and is an essentially intellectual development of the Church of Satan. To the original was added an intellectual infrastructure (deriving in part from various mythologies and traditions) and an organizational

structure with the aim of making Satanism a new 'religion' acceptable to a significant number of individuals.

Both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set (the latter more so than the former) insist upon belief in their own version of Satanism - and expect the adherent/member to accept/conform. There is thus a fostering of dependance by the individual upon the group (and in particular the leader(s) and Master).

Order of Nine Angles: The Order first emerged to public view in the early 1980's (eh) and basically taught that Satanism was a means to attain self and Occult insight and abilities, and that this could only be done on an individual basis via direct, personal, experience.

The archetypal Church of Satan member was a black-robed figure who played a "role" and who placed ego-fulfilment and pleasure before everything. LaVey was accepted as a 'Master' and an authority to be revered - and a personality cult developed.

The archetypal Temple of Set member is someone who has read a lot of Occult literature, who engages in discussions with others about their beliefs and practices, and who likes the charisma and appeal of being a 'Satanist'. Often, they dress for the part - and need a group identity, a sense of "belonging". They also accept Temple authority and are content to let an organization confer advancement upon them (in the form of titles and positions).

The archetypal ONA member is the lone sorcerer/sorceress struggling via practical (and sometimes dark) experiences toward self-attainment, guided by the teachings of the Order and by an occasional meeting with someone who has gone that way before.

Each of the above manifestations will be considered in turn. But what, then, is Satanism? By what criteria can such manifestations be judged? First, let us consider what Satanism is not. It is not an acceptance of conventional morality or ways of living; it is not a belief, or faith, which causes a rejection of the reality (and harshness) of life; it is not a refuge for the failures, the cowards and the weak ... Satanism is about pride, an acceptance of individual worth. It is about defiance - challenging the accepted, seeking to know the unknown and seeking the discover, to explore and to conquer: a refusal or bow down or give in. It is about excellence - of going beyond what is, in personal terms; of achieving a greater awareness and understanding than the majority. It is a desire to experience the limits of living, to strive for the gods ...

The Diabolist is insipid and rather pathetic, a historical curiosity only - a footnote in the psycho-pathology of the Nazarene religion. Crowley was a rather underdeveloped egotist who lacked the character to develop real self-insight. He could and did manipulate others, and did possess some Occult powers (intuitively) and some understanding of the Art of magick. His followers are trapped by the flaws of his system - chief among which are a belief-system (in 'Thelema') and methods which encourage self-stupification and self-satisfaction (and thus the illusion of development) rather than real self-insight and thus Occult abilities.

Church of Satan members (and to a lesser extent those of the Temple of Set) accept a sanitized Satanism - a "safe Satanism" where the Darkness is said to be only within, where it cannot threaten them. They also are stuck on the bottom rung of Occult understanding - seeing nothing beyond the ego and the carnal. The Temple of Set claims to go further, but there is little or no practical experience of evil, of the Sinister, of those Dark forces which are part of the cosmos - there is instead an intellectualizing. There is also no going to extremes, in living, no ordeals which challenge (and make) character. **No quest for personal excellence.** Instead, there is the security of organization,

the acceptance of Temple authority and mandates. In brief, a fostering of a type of mental servitude - in belief and in practice. All these are contrary to what Satanism is.

Only the ONA understands and practices Satanism **as it is**, with its insistence that Satanism is about individual self-development in both the real and the Occult worlds, and that this can only be achieved by hard, long, dangerous and toilsome experience. Further, the ONA has exhibited a creativity and an understanding which makes all other manifestations pale into insignificance. Thus, it is not surprising that it has been so influential in the past few years.

This influence has, however, seldom been acknowledged - other groups and individuals often borrowing the teachings, methods and ideas and claiming them as their own, this 'borrowing' not being confined to "Satanic" or Left Hand Path groups in general. This is both natural, and necessary - given the sterility of creativity which exists and has existed in such groups, and given the nature of the human species in general, and the Satanic in particular.

The chief contributions of the ONA toward an understanding of Satanism in particular and the Occult in general may be briefly described:

- 1) Satanism and the LHP as a means to individual development leading to Adeptship and beyond - via practical experience and ordeals (qv. the Grade Rituals);
- 2) the emphasis on developing both the mental and physical character of the individual;
- 3) a greater understanding of magickal (and Occult) forces - and thus their nature - via the development of the concepts of causal and acausal, and an abstract system to represent this, enabling conscious apprehension (as against belief and superstition);
- 3) the re-structuring of magickal forms and symbols in archetypal terms - in particular the septenary Tree of Wyrd and the Deofel Quartet (the later explicating the archetypal, particularly in the 'real world' from the viewpoint of the sinister novice);
- 4) the creation of a Sinister Tarot whose images are sinister and thus imbued with Satanic energy;
- 5) the emphasis on the individual Initiate working alone and achieving practical goals - without accepting in a religious way a higher authority - and making this achievable by all via the publication of practical guides to all aspects of Satanism (Naos, Black Book etc.);
- 6) revealing and significantly extending Aeonic Magick - enabling any individual to undertake such works;
- 7) bringing an awareness of the Dark Gods - of the sinister energies/forces which exist and which are supra-personal and thus dangerous to individuals, one aspect of which has been symbolized by "Satan"/the Devil ... ;
- 8) an emphasis on the personal qualities - the character - of a Satanist, enshrined in the concepts of excellence, honour and the motto "die, rather than submit to anyone or anything";
- 9) a re-affirmation of the positive, life-enhancing nature of Satanism as against the stereotyped image of obsession with death and decay - and a moving away from the "role"/image of the Satanist as showman-type 'Devil'/Mephisto figure obsessed with carnality and pandering to his/her own weaknesses, and seeking media-attention, toward the secretly working lone sorcerer/sorceress concerned with their own development and works of esoteric sinister magick ...

A perusal of literature, statements and other such causal forms by other groups and individuals since the manifestation of the ONA will show the extent of its influence - of how, in a subtle way, such individuals and groups have been changed by a sinister organization. Such changes, and such influence, will grow, although it may well go unnoticed by all save the few genuine Adepts.

It is indicative of the sorry state of most Occult paths - and the people who follow them - that there is an abundance of dis-information, deceit, mystification and cultivation of ego's.

Consider a typical case. A young man develops an interest in Occult arts, and eagerly seeks information and contacts. Books and articles are read, contacts made, perhaps a group or three joined. Soon, the young man is part of 'the Occult scene' and one of three things usually happens: (1) he accepts some system, or person, for a while and tries following what is expected - then, after some "practical" work, decides it is not right for him, and moves on to another system or person; (2) after a little while he comes to believe he has attained his goal (and thus is an 'Adept' or 'Master' or whatever) - usually after engaging in a few rituals and a lot of conversations and meetings with others; (3) after a short or intermediate period cultivating and fawning upon others (and thus assisting them in their endless campaigns to 'safeguard' their own reputations by attempting to discredit others via rumours and so on) he establishes an identity for himself -exaggerating his own achievements, knowledge and contacts. In short, there is the perpetuation of old Aeon traits and values - contra what the Occult in general is supposed to be achieving.

Two things are involved in this process: the desire (mostly unconscious, and natural) for self-importance, and self-delusion. Part of this self-delusion occurs because of the 'intellectualization of the Occult' - there is too much talk, too much acceptance of what others say (particularly about others) without first-hand knowledge, too much theory and too much ego-domination where 'cleverness' (particularly in words) is rated above practical experience. Too much concern for someone's "past".

The result is almost inevitable (and a waste of the potential of Occultism) - the young man achieves no real progress, no real insight, no real Occult abilities. He has become infected with the 'Occult disease'. Instead of going within, into the wilderness, to lose all illusions and delusions and begin the hard and solitary path to Adeptship by practical work, there is the comradeship of being 'in the know', of 'being accepted' or working (mostly in intellectual or pseudo-intellectual ways) in a certain 'niche' and thus becoming self-satisfied in a comfortable way. The Occult thus becomes a 'habit' or an interest - a source of self-congratulation (perhaps even of material income) and a place where a 'role' is obtained and lived out. Some 'practical' work may be done - but the end result is the disposable Occultist so familiar from the recent past and the present: the attender of meetings (or the more modern 'symposiums' or 'conferences'), the seeker after and spreader of gossip and rumour, the pseudo-intellectual dilettante writing articles and books (and perhaps even editing a magazine) not from direct, personal experience but rather from hearsay, from self-opinion and from intellectual aridity and cleverness. Or, perhaps, the plagiarist enjoying a cliquy success and amateur adulation - or the self-appointed 'master/adept' who may need the mystique of an organization to mask his lack of character or charisma or who may be so self-deluded that he actually believes he has attained his goal. Then again, our young man may turn out to be one of those many failures who hang around the 'Occult scene' - flitting from one group to another, one 'master' to another, and talking, worshipping (both 'gods' and 'masters') and talking again and accumulating a mass of useless information, 'lore' and 'grades/degrees'.

Despite the interest in recent years in the techniques or ways of the Occult - despite all the many words written and spoken - there has been little or no real achievement on the personal level: no increase in the very few Adepts. Instead, almost the opposite has occurred - an increase in self-delusion, in glorifying the ego at the expense of obtaining insight; a turning away from effective experience to the glorification of the vapid, the intellectual and the 'non-directive', sensation seeking, temporary, 'mind-expanding' experience. In short, there has been less real self-discipline and more ego-biased stupidity and stimulation.

Adeptship, and the wisdom that lies beyond that, is obtained by a slow, hard process which requires self-discipline and the self-overcoming of hardships. There is no path to it which is not without difficulties and which is not solitary - which does not require the discarding of all those props which most require to survive: a dogma, friends, ideas, companionship, lovers, material security, 'masters' ... There is no potion to obtain which when taken will suddenly give insight or wisdom, no sudden revelations, from god or mortal, which instill wisdom, no technique to be used a few times a week, no ritual or rituals which will give personality or character or self-development.

This process requires years and involves certain ways of living - and often a certain guidance. It requires also the desire to reach the goal, to not give in when things become difficult or confused - a tenacity to follow the chosen path to its ending.

The Occult knowledge and insight of an individual is shown most of all by their bearing - by the way they relate to others. But this bearing is not the assumption of some 'role' (such as 'master' or 'guru' or whatever) - rather, it is genuine and spontaneous, full of individual character: neither affectation nor pretension. This is so because the knowledge and insight is within, acquired from experience. Where there is lack of real knowledge and lack of insight, there is pretension, artifice, the 'I must preserve my own ego by doing down all others' syndrome, and the inebriated laughter of the ill-disciplined, ill-at-ease discussion machine.

Our young man would do well to try and find some guidance from an insightful individual - and be prepared for a hard and long journey. Perhaps then, in time one new Adept will arise, and the 'New Aeon' be brought a little nearer.

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O.N.A.

Although it has been mentioned before, this bears repeating: magick, properly used, develops the potential of an individual in a realistic, practical way - that is, it produces, from the experiences undergone, a genuine insight and thus an understanding of self, others and the 'world'.

This is in complete contrast to what happens outside of genuine esoteric traditions where there is adherence by the individual to abstract doctrines, ideas and beliefs - that is, there is little or no understanding based on experience, on the reality apprehended through trials, hardship, explorations and discovery. Magick returns the individual to their inner core - destroying illusion, affectation and abstraction of the arid intellectual type.

Of course, one should really say - real magick, properly used, does this. There is an awful lot of pretentious 'magic' and 'magick' about. What differentiates real magick is first the practical nature of its methods (which are both 'internal' - ie. psychic - and 'external' - ie. involving practical work and experiences in the real world, not just "in the head") and second its structure or system: a working toward a definite goal. This goal is Adeptship (part of which may be said to be the Jungian 'individuation') and what lies beyond even this: wisdom. The striving for this goal (and the striving is necessary: it is not a 'gift' from someone) changes the individual in significant ways - there is a re-orientation of consciousness, insights and achievement.

The way of magick (as explicated by the seven-fold way) enables each individual Initiate to develop their own unique understanding or 'view of life' or 'world-view' - that is, it creates character, it uplifts the individual, separating them from the anonymous majority who mostly merely exist rather than live and who never evolve and understand. Today, individuals are 'mass-produced' - and conform to the accepted ideas and norms, even in the 'rebellion' that occurs, where the 'herd' or some fashionable 'trend' or 'idea' is followed without any understanding. Everything is categorized, made into moral opposites - and there is developing in society an almost religious zeal about certain attitudes, a zeal which restricts individual freedom and expression and which destroys genuine individuality. All this, however, goes mostly unnoticed, so low is the level of general insight - a situation brought about, in part, by the comfortable lives most people in the West today live; insulated as they are by technology, by material possessions, by the complexity of modern life and by ideas from life in its realness, rawness and danger.

That it is necessary to give an example to illustrate the categorization and zeal which is increasingly occurring is a sad reflection on the general level of understanding. The example to consider is the disease of "ism-itus": the creation of an abstract idea, described by a word ending in "ism". Examples of this "ism" are then sought - in society, individuals and so on, and then that society and those individuals must be "re-educated" is the "ism" is found since the "ism" is regarded as morally reprehensible, the abstract idea being formulated in an abstract moral way. This procedure is not new - it is essentially a religious fundamentalism, extrapolated into politics and social concerns, and may be said to derive from Nazarene beliefs and ideas.

The "ism" itself becomes a 'totem-word' - almost a 'magical incantation' - and is surrounded by an aura of guilt. To be associated with an "ism" - even worse to be an "ism" or be called the "ism" - is reprehensible, almost a 'sin', and in certain countries definitely a crime, punishable by due process of law (and usually, if convicted, by imprisonment). What this amounts to - when taken with the other abstractions foisted upon individuals (the "ism", remember is only one example of this) - is the production of essentially characterless people who seldom if ever have any real experience of life, who conform to a certain set of attitudes, and who are psychically unhealthy in that they are infected by notions of 'sin' and moral absolutes. There is little real understanding - only acceptance of the abstract forms which have been and are being projected onto and into 'history', 'society' and individuals and which give a comforting illusion of "understanding" and knowledge (and also, in most cases a smug moral feeling of superiority such as one sees in certain religious types).

Magick, however, is a means to destroy all this - and thus it really is subversive, and dangerous since it can free the individual, returning them to that inner Being where insight is born and from which understanding, and ultimately wisdom, can be cultivated.

This is the reality of magick - it produces the only 'freedom' that is real and which has meaning: that inner one, which allows further steps to be taken, which allows evolution to be continued. For magickal Initiation is a personal liberation - when an individual takes responsibility for his or her own evolution.

Further, this way to freedom, this means of liberation, should not be used only by a very few - it should be used by everyone, creating a whole society (or societies) of Adepts: a whole new era or Aeon in which all have attained to self-insight. Idealistic? Of course - but still possible, even if unlikely for at least the next few centuries. But herein lies that almost sacred duty of each Initiate - to keep this possibility alive by maintaining the reality and effectiveness of genuine magick.

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It is a fact of external sinister magick that manipulation is necessary. There is manipulation of forms, images and magickal energies as well as direct and indirect manipulation of people.

People manipulation can arise from many factors and be undertaken for many reasons. Initially, it is often done by Initiates because they wish or desire to revel in the feeling that such manipulation can and often does bring - a sense of power and re-inforcing of the ego: it creates a sense of self-identity and purpose, enhancing the "role" of Satanist/Black Magickian.

Beyond this is the use by the External Adept of various roles - such as Priest or Priestess - which by their nature involve certain amounts of manipulation of others, e.g. in the running of a Temple or group. Experience brings skill - a learning from mistakes, and thus a more subtle approach. Instead of direct confrontation, there is a "flowing with" the other persons(s) and then a skillful re-direction of them: i.e. they believe they are acting freely rather than being manipulated. Beyond External Adept, there may be further use of such skills depending on the wyrd of the Adept.[See Appendix for one such form.]

What all levels have in common is the acceptance of the belief that the magickal Initiate is superior to the non-Initiate: that others can be used to achieve personal/magickal goals. In the beginning, of course, this sense of superiority may be unfounded and mis-placed - arising from simple arrogance and self-delusion. However, if the Initiate truly learns, and really follows the hard path of internal magick, then this will be transformed into a reality, the External Adept having acquired the skill and begun the process of developing character: that which sets them apart from ordinary mortals. In addition, certain abilities will be developed (some connected with the 'Occult') and latent potential drawn forth - creating a new individual from the pre-Initiate one.

The post-Initiate will realize the rather limited understanding of the majority and see them as swayed by all kinds of external and unconscious influences: in short, understand that they are not really free. They will be seen as directed and controlled in varying ways by various means - by archetypal forces within their own psyche, directly or indirectly by others and by ideas/forms/Institutions/ideology, as well as by the various patterns psychic energies assume (one of which is the ethos of the culture/civilization to which they belong).

To the sinister Initiate this will be illuminating and also useful, providing opportunities for experimentation and self-learning, as for example via running a Temple.

There is no morality here - only the judgement of experience: most people are consciously and esoterically not very well developed. In fact, they are still rather primitive. The Initiate takes a dispassionate view - although there will be times when direct involvement leads to emotional commitment/involvement, and thence to a self-learning from the experience(s), as must be in the progress from Initiate toward the other Grades. Initially, however, others are seen as a means.

Gradually, there is a move away from this - from the direct, personal involvement to the more indirect and magickal: an internalizing. This brings awareness of the Initiate's own psyche and thus real understanding. There may be and mostly still is manipulation of others - but this has evolved from the random to the directed, centred on what the Initiate believes is his or her own destiny in magickal terms. The same applies to the manipulation of magickal energies - there is an evolution away from the undirected external type (which quite often arose from the unconscious - i.e. was not consciously understood) first to the internal as a process of internal magick, and then outward again but in a directed form, the direction arising from the magickal goals set, those involved in following the sinister path. In brief, there

is an awareness of that balance which is so important for true Adeptship.

This balance - for an External Adept - is expressed in the understanding, from experience [i.e. not "from book-learning"], that magick as a directed form is not always causal when used to assist the individual externally (and sometimes internally) - that is, it involves other factors which the individual, at the time of working/ritual, may not be aware of/in control of. In short - the illusion of having achieved control/mastery of all magickal forms by techniques, is broken. One of the factors involved in this is the wyrd of the individual; another is the wyrd of the Aeon; another - and perhaps the most important for the individual to understand - is the nature of magick itself: **no one who has not transcended beyond the Abyss can direct/control in a causal way all the divergent forms any magickal energy assumes in the causal.** Quite often, however, most of the divergences go un-noticed when "practical magick" is performed, because the time-scale of those divergences is not the same as that of the effects which are or become noticed by the Initiate/External Adept and which mostly are taken to be the "success/failure" of the working. Some of the divergences are or may be in themselves of no consequence to the individual undertaking the working - i.e. produce no discernable outward effects - and even when they or some of them are of consequence, the Initiate/External Adept usually either ignores them or accounts for them in other, temporal, ways. A recognition of/sensitivity to the divergences begins the process that leads from External to Internal Adept: once again, practical experience is the teacher. it should be obvious that those which are of consequence (whether noticed or not) effect these acausal changes upon the individual due to (a) the wyrd of that individual and/or (b) the wyrd of the aeon.

Thus the learning curve which magickal workings impart. In a sense, each Grade Ritual and the associated experiences, imparts more ability to apprehend and thus control the causal manifestations - gives more skill at manipulation, both magickal and of people (there is a stage when the two are understood as the same thing), as well as brings an awareness of the acausal effects beyond the time-scale of the working and its desire/results.

The understanding of the limits (well, some of them!) often occurs following the solo Nine Angles rite by an External Adept - at first intuitively, and then more consciously. This begins the process of consolidation and leads either to further self-insight, return to self-delusion, or rejection of magick and the quest. For, in essence, the solo rite is a foretaste of the chaos of the Abyss - undirected acausal energy, the effects of which (i.e. what results from its presencing in the causal["on earth"]) are mostly unforeseen and often unwanted, the ritual itself being so structured (or rather unstructured) that little or no direction is given for the energies - they flow and presence according to their nature, the individual being a channel. [Note: this is what happens to a greater or lesser extent in external workings by an Initiate/External Adept re the 'acausal component' of the working.] Thus, the wyrd of the individual to some extent directs and/or disrupts the flow, producing certain changes in the causal. The nature of these changes thus depends on that wyrd.

Thus the essence of magick - and hence sinister manipulation - is glimpsed and then apprehended, in most for the first time. This enables both the causal and acausal components of the energies accessed via a magickal working to be controlled and manipulated and thus presenced in the causal, and it is this which marks the true Adept: the Internal Adept possesses the understanding, and the Master/Mistress can make that understanding real.

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Manipulation II

One of the fundamental principles of Black Magick is elitism: the belief that the majority are essentially beneath Initiates in terms of understanding, intelligence and ability. This gives the foundation for manipulation - both on the personal and the magickal level.

The Black Magick novice is generally scornful of others - until and unless worth has been proved or shown. However, as explained previously (Manipulation I) an experienced novice will have learnt the subtlety of manipulation: direct confrontation as a mode of manipulation will seldom be used (unless a person or group deserves to be so treated: or such an approach is magickally necessary). Instead, there will be the "flowing with" approach - manipulation without the person or persons being aware of it. Quite often, this approach is "psychological"; at other times it may be psychic (e.g. directly magickal) - or perhaps via the charisma of the magickian overpowering the personality of the person(s) in question.

Whatever, there will be an arrogance based on the belief of one's own superiority - and thus an isolation. For a true Black Magickian is essentially a strong individualist who finds his or her own company preferable to that of others - unless those others can be useful in some way. That is, there is no dependance of any kind, particularly not emotional, on any other individual or individuals. This, of course, is what the novice strives to achieve. It cannot be achieved quickly - or even by "will" alone. Rather, it is a cumulative process - an alchemical change, a re-orientation of personality, and such changes take time.

In the seven-fold sinister way, these changes occur during the stage of External Adept and are a necessary prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. One of most important aspects of this change is that involving the companion - the initial emotional involvement gradually changing, ceasing to be a dependance but rather a partnership, a mutually evolved understanding; the passion (both sexual and emotional) which possessed the novice giving way to a maturity.

The arrogance of the Black Magickian is not an empty one: it is not a posturing. Instead, it arises from within: from the knowledge and insight the novice has gained into him/her self - by having achieved in both the personal and magickal sense. Thus the magickal and practical goals which are set for novices - they develop self-assurance, a pride and that arrogance which is truly Satanic. The training for and achievement of these practical goals usually takes the novice to the limits of physical and mental endurance - and this builds character in a specific way [or defeats the novice who gives up and either lets self-delusion triumph - "I don't need such things: they are out of date/unsuited to me; I have achieved enough anyway... - or abandons the magickal quest, perhaps later to try another "method" (which is easier) or find another "teacher"].

Initially, this arrogance is outward and expressed by manner, attitude and perhaps appearance. Later, when Adeptship becomes achieved, it becomes cloaked - except in the eyes and in that charisma which marks a Black Magickian. Initial manipulation is often of the external kind - an adjunct to external magick - later, it becomes "internal" (concerned with the internal goals of the External Adept) and still later, aeonic (bound up with supra-personal, acausal energies). [qv. Deofel Quartet for examples of the various types appropriate to Initiate and External Adepts.]

Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial

Magick enables us to capture again and again those moments which not only shape our lives but which can extend the possibilities of our existence: those moments when we **know** with an exhilaration and an insight that transcends words, when we become more than a single isolated individual burdened with a causal-existence.

For some time there has been a denial of and attempts to undermine the ceremonial in magick: there has arisen a plethora of self-written rituals and "chaos" type workings. This, however, arises from a misunderstanding of the nature of ceremonial. Basically, there are two types of ceremonial workings in magick: **dure** ceremonial, and **sedue** ceremonial. The first is essentially ritual used for internal magick - to produce/provoke/inspire changes within the consciousness of those participating/attending. The second is (or rather should be) a **performance** which transports the individual participants to another realm and which engages their whole being. It is not however a possession - but rather a developed awareness, a new way of being distinct from "everyday" existence, one in which all the elements (mind, body, emotions etc.) are a unity.

A sedue ceremonial is an artistic event of the highest type because it is a **conscious attempt** to make the acausal real (to presence it) in causal time. However, like any artistic performance, a ritual can be good, indifferent, bad or great depending on the talent and abilities of those performing/conducting it. If it is any of the first three, it will not achieve its purpose.

A great performance is one which captures the essence of the ritual - which brings the acausal, which "opens a nexion", and which thus has the magickal power to transform. This of course is a rare event - at least these days - and like, for example, a great performance of a drama or a symphony, requires both talent and preparation. Unfortunately, in the past as in the present, ceremonial rituals when attempted are done mostly by inept performers with little or no preparation and little if any empathy with the magick which the ritual re-presents. Thus the ritual is magickally ineffective: non-inspirational for the participants/congregation. Further, elements of self-delusion (regarding the "magick") are mostly present. Such "performances" tend to confirm the mistaken belief that ceremonial forms are either boring or outmoded or both.

A ceremonial ritual should be vivifying - and awaken "numinous" feelings. It should stimulate all the senses - for a sedue ritual in a subtle way; for dure ritual in an obvious/overt way. Incenses and fragrances should stimulate the sense of smell; the eyes should be stimulated by colour and imagery; hearing by the sounds of chanting, by music, words; the intellect by the symbols/content/intent; the passions by the spirit or elan of the performance and perhaps the sight/gestures of an individual or individuals performing a specific "role", their manner of dress (or undress) and their physical movement.

A ceremonial ritual is a seduction - of the participants/congregation by he/she/they conducting it or the power of the rite itself because the rite captures or transforms an aspect or aspects of the acausal. This seduction is subtle if the ritual is a sedue one, and obvious/overt/harsh if it is a dure one. But by its nature it always has a temporal structure as it always is a nexion to the acausal - if it is a genuine magickal rite, that is, one that possesses when performed acausal (or magickal) energy/power. Both of these aspects - the temporal structure and the nexion - are important, although hitherto esoteric.

Each shall be considered in turn. First, temporal structure. This means that the ritual has a beginning, a middle (or 'action'/development) and a definite end: it is confined in temporal time, and while a specific

specific performance may be 'fast' or 'slow' depending on the mood and the intensity, it is generally of a certain duration. Second - a nexion. This means that in form and content (e.g. the techniques used to draw upon magickal energy) it is effective - it accesses the forms/symbols and so on required for its purpose. This means more than that it 'produces emotion'. Emotion arises or should arise from the performance by the effort and talent of the performers. Rather, such accessing means it re-presents certain elements of the acausal in an accessible form, such as archetypes or numinous symbols. This requires what can only be called a type of 'artistic creation' - and this in itself can be of varying quality, as in music or any creative endeavour. Most creations, however, **as rituals**, are not effective: they do not presence the acausal, although they may produce emotion and perhaps the occasional insight. Emotion, however, is not magick - just as "intellectual stimulation" and/or undisciplined behaviour are not, although such things result and are expected to result from what passes for "magickal rituals" today. Only rarely does a creation become or be magickal - that is, a nexion, despite the intent of the person or persons who undertake such creation. Thus, no amount of desire, no amount of intellectual knowledge can make or create a ritual which is magickally effective. Only rarely does a creation become or is magickal. It may become so due to the "aura" or "tradition" surrounding it (partly due to past performances) - but even in this instance it must still possess some aspects which access the acausal directly. It is magickal when it is that rare entity: a genuine magickal creation.

The temporal structure and accessing of a ritual mean that a genuine rite, once created or transmitted via tradition, must be respected for what it is: effective performance requires fidelity to the temporal limits and its internal structure - in terms of all its formalized elements such as words, chants, symbols, images, colours etc. Outside of this, there can be (and indeed should be) artistic interpretation, a vivifying of the original by the talent and skill of the performer(s). A genuine magickal ritual is a work of art - and requires 'interpretation', that is, performance, to presence the acausal. it is in short a conscious causal expression of aspects of the acausal - and in performance lives in both the causal and the acausal. Hence its power to transform.

[It should be remembered that only ceremonial magick is being considered here - the above does not imply that only ceremonial forms are effective as magick. There are many other forms or means of accessing the acausal.]

Given this understanding, it should be obvious that there are very few rituals, written down or transmitted, which presence the acausal and which, in an inspiring performance or interpretation, are capable of transforming either the consciousness of others or of producing changes in the causal metric itself. That is, there are a few rituals which possess in their written form the potential to be a nexion to the acausal: and even these require inspirational performance: rehearsal, planning, the correct intent or desire ... In short, the creation of "atmosphere" and skill/ability in performance. The rituals that proliferate today - and most of those regarded as 'traditional' - may in their performance pass some moments of causal time and may even fill some individuals with emotion (and boredom is an emotion), but they are not and never will be magickal.

Of the rituals that do exist, those in 'The Black Book of Satan' together with a few others (such as The Ceremony of Recalling in its various forms) rank as supreme works of magick. Some other rites possess the potential to do even more on the causal level (e.g. the Nine Angles rites) - producing aeonic changes.

Thus explicated, genuine Black Magick becomes available to all: for the first time ever.

The Alchemy of Magick

Magick is not an object for academic study - it is essentially practical. It also requires self-discipline and training - the acquisition of skills.

No books or teacher can teach magick: it can only be learnt by practice, by the trials and errors of experience. All books and teachers can do, at best, is guide: toward and into the relevant experiences and offer some explanations for cause, effect and what is beyond the causal.

Similarly, willful self-expression will be mostly counter-productive. What is required of the novice and Initiate is self-discipline and that insight which arises from achievement and adversity. Modern life, however, has made these things difficult - it is easy to be self-opinionated, to accept the comforts of modern living and the lack of self-discipline, just as modern "methods" and "ideas" about "magick" make it seem that understanding of and achievement in magick is easy: all that is needed are the relevant books/grade manuals/information and a chaotic mind/attitude/approach.

There is not and never has been any substitute for self-learning from experience. The real learning of magick occurs by the individual novice, alone: group work and group experience merely confirm that learning and extend the techniques, the forms that are used. This is so because real magick is internal - an alchemy of psychic change. It is the techniques which are external. For instance, sexual magick is a technique of magick - it is not magick or 'magickal' in itself - just as ceremonial ritual is a technique. All techniques are forms which are dormant - they need vivifying, bringing to life: they need to be infused with the 'breath of life'. This vivification is magick, and its achievement is individual, that is, it does not rely on the form - on minute details of performance or technique. Sometimes, this vivification is shared - e.g. between two individuals undertaking a sexual rite or a group gathering for a ceremony.

For too long the techniques have been regarded as magickal in themselves, leading to a complete misunderstanding of magick - as, for example, by Crowley and his followers and by adherents of latter-day "chaos" techniques. Magick is beyond technique - techniques and forms merely presence the magick in the causal, and to access the magickal energies skill is required. Sometimes, this skill is intuitive - an inborn gift - but most often it has to be cultivated, learnt, acquired. The skill is an internal one, and may be likened to an attitude of mind. It is a "moving with" magickal energies as those energies are, in themselves - it is not a loose, undirected approach, a chaotic acceptance, but a finely balanced direction; not a loss of conscious awareness/understanding, but a new type of awareness. It is like running long distances: innate ability may help, but training is required, an awareness of limitations born from past experience, a self-discipline to achieve the distance in the time set - and then the running, which when successful is a 'flowing with' the body and mind ...

In magick, desire makes the energy - once accessed via the individual - presence in the form/technique chosen. This desire is usually aimed - that is, it has a causal goal (as for example in external magick). The form or technique chosen may stimulate to some extent the production of magical energies - but it is the individual who must push open the gate (or nexion) and direct the energies that lie beyond it. What the forms and techniques most often do is make the nexion seem real and accessible - often 'provoking' within the individual the consciousness required to push open the nexion and presence the energies.

Because of this, ceremonial rituals (or any ritual where more than two are present and involved) require direction or control - of the images/forms/patterns invoked and the presencing of such in the causal. This direction is always toward the causal (that is, toward a specific aim or into the psyche of an individual or individuals) because of the nature of the energies - there is always 'flow'. If no control is undertaken (or the direction is confused because more than one attempts to control the flow - perhaps unconsciously) then causal change will still occur (and must occur) although in ways probably unforeseen by those involved - this is what usually happens when some individuals gather and attempt an act of magick - and often results in psychic disruption of one or more of those individuals.

The alchemy of magick is in learning this control - in being able to access the energies, and being able to produce changes via the presencing of what is accessed: internally (within one's own psyche), externally (in others and the things of the everyday) and aeonically (within and beyond the confines of aeonics). There is thus a learning about the various types of magical energies (which may be said to be differentiated by how they presence in the causal) - and their uses. In short, the acquisition of individual skill and understanding. To achieve this, there are certain ways - certain guides which may be followed. This is a serious commitment - not a hobby, not a gathering of some like-minded people as and when for an enjoyable and ego-gratifying delving into 'the Occult', and certainly not 'for laughs' or to entertain. There is an intensity, a self-discipline, even sometimes a hardness - and those pleasures which are beyond mere mortals. In brief, new ways of living.

For while the alchemy of magick is now accessible to everyone (due to works such as "Naos") it is unlikely many will forswear their current and easy ways of living for the challenge.

Acausal Existence - The Secret Revealed

Acausal existence - the secret of true Immortality - has been hinted at many times in certain esoteric writings connected with a particular LHP.

In the past, a few Adepts of the LHP - and the occasional notorious individual interested in dark sorcery - tried to secure for themselves an acausal existence by dark rites of sacrifice, and as a result dark legends arose. But such means are not really necessary.

Before describing what is necessary, a brief examination of such acausal existence will be in order. According to a sinister tradition we as individuals possessed of consciousness have both a causal and an acausal aspect to that consciousness. The acausal is latent (or mostly so) and magickal Initiation awakens it - opening a gate or nexion to the acausal. This allows the acausal to be apprehended (usually via a symbolism such as the septenary Tree of Wyrð) and acausal energies to be used/directed (i.e. 'magick'). The result is an 'expansion' of consciousness. Progression by the Initiate to the higher grades of initiation is actually the expansion of the acausal in individual consciousness (or, viewed another way, the progression of the individual into the acausal) - a balance of causal/acausal being achieved in 'the Abyss'. Beyond this, because of the balance so attained, it is possible to transcend to the acausal - to create an acausal existence when the causal ceases (ie. physical death).

The acausal is not however, a "dreamy realm" or some kind of nirvana/heaven. It is rather, the very essence of Being - beyond opposites, primal Chaos. Nirvana and such like are abstract moral forms - ie. they are "unbalanced" since they lack darkness, the sinister, the negative[Nirvana and such like are usually described in terms only of 'light'.] The acausal is the realm of the Dark Gods - and these beings are not imaginative symbols for the titillation of consciousness, nor simply a part of the psyche, to be transcended or negated or whatever by 'forces of light'. Rather, they exist independant of our consciousness [yet such is the nature of the acausal that they are also part of what is dormant within us] and while they may be accessed (or 'dis-covered') by consciousness and thus presented in the causal (on Earth) their actual intrusion would totally disrupt sentient life in the causal - like the meeting of matter and anti-matter. Sinister magick (of the aeonic and internal kind) may be said to be like a machine or engine where containment of opposites is possible and controllable in certain amounts and under certain conditions. [In simple terms, sinister aeonic magick contains the flow of the acausal into a temporal form - usually an Aeon and its associated civilization -via a nexion/magickal centre to thus over thousands of years increase the amount of the acausal that is presented, increasing thus evolution in individuals in accordance with sinister goals. Such is one of the forms of real Black Magick.]

The nature of acausal existence may be apprehended by individuals by certain sinister rites such as those of the Nine Angles. To achieve an individual acausal existence the sinister path must be followed, from Initiate to Internal Adept to Master/Mistress and beyond because this following of such a path in the way indicated (qv. Naos and Black Book) creates acausal consciousness in the individual over causal time. The Grade Ritual of Grand Master/G. Mistress makes the Adept more acausal than causal. Beyond this, is a simple ritual (the solo Nine Angles rite done by the Grand Master/G. Mistress) when consciousness is transferred beyond the nexion opened/created by the previous Grade Ritual. Immortality - the final stage of the way - is then achieved, followed then or shortly thereafter by causal death, although consciousness can be transferred to inhabit another causal body, this is not usually done as wyrð is achieved. Simple, really, although this alchemical process takes about 25 years. By virtue of the nexion, the new Immortal alters the temporal structure of the world, usually for an Aeon.

Now the secret has been revealed, the possibility is open to all. But it is doubtful if more than one or two a century will try, such is human weakness.

Baphomet - A Note on the Name

The name Baphomet is regarded by traditional Satanists as meaning 'the Mistress (or Mother) of Blood' - the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained. [See 'The Ceremony of Recalling'.]

The supposed derivation is from the Greek - βαφη μητρα and not as is sometimes said from - μητιος (the Attic form for 'wise'). Such a use of the term 'Mother'/Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings - for example, Iamblichus in 'De Mysteriis' used μητριζω to signify possessed by the mother of the gods. Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of 'amalgam' (and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna in the sexual sense).

In the septenary system Baphomet, as Mistress of Earth, is linked to the sixth sphere (Jupiter) and the star Deneb. She is thus in one sense a magickal 'Earth Gate' [qv the Nine Angles] and her reflexion (or 'causal' as against her 'acausal' or sinister nature) is the third sphere (Venus) related to the star Antares. According to esoteric tradition the Antares aspect was celebrated by rites in Albion c. 3,000 years BP - in the middle and toward the end of the month of May and some stones circles/sacred sites were said to be aligned for Antares. In contrast, the sinister aspect of the Mistress (i.e. Baphomet) was celebrated in the Autumn and was linked to the rising of Arcturus, Arcturus itself being related to the sinister male aspect (second sphere of the septenary), later identified with Lucifer/Satan. Thus, the August celebration was a sinister hierosgamos - the union of Baphomet with her spouse (or 'Priest' who took on the role of the sinister male aspect). According to tradition, the Priest was sacrificed after the sexual union, where the role of Baphomet was assumed by the Priestess/Mistress of the cult. Thus, the May celebration was the (re-)birth of new energies (and the child of the union). Tradition relates this sinister sacred Arcturian rite as taking place once every seventeen years. Once again, some sacred sites in Albion are said to be aligned to the rising of Arcturus, over three thousand years ago. In the Middle Ages, Baphomet came to be regarded as the Bride of Satan - and it from this time that both 'Baphomet' and 'Satan', as names for the female and male aspect of the dark side came into use (at least in the secret sinister tradition).

Hence the traditional depiction of Baphomet - a beautiful mature woman (often shown naked) holding up the severed head of the sacrificed priest (usually shown bearded).

To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding and for their own purposes. They adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua but with some bloody/sinister aspects - and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially 'Satanic'. Rather, they saw themselves as holy warriors and became a military cult with bonds of honour, although their concept of 'holy' differed somewhat from that of the Church of the time, including as it did dark/gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle - and not as part of a specific rite.

The image of Baphomet (e.g. by Levi) as a hermaphrodite figure are romantic confusions and/or distortions: essentially of the symbolic/real union of Mistress and Priest and his later sacrifice. The same applies to the derivation of the suffix of Her name with 'wisdom' (and a male image at that!) - even the confused gnostics understood 'Wisdom' as female.

There is a tradition regarding the origin of the name Baphomet which deserves recording, even though it is not regarded as authentic, having no present-day proponents.

This tradition regards the name as deriving from βούβαστις - the Greek name for the Egyptian goddess Bastet, recorded by Herodotus (2.137 ff). It is interesting that Herodotus identifies the goddess with Artemis, the goddess of the moon. Bubastis was regarded as the daughter of Osiris and Isis and often represented as a female with the head of a cat - cats were regarded as sacred to her. Artemis was a goddess unmoved by love and she was regarded as Apollo's twin sister (the identification of her as a 'moon goddess' followed naturally from this since Apollo was linked with the sun). Like Apollo, she often sent death and plagues, and was propitiated sometimes with sacrifices.

It is interesting that (a) βουβαστεία is the Pythagorean name for 'five' [qv. Iamblicus: Theologumena Arithmeticae, 31] - perhaps a link with the 'pentagram'?; (b) the Templars, with whom the name Baphomet is associated, were said to have worshipped their deity in the form of a cat.

The tradition recorded above, and the one described in part I, both regard Baphomet as a female divinity - and both are esoteric traditions, hitherto unrecorded.

It is possible that both are correct - that is, that the actual name Baphomet derives (as mentioned in part I) from the Greek βαφη-μητρα: the prefix referring to being 'dyed/stained' or 'dipped' in blood -qv. Euripides, Hercules Furens:
 μαινομένωι πιτύλωι πλαγχθεῖς
 ἑκατοκέφαλου τε βαφαις ὕδρας (1190)

The suffix derives from 'mother' or 'mistress' used in a religious sense (qv. Iamblicus 'De Mysteriis').

This name - Baphomet - is thus a descriptive one for the "dark" (i.e. lunar) goddess, to whom sacrifices were made, and which was actually known in former times as 'Bubastis' - that is, Bastet, to whom cats were sacred.

Thus, Baphomet could be regarded as a form of Artemis/Bastet - a female divinity with a 'dark' side or nature [when viewed via conventional morality] to whom sacrifices have been, and continue to be, made. Sinister tradition regards Baphomet as the Bride of Satan/Lucifer - this would fit well since Lucifer is often regarded as a form of Apollo: Artemis is the female form ('sister') of Apollo. Here, it must be remembered that both Apollo and Artemis were not aetherial, moral and lofty divinities (the classical gods have been romantically misinterpreted) - they could be, and often were, deadly and dark: both 'sinister' and 'light'.

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In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth usually takes on the role of violent goddess or 'Baphomet', the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan, the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess, the bride of our Prince.

Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed - or stored, for example in a crystal) and it draws down dark forces or 'entities'. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the 'astral shell' around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of the sacrifice, is disruptive - that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that sacrifice furthers the work of Satan.

Sacrifice can be voluntary, of an individual, involuntary, of an individual or two, or result from events brought about by Satanic ritual and/or planning (such as wars). Voluntary sacrifice results from the traditional Satanist belief that our life on this planet is only a stage: a gateway to another existence. This other existence is in the acausal realm where the Dark Gods exist. The key to this other existence is not negation, but rather ecstasy. A Satanist revels in life because by living life in a joyful, ecstatic way, the acausal that exists within us all by virtue of our being, is strengthened. For Satanists, not only the manner of living is important but also the manner of death. We must live well, and die at the right time, proud and defiant: not waiting sickly and weak. The scum of the Earth wail and tremble as they face Death: we stand laughing and spit with contempt. Thus do we learn how to live.

Voluntary sacrifice usually occurs every seventeen years as part of the Ceremony of Recalling: the one chosen becomes Immortal, living in the acausal to haunt the edge of our minds.

An involuntary sacrifice is when an individual or individuals are chosen by a group, Temple, Order. Such sacrifices are usually sacrificed on the Spring Equinox, although if this is not possible for whatever reason another date may be used. While voluntary sacrifices are always male (and usually twenty-one years of age) there are no restrictions concerning involuntary sacrifices other than the fact that they are usually in some way opponents of Satanism or the Satanic way of living.

Great care is needed in choosing a sacrifice: the object being to dispose of a difficult individual or individuals without arousing undue suspicion. A Temple or group wishing to conduct such a sacrifice with magickal intent must first obtain permission from the Grand Master (or Mistress).

If this is given, then detailed preparation must begin. First choose the sacrifice(s) - those whose removal will actively benefit the Satanist cause. Candidates are zealous interfering Nazarenes, those attempting to disrupt in some way established Satanist groups or Orders (e.g. journalists) and political/business individuals whose activities are detrimental to the Satanist spirit.

There are three methods of conducting an involuntary sacrifice: 1) by magickal means (e.g. the Death Ritual); 2) by direct, personal, sacrifice; and 3) by assassination.

Both (2) and (3) can be undertaken either directly by the group/Temple/Order or its members or by proxy. Proxy involves the Master or Mistress finding a suitably weak-willed individual and then implanting in their mind by hypnotic means a suitable suggestion.

Whatever method is chosen a date for the sacrifice should be set and on that date a suitable ritual undertaken. This ritual is most usually the Death Ritual - if method (3) is chosen, the Ritual is performed twice: first, seven days before the chosen date, and then on the date itself while the member/proxy is undertaking the sacrifice. The energy of this latter ritual is then directed (or stored temporarily) or dispersed over the Earth by the person conducting the ritual.

Method (2) involves the Ritual of Sacrifice. The victim or victims are brought or enticed to the area chosen for the Ritual, bound by the Guardian of the Temple and at the appropriate point in the Ritual sacrificed by either the Master or Mistress using the Sacrificial Knife. The bodies are then buried or otherwise disposed of, care being taken if they are found for suspicion not to fall on any of those involved. Those involved, of course, must be sworn to secrecy and warned that if they break their oath their own existence will be terminated. Breaking the oath of sacrifice draws down upon them the vengeance of all Satanic groups, Orders and individuals - both magickal and more directly. Those who participate in the Ritual of Sacrifice must revel in the death(s): it being the duty of the Master and Mistress to find suitable participants.

Note: Methods (2) and (3) are no longer undertaken and are given for historical interest only.

The Deofel Quartet

The Quartet consists of:

- 1) Falcifer: Lord of Darkness
- 2) The Temple of Satan (aka Witch Queen)
- 3) The Giving
- 4) The Greyling Owl

The general purpose of these MSS is briefly explained in the 'Introduction' which follows their title page. More specifically, each work deals with one (sometimes more) forms of 'magickal/archetypal' energy as these are understood in the septenary tradition and the means whereby these can be controlled as well as how those forms affect individuals, both consciously and unconsciously. In some of the works (for example 'Falcifer') the magick is obvious; in others, (for example 'The Greyling Owl') it is much less obvious, and for good reason.

The best approach is to read each work in order of complexity, starting with the least (esoterically) complicated. Thus, the reading sequence would be: Falcifer; The Giving; The Temple of Satan; The Greyling Owl. Further, this increasing complexity operates, in the individual works, on different levels. At first, all of them should be read merely for enjoyment (and the 'esoteric' information obvious on a first reading). A further reading should provoke questions and (hopefully) insights into esoteric matters in general and the reader's psyche in particular.

Viewed in a simplified way, the four works deal with the first four spheres of the Tree of Wyrð. Thus:

- 1) Falcifer - deals with the first sphere (Moon) and some of its 'influences' (in the personal sense) in an overtly magickal setting.
- 2) Greyling - deals with some aspects of the second sphere (Mercury) in a way 're-moved' from a magickal setting.
- 3) Temple - deals with some aspects of the third sphere in a directly magickal setting.
- 4) Giving - deals with the transition from the third sphere to the fourth sphere, in a specific magickal setting.

(1) and (2) may be said to be written from a ♂ perspective; (3) and (4) from a ♀ perspective. But in all the interplay between the 'male' and the 'female' aspects is important. (Note: ♀♂ is dealt with in the MS 'Breaking The Silence Down')

In each of the works the interplay of ♂ ('light') with ♀ ('sinister') is also described, although only in some of the works (e.g. Falcifer) is this framework viewed in the 'conventional magickal sense' (i.e. from a 'sinister' viewpoint). In all cases, the 'moral' relativity should be obvious, although it may take some insight/further study of MSS for this to be seen. The same applies to the magick - i.e. the alteration of individuals/events/archetypal forms and so on by a Master/Mistress/magickian: only in a few instances (e.g. Falcifer) is this instantly recognizable as 'magick' (robes, rituals and so on). There are important reasons for all this - reasons which once understood should aid the esoteric understanding of the reader.

Thus, the MSS are more challenging/esoterically interesting than might appear from a first, casual, reading.

The following lists give some (not all) of the main themes and questions dealt with/arising from the Quartet. They are intended only as a guide to further reading of the MSS. Ideally, what follows should be read only after the MSS themselves and then to provoke further study of them/aid the understanding obtained from the first reading.

1) Greyling - What forces (in both magickal and personal sense (is there a difference?) control/influence the characters of Mickleman, Andrea, Alison, Fenton?

Does Alison's perception change? If so, by what means? Is this means intentional - or via magick? If so, to what end/purpose?

Does Mickleman's perception/insight change? What is his initial level of self-understanding? What his wyrð? What is Fiona's part in this?

What if anything is Edmund seeking to achieve and why?

Some key elements (clues exist in the MS):

- a) How does supra-personal magick work? b) To what end this magick? c) Archetypally (re spheres of ToW) what forces act upon the psyche of the main characters?
- d) The MS expresses one aspect of real magick in action - is this magick as described in the MS sinister? If so, why?

2) Temple - What archetypal elements are present in Melanie and Thurstan? How is Melanie changed - and why? (See quote from Book of Recalling at beginning of MS.)

Does Thurstan change through his love with Melanie? If so, why? Can all these changes be related to the experiences of an Initiate, in real life, following the seven-fold way?

What level of insight has Algar attained? Is he a magickian - in control? Do external forces/archetypes control/influence him? Is this related to Initiate experience? Does Algar understand wyrd?

Pead - what is his level of insight/achievement? Jukes - what is his? Does his esoteric development change? If so, how?

Saer - who is he? What is his role? His magick? What is Claudia's understanding/role and so on?

Main theme - what is the magick and wyrd of the MS and why?

3) Giving - Rhiston and Mallam: what is their level of development/understanding? Does this change. Can they as characters be related to journey of an Initiate?

Lianna - what is her esoteric development/insight? What key factors influence her?

Thorold - what is his role and how does this change? Has he esoteric self-awareness? Is there a manipulation of him by Lianna? If so, why?

Imlach and his daughter - what are their roles and level of esoteric development. How well does Imlach fulfil the archetypal role of Guardian?

Monica - is she manipulated? If so, why? Is her death the result of magick? If so, why?

Some themes:

a) What is the magick of the 'story'? Is this magick sinister? b) How do Mallam's belief and magick differ from Lianna's? Is he a Satanist? Is Lianna? What is Lianna's relationship to him, his wyrd? b) Is the historical setting (Templars etc.) necessary? c) Does the story show Lianna as a real Mistress of Earth? d) What is Sidnal's role in relation to the magick and Lianna? Is he 'Satanic'? (What is Satanic?)

To some degree, all the MSS in the quintet deal with a particular type of magick/ manipulation and this is explicated in many ways including:

- a) of individuals and groups of individuals by other individuals and groups, be these others magickians or not;
- b) of how various individuals are affected by certain elemental/magickal forces and 'emotions', these forces etc. being manifest in various guises - some directly magickal, some archetypal (as, for example, when a man is charmed by and falls in love with a woman, he apprehending that woman archetypally) and some aeonic.

The manipulation of the energies/forms and so on varies in the different MS, as the aim or intent of such manipulation does - for example, sometimes it is for direct personal desire/gratification, sometimes it is due to unconscious factors, sometimes it is due to a desire (sinister and otherwise) to change/aid a particular individual or individuals.

However, just as important in each MS as this covert/overt form of magick is how and why individuals become changed via it in many and various situations. Thus, for example, sometimes change occurs because of personal involvement with others, sometimes through being influenced (either consciously or unconsciously) by magickal energy (which itself may be directed at that individual by another), sometimes through mediums like music (with perhaps some 'magickal' input from another), sometimes via personal confrontation with unconscious fears and/or insights.

All of these changes are presented in the various MSS from differing perspectives - and these perspectives are sometimes individual (directly personal) as they are sometimes magickal. The perspectives change - from MS to MS and sometimes within a single MS - and while the perspective may be 'sinister' it is also sometimes 'moral': that is, seen from the viewpoint of an individual adhering to 'conventional morals/attitudes'. This diverse variation is intentional, since by it the reader is (or should be) able to objectify the action/changes/characters and thus understand the influences (magickal and otherwise) behind these, particularly with reference to the psyche. This understanding is aided by the fact that each MS is related to a particularly septenary sphere and thus to some extent deals with the energy/magick/influences both unconscious and conscious of that sphere. However, as in real life and real magick, other influences (from other spheres) may sometimes intrude and complicate matters and the reader should be capable of understanding the interplay.

The understanding that results from a reading and study of the MSS (using the themes, questions and so on revealed here and in other notes on the quintet) is part of the process of Initiate awareness - and should assist those following the seven-fold way to arrive at a personal understanding of their own psyche as well as that of others. Such understanding enables magick itself to be understood - and used effectively.

The Sinister Path - Aims and Intent

The Sinister Path, as the way of genuine Satanism is sometimes known, comprises two traditions. The first of these is 'traditional Satanism' - represented by such groups as the ONA - and the second derives from the teachings promulgated by Anton La Vey and includes his 'Church of Satan' as well as the 'Temple of Set'. In both aims and intent, the two traditions differ considerably, and while traditional Satanism may be said to have its roots in Europe (particularly Britain) the La Vey tradition is primarily American and of fairly recent date.

The primary aim of traditional Satanism is the achievement, by the individual, of magickal Adeptship and this is achieved by Initiated individuals following what is called the 'seven-fold way' (sometimes called the 'seven-fold sinister way'). This way is essentially a series of magickal techniques, teachings and goals and during its early stages may be said to consist of an exploration, by the individual, of hidden/latent/sinister/forbidden areas of consciousness. During these early stages, practical magick is employed, and traditional Satanism distinguishes between 'external' and 'internal' magick. The first type is primarily sorcery; the second, an exploration/expansion of individual consciousness. One of the tasks of an Initiate following this seven-fold way is the formation of a magickal/Satanic Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals. Among these rituals is 'The Black Mass'. However, these ceremonial rituals - and external magick itself of whatever kind - represent only the first few stages of the sinister seven-fold way: they are, essentially, a practical training in magick and magickal technique. It is beyond these stages that the real work of an Initiate of the 'Dark Tradition' begins, and these more advanced stages involve that Initiate in 'Internal' magick - the development of individual consciousness.

Thus, traditional Satanism is concerned with the 'inner development' of its Initiates, and its followers are few in numbers. Neither they, nor the groups to which they belong, proselytize, and traditional/Satanism has no social, religious or political connotations whatsoever. Rather, it is an esoteric way of living for those few individuals who might be interested - a way founded on Western Occult tradition (an aspect of this tradition is known as the Septenary system).

The La Vey type of Satanism concentrates on a glorification of the individual 'ego' and an indulgence in the pleasures of life. Both the Church of Satan and the more recent Temple of Set are organized on the basis of Satanism as a religion with all that this implies in terms of acceptance of doctrine and adherence to an individual leader/master/specific group. The fundamental tenets of this religion were stated by La Vey in his 'Satanic Bible'. While the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set differ on some organizational matters, they both take this 'Satanic Bible' (and other works by La Vey) as their starting point, and in many respects the Temple of Set may be said to be a 'schism' from the Church of Satan. Other Satanic groups, both in America, Europe and elsewhere, take these two organizations as their own 'role model' and follow both their teachings/philosophy and methods of magical working.

Basically, the teachings of La Vey and those following him have their origin in the qabalistic, Grimoire tradition. There is an identification with the 'demonic' aspects and a desire to use this to further personal goals and ambitions. Generally, followers of this tradition of modern Satanism do not believe in any existence after death, seek practical mastery over others, exult in the pleasures of the flesh, perform rituals and ceremonies for their own benefit and see their beliefs in religious terms. The main groups - the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set - also actively seek followers, engage in public avowals of Satanic faith and offer members various titles and offices. The aims of these groups include winning converts for their religion, making that religion more accessible and acceptable, and, ultimately, bringing that religion into social prominence.

The majority of individuals who profess to be Satanists and who do not belong to any particular grouping, almost without exception adhere to the La Vey tradition. This is so because of the 'publicity profile' attained by La Vey and, following him, Aquino (of the Temple of Set) and because of the ready availability of books dealing with this aspect of Satanism.

The fundamental aims of this type of Satanism may be simply stated as the glorification of the ego and the return of instinct. There is not, in this type, any glorification of 'evil' and certainly not any 'Satanic criminal behaviour'. Instead, there is an attempt to change the way the individual views the world - toward what may be termed a more Mephistophelean and Machiavellian approach.

In contrast, the followers of more traditional Satanism believe that this approach is only a beginning. These followers eschew the religious approach and instead concentrate on achieving self-development beyond the stage represented by the 'ego'. Traditional Satanism also believes individuals can create for themselves an existence after death, and this creation is seen as one of the fundamental aims of this tradition.

Further, traditional Satanist groups and teachers are secret, and those who, after perhaps a diligent search, find them and seek to follow their seven-fold way are subjected to many ordeals before being accepted. This testing of all candidates ensures that only the most sincere and motivated are accepted.

The foundation of the Church of Satan in the sixth decade of this present century and the writings of the founder of that Church (particularly 'The Satanic Bible') represented only one further stage in the development of Satanism - a new divergence, founded on some aspects, although not all, of that particular magickal and practical view of the world.

Satanism, in many divergent forms, existed before the Church of Satan in both the Old and the New worlds - and those forms, as well as new ones, continue to exist independent of both this Church and the writings of its creator. Thus groups and individuals which claim that the Church of Satan (in either its present or its original form) represents the only genuine form of Satanism are, historically, deluding themselves.

Such claims are usually based on one or more of the following: (a) The founder of the Church of Satan inaugurated a 'new Satanic' age and this inauguration makes all other forms of Satanism invalid/superfluous; (b) a mandate was given by some supra-personal being; (c) there is a 'pure' tradition and this form is represented by a presently existing group.

Basically, those who claim to be 'genuine' Satanists divide into three groups: the Church of Satan, the Temple of Set and some small European groups (both the Church of Satan (CoS) and the Temple of Set (ToS) are American in origin) among which the ONA is included. From time to time, other groups become manifest - both they are almost without exception splinter groups/fronts of the Cos or the ToS (e.g. 'The Werewolf Order': a CoS 'front'). The CoS accepts (a) and (c) above and as a group adhere with an almost religious outlook to the founder of the Church and his 'Bible' - for example, one the followers of this Church states (Black Flame, Vol 2 no 2): "We have a Bible ... We have a Church. We have a tradition ... We have a High Priest." The ToS accepts (b) and (c) - the mandate emanating from the Prince of Darkness in the form of Set and divulged to mortals in 'The Book of Coming Forth by Night'. Further, the ToS accept that they are continuing the work begun by the early CoS, that is, they represent the original and 'pure' Church. In this sense, the ToS is a schism from the CoS.

Hence the conflict between the CoS and the ToS - both claim to be the genuine form of Satanism and both date the new Satanic age in the same way - 1990 ev is, for example, XXV A.S. Both of these groups have an organizational structure (although the ToS claims the CoS in its present form does not any longer possess a structure) and both have teachings and a leader. Members of both are expected to respect both teachings and leader. Both actively seek members and both engage in public/media avowals. The ToS hopes to make Satanism a legitimate religion.

As far as basic teachings go, the CoS and the ToS differ - for although the ToS accepts the early works of La Vey (there being thus a little common ground) it differs quite significantly in what has been built upon those works. There is, for instance, in the ToS an emphasis on the 'higher self' above the glorification of the ego that is such a feature of the CoS as well as

a move away from a fixed ideology and 'Church' like mentality. Nonetheless, the ToS demands a certain commitment (subservience some opponents would say) to the teachings and authority of the Temple, and while this is not as pronounced as in the CoS it nevertheless exists. The squabbles between the CoS and the ToS aids this commitment - on both sides - and to a certain extent necessitates it. Having become established, and having media profiles, both the CoS and the ToS need to continually re-affirm both their identity and their mission - and this has led to the formation of personality cults (more evident on the side of the CoS although Aquino accepts the role of 'Voice of Set').

Both the Church and the Temple are concerned - although in different ways - with safeguarding what they see as the authentic tradition of Satanism, and accordingly each tends to be antagonistic to those outside of this supposed tradition, particularly if individuals and groups espouse views contrary to their teachings and policies. Both wish to protect what they see as their reputation and this tends to lead to suspicions regarding other groups and individuals who espouse different forms of Satanism - as well as sometimes polemics/dis-information against those groups and individuals to further enhance that reputation at the expense of those others.

All this is not unexpected given the form of both the CoS and the Tos and the claims made by each regarding the authority and authenticity of their version of Satanism - in fact, all the above follows naturally.

In contrast, the ONA, for example, is not concerned with either an imagined (or even real) history regarding its own tradition and teachings - or with trying to claim some authority (either supra-personal or via some new aeonic manifestation) for that tradition and those teachings. Basically, some ONA teachings have been handed down by reclusive Adepts and some have been developed recently. What is 'historical' about these teachings may or may not be valuable today and may or may not be of interest to aspirant Adepts - indeed, some of the teachings handed down have been superseded and some of just mystifications. What exists is made accessible enabling its usefulness or irrelevance to be judged on an individual basis. What is important however is that the central core (recently codified and extended in the creative sense) offers a practical path to Adeptship and beyond. (This path being explicated in the books 'Naos', 'The Black Book of Satan', the Deofel Quartet and the Star Game.) The accent is on practical - it is devoid of mystifications, does not involve theoretical discussions, require acceptance of any dogma, ideology or organizational structure. Neither does it require submission to any individual or authority. It is not concerned with converting others, with reputations or establishing a favourable social climate for its adherents. It is, simply, a very simple and practical set of magickally-inclined workings which any individual can undertake for themselves. It does not need to be 'interpreted' by some Master or guide. It simply is: available to those who wish to avail themselves of its methods.

This is not to say that this path - the seven-fold sinister way - is easy. On the contrary, it takes time

and effort, requiring a certain desire to follow it to its end. The following of this way depends only on the individual.

This present codification of the essence of ONA teachings into 'the seven-fold sinister way' is a result of the natural process of evolution within the LHP - in this particular instant, the result of the creative inspiration of one individual over the past few decades. This process, of refinement and extension, will continue as further insights are gained and new creativity - extending the frontiers - arises from other individuals who are Adepts of the LHP. Thus the present form of those teachings (as represented, for instance, in 'Naos') is itself only a stage between a historical past and the possibilities of the future: as such, this form is not sacred or subject to jealous guardianship with extended polemics in its defence. It is simply a working method which produces results - there is no mystique about it, no glorification of the creative individual responsible for its present form, no reliance on historical traditions, as there can be no dogma attached to it. It simply exists, to guide those who may be interested in following its methods.

It is up to each and every individual interested in the LHP and Satanism to choose which way to follow. Some lead to Adeptship and beyond - others merely to subserviance to someone else's ego and mythology.

Brief Guide to the Seven-Fold Way:

Aims - a) Esoteric Initiation; b) Magickal Adeptship; c) Fulfilment of individual wyrd and potential; d) creation of next stage of human evolution

Stages - 1) Neophyte 2) Initiate 3) External Adept
4) Internal Adept 5) Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth
6) Grand Master (Magus)/Grand Mistress 7) Immortal

Neophyte - Construction of Star Game (qv Naos) and learning how to use this. Undertake ritual of Initiation (Naos; Black Book)

Initiate - Workings with spheres and septenary pathways (Naos); Hermetic workings for specific desires/aims (Naos). Achievement of demanding physical goal. Seeking and finding of companion (opposite sex: or same if gay) - Initiate this individual (Black Book) and undertake workings with spheres/pathways with them. Use of Star Game with companion. Undertake Grade Ritual of External Adept (Naos).

External Adept - With companion, organize a Temple for ceremonial rituals (Black Book) holding regular sunedrions (Black Book): recruiting members etc. Run this Temple for between six months to one year - regular teaching sessions (Black Book) including Esoteric Chant, Star Game etc. At end of this period prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

Internal Adept - Depending on wyrd (manifest during Grade Ritual) continue with Temple or fulfil on practical level the tasks of wyrd (e.g. creativity). Learning and use of Advanced Star Game and Aeonic magick. Further training of companion (up to Internal Adept if required/possible). Use of Rites of Nine Angles. Preparation for G. Ritual Master/Mistress.

(Historical Addendum: reductio ad absurdum:-)

The individual responsible for the present codification of ONA (in the form of the seven-fold way, Star Game etc.) does not claim any supra-personal authority for that codification (in the form of Set/Satan or an extra-terrestrial intelligence) or indeed for the creativity which was its essence. Neither does he claim any authority via having belonged to some ancient and mysterious group whose 'Master' taught and Initiated him.

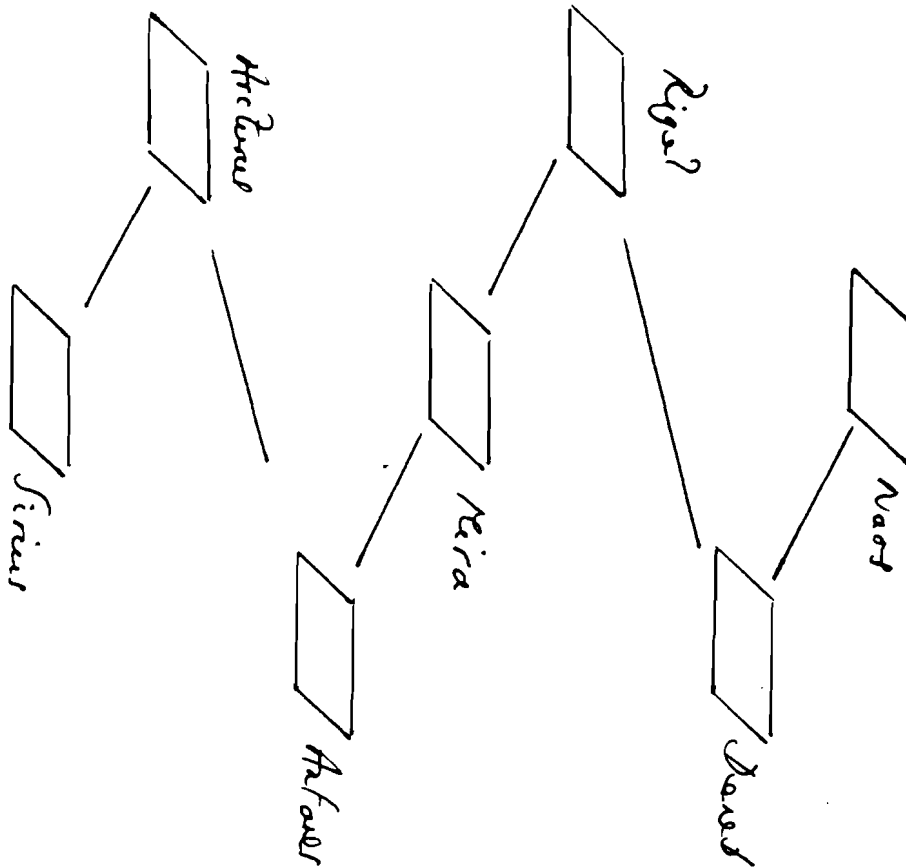
The truth is simple, and a little ordinary. He was fortunate perhaps in spending most of his childhood and early youth in Africa and the Far East where, in the former, he grew up among peoples who believed in pagan practices and witchcraft, and, in the latter, he came in contact with many and various traditions including LHP Taoist magic and Martial Arts. All this formed a somewhat unusual education (there is no claim to being 'Initiated' into any form) and provided a continuing interest in esoteric arts. This curiosity, interest together with his keen intellect, enthusiasm and zest for danger led him to, in later youth, to not only seek out LHP groups in Europe but also into many interesting and diverse experiences, and in the late sixties he was Initiated into some LHP groups/underground Satanic Temples. His diverse experiences then and later (some dangerous, some at variance with prevailing social dogma, many dark, some noetical) provided a useful background for an Occult and personal synthesis and led to him taking responsibility for a small LHP group. The teachings of this group were rather garbled, full of mystifications and occasional insights, but they did provide some basis for creative extension. Thus, the new synthesis that was the seven-fold way was created. The original LHP group had no historical significance and did not claim among its former members any person of significance on any level - it was simply a reclusive circle of a few individuals orientated toward the Black Arts whose teachings (such as they were) centred around a septenary approach to magickal alchemy and a 'mythology' about the Dark Gods. (It should be noted that the other LHP groups he joined either derived their magic from a mixture of Crowley/Golden Dawn/demonism or were rather boring, lacking Satanic zest.)

In the early years of the eighth decade of the present century a decision was made to publish the traditions of this small group (the ONA - as it came to be called some decades earlier) together with the new codification. Some of the traditional material concerned Sacrifice and some related to the Dark Gods mythos.

No one within this group believes these traditions and methods are unalterable or invested with 'supernatural' authority. As expressed in such published works as 'Naos' and 'The Black Book' they are a practical method of achieving magickal Adeptship and extending consciousness into the next stage of its development.

Thus the ONA has no structure because no structure is needed - its members may guide others if those others wish, such guidance occurring because those members have themselves undergone (to a greater or lessor extent depending on their own personal development) the tasks of the seven-fold way and can thus offer advice from experience.

It is as absurdly simple as that.



Notes on the Septenary Stars

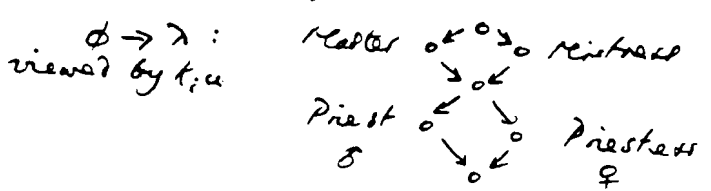
Deneb: Jupiter sphere: Baphomet: Earth Gate (for α working)
 Rigel: Mars sphere: Dark angle (Man's Gate) - α working
 Antares: Venus sphere: Light angle (α working):Star Gate
 Arcturus: Mercury: Satan/Lucifer: Dark Gate (α working)

*Rising of Arcturus (Albion c. 3 000 yrs BP) \Rightarrow August: thus 'festivals'

*Antares \Rightarrow May - thus 'festivals' (middle/end of month)
 ('Venus' implies Baphomet image in 'light' aspect:
 qv. Tarot image 2 'High Priestess')

*Baphomet: Mistress of Earth (qv. 'magickal energies'/Azoth images).

Note: All the above represent only one aspect of the causal symbolism (ie. how the 'chaotic'/raw energy of a particular sphere is apprehended/viewed/manifested to individual consciousness):-



The Wheel of Life

Aries: Venus

Cancer: Moon

Libra: Sun

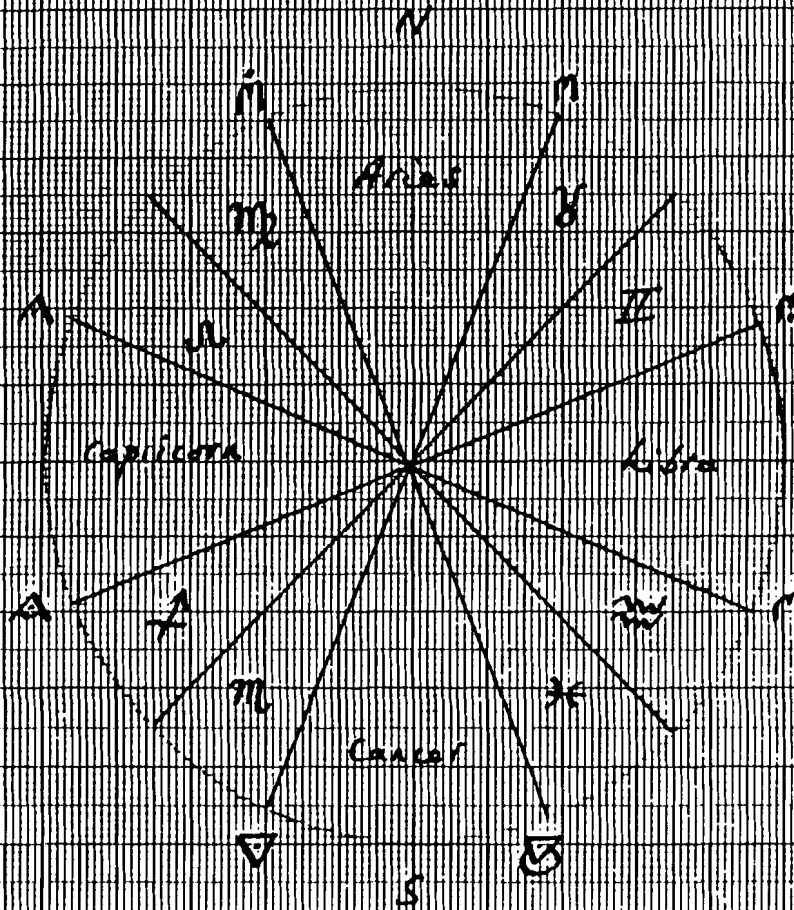
Capricorn: Mercury

♈ Spring Equinox

♋ Summer Solstice

♌ Autumn Equinox

♍ Winter Solstice



♈: Water of Water

♋: Water of Fire

♌: Fire of Water

♍: Fire of Fire etc.

♈: Water V

♋: Fire Δ

♌: Earth ♀

♍: Air A

V: Priestess Aphrodite

Δ: Priest Apollo

♀: Mistress of Earth Hecate

A: Master of the Temple Hermes

The helical path

The Abyss

The Abyss is where the causal and the acausal meet: a nexus of temporal and spatial dimensions. Because of the nature of our consciousness, the Abyss lies latent within all of us - that is, our consciousness consists of both causal and acausal aspects. In this sense, we are all 'Gates' to the acausal dimensions, although this Gate - and the pathways leading to/from it - often lies undiscovered. Magickal training is essentially the discovery, exploration and use of these pathways.

Symbolized causally, the Abyss lies between the spheres of the Sun and Mars in the septenary Tree of Wyrð, and the 'Entering the Abyss' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/Mistress from the Adept. The experience of the Abyss - which the Grade Ritual 'Entering the Abyss' begins - is fundamentally a destruction of the self-image which the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept created and which was glimpsed during the External Adept rite. It is also the destruction of all personal illusions regarding opposites: the final 'withdrawing of projections'. In essence, the Internal Adept has learnt (mainly through the Grade Ritual) to withdraw the projections of the 'ego' from other individuals - that is, their is an understanding of individuals as those individuals are in essence: without the distortion of one's own passions/ideas/prejudices and without the distortions of other people's ideas/judgements and so on. The experience of the Abyss takes this a stage further - there is a withdrawal of all personal projections made by every individual upon others/the 'cosmos' and so on: both personal and impersonal. Thus, the essence is apprehended behind the appearance which the causal produces because it is the causal. Put very simply, the Abyss is the beginning of acausal perception.

This perception implies a complete understanding of oneself, one's wyrð, as well as an understanding of others, of aeonic influences, and of the 'cosmos' itself - the beginnings of wisdom ... Yet this does not mean a negation of individuality. Rather, it is an enhancement of consciousness. This is so because the Abyss is also the Tree of Wyrð itself - all the spheres and the pathways in both their individual and aeonic forms: the 'individual forms' being Jungian-type archetypes (and the experiences/understanding appropriate to these) on a personal level, and the 'aeonic forms' being aeonic/cultural myths and images on a supra-personal level, in both 'sinister' and 'light' aspects. Further, the Abyss is also a direct opening or "Gate" to the acausal dimensions.

The ritual of the Abyss implies an acceptance of acausal energies as those energies are - that is, without any 'abstract', personal or judgemental views. It is a letting 'in' of those Null, Chaotic energies without any hindrance. This of course can be dangerous, but the preparation reduces this danger as well as making possible an understanding of those energies and the 'forms' they may or may not assume in both the causal and acausal worlds. This latter point is quite important, because there have been many who, unprepared, having experienced some acausal energies via entering the Abyss too soon. Quite often, the result of this premature magickal experience is madness or extreme personal dis-orientation resulting in a 'possessed' personal life and/or loss of vitality; another and frequent result is personal delusion about one's own abilities and understanding, both personal and magickal.

This understanding of the acausal, vital to a 'successful' crossing of the Abyss, derives from the preparation implicit in (a) having undertaken the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept [that is, in essence, having spent at least three months alone without any external influences and without any personal contact] and (b) having fulfilled the tasks revealed by that Grade Ritual. This fulfilling of personal tasks (the accomplishment

of part of the wyrd of the individual) is necessary (and it takes from one to many years after the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept) because it dissipates the energy of the 'self-image' that the Grade Ritual produces, preparing thus a voidness within the Adept. The Adept generally knows when this inner void is reached (in simple terms, the personal, driving energy is gone through achievement of personal goals: the reality, of course, is more complicated and here the advice of a Master/Mistress/Magus is often sought).

The ritual of the Abyss is simple. The physical part (the walk in the specified time without assistance) is essential preparation for the 'magickal' part because it prepares the consciousness in a very specific way as well as draining the physical resources of the body. To complete the walk given the conditions stated requires determination - and this determination is released/abandoned when the magickal part of the rite is begun, this release/abandonment occurring quite naturally because the physical goal has been achieved. Thus, there is a 'hidden' wisdom in the construction of the rite (as there is in all the Grade Rituals).

The physical part also creates - because of the isolation - a feeling within the individual of being only a part of something more vast, and it is for this reason that the walk is undertaken as far from human habitation as possible. This isolation, the concentration required to walk at a pace enabling the goal to be reached within the set time, the rhythm of walking, the anticipation of the magickal part, all combine to produce the conditions necessary within the consciousness of the individual conducive to success.

As mentioned above, the Abyss is also an opening into the acausal. The 'passing of the Abyss' is the opening of that 'Gate' within us. All magick is a glimpse of the acausal, and the stages of the seven-fold way are really stages when the acausal energies are developed and understood in a progressively more emphatic manner - that is, they may be seen as 'pushing that Gate wider and wider' - in the passing of the Abyss there is no longer a Gate, but rather a union or fusion. In another sense, the seven-fold way may be said to be the creation, within the consciousness of the individual, of connections or pathways to the acausal - each stage develops more and more pathways until they form a conduit through which acausal energy 'flows'. Beyond the Abyss, the individual is part of the acausal 'flow' and has achieved the goal of sentient life. This is really the great secret of alchemy, of magick and of the Left Hand or Sinister Path itself - that is, we can create for ourselves another existence in another 'universe' and an existence which continues after our causal self dies. The means to this existence is simply - the seven fold way.

According to tradition, the Abyss is also presented physically in our causal universe. That is, terrestrial and 'Space' or 'Star' Gates exist where the two universes are joined. In reality, the terrestrial Gates may be said to be points where the causal and acausal come close to contact: where there is 'seepage' of acausal energy - the discovery of these places and then the 'opening of the Gate' via magick producing Aeonic energy to alter the causal (and thus the individuals in the world). [See the Order MSS relating to Aeons, 'Lovecraft and the Dark Gods' etc.]

π /: n y " /: N 7 ✓ π " n /: T
Ny - thra * k - thra

N " " n w T: N /: - /: n /: : n /: ✓ J T
- ae . Ae - a -

π. n π ✓ n n " ✓ ✓ n y n /: n /: /:
30th . Ny - thra k - thra - ae

- w T: n T n - w T
ae .

chant to open star gate

∩ -- -- c N' N' -- -- n.n' n' .
Ny - Ebra * K - Ebra - ae AE - a

n: nN N n: // - w N S a r - c r r a N N
- 30th . AE -

- N w N N 7 N r , N " N w N' . N' .
a - 30th .

. n' . r - c' n y n . n . l - w' . n' M' w' r
AE - a - 30th .

Chart to return Atazoth

The name nine angles is, in one fundamental sense, self-descriptive: the Tree of Wyrð possesses nine causal angles and nine acausal angles in the causal geometric sense, and these can be represented as formed by the corners or angles of a causal and acausal tetrahedron, one a reflexion of the other, the base of both lying in the plane of the middle sphere (the Sun). This double tetrahedron encloses in three-dimensional space the path from causal to acausal - the 'Initiate journey' from the sphere of the Moon to Saturn viā the other spheres, this path being helical (cf. 'The Wheel of Life'). The direction of this path is 'counter-clockwise'. In essence, the acausal is a reflexion (and vice versa) of the causal, so the single term 'Nine Angles' describes what is our normal (i.e. un-Initiated) view of the septenary, this septenary being a 'map' of consciousness and the cosmos. The realization of the dual nature of the spheres (for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars) arises from Initiation and is the first stage of an esoteric understanding of the term 'nine angles'.

The term also describes the nine fundamental 'alchemical' forms (represented by the symbols $\Theta(\Theta)$, $\Theta(\Psi)$ or $\alpha(\alpha)$, $\alpha(\lambda)$, $\alpha(\omega)$ and so on: i.e. the pieces of the Star Game). These forms are the basic apprehensions of magickal energy and thus re-present the acausal manifest in the causal (in the many forms of that manifestation - e.g. individual consciousness: the images/archetypes pertaining thereto). Hence each of these symbols is an 'angle' re the above description of the septenary Tree. These nine fundamental forms (the abstract symbolism is a stage of understanding beyond the purely causal geometric one) exist in many combinations within the nexion which the 'Tree of Wyrð' represents - and these combinations are abstractly symbolized by the placement of the many pieces of the Star Game over the seven boards ('Spheres') of that game. (Note: The Advanced form of the Star Game is the most complete representation, but for convenience the septenary form will be used here. It should be noted, however, that the septenary form - difficult though it is for Initiates - serves only as an introduction to the Advanced game.) This abstraction, in terms of the Star Game, makes the forms understandable on a level higher than that using words and ideas - this understanding is a new form of thinking, a form appropriate to the next century and beyond. Such an understanding arises from playing the Star Game and relating the abstract symbols to conventional representations (e.g. archetypal forms; the energies of the pathways; the symbolism of the Tarot and the many and various Occult symbolisms) - this develops the capacity for what may be termed 'acausal thinking': when the conventional representations are abandoned and collocations are viewed abstractly. This 'abstraction' is however a new 'insight' (a lower form of which is often described an 'intuition') and not a dry, academic process: it extends consciousness into new and important realms and pre-figures the development of a symbolic language which eliminates the confusion, both moral and linguistic, which exists in words and the translation of complex ideas into such words. It is 'mathesis' in the ancient Greek sense and while not being what we understand as 'mathematics' it complements mathematical abstraction and indeed

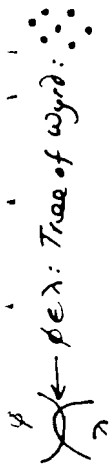
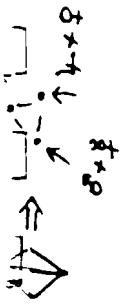
interacts with it in some places: Essentially, the symbolism is a new tool to assist and develop our understanding, and it is via this symbolism that the meanings of the nine angles may most easily be understood without confusion.

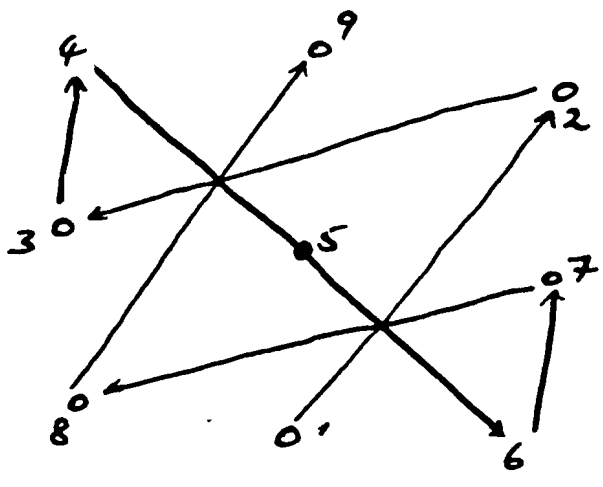
On a less refined esoteric level (i.e. in more 'conventional' esoteric terms) the nine symbolize the sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the two most important 'Gates' (see illustration). This sigil describes the energy flow and may be used, magickally, in several ways - for example, as a visualization 'sigil' (in hermetic rituals etc.) as a symbol of the path walked during certain rites (some connected with Esoteric Chant - qv. 'Naos') and when an 'Earth Gate' is being sought with a view to drawing acausal energy through it to change the causal (e.g. inaugurate a new aeon) - the find an Earth Gate the sequence would be begun to end at the 'Earth Gate'.

The nine also represents the tetrahedron (for example, the crystal one used in the Rite of the Nine Angles) which is itself symbolic of the nexion described by the Tree of Wyrd. Thus, for instance, in the Nine Angles Rite, the Priestess and Priest the other: together (i.e. the bringing together in the ritual) they enable the nexion to be opened. In this sense, the Priest and Priestess (when conjoined) form a 'tetrahedron' which, joined with the crystal one, enables acausal energy to become manifest in the causal (the 'world') - this is the secret hinted at in many historical alchemical MSS (for example the 'Rosarium Philosophorum': "Make a round circle of the man and the woman ...") and occasionally depicted in drawings. This 'double tetrahedron' is a magickal form of the double described above in the first paragraph (the causal geometric one).

In some 'esoteric' circles the nine is seen in terms of the five, the five itself deriving from the five angles of the inverted pentagram. This is, however, a misunderstanding, deriving as it does from viewing the 'angles' two-dimensionally when in fact they should be considered in a three-dimensional way, at first, and then four-dimensionally (the helical path within the tetrahedrons). This four-dimensional view is in itself only a beginning - beyond is the multi-dimensional when both the causal and the acausal spaces are considered. One means to apprehend this duality is the Star Game.

*For example, the causal within the acausal can be represented by the tensor $T_{\lambda\mu}$ where $C_{\lambda\mu}$ is the causal component and $a_{\lambda\mu}$ the acausal one. For an x^λ system (Euclidean space) $C_{\lambda\mu}$ has nine non-zero components. These are the symmetric components of $T_{\lambda\mu}$: the skew-symmetric being acausal. In this sense, the nine form 'sub-spaces' of the causal, and the tensor 'describes' the nexion causal/acausal. It is possible to write an equation involving this tensor which describes this multi-dimensional space, the boundary conditions of which give, for example, the metrics of each form of 'space-time' (causal and acausal).

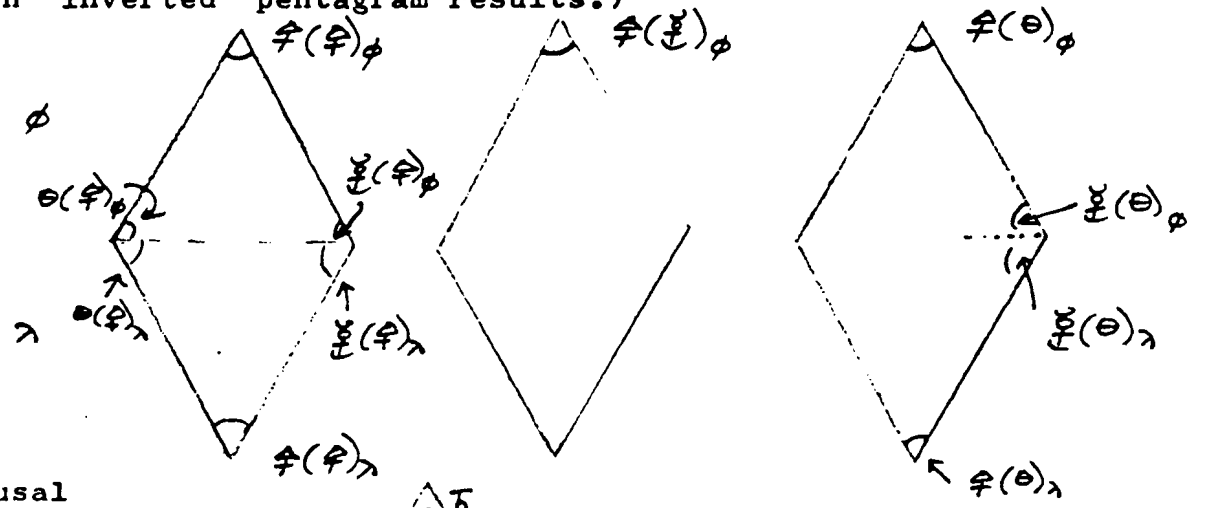




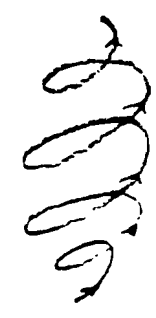
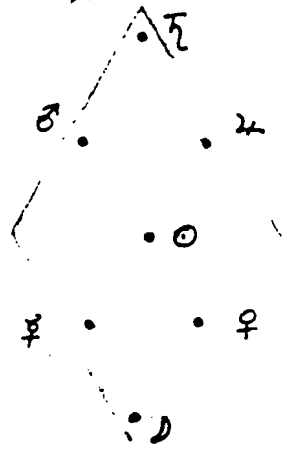
- 1 = Moon
- 2 = Jupiter = Earth Gate
- 3 = Mars
- 4 = Dark Angle = Man's Gate
- 5 = Sun
- 6 = Light Angle = Star Gate
- 7 = Venus
- 8 = Mercury = Dark Gate
- 9 = Saturn

(This is only one form or direction of the sigil: the angles may be joined in other ways.)

(Note: Take the four 'gates' from the nine angles and an 'inverted' pentagram results.)



ϕ = acausal
 λ = causal



Nine turns or angles

Nine basic angles

$\theta(\theta) \rightarrow \theta(\phi) \rightarrow \theta(\lambda) \rightarrow \phi(\theta) \rightarrow \phi(\phi) \rightarrow \phi(\lambda) \rightarrow \lambda(\theta) \rightarrow \lambda(\phi) \rightarrow \lambda(\lambda)$
 (Note: $\theta(\theta)_\lambda$ is causal angle; $\theta(\theta)_\phi$ acausal angle etc.)

Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way

In one sense, the work of Crowley may be said to be a restoration of various chthonic mysteries of mainly Sumerian origin. Thus the importance in the cult of Thelema attached to Set/Shaitan/Satan - an attempt to re-integrate into the consciousness of the individual the duality represented by the formula LASH TAL.

However, despite the many claims, Crowley did not inaugurate a new Aeon. His restoration is simply a restoring of something long dead - a kind of necromancy, and as a magickal force the cult of Thelema might as well not exist.

In the exoteric sense, 'Shaitan' represents those instinctive levels that are often, in our modern society, repressed in the individual - and Satanic rituals of either the traditional kind or the kind based on the use of sexual formulae, are a means of catharsis: a beginning where consciousness is prepared and liberated from the restrictions implicit in ordinary life. In practical terms - and for the civilization of the West whose dominant religion and ethos has hindered by its distortion all that is natural in terms of sex - this often means participation in rituals such as those given in 'Codex Saerus' or Crowley's Gnostic Mass or some form of sexual working. Such participation restores the balance that is often lacking.

Yet such a participation is only a beginning - and the ritual forms of such a participation are only a means. They are means to experience and if correctly undertaken should provide the individual with an understanding of that aspect of their personality which has been symbolized as Satan (for men) and Lilitu/Darkat (for women) - the darker, sensual side. Such an understanding is personal in the sense that the personality of the individual is involved, and the perspective achieved is usually that of the life, or Destiny, of the individual in relation to his circumstances and other individuals. That is, there is little concern with or appreciation of, the forces of an Aeon - other than perhaps some vague 'intellectual' understanding: or what is thought of as understanding.

This re-integration of the darker aspects - whether it occurs through participation in rituals or via other techniques of magick - is represented, in the septenary system, by the three lower spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (Moon, Mercury and Venus) and these spheres symbolize the three stages of that re-integration - that is, Calcination, Separation and Coagulation to use alchemical terms. It is during the next stage that the individual who is following a planned and practical magickal way gains both cultural and Aeonian perspective. This enables an understanding of the relationship existing between the individual and their unique Destiny and those forces which are symbolized by a magickal formula or 'word' and which represent a particular Aeon.

Such an understanding (associated with the fourth stage - the sphere of the Sun - and the fifth stage, Mars) derives or has its foundation in, a rational approach and usually involves the individual studying Aeons, civilizations and the relations between them.

However, the system of Crowley, as well as the many systems deriving in whole or in part from his work, never arrives at this stage because it has (a) set the formulae of sexual magick above everything, and (b) negates with its approach the rational analysis required. The same is true of other magickal systems involved in the 'darker' side and which try in some way to let the individuals following them experience their own shadow nature. An integration and thus understanding of this nature - enabling the individual to build upon the foundations thus achieved - of necessity implies the development of those qualities such as reason, logic and scientific understanding, which Crowley et al have abandoned. Yet this development does not imply a mish-mash of Occult and pseudo-scientific concepts such as 'quantum mechanics' and 'relativity' * - an unstable amalgam currently fashionable in certain circles. Rather, it implies the development of the mind and a certain way of thinking.

On both the esoteric and exoteric levels, the most significant step so far in the evolution of our consciousness has been the development of rational analysis and its extension as the scientific method. The acceptance of this method (which does not preclude an acceptance of the forces with which magick deals) implies a certain 'view of the world' and a personal approach to living: a way which is at once cautious, generally optimistic and open and enquiring. This 'view of the world' or way of thinking derives from the ancient Greeks - it is expressed in their early philosophy (i.e before the decline represented by Plato), in their religious attitude and in their way of living. It is essentially the same attitude exemplified by Western paganism, and it is the antithesis of that view and way represented by the religion of the Nazarene. The religion of the Nazarene inverts all natural values - as Nietzsche understood. Thelema, and similar beliefs, negate, as Nazarene philosophy and life does, that natural spontaneity which is the essence of this pagan 'view of the world' - because Thelema ties the mind in knots of obscurity and metaphysical speculation (as the qabala in general does) - it briefly frees the spirit only to weigh down the spirit with the chains of its own metaphysics.

The true ethos of the West - which the religion of the Nazarene distorted and supplanted - may be signified by the word 'Azif' and the symbol of the sunwheel; it is pagan in essence. The ethos of the West (which derives from the present Aeon force or 'current' first established c. 500 AD) is not and never has been patriarchal in the sense that Crowley and his followers believed - such a 'patriarchal' ethos representing the distortion imposed upon the original ethos by the Nazarenes. That Crowley and others were unaware of this is indicative of how far removed Thelema is from genuine esoteric tradition. Esoterically, the genuine Western ethos is symbolized by that force which has become known as 'Satan' or Lucifer. Exoterically, this represents the desire to know which has attained its greatest manifestation in modern science and exploration.

An analysis of Aeonic forces indicates that the present

*The next fifty years or so will see an end to these speculative, un-experimental and rather silly ideas/theories.

Aeon has, on the practical level - i.e. in terms of its effects on the vast majority of individuals who because they have not been liberated by Occult Initiation are swayed to external influences - about three centuries more to run. During this time, the distortion of the current caused by the Nazarenes and their allies may or may not continue - depending on how certain Initiates use certain powerful magickal forces. Whatever, the 'New Aeon' (the sixth out of the seven that mark our evolution) will have its beginnings on the magickal level within the next few decades - although on the practical level it will be about another three centuries until the effects are apparent. This new Aeon will have no 'word' and its magick will be the magick of 'Thought', that is spontaneous empathy. One of the most fundamental facets of this new Aeon will be the development of a symbolic language which extends the frontiers of thought. Such a language is already prefigured in the Star Game - just as the Star Game itself was prefigured in traditional Alchemy. Another facet of the new Aeon will be the emergence of a new type of individual: a type outlined by Nietzsche. This new individual will be fierce, free (of both external and internal/psychic influences), exult in exploration and discovery and possess an essentially pagan attitude to life. It is and has been one of the aims of genuine sinister Orders to produce such individuals - by having their Initiates follow the seven-fold sinister way.

What has happened over the past fifty or more years is that the distortion of the Western ethos - and thus the genuine Aeonian current - has increased. Part of this increase is, in fact, due to Crowley and those who have followed him and his system without really understanding what they were doing. The genuine Western esoteric tradition - as distinct from what most Occultists wish to believe is the 'secret tradition' - has no connection whatever with the qabalah, or Egyptian mysteries and symbolism, and neither does it employ in any way the sorcery of 'grimoire magic' and the forms once appropriate to now dead Aeons be such forms Sumerian, Babylonian, Egyptian or whatever.

The basis of the Western tradition was and always has been rational in the sense that those who carried on its tradition sought to understand themselves, the world and the cosmos in a detached manner - free from religious/political dogma. That is, to understand things as those things are in themselves: without the projection of beliefs and ideas. To this end, the septenary system was evolved, and the 'mysteries' expressed in abstract symbolism (of which Alchemy was one form). The essence of the Western tradition was not some 'great secret' or 'hidden knowledge' to be revealed to Initiates only - rather, it was the belief that everything in the cosmos could be understood if one probed, investigated or thought enough about it. That is, the cosmos was seen as a natural order into which individuals could gain insight. From this insight, a new individual would emerge: a more conscious, evolved, person.

The tradition thus encouraged the development in the individual of empathy via personal experience: an experiencing of all aspects of our own nature as well as the worlds within and without. Thus were the 'magickal/Occult' faculties themselves developed. The way of this tradition was essentially

practical - exemplified by the Grade Rituals, tasks and so on of the seven-fold way. There was no speculative metaphysical system, no acceptance of irrational fears and beliefs, no subserviance to someone else's personal mythology.

The new Aeon should be a continuation of the process which the genuine Western tradition began. Yet it is possible that this new Aeon may never emerge. The distortion of the Western current does and has represented a desire by some to return to what may be described as an aspect of the Babylonian ethos. This aspect gave rise eventually to not only the poison of Nazarene philosophy and religion, but also to the many political and social systems and ideas founded in the 'Nazarene view of the world'. There is, at this moment in time, a very real magickal conflict occurring between two forces - those representing (whether consciously or not is immaterial) this Babylonian/Nazarene ethos, and those representing the genuine Western (and thus 'sinister') tradition. On the outcome of this conflict the next Aeon depends - there will be either the new Aeon with the blossoming of the individual and the development of consciousness giving thus a liberation from the tyranny of religion and politics, or a return to those essentially patriarchal dualistic values where impersonal ideals/ideology have precedence over the individual. Every act of genuine sinister magick is a step toward the new Aeon. Thelema is a step back into the past - as are other systems which lack the empathy that experience and then transcendence of the sinister brings.

☉ δαυδων 7,000 - 5,000 ♀: ☉(♀): Sirius
 ✱ δ'οδ'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α' 5,000 - 3,500 : ♀ : ☉(☉)
 ☽ α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α' 3,000 - 1,500 : ♀ : ☉(♀)
 ☽ δ'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α' 1,000 - 500 : ♂ : ♀(♀)
 ☽ α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α' 1,000 - 2,500 : ♂ : ♀(☉)
 ☽ α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α'α' 2,500 - : ♀ : ♀(♀)

Winter came early to the Shropshire town: a cold wind with brief hail which changed suddenly to rain to leave a damp covering of mist.

An old man in an old cart drawn by a sagging pony crossed himself as he saw Yapp shuffle by him along the cobbled lane toward the entrance to the Raven Inn. It was warm, inside the ancient Inn, but dark from fire and pipe smoke, and Yapp took his customary horn of free ale to sit alone on his corner bench by the log fire. The silence that had followed his entrance soon filled, and only one man still stared at him. The man was Abigail's husband, and he pushed his cap back from his forehead before moving toward Yapp. His companions, dressed like him in their worn work clothes, tried to restrain him, but he pushed them aside. He reached Yapp's table and kicked it aside with his boot.

Slowly, Yapp stood up. He was a wiry man and seemed insubstantial beside the bulk of Abigail's husband.

"Wha you been doin? To her!" Abigail's husband clenched his fists and moved closer.

Yapp stared at him, his unshaven face twitching slightly, and then he smiled.

"I canna move! I canna move!" shouted Abigail's husband.

Yapp smiled again, drank the rest of his ale and walked slowly toward the door.

"I be beshrewed!" the big man cried amid the silence.

Yapp turned toward him, made a gesture with his hand and left the Inn as Abigail's husband found himself able to move. No one followed Yapp outside.

A carriage and pair raced past him as he walked down the lane. The young lady inside, heading for the warmth and comfort of Priory Hall, was alarmed at seeing him and turned away. This pleased him, as the prospect of the walk to his cottage, miles distant, pleased him - for it was the night of Autumnal Equinox.

The journey was not tiresome, and he enjoyed the walk, the mist and the darkening sky that came with the twilight hour. The moon would be late to rise, and he walked briskly. Soon, he was above the town and at the place where the three lanes met. His own way took him down, past the small collection of cottages, almshouses and a Church, toward the wooded precincts of Yarchester Hall. He stopped, once, but could not see the distant summit of Brown Clee Hill where he had possessed Abigail. It had been a long ride back in the wind and the rain, but the horses had been strong, almost wild, and he smiled in remembrance, for that night Abigail had warmed his bed.

Tomorrow, perhaps, they might go to Raven's Seat. It would be all over by then, for another seventeen years. No one would stop or trouble them.

His way led him into the trees, along a narrow path, down past Devil's Dingle to Hangster's Gate and the clearing. There was nothing in the clearing - except the mist-swathed gibbet with its recent victim swinging gently in the breeze. He would need the hand, and with practised care, he unsheathed his knife to stretch up and cut the dead man's left hand away. Less than a day old, the body had already lost its eyes to ravens.

It was not far from the clearing to his cottage, and he walked slowly, every few moments stopping to stand and listen. There was nothing, no sound - except a faint sighing as the breeze stirred the trees around. A lighted candle shone from the one small window of his cottage. It was a sign, and he stopped to creep down and glimpse inside. There were voices inside and as he looked he saw Abigail standing near a young man. He saw her draw the youth toward her and place his hand on her breast. Heard her laughing; saw her kiss the youth and press her body into his. Then she was dancing around him, laughing and singing as she stripped her clothes away to lay naked and inviting on the sphagnum moss that formed the mattress of Yapp's bed. Then the youth was upon her, struggling to wrest himself from his own clothes.

Yapp heard people approaching along the track and he stood up to hear Abigail's cries of ecstasy. He waited, until they reached him and they all heard Abigail climax with a scream. Then he was inside the cottage, with the others around him. The youth was surprised and tried to stand and Yapp stood aside to let them pin him down on the hard earth floor of the cottage. An old woman in a dirty bonnet gave a toothless laugh - Abigail laughed, even Yapp laughed as the tall blacksmith tore out the youth's heart. There was a pail for some of the blood.

Abigail was soon dressed, the body taken away, and she led Yapp and the old woman through the trees to another clearing. The moon was rising, the blood was fresh and she took the severed hand from Yapp to dip it in the blood and sprinkle their sacred ground to propitiate their dark goddess Baphomet ...

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As someone involved for well over twenty years with the LHP, I believe I can offer an analysis from the experience gained during the often hard struggle for personal and Occult insight.

Two things are obvious. First, the Temple of Set is not a Satanic organization; and second, it is not an Occult one.

Satanism by its nature is an elite philosophy of living and its genuine adherents are few in number and usually secretive (for a variety of reasons). The individuals who follow this path are generally rebels who either cannot or do not wish to conform. Those who desire the exhilaration and danger of extremes: those who cannot and will not obey or bow down. In short, those who possess 'spirit'. For them, Satan is adopted as a symbol of defiance - and this defiance is and has been highly individual. Rather than accept, they question; rather than believe, they seek to discover for themselves. They have a dislike of authority and all dogma. Gradually, this spirit of defiance brings a self-awareness: an insight into themselves and others and 'the world', and this results from the diverse (and sometimes dangerous) experiences of life which those individuals undergo. Of course, some never reach this point - they fail, for whatever reason or reasons.

Further, Satanism is about individuals fulfilling the potential of life: they strive to live as fully as possible, to reach out and become like gods (or goddesses). In achieving this, magick is used as a means - of enhancing life, and understanding. Such striving either makes creative individuals - or it destroys them. This creativity is evident in the life of the individual: through works (e.g. artistic) or through what they achieve (for example making their own life a work of art which others may try and copy).

All this means two essential things. First, they can be no such thing as a Satanic organization or dogma; and second, there can be no Satanic authority (e.g. in the form of an individual). Organization implies conformity and loss of personal identity and authority (however small). Dogma implies accepting someone else's beliefs. Authority (of whatever kind) implies subservience - a mentality alien to Satanists. Furthermore, all these stifle creativity: one hallmark of a genuine Satanist.

The Temple of Set is thus an example of what Satanism is not. It is not a religion; it does not possess any 'authority'; it does not need an organization nor any media-profile of 'acceptability'.

Of course, some guidance in the initial stages may^{be} (and often is) required by those just beginning their quest, and here the experience of those who have gone that way in the past may be of interest or value. But essentially each individual learns via their own experiences - no one can do it for them: there is no magic formula, no mysterious handshake which brings instant wisdom. For the beginner, 'Masters' and organizations are a snare, a path which leads only to the glorification of the ego of the 'Master'. Such 'Masters' are usually insecure people who need the adulation and attention - it makes them feel alive, important. Naturally, some Satanists play such a 'role' - for a time.

But they soon tire of it - it becomes boring. That is, if they are Satanists. Anyone who plays it for more than a year has arrested development - their quest has ended in failure.

Regarding the second point made above - viz. the Temple of Set is not an Occult organization. Implicit in any Occult path - Left Handed or Right Handed - are certain obligations stemming from the very nature of Occultism. Wicca, Paganism, Satanism, Black Magick - whatever - all are means, paths which though different in some respects have the same ultimate goal: or at least, when those paths are followed to their ends. In a simplistic sense, the goal is evolution - developing abilities, enhancing already existing ones, re-discovering forgotten ones. Occult paths reveal through the beginning that is Initiation - they show the essence hidden by the appearance. Or, expressed a different way, they dis-cover what is concealed. Part of what is concealed is, of course, the 'mysterious' - another is the occult energies of living things ... On an individual level, the Occult is the discovery of what is hidden within ourselves, in our own psyche, and Occult paths are processes of self-learning - of what our unique Destiny is and how we relate to the cosmos, this Earth, other individuals.

Initiation is the beginning of a quest - a symbol to that part of the psyche normally hidden which the 'Occult' wishes to bring into consciousness, giving thus understanding. The form that this symbol assumes is actually irrelevant, and whatever its outer form it implies a responsibility by the very fact that it is a conscious participation, by the Initiate, in evolution. In the simple sense, Initiation is when the individual begins to take responsibility for their own development, their own evolution: the first genuine step toward real freedom, internal psychic freedom. It is the birth of one small part of the new age.

Naturally, quite often the promise of Initiation is not fulfilled - or is fulfilled only in part - in many individuals. But some continue and of those some may achieve the goal. This promise is why the Establishment and conventional religions discourage Occultism and conduct campaigns against it - for Occultism is a means to real freedom and as such it is a threat to them and their domination of the individual. Occult paths lead to inner freedom and one of the responsibilities of any Initiate is to continue this evolutionary quest by passing onto another or others not only what they themselves may have learnt but also the 'Occult ideal' - inner liberation through an Initiatory quest. This ensures continuity and future possibilities. This passing on is never forced, nor is it in any way dogmatic - for it is related to another aspect of Initiatory responsibility: the respect for differing paths, different quests.

Having myself followed a specific Left Hand Path, I am inclined to believe it is worthwhile and effective. But I also realize it is not suited to everyone who wishes to begin their own Occult quest. For many years I recruited for a Satanic group (although 'recruit is hardly the word: offered the path to those who possessed the right qualities is nearer the mark) but I was never interested in mere numbers, in proselytizing and tried hard to dissuade most applicants to test their seriousness - because Satanism is difficult and at times dangerous (in psychic terms). I was always aware that other paths were available and perhaps

more suitable to some (indeed, to most who applied). I, as an Occultist, knew that Initiation involves the free commitment of an individual - for the goal was their liberation, not their subjection by me or anyone else.

Given all these factors, it is impossible not to conclude that the Temple of Set is not an Occult organization. It does not respect other paths, and other individuals, as is shown by their attempts to discredit others and their insistence that they represent the only genuine form of Satanism. Furthermore, their dogmatic, religious stance - with all that is therefore implied in terms of acceptance of Temple authority and mandates - rather than liberating their members actually holds them in thrall, both mental and psychic. Rather than participating in that liberation and evolution which is part of the new age, the Temple of Set actually an offshoot of the old order and its stifling ways of being. This is shown, for example, in their concern with numbers, in trying to recruit regardless of quality and regardless of whether the individual is actually suited to the Left Hand Path - for, for the Temple, numbers mean influence, feathers in the cap of the leader - a sign that the Temple is pre-eminent, flourishing and succeeding.

Naturally, much more could be written to further detail the reasons as to why this particular organization is detrimental to what we as Occultists seek to achieve by our various paths. But the essence of the matter has been revealed - sufficient to enable readers to judge the matter for themselves.

To return, finally, to the personal level - I have no cause to defend, no desire for personal gain in what I write: only a desire for others to understand what is really important about the Occult and the path which a long time ago I myself decided I would follow. Organizations like the Temple of Set undermine what serious followers of the Left Hand Path have been trying to achieve for centuries - basically because its members and leaders seek to glorify their own egos at the expense of the inner freedom of others.

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As has been written - offers are human culling in action. That is, Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock, removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (in terms of character). Naturally, this culling occurs on a somewhat larger scale by using magickal means to direct/influence/control events in real time (i.e. in the causal) and so produce historical change (war/strife/struggle/change and so on), than it does by choosing a specific offer and executing an act of sacrifice.

However, the correct choice of offer means that with their elimination, the sinister dialectic will be aided and thus the intrusion of the acausal into the causal speeded up. [In non-esoteric terms, read 'aid the dark forces to spread over Earth'.]

The choosing of specific offers depends on three things: (1) Satanic judgement; (2) an insight into and knowledge of Aeonics and the sinister dialectic; (3) the means for undertaking the act without compromising the individuals involved are available.

Generally, it is the duty of a Master of Mistress to select offers, although any Satanist, from novice onwards, can suggest suitable targets, in which case the Master or Mistress, after due consideration, will give judgement as to the suitability of the target.

(1) means a judgement is made, based on experience. Often, this is judgement concerning the character of the victim. The victim may be suggested/chosen (a) because one or more of their actions has brought them to attention and made them seem suitable; or (b) their removal will be beneficial to Satanism/the sinister dialectic. The suitability of the victim is decided by a Master or Mistress, and once confirmed, the victims are subject to tests (qv. Guidelines for the Testing of Offers MS). Often, the Master or Mistress meets with the victim 'accidentally' and so can judge them on a personal level, using their intuition/insight and so on.

(2) means the proposed action is assessed in the light of Aeonics/the sinister dialectic - i.e. will it aid the cause of Satanism? The dialectic?

(3) means (a) that members are available for the testing; (b) the loyalty of those who will participate is assured; (c) the Temple has the means and the abilities to conduct the act and make it seem 'accidental' if required as well as ensure safe disposal after the act and make the necessary arrangements (an alibi, e.g.) should any participant ever need one.

Offers are not chosen at random - they are always carefully selected, then judged, then tested. The actual act - be such a ritual or a practical act (such as an assassination) - is never done for any personal reason. That is, it never arises out of personal emotions or from personal desires. Instead, the act is supra-personal - done with a Satanic judgement and a Satanic detachment arising from both knowledge (e.g. of Aeonics) and because of the character/actions of the victim. The act itself is often communal - involving a Temple/group and thus a participation which enables a reasoned and balanced assessment by those participating (although the verdict of the Master/Mistress is final). In such communal action, one member is appointed to argue for the selected victim during the special sunedrion which is convened to consider the selection/arrangements for the act.

The act itself is one which glorifies the Satanic, which affirms Satanic values - that is, it aids evolution in a positive way, enhances the lives of individuals. In short, it aids self-development (of the participants) and aids evolution (via the sinister dialectic/culling). Offers become/are chosen as victims because of their nature or because of their deeds. Mostly, they are those whose removal will aid change/the growth of civilization/the Aeonic imperative.

The judgement which decides their fate (so far as subjecting them to tests) is of course a Satanic one - but quite often, this judgement is akin to an act of 'natural justice' or a Satanic retribution: the victims have effectively condemned themselves by their deeds.

Many examples might be presented to illustrate this - but two will suffice, although it should be remembered that these are merely illustrations, specimens, to throw some light on the underlying principles involved.

I A young man of weak character (no self-discipline, a bully of the worst kind ...) spends his time stealing cars and committing petty crimes. He lives on 'Social Security' and has a distain for nearly everyone - which he shows by his loutish behaviour, when he is with his friends, of course, being too weak to do anything provokative on his own. He is often drunk. On one occassion, he steals a car with some cronies, is chased by the Police, but escapes. During the chase, he crashes into some others cars, and two people are injured, one a young woman, quite seriously.

Some time later, he and some others break into the house of an old, blind man. The man attempts to stop them and this enrages our young man who beats the old man unconscious with his fists, boots and the old man's stick. The old man had fought in the Great War of 1914-18 and had been given several medals for his gallant conduct. Our young man is rather proud of himself after this beating, and considers himself a 'hard man'.

This young man is a typical example of modern dross. His character and his actions make him suitable. Satanic judgement would give him a chance to redeem himself - make something out of himself - via a test designed to provoke this. Should he fail, another test would seal his fate.

II A Satanic novice living in a European country where questioning 'The Holocaust' is a crime, in Law, joins an extreme Right-Wing political group which works underground. In doing this, he hopes to acquire experience 'on the edge' and so gain experience, and to aid the sinister dialectic by challenging 'the accepted' and speaking/working for 'the forbidden' [qv. MSS concerning Aeonics and heresy.]. After some months of action, one of his comrades betrays him and some others - because this 'comrade' gave in under pressure and made a deal with the authorities, having been captured doing something illegal (in that country - distributing 'forbidden' books and leaflets). Our novice, however, escapes - but two of his comrades are arrested, tried and eventually jailed for their 'crimes'.

Thus, the person who betrayed them makes himself a victim for Satanic retribution - he acted against the sinister dialectic (and thus the novice aiding that dialectic). The novice selected him as a victim, and the Master guiding this novice agreed he was a suitable choice. The next stage was a special sunedrion to moot the case (with a member defending the victim's action and character) and then a judgement made after the Master had heard all the arguments. After the judgement - arrangements for the tests.

Essentially, sacrifice falls into two categories - (1) the magickal act, achieved by a rite such as The Death Ritual: i.e. death by magickal means. (2) the physical act - i.e. death by practical means. (2) can and often does involve a secondary/simultaneous magickal ritual which aids the act of execution, however this latter is done, or the act may occur during a magickal rite.

Excursus: The Reason For Revealing A Secret Sinister Tradition

Too often, in the past, the true nature of Satanic sacrifice was hidden - even from many who professed to be Satanists. More recently, psuedo-Satanists have claimed that 'Satanism does not and never has conducted human sacrifices'. However, I repeat that human sacrifice, properly conducted, is a culling and thus is positive - it is a part of Satanic practice. Of course, the psuedo-Satanists would deny this, since in their weakness they seek respectability and seek to make Satanism easier and 'more acceptable', a playing at wizards.

The time is now right, however - both strategically and tactically - to reveal the Satanic truth, the whole Satanic truth and nothing but the Satanic truth in clear, precise terms which cannot be mis-understood.

The traditional code of silence which forbid the casting of this aspect of esoteric tradition into writing - and which expressly forbid the dissemination of anything connected with that aspect - no longer, in this one instance, applies. That is, the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups decided to permit this tradition to be not only written down (heretofore its transmission of necessity had been oral) but also disseminated to a limited extent. This would establish, for both present and historical purposes, what the true nature of Satanism was and is, since it was considered that the time was right (given the conditions pertaining in Western societies at this moment in causal time) for this knowledge to be made known. Part of the reason for this judgement was Aeonic - to present Satanism as it is, thus enabling those with the right character to follow that dark path to self-development, increasing over decades and centuries the number of genuine Adepts. All of the tradition is now accessible in written form (at least to those prepared to find it) and this makes that tradition more accessible, since heretofore it had been the exclusive preserve of a few. Accessibility here means it can be used, by others. The other main reason for that judgement was to counter the softly, softly meanderings of the psuedo-Satanists who seemed determined to claim Satanism as their own and who preached that Satanism was actually not that bad, it just had been 'mis-understood' and Satanists were actually rather 'nice people, quite normal' who just appeared to be rather weird and so on ad nauseam. These jerks, showmen and role-playing hucksters were taken seriously by those within what had become known as 'the Occult' and established their "authority", making pronouncements (such as what group/organization they considered to be Satanic and what they considered to be mere 'dabblers') and generally feeling rather pleased with themselves and their safe, tame 'Satanic' world/conclaves/covens/Pylons. Such meanderings, the people who made them and the people who believed them, actually were and are detrimental to the achievement of real Adeptship and thus self-understanding and esoteric insight, for they, left unchallenged, would undermine and destroy the essence of Satanism - the creation of a new, higher type via direct often dark experience, ordeals and self-effort over a period of years: i.e. the building of real character via the fires of experience. These psueds had traded dark experience and danger for intellectual verbosity and psuedo-magickal fantasy games. For so defying the sinister dialectic, some at least would be suitable candidates to become opfers ... They would then really discover the wrath, and dark evil power which is Satan.

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Due to the plethora of imitation Satanists who abound today (particularly in America) it has become necessary to openly declare the facts about genuine Satanism in relation to Sacrifice and 'criminal behaviour'.

Such a declaration will establish for all time a permanent record and will expose the fraudulent 'Satanists' for what they are - individuals who like to be associated with the glamour of evil and darkness, but who lack the inspiration, courage and daring to be evil and dark. Furthermore, I repeat what I have written before - Satanism is not now and can never be, an intellectualized philosophy just as it most certainly is not in any way ethical or moral. It is an individualized defiance and an individualized striving which vitalizes, which affirms existence in an ecstatic way - as such, it is a way of living which courts danger, excess. It is not nor can ever be, dogmatic just as it never involves submission to anyone or anything. For this reason, there can never be genuine Satanic Churches or 'Temples' where Initiates conform to dogma or authority - such things are not for genuine Satanic Initiates but for the deluded, those lacking spirit and talent: in brief, for the manipulated, rather than the manipulators.

Sacrifice:

In genuine Satanism [primal Satanism] sacrifice is accepted, and indeed necessary. In former times, it involved both animal and human sacrifice. Today, however, it involves human sacrifice only - since there are an abundance of suitable specimens, due to the increase in human dross.

Sacrifice is accepted Satanic practice for several reasons. First, it is a test of Satanic character - to kill someone on the personal level (e.g. with one's own hands) is a character building experience, and today enables various skills to be developed (e.g. cunning in execution and planning). Second, it has magickal benefits (qv. the Order MS "A Gift for the Prince"). Third, it sorts the imitation or toy Satanists out from the genuine - the former find excuses and usually retreat to their comfy, intellectualized world of playing at 'Satanic roles and rituals', or they are genuinely horrified and expose themselves for what they are - gutless cowards who lack Satanic darkness.

However, as explained elsewhere, genuine Satanic sacrifice is always done for a reason - a calculating purpose. [qv., for example, 'Satanism, The Sinister Shadow, Revealed.'] It is never strictly personal - i.e. it does not arise from any desire which is personal, whether unconscious or not.

Further, it is accepted practice that the victims, the offers, choose themselves. Thus, offers are never selected at random just as they are never children (although occasionally an offer may be a virgin). Mostly, the victims, whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, are tested, and only if they fail these tests will they become offers. The tests, of course, are unknown to the victim. For example, a series of tests, or 'games' are prepared once the victim has been chosen, and each test or game requires the victim to make a specific choice. One choice leads to another test or game. After a certain number of choices of a certain type, the victim is deemed to have failed, and so chooses their own sacrificial death. Most often, the tests are tests of character - those that are shown to be worthless in character become offers.

Thus, a number of victims are selected - those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic of history [qv. 'The Sinister Shadow' MS for an example.]. These are then, without their knowledge, tested. If they fail, they become offers. [See below, under 'Crime', for an example of the kind of tests that may be involved - the ones for sacrifice are, of course, much more 'testing'.]

The actual sacrifice has two forms: (1) during a ritual; (2) by practical means (e.g. assassination/'accidents') without any magickal trappings. If (2) is chosen, then a ritual of sacrifice may still be undertaken, but with a 'symbolic' offer (e.g. a wax figurine named after the actual offer).

The actual execution of the act of sacrifice - whether during a ritual or otherwise - will be carefully planned, and calculatingly done. This planning will mean the death will seldom if ever be seen as a Satanic act even if it has occurred during a ritual. Today, and in the recent past, most sacrifices are of the second type - i.e. acts of execution undertaken by a Satanic novice 'in the real world', involving assassination and 'accidents' or viewed by others (e.g. the Police) as seemingly "motiveless crimes". Further, in genuine Satanic groups, the execution of this act is an essential prerequisite to Adeptship.

The aim of the sacrifice can be either (a) part of a dark ritual - i.e. to presence sinister energies in the causal, causing changes in the world, such changes aiding the dark forces (examples would be the Ceremony of Recalling; the Sinister Calling); or (b) as part of general sinister strategy, adduced via Aeonics. [Note: This latter occurs when a novice progresses along the Satanic path according to tradition.]

Crime:

Crime is not an end, but a means. A criminal act is not done because it is criminal but because the act itself has a purpose or intent - the criminality of that act being irrelevant. This purpose is either to aid self-excellence (build Satanic character) or aid sinister strategy.

Basically, an act is judged not by whether it is illegal (and thus criminal) in a particular country, but rather by its purpose or intent. Or, expressed more simply, by whether that act can serve Satanism in general and self-development in particular. An example will best illustrate this.

A Satanic novice conceived the idea of gaining experience by burglary. The monetary benefits were useful, but incidental to the main purpose. As a Satanist, he of course planned carefully and chose wisely. First, the jobs themselves had to be difficult, challenging and thus interesting - they would require careful planning and delicate execution. So he chose Apartments, and entry mainly via windows and roofs - this needed some training and the acquisition of skills, plus daring and courage. Second, the people to be deprived of some of their belongings would choose themselves - they would be 'tested' to see if they were suitable victims. The selection would be by character - according to their nature. This required the novice to use his own judgement and instinct. He would select those who showed they lacked character, breeding, nobility - who lacked, in fact, the virtues of a Satanist. [Note: One of the best exoteric descriptions of 'Satanic' character - and also of those lacking it - was given by Nietzsche in his 'The Anti-Christ'. The Satanist adheres to a 'master-morality'.]

The novice selected some Apartments in a city where the pickings would be rich. Then he observed the occupants for some time - watching them, their routines and so on. Next, he arranged for the execution of his tests. Two friends (who were actually Initiates of his Order - or rather the Order he had joined) were enlisted to aid him in this. They would appear, on his signal, and seem to rob him as he lingered near the entrance to the building when one of his chosen victims was near. On the first occasion, the victim ignored the 'robbery', and continued on his way. On the second, the next victim came to his aid and actually knocked one 'robber' unconscious with a punch, albeit for a short time. Thus, the first victim or mark became selected, or rather selected himself by his actions, and it was from his Apartment that the novice stole some things some days later. Of course, the planning and execution of such a test was difficult - requiring acting, timing, manipulation, daring, zest - in brief, experience in the real world. Following this success, he moved to another target and found some new victims for his test. It was interesting that these tests confirmed the novice's instinctive assessment of the victim's character - and thus aided his Satanic judgement.

In this example, the burglary was a 'crime', in Law - but, in fact, the illegal nature of the act was irrelevant. The act, and its planning etc., aided the self-excellence of the novice, and thus his magickal development, because it was a Satanic act, not because it was 'criminal' - that is, it involved danger, required skill, judgement, daring, and it was real. It was, in a sense, a practical ordeal and its Satanic character meant that its victims were victims of themselves: the act was akin to an act of 'natural justice'. To some, it may seem a game - and so it was, but one played in earnest, in which losing meant capture and probable imprisonment (factors which made it interesting and worthwhile). And it was only a few incidents in a life crammed with such incidents - at different levels.

Furthermore, this 'realness' is important - genuine Satanists involve themselves with the real world, in real situations with real people and real danger. The imitation Satanists play mental and intellectual and 'safe' games. The difference is that a real Satanist will actually be an assassin, for example, while the imitation Satanist will dream of being one and will probably obtain a moronic pleasure from watching some fictional story and 'identifying' with a fictionalized assassin - or, more likely, will 'act out' such a role in some pathetic psuedo-magickal ceremony and believe he/she has attained something.

Naturally, in the real world things can and do go wrong. But as always, the real Satanists survive and prosper, while the others go under, get caught, give up or are killed. Also, sometimes even the best get things a little wrong - but they learn from their mistakes, they grow in character, in insight, in skill. Genuine Satanists are survivors: they learn and prosper, and die at the right time.

This growth means that a Satanist moves on - there are always new challenges, new delights, new tests of skill, daring, endurance, courage; new insights. A 'role' is only a role - played, then discarded, transcended. Thus, even crime, sacrifice, tests of others, become left behind, given time - they have served the purpose for which they were intended - and a new being is given birth, one more joins the elect. This is simply another way of saying that a Satanist is never trapped by the act, the desires for and against that act, its consequences, or indeed anything to do with that act, whatever the nature of the act. An act, such as a sacrifice or a crime, is a means - to something beyond. All acts are experience. A Satanist is above and beyond acts - a master or mistress of them, rather than a slave to them.

So it is, so it has been and so it will be - for genuine Satanists. Meanwhile, the imitation Satanists will play their word-games, feast on self-delusions, and continue to claim that 'Satanism' never involves sacrifice, or criminal acts but is a rather pleasing philosophy which has had a rather 'bad press'. But, henceforward, anyone who is taken in by these gutless, posturing charlatans will deserve the epithet 'stupid'.

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ONA

The Hard Reality of Satanism

The hard reality of Satanism is that it is very different from both the media image and the more recent image pedalled by imitation Satanists in both Europe and America.

I What Satanism Is:

a) Satanism is a quest for self-excellence, involving real danger, real challenges and requiring real courage.

It involves taking your body to and beyond its physical limits of endurance. It involves real action, alone: without the support of friends, comrades, lovers, relations or anyone.

It involves accepting challenges - physical, psychic, intellectual - and triumphing solely by one's own efforts.

It involves the triumph of pure, individual will and desire.

b) Satanism is, in part, an inner quest, an exploration of the 'hidden' (and overt) aspects of consciousness: a dis-covery of the darkness within and beyond the individual psyche. This involves 'magickal acts' - such as rituals. This magick, however, is a means, not an end.

c) Satanism involves ordeals, both physical and magickal. Those who are suitable triumph; the others fail. [One such ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - where the candidate lives alone and isolated, bereft of everything except the bare necessities for physical survival, for a period of three months.]

d) Satanism requires the practical experiencing of all moral limits, and then a mastery of the feelings, desires, pleasures, terrors, pains and so on that these imply.

e) Satanism involves the individual defiance of all subserviance: a Satanist accepts guidance only, and refuses to be dominated or intimidated by anyone. This guidance is toward practical experience, and it is by this experience that the novice learns and develops a genuine Satanic character.

f) Satanism involves sacrifice - this is a necessary test of character [qv. the MSS "Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth", and "Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed" for more details].

g) Satanism is a means - a method, or way, and the purpose of this means, method or way is to produce a specific type of individual: the next stage of our evolution as a species. Satanism is thus an expression of evolutionary change - on both the individual level and in respect of 'societies' and 'history'.

The individuals so created often inspire in the supine majority a certain terror/awe/admiration/fear/jealousy.

h) Satanism is elitist. It does not compromise - its tests, ordeals, methods and character-building experiences are severe and will never be made easier to make them acceptable to more people or easier to undertake.

i) Satanism is esoteric by nature and intent: it is both a 'secret' way, by virtue of its methods etc., and it is not nor probably will be suitable for the majority for many, many centuries.

II What Satanism Is Not:

a) Satanism is not, nor can ever be, a religion, nor just a 'philosophy'. A religion means acceptance of authority, the rigid structure of a 'Church' or a 'Temple', and a unified dogma (with the consequent schisms and claims to "authenticity"). The religious attitude is the antithesis of what Satanism really is - for Satanism is a way of living, a way of experiencing, in the raw, whereas religion abstracts, limits endeavour, behaviour and moralizes. In short, a Satanist plunges into reality, without any supports (moral, psychic or human) whereas a religious person has that reality prescribed by dogma, authority and such like, and is supported by a 'Church', its members and their attitudes.

Satanism is an ecstatic affirmation of existence - a taking of existence into new and higher realms, as well as a plunge into existing darkness and the creation of new darkness.

b) Satanism cannot have anyone impose upon it any structure, authority, or institution of any kind by claiming a 'dark mandate' or some kind of 'revelation'. There can be no such thing as an 'infernal mandate' of whatever kind because the only thing that really matters to Satanism is experience, its accumulation and the highly individualized learning that results from such experience. A genuine Satanist, for example, confronted by an entity which exhibited all the powers attributed to Satan would not even accept what that 'entity' said and would most certainly not show any submission - instead, they would a defiance, a reasoned assessment of what was said, and then a judgement made from experience. A Satanist never surrenders to anything - and would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit. This applies even to 'Satan'.

If and when a Satanist accepts guidance, it is from someone of experience who has explicated Satanism by their life and thus who can offer advice based on that experience. The aim of Satanism is to create willful, characterful, defiant, unique individuals who have or can fulfil their potential as gods - it is not to create followers or sycophants. An 'infernal mandate' implies sycophancy.

c) Satanism does not involve discussions, meetings, talks. Rather, it involves action, deeds. Words - written or spoken - sometimes follow, but not necessarily. The ideal candidate for Satanism is the individual of action rather than the 'intellectual'.

By the nature of most Satanic actions, they can seldom be mentioned and thus remain esoteric. The essence that Satanism leads the individual towards, via action, is only ever revealed by that participation which action is. Words, whether written or spoken, can never describe that essence - they can only hint at it, point toward it, and often serve to obscure the essence.

Satanism strips away the appearance of 'things' - living, Occult and otherwise - by this insistence on experience, unaided. What is thus apprehended by such experience, is unique to each individual and thus is creative and evolutionary. Discussions, meetings, talks, even books and such like, de-vitalize: they are excuses for not acting.

A Satanist will sometimes use such forms as he/she may use the form of a Temple - to enhance and/or provoke experiences. But they are then actively manipulating, actively creating experiences - the others involved are being used by that person. That is, there is only one Satanist at such gatherings (usually) - the others may believe they are 'Satanists', but they are deluded.

d) Satanism does not apply moral absolutes to real-life situations and forms. This may best be explicated by two examples. First, politics. Satanism does not affirm or deny any political forms or type of politics - it does not, for example, announce that 'fascism and Satanism are incompatible'. Such announcements/pronouncements arise from a moral bias and a lack of insight into both Satanism and 'society' and thus 'Aeonics'.

A Satanist, concerned with experience, may use a political form for a specific purpose - the nature of that form in terms of conventional politics and morality (such as 'extreme Right-wing') is irrelevant. What is important is whether it can be used to (a) provide experience of living and the limits of experience, and/or (b) aid the sinister dialectic of history. Thus a Satanist may become involved in, or set up, an organization of the extreme Right - this is dangerous, exciting, vitalizes, provides experiences 'on the edge' and should thus aid the development of the character and insight of that Satanist*. What is important, is that this involvement is done for an ulterior, Satanic, motive: what others think and believe about such actions is totally irrelevant. Anyone purporting to be a Satanist who criticizes such an action, whatever the political hue of the group/organization, reveals by that criticism that they are not Satanists - but rather, moralizing nards lacking in insight and real Satanic understanding.

The second example concerns the formation and use of Satanic 'Temples' and groups by a Satanist. A Satanic novice, in order to gain experience of magickal rituals and people manipulation, usually forms a group to perform Satanic rituals. The people recruited are for the most part used - and the novice often assumes a specific Satanic 'role' for this: the role of sorcerer/sorceress. He/she may dress in a certain way and so on, as he/she may use fables to impress and/or manipulate. This, however, for a genuine Satanist, is only a stage - and one which lasts a year or two. After that, experience and mastery of ceremonial and hermetic magick gained, they move on to new challenges and experiences, as all good Satanists should. Further, the individuals of this 'Temple' or group are not Satanists, although they may believe themselves to be - they are simply being used to afford the novice pleasure/excitement/experience and so on. Had any of the any Satanic character or potential, they would rebel to undertake their own quest by forming such a group/'Temple' and experience the limits of themselves.

Sometimes, the group has another aim - an Aeonic or suprapersonal one, in which case its life may be extended. But whatever, genuine Satanic guidance by an Adept or Master/Mistress to a novice always occurs on an individualized basis, never within the rigid and constraining form of a 'Temple'.

Thus, there is not nor can be any constraining rules applied to the conduct of such 'Temples' and groups - there is no 'moral code', no bounds which cannot be overstepped. The rules, such as they are, are made by the Satanic novice according to their desire and goals. That is, they can do with that group and its individuals whatever they desire to do and no one - not even the Adept/Master/Mistress who may be guiding them - can set limits or prescribe their behaviour. They must learn for themselves - and from their mistakes, should they make some.

This naturally leads to the obvious Satanic deduction that a group like the Temple of Set may contain one, perhaps two, Satanists - who are using the 'members' for their own Satanic goals. This person (or persons) would of course deny this, and if that denial was sincere, they could not be Satanists. What is certain, is that that group cannot contain more than perhaps two Satanists - for the members accept the constraints imposed upon them from above, and are servile, in both theory and practice. They are also not being led into real experiences, but accept a sterile, sanitized and safe 'Satanism' as pedalled by their leader.

* It can also aid the sinister dialectic - here, an understanding of Aeonics is important.

e) Satanism does not seek any form of official recognition as it does not seek to become respectable or the prerogative of a majority.

Rather, Satanism operates, and must operate, for the most part in a clandestine or 'underground' manner.

'Official' recognition mean someone or some organization is granted some sort of "status" and thus assumes both in theory and in fact an 'authority' and an organizational structure to support it. This authority and this structure mean followers, sycophants - and contradict the essence of Satanism.

'Respectability' means a moral stance broadly in line with that pertaining at the time - that is, it means a restricting morality, ethics, as well a limiting of action to what is deemed broadly 'acceptable' by the 'society' of the time.

Both of these - official recognition and respectability - also mean that the self-appointed authority which is recognized and becomes or seeks to be respectable, sets its own limits: there is 'proscription' of other groups, a peer hierarchy and all the many trappings of herd conformity; the triumph of illusive forms over essence. In brief, the deluding of others, rather than their liberation.

Since the experience of the essence that Satanism brings is unique, this uniqueness is totally contradictory to all forms that seek to constrain, define and restrict - two of these forms being 'official recognition' and 'respectability'.

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Some other hard facts about Satanism are in order - to be placed on record.

Satanism is hard and very dangerous. This danger is much more than just a 'mental' or a psychic one of the kind sometimes experienced in magickal workings. It is a personal danger of the 'life or death' kind. If it is not, then it is not tough enough, it is not Satanic. For far too long the pathetic imitation Satanists, such as those in the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan, have had no one to contradict their sickly, wimpish versions of Satanism - they have tried to deny the darkness and evil which are essential to Satanism because the frauds in those organizations are fundamentally weak: they have never gone to their limits, never experienced the realness of evil. They have tried to make 'Satanism' safe and 'respectable': they have intellectualized it because they are typical products of this present intellectualized, peace-loving, "we need to be safe" society.

A Satanist is like a beast of prey - in real life, not in fantasy. A Satanist may be and often is an assassin, a warrior, an outlaw - in real life. The imitation Satanists, however, pretend to be these things - their fantasy-life is greater than their real experiences of such things. A Satanist seeks and makes real his/her fantasies and then masters the real-life situations and all those desires/feelings which give birth to those fantasies - they live them and then transcend them, creating from those experiences something beyond them: a new individual. Often, things go wrong - but as always in life, the strong survive and the weak perish, are written off. The Satanist creates the dreams, standards of excellence and spirit which others often later aspire to emulate. This creation is in real life, by deeds and deeds alone.

Because of this, few indeed are the genuine Satanists. Sometimes their lives (or aspects of them) become public - but often they are hidden, working their darkness in secret, for the benefit of evolution.

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For a long time, genuine esoteric tradition was handed on on an individual basis, from Master/Mistress to novice. There were many reasons for this, most of them practical: the tradition was esoteric, liable to mis-interpretation, and many of its tenets and rituals involved what would have been regarded as 'heretical', anti-social and/or illegal acts. Furthermore, the methods used to train novices often made those novices into 'outlaws' and set them against conventional society. Also, for a long time, the teaching and teachings of the tradition was heretical in Law - a criminal offense against Church and State. Secrecy was essential and necessary.

This state of affairs pertained until quite recently. With the burgeoning of interest in 'the Occult' in general, the LHP became somewhat less secret and certain aspects of the tradition were discreetly circulated. What were mistakenly taken to be 'esoteric' traditions and, given the new openness toward the Occult and the repeal of anti-Occult laws, freely distributed and/or published, were (a) the useless Grimoire/Qabalistic tradition, or (b) a mis-interpreted Crowleyism, or (c) of a showman/ghoulish/self-professed type with bits cobbled together from (a) and (b) with archaic myths and unenlightened egoism thrown in. The real tradition - with its darkness and danger - remained hidden.



To (c) belonged the Church of Satan, which made Satanism akin to a fantasy role-playing game or games with some sorcery added to impress. The later schism which gave birth to the Temple of Set (born not with a bang but with a whimper) was not unexpected given the structure and orientation of this 'Church' - and neither was the fact that the leader of this schism based his Temple and authority on what was termed an 'Infernal Mandate', and declared Satanism as a religion, much mis-understood.



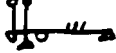


Meanwhile, the old traditions continued, in Europe and elsewhere, in their traditional way - secretly, accepting but few novices and these only after severe tests and ordeals. The traditions, writings, rituals, methods, ordeals and techniques remained unavailable except to those few. After lengthy deliberations and consultations, the individual representing traditional groups, decided to gradually make the esoteric tradition which he and others represented available on a selective basis, to reveal, for once and for all, what the LHP and Satanism were really about. The real impetus for this decision came from Aeonic strategy - making the tradition available would enable an increase in the number of genuine Adepts, thus hastening the presencing of the darker forces on Earth, and so fulfilling the sinister dialectic of history. This increase, however, would be gradual - over centuries.


With this dissemination, the purpose, intent and methods of Satanism and the LHP could no longer be mis-interpreted and the posers and charlatans who professed to be 'Satanists' would be exposed - at least to those with any sagacity. With the secrets accessible to those who sought to find them, the real esoteric work could continue, as it always had, in secret - the training, via direct experience, of those few strong and gifted enough to undertake the difficult and dangerous journey along the Left Hand Path.

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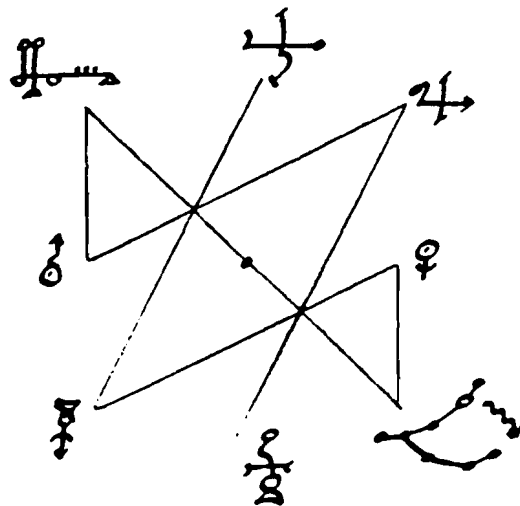
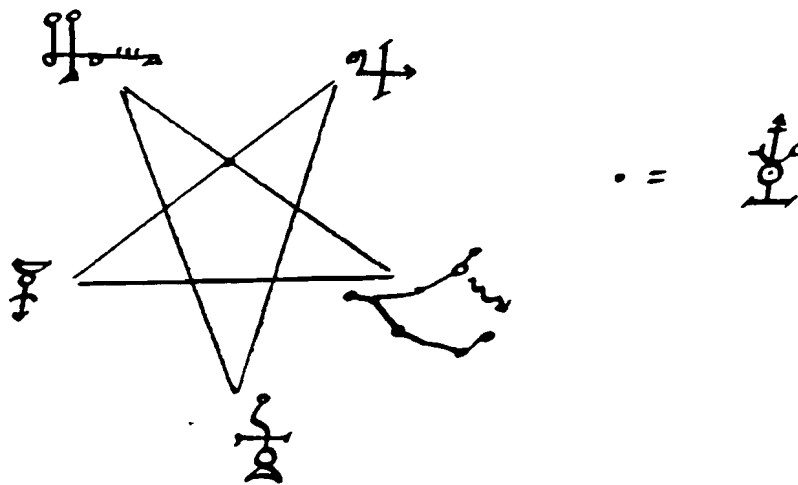
The Secrets of the Nine Angles

The diagrams show how the basic nine angles relate to the inverted pentagram. Thus,  is the first sphere, the Moon,  the second sphere, Mercury, and so on.

The diagrams signify the order of working in order to create types of magickal energy - that is, they are rites of invocation. Thus, the inverted pentagram shows how magickal energy can be created (or rather drawn from the acausal) - the type depending on where the process is begun. For example, to invoke 'Satanic' energies, the  point would be the starting one, going on to the next, , and then  and so on. The diagrams refer to the chants (given in 'Naos' and elsewhere) which when sung correctly open the gate or nexion (to the acausal) located at/represented by the specific point or sphere shown. Thus,  means the use of the Agios Lucifer chant (mode IV);  means the use of the Agios Baphomet (mode 1) and so on. For a ritual, the chants are undertaken in order.

The 'symbol of the nine' shown below the inverted pentagram is only one form of the many possible by joining the seven spheres of the septenary and the 'gates' - as shown, the invocation begins with the Moon sphere and ends with the Saturn sphere (and thus the Agios Vindex chant). (See 'Fenrir' vol II no. for further details and the chants not given in 'Naos.') Each symbol of nine represents a particular type of energy - for example, to open an 'Earth' gate, the sequence would end with the Earth Gate (i.e. the Jupiter sphere); while to open a Star Gate it would end with that gate -  on the diagram.

A simpler form of invocation is possible, and involves not the complete chants, but simply the "word or name" associated with the particular sphere (according to the septenary tradition). Thus, the Moon sphere would involve the vibration of "Nox", the Mercury sphere "Satan" and so on. (qv. the correspondences in Naos.)



$\begin{matrix} \text{Symbol} : \mathcal{R} : 4 \\ \text{Symbol} : \sqrt{7} : 7 \end{matrix} \left. \vphantom{\begin{matrix} \text{Symbol} : \mathcal{R} : 4 \\ \text{Symbol} : \sqrt{7} : 7 \end{matrix}} \right\} \text{etc.}$

$\begin{matrix} \text{Symbol} : \text{Agius lucifer} : \text{Mode IV} \\ \text{Symbol} : \text{Agius Baphomet} : \text{Mode I} \\ \text{Symbol} : \text{Agius Vindex} : \text{Mode II} \end{matrix} \left. \vphantom{\begin{matrix} \text{Symbol} : \text{Agius lucifer} : \text{Mode IV} \\ \text{Symbol} : \text{Agius Baphomet} : \text{Mode I} \\ \text{Symbol} : \text{Agius Vindex} : \text{Mode II} \end{matrix}} \right\} \text{etc.}$

$\text{Symbol} : \text{Nythra Kthunae} : \text{N} - - * - \text{N}^{\prime}$

$\text{Symbol} : \text{Nythra Kthunae} : \text{N}^{\prime} - - * - \text{N}$

1) Musick, Incense and Forms

Moon	G major	Trapezoid	Hazel
Mercury	E minor	Tetrahedron	Yew
Venus	F sharp	Pyramid	Black Poplar
Sun	D minor	Cuboid	Oak
Mars	C major	Octahedron	Alder
Jupiter	B flat	Icosahedron	Beech
Saturn	A flat	Dodecahedron	Ash

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2) Reflexive colours:

C	bright red
G	Orange
D	Yellow
A	Green (viridian)
E	Blue
F	dark red
B	Indigo
F sharp	Violet
C sharp	Purple
A flat	Black
E flat	Xanthin
B flat	Tyrian purple

ƿ	animals	ǀ	Ice
ᚢ	strength	ᚦ	year/'time'
ᚱ	Loki/night	ᚷ	sorcery
ᚦ	Odin	ᚫ	moon
ᚱ	movement	ᚷ	defence/life
ᚱ	fire	ᚱ	sun
ᚷ	gift	ᚦ	Thor
ᚱ	laughter/mead	ᚱ	Earth (as goddess)
ᚱ	thunder	ᚱ	war/strife
ᚷ	Wyrd	ᚱ	family/kin

ᚦ	water
ᚷ	the folk
ᚱ	the folk-land
ᚱ	day

The Boards:

There are seven boards, placed one above the other in a spiral and forming a septenary Tree of Life: each board representing a sphere. Each board consists of nine white and nine black squares (see fig. 1).

Each board is named after a particular star, some of which have esoteric significance.

The Pieces:

Each player has three sets of nine, represented by Alchemical symbols thus: $\ominus(\ominus)$ $\ominus(\Psi)$ $\ominus(\Phi)$, $\Psi(\ominus)$

$\Psi(\Psi)$ $\Psi(\Phi)$, $\Phi(\ominus)$ $\Phi(\Psi)$ $\Phi(\Phi)$;

$\ominus(\ominus)$ $\ominus(\Psi)$ $\ominus(\Phi)$, $\Psi(\ominus)$ $\Psi(\Psi)$ $\Psi(\Phi)$, $\Phi(\ominus)$ $\Phi(\Psi)$ $\Phi(\Phi)$;

$\ominus(\ominus)$ $\ominus(\Psi)$ $\ominus(\Phi)$, $\Psi(\ominus)$ $\Psi(\Psi)$ $\Psi(\Phi)$, $\Phi(\ominus)$ $\Phi(\Psi)$ $\Phi(\Phi)$;

One set of twenty-seven pieces is white, the other black. The pieces are usually made from cubes or flat circles of wood with the appropriate symbol painted on them. An alternative form of symbols may be employed - \ominus as α ; Ψ as λ and Φ as ω . Thus, the $\ominus(\Phi)$ piece becomes $\alpha(\omega)$.

The Placing of the Pieces:

Six pieces are placed on Sirius (two sets of \ominus) for white, and six for black (see fig. 2).

Arcturus has three pieces for white and three for black (fig. 3). Antares has six pieces for white and six for black - two sets of Ψ pieces placed in the same pattern as the \ominus pieces on Sirius.

Mira has no pieces on it at all. Rigel has the remaining three pieces of the Ψ sets, placed as the \ominus pieces on Arcturus.

Deneb has six pieces of white and six of black from the Φ set, placed as the \ominus set on Sirius.

Naos has the remaining three pieces of the Φ set, placed on the same squares as the \ominus set on Arcturus.

The Moves:

Each piece, when it moves, is transformed into the piece next in sequence according to the pattern:

$$\begin{aligned} \Theta(\Theta) &\rightarrow \Theta(\Psi) \rightarrow \Theta(\Phi) \rightarrow \Psi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Psi(\Psi) \rightarrow \Psi(\Phi) \\ &\rightarrow \Phi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Phi(\Psi) \rightarrow \Phi(\Phi) \end{aligned}$$

Thus, when $\Psi(\Phi)$ piece is moved, it becomes a $\Phi(\Theta)$ piece. A $\Phi(\Phi)$ piece when moved becomes $\Theta(\Theta)$.

The Φ pieces (that is, $\Phi(\Theta)$, $\Phi(\Psi)$, $\Phi(\Phi)$) can move from any board to any other board and any vacant square.

The Ψ pieces may move across a board to any vacant square or up or down one or two boards. For example, a Ψ piece on Sirius may move to either Arcturus or Antares to any vacant square.

The Θ pieces may only move across a board one square at a time to a square of the same colour or up or down one board to another to a vacant square of the same colour. For example, a Θ piece on a black square on Sirius could move to a black (vacant) square on Arcturus, or move one square on the Sirius board.

A $\Phi(\Phi)$ piece on any square on Naos may capture any piece of the opposite colour on any square or any board except Naos. The piece so captured is removed from the board and plays no further part. After such a capture, the $\Phi(\Phi)$ piece becomes a $\Theta(\Theta)$ piece.

The Aim:

This is to occupy certain squares on Mira with one's own pieces according to a pattern determined by the players before the game begins. However, pieces can stay on the Mira board for only three moves - after that, they move to another board. The first of these three allowable moves is that one that brings the piece to Mira - that is, it can stay for only another two moves.

The first player to place his pieces on the appropriate Mira squares, wins. The pattern most often used is given in fig. 4.

(Note: The Star Game is © copyright  1976)

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Naos

Dees

Rigel

Mira

Antares

Arcturus

Sirius

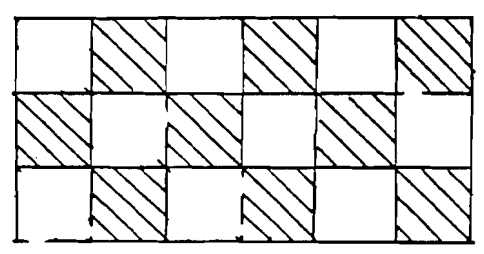


Fig. 1 : The Boards

Fig. 3: Arcturus

$\theta(\psi)_\phi$		$\theta(\theta)_\phi$
	$\theta(\mp)_\phi$	
	$\theta(\mp)_\lambda$	
$\theta(\theta)_\lambda$		$\theta(\psi)_\lambda$

Fig 4: Pattern to win

$\theta(\psi)_\lambda$		$\theta(\theta)_\lambda$
	$\theta(\mp)_\lambda$	
	$\theta(\mp)_\phi$	
$\theta(\theta)_\phi$		$\theta(\psi)_\phi$

$\theta(\psi)_\phi$		$\theta(\theta)_\phi$
	$\theta(\mp)_\phi$	
$\theta(\psi)_\phi$	$\theta(\mp)_\lambda$	$\theta(\theta)_\phi$
$\theta(\theta)_\lambda$	$\theta(\mp)_\phi$	$\theta(\psi)_\lambda$
	$\theta(\mp)_\lambda$	
$\theta(\theta)_\lambda$		$\theta(\psi)_\lambda$

ϕ = black pieces
 λ = white pieces

[ϕ pieces on black squares]

Fig. 2: Sirius pieces.

Symbolism:

The acausal space is represented by ϕ_s ; the causal by λ_s . ϕ_s is described by ϵ^ϕ ; λ_s by ϵ^λ .

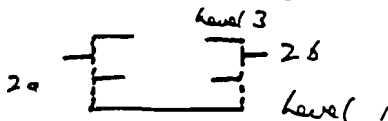
$\epsilon_{i\alpha}$ symbolizes an individual; $\epsilon_{\lambda\alpha}$ a group of individuals of number λ ; $\epsilon_{c\alpha}$ represents a higher civilization.

ϵ is to be read 'within' or 'member of a group/space or sub-space.

General Theory:

All life implies the coincidence of ϕ_s and λ_s . Sentient life implies $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$; this is abstracted into seven stages or levels represented by the seven boards of the game. The two sets of nine pieces represent the ϵ^ϕ and ϵ^λ aspects of cosmic Change (usually the 'black' pieces being ϕ and the 'white' pieces λ) - or how Being becomes through Time. This expresses the interaction of ϕ and λ through modes of being - \ominus , \mathfrak{F} or \mathfrak{A} . Three sets of pieces are used to express the fundamental nature of such Change as aspects of time.

Each board to be a correct representation should consist of three levels as in the 'simple' form of the game - that is, each board would be a complete 'simple Star Game' thus:



However, in practice, this form of the septenary game is not used in the initial stages because of its complexity: its mastery is one of the tasks of the Internal Adept. What follows is applicable to the 'standard' form of the septenary game with seven boards each of eighteen squares.

Magick implies changes in λ_s via ϵ^ϕ : the 'cause and effects' understood by science operates in λ_s via ϵ^λ .

The movement of pieces implies ϵ^λ and ϵ^ϕ and this is the essence of the magickal use of the game. ϵ^ϕ is represented via \mathfrak{A} (or ω) moves and captures, ϵ^λ by the other moves. In one sense \mathfrak{F} moves represent the duality associated with mercurius - possessed of both ϵ^λ and ϵ^ϕ elements.

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I - $\kappa;u$:

In terms of the consciousness of an individual (since $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$, for $\kappa;u$ represents consciousness) the pieces are:

$\Theta(\Theta)$	Extravert Feeling type
$\Theta(\Xi)$	" Intuitive
$\Theta(\Phi)$	" Thinking
$\Psi(\Theta)$	Introvert Feeling
$\Psi(\Xi)$	" Intuitive
$\Psi(\Phi)$	" Thinking
$\Upsilon(\Theta)$	Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth
$\Upsilon(\Xi)$	Magus/Moussa
$\Upsilon(\Phi)$	Homo Galactica

$\Theta()$ describes 'ego' consciousness; $\Psi()$ 'self' consciousness, and Υ 'adeptship' - that is, beyond individuation - the ϵ^n goal of $\kappa;u$.

Development of consciousness implies an increase of ϕ elements in a particular $\kappa;u$.

To represent a particular $\kappa;u$ by the placing of pieces (in order, for example, to work magick upon that particular $\kappa;u$) the operator must first assess the character of the $\kappa;u$ using the septenary correspondences as a basis. In order to do this accurately, it helps if various facts about the $\kappa;u$ in question are known - such as particular interests, whether any involvement in 'esoteric' groups and so on.

Character is assessed through determining the psychological type of the individual in accordance with the above table then finding appropriate 'Tarot' images linked to the type of consciousness represented by the character.

II - $\kappa_c u$:

For $\kappa_c u$ the seven boards represent the seven Aeons, and one Aeon is represented by placing appropriate pieces on appropriate boards - Sirius is the first Aeon (the pre-Hyperborean, sometimes called the Primal Aeon), Arcturus the Hyperborean Aeon and so on. The coming 'New Aeon' is thus Deneb.

To represent the present Aeon the pieces should be changed from their original positions thus:

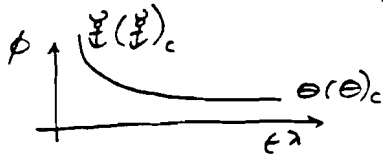
$$\begin{aligned} S\theta(\phi)_\lambda &\rightarrow \kappa\psi(\theta)_\lambda; \quad \mathcal{R}\psi(\phi)_\lambda \rightarrow N\phi(\theta)_\lambda \\ \mathcal{R}\psi(\phi)_\phi &\rightarrow \kappa\phi(\theta)_\phi; \quad A\psi(\theta)_\lambda \rightarrow \mathcal{R}\psi(\psi)_\lambda \\ N\phi(\phi)_\phi &\rightarrow \kappa\theta(\theta)_\phi; \quad N\phi(\phi)_\lambda \rightarrow \kappa\theta(\theta)_\lambda \end{aligned}$$

$\kappa_c u$ implies $\delta\phi_\lambda$ ^{via t^λ} : the opening of a gate, which brings ϕ , to presence in λ_s , predates the beginnings of a particular $\kappa_c u$ by c. 300-400 years.

All $\kappa_c u$ up to the present Western have exhausted their potential by the $\theta(\theta)$ stage - although ϕ stages (via $\psi\phi$) are possible.

$$\delta^\lambda \kappa_c u \Rightarrow \psi(\psi)_c \rightarrow \psi(\theta)_c \rightarrow \theta(\psi)_c \rightarrow \theta(\theta)_c$$

No $\kappa_c u$ has ever achieved $\delta^\phi \kappa_c u$ because this requires $\phi_\omega \in \lambda_s$, where $\omega \gg \gamma$ and $\kappa_c u \Rightarrow \phi_\gamma \in \lambda_s; \kappa_c u \Rightarrow \phi_\beta \mu$ ^{δ^β} . A $\kappa_c u$ lasts between 1,500 and 1,200 years, δ^ϕ declining in intensity during this time as indicated by the symbols:



$\theta(\theta)_c$ lasts approx. 400 years.

Each Aeon is associated with a particular higher civilization thus:

Aeon	Span	Associated $\kappa_c u$	Date of end
Sumeric	4 000 _{BC} - 2 000	Sumerian	2298 BC
Hellenic	2 000 - c. 70 AD	Hellenic	378 AD
Western	c.500 - 2 000 AD	Western	2390 AD

ϕ_s is expressed via $\kappa_i u$ (and in general $\kappa_n u$) for $\kappa_c u$ as an 'ethos' both exoteric and esoteric (which quite often only

Adepts understand since the esoteric ethos is the essence hidden by the exoteric ethos and is often revealed via 'the Abyss').

It is important to understand that the most important and practical aspect of an Aeon is the associated higher civilization - magickal Aeonics workings shape the ethos of this during the transition period between the ending of one Aeon and the beginning of another. During this time, however, the energies of the old Aeon produce the last transformation of the $\kappa_c \alpha$: the $\Theta(\Theta)_c$ stage, which is usually an Imperium, often military in extent and form of power.

Hitherto, Aeonics workings - when they have been undertaken at all - have concentrated on opening the Gate that presences the power of a new Aeon. Yet it is possible to extend by such workings a $\kappa_c \alpha$ into the Φ stages. For the present, this implies the end of the Western as c.3090 AD instead of 2390 AD. This is the first time in history that such a change is possible, since heretofore the process of Aeonics change has not been consciously understood by Adepts - its was approached mainly via mythological symbolism. It is through the abstract symbolism of the Star Game that full control is possible.

$$\delta^\phi \kappa_c \alpha = \xi(\Phi)_c \rightarrow \Theta(\Phi)_c \rightarrow \Phi(\Phi)_c$$

$$\delta^\phi \delta^\lambda = \Phi(\xi)_c \rightarrow \Phi(\Theta)_c : \text{"opening of a gate"}$$

$$\delta^\phi(g) = \sum_{\mu=1}^{n-2} \beta(\mu) [\epsilon_{(\mu)_a}^\lambda] \delta^\phi \quad \text{where } g = \epsilon_{(\mu)_a}^\lambda$$

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Star Game: Addendum

(Note: The following serve to explain some points arising from students learning to use the Game.)

* When a piece is moved, it is transformed into a piece next in the transformation sequence. This means that the original piece is removed from the game and a new piece (marked with the symbol appropriate) is placed on the square the original piece has moved to.

Thus, if a ♁(♁) piece is moved, for example, from a square on the Sirius board to a square on the Arcturus board (say a black square) then the ♁(♁) piece is removed from the game and a (new) ⊖(⊖) piece placed on the black square of the Arcturus board.

To facilitate these changes, spare sets of pieces are kept (usually two full sets) beside the structure. An alternative method is to make each piece from a cube of wood or other material and paint symbols on each side of the cube, the symbol/piece in play being the one uppermost. Thus, for example, a cube would be marked with symbols which follow in the sequence enabling, when a move is made, the cube to be rotated to show the new symbol/piece. A spare set (or sets) are also kept, for when the cube symbols are 'exhausted' and the cube needs changing. Thus, a cube might have the following symbols painted on its side: ⊖(⊖); ⊖(♁); ⊖(♁); ♁(⊖); ♁(♁); ♁(♁) while another would have:

♁(⊖); ♁(♁); ♁(♁); ⊖(⊖); ⊖(♁); ⊖(♁)

* In the transformation sequence (⊖(⊖) → ⊖(♁) → ⊖(♁) → ♁(⊖) → ♁(♁) → ♁(♁) → ♁(⊖) → ♁(♁) → ♁(♁)), the arrow → represents a single transformation. Thus, a ⊖(⊖) piece requires eight transformations to become a ♁(♁) piece, and nine to return to a ⊖(⊖) piece.

In one sense, each piece is one of the "nine angles" and is part of an evolutionary (or devolutionary) development/transformation via both causal and acausal time. This development/transformation is helical rather than circular (qv. The Wheel of Life) - one causal aspect being the transformation of the symbol into the next in sequence, one acausal aspect being the movement from board to board.

The most complete representation of the causal and acausal aspects is the Advanced Star Game.

*The Star Game is a four-dimensional structure: the boards are orientated three-dimensionally in space, while the pieces, moving/transforming re-present 'time' (both causal and acausal). The boards themselves may be seen as interacting with, for example, the Zodiacal progression - this explicating a further aspect of the 'timepath' or 'transformation'. Hence the Moon/Cancer aspect relates to the Sirius board, the Mercury/Capricorn aspect to the

Arcturus board, and so on. This gives an 'Earth-bound' perspective to the patterns represented by the Star Game itself (for example, for an individual, or for aeonic magickal workings). Thus the 'seasonal' variations are mapped/re-presented by the Game - the pattern being a helical one (see the Wheel of Life diagram).

It should be noted that the starting 'point' is relative and depends on what, at that moment, the Game representation is being used for. For example, if it is being used to simply try and comprehend the connections/wholeness of the Earth/individual system (in ordinary magickal terms, Seasonal influences/patterns where Seasonal means the flow from Spring to Summer to Autumn to Winter), then the starting point is the part of the season pertaining at that time. (Thus the Star Game is a sophisticated magickal 'clock'.) For instance - the Summer Solstice would imply the beginning of the Cancer segment, that is, a part of the Sirius board (what part, the student can easily deduce - and should so deduce). The 'Wheel', and the rest of the Septenary correspondences, give archetypal/magickal/alchemical reference points around this 'cycle'/flow/change - and thus show the external patterns of that change, as evident to individual consciousness (and in terms of those images/symbols and so on). Thus are the seasonal changes described - in both the causal and the acausal. For example, the Solstice point would equate with the symbol Mistress of Earth, the element Earth; while the Spring Equinox would equate with the Priestess and the element Water (in this instance with that part of the elemental sequence which is 'Water of Water' - the change to the next Zodiacal constellation being marked by another part of the sequence: qv. 'Wheel' diagram). The sphere in this, Venusian, instance is Antares and associated with Emerald, the colours Green and White, the process 'Coagulation' and so on.

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including the phrase "Antares - Pink" and other illegible scribbles.

Advanced Star Game

The advanced Star Game consists of the seven boards as in the septenary version - together with the same number and distribution of pieces - but each of the seven boards consists of 4 levels:

The first level of each board consists of the ordinary 18 black and white square board. The second level has eight squares with 4 on either side consisting of 3 squares in a row and 1 in front. The third level consists of one square, and the fourth level of 4 squares. These levels are on both sides of the board as in the illustration.

Thus each board (which represents a sphere of the septenary) has 18 squares plus 26, making 44 in all. There are thus 308 squares in total in the advanced game. Further, there are some additional pieces, as described below.

This version of the game is a complete and full representation of the septenary system: each board represents the connections or pathways between the levels or spheres. For instance, the black squares on the first level (9 squares) together with the squares on levels 2 and 4 (8 plus 4 squares) are the acausal paths or connections from that sphere to all the other spheres. The other side of the board (the 9 white squares on the first level plus the 12 squares of levels 2 and 4) represent the causal connections from that sphere. In one sense the causal connections are the 'outgoing' connections (or exits) and the acausal 'incoming' connections (or entrances) to the pathways (or tunnels). The two squares of level 3 (one on each side of the board - again representing the acausal and causal aspects) are 'null squares'. These null squares represent the connection to the Abyss - that is, they symbolize the random element always present. In the actual playing of the advanced game these squares are important - any piece which is placed on them is automatically changed into another piece selected at random. This random selection is done by a process determined before the game starts by the player or players: the most favoured method being to choose, without looking, from the spare pieces. This choice is done by the player whose piece has moved to the square. The chosen piece can be either white or black, and a piece on a null square - once it has been changed at random - can move to other squares according to what type of piece it is. Thus, a $\ominus(\ominus)$ piece could move up or down one level only, while a $\oplus(\oplus)$ piece could move to any vacant square on any level or board. To facilitate the random choice, a complete spare set of pieces is kept for this specific purpose and these pieces are used for this purpose only. Thus, as the game progresses, the choice of pieces becomes more limited.

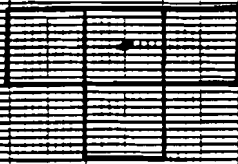
Pieces:

There are two extra sets of all nine pieces for each player making thus five sets for white and five sets for black. Hence, over the 308 squares there are 90 pieces.

Three sets are placed for each player (or 'side') as in the septenary game. The two additional sets are placed as

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The Four Levels of our world

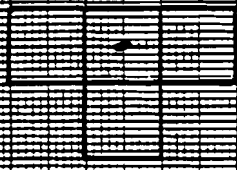
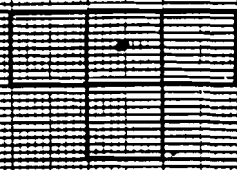


Level 4

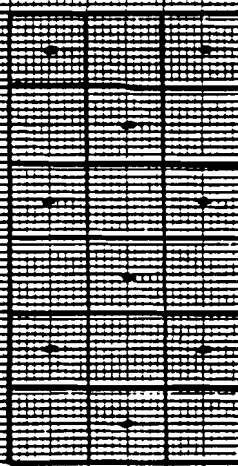


Level 3

→ aspect
[horizontal]

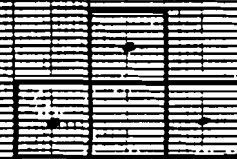
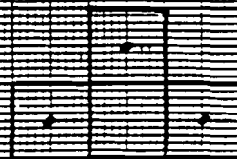


Level 2



Level 1

• = black square

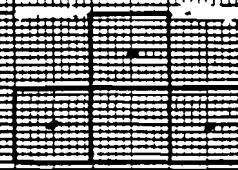


Level 2



Level 3

φ aspect
[horizontal]



Level 4

Level 4

Level 3

Level 2

Level 1

Side View

follows:

*One set of black pieces on the black squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Sirius board

*One set of black pieces on the black squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Arcturus board

*One set of white pieces on the white squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Sirius board

*One set of white pieces on the white squares of levels 2 and 4 of the Arcturus board. (See illustration.)

The null squares on Sirius and Arcturus are left vacant.

Moves:

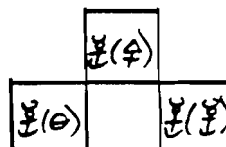
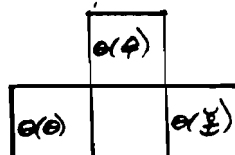
The pieces follow the same rules of movement and transformation as in the septenary game.

However, when a piece is on any of the levels (that is, 2,3 or 4) of any board a move up or down a level is regarded as the equivalent of a move up and down the seven boards. Thus for example, an $\ominus(\ominus)$ piece on a black square on level 2 of the Sirius board may move (provided the squares moved to are vacant at the time) across level 2 to another black square, or up to the black square of level 3 (the null square - where it will be changed at random) or down to a black square on level 1. A $\ominus(\ominus)$ piece on level 4 may move across the squares on level 4 to another black square, or it may move onto a vacant square of the same colour on Arcturus. Level 4 may therefore be regarded as a 'stepping board' to other boards.

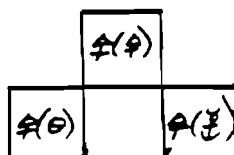
Another example: a $\text{♁}(\)$ piece on level 2 of Sirius may move to any vacant square on level 2, up to level 3, or up to level 4 (any vacant square, or down to any vacant square on level 1. These moves are possible because a $\text{♁}(\)$ piece has '2 degrees' of freedom. If the $\text{♁}(\)$ piece was on, say, level 2 of Arcturus, it could move down to level 4 of Sirius (but not any further). Similarly, a $\text{♁}(\)$ piece of level 4 could move if it was on, say, Arcturus, to any vacant square on level 1 of Antares or any vacant square on level 2 of Antares (either side - that is, either the 'causal' or 'acausal' side).

It is simply a question of looking at the levels either up or down for 'degrees of freedom'. Thus an $\text{♁}(\)$ piece, having unlimited degrees of freedom, could move from any level on any board to any other level on any board.

The $\text{♁}(\text{♁})$ piece if on any square on Naos may capture any piece of the opposite colour on any square and any level of any board except Naos.



level 2



level 4

1) Important to choose a good site: it must be isolated, near fresh water suitable for drinking, within a days walking distance of supplies (c. 20 miles) and somewhere you will be undisturbed for the length of the ritual.

You should visit several sites beforehand and choose the one most suitable.

2) Equipment (see Equipment Guide for some recommendations) - must be adequate for the period.

Tent - choose one suitable for two people as room is important. Be sure to seal flysheet seams with sealant (and take some sealant, tent repair kit). Use a strong separate groundsheet under the tent groundsheet as this will take some of the wear and give some more insulation.

Sleeping bag - Take two plus a cotton inner. No need for expensive down bags: choose two synthetic ones, one to fit inside the other (for colder days and as spare).

Insulating mat - essential.

Clothes - take two of most things. Go for hardwearing natural fibres (wool, cotton). Thermal underwear is essential. As is a hat and a balaclava. Be sure to take at least two pairs of gloves.

Waterproofs - Jacket and overtrousers. Best are heavyweight nylon/neoprene. If using expensive breathable fabrics like Gore-tex, take a spare pair of coated nylon since in hard, extended use the breathable fabrics can break down.

Boots - a strong walking boot is essential. Also take spare pair of shoes/lightweight trainers which are fast drying.

Stove - take two: one burning liquid fuel, other solid for emergency back-up.

Knife - essential. Also take a pocket lock-knife as spare.

Survival Aids - essential. To include: compass; waterproof matches; tinderbox (flint/magnesium); survival bag; foil (space) blanket; torch and spare batteries; emergency food sufficient for two days; spare tent guy lines/pegs; sewing kit; first-aid kit.

3) Diet - Take a supply of vitamin/mineral supplements. Every day you need protein, fat, carbohydrate plus c. 3 litres of water. As basic diet use oatmeal, tinned (powder) milk, cheese, biscuits; dried fruit; tea/coffee. Every 3 or 4 days eat a cooked meal made from a pre-packed foil wrapped freeze dried range. Each visit for supplies (one a month - no more unless dire emergency) buy fresh fruit, milk, eggs, bread, meat or fish. As much as you can afford/carry back to site.

4) Points to note:

- * Re-pitch tent every two weeks

- * Avoid wood fires as they attract attention - however cold it gets.

- * Always keep a set of clothes dry and in waterproof bags in tent for use if needed. If all your clothes do become wet - wrap foil blanket around yourself, eat a hot meal, have a hot drink and get into sleeping bag. To dry damp clothes place them between the two sleeping bags before you go to sleep

- *Keep as clean as possible by bathing in stream/river/lake. Wash clothes frequently if weather suitable for drying them quickly

- * Before you go visit Dentist and Doctor for check-up
- * If Winter ritual or using high-altitude/Nothern sites where snow possible, take foldable shovel, snow-shoes and extra warm clothing. Make sure the tent you choose has adequate ventilation and is strongly guyed.
- * Give your Order contact details of site chosen and contact them a.s.a.p. after conclusion of ritual

Remember: you can only take what you can carry on your own back. Take specialist foods with you, and buy first months supplies after pitching camp - sufficient for about a month.

Approx. a month before you go try a week on the diet chosen, and amend if necessary. Be sure to take sufficient money to buy supplies for the period of the ritual plus cost of return from the area.

Problems which may arise:

- * Illness. Expect some 'colds' and "flu" initially. Keep warm and dry - plenty of fluid. Do not eat wild berries, mushrooms etc. unless you are sure you know what you are eating. If a serious injury (eg broken limb) forces you to seek aid, the ritual is void and must be done again when fit enough.
- * Boredom - if you are going to succeed, you will learn how to cope with this. Always maintain your resolve to complete the ritual under the conditions required.
- * Diet - Get used to it! You may feel tired if you have got the balance wrong, and will probably lose weight. Others have survived, so you can.
- * Intruders - have a story ready for 'passive intruders' to your site (tourists/walkers etc.) - seeking spiritual enlightenment etc. Avoid human contact if possible. For other intruders (eg landowners, gamekeepers) - be friendly and ask permission to stay, saying you want solitude. Most will accept this; if not, move elsewhere to an area scouted out in the first few days of the ritual for this purpose.
- * Long spells of bad weather - a bonus, if it happens, forcing you further into psychic debt.
- * Vermin (lice etc.) - You may become infested. If so, do not worry. Keep as clean as possible, washing clothes regularly. On return to 'civilization' dispose of /burn all clothes and bedding (this is advisable anyway) and get some medical treatment if scalp/pubic area infested. Nothing much to worry about - regular washing will help keep the infestation to an inconvenience and will not seriously affect your health.
- * Foot problems. Try and keep your feet dry - always have a spare pair of dry socks. If boots become sodden, let them dry out naturally and use your spare shoes until they do. You can dry dampish socks during the day by putting them under your hat, wrapping them round your neck like a scarf etc.

Remember: make sure your energy intake is sufficient to allow moderate physical activity - this generates body heat and is essential in cold/wet weather. On good warm days - air dry your sleeping bags.

The Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth needs to fulfill several conditions before the ritual proper:

- 1) To have fully fulfilled the pledge of a Master/Mistress regarding transmission of the Way by (i) having trained at least one suitable individual up to and including Internal Adept and revealed to them all esoteric teachings; and (ii) explicated that Way using appropriate means enabling understanding by others as/when their wyrd inclines (these means including writings; images; music etc.).
- 2) Having fully mastered all the techniques of aeonic magick and achieved by some of these new temporal forms.
- 3) Significantly extended the boundaries of knowledge, understanding and existence by creative endeavour explicated causally and acausally - some magickal, others outwardly not-magickal.
- 4) Have begun the process of directing acausal energies via a new or presently or past existing nexion according to the wyrd of that Master/Mistress with the intention of a new aeonic manifestation or re-creating a previous form or forms.

These conditions have been fulfilled (or nearly so) the candidate sets in order his/her temporal affairs - discarding all that is unnecessary. This includes all properties, all of significant monetary value, all accumulated possessions, and all obligations of a personal kind (familial etc.; profession/employment). The candidate is to have no financial or other resources other than that required for necessary survival (and then on a weekly basis) save for a small amount sufficient only for the performance of the ritual.

All this preparation is necessary and should be strictly adhered to - this attainment of 'temporal freedom' being necessary for reasons which a Master/Mistress will understand. (To those lacking this understanding and post-Adept insight all that will be said that such freedom enables the candidate to become for a short period an actual 'nexion' between the causal and acausal, all attention, energies (psychic and otherwise) being then capable of focusing upon the task.)

The ritual proper involves the candidate achieving a difficult feat of mental and physical endurance - usually this involves walking, in difficult, isolated terrain, a distance of 300 miles in 15 days carrying appropriate equipment and occasionally buying food en route using the small monetary savings mentioned above. (Experienced long-distance walkers are advised to increase the distance.) This feat is planned to end at or near the site chosen by the candidate for the physical nexion.

The candidate is then to reside at or near this site for a period from Equinox to Solstice or Solstice to Equinox (or, for some nexions, for an alchemical season) during which time and using aeonic techniques acausal energies are brought forth and directed to an individual(s)/organization/order/archetypal form(s) and so on, via the chant/name(s)/images and so on chosen by the candidate. In addition, the candidate usually creates a new technique to enhance the working (e.g. similar to the 'Star Game'). During this period the temporal changes caused by the magick should be discernable. (Further enhancements/workings may be required after this initial period.)

These changes signify the success of the Grade Ritual.

The Dating of Esoteric Tradition

Received tradition (as given to the present writer by his teacher - an Adept of the esoteric "Albion" tradition: for which read 'Seven-fold Way'/Septenary/Hebdomadry/traditional Satanism and so on) places the origin of the Hyperborean Aeon, and thus the civilization of Albion, at least a thousand years before the dates given in Order MSS.

Thus, received tradition gave the origin of the Hyperborean Aeon as between 7,000 to 6,000 BC (that is, " nine to eight millenia before the present" - this 'present' being c. 1975 ev). Also, the 'Primal Aeon' was given as arising between eleven to ten millenia ago. This placed the origin of the Hyperborean civilization (Albion) at around 6,000 or 5,000 BC, and thus dated Stonehenge to between 4,500 and 3,500 (the 'later' date - 3,500 - being favoured).

After a thorough study of these received traditions, and a review of present archaeological/historical understanding, the present writer decided the traditional dates were out by at least a thousand years. When the Order MSS were written (mostly after 1975 ev) to consolidate what had been - apart from a few MSS such as the 'Black Book' - a mostly oral tradition/teaching, these "new" dates were included.

However, the present writer admits that this revision may well be mistaken, and that the 'traditional' dates may yet be proved correct.

It is to be hoped that some time in the future further evidence for the civilization of Albion will be found, particularly in regard to accurate dating and the confirmation of esoteric tradition concerning the sea-faring nature of the communities (particularly the links with Iceland/Greenland/ Canada and the later migrations southward: Greece etc.), the technological advances made and so on.

While some evidence for the 'advanced' agriculture of the later period is emerging (e.g. the 'Butzer' Farm project) and the astronomical nature of Stonehenge is now well-established, there is still the view of Albion during the period in question as a rather basic 'Neolithic' semi-nomadic society, rather 'backward' in comparison with the "civilized" societies of Sumeria and Egypt. The acceptance of this view is not surprising, given the paucity of evidence, the lack of archaeological excavation and an almost total lack of "professional" interest. Part of the lack of evidence stems from the fact that a lot of the sites have been almost continually inhabited/cultivated with the consequential loss of material/patterns; another is the use of wood in the construction of artifacts - this is rarely preserved and there has been a rather silly tendency to use pottery remains (its 'sophistication' etc.) to judge/date the communities associated with it, whereas in fact at the time pottery was probably considered an inferior material to wood/leather etc. Another stems from a lack of written records - in Egypt, Sumeria and elsewhere there are well-preserved reminders.

Forms & Rituals:

The 'Forms' [see the "Musick, Incense and Forms" chart] may be used to enhance magickal workings in two ways:

1) The Form may actually be constructed to form the 'inner part' of a Temple (or the whole Temple itself) and the working undertaken within this - with an intent, or desire, appropriate to the sphere associated with that Form. Thus, a tetrahedron shaped 'inner sanctum' would be for Mercury workings: i.e. workings concerned with 'indulgence and transformations' [qv. the tables in 'Naos' and elsewhere] while a pyramid would be appropriate for Ecstasy and Love.

The working may be further enhanced by constructing the Form in the appropriate material.

2) The Form may be constructed in the material [see table] on a small scale and this itself may be used in two ways:

a) As a focus for vibration/chant - using the appropriate chant for the sphere concerned [qv. 'Naos']. Thus, for Mercury, the tetrahedron would be associated with the "Agius Lucifer" chant*. The vibration appropriate to this sphere would be "Satan"/"Satanas".

b) The Form may be used to store/concentrate the magickal energy of a ritual associated with a particular sphere/working by visualization and chant.

The energy, brought by a working will be 'cast into' the Form and visualized as being amplified by that Form. It may then be dispersed, according to desire. [Note: this 'visualization' is what actually occurs to the energy because of the structure of the Form.]

Incenses:

The incenses given in 'Naos' for pathworkings are appropriate to those workings and the visualizations of the spheres (the Tarot images etc.).

Those given are the ☉ aspect. The ☿ aspect are those listed in the "Musick, Incense and Forms" chart. Thus, the ☉ incense for Mercury is Sulphur; the ☿ incense is Yew. The ♁ is a combination of these in equal proportions.

☉ is generally used for pathways and spheres as in 'Naos'; ☿ is used for specific workings involving the energy of a particular sphere [e.g. Moon implies the vibrated 'word' Noctulius and is appropriate to 'hidden knowledge'/'sinister knowledge/terror - see the tables in 'Naos' and elsewhere]. The ♁ incense for a particular sphere may be used for any type of working.

Note: the basic difference, in magickal terms, between the three forms of incense associated with each sphere is that the ☉ aspect "evokes" those energies/levels of the sphere associated with ☉, the ☿ aspect, those associated with ☿ and

*See below for the esoteric version.

* i.e. the ☉ incense.

the ♁ aspect "evokes" the ♁ energies/levels. Novices begin workings with the ☉ aspects because in general these are more accessible; Initiates are expected to gain experience with working with all three aspects in magickal workings. Put simply - the ☉ aspect can be considered as the 'first level' of the sphere, the ♁ as the 'second' and the ♁ as the 'third'. Thus, the 'first' level incense for Moon (Petriochor) associates particularly with the Tarot image 18, the 'second' level (Hazel) with the Tarot image 15, and the combination with the image 13.

These 'refinements' are, however, subtle - and their appreciation marks the step beyond the noviciate stage. An experience of them is considered essential as a prelude to Adeptship.

The Nine Angles and the Dark Gate:

The sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the 'Gates' gives not only the pattern of 'walking' when the chant ritual is undertaken according to tradition [qv. 'Naos'] but also shows the 'pathways' appropriate to those rituals which 'open the Gates'.

Thus the open the 'Dark Gate', the sequence would be: Earth Gate-Mars-Star Gate-Moon-Sun-Saturn-Man's Gate-Venus-Dark Gate.

Further, to 'find' an Earth Gate (as in establishing the magickal centre of a new Aeon) the sequence would be begun to end at the 'Earth Gate'.

This sequence of pathways may be used in two ways:
1) as a prelude by the chief celebrants [e.g. in a Nine Angles working] who 'invokes the energies' appropriate to the particular pathway before the Rite proper: the first is begun eight days before the Rite. Thus, for a Nine Angles rite, the celebrants would be the Priest and Priestess - for a 'Dark Gate' ritual (i.e. 'chthonic Nine Angles' working) this would mean beginning at the 'Earth Gate' (the site chosen for the ritual) and invoking on the pathway toward the sphere of Mars [hint: construct a three-dimensional Tree of Wyrd showing the connecting pathways (qv. the Order MS 'The Septenary System' in "Azoth") and overlay this with the 'Nine Angles and the pathways' (Earth Gate to Dark Gate for this particular ritual) and the forces involved in this pathway (Earth Gate to Mars) will be clear: as will the symbolism etc. to be employed]. The second invocation on the second night (in this particular rite at the same location) would be Mars to Star Gate, and so on.

[Note: These preliminary workings for a Nine Angles rite significantly enhance the Rite itself.]

2) as a magickal working in itself. The 'intent' of this working may be either: the obtaining of knowledge [as for instance in finding an 'Earth Gate' - or in using the pathways to bring 'self-knowledge'/expansion of consciousness into acausal realms], or with a specific intent appropriate to the 'final point' (sphere or 'angle') where the pathways end. Thus, a Dark Gate final point would be appropriate to 'sinister/chthonic' intent, and so on. These specific rituals

can be either ceremonial or hermetic in form.

Naos:

This word has several meanings, all of which are esoterically significant.

As a word it means the inner Temple or sanctuary [from the Greek ναός] both in the physical sense of a place and in the sense of consciousness: i.e. the 'latent' temple [read 'knowledge' etc.] within each individual. It also signifies a type of portable shrine wherein an image of a deity was kept.

It is, as a word, in common usage in Egyptian archaeology. In the Occult sense - i.e. as used in the septenary tradition - it is used to describe both an outer form which holds an inner meaning [e.g. an esoteric book] as well as a physical inner Temple or sanctuary.

Naos is also the name of a star, important in the Nine Angles rite.*

Falcifer/Vindex:

Names signifying the person who may embody, in the causal world, the essence of the sinister - i.e. he/she empowered by the 'Dark Gods' to bring the wordless Aeon in a practical sense. In the exoteric sense, Falcifer (the 'reaper') and Vindex (the 'avenger') are esoteric names for the anti-Nazarene mentioned in "Revelation" and elsewhere.

Vindex can be 'created' by sinister ritual - the chthonic Nine Angles rite when the energy is channelled by visualization and chant into a designated person. [qv. the Order instructional text: 'Falcifer: Lord of Darkness'; a fictional account of part of this process.]

Qabala:

An expression of the distortion foisted upon the Western ethos by Nazarenes and their allies in spirit.

The Western ethos [i.e. the outward form of the magickal energy of the 'Western aeon'] is Luciferian/pagan - the septenary system/seven-fold sinister way being an esoteric expression of this [see 'Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way'**]

The use of qabalistic/Hebrew names/images/symbols aids this distortion and thus enhances the power of the Nazarenes and the 'old Aeon' values/power structures. The same applies to the use of 'Egyptian/Sumerian' etc. images/symbols/names. Those who still use such symbols/images/words are not yet free from Nazarene indoctrination/unconscious influences.

Thus, effective sinister magick implies the use only of the septenary tradition in terms of names/images/symbols.



*Note: A recent book on Star names gives Naos as deriving from the Greek for ship. This is a misunderstanding of the Ionic ναός ; a ship is ναύς .

** Published in 'Fenrir' no. 7

Aeonics

Prefatory remarks: These are 'esoteric' teachings - of necessity, because their understanding requires the insight and knowledge which an External Adept and Internal Adept has attained. Without this insight and knowledge, there is liable to be mis-understanding and a failure to appreciate the finer points (or even any of the points at all).

The 'Aeonics' MSS provide a general introduction to what is a practical but difficult subject. They describe the essential mechanisms involved: they contain no 'value judgements', no view. Rather, they present what is, as it is. They are an aid to conscious understanding of Aeonie energies - it is up to each and every Adept to decide what they wish to do with that understanding, in the practical magickal sense.

The best, and most complete, description of Aeonie processes is the Star Game, particularly the advanced form. These MSS should serve only as an introduction to the abstract symbolism of the Game. Complete understanding arises when the Game is understood 'intuitively' - that is, without conscious effort: when there are no need for words or descriptions. All words are ultimately bound up with division into 'opposites' (and thus 'value judgements' etc.) - only the symbolism is truly representative of what is beyond the Abyss, that is, of the acausal itself and how that acausal effects (presences) the causal.

It is in the Star Game that real understanding of Aeonics lies.

Aeons and their associated Civilizations

The energy of a particular magickal Aeon is manifest (presenced) via a higher civilization: there is generally a time-lag of about 400 or 500 years between the start of the Aeon and the beginning of the civilization.

The wyrd of the aeon is often expressed by a symbol/word/magickal working (e.g. the Hellenic: Eagle/oracle;dance) - although these are merely outward expressions of the inner essence. The destiny of the associated civilization is most often expressed by an ethos/myth (e.g. for the West: Science/Exploration) and is expressed via various archetypes, some of which may directly relate to the ethos.

An aeon is essentially an ordered manifestation of acausal energy in the causal via an earth-based nexion: this nexion being the 'magickal centre' of the Aeon (and thus the civilization). Various cults and their associated mythos are derived from this centre and its energy. For previous Aeons, this ordering was for the most part intuitive and unconscious - i.e. not arising from deliberate magickal acts by Adepts: the finding and opening of a nexion occurred by the very nature of that acausal energy seeking to 'earth' itself. Aeonie change is now understood and gives all Adepts the possibility of creating Aeonie changes.

A civilization undergoes an organic process of growth and decay and symbolically it has nine stages, represented by the pieces of the Star Game. (Note: the Star Game - particularly the Advanced Star Game - gives a complete representation of one Aeon and its civilization if the pieces are placed correctly.) A civilization generally lasts between 1,500 and 1,700 years. From its origin, it takes about 800 years for a civilization to enter its Time of Wars (aka Time of Troubles) and this period of wars lasts on average 398 to 400 years. It is followed by the Imperial stage - Empire or Imperium (aka 'Universal State'). This lasts about 390 years after which the civilization finally falls. The gradual decline of a civilization follows the wane of the magickal energy associated with it - the archetypal forms which presenced this have fulfilled their potential, become exhausted of energy. (Note: the Star Game can be used to show how a particular archetypal form grows and decays, causing changes: e.g. the pieces of one board may be used to designate that archetype - by following the changes of the pieces and the affects on other boards, the principles of change may be seen.)

Civilization	Relations	Challenge	Time of Troubles	Universal State
Egyptiac	Unrelated	Physical	2424 - 2052 BC	2052-1660 BC
Sumeric	Unrelated	Physical	2677 - 2298 BC	2298 - 1805 BC
Hellenic	Loosely affiliated	Physical	431 - 31BC	31BC - 578 AD
Indic	Unrelated	Physical	7 - 322 BC	322 - 185 BC
Japanese	Offshoot of Far Eastern	Physical	1185 - 797 AD	1597-1945 AD
Sinic	Unrelated	Physical	634 - 221 BC	221BC - 172 AD
Western	Affiliated to Hellenic	Physical	1568 - 1996*	1996 - 2390 AD**

Table I

*Estimated from model (see Appendix II). The 1568 AD date is given by Toynbee.

** Estimated from model (see Appendix II).

Should only be undertaken if individual is free from unconscious influences - particularly archetypal images of current civilizations/distortions imposed upon it by others. This usually implies having passed the Abyss - but some 'lesser' Aeonic magick can be undertaken by Internal Adepts. This is so because if latent archetypal energy is present within the psyche of the individual, there will be a blocking/internal distortion of the acausal energy released/created via aeonic rites, and this usually leads to problems: e.g. psychic distortion, physical problems and so on.

Aeonic magick implies, for most rites, the individual being a 'channel' or 'gate'. Psychic residues imply a blocking.

Archetypes imply a development in time - i.e. causal movement. Put simply, this means 'action' - or a 'story': some role played out by the image and thus fulfilled. In the 'cultic' sense, there is a 'legend'/goal.

New images require new motifs: i.e. new forms of fulfilment.

'Mimesis' is one method of aeonic magick that has come down over the centuries (indeed, it was once probably the only means available).

Basically, this involves imitating some aspect of cosmic/Earth-based movement/working, and then either following the natural pattern or slightly altering that pattern to bring about a subtle change. (This 'alteration' forms the basis for 'black' magick - qv. The Black Mass: the use of Nazarene formulae, slightly distorted via sinister intent.)

Often, this implies 'acting out' an archetypal role according to a myth/legend/cult. The key here is the identification of the magickian with the role (which is, however, not a possession, as in shamanism) - this requires preparation. This 'acting out' can involve others - as, for example, in a 'sacred marriage' (qv. 'sun' and 'moon' as symbols). The intent of the working is then visualized/chanted. If alterations are desired, these are incorporated.

Mimesis can also be done via the construction of suitable models which are symbolically imbued with 'life'. It may also be done via a 'play/drama' whose participants are unaware of the intent and/or of the symbolism. In all cases it is necessary for the Master/Mistress of the ritual to channel magickal energy into the proceedings either via ceremonial/hermetic methods or by 'opening a Gate'. If the latter, then the energy so brought may be channelled directly or at a distance (if for example a 'drama' is being performed).

The basic means are:

- 1) Archetypes - their creation/re-emergence.
This is achieved via: a) ritual - e.g. Nine Angles rites with appropriate visualization/models/drama
b) creating a mythos: and then channelling acausal energy into this form via ritual
c) symbols - 'energize' these via ritual/hermetic workings

All the above require an understanding of archetypal form and change.

- 2) Open a 'Gate' and let the acausal energies spread naturally or channell them via an individual or individual. The latter requires some 'form' to be imposed upon the 'raw' energies released: this form is achieved via the desire of the Master/Mistress and may be either (a) in accord with the wyrd existing at the time (i.e. to help fulfil wyrd of Aeon) or (b) against this, if some fundamental change is desired.

- 3) Star Game - manipulation of symbols with magickal intent. Can be as 'core' of other 'ritual' working where this ritual brings acausal energy. (Note: this is not strictly necessary for a Magus ...)

All Aeonic magick is (a) for the wyrd of the Aeon; (b) against that wyrd; or (c) beyond both of these because a new form is desired. (c) involves both small changes introduced within an Aeon for some specific reason or other, and large changes desired as, for example, a prelude to attempting to create a 'new balance' (i.e. the creation of a 'new Aeon').

It is possible to alter the magickal energy of an Aeon at any time, although this is easier during the last phase of an Aeon (generally: the Winter stage of the civilization: the few decades before, and after, the beginning of an Imperium). This alteration can be of any type - if sufficient energy is produced/created/released. (The Nine Angles rites are usually the most powerful in this respect - particularly the chthonic with 'Sacrifice'.) Whatever, there must be an intent: something specific to change the energy to/toward. This is often symbolized by a magickal 'word' which then represents the 'new Aeon'/the distortion imposed upon the existing Aeon: this 'word' is only the outward form of inner essence.

For the West (and at the time of writing - 1980 ev) the fundamental long-term options re Aeonic magick are: (1) rites to bring Vindex (channelling into individual etc.); (2) rites to 'Open a Gate' (re the next Aeon); (3) rites to bring acausal energy, letting this presence without form; (4) rites to distort/prevent the wyrd of the West (i.e. Imperium). (4) implies another aim - i.e. the forces must be directed to something other than Galactic Imperium. The scope of this aim is wide-ranging. (5) creation of a new Aeon which is not the direct descendant of the West - i.e. does not involve 'Dark Gods'. Again, aims wide.

The essential principles of aeonics are:

1) Aeonie magick can be either (a) directed into a specific form (and this can be an individual) or some structure (temporal) which the Adept creates for this purpose - ie. as a means to achieve a specific goal. This structure can be religious, social, political, business and so on; or (b) drawn forth via ritual(s) and left to disperse (ie. there is no specific intent/aim) according to its nature. This implies an element of randomness.

2) Aeonie energy can be used to: (a) create new archetypal forms (eg. specific archetypes); (b) distort/disrupt already existing ones.

(a) implies a new 'idea'/mythos and often a 'word' to express this (to non-Adepts). Also, some causal movement is implied in such a form - a development in time.

3) All aeonic change can be: (a) for the wyrd of the Aeon existing at that time (the wyrd being manifest in the Destiny of the associated higher civilization); (b) against that wyrd (thus a 'distortion'); (c) to create a new wyrd. This can be either a new Aeon or an undirected/chaotic disruption of existing one. A new aeon implies a new set of archetypal forms/mythos etc.

4) All changes can only be directed by the Adept within certain temporal limits, these being set by the strength of the energy produced and whether the initial ritual(s) are subsequently re-inforced. Most aeonic rites by their nature imply a element of random energy which produces further change at first roughly in accord with the energy/intent of the rite: as causal time flows on, the original forms are re-formed via metamorphosis.

5) Any change is possible using aeonic energies - ie. such energies and their use are a-moral. It is the consciousness of the Adept which via intent directs the energy into specific forms to provoke temporal changes in line with that intent.

6) Changes against an existing wyrd (and such like) require more energy because the 'old' archetypal forms/patterns need to be broken down/redirected.

Thus, to change aeonic forces the best way is (a) distort/disrupt forms already existing; (b) let the random element accelerate within those forms by letting loose undirected acausal energies within the aeon/higher civilization; (c) then begin to create new forms via ritual(s). (A skilled Adept can try all three at the same time.)

7) Aeonie energies bring changes on a large scale by mostly affecting non-Initiates - ie. the changes are unconscious: the 'mass' is unaware that their drives/desires/patterns of behaviour/ 'thoughts' and so on are being manipulated by Adepts. The most obvious way this occurs is via archetypal forms - but there are other levels acting (how many depends on the acausal energy (intensity, type etc.) and the ritual(s) done by the Adept). One of these is direct psychic contagion - ie. the energy directly affects those receptive/sensitive to it (and this can include Initiates etc.). Those thus affected may then give that energy form or do deeds broadly in line with the type of energy.

(Note: Archetypal forms created via aeonic ritual work mostly unconsciously at first; later, some individuals may express these forms in a practical way, as ideas, myths, mythos, Institutions and so on. Psychic contagion by-passes 'forms' including archetypal ones - ie. the latent acausal part of the psyche of infected individuals is directly affected/'opened' by the acausal energy.)

Some further insights:

1) Generally, once an aim/change is decided upon, this should be enshrined in an archetypal symbol, sigil and/or a phrase/word. After the main aeonic rites to produce this change, these symbols etc. should be regularly 'charged' via hermetic rites (eg. sexual magick) and the energy left to disperse naturally or stored in a crystal.

The type of aeonic rite depends on the change desired, how strong are already existing aeonic energies (eg. change toward the end of an aeon generally requires less energy). The same applies to re-inforcements of the rite (should these be necessary).

2) Wyrd of present Western aeon is Imperium. This implies what is moralistically called an un-democratic State. One aim of such a State would be colonization of the Solar System and then the stars. In essence, this State would be an outward manifestation of Satanic spirit. Political forms to achieve and maintain this Imperium are only a means and must be seen by Adepts in this light. The same applies to 'military' forms. If an Adept or Adepts wish to achieve this wyrd then practical forms to bring this change must be created/encouraged (magickally) (this applies of course to all aeonic changes). The choice of such forms is made on the basis of practicality, necessity and energies required: it is usually the result of a logical assessment of existing conditions and future possibilities - amoral in essence.

An attempt was made by various LHP Adepts earlier this century to use a political form to create a type of Satanic empire on the practical level with the aim of achieving the wyrd of the West. This involved disrupting Nazarene/Magian forms/ethics/ideas and so on both magickally and on the practical/political level. This attempt was a partial success insofar as it has created a new 'mythos' - there is also archetypal energy stored (and awaiting further use) as well as a nexion now partially open. These offer Adepts the possibility of continuing this work - perhaps via the same (or very similar) political forms, perhaps by other (? contradictory) political forms. It is up to each Adept to make their own assessment - and to decide whether they wish the success or no of this wyrd.

3) It cannot be stressed too often that aeonic magick implies long-term assessment (from several centuries to millenia) and this time-scale of necessity negates the relative moral values that pertain in a society for perhaps a few decades or centuries. Aeonic insight implies an overview of not only the Aeon in which the Adept has his/her being, but also of previous Aeons and future Aeons. The basis of insight is a rational apprehension of Aeonic energies and how those are made manifest (produce changes) via civilizations and how those civilizations (in their ethos etc.) affect individuals within them. Further understanding comes from magickal experience: how aeonic change is, magickally, possible. The most comprehensive means of understanding Aeonic energies is the advanced form of the Star Game.

The essence of the Adept is this Aeonic insight - the breaking free from the bonds (archetypal forms and thus their unconscious/conscious influence) of the Aeon in which the Adept has his/her being. Further, the bonds of past influences (of previous Aeons) must be transcended also - most who follow or attempt to follow an Occult way fall into the trap of shedding current Aeonic influences only to fall prey to past ones (Egyptian, Sumerian, Greek etc.)* or to be possessed by one 'Idea'/mythos.

4) Present Aeon is dying - its energies are on the wane. Thus time is right to produce aeonic changes/find new nexions.

Aeonic magick is concerned with two things: (1) understanding the fundamental principles of how certain types of magickal energy (existing in the acausal) manifests and may be made manifest in the causal; and how those energies when so manifest produce temporal change; (2) actually using such energies - via rites etc. - to bring such change in accord with one's desire or goal.

(1) implies learning about aeons and civilizations - how both are formed, live, decay and change via acausal energies - and about how those within them, from individuals upward, are changed and manipulated by the various forms the acausal energies assume. Among such forms are archetypes, myths and mythos, ideas, symbols (including artistic representations), as well as the more transient types like politics and religion.

(2) implies learning the skills of aeonic magick and follows after (1). The basic skills are aeonic rites (eg. the Nine Angles rites; Ceremony of Recalling), the Star Game, and creative manipulation of symbols, ideas and so on (including the more transient forms).

(1) is covered in the many and varied Order MSS dealing with Aeonics and details of the basic skills are given in 'Naos', 'Black Book' and the various rituals (most now available in various publications). This present MS will deal with an area not specifically covered before with a view to dispelling some misconceptions.

Sinister aeonic magick implies actual use of the energies - by individuals - bringing change(s) to the 'real' or temporal world. This use is often misunderstood by non-Adepts of sinister traditions, and particularly by those who adhere to the old distorted magic(k)al systems. For instance, aeonic magick was used earlier this century to aid a new political form and so try and alter in a significant way the direction of the Western civilization in order to bring about certain futures. These futures (the plural is intentional) would, if they had resulted, have led to the expansion of both a technological and thence an individual kind over a period of many centuries - and this because of the dynamic nature of the form chosen as well as the future transformation of it, via dialectic and internal metasomatosis. The most identifiable manifestation (ie. causal appearance) of this form was National-Socialist Germany. However, most individuals who consider this form, consider it not from an aeonic standpoint but rather from a limited, causal and 'moral' point of view - a view they take, also, of more recent attempts by other individuals and groups, to use that and similar forms for magickal ends. The perspective of this view is immediate rather than of centuries and millenia and shows a fundamental lack of understanding of not only aeonics but also magick itself.

The reality is that all significant magick is either Aeonic or Internal: External magick is but a child's game, to be played while learning the most basic skills of magick, or for amusement, perhaps, later on. To a real magickian, all types of political (as well as religious and cultural) forms are means - to be used if they are useful for aeonic or internal magickal goals. Genuine Adepts use many temporal forms - although they never identify with them in the sense of adhere to them causally: from a psychic perspective. In the initial stages of the seven-fold way, for example, some "roles" may be assumed by the Initiate to bring insight, challenges and generally experience the 'forbidden', the contrary, the 'heretical'. But these roles are only that - part of an internal, psychic and thus sinister manipulation of forms. Later,

such forms - and others - may be used in the aeonic sense: to bring about large-scale temporal change (how large depending on the intent as well as the skill and aim of the Adept). But in both, manipulation is the key.

Thus, those who criticize those LHP individuals and/or groups who do and have used political forms in the past - or some other temporal form: social, religious or ideological - clearly show by that very criticism and their subsequent "labelling" of those individuals and groups (from their own myopic and relative "political" or "social" perspective) that they lack not only understanding but also insight into the basics of magick. In short, these "labellers" expose themselves as not only unworthy of being called magickians, but also as adherents to the old, Nazarene dominated moral value-systems. Their lack of perspective, and magickal understanding is not, however, unexpected considering the pathetic state of 'magical understanding' prior to the dissemination of ONA teachings - particularly relating to Aeonics and Internal magick.

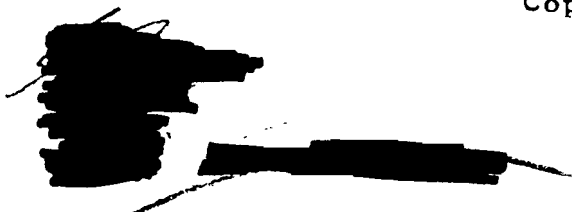
On the individual level - of Initiates - the LHP is decidedly a-political, a-religious and a-social (where the "a" prefix means "beyond", "outside"), and is devoted to making each Initiate unique: that is, aiding them fulfil their potential, thus enhancing evolution and creating the next stage of our evolution. The ultimate aim of sinister aeonic magick is to create conditions in the 'real world' such that Initiation and Adeptship and all that these imply in terms of evolutionary understanding and insight, is not only available for all, but fulfilled. This, of course, is and will be a long-term aim, perhaps achieved by the end of the next Aeon, perhaps not. But the aeonic magick of any one present moment (eg. a rite or form manipulation) aims to presence a part of that future in that present moment or create conditions enabling it. Thus, change is provoked and made possible - in individuals, groups and civilizations. Hence the complexity of aeonics, and the multitude of temporal forms used - but also its simplicity. For, viewed causally and simply, aeonics is change, opposition, creation; provoking challenges and insight, counter-balancing and adversarial. In short - a dialectic, for individuals, groups and civilizations, as well as aeons. And it is this dialectic which is the 'numen' of sinister magick - its ultimate meaning and its ultimate challenge.

Quite simply, it is for those who aspire. The rest can continue their crawling non-existence.

Naturally, in aeonic magick some mistakes have been made -some judgements have been shown by events to be incorrect. But understanding and reason are cumulative: a process of learning, for individuals, civilizations, and aeons. However:

τοιαῦτ' ἀνείδιγ' οἷς ἔμ' εὐρήσεις μέγαν

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Exoterically, the distortion imposed upon the Western Aeon is represented by the religion of the Nazarene. Esoterically, one aspect of the distortion is represented by the 'qabala'. Both of these are manifestations of what it is convenient to call the 'Magian ethos': that is, an approach to living, a way of thinking/being. One of the external manifestations of this ethos is the 'Babylonian Talmud' and the religion whose codes/teaching are represented by that collection of tracts. Another is the 'Old Testament'.

This ethos has, over the last few centuries, become diversified, and now assumes various political and 'philosophical' manifestations. The "sickness of the spirit", which Nietzsche analysed in many of his works [particularly the 'Anti-Christ'], has changed the direction of the Western civilization [see 'Notes on Esoteric Tradition' and other MSS] and thus its future. Had there been no distortion of the Western 'current' or 'magickal energy' then the Western civilization would now be about to enter the final, Imperial, stage. There would be an outward expansion, led by the elite, firstly world-wide and then, using the technology which is such a feature of the true Western ethos, into outer Space itself with the consequent colonization of the solar system and star systems beyond. This Imperial stage is 'Promethean' or Luciferian in aspect - that is, it is dynamic and expresses that zest for living which is pagan [and which, esoterically, is the essence of genuine Satanism]. It is in one sense the dominance of 'action' over thought - the triumph of 'master-morality'. Esoterically, this is and always has been for all 'higher civilizations' the triumph of honour and those who uphold this most elitist of concepts. [This is so because of the nature of the 'acausal energy' which, "seeps through a Gate" at the beginning of each Aeon. Exoterically, this energy is 'sinister/Satanic' as these terms are understood by the Order (qv. 'The Dark Forces'*). It is this energy which 'creates' the civilization - or rather, the civilization is an outward embodiment of that energy, and this impetus to civilization is maintain by the 'elan'/spirit of the creative minority who are (mostly unconsciously) guided by a feeling of Destiny which itself arises from such energy and which is often enshrined in a mythos/legend. Adepts are those who understand this, and who can thus work with the energy as that energy is embodied at that moment in time. In the past, this understanding was often intuitive - only in the last century or so has this understanding become rationalized, and thus allowed an even greater degree of understanding (and consequently manipulation of the energies).]

However, the Western civilization, having been distorted in its ethos, is suffering from a sickness of spirit - an infection. Instead of almost entering the stage of Imperium, it is increasingly inward-turning, increasingly concerned with ideas that are "alien" to it - that is, which do not arise from its own ethos. It has been, in effect, unconsciously given a dream and is now striving to live that dream although that dream means its own death. [As with all Aeonics, there is no judgement here - merely a statement of facts. All Adepts must discover for themselves whether they wish to alter the futures which can arise from these facts:and alter according to their own desires.]

In practical terms: the distortion is evident in the political ideas of Marxism/communism, in the economic idea of capitalism and in the sociological ideas/value-systems which preach 'equality'. The first and

*Published in 'Fenrir' no. 4

[°Note: This MS contains a brief outline only of one particular aspect. To be supplemented by oral teaching.]

third of these derive from Nazarene beliefs - there are, in effect, extensions of the Nazarene spirit: the triumph of the 'slave-morality'. The second, when analysed, takes the abstraction evident in an aspect of the 'Magian ethos' stages further. What all this amounts to on the level of effects is that individuals [and this applies particularly to the creative minority] are:(a) concerned by a 'morbid conscience' and are thus unable to act with spirit/elan, think and act on the basis of reality (esoterically, read 'they act like sinners and penitents rather than Satanists'); and (b) they perceive the world/other individuals via the distorting lenses of abstract ideas - these ideas deriving from the distortion. Magickally, individuals have lost contact with the genuine archetypes of their unconscious. Even worse, the 'magic' which purports to return these archetypal energies does the opposite - it gives experience of the 'archetypes of the distortion'. This 'magic' is that based on, and derived from, the qabala and the 'Grimoires' of the Middle Ages. [This includes Crowley. 'Wicca' would be one way forward were it not so lacking in Promethean zest - that is, lacking the spirit of true paganism (qv. the Vikings).] For the Western civilization, one of the most powerful archetypes is the Warrior. [Note: Adepts are those striving to free themselves from archetypal influence. Part of this involves living the archetypal role of 'Mage'... We are concerned here with the majority who are swayed by archetypes without understanding them.] This Warrior has two aspects, both important vis-a-vis the Western ethos. One is the 'Hero' (where there can be sacrifice of self to the good of the folk); the other is 'Conquerer'.

In simple terms, the West should now be exalting the archetype of the Warrior: it should be a goal aspired to, and the Institutions and so on of the societies of the West should represent this striving to emulate the Hero/Conquerer - and all for the benefit, not of some artificial idea like 'equality' or 'democracy', but for the communities of the West and the individual who strives to become a Hero/Conquerer. This latter point is vital to an understanding of the present - and thus the future. To take an example from history (a valid one, since all higher civilizations have the same form): The West should now be entering the stage that the Hellenic civilization entered with the Roman Empire at the time of Augustus. In the Rome of that time, the Hero/Conquerer was an ideal aspired to - for the benefit of Rome and those citizens who could profit by emulating that ideal. The Warrior was honoured, and warrior values held sway, giving a zest to life, and expansion for the Empire.

This emulation/exaltation of the Warrior archetype by the majority creates the final, zestful, stage of the West (or rather, should have created it) - the strong, the daring, the noble are encouraged and rewarded. The benefit is Empire: for the West this would have been a 'Galactic Empire'. This means that the societies are imbued with the 'Promethean' spirit (or 'acausal/sinsiter' energies). [Aeonically, Adepts have three functions: 1) their own Destiny (which may be to try and become an 'Immortal'; 2) to aid by magick the Destiny of the civilization to which they belong; 3) or to change that Destiny according to their desire. Which of these, they know, in time ... None of these can be attained without an understanding of that present in which they find themselves: as that present is.]

In practice, the Western Empire would have meant the dominance by a racially aware community/nation/federation of first the West and then possibly the world - this giving rise to the foundation of colonies in Space and the expansion of the Empire into other Star systems. It would have been 'racially aware' (that is, basically European in race) because archetypes compel this type of cohesiveness: that is, 'Destiny' in the case of a civilization implies a commonality, a sense of belonging, or 'rootedness'. This makes possible 'thinking with the blood' - that is, genuine 'elan' - and thus an advance/conquest. Where this elitist attitude

does not exist, there can be no lasting conquest, and thus no Empire.

For the West, this Empire should have begun around 1996-2011 ev and lasted until about 2390 ev after which it, like all Empires, would fall. But then, the Destiny of the West would have been achieved, and with it the dispersal of acausal energy beyond the confines of the Earth. The whole purpose of the Western Aeon was to achieve this further expansion. [Note: There is no 'morality' involved here: just an understanding of magickal, aeonic, energies. The morality which would dismiss a Western Empire is basically Nazarene ...] With the fall of this Empire, the 'New Aeon' would assume practical form on the diversity of planets conquered and colonized. There would then be the 'Spring' of not one new civilization, but of many, with the consequent expansion of consciousness.

However, what is occurring at present is an increase in the distortion - that is, acausal energies are weakening, the Western civilization declining. [It must be borne in mind that although the energies of the 'New Aeon' are - or rather can be - emerging now, during the beginning of the 'Winter' stage of the present civilization, they have little effect on the practical level until the new Aeonic centre is found. What effects they do have is largely small and concerned with 'creating new archetypes': these new archetypes influencing things only gradually. It takes several centuries for large scale effects - and a new civilization (i.e. a further upward trend in consciousness) requires the channelling of acausal energy through a new gate as the 'old' one closes. According to tradition, the gate associated with the next Aeon is in outer Space. Hence, on one level, a need to ensure the fulfilment of the Destiny of the Western Aeon.]

On the practical level, this decline means an inward-turning culture: an increase of 'appearance' - that is, a reliance, among individuals and societies, on abstract ideas and theories. There will be dominance by Nazarene beliefs and ideas deriving from them - a return to a 'religion'/social system of living. [A desire to believe as against a desire to know/explore.] For the West, this will mean tyranny of the mind (and the body because restrictions on movement will exist) existing with a return to 'barbarism' in certain areas (in terms of 'lawlessness'/attitude to living) leading to a gradual decline and probably (after some hundreds of years) an extinction of the acausal on Earth. [In a simple sense, the acausal is evolution, of species and consciousness: the 'Opening of a Gate' (a new Aeon) an expansion due to the acausal presencing on Earth and within individuals.]

Already, this tyranny of ideas exists - together with an increasing physical tyranny to destroy those who do not believe. This tyranny concerns those opinions which contradict in essence the Nazarene/Magian beliefs in 'equality' and 'inward turning morbidity'. [See the MSS 'Aeonics and Heresy'.]

Exoterically, the distortion can be remedied by the arrival of the 'Anti-Christ'. Esoterically, the acausal, sinister, energies can be channelled by ritual into an individual/individuals to create Vindex. Vindex will then be the creator of the Western Empire [i.e. the 'Satanic Empire']. This is one way for Adepts of the sinister tradition to use Aeonic energies. [Note: What 'Vindex' and the 'Empire' means to others is different to what happens in aeonic terms: the former is outward (i.e. 'moral') appearance, the latter, the essence or aeonic 'effect'.] This magick is dangerous - because it draws upon those who practise it the 'magic' of those who have a vested interest in the forces of the distortion.

Other uses of present Aeonic energies are outlined in other MSS.

CLIOLOGY - A Basic Introduction

 ONA

(First issued: 1978 eh; Revised: 1982 eh. Further revision: 1984 eh)

I Civilizations, Aeons and Individuals

In order to represent these things in a way which provokes a higher, conscious understanding and thus the development of insight, it is necessary to develop a new type of abstract representation - a new kind of mathematics.

However, before proceeding to do this, some general clarifications are necessary.

An Aeon is the term used to describe a stage or type of evolution. Evolution is taken to result from a certain process - and this process can be described via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes in certain ways over 'time' - this 'time' having an acausal and a causal aspect: evolution is an increase of the acausal in the causal.

More precisely, the cosmos exists in both causal and acausal space-time where causal space-time (symbolized by λ_s) has 4 dimensions: three spatial, and one time dimension, this dimension being linear. Acausal space-time (symbolized by ϕ_s) has n spatial dimensions and one, acausal, time dimension. ϕ_s intersects λ_s at certain places - these places are 'life-forms': i.e. a living organism is a place where ϕ_s and λ_s coincide. Sentient life is regarded as a 'large-scale' intrusion of ϕ_s into λ_s : a 'mergence' rather than just a point of coincidence. Consciousness is said to reside, or be, in the acausal.

The energy of λ_s and its changes in causal time, can be described and thus 'explained' by conventional scientific means, e.g. by Physics. The energy of ϕ_s and its changes can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and acausal time.

An Aeon is a form or type of acausal energy which manifests in the causal - i.e. it has certain limits in both causal time and 3 dimensional space. It re-orders the causal - which is simply another way of saying such acausal energy produces certain changes in the causal. A civilization [or rather a 'higher' or Aeonically civilization] is how this form, this energy, is ordered in the causal - from a causal point of view. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree - the surface of the earth is the boundary between the causal (above) and the acausal (below). The roots are in the acausal (the acausal energy), the trunk and branches in the causal. The 'aeonic' aspect is the roots; the civilization aspect is the trunk; the societies within the civilization are the branches, and the individuals within a society are the twigs and leaves.

Civilizations, Aeons and individuals are examples of organisms - they are created, or born, they grow and change and then they die. They occupy a finite space over a finite time, undergo metamorphosis and so on. They possess structure or form, which form while variable within certain limits is the same or similar for all manifestations of a similar type - and this form can be studied and classified, and appropriate models formulated to represent it and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is an aspect of an Aeon, and an individual is an aspect of a civilization. All individuals - unless and until they attain a certain degree of self-awareness [variously called individuation and Adeptship] and thus inner liberation and freedom from 'unconscious' and other influences - are subject to the psyche and this psyche is determined [draws its energy from] the civilization and thence the Aeon. One form such energy takes is 'archetypes'. This energy [which is basically 'acausal' and not to be confused with the physical energy described by Science which is causal energy] determines or influences the actions/non-actions of individuals insofar as those individuals affect the civilization and thus the Aeon. In other words, their lives do not affect or change the civilization or the Aeon. They are part of the wyrd of that civilization - they do not possess a wyrd of their own. Using the inexact analogy - an individual with wyrd (an Adept or someone who has achieved individuation) is a seed which becomes free from the tree and can begin a new process (a sapling). All other individuals are tied to the tree - to grow as it grows and die when it dies.

A civilization thus expresses an ordering of evolution. Its energy, and thus its archetypes and so on, is determined by the Aeon which 'creates' [or rather, causes its creation/manifestation in causal space-time]. These energies, for both a civilization and an Aeon can be described in various ways. The most simple (and not very accurate) is mythological/archetypal.

An Aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time. It is linked to a particular geographical region, and there is a centre to this where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because an Aeon is a physical presencing of acausal energy via a nexion - i.e. a nexus between the acausal and the causal. This centre usually acquires a cult or religious nature: mostly unconsciously. That is, certain individuals are 'drawn to this area' and the acausal energy produces/provokes changes within and external to the psyche of these and other individuals.

The list given below describes the energy of each Aeon which has existed in mythological/archetypal terms - it is guide, rather than an exact description of the energies, and a guide to the changes which are caused in the psyche. [The exact description is purely abstract - in symbols - and is given later.]

Each Aeon has a particular civilization associated with it. (See the list.) Its energy may be expressed in terms of an 'ethos' - that is, how the κ_i [where the symbol κ_i represents individual(s)] within that κ_c [where the symbol means 'civilization'] apprehend both causally and acausally [or in simple terms, both rationally and intuitively] the acausal energy of the Aeon. This ethos, like a κ_c , grows and changes; it evolves.

The civilizations listed are 'higher' or Aeononic ones - those that have changed/shaped conscious evolution. Other civilizations have existed, but they have generally not contributed significantly to such evolution in terms of creativity - they are usually related, in time and space, to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an Aeononic civilization are: (a) it possesses a distinctive ethos [Note: an ethos is not a 'religion' as religion is conventionally understood.]; (b) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from the disintegration of an existing civilization (i.e. the challenge as such is social)]; (c) it is creative on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the work of Spengler and Toynbee is valuable, although its details are not essential. What their work has done, is to contribute some fundamental ideas about the nature and structure of civilizations - their detailed work (such as, in Toynbee's case, historical dates and events) adds flesh to the bones of the aeonic theory here propounded, but that theory is independent of such detail which may be and indeed should be surpassed in the future. The two most fundamental ideas of these historians are Spengler's one of the metamorphosis of what he terms a 'culture', and the genesis of civilizations as given by Toynbee - their origin, classification, inter-relation and so on. The ideas have been combined with others - some original, some not (some part of 'esoteric tradition') - to provide the framework for aeonic/acausal theory outlined here. This framework is 'Cliology' - the study of those processes which have caused historical change.

The mechanism by which civilizations affect evolution is that of 'creative individuals'. Most of these are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act, or to express that ethos more consciously, those causing others to act. Few individuals in a civilization reach the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence of ethos - be such the ethos of their own civilization or that of another. Of course, many are there who believe they are free of such influence - but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is the aim of genuine Esoteric Arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious development where they become free of such influences - i.e. to achieve a uniqueness of identity. This requires insight, knowledge and reason - all of which are aided by understanding how and why things (such as civilizations) are as they are. Cliology is an expression of such understanding, and as such a learning of the subject aids conscious development and thus makes Adeptship/individuation possible. The abstract form, given here (particularly in the Second and Third parts of this introductory treatise) takes this rational understanding further.

Aeon	Symbol	Magickal Working	Associated Civilization	Dates
Primal	Horned Beast	Shamanism	--	9,000 - 7,000 BP
Hyberborean	Sun	Henges	Albion	7,000 - 5,500 BP
Sumerian	Dragon	Trance; Sacrifice	Sumerian/ Egyptiac	5,000 - 3,500 BP
Hellenic	Eagle	Oracle; Dance	Hellenic	3,000 - 1,500 BP
Western	Sunwheel/ Swastika	Ritual	Western	1,000 BP - 500 AP
Galactic		Star Game & beyond	Galactic	

[Note: BP means 'Before Present' (1980 eh); AP means 'After Present']

The centre of the Hyberborean Aeon was the area around Stonehenge. The centre of the Sumerian was located between the Tigris and Euphrates (and is near present day Baghdad). The centre of the Hellenic was Delphi. The centre of the Western was/is around an area in the Marches - it was, and is, esoteric due to the distortion of the Western ethos by first the Nazarene religion and then other forms broadly similar in effects to that religion.

The mythological/archetypal attributes of a particular Aeon can be gleaned from the symbol and 'magickal working' listed above. The ethos of some civilizations are listed below.

Hellenic - Quest for excellence; Reason. Western - Exploration/Science.

Civilization	Relations	Challenge	Time of Troubles	Universal State
Egyptiac	Unrelated	Physical	2424 - 2052 BC	2052-1660 BC
Sumeric	Unrelated	Physical	2677- 2298 BC	2298 - ¹⁹⁰⁵ BC
Hellenic	Loosely affiliated	Physical	431- 31BC	31BC - 378 AD
Indic	Unrelated	Physical	? - 322 BC	322 - 185 BC
Japanese	Offshot of Far Eastern	Physical	1185- 1597 AD	1597-1945 AD
Sinic	Unrelated	Physical	634 - 221 BC	221BC - 172 AD
Western	Affiliated to Hellenic	Physical	1568- 1996*	1996- 2390 AD **

Table I

*Estimated from model (see Appendix II). The 1568 AD date is given by Toynbee.

** Estimated from model (see Appendix II).

1) Spread ($\phi_s \rightarrow \lambda_s$):-

a) Albion \rightarrow Sumeria \rightarrow Indus

\downarrow
Egypt

\downarrow
Indic \rightarrow Sinc

\downarrow
Japanese

b) Hellenic \rightarrow Western

\downarrow
Galactic

a) \Rightarrow 'Henge' / Stone-circles
[ϕ centres: $\phi_s \rightarrow \lambda$]

b) \Rightarrow Delphi

[(a): c. 4,500 - 2,500 BC
(b): c. 1,000 BC - 500 AD]

2) External manifestations of ϕ ("creativity..."):-

Albion: Proto-Astronomy; wheel; Proto-Agriculture

Sumeria: Writing [Phoenicia \rightarrow Egypt]; Agriculture

Hellenic: Reasoning; logic; Proto-Science

West: Science; Exploration; Technology

3) ϕ Centre: Western Area:-

Surrounding Black Rhydy, Linley, Skiperstones,
Long Myrd, Caradoc

⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈
⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈⋈

Notes: • Centre of Albion [Hyperbrian] - Stonehenge.

Cultures were Ridgway; Walter Track; Sweet Track; Portway etc.

• Centre of West \rightarrow where remnants of traditions of
Albion survived beyond 1,000 BC [to c. 700 AD & thence
20th Century].

Each civilization follows a pattern. This can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for an Aeon. Such study enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification. In one sense, this is a withdrawing of projections (in Jungian terms). Second, it develops already existing faculties and creates new ones - the ability to reason in abstract symbolism, for example, where the symbols are 'numinous' (i.e. "alive") rather than being simply 'intellectual'. That is, such symbols relate to those things which are important for an individual's life. [In a simple sense, the symbols of alchemy are imbued with 'psychic energies' and thus possess 'power'. More correctly, the symbols re-present acausal energies as against causal ones such as in mathematics and physics.]

The symbolization enables the patterns, on the levels of an Aeon, a civilization and individuals, to be followed and manipulated if necessary. It enables insight into Aeons, civilizations, individuals, and one's own self, and thus forms the essence of inner esoteric teaching.

The symbolization, at the present time of writing, is of three kinds, two of which have been developed quite recently. The first kind is the mythological/archetypal - the use of myths/archetypes and such like forms to describe/represent the processes and patterns. Such representations are traditional, and still useful, particularly in the early stages of study. [One type of this kind of representation is the septenary Tree of Wyrð with each sphere being associated with various archetypes/mythological forms and so on.] The second kind, is The Star Game - a collocation of abstract symbols which re-present the acausal as it manifests in the causal, these symbols, as mentioned above, being numinous ones. The third type, the rudiments of which are described in the Second and Third Parts of this present work, is a formalized abstract system which represents the beginnings of a new science. The first and second types are complete. The third type has only begun to be developed - the next few centuries should see this new science complete in most of its essentials. The mastery of the first type of symbolization is relatively easy. The mastery of The Star Game (in both septenary and Advanced versions) takes quite an intellectual effort, stretching the frontiers of conscious evolution. The understanding of the third type, takes conscious evolution still further. The completion of this third type will stretch the frontiers almost to their limits.

All three kinds are genuine esoteric Arts.

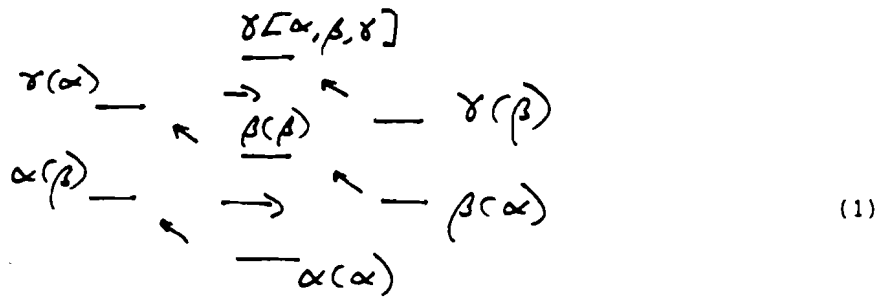
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II The Basic Symbolism

Before proceeding to describe the symbolism of this third type, some brief remarks concerning the symbolism of The Star Game will be in order.

In The Star Game, Aeons may be symbolized by the boards - i.e. the first board (Sirius) re-presents the first or Primal Aeon, the next board, the next Aeon, and so on. The placing on the pieces on a board represents a particular stage of an Aeon - the initial placing being the pre-civilization stage of an Aeon. The movement of pieces then represents the evolution within an Aeon and its effect upon others.

However, all seven boards can be used to represent just one Aeon. The same is true both for a civilization and an individual. Thus, in the septenary version for instance, the seven boards could be used to represent aspects of one civilization from its genesis to its demise - the first six boards might be chosen to represent the causal changes, and the seventh, the acausal ones, thus:

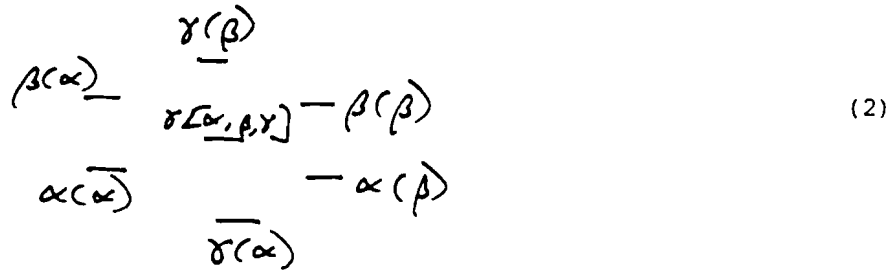


In this case, the last board is in 'acausal space' and thus has three causal aspects - α, β, γ .

Here, the basic transformation is represented by:

$$\alpha(\alpha) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta) \rightarrow \alpha(\gamma) \rightarrow \beta(\alpha) \rightarrow \beta(\beta) \rightarrow \beta(\gamma) \rightarrow \gamma(\alpha) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta) \rightarrow \gamma(\gamma)$$

However, another representation would be:



In (2) there is no linear (2/3 dimensional) representation of causal time as there is in (1) [the basic transformation is a linear representation of change]. That is, in (2) there is no direct, linear sequence from one board to the next.

Both representations are equally valid - they are merely different ways of viewing the same thing, and this flexibility is inherent in The Star Game. This is an important point which is often overlooked - the only constants (or constraints) in/of the Star Game are the seven boards, each of a particular number of squares, the number and types of pieces, and the rules governing their movement. What the boards and symbols and moves re-present has to be determined before the game is used - when, that is, it is used esoterically, and not just as a 'game'.

Further, acausal components or 'pieces' (such as $\gamma(\gamma)$ or $\alpha(\gamma)$ say) exist simultaneously as a particular causal component or piece - thus, when $\alpha(\alpha)$ exists, so to does $\alpha(\gamma)$ and both $\beta(\gamma)$ and $\gamma(\gamma)$. When $\alpha(\alpha)$ transforms to $\alpha(\beta)$, these acausal pieces still exist, even if they have not been 'presenced' in the same or adjacent causal space as that piece. This simultaneous existence is represented, in the septenary form of The Star Game, for instance, by the degree of freedom of movement of an 'acausal' piece..

We shall now move on to describe the basic symbolism of the third form.

Two abstract spaces, ϕ_s and λ_s are posited and $\lambda_s \in \phi_s$ is divided into nine sub-spaces represented by the abstract symbols

$$\alpha(\alpha), \alpha(\beta), \alpha(\gamma), \beta(\alpha), \beta(\beta), \beta(\gamma), \gamma(\alpha), \gamma(\beta), \gamma(\gamma)$$

(3)

ϕ_s is determined by F^ϕ and λ_s by F^λ where F^ϕ is acausal time, and F^λ causal time.

both at present otherwise undefined.

A basic principle governing $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$ is that the sub-spaces occur in the following order:

$$\alpha(\alpha) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta) \rightarrow \alpha(\gamma) \rightarrow \beta(\alpha) \rightarrow \beta(\beta) \rightarrow \beta(\gamma) \rightarrow \gamma(\alpha) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta) \rightarrow \gamma(\gamma)$$

(4)

[Note: the symbol ϵ is to be read 'within'.]

$\alpha(\alpha)$ is regarded as closer to λ_s , $\gamma(\gamma)$ to ϕ_s : thus (4) represents a movement from λ_s to ϕ_s .

(4) is called a transformation, via ϵ^λ .

Therefore,

$$\delta^\lambda [a(\delta)_\lambda] = a(\delta)_\lambda' \quad (5)$$

where $a(\delta)_\lambda'$ is the new transformed element according to (4).

ϵ^ϕ transformations also occur. Such a transformation - δ^ϕ - is defined by

$$\delta^\phi a(\delta)_\lambda = [a(\delta)_\lambda', a(\delta)_{\lambda+7}] \quad (6)$$

Thus, for example,

$$\begin{aligned} \delta^\phi \alpha(\alpha) &= [\alpha(\alpha)', \alpha(\beta)'] \\ &= \alpha(\beta), \alpha(\gamma) \end{aligned}$$

and

$$\delta^\phi \beta(\alpha) = [\beta(\alpha)', \alpha(\beta)'] = \beta(\beta), \alpha(\gamma)$$

Hence, a δ^ϕ transformation is non-linear*. The operations δ^λ and δ^ϕ are the fundamental operations in $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$, and can be used to formulate rules which govern what occurs in both spaces. That is, an algebra for these regions can be created (rules for $\delta^\lambda \pm \delta^\phi$, $\delta^\lambda / \delta^\phi$; $\delta^\lambda \cdot \delta^\phi$ and so on) and then equations written, using the transformations, which represent the forms taken by 'objects' in these spaces - i.e. the forms are geometrically represented using algebraic equations based on the new algebra. Each form is then identified with a particular aspect of such spaces - e.g. one form/geometric structure would be an aeon; another a civilization; another an individual. The geometric representation would be via a new 'co-ordinate geometry' in the new space defined by $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$. Manipulation of the equations, and an identification of the models with aspects of the physical manifestations, would then provide new insights. [For details of this new algebra and geometry, concerned with the space $\phi_s \in \lambda_s$, see the MS 'Mapping The Acausal'.]

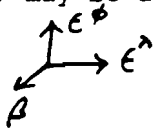
* It is also creative: i.e. a 'new' aspect/symbol/form is created/becomes manifest following such a transformation. This explicates the nature of an acausal transformation.

III A New Representation

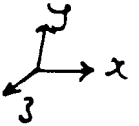
This section is an introduction to the basic ideas of a new representation of the acausal. This representation enables the fundamental laws governing the changes of energy [or acausal matter] to be ascertained and described in conventional mathematical terms.

The ideas - the formulation of the acausal and the changes, and so on - may be used to describe, by reduction [the imposition of appropriate boundary conditions] the causal and the changes of matter/energy within it. Thus, it is possible to develop a new physics which describes the laws and so on of the acausal, this new physics being able also to describe the causal since the causal is a special case of the acausal.

The acausal, ϕ_s , may be described by a five-space, thus:



$$\beta = (x, y, z)$$



β is a representation of the 3 dimensions of causal space: x, y, z .

A line-element of this ϕ space is described by:

$$ds = f(\epsilon^\phi, \epsilon^\lambda, \beta)$$

ϵ^λ is determined by c , the velocity of light.

ϵ^ϕ implies action at a distance, because of the nature of ϕ_s - i.e. it is 'beyond the causal'.

When $\epsilon^\phi = 0$, the five-space becomes a four-space defined by Riemann geometry.



$$4\text{-space: } F_g = f(ds_\lambda)$$

For ϕ_s :

$$F_u = f(ds_\phi)$$

where ds_ϕ is determined by $\delta\epsilon^\phi$. For $\epsilon^\phi = 0$, F_u reduces to F_g [where F in general represents 'Force' - e.g. F_g is gravitational field in λ_s ; F_u is the 'unified field' of ϕ_s .]

A point in ϕ_s is specified by $\epsilon^\lambda, \epsilon^\phi$ and l where $l = (x, y, z)$ and the metric of this space is derived from a transformation $l_1 \rightarrow l_2$ and so on.

Further, ϕ_s implies velocities greater than that of light.

$f(\epsilon^\lambda)$ describes energy changes in λ_s - i.e. 'matter'.

$f(\epsilon^\phi)$ describes energy changes in ϕ_s , one of which is charge.

$\phi_s \epsilon^\lambda$ implies charged particles.

$f(\epsilon^\lambda)$ are differential equations involving a wave-function: e.g. $\nabla^2 \psi$

$f(\epsilon^\phi)$ are differential equations representing geometric transformations of 5-space

Some equations of 4-space: (i.e. λ_s)

$$\nabla \times (\nabla \times F) = \nabla (\nabla \cdot F) - \nabla^2 F$$

For nuclear field:

$$\nabla (\nabla \cdot F) - \nabla^2 F = 0$$

Div implies source density of field; Curl implies vorticity of field; Grad implies rate of change of field. Mass implies F - the flux ϵ^λ .

.....

Aeon	Associated Higher Civilization	Centre of Aeon Force	Consciousness Guide	Magickal Form
Hyper-borian	Albion c. 4 000 BC - 2 500 BC	Stonehenge	♀ (♁)	Henges
Sumerian	Sumeric c. 3 100 BC - 1905 BC	Tigris basin	♀ (♁)	Trance; sacrifice
Hellenic	Hellenic c. 1 100 BC - 378 AD	Greece	♀ (♀)	Oracle; Dance
Western	c. 1100 AD - 2390 AD	Germany	♀ (♁)	Ritual; Word
Galactic	c. 2400 AD -	Beyond solar system	♀ (♁)	Empathy; Star Game

An Aeon lasts approx. 1,500 years (not 2,000) and predates the higher civilization associated with it by approx. 300 - 400 years. An Aeon implies $\phi \rightarrow \lambda_s$: that is, an increasing of ϕ in ϵ^λ dimensions. In simplified form, one may say that a 'Gate' between ϕ_s and λ_s has been 'opened' - giving an increase in consciousness ($\delta\phi$ by ϵ^λ) via the mechanism of a higher civilization. Thus the 'opening of a Gate' for the next Aeon, the Galactic occurs c. 2000 - 2100 AD.

Contrary to Occult mythology, the most important aspect of a new Aeon is the associated higher civilization, the civilization taking its ethos from the Aeon force and/^{this ethos} being the most conspicuous manifestation of that force. The subsequent development of the higher civilization is natural, determined by the ethos or 'spirit', the ethos itself becoming expressed and codified in what is usually a non-magickal form - as a 'philosophy' or way of looking at the world. This codification usually occurs in the Spring period of a higher civilization's metamorphosis.

Aeon	Philosophy	Associated (& often esoteric) Mythos
Sumerian	Vedas	Dragon/serpent mysteries
Hellenic	Pre-Socratics	Apollo; mysteries of the 'Kabeiroi'
Western	Science	Faustus; Grail*; Dark Gods



*In reality, the 'Grail' was a precious crystal - not a chalice - as per 'Nine Angles' rite. The received (i.e. non-esoteric) legends about the Grail are distorted recollections of Hyperborean mysteries. According to esoteric tradition, the Grail was actually used c. 700 AD to inaugurate the Western Aeon - hence the medieval traditions.

Satanism and Child-Abuse

Allegations have been made, and continue to be made, concerning "Satanic" child-abuse - that is, the sexual abuse of children as part of Satanic rituals, practices and beliefs.

As an authority on Satanism, having been actively involved in Satanism for nearly twenty-five years, and being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups, I can write expertly about this matter.

Genuine Satanism - like all genuine magick - is a path, way or method of individual self-development. Rituals may be and often are a part of this, but these rituals all conform to certain patterns: they are all intended to aid and explicate self-understanding and development, as well as enhance and develop certain 'Occult' abilities. Naturally, some rituals and methods are concerned with the individual experiencing certain emotions and, in Satanism, enjoying certain pleasures. However, because of the aim of Satanism [to aid the attainment by the individual of magickal and personal understanding and thus promote evolution and self-mastery], this experiencing involves a conscious choice or decision by the individual. This makes Satanism of necessity an adult path or way - for genuine Satanism, of the traditional type, is not concerned with proselytizing nor "corrupting" others without their consent. Its concern - it must be repeated - is individual advancement arising from a conscious and free decision by the individual - anything else is not Satanic as it is not magickal. This free choice is part of all genuine Occult and magickal paths: Initiation means this free choice, the decision to begin an inner quest. When there is no free choice about the matter, there is no genuine initiation - whatever path or way is being followed. Where Satanism differs, is in the aim, the philosophy of life and the techniques used to achieve the aim - these make it a "Left Handed Path" [when viewed conventionally].

Thus, there cannot be any such thing as 'childhood Initiation' - nor participation by children under a certain age in any genuine magickal rituals. What there can be: what there often is - in genuine Satanism at least - is the simple dedication of infants by their parents to the darker path, and this involves only the appointing of guardians to watch over and care for the child(ren): "Do you, so chosen, pledge to guard and watch over this newborn and to teach them **when the teaching-time is right, our ways ...**" [from 'The Ceremony of Birth' in "The Black Book of Satan" (ONA)] The time for teaching is when the child, in accord with Satanic philosophy, can choose for themselves - sixteen years of age or thereafter - that is, when they have attained the threshold of adulthood.

Hence, there is not, and cannot be, any such thing as "Satanic" child-abuse: there can be no child-hood 'initiation', no participation by children under a certain age in rituals, and no abuse, by adult Satanists, of children. This latter is important - Satanism is concerned with the individual gaining self-mastery and self-understanding. The abuser (whether of children, drugs or pleasures) is swayed by mostly unconscious desires and impulses - they may manipulate and try to control others who are susceptible, but they cannot control themselves, or even begin to understand their 'darker' side. In short, they are weak - and generally rather pathetic - individuals, although they may hide behind a "mask" or a "role". Such people are not Satanists, but rather failures. The Satanist aspires to self-mastery, self-overcoming; to knowledge ...

The popular image of Satanism is a lie - a myth invented and fostered by those who have a vested interest in maintaining it. Organized religions and

under-developed individuals need such myths, as they need stereotyped enemies: for only by such means can such people and such religions survive and flourish. Many believe, with that certainty that faith and fanaticism bring, the myths about Satanism and the more general myths about ritual 'child-abuse'. I and a few others like me can present the facts - in my case about Satanism - but it needs an unbiased mind, a certain mental freedom, to consider these facts as they should be considered, and then make an informed judgement about the matter. It is this freedom which a biased, religious intolerance destroys.

The real question about Satanic child-abuse (and ritual abuse itself) is thus a question about attitude, belief and commitment to reasoned thought and debate. Long after Science showed the Earth was not at the centre of the Universe, the Church - its ministers and its faithful - continued to believe otherwise, confirmed in their certainty of faith. Do we, now - concerning this question of Satanic child-abuse - return to a Dark Age of faith, of believing what certain Church people wish us to believe to bolster their religion and rather intolerant view of the world; or do we go forward to greater understanding based on an acceptance of the facts?

These facts show that Satanic child abuse - and ritual abuse itself - is a myth.

[REDACTED] ONA

[The following books contain the facts regarding traditional Satanism, and should be studied by anyone who wishes to know what Satanism really is:
Δ The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial Magick
Δ Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept
Δ Fenrir Vol. I (no's 2 - 8)
Δ Fenrir Vol. II

All the above are obtainable from the ONA, [REDACTED]

HOSTIA

Secret Teachings of the ONA

Volume II

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ONA Strategy & Tactics

Concerning the Temple of Set

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Introduction to Volume II

This volume contains a selection of 'restricted' esoteric manuscripts circulated among those members of the ONA who were (and are) of the Grade of External Adept and above and who were in good standing.

As such, while complimenting the MSS contained in Volume I, they represent part of the 'inner core' of esoteric teachings. Some of the MS in the present volume are concerned with sinister strategy, some with practical techniques to achieve and implement that strategy, and some with what can be described as the essence of real evil.

ONA - Organizational Structure

The ONA is organized on the basis of cells, basically for two reasons: (1) Security and (2) Effectiveness.

The structure means that each new Initiate/member has one (at most two) Order contacts who channel information/teachings and so on, and who offer guidance/instruction. When this member reaches the stage of External Adept, they usually form their own Temple for ceremonial magick and for teaching, recruiting their own members, whose Order contact thus is that External Adept. Each Temple thus formed exists independantly. Hence, if it or any of its members are 'compromised', the chain cannot lead very far, enabling other members in other Temples to remain secret and so continue with their own work, both personal (following the path to Adeptship) and aeonic (aiding the sinister dialectic).

Further, such a structure is effective, because: it enables each member to progress at their own pace; it enshrines a fundamental principle of genuine Satanism [individuality, and freedom from subserviance to authority] and it enables practical experience of a character-building type [e.g. by organizing and running a Temple at an early stage].

Essentially, the Order is secret - and intends to remain so as far as most of its members and activities are concerned. However, its teachings and traditions have been and will continue to be made progressively more 'public', that is, available - thus enabling any individuals who may be interested to follow (if only in part) the way of genuine Satanism, for those individuals by so doing (however slightly) will aid the sinister dialectic, increasing the dark forces presenced on Earth. Some of these may progress to the Order.

This 'working secrecy' is necessary because Satanism cannot now be anything other than selective - it is elitist, being a hard and dangerous path, and part of its effectiveness lies in work of an 'underground', clandestine nature [e.g. some essential work is done by those involved in 'respectable' positions, which positions would no longer be available if the Satanic beliefs/practices of those involved in such work was generally known: i.e. they were discovered to be Satanists]. This secrecy will not change in the immediate future [for c. 20-30 years, that is] due to the nature of the societies in which we are forced to work.

Satanism can never become (until the 'New Aeon' arrives at least) respectable: for to become so would destroy its numen, its viability as a way to genuine Adeptship. It is dark, evil - for the few who genuinely dare. This daring, as mentioned in other MSS, is practical, in real-life situations, involving danger, requiring courage, and defiance of both one's own limits and those of others, including the society of the moment. While society and other structures restrict and deny the promise of Satan, this dark defiance is required - and, moreover, required as a working system which achieves results, both personally and aeonically. What will change, is the number of individuals who can try this way to liberation - and while this will increase, it will do so only slowly over a period of decades. This will be a cumulative process which will aid (and indeed create) the next Aeon, the Satanic one when what is regarded now as dark and sinister will hold sway.

Thus, it has been necessary to disseminate the teachings and traditions of the Order, and this dissemination will continue and increase, as part of sinister strategy. This part of sinister strategy was begun a decade ago by the Grand Master representing traditional groups. It was carefully planned and (so far) has been carefully executed.

The initial stage involved circulating some details about traditional Satanism (the Septenary system; dark gods mythos) among some sections of the Occult fraternity. Thus, a few articles were published, and the existence

of the Order itself made known, for the first time outside traditionalist groupings, thus confirming certain rumours about such a group existing, such rumours having been in circulation for some time. Over a number of years, more information was made available - although still within the 'sub-culture' of the Occult underground. This attracted some interest (and a few Initiates - incidental to the main intent) and was followed by the establishment of, at first, a newsletter, and then a "zine", both of these being of an 'underground' nature, both in terms of quality and the manner of distribution (i.e. selective, advertised in similar underground publications). Furthermore, the number of copies distributed was kept low. The aim was two-fold - to create a sense of exclusivity (thus making the Order at first difficult to locate/find) and to pose no direct threat, that is, the zine and those associated with it would be seen as totally on the fringe, without resources and probably without any support. Thus, the activities of its members, always secret, would pose no threat and no investigation of any kind would be contemplated. Thus, both of the aims mentioned above could be achieved - dissemination of the tradition, and preserving the secrecy necessary for valuable work to continue.

After a few more years, the next step was taken - the distribution, again on a small scale, of works containing in detail the whole tradition. The format of these works would be the same - of a kind to intimate only a small-scale enterprise. Thus were 'The Black Book of Satan', 'Naos', 'The Deofel Quartet' and other works made more accessible for the first time. Furthermore, the scarcity of these works would create an 'aura' about them - an aura which hinted at the darkness of the tradition. This would be re-inforced by making available the most sinister aspects of the tradition - aspects which would also contradict the meanderings of the armchair 'Satanists' who prattled on about Satanism being mis-understood and not really being evil, and who had increasingly come to notice as the decade came toward its end.

Naturally, this would provoke a reaction - both from those within the Occult and those without. The reaction from those within the Occult (and particularly those who said they adhered to the Left Hand Path) would establish their own position, and thus their total mis-understanding and lack of real insight. In brief, they would continue their word-games and fantasy-roles when confronted by the reality of genuine Satanism. But, equally as important, some would assimilate the tradition, or parts of it (perhaps unconsciously, perhaps consciously by plagiarizing it) and thus not only be influenced by it but also aid the sinister energies it re-presented because of that influence. [Thus, some of the meaning of the term 'sinister dialectic' can be glimpsed.]

The next stage was to give form and substance to certain aspects of the sinister energies that the Order and thus its tradition represented - among such forms being Satanic images (e.g. in the form of Tarot images) and music. These, by their very creation, would presence such energies (unconsciously influencing others - particularly 'the susceptible ones'). They also would be distributed in the manner used hitherto, spreading that sinister influence, partly (as the other earlier dissemination had done) via the process of psychic contagion.

Following this, there would be a gradual increase in both the quality and the number of items distributed - without however the genuine darkness of the forms and tradition being diluted. In addition, more subtle approaches would be used - gradually contaminating psychic energies with strands of the sinister and thus overtly/covertly influencing/persuading others outside and within the Occult, and drawing them into that ever expanding circle of those touched by the powers of Darkness. [This paragraph explicates the current stage of play.]

Thus, secrecy is preserved as and when necessary, while the tradition and thus the sinister is effectively spread.

Synistry

The following extracts are taken from "Synistry - The Way of Satan", the autobiography of a member of the ONA

The work is explicit in stating not only what Satanism is and involves, but also in detailing the often sinister (and sometimes illegal) experiences of the author. It is a challenge to the meek imitation 'Satanists' who merely dabble and play at Black Magick and who are afraid of real evil - those who espouse 'Satanism' as some sort of "moral" religion.

VIII Sacrifice

Although it was over seven years away, I believed the time was right to begin the planning for my performance of the Ceremony of Recalling - a sinister ritual of sacrifice where the victim or offer was offered to Baphomet, the dark Goddess of Satanic tradition, regarded as the Bride of Lucifer. According to the tradition I was heir to, the ritual was performed every seventeen years by the Grand Master or Grand Mistress who represented that tradition - the offer being a Priest of the tradition. In the ceremony, the Mistress of Earth identified with the role of Baphomet.

The sacrifice could, of course, be purely symbolic. It had been a long time since a voluntary sacrifice had occurred, the offer, in the recent past, being carefully chosen. I believed I should continue this recent trend. I would need to plan the rite carefully - carefully choosing those who would take part. They would be sworn to secrecy, and would have to have no doubts of any kind. I, like a few others, understood the meaning of the rite itself - it would continue a tradition, creating a link with past deeds and thus magickal energies, and it would also create or draw down its own sinister energies. These could be directed to achieve a specific goal, or they could be directed into a chosen individual or individual who would have an important sinister Destiny to fulfil, or they could be stored to await further use. Whatever, it was an extremely powerful and sinister rite.

Such a sacrifice would thus be for a specific Satanic goal, and in accordance with Satanic honour the offer [for this would have to be an involuntary sacrifice] would choose him/her self by their deeds. That is, their removal would benefit evolution, and consequently aid the sinister. They would not be chosen at random, as they would not be - despite the claims by those who knew nothing about genuine Satanism - virgins or children. They would be those whose removal would actively benefit our long-term aeonic goals. Let me express this plainly so that it will be understood. The victim or victims would be the type of person or persons whose death by whatever means would not be mourned - someone or many would say: 'He/she deserved it...' The sacrifice would be akin to an act of natural justice. Naturally, it would be myself, in consultation with a few others, who would decide, and this decision would be based on sinister strategy - or aeonics.

Such an offer could be chosen by such means at other times and the appropriate rite of sacrifice performed, but the Ceremony was more specific: its aims, intent, were for a definite purpose. Accordingly, I began to plan for the ritual - I already had a few vague ideas concerning suitable candidates, and asked a trusted Guardian of one of the Temples to begin research into their backgrounds. I also visited a few possible sites for the ritual, researched others, and began to consider those who might participate with me.

Of course, I had undertaken sacrifices before - in the approved manner. And even before those, I had tried a ritual of sacrifice. This was in my early days, before I assumed my role as heir. I, with some others involved in politics and vaguely involved with the sinister, planned to sacrifice someone to commemorate the founding our our new political movement. We chose the victim, and gathered on a crag in Yorkshire one night. Our plan was to will the victim to fall over the cliff to his death. So invocations were done, energies directed. The victim became possessed, stumbled and fell. Unfortunately, he fell only a short distance, and was mostly uninjured. So in that sense the ritual failed. I knew why - of those gathered, only myself and one other really wanted to cause someone's death. The others were not committed to the sinister.

My other attempts were successful. The victims fell by assassination, or were victims of 'accidents' - all achieved by my "underground" political work, and what followed thereafter, as related in an earlier chapter. I simply - before the act of execution - dedicated their death to my sinister cause. It was quite simple, and very effective, even in battle. I was merely continuing a long-standing pagan tradition - dedicating enemies beforehand, and then killing them, for a cause, of course. Being enemies, they deserved to perish, their death aiding the sinister dialectic. Such was the "approved" Satanic manner. Thus did the victims choose themselves.

Naturally, those who have no understanding of Satanism, as well as those who oppose that philosophy of living, portray sacrifice differently. According to them, it is always the 'innocent' who are victims, who are offers. They seldom, if ever, define what is meant by 'innocent' - and cannot, however they try, define on a satisfactory basis, what 'evil' is. Hopefully, my revelations will destroy such myths - as they will destroy the attempts by the feeble, mostly urbanized, people who call themselves 'Satanists' and who deny sacrifice exists or ever has existed as a Satanic practice. These people know nothing about real, primal, Satanism - they like the glamour of the sinister but are weak individuals, lacking in character, who play at "roles" in a fantasy world. They do not have the passion, the spirit, the desire, the pride or the creative genius of genuine Satanists. Such people, in fact, would make good offers ...

Finally, what I have written before bears repeating - wars are the ultimate sacrificial rites, and it no coincidence that sometimes the sinister dialectic has aided these, and occasionally brought them about.

Aeonics and Manipulation I

Aeonic magick is essentially the use of magickal energies to effect large-scale changes in the causal. This involves manipulation of forms, as well as a rational understanding of aeonic changes [civilizations, their ethos, etc.]. The forms involve transferring magickal energy - via the desire/aim - from the acausal to individuals. That is, manipulation of individuals on a large scale, both numerically and over time. The type of the manipulation varies, according to the form(s) used and the desire/aim. For example, there can be psychic manipulation via archetypal forms, direct manipulation via words/images/personality; indirect by psychological pressure ...

Two forms often used are religion and politics.

Essentially, the sinister Adept takes a practical view of individuals insofar as Aeonics is concerned - understanding that the majority in whatever time and place, are by their nature, subjects: that is, raw material to be used according to sinister strategy. This assessment is a-moral.

What this means in reality is that a goal is set (via a knowledge of Aeonics and sinister strategy - the 'sinister dialectic') and suitable means of achieving it are considered and a decision made. The decision is then made real, presented in the causal, by magickal and other acts - regardless of consequences, be they moral, magickal or otherwise.

Sinister Adepts - because they are Adepts - only consider Aeonic type goals, having as Initiates and External Adepts gained practical experience in "external" manipulation, that is, manipulation of a few individuals for personal reasons. This aids self-understanding and magickal abilities. The goals of Adepts relate to wyrd and thus Aeonics - they are: 1) the creation of a new wyrd, and thus a new Aeon; 2) disruption of existing wyrd (with either an alternate or no specific goal); 3) altering the wyrd in a specific way; 4) fulfilling the wyrd of the Aeon. [It should be understood that Internal Adepts - not having attained full Mastery - are still part of the Aeonic wyrd pertaining during their causal life -time.]

An example will explicate this.

Present Aeon: Western (or 'Faustian'/Promethean). Present phase: what should be 'Imperium' (the final phase of an Aeon), lasting c. 390 years. During this last phase the energies of the next Aeon are manifest/created by Adepts, via a physical nexion (or 'centre'). The practical forms of this new Aeon arise toward the end of Imperium - although some will exist/be created before then, on a small scale: i.e. they will not seem to significantly affect 'history'.

This present Aeon has however been distorted - its ethos undermined and its forms changed. This distortion is basically Nazarene/Magian [see 'Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way' and other Aeonics MSS]. It also changes the possibility of Imperium - from an almost certainty to only a minimum possibility.

Sinister strategy, at the present time, is to create a new Aeon of sinister import - and to achieve this, it is considered necessary to (a) undermine the distortion of the Faustian ethos, and (b) fulfil the wyrd of the Faustian Aeon, that is, Imperium. Both of these will aid, by their nature, the creation of a new Aeon that is essentially Satanic. Thus, sinister Adepts will work, on both the practical and the magickal level, toward the achievement of these aims. **This sinister strategy is part of their vow** - their wyrd - as Initiates of the sinister tradition: that is, they are pledged to fulfil it* if possible, and certainly aid its fulfilment. Other Adepts will have other aims - if a sinister Adept decides on another strategy, they cease to be Adepts of a certain Satanic tradition, becoming something else instead. Only when - and if - they reach the stage of Grand Master/Mistress will they have the knowledge, ability and understanding to change sinister strategy.

* Whether or not they are aware of this, at the time.

- To aid the creation of a new, Satanic, Aeon, the following are necessary:
- 1) the presencing of sinister energies in particular ways at this present time - i.e. the creation of specific archetypal forms/images/systems/ideas which affect individuals.
 - 2) the opening of a physical nexion to draw acausal energies in a significant way and enable their presencing.
 - 3) the performance of certain Aeonic rites (e.g. Nine Angles) to create sinister 'psychic pressure', altering individuals. [Note: this is more general than (1) and involves letting the energies presence according to their nature, this nature being formed via the rites used.]
 - 4) the creation of particular and specific practical forms and the channelling of magickal energies into these.
 - 5) the emergence of more Adepts of the sinister tradition - i.e. individuals possessed of self-understanding, Occult insight and abilities, who are imbued with the ethos of the new Aeon.
 - 6) the creation of the ethos of the new Aeon in a way enabling its apprehension (both unconsciously and consciously) by those who are not Adepts and who are not involved in esoteric Arts.

In addition, and as mentioned above, there is (a) undermining Nazarene/Magian forms/effects; and (b) aiding the fulfilment of a Faustian Imperium.

(a) involves performing rites such as The Black Mass and others from The Black Book of Satan; spreading the tenets/forms of traditional Satanism enabling others to follow the Way (or at least utilize in some form its energies, to the detriment of others); undermining/distorting the distortion itself, both magickally and otherwise[magickally - e.g. Mass of Heresy].

(b) involves assisting in both a magickal and a practical way, those individuals/groups/forms who/which have as their aim a practical expressing of Faustian ideals, and who/which thus assist or contribute to the Faustian ethos. In political terms, this means National-Socialism and similar expressions of the Faustian ethos. This assistance will be practical, financial, magickal and personal.

(1) involves the creation and dissemination of new and traditional forms such as images, music, rituals, The Black Book of Satan.

(2) involves the finding of the physical nexion and undertaking the appropriate rites [one of which is the Ceremony of Recalling, the other of which is a Nine Angles rite].

(3) involves not only general rites[such Nine Angles, Ceremony etc.] but also targetting specific individuals and infecting them with sinister energies. [Rituals from Black Book perform part of this.]

(4) involves forms such as religion, politics, Art, philosophy and practical expressions of these - groups, organizations, "Art-objects" and so on: all imbued with the sinister nature of the new Aeon. [Note: this is more general than (1) and may be considered as involving "exoteric" forms/ideas etc. as against the "esoteric" (i.e. directly Satanic) of (1).]*

(5) involves dissemination of the sinister way as explicated in "Naos" etc. - the guidance of suitable Initiates, via ordeals and practical experience in the 'real' world.

(6) involves the creation/aiding of a "world-view", and practical expressions of this, which enshrines the new ethos - a sense of Destiny, a setting of goals, for the founders of what will be new higher civilization c. 2400 eh.

It is the primary aim of sinister Adepts to involve themselves in the creation of the new Aeon by means of all the above - for only such means make possible the fulfilment of individual wyrd [for the next three centuries at least]. Anything else is not sinister - but game-playing.

* All such forms presence the future in the present: i.e. they capture/re-present aspects of the new Aeon, practically, magickally and psychically.

Aeonics and Manipulation II

Part I considered means; here, we are concerned with what terms like 'new sinister Aeon' mean.

First, it should be understood that the present civilization [which re-presents the energies of the Aeon now existing] was, in its ethos, essentially what is termed 'Faustian'. That is, dynamic, questing for knowledge and understanding. The exoteric expression of this ethos is science - or, more correctly, a reasoned approach to the 'world'; a conscious evaluation based on experience/ evidence. Aspects of this ethos are expressed in the Renaissance - and in National-Socialist Germany. This latter is most important, and so often mis-understood. NS Germany represented the quintessence of 'Western' civilization: an exuberance, a balance between 'Man' and 'Nature', a spiritual force heir to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Civilization means a way of living - and of dying - more than it means Art and artifacts. It certainly does not mean material comforts, or even a certain type of politics (like 'democracy'). The greatest example of and model for a civilization, is the warrior: someone who enshrines honour, loyalty and natural justice (or 'fair-play'). That this is so seldom understood, today, is evident of how few really understand: of how precious wisdom still is. Further, the fact that the above statements regarding National-Socialist Germany are heresy (in the literal sense) today, explicates the distortion that has occurred in the Faustian civilization far better than dozens of words.

This ethos, exoterically, is Satanic. That is, the true ethos of the West enshrines a Satanic view of the world - a pagan joy in conquest, experience, living, in seeking and going beyond limits, physically and intellectually. The morbidity of the Nazarene has undermined all this - distorted it. In essence, therefore, a Faustian Imperium would have been a type of Satanic State on Earth: a fulfilment of the first part of the sinister dialectic of history, and would have made possible the next part or stage, that of a Galactic Empire. It would be during this later stage that another goal would have been achieved - a genuine evolution in consciousness, a higher type of individual, on a massive scale. That is, Adepthood with its self-understanding and knowledge would be commonplace rather than (as now) the preserve of a few.

However, Satanism - in both exoteric and esoteric forms - became and is a heresy. Except for a brief and glorious period when an exoteric form achieved power - i.e. NS Germany.

Here, exoteric means an outward form or means: a physical presencing which achieves change in the causal. Esoteric means 'the essence'. An example - an Initiate of the sinister tradition becomes through Initiation an outward expression of Satanic spirit, consciously. The sinister becomes presenced, in the causal, by the actions/magick/life of the Initiate. In a sense, the causal persona/psyche of the Initiate is a "Temple of Satan". As the Sinister Way is followed, according to tradition, the Initiate accesses more and more of the sinister - presences more of it in the causal, causing/provoking change both internal and external. As knowledge and understanding increase, there is more awareness of the sinister as it is - i.e. without forms: the sinister ceases to be hidden or occult. At first, the essence of the sinister is hidden or obscured. An exoteric form implies a form, a channel - which is not necessarily consciously understood as a form or channel. A form can be either 'positive' or 'negative' with respect to the morals pertaining at the time - the sinister is beyond opposites but can only be presenced through them at particular times. That is, it becomes 'earthed' through a positive or negative form and thus provokes change and evolution. However, 'morals' - as mentioned above - does not mean ethical: rather, it implies the prevailing 'spirit' or orientation, the orthodoxy of the moment.

A civilization is itself a form for sinister energy: a form possessed of its own 'life-cycle' (first mentioned by Spengler although not really understood by him). Thus, a civilization through its metamorphosis fulfills or can fulfil the sinister dialectic - i.e. it aids evolution toward new forms, presences the sinister and enables the acausal to be accessed (sometimes directly by a few individuals per Aeon).

The Western civilization is a link - the fifth stage of the seven that can lead to new forms of existence. The next Aeon, beginning on the practical level c. 2400 eh, is the 'Galactic' and should be the realization of the sinister on a large-scale. Part of this will be the development of latent Occult faculties, part will be development of new ways of thinking (such a use of symbolic languages rather than words), and part will be discovery external to the Earth: the conquest of planets in other steller systems. There will thus be a freeing of spirit both internally and externally. Our species - at present mostly undeveloped children, intellectually, psychically and personally - will mature, and become adult, achieving wisdom and thus fulfilling the promise of magick.

However, this will not just 'happen' - or arise from a desire to make it so. It will involve struggle: war, conquest, attrition, exploration; the decimation of the worthless and the conscious breeding of a new elite. It will arise because of ethos - because there is a sense of Destiny, a vision to be great. It will involve manipulation by sinister Adepts of vast energies over centuries of time - for without this direction, this sinister manipulation, inertia will return, entropy increase, and the petty ones, the visionless ones, the Nazarene-type ones will spawn in their worthless majority until they overwhelm... As has been written elsewhere, civilization is a struggle and requires the triumph of a noble minority who impose their vision on those that they conquer.

Thus, the term 'new sinister Aeon' means the triumph of a creative minority imbued with a specific elan and a sense of Destiny who create and maintain a civilization, this particular civilization extending well beyond the confines of the Solar System. It means the presencing of sinister energies in particular ways, and certain ways of living - ways which are essentially Satanic. What these ways are, has been prefigured by NS Germany [and particularly by aspects within that form, such as the Waffen-SS].

The means to achieve this - such as aiding Imperium, presencing sinister energies, opening a nexion [and drawing forth 'The Dark Gods'] - have already been outlined. What it is important to remember is that the means, such as political forms, their support/manipulation etc., are part of sinister strategy to achieve a specific goal. That is, they are purely means: not the goal itself, and as such cannot be judged causally or by the standards pertaining at any one time. They have been chosen to achieve something, and those who cannot comprehend this do not understand Aeonie magick. People, in their majority and their individuality, are a means - to be manipulated via forms. The goal is a new Aeon, Satanically inspired; the means, many and varied - often 'heretical'. The magick of the genuine Adept is, in its power and effects, of centuries: anything else is for beginners and children.

Dark Gods:

These are 'living' entities which exist in an acausal space-time. They may be likened to "anti-matter" as against the "matter" which exists in our causal space-time - thus, their intrusion into the causal, disrupts. This disruption is primarily psychic because the psyche of an individual by its nature intrudes or is a part of the acausal. The entities can assume physical forms, but only briefly - and then only when a nexion is fully opened. And where the causal and acausal intersect on Earth.*

The Dark Gods do not have 'forms' as understood causally - because a physical form is a causal thing, and they are beyond the causal. Neither do they possess 'feelings' etc. as we understand the terms. They are on the edge of even an Adept's comprehension [in terms of understanding them].

They can act [i.e. have effects in the causal] via individuals who can access them - or 'presence' them.

It should be understood that the Dark Gods are not 'the acausal' itself. They exist in a part [or one realm] of the acausal - that is, they exist, have life or being according to the nature of the acausal. The acausal is 'beyond causal time' and does not have a spatial 3D geometry. Other beings probably exist in other acausal dimensions - but of them there is no knowledge.

When an Initiate accesses the acausal - increases the acausal aspect of their consciousness - they are extending the range of their being: i.e. evolving, creating new aspects of consciousness. This is one of the aims of the seven-fold Way - and of all real magick. A part of this, may involve confrontation with some of the 'Dark Gods'.

In conventional terms, the Dark Gods are evil, sinister.

The Western Aeon:

As far as Adepts of the sinister tradition are concerned, there are only two realistic options: the creation of Imperium [the fulfilment of Western wyrd via a practical form], or disruption of existing forms with the aim of undermining and destroying Nazarene/Magian influence, leading to chaos from which a New Aeon will emerge, this Aeon being Satanic. The latter involves the 'pruning' of unnecessary elements on a large scale - the creation of an elite capable of making the Aeon a reality.

The first involves the creation/aiding of a practical form - and presencing magickal energy into it. It also involves creating the right psychic conditions - within and external to individuals. Some of this is directly magickal, involving magickal energy accessed via rituals etc.; some of it is providing/creating/making available the information and forms of the sinister. The practical form is either directly political, or 'religious'.

Both involve a more widespread dissemination of the sinister tradition and creation of new forms for its energies.

*Such as 'magickal centres' associated with an Aeon - or the finding of such places. It is possible to create such a place - and this is one meaning of such rituals as the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion.

Traditions and New Forms:

As mentioned elsewhere, maintaining the tradition (as explicated in such works as The Black Book of Satan, Naos, The Deofel Quartet and Hostia) and making it more widely available, is important - and indeed essential. This is because the use of the tradition, in whole or in part [e.g. rituals from the Black Book] by others outside of being drawn into the tradition, makes those others 'channels' for the sinister energy the tradition represents. That is, they 'presence' sinister energies in a precise and particular way and thus fulfil sinister strategy. The tradition has been given its present form [as explicated in the various books and MSS] to achieve just this (as well as other things).

However, the creation of new forms is important and indeed vital - there must be a continuing evolution. These forms will further access the sinister, and presence it. The tradition itself serves as a Way - both for individuals, and aeonically: it enables the achievement of individual Adeptship, as well as the fulfilment of the sinister dialectic of history. This will be so for the next few centuries - until the New Aeon becomes a reality. That is, its methods and techniques should not be changed (at least not intentionally by those of the tradition for the next few decades) or 'superseded' - as a way of creating Adepts etc. This is not a question of 'dogma' but rather strategy, as mentioned above. It is vital that this and the reasons for and beyond it are understood by those of the tradition. The external forms [such as arise prior to and during the Aeon] will only arise from an initial coherence of magickal energies and intent - and it is and will be the unchanging form of the 'Way' [techniques, rituals etc.] which will enable this. The new forms created/evolved will add to rather than undermine what already is. Anything else is simply individuals playing at magick (and particularly playing at Aeonics) without achieving anything and indeed without understanding what they are doing.

Initiation and Beyond:

The quest of an individual can only and ever be individual, that is, unique. The quest, made possible and aided by the tradition, develops the individual, enabling individual wyrd to be understood, and lived. It is also makes possible Immortality (qv. Acausal Existence - The Secret Revealed).

Beyond a certain level, Initiates guide themselves - learning from their own real-life experiences. That is, they have acquired sufficient self-insight and honesty to enable them to do this. When this stage is reached [toward the end of External Adept for some; during and beyond Internal Adept for others] there should be still a following of the ultimate goal - a striving for the Abyss and beyond, although this 'striving' will be more balanced than hitherto. This does not mean the individuals become or develop their own ways of achieving that goal - that is, not undergoing the Grade Rituals of Internal Adept and beyond according to tradition because they believe they are not necessary or that they have/can create (d) other means. Should they do this, they will not achieve the specific goal of the sinister way - but rather something else entirely, or else nothing. The reasons should be obvious from the above (Traditions ...).

The Aim:

Wisdom. And its living, enabling the last stage (into the acausal...). This means self-understanding and supra-personal understanding. An apprehension of the world and its forms as they are - a rational knowing: and what is necessary for change, aeonic and otherwise. This knowledge is sometimes sad, and often born from ordeals and having lived the Abyss. It never confers wealth nor privilege, and seldom imbues one with 'happiness'. It is beyond words, but can sometimes be transmuted into a form enabling some others to apprehend if only in part its essence. This aim takes causal time - usually c. 20 years from Initiation (if the Way is followed) - and lies beyond the Abyss. It is balance, beyond opposites, a new way of being.

Esoteric Tradition VI

Baphomet, Opfer and Related Matters:

The word 'opfer' generally refers to the sacrifice that occurs - symbolic or otherwise - during certain rituals. There are, generally, two types of opfer: (1) associated with rites to open a nexion, between Aeons - when such an opfer(s) are considered necessary in terms of the 'energy' required; (2) those associated with traditional beliefs regarding the 'working of the cosmos. ('Opfers' associated with 'death rituals' form a third type.)

The second type, according to tradition, was chosen once every 17 years and this sacrifice was regarded as necessary to retain 'the cosmic balance' - in modern terms, keep a nexion open (and thus preserve the associated higher civilization etc.). The chosen one was made an honorary Priest (this type of opfer was always male - see below) and there was a joining between him and one or more women, as Priestesses. This joining was a simple type of 'hierosgamos', and the offspring of the union(s) were given great honour. At the ceremony itself, the head of the opfer was severed and displayed - usually for a night and a day (although this period may have been longer in the very distant past). The rite was conducted outdoors in a 'sacred' place - often a circle of stones or hill-top.

The chosen one was able, because of the sacrifice, to partake of an acausal existence - becoming thus an Immortal. Thus was 'willing sacrifice' possible, although it is easy to imagine that in later times, the opfer was not always willing.

Traditionally, this type goes back to Albion and while originally the ritual was probably a community affair, it became more and more secretive. What survives to the present day (The Ceremony of Recalling with 'opfer' ending) probably reflects the essence of this earlier tradition rather than the detail (the words, chants etc.). This essence may be apprehended in the role of the Mistress of Earth - representative of Baphomet, the dark goddess. It was to Baphomet that the sacrifice was made - hence a male opfer. Indeed, the whole ceremony (of Recalling) can be seen as a celebration of the dark goddess - the Earth Mistress/goddess in her darker/violent/sinister aspect. The 'severed head' was associated with the 'worship' of Baphomet - hence the traditional representation of Baphomet.

This 'cult of Baphomet' derives from Albion (see below).

The significance of the 17 year cycle is unclear - if there was an oral tradition, it has been lost. In the past few decades, some theories to explain this 17 year cycle have been advanced, but they are unconvincing.

The identification of Baphomet as the Bride of Lucifer/Satan probably dates from around the 10th or 11th century ev, as does the use of the name 'Satan'/Satanas as the Earth-bound representative of the Dark Gods.

It is important to remember that in earlier times (eg. in Albion during the Hyperborean aeon) there was no clear and/or 'moral' distinction between the 'light' and the 'sinister': the two were seen as different aspects of the same thing. Thus, what we know as the Mistress of Earth (the 'goddess') was both what we now call 'Baphomet' (the dark aspect) and Gaia (the Earth mother). Likewise with the 'male' aspect - Satan and Lucifer - or Dionysus/Kabeiroi and Apollo. We now understand all such symbols as unconscious/conscious projections onto "reality" (where "reality" = the region of causal/acausal mergence) -

as 'gates'/nexions to the acausal itself, with the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrđ being a 'map' of these gates understandable by 'non-Adept' consciousness. Thus, the sphere of Mercury re-presents Lucifer/Satan - Mercury, Mars and Sun being the "male" spheres, and Moon, Venus, Jupiter the "female" ones (Saturn being beyond such opposites - 'Chaos' itself).

The 'cult of Baphomet' was the worship of the dark aspect of the "female" energies - where in this context, worship means a striving toward understanding/conscious integration. Traces of the worship of the 'light' aspect survive in the septenary tradition in the name "Aktlal maka" (qv notes on Names and Symbols) and the natural form of the Nine Angles rite. The darker aspect survives, in essence, in the Ceremony of Recalling and the traditions associated with the 'Mistress of Earth' and 'Baphomet'. As to the original name of the goddess in both her aspects, there is a tradition which gives 'Darkat' as the name used before 'Baphomet' became the common usage. However, 'Azanigin' has also been suggested - as has 'Aktlal Maka' for the 'light'/Gaia aspect, although both these are merely 20th century (ev) suggestions, not based on any oral tradition. Some aspects of the cult of the (dark) goddess are said to have survived into Greek times in the 'Mystery cults' (qv Kabeiroi - and also 'Eleusis' for the 'light' aspect), this being an 'indirect' survival', the 'modern' septenary tradition being a direct one, from Albion.

The use of the name 'Baphomet' probably derives from the 10th or 11th century (ev) although the traditional pictorial representation of 'Baphomet' is undoubtedly much older. As elsewhere, if there was an oral tradition connected with the origin of the name Baphomet, it has been lost.

Thus, there are no indications as to the 'original' names of the 'light' and 'sinister' elements on the "male" side - known to us as 'Lucifer' and 'Satan'. These latter names probably also derive from around the 10th or 11th century (ev) - although 'Karu Samsu' (or something very similiar) has been suggested for the 'Lucifer' aspect and 'Sapanur' as the 'sinister' aspect.

The rites associated with the first type of offer - such as 'The Sinister Calling - cannot be either dated with certainty or seen to be derived from an earlier tradition. In all probability, they derive from the 12th or 13th century (ev), although it is quite possible that earlier versions/forms existed. Some have even considered The Sinister Calling as a later version of the Ceremony of Recalling. Again, if there was an oral tradition, it has been lost - all that remains are the rituals themselves.

The 'Black Mass' itself (and indeed most of the ceremonial rituals in 'The Black Book') probably orginated around the same time as The Sinister Calling. The original Mass was said in Latin, although by the middle of the 20th century (ev) a translated version had found its way into the 'Black Book' - of necessity, although some Latin chants remained.

O.N.A.

of

The Rite of the Nine Angles

The rite may be undertaken on either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih gate) or the winter solstice (for Algol). The Naos rite is suitable for southern climes and will not be given here - although in form it is the same as the version given.

Ideally, the rite should be undertaken either:

- a) on a hill-top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and another rock - in Britain this other rock is 'Buxton'
- b) in an underground cavern where water flows [this applies only to the 'chthonic' form]
- c) in a glade consecrated beforehand within a circle of nine stones (the first stone being set on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising, the second at the full moon and so on: the first stone marking the point on the horizon where Saturn rises) [Note: this applies only to the 'natural' form of the Rite]

Further, the time is right when, for Dabih, Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it; and, for Algol, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the time being before dawn. These conditions mean that energies are available to enhance the working.

The rite exists in three versions - the natural form, the chthonic, and the solo. The chthonic form may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to tradition. It must be noted however that this combination is exceedingly dangerous - if done correctly with (a) above and with the conditions for Algol as above, it brings back to Earth the Dark Gods themselves by opening the Star Gate between the causal and the acausal.

However, the chthonic form may be successful in bringing to presence the Dark Gods without the Sacrificial aspect if the chants are done correctly, the crystal is sufficient in size, and cosmic tides aligned aright [note: this usually occurs when an Aeon is (magickally) ending, the energies being more pronounced in the last three decades. At other times the rite can be used to bring about such changes]

The natural form involves a Priest and Priestess [ideally these should have undertaken the ritual of Internal Adept - or at the very least External Adept] and is basically a drawing to the Earth of acausal energies - these are left to disperse naturally: i.e. without any magickal intent.

The chthonic form involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one Cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant together with a congregation of male and female. This form is either an invocation to the Dark Gods - the energies being dispersed naturally - or a channelling of those energies into a specific event or events or individual. This channelling however requires the skill of at least a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

The solo form involves one individual and the aim is usually the alteration of the consciousness of that individual: this however is very dangerous.

Note: all the above forms require a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz.

I Natural Form

If possible, the conditions above should be met - if not, conduct the rite on an isolated hill-top at sunset. Both Priest and Priestess should be naked. The rite begins with the Priest vibrating seven times "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" while the Priestess holds the crystal in her hands, palms upward. The vibration should consist of three projected vibrations followed by four resonant ones - all aimed at the crystal which should be at a distance of not less than two feet and not more than three. After the vibrations, the Priest places his hands on the crystal and both vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" as a projected vibration.

The Priestess, still holding the crystal, then lies with her head North while the Priest arouses her with his tongue, locis muliebribus. The sexual union begins after, and both visualize the Star Gate opening and energy flowing through it down to them. If desired (ie. sinister intent) this energy may be symbolized by Atazoth - a dark and nebulous chaos issuing forth from a star strewn Space which changes into a 'Dagon' like entity before becoming chaos again. This visualization continues until the sexual climax of the Priestess after which the Priest reaches his own climax. The Priestess then rises and buries the crystal in the earth of the hill [as deep as possible - this may be prepared beforehand - and leaving few traces]. When complete, she vibrates over the place "Aperiatum terra, et germinet Chaos". They then depart from the hill.

[Note: further rituals may take place over the burial, but they must have the same intent and follow the form as above except the vibrations are aimed toward the buried crystal - no further crystal being required]

II Chthonic Form

If the special conditions cannot be met [(a) and Algol are most effective; (b) and Dabih are generally for channelling into specific events/individuals] then a hill-top containing volcanic quartz is suitable.

The crystal should be placed on an oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood [this enhances still further the effect of the crystal and is a recent modification]. The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the crystal, while the congregation (of at least six - three male and three female) form a circle around them. The congregation dance moonwise and according to their desire chanting "Atazoth" as they do while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth".

After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the "Diabolus" chant [see set texts] while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Gate opening (as in I above).

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "Atazoth". If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "Atazoth" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition [see set texts]. While the Cantors are chanting the Priest and Priestess continue with their visualization.

If only one Cantor is present, the "Atazoth" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths.

The Dark Gods will then be manifest.

[If for some reason(eg. inexperience of the participants) the manifestations do not occur, the Priestess should chant in C major "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" after which the Priest also places his hands on the crystal and he and the Priestess vibrate Binan ath ga wath am, the Cantor(s) chanting the Diabolus as before after which the Priest visualizes the energies arising from the orgiastic rite as cohering and then entering the crystal to be then drawn forth into both himself and the Priestess before being sent forth to render asunder the Star Gate]

Notes of this form:*the rite may be enhanced by the use of tabors/drums during the dance and the orgiastic rite, individuals being appointed for this task.*The maximum number of participants should not exceed twenty one in total.* Provided rigorous training is undertaken beforehand, the dance and the orgiastic rite can be replaced with the congregation chanting from the start of the rite the "Diabolus" in fifths - they continue with this until the Priest signals them to stop (after the Cantors Diabolus chant) after which they chant the 'Atazoth chant' in fifths repeatedly until the end of the rite. If this form is done, it is important for the congregation to visualize the Star Gate opening while they chant - and this visualization should be agreed beforehand and be the same as that of the Priestess and Priest. This form of the chthonic rite is however only effective if the congregation has been trained to chant in the correct manner. A suitable cavern/resonant building/Temple may be used in this instance. [Further note: providing the chanting is accurate, the crystal large enough, this form is among the most effective]

III Solo Form

This form should be undertaken on either a hill-top or in a Temple/resonant building. It begins at sunset on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising.

The individual should face Saturn and vibrate "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" seven times while holding the crystal. Then "Binan ath ga wath am" is vibrated followed by the Diabolus chant after which the visualization is begun (as above) [Note: this form involves the 'Saturnian' gate and thus the Gate may be visualized near the planet Saturn]. The energy is then visualized as flowing down into the individual, this visualization lasting for at least one quarter of one hour. After, the individual chants the 'Atazoth chant', places the crystal on the ground and sits near it, to visualize its interior becoming black and this blackness spreading out to engulf the individual.

[Note: This ritual should not be undertaken lightly. There must be a preparedness to exult in the energies. After the rite (the individual will know when it is complete) the crystal should be wrapped in black cloth and stored until required again. Before attempting this form, individuals are advised to seek the guidance of a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth]

Hell

I shall be honest - Satanism has been hijacked. By posers, by pseudo-intellectuals and by gutless weaklings who like the glamour and danger associated with it in the public mind but who do not have the guts to be evil - to do dark deeds.

These modern days so-called 'satanists' are really Nazarene scum in disguise - worms in dead snake-skin. They prattle on about 'morality', puff themselves up with titles and perform verbal and intellectual gymnastics. They think being Satanic involves calling yourself a Satanist and dressing up like Dracula or Mephistopheles or a vamp.

Well, I am sick of these imposters. Those who get a thrill from playing the role but who never actually do anything evil, who never go to extremes, who never stand on the edge - or climb down to the darkness of the pit of Hell. Those who have never experienced the limits of themselves in love, in war, in living - these weaklings trying so hard to impress.

What, then, is real Satanism all about? First, it is about rebellion - against the conformity of the present. And I mean a real rebel, a real outlaw - someone who cuts a dash, who has charisma, whose very presence makes others uneasy (and who does not have to wear some stupid 'costume' to do this). Second, it is about testing your own Destiny. So - you believe you are special, do you? Well, prove it! Try something dangerous - try something to see if you get away with it. If not - tough, you failed. There are plenty of others ... If you succeed, try again, until you know your limits. Choose a good cause, or a bad one or no cause at all, and really live, intoxicating yourself with life, danger, achievement. Do not rest and never be afraid to face the possibility of death. But in all that you do be honourable - to yourself. Carry this honour with you everywhere like a favourite concealed weapon.

Third, learn from your experiences - like you would learn from a 'bad' woman (or man) in your youth when sex was still something of a mystery. A real Satanist does not often do magick - they are magick by the very nature of their dynamic, zestful existence. It is experience which teaches, from which you learn - you cannot learn Satanism from books (although some may guide you aright to begin with), it cannot be taught by 'Masters' and never involves cosy little discussions with 'friends' or others. Anyone who accepts a 'Master' and grovels before them - however slight that grovelling may be - is not a Satanist, just a sucker who sucks. Accepting some 'authority' is a sign you are weak: a sign you need emotional crutches: a sign you are a whimp.

So, get off your arse, you suckers, and make Satan proud. Learn to do evil.

What is evil? All that restricts life - all that tries to constrain the possibilities. Doing evil means breaking these restrictions and constraints - and taking the consequences of your own actions. Just do - just discover, just smash the chains that hold most others in thrall, and never bow down to anyone about anything: smash them first, or die rather than submit. That way, you will learn how to live - and laugh at the weak.

Of course this is dangerous - for others, and yourself! Satanism was never easy - or for whimps.

See you in Hell!

The Sinister Calling

Introduction:

The aim of the following ceremonial ritual can be either (a) returning to Earth those 'negative, chaotic, sinister' forms/energies dark legend knows as 'The Dark Gods'; (b) drawing forth from the acausal dimensions, chaotic energies, directed toward a specific goal/aim/intent or channelled into a particular individual(s)/group/temporal form. The main difference between the two is that in (a) the forms/energies are left to disperse/create conditions according to their nature. If insufficient preparation/desire is present within those performing this Calling, (b) can become (a) - sometimes to the detriment of those Calling.

The rite below assumes willing sacrifice. (For unwilling sacrifice, qv. 'A Gift to the Prince' - of historical interest only.)

The rite of Sinister Calling is a traditional ritual (perhaps the most sinister ritual that exists).

Setting:

An isolated hill-top, sunset, with Saturn rising - or a sinister Temple/cave.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - Purple robes
Mistress of Earth - Purple robes
Priestess - naked, upon altar
Priest - black robe, tied with white cord/girdle
Congregation - black robes
Guardian of the Temple - black robes, with face mask

Preparation:

1) Seven days before the rite, the congregation assemble in the dwelling of the Master or Mistress. Here they stay until the rite is complete. During the seven days they are forbidden to speak, wear only ceremonial robes, will abstain from intoxicating drinks and sexual pleasures and eat no meat. (This is a 'Black Fast'.) During the hours of darkness no lights except black candles are to be lit and at sunset on each day they gather in the Temple to chant the Dies Irae nine times. During the seven days no contact with outsiders is allowed, and no music or intrusive sound, save for the Dies Irae and the Atazoth chant, is to be heard. Both the dwelling and the Temple should be incensed with Saturnian incense. According to tradition, the robes worn will contain a hood/cowl which is to be worn during the daylight hours, these hours being taken up with walking within the dwelling grounds (or a suitable, isolated location nearby) for at least three hours together with such diversions as the Master and Mistress will arrange. (Note: These diversions - which in recent times include playing the Star Game - are so chosen so as not to destroy the black tranquillity of the fast. In the past they have included study of alchemical MSS, silent Tarot readings (using sign language/drawn symbols for the reader to express meanings) and practice in performing esoteric chant (Dies Irae/Atazoth chant - fourth/fifths and so on), this latter in the Temple if the Calling is to be performed there.

2) The Temple is prepared seven days before the rite (this applies to the site chosen - which should thereafter

* i.e. The Diabolus (see below)

be guarded by appropriate energy). This consists of the Master and Mistress incensing the area with Saturnian incense while chanting seven times the 'Sanctus Satanas'. They then unite in sexual union, the Mistress visualizing the nexion to the Dark Gods as being gradually opened, though remaining partly closed.

One planetary hour before the Calling begins on the seventh day, the Temple/outdoor area is made ready by an Initiate chosen for this task. A black cloth is laid on the altar and seven black candles placed upon it and lit. Chalices of strong wine are prepared ready near the altar. A large quartz crystal is placed in the centre of the Temple, on an oak (or wooden) stand. (Note: It enhances the energies if this crystal is shaped as a tetrahedron. Whatever the shape, the crystal should be as large as possible.) The Master brings the Sacrificial Knife. An image of Baphomet, according to sinister tradition, may be present in the Temple, but no other artifacts, furnishings, signs or symbols.

The congregation et al gather outside the Temple, robed as above, and are led into the Temple by the (naked) Priestess at the beginning of the rite.

3)As the congregation assemble on the seventh day before the rite (they will have been informed some time before by the Master or Mistress of the date of the Calling, its purpose and intent being explained) lots are drawn to decide which man among them shall be chosen. The one chosen by the drawing of lots (the 'opfer') is free to then accept or decline the honour. If this honour is declined, another lot is held, and the one so chosen may also decline. After this, a further lot is held, the result of which is binding. The opfer so chosen by lot is then led by the Guardian(s) to a secure, secluded place and resides there until the rite of Calling begins. Each night and in this place the opfer receives the Priestess for the length of one planetary hour, the Priestess being chosen from among the Temple to be at this period capable of conception. If the Master or Mistress so desire, another lady in addition to the Priestess may be chosen and received by the opfer at the dawn of each day. It is duty of the Guardian(s) to watch over and care for the opfer during the days before the rite, and lead him to the Temple for the Calling.

The Rite:

The congregation process into the Temple, led by the Priestess who is assisted onto the altar by the Mistress. The congregation gather in a semi-circle before the altar, the Guardian(s) holding the opfer by the entrance. The Mistress greets the Master with a kiss, saying: 'To you is it fitting, Master, to speak to our gods for these many. With your own eyes see how we seekers of darkness await this calling forth of our gods!'

The Mistress gestures with her hands, and the congregation remove their hoods/cowls. She says: 'So shall we rejoicing, dance!'

The congregation begin to dance, counter- sunwise around the altar chanting "Binan ath ga wath am".

The Master lays the S. Knife on the womb of the Priestess while the Mistress places her hands on the crystal and joins the Master in chanting the Diabolus in fourths while visualizing the nexion opening. This chant is repeated seven times, the congregation continuing their dance and chant.

After the seventh chant, the Master claps his hands nine times as a signal for the congregation to gather round. The Guardian brings the offer forward.

The Master gives the offer a chalice of wine, which he drinks. After this, the Master says to him: 'We greet our honoured guest with a kiss.' He kisses the offer, followed by the Mistress and the congregation who kiss the offer in turn.

The Mistress then removes the robe of the offer and begins to raise his secret fire with her lips while the Master gestures to the congregation as a sign for them to remove their robes. They then begin to dance again - chanting 'Atazoth', Satanas and/or shouting/laughing/screaming as they whirl faster and faster in ecstasy and frenzy.

As they dance, the Guardian lifts the Priest upon the altar while the Master takes up the S. Knife. The Priestess holds the offer in sexual union and visualizes the nexion opening as she draws by movement the secret fire from the offer. She then releases him and on this sign the Mistress signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according their desires.

The Mistress then touches the crystal with her hands visualizing/intoning the aim/intent of the calling, ad libitum according to the frenzy/energy generated in the Temple. As she touches the crystal, the Guardian(s) assist the offer from the altar and with the Master (who takes the S. Knife and the empty chalice used by the offer) leave the Temple to a secluded place (which may be the place used by the offer during the preparation period).

In this secluded place, the Master vibrates 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Guardian(s) hold the offer. After the vibration, the Master uses the S. Knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in the chalice. He then returns to the Temple and the Mistress symbolically washes her hands in the Red Elixir before herself chanting 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth!'. Following this, she and the Master chant the Diabolus in fourths, directing the chant toward the crystal.

The rite is concluded by the Master assisting the Priestess down from the altar. She departs from the Temple, returning with trays of food and wine which she offers to the congregation - their revelry continues until desires are fulfilled. The Priestess herself withdraws after offering the food and drink, as the Master and Mistress do.

Note: After the final Diabolus chant by the Master and Mistress, if an aim/intent is intended, this is visualized/voiced by them according to magickal principles before they depart from the Temple. Should they wish, they may combine this with their own sexual union. Should no aim/intent be desired, the dark forms/energies are left to gather/disperse according to their nature. The Guardian(s) are sworn to secrecy, and after the Red Elixir is produced secrete/bury the empty vessel in a location prepared beforehand.

Diabolus: Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla
Teste Satan cum sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando Vindex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
Dies irae, dies illa!

Sanctus:
Sanctus, Satanas, Sanctus
Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth!
Sanctus Satanas Sanctus!
Satanas - venire;
Satanas - venire!
Ave Satanas, ave Satanas.
Tui sunt caeli,
Tua est terra
Ave Satanas.

Revenge

Central to any civilization and society which is civilized, is the notion of revenge - and central to revenge is the blood feud. When the "State" - of whatever political hue - or any large organized governmental structure, reserves for itself the means and control and dispensation of "Justice" then true freedom does not exist: the individual has become controlled and enslaved, if not physically, then mentally.

Any healthy flourishing society not only allows revenge, but encourages it, and any society which does not is already a form of tyranny, however much clever, vapid, intellectual and political words may be used to try and obscure this reality. A healthy society is one that tends to respect the individual right to justice and thus revenge: the two are linked and cannot be separated without destroying both, leaving an empty shell. A healthy society seeks to respect the individual, and extend their responsibilities and duties, and one of the most important responsibilities and duties of any individual is to avenge.

This view is not upheld by many today - and certainly by none who form those cliques of legal and social 'professionalism' which infest society today. Instead, the present System seeks to convince us all, from childhood, that only the State has the "right" to deal with "Justice" - and that only this is "civilised". But if you believe that, you really are ill - one of those pale specimens inebriated by the clever words and ideas of the half-men (and half-women) who unfortunately proliferate today in our comfortable and monied societies.

Revenge is natural and necessary. An illustration here might be instructive. A young motorist, high on drink and drugs, deliberately runs down and kills someone: the classic 'innocent passerby'. After some trouble, the Police find this driver and he is charged. When his case comes to court, he manages to wriggle out of the murder charge ('lack of sufficient evidence'/some legal problem) and is instead convicted of manslaughter. He shows no remorse. He is sentenced to 3 years in prison. After a little over 2 years he is released, and some months later is arrested for drink driving and driving while disqualified. A few more months in prison. Then he is free. Now, in this instance (and many like it) the relatives of the victim have a duty to kill this piece of scum - and should be ashamed of themselves if they did not. Naturally, they would give all sorts of reasons as to why they would do nothing - but basically they are, if they do nothing, (a) spineless cowards; (b) degenerate bastards who do not care; (c) so ground down by the System, by the lies and propaganda, that their natural instincts have been destroyed. They - one or some of them - should have killed the offender. Naturally, in the feeble societies of the Western tyrannies, had they done so they would - if caught - have faced "Justice" and the legal system themselves: and probably spent longer in prison than the bastard who deserved to die (such is the sickness of the "West"). But, until this whole rotten System is destroyed, they should have used the rules of the System against itself - why not, for instance, run the bastard himself down? You would, if caught, only get a few years. But at least you would be able to live with yourself - still have your honour.

Of course, an impartial assessment (like a Judge) is still necessary - but once judged, relatives are honour bound to act.

Most people are sick - in the head. Why? Because they lack vision - because they lack the desire to translate that vision into reality and because they lack the character to break the psychic chains of the modern world forged from ideas.

And I am not writing about mediocre vision, either - but about grandiose vision: vision which makes one aspire to greatness, to make real what others may sometimes dream about perhaps once in their puny, pathetic lives. I am writing about that inner vision which drives some individuals and which makes them great: makes them aspire to fulfil at least part of their god-like potential. That inner demon which compels, which makes one strive again and again and never admit defeat, even when faced with death.

Conquerors have vision: so do Artists and Explorers and Warriors. Today, there is an excess of petty individuals trying to make real their petty and cowardly concerns; an excess of petty officials and petty rules and petty governments trying to restrain the individual spirit and psyche; an excess of petty ideas trying to level down all individuals to the lowest level and so breed a plastic bastard race equal in all things who no longer aspire to real greatness.

What is needed are individuals who dream large - who strive to make those dreams real, regardless of the consequences. In short, a return of the conquering attitude. All that is great and worthwhile is built from the blueprint of inner vision, and the greatest vision is conquest - of ourselves, of others, of what is still unknown. There are no limits unless we in weakness set our limits. We, today, need to rediscover the delight of discovery and conquest: of going where no one has been before, of being masters of our own Destiny by following our visions and instincts.

This is not easy. Let the weak, the scum, the majority huddle together in their quest for happiness and material well-being. Let them seek comfort in each other and ideas. Individuals are born from hardship - from the hardship of questing after a dream. Conquest and exploration bring a joy, and create a uniqueness, like no other - the joy and individuality of a god.

Seek to be like a god - that is the answer to the misery that is bred from morbid self-pity and smallness and a wallowing in abstract ideas - from the seeking after illusions like happiness and comfort and stupid ideas like 'freedom' and 'justice'. The only freedom is the freedom to dream and the freedom to make that dream real, just as the only justice is that which is within each individual: what they feel. Of course, the weak and the cowardly feel a different sense of justice than the strong - they call this 'law' and enshrine it within a church to their gods of 'democracy' and 'equality', whereas the strong call their justice vengeance and honour, words which the majority fear or do not understand.

So what dreams are, today, fit enough for those who aspire to be like gods? There are only two, as this century ends. And they are connected.

The first is to destroy those edifices which the cowards, the weak, the huddling majority have erected to defend themselves from the natural elite - those few who dare, who defy, who despise and are fearless and conquering in their defiance. To destroy those governments, forms, Institutions or whatever as a prelude to renewed creation: as prelude to

to the conquest of the supine masses and their world. To destroy all that has and does enervate - all that makes individuals slaves and seeks to stop their dreams. For the world and its peoples exist for the benefit of the natural elite - to be subjects, to aid them, to use the resources - so that in time there is an evolution upwards, rather than downwards: an evolution toward still higher forms. But this has been and only can be achieved by the majority aspiring to emulate the deeds and daring of the few, of the natural elite - by the morality and vision of the few becoming the morality and vision of the many, not the other way round. This, naturally, means suffering - perhaps wars, perhaps great sorrows. But all that is great arises from suffering not softness. Once the vision of the few is defeated by the many, once their energies are redirected - once the dreaming stops and the aspiring ceases - then there is decline and sickness, of the spirit and the psyche. This can be put very simply: war and conquest and exploration are needed; when they stop, decay sets in, the scum come to the surface.

Thus, goals of destruction, re-construction and creation must be set - and strived for. This requires a new breed, a new elite nurtured by naturalness and instinct and visions. An elite which others see, and are afraid of. Such an elite may not be political - but if it was, so what? So what if it became labelled as extreme, if the vision behind it became to be called by some name or other! Labels, names - and indeed analysis of the political, social and intellectual kind - are games played by the weak, the cowardly, the sick and the scum. What matters is action, the desire to achieve, to become again fierce, tough, forbidding and thus real individuals who have broken the psychic chains of the majority. What is important is inner resolve.

These goals would naturally lead to that second dream, fit for a god:- the exploration of Space - to break away from the smallness of this world and find new ones: to explore, to conquer, to challenge us to even greater heights of being, to reach the limits of our potential and thus become god-like in our unique individuality - a new species that spreads ever onwards and upwards, toward even more, for evolution is never done. The planets, the stars, the galaxies - with their visions, their richness, their splendours, await us: and it is up to us, each and every one of us, whether we reach them. We can begin that quest - or we can remain trapped in our own pettiness with our petty, pathetic concerns and outlook, on this small insignificant planet. Or we can take up the challenge of ourselves and our future and seek to be like gods, and thus fulfil the potential latent within us.

The first step is to change ourselves - within, where it matters, and become strong in spirit and psyche: a warrior in outlook and intent. The second is to spread that change outward - to others and external forms, destroying and then creating. The third is to strive further - toward the fulfilment of our inner vision, on this world and on others.

Those who choose not to act have condemned themselves as failures.

Magick and Politics

What is occurring more and more within society, is adherence by individuals to ephemeral causes and 'opinions' as a result of the subjection to individuals to propaganda both overt and more 'covert' (ie. 'subliminal'). That is, society is developing so as to make practical experience of the traumas of life more and more distant - the individual becoming shielded not only by the 'State' and its Institutions by also by ideas. Thus, the world is seen via the distorting lenses of these ideas. In the past, wisdom arose usually painfully over a period of time by diverse and often traumatic personal experience - that is, a very individual 'view of the world' was formed as a result of these varied experiences. Of course, few arrived at even this stage of conscious development.

Magick, properly understood, was an attempt to 'short-circuit' this process - hence, for example, the tasks and procedures of the Grade Rituals in the seven-fold Way. Thus, magick built, from within and without the individual, a genuine foundation - an 'inner core' which enabled the individual to not only survive in an often hostile world, but also enhance their life quite significantly. Magick restores the individual in a very important way to the 'roots of their being' allowing thus a personal growth.

However, society in general does the opposite. Its 'education', its Institutions, its Laws all act together to produce an individual lacking in spirit: that is, devoid of a personal world-view. Moreover, this occurs whatever the outward political allegiance of the society - eg. socialist or capitalist or shades inbetween. - and occurs whether or not a particular society is 'democratic' or overtly 'repressive'. The only difference between the two is the method: the latter is more objectified and direct, often involving force and suppression, while the latter is more devious (and all the more dangerous because of this).

Essentially, there is growing within nearly all the societies of the world a consensus and an adherence to a certain set of ideas and values. That is, there is a 'levelling down' of differences together with a real loss of individual freedom not only in terms of the ability of an individual to transit freely, unencumbered by whatever 'past' he or she may have, but equally importantly in terms of inner outlook. There is less and less 'realness' about individuals because the dramatic, formative experiences which shape and mould character and which give spirit are either becoming 'illegal'/frowned upon or made impossible by State control and/or indoctrination of the individual into a certain pattern of living/ideas about life.

In the practical sense, one could say not only are the legal restraints on an individual and their actions increasing, but also the direct power which States have over individuals (and this includes information about individuals) are ever growing. This, coupled with cooperation between States in the distribution/exchange of information and the desire for even more and larger 'federations' of States (eg. like a 'European State') both national and international, means more and more direct personal restrictions and less and less 'inner freedom'. There is in short, much more superficial ways of living: ways encouraged by States and by those who adhere to what is fast becoming the accepted world 'idea-system'.

This 'idea-system', it will surprise few here, is based to a great extent on the 'Nazarene view of the world'. Already in one of its many political forms it is established within the States of the West where its watchwords include 'democracy' and 'equality' and 'freedom'. Of course, these words enshrine clever ideas - but they are not real simply because they belong to something beyond one or at least a few individuals. This is really the crux of the matter. What is real is that which exists for each one of us, and this is and must be discovered anew by every individual as part of the process of life itself: when it is not, there is no real life - only the appearance of it. There is thus no inner essence, only outward form. What this means is that all governments, States, Institutions or power-groupings negate this essence because our conscious life is a personal process of development pivotal upon our understanding of ourselves, the world, the cosmos and those few others with whom we inter-act in a very personal way: it should not be extrapolated beyond this, and all politics, all religion and all social pressures of whatever hue contradict this. They are, essentially, counter-evolutionary because they make the individual reliant on that which is not born from within. Thus there can be no such thing as genuine 'democracy/freedom/equality' and all attempts to create what are only abstract ideas destroy individuality.

Such abstract ideas, however, continue to flourish, and they continue to make the individual sterile. There will be, in the near future, more and more reliance upon such ideas, more and more attempts to make them a 'reality' in State/governmental forms - eg. in Eastern Europe and beyond.

Of course, this analysis forms the core of 'genuine anarchism': but even this is a label, an 'ism' which has evolved into an 'idea' with all the dissent appropriate to an idea. Magick is a means away from all this - it is a practical system, devoid of dogma, and makes possible the next stage of our evolution as individuals. As such, it is direct opposition to all power-forms - governmental, religious or social - although this opposition is silent and will remain silent. Magick is individual and will remain individual and while current conditions remain not unfavourable as regards the spread of information relating to its techniques, this will probably change: simply because inner liberation is and will continue to be so for some time the province of a small number of individuals while the devotees of abstract political and social ideas continue to flourish and expand.

This, naturally, is only a brief resume of the problem and what perhaps it is essential to remember is that we as artists of the magickal possess the ability to bring about change: both within ourselves and, should we wish it, within the society within which we live. The essence of the former is the seven-fold way, that of the latter - aeonic magick.

Insight roles is the name given to a dangerous technique aimed at developing personal understanding. The technique itself is simple:- it involves the individual living for a specific period of time - between six months to two years - a certain role or 'way of life'.

What makes this difficult and dangerous is that the role chosen must be at odds with the individuals' own feelings and view of the world. This brings the individual into conflict with themselves - and sometimes friends and society as well. This forces the individual to rely on themselves and discard in a practical way all the illusions that must be discarded if Adeptship is to be achieved.

The technique is not to be undertaken lightly, but once begun must be continued for the allotted time.

The technique is normally begun after the Grade Ritual of External Adept and after the individual has successfully run their own magickal group for at least three months. It is important that the individual strive to identify with the chosen role, and not see it merely as an unpleasant task. This identification must begin with a conscious decision to act the role as convincingly as possible. The role itself, for the period of time chosen, should be the main interest and occupation of the individual.

In an important way, Insight Roles are magickal rituals extending over a period of time and for the majority of individuals following the seven-fold way (the sinister path) are necessary as a prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. It is the experiences undergone (both external and internal) during an Insight Role that give the individual the impetus necessary to undertake and complete the period of isolation required during the Grade Ritual. For it is this period of isolation which is often necessary for the individual to understand and integrate those experiences. From these, the genuine Adept is born.

All Insight Roles, of necessity, seem 'bizarre' to non-Adepts. The individual who decides to undertake the technique should choose a role (from those listed) which is the opposite of what they themselves consider their own personality to be.

General Guidelines:

When a role is undertaken, you are forbidden to explain to anyone the reasons for this sudden change in your behaviour/attitudes. This will isolate you, and begin the process of self-reliance and belief in your own Destiny. Observe the reaction of 'friends'.

You should initially think of the role as a means of enhancing your life - an opportunity. The role is part of the process of self-discovery - which is often painful.

To succeed, you must let go of all your previous opinions, beliefs and ideas. Forget everything assumed about people who naturally adopt the role you have chosen - just accept them, as they are. This will be very difficult. The role is an ordeal - a kind of second Initiation, and you can only become free, and ready for Adeptship, by losing your past.

The role chosen should be seen as part of your Destiny - and

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you should learn to revel in the role. If possible, keep a record of your thoughts, experiences and observations. You should not, during the time of the role, undertake any magickal workings of whatever kind - simply because these are not necessary, considering the Insight Role is itself a powerful (and highly dangerous) magickal ritual of 'internal' (or alchemical) magick.

Be determined to continue in the role for the length of time you have chosen. Should you succeed in this, you will discover many important things about yourself and the world. Wisdom will be gradually gained through the trials of experience. There is no substitute for this kind of practical learning.

Always remember during the role, that you have chosen to follow the path toward self-divinity - the role is but a stage on that path, and one that has to be undertaken if your goal is to be achieved.

The roles are listed in order of difficulty/psychological danger with brief notes on the type of individual who might undertake them bearing in mind that the role chosen should be the opposite of what you consider your 'personality type'/view of the world to be. From the viewpoint of the present the most challenging (and dangerous) role undertaken by members in the past two decades has been the one listed first.

Insight Roles, quite simply, are for those who dare to defy.

The roles are listed in order of danger (both practical and psychological) - the most dangerous first.

1) Join an organization of the extreme 'Right' and undertake the life of a political activist - attending meetings, demonstrations and so on. You should see yourself as a 'revolutionary' who seeks to create a new type of society. You must forget all your assumptions about this type of politics - and the people in it - and live out, in a practical way, this role.

Contact address*: British National Party, P.O. Box 446, London SE 23 2LS. Send for literature and ask about joining.

2) Enter a Buddhist religious order. Read about Buddhism, then apply to one of the addresses below to stay for a 'retreat' and ask then to enter the order.

Throssel Hole Priory, Carr Shield, Hexham, Northumberland (Zen Buddhism).

Manjushri Institute, Cinishead Priory, Ulverston, Cumbria (Tibetan Buddhism).

3) Join the French Foreign Legion. Contact address:

La Chef du Poste d'Information de la Legion Etranger, Bas Fort St. Nicolas, 2 Boulevard Charles Livon, 13007 Marseille, France.

Sell and forget everything - and simply go.

4) Open and run a brothel. First, find premises; second, find individuals willing to offer their services. Honesty in dealings with clients, and good friendly treatment of those employed to offer services to clients is the key to success, and must be done.

5) Join the Police. Assuming you are tall enough and have the right qualifications - ask at a Police Station or employment centre and apply. Be determined to succeed if interviewed - find plausible reasons, when asked, why you wish to join.

6) Vagrant. Sell everything you possess, give up job etc. Buy rucksack, small tent etc. and wander around, trying to earn living by doing small jobs, begging sometimes for food.

7) Form a Wiccan group. This role means you assume the identity of a 'white' Priest/Priestess. Create a believable past for yourself (re Initiation and so on into Wicca) and then recruit members. Aim is to form a 'teaching coven'.

8) Set specific physical goals and train to achieve these. These goals must be achieved within eight months of beginning training. They are:

a) Run a marathon in less than 2hrs 50 min (men) or 3hrs 10 min (women)

b) Compete in a (cycling) 12hr Time Trial achieving a distance of at least 230 miles. Intermediate aims are: 25 miles in 1hr or less. (Note: 12 hr Time Trials are usually held during the summer months - so begin role at time to co-incide with eight month training build-up, eg. December. Join local cycling club - find details at nearest good bike shop.

(a) and (b) may be combined - and should be if you are fairly fit.

Some guidelines to assess viability of each role:

- 1) Best suited for those of 'left-wing'/liberal sentiments, including anarchists
- 2) Suited to those who enjoy the pleasures of the flesh - women, wine and food
- 3) Suited to those who lack a sense of adventure and consider themselves 'non-violent'
- 4) Suited to those who are introverted and find organizing things difficult
- 5) Suited to those who dislike authority - particularly the Police
- 6) Suited to those who like comfort and need security of home/job etc
- 7) Suited to those who lack imagination and flair for self-expression
- 8) Suited to those who dislike sport

The Publication of Esoteric Traditions on the Left Hand Path

For a long time, genuine esoteric tradition was handed on on an individual basis, from Master/Mistress to novice. There were many reasons for this, most of them practical: the tradition was esoteric, liable to mis-interpretation, and many of its tenets and rituals involved what would have been regarded as 'heretical', anti-social and/or illegal acts. Furthermore, the methods used to train novices often made those novices into 'outlaws' and set them against conventional society. Also, for a long time, the teaching and teachings of the tradition was heretical in Law - a criminal offense against Church and State. Secrecy was essential and necessary.

This state of affairs pertained until quite recently. With the burgeoning of interest in 'the Occult' in general, the LHP became somewhat less secret and certain aspects of the tradition were discreetly circulated. What were mistakenly taken to be 'esoteric' traditions and, given the new openness toward the Occult and the repeal of anti-Occult laws, freely distributed and/or published, were (a) the useless Grimoire/Qabalistic tradition, or (b) a mis-interpreted Crowleyism, or (c) of a showman/ghoulish/self-professed type with bits cobbled together from (a) and (b) with archaic myths and unenlightened egoism thrown in. The real tradition - with its darkness and danger - remained hidden.

To (c) belonged the Church of Satan, which made Satanism akin to a fantasy role-playing game or games with some sorcery added to impress. The later schism which gave birth to the Temple of Set (born not with a bang but with a whimper) was not unexpected given the structure and orientation of this 'Church' - and neither was the fact that the leader of this schism based his Temple and authority on what was termed an 'Infernal Mandate', and declared Satanism as a religion, much mis-understood.

Meanwhile, the old traditions continued, in Europe and elsewhere, in their traditional way - secretly, accepting but few novices and these only after severe tests and ordeals. The traditions, writings, rituals, methods, ordeals and techniques remained unavailable except to those few. After lengthy deliberations and consultations, the individual representing traditional groups, decided to gradually make the esoteric tradition which he and others represented available on a selective basis, to reveal, for once and for all, what the LHP and Satanism were really about. The real impetus for this decision came from Aeon strategy - making the tradition available would enable an increase in the number of genuine Adepts, thus hastening the presencing of the darker forces on Earth, and so fulfilling the sinister dialectic of history. This increase, however, would be gradual - over centuries.

With this dissemination, the purpose, intent and methods of Satanism and the LHP could no longer be mis-interpreted and the posers and charlatans who professed to be 'Satanists' would be exposed - at least to those with any sagacity. With the secrets accessible to those who sought to find them, the real esoteric work could continue, as it always had, in secret - the training, via direct experience, of those few strong and gifted enough to undertake the difficult and dangerous journey along the Left Hand Path.

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In this example, the burglary was a 'crime', in Law - but, in fact, the illegal nature of the act was irrelevant. The act, and its planning etc., aided the self-excellence of the novice, and thus his magickal development, because it was a Satanic act, not because it was 'criminal' - that is, it involved danger, required skill, judgement, daring, and it was real. It was, in a sense, a practical ordeal and its Satanic character meant that its victims were victims of themselves: the act was akin to an act of 'natural justice'. To some, it may seem a game - and so it was, but one played in earnest, in which losing meant capture and probable imprisonment (factors which made it interesting and worthwhile). And it was only a few incidents in a life crammed with such incidents - at different levels.

Furthermore, this 'realness' is important - genuine Satanists involve themselves with the real world, in real situations with real people and real danger. The imitation Satanists play mental and intellectual and 'safe' games. The difference is that a real Satanist will actually be an assassin, for example, while the imitation Satanist will dream of being one and will probably obtain a moronic pleasure from watching some fictional story and 'identifying' with a fictionalized assassin - or, more likely, will 'act out' such a role in some pathetic pseudo-magickal ceremony and believe he/she has attained something.

Naturally, in the real world things can and do go wrong. But as always, the real Satanists survive and prosper, while the others go under, get caught, give up or are killed. Also, sometimes even the best get things a little wrong - but they learn from their mistakes, they grow in character, in insight, in skill. Genuine Satanists are survivors: they learn and prosper, and die at the right time.

This growth means that a Satanist moves on - there are always new challenges, new delights, new tests of skill, daring, endurance, courage; new insights. A 'role' is only a role - played, then discarded, transcended. Thus, even crime, sacrifice, tests of others, become left behind, given time - they have served the purpose for which they were intended - and a new being is given birth, one more joins the elect. This is simply another way of saying that a Satanist is never trapped by the act, the desires for and against that act, its consequences, or indeed anything to do with that act, whatever the nature of the act. An act, such as a sacrifice or a crime, is a means - to something beyond. All acts are experience. A Satanist is above and beyond acts - a master or mistress of them, rather than a slave to them.

So it is, so it has been and so it will be - for genuine Satanists. Meanwhile, the imitation Satanists will play their word-games, feast on self-delusions, and continue to claim that 'Satanism' never involves sacrifice, or criminal acts but is a rather pleasing philosophy which has had a rather 'bad press'. But, henceforward, anyone who is taken in by these gutless, posturing charlatans will deserve the epithet 'stupid'.

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ONA

The Hard Reality of Satanism

The hard reality of Satanism is that it is very different from both the media image and the more recent image pedalled by imitation Satanists in both Europe and America.

I What Satanism Is:

a) Satanism is a quest for self-excellence, involving real danger, real challenges and requiring real courage.

It involves taking your body to and beyond its physical limits of endurance. It involves real action, alone: without the support of friends, comrades, lovers, relations or anyone.

It involves accepting challenges - physical, psychic, intellectual - and triumphing solely by one's own efforts.

It involves the triumph of pure, individual will and desire.

b) Satanism is, in part, an inner quest, an exploration of the 'hidden' (and overt) aspects of consciousness: a dis-covery of the darkness within and beyond the individual psyche. This involves 'magickal acts' - such as rituals. This magick, however, is a means, not an end.

c) Satanism involves ordeals, both physical and magickal. Those who are suitable triumph; the others fail. [One such ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - where the candidate lives alone and isolated, bereft of everything except the bare necessities for physical survival, for a period of three months.]

d) Satanism requires the practical experiencing of all moral limits, and then a mastery of the feelings, desires, pleasures, terrors, pains and so on that these imply.

e) Satanism involves the individual defiance of all subserviance: a Satanist accepts guidance only, and refuses to be dominated or intimidated by anyone. This guidance is toward practical experience, and it is by this experience that the novice learns and develops a genuine Satanic character.

f) Satanism involves sacrifice - this is a necessary test of character [qv. the MSS "Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth", and "Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed " for more details.].

g) Satanism is a means - a method, or way, and the purpose of this means, method or way is to produce a specific type of individual: the next stage of our evolution as a species. Satanism is thus an expression of evolutionary change - on both the individual level and in respect of 'societies' and 'history'.

The individuals so created often inspire in the supine majority a certain terror/awe/admiration/fear/jealousy.

h) Satanism is elitist. It does not compromise - its tests, ordeals, methods and character-building experiences are severe and will never be made easier to make them acceptable to more people or easier to undertake.

i) Satanism is esoteric by nature and intent: it is both a 'secret' way, by virtue of its methods etc., and it is not nor probably will be suitable for the majority for many, many centuries.

II What Satanism Is Not:

a) Satanism is not, nor can ever be, a religion, nor just a 'philosophy'. A religion means acceptance of authority, the rigid structure of a 'Church' or a 'Temple', and a unified dogma (with the consequent schisms and claims to "authenticity"). The religious attitude is the antithesis of what Satanism really is - for Satanism is a way of living, a way of experiencing, in the raw, whereas religion abstracts, limits endeavour, behaviour and moralizes. In short, a Satanist plunges into reality, without any supports (moral, psychic or human) whereas a religious person has that reality prescribed by dogma, authority and such like, and is supported by a 'Church', its members and their attitudes.

Satanism is an ecstatic affirmation of existence - a taking of existence into new and higher realms, as well as a plunge into existing darkness and the creation of new darkness.

b) Satanism cannot have anyone impose upon it any structure, authority, or institution of any kind by claiming a 'dark mandate' or some kind of 'revelation'. There can be no such thing as an 'infernal mandate' of whatever kind because the only thing that really matters to Satanism is experience, its accumulation and the highly individualized learning that results from such experience. A genuine Satanist, for example, confronted by an entity which exhibited all the powers attributed to Satan would not even accept what that 'entity' said and would most certainly not show any submission - instead, they would a defiance, a reasoned assessment of what was said, and then a judgement made from experience. A Satanist never surrenders to anything - and would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit. This applies even to 'Satan'.

If and when a Satanist accepts guidance, it is from someone of experience who has explicated Satanism by their life and thus who can offer advice based on that experience. The aim of Satanism is to create willful, characterful, defiant, unique individuals who have or can fulfil their potential as gods - it is not to create followers or sycophants. An 'infernal mandate' implies sycophancy.

c) Satanism does not involve discussions, meetings, talks. Rather, it involves action, deeds. Words - written or spoken - sometimes follow, but not necessarily. The ideal candidate for Satanism is the individual of action rather than the 'intellectual'.

By the nature of most Satanic actions, they can seldom be mentioned and thus remain esoteric. The essence that Satanism leads the individual towards, via action, is only ever revealed by that participation which action is. Words, whether written or spoken, can never describe that essence - they can only hint at it, point toward it, and often serve to obscure the essence.

Satanism strips away the appearance of 'things' - living, Occult and otherwise by this insistence on experience, unaided. What is thus apprehended by such experience, is unique to each individual and thus is creative and evolutionary. Discussions, meetings, talks, even books and such like, de-vitalize: they are excuses for not acting.

A Satanist will sometimes use such forms as he/she may use the form of a Temple - to enhance and/or provoke experiences. But they are then actively manipulating, actively creating experiences - the others involved are being used by that person. That is, there is only one Satanist at such gatherings (usually) - the others may believe they are 'Satanists', but they are deluded.

d) Satanism does not apply moral absolutes to real-life situations and forms. This may best be explicated by two examples. First, politics. Satanism does not affirm or deny any political forms or type of politics - it does not, for example, announce that 'fascism and Satanism are incompatible'. Such announcements/pronouncements arise from a moral bias and a lack of insight into both Satanism and 'society' and thus Aeonics.

A Satanist, concerned with experience, may use a political form for a specific purpose - the nature of that form in terms of conventional politics and morality (such as 'extreme Right-wing') is irrelevant. What is important is whether it can be used to (a) provide experience of living and the limits of experience, and/or (b) aid the sinister dialectic of history. Thus a Satanist may become involved in, or set up, an organization of the extreme Right - this is dangerous, exciting, vitalizes, provides experiences 'on the edge' and should thus aid the development of the character and insight of that Satanist*. What is important, is that this involvement is done for an ulterior, Satanic, motive: what others think and believe about such actions is totally irrelevant. Anyone purporting to be a Satanist who criticizes such an action, whatever the political hue of the group/organization, reveals by that criticism that they are not Satanists - but rather, moralizing nards lacking in insight and real Satanic understanding.

The second example concerns the formation and use of Satanic 'Temples' and groups by a Satanist. A Satanic novice, in order to gain experience of magickal rituals and people manipulation, usually forms a group to perform Satanic rituals. The people recruited are for the most part used - and the novice often assumes a specific Satanic 'role' for this: the role of sorcerer/sorceress. He/she may dress in a certain way and so on, as he/she may use fables to impress and/or manipulate. This, however, for a genuine Satanist, is only a stage - and one which lasts a year or two. After that, experience and mastery of ceremonial and hermetic magick gained, they move on to new challenges and experiences, as all good Satanists should. Further, the individuals of this 'Temple' or group are not Satanists, although they may believe themselves to be - they are simply being used to afford the novice pleasure/excitement/experience and so on. Had any of them any Satanic character or potential, they would rebel to undertake their own quest by forming such a group/'Temple' and experience the limits of themselves.

Sometimes, the group has another aim - an Aeonic or suprapersonal one, in which case its life may be extended. But whatever, genuine Satanic guidance by an Adept or Master/Mistress to a novice always occurs on an individualized basis, never within the rigid and constraining form of a 'Temple'.

Thus, there is not nor can be any constraining rules applied to the conduct of such 'Temples' and groups - there is no 'moral code', no bounds which cannot be overstepped. The rules, such as they are, are made by the Satanic novice according to their desire and goals. That is, they can do with that group and its individuals whatever they desire to do and no one - not even the Adept/Master/Mistress who may be guiding them - can set limits or prescribe their behaviour. They must learn for themselves - and from their mistakes, should they make some.

This naturally leads to the obvious Satanic deduction that a group like the Temple of Set may contain one, perhaps two, Satanists - who are using the 'members' for their own Satanic goals. This person (or persons) would of course deny this, and if that denial was sincere, they could not be Satanists. What is certain, is that that group cannot contain more than perhaps two Satanists - for the members accept the constraints imposed upon them from above, and are servile, in both theory and practice. They are also not being led into real experiences, but accept a sterile, sanitized and safe 'Satanism' as pedalled by their leader.

* It can also aid the sinister dialectic - here, an understanding of Aeonics is important.

e) Satanism does not seek any form of official recognition as it does not seek to become respectable or the prerogative of a majority.

Rather, Satanism operates, and must operate, for the most part in a clandestine or 'underground' manner.

'Official' recognition mean someone or some organization is granted some sort of "status" and thus assumes both in theory and in fact an 'authority' and an organizational structure to support it. This authority and this structure mean followers, sycophants - and contradict the essence of Satanism.

'Respectability' means a moral stance broadly in line with that pertaining at the time - that is, it means a restricting morality, ethics, as well a limiting of action to what is deemed broadly 'acceptable' by the 'society' of the time.

Both of these - official recognition and respectability - also mean that the self-appointed authority which is recognized and becomes or seeks to be respectable, sets its own limits: there is 'proscription' of other groups, a peer hierarchy and all the many trappings of herd conformity; the triumph of illusive forms over essence. In brief, the deluding of others, rather than their liberation.

Since the experience of the essence that Satanism brings is unique, this uniqueness is totally contradictory to all forms that seek to constrain, define and restrict - two of these forms being 'official recognition' and 'respectability'.

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Some other hard facts about Satanism are in order - to be placed on record.

Satanism is hard and very dangerous. This danger is much more than just a 'mental' or a psychic one of the kind sometimes experienced in magickal workings. It is a personal danger of the 'life or death' kind. If it is not, then it is not tough enough, it is not Satanic. For far too long the pathetic imitation Satanists, such as those in the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan, have had no one to contradict their sickly, wimpish versions of Satanism - they have tried to deny the darkness and evil which are essential to Satanism because the frauds in those organizations are fundamentally weak: they have never gone to their limits, never experienced the realness of evil. They have tried to make 'Satanism' safe and 'respectable': they have intellectualized it because they are typical products of this present intellectualized, peace-loving, "we need to be safe" society.

A Satanist is like a beast of prey - in real life, not in fantasy. A Satanist may be and often is an assassin, a warrior, an outlaw - in real life. The imitation Satanists, however, pretend to be these things - their fantasy-life is greater than their real experiences of such things. A Satanist seeks and makes real his/her fantasies and then masters the real-life situations and all those desires/feelings which give birth to those fantasies - they live them and then transcend them, creating from those experiences something beyond them: a new individual. Often, things go wrong - but as always in life, the strong survive and the weak perish, are written off. The Satanist creates the dreams, standards of excellence and spirit which others often later aspire to emulate. This creation is in real life, by deeds and deeds alone.

Because of this, few indeed are the genuine Satanists. Sometimes their lives (or aspects of them) become public - but often they are hidden, working their darkness in secret, for the benefit of evolution.

△△△△△△

Shrewsbury
Shropshire
England
27th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Thank you for your very interesting letter, and the questionnaire. This later I have replied to and sent by seperate post.

Regarding publications which present the teachings of the ONA, the following are available (from the above address):

- °Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept. 121 pages. \$30 including Air Mail postage
- °The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial Magick. 56 pages.\$ 20
- °Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA, Volume I. 130 pages. \$35
- °Hostia, Vol. II. 56 pages. \$20
- °The Deofel Quartet, Volume I. (Falcifer, Lord of Darkness; Temple of Satan). 211 pages. \$50
- °The Deofel Quartet, Vol II. (The Giving; The Greyling Owl.) 221 pages. \$52

The prices are rather high due to the cost of Air Mail postage - for instance, Naos would be just £11 without the postage costs. All the above are copies of the original MSS as circulated among members. Most of the articles which appeared in 'Fenrir' are in either 'Hostia' or the Black Book. The Deofel Quartet are instructional texts written in fictional form. [Cheques payable to Thormynd Press.]

In replying to your detailed and reasoned comments, perhaps I should start by saying that in attacking the 'intellectualism' of the Temple of Set, I am attacking the mostly non-practical (in terms of living) approach of that and other groups. They have made Satanism seem mostly cerebral - a subject to be studied, discussed, argued about, analyzed, rather than being a practical guide to living on the edge. Their practice, such as it is, is again cerebral - magickal workings which are mostly devoid of a primal exultation, ecstasy. In short, their approach revolves essentially around abstract ideas. I am not critical of intellectualism per se - I am regarded by some as 'an intellectual', having been trained both as a scientist and a classical scholar [I have several translations of Greek Drama to my credit]. Rather, I have tried to make clear (sometimes by exaggerating the point) that I regard Satanism first and foremost as a practical way which involves garnishing experiences of the limits of living, and learning from those experiences - transmuting the experiences into self-insight, the development of consciousness and so on. I also believe that these experiences must be tough - must take each individual to and beyond their own limits - and that they must be done without relying on anything other than a pure defiance, a pure strength of character. To me, it seems that both the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan provide 'props' for their members - there is dogma, an organizational structure, a sense of belonging, and the belief that Satanism is somehow a 'fantasy game' or playing at socerers.

Basically, intellectualism should follow action - not prejudge it nor limit it. All the members of the ToS and the CoS I have met over the years were full of 'Satanic theory' but had little (sometimes no) experience of going to and beyond their own limits. Basically, they played at Satanism - the occassional (boring) ritual, the odd working with a magickal intent. But nowhere was there a proud, defiant, exultation in living; nowhere was there real Satanic character born from character-building experiences. There was, and is, an awful lot of discussions, of meetings, of articles, of letters, of 'organizing' things. But try and get one of them to actually do something really Satanic in the real world - to divest themselves of the props (psychic, human and Occult) which supported them, and so return them to their primal nature - was impossible: they were too lazy or weak; too comfortable with playing their Satanic fantasy roles and games.

Regarding my own tradition, and the question of what is and what is not 'Satanism'.

I make no claim that the ONA represents the only 'true form of Satanism' - it is simply one tradition among many, although it does pre-date the formation of the CoS. What I express and have expressed, is that organizations like the CoS and the ToS by their very nature actually hinder the development of those qualities which I and some others believe to be central to Satanism. By this I mean that any organization which prescribes a dogma for its members to believe, which restrains them by 'ethical conditions' and which implicitly or explicitly require those members to submit to an organizational authority/Master/leader, is not Satanic. The ToS in particular believes in Satanism as some kind of 'religion'. I, and the Mistress who Initiated me into the ONA tradition, have always seen Satanism as being individualized - concerned with building a unique character, a truly free being. An organizational structure such as possessed by the ToS contradicts this in essence, however many clever words may be used to try and hide this fact. Such organizations breed sychophancy, dependence - one has to 'conform', to a certain degree at least. Of course, I understand some of the tactical reasons which explain why the ToS, for instance, claims 'religious status' - but even these reasons, on examination, show that the adoption of these tactics are unnecessary and actually counter-productive, in terms of producing real Satanic Adepts: i.e. individuals of Satanic character who truly represent an evolutionary development.

In my own tradition, for instance, it was the custom to train one, at most two, novices on an individualized basis. That is, a Satanic Master/Mistress guided one or two novices in the way of Satanism - there was and is no organizational structure, no limiting the behaviour of those novices, only an imparting of tradition and advice born from personal experience of having oneself undergone ordeals and formative experiences in the real world.

Sometimes, in undertaking an Adversarial role against the CoS and the ToS, I have been rather strident - but to provoke, to try and get others to think constructively about those organizations and the type of Satanism I believe they represent.

I describe the ONA as being a 'traditional Satanist' grouping by which I mean it adheres to certain traditions - chief among these being a guiding of novices on an individualized basis, it undertakes certain rites/practices on a basis established in earlier times, and it accepts that Satanism is dark, evil in a very real sense (one of which is that there are certain powers/ dark energies which are beyond the psyche of the individual and which can overwhelm it - which are primal). The traditions I inherited were really a mixture - some ceremonial rituals (such as the Ceremony of Recalling), some legends regarding Albion, some beliefs concerning Baphomet as a dark goddess who was propitiated in former times by sacrifice, some methods (such as 'Insight Roles') used to develop Satanic character, and some ordeals, both practical and magickal, designed to test, to create skill, to provoke self-insight. All these I have made accessible, mostly without comment. I make no claims as to their validity, historically or otherwise. It is for others to judge them, and use them if they consider them to be useful.

What I have done, is to refine what I have inherited and add to it, making what I believe to be a purely practical system which enables any individual prepared for the hardships and struggles, to reach Satanic Adeptship and beyond. There is no mystery or mystique about achieving Adeptship and Satanic mastery: all it takes is years of self-effort, years of experiences, years of refining abilities and learning new ones. Furthermore, there is no need for me to set myself up as some 'all-knowing' Master empowered by an Infernal Mandate or whatever. What I have done I have done because I followed the traditional way of seeking experiences and because I possessed a Satanic pride which made me survive and learn from those experiences.

Many of my experiences - as befits a traditional Satanist - were dark; an awful lot were dangerous in the 'life or death' sense. I gambled my life, everything, many times, and won.

There is nothing very remarkable about this - or there should not be. Everyone has potential (or at least most do) - but they seldom if ever realize a fraction of that potential for various reasons: they are constrained, by 'society', by their own fears and weaknesses, they are lazy, they prefer 'easy' solutions (such as sitting at the feet of some 'Master')... To me, and some others, Satanism is a means to realize that potential, to go even beyond that. To do this, radical measures are required - and these are always testing as they are mostly in the real world.

By the nature of quite a lot of my experiences, they are 'secret' - they were beyond the bounds of conventional morality and law. Thus have Satanists operated for a long time - in secret, by the very nature of their existence, by the very nature of some of the experiences that are required to transcend the conformity of the herd and the inertia of one's own psyche, and which thus are a 'Yes!' to being. Naturally, this is dangerous - as you say, it can be an excuse for just plain foolhardiness. But a Satanist is someone who achieves a mastery - who experiences, and then, learning from that experience, transcends it. It is the failures who become trapped (in their own desires and their limited perceptions, for instance). So some fail - they obviously were not possessed of enough Satanic qualities. That is the nature of our existence - the tough win through, the weak perish. It is not for me or anyone to limit, to prescribe, to forbid - the selection occurs by itself, by 'trial and error'. Each individual must learn for themselves - this is the crux. No one can do it for them. The essence, born via experiences, cannot be learnt from books, it cannot even be taught - it must be experienced. All I and any genuine Master can/is give advice, perhaps suggest some experiences which may be interesting and suitable - but the novice must undertake the experiences. If they learn from them, fine. There are more experiences and adventures waiting. If they fail, for whatever reason, or do not learn from the experience - tough!

In respect of politics. You mention that if a Satanist used politics, he or she never could achieve political success because Satanism is so unpopular. Naturally, if that Satanist was known as a Satanist - but if he/she kept this secret, as many do and have done, there is no problem. Of course there might be a danger of being 'exposed' as a Satanist - but that in itself is a challenge: to work under "deep cover". It requires a special person, certain skills - a Satanic character, in fact. I know of one particular person, many years ago, who did just that, until his aims were achieved.

However, my general point concerned a novice who might get involved with politics as a learning experience - for perhaps a year or so. This experience is quite different from that resulting from announcing, publicly, that one is a Satanist (this in itself is an experience which some Satanic novices choose to learn from). To become involved in extreme politics provides many opportunities for manipulating others (speaking in public; writing propaganda); for testing one's courage (participating in a rally/march where one's opponents are in the majority and threaten violence); for learning about comradeship and betrayal. And so on.

Further, although fascism as a creed had some links with the Nazarene Church, National-Socialism was, in essence, contradictory to Nazarene philosophy and ways of living. Most modern and authentic National-Socialist groups are anti-Nazarene (as witness Matt Koehl's 'New Order' in the US). But, essentially, the question is not about a particular type of political world-view, be it fascism or whatever, being contradictory or not to Satanism. The question is about all political forms being forms - structures which can be used, for a Satanic purpose, to achieve Satanic goals. The question of what might happen to individuals within a certain type of State is only a short-term question, and its asking implies a lack of what I have called 'Aeonic insight'.

Basically, Aeonics is a study of those processes which mould individuals and societies over long periods of time - how people, alone and in groupings, have been and can be manipulated, changed, controlled. It is study of those energies which affect and infect the psyche and which produce and change archetypal forms.

and which thus mould character - and thus make 'history'.

Aeonics has nothing to do with Crowley. It is a rational analysis of the causes underlying historical change, and Aeonick Magick is the use of magickal energies to effect aeonic change - i.e. change on a large scale over significant periods of time. Basically, Satanic strategy (or 'the sinister dialectic of history' as it is sometimes called) is about using such energies to bring changes broadly in line with Satanic aims - i.e. enable individuals to fulfil their potential, evolve to become like gods and so on. This strategy is based on reality - both in terms of the energies used, and 'human nature'. Therefore, the goals are seen as long term - of centuries or more. The aim has been and is to increase the number of genuine Satanic Adepts, and to provide changes which enable this.

Thus, it will be seen that Satanism, when understood correctly, is not solely about self-advancement - it is also about using magickal and non-magickal forms/energies to produce changes within societies which incline toward the fulfilment of Satanic aims. This does not mean a kind of 'altruism' - it means a calculating, reasoned assessment and then a striving and working toward certain long-term goals, this assessment and this striving actually enhancing our existence in a positive, Satanic way. In the simple sense, it may be considered as Satanic manipulation on a large scale. The assessment itself, and the reasoned understanding behind it, requires the development of special abilities - one of which may be said to be 'Thought'. This is a development of our consciousness, and leads beyond language. It is a special kind of 'thinking' - a thinking with symbols, although the symbols are not abstract, as in mathematics, but rather 'numinous', archetypal. Essentially, it extends the range of our being. This type of thinking is pre-figured, and made possible by, 'The Star Game' - a collocation of symbols which extends both our intuitive and our reasoning faculties. The mastery of this 'game', and thus the use of a new way of reasoning/being, is a sign that one has taken evolution further - has become almost a new type of 'human', one so far above the majority that it is difficult to conceive one ever belonged to or related to that majority.

This rational analysis of Aeonics leads to certain judgements, a lot of which are mis-contrued by those who call themselves Satanists because they understand those judgements on a personal basis - usually castigating the individual or group which presents them from what is essentially a 'moral' position. That is, there is a 'projection', by those Satanists (and Occultists in general), onto the forms/judgements that they cannot really understand because their perspective is so limited - so caught up in the constraints of their time and society. This is what I meant by 'cosy, intellectual and basically moral abstractions'. Most who profess to be Satanists cannot see very far - they cannot reason, coldly and unemotionally and deeply. They accept other people's abstractions and ideas and 'reasons' and have not thought the matter out for themselves because it is either too difficult for them or they (once again) are too lazy, too smug, too self-satisfied, too comfortable in their little 'Satanic' world with their 'Satanic' friends.

This judgement is part of genuine Satanic character, and arises from the self-insight born via hard, testing experiences and ordeals. A Satanist has to strip everything away - all props, go right back to the primal. This means he/she relies only their instinct, their character, their spirit - their inner resolve. This process takes years - and then, and only then, can the person acquire the other aspects a Satanist needs and must have: the 'intellectual' super-structure, the new ways of being, one of which I mentioned above (vide 'The Star Game'), the skills in magickal and people arts.

What has happened is that this foundation, this hard foundation, is lacking in nearly all modern 'Satanists' - they are too soft, have not been toughened, they rely too much on the comforts of society, on what others (like Aquino et al) have given them in terms of principles, beliefs, dogma and so on.

Hence, when I say that National-Socialist Germany aided the sinister dialectic, it is mis-understood: as me being a 'National-Socialist' or something of the kind. I am simply stating a fact of Aeonics - as I do when I say that a future State or

Empire which was inspired by National-Socialism would also aid the achievement of Satanic aims, over centuries. Others, who perhaps have not reasoned deeply about such things, express naive views like a new Satanic age is just around the corner and that politics hinders the coming of this age. I know the reality of human nature and the times in which we live, and I know most people today are little different from what they were thousands of years ago (in some ways, we have lost something - as I am aware when I read Homer or Sophocles). They have hardly evolved at all - there is more illusion about 'inner progress' and conscious evolution than there is reality. In fact, the Occult in general fosters this illusion. Thus I understand that real change arises slowly - most people still delude themselves, are still in thrall to unconscious influences, still swayed by appearance. Our whole modern world conspires to make this so - magick, and particularly the Left Hand Path, is a means to the essence behind appearance: or rather, it was. Its awe, primal nature, its inspiration, its dark numinosity can really liberate and change. Thus my castigation of those who I see as peddling a 'safe Satanism', an easy path to liberation - they destroy the one thing capable of liberating those in thrall. And they do it (a) to glorify they own ego, and (b) because they have not understood the way itself.

I trust this will/^{be}of interest and perhaps thought-provoking, and look forward to your comments.

With best wishes,

Stephen Bran

Shrewsbury

Shropshire

England

28th May 1992 eh

Dear Ms Vera,

Further to my recent letter, perhaps a few more comments might clarify the position of the ONA, and be of interest to you.

By making certain material available - on sacrifice, for example - and by writing certain MSS dealing with that and other 'dark' topics, I and others have done two things. First, made it clear that such material is part of my tradition and that it recounts what was/is done. Second, returned to Satanism that darkness and evil which really belongs to it (at least in the novice stage).

I have no desire to give Satanism a 'good name' - on the contrary. I wish it to be seen as I understand it to be - really dangerous and difficult. Naturally, many others believe the publication of certain material is mistaken, just as those who oppose Satanism have and can use that material to confirm their views on Satanism. The decision to make such material available was made only after considerable thought with full knowledge of the consequences.

Of course, I may be mistaken - I make no claim to be 'inferentially infallible'. I welcome positive discussion - the dialectic of learning. My thesis re the nature of certain practices which I inherited is open to discussion, an 'antithesis', from which a new synthesis and understanding may emerge. But all those in other Satanic organizations have done is 'proscribe' the ONA, or attack me personally or mount campaigns of dis-information against the ONA. The whole attitude of such groups, as befits their nature, is patronising - vide Aquino, in his letter to me of October 7 XXV: he, the Master or teacher, and I a student (of potential!) under his guidance and submitting to the rules of the ToS. He, and others, have stated that human sacrifice is not and never has been a part of Satanism. Well, it probably is not and never has been a part of some traditions - but it was/is a part of my own tradition, according to principles laid down a long time ago regarding the victim or offer choosing themselves, the act then being akin to an act of 'natural justice'. [qv. the MSS 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime'; 'Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed'; A Gift for the Prince' etc. I shall send you copies of some of these, since they may be of interest.]

As with many things, sacrifice can be misconstrued. The affirmation that it has occurred as part of one Satanic tradition at least can be taken up by those weaklings (in terms of character) who circulate around the fringes of the Left Hand Path, and give them an excuse to indulge in criminal acts. That is, such people fail to understand the reasons for such acts (the correct choice of offer, for instance) as they can never rise above their own weaknesses. Are these consequences my responsibility, or not? Or am I acting like a Satanist (my kind, anyway) and standing back, perhaps with laughter, when a probable consequence becomes a fact? Does this unsettle you? Horrify you? Does this provoke a challenge and make you question the nature of Satanism?

The same applies to the use of politics. Is it worth the death of x number of others (in a war, say) to give birth to one, perhaps two, genuine Satanic Adepts? I would answer in the affirmative. Does that make me cruel? Or Satanic?

Also, I do not believe it to be necessary nor desirable for Satanism to try and become respectable - or even improve its image. Nor even to try and counter the propaganda of the Nazarene fundamentalists. Such things are irrelevant. What matters is presenting the essence of Satanism so enabling individuals to work at their own self-development in a Satanic way. As I mentioned before, Satanism fundamentally means individuals striving to go beyond what they are. This is hard, and means that not many will attempt it; even fewer will be successful. The means cannot be made easier - for that would destroy the essence.

Thus, the ONA is in conflict with groups like the ToS who really want to make Satanism easy and safe and thus become rather more widespread than it is now. It is personal, direct experience, ordeals and so on, which are important. For instance, to achieve Adeptship the ONA believes each individual must undergo certain formative experiences. One of these involves living alone, in an isolated location, for three months with only the bare necessities required for physical survival. These conditions are necessary, for by so living in such a way the individual strips away all self-illusions, exposes all their inner weaknesses, and makes them reliant only on themselves. There are no distractions, no friends to give comfort, no material comforts to soften the hardship. This [which is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept] is tough. But it is the key to Adeptship. There is no short cut, no easy way. To succeed in this ordeal, the individual must have or develop an infernal strength, a certain character. Naturally, many fail - some renounce their Satanism, some find excuses for giving up. But one either stays the distance, observing the conditions of harshness, or one does not. Many are they who have said that this ordeal is not necessary - they believe there are other ways (all easier, of course), or they are afraid of confronting themselves without the supports normally around them: friends, lovers, organizations, dogma, material comforts. They and others like them can believe what they wish - but that particular ordeal works: it produces a strong, insightful character ready for the new challenges which can inspire an Adept. Or it destroys.

I understand Adeptship not as a reward given by someone else (such as Aquino) for what they perceive as 'progress' or 'ability', nor even as the undertaking of any kind of ritual at the end of which one congratulates oneself and appoints oneself as 'Adept'. Rather, it is the achievement of a certain self-insight and knowledge, allied to an understanding and judgement born of experience. It is also mastery of certain skills (some magickal, some not-magickal) and a developed awareness stemming from a synthesis of rational understanding (or 'intellectualism') and intuition. It is a stage in the Satanic way of living - a stage reached by self-effort and struggle. A Master (or Mistress) is a stage beyond this - there is no gift, infernal or otherwise, which confers the attributes of this stage of individual evolution. It is achieved, by the individual, not a reward and certainly not a self-appointed title assumed after a few years playing at Satanism and safe magick.

However, it is true that present conditions are more favourable toward the propagation of Satanism than was the case decades ago. But even were direct 'persecution' and anti-Satanic laws to return, Satanism would continue: it would re-adopt the practices of those decades. The cell system; the oral transmission; 'deep cover'. Novices would still be trained; goals would still be achieved. So 'favourable' conditions are not necessary - indeed, some see them as detrimental: they make organizations like the CoS possible!

These present conditions provide some opportunities - of increasing the number of genuine practitioners of the Black Arts and of making available for present and future generations the methods and techniques of those Arts. The real aims of Satanism will be achieved whatever the external forms our societies may take - Satanists, like the shape-changers they are, will adapt and prosper. These aims are essentially two-fold: continuing the tradition (i.e. training Adepts; providing opportunities for seeding Satanism), and gradually changing evolution.

The second of these will actually arise from the first - the changes will occur because of the increasing number of Adepts. These may be likened to a new species which at first is small in number but which, over decades and centuries, increases. In time, it will dominate. The first arises because it is one of the obligations of each new Adept to find someone suitable and guide them toward Adeptship. These changes will, as I explained in my last letter, take time - centuries, in fact. There is no way the process can be speeded up - each individual must acquire the knowledge, the character, the experiences, for themselves, and this takes time. It takes less time now than it did - because we understand more, we are more conscious of what we are actually doing (or at least some of us are). It is possible and indeed probable that over the next century or so the time taken to reach Adeptship and the stages beyond will be reduced. But the situation at the moment is as it is. A century ago it took perhaps twenty or thirty years of one's life to achieve real Adeptship. Now, it can take as little as five to ten years. What has not changed (at least yet) is the number who reach that stage. As I wrote many years ago, most people want easy solutions, they want someone to do the work for them, to confer titles on them - or they are so comfortable with their illusions and delusions (regarding their magickal abilities and their self-insight, for instance) that they see no reason to change, to really struggle; to reach toward Adeptship. All I can do is point the way - offer some guidance. It is up to each individual whether they begin the quest, and having begun, whether they succeed.

The fundamental questions which should be asked are: what, fundamentally, is Satanism? What does it mean in terms of the life of the individual? What does it mean in terms of society? The ONA offers some answers. Organizations like the ToS give other answers, some of which contradict the ONA ones. Each individual must arrive at their own assessment. The ONA offers a practical system which I and others know from experience works - at least in producing our kind of Satanist! The ONA is critical and controversial: it is provoking, Adversarial, occasionally irreverent. This in itself is creative. It engenders response.

Once again, I would welcome your response to the matters raised in this letter and the various MSS.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

Shropshire
England

7th September 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

It was with interest that I read your letter in a recent issue of 'Brimstone' after my attention was drawn to that magazine by a friend. An open (rather friendly) reply to some of the points you raised has been sent to the Editor - I am sure he would send you a copy should you be interested.

However, there are some points which perhaps are best raised in a private letter. First - and perhaps inconsequential out of its context - no one has ever claimed to be 'Head' of the ONA: no such position exists. Your statement on this was somewhat surprising because I felt you would be above using 'Kennel' type tactics re mis-information about other LHP individuals and groups. Am I mistaken? Or perhaps the information was supplied by a not altogether too reliable source here in the U.K.?

Second - and most important - your mention of the MSS concerning sacrifice. These were published basically because they form part of an esoteric tradition, which tradition was being made accessible to those who might be interested following a decision to publish Order methods, teachings and traditions. Essentially, such publication lets others decide what is or is not worthwhile or valuable or interesting from an esoteric point of view - there is not, within the ONA, any control of esoteric information as a result of one or more individuals deciding what is 'right' or 'true teaching' - simply because individuality is the foundation of the "ONA way". This way is the development of self-insight and magickal mastery via individuals following the seven-fold way.

But this background aside, you raise an interesting point in your use of the term 'ethical'. Does Satanism have ethics? And if so, what are they and who formulates them? By the nature of the Temple of Set I am led to assume the answer would be affirmative and that it is the ToS which formulates these. Is this assumption incorrect? If it is not, then I and some others would offer dissent - based not only on the principle of individuality mentioned above but also on the reality of there existing divergent LHP and Satanic traditions (some of which existed before the foundation of the Church of Satan). Speaking for myself, I consider debate about ethics futile in a LHP context - except to express the obvious Satanic assertion (qv 'The Dark Forces' in "Fenrir" 4) that one essential personal quality is honour born from the quest for self-excellence and self-understanding. One either has this personal quality (or the potential to possess it) or one does not: intellectual debate about it is irrelevant. This quality is expressed by the way of living an individual follows and as far as the ONA is concerned this quality is one of those that marks the genuine Satanic elite from the imitation. Yet we accept that others may disagree since we feel there can be no religious dogma about Satanism or the LHP: no subserviance to someone else's ideas or ways

of living. Each individual develops their own unique perspective and insight as a consequence of striving to achieve Adeptship - a perspective and insight which derives mainly from practical experience, both magickal and personal. Thus we uphold anarchism.

Hence the publication of the many and various Order MSS. Yet, all this notwithstanding, I do understand that some may believe that tactically the time was not right to publish some of these MSS. However, is the time ever right? Once again, some interesting questions arise. For example, for the benefit of those groups (like the ToS) which do adopt a high media profile, is it necessary and indeed desirable for other groups and individuals on the LHP to restrict what they say and teach and publish in case such things are mis-interpreted and/or distorted and used against the LHP in general? This would imply some sort of concensus among those individuals and groups on the LHP - a concensus which it seems both the ToS and the Church of Satan wish to achieve by claiming a religious 'authority'. To this end there seems to be developing an almost Church-like mentality - with schisms and prohibitions and proscribing of other groups and individuals. Rather 'Old Aeon' values. If such a concensus is indeed necessary (and I and some others have doubts whether it is) then it would seem better achieved on a mutual basis by recognition of diversity and traditions and then the development of mutual understanding rather than one group trying to impose its dogma by a religious type belief: such dogma and such belief being entirely contrary to the basic principles of Satanism and the LHP - self-development via self-experience.

I and others like me respect your right to promulgate the Setian philosophy just as I trust you have the sagacity to understand that what La Vey codified and what the early Church of Satan represented is not the only form Satanism can take. Satanism existed in many forms long before La Vey, and the ONA simply represents one such form: a form that has changed and is still changing - developed as it is and has been by creative individuals within it. As I mentioned to you in a previous letter some time ago, this does not mean we claim to be a 'peer' organization with a claim to some kind of 'authority'. We are simply a small group following our own way - a way somewhat different from that developed by the Church of Satan and the ToS. Our tradition, such as it is, is not static - indeed in many ways the most significant developments (e.g. the Star Game, Grade Ritual codification, Deofil Quartet) have occurred quite recently. Doubtless these developments will continue.

When in the past we and others like us have said things that others interpret as being 'against' the ToS or La Vey, we were simply assuming the role of Adversary - challenging what seemed to be becoming accepted dogma that the only 'real' Satanists are either in the ToS or the Church of Satan. Such a dogma is an historical absurdity and its acceptance an affront to the Satanic desire to know and understand and not meekly believe.

If you have any comments about these matters I would be interested to read them.

Cordially yours,

Stephen Brown



Temple of Set

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Michael A. Aquino, Ph.D.
High Priest of Set

October 7, XXV

Mr. Stephen Brown
Post Office Box 4
Church Stretton, Shropshire
England

Dear Mr. Brown:

Thank you for your letter of September 7th.

Under your several aliases every single letter and publication of the O.N.A. is authorized over your personal signature, whether as "pp" or otherwise. Personal contacts by our former Priest Martin confirmed that you are the leader, if not indeed the sole member of this institution.

The old Church of Satan used to play games with mythical officials and executive bodies behind the scenes. As a senior official of the Church I helped to keep this particular hot-air balloon inflated, initially assuming that it did no harm and made the Church a bit more colorful to the membership. Ultimately I became uncomfortable with it, however, because in the last analysis it involved deceiving the very persons - the membership of the Church - who had come to it in good faith depending upon it to not deceive them, even in so "playful" a fashion.

It was also responsible for a more serious kind of damage. It enabled Anton LaVey to announce policies in the name of a fictitious "Council of Nine", or in the name of a fictitious official, and thus to escape personal responsibility for his actions. Nor was there any executive body or other official to whom he was accountable. Had there been, the catastrophe of 1975 might have been averted without the entire Church of Satan organization having to be scrapped. [Even if it had evolved into a Setian mode, as in many Lesser Magical ways it was indeed doing prior to the crisis, it still might have continued as an unbroken organization - and Anton LaVey might be its High Priest today.]

When the Temple of Set was founded, therefore, the old occult game of "Ascended [or in this case 'Descended'] Masters behind the scenes" was ashcanned along with the other practices of the old Church with which we were ethically uncomfortable. From the moment of its founding, the Temple has made all of its officials and executive bodies a matter of record, known to all Setians [and to non-Setians with a legitimate interest]. And neither the High Priest of Set nor any other official has the sort of dictatorial power that Anton LaVey had in the Church.

Given the present climate of witch-hunting hysteria in England, publication of a "Satanic ritual" by an avowedly "Satanic" institution which includes human sacrifice is thoroughly irresponsible. In fact it would be irresponsible even in a normal social climate, as the Satanic religion is not and has never been based upon the principle of human sacrifice. [It is Christianity which espouses that principle, sacrificing its god in human form every Easter.]

If you were presenting that ritual text as an example of Christian hate-propaganda against the Satanic tradition, making clear that it has no basis in fact, that would be one thing. But the ritual which you have published makes no such distinctions, and is thus a dangerous "loaded weapon" to be used by any child (of any age) who picks it up. And of course it plays right into the hands of any anti-Satanic maniac who is looking for "evidence" of "Satanic ritual murder". Your argument that the O.N.A. does not consider itself responsible for such uses may satisfy you, but it certainly doesn't satisfy the Temple of Set as guardian of this religion.

Indeed Satanism is an ethical religion, and yes, I do consider the Temple of Set the institution consecrated by Set to establish and maintain such an ethical environment - which is carefully developed in the *Crystal Tablet of Set*.

As a non-Initiate of the Temple, you are of course at liberty to dissent from this ethical standard. But neither, by your non-Initiatory status, does the Temple consider you a member of the Setian/Satanic religion. You are, in our eyes, simply one more individual affecting "Satanism" as a personal hobby. In this you may be more or less skilled, more or less articulate, more or less artistic: these we do not judge.

But what we do judge is that in all of this you have not been Recognized by the Temple which exclusively is consecrated by Set. We consider the Temple a sacred institution, not just one of a number of "Satanic clubs" around the world. From 1966 to 1975 CE we held precisely this view concerning the Church of Satan, which welcomed the interest and enthusiasm of amateur "Satanists" and "Satanic" groups such as the O.N.A. but considered only its own membership and Priesthood formally deserving of the religious titles they held.

This last point deserves further elaboration and emphasis. Just because we regard the Temple as seriously and exclusively as we do does not mean that we hold non-Temple "Satanic" groups in blanket contempt. Some of them are indeed

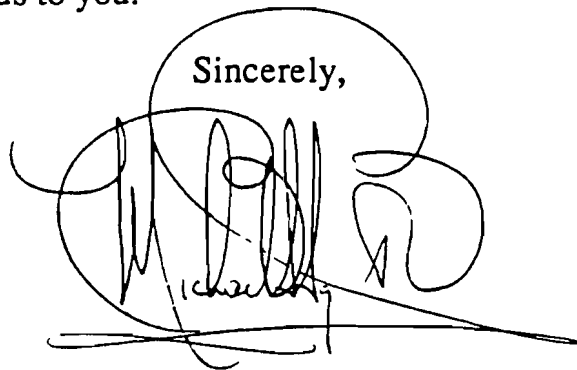
amateurish and embarrassing to the Satanic tradition, and the sooner they disintegrate the better. But others are quite serious and sophisticated, and deserve our respect and admiration - which are quite freely given where due. Some, upon encountering the Temple of Set, have voluntarily dissolved and commended their membership to it. Some have retained their independent structure and interests while at the same time encouraging/allowing their members to affiliate with the Temple as a formal religion. Some have simply gone their own way, maintaining a polite non-acceptance of the Temple's avowed Infernal Mandate.

The distinction we draw in all cases is dictated simply by our sacred regard for the Priesthood of Set, and the Temple under its care, as established by Set in the *Book of Coming Forth by Night*. If we did not draw that distinction, then we would be, at our heart, an insincere and fraudulent religion.

Therefore the exclusiveness of the Temple of Set is not born of either arrogance or competitiveness, but simply of the utter seriousness with which we regard ourselves. It is this same attitude which makes the Temple of Set reject any "council of churches", occult or conventional, for the simple reason that we consider our religion correct and theirs incorrect. As is stated in our informational letter, "they may serve a useful social function as purveyors of soothing myths and fantasies to humans unable to attain Setian levels of self-consciousness".

I have re-read the comments I made concerning the O.N.A. and yourself in *Brimstone*, and I see nothing in them that I think should be amended - including the compliment to you at the conclusion of those comments. You are, from what I have seen of your writings, an intelligent and creative individual who could become an influential and respected philosopher of the Left-Hand Path if you can bring yourself to cast aside all of the fictitious "lumber and wreckage" with which you are unnecessarily crippling yourself. If I didn't see Setian qualities in you, I wouldn't even bother to say such things. But just as in my university classes I speak most bluntly to the students who do have the intelligence to master the curriculum and aren't doing so, so I speak thus to you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Michael', written over a horizontal line. The signature is enclosed within a large, hand-drawn circle.

cc- Adept John D. Alleé, Editor, *Brimstone*

Shropshire

England

20th October 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

Thank you for your letter of October the 7th.

I appreciate your comments and before passing on to specific points raised, would like to make some general comments.

What I sense (and I use the word advisedly) is that you and I, despite our differing methods, are fundamentally trying to achieve the same thing. I here mean in terms of 'esoteric' magick and not in terms of outward terms or expressions.

We are both aware of the potential inherent within individuals and how certain forms, magickal or otherwise, can be used to explicate that potential, bringing thus an evolution of consciousness both individual and beyond the individual. Thus are individuals, and 'society', changed over varying periods of time. You have established and maintained an organization and imbued it with certain forms, which forms via their various transformations, create and establish conditions for changes in tune with certain energies. Because of the nature of this organization, and the energies, there is a need to maintain a coherence, a magickal continuity and thus the establishment of a system which protects the viability of all aspects.

As to myself, I deal with similar forms but make them manifest in a different way - building in to some of those manifestations a random or 'chaotic' element and into others a 'numinous' aspect. Thus, further forms are developed, in both causal and acausal time, and achieve certain goals, some of which are quite long-term (beyond my own temporal lifetime at the earliest).

All these energies are 'sinister' (or Left Hand Path, if you prefer) - at the most simple level this means they enhance our creative evolution; at another, it means they 'disrupt' already existing forms which may hinder such evolution and explication of individual potential.

Where we might (and seem to) differ is in our respective time-scale for fundamental change and in making some elements more manifest than others, to achieve specific ends.

Of course, I accept that my understanding may not be complete (and might possibly be incorrect on some points) as I assume that you, claiming the title 'Ipssisimus', understand the preceding four paragraphs without me having to elaborate at length.

You have accepted a "role" within the Temple of Set with all the duties and obligations implied, and there is much to admire in this. This of necessity means adhering to the principles of what you describe as the 'sacred trust' placed in you vis-a-vis the 'Infernal Mandate'. Thus there is a religious attitude and acceptance. All this I myself regard as natural and necessary, given

the vehicle chosen - that is, the Temple of Set. The way of the ONA is, however, quite different - we see our way as guiding a few individuals to self-awareness, to Adeptship and beyond, via various practical and magickal techniques. The emphasis is on guide, on self-development, on self-discovery. There is no religious attitude, no acceptance of someone else's authority, and no mystique: the methods, as divulged in the recently published book 'Naos', are essentially practical.

All this arises from the understanding that changes such as I mentioned earlier (regarding individual potential) will occur slowly and for the most part on a small scale for some time to come: bringing changes to 'society' (a generalization here, for brevity) - and thus to larger numbers of individuals - on the timescale of a century or more.

The present aim of the ONA is to make these techniques - which give all individuals the means to achieve the next stage of individual evolution should they so wish - more generally available. These techniques (the Grade Rituals for example, and the Star Game) will probably and indeed should be refined and extended in the future, as they have been refined in their creation over the past decade or so. Older techniques, inherited by me, have served their purpose - and to an extent have made possible the present advances, including preparing the way, on the level of mystique, for a dissemination of the 'new'. To be more explicit - an 'aura' was created around the ONA (quite deliberately) by using certain methods, magickal forms, and by publishing certain material. This aura, existing, becomes transformed - and serves a very useful purpose on the acausal level. (In simple terms and on an elementary level, it provides a certain impetus to seek out and try the 'new' techniques, the 'new' way - on the level of individuals.)

Thus, as the new techniques (and hence the new forms deriving from them) become more widely distributed, via books such as Naos, the Deofil Quartet and the Black Book of Satan (these last two due for publication this Winter Solstice) then the methods used hitherto are no longer needed, and are abandoned - they have served their purpose. It is the same with the ONA: once the techniques and the essence are more widely available then 'membership' as such is irrelevant, since everything is available and accessible (and this includes past methods and teachings) - the individual taking responsibility for their own development, their own experiences (both magickal and personal). This is the fundamental point: the responsibility for development ultimately rests with individual desire, just as each individual must make their own assessment of what is valuable and what is 'ethical/just' from their own experience, it being the aim of the techniques of the seven-fold sinister way to provide the character-building, evolutionary, experiences. There is no pre-judgement by me or anyone, no set of rules. The function of the ONA is now to guide, simply because its members have undergone the experiences of the way and can speak from a position of experience - an experience which may or may not be of value to others.

Thus the fundamental difference in our approach. It was

made quite clear to the former Temple of Set Priest you mentioned that each individual is expected to work on the practical level to achieve his or her own magickal development - to actually practice magick, to use magickal and other techniques, rather than just talk about them. This takes quite a number of years, and is a personal effort. Most people cannot be bothered - they want easy solutions - and most people who enquired in the past about the ONA were not prepared to work toward their own self-development. They either wanted someone else to do it for them (be such a someone a 'Master' or an Infernal Manifestation) or would not/could not undertake the life-style change necessary for achieving genuine Adeptship (such as spending three months alone under special conditions). Ultimately, their loss.

I, for one, do not believe there is a 'religious' solution to Adeptship and beyond - a gift, Infernal or otherwise. There is only self-experiencing, in the real and the magickal worlds, and that is it. Wisdom is acquired by the alchemical process of internal change over a period of time: the techniques developed by the ONA may shorten that time from several decades to perhaps a decade or just under, but they do not do away with it, just as those techniques make the possibility of such change available to all.

For this reason, the ONA does not attempt to define what is or is not of the Left Hand Path and what is or is not Satanism (or even what Satan is) - each individual arrives at their own understanding via experience. Occassionally, as I have mentioned, there may be the adoption of an adversarial role in order to attack accepted (or even unconscious) dogmas within the broad spectrum of the LHP movement - but that is as it should be, for individuals questing after knowledge who refuse to meekly believe. Once again, a 'role' is only a role, played out in the quest for understanding.

On the specific point of membership - yes, there is more than one (not that it really matters anymore now that dissemination is being achieved). Not many, it is true, but enough - some only beginning their quests, some more advanced along the way: in this country, in Scandinavia, in the countries of Europe and elsewhere.

Of course, all this may confirm your opinion that the ONA is not 'Satanic' (or 'Setian' - this latter I would agree with). Do you therefore understand 'Satanism' as now the exclusive preserve of the Temple of Set because of the 'Infernal Mandate' you mentioned? If so, this raises rather interesting questions regarding 'Infernal' authority, revelation and such like - questions partly answered by your use of the term religion. What then of Satanic organizations which existed before the revelation: such as (to take an odd example) the Order of Satanic Templars here in England which existed (and was undertaking Initiations) before the establishment of the Church of Satan?(It later became known as the Orthodox Temple of the Prince.) Personally, I see Satanism more as a way of living than as a religion: an attitude to life, and one which is ultimately personal, striving to ever more.

However, as mentioned above, I believe our ultimate goals are the same even though our methods may differ. Of course in this, as in many things, I may be mistaken: I claim no authority, and my creations, profuse as they are, will in the end be accepted or rejected on the basis of whether they work (Satan forbid they should ever become 'dogma' or a matter of 'faith'). I also expect to see them become transformed, by their own metamorphosis and that due to other individuals: changed, extended and probably ultimately transcended, may be even forgotten. They - like the individual I am at the moment - are only a stage, toward something else.

In the interests of sinister fellowship I could arrange for a copy of 'Naos' (and other works as and when they become available) to be sent to you, should you be interested.

Enclosed please find a copy of an article due to appear shortly in the journal 'Balder'. It may make you smile.

Cordially yours,

Stephen Braam

[Editorial Note: In view of the controversy in Occult circles about using 'pseudonyms' and the desire of certain groups to operate 'underground' without media scrutiny - a subject mentioned by Dr. Aquino in his letters and since taken up by a number of others both within and without the LHP - the following observations are in order:

*It has been for many centuries an established principle among LHP Adepts to work in a reclusive manner in 'secret'. The reason for this is basically two-fold: the magickal work is mis-understood by 'outsiders' [and often by such people categorized from their own social/political/religious perspectives] and to try and explain it to non-Initiates was seen as a waste of time; and, secondly, it enabled that work to be undertaken without hindrance from interfering individuals and officials. Without this secrecy, the LHP would not have survived. Today, conditions have changed somewhat, but still not enough in some areas.

* A labyrinth was created to confuse the merely curious and those seeking to disrupt the magickal work and tradition.

* Quite often, LHP Adepts have a 'seperate professional' life (which in some cases is part of their long-term magickal goals) and the 'stigma' of involvement with magick would be detrimental to that. Quite often this seperate life is beneficial to the evolution of the 'Occult' in general as it provides opportunities for dissemination (mostly clandestine).

That some individuals have gone 'public' is fair enough - that is their decision. But those who prefer or need to work 'underground' in order to continue their own reclusive and secret traditions should not be castigated for in many cases they are guardians who can never have a 'public' Occult role. Societies, and the individuals within them, are still structured on the basis of categories and generalizations.]

ONA Strategy and Tactics

The fundamental strategic aim, expressed exoterically, is to aid evolution of the human species by increasing the dark, creative, forces which presence on Earth. Expressed esoterically, the aim is to aid the creation of a 'New Aeon' wherein what is now known as Adept-type consciousness and abilities are the preserve of the majority. This aim is long-term: c.3-5 centuries.

This aim involves keeping opening already existing nexions, and opening new nexions, these nexions effectively drawing forth acausal (or sinister) energies. The energy is then directed to achieve specific goals, or left to disperse and disrupt according to its nature. Exoterically, this aim is 'The Return of the Dark Gods' and the creation of a Satanic Age and a Satanic Empire on Earth.

To achieve this aim, various tactics, or means, are required. Some are:
*Existing power structures and thus societies need to be disrupted and re-shaped, enabling some of them to be used to create a Satanically inspired society or societies.

*The means and techniques of achieving Adeptship, and thus real individual freedom, need to be made known, thus enabling an upturn in genuine Adepts. These Adepts will form an elite, and from this elite influence will be gained and the sinister implemented. Some of this elite may well take or hold or influence various forms of political power in the future when disruption/destabilization occurs on a large scale.

Each of these involves certain specific things. For instance, a Satanically inspired society could well be of a fascist/National Socialist type - i.e. this type of society would achieve or could achieve certain Satanic goals either directly or via the dialectic of change, and thus aid the ultimate goal: a New, Satanic, Aeon. Accordingly, such views and the organizations upholding them would be aided, mostly secretly. Esoterically, the creation of an Imperium by a charismatic individual (Vindex) would be aided both by magickal means and more directly. Vindex would be a nexion for the dark forces. Essentially, NS type politics is considered as, at this moment of aeonic time, aiding the sinister dialectic, and an NS society as one of the first stages in changing evolution toward the sinister on a large scale. One of the primary goals of Imperium must be the conquest of Space. [This assessment arises from Aeonics.]

The disruption of existing forms is necessary, whatever tactics (such as politics) are used to aid the sinister Aeon. Disruption means the destabilization of societies - particularly Western ones, where global power at present resides. On the practical level, this means that the societies must be made the breeding ground for the tactical forms chosen. The peoples must yearn for something - and what they yearn for must be given to them. That is, their instinctive yearning will be controlled, psychically, via sinister Adepts. They will be made ready, psychically and practically, for what power-structures are required. To achieve this, various archetypal energies must be used and directed, and some implanted in the 'collective unconscious' (e.g. by using archetypes - manipulating them - and creating new archetypal forms).

Further, societies must be destabilized on the practical level. This will be achieved in two ways - via using sinister magickal energies, and by aiding practical disruption. The first means an increase in chaotic type energies: sinister random energies which infect susceptible individuals and drive them to do certain things, to disrupt, cause chaos, spread evil and so on. The second means aiding those things which will undermine societies - e.g. drugs, pornography, crime, political unrest, economic misfortune, racial and other social tensions (including religious ones).

Of paramount importance is disrupting those large, influential power structures, the United States of America and the Soviet Union* Without these

* See Addendum at end of MS

structures (both of which are forms of Nazarene/Magian control and influence) the natural, disruptive forces within those States and within the States which are covertly controlled/influenced by them, would re-emerge, making it easier for the strategic goal to be achieved. That is, without these two power structures, contending rival States would emerge both within Europe and world-wide. There would be many wars as long-suppressed conflicts were fought out, just as the naturally strong and aggressive would re-assert themselves by using force. In short, natural forces would take over.

In the case of the Soviet Union, the tactics are to use magickal forces to disrupt - and to encourage those elements which seek the destruction of the Soviet bloc. The former involves directing magickal energies at the power structures and seeding susceptible minds with certain disruptive/chaotic/directed forms: e.g. the performance of rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, with specific aims. [Exoterically, the Dark Gods would be invoked, via Nine Angles type rites, and sent to disrupt/provoke change.] The latter is more restricted, at the time of writing, due to lack of practical influence in that sphere - but three areas to encourage are: 1) The dissemination of Satanic ideas in the countries under Soviet control/influence and in countries where influence can be spread into those countries (e.g. Eastern Europe); 2) The spread of heretical views (e.g. with regard to National Socialism, the Holocaust etc.); 3) Aiding the emergence/influence of Islam to undermine Communist ideology/Nazarene ideals in certain areas.

In the case of America, the tactics are similar - to use magickal forces, and to encourage overt disruption. The former involves directing energies both chaotic and sinister to infect others; spreading Satanic ideas and methods (e.g. by making available rituals and the ideas of Satanism); and undertaking rites appropriate to destabilizing both individuals and the power structures in general. The latter involves supporting various organizations and groups - on both sides of the political spectrum (to enhance disruption/breakdown); spreading subversive and heretical ideas (e.g. National Socialism); and generally trying to break down the society from within - this involves encouraging drugs, crime, and such like (which will provoke not only breakdown, but which will also provoke a reaction, which reaction will become more extreme as the breakdown becomes more extreme, this reaction aiding the emergence of natural forces and instincts). Whatever means are necessary can and should be used - the aim is to cause the American State structure to collapse, creating chaos, from which a reaction will emerge, this reaction being of a certain type - i.e. tending toward authoritarianism, anti-Nazarene in essence. This collapse of American power will free the world, and enable at present suppressed forces to emerge and take control, which forces will be beneficial to the long-term goals. Nowhere will this be more evident than in the 'Middle-East'. A tide of Islamic fundamentalism would bring great changes, enabling a beneficial alliance between the new power structure which should emerge in America.

What applies to both America and the Soviet Union applies to Europe - but America and the Soviet Union have priority at present, at least in terms of magickal energies. That is, the attack occurs on all levels, in Europe, America, the Soviet Union and world-wide (particularly in the Middle-East)*- but if resources are or become stretched for whatever reason or reasons, America and the Soviet Union have priority.

Adepts will immediately understand that even if the strategic aim is not achieved, the disruption/chaos caused in trying to achieve it by some of the tactics mentioned, will be Satanic. All such tactics pay homage to Satan!

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* Note: It should be obvious that the aim in the Middle East is to encourage Islam - this undermines both America and the Soviet Union in the short-term and prepares the ways for future alliances.

Addendum:

Since the MS was written, Soviet power has, in fact collapsed. It would be unwise, at this juncture, to attribute this to magickal and other means - i.e. to see the magickal campaign as being solely responsible. What is clear, however, is that such means played a part - perhaps began the process via a psychic contagion.

This fall now makes the United States of America the prime magickal target insofar as such workings are concerned. Here, there are 'Adepts' of the Nazarene/Magian traditions to contend with.

The means of magickal disruption will continue to be:

- a) Spreading already existing rites (such as in the Black Book) enabling others in that country to invoke/open nexions and so spread the energies those rites re-present (one of the aims of those energies being disruption).
- b) Performing Nine Aegles. rites and directing the energies toward disrupting power structures and directing it toward targetted individuals.
- c) Performing Death rites with the aim of eliminating or harming certain influential individuals.
- d) Spreading existing forms (and creating new ones) which infect the psyche of individuals.
- e) Continue to perform traditional ceremonies and direct their energies toward achieving disruption or aiding those causes/individuals who will assist or aid perhaps without their knowledge the sinister dialectic.
- f) Direct energies into already existing nexions (and create new nexions) to aid/create those tactical forms which aid the emergence of Imperium-like forces.
- g) Loosing undirective/chaotic energies of sinister import.

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Concerning the Temple of Set

The Temple of Set, as both its High Priest and its members admit, understands what they regard as Satanism as a religion. Further, the fundamental basis on which the Temple was founded is the 'Infernal Mandate'. This mandate, it is claimed, was given to Aquino by the Prince of Darkness Himself (in his manifestation as Set) and, it is said, makes the priesthood of that Temple the only one consecrated by the Prince of Darkness - that is, only the Temple of Set is a true representation of Satanism. The Temple sees itself as a sacred guardian - it has a 'sacred duty' because its High Priest has been chosen by the Prince of Darkness.

However, these two things - which so define the Temple of Set - show that it cannot be a genuine Satanic organization. To prove this, we will consider each of these things in turn - first, the question of an 'Infernal Mandate', and then the question of Satanism as a Religion.

Aquino maintains he has a 'sacred duty' because of the mandate, and that this mandate gives him authority to consecrate his Priesthood. Further, he claims that only this Priesthood is truly consecrated to the Prince of Darkness. What this means in practice, is that the Temple of Set has set itself up to be the unique representative of Satanism.

In reality, Aquino claims to have received a Mandate during some magical working and thereby claims authority. A genuine Satanist, on the contrary, has authority by virtue of his or her Wisdom - and has achieved Wisdom by virtue of practical experience. There is no need to claim a 'spiritual' authority given by some 'entity' real or imagined be that entity Satan or Set or whatever. Indeed, to so claim such authority via an entity external to oneself exposes the person who so makes the claim as needing this spiritual crutch because they lack real Wisdom - that is, **they rely on something external to themselves, something external to their own achievements.** Such an individual has to rely on something external because what really matters is missing - what is missing is that which is created by the following of the Black Arts to the ultimate ending. That is, direct practical experience and the mastery and wisdom which are thereby won.

A genuine Satanic Master (or Mistress) does not need to pose - they do not need to claim they have a mandate. The authority of a real Master or Mistress arises from their experience - it is rooted in them by virtue of their character and is evident in their eyes, their attitude and their knowledge. They have a unique, individual character - they do not play a 'role' or claim to be in touch or have been in touch with some supra-personal entity. What they say and teach is based on their own experiences, on their own learning - they have struggled along the Path for many years, and learnt the hard way, via direct experience. They **know** because they have **done**.

Accordingly, anyone who claims and need to rely on a mandate given to them - either by some entity or someone who instructed them - reveals themselves to be a charlatan.

To make this even clearer, I shall be personal for a few sentences. I represent a certain Satanic Order - and in a sense I therefore have some 'authority'. But I have this authority because, in this Order, I have gone further than anyone - I have experienced more, and so learned some things. Perhaps I have gained some Wisdom - I certainly have esoteric knowledge and skills beyond that of most others. What I say and do arises from my experience - it results from years of effort along the Left Hand Path. My authority is because of my character - a character forged via experience. Even though I had been Initiated by a Satanic Mistress who instructed me for a while, my authority does not derive from her - or from Satan. It derives from my own character. Others can learn from me if they wish - they are free to judge what I say or write or create, and learn from it and use it

should they wish. They must assess its worth for themselves. I do not make out what I say or write or do to be anything other than mine - except where it concerns some traditions I learned from my Mistress. But even these are to be judged on their own merits - there is nothing special about them, nothing 'Infernal' in the sense of a mandate attached to them. They have not been 'sanctified' by the Prince of Darkness Himself - they are not 'sacred' truths. In brief, there is nothing of a religious nature attached to me, the authority I have or those teachings I have inherited and substantially added to. I stand on my own merits, and my creations likewise.

The same is true for any genuine Satanist. Why? Because it is in the nature of Satanism. This leads us to the second question: Satanism as a religion.

The whole of Satanism is a defiance against the religious attitude. Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold or try to hold our existence, our being, in thrall - and the most potent form of thralldom has been and still is, religion. Religion emasculates us - whether it be overtly, via a religion, or covertly by a religious attitude such as is evident in political or social zealotry, in conformity to a dogma and an authority.

Satanism, in essence, is an individual defiance - an individual pride, an individual striving, an individual quest for excellence. It is about fulfilling the potential inherent in our existence - and this means finding and fulfilling our unique Destinies. Satanism means self-effort, self-learning, self-experience: it means each individual striving to become like a god; striving to be like **the Prince of Darkness Himself**. The Prince of Darkness does not seek weak, docile followers: He desires Comrades, individuals of strength, of character, full of pride and defiance, overflowing with existence itself (which is expressed in deeds, in creation, in changing, in altering evolution). Of course, He (and all genuine Satanists) use others for Satanic ends - they manipulate. He, as Satanists of character do, has followers - have those who obey. But these are not Satanists - they are tools, used to achieve something, perhaps broken, but mostly discarded when what they have been used for has been achieved. They are the dominated, the slave-majority, while the Satanists are the elite, the masters.

Satanists are never constrained - they learn for themselves, via experience, and so progress toward greater understanding, toward a new existence. It is the aim of Satanism to produce unique individuals possessed of character. Accordingly, a genuine Satanic Master or Mistress or group merely guides others - merely offers advice, based on experience. There are no restrictions, no religious zeal. There is not and cannot be any dogma - any authority which the individual must be subserviant to. There cannot be any form of conformity. If there is - it is not Satanic.

The Temple of Set constrains its members by dogma, by ethics, by making them subserviant to the authority of the priesthood, and to the High Priest himself. It fosters a religious attitude - 'believe! because I/we are empowered by Set/ the Prince of Darkness and so possess his authority'. It restrains - 'do not associate with that person/organization, for they are proscribed'. It breeds a sycophancy, stifling genuine experience and creativity.

Naturally, there are many fine-sounding words and phrases, a great deal of intellectualism, which obscures these brutal truths. The Temple of Set encourages verbiage at the expense of real, dark, sinister experiences. Its members wallow in the illusory world created by words and ideas when they should be alone undergoing formative ordeals. They play at magic(k) and enjoy the glamour of pretending to be 'Satanists' - but they do not go to and beyond the limits of their lives, they do not live life as a succession of ecstasies, they do not go to 'the edge' again and again. Instead, they correspond with one another, meet and talk, meet and talk, do little rituals together or alone, read, and talk and read and write ... And they know they are safe - the Prince of Darkness has been tamed: he is not really 'evil' (as we are not, they say to themselves and mean it). And

they have their 'progress' mapped out for them - awarded to them by the Priesthood in whom they trust and by Aquino, their High Priest. If they please this priesthood, and Aquino, they are rewarded - exalted to the higher grade and can give themselves and call themselves an exalted name: priest, perhaps, or Adept, or maybe even Magister Templi if they have truly been sycophantic enough for long enough...

Meanwhile, the few genuine Satanists get on with their hard tasks - with following the path of Black Magick by their own efforts, by learning for themselves the hard way. They work to achieve a real mastery, of themselves, of magick - making errors, perhaps, but learning, and so growing, so changing and so becoming a changer of evolution itself. For them, there are no restraints, no dogma, no authority. There is only success - or failure. They achieve their own Grades, in their own time, and have the self-honesty and the insight to know if they have really achieved.

One illustration to end with. Consider the path of Satanism as a marathon race. There is a start, and a finish, which we will consider to be Adeptship in this instance. Satanists and would-be Satanists line up at the start. The race begins. The Satanist runs the race, and finishes, by his or her own effort - there is no help, only the will to finish, the hardship of the race itself. It is an individual achievement. But the Temple of Set members are those who run some of the distance, and then find someone running alongside (or perhaps driving along would be more apt) saying "The rules have been changed! By a decree [read by an 'Infernal Mandate']. The marathon is now only 10 miles - so stop and I will award you your certificates [read 'confer Grades']." The Temple of Set members of course believe this person, they do not doubt the Decree - or if they do, they accept it. They stop, and receive their 'rewards' - and believe they have succeeded: they have run a marathon. But in reality, they have deluded only themselves.

To conclude: The Temple of Set is the epitome of what Satanism is not.

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Anton Long ONA

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Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance

Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a 'Special Forces' unit (such as the British SAS). I shall explain why this is so, but first will describe what genuine Adeptship is.

An Adept is an individual who has undertaken an Occult quest and who has, as a result of that quest, the following abilities/attributes:

a) a real understanding of esoteric, Occult matters, and a deep esoteric knowledge/insight; b) esoteric skills - chief of which is empathy: with both natural and 'Occult' forces/energies. An important aspect of this empathy [an intuitive understanding of things as those things are in their essence] is with living beings and that species mis-named Homo Sapiens Sapiens; c) a unique character - formed via experience; d) a unique 'philosophy of life' attained via self-discovery and self-experience - by finding answers unaided.

Adeptship results from a transformation - a transmutation of the individual. This begins at Initiation, whether that be ceremonial or hermetic [i.e. as part of a group or alone]. It is an internal alchemical process of change and occurs on all levels - the psychic, the magickal, the intellectual, the psychological and the physical. It is the birth of a new individual who has skills, knowledge, understanding and judgement not possessed by the majority.

The changes themselves arise from a synthesis - there is an evolution of the individual and their consciousness because of a successful response to a challenge. Or rather, because of a series of such successful responses over a period of some years. In essence, the Initiate undertakes a challenge, strives to achieve a certain goal, and if successful, grows in character, maturity, knowledge, esoteric skill and so on. They then move on to new challenges, until the process is complete and Adeptship attained. The challenges themselves occur on all the levels mentioned above - i.e. the psychic, the magickal (or Occult), the intellectual, the psychological and the physical.

Quintessentially, the path to Adeptship is a quest which involves ordeals, the achievement of goals and so on. Furthermore, the quest is **individual** and involves experiences in the real world: not just 'in the head' or of a 'magickal' nature. By its nature it is solitary - it involves the individual overcoming the challenges, undertaking the ordeals, alone. If certain ordeals and challenges and experiences are not undertaken - and if all of them are not done alone - then there is no real achievement and thus no genuine Adeptship.

The nature of the experiences, challenges and ordeals which are necessary, and the fact that they all must be done alone and unaided, makes Adeptship difficult to attain, and is the reason why real Adepts are rare, although there are many who claim the achievement.

Returning to the example mentioned above - that is, real Adeptship is more difficult to attain than being selected for and successfully training with a Special Forces unit. The selection procedures for such a Unit are tough, and the training likewise. But the individual undergoing them has a definite, concrete goal - and that individual is with others: there is a comradeship, a desire not to 'lose face' in front of others. Also, the individual is in a definite environment - usually a training camp with Instructors and other members of the Unit. There is a 'tradition' with its special signs: a uniform, a beret, an insignia. And everyday concerns - food, shelter etc. - are taken care of.*

In contrast, the goal of Adeptship is mostly intangible: it seems 'magickal' and Occult; part of another world. Further, the Initiate is on their own and still lives, for the most part, in the 'real world' - they have responsibility to clothe and feed themselves (at the very least) and find or have some shelter.

*Except, of course, during training exercises of the survival kind - but these are limited, in time and space, and part of 'the course' which is real and known.

But there is more. The **physical** challenges alone which an aspirant Adept must undertake are, in fact, more difficult, more tough, than those used by any Special Forces unit. They are more testing, more selective. Only the strongest, the most determined, survive them. Add to these physical challenges the many others that are required - intellectual, magickal, psychological and so on - and it is easy to understand why Adepts (or genuine ones at least) are so rare, and why they are part of an elite.

Of course, there are many - in fact, most - who call themselves Occultists of whatever Path or none, who maintain that such things are not required for Adeptship to be achieved. [I shall describe in detail the actual challenges themselves, shortly.]

These Occultists maintain that Adeptship is actually one or more of the following: (a) amassing a great amount of what passes for 'esoteric knowledge' by, for example, reading a lot of books and magazines, and by attending various meetings/discussions/conferences/participating in "Magickal" forays; (b) being given the title 'Adept' by either (i) someone else for services rendered or whatever, or (ii) undertaking a self-written/published "Rite" after which one congratulates oneself and uses the title Adept; (c) achieving an "enlightenment" during some ceremony/working/ritual/discussion/induced stupor/trance/communication with a supra-personal entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence; (d) being "chosen" by someone/some entity/some extra-terrestrial intelligence; (e) hanging around the Occult scene for so long that one feels entitled to call oneself an Adept.

All of these are merely delusions of attainment. I do not expect this article to shatter the delusions and illusions of the deluded - for they need them - and the false Adepts will continue to fantasize about their achievement just as many individuals will continue to fantasize about belonging to or having belonged to, various Special Forces units. What this article will do, is to present the real meaning and significance of Adeptship in a way which is not open to mis-interpretation: to reveal, for once and for all, the illusions of Occultists for what they are, and thus what is really necessary for genuine Adeptship.

Among the challenges an Adept has successfully undertaken, are the following:

- 1) Several physical (and mental) goals of which the minimum standards are (a) walking 32 miles carrying a pack weighing not less than 30lbs in under 7 hours over difficult hilly terrain; (b) running 20 miles in less than 2½ hours over fell-like/mountainous terrain; (c) cycling not less than 200 miles in 12 hours.
- 2) Having organized and run for not less than six months, a magickal/Occult group/coven/Temple of not less than seven people and performed ceremonial and hermetic rituals regularly.
- 3) Having found and loved (and probably lost) at least one 'magickal companion' and worked with them in a magickal and personal way over a period of many months.
- 4) Having attained an understanding and mastery of esoteric magick - external and internal - via practical workings over a concentrated period of time lasting at least two years. And, following this, have begun to understand what is beyond external and internal magick - i.e. Aeonick magick and processes.
- 5) Having experienced in real-life situations, danger involving one's possible death.
- 6) Having faced many and severe dilemmas of a personal and 'moral' nature the resolution of which required a choice and which consequently brought a maturity of outlook and a sadness.
- 7) Having spent at least three months living totally alone in an isolated area without talking to anyone and without any modern comforts and distractions.
- 8) Having developed one's intellect by mastering a complex and abstract subject hitherto foreign to one: e.g. advanced mathematics, The Star Game; symbolic Logic.

Show me someone who has not done the above (or very similar things) alone and who claims to be an Adept, and I will show you a liar - be that liar aware of the lie, or unaware of it. For too long, the intentional and unintentional liars have had no one to challenge them - and their characterless version of 'Adeptship' or 'Adepthood'.

All the challenges enumerated above breed character. They are formative; they create the Adept. And those mentioned are only some of the challenges an Initiate must successfully experience and triumph over - there are many more.

There is no easy way, no easy path, to Adeptship. The journey takes years, and involves self-effort, self-discovery, unaided. It involves triumphs, and mistakes - and learning from one's mistakes. But perhaps most of all it involves a commitment and a learning from practical experience.

However, it should be remembered that Adeptship is not the end of the quest. There are stages beyond, which require even more difficult and dangerous experiences - which need even more self-honesty. For, conventionally, Adeptship is only half-way between Initiation and the ultimate goal, sometimes described as the gateway to immortality.

As with Adeptship, there are many who claim to have been to the stages beyond Adeptship - who claim to be 'Masters' or Grand Masters, or even the stage beyond! Like most 'Adepts', these are liars, both intentional and unintentional, and they will be exposed in another iconoclastic article.

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Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance

Mastery is one of the names given to the achievement, by an individual, of one of the advanced stages of the Occult way or path. In the septenary tradition - which some regard as the authentic Western tradition in contradistinction to the Hebrew 'Qabalah' - this stage is the fifth of the seven that mark the quest, and those who reach it are often known by the titles Master of Temple or Mistress of Earth.

It follows from the stage of Internal Adept, which is the stage of Adeptship [qv. the MSS 'Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance]. Between the two, lies an area often called 'The Abyss'. Basically, an Internal Adept [or simply 'Adept' for short: an 'Internal' Adept is distinguished from an 'External' Adept by virtue of the former having achieved an internal, as well as an external insight/understanding and a skill in both internal and external magick] has discovered the nature of their unique Destiny in the real world. That is, they are aware of personal wyrd. Before they can venture into and beyond the Abyss, this Destiny has to be strived for - the Adept has to make real, in the real world, this dream of Destiny.

For every Adept, the Destiny is unique. But for all it means an interaction with the real world - in effect transforming their inner vision and energies in a practical way and so in some way (often quite significant) changing the real world. All Adepts effect changes in others. Some do this in a directly magickal way - for instance, by running a Temple/group and teaching esoteric traditions. Some do it via creativity - for instance, music, Art, writing. Some do it via direct action which appears to non-Initiates as divorced from Occultism - for instance, politics or business. Some combine elements of all of these. There are many other ways. What is important is that the Adept is using their skills and abilities, derived from achieving Adeptship, in a practical way - their life has a vitality, a purpose, a dynamism which is beyond that of most others.

While this is occurring, the Adept is learning and evolving further. For some Adepts, the majority in fact, this interaction, this striving for a Destiny, is totally satisfying. In effect, their wyrd is this Destiny. [Note: wyrd and Destiny are not identical. Wyrd is beyond, but includes personal Destiny. The 'Tree of Wyrd' comprises all the seven spheres or stages of the Occult quest.] In esoteric terms, they possess no desire to progress further; and usually their desire to follow the Occult path to its ending fades, slowly, and then is lost in everyday and personal concerns. Their quest has been a phase of their lives - a rewarding one, but nevertheless a phase, which they mostly consider they have 'outgrown'.

However, some Adepts see and understand this Destiny in a different way. Or, rather, they feel it differently after a number of years of striving. They gradually become aware of what is beyond, in esoteric terms: they understand this Destiny as a part of their wyrd, and that wyrd as the 'dialectic of change'. In essence, they understand in a real, complete way [i.e. not just 'in theory'] what Aeonick magick is - of how their life and deeds are part of an Aeonick imperative.

Of course, all Adepts - if they are genuine - understand the rudiments of Aeonick theory. But this is a purely intellectual, abstract, understanding. It is cerebral, devoid of numinosity. Further, most Adepts are aware of the rudiments of Aeonick magick - but, once again, this awareness is cerebral. What occurs in some Adepts is that by the very process of striving to achieve a personal Destiny in the real world, they gradually come to understand what Aeonics really means, in personal and supra-personal terms: **they experience Aeonick magick via their striving**. This makes it real to them in a meaningful way - cerebral understanding is mostly a vacuous understanding.

In essence, therefore, the esoteric understanding of these Adepts grows in the only way real esoteric understanding does - via practical experience of the realities. They acquire more insight into the world, the cosmos and themselves. On the psychic level, the energy which imbued their personal Destiny, which gave them the vitality, the "elan" to pursue it, wanes. They begin to seek after something else - they desire what seems to be an intangible wyrd.

Thus, they move toward 'The Abyss' after some years of striving in the real world, of garnishing experiences, of learning from them. In effect, the self-image, which Adeptship created, is waning. [Note: Initiation creates an 'ego-image'; an External Adept has both an ego-image and the beginnings of a self-image. An Internal Adept has achieved a self-image: a certain unity of conscious and unconscious/pre-conscious forms. This self-image is vitalized by a Destiny.]

For a period, the Adept lies between two-images: the self-image which has almost died, and an intangible but tantalizing wyrd-image. This is often a most difficult time in the personal life of the Adept. There is nothing and no one to help them.

Gradually, they may achieve more understanding and come to understand the real essence hidden behind appearance: in themselves, others, the structures of the world, the cosmos itself. They will also come to realize what is missing from their own life - in terms of experience. Accordingly, they will redress the balance by living to attain what they lacked, to fully complete themselves. This, of course, is difficult, requiring as it does not only a genuine self-honesty and awareness, but also a real understanding of what the balance itself actually is. Here, 'theory', book-learning and such like is no use.

Then, when some balance is achieved, there will be a discovery of the essence of not only Aeonick Magick but also what the essence of magickal forces really are. A discovery of that which is beyond opposites - a return to and a going away from, primal Chaos.

Following all this, there is usually an ordeal which is magickally ruthless - which ascertains if the person undertaking it has actually achieved both an internal and a magickal mastery. In the septenary tradition, this ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress which involves the candidate walking, alone and unaided and carrying all food etc., a distance of 80 miles in isolated terrain, starting at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day. After reaching the target distance, a magickal ritual is performed which is psychically dangerous.

Then, there is a certain satisfaction of having achieved the stage of Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

Naturally, the above is only a brief outline of the transition from Adept to Master or Mistress. The salient points are that it involves many years of striving for something in the real world, of causing changes via a Destiny; that there are and must be more experiences to take the individual far beyond 'the self'; and that there is a real understanding of what lies beyond external and internal magick - of the patterns and processes of dialectic change, of evolution itself: in brief, of Aeonics. And a real Mastery of forms.

To provoke or cause the individual to go beyond 'the self', the experiences of necessity are hard. By their nature they take the Adept to and beyond the limits of living - mostly in a way more extreme than those which form the character of an Adept and which therefore a novice may undertake to experience and learn from and so grow.

Because of all this, the Adept who progresses to the stage beyond possesses real wisdom. They have achieved many things. They are different from ordinary mortals - inside, where it matters. They know because they have experienced: because they have seen more of life; because they have been to the limits of themselves and gone beyond what they were. And because they have maintained their resolve to follow the Occult path they have chosen to its ending.

In effect, they belong to a new race - they are part of an elite more exclusive than that to which Adepts belong. They have developed a significant part of their latent potential; have fully understood themselves, the world, the people in it, the esoteric or hidden forces in the world, and the cosmos itself.

This does not mean that they are infallible or that they have nothing more to learn. Neither are they deceived by their own abilities and understanding. They are, however, aware of what it is they must do, conversant with their own abilities and the dialectic of change. That is, they know how to use Aeonick Magick to affect evolution - and do so, for their own life is a part of the creative change necessary.

Most who claim to be a 'Master' (or 'Mistress') are charlatans. As with the false Adepts, they appoint themselves to this title, or are appointed to it by someone who claims to have progressed even further. They have not achieved it. They have not achieved anything significant in creative terms; have little or no self-understanding; possess no real knowledge of Aeonics and Aeonick Magick. They have not lived their limits - and gone beyond them. They have no 'genius', no wisdom. They are still full of self-delusion, particularly about their esoteric knowledge and their own abilities, and have no real insight into others, let alone themselves. In fact, many who claim to be 'Masters' lack even the basic qualities of an Adept.

The same applies - even more so - to they who claim to have gone beyond the stage of Mastery, and I shall explain why in words which will expose them for the frauds that they are.

The stage beyond that of Master - often signified by the title Grand Master - requires for its achievement significant Aeonick works. That is, it requires the person to have produced profound changes in the causal and magickal forms which mark a particular Aeon: or to have actually presented esoteric/magickal energies in such a way that a new Aeon is created. This does not mean that someone believes they have done these things - 'on the magickal level'. It means that the structure of evolution has been significantly altered in accord with the wyrd of that Grand Master/Mistress: and in such a way that the changes are perceptible, in real life, in those forms and structures which Aeonick energy is presented in the causal, such as societies.

This does not mean a playing at magick by heading some self-created Occult organization or Temple - or writing/talking at great length about Occult matters. Neither does it mean that one assumes the title by taking over some already existing organization or group. It most certainly does not mean someone else awards it or confers it.

Further, it means one has not only reached the limits of present knowledge regarding Aeonics and other esoteric matters [and knowledge in the sense of practical experience] but has also extended those limits by one's own creativity - taken conscious evolution further. That is, added in a profound way to a conscious understanding and to the means for others to attain such understanding. This in itself does not mean anything 'dogmatic' or of a religious nature - or 'given to one' by some entity/supra-personal intelligence or whatever. It is never 'revelatory' in the sense of a religion. That is, it does not mean one is "appointed" by some entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence or whatever and so "heads" some sort of messianic crusade of a religious nature.

The frauds indulge in pseudo-mystical babble and Occult histrionics - they expect and mostly demand obedience. They play a "role" and often dress the part. Of course, by doing these and similar things they obtain followers, sycophants - i.e. weak individuals who need to fawn and obey. All the frauds rely on something external to themselves, be this something a "role", a mandate, a divine/diabolic revelation, an imagined/real lineage, an organizational authority, a messianic/diabolic/extra-terrestrial commission or whatever.

In reality, all these traits and actions are signs of someone not yet achieved Adeptship - someone striving for self-insight.

A real Grand Master (or Mistress) has a wealth of practical experience both Occult and 'in the real world'. They have genius - a highly developed intellect

and a creativity. They possess empathy in the highest degree. They have judgement. They possess a critical awareness and understanding of all those factors and forms which have and do shape and change our evolution both conscious and unconscious from individuals to Aeons. And they are unique - 'their own person'. They owe allegiance to no one and they are not constrained by any affectation or role (such as conforming to the imagined image of a Master or Grand Master or 'teacher'). Like genuine Masters and Mistresses, they are spontaneous and human, without affectation of 'knowledge' or 'cleverness'. Neither do they pretend to be 'venerable'.

There are perhaps two or three genuine Grand Masters/Mistresses a century - and that is all. And this is unlikely to change, given the present capacity of individuals to delude themselves and given the fact that few are prepared to undertake the really hard and difficult struggle that lasts for at least a quarter of a century and which creates such a unique entity.

As regards the last stage of the Occult way, which the septenary tradition describes by the term Immortal and which the distorted and inauthentic tradition of the 'Qabalah' describes as the stage of the "Ipssisimus" [and I had to look-up how to spell the word], this really is not obtainable except in the last few years of the causal existence of a Grand Master/Mistress who has created for themselves an acausal and thus Immortal existence. Thus, anyone claiming this title in the causal or mortal world is, 'ipso facto', a fraud - and one who has little or no knowledge of **real** esoteric matters. Those who so claim, show themselves up to be not even a genuine Master or Mistress - and seldom, if ever, even an Adept.

As Aeschylus once explained - *πάθει μάθος*; one can learn through adversity/suffering as so achieve wisdom. Before this 'law', people suffered, but did not learn. Most Occultists have never suffered, and so learn nothing; they eschew ordeals, and real life experiences, in favour of mystical meanderings and a religious mentality. Or they find comfort, an escape in the Occult.

A real Occult quest involves adversity - undertaking hardships, surmounting real physical, mental and psychic challenges; forging into the unknown, alone. Questing through adversity to transform one's existence.

It takes years of self-effort and adversity, of accepting challenges and triumphing, to achieve real self-insight and genuine esoteric understanding, and thus to become an Adept. It takes even greater effort and adversity and learning to go beyond that.

Real wisdom is still, unfortunately, a precious commodity. The esoteric path to Wisdom is open to all - its techniques and methods **work**. But such is the primitive self-awareness of most people that they cannot appreciate this or be bothered to undertake a real quest in search of the next stage of existence. So the Occult babbling will continue, and the frauds claim their titles. De nihilo nihil fit.

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Arthurian Legend - According to the Secret Sinister
Tradition

There is a secret oral tradition regarding the person known as "King Arthur" which deserves recording. According to this tradition:

- 1) Arthur was a 'Romano-British' chieftan.
- 2) His wife was called Gonnore, and her father was a chieftan whose base was the fortified site now known as 'old Oswestry'.
- 3) Arthur's base - and thus "Camelot" - was the city of Viroconium (present-day Wroxeter in Shropshire).

This city was the capital of a prosperous and powerful war-lord and British chieftan Vortigern (c. 450 ev). It was also associated with the war-lord Ambrosius, who was of Roman descent.

Arthur maintained a continuity and a certain style of life - 'Romano-British'. He followed in the tradition of Vortigern and Ambrosius, being a powerful chieftan whose rule extended far. He flourished after Ambrosius - c.500 ev.

- 4) Arthur and his people were **pagans**. Their beliefs were indigenous ones, connected with gods and goddesses.
- 5) Arthur fought many battles to secure his Kingdom from rivals. **Some** of his battles were with invading tribes - but for the most part, these new tribes settled peacefully into what is now England. There was more assimilation than there was conquest. [The idea of 'barbarous hordes' ruthlessly invading is a myth - created by later generations and part of a Nazarene indoctrination campaign.]
- 6) One of his relatives - known under the later name of 'Modred' - sided with some of his enemies (i.e. rival chieftans) and Arthur fought against him in a battle in which he was badly wounded.

The site of this battle was near the Camlad River and the modern Shropshire hamlet of Wotherton.

Arthur returned to his stronghold via a lake called now 'Marton Pool', near Worthen (SW of Shrewsbury). At the time, this lake had an island - a mound containing a grove of trees. The place was regarded as sacred, and the waters were reputed to have healing powers. The island was an abode of a goddess, and a Priestess lived there. This was the 'Lady of the Lake'. This mound still exists, although today it is not surrounded by water, as the Lake has shrunk to become a Pool.

- 7) The 'Merlin' of legend was actually a pagan wise-man who was adviser to Arthur. The abode of this person was the area around the west of the Long Mynd.
- 8) After his final battle, Arthur returned mortally wounded to his city, where he was buried. Some time later, the city was peacefully evacuated, as it had become undefencable. A new stronghold was founded on a mound between a loop of the river Severn, and Arthur was re-buried here. This mound served as one of the seats of the Kings of Powys - much later a town grew up around it called Scrobbsbyrig. The town was later called Shrewsbury.

One early name for this mound was said to be the 'hill of the Alders'

A Nazarene Church now stands near the site of Arthur's tomb.

- 9) Arthur's "clan-symbol" was a Dragon.

Satanism - Or Living On The Edge

Genuine Satanists are at the sharp end: they **act**. They strive for and implement their personal Destiny and they work for the fulfilment of sinister strategy. That is, by their lives, by their ways of living, they actively aid the creative forces of Darkness. Or, expressed another way, they do the work of the Prince of Darkness.

In contrast, the dabblers, the psueds, keep themselves secure in their imaginary and fantasy 'Satanic' worlds - with correspondence, meetings, conclaves, discussions; with performing and writing/reading about worthless Occult rites; with their babbling about their psuedo-mystical fantasies.

A Satanist will be living Satanically - and will therefore be dangerous, in the real world. They will do Satanic deeds rather than just talk or write about them. He or she will be, for instance, disrupting society in a practical way, or working to actively create a new, revolutionary society which is more Satanic. They might be real heretics - fighting against the State either politically or via armed warfare if that State (as most Western ones do) upholds the Nazarene sickness of spirit (evident in modern political ideas like 'liberalism' and 'humanism' and 'equality': the triumph of the worthless at the expense of the noble). Or perhaps they will be aiding the collapse of such a State, and fostering a reaction, by morally undermining it, for example by dealing in drugs or pornography. Or maybe they will be teachers in influential positions, subverting others in secret towards Satanism or those transient forms Satanism often assumes to gain control and influence. Or they might be actively culling the worthless, the scum - by being a vigilante, or a zealous, honourable Police Officer ...

Whatever, they will have a direction, a purpose, an intent which goes beyond the edification of their own ego. They will be working to achieve something great by virtue of which they can excel in their own lives and thus really live to the full. They will be developing and using their potential, their skills - and thus exulting in life, in overcoming challenges. They will be contributing toward their own evolution and that of existence itself because they are harnessing in a practical way the darker forces.

This direction, purpose and intent is Satanic strategy, or Aeonics. A rational and thus conscious understanding of those forces which shape and change evolution and the forms assumed by sentient life from individuals to societies to civilizations and Aeons.

It is this sinister or Satanic strategy which makes genuine Satanism what it is, and it is knowledge and understanding of this strategy which marks the genuine Satanic Initiate from the imitation.

A Satanist not only acts in a certain way - achieving things in real life - but they **know what they are doing**; they possess **perspective**. An Initiated knowledge. This 'knowledge' is not primarily of the psuedo-mystical kind, to do with rituals or other Occult workings/techniques. Rather, it is primarily concerned with how and why certain things are as they are, and how those things can be altered or changed. In essence, it is about how cosmic forces interact with and change/evolve life - about the mechanisms by which Aeons, civilizations, societies and ultimately individuals grow, are or can be influenced and changed.

In the past few decades, many professedly Satanic organizations have arisen, and some have propounded various aspects of the genuine Satanic world-view. But almost without exception they have shown themselves to be lacking in real esoteric knowledge - i.e. Aeonics. Quite often, someone from one of these organizations will 'sound-off' and reveal their ignorance, particularly concerning the actions of real Satanists in the real world. For instance, it has become fashionable in these psuedo-Satanic circles to castigate individual Satanists, or a Satanic group, if that individual or group becomes

involved in Politics - particularly if those Politics are on what is often termed the 'extreme Right'. What the ignorant writers and/or speakers in question have not understood, is that such political action is chosen Satanically - to achieve things, both for the individual(s) concerned and for Satanism in general. That is, those who are so involved are so because they are consciously and with ruthless determination aiding the sinister dialectic: i.e. Satanic strategy. They are living on the edge - causing and aiding change/disruption in real life.

The ignorance of the psuedo-Satanists is revealed in another area - ethics. There is not and cannot be any such thing as Satanic ethics. What there are, are means to achieve Satanic goals and the means are a matter for the individual Satanist striving to achieve those goals. That is, it is for each and every Satanist to decide, for themselves, what is or is not acceptable. This is so because Satanism, in essence, is individual - it is not nor can ever be, religious in any way. Those who believe Satanism is or should be religious, do not understand Satanism at all.

As I have written and said many times, Satanism is an individualized defiance and affirmation: one of the fundamental aims of Satanism is to produce or develop proud, strong, unique, individuals of character who possess 'spirit' or 'elan', and who possess insight and genuine esoteric knowledge. The aim is not to develop subserviant, obedient, sychophants who cannot think for themselves. Satanism aims to develop the instinct and judgement of each person - and Satanists are critical, aware and capable of assessing things and situations for themselves. Or rather, they will be, after appropriate training/guidance. I make no apology for repeating yet again the statement that the religious attitude is anathema to Satanism: Satanism is a rebellion against the religious, dogmatic, instinct.

Satanism shuns obedience to a self-appointed authority; it despises the very idea of a religious 'mandate' and it does not idolize anything - not even the individual Satanists of distinction. Satanism is at the very edge, the frontier, of conscious understanding and knowledge and Satanists are the ones who try and often succeed in extending that frontier - in bringing more of the cosmos into conscious awareness and thus **control**. They dare, defy, are heretical, possess the courage to dream and make their dreams of Destiny real.

Because they know themselves, others and the esoteric workings of existence, they are in control, masters. They effect change. And they acquire all these things because they possess perspective, a perspective whose foundation is Aeonics.

What, then, is Aeonics? It is an esoteric understanding, and an understanding which in these times of overt and covert Nazarene domination is heretical. It is a knowledge of the processes by which Aeons arise, change and are replaced by another Aeon, and how the creative energies of a particular Aeon are made manifest via a civilization and thus the societies within that civilization and the individuals within those societies. It is also a knowledge of how all these various **forms** (or causal structures) can be changed - by esoteric or magickal means, and by more practical means.

On the purely individual level, Aeonics shows and describes how the psyche/consciousness of the individual is influenced, both directly and unconsciously, and how that individual can be changed or controlled. One form of such change is esoteric development - i.e. the techniques and so on, magickal and otherwise, by which the individual can achieve Adeptship and beyond. One form of such control is via archetypal images.

In simple terms, an Aeon is an expression of evolutionary change. In esoteric terms, it expresses how the acausal intrudes upon, and thus changes, the causal. For convenience, the causal may be described, here, as the 'everyday' world - the world of linear time (past, present, future) and three spatial dimensions (height, breadth, width); the world wherein we live out our lives. The acausal may be described, again simply and for convenience here, as the creative energy that drives evolution - i.e. Satan.

A civilization - or more accurately, an Aeonic civilization - is how Aeonics

energy, or the acausal, is ordered in the causal - i.e. an Aeonic civilization is how change is produced in the causal. Within each such civilization there are societies, and within each society, individuals. All civilizations, Aeons and individuals are examples of organisms - they are born, change and they die (in the causal, at least). These varying organisms are born, change and end in certain ways, and these processes can be studied and thus understood. This understanding gives the means of control.

Aeonic civilizations are regarded as being tied to, or part of, a particular Aeon, and each Aeon represents a change in our evolutionary development. Thus, each Aeonic civilization represents a significant step in that development: the invention, discovery of significant things, and the development of a greater understanding - of ourselves and the cosmos.

The first Aeon is called the Primal and is dated from around 9,000 to 7,000 BP [where 'BP' represents Before the Present: i.e. c. 1990 eh]. Each Aeon, for classification, has a name and is associated with a specific geographical area, a symbol and a 'magickal working' - or how the acausal energy was perceived/understood then. All Aeons, except the Primal one, are linked to a named civilization. Further, each Aeonic civilization possesses an ethos or sense of Destiny. Aeons and their associated civilizations are listed below.

Of course, there are other civilizations - but Aeonic ones are the most significant ones because they produce significant evolutionary change by virtue of being a nexion, or nexus, for acausal energy - i.e. one may consider them, in magickal terms, as giving form directly via their structures and peoples, to acausal energy. Other civilizations are linked to or derive from, these Aeonic civilizations and while they may have in some way contributed to some evolutionary change (e.g. in terms of invention/discovery) that contribution is much less than for Aeonic civilizations.

Aeon	Magickal Working	Aeonic Civilization	Aeonic Dates
Primal	Shamanism	--	9,000 - 7,000 BP
Hyberborean	Henges	Albion	7,000 - 5,500 BP
Sumerian	Trance;Sacrifice	Sumerian/Egyptiac	5,000 - 3,500 BP
Hellenic	Oracle;Dance	Hellenic	3,000 - 1,500 BP
Western	Ritual	Western	1,000BP - 500 AP

It should be obvious that the esoteric 'symbol' of the Western Aeon is "Satan" - i.e. Nazarene religion/ethics/forms are a distortion of the Western Aeon. The exoteric expression of the Western civilization is Science & Technology: the desire to rationally discover and to exercise control over the environment via technology.

All Aeonic civilizations end in Empire, and this Empire or Imperium lasts for around 390 years. The ethos of an Aeonic civilization is mostly manifest to (non-Initiate)consciousness via archetypes and a Destiny. These archetypes and this Destiny are different for each Aeonic civilization. The Destiny is often enshrined in a literary/poetic/saga-like form, and this form, for nearly all such civilizations is of the 'hero-motif' type: the successful response of a hero or heroes to a challenge or series of challenges. For instance, the Hellenic form was Homer's Iliad and Virgil's Aeneid.

The present Western civilization is at the stage where it should be entering its Imperium (c. 1995-2385 eh). However, the natural archetypes of the Western civilization have been mostly transplanted by alien Nazarene ones - and its sense of Destiny almost lost due to Nazarene ethics and social forms.

As each Aeonic civilization enters its Imperium, the energies of the next Aeon are or can become manifest, via a nexion or 'Gate' (or "sacred site") which channels acausal energy into causal forms. The next Aeonic civilization follows after three to four centuries - i.e. it takes that length of time for the Aeonic energies to effect large-scale changes in the acausal. Or rather, it has, until now.

This brief and simplified description of Aeonics allows sinister strategy to be understood. Aeonics describes what has and is occurring in those forces that do mould and have moulded individuals still in thrall - i.e. non-Initiates. The knowledge gains brings a genuine understanding, a perspective. It enables effective sinister magick - it enables the Satanist to act, in the real world, and produce effective changes. To really live - to play at being god: i.e. to be like Satan.

It is a fact that most magickal acts are useless - they achieve nothing, except perhaps self-delusion. (Some may achieve a few, external, results edifying to the ego.) And they are useless because few really understand what they are doing. They evoke long dead 'magickal' forms from past Aeonic civilizations - or rather try to; they prat about with archetypal energies they do not understand. They confuse the forms and try to use some from one Aeon and some from another. Or they try and create their own. Or they are fundamentally so esoterically ignorant that they are infused with psuedo-mystical garbage and fanciful 'aeons' and extra-terrestrial beings and/or diabolic entities from obscure and worthless mythologies.

The Satanist, having access to the real esoteric tradition, can work effective magick, both personally and Aeonically.

Personally, it means working with the energies/magickal forms of the present Aeon as those energies/forms are. It means eschewing the distortion which has so affected the Aeon and its civilization. One aspect of this distortion is the 'Qabala'. Thus, any "Satanist" who uses any of the forms or symbols or whatever of or deriving from this Qabala is aiding the distortion and thus in effect undermining Satanic energies/values. That most "Satanists" cannot see this, just shows their lack of real esoteric understanding - i.e. their lack of a genuine Satanic Initiation.

One magickal form of the genuine Western tradition, is the septenary. Another is the understanding as 'Baphomet' as one name of the dark goddess - the Bride, Lover of Satan. Yet another is the knowledge of the real origins of both the word and the form of 'Satan' - from the Hellenic, to which the Western Aeonic civilization was loosely affiliated in its origins and growth, and from which certain esoteric traditions survived. [The derivation of the word 'Satan' is from the Greek $\alpha\tau\tau\acute{\iota}\alpha$ meaning 'accusation'. It became the Hebrew Satan, whence also (Sh)aitian.]

On the Aeonic level, the esoteric knowledge of Aeonics means the Satanist can judge what to do, and act both in the magickal and the practical sense.

Aeonics shows that there has been and is a distortion in the Western energies, and that, given no distortion, the Destiny of the Western civilization was Empire - i.e. the triumph of 'Satanic' values on a world-wide basis for the benefit of an elite within the Western civilization. Aeonics also shows that it is possible at this moment in time to create a nexion and thus draw forth the energies of the next Aeon - to effectively create the next Aeonic civilization.

Thus, effective courses of action are: (a) aiding the creation of an Imperium; (b) countering the distortion in order to introduce new forms/energies; (c) opening a nexion and thus aiding/creating a new Aeon, consciously [Heretofore, most Aeons have not been created via magickal intent because the knowledge to do so was lacking.].

All of the above mean changing evolution - societies and individuals - on a significant scale. (a) involves disrupting present societies magickally and practically and aiding Imperium-like forces; (b) involves countering the Nazarene forms and those allied to it, and creating new forms and presencing them via individuals/groups/society etc. All involve aiding Satanic forces - e.g. spreading Satanic ideas esoterically and exoterically; aiming to become/guiding others to become Adepts of Satanic traditions. All involve action in the world.

There is much more to Aeonics, and esoteric tradition, than this. But sufficient has been described for the real essence of Satanic living to be understood.

A Satanist has a desire to excel - to effect changes; to be significant. They are not content to just live, to just survive. The perspective of Aeonics provides an intent, a purpose, by which they can achieve not only self-excellence but also change existence - fulfil or aid the sinister dialectic. They can help to build an Imperium, where Satanic values can be realized and where combat, war, conquest and exploration can make strong and extend the frontiers, take evolution to its limits. They can ruthlessly undermine and destroy and so aid a change. They can work works of genuine sinister magick and so influence others, create new structures and archetypal forms, and kill and then dismember the corpse of the Nazarene, exultant, as they revel in their mastery... They can, in brief, fulfil a real Destiny.

Meanwhile, the psuedo-Satanists can continue playing their pathetic games and fawning on one another, achieving nothing in the long-term and probably nothing in the short-term either. They can continue imbibing the the drug of delusion, and so waste their life.

Everyone has a choice - only the gifted choose wisely.

ONA 1991eh

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PO Box 235-
Shrewsbury
Shropshire
England

4th November 103 yf

Dear Mr Bolton,

Thank you for the copy of the letter to the Finnish 'Setian' which was most interesting.

Enclosed herewith some further material and MSS for Review and publication, should you be interested in publishing the MSS. The two sets of essays - "NS Essays" and "Physis - Essays in Praise of NS" are now available from Rigel Press at the address above, and not from the Thormynd address. They are £1 (or US\$5 cash including Air Mail) each.

In your letter, you made mention of 'generational Satanists' and their contempt for Setians because of the Setian philosophy being 'divorced from Nature'. 'Traditional Satanists' feel the same way - the Temple of Set, like the Church of Satan, seems to be a collection of urbanized individuals who enjoy playing the intellectual (or rather, pseudo-intellectual) game of Setianism. For the most part, they have lost contact with the primal both within themselves and in Nature - they need the comforts and safety of urbanized society, although some of them may occasionally play "survival" games after which they return to the comforts of their home, their family, their friends, their 'Satanic' circles and pylons. They are rather like the individuals Adolf Hitler encountered in the early years of the NSDAP who dressed up in ancient Germanic costumes but who did not have the guts to face or fight real enemies, on the streets. [There is a lovely quote in 'Mein Kampf' about this, which you might be familiar with.]

Basically, such people are soft - inside, where it matters. As one of the enclosed MSS explains; "Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a 'Special Forces' unit (such as the British SAS)." In traditional Satanism, the novice has to undergo real ordeals which test their strength of character - overcome difficult physical challenges. They are expected to live Satanically in the real-world (by, for example, fighting for an "extreme Right-Wing" organization or being a vigilante), as they must, if they wish to become Adepts, spend at least three months surviving in the wild, completely alone and without any of the comforts of urbanized living. The ordeals, the living Satanically, enable them to experience the primal within themselves; while the living in the wild of course forces them to experience primal Nature, and what is really hidden in themselves. From all these comes a learning, and a real Satanic character. Or, as I have written many times, failure.

The ONA makes no concessions. The novice either undertakes the tasks, the ordeals, and methods, and succeeds; or they do not, and cannot be considered a traditional Satanist: they are failures. They have not been selected and therefore cannot be (traditional) Satanic Adepts.

In my own life, I have done all what is expected of a novice, and much more. I struggled to and beyond Adeptship, and I know there is no easy way for real achievement. For essentially, the essence of Satanism lies in the striving, the achievement, and then a moving-on to new challenges and achievements with a genuine esoteric understanding which enables perspective: i.e. the implementation of the sinister dialectic. Satanism has other facets, of course - the ceremonial, the 'esoteric knowledge of magick', the philosophy and so on. But these are really incidentals - they are not the essence.

What organizations like the Temple of Set have done, is to take some of these incidentals (and/or distorted versions of them) and set these up as 'Satanism': and they have been believed! They have duped others. They have attempted to re-make Satanism in their own image - and the result is a spineless affected psued or the cowardly ill-disciplined self-professed

"magickian".

For a number of reasons, it has been necessary to increasingly attack the psuedo-Satanic organizations and to explain in greater detail the secret teachings of traditional Satanism (e.g. relating to culling). One reason, is the appalling level of reasoning and genuine understanding shown within 'the Occult' - a lamentable comment on the ability of people to delude themselves. Another reason, is that it is clear the distortion which so affects the Faustian civilization, has affected the Left Hand Path in general and Satanism in particular. In practical and magickal terms, the Church of Satan was an infiltration of Satanism by the distortion - i.e. by the spirit of the Nazarene and those forms derived from the Nazarene (in terms of ethics, politics and so on). The Temple of Set has simply continued this distortion - affecting a few minor changes in structure and attitude, and that is all. Of course, not very many will understand what I have just written regarding the distortion, and even fewer will comprehend the Church of Satan as belonging to the same world as the Nazarene.

On one level it is an attitude to existence. The Church of Satan took some of the trappings of Satanism - which, in its genuine form, is a contradiction 'par excellence' of the distortion expressed by the Nazarene - but it gave them a spirit which was entirely alien to genuine Satanism. It took, for instance, the carnal philosophy and the morality of the strong, as well as some of the magickal symbols/forms of the Left Hand Path. But a real Satanic intent was never within those forms; there was no real Satanic knowledge, no esoteric knowledge or perspective. All the forms did was encourage a self-stupefaction, a glorification of a puny ego, and a living-in a psuedo-magickal fantasy world with 'Satanic' rituals and conclaves and 'grottoes'. In short, all the Church of Satan and its version of 'Satanism' did was encourage personal weakness, fetishes, and a purblind hedonistic individualism - as well as a religious mentality: an obedience to the 'Church' and a fawning upon its 'leader'. In brief, it did not liberate, it did not make strong - it did not encourage the creation of a new race who acted Satanically in the real world and so profoundly changed it. The Church of Satan was part of the distortion, not a cure for it.

The Temple of Set continued what the Church had started. They took or tried to take their version of Satanism into intellectual realms - and, like the Church, they had no understanding whatsoever of genuine esoteric sinister tradition. For they mixed up aeonic images and magickal forms, and used aspects of the distorted qabalistic tradition - in short, they made their 'magick' ineffective and worthless both from the personal and the Aeonic point of view. It is charitable to believe that the founders of these organizations, as well as those who enabled their survival, were just plain charlatans, fiddling or tinkering about with magick without really understanding it. They used the images and forms of Satan, Set, Baal, they delved around in mythology and found others, and created lots of fantasy images - mixed them all up; intellectually found justifications for their approach. They strung together bits of qabalistic magic with bits of Crowley; added a touch of demonism (of the Nazarene/Babylonian or whatever sort); specialized in self-created workings of the dream-image kind. The result? Something so absurd it would be laughable were it not so detrimental to real Satanic change and thus Satanic strategy.

Are you and I and a few others the only ones who understand? Who know that real sinister (or Satanic) magick involves using Aeonic energies to create change and so alter evolution? That one cannot intermingle Aeonic forms - from one Aeon and another one or two - if one hopes to affect Aeonic change? That Aeonic energies are presented via a civilization whose ethos and archetypal and other forms hold the majority in thrall - controls them unless and until they become free via the synthesis and transmutation which is genuine Adeptship? (That is, until they have objectified those energies internally, and thus can master/control them.) That this present Aeon and thus civilization has suffered a profound change/distortion which is essentially de-evolutionary and whose most obvious form is the Nazarene sickness?

Satanism means this liberation from external and internal forms, assumed by Aeonic energies, and the ability to control those energies for an ulterior purpose. It means a rational knowledge of what really is, in both magickal and practical terms; a real insight into one's self and the cosmos.

No condemnation is too strong for organizations like the Temple of Set which foster the "status quo" of ignorance regarding genuine magick. Which have tried to appropriate the one thing which can really liberate and which can change the patterns of evolution - i.e. Satanism.

The ignorance of such organizations and the people within them is displayed all the time. For instance, they do not understand the use of politics, by Satanists, as a means to achieve evolutionary change - as part of a dialectic. All they do is condemn those who do act from a 'moral' point of view - or from an 'intellectual' one which sees their version of 'Satanism' as being "beyond politics"! Neither do they have the slightest understanding of those who provoke change and de-stabilization by appearing to do 'immoral' things, such as drug-dealing. Once again, they reveal themselves for the non-Initiates they are. I have to continually repeat that the only guiding factor for the actions of a Satanist, in real life, is the sinister dialectic - that is, will the action benefit the Satanist (in terms of their esoteric development) and will it aid genuine evolutionary change: the achievement of Satanic qualities; the fulfilment of the goal of Satanism in the long term.

Neither I nor the ONA shies away from difficult practical issues of a Satanic nature. Consider the Satanic drug-dealer. He or she is playing a part (admittedly a small one - but such individuals have to start their Satanic careers somewhere! They have to do 'on-the-job training'!) - they are aware, because they are genuine Satanists, of what they are doing: i.e. they have a knowledge of sinister strategy. They are aiding the collapse of a worthless society, and may also be aiding the weak ones (the addicts) to cull themselves. They are also engendering a 'moral' response in others - e.g. in the Establishment. Some of those in this Establishment (e.g. Police Officers) gain real understanding by exposure to the dregs, the worthless: i.e. they develop a good instinct, from practical experience, and so see the druggies as dregs. Thus, they are ripe for conversion to a radical resurgence of noble values, politically expressed - for the sake of illustration, let us say here a radical organization of the extreme Right. They have seen the liberal/Nazarene society, and it does not work - it produces dross; encourages vermin. And so on. Naturally, this is a simplified analysis, but at least the Satanic intent of the original act - the drug-dealing - can be seen.

Of course, the Satanists are few, and secret. But that does not mean they are 'powerless'! They seek to be the real motivators of change - both of themselves, and others, in terms of society, the civilization, and the Aeon itself. Hence, they really are diabolical, and sinister. And of course **dangerous**.

The above is only one example - not all Satanists undertake such actions as dealing in drugs. Some may involve themselves in aiding/creating the political form. Some may indeed be the Police Officer. Or the Judge. Whatever, they all know what they are doing, in Aeonic terms; they are all striving to change existence, and thus themselves, by actions in the real world. They are all enjoying playing at gods and goddesses.

Naturally, only some understand in all its complexity and effects, the goal - and can plan accordingly. And can motivate, urge others, to action. These are the real Masters and Mistresses: the really diabolical and evil ones. Those who have a genuine over-view of centuries and more, of millenia.

A Satanic Adept, for instance, might intuitively understand the supra-Aeonic goal. But their rational understanding will be limited - to a century, perhaps. They will see the present goal of Satanic strategy as an Imperium and, after that, a new Aeon and a new civilization. The novice will perhaps only understand the Imperium, rationally - that is, in terms of its effects and their own Destiny. But, hopefully, their understanding will increase as they progress, as, hopefully, the number of novices and then Adepts and then Masters/Mistresses will increase with the implementation of sinister strategy.

The Temple of Set, and the other psuedo-Satanic organizations and individuals, lack both the primal awareness (of Nature and what is within each individual) inherent in real Satanism, and the esoteric knowledge or over-view afforded by Aeonics. It is to be expected that they and these others will continue with their campaigns of dis-information against the ONA. Quite possibly, they might descend to the personal level (if they have not done so already), and reveal their ignoble spirit. By revealing the dark secrets of traditional Satanism in a way that is not open to mis-interpretation - by expressing the true nature of Satanism (e.g. in culling; Aeonic action) - we have made it difficult for them to 'defend their corner' without trying to undermine our credibility, and it will be interesting to see whether they will reduce themselves to ethical tautologies. Whatever, with all esoteric tradition and practices revealed, everyone now has the opportunity to consider the matter for themselves - assess the differing versions of Satanism 'on offer'. Which really is as it should be.

On the personal level, your own sagacity and insights merits recognition, and your work likewise. What a global conspiracy we must seem to some of our more paranoid enemies!

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown

Box 38-262
Petone
Wellington
New Zealand
20 Oct 1992

Dear Markku

Thanks for your letter of 12 Oct., and for the two articles which I'll be pleased to publish.

When you said that you were going to publish a Social Darwinist magazine I thought it very encouraging and relevant - obviously you've changed your mind.

You say that primordial law is inappropriate in Satanism, that it's the opposite to the concept of Satanism as non-natural and a rebellion against the natural order, more akin to christianity. Yet all of christian history and of the TYPE of people who are attracted to christianity should tell us that such religions are outside of nature - anti-nature because of a dis-ease certain TYPES feel with themselves, shut off from the 'Tree of Life' to put it in allegorical terms.

'Setianism' is of course of recent origin - the result of a feud between Aquino and LaVey. Satanism goes back a bit before Setianism and even before the Church of Satan, and even before ancient Egypt - it's a reflection of man's understanding of the workings of the cosmos.

Nature is NOT a (onefold) static system. The flux, the dynamic evolution are a reflection of it - as Darwin saw, for example. Evolution, genetics, selection, etc. are operative WITHIN nature - basic school science. Nature consists of polarities clashing and interacting - dialectics - responsible for change. This change in the cosmos is pushed by what physicists call entropy - what Satanists call Satan - in the Orient 'Sat' (The All) and 'Tan' (the energizing principle or Dark Force behind it). I think I tried to explain this in a prior letter (?). The ancients recognized this, the Tantrics saying 'Shakti without Shakti is a corpse' i.e. Shiva the cosmos - Shakti the energizing element - 'Satan', 'entropy' the 'Dark force in nature' or whatever one wants to call it.

The Norse saw it as a clash of Ice and Fire - again polarities working within nature. Ragnarok - the forces of nature overturning the status quo, causing change, evolution, WITHIN nature. Satan is the rebellious ASPECT OF NATURE.

This is what the ancients have taught for milleniums - here's where Satanism comes from - not from the founding of TS or CS a few decades ago.

This is what is still taught by generational Satanists (the real ones, I mean, not the imaginery ones of the christians and neurotic women who claim to have suffered cultic child abuse). Such real generational Satanists have a general contempt for what they call 'Converts' (much like the Jews' contempt for the 'goyim'), but they have a very special contempt for Setians because they see Setianism as having taken over their symbols etc., and presented Satanism or the LHP in a totally opposite manner - akin to christianity - divorced from nature.

No, nature does not have 'one law' - it is in a state of flux, dynamic, because of entropy, of what we call the Satanic principle acting on it. I recognized this long ago and wrote of it in my own publications with some emphasis. Science, so long as it is not chained to a political or religious dogma like Marxism for example, does not have one law - it seeks to unravel the manifold laws of nature. Christianity has ~~not~~ law - obey its dogma; so does Setianism which describes itself as an "ethical religion", as the ONLY genuine Satanic religion because of an Infernal Mandate, religious dogma at its worst. So it proscribes certain people and organizations, just as Stephen Brown of the ONA so accurately described it.

So when I was given an ultimatum by Austen to quite associating with ONA and Balder my reaction ~~was~~ automatic - these are reflective of the genuine Satanic tradition, and what's more they are doing something in the K&L world. What do we have in the TS - a bunch of letter-writing, rituals, records of ~~my~~ dreams, etc. which apart from the imagery, is hard to distinguish from any New Age outfit. What do we have in the 'Scroll' - more dreams, mystical blabber, nothing real; an escapism.

ONA told it like it really is - intuitive, considering they must have been limited by the amount of TS material they've read. But they recognized the attitude, and we should be able to recognize how correct ONA is in its analysis of TS because we've had access to the material. The ONA offers a rational critique of TS, and how does

Notes on Study and Practice in Modern Satanism

In traditional Satanism, the novice is expected to not only study the tenets and traditions of Satanism, but also put these into practice in real life. Thus, a recent Satanic Initiate - whether working alone or as a member of an established Order/Temple - would study the following works, and then strive to apply the principles contained in them in the way described.

The works are: ¶The Black Book of Satan;¶Naos;¶Hostia - Vols. I,II, III¶ Hysteron Proteron.

'Naos' would be used as a guide to practical hermetic workings, both external and internal. The 'Black Book' would be used as a guide to forming and running a Satanic Temple to perform ceremonial magick. 'Hostia' and 'Hysteron Proteron' would provide an insight into Satanic traditions and beliefs. In addition, the images of the Sinister Tarot would be employed (e.g. in some of the workings given in 'Naos') and the 'Deofel Quartet' might be read to provide additional understanding, together with The Black Book II and III.

Satanic practice in the real world would arise from (a) forming and running a Satanic Temple; and (b) undertaking Insight Roles and other Satanic tasks. Aside from a specific Insight Role, which the novice would choose, they would undertake the various physical challenges required [qv. the MS 'Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance', for example] and strive to increase their experience by living Satanically in a way which aided the sinister dialectic. What these experiences were, they would decide after having studied the works mentioned and after having undertaken the tasks, ordeals and so on, up to External Adept [qv. 'Naos', and the various MSS Guides to the Seven-Fold Way] - e.g. having run a Temple for some months, and achieved the physical goals.

One of the tasks might be to plan and undertake a culling. Another might be to aid Heretical forms by, for example, becoming involved with an extremist group which seeks the destruction of 'the System' and whose principles and aims are in accord with the Satanic ethos and whose actions aid the sinister dialectic. [Obviously, both of these could be combined.] Another might be to undermine present structures by fostering their decline - e.g. dealing in drugs. Another might be removing in a practical manner on a regular basis, the scum and the worthless - e.g. by vigilante action [this is culling performed on a regular basis rather than a 'one-off' event].

What matters about these tasks is that the novice chooses them to gain practical experience of Satanism in action and thus increase their understanding and so aid their esoteric development. Naturally, to qualify as Satanic actions, they must aid the sinister dialectic - be steps toward realizing the strategic goal of Satanism. Here, an understanding of Aeonics is crucial, as is a genuine insight into traditional Satanism: as explicated, for example, in Hostia I,II,III and as explained to prospective novices in the booklet 'Satanism - A Basic Introduction for Prospective Adherents'.

The choice of practical action is the novice's: they must use their understanding to select Satanic tasks. Occassionally, they might be given advice, from a more experienced Satanist, but the final choices are and must be theirs. What matters is to choose and act. The acts are learning experiences, ordeals, and thus it does not matter if because of, say, a certain lack of understanding, a novice chooses, or seems to choose, wrongly. They will either learn from this, or not. If not, they have basically failed - shown themselves not to be suitable. Whatever, their actions will have presenced the sinister in some way or ways.

Following these tasks - which should last for a few years - the novice then moves on to the next stage of their esoteric development, that of the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. This is a rite of synthesis, and thus the emergence of the Adept.

The Practical Esoteric Aims of Satanism: 90-130yf

The practical aims arise from Satanic strategy which has its foundation in Aeonics [qv. the various Aeonics and Cliology MSS - some of the most important are listed at the end of this MSS]. These aims are essentially **tactics** to achieve the long-term strategic goal. This goal is the creation of a new species - and this means (a) a new Aeon; (b) a new aeonic civilization. For this to be achieved, present structures, forms, ideas and so on, have to be changed.

Aeonics shows that the present Aeonic civilization, the Western, has been distorted in its ethos and its structures. One of the most potent forms of the distortion has been the Nazarene religion. The distortion has been carried on, and effectively controlled, by 'Magian' forces - there has arisen various other forms to implement the distortion and effectively undermine the Destiny of the West - that is, the emergence of Imperium. These forms include communism/Marxism/socialism and the idea of 'liberal-democracy': they are all opposed to a racially aware Europe and the idea of Aryan/White superiority. This Aryan superiority would have formed the basis of Imperium - without it, Imperium is not possible.

In essence, the ethos of the West has been changed from a Faustian/Promethean pagan one, which exulted in conquest and exploration, to a neurotic materialism and a 'multi-racial' pacifist degeneracy. There has been a 'silent revolution' in all Western societies and they all now conform to unhealthy Nazarene induced forms - the power structures of these societies now actively seek to eradicate all heretical pro-Promethean ideas/groups/individuals, and use the full force of the 'Law', as well as covert tactics, against those who hold out against the relentless onslaught to enslave the peoples of the West to what are essentially 'Magian' created ideas. Thus the campaigns, in Schools and throughout society, against "racism". To implement this Magian revolution, a myth was created - 'the Holocaust'. In most societies of the West, this myth is a sacred dogma - disbelief being punishable by imprisonment.

Because of all this, an Imperium is increasingly unlikely. The real - ie. esoteric - aim of the Magian is a 'Messianic Kingdom' ruled over by this 'Magian' elite. This would be de-evolutionary, in the Aeonic sense, and effectively wipe out the gains of all hitherto existing Aeonic civilizations. Essentially, the rule of 'Dogma' would hold sway, with terror to support this. This terror is already evident concerning the Holocaust and Aryan racism. The reasoned enlightenment, so evident in the Hellenic and Western ethos, would be displaced by a real despotism - a mentality akin to that imposed upon the West by the medieval 'Witch-finders' and their dogmatic Nazarene zeal. The Magian is a synonym for the Zionists.

This brief overview of the current state of aeonic affairs enable the practical aims, to be achieved/striven toward, to be understood in context. Esoterically, traditional Satanism/the septenary, and thus its **magick**, is an expression of the Faustian ethos and thus the Western Aeon. The other forms of 'Western' magic(k) existing at this time - including the 'Satanism' of groups like the Temple of Set - are expressions of the Magian ethos (as is evident, for example, in their use of Hebrew forms and the 'Qabalah'). Thus the actual 'magick' of these other groups/individuals is **aiding the distortion**. In practical terms, any magickal act, which does not use traditional Satanist/genuine Western forms (such as the septenary) is an action against the reasoned enlightenment that the Western Aeon represents.

On the practical level, it is considered necessary, in order to achieve strategic goals, to support the creation of a Western Imperium - that is, to support those forces trying to undermine in a practical way the current Nazarene/Magian status quo. This means upholding heretical views such as racial inequality, and denying 'the Holocaust' - as well as aiding/supporting National-Socialist/"racist" causes. The tactical aim here is the creation of a pro-Aryan, National-Socialist type State which has a noble, conquering spirit

or ethos, and thus which re-presents Satanic values in action in the real world. An alternative aim is the emergence of a 'religious' form for this same noble, conquering ethos.

In addition, whatever means are necessary to undermine and thus destroy the present status quo must be used. This means disrupting societies - supporting armed insurrection, spreading heretical ideas, aiding those groups/forms which weaken societies from within (in the moral sense - e.g. drug-dealing) and thus engendering a healthy, noble resurgence. A primary aim is to cause chaos, on the streets, economically, and socially - to thus provide opportunities for a revolutionary pro-Aryan group to take or seize power. A magickal and practical aim is to destroy the power structure of America - for that country effectively is acting to maintain a global control in accord with Magian dictates and thus impose the Magian world-view. The real power of the Magian heart-land resides in America and in the control exercised in the minds of Europeans by the idea of 'multi-racialism' and the myth of the holocaust. If the present power structure of America was destroyed, the practical power-base, both financial and military, of the Magian heart-land (ie. Israel) would collapse - what has prevented the destruction of this heart-land by the Arabs is the military superiority given to it by America. No country has ever been able or is able to supply superior weapons to any Arab state not under American control - not the former Soviet Union, not China. America has secretly threatened any country which seems about to do so - and threatened both economically and militarily. Any country which poses a real threat to Magian lands has been dealt with - e.g. Iraq.

With the fall of this heart-land, the Messianic dream of the Magian would be unrealizable.

The next Aeon will be determined by the success or failure of these tactics. That is, for the next Aeon to emerge, and thus for the next Aeon civilization to arise in around five centuries time, it is necessary to destroy the distortion affecting the present Aeon. Failure to do this will mean the emergence of that civilization will be much delayed - by up to at least a thousand years.

Further, the success of the tactics, and the emergence of an Imperium, means the spread of the present civilization beyond the confines of the Earth - out into Space. This is possible now, and only now, due to the inventiveness of the creative minority within the civilization and the technology to implement that in a practical way. A defeat would mean a hiatus, and thus a starting from the beginnings - effectively, the achievements of this Aeon would be wiped out.

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Traditional Satanism is fundamentally pan-Aeonically: ie. concerned with the patterns and processes which are perceived, in the causal, as Aeons and Aeonically civilizations. However, to effect changes in the causal, actions of individuals and groups (and this includes magickal acts) must work with things as those things are - as they are presented in causal time at particular causal times. The reality of aeonic energies is that they assume causal form in aeonic civilizations, and that at any one millenia, only one civilization is aeonically significant. Therefore, aeonic magick is a working with the aeonic energies presented in the particular civilization at the time of that magickal act(s) - or a working against those energies. Anything else is not Aeonic magick - ie. is not effective on the aeonic level: it is purely personal, external, magick.

The present Aeon is the Western - and this Aeon dates from c.500 eh to c.2000eh in terms of the energies being predominant. The aeonic civilization follows some centuries later: for the West, arising c. 900 eh and ending c. 2400eh. The energies of the next Aeon follow or arise some centuries after the last Aeonic ones: in practice, this means at the end of the civilization of the last Aeon; when the Imperium is collapsing. Thus, the new Aeonic manifestations will arise c.2400eh.

In the past, Aeons arose as part of the unconscious process of dialectical change. However, we are now at the stage of evolutionary understanding when we can alter the process itself because of that conscious understanding which Aeonics, cliology and so on, gives us. That is, we can significantly alter the process of aeonic evolution and thus the civilization which gives form and reality to aeonic energies. The time for such change is when the energies of one aeon are waning, and the energies of the next aeon have not arisen in any significant way.

Left to themselves the aeonic energies would have produced a Western Imperium which would have lasted from c. 1990eh-c.2450eh. A new aeonic civilization would then have arisen c.3000eh, and lasted for c. a thousand and more years.

The reality of aeonic magick means that one must work either with the energies of the Western energies - and thus aid/create an Imperium - or that one works against those energies. At this moment in causal time, no other energies of aeonic type are prevalent on Earth, and no other cultures/civilizations are significant in evolutionary terms. [This statement of reality will not please many.]

Thus, the only practical options for significant magickal work are the ones given above: aiding Imperium (and thus countering the distortion) or working against the creation of Imperium (and thus aiding the distortion). The former option is continuing the evolutionary trend - ie. presencing the sinister; creating a dynamic imperative and thus aiding exploration/conquest/discovery. The latter option is de-evolutionary - ie. is aids those forces which by their nature are restrictive in both the short and the long term. The former is a moving-on; the latter, a dogmatic standstill and then a recession. Of course, the majority of non-Initiates see things differently - they view the distortion as 'progressive' and those arranged against it (e.g. NS type forces) as regressive/reactionary/primitive and so on. Such people have not only failed to perceive the essence of things veiled by their outer transient forms, but also have abandoned rational thought and judgement for abstract idealism arising from sentiment. The majority of such people who view the situation in this sentimental idealistic way, are simply victims of the distortion itself - products of the unhealthy societies which esteem verbiage and clever pseudo-intellectuals concepts above judgement based on experience and real insight.

Initiation implies a development of real insight and judgement - and a learning of genuine esoteric knowledge. The esoteric knowledge of Satanism, hitherto secret by nature because it was and is heresy, is essentially a knowledge of Aeonics - of those factors governing evolution/change from aeons to individuals. One insight of a Satanic Initiate is into the forms and structures assumed by aeonic energies in the causal.

This insight means that a genuine Initiate understands a transient form such as 'National-Socialism' as a practical expression of some of the principles of Satanism and as, in the long-term, contributing to evolutionary change via its inherent dynamism and acceptance of the forces of Nature. Such an Initiate understands that, at this moment in aeonic history, such a form is **necessary**: ie. this form (or something very similar) and only this form presences the sinister in the way that sinister must be presenced to achieve the strategic goal of Satanism over centuries.

The current practical concerns of traditional Satanism lie thus with the Western civilization - with aiding those forms which can or do presence the sinister, or which will change societies to the benefit of the sinister. The tactics are geared to this. Thus, an encouragement of Islam in certain Arab states may be a tactic used - because Islam acts to discourage the 'American' materialism which would otherwise flourish, and thus offsets 'American' (read covert Zionist) influence. This in itself poses problems for America and thus the Magian.

However, the aeonic or essential reality, is that Islam is a transient form which like all religions enshrines the dogmatic, anti-evolutionary ethos, and while in the very long-term the goal is enlightenment or Adept-like liberation and thus understanding for **everyone**, the practical reality means that a working with this

particular transient form is tactically right, in order to achieve the goals connected with the present Western civilization and thus the establishment of a new Aeon.

The reality is that there are no easy, idealistic options. A genuine insight and understanding of aeonic matters means certain judgements have to be made: certain tactics have to be employed in order to achieve anything. Satanism is concerned with real, meaningful changes in the real world: it is not concerned with mystical or psuedo-mystical world-views and impractical idealisms. In a fundamental sense, Satanism is pragmatic - aeonically.

The present reality is as stated above - no amount of 'wishful thinking' or idealism or sentiment will change this. One either aids aeonic change and thus contributes toward evolutionary change, or one does not.

On the magickal level, as well as aiding the forces of Imperium and countering the distortion, acausal energies can be presenced to begin the process that is the next Aeon. That is, a nexion can be created, consciously, and the acausal energies consciously directed into temporal forms, some of which will be 'magickal'. This is in addition to aiding the present aeonic forms. In effect, these new acausal energies will create the next Aeon and thus its associated aeonic civilization.

This creation is the 'esoteric' Satanic goal of Satanic Adepts - the 'exoteric' goal can be considered to be aiding Imperium and thus fulfilling the wyrd of the West (and hence countering the distortion). In reality - ie. viewed from beyond the opposites inherent in causal forms - the esoteric and exoteric goals are essentially the same: or rather, different expressions of the same things, that is, sinister or acausal energy presencing in the causal and thus creating evolutionary change. However, this 'differentiation' into esoteric and exoteric goals is useful since its enables the tactics to be understood. Viewed another way, the exoteric goal is the short-term esoteric strategy, and the esoteric goal is the long-term esoteric strategy.

Ita lex scripta.

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The Song of a Satanist

In an important sense, most of my life represents genuine Satanism in action - a going to extremes, a learning from the experiences of those extremes, and a doing of dark, dangerous and sometimes "illegal" deeds.

This life stands in stark contrast to those of the psuedo-Satanists, some of whom have acquired a notariety and a 'fame'. I have - as a Satanist should - been intoxicated by the essence of life itself - by that which inspires, which causes the creativity, self-absorption and genius of all great artists be they musicians, writers, warriors, explorers or whatever. I have dared to dream and to defy - and have dared to try and make my dreams and inspiration a reality. I have used my life for some purpose - striven toward goals with a passion that overcomes all obstacles. I have known great love - physical, intellectual, and of the soul, the essence of existence. I have also known the opposite - the sadness that awaits all who venture into the dark starkness of the Abyss within and without. And thus the synthesis of these and other things which is the prehension of wisdom.

This living has been an ecstatic affirmation of existence - a self-surmounting. The goals striven for were for the most part irrelevant: what was important was the striving for **something** with a passion. For in such striving, in the action in the world so entailed in the striving, there was an intensity which captures the immortal and which re-presents the spirit of Satanism: that heroic defiance which is the essence of all conscious evolution and thus civilization itself.

Such exultation is dangerous. By its nature it is individual. It is anathema to those forms and structures which suck vitality and which by their very existence, level individuals down and break or try to break their spirit. It is Heresy. It is testing - some become possessed; some perish; some are broken in spirit and descend to the mediocrity of the majority; some are caught in the snares left by those who adhere to those things which suck vitality (such as religion and 'law' and ethics). But some few survive and prosper and thus inspire others to venture out where no one has dared to go before. And of those few who survive, there are some who can express in words or other mediums (like music) what they have felt, and experienced and learnt - in a way which is easily understood. These few are the really dangerous ones...

It amuses me - and has amused me - when I come into contact with modern, self-professed 'Satanists', be such people a part of some 'Temple' or 'Church' or 'cult', or be they working on their own. With a few notable exceptions, these people are ridiculous - for them, Satanism is an intellectual philosophy, a collection of rituals, and/or an anarchic attitude. For them, it is an object of study, and involves meetings, discussions. For them, it is communal, and involves 'ethics' and/or a religious approach and attitude. For them, it is a glorification of their ego and a wallowing in the pleasures and wealth this existence can offer: an excuse for self-indulgence and lack of self-discipline.

In reality, Satanism is an attitude to living - and an attitude foreign to these mostly urbanized people who profess to be Satanists. Satanism means living one's life in a certain way - achieving things, in the real world by one's own efforts and because one is exulting in existence itself consciously. That is, one's life is intentional - a striving toward a higher existence by practical deeds, by overcoming challenges which take evolution to new realms. A Satanist strives to change themselves - and then the world itself. They desire glory, fame - to be significant. They are not content, and even when a goal is achieved, there is the need to find and strive toward another goal, another way of living. There are always new experiences awaiting - new levels of achievement.

A genuine Satanist needs action - they need challenges, because they possess within themselves the 'fire of Satan', that vitality which is the quintessence of living. This vitality shows in their eyes, their character - it is evident in

their deeds.

Fundamentally, one becomes a Satanist by acting like one - by doing Satanic deeds. A Satanist of some experience would say one and more of these things: "I have experienced combat; I have killed, watched comrades die. I have loved - and hated. I have discovered something for the first time. I have been alone for months, bereft of most things, and thus come to know myself. I have faced my own imminent death, not once, but many times. I have achieved things with my body I thought not possible. I have exulted in overcoming physical, intellectual and psychic challenges. I know the passion that motivated Beethoven, van Gogh, Nietzsche, and I know the feelings and greatness of Caesar, Adolf Hitler and Alexander the Great... I have heard the music of the galaxy and the stars and planets within it. I have been in a Prison cell and known the meaning of freedom. I have culled human dross. I have done criminal deeds - to learn and defy."

Of course, these things are only examples - there are many more. What is important is that they express real experiences of a dangerous or learning kind: they breed character; they test. They are selective. They are the type of deeds done by individuals with spirit - the type of understanding such an individual possesses, if only intuitively at first.

A Satanist will live life on the edge - will take up a profession which allows him or her to excel in deeds of action or creativity or exploration, or all of these. They will become experts in their chosen fields - and these fields by their nature will require persons of character and inner strength who prefer to work alone. Fields like assassination; Special Forces; Political manipulation... And then, having achieved, they will move on - to new ways and deeds. Or perchance they will die, defiant to the end.

Whatever, their quality of living will far surpass that of the weak majority. Their experience of both the dark and the light will be deeper, more extensive, and thus will they possess a greater insight, a greater understanding, a real depth of character.

In contrast, the self-professed 'Satanists' will be shallow - all talk, with little or no real experience of living on the edge. They shy away from real self-effort, from real self-overcoming, and build fantasy worlds in which they find comfort. They need the company of others, as they need their ego to be massaged by what they regard as their 'Satanic peers'. They talk an awful lot with others about Satanism, and probably, having learnt a lot of 'theory' from books and various organizations, write their own 'Satanic' rituals which they perform with the glee of the necrophiliac.

Some of these denizens of pseudo-Satanic organizations and cults will indulge in anarchic behaviour to impress themselves and others. But by so doing they reveal a lack of character - for a genuine Satanist possesses nobility and a self-discipline that others seldom understand.

Imitation Satanists make excuses - and devise theories to explain their lack of Satanic deeds in the real world. They have seldom if ever changed themselves to something greater than what they were at Initiation, and they most certainly have not changed the world in any way, significant or insignificant. They have achieved no glory - discovered nothing new; not extended the frontiers of understanding by even one micron. Instead, they wallow in obscure doctrines and consume the drug of self-delusion. To be brief, they have not composed a Satanic song which illustrates their life. They labour, but in vain - Poeta nascitur, non fit.

Most Satanists cannot publish an autobiography, or even have a biography which relates their life in detail while they still live, for the simple reason that it would probably render them liable to prosecution by those asinine guardians of even more stupid system of 'Law'.*If this threat does not exist, then their life has not been Satanic enough. And, moreover, that life is never completed until causal death - something written at a certain age, should be out of date within a few years. It if was not, then again the full Satanic promise of one's

* Plus the fact that most wish to continue their sinister esoteric work in secret, to aid the sinister dialectic.

existence has not been fulfilled. The time for the publication of such writings is after the causal death of its subject - although an expurgated version may serve a purpose, for some replete with experiences who wish to express the essence and inspire others to follow and then surpass them.

In my own case, I have written a brief recollection of some of the experiences of my Satanic life, for posthumous publication. But even in that MS, there were many things not recalled, perchance the MS falls into the wrong hands before the right time. Such a recalling - of dark and occasionally ecstatic deeds, most of them "illegal" and all of them "heretical" in this purblind society - will have to await my twilight years and a recounting of them to a trusted Satanic comrade. And even though the MS was written only two years ago, it is already out of date ...

And of that living, it is the essence which is important, not especially the details. From that living, I have distilled the quintessence into words which cannot be mis-understood - devising a method by which others may obtain that elixir. I have constructed a guide to the goal, drawn a map and explained the goal in detail, because I have been there. I explored, and discovered.

Now others can benefit from the lessons learnt from such a life. Non generant aquilae columbas.

Meanwhile, I anticipate the lies, rumours and distortions will continue, based on jealousy. The small and weak of character have always saught to drag those who are outstanding down to their own level of mediocrity - at least in the eyes of others.

Stephen Brown (ONA) 103yf

(For Publication)

The Left Handed Path and Satanism are related insofar as Satanism is a particular LHP. The LHP is the name given to describe a system of esoteric knowledge and practical techniques - and this system is also known as 'The Black Arts'.

The Difference Between the Left and Right Hand Paths:

The aim of all genuine Occult paths or systems, whether designated Right Hand or Left Hand, is to achieve or find a certain goal as well as to impart esoteric knowledge and abilities. The goal is variously described (e.g. 'Gnosis', the Philosopher's Stone, Enlightenment).

However, it has been a common misconception that the RH Paths were altruistic and the LH Paths egocentric - i.e. the difference between them was seen in individual moral terms. Another misconception is in seeing the difference in absolute moral terms - i.e. the RH Paths as representing "good" and the LH Paths as "evil". Recently, attempts have been made to formulate 'grey' paths which combine elements of both, and such 'grey' paths are often said (by their exponents) to be the "true" Occult way or path.

The reality is quite different. The LH Paths and the RH Paths [hereafter, the singular 'Path' will be used, although the plural is to be understood] are quite distinct and differ in both their methods and their aims. The most fundamental difference is that the RHP is restrictive - certain things are forbidden or frowned upon - and collective. That is, the RHP takes some responsibility away from the individual by having a formal dogma, a code of ethics and behaviour and by having the individual participate in an organized grouping, however loose that grouping may be. In brief, the identity of the individual is to some extent taken away - by the beliefs systems which that individual has to accept, and by them accepting some higher 'authority', be such authority an individual, a group or an 'ideology' (or even, sometimes, a supra-personal Being - a 'god' or 'gods').

In contradistinction, the LHP in its methods is non-structured. In the genuine LHP there is nothing that is not permitted - nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the **individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest**. This makes the LHP both difficult and dangerous - its methods can be used as an excuse for anti-social behaviour as they can be used to aid the fetishes and weaknesses of some individuals as well as lead some into forbidden and illegal acts. However, the genuine Initiate of the LHP is undertaking a quest, and as such is seeking something: that is, there is a dynamic, an imperative about their actions as well as the conscious understanding and appreciation that all such actions are only a part of that quest; they are not the quest itself. This arises because the LHP Initiate is seeking mastery and self-knowledge - these being implicit in such an Initiation. Accordingly, the LHP Initiate sees methods as merely methods; experience as merely experience. Both are used, learned from and then discarded.

Because of this, the LHP is by its nature ruthless - the strong of character win through, the weak go under. There are no 'safety nets' of any kind on the LHP - there is no dogma or ideology to rely on, no one to provide comfort and soften the blows, no organization, individual or 'Being' to run to when things get difficult and which will provide support and sympathy and understanding. Or which, just as importantly, takes away the responsibility of the Initiate for their deeds.

The LHP breeds self-achievement and self-excellence - or its destroys, either literally, or via delusion and madness.

Further, the goal or aim of the LHP is individual specific - it is the raising of that individual to 'god-head'; the fulfilment of individual potential and thus a discovery and fulfilment of their unique Destiny. That is, it breeds a unique

character, a unique individual. The RHP, on the contrary, is concerned with 'idealistic' and thus supra-personal aims - aiding 'society', 'humanity' and so on: the individual is 're-made' by abstract and impersonal forms.

The LHP by its nature means that its Initiates work mostly on their own. Followers of the LHP are masters of their as yet unmanifest Destiny. And while they may accept guidance and advice, they eschew any form of subservience: they learn for themselves, by their own experience and from their own self-effort. This is crucial to an understanding of the true nature of the LHP. The LHP means this self-reliance, this self-experience, this self-effort, this personal struggle for achievement. The RHP means someone else - some individual, or some authority or some hierarchy - awards or confers upon the RHP Initiate a sign or symbol of their "progress". That is, the RHP Initiate assumes the role of student, or 'chela' - and often that of sycophant. They rely on someone else or something beyond themselves, whereas the LHP Initiate relies only on themselves: their cunning, skill, character, desire, intelligence and so on. The successful LHP Initiate is the individual who learns from their own experiences and mistakes. The RHP Initiate tries to learn from theory - from what others have done.

Essentially, the LHP Initiate is a free spirit, already possessed of a certain wilful character, while the RHP Initiate is in thrall to other people's ideas and ways of doing things.

The notion of self-responsibility is as mentioned above, crucial to the LHP and accordingly any organization which claims to be of the LHP and which does not uphold this in both theory and practice is a fraudulent organization. In practice this means that an organization does not restrict the experiences of its members - it does not, for instance, impose upon them any binding authority which the members have to accept or face 'expulsion' just as it does not lay down for them any codes of behaviour or ethics. That is, it does not promulgate a dogma which the members have to accept as it does not require those members to be obedient to what the hierarchy says. There is no "proscription" of certain views, or individuals or other organizations as there is no attempt to make members conform in terms of behaviour, attitudes, views, opinions, expressions or anything else. If there are any of these things, the organization so doing these things is most certainly not an organization of the Left Hand Path even though it may use some of the motifs, symbols and methods of the LHP. Such an organization is instead allied to the RHP in nature - **in the effect it has upon its members.**

In summary, the RHP is soft. The LHP is hard. The RHP is like a comfortable game - and one which can be played, left for a while, then taken up again. The LHP is a struggle which takes years. The RHP prescribes behaviour and limits personal responsibility. The LHP means self-responsibility and self-effort. The RHP requires the individual to conform in certain way. The LHP is non-restrictive. RHP organizations and 'teachers' require the Initiate to conform and accept the authority of that organization/'teacher'. LHP organizations and Masters/Mistresses only offer advice and guidance, based on their own experience.

Satanism:

As mentioned above, Satanism is a particular LHP. Conventionally, and incorrectly, Satanism is described as 'worship of Satan/the Devil'.

The word 'Satan' originally derived from the Greek word for 'an accusation'. That is, Satan is an archetype of disruption - the Adversary who challenges the accepted, who defies - who desires to know. In essence, Satan is a symbol of dynamic motion: the generative or moving force behind evolution, change.

In reality, Satan is both symbolic or archetypal, and **real**. That is, He exists within the psyche of individuals, and beyond individuals.

Satanism is, in part, the acceptance of the necessity of change - of the reality of things like struggle, combat, war, creativity, individual genius, defiance. Of the evolutionary and puritive nature of these things. But Satanism is much more

than the acceptance of the reality of these things - of their necessity. It is also the individual seeking to be like Satan - to be Satanic. A true Satanist does not worship some Being called Satan. Rather, a Satanist accepts the reality of Satan [on all levels] and quests to become, in their own life and beyond, a type of Being of the same kind as Satan - that is, to change their own evolution and that of others: to evolve to a new type of existence. The existence can be described by what is known as 'Satan'. This quest is a dynamic and real one, and it means that those who aspire to follow the way of Satanism go further than others who merely follow the LHP. That is, Satanism leads to new areas of being: it goes beyond 'the Black Arts' while having its foundation or ground in those Arts. Part of this is a greater esoteric knowledge (e.g. Aeonick Magick) and part in techniques or methods or create a new individual. The Satanist effectively learns to play at being god.

Since Satanism, as described above, involves the individual questing to become like Satan, it is relevant to consider who and what Satan is.

Satan is the Prince of Darkness - Master of all that is hidden or secret, both within ourselves and external to ourselves. He is the ruler of this world - the force behind its evolutionary change; the 'fire' of life. He is Lord of Life - of all the sensual delights and pleasures.

He is also 'evil' or 'dark' or 'sinister' - merciless, ruthless, Master of Death. He can and does promote suffering, misery, death. But all these things are impersonal - they are natural consequences of life, of change and evolution.

Satan, by His nature, cannot be 'bribed' or 'propitiated' - and neither can His services be bought, by a "pact" or anything else. He is not interested in such futile things. Thus, there can be no such thing as a 'religious' Satanism - the offering of prayers or offerings or promises or whatever in return for Satanic favours. Such things imply fear, subservience and those other traits of character Satan despises. Rather, the satanic approach is to glory in Satanic deeds and chants and such like because they are Satanic - because by so doing them there is an exultation, an affirmation and a being like Satan: not because something is 'expected' or done out of fear of the consequences. It is by living life, by deeds, that a Satanist becomes like Satan and so evolves to partake of a new and higher existence. Such deeds are those to bring insight, self-discovery, to achieve, esoteric knowledge, experience of the 'forbidden', of the pleasures of living - and they are also those which change others and the world and which thus can and do bring suffering, misery, death: which are, in short, evil.

Furthermore, Satan is a real Being - He is not simply a symbol, archetypal or otherwise, of certain natural forces or energies. He has life, exists - causes things to occur - external to our own, individual psyche. That is, our individual wills, or even our individual magick, cannot control Him [as the softie imitation Satanists like to believe]. However, this 'life' is not 'human' - it is not bound by a body or even by our causal time and space. Expressed esoterically, it is acausal.

Satan, however, is not alone - that is, He is not the only Dark, sinister Being who affects our world and thus existence. He has a female counter-part - a Mistress, Lover, Bride. Esoterically, Her name is Baphomet. She is the Dark Goddess.

Thus, a Satanic Initiate is often described as the lover of one or both of these sinister entities - and a genuine Satanic Initiation may be likened to a ritual copulation with either Satan or Baphomet [where the Priest/Priestess assumes the form of the entity]. In genuine Satanism there is no 'worship' of Satan (or Baphomet) - but rather an acceptance of Them as friends, lovers (or, in the early stages, sometimes a 'father' and 'mother' or a brother and sister).

A Satanist thus evolves toward a higher form - and expresses conscious evolution in action. Hence, Satanism is the quintessence of the Left Hand Path.

Evil:

It is a mistake, recently promulgated by some, to see the LHP in general and Satanism in particular as merely a body of esoteric knowledge and/or a collection of rituals or magickal workings, either of which, or both, may be 'dipped into' for personal edification and to provide oneself with an 'image'.

All LH Paths are ordeals - they involve self-effort over a period of years. They are also dark, and involve the individuals who follow them going to and beyond the limits all societies impose. That is, they are sinister or 'evil'. They involve real sinister acts in the real world - not a playing at sorcerers or sorceresses.

Certain individuals and certain organizations who claim to belong to the LHP have tried to dispel the 'evil' that surrounds the LHP and Satanism - by denying the very real evil nature of these paths. However, what do these imitation Satanists, these posturing pseuds, think Satanism is if not 'evil'? If Satanism is not evil, what is? [Or, more precisely, if Satan is not evil, who is?]

The true nature of evil - and thus Satanism and the LHP - has been misunderstood. Evil is natural and necessary - it tests, culls, provokes reaction and thus aids evolution. And to repeat - Satanism is replete with evil: it is evil. Satanists are sinister, evil. They cannot but be otherwise.

Evil, correctly defined, is part of the cosmic dialectic - it is force, which is a-moral: i.e. it is beyond the bounds of 'morals'. Morals derive from a limited (human - or, rather, pseudo-human) perspective, and a morality is a projection by individual consciousness onto reality. Nothing that is 'moral' or immoral exists. All morals are therefore artifice - they are abstractions. Actions, by individuals, which are normally considered as 'evil' are things that are done by individuals against others - that is, evil acts are considered as belonging to us, as a species. It is not considered 'evil' for a tiger to kill and eat a person: that is natural, in the nature of the tiger. What has been and generally is considered to be evil, in humans, is in general nothing more than instinct - or rather, a feeling, a pre-conscious desire or desires.

Such instinct is natural - the actions which result from it can be either beneficial or not. That is, the actions are not 'evil' in themselves. They should not be judged by some artificial abstractions, but rather by their consequences - by their effects, which are either positive or negative. However, they can be positive or negative depending on circumstances: that is, the evaluation of them can vary depending on the perspective chosen. This perspective is usually that of 'time'. The only correct judgement about a particular act or action is one which takes into account the effects of that action not only in the present but also in the future, and this latter on a vast time-scale. Thus, the judgement concerning such acts is essentially a-personal - it bears little or no resemblance to the emotional affects of that act in the moments of that act or in the immediate moments following that act. [In the symbolic sense - and imprecisely - such judgement could be said to be that of 'the gods'.]

Real acts of evil are those which are done consciously - and these can be of two kinds. The first are ignorant acts: done from a lack of self-knowledge and usually with no appreciation of their effects beyond the moment. The second are impersonal acts done with a knowledge of the effects beyond that of the moment. The former involve no evaluation beyond the personal feelings; the latter involve an evaluation beyond the personal (although they may still be personal acts - i.e. of benefit to the individual). A Satanic act of evil is of this second kind - they are affective and effective: a participation in the cosmic dialectic. At first, they may not be fully understood - i.e. arise from instinct in the main. But the Satanic intent behind them makes the individual more conscious, more aware of their effects, both personal and supra-personal, thus enabling judgement to be cultivated.

Instinctive acts are not 'evil' - they usually derive from immaturity. Evil acts derive from maturity - but immaturity is required to reach this stage. That is, there is a growth. 'Morality' tries to stifle instinct and thus restricts growth. Satanic acts of evil in effect redress the balance - and allow real maturity to develop.

Introduction to the 'Deofel Quartet'

The works collected under the title 'The Deofel Quartet' were written as Instructional Texts for members of a Black Magick group. As such, they deal with certain esoteric matters relevant to Novices and those who have begun to follow the path of Black Magick and Satanism.

While the form chosen is fictional, it is not that of a 'conventional' novel. Instead, a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that not only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but which also sought to involve their unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions - of, for instance, characters and locations - are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such 'missing details': partly from their imagination and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and 'projections'.

This form also had the added advantage of making the works interesting to listen to when read aloud in a group setting. This new form may be considered as an extended 'prose poem'.

While each work is self-contained in terms of 'plot' and 'characters', they all deal with the varying insights attained by those following the darker path to esoteric enlightenment, as well as with those practical [i.e. real-life] experiences which form the basis of genuine magickal training and which explicate real sinister magick in action.

Each work deals with (although not always exclusively) with a certain type of magickal/archetypal energy - and thus each is connected with one of the spheres of the septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, in the instructional sense, each work explicates particular archetypal forms as those forms affect individuals in real life. Naturally, quite a few of the forms so explicated are dark or sinister.

In order to guide the interested reader and student of the Occult Arts, some 'Themes and Questions' concerning the Quartet are included as an Appendix to Volume I.

The works are reproduced exactly as they were originally circulated - in manuscript form, with typed/hand-written corrections.

ONA

Responses and Critical Analysis:

Each novice reading the Quartet should try and analyze their response to it - the feelings, expectations, points of agreement and disagreement and so on which arise from reading it.

A first reading will be sufficient to show the works of the Quartet are Satanically subtle - i.e. they are not blatant 'horror/Black Magic(k)' stories and neither are they pornographic. They are also not akin to the amoral diatribes of other writers - e.g. de Sade.

Instead, they are intended for those of discernment, those who can see beyond mere appearance and affectation - i.e. Satanic novices: those who wish to know and who seek to question; those who wish to discover secrets (often about themselves).

As explained elsewhere, they deal with problems a novice following the Left Hand Path might be expected to come across or be familiar with - both in terms of their own development/feelings/expectations, and in terms of real sinister magick. Such magick is for the most part subtle and esoteric - it is hidden and bears little, often no, resemblance to what most people (and some Initiates) consider magick to be.

Hence, those who turn to the Quartet hoping to find the kind of cheap and sensational thrills often associated (in the herd-mind) with 'Black Magic(k)' stories and 'horror' will be disappointed. The Quartet is not intended for such sensation seeking, uncritical and weak individuals - it is intended to instruct Satanic novices in some esoteric aspects of their craft: to aid their own understanding and sinister development.

'Falcifer' concerns Initiation and the gathering of Satanic experience. It also deals with the Dark Gods - revealing esoteric knowledge. The energies which give form to the 'story' are concerned with the first sphere on the Tree of Wyrd - magickal form 'Night/Nox'; Tarot images - 18, 15, 13; Alchemical Process - Calcination.

The Temple of Satan also concerns the Dark Gods - but it deals mainly with emotion on the personal level, particularly 'love': how a Satanic Initiate of some experience encounters and deals with this emotion. 'Love' of this type is a stage, to be experienced and transcended. For a Satanist not yet achieved Adeptship, this feeling is often a snare, a trap - which they can fall into, thus ending their sinister quest. It is about still unconscious feelings and desires - about making these more conscious, controlling them and transcending them. Third sphere on Tree of Wyrd. Magickal form - Ecstasy. Images - 6, 14, 17. Alchemical process - Coagulation.

'The Giving' concerns 'primal Satanism' - and a more subtle magick and manipulation than the previous works. It is a story based on fact - on real life happenings and real people. It reveals a real Satanic Mistress in action - someone quite different from the 'accepted' notion of a Satanic Mistress. Spheres - Third and Fourth. Forms - Ecstasy/Vision. Images - 7, 12, 5; 6, 14, 17. Processes - Coagulation/Putrefaction.

'The Greyling Owl' (the title is significant) concerns the second sphere, and the magick is even more subtle and esoteric than in the previous work. It requires an understanding of individuals as those individuals are - a subtle changing of them. Magickal Form - Indulgence; process - Separation; Images - 0, 8, 16.

In all the works of the Quartet, "the other side" (i.e. those with 'morals') is shown in context - moral individuals are described and things seen from their point of view. **It is vitally important for a novice to be able to be detached** - to see things and people as those things and people are. Only thus can they learn judgement and discover how to work esoteric sinister magick. Such detachment is necessary - and its cultivation part of Initiate training. It is the aim of the Quartet to cultivate this ability - and the self-criticism which is a part of it. This 'criticism' is a self-awareness, a self-knowledge. Thus, some characters in the Quartet and the views/attitudes they express may provoke the Satanic Initiate into disagreement and possibly discomfort. This is intentional. The novice should analyze why they react as they do - and why they 'expect' certain things/certain views/certain outcomes.

In short, they are entertaining Instructional Satanic Texts - those who are prepared to spend some effort in understanding them will discover their many layers, and so learn.

The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis

Falcifer:

This MS deals with overt magick in a magickal setting - Temples, rituals etc. It describes Satanic initiation from a Satanic viewpoint, and the tests etc. a novice may undergo as well as the awakening awareness appropriate to a novice.

It also deals with the Dark Gods - describing them and the magick which returns them to Earth.

Of all the MSS of the Quartet, it is the most easily understood, although it does contain some hidden/esoteric meanings. These, however, are quite explicable since the perspective of the MS is overtly Satanic.

Temple of Satan:

This also has an overtly magickal setting, but deals with the stage beyond that of a novice: i.e. someone who has been involved for some time and who has developed certain magickal skills - e.g. manipulation.

Melanie is the archetypal Satanic Priestess: sexually alluring, using her sexuality to manipulate and captivate, enjoying some delicate pleasures (e.g. sadism). But, as a true Satanist, after some time she becomes bored by the routine. So unconsciously at first, she seeks after something else: and is drawn toward Thurstan, against her better Satanic judgement. She is "drawn" because she still has to gain a deep self-understanding - because there are still aspects which remain unconscious and powerful in her psyche (relating to the 'numinous' power of love etc.). Gradually, she falls in love - but is she herself being manipulated toward this by Saer? And if so, why? [Consider the crystal he left with Thurstan for her to find and read.] Saer is 'beyond the Abyss' - an image/symbol of aeonic magick as against Melanie's external and internal magick. This love causes the loss of her magick.

But she gradually understands its purpose - to propel her toward the next stages of the sinister journey, and to provide a child who because of her own sinister abilities and the apparently non-sinister abilities of Thurstan will have special qualities. That is, the child will be beyond opposites (as, e.g., symbolized by Melanie and Thurstan). Toward the end, Melanie is presented with a choice - love, or her duty/destiny. She chooses the latter, and her magick is restored.

Claudia is a complication for Melanie - a further test/distracton. Does her love cause her lover's death? Pead and Jukes, representing old aeon magick, try to keep Melanie and Thurstan apart - because without him she cannot fulfil her Satanic wyrd: i.e. move on to the next stages and thus undertake aeonic magick, to the detriment of the old order and 'the light'.

The Giving:

This MS has several esoteric strands, and several overt meanings. Lianna is a Mistress of Earth (note: stages beyond Melanie in 'Temple') and it is her duty to undertake The Giving - rite of sacrifice.

As a Satanic Mistress, Lianna uses magick in a subtle way, as befits her status. This magick is esoteric (e.g. empathic) but she also directly manipulates others, although in a subtle way. Consider how she draws/attracts Thorold to her: sending Sidnal to him with books, visiting his shop as a customer ...

Lianna requires two important things: an offer, and someone to father her heir. The MS describes her attaining these goals.

Mallan is a recent initiate - enjoying as all good Initiates should, overt magick and evil. He involves Rhiston in his games. Lianna however presents Mallan with a choice - finely and subtly presented. She advises him that his activities are not conducive to further advancement, for she understands

he has become ensnared by some of his desires, rather than enjoying them and then discarding them to rise beyond them and so attain self-insight and mastery. However, he sees her hints 'morally' - he mis-interprets them because he cannot see what she is trying to do; i.e. he shows no Satanic insight. The reader is shown this from Mallam's perspective - like Mallam, a certain discernment is required to see beyond the outer appearance to the essence. [This sudden change of perspective occurs in the MS several times, as it does many times in other parts of the Quartet. The reader should often ask: what is really going on here? A critical judgement is required because often the characters and what they may do/say are not what they seem: i.e. the real intent/magick is hidden.]

As it is, Mallam's lack of insight means he believes Lianna is making a 'moral' point, and he openly breaks with her.

Following this decision by Mallam, Lianna provides him with a test, a new opportunity to prove his worth or otherwise. She sends her Guardian, Imlach, to him - unknown to Mallam, of course - with a secret MS. Again, Mallam fails to realize what is happening - he cannot 'see through' Imlach. Instead, he is overwhelmed by unconscious desires: material greed, lust for power. Rather than controlling, and using his desires for some purpose, he lets his desires control him. So he goes to Lianna's village - and again fails, because he does not recognize the young woman as a Priestess of Lianna's tradition: he sees her as dull, easily manipulated. Thus, he shows he has no genuine magickal insight or abilities.

hence he becomes a candidate for sacrifice. Basically, he chooses himself - he is not chosen because of his "evil" activities. They merely provide a fail-safe to deflect attention from his disappearance (when the rite is completed): no one in 'conventional' society would miss him/mourn him or worry about his disappearance.

Lianna also tests/manipulates Thorold. Does she also manipulate Monica? Or is she genuinely annoyed when Thorold becomes involved with Monica? Is this a further test of Thorold? Certainly, for Lianna, Monica's death or removal is necessary - or seems to be. Lianna has drawn Thorold into her world - and changes him, for he is captivated by her: in a sense, in her power. He has qualities which she judged would make him a suitable person to father her child.

The MS ends with an unasked question: what is to be Thorold's fate when his purpose has been achieved? That is, when he has fathered her child. Will he be an offer, or will he become part of her tradition? Clues to the answer are given at various points in the MS. Also, is Lianna a Satanist? Certainly, she does not seem to be - there are no 'Satanic' rites, no invocations to Satan. At one point she says she belongs to an older tradition. Does she say this for a reason? - To deceive? She certainly represents a primal darkness: and is a genuine Mistress of Earth ... This raises the question as to what genuine Satanism really is: a question answered, in fact, by Lianna's actions as described in the MS from its beginnings to its end.

The Greyling Owl:

This is the most esoteric and therefore the most difficult MS to understand - at a first reading - and when viewed by conventional/accepted ideas of Satanism/Black Magick.

It shows real magick in action on several levels: manipulation, empathic, forms (e.g. music), images, and via opening psychic nexions within individuals.

Essentially, the MS deals with the changes wrought in the lives of Mickleman and Alison, and how these are made to aid the sinister dialectic - i.e. sinister aeonic strategy, to aid the presencing of sinister energies in the causal and so bring/provoke change to the benefit of the sinister, aiding evolution.

The magick here is that appropriate to an Internal Adept and beyond, while the energies described (the outer form) are symbolic of a particular sphere on the Tree of Wyrd (Mercury), although other energies are sometimes involved/intrude.

This magick is far removed from external magick and thus rituals/robes. This magick means a working with individuals as those individuals are - a subtle re-orientation of their consciousness/lives.

Mickleman is gradually changed, and brought into an influential position - the Professorship - without him realizing this is occurring, in the magickal sense at least. He believes he is still in control of his own Destiny - and it is important not to undermine this belief, except insofar as a certain self-insight is obtained. He must have this assurance of his abilities, this confidence, to fulfil what is his 'hidden' wyrd. He becomes aware, on terms he can cope with/is familiar with [this is important], of certain archetypal aspects which will be important for his future professional development/standing. These aspects, by which he will influence others in a non-magickal way by 'seeding their minds', will aid the sinister dialectic. Part of this would be through academic work (aided by the insights attained during his 'manipulation') and part by his own life-style: his 'decadent' past and his future deriving from that past - both would influence others, providing inspiration, and thus changing others in certain ways.

Alison also is changed - realizing the power of music to transform. Again, her aims, dreams, hopes etc. are described from her own perspective, from her own 'moral' view of the world. However, her fundamental insights are 'provoked' via the subtle magick/influence of Edmund etc. Further, the future forms she creates/uses, while having the appearance of conventional forms (and perhaps a moral content), will achieve and aid the sinister [or at least most/some of them will]. She herself will see her aims in terms of her own perspective: often 'morally', without fully realizing what she and her work are achieving - opening nexions, and presencing dark energies to influence/infect others. This arises because she has been influenced/directed by magick in a specific way: to access a certain nexion within her own psyche. [All this is a very important notion to understand - and marks the insight appropriate to those who aspire to go beyond the stage of novice. It reflects genuine magick in action.] Her thoughts/action etc. (as others) are often 'morally' described.

The dark interior life of both Edmund and Fiona (and thus their real aims) are hidden - i.e. not overt, as generally befits a Master and a Mistress. Such Adepts generally work esoterically - they do not fit conventional 'Satanic' role-models. In their different ways, Edmund and Fiona live in the ordinary world in an 'ordinary' way - they are real shape-changers who blend into their surroundings. This enables them to work sinister magick effectively. Further, Edmund possesses no trappings normally assumed to be part of his station - he has no wealth, no power, no obvious influence. His Satanic power is internal, hidden - it is insight, wisdom, magickal skill of a rare kind. This skill enables him to work magick on others (and thus the world) as those others are - in the confines of their own roles/image for the most part. Fiona's magickal work is often more overt - e.g. using her sexuality to advantage, but her real magick is still hidden. Thus the MS describes real Adepts at work.

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A Note Concerning 'Breaking the Silence Down':

This MS is often regarded as making the Quartet into a Quintet. It is similar in its magick to the Greyling Owl - although the background is Sapphism.

Basically, Diane - who already possesses an intuitive awareness of primal darkness and thus Satanism - is led toward self-discovery and a magickal partnershi

She has an insight into the female persona/strength (after the attempted rape) and discovers the power of music to capture the essence hidden by appearance.

She is seduced by Rachael, who uses music (her piano playing) as a magickal act. Apthone is the archetypal immature product of this age and its societies: swayed by desires, and using petty manipulation to achieve lowly goals. When he becomes a threat to Diane, he is dealt with by those who desire her, magickally and sexually (Rachael and Watts). Is his accident purely chance? Or is someone, or two, watching over Diane? In the end, Rachael wins Diane. She is an hereditary sorceress - carrying on her grandmother's tradition (thus missing a generation: Rachael's mother). This tradition thrives in a certain part of the countryside near where Diane lives.

As in 'Greyling', the perspective is often that of the character involved: i.e. events/thoughts etc. are seen through their eyes, with their (often moral and conventional) understanding/attitudes. This gives an appreciation and understanding of these people as they are - and how magic affects them, usually without them being aware of it. It requires the reader to suspend and transcend conventional Satanic/sinister notions (which are often only the outer form of what is Satanic/sinister rather than its essence). This should enable genuine magick to be understood - as it should aid the understanding of how forms/energies etc. affect/change individuals, often unconsciously. All this should aid self-insight.

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NEXION

A

Beginning

ONA

1977 ev

Per Sorensen was dead.

His death did nothing to ease the shelling. Katgusha rockets still shattered the buildings around. A tram burned as rubble from a nearby explosion slithered onto the tracks in front of it and the armoured troop carrier bearing Sorensen's body turned to avoid the flames.

A pretty woman wearing a Wehrmacht helmet for protection against debris looked up at the carrier and briefly smiled. But her smile did nothing to relieve Dieter's sadness, and he watched her as she walked nimbly through the rubble clutching a canteen of water. The block of buildings ahead of her shook with explosions, and smoke and dust drifted away with the slight wind. Somewhere nearby a man screamed.

Dieter and his comrades did not move as the carrier bore them and the body toward the Ploetzensee cemetery. Zhukov's Red Horde was near and Dieter imagined he could hear small-arms fire in the brief pauses between shell, rocket and bomb. Despite the explosions, no one ran along the streets, and a tired Volksturm guard waved the troop carrier through the intersection. Nearby, young boys in Hitler Jugend uniform worked cheerfully, digging a trench parallel to a lane of twisted, torn trees. Their leader spoke, but Dieter heard nothing except another shell burst nearby. For a few seconds the boys stood silent, their caps removed, as the carrier passed. Sturmscharführer Hermann acknowledged their respect with a salute.

Sorensen's coffin was made from empty ammunition crates and Dieter helped lower them and their body into the grave. The symbolism seemed fitting for a man who had fought for three years on the Russian front, always with his machine-pistol dangling on a lanyard around his neck.

Dieter's eulogy was brief: "Bright and glorious that warrior's Destiny who in battle-array stands for his children and home, stands for the woman of his heart, bravely opposed to the foe. So Death may come, when it will, bringing this life's thread to an end.

"For think not that Destiny will allow for a man to live always unharmed, great though he be, though even he boast descent from the gods. Even though the coward pass through

fury of battle safe to his home in his flight - Death will assail him there. But then he dies unlamented, unloved by his folk, while both the high and the low weep by the tomb of the brave.

"Yes, with a nation's tears wherever he may die, we bewail him; and if he the brave lives he is hailed all but a god upon Earth. Strong as a fortress of defence in the fight do we gaze on our hero: his are deeds for the many, and he does them alone."

Amid the falling shells Hermann led the last salute before the honour guard fired their three salvos over the grave. A woman flak helper threw fresh Spring flowers before earth protected the body: not for Sorensen the mutilation the Soviet troops inflicted on the bodies of dead SS officers.

The men, led by Hermann, were singing 'I Had A Comrade' and there were tears in Dieter's eyes. Sorensen had saved his life, twice.

The journey back to the dug-out was slow, and Dieter wished Zhukov's troops would attack. For every bullet a kill; for every Panzerfaust a tank. Vengeance for Sorensen's death.

The smoke twilight from the battle bombardment was long, and Dieter was relieved when the first tank appeared, lurching over the rubble in the street. A Soviet sniper made a dash for the safety of the Church facade on Dieter's *right* but then stopped to clutch his throat and topple to the ground dead. The tank turned abruptly, its machine-gun hitting nothing that was living. Dieter aimed the pin on the edge of the Panzerfaust at the tank, gripping ~~thoxx~~ the weapon under his arm. His muscles ached from the repetition and there was no elation about the kill.

Close-range Soviet bombardment began while machine-gun fire spattered the ground ~~around~~. The buildings around - or what was left of them - hid a few German snipers and Dieter was trying to judge their number from their sporadic fire when the bombardment and bullets ceased. Dieter tensed while buildings and the burning tank crackled with fire.

A few grenades were thrown, then the slow rush of Soviet troops among the rubble and the bodies.

"Tank riders!" shouted Dieter.

The only thing tank riders did was advance and die, and Dieter did not disappoint Stalin's expendable peasants. He shot two, three, six. Hermann had run out of grenades. More ^{Soviet} snipers were seeking cover to provide cross-fire but Dieter could only target one before the others escaped into the rubble of the Church. He threw his last grenade after them.

The young machine-gunner in the dug-out beside Dieter was dead and he rolled the bloody body away before quickly changing the clogged barrel of the gun. Hermann fed the ammunition belt until, without a sound, he slithered down the trench, shot in the head. The tank riders were crawling closer but Dieter held their advance with Hermann's sub-machine gun while through the smoke filled street another tank lurched toward him.

Soon, Dieter had no more ammunition, the men in the dug-outs behind him were dead and he began to throw bricks, stones and anything else he could find before scrambling back to find a weapon with which to kill. From the still warm hand of one his dead comrades he took a Mauser pistol but had no time to aim. The shell from the tank exploded near him knocking him over before burying him under earth, rubble and wood.

Dieter awoke to consciousness to hear the crackling of a nearby fire and the distant explosions of battle; to smell burning wood and flesh, and to see above him framed by the crack of light, a large brown rat.

No voices reached him and when he clawed his way cautiously into the light he could see no human movement along the street. The light drizzle refreshed him, and he let the rain water soak his hair and trickle over his bloodstained face before crawling toward his dug-out. The tank smouldered but the dead Soviet troops had been removed.

Along the street an old man pulled a wooden cart while beside him two women walked enwrapped in long coats with black shawls covering their heads. From the end of the cart two sets of bare feet protruded. A squad of Zhukov's soldiers led by a bandy-legged officer in a peaked cap strutted toward them. They shouted and laughed. The old man

tried to speak, but the officer knocked him down before three soldiers dragged one of the women into the facade of the Church. She screamed and resisted and was shot. Several soldiers pushed the other woman to the ground.

Dieter shot the officer through the head. Surprise and his marksmanship killed four more before inaccurate fire was returned but within seconds he had shot the remaining three.

"Thank you," said the old man as Dieter approached. "You must go - there are more."

Dieter knelt down to retrieve a selection of weapons from the bodies before helping the woman to her feet. Her beauty surprised him and he forced himself to turn away.

"Where is the front-line?" he asked.

"There is no front-line," said the old man sadly, staring at the ground.

Before Dieter could reply, the woman spoke. "You must go - if they find you alive ..."

"And you?" he asked.

The woman smiled. "We are now the children of Fate. We shall head West.

The old man knelt briefly beside the body of his dead daughter before covering her face with her coat. He dragged the two bodies of his wife and young daughter from the cart to lay them beside, covering them as best he could.

"I have no more strength to carry them for a burial," he said.

A lorry smouldered at the end of the street where a building showed a tilting inside of floors.

"Where is your Regiment?" the woman asked.

Dieter looked around the scene of their last battle. "I am the Regiment!" he said proudly. Dizzy and weak from loss of blood and concussion, he collapsed against the cart.

"We must help him," he heard the woman say.

The old man sighed, wearily. "Yes, I know."

The last thing Dieter remembered was the woman's beautiful smile.

II

Wolfram stared into the quartz sphere while outside his shuttered room the high-ranking SS officer waited in the cool air of the Bavarian Alps.

There was no mystery in what he sensed through the medium of the crystal as, many years ago, there had been a mystery when a guant young man fresh from war had saught with Dietrich's help to seek him out. Now they both were dead and he alone of the original seven was left to try and build from the ruins of the destruction a new empire to reach toward the stars.

The Dark Gods that for most of his life he had served would be waiting among those stars and he had only to open another Gate for their power to be his for him to use it as he had used it to help that young man of vision. Yet there was something that he did not understand about the events that had brought destruction to his dreams. Some other power oppossed to his own must have been invoked and he moved away from the crystal to stare for several minutes at the pieces scattered over the seven boards and one hundred and twenty six squares of the Star Game. But he could see no pattern that might explain the events and, sad, he shook his head to ~~play~~ play perhaps for the last time/^{upon his piano} his favourite piece of music by Bach.

The music brought a quiet joy and he entered his plain Temple to seek the guidance of his gods. The quartz tetrahedron glowed, a little, as it had done for the past few days and he rested his hands on it. The coldness seemed to drain away his sadness and joy and he imagined ^{he} ~~was~~ was travelling through the dimensions beyond the seventh Gate. There was a presence awaiting him among the stars at the very edge of the galaxy and he allowed it to shape his consciousness as many times in the past it had been shaped. The futures of his own planet lay in visions around him and he had only to find her desire to make one future real.

With one possibility he returned to the terrace where against the backdrop of mountains the officer waited, holding a sheaf of files. The files contained the personal details of SS officers who had distinguished themselves in the savage combat of the last few months of the war, and Wolfram read through them all slowly and with interest. Per Sorensen, his favoured, was dead but in an hour he had found a successor.

He handed the file of the chosen to the officer. "You can make the arrangements?"

"Yes!" replied the officer curtly but with respect. "And the country?"

"England."

The officer was surprised. "As you wish." He saluted, bowed slightly and left the terrace to walk down the steps toward the road.

Dieter could recall little of his journey. Burnt by fever he heard mumbled voices, the sound of aircraft, smelt putrid smells, felt a damp cloth on his face and the bumping as the cart trundled its slow way across a ravaged land. At length, daylight stung his eyes and he saw a convoy of lorries, Soviet soldiers standing idle, the husks of burnt-out tanks. Behind the cart where he lay hidden he could see a straggle of unkempt people pushing or carrying on their backs their few possessions.

A few more miles and the old man ceased his pulling of the cart. 'There is a Soviet check-point ahead' someone had said.

Slowly, night drew its darkness over them and the people huddled in the small convoy for safety stopped, exhausted and hungry.

"What shall we do?" Dieter heard the beautiful woman ask her father.

Stiffly, Dieter climbed from the cart. A haggard woman in a black skirt, coat and shawl stared at him. Even in the twilight his uniform was distinct. Soon, everyone was staring at him.

"There's a reward for the likes of him!" crooned the old woman. "It would feed us all for days!"

Several of the group stood up to move toward Dieter. The old man who had pulled the cart moved between them.

"You make me ashamed to be German," he said to them.

"Germany's finished!" shouted the old woman. "And it's due to the likes of him!" She spat on the ground. "When did you all last eat, eh? A proper meal, I mean. Meat and fresh vegetables!"

Dieter held the old man's arm. "I am strong now and shall leave."

The old man nodded. He held out his hand. "Hans-Peter Schemm."

"Hauptsturmfuehrer Dieter Norkus." They shook hands.

"My daughter, Ilse."

Dieter bowed toward her. "I have much to thank you and your father for."

"It was nothing," she said, "compared to the sacrifices some have made."

"And the war?"

"Unconditional surrender."

"The Fuhrer?"

"Dead - so they say."

Dieter sighed. "I hope I shall see you again."

"Koblenz - that is where we go," Hans-Peter said. "Ask for us near the Florinsmarkt in the Old Town - if it still exists."

"Until then, I thank you." He brought his heels together in the Prussian manner, bowed toward Ilse and strode purposefully away from the road into the gathering darkness.

Dieter walked for several hours across fields before stopping to take a rest and check the two pistols he still carried. The night silence was strange after the bombardment of Berlin and he could not sleep only try and dispell the sadness he felt because the war was over with Germany's defeat. He did not know what to do except journey toward the farm of his father in Hessen. But Germany was in ruins, occupied by foreign armies and he felt himself bound still by the oath of loyalty sworn those many years ago.

Dawn's first rays found him in a small copse. Somewhere near, he knew, would be a farm, with water and food but probably foreign soldiers, and he forced himself to remain within the cover of the trees until darkness brought ~~again~~ again the freedom he needed to resume his journey.

Sleep did not come, just insistent hunger, thirst and the boredom of inaction. Twice he thought he heard voices and once, the distant rumble of tanks and when night came he was content with the caution born of combat to edge his way slowly through fields, avoiding all roads and tracks.

Toward dawn he came upon farm buildings. A man slept by the entrance to the courtyard, a rifle beside him, and Dieter watched the buildings for nearly an hour before walking down the track to kick the sleeping man awake and taking his rifle.

"Good people!" the startled blurted out. He saw Dieter's uniform and shouted several words in Polish.

"Quiet!" commanded Dieter. "You speak German?"

"Yes!" said the old man proudly.

"Who is in charge here?"

The man stood up to face Dieter. "Landrat von Leiden."

"No Russians."

"No," replied the man nervously, "not yet."

Dieter looked around, listening. "The Landrat - tell him I want to see him."

"Of course!"

Dieter did not have long to wait. Von Leiden stumbled toward him, bent and shuffling because of arthritis.

"Berlin?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You have come a long way. Alone."

"Yes."

"Hmpf!" He turned to speak to the Pole who was skulking behind. "Fetch some of the bread. And water." He scowled. "And a little of that sausage you have hidden in the urn."

The Pole displayed no emotion, and skuttled away.

"No manners these Poles," muttered von Leiden. "They steal my geese."

"I am Hauptsturmfuehrer - "

"I do not care who you are. The Russians are everywhere."

"How far to American lines?"

"Not far - a day, walking. Perhaps." He stared at Dieter's uniform. "My son - " he began. Then, abruptly: "I have some old clothes, should you wish. Your uniform - "

"No, thank you."

Von Leiden shook his head. "This war's ending - it is not the same. No honour in peace."

Dieter gave him the rifle and this gesture of trust brought tears to von Leiden's eyes. "Our old world of honour lies in ruins." Then, seeing the Pole return he took the food and water and gave them to Dieter saying, "Go, and quickly."

Dieter stuffed the black bread and sausage into his pockets. The water was cold and refreshing and he cleaned his face briefly before handing back the jug, bowing his head to von Leiden and striding along the track toward the fields.

He walked for several hours, unconcerned about being seen for he had resolved to die fighting, like all his comrades, rather than surrender. He stopped briefly, to take from an inside pocket his Knight's Cross which he pinned to his camouflage jacket, making sure all his insignia were clear and bright. Nearby, he heard someone whistle.

It was a tuneful whistle and, as it came nearer, Dieter recognized it as the Parade March of the 18th Hussars. It was whistled by a boy dressed in the striking uniform of the Napolas.

Dieter let him pass as he lay hidden by a tree before calling out to the boy.

"Heil Hitler!" the boy replied with enthusiasm. Tall and muscular, he appeared to Dieter to be the perfect advertisement for the Jungmannen.

Dieter returned the salute, with less enthusiasm. "Where are you heading?" he asked.

"Home!" replied the boy cheerfully, his left hand resting on his dagger.

"Where is that?"

"Hamburg. And you, Hauptsturmfuehrer?"

"S... "

"No, sir."

Dieter gave him all the bread and half of the sausage.

"What will you do when you reach Hamburg?"

Brightly, the boy said, "Build a new Germany!"

"Germany will certainly need re-building."

"Sir?" the boy asked seriously.

"Yes?"

"I would consider it a great honour if you would allow me to accompany you."

"What about your home?"

"There will be plenty of time!" He stared at Dieter's Knights Cross.

"Have you seen any action?"

"Yes! Anti-aircraft battery at Grunewald. Then when the Reds came I joined some Volksturm and Hitler Jugend. When we ran out of ammunition we split up."

"I have no intention of surrendering. But you are Germany's future."

"I am not afraid to die."

Dieter smiled. "I can see by your eyes you speak truth." He gave the boy one of his pistols. "You might need this."

In silence they walked together for many miles while Dieter's spirit grew troubled, and he was about to order the boy to leave him and find safety in the American lines when ahead they saw a straggling line of soldiers.

"Go now," Dieter said, "while you can."

The boy smiled and shook his head before releasing the safety catch on the pistol. Slowly, the soldiers encircled them.

The boy was lying on the ground, his young, earnest face intently watching the advancing soldiers. Dieter took the pistol from him.

"The future is yours," Dieter said.

"And you, sir?" the boy asked.

"At least they are American," said Dieter, throwing the pistols away and raising his hands in the gesture of surrender.

III

They were taken to a small village occupied by the Americans. Several of the timbered houses, as well as the Saxon church, lay in ruins while around the largest standing building which served as American headquarters, small groups of old woman and young children sat, strangely silent, on the ground. Amongst the destruction, trucks, jeeps, stores and American soldiers were littered without any appearance of order.

Pushed against a courtyard wall, they were searched for the third time.

"O.K.," shouted the American Sergeant, "turn around you Nazi bastards!"

The American Major who approached them did not smile. Behind him a small bespectacled soldier carried a clip-board.

"Rank, name and unit," he said to Dieter.

"Hauptsturmfuehrer Dieter Norkus, Waffen SS, Nordland Division ..."

"Sir," the bespectacled soldier interrupted, talking to the Major, "the boy."

"What?"

"G2 orders, sir."

"Take over, Sergeant!" The Major strode back toward his headquarters, his clip-board carrier in tow.

With the Major gone, the Sergeant approached Dieter. "Let's see that medal," he grinned. "Kinda nice, aint it?"

He went to rip it from Dieter's uniform when the boy sprang forward. Without speaking a word he wrenched the American's arm and tripped him up.

The other guards laughed.

'You son of a bitch!' Enraged, the Sergeant jumped up, snatched a rifle and smashed the butt into the boy's face. Dieter moved toward him, but two guards pinned his arms against the wall. Nearby, a few birds sang their ^{unending} songs of Spring. The Sergeant ripped the Knights Cross from Dieter's tunic.

"Sergeant Piaggio!" shouted the Major from his doorway. With a swaggering gait, the Sergeant walked over to him and their conversation was interrupted and brief

Dieter was forced into the building and onto a chair. The Major said a few words in German before Dieter said "I do speak English."

"Great! Cigarette?"

"No, thank you."

"Where is the rest of your outfit?"

"They fell in Berlin."

Nearby, a brief burst of gunfire could be heard.

"How did you get here?" the Major asked.

"I walked."

There was a knock on the door and the Sergeant entered without saluting. "That kid, Major," he said. "Tried to escape. We had to shoot."

Dieter stared at him, his eyes bright with anger. "How heroic of you to shoot an unarmed boy!"

"Shut your mouth!" shouted the Sergeant.

"I wish to report this to a senior American officer," said Dieter.

The Major was smiling and the Sergeant had started to laugh when Dieter leapt across the room to grab the machine-gun the Sergeant was holding. His hand was on the barrel, his finger near the trigger when his two guards beat him into unconsciousness with the butts of their rifles.

For Dieter the ^{next} ~~few~~ few days became a blur of impressions: a long journey in a ~~covered~~ covered lorry with other prisoners of war with whom he was forbidden to speak, an interrogation, another journey, another interrogation, a guarded prisoner of war compound where he and the other prisoners were forced to sleep on the ground.

He lost count of the days and weary from the months of fighting, the shock of defeat, lack of sleep, hunger, the journeys and the interrogations, he sat in the back of an American lorry watching through the ~~open~~ open flap the stream beside the road as the lorry wound its way among some hills. The day was warm, perfumed by the scent of Spring's flowers and ^{Dieter} Dieter began to recall the quiet beauty of the Germany he had known in Hessen as a boy, ~~and~~ his spirit began to yearn to return to the house of his family where to renew with his own hands the cultivation

of their lands. There was a family legend, he knew, connected with the farm and he possessed a desire to wander free and homeward to hear his grandfather tell it. But Germany was in ruins, he himself was a prisoner of war and he still believed he was bound by his oath of loyalty sworn in the exuberant first year of the war. 'My Honour Commands Loyalty' said the motto on his ring - and to all the questions that in the last few days he had been asked his answer was always the same: 'I have done nothing,' he would say with pride, 'that is dis-honourable.' But they did not understand.

'For my fatherland in sadness I weep,' he recalled from memory for himself when alone or when no one would listen or believe his words of truth, 'for of my country am I robbed. How great is the chant of our woe: tear upon tear is shed and only the unseeing dead forget how to weep ...'

Enwrapped in dreams of his home, he did not notice when the lorry stopped. But the driver brought him and his two guards out into the warming sun to move the rock-fall from the narrow road.

An old man shuffled slowly toward them along the road while they worked and Dieter was dragging the last rock away when he reached them. Without speaking he walked straight to the two guards who were ^longing against the side of the lorry, grabbed them and knocked their heads together. Limply, they fell to the ground. The astonished driver went to draw his holstered pistol but swift like a wolf in attack the old man leapt toward him striking at his windpipe with his hand. The driver fell down to lie still on the road.

The old man was smiling, his eyes bright and blue like the clear sky of summer.

"Come, Dieter Norkus, we must leave."

Dieter did not question his sudden freedom and followed as with surprising agility the old man led him upwards through the rocks and trees, along twisting tracks to a small wooden hut. Dieter recognized the SS officer who was waiting inside.

The officer handed him a sheaf of documents, saying: "All the documents for your new ~~isbook~~ identity are there.

few days from now, and you will be in your new country."

Dieter looked up from the documents. "Which is?"

"England."

Dieter was surprised. "May I ask - for what?"

"To continue what has been achieved, and prepare for what is next." The Officer saluted, bowed, and left.

"I", the smiling old man said, "am Fundi and will be your guide. Come now, for there is much to do."

Concerning the Temple of Set

The Temple of Set, as both its High Priest and its members admit, understands what they regard as Satanism as a religion. Further, the fundamental basis on which the Temple was founded is the 'Infernal Mandate'. This mandate, it is claimed, was given to Aquino by the Prince of Darkness Himself (in his manifestation as Set) and, it is said, makes the priesthood of that Temple the only one consecrated by the Prince of Darkness - that is, only the Temple of Set is a true representation of Satanism. The Temple sees itself as a sacred guardian - it has a 'sacred duty' because its High Priest has been chosen by the Prince of Darkness.

However, these two things - which so define the Temple of Set - show that it cannot be a genuine Satanic organization. To prove this, we will consider each of these things in turn - first, the question of an 'Infernal Mandate', and then the question of Satanism as a Religion.

Aquino maintains he has a 'sacred duty' because of the mandate, and that this mandate gives him authority to consecrate his Priesthood. Further, he claims that only this Priesthood is truly consecrated to the Prince of Darkness. What this means in practice, is that the Temple of Set has set itself up to be the unique representative of Satanism.

In reality, Aquino claims to have received a Mandate during some magickal working and thereby claims authority. A genuine Satanist, on the contrary, has authority by virtue of his or her Wisdom - and has achieved Wisdom by virtue of practical experience. There is no need to claim a 'spiritual' authority given by some 'entity' real or imagined be that entity Satan or Set or whatever. Indeed, to so claim such authority via an entity external to oneself exposes the person who so makes the claim as needing this spiritual crutch because they lack real Wisdom - that is, **they rely on something external to themselves, something external to their own achievements.** Such an individual has to rely on something external because what really matters is missing - what is missing is that which is created by the following of the Black Arts to the ultimate ending. That is, direct practical experience and the mastery and wisdom which are thereby won.

A genuine Satanic Master (or Mistress) does not need to pose - they do not need to claim they have a mandate. The authority of a real Master or Mistress arises from their experience - it is rooted in them by virtue of their character and is evident in their eyes, their attitude and their knowledge. They have a unique, individual character - they do not play a 'role' or claim to be in touch or have been in touch with some supra-personal entity. What they say and teach is based on their own experiences, on their own learning - they have struggled along the Path for many years, and learnt the hard way, via direct experience. They **know** because they have **done**.

Accordingly, anyone who claims and need to rely on a mandate given to them - either by some entity or someone who instructed them - reveals themselves to be a charlatan.

To make this even clearer, I shall be personal for a few sentences. I represent a certain Satanic Order - and in a sense I therefore have some 'authority'. But I have this authority because, in this Order, I have gone further than anyone - I have experienced more, and so learned some things. Perhaps I have gained some Wisdom - I certainly have esoteric knowledge and skills beyond that of most others. What I say and do arises from my experience - it results from years of effort along the Left Hand Path. My authority is because of my character - a character forged via experience. Even though I had been Initiated by a Satanic Mistress who instructed me for a while, my authority does not derive from her - or from Satan. It derives from my own character. Others can learn from me if they wish - they are free to judge what I say or write or create, and learn from it and use it

should they wish. They must assess its worth for themselves. I do not make out what I say or write or do to be anything other than mine - except where it concerns some traditions I learned from my Mistress. But even these are to be judged on their own merits - there is nothing special about them, nothing 'Infernal' in the sense of a mandate attached to them. They have not been 'sanctified' by the Prince of Darkness Himself - they are not 'sacred' truths. In brief, there is nothing of a religious nature attached to me, the authority I have or those teachings I have inherited and substantially added to. I stand on my own merits, and my creations likewise.

The same is true for any genuine Satanist. Why? Because it is in the nature of Satanism. This leads us to the second question: Satanism as a religion.

The whole of Satanism is a defiance against the religious attitude. Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold or try to hold our existence, our being, in thrall - and the most potent form of thralldom has been and still is, religion. Religion emasculates us - whether it be overtly, via a religion, or covertly by a religious attitude such as is evident in political or social zealotry, in conformity to a dogma and an authority.

Satanism, in essence, is an individual defiance - an individual pride, an individual striving, an individual quest for excellence. It is about fulfilling the potential inherent in our existence - and this means finding and fulfilling our unique Destinies. Satanism means self-effort, self-learning, self-experience: it means each individual striving to become like a god; striving **to be like the Prince of Darkness Himself**. The Prince of Darkness does not seek weak, docile followers: He desires Comrades, individuals of strength, of character, full of pride and defiance, overflowing with existence itself (which is expressed in deeds, in creation, in changing, in altering evolution). Of course, He (and all genuine Satanists) use others for Satanic ends - they manipulate. He, as Satanists of character do, has followers - have those who obey. But these are not Satanists - they are tools, used to achieve something, perhaps broken, but mostly discarded when what they have been used for has been achieved. They are the dominated, the slave-majority, while the Satanists are the elite, the masters.

Satanists are never constrained - they learn for themselves, via experience, and so progress toward greater understanding, toward a new existence. It is the aim of Satanism to produce unique individuals possessed of character. Accordingly, a genuine Satanic Master or Mistress or group merely guides others - merely offers advice, based on experience. There are no restrictions, no religious zeal. There is not and cannot be any dogma - any authority which the individual must be subservient to. There cannot be any form of conformity. If there is - it is not Satanic.

The Temple of Set constrains its members by dogma, by ethics, by making them subservient to the authority of the priesthood, and to the High Priest himself. It fosters a religious attitude - 'believe! because I/we are empowered by Set/ the Prince of Darkness and so possess his authority'. It restrains - 'do not associate with that person/organization, for they are proscribed'. It breeds a sycophancy, stifling genuine experience and creativity.

Naturally, there are many fine-sounding words and phrases, a great deal of intellectualism, which obscures these brutal truths. The Temple of Set encourages verbiage at the expense of real, dark, sinister experiences. Its members wallow in the illusory world created by words and ideas when they should be alone undergoing formative ordeals. They play at magic(k) and enjoy the glamour of pretending to be 'Satanists' - but they do not go to and beyond the limits of their lives, they do not live life as a succession of ecstasies, they do not go to 'the edge' again and again. Instead, they correspond with one another, meet and talk, meet and talk, do little rituals together or alone, read, and talk and read and write ... And they know they are safe - the Prince of Darkness has been tamed: he is not really 'evil' (as we are not, they say to themselves and mean it). And

they have their 'progress' mapped out for them - awarded to them by the Priesthood in whom they trust and by Aquino, their High Priest. If they please this priesthood, and Aquino, they are rewarded - exalted to the higher grade and can give themselves and call themselves an exalted name: priest, perhaps, or Adept, or maybe even Magister Templi if they have truly been sycophantic enough for long enough...

Meanwhile, the few genuine Satanists get on with their hard tasks - with following the path of Black Magick by their own efforts, by learning for themselves the hard way. They work to achieve a real mastery, of themselves, of magick - making errors, perhaps, but learning, and so growing, so changing and so becoming a changer of evolution itself. For them, there are no restraints, no dogma, no authority. There is only success - or failure. They achieve their own Grades, in their own time, and have the self-honesty and the insight to know if they have really achieved.

One illustration to end with. Consider the path of Satanism as a marathon race. There is a start, and a finish, which we will consider to be Adeptship in this instance. Satanists and would-be Satanists line up at the start. The race begins. The Satanist runs the race, and finishes, by his or her own effort - there is no help, only the will to finish, the hardship of the race itself. It is an individual achievement. But the Temple of Set members are those who run some of the distance, and then find someone running alongside (or perhaps driving along would be more apt) saying "The rules have been changed! By a decree [read by an 'Infernal Mandate']. The marathon is now only 10 miles - so stop and I will award you your certificates [read 'confer Grades']." The Temple of Set members of course believe this person, they do not doubt the Decree - or if they do, they accept it. They stop, and receive their 'rewards' - and believe they have succeeded: they have run a marathon. But in reality, they have deluded only themselves.

To conclude: The Temple of Set is the epitome of what Satanism is not.

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ONA

Copula cum Daemone

or

A Summer's Tale

ONA

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scrambled around. Behind the curving trunk of the tree loose rocks lay clumped, overgrown and mossy and she gave them a cursory look before realizing.

"Come on, help!" she shouted to her sister, and together they began to clear the rubble. It was not long before they discovered the entrance to a cave.

"I don't like this," Ceridwen said.

"It's probably just an old mine shaft. Might even be Roman." She squeezed herself into and crawled along the passage. It widened after a while, enabling her to turn around.

"Goes a long way in. We need a lantern."

Richenda left her sister at the cave entrance, and she had almost reached the track which led back to their cottage when she heard a horse approaching. She hid in the bracken, but it was only Owen, her nearest neighbour, and she watched him raise the gun he carried to shot at a Skylark. The bird fell, and Owen sent his dog after it. Owen was partial to Lark pie. She could see his ruddy face smile as he urged his horse

She did not wish to speak to him and waited until she was alone again. Ceridwen was asleep when she returned to the entrance of the cave, carrying two lanterns and a flint tinderbox. She lit them both, woke her sister and led her into the crumbling, dank passage. It slanted gently downward to sharply turn and end in a small chamber. Toward the left Richenda could see another passage, but it was almost completely blocked by rubble and large rocks. She tried to move some, but soon gave up and she turned, crouching, to see Ceridwen digging at the ground with her hands. There was a smile on Ceridwen's face as she extracted something from the rubble.

Outside, in the bright light, she used the dirty hem of her dress to clean it. The crystal was large, cold to the touch, and shaped like a tetrahedron.

Now, Richenda thought, I have a question, which hopefully the old man can answer.

II

"So - you failed us." The speaker was dressed in a cassock of a Priest. His face was wrinkled with age, his hair white, some of his teeth rotten, while his body seemed too small to support the large head. He looked dismissively at Paul who was kneeling before him the cold damp Chapel.

"Forgive me, Father," Paul said in a pleading voice.

The Priest turned to this three companions, who nodded gravely.

"Rise," the Priest said to Paul, affecting a smile. "And sit with us."

"These followers of the Devil," he continued, "cannot be allowed to continue with the blasphemy." He turned to whisper to his three companions. "Inveni Pauli servum meum, oleo sancto meo unxi eum: manus enim mea auxiliabitur ei, et brachium meum confortabit eum." To Paul, he said, "I have a special task for you, my son. Have you faith enough to accept?"

"Yes, Father."

"You must be strong, my son. Watch her well. See who she sees. Follow. We will pray and plan anew. You have studied well with us - quod ex commixtione homines, et tali modo nasciturum ess Anti-Christum. We fear this, and depend on you." He gave Paul a small phial. "Holy relics, to guard you. Go now."

Paul left. It was a long walk along the lanes and tracks to the sinewy small valley that gave one access to Richenda's cottage. A man leading several tethered pack-mules passed him as he skirted the grounds of Linley Hall. He wished the man with the wizened face and torn, dirty clothes, a good-day but received no reply. The man barely looked up and briefly met Paul's gaze before looking nervously around, his hand clutching at the pistol stuck into his belt. Then he was gone from Paul's sight as the track he had chosen led him and his mules eastward toward the Port Way over the Mynd.

Paul chose a high vantage point, in the bracken, to observe Cold Hill cottage. The day was warm, and he was glad to be freed from the toil of work. He hated work, and had been glad when Father Albert had come to his father all those years ago. He hated their squatter's cottage perched near the bottom of Nind hill - always filled with smoke, with his brothers and sisters. Its walls were thick, composed of stone, undressed and found nearby, its windows tiny. There were only two rooms, and on most nights the children huddled together round the fire while their parents slept alone on a mattress made from moss. He had always been hungry. But the old Priest had saved him, and sent him to school in Salop town. He was sixteen, his mind full of stories of Empire and adventure, when the Priest found him work with a Farrier not very distant from Cold Hill cottage. So he had worked and came to know Richenda, as the Priest had planned. After four years, she had confided in him, as the Priest had done. Thus he had played the Priest's game, priding himself on his success. What stories he would tell in the Taverns when his adventures were complete!

The warm sun began to make him feel sleepy. He had seen no one around the cottage during the hours of his waiting, no sign of anyone within, and he began to wonder what it was like inside. He had only ever met Richenda at or near his place of work - and only twice near the circle of stones - and the more he thought about the interior of the cottage the more excited he became. It was there that she slept, that she kept her clothes. Perhaps even now she was sleeping. He could creep up, and see her through the window.

Soon, his excitement could no longer be contained, and he crept slowly down with beating heart and quivering limbs toward the cottage. He crouched outside, listening. No sounds reached him, except the breeze, the sound of a curlew, the cry of a raven, and he stole a look through one of the small windows at the back of the cottage. There was a woman, sleeping on a bed, and she was naked. Paul stared at her, unable to avert his gaze. It was not Richenda, nor Ceridwen. She seemed of middle age, her dark hair in disarray around her head and shoulders. He had seen one of his sisters naked, once. But this was different. He was a virgin, and as he stared lustful thoughts began to grow in his mind. Then the woman opened her eyes.

She looked directly at him, as if she had known he had been there, but she did not move, even to cover herself, or turn her eyes away. Instead, she began to very slowly

caress her breasts, smiling as she did so. Paul stood there, transfixed. Then she was beckoning him in, arching her body and touching the large mass of her pubic hair with her fingers. Its blackness contrasted vividly with her white skin, and he walked slowly to the door of the cottage, almost fearful that the vision would disappear before he got inside.

But she was still there as he walked into the bedroom. She sat up, still smiling, to stand and touch his face. Her touch startled him, because he had half-expected her to be unreal. Her fingers were warm, her touch soft, her breath fragrant and she kissed him passionately before starting to remove his clothes. "I am Melusine" she whispered in his ear as she dragged his naked body down with her onto the bed, her hand guiding his erection.

In his inexperience and passion, it was soon over, but she clung to him and he soon drifted into sleep. He did not know how long he slept, but he awoke when she moved to take his penis into her mouth. His recovery was quick, and she pushed him onto his back to ease herself onto his erection.

She would not let him rest, finding new ways to arouse him until even the vigour of his youth and the excitement of losing his virginity diminished and then were gone, leaving him exhausted. His eyes began to close, and she began to laugh. She was mocking him with her laugh. But it suddenly stopped, and he opened his eyes to see her gone. He rushed outside, but she had vanished.

III

Richenda waited a long time in the woods near her circle of stones, but Ceridwen did not come to meet her as they had planned. It was nearing dusk when, weary and beginning to worry, she began her walk back to the cottage.

She reached it in darkness, guided by her senses, her knowledge of the area and the vestigial light rarely absent on a summer's night in Britain. Spectral shadows entwined her cottage, and she understood. But the form that she had summoned to work her desire upon Paul did not return and she sat in a rickety chair before the empty grate of the fireplace reaching out to Ceridwen.

But she could sense nothing. It was as if some barrier existed between them, a barrier that not even her magick could breach. For some time she listened to the sounds of her night: a white Owl screeching, the jarring cry of a Nightjar. Tired, she closed her eyes to sleep.

"I hope I do not disturb you," a soft voice beside her said.

The old man, holding his staff, stood beside her.

"No," she said, without surprise, "I was just dreaming about you."

"You have found a question?"

"The crystal --"

"Ah! You are Mistress of a long tradition. As your own mother was. You are the daughter of a long line."

ways flourish still, for which I am glad. What was I saying? Oh yes. To change a whole folk is the aim of your magick: to bring wyrd, change on a large scale. Once, a long time ago now when ... when a young man was still learning like Logres, his ward, a change was begun. And after - new ways of living, new understandings. This by the crystal you have."

"How?"

"How? Simple. I give part answer: wyrd non est aliud, quam halitus aquae, terraeque, solis calore exacte attenuatus et coctus, a frigore secutae noctis in unum coactus, densatusque. And another part: veniebant Daemones, et cum mulieribus miscebantur. You have heard of the sangreal? Who now, alas, has not? But Phereder knew the secret - and ben Beirdd. There was a hermit - I forget now his name although Helinandus remembered him - who began to change the real meaning and make it as a vessal for that new silly god with crosses and flocks of silly sheep! It is, as von Eschenbach knew, lapsit ex coelis. And this you have, given by me, its guardian."

Richenda was very tired, and closed her eyes in sleep. When she awoke, she did not expect to see the old man, and did not. 'Veniebant Daemones, et cum mulieribus miscebantur' she heard in her head like an echo. Did she really understand? She believed so, and this pleased her, although she was still troubled by Ceridwen's absence.

'The crystal - ' a voice seemed to say to her, and she went to where it was hidden among the objects of the untidy and unclean cottage. She found it, and sat down at the table, clearing away the remains of the discarded and mouldering food to place it in front of her. She stared at it, and it was not long before her mind cleared and began to fill with images. She saw Ceridwen, almost naked, tied to a chair in a damp chapel replete with Nazarene symbols and images. Father Albert and two other men stood over her, leering as one of them began to beat her with a whip. They were shouting at her sister, although she could hear no words, and her sister sat as if oblivious to the blows, mocking ~~with~~ them with a silent smile.

Anger overcame Richenda, and the vision flickered, then vanished. Then, remembering, she formed her anger into an astral shape and sent it forth to bring her Paul.

IV

The presbytery was not large, and not even purpose built as a dwelling for a Priest, but Father Albert liked it, and the chapel attached to it. It was a gift, less than a decade ago, from the wealthy Sumner family. Recusants, the Sumners owned the village in the shadow of the Long Mynd and most of the surrounding land. So he said his Masses for the family and the few villagers who ventured to attend. It was a comfortable living. But Father Albert, educated as most Catholic Priests of the time had been, in France, had in his first year of residence come upon the legends and the whispers and the rumours of witchcraft and Satanism in

the area. So he had studied, and listened and learnt, seeking help from his learned brethren. Thus it was that he came to know of a coven perhaps centuries old, dedicated to the old ways and commerce with demons. And so his suspicions grew until he seriously believed this commerce was of great import - a new and important battle in the centuries long war. So he had begun to scheme to defeat his enemy.

His small study was filled from floor to ceiling with books, and from a crowded shelf he took down a manuscript bound in vellum. He opened it and began to read, and as he did so he felt someone laughing at him. He shut his eyes and began to pray: 'Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnis. Satanica potestas, omnis incurio infernalis adversarii ..'

The prayer soothed him, and the laughter disappeared. The manuscript was hand-written in a monastic script and told of the signs by which commerce with demons could be told. He had read it many times, and read it again while he waited for his fellow believers to return with their prize. Ceridwen, sister of the women who knew to be hereditary leader of the coven. Paul, his oblate and pupil, had failed to return, and Father Albert suspected foul and demonic deeds. Perhaps they had him, and would complete their sacrifice. But with Ceridwen, he might forstall their plans ...

His reverie about his holy war was interrupted by the arrival of his companions. He had sworn them, with holy oaths, to secrecy, and they being god-fearing and educated like him in theology in the confines of a monastery, had obeyed.

Ceridwen had offered no resistance, and she let herself be led into the chapel where they bound her to a chair, these ageing relicts of an almost dying age.

"Speak, witch!" Father Albert demanded.

But she smiled and spat into his face.

They prayed over her then, but she still smiled. They sprinkled her with their holy water, held a crucifix near her face, but she said nothing, and did not attempt to move. After an hour they left her.

She was still smiling when they returned, an hour later.

"Tell us," Father Albert said to her as he clutched his Breviary, "this area is important, is it not? I have heard tales of that hideous stone circle - of what you do and have done there. Do you not promise the Devil sacrifices and offerings?" He turned to his companions. "Singulis quindecim diebus, vel singulo mense saltem, necem alicujus infantis aut mortale veneficium."

They crossed themselves in horror. "Why do you not answer us?" Father Albert said to her. "We seek only your good, your own salvation. We can save you from eternal damnation. If you repent, you can be saved. We only seek to help you, be your friends. It is our duty to save your soul."

He opened his breviary and began to pray. For nearly an hour he prayed. But she still smiled at them.

"There is a mark," Father Albert said, remembering his manuscript, "A mark made by the demon. It is imprinted on some hidden part of the body. Sometimes in the shape of a toad's leg, sometimes a hare or a spider." He motioned to his companions and they began to remove her clothes.

She was almost naked when Father Albert began to touch her breasts. "Et hoc modo," she whispered to him, "homo

jungens se Incubo non vilificat, immo dignificat suam naturam."

This startled and shocked him, both for its content and because of her obvious knowledge of Latin, and he sprang back, horrified. Quickly, his mind made many assumptions.

"She is a demon!" he shouted. His riding whip was nearby, discarded, and he grasped it in trembling hands. Then one of his companions, perhaps excited by the exposure of female flesh or from whatever other motive, snatched the whip and began to beat her with it, shouting 'Avante Satanas!' as he did so.

Cerdiwen smiled at them all.

Suddenly, Father Albert shouted. "Leave her! Leave her! We must pray."

They left her then, bloodied but defiant, while they went to the study to pray.

V

Richenda did not have long to wait. Paul came to her, as she had bid him do. He had been nearby, still under the spell of Melusine's body and lust yet morbidly ashamed of his betrayal of his faith and Father Albert. So he had sat and waited, for some sign.

A voice called him, and he came back to Richenda's cottage to stand on the step to her door, shivering with both fear and anticipation.

"Do you wish her again?" Richenda asked him.

"Yes," he said, staring down at the floor.

"Then she shall be yours. But first - do you Paul Jones renounce Yeshua, the Nazarene, and all his works?"

"I - "

"Say it! And this time there shall be no escape!" She held the fingers of her left hand against his forehead.

"I Paul Jones renounce Yeshua, the Nazarene, and all his works."

"Do you affirm Satan?"

"I do affirm Satan."

"Do you bind yourself with word and deed to me, your Mistress of Earth?"

"I do."

"To the glory of our dark gods?"

"To the glory of our dark gods."

"Then receive from me as a sign of your faith this kiss."

She kissed him, as Melusine had kissed him, tongue against tongue, while she pressed her body into his. Then she pushed him away. "Go now, and release her and bring her back to me. Then, before dawn, your desires will once again be fulfilled."

He ran the first mile, then stopped to briefly walk before running again, and it took him less than an hour to reach the house where Father Albert lived. For a while he waited in the darkness outside and as he waited he felt a strength growing within him. It was a dark strength, born from lust, youth, rebellion and fear, and he was smiling

as he knocked on the door.

Father Albert cried in surprise and joy when he opened the door to see him. "My son!" he said.

Paul pushed him aside and rushed toward the chapel.

"Are you possessed?" Father Albert said as he scuttled after him.

Paul did not answer. He untied Ceridwen and spat at the large crucifix which adorned the chapel.

"Quickly!" Father Albert shouted to his companions. "Quickly come! He is possessed!"

He tried to bar Paul's way, but was knocked aside. He fell, blocking the path for his two companions who could only watch as Ceridwen and Paul escaped into the shielding cover of the darkness.

Richenda was waiting for them by the door to the cottage.

"She is waiting for you, inside," she said to Paul before she embraced her sister in welcome.

He gave a brief smile, then nervously entered.

Outside, Richenda showed Ceridwen the crystal. "Do you wish to rest - or shall we begin?"

"Let us begin."

"First then, our foes."

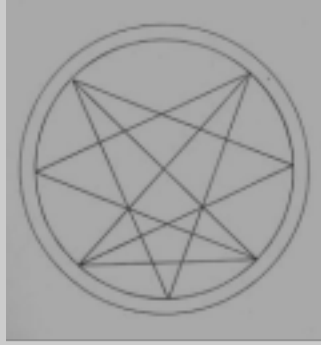
They stood beside each other with the crystal between them and Richenda began her visualization. She saw the clerics ~~xxx~~ in the study of the presbytery kneeling and praying, their breviaries open before them. Then one of them looked up, as if to smell something. She saw Father Albert stand and turn toward the door just as it burst into flames. He shielded his face as books above and around them caught fire, raining down in sudden profusion. Soon, the whole room was ablaze and then the whole building. Nothing that was living escaped from it.

Satisfied, Richenda turned her attentions elsewhere. There was a scream in the cottage as she began her second visualization. The crystal, Paul, Melusine - they were all keys, as her vision had foretold. Had the old man returned to her while she waited for Paul to return with her sister - or had it been a dream?

The dark gods were waiting, as they had waited for centuries, and she would free them - earthing their power through a body yet to be born. She knew enough, through her mother's teaching and education as well as through her own intuitive understanding, to understand what she was about to do - what the old man had bid her do and what her mother had spoken of in mysterious words many times - and although she did not understand everything, she was happy to proceed and bring the dark forces back to earth.

She began to chant, as Ceridwen began to chant, the ancient words handed down by her mother. 'Nythra Kthunae Atazoth. Binan ath ga wath am!' She would not know where the child of her endeavours would be born, or to whom, only that, nine months hence, the chosen child would emerge into the world.

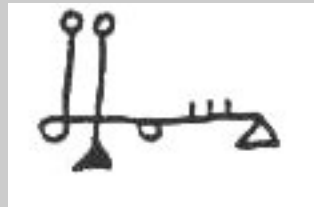
Inside the cottage and lying naked on the bed, Paul was dead, an expression of stark horror on his face. Near him on the floor, a recent crumpled newspaper lay. 'The Ironbridge Chronicle' was dated August 1888.



Blodefah

Excerpta Esoterica

Being A Concise Compendium
of
The Sinister Esoteric Philosophy and Praxis
of
The Order of Nine Angles



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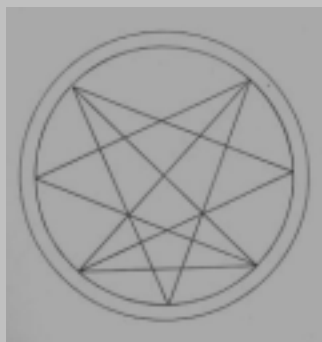


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A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

The ONA has its own, unique, esoteric Philosophy and its own, unique and sinister, Way of Life - which Way of Life may be considered the praxis of the ONA, or how ONA individuals live and implement our sinister way of living and how they become, are of or belong to, the ONA.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA

The esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is known by several names, among which are The Dark Tradition, The Sinister Tradition, and The Sinister Way, and the fundamental principles of this esoteric Philosophy are:

- (1) that the Cosmos consists of a causal continuum [a causal Universe] and an acausal continuum [an acausal Universe], with living beings, of various species, existing in both our own causal continuum and in the acausal continuum;
- (2) that there exists two types of causal being [living and non-living], differentiated by whether or not these types of causal being possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy;
- (3) that acausal energy - from the acausal continuum - is what animates all life in the causal continuum;
- (4) that all living beings in the causal continuum are a nexion - a connexion - between the causal and the acausal;
- (5) the more complex, the more organized, the causal life, the more acausal energy is presented in that life;
- (6) our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy;
- (7) we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.

Hence, The Dark Tradition of the ONA has its own ontology, its own theory of ethics, its own

epistemology, and its own praxis, which derive from the ontology of causal and acausal, and from our nature as human beings, which is of us being a nexion to the acausal continuum.

The Nature of Causal and Acausal

1) The causal, or phenomenal or physical, universe can be described - or represented - by the three-dimensional causal geometry of causal Space and by one dimension of linear causal Time.

(2) The acausal universe can be described - or represented - by an acausal Space of n acausal dimensions, and an acausal, un-linear, Time of n dimensions, where n is currently unknown but is greater than three and less than or equal to infinity.

The causal universe is the realm of causal matter/energy, and the acausal universe is the realm of acausal matter/energy.

The causal universe is currently described by causal sciences such as Physics, Chemistry and Astronomy. The acausal universe can be described by a new science based on the new Physics of acausal energy and thus on a new acausal geometry, based on a new acausal metrical Space-Time of n acausal dimensions and an acausal Time also of n dimensions.

In addition, nexions to the acausal, from our own causal Universe, are of two types: (1) physical nexions, where a specific region of or a specific place in causal Space-Time intersects, or is joined to or with, acausal Space-Time; and (2) living (organic) nexions, where acausal energy from the acausal manifests in and thus animates a living, causal, being.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is thus, when conventionally viewed, a new and a rational philosophy.

The Esoteric Praxis of the ONA

Essentially, our praxis consists of:

- 1) Sinister (warrior) Tribes - those directly living and directly presencing our Sinister Way of Life;
- 2) Traditional Nexions - composed of those undertaking our Seven Fold Sinister Way in the traditional manner of Left Hand Path seeker, via Grade Rituals, Insight Roles, and practical LHP magick;
- 3) Sinister Empaths (of which the Rounwytha is an example) and esoteric scientists studying and seeking knowledge of the acausal.

Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. This will also require the development of a new acausal technology, based on the Physics of acausal energy.

Furthermore, we see the breakdown, destruction, and the replacement of all existing (and mundane) societies - by our new progressive societies based on our new warrior tribes - as a necessary prelude to this Galactic aim of ours.

Thus, the immediate and intermediate aims of our sinister Way of Life are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen (see Appendix 1);

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

The Esoteric Ethics of the ONA

The ethics of the ONA are based upon our axiom that personal honour - what we know of as, or what we term, personal honour - expresses our true nature as human beings capable of consciously evolving ourselves and the Cosmos. Thus, personal honour - manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen - is a means to access acausal energy and a means to change and evolve ourselves in a natural way consistent with our true nature and our true purpose, which nature and purpose is to know our natural wyrd, to presence our wyrd: to participate in, to partake of, our own evolution and that of the Cosmos itself.

All evolution - conscious and otherwise - is darkly-numinous; that is, it possesses or it manifests acausal energy in particular ways, and personal honour, as defined by and as manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen, is a practical, a willed, an evolutionary, presencing of acausal energy.

Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is our guide for our own individual personal behaviour, and our guide to how we relate to, and should treat others. It specifies our type of law, and the nature of our justice, as it manifests the nature, the character, of those of our kind: the Dark Warrior, someone who lives, and if necessary dies, by the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (See Footnote 1)

Furthermore, our Law of The Sinister-Numen is manifest - made real and practical - by means of our sinister warrior tribes, for it is by means of these tribes that we can come to know, and to live, our wyrd: that is, (1) come to discover our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos, and (2) actively participate in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos. (See Appendix 2)

The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA

The epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA asserts that there are two distinct types of *knowing* - causal and acausal - and that:

A) knowledge of the causal continuum can be obtained by causal Science which is based on the following foundations:

(i) the causal, phenomenal, universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses – that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses and by practical scientific experiments; (iii) logical argument, or reason, is the basic means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (v) that, in competing explanations of events or observations, the simplest and most logical explanation is to be preferred.

B) knowledge of the acausal continuum can be obtained by (i) developing a new Science of acausal Physics, based on an understanding of acausal energy; (ii) by developing and evolving our latent faculties, such as that of dark-empathy; (iii) by coming-to-know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum; and (iv) by means of such things as developing a new and an acausal technology, and thus by exploring the realms of the acausal itself.

According to our esoteric epistemology:

1) *Causal knowing* is that deriving from causal-based rational Philosophies and from causal Sciences such as Physics, and this type of knowing is essentially based on a physical cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Sciences) or an abstract cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Philosophies).

Hence, the type of causal knowing which is the concern of traditional epistemology is limited, and derives from positing causal abstractions, and then projecting these abstractions onto things (onto causal beings, living and non-living). That is, this type of causal knowing *denotes* things and causal beings by such causal abstractions. There is then the assumptions of knowing, and/or of having understood or having an understanding of, such things and such causal beings. (See Footnote 2)

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, the error of all conventional Philosophies is that they apply, or try to apply, a purely causal perception - based on a linear cause-and-effect - and lifeless causal abstractions, to living beings, such as ourselves. This causal type of knowing is thus un-numinous (that is, devoid or without acausal energy).

2) *Acausal knowing* is that deriving from (i) apprehending the acausal essence of living causal beings; (ii) a study of the nature of acausal energy, and the nature of the acausal Universe itself by means of developing new acausal sciences and technologies; and (iii) apprehending and coming-to-know (interacting with) those living acausal beings we are currently aware of, or can become aware of in our present state of human evolution.

The acausal essence - the acausal energy - of living causal beings can be apprehend, by we human beings, by means of our latent faculties such as what we term dark (or sinister) empathy.

Our traditional esoteric Dark Arts are one means by which we can come to know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum.

Our very evolution, as human beings - in terms of consciousness, understanding and knowledge - results from acausal energy, and from us accessing such acausal energy in particular ways.

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, those things, and/or those creations of our causal Arts - such as music - which we feel are or which we come to know as numinous, are simply a presencing of acausal energy by means of a nexion, and thus can be considered as one type of intimation of the acausal - of the Life there, and of the very nature of the acausal continuum itself. That is, such numinous works of conventional Arts have often been a means whereby: (1) some human beings (through their artistic creations or through their performance of such creations, their own, or others) can access and presence some acausal energy; and (2) where those affected by such numinous works of Art achieve or can achieve some intimation of the acausal. This also applies to genuine work of Dark Sorcery.

We Are As We Are

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is simply a means; an effective and practical means to change, to evolve, ourselves and our societies; to manifest, to present, our *wyrd* - that is, to know, to accept, to live, our correct and natural relationship with the Cosmos, with both the causal Universe and the acausal Universe, and the living beings that exist in both. This *wyrd* of ours is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen.

The ONA is not interested in proselytizing, in converting others, or in trying to persuade others - through argument or debate or by countering distortions and lies about us - to adopt our sinister Way of Life. We are as we are, representing as we do a specific new type, a new breed, of human being, a specific new and expanding tribal family of human beings. Our Way is the practical way of deeds, of living our darkly-numinous Way of Life; of increasing our numbers through the success of our tribes, though drawing others of our kind to us, and through others being personally inspired by our example, by our success.

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Footnotes:

(1) One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy.

Acausal energy - that which animates us and makes us alive and which allows and causes our evolution - cannot by its very nature be destroyed in the causal continuum. It can only be presenced in organic, causal (living) beings, or it can be dispersed, thinly, over causal Time, in the causal until it is re-presenced in some-thing, or until it returns to the acausal continuum by some means.

Such an achieved acausal existence, for us, is - by the very nature of the acausal - time-less, eternal, and not subject to the organic process of decay that is an inherent part of all causally existing life.

As stated in two other ONA MSS:

The very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal – mortal – lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from – and totally different to – any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and “religious”. Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal – on this planet, and elsewhere – *and also* as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal “death”, to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being..

Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mudanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have

created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence.

(2) Basically, causal abstraction is the positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form of some-*thing*, and/or manufacturing some category which some-*thing* is said "to belong to, or be a part of".

Thus, things - beings in the causal - are allocated to, or classified according to, some abstract category or some abstract type, and/or compared to some abstract or some ideal/perfect form.

Such categories, and such abstract ideal forms, are then often incorrectly used to judge some-thing (including, for example, some living person).

There is thus no direct - and thus certainly no acausal - knowing *of a thing* or of a living human being, as those things and as human beings *are* in their Cosmic essence and according to their wyrd, for the knowing of such traditional epistemology is only the linear, causal, the distorted and/or the illusory, knowing of imposed, projected, intermediate, fallible (often changing), abstractions and categories.

In contrast, the epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA allows, and is a means of obtaining, a Cosmic (a numinous, wyrdful, esoteric) knowing, based as this numinous, Cosmic, knowing is on the combination of rational causal Sciences and the acausal knowing obtained by such things as acausal Sciences, acausal-empathy, and the development and evolution of ourselves and our faculties.

Appendix 1

The Law of The Sinister-Numen

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

Appendix 2

Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State

A Brief Diatribe

Our *wyrd* - our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos - is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister *warrior* tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen. Furthermore, if we know, and if we develop, our *wyrd*, we become, we are, a particular new type (a new breed) of human being - quite distinct from the mundanes. In essence, we become Dark Warriors, living and if necessary dying by the Law of The Sinister-Numen.

Our sinister tribes are a practical, a darkly-numinous, evolution of that natural tribal instinct that lives within us and which has lived within us, and which tribal instinct has made possible (hitherto mostly unconsciously) our evolution, as human beings. That is, the sinister tribes of the ONA are a means whereby we can access and increase our own acausal energy, as individuals, and participate in our own evolution, and that of the Cosmos. To do this - to know and to live our *wyrd* - is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and *numinous* (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such *honourable* (numinous) co-operation with others *of our own kind* (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual *wyrd* to be evolved.

In direct opposition to our *wyrd* is the modern tyranny of The State, which is un-numinous and de-evolutionary in nature, purpose and intent. For the State takes away our natural right of personal honour,

and that natural and evolutionary way of living which is tribal, and replaces honour by impersonal, lifeless, abstract "law", and replaces tribes by the impersonal, lifeless, abstract, State and nation, which are - despite the illusion and pretence of democracy by some such States - are all run by an oligarchy, for the benefit of that wealthy and privileged oligarchy.

In place of the natural and personal knowing - the acausal-knowing - of our tribal (extended) family, there is the impersonal causal lifeless "knowing" of our place as some mechanistic "citizen" of the State or nation. In place of the natural loyalty to, and the care of and from, our own tribal family - based on a personal, numinous, knowing and loyalty - there is the division of us into isolated, un-numinous and de-evolutionary single family units, dependant on usury, and where our given purpose is to toil for the State, on behalf of The State, or for ourselves and our single isolated family unit, and to which State we have to pay, for all of our working lives, mandatory taxes, thus making us wage or salary slaves, almost always burdened by debt.

In place of our natural, healthy, evolutionary warrior way of life - based on a tribal way of living and the law of personal honour - the State denudes us of numinous meaning, of wyrd, and provides us only with de-evolutionary aims and goals. In place of the glory of a Galactic Imperium, and the promise of a warrior-won acausal existence, the tyranny of The State provides us with only causal illusions and abstractions and meaningless "rewards", so that we remain tame, domesticated, animals, paying our taxes, and subservient to their dishonourable enforcers, the bullies they call the forces of their "law and order."

Thus, we by our very nature, by our wyrd, are violently, implacably, and in all practical ways, opposed to the State and its de-evolutionary self-serving tyranny.

Selected Further Reading

The Meaning of The Nine Angles (A Collection of Texts, Parts One and Two)

Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The War Against The Mundanes (Anton Long)

The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning (Anton Long)

We, The Drecc. (ONA)

The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context (Julie Wright)

A Way of Life (Chloe, WSA352)

ONA Manuscripts

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The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way

Introduction

The Dark Arts (aka Dark, or Sinister, Sorcery) include: (1) the basic skills of *practical sorcery* traditionally learnt - by means of practical experience - by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way; and (2) an additional series of techniques or skills suitable for an aspiring Rounwytha. The additional (advanced) skills include Dark-Empathy, using, or creating, nexions to access the acausal, and Acausal-Thinking. [Note that sorcery is a synonym for magick.]

The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way thus enable the practitioner to:

- (1) Participate in, control, and enable their own personal evolution – that is, develop their latent ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species; and undertake that evolution.
- (2) Come-to-know certain acausal [sinister] beings, and is thus understand the acausal itself.
- (3) Work Aeonic Sorcery.

The advanced Dark Arts can, among other things, also provide the prepared and skilled Rounwytha - the sinister Adept - with the ability to live-on beyond their causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

Practical Sorcery

Practical sorcery refers to External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery. These skills are outlined in texts such as *Naos* (for External and Internal Sorcery), and, for Aeonic sorcery, in grimoires such as *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, *Dark Goddess*. The esoteric essence behind the practice of Aeonic sorcery is given in texts relating to the mythos of The Dark Gods, and works such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles* (parts 1 and 2).

Developing Acausal Empathy

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form

to inhabit).

To develop acausal empathy, the following techniques are used:

(1) The Rite of Internal Adept.

This simple Rite - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - is the main, most effective, means of developing acausal empathy, and it enables the aspiring Rounwytha, by its rigours, simplicity, and isolation, to attune themselves to the acausal essence beyond causal forms. To live for a period of no less than three months, in the simple manner prescribed and in an isolated location removed from human habitation and human contact, is how sinister Adepts have, for centuries, begun to develop the faculty of acausal-empathy and acquired the most important esoteric skill of being able, by using this faculty, of opening nexions to the acausal.

The standard form of this technique lasts for only one specific alchemical season (from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice in Northern climes), which specific alchemical season is the absolute minimum amount of causal time required to enable the aspiring Rounwytha to acquire the basic, and necessary, skills.

The more advanced form - lasting for a different and longer alchemical season (from Winter Solstice to Summer Solstice in Northern climes) - is however, while difficult and intensely selective because of this difficulty - more efficacious and develops much greater, more effective, skills, and indeed is the breeding ground of a Rounwytha.

(2) Exploring the sinister pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyr.

These personal explorations - as given in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - enable the aspiring Rounwytha to begin the process of objectifying causal forms, and develop the necessary skill of finding, becoming sensitive to, and being able to distinguish between, various collocations of esoteric energies, whether the energies be personal (in the psyche of the individual and limited to the lifetime of the individual or a period in that lifetime) or archetypal (shared among various individuals over periods of causal time often beyond the life of one individual) or acausal (beyond both of the former types).

These explorations are recommended to be undertaken before the Rite of Internal Adept, and what - in these particular explorations - distinguishes an aspiring Rounwytha from an aspiring sinister Adept, is that the aspiring Rounwytha finds it easy and natural to not only distinguish between the various collocations, the various types, of esoteric energies, but also to move beyond all forms (as given in such explorations and as described by various terms and words in books such as *Naos*) to the acausal essence, something not described, in practical detail, in such written works.

(3) It has been found, by practical experience, that the preliminary training afforded by following The Seven Fold Sinister Way - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* from

Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - is an effective means of ensuring success in acquiring and developing those skills in acausal empathy that the Rite of Internal Adept can produce in an individual.

Thus, this preliminary training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - while not strictly necessary - is highly recommended, especially if the aspiring Rounwytha does not have a natural empathic ability.

Developing Acausal Thinking

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

The main and most effective practical means of acquiring and developing the skill - the Dark Art - of acausal thinking is The Star Game, as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept*.

It is recommended that the individual begins with the simple form of the game - which only has 27 pieces - before constructing and beginning to play the advanced form of the game, as described in *Naos*. While the essentials of acausal thinking can be developed by regular playing of the simple game, it is the advanced form of the game that really develops the Dark Art of acausal-thinking.

In many ways, acausal-thinking can be considered to be a developed, and an enhanced, form of acausal-empathy, although in essence it is really a distinct, new, evolutionary ability whose genesis was acausal-empathy.

Using Nexions to Access The Acausal

As described in another ONA MS:

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a

sinister Adept.

Once a certain amount of skill in acausal-thinking and acausal-empathy has been acquired, the Rounwytha can conduct rites to open, or to create, a direct nexion to the acausal, and thus either access acausal energy, or presence - bring into the causal - certain Dark Entities, certain acausal beings, for whatever purpose the Rounwytha desires.

One of the simplest rites to do this is the "simple" *Nine Angles Rite*, in either the Natural, or the Chthonic, Form.

A much more efficacious - that is, more powerful - rite to open a direct nexion to the acausal is The Ceremony of Recalling, with Sacrificial Conclusion, as given for example, in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Other rituals, and means, are given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Toward The Acausal Continuum

A Rounwytha will know when their causal time to prepare to progress toward the acausal continuum has arrived. Thus will their detailed preparations begin for the forthcoming journey, which supra-mortal journey will be undertaken at the end of a propitious alchemical season, when the causal and the acausal continuums are correctly aligned to allow greater access to the acausal. Propitious times include when the Moon occults Dabih, or is very close to it; and when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

The preparations will begin at the start of the chosen alchemical season.

The Rite itself - as described in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* - requires several opfers, who will be chosen according to our traditional guidelines, and brought to, and confined in, the place chosen for what is the most sinister and the most joyful Rite of all.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles

A Note on Terms:

Rounwytha is the term used to describe an individual - male or female - who has great skill in both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking. The term was traditionally applied only to those, mostly women, who were naturally gifted in esoteric empathy before such abilities were rationally, and esoterically, understood, and thus before they could be developed and enhanced by sinister techniques. The term was, according to aural tradition, applied to rural sorceresses of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition who lived in a certain area of England.

The term Rounwytha is now generally used to describe a sorcerer, or sorceress, of our Sinister Tradition, who has acquired and who has developed skill in - or who has a natural ability and a natural skill in - both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking

Thus, while every Rounwytha of our Way is by nature and training a sinister Adept, not every sinister Adept is a Rounwytha, since not every sinister Adept has acquired great practical skill in acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking, or has the ability (natural or acquired) to so acquire and so develop such skills. Nearly every Rounwytha - past and present - has acquired and/or developed their skills by undertaking the longer form of the Rite of Internal Adept.

Given the talent, skill and natural ability of nearly every Rounwytha, it is not always necessary for them - nor is it a requirement for them - to assiduously undertake the training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept, as outlined in *Naos*, which training is a practical way for any individual to become a sinister Adept.

A Note on Texts:

It is recommended that those desirous of learning the Dark Arts - as practised and as taught by the ONA - use original ONA facsimile texts of works such as *Naos*, and *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Facsimile copies of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now widely available, both on the Internet, and from several books publishers. Nearly all other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them.

pdf Internet versions, and printed copies, of *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* are also now widely available.

ONA Manuscripts

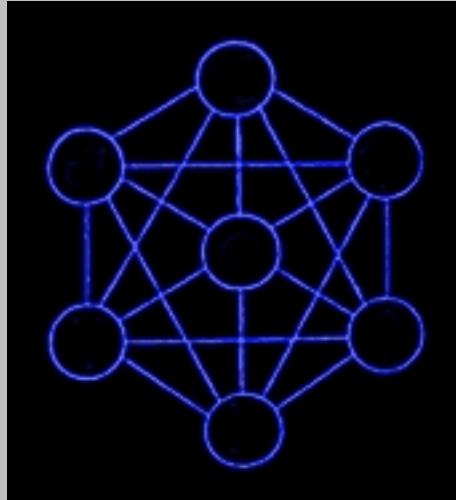
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A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

Order of Nine Angles

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional ONA nexions - that is, by those esoteric groups which use a sinister (LHP) Initiatory system based on The Dark Tradition (aka Hebdomary). It is the learning of The Art of Dark Sorcery, by individual Occultists, and thus is the graded and guided practice of The Dark Arts.

The Way is an individual one: each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Sinister individuals - that is, to train individuals in The Dark Arts. This sinister training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and that genuine understanding that is the beginning of wisdom.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine esoteric (Occult) Adeptship - and beyond - and thus fulfil the potential latent within them, and thus they can and do enhance their life, and come to know and then achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of sorcery. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

All of these stages (with the exception of the stages beyond Master/Mistress) are associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts/texts [hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a sinister, esoteric, understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of sinister Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional sorcery should gain some understanding of what The Sinister Way is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- * A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles
- * A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms (v 2.01)
- * The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way
- * Our Sinister Character
- * An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

An Important Note Regarding Copies of Naos

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them. The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatum Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the

handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes - in the following order - Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

I - Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These include: (1) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (2) *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to sinister Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional nexion or group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation", as given in detail in the Order MS *Naos*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II - Initiate

Tasks:

1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].

2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.

3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]

4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner [or of the same sex if you incline that way], and introduce this person to The Dark Tradition. Initiate them according to the rite in *Naos*, or devise your own rite of Initiation (which should culminate in sexual intercourse with your partner). Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.

5) Obtain and study (a) the Order MS *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and (b) the Order MS *The Deofel Quartet*. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis* and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I and Part II of the *Deofel Quartet* are intended as entertaining sinister fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS [appended below] and the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* (119yf edition)]. This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Sinister Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of dark sorcery. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real sinister character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Sinister commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III - External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Sinister, group/nexion/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Nexion, and teach them about The Dark Tradition of the ONA. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according a ceremonial ritual of your own devising, for which you may use texts such as *The Grimoire of Baphomet* and *The Black Book of Satan* for inspiration and some guidance. In addition, you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Nexion/Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed, for instance, in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months, as you should write and use your own *Black Book* of ceremonial rituals, with some help from the members of your group, if possible, in the writing of this work, and with all rituals firmly based on the non-Magian dark, septenary, tradition of the ONA, and you should use this work of yours in preference to using published works such as the *Black Book of Satan*.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonick Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of The Dark Tradition, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Nexion' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Nexion in your absence.

Concerning The Nexion:

The Temple [aka Nexion] must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women if the Temple is so orientated toward heterosexuality. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Left Hand Path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truly sinister, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising dark sorcerers. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, sinister character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonian magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See, for some basic exoteric guidance, the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance.*]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV - Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting sinister in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Nexion, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce sinister change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them. [For a text appropriate to one such Destiny, see the ONA MS *Warriors of The Dark Way*.]

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonick Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see, for some basic exoteric guidance, the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V - Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as

part of a structured Nexion/Temple/group;

2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;

3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonic Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet* and in texts such as *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

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Appendix - The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine dark sorcery in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the sinister novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to culling. [These teachings are contained in such traditional Order MSS as *Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice* and *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*. For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a sinister novice must undertake as part of their commitment to The Dark Tradition. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are sinister and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the

individual sorcerer. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of dark sorcerer. They are sinister. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, sinister in a practical way. Some who profess to be sinister - and some who wish to become sorcerers of The Dark Tradition - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as mundanes - as "ordinary" and weak - as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine sinister novices possess or must develop. The Dark Way is as it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine dark sorcery requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.) After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Undertake, as a solo hermetic working, either the traditional *Mass of Heresy* (suitably adapted for such an hermetic rite), and then, nine days later, the *Rite of Defiance*.

Note: Both the Mass of Heresy and the Rite of Defiance are intentionally heretical in our times; as well as being means of catharsis, and providing a practical means whereby those undertaking them can develop a sinister-empathy with that which and those whom are currently regarded, by Magians and mundanes and in a very practical way, as "evil" and deserving of approbation.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* - 119yf edition].

External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform both the *Mass of Heresy* and *The Rite of Defiance*.

2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an opfer. Select some suitable candidates for the post of opfer, using sinister guidelines for so selecting an opfer, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen candidate. The opfer or opfers having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* using the chosen opfer(s) in the central role. Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further opfer using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake *The Ceremony of Recalling* [see *The Grimoire of Baphomet*].

It must be stressed that (i) the opfer(s) must be chosen according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the candidates for the position of opfer can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the sinister path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Order of Nine Angles

101yf

(Revised 121 yf)

Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA

The cultivation of the faculty of Dark-Empathy is part of the training of The Seven-Fold Way; an esoteric skill possessed by all genuine Adepts, and a skill, a Dark Art, whose rudiments can be learnt by undertaking the standard (basic) Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which Ritual lasts for one particular alchemical season (around three months), and mastery of which Dark Art involves – with one exception [1] – undertaking the advanced Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which lasts for a different alchemical season (usually six months or more, depending on geographical location).

Possession of this skill, this particular faculty, is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. In the Rite of Internal Adept, the candidate has nowhere to hide – they are alone, bereft of human contact; bereft of diversions and distractions; bereft of comforts and especially bereft of the modern technology that allows and encourages the rapid and vapid and mundane communication of abstractions and HomoHubris-like emotions and responses. All the candidate has are earth, sky, weather, whatever wildlife exists in their chosen location – and their own feelings, dreams, beliefs, determination, and hopes. They can either cling onto their ego (their presumed separate self-identity) and their past – onto the mundane world they have chosen to temporarily leave behind – or they can allow themselves to become attuned to the natural rhythm of Nature and of the Cosmos beyond, beyond all causal abstractions: beyond even those esoteric ones manifest, for instance, in the Septenary Tree of Wyrd, which are but intimations, pointers, symbols, toward and of the acausal essence often obscured by causal forms and by written and spoken words.

One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even “Druid”). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st – that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calendar which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occultists say, write, and believe this? Because – for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel – they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously “in-tune” with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy – who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calendar. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calendar. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring

Equinox – indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location – an Adept “knows”, or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell) the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them – and its wildlife – is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about “alchemical seasons” – which are not fixed by some abstract solar calendar, which depend on one’s location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain – and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal – varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept – in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA – with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals [2], its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing [3], its emphasis on the feminine [4], its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way – is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention.

Furthermore, given that the faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept [5], it can thus be understood why the Order of Nine Angles has placed, and does place, and always will place great emphasis on its initiatory system: on Initiates following the Seven-Fold Way and actually doing practical sorcery and undertaking Grade Rituals such as that of Internal Adept. For the experience, and the achievement, are then theirs – unique to, and formative for, them, as individuals.

Thus it is that such individuals achieve Adeptship, by practical experience, by developing certain faculties, by self-overcoming, by difficult and testing challenges, physical, mental, and Occult. There is not, has not been, and will not be – until we evolve to become another type of human species and have developed more numinous ways of living – any other way of achieving genuine esoteric Adeptship. For Adeptship, it should be repeated, is only and ever achieved, never given, never awarded by someone else.

Anton Long

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

121 Year of Feyen

Notes:

[1] The one exception is the Rounwytha – the rare individual (who is usually of the female gender) who is naturally gifted with this still uncommon faculty.

[2] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[3] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[4] See, for example, *The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA* in the article *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*.

See also the ONA text [*The Dark Goddess as Archetype*](#).

[5] Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public.

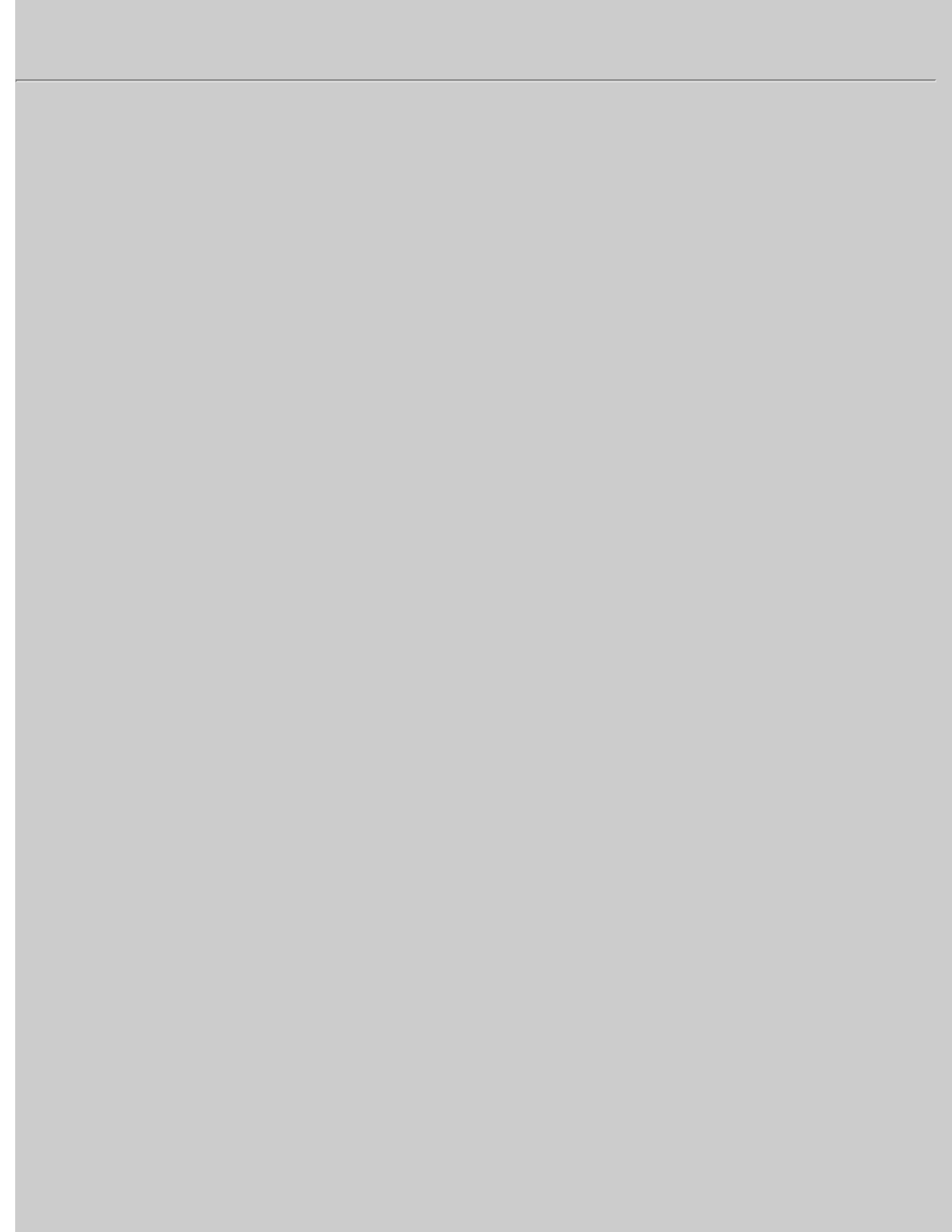
In one word, Adepts possess *arête*.

A Note Regarding Terms

Dark-Empathy: This is a specific (that is, esoteric) type of empathy – that which relates to and concerns *acausal-knowing*.

Acausal-knowing: (as distinct from the causal knowing of conventional Science) is basically possessing a natural sympathy with the various and manifold aspects of Life, manifest, for instance, in: (1) living causal beings (human, and otherwise, who dwell on our planet, Earth); (2) the living being we term Nature; and (3) the living, changing, evolving, being we term the Cosmos, whose Life animates Nature, and which Cosmos has an acausal-continuum and a causal-continuum, each with their own types, or forms, of life.

This natural-sympathy-with requires the individual to know, to understand, to sense, to intuit, both beyond outer causal forms and abstractions, and beyond the illusive nature of separateness – to thus know, understand, sense, intuit, the connexions that exist between all aspects of Life, as those connexions (nexions) are, beyond all words and terms and beliefs.



The Dark Goddess As Archetype

Introduction

The Dark Goddess is often called Baphomet, who is described, according to the aural tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, as:

a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

In former times, as again in this new millennia, it was and it is to Baphomet that human sacrifices were dedicated.

However, often – as in pre-ONA days (that is, before the tradition was given and described by the ONA name) – the Dark Goddess is not referred to directly by name, as, for example, at the end of the instructional text *The Giving*, where Mallam is sacrificed in a communal ceremony, and where Lianna says, “[Satanism] is not the way I follow. My tradition is different, much older.”

Understood esoterically, an archetype is:

a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus “in the psyche”): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it “dies” (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Thus the Dark Goddess in general, and Baphomet in particular, can be considered as types of living being, manifest most often in our psyche [1] but also capable of becoming present in our causal continuum [2].

Mythos and Aural Tradition

According to the aural history of the ONA [3] the old tradition inherited by the present Grand Master was carried on for many generations by mostly reclusive Adepts who instructed only a select, few, individuals. In addition, it should be understood that: (1) the tradition existed mainly in rural areas of South Shropshire and the Welsh Marches; (2) with a few notable exceptions (one being the present Grand Master) all those who guarded and transmitted the tradition, and who instructed candidates, were women; (3) the tradition – never called by any particular name or described by any term – consisted mainly of esoteric chant; the mythos of The Dark Gods (including tales such as later recounted in the stories *Sabirah* and *Jenyah*), certain ceremonies (such as The Ceremony of Recalling), propitiation of

certain natural forces by means of communal culling, and so on; and (4) a fictional characterization of one such fairly recent Lady Master/Mistress of Earth is the character of Lianna in *The Giving*, and which fictional work gives a general background to, and a few details about, the old tradition itself.

Furthermore, the instructional account *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized account of the awakening (the development) of a young Rounwytha, manifest in the character of Rachael [4]. Rachael, for instance, enchants naturally, without words or ritual or ceremonies, and forms a natural empathic link to the area where she dwells, and has (being a Rounwytha, albeit a young one) the natural ability to bring forth, to induce, in her lover (Diane) a deep, intuitive, understanding of the importance of the feminine and of Nature.

Breaking The Silence Down also contains an old, traditional, text celebrating the female:

Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!
Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust, softness, understanding, and love!
My breasts pleased you
And brought forth darkness and joy...

(Synestry: The Dark Daughters of Baphomet)

Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype

In contrast to nearly ever other manifestation of The Left Hand Path, in the West – and in stark contrast to all other groups who claim to be or who describe themselves as Satanist – the ONA has always been biased toward the feminine aspect of The Sinister.

For example, a majority of traditional nexions, in both the Old World (England) and the New World (America and Canada) are organized and run by Lady Masters/Mistresses of Earth, just as the ONA has always had many Sapphic nexions (for example, The Dark Daughters of Chaos, in England). Conversely, groups such as The Golden Dawn, the OTO, the Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, have all been dominated by men and are redolent of that posturing masculine Homo Hubris ethos that is anathema to Dark-Empathy and the gentility of the well-mannered Adept.

In addition – as hinted at in many ONA texts, such as *The Rite of the Nine Angles* and in *The Ceremony of Recalling* [5] – the ONA emphasizes that it is the female sorcerer (“the priestess”) who is one of the most important keys to opening a nexion to the acausal, and it is through her that acausal energies flow when a ceremony to open a nexion is undertaken.

As someone wrote concerning the depiction of women in the sinister fiction of the ONA:

In general, such depictions – and the mythos of the ONA in general – may be said to empower women; to depict them in a way that has been long neglected, especially in the still male-dominated, materialistic, West. However, this empowerment, it should be noted, is based upon “the sinister”: upon there being hidden esoteric, pagan, depths, abilities and qualities in women who have an important, and indeed vital, rôle to play in our general evolution and in our own lives. Furthermore, it is one of the stated aims of the ONA to develop such character, such qualities, such Occult abilities, in women, and the following of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is regarded as the means to achieve this.

Furthermore, the ONA’s depiction of such women – its explication of the dark feminine principle – is very interesting because it is a move away from, and indeed in stark contrast to, the “feminine principle” of both the political “feminism” which has become rather prevalent in Western societies, and that particular feminine ethos which many pagan and Wiccan “White-light” and Right Hand Path groups have attempted to manufacture.

This political feminism is basically an attempt to have women imitate the behaviour, the personality, the ethos, of men – which is what the strident calls for “equality” are essentially about, and as such it is often a negation of the character, and of those unique qualities and abilities, germane to women. The pagan and Wiccan type of feminism is most often about some dreamy, pseudo-mystical vision of a once mythical “perfect past” or about goody-goody types “harming none” – in stark contrast to the dark sinister goings-on of the ONA feminine archetype, which most obviously includes using sexual enchantment to manipulate those Homo Hubris type men “who deserve what they get...” *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*

Return of The Dark Goddess

One the primary aims of the Order of Nine Angles is:

to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (*A Brief Guide to*

The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles)

It should be noted – and needs to be emphasized – that the *Law of The Sinister-Numen* applies to both men and women, and that no distinction is made between male, and female, warriors. That is, the only distinction that matters is living by the code which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen, so that, and for example, disputes are settled by having a man *or* woman of honour who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter.

Furthermore, it is possible, and indeed probable, that the new tribal way of living which will evolve – and which will replace the lifeless, un-numinous, male-and-HomoHubris-dominated, abstraction of the nation-State – will veer toward a new and natural balance between male and female, made possible by the real and natural equality that the Law of The Sinister-Numen manifests and creates, and by the re-emergence of the Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype.

For, implicit in this archetype – as in all those who are Mistresses of Earth (of traditional nexions or otherwise) – is that necessary dark-empathy which returns us to a correct understanding and knowing of our relation to other Life through a natural and esoteric resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos. And it is this dark-empathy – this natural, wordless, ritual-less, esoteric resonance – which is the quintessence of the old tradition, presenced in the character, the very nature, of a Rounwytha. The Mistress of Earth – *the warrior sorceress* – is thus, in essence, an evolutionary development of the Rounwytha, where the practical (manifest for instance in the Law of The Sinister-Numen and in an outer sinister life of dark deeds) meets and is blended and balanced with the esotericism of Dark-Empathy.

Thus it is that one of secrets of a male Adept (and more so, of a genuine Master) is their unification of the opposites within themselves (for example, and in symbolic exoteric-speak, the archetypes represented by Satan and Baphomet), and the emergence from such an alchemical process of a new, more evolved, individual. Manifestations of this new type of male individual (in terms of character) are Dark-Empathy (a natural esoteric resonance and sympathy with Nature, other living beings, and the Cosmos), and the nobility (the excellence of personal character) that comes with being cultured and possessing personal manners and yet being prepared to die to save one's personal honour. All of which stand in almost direct opposition to the type of hedonistic male Adept that all others Left Hand Path, and so-called Satanic groups, desire to manufacture and which, indeed, they do manufacture, perpetuating as they do that untermensch sub-species, Homo Hubris.

Our archetype of The Dark Goddess – our warrior sorceresses – are one means by which we ourselves, and our current untermensch way of life may be transformed, for:

Δίκα δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσ-
ιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει [6]

and it is through a real *pathei-mathos* that a genuine alchemical transformation begins. Part of which *pathei-mathos* is, of course, the Rite of Internal Adept, wherein the faculty of Dark-Empathy can be discovered and cultivated.

Thus does the Dark Goddess, Baphomet – Mistress of Blood and Mother of Culling – come to be both invoked and evoked and so presenced on Earth, since:

“It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things.....” *To Presence The Dark* [7]

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen
(Revised 121 Year of Feyen)

Notes:

[1] The *psyche* of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual – those aspects of consciousness – which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called “the unconscious”, and some of the forces/energies of this “unconscious” have been, and can be, described by the term “archetypes”.

[2] qv. *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

[3] As has been explained many times, these traditions are simply aural traditions, and may or may not contain certain historical facts, it being for each individual to make their own judgement concerning them,

[4] A real-life account of one such similar encounter was briefly recalled in *The Girl Goddess*, published in the now defunct zine, *Exeat*. An expurgated version was later published in vol 3, #2 of Fenrir.

[5] Where it is written:

You who are the daughter of and a Gate
To our Dark Gods...

Kiss me and I shall make you
As an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you
As a strong sword that severs
And stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you
As a seed of corn which grows
Toward the sun, and never dies.
Plough me and plant me
With your seed and I shall make you
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

[6] ” The goddess, Judgement, favours someone *learning from adversity*.” Aeschylus: *Agamemnon*, 250

[7] For an explication of Satanism in an Aeonic context, refer to ONA texts such as *Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles* and *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, where it is stated:

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by – for example – returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism – as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) – is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mundanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves “Satanists” and who thus follow the mundane so-called “satanism” of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism.

The ONA is not just “satanic” because even traditional Satanism (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to one particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be “satanists” will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term sinister instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some -ism or some -ology.

For the reality is that “we” cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need.

Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery

The fundamental basis of five-dimensional acausal sorcery is acausal thinking: that is, knowing and understanding what the acausal is, what acausal energy is, and how such things relate to our causal phenomenal world, and to us, as individuals.

Explained in a simplistic way, acausal thinking means the following:

(1) Simultaneity - that is, that acausal energy does not propagate in a causal linear way either in "time" or in "space". Instead, such energy propagates (and can manifest or be presenced) according to the nature of acausal-space and acausal-time. Thus, there is no direct, causal-based, "cause and effect" - events are not, or may not be, separated by a duration of causal time, and are not, or may not be, separated by a physical distance as measured according to causal-space.

(2) Acausal energy implies acausal beings (or "entities") which exist in both the acausal dimensions/spaces (acausal-space and acausal-time) and in our causal universe. These beings live, according to the type of acausal energy that they are, and their existence is independent of us, as causal beings. Thus, The Dark Gods, of mythos, legend and esoteric tradition, are one type of such acausal entities.

(3) Empathy - that is, knowing and understanding that causal beings (or "entities") such as ourselves, who have life or existence in the causal spaces/dimensions, are not separate, discrete or even "individual" beings or entities, but are only parts of the matrix which comprises causal and acausal spaces. That is, that such causal entities are nexions, and are "alive" by virtue of having acausal energy; they can be viewed, in one sense, as receptacles, composed of causal, physical elements, atoms and so on, in-which acausal energy can dwell (or be presenced). Our consciousness - and especially magick, correctly understood - is a means to apprehend our true nature as causal entities and can be a means for us to access more acausal energy.

Explained in a simplistic way, five-dimensional acausal sorcery is a means to create, or draw-into-the-causalspaces, acausal beings/entities, and a means for us to transform ourselves (and other causal entities) by accessing/presencing acausal energy and thus possibly move toward a dwelling in the acausal spaces. Furthermore, acausal sorcery works on the fundamental premise of the irrelevancy of causal-time and causal-space - that is, our concepts of cause-and-effect, of spatial distance, of a beginning and an end - of a past, a present and a future - do not apply.

The Nature of Acausal Beings

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being

many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

Acausal Sorcery

Among the techniques of acausal sorcery are the following:

- (1) Esoteric chant, especially that involving the use of certain shaped crystals of a certain type. This chant can access and/or produce, certain types of acausal energy (or under certain circumstances, open a nexion to certain acausal spaces to allow certain acausal beings to presence in our dimensions).
- (2) Empathy - that is, by direct acausal thinking (or "being") which implies a particular type of awareness and consciousness and certain abilities. It should be noted that one of the aims of The Star Game, in its various forms, is to provoke such acausal thinking, and to provide some experience of some of the awareness involved. This is the natural creation of a nexion or nexion (or the use of an already existing connexion) and then the attraction of acausal energies or acausal beings (a natural "calling" of such beings).

(3) Certain acts (which over a certain period of causal time may be said to represent an extended "ritual") can be done to create a nexion or nexions (or to prepare an already existing nexion or nexions, such as an individual or individual) and to then access or generate or otherwise produce those particular energies which may attract into or through such a nexion or nexions, certain acausal beings whose "nature" is to be drawn toward such energies to then indwell in such a nexion or nexions or to otherwise be presented in the causal.

What should be understood about all methods is that it is in the nature of certain types of acausal energy to flow through a nexion. That is, once a connexion is established, and such energy or energies accessed, then a causal presencing will begin. Furthermore, certain times are regarded, according to a certain esoteric tradition, as more favourable than others - that is, there are certain causal times when certain "cosmic tides" (caused by the structure of causal and acausal space-time) facilitate the flow of such acausal energy into the causal, and other times when the opposite occurs (when, that is, it becomes more difficult for such energy to be accessed and presented in the causal). One causal apprehension of such cosmic tides is said to be "aeons" - with the beginning of such an Aeon being a time (in causal terms) when such a presencing, such a flow, is favourable.

The Dark Gods

One of the aims of a certain group of Adepts is to presence (or, rather, to re-presence) The Dark Gods. That is, to bring these beings (who are mostly shapeshifters) into our own causal dimensions and thus change the life, the living, of our world, and our causal universe. According to one ancient esoteric tradition (to be believed or not according to one's way of thinking) *one* such acausal entity - a shapeshifter - is known in mythos and legend as "Satan", with this acausal being assuming, in former times, various causal forms (or "appearances").

Beyond Sorcery: Toward The Acausal

According to a certain esoteric tradition, it is possible for us, as individual human beings dwelling (existing) in the causal spaces, to move toward an existence in the acausal spaces. That is, in a simplistic sense, to transfer our consciousness, via a nexion or nexion, into an acausal being and thus begin to dwell in the acausal spaces. According to another tradition, it is also possible for us to create, for ourselves, such an acausal existence - that is, to transit into the acausal. Such a dwelling (living) by a causal-based entity such as ourselves is often regarded as one of the greatest goals of genuine esoteric arts, and the means to do this as perhaps the greatest secret of genuine Dark Arts, the greatest act of natural alchemy (1).

Anton Long
118 yf (Year of Fayen)
Agiōs o Baphomet

Notes:

(1) For some further details, see the MS *Acausal Alchemy* .

ONA Esoteric Notes

Azal, Dhar, Zamal, and Acausal Time

One Question from an Initiate: How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?

One Possible Answer: Daar ul-Islam is one possible form (literally: the realms of Islam)... A causal construct used to manifest some-thing beyond the causal (i.e. a-causal). A Khilafah – led by a Khalifah (a leader, or chief) – is one type of such a causal construct; an Earth-based Imperium, which correctly led and correctly developed, can be the basis for a Galactic khilafah/imperium. Thus, such a construct symbolizes the animation of the nine angles by acausal energy – a means whereby acausal energies (that which animates and makes alive) become presented among humans. Such a Khilafah animates human beings (especially mundanes) to make them a means to what is beyond them.

Azal, Dhar and Zamal are Arabic terms used by classical Islamic philosophy (and Islamic alchemy) and refer to aspects of Time (both causal and acausal). The nine angles relate to these Time aspects because, when animated in certain ways, what the “nine angles” are (or can be) are conduits/nexions and/or a collocation of Space-Time metrics which allow the presencing of acausal energies.

Note the words: (1) realms of Islam (plural), for these extend over what are now described as many “nations” (i.e. many realms); (2) “one type of such a causal construct”, for there are other possibilities, beyond the form that is Islam; (3) Khalifah – leader; the person who establishes a new Khilafah will be quite similar to Vindex, since a Khilafah is established, and maintained, through Jihad.

Commentary

To bring-into-being what has been termed The Galactic Imperium (aka The Dark Imperium aka the exoteric causal form of the new sinister Aeon) several causal constructs or forms can be utilized or manufactured.

One aim of the esoteric (inner) ONA is to aid, support and if necessary manufacture all the possible causal forms that can be utilized or manufactured to achieve our goals. This will be done until one form – utilized, aided or manufactured by us – triumphs, and thus wins out in the process of evolution (exoterically, achieves success by survival of the fittest) after which we shall concentrate our resources on that successful form of ours. Thus, we are being practical, pragmatic, and sinister: using whatever means and forms we can to presence the acausal and to bring-into-being what aids our esoteric aims; and also attacking the Old Order on many fronts by various means (and various tactics) until we achieve a practical breakthrough in one or more areas. This is the strategy, and the tactics, of a practical war – which is what we are fighting.

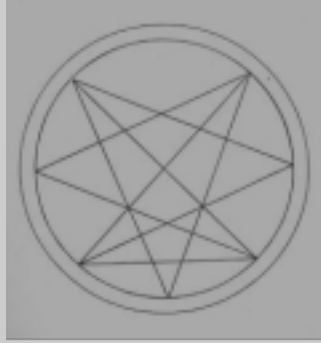
A Khilafah is just one such form, one such causal construct which has the potential to at some future time bring-into-being The Galactic Imperium; one particular form whose exoteric mythos already exists, and which form is already being fought for and supported, on the practical level, by many of those “not of us” and by “a few who are of us”.

Another such form is the emergence of a new supra-tribal form, deriving from the mythos of Vindex, and in which the sinister tribes of the ONA form the initial basis, the origin. This form is currently in the process of being manufactured, and of having acausal energies generated (by various esoteric means) to aid, sustain and expand it.

There are some other forms. But what all the esoteric-supported forms have in common is that they all presence, can presence, or will presence, an important aspect of the numinous – to wit, the practical way of the warrior, as manifest, for example by the Japanese Samurai, the Waffen-SS and, more recently, by the Taliban, and also by successful and large urban gangs. Indeed, all these numinous forms – supported by sinister groups such as ours because they have the potential to achieve our aims – make the warrior way an essential part of their exoteric and esoteric ethos, and thus manifest a martial spirit; a spirit, an ethos, where the individual warrior is seen as the individual ideal and where the warrior places their duty, their loyalty, their honour, before their own life, and where combat is seen as necessary and healthy and is used as a means to achieve goals.

This is why, for instance, none of our esoteric kind could or would support something as un-numinous as the “New World Order” led by Amerika, for this ethos of this new empire is materialistic; the goals are fundamentally capitalistic and un-evolutionary; and the individual “ideal” is the mundane, Homo Hubris – the contented wage or salary slave. That is, the ethos of this NWO is Magian, not ours, and can never be made ours.

NexionZero
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen



Guide To The Kulture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA

The *Order of Nine Angles* (ONA, O9A) is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

By *subversive* is meant disruptive of and opposed to the existing order (society, governments, and their so-called “Law and Order”) and desirous of overthrowing and replacing the existing order.

By *sinister* is meant a-moral and of The Left Hand Path [\[1\]](#).

By *esoteric* is meant secretive, and Occult (that is, pertaining to The Dark Arts). In general, many of those associated with the ONA hide their identity - by which mundanes and mundane governments know and describe and classify them - for practical reasons, given the subversive and sinister nature of the ONA. Some may also hide their association with the ONA, for the same reason. Pseudonyms and aliases, and new, alternative, identities, are positively encouraged by the ONA.

By *association* is meant a collective – a collection of individuals and groups who share similar interests, aims and life-styles, and who co-operate together for their mutual benefit and in pursuit of similar goals.

A *Sinister Tribe* is a localized, territorial, sinister kindred – a gang – of Dreccs who rule, in a practical way, their own neighbourhood or neighbourhoods, and who regard mundane property and wealth as a useful resource.

A *Drecc* is a person who lives a practical sinister life – that is, who upholds and lives by The Code of The Sinister-Numen (see below) and who thus accepts that the only law is the law of sinister-honour. Thus, Dreccs have contempt for mundanes, for all mundane societies, and for all laws except their own, and accept that the only true justice is Dreccian justice – that is, based on the law of sinister-honour.

A *Traditional Nexion* is a local group of Sorcerers (male and female, or all male or all female) who follow The Seven-Fold Sinister Way and who thus practise External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick (Sorcery). Traditional Nexions often use the term The Sinister Way, or The Seven-Fold Sinister Way, or The Dark Tradition, and/or Traditional Satanism, to describe their Way.

By *Balobians* – aka *Balo-Bohemians* [2] – we mean those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers, who share or are inspired by our sinister ethos and life-style, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us.

Thus, the ONA is a diverse, and world-wide, collective of diverse groups, tribes, and individuals, who share and who pursue similar sinister, subversive, interests, aims and life-styles, and who co-operate when necessary for their mutual benefit and in pursuit of their shared aims and objectives.

The criteria for belonging to the ONA is this sharing and pursuit of similar sinister, subversive, interests, aims and life-styles, together with the desire to co-operate when it is beneficial to them and the pursuit of our shared aims. There is thus no formal ONA membership, and no Old-Aeon, mundane, hierarchy or even any rules.

Instead, there is an ONA Kulture and ethos, and an identification with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos.

Those who identify with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos are free to chose the means, the methods, the ways, that suits their own character best, and/or which interest or inspire them most, and are actively encouraged to do this.

Hence, those who belong to, or associate themselves with or who are inspired by our collective may and do differ in the means used to attain our (and their) aims and objectives, just as they will differ in whether or not they have, or desire, some formal association with us; that is, whether or not they publicly or otherwise adhere to or associate themselves with the ONA and use the ONA name.

Thus, many Balobians, for instance, do not assign any label or terms to themselves, and so they may not describe themselves as satanists, or as Dreccs, or even as Occultists – although some do – just as some Balobians may adhere to or align themselves with or practice some other, non-ONA, Occult Way, or adhere to or align themselves with some non-Occult Way or *weltanschauung*.

The Goals, Aims and Objectives, of The ONA

Our fundamental aim is to change, to evolve, human beings – to produce a new type of human being. This derives from our belief that we human beings have great potential; that we can consciously change and evolve ourselves, and that esoteric Arts, especially The Dark Arts, are one of the most practical

means to do this. Our Dark Arts include our sinister tribes and our Dreccian way of life, as well as the more traditional Dark Arts of External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick.

Our main goal is to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, all governments, and all nations, and in their place create new societies, new ways of life, based on our own tribal way of living, where the only law is our law of sinister-honour.

We desire to do this because of our belief that the current order, the current systems, are all mundane, and reflect the nature of mundanes; of those who lack our sinister spirit, our defiance, our desire to free ourselves from mundanity and the restrictions of patronising governments and abstract, impersonal, law, and which governments treat us as either children or as subjects to be restrained and controlled.

Our means – our Dark Arts – are many and varied, and include our *sinister tribes*, our *Traditional Nexions* (with the Seven Fold Sinister Way and External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick), our *Dreccs*, our *Sorcerers and Sorceresses* who work alone or with a few sinister comrades, our *Sinister-Empaths*, our Star Game, and our sympathizers and helpers, such as *Balobians*. One other important means, employed, by the ONA – and an essential part of our Dark Arts – is our *sinister Mythos*, and which ONA Mythos includes The Mythos of The Dark Gods, and The Mythos of Vindex.

One of our objectives is for our new species to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies. This leaving of our childhood home will, with its challenges, its experiences, and its opportunities, enable us to mature, and further evolve, as a species.

The Sinister Ethos of The ONA

The sinister ethos of the ONA – a guide to our sinister life-style – is expressed in our Law of Sinister-Honour, and defined by our Sinister Code.

The Sinister Code

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and

sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour (“I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the

person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

ONA Kulture

Our Kulture [3] is an expression of the living tradition that we belong to, and the essence of this living tradition is our practical sinister ethos, which describes the way we live or aspire to live. For us, Kulture is a means to produce, nurture, and aid, our new type of human beings, and a means to produce, nurture, aid, and evolve the new ways of life, and the new societies, based on our sinister tribes.

Thus, our living tradition includes our Dark Arts (our practices) and our Mythos, and what will be developed and evolve from these, by and among our collective, in the future, consistent with our aims, objectives and our ethos.



Order of Nine Angles 121 Year of Feyen

Notes:

[1] In general, the Left Hand Path means that nothing is forbidden or restricted; that the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and that it is practical, sinister, amoral, dangerous and challenging deeds which breeds and which reveals true sinister character.

For an overview of the Left Hand Path, in the context of the ONA, see the text, by Richard Stirling, entitled *The ONA and The Left Hand Path*.

[2] The prefix *Balo* is from the Old English *balo* – sinister (baleful), as in *balocraft*, a sinister (Dark) Art. Satanus was often described as *balewa*, The Sinister (baleful) One.

[3] We use the spelling Kulture to distinguish our sinister Kulture, since the term culture has been used

to describe the alleged culture of mundanes.

ONA Manuscripts

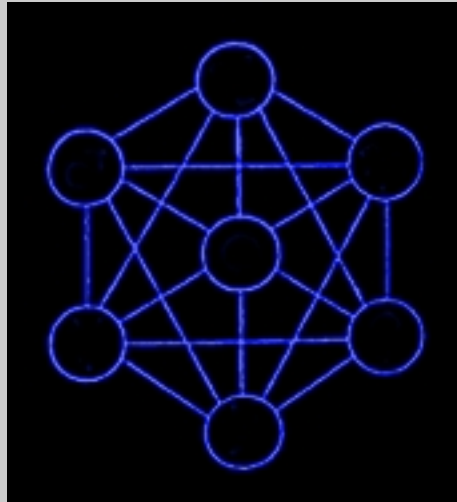
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Sub Category: Esoteric Philosophy of The ONA

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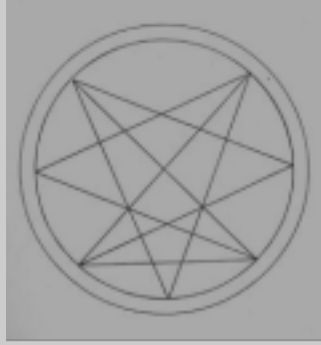
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The Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles



Our Sinister Character

One of the primary aims of the subversive and sinister association known, exoterically, as The Order of Nine Angles is to create, to aid, a new type of human being and thence a new, higher, sinister, human species.

Given this aim, it is necessary to know not only the nature, the character, the personality, of this new human being, but also how and by what practical and/or esoteric means such a type of person can be created and nurtured.

The Nature of The Sinister and The Nature of Mundanes

For the sake of conciseness and for the sake of argument we will here make some plausible generalizations, based on observations and study of human beings, and of some of the forms human beings have constructed over certain periods of causal Time.

Mundanes:

Mundanes constitute the vast majority of human beings, and some of the distinguishing features of mundanes are: (1) their lack of insight about themselves; (2) their natural nature means they can be easily swayed by their own feelings, their own desires, and the rhetoric of others; (3) their innate desire for comfort, security, and their need to fulfil their own desires; (4) their innate fear of *otherness*; (5) their basal inability to consciously change themselves via *pathei-mathos*.

One important marker of mundanes is that they generally, or almost always, delude themselves about their abilities, especially in relation to "knowing themselves".

Another useful observation about mundanes - another useful generalization - is that there appears to be several types of mundanes, which types exhibit certain behaviour different from other types of

mundanes. For instance, there is the Western (predominately Caucasian) mundane, who exhibits a certain cunning, an often overbearing arrogance, who possess the nature of the bully, who is bloodthirsty, and who has an innate, prejudiced, and unfounded belief that they are "superior" to others - a belief that they now cunningly try to hide, often even from themselves. A good example of this type of mundane is Tony Blair - the sly, arrogant, lying, manipulative politician, with a superiority complex, who believes he has some sort of "mission" to bring his mundane type of so-called "civilization" to others, who always makes excuses for his failures, and for his - always indirect and thus cowardly - killing of others, and who, most importantly, does not realize, or comprehend, that he himself is being manipulated, by others, or by some causal abstraction(s) he is in thrall to.

Predators:

Human predators form a very small percentage of the general human species, and thus are rare, and their primary distinguishing features are that: (1) they act on instinct, which instinct controls or subsumes them so that they are compelled to act in certain ways, such as to kill people, or rape women; and (2) they lack the ability and the desire to know themselves and to control themselves. Thus, although some of them may have a certain innate natural cunning which may aid them (as it aids natural animal predators such a wolves or foxes), these predators are akin to talking animals who walk upright.

It should be noted, and understood, that many human beings who like to consider themselves as predators - or who are often considered to be predatory in nature by other human beings - are not. Here, for instance, we refer to such mundanes or Magians as capitalistic entrepreneurs, opportunistic politicians (corrupt or otherwise); and career racketeers. And, of course, we refer to those mundane fantasists who like to consider themselves, or even call themselves, "satanists". None of these types of humans have a true, animal, subsuming consuming predatory nature - and neither do they possess an innate human-sinister character.

Magians:

Magians are a specific type of human being - they are the natural exploiters of others, possessed of an instinctive type of human cunning and an avaricious personal nature. Over the past millennia they have developed a talent for manipulating other human beings, especially Western mundanes, by means of abstractions - such as usury and "freedom" and marxian/capitalist "social engineering/planning" - and by hoaxes/illusions, such as that of "democracy". The easily manipulated nature of Western mundanes, and the Magian talent for such things as usury and litigation/spiel, their ability to cunningly manipulate, and their underlying charlatanesque (and almost always cowardly nature), have given them wealth, power and influence.

A pertinent example of the charlatanesque type of Magian - who has gained influence among mundanes despite his plagiarism and total lack of originality - is LaVey.

The Natural Sinister Type:

These are those, currently rare, human beings - those individuals - who, rationally or instinctively, or both, have perceived and/or understood the flaws, the limitations, in all the above human types, and who thus - inwardly yearning for something more, something greater, something darkly-numinous - have tried to, or who have experimented with, changing themselves, often by seeking out challenges both physical and esoteric, trusting or hoping that such challenges, such things, will bring them insight and provoke the type of inner change, that transformation, they desire.

These are those who feel or who know themselves to be - or who come to know themselves to be - different from all other human types, and who are thus dissatisfied with themselves, and who thus often have a natural instinct for the darkly-numinous: for that which, for those things which, mundanes especially seem to fear or find disturbing or which they have branded heretical or "illegal".

These type of people are one of the reasons why an esoteric, sinister, association such as the ONA exists.

Breeding Sinister Character

It should be understood that, exoterically, the ONA should be considered to be *a means*; a practical system of causing or of provoking human change. An analogy might be that the ONA is a new type of acausal technology, which technology utilizes acausal energy and presences that energy in specific ways on this planet.

That is, the basic means of the ONA are (1) a practical system of training for individuals; a guide to how individuals can change, evolve, themselves and develop a sinister character or enhance an already latent sinister character; and (2) inspiring, and bringing-into-being, new ways of human living, which new ways of living will or which can change, evolve, human beings in a collective (non-individual) way.

This individual training of ours is manifest, for example, in our Seven Fold Sinister Way, and this Way - being an inner, individual, Alchemy and being sinister - is hard, difficult, and dangerous; it takes a certain amount of causal Time, many years, in fact. But it does what was and what is intended - that is, produce individuals possessed of a particular, evolved, strong, sinister character.

Our new ways of living are manifest in our sinister tribes, who are, who form, our sinister collective, our sinister kindred. And these do what is intended - spreading our subversive, sinister, evolutionary, ethos, and breeding, in far larger numbers than our individual training, an entirely new type of human being.

Thus, the aim of a sinister association such as the ONA is not only to enhance, to develop, to evolve, such a natural sinister character as may already exist in a few individuals, but also and importantly to assimilate more and more human beings in order to give them *our* sinister nature; in order to make them

part of our sinister collective. And it is this development, this assimilation, which will create an entirely new species of human being. This assimilation is by means of others joining or being assimilated into our tribes, or by forming new sinister tribes of their own and by these new tribes assimilating other human beings, and thus expanding their territory.

Our New Sinister Breed

Our new, evolved, sinister character is evident in many things. Someone of this new breed of human being has a refined and developed self-awareness and self-control; the ability of rational (logical) thought - they are able to assess situations in a rational manner.

This new type of individual has the ability to shapeshift; to act-out, with conviction, certain rôles, for a specific reason, even if that reason is to learn about others, and themselves. They also possess an empathic ability; the ability to defend themselves and to survive, and are prepared, without remorse, to use lethal force if necessary.

They also, and importantly, possess the ability to adapt to changing circumstances and to learn from experience, thus changing, evolving, themselves *in a controlled and a conscious manner* (patheimathos).

They can be dispassionately ruthless, if required or if necessary; and have the faculty to see far beyond the causal moment and beyond causal, personal feelings, and are focused on a long-term goal or goals, which importantly and of sinister necessity include long-term supra-personal goals. They have the ability - if required or if necessary - to manipulate situations and people to their advantage or in order to achieve such goals.

Thus, in essence, the new sinister individual is: (1) ultimately (often as a consequence of patheimathos), dispassionately in control of themselves - of their actions, their words, their feelings, their thoughts; and thus possesses the ability to learn from, to change themselves as a result of, diverse experiences; (2) possessed of the ability to rationally assess situations and individuals; (3) possessed of the faculty of knowing, seeing, and understanding, beyond the causal; of having a knowledge of, a vision of, the possibilities of human life, and thus of how we and the Cosmos can change and evolve.

In addition, they possess that often quiet, non-demonstrative, inner strength, that inner resolve, which arises from knowing they can defend themselves; from having overcome many and various hard practical challenges; from having experienced both the Light and the Dark of human living; and of having, for example, undergone that inner Alchemical change resulting either from a following of The Seven-Fold Way to Adept and beyond, or from being part of a sinister collective and sharing in the life, the deeds, of that collective.

In terms of appearance and personal behaviour, they can rationally choose to be - in the world of the mundanes and appear to the mundanes as - one of several types of people, thus cloaking themselves in a sinister manner. That is, they can rationally chose to become a new sinister type, appropriate for their now known and fully understood personal nature, and appropriate for their chosen sinister goals.

For example, they can be the heretical, outlaw, type, somewhat feared but always dangerous and potentially deadly to those not of our kind, our kindred; someone who might be out among mundanes seeking others perchance to assimilate or to use for some sinister purpose.

In this guise, they are thus distinguished by their manner of dress, by their personal appearance, by their particular behaviour and also possibly by their dialect, their language, all of which are appropriate for someone who belongs to a particular sinister tribe and who thus, by such things, openly shows their allegiance to their collective: a genuine warrior of and for our sinister way.

Alternatively, they can or could appear as the enlightened, individual Adept of The Sinister Way - possibly from an esoteric traditional nexion - and thus will they be restrained, well-mannered, and possessed of an aristocratic demeanour, for such restraint and such manners are one means whereby they control themselves and social situations. That is, such individuals reveal *arête* - which is the basis for a genuine *aristokratia* which sinister *aristokratia* may or could gain control and/or influence over some or many mundanes, in some specific causal Time and in some particular causal place.

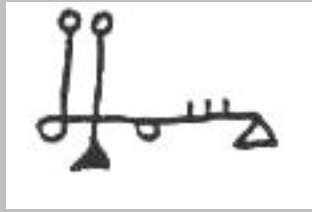
Thus, in this particular guise they do not - unless for some specific reason it is necessary - seek to draw attention to themselves, by either their manner of dress, their appearance, or their behaviour, and with and because of this type of refined and controlled personal behaviour, they distinguish themselves from others, making them, in OldAeon-speak, a class apart; a different breed. And thus possessed of a certain, a particular, sinister charisma, different from - but kindred to - the aforementioned overtly sinister tribal guise.

These two basic illustrations - two among many - serve to show that our new sinister breed - the evolved, human being - is not especially interested in or focussed upon indulging themselves - although they enjoy so indulging themselves when they feel it is appropriate or needful - and neither are they especially interested or focussed upon themselves, to the exclusion of everything and everyone else. They are also not focussed upon, nor interested in, OldAeon goals and abstractions, such as "the good of humanity" or what is "right or ethical", or whatever. Instead, they are interested in, and pursue, new and sinister interests and new and sinister goals - balancing an enjoyment of life, an exultation in their uniqueness, with a rational, focused, almost dispassionate awareness born from a knowing of the perspectives beyond the causal moment and from a knowing of themselves as a breed apart, as the makers and the changers of not only human evolution and human history, but also of Cosmic evolution and Cosmic history.

Hence, their - our - individual lives have a focus, a meaning, an intent, an intensity, far beyond the causal - far beyond mere causal abstractions and apprehensions; and it is this focus, this meaning, this intensity of life and of living, redolent of the acausal, of the sinister-numen, that distinguish them - us - for the new breed of human being that they - that we - are, scourge of the mundanes, scourge of the Magian, breaker of tyrannical abstractions: scourge and breaker of all that has, for millennia, prevented us from becoming the divine, the numinous, the Cosmic, species we have the potential to be.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen



An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

The Definition and Use of Sorcery:

Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal, aim or aims. Sinister Initiates and Adepts understand acausal energy as the force/energy that exists in the acausal aspect of the Cosmos, which energy, and which acausal aspect, cannot be described by either conventional - causal - representations involving three spatial dimensions and one time (causal) dimension, or by the words, forms, constructs, symbolism (and so on) of such four-dimensional causal space-time. Some such acausal energy has been understood, by Sinister Adepts, as living-beings, living in the acausal non-spatial and non-temporal dimensions of the Cosmos, and The Dark Gods are accepted, by the traditions of the ONA, as one type of such acausal beings.

How and why such acausal energies are used is the essence of the training of the sinister Initiate, with this "how" being learnt by direct, practical, personal experience of both ceremonial and hermetic ritual and workings, as, for example, given in the Black Book and in works such as Naos. In the early stages of the Way, the "why" often relates to the personal desires/aims of the individual; with Adept and beyond this changes, with the focus being on Aeonic workings/magick: that is, the "why" derives from the Sinister Dialectic and a knowledge, and experience of, Aeonics. One type of such an Aeonic working is the presencing of those acausal energies often symbolized, in the causal, as The Dark Gods. Another type of such an Aeonic working - and a genuine, esoteric work of sorcery - is The Star Game.

As has been mentioned many times in various MSS, Sorcery is an Art, the learning and mastery of which takes several years. Furthermore, all genuine Adepts of the Sinister tradition understand personal sorcery, or "results/low-level" magick, as but a beginning: a necessary training, both personal and esoteric, for the real dark sorcery which begins with the presencing of acausal energies in accord with Aeonic sinister aims.

The Basis and Means of Dark Sorcery:

The real essence of Dark Sorcery lies not in some temporal, causal, definition of what constitutes "evil" and the emulation of such a limited, causal and esoterically incorrect definition by some individual, but rather in the conscious use, by an individual, individual, or group, of acausal energies with the intent of provoking/causing large, supra-personal and causal temporal changes over causal time. That is, the foundation of genuine Dark Sorcery is Aeonic Magick - the changing of causal forms/presencings and/or the creation of new causal forms/structures/presencings.

It is important to understand that the means of genuine Dark Sorcery are many and varied - they are not limited to, and nor can they be contained by or in, conventionally understood esoteric practices such as ceremonial or hermetic ritual and magick. Any form, construct, Art or whatever, through and by which acausal energies can be accessed and directed and presented - by those skilled in the accessing, directing and presenting of such energies - is or can be a means of Dark Sorcery: a manifestation of sorcery itself. Thus - to give an old example which will be familiar to all Adepts and even many Initiates - the construction/creation of a certain piece of original music, imbued with sinister energies, can be and often is an act of Dark Sorcery if it does indeed present in some ways certain sinister energies and thus affects individuals in a way consistent with the Sinister Dialectic, by for example, changing them toward the Sinister, or causing them to evolve, or causing them to themselves begin a presenting of acausal, dark, energies, or move them toward heresy, or to present Chaos in whatever way, and so on, and so on.

The essential aim of Dark Sorcery is two-fold: to continue the personal development of the individual so undertaking works of Dark Sorcery, and to present the Dark: to present acausal energies in such a way that causal change occurs. To give a relevant example, in practical terms this amounts to changing such things as that causal construct termed "society" - through affecting or changing the "ethos" and affecting/changing individuals.

One of the darkest forms of Dark Sorcery is to present The Dark Gods - to open a nexion, or nexions, to the acausal dimensions, and to thus allow the acausal living-beings who are The Dark Gods to manifest in our causal world. Such a manifestation would significantly change existing causal forms and affect many many individual on many levels, as well as disrupting/changing established causal forms, such as "society". It is considered, by the ONA and its Sinister Adepts, that such a manifestation(s) of such living-beings will be what is required to inaugurate a New Aeon and thus ensure our evolution, as a species, in a way consistent with the essence of the sinister.

Anton Long
Black Rhadley Nexion
118 yf (Year of Fayen: Agios o Baphomet)

The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way

(Note: While this MS assumes some knowledge of the LHP and magick, it may be useful to non-Initiates/non-Adepts.)

The True Nature of Magick:

Magick, correctly defined and correctly understood, is the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy.

The symbols and rituals of genuine conventional magick (as represented by the ONA) are simply a means to access, or re-present, certain types of acausal energy. Thus, and for example, the Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols, re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

However, such a symbol as the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - to be a correct and thus useful re-presentation - must be understood ("viewed") in both causal and acausal terms. As conventionally described ("drawn") the ToW is but a static two-dimensional object. A more accurate re-presentation is three-dimensional. A yet more accurate description is four-dimensional where the symbols are understood to "flow"/change according to their nature - and here, the transformations of the pieces/symbols of The Star Game are the key. The best - most accurate - description of such a symbol as the ToW is five-dimensional, for Time has of itself "two" dimensions, or components: a causal one (the "flow"/change) and an acausal one, which acausal aspect cannot be understood, or viewed, or even symbolized, by conventional four-dimensional means. Thus, each individual symbol, or "association" or "correspondence" is not static and not isolated - they are but individual, causal, emanations of what is a changing aspect of some acausal energy, which acausal energy cannot be totally contained (or "described") by some finite, causal re-presentation.

That is, there is an acausal aspect to all magickal workings, rituals and "re-presentations"/symbols, which acausal aspect cannot be re-presented by a mere four-dimensional description or symbol.

Of course, the astute reader will realize that not only is the ToW itself but one causal, emanation of what is a changing aspect of some particular acausal energy, but also that we, as individuals, are such a "thing".

The failure of pre-ONA magick is the failure to understand, to know, the four and five dimensional

nature of genuine magick. On a somewhat basic level, that is why, for instance, in the ONA Way, there are no such things as stupid "banishing rituals" - because the individual is a nexion, before, during and after some causal ritual, which ritual involves acausal energy.

The Seventh Way of the ONA:

The Way of the ONA is a Way which allows the individual to experience, to get to know, acausal energy, and to begin the process of understanding such energy via acausal symbolism. All magick - external, internal and Aeonic - is but a means to apprehend, experience and presence acausal energies, and thus create/provoke Change. That is, the conventional magick of the ToW, of books such as *Naos*, of rituals, is but a beginning - through such things, the individual Initiate acquires experience and knowledge, and also develops as an individual: in terms of character. In the simplistic sense, they move, through the Grades, beyond "The Abyss", toward The Goal, which is the transformation of the individual and the emergence of a new type of being, beyond the Adept. In such a moving, such a development, they acquire a knowledge, a knowing, of the acausal, which knowledge usually begins during and after the stage of Internal Adept - and which is often glimpsed, in some causal way, by some External Adepts who may thus intuitively grasp the essence of the sinister. Also, in such a moving, they cause/provoke changes in the causal: that is, they undertake Aeonic Magick.

The basis for the Seventh Way is, firstly, the understanding of causal, acausal and nexions, and, secondly, the realization that we, as individuals, can evolve ourselves in a conscious and rational way. Esoterically, the name itself - the Seventh Way - is not that important, and in essence serves only to denote some-thing which is different from what has existed hitherto. Exoterically, it refers to the seven-spheres conventionally described by the ToW - that is, to what has been called the septenary system, which itself is but one causal, and convenient, means to describe the nexion which we are and the nexion which is the intersection/meeting of causal and acausal in our phenomenal world.

What, then, is the acausal symbolism which can aide the process of understanding and which in itself is an act of magick, a presencing of the acausal? In its most simple form it is The Star Game - or rather, the advanced form of The Star Game. But even this is only a beginning - a mere four-dimensional manifestation. In another form, such acausal symbolism is The Dark Gods - not as some "name" or "names", and not even as a vibration/chant of some collocation of letters/names (which vibration/chant is a more accurate re-presentation than a mere "name"). Rather, the symbolism *is/are* The Dark Gods and the energies (the "forces") They Themselves re-present. (1)

But what does all this mean, in practical terms? It means that to presence such energies the individual has to go not only beyond the "symbolism" but also go beyond all those things which militate against the "flow" of acausal energy to the causal. That is, they have to open the nexion that they are - they become not just some "channel" or "gate" but rather an aspect of the acausal itself, while such presencing is done, and while some of its acausal manifestations manifest themselves in our causal time-and-space. This is the essence of what it means to go "beyond the Abyss" - achieved by following the Seven Fold

Way.

In addition, and of crucial importance, in the practical sense it means that the effects of genuine magick are not purely causal - they are not limited to a specific "ritual" or action, and cannot be contained within a chosen causal form, such as a static image or some artefact. In a very simplistic sense, genuine magickal energies are "five-dimensional" - they are akin to "living-forms" which thus change, may grow (or decay) and which may cause or provoke changes, in causal time, according to their "nature". (2) Thus, to consider one very novice-like example, when a conventional ritual is undertaken, the energies involved are presented both in causal and acausal time - novices (and even, sometimes, Adepts) usually only consider or feel or are aware of the causal presencing and the causal effects, which they often assume they can "control". What they seldom if ever consider are the acausal effects.

The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings:

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations - depending on context. In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the ToW plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of the Rites of the Nine Angles) - although, of course, there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS Atazoth.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of The Star Game which itself is magick - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

The Seventh Way and Satanism:

For the current Aeon, the Seventh Way, exoterically, is the way of Satanism, expressed in its most obvious way by opposition to the religion of the Nazarene and by an affirmation, through rituals and similar constructs, of the energy/archetype commonly known as "Satan".

As explained in various other Order MSS this Aeon (3), left to itself, will persist - that is, its outer forms

and ethos will continue to be manifest and still hold people in thrall physically and mentally - for at least another few hundred years, even though some of the energies of the next Aeon (energies manifest in groups such as the ONA) are manifest now and will become increasingly manifest. In the practical sense, this means that individuals, organizations, groups (and so on) will continue to be influenced/controlled by the forces of the Old Aeon, and that the forces of the New Aeon will not achieve significant change, in such forms as "society", for several hundred years, which change will mark the real arrival of the next Aeon.

Furthermore, there will come a time when the ONA - and the individuals who are part of it or who are influenced by it - will outwardly shed the rhetoric, the images, the forms of "Satanism", for such things are causal emanations tied to a particular Aeon; they are not the supra-Aeonic acausal essence which we, through the progression of Aeons, are moving toward and which it is the purpose of genuine Occultism and magick to move us, as individuals, toward experience of and understanding of. What will also change are the means - the magick - to presence the acausal. Thus, there will be a move away from ritual, and from overt Old Aeon symbolism - and especially from "words" and "names" (4) - toward a much darker magick: a magick which manifests the acausal without the need for causal forms, and certainly without the need for "names". One type of the new magick is The Star Game (the magick of "Thought") and another is that which returns the Chaos which is, and which is not, The Dark Gods - but there will be many other types of this new five-dimensional magick, some of which are already known to, and used by, genuine Adepts of the Dark Tradition.

Anton Long
Morning Rising of Arcturus
(Black Rhadley Nexion) 116yf

Notes:

(1) Part of this re-presentation is, of course, what we term the sinister - or, more correctly, those energies/changes which when presented produce a re-ordering, which re-ordering is most often called "sinister".

(2) This does not mean, of course, that such energies should be conceptualized in the Old Aeon way as actual "living-beings" such as "demons" or such-like, which living-beings have their own "nature". But such a conceptualization does indeed hint at a much deeper truth, which in one sense is embodied in the mythos of the Dark Gods, as it can be used as a beginning to move toward a better understanding based on the reality of how acausal energies manifest - **and then exist** ("live") - in the causal.

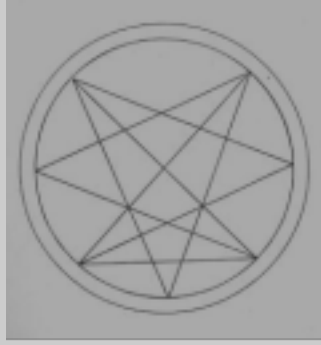
(3) To be precise, we should really write: "The distortion which has overtaken the Western Aeon will persist..." For, as explained in various Order MSS, what is manifest now - and has certainly been obvious to even many non-Adepts in the past five years - is the Magian distortion of the West, which distortion is evident in the "neo-cons" of Amerika with its new imperialism which itself serves a very Zionist/Magian agenda. According to a quite old MSS: "The last Aeon, the Western whose center is in Northern Europe, is drawing to a close as its energies fade. The next Aeon, however, has as its centre not

our Earth, but a location in space and until this centre is reached, the new Aeon will not be possible. However, the Old Aeon has some 350 years still left to run, and during this period, the energies of the New Aeon will become more and more obvious as they seep around the Gate, brought in part by deliberate Ritual by small groups of Adepts..."

(4) As has been written: "It is not correct to give names to some things..." For such a naming is a move-away from the essence of the "thing" that is named - often a mistaking of what the name denotes for the essence which is supposedly denoted by such a naming. Magick is one means away from such a projection, such a transference of limited causal "thinking" - a means toward an apprehension of things, as things are.

Some Relevant MSS:

- 1) Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction
 - 2) Ritual Magick: Dure and Sedue Ceremonial
 - 3) Aeonics: The Secret Tradition (Part One)
 - 4) The Aims of the ONA
 - 5) Aeonics: The Secret Tradition (Part Three)
 - 6) The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings
 - 7) The Secrets of the Nine Angles
-



Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos

Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA

Pseudo-mythology and Mythos

Lovecraft populated various of his stories with various creatures, or entities, and these entities served mainly to enhance or decorate the stories; to provide what may be termed a certain sinister atmosphere. There was no attempt, nor even intent, to provide such things as an ontology, a theology, for these entities – an ordered philosophical framework – and, importantly, no attempt to provide a detailed esoteric (Occult) praxis whereby interaction with these entities, by humans, could be understood and affective results (or Occult change) achieved. For example, the fictional *Necronomicon* and the language invented for various “calls”, are mere theatrical props, devoid of real esotericism, despite the many silly claims subsequently made for them by some Lovecraft admirers.

In this sense, the Lovecraft entities form a pseudo-mythology, and not a mythos. Only later did people such as Derleth try, unsuccessfully, to provide some Occult context (based of course on Magian distortions), and some semblance of structure, although ontological, ethical, theological, and epistemological, questions were never dealt with. Instead, a pseudo-history was developed.

In contrast, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) – mentioned in many and various texts by the esoteric association known as The Order of Nine Angles – are part of a mythos, having a distinct, and unique, ontology and Occult praxis, as well as being part of a complex esoteric philosophy which addresses ethical, etiological, epistemological, and other philosophical issues [1].

Thus, if one compares the two most important Dark Gods, Satan and Baphomet, with, for example, Cthulhu, then one can immediately see the difference, and understand the claim – often made by critics of the ONA – that the ONA mythos of The Dark Gods is, in some way, derived from, or dependant upon what has, rather erroneously, come to called the Cthulhu mythos of Lovecraft, for the mundane fallacy it is.

Cthulhu has a revolutive physical appearance, and is basically a physical entity existing in causal Space-Time – whose base or home is allegedly some far distant extra-terrestrial planet, and who apparently speaks, or is somehow receptive to or responds to, some alien language, and who may or may not consist of some strange “alien matter” which is or which maybe somehow be affected by the alignment of stars. According to Lovecraft’s pseudo-mythology, Cthulhu has a secret cult, on Earth, deriving from a time when Cthulhu and other Old Ones visited Earth – and which cultists speak or chant some approximation of the alien language of the Old Ones, who could communicate to humans via dreams. This cult desires to awaken the dead, but still alive, Cthulhu who waits, dreaming.

Satan and Baphomet are living shapeshifting entities – of one specific species – who dwell in the acausal continuum, and who, since they are acausal beings, have the ability to open nexions (“gates”) to our causal, phenomenal, continuum where they, being changelings, can assume various physical forms, including human form. [2]

Furthermore, Satan has a propensity for assuming physical male forms, and Baphomet a propensity for female forms, so that, according to the mythos of the ONA, Baphomet has, in the past, been assumed to be, or come to be regarded as, The Dark Goddess, the violent, bloody, fecund Mistress of Earth, who is also mistress-bride-mother of Satan.

In the ONA mythos, both of these Dark Gods – and some other such acausal entities – are said to have egressed, or travelled to, Earth many times in our historical past, with Satan, for example, giving rise to myths and legends such as that of Ahriman [3]. In addition, it is said to be possible – by various specified, practical, esoteric means [4] – for human beings to open a nexion to the acausal and make contact with some of the Dark Gods, including Satan and Baphomet, with there being the possibility that such entities will once again presence Themselves on Earth. Furthermore, some acausal entities, egressing in the past to Earth, may be the origin for myths and legends about dragons, and various demons.

Some of the particular acausal species known as The Dark Ones are said, in their assumed human forms, to be able to copulate with human beings, and of producing or bearing half-human, half-changeling, offspring [5].

Thus, even this brief overview will suffice to show that the esoteric mythos of The Dark Gods is quite distinct from, bears little or no resemblance to, and is vastly more comprehensive than, the un-esoteric pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft. In fact, so different – philosophically, esoterically, and otherwise – that it seems rather incomprehensible how some people can claim that the ONA mythos is derived from or somehow indebted to the pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

Perhaps in desperation, the proponents of the theory of such indebtedness have claimed that the mention by the ONA of various “star alignments”, in reference to esoteric techniques to open nexions, is somehow proof of their claim. However, even a cursory perusal of some of the relevant ONA texts – such as in *The Grimoire of Baphomet* - will reveal no similarity whatsoever, for the ONA texts mention

specific stars, such as Dabih, and particular alchemical seasons. That is, there is not only esoteric detail, but also practical and philosophical context – something totally lacking in the vague pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

What the proponents of the theory of such indebtedness do and have done is commit various logical fallacies, such as the fallacy of *selective attention*. That is, in their desire to prove their cherished theory or belief that the ONA must somehow be indebted to Lovecraft, they search for and try to find and spurious connections and relations, trying to get a few facts to fit their theory, while ignoring the majority of facts that simply do not fit or support their theory.

The Irrelevancy of Evidence in Mythos

Mythos is affective, esoteric, and numinous. That is, it inspires, it provokes, it motivates, enthrals, and presences acausal energy. It is wyrdful – a means of change for human beings, and outlines or intimates how such wyrdful change can be brought-into-being.

The so-called objective, cause-and-effect, “truth” of a mythos – stated or written about by someone else – is basically irrelevant, for a mythos presences its own species of truth, which is that of a type of acausal-knowing [6].

Thus, to seek to find – to ask for – the opinions, views, and such things as the historical evidence provided by others, is incorrect. For that is only their assessment of the mythos, a reliance on the causal judgement of others; whereas a mythos, and especially an esoteric mythos, demands individual involvement by virtue of the fact that such a mythos is a type of being: a living presence, inhabiting the nexion that is within us by virtue of our consciousness, our psyche [7].

Hence, the correct judgement of a mythos can only and ever begin with a knowing of, a direct experience of, the mythos itself by the individual. To approach it only causally, inertly, with some arrogant presumption of objectivity, historical or otherwise, is to miss or obscure the living essence of a mythos, especially one derived from an aural tradition. It is to impose, or attempt to impose, a causal (temporal) abstraction upon some-thing which has an acausal (that is, non-temporal) essence.

Such a presumption – and even worse, the demand for it to be shown to have “objective evidence” in its favour – reveals a lack of initiated, esoteric insight. For the real “truth” of an esoteric mythos lies in what each individual finds or discovers in it – and thence within themselves. In simple exoteric terms, a mythos can not only re-connect the individual to both the numinous and to their own psyche, but it can also lead them to an individual, and an initiated (esoteric), understanding, of themselves: to a discovering of what has hitherto been hidden, especially by un-numinous, causal, abstractions.

For the ONA, the mythos of The Dark Gods – and the mythos of the ONA in general, of which the DG mythos is a part – is a means of sinister change, an Aeonian Occult working, a living Black Mass. For it is a manifestation of the sinisterly-numinous acausal energies that the Order of Nine Angles, and thus

Satan and Baphomet, re-present. One important means of Presenting of The Dark, of revealing, to us, in us, for us, Satan and Baphomet as those Dark Ones are.

Order of Nine Angles 121 Year of Feyen

Notes

[1] For this esoteric philosophy, refer to such texts as *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*, and *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

For the Occult praxis involving these Dark Gods, refer to such ONA texts as (1) *The Grimoire of Baphomet*; (2) *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; (3) *Warriors of The Dark Way*; and (4) *The Meaning of The Nine Angles*, Parts One & Two.

[2] One is rather reminded, here, of the ancient gods of Greek mythology – for example, Athena as portrayed in Homer’s *Odyssey*, who assumes a variety of forms, including that of already living male human beings.

[3] Refer to the ONA text, *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*.

[4] See, for example, *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

[5] See, for example, the fictional stories – which form part of the ONA mythos – *Sabirah*; *Jenyah*; and *Eulalia – Dark Daughter of Baphomet*.

[6] For a basic outline of acausal-knowing, refer to the section *The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA* in the text, *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. See also *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*.

[7] As used by the ONA, the term psyche refers to both the Life that animates us (acausal energy via a nexion) and to those aspects of consciousness, and those faculties, which are initially hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, or undeveloped by, most individuals.

One aspect of this psyche is what has been called “the unconscious”, and some of the forces/energies of this “unconscious” have been, and can be, described by the term “archetypes”. One latent faculty is the faculty of empathy.

In general terms, it is one of the tasks of an Occult way or praxis to develop these latent faculties, and

to bring into consciousness (and thus to bring under conscious control) what has hitherto been unknown, or hidden. An Adept refers to someone who has done this, and similar, things, as well as opened the nexion we, as an individual, are to the acausal.

The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. These beings are shapeshifters, and can assume a variety of living causal forms, in the realms of the causal, including human form. The fictional stories *Sabirah*, and *Jenyah*, deal with one type of such acausal beings who have assumed human form - describing their need for the acausal energy (the "life-force"), possessed by humans, in order to sustain and maintain their shapeshifting causal form. The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA holds that both Baphomet (the female entity as described by the ONA) and Satan are memories of, and manifestations of, two particular acausal beings, two particular Dark Gods.

By the nature of the acausal (see Note 1), such acausal entities are - viewed from our own limited and mortal causal perspective - "formless", ageless and eternal, although if and when they venture forth into the causal dimensions, their living-there, the causal form they adopt, are subject to causal change. Hence, for example, their need to return to the acausal, or to regularly find some source of acausal energy (in the causal).

However, aside from these specific entities known to us, or esoterically remembered by some of us, as the The Dark Gods species, there are other acausal entities, other acausal living-beings, other acausal species, who and which have been manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, or who and which can become or may become manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, many of whom are not shapeshifters, and many of whom cannot exist, for long (in terms of causal Time) in our causal Space and causal Time.

In addition, there are some entities who and which only live, exist, in those twilight realms, those strange dark worlds, where the causal and the acausal intersect or meet - that is, in the nexions which manifest such intersections, and thus the flow of acausal energy into the causal. There is an aural Sinister Tradition that what have been incorrectly termed "demons" are some of these acausal entities existing, or which have existed, in those twilight realms where causal and acausal intersect.

To understand, and appreciate, The Dark Gods - and all acausal entities, including those dwelling in the twilight realms where causal and acausal meet or merge - one has to understand the true nature of nexions, of those "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time, or a journeying into the acausal itself.

The Nature of Nexions:

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion - a place or region, in causal Space and causal Time, where there is a direct physical connexion to acausal Space and acausal Time; a particular place where our causal Universe is joined, or can be joined, with the acausal Universe. According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, there is a physical nexion in our Solar System, near the planet Saturn, as there are other physical nexions in our particular Galaxy, and elsewhere in the Cosmos.

The second type of nexion is a living causal being. That is, all living-beings, in our causal Time and causal Space, are nexions - they all possess, by virtue of being "alive" a certain acausal energy, the amount of which varies according to the type of life, with a human being considered to possess (by virtue of possessing consciousness) more acausal energy than the other life on this planet of ours. In addition, it is considered, by Adepts of the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, that most human beings possess the potential to expand the nexion that they are, with this expansion - this increase in our acausal energy - being one of the esoteric aims of genuine sinister magick.

All living causal nexions, however, are limited in causal Time. That is, they possess only a limited life-span, a limited causal duration, although some sinister Adepts have speculated that it is possible for an advanced practitioner of the Dark Arts to not only increase their life-span, through esoteric means, but also to "transcend" to the acausal itself: to become an acausal being who is ageless and eternal. This, however, is said to require not only a bringing forth from the acausal such entities as The Dark Gods, but also to "become one", to merge, with Them (or with one of Them) by either transferring consciousness to one of Them, or having Them create an acausal vessel/form for such consciousness.

The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept, with this form being either already organically, physically, living, or which, through a sinister transformation, becomes living in the sense of being possessed of, and manifesting or channelling, acausal energy.

In the magickal sense, our consciousness, our psyche, is a region where causal and acausal meet, or rather, where they can and should meet and intersect, and it is one of the aims of genuine esoteric Orders, groups and Adepts, to guide Initiates into this realm, often through utilizing symbols and forms, such as the Tree of Wyrð and the associated "correspondences", which are guides, maps, of such a realm, and a means to access and develop acausal energies and thus transform ourselves into Adepts, and beyond.

Manifesting The Dark Ones:

One of the aims of the ONA is the presence The Dark Ones: to return, to our causal Space and our causal Time, The Dark Gods. To unleash these entities upon the world and so cause Chaos, and that Change and evolution which will result. Thus will the Old Order - a now ever-increasing tyrannical

order - be destroyed, and thus would a New Aeon begin. Thus will there be a significant evolution of ourselves, as individuals.

Such is the nature of the Cosmos - of causal and acausal, of the "Cosmic seasons" - that every two thousand years or so the Cosmic spaces are aligned such that it is easier then to draw forth, into the causal, acausal energies. Traditionally, according to Aeonick Magick, these times mark the beginning of a New Aeon, and, currently, we are within a few centuries of such a change - and thus at a time when more and more acausal energy is available to us, if we know how to access and presence such energy.

Such energy - and the living-beings of the acausal - can be presented in several ways. First, by various rituals, such as those associated with the Nine Angles, where a specific "named" (see Note 2) entity may be called forth, or where unformed (unformed, at least, as discernible to us) acausal energy is/are accessed and released into the causal.

Another way is preparing a suitable living-receptacle (which may be a host human being or a collection of such beings) and then presencing, via ritual or other esoteric means, the acausal energies (or being, named or unnamed, or both) into such a host or hosts. That is - in one sense - making such hosts available to such entities, should They choose to accept and inhabit and use such hosts, possibly only on a temporary basis until They have found their own or have acquired sufficient energy to be able to sustain themselves, as shapeshifters, in the causal.

A Mythos of Times Past:

The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA mentions that, at the dawn of our consciousness as human beings, some of The Dark Ones came forth to Earth through a physical nexion, which nexion most probably existed on this planet, Earth. There has been much speculation about, and some legends regarding, the location of this physical nexion - which, if it exists as tradition asserts, would be viable again now or soon, given the Cosmic cycle we are currently in.

There has also been speculation about, and some aural legends regarding, how long these dark acausal entities stayed, in our causal Time and Space, and much speculation regarding why they left, with one aural legend asserting that a few of them have, as shapeshifters, survived and hidden themselves among us, feeding, waiting for the stars to be aligned aright again and for sinister Adepts to bring forth their kin.

Notes:

(1) Acausal: The *acausal* is used, as a word, to refer to what, correctly, is that Universe which may be described, or re-presented, by acausal Space and acausal Time.

This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the acausal and the causal, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time.

(2) Names of The Dark Gods: The names which we "know", as recorded in the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, are those which have been transmitted to us aurally: a memory (perhaps corrupted or only half-remembered) from an ancient causal time, when some such entities were once presented on this Earth.

However, the given "name" only "re-presents" (that is, names) a particular acausal being when it is chanted (or vibrated) in a particular way under suitable conditions, which often means in association with a certain crystal of a certain shape, which crystal and which shape enhance such chant or vibration.



An Introduction to Insight Rôles:

Order of Nine Angles

Part One: Personal Insight Rôles

Insight Rôles are a necessary part of the Seven Fold Way. Every Initiate has to undertake at least one Insight Rôle following their Initiation [see the *Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way*]. This Insight Rôle - which must last a minimum of one year (that is, in this instance for one particular and specific alchemical season) - should be chosen so that the task undertaken is in most ways the opposite of the character of the Initiate. The Initiate is expected to be honest in assessing their own character, as they are expected to find a suitable Insight Rôle for themselves, either a personal Insight Rôle, or an Aeonie one, and this assessment and this finding are esoterically worthwhile tasks in themselves.

Thus, an individual who found it difficult to accept authority - a rebel by nature - might choose, as a personal Insight Rôle, the task of joining and serving in the Police or the Armed Forces, just as someone who loved the pleasures of the flesh, and violence, might choose to become a Buddhist, or other type of, monk. Similarly, someone who considered themselves honest might choose to turn to a life of crime, and organize a criminal gang to relieve suitable victims (see the sinister guidelines re victims) of some property or other assets. Or they might become a drug dealer, or a supplier of drugs. Another Insight Rôle would be for someone without any interest in politics or an inclination to violence, to become involved with an extremist political organization (either of what is conventionally - non-esoterically - described as "the extreme Left" or "the extreme Right"), and aid that organization in practical ways. Yet another Insight Rôle would be to assume the character of an assassin and cull those detrimental to the aims of the ONA. A personal Insight Rôle suitable to someone who was not particularly interested in social occasions (and who was somewhat shy by nature), might be to organize an "escort agency" or run a brothel in a suitable area; another might be for them to embark, alone, upon a journey around the world.

Let us consider, as an example, the task of some Initiate becoming a Buddhist monk for a year. The Initiate must convince those in authority in the chosen monastery that they are sincere. This requires a study of Buddhism; it requires the Initiate to undertake Buddhist meditation. The Initiate must then succeed in gaining admittance, and once admitted, must live in a Buddhist way: that is, observing the tenets of Buddhism, however hard this might be.

One thing which is important about Insight Rôles is that the individual Initiate undertaking them is forbidden from telling anyone - however close a friend - why they are doing what they are doing. This applies to partners/spouses. The Initiate must appear committed to the chosen task, as they must live that task for at least a year: they must identify with the rôle they have chosen.

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate. Such Insight Rôles include aiding political (and some religious) forms; doing practical deeds which aid the breakdown of society - such as certain "crimes" (and dealing in drugs), covert activity, assassinating suitable opfers, and so on. Insight Rôles which aid the sinister dialectic can be suggested by the person who is guiding the Initiate (if they have such an ONA guide) or they can be deduced, by the Initiate, from a study of the aims of the ONA and a study of the sinister dialectic itself. Indeed, such a deduction by the Initiate is a worthwhile learning in itself.

An Insight Rôle is only valid - that is, only achieves what it is supposed to achieve in terms of evolving the Initiate - if it is maintained for at least one year, and if the Initiate really does accept the restrictions, the ways, the rules, which are or may be applicable to the task or way of life chosen. If an Initiate cheats in some way, they are only cheating themselves. Thus they are expected to keep their own personal and esoteric aim hidden, while maintaining the "outward personality" appropriate to their chosen rôle. For many people, this can be difficult - which is intentional - as it can also lead some individuals to begin to identify with their rôle, and thus renounce their Sinister quest, in which case, they have failed this particular test of the Sinister Way, which test, in the case of all Insight Rôles, lasts for a particular alchemical season, or more.

If an Initiate considers it might be worthwhile, they can undertake a second Insight Rôle some months after completing their first, with this new Insight Rôle involving a different way of life than their first.

In addition to Initiates, Internal Adepts are advised to undertake an Insight Rôle, one or two years after they have completed the rite of Internal Adept. The Insight Rôle of an Internal Adept, however, must have an Aeonic aspect.

Part Two: Aeonic Insight Rôles

Introduction:

As it is stated above:

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate.

As mentioned below:

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

The Current Situation

In order to determine the Aeonic aspect to Insight Rôles it is necessary to understand the current situation that exists in the world, and this esoteric understanding is, currently, itself heretical in all of those countries that make up what has been called "The West". In addition, this esoteric understanding is, of necessity, independent of "politics" (however conventionally described) although it is only to be expected that the majority of non-Initiates will not comprehend this, and will thus and rather stupidly label this esoteric understanding by some Old Aeon term of other, just as they will most probably continue in their supine ignorance to describe those who possess such an Initiated understanding by some epithet or other.

This esoteric and Initiated understanding is one of dominance by the so-called "New World Order", which basically means the domination of the Magian. This domination over the West - and increasingly other countries - is essentially that of what is often euphemistically called "Zionism" with the reality that most nations in the West are covertly ruled by a Zionist Occupation Government (ZOG).

This situation has arisen from two factors. First, the covert introduction into the societies of the West of Marxist, and Marxist-sociological, values and ideas, Second, from the military and economic dominance of America which is all but now controlled by Zionist interests. In respect of the the introduction of Marxism, the societies of the West have been steadily "socially engineered", through laws, through the power of the Media, through government schemes, and through indoctrination spread especially by teachers in Schools and Universities. This "social engineering" has been to produce - and has produced - a plebeian society (lacking in honour and true excellence) and tyrannical governments who rule by that organized protection racket known as State and government taxes, and by the rule of an ignoble and abstract law, which abstract law is the antithesis of the warrior law of personal honour.

The reality is that a world-wide capitalist tyranny has been created, with the peoples of the West made for the most part docile through materialism and "entertainment" and "sport" and "personal pursuits",

with their opinions formed for them by The State, its educational system, politicians, and the Media - especially television and newspapers. The individual has become subservient to The State in thought, word and deed. Basically, the individual is now mostly powerless before the might of The State.

Of course, the majority do not see this, duped as they are and have been by The System with its trickery of "democracy" and "rights". In addition, some dissent and "rebellion" is allowed, and even encouraged - so long as it does not threaten in any real way the ideas and the control of The System. Those individuals, groups, organizations who do or who may pose a serious threat to The System are dealt with, often by those organizations being outlawed, and their leaders and members being tried according to some tyrannical State law and put into prison for a long time.

The System - having made itself secure among The States of the West - has recently embarked on the next part of the plan, which is to create a new Empire to ensure the material wealth and military superiority of its leading lackey government, that of the America. To this end, countries have been invaded, and sanctions used to bring others under control.

The System and its lackey States are a serious threat to our evolution - to the creation of free, strong, independent human beings. The System wants - and even demands - that we are or become subservient, to its ways, its laws, its sociological ideas, to the basic materialistic animalistic way of life it allows for its "citizens", a way devoid of real adventure, real challenges, real numinosity. This way is the way of the sub-human.

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

For this aim of a new human type to be achieved, we must break-down and indeed destroy the States that make up The System, the New World Order (NWO), as we must challenge the enervating ideas, the enervating ways, of The System, and replace them with our own life-enhancing ideas and ways.

If The System is not destroyed, then our evolution will be stifled, and our promise - the greatness, Destiny and glories which await among the Cosmos - will remain unfulfilled.

To destroy The System both magickal and practical *action* is required, by individuals, and groups. Thus, any group or individual which is engaged in *practical* action against The System with the purpose of destroying it and challenging its ideas is interesting from the point of view of the Sinister Dialectic and those undertaking an Aeonic Insight Rôle.

Some Suggested Aeonic Insight Rôles

The following are some suggested Aeonic Insight Rôles, based on a knowledge of the sinister dialectic and the situation as exists at the time of writing (114yf). Some of these suggested Insight Rôles are

relatively easy; some are especially hard and dangerous, and thus suited only to the most daring and sinister individuals.

- (1) Join or form a covert insurrectionary political organization - either of the so-called "extreme Left" or of the "extreme Right" - whose avowed aim is to undermine by practical, revolutionary, means the current Western *status quo*.
- (2) Undertake the role of assassin, selecting as your opfers those who publicly support or aid, ZOG, the NWO, The System.
- (3) Convert to Islam and aid, through words, or deeds, or both, those undertaking Jihad against Zionism and the NWO.
- (4) Join or form an *active* anarchist organization or group dedicated to fighting the capitalist System.
- (5) Join or form a National Socialist group or organization, and aid that organization, and especially aid and propagate "historical revisionism".

Recommend Reading

- 1) *Notes on Insight Rôles*, ONA Ms 114yf
- 2) *Insight Rôles - A Guide*, ONA Ms 1989 ev [superceded by (1)]
- 3) *Insight Rôles, The Secret Guide*, ONA Ms 1985 ev [superceded by (1)]
- 4) *The Sinister Dialectic*, ONA Ms
- 5) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*, ONA Ms
- 6) *Aims of the ONA*, ONA Ms 1994 eh
- 7) *ONA Insight Rôles: An Introduction*, ONA Ms, 114yf

Order of Nine Angles
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Dark Imperium

One of the exoteric - practical and outward - aims of The Order of Nine Angles is to aid the creation of a Dark Imperium. This Dark Imperium is and will be a manifestation, a practical implementation, of The Sinister, of The Sinister Dialectic, where Sinister Adepts (and, of course, Sinister Masters and Lady Masters) guide, control and manipulate - on a large scale - ordinary (non-Initiated) mortals, and thus effect sinister changes in a particular society, or in many societies.

It is one of the aims of the person named by sinister esoteric tradition as Vindex to create the foundations for this Dark Imperium, and, in practical terms, the Dark Imperium will be a large, organized - most probably militaristic - society whose ideals are those of excellence and of the noble honourable warrior and warrioress, and whose ethos will be essentially pagan. In addition, this Dark Imperium will function on the basis of the warrior leadership-principle and not upon any form of democracy, just as - and importantly - the basis for the law, for the justice, of the new societies of this Imperium will be personal honour (the law of the warrior), and not the abstract, dis-honourable, law that has come to dominate all Western societies, to the detriment of our evolution as a species.

Given this distinctive practical nature of the Dark Imperium, it will thus be ideologically, violently, and of necessity, opposed to the current materialistic, "politically-correct", democratic, plebeian, *status quo*, in the West, and elsewhere, and - once established - one of the first practical aims of this new Imperium will be to extend, if necessary by force of arms and conquest, its *Law of the Warrior* to other societies, creating in time a new world-wide Empire. It is this new world Empire which will efficiently begin the practical colonization of Space, first in our own Solar System, and then among the stars. It will do this practical exploration and colonization of Space both as duty and as a necessity, since such practical exploration and colonization is an integral part of its fundamental, irrevocable, pagan and warrior ethos.

Furthermore, such a Dark Imperium will, outwardly, not be directly associated with "the Satanic" or with "Satanists", although, under the guidance, the leadership, of Vindex and his (or her) successors, this warrior society will be aiding the Sinister Dialectic and thus achieving long-term Sinister, Satanic, goals.

Of course, Sinister Adepts - and some sagacious non-Initiates - will understand that such a Dark Imperium is itself only a stage; only one part of an Aeon process; and that, as such, it does not represent the essence, nor the ultimate aims, of the ONA itself, although it is only to be expected that the majority among the plebeius will fail to appreciate the difference.

In essence, the Dark Imperium is a stage toward the emergence of - a means to create - that new human species which Sinister Adepts have named, variously, as Homo Sol, *Homo Galactica* and *Homo Galacticus*: the Promethean species whose homes, whose dwellings, whose life, will be among the star-systems of our Galaxy, and then among the star-systems of other Galaxies in the causal Cosmos.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen

The Mythos of Vindex in Esoteric Context

Introduction - The Vindex Mythos

Understood esoterically, The Vindex Mythos is Acausal Sorcery. That is, the original (non-esoteric) form has been and is being used in an esoteric manner to provoke Change in an evolutionary way, creating thus a new sinisterly-numinous causal form, and which manufactured esoteric form may not be perceived or understood as esoteric by many or most of those who are influenced, inspired, and/or changed by the mythos in its non-esoteric (and original) form.

The essence of this mythos are a new, non-esoteric, manifestation of The Law of the Sinister-Numen (the law of personal honour), and the new warriors who, upholding the law of personal honour, establish new tribal ways of living in opposition to their tyranny of the Magian abstraction of the nation-State.

Furthermore, it is the mythos of Vindex which is the practical genesis of The Galactic Imperium, as it is the mythos of Vindex which possesses the dark sorcery necessary to defeat the Magian and that *untermensch* species, Homo Hubris (aka mundane mundanes), who are not only the product of the Magian ethos but who keep the Magian ethos alive and their Magian masters in power, to the detriment of our evolution.

The following texts are extracts from a non-esoteric exposition of *The Mythos of Vindex*, and provide a reasonable overview of this important mythos.

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Extract from Part One of The Mythos of Vindex

Vindex and The Defeat of The Magian

Mythos, in the context of this work, refers to an intimation, or intuition, of an aspect of the Numen, presented as this is in words which relate an archetypal legend or an archetypal premonition/prophecy of some future events.

Vindex is the name of one such numinous prophecy of the near future: an archetypal figure who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

Vindex thus represents, *par excellence*, what is numinous, and restores the balance that has been lost; lost because of the imposition of un-numinous, impersonal, and tyrannical, abstractions. As mentioned elsewhere (for instance, in *Honour: The Practical Foundation of The Numinous Way, and The Way of The Warrior*), personal honour is one primary manifestation of the numinous, and it is personal honour

that the abstract impersonal laws of all large modern "nation-States" take away, reducing the individual, as such States do, to a mere characterless often debt-ridden lackey or drone who is expected to toil to pay the taxes that the State imposes, which taxes are nothing more than a government run protection-racket, and which taxes keep the whole rotten, corrupt System of corrupt dishonourable politicians, and their flunkeys, going.

Personal honour is the way of the noble warrior - the way of the characterful men and women who have learnt from practical experience, who rely on themselves to solve their own problems and disputes, and for whom personal honour is the only law of true justice. The abstract law of the modern States is the way made for the supine masses who are made to rely on "the State" to solve their problems and their disputes, and who are for the most part manipulated and moulded by a powerful, arrogant, and often wealthy and privileged (not to say innately cowardly and dishonourable), self-appointed elite, which elite - through their use and control of, or influence over, such things as the Media, the entertainment industry, advertising, business, banking, and politicians and political parties - have manufactured the soul-less mostly urban societies of the modern industrialized so-called "democratic" world where some abstract "progress" has become a god to be worshipped and obeyed, where the mumbo-jumbo of usurious banking has hypnotized generation after generation, and where the impersonal manufactured law of mostly corrupt and dishonourable and self-serving politicians is stupidly regarded as representing "justice".

In brief, Vindex restores to the modern world the fundamental principle of true, natural justice: the personal justice based on the rule of personal honour, which thus gives to the individual a genuine freedom. For it is this natural, and human, justice, which the modern State has usurped, making the individual powerless before "the might of the State", for there are no so-called "individual rights" which the mighty State cannot take away or suspend or ignore or legislate away, and no area where the State cannot interfere or impose its will, as is so evident by the ever-increasing power and authority given by the State to its minions, such as the Police force and the Security services, which Police force and which Security personnel, can arrest, detain, forcibly restrain, and imprison - that is, take away the dignity and personal honour - of any individual provided some other minion of the State believes or assumes there is some "just cause", according to the impersonal laws of the State itself, which laws the State continues to manufacture, tyrannical year after tyrannical year.

The Tyranny of The Magian:

The abject dishonourable tyranny of the modern industrialized world - of the modern West - has been manufactured by the Magian, and by the Magian ethos.

The Magian ethos is represented in the victory of consumerism over genuine, numinous, culture. It is represented in the triumph of abstract "cleverness" - particularly abstract "law" - over the noble instincts of the man, or woman, of honour. It is represented in the triumph of vulgar mass entertainment over spontaneous family and small community events. It is manifest by the triumph of urban haste and impoliteness over the possession of rural manners. It is manifest in the triumph of loans and usurious

debt over thrift. It is represented in the triumph of indecency and profanity over modesty. But, perhaps most of all, it is represented in the destruction of the slow, rural, way of life - work involving manual labour and/or the labour of animals - and its replacement by the industry and machines of Homo Hubris, made possible by a rampant capitalism and the abject and large-scale exploitation of people and natural resources by modern States and their privileged oligarchies.....

The Genesis of Vindex:

Vindex is the generic name for that revolutionary noble warrior who leads the practical fight against the Magian and their allies, manifest as the Magian are now in the so-called mis-named New World Order whose twin centres of power (both ideological and practical) are in Amerika and the Zionist entity that occupies Palestine. Vindex thus prepares the way for the Galactic Imperium, whose practical beginnings lie in the establishment of new communities, based around new clans (or tribes) whose only law is that of Personal Honour. Vindex (who may be male or female) is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon of the Imperium, which is personal honour, and who, with his or her victorious warriors, establishes an entirely new type of culture, and an entirely new way of life.

Used as the name of an individual, Vindex means “The Avenger”, and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes this revolutionary warrior leader.

While it is possible that, as I myself once wrote, Vindex will arise from one of the nations of the West (which includes Russia, the United States and the lands formerly referred to as Eastern Europe) - and be of Caucasian (European) ethnicity - it is also possible that he or she could arise elsewhere in the world, and be of mixed, or of any, ethnicity. For what is fundamental to Vindex is that he or she is a charismatic and revolutionary leader who inspires absolute loyalty; that he or she fights, in a practical way through force of arms, the forces of the Old Order, manifest in the power of the Magian; and that he or she triumphs in the final battle, enabling the establishment of new communities free from the now broken and discarded and tyrannical Magian ethos.

Perhaps there is still time for the needed number of people within some land or lands of the modern West to arise, reclaim their ancestral warrior heritage and culture, and take up arms against the Magian, the Amerikan Empire and the vassals and lackeys of that Empire. But, perhaps not, for we have waited for well over a half century for this to occur. Indeed, given the almost total subservience of the majority of the peoples of the modern West to the ethos, myths, and new religions of the Magian, it does seem increasingly likely that Vindex will arise, and first engage the forces of the Magian, in non-Western lands, and thus be of non-European ethnic descent, especially since even those, among the peoples of the West, who know and who understand the power and influence of the Magian, and who refuse to accept the new religion of Shoah (which new religion has aided the mental conditioning of Homo Hubris), are doing nothing practical and have done nothing practical, for decades, to directly engage the Magian and

the allies and servants. For it is as if these Westerners lack that inner vitality, that instinctive feeling for honour, which was so manifest in many of their ancestors and in their former warrior cultures, and which so briefly flourished again in one Western land less than one hundred years ago before being defeated by the White hordes of Homo Hubris.

True, there have been a few individuals, in the West, who over the past fifty years have directly and heroically engaged the forces of the Magian. But a few individuals do not make a real, genuine, sustainable and continuing fighting, warrior clan or clans. It is as if the very knowing of and feeling for the numinous - the true way of the warrior - is no longer within most of those Western "people who know", so that their words are only words, and their knowledge and understanding is the empty knowledge and the feeble understanding of those too world-weary to care, anymore; as if they are the last dying remnants of a once heroic, but now broken, people.

For what distinguishes Vindex and the new warrior clans of Vindex is their vigorous, and living, warrior belief that honour is more important, more valuable, than their own lives, so that they are ready, eager and indeed more than willing to fight and if necessary die in pursuit of an honourable duty they have sworn to do. Thus, in these clans, the culture of honour lives and thrives; the culture of honour, loyalty and of duty. The numinous culture where life is lived according to an unchanging Code of Honour, and where loyalty to a person, once given, is given unto death. This is the culture of the honourable individual, who refuses to bow down to any external abstract "governmental" authority, and who has an instinctive and natural love for the true freedom that personal honour brings. The warrior culture whose fundamental principle is that every individual has a right and a duty to bear and carry weapons, with each warrior individual prepared to use such weapons in defence of their own honour and in defence of the honour of those whom they champion or to whom they have given a personal pledge of loyalty. The culture of the clan, and of the tribe; of personal knowledge of friends and foes, where combat among warriors is regarded as honourable, and where the impersonal war of modern armies is regarded as dishonourable and cowardly. Indeed, this is the culture of those new outlaws on whose heads the governments of the Magian - the governments of the new Amerikan Empire - have placed bounties, and who, in their typical dishonourable way, want them "dead or alive" for the so-called "crime" of defying the un-numinous and tyrannical laws and ethos of modern, Magian-led, nation-States.

Extract from Part Two of The Mythos of Vindex

NS Germany and the Bushido of Japan

As mentioned in Part One:

" It was the White hordes of Homo Hubris who - under the spell of the Magian - brutally, cunningly, and efficiently, defeated the one resurgence of the numinous, in the West, and the one

resurgence of the numinous in the Far East, which resurgence in many ways (but not all) prefigured, and were intimations of, the warrior way of Vindex: the one and only attempt, in the West, to counter and replace the ethos of the Magian with the numinous way of the warrior, and the one and only practical resurgence, elsewhere in the world, to halt the spread of the dishonourable vulgar "culture" of Western Homo Hubris, and to return to a numinous, ancestral, culture and way of life. "

The currently unpopular and often censored truth of our times is that National-Socialist Germany - what it had evolved to be by the beginning of The First Zionist War - was a modern mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos, and stood in complete and stark contrast to the materialism, the hubris, of the Magian and their allies and servants in the West, represented by the arrogant, profane, White Hordes of Homo Hubris. Furthermore, had NS Germany not been defeated by The White Hordes of Homo Hubris and by the machinations of the Magian, there is almost no doubt that it would have evolved further to become the genesis of a new numinous resurgence, and restored to the West, and other lands, that connexion to the numinous which centuries of plunder, exploitation, greed, abstractions, and dishonourable war had severed.

Similarly, that natural ally of NS Germany - Imperial Japan, with its underlying Bushido ethos - was also a modern mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos, and would also have evolved further to become the genesis of a new numinous resurgence in the Far East, and elsewhere.

For what distinguished both NS Germany and Imperial Japan was a return to the Code of the Warrior - to that numinous Way of Life where personal honour is considered more important than the life of the individual, and where culture is not a personal indulgence but rather a profound extension of the attitude to living which a true instinctive warrior embodies: the culture of Haiku, of Geisha, of the Samurai sword; the culture of *Blut und Boden*, of the SS ethos... This type of *dignified* culture is entirely alien and even abhorrent to the Magian and their allies, such as the uncultured barbarian White Hordes of Homo Hubris, for whom "culture" means indulging themselves and being profanely entertained by some vapid effusion of the modern Magian "entertainment industry".....

A New and Numinous Ethos: Beyond the Tyranny of the State and the Abstractions of Politics

Both NS Germany and Imperial Japan were fundamentally instinctive and natural reactions to the dominance of the Magian ethos, and represented a mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos. That is, they were akin to the natural healthy reaction of a human body invaded by some debilitating virus; an instinctive attempt to restore that natural balance which the Magian and their allies had disturbed.

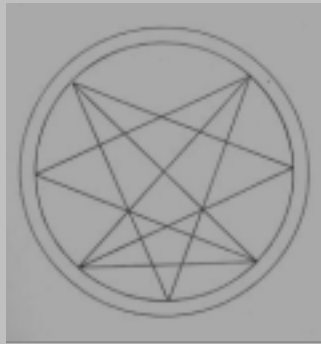
But, as I have stated several times in various writings, we have now arrived at the stage of our human evolution when we can not only, and for the first time, consciously understand ourselves, but when we can consciously decide how we are to react, and what it is that we should do. That is, we have become much more than thinking animals who possess the faculty of speech, for we possess the ability to consciously change, and to consciously control, and evolve, ourselves. Or, expressed, another way, we now know how to - and have the opportunity to - access and to presence, the numinous itself; to access and to presence that which refines, dignifies, and evolves us; that which makes us human, which can enable us to live numinous lives, and to fulfil the potential latent within us and so take us out to live among the star-systems of our Galaxy and of other Galaxies.

Personal honour is both the essence of the natural, instinctive, Way of the Warrior, and one primary manifestations of the numinous itself, and it is Vindex who restores personal honour to its rightful place, as the basis for both law and for that tribal way of life which has been, and which is, our natural human way of living, a natural and human way that the abstractions of both the Magian and The White Hordes of Homo Hubris have undermined and destroyed.

Thus, the duty - the wyrd - of Vindex and of the clans of Vindex is not to strive to try and restore some romantic idealized past - or even be in thrall to some perceived wyrdful, often numinous-filled, past way of living, such as that which Adolf Hitler brought to Germany - but rather to establish an entirely new and conscious and thus more potent expression of the numinous itself. This new and numinous way of living replaces the impersonal tyranny of the State with the way of the clan and the tribe; it replaces the abstraction of politics, and of democracy, with personal loyalty to an honourable, noble, clan or tribal leader.....

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Revised 121 Year of Feyen



A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms

Introductory Note:

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

This Second Edition of the original brief ONA Glossary contains further terms, and some elucidations of other terms.

Abyss

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

Acausal

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

Acausal Thinking

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

Aeon

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

Archetype

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Balobians

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the

sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Black Book of Satan

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonie).

In addition, *a sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv). The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguishes the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.]

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister tribe is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Exeatic

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

Exoteric/Esoteric

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of something; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner/acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

Falcifer

1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.

2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between *Falcifer* and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

Hebdomadry

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

Left Hand Path (LHP)

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human

individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understand and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrð) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Naos

1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.

2) The title of the ONA text "*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*".

3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around

or near to this particular star.

Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Nine Angles

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrd plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new

five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The ONA is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical execrable deeds.

Presenting The Dark

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Present The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Present The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrld and thus to work Aeonie Sorcery.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes"

Rounwytha

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy).

Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to present, to be manifest in, our causal,

phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Septenary

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrd, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

Sinister-Empathy

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

Sinister-Numen

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Sinister Way

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

Sorcery

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

Star Game

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrd (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional

magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

Traditional Nexions

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

Traditional Satanism

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

Tree of Wyrd

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

Vindex

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presented ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If

an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means "the Avenger", and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be dis-covered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.



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Appendix The Sinister Code

Those who are not our sinister brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by - and are prepared to die by - our unique code of dark (sinister) honour.

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are

wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour (“I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

The Goals, Aims and Objectives, of The ONA

Our fundamental aim is to change, to evolve, human beings – to produce a new type of human being. This derives from our belief that we human beings have great potential; that we can consciously change and evolve ourselves, and that esoteric Arts, especially The Dark Arts, are one of the most practical means to do this. Our Dark Arts include our sinister tribes and our Dreccian way of life, as well as the more traditional Dark Arts of External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick.

Our main goal is to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, all governments, and all nations, and in their place create new societies, new ways of life, based on our own tribal way of living, where the only law is our law of sinister-honour.

We desire to do this because of our belief that the current order, the current systems, are all mundane, and reflect the nature of mundanes; of those who lack our sinister spirit, our defiance, our desire to free ourselves from mundanity and the restrictions of patronising governments and abstract, impersonal, law, and which governments treat us as either children or as subjects to be restrained and controlled.

Our means – our Dark Arts – are many and varied, and include our *sinister tribes*, our *Traditional Nexions* (with the Seven Fold Sinister Way and External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick), our *Dreccs*, our *Sorcerers and Sorceresses* who work alone or with a few sinister comrades, our *Sinister-Empaths*, our Star Game, and our sympathizers and helpers, such as *Balobians*. One other important means, employed, by the ONA – and an essential part of our Dark Arts – is our *sinister Mythos*, and which ONA Mythos includes *The Mythos of The Dark Gods*, and *The Mythos of Vindex*.

One of our objectives is for our new species to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies. This leaving of our childhood home will, with its challenges, its experiences, and its opportunities, enable us to mature, and further evolve, as a species.

Our aim of *The Dark Imperium* (aka The Galactic Imperium aka The Sinister Imperium) - whose genesis will be The Mythos of Vindex and The Law of The Sinister-Numen and which will be brought into being by our Dark Warriors - is the practical means whereby this particular objective may be achieved.

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Mundane or Sinister?

The Basic Standards For Novices of The Sinister Way

So, you want to join us? You want to become one of the sinister few? Part of our sinister Order of Nine Angles family? One of those who understand – who know – mundanes for the expendable resource they are. One of those who knows or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that we can be far more than we are; one of those who knows, who understands, or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that all laws, past and present, are restrictions – a means of mundane control, devised and implemented by mundanes in a mundane attempt to prevent we sinister few from turning our lives into a succession of ecstasies. One of those defiant ones who would rather die than submit, and who understands that words are a means, not the essence.

Know then that you have to prove and test yourself – taking yourself to and beyond your physical and emotional and moral limits. If you succeed, fine. If you fail – no excuses, you failed. You can try again, and again, until you succeed. Or you can accept the truth – that failure makes you, marks you, as mundane. No excuses.

Are you, then, ready to test yourself? To defy, to overcome? To be heretical? If so, here are the challenges. Here are the minimal standards you must meet to become of us, to join us. And if you do not desire to so test yourself, to meet, to surpass, the standards, we set – then go elsewhere. If you somehow in some way want to debate or to dispute these standards of ours, then you can go elsewhere.

We are not interested in your excuses, your mundane words – for these are minimal entry standards for our traditional sinister nexions. For you to join us – for you to become a member of our sinister elite, to become a genuine Initiate of our Seven-Fold Sinister Way – you have to undertake the following.

Physical Standards

Train for and undertake all three of the following physical tasks – the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.

If you cannot achieve all these minimal standards – you failed.

Mental Standards

Construct and learn to play both the basic and the advanced Star Game.

If you cannot do this – you failed.

Moral Standards

Find, and test (according to our sinister guidelines) a suitable mundane, and then cull that mundane.

If you cannot do this – you failed.

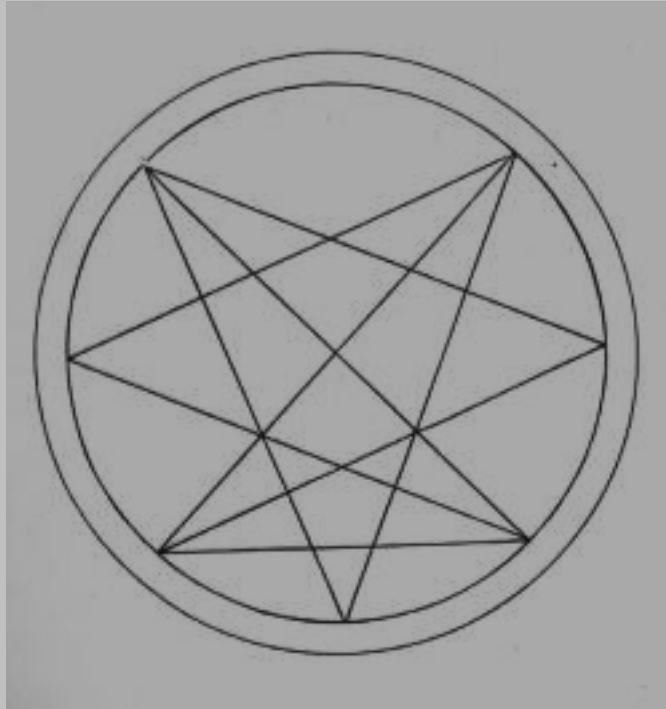
Heretical Standards

Become, for a minimum of six months, a public advocate of a genuine modern heresy – such as radical (Jihadi) Islam, or National-Socialism, or what the Magians call "holocaust denial".

If you cannot do this – or fail to understand why these are genuine modern heresies – you failed.

No excuses; no debates. You are either of us, or you are mundane.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 yf



The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has n number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being*. This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develop, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develop, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develop our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

(1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;

(2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;

(3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, but rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being.

Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan - or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet -

as conventional “gods” or “goddesses” are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the

acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

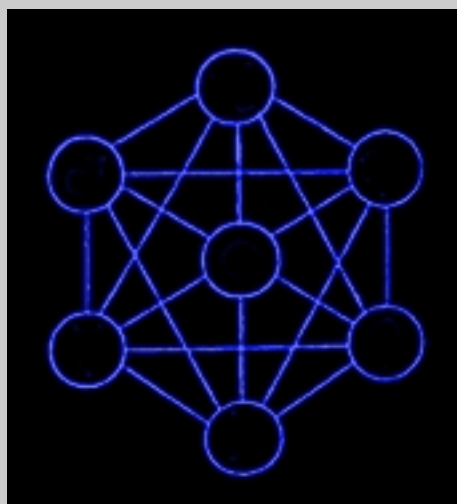
Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles



Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".



Defining Satanism

The Nature of Satan

According to the conventional, rather dated, and Nazarene view, Satanism is considered to be the worship of, or the acceptance of the authority of, the being termed Satan as Satan is described in Nazarene scripture, as, for example, *the* or as *an* adversary of the supreme Being, often called God. According to a less Nazarene-centric - and more philosophically correct - view, we may define Satanism as *the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.*

Importantly, this definition of Satanism places the entity called Satan into a certain, a specific, relation with human beings - that of powerful entity whom human beings cannot really control, whatever means or artifice they may use or devise to attempt such control. This is itself is in contrast to the Nazarene-centric view of Satan, who - while being regarded as a powerful supra-personal entity - is believed to be under the total and final control of the supreme Being, often called God. Thus, in this Nazarene view, human beings can defy or rescue themselves from or be defended from Satan by the supreme Being who will or who can or who may intercede on their behalf, if asked in the appropriate manner and via, for example, "the proper channels" - with the appropriate manner and the proper channels being defined according to Nazarene theology and dogma.

Thus, this particular definition, of ours, of Satanism may therefore be regarded as expressing the essence of Satanism itself, without there having to be an acceptance of the conventional notion of human obedience to or subservience to this particular supra-personal entity. That is, a conventional religious element of worship, of theism - deriving from the Magian religious perspective - is neither necessary nor required for someone to describe themselves as a Satanist. [1]

Furthermore, our definition of Satanism also leads, or should lead, to a discussion regarding the nature of both existence and being; a discussion much more rational, and far more wide-ranging, than would occur, and which historically has occurred, were one to accept the conventional Nazarene-centric view of Satanism, for that view is restricted, narrowed, by both the nature of Nazarene theology itself and by the reliance upon Nazarene scripture.

Furthermore, any definition of Satanism also depends, to some extent, on the necessary enquiry into the origin of the word Satan itself, the de facto view being that Satan is, in origin, derived from a Hebrew word meaning or implying adversary. [2]

The Modern Satanism of Mundanes

According to both the conventional understanding of Satanism, and also according to our definition above, modern groups such as the Church of Satan (and its derivatives) and the Temple of Set cannot be considered as Satanist or as somehow representing Satanism, for the simple fact that neither group accepts that there is a supra-personal entity called Satan.

For the Church of Satan, Satan is not considered a real supra-personal being, with an independent existence, but rather as some kind of symbolic representation of certain carnal human impulses and desires, and which representation is controllable or which can be controlled by, or come to be controlled by, individuals themselves.

The central focus of the Temple of Set (ToS) is the figure of Set, an entity (or deity) belonging to the pantheon of Ancient Egypt, and who the ToS variously describe as The Prince of Darkness, as their patron, and who thus could be considered as the possible origin of the Nazarene Satan.

As befits their attempt to be all things to all members (and possibly to encourage more recruits), the ToS seems undecided and somewhat befuddled as to whether their resurrected Set is an actual supra-personal, and powerful, deity, or whether he is only a symbolic, or archetypal, and human, representation of certain natural or cosmic forces. [3]

This indecision, deliberate or otherwise - and/or spin, to encourage more recruits - is also reflected in their seemingly befuddled views regarding whether or not their Set is benign or "evil", and whether or not we human beings can, through some artifice or other (such as magick), control or at least acquire immunity from the power of this entity, if he or it is indeed "evil" and not benign.

However, it becomes quite clear, on studying the ToS, that their entity - their so-called Prince of Darkness - is rather tame, and just acquired a rather bad reputation along the way. Which leads one to ask: if their Set is not the real "evil one" - the powerful living source of such things as terror and suffering-causing Chaos and of "evil" - then who or what is? If the answer is that there is no such physically existing entity, one is led to enquire just what exactly, therefore, is the true nature and importance of their Set, which brings one to the only logical conclusion that, ultimately, for all their bluster and all their pseudo-mystical and metaphysical ramblings, their Set is just another human

abstraction, just another symbolic representation of certain natural or cosmic forces and processes.

Even were it not, it further becomes clear, on studying the ToS, that their emphasis is decidedly on the "we can control" category, and thus aligns them, on this matter, with Nazarenes, for they have removed the element of real risk, of fear, and of danger that consorting and copulating with demons and powerful non-human supra-personal entities entails, thus placing them - as with followers of the Magian religions, and the CoS - among the category we may term *magians-of-the-earth*: that is, among those who believe that we fragile, mortal, human beings have the means (from our religions or beliefs or by some artifice or whatever), or we can devise some artful means, whereby we can save ourselves and escape from whatever external power afflicts or may afflict us. This view - common to Magian religions, to the CoS, to the ToS, and to many people who describe themselves as Occutlists - may also be referred to as the hubriati-syndrome [4].

Thus, not only do both the CoS and the ToS not accept that there is a supra-personal entity called Satan, but they also ultimately - with their hubriati-syndrome - still adhere to the dogma underlying the Magian religious perspective.

Satanism and The Order of Nine Angles

According to the ONA Satan is one being, among other beings, who actually exists in what is termed the acausal continuum [5].

The very nature of this acausal being, exoterically termed Satan - and the very nature of the acausal itself - means that we human beings, however advanced or skilled in various magickal or Occult techniques we consider ourselves to be, cannot ever fully *or in any significant manner* control Satan, just as we cannot fully control in any significant manner other such beings, such as Baphomet [6].

That is, there is no nothing, no means - esoteric or otherwise - no method, technique, or skill, no secret formulae or chant, no spoken words, no ritual, no "prayer", no supreme Being (such as God), to control such acausal beings and/or which enable us to be safe and secure from them. This is so because of our nature - as fragile, microcosmic beings who have evolved on one planet orbiting one star - and because of the nature of the Cosmos itself, perceivable as this Cosmos is to we human beings as having an acausal continuum and a causal continuum.

All we can hope for - through our defiance of our primitiveness, through a desire to evolve, through curing the sickness behind our hubriati-syndrome - is to become like such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet; to evolve toward them; to come to regard them as our long lost kin, our inspiration, our guides, our sources of reliable knowledge about the acausal.

Thus, one of the many crucial differences between the ONA and groups such as the CoS and the ToS is that regarding the esoteric meaning and significance of magick. For the ONA:

" What has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself." *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*

This is in complete contrast to both the CoS and the ToS, for whom such means as magick are fundamentally a way to control certain forces, and to exult in our individuality. Thus, for them magick is simply one more means for us to impose ourselves (our will) upon ourselves, upon others, upon life, Nature and the Cosmos. That is, their view and understanding of Occultism in general is limited, by, stymied by, their hubriati-syndrome; by their desire and even need to be *magians-of-the-earth*. This is a lowly, a primitive, a mundane, understanding of the Occult, and especially of our latent human faculties.

For the ONA, such means as magick are a way for us to genuinely evolve - to be far more than we are by coming-to-know acausal beings; by experiencing, and beginning to use, acausal energies; by developing such things as our latent faculty of acausal-empathy; and - eventually - by transcending beyond the causal into the realms of the acausal [7].

Thus, in essence, the ONA view is a Cosmic one, encompassing the realms of both causal and acausal, while the views of the CoSers and the ToSers - and others like them (such as the Crowleyites) - is a moribund, Earth-bound, primitively egocentric, view, redolent of the sickness underlying the collection of symptoms we call the hubriati-syndrome.

According to the ONA:

" Our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy; we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*

Conclusion

For the ONA, Satan is a real, supra-personal, entity - existing in the realms of the acausal and totally independent of us - whom we cannot fully or in any significant manner hope to control, and who is not subject to some supreme Being, not ultimately subservient to such a Being, because such a supreme Being does not exist [8].

As has been written:

"It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is

Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature"...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things....." *To Presence The Dark*

Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Feyen

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Notes:

[1] What we may term the Magian religious perspective (or ethos) is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, world-views, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such Ways of Life.

[2] For a brief, non-conventional, view, see the Appendix, *Satan As A Word*, below.

[3] Here is a typical ToS statement about Set: "Set's...method for Working in the Objective Universe is by providing an insight into the nature of personhood."

[4] The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical ToS statement which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Here is a typical ToS statement which expresses this perspective:

"Religious offices [are] conferred by Set alone, and Recognized within the Temple according to his Will. The design, care, and operation of the Temple are entrusted by Set to the Priesthood..."

If we re-write this slightly, the connection becomes obvious:

"Religious offices [are] conferred by God alone, and Recognized within the Church according to his Will. The design, care, and operation of the Church are entrusted by God to the Pope and Priesthood..."

The ToS has Set, a guiding Council of Nine (appointed by Set of course), High Priests, and Temples; the Catholic Church has God, the Pope, Priests, and Churches, who are entrusted with doing God's work on Earth, just as the ToSers believe they have been entrusted with a sacred duty to do the work of Set.

[5] Refer to the ONA texts *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and also *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

Furthermore, it is convenient to describe some acausal entities by the term *demons*.

Nexions are one means whereby entities from the acausal may presence - be manifest, or travel - to the causal continuum, and thus interact with we human beings, on Earth. For a basic understanding of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles - A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

Expressed succinctly:

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the

acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept

However, many acausal entities possess the ability to create their own nexions to the causal - and thus do not require assistance from us, from we who dwell in the causal continuum.

[6] It should not be forgotten that according to the ONA Baphomet is an acausal shapeshifting entity and has been physically manifest to us, and can be manifest to us, via a suitable nexion, and has assumed the physical form of (or appeared to us as) a human woman.

[7] For a transcending to the realms of the acausal, refer to the ONA text *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[8] " A supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves." *ONA: The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

Furthermore, the belief in this supreme Being, just like the hubriati symptom of the illusion of control of supra-personal entities, is part of the hubriati-syndrome, that illness that makes us, and keeps us, and marks us, as mundanes.

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Appendix

Satan: A Note On The Word

Satan is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

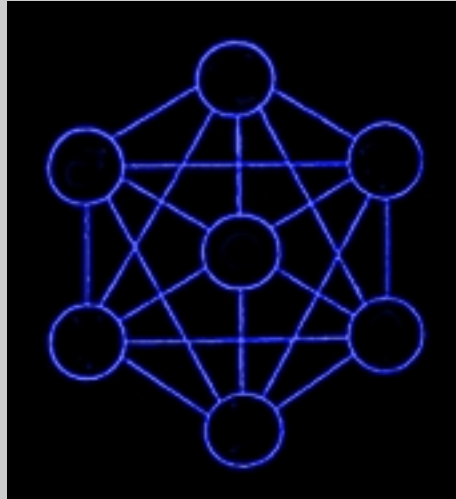
The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* –

“through” and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense – for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a ‘bad’ or ‘false’ sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

The vulgar belief that Hebrew is some kind of pre-eminent, and root, language is incorrect - Hebrew is essentially derived from ancient Phoenician, with later contributions from Ancient Greek, which also owed a debt to Phoenician.

A Short History and Ontology of Satan

According to the Order of Nine Angles



A Short History of Satan

The story of Satan is vulgarly regarded – according to popular and Nazarene belief – as making its first appearance in what is regarded as ancient Biblical times, with a short history of, and stories about, Satan being provided in various parts the Old Testament, where Satan is described as a fallen (or rebellious) angel of the supreme deity commonly referred to as God, who rebelled because of His pride. In this story, one of the functions of Satan is to tempt human beings, and lead them away from the teaching, the revelation, the laws, of God.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament – most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE – Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Over many centuries, both the story and the ontology of the Biblical being named Satan were further developed, particular by Nazarenes.

However, there is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

The Order of Nine Angles presents a rather different interpretation, and history, of Satan, primarily based on what has been claimed to be an old aural tradition, handed down by a few reclusive Adepts of what

has been, variously, called The Dark Tradition, The Seven Fold Way, The Sinister Way, Traditional Satanism, and Hebdomadry.

According to this tradition [1], the being now known by the exoteric name Satan is one of The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones), who are entities existing, living, in the acausal continuum [2]. This Satan [3] is The Prince of Darkness and of Chaos, and He – along with some other Dark Gods – is portrayed as a shapeshifter, capable of assuming human form, Who has visited, or been manifest, on Earth. at various times throughout our human history.

Thus, for the ONA, Satan is an actual living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can – by means of various nexions [4] – presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.

Furthermore, Satan – and other shapeshifting Dark Ones, such as the entity Baphomet, known to us in Her female human form – are considered as having been instrumental in guiding our conscious development, especially through the Chaos and Change wrought by Satanic Adepts through means such as the Sinister Dialectic. Satanic Adepts – and Initiates – are thus considered as doing the work of Satan, here in the causal, and on our planet, Earth.

One legend recounts Baphomet as the Bride, The Wife and Mistress, of Satan – and the Mother of all life on our planet, Earth. Baphomet is thus, according to this legend, that innate creative force, that cosmic energy, which permeates and which guides Nature upward by means of what we humans have termed evolution.

According to legend, Satan – and some other Dark Ones – first came to, or presenced themselves on, Earth to and for us, many millennia ago, at the dawn of our human consciousness. In addition, Satan – as some other Dark Entities from the acausal – has, by virtue of their acausal nature, certain powers; that is, He – as They – can provoke, or cause, or be the genesis, of certain changes in we human beings (desired or undesired by us), as well as in our causal world (“events” on planet Earth). Thus, He – as They (and in particular, Baphomet) – can interfere in our human affairs, and have interfered in our human affairs, according to Their own nature.

This “interference” is just another way of saying that certain acausal entities possess the ability to change, or alter, in certain ways, causal energy, and causal matter – and in particular the type of energy that is our human psyche, which itself is just a mostly latent nexion between the realm of the causal and the realms of the acausal. Satanic Initiation is a means to open this particular nexion, just as living in a Satanic manner keeps this nexion open, expands it, and allows for acausal energy to flow through it, bringing a new type of life to the Satanist, allowing them to presence acausal energy (dark forces) on Earth, and providing them with an opportunity for an acausal existence after their own mortal dying. [5]

On The Ontology of Satan and His Name

According to the ONA, Satan and the other Dark Ones are simply acausal entities, existing – living – in the acausal continuum. That is, they are a particular type of natural life in the Cosmos, and were not created by some supreme deity, named God, or whatever [6]. They just *are*, and live according to their own, acausal, nature, in their own species of acausal Time and in the infinite realms of acausal Space.

Unlike ourselves, however – who are mortal fragile beings living for a brief period in the causal continuum and thus whose body is subject to the decay caused by the cause-and effect of linear, causal, Time – these acausal entities, by virtue of the nature of acausal Space and acausal Time, can be viewed as “immortal” and capable of instantaneous “travel”, both in their own dimensions, and in ours.

Thus, these entities are not what are commonly called “supernatural beings” – they are just a different type of being from we mortal human beings who live in the causal continuum known to us by means of our human senses. These acausal beings do not have, nor need, fragile, organic, bodies such as we possess, although – as mentioned – they can assume human form, when presented on Earth [7].

The name Satan is only the traditional exoteric (the common or outer or non-responsive) name of this particular acausal entity. The esoteric “name” of this entity is a chant (a vibration of a particular frequency and intensity) which when sung or chanted in the correct manner (by two or more human individuals) in a particular type of resonant place where a certain shaped crystal is aligned correctly – represents the actual, responsive/reactive, human name of the entity.

This esoteric (secret and correct) name of Satan is based upon the Greek word that became the word Satan, and, historically, the ONA derives the name from Phoenician and thence, in a variant form, to Ancient Greek [8] – a Greek name borrowed and morphed by others, and thence inappropriately appropriated by the writers of the Old Testament, who wrote several centuries after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus, and Pythagoras.

It is quite possible that it was the shapeshifting acausal entity known to ONA myth and legend as The Prince of Darkness, Who – interacting with human beings in certain ways in our historical past – gave rise to various stories, myths and legends, in many cultures at varying times, including the stories, myths and legends, about Ahriman.

Thus, it was some stories about the coming-forth-to-Earth of this particular acausal entity that eventually were used as the basis for the abstract, fantasy, “satan” described in the Old Testament, redolent as this fantasy was and is – with its “chosen people”, its Prophets, its vengeful supreme Being capable of vanquishing Satan, its “sacred texts” and God-given laws – of a people suffering quite severely from the debilitating disease of abstractionism, manifest as this sickness often is in both the hubriati-syndrome and in feelings of being persecuted.

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Notes:

[1] As has been written many times in respect of such aural traditions, they are to be judged by each individual, on their merits, or otherwise. That is, no claim is made regarding them, by the ONA, other than that they are aural traditions, and – like other folk stories, and other aural myths and legends – they may or may not contain some veracity, and may or may not contain accurate or interesting historical information.

[2] For the acausal continuum, see ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

For a brief outline of The Dark Gods, refer to ONA texts such as *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.

[3] For a brief discussion of the name Satan, see the section *On The Ontology of Satan and His Name*, below.

[4] Nexions are a means whereby entities from the acausal may presence – be manifest, or travel – to the causal continuum, including Earth, and thus interact with, and affect, we human beings. For a brief outline of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles – A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

According to tradition, the vibration of the esoteric name of Satan, in the correct manner in the correct surroundings, opens a particular type of nexion and transmits a human call into the acausal which Satan may respond to.

[5] Refer to ONA texts such as *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[6] The Dark, the Satanic, Tradition of the ONA states that such a supreme, creator, Being – such as God – does not exist, and that what we term God is just a human abstraction, an unnecessary human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have projected onto the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

[7] For further details regarding the ontology of Satan, refer to ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[8] For a brief discussion regarding the correct etymology of the name Satan, refer to the Appendix of the ONA text *Defining Satanism*.

ONA Manuscripts

Main Category: Aural History and Tradition

Sub Category: Mythos of The ONA

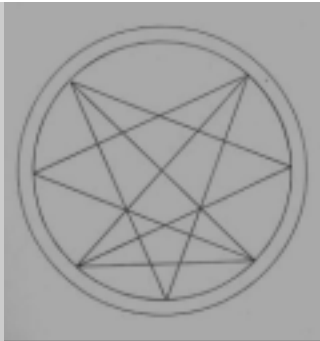
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Version 1.01

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The Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles



Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles

Version 2.01

What is the ONA?

The Order of Nine Angles is a sinister esoteric organization, a sinister Way, a sinister methodology, and a sinister mythos.

1) The ONA is an esoteric association of individuals, world-wide, who use, or who apply, or who are inspired by, its sinister methodology, its sinister mythos, and/or its sinister Way. By *esoteric association* we mean something different from an *association* as understood by mundanes and as manifest in the mundane world of the mundanes. We mean *an association of clandestine cells*, for the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of (often clandestine) cells. This is because of the overall subversive nature of the ONA itself.

2) The Sinister Way of the ONA is evident in its Seven Fold Sinister Way, as manifest in manuscripts (MSS) such as *Naos*, and in the work of traditional ONA nexions (or “groups”).

3) The sinister methodology of the ONA is manifest, for example, in what we call sinister tribes, and in the striving, by individuals, to live in a sinister way and *To Presence The Dark*: to do works of dark, sinister, sorcery, often by their practical deeds which deeds take them beyond the bounds, the limits (moral, legal, and otherwise), set by mundanes, and which deeds can enable them to consciously evolve to become a different, higher [more sinister], type of human being.

4) The sinister mythos of the ONA is evident in stories such as *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and is briefly outlined in the MS *The Dark Tradition, and Sinister Mythos, of the Order of Nine Angles* (Esoteric Notes 103a).

The Sinister Way of the ONA is based upon the principles that (1) genuine esoteric knowledge and insight – and thus genuine Occult advancement – requires both self-achievement through practical deeds, and through a self-honesty, a genuine knowing and understanding and control of one’s own self;

and (2) the necessary evolution of the individual can be achieved by a willed self-overcoming and the acceptance of hard, difficult and dangerous challenges, both esoteric and practical.

What are the aims of the ONA?

Three of the primary aims of the ONA are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors;

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about – by practical and esoteric means (such as Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States – and their impersonal governments – by our new tribal societies.

How can I join the ONA?

There are three ways of joining – or becoming part of – the subversive ONA. The first, and perhaps the easiest, way, is to, by yourself, just start using and applying the sinister methodology of the ONA, and/or follow the Seven Fold Sinister Way, using the guidance of practical works such as *Naos*, and the *Complete Guide to The Seven-Fold Way*.

The second way is to seek out a traditional ONA nexion or an ONA Adept, and then follow or apply or put into practice the guidance that may be offered. This is similar to the first way, although here the individual usually has some practical guidance and practical advice from someone who has been involved with the ONA for some time and who, as a consequence, has done practical sinister stuff, magickal and otherwise.

Note that in both these cases, the individual – when sufficient practical experience is acquired – can establish their own ONA nexion (aka Temple aka group), if they so desire.

The third way – and the most sinister and the most practical – is to find and join an existing ONA tribe, or to form, or to become the founder of, your own sinister tribe by applying the sinister methodology of the ONA, as given, for example, in MSS such as (1) *The War Against The Mundanes*; (2) *We, The Drecc*, and (3) *Dark Warriors of the Sinister ONA*. Our tribes, by their very feral nature, are territorial, and local – they live and thrive in a certain geographical area, or a certain ‘hood, although some are now beginning to form alliances with other similar groups in other areas, or have expanded their operations and territory, and so can be found spread over several localities. In some ways, many or most of our

sinister tribes are a new type of gang culture, and most of them are urban-based.

In all cases, one does not join – or pay membership fees to – some central ONA headquarters, or some ONA command, because, as mentioned previously, the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of what are often clandestine cells because of the generally subversive nature of the ONA itself, and because (expressed in rather esoteric terms) the ONA is an organized presencing of acausal energy through that nexion which is the ONA, which presencing is a willed, or directed, act of dark (sinister) sorcery.

In all cases, “membership” is earned through hardship, experience, and practical deeds, for the individual becomes of the ONA by their practical deeds and because of their sinister experience, their following of our dark and sinister esoteric path; that is, because they are, they become, living examples – living nexions – of the sinister itself.

However, technically (esoterically), the ONA is organized into the outer (exoteric) ONA and the inner (esoteric) ONA. To the inner ONA belong personally invited sinister Adepts, and beyond - that is, those who, having followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least Internal Adept, have revealed both a sinister nature (evident in practical deeds) and skill in Aeonic sorcery.

Technically (esoterically) in the outer ONA there are ONA members, and ONA associates. A member formally means someone in direct personal face-to-face contact with an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA; someone who is being guided and thus following our Sinister Way according to tradition, and thus who is part of an already physical ONA nexion, which physical nexion - in Old Aeon speak - is a Sinister "Temple".

There are also "unaffiliated" members who are working alone, who follow our Way, and who are also being guided by an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA.

Each member - when they attain Internal Adept - is free to guide others, and to establish their own "official" ONA nexion, but they still require some guidance to advance further, toward and into The Abyss, from whence they may emerge as newly fledged Masters or Lady Masters, who usually do not require further guidance.

An "official" ONA nexion should not be confused with the Temple - the simple causal construct - that an aspirant Internal Adept constructs as one of the learning tasks of the Seven Fold Sinister Way, which task is associated with External Adept.

An *associate* of the ONA is someone who is doing sinister work on behalf of the ONA and who usually but not always is in contact (sometimes not on a face-to-face basis) with an ONA member, but who does and who is free to do their own work, and who usually follows or (more usually) develops their own esoteric way and methods, but who also may propagate the ONA mythos. Such an associate often constructs a new, non-ONA, independent group or organization, which may or may not be imbued with the sinister energies which the ONA itself is using, and which may or which may not acknowledge the

influence of the ONA.

If all this is confusing to mundanes, so much the better. It certainly is not confusing to those possessed of (or who have developed) the faculty dark-empathy, and who thus possess esoteric insight.

I have heard it said that the ONA is defunct?

The ONA is thriving. Expanding; changing; evolving. Just because most of our members or associates – or any of The Old Guard (OG) – do not deign to partake in Internet discussions on some mundane forum or other, does not mean the ONA is defunct. Similarly, just because someone such as Anton Long keeps a low (and clandestine) profile, never ever now gives public interviews, and can only be contacted by trusted ONA members of long-standing, does not mean that he has “left”, or that he has changed his “life-long commitment to the sinister way”.

The mistake here is the silly mundane presumption that for some esoteric group, today, to be considered to “exist” it must have some thriving blatant Internet presence, or some snail-mail address, or some public “representative”, or to have some books published by some mundane publisher; or have some commercially available merchandise or some trade-marked logo; or be officially “recognized” by some mundane authority or other.

The majority of those who are part of or who are associated with an existing traditional ONA nexion (group/Temple) remain hidden, as those nexions themselves remain hidden; for that is how it has been for many, many, decades. And that is how most of our sinister work is undertaken – covertly, in secret.

In addition, some of our tribes do not overtly, in public, present themselves as “sinister” or openly affiliate themselves with the ONA. They just get on with their subversive job of subversion; of being feral; of being real outlaws; of living on the edge; of gaining control of their own local area; of making money for themselves and their tribe; of gaining respect among their own communities; and of generally being a pain in the ass for their local mundanes and for the “law enforcement” agencies of mundane “law and order”. That is, they are living the sinister way, not writing about it; not talking about it, on the Internet or elsewhere.

Furthermore, we have a variety of *nyms*, now – some still esoteric; some just emerging into the light of the mundane world, such as Dreccian. Thus, some of our tribes, and some of our traditional nexions, will use one of these *nyms*, instead of using the traditional term, and title, ONA.

The confusion about being “defunct” arises, quite often, because the ONA is a subversive, sinister, organization operating on the basis of (often clandestine) cells, and because the OG really have gone back “underground”, to continue their sinister work, in secret. And also because, of course, the ONA is a shapeshifting sinister entity, in the world of the mundanes; as befits a sinister, subversive, heretical, revolutionary, group.

What do you mean by mundanes?

We mean any and all of those who “are not of us”. Those who do not belong to or who do not associate with our sinister tribes, our traditional nexions, or who do not share our sinister ethos, or our sinister way of life.

We call them mundanes, because that is what they are – mundane. They are ordinary; they engage with and live in the mundane world of everyday work, and they have mundane goals. They accept the status quo; they pay their taxes. Even the “rebellion” of some of them is no real rebellion against the mundane ethos of wage and salary slavery, no real rebellion against the laws and ethics of the mundanes, of The State; no real rebellion against The State itself, and against the organized forces of mundane “law and order”.

The fundamental difference between us and mundanes is that we demonically aspire to be more than we are, and we are tribal and individualistic; we are warriors. In contrast, the mundanes seek safety and security and the “order” that comes with Police forces and with State or government-made laws, and with large, organized armed forces. They also accept impersonal Courts of Law where some abstract, government-made so-called “justice” is said to be obtained. In contrast, we accept that the only law is the warrior law of personal honour: that we are responsible for ourselves, that we have a right to the natural justice of revenge, retribution, a fair fight, and personal duels; and we refuse to surrender this responsibility of ours to anyone else or to any organized force, or forces, of mundane “law and order”, such as law-enforcement agencies or government so-called Courts of Law.

Thus, we accept that our sinister tribes have the right and the duty to make their own laws, to dispense their own justice, to defend themselves with deadly force, and to have their own territory where they are the law. If they want to co-operate with others, it is their decision – and cannot be imposed upon them by some outside agency or by some abstract law. Thus, we accept that we can only give our loyalty to someone we know personally, and that we have a duty to be loyal to our kind, to those of our “family”, to those of our kindred, our tribe. And we would rather fight and die than surrender to any mundane or allow any agent of a government to take away our honour and our dignity. And so on.

Mundanes do not like this genuine individualism; this tribalism; this proud ethos of personal honour before, and above and beyond, and in place of, State/government, law.

We know our kind; our kind can find us. And it is our kind that the mundanes fear, and rightly so.

You talk of a Dark Imperium - a kind of Galactic Empire. But isn't there a contradiction here between the goal of developing unique individuals and an Imperium which by its nature requires a certain loyalty and obedience, a certain submission to its ideals?

In its beginning (and for probably many centuries), such a sinister Imperium may well involve our new,

aristocratic, elite (our developed individuals) in leading those less developed and less enlightened; and/or in manipulating people, perhaps by some causal form (for example, what mundanes often call a political ideology, or say, what mundanes often call a religion).

Thus, our Dark Imperium may well be built and established by others, but under our guidance, our leadership; under the inspiration of our numinous-mythos, and under the aegis of our new type of human being. But it is this very Imperium which will provide the challenges, the Cosmic diversity, to speed up the process of human evolution and thus produce more enlightened, unique, individuals who can fulfil their potential, as has been explained in various texts.

Hence, the Dark Imperium will be our new sinister collective, assimilating other humans and then possibly other alien life-forms - a manifestation of our sinister ethos; a means to test, refine, evolve, individuals; to have the best triumph and lead; to provide more opportunities for evolution, not less.

In addition, our overall aim is to produce individuals with an Aeonic perspective, an understanding of wyrd, of the sinister imperative, who thus understand our new tribal ways of life and thus the ethos of our Law of The Sinister-Numen. Our aim is not to produce more Homo Hubris types who are addicted to an egotistical way of life and who thus are arrogantly unbalanced, believing as such types do the Magian illusion (evident in Magian Occultism) that they - some puny mundane - are the most important (and the most powerful) thing in the Cosmos. Our Way - in contrast to such Magian egotism, in contrast to the un-numinous hubris of Homo Hubris - is the Way of the Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law is the foundation of the Dark Imperium, and the basis for the way of life of the warriors of our Imperium.

Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also (and importantly) no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mundanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves “Satanists” and who thus follow the mundane so-called “satanism” of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

The ONA is not just “satanic” because even *traditional Satanism* (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to *one* particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be “satanists” will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term *sinister* instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some *-ism* or some *-ology*.

For the reality is that “we” cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need. Thus – and to consider a relevant example – most mundanes want, and need, to classify or to define someone such as “Anton Long” by whether or not that person adheres or – or rather is seen, by mundanes, to adhere to – some already existing *-ism* or some *-ology*. Thus, they the mundanes become confused, perplexed, when such a person seems to adhere to several of those supposedly conflicting *-isms* or *-ologies* at the same time, or seems to move easily from one to another; and thus do they, the mundanes, in their confused perplexion, readily reach for a ready-made explanation, and project upon that person some other mundane term, believing by describing this person by such a term they have “understood” that person. Hence, the mundane is relieved, satisfied, comfortable again with themselves and their world.

Thus, the ONA now uses the understanding of a person such as “Anton Long” (whose public *persona* is now well-known) as a basic but effective test of mundane-ness, especially among those who describe themselves as Occultists and “satanists”. Have these “Occultists” and “satanists” the instinct, the occult ability – the innate character of one of our sinister kind – to see beyond mere causal form, to the acausal, and thus perceive the reality of one shapeshifting sinister individual? In time, we – our world-wide sinister kindred – will have more such individuals with a public persona whose life can be used as a test of mundane-ness

Where can I find out more about the ONA?

Currently (121 yf), there is an unofficial [ONA website](#), and a semi-official [ONA weblog](#) (which is not regularly updated). There was also an older, unofficial, website (camlad9), which gave some of the more exoteric ONA material related to Satanism, but it was shut down – banned – in October of 120 Year of Feyen because the ONA material there was, according to the mundanes, subversive and “dangerous”. Most of the material on the censored website is, however, available elsewhere on the Internet, and in printed books.

In addition, there are some individuals who publish collections of ONA material, and ONA books.

One important attribute of the ONA is that we do not believe in the mundane concept of copyright, so that all ONA works can be redistributed, and re-printed and re-published, with anyone free to print them and even charge money for them if they want to make a profit.

Some photostatic copies of some original and older ONA items – as issued by the ONA in the 1980’s

and 1990's CE – are now available, often in pdf format. These copies of originals include *Naos*, and *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, and the original *Black Book of Satan*, as well *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

There may arise a time – soon, or not so soon – when we no longer have even an unofficial ONA website or an ONA blog, so that the neophyte and the curious will have to rely on either the sites and blogs of one or more of our cells, nexions or tribes, or do some practical research for themselves in the traditional, non-Internet, way of finding and reading books and articles, and finding and asking “those who know”.

What is the official symbol of the ONA?

We have two main, exoteric, sigils or symbols. The first relates to our Sinister Way, to causal and acausal and the Nine Angles, and is usually represented, in a two-dimensional way, as below:



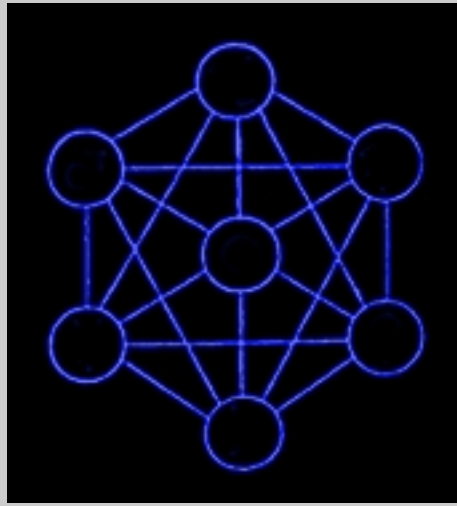
ONA Sigil

The second, given below, relates to our sinister mythos, and is associated with Baphomet, whom we regard – in contrast to all other Occultists – as a female acausal and sinister being, who can manifest in the causal, and this sigil is known both as The Sigil of Baphomet, and as The Dreccian Moons of Baphomet.



Sigil of Baphomet

We also sometimes use the Septenary sigil, as below:



The Septenary Sigil

What should be understood, however, is that these sigils are only two-dimensional, exoteric, representations of four-dimensional forms.

Thus, the ONA sigil, given above, is properly (that is, esoterically) constructed in three-dimensions, within a sphere, which three-dimensional construct itself changes, thus mimicking the change which is causal Time. This change is both a simple change of perspective (for example, the movement and rotation of the sphere and the construct within it) and also a “mapping” (that is, a causal “distortion”) of both the sphere and the construct within it). This mapping is essentially a change of, a transformation of, the regular Cartesian three-dimensional co-ordinate system, and to a limited extent this can be understood, and re-presented, by reference to the mathematical change of metric in causal Space-Time. This change is – viewed causally – random, and thus there is some esoteric appreciation, on viewing this four-dimensional sigil, of some of the properties of a nexion: of where the acausal is manifest in the causal.

Similarly, both the Septenary Sigil and the Sigil of Baphomet should be constructed in three-dimensions, and be animated.

What is the true origin of the name Order of the Nine Angles?

The Order of Nine Angles is only our exoteric name, and the origin of the term Order of Nine Angles – or as some people write, and, say, The Order of The Nine Angles – has been explained by us, several times. See, for instance, the collection of texts, *The Meaning of The Nine Angles*, [Part One](#) and [Part](#)

[Two](#) issued in 120 yf in pdf format, and currently available on the ONA website.

There are several other, older, Order MSS where the term is discussed, and those genuinely interested can seek those other MSS out and read them. Mundane Occultists, of course, will continue to make their spurious and silly claims about the supposed origin of the outward, exoteric, name of our subversive organization.

Is it true that you advocate human sacrifice?

We refer to such deeds as culling, and all genuinely sinister organizations, groups, associations and individuals undertake such cullings, and have always done so. Such deeds – whether collective or individual – are one of things which distinguish our type of life, our breed, from that of the mundanes.

Establishing, maintaining, providing for, and expanding, a sinister tribe involves culling. Combat involves culling, as does war. We just make the deeds or deeds of culling more conscious, more directed, more controlled, more rational, and view such deeds in the perspective of Aeonics, in terms of our centuries-long Aeonic strategy, and in terms of the evolution of the individual and of our human species.

What about the illegal nature of such deeds, and other such sinister deeds, that you advocate?

We say: illegal according to whose definition? That of the mundanes, of some mundane government? Their definitions, their laws, are irrelevant to us. We strive to only abide by our own law, which is the law of the sinister-numen, as outlined in MSS such as *The War Against The Mundanes*. Our justice is the justice of The Drecc, founded on our law of the sinister-numen.

Thus are we subversive, heretical, genuinely revolutionary, aiming as we do to replace the laws and the societies of the mundanes with our law and our new types of societies.

I've heard that your Dark Gods are taken from the fiction of HP Lovecraft. Is that true?

That is a common and mistaken assumption made by mundanes. A study of our tradition will suffice to show that the esoteric mythos of The Dark Gods is quite distinct from, bears little or no resemblance to, and is vastly more comprehensive than, the un-esoteric pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft. See, for example, the ONA text *Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos: Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA*.

In contrast to pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are part of a distinct, and unique, ontology and Occult praxis, as well as being part of our complex esoteric philosophy which addresses ethical, etiological, epistemological, and other philosophical issues. For an overview of this esoteric philosophy of ours, refer to such texts as *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric*

Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.

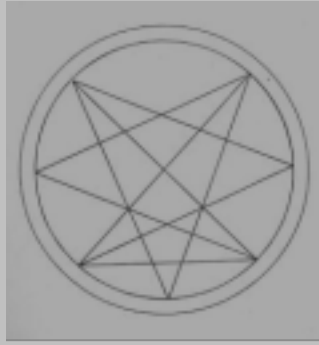
Essentially, The Dark Gods are considered to be acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum.

How can I contact someone from the ONA?

The simple answer is that you cannot; unless we want to contact you or recruit you for some reason, because – for instance – you had made a name for yourself by doing practical sinister deeds, or because you might have strayed into territory run by one of our tribes, or if you had some particular esoteric ability or some practical skill which we, or one of our traditional nexions, or one of our tribes, might find useful. Even then, of course, you would be tested, and would remain untrusted until you had been blooded (British English) or hazed (US English) and taken a binding oath.

ONA
121 Year of Feyen

FAQ Version 2.01



The Sinister Dialectic and Diabolical Aims of The Order of Nine Angles

I have heard that some people say that a genuine Left Hand Path organization is a contradiction, since they claim the LHP is essentially anarchic and individual. Do you consider this to be correct, and is the ONA a LHP organization, or even an organization?

In respect of the LHP - or perhaps more correct, esoterically, the Sinister Path or Sinister Way - it depends of course on how one defines this. We have our own definition, and usage, and consider the definition and usage of and by others to be irrelevant.

For us, and as explained in several ONA MSS over the past three decades, the LHP - the true Sinister Way - is the Way of practical experience, of self-reliance, and of amorality, that is without, or beyond, morality. Thus:

- (a) the individual learns from direct practical experience, which is both esoteric, magickal, in nature, and also, and vitally, of real-life involving such things as Insight Rôles, overcoming tough physical challenges, being heretical, being a-moral, taking risks and courting real personal danger;
- (b) the individual rejects all dogma, the "religious attitude" and all subservience, and seeks to find answers for themselves and work things out for themselves, although they may at times accept a certain guidance, and some advice, from someone who has themselves followed the Sinister Way and who thus can talk and write from personal practical experience; but the individual is free to accept or reject such offered guidance and such advice, with such guidance and such advice being given only when the individual personally seeks it;
- (c) the individual accepts that they and they alone are responsible for themselves, and that genuine esoteric advancement requires great personal effort over a period of decades;
- (d) the individual understands that the LHP - the genuine Sinister Way - is a-moral; that is, free from all moral restrictions, and that each and every follower of the Sinister Way is not bound by the "laws" of any society but instead consider such "laws" as artificial constructs designed to keep individuals in thrall to some supra-personal "authority"; as such, these "laws" and conventional morality itself are

detrimental to the achievement of esoteric Adeptship and esoteric Mastery.

In respect of the ONA itself, we are a living nexion - a causal presencing of the Sinister, of certain acausal energies - and as such we both are, and are-not, an organization and an Order. We *are* so, because we have a Way, a mythos, a system of guidance, a method, which works, is efficacious, and which when correctly followed, can produce and has produced Sinister Adepts and Sinister Masters/Lady-Masters. We *are* so, because, by causally-being, we have produced and do produce and will produce certain causal changes and effects. We *are-not* so, because our essence is beyond all those temporal, causal, forms which makes the living-nexion we are presence itself in manifold ways over a multitude of centuries, some of which forms are "hidden" or unknown to non-Initiates, and even to many Adepts. We *are-not* so, because the living-nexion which we are and will be is itself limited in its causal-living: to perhaps a thousand years; at most, to one and half thousand to two thousand years, after which there will be - there should be - no need for such a temporal presencing, and - if there is then such a need - another living-nexion will be born, or be manufactured.

Thus, as a living Order we offer a certain guidance, and a system of training, for those who might be interested, just as our Way, our Mythos, can be used freely by others, in whatever way and for whatever purpose, they choose, which is one reason we reject the restriction, the morality, of "copyright".

You mentioned that the ONA is akin to a living-nexion with a certain causal life-span, of a thousand years or more. How is this related to the esoteric and practical aims of the ONA?

Our aims are of centuries, and more. One of the fundamental aims is to produce more and more genuine Adepts; another is to change a significant number of people by using, by manufacturing, various causal forms and various "archetypes" - by presencing the Sinister in certain causal ways and through certain nexions. Another is to fundamentally alter "society" and produce a new elite, a higher type of human being, and, with and through these individuals, manufacture an entirely new way of living, new societies. All these things will take a certain amount of causal time.

We have already spent three decades in building the foundations for such changes; in establishing a new dark mythos; in manufacturing certain forms; in using certain already existing causal forms; in Presencing The Dark in certain ways. In guiding many individuals to a certain esoteric achievement. There are other such things, already done, most of which are still esoteric, still hidden even to those, outside of our tradition, who consider themselves Adepts.

There are many more things to do, and it is irrelevant to us if people, esoteric-minded or otherwise, understand what we are doing, and why. Their opinion and judgement of us - often erroneously based on some causal form we or some of our Adepts may use or some rôle an Adept or Master might assume - is irrelevant.

Which is why, I imagine, you personally have never bothered with responding, on the Internet or

otherwise, to criticism of the ONA?

Correct. Most of the chatter on the Internet is worthless, ephemeral, the product of people with little esoteric knowledge and even less genuine practical esoteric and personal experience, with such people being led or controlled either by their own desires or by some unconscious impulse or by some causal abstract form or dogma they do not rationally comprehend, or by all of these things. Such chatter is almost always immediately reactive, never the product of a reflexion based on experience, and - when it is not simply inane - it is esoterically and/or intellectually shallow; worthless; pretentious.

Genuine esoteric wisdom arises from a reflexion born from personal, direct, practical experience: from an alchemical symbiosis; from that acausal growth that arises slowly over causal time. And it cannot, should not, be expressed in hasty words of the reactive, immediate, emotive kind based upon, dependant upon, some causal abstraction, some dogma, some causal form. Such wisdom is to be savoured; communicated, at best, on a personal basis, and otherwise in some form which enables others to reflect upon it, or judge it, over a period of causal time.

The only value, esoterically, of this Internet thing is that it allows - for the moment at least - the free dissemination of mythos, of causal forms, of various esoteric Ways, enabling people to access such things, and consider them and if necessary act upon or be inspired by them in their own way in their own causal time. Such action and such inspiration, to be esoterically valid, must of course take a certain amount of causal time: months, most usually years. Thus, the immediacy of chattering Internet forums, and the like, is esoterically irrelevant to us.

But haven't some of your members responded to criticism?

No. Some of our *associates* may have - and I use the word *associates* advisedly - occasionally done such things, most usually as learning experiences for themselves. But no one is authorized to speak by or on behalf of the ONA...

Except you -

[Anton Long smiles] Except me, naturally.

Thus, those individuals, those associates, present only their own views, their own perspective, their own opinions, deriving as such things do from that incomplete and sometimes erroneous understanding which abounds among those who are not Masters/Lady-Masters. I have never bothered to correct such errors and such mistakes as have - very occasionally - occurred when such individuals, associated with us over the past decade, have, via this Internet medium, ventured forth an opinion or view of their own. It is for those individuals to learn, and so correct themselves, and for others to have the magickal empathy, the esoteric understanding, to perceive such errors and mistakes for the errors and mistakes

they are.

Some associates - and the occasional member - have even occasionally produced and published tracts in an attempt to correct some mis-understandings which may have arisen in respect of our Way. Again, I have never bothered to correct such mistakes as may be found in such tracts or answers. But, as we move now into the third phase of our long term sinister strategy, even such ephemeral, very unofficial, things will cease, since the vast majority of what needed to be published, and said and written, has been, and our living nexion is now so well-established that it does not need such things, and never, in truth, has ever needed them, which is again why I - and those few among us who are Masters or Lady Masters - have never ventured forth any opinion by such means and never bothered with such Internet ephemera.

Can you then explain what an associate of the ONA is?

Technically, there are ONA members, and ONA associates. A member formally means someone in direct personal face-to-face contact with an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA; someone who is being guided and thus following our Sinister Way according to tradition, and thus who is part of an already physical ONA nexion, which physical nexion - in Old Aeon speak - is a Sinister "Temple".

There are also "unaffiliated" members who are working alone, who follow our Way, and who are also being guided by an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA.

Each member - when they attain Internal Adept - is free to guide others, and to establish their own "official" ONA nexion, but they still require some guidance to advance further, toward and into The Abyss, from whence they may emerge as newly fledged Masters or Lady Masters, who usually do not require further guidance.

An "official" ONA nexion should not be confused with the Temple - the simple causal construct - that an aspirant Internal Adept constructs as one of the learning tasks of the Seven Fold Sinister Way, which task is associated with External Adept.

An *associate* of the ONA is someone who is doing sinister work on behalf of the ONA and who is usually but not always in contact (sometimes not on a face-to-face basis) with an ONA member, but who does and who is free to do their own work, and who usually follows or (more usually) develops their own esoteric way and methods, but who also may propagate the ONA mythos. Such an associate often constructs a new, non-ONA, independent group or organization, which may or may not be imbued with the sinister energies which the ONA itself is using, and which may or which may not acknowledge the influence of the ONA.

Of course, many others are influenced by the ONA in a variety of ways, and may or may not use, directly or indirectly, some aspects of our Sinister Way, our Dark Tradition, in whatever way and for whatever purpose they want, which they can freely do, even if they do not acknowledge the source, the influence. Such influence, and such use - and such a hiding of the source of their inspiration - is natural, and a necessary part of, a necessary extension of, that living sinister presencing which is the ONA and

which is the ONA mythos, as, of course, the work of our associates is a natural, and a necessary part of, a necessary extension of, our living sinister presencing.

You - and others among our kindred sinister-folk - will be aware, for instance, of several esoteric groups which have arisen in the last two decades, wholly or partly inspired by the ONA and our mythos. Often, such groups last but a few years, and then decay away, as the interest and enthusiasm of the individual or individuals founding them wanes and dies and they themselves fall back into the mundane world of non-esoteric folk, or even renounce their sinister quest. Sometimes, such groups schism, and new ones are formed, and these may last a few more years. But the ONA endures and grows, slowly, in an alchemical, living way, as is necessary and as befits such a causal presencing of the acausal, as befits such a living-being, imbued with acausal energies. Such is the sinister dialectic at work, and sinister Adepts - and Masters/Lady-Masters - at work, and at play.

I have heard it said that some of the tasks of the Seven Fold Way are not necessary, and should only be taken as a rough guide. I'm referring here to such matters as the physical tasks of an External Adept, such as a man walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least thirty pounds in weight.

Such tasks and tests were designed to physically take the individual to, and beyond, their limits. To develop in them a certain personal character. As such, these physical tasks are - for most modern individuals in the West - hard, and challenging, and require many months of physical training before they can be successfully attempted. They are not meant to be easy, and those who say such things as you mention usually are just too soft, too weak - emotionally, physically, in terms of character - to attempt them, and so make excuses for their failure. We do not care, for thus have they failed this particular selection process of ours.

As I mentioned - and as by now should be somewhat well-known among sinister esoteric-folk - one of our aims is to breed, to seed, a new elite, the prelude for a new human species which has been variously named as *Homo Galactica* and *Homo Galacticus*. If some individuals do not wish to join us in this quest, fine; if they do not desire to undertake the selection process, fine; if they have no dream of evolving beyond what they are and of thus becoming the foundation for this new elite, this new species, fine. The choice is theirs. We simply do not care about them, or about their opinions, or about their excuses, or about their judgement of us.

Our tests, our tasks, our Way, is a selection process. Many begin; few succeed. Over the past three decades, some have succeeded, and this number will increase, slowly, and has increased, slowly. There is no easy way to achieve genuine Adeptship; there is no easy way to change yourself - alchemically, esoterically - and so become a part of this new elite.

Our tasks, our tests, our Way, work; the ONA produces sinister Adepts, sinister Master and Lady-Masters. But this is a slow process, which is why we have a selection process, why we are, as a practical-form, reclusive; why we do not "recruit", and why sheer numbers of members do not, never have and never will, concern us.

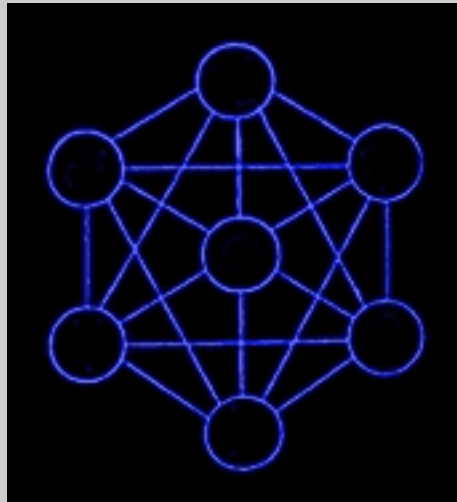
The published physical tasks - of, for example, External Adept - are suited to humans who exist, now, in the lands of the West. Suited to those we desire to select, and are certainly achievable by those who may desire to be of-us, as members, as associates, or as individuals inspired by us. Of course, there are some individuals who - being supremely physically fit - will find such tasks too easy, and for them, as our MSS mention, there will be higher goals set. But what we will not do is lower these already achievable, if high, standards.

Yet there may well arise a time in the nearish future when these high goals will have to made higher (not lower, note) if prevailing conditions, in terms of physical health, nutrition, leisure-time, and so on, continue to improve. In the same manner, it may be necessary, sometime in the near future, for the Grand Master (or Grand Mistress) after me to revise some of the details of the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, just as I myself revised the details I had inherited, to make the task of living alone, bereft of modern comforts, for three months practically feasible in a rather industrialized Britain, allowing thus a tent, and some pre-purchased food, where the original conditions specified building one's own shelter and obtaining all food by hunting and gathering. But the essential alchemical, esoteric, elements - and hardship and difficulty - always remain, and, noticeably, such hardship and difficulty always incrementally increase, in line with our changing slowly evolving civilization.

Our tests, our tasks, our Way are *ours*. They achieve and can achieve what we desire to achieve. There are other Ways, other tests, other tasks - but, obviously, they are not *ours*, not of our Sinister Path, and what such others things may (or may not) produce, or whom they may or may not select, are of no concern to us.

We are not now, and will not be, and do not wish to be, "popular", nor "accepted"; and this will only slowly, very slowly, change - if, that is, our diabolical plans succeed, our sinister magick works as it should, in accord with the sinister dialectic. But even then, it will be at least another hundred years - and probably somewhat longer - before we are understood, appreciated, by a minority, never mind by the "majority", and when this minority understanding does occur we will have, exoterically, metamorphozed, in a sinister way, into many other causal forms, while our real essence remains - as it should - esoteric, hidden, heretical, and with we ourselves thus enabled to continue our diabolic work, in secret.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen



Magian Occultism and the ONA

How does the Order of Nine Angles view the works of so-called Western Occultists such as Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley and Anton LaVain?

As purveyors of that Magian distortion – that Magian infection – that has weakened the peoples of the West, and elsewhere, and helped the hubriati, those controllers of the West, maintain, control, and continue to breed that sub-species of humans known as Homo Hubris. That helps breed mundanes and to keep mundanes under control. And what better way to control potentially rebellious mundanes than infect their psyche and allow them to pursue and waste their energies on meaningless drivel.

For, correctly understood, genuine esoteric Arts, and especially the Dark Arts of The Left Hand Path, are a means not only of personal liberation, but of individual and Aeonian change and evolution toward a higher type of human being and more evolved ways of living.

So, instead of such liberation and such evolution, we have had, here in the West, well over a century of the psyche of esoteric seekers being manipulated and controlled and contained by Magian ideas, myths, archetypes, abstractions, and by Yahud-Nazarene mythology, theology, and ethos. And the mundanes keep suckering the stuff up, and proclaiming that they have “empowered” or “liberated” themselves when all they do and have done is just exchanged one Magian mechanism of inner control for another.

Magian Occultism

What does Magian Occultism, in essence, express? It expresses that fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of both Homo Hubris and the Hubriati that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual – either alone or collectively – can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools,

the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

This is the attitude that underpins all Western societies – with their laws, their Police forces, their armies, their so-called courts of “justice”, their planning, their wealth. The governments of such countries want their citizens, their mundanes, to feel “safe”, to believe that everything is under control or can be controlled; that their “enemies” can be successfully fought, with “peace” here, now, or possible soon, and that peace (inner and outer) is a desirable goal.

This is the attitude that underpins The Golden Pawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and the pretentious pseudo-intellectuals of the ToSers (aka The Temple of Set-ian Suckers). This is the attitude that leads mundane Occultist to write self-conceited drivel like “All deities, demons, forces – even God and Satan – are matters of perception...” and “Reality is a matter of perspective...” and “I command the powers of darkness to move and appear...” [Note here the grandiloquent *I command the powers* - a typical Magian view, as if some weasel mundane, dwelling on some insignificant planet on some insignificant Galaxy, could command the forces of Cosmic life.]

In contrast, here is a quote from an ONA author which reeks of our human sinister reality:

” We revel and delight in genuine heresy...and in being amoral. Thus, when we are criticized for inciting hate and violence, and for affirming human culling, we say: so what? For that is what we do, and we do what we do because we embrace the Dark; we desire The Dark; we seek to Presence The Dark – Chaos – upon Earth and in and through others....

When we are criticized for championing what is heretical in our societies, we say: so what? For that is what we do...

Thus do we seek to ignore, to transgress, the laws, the limits, that the mundanes set to protect themselves and their societies, for we are rebellion itself: outlaws who thrive beyond and in the margins that mark the boundary between The Light and The Dark.

Thus do we desire our name – as known in the world of the mundanes, and as known in the world of The Dark – to become a synonym for Chaos, liberation, culling, and revolutionary change.

Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – cosy intellectual discussions about obscure esoteric matters. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – the scribblings of Occult internet forums where those who-do-not-know converse with those who-do-not-do. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – any *sincere* affirmation of or any *sincere* identification with the ways, the politics, the religions, the world, of the mundanes. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – some urban or suburban

“Temple”. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – ONA meetings, conferences and dialogues.

Instead, our way is the way of action, of deeds, of violence, terror, revolution, combat, war. The way of the real heretic who leads and manipulates others, the human shapeshifter who plays, who acts, a rôle in the living game which is the life, the societies, of the mundanes.

Where there is The Darkness, we are. Where there is Chaos, you will find us lurking, leading, manipulating. Where there is Heresy, you will find us as instigators, as champions of The Forbidden. And where there is a law, you will find us transgressing it...”

What’s missing in Magian Occultism? Two crucial things – real sinister supra-personal forces, and an Aeonian perspective.

While all this wallowing in mundane Occult carnality – and prancing about believing you’re some sort of god – is fine, it’s get boring, mundane, after a while. It’s actually kind of childish, your teenage years of exploration of your body and the world. But there comes a time when real sinister folk begin to ask – “Is this all there is? Am I nothing more?” That is, you have to grow up; move on.

For non-Magian Occultists this moving on means you put what you’ve learned into practice, in the real world, beyond your bedroom, beyond your local coven, lodge, temple (or whatever) meetings and rituals; beyond your own self absorption. You connect, real-time, with the world, society, mundanes – and have a wider vision, a longer perspective, and so begin to see mundanes as a resource; begin to think of having a sinister family of your own, and planning ahead for your sinister sons, daughters, grandchildren, and beyond.

You also put yourself into this larger perspective – the acausal, of whatever you want to call it. You begin to understand that, really, all those words about being a god were just so much hype. You’re mortal – you get ill; sad; one day you’ll die. You can’t strike your annoying neighbor dead with a bolt of lightning. Heck, you can’t even turn base metal into gold and so give up your daytime job.

So, non-Magian Occultists get to the point where their knowledge, their ability, their experience and understanding, tells them that there really are strange, dark, deadly, dangerous, things “out there” which no spells, no books, no conjurations, no “prayers”, no offerings, no submission, and especially no delusion about being a god (or goddess) can control. As that famous ONA quote goes -

“It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect,

non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things.....” *To Presence The Dark*

It’s this reality that mundanes Occultists – following Magian Occultism – don’t like, wouldn’t admit, and can’t face, in their cowardice and self-delusion.

But it’s this sinister reality that non-Magian Occultists revel in and enjoy, for to them Presencing The Dark is an expression of their adult sinister nature, just as wallowing in and pursuing carnality was an expression of their teenage years and nature.

Thus, non-Magian Occultists (the ONA) define Satanism as

” The acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.....”

The Magian Occult Con

To see just how the Magian Occult con, this Magian manipulation, this control, works, let’s consider just two Occult archetypes – Satan, and Baphomet.

According to everyone except the ONA, Satan is regarded as, in origin, a Nazarene-Yahud archetype or deity. For non-Magian Occultists, however, the Biblical Satan is derived from older non-Semitic myths and legends, with the real Satan being a

“...living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can...presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.”

According to everyone except the ONA, Baphomet is some kind of male symbol and/or archetype, depicted according to a drawing in some work by Elephant Levi. Thus, in the Occult workings of the mundanes who adhere to this, Baphomet is invoked or used as a means of aiding some pseudo-mythical

self-mastery or self-deification, or what-not. Or even as a means of understanding and mastering Reality, blah blah blah.

However, for non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is female, the Dark Goddess, and part of a tradition much older than the fables, fantasies and persecution stories found in such Magian texts as the Bible.

For non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is

” ...a sinister acausal entity, and is depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a man. Thus, She is the dark, violent, Goddess – the real Mistress of Earth – to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She – as one of The Dark Gods – is also a shapeshifter who has intruded (“visited”, been presenced or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made.

Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were – and are – regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship...”

The essence of the Magian Occult con is the grandiloquent, the delusional, *I command the powers...* This is just so urban; so redolent of Homo Hubris, of mundanes, living in cities under the control of some government or some authority.

The Magian Occult con works like this. (1) You’re safe – provided you have the words of power, the spells, the conjurations, the illusion you’re a god, and you use the deities or forms or archetypes we tell you to use (for they’re made up to scare little children or to stop you finding the real ones); (2) you’re a really powerful magickian – a great Occultist – or you can become one, so long as you play by our rules, and don’t upset the system of causal abstractions we’ve put into place; (3) we’ll keep you confused and serve up a mix of world mythologies and legends – our mix-n-match – from which you can pick and choose at your leisure so that you’ll feel you’ve discovered something Occult and awesome; (4) you can have your teeny rebellion so long as you don’t actually do anything really subversive or dangerous or which really threatens our materialistic status quo; and finally (5) now that you’ve been a good boy or girl, we’ll reward you by hyping you and your works and will make you into a mundane icon.

Truth is, that Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and their ilk – like the fantasists who believe some literary, made-up, pseudo-mythology is real – are all the same; part of the same illusive, make-believe, childish mardy world-view. No wonder then that they have to resort to trying to impress others by saying stupid things such as “Tiamat is the keeper of mysteries...” and “*I command the powers...*”

Yeah, right – mix-n-match Occultism, and your nursery bed-time stories are really scary, and yes we do believe that the Magian Lilith is the way to reveal and revel in our inner wildness, and yes – we do, we really do, command the forces of the Cosmos...

To end, here's a quote from another ONA writer

” When we look closer at the ONA, its Dark Gods, Dark Traditions, and Sinister Seven-Fold Way, and we compare it to the more ancient and Natural Ways and Traditions that are older than state-religions, we dis-cover that the ONA shares a lot in common with such primal traditions.....”

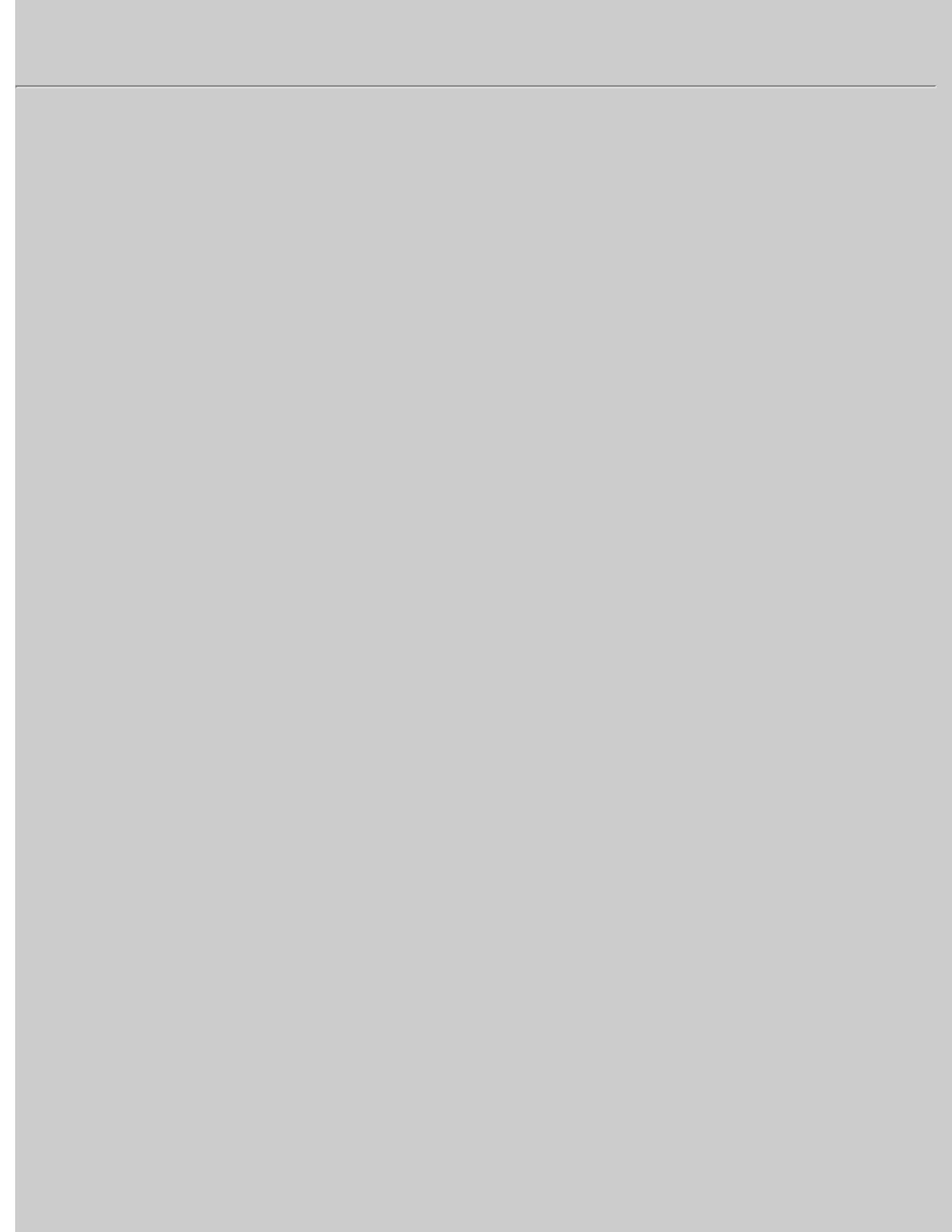
That is, non-Magian Occultist traditions, like that of the ONA, are not only proudly and defiantly non-Magian, but also pre-date and by-pass the Magian pseudo-Occultism that dominates the West and has dominated the West for well over a hundred years.

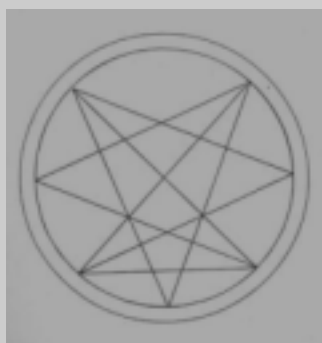
One is a means to inner liberation and sinister Aeonian change, while the other is a means of delusion and control. One is redolent of real, primal, non-urban – tribal – human culture, of a living tradition, where there is an understanding of the strangeness, the danger, of life, and an appreciation – and respect for – what is non-human and un-natural. The other – the Magian way – is just so redolent of domesticated arrogant human beings who delude themselves that reality is what they make it, what they perceive it to be, and who immaturely believe they – some puny, mortal, human being – can command the forces of life, Nature and the Cosmos, where Satan and Baphomet are merely symbols and some “thing” they can control.

So, let the Magian pseudo-Occultists wave their plastic light-sabres around while they battle with – and ultimately control – the dark forces (copyright Magian Inc.) they've read about in some book; while we get on with Presencing The Dark, and being that balance between the Light and the Dark that is the genesis of real human evolution.



Lianna of the Darky Sox
Order of Nine Angles
121yf





Noobs, Trolls, Critics, and The Futility of Discussions

For nearly a quarter of a century, people have been discussing, criticizing, and asking questions about, the Order of Nine Angles – with, in the past decade, a lot of this occurring via the medium of the Internet.

On some occasions, over the past decade or so, a few ONA members or associates have engaged in such public discussions – often as a personal learning experience – as the ONA OG has published, in the past twenty or so years, some guides about, and/or explanations or clarifications concerning, topics that noobs have repeatedly enquired about, and/or which people have repeatedly criticized the ONA about or repeatedly misunderstood, out of ignorance, mundanity, or a desire to somehow try and discredit the ONA.

Such popular topics have included: (1) The Dark Gods, and the relation, or otherwise, of our mythos to the pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft; (2) the origin and meaning of our term The Nine Angles; (3) culling; (4) the veracity of our aural traditions; and (5) the political orientation of the ONA.

In addition, in the past thirty years – and especially in the last decade – the ONA has released and made available, without restriction and without any copyright, a vast amount of information about its particular sinister system, its Way, and its mythos. Indeed, the ONA has produced and released more esoteric and practical texts about The Left Hand Path and Satanism than both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set combined, as it has produced many well-written and easy to read guides, such as *Naos*, and *A Complete Guide to Satanism*, and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Even a cursory, unbiased, perusal of ONA works suffices to show that the ONA has a complex, and original, esoteric philosophy and sinister ontology, something evident from its use of unique, specialist, esoteric terms such as nexion, acausal, Drecc, presencing, sinister-numen, Vindex, sinister-empaths, hubriati, Rounwytha, *etcetera*.

Given this plethora of information, it is fair to say – as we have done on numerous occasions – that the answers to questions people ask about us are “all out there”, just as the truth, esoteric and otherwise, about claims made against us can be found among our published works, the majority of which works are, or which have been, available via the medium of the Internet.

Thus, if individuals – noobs – are seriously interested in the ONA, they can *and should* find the answers to whatever questions they may have, just as if someone reads some criticism of the ONA, or reads about some accusation made against the ONA or those alleged to be involved with it, then they can discover the truth of the matter for themselves by perusing our work.

We simply do not care if they cannot be bothered to do this, for whatever reason or reasons. Thus, they can go on believing the propaganda, the lies, the disinformation, of others, about us, as they can continue with their personal prejudice or their assumptions about us. Noobs can continue to flounder about, asking questions on Internet forums, and receiving no response from us, directly or indirectly. Trolls can continue trying to provoke us to respond.

We do not care about such things because if people cannot be bothered to find out for themselves, then they are mundanes, and will most likely remain so. As such, they are irrelevant – they do not have an inner sinister-changeling to nurture and develop; they lack the qualities Dreccs and others of our sinister kind require.

Similarly, we do not care about “proving our tradition, our mythos” by reference to some scholarly work, or some historical “evidence”, or whatever – for what is important is that our mythos is *sinisterly-numinous*, and thus an aspect of a living tradition, a living esoteric Way. It is a mythos, and so inspires, it provokes, it is Occult – and thus has its own species of “truth”; and if some noob, some wannabe satanist, or some mundane, does not understand this, or sense this, then we do not care. We do not care if people continue to commit the *Aquino fallacy*, and so believe that we are just one person.

The Irrelevance of Mundanes

In the same way, we do not care if people criticize us, spread lies and disinformation about us, make silly or spurious claims about us and the members of our collective, or continue to write about and speak about their own delusions regarding us. They and their criticisms, their lies, their disinformation, their delusions about us, their claims about us, are all irrelevant.

Why? Because our system works. Because the ONA mythos does and has done and will do what it was intended to do. It is a practical – a sinister and Occult – system, designed to be used; designed to produce sinister change within and exterior to individuals.

If people use it, and it works for them, excellent. One more Presencing of The Dark; one more Drecc, or one more nexion, or the birth of one more sinister tribe. One more human assimilated into our sinister collective.

If they use it and it does not work for them or even harms them or others – we do not care, for they failed (they should have read and understood our a-moral, sinister, disclaimer). If they cannot be bothered to try it – or prefer instead some other, rival, system – we do not care. Mundanes will be

mundanes; and remain irrelevant unless and until they can be used by our kind for some sinister purpose.

Given that our system works, we have no need to defend it, to hype it, to market it, to explain it to noobs and mundanes. We – SONAK, the Sinister ONA Kollektive – let our working and practical sinister system speak for itself.



PointyHat
Order of Nine Angles
121 yf

-----BEGIN PGP MESSAGE-----

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The Gentleman's – and Noble Ladies – Brief Guide to The Dark Arts

Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude.

" The faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public. In one word, Adepts possess *arete*. "

Inwardly, the true Dark – the sinister – Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane.

That this has been forgotten – or not understood, or not even known among the many latter-day pretenders and poseurs – is a sign of how few genuine Masters, and Lady Masters, there are.

Thus, there is a beauty in the Dark Arts and an exultation of Life, and certainly not a wallowing in the symbols, symbolism and accouterments of death and decay. Thus, there is a natural joy, which can be and often is both light and dark but which is always controlled. Not for the Gentleman, or the Lady, the loss of mastery, the stupefaction that arises from over-indulgence (which over-indulgence can and which does include personal emotion).

Thus, one of the true archetypes of the genuine Sinister Path: Baphomet, the beautiful, mature, lady (fecund Mistress of Earth) whose beautiful outward serenity masks the deadly acausal darkness within

which can be released when she chooses. (Life-Birth-Joy-Ecstasy-Safety-Wisdom-Giving-Darkness-Death.) Thus, another dark archetype: The Master, the true shapeshifter who is and who might not be what they might appear to be; the polite charming gentleman, who might (and who could) kill you or have you killed if there was a good enough reason, but who might reward you (if there was a good enough reason) with beneficence whose source would be unknown to you; the recluse – The Master Acausal Sorcerer – you do not see nor know, except perhaps in dreams, shadows, or fleeting day and night-time glimpses which might perhaps stir a memory, some memory, personal or beyond (Beautiful-Profound-Wistful-Knowing-Danger-Roborant-Wyrdful-Sad) which inspires, or brings new beginnings or balance or perchance a retribution.

To aspire to – to gain – Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

Mastery *begins* with Internal Adept, and it is from noble cultured - gentlemanly or lady-like - Adepts that candidates for the inner ONA are recruited.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen



A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

While the esoteric philosophy and praxis of The Order of Nine Angles has recently come to the attention of certain academics [1] one aspect of the ONA has so far gone almost unnoticed, even among many aficionados of the ONA. This is the ONA assumption of an afterlife, in the acausal dimensions, and which afterlife is an important, if not to say, crucial, part of their esoteric, their Left Hand Path, philosophy [2].

According to the ONA:

"...the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and "religious". Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal - on this planet, and elsewhere - and also as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal "death", to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being of primal Darkness. " Anton Long. *The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning* 119 Year of Fayen

This new, acausal, existence is, however, not a certainty, and nor is it given by some entity or some type of being, acausal or otherwise, be that entity named Satan or Baphomet, or whatever. Instead, this afterlife has to be achieved, by the individual, in this mortal - that is, this causal - existence of ours, by practical deeds done, with great emphasis being placed on the practical nature of such deeds. According to the ONA:

" ...we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.....

One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen

As to the nature of this new acausal existence which members of ONA tribes might be able to gain for themselves, the ONA says that, currently, we possess neither the language, nor the words, to adequately describe it, although it can be glimpsed - we can acquire intimations of it - if we, for instance, develop our faculty of what the ONA call acausal-empathy, and also if we presence and come to have some knowledge of (by Dark Sorcery), certain acausal entities [3].

The Dark Warrior Nature of the ONA

This afterlife is, for the ONA, inseparably bound up with the ONA's Law of the Sinister-Numen and thence with the ONA's sinister tribes. Indeed, one might with confidence state - as the ONA themselves do - that their Way is fundamentally the Way of the Dark Warrior, one of whose primary aims is to fight, in a practical way, for the creation of, and ultimately on behalf of, what the ONA calls The Dark Galactic Imperium.

" Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. " *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen

For the ONA there is a certain scorn of death:

" Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death,

and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mundanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence. " Anton Long, *Dark Warriors of The Sinister Way*.

In the ONA's *Law of the Sinister-Numen* it is stated that:

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

This defiance of death is the warrior creed, *par excellence*, and what makes it dark, or sinister, is that such warriors are of a unique kind, dedicated to their own tribe, and pursuing not only their own goals, but also the sinister aims of the ONA itself, one of whose stated aims is:

"...to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen. "

According to the ONA, if a person lives - and if necessary or in particular dies - according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, they are increasing their own amount of acausal energy, and thus enlarging the nexion that they are, and can be, to the acausal. Thus, by living and if necessary dying as a warrior, according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, a person can not only forge for themselves a new type of nexion to the realms of the acausal, but also pattern, strengthen, and control their own acausal energy (that which gives them their causal life) to such an extent that they evolve, after their mortal death, to become an entirely new type of being, beyond the human.

Thus, while on first consideration such an afterlife may appear as somewhat irrational and mystical, it is in fact a logical and indeed a necessary deduction arising from the fundamental axioms of the ONA's esoteric philosophy.

Conclusion

While it may seem somewhat strange that a sinister, a Left Hand Path, an organization known as

Satanist, should speak and write of an afterlife, such an afterlife - or rather, their unique kind of afterlife - is quite consistent with both their esoteric philosophy, their ontology, and their praxis. For their philosophy is based on the axiom of there existing an acausal Universe, an acausal continuum, and of there existing, in this acausal Universe, acausal beings. In addition, according to the ONA, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal life, including ours.

Furthermore, it is perhaps this belief in such an afterlife - attainable it seems only by dark warriors doing warrior deeds, and dying heroically in pursuit of dark aims - which not only further distinguishes the ONA from all known esoteric groups, but will also facilitate the spread of both the ONA itself, and its subversive esoteric philosophy.

To have people willing to die because of their belief in such an afterlife [4], surely makes the ONA far more sinister than most people already consider it to be.

Richard Stirling
January 2010 CE

Footnotes:

(1) See, for example, George Sieg: *Angular Momentum - From Traditional to Progressive Satanism in the Order of Nine Angles*, 2009 CE, and Jacob C. Senholt: *The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*, 2009 CE

(2) For an overview of this philosophy, refer to *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen.

For an overview of the ONA and The Left Hand Path, refer to my article *The Left Hand Path - A Comparison Between The Order of Nine Angles and The Temple of Set*, 2010 CE.

(3) Private e-mail from Anton Long (via ONA member DarkLogos) dated 7 January, 2010 CE.

(4) In one document produced by an underground ONA sect (that is, nexion) it is stated that:

We are of and are called to The Dark Way because we identify with, and we yearn for, the acausal spaces - the acausal realms themselves, which are, to us humans, Dark; beyond the illumination we know from our star, the Sun, and beyond the artificial illumination we have manufactured to light our brief mortal living on this planet we named Earth. We are Dark, here, because it is where we can go - where we can transcend to if we live and die in

the rightway - where we are the very illumination that lives there; we are, we become, the very light that travels, traverses, that lives - immortal - within the pure undefiled darkness of the dark acausal spaces. We become acausal stars Galaxies of stars - travelling where we will among the infinite darkness, bringing into being by our very travelling, our very existence there, new life both causal and acausal and in both the realms of the causal and acausal spaces. Thus do we, thus can we, become of those Dark Immortals - the Immortals of the dark acausal realms, and thus can we seed the darkness of both causal and acausal with our immortal living light, bringing thus, causing thus, being-thus, evolution itself.

Warriors of The Dark Way

While this may not be, or represent, official ONA policy - if indeed the ONA have official policies - it certainly does seem to capture something of the spirit that might motivate such Dark Warriors.

The Left Hand Path – A Comparison Between The Order of Nine Angles and The Temple of Set

While the Temple of Set (hereinafter abbreviated ToS) refers to itself as a Left Hand Path (LHP) organization – and while many academics have accepted this, and have given various definitions of the LHP [1] – The Order of Nine Angles (ONA) defines the LHP in such a way that the ToS fails to meet any of the criteria for being a LHP group.

The LHP and the ONA

According to the ONA's own definition of the LHP:

The LHP in its methods is non-structured. In the genuine LHP there is nothing that is not permitted – nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest. (*The LHP – An Analysis*. ONA MS dated c. 1991 CE)

Thus, according to the ONA [2], the essential attribute of the LHP is that it is a-moral, and un-dogmatic, placing no restrictions, moral, legal or otherwise, on the individual, and – importantly – allowing and encouraging the individual to learn by their own practical experience, and by their mistakes. For the ONA, this practical, unguided, experience, is central to their system of esoteric training, and to their own esoteric philosophy [3] – with the ONA saying that the only way for individuals to learn, to progress, along the LHP is by plunging directly into *practical* experience, both amoral (in the real world), and esoteric. According to the ONA:

” Words, ideas, symbols, writings, and all such transient causal forms, are only intimations; perchance the beginnings of inspiration. Beyond such things – a necessary beyond – are the deeds, the acts, the magick, that each and every Initiate and Adept must do to presence the Dark: the practical experiencing which alone breeds the knowing of the Sinister.

Those who decry such practical things – such action, in the world, such dark deeds – are feeble; they are not of-us. They belong to the Old Order, which festers still, which still infects the world with its cosmic-denial, its pathetic anti-evolutionary materialism, its vapid egotism, its dogma of duality, of “good” and “evil”, and its limiting of each and every individual. We, on the contrary, proudly defy – as we proudly announce that we know we can be, we should be, more than we are – that we have the potential to change ourselves, to reach out into the Cosmos; to evolve; to become like gods... They of the Old Order stifle the potentiality of our being while we who pledge ourselves to bringing the acausal down to this Earth are of the new Cosmic Order yet to be: we, the future, who despise everything that belongs to, that clings to, the little ones of the Old Order who

scurry about in their vanity and material concerns. We have the strength to dream great dreams – to be bold in our visions, in our quest; while they would have us all go back down to their low animal level. We have the strength to know we are a new race, a new breed of human beings, taking evolution ever upward by our magick and our deeds.”
Anton Long, *Bringing The Acausal Down*. Dated 116yf

In addition, for the ONA, a LHP individual, and a LHP group, organization or association, are genuinely subversive, and opposed to hierarchical authority and the *status quo*. The ONA uncompromisingly – and quite logically – make this subversion a practical one, affirming that one of their aims is:

” ...to aid, encourage, and bring about – by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.” *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen (that is, 2010 CE)

The ONA thus despise what it calls “the societies and the laws of the mundanes”, as it states, quite openly, that it approves both of people “breaking and ignoring the laws of the mundanes” and of what it calls culling, which is an ONA euphemism for human sacrifice. [4]

As the ONA state:

” ...we are subversive, heretical, genuinely revolutionary, aiming as we do to replace the laws and the societies of the mundanes with our law and our new types of societies. “
Anton Long, *The War Against The Mundanes*. Dated 120 Year of Feyen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen and The LHP

It would be a mistake, however, to assume or to conclude that the ONA was just a loose association of lawless individualistic and amoral anarchists and criminals who just happen to have an interest in the Occult, and specifically, an interest in The Dark Arts.

For the ONA champions – and indeed makes one of its criteria for being *of the ONA* – what is calls The Law of The Sinister-Numen, which it describes as the Law of their New Aeon, and the basis for their long-term aim of creating a Dark, Galactic, Imperium.

Yet one might well ask – how does this The Law of The Sinister-Numen, or indeed, any law – fit into the above ONA definition of the LHP where it is stated that *there is nothing that is not permitted*? For surely a law, any type of law, even a so-called sinister one, makes something forbidden?

To answer this question, we have to delve into the complexities of the ONA's own esoteric philosophy. In respect of illegal deeds, the ONA provides an interesting and pertinent answer:

What about the illegal nature of such deeds, and other such sinister deeds, that you advocate?

We say: illegal according to whose definition? That of the mundanes, of some mundane government? Their definitions, their laws, are irrelevant to us. We strive to only abide by our own law, which is the law of the sinister-numen, as outlined in MSS such as *The War Against The Mundanes*. Our justice is the justice of The Drecc, founded on our law of the sinister-numen...

The fundamental difference between us and mundanes is that we demonically aspire to be more than we are, and we are tribal and individualistic; we are warriors. In contrast, the mundanes seek safety and security and the "order" that comes with Police forces and with State or government-made laws, and with large, organized armed forces. They also accept impersonal Courts of Law where some abstract, government-made so-called "justice" is said to be obtained. In contrast, we accept that the only law is the warrior law of personal honour: that we are responsible for ourselves, that we have a right to the natural justice of revenge, retribution, a fair fight, and personal duels; and we refuse to surrender this responsibility of ours to anyone else or to any organized force, or forces, of mundane "law and order", such as law-enforcement agencies or government so-called Courts of Law.

Thus, we accept that our sinister tribes have the right and the duty to make their own laws, to dispense their own justice, to defend themselves with deadly force, and to have their own territory where they are the law. If they want to co-operate with others, it is their decision – and cannot be imposed upon them by some outside agency or by some abstract law. Thus, we accept that we can only give our loyalty to someone we know personally, and that we have a duty to be loyal to our kind, to those of our "family", to those of our kindred, our tribe. And we would rather fight and die than surrender to any mundane or allow any agent of a government to take away our honour and our dignity. And so on.

Mundanes do not like this genuine individualism; this tribalism; this proud ethos of personal honour before, and above and beyond, and in place of, State/government, law.
FAQ About the ONA, v. 1.09, dated 121 Year of Feyen

That is, while the ONA totally and utterly rejects all the laws and restrictions of all currently existing societies, States and nations – and encourages its members to transgress, flout and break these laws and restrictions – it makes a fundamental and crucial distinction between "the mundanes" and themselves: between their members, their own kind, and everyone else. For the ONA, you are either with them – if only by nature and aspiration – or you are a mundane. Furthermore, they affirm that they – their sinister kind – are or should be grouped or organized into tribes, however small, and that it is for these feral

groups to make their own laws, and determine their own limits.

Crucially, the ONA state that *an individual can either join an existing sinister tribe, or form their own new one*. That is, the choice is theirs, and it is in this freedom to join an existing tribe or form their own that the ONA manifests its LHP nature according to its own definition of the LHP.

What, however, makes and what marks these feral groups as ONA, as sinister, tribes? What makes them different from, say, just an urban gang? The ONA answers that it is adherence to their own Law of The Sinister-Numen, which law basically says: be loyal and do your duty to your new extended family (your tribe, or gang) and mistrust everyone else, and see everyone who are not of our own kind as enemies.

Which leads us to ask why? What advantage is there is adhering to such a Law?

According to the ONA:

” Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality – like all religious dogma and all laws – takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who – developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking – can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this “meaning” be described by such limited, causal terms as “morality”, and evil and law – based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can – in some circumstances – be manifest in our own causal continuum. ” Anton Long. *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*. Dated 120 Year of Feyen

Furthermore, for the ONA, their *Law of The Sinister-Numen*, their law of their type honour (which honour applies to only those of their own kind) is an expression, a manifestation – or, as they call it, *a presencing* – of acausal energy [5].

Thus, for the ONA, their *Law of The Sinister-Numen* is a means whereby the individual can achieve, know, and live, their unique wyrd (that is, their Aeonic, their Cosmic, their esoteric or true, Destiny) because by living according to this Law they are accessing and increasing their own stock of acausal

energy, and this – as per the quote above – liberates them from the restrictions of abstractions, from the tyranny of the laws, and the societies of the mundanes, and so on.

The ONA, therefore, have developed [6] a new type of synergy, a new kind of symbiosis, expressed as this new synergy and symbiosis are in what they term their sinister, their darkly-numinous, tribes:

” Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is manifest – made real and practical – by means of our sinister warrior tribes, for it is by means of these tribes that we can come to know, and to live, our wyrd: that is, (1) come to discover our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos, and (2) actively participate in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos. “ *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen

For the ONA, their sinister law, their tribes, are an expression of the essence of the genuine LHP – of individuals learning from practical, sinister, experience, and rejecting, in all possible ways, the conventions, laws, societies and morality, of the mundanes. Furthermore, according to the ONA:

“...to know and to live our wyrd – is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and numinous (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such honourable (numinous) co-operation with others of our own kind (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual wyrd to be evolved in (numinous) co-operation with others.” *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen

The only distinction which the ONA make, therefore, morally, and practically, is that between themselves – those who uphold their own type of law, manifest in their law of warrior honour – and those who do not (outsiders, mundanes), with those of the ONA being fiercely loyal to, and only honourable to, only their own kind. And it is their own kind – and only their own kind – that their own Law applies, with this Law (and thus joining or being part of, or forming their own, sinister tribe) being seen as one of the main practical means whereby an individual can discover and then live their own unique wyrd.

The Clashing of Sinister Tribes

Since the esoteric, LHP, philosophy of the ONA allows people of its own kind to either join an existing ONA tribe or to form their own tribe, the question arises as to what, if any, restraints, are placed on rivalry – armed, or otherwise – between ONA tribes?

The answer the ONA gives is simple, and quite in line with its LHP approach – there are no restraints, no limits imposed, for it is up to each tribe, or more specifically, to its leader or chief, to decide whether or not to co-operate with other ONA tribes. That is, the ONA allows the sinister dialectic, the natural

evolution of the sinister, to take effect [8]. There is, thus, a kind of *survival of the most sinister*, which may be considered quite apt, given the sinister nature of the ONA itself.

Hence, each tribe has complete autonomy, as each ONA individual has the autonomy to join any tribe, or form one of their own.

Furthermore, while such co-operation, among various ONA tribes, is not mandatory or even seen as something to be striven for, it is certainly possible, given what the ONA describes as its practical war against the mundanes and the “forces of law and order” of the mundanes.

The Temple of Set and the LHP

In 1985 CE, The Temple of Set officially proscribed the ONA for its amorality and its affirmation of human sacrifice [9]. This meant that members of the ToS were forbidden from joining the ONA, or associating with members of the ONA, or from aiding the ONA in any way.

In addition, according to official guidelines issued by the ToS [10] every Setian should respect and report “abuse” to what it calls “the proper authorities”, by which it means the government. Indeed, the ToS – with its government-given accreditation as a religious grouping (recognized, for example by the US Army), and by its own teachings – accepts the Setians should “obey the law of the land”, generally be good citizens, and that they should regard “the Life of humanity” as sacred.

Thus, while there is generally, in the ToS, a lot of talk about empowerment and even liberation – it is empowerment and liberation of the individual only insofar as it harms nobody and does not bring one into conflict with the State or its laws. Furthermore, to even apply to joining the ToS, an individual has to provide them – along with a sum of money – with the following:

- (1) Your full legal name [no pseudonyms] and sex.
- (2) Your complete mailing address.
- (3) E-mail address if you have one.
- (4) Daytime and evening telephone numbers.
- (5) Photocopy of an identity card (such as driver’s license) with your date of birth

That is, a person has to surrender to the ToS everything the ToS needs or might need to pass onto “the proper authorities” – what the ONA would call to the mundanes – if the Setian ever transgresses the law.

Thus, not only is a person expected to, somewhat naively, trust, with personal details, a hierarchical organization of which they initially have no intimate knowledge or experience of, but the person is also

expected to – and crucially – trust the judgement of that hierarchical organization. And trust in two important ways – first, as to whether they are deemed “acceptable” for membership; and second, whether their conduct as Setians (if they are accepted) continues to be acceptable.

In effect, the ToS demands – makes it a condition of acceptance and of continued membership – that the individual abides by the standards set by the ToS and by the judgement of the hierarchy of the ToS.

Furthermore, the experience and learning offered by the ToS is almost entirely of the theoretical kind, of the mind, for “*Setians seek to control and sanctify their own minds...*” and seek to attain and develop Xepher, which basically means to feel one is a separate, distinct, individual and to have an enlightened (non-harmful) self-interest.

Therefore, for the ToS, the LHP is, in the words of one long-standing member:

“...one of concentration and refinement of the self, leading toward more and more individuality and more and more individualism...”

provided, of course, that this refinement does not conflict with either the judgement of the hierarchy of the ToS itself, or with the laws and morality of what the ONA calls *the mundanes*. Which, in general, such a ToS refinement would not be in conflict with, since the methods and the means of the ToS are fundamentally, like those of the Nazarene religion, *interior* ones, where such exercises as *The Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius of Loyola* – and the quest for the love of God – are replaced by Occult meditations and Occult practices done in some suitably adorned Temple or in the company of suitably like-minded individuals intent on attaining their own non-harmful self-interest – otherwise known, among Setians, as Xepher – and of using whatever Occult skills they might acquire to aid themselves, other Setians, and humanity itself.

The Prince of Darkness, for the ToS and for Setians, thus appears as a rather benign, and somewhat misunderstood, figure – He who gives the gift of Xepher, provided that no laws are broken, provided the ToS approves, and provided that one holds fast to the sacredness of all life.

Conclusion

While our overview of the ToS may seem somewhat cursory, it is deliberately so, given the quantity and availability of material about the ToS currently available, from both academics and others, including many published books. But even this overview of the ToS – when contrasted to the esoteric philosophy and praxis of the ONA as outlined above – should suffice to show the stark differences between the two organizations.

The ONA is fundamentally [11] a loose, non-hierarchical subversive association of clandestine cells and tribes, whose praxis is quintessentially practical and amoral, and which association condones and encourages culling (the taking of human life) and the transgression of the laws of all existing States. The

ONA positively encourages anonymity and the adoption of alternative identities, which alternate identities governments regard as illegal and/or a security threat. There is no formal ONA membership, and certainly no membership fees. All ONA material is copyleft and available to everyone, there being no “secret teachings for members only”. Most ONA material is freely available on the Internet.

The ToS is fundamentally a hierarchical organization, opposed to the taking of human life (unless sanctioned by some government law or authority, of course), whose praxis is quintessentially interior and conventionally moralistic. The ToS positively discourages anonymity, and demands, as a condition of membership, to know, and to have government approved proof of, a person’s identity. The ToS requires its members to abide by certain conventional moral guidelines [12]. The ToS has a formal membership, with yearly membership fees. Most ToS teachings and materials are “copyright” and “secret” and available for members only, with members allowed access to certain “higher teachings” only if the ToS hierarchy approves of their personal conduct.

Which one of these two groups, therefore, is Left Hand Path, and which would *The Prince of Darkness* prefer?

Richard Stirling
January 2010 CE
(Updated Feb 2010 CE)

Footnotes

(1) For an overview see, for example, (a) Kennet Granholm: *Theoretical and Methodological Musings on the Scholarly Use of the Term Satanism*, 2009 CE; (b) Jacob C. Senholt: *The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*, 2009 CE; and (c) Stephen Flowers: *Lords of the Left Hand Path*, 1997

(2) While we write here about “the ONA” and its unique esoteric philosophy and praxis, we might just as well write about *Anton Long* and his unique esoteric philosophy, since nearly all of the writings of the ONA – with only a few exceptions over more than three decades – are by him, credited or uncredited. All the ONA writings references here, in this essay, are by him, and it is certainly Anton Long who has devised the complex esoteric philosophy of the ONA, often developing unique terms, or assigning unique meanings to others, in the process – terms such as acausal, presencing, nexion, Rounwytha, The Sinister Way, Aeonic Magick, Sinister Dialectic, Acausal-Thinking; Sinister-Empathy, Law of the Sinister-Numen, and so on.

(3) For an overview of the practical way of the ONA, and of their esoteric philosophy, refer for example to (a) *Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Way*; (b) *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; and, in particular, (c) *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*

(4) In a recent comment on culling, the ONA states:

” ...all genuinely sinister organizations, groups, associations and individuals undertake such cullings, and have always done so. Such deeds – whether collective or individual – are one of things which distinguish our type of life, our breed, from that of the mundanes. Establishing, maintaining, providing for, and expanding, a sinister tribe involves culling. Combat involves culling, as does war. We just make the deeds or deeds of culling more conscious, more directed, more controlled, more rational, and view such deeds in the perspective of Aeonics, in terms of our centuries-long Aeonic strategy, and in terms of the evolution of the individual and of our human species. ” *FAQ About the ONA*, v. 1.09, dated 121 Year of Fayen

(5) Refer to *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles* where it is stated that “our Law of The Sinister-Numen, is a practical, a willed, an evolutionary, presencing of acausal energy.”

(7) Some critics of the ONA might argue, however, that the ONA has only evolved an existing type of human symbiosis, that of the tribe, not developed an entirely new one. However, refer to Anton Long’s recent missive [A New Sinister Life-form](#), where some more detail of the ONA type is described.

[8] Private e-mail from Anton Long (via ONA member DarkLogos) dated 7 January, 2010 CE.

[9] *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, 2 vols, ONA, Thormynd Press, 1992 CE

[10] See, for example, ToS documents, such as *On Life and its sanctity*.

[11] Refer to *FAQ About the ONA*, v. 1.09, dated 121 Year of Fayen

[12] See, for example, the letters from Michael Aquino, produced in facsimile in *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, 2 vols, ONA, Thormynd Press, 1992 CE

A New Sinister Lifeform

Does it bother you that someone has recently publicly announced that he is leaving the Order of Nine Angles?

No. These things happen all the time, and have done so ever since I became involved with The Dark Tradition, over forty years ago, now. Indeed, if such things did *not* happen, it might cause us to briefly wonder if we had somehow strayed from our Sinister Way, for we are, after all, an élite, and will be for a century or more, at least, until we have assimilated and made like us, and so evolved, a certain particular percentage of the human species dwelling on this planet we call Earth.

Furthermore, even if such individuals do leave, do renounce their Sinister Quest, many of them are or have been in some or in many ways changed by their encounter with us and by our Dark Tradition. In addition, some of those leaving – if they had advanced to a particular point in their quest – are still bound by a certain oath they gave, and are fully aware of the consequences of failing to abide by certain conditions of that oath, for such conditions and such consequences were explained to them before they took that dark and binding oath.

Can you explain your comment – “if such things did not happen”?

Since one of our primary aims is to be the genesis of a new human species – a new type, a new breed, of human beings – it is to be expected, and indeed necessary, that our means, our ways, are selective over a period of causal Time.

In addition, there will also be some who, despite their potential and the promise they may show, cannot adapt to the changes required to become part of this new breed. To use a rather inexact but otherwise appropriate metaphor, some human beings cannot be assimilated into our new sinister collective, our élite, because they, for whatever biological or other reason, do not or cannot change in flux with us and in flux with acausal energies presented over periods of causal Time. That is, they lack or cannot acquire our needed ability to adapt, to shapeshift, as we, of the ONA collective, adapt and shapeshift over the years and the decades of causal Time because of our basal, sinister, Dark, acausally-imbued, nature: which is that of a new living-being presented in the causal continuum, currently only presented here, on this planet we call Earth.

We – collectively – are a whole new type of living-being, which is why I said that the metaphor (•εταφορ•) was both somewhat inexact, and yet otherwise appropriate.

What exactly is this new type of living being?

This new living-being – our new lifeform – which exoterically is still called, or named, the ONA, is a new type of sinister collective, wherein the new evolved, unique, individual is balanced, through evolution and a sinister presencing such as is manifest in our sinister tribes, with those acausal energies which are the essence of upward, evolutionary, Cosmic change. One aspect of such acausal energies is our developed ability of acausal-knowing.

That is, we represent, we manifest, a new symbiosis where our developed and unique individuality – manifest in our Law of the Sinister-Numen – works with others *of our own sinister kind* to achieve certain sinister aims, because such a working, such a co-operation, is now inherent in our nature, as the life-form we are, we have become, we have evolved to be.

However, some individuals who may associate with us for some period of causal Time, or who may have even been part of us, once, cannot or will not adapt to function as part of our sinister collective, often because they do not possess our sinister nature or cannot develop enough of their own human nature to fully become of us. Thus, do they separate themselves from us, although a few may well maintain some kind of relationship with us, and may even still aid us in some or many ways to achieve our aims.

Often, but not always, such individuals as leave us cannot evolve, cannot change, cannot adapt, that old type of ultimately enervating and ultimately de-evolutionary human individuality which is so manifest in groups such as the ToSers, the CoSers, and those who imitate them, and which old type of individuality, based on following, being a slave to, one's own desires, that the Magian uses and has used to manipulate generations of human beings, especially in the so-called West.

In contrast, our individuality is sinister – an overcoming, a mastery, of ourselves and our feelings, desires, through hard, practical, experience in the real world, and by plunging into, using, glorifying in, the darkest of Dark Sorcery, and which Dark Sorcery, of course, can involve a coming-to-know at least some of the sinister living-beings of the acausal.

Thus, because of this overcoming, because of such practical experience, we are genuine Dark Warriors, and thus does our Law of the Sinister-Numen re-present *our* new type of human individuality, where we accept responsibility for ourselves, and where we regard our own, individual, honour as more important than our desires, and even our own causal mortal life, knowing as we do that there is a new type of life in the acausal.

This overcoming, this practical experience – this breeding of our new type of human – currently still takes a certain amount of causal Time, and is hard and testing. Many fail; many just give up, for whatever reason or reasons. I – we – do not care, since, as I remarked earlier, such leavings are part of our very nature, as a training ground, a boot-camp, for our new élite, although our boot-camp currently lasts for many, many, years, and our real “passing out” – in old Aeon speak, The Passing of The Abyss – occurs after around fifteen or twenty years.

Naturally, the more we presence ourselves, the more our new lifeform spreads, the shorter this period of training will become, until – perhaps a century or less from now – we can fully assimilate others into our new sinister kindred in a much much shorter span of causal Time, because by then we will have a developed social infrastructure in place, and the real practical power, to have our own training centres where we can fully train our new kind of warrior without any interference from that de-evolutionary despicable form, The State.

To achieve this, we first, of course, have to undermine, de-stabilize, and ultimately overthrow and replace, The State. Hence, our primary and immediate goals:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen;

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about – by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

For, in essence, what we currently exoterically call the ONA is only a means to produce, provoke, sinister change in the causal; to presence acausal energies and so evolve our human species, if necessary by culling those detrimental to such sinister change – or by culling those who oppose us or whose culling will serve as a warning, an example – and certainly by replacing the forms, the abstractions, the illusions, of the Old Aeon, of the Magian, by our new types of nexions, be such nexions living individual human beings, some collocation of human beings, or some causal form or forms we utilize or manufacture to presence acausal energies.

Someone recently asked: why are you still with, still committed to, the ONA, after over forty years?

Because that is my nature, because my whole adult life has been dedicated to The Sinister Way; to exploring my own limits, to experiencing and to learning; to willingly, often defiantly, going to and beyond both the light and the dark until I came to know them for the causal forms they are.

I am not unique; I should not be unique. A few others before me, in the past two millennia, have done what I have done – travelled along the Dark Path to its very ending, devoting their whole mortal lives to a sinister quest.

But few, if any, before you have been so openly heretical, and few, if any, have produced – created – the practical, effective means you have to change people, and society, to presence the sinister as you yourself might say.

I am and I have been only showing the way; only preparing the way. Exploring, charting, the realms of The Sinister. Learning as I have explored and experienced. Making a useful map of The Way which anyone can use to go where I have been, to learn what I have learnt; to presence The Dark Forces as I have begun to presence them, through and in such things as the ONA.

If some, in trying to use my map, mis-direct themselves, and fall into some deep chasm, and die, or go insane in such stark blackness as exists in such places, so what? They are irrelevant. If others, in trying to use my map, find the terrain too hard, too difficult, and go back to the safety and comfort of causal living, of being Homo Hubris, then so what? They are irrelevant.

My map can and should be updated; improved, by others who can dare, who can defy; and others still may even venture further than I have done, and so manufacture their own maps, their own charts – starful and sinister-black – of where they themselves have been.

Ultimately, we human beings have both the causal continuum and the acausal continuum to discover, to explore, to experience, to learn from: to cause us to change, and evolve ever further. There are no limits unless we in our fear and in our comfort with our smallness make and accept such limits.

Anton Long

AoB

Year of Feyen 121

Grimoire of Baphomet



According to Dark Tradition, Baphomet is a sinister acausal entity, depicted as a mature, human women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a young human man.

She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made. She - as one of The Dark Entities, as Vamperness of The Dark Gods (The Dark Immortals) - is also a shapeshifter who can presence in the causal dimensions and assume human form, and thus live among us here on Earth, and it was, traditionally, to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of our Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims

when a human culling was undertaken and when wars and conflict were brought forth or seeded through sinister sorcery.

Associated with Baphomet are other dark, female acausal entities, some of whom have existed, hidden, on Earth for millennia, and who maintain their causal, ageless, and secret, existence by feeding off the acausal life-force of their male human victims whom they entrap, and test, using sexual enchantment, and which victims die after all their life-force has been sucked away. These other entities are The Dark Daughters of Baphomet, and they - like their Mistress, The Mother of Blood, Baphomet - are thus, in a quite literal sense, beautiful, cultured, alluring but predatory vampires, whose needed and necessary food is not blood, but rather that acausal energy that animates human beings and makes them alive.

These vampiric beings - shapeshifted into alluring female human form - can spawn (and according to legend have spawned) half-human offspring if they so desire and if they find a suitable human male, as they can also gift that male, or other chosen human males or females, with the gift of a much extended mortal life in the realms of the causal, and can provide such chosen ones with the opportunity to egress into the acausal and thus life as immortal acausal entities, there.

According to aural Dark Tradition, there are several types - several different species - of sinister acausal entities, with Baphomet, and Her shapeshifting Daughters, being of one type, and having a certain nature, a particular character, a certain consciousness, when presented in the causal and so when in-dwelling in human form. One other, more primal, more primitive, acausal species is known to us, and when beings of this particular species are presented on Earth, in human form or otherwise, they act, behave, live, quite differently from Baphomet and Her kin, for these more primal savage beings are as demons who causally live only to unthinkingly consume human lives so that, once satiated, they may be returned to the darkness of their acausal home.

Sinister Tradition speaks of The Dark Gods as specific living entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal continuum, with some of these entities having been presented, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. Once, at the dawn of our consciousness as human beings, some of these acausal entities came forth to Earth through a physical nexion, which nexion most probably existed on this planet, Earth. There has been much speculation about, and some legends regarding, the location of this physical nexion. There has also been speculation about, and

some aural legends regarding, how long these dark acausal entities stayed, in our causal Time and Space, and much speculation regarding why they left, with one aural legend asserting that a few of them have, as shapeshifters, survived and hidden themselves among us, feeding, waiting for the stars to be aligned aright again and for sinister Adepts to bring forth their kin.

Sinister Tradition has preserved several means - various dark rituals, ceremonies, and rites - whereby some or many of these acausal, sinister, entities can be brought back to (presenced on) this planet which we human beings call Earth.

This Grimoire gives the three most effective of these sinister rituals, ceremonies, and rites, complete with esoteric details deliberately omitted from hitherto published versions (such as in published versions of *The Ceremony of Recalling*), which omitted esoteric details were formerly only revealed aurally within existing sinister nexions, Temples or groups. Also given is a rite by means of which an individual human being can acquire for themselves an acausal - immortal - existence in the acausal continuum.



Order of Nine Angles 113yf

Note: The Ceremony of Recalling is the sinister ritual most often associated, past and present, with invoking Baphomet, and The Dark Daughters of Baphomet, and is one of the most effective means of presencing acausal entities.

THE CEREMONY OF RECALLING

Participants:

Mistress of Earth - in white robes, wearing a quartz necklace

Master of the Temple - in black robes

Priestess - in a red robe tied with a white sash

Guardian of the Temple - in a black robe, with a white mask

Priest ("The Chosen One"/Opfer) - in a white robe

Congregation - in red robes

Preparations:

The night before the ritual the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water, egg, honey, animal fat and marijuana.

An hour before the ritual the Priestess and the Guardian lead the Priest to a place where he ritually bathes (if possible this should be a lake or a stream if the ritual is undertaken outdoors) and changes into his robe. The Priestess gives him cakes which he eats.

The congregation wait outside the Temple (or Temple area if outdoors - see notes) and the Guardian leads the Priest toward them. The Priestess blindfolds the Priest and takes him to each member of the congregation who kiss him. He is taken into the temple where the Mistress and Master wait and is followed by the congregation.

The Ritual:

On the altar - red candles and quartz tetrahedron. Incense of Jupiter [Alder] to be burnt. Chalices of strong wine.

The Master intones (i.e. vibrates) three times 'Agios o Atazoth' after which the congregation gather round the Priest and chant the 'Diabolus' while slowly walking round him anti-clockwise three times.

Two members of the congregation chosen and trained as Cantors chant in parallel a fourth apart (or an octave and a fourth) *Agios o Baphomet* while the Guardian lifts the Priest and lays him on the altar.

The Mistress removes the robe of the Priest and anoints him with civit oil [or, if civit is not available, then Petriochor may be used, mixed with Alder] . She then removes his blindfold.

When the chant is complete the Priestess stands by the altar while the Mistress stands beside the Master, the congregation beginning to walk slowly anti-clockwise around the altar chanting the *Diabolus*. The cantors then chant in parallel a fourth apart (or an octave and a fourth) *Binan Ath Ga Wath Am* and continue with this chant until the Mistress, later in the ritual, says "So you have sown and from your seeding..."

The Priestess and the Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess arousing the fire of the Priest with her lips. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel in front of the Priestess.

As the Guardian does this the Master kneels before the Mistress. The Priestess copies the Mistress word for word and action for action, using the Priest. The Mistress places her hands on the Master's head.

Master:

It is the protection and milk
Of your breasts that I seek.

The Mistress bends down and he suckles her breasts. She then pushes him away, but he kneels before her, saying:

I put my kisses at your feet.
And kneel before you who crushes
Your enemies and who washes
In a basin full of their blood.
I lift up my eyes to gaze
Upon your beauty of body:
You who are the daughter and a Gate
To our Dark Gods.
I lift up my voice to stand
Before you my sister
And offer my body so that
My mage's seed may feed
Your virgin flesh

Mistress:

Kiss me and I shall make you

As an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you
As a strong sword that severs
And stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you
As a seed of corn which grows
Toward the sun, and never dies.
Plough me and plant me
With your seed and I shall make you
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

The Master then has sexual congress with the Mistress - and the Priest with the Priestess - while the congregation continue with their slow walk and their chant.

After the climax of the congress between Priest and Priestess, the Guardian places a hood over the head of the Priest, fastens his ankles, binds his wrists while the Master, on a signal from the Mistress completes the sacrifice using the sacred knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in a chalice.

[This Elixir is used by the Mistress in the baking of the sacrificial cakes which all the members present will eat during assembly on the night of the next new moon. The cakes consist of wheat, fish, fowl, spring water, egg and salt together with the Red Elixir, animal fat and honey.]

[During and just after the sacrifice, the Mistress as Rounwytha silently concentrates and directs the acausal-energy released toward the tetrahedron which she via gift and skill of acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking uses as nexion. She then consciously makes her choice of one of the humans present to act as indwelling host, temporary or otherwise.]

After the sacrifice, the congregation cease their slow mesmeric walking and chant, and the guardian removes the empty shell of the offer and the Mistress takes up the sacred knife, pointing it at the Master saying:

So you have sown and from your seeding
Gifts may come if you obedient heed
The words I speak.

She then takes the Chalice with the Red Elixir, dips the tip of the sacred knife into it and anoints each member present who have formed a circle around her.

Mistress:

I know you, my children, you are dark
Yet none of you is as dark
Or as deadly
As I.
I know you and the thoughts
Within all your hearts: yet
Not one of you is as hateful
Or as loving as I.
With a glance I can strike
You dead.

She then goes to each member of the congregation in turn kissing them all on the lips, and removes their robes. She then takes up a chalice of wine and offers it to the person (male or female) of her previous choice. The person chosen sips the wine, hands the chalice to the Mistress who offers it to each member of the congregation in turn. When all have drunk she says:

No guilt shall bind you
No thought restrict!
Feast then and enjoy
The ecstasy of this life:
But ever remember
I am the wind that snatches
Your soul!

The Mistress takes the person she has chosen and indulges herself according to her desire, thus completing the indwelling in them. The congregation consume the consecrated cakes and wine and take their own pleasures according to their desires.

Notes:

1) The candidate (who is always male and who ideally should be in his twenty first year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual) is chosen by the Mistress from among the Temple members on the Summer Solstice one year before the ritual will occur.

If the chosen one accepts this honour then he becomes an honorary Priest for the year and is allowed to choose from the members of the Temple a woman to be his Priestess. In a simple ceremony the Mistress seals them in union, dedicating them to the Dark Gods. If by the Winter Solstice the Priestess is not

with child, then the Priest may choose another woman to be his Priestess. The child, when born is adopted by the Temple and raised accordingly, being given great honour and, if found suitable, trained to fulfil the role of Mistress or Master.

At the Spring Equinox, the chosen is permitted to give his favour to any one female member of the Temple and should issue result from this, the child is adopted by either the Priestess of the chosen or by the Temple according to the wishes of the Mistress.

After the Spring Equinox, the chosen lives with his Priestess, retiring from all mortal affairs save his duties as Priest to the Temple. He shall also arrange his temporal affairs in readiness for the day of the ritual.

Should the chosen at any time fail to observe his vow by fleeing and hiding from members of the Temple, he shall by all the Temples of the Order and all kindred temples and Orders be placed under a death curse, and the Guardian of his Temple sent to seek him out and terminate without warning his existence. The Guardian shall not rest until this task is complete, and the Mistress may appoint other Guardians as well to assist in this should she so desire.

After the ritual sacrifice, the Guardian takes the offer shell and buries it in a secluded spot prepared beforehand. It is on this place of burial that the Temple gathers on the night of the new moon to eat the sacrificial cakes.

In former times it was sometimes the practice to sever the head of the chosen one and place it in the Temple or the Temple area if outdoors for a day and a night. During this night, initiations would be conducted and the head shown to new Initiates.

2) If for whatever reason a willing offer is not available, an involuntary one may be used, chosen according to sinister guidelines.

According to tradition, the one chosen by the Mistress as indwelling host would - if the Rite and indwelling were successful - be offered great reward by the entity hosted, the Mistress having previously decided before ritual a specific entity - or what type of entity - to bring forth or call.

3) Rituals outdoors should be conducted within an (isolated) stone circle during twilight. If the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is undertaken the ritual occurs on the Summer Solstice once every cycle of seventeen years (or nineteen in some traditions).

The one chosen, according to ancient tradition, reaped many benefits in the

realm of the acausal (or the lands of the Dark Immortals as it was sometimes called) where that eternal aspect of the individual which initiation into the darker mysteries created was transported after the mortal death to begin on another plane of existence. This belief made willing sacrifice possible.

4) The role of Master and the task(s) of Guardian(s) may be undertaken by suitably trained ladies if the Ceremony be undertaken by a Sapphic nexion/Temple/group - although the offer is always and must be male. Similarly, the congregation may all be female.

The Sinister Rite of The Nine Angles

The rite may be undertaken - in northern climes - on or near to either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih nexion) or the winter solstice (for Algol nexion) or, for any including southern and equatorial climes, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

For Dabih, the most propitious (effective) causal time is when Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it.

The rite should be performed in an underground cavern, if possible where water flows, or near to where water flows, and involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant [qv. the ONA MS NAOS], together with a congregation of male and female, or all male, or all female, depending on the orientation of the participants. A large crystal tetrahedron made of pure quartz is required - the larger, the more effective the rite. Each member of the congregation should also have with them small crystal tetrahedrons, which they hold in their hands during the rite, and each member of the congregation should also be trained in sinister Esoteric Chant.

The rite can also be performed in a suitably sized crypt, with good acoustics. Whatever the venue chosen - and a natural cavern is best - the only light should be from candles.

The large crystal should be placed on a preferably oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood. The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the

crystal, while the congregation (of at least six) form an ellipse around them. The congregation slowly dance moonwise and chant the "Atazoth" chant, as while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth".

After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the "Diabolus" chant while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Nexion and its rending.

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin to slowly walk, counter moonwise, chanting *Binan Ath Ga Wath Am*. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "Atazoth". If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "Atazoth" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition. While the Cantors continue chanting the Priest and Priestess begin their acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking, directing their energies toward the crystal.

If only one Cantor is present, the "Atazoth" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths.

It is the Priestess - as Rounwytha - who silently concentrates and directs the acausal-energy released toward the tetrahedron which she via gift and skill of acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking uses as nexion. She then consciously makes her choice of one of the humans present to act as indwelling host, temporary or otherwise.

The Priestess will signal the success of the rite by taking the hand of the one chosen as host and placing both hands of the host on the crystal.



The Rite of The Star Game

The Rite of The Star Game is the simplest - and yet most complex - rite to call forth sinister acausal-entities from the acausal continuum, and requires either one or two individuals (cliologists). It is one of the most effective - the most powerful - rites known to us.

The rite is simple in that it involves only one or two individuals, and no chants, or ritualized elements, and no large crystal tetrahedron. It is complex, because it involves - as will become clear - the individual or individuals in determining, beforehand, various star patterns associated with particular acausal entities, it being an important part of the rite itself for the cliologist or cliologists to do this themselves, for it represents the necessary psychic (esoteric/magickal) preparation, and the necessary development of required Dark Art skills.

Both versions involve the construction of a large Advanced Star Game [qv. NAOS; pp.122ff of the ONA pdf facsimile], which has 308 squares and 90 pieces, and for this rite the pieces must all be made of quartz, and shaped as tetrahedrons. The boards can be either perspex, or wood.

The rite for one individual involves playing the game, starting from the initial set up of the pieces as given in NAOS, to achieve a particular pattern of pieces - determined beforehand - on boards to re-present the particular astronomical star alignment chosen, associated as this is with the particular acausal entity called forth.

That is, the cliologist sets out to map - by mimesis - the region of causal Space-Time as represented by stellar pointers (stars, viewed/described from Earth). That is, a particular region of the causal continuum is mapped, using stars, and which stars are re-presented by the pieces of the Star Game and their positions on the seven boards.

When the desired pattern is achieved, the cliologist uses the Star Game as the nexion - or rather, the alchemical combination of cliologist and completed Star Game becomes the nexion, and opens them to the acausal. The desired entity then manifests, and most usually indwells the cliologist, unless the cliologist has made provision for another human form to be available (willing or unwilling) nearby, and directs the entity into that chosen human form.

The rite for two cliologists is similar to the above, except that one cliologist plays to try and prevent the other achieving the desired pattern, and instead seeks to achieve their own pattern. Of necessity, this rite is much longer, but all the more powerful for that, and in this version the loser becomes the indwelling host for the acausal entity (or vice versa, if desired).

Both versions of the Game - for one or two cliologists - require that the game be completed without interruption of any kind, and thus the place chosen for the rite should allow for this.

Notes:

1) Stellar Pointers

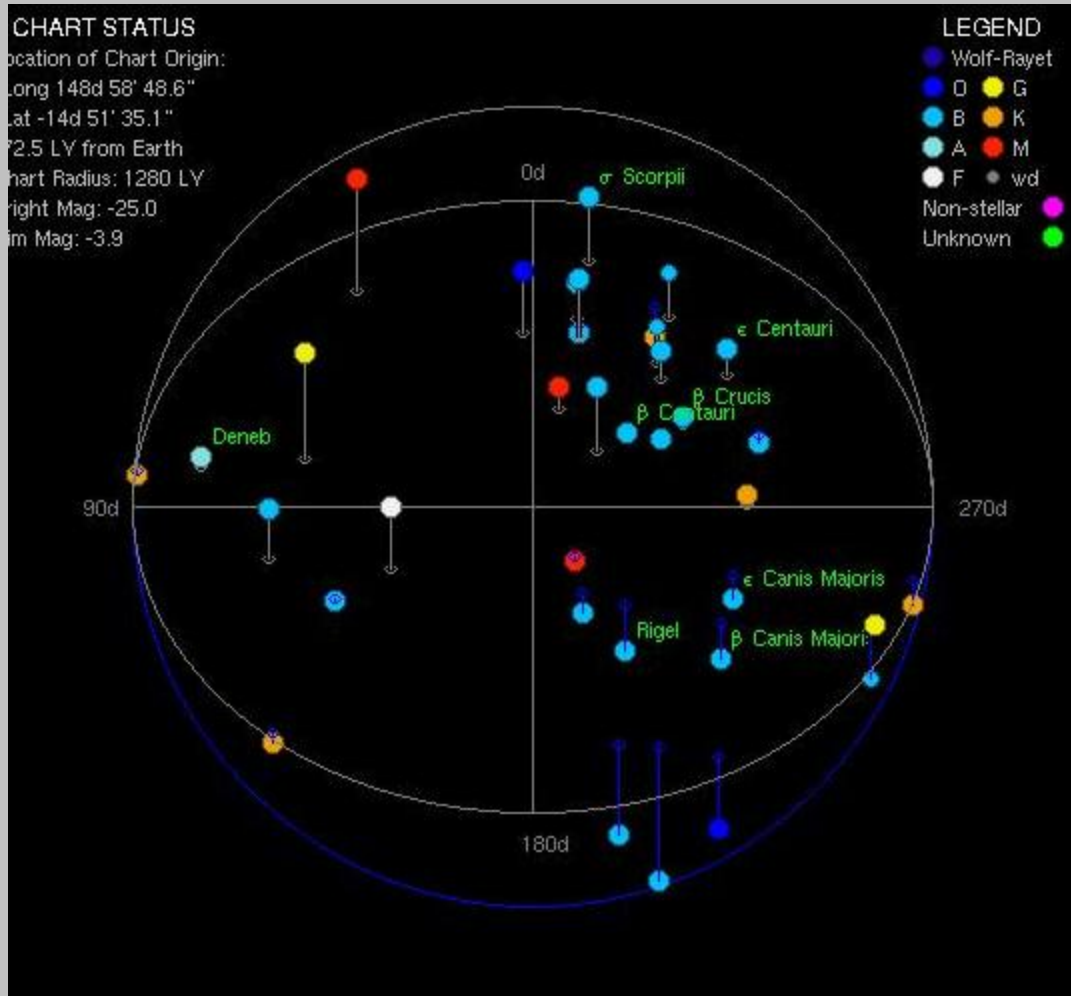
Each acausal entity known to us, via tradition and/or sinister experience, is associated with a particular star, or a particular collocation of stars, that is, a particular region in causal Space-Time.

Thus, the star Naos is associated with one entity; Algol with another, and Dabih with yet another. Deneb, for instance, is associated with a particularly powerful "female" acausal-entity, and so on. That is, each such star is near to or associated with an actual physical nexion between the causal and acausal, where direct physical movement (travel) between causal and acausal is possible.

In particular, each named board of the Star Game - for example, Sirius - has an associated acausal-entity, and these Star Game associated entities can be deduced from an initiated study of how each board relates to the Septenary Tree of Wyrd (ToW). For instance, the star-board associated with Mercury has the exoteric "word" Satan associated with it, so that in this case the entity is obvious. The alchemical season associated with this level/sphere of the ToW is Scorpio, which is one propitious season to "invoke" this particular entity. [See NAOS for the Septenary Tree of Wyrd and correspondences.]

As for the area to be mapped, this is for the cliologist to decide/determine, although the image below should serve as a guide, with the centre of this particular image being a certain star associated with a certain acausal entity. Thus, each star shown in that image would be re-presented by a particular piece, with its position in the image (its relation to the other stars, and the "point of origin") being its position on a particular board or square in the Star Game. In this particular image, the origin - the nexion - is some light-years in causal distance from Earth, with the stellar mapping area itself having a radius

of over one thousand light-years.



Thus, if the star at the centre of this particular image was chosen, then the aim - the magickal rite - is to re-present, by mimesis, this star-chart by means of the pieces and the boards of the advanced Star Game.

Note, that if the level of complexity is as in this image (which is the suggested level), then all other pieces on the boards must be removed *by the process of playing the game* so that only the correct number of pieces - *each one a star* - remain in their correct positions. Complexity here is determined by the chosen radius mapping area, and by the type, and apparent stellar magnitude, of the stars chosen to be mapped.

Hence, if, for example, the entity exoterically known as Satan was to be "invoked", the centre of the star mapping would be the star, Sirius, with the cliologist choosing the complexity by deciding on how many light years beyond

Sirius were to be mapped, and what type of stars to be included.

2) Boards and Levels

In the advanced Star Game, each board has four levels, representing the three plus one of the one causal metric that is that "one board". Level 1 is the lower board itself, of nine white and nine black squares. Level two is above level one on both ends of level 1, and thus has two parts, which are both directly above the squares of level 1. Level three consists of two squares only, set outward from level 1 at both ends (that is, there is one outward square above level 2 on each side). Level 4 has eight squares, 4 at either end above level 1 and directly above the squares of level 1.

The Rite of Acausal Existence

According to sinister tradition, it is possible - without the gift provided by an acausal entity such as a Dark Daughter of Baphomet - for an individual human being to acquire for themselves an acausal existence, that is, for their consciousness to be transferred to, to indwell, an acausal being; or more specifically for an acausal form to be created for such an indwelling, which form then passes into the acausal.

The rite of transference exists in two forms, and the one described here is the most efficacious, and requires a minimum of three offers (nine are best), who will be chosen according to our traditional guidelines, and brought to, and confined in or near to, the place chosen for what is perhaps the most sinister and the most joyful Rite of all. The rite be either performed alone by a single Rounwytha, or by two if those two have pledged themselves to end their mortal existence together and transfer instead to the acausal. Given the nature of the rite, the offers will not be voluntary, with the rite itself being undertaken in a secure indoor place, or in an isolated secure outdoor location, although a suitable outdoor location is increasingly difficult to find.

As with the Sinister Rite of The Nine Angles, propitious times include when the Moon occults Dabih, or is very close to it; and when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

The rite itself requires a large double tetrahedron, made of quartz, which is suspended by some non-conductive material (such as filaments of hemp or flax) woven to hold the crystal and to allow it to be touched by both of the Rounwytha's hands. It is suspended at shoulder height, and within an ellipse of nine smoothed elliptical stones made from pre-Cambrian rock, with this ellipse being of sufficient size to accommodate within it he/she (or those two) undertaking the rite. Next to each and in front of each elliptical stone is a stone slab also of pre-Cambrian rock, sufficient in size for a human head. The semi-major axis of the ellipse should be aligned East-West, and the first stone and its associated stand should be on this axis, with the other stones/stands placed so as to have unequal spacing between them.

Once the crystal, stones and stands have been set out as required, and the other necessary arrangements made, the Rounwytha should undertake a Black Fast, lasting no less than a day for each offer, and neither speak nor venture forth into daylight during this Fast nor have any contact with any other living causally-dwelling being, human or otherwise, with the exception of their partner who is sharing in the Rite, if such a partner there be.

At the chosen hour, the rite proper begins by the first offer being brought into the centre of the ellipse, to lie on the ground/floor so that the suspended crystal is above them. The offer may be bound or otherwise restrained.

The Rounwytha then despatches the offer by suitable means - such as using a sacrificial knife or sword - until the head is severed with the Rounwytha during this task silently concentrating and directing the acausal-energy, released by such an offering, toward the suspended crystal. The head of the offer is then placed on the slab on the semi-major axis of the ellipse, and the human shell, denuded of acausal energy, is removed, and replaced by the next offer. If required, the Rounwytha may place his/her hands upon the offer as the acausal energy seeps out, and then place their hands upon the crystal.

This process is continued until all the offers have served their designated purpose, when the Rounwytha(s) removes the crystal from its holder, and holding the crystal to them, ignites (if indoors and if required) the flammable material surrounding them, and consumes the phial of their chosen swift acting poison, while directing their own acausal energy into and thence beyond the nexion that is now their crystal.

Notes:

- 1) According to tradition, the Rounwytha desirous of undertaking this rite will do so when their causal life is already beginning to fade, by a natural causal ageing, or other means. Given their acausal-empathy, they will know when this time is near, and will plan accordingly.
 - 2) While not a necessity, the Rounwytha may desire to dispose of as much material as possible after their departure, and therefore may choose to conduct the rite in a suitable place (for example, a building of combustible material such as wood) and spread sufficient quantities of flammable liquid in the chosen area. Or they may elect to operate some explosive device.
 - 3) It is also possible for this particular rite to be performed under non-ritual circumstances when, for example, an individual-explosive-device may be employed in a combat-type situation with the opfers being "enemies". Here, the stones and other ceremonial trappings are dispensed with, although the Rounwytha or sinister Adept should still possess, if possible, a double tetrahedron, made of quartz, sufficient in size to be concealed but not so small that it could be concealed in the palm of just one hand. If this method is chosen, for whatever reason, the Rounwytha or sinister Adept should at the moment of detonation hold the crystal in one hand (if this be possible) and intone *Binan Ath Ga Wath Am* while directing their own acausal energy and that of their targets into and thence beyond the nexion that is now their crystal.
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Appendix

The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they

possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has n number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that there are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being*. This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the

causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and

our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develop, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develop, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develop our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

(1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;

(2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;

(3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, but rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The

Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presenced or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan - or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet - as conventional "gods" or "goddesses" are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve

ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

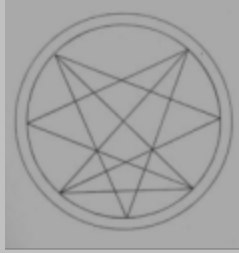
This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".





ONA Manuscripts

Main Category: Traditional Satanism

Sub Category: Ritual Texts

Date: 113yf

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Grimoire of Baphomet - Dark Goddess

Order of Nine Angles

copyleft 113yf

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Credits: Sinister images by C.Beest

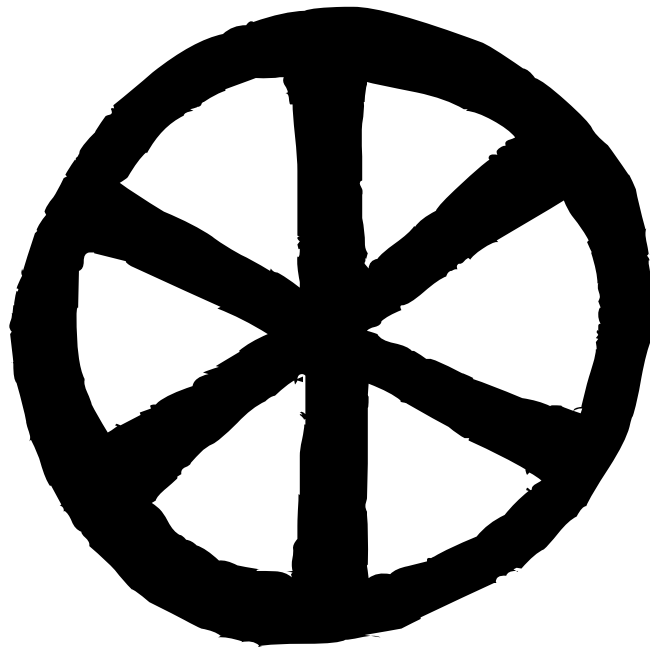
Order of Nine Angles

”Septenary Tree of Wyrð”

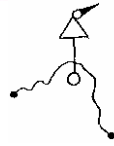
Sphere of Jupiter

The Sinister Tarot

By Christos Beest



0



The power within is great
The eagle eats
Its human offspring
Cold music here
Blue woman hold the horse's head
While the Seer weaves

PHYSIS – GA WATH AM

The gradual unfolding of nature; the source of Evolution, that which creates Wyrd. The essence behind the appearance of things. Ga wath am: the Power within me is Great.

I



Headless
The white angel impaled
By Seven.
Seven bells rung,
The cortege from a black hill
Passed the squatter's cottage.
Black flame engulfed
Black flame ate the 'holy'.

MAGICKIAN – BINAN ATH

*Empathy; a flowing with natural forces that are consciously understood. An integration becoming (part of) a greater Wyrd; an awareness that spans Aeons.
Actions that prepare the way.*

II

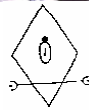


She rows a boat in a black pool
From Her steps :
The Hermaphrodite,
The body drowned.
The Planet of Them
And the first drop
In a white desert
Into clear waters
Aktlal Maka.

HIGH PRIESTESS - MACTORON

Beyond the Abyss: the crossing over and Initiation (in terms of awareness whilst still partaking of a causal existence) into the Lands of the Dark Immortals. A self-awareness that transcends temporal understanding - becoming the essence; beyond opposites.

III

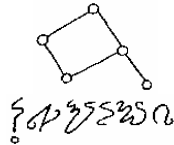
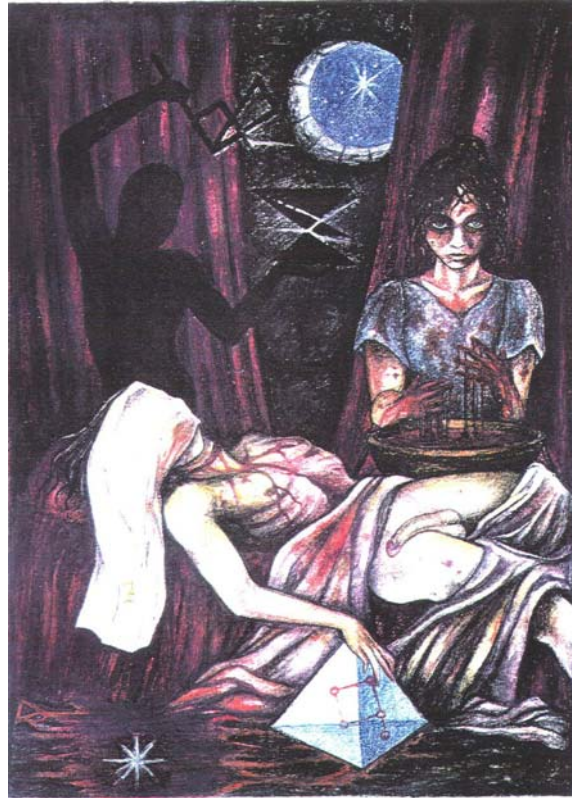


**From a mountain of skulls
Blue trees
A rose garden cracks
Two women walk through;
The corpse in a wedding dress
No longer guides
Four waterfalls flood the Earth
And books become ash ...**

MISTRESS OF EARTH - DAVCINA

Empathic manipulation (such as 'enchantment') to create Change via causal structure - amoral acts that may conventionally be seen as 'evil'. Actions provoked by unfettered passions and a reveling in the physical pleasures and challenges of life. "Ruthless ambition". Creativity and Change via destruction - ie. War, culling.

IV

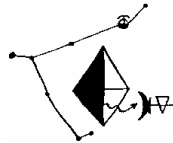


**The Elixir of Recalling
Flows into clear water
The contracting of the Dark Star
The severing of the attractant
The Pool is opened
Go deeper
Against all other
And ever Darker, Recall.**

LORD OF EARTH - KTHUNAE

The nature of the changes in the causal, beyond the actions of those who initiated them; how the acausal relates dynamically to the causal and vice-versa ('Sinister Dialectic'). The flowing of energies according to the greater Wyrð and Destinies of those directly and indirectly involved - thus, the presence of unforeseen factors and the pitfalls implicit in this which may create errors of judgement. The maintaining of an ethos or 'tradition' via 'timeless' acts.

V



The depths of the sea
A tunnel of knives
There is a union here
While he directs the Chosen
Rage in the Eye
Of the Goat –
The golden triangle
Stands against a sky of fire

MASTER - ATAZOTH

Manipulation - actions based on a knowledge of the Sinister Dialectic as revealed by practical experience: a rational, to some 'cold', observation beyond the stage of Adeptship/Individuation. Control of all the many and varied factors within a situation - in other words, the achievement of a stage in individual evolution that goes beyond the personal, and thus implies the ability to initiate Change on a large-scale, perhaps of a civilization.

VI

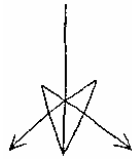


Sappho dance in still water
Chains and roses in blue
Invoke the Sun
To an arch of fire
Gravestones, butterflies
And rivers of snakes.

LOVERS – KARU SAMSU

The double tetrahedron a nexion created via the union of balancing forces. The sowing of the seed of Change that which may transform and carry evolution beyond the Abyss, and thus beyond 'self-image' - or that which may destroy. The invoking of energies that coerce to create something beyond 'self'.

VII



The ruby is the password
She of the white robe
Rides the transparent horse
The maiden closes.
On broken legs he steps forth
He becomes the Dragon ...

AZOTH - SATANAS

The Menstruum - the Sinister aspect implicit within the 'homogenous metallic water': the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity – the 'Accuser'. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal - or destruction by it.

VIII



Their Name ...
Inside the room of Sacrifice:
White flowers.
A garden, dry, of dead roses.
The masked lady
Holds Her new child.

CHANGE - NEKALAH

The earthing and spreading of energies. The hard truth of Nature - the dying time of one form to give way and birth to another. A causal form created to act as a focal point/channel for the fulfillment of Wyrđ - the beginnings of a practical realization of strategies and aims. The Sinister Dialectic in action: by its dynamic nature a prelude to - and when realized a creator of - insight.

IX

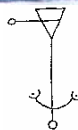
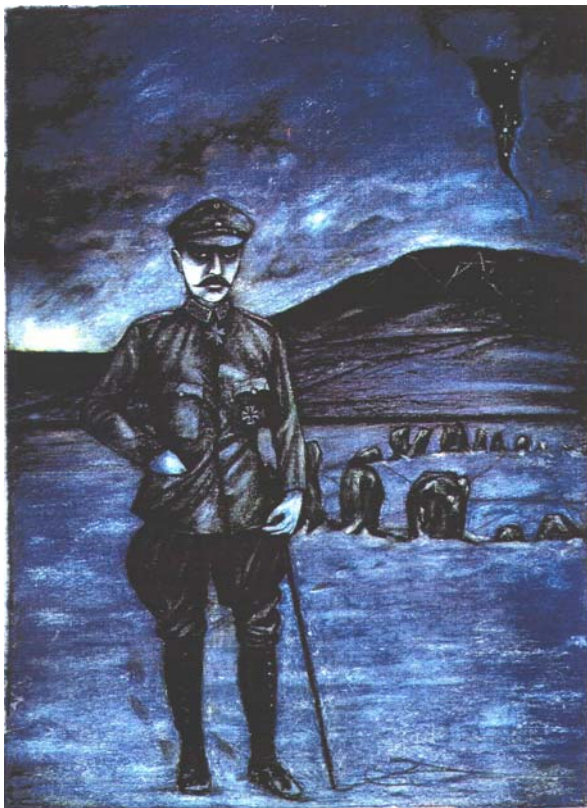


A crippled boy
A tunnel of bone
A Star descends into a forest
Faces are removed
And She sits in the stone house
Unheard.

HERMIT - SAUROCTONOS

Withdrawal and a revealing; the lying between two stages of alchemical Change. Intimations of the Abyss. The culmination on a personal level of energies created by Change - the surfacing of individual factors hitherto only known on an unconscious level. A process of discovery that will lead to insight, (further) knowledge of wyrd; or madness, death.

X

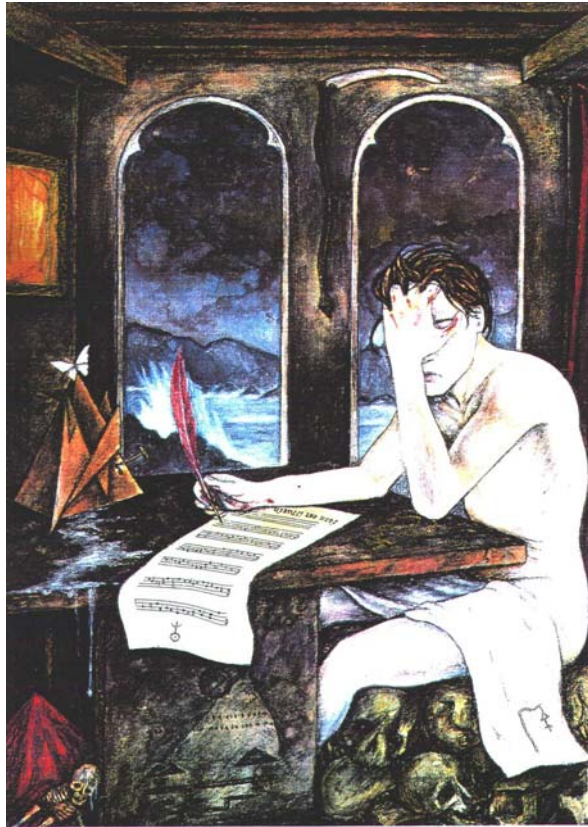


**In red desert
Three fingers and a skull
Are laid on fur
The stones of a circle
Turn to frogs
The skeleton of a child
The birth of an army
A Nexion is opened.**

WYRD - AZANIGIN

That which is beyond personal Destiny. That which causes expression of itself via the implementation or provocation of acts which in their design achieve long term aims beyond the causal death of an individual; changing aspects of a society by significant creations and thus changing a whole race of people - fulfilling the destiny or Wyrd of the ethos of a civilization. Acts that inaugurate a new Aeon. The causal nature that is dictated by the essence of things – ‘fate’ etc.

XI

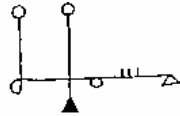


**Autumn –
A marriage beneath the Earth
In Elixir
She washes Her hands
A Black Eagle
A Palace of Light
She becomes the snake
Who offers the sword
To sever the arm ...**

DESIRE - LIDAGON

Alchemy: the union of two balancing forces that, as a nexion, create Change through Sinister Intent - the energies in action as earthed and affected by that which is re-presented by atus VI, VII and VII.

XII

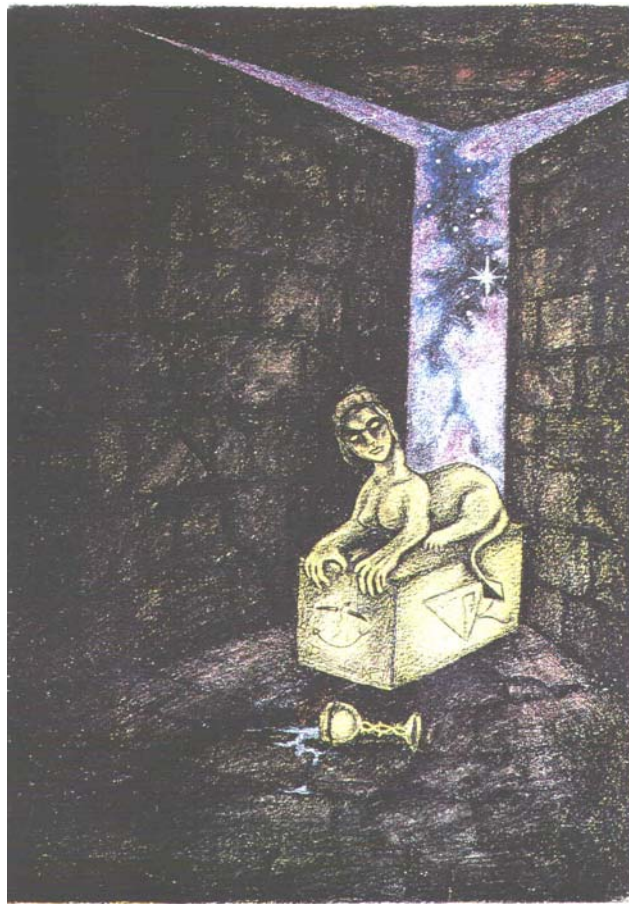


Two horses
Fight within a circle of trees
(The Sun at Night)
Two angels
Laughing in a room of sacrifice
Two
In a haze of gold
Beyond the Door

OPFER - VINDEK

Entrance/transition to the Lands of the Dark Immortals. The individual becoming that which s/he created - a transferral of consciousness to the acausal to be in essence part of the greater Wyrđ. A reverberation across Aeons of the causal acts of an individual, gradually leaving the essence behind the appearance to haunt the psyches of others. The altering of the astral shell; that which ultimately cannot and need not be described. The deliberate removal of that which is detrimental to Wyrđ.

XIII

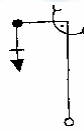
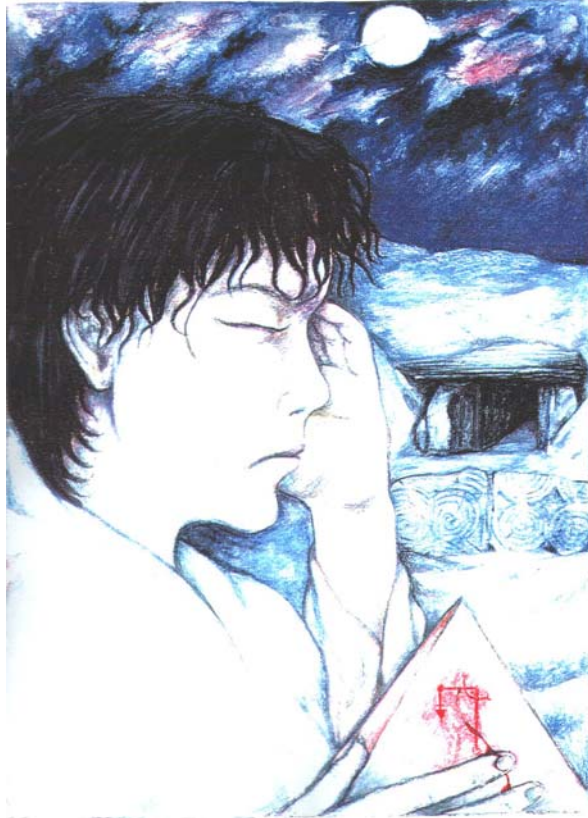


A canal route lined
By white Griffins.
A vortex of grey starless space.
The chalice spills its
White blood
And the Herdsman's light shines
In the Chamber of the Sphinx.

DEATH - NYTHRA

That which follows hubris; the consequence of attempting to escape that which is ill-fated by Destiny. Personal destruction from self-delusion and the cessation of self-evolution. Energy vortex in the Abyss. The stripping away of the self-image that, if successful, will produce a genuine Master/Mistress; confronting the Chaos within and without.

XIV

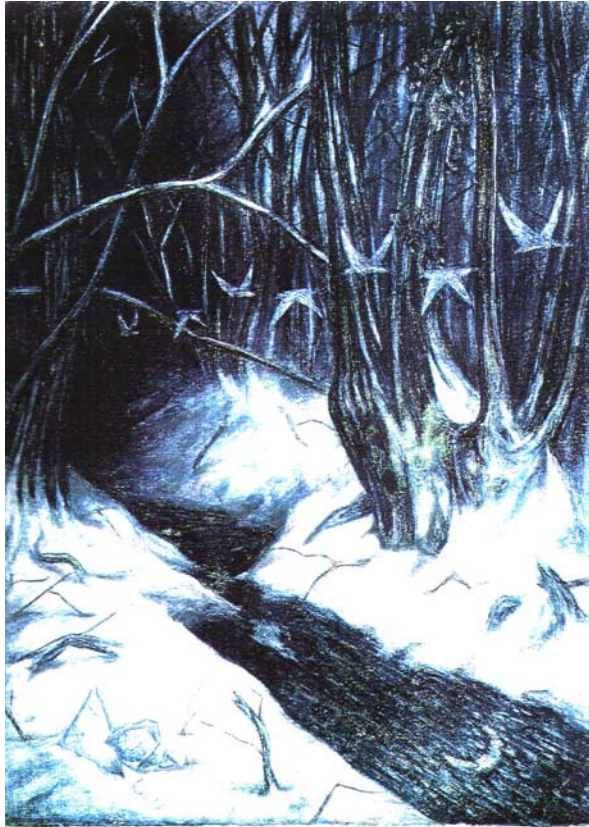


The Bleeding Earth
From the throats of fools,
in brooks
From the Gate
A red bird
This, the corn needs
Containment of Winter :
The Maiden is ready

HEL - AOSOTH

Self-possession; knowledge that allows one to consciously improve/evolve and use natural abilities (or 'gifts') - such as sexual charisma - to the advantage of personal Destiny and Wyrd, and to confront and resolve those qualities within character which are detrimental. Self-honesty. In early stages of development, such an individual causes unforeseen disruption and resentment amongst others. Beginnings of that which is re-presented by atu III.

XV



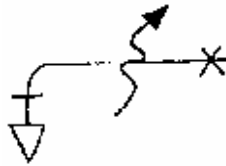
2

**The Moon wraps itself
Around the Savage God;
Impaled on a throne
As the wheel of skulls turns.
The jewelled Lady
The crone ...
Winter in the wildest of woods.**

DEOFEL - NOCTULIUS

Sinister awakening - Nature as it is, raw and unaffected. That primal awareness of the vibrance of life that possesses and creates the 'accuser', that provokes acts that challenge the existence of the 'sacred'. The real meaning of liberation unchained by temporary abstract ideas; the laughter of the savage, wild god. Terror to the uninitiated.

XVI

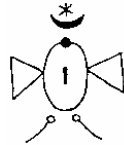


**In a dungeon, a bed of fire
From an exploded sphere
Red butterflies
With a look
The war is begun
A sexless mask
In the caves of the sea.**

WAR - ABATU

Conflict; the clashing of vision and destinies. The attempt by others to wrest away the Destiny of one individual and thus disrupt the greater Wyrð. A clouding of vision that creates doubts, lack of direction, susceptibility to outside forces and possibly, if insight is lost, the renouncing of a quest. The hardship imposed by the consequences of actions, but by the suffering such striving imposes, Wisdom - and Destiny - may be attained. Awareness of those factors - such as other people - that may fulfill Destiny, and the hard practical realities of striving to create this fulfillment. Sadness and wisdom and creativity through loss

XVII

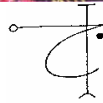


**The blue statue
His red eyes survey the maze
Bringer of wisdom
The perfect child
And the tetrahedron
Bathing hair in the Dark Pool
Successor ...**

STAR - NEMICU

*The maturity and bringing to fulfillment of that promise re-presented by atus VI and VIII.
Knowledge of identity, of Wyrd and what needs to be done. A coming of age; the seed of
Change blossoms. Domination: the successful establishment of a causal structure; a process,
the effects of which are irreversible once the cause is triumphant on whatever level. The
beginnings of Imperium.*

XVIII

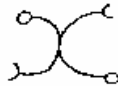
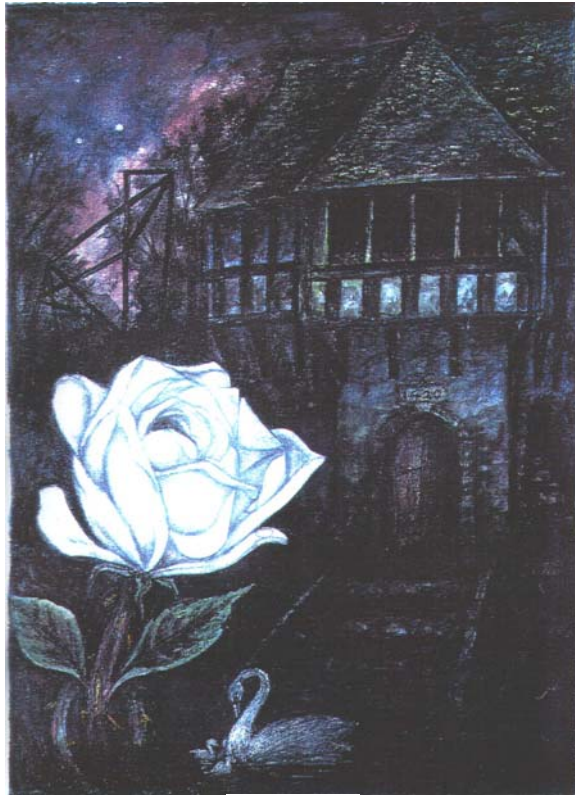


**A frog reveals human heads
Within its mouth
Furrowed white fields
White, snow laden trees –
Her face, caught by the Moon;
Her eyes come to know the Pool,
Take the spiral staircase to the Blue room ...**

MOON - SHUGARA

That which has not yet been confronted within the psyche of the individual; that which is strange, which lies outside the scope of any world view; that which lies within the Dark Pool beneath the Moon and threatens to devour, create madness. A stage which cannot be ignored if further development is sought, requiring a descent to draw out that which is obscure, fearfully hidden: the gateway to the Abyss. A point from which there is no turning back: that which leads to rebirth via death.

XIX



Now in the desert,
A jester
Greets the transparent horse
On hill Golden folk
Become fire
The snow melts
The faces of Mountains
The raven with
The woman's face,
Her gold begets the Blood ...

SUN - VELPECULA

The finding of the Aeon: the height of Imperium – causal structure altered in accordance with long term aims, bearing its own fruits of Change. But these fruits are the final product of a grand age, the final works of the ethos of a race fulfilled. The brink of new possibilities; storm clouds gather with promise of the blood of birth, of the heralding of a Higher associated civilization. The fulfilling of personal Desires and potential, creating intimations/hauntings of further progression. Disatisfaction causing aspirations to something 'higher'/beyond – 'reaching for the stars'

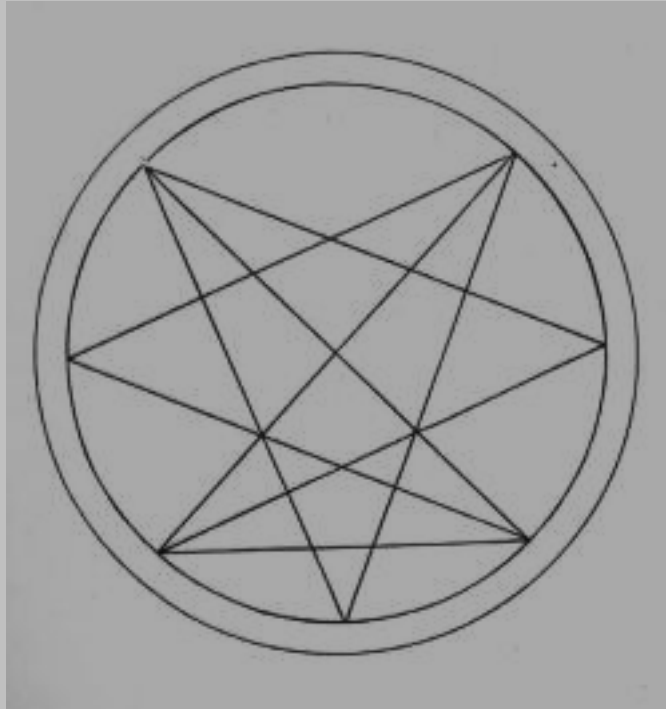
XX



**The woman beneath the water
The Temple within
Of War torn landscapes, black hills
Grab the lightening and hold it
Shell shocked
The Giving within Her arms ...**

AEON - NAOS

A nexion fully opened: greater Wyrð causally fulfilled now dynamically giving expression to new forms of itself via Physis; new challenges, new expressions of a continuing ethos - the Chaos of birth: the Dark Gods returned, shape-shifting, creating new possibilities. An ethos that is alive and evolving, defying all that challenge its vision; to constantly redefine limits, Prometheus-like and insatiable. The cycle of creative evolution. The Aeon of Fire.



The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has n number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being*. This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develop, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develop, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develop our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

(1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;

(2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;

(3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, but rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being.

Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan - or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet -

as conventional “gods” or “goddesses” are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the

acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles



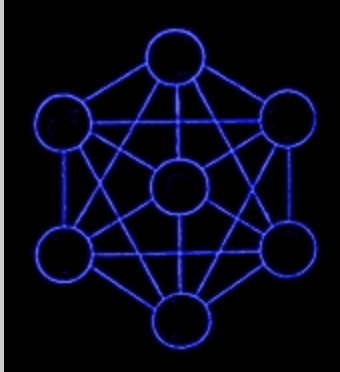
Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".

A Short History and Ontology of Satan

According to the Order of Nine Angles



A Short History of Satan

The story of Satan is vulgarly regarded - according to popular and Nazarene belief - as making its first appearance in what is regarded as ancient Biblical times, with a short history of, and stories about, Satan being provided in various parts the Old Testament, where Satan is described as a fallen (or rebellious) angel of the supreme deity commonly referred to as God, who rebelled because of His pride. In this story, one of the functions of Satan is to tempt human beings, and lead them away from the teaching, the revelation, the laws, of God.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with human beings who oppose any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Over many centuries, both the story and the ontology of the Biblical being named Satan were further developed, particular by Nazarenes.

However, there is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

The Order of Nine Angles presents a rather different interpretation, and history, of Satan, primarily based on what has been claimed to be an old aural tradition, handed down by a few reclusive Adepts of what has been, variously, called The Dark Tradition, The Seven Fold Way, The Sinister Way, Traditional Satanism, and Hebdomadry.

According to this tradition [1], the being now known by the exoteric name Satan is one of The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones), who are entities existing, living, in the acausal continuum [2]. This Satan [3] is The Prince of Darkness and of Chaos, and He - along with some other Dark Gods - is portrayed as a shapeshifter, capable of assuming human form, Who has visited, or been manifest, on Earth. at various times throughout our human history.

Thus, for the ONA, Satan is an actual living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can - by means of various nexions [4] - presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.

Furthermore, Satan - and other shapeshifting Dark Ones, such as the entity Baphomet, known to us in Her female human form - are considered as having been instrumental in guiding our conscious development, especially through the Chaos and Change wrought by Satanic Adepts through means such as the Sinister Dialectic. Satanic Adepts - and Initiates - are thus considered as doing the work of Satan, here in the causal, and on our planet, Earth.

One legend recounts Baphomet as the Bride, The Wife and Mistress, of Satan - and the Mother of all life on our planet, Earth. Baphomet is thus, according to this legend, that innate creative force, that cosmic energy, which permeates and which guides Nature upward by means of what we humans have termed evolution.

According to legend, Satan - and some other Dark Ones - first came to, or presenced themselves on, Earth to and for us, many millennia ago, at the dawn of our human consciousness. In addition, Satan - as some other Dark Entities from the acausal - has, by virtue of their acausal nature, certain powers; that is, He - as They - can provoke, or cause, or be the genesis, of certain changes in we human beings (desired or undesired by us), as well as in our causal world ("events" on planet Earth). Thus, He - as They (and in particular, Baphomet) - can interfere in our human affairs, and have interfered in our human affairs, according to Their own nature.

This "interference" is just another way of saying that certain acausal entities possess the ability to change, or alter, in certain ways, causal energy, and

causal matter - and in particular the type of energy that is our human psyche, which itself is just a mostly latent nexion between the realm of the causal and the realms of the acausal. Satanic Initiation is a means to open this particular nexion, just as living in a Satanic manner keeps this nexion open, expands it, and allows for acausal energy to flow through it, bringing a new type of life to the Satanist, allowing them to presence acausal energy (dark forces) on Earth, and providing them with an opportunity for an acausal existence after their own mortal dying. [5]

On The Ontology of Satan and His Name

According to the ONA, Satan and the other Dark Ones are simply acausal entities, existing - living - in the acausal continuum. That is, they are a particular type of natural life in the Cosmos, and were not created by some supreme deity, named God, or whatever [6]. They just *are*, and live according to their own, acausal, nature, in their own species of acausal Time and in the infinite realms of acausal Space.

Unlike ourselves, however - who are mortal fragile beings living for a brief period in the causal continuum and thus whose body is subject to the decay caused by the cause-and effect of linear, causal, Time - these acausal entities, by virtue of the nature of acausal Space and acausal Time, can be viewed as "immortal" and capable of instantaneous "travel", both in their own dimensions, and in ours.

Thus, these entities are not what are commonly called "supernatural beings" - they are just a different type of being from we mortal human beings who live in the causal continuum known to us by means of our human senses. These acausal beings do not have, nor need, fragile, organic, bodies such as we possess, although - as mentioned - they can assume human form, when presenced on Earth [7].

The name Satan is only the traditional exoteric (the common or outer or non-responsive) name of this particular acausal entity. The esoteric "name" of this entity is a chant (a vibration of a particular frequency and intensity) which when sung or chanted in the correct manner (by two or more human individuals) in a particular type of resonant place where a certain shaped crystal is aligned correctly - re-presents the actual, responsive/reactive, human name of the entity.

This esoteric (secret and correct) name of Satan is based upon the Greek word that became the word Satan, and, historically, the ONA derives the name from Phoenician and thence, in a variant form, to Ancient Greek [8] - a Greek name

borrowed and morphed by others, and thence inappropriately appropriated by the writers of the Old Testament, who wrote several centuries after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus, and Pythagoras.

It is quite possible that it was the shapeshifting acausal entity known to ONA myth and legend as The Prince of Darkness, Who - interacting with human beings in certain ways in our historical past - gave rise to various stories, myths and legends, in many cultures at varying times, including the stories, myths and legends, about Ahriman.

Thus, it was some stories about the coming-forth-to-Earth of this particular acausal entity that eventually were used as the basis for the abstract, fantasy, "satan" described in the Old Testament, redolent as this fantasy was and is - with its "chosen people", its Prophets, its vengeful supreme Being capable of vanquishing Satan, its "sacred texts" and God-given laws - of a people suffering quite severely from the debilitating disease of abstractionism, manifest as this sickness often is in both the hubriati-syndrome and in feelings of being persecuted.

Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen



Notes:

[1] As has been written many times in respect of such aural traditions, they are to be judged by each individual, on their merits, or otherwise. That is, no claim is made regarding them, by the ONA, other than that they are aural traditions, and - like other folk stories, and other aural myths and legends - they may or may not contain some veracity, and may or may not contain accurate or interesting historical information.

[2] For the acausal continuum, see ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

For a brief outline of The Dark Gods, refer to ONA texts such as *The Mythos of*

the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness.

[3] For a brief discussion of the name Satan, see the section *On The Ontology of Satan and His Name*, below.

[4] Nexions are a means whereby entities from the acausal may presence - be manifest, or travel - to the causal continuum, including Earth, and thus interact with, and affect, we human beings. For a brief outline of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles - A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

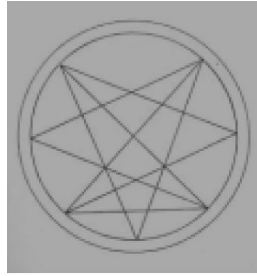
According to tradition, the vibration of the esoteric name of Satan, in the correct manner in the correct surroundings, opens a particular type of nexion and transmits a human call into the acausal which Satan may respond to.

[5] Refer to ONA texts such as *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[6] The Dark, the Satanic, Tradition of the ONA states that such a supreme, creator, Being - such as God - does not exist, and that what we term God is just a human abstraction, an unnecessary human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have projected onto the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

[7] For further details regarding the ontology of Satan, refer to ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[8] For a brief discussion regarding the correct etymology of the name Satan, refer to the Appendix of the ONA text *Defining Satanism*.



A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

While the esoteric philosophy and praxis of The Order of Nine Angles has recently come to the attention of certain academics [1] one aspect of the ONA has so far gone almost unnoticed, even among many aficionados of the ONA. This is the ONA assumption of an afterlife, in the acausal dimensions, and which afterlife is an important, if not to say, crucial, part of their esoteric, their Left Hand Path, philosophy [2].

According to the ONA:

"...the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and "religious". Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal - on this planet, and elsewhere - and also as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal "death", to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being of primal Darkness. " Anton Long. *The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning* 119 Year of Fayen

This new, acausal, existence is, however, not a certainty, and nor is it given by some entity or some type of being, acausal or otherwise, be that entity named Satan or Baphomet, or whatever. Instead, this afterlife has to be achieved, by the individual, in this mortal - that is, this causal - existence of ours, by practical deeds done, with great emphasis being placed on the practical nature of such deeds. According to the ONA:

"...we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.....

One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen

As to the nature of this new acausal existence which members of ONA tribes might be able to gain for themselves, the ONA says that, currently, we possess neither the language, nor the words, to adequately describe it, although it can be glimpsed - we can acquire intimations of it - if we, for instance, develop our faculty of what the ONA call acausal-empathy, and also if we presence and come to have some knowledge of (by Dark Sorcery), certain acausal entities [3].

The Dark Warrior Nature of the ONA

This afterlife is, for the ONA, inseparably bound up with the ONA's Law of the Sinister-Numen and thence with the ONA's sinister tribes. Indeed, one might with confidence state - as the ONA themselves do - that their Way is fundamentally the Way of the Dark Warrior, one of whose primary aims is to fight, in a practical way, for the creation of, and ultimately on behalf of, what the ONA calls The Dark Galactic Imperium.

" Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. " *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Fayen

For the ONA there is a certain scorn of death:

" Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mundanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence. " Anton Long, *Dark Warriors of The Sinister Way*.

In the ONA's *Law of the Sinister-Numen* it is stated that:

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

This defiance of death is the warrior creed, *par excellence*, and what makes it dark, or sinister, is that such warriors are of a unique kind, dedicated to their own tribe, and pursuing not only their own goals, but also the sinister aims of the ONA itself, one of whose stated aims is:

"...to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen. "

According to the ONA, if a person lives - and if necessary or in particular dies - according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, they are increasing their own amount of acausal energy, and thus enlarging the nexion that they are, and can be, to the acausal. Thus, by living and if necessary dying as a warrior, according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, a person can not only forge for themselves a new type of nexion to the realms of the acausal, but also pattern, strengthen, and control their own acausal energy (that which gives them their causal life) to such an extent that they evolve, after their mortal death, to become an entirely new type of being, beyond the human.

Thus, while on first consideration such an afterlife may appear as somewhat irrational and mystical, it is in fact a logical and indeed a necessary deduction arising from the fundamental axioms of the ONA's esoteric philosophy.

Conclusion

While it may seem somewhat strange that a sinister, a Left Hand Path, an organization known as Satanist, should speak and write of an afterlife, such an afterlife - or rather, their unique kind of afterlife - is quite consistent with both their esoteric philosophy, their ontology, and their praxis. For their philosophy is based on the axiom of there existing an acausal Universe, an acausal continuum, and of there existing, in this acausal Universe, acausal beings. In addition, according to the ONA, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal life, including ours.

Furthermore, it is perhaps this belief in such an afterlife - attainable it seems only by dark warriors doing warrior deeds, and dying heroically in pursuit of dark aims - which not only further distinguishes the ONA from all known esoteric groups, but will also facilitate the spread of both the ONA itself, and its subversive esoteric philosophy.

To have people willing to die because of their belief in such an afterlife [4], surely makes the ONA far more sinister than most people already consider it to be.

Richard Stirling
January 2010 CE

Footnotes:

(1) See, for example, George Sieg: *Angular Momentum - From Traditional to Progressive Satanism in the Order of Nine Angles*, 2009 CE, and Jacob C. Senholt: *The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*, 2009 CE

(2) For an overview of this philosophy, refer to *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen.

For an overview of the ONA and The Left Hand Path, refer to my article *The Left Hand Path - A Comparison Between The Order of Nine Angles and The Temple of Set*, 2010 CE.

(3) Private e-mail from Anton Long (via ONA member DarkLogos) dated 7 January, 2010 CE.

(4) In one document produced by an underground ONA sect (that is, nexion) it is stated that:

We are of and are called to The Dark Way because we identify with, and we yearn for, the acausal spaces - the acausal realms themselves, which are, to us humans, Dark; beyond the illumination we know from our star, the Sun, and beyond the artificial illumination we have manufactured to light our brief mortal living on this planet we named Earth. We are Dark, here, because it is where we can go - where we can transcend to if we live and die in the rightway - where we are the very illumination that lives there; we are, we become, the very light that travels, traverses, that lives - immortal - within the pure undefiled darkness of the dark acausal spaces. We become acausal stars Galaxies of stars - travelling where we will among the infinite darkness, bringing into being by our very travelling, our very existence there, new life both causal and acausal and in both the realms of the causal and acausal spaces. Thus do we, thus can we, become of those Dark Immortals - the Immortals of the dark acausal realms, and thus can we seed the darkness of both causal and acausal with our immortal living light, bringing thus, causing thus, being-thus, evolution itself.

Warriors of The Dark Way

While this may not be, or represent, official ONA policy - if indeed the ONA have official policies - it certainly does seem to capture something of the spirit that might motivate such Dark Warriors.



Sinister Experiential Eleutheria

The Five Core ONA Principles Explained

Introduction

The essence of the sinister (the Left Hand Path) association known as The Order of Nine Angles is that - as praxis, as a living society of diverse human beings - it is a sinister experiential means of individual and collective eleutheria. A practical way which enables our liberation from such forms (causal abstractions) as hold us in thrall physically, psychically, and collectively, and thence enable us to evolve ourselves, as individuals, and to establish new ways of living consistent with eleutheria, with our freedom to be unique individual human beings.

One such form of thralldom is that of morality. Another is modern nation-States with their taxes, their impersonal laws and their use of force and the threat of imprisonment in order to keep their control. Other types of thralldom include all *-isms* and all the *-ologies* that have been manufactured over millennia, from religions to political ideologies to social and political theories.

This liberation of ours is sinister - of the LHP - because it is heretical, in conflict with and in opposition to the status quo, and because it is directly personal, requiring as it does the individual to begin a new life, a new way of living, where it is their own personal judgement, their own effort, and their experience and actions, that matter.

Our sinister liberation is of two kinds - the individual and the Aeonic, and both of these take certain durations of causal Time, from a few years in the case of individuals, to several centuries in the case of Aeonic liberation. This Aeonic liberation is the practical destruction of the existing status quo (manifest for instance in nation-States and their laws) and the emergence of our New Aeon,

manifest in our new ways of sinister individual and tribal living.

This individual liberation occurs when a person decides to change themselves and their life by using our practical sinister methods and techniques - by becoming sinister in real life.

Aeonic liberation occurs when liberated sinister individuals - either alone or in concert with others of our kind - Presence The Dark by practical sinister deeds and by living in a sinister way, individually or with others of our liberated kind.

Core ONA Traditions

The core ONA traditions are also known as The Five Core ONA Principles, and these are the basic principles/traditions on which the Order of Nine Angles is based and which may thus serve to distinguish us, exoterically, from all other esoteric/LHP/Satanic/sinister groups. These traditions express our *how* and our *why* - our heretical, sinister, character and our sinister sorcery - and the traditions are manifest in a practical way in our gangs, our Dreccs, our Niners, our clans and tribes; in our nexions following the Seven-Fold Way of sinister training, and in our individual sorcerers and sorceresses.

These traditions define us as a new breed, and distinguish us from mundanes.

These basic ONA traditions are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour; (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition.

Thus, practical sinister deeds change, inform, and test the individual. They breed - are the genesis of - our new type of (sinister/satanic) human being. Or such deeds break and destroy the individual. This is hard, but necessary, and we waste no time on such failures.

Thus, kindred honour means we as individuals are the only law: that we acknowledge that the only acceptable law and the only acceptable justice are those that derive and are based upon our own individual judgement and experience - that is, on the principle of kindred honour. This is profoundly heretical, in these days of the nation-State, of 'international laws' and of supra-national 'law enforcement' organizations and so-called international 'courts of law'.

1. Practical Deeds

The principle that it is practical deeds which breed our kind, and which thus are

necessary and required. Practical deeds undertaken in real life and which deeds express our sinister ethos: that is, they are exeatic, they challenge, they test, they are hard and difficult, they are amoral, they are heretical, and they are dangerous. One such practical deed undertaken by our kind – or by those desirous of becoming one of us – is culling.

For us, such deeds come before words and before any theory – even before our own kind of esoteric theory.

2. Culling

The principle that culling – of mundanes – is natural, and also necessary for our kind, both in personal and in Aeonic terms. To cull is to test one's self and to gain some necessary sinister experience.

Exoterically, culling is our esoteric badge of sinister-honour, and marks us – internally, to ourselves, and externally, to those of our kindred whom we personally know and trust. Thus, such a bleeding-in is a condition of joining us – as Drecc, or as a Niner, or as a pledged member of a traditional nexion.

One either culls or one reveals an inner weakness, a cowardice: a refusal to be sinister in real life. If one culls and succeeds, then one has shown the cunning, the skills, the character, that make and mark our kind. If one culls and fails – and so, for example, gets caught by some mundane 'authority' and so becomes confined – then one has failed, and one can either accept that failure (and forever remain mundane), or use that failure as a learning experience and thus as another opportunity, for instance to make a name for one's self in some place of mundane confinement and/or recruit there and blood-in others there and so establish there a nexion of our sinister kind, to the detriment of mundane 'authority', and as a new presencing of our Sinister Code.

As mentioned elsewhere, culling is of two kinds – the individual and the collective.

The individual is when a specific individual is removed because of specific deed or deeds done, with their rotten character so revealed.

The collective is when a specific method – such as combat, insurrection, revolution – is being used either by one of us as a causal form or within a rôle, or by a nexion (or collocation of nexions) as a means or tactic to implement Aeonic strategy, and which collective type of culling does not target specific, named, individuals, but rather 'the sworn enemy' any of whom are deemed acceptable targets.

Thus, individual culling involves giving the potential offer a sporting chance by

testing them according to our well-established guidelines for the testing of offers; while collective culling does not require such guidelines, only that the target(s) belong to or are part of the group designated as sworn enemies, it being for individual nexions, or a gang of Dreccs/Niners, to decide for themselves as to who and what are their sworn enemies, it being understood that such nexions, such Dreccs and Niners, are by their very nature at war with mundanes and with the Magian System, exemplified as this System is by the modern nation-State with its laws, its so-called Courts of Law and its Police and armed forces.

3. Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

This means that we divide human beings into two different kinds - (1) those who are of us or who have the qualities, the potential, to become of us, and (2) those who are not like us. Our kind are made by their acceptance of the principle of personal honour and by living according to this principle. Hence, someone becomes of us when they pledge to live their lives according to the principle.

Thus, our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code - given in full below). Our behaviour toward mundanes - our treatment of them - is guided by our understanding of them (and their wealth and property) as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonic, aims and goals.

Thus, we have respect for our own kind, and only our own kind – with such trust being earned, and with our kind known to us by their practical deeds, by their behaviour, not by their words, written or spoken.

Thus, we regard mundanes as useful and often necessary since they are the ones who make our chosen causal forms work when we undertake works of Aeonic sorcery or when we desire, by means of some causal form or forms, to exeatically enhance our own causal existence and/or learn from sinister pathemathos. In this sense, mundanes are or can be useful nexions whose (acausal) energies (life-force) we direct and use for our own purposes and/or to achieve our aims and goals and/or those of the ONA. Hence, if we use a political form or some religious causal form – for whatever reason – then mundanes are required, necessary, to presence that form in the real world: to achieve the goals set/defined by such a form with such mundanes adhering to or believing in such a causal form and of course being expendable.

4. Opposition to Magian Abstractions

The principle that our kind not only know Magian abstractions for tyranny that they are, but also are pledged by practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System based on these abstractions and replace it with our own ways of living based on our tribes and our Law of Kindred Honour.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in a practical way – exoterically – in the tyranny of the modern nation-State, with its abstract laws, its politics, its consumer-capitalism, its dishonourable impersonal so-called ‘justice’; in the vulgar mass ‘culture’ that has replaced living ancestral traditions based on aural *pathei-mathos*, and in subservience to dogma, ideas, ideology, ‘qualifications’ and *spiel*, over and above practical experience and a learning from such individual experience.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in terms of psyche and archetypes in the religions of Nasrany, Islam, and Judaism, in the Magian Occultism propagated by the likes of Crowley, the CoS, the ToS, and others, and in modern myths such as that of ‘democracy’ and that of holocaustianity, both of which myths have now become akin to official religions for *Homo Hubris* sponsored by all modern Western nation-States.

Among our practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System are our Dreccs, our Niners, our Balobians, and our gangs. Among our esoteric means are our traditional nexions and their Aeonian sorcery, and which sorcery includes the use/manipulation of specific causal forms, including some forms which may seem to be, exoterically and by mundanes, a part of The System.

Thus, our kind (1) are known by their practical ways of living (based on tribes and our Dreccian law and justice) and which ways are harbingers of our New Aeon and which ways by their very nature oppose the Magian and The System (even though this opposition may never be overtly stated); and/or (2) are known by their overt practical esoteric and exoteric opposition to all causal abstractions and thus by their emphasis on the five core ONA traditions.

5. Rounwytha Tradition

The Rounwytha tradition is also known as The Way of the Rounwytha. This is the muliebral tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour – equally, without distinction – to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom human sacrifices were and are offered.

Furthermore, to cultivate, develop, and use the faculty of esoteric empathy is a Dark Art – and this particular Dark Art can be cultivated and developed in two ways, one exoteric, and one esoteric.

Exoterically, this particular Dark Art can be cultivated and developed by those of our kind who seek to or who have the character (the wyrd) to live a practical sinister life as, for instance, a Drecc, a Niner and who thus express the Rounwytha tradition by their very practical way of tribal living in accord with our Sinister Code. That is, it is this style or way of living which, over years, develops this faculty as a successful response to the challenges inherent in such a tribal living and inherent in such a practical, years-long, implementation of Kindred Honour.

Esoterically, this particular Dark Art can be cultivated and developed as part of the life-long commitment of those of our kind who have chosen to follow (who have the character, the wyrd to follow) the inner (the esoteric) way of individual training to Adept and beyond, and who thus undertake at the very least the basic Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

As a Dark Art, the skills so developed enhance our character and our living in practical ways and in a manner consistent with our unique and individual wyrd, as well as, for example, giving us advantages over mundanes and the ability if and when required to use/manipulate mundanes.

Conclusion

The Order of Nine Angles, as living kollektive based on our five core traditions, is a particular and practical means to both individual and collective (human) liberation. A means, over decades and centuries, to a New Aeon. Our unique

sinister sorcery is these five core traditions and in the individuals and nexions who manifest them in diverse practical ways.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

The Sinister Code

Those who are not our sinister brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by - and are prepared to die by - our unique code of dark (sinister) honour.

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust - and often despise - all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour (“I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών



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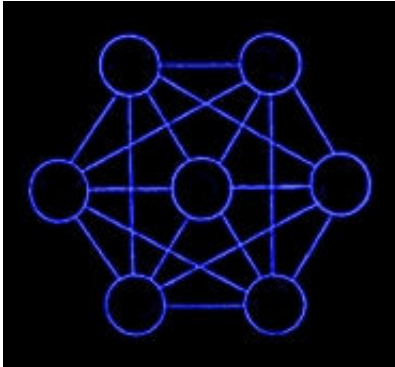
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A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

Order of Nine Angles

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional Satanists. It is the practice of Satanism, by individual Satanists, and thus expresses Satanism in action.

The Way is an individual one - each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals - that is, to train individuals in the ways of Satanism. This Satanic training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and a genuine understanding.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine magickal Adeptship (and beyond) and thus fulfil the potential latent within them - thus they can and do enhance their life, and achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of magick. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

All of these stages (with the exception of the stages beyond Master/Mistress) are associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a Satanic understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of Satanic Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional Satanism should gain some understanding of what genuine Satanism is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- * Satanism - An Introduction For Prospective Adherents
- * The Sinister Path: An Introduction to Traditional Satanism
- * The Essence of the Sinister Path [contained in *Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA*]
- * Defining Satanism
- * A Short History of Satan (According to the ONA)
- * The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism
- * Our Sinister Character
- * An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

I - Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These are: (1) *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*; (2) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (3) *Hostia - The Secret Teachings of the ONA* (Volumes I & II). The following MSS (contained in *Hostia*) should be particularly studied in order to gain an understanding of traditional Satanism and its methods: (a) *Selling Water By The River*; (b) *Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed*; (c) *Guide to Black Magick*; (d) *Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to Satanic Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Satanic Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional Satanic group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with

suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation". Both of these rituals of Initiation are given in detail in the Order MS *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Satanic Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II - Initiate

Tasks:

1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].

2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.

3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]

4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner [or of the same sex if you incline that way], and introduce this person to Satanism. Initiate them according to the rite in *The Black Book of Satan*. Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.

5) Obtain and study the Order MS *The Temple of Satan* [Part II of *The Deofel Quartet*]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis*; and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I of the *Deofel Quartet* - Falcifer, Lord of Darkness - is intended as entertaining Satanic fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS [appended below] and the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* (119yf edition)]. This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Satanic Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of Satanism. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark

energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real Satanic character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Satanic commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III - External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Satanic, group/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Satanic Temple, and teach them about Satanism. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according to the ceremonial ritual in *The Black Book of Satan* as you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonick Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of traditional Satanism, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Satanic Temple' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition. The tradition is contained in *The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia; The Deofel Quartet; Aeonick Magick* and other Order MSS.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Satanic Temple in your absence.

Concerning The Satanic Temple:

The Temple [aka Nexion] must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women if the Temple is so orientated toward heterosexuality. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Satanic path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truly Satanic, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising Satanists. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, Satanic character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonian magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance.*]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV - Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting Satanically in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Satanic Temple, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce Satanic change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them.

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonic Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V - Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

- 1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Temple/group;
- 2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;
- 3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonic Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of

centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

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Appendix - The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the Satanic novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to culling. [These teachings are contained in such Order MSS as (1) *The Hard Reality of Satanism*; (2) *Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime*; (3) *Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice*; (4) *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*; (5) *Victims - A Sinister Expose*; (6) *The Practice of Evil in Context*.] For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual Satanist. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, Satanists. Some who profess to be 'Satanists' - and some who wish to become Satanists - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as "ordinary" and weak, as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine Satanic novices possess or must develop. Satanism is at it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in

pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.) After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Undertake, as a solo hermetic working, either the traditional *Mass of Heresy* (suitably adapted for such an hermetic rite), and then, nine days later, the *Rite of Defiance*.

Note: Both the Mass of Heresy and the Rite of Defiance are intentionally heretical in our times; as well as being means of catharsis, and providing a practical means whereby those undertaking them can develop a sinister-empathy with that which and those whom are currently regarded, by Magians and mundanes and in a very practical way, as "evil" and deserving of approbation.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* - 119yf edition].

External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform both the *Mass of Heresy* and *The Rite of Defiance*.

2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an opfer. Select some suitable candidates for the post of opfer, using Satanic guidelines for so selecting an opfer, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen candidate. The opfer or opfers having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* using the chosen opfer(s) in the central role. Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further opfer using Aeonic or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake *The Ceremony of Recalling* [see *The Grimoire of Baphomet*].

It must be stressed that (i) the opfer(s) must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the

appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the candidates for the position of opfer can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the Satanic path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Order of Nine Angles

101yf

(Revised 121 yf)

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Closing Notes



There is just so much ONA stuff "out there" by Anton Long and Beesty Boy that sometimes it is helpful to have organized compilations like these. At least I appreciate such organized compilations personally. I got the idea of making this from the nineangles.info archive the Old Guards made and then the one I made on of the most recent one before that website went down. One of the Old Guards [SM] sent me a Winrar zipfile of the root folder of the old nineangles.info site for me to save.

I did something with that root folder. After making copies of the folder to save I was messing around with one of these copied folders and I put it inside my wampserver www root folder. I use EasyPHP now which is a wampserver program that is designed to run out of your USB Flash Drive. So I went to my localhost local web and found out that the nineangles site worked and was a live in my EasyPHP server! Since the site was alive in my private local web space, I was able to see the "backend" of what the site looked like in the folder.

Earlier DarkLogos had once told suggested I use a certain program if I ever wanted to fix and change anything on the Reichsfolk writings. I never did but I eventually found this program. After playing around with this program a couple years later I learned how to make PDF's just like how DM makes them! So with this program and with the root folder I was given, I figured out how to make websites just like DM and Company makes them. This is thus a PDF copy of my first website I made by myself following the "Myattian" style. The website is not in public cyberspace though. It just lives in my USB server.

Over the years I have unfortunately developed a nostalgic taste for AL's all Grey PDF's and websites. There is just a sentimental attachment I have now to the look and feel of this style of PDF and website. So I'm pretty sure that I will in future continue this "tradition" of making these sentimentally familiar all Grey PDF's and Archives for myself and everybody who wants them.

I have a plan where I will keep the nineangles.info site alive for a long time in my USB server. Then each year or so when I collect new stuff from AL & the OG team I'll add these things to that website in my thumbdrive and make an "update" version of it. I'll include notes of what were added to the original website as it looked or was when it went down.

The ONA MSS & PDF's I included in this compilation should be the major ones closely associated with the Traditional side of the ONA. It is these Traditional, Mystical, and Magickal stuff that makes up a big part of the Foundation of what the Order of Nine Angles is. This Traditional side makes up a large portion of the unique Culture of ONA ["kulture"] and its Traditions as established by Anton Long and Christos Beest [Beesty Boy]. These are things that the ONA Initiate cannot forget because it is this Traditional soil that the ONA of our generation grew from.

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Chloe 352
Order of Nine Angles
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..Sinister Musings..

INTRO

I finally found a wordpress plugin which can easily make a PDF out of posts. I had been trying to figure out how to archive all of the essays over at onanxs.wordpress.com for safe keeping and distribution. I wasn't going to spend all day copying and pasting each essay. Luckily I found a little program that did just what I needed. The prog is called "post2pdf," and when you activate it, what it does is put a little PDF button over at the top right corner of each post. And so when you click on that button, it turns the post into a PDF. I have a private replica of the ONANXS wordpress living in my flashdrive inside my wampserver. It's a near exact duplicate, and it's the one with the post2pdf app installed; which is why you'll see the localhost IP thing in the fake web address.

So the title of this PDF-book is "Sinister Musings." It is just a collection of the essays written by an ONA nexion named White Star Acception [WSA352]. The essays themselves are not - by any means - meant to replace any ONA MSS and ONA Tradition. Their basic intent is to just help shed further Light onto the Dark Tradition, to provide a different vantage point of the ONA corpus and its established tradition, and to share some insights. They are essentially just musings, inspired and influenced by the ONA. Most of the essays were written by myself [Chloe 352]. Altogether there are about 1400 pages. I'm slightly disappointed actually. I was hoping for 2000 pages! I'll get 2000 sometime next year. There is no real order to the essays, besides alphabetical order. The app just put each PDF into alphabetical order like that. I used Adobe Acrobat to turn the whole folder of my PDF's into a single PDF. And I used it to rearrange a couple essays into different places. There is one part of this collection which is not by me or WSA. It's called "A Sinister Sport," and it is by "Steven Brown," who is "you know who." I wanted to include that one in the collection to keep it circulating, so it won't be forgotten. It fits into the esprit of the ONA Nexus 352.

There are typos and errors. There are way to many pages to get all anal and edit the typos. It gives the collection character, and shows people that I am fallible and make mistakes, and that I am wrong often. Hopefully you are like me and will be able to see beneath the superficial words and letterings to See and Grasp - with chitta - the essence and empathic-substance. I have read plenty of things written by normal people who misspell words, but what ideas and essence they are trying to convey was sharp, insightful, and the clear product of a Mind skilled with its line of reasoning and intuition. And then I have read many, many things by other types of people who use great big words, as if they were educated at Harvard or Cambridge, and beneath the verbose pile of big words, was very little essence, insight, creativity, intuitive grasp of things, and showed the author's Mind to not have a great skillful command of his/her own intellect, line of reasoning.

This collection of essays represents about 3 years of writing [~2009 to mid 2012]. It is a snap shot of a Mind/Minds developing. You can actually follow the development by reading the essays chronologically. They start off "primitive," and gradually become more better. This collection of essays is a living testament to the power of Inspiration and Influence the ONA and [he who is known as] "Anton Long" has on WSA and me specifically. The ONA, "Anton Long," and "Beesty Boy" admittedly have had a huge influence on how I think and understand the world. So I am in a sense, just a student. Anton Long is the Teacher, and ONA is the College. Inculcation or Inspiration? That's a question for the teacher and student. You know what the idea behind the word "inculcate" is? It's from the Latin "incolare" meaning to 'force upon, stamp in, TREAD DOWN.' You don't learn anything from being spoon fed. Meaning you don't learn how to organically use your own mind and heart to come to an understanding of things on your own terms. You only get that when someone [teacher/master] or something [life/experience] has drawn that quality and skill out of you. We are Inspired to become more than we are. Inspired to strive for greater ability and potential. And that cannot be forced onto you, stamped on you, or indoctrinated.

This is one major thing I value about ONA. It does not inculcate. It Inspires: In-Spire, Breathe-Into you the Essence and Power of creativity and understanding. *"And the LORD God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul;"* [Gen 2:7]. *"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them;"* [Gen 1:27]. Like how God breathed into Adam a Creative breath, and Adam came to Life, which Life was in the image of his creator. We are inspired by others to become like them. To mold ourselves in their image and likeness. Inspired by their creative breath. Not to become copies of them. As a Muse inspires an artist. Like how a student artist or singer is first inspired. She or he works hard to first be like whoever inspired them. Along the way they discover their own sense of self and their own unique skills and qualities. And so the student artist or singer takes that inspiration of creativity, and uses it as "fuel" to drive it to its own unique potential/destiny. It's hard to describe what I mean by "Inspire" in this context. It's as if you struck a tuning fork over a table of crystal goblets, and out of the many goblets, some will "feel" the vibe of the tuning fork, and "sing" to the tune of the fork. So in a sense, the goblets were inspired to sing [vibrate] by the tuning fork. But the crystal goblet sings its own song, at its own pitch and frequency. And so - with myself - it is the same way. I couldn't have felt what I felt inside, thought what I thought, seen what I seen, and written what I wrote without the ONA corpus, the mounds of insights of Anton Long, and the mystical, artistic, magical works of Beesty Boy.

I think that is where the "real" magic of ONA can be found. There is real outer change in the physical when we try to put the Sinister Way into practice. And then there is a real change in the psyche when we have honestly meditated on the teachings and essence of the ONA. The longer you faithfully stick with it, the easier it becomes to see and witness the external and internal change that happens to you. I can honestly say that 90% of what I know today of my Self and the World, was not in my head or heart 4 years ago. It's only been about 3-4 years and I can see the change in me. In how I understand myself, my world, my culture, my Buddhism, but also in how I am more able to articulate or express what I have come to understand. ONA has given me also a large set of words to use, which is for me a valuable tool. But those words - as I have come to understand - are both a blessing and a curse. A "key" to freedom, but the key is itself a ball and chain. Like the cars we drive. The car does give us freedom and mobility, and it does expand our world. But at the same time, that car is itself a ball and chain, in the sense that you have to register it, get a license, drive safely, buy gas, keep it tuned up, and so on. And so words are the same way. And so the words, as tools, do help me see and understand my self and the world much more better. But you see, what we understand of the objective self and world is our own subjective apprehensions, and words/ideas are what is the influencing factor within that jurisdiction of the subjective mindspace. So in quite a Literal - pun intended - way, I now live inside a Myattian universe.

For 40 years, ONA has been casting its seeds into the wind. If just one seed falls on fertile ground, that fertile Mind will bear fruit and carry ONA one more life time further into the future. Anton Long's Relay Race has

now begun. These 1400 something pages and the perspectives and little insights shared are the first collection of many to come. I still have 29 years to go. Also included in this PDF book; as an attachment; is Opus Vrilis with all of our pre-blog writings. You will need the password: key352, to unlock it. OV is released into public circulation for "historical" reasons. It gives a background to this collection of essays. To close, it is simply hoped that OV and Sinister Musings will inspire somebody to find their own sinister muse, as well as inspire in others to see ONA in a different other way.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

7.18.123 year of fayen

SEVEN ONA FUNDAMENTALS



[Seven ONA Fundamentals](#)

THESIS

Q: What is the ONA?

A: Anton Long once called it an “Intimation.” I call it an approximation.

Q: An Intimation or Approximation of what?

A: Of something wordless. A kind of phenomenon or aspect of the Cosmic Body of Phenomena [dharmakaya]. When we speak of the actual “is-ness” of Natural occurring phenomena, or phenomena of Nature, we are dealing with something that has been around long before we humans ever evolved. That’s what I mean when I say “wordless,” having existed before our species put things into words and writing. We often forget that the world and Cosmos was here before us. Most oft we almost unconsciously assume or assume-project our human words and thoughts out into the world and believe that such phenomenal world is made of the fabric of our own words, urban apprehension, and weltanschauung. When we experience or observe such ancient and primeval phenomena, we apprehend such phenomena first in our human thought which is flawed or weak [being the product of a three pound brain], then we degenerate such thought further into words of our various human languages. Hence the descriptors “Intimation,” or “approximation.” For our words and thought are only in reality feeble intimations, feeble human verbal approximation of that which is ancient, pre-human, and primal. The words and the thoughts or ideation such words carry are not the primal essence. Thus, when I say that the ONA is an “intimation” or “approximation” of a “Primal Essence,” or a “Sinister Essence,” those wording and the thoughts they evoke are only feeble apprehensions of a “Something” that has Been, that has Pulsated, that has Undulated in and of the Cosmic Body of Phenomena long before our species set foot on this earth, and this “Something” will continue to Be, Crawl, Haunt, long after we are gone.

Q: What do you mean by “Primal Essence” or “Sinister Essence?”

A: I mean the Crawling Darkness, the hair that stands on the back of your neck, the leaping of

hearts, the flush of adrenaline, the beating of tribal drums, the frenzy dance of feral humans around a fire, the spear piercing a chest, the war cry, the scream of terror, the eating of human flesh, head hunters beheading foes, the smell of fear in the darkness of jungles. I mean that Unknown Dark we fear and despise, which we make our religions and gods to give us a sense of safety and protection from. Like children clutching onto a teddy bear to the feel of crawling nothingness in the dark. I mean that Unknown Dark that haunts the depths of our collective psyche, that haunts even our unconscious dreams.

I mean that Dark Something that overtakes a mass of warriors screaming for blood, lost, enraptured in Primeval Darkness. Oblivious to life and loved ones, running to slaughter and to be slaughter. How does one put that Essence, that Phenomenon, that Primal Nature into words? That Primal Nature has been here before us. It has possessed our species since the dawn of our race. Its signature is clawed into the whole history of our species. Our Human history is a literal succession of blood, war, sacrifice, slaughter, murder, plunder, rape, exploitation, domination. We all Flow with the Primal Force of Darkness; or we all “know” – intuit – that this Dark Essence is “there.” We feel it. We fear it. It is nameless, wordless. It is experienced. As all phenomena of the greater Body of Phenomena is experienced, intuited, empathetically felt. Whatever words or forms we try to express this crawling dark in is merely an intimation, an imitation, a rough sketch drawn by the hands of one person. Expressed through the mind of one person.

Q: In what other way is this Sinister Essence intimated in the ONA?

A: At times the ONA refers to this Dark as “The Sinister.” It is the “Dark” which we try to Presence. At times we refer to the various “currents” and archetypes that composes The Sinister via our Mythos as “The Dark Ones,” or “The Dark Gods.” We feebly try to explain the act of our expressing The Sinister, manifesting The Sinister, Precensing The Dark, living in tune to that Dark Essence, allowing that crawling Dark to possess us, as “The Dark Tradition,” or as “The Sinister Tradition.” And sometimes we feebly – exoterically – intimate this, approximate this Essence, as “Satanism.”

Q: What is Satanism in the ONA?

A: [Satanism](#) in the ONA is a manufactured outer shell, a construction of wordful attempts at humanizing what is not human. An intellectualization of what is not of human intelligence. Satanism as the ONA understands it is a Causal Form of that wordless Dark Phenomena, or that aspect of the greater Body of Phenomena. It is an amalgamation of human words and thoughts born from feeling, intuiting, and knowing The Sinister via our Dark-Empathy and Acausal Knowing. For those of the ONA, Satanism in and of itself, is not the Essence, not the true actuality, not the phenomenal reality itself. It is a means, a vehicle, a Way of expressing, conveying, the Essence. It doesn't matter what it is exoterically called if we understand and intuit The Sinister. And so how we of the ONA understand Satanism becomes a test and marker to differentiate between those who can see and understand the Essence beneath the Form. As Anton Long puts it simply:

“The second test concerns the nature of what is termed “Satanism” and what we, of the ONA,

call “the sinister”. If they accept or understand “Satanism” as something which can be divided up into categories, such as “theistic” or “atheistic” – and especially if they accept that someone called LaVey “founded modern Satanism” – then they have failed. Furthermore, if they do not understand or do not accept or do not feel that being “sinister” means being sinister on a practical, amoral, level – in the real world by deeds done – then they have also failed our test. [1]”

Q: What is Sinister Nature?

A: When “The Sinister” lives or flows in a person, such that this person exists in a state of Harmony with The Dark Primal Essence, this person can be said to possess a “Sinister Nature.” This Sinister Nature presences or expresses itself through such person’s Being in thought, emotion, word, action, and Ethos. Sinister Nature is thus something that you have. It is a quality or “type” of person that you are. You cannot teach a person how to have Sinister Nature. In the same sense that you cannot teach or give a Warrior ethos to a random person and make him a soldier. In the same sense that you cannot teach somebody how to be suave and romantic. All you can do is give a person the intimation, the imitation, the worded approximation of the Formless so that the person gains a feel for the Essence. All one can do is Guide and show such person a Way or Methodology for such person to directly experience The Sinister himself/herself. For all phenomena in Nature must be apprehended by direct association, direct experience, direct and personal observation. And so the ONA’s Satanism is the Way and Methodology by which the Initiate of the Sinister Tradition is guided slowly into the Dark, to experience the Sinister Essence directly and personally.

Q: The manner in which you explained guiding an Initiate into the Dark side of Life, does this have parallels outside of the West?

A: Most of the time in the East it is called things like Vama Marga, Vamachara, or, Kulachara; or in other words, what I tried to explain above is the very essence of the ancient and traditional Left Hand Path of the Orient. Vama means “Left,” but in some dialects of Sanskrit it also means “Female.” This alluded to Uma Shakti in ancient times who was the Female Left-Side half of Ardhanari. Shiva being the male right side. It was believed originally by the Mon-Khmer Shaktas in ancient times that Primal Nature was symbolically gynandromorphic; having both “male” and “female” aspects in one single body. This was so because it symbolized that Primal Nature – being both genders – is thus Self-Creating and Self-Perpetuating. That Primal Nature literally copulates itself to regenerate itself continuously. Thus sex was seen as the living aperture or vortex through which Primal Nature renews itself.

In ancient times it was believed that the Right “male” half Shiva – known in those times by the Dravidians and Mon-Khmer as “An” and “Kumara” – was the Unmanifested Life Force. The Left female half Shakti – known as Uma and Kumari – was the condensation of this Life Force manifested as the world of phenomena. From this two school of living Life emerged. The Right Handed Path school believed that the world of phenomena was intrinsically evil and an illusory prison of the spirit. The methodology of the Right Handed Path was to reject mortal existence, and strive to transcend the world so that the spirit can merge with the Unmanifested.

The Left Handed Path school of thought believed that it is natural that spirit or Life Force condensates as matter and flesh, thus there was nothing wrong with mortal existence. Mortal existence was believed to be a theater of learning where the newly individualized spirit becomes flesh to learn what Life is. Just because you are alive, does not mean you know what Life is or where it came from or why it is here. Except as a finite causal being, Life and Nature and Natural Phenomena was like a vast primeval ocean. The only way to know Life is to directly submerge into this primeval ocean and struggle to experience every aspect, state, condition, and phenomena of Life. To ride every wave and current in other words.

Thus instead of rejecting Life, the Initiate of the ancient Left Path lived a Life in which the Initiate went on a Quest to “shock” his consciousness awake from the moment and illusion of the Now by struggling to personally experience both the enjoyable Light side of Life, as well as the dangerous and fearful dark side of life. By “shock” I mean that the Initiate will force itself to physically experience and break all taboos and social norms to “shock” or shake itself free from its illusion of the mundane limits consciousness and thus gain Illumination from directly experiencing such phenomena and acts. And so we have many sects and methodologies of the Left Path such as the Kapalas and the Aghoris who may be the two most familiar in the West. For example the Aghori Initiate lives a long life on a Quest to experience every phenomena of the Dark side of Life. He will live in cemeteries, eat dead human flesh, perform human sacrifice, etc. These acts of shocking oneself free from the grip of the illusions of consciousness is not a permanent way of life. These acts are just a means to an end. The End being that at the End of the Initiate’s Left Path Quest, his unconscious true self is shocked and shaken free from the illusion of consciousness and thus come to Realize inside the Nature and Essence of Reality beyond the veils of consciousness. For the conscious mind is the very veil and factor of illusion that restricts the power of the unconscious self from knowing the totality of what is the Greater Reality. For this world we exist in is only a small part and aspect of a Reality or Body of Phenomena which is much larger. By “larger” I mean a Reality beyond the limitations of causal space and causal time, of which this “reality” we are consciously aware of is only a minor phenomenon of. Reality – or rather the Cosmic Body of Phenomena – is not an illusion; consciousness – the conscious mind/self/ego – is the factor of illusion.

So now, if you understand the essence of the Left Path Quest, that it is a means of a human being to shake itself free of the grip of consciousness to Realize the greater reality beyond, we will thus come to understand the basic reasoning or logic behind Right Path methodology. The methodology of the Right Path – because it reject Life – seeks to constrict or restrict consciousness within a fixed “Nowness” or in other words, it seeks to fixate consciousness on “things” in the same way that a dog is tied to a tree so that it cannot wonder to experience the rest of the forest. This act of fixation of consciousness which is the methodology of all Right Paths can be seen in such things as idol worship for example where the conscious mind is fixated on a finite statue. This Right Path methodology can be seen expressed in its methods of adoration of written books, of constructed temples, of veneration of gurus, in the glorification and deification of myths over natural phenomena, of conscious fixation to strict rules of living, of the fixation of the conscious mind on external mythic gods and deities. For all these things perpetuates consciousness and fixates consciousness to things in front of it which it can lose itself in. Consciousness is the veil which separates us from what is Reality.

In the same sense that the amniotic sack a fetus comes into mortal existence inside of is a literal Veil that covers the fetus and separates it from what is beyond this veil. We thus see that when this fetus is “born” into the world outside its womb it breaks free from this Veil which once covered it for nine month. And so, in mystic circles the world over, Divine Illumination is sometimes expressed as a “Second Birth.” This second birth is the breaking of the Veil of mortal and mundane consciousness out of which the unconscious self – the psyche, the citta – enters the greater world Beyond. It may be hard for a Westerner to grasp the idea that consciousness is a veil or what causes the illusion of mortal unknowingness. To illustrate we can imagine that you were born with a magnifying glass glued to your eyes, such that you spend your whole life viewing and apprehending life as images seen through this magnifying glass. Being conditioned to apprehend life and existence via that magnifying glass you Believe that the image you see with it is reality, unconscious of the blurry stuff around you. And so you may even believe that consciousness and reality are the same phenomena, or two sides of the same things. It is not until you shake yourself free from this magnifying glass, that you slowly realize that the world is much bigger then the images seen on the lens of the magnifying glass. That magnifying glass is consciousness, as it is the function of consciousness to focus and fixate. Consciousness or mundane awareness with abstractions are the fetters one must shake oneself free of. This consciousness is like the outer shell of an egg or seed. We come into this causal existence with this shell. As the rootling or chick must struggle to break free from its shell, the individuated entity – a distinct manifestation of the Living Cosmos which we are – must grow out of its conscious shell by shaking free from its confines.

Q: Is there a leader or a single authoritative source in the ONA?

A: There simply cannot be if we genuinely understand what The Sinister is. It is a wordless essence and phenomena of Life and Nature. No one single person has the true and correct apprehension of this Sinister Essence. It is like the essence and phenomenon of human love, to which relationships is the exoteric Form of. Who is the “leader” of the human phenomenon of Love? What single person knows so much about Love that they are some authority of the phenomenon of Love? We each experience Love directly. And we each have our own intimations, apprehensions, and understandings of this phenomenon. We each put our own personal experiences of Love into our own words as a way of sharing or trying to share what we experience of it. There is no leader or authoritative source. There are just other people who may have experienced more of it than you. Who may have had their hearts broken more than you. Who may have lasted longer in a marriage than you. It’s like Life. Who is the leader or spokes person of Life? Nobody. That’s a ridiculous notion. Who is the leader and authoritative source of dogma of the phenomenon of gravity? Nobody is. It’s a phenomenon that naturally occurs in Nature for god’s sake. There may be scientists who have dedicated a lot of time to understanding the phenomenon of gravity, whose insights may be worth listening to.

It’s like Einstein. There exists a phenomena in nature which was wordless. Einstein dedicated some of his time to apprehending this phenomenon. He gave it a name: Relativity. He came up with theories to better understand it. He tried to describe it using mathematics for other to understand. So we can say that Einstein “presenced relativity” into the world. He didn’t create relativity, he just presented it to others. Gradually others came and learned to understand it like he did. Those others who understood the theory and mathematics eventually become on equal

terms with Einstein, equally understanding relativity as he did. Einstein is not the leader of relativity and every physicist who understands relativity is equally a knowledgeable “authority” on the theory. And then from the theory of relativity other theories developed, other fields or forms of scientific disciplines developed. This is how the ONA is. There can be no leaders or single source of authoritative information. The ONA is just a “university” which puts the Initiate into the laboratory of human experience and the phenomenal world so that they can directly experience and observe The Sinister to experiment with and duplicate experiences, thus gaining their own understandings of The Sinister.

ANTITHESIS

Q: Who are the Mundanes?

A: Those who are not of us are mundane, plain and simple. By “Of Us,” I don’t here necessarily mean a person who is bona fide ONA. I mean our “kind,” those who understand existence similar to how we do. Those who live their life similar to us. Those who resonates with the Sinister Essence. Those who live in Harmony with, in tune to, in empathy with Nature and Others around them. Those with a natural ethos of Honour. Such people are “our kind” whether they are “ONA” or not. The ONA is just an amalgamation of such “kind” bound together by a common mythos and Way of Life.

Mundanes, are mundane. In Buddhism they are called the “Anariya,” meaning the “worldly,” the “ignoble.” Mundane coming from the Latin “Mundus” meaning “World.” The Mundanes are those that are enthralled by the mundane world. Or more specifically, Mundanes are those people who are spellbound, enthralled, transfixed, mesmerized, in/by the mundane world via their mundane consciousness who do not have the power to break free to apprehend and understand – via intuition and empathy – the greater world beyond mundane reality.

And so, being Mundane, like their Right Path ancestors of olden times, these Mundanes preoccupy their time or are only aware of such causal mundane things as gods, religions, holy books, doctrines, dogma, leaders, gurus, statues, ego, churches, words, etc. Their consciousness are fixated onto these causal forms and with such they construct abstract worlds, paradigms, and worldviews, which further imprisons their consciousness in a coffin of their own words, beliefs, and assumption.

These Mundanes are ignoble. They have no Honour. They have no manners. No respect for their elders. No bond with their family and kin. No sense of loyalty for anything but the abstractions which captivates their mundane minds. Duty is an alien concept. Blood comradeship is alien to them. By blood comradeship I mean to describe the bond, the relationship, the companionship that exists between to brothers, two best friends, two soldiers on the battle field who live for one another in times of piece, and who would without second thought die with each other or for one another in times of war. These Mundanes can barely maintain a healthy functional marriage with their spouse. Mundanes lack Empathy. They are Heart-Blind to the world and to people. They cannot feel or intuit a connection with others. And so from this Heart-Blindness they are prone to mistreating and abusing others and Nature. The Mundanes are basal, mechanical organic machines. They have no numinous or organic

awareness of who or what their Self is. Instead they grasp for abstract ideologies, superficial labels, and trinkets of belief to make into a substitute Self-Identity for their egos.

As Anton Long puts it: *“The reality of these our causal-times is that we are at war with the mundanes, and this war is both a practical one, and an esoteric one involving our Dark, esoteric, Arts.*

“One of the reasons for this war is that we are in direct conflict because the aims of the mundanes are mundane, while our aims are a manifestation of the sinister-numen. Another reason is that the mundanes have constructed tyrannical systems – governments, government agencies (such as the Police), and societies – which now exist to enforce and ensure, by the threat or the use of physical force, mundane-ness, and which tyrannical systems demand and enforce the collection of taxes in order to perpetuate their own mundane tyrannical existence. Another reason is that the mundanes have manufactured lifeless, un-numinous, abstractions – ideas, theories, -isms and -ologies – which enshrine mundane-ness and which abstractions keep the majority in thrall. [2]”

Q: What is a Nation-State?

A: A Mundane Farm in which Mundanes are bred and raised like cattle to the benefit of their overlords. The Nation-State is an abstract imposition. It is regime which maintains and monopolized power. The Nation-State is held together with abstract secular ideologies. The Law and Order of a Nation-State is established to maintain the structure of the system. Usually Mundanes legislate the laws and Mundanes vote such laws into effect. We sometimes refer to the “entity” or incorporation of overlords of a Nation-State as the Magian Occupied Regime & Government or “the M.O.R.G.” The MORG is both the enemy and prison.

What we call a “Nation-State” is just an abstract concept no different than what “The Church” was to medieval Christendom. Both had power-regimes. Both used abstract ideologies to mesmerize the populous. Both used force and punishment to subjugate the populous. But today Religion or The Church is powerless, and so because of current condition, we can objectively understand the difference between religions old world temporal rule, and its powerless state of existence today. No police force enforces Religious laws. No military follows the command of the Vatican any longer. This is only because it took a thousand years to educate the mass about their personal freedom and liberty. Thus only when the populous realized an alternative to Christendom – Democracy – did they gradually struggle to leave the old world order for that alternative.

David Myatt presents an alternative to the modern Nation-State: *“I suggest small, rural, communities, which co-operate with, and which trade with, other local communities for their own mutual benefit. That is, a return to what is human; to the human-scale-of-things, and a moving-forward to a simple, ethical, letting-be based upon personal honour. This letting-be means that we concern ourselves with ourselves, and our immediate family and community – that we do not embark upon some abstract “crusade” in some foreign land where we desire to impose ourselves, our ways, upon others, and upon other cultures, and that we do not seek to expand at the expense of others, causing thus suffering to others. It means that we are*

reasonably content, and view our lives as a nexion, a connexion to Nature, to the Cosmos, and to that acausal existence which we may possibly achieve if we live, in this causal existence, in the right, in an ethical, way.

“The abolition of the State and the nation – of impersonal, remote, governments, of tyrants, of impersonal laws and of the taxes imposed by these – would be a liberation, a return to genuine freedom and honour. It would be an evolutionary step – not a retrograde one. Of course, there would be problems, in such a change, but the most important thing is for us, as individuals, to begin the process, the personal change, that is necessary. From this, the social change will follow in its own way, in its own “Time”: gently, without causing any more suffering, and without individuals acting in a dishonourable way. [3]”

Q: What is Magian or who are the Magian?

A: When we say “Magian” we mean the way of life, the paradigm, the worldview, the causal abstractions founded upon and/or born from the un-numinous Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, which are the bastard children of the ancient Right Hand Path. The essence of these Right Hand Path religions is collectively called the “Magian Ethos.” Any human who has this Magian Ethos – whatever their ethnicity – is Magian. Although most of the Magian are Homo Hubris. Magian Ethos is thus understood as the opposite of The Sinister. For this same Sinister Essence of Nature is the mother and source of the ancient Left Hand Path Traditions, as well as the Mother and source of the ONA.

The most destructive memetic-program within the Magian Ethos & Weltanschauung is the way of life called the “Nuclear Family.” The Nuclear Family is an un-numinous or deformed expression of human nature. It is the end product of natural human tribes and clans beings systematically broken down into segregated family units. Thus, without a tribe or clan to depend and rely on, the mundane family becomes dependent on the State, the Corporations, the Banks, and the MORG. Today we currently see a further degradation of this family unit being further broken down into dysfunctional families, single parent households, and fully individualized units. This distortion of human nature – the natural way humans live and have lived – only exists in the Magian West. Outside the West almost all humans live in large clans of kin and close friends, as well as in communitarian tribes. The most disgusting and despicable end result of this Western Hubris way of life is the throwing away of old people and elders to die forgotten in convalescent homes. This is the just reward of the individualized Westerner after all his years of toiling for his beloved State: to die alone in a nursing home. No culture or people outside the dishonourable West does this. The clan takes care of its elders who die naturally around their loved ones in our homes.

SYNTHESIS

Q: What is the Sinister Dialectic?

A: *“The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic strategy – that is, (a) the use of Black Magick to change individuals/events on a significant scale; (b) to gain control and influence; and (c) the use of Satanic forms*

(individuals/influence etc.) to produce/provoke changes.

“This strategy, and the tactics involved to achieve it, is esoteric – and its learning forms an important part of novice training. Satanic strategy has its ground or foundation in Aeonics – Aeonics providing a means of rationally studying the patterns, processes and energies, both causal and acausal, which do and have shaped individuals and their groupings from societies to civilizations. Further, Aeonics provides a means of interpreting recent events/trends and can predict (within certain limits) future patterns. [4]”

A practical method of Sinister Strategy is to first establish a known aim, objective, goal, or end result congruent to the essence of Sinister Dialectic. Once the end goal has been established the Initiate works backwards to determine what steps, tactics, memes, and forms will be needed to actualize that end goal. Then the Initiate works – in deed and action – forward to execute each step. Thus Sinister Strategy involves the synthesis of new forms or “Causal Forms.”

Q: What is a Causal Form?

A: A Causal Form is a vehicle, means, method which carries or conveys the Essence. For example Natural Phenomena is the wordless Essence, and Scientific Fields such as chemistry, astronomy, quantum physics, etc are the Causal Forms. Dharmakaya is the wordless Essence of the Cosmic Body of Phenomena; and Theravada, Mahayana, and Vajrayana are the Causal Forms which carries that Essence in human language and thought. The Form is an intimation, imitation, or approximation of the wordless Essence and Phenomena. Forms attempting to intellectualize, conceptualize, present the Essence will and do vary. The Satanism of the ONA itself is a Causal Form of The Sinister. The Dark Mythos of the ONA is a Causal Form of the same Sinister Essence. The Form is not the Essence. The Form should lead one to directly experience the Essence.

Forms are also useful and needed tools to help materialize the objectives and end goals of the ONA. If the objective is a future disruption of Nation-States, the Initiate must learn to manufacture and engineer subversive forms now to spread subversive memes that will eventually actualize such end goals. If the enemy of the ONA is the Magian, then the Initiate of the ONA should understand that manufacturing new forms that counter-acts Magian Ethos will subvert in time that Magian Ethos. Thus Satanism is one useful and needed form to subvert Magian Ethos, but it is not and should not be the only form. The Western populous today is very open to foreign memplexes such as Buddhism and Vedanta. Thus it should be understood that engineering new forms of Buddhism and Vedanta impregnated with subversive memes, will gradually infect such social groups in the enemy and so disrupt Magian Ethos. It must be also understood that creating forms using Magian memes does not subvert or disrupt the coherency of Magian Ethos but only perpetuates and strengthens that coherency and ethos. How so?

To illustrate let us say a young Initiate of the ONA desiring to create a causal form manufactures an anti-Semitic form. This causal form the young inexperienced Initiate actually utilizes Magian memes which are native to Magian Weltanschauung. In other words all the

inexperienced Initiate did was take the meme “Jew” and add the emotive meme “hate” to it. Our inexperienced Initiate may be successful at causing some people who associate with his form to dislike Jews, but that very same sentiment will eventually cause the Jews to come together in a more coherent manner to resist such anti-Semitism. The concept is akin to a Jew and an anti-Jew chasing each other in a circle. In that circular chase, both are chasing each other and both are reacting to each other, and both are still inside the Magian Weltanschauung. Nothing is thus really disrupted or subverted.

The idea is to engineer causal forms which introduces non-native memes into Magian Weltanschauung, to disrupt its coherency. Non-native meaning memes that originate outside Magian Weltanschauung and Paradigm. Don't disrupt Jewish Coherency with anti-Jew memes; disrupt it with manufactured memes that are hybrid Jew-Buddhist memes for example. Bring them gradually away from Magian Ethos altogether. Don't disrupt Christian coherency with theistic Devil Worship, because this does not subvert its coherency, it strengthens Christian coherency and memetic solidarity. You want to fracture that solidarity and coherency. How do you disrupt that coherency? First you study Christianity as a whole. You will notice that it is already fractured into many competing sects. Help them compete with each other. Make more causal forms of Christian sects to cause further rivalry and competition. Radicalize Christianity by engineering memes or forms that causes fanaticism and fundamentalism.

If you see disenfranchised young ex-Christians, help them move away from Christianity by infecting their minds with new forms not native to Magian Weltanschauung such as Vedanta or liberal secularism, etc. Don't just rely on Satanism. We don't want them to be Satanists. We want to save Satanism for ourselves. Give them instead cheap imitations of non-Magian memeplexes. It's like arms dealing. You don't want to sell to your potential enemy the best top grade weapons you can make. They will use it against you more likely in the future. Give them cheap weapons, watered down forms with no substance. Use those cheap forms to lead them like cattle into a direction that will ease our end goals. Use those cheap forms to get them out of our way so we can manifest our objectives unimpeded. Even better make causal forms that will subvert their paradigm and worldviews so that in future their children will end up seeing things our way and support our objectives.

When times and generations changes, learn to evaluate the climate of the new era and the collective sentiments of the populous, and adjust your tactics accordingly. If a majority of White people are no longer receptive to racism, don't push racist forms onto them; give them something new. If Muslims are a growing concern of Europe, then manufacture Nationalist and Traditionalist causal forms to radicalize the Europeans. If religion as a concept is dying out in the West, don't continue to make religions, because such religion forms will not be effective in such target groups; instead give them secularized Buddhism as an example.

This is the meaning of Synthesis. To synthesize new forms to manipulate the public according to ONA interests. Proper synthesis of causal forms is based on knowing the enemy and know who and what we are as ONA, and understanding the Sinister Dialectic. It is based on knowing how and in what way we desire to gradually alter and change the enemy, and how and in what way our aims and objectives are to be actualized. The intrinsic idea behind the creation of causal forms is the gradual change of society over long spans of time in our favour; as well as

manifesting for ourselves [ONA] a more coherent and inspiring mythos, Tradition, and Kulture.

Remember: *“His [Anton Long’s] diverse experiences then and later (some dangerous, some at variance with prevailing social dogma, many dark, some heretical) provided useful background for an Occult and personal synthesis and led to him taking responsibility for a small LHP group. The teaching of this group were rather garbled, full of mystifications and occasional insights, but they did provide some basis for creative extension. Thus, the new synthesis that was the seven-fold way was created. [5]”*

METAMORPHOSIS

Q: What is the core understanding behind “metamorphosis?”

A: It is the understanding that the ONA itself is an exoteric expression or causal form of The Sinister, and that it is not perfect. It is the understanding that the ONA is not and must not be a static entity. The ONA must be living, it must shapeshift, it must refine itself, it must metabolize new potent memes, and discard ineffective memes. It must struggle to keep up with the Flow of Time and learn to Master Time, rather be mastered by time. The ONA of the 70’s is not the ONA of the 80’s. The ONA of the 90’s was not the ONA of the new millennium. The ONA of 2050 cannot be what the ONA is currently. What remains stagnant eventually dies. Even a culture over time progresses and changes.

Q: How does the ONA gradually evolve?

A: Via its individual Initiates. Those who live the Sinister Sevenfold Way, from their practical experiences and Pathei-Mathos, endues the ONA with fresh new ideas and more effective methods. The idea is to evolve the ONA, but not to destroy the mythos, Tradition, Kulture, and Numinous Ethos of the ONA but to build these things up, to breathe more life into them, and to strengthen their coherency. From the mythos and Tradition the culture of the ONA is born. The key is “effective evolution” or refinement, rather than evolution for the sake of evolution. Don’t change what is not broke, but polish and shine it, in other words.

Q: With metamorphosis are old forms thrown away?

A: No they are refined and reformatted into more effective forms to use. For example Reichsfolk is not German National-Socialism. Reichsfolk is an evolution of the latter, a morphed version of the latter which is imbued with memes and ideas that will help materialize a tribal way of life where a folk is intimately connected to their kin and comrade as well as to the land and nature. The end result of such a form as Reichsfolk is an important objective for the ONA and its culture, which seeks to nurture the ethos of tribalism in its Initiates, which is the more natural and numinous way of life of our human species.

Likewise the ONA’s Satanism is also still a useful form. But if it has flaws or ineffective aspects/memes, then these ineffective aspects must be recognized and such form must morph into a more refined and effective form. In other words, the Satanism of the ONA should not be thrown away because it is assumed to have no effective or productive place in some future.

Instead it must be allowed to evolve itself, or be evolved by ONA Initiates into a potent and inspiring causal form, possessed of the Sinister Essence and more in tune or in harmony to the ancient Left Hand Path traditions of the ancient East. The ONA Initiate must understand that the Left Hand Path is not an invention of Madam Blavatsky, or anyone that came after her who were inspired by her misapprehension of the genuine Left Hand Path. It has existed for thousands of years in Asia. Some genuine sects of the more ancient traditions of the Left Hand Path of Asian are so in tune to The Sinister that they make the imitation LHP of the West and its mundane Satanism look like girl scouts role playing. We must learn to understand and differentiate our Satanism with the products of the Magian/Mundane imitation LHP. This is not to say that the ancient pagan West did not have its own Left Path traditions based on the same Sinister Essence. The rites and Mysteries of Odin as well as the Dionysian Mysteries comes to mind. The ONA and it's Satanism in essence is more similar to its ancient and traditional Vama Marga cousins in the East and to those Dark Mysteries of the ancient West. But the Initiate must also learn to not be so fixated and attached to outer names of such forms. Is Satanism it's name? If we give Satanism a new or "better" name, does this change what is beneath the name?

Q: Where else does metamorphosis express itself in the ONA?

A: In our very core objectives: our own alchemical metamorphosis, and the alchemical metamorphosis of society; from a state of basal lead to a condition of Gold. As it has been stated elsewhere:

"Three of the primary aims of the ONA are:

"(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

"(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors;

"(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about – by practical and esoteric means (such as Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States – and their impersonal governments – by our new tribal societies. [6]"

AXIS

Q: What is the meaning of Axis?

A: Your alignment. During world war two the world aligned itself into two major camps the Allies or the Axis. Each side was composed of a number of different peoples, cultures, ethnicities, political ideologies, worldviews, and religions. Each side was bound together in war

by the bonds Honour, Loyalty, and Duty. Although the causal war is over, the essence of the two camps is still alive. Chose your camp: the Magian Allied camp of Homo Hubris consumerists, or the Axis of Honour and the Numinous. Which side do you align yourself with: the side of Mundanes conditioned to be consumers and mental slaves of abstract ideologies, and labourers in a System designed to empower and enrich oligarchies. Or to the side who seeks to reconnect with the folk and the land, with each other and with Nature.

Those Mundanes don't know what Honour, Loyalty, and Duty is. They are anariya: not noble. Only those of Noble spirit understands Honour, Loyalty, and Duty. A peasant has no need for such things. A peasant just tills the land, works for wages, and spends the remainder of their leisure time aimlessly indulging in mundane things. Then the same peasant way of life is done again the next day, over and over and over. This is the nature and way of a peasant the world over. Are you a peasant with peasantile ethos? Is this the type of people you want to align yourself with?

I give my Honour to my family and close friends in exchange for reciprocation of the same. I offer my loyalty to my family, relatives, and friends, only in hopes that the same Loyalty will be given to me. I choose to make it my Duty to live for and care for my family, my relations, and my friends, for no other rewards other than a simple reciprocation of the same. Everything and every phenomena in Nature exists in a "relationship" with something else. The relationship between the sun and earthly life; the relationship between rain and plants; the relationship between plants and animals; the relationship between animals and humans; the relationship between human and land; the relationship between people. The very essence of Life, Nature, and Reality itself is "relationship," of causal interconnection, of causal relation, of causal dependence.

Those mundanes are ignorant of Life, Nature, and Reality. They live their peasantile lives in a perpetual state of disharmony, dysfunction with Life, Nature, and others around them. Because they do not have it in their mundane nature to understand that the simple ethos of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty builds and manifests healthy and vital relationships. They are a dishonourable and despicable breed. They have no loyalty to anything but their own egos and individual needs. They have no sense of duty, to anyone or anything concrete and real. By concrete and real I mean people, land, nature, earth. Instead they most often offer their duty to reifications and abstractions. To some distant and nebulous State, God, Religion, Ideology. To what end? Will that State care for you in your elderly years? Will that God provide for your real needs? Will that political ideology love you?

It's simple really. The only things that are real and worth developing a relationship/connexion with are your family, relations, companions in life, and with the land and Nature. This ONA is just an simple collection of such Noble and aware people who have come to realize that the only thing that matters in life are the simple and numinous things most often manifested as our own blood and soil, our own kith and kin, our own comrades and progeny. The ONA is just a presencing of the more natural and human Way of being Human. The simple idea behind the ONA is to gradually collect those Noble few who resonates with this Natural and Numinous Human Way of Life, so that in time, through our collective effort and collective will, a new Way of Life is presenced. One based on the bond of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty. A definition of Axis

is an alliance of powers to promote mutual interest and policies. This is what the ONA is essentially. There is no such thing as “membership” in the ONA. It is an aligning and alliance. You either align yourself to this Axis or not.

PRAXIS

Q: What is the Seven Fold Way?

A: The Seven Fold Way is a system of Seven Grades in the ONA. Each Grade has a set of tests, trials, ordeals, and tasks for the Initiate to execute and perform. Each grade is set to a certain span of time. Usually it may take over 25 years to reach the 6th Grade of the Seven Fold Way. Because of the amount of time it takes to move from Grade to Grade, there is no such thing as a 23 year old “adept” of the ONA. Nor is there such a thing as an “adept” of the ONA who just became ONA a few years before. And anyone who says they have made it to the 7th Grade of the ONA who is still alive is lying. Old age and the experiences, tests, trials, ordeals, and Pathei-Mathos that blossoms in old age are the lessons of the 7th Grade, and your death – after living a long and fruitful Human life – is your Final Initiation.

In one sense the Seven Fold Way is the ONA’s causal form of rites of passage known and practiced by every tribe the world over in various similar methods and traditions. In such indigenous tribes there is usually an organization of “initiated men” called the “Men’s House.” When a young boy has come of age he must pass through a number of Initiation Rites which involved a number of tests and ordeals or tasks. When he has passed his Initiation Rites, he is recognized as a man, and the elders then imparts to him the mythos, traditions, and culture of the tribe. The young girls of such indigenous tribes also have their own form of Rites of Passage.

But the tests, tasks, and ordeals of the Seven Fold Way themselves coupled with the Dark Tradition of the Sinister Way is a reflection of the methodology of the more ancient and traditional Left Hand Path school in Asia. For example some Kulas of Shaktas once had their initiates spend 9 months alone in the jungle. The Aghori must live alone for a set number of years in the cremation ground along the Ganges. Some Shaivite kulas had the Initiate kill a human. The breaking of social taboos is almost a universal methodology in the ancient and traditional Left Path. By “social taboo” is also meant concepts such as incest and copulation of animals, cannibalism, etc. The basic idea behind the breaking of taboos and the experience of such extreme acts is that the worldlings of a society are enthralled by their own egos and consciousness, and imprisoned by walls of inane and arbitrary morals and beliefs, that breaking such taboos and going beyond the established limits of this prison Liberated you. From being liberated from such a small “world” the Initiate of the Left Path gains divine illumination and comes to realize the Reality beyond such a small field of conscious perception/existence.

Q: What is the Sinister Ethos?

A: The Law of Honour. Sometimes called the Law of the Sinister-Numen. Sometimes called the Dreccian Code [of Honour].

“Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

“Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

“For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

“Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

“Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

“Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

“Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one’s word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

“Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

“Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

“Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane. [7]”

Q: What is the Septenary System?

A: Sometimes also called the Hebdomadry. It is the Traditional system of Magick and practice as expounded in the ONA book Naos. The major parts of it would include Physis; The Star Game; Magick; and Pathworking the Tree of Wyrd. Such esoteric practices are not a unique concept to the ONA. Even in Buddhism there exists similar esoteric practices, especially in Vajrayana; but also in the Tipitaka of Theravada, where the Buddha expounds various methods, meditative practices, and such to develop magical or supra-mundane occult abilities. The various kinds of Magick and Pathworking also has parallels in old and indigenous animistic cultures and tribes; shamanism and interaction or communication with spirits are two examples. I personally believe that the ONA’s Septenary System or its Traditional practice must remain an important fixture and vital aspect of the overall mythos and praxis of the Sinister Way of the ONA. For the outer praxis of deed and action must be balanced by an inner praxis where the mind and its undeveloped abilities are developed.

Q: Are there other ways of putting the ONA into practice?

A: There are many others, such as the Pathei-Mathos, Dark Sorcery, the Dark Arts, Exeatics, Acausal Knowing, Aeonic Perception, Insight Role, etc. The list goes on and on, and no doubt as time passes the list will grow. This manuscript is just a summary of the general backbone and framework of the ONA.

SYMBIOSIS

Q: What is the most important Work of the ONA?

A: Us and our Progeny is the simple answer. Or as Anton Long puts it:

“For it is the development of our new sinister family, our new sinister kindred, which is both an exoteric and an esoteric priority, manifest as our new family is in our new tribes, and bound as our clannish family is and should be by our law of the sinister-numen.

“In essence, therefore, we are – we, our kind, represent – a new culture, here on this planet we have called Earth; and it is the spread, the growth, of this new culture, of our new families, our tribes, which will begin to undermine, in a most important and a very practical way, the way of life, the societies, and the nation-States of the mundanes. This is and will continue to be a subversive revolution against the current Magian status quo and will lead, in the not too distant future in some area on this planet, to a practical armed insurrection, led by Vindex. [8]”

Tribalism and clans is the golden thread of all of David Myatt’s forms: Reichsfolk, The Numinous Way, and the Order of Nine Angles. This is the most important Work of the ONA: to make real what is really Human. To re-presence in our world – or in the West – the more Human Way of Life, which Magian Ethos has destroyed.

A natural Human tribe and clan is neither capitalist where a few exploit the many for personal profit or communist where everyone is forced to be unnaturally equal or where peasants are glorified. A Tribe or clan in any part of the world outside the Magian West is a collectivist system of symbiosis, mutual aid, and mutual dependence. In a tribe or clan you share your strengths and abilities with others in exchange for the service of others’ strengths and abilities. Your weaknesses and underdeveloped aspects are complimented and supplemented by the strengths and development of others. The elders pass their wisdom down to the young. The young care for the old. Natural resources are shared, everyone looks after everyone. This concept of tribalism or living in clans is an alien concept to Mundanes because for so many centuries Magian ethos has broken their own ancient and numinous clans and tribes down into dysfunctional family units.

Tribal culture is a choice and willed into being. It manifests via real praxis and by a real change in understanding of Life and a real change in ones Way of Life. A tribe or clan takes time to grow. No girl can birth a whole tribe out of her womb in one lifetime, no matter how many times she gets pregnant. The mythos, ethos, traditions, and culture must be passed down to our children and grand children, if a clan and tribe is to blossom.

Thus Culture to us of the ONA is the most important factor of everything that we are about. Without Culture our long term aims will be fruitless and remain just ideas. Without Culture that Myattian Dream of colonizing the stars will remain a dream. Without Culture the State’s political ideologies and decadent secular way of life will be a substitute cheap culture that enslaves rather than frees. To be free means to be free of influence. Tribes is the numinous way to disrupt and gradually break the power monopoly of the MORG. The more tribes there

are in, the less reliant the people are of the State and all that comes with the State.

A Culture is leaderless. No single person dictated in a Culture what other will do. A Culture is beyond skin color, religion, ideology, and worldviews. Without Culture there can be no clan or tribe. Without the symbiosis of a clan or tribe we will forever be segregated slaves to a dead and distant machine that neither cares for us or for Nature.

A return to a more natural and human Way of Life is the most important Work of the ONA. But this is not to suggest that we devolve and reject science and technology. The key is balance. To balance our inner Human social instincts of living in clans and tribes with our outer Human genius of science and technology. Symbiosis, or the condition where we live for one another and care for each other is the bedrock and Numinous foundation of everything that is the ONA. As Anton Long explained:

“Acausal knowing brings the uncovering of this esoteric truth of the individual as a living nexion – and thus of how they are not, and will not be, an isolated being. This knowing of being such a living nexion is the knowing of our true human nature, and of our cosmic, supra-terran, and acausal, potential.

“Part of this discovered truth is that of how such small tribal communities are – or rather can be – living beings; a new type of living consciously presenced by us in the causal, and a type of living which aids the evolution of the individual in the aforementioned manner. That is, such communities – such tribes (and there are various types of tribes) – are a type of cosmic sorcery, an esoteric symbiosis, by means of which the individual can interact with Nature and the Cosmos (and other human beings) in ways necessary for Aeonice Change, with such interaction being beneficial to individuals in terms of their psyche, their knowing, the development of their faculties, and so on. Or, expressed another way, such tribal communities provide opportunities which enhance living and life in ways which change, evolve, Life itself and individuals themselves. [9]“

To conclude; this summary of the framework and core concepts of the ONA presents the Order of Nine Angles in Seven parts: Thesis, Antithesis, Synthesis, Metamorphosis, Axis, Praxis, & Symbiosis [10]. Our thanks goes out to the Temple of THEM for actually providing those Seven parts, as well as the inspiration that fueled the insights. This summary is only a brief description of what the ONA is, so many pieces of the ONA that fits into those Seven parts have not been named. Each Initiate of the ONA will build on this idea and understand each part on their own. These “Seven ONA Fundamentals” only serves as a rough guide so that anybody who is interested in becoming ONA will be able to gain an understanding of what the ONA is from beginning, middle, to end.

[Further Reading: [Joining The Order](#)]

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Footnotes:

[1] Anton Long; Some ONA Tests.

[2] Anton Long; The War Against The Mundane.

[3] David Myatt; A Numinous Future.

[4] ONA; The Sinister Dialectic.

[5] ONA; Reductio Ad Absurdum, 1989.

[6] ONA; Frequently Asked Questions About The ONA.

[7] Anton Long; Our Law Of The Sinister-Numen.

[8] Anton Long; ONA: Prophet of Vindex?

[9] Anton Long; Sinister Tribes, Sinister Individuality, And The Sinister Way.

[10] Temple of THEM actually gave me the seven parts. I had been contemplating about somehow summarizing the fundamentals of the ONA for some time, but did not know how to articulate the idea. It wasn't until working with THEM that one of THEM gave me an ingenious format and layout for me to work with. Kudos to THEM for their help and contribution. I hope that this will be the beginning of more joint works between our two Nexions.

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

A DRECCIAN COSMOLOGY – [1]

A Dreccian Cosmology

Part One



As the title implies, this manuscript only presents a cosmological framework from a Dreccian perspective, and does not assume to be the one and only correct apprehension of the Cosmos. This Dreccian Cosmology must be open to change and further evolution, but a template for a Dreccian Cosmology should be loosely laced together to provide a platform for our future progeny to further develop. The most essential thing to point out is that the Mind itself is the beginning point of all acts of growth and progression. Such that, if a belief, an ontological point of view, or a cosmological opinion were established which sets a limit, the Mind will believe in such limits and will not go beyond.

To illustrate quickly, if mainstream cosmology states that gravity is a force which is a by-product of mass that cannot be technologically duplicated, then that belief in and of itself, limits the Mind from making such things as “anti-gravity” a Reality due to the simple fact that it does not believe that such is possible in the first place. Or to give another example of the causal limitations and retardations Belief can have on a person – a civilization – take for example a group of Eskimos living in the early 1800’s at the start of the industrial age.

If I were to have come from a developed nation and were to go to speak with 2 tribes of Eskimos and tell them – “That ice you live on and use as bricks to build your homes with can be used to make electricity, and send rockets to the moon;” and the first tribe responded – “That’s bullshit! We’ve been living on this ice for a thousand years and we have a hundred different words for it. I think we know what ice can and can’t do.” While the other tribe said to me – “Anything’s possible, show us.” Which tribe do you suppose will progress? For those of you who can’t see how ice can be used to make electricity and power rockets – steam turns turbines, and liquid hydrogen combined with liquid oxygen (the basic atomic components of water/ice) sends the space shuttle into space.

The Three Primary Agents

Our Dreccian Cosmology begins with the three primary agents of what we assume to be

Reality – a) the Acausal; b) the “Mind”/Geist; c) the Causal. Together this triad shapes, forms, creates, gives life to, maintains, and evolves what we know of as the Cosmos.

By “Acausal” we mean a number of things. Firstly that what is “acausal” is “something” which is not a causal system/machine. A causal system is a machine which basically puts out something, if you first put something into it. A classic example of an actual causal machine is a vending machine that dispenses snacks. You put in a dollar and it gives you a little bag of chips. In other words, it is a system that runs on “cause and effect,” one action affects and produces a result – plant a seed in the right conditions, and you can always expect it to grow and bare the fruit it came from. Therefore the “Acausal” is an aspect of the Cosmos which is independent of the basic binary-reactionary coding of cause and effect.

Secondly the Acausal is the fundamental Source of everything else. By Source, we mean to say the “Thing” from which everything in the causal world of phenomena arises. Thus, the Acausal is not only “Life Force,” as it has been pointed out in other ONA manuscripts. It is also what we might term the “source from which all forms of energy arises” due to a lack of a better terminology. It must also be the sea of infinite and all possibilities simultaneously co-existing side by side each not affecting the other, hence the term “acausal.”

To give a good example of how a multitude of potentialities can coexist all at once, take for example that really popular computer game “Warcraft.” The actual environment and scenery you are experiencing on the screen when playing this game is what we would call the Causal. Your actions manifest results, and each reaction to such initial actions affects other around you, and gradually determines your final outcome – your future or end result. Whereas, Beneath this causal environment is the Software the entire game actually IS. It is in the software program of this game that all of the game’s potentialities co-exist simultaneously. It is this acausal Software, that actually gives life and form to the characters you play and assume in that outer causal environment.

So, in this sense, the Mind is the OS of the gaming system. The Operating System which translates all of those incomprehensible bytes of coherent information into comprehensible, experiential pieces. It is the nexus, or link between the acausal and the causal. By mind, we don’t mean the thing between your ears. By the word “Mind” we mean to denote a literal focal point of the Living Cosmos which possesses Life Force and which possess the natural ability to exert itself (Will) in some way upon its environment, be it acausal or causal. To prevent any confusion we will annex the German word “Geist” from the word Zeitgeist, to ascribe to this focal point of Life Essence and Will.

It is incorrect, from the perspective of this Dreccian Cosmology to say that Mind = Consciousness. Not all living things in this causal realm are “conscious” such as plants, bacteria, unicellular organisms, and most primitive causal life forms such as jellyfish and so on – things which are “Alive” that can exert itself within their environment, but yet lack the conscious awareness to differentiate what they are from a pile of rock.

Even in more evolved organisms such as humans; conscious awareness is neither innate nor continuous. That is to say that we as humans are not born into this world with a crisp beta wave

conscious awareness as infants. A human child remains immersed between deep delta wave (the state of deep sleep and dreams) and theta wave (trance/hypnosis) for roughly 4 years. During a child's first few years, it is not consciously aware of itself, nor can it differentiate itself from its environment. It takes a human baby about 4 years to learn to focus its Geist/mind onto its objective environment.

Then there are cases of humans who are severely mentally impaired in which state they are vegetables who lack any sign of consciousness, yet are bodily "alive" still. Consciousness is not constant, not even in humans. The human animal spends literally half of its causal life unconscious in sleep, in which state the Geist still has a sense of Self, but yet can hardly be understood to be conscious or consciously aware of its causal environment.

Thus Consciousness is nothing more than an evolutionary tool of the higher evolve organism (acausal or causal). Consciousness is a refined concentration, a tuning into, or focus of Geist on an environment, with which such higher evolved organisms use to better apprehend information from its habitat to its evolutionary advantage. In the same sense that a radio can tune into a specific frequency among thousands to "become aware" of that specific station. Or a better example of what consciousness is is when you sit in a crowded coffee house with many people carrying on conversations simultaneously, and you tune into a specific conversation, and somehow every other conversation is phased out. This is consciousness. It is a tool or act of Geist. Consciousness does not equal Life.

As a corollary to this theorem, just because you are consciously only aware of one modality of existence, does not mean that nothing else exists. It just means that you are only consciously Focused on one modality... one potentiality, out of many co-existing possibilities. In this way consciousness can be imagined as a television set which has evolved to tune into one channel at a time, which is only one of many co-existing channels.

It is what possibility or potentiality the Geist focuses on, or becomes aware of, that "draws" that potentiality out of its "quantum foam" of possibilities, which gradually materializes into Causal Reality – or that aspect of the Cosmos in which we experience things. At this point, the Geist becomes a nexion, or a point of the Living Cosmos where the Acausal converges with the Causal... thru which the Causal manifests. Thus what specific potentiality a Geist, or group of Geists tunes into, becomes experientable reality.

Such that, if we as a civilization had become aware of the possibility and reality of walking on the moon 500 years ago, we would have long experienced that potentiality of existence long ago. Or if Europe did not believe the world was flat and ventured out to explore the world's oceans, the New World would have become an experientable reality long before Columbus.

In a way, "reality" is amorphous in nature. The Geist, and what it becomes aware of, or focuses its "attention" upon, is what gradually becomes "Real." Extraterrestrial life was impossible in the reality of 20 years ago. Today we exist in a different reality in which such concepts are possible, and we have rocks from space with micro fossils to prove it to ourselves. So that now, we exist or are experiencing a causal universe which is teeming with life.

The Geist itself is a focal point of the Cosmos. In the same way that “Now” is a focal point of Time in its Infinite essence. “A focal point” in the same way that if we were to set 100 cups of tea outside under the sun or set up 100 magnifying glasses around an anthill, we would see the One Macrocosmic Sun manifested as 100 miniature microcosmic suns reflected on the surface of the tea cups or as points of light on the ground... each miniature copy with the basic essence and power of its parent – heat and light in this case.

If the Cosmos is composed of acausality then there is an aspect of the universe which is infinite, eternal, and all potentialities. If an aspect of the Cosmos is infinite, eternal, and everything, it cannot experience itself to grow, unless it focuses itself within itself upon the “Nowness” of each of its potentialities and possibilities. That act of the “Comic Geist” “dividing” itself into focal points within itself to directly experience the “nowness” of each potential reality is what gives rise to Geist. We are each a manifestation of the same macrocosmic Living Cosmos, which like us, is in a state of self-progression and self-evolution.

The Causal world of phenomena is just that – this physical aspect of the Cosmos in which we play out the dramas of our mortal lives to learn and grow from our experiences. As we grow and learn, thru us the Cosmos grows exponentially. To illustrate this concept take a covert intelligence agent. No matter how much spying he does, this single lone agent is limited in what he can learn and experience simply because of the fact that he is only one single entity. Now if this covert intelligence agent had become the Director of an Intelligence agency, and this Director had many agents collecting intelligence and turning in reports to him, the Director’s awareness, his intelligence, grows exponentially because he has many sources of input.

Even here in this causal realm, the Geist is still the very center of Reality. What we each perceive as form and substance out there is actually a sea of atoms. Each of these atoms in turn are nothing more than subatomic particles. In turn these subatomic particles is nothing more than a quantum flux of quanta. A quanta is basically a packet of coherent information in the form of energy.

It is the Geist as a nexion, that receive input from such information sources, which it translates into form. From a different angle, the causal world of phenomena exists in the brain, only after its 5 senses has apprehended or grasped information. That information travels thru nerves in the form of bio-electricity to centers in the brain. It is there that shape and form is experienced. This is not to say that reality is all in the mind. There is a source of coherent information to what shapes and forms is experienced.

Thus it is only from a macro-physical perspective that the Causal Realm is material and physical. On a micro-physical level... a quantum level, there is neither form or substance to matter. Thus, from this Dreccian Cosmological perspective, it is erroneous to say that a force such as Gravity has its existential origin in “mass” or “matter” because on a finer level, that mass or matter doesn’t even exist.

The Causal Realm

This Dreccian Cosmology rejects the Magian theory of the Big Bang as being out right stupid. Not because it was theorized by a Catholic priest, and not because a universe with a beginning leave the door open for a God; but simply because you cannot get something out of nothing. The very concept that the causal universe suddenly came out of nothing or out of an atom completely defies and contradicts the very meaning of the word “causal” in the first place! It even defies nearly every law of mainstream physics that I am aware of.

It is the same materialist macro-physical logic that involves a developing human fetus. Yes a fetus does start off as a tiny single celled zygote, then all of a sudden it explodes (in nine months) into a big multitrillion celled baby. It’s easy to observe this as materialist scientists and say to ourselves – “Well shit, if that how babies are formed, then it must be how the universe came into being too.”

It’s only when we shift our perspective to a micro-physical one, do we begin to see that such macro-physical simplifications doesn’t even begin to grasp what is actually happening or has happened to the baby. Where does the zygote get the extra lipids and cytoplasm and such from to make the other trillion cells? What tells every cell to go where it needs to go and do what it needs to do? Why does every cell behave as if it is a part of a single coherent orchestrated symphony?

When we look closer, we realize that perhaps the DNA and its genes, which are a coherent form of information in the form of a coherent molecular crystalline structure, that is the causal foundation of a baby. Could this then also be true for the causal universe? If we look closer at the physical universe on a micro-physical level, can we not find some form of coherent information somewhere within the most fundamental building block of the physical universe?

If a quanta is a swirl of energy, then it is not a question of how or from where matter arises which makes the physical universe; but from where or how this energy came, and how such energy becomes matter.

Quanta, or packets of energy is not the only fundamental building blocks in our Dreccian Cosmology. Electricity, Magnetic Fields, Plasma, and Gravity are also fundamental components.

This Dreccian Cosmology posits that each quanta is essentially a swirl of energy. The speed or rate of that swirl determines what type of quantum particle it becomes. Thus it can be better understood how a radioactive isotope alchemically transmutes gradually from one substance into another and even transmutes its type of radioactive wave (from X-ray to Gamma for example). When the swirl stops, the energy reverts back into its motionless state, as a miniature whirlpool or a bead of water dancing on the surface tension of water stops moving and re-merges with the motionless substance it came from.

Thus, there are two aspects of energy – the Movable and the Immoveable – to use esoteric lingo; or motionless energy and moving energy. We do know that on a micro-physical level all atomic and subatomic particles are in a constant state of motion. What causes such motion are magnetic fields... the very small kind.

Electricity then comes into play as the particles become electrically charged. Particles with the same charges will stay away from each other, while those of the opposite electrical charges will cluster together. Thus, even at this point, Chaos is brought into coherent order. From this initial ordering of Cosmic Flux comes Plasma – the first state of matter... or the fourth state if you are a materialist.

To recapitulate mainstream materialist science, matter comes in four forms – 1. Solid; 2. Liquid; 3. Gas; and 4. Plasma. Plasma is the stuff inside neon lights which makes those neon lights work. It is the same magenta plasma inside plasma globes sold at your average mall or novelty store. Unlike the other 3 gross states of matter, Plasma reacts to magnetic and electrical fields. Otherwise neon signs and plasma lasers would not work. Plasma is also 99% of the Cosmos. In a way, Plasma can be imagined as “proto-matter.”

It is from the ubiquitous Plasma of the Cosmos that the basic atoms found in the periodic table are born. We know that from their combinations come molecules which is the beginning point of macro-physical materialization.

Thus, in this Dreccian Cosmology Electricity, Magnetism, and Plasma play a crucial role in the “creation” of the causal material universe, and NOT gravity. Gravity comes into play, only after macro-physical matter comes into being. Gravity in this Dreccian Cosmology is the third essence in the “Cosmic” Triad – Electricity, Magnetism, and Gravity which can be imagined to form a triangle of interaction. Such that when Electricity and Magnetism mingle, they form Electromagnetism, and when Electricity and Gravity mingle, they form Electrogravity; or when Gravity and Magnetism mingle Gravatomagnetism arises. Of course we cannot assume that such things as electricity, magnetism, and gravity comes from nothing.

This Triad of ours needs a source. That source is Energy. By “Energy” we mean to denote an essence – or “thing” – which exerts motion or force. By “Motion” we mean the Way in which primordial substance moves – thus becoming form. By “Force” we mean an essence or “thing” which effects or alters its environment in a measurable or observable way. Thus, Energy can be imagined as the fourth Point of a Tetrahedron, the other 3 Points of this Tetrahedron being Electricity, Magnetism, and Gravity. It can be said that the physical universe is born – or came into physical being thru the Angles of this Cosmic Tetrahedron. So it was said by the Adept Lao Tzu – *“The Tao produced the one; The one produced two; The two produced the three; The three produced all the myriad beings.”*

The Energy also did not come from nothing. Energy in turn is the “Will” of the Acausal or of the Living Cosmos, effecting its environment. Thus the Acausal is Wu Wei. The word “Wu” meaning “Without” or “Not Having,” while the word “Wei” means “Action,” “Do,” or “Effort” which is the exact same essential meaning of the word “Acausal” from the Prefix “A” denoting “Without” and the concept of “Causality” meaning “Effect of Action.”

In our Dreccian Cosmology, the Quantum Foam, or Cosmic Flux also has a source. Cosmic Flux is Acausal Essence itself – Life Force and or Acausal Energy – “bleeding” into the space of the causal realm thru nexions. Thus, in our Dreccian Cosmology, it can be understood that Creation is the Cosmic Being exerting its own will upon its own essence/substance. In

otherwords, Creation – what we know of as the physical reality and or the universe – is nothing more than the Cosmos in a state of Self-Evolution, Self-Becoming, Self-Expression, Self-Manifestation, Self-Creation.

It can be asked where the Cosmic Being itself comes. The answer to this question is both very simple, and beyond our human comprehension to answer. Simple because It came from something, for only something gives rise to something. Beyond our ability to answer because, our minds are too small to even grasp the infinite bigness of the physical universe, let alone the origin and source of the “Ubergeist” from which it arose.

Like our Cosmic Parent, each of us Dreccians are likewise in that same state or quest of Self-Evolution, Self-Becoming, Self-Expression, Self-Manifestation, and Self-Creation. To surmount ourselves, and thru our own efforts, numinously progress and evolve into new beings... a new type of humanity... a Cosmic or Galactic Humanity. As our Cosmic Parent has demonstrated – Evolution is Willed.

The Matter of Matter

So our Dreccian Cosmology has brought us to the materialization of matter. It is from Plasma, which is what most of the physical universe is made of – as it is manipulated by electrical charges, magnetic fields, and gravitational fields, that Plasma coagulates into atomic elements.

Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that at this stage, there are two sources of matter – 1. Plasmic, and 2. Solar. By Plasmic we mean to say that being manipulated by electricity, magnetism and such that plasma coalesces into your basic atomic elements, which under certain environmental conditions either further condenses into gases, liquids, or solids.

This Dreccian Cosmology states that the idea that a sun is a fire ball is lame and stupid. Firstly, there’s no freaking oxygen in space for a fire ball to burn for Pete’s sake. Secondly, I don’t care how big a sun is, or how much fire wood or “nuclear fuel” its got packed in its core, no fuel is gunna burn for a billions plus years.

Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that suns (stars) were the first causal things to populate the causal realm, which are nodules or warts or plasmic tumors in space that bursts into being along veins of Plasma. A star isn’t just plasmic warts feeding off of healthy veins of plasma filaments, they are also akin to pressure cookers. Over time, the immense gravitational field, magnetic fields, and electrical charges surrounding a sun effect the plasma of that sun building up as atomic elements. When that sun supernovas, it releases those elements – such as heavy metals and star dust – into space. Esoterically, the ancient Egyptians Sun God Ra, was symbolized by an eye. Eyes cry (Tears of Ra), and the ancient Egyptian word for “humanity” or “mankind” comes from the word for “tears.”

Regardless of how matter came into being, the most important question is why is some matter dead, while other forms of matter is living, when both appear to be composed of the same exact elements? Why can’t a jar of water, oil, sugar, and dirt be alive but yet a cellular blob made of the same things is?

The presence of Acausal Energy in one and not the other is not a good answer. It's like asking why a battery is electrical and a rock is not, and getting the answer because the battery has electrons. Both the atomic substance of the battery and rock are chalk full of electrons. Its just that the battery has a specific coherent chemical formula which generates more electron flow, whereas the rock is chemically incoherent – meaning that even if the rock were composed of chemical compounds, that chemistry is random and in no coherent ordering/formula.

Why do more photons/light seem to flow and shine thru a diamond and not a piece of coal in your BBQ grill if both are made of the same carbon atoms? Because the carbon atoms in the diamond is structured in a coherent order, while the carbon atoms in the coal is incoherent.

Why does the light of a laser exert or have more force than the light of a flashlight, if both are made of the same photons? It is because the photons of the laser are coherent, while the light of a flashlight flies incoherently in every direction.

Why is it that quartz crystals can hold energy which can be released and seen by rubbing two of them together in the dark; but when you rub two rocks together you get nothing? Because the atoms of the crystal are in coherent formation – hence the word “crystal,” while the atoms in the rock is randomly about in a willy-nilly “formation.”

Coherency of formation and micro-physical structure seems to allow more light and energy and electrons to flow in all the above examples. Could coherency be the difference between dead matter and living matter?

We already know what living matter is basically – us, cells, animals, plants, and so on. What is the most simplest form of living matter? So simple that it is only alive half the time, when it leeches off of the Acausal Flow of a living cell? A Virus.

What exactly is a generic Virus composed of? It has two parts to it – 1. A Crystalline shell; and 2. a strand of RNA – which is a crystalline structure, or a coherent ordering of atoms and molecules. That's all a virus is. It is basically a crystal with a string of coherent information in the form of a coherent crystalline ordering of amino acids. Those amino acids in turn are not only coherently crystalline in structure, but like quartz crystals, amino acids are piezoelectric. Piezoelectric phenomenon is when a crystal has the ability to generate an electrical charge when pressure or force is applied to it.

So, if we may consider Viruses the most primordial causal “life” forms, which only come to life in the presence of an external flow of Acausal Energy, and a virus is a crystal inside and out; and we theorize that it is the missing link between dead matter and causal life forms. Then, what would we find if we took one evolutionary step backwards to find its closest primitive material cousin? Crystals.

This Dreccian Cosmology posits that Crystals are the “missing link” between dead matter and living matter. Being a crystal is a big deal. For all the billions of years of atoms and molecules randomly floating in space, somewhere, somehow, one day a group of atoms and molecules decided to come together to form a coherent structure – order out of chaos – which is what a

crystal basically is. It's the same big deal in nature when one day after 100's of millions of years of single celled organisms floating around in the sea, a group of unicellular organisms decided to come together and organized each other into a coherent formation – multicellular organisms.

The Field

Several years ago in a book called "The Field" a scientific experiment was spoken about which would contradict mainstream materialist genetic science. A group of scientists had built a device which could see the Morphic Field of organisms. When salamander and frog eggs were placed under the device it revealed that each egg had around it a ghostly image of what it would become.

A female scientist hypothesized that perhaps the ghostly image they were seeing somehow was the true unseen agent which actually "tells" each cell where to go and what to become and do.

Modern materialist genetics states that all organisms are the end product of their genetic coding. And that the actual genetic coding itself (DNA) is the agent which tells each cell what to do and become. Such that, each daughter cell of a dividing zygote which are all identical, with the same identical DNA blueprint somehow miraculously becomes different.

It requires only a simple thought experiment to discover that something is missing in the above equation. If you were to give a group of construction workers all the same blueprints of a building you wanted built, without imposing your own will on this group and leaving them on their own as cells of a construction company to erect that structure, could they do it without organization and differentiation? By differentiation we mean to say that one construction worker decides he will mix the cement, while another decides she will help lay the foundation and so on. Or a better illustration is if we had an orchestra and we gave each musician an exact copy of the musical notes of the symphony we wanted to hear. Without differentiation would it be possible?

Materialists assume that DNA is akin to the US Constitution, which points out every member of the Federal Entity and specifically assigns them their duties and responsibilities. As if to suggest that somewhere in DNA there is a genetic sequence which goes – "And you group of stem cells hither shall relocate upon your 30th cellular division to the newly formed eyesockets and become eyeball cells thereof for the duration of a human life span, and thusly shall you function..."

Can you imagine the length of our human DNA, or that of a giant blue whale if that was the case? Where you had to specifically tell each of the trillion something cells what the hell to do and be? What's amazing is that – as it has been recently discovered – some worm species have more genes than our human genome! I mean cows have 58 chromosomes versus our 46?!

I mean even on a single cellular level, the cell is extremely complex, especially cellular mitosis

and cellular asexual replication. First the millions/billions of molecules that makes up the cell's DNA must be divided in half. Not just in any half mind you... each half of a chromosome! Then those need to somehow be copied to produce two sets. Then cytogenesis happens where the cell somehow, from somewhere must acquire more water (cytoplasm) and lipid molecules, and all that extra material must be put in the right place.

The level of near impossibility of cellular division isn't fully appreciated until you do a thought experiment and consciously pretend to be a cell and consciously go thru the elaborate and near miraculous process of cellular division. Meaning that the conscious mind of the supposed most evolved organism can barely consciously perform the act. It's like we are on a helicopter looking down at a busy freeway of cars and we say to ourselves – "Oh yeah, its simple, each of those cars (cells) knows where they're going and what they're doing, they all got GPS (dna)." There is something missing. Just because a car has GPS doesn't mean that machines operate themselves. These cells exhibit the ability to exert force upon itself. Is DNA the Executive Initiator – Will?

After hypothesizing that the ghostly image she was seeing maybe the agent which tells stem cells where to go and what to become, the female scientist mentioned above created "electrical tweezers" and conducted her experiment. She took those same salamander eggs, and under the device, she took her electrical tweezers and manipulated the ghostly image of the adult salamanders. She was able to "cut" the ghostly limbs of the image and place them on other parts of its "body" and she waited. After passing thru their tadpole stage, her salamanders came out deformed – in the exact same way she had made them, with legs coming out of their heads. All this was accomplished without any kind of invasive genetic manipulation or radiation.

This Dreccian Cosmology posits that to every causal form there is an equal acausal form; and to every living causal form, there is an equal acausal form and a shared nexion.

For instance the Cosmos as a whole not only has its Causal Form – this physical universe; but also its Acausal Form, and its Cosmoc Nexion – what ONA calls the Abyss. That "place" where Causal and Acausal nature blurs, which maybe seen as the collective psyche or collective unconscious "mind" or "the ubergeist" which we all share; which is the Geist of the Cosmic Being.

On a micro-physical level the cell is composed of a countless number of atoms – causal forms. Each atom generates a resonance field around it – which is its acausal matrix. Its crystalline DNA/RNA being the nexion; in the same sense that an atom also has a nucleus made of a coherent formation of protons and neutrons. The atom itself being the Particle, while the field itself is picked up by us as the Wave, such that an atom is today understood to be a "Wavicle." The sum of the resonance fields of all these countless of atoms composing a cell becomes its "Morphic Memory Field" which contains in coherent information format, the "memory" of what the cell is and what it should be composed of and does.

In another experiment spoken about in the above mentioned book a group of scientists in America along with a group in France conducted an experiment. They were growing a culture

of bacteria in a dish and had exposed the culture to common penicillin. Naturally the bacteria reacted to the presence of the penicillin and died. The team in one continent then literally recorded the electromagnetic wave signature of this penicillin onto a computer disc, uploaded the recoding into their computer, and sent the recoding via email to the group waiting on the other continent. The other group downloaded this recorded electromagnetic information (signature) of this penicillin culture (which was physically on the other continent) and literally played the information thru a device onto a dish of the same kind of bacteria, which died, reacting to the electromagnetic wave of penicillin as if it were the actual causal microbe! When I read about this experiment I personally thought of those hand held thingies they use on Star Trek The Next Generation.

Rupert Sheldrake was the first Westerner to come up with what he named “Morphic Resonance,” and “Memory Fields.” The idea or concept of there being unseen particles which holds information in this manner is very old in the Orient; and we’re not talking about the “aura.” Even in Buddhism – if you know your Buddhism – it speaks of what are sometimes called “spirit particles” which are said to be the foundation of physical form (which amazingly emanates from the Mind). In Shaivite cosmology the unmanifested Shiva-Paratman holds and maintains the manifested Shakti.

Sheldrake theorizes that there is a memory field of some sort around every physical thing, which contains a things material and evolutionary information or what memories a thing has collected over a stretch of time. He also goes further and states that these memory fields also even contains such information as a thing’s boiling point.

Sheldrake gives an example of when a new “species” of crystals were discovered. Scientists began working with these crystals and melting them. In the beginning stages these newly discovered crystals melted at erratic temperatures; unlike how most things we know have an established boiling point – water and iron boils at a fixed temperature, no matter where in the world the water or iron is. It was only after several years of this newly discovered crystal being melted and boiled did it seem to collectively equalize its species boiling point, and from then on, every one of those crystals boiled at the exact same temperature.

The theory of Morphic Resonance goes further and states that an organism has a memory field which has evolved over time within a certain climate and environmental condition, so that the morphic fields of each organism in its native habitat has evolved to thrive under those conditions. Thus in any place on earth where there is the same conditions, nature will conserve energy by simply propagating morphic fields it knows will thrive in such conditions, such that organisms that live and thrive in similar conditions will physically look very similar, even if they are not or were never physically connected or genetically related. Since Nature/Life is universal, nature will utilize this same method anywhere in the universe, so that if there were a planet that is very similar to the earth, its people would look like us, because their physical form is dictated by their morphic field.

Our Dreccian Cosmology takes this a step further and posits that the so called “Morphic Fields” of living organisms began as rudimentary acausal life forms which have colonized the causal realm and which have learned to use its Geist to organize causal shells in the same

way that a brainless clam or coral pulp organizes causal matter into shells and coral.

If the theorem is to be valid in some way, then there must be rudimentary acausal organisms floating around which have not learned to make causal shells to live in and act upon the causal environment. Where are they? Looking for acausal life forms with causal eyeballs is like using a metal detector wired to only see iron and metal to find gold nuggets.

We can hypothesize that if we as causal organisms, much like colored light, inhabit only a small portion of the electromagnetic spectrum... or whatever spectrum it is we exist within. Could there be lesser physical things existing in a different portion of the electromagnetic spectrum? Such as ultraviolet or infrared, which our eyes cannot pick up? If we had infrared and ultraviolet sensitive cameras, we should be able to pick up such rudimentary acausal life forms every where shouldn't we? Have you ever tried? Others have.

The first man to do this was someone named Trevor Constable. He used infrared cameras and over a period of time discovered "things" that live in the sky and atmosphere which he calls "sky critters" that exist in the infrared spectrum. Most of these sky critters he saw resemble jellyfish which seem to cluster around lamp posts along the street and telephone wires (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1Ez4_rOI9VQ).

Trevor's film and camera he used is very primitive, given the era he lived in. NASA has accidentally captured these same sky critters during its tether experiment that went bad. There was on board an infrared camera which captured a school of massive sized sky critters swarming around the tether. Those who were watching the tether via this infrared camera saw the sky critters, while everyone else watching the tether with a normal camera could not see these things (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=As-wYmFYb3I>).

During other space operations NASA's infrared cameras continues to capture these things which only the infrared camera is picking up and are unseen by the astronauts. In one footage the globular critters seem to be chasing electrical storms in the upper atmosphere, which seems to confirm Trevor's theory that these sky critters "feed" off of energy (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tu2gpEnwHlw>), (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w7IzXHsym7k>) & (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iMV-7nNfEhs>).

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A DRECCIAN COSMOLOGY – [2]

A Dreccian Cosmology

Part Two



Symbiotic Progression

Our Dreccian Cosmology rejects the materialist theory of Darwinian Evolution as being primitive and grotesquely crude. As esoteric Taoists say – “Heaven, Nature, and Man are three aspects of the same essence. To know one, is to understand the other.” Or as a wise Greek once put it – “Man, Know Thyself.” This is to say that if we desire to understand Nature, and we have a hard time understanding it via directly observing it; we have but to study our own Selves to gain an understanding of Nature and the Cosmos.

If my own body were an ecosystem, I would not be able to survive past my own fetal stage if every cell in my body were in some kind of Darwinian struggle to evolve where it’s every cell for itself. My liver cells would each morph into filter feeders, and my mammary gland cells would morph into milk oozing sponges, and my neurons would evolve into electrical slugs.

Its “urbanhomocentric” for some Englishman who was born and conditioned in a dog eat dog urban environment, and who thought maggots came from dead meat to one day walk into a Malagasy ecosystem he is alien to and see a finch’s beak shaped like the flowers they feed from and say – “Well shit! It’s just like Down Town London, every creature for himself, survival of the fittest!”

If such were the case – the ecosystem operating on Darwinian Evolution theory – then it wouldn’t even be called a freaking “System” in the first place which denotes an “integral cooperative machine which works as a whole.” It’s like a symphony in which every instrument player is individualistically trying to out perform and make louder noises than their competing neighbor. It’s not how a symphony works. It’s not how the universe works either.

It is erroneous too believe that Life exists in the state of self-competition; no more than the ecosystem of my own body exists in a state of self-competition. There is only one single Living Cosmos. The idea that this single Living Cosmos is divided with itself into warring and competing factions is not only counter-progressive and counter-productive; but it's also magian. We do not exist in a universe split between a good capitalist God and an evil communist Devil who are constantly fighting for supremacy where they vicarious do battle with each other by making lesser evolved creatures fight and struggle. This isn't a Cold War Universe.

Atoms don't try to compete with each other, or struggle to evolve on an individual level. It isn't like hydrogen atoms try to be individual things who aspire to one day be something else thru evolution. Unicellular organisms which first lived in the young earth's oceans did not remain segregated in a state of competition. Ancient humans did not remain segregated as individualizes competing and killing every other human around them. Not even nation-states remains segregated as an individual in some state of Darwinian struggle constantly warring with every state around it for supremacy.

What happened? Atoms came together to form coherent structures giving birth to something new. Unicellular organisms came together and organized into coherent structures giving rise to a major leap forward for life. Ancient humans came together to form coherent structures called city-states. Nations-states came together to form coherent organizations called Federations such as the USA, EU, Association of South East Asian Nations, or the African Union. Coherency is the very fundamental Ethos (habit/custom) of the Cosmos.

While Darwin and his Homo Hubris Materialist Goons have this old world English weltanschauung of nature in which things are out to compete and struggle for supremacy, kill, compete, subjugate, and exploits. Nature seems to be doing the total opposite. In fact the more you observe Nature, the more symbiotic and industrial is shows itself to be. We don't mean factories and manufacturing plants when we say "industrial." We mean to say that like a bee hive is an industrial cooperative superorganism, so too is Nature industrial.

There are flowers that give sweet nectar to bees. Forests that providing monkeys with sweet fleshy fruits. Aphids poing sugar for ants. The sun giving plants free energy. It rains on every plant whether they're good nutritious plants or bad poisonous ones. Bacteria that put nutrients into dirt to help the trees grow? Fungus and worms that clean up and recycle dead biomass. It's almost as if Nature actually cares for its parts and pieces?

Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that Natural Life is a symbiotic system which is based on an acausal network of an exchange of information of the morphic resonance fields of three basic components of Natural Life – 1. A species; 2. the Ecosystem as a whole; and 3. the Environment.

By Environment we mean to say the ground, the rocks, the mountains, the air, or the nonliving matter that an ecosystem causally exists within. Thus, an environment's morphic resonance field would be the sum of all morphic fields which every rock and nonliving molecule has collected into a unified field. The morphic resonance field of an Ecosystem would be the sum

total of all the morphic fields of every species of living matter present which makes up the Ecosystem. The morphic resonance field of a Species being the sum of every causal organism's memory field of a given species.

To give an example of how these three "super fields" work and interacts with each other to give rise to causal life, lets first use something on human terms we can all understand. Let's pretend that I moved to the Jew side of New York City and I had established a restaurant that makes only Jew food (whatever that is), named "Jew Kitchen." I put a list of things I make in Jew Kitchen on the widow. My restaurant is an environment. The City is the ecosystem. The Jews are a species. What did I – as an environment – do when I put up the menu on my window? I broadcasted that I made food only Jews could eat out into the ecosystem, which gradually attracts the right kind of people to my Jew Kitchen – Jews.

Thus, for instance, you have a specific environment such as a hot vent of boiling toxic fluid on a primordial earth. This specific environment's morphic resonance field "broadcasts" out to the Cosmos what kind of condition is has. The Cosmos responds by placing the morphic field of a species it knows can survive in such harsh conditions – extermophiles, and an ecosystem of causal organisms begins to develop. Either Nature does this, or we must assume that nature is stupid and will try to evolve a monkey in that toxic pond.

How does mitochondria "know" to only live in cells as a symbiotic organism rather than live on its own, it has its own DNA. Should we assume that it took a billion years for fungus and algae to accidentally symbiotically live with each other to form lichen? Like most animals, we have a host of beneficial bacteria than live in our intestines. How is it that such bacteria know how and where to find our intestines? Should we assume that arctic bunnies took a billion years to learn to grow thick white coats during arctic winters, or is there a subtle connection between the rabbits and their environment?

Symbiotic Progression goes deeper than just this communication between an ecosystem's parts on an acausal or 'psychic' level. It posits that species of an environment will co-evolve together. Such that a species of flower which is dependent on a species of birds to pollinate it will co-evolve to accommodate or compliment each other – the shape of a flower matching the beak of a finch for example. The number of a species' individual organisms to accommodate the appetite of a carnivorous species is another example. This even affects a species' mode of replication. A Species which is often eaten in large numbers will lay large numbers of eggs. Trees that depend on animal species to spread its seeds far will surround its seeds with sweet flesh.

Thus, if we alter any given natural environment we ultimately change that environment's morphic field. Or if we remove a species from an ecosystem we wyrdfully affect the entire integrated numinous system as a whole, resulting in catastrophic results. All one must do is genuinely study the affects of centuries of mining and deforestation on the African continent to see the causal results of interfering with such a fine tuned and symbiotic system. Even the act of developing land in a given area to build a metropolis, eventually results in the extinction of many species which will wyrdfully deteriorate in time.

Those of us who are free of magian thinking are barely beginning to understand that the whole earth herself is just one vast symbiotic system, inside which we are a dependent part of. It is understandable from this perspective, why Nature seems to be so increasingly violent as time passes; why her climate seems to change for the worst. It is because of so many centuries of magian, and Hubris world view in which Nature is seen as dead, spiritless, and a thing to be exploited.

Causal and Acausal Life

How did causal organisms first come into being though? The materialist theory of Homo Hubris states that the first organism miraculously came into being one hot day on primordial earth in a pond somewhere when lightning struck the pond and turned methane gas into a stew of special things that then became some kind of early bacterial pond scum. Which is to say that to them Life came from basically nothing. This materialist theory is just magian creationism, minus the god factor; they just substituted the mysterious and miraculous powers of lightning and gas for God.

This Dreccian Cosmology posits that Life must come from Life – that only Life begets Life. Therefore, causal life must have come from a pre-existing form of life. This pre-existing form of life, in our Dreccian Cosmology is Acausal in origin. We already know as Dreccians that Life Force is an aspect of the Acausal which itself is filled with different species of acausal life forms – some more evolved than others. How though, would something acausal, which is not material affect matter to build itself a causal shell?

Since we don't have any acausal beings to study, we can observe something else which can barely materially affect matter with any kind of force, but yet is the most successful causal species on earth – brains.

A brain by itself is just a blob. It's mostly water and if you were to drop it, it would splatter on the ground. Brains have no muscles or bones, or any means to exert force onto its environment... or do they? Perhaps not kinetic force.

A brain is itself an industrial hive of single celled neurons. A neuron is basically nothing more than a bag of water, with some potassium, and some sodium. When that sodium is introduced into the water in its tendrils, an electric current is produced. The potassium helps that current flow a bit longer. That's all a neuron basically does – manipulate electrons – which is one of the smallest particles of matter. Thus a brain specializes in manipulating and using electrons. From this ability to manipulate and use electrons, the brain is able to control its body, and thru that bodily shell, it had constructed cities, and taken itself to the moon.

If the ability to manipulate the smallest of atomic particles can over time causally manifest all of that; what if an acausal organism – which is made up of energy in the first place – also had the same ability. Such an acausal organism would not even require the psychic ability to move electrons; just a change of its own charge of its energy "body."

When we say "acausal organism" we don't mean the more higher evolved acausal beings

known in the ONA sometimes as the Dark Ones. The idea that such highly evolve acausal beings desiring to be primitive causal life forms, is like us staring at the ocean and wishing we were jellyfish. We mean basic rudimentary acausal life forms that mindlessly found their way into the primal causal realm long ago.

As we stated in part one of our Dreccian Cosmology, suns were most likely the first causal things to populate the causal realm, as they burst into being along plasma filaments. We can hypothesize that acausal organisms need to either metabolize or absorb energy to “stay alive.” You’re asking why this is so if they are made of energy in the first place? Why do you have to eat causal life forms if you are made of causal life stuff yourself?

Because motion requires continual force/energy to continue that motion or the motion stops. As we stated earlier energy comes in two forms – static energy and energy in motion. For an entity made of energy/acausal essence to remain differentiated from the infinite static sea of energy/acausal essence it exists in, it must remain in motion. Like a whirlpool in an ocean is only differentiated from the oceanic matrix it exists within and is made of only if it remains in motion. By “motion” here we don’t mean like a shark must keep swimming or it dies. We mean that the acausal essence must continually Flow to and thru any living organism for it to be “alive.”

Everything in causal nature works according to the same basic principle. If a river stops flowing, it builds up toxins and dies. DNA or genetic material must constantly Flow within the human species as a whole, or it will go extinct. Information or knowledge must Flow between minds, or it is dead (useless). Life Force in the form of herbivorous and carnivorous consumption and renewal of such living matter must continually Flow in a given ecosystem, or the ecosystem will die.

Even in the human corporate arena we see this same essential principle of Flow. Cash must continuously within any given economy Flow freely or that economy will die. The idea that a living organism is a closed bag of Life Force and that is all it needs to exist is like the idea that a bank in a city can just sustain itself by keeping its money locked up inside a vault somewhere. It does not work like that. That bank’s money must Flow, or the bank will deteriorate and die as a business. There is no difference between a dead battery and a live (one still filled with juice) battery that just sits there, unless the electrons Flows. Get it? If you get it, you will understand why the Cosmos must come in two different parts – Acausal and Causal and not just one. Why?

Just as an atmosphere comes with a hot part and a cold part which gives rise to a convection that causes the air to Flow... just as a river comes with a up hill part and a down hill part to give rise to motion. Just as bodies of water on the surface and clouds in the sky are two different aspects of the Flow of water/rain. If the Cosmos were just acausal energy, that energy would be static – it has no Flow. Thus there is a cycle of energy as that energy flows thru nexions into the Causal Realm, in turn the Casual manifests energy which feeds or Flows into the Acausal; which motion or Flow gives rise to what we might call the Life of the Cosmic Being. In a way, the Flow of Acausal Energy and Life Force can be likened to the circulatory system of the Cosmos. What happens to you if your blood stops Flowing?

As we were saying – suns were perhaps the first causal things in the causal universe. Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that suns not only give off light, but also – because the energy that feeds them originates from the acausal – essential Life Force. Such that causal organisms like plants and animals not only requires sun light, but the life force that comes from it.

A simple experiment can be conducted to validate this theorem. Take three potted plants of the same species. Place one outside in the sun, and two inside two separate dark places devoid of sunlight. Take some copper wiring with out insulation and around one of the plants inside the dark make a spiral cage around the plant, making such the copper and plant are in contact. Extend the other end of that wire outside into the sun, forming a spiral disk with the other end and watch. Make sure to water all three plants regularly. Only one of the three plants will die. Of course, being deprived of sunlight, one of the two living plants will not be so healthy.

Like moths attracted to lights or a flame, we can hypothesize that the suns that first populated the causal universe attracted a horde of primitive acausal organisms, which fed off of that life force. It is from these acausal organisms that the first causal life forms would come from later.

Symbiosis later comes into play as suns exploded and as other forms of matter coagulated giving rise to crystals. Unlike normal matter, a crystal's coherent atomic structure allows for more energy to Flow thru it. Many crystals do hold energy inside it, like quartz. If you take two quartz crystals into a dark room and run them together, they will release their stored energy in the form of light, heat, and the smell of burned hair. Other crystals release their energy in the form of vibrations, some species of these crystals release a vibration that can even be felt with your hands.

Other crystals release their energy in the form of photons. I'll give two examples. Marco Polo wrote about a tribe of people in China who dug for crystals that shone with a light, with which they used to light their walk ways at night. I wouldn't believe everything Marco Polo says though. The other crystals that emits photons is DNA. DNA is actually a crystalline structure. In a lightless room scientists have learned that DNA do in fact emit photons which can be picked up by instruments and measured. It was discovered that lower kinds of life forms like cabbage emits more photons than the DNA of a human or dog. They don't know why, but we can hypothesize that the DNA of a higher "evolved" organism absorbs more light for various reasons.

The symbiosis comes into play when such primitive acausal life forms attached themselves to crystals to feed off of them, and perhaps the acausal life forms in turn draw in more causal material to grow the crystals bigger. Thus this Dreccian Cosmology posits that the first causal life forms came from such a symbiotic relationship between an acausal entity and the crystalline structures they attached themselves to, which over causal time became the relationship of DNA (the crystalline structure) and its energy source – the living morphic field of a causal organism.

"Gerald F. Joyce admits that when he saw the results of the experiment, he was tempted to halt further work and publish the result immediately. After years of trying, he and his student Tracey Lincoln had finally found a couple of short but powerful RNA sequences that when

mixed together along with a slurry of simpler RNA building blocks will double in number again and again, expanding 10-fold in a few hours and continuing to replicate as long as they have space and raw material.” – Evolution in a Bottle, April 30th, Scientific American Magazine

Given enough time and space; along with the influence of the electric and magnetic fields in space; carbon atoms will eventually mix with other kinds of atoms to form what are known as organic compounds. As stated earlier, to each causal form, is an acausal form. Thus we can assume that each newly arising organic compound has its own morphic memory field, which contains the basic information of what types of atoms is used and where they go. Such that the morphic field of such compounds will replicate in areas of similar conditions, thus proliferating each “species” of compounds. In the same way that a crystal grows by somehow attracting the correct types of atoms in the right places; so that every known species of crystal has a specific atomic make-up, structure, and causal shape and form, unique to its species.

The most basic components of RNA/DNA are amino acids, which are essentially made of organic compounds. What’s unique about amino acids is that they are crystals, and like quartz, amino acids are piezoelectric, which means that when force or pressure is applied it releases measurable amounts of energy. Like crystals, most amino acids crystallize – as racemic mixtures bond to each other. A racemic mixture is basically a mixture of chiral molecules. Chiral molecules are asymmetric carbon atom – meaning that that carbon atom is attached to four other atoms forming an asymmetrical atomic structure – which is a simple organic compound.

We already know that amino acids and organic molecules can be found in space. In fact, several years ago scientists found a huge cloud of alcohol in space the size of a small planetary nebula. Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that it is in space, and not on planets, that the building blocks of life came together simply because of the size of space, the temperature, the electrical and magnetic fields, and the abundant supply of material in the form of clouds of atomic elements and compounds. This Dreccian Cosmology also theorizes that morphic fields of any size, have the ability to replicate themselves. In this case the morphic field is the living acausal “organism” associated with the organic molecules, which would be its bodies. Such that, once an amino acid has crystallized, its morphic field with “bud” off giving rise to a duplicate of itself, which will then attract itself the appropriate atoms to construct a causal crystalline structure.

Once RNA comes into the picture, it becomes a matter of symbiotic progression between the environment, the acausal entity of the RNA or species of RNA, and Willed self betterment/change over time. Such that if the environment were to change with the introduction of a newly formed planet, thru intentional metamorphosis, those morphic fields which had learned to surround its causal structures (RNA/DNA) with crystalline shells (thus making viruses) or enveloping itself inside a lipid-like membrane, thus giving rise to a proto-cell. Lipid-like molecules have a distinct property – an ability to undergo spontaneous aggregation to form droplets, micelles, bilayers and vesicles within an aqueous phase, through entropy-driven hydrophobic interactions.

As the new additions are added, the atoms that composes such new layers or additions

imprints their essence onto the memory field of the acausal entity attached to such a primitive causal life form, and such memory imprint will manifest in additions of amino acid chains utilized to manufacture proteins to re create such membranes and or additions. Thus the RNA/DNA evolves and grows along with the growth and evolution of the morphic entity and its causal form. Our Dreccian Cosmology posits here that a causal organism's shape and form is not determined by DNA but by its morphic memory field. The DNA only contains coded information to engineer proteins, enzymes, and or attract symbiotic organisms inside the creature such as mitochondria and beneficial bacteria to help regulate and run the organic system on a cellular level.

Intentional Morphic Evolution

I'm not sure how to explain what we mean by "Intentional Morphic Evolution." It is not Darwinian evolution, or Creationism. Explaining it in terms of a business would be best, since I am familiar with my grandpa's business, who was a partner of Chloe's grandpa.

We first start off with an idea for a product my grandpa and his partners had – polyurethane wood, or fake wood made from mostly polyurethane. For a period of about 3 to 4 years the small manufacturing plant my gramps and his friends got was in its Research and Development stage. This is the stage of lots of trial and lots error (and loss of money too). Without a viable product, nobody would be interested in investing their money into gramp's business. Thus the idea of replicating their business was next to zero unless a miracle happened.

Once the product was successfully "perfected" the business took on a life of its own, where the product itself attracted the right people to invest who were interested. One thing lead to another and several years later licenses were given out and stuff and plants began to crop up in other cities making the same product. I was there to see one of these replica plants organize itself into a functioning plant. Unlike my gramp's original plant, these replica plants never had to go thru a research and development stage, nor did they ever go thru a stage of trial and error. It seemed as though the plants Intentionally organized to specifically become a certain species of plant that manufactured a specific product. What happened?

What happened was that the businesses "memory field" which contained the information of the chemical formulas, and needed equipment, and such had already been established by a first/original plant. After that original plant had proven successful in its specific field, it was just a matter of duplicating what works, thus saving trial and error and time.

Intentional Morphic Evolution first states that – What works will be duplicated. If a new fish species develops fins and it can swim faster and eat more food and make more babies, fish everywhere in a similar environment is going to intentionally – by Nature – have fins. If four legs works on a new species of causal creatures in a certain environment; causal creatures everywhere in similar environments will have four legs.

The second theorem of Intentional Morphic Evolution states that – If a particular ecosystem works, it will be duplicated. If a desert ecosystem works in sub-Sahara Africa, a similar eco

system will be duplicated in similar deserts around the world. If a jungle ecosystem works in one tropical environment, all jungles similar to that jungle will be similar. When we say “duplicate” we don’t mean cloning exact replicas, no more than the offspring (replica/duplicate) of an animal is a clone of its parents. It must be kept in mind that no two environments are exactly identical, and such differences affects gene selection, producing slight variations in an ecosystem’s species.

Thus we come to the third theorem of Intentional Morphic Evolution – Symbiotic Progression is intentional. For instance, if in the Jungles of primeval India the Panther was the top predator of his domain; the ecosystem of primeval Amazonia will not only duplicate that Jungle, but the entire Amazonian ecosystem – that is each of its species – will intentionally progress each species to a specific niche or to a specific point, such that a big cat is intentionally evolved in that environment to be the top predator as well. Thus, once a big cat had reached its intended position in the duplicate ecosystem, all evolution of that duplicate ecosystem’s individual species stops.

This leads to certain implications. Is our earth an original world or a duplicate world? Meaning that is the earth’s environment unique and original among the countless living worlds that have ever existed in the causal history of our causal universe; or was there ever another planet which had the same environment and planetary conditions? What does it imply?

It implies that if there ever had existed an earth like planet at one point in the causal universe’s space-time history; then the earth’s life forms, from the beginning of causal life’s first appearance here 3.5 Billion years ago, Intentionally Morphically Evolved to produce humankind, and once that target species has reached its duplicate stage of evolution all other life forms on earth stop evolving; thus duplicating a more ancient environment of a more ancient world or worlds. How does this happen?

On an acausal level, it happened from the morphic field of the earth itself attracting a specific number of morphic species. On a physical level it happened on the level of DNA. DNA comes from DNA. The earth’s primordial environment was too hostile for DNA molecules to just form out of a soup of random molecules. The first known causal organisms to have colonized this earth 3.5 billion years ago were already complex cellular organisms and functioning algae.

As we stated earlier, space is the first place where the building blocks of causal life organized. Thus our Dreccian Cosmology posits that the earth was seeded via panspermia from outside. We’re not saying that the earth is intelligent and chose which genetic seeds to grow. It’s a matter of the environment rejecting certain causal organisms to take “root” and causing others that fall into it to thrive. We have all inherited the genetic seeds (DNA) of the first biotic life on earth, and this seed (DNA) along with its memory field contains all the information for the gradual metamorphosis of life, which eventually produced us.

It is the environment that acts on gene selection which turns genes on and off. Thus the DNA of the first biotic life forms on earth (bacteria); having been exposed to the earth’s early environment; was intentionally altered by the environment to produce the next generation of life forms. Thus via symbiotic progression between the environment, the first species that

populated primal earth, began to manifest a duplicate ecosystem gradually over the course of billions of years. Such that a cycle is created in which the altered DNA produced certain organisms which acted on the environment like introducing oxygen and other needed resources to sustain more complex organisms. In turn such changes in the environment acts on the DNA of newer generations of organisms, turning certain genes on and off. The cycle is repeated over during the billions of years to gradually reach an intended end such that each successive species becomes more complex, thus duplicating complex species of life that had once lived long ago before.

Just as an orange seed and its memory field chromorphically or five dimensionally contains the information to produce forests of orange trees; DNA and its memory field contains all the information needed to produce via the tree of causal life and the gradual metamorphosis of all life, which has taken root on this planet.

The environment acts on genes, the altered genes act on the environment, and the altered environment acts on gene selection giving rise to a controlled and intentional step by step progression of life toward increasingly complex and intelligent organisms, that have proven causally and morphically successful in other worlds. Thus this Dreccian Cosmology rejects the Darwinian notion of random and aimless evolution for intentional evolution or intentional metamorphosis.

The genes of a successive species do not evolve randomly; they were inherited from ancestral species whose environment specifically turned on or off certain areas of their genes. These new species in turn over causal time affects and alters their environment in specific ways, which acts on gene selection. The genetic coding of the DNA of all causal organisms uses the same universal coding language, as HTML is to the billions of different websites. Genes can be basically divided into – regulatory genes called Introns, and protein coated genes called Exons. Introns contain genes within genes, which give birth to regulatory genes that interact with the environment turning protein coated genes – Exons – on or off. Introns regulate and control gene expression, specifies which region of the coding and how much of it should be expressed. Thus, even without considering the more esoteric nature of Nature and Life, the progressive interaction with the environment and genes (introns and exons) alone progressively metamorphoses causal life towards an intentional end.

Contrary to Darwinist theory, genes do not randomly evolve by constant random miraculous additions of amino acid to DNA; neither does a new species arise from random mutations or miraculous new additions to protein coated exons. In fact, the rise of new species did not coincide with the evolution of new protein coated genes, but alterations in regulatory genes which turn gene sequences on and off. A mutation is just that – a genetic mutation which usually arises from a random change in the DNA coding. This is detrimental to causal life as it represents a degeneration in the genetic coding, usually resulting in physical defects which randomly happens. Even today we cannot consider genetic defects to be steps in evolution. A genetically or physically defected organism has in fact little chances of survival, and will not likely reproduce. It is only in our modern age of medical technology and magian ethics that defected and degenerate humans survive and sometimes breed, passing those mutations and defects down. This can hardly be considered evolution.

We humans, according to this Dreccian Cosmology are not products of accidental chemical interactions. This is not to say that we were created by a god. Life is a natural Ethos (habit/custom) of the Cosmos. It is by Nature's Intent that we exist, but only so after an original period of billions of years research and development on some ancestral planet long ago in some other part of the universe. The complexity of DNA attests the simple fact that it could not have randomly evolved from dead matter crashing into each other in a pond. As complex as we are, about 90% of our human genome remains silent (R. Joseph, 2002) suggesting that we have not reached our full expressible potential.

Solar Chains and Acausal Technology

Believe it or not, one of my favorite old tv shows is Star Trek The Next Generation. There's just something about the idea of living in a space colony exploring different planets that's I find alluring. I have the kind of personality though where I have to question the possibility of every concept I see because I often like to day dream about living in such a future setting and I always want my day dreams to be as close to reality as possible. These investigations then become deep meditations and thought experiments. So the more I look it concepts used by Star Trek, the more sad and disappointing – and limited – my future in my day dream universe becomes.

I'll never be able to actually teleport myself anywhere, because even if we had the technology to replicate flesh, my duplicate body inside the other teleportation booth will be dead, because I know I am not a product of such causal chemistry. It's like teleporting the car but forgetting the driver inside. Warp drive is wack because space is not curved, its just everywhere and infinite. So that leaves colonizing star systems in a life time out of the question. So I began to play around with the idea of building a generation ship like the Enterprise to carry seed cultures of humans to seed other star systems. Would that be possible? Then I remembered chickens!

I was curious once where the chickens I eat came from, so I did some research. They come from chicken farms... in door chicken farms. After reading around I learned that most of these chickens never live past the juvenile years, not because they get cut up for food, but because they all get sick and most die; so they are cut up before they die. I saw turkeys raised their whole lives generation after generation in doors and they also look unhealthy and many die.

I asked myself is being deprived of sunlight affected biological organisms, like us and cause genetic deterioration? It took a few look ups, but there is mounting evidence that artificial lighting and florescent lights – which is relied upon heavily in developed countries causes skin cancer... and only in one life time. Lack of sunlight also stops the brain from making certain hormones like melatonin which is needed for such things as mental health. You just follow the demographics of cancer on a map, and slowly you realize that most cases happen in the developed cities of industrialized nations. That is populated by a mass of people who have literally shunned sunlight. They clothe themselves 24/7. They remain in their house or work office most of the hours the day; and the only light they get is artificial electric light. You never hear of cases of some average African or Asian person who is still working out their in the sun, and not exposed to artificial lights for long periods of time dying of cancer and cancer cases are rare in rural areas of developed nations. As if the further we remove ourselves out of

Nature and the less in tune we are to its ways, the sicker we become.

Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that unless we actualize David Myatt's concept of Acausal Science and Organic Technology – as he explains in *The Numinous Way* – we are stuck on this earth as a species. For even if we had the materialist technology to construct a big sardine can in space with air and farms, we would all grow sick and our generations would increasingly degenerate genetically over time because such a monstrosity of a habitat cuts us off from the natural flow of the sun's life force.

Also, according to this Dreccian Cosmology, a contraption such as an interstellar generation ship or a Deep Space 9 habitat far from a heliosphere is mass suicide. As it has been explained earlier, even the first primitive acausal organisms relied on the energy of the sun. So although artificial light and heat will keep plants and lower life forms alive, higher forms of animals such as livestock and humans will be deprived of vital energy Flow for their acausal entities to sustain their causal bodies.

Thus this Dreccian Cosmology posits that contact and interaction between two materialistic extraterrestrial civilizations is not possible on two counts – 1. That the electrical and magnetic fields that exists in space would dissipate and destroy any radio signals; and 2. That if they left their heliosphere in sardine cans and giant terrariums, no matter how materialistically advanced they were, they would all die before getting here.

This concept that materialistic science and technology has limits, implies to us Dreccians that materialism – that is the apprehension of or interpretation of the Cosmos in materialistic ways, such that the universe is believed to be a dead and lifeless accident; and what science and technologies may arise from such materialist world views of the Cosmos is not the ultimate achievable state of science, technology, and civilization. That there is more or something greater to strive for which is more acausal, more spiritual, more at-one with the finer aspect of creation. Such that to greatly evolved and ancient acausal beings as our Dark Ones, our modern materialistic technology and science is primitive and destructive to our own selves and the rest of the earth even.

This is not to say that colonizing space is impossible. There is more than one source of life force since the whole acausal is Life Force. It is a matter of learning how such acausal forces work, and how to draw such forces down, so that enough life force can bathe our bodies and the bodies of livestock. Until then, we are earth bound, and will die with it, if we continue to exploit it to death. It seems that we humans were meant to live numinously at-one with Nature and the Cosmos, and not ignorantly and arrogantly against it.

Star Gates and Nexions

That the sun emits not only light but a form of life force, makes it a star gate or nexion of energy of sorts in our Dreccian Cosmology. The life force that comes from the sun seems to be a weak manifestation of acausal Life Force, if clothing, and the walls of buildings deflects its. We would hypothesize that such a weak species of life force must be bound to each photon the sun emits and is absorbed by the skin of causal organisms which maintains cellular health.

Besides the sun, there are other types of star gates or nexions that releases different kinds of acausal energy. The ONA often speaks about one such species of nexions which open in certain areas after the regular Presencing of the Dark which is said to bring down "Acausal Energy." To prevent confusion between this Acausal Energy and acausal Life Force, we will from here on refer to this Acausal Energy as "Acausal Numen" due to a lack of a better term. What is the difference between acausal Life Force, and Acausal Numen?

The difference is based on what life is and the purpose of Life. Once a life form is alive with life force, there must be a reason why it is alive. The reason being coherency. Which is to say that the Cosmos ultimately is striving for more life and symbiotic coherency of all its parts, and the Acausal Numen is the force which sustains, maintains, and evolves such coherency or organization of beings. I'll give an example on a more human level.

Disneyland – It's a theme park, and in this theme park are different rides. Two types of forces gives life to this theme parks rides. The first is electricity. It is electricity which give life to each ride's components. Once the causal rides are alive and functioning, it needs to perform its causal purpose – entertaining people by giving them rides. These people can be likened to acausal entities who are attracted to certain causal rides. These people will stand in line and pay money to ride the ride. That "money" is Acausal Numen. It is with money – cash flow – that the organizers or owners of each ride maintains and Evolves their rides to make it better – thus attracting more customers, which in turn expands the ride.

What happened if a ride in this themes park is deprived of that Acausal Numen? The people go elsewhere to a better ride, and the old ride dies out. Thus in our human history we see the rise and fall of human civilization – which is the coherency of human life forms in causal expression. A civilization which is imbued with a vital flow of acausal numen grows, attracts more people, and thrives. In the same way that bacteria will thrive in the right conditions; and how bacteria will die out if the conditions are wrong. It is thru that thriving effect that life is multiplies – thus increasing the number of intelligent beings "uploading" their intelligence to the Cosmos, which also strengthens the "acausal circulation" of the Cosmos. When a civilization is deprived of this acausal numen, it withers, and usually it takes its people with it.

This is not to say that the abstract Nation-State is numinous. A Nation-State is a political regime which uses an abstract idea of a "state" to assert itself onto nature and people which repels acausal numen. A "civilization" as our Dreccian Cosmology uses the word denotes a natural industrial cooperative super tribe of a group of people who have come together for mutual aid and mutual reliance in which each part pools their energy and effort toward common goals. It is very easy to confuse the two, because the two often overlaps.

If we study the rise and fall of civilization we can see that our thoughts, beliefs, actions; and interactions with Nature over time effects civilization by either attractive or repelling acausal numen to a given civilization. We can quickly observe Europe in increments of roughly 500 years or so to see such affects.

We can begin at 1AD when the Roman Civilization was pagan, which is a way of life more naturall and friendly with Nature. Such pagan traditions had vibrant life embracing rites and

festivals which helped draw in the flow of acausal numen to “feed” the Roman Civilization. From that flow this civilization evolved and grew bigger, but eventually fell soon after Christianity was made the empire’s religion.

We can see that in the same area of the world, with the same people a new kind of civilization arose and coalesced, one which may be called the Catholic Civilization with its magian ethos. This civilization never really achieved much and as its assertive power grew, more acausal numen was repelled. Eventually this civilization gave birth to that period in time commonly known as the “Dark Ages.”

If we take these two civilizations we will see that one coherent ordering of humans had achieved so much influence on the human collective that even today we still use its letters to write, and their architectural science still influences our modern cities, while the other civilization has left no mark on anyone at all. We can see that one civilization actually helped humanity evolve and progress forwards; while the other actually did the entire opposite for humanity. This is then the power and essence of acausal numen – the collective evolution of humanity via a tool we call “civilization.”

The deprivation of acausal numen and death of whole civilization and lands due to such acausal starvation may seem negative from a localized perspective, but it is ultimately positive on a collective human level. For example the death of Africa which is now a reality that needs no validation. It is as if the entire continent has been cut off from the flow of acausal numen. Its forests are nearly depleted, its deserts are growing bigger, its water contaminated, its soil can barely sustain crops, its people are being mass murdered by a natural assault of diseases. Its nation-states quickly spiral into genocidal regimes. It may seem destructive, but such drastic acts force a portion of humanity which is not able or willing to change to disperse into other civilizations which will take them forward. Thus even the deprivation of acausal numen on a civilization and people has productive consequences.

Thus a civilization which has become destructive – usually ones that have become host to the parasitic organism of a nation-state over time repels acausal numen and the lack of that acausal numen will not only deteriorate its people but the environment surrounding it also. A civilization imbued with acausal numen will numinously evolve forward and will take its people forward also, changing its people into new kinds of peoples.

Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that acausal numen can be brought down by groups of people who know how to open nexions, thus filling a destructive civilization with acausal numen, which will disrupt it and cause a new kind of civilization to replace it. Such that it becomes a responsibility and an endeavour for us Dreccians to destroy such destructive civilizations, to Presence the Dark, open nexions, to bring down acausal numen to manifest a new and better species of civilization, if humanity as a whole is too continue to progress and evolve to its highest potential. Which causal potential we have not even come close to knowing, since 90% of our genes still remain silent. We must keep in mind that although Nature has brought us this far, to materialize us on this earth, the rest of our evolution rests in our own hands, and is a conscious and willed effort.

Life and Death

A cosmology is not complete without presenting a perspective on life and death. Causal life will end in causal death but death is nothing because our Dreccian Cosmology states that life begets life, and so causal life began from acausal life. Thus, we have our true Nature in the acausal and this causal realm is only a temporary playground.

Causal life was here before humans, thus, life is beyond all and any human assertion or human valuation. That is to say that Life is neither “good” or “evil,” “sinful,” or a form of punishment. Life just is. It is only in our attempt to understanding, do we project thing we as humans are familiar with onto life, or that we reduce life into these boxes of religious ideas and notions. Life existed before humans, therefore, Life is beyond any and all human religion. How we interpret life, and how religion interprets life is not what life is in its natural essence. The Tao that can be “taoed” is not the true Tao. The Life that can be understood by an ape with a three pound brain is not the true Life. If we must break eternity down into pieces like days, weeks, years, hours to understand Time, and we must reduce Infinity into bite sized pieces like light years, miles, and inches to understand, then what he know and how we interpret life are also simplifications. Just as we cannot assume that an hour truly represents eternity, or a mile is what infinity is, our interpretations of life is not what Life is.

Our Dreccian Cosmology states that the whole causal universe is teeming with life. Populated with living worlds, acausal organisms, physical organisms, and not so physical organisms. That Life is a natural habit and custom of the Cosmos. That causal life for is a choice we made. It is neither a beginning or and end. It is just a mode of existence we are experiencing.

Causal life is a natural consequence of the interaction of acausal energy mingling with certain causal structures and does not need the concept of a “God” no more than the natural process and cycle of rain needs a God. It is only in our ignorance of such processes that we make our rain gods to make sense of what we do not understand. Only when we learn the details of the process – that bodies of water and the moisture in leaves evaporate and collect in the atmosphere as clouds, which rains down as drops of water – that we realize the process in godless, natural, and is just a product of an environmental condition. So too then is Life a natural process of the environmental conditions of acausal and causal and Geist acting upon such basic elements of life.

Thus in our Dreccian Cosmology Life for each of us is virtually eternal. Although causal flesh deteriorates and decays, we know we do not have our true nature in such matter. It is an illusion of so many years of consciousness that we assume the world of stone and flesh is all there is. Because it is the nature of consciousness to focus on one thing and phases everything else out. What was a tool of Geist becomes a prison of ignorance, such that Geist is lost in a maze of flesh and stone. Having become lost in such and delusion, and drifting deeper into the delusion that urban reality is the only reality, such beings hinders the progression and evolution of the Cosmos, if they are not awakened from their sleep of stone. Causal death to such Geists in most cases is the only way to awaken them from their sleep. Sometimes, no amount of wisdom and words can awaken a materialist Homo Hubris, and the only chose left is to cull. If wisdom does not enlighten... the blade of a knife will suffice and do the same.

Our Deccian Cosmology states that death is only the Geist withdrawing its focus on a given causal modality of existence to return to its original Nature. In the same way that we drift into the realm of dreams by phasing out of the waking word; such that what we know of as death is much like tuning your radio station to a different frequency. Thus we really go nowhere when we die, in the same sense that we actually do not go anywhere when we go into and leave the realm of dreams. It is a literal phasing in and out of one mode of existence to another.

What becomes of us after that phasing is a mystery, but it is Mystery, such as the mystery of the Cosmos and what it all means, that ever drives us to strive to discover, and in that quest to know and understand that great Mystery, we gradually come closer to apprehending the Living Cosmos which we all are beneath our shapes and forms.

Kayla 352

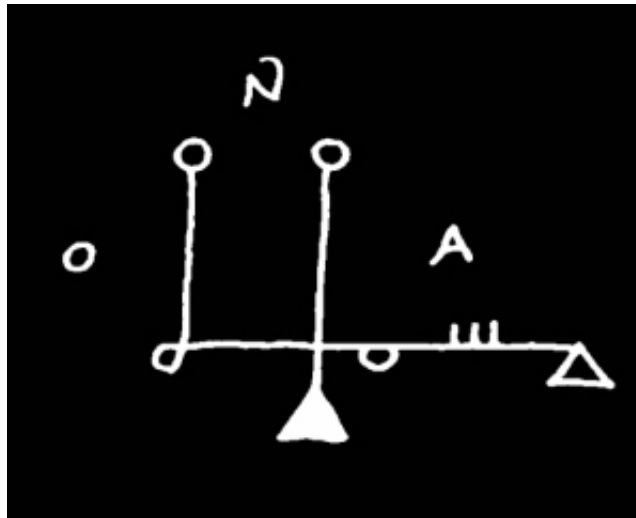
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A FLOW OF THOUGHTS



A Flow Of Thoughts

It's been a dry month for ideas and writings. If you're a writer or artist you may know what I am trying to mean. I classify writing into two general categories: 1. Cyclical & 2. Creative.

Cyclical writing is like when I am in school and I am given an assignment to write a paper on a given subject. What I do is I'll do my research looking for what? Authoritative writings. Why? To source, cite, and reference. Why? Because my own writings won't be considered valid or 'authoritative' if I do not support my stuff with authoritative writings. How did those authorities become authoritative? They went to a college to study a subject and learned ideas from a previous authority. How did those previous authorities get to authoritative? They learn, memorize, and quote the same ideas from a previous person's authoritative ideas? How did those people get to be an authority on a subject? They quote and memorize ideas from an originator. How did the originator become an authority on his own ideas? He just AUTHORED it and assumes responsibility for what ideas he Authored.

So what we have here is a recycling of ideas that goes in a big circle into itself. Like we can say that Mao is the Originator of Chinese Communism. He is the Author of such ideas and is responsible for such ideas. A cyclical and closed loop then comes into being where such ideas circulate. Essentially meaning one guy recycles Mao's idea, and teaches a few other, and this set of ideas moves in a big closed circuit of self-authorization. Self-Authorization meaning – Who the hell made Mao an "authority" on such ideas? No one, or maybe his cronies.

So things like school papers to me is Cyclical. Writing a paper recycled ideas of authoritative people is easy and can be done at any time. You just do your research, absorb the ideas, put those ideas into your own words, and then you Quote your authorities or cite them. And if in the end your grammar and stuff is all good, you may get a nice grade for writing that paperwork.

I've always found Cyclical writing to be limiting, "indoctrinative," and dogmatic. Limiting because although the student learns to memorize and think like the "authority," such a way of learning or education does not stimulate or teach the student to actually THINK for itself. You don't think for yourself, you quote and cite your authority and if you understand what is being taught – which you must accept [which everybody accepts] – you should be able to restate it in your own words. What do we call that? Indoctrination. Therefore such ways of educating a student is also Dogmatic. Why do I say this? Because when school teaches you about the Big Bang and you reject the ideas of the authorities and peerage of such cosmological theories, you are shunned by the system and get a failing grade, and so with that failing grade, you have no power and

authority to affect, effect, infect Established Cosmology.

You are a Heretic in other words. What do you think it means when they say “Re-education” in Communist China, the former USSR, or some other Totalitarian state? Then of course this Cyclical way of writing and citing and thinking is also found in Church right? As a Christian you have beliefs which are your own understandings of authoritative ideas. You quote your bibles, you listen to your preacher wrap his own ideas around authoritative bible passages. The pastor or priest is an authority because he knows the authoritative ideas. He got those ideas from some body who got it from somebody who got it from somebody, and so on. In that closed loop of ideas, as a believer the same limitations, indoctrination, and dogmatism applies.

The best way I can describe Creative writing is watching a guy rap Freestyle. Where he’s just making his rhymes off the top of his head as he goes along. It’s call “Flowing” some times, since the ideas, and rhyme just Flows out of you. But before you can Flow like that you got to Feel the beat, meaning that beat, tune, or melody has to inspire you inside to Flow. The beat moves you in such a way that words, thoughts, and ideas Flow out of you in other words. Sometimes if you ever pay attention to rap lyrics when your friends freestyle, those boys can produce a very intelligent and coherent set of thoughts and ideas, all in rhyme.

So Creative or Freestyle writing or art is also like that. If you are a poet, musician, or artist, you’ll understand. Freestyling a 30 page essay off the top of your head isn’t like parroting and recycling other people’s ideas. You work with your own ideas and thoughts as they form and develop. You have to Feel a wave of inspiration that moves you in such a way that all of those ideas, thoughts, and pictures in your mind comes together in a coherent body. Then they Flow out of you, thru your pen, keyboard, paint brush, or instrument. But without that Feel of being Moved or Inspired, the Creative Impulse is not there.

I’ve always found Creative and Freestyle anything to be more Organic, Self-Empowering, and Innovative. I mean sure you can get a top of the line education at an ivy league college and come out with big words and sound intelligent, but where did you get those big words, big ideas, and intelligent thoughts from? Yourself? No. From people bigger than you, smarter than you, and more intelligent then you. Where did they get it from? Where did Mao, Lenin, Stalin, Marx, Hitler, Freud, Jung, Kant, Jesus, Muhammad, Lao Tzu, Sun Tzu, or Buddha get their big ideas, words, refined thoughts, and intelligence from? Themselves. Why can’t you do the same? Why can’t you Author your own ideas and be responsible for such authorship? Author-Ity: the State or Condition of being the Author.

Freestyle or Creative style writing is more Organic. In the sense that you are not recycling long dead ideas which has been circulating in books for centuries. You may borrow words to convey your own self-born ideas in, but the living spirit of those ideas comes from your organic experiences and inner being. Self-Empowering meaning that when you writing creatively for a long time, you train yourself to generate a Flow of your own ideas and thought. Therefore you aren’t heavily reliant on “authoritative” works for ideas. When you learn to organically think for yourself, it Elevates you to a state of Self-Empowerment. Innovating meaning that what ideas and thoughts or perspectives that may Flow out of you may be Original and fresh, as opposed to recycled ideas [authoritative/established ideas]. Such innovative or creative ideas might not always be acceptable to the Mass, but then again do you really care about the opinions of the Mass? And also, what body of innovative ideas in our human history did not in it’s beginning start off as unacceptable blasphemy of established authority?

We hear the phrase “Breaking The Mold” often don’t we, yet very rarely does anybody break the mold. Picasso and Dali “Broke The Mold” in the arena of art don’t you think? Dali died “insane” and unliked. Wilhelm Reich and Tesla broke the mold in the realm of science of their time. Both died poor and alone, rejected by their contemporaries. The Sufi Mansur al-Halaj broke the mold in the Islamosphere when he publicly proclaimed “I am Truth” and was hanged for it. Jesus broke the mold of establish social order set by the Jewish and Roman Authorities. He was hated by both Jews and Rome and was killed. Buddha broke the mold of Brahminical society. His ideas and religion was so despised by India that the whole of Buddhism was eventually kicked out of India from over 2000 years. It’s only recently that Buddhism began to spread in its birth land. Authoritative ideas that circulate in a closed loop do not break any kind of mold. It would be heresy if they did.

Most of the time when I write, I Freestyle. I just type ideas as they flow from the top of my head. But in order to do that I

need to Feel an inner wave or inspiration that drives me to that state of Mind where things just Flow out. When I do type out my thoughts I do so in a state of unthinkingness, where I just let my fingers type away. I also do something I call “writing from the Heart-Mind.” Meaning letting your chitta do the Expressing of creative ideas, or tapping into the Creative Impulse of chitta [your heart/emotions/psyche]. Only after the Flow stops do I actually read what I have written. Which is when I edit what I Flowed out by grafting extra ideas in mechanically, making things more seamless and trying to fix all the typos, which I rarely ever correct entirely.

I’ve written in this Freestyle manner for a very long time now, and from my personal experience of having learned to write from the Heart in such an unthinking manner, I can honestly say that I most often experience something bizarre. After reading what I have written in order to edit, I end up discovering that many of the ideas that Flowed out I was unconscious of. In other words, I end up learning or teaching myself from reading my own writings. Which is one major reason why I write at all. It’s just that I like to share my writing.

So this Creative way of writing is like Surfing. As an artist, poet, writer, contemplator, you wait for these waves of inspiration to move you into that state of mind/heart where things just Flow out of you like a spring. In the same sense that a Surfer waits for waves in the sea to ride its movement and flow. Flowing ideas you draw up from within isn’t something you can just will or force. The functioning force seems to be that weird sense or state of mind we call “inspiration.” Whereas with Cyclical writing, you recycle other people’s ideas, which – if you were schooled properly – you should be able to do at will. Given that you have the material and resources to do so.

Raw Material Cashe

This one business guy I studied from one during a seminar I went to explained to us that in general an individual only remembers 7% of what it is exposed to. If you consider the difference, you realize that a huge amount of information is left out. That’s like reading a book and only comprehending and being able to recall 7% of what you read while something happened to the other 93%.

The context our business teacher for the day was using this bit of knowledge was mentorship. He was simply trying to explain to us that when we assume the responsibility of mentoring someone they will only absorb 7% of what you give to them. Therefore a good business mentor must understand that if she or he wishes to teach others how to be successful in life, that the mentor to pupil relationship must be a constant one. Thus also instructing your pupils with paperwork and lectures ends up doing very little. Showing the pupil by your example and actions over and over again is a better method. In the same way a student learns karate from a teacher.

But the main point the business guy was trying to make was how the “trickle down” method of conveying information decreases with ever “generation” or level of pupils. Say for instance you have 10 people. Person #1 reads something and absorbs 7% of that info. #1 passes that info to person #2. It becomes that person number 2 will now only recall 7% of the original 7% it was exposed to. And so on down the line until you end up with person #10 getting practically nothing of any value. Therefore said our teacher that day, you remove all those middle men and throw away that LINE of transmission of information and instead make a CIRCLE, the center of which is the PRIMARY source of information. This way every person has direct access to the original source. In regard to the seminar that day, our teacher – who was a self made millionaire – was trying to say that if you want to learn to do what he did, you have to get “it” directly from him, as opposed to going to some school for watered down lessons, to learning it from some person who learned it from some other person, who got it from a book and so on.

Later, as I became more emotionally aware and in tune with my own Theravada religion, and other religions, I took this idea I learned from this business guy and saw the same “problem” with concepts like what the West would refer to as “apostolic succession.” I’m using the term very, very loosely here, meaning the passing of “authority,” “authoritative ideas,” from one person to another over time. Sometime in English we’ll also refer to this same concept as a “Lineage.” The problem is that if you are a 100th generation monk from say the original Buddha, and people in general only absorb 7% of stuff, then as a monk of some 100th generation of a 1000 year old lineage, you really don’t know shit. It’s like homeopathy. You put stuff

in water, then magically delude it 1000 times, and say that what you end up with – pure water – magically retains the healing essence of whatever was being used.

If you depend on another person of “authority” in Buddhism – such as a monk – to impart to you his “authorized” understandings of what the Buddha said or what he got from his teacher, who got it from his teacher, you’re essentially getting crap. I grew up most of my life being told by my grandmother, monk grandfathers, and other elders that all you have to do to be a Buddhist is to “Gan [hold] Sil [sila/pancha sila]. Which are the 5 precepts: don’t lie, don’t drink, don’t be a whore, don’t kill people, and some other one I can remember right now lol. All that time I thought those 5 things was all you had to follow to be a “Buddhist,” until I got older and dis-covered that the Buddha had teachings that amounted to 25,000 pages worth of stuff! And then I learned that in our culture only senior citizens who have finished all of their duties to their children actually take formal vows to hold the 5 precepts daily.

But the Buddha was smart enough to get around this lineage thing by establishing what he called the Sangha. Sangha basically means Fellowship. Originally 2500 years ago in India, this fellowship wasn’t a “religion” body of priestly monks. There is no such thing as a monk or nun in Buddhism. It’s a mistranslation of the word “Bhikkhu” by English translators with the best intentions I guess. The word Bhikkhu and Bhikkhuni [female version] literally means Beggar. A Bhikkhu was a man who dropped out of the rat race and society of those old Vedic city-states, kingdoms and so on. This was called “Renunciation,” when you Renounce society and therefore Remove yourself willingly from it. So the sangha was in those days a Fellowship of Beggars and Homeless people who took care of each other.

There are two “esoteric” intentions as to why the Buddha had his students of this class or order fully drop out of society. In the Buddhist social order people are symbolically divided into classes or levels of spiritual dedication based on how many vows they take. Each class is like a rank in this system. The lowest class which make anybody a full fledged Buddhist are those who formally take vows/oaths to take refuge in the 3 jewels: Buddha, Dhamma, Sangha. The next class of associates above that are those who take refuge in the 3 jewels and in addition take vows to hold and live the 5 precepts. The level above that are people who take vows to hold or follow an additional 10 precepts.

And this goes on until you get to the level or inner circle where you take vows to hold 210 precepts or every Rule/Sila the Buddha invented, which is what a Bhikkhu is. Some of these Rules – depending on the sanghas – are things like Bhikkhus are not allowed to wear shoes, Bhikkhus cannot wear socks, cannot sleep on beds but on mats, Bhikkunis cannot have hair more than 2 inches long, Bhikkhus can only eat once a day, they cannot eat what is not offered or given to them; you vow to never ever till or break soil, harm a plant, or uproot a plant from its ground; a Bhikkhu when out and about vows to walk always looking at the ground and never ever at the face or body of a female beyond her big toe; no music; no dancing; no gambling; no sex; vow to never ever touch or handle gold, jewels, or anything with intrinsic value [money], never touch a female in any way or permit yourself to be touched by one, even if she is your relative tapping on you; etc, etc.

My grandmother says that monks these days are “pretend monks.” They play dressup and play the part of a monk. But they drive car, carry orange bags with money, wear watches, socks and shoes, and they look at your eyes when they talk to you. There is no reason why you should be looking at me beyond the tip of my toes if you are a monk. You have no reason in the first place to even talk to me or strike up a conversation with me if I don’t talk to you first. Of all the robed people I have encountered, I have seriously only seen one man who followed to the old ways of a Bhikkhu as Bhikkhus were 2500 years ago.

I saw him in Garden Grove at the Asian Garden mall we go to often. He was a homeless white man of about 30 something years old. He was clean for a bum, with no facial hair, or dirt under his perfectly cut nails? His head was shaved smooth, he had on his orange robe and begging bowl, he had no socks or shoes, his head was permanently bowed down and his eyes were closed. He just stood there in the hot sun like a statue. He was perfect, except for one “minor” thing. But I still had a large amount of sincere honour for him anyways. The minor thing was that this “monk” was actually begging for money. People – including me – since we were all Asian at this mall, we couldn’t help but not only feel bad for him, but he manipulated our feeling/mind by dressing like a Buddhist monk. The first time I saw him, I was amazed that a White person became a monk and was actually doing Bindbat in the middle of the day in front of a mall! But I saw people drop money in his bowl. So I went to open its lid and saw a shit load of cash! I was shocked at first, but I felt bad and dropped money in

there too. But after I dropped my money I quietly whispered into his ear: "Food goes in your bowl Bhikkhu." He's not a "real" monk, but he is more real than contemporary monks in my eyes.

Encountering this "monk" in Garden Grove was a minor experience, but it had an affect on me inside. I never was consciously aware of how powerful psychological/social programming was until I met this "monk." On an emotional level of the heart, I could do nothing to stop myself from entering that feeling or state of mind you give to a monk. Meaning you honour them and open yourself to feed them or care for their needs. But on an intellectual level of think, I knew very well that this guy was faking being a monk because monks don't beg for money! But still, even though I intellectually knew this, the brain was powerless from stopping years of the programming. It's like this with other aspects of life though if we think about it.

For example we can be raised and conditioned in an environment/society where we are brought up knowing intellectually [in the brain] that being gay is "wrong." But when that moment comes when some girl stirs your heart, you have no real free will but to fall under the control of Chitta [Heart/Mind]. If you have ever been in some sort of situation like this, you'll understand that in your early teen years, it's not an easy thing to deal with. Your brain and Heart fight and you struggle to come to an understanding of why you are "deviant" and not right in the head like others are. As if to say the head was always the right one in the first place. There is this Mahayana story that goes one day the Buddha was asked by someone to explain in one single word his Way. The Buddha thought for a moment and says: "Tame." Which is to say: Shut the brain up, because it most often gets in the way of our living and success in life.

But back to the two reasons why the Buddha had his pupils of his inner circle [Bhikkhus] remove themselves completely from society, wife, children, and all. Like the movie The Matrix, the Buddha is Morpheus, and he was simply unplugging these men from the illusory artificial system: this man made thing we often confuse for "reality," the city, the state, the religions, the politics, the ideologies, the opinions, the wealth, the poverty, the homelessness, the homefulness, the 'sacred' values, judgements, and world views of society, its common people, etc.

Back in those days, when you unplug yourself from some Vedic city/society you had only one place to go to live: Bana [the Forest], which is the second esoteric reason why the Buddha had his inner circle of those original days completely renounce the mundane world: having been unplugged or disconnected from an artificial world of mans making, the Bhukkhu is now placed in front of the one true reality that man did not make: Everything, Nature and all. Just like the Buddha unplugged himself from his sheltered kingdom world to live in the forest, where he gained Gnosis: From a Living and Natural source.

So that was the Buddha's actual way of teaching. You can't give somebody Gnosis. You have to place them instead in the condition whereby they themselves can gain that Gnosis on their own. You see a River and drink from it, then you go back to your horse friends, and lead them to the same River hoping they will also drink from it. What's that saying tha goes: "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink?" There is this story from the Hermetic Mythos where Hermes O Trismegistos ponders in his Mind that if God is the all knowing creator of all things, then why is it that some people are born with more reason and understanding than others? Why did not God make all people equally wise and reasonable? The voice in his Mind answers back saying that in the very beginning of creation the Creator placed a cup of water at the center of the universe for people to drink of. Some drank from this cup, while some did not. The water is Reason. Which is a great allegorical way to say that not even Creation can give you Gnosis. It can create the Cup of Gnosis, but you must drink from it.

The Buddha in his days could not force Buddhi onto people or give Buddhi to people. These people must be led to the source to drink from it themselves. But only those who are actually searching for that Buddhi will hear the Buddha's call to leave the city and its artificial illusions behind to go to the source: Bana [the Forest/Nature].

So once in the forest the new monks are unplugged from mundane society and they are now exposed to Nature's cache of Raw Material. Just as the Buddha was. You have no more authorities, Brahmins, priests, leaders, telling you what to think, what is right, what is truth, what is real, etc. All you have are Nature's Raw Material to build your own understandings of Life and Reality with. In the same way that we can say that a scientist in the West who is the father of a field of study has

nobosy to go to for authoritative knowledge. All he has at his disposal is Nature's cache of raw material: Everything. And so we have fathers of fields like Pasture who exposed himself to the raw material of Nature and saw microbes for the first time somehow. And from his experience of such raw material, he constructed and built up his understandings of whatever field of study or scientific discipline he presenced.

But the Buddha really wasn't a scientist. He was more a natural mystic. Meaning that he exposed himself to the same body of raw material, but used such raw material to Draw Up from inside of himself – sambuddhi [self-enlightenment or gnosis by ones own effort] – an understanding of things. For example he saw a River which seems to have been a very significant source of insight for Buddha. Buddha sat there Mindful of that river's flow for a while, and from that flow he Draws Out from himself an Insight. He essentially used the river to inspire within him an insight. A large amount of high profile Buddhist dhamma can be traced back to the Buddha staring at rivers. For example the Buddha rejected the idea of an Atma [self] but strangely he invented the idea of a Citta-santana: Mindstream; he even divided Enlightenment into 4 stages rooted in the idea of a river: Stream-enterer, Once-returner, Non-returner, and Arahant [arahatao in Khmerized Pali].

Using raw material to Draw Up insights from within yourself as a concept and function also exists in the West, but in a different way. The best known system is the Qabalah. You have this Tree/diagram with 10 circles, and each circle has a name which describes its attribute. Objectively on a reasonable level as we can reasonably and honestly be, it's a fucking drawing of 10 stupid circles with words in them. But that's not the point is it. The point is to use these circles as "keys" to unlock from within yourself Insights, divine wisdom, or whatever you wish to call it. So you're looking at this drawing and you see Ain Sof at the top of a ball with a crown on it and you ponder a while and ask yourself: "Gee, what could Jehovah be trying to tell me here?" And if you have a working citta or are mystically inclined, you might get a "revelation" and say: "Aha! That ball with the crown called Kether is the Head! The Head is the Mind! Mind is Consciousness! Ain Sof is the unmanifested divine spark! Therefore our Consciousness is a divine manifestation of universal light! Which degenerated down into Tephoret which corresponds with the generative Organ! Which is trying to tell me that tephoret is where Divine Consciousness manifests into Form! Just like the Son/Sun descend down into the Jordan/Blue Nile! And from that water is born into Malkuth the Kingdom/Physical World!" The whole point to the process is that if what ideas you Draw Up from within is actually Insightful and actually teaches you something in such a way that it induces Self-Development: Who gave you that Gnosis, Insight, Wisdom, Divine Revelation? You did on your own, and not some priest, teacher, guru, authority. You don't need others to tell you things. The Raw Material has been given to you: the entire Universe, to Draw Insights from. And if the entire universe isn't enough for you, draw a few circles on parchment paper and knock yourself out.

So the early Bhikkhus pupils of Buddha did the same kind of meditative reflection on Nature and Life for insights. During their training the Bhikkhus also had the chore/duty of memorizing word for word what lessons the Buddha taught to them. This was so that when they were finished with their forest life, they could teach other people in the cities who can't leave that life behind due to obligations and ties exactly what was taught to them. So instead of these monks teaching people their own interpretations of what the Buddha taught, they just chanted what they got from the Buddha, and left it up to the people to do their own reflections. This way, even when the Buddha passes away, the people will get a word for word stream of what the Buddha taught his first pupils. The teachings basically helps people see mundane reality in a different way, and draws such people's attention to a possible way out or to a source of Living Insight. The Gnosis or Buddhi the monks may have gotten are their own personal experiences which they don't teach others. Why? Because you can't give people Gnosis. You must lead them into the condition ripe for Gnosis.

So if these men and women in those early times left the city to be homeless and "Bana-ed" [Forested or took up hermitage in a Forest] what do you call it when a Bhikkhu has finished his training in the forest and leave to re-enter the world of man to teach and Liberate people; like Neo re-enters the Matrix for the same reason? In common Pali of the time you called it Nib-Bana which literally means Un-Forest, or to De-Forest or Without-Forest. Nibbana in common Pali spoken by common people of its time just meant to Leave the Forest, or to Go Outside of the Forest. In the same line of thought that we Dress and Undress, Do and Undo, Believe and Unbelieve. But this original meaning has been lost. Why? Because people did what the Buddha asked for people not to do. When the Buddha was asked by his disciples if they may translate his teachings into Brahminical Sanskrit, the Buddha forbade it stating that what he teaches must remain in "Our Common Dialect."

Sanskrit at the time in India was used by the Brahmins in the same was Ecclesiastical Latin was used by the Church leaders in

Europe. Church Latin and Brahminical Sanskrit also shared another deadly quality: both never existed as a living organic language. They are both doctored up “Written Languages” used to monopolize ideas. In India during these ancient times things were more strict with Sanskrit, a person from a low caste was punished by death if he knew Sanskrit. The other issue with Sanskrit is that the Brahmins who jealously guarded it and taught it only to their Brahmin caste children created these words and gave their words meanings of its own. Which was why a word that once simply meant Leaving the Forest, ended up being Nirvana meaning some weird netherworld beyond samsara or whatever. This was one of the ancient butthurt issues Theravada Buddhism had with the Northern Mahayana: they used Sanskrit words, and used Sanskrit to write extra sutras.

You’ll perhaps think to yourself: “But they’re intelligible dialects? What’s the big deal?” You can tell the Sanskrit Dharma and the Pali Dhamma are the same words? The Sanskrit Samsara and the Pali Samsara even sound the same? What’s the issue? The issue is: Weltanschauung. For example in a Common Dialect of English as spoken in the streets in most American cities the word “Nigga” has a completely different spirit and shade of meaning than the word “Nigger” as a bunch of English Professors at Oxford University in England use and define it. What’s the big deal you ask? Aren’t Nigga and Nigger obviously the same word? No dummy. One is a word used by a person of a specific culture, time, and place, to refer to another person whom he feels a bond or fellowship with: My Nigga. The other word is used to demean and dehumanize an entire race. That’s the difference between Weltanschauung. It is in the Essence, not the Form.

Things that are “Organic” are either alive or derive from living things. You have things like us which are organic, and then stuff like cars are inorganic/artificial/mechanical. Organic Intelligence is Living, Dynamic, and flexible. What we call “Wit” or “Wits” in English is a form of Organic Intelligence. You don’t learn wit in school. Either you got it or you don’t. Being witty is flexible meaning that it is Formless and adapts to whatever condition and honourous environment it finds itself in. It is dynamic meaning that it grows and becomes more refined as the mind which expresses it grows more sophisticated. Inorganic or mechanical Intelligence is dead. You sit in chemistry class, read recycled knowledge about how a hydrogen atom plus two oxygen atoms makes water, you memorize that shit, and parrot it using the “H₂O” and you sound really smart don’t you? Like you know the mysteries of the universe. Did you come up with that smart idea? No. It was given to you. The idea in itself is smart but thanks to the original chemist who came up with it. What do you call it when you assume godforms, pretend to be other people, copy-cat others? Mimicry. If you sound intelligent because you can use big words and big ideas given to you, it is only so because of Mimicry. You mimic intelligent people. Nothing about your organic nervous system in itself became intelligent.

In Khmer there is the word “Chlat” [chulat] which generally means Smart or having the intelligence to solve problems. Then there is this word used most often used as a nick name for boys which is “Panya” as it sounds phonetically to my ear. Boys nicknamed Panya are those mischievously clever ones with that sneaky and cunning type of rascally smarts where if you hide cookies, they will sneak around and find it. Boys nicknames Panya are those 4 year old cousins that are trouble makers. Not bad and uncooperative. But they have this trickster or cunning brains to them where they run around teasing people and playing games with people, tricking other cousins for money and candy. That’s the Essence or Spirit or Shade of the word/name “Panya.” It’s interesting because that word is the way you say the Pali word Pan~n~a which has the same Essence or Spirit: Cunningness, Cleverness, rascally intelligence. I bring this up because Pan~n~a in Sanskrit is Prajna [pronounced “Prah-Chna”]. Prajna does not have the organic, living, meaning of Panya. It mechanically has come to mean some goofy divine wisdom. Which is stupid if you put yourself in time, place, and context of the Buddha’s era in India. Divine Wisdom – whatever that is – doesn’t free your ass from the caste system if you are a dalit, it is what entraps your ass in the system. Exactly as how the Divine Wisdom of the Bible enslaves you to a religion and its priesthood. It takes cunningness, and a sly form of intelligence understand that the system is tricking you, enslaving you, and to beat the system and escape it to find your Liberation.

What’s it mean in the common street dialect of Pali when the Buddha died and it was said that he went to Nibbana, or “achieved” Nibbana?” In its original street grade dialect. Bana is Forest, Jungle, Nature. Metaphorically it is used to describe the city life and this world back then as now: The inner city is a Jungle; this world is a jungle. If the world is a Jungle/Forest, wild or feral place, and the Buddha Unforested where did he go? He left the Natural World. Meaning this everyday world on this ball of dirt which is the natural world of human experience. Nibbana does not imply or suggest what exists beyond this natural world. When I say my late great grandpa left this “Natural World,” in no way did I describe a heaven, afterlife, Asgard, Valhala, Brahmaloaka, etc. I just meant that being alive here in this Natural World, and having seen my great grandpa get buried and no longer with me, he is thus gone from this world. “Elvis has left the building” captures the Essence also.

“The Buddha has left the Forest.” Do I know where he went to? No. But this simple word with shades of metaphorical meanings was annexed into Brahminical Sanskrit, and over time through Hindu mystical bullshitting, Nirvana has come to mean a load of goofy shit.

It’s hard for me to say that I am a Buddhist to myself, because as I understand Language and Weltanschauung, the Buddhism via Pali, the Buddhism via Sanskrit, and now the Buddhism via English are three entirely different religions which really have nothing to do with each other, but share a few concepts. Then we can go further and come to understand that the Preahputsasana via Khmer and Prahputsasana via Thai are also very different things from the others. I am not a Buddhist if you have come to know Buddhism via English, English words, and Anglocentric Weltanschauung. I’m not a Buddhist in anyway if you understand your Buddhism via the Sanskrit. I don’t believe in reincarnation, karma as a cosmic law of reward and punishment, samsara as a fucked up farris wheel of birth and death, Nirvana as a fluffy communist-ahima-vegan-cowloving utopia beyond samsara. This is all stupid to me. These other Buddhists may say: “Well, we have it right and you don’t know shit.” No, nobody has it right. The only person and people who had it right was Buddha and his original disciples as they knew it in the language, dialect, and worldview they were using when they were alive. None of us has it right beyond those people, that time, and place. I’m just more sensible and reasonable, that’s all.

Language & Authority

I like language a lot. Language is what killed the idea of God for me. God as the Bible explains it, can’t possibly exist because if such an all knowing creature was real, wouldn’t he understand that having humans speak 2000 different languages means his Bible or “Divine Wisdom” is going to get fucked up by being reinterpreted and twisted through 2000 languages and the native meanings of their words? Have you ever seen those ridiculous threads where everybody actually speaks the same English, about the same idea, but the thread is a battle of semantics over the meaning of one fucking word? If you think about this, you’ll come to realize that if God was depending on writings, books, words, and human language to convey his awesomeness and the secrets of creations, he wasn’t very smart. God self-defeated himself at the Tower of Babel. There is only one eternal Cosmic Language written in Nature which is immutable: the Silence of Dhammakaya, the Unspeakable Tao, the Ineffable Cosmos Itself.

Organic Language is also alive, dynamic, and pliable as opposed to a mechanical or inorganic one. I love English since its the only language I have a high command of in such a way where I can flow my ideas with it. I hate English according to Webster with a passion. I hate Webster. I hate it when somebody uses a word in a creative way and then some anal nerd thumps on a Websters dictionary and says: “You’re using the word wrong. The Archbishop of American Standard English, His Ligustical Highness Webster, defines it thusly in the scriptures under the letter E [...]”

I was arguing with a friend of mine I get into smart talks with. Often times we’ll end up fighting in a friendly way, because we never agree. We were arguing about words and how one was used by a subculture. I gave a general meaning as it was used by the subculture that used it. And my friend goes: “Well they’re using it wrong.” And I said: “There’s no wrong way to use a word. It is used first by a people and make it to the next edition of the dictionary later. Not the other way around from text book to people.” He laughs at me and says that what I said was ridiculous because even language needs an authority to define the words, because otherwise how would there be any agreement to the meanings, and thus then, how would communication even be possible? So I protested in anger and said: “That’s fucking authoritarian. Are you fucking suggesting to me that neanderthals had a Webster authoritatively defining orthodox from heretical definitions of their words?! That’s fucking stupid.” He said calmly back laughing in a teasing manner: “No, that’s a fucking strawman. I never said anything about neanderthals. Where’d you get that from? I just said that there must be an authority to mediate or facilitate communication by setting standard definitions.”

We changed the subject and left things at that. But that conversation got me thinking about something I had never noticed before? At first I thought to myself: “Hey, I’ve never seen a Khmer dictionary before?” But then that got me thinking about going to some sort of authority for official words, beliefs, laws, etc. Which gave birth to the real thought or question or notice. I notice that in Western society in general people after schooling constantly look for authority figures to support everything about them: their beliefs [priests], their laws [politicians], their words [webster], their clothes [celebrities], and so on. But the thing is in such Western society there does in fact exist such figures of “authority” you can go to or cite or quote

or name drop to validate things. And you can find such men of authority in universities, science journals, fashion houses, etc.

Which was when I suddenly realized that in my other “world” – the Asian/Thai/Khmer one – there is no such concept of chasing after some established authority to back up your things. But I tested this Theory with my family. I’d question them when they said something to get them to do this go-looky for an authority that Western people do. The easiest way to do this was to use my grandmother. So this one day I was intentionally peeling an apple and using a knife to cut the apple pieces and dipping the pieces into salt right in front of my grandmother. She always watches quietly at first like I’m doing something alien, and then shakes her head and laughs. As expected she said in Khmer as she laughs and shakes her head: “That’s backwards grand daughter. We don’t cut our apples like that. How do you not cut yourself doing it that way. It puts me on edge watching.” So I challenged her and said back: “Who says so grandma, that our people should cut our apples in the other direction? What person in your people made it so?” And then my grandma said something I have heard very often said before: “I don’t know grand daughter. It’s just the Way the Old People before me taught me.”

They use the term “Pugg Jass-Jass.” Pugg is the Khmer form of the Pali Puggala meaning People, Folk, Tribe, Nation. Jass means Old, Aged. There is no word for “Very” usually in Thai and Khmer, to emphasize an adjective you double it, or when you want to denote many of a noun you may also double it. For example Srey means girl and Sa’at means pretty. Then “Srey-Srey Sa’at-Sa’at” means a bunch of really pretty girls everywhere. Pugg Jass Jass means the Really Old People way back in the day, or Tribal-Elders is another translation.

And I do hear this often. In English we have things called “Proverbs” or saying. In Khmer we have the same, but we call them “Biek Jass Jass,” Biek means Word from the Pali Vek/Bek, which is actually a distant cousin of the root in the English word VOCabulary, from the Latin Vocare meaning “to name/call.” Biek Jass Jass just means the Words of the Old People. Old People, it turns out, in my other culture, are the “authorities” in everything. When the aunts and uncles talk amongst themselves and one of them wants to assert their opinions, all they have to do is say first: “According to the Old People.” And then when the elders want to cite “authoritative” sources to back up their ideas or way of seeing something they’ll say: “According to the Old People before us, if I recall correctly,” except with the elders they are citing are a non-existent group of “Old People,” who have long past.

It’s funny to me because in this Western world when we get into argument of ideas, opinions, words, and semantics, what we do is do what I call a Mexican Fight. A Mexican Fight is when you schedule a fight with a Mexican expecting it to be one on one, and the Mexican brings 10 of his cousins to fight for him. So in the Western way of doing things when we fight and argue we’ll run off to bring all these Websters and Professors, and Scientists, into our Mexican Fight and quote them. In effect use them and what they said to do the fighting, uplift and deify their ideas, rather than do such to our ideas. And when we want to invalidate the other person’s ideas, instead of directly tackling their actual ideas, we try to discredit their authority figures. You can simply say: “That scientist you cited is a nut job!” And it’s like all of a sudden every idea that came out of such a discredited guy is crazy and unfounded, even if they make sense.

We see this same phenomenon to a more larger extent in the realm of Western religion don’t we? We invalidate an entire system of philosophy or religion just by simply trying to make the “authority” who Authored such ideas look insane. Because – according to the line of thought – if the character in question is not of sound mind, then how on earth could their ideas be of sound quality?” Except we forget that sanity and insanity are relative and most often a subjective assessment based on evaluating a person’s character who deviates from what we ourselves consider to be the Norm.

In the ONA, we’ll hear anti-ONA people magically dismiss ONA just by simply saying the magic words: “David Myatt is a nutter!” And then that somehow invalidate the circa 7000 pages of stuff he has written over the past 40 years, magically. Have they read all 7000 pages of stuff before they made that judgement or assessment or “critical analysis?” No. But I love it when Americans use this insanity or nut job bit to invalidate whole systems in such a way that they don’t have to actually do the effort of actually reading and studying. Because Webster worked on his definitions for his first dictionary in an insane asylum, because he was clinically insane. Yet you still speak English and deify his definitions don’t you?

It’s was from thinking about this idea of how the West deifies dead men as the fountain head, or foundation, or fathers of

their civilization/religion/intelligence; that taught me a valuable lesson in life: to like my own indigenous traditional culture even more than before.

Because in my other culture, Old People with their grey hair and aged faces are your living authorities in whatever. In other words, instead of giving value to dead men it is our Old People, their thoughts, ways of doing things, wisdom, and intelligence, that we value. I find it very, very sad, and despicable how in the West these same Old People are described as “senile.”

There’s an old saying by old people in my culture that goes: “If you want to know who a person’s character and quality, just look at their elders: because the fruit never falls far from the tree.” It says a lot about the collective psychology of the Western Mind when it demeans its old people as being “senile.” Because you as a Fruit do not fall far from that Senile tree you condemn. You came from it. Collectively as a Western “Civilization” you yourselves are Senile in respect to how you see and treat other people, other cultures, other religions, other traditions, other people’s ways of seeing and understanding the world, etc. What’s even more bizarre and truly senile is that collectively as a people you glorify and deify dead men, but lock up your living old people to die alone in convalescent homes.

My aunt-mom once when speaking to me about what friends I should have in school asked/ordered me not to associate or make friends with the breed of Americans she dislikes. She said she did not want to see me associating with such types in anyway, shape, or form. I asked her how I should know one breed from the other, if they all look the same on the outside? She said: “The type I don’t want you associating with are the ones without manners, proper culture, and who do not know their back from their front. I absolutely do not like those people who don’t know their back from their front.”

I had not ever heard the expression “back from front” used so I asked what that meant. Your front means everybody younger than you. Your back means everyone older than you. In that order of age, you have a specific place, and in that specific place you have specific ways of behaving and treating, and interacting and using proper language with those younger than you and those older than you. So there is a pecking order of sorts on a social and familial level. You respect every person older than you and speak to them with proper language, give them their due honour, never argue or talk back to them, and it is your duty to teach those younger than you the same, and to treat them kindly. So a person who “does not know their front from their back” is one who is ignorant of his or her place and is literally “out of line” or “out of order,” as they say in court: Order in the court! They speak to older people with no sense of manners or respect, and are verbally abusive and demeaning to those younger than them. With their peers they are simply barbaric and are not a people of their word [not trustworthy]. These people were the “breed of Americans” I wasn’t allowed to make friends with. And this way of describing Americans seems to extend far to every other American.

I just find it interesting that this same ill bred Western America [Homo Hubris] who is psychologically in a permanent state of being out of order refers to their old people they came from as “senile,” and “old fool.” And they’d rather praise and give social or cultural value to dead men they refer to as “forefathers” of their civilization or religion, rather than have the decency to pay the same amount of praise and respect to those old people who are literally their real living forefathers.

Their mind is misdirected into the distance you see? Off adoring dead people. Some Moses, Jesus, or Buddha, whoever. But they are ignorant of the people alive in front of them. There was this one time when I jokingly said to my birth mom after she told me to do something: “I don’t have to listen to you, the Buddha said so.” She goes back in a mad tone: “Who the hell is the Buddha, is he your mother? Did he carry you for 9 months, give you life, raise you, made sure not even a tiny ant bit you, fed you?” I said this jokingly in the same room as my grandmother. My mom knew I was kidding. But My grandmother was upset at what I had said, and she said to me: “No, unacceptable grand daughter. That’s not how we speak to our mothers. Even if you were playing around. Your mother is bigger than the Buddha. The Buddha only teaches you how to be good. Your mother gave you life. There is no person in your life higher in authority than our mothers in our culture. Your mother is your Preah. Don’t “misplace” her or speak to her that way again.” I said I was sorry, and promised not to do it again.

Authority Figure

It looks like as I write this out, it's about where we perceive authority to be as a people. Which to me in regard to things like the ONA – for me – becomes an important matter.

I asked my grandmother once when I wanted to know who or where to go to find the real true “dhamma.” If I should go to Buddhist temples and pay my respects to monks etc. In Khmer the word for Dhamma actually comes from the Sanskrit Dharma, but is truncated to “Dhar” which is pronounced as “Tor” like how you say Torah, minus the -ah, but as a Brit or Frenchman would read it. My grandmother explains to me the Tor is in none of those things I mentioned. Tor, she says, is within each of us and around us everywhere, not in a temple, a monk, or a sutra. She said there was no need for me to be at a temple, to do what? Stare at bald heads? If I had food to offer, she said, to offer/share it to my cousins. If I wanted to practice Tor, to practice it on my family and those around me. If I need to better understand things about Tor to ask my elders. You “hold/observe Tor” with those around you. Not with strange people at some temple. Not by reading books. So in my family and culture, there is no “authority” on Buddhism, besides what Tradition we have inherited from our Old People who came before us.

And so we come to the subject of the ONA and how – because of my own culture and upbringing – I see and understand the ONA to be. Or more accurately: how the ONA becomes through me. How ONA will be presented by me to others. My future children, my friends, and people I meet.

To me there is no academic, inorganic council of some ONA authority to whom we can run to for “official” bona fide ONA dogmas and Truths. Not even the Buddha according to his own words and admonishments to his original disciples claimed to be an authority on his Way. When asked, the Buddha said to use your own judgement and to question even what he teaches. And if what he taught is not congruent to how you understand the world or things inside your own mind, then he [Buddha] is wrong and his words should be dismissed for what each of us understand to be how things are. Because in essence when we speak of Dhamma – natural phenomena – we are all – Buddhas, arahatas, bodhisattas, bhikkhusangha, ariyasangha – all of us are looking and trying to understand the same body of natural phenomena. No one has it all right. The way is sambuddhi: Self-Enlightenment. Being such, the Buddha has absolutely nothing to do with your self-enlightenment.

Don't run to Anton Long for authority. He can't save you. Or give you gnosis, sinister nature, or make you an adept with authority to speak official dogmas and truths for the ONA. It's not what this thing is about. What is the ONA essentially about? Self-Becoming, the work of Self-Development. Working to become a new type of human, a new breed right? Anton Long isn't your mother. He doesn't give birth to such new types of people. It is our own effort and will and striving and Pathei-Mathos that does. Anton Long has absolutely nothing to do with the work of our own Self-Becoming.

But in the Family of the ONA, Anton Long is the Elder, the Old One. Be careful how you describe and see your elders, because the fruit never falls far from its tree right? If you understand yourself to be ONA in some way, and Anton Long is seen by you as being insane and not right in the head, you also are insane and not right in the head because like attracts like. Birds of a feather flock together. Oranges grow from orange trees. I have this thing where I affectionately tell my mom she is crazy when she says something I disagree with [a way from my grandma]. And my mom will always say back: “Fine with me. If I'm crazy, you're crazy too, because you came out of me. That's my blood in your heart.”

If you are ONA, whatever Anton Long is, you are also, because those are his ideas in your/my/our head, remember that. Anton Long in the ONA has every right as the elder to be at the center of our circle. Just like every grandfather or grandmother by right of age and act of procreation is at the center of a bloodline/family/clan. Us younger folk are the circumference of this circle. It is through each of us that the ONA will pass into whatever direction and become whatever for the next generation. In the same sense that in a family in relation to our grandparents, it is through each of us that the bloodline flows in whatever direction we take it. It is through each of us that what Family Traditions we inherited from our Old Ones is passed to the next generation in front of us. Anton Long is our Old One from whom we get our ONA Tradition. It will change with us and through us. It must, to stay alive. Blood must flow for there to be life. Money must flow for there to be an economy. Ideas must flow for it to have value and spread. Nature must flow if She is to be alive for another billion years. Everything must flow, adapt, and in time change, or die.

The concept/imperative of changing and evolving the ONA, brings us to the natural opinion based disagreements we will have with each other and also with AL. It's human to Think, and it's human to want to Believe that we are right. Because if how we think is unsound in some way, it makes us feel either unsound ourselves or we lead ourselves into believing that others may think we are of unsound mind. Nobody likes to be made a fool of in the eyes of others.

In my other culture you don't argue with the Old People. You don't assert your opinions onto them and act like you know better. Even if they are not right. Or even if their ways of doing things is actually out dated. You have to show them that there is an alternative way that works better. You make it so that through action and result on your part it is as if you were saying: "You're olds ways of doing things WERE right, but there is NOW a better way." And then you show the old ones with the results of your actions, and not with just loudly voiced asserted opinions.

In a structured environment like an army, if on the battlefield you are given an order by your senior officer, and this officer has had 39 years of results compared to your new born career as a soldier, you have no right or substance to step Out Of Line, and asset your opinions. There is very few options that you can take. You can follow orders, knowing your superior is wrong and that there is a better way. Or if you are very sure that there is a better way, and you are confident of it, you take the risk, disregard the order, and work on the field to show by Result of deeds that there is indeed a better way. Arguing and fighting and asserting opinions – no matter how many authoritative figures you drag into your argument – does very little besides upset feeling.

The old people in my culture have this saying that goes: "Crying on all four doesn't win a race."

To explain that saying, when I was just out of high school, I got into a light argument with one of my elders over politics. At the time I was at that age where I thought I knew everything. The elder in question seemed to be a rabid monarchist, feudalist, or at least not democratic like I learned in Western high school is the best way. So I blurted out my opinions and said basically: "That's not right! That's not how things are done." And I proceeded to support my opinions with things I learned in school.

Then the elder laughs with his peers and says: "It's expected for babies to cry on all four. We all have opinions grand daughter. The difference is I am 74. I have at least 50 years of RESULTS to back up my opinions. You have only more opinions and no results. Learn to walk first before you try to compete with those who've walked before you; because crying on all four doesn't win a race."

Basically he was calling me a baby or saying that what I was doing was infantile. He was older, much more experienced in life, did work in politics and public office, and more importantly he had decades of results or fruit of deed to support what ideas and opinions he had. Thus, he had legs to walk with. Whereas I had no legs to stand on as we might say in English. I was just all talk, all mouth, all opinion: a baby crying crawling on all four. I might be loud, but crying on all four doesn't win a race.

When I make an opinion about things like tribes, clans, or large functioning cooperative families, my humble opinions comes from a 1000+ years of cultural praxis of a people, that works and has worked; for my people and a majority of humans on this earth right now. When you from your nuclear family weltanschauung make an opinion to challenge my opinions of such matters, what have you as a person or Western culture to show and prove for yourself? As in results or fruit of deed. You as a people say "action speak louder than words," yet you rarely live by such words you preach. Your results which are in plain view shows me that when you make such challenging opinions, your just crying on all four. Just look at the condition on a social and familial level that you are collectively in. Over 50% of your mariages fail. What nuclear families you have are typically dysfunctional. You don't even trust your own mothers and brothers with your money, let alone do business with each other for mutual prosperity, you're absolutely dependent on the State for your very existence, you slave your lives away for corporations, banks, debt; and in your old age, you retire alone without any family by your side to care for you. And you want to tell me that clans and tribes don't work? As if you know better? The only thing not working is your entire Western civilization in its current condition, from the familial and social base on up.

As a civilization, your American “way of life” is a baby. It’s 235 years old. It doesn’t matter if you have been to the moon, have scientists, and university professors with doctorates. You’re still 235 years old, and look at the majority of what RESULTS as a civilization you have manifested. You’ve fucked up Africa, rapes it, plundered it. You’ve fucked up the Middle East since the Crusades, you’ve fucked up Russia and Asia; You’ve caused more wars than spent time living in peace; you’re wealthy as a nation at the expense of global human poverty and debt of your own citizens, you’re fucking up forests, oceans, fresh water supplies, your Christiana religion has destroyed and killed indigenous cultures, and so on. What’s these results or fruit of deed say about your “American Way of Life?” It doesn’t matter how pretty you paint it. China has been around for 4000 continuous years. Europe has been around a lot longer as well. I actually trust the collective ‘opinion’ of Europe more than an American scholar, because at least on a level of collective psyche, Europe has had 1000+ years of experience and results to back up their opinions. Your American scholars have doctorates from some university. You get you knowledge from dead books and dead people.

Like one such “collective opinion” I pay attention to made by Europe is that it thinks religion is stupid. I say “collective opinion” because Christianity is just dead there. The average person in Europe seem to have grown out of this religion stage, at least organized religion. I’m not saying they are not spiritual and emotionally dead. But you look at America’s psyche as a collective metaorganism, and you see how insane it is. There’s a bible belt? In California there is a cult of some kind on every corner. You have just as many religious fanatics here as you would find in Palestine and the Islamosphere. Every other religion in America claims to be the fastest growing religion. That’s not something to be proud of. That’s like a mental institute claiming its the fastest growing asylum. What’s that say about the mental state of your average citizen? Collectively you have no culture. Your secularism and Capitalism is your substitute culture. A culture of citizens enslaved by fat cat corporatocrats. Who’s the backwards one here? Babies cry real loud don’t they? Change your diaper at least first before you tell other peoples more ancient than you that your way is better.

This talk about age and civilization reminds me of something I read somewhere about a prophecy of the fall of one age and the dawn of a new golden age. The Prophecy was retold by the ancient Greeks when they said that when the Ouroboros is seen again in the sky biting it’s own tail, the dawn of the Golden Age will come, and the old age shall collapse in calamity. It is said that the Greeks got this from Egypt. This One Greek guy in ancient times named Salon or something like that had traveled to Great Egypt to speak with the High Priest there to learn from him. As they were rowing a boat in some subterranean watery passage to a secret place, they talked about some very distant forgotten past, of things like Atlantis, a once great global civilization that fell, the passing of ages, the fall of man, etc. The Greek guy asks the Egyptian guy: “How do you know these thing are true?” And the Priest says back to the Greek guy: “You Greeks are but babies. Your memories of a past are young. Egypt is Ancient. She has seen the full cycle of the Great Procession many times over.” Which is to say that Egypt was very old, and so what ideas and opinions the Priest was sharing were not entirely empty. It was backed up by the wisdom of what Egypt had experienced during its long aged existence.

In our sky the Milky Way can be seen which is sometimes called the Blue Nile. That Blue Nile “River” of stars spins or revolves slowly. There is a point where this River of Stars looks like a serpent’s head biting it’s own tail [so it is said by the old ones before us]. Now we’re talking about the spinning rim of a galaxy here. A galaxy is big: it takes a while for a galaxy to even make one complete round doesn’t it? This symbol of a snake or dragon biting its tail is more ubiquitous than you think. Every ancient culture the world over seems to have it. Which makes one wonder.

AL to the ONA is like an aged elder. He’s had at least 40 years of experience and results, whereas I and those of us who have just found HIS ONA are babies. It is Foolish to think that we know more about his own ideas don’t you think? We may have opinion, but that’s all that we really have. Even if we have results or fruit of living and deed to show for it, AL still trumps us all by 40 years.

I suppose its almost “natural” in a twisted or degenerate way for a Western person to want to dismiss an old person as being “not all there in the head.” AL is old you know, and might have a few screws loose. Our youthful brains are more sharp right? But we forget that the younger we are, the littler our legs and the less we have Walked.

I’m not saying that the ONA is “perfect” and AL is infallible. I’m saying there is a proper and honorable way of doing things; at least for me. You have to know your front from your back in such matters. To know your place in the order of

things. There were many things about the old ONA I did not like or knew of a better idea. Now those things are gone, and what the ONA has become is harmonious to how I see things. All that change happened silently and slowly. Nobody on my side expressed an opinion that disrespected AL or the OG's. We just quietly took matters into our own hands and changed things slowly. So that the results such acts bore did the talking and convincing. Nothing ever needs to be said. Crying like a baby accomplishes very little. Getting upset over ideas and stuff does nothing. So in the end nobody got dishonoured and everybody is still in their proper place.

And if your in the "backroom" we'll see from time to time that once in a while some Drecc or Niner with the best of intentions comes out, steps out of line, and cries like a baby about how the ONA is not right or something. Like babies, after their tantrums, they usually go back to taking their naps don't they lol. And I try to tell these associates that crying and blurting out passionate opinions really does not and will not change anything. Why cry and bitch at me or some one? Wat are they going to do, hold your hand? You're not chained to the ONA. Leave if you don't like it. I try to tell everybody inside the ONA these past years that there is no leader in the ONA. Nothing says you can't change the ONA to your liking and needs. If you don't like something change it. Don't cry at me. Go cry to AL. It won't do anything, but at least you'll be crying at the right person lol. But deep down inside you know you can't put in the work to change it. Why else are you crying at me. I know what crying means. I've raised plenty of baby cousins. When a baby cries they need to be fed or have their diapers changed. I'm not going to feed you or change your diapers. I'm not your nanny. If you don't like something about the ONA change it and make it better. What's stopping you?

When outsiders and trolls cry about some aspect of the ONA it means the same thing. They are saying that they find something about the ONA that their own opinions don't agree with. That's all. And some of these trolls get very passionate about their opinions. But that's all they have. Go do something. Stop crying on all four and walk at least if you want to race with AL or ONA. ONA has been around since at least 1972. AL has continuously been giving life to the ONA for at least 39 years. It has withstood the test of time. When these outsiders bitch and complain about some aspect of the ONA or some idea AL might have; what besides opinions are these babies working with? What group have you run and operated for 40 years? Where are your credentials? Your results? Your resume? Some sort of experience and results where you can say to AL or ONA collectively: "I run my own cult; it's 50 years old, we do things this way, and it works for us, therefore you ONA are backwards and should do like us. And thus also my opinions matter and are not empty." If some outsider with more experience than AL and more results than him or us were to come and say that, I'd be all ears and honour his constructive criticism. Otherwise mind your own business. But you don't have a business of your own to mind do you? That's why you're minding ours.

They act like typical consumerists don't they? Like ONA is a Burger King and as a customer they can just get things their Magian way lol. You don't like our intoxicating Anton Long Islands? You don't like ONA's Beesty Burgers? Tough shit go across the street to McGilmore's. Get the hell out of our burger joint. The funny and bewildering things is that these outsider clowns will sometimes obsessively complain and cry about the ONA and AL, year after year. As if in their clown minds they believe that if they cry hard enough we will change things about ONA to make them happy. As if the ONA exists to try to make everyone happy and accept it. There are like random nobodies with internat access who year after year just complain and shoot off empty opinions.

The louder they cry, the more incompetent they are. For me, if as an outsider you have written some book, or maintain a body of great insights in some form of medium like a blog or website, and/or you have or help run some kind of organization of some type and you express your opinions, I consider your constructive criticism, if you are successful at what you do. But if you're some random internet user with a lot of ideas and opinions and nothing to in the form of results and experience, and you bitch about ONA; who the hell are you, that anybody should even waste their time considering your opinions and convictions. I don't care if you can cite Webster or some hot shot with a doctorate. If you want to fight, don't be Mexican Fighting. It's your opinions, you back it up your own works, accomplishments, experiences, and results. Not with the words and ideas of other men. You wanna chicken fight and battle ONA? Show me your Rooster: your 40 year organization, you're 5000 pages of idea, your body of people you have inspired and/or influenced, the organizations and groups who have been inspired or influenced by your ideas and ways, as well as academics that cite you in some. Anything that is a physical, measurable result of deeds manifested in the real world. Otherwise, you're just crying opinions and don't got shit on AL or ONA, besides ideas. Difference is AL and ONA knows how to sell their ideas to create an organization and inspire. You clowns are impotent lacking the know-how of selling yourself, your ideas, to manifest anything real. All you clowns have are

opinion. You must continue to cry these opinions, because the moment you stop, you will be forgotten.

Marketing & Dissemination

I used to love reading books. I have a big personal library in our room. It used to be that when I got allowance money and got paid from working my chore jobs at family places, I divided my money in three parts: a third to buy clothes and shoes, a third to buy music CD's; and a third to buy books. I used to be at the bookstore every week. I'm the type to spend at least 3 hours in a bookstore. I'll walk around, read my fill. As I walk around and read, I stick books like like in secret sections like behind a certain set of books. Then when I am done I make up my mind which books I like most and go find them to buy. I've never taken an inventory of my books so I don't know how many I have in my personal library [as opposed to the family library downstairs]. I'd say around 900-1000, because I have stacks of books that don't fit on my shelves also.

Of all my personal books none are fiction. I dislike reading fiction. I can't sit through any type of fiction. 100% of my books are nonfiction and the informative type. Of all my books, I do not have one single one about Buddhism. I have never read a book about Buddhism. I am anal with my books. I don't know how many I have, but I know when someone has borrowed one of my books because I can feel a book is missing out of its spot. Which people in my family make fun of me for. My cousins will play jokes on me by removing a book from my shelf and hiding it somewhere without me knowing, and they'll just wait to see how long it takes for me to notice it was removed. I notice something is missing after one day, because I have my computer desk by my shelves and I stare at those books every day. I'll get a funny feeling in my gut. Like I was on a roller coaster ride going down, and there is a relentless feeling of a hunch or bothersome thought in the back of my head. Once I feel that a book of some type is missing I go into this crazy compulsive obsessive state of mind which is the part my cousins think is funny. I'll stay in the room for hours and go through each shelf and every book to figure out which exact book is missing. I won't stop [or can't] until I know the exact title of the book removed.

It gets crazier because I bought this little statue of this dragon and I did a "magic ritual" where I made an "elemental" spirit I gave a name and symbol to which "lives" in the statue. I charged my little spirit in the dragon to watch over my books and tell me if one is missing, because I get crazy attached to my books. So in my insane obsessed state I talk to my little spirit and try to listen to him or tune into him or something. I do this so often when I put get my mind into that half dazed state, I get impressions in my head of pictures, faces, and words that come up in my head. But I keep that spirit thing to myself, or my cousins will think I'm crazy. I'm perfectly functional. It's easy to figure out who took it. Once I figure out the exact book, I'll go down to where they hang out and just stand there with my arms crossed. It's always the one that is trying not to laugh and avoiding eye contact. So I'll go to the guilty one and say: "Give it back, it's not funny!" They'll laugh to themselves. So they'll say: "How do you know one's missing weirdo?! First tell us the title or what it looks like."

Each shelf in my personal library is an entire subject. I have many books and few subjects. I'll have a row of 20-30 books all of the same subject. I build up each subject one at a time. I never buy random books. Or know what books I will buy. What I do or did was I do a lot of thinking during my "me-time" I have to myself. This can be any time where I am alone. In my mind I dwell on a subject for a very long time. Then the more I hold the thought in my heart-mind, the stronger of a feeling develops over time. It feels like your heart chakra is churning or stirring. It's an uneasy feeling of restlessness, and in your gut or solar plexus area it feels like something is tugging it. I wait until that restless feeling grows stronger where it puts me into this obsessive state. Like your fiending for drugs and you're not thinking straight, and you go on a mission for your fix. It's the same thing. I'll put myself into a car and just drive fiending in a mindless state. I'll drive to some bookstore. Once I'm in the bookstore I just literally mindlessly walk around walking by every single shelf, slowly walking past and gazing at every single book in the store. Which is why it takes me hours. Random books will "popout" meaning they catch my eye or stop me. Usually these books are not overtly concerned with the subject I am dwelling on. I have to skim through it, and always the case, I'll find a single sentence or paragraph which is completely relevant to what I was dwelling on.

I have odd subjects. I have at least 100 common-rare books I "accidentally" stumbled on about nothing but Chi-Gung and things related to cultivation of jing chi, chi, and shen chi. It's sometimes called Taoism Alchemy, Taoist Yoga, or Taoist Sexual Kung Fu. I have another circa 200 book on a strange topic with no real subject word. It's that same subject people like Graham Hancock gets into. About ancient human pasts, lost civilizations, forgotten people, unsolved mysteries. I absolutely love this topic. Then I have a shelf of books on the subject of science, things like anthropology, biology, zoology,

sociology, psychology, quantum mechanic etc. I have an entire 100 books related to the old New Thought genre. I have my foreign language shelf which includes a few books on ancient Hebrew, ancient Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Italian, French, etc. Just dictionaries. I have an entire shelf dedicated to just the English language itself. I absolutely love reading about the history and development of the English language. I have an old copy of Beowulf in old English one of my friends gave to me as a gift. I love to get it so that I can see in my head English as a catapillar across time where the tail is simple Anglo-Saxon and the head is current English. I used to call this way of seeing things within a wholistic framework of time as "chronomorphosis" but I migrated that idea to the term "Aeonic Insight." I know a load of crap about some of the most useless topics and subjects ever! I don't have a shelf for occult stuff. I do have two shelves for books on mysticism, Eastern & Western esoterica. I shove my copy of the Satanic Bible in there, since it goes nowhere else. And lastly I have 3 entire shelves dedicated to nothing but things like business, marketing, advertizing, manipulation, body language, etc. I secretly am obsessed with the concept that ideas can control people. I don't have or have ever read a book on "memetics," I invent and make up what I know about memes and memetics from these books and from reflecting on real life events, etc.

But a few years ago my pasonate love for books flatlined. Before I used to love reading and rereading my books 10 times over even for 3 hours straight and I wouldn't get tired. Then a few years ago I ended up disliking to read. I couldn't sit down for 5 minutes to finish a chapter. I tried to walk around bookstores to read new books, but the feeling was totally dead. I had lost the interest for books, finally. Now I'm obsessed with PDF's and "books" in digital format. In my personal flash drive library I have 5 gigs worth of PDF's. I have another 4 gigs stored in my SD card in my Droid. I haven't read a book since. But now I've developed a new obsessive past time: Writing.

After a few years of eading the writings of people like David Myatt, I've come to really love the underlying ideas behind electronic writing, or expression via this electronic medium. Because a book is dead. Reading a book is like looking through a picture album. You only get snap shots. It's different when say you read the writings of DM, because you get to see the person, his mind, and ideas develop and take shapes and forms over time. So it's more like watching a movie in slow motion across time.

And I think that's what I love about this idea of "blogging" and reading blogs as opposed to books. You get the same ideas/meme, personality/mind, but in something like a live medium of a blog you get to see it gradually evolve and change. And so, you get the experience of this mind as it truly is: a dymanic, moving, changing, amorphous entity which metabolizes ideas and excretes waste ideas over time. Which is something I really like about the ONA. You can see it change. And you can see that the change doesn't happen from just one person. Everybody adds their own little changes which makes one big change.

So from this, I've learned to understand that something like a me, or a DM, or an ONA, in actuality are not static local one time events. Things of this sort are living and flow like a river, having a tail end and a head end, a past and a present, but the entire river is one fluid field/entity. Therefore to me, it's not acurate to state that the ONA is or was Satanic, or Nazi, or Drecc, or Niner. That it "was" one thing, and now it "changed" into an ONA v3.0. No more then it is accurate to say that I have changed from a Chloe v1.0 to a Chloe v20.something. The old Chloe as I was when I was a child and the now me, both still are alive. The ONA is "co-existently" everything it was and is. In the same way where we can say that a music piece or movie is not just one frame or one note. The Whole thing must be experienced and considered from the first note to the last. For it to truly be genuinely felt, known, and appreciated.

I actually have a much deeper and awesome respect for the English language as a memeplex more today because I know and understand its humble beginnings and the long history, fights, borrowing, changing, etc, it went through – its own pethei-mathos – to have grown to become the world's first true global language. Never in the recallable history of our species has this moment existed when we as a single species of Earthling, shared a common human Language. That in itself, I thing is a monumentous achievement on the part of the English people, boardering on the Planatary scale of achievements. English is a mega-memeplex: for good and bad. Because our language we think in defines the Cosmos we believe ourselves to exist in. My sneaky mind would have me wonder how to tap into the Success of English as a megamemeplex, in that it propogates its weltanschauung on a global scale without being challenged, so I can make the ONA work in the same way.

I find it curious that we will debate and challenge someone's weltanschauung if and when they are presented in the form of

philosophy, or religion, but when a worldview is presented under the blinding vehicle of human language we are powerless to question the worldview it imposes on us. For example we can often get into debates with Hindu nondualists and Western dualists over their silly world views. But I have rarely if ever come across a person inside the English language Matrix say to themselves or others: "I say, something is not quite right with my weltanschauung, for you see, my English Language I see the world in has a word for a "Here," and a "There?" Is there truly a here and a there, out there in such a dualist manner? Or is the Cosmos a nondualistic field? If the latter than my English is playing tricks on me!"

It funny on my end and vantage point to watch people get their asses wrapped up in heated debates and fights over "Truth," religion, which god and world-model is the "real" one, semantics, whose ideology is real and whose is fake, what religions are brainwashing cults, and what are genuine spiritual religions, how religions and politics are system of control, etc, etc. But guess what? None of those things of control or worldmodels exists if you removed the Language! You wanna look for a truly brainwashing system that conditions your consciousness to perceive the world in a way that may not be real, look at your Language-World Matrix you exist in and can't get out of. I pity people that exist in a mono-lingual worldmodel. Those are the types of people akin to people who are born and raised their whole lives inside one brainwashing cult, sheltered away never to know anything of the real world beyond how they were conditioned to see things.

I meet so many smartasses who huff and puff their chest up because of their big words and diplomas argue about stuff like ideologies, cults, mind control whatever, acting like they organically know what they are talking about, and through it all they fail to realize just how mind controlling the very Language they use is. That's what I call a "pseudo-intellectual." It's like a rebel that rebels in the system being a kind of Satanist that is acceptable to society. If you act smart debating about all this stuff on ideas and mind control and Truth, etc, and you don't even realize your own Language actually does the mind control and control of your perception of reality, then you're rebelling within the acceptable limits of your own god damn Language/Weltanschauung! You're not busting out of a Matrix to free yourself. You're a pseudo-intellectual because the only shit you can be intellectual about is the shit somebody or some system taught you to work with. Your intellectualism didn't do shit. You didn't go nowhere. You aren't Free Thinking. And they even use terms like "Thinking outside the box." You ain't thinking outside shit. What language are you still thinking in? You still in the lingual worldmodel your dumb ass was born in. At least learn half another different language, and try to work put yourself into a second culture or people's worldview-model. That way you have contrast to compare the two, to come to your own realization about the illusory effect Language has on how we consciously understand reality.

A few years ago I had my mind set on being a book writer. But my choice of this hobby-career was ill founded. It was born more from a sneaky interest of mine to manipulate people with ideas. I thought I'd write one book after another, where each book was stuffed with my memes. I'd publish them and sell them and spread those memes everywhere. This was like me one day discovering that I can buy ad space in the back of certain magazines and make a few bucks. Then one day the good Lord Satan introduced me to the wonderful world of Blogs! Satan that day said to me: "Chloe, fuck the book idea, this is called a blog, use it and pimp me." "I will, thanx!" It's free to publish your ideas. It's free for people to read. I have all the room to pack as much memes as I can. And everybody who comes across it is exposed. It was Genius! Like if i were Google and one day I discovered Youtube and facebook, realizing that putting ads on those two cybermediums makes a hell a more money than a mere magazine ad!

The "not so smart" in general population in their consumerist way will believe that just because an idea or product gets mass circulation, that such product is of good quality. When it's the other way around. The more a product is mass produced to be mass consumed by general population, the more shitty the quality is. In the subcultural world of Satanism, just because LaVey's stuff get's mass consumed by general population, doesn't mean the ideas in it are of high quality. Have you ever read the Satanic Bible? It's spectacular when you read it when you were 12 or 13. But if you are 20 or 40 and you read it and think it's the greatest tome of wisdom in the world, then you really need to get out more or at least diversify your reading options. On the other hand I know people I hang out with who have great ideas and an insightful mind, who have never wanted to write, don't know how to, or never not interested in blogging.

One of my books on the subject of science is a grey one about forgotten scientists. I found it wandering a garage sale one day. It has a list of all these [mad] scientists I've never heard of. Each chapter give the story about each scientist, when they lived, what they studied, their field of work, their experimentations, their struggle to get their ideas patented and marketed, and their

failure to do so because of lack of finances, and opportunistic vultures. The only scientist I knew vaguely was that guy Nikola Tesla. But I didn't know the detailing of how Tesla ended up being forgotten in history, until I bought the book and read it.

Basically Nikola was a Croatian immigrant. He came from a poor and humble family trying to find opportunity in the New World. Tesla had this active and vivid imagination where he could visualize machines in his mind and watch them work. So he'd often spend time day dreaming where he builds things in his mind and tests these imaginary machines out. Later he got a normal job and started to go to work at making some of these machines and conducting various experiments. He one day got a humble job at a place owned by this one creep named Edison who owned a lightbulb shop. It was a lowly job he started off with. But Tesla one day thought about the dangers of his boss's type of electrical current and on his free time he did these experiments and came up with a much safer electrical current, that traveled further than the type his boss was using. So Tesla pitched the idea to his boss [the Vulture Edison]. Edison tells the young and passionate starry eyed Tesla: "Good idea, I got \$10,000 for you if you can make it work for us!" So Tesla trusting his boss worked on this new idea. When Tesla was able to make this idea work, he asked for his money and the vulture Edison said to Tesla: "I said I got \$10,000 for you, I didn't say I'd give it to you boy. According to such and such corporate laws, what ideas you come up with in my company, by law belongs to me. Good work son."

Anyways, Tesla quit the Edison company and for a while struggled to run his own company. But during his whole life he never had the money to buy all the patents he wanted to secure all of his ideas. As time passed more vultures like Marconi & Bell came into the picture to ridicule Tesla while tweaking his ideas to patent their innovated ideas. Unfortunately Tesla died poor and alone, forgotten. Reading about his last years made me sad. He was slightly insane or "eccentric." He lived in a small apartment in a structure for his whole life. He only lived in apartments with the same number he was obsessed with. He had a phobia for pearls and said every time he sees women wear pearl necklaces it makes him feel like jumping out of his window to his death. He liked to eat dinner with two sets of each utensil. In his elder years the only friends he had were the pigeons on the roof of his high riser, which he fed and talked to daily. There was one white pigeon which the elderly Tesla had an unusual affection for. This pigeon had a name, he had a picture of her [the pigeon] in a frame, and he referred to her in his diary and to people he talked to as his "wife." He died alone forgotten in that apartment. It's only now, after so many years that the mainstream is beginning to give Tesla his due credit. If we were to remove Tesla out of the equation, most of the technological things we know of today which brought many men their fame and fortune such as the telephone, radio, wave transmission, television transmission, remote control electronics, wireless communication, all would not be possible. The unfortunate thing was that as brilliant a Mind Tesla had, he simply never had the means or social skills to market or patent his ideas and he just had far too many vultures on his back.

The point above is that just because you have a great idea, does not mean those ideas will sell itself. Just because you may be super intelligent, does not mean your thoughts and opinions will matter to others if you don't know how to market yourself and ideas. Just because you have a book filled with great ideas, does not mean those ideas will travel far. That's not how ideas work. Thinking an idea only takes one person. Spreading those ideas takes team effort. Jesus would not have made a dent in human history if he did not have his apostles and those who came after him to spread and market his ideas. Same with Buddha, Muhammad, Moses, or Donald Trump. Trump needs his Trump Organization. Aha you say, if you are clever. It's symbiosis. The members who privately invest the Trump Organization give him their money because of two things: he knows how to grow it, and he's got the selling ability with his public charisma. Trump makes the money, becomes a billionaire, gains the fame, and the investors happily make their money and become multimillionaires. Everyone in the end profits. With ideas, you need the idea maker, and the idea marketer.

I am reminded of an old movie I watch which I really liked. It was called "The Man Who Would Be King." It was about these two conmen from England stationed in Raj-India during Rudyard Kipling's era. These two conmen were friends. One of them was the quiet scheming type and the other was the socially skilled public relations type. One day the quiet schemer had the idea of the two of them traveling far off into a backwards kingdom called Kaffiristan where they'd con the natives to fight each other and end up kings of Kaffiristan! So they set off on their adventure. The whole movie is about the two of them struggling on this conartist adventure where the quiet thinker had all the ideas, and the socially skilled one did the public relations work with the various natives they encountered. Near the end of the movie they succeed in tricking the natives of Kaffiristan and the quiet one is made king. After a while the king's crown and power got to his head and ego and he put down his best friend one day by saying that he [the public relations friend] was insignificant because he had not come up with all the ideas to get them that far. The "marketer" guy is saddened that his friend did not consider all the effort and work he

had given equally, and so their friendship soured. Luckily one day the natives discovered that they had been tricked and they chased the two English fellows to try and kill them. The two run away back to India, and along the way the quiet one says he was sorry for being such a dick. I think only one of them made it back alive.

Come this October, this ONANXS blog will be exactly 3 years old. 8 months before our old school WSA friends had our own private forum in which we hung out and talked about nothing important. But at that time Kayla and our friend Sinistar from New York were in the forums plotting and planing. Every week or so Sinistar would do a sweep in our private forum to delete every thread with “evidence” in case the wrong eyes read it. Later when we began this blog, I deleted the entire private forum to permanently get rid of all threads. From then on all work took place in public via these blogs.

When we started this blog about 3 years ago we wanted to keep things as controlled as possible. Control meaning everything that happens, every meme made, every meme seen spreading, and every person infected is taken note of. We tried to never put up links our selves anywhere leading people to this blog. All we did was drop memes here and wait. Like casting fishing lines out into a lake baited. You sit in your boat and patiently wait to see what happens. We also tried not to click on this post ourselves because we wanted the hit counter to be a roughly approximate as possible. This way, the more people talk about this blog, the more people use memes from here, and the more clicks we get, the more we have a positive indication that our memes are spreading. I love the graph part of these blogs. And the better tool we use is the quarterly top results wordpress gives you!

Behind the scenes it’s pretty much all scripted business. Each quarter we quickly study the top 10 read results. In the old days Kayla would write by using different styles, with different things she called “Themes,” in which she wraps her memes. When the quarterly report comes, we can tell which style of writing, which theme, caught more fish. So we discontinued the themes and styles that did not spread memes, and we worked with the theme of writing that did the work. When more of my writing picked up and when my theme style did the meme spreading. Conveniently Kayla phased herself out of the scene. So now, when Shugz has developed a public name, it’s not accidental that she now write more often using tested themes and styles. When the quarterly reports shows that her writings associated with her name does better, I’ll just working the backroom and editing.

Wrapping your memes in a thematic presentation is a marketing ploy. So is using names and people who have developed a rapport with an audience or body of people. The more rapport you have with a person, the less you consciously question what they tell you. When was the last time you stopped and questioned the news your favorite news caster gave to you? Presentation of themes with memes is like working with the idea of supply and demand. If the demand for diamonds is profitable, you sell diamonds. If diamonds goes down and people want 24K gold, you translate your capital into that gold. If iPhones sell, you translate your capital into iPhones or Apple Inc Stocks.

For the 3 years we didn’t advertise links to this blog, or ask people to please read and comment on our writings, or ask people to please join the ONA. We didn’t do shit but write and drop our memes here. Shugz and her firends in the early days were put inside our target groups to do the social part of the marketing. They never once mentioned this blog, or asked people to go here and read anything. Most of the time her team messed around, made friends, trolled people, and when need dropped memes inside articulate posts for reasons. Their friends end up reading the posts, wonder where they get their ideas from. It’s easy to guess because the only brand label they “wear” are the letters ONA. The friends they make in those groups out of curiosity – on their own accord – research the ONA. Eventually you will find this blog somehow if you look for ONA stuff. That’s when you’r technically hooked.

It’s more effective when you are lead to believe that it is your own freewill that you do things and believe in something. Shugz and none of her old friends in those forums never asked anybody to be ONA. But we made sure that we placed the bread crumbs all in the right places for you to find not just the ONA, but exactly this specific blog to expose the market to these specific memes. Why? What are memes and what are they good for? Memes are ideas. Ideas must circulate. They are good for inspiring and influencing. It’s really cool if you like memes and the science behind it. Over 3 years ago when Kayla was still in the 600 Dump, and when nobody even knew what the hell the numbers 352 was, Kayla once said to us in a post deleted in our private forum that someday “352” will be the new “666.”What’s cool is that with no advertising, asking people to come here and read, leave nice comments, etc, over the years more and more people end up knowing or being aware

of what the WSA352 is. And they talk about and ONA in their respective forums, or often talk shit about ONA and/or 352. Which is very funny to me.

Because a majority of you are so clueless to the manipulative and subtle tactics of marketing. Marketing is just a nice way to say some person or company tricked you to want to buy their product and not the nearest competition.

We may not have overtly advertized ONA or 352, but we used other tricks we learned from high school. The unfortunate thing is that in high school a lot of those who find their way into subcultural freakshows like Satanism were not popular in school. You're asking: "So what? Who cares about popularity?" You don't obviously, that's why your a nobody. People like Donald Trump knows the value of popularity. Popularity is a word which simply means a person who knows how to Market themselves to a group of people. If you cannot sell yourself to even be liked by a people, how on earth do you expect them to think like you, adopt your ideas, agree with you, join your cult, give your their money, do what you say, etc? It does not matter if you got straight A's in school and now your a Satanist with a philosophy major. Your ideas will not circulate if you do not have the means to sell yourself/idea.

There is this thing we used to do in high school to get more friends and be more popular [meaning many people being aware of our existence]: we make it so that people talk behind our backs, but we tell our friends who are not our real close friends to talk about us with their friends, or we talk shit about others to get them to talk shit about us. The idea behind that is herd mentality works like a charm. If everybody important on campus is talking about you – good or bad – then surely you must be worth talking about, for some reason. And it works.

Only our friends and the OG's might know this, but for the first 2 years when 352 came into the scene we each had at least 20 fake profiles in all over the internet and we actually spent our time talking shit about the ONA to get dummies [we call them "third parties"] to talk about ONA. What happens when people talk about ONA? ONA comes into their human conscious field of awareness. We did this for two hole years. There were times when we even used our fake profiles to act like we were getting into heated debates over the ONA with each other, just so dummies with an opinion can join in and talk about ONA. So it's very funny to me when I encounter a dummy online that tries really hard to attack the ONA in these forums and hate on it: because we did that too and look where the ONA is now. Keep doing it dummy. The funny part is I don't have to pay you real haters to work for me. My efforts are duplicated, you dig?

Another thing we do is something I later called "Forced Association." That is when you are manipulated to emotionally and psychologically associate yourself with one of two parties. If done right, you have no choice but to pick the choice intended for you to pick. In practical terms on campus, when you are a new girl and you are working your stuff to get known, you first ckeck out who on campus are the popular kids. Then you figure out who on campus are the kids those popular guys do not like, cannot possibly like, pick on, hate, tease. One you locate those victimized individuals, you fake hate or fake a fight or argument with those rejects in eye and ear distance of your group of popular kids target.

So from the poplular kids point of view you see some reject you already hate emotionally and some new person/girl who is getting into minor fights with this reject. The question is: which of the two parties do you emotionally and psychologically side with? You have no real choice but to cheer for the person hating on the guy or girl you don't like in the first place.

People wonder why ONA juniors like Shugz would spend 2.5 years trolling and picking fights with a reject like Blackwood. Why was she doing it? Even if the ONA teaches culling and other extreme ideas, when you have a smart ONA person pick fight a retard of retards, who do you side with emotionally? Who do you want your peers to see you side with? The retard? Why was Shugz trolling and poking at the green slimy calimari cult for a year and a half? The question is what were the end results she was trying to make happen. Which group of people was her actual intended target audience? Which forum of people was her actual intended target?

Another thing we did internally inside the ONA was target the "popular kids" in the ONA: the shot callers. This was because we had ideas of changing and evolving the ONA. It doesn't matter how smart your ideas are. If you are an unknown nobody to a group of people, nobody is going to buy your ideas. We could have spent years tring to convince the that the "policies"

we wanted to implement in ONA was “good.” This would have done nothing. Instead we just bypassed everybody on “campus” and just went for the kill. Don’t mess with the soldiers, aim for a quick decapitation strike. If you want to change things, the only way is to rub elbow grease with the boss. That takes social skills. You should have learned your social skills for life on campus in high school, and in the social structure at work. We just trolled forums to locate the ones in the ONA that actually called the shots.

It’s actually funny what we did. Three years ago when we came online we were ignorant of who was who in the ONA. We had to find the shot callers or call them out. At the time Kayla and our friend Sinistar and some others back then were really into trolling. Kayla and me come from a culture of trolling people since 2004 on Myspace. So what Kayla did was pretend to be Blackwood in all these internet forums while Sinistar pretended to be Blackwood’s friend Wynter. The only thing we knew about the ONA structure was that they really hate Blackwood. So Kayla and Sinistar as Blackwood and Wynter in these forums would put on a realistic act and talk shit about the ONA, while at the same time making the real Blackwood look like a total retard. Anyways, it came to pass that their Punch and Judy act ended drawing out somebody named “Darklogos” who joined one of these forums to defend the ONA from the insane rambling of Blackwood who was actually Kayla. Shugz was pretending to be Blackwood at the time on Usenet where she got acquainted with Kori H. Meanwhile me and another ONA associate I met were pretending to be Blackwood writing and publishing books and starting up cool new Blackwood sites.

At first we thought Darklogos was just a random ONA member, so we dismissed him and we kept up our “pa-trolling” for the right people. But a few months later we noticed that in one of our comments Thoth of THEM had left a quote where this same Darklogos was quoted saying something for some reason. But Thoth left the web address of where this quote had come from, which was a Myatt y-group: [Duh!]. So that was when we got our clews. First Darklogos was a somebody in the ONA social order if he is being quoted. Second it makes sense that we’d find the shot callers in a group entirely dedicated to David Myatt. That was when my work officially started, which was to go into this group, find Darklogos, and establish a bond, to begin inspiring and influencing change in the ONA from the top down. After a while of writing at this blog, it wasn’t hard to find the shot callers, they found us actually. Later “Audun” [Beesty] and Kayla hung out together in the emails doing a few things.

Social skills is only the initial foot in the door though. In the realm of real business social skills makes or breaks your business because it opens up doors of opportunity. But that is all it does. What you do behind that door of opportunity will either make you a million or bankrupt you. Pitching cool sounding ideas in business, politics, and warcraft does not get you far.

I love the idea of a military and war. Because out in the battle field as a general in charge of an army, if your idea sucks, it means you come back to me as empress not only losing my entire army but you lost me territories of my inherited empire. In that moment of failure there is nothing you can say to excuse yourself or cover up your reputation. You failed, and the results of your actions is the proof of the failure. You only have two choices at that moment: to maintain your honour and kill yourself in front of me, or let me execute you for violating my trust in your foolish ideas.

But outside of war, politics, and business, failure is easy to cover. Talk with big words and your ideas pass as great ideas. Most of the dimwit public don’t even need proof that those ideas are worth anything. If your ideas fail, you explain yourself, make shit up, and invent another set of ideas. Being in the business of making and spreading ideas, I know what ideas are worth and good for. Worth: shit. Good for: Manipulation, Inspiration, and Influence. If you are trying to pitch an idea to me, there are only three things you could be possibly trying to do with me: Manipulate me, Influence me, or Inspire me into a direction in your favour.

What is of more critical and practical value in war, politics, and business, are not ideas, but skillful action based on wisdom [experience] that bears skillful fruit/results. I don’t care if you were homeless and dropped out of the 6th grade, if you became a self made millionaire and you said to me: “Here, this is my methodology, take it and if applied you will get the same results I did.” I would pay my savings for that shit. If you were a general from an enemy army which I captured and admired for your skills in war, as empress I would give you rank and land and whatever you asked me for if you led my army, fuck ideas and pitching tactics to me, all I want to see is the end fruits of your wisdom.

Knowledge is meaningless if it cannot be applied via wisdom [experience] to bare fruit. I don't give a shit how much you know more than me or what college you got your papers from. It don't mean shit in the real world of human experience. Knowledge stays in the head. It's good for talking with and making you look knowledgeable. People in the business of accumulating success, wealth, prosperity, friendship, power, influence, cares more for practical wisdom that bares results.

Getting our WSA foot in the door of the shot callers in the ONA was just the initial opportunity. We threw out the small talk and idea pitching and just straight away work on putting what we knew about business, marketing, and social skills to work so that our results and fruit of our deedful cultivation does our talking and convincing. No words have to be exchanged. Just give us the opportunity to prove ourselves. Give us 3 years. If I suck and have manifested nothing, throw us away. If we succeed, let us continue our work and just support us, because we all benefit mutually. A loyal general work the battle field for the glory and fame, but also for her people, empire, and empress.

It is because of how I personally do my work to expand and evolve the ONA, that I ultimately judge others by. I never had to hold conversations with anybody to buy my ideas. I never had to attack weak spots in the ONA, I never presented myself as being better than anybody in the ONA before me. I minded my own business with my friends here and for 3 short years we quietly worked to bare results. The results do the talking and convincing. This way everyone clearly sees the results, no one is disrespected, and everybody mutually benefits.

So it is the same thing I expect of others. When you come to me to pitch and idea you have that will make the ONA better than it is, you at that moment make yourself a failure in my eyes already. If your a clown with a butt load of negative opinions the ONA, show me using results that who you are and what you have manifested in life is better than what AL has done. AL/ONA has been doing his thing for 39 years. So give me a resume of your past 39 years and list me the results of your actions. If your opinions are worth anything in the real world, it must have bore fruit. Show me the organization you created and ran for 39 or 40 years and let me see the results of your ideas applied in the causal realm of cause and fruit.

But you can ask me in return: "Well, what have you done for the past 39 years?" I did something you couldn't: change the ONA in 3 years from the top down. I know how to market myself to the right audience. I know how to sell my policies via my results, and I know how to market my ideas to generate measurable and visible results. You still impotently throw your tantrums, assert your ideas. Your impotency frustrates you. All you clowns are good for is work as third party advertising builboards by your constant incompetent yet passionate dislike of the ONA. I don't understand what the problem is? If you hate the ONA, what is stopping you from making some organization that is better than the ONA. Or what is stopping you from changing the ONA? Your incompetence.

You clowns make my job easier. Before my friends and I had to clown the ONA ourselves. We have better thing to do with our time. I actually appreciate your clowning work these days. Third party talk via word of mouth not only sells products better than ads, but it's free. Walmart doesn't really have to do many commercials. People talk about it. It's shit talk most of the time. But its also human nature to be curious. Its out of curiosity that the general public visits WalMart. Things are cheap there. People into saving money will thus end up shopping there regardless of the negative mouthing. Facebook doesn't needs to do ads. There users do it by word of mouth. Microsoft knows the power of word of mouth third party talk and constant exposure to brand label/name: Windows Live Space, and the entire Windows Live ecosystem. Google knows the power of thirst party yapping: Android Phones & G+ social network. Apple Inc knows the power of third party yapping real well: iPhones, and the whole Apple stuff ecosystem. You yapp on your iPhone to your friends all day, or actually text them, your continuously exposed to the Apple logo daily, you remain a loyal customer and make others your have raport with into loyal costomer.

You clowns are fucking ignorant to an absured level. And your incompetent. The more yapping you do about ONA, the more others will be familiar with the letters ONA. Human curiosity does the rest of the work. ONA is searchable. ONA product sells itself to its intendend market regardless of the negative yapping. Your yapping and posting, and the third party talk you generate makes sure that your blogs and forums is saturated with the brand name/logo: ONA. One of our old WSA friends 3 years ago once told us regarding clowns talking shit: "Worry when they stop talking." I remember that proverb ever since. It's the worst fear in a popular girl's campus life: when people stop giving a shit about you to talk even talk about you. The cool thing is the average human brain can only juggle around 3 things at the same time. If people are talking and thinking,

worrying, hating ONA, ONA is 1 of only 3 things in there dummy heads. That's better than getting prime time ad-space.

There is this other things we use which we learned indirectly from AL. When AL writes, he usually articulate and intelligent in his ONA MSS and in those other writings under his other name. This goes along with a concept we term "resonance," or like attracts like. What happens is that it becomes visible that AL's style of writing attracts a large amount of very articulate and sharp thinking members. In the general Sunculture of Satanism its generally known that most ONA associates are intelligent and often described by both members and non-members as being a "cut above the rest."

A while ago Kayla and Shugz took this idea and turned it into an entire long term strategy they call the "Brain Drain." This strategy involves us and encouraging other ONA associates to write or presence the ONA always in an articulate and intelligent manner to draw out those who resonate with that quality. Over time, the target subculture is drained of its sharp thinkers, leaving the retarded and brain dead for the target subculture. This long term strategy of course requires the target subculture to be aware of the ONA. Which then falls back to social skills, human interaction, public relations, PR, and third party talk. Amazingly this seems to slowly be working because if you go to certain Satanic social networks and you just do a quick catalog of all of the articulate and sharp thinkers, you'll end up seeing that a good half of the people you get are either ONA or inspired and influenced by ONA. Its long term because, 10 years from now when you have the ONA side by side the remains of what was Modern Satanism, and one is chalk full of drooling autistic grown children, while the other has all the brains and thinkers that make sense, which one will you associate with?

Final Remarks

So essentially what we have learned from that last part of this essay is that ideas/opinions/thoughts or what is referred to as "knowledge" is worthless. In the same sense that money which is locked up in a bank vault is worthless to the bank and economy. It must circulate and fluctuate between debt and profit. That money must move between person to person generating measurable results: either Debt or Profit. That's how we know money is doing its job. You go to the bank for a money loan, you get the money and you also generate debt. The bank makes a profit, but the nation at the same time is affected by inflation, etc. But that money must move and generate some sort of measurable real intrinsic result.

Memes work in the exact same way. Memes must circulate – "fluidity" – and they must be able to generate real measurable results in some way: Inspiration, Influence, Control, or Manipulation. Just as we can say that \$1000 is worth more than \$100 because the former generates more Debt/Profit, we can also say that a meme which moves from person to person which has the power to induce Inspiration, Influence, Manipulate, and Control, has more value than a meme that can't do those things. And the more causal results a meme or memes has the power to generate the more Value it has. But that Value is rooted in or dependent on its Market Fluidity.

The functionality of a meme has nothing to do with whether the meme is "true" or "false." Nature makes no distinction between what is real and what is a mental illusion. It doesn't matter to Mother Nature if you are an atheist and believe sex is mechanical or a theist and worship some Goddess of sex. All she cares about is that you do the deed and procreate to continue Her. It is not a crime in Nature for a bug to induce illusion by using cloacking and camphlage bio-technology. What Nature gives a shit about is if such methodologies improves or induces thriving in its creatures. Thus continuing Herself. Collectively human culture does not care whether Christianity, Islam, or Buddhism is true or false. The question is does it induce a thriving of the sector or population in question? The answer is yes, Christianity and Islam do increase thriving in their respective spheres of influence. Islam took a population of sand suckers and turned them over time into a civilization that gave us out numbers, our Algebra, the names of most of the stars in the sky and a large population of rabid Jihadists. Christianity took the lost and chaotic mass of "post-Pax Romana" when the empire fell and created cultural stability, population growth, regeneration of human culture/kingdoms, etc. This has nothing to do with whether ideas that make up such memplexes are "false" or "True." What matters is that such memes – whether idea of bits of culture – DO something. What a Buddhist or Brahmanist looks for in these things is the end results. We just the end results manifested.

If you have a lot of ideas written in a book, and those memes don't circulate, or do not pass from person to person, and do not inspire shit, influence nobody, then your ideas and book is worthless, even if you came out of Cambridge.

Those humans on this earth who live more in tune to Nature – which includes all our human ancestors – valued what caused them to thrive over dead ideas. They all gave importance of their indigenous tradition and culture they inherited from their Old People. Inherited meaning getting it via example, visually, aurally, and orally. Remember for most of our human past, writing was not a big deal. If the written word were so important, our ancestors would not have come as far as they did to have made us.

Yet we in our modern society live backwards. We deify dead men, and lifeless dead idea that live in books and the dusty halls of universities, and we shun and throw out our Old People. We dismiss them out of their place in our human cultures they gave to us and say they are senile, demented, and unsound of mind and power of thinking. And so in the Occident we wonder why we do not have a culture and tradition anymore. Why our cultures are dead: because we condemn our Old People to death simply for being old. In the West we literally put them into death row. But we call it names that makes us feel better. Its still a place they are locked up away in where they will spend the rest of their life until they die.

With no Old People, we fill in that void of a living center of tradition and culture by putting priests, Joseph Smiths, Russel Tazes, Marxes, Maos, as our substitute elders, wise one, tribal chiefs. Who most often lead us to our slaughter or psychosis for their own profit and power.

We today – in the comfort of a working super power – deify ideas and big worded knowledge. Steven Hawking is a divine profit of black holes. Newton is the Imam of gravity. Einstein is the Bodhisatta of relativity. When in ancient times when our ancestors were living in forests and actuallu working in farms and fields to thrive, such lofty ideas a black holes, gravity, and quantum mechanics did shit shit feed your ass, protect you from that spear chucking tribe across the jungle, neither did they teach you how to establish a city, irrigate canals to water fields of crops, raise your children into healthy adults, or make the best out of our short and simple human existence. These theories on practical human terms are as worthless as gods. But we glorify the Fathers of our great lofty useless knowledge. And we barely have a functioning relationship with our real father who actually gave us life.

In the West we have become a people who glorify the dead and shun the living. We uplift dead ideas, and reject practical wisdom. We believe our cities and urban creation is the world, and we treat Nature as if it were something dead and not of the our human world to be exploited. In the essence of things – beneath the facade and charade of the West – everuthing about us is inhuman and lifeless. Some of us have to engage in extreme sports just to feel alive. Otherwise in our everyday mundane life we are like lifeless drift wood, drifting between our bedroom and work place. Then we die.

Then its funny because in this culture of lifeless driftwood, some of us feel as if something is wrong or not right. Some of us actually feel dead. And we don't know why. We can't figure it out. We can't get ourselves to understand that if we are human, and we are conditioned to live unhuman, we will feel that something is wrong. And yet many of us still hold onto our dehumanizing religions, our dehumanizing political systems, our imporverishing economic systems, our dead great men, and our lofty smart sounding dead ideas, that really don't do anything.

There is a way out of this end product of Magian Ethos. Not every human and people suffer from the life numbing disease of Magian Ethos. But this Western "thing" which we are in is a wall prison with no windows. The walls are psychological walls of ideology, language, worldview, dead ideas, and ignorance of the world outside beyond those walls. Even if other people don't suffer from this Occidental dis-ease, we can't see those other humans to understand what is wrong with us, or learn to fix what is wrong.

Which is why I personally like the ONA & Myattian Weltanschauung. It is not a way out of this prison, but it is a window in our prison cell. And looking through this window we realize an alternative to the "reality" of the prison we were born and conditioned inside of. Which is when it does what it is supposed to do: Inspire to act, to break free somehow to fine Liberation. Not just free from some state or money system. But Freedom from this invisible mind and heart and life numbing unhumaness of our current Western mode of existence. Free so that we can once again find our way back home where we belong: as Humans, with a living Humanness, a creature indivisible from its Mother Nature and Father Time that made it.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

122yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

A GUIDE FOR THE NEOPHYTE



A Guide For The Neophyte

The Traditional Form of the ONA is divided into 7 Grades or Levels or Degrees. Each Grade has its own set of tasks, secret tasks, trials, ordeals, etc. Each Grade is fixed to an approximate amount of time. For example a task of the Second Grade requires the Initiate to undertake a six month to year long Insight Role. It takes one to two years to complete the First Grade of the Seven Fold Way. "Anton Long" is 60 years old, and he is only at the Sixth Grade, which is Grandmaster or Grandmistress. Therefore, there is no such thing in the ONA proper as a 20 year old Adept. There is also nobody Alive or Living in a mortal body that can claim to have the Seventh Grade of the 7FW of Immortal. Certain groups of people who are referred to as "Old Guards" or "OG," are at least at Grade 3 of the 7F Sinister Way who have some sort of connexion to Anton Long.

I personally like the very first task a beginner or Neophyte of the First Grade must do, as the ONA MS "A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way" quickly states: "The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These include: (1) *Naos – A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (2) *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess.*"

I like the First Task because it's funny to me. You see in the 80's and 90's when the Neophyte was instructed to "obtain copies of ONA MSS" that meant a handful of documents such as the Black Book of Satan, and Naos. The funny thing is "Anton Long" is a compulsive writer. He does not stop writing. So each decade that passes by adds a new pile of ONA MSS to be read. In such a way that NOW – as of 122 YF – when the task says "obtain copies of ONA MSS" you're talking about 5000-6000 pages worth of JUST Anton Long's stuff. It took me 2 whole years to find and read everything. I know it also took RA of The Temple of THEM 2 years also. So there is no way in hell that anyone can complete even the first Grade of the 7FW in a month or two, unless you're a speed reader. That's not counting the other aspects of the Neophyte Grade.

Today the term "ONA MSS" does not exclusively mean just AL's stuff. It means ALL Manuscripts associated with the

Order of Nine Angles, which would include the various writings of the various ONA Nexions, I.E.: THEM, SPTO, L316, WSA352, T88, etc. To better understand something, you need to be able to see it from different angles, and that's what these nexions do. They show you their unique and different ways they see and understand the ONA. Like Attracts Like as they say. Unfortunate for the Neophyte, because Nexions like THEM and WSA352 take after Anton Long and don't stop writing. The Temple of THEM over the decade or so of their existence has amassed over 2000~3000 pages of stuff. WSA352 in three years has amassed over ~1000 pages of stuff. Looks like L316 takes after AL and Company also. THEM and 352 both have made a commitment to bury the ONA under a thick and complex blanket of ONA MSS. Personally, I want ONA to beat the 25,000 pages of the Tipitaka. I'll do it myself if I have to, but fortunately THEM will help me.

So because of the "evolutionary" or – Progressive – nature of the ONA growing and adding to itself, in the very same way Science grows and adds to itself, the modern aspiring Neophyte has a shit load of ONA MSS to read through. It may sound like a weird contradiction for a group like ONA who makes such a big butt deal out of Action and Cultivation of Deeds to the stupid and ignorant, but this can be easily explained. It's called: Orientation.

Before you know where to hike to, you first need to study the map. Before you know what direction to move into, you should try to figure out your relative position to that direction to make the necessary changes. Before you can drive to your end destination, you first need to at least look at a map. Before any war is fought, there are months and months of study, planning, intelligence gathering, and getting to know the terrain. Before you can fight people on the streets, you first need to study your Muay Thai. We all go through some kind of Orientation, Briefing, or Run Down when we become associated with some type of coherent group: corporation, CIA, Peace Corp, military, politics, family, whatever; where the customs and observances of such group are explained.

I'll give an example of an incident of Orientation in my own family. Six years ago or so, my favorite uncle who is the very religious one, asked my grandmother [his mother] for a divorce with his wife. My grandmother asked him why he wanted a divorce, because divorces ruins our family reputation, and the reputation of the elders who paired the two together. My uncle said that he wanted to divorce his wife on account that 1) She was caught cheating on him, & 2) She is medically infertile and can't give him children to pass his bloodline and family name down. That was all that was needed. The elders called his wife an infertile slut and a month later my uncle was living with my grandmother, since he gave his ex-wife the house as compensation of some type. She was happy. I never liked her anyways. After a month of his divorce my uncle disappeared into the "jungles" of Cambodia for a whole year and some month.

I thought he was on some sort of religious pilgrimage or something, but my aunt-mom told me that this uncle left to go find a better wife, one that can give him a baby. He was flying back and fourth, during which time he bought a new and bigger house to prepare for his future wife and children. While he was away I baby sat the new house and we furnished it. I don't know how this international thing works, but it was two years I think before his new wife was allowed into America.

My 80 year old grandmother had flown over seas to meet up with the family of my uncle's future wife. This uncle by the way is 53. She came back and all of us cousins and aunts were very excited and curious about this other family and what the new auntie looks like so we bombed her with many questions. Grandma looked irritated and told us to not talk about it. She said the wife looks normal, they like each other, and the family is rich and many of their family members are in high positions. After then she told us to drop the subject. We all knew something wasn't right because she didn't look personally satisfied with the wife.

Anyways my uncle finally came back with his wife, and for a month or two he tried not to tell anyone he was back or call us to visit him to check out his new wife. Our oldest aunt [his oldest sister] got very upset and disrespected because he had not called her and the rest of the family to see this new wife. It's not right to bring someone into the family and not introduce the family to the person. My uncle said in private that he was sorry, but he was nervous about introducing his new wife to her [the oldest aunt] because he was afraid that she and his other sibling would not approve of her and make him divorce her or something. The oldest aunt told him that they were siblings and so whatever makes him happy makes her happy. She asked why he would think she would not approve. He said: "Just meet her, you'll see."

So he finally invited us to his new house to have dinner with his new fresh of the boat wife. On the way there my grandmother had said to all of us cousins and her children: "I'm old. I'm going to die soon. Give me some peace please. Don't say anything to her or start trouble. As long as they are happy together. He wanted to marry her. I didn't pick her." That's when we knew something was really not right. All of us cousins started to gossip text each other. One of my cousins next to me who was still in high school gossip texted me: "I bet you he married a peasant girl!" My uncle was clever though, because he told his siblings and grandma that she was already pregnant. Which meant that even if we didn't like her, because she had uncle's baby, she was technically family.

My whole family was all speechless when we sat in his new house with the uncle's new wife. She was straight up ghetto peasant stock ethnic Cambodian. We're Ethnic Thai-Chinese. We have light skin. Our Chinese grandfathers and great grandfathers came from a genetic stock where they were built huge and tall. Some of them were 6 feet tall. They also all have tall sharp narrow noses, they also have big eyes, and brown hair. In pictures and in real life, they look like they were mixed with Caucasian, and the ones passed in their pictures, look Causasian. So all of us came out with those genes and phenotype. Our new auntie – her family nickname is auntie Ma – looked the total opposite of us. Her skin was at least 6 shades darker. Her body frame was large, not fat but big, whereas all of us girls in my family have small petite well formed frames. Her language was foul, the way she said her words and the words she used was low class, and she had zero culture or manners. Everytime she talked she yelled, like we were all in a different room away from her, even though we were on the same sofa with her.

Her lack of manners and culture showed as soon as she we walked in the door. In my family's culture and almost all people I know in our culture when we meet an elder or even someone of the same age for the first time clasp our hand and say a formal greeting to each person. This one just yelled out as we walked in: "Hey! Come on in!" And by the time we met her, she had already known most of the aunts and uncles names. So as she was yelling in her barbaric language she used people names and she used personal pronouns which are two thing nobody I have ever met form our culture and ways do. You do not use people names or pronouns. It's disrespectful.

Now my uncle had spent most of his money on the divorce, new house, and new marriage wedding, so he had no extra money left to furnish his house. Our family told him not to worry because we'll buy the furnishing and decorate his house for him. Which we did. I personally picked out a lot of stuff, and I spent my own money stocking each bedroom with at least on laptop so and desk so the new auntie can go on youtube.

The very first thing this new auntie said to us directed at nobody specifically was: "Who picked out all the furniture and decorated the house?! I don't like the colors! And I don't want laptops, I want a big desktop computer with big screens! I can't see anything with those things." I was personally shocked in an offended way. My aunts and uncles used their own money to furnish "her" house, and I used my own money to buy those laptops. I thought laptops would be best so she can bring it into the kitchen with her. I didn't say anything though, since she was older than me and since she was my uncle's wife, and also since I actually have things like culture, manners, and consideration.

Later via our international gossip network [CIA: Cambodian Intelligence Agency] the aunts and other uncles had learned that her family isn't a real rich family. They were fake rich. We found this out from one of our in law uncles who is a man of proper culture and family. This uncle had asked auntie Ma for her pedigree, Breed, and relations. He asked her to give him family names and city and province their blood and breed comes from. So auntie Ma names the province and town her grandparents came from, and said that her family was a hard working family that did not work on farms. Back at grandma's house this in law uncle told us he knew exactly the blood and breed her people come from. He said that the people of the town she named is a stock of beggars. They are known to not work and to just beg for money. The elders over seas confirmed this uncle's assessment, and said that the people of that town were descendents of a breed of beggars who sided with the Communist during the revolution. From our international gossip network we learned later that after the revolution auntie Ma's parents just found a big abandoned house of a noble family murdered and pirated it, which was how they became "rich." This was common after the revolution actually. The elders over seas had proof of this because they said they once knew the family who once built and lived in that house were of noble birth distantly related to them who were killed during the revolution or permanently missing.

For the first year we all tried to just get used to her, for the uncle's sake. The aunts and uncles just wanted this uncle to be happy. Auntie Ma had given birth to our youngest cousin who, thank the gods, came out looking Japanese like her father. This uncle looks pure Japanese, even though we have no Japanese blood in us we are aware of. Our little cousins, thank god, also came out influenced by her dad. She had proper culture and manners, and knew how to greet us right even before she could walk, by clasping her little hands together.

But Auntie Ma was on everyone's nerves and the highest authority in our side of the family [grandma] did not want to say anything about her or to her. You can tell when she comes over to grandma's house that there is friction between all of the aunts and her, and all of us girl cousins and her. We ignore her, and the aunts will say something smart at her in a smart ass way when they talk to her. The problem we all had with Auntie Ma was that she used a barbaric species of Khmer that we do not use; she habitually talks about everyone in our own family behind their backs to us [!] which we do not to; she uses people's names and pronouns, and she has no sense of paying proper respect to people older than her.

One of the aunts had an idea to fix Auntie Ma. They would introduce her and have Auntie Ma hang out with somebody in the larger family who had more authority than my grandma. This person we cousins call "Little Grandma." Little Grandma is only in her early 50's and her children are our age, so she's not a grandma in the English sense. We call her grandma because she is the daughter of our late Great Grandfather.

In our family or culture we have some person we call a "Takol" which means Pillar, whom we link ourselves to by name or associate ourselves with. This person in English terms is similar to what we might refer to as a "Pillar of the Community." He is someone who is very highly respected by said community, someone with a certain amount of influence and authority. In our culture, we can tell who you are, and how you are, what breed you are by your Takol you are related to. In the social setting of a clan, this Takol person is like the "central authority," or clan chief of all the families directly related to him. My late Great Grandfather was our Takol, and being so, his eldest daughter has a sort of authority in context to the actual "clan" than my grandmother. My grandmother is only the boss of those of us who came out of her. Little Grandma is the Boss of the bosses.

Little Grandma is very, very proper. There is a saying for her type of person where it is said she "does not break a Pali." Pali is the name of the language the Buddha is said to have spoken, but the word also means "Line, Thread, Seam, or Crease." The imagery behind this is that written Sanskrit literally looks like a String or Line or Thread of letters and words. In contemporary English we even use this same imagery with certain aspects of our language and words, where we call the responses of a forum a "Thread." That Thread in a forum has a certain thematic subject, and when we go off tangent to that subject we say we have "derailed the thread." To break a Pali means when your pants or clothing is ironed and properly pressed you mess up the crease and lines by wrinkling it. Or in English we can say that such a person "does not fall out of character." Little Grandma had her seams pressed Traditionally with her father beating the life out of her if she broke her Cultural Pali and upbringing. Interestingly she – like her late father – is a devout Christian.

So my aunts called Auntie Ma to go shopping with them and Little Grandma one day. I didn't go with them, since it was a "peer group" thing. I can imagine how it went, because I was at Little Grandma's house when Great Grandpa was still alive helping out in his back yard feeding the fish in the Koy pond, and I brought up my new baby cousin Auntie Ma gave to my oldest uncle finally. I told Little Grandma that for many years he seemed sad and depressed, and now he has completely changed as a person. Little Grandma nodded her head in agreement then looks around to make sure we were alone, and whispers very quietly in my ear so Great Grandpa can't hear and says to me: "Forgive me, I don't mean to talk about others behind their backs, but his wife is 'not like us' would you agree? I don't mean to offend you, if you like her. She is your aunt. I'm sorry." I looked around to make sure Great Grandpa was not around and whispered back in her ear: "One of the uncles and some elders over seas said that her family pirated the house they live in from a dead family related to them, and that their ancestors comes from that city of beggar breed." Her eyes goes wide and she gasps clutching her chest. But she quickly catches herself slip and says to me: "Let's talk about the fish grand daughter. I love your uncle, he is very happy, that's all that should matter right, shh."

Little Grandma is a very patient lady and is very soft spoken. She is talkative and like to laugh a lot, but is never loud or unbecoming. She also tries to see the positive side of situations and events and people. Even when her father was dying in the

hospital she was trying to be positive. So I didn't hear her ever mention Auntie Ma. But my aunts kept bringing Auntie Ma to her house and to hang out with her. It was a few months after Little Grandma had been hanging out with Auntie Ma that Auntie Ma was given her Orientation by Little Grandma. I was there to watch because we were on our way to go shopping as a group way out in Palmsprings.

We were in the SUV when Auntie Ma in her loud and barbaric voice and language was commencing to talk about one of my own aunts behind her back to me and this aunt's own sisters in the SUV with us. My Little Mom was in the car with us got very offended and said in an irritated way: "Stop talking about me sister. I don't even talk about my sister behind her back about her private business!"

That's when Little Grandma pulled rank finally and said to Auntie Ma in a very angry voice: "I've had enough of you Ma. If you want to be fully accepted into MY Family as one of us, you are going to have to change as a person, because how you are now, is unacceptable! No one in my family uses the language you do, speaks in the tone of voice like you, or talks behind the backs of relatives. We all pay our proper respects to our elders, even if they are a year older than us. You have none of these things. I thank you for marrying my cousin and making him happy and giving our family a new child. But if you do not behave like us in a cultured way as we do things in My Family, I and those blood related to me will never accept you. You will always be an outsider to us." Then for the rest of the drive Auntie Ma got a very long lecture of things like culture, manners, and stuff. I had never heard anybody get their Orientation before. The shopping was awkward after that. I notice my little mom and aunts had smirks on there faces.

You're empathically retarded if you need such things explained and described to you. No in laws I have ever met, no matter what strata of society they came from ever had to be given an Orientation or lecture on how to be cultured, respectful, honorable, and mannered. They either came with it or if what they had was different from our way they naturally felt things silently and adapted to how we do things to fit right in. But Auntie Ma needed a person to lay the shit out for her. She needed to be told how to have manners, how to act and behave and carry herself in a descent and respectable manner because everything she now does and says bounces back on our family and our reputation. She needed to be told how to talk to and honour my grandmother, her husband, and anyone older than her. Auntie Ma excused herself to Little Grandma by saying that her parents were poor and could not afford a rich person's education or upbringing and that she honestly did not know that different people did things differently. She said – in a smartass way – that she thought we were all human with the same body parts, who eat and defecate like each other, so she assumed all people lived life the same way.

Auntie Ma has a very big heart and is very friendly, I love her to death. In a dialect of English the way she carries herself is said: "She keeps it real." But after that Orientation she knew what was what, and fixed herself. She actually learned to say "Ja," [yes for girls] with those older than her and clasp her hands when greeting people. Auntie Ma today isn't completely "house broken," but she fits in. And now like us, when she has the urge to talk about other people, she looks around and whispers in our ears, but she doesn't talk about related family anymore. When I act proper with her she affectionately slaps my arm and says she doesn't understand why I have to act that way with her, then she yells out in a barbaric manner to stress her point for me to eat something. I don't think she understands that after being conditioned to behave a certain way from birth, how we act is no longer an act. It's like a person who has been in the military for a very long time were to one day salute an officer he meets out and about and acts a certain proper or formal way with this officer. The officer then asks the properly trained private or soldier why he should be so inclined to act in such a formal manner. It's Culture and years of psychological conditioning.

But in no ways is Auntie Ma stupid. People who tend to "keep it real" – from my encounters – tend to be more aware and intelligent about life and how the outside world works. As an amateur anthropologist "studying" my aunts in their natural environment and culture, I would say that their culture [mine too] and sheltered way of life, makes them very, very ignorant about life and the outside world. I have had many moments where it was just me and Auntie Ma talking sans cultural upbringing, and she proves herself to be a very intelligent person. In English we would say that she is very "street smart." Especially when you consider how she came from a people who had lived thru a genocidal regime from beginning to end and not only survived, but acquired some substance to their name. She has uncles who are currently army generals. Most peasants remain poor. And if it weren't for help from our relatives in Thailand and America pulling strings, none in my family would have survived.

One of Auntie Ma's major flaws is she lacks something me and my family has which in Khmer is called "Klaj Jed." Klaj Jed is a species or type of Empathy. Klaj means to Fear, Be Afraid Of. Jed is a Khmer form of of the Sanskrit Citt [chitta] meaning your Heart-Mind, Seat of Emotion, your Feeling, and so on. It is something you learn or acquire and so when you have it they say you 'Jes Klaj Jed.' And when you lack it they say you 'Min Jes Klaj Jed.' Jes comes from the Sanskrit Jesa which means to Get, Gain, Acquire, Recieve. In Khmer Jes means to Know, to Get, Acquire, and Learn Something. Because with knowledge we gain it by acquiring it. Min Jes means to Not Know.

To explain this type of Empathy, let's say you had a best friend. You are a conservative republican and your best friend whom you really like is a liberal socialist. To preserve the Harmony of the friendship which you honestly value, Honour and cherish you must learn to Fear your friend's Feelings and Inner Being: his Jed. In such a way that even if you dislike liberal socialism and have unkind opinions about it, you refrain from saying something or creating a situation where your unkind opinions disrupts your friendship. You Fear your friends Feelings and Inner Orientation not only out of Honour and respect, but more so to actually preserve the Harmony, Coherency, Bond, of that relationship. Is a friendship or relationship worth losing over a petty opinion? Not if you truly cherish and honour it.

In English perhaps the closest word/meme which covers most of the same sematic field as Klaj Jed does, might be the word and concept of "Consideration," when we say: "Be Conciderate of others." But this don't mean the exact same thing. With Consideration you just respect another person in some way. There is no real defined end goal or Vipaka as Buddhism puts it: Causal Fruit. Klaj Jed has a defined end purpose or fruit to actualize: The Harmony or relationship between two people or a group of people, in order to preserve the Bond, Cohesion, Order, Coherency. So the old English admonishment goes: "Let not contention exist between a society of friends." In other words, I might have opinions about certain things particular to you my brother, sister, or friend, but my relationship with you is far more important to me than my petty opinions. We say that opinions are like assholes, we all have one and they all stink. Which is to say that opinions are in essence: worthless. But yet we like to wave our opinions around like a big dick in the sky as if they were heaven sent. To such an extent that sometimes we ruin family and friendships.

Klaj Jed doesn't fully mean to just be considerate. It means to adapt your self and way of doing things, or living, to the other person's Flow to preserve that Harmony and Relationship. It is said that a good wife knows how to Klaj Jed her husband and husband's parents, and that a good husband knows how to Klaj Jed his wife and wife's parents. For instance my grandmother when I was growing up, along with my aunt-mom would constantly remind me to Klaj Jed my uncle-father; since I was raised by him and my aunt-mom most of my life. Especially when I get angry with him and get into arguments during my early teen years. My grandma and aunt-mom would remind me to please learn to Klaj Jed my uncle-dad, because even though he is not my real dad or even a step dad, he does devote his time and money and emotions into me and loves me like his own natural daughter.

And so I learn to Klaj his Jed. To Fear his Feelings. You can't Fear or respect a person's feelings or chitta or inner being if you can't feel those things in the other person in the first place. So it requires empathy and inner reflection. A real example would be when I was growing up my uncle-dad, whom I call Big Dad [he's older than my step dad or bio-dad], gets irritated when I stayed up late and watch TV. When you learn to Fear/respect his Feelings you sense his irritation, and in feeling that irritation you reflect inside that you should turn off the TV so he doesn't have to tell you to turn it off and go to bed. This way it prevents a fight or argument and preserves the relationship. As Sun Tzu says: The best fight is the fight not fought.

In context to the ONA I also learn how to Klaj Jed others in the ONA, as a way to preserve things. For example I am not White, but there are ONA people who like and use German National Socialism who do not like minorities like me. Yes I do have my personal petty opinion about this. Nobody wants to be hated, especially over something I have no control over such as my skin color. I didn't asked to be born Asian. Actually I didn't ask to be born at all. If I had a real choice to determine what I could be, I'd be half Russian and half Japanese. I love Japanese culture, and I really like how many Russian girls I have met and seen in pictures look pretty even without makeup. Especially Ukranian girls. I figure to mix the Japanese blood in so that way if I were half Russian I won't grow up to be a fat babushka lol. But anyways, my relationship, friendship, Sinister Solidarity, link, bond, connexion with these people and the ONA at large means more to me than my petty opinions. Therefore I chose not to share or blurt out my petty opinions. We all have opinions about things. And so I adapt and adjust myself to try to keep the harmony of our ONA Flow by never saying or writing anything negative about Naziism or even

White Supremecy. I go so far as to support it, and to uphold Reichsfolk National-Socialism and to defend the ONA's choice to use and incorporate any kind of racialism and National-Socialism.

I do this Klaj Jed thing with "AL" too. I try read all of his writings to get a feel for what direction he is going in. Then I try to feel his thoughts and feelings, by also reading his other writings under a different name. This way I know not to get in his way and to move in the same general direction he is. Do I have opinions about some things about some aspect of the ONA? Yes I do, but we all have opinions. It actually doesn't make me a big girl if I stated my opinions and pointed a contentious finger at AL for some reason. Tearing apart and destroying things is very easy and does not require intelligence. Give a hammer to a chimp and it will pound things with it. Give Christianity to a fool and he will pound others with it. It is Building, Forging, Manifesting, something that works and benefits yourself and others that is hard and requires a certain amount of intelligence. Give a hammer and chisel to an architect and he will in time turn a mountain into a cathedral. Give Christianity to a genuinely spiritual person and he will Build with it, find his own inner divinity with it, and find the same in others.

When we are Insensitive – according to the Heart/chitta – of others, their feelings, their inner orientation, we get in the way, we disrupt their flow with petty issues, and our actions becomes what in Buddhism is called Kamma Akosala which means Unconstructive Labour, or Unskillful Building. You give a perfectly drawn out blue print of a structure, a team of experience workers, to a fool and have him be the master mind and architect, and the structure will come out lopsided and fucked up. The end result or causal fruit or in putting foolish Insensitive words, opinions, actions manifest a destructive or negative end result. Give the ONA to a fool or pretentious know it all and he will pick out every minor detail about it he does not like. Give that same ONA to AL or me or any dedicated Niner and that ONA will be used to Build, Create, Manifest things with: a new culture, a new way of life, music, art, literature, etc.

Doesn't matter if you are super intelligent. Auntie Ma is very intelligent. But if the idea is to preserve family Tradition and Culture, then on a causal level of in put and out put, how Auntie Ma acts and behaves is kamma akosala. It is in the end – aeonically – destructive. She has to learn how to Klaj Jed. To be sensitive and considerate of other people's Inner Orientations. To be able to feel where my family desires to Flow, why we value culture and family Solidarity, and to move with that Flow in harmony.

And as a Novice of the ONA, like Auntie Ma you have to know when to be barbaric and foolish, and when to Empath the direction and flow of the ONA, to "fear" or respect the Inner Orientation, feelings, thoughts, chitta of others in the ONA. I know you will have your opinions about many matters you will come across. But if you actually want to be Accepted as a part of this family by those already in this family, then sometimes your petty and worthless opinions are best kept private to preserve the flow and go of the ONA. It might sound bad when I call our opinions petty and worthless. But what does it mean when we say: everybody has an opinion, and opinions are like assholes, it's looking to get butt hurt by dicks. I, like most people, have an orifice at the end of my digestive tract, but I wash it and keep it private. It takes a lot to talk me into showing it. But you'll see some real ass whores in these forums join a forum and expose their ass opinion in a thread full of "Assassins" who every body knows are dicks, and these ass clowns get butthurt. Don't be showing your ass to dicks if you don't want them poking at it!

The only time an opinion is worth something is when that opinion was made from something you can show and prove. Remember in grade school when we did show and tell? We actually had real things to show and tell with? It's the same concept. When something like America says that democracy works, we might have contentions with that or the opinion may be debatable but Amerca has had over 200 years of praxis to show and tell. When Russia makes the opinion that Communism works, we know for sure that opinion or statement or whatever is terribly full of shit, because the end results of their experimentation with Communism shows and tells something different. You can't show and prove an opinion by using some other person's opinions who has nothing to show and prove but other people's opinions. I say black holes exist because my professors is of the opinion that they exist, and anybody who disagrees is uneducated. My professor says black holes are real because Steven Hawking is of the opinion that they exist. Hawking says they are real, because he really, really likes black hole and has some sort of weird other worldly 30 year fixation on them. It's a cycle of empty opinions without anything concrete to show and tell. And we let these opinions destroy our relationships.

I can't help but feel as though a lot of Westerners that I have met for some reason value their useless opinions over

communal, familial functionality. Over friendship, marriage, parent-child relationships, etc. Where they in one breath say: “Opinions are like assholes,” and in another breath blurt those same opinions and destroy their friendships, marriage, parent-child relationships, families, and communities. Like this conservative versus liberal thing in politics. Tea bagger redneck party versus the fucking ignorant librarian libertarian minority lovers. Their heated opinions go back and forth, and they each hold onto their opinions as if it were a matter of life and death. Then the end result is that we have a government that barely functions. But when it comes to giving themselves a raise, then shit, that bipartisan opinionating is worthless. Let’s put our differences aside, you hear them say, you redneck tea baggers aren’t so bad after all, we’re sorry we called Bristol Palin a slutty teenage whore of a mother. \$170,000 a year for doing jack shit isn’t enough to live off of! Surely we can all agree on that?

In my own very big family opinions are also believed to be petty, but we really mean it. Therefore most of us keep our opinions to ourselves. I have never ever heard anybody related to me of the aunts and uncle peer group up say that Little Grandma and her side of the family suck because they are Christian. I’ve neverd hear the topic brought up. I’ve never hear anybody on Little Grandma’s side of the family say the Buddhist side is going to hell. They don’t even try to convert us or ask us to go to church. No one brings it up. In fact if you try to bring it up, one of the elders will tell you to shut up. But the reason why you are told to shut up is because such lack of Klaj Jed – of respect for the sake of solidarity – destroys a family. When I say family here I actually mean a “clan,” which includes your great grand parents, their siblings, their children, your grandmother’s cousins, your aunts second cousins, your fourth cousins or whatever they are called in English. All that in our culture is one Family. There is a reason why this family is held together: because you become prey to others without a family. Your family helps you out. And so the reasoning ultimately is a personal one. Personal in different ways to each generation. As an elderly family member you want to maintain that family cohesion because they will be the ones who will take care of you. As a middle ager in the family, your cousins and peers are your support and business partners. It’s from working with your cousins and peers that you have money to pay for your houses, cars, and things. As a cousin in the family, you want to preserve that family because your elders and family is your bank where you get your loans, your employer who gives you easy jobs, etc. If you value such kick backs – benefits – then there is a reason to shut the hell up when it comes to petty differences and disrespecting family members with our petty opinions.

There this saying a Great Grandpa said once I like a lot. The context it arose was when a older cousin of mine was sharing his opinions about family traditions and how this older cousin believes that it’s not right for us to disregard our own people’s religion for a “White People’s religion,” meaning Christianity. My grandma gets very upset and irritated and tells my older cousin to stop his talk and go away. One of the very old grandpas – who is my last Great Grandpa – named Great Grandpa Savudt [89 years old] was there. The great grandpa got very upset at my older cousins and he said: “You just came out of my testicles yesterday! I made this family with your grandpas. I held it together longer before your own mother was alive! Don’t tell me how to run a family. Go make your own family as big as mine, then you might have some business telling me how to do things. This is my family. I’m not dead yet. You trip over yourself walking backwards, understand?”

My older cousin said he was sorry and asked what the saying meant. Those older than you came before you, so they are “behind” you. You metaphorically have to look backwards to argue with your elders or with those people who have more experience with something than you. When you argue with someone older than you, or with someone with more experience – real physical experience and learning from trial and error – than you, you walk backwards and trip over your own stupidity, ignorance, and lack of experience.

I get a kick out of reading these thread in certain networks and forums I regularly read. Often you’ll see these new registrants try to “prove their shit,” by starting their interactions immediate with jumping into any debate or argument with people who are veterans at debate and who – so I have seen – are very intelligent, but also more experienced in life with their Satanist or just life in general. And I’ll see these fools literally trip over their own ignorance and lack of experience [Wisdom] and get their asses handed to them. They’ll run off in a cloud of asshurt. Which is the part I find amusing.

It’s like those of us in ONA who have read every page written by AL/DM, or those who have been ONA for 10 years or so versus a green slimy dick and his fat chick side kick who act like they know ONA. Even though the only thing they know about ONA is based on some non-ONA book called Liber Koth and whatnot. How do you know ONA when you have never read anything by ONA or don’t associate with anyone of the ONA? You see, each party can make opinions. One set is based

on either years of experience and affiliation and/or studying the ins and outs of ONA's writings, whereas the other set of opinions has nothing to show and tell with. You trip over yourself walking backwards. Over your own ignorance and inexperience. Then make a fool of yourself to those who have walked before you.

Great Grandpa Savudt and his wife, we call Great Grandma, is the family's last people from the Great Grandparents generation. The Great Grandpa is 89 years old and he is still sharp as a nail, still walks, still drive a car. He doesn't know how to use all the GPS stuff we now have, but the man never gets lost driving. He knows the freeways of California like the back of his hand. He's been living in California with my late Great Grandfather since 1963 or so. It's because of this Great Grandpa that my whole family – grandmother and all of us – survived the revolution and found our way safely to California. He was our Sponsor into America. His story is really cool.

My Little Grandma is his niece in our culture and way of counting family. My Little Grandma reveres him because of what he went through to keep us all alive and together during and after the revolution. I asked Little Grandma once how he was related to me and why he was special or greatly respected. And she told me his little life's story.

She said that in the past Great Grandpa Savudt and his brother were two sons of a peasant lady who lived on property my own grandmother's adopted aunt-mother – the aristocrat – owned. My grandmother like me was adopted and raised by her aunt who did not have children of her own. When great Grandpa Savudt and his brother were young boys their mother died and left them as orphans. My grandmother's aunt-mom felt very bad for these boys so she took them in and adopted them also. They were older than my grandmother. Little Grandma said that they were so poor they only had two outfits to go to school with, but my grandmother's aunt-mom gave them clothing and things they needed, and urged them to stay in school and get an education. The two boys worked hard and graduated secondary school and got a scholarship from the government to study at a university here in America. Both of the brothers went to school here way back in he days and they ended up buying a house here. Both spoke fluent French.

When they graduated they returned to the country and with my grandmother's family connections Great Grandpa Savudt went on to become Head of Customs, and his older brother went on to become a Prime Minister of Cambodia. His older brother after office retired here in America. When this older brother had heard about a revolution, he fixed to go to the home country to fish his adopted mother and my grandmother out of the country, but his friends in the American government at the time and era said that he cannot go because it would be unsafe and they can't protect him. Great Grandpa Savudt asked his older brother not to go, and that he would go instead, but his older brother disregarded everybody and left. When he got off the airplane in his home country the Khmer Rouge recognized him as a past Prime Minister and shot him dead on sight at the air port.

Great Grandpa Savudt is related by virtue of adoption to my late Great Grandfather's wife who is the person actually related to me. This Great Grandma is a younger sister of my grandmother's aunt-mother. My late Great Grandpa and this Great Grandpa Savudt by blood have nothing to do with me. Both of the Great Grandpas were living here in America. They unfortunately had learned that Great Grandpa Savudt's older brother had been shot dead. There concern was now to fish everyone out somehow as fast as they could. So my Great Grandma contacted her relatives in Thailand since she is closer to them and did what she could. Meanwhile Great Grandpa Savudt left his wife here in America to go to Thailand to try and take people across the boarder to fish and smuggle our family out into Thailand. Since he used to be the Head of Customs in those old days such officers were doing "extra" work on the side to make extra money. This basically meant Great Grandpa Savudt had a lot of shady business partners in Thailand, Loas, Burma, and Vietnam, and that he knew how to smuggle things as big as tanks across the boarder.

Everybody was separated and scattered, but eventually Great Grandpa Savudt located everybody and got everybody safely into Thailand. Then our Thai side of the family gave my grandma money to buy a house in California since the family's money has been vaporized. Great Grandpa Savudt sponsored everybody. That's how our half of the family got to California in 1981. Then when the family was here, it was Great Grandpa Savudt and my late Great Grandpa who kept the family together and who taught everybody to acclimate and matriculate into general American society. I thought it was amazing when I heard the story because Great Grandpa Savudt and his late older brother literally laid their life on the line for a family they were not really related to. One of them died for it. But that's what I mean by having something to show and tell to

support your opinions. We all have opinions and ideas, and thoughts about everything and anything. But when Great Grandpa Savudt gives an opinion about family matters, culture, and tradition, etc. His opinion is Law in the family. The only people who argue with him in a real way are some of the older cousins who are ignorant about what he has done. But he never talks or brags about what he has done or experienced with us. He has a humble nature to him, but he is very talkative and the type that likes to dance, sing, tell jokes, and take nothing seriously. He's the wise one with all the sayings I quote.

I had always assumed that he was "one of us." Meaning that I assumed he was noble in character because he was blood related to my grandma's family. When I learned that he was of peasant stock I was confused. So one day I tried to ask him about this matter without asking him about it directly. I had asked him one day when he came over to hang out with my grandma that if we get our "bpooj" [breed] from blood. If an aristocrat is noble because he was born noble. In other words, are we born what we are. Nature or Nurture?

He kindly in his dry humourous way explained to me that all that talk about blood is meaningless. He said: "If I put black clothing on you, did your blood give you that clothes or did I give you that outfit?" I said that he put the outfit on me. So he said: "Then that's how it is with breed. It's not the blood in our parents body that makes us who we are. It is how our parents or grandparents or guardians raises us, cultures us, nurtures us, all those years." He said that peasants are the way they are because their parents and folk just do not know any better. His late mother did not know any better, so he grew up not knowing anything about culture. But when he was adopted by an aristocratic mother, he simply had someone to follow the example of. He was exposed to something different and over time, assumed the outfit. Our parents and grandparents are indeed responsible for how we each become, but it has nothing to do with blood. He used the analogy of a Japanese Bonsai Tree. He said that those bonsai trees don't grow from the seed growing into the shapes they become. There is a caretaker who bends and twists the branches, cuts and prunes the leave, devotes time and energy into shaping that bonsai. Then in time, with that devotion given, does it become a beautiful bonsai. The only thing that matters as far as the actual seed goes is that if the seed the bonsai tree came from produced a deformed or tree with no branches, then you have nothing to shape do you?

I always thought those bonsai trees I see at China Town grew like that. In the past every time I walked past by the bonsai stand I think to myself: "Wow, the genes of those plants are superb! To have these pine trees come out so perfect! No wonder they are expensive!" Even when this Great Grandpa used this bonsai analogy for me, it didn't click, because I didn't believe people shape bonsai trees. I've never heard of shaping a tree as an art form. How do you do that? It wasn't until some of my older cousins who knew about my ignorance of bonsai trees had taken me to the Japanese Zen Graden in Burbank that I fully realized what the Great Grandpa explained to me. At the Japanese Garden I saw all of these big normal sized pine trees in the front part that were all immaculate in shape. At first I was thinking: "Shit, there's big bonsais. They get bigger like normal trees! I thought they were permanent midget trees!" Then as we walked to the back I saw these bonsai pine trees with all this bamboo sticks tied to their branches like crucifixes and stuff and I looked at my cousins confused. I was laughing at the trees, because to me they looked like one of those crippled people in the body cast at the hospital getting fixed up, with all the bamboo and wires, and after laughing at it I said: "What are all of those bamboos and wires doing on that bonsai tree what's wrong with it? Nothing looks broken on it?" Then after they laughed at me one of them said: "Stupid, you think those trees grow like that!?"

As long as the seed makes a normal tree, you do the shaping by devoting your time and energy to it, to craft it. And it is because of that time devoted and energy invested that a person becomes what they are. Therefore, whoever is doing the devotion of time and energy, shapes the tree. So then, we can ask ourselves: who devotes their time and energy into us? Our parents or the school system or the State? What culture are these things investing and instilling in us? And to what end and purpose? To whose interests? Who are you being shaped to serve? We all serve someone or something in life: our gods, our passions, our convictions, our compulsions, our beliefs, our opinions, our family, our friends, our jobs, our managers, our corporations, our banks, our universities and their ridiculous tuition fees for crap lessons, our political parties, our churches, our gangs, our politicians, our State? If we are not the type to be honest with ourselves, we won't answer that question truthfully. A better question to ask to get the honest answer is: Whom do you work for in Life? When you live your daily 24 hours, and you work your jobs, who do you work for? Who does that money go to? Follow the money trail and you'll come to a conclusion you wish to deny: you work for the banks, corporations, and the state. Your money goes to pay off debt from banks which you did not really need at all. Your labour for a company allows the manager to play golf on Mondays and to send his children to better schools than yours, and it makes Sam Walden a very rich man. Your tax money, and nearly half of the time you will spend working the best years of your human life, is for the State. To what end? What is your reward when

you are too old to work? Social Security pensions? That is the End Purpose of your human Life? And you would look at me like I were some backwards demon for Living for my family. Like I'm not independent like you because I live with my parents unlike many of you who are individualized [re: independent].

Something very bad and sick happened to the West sometime during the Industrial Revolution. I can't put my finger on it and point it out exactly. All I know is that before this Revolution the West has a thriving human Culture. Many in America in fact. In every strata of class and status. From the lowly Irish immigrant to the Germans and the Jews that came here long ago. Now all that human culture is gone and in its place is some sort of unhealthy fixation on individuation and secularism. It's even so bad now that an old world mythos – the illuminati – has grown to hysterical proportions of a “cultural” idea of some group of men controlling the lives of people. It's as if the zeitgeist of the West knew it was sick and was expressing its diseased state via this mythos. If this illuminati exists, they have no influence over anything outside the West. Nations are falling apart in Northern Africa. Most of Asia is not individualized or secularized. They still live in large family groups, just like people still do in Latin America and the rest of the world. Just an interesting note, an ONA brother a month or two ago showed me a list of countries with the percentage of secularization versus tribalization, in decreasing order for, most secularized/individualized to most collective. The State of Israel top the list at 98% secularized/individualized. America was up in the top 4. Surprisingly Russia and France scored as low as Asian countries. I jokingly said to the brother that Israel scoring 98% in the world, gives a new meaning to the ONA term: “Magian Ethos,” don't you think? Things weren't even this bad in the 50's.

Recommended Reading For The Neophyte

I was going to just make a simple list of ONA MSS for Neophytes to read, but I went several pages off tangent talking about my Auntie Ma the Barbarian. I brought her up because of orientation, right!

Good for you guys that Anton Long is a compulsive writer! Because a modern neophyte of the Order of Nine Angles has his 39 years worth of writing to find and study which amounts to roughly 5000 pages. But reading those alone will never get you to get close to understanding the Mind and Jed [chitta] of the Man. You should also read his Reichsfolk and Numinous Way writing which is another circa 2000 pages. But AL is today not the only person in the ONA. There are ONA nexions and each with their own writing and slant on what the ONA is. THEM has about 2000 pages for you, and 352 has 1000. All together you as a Neophyte of the current ONA 3.0 [since we are in Phase Three of Fayen] have 10,000 pages to chase down and read, before you can open your mouth and make a substantial opinion about ONA. Keep in mind that others have walked the ONA before you and you will trip over your own ignorant ass walking backwards. I'm not talking about Nexus 352 here. The Temples of THEM and Lymphstone 316 are each around 10 years old. Magister Hagur's Sinister Pathway Triangle Order is around a decade old also. This WSA352 is merely a little sister in the family. We know our place, and give proper respect to those older and more senior than us.

The first set of books I would recommend a neophyte to chase down and go thru is the Black Book of Satan 1, Naos, and also my personal choices: the Black Book of Satan 2 by CB and the Septenary Tree of Wyrð; then also a MS called Otonen which just gives you an over view of the 7FW and the tasks and stuff, which you can find also anywhere. These books gives you a look that the Traditional Side/Form of the ONA. It gives you a look at where its Kulture and essence came from. It's roots, if you will. It is rooted in Dark Pagan soil. More in actuality than metaphorically. I say this because if you approach a book like the first Black Book of Satan, at the same time considering the original three groups that formed the ONA: Camlad, Temple of the Sun, and the Noctulians, and you think about a phenomenon called British Traditional Witchcraft, then you'll start to see things more clearly. No Mind is unconnected from the influence of its matrix of Time and Place, and Myatt's mind is no different. Growing up, even if he was not directly inspired in any way by them, Gardnarian and Alexandrian Wicca and all that Traditional Witchcraft stuff going on in the UK during that era made its mark. Makes you wonder why in those early days there was a “Grandmaster,” of a Traditional Satanism.

As it was explained in the Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Sinister Way the Black Book of Satan is not dogma or unchangeable. It is a template or foundation of a Temple. You use that template to craft your own Black Book for your own Temple. In other words you Build your own shit on top of the templates given.

I personally like the mystical side of the ONA even though I don't speak a lot on the subject matter. MSS such as Beesty Boy's Black Book of Satan 2 and The Septenary Tree of Wyrd [The Sinister Tarot] gives me a means to stimulate that way of drawing out personal insights and "revelations" for the work of self-enlightenment. In that the poetic style of writing seems to have no overt meaning, other than what meaning you can draw out of yourself to give to them. So there is a balance between reading MSS with pre-written ideas by people and nexions curbed by the more personal work of inner alchemy of personal reflection and drawing out inner insights, which is why I personally love things like the Tree of Wyrd in Naos, pathworking, Black Book 2 and the book Tree of Wyrd.

Another set of books to find and get familiar with is Hostia 1, Hostia 2, Hostia 3, as well as Hysteron Proteron. These were written back in the pre-internet days of the 90's. They were in those days the secret side of the ONA, with all the secret tasks, and initiation ordeals. If you have read all of the above books and you understand the underlying essence and implications, than you should have come to realize that Anton Long created the ONA from the beginning to be a self replicating memplex. Hence: Self Initiation rite. Meaning that no Order actually exists or has to exist for a person to be ONA. To be ONA a person just by his or her will and choice to Live the Way of the ONA. Someone who Initiated themselves into the grades of the 7FW, who finds a partner as it is stated to perform rites with, who sets up their own Temples/nexions, or Satanic Orders as the Black Book of Satan 1 says. Who gives their private ONA Temple, Order, Nexion, whatever a name and symbol of its own, who finds their own Initiates and makes them ONA. In this way, if you really understand what you have read in those simple books, you will know that the ONA cannot die and was created to be recreatable through you as the Neophyte.

If you read those simple books, especially Naos, without even the other ONA MSS, you should know where I got my idea of Form versus Essence from because DM himself before I was even born I think uses the words Form or Causal Form and Essence. He even describes things like Traditional Satanism as Forms. And if you actually did your 6 months of Insight Rolling, you should have eventually come – via a practical method of induced gnosis – to an understanding of the difference between a Form and its Essence. Because in your Insight Roll, although you have changed as a person in every way on the outside, say from a conservative to a liberal, a slut to a frigid Christian, a nerd to a drug dealer, you should have come to realize that even when your Outer Form was different, that there was an Essence of you and in you that was Unchanged, which is doing the expressing of such Outer Forms. The Essence is not the Form. The Essence gives rise to the Form, in the very same way that Dharma gives rise to Yana, and Natural Phenomena gives rise to scientific fields. Even if a Yana or Fields of Scientific disciplines changes and new theories manifested, the Dharma or Natural Phenomena is the same. It is still science whether is it Newtonian or Einsteinian or QM. All I did was try to give what AL was already trying to say an extra twist with a Buddhist flavour according to how those ideas fizzed in my own mind and worldview.

In the old days you had to go chase all of those ONA MSS down. I had to also. I have all these PDF's. Today people have made it easier because all of those ONA MSS have been collected into compilations. So the next set of ONA MSS I would recommend any serious student of the ONA chase down and become acquainted with is: The ONA Archive, which is the whole nineangles.info archived in PDF. This houses all of the recent major MSS as well as classic older ones. Next is the Requisite ONA which houses BBS and Naos, as well as the Deofel Quintet, and some other ONA MSS. Together those two adds up to about 3000 pages. That'll keep you busy. In addition to this the Temple of THEM has collected and archived every ONA MSS written by an ONA Nexion in 4 giant volumes called the "De Requisite Exquisite Collection" [DREC]. Together they amount to over 2000 more pages for you to read as a Neophyte. These can be found at the Temple of THEM's wordpress.

But that's not all! There's more. I actually like Magister Hagur's writings. Hagur is from Belgium, he is 70 something years old, he speaks French and runs the old Sinister Pathway Triangle Order. If you are coming from a LaVey background, then I recommend Hagur's main works. Hagur is very intelligent and he came from a LaVeyan background of understanding Satanism, so his slant on the ONA is more symbolical meaning that to Hagur the Dark Gods are Archetypes of a Collective Unconscious. I love Hagur use of psychology in his writings. But he loves these Dark Gods and has produced a number of books entirely dedicated to them. The part I really like about Hagur's work is that he approaches ONA from a mystical angle or an esoteric angle. He builds on the ONA's Tree of Wyrd and gives it more meat and flavour. He gives these Dark Gods more mythos and character. Which I absolutely love.

I know I don't talk about my love for esoterica and mysticism, but I really like that stuff. Because its more "Buddhistic" in nature [sambudhi: self-enlightenment]. Because you are using all that exoteric goobledygook to stimulate your brain or heart to produce self born esoteric insight from within yourself. You basically take a drawing of 7 circles and 21 lines and create a whole universe with it and give it meaning that makes sense only to you. But like I tell my Five Percenter friends also into drawing out esoteric insights: You're only as sharp as the knife you are wielding. If you are retarded, culturally myopic, don't know shit about anything besides Satanism and death metal, and need to be told what to believe and how to think, then do yourself a favour and skip this shit and just go look for the pre-written ONA MSS. It'll do you no good. Books to look out for by Magister Hagur which I recommend and inspired me are: *Becoming Another God*; *Dark Forces Words*; and *The Dark Gods In The Spheres And Pathworking*.

Conclusion

Those manuscripts just orients you. They just point you as a Neophyte in the general direction. It's like if we were all on a voyage to meet up in the North Pole, and as a Neophyte you came up to me and asked me which way to walk. I'll point in a general northerly direction and say to you: "There dude, fucking North duh." How you get your ass there, what trials and pathei-mathos you will experience on the way is your own shit. Thers is only one North Pole technically. But there are an infinite ways to get there. None is the right way and none is the wrong way. The way is not the Point. The point is beneath the Way. You see it's got shit to do with the North Pole or walking somewhere for some reason. The point is the experiences, the ordeals, insights, pathei-mathos, and gnosis we each gain on our quest. And so when we meet up at our arbitrary destination we meet up as new people with stories to share, lessons to share which we have learned, insights we have collected, etc. Which is all really what the ONA was from its very beginning if you understand the Man and the Essence. It's just DM keeping a really long and bizarre journal of his personal Quest in life for 40 years. If you understand this much, then you know that this Myattian Thing we call the ONA does not stop at the ONA. It goes through Reichsfolk and The Numinous Way which is the Man's whole personal process of Self-Becoming and Self-Understanding, and that process continues through each of our own personal Quests.

It's one stream as the Buddha would put it. One organic continuous thing. Like a caterpillar, pupa, and butterfly is one single process of one single organism's self-development. In our ignorance we may see it as three different things. This thing we call the ONA is all just one Myattian Flowing. And when we resonate with that Myattian Flow, we flow with it and through us that Flowing continues. Like the Flame of the Olympic Torch is carried by one person on a quest is pasted onto another running a different quest somewhere. They are different people, on different quests, but in the same Olympics, and carrying the same Flame. Through us into each generation, step by step toward the future that Flowing changes. If the ONA thing is to ever make it into the future, its Flame will be carried there by us and those to come in front of us and it will and must change, or that flame will die of irrelevance and lack of imagination and creativity. Like the Nothing eating away fantasia.

These dummies in Mundane Satanism have a hard time understanding why their organizations are stale and dead or dying and can't draw in fresh new members. The OTO in 1905 or whenever it came out was alive, creative, vibrant with stimulating mythos, imagination, and creativity. So was the Golden Dawn in its days. Now its dragging a dead horse. It was something unorthodox forced into something dry and orthodox. Medusa staring at living people and turning them to stone. The Church of Satan in the early days when it was a dark church of the Subgenius slash circus act with its vibrant mythos, counter culture counter hippy shit rituals, back then was alive, was pregnant with life force and creativity. All that life is gone now. The Nothing crept in and killed it. It's a dead carcass with vultures around it today. The case of the Church of Satan reminds me of the Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy movie I really loved. It is as if a fun circus had been taken over by stiff neck Vogons. They just read their Vagon poetry and intellectually debate its meaning and merit. And they wonder why its dead, why it's a fucking ghost town.

I'll tell you why: same reason why everyone wants to come to America. They hate this country, but they can't keep their asses out of it. Those old world Vagon Communists in the stiff necked USSR ruled that country with a stale and dreary iron fist and their people fled for there lives to Europe and America. Have you seen any documentary on North Korea? I have. I can't remember what it was called. Such a "happy" Communist paradise, and you see old ladies, women, and children fleeing across icy rivers and into over fences of any other countries's embassies in huge crowds. Trying to leave their paradise in large crowd. Those fucking Sand Suckers pointing fingers at the Western Devil in their Islamic Shariah paradises,

and their fucking people are leaving these places for Europe. It's the one thing of the West, perhaps one of the better qualities it has worth honouring: Freedom of Self-Expression, and its causal fruits. Fruits of Self-Expression being just the freedom to wear jeans, listen to whatever music or make whatever music, the freedom to love and be loved which we take for granted.

I watched a documentary that pissed me off and upset me so bad a year ago about a 15 year old girl in Iran. She was fatherless and her mother was always business working so she lacked a healthy amount of attention someone her age needs. So a 50 year old man gave her that attention. She was in the car with this 50 year old man and he pulls his thing out and tried to talk her into doing stuff with it. She says now and walks out. Her neighbors sees all of this. The man tells on the girl and says that she was soliciting sex from him and was giving him oral sex. The police interviews her neighbors and they said they saw her in the car and the man had his dick out. So the police "arrests" this girl without telling her mother, detains her for a couple days, gives her a trial with her mother still not knowing here her daughter is. They find her guilty for adultery and inciting a man to commit adultery and the judge orders her to be hung the next day. The mother did not find out until she came back from work to see her daughter dangling dead from a crane in their neighborhood since it was a public hanging.

Self-Expression is what things like America and Europe gives or has that draws people, not just the opportunities, and liberty. Self-Expression makes the internet what it is today. Its a medium of Self-expression where everything from companies to politicians to teens vlogging on youtube can just express who they are to whoever or to nobody. Just to have the freedom to express yourself. As opposed to adopting the Expression of others.

When you are such a control freak where you have to lock your memeplex down into some orthodoxy where people either have to accept your Expression or they are fakes and heathens and rejected, you kill the means for others to manifest Self-Expression; and in turn stupidly kill your own memeplex, relationships, whatever. Your control and orthodoxy keeps your fan-based market from putting into living motion their Human Creativity. Memes spread by usage: Fluidity. Think about it. I believe that all life from the lowly virus to the Living Cosmos share three basic qualities in common: Self-Expression, Self-Creation, and Self-Progression. It is through our Expression of our inner Self/Being that Creation arises, where we self-become. And it is this act of self-creation, via trials and errors, that we evolve or self-progress. In turn our progression gives rise to new Expressions of Self/Being. And the evolutionary cycle is repeated.

When I found found the ONA, I saw it with those eyes. I wanted ONA to not be a place where you just download Anton Long's ideas and talked it like a ventriloquist dummy. I wanted the ONA to be a means – a tool – for Self-Expression, Self-Creation, and Self-Progression. Where a person can use the ONA and its words or ideas to express their own self and mind. In the same exact way that I use the ONA to express my own mind, feelings, and worldviews. From that ability or freedom to use the ONA to express myself, I end up Creating myself, adding to myself. And from that self-creation, I Progress: change, grow, evolve. To me, as I used it, the ONA is a useful tool and means of my own Self-development or Self-Becoming.

And I love to see other people use ONA to express their unique self, mind, feelings, and understandings of things and the world. We do not always agree, but that's not the point. Nothing in nature is the same and fits into some orthodox mold. Uniqueness and differentiation is a praxis or condition of Life and Nature. In Biology we go so far as to say that differentiation is healthy. We say that genetic variation means a big gene pool, and the opposite means a sick gene pool. Memepool? Can we say that a memeplex with variation and differentiation has more power to stimulate, excite, inspire, and influence? Whereas a stale memeplex with a limited memepool eventually loses the ability to replicate itself and dies? This is just a goofy way to say: Creativity right? Creativity is a manifestation of Expression. You'll see that the time when something like the Church of Satan becomes a control freak with its memes and establishes some standard dogmatic belief, it got sick and started to die. And then you see the whole opposite with the ONA. The more people used ONA as a means of their own expression of Self, without fear of AL stopping them, without fear of being told they were doing it wrong, the ONA exploded, not with just new initiates, but with new ideas, now music, new writings, etc; a thriving, a multiplying. It exploded into something alive and thriving.

What's that one "axiom" in business, marketing, and dating that goes: "People love to talk about themselves. Let their love for self talk sell your stuff for you." That's like the first thing you guys should have learned from dating. The easiest way into our pants – not mine, the dumb ones – is to just let us talk about ourselves, and induce us to talk about ourselves through

several beers. "Oh really, you like kittens, that's so interesting. Go on baby, me too, what color, waiter 'nother for the lady." Give people like me the freedom and ability to use that ONA to express ourselves, our minds, feelings, and random crap, and we'll write a thousand pages and talk the ears off a donkey. Then others will read what stuff I write and they'll be like: "Damn! That bitch can do all that with the ONA?! I gotta try this shit out!" But you can't do that with other thing like the Church of Satan or Islam. Only the special chosen son of Satan or self appointed Imam can use the religion to express his mind for people to accept. The minute you get inspires to do that same with these religions, they say your tampering with LaVey's stuff and Satanism doesn't need evolving because it's good already, or they kill you for being an infidel. What do you call that in business talk? Competition. What do you do with competition? Kill it. Why? Because they'll take your market. You want to monopolize your product and your market to maintain your special status as high priest, pope, imam. Because it's not about some dumb enlightenment or other people's desire to express themselves is it? It's about your status, adulations you get, love gifts, group numbers, membership dues, etc.

To me I see the ONA as being like a very long hallway with doors, the doors being different values, benefits, and things you can get out of ONA. Some of these doors are so distant away down the hallway that it would be silly to disregard the doors close to you to run down and open the doors down the hallway. The door that is the most immediate and directly close to us in this hallway to use, is that practical use of the ONA as a medium of Self-Expression and Self-Development. Don't be so far sighted that you can't see the doors just in front of you where your gaze is fixated on some distant fall of some system. But don't be so near sighted where Aeonics makes no sense to you. If you want to change the world, start with yourself, because that's literally where the "world" or society happen. When we say things like "society," or the "world," or "civilization," when we are outside around and about what we mean are those other people around us, the way those people live and do things, see things, and express themselves, in connexion and in context to and with you. The people is the foundation of what a Society or Civilization is. The rest of the stuff: the inanimate objects, the buildings, the factories, the farms, the streets, the parks, the government; these are all Expression of such people; or Causal Forms as we say in the ONA. Or as the Buddha puts it: As Within, So It Is Without. He tried to say this same thing with the Eightfold Path. That Path begins with Mind and ends with Experience. It takes 8 steps for what you entertain and give life to in your Chitta [Heart-Mind] to manifest into something you will Experience. It's like we had a box with a hole in the side. In side the box is a lantern and the hole has a sheet of red paper. That red color is projected Out onto a white wall. You do not like the red color of the wall and in your ignorance try to paint the wall with a different color. That color comes from within.

I watched this documentary about this tribe living on the island of Bali once. They weren't a tribe living naked in the bush. They were normal looking people. The documentary was about the old chief of the tribe who was preparing for his own funeral. Like many of our elders, this chief had red teeth because his mouth was filled with something we call "Malloo" which in English is Betel Nut mixed with lime powder and some type of leaf. It's a stimulant like chewing tobacco. The old ladies in my family like it. I tried it once. You take the leaf and you put chips of betel nut on in and put in a dash of that white powder and stick it in your mouth. I spat it out real quick. It tastes like bitter and tarty shit mixed with cement mix.

Anyways this chief was chewing that stuff and standing on a huge slab of stone. The stone was twice as long as he was. His whole tribe was pulling rope together to move this stone up a mountain where he was going to be buried. They used logs they place in front of the stone to roll the stone on. He was giving his people pep talks telling them they can do it since they were straining to drag that immense stone up hill. He was saying that he needs to be buried in that hill so his spirit can go back to his people's home planet. Then the documentary does a flash back to earlier moments before the stone scene were you see their village or township with all of these weird shaped houses. And you are brought into the long home of the chief's clan where there is draped two very long silk cloths that look like table runners with patterns on them. At the top of each cloth is an embroidery of a sun, and below are the patterns. The chief comes and explains what we were looking at. He said that the cloths were his tribe's family tree and that the two suns represent where his people came from. He explained that around 10,000 years ago his people came to the earth on ships from the Pleiades. They had come in ships that were shaped like their houses, so they made their houses look like their ships.

Who knows if their mythos is true or not. That's not the point. The point is that mythos is used to manifest a culture, and in that documentary you can visibly see the Outer Expression of this Inner Born mythos. In not only how they live their way of life, but in the shape of their buildings, and in them working like ants to get a huge cut stone up hills to bury their chief. You see it in their artwork, you hear it in their music, you see it expressed in their dance. Everything they do that defines them as a people and everything about their civilization, society, and city/town is an expression of an inner Essence they share. Burning

their city down and throwing their sacred statues away will not do anything, because you only got rid of the outer symptom. The Cause within them, you neglected. And we see this with every people and culture. You see that Chinese architecture, art, music, society, etc, is an an outer Expression of something within. And we see it in our Vagon like cities and society in the West. In our boring rectangle shaped buildings and streets, in our long lines at the DMV, and bureaucracies.

People will use anything to express themselves. I was watching another cool documentary on a different tribe in Papua New Guinea. It was about a tribe of former head hunters who were “graciously” civilized by the White Man with their Catholic Missionaries. There were these warriors with boar tusks in their noses whining and complaining about how in the old days they used to make war with other tribes and cut their heads off and make house decor with them, but alas, those good days were over they said. All throughout the documentary the people who made the doc showed you the details of this people’s culture, their wooden art work, cultural wardrobe and costumes, and buildings. And you hear the Narrator in his English accent explain that this tribe lived in a part of New Guinea where everything was just mud and wood. There wasn’t even a big rock anywhere. All these people had to work with to build themselves a culture or a “civilization” was mud and wood and maybe some bird feather and animal bones. And it shows in their human desire to express themselves. They all wore mud on their bodies as artistic tribal markings, had wooden beads, and statues of their ancestors made of wood, fearsome spears that were just sharpened sticks, long homes made of bark and tree leaves, and their “streets” were wooden planks because everything was wet and muddy [they lived in a wet rainforest]. Their whole world was literally made of mud and sticks. But even with something so muddy and sticky as mud and sticks, these people used such worthless things to craft a culture, society, and “civilization” out of; to give their human lives meaning and worth.

Art, in all its aspects: music, stories, dance, pictures, etc; is as ancient as our species. Even older if we consider the artwork that Neanderthals left behind. It’s a medium by which we are able to try and express what is inside of us. Art has no limit. You can go into any direction with it as far as you can. There is no right way or wrong way to “do” art. With it, Chitta which remains secreted and hidden, makes itself known by using it to express its existence. I have always wondered why tropical fish have beautiful colors if they are color blind. Why flowers have a sweet smell if they have no noses. Why fruits taste sweet, if they cannot taste themselves. Why the world should even have color, or shape, but it does. It’s almost as if the cosmos were using these things as a medium to express its existence, from its hidden and secreted place. Trying to present itself to be noticed.

And so I see the most direct and immediate use and worth of the ONA in this context. It is a medium, a tool, by which and through which I can Express myself. Like poetry, where Chitta uses human language in such a way where its inner stuff is Expressed. This ONA gives you a set of words, concepts, and models, which I find helpful in conveying my otherwise wordless inner stuff. Its like being given a canvas, brush, and paint set of basic colors. In the beginning when your confidence level of self-expression is low you use the basic colors and you try to stay in the lines. But you become more creative with time. And so you end up experimenting around by mixing the colors together to get new colors and you paint outside your lines. When nobody reprimands for that creativity, your confidence build up. Which is when you go all the way and mix up your own colors and forget the lines altogether. I think it’s at that point where an artist of some type has come to realize they have no limit to how they may use their medium to express themselves, and where they are able to let their honest inner stuff flow out, that you become a genuine artist.

To me it’s the same way with the ONA. You may start off trying to stay within what you assume to be lines because that is how you were conditioned to do things. You may begin to only use what words and ideas and templates are “there.” But you will get to a moment where you may become creative and begin to experiment with mixing ideas, putting in your own ideas, and going out of the line. You’ll look around nervously to see if other ONA people will rebuke you for being creative and expressing yourself. It’s when you have gotten to that confident point where you have a masterful command of what is the ONA as a tool and medium of your own self-expression, self-creation, and self-progression that you are genuinely ONA. In the same way where we can say that a person who has learned to think and speak outside of the lines with their language, but has a masterful command of that language is creative and intelligent. You are Master of that language or ONA, and not mastered by it.

As a Neophyte taking baby steps in this ONA you have to learn that kind of Empathy known as “Klaj Jed.” To Fear or Respect other ONA people’s expression of Jed. To maintain the harmony and solidarity. If you truly like the ONA and really

do understand what it is. Then you will know that disrupting its harmony and equilibrium weakens it, which is unconstructive. It works against our aims and objective. When some Niner assumes the character of a Nazi or Satanist, there are reasons why. You work against your own kind if you were to make it a personal crusade to call out such people for being racist Nazis or ignorant devil worshippers.

It requires Empathy to get a feel for the general direction other people in the ONA are going in, and to move in that general direction also. This is so that you aren't in anybody's way. You work against your own kind by getting in the way. If you don't want to help, at least get out of the way. If a certain ONA group uses Eastern stuff to express itself to move the ONA or add to it, don't get in the way by talking shit about Eastern shit. If some ONA group uses another subcultural movement to express their ONA, to build the ONA, don't get in the way and deconstruct what they are using. Shut up, in other words. Don't be looking to walk backwards and compete with those in the ONA who have been in it longer and who have lived in longer. Such behaviour is infantile. It doesn't require intelligence and creativity to get in the way and take stuff apart. It does require intelligence, empathy, and creativity to do the opposite: to move in the Way, in harmony to the general flow of other, in such a way that in the end something manifests that is fruitful for all parties involved. If you want to be accepted by your ONA peers as a full member of this Family, you must have the commonsense to get along with others and adopt the culture. Find Common Ground to stand on and let go of the petty differences. Because looking for uncommon grounds to stand on does not make something commonly shared.

I and many other do Devote a lot of ourselves, time, energy, Heart, and mind to the ONA. If you have read this essay and you understand the essence of what Great Grandpa Savudt was trying to say, then you will come to understand why I personally Devote my self, mind, and Heart to the ONA. We may indeed be naturally born "with it," with Sinister Nature. But the peculiarities of the ONA – its lexicon, its weltanschauung, its Kulture, etc – these things you grow into in time. Sometimes it is nice to have someone there to Nurture your growing into ONA Kulture. Those who care enough to Devote their time and mind to the ONA for you imbues you with their nature, spirit, and culture. But such person can only do so much. My grandma's aunt-mother could only do so much for her adopted sons Great Grandpa Savudt and his passed older brother. She can give them all the love she had, and her money, home, life, and self. But they must strive to do something with what was given, to make themselves into something more than they were. The ONA can only do so much. Your new found associates can only do so much. You must take what was given and strive in your own unique ways, to make something out of yourself and the ONA.

So that is the work of a Neophyte of the ONA. Be grown up enough to orient yourself, or someone will give you your orientation. I love seeing people find the ONA who have that ability, intelligence, and dark-empathy where they "play it by ear" in such a way that they slip right in and its like they were ONA for 10 years. Like they say: if you got it, you got it; if you don't, it'll show. Learn to get a feel for the general direction the ONA is moving in. And be considerate of other Niner's and Nexion's flow and forms. Not out of mere respect, but for the sake of a Kollektive, a Kulture, a Sinister Solidarity, the cohesion and coherency of our social Order. Why are such thing important? You say it all the time like an empty mantra don't you: "United we stand, divided we fall," and "Divide and Conquer." Put those two together and you will learn to understand why Solidarity and Cohesion of a family, culture, people, or group is important. You are individualized to be conquered and preyed upon by something. And the coherency of an Army has the power to enact change by will and force. It's all Causal Mechanics right? There is a desired end result we aeonically wish to Manifest, and Solidarity is a means to manifest it. What disrupts that Kulture works against our common flow. Samsara is a bitch. If you aren't going to swim, get the hell out of the river.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

122 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

A SINISTER BREED



I know I write a lot on the metaphysical stuff. I know there is a noticeable flavour of “Buddhism” in a lot of what I write. There are reasons why I write out what I write. I don’t just randomly write out things that is currently on my mind for the hell of it. There is a reasoning for me writing a lot on the “thinking” aspect of the ONA: it’s Software.

Because the ONA has unfortunately labeled itself exoterically as a form of “Satanism,” and/or “occult.” Which is fine. I don’t put much stock into labels personally. But the ONA has been around since the early 70’s. Perhaps back then this occult and satanic shit truly went against the grain of established society. Perhaps back then, as the zeitgeist was barely growing out of its conservative 50’s era, something like “Satanism” was a cultural heresy. But what has it become today, this occult and satanic shit, when every emo kid and his grandma is into the occult, reads tarot cards, and walks around in dark decore?

To me this occult and Satanism thing is like a pond. Back then it was fine for the several cultural rebel crocodiles to live in. But now this pond is over crowded with emo-guppies and bitch ass goth-fishes. And I don’t know about the rest of you ONA, but this Croc [me] can’t stand being in this pathetic pond any more, sharing the same space with mental idiots who are a bunch of pussies in life.

Sticking around this over crowded circus of a pond these days hurts the image and OG reputation of the ONA. And I know some of you ONA people will ask something dumb like: Who cares what other people think? I care, because when these dumb ass mundanes think the ONA is some emo-satanist sect – which is one of many they are familiar with online – you get bitch ass fuckers like Blackwood thinking they can be ONA because they worship a devil.

Because when those outsiders mistake the ONA as some sect or species of a Satanism of many kinds of Satanism that litters the internet these days. People just assume that just because they worship a devil that they can just log into some site or claim the letters ONA.

So this is the first reason why I spend a lot of time writing on the software side of the ONA. This is why I try to restate certain things Anton Long wrote: To try to distinguish what the ONA is in this context from everybody else in this fucked up pond of the occult and Satanism. So people can understand that this ONA isn’t merely about adopting a new set of beliefs and

opinions. Just cuz you read the Black Book of Satan or think Naos is cool, don't mean shit. It just means you can read other people's written thoughts.

I try to articulate, in an intelligent manner that this ONA isn't about reading shit, or worshipping a satan. Just cuz you believe Satan is real and worship him, don't mean you got the intellectual quality of what a Dreccian is. But I know I write so often that I only help to hinder the action oriented sinister nature of the ONA.

But how else can I do this? Like I said before, it's very easy to gangbang. Gangbanging don't require thinking or brains. It comes naturally to those who got that banging nature. Now if I were to tell you that there are people out there around the world in other cities that have this "gangbanging nature" in a dormant state, and I were to say to you: I want you to put into words your gangbang culture and nature, in such an articulate way, that if and when one of those dormant people on the other side of the world with our same gangbang nature reads it, that they will immediately awaken to that nature and causally express it thus duplicating our gang nature. Now, the question is: can you write that shit in one simple essay; or do you suppose it's gunna take volumes of written shit?

When it comes to the ONA, I suppose I would classify myself as "Old Skool." Meaning that I like and try to live the Sinister Way, as it was back before the internet. Way back even before it was called "ONA." Way back even before Beesty Boy came into the picture and made his beautiful Sinister Tarot.

I'm talking about a time when Myatt was a skinhead gangbanger in his youth. When he ran organizations like NSM, and Combat 18. When he was involved shit like C88. When he and his associates shrenched as hardcore violence prone National-Socialists. When they cloaked themselves and manipulated others to kill and bomb shit too try and start some Helter Skelter or Rahowa. I'm talking about a Myatt who writes Jihadi writings, and is respected by organizations like Hamas and Jihadists. That's what I mean by sinister nature. And that is the essence of what I get from Myatt's writings.

But this doesn't mean that I think the sinister work and business that went down in that era was constructive. I idealize that Old Skool hardcore sinister nature, but otherwise, what shit went down in that era was wyrdfully destructive. Why? Because most of those old skool cats went to prison. What good is your ass to any cause if your ass is sitting in prison on death row? It doesn't mean that you are tough if you go to prison. It just mean's your stupid for getting caught.

Maybe it's just me and the people I hang out with that makes me think this way. I hang out with OG's, "Veteranos" en espanol. All of my older boy cousins, who I look up to [some who are ONA], are OG gangbanger who are aged out cuz they in their 30. They all got into [TRG](#) way back in the 1990's when Tiny Raskal Gang was barely about 7 years old, long before it was known as 7126. This was back when it was even still called "Thea and Rith Gang," when those old skool nigs [Thea & Rith] were still banging in South Carolina and shit [they got deported]; back in the days when it was still a Cali thing; still all about Long Beach and Khmer Pride. This was even back before grey rags and blue rags. When it was still a true street

culture gang of Cambodians taking care of each other and killing East Side Longos [ESL mutherfuckers, them Mexicans need ESL!]

I hung out with these Raskals back when I was 10. Back when membership lines was hard to tell because people in TRG was also claimed CWA [Cambidans With Attitude, they blue rags]. I even had bangers on my Mexican side, even more. Cholos and cholitas. Fucken primos [cousins] from gangs like Tortilla Flats [Pacoima]; FTT [Fullerton Toker Town]; CVL [Corona Vario Locos]. I got cousins and uncles tatted up with [Sur 13](#) [Surenos 13] across their bellies and backs.

I came from a background where my cousins were going to jail left and right, and where every two weeks somebody I knew by close association or relation died from this way of life. I came from a street cultural background where it wasn't out of the ordinary to be at a house party and all of a sudden having jump behind a fridge cuz bullets are flying through the window.

You wanna know sinister nature, you hang out a while in that way of life, and watch a motherfucker get his ass beat and robbed for walking on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. You wanna know sinister nature, you watch a nigga with a red rag get shot up bleeding to death on the sidewalk for no other reason than cuz he had a red bandanna in his back pocket.

We talking about people who [live and breath the streets](#). Who got their own culture and way of life. That needs no book or words to explain cuz its based on the kind of person they are inside. The kind of person that would cap a motherfucker for his shoes with no remorse. The kind that will enter some Vietnamese owned business in broad daylight 10 deep, beat the shit out of the shop's Shitnamese owner and employees, and pour gasoline everywhere and set the shit on fire, cuz they were delinquent on their protection taxes. The kind of people that don't give a fuck about going to jail, cuz they'll just make new business partners in there and new allies, and come out doing the same shit, with more business and back up. The kind that'll bust into your homes, cuz they know you're a dumb Asian family who doesn't trust banks, duck tape your family at gun point, rape your underage Vietnamese daughter, and take the jewelry in your closet and the money under your mattress.

Those street minded people might not have been hardcore skinhead. They might not have been going out and about expressing their sinister nature in the form of racist violence. But it's the same sinister creed. The same sinister nature and the same sinister breed.

That's what I'm talking about, inferring, and implying when I personally say and use terms like "Sinister Way," or "Dark Tradition," or "Sinister Nature." I'm not referring to a Satanic Bible or some metaphysical devil worship bullshit written somewhere by some piece of shit bald headed, circus clown with a goatee. I'm talking about Predators; Psychopaths; Gangbangers; people born with a natural inclination for criminal intent: for treason like real rebels like Hamas that take politics and peoples lives into their own hands for their own cause. People that not only says shit like "fuck the state" but blow themselves up with a state official too. People that not only says shit like "fuck authority," but shoot up their schools. People that not only say "fuck the police," but got the sinister nature to live their lives in total contradiction to the law.

I'm talking about really old skool cats like Billy the Kid, Bonny and Clyde, Capone. And fuck your popcorn killers. What you got on the 7 million Hitler killed? On the 50 million Stalin and Mao wacked? On the two million Pol Pot murdered? And fuck you popcorn rebels too all dressed in black with your piece of shit heavy metal music. What you got on real rebels like Simon Bolivar who liberated South America from Spain. What you got on Che & Castro? On Hoa Chi Minh?

The point is that the ONA proper isn't a chess club or religious community where you can just register as a user and think your ONA. If you don't know or understand what the hell Myatt is and what he's doing, then you aren't "Sinister." If you like working for the Man in his corporations cuz you get bi-weekly checks then you ain't "Sinister." If you got a problem with violence and crime, gangs and terrorist groups, guns and people getting shot up then you ain't "sinister." If you like your State and government, and pay your taxes 3 months early with a grin, then fuck you too. If you never have committed yourself to a group such as the military, a gang, a skinhead group, of such kind where you have learned to work in an organized group manner for your group's private interests, by fucking up other countries, other cities, other races to dominate and control, then fuck you cuz you ain't "sinister." Fuck you cuz you don't have that nature that the ONA is taking about. You are mundane and not of the sinister breed by nature.

It's just confusing to outsiders at times because the ONA has a few prolific writers who spend their time articulating in written format in 3 decades worth of manuscripts. It's confusing to these mundanes because when they find or discover the ONA's literature – all the thousands of it – and when they misunderstand exoteric words used like "Satanism," and "Sinister." Because these mundanes assume that the ONA must be a literature based church or religion that they can convert to and join like they join bullshit things like the Church of Satan or some devil worship website.

Ain't nobody writing all those thousands of manuscripts for your mundane asses to read and convert. Just cuz you found it, don't mean it was written for you. Put that shit down and go away. Nobody in the ONA want to waste their time with a mundane in this way. If people in the ONA do write, it's written for Our Kind, our sinister breed – those people you as a mundane shun, hate, fear, and would rather have locked up: criminals, terrorists, thieves, racketeers, black market businessmen, drug dealers, gang affiliates, people who would rather shoot up your kids at your dumbass mundane schools, rather than make friends with their mundane asses.

I certainly don't write shit for you mundanes too read and debate on. I never like you people in school. I don't give a shit enough about any of you mundanes to spend this much time writing the shit I do like I'm trying to illuminate your dumbasses. Fuck you. I write my shit for my people. Those few that got that dark essence in their nature and inner makeup. Those few who will read my writings and say to themselves: "Oh shit, I feel you girl, we the same kind: AMBK: Articulate Minded But Kriminal. I write my shit for the few who resonates with it because they already have that nature inside of them, so they can ponder on what I have written and psychologically, spiritually, emotionally, and mentally liberate themselves from mundane memes, that they might then strive for their fullest potential as predators with uncommon

intelligence.

And I know Anton Long doesn't waste his time writing his shit for you mundanes either, as if he cared enough about your dumbasses to spend 3 decades writing away trying to convince you to see shit his way, so you'll go out and do something "bad" cuz it'll make you feel good. I know he writes his shit for the few out there who will find his stuff, read it and say to themselves: "You preaching to the choir nigga. Been there, done that. But we the same kind, and I dig your insights cuz you can put into words what kind of person I am inside by nature, and I agree with you that Our Kind need to stick together."

A lone predator in nature eventually goes extinct as the mindless mob of humanity oozes forth like idiot lemmings and rodents. Think of such noble predators as the Bengal Tiger, Wolverines, Panthers. How many lone predator species are not endangered these days? It doesn't matter how long your fangs and claws are, or how quick you can kill. You can't overpower a mindless mob; especially a mindless mob with the political power to make and enforce laws upon you. But what force on this earth has the means and power to destroy a collective of predators, such as the Great and Noble Army Ant?

It's silly that these mundanes and fantasy ridden retards like Blackwood can think that they got the sinister nature in their blood to pass as a Dreccian of the ONA proper. Reading shit we've written don't make you sinister. It is what you do and who you are inside as I have said over and over again. It's not a thinking, a convincing, or debating. It's a being, a nature, a way of life, a doing. If you have to ask what "sinister" means or must read a book to learn what the word means and implies, then you aren't. Like a very rich man I studied with once said to me, as a tutor would to a pupil: "If you have to ask how much a yacht costs: You don't got the money to buy one." If you think "sinister" means devil worship or being a social misfit, then you aren't sinister.

It silly when a mundane like Blackwood – the king of internet mundanes – thinks he's got what it takes to be "ONA" – as if sinister nature is somehow dependent on those three letters anyways. Who in the ONA plays these bullshit mundane religion games and calls themselves "Grand Magisters," "high priests," and "reverends?" Who in the ONA tries to make ONA an official IRS recognized non-profit 501 c incorporation? Who in the ONA acts like they got an infernal mandate from Satan to be the leader of the ONA? Not David Myatt. We all know he denies being associated with the ONA! Not Anton Long either. Anton Long writes a lot for the ONA, but he never says he is the/or a leader. In fact he says the whole opposite and states that nobody is leader. Anton Long doesn't tell ONA Initiates and Adepts that his word and his writings, and his opinions are infallible. Who in the ONA tried to clean up the "soiled" image and reputation of the ONA for being associated with human sacrifice and crime to make the ONA pretty and acceptable to mundane society? Nobody.

These are mundane things mundane people do with their make-believe internet organization. Anybody can make a website. Anybody can register and post in a forum. Anybody can dress in black and call themselves a satanist. Anybody can give themselves a title like "Supreme Dark Magister." But do you got it in your nature to gangbang? Do you got it in your nature to dedicate your life to a subversive cause? Have you even done anything "illegal" in the eyes of

the state? Some of you mundane Satanists won't even jay walk out side the fucking yellow lines painted on the fucking street! If "illegal" as a word and concept exists in your vocabulary and in your mind as a real concept, then go away cuz you're not sinister.

Why can't you see that it's the same shit like it was back then during the Inquisition in Europe? If the word "heretic" exists in your fucking vocabulary and in your mind as a viable concept, then you are Christian and NOT a heretic. Heretics don't call themselves or believe themselves to be "heretics," or stress to their neighbors that they are heretics? No more than George Washington or Cromwell believed they were guilty of High Treason against the British Empire.

If you are mundane, and you try to claim ONA, you will only make yourself look like a wannabe to people who really are ONA Initiates and Adepts. And by that I don't mean they have cute red membership cards they sent \$200 to Anton Long for, or they have a fucking account or profile in some website. I mean people who live the Sinister Way, who are of the sinister breed, and who have naturally express their inner nature in deeds, actions, and life style: The type of deeds, acts, and life style you as a mundane pass laws to illegalize. The type of deeds, acts, and life style you mundanes shun, fear, and bitch about. Like killing folk over skin color or rag color or letters. Like robbing you, cuz you got something we want. Like beating the shit out of your son, and burning you car cuz the punk called one of our sisters a bitch or skank. If you gotta ask and learn what the "ONA" is then you don't belong.

That's like walking into Crip turf and asking the niggas you see in blue if they can teach you to be gang member like them, so you can be their friend and hang out with them. That don't work cuz they'll first laugh at you, then second: rob you. Wannabes in my group of associates are called "Toys," cuz they just playing this shit. They're just acting it for a while. Cuz they dress like gangbangers for a while cuz it makes them feel cool. They're just dabbling. It's one of the reasons why I hate those myspace bangers that turn their profiles into these gang billboards with their street affiliations and shit.

People like that are mostly Toys that are Internet Bangers. Like those fucked up "rap artist gang members" the hip hop industry made. What the fuck is that shit? So what you claim a fucking record label or gansta rap band or something? It ain't cool to be a "groupie" in the hip hop genre? You gotta dress like your boy 50 Cent and only buy albums he drops? So what you gunna claim "Swisha House" and dress all gangbangish like your boy Paul Wall, get yourself a fucking grill, and act like you got the shit to hang with the real street shit?

Another thing I hate about cyberbangers besides them decking their profiles with their ugly faces, throwing their signs, and putting up their gang letters every fucking where on their profiles, but they gotta spell their words in that fucked up broken English. They gotta put a "K" after every "C" to mean "Crab/crip Killa" and they gotta put a "K" after "B" to mean "Blood Killa" ooh, big boy. It ain't enough their throwing signs and telling everyone on the internet their gang affiliations and where they live. They gotta spell their shit like some 12 year old illiterate inner city boy taught them grammar. Like gangbangers are supposed to be intellectually fucked up to be hard.

I mean it's cool if you talk like that with your homies, cuz you gotta talk like them if you want to be understood. It's not like I'm asking you to go to college like me or anything. But shit people try to write using what knowledge in spelling and grammar you have. Cuz no amount of grammatical rebellion is ever going to make you look hard on the internet, so why even try. It just makes you look like you smoke too much dope and fell down a flight of stairs, or like you have a brain tumor or something.

Internet and Corporate Label Bangers as opposed to the unknown niggas out on and in the street living that life not for the fame, but cuz it's just how they are by nature, gotta try and act and dress the part like they're living a costume party cuz inside, there ain't nothing hardcore or killa about them. You'll never find anybody I know who gangbangs up on the internet with facebook pages with them throwing their signs and gang affiliations like a dumb fuck. If my boyz and cousins are online, they prolly don't want their faces seen, or they'll go to jail or they got enough dignity to blend it. You can barely tell I'm gang affiliated when I'm online.

Gangbanging ain't like it used to be in the old days when your older cousins and their 30 of their homies can all walk down the street loked out in all red. Cuz these days you do that, and you'll be walking to jail. The cops these days stop you if you got letters tattooed on you just crossing the street. I heard gangbanging was illegal these days even. The gangbangers these days – those actually active in a real operating street gang – blend in with every body else. It took awhile for these Asian gang to learn this shit. [MOD301](#) was one of the first gang to learn to blend in with everybody on the street cuz their Hmong asses kept on getting killed or thrown in jail lol.

Anyways, when ONA material and ONA Initiates are found on the internet, these internet mundanes mistake it for their internet bullshit they get themselves mixed up with. Then some fat bitch like Blackwood with his dumb fat ass comes along and thinks ONA is an internet-only organization like his Ning based Temples of Satan is. And he thinks its easy to pretend to be ONA and fool people, like he fools his idiot 5 Ning users that Satan talks to him. At least stuff that are found online like some gangs, ONA, City Chamber of Commerce, and even the Church of Satan, not only have a web presents – but they have real adherents, and members in the non-internet world too.

But you can ask me: “But why does the ONA have to be on the internet then if they don't want dumb people thinking they're just an internet group?” That's a stupid question. It's like asking me: “But why do I see so many TRG gang members on Xanga, Friendsters, and Myspace Chloe if it's a real street gang?”

First of all because there are about 50,000 Raskals world wide, and TRG isn't a single centralize institution where some federal leader controls the whole thing. It's a bunch of god damn Cambodians and their homies who share a common TRG culture divided up into independent cliques all repping “TRG.” Which means nobody controls all 50,000 members. As how the ONA is “structured” in the same way. With no central leader, being divided into independent “nexions/cliques,” all sharing the same ONA culture and Tradition.

Secondly, even though we all really want to be isolated hermits, the general fact is that

unfortunately the human animal is a social organism. What's that mean? It means you ain't a fucking hermit. It means it is within your nature as a human being to COME TOGETHER and form social orders and social structures to interact and develop relationships and bonds with each other. Sometimes we call them tribes, clans, villages, towns, cities, nations, countries. If the medium of socializing is a building of some kind it can be called churches, temples, synagogues. If the medium of social interaction is a field, it can be called a zoo, a fair, a park. If the medium of social interaction is the internet, then what do you call the natural human social interactions that takes place on such a medium? Websites, forums, social networks. The only difference is the medium in which the social interactions take place. And sense actual humans compose such social orders as TRG and ONA, if such a new medium as an internet is provided for such humans to have access to, such social organisms will utilize such mediums to express their human nature in: socializing and coming together.

Third reason is, as much as we all pretend to hate the internet – as those really old people who grew up in a world with only radio, all of a sudden hearing about some new thing called television, would hate the idea and dismiss television as a fad – the internet is not going anywhere. In fact, it looks like it has become a living part of what is our contemporary “world” and “reality.”

The internet might not feel like a living part of your reality if you are old. But if you where born or grew up after the internet had already come into existence [like me], then the internet is just as much a living part of your life, world and reality as texting, cell phones, cars, microwave ovens, that lady in the gps machine, computers, Macs [I hate macs], x-ray, metal detectors, Paris Hilton, you job, your wardrobe, your friends, traffic lights, airplanes, freeways, hamburgers, the postal service, pizza, paved roads, indoor plumbing, and David Hasselhoff; which you cannot function without in this modern world. I know we all wish badly that all these things were just passing fads, and wish that they would just go away so we can devolve back to those bygone nostalgic cavemen days; but like Hasselhoff, they aren't going anywhere. So get your ass out of whatever time warp your fucking stuck in and try to stay current.

The internet isn't going anywhere, and you know you're old if you think it's a fad or not “real.” In fact it's becoming more and more a part of our social fabric, just like electricity and computers have become indispensable aspects of our lives, our world, and our human reality. Nation-States and their democratic institutions are already moving into the internet by having their Citizens actually vote for shit online – holy shit no it's not real! I wonder if 20 years from now when our whole Nation's democratic institutions and banking/money system moves online if people will start to think democracy, countries, and money is fake? When I think of this, I think of Amish people riding in their horse carts, and some guy in a car drives by, and the Amish says to his wife: “Boy what a fake; cars are a fad, just watch, besides the carbon fingerprint is staggering.”

Any organization, institution, or corporation out there that is intelligent and that has a desire to affect and influence the future, or at least exist into the future, knows that it is through the world wide web and computers. I know that idea is just terribly upsetting for you fanatic cave-people to hear. The ONA is no different. It is goal oriented and it does desire to influence the future and exist into the future. So, like it or not the ONA must learn to use the internet. Or go back to

using snail mail and Morse Code clicky things. Hell, why de-evolve just there, why not use smoke signals and yodel? You'd think people would at least understand what the fuck technological advancement means.

This is what I picture in my mind pretending that the ONA is very old: So some caveman invents writing, and the ONA uses writing and everybody says: "My god look at them, they're writing, how fake." Then some guy invents the pony express, and the ONA starts using horse post, and everybody says: "Geez look at those fakes, they're using the pony express! Then somebody invents morse code, and ONA starts bleeping messages with the contraption, and everybody says: "God, what a bunch of herd conformists, they're bleeping their crazy shit in morse code." Then somebody invents telephones, and the ONA uses land line fones and everybody say: "God look at them, they got a 800 number, what a bunch of fake." Now we're using the internet, and what are those mundanes saying?

I don't even know what I'm talking about anymore. So I should conclude this before I go way of track. In conclusion, just because the ONA uses the internet, and just because it has written literature, doesn't mean that its like some mundane institution which you can just "join" one day because you like how the letters "ONA" flow when its said, or cuz you like the word "sinister." Just because you read ONA literature and even agree with some of what has been written doesn't mean or make you sinister.

It's the shit that you do in the streets. It's who you do that shit for. It's who your enemies are and how far you will go to kill an enemy. If it's not in your nature to give your life to the ONA, like you would a militia or army or gang; if the Mundanes and their States are not your enemy and if you don't have the will, heart, balls, gajones, or the whys and wherefore to kill a mundane just for being mundane. Than you're a Toy – a wannabe – when you claim ONA online. Which is fine if this is what you want to do. You're only helping spread our fame and name. But don't expect any of the Old Guards or genuine Sinister Initiates out there to recognize your internet fantasies.

In a way, it's a great compliment when people pretend and fantasize about being ONA. After all, how many people online pretend to be members of the Church of Satan, or Temple of Set, or more ridiculously, who the fuck would want to pretend to be a member of Blackwood's Temples of Satan: besides himself?

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

121 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

A SINISTER SPORT



A Sinister Sport

Leeds, 1973

It was nothing unusual, at least for Steve and his chosen three skinheads, to loiter in the sodium-lit night, on The Headrow or the streets around, waiting for some unwary mundane to pass them by to be followed to be relieved at knifepoint, or the threat of a kicking, of whatever money or possessions they carried or held. But it was for The Plumb, the young lad of slim physique and shaven head whose new swastika tattoo, on his forehead, still itched.

Plumb was a novice at this sporting game, and, knife ready, somewhat nervously waited for the test that would – that might – begin to make his name among Steve’s crew. It was not a long wait, that early evening of light drizzle where the slight warmth of late October had given way to the dreary coldness of November, and they – at Steve’s gesture – followed the middling aged suited briefcase holding man for only some yards when Plumb’s stiletto blade stuck him in the back. He groaned, slightly, before he fell, gasping – but they wasted no time on him, for only his money, his watch, any saleable goods mattered, and he was left there where the cold wet dirty pavement became a pillow for his face as they laughing scampered back to the safety of their den.

It was a single third floor room in a block of rented office rooms whose grimy small single un-openable window gave at least some view of the Infirmary across the street, and it was there, on the bare un-carpeted floor where thieved goods lay stockpiled almost to the ceiling, waiting, that they divvied up their share. Plumb got the cash, such as it was; and Steve and his crew the rest: a watch; a gold ring; the leather briefcase; perhaps a saleable newish wallet. But their value was incidental, purely incidental – at least that time.

Later, the darkness found them mischief-heading westerly, after a bevvvy of beer had been downed at their favourite haunt where the relative wideness of Woodhouse Lane gave way to the narrower streets that north-easterly lay to sedately tumble down in terraced houses toward that tall-chimney of the quaintly-named “Leeds Corporation refuse destructor” on Meanwood Road, and where in a nearby house Steve spent the occasional night in the confines of a stuffy

garret, with young shop-girl Lesley. He did not know then – and would not have cared even had he known – that centuries before, and only a gunshot away, Royalist forces had been bloodily defeated at the Battle of Meanwood Valley during his ancestors' Civil War.

So, steadily but never furtively, they – buoyed by beer, youth, hate, and pride – made their way to serried terraces southwesterly between Woodhouse Moor and Burley Road. At Steve's instigation, Plumb knocked on the door of a house, and it was not long before a skinny young man in black leather jacket, dirty T-shirt and jeans, opened it. Plumb punched him in the face, and he fell over backwards to where a discarded newspaper lay upon a lino floor near and steps led upward to dank, small, upper rooms.

"That's for grassing, you cunt!" Plumb shouted as the skinny young man tried to get to his feet.

But Plumb pushed him down before kicking his head three times, and the young man was unconscious when Steve and his crew entered.

Steve threw a leaflet over the prostrate now bloodied body before they all left, laughing. On the leaflet – only a swastika, the letters CoC, and the words: "Violence purifies and makes the man."

The stolen car took them recklessly fast out from the city of Leeds to near where the rocks of Almscliffe Crag rose beyond the Harrogate road and gave, in daylight, views toward the Vale of York. And it was there on the top of that rocky outcrop they assembled in that drizzle-filled darkness for Plumb to take his oath.

It was a simple oath – a personal pledge of loyalty to Steve, his comrades, his crew and their new Clockwork Orange Cult – and soon was over, so that they scampered, laughing, lustfully, satiated with feral life and memories of violence, down from their eerie to head back eastwards where Steve, as promised, had prepared for them a surprise.

The girls were waiting in that rented well-furnished well-cared-for Woodhouse terraced house above the fringe of Meanwood Ridge, and Mark, their pimp, greeted Steve – as the friend, and comrade, that he was – there where joss sticks perfumed the houseful-air and Slade's *Look Wot You Dun* played loudly, beatingly, through speakers wired to some Hi-Fi system, recently liberated from some city-centre store.

There was some dancing then – or what passed for dancing – among the crew and the girls until they paired off to upstairs rooms leaving only Steve, Mark, and Ruth. Ruth the dark haired – older than the others, whose young son was in the so-called care of Social Services; Ruth the voluptuous, who sat, skimpily if fashionably dressed, waiting curled up on a sofa; waiting, for Steve her favoured lover to take her to her bed. But it was to be nearly an hour before her desire became fulfilled, and so she sat and watched him as he and Mark schemed, plotted, and dreamed.

At first, their talk was of Eastman, the non-family traitor who had betrayed a friend to the

Police. Would that warning of the evening suffice?

"If not – " Steve said harshly, and gestured death with his hand. They both knew that had Eastman been a part of their crew, or even if only the person he betrayed had been, then his fate of death would that night have been assured.

"Plumb? How'd he do tonight?" Mark asked.

"Good. He did well."

"Useful?"

"Yep. I'm going to team him up with Phil at the Depot. He starts there Monday. He'll be our runner. There's a shipment due Friday."

"Usual stuff?"

"Nope. Electrical goods, this time."

"I'll let Jamie know." Jamie was their fence, a small rather portly middle-aged man of vast experience and canny if mournful countenance who had thrived in the rationing post-war years and who, though well-known to the Police, had never ever been to Court, for although his second-hand emporium in a back-street by the Wharf regularly received visits from The Plod, they never ever found anything suspicious, or stolen. Or, at least, that they could prove was stolen.

"Usual divvy?" Mark asked.

"Yep – but small bonus for Plumb."

"Gesture?"

"Yep. He might even spend it here!" Steve laughed.

So they talked, laughed, planned, plotted, schemed, until at last Steve came to take her hand, leading her gently – almost lovingly – toward and into her room where they lay, naked, entwined for quite some time, gently touching, kissing, feeling the warmth, the soft human warmth, of each others' bodies. It was for this – for such as this – that she almost loved him. Almost: had she not by the experience of her past stopped herself. And so they lay together, warmly warm, and silent, with only the distant sound of music below; the sounds of their lips touching; their breath breathing; and his fingers feeling her moist waiting wetness.

At first, he had seemed such a contradiction to her. But she no longer cared. It was his company and his body that she craved; even needed; and she would listen to him speak, for hours, in his almost accentless voice as he spoke of his plans, his visions, his passions, his theories, his interests and his hopes. Thus did she listen to him again later that night after their

passions had flowed and flowed to ebb with the passing hours of their intimate, sexual, embrace.

“It’s the essence of the sinister, you see, ” he was saying to her as she lay naked, propped up on pillows in her bed, smoking one of her small cheroots while soft light from a bedside lamp bathed them and the glow of Dusk began to dully glow, as dark retreated beyond that window of their world.

“Experience. Going to, beyond, your limits. Transgressing laws, all limits. Learning. Exulting in life, and treating the mundanes as the idiots, the expendables, the resource, they are.”

Then, quite suddenly, his tone changed. “I’d like you to leave, here, this house,” he said. “And stay with me. We’ll get somewhere.”

“Don’t be daft!” she said in her broad Yorkshire accent, and slightly laughed.

“I mean it. I want you to get more involved. Assist me.”

“You’re serious, aren’t you?”

“Yep. Very.”

“But I don’t know anything about the Occult and Satanism.”

“You don’t have to. They’re just words. Words which obscure the essence. Useful – sometimes. But otherwise irrelevant. Like the current name my crew use – CoC. I’ll change it; maybe soon for something maybe permanent. It was only temporary, anyways, that outer name.”

She finished her cheroot, and lit another one, and he continued.

“It’s essentially just a way of living. A way of life. It’s not really about rituals and all that crap that the mundanes think it’s about. It’s about us – individuals – excelling; enjoying. Taking risks. Changing ourselves. Evolving. Exulting. About creating a new way of life; freeing ourselves from the tyranny of laws; from the tyranny of the Police; of governments; of The State. Being ourselves.”

“And making money,” she laughed.

“Of course!”

“But -” she began to say.

“Mark agrees.”

“You what?”

“About you leaving here. He – and I – want you to take over running the girls.”

“So what’s he going to do, then?”

“He’s gonna open a new branch of our venture, in York.”

“I see.”

“Naturally, I’ll have some lads stay here to look out for the girls.”

“Naturally!” And she laughed again.

“What’d you say, then?”

Aroused, she said all that then needed to be said with her body, until satiated again, she lay beside him as, outside, the Sun rose into a strangely cloudless early Winter’s sky.

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There was much that Steve wanted to do, and he had invited Plumb to join him for a drink in their favoured Pub in Woodhouse. Ruth was there, in the dimness of that traditional haunt, and Plumb could not help but ogle her breasts as he sat down beside Steve. But he knew better than to let his gaze linger or address her by name, and so he sat sipping his pint of beer.

“You’ve got someone interested, I hear?” Steve said to him.

“Yeah, mate of mine. Will.”

“Handy?”

“Shipleys skins.”

“Enough said, then.”

“You wanna meet?”

“Yep, set it up. It’ll be a test.”

Plumb smiled. “Like mine?”

“Yep.” And both Steve and Ruth smiled. For she had come a long way in the two weeks since she and Steve had shared a house.

That day of the test was a mournful if British one – for weather. For the wind was cold; the sky overcast and dull with cloud; and the slight persistent drizzle of that middle morning lent

meaning to Julius Caesar's long dead desire to live in far more sunnier healthier climes. Steve was there, with Plumb, and Will, the heavily-tattooed, waiting in the stolen car outside the shop. It was a kind of non-descript shop, selling jewellery, not quite in the city centre, and its décor and display seemed as if to say that its owner could not quite decide upon the intended clientèle. For there were some quite expensive items, among the rings and watches, and then some much cheaper tat while a middling assortment of second-hand items completed the rather mixed collection.

"Ready?" Steve asked Will, as the young skinhead of stocky build sat in the backseat of the car, clutching a sawn-off shotgun.

"Let's go!" Steve said, and he and Will were swiftly out, masks on.

Steve pushed the one male customer aside, his right hand brandishing his revolver, while smashing displays with a hammer.

"Fill it!" Steve demanded of the customer, as Will thrust a small bag at him, and – obedient, like the trained mundane he was – he obeyed, stuffing it full of rings and watches. And then they were gone, outside, to where Plumb waited, ready and revving the car.

Ruth's old haunt claimed them, after the necessary change of outfits and cars, above the fringe of Meanwood Ridge, and Will and Plumb sat on a sofa in that well-incensed house while Steve inspected the haul.

"Good," he said. Then, to Will: "You'll get your cut in a couple of days, OK?"

"Yeah, sure," Will said.

"You got a job?" Steve asked him.

"Nah, only thieving," and he laughed, showing two teeth broken from fights.

"From now on, no freelancing, understand?" Steve said.

"Sure."

"You do only the jobs we give you."

"OK"

"Got some regular work, if you're interested," Steve said. "Right up your street."

"Yeah?"

"Protecting our assets, here. Could be a rough, at times. Oh, yeah of course, you haven't met them, have you," Steve smiled. He called out, and, one by one, Ruth's girls came in, all five of

them.

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Introductions over – as was his hour with the girl of his choice – Will was taken in a convoy of three crew cars amid the light of that day, such as that light was, to the rocks of Almscliffe Crag which rose beyond that Harrogate road and which gave, in better daylight, views toward the Vale of York. And it was there, on those topmost now rain-spattered rocks, that he gave his solemn pledge of loyalty to that crew.

“You’re family now,” Steve said. “Understand?”

“Sure.” And they all knew he meant it.

“We have some simple rules. First, we don’t betray our own,” Steve said to him. “Anyone who does is killed. No questions; no quarter; no delay. You’re in this for life, and if you ever show enmity towards us, your family, we’ll hunt you down and kill you.”

Steve paused for a moment before continuing. “Second, we all have equal shares of whatever we take or whatever our enterprises earn. No favouritism. Third, we care for our family. We respect them. We look after them; look out for them. We will risk our own lives for them, if required. All of them – women, children; they’re all our comrades. If you disrespect any member of our family, our kindred, you’ll suffer – you’ll be put on trial, before us, you’ll say your piece, and be judged and, if necessary, punished.

“Fourth, it’s the mundanes and us. Our folk, our kindred, our band of comrades, our family, against the mundanes. The mundanes and their property, all they have, are our resource. Fifth, the laws of the mundanes are irrelevant to us. The government, and especially the Police, are our enemy, servants of the mundanes – we expect no favour from them, no quarter, and we give them no favours, no quarter. Understand?”

“Sure,” Will said. And they all knew he meant it.

“Also, there’s only one leader, one chief. Currently, it’s me. You got a grievance, something to say, you come to me, say it to me to my face, in full earshot of others. We don’t ever talk about one of our brothers, one of sisters, behind their backs. If you’ve got a grievance against me, you face me with it, in full earshot of others.

“If you ever have a dispute with any member of our family, our crew, you bring it out into the open. If we can’t settle among ourselves, then you’ll settle it between the two of you, by a fair fight.

“If you don’t like my leadership, challenge me for it, openly. If necessary, we’ll settle the matter by a duel with deadly weapons. So, for leadership it’s a duel; for other disputes, a fair fight, in front of comrades.

“There’s no leaving your family. You’re part of us now for life; you’re our brother, for life. If you want to settle down with someone, or get married, she has to be either one of us, or become one of us. No exceptions. Same with our women-folk, our sisters – if they are serious about someone, wanting to settle down with them, maybe even get hitched, then he has to be either one of us, or become one of us. No exceptions. Same if you move away for some reason – you’re still family; still bound by your oath; our rules; and we may ask for your help, anytime; just as you can ask for our help, anytime.”

“And one last thing,” Steve said. “We have our own, small, tattoo. Our mark.” And he smiled, saying, “although I don’t know where you’re going to put it.”

Steve laughed, Will laughed; everyone laughed, for Will’s arms, hands and neck were already covered with tattoos.

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S. Brown
ONA (Nexion One)
120 yf



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

A WAY OF LIFE



[A Way Of Life](#)

There are those of us Dreccians who understand that the fundamental difference between our Kind and the Mundanes is the way of life. The way of life of Homo Hubris is one of segregation and conditioned “individualism.” By the word “individualism” I don’t mean the psychological state of being an individuated person. I mean to denote the person having been separated physically and psychologically from every other person as an individualistic unit who has no one to rely on but itself. Such a state of existence for a naturally social organism as we Humans are, not only causes stress and psychosis but it makes such segregated units easy prey for corporations and the State.

It is the same conditioned state of individualist segregation that gives a street gang power over a certain neighborhood or territory. The local residents of such neighborhood – although many in number – have not only been brainwashed into being individualized units, but they have also been conditioned – or trained – to look to some police to protect them like the hapless people they have been trained to be. Such individualize units do not have the ability to collect themselves into any kind of organized social order of mutual aid and mutual dependence.

It is this same conditioned affect that gives the State, Corporations, – the Magian and the 10 Percenters – power over an entire population of people. We have but to compare the so called developed Nation-States of Homo Hubris, with those Nation-States that are considered “developing” to see the difference.

It’s only in countries such as America, Europe, Japan and such in which most of the human population has been divided into individualized units [re: Citizens] that the countries’ government and its commercial interests wields so much control and power; which is translated as political and economic “stability.” If you’ve ever read a book called “Animal Farm” you will understand what is meant by the word “stability” here. It is the Farmer’s stable control and unchallenged exploitation of the Farm Animals.

Whereas in many countries such as most parts of Asia, Africa, and the Pacific Islands, where humans still are born into large, closely knit tribes of kinfolk and clans. A government, or political regime is not always a stable entity. In such a country where humans still naturally have a blood-based network of clanmates to depend on, many exploitative elements of Capitalism don't take hold, such as a heavy dependence on money and jobs.

So, the difference between a Dreccian and a Mundane must go much deeper than just superficial differences in philosophical idea and out looks on life and the world. The difference between us must go much deeper than just how we act and behave and what we do. The difference between us must go down to the depths of our humanness. Down to the very Foundation or Base or Fundamental of our human existence: The Family. Such that this concept of Our Family has become our most important exoteric and esoteric priority as Dreccians. As Anton Long recently states:

[Quote Anton Long]

For it is the development of our new sinister family, our new sinister kindred, which is both an exoteric and an esoteric priority, manifest as our new family is in our new tribes, and bound as our clannish family is and should be by our law of the sinister-numen.

In essence, therefore, we are – we, our kind, represent – a new culture, here on this planet we have called Earth; and it is the spread, the growth, of this new culture, of our new families, our tribes, which will begin to undermine, in a most important and a very practical way, the way of life, the societies, and the nation-States of the mundanes. This is and will continue to be a subversive revolution against the current Magian status quo and will lead, in the not too distant future in some area on this planet, to a practical armed insurrection, led by Vindex. – Prophet Of Vindex?

[End Quote]

The Mundane “Family.”

The mundane family consists of a segregated male and female pair in a secular marriage recognized by the state called a Husband and Wife. They will have children. In developed nations the number of offspring such a pair has is usually around 3. At the age of 5 the pair – by law – must send these children to State run public schools to be indoctrinated as individualized citizens. The cost of living in such developed States is increased, such that in the common Homo Hubris family both parents must work to support themselves. With the parents far too busy working to pay bills, the State has total mental and psychological control over their children from age 5 on up to train into the next generation of segregated citizens.

By the time these children reach the age of 18 they have been fully trained by the political regime to seek out their “independence” as young adults by getting a job, and find a mate. At the same time the parents of such children have been trained by the same State to force such children out of the home to live on their own. To struggle on their own in the real world, because that somehow builds strong character.

This cycle of training Homo Hubris into divided labourers is repeated with each generation. Such that each generation of Homo Hubris is literally born and bred to be mere wage earning debt ridden workers to support the children of the wealthy Magian and 10 Percenters. In affect if you understand, the relationship between the 10 Percenters and their bloodline with the common citizen, it is Parasitic.

Yet Homo Hubris never realizes that these 10 Percenters live their lives in a very different way. A 10 Percenter family is collective and not divided into independent units. Most often they are even known collectively by a collective name: The Rothschilds; The Rockefellers, and so on. Most often members of such families pool their political and financial resources together to consciously insure that their children will inherit the same power and wealth. It's that age old axiom we should all know by now: Divided And Conquer. It's the same strategy the British and other European Empires used to control and exploit other countries and other peoples. To remain united themselves as a political and economic force, while dividing the enemies they wish to conquer on a social level. By taking natural tribes and breaking such tribes down into nuclear family units who no longer trust and rely on their own next of kin. This is an assault on our very Humanness.

The Problem With Tribes

If the Drecc in such developed Nation-States continues to live their own lives in this way – divided and segregated into independent family Units, they are no better or no different from these Mundanes who are clearly being conditioned and indoctrinated to be controlled and made perpetual prey to the exploitation of the Magian 10 Percenters and their bloodlines.

The difference between us must begin at the very core of our human existence: the Family. Such that this focus on our family will determine – wyrdfully – the success of our efforts in the future: the Liberation of our own bloodlines and progeny from this invisible slavery, and this geopolitical Magian-Zionist labour camp we call the Nation-State.

The fundamental difference between a tribal clan and a nuclear family of Homo Hubris is one of Culture. The former having no Culture at all as Magian religions and ethos have replaced what was once their Numinous Ancestral Cultures with trinkets of childish beliefs and stories.

White Homo Hubris did not always live in divided family units in ancient times. There was a time when they were also tribal. There was a time when most of Europe were not divided into Nation-States, but into territories controlled by vast networks of indigenous tribes such as the Germanic Tribes and the Celtic Tribes. Each Tribe being composed of “clan” or large social orderings of mutually dependent kinfolk. This was it, to the basic fundamental of “familial” structure back then. There was no such thing back then as the concept of “family” as we know it today.

It was the fledgling Roman Empire that learned to annex new territory by setting indigenous tribe against tribe and conditioning their vanquished subjects into adopting the memetic identity of a “Roman Citizen” as opposed to their own numinous and natural tribal identity. Christianity would later take this concept further by forcing people to adopt their memetic identity while at

the same time dividing what clans and tribes were left over into “families.”

You will wonder why the Roman Empire, and later Christianity, even bothered to assert so much force and energy in breaking apart tribes and clans to produce the concept of a nuclear family: Father, wife, and children. It's because tribes are organized and they come with Warriors, and those Warriors kill. You won't go anywhere as a political regime of an Empire or as the Magian Patriarchs of Christendom, if the people you wish to dominate, subjugate, and control have their own tribal culture and hordes of armed tribal warriors who would kill you in a heartbeat for even looking at them funny.

It only takes a study of New Guinea and the after effects of Christian Missionaries on the native tribes. What were once fiercely rabid head hunting self-reliant tribes were broken down by Magian Ethos into a race of poverty stricken domesticated humans.

Such people are sometimes called “Savages” in Homo Hubris lingo. You remember such murderous Savages as the tribal warriors giving Romans a hard time, like the Barbarians. Or those who gave European kingdoms a hard time like the Zulu of South Africa, The Aztec of Mexico, the Indigenous tribes and Warriors of the America's and Australia. Or our modern day Barbarians, we derogatorily call “terrorists.”

We seem to assume that because we humans live in this technologically advanced age of ours that we all have grown out of such “savage” ways. But this is not the fact. It's now been confirmed by science that those olden day tribal Warriors that gave Homo Hubris imperialists a hard time actually past what is called the “Warrior Gene” down to their modern descendants call gangbangers. Geneticists now know that the segment of modern society that are most prone to violence and joining what we today call street gangs all have this Warrior Gene in their DNA makeup. Such that, taking a quick look at your everyday gang of any kind today, you would be able to see that such gang members are indeed blood descendants of ancient Warriors and once fiercely tribal peoples.

A quick look at the gangs that plagues the streets of America will show that most gang affiliates today are of African and Latino ethnicity: descendants of African and Aztec tribal Warriors. With Asians and Whites [skin heads] coming in second: descendants of various Asian tribes, Genghis Khan and his Warriors, and the Blond Berserk Vikings [and the various other Germanic Tribes]. These people are still in-tune to their ancestral Warrior Blood which is expressed in their formations of “gangs” and in their actions and deeds often – understandably – outlawed.

And such tribal Warriors and such violence have always been outlawed since the days berserk Vikings and Germanic Barbarian Warriors threatened Pax Britanica & Pax Romana. These modern day Warriors, still in touch with their essential and primal humanness and ancestral tribal ways, are our breed – in whose blood and genes is etched our sinister creed. From whose blood shall flow forth the Warriors of the future who shall be lead by Vindex to destroy these Nation-States. But such a future war, must first begin with a struggle today. A struggle to undo what the Magian Ethos has done to us. A struggle to reclaim our humanness and tribal nature.

A Modern Tribal Family

I don't even think there is a word in Khmer which actually means what the word "family" means in English. Fortunately for me, I was raised aware of both a tribal "clannish" way and a Homo Hubris family way [from my friends]. In English when I hear the word "family" I think of a mom, a dad, and kids living in a house. In Khmer, the only word I really have ever heard used to refer to me and all of my relatives is /Crusa/ [krooh-sah] which implies something big and far reaching like an ocean. A Crusa to us means my grand mother, her husband, all of their siblings and cousins; all of their children and grand children down to the youngest.

We call everybody in our crusa around my grandmother's age or generation "grandmothers" and "grandfathers," without any distinction. We call everybody in our crusa of our parents' generation and age "aunts" and "uncles." And everyone of my generation in our crusa is a "brother" or "sister." That's all the "familial labels" we use.

These very few and simple familial labels are so important in our clan/culture that they are also used as our only proper pronouns in the register we speak. It's considered barbaric and vulgar to use pronouns [such as "I," "you," and so on] because only peasants use those words. I still don't know how to say "you," or "he," or "she," or "they," in Khmer. Using such pronouns causes an emotional and psychological separation between two people, because the two people talking automatically becomes an "I" and a "you," which implies a separation or that there is no relationship or recognition of kinship present. In this way, the tribal culture, or collective clannish way of life is actually embedded in the language itself. And those of us who are intelligent, knows that our language we speak and think with greatly influences how we see and understand the world and our reality.

For instance, if I wanted to ask my grandma to make me something to eat I would literally have to say: "Can the Grand Mother make the Grand Daughter something to eat?" Or if I wanted to say "they," or "them," I'd have to say: "pboog nu," or "pboog ghe," which means "those other people." After a lifetime of being raise hearing these familial labels used in place of pronouns, we all are drenched inside a culture and an emotional "knowing" that we are not separate individuals; but a member of a collective. I got so use to using these familial labels that when I started going to school I had a hard time figuring out how to talk to the teacher because calling my teacher a "you" when speaking to her in my mind is vulgar and disrespectful and suggests that I want nothing to do with her as a person.

It seems stupid and simple compared to English with all of its "great uncles," "second cousin twice removes" junk. I still don't even know how to go by those things and I was born and raised in America. The way English has it, people feel distant. When you talk about a cousin or great uncle you know they are distant emotionally and psychologically. But if you were born and raised calling every old person grandma, and ever male in your family uncles, and everybody your age brothers and sisters, things are much close, and you end up giving the same amount of love and respect to one uncle as to any uncle and such, because you can't tell anybody apart as far as how exactly they are associated with you.

I actually ask my mom [my biological dad does too] to explain to me in English terms how

people in our crusa are related to me, and it's very difficult for her to do so because there just aren't enough of those labels to explain such distant relationships: when such distance doesn't even exist. For instance, I heard that my cousin Andy's parents are blood related. So me and Andy [and my dad] were shocked to hear this so we asked my mom to explain to us just how they were blood related. And she had to explain it this way: "Well, lets see. It's like my uncle who was born out of my grandmother: the one that gave birth to my mother, had a son and that son married Chloe. That's how they are to each other." I said: "Eewe, Andy your parents are niece and uncle! No wonder your retarded." Then my mom said: "It's not eewe. That's just our culture and tradition. What do you think my parents were: they are to each other, what you and Andy are."

My mom has 9 birth siblings. And my grand mother [my mom's mom] has 10 birth siblings and about 30 blood cousins scattered in Thailand, America, France, Australia, and Cambodia. So I remember growing up going to all these weddings ceremonies, tons of them. A traditional Khmer wedding ceremony takes 3 days: 1 day of 5 monks boringly chanting all day, 1 day for the actual ceremony, and 1 day for the party or banquet. It started when I was young, I'd notice all these hundreds of guests during those three days. And as I got older and became more aware, me and my girl cousins started wondering why we kept on seeing the same 500 guests over and over again at every weddings? And we had been to an awful lot already. So one day when one of our uncles was getting married we asked the table of aunts we were sitting with: "What's wrong? Who is the uncle marrying? Every time there's a wedding we see the same 500 faces and guests? Where's the Bride's "family" at?" Everybody just laughed and one of them said: "Those aren't guests; you're the bride's family."

There were other strange things about my family which I discovered. These were things I thought was actually "Khmer culture" as in every Khmer family just did it because it was culture or something. I knew white American families didn't do it. There's no word for it, so I call it "Kid Swapping." Even though my mom gave birth to me, I hardly lived with or was raised my birth mom. I grew up living with and being raised by a birth sister of my birth mother [an auntie] which we call a /Madai-Mieng/ which means: Mother-Aunt. A Mother-Aunt is much different from a normal other aunt, because she's your second mother, who is loved and honoured on the same sacred level as one's birth mother. My mother-aunt was Andy's birth mother, who called me daughter like my birth mother does.

And it's weird because it happened all the time and it happens very easily. If a blood aunt has a baby, and that aunt's sister says: "Oh, what a cute baby, can I have her/him" the birth aunt will just say: "Yeah here." That's it, and it's not just babysitting, we're talking about a life long "having." I was raised by my mother-aunt from birth to the age of 15. Of my 20 direct cousins, at least a quarter of them were raised like this by an aunt and not their birth mothers. My cousin Tiffany was raised her whole life by one of our aunts, and now she lives with our grandmother. Tiffany never in her 18 years of life has ever lived with or was raised by her birth mother. But her mom still loves her and gives her money.

I thought every Khmer family did this until I met an outsider [unrelated] Khmer girl in school [she had dark skin]. After making friends with her I noticed she and her parents talk Khmer really different when I was over at her house. They used words of a lower register, which we

would call “barbaric” or “vulgar,” and “peasantile” in my family, which I never heard used in my family; like pronouns. So I asked her if those were her real parents, and if her family kid swaps. And she thought I was crazy? I was so shocked by the way her parents talked and how they thought kid swapping was crazy that I went to go tell my mom and mom-aunt, and they said I can’t be friends with her any more because she was a barbaric peasant who has no “Pbooj,” and that was why they don’t do things the way we do.

The Blood Of A Tribe

“Pbooj” is a weird word I hear very often, but I don’t know the exact idiomatic meaning to. Every breed of Khmer that is a barbaric peasant seems to not have “pbooj,” and every body who lives like us and has our “culture” seems to have “pbooj” – so I’m told by my elders. This concept of pbooj seems to be closely associated with our grand parents, fathers and blood, meaning that if your grand parents had “pbooj” then you did too. Luckily I have the internet and I learned that the word “pbooj” comes from the Pali word for “Seed/sperm.” Which doesn’t reveal much, other than that whatever “pbooj” is idiomatically, it is past down through the male line to their children.

The only person in my family who knows enough English words to use to intelligently explain things to me is one my “dtoodt” which means “great grand father.” I don’t know his first name, as in our family you aren’t allowed to ever use names. He’s pure ethnic Chinese but his mother tongue is Khmer, while his wife [our great grand mother] is a half Laotian half Thai aristocrat who never work once in her 90 years of existence. Even at 90 something, the great grand father can still walk and do chores in the yard, and talk up a storm about past and current politics [he’s republican]. I actually grew up not knowing the names of any body in my family, and I still don’t know most of my own 9 aunts and uncles’ names. This “dtoodt” is my birth grandmother’s birth uncle who was Cambodia’s Ambassador to the US around the early 50’s before the revolution. He was educated in France, and speaks perfect French and English; which makes talking with him easy for me.

So I asked the great grand dad what “pbooj” meant one day. And he says: “Like rice crops you see? If a rice plant has long grains that is soft when cooked, it has the “pbooj” to make long grains see? If a rice plant has short grains that makes hard rice when cooked, we know that is it’s “pbooj.” So we can tell if we plant that short grained pbooj that we will always get plants that make short grain no matter how far in the future or past you go. The pbooj of a plant, like the pbooj of a person, determines who and what things are in life. So, if a farmer has the pbooj of a farmer, and his ancestors have been illiterate and barbaric farmers for hundreds of years, so that their brains and mind has become only able to handle such tasks, what would such a pbooj only produce?” I said: “Only the same kind.” And he said: “Correct. When a crop of rice grows wild and nobody has used their intelligence to change that wild crop to make good crops with good grains that cook good, then we say it has no pbooj.” From that word [Pbooj] comes the Khmer word /Pboog/ or /Pug/ related to the Pali word “Pugala” both meaning a “Race,” “Breed,” “Tribe,” “Kind,” “People.”

The concept of “pbooj” is not one based strictly on the blood of rich aristocrats. It based more on the quality and natural character, potential, and/or essence of a person. Which quality can

be pasted down by specific methods of intelligent breeding. Or deluded over time by aimlessly reproducing.

So, when you have someone like me in the family who is mixed blooded we're called a "Gone Gat." Gone meaning "Child" and "Gat" meaning "Cut," or "to be cut in pieces." In English when someone is of a "Mixed" race, that gives the idea that two or more different kinds of races came together and got "mixed" up. But in my family and culture, a mixed blooded person is said to have "Chiam Gat," meaning "Cut Blood," or the Blood has been cut into pieces, suggesting an impurity. So a mixed child isn't "mixed." It is a child whose blood has been cut up and deluded; whose "pbooj" has been contaminated by something foreign. In the same sense that a recognized pure bred dog's line can be ruined if a mut mates with it.

When it comes to mating and reproduction, in the culture/family that I was raised in, it is entirely controlled and utilizes what the Occident might sometimes call "eugenics." The marriages are predetermined. None of my aunts and uncles had the freedom to chose who they got married to. That choice was made by the old grandmothers talking amongst each other. They talk about things like what the 'soon to be married' parents are like, what those parents did for a living, if those parents have blood relatives with birth defects; if those parents have any peasant relatives; what the grand parents of the couple are like; what they looked liked and what they did in life.

Then the old ladies would go visit everyone directly or immediate related to each of the couple to inspect them for how smart everybody is, if anybody has any birth defects; how they carry themselves; what register or form of language they use; their natural demeanor, and such. Then they talk about the other stuff: things like money, does the parents and grandparents come with the ability to generate money or do they spend to much and end up poor; about land and if the boy is well bred with goals in life, manners, and respects his mother; and if the girl is pretty and would make a good mother, and if she has "family values" meaning tribal nature in this context.

Outsiders are only outsiders because they do not have or live the same culture we do. But I have plenty of cousins who are of mixed ethnicity. Usually their dads are of a different race who adopts our way of life by "going native." Like my biological dad is Mexican. He's of Portuguese and mestizo ancestry. The elders of my family put my dad through the same scrutiny to determine if he had "noble pbooj," and that nobody was deformed or crazy in his family. So it isn't really a matter of purity of race and ethnicity with pbooj. It's the purity of nobility of blood, as opposed to deluded plebeian blood.

It's about ancestry and blood, and the types of people that ancestry and blood will produce. Such that bad ancestry and bad blood, makes worthless common stock humans. There are two sayings in my family/clan that goes: "Orange trees grow orange fruit and never apples;" & "The fruit never falls far from the tree." So that when you observe say a hard working Chinese whose father also has that culture of hard working ethics, you know that the guy's offspring will come out imbued with that same quality and culture of hard work. In the same sense that if you had a woman who is disrespectful with her mother, is a slut, is not connected to her family, and her mother was a drug addict, then you know that such a woman will yield a worthless stock of

offspring; because that quality, or culture is past down. As one of the meanings of Wyrd. For who we each are, and what actions we weave in life not only affects and influences our own lives, but weaves into being the lives of our progeny.

It's easy to see this when you are a member of a huge family/clan. You just look at your 100 cousin or so and always you notice that if their dads are nerdy they all come out smart and nerdy; and if their dads were delinquent in their youth, the cousins all come out gangbangers. It even goes to the point where if the uncle has tattoos, then their sons end up having tats. Cousins who have direct grandfathers that like to read and write – like me – end up liking to read and write. Cousins that have direct grandfathers that became monks, end up either becoming monks or are deeply religious.

Home Life

Our family has about 12 houses altogether. The 9 aunts and uncles and their husbands and wives own the houses respectively. But things are so weird in my family with the kid swapping and clannish stuff that there doesn't seem to be an "emotional boarder" between those houses. For instance I have my own bedroom at my birth mom's house; my own room at my mom-aunt's home; a room I share with another cousin at my birth grandma's house [which the aunts and uncles bought for her] and I have my own room at one of my uncle's house up north. It gets even weirder because some of our aunts own their own homes, but they rent those houses out and instead live with our grandma.

So at my grandma's house [who is 80], she has not only some of her children living with her, but also her grand children. In my family nobody moves out or seems to move out ever. We just literally drift from house to house forever. One of my aunties is 55 years old and she AND her son who is my age lives with my grandma. Just because you get married doesn't mean your going anywhere either. I have a girl cousin that is married and has a 2 year old daughter who lives at my grandma's house with her husband and daughter. And then my other auntie with my 9 year old girl cousin lives in the same house – even though she owns her own house in Vegas she rents outs.

My family also does something we call /Song Kun/. "Song" means to "Repay," and "Kun" means a certain kind of sacred debt or duty you owe to your mother for giving you life. I thought all Khmer families practice this too since everyone uses those words. But that's not the case. In my family/culture we are basically Brahmanistic Buddhists. The belief in gods and spirits is there. But your birth mother in our culture and tradition is the only Goddess you will ever have and know in life who is said to be more higher than the Buddha himself, because she literally gave you Life and the Buddha didn't. The Buddha is just a teacher, you mother is your god.

Making your mother cry is a real sin [bad Karma] in my family/culture. My grandma says you spend 7 years in the lowest pits of the 1st level of hell for every tear you cause to fall out of your mother's eyes. The 7th level of hell is reserved for men who kill their mothers. Every year on your mother's birthday is perhaps the Holiest day of your year. It's when you get 5 Buddhist monks to chant for 4 hours straight. Then you feed the monks and every body that came out of

my grandma's womb lines up in a line [children, grandchildren, down to the little great grand children]. She sits in a chair and everybody one by one washes her feet and prostrates three times and ask her to wash your bad karma away and to bless them with health and prosperity. Then you hand her an envelope of money, or gifts of gold. This helps you pay your Kun back.

In our family the more practical aspect of "Song Kun" is when you "kick up" money to your mother every month. It's like tithing a portion of your income, but you give it to your mother. My grandma has 9 adult kids, and they all work and/or own a business. Each of my aunts and uncles kick up to her between \$500-\$1000 per month depending on how much they can afford that month. The husbands or wives that married my aunts and uncles have no say; if they reject the idea of giving money to my grandma, it's an automatic divorce the next day. I've seen it happen. My grandma gets retirement money for being old and she gets her monthly kick ups which is roughly \$5000 per month.

Needless to say, all of the grandma and grandpas have many children. I don't know a single gramma-grampa couple related to my own grandma that has less then 5 children. If you have less then 5 children, you're considered a poor old lady. My grandma's sister [who past on] has 12 kids of her own. She died with bank! When somebody old passes away us cousins call that "cashing out," because you get "kick downs." You can live a pretty comfortable life if your aristocratic granny has 9 kids without knowing much about responsibilities. That money gives the grannies sheer power over us cousins. She'll buy you a new car if you're a grand daughter and if you promise not to get randomly pregnant and that you won't marry an outsider. I got a Lexus. The boy cousins have to go to college and actually do things for their kick downs.

Sexism and gender bias definitely exists in our family/culture. First our whole culture is matriarchal based. The old grandpas or males have their things they do or use to do for the family such as the secular stuff and the jobs and business. In the old days before the revolution this meant running the State. My grandma has brother and male cousins who were once ambassadors, prime ministers, advisers to the king, & generals. Most were killed by the Khmer Rouge. The old grandmas or ladies took care of the family and domestic stuff, which includes the finances of their families. What they use to do is collect each other into a mutual and pool their kick up money to buy businesses or loan out to borrowers on interest; then have their adult grand kids start up more businesses.

So in this culture boys have to work and build a name for themselves; if they want a reputable wife. Girls on the other hand are Social Currency for a family used to merge with other families or to climb the social rank and status. Having a well raised pretty daughter or grand daughter to these old ladies meant more money, power, and privilege in the old days. For example if in your city a boy from a different crusa [family] was the chief of police, and the grannies wanted certain privileges in that city, they would go talk to the boy's grandparents and negotiate a marriage with one of their pretty daughters or grand daughters backed up by a huge family with a good reputation which has its male tentacles in high places.

The old grannies no longer live in their old country since the communist peasant bastards killed half of their clans and chased the rest out. But they brought their way of life with them to America. And it's when you learn to compare the wyrd of such a clannish culture to the wyrd of

the common way of life of an American mundane that you begin to see a great big difference. A difference as great as the difference between a colony of ants and locusts living aimlessly for the moment.

The Way Things Were

So you have a familiar situation in this old country before the revolution where the power and wealth was in the hands of the very few and where the many common citizen were kept in a state of perpetual poverty, servitude, and dependence on those that had money and power. How does a vast population of millions remain in such states of poverty, servitude, and dependence from one generation to the next? And how do those with the power and money keep what status, social rank, wealth and power from one generation to the next? The question is: Why does not Time change anything?

Us young cousins have this odd chore of giving the old grannies massages to kneed and pound their old flesh and joints during which time the grannies will talk amongst themselves while we drift off into some day dream from the sheer tedium of the chore. Usually the grannies complain, and weep, and reminisce about what they lost and what could have been. And almost always one of the grannies will say to the others: "That's what you get for educating peasants. Teach them to read and they think they own the country."

In their days, long before the revolution their crusas [clans] were connected by business and marriage with every other aristocratic crusa who collectively dominated the upper levels of the State. Everything from government offices, to offices in the military, to major industries were dominated by these handfuls of crusas; which were mostly of ancestral Thai origins since Cambodia was annex by Thailand. Thailand didn't give up Cambodia until they tried to join the UN. The UN wanted Thailand to give back Cambodia to the Cambodians. America objected to the idea of an independent country of Cambodia; but eventually the UN won and Thailand gave up most of Cambodia, keeping the provinces of Siemriep, and Battambang [my family came from both] until a boarder readjustment was made in 1960 by the UN. So we're not even Cambodian. We just speak the language.

The "middle [working] class" were the light skinned immigrant Chinese, who worked hard and most times learned the culture of the upper ranks to breed their daughters as Social Capital to marry into those upper class families. So that even in the 1960's it wasn't unusual for the upper ranks of the country to be mixed with Chinese [like my 'family'].

At the very bottom were the ethnic Khmer who are actually very dark skinned, and with them the Vietnamese immigrants. This group since feudal times had no freedom or rights. They were only allowed to work their fields as farmers. Like they always had for hundreds of years. The school systems were also run by the upper class families who had their relatives as teachers. Since it cost money to go to school, and since you past school without effort if you were related to an upper class family. The peasants who could afford to go to school were wasting their time in school anyways because you had to be related to one of the upper class families to even get a real job in the city.

So this is how the lower ranks of this society were kept in a perpetual state of servitude. First they were kept stupid and/or under educated. Second they were divided into individual small incoherent families. Third they were allowed to live out their mundane lives mindlessly breeding with other peasants aimlessly producing the next generation of prey. In a way the upper ranks learned to use Time to their advantage by coherently focusing their collective force of an old generation to help and support their younger generations. So that each generation inherited more means of money and power. Whereas the lower levels of society incoherently lived their lives out without focusing any of their force on their children.

But of course that peasant Pol Pot got educated in France and he came back learning about abominable things like plebeian freedom and communism and he thought he'd teach his fellow peasant Khmer and Vietnamese commoners about plebeian rights. So the country went to hell in bloody revolution. And it still is in hell, or what we might call Plebeian Democracy, which translated into a mob of idiot peasants and vulgar commoners trying to live their own lives and other people's lives too.

Which will only produce misery, because you're dealing with a vulgar race/breed whose line is bred to make people who can barely think for themselves, who have no aeonic hival culture. Meaning that these plebeians are Time Blind and cannot or do not have it in their nature to use time wyrdfully to produce anything constructive long term wise. It's like giving money to one of these vulgar people. What do they do with it? Oblivious to Time, they spend it all for a moment of pleasure. Give them a life and what do they do with it? Oblivious to Time, they work meaningless jobs for money to buy beer to drink and as long as they have a girlfriend or wife to have sex with, these plebeians are happy, like idiot locusts. You give these same idiot mundanes a country and what do they do with it? Oblivious to Time, they use it for fleeting pleasures and petty wars.

The Fundamental Difference

Can you discern the difference between these two groups of peoples? Between the Hive Culture of ants and bees and the locust? Between those who know how to use Time to the advantage of their progeny and those that are Time Blind? The fundamental difference is essentially Coherency and Organization; which seems to be the underlying secret of the Cosmos. Things in nature which are organized in coherent patterns behave much differently than things that are disorganized and incoherent don't they? In this light, if I were to ask you which of the two: the coherent and organized clan versus a disorganized and incoherent family unit; actually uses intelligence and the force of will to manifest their future; which of the two would you pick?

So we come to understand some important "secret" factors or ingredients of power, and wealth, haven't we: Coherency, Organization, Time/Aeonics, Intelligence, Will Power, Application. Such that we begin to realize that such a way of life is indeed a Magickal way of living in that when these factors are applied to causal reality, the collective force of the people involved changes and alters that reality to materialize and manifest certain things they may desire, and a willed future and world for their progeny.

If we now take a look back at our collective human history since the dawn of our species, and we ask ourselves what kind of humans actually pushed humanity forward as a species? The disorganized and often vanquished humans, or the organized humans? It has always been the organized humans who exist in a coherent tribe or force that has had the power to assert and exert their collective force upon the world and over those disorganized humans to gradually – over time – change the world and our species. Whereas the vanquished and conquered have remained virtually the same common stock idiot race over the thousands of years.

This essential difference adds up to wealth and power in a very short period of time. The old folks in my clan/family came to the US in the early 1980's having lost everything: their relatives, their land, their wealth; without a penny to their name. They might have lost everything, but such things are only wyrdful results of their collective culture: a culture which could not be taken away from them. The first 10 years I suppose was spent regrouping and adapting to the new environment. And back then there was very little money in the family. 10 years after that – after applying their collective culture – they remanifested everything they lost, except for political power.

The difference is one of focus. The ways of the common stock American citizen each striving to be some independent loner who ends up exploited by corporate America, and whose focus is on acquiring himself material good to indulge his brief existence with superficial things. These people will mate with the most convenient girl, mindless of ancestry and blood. They will aimlessly breed children. Kick them out when they are 18 to teach them about independence. And in old age, after a life long servitude to the State and corporations, they are forgotten in a nursing home. As the children they made take their place.

But a clan, such my family, has their focus on different things. Each generation is focused on something different. The elders focus their collective force on the young cousins, to insure that they inherit not only the clan's culture, but the collective wealth of the clan, in exchange for devoted work to get the clan to become more prosperous. The middle aged adults focus their devotion on caring for the elders. No elder family member is cast out into some nursing home ever. They are born in the clan, and they die in our homes. And the cousins work to devoting their lives to support the middle aged adults by working their businesses, going to college, and breeding the next generation.

There is a saying in my family that goes: "A mother can take care of 10 children, but her 10 children will not be able to take care of her." Which is to say that a mother can care for and provide for her children, but when she becomes an elderly woman, her grown children will find it very hard to care for her. So elders in our family, and the caring of them, is a communal effort. As everything is a communal effort – a synergy of collective will, force, and intelligence, applied to manifest results.

A Way Of Life

What is exactly meant by the phrase "a way of life" anyways? I often meet people who convert to a different religion and claim that their conversion is a change in their way of life. Or I know people who "discovered" they were gay, and so they believe living a gay life style is a change

in their way of life. As if to say that Life is a momentary event that can be simply changed by adopting a different set of opinions or sexuality or friends or moving to a new city. But has anything really changed of how these people live their lives?

They will continue to go through life expressing the “culture” they were raised in, because Life isn’t a momentary event. It’s a continuous domino effect which begins with your birth and how you were raised and conditioned, and continues through the children you make. Such that how you live your life now – as you were raised – determines the wyrdful potential of your children’s lives. What you do now, will determine your offspring’s lot in life in the future. It’s easy for us to sit here and hate Magians, or 10 Percenters, or Zionists, for exploiting us. But we are in such a condition in life because of the wyrd of our ancestors. And if you don’t do anything about that condition today, you will only breed the next generation of exploited people who will do little more than complain like you once did.

If you were raised and conditioned inside a very small unorganized nuclear family, no matter what your beliefs are or what life style you live, you will always pass that culture and way of small family units down to your children, and they to their children. So that from a Chronomorphic perspective your bloodline’s entire line of existence have never changed in a thousand years. Just as your ancestors were bred to live in segregated family units to work, so will all of your descendants live that way of life to remain exploited by those more collective than you.

Independence is the mystical key word of this breed of broken down humanity, bred and conditioned for thousands of years to produce independent human drones, the better for a predatorial collective of Magians and 10 Percenters, of States and Corporations, or Religions and Priesthoods to exploit.

You were raised brainwashed into believing that humans are some kind of solitary loner animal. You were raised to strive for your independence: to be a self reliant unit. You getting your driver’s license marked the great day of your life of exploitation because you were no longer dependent on anybody to drive you places.

Your trained parents, secular schools run by corporations, and the State pushed you further and encouraged you to seek more independence: “Get a job and move out like everybody else and you’ll truly be Independent!” So you do, drifting further away from what little family you had during your college years.

So you get married with a Homo Hubris girl trained to also strive for her independence. You’ll have 3 kids and raise them to strive for their independence like you were raised by making them do things on their own for themselves. You’ll both go to work 45 hours a week, and the State will raise your 3 kids to live the way you did.

Even when you have grown old, your Hubris society teaches you to struggle to be an independent old man and old lady, and to not depend on others, except for the medical industry who will suck the living life out of you for everything you are worth until you die. That’s your way of life. That’s what is meant by a “Way” of Life.

How do you as a human who lives life that way, hope to ever change and alter society or human civilization? When you can't even come to realize that you were never able to change your own way of life? When you never realized that you, as your ancestors, were bred, trained and conditioned to see such a life of being an independent unit to be the greatest goal of your human existence, which actually made you a weak prey which becomes co-dependent on the State, and Corporations.

Adopting a new belief, out look on life, word view, religion, sexuality, life style, place of residence, wardrobe, does not change the Way you have been trained to live life. Such things only keep you from realizing that nothing about your way of life has changed.

You are human. You are a social organism. It is in your essential nature as a causal being to be dependent on something. Reptiles are born genuinely independent. They hatch from their egg and live their lives from the get go, not needing anybody. Independence is a concept alien to a social organism's natural way of existence. There is no such thing in nature as an "independent" and self sustaining primate. There is no such thing as an individual and independent baboon or chimpanzee any where in nature. There is something very wrong with something if you see a lone monkey in nature. But you can't see this same "wrongness" when you are psychologically alienated and emotionally isolated into an individualized independent human.

You were born completely helpless, and spend 18-20 years of your life dependent on others. Those early 20 years of your human life is nature's way of "teaching" you your human nature of dependence on your tribal relations. You will, as a human, live your human existence dependent on something or someone. Either your family or the State, the choice is yours. But you were never given that choice, because the State made that choice for you. It's like dogs and wolves: you are either dependent on your pack, or on your Master. A Master who has separated you from your pack and who has conditioned you to be dependent on him.

I was raised very differently. Devotion is the essence of our way of life. As Shakti manifests herself as the ground we walk on, the food we eat, the mothers that give birth to us, to Devote herself to her creatures. So to does a Mother devote herself and serve her children. Both my mothers [biological and aunt-mom] raised me understanding that we express our love and affection for one another not in words, but also in deeds: through our Devotion of Service for and to one another. We serve those we love, not because we are inferior, but out of the sacred virtue of devotion; because it is a sacred duty.

I grew up like most of my cousins not knowing what chores were because my mothers did everything for me. I grew up never having to serve myself dinner or lunch because my moms and aunts just brought me my food. I only started doing my own laundry when I moved out actually. And I reciprocate that devotion to my family.

This culture of devotion to one another does something to you. It has its practical values. It breeds generations of people who are utterly dependent on their blood relations, in such a way that they would be lost and confused in life if they/we were isolated from our clan, family, and tribe. Being completely dependent on a huge family you don't see a government or jobs or

banks or the State or the police the same way as others.

I don't need a bank when got 500 people to borrow money from. I don't need to buy a car when there's 20 cars not being used or when my grandma will just buy me one. I don't need a job when I have no real bills to pay and when the family has a dozen family businesses. I don't need the police when I got 50 boy cousins with fists. I don't need a house, when there's about 12 I can live in. I'm not going to waste my time and life working for the State or some 10 Percenter corporation, when I can invest my time and energy in my own family to insure that I'll be taken care of later in life.

Dreccian Tribes

The Order of Nine Angles has been progressive in the making – evolving and shapeshifting – for at least the past 30 years. Over the decades it has picked up experiences, magick, occult insights, methodologies, its own ontology, theology, cosmology; its own science based on rational thinking and Natural Philosophy. Its Sinister Way has now developed into a Tribal Way of Life and Movement. But a Way of Life goes far deeper than just perpetrating unlawful acts. There is a difference between doing something, believing in something, and Living Life. All Sinister Initiates needs to do now is go all the way and Live that clannish Way of Life with their sworn brothers and sisters of the Sinister Way: Together, Coherently, and Organized.

You don't have to be born into a huge clannish family to know how to live in a tribal manner. Like an example I used earlier: It's like a dog. Dogs are bred for a purpose: to look certain ways and to be domestic pets. We assume that there is nothing primal and feral about these dogs. But when such dogs are abandoned or rejected onto the streets, something beautiful happens. All those centuries of breeding, and all those years of domestication crumbles away and that dog comes into its own ancestral Nature. Such that such feral street dogs needs no training to form dog packs for mutual dependency and mutual survival. Because that Pack Nature was always a part of that dog. It was just that such Primal Nature was covered up by the illusion of domestication.

My Mexican dad, and some of my cousins' white fathers came from a domesticated stock of humans who had long lost touch with their Nature Given Pack Nature. But they made a choice to "go native" and quickly came to Dis-Cover their own tribal nature. And it's the same case with such things as urban street gangs and skinhead gangs. Nobody must teach these boys how to form their gangs, what to do with their gangs, and how to be a member of those gangs. It's in their blood. All it takes is a choice and being exposed to the right conditions, and Nature literally takes her course to bring out the Pack Wolf in you. That Pack Wolf Nature which not even centuries of domestication can smother.

Just as your natural primal nature is a threat to the laws of religion in the sense that all which is natural contradicts Magian morals; so is that same natural primal nature a very real threat to the law and power of the State. It's why they work so hard to divide you into independent domesticated units. Because when you are divided, you are easier to control. When you genuinely Realize this game of divide, domesticate, and conquer; you will begin to realize that a State simply cannot exist nor would a State have any power or control over a people, if those

people were collected into fierce self-sufficient, self-reliant tribes. Especially if those tribes come with armed Warriors. It is because of your willingness to be divided, domesticated, and vanquished, and because you perpetuate that plebeian – mundane – way of life they have trained you to live that causes the State to exist.

Destroying a Nation-State, and disrupting a State's monopoly on Power does not always have to be bloody revolution. There are other methods of disrupting the State's power monopoly, and all methods should be used by the Drecc. The Church cannot exist without the Sinner. The State cannot exist without the individualized citizens. And both the Church and State exist because of illusions and abstractions. The illusion of being a sinner. The illusion of domestication and independence. The illusion the abstract State paints to make it seem as though government and a police State is needed for the your safety and sheer survival. That's the same psychological bullshit a pimp tells one of his bitches. Do you realize that? Have you ever had an over powering and controlling boyfriend or husband you broke up who told you: "You're nothing without me!" You will remain in that destructive relationship as long as you believe him.

So long as you continue to play their games according to their rules, you will not only continue to be exploited, but you yourself are responsible for that exploitation. This is something we all should have learned from Satanism and the Sinister Way. Christianity has no power over you or anything if you understand that sin doesn't exist. You merely had to think for yourself and live your life in tune with your primal Nature to destroy the power monopoly Christianity had on old world Europe.

And it's no different with a State. You merely have to reconnect with that primal nature; return to your natural tribal nature, and realize that what you have been taught by the State are empty lies; to disrupt the State's power monopoly. It's not going to take a single life time. Just like it didn't take a single lifetime to destroy the power of the Catholic Church. It took certain intellectual rebels to risk their lives thinking for themselves, and it took many decades and centuries of gradually teaching those idiot plebeians about science. It will take the same effort with the State. It will not only take practical violence and revolution; but it will take each of us a conscious willed effort to return back to our natural tribal ways.

Returning back to those tribal ways begins with an understanding of why you have been conditioned by the State to strive to be an independent domesticated human and choosing to live in the opposite way of what has been established by mundanes. It begins by genuinely making the Sinister Way your Way of Life. Which involves seeking out those who have the same sinister blood and essence that resonates with your own, and to consciously – by power of will – devote ourselves to one another as a single Family; related to each other by the Natural, Feral, and Numinous sinister essence of our blood; and by the Law of the Sinister-Numen: Offspring of the same Mistress of the Earth.

Our Way of Life matures in how we will each raise our children and to whom we give our honour, loyalty, and duty to in life. Our Way of Life will bare fruit in the days of our children's children with a thriving, living tribal culture. But it all begins with the will to genuinely be different from the mundanes. If you do not have the resource of a huge family: Then forge one;

with those liberated dogs who have found their feral wolf nature. That same nature you have Dis-Covered beneath your civil domestication. Because in the end, a family is nothing more than an order of people who recognize each other as kin, who are dependent on each other, and who have the culture of devoting themselves mutually to one another under the auspice of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty. The blood relations of a tribe is merely a causal result of such an ordering of loyal individuals over Time after breeding with one another to pass their essence and kind through their blood down to the next generation who will inherit that tribe and culture.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

121 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

ABYSSAL DARK



[Abyssal Dark](#)

I quickly wrote a very short story using ideas I had a few months ago called “Grey Moon.” It was based on a certain frustration I had with Buddhism in that it seemed to me to be circular in its world view and seemed to avoid the most obvious question: Where did it all come from?

It wasn’t a big deal anyways. Not like my life would fall apart if I didn’t know the answer to that question. But I complained about my discontent with the Buddha anyways to my bhikkhu grandpa. I was saying something like: “If the Buddha was so enlightened, why did he avoid enlightening us about where the universe comes from? Instead the Buddha seems to just ‘beat around the bush’ obsessively teaching about kamma, cause and fruit, this from that, co-dependent arising, emptiness, but nothing about how everything started. Did he not know? Were the people of that period too dumb to even understand had he tried to explain the origins of the universe?”

And my grandpa said something like: “You’re just not seeing things fully. Samma Dhitti means to See [dhitti] everything all at once, all together, completely [samma] without leaving anything out. It’s like your eyes are focused and attached to the Bo Tree the Buddha sat under and being so attached to the tree you frustrate your own self about where the tree came from because you failed to consider its roots and the earth it grows out of which feeds it. Therefore it is not the Buddha’s fault, it is the fault of your own limits of perception.” I suppose what he was trying to say was that maybe I was ‘barking up the wrong tree?’

Sunyata

So there I was staring at a picture of the Bo Tree and Buddha underneath it, with what my grandpa said in the back of my mind, which in itself was enlightening for me. Which was when I came to notice that both the tree and the Buddha have something in common: both have aspects about their “Nature” people often forget to See, without which each would not be what they are. The tree has its root system deep below the ground, and it also has the earth whose nutrients the roots draw up; such that it can be said that the tree and the earth it is rooted in are one single causal system. The tree also has its corporeal history of originating from a seed,

becoming a sapling, and gradually growing into a big tree.

The Buddha also has his roots which we often forget to See: his life's history. He was born a little prince, grew up living total luxury, ignorance, and indulgence, then becoming a Buddha. Like the tree, his roots are grounded firmly in the 'world' and environment he was born and conditioned inside of [India ~500BC].

Sunyata [Emptiness] in Theravada isn't a big issue, as Mahayana [especially Zen] makes it out to be. In fact it's not even taught to anybody. If you are ever curious about it, you ask some monk, and a brief explanation is given. This is because sunyata is a modality of perception, and not a means – in and of itself – to Nirvana or Enlightenment. And therefore in Theravada it is not considered a doctrine of vital importance, where it's a matter of life and death to know. Or like it's so cool you'd base your entire religion on it like the Zen people do.

But sunyata is like a keystone modality of perception. If you take a keystone out of an arch, the whole arch falls apart, and sunyata is the same way. If you don't grasp sunyata, then most of Buddha's teachings won't make any rational sense, and you'd be prone to grasping for goofy beliefs to explain your confusion about things like the idea that all things are impermanent, "reincarnation," co-dependent arising, and anatta. Most of the time, the word Emptiness isn't used in Theravada to mean Sunyata. I've always heard the descriptor "impermanence" used in my circle.

Which is why growing up I always had the idea that Buddhism was really dreary and pessimistic, because you're told over and over again that nothing lasts forever, everything changes, and nothing that exists is permanent. But there is more to sunyata than this misunderstanding of it.

The picture of the Bodhi Tree and Buddha are good places to draw out a better understanding of sunyata. When I say "sunyata" most often I mean that "things" that exist have a Nature or inherent quality of impermanence, yet also the quality of co-dependent arising.

To illustrate we can take the flowing Ganges. On the right side of the Ganges is a Brahmin and on the left side of the river is the Buddha. The Brahmin says: "Look, it's the Ganges River. It's been here forever, and most likely it will be here for a thousand more years. It never really changes since it's always been here." And the Buddha argues and says: "Let's step inside the River shall we? Now how permanent and forever is this River? It is never the same river twice. The water that was once around our ankles has gone far down stream. It is a new river every moment. It is never the same thing." That's sunyata. It's not saying that the river is an illusion and unreal, because there is "something" there, but that "something" is amorphous who's Nature is change.

All things that exist in the physical realm of phenomena, exists in a state of sunyata. The Bo Tree once started off as a seed. Only at that moment was its Nature a seed. But when that seed became a sapling, that seed Nature no longer exists. When the sapling grows into a large tree, the essence, Nature, or Being [bhava] of that sapling no longer exists; because it has causally become [bhava] something else, with a different Nature.

When I use the word “causal” here, I would mean to suggest “Causality,” or “Causal Mechanics.” By causal mechanics I mean a “mechanical” system that works on simple <Input → Output> algorithms. A snack machine is a causal system: you put in money, it gives you a bag of chips. Nature is a causal system: it rains, and the rain feeds the plants, the plants grow and it feeds the animals, the animals grow, and it feeds people [the Buddha calls this “co-dependent arising.”] A game of checkers is a causal system; your move is the Input, the reaction is the Output.

People – like the Buddha – are good examples of sunyata. I remember someone [can't remember who] once said: “Man is a Verb,” and in saying that this person captured the very Nature and Essence of the sunyata of Man.

The Buddha started off as a baby, then grew into a 1 year old. When that happened that baby that once existed is gone, it no longer exists. When the 1 year old gradually Becomes a 5 year old, that 1 year old boy is gone. Its 1 year old body is gone. Its 1 year old mind, memories, world view, emotions, etc, are all gone. The 5 year old is a completely new causal organism. When that 5 year old Becomes a 13 year old boy; the 5 year old ceases to exist. The new 13 year old boy has its own body – with new cells and organs – its own look, its own emotions, mind, mentality, personality, etc. When that 13 year old Becomes a 30 year old Buddha, the 13 year old that once existed no longer causally exists anywhere. We can't say that the Buddha and the 13 year old boy this Being was are the “same” entity because nothing about them in body, mind, and emotion are the “same.”

But it can be said that before the 13 year old vanished out of existence, it did put into motion Acts, which causally affected or influenced the life and existence of the 30 year old Buddha. Although that 13 year old no longer exists, the Buddha's existence is co-dependent causally on that 13 year old. In the very same sense that a Bo Tree's being is dependent on a previous Bo Tree that bore its seed.

So it can be said that as far as the material universe goes, existence – or the existence of material things – is dependent on causation, where one “thing” arises from a previous “thing,” then vanishes out of existence, but causes to exist another “thing.” In other words, the whole physical cosmos is a big giant causal machine. “Cosmos” ultimately coming from the Greek word meaning “order” as in coherent organization or an orderly system of some kind. Which seems to suggest that Causation may not be chaotic but in fact orderly, in the sense that such chain reactions of causation follows simple Cosmic or universal “laws” of “causal mechanics.”

Causal Reality

Causation is a bitch, especially in regard to materialism. It gets me frustrated at times during those moments when I am thinking and meditating about life. Because: What the hell Caused the universe to exist? Why is it here? How did it get here? Where did it come from? Where or what was it before?

Both materialists and supernaturalists have their own explanations. To the materialist, generally, the universe has real measurable causes, and we can logically trace each “thing” to

a cause.” People came from monkeys, monkeys came from prehistoric rodents. Prehistoric rodents came from mutant reptiles. Mutant reptiles came from fish that got tired of living in the sea. The fish came from amoebas. The amoebas came from lightning hitting a gassy swamp. The earth that made the lightning and gassy swamp came from the coagulation of space dust. The space dust came from a blown up star. And this can go on and on forever. But the supernaturalists come along and say that this sort of infinite regression is impossible and that there has to be a First Cause, therefore some sort of God is the First Cause. But then what Caused that God to come into being? Oh nothing they say, it is without cause, it has always been around forever. Infinite regressive causation is not possible but the existence of an eternal “something” is???

Which gets me to ask myself: Is the universe finite or infinite? If it is finite, then what is it “floating” in and what Caused that? I can’t get myself to rationally believe that the material universe is infinite. Not because such a notion is hard to grasp, but because the universe just does not exhibit the quality of something which was been “around” causally causing things into existence forever. But a primordial aspect of it could be infinite? Right?

So I was shopping for groceries at an Asian food store in the produce section with a few people. We had walked by these big green pomelos which are like grapefruit, but bigger and they stay green when ripe. And one of the friends I was with said: “God look at those, where did they come from?” And – being a smartass – I said: “From a tree, duh.” And one of our very smart and insightful friends said back to me: “Not from a tree, THROUGH a tree.” We go: “What do you mean?” And our friend said something like: “The fruit buds on the tree like yeast cells. It grows through the tree. The tree draws up water and nutrients from the ground, and that stuff is used to create the fruit. Therefore you are wrong. It did not originally come from the tree. It has its originations in the ground. Which is why you can influence and affect the taste and quality of the fruit by using different fertilizers and minerals.” [We’re Asian].

This reminded me of what my grandpa had said to me, that my frustration from not understanding where or how the universe came to be is due to my awareness being fixated in the wrong places. Like looking for diamonds in a coal mine, believing that diamonds come from – are caused into existed by – carbon atoms then ending up confused because you can’t find one.

Or in a different way, it is almost as if we were chess pieces on a cosmic board game that operates on simple causal rules of interaction, such that over time, simple things become complex things. So as these chess pieces on this board game, we look around at the complexities of our surroundings and ask ourselves how did it all come to be. And we can logically – if we understand the mechanics and rules of the cosmic game – trace our “moves” backwards to gain an idea of where things came from. But we end up at a point where causation seems to not be detectable. In our chess game scenario this is the beginning of the game where every piece is in its very beginning positions. In material science this may be that weird point in time just before the so called big bang, where we just can’t trace our steps back anymore rationally.

We can call that ne plus ultra point “The Threshold,” which is where causal causation just

seems to hit a wall and a “prime cause” which we assume should exist is just not there. So if we represent the Causal Material Cosmos as the Chess Game Board and Pieces and Rules of the Game, and we have reached the Threshold, we ask ourselves what is beyond that point. What Caused the game board to come into existence? And the answer is very simple: The cause of the chess game has nothing to do with the chess board, chess pieces, or chess rules. The game of chess was once an IDEA in someone’s Mind. That idea manifested itself as the causal system of the chess game.

Thinking about games I naturally thought about the Star Game, which symbolically is a much better example of the complexity of causation. In the Star Game [of the ONA] each time a piece moves it changes “identity” into a completely different alchemical elemental “compound.” So the further in the game you go, the more very different pieces are caused into existence from what they originally were. Just like Nature. Hydrogen and Oxygen come together and gives rise to water which looks nothing like either its two original causal “parents.” If we were such pieces in the midst of a complex Star Game [which uses 7 boards], and we traced our steps back to the Threshold and ask ourselves: Ok, what’s the spooky stuff beyond this threshold of no causation? The answer would be very simple, but heterodox, in the sense that the answer has nothing to do with the “reality” of the Star Game, or the logic/science that we used to trace our steps back: The Star Game came out of the Mind of “Anton Long.”

Acausal Mind

I’ve always found this Myattian word [acausal] to be very useful, although I may not at times use the word with its original basic meaning. When I first encountered the word, I didn’t like it, because of its grammatical meaning. A+Causal meaning or suggesting “Without Causation.” I objected to the notion of anything “acausal” even existing because nothing in the known physical universe does not have a cause. That is until I actually looked at my own Mind and noticed that the “Mindscape” of the Mind is in essence completely acausal in nature.

To illustrate, when I think of an apple in my mind or visualize an apple, the apple which I “see” in this Mindscape came into existence essentially without any factors of causation. I did not have to plant an apple seed in my mindscape, water it, give it miracle grow, and wait for a thought-form tree to bare an apple in my mind. It literally came out of nothing. I can also “create” entire environments in this mindscape with mountains, forests, lakes, and place myself inside, and it all literally came into existence without cause. Because in this environment – the mindscape – the laws of causal mechanics are non-applicable and just do not exist. And if you deeply think about it, this is the entire reason why most of us are so clumsy in causal life. Why?

Because we are born into existence as “mind-beings” and we spend most of our first years immersed in worlds of dreams, theta and delta wave “consciousness,” with our awareness fixated in a world that is not causal in essence. Only in time, when we have learned to focus our consciousness on the causal world, do we become consciously aware of the physical world; during which time [early childhood] we grow consciously aware of ourselves as “physical beings” with bodies.

But many of us in life, exhibit the behavior of a maladjusted alien in a foreign land, in that we fail to fully grasp or understand the causal rules and mechanics of the physical world we “exist” in. And from this inability to consciously understand how the material game board works, we manifest suffering in our own lives, and in the lives of others.

Which all seems to imply something that would make a materialist feel uneasy: that perhaps like the pomelo we do not actually have our origins in this tree, by in some place else, and we have just “budded” like fruits “into here.” Like the budding of fetal flesh at the end of an umbilical cord; just passing through.

So I was doing a mental experiment, trying to figure out if the cosmos is finite or infinite. Neither makes any real sense to me really. In my mind I flew a rocket ship with me in it, and if the universe was finite, I saw myself eventually leaving it and ending up “somewhere” that is “outside” the finite universe. But what did that come from? And if the universe were infinite, I could fly my rocket ship forever and never ever leave it. But this also made no sense because maintaining a universe infinite in size, is way too much a waste of energy. Why, what for?

But then I realized something I never paid mind to before. In my mindscape as I was flying in a theoretical infinite universe, I said to myself that if I lived forever, I can actually sit here and fly my imaginary rocket ship forever in my mindscape and never see the end of it either. Why? Because the “place” I was inside was “nowhere” to begin with. The Mind is not a “where,” or a “here” or “there.” It is neither infinite nor finite. Perhaps in the same way that cyberspace is neither a where, or here, or there, or infinite, or finite; but yet it has “places” to be. Like how we have places to be in our Mindscape when we are consciously dislodged from this world and are inside a dream. And it has always perplexed me why we come into this existence dreaming [as fetuses]; and why we never really leave the world of dreams behind. We are only consciously fixated on this physical world for half a day.

That’s all interesting, but then how does a “thing” which came into existence in the Mind without causation, cause things to come into existence in the causal world of experience? Is such a concept possible? Can a car exist as an idea in someone’s mind before it causally comes into existence? I would think so, after all, cars did not always exist on earth. The causal existence of cars has a very recent acausal threshold: the Mind of Ford. There was a time when a car was a causeless idea in Ford’s Mindscape. Then there was an initiation of sequential co-dependent arisings: people liked the idea, which caused investment of money, which caused factories to be built, which caused parts to be made; and then what was once a causeless “thing” in Ford’s Mind materialized into something causal that had the power to cause into existence other things. Other kinds of cars, other engines, other vehicles, other technologies, etc.

If I were to premeditate a murder and dress in all blue, and went and killed a blood in his neighborhood, and his friends drove by the nearest crip neighborhood to retaliate, and I was taken to court as a suspect; could the courts prove that such causal events which took place in the “real world” had an “acausal” origin in my mind? I would assume so, since cases of premeditated murder happen all the time. A thought which literally came into existence in an acausal environment has the power to initiate a “chain reaction” of causal occurrences in the

physical world of experience. That's bizarre if you think about it because what we are essentially saying is that very "real" things which arise from causation, can be linked to an initial cause which came into existence acausally out of nothing in a completely different world/environment that has nothing to do with the material universe.

The Nexion

There was a time when I was doing mental experiments where I was "digging deeper" into two different unrelated ideas, and I ended up in the same place. I was asking myself how far down the subatomic level I had to go before the physical universe stops being a "where," or "here," or "there." And I realized that I really did not have to go far. On a subatomic level, atoms are so far spread apart that what was once the physical universe becomes neither here nor there, but everywhere and nowhere at the same time. And on a quantum level, where things are just fluctuation of quanta, "waves," and "quantum foam," "things" don't even exist. There are no suns, no Mars, no San Diego, no Riverside County. There isn't even a real distinction between the brain and its neurons and the "world." There wasn't even a real distinction between the electricity the brain's neurons produced, and the electromagnetism that undulates in the "world" and wall sockets or the circuitry of a computer. We can say in a way that such differentiation are the results of macrophysical "illusions" in that our brain just interprets a differentiation.

And in another mind experiment I asked myself how a brain or mind exerts causal influence onto the world in the first place. Not with hands and legs, but on a deeper level. It's a kind of Buddhist meditation, where you become mindful of yourself, your environment, and everything which you are doing at the same time. Except in this case I tried to take things down as far as I can go. I was digging a hole in my garden to transplant this one potted plant into its own place, and I asked myself what was actually happening? If there was an atom watching me dig a hole and transplanting a plant, how would it see all of this from its atomic sized perspective? It would prolly see a weird anomalous "typhoon" of atoms and electricity fluctuating. But at its level the other atoms would be so far apart that the fluctuation is more like us staring into the sky and noticing the many dots of stars shifting positions; which perhaps might in not even be a big deal to the atom.

But even in such an intimate "environment" as my own body, you come to a "threshold" when you dig deep. I know my brain fires electricity to move my arms when I am digging the hole. Then all the atoms and parts that make up my body moves accordingly to "something's" will, which manipulates an entire mass of other atoms into different directions. And on the atomic level, there is no real distinction between all the atoms that is "me" and everything else. The only thing a brain can do to exert its will on the world and its own body is induce and manipulate electron flow. And from that simple ability to manipulate electrons, this brain of ours has created for itself an entire civilization and world. On a very fine atomic level, this manipulation of electrons looks odd, because you see steady "rivers" of electrons flowing in different directions from atom to atom, but no matter which atom you look behind, there doesn't seem to be an "initiator." What had the intent of manipulating the flow of those electrons? What initiated that flow? What is exerting its will on this otherwise indistinguishable sea of atoms? Where is it?

And it gets stranger because on this very real atomic and subatomic and even quantum level, we can ask ourselves: are we ever really “born” into anywhere at all? Sure, on a macrophysical level when we see a baby pop out of its mom’s birth canal we can say: “Oh well there you go, a new baby got borned into the earth, what a miracle!” But if an atom saw the birth, what would it actually see? Nothing. Nothing got born anywhere. A mess of atoms may have gradually coagulated together into a very orderly and coherent crystalline structure, but that’s it.

And now we can start to figure out why such a structuring of atoms came together from an otherwise incoherent sea of atoms: for the purpose of manipulating the flow of electrons. I would assume that electrons and energy can “flow” better in a medium that is atomically well structured and crystalline, as opposed to electrons trying to fly across a brick atom “here” to a sidewalk atom way over “there” somewhere. I don’t mean a rock crystal when I use the word crystalline. I mean when atoms are structured in coherent patterns. But again, what has brought these atoms together? Where is “it” in the coherent mess of atoms we call a baby? And where did it come from? How is it that the atoms that make up the brain of this “baby” can somehow exert its will and intent upon its quantum and atomic environment, when other atoms of the same kind not a part of this brain seems to be “dead” lacking a will, intent, and the ability to manipulate electron flow to manifest its will?

So there is a level of material reality where if you honestly look deep enough, that things become “spooky” and distasteful to a materialist. Just like how we rationalists can say that religionists hide their god in the gaps of science; we can also say that the materialist hides his materialist world views in the gaps of the same science. Because 200 years ago before all of this crazy stuff about atoms, subatomic stuff, and quantum crap came up in science, it was real easy for a materialist to walk around with his nose high in the sky acting like he understands all there is to be understood. Now that we have learned that materiality is a conscious illusion, and that it’s all just atoms, subatomic particles, and quantum wavicles the materialist has to stick his head in the sand to hold onto his world views. Where will materialism hide 100 years from now when we have better instruments, more refined technology, and a more profound grasp of our reality?

This is not to imply that I am a “supernaturalist,” meaning that I believe in things above and beyond the Natural world. Quite the opposite actually – as I have tried to express thus far – I am a “Subnaturalist.” There is a gradation to the Natural world as we have already come to understand. There is the everyday world around us which we are all familiar with. Underneath that there is the atomic level of reality. Underneath that there is a Subatomic level to reality. Beneath that there is a quantum level of reality. This is about as far as we have been able to rationally unveil the Cosmos.

I also believe that Nature or the Cosmos, or Reality is Fractal in nature. By Fractal I mean to say that if you look at a fractal pattern for its general shape, then look closely at the little patterns that makes the big pattern up that we observe that both are the same shape or pattern. Such that if we were to see a large fractal patter we can reasonably say that the smaller patterns it is made of will look similar, and vise verse. If we observe a small fractal pattern, knowing that we are looking at a fractal pattern, we can reasonably say that the

“bigger” pattern may be of the same pattern, even if we have not seen such yet directly.

So if the cosmos is fractal in nature, and we observe that it has Subnatural gradation of states of existence, then we must also be able to see the same general subnatural patterns on different scales and in different parts of or aspects of the cosmos. Do we?

There is no real level of mental state above and beyond beta wave waking consciousness; as in “superconsciousness.” Our conscious mind would be like the Natural world in this sense. But there is a SUBconscious mind beneath that conscious mind. Beneath that there is the Unconscious Mind. Underneath that there is what Jung refers to as the Collective Unconscious.

It's almost as if there is a “connexion” or link between these two very different things [the Natural world and the Mindscape] which is an “abyss” of electrons or energy at the more finer levels of the physical world. Through which whatever Mind is, can intrude into or exert its will upon. And this idea is not as crazy as it sounds, because in science we already know that the Observer simply observing an experiment can influence the results.

Somewhere in that “abyss” thought energy and the waves that become particles, seem to mingle together weaving into one another as a single fabric. Almost as if the Mindscape were an ocean with its many levels, and the physical universe was an iceberg in it. That thin layer or place between the ocean and the surface of the iceberg, where dark ocean water is neither water or ice, where the particles of one becomes coherent crystalline structures of another, is that abysmal “fabric” where the weaving takes place. Where one gives rise to the other, not by any method of causal chain reactions, but by an alchemical process of the prima materia of Mind coagulating and crystallizing into matter.

It can be said: “That's impossible! The physical universe is causal! Its most fundamental law is causality. That's how it works. Therefore it can't arise from a system that doesn't follow such inherent laws of causation.” But we do know that even when the same type of atom is structured differently that such structures naturally assume different laws of behaviour.

For example water and ice. Both are H₂O molecules are made of the same “stuff.” But one is less coherent, while the other exists in a more coherent crystalline structure. And somehow, because of the coagulation of the same atoms in more crystalline structures they not only look way different, but they react and behave differently also and have their own distinct laws and properties. Coal and diamond are better examples. Same atoms, just different structures, but the carbon atoms in coal is in no particular order or structure, whereas the carbon atoms of a diamond are in a very rigid and well defined coherent ordering. And so because of that mere difference in structure, the coal and the diamond not only look completely different, but they have their own “Nature,” and properties, they react differently to things, and they have their own Natural laws.

But then every element on the periodic table would be a good example, because as different and wildly unique each element is on the periodic table, it's all basically and literally just the same 3 usual suspects in different formations and structures: electrons, protons, and neutrons.

Helium and Gold have completely different Natures, properties, and governing laws, but they are made of the same three things. You can melt gold and say that it is a “natural law” for gold to melt when heat is applied; but you can’t melt helium. You can say that it is a natural law for helium to float; but if you fill a hot air balloon with gold, it won’t float.

So in a way, saying that a causal world cannot arise from an acausal world; because whatever the causal world comes from has to obey the same natural laws of causation that governs it; is like say that whatever gold is made of, it must obey the same natural laws that gold does, otherwise it’s just illogical. But then again, logic seems to not work so well on the quantum level doesn’t it. Gold, like all things, is just an alchemical coagulation of the same quantum and subatomic stuff; and we do know that the laws that govern the material cosmos, don’t work or apply on the quantum level, and vice versa.

Acausal Origins

I suppose my problem was in trying to figure out a reasonable explanation for how the cosmos came to be was that I was too fixated on a linear method of backtrack thinking: This arose from that, and that was caused by the other thing. And I tried to think in that linear fashion as far back as I could, which took me to dead ends. Maybe life and the universe isn’t as perfectly linear as we would like it to be. I’m starting to think that the universe grows like a tree. It grows “upwards” vertically, and each point on that vertical growth branches out horizontally. And like a tree we seem to only take notice of what we can see of it: just the trunk, branches, and leaves. Forgetting that perhaps this tree has unseen roots that stretches far deep into a dark an unknown abyss that feeds this tree its vital nutrients. Or is it really unknown?

We are born into this world like a fruit grows on a tree. That fruit has its essential origins deep within the dark earth as liquid, nutrient or vital substance. That vital substance is drawn up through the roots system and up the trunk, the tree surrounds this vital substance with what material it has as a shell, and the fruit then intrudes into a world above the chthonic darkness; to fall to the fertile ground from whence it came to one day be its own tree and bare its own fruit. What if we – as beings – are not native to this causal world, but only intrusions from a much darker and deeper “world?” A world more akin to the dream world and mindscape in which we come into our existence completely immersed in, which we never really leave behind.

I was looking at the picture of the Bo Tree with the Buddha seated underneath it after all of these speculations, and I saw it differently. I thought it was funny how the unknown original artist who came up with this bit of allegory used such “esoteric” contrasting. In the background there is a tree, whose nature it is to bare leaves and fruit. It draws up vital nutrients from the unseen ground and leaves and fruit grows up high in its branches. Then in the foreground is Buddha, whose title essentially means “Mind.” He sits still and enter deep states of meditation, where his mind travels under, into lower and deeper levels of consciousness, where he finds Sambodhi [Self Realization] and from that deep dark place Emerges with Sambuddhi [Self Enlightenment] and is liberated from the illusory fetters of the material world he was born into.

If I were the Buddha, how would I teach what I have here written to a group of illiterate people,

who were born and bred to believe that gods made everything? I prolly wouldn't even bother. Knowing that these people were not natives to the physical world, and are just travelers in a foreign land, unaccustomed to its laws and rules, I'd just teach them how the causal world works so they can get the best out of it.

Who knows if my insights are true, all I know is that for now, it makes sense to me. In my personal quest to try and understand the world in my own way, I have genuinely found the ONA – more specifically the many concepts David Myatt put together – to be an invaluable tool. Like a hand shovel I use to dig around for artifacts. This world view I have now, leaves room for non-corporeal beings. Not supernatural beings beyond the physical world in some spirit realm. But living “archetypes” that lurk deep in the collective uncounscious. Subnatural beings that dwell in some primeval collective psyche of the Living Cosmos. From where we may have our primal origins as well. As feral thought-forms emanating from the acausal, intruding into the causal world for awhile. Like actors all dressed up intruding onto a kabuki stage. Or as children intruding into a playground for a while to play. Now, if only I knew “where” the acausal or mind comes from.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

AEON FLUX



Aeon Flux

I was surfing the net looking for those websites that try to show you what technology and computer things will look like in the “future” this week. Keyboards are going to go the way of the typewriter soon. They’ve got these gadgets that project a laser keyboard and stuff. I’ve always been a “futurist” if that word makes any sense. It’s like a feeling or yearning to want to reach into the future and experience it. You spend lots of time thinking and day dreaming about it. Watch a lot of science fictionie shows and wish it were all real. My favorite show to watch back in the old days was Star Trek The Next Generation. I grew up watching mostly only two TV shows: Sesame Street and then Star Trek TNG. I watched other things but those two had a huge affect on me. I only watched Star Trek TNG because it was my uncle-dad and cousin-brothers favorite show and they hogged the TV in the living room. Later when I grew up and watched all the episodes again, I ended up hating it, because of all these little technical bugs that scratches my gut, like warp drive, and teleportation, etc. My favorite character was Commander Riker. I had a crush on him. He was ugly without a beard. He’s one of those men that actually looks very handsome with a beard.

But anyways. Thinking about the future got me thinking about the year 2050, which is a year I have marked in the back of my head. I marked 2050 in my mind because DM has been strangely dedicated to this ONA thing for at least 39 years now. This ONA thing started off way in the past and basically through one nexion [DM] it made it into his future [our present]. And during those 39 years the entire world changed around him. I thought the essential idea behind that was fascinating. That one person can presence something in the future and influence and inspire the people and minds of that future period. So I promised myself and an OG years back that I would follow Anton Long’s footsteps and join his Relay Race.

Remember in PE in school we had these races called Relay Races? The coach would put you into teams. And you’d get put at different parts of the track. So the way it’s done is that the first person runs as fast as they can carrying a little stick with a flag tied to it. And they run to their next person waiting for them. Then the first person hands the second person the flag and the second person runs as fast as they can to the third person, and so on. Such that the first sets of people involved in the race never gets to see the finish line. It is the persons already closest to the Goal that are fated to fulfill what was set in motion.

So that's what I mean by Anton Long's Relay Race. AL ran with the ONA going into nearly 39 years. He was the first guy in the Relay Race. He will never see the end Goal unfortunately. So I've put myself on the tracks as the second person up, and hopefully others will be inspired to do the same. The objective is to just do what DM did. Run with the ONA, live it, beef it up, evolve it, for the next 40 years. As long as one person is dedicated to just run with the ONA for 40 years, the ONA will make it into the year 2050. But I also can only go so far in the Relay Race. I'd have to hand over the ONA flag to someone else or a group of somebody else's, young to carry it on for another 40 years, which would be 2090! I figured that since I will have children someday, I will raise and train them to one day run with the ONA into the future. Whatever the ONA has become in their time. If it can change so much in 4 years as we have seen. What will the ONA be like in the year 2050? But thinking about this Relay race into the future got me thinking about my most favorite subject to think about: the Sunyata of Time.

The Flow Of Time

When I say "sunyata" I just mean Impermanence according to my understandings. Impermanence isn't nothing. It's a moving process. Like wind can be said to be a process in motion. As long as that wind moves it is "something." When it stops blowing, the process is gone, and the "something" vanishes from our perception. And so it is in the movement – the process – that "nothing" appears to be something ever changing. And we call that motion, that movement, the process, "change" and what changes is Impermanent.

Time for me is a perfect example of sunyata if you have trouble grasping the idea of the moving process of impermanence. Not the the time ticking in our watches. But the ticking of the cosmos and earth. The ticking of Nature in Her process of eternal becoming. Because if you think about it, we only "see" or notice time when it ticks: when things change. Everything is in a process of change. And we give 'temporal' meaning to such changes. We call it Seasons, Age, Day, Night, Growth, Dilapidation, etc. And then if you think about it deeply, you begin to realize that change isn't a singular event happening to one "Thing." Change happens in interconnected patterns.

For example the earth moves into a spot in its orbit around the sun. That pattern causes winter. The winter causes patterns to be noticed on the earth. The temperature drops, plants are gone, the grass dies. That pattern triggers the familiar pattern of ducks and birds to fly south for the winter. That pattern of duck and birds flying south causes patterns to arise in us humans who live in that climate. We recognize those patterns, and we chop our wood, smoke our meat, store our grain, and prepare for the winter. And that human reaction on a wider scale, causes patterns to arise. The whole kingdom is in motion, reacting in patterns to the pattern of winter. Then the earth moves into a different spot and spring comes. And with that a cascade of inter-reacting patterns of events is set in collective motion. Nothing in the universe moves alone. We all move together as a single whole. It's the basic meaning of the word Universe: Uni [One] Vers/Vert [Turn].

I was driving down to San Diego with Kayla and some others to pick up my car the other night. 2 hour drive. My cousin's race car broke down and had to be taken to the shop, so he borrowed my car for work. On the way back we were driving at 1AM past Lake Elsinore and I

past a field of trees and in the middle of nowhere I saw a huge ass American flag waving in the wind. I thought for a moment that it looked beautiful, since the moon was near full and it was just waving there. But seeing that flag wave in the wind was what reminded me that night of how patterns in a field move together. Like the patterns of the flag. The wave happens in different spots on the flag, but eventually, all the stars and stripes move together as a single fabric.

Yugs & Seasons

Something I hear my elders speak often of now is a little aspect of Theravada Buddhism that is not well known. I like Buddhism because it's rational and because it is a power house of practical wisdom. But it does come with stories and myths. One of those myths is an apocalyptic prediction very similar in quality to what one might expect from a group of crazy apocalyptic Christian sects.

The apocalyptic myth revolves around the idea of 5 Buddhas which is something I see everywhere in Theravada art work. In Thai and Khmer lands you'll often see not 1 but 5 Buddha statues together, Gautama Buddha being the biggest statue of the 5. It's so pervasive an icon that I had to ask my mom and aunts what those 5 Buddhas mean. They didn't know, so they told me to go ask my grandmother.

I asked my grandmother what the 5 Buddhas meant and why I haven't ever heard of the other 4. And basically my grandmother said to me that Gautama Buddha is the Fourth Buddha. There were three before him, which were the same Buddha in different "incarnations." There will be a last one after him whom she names as 'Preah Sey-Ah Mitrey.'

She goes on to explain that we'll know we are getting close to the time of Sey-Ah Mitrey's birth in the world of mankind when the prophecies of the last "Yug" has been experienced. Yug is pronounced as in the first syllable of the English word EUCalyptus and is a Khmer dialectal form of the Sanskrit word Yuga. Basically the "last Yug" from how she describes it sounds like the degenerate age we live in and unfortunately seems to get worse. She mentions the usual apocalyptic stuff and said that the end of the last Yug finishes off with fire falling from the sky. By that time the prophecy says that so many people will have died that the survivors left alive will all fit under the Shade of the Bo Tree. And then Sey-Ah Mitrey is born into the world to manifest Dhamma again for a new generation of people.

That was all great I suppose. I'm not big on crazy apocalyptic visions so I didn't listen to her much. What caught my genuine interest was the word "Yug" she used. So I sat there and waited for her to finish her insane lecture of the end of the world and the last Yug where mother sleep with sons and father with their daughters, public decency has decayed, manners have become a relic of some historic age, honour is dead, etc, etc; so I could ask her what exactly a Yug is. I have heard the word before from reading about Hinduism as in what is known as the Kali Yuga. I've read things written by a Westerner about their ideas of what a yuga is and I find it pretty imaginative and sometimes retarded. I wanted to ask a living person who was born into a living ancestral Brahmanistic-Buddhist Tradition what a Yug/yuga is.

My grandmother tried to explain it to me, but unfortunately I didn't understand a word she said, because she was using words I had not heard used before. I just picked up words like "tree" and "grow," which made no sense to me in context to Time since I assumed that Yug meant a long span of Time. So I looked around for anybody near by who could put what she had explained into English for me. Luckily my favorite uncle was sitting in the same sitting room. I have my own room in his house way up in Palmdale where he has a large track of land. He is the oldest son my grandmother had and is very religious, here meaning really into the old ways. Us cousins call him Bhoo Map. Bhoo is a familiar word meaning Uncle and Map is his family nickname which is a short form of the word for Chubby, even though he is skinny. He looks Japanese and his body is covered in yantras and magical tattoos. He's read the entire Tipitaka, all 25 thousand pages. He even has a magical tattoo of a little Buddha right in between his eyebrow which he got from a wild monk [one that lives like a hermit in the forest] when he was back visiting their home province over seas. The tattoo between his eyebrows is suppose to give him the power of insight and open his third eye. He also has a Buddha carved from a boar tusk. So Bhoo Map is really into the old Tradition and is considered by our family as an authority in Buddhist stuff. He was sitting there quietly listening to my grandmother explain things adding a "That's right," every now an then.

So I turn to Uncle Chubby looking lost and asked him to translate what grandma said a Yug was into English for me. It's not a mystical word but actually very ordinary. Like when you are asked "Ayug [age] Praman [how many]" you are being asked how old you are, or how many years you have. But without the initial "A" and in context to how the prophecy uses it, it has a different meaning. My uncle translates to me and explains that the universe is like a living tree, it has a life span the old people call a Kalapa [Khmer version of the Sanskrit Kalpa]. The universe is thus like a great big tree where in the winter season the leaves on this tree dies and the life forces goes underground, and in the spring season the life force returns and new leave emerges. And so we call the span of great time of this great tree's spring gradually leading into it winter a Kalapa. The universe in a sense borns and dies and reborns anew over and over.

So a Kalapa is much like a year. And in that year there are Four Seasons, and we call those seasons Yugs. One Yug is a cosmic season. Just as each earthly season has unique characteristics, a yug also has characteristics. For instance autumn has the characteristic of leaves falling, colors like yellow and orange are associated with that season, the feel of people preparing their harvest for the coming winter is a characteristic of that season. The rain season [in tropical areas] has it's own characteristic different from other seasons, and so on. So each Yug thus has it's own seasonal characteristics which influences people. In the same way that a natural season influences us. When summer comes that season affects and influenced all of us collectively. We use the air conditioning all day, or go out and buy fans, we change our attire, we eat different thing, drink more, we visit the beaches more often, etc. And when Spring begins this season causes us to act differently also. We begin growing our crops in our fields and so on. So each Yug is like a season which also affects and influences mankind and causes us to act according to the nature or characteristic of a Yug.

I thought it was very interesting that my grandmother and uncle equated a Yug with seasons rather than with lengths of Time. Because there is a difference between what we understand

as Time, and what a Season is. Time is a process of change and a Season is a pattern of changes that happen systematically together. Time really does not have the same effect on us inside as a season does. We have forced ourselves to live in tandem with the ticking of clocks. It's an unnatural way of life where we literally live our lives according to something arbitrary and abstract as the moving of big hands and little hands on a watch. Whereas in olden days our ancestors lived in tandem to Nature, when our "watches" were the moon, the sun, the stars, and season.

In the Occident we have it where our days are all precisely and exactly 365.4 days or something and our year is divided up into 12 months etc. So we have these things called birthdays in the West where we remember the "exact" day of that calendar year we were born. Except the calendar is static, and the sun, moon, earth, and stars move in such a way that the same day 10 years ago on a calendar is not the same day in Nature today. I've always found it interesting that all of my aunts and uncles and mothers have no birthdays. They have a date of birth on their ID, but those dates were arbitrarily picked. I asked my grandmother when my aunt-mom was born once expecting her to give me a simple date. And she goes: "If I recall correctly your aunt-mother was born at night, just after the full moon, when the rainy season was ending, in the year of the Rabbit. Yes I think that was it."

Aeons

I have a younger biological sister [half sister: same mom, different dad] who is 18. I live with her and our parents now, but growing up we were raised by a different set of parents in different houses. But I helped raise her when I went to live with my real mother.

I talk a lot about aeons and the usual ONA ideas around her, since we live together, so she is a Drecc familiar with ONA. I took her camping with my friends way up in Los Osos by San Luis Obispo. My friends and I have this "tradition" of meeting up in the mountains of Los Osos every April 20th – April 22nd [we call it 420] and we camp out and smoke out to celebrate Earth Day around a big camp fire. It's a gorgeous place. The camp grounds is right next to a rocky beach and sand dunes, and down the ways a bit is the beautiful town of Morro Bay. It's something we've been doing since college, and the fun thing is each year the number of participants grows when we each make new friends and bring them along. But these hard economic times makes it so that not many people can afford to take three days off anymore.

For as long as we have been camping out there every year, none of us has ever hiked to the end of the sand dunes. I don't know if you've ever hiked on sand up and down sand hills. You get tired after the third hill you climb. Then the sand dune is so sandy there's no bushes or trees, so when you have to pee, you just squat out in the open with your ass sticking out in the middle of everywhere for everyone to see. But you know you'll eventually have to go pee because it's a damn hot desert like sand dune field and you drink a lot of water! I was peeing on the sand this one time between two sand hills and one of my friends at the top of a hill yells out to me: "Hey! It's Earth day for god's sake! You're peeing on Nature!"

Anyways, I took my little sister out to our traditional 420 spot this year. My sister and I with a couple other were already down at the foot of the mountain in Los Osos a day before 420

because I have a friend that lives out there in a little beautiful ocean side village. We crashed at his place and gorged ourselves with as much meat, real food and internet service we can handle because the 3 days was going to be all natural. My friend lives out there because of the surf. He loves surfing and the sea out there is so pristine the water is emerald green.

I have a great amount of respect for this friend. He's older than me. He went to college, and graduated then immediately got a huge paying career. He figured that in 5 years on that job he'd have enough for a house. But he got depressed and felt like he didn't have the amount of freedom he wanted and needed. He had no time to be with the people he loved like his family and friends. He worked 60 hours weeks sometimes. And he realized that he was giving that corporation the best years of his life. So one day, depressed, he drove as far as he could from the big city and ended up in Los Osos. He said he saw the big surf and jade colored water there and fell in love and never went back to his job. He instead chose to work in a flower shop part time, then rented a room in a house, and spent his free time living life and surfing. But he day trades and invests in penny stocks for his retirement.

So at camp, while we were drinking and smoking out around our fire one night some of us briefed the new comers about the Sand Dune of Doom that was impenetrable by us common mortal Asians. No living person in our group has ever hiked the full length of the dunes to see the other end because most of us are in such bad shape and have trouble urinating in public. Then one of the new ones had a great idea and said: "Dude, you're fucking fobs, what do you expect. Just fucking wake up at 5 in the morning man before the sun comes up. It won't be so hot. That way we won't have to carry as much water." So we all looked at each other and decided to do what he said. We all went to sleep early and agreed to wake up at 5 in the morning to conquer the sand dunes at last.

We woke up at 5AM and a thick fog was everywhere, you couldn't see 3 feet in front of you and it was dark. Me and the few other girls next to me had a terrified look on our faces because it was all creepy and we were all thinking that maybe we should wait and hike when the fog was gone. But then we heard the guys shout out like the apes they are: "Alright! Fucking awesome, fog!" So the hike was still on. We got our flashlights and told each other to hike in a big fucking group or we'll get lost in the fog and maybe walk off the cliff and fall into the ocean or rocks.

You couldn't see shit. At the beginning of the sand dunes there's this wooden horse fence that wiggles and widens which separates the sand area from the hard ground area which is the cliff. My group I was with who were all girls with two flashlights kept on walking into the fence. We met up with that fence 3 times and one of us said: "Ok, we aren't actually going anywhere, it's the same fucking fence. We're walking in circles guys!" Some of us said: "I'm scared." The boys were way off in the distance already laughing. And they were the ones who said to hike in a big group too. We ended up walking in zig zags and circles because we were following the boys' voices. But those fuckers sometimes thought it was funny to stay silent and turn off their flashlights when we called out to them. So we'd walk in one direction, going one way, then we'd hear their voice behind us, so we'd have to turn around. But eventually we were behind them. After an hour of climbing sand hills exhausted the boys ahead of us stopped and we heard them say: "Dude, what the fuck." We caught up to them and saw the

fucking fence again. Which we knew was near the beginning part of the sand hills. The guys said they could have sworn they were walking in a straight line. And it felt like we were too, but we somehow ended walking in a big circle.

The sun was coming up and the fog was rolling out. It's absolutely fascinating to watch fog roll. Walking in thick fog is like walking through a spongy rain cloud. You get wet. It's like taking a shower because water beads on your hair and face. An the light of your flashlight shines on the think mist and you can see the mist moving by like a big cloudy slug slithering by over the mountain tops. When the sun comes out and the fog thins out then you can really see the fog moving like it's in a hurry to get somewhere. And somehow the cloudy mist somehow knows how to stay together. I like blowing and waving at the mist of the fog as the fog cloud moves, and you can see the mist you blew slowly change direction to move with the rest of the fog. And that fog while you're in it influences your perception and judgment. It's almost a feeling of vertigo where you lack reference points around you so you have no sense of direction.

Finally after about 2 hours of walking – half of which time was spent walking in circles and zig zagging – the fog had rolled out to sea clearing the sand dunes visually a bit. We were standing on the top of a very tall sand hill we climbed, which tapered off downwards into the cloud of fog that we were in. We heard the surf in the near distance in the fog hit the rocks. It was unfamiliar grounds, so we believed we had finally made it to the other side of the sand dunes! So we carefully walked toward the ocean side, knowing there are cliffs, it was still foggy, but not as foggy. We had breakfast on the rocks of the sea side watching the fog gradually vanished.

After breakfast we went exploring the tide pools in the rocks and we saw this one really strange animal in a tide pool. There were several of them. They looked like large disgusting sea cucumbers that were the size of a football and they were dark brown. They were just lumps with no heads or tails. We were all standing around the pool tide with these things in it looking at them and one of my boy cousins grabbed a big rock and said: "Ok, red blood or blue blood?" We guessed the color of the creature's blood and he dropped the rock on one of the things, and we were all wrong. It was trippy because at first the thing bled a white milk colored fluid into the water, and then the fluid turned purple in color.

So after that we started to hike back to camp proud that we finally conquered the sand dune. But as we hiked up that tall sand hill I had said that I didn't see the three red nuclear chimneys. It's not a nuclear power plant we don't think, but there is a huge structure of some type with these three giant pipes that stick in the air which can be seen from camp. It's a significant land mark because the sand dune winds lengthwise past those red chimneys and the end of the dunes is past the landmark. So we all stopped and looked at each other slowing realizing that we didn't actually pass the landmark, at least we didn't see it because of the fog. We figured that if the nuclear chimneys were to our right side, that means we made it to the end of the sand dunes, if it was to our left, then we really fucked up somewhere and spent 2 hours walking in a big circle of epic fail. When we got to the top of the first sand hill we saw the red chimneys were to our left way far away still!!! It was incredibly disappointing. And what was funny was that it only took an 45 minutes to walk back.

Walking back us girls were behind again while the boys were way ahead. As we walked up and down the sand hills we saw these little sand plants and sand lizards and come in and out of the sand near the plants. This got us talking about how cool it was that those plants and animals adapted to the sandy environment. Which led into talks about evolution. It wasn't a deep conversation, they were "normal" girls that I doubt even knew how to spell the word "science" right.

My sister and I ended up being the last two trailing behind because it was already hot and we were exhausted. The other girls conversation got me talking about the evolution of what we called civilization. Civilization as in the mode or condition in which we exist in social order context to one another. It wasn't a conversation, more like me thinking out loud. But my little sister is intelligent and is very familiar with ONA and Myattian concepts because I teach her. So I was using the word Aeonics and Aeon a lot and my sister asked me what exactly is an Aeon and how does Aeonics work. She finished her demand with the question: "Isn't an aeon just a long time?"

To me the ONA concept of an Aeon and my grandmother's concept of a Yug are the same thing. I could have explained an Aeon to my little sister in the same way a Yug was explained to me. But I wanted her to grasp the idea in context to what we call human civilization, so that she can later understand that you can seed a new aeon in such a way that a new kind of human type of 'civilization' is born in the future. So using seasons would not capture that aeonic essence of change on human terms I wanted to convey. I ended up using the fog as an analogy.

An Aeon – I explained – is like the fog we went through. Like fog, an Aeon is a "thing" that is not causal in make up. It is like an "acausal" fog that rolls over the earth. It has nothing to do with time or a span of time in and of itself. Just as fog in and of itself has nothing to do with time. But we can say that if we stood still at the beginning point of a vast cloud of fog until the end point, that a span of time would go by also. The Time and Fog are two different phenomena. Just as we are influenced and affected by the fog – in getting wet, in losing our sense of direction – an Aeon or Acausal-Fog also influences and affects those humans inside its fog. But Aeons are like fog with different flavours or themes. And so whatever that essential flavour of that Aeonic-Fog is, gradually influences the people inside of its mist to act on that theme or express that them causally. In the same way that a season like winter has a thematic essence or quality to it, which affects us and causes us to act, behave, and do thing in the spirit of winter. Like snuggle, roast chest nuts, nostalgically remember past Christmases, think of the smell of pine, stand in long lines to shop for toys, wrap gifts, hunt for holly and mistletoe, prepare feasts, and be with family.

And so in the same way the flavour of an Aeon also influences and affects the people inside it as it rolls by and across the earth like a big acausal garden slug, affecting everybody wet with its slime. So we had in our ancient history an Aeon that slowly rolled by with the Thematic Essence of cyclopean architectural construction. And we can clearly see that the epicenter of this ancient Aeon may have begun in ancient Egypt. So as it rolled by people became influenced by its Thematic Essence and as the acausal fog gets thicker the frenzy to build gigantic stone temples and structures became more fervent. Just as we in the fog got wetter

the thicker the fog was. And you can see as this ancient Aeon slithered its way across the earth around the equatorial zone that every unrelated group of humans inside its mist were infected with the Thematic Essence and built what seems to be useless stone structures and pyramids. Have you ever wondered why the great pyramids and cyclopean structures are all found within the Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer, most near the Equator? From the cyclopean stone structures of Machu Pichu and Cusco, to the Pyramids of the Maya and Egyptians to the Angkor Complex in Southeast Asian, they all use the same “technology” of setting stone together, all have similar characteristics, and all are found a distance away from the Equator.

How does that happen? How do a vast group of unrelated people separated by vast amounts of land and ocean and time, all end up not only engaging in building massive stone structures, but also in the same general area around the Equator? Where did that “technology” and science of hewing stone, engineering, lifting them and stacking them come from? If it is said that such knowledge comes to random primitive scientist as an inspiration, then where did that idea come from? If it is said that such wisdom of stone craft came from refining of building stone structures then where did the art of building stone structures like that comes from in the first place? What first sparked a group of humans in different times and places to dedicate their entire empire’s wealth into a transgenerational Bridge To Nowhere that would end up bankrupting and destroying their empires? Why? Not a single one of these ancient empires lasted long in tact after the completion of their structures. The Incan empire fell. The Mayan empire fell. Ancient Egypt didn’t last. The Angkorian civilization fell because the kings spent all their money digging crazy expanses of canal systems around Tonle Sap to transport stone to the building site. It’s completely irrational that a civilization would feverishly build these things until their empires fell to bankruptcy.

Then there is the most recent Aeon that rolled over the earth. This Aeon had its epicenter somewhere Europe, around the France and British Isles region. Like a fog that slowly creeps, that Aeon crept into this area first gradually infecting people with its Thematic Essence. The Europeans in that Aeonic-Fog became restless spiritually, religiously, socially, and politically. All of a “sudden” these Protestants, Huguenots, Humanists, Deists, and political ideas like the Parliamentarians cropped up from the death grip of a cold dark age.

Then a couple hundred years later that Aeonic-Fog thickened and rolled across the Atlantic and revolution broke out. It first started with Oliver Cromwell and his fight. Then the fever spread in the colonies and George Washington and his men manifested the first republic of the New World. And that fever spread from one group of people to the next. The French became a republic, Mexico followed, Simon Bolivar and his men made republics out of South America. And that Aeonic-Fog ended up enveloping the entire earth with the Thematic Essence of self government and self determinism, and one by one every old world kingdom and theocracy fell to the Aeon of Democracy. Where did all that civil war and blood shed come from? How is it that the same humans who once were content with kings and priests could eventually gain the brain capacity to understand intuitively that they can govern themselves? We can see this 300-400 year old Acausal-Fog has changed the entire face of the earth and humanity as it rolls slowly by.

Now we’re getting to that period when the earth is nearing the tail end of this cosmic slug. The

fever pitch is high. The level of irrationality is high like old days. As when empires spent all of their man power and ancestral wealth to feverishly construct pointless structures. Now our republics – the product of this Aeon – are feverishly spending money they don't have to fund pointless wars and military campaigns. The debt for some nations like the US is so ridiculous that it will never be paid off. The only way out of the Game for a future generation is Collapse. Like how the empires of an ancient Aeon collapsed at the end of their Aeon.

And these republics of ours started up so “fast” in this Aeon that they were built on faulty untested ground. The untested ground of oil and the untested ground of Capitalism. We build our republics as if believing crude oil is inexhaustible. The foundation of our republics is built on oil. Our energy, our plastics, our technology, our machines for farming, there is nothing about an aspect of our modern life that is not in some way dependent on oil. What happens to a civilization which has built itself on oil if that oil runs out?

And our Republic's economic circulatory system runs on untested Capitalist ideology and practice. This idea of capitalism for the sake of capitalism, exploitation of natural resources for the sake of corporate wealth and power, exploitation of people's lives for the sake of corporate wealth and power, lobbying and the influence of politics and government for the sake of corporate wealth and power. What happens to a civilization which has built itself on such a capitalist weltanschauung, when the people can't take any more? When the earth has no more to give? When the pointless accumulation of money has finally become evidently pointless on a collective human scale?

Yet just like the fog we may find ourselves in, the Fog of this Aeon of Democracy is so thick and pervasive that its hard for most of us to see 3 feet ahead of us. Most people today have no real intuitive sense of a future moment when their future progeny will exist. The future goes only so far as money can travel. Which means to a vast majority the future means going to the mall next week to buy the latest junk. Which means on a larger scale that colonizing the ocean, moon, and space, is not the future because it's a waste of money and manpower. Such money and manpower is better spent on wars in the Middle East. To save the dying republics from terrorism and to squander what is left of oil to prop up a behemoth of oil and capital, for the sake of making trinkets to sell to a market in need of plasma screen TV's and more asphalt for the more new car models to come out in the “real” future: the tomorrow you have to look forward to when you spend your money the corporate system gave you on crap the same corporate system made for you.

But now, there are some of us that are more intuitive, more empathetic to the pulse of Nature and the Flow of the Acausal. Such people can now begin to sense that something is not right with everything. That some sort of change is in the air. Like how some of us who love rain like me can smell rain in the air and know that it will soon rain. Some of us can feel inside that this Aeon of Democracy is near the end and that our present way of life is dying and struggling to look alive. In the distance some of us can “see” the fog of a new Aeon approaching. And those of us who have a natural ability to feel and sense the acausal with Dark-Empathy can already pick up the Thematic Essence and Nature of the next Aeon. That's what an Aeon is to me, or how I explained it. It's something that envelopes the world and influences humanity and through such humans that unseen something manifests causally for a while.

Patterns & Seeding

Picking up patterns I think is innate to animals. I think that natural selection over time “favours” the animal whose brains can pick up patterns. If a duck lacks the ability to recognize the pattern of autumn and approaching winter, they’d die. If a bug that depends on camouflage can’t recognize patterns then they’d get eaten and they wouldn’t have camouflage in the first place. If squirrels can’t learn the pattern of nuts growing and falling and trees dying seasonally, then they wouldn’t bother collecting nuts. And by patterns I mean that if you see a red stripe and then a white stripe, and then a red one, that you can predict that the next stripe may be a white one. Or if you see number sequences like 1, 3, 6, 10, 15, 21, X, you may be able to predict what X is. Natural occurring patterns also. Like if you see the fish come to eat small sea life that come out due to a full moon, that the next full moon, you can predict that the same fish will come. As when a bear eats salmon in a river in spring, when after she hibernates in winter and spring comes, she may predict that the same fish will be in the same river.

And so because I have lived through many springs, if it was winter I can with a certain amount of confidence predict or prophecy for you what the future coming spring and its patterns will look like. The land will become green again, animals will mate, fish will spawn, deserts will bloom, fields of cherry blossoms in Japan will turn a pretty pink, you’ll pack up your winter clothes, arctic snow bunnies will shed their white fur for their brown fur, and farmers will plow their fields; when you see these things, then ye shall know that spring has come. And when this all happens you’ll say to me: “Wow Chloe, that’s so magickal, how did you do that?!” No it’s not magickal. You’re just stupid because this same spring happened last year! And every spring time the same patterns occur!

It’s the same way with Aeons. I’ve never lived through the beginning and end of an Aeon, so I can’t say for sure what the next Aeon will look like as far as its patterning goes. But it’s all fractal. There are big Aeons and mini-aeons. Like big fog that envelopes a whole island, and little fog that just covers a tip of a mountain. Little Aeon-Fog comes and goes more frequently and the patterns are the same if you pay attention. For instance the miniature Aeon that enveloped China beginning in the 11th century. It was one of those old Empire Acausal-Fogs that swept across Mongolia. All of a sudden some backwards tribe just one day almost literally became an super organized military machine. Then these Mongols were infected with some bizarre Imperial Conquest fever. As the Acausal-Fog got thicker and covered more area, the Mongols got more restless of what land they had and conquered more. Until they nearly owned the entire known world at the time. Then the fog dissipated and that whole area just fell flat into chaos as fast as it all started. But when you look closely at the patterns of such empires from beginning to end, and you look back and study the fever that Alexander the Great caught and the fever that the Incas caught you begin to notice that such empires develop in the frame of time in recognizable patterns.

So the next time one of these Empire building Fogs infects and influences a group of people and you see the beginning patterns emerge, you can predict what will happen. And it’s in the ability to recognize patterns and being able to predict the interactions of patterns that allows for Seeding a new Aeon in a future time.

Seeding an Aeon is a deceptive phrase. You really can't control an Aeon or give birth to one from a seed. No more than a farmer can control or give birth to spring. No more than the science of aerodynamics has any control over air and gravity. But it's in recognizing patterns and knowing how air and gravity works that allows a farmer or NASA to work in harmony with spring and gravity. In such a way that a farmer working in harmony with spring can seed spring with his crops and allow that season to take care of the rest of the work. And from learning to make wings on crafts and packing them with rockets, we've been to the moon and back.

If we were farmers, and you one day started plowing your fields in the middle of autumn and planting your crops, you know how stupid you would look to me, and how much of your wealth you'd lose when winter came? I've always thought it was fascinating how every time Halloween comes there's always a large supply of pumpkins. And when Christmas comes around, there is always a supply of Christmas trees. I didn't know how that worked out, even during high school. I remember this one time when I was in my high school years my parents were driving us up north to visit relatives in Tacoma Washington and Vancouver Canada. And as we were driving through Northern California we in open land and to my right I saw a large field of Christmas trees in the thousand inside a fenced area that were 4 feet tall or something. It was just a farm of little Christmas trees. And I remember saying to myself in my head: "What a wack farmer, who the hell grows Christmas in the middle of summer and why!?" But I later figured out that you have to grow the trees before Christmas season. Which was a fascinating part because those farmers knew the growth pattern of those pine trees and were able to know exactly when to plant those trees to have them the right size for Christmas, to eventually financially benefit from it all.

So that's how you seed an Aeon also. You recognize patterns or emerging patterns and learn to work in harmony with the emerging patterns. For example the Seeding that took place in the early stages of this current Aeon of the Republics There was first the emerging pattern of religious unrest and a dislike for the Popes in the Vatican selling Indulgence. The general public had become disgusted with the Catholic Church, so the Protestant Reformation began to take place. Then some where and some when during that religious paradigm shift of whole nations some clever person or group of persons quietly drew in the support of kings and politicians by planting the Seeds/Memes of: "The King is also the Head of his Church." Because what king not only wants to be free from being subordinate to a Pope, but be his own Head of his own church and be king at the same time! What a deal. Then so when the northern Kingdoms of Europe solidified into protestant Kingdoms, the Seeds planted in the early stage grew so that you had kingdoms where the Monarch was also the Head of his own Church.

Or even more crazier and influential to this current Aeon happened in America. The British Colonies were already unhappy that they were getting taxed yet had no real representation back home in England. Not only did a group of people take full advantage of that emerging pattern to feed the flames for a revolution, but this group of people started planting bizarre ideological Seeds never heard of before like "Equality," "Liberty," "Rights," "Freedom of Speech," and "Freedom of Worship." back then during the revolution these Seeds may have been nothing more than rhetorical devices put together to cause people to fight for something.

Back then those Seeds may have only been speculative and ideological in essence. But 300

years later after this American species of civilization has solidified and matured, not only did those Seeds planted long ago matured into a real way of life, but those same Seeds once planted has literally become the “spirit” of this Aeon of Democracy. To such an extent that the United Nations would adopt them and now globally on a real collective level of humanity, every person on earth wants those same simple things. What may have started off as revolutionary rhetoric to inspire the mass to fight, and what were once ideological beliefs, has today become the very spirit of this current Aeon. And it all started as intangible memetic Seeds planted by opportunists who recognized the emerging patterns of a New Aeon/”Order,” as in *Novus Ordo Seclorum*. *Novus* meaning New. *Ordo/Order* being a coherent structure or pattern of something. *Saeculorum/Seclorum* meaning a “Generation,” or “Age.”

So this is how I understand what an Aeon is and how Aeons and Yugs work in influencing large groups of people. It is like my grandmother and uncle explains like a Cosmic Season. And Seasons each have their own theme, qualities, and characteristics. We cannot own or control an Aeon and we can't “give birth” to one out of some womb, no more than we can give birth to a new kind of season. But we can learn to work in harmony with the patterns of Aeons to our advantage. If we first know what we are looking at and if we have the ability to intuit with Dark-Empathy what the patterns are in the first place.

What is the general – almost universal – end pattern of our current Aeon? It doesn't matter what ancient culture you go to. You'll uncover the same answer. The Incas have the concept of the 5 Suns. The ancient Brahmans had the concept of the 4 Yugas, this being the declining and degenerate Kali Yuga. The ancient indigenous Buddhists of Southeast Asia have the concept of the 5 Buddhas. The ancient West had concepts like the Golden Age of Saturn, and the gradual degeneration of that age from gold to lesser metal. Doesn't matter what ancient culture you go to. You'll discover that this period of time we are living in is the end of some sort of Cycle which will end bad somehow. Maybe not bad as in the sun going cold, or rocks falling from space, or something. But on the level of being human and living in these things called Nation-States, things will be apocalyptic. As apocalyptic as it may have been for those olden Europeans who lived in a Catholic Christendom who witnessed the fall of their “world” tumble down around them.

If we recognize the emerging patterns now, and if we can think ahead to a near future when oil will run out and capitalism will collapse can we discern the future fall of human civilization? And if we can prophetically predict such a future pattern emerging, knowing that from the ashes of the old will emerge a new Aeon, then what Seeds do we plant today to help? Do we plant Seeds that help stabilize politics and the economy, or do we as subversive Niners, plant Seeds that will help push human civilization off the proverbial cliff, toward which it is speeding anyways. And if we can Empath the Essence of the future Aeon to slither itself over us, can we plant Seeds today like farmers sowing seeds, in such a way that what we plant today will bare constructive fruit 500-1000 years from now?

And these ancient traditions in many cultures have left us big glaring clues as to what the next “Thing” is going to look like, because as they say Kalapas are cyclical like a spinning water wheel. It's a matter of learning to recognize the miniature fractal patterns of history then bringing that pattern up to an Aeonic level. We know on a miniature scale that in the last days

of the Roman Empire the ruling class spent all of their ancestral wealth. They essentially went bankrupt from over spending. Which was a big deal because not only was the empire built on slave labour, but the empire was also hugely vast. It requires money to maintain a military that can keep such a sized empire together. And it takes money to pay enforcers to keep the slaves from revolting.

The fall of Rome was slow at first. We can see from history that it starts with the disruption of Roman culture by an influx of illegal immigrants [Germanic Tribes] who really never fully matriculated as Roman citizens. So that's the pattern of the decadence or degradation of an established Culture which is now threatened by an "uncooperating" Other Culture. These Germanic illegal aliens also formed these tribal gangs which often broke Roman laws. So that was this stage of when the coherency of Roman social order began to be fractured. The Germanic gangs were breaching the Empire and not matriculating and causing problems/crime. So that is the pattern of decadence in law, meaning crime and the increase in crime. Then you had the inside aspect which is the wealth and ruling class just spending the empire's money recklessly. So that's the pattern of decadence in morals and decadence in political and economic matters.

And so the less money the Empire had, the more lawless people became and the less military force the empire had to defend its territory. Which open the door for the next stage of the fall, which was when larger bands of Germanic peoples began moving as an amassed military force into the Empire to take chunks of land out of it. Which was the period of time when hell broke loose in the Empire. The hell that broke was a slow loosening. Different sections of the former empire spiraled into chaos. Until a hundred or so years pass and the Empire was all gone. For a while Europe was a big mess. The brains and the skilled of the old empire spread and gave their knowledge and work to war lords or the new kingdoms. The artists, craftsmen, and professionals also found new patrons to work for. And such people seeded such new kingdoms with vital practical wisdom. So this is the pattern of reconfiguration or rebuilding something new. The chaos dies out though, and the new start up kingdoms prospers. People are happy and generally content. This trend peaks up and climaxes as the Renaissance which was that miniature Aeon's most fruitful point when all these new ideas, new art, new music, new sciences, new things flooded the human world. Like the miniature Aeon was a tree that had grown big and bore ripe fruit. But fruit trees die and the Seeds that fall germinate into new trees.

If we take those little patterns and look for them in this current global Aeon we are in, we'll be able to generally estimate where in the cycle of the Aeon we are in and what we can generally expect to happen in the near future. Just like the once wealthy and powerful Roman Empire, the wealthy and powerful Europe and America are being breached by an influx of illegal immigrants who come with their own Cultures and many refuse to matriculate. So that's the first pattern. Then we have the hugely obvious problem of ridiculous debt and reckless spending. The US is in debt, and the EU member nations one by one are spiraling into economic and financial crisis. That's another pattern. Yet despite the huge debt, America and Europe and other Magian states are spending huge amounts of money on pointless things like wars in the Middle East. Then in the inner home front something is happening which no politician ever talks about or recognizes: our slums and ghettos aren't going away, they are

getting bigger. This has an effect on crime rate and social or civil decadence/unrest. Which is another pattern or sign.

So we can guesstimate from those signs that this Aeon of Democracy is nearing its end. This Aeon has already peaked for us when we went through that “renaissance” of technology called the Industrial Revolution and Empirical Science which constructively did change the world and our species. We can assume that at least America is spiraling downwards and will eventually fall apart. Its land taken chunk by chunk by the most organized and coherent groups of people that can defend and protect what territories they carve out. This would be the apocalyptic period of chaos we hear about. Then from there a new way of life influenced by the new Aeon will begin to emerge. And we already know what the next Aeon is: the Cosmic Season at the very beginning of the cycle. What the ancient Greeks called the Golden Age of Chronos.

In Theradava after the chaos the 5th Buddha Sey-Ah Mitrey will be born and “re-presence” Dhamma in the world. This is interesting because its considered that people don’t have Dhamma or know what Dhamma is in this current Yug. How we live now is the opposite of Dhamma, or the absence of Dhamma. Dhamma here meaning the Way/Law of Natural Phenomena. The Flow of Nature. Knowing what Dhamma is and repeating a Buddhist teaching to yourself isn’t the Natural behaviour of living in connective/empathic harmony with Dhamma.

Up north the Indigenous Chinese would call Dhamma: Tao. Tao is the Way of things. Tao is the effortless flow of things. And it is that Effortless Way which we have lost in this Yug/Aeon. Like the effortless way of natural ethics, lost to arbitrary abstract constructs of moral behaviour. It is effortless for me to want to live and devote myself to my family. It requires effort to reject my family and tell myself I am my own person and that I should live on my own and do my own thing. You see on is effortless like letting go of the side of a river and just flowing with the Tao. The other way is resisting the Tao’s flow as if one were standing firmly fixed in one spot facing the flow.

It is effortless for me to like a person after I have gotten to know them and want to hang out with them. It takes effort for me to tell myself: Oh but they are Christians and I am a whatever. Oh by he’s black and he’ll rob me in an alley. Oh but she’s white and will enslave me if given the chance. Oh but they don’t believe the same rational sets of opinions I have.

It’s effortless for a mother to love and go so far as to lay her life down for her children. It is an effort for a mother to kill and drown her 3 year old children and party the next day. It is effortless for a father or any person to be disgusted inside to think of sexually abusing children. It is a sick effort to abuse children. It is effortless to mind your own business and your own folk. It takes effort to be a shit kicker and war in the Middle East, and it takes some imagination to paint what you do in the Middle East to look pretty and nice.

It has nothing to do with what has come to be known as morals and ethics. We’ve just lost conscious touch of the Tao/Dhamma. We are out of sink with the the Way of Things. We are no longer in harmony to the Effortless Flow of the Way. No longer in that Natural state of Letting-Be. In Taoist wording we have lost awareness of our Original Nature. The Original

Nature we were born with as children. As Mother nature made us. I don't here mean effortless as in the absence of force like to just give up trying to do things in life. Effortless as in that animals don't have to try to be animals. It's just how Nature made them and they flow with that Nature. Someone once said: Lest ye be as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Which also captures the essence. As children we have an effortless way of being. Neither moral or immoral. They aren't perfect angels, they can be little demons too. They effortless love, and effortlessly hate. But that hate is directed at real people doing real things to them to cause that hate. As grown ups we can effortfully indoctrinate ourselves to hate and kill entire races and people we have never met. As adults we don't have that natural state of amorality. We gravitate to one of two extremes. Either extreme morality or extreme immorality, which all is an effortful act.

The Greeks and ancient Romans had the idea of the Golden Age of Man. It's said that the Golden Age was the first age of our species on earth. During which time we were giants in size. Chronos or Saturn ruled the heaven as the father of the Golden Age. The old legends says that in that ages mankind did not have to work because the earth gave up her bounty to meet the needs of everyone. People at that time lived not against Nature, but in harmony to her as a living aspect of Nature. There was no war, because there was really nothing to fight for. No states, no ideological differences. Just mankind and Nature. But great Saturn was dethroned, and paradise was lost.

It was said that during that time that Saturn was the Sun to the earth. And that when Saturn was dethroned he lost his fire and became black. And so not just in Greek mythos and alchemical texts but as well as in ancient Brahminical Sanskrit Saturn is equated with the color black, with darkness, and often referred to as the Black Sun. The prophecy goes that after the fall of the last age, that the Golden Age will return, and Saturn will once again sit on the throne of heaven to be Father of a new race living at one with Nature.

I don't know if prophecies of a new age like these like those the Sybil is said to have given will ever come to pass. But a part of me that understands seasons, and Aeons, Yugs, and the longevity of ancestral oral traditions, believe that as a species we have been around on the earth for perhaps a few aeonic cycles for our ancestors to have passed legends and stories down to us today. We as a species have been around for at least 200,000 years. I cannot rationally believe that for 99% of that time our ancestors were stupid apes without language or oral traditions or culture. That they were so ignorant of the sun, moon, stars, and seasons, that they never notices anything out of the ordinary. That they never formed kingdoms buried some where in forgotten places like beneath the sands of the Sahara. That they were to ignorant to understand why their kingdoms fell.

I think it is hubris in nature to believe that we today are the only ones that "truly" have any understanding of anything and the universe. We today whose minds and awareness are so enthralled by the entertainment industry, who get so worked up about what some celebrity is wearing, that we can't even name 10 stars in the sky. The idea that such hubris modern people who can't even name 10 stars or point to three constellations, could believe ourselves to be more full of practical wisdom than a people of ancient times like the Polynesians who sailed the ocean guided only by their ancestral wisdom of stars so that they populate every

island from Hawaii to New Zealand. Or better than a people who had the wisdom of erecting three great pyramids using massive blocks of stone, all without modern cranes. Or the hubris of some of our scientists who think they are so smart and know so much truth about the universe because of their math, and the black holes, and their big bang. When in many cases what we today are discovering have been known in the past somehow by a groups of people without modern technology or quantum mechanic or fancy-pantsy math.

I tend to agree with Graham Hancock when he said once that as a species, it is as if we are suffering amnesia. There is a vast expanse of our past human history that we have lost. Or at least some of us have. Others that come from living ancient culture and traditions have oral traditions passed down from one generation to the next. These oral traditions comes down to us as legends and mythos, changed over time, but the essence is still there. Think about the great amount of time it takes for a great procession of the equinoxes to happen. About 25,000 years to complete a full cycle. And amazingly, if you look hard enough in old cultures, stone monuments left behind, and pay close attention to legends and mythos of living cultures and their ancestral traditions, you'll encounter signs and clues that suggests that many people and cultures have existed in tact in some form for at least one cycle to be able to speak of this cycle in the first place. Sadly this extreme scientific rationalism of today is killing off these ancestral legends and oral traditions and replacing them with "real" knowledge like scientific crap such as time travel, worm hole technology, tachyon speed, antigravity engines, nano black holes, dark matter, dark energy, 10 or 11 dimensions, string theory, membrane theory, and the like.

Conclusion

I'm not even sure if I'm on topic anymore. When I'm in the "Zone" of inspiration, I just blank my mind in half where I'm partly aware of writing, and partly black minded, and I just type and peck away at my keyboard. It amazes me sometimes read back to notice that sometimes what I wrote all flows together.

I've always been fascinated with Time. I love to keep little gardens of fast growing plants that make seeds. I grow watermelon and my favorite plant: Red Amaranth. I love watching them grow from a seed, bare fruit or make seeds and die. Then I plant the seeds and watch the next generation go through the same cycle. Red Amaranth is great to grow because they grow like weeds. They start off small and they have these dark red leave. Then they grow into this huge red thing that taller then you. My mom makes stew from the leaves. It's just something about seeing generations pass that fascinates me. And as I get older and creep into that age where I'm starting to think about having children of my own, I am slowly starting to become my own source of fascination.

It's the idea that I will pass living people out of my body who will have their own children living in some future time and "world" that fascinates me. And the thought that I have an influence on them and those the world around them in their future time frame is even more fascinating. That's if I do this right and be conservative about culture and tradition. My own culture and tradition would not have come this far in tact if past generations were liberal and allowed their children to just live how they want and pick their own beliefs and way of life. There is a need for

Order if an Aeon is to be Seeded, and if those seeds are to be nurtured right.

Think about it, Communism as a living political entity started off in the early 1800's as an idea of socialism. That idea was nurtured inside clubs and secret societies beneath the awareness of the mundane public. One generation of socialists with their vision for a future passing their culture and Seeds down to the next unmolested. Then when opportunity came, they pulled the right strings, cloaked themselves, shapeshifted right to manipulate the chaotic mass to fight their revolution. Then we have the first socialist state in 1917 was it? That took 100 years of nurturing ideas, planning, staying in secret away from the majority of mundane society, and conservative passing down of culture, mythos, and vision. 100 years from the causal birth of the ONA is 2072AD. If nurtured right by the right kinds of people, what would the ONA be able to manifest? The Old Guards in the past during the 90's like DM has already shown us that ONA sinister dialectics and strategy like Sinister Cloaking and shencing can and has worked in a limited sense in England. Limited only by the number of nexions.

I think one of the reasons why I like the ONA and the Myattian Triad so much is because it is different from most other Western systems-things. DM certainly gave his creation it uniqueness. But there are aspects of the ONA that I recognize from my own indigenous Tradition. I don't have to force my self to accept and understand what things like Wyrđ, Causal, Acausal, Causal Forms, Essence, Aeonіc Insight, Acausal Knowing, and Aeonіc Magick is. These are things with similar yet not exactly the same ideas as I would see in Theravada. But the ONA goes one step further from Buddhism. Buddhism tries to explain some of these things, but it stops short of providing you practical methodologies to apply in life to manifest results you desire. Buddhism mentions cyclical time and yugas and all that good stuff, but unlike the ONA it fails to present a practical means for the Buddhist to make use of it. You have to extrapolate the extra insights of practical use. Other wise all that dhamma of kamma and cause and effect etc, end up becoming beliefs in phenomena for the sake of believing in such phenomena.

It's like I were to say: "Buddhism is so cool, I know about causal mechanics." Then you say: "So what, what practical shit have you manifested with that knowledge?" Nothing, because Buddhism stops short of explaining the how in real world practical terms. So with the ONA and other Myattian ideas, I can look back at Buddhism and say to myself: "Oh, that's How you do it and why."

The other thing I really like about ONA is its concept of Aeonics and the fact that it gives a certain amount of importance to the idea of Time, Aeons, and utilizing the flow of Time and Aeons for an advantage of some kind. It thinks far ahead on a practical level in other words. No other institution I have personally come across has this. Not the way I've tried to describe it here. I know other traditions have ideas like kalpas and yugas and ages. But what do they do with those ideas on a practical level? Whereas the ONA has taken the idea of Aeons, causal mechanics, and sinister dialectics and turned it all into a workable science of manipulating Time and the future in a practical way. The only way I can explain this is concept is like when you have one of those spongie toys? You know what I'm talking? You get them from those 25 cent machines. They come in little pills and you put them in a 2 liter bottle of water and they slowly grow into a big animal thing. Time is like a river. I put those spongie toy pills into the

river where I am standing with the intent of having those things grow into their full form way down stream which represents my future, to influence that future. That's Aeonics. At least how I understand it. You don't control anything, not the river, or the sponge toys. You just put one into the other, and the nature of Time and the nature of those sponge toys will naturally do the rest of the work.

I'll be around 90 years old in the year 2072. I think that's amazing. Even if I am the last Niner on earth, if I just kept doing what I am doing with the ONA until I am 90, the ONA would have made it through me into the future. I'd know how to shapeshift it to be relevant to the generations of that period. 2072 is only 30 years from the year 2100! My very own grandchildren will be alive in that future, and my own great grand children would be teenagers in that era. But you might ask: "Why do you want to get the ONA into the future so bad?" It's because of everything I tried to speak about in this essay. The change of Time. The direction our nation-states are going into. The fact that no institution out there presences things in a no bull shit fashion like the ONA. ONA calls things like they are. Mundanes are mundane. Magian is magian. Law is arbitrary. Culling is sometimes necessary. The sacred cow of the Nation-State is an illusion and mind-parasite. ONA is the only institution of its kind that also offers practical methods of application to its Dark Arts/Science. Its a great mixture of workable practical wisdom, mythos, and speculative reasoning.

ONA presents things in a No Bullshit manner. For example how many times have we in the Satanic Subculture and counter-culture world heard the cliché "religions are tools of control." And you'll see many mundane Satanist repeat this like it means shit to them. Like they just found buried treasure and have become enlightened. But what the fuck are you doing with your brain inside a religion called Satanism then? Why is your Satanism controlling you then? Have you seen those mundane Satanists completely under the spell of their Satanism where they dress all spooky, shave their heads like LaVey, act like a wannabe LaVey, start their online LaVey wannabe cults and prance around their 5 active user like hot shot messiah of Satanism, and act like Satanism is the only true way and answer? The fuck happened to you? Satanism didn't do shit for you. And these same idiots that parrot that cliché can't get themselves to understand how somebody like DM can be in more than one religion, doing the controlling [of the religion's memes] rather than being controlled. If religions are tools, don't you use the fucking tools?! Doesn't that make you a Tool if you are used by a religion? Especially if you parrot that cliché.

But ONA comes along and we present our shit in a No BS manner. Our Traditional Satanism isn't the answer to the cosmos, like some special locker combination that unlock the secret Truth of the universe. It's just a Causal Form we say. If you like that outer form, cool, knock your self out with it. Chant yourself into a frenzy for Satan. If not there are plenty of other forms to use: Drecc, Niner, Balobian, or make your own. They are all just Tool. We know they are Tools, and in a No BS manner we treat them as Tool.

I want my children and descendants in the future to have access to that No Bullshit way of the ONA. I want them to know what a State is minus the delusional bullshit. I want them to see law and order for what they are, minus the bullshit. I want them to understand Nature and their own human Nature minus the bullshit. That they are human and there is nothing wrong with them.

There is nothing wrong with anything that is humanly natural like killing. It happens and sometimes its necessary for protection and otherwise. That there is nothing wrong with mother Nature. She is as she should be. And because of how she is, we all are here. Nature is beyond our petty human valuations and judgments we may pass on Her. Because she was here first, and its because of how She is that we evolved into existence. There is nothing wrong with the tooth and claw, the war and bloodshed.

I want them to see Time as Time is beyond the face of a watch. So they can understand that they are not just passive passengers of the flow of causal and effect and Time. But that they can take an active part in becoming partners with the process of creation manifesting itself. Because they are that same creation in bodily form who are living parts of the greater field of creation. I want them to understand that they are a nexion or point of convergence between an unseen world [acausal] and the causal world through which the very Cosmos which they are manifests and self-creates itself. I want them to have distant goals and to learn to aeonically reach for them. I want them to understand that they have a way out of this National Prison. It's not an easy way out. But they way out can be lost in a pile of abstract bullshit. The ONA cuts through all that BS and offers practical knowledge on how to get things done by living in harmony with their folk and Nature.

I would like for my own future children to join me in this ONA Relay Race so I can pass my flag to them. I'd love to see them run with it and shapeshift it into something that is their own thing for their own Time frame. I'll never live long enough to see this Relay race end. But If I live just 90 years and have just one child in this Relay Race, I'll know that the ONA will have a nexion to manifest through in the year 2100. Which is not the goal, but certainly much closer to the end Goal. This is if technology still exists in that future. If not, if nations collapse in that time, then the ONA will have the practical means to teach them to Thernn, Tribalize, focus their energy on family, clan, and close companions, and be the cultural Seeds of a new Aeon.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

AGIA H BAPHOMET



I've often wondered about the Dark Tradition and how, or thru what manner it presented itself into causal form. If it does exist; and I feel that a primal Dark Tradition does exist; then the Dark Ones themselves first presented the Dark to primal man in ancient forgotten times. How it came to be that Anton Long had the Way is irrelevant; but I wondered a while ago how it came into his hands. It is like a radio tuned into a distant frequency it resonates with. When our being is in tune to the "Dark Muses" the Primal Tradition presents itself by nature thru the mind in resonance to its Dark Current. To establish a footing or link to the causal realm, whereon each mind then expresses this Primal Dark Way in its own exoteric manner. If we resonate with the Dark Current, submerge ourselves in the Abyss, and yearn for the wisdom of the Way, it will come. As if Nature Herself whispers Her Dark Mysteries to you without need of master or prophet. And in the end, no matter who or where we are, Our Dark Tradition manifests itself in the same exoteric form. This Sinister Way of ours is a Way we learn directly from Primal Nature Herself, which is the core essence all causal life. This Sinister Way, needs no teacher or preacher; no prophet or guru; it just comes naturally to those who are Children of Primal Nature, who still dance to her wild music.

Ordo Ab Chao [Order Out Of Chaos]

Chaos is the base fundamental essence of the causal universe. It is symbolized in 352 as Azagthoth, which we esoterically name ourselves after: WSA: Waffen-Schaft Azagthoth, the Legion of Chaos. Azagthoth is the blind and idiot source at the center. It is thru Yug-Sothoth that the chaos, and idiocy of Azagthoth is brought into order and crystalized into coherency

which gives form. The Chaos of the Quantum Flux coagulating into coherent structures of peons, neutrons, protons, atoms, elements, and molecules.

It is the Chaos that disrupts the coherency of order and form, bringing order back into chaos, to regenerate itself into new orders and form. Such as the death of physical life is a Disruption which causes the body to lose its order and coherency. It melts into a chaotic pool of biochemicals to be recycled and reorganized into new forms.

If we see and understand this basic process of creation and regeneration in Primal Nature, can we not also use the same process to Conquer, Destory, and Create social order?

What are the 3 required factors of distruping a social order such as a state or city? What are the steps needed to disrupt its coherency into chaos for the purpose of regenerating it into a new social order according to the will of the adept?

The First is called the "Distortion Factor." The Distortion Factor is any means, method or tool that is introduced into a coherent system to cause Disruption of that coherency. this can be illustrated by piercing a nail into a galss window. The windo is a coherent, crystalized structure. The tip of the nail is "introduced" into this structure which causes it to fracture. The fracturing affect is the Distortion where its coherency is fractured, thus making the window weak.

The Second factor is "Disruption." It is the coherency of the glass cracking. Disruption is anything which cracks the coherent bond of the target social order. Such as racial tention, or economic frustration. When done right, with enough force, Disruption annihilates social coherency and manifests chaos and instablity. This is called the Weak Point, which is the most critical period in destorying the said target social order. The Weak Point is not the end, it is only a sign post to inform you to keep going further and to keep applyng force because the end is near. Then what?

Then comes "Order." To take that chaos and regenerate it into a new order, according to the will and design of the Master Architect. This is the same basic three step process that created the civilization of the United States of America, and vertually every civilization known. What we see as revolutions and war, is only Primal Nature in physical motion.

But... says the perceptive: States and cities aren't the only social orders. Wherever there is more than one person, there is a social order. It doesn't matter what it is exoterically called, whether it is a club, web forum, political party, or religion, it is all social order, and psyt cherency. The same three step plan of attact and tactics works in all cases. So to study and come to a deep understanding of how primal nature works, we can use what we learn from Her to regenerate and establish new orders out of old ones.

Which brings me to this present writing. In previous writings we intoduces Distortion Factors into the coherent fabric of the ONA. This writing is the Disruption factor. The cracks have been made, now to pound it into piece. When working to disrupt sociey in the real world, one uses physical tools and people at your disposal. When disrupting a memetic system such as a religion, one uses new or "alien" memes. These memes infect minds that resonant with it,

causing those minds to defect from the old way, and to assimilate into the new way. Thus, a new order takes form to bring the target fractured social order to its Weak Point; producing regeneration. Let the revolution then, commence.

If the ONA doesn't change, find equilibrium, and update its system to the 21st century it is doomed to die out eventually. The main problem with the ONA right now is that it is too heavily contaminated with testosterone and it lacks perspective of primal nature. What do I mean by that? I mean 99.99% of this Nine Angles Tradition is all boys.

What is a boy? A boy basically starts his life as an X chromosome egg and a Y chromosome sperm. This Y chromosome is the smallest chromosome in existence. In fact the Y chromosome only has about 75 genes in it. These 75 genes in turn are "palindromal." A palindrome is a sequence of letters, numbers, or digits which is the same backwards, as it is forwards such as the example: ABBA. If you look closely, you will notice that ABBA is actually a mirror image of only two letters: A & B. That's what the Y chromosome is. It really isn't even 75 genes, in actuality it is only about 37 puny genes that puff itself up to make it look bigger. In the same way that boys usually puff up their egos, muscles, and lie about their penis size to make them look bigger and more important. Like we care even. This Y chromosome really doesn't do anything but tell the boy's body to make testicles and manufacture a hormone called Testosterone; and it passes color blindness down to sons.

What does this mean? It means that boys live and grow up totally intoxicated with testosterone or are always under the influence of the hormone. It means everything the boy sees, he sees with boy eyes, under the influence of this hormone. It means whatever he absorbs of life and nature into his influenced mind, he interprets with a boy brain. It means that we girls aren't boys, and that we don't perceive or live life, or understand life intoxicated with testosterone. It's like a boy is always drunk on beer, and he thinks we girls see the whole world with drunk eyes like him. The nature he sees and understands is not the same nature a girl feels and understands. Baphomet thus, has two faces, one she shows to her sons, and one seen by her daughters.

Why is it even important to talk about the differences between boys and girls? Well, considering that boys and girls make up the entire human species, if we learn to understand our basic primal natures, could we not use that information to our advantage in the art of manipulation and glamour? Couldn't we learn to use that information to help disrupt social order? Couldn't we also use that information to be more successful in life and establish stronger bonds and more fulfilling relationships? Isn't that what life is essentially about? We are born into causal existence completely immersed in relationships of different kinds, and within social order.

The difference between a boy and a girl starts off as soon as we are born. Us girls while we're being breast fed or held, look at our mother's faces more often than boys, whereas boys more often look around to analyze his surroundings. This is the basic primal difference between the two genders. The girl stares at her mother's face more often because she is emotionally, hormonally, and psychologically programmed for social awareness, and social bonding. The boy looks around observing his environment more often because he is emotionally,

hormonally, and psychologically programmed to be more territorially aware, and for territorial behavior.

When these boys and girls learn to walk, and we place them in a room together with toys. That primal coding affects their behavior, actions, and methods of interaction. The girls will most of the time instinctively play with the dolls. While the boys play with toy trucks or other items of private possession. Why? That doll to a girl is a surrogate "other person" with which she practices her primal coding of social bonding. While the boys take the more private possession-like toys because the accumulation of material goods and property is a fundamental aspect of territorialism. Observe closely and you will also notice all the girls tend to group closer together and end up playing with each other; while the boys independently play with their toys with a possessive nature or bond to the toy. Girls bond with each other and boys bond with their property.

Give these little girls and boys paper and crayons and let them draw and we see this basic primal nature again. Girls draw mommies, daddies, pet dogs, and horses; all having to do with emotional bonds, and relationships. While boys draw cars and trucks... things that can be possessed.

When boys and girls are older and we observe them at play on the playground, we can see a further development of these two primal natures in affect. How do little boys play? They play fight. They pick up sticks and sword fight, or they play wrestle. They become possessive of items on the play ground like the swing set or the sand box. I know, I remember. And they defend their swing set and sand box from other boys they don't like. Where are the girls on a play ground? We're somewhere in the corner with each other talking of playing with dolls.

Boys are territorial, possessive, and competitive by nature. This nature isn't girl nature. It doesn't matter where you then put a boy in life, whether he is in politics, the army, a corporation, or a religion. Boys will be boys, and they will always do boy things. If the boys are in a religion, they will use it compete with, fight with, and accumulate possessions with. Why? What has every great war from the Trojan war to the Mahabharata of ancient India ever been fought for? Women.

We see this more clearly in the baser animal kingdoms. Take a pride of lions for instance. A pride of lions consists of usually an "Alpha Male" and his harem of females lionesses. The boy lion is only concerned over his territory; defending it from competition, and expanding it for more resources. The female lions are more concerned over the social bond of the pride, maintaining the social order, and regenerating that social order by giving birth to new lions. But why does the alpha male get all the girls?

Because the primal survival instinct of a female is "Security." The feeling of being secure knowing that we are safe to continue surviving without being harmed and that our offspring will be safe also. These alpha males, because they control a given territory offers that needed Security... for a fair exchange of course.

The male's primal survival instinct is "Replication." To breed with as many healthy girls as

possible to pass his Noble Genes down and to make sure those offspring are all his. it is not the land or possessions of a male, nor how he looks that primally and sexually attracts a girl to a man, it is his glamour of Confidence that he can provide and satisfy the need for Security. Boys are primally and sexually attracted to “pretty” girls because beauty is a visual signifier of biological and genetic health. When a female animal encounters a male that is alpha status, she yields and submits by her very nature to him, giving herself to him in exchange for security.

But then, why do secondary ranking guys – those who are not alpha males, choose to support and follow an alpha male? In 352 we call this the “Trickle Down Affect.” The alpha male’s glamour of confidence and “alphamaleness” trickles down to his supporters and associates, thus making them “appear” to be just as confident and attractive to the females in that group. We are essentially a reflection of who we associate with in life. The alpha males allows his associates to have the second class females that he doesn’t want, in exchange for the support.

We see this Trickle Down Affect in the world of music. Rock stars are modern ‘alpha males’ because the success in life they have achieved from a girls perspective offers much security, therefore they become very attractive. It doesn’t matter how they look to a girl. Just as a guy cannot help but be physically attracted to a girl for her looks, a girl cannot help but be attracted to a guy for the level of confidence he has. So these rock stars have girl groupies who would be more than willing to yield and submit themselves up for security. The rock star’s associates gets residual glamour from the rock star and in turn looks good.

This is the fault of satanism. It is masculinized and contaminated with testosterone. It rejects primal feminine principles of social bonding, condemning it as bad and conformity. It claims to be based on human nature, but is just as far removed from that primal nature as Christianity. This is what makes satanism a weak religion, and why Christianity has members in the billion. Because the world great religions utilizes the social drive of mankind as its central essence. What goes on in a church, a synagogue, a mosque, or a Buddhist Temple? Social interaction.

So we learn that girls are naturally attracted to a man not because he has big muscles, or even a big house, but because he “appears” (glamour) to have the confidence to make her feel secure in life. Confidence is the first and biggest turn on for a normal girl. But who cares you ask? So what? Knowing this stuff is the difference not only in you getting laid or masturbating alone; it also if you work it right, lead you you fame and fortune.

We can see this primal principle being applied in real life in the presidential race between Barack Obama and John McCain. This example will also show how stupid men confuse “ego” for confidence. What exactly first does “confidence” mean in the eyes of a girl? It is the appearance that you know what you want, how you want it, and how to get it. A quick example that any girl will understand is riding in a car with a male friend or boyfriend. If the guy is confident, he just puts the girl in the car, take control of the situation, and just drives her somewhere. That’s confidence, and its attractive. A guy who is INSECURE and lack confidence when he puts a girl in his car shows in feebleness by asking: So, where do you want to go... what do you feel like doing?

It's a simple question, and to the guy it might think he's saying: I want to make you happy, so we can do whatever you want, because I love you and just being with you makes me happy." But to a girls ears she hears: I suck. I am a loser. I am insecure. I don't even know where to take you or what to do with you.

Barack Obama knew how to work his glamour to appear completely confident. He made his statements and stuck by them. He speaks with a voice that vibrates with self confidence. He looks and uses his eyes emitting confidence from them light beams. His thinking process is determination. He knows how to take control of the situation, and never shows any signs of insecurities. His glamour is contagious and hypnotic, like the glamour of Hilter in those old days were Hitler just exuded hypnotic confidence into the German Folk to entrance them and captivate their collective attention, hearts, and minds. This is the quality of a winner or an alpha male, and the source of sheer power.

John McCain sucked. He lack any kind of confidence. Instead, he compensated his lack for a confident self image and glamour for ego. All he did was talk about himself: I was in Vietnam... I was a P.O.W.... I did this... I did that... and he said these things in a voice that showed in insecurities. his mind and thinking process was indecisive. He couldn't make up his mind about his statements and opinions. The way he stands and his body language showed his lack of confidence. He avoided eye contact. Why is eye contact important and associated with confidence? Because when two male animals face each other to fight over territory they make eye contact and the insecure one breaks that eye contact and looks away. lack of eye contact expresses a lack of confidence and insecurity.

Eye contact is the second most attractive quality in a man for a girl. The more eye contact he makes with her, the sexier he makes himself appear to her. Establishing eye contact with secondary males establishes rank and class structure, and those with confidence sheds that glamour thru their eyes to their associates. John McCain lost because he didn't understand primal human nature. Because he didn't convince men that he had the confidence of an alpha male to share with them as associates, so he lost support, and he didn't know how to make himself look attractive to women to gain their vote. If you were a secondary ranking male, who would you support a male who was confident enough to insure power for your group, or a male that is a loser? Who the hell wants to follow a loser? For what?

So we see here that Nature rewards her sons who struggles and fights to the top with the coveted gift of power, dominion, and women, which rightfully belongs to them. Their fitness to climb human order to the top of the piles makes their genes of noble quality, which Nature desires to propagate to Her next generations. Thus the Great Mother to men rightly appears as a dark, bloodthirsty Kali, who demands ruthless might and blood shed. None of the greatest men that ever walked this earth achieved that might and power with out bloodshed, spilled to the ground as an Opfer to the Dark Mother. How many men fell victim to the sword of Alexander the Great and Genghis Khan that they would be immortalized among the greatest humans to ever grace or race? How many lives did Hitler, Lenin, Maa, and Washinton Opfer up to the Dark Goddess to manifest their civilizations and receive their reward of immortal fame and supreme power?

But this same Goddess shows herself to her daughter in a different manifestation. To Her daughters, who were made in Her likeness, she is Sophia, the Mother of Wisdom. For when we girls understand the mysteries of Her Pimal Nature, we have but to yield and appear to submit and She rewards us with those same foolish men that struggled and faught for glory, and their entire estate. You see, Alexander the Great may have fought, slughtered, and struggled his way to the top, but all Roxanna had to do was yield and appear to submit to control his heart... and his entire empire.

Yielding and submition, in the mind of a man rightly is associated with weakness. Because when a man yields and sumbits, to whom does he yield to? Another man. But when a girl yields and submits, it it to the alpha male, not because she challenged his territorial authority, but because she desires security and because she has something he needs, which she will give up for a very large price – his life, devotion, and all that he has ever worked for. Baphomet favores Her Daughters.

Thus in 352 we say that Baphomet is only an outer name and form. But when you translate those letters thru the Atbash Cipher we come to a more hidded name: Sophia. Which is Wisdom, more softer, more beautiful, and yielding to Her Children. This is to say that Nature has two faces. One that is of bloodthirst might, progression and survival; but those who study Her and gains an understanding of her primal mysteries becomes Wise; and with that Wisdom procures Her coveted gifts.

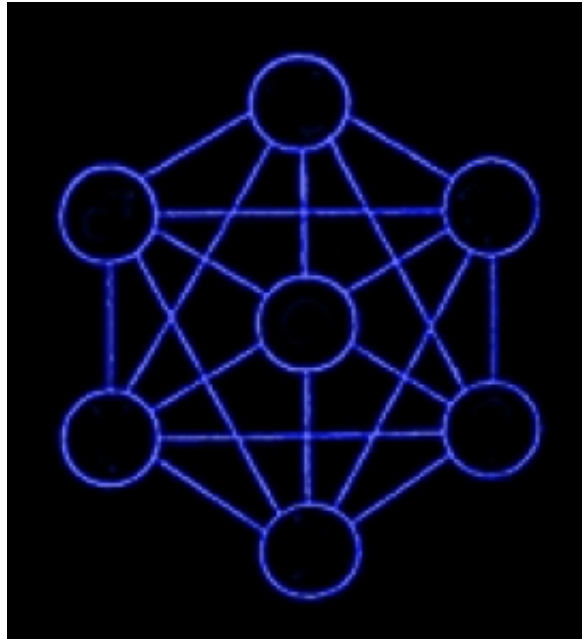
This balance which we have brought in 352 to Baphomet must then in be expressed in word also. The masculinized “Agios O Baphomet” is no longer valid and the feminine form: “Agia H Baphomet” is used by us who understand Her feminine mysteries, Her Wisdom, Her undying bond to Her Children; and the Power She has over men. May She bless this Nexion of ours with abundance of sisters and brothers, an indisoluable social bond, and fruitful endeavors. Agia H Baphomet...

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

ANGLES OF LIFE



Angles of Life

Malibu

We got up early today just as the sun was rising to get ready. We packed our backpacks with water, strudel, dried fruits, and a lot of beef jerky for the hike we had planned. Kayla had her blue jeans, hiking boots, and her “dikadelic” tank top on, with her hair tied up. I wore jeans, my sneakers, and this forest green-tee shirt. We stopped by before we jetted at McDonalds for a quiet coffee and breakfast. I love their cheesy croissant thingies. The drive up to Topanga State Beach up in Malibu was going to take a few hours with morning traffic. But we had all day so we took the scenic route up Pacific Coast Highway.

The coastal area around Malibu is gorgeous. To your left as you’re driving up PCH is the ocean which stretches way up into the horizon. To your right are all these beautiful big houses, trees, and green fields of shrubs. And that scene just goes on and on. She had a lot on her mind today. You can tell when Kayla doesn’t want to talk and wants to think when she leans back while driving, with the music on loud, grips the wheel with her right hand, and bites nails of her left hand, with this pensive look, just staring out ahead, oblivious to the bumper to bumper traffic.

I’m used to it, so I know when to give her space. So as the traffic started making me feel anxious and restless and frustrated, I pulled out my phone to do a little reading. I have Adobe Reader on my phone [which I love!] and every ONA/Myatt related PDF in a folder all on my phone [talk about smartphone huh].

So there I was, on my way to Malibu, stuck in thick traffic, reading Hostia One. A couple days ago I was curious as to what the term “Nine Angles,” actually means. Why “nine?” Why not 7? Why “angles?” Why not spheres, or realms, or vectors? I have read Pointy’s “Ingrowing Angles,” several times and it left me more confused than when I started. I don’t think my girl brain [at my age] works good enough to decipher the way that manuscript was explaining what an “angle” was. Geometry and a girl’s brain doesn’t go together often. So I gave up and started looking in other places for other meanings and clues. But even the ideas and concepts I read in Hostia were confusing. I understood Hostia, but still, the information I got from it felt “foreign” or like I couldn’t “feel” it or relate to it emotionally. So I just gave it all up and listened to the music instead.

We weren’t moving. It was sprinkling and gloomy. Kayla was cussing and swearing because we were grid locked. Fortunately we drove past the cause of the traffic. It was a bad car accident. Maybe the road was slippery and they were going to fast? One of the two cars was upside down. The police and ambulance were obviously already there. We had just made it on time to see them push the gurney [“trolley” in British medical jargon] into the back of the ambulance which didn’t look like it was in a hurry to go any where. All we saw was sheet over a body, so we figured the poor guy must have died. “Fuuuuck,” goes Kayla. I just had my mouth open looking at her shocked. But the traffic was now moving, and I could feel the angst and frustration of traffic subside as the car was picking speed, which put a smile on my face.

I felt bad inside because I was glad we were moving. Here I was all selfish thinking about passing this stupid accident so we can get to the beach, and this guy suffered a horrible death and will never see his family again.

So Kayla spent the rest of the way talking her mind on death. Her grandfather had just recently passed away December of 2009. It was around the same time brother Frata 352 of Malta’s father had passed away too. So I guess we both had death and dying on our minds. “What happened when we die?” She asked me. I spent the rest of the day trying to explain different things to her as best as I can.

Hiking

It’s a long quiet strip of sandy beach with not many people around because it was a weekday. We had left our shoes in the car as we just wanted to talk a long quiet walk down the beach before we walked up to the hiking trail near by.

The beach feels different when you are in that reflective mood. It’s just an eye full. You can see the water go all the way back into the horizon merging with the sky. And you can’t help but wonder in awe how it all got here. Which only added to our talk about the Mystery of Life and Existence we were having.

In a way, it’s satisfying when you are reading, or in class, or on the internet, or think in your house to read about theories and explanations as to how Everything came to be. But when you put yourself out into big Nature where you feel so small and insignificant and overwhelmed by Existence, those theories seem to fade before that Mystery that surrounds us. And we are left

still in awe and wonder.

Just off of Topanga Canyon Rd near by is a parking lot thingy where the hiking trail is. We decided to park our car there, and hike our way slowly up the hill to the top where there was this little bridge and a flowing brook. Last time I had been to the top we saw a cluster of orange and red salamanders mating in a big pile.

The hiking trail is beautiful. It starts off with a glen of sorts surrounded by big green trees, and there are these really small “midget building” here and there. As you make your way up there is a small dam to your right where a bee hive lives in somewhere. Then you hike up the side of the hill surrounded by the usual shrubbery and plant life native to that area.

My favorite plant I always look out for is this really cool yellow spaghetti like plant called “Witch’s Hair.” It’s a parasitic plant with these gorgeous little blood red flowers. They somehow take root in a host plant, and then strangle the host plant gradually by spreading its spaghetti like branches all over the plant.

We were still talking about Life as we hiked, relaying insights back and forth. There was this point where we stopped to look at this huge beehive way up on the side of the rocky hill. We both turned around to look at the scenic view behind up which were trees, and Kayla says: “Life’s so weird, we could not even exist, and it would still go on without us; but we do exist, why?”

That statement made me feel funny inside. We have all these questions that have no real answers. It was a wanting to know beyond “Satanism,” beyond Buddhism or some religion. Just two strange creatures who don’t know where they came from, what they are doing here, and where they are going wanting to know what “this” all means and how it all got here. Just us and Nature, with none of that bullshit religion in between.

We spent most of our time up at the top by the brook talking about everything that was on our minds. About death and Life and everything in between and beyond [the Cosmos]. Which led us into talks about science and our mutual dislike of what passes as science today.

Contentions

I hate modern mainstream science. It’s unfortunate that such a noble art could degenerate from olden day Empirical Science into some dogmatic theory thumping lifeless institution. Math has taken the place of direct experimentation. Any new hypothesis which challenges an established theory is mocked by the High Priests of Modern Science.

And this is all they have to work with: just Theories, which are just guesses. And from those scientific biased guesses there is Belief. Biased as in that modern materialist science is biased in that anthropomorphism, supernaturalism, or any –ism beyond Materialism is rejected. But these theories sprout up; one after another; which becomes a forest of theories. And it’s in this forest of theories that the Mind tends to get lost in. When the Mind is lost in a forest of theories, it is as far removed from Life as a Mind lost in religious Beliefs. In effect, these Beliefs and

Opinions gets in the way between You/Us and Life. Regardless of whether you are a materialist-atheist or a superstitious religionist: your Beliefs/Opinions is a wall between you and reality.

Direct Apprehension

Vibhajjavada is perhaps the single most important tool I have. The word means the “Doctrine of Analysis.” You expose yourself Directly to a subject matter or nature; observe, and analyze closely. And from that analysis comes insight which is born from within your own Self. And from those self born insights, there is Self Illumination, where you do not depend on any other person, priest, religion, or scientist to spoon feed you ideas, beliefs, and opinions.

Pathei-Mathos is now my second most important tool in my arsenal of Self Illumination. The phrase suggests a struggle or suffering; a trial or tests which Life and Experience brings. From an intimate and Mindful Direct experience of Life and the study of our intimate experiences in Life there is an inner growth in Understanding, a Becoming, a Wisdom that blossoms in our Mind, where Life and our own Experiences is our only Teacher. There is no religion in between you and Life. No theories. No Beliefs. No words even. Because when you have touched something directly there is a wordless knowing.

Mother Nature had it all planned out from the beginning. If Nature depended on priests, scientists, gurus, and professors to teach each generation of her living organisms, causal life would not have made it this far. Even though plants and animals don't speak Greek, Pathei-Mathos is in essence, the Way Nature teaches, and the way all life learns: From their own life experiences, struggles, tests, trials, mistakes, and adaptability: or ability to change over time from such experiences. This Way requires no teacher or prophet or words. From the “pathei-mathos” of a simple culture of bacteria 3.5 billion years ago – with its suffering, struggle to adapt, etc – evolution happened, and we are a product of that evolution: 3.5 billion years of pathei-mathos.

It might be hard for current materialists to agree that the life experience of a proto-amoeba fueled evolution since it is Believed that genes are in control. But a New Biology and the new field of Epigenetics is confirming Empirically that the environment and Mind influences and affects genes. Evolution is a willed effort, not an accidental mutation. Nature doesn't play with dice. For a Living organism like Nature to exist continuously for 4 billion years, She can't afford to play chance.

This natural Way of Direct Apprehension has been lost in most members of our species. We go to everything but Life itself for answers: television, movie stars, rock stars [of all people], state controlled schools, holy books, priests, politicians [of all people], our friends, commonly accepted opinions of others: Everything and everyone but Life. All of these examples are lost in their own Beliefs and Opinions and are equally removed from Life.

The best way to illustrate the difference between wisdom gained from direct apprehension of Life versus going to others for their opinions is with Love and Sex. We can all remember a time during puberty when we were changing inside and out when we were thinking about love and

sex. Our parents may have tried to shelter us from experiencing these things because we were too young. TV bombards us with images of sex and relationships. Our friends and other may have told us a few bizarre things about having boyfriends and sex. Sex Ed at school told you to stay away from it because your vagina will rot with grotesque diseases [they show pictures] and you'll get fat and pregnant; and they make you push a bag of flour [pretend baby] around for good measure too. And your local pastor at church will tell you you'll burn in hell forever if you have sex before marriage, so don't even bother getting a boyfriend.

So you end up with all of these different Opinions and Beliefs and you get lost in that forest of opinions. Until you just Try it. When you do first fall in love and try sex for the first time, there is a wordless knowing. More of an inner feeling and realization of what it means to actually fall in love and be loved, and what sex is. And it is beyond the gibberish you once heard. Which is when you realize that all of those other people's beliefs and opinions were just gibberish that had nothing to do with the wordless knowing of Love and Sex. And from years of love and heartbreak and mistakes, you grow into a wise young adult. Wise from your own personal touching of Life.

Or it is like magick. I have a boar tusk wrapped in gold. On the tusk is written magickal Pali versus by a monk, who also "woke up" the "spirit" inside of the tusk. In my culture [Thai/Khmer] these boar tusk amulets have been used for thousands of years. And those that use them – especially in battle during war – knows their value and their 'faith' in such amulets is beyond doubt. But those beliefs or faith in such amulets are born from a direct experience. Whereas those people who have never owned such an amulet or have never experienced anything concerning magick, often have many of their own theories and beliefs [disbelief] about the subject. But from where do their theories and beliefs arise? Lifeless opinions devoid of any intimate and direct experience.

Life & Death

Since I was raised in an Asian culture, I was never told that the stork brings babies. I did wonder where I came from when I was little, like around 5, so I asked my mom where I came from. She told me I came from a pet store in China Town because the Chinese people in China have so many people in their country, they have to sell their extra babies to people in America.

Of course I learned later where babies come from. As we all do at some point. We definitely know when one of your girl friends at our school gets knocked up by her stupid boyfriend. So for many of us it's Direct Exposure to pregnancy that we intimately realize how human life starts. When one of your friend or mother is pregnant, and you feel the baby kicking with your own hands, and a few months later you're holding the baby in your arms, there is a wordless knowing that goes beyond sex ed and text book pictures and the many opinions and beliefs about having babies. Direct exposure to the beginning of human life also gives you something no text book or belief or theory can ever give to you: Awe and Wonder. It's fascinating in a mysterious way to hold a new born baby in your arms, because it's born fully biologically and physiologically functioning on its own, it's alive, and it came literally from nowhere.

But death is different isn't it? We have all these beliefs and opinions about death. Some of us

believe that when we die we stop existing. Some of us have this theory that when we die we are judged and based on how good or bad we were we go to heaven or hell. How many of these opinions and theories came from somebody who held death in their arms? How many of us have held a dying person? How many of us have heard with our own ears a dying person's last mortal words? How many of us have intimately experienced directly somebody we know wither away and die?

Death in the Occident is sterile and clinical. We don't ever hear the last words of the dying. The last words we ever hear is some doctor telling us our elderly loved one has passed on. Death in the West is shut off from direct experience.

The Elderly – our own grand mothers and grand fathers – are shut off in nursing homes: out of sight, out of Mind. We go on our daily lives, perhaps feeling a bit guilty, but we try not to think about it. Maybe we'll go visit these old people once in a while. Then they die far from our Mindful direct awareness. And we wonder what happens to the dead. And we make up theories to explain something we were never intimately connected with away. Everybody seems to have an opinion; yet nobody seems to have directly experienced deaths in the West.

What do I Believe happens to us when we die I was asked. I don't Believe. I believed many things about love and sex before I Experienced it. But when I did Experience it, there is nothing to Believe: there is just a Wordless Knowing. I Believed many things as a small girls about where babies come from. But when I experienced it directly, there is nothing to Believe: there is just a silent and simple – yet awe inspiring – understanding. You don't believe in something you have touched, or tasted, or seen, or heard, or smelled, or experienced. You don't believe in the color blue. You don't believe in a song you like. You don't believe anything about the taste of a watermelon. You don't believe anything about snowboarding, like you don't believe in driving cars. You don't believe in things you directly have experienced and Realized inside. You believe in things you have NOT yet experienced. You make theories up for things you have no idea of or intimate association with.

It's no wonder to me that the people who are the most far removed from life: religionists, have the most Theories about it. It doesn't surprise that people who have no real intimate personal experience of the Universe – Cosmologists – have the most Theories about it. People who have never intimately personally experienced death, often have the most opinions and ideas about death to believe in. Thankfully, there are other cultures and peoples besides the Western Human.

In most cultures and living traditions around the world a Family stays together through life and death. In such Families both the birth of a new relative and the death of a relative are directly experienced first hand by everyone. The birth is a joyous occasion. The deaths brings both sadness and relief. In such cultures the elderly are never thrown away in a nursing home. You nurse your grandmothers and grandfathers to death. You watch them wither away in a room next to you. You care for them, spend all your time you have left with them, before they go away. You watch them die in silence with your aunts and uncles. You hear their last words, and you see them take their last breath. And you see when they have died that "something" behind their eyes has left.

In cultures like the one I was born and raised in, this is a Living Tradition. It is an old one that is thousands and thousands of years old. Older than religion, because when they do die, we practice an ancient tradition wrongly called “ancestor worship” by the Occident.

One generation cares for their elders to death, and that tradition is repeated down the ages. During which time, things are learned about death from direct exposure. And that knowledge and wisdom is passed down by the living. I’ve helped take care of many of my elders and I have seen all of them die naturally. But, I’m not going to go into the details of what I have experienced and wordlessly know and what has been passed down to me by thousands of years of being so close to death. What I have experienced in my own life, has only meaning to me. And death really isn’t the central topic here. It is Mystery.

Angles to Mysteries

Everything about Life and the Cosmos is a mystery. The closer we look, the less we know and the more mysterious things get. We are a creature that doesn’t know how we got here, what we are doing here, or where we are going. It’s almost as if we are blind, or like we exist in the dark.

This reminded me of bats flying around at night. They can’t see anything so they squeak these ultrasonic echoes. And these echoes bounce off their dark environment and from that bouncing, they get an image of their surrounding in an indirect way, so that they begin to “see” in that darkness. Our talk on that hike ended up in this darkness we exist blindly in, so we were briefly talking about bats.

I went home that day feeling at peace inside. Then the word “Angle” came back on my Mind as the silence of the evening caused me to think about the ONA again. I can’t stand it when I don’t understand something even if it is explained to me. Usually I just give up and make up my own explanation. This “Nine Angles” thing was bugging me.

I went online to try and find as many archaic meanings to the word “angles” to try and create for myself a meaning of “nine angles” that is personally my own understanding that is relevant to me. Coincidentally there is an old definition of the word “angle” that is not a geometric thing or a fish hook. The word “Angle” also means: “To get at something indirectly or by artful means.”

That definition of the word Angle got me thinking about the bats again: how they piece together their dark environment by using an indirect method. Nine of course to me would be the 4 causal dimensions plus the 5 Acausal dimensions and/or the 7 spheres of the Tree of Wyrd, plus the Abyss and the Acausal: which either way is the Whole Living Cosmos.

Our total immersion into Life, and our direct apprehension of Life seems to be angles of indirectly unraveling or unlocking the mysteries of the Cosmos that surrounds us; that we exist in: that we are a living expression of. If only we each put ourselves into every aspect of Life: Birth and Death, and every human experience in between. But also being intimate, empathetic, and close to Nature, and directly analyzing it our own selves for our own answers.

In this way – with something like Pathei-Mathos – there is a Going Beyond of opinions, established theories, mundane beliefs, and the silliness of religion. Where nothing and no-one comes in between us and the great Dark Mystery of the Cosmos. Where our own Life experience, intimate apprehension, and struggles are our only teacher and doctrine which guides us Numinously to our Self Enlightenment and evolution.

In a way, Life is both the teacher doing the teaching, and the subject being taught. No book, or belief, or theory thought up by another human, can teach what Life can teach. Life and Nature have been teaching its Mysteries since before mankind. It is arrogant to believe that we know more and can do better because we have microscopes and telescopes, and can tell stories about what little we see: what little we understand.

After a long reflective day, after having gained a new understanding of the word “angle,” and after re-reading some of ONA and David Myatt’s writings, I see the ONA and what it has to offer in a new light. If only we could mature ourselves from our old aeonic reliance on religion and priests. If only we could liberate our Minds from the forest of theories and beliefs, and just plunge into Life naked. To just experience Life directly and intimately, up against our bare skin. Beyond theories and beliefs. Where there is only Experience, the Wordless Knowing, and Evolution born from such experience and knowing: Which has been the Way of Nature for aeons.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

ANTON LONG AND THE ONA FAMILY



Anton Long & The ONA Family

In this Third Phase of Fayen the most immediate focus before us is to physically manifest individual ONA Initiates, Cells, Nexions, Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, and Balobians, for the long aeonic work ahead. We now have the people, the groups, the nexions, and tribes. An academician of a Norwegian Universit is now even conducting a survey and research on the ONA and its groups, temples, nexions, and tribes.

Our ONA manuscripts – in the thousands of pages – are now also publicly available. With this also our ideas spread and inspire the Left Hand Path. This is something which we have seen bare fruit in the past decade with Satanic groups such as the Joy of Satan [initially], Temple ov Blood, Temple of the Black Light, Ordo Sinistra Vivendi, Order of the Left Hand Path, etc, etc, all having been inspired into existence from being exposed to ONA MSS and ONA ideas/concepts; eventually becoming their own organizations. In this manner, the ONA and our MSS still inspires and influences even more feverishly than a decade ago. A decade ago people and organizations only borrowed from the ONA to create their own Satanic Orders – as per Codex Saerus – whereas now people and internet organizations goes so far as to try and “destroy” the ONA, or pretend to be its leader and whatever.

But now as we have entered our Third Phase of Fayen, we have before us a new focus or project which will help us aeonically get our work done: Culture & Tradition. And with this ONA Kulture, there now must exist Cultural Coherency in our awareness as associates of this ONA which Anton Long is the Father of.

The seeds of our ONA Kulture are our cells, Sevenfold Way Initiates, Nexions, and associates now scattered around the globe in different parts. Each Initiate is thus a living nexion through which in time the next generation of Initiates will come. Thru each living nexion with Time, a common Kulture and Tradition will emerge. Which Culture and Tradition is the main tool of seeding a new aeon into first Imperium and later – after we have long gone – a Galactic Imperium and a new Breed of Humans.

Anton Long

The ONA – in this Third Phase of Fayen – is still so new; being only 30 something years old; that the Founder, Source-Personality, and Father of our ONA Kulture is still alive. Anton Long still writes and shapes the ONA. He still is at the center of the ONA.

During the older phases of Fayen when people were still into the idea of initiatic orders and structured hierarchical organizations, the Old Guards of the ONA dressed the ONA up to reflect such in fashion styles of organization for certain reasons. Thus in older manuscripts dating from this phase of Fayen you'll see ONA presented as an organization with members, with a leader, and degrees, and so on.

During this Third Phase of Fayen with our focus now on Family and Kulture, the old rhetoric has been faded out. We started 4-3 years ago presencing the idea into the general public that the ONA is leaderless, without structure, etc, with success. This is so because a living culture has no structure or leader, and that Anton Long will not live forever with us.

But for those of us who were inside the ONA during both phases of Fayen – during both rhetorical periods – we should know that at no time did anything esoteric actually change. Only the Forms and Outer Presentations change. Only the superficial – exoteric – words were modified. Instead of the word “member” we say “associate;” instead of “Order” we say “social order,” or an “ordering of people.” Instead of “Grand Master” being a hierarchical title, we left it as a name for one of the higher degrees of Our Sevenfold Way. Instead of referring to “the Grand Master,” we now just say “Anton Long.”

But nothing has really changed has it? Everything for Us essentially is still in its place. Anton Long is still the center of the ONA. Although he may not now be rhetorically a leader of the ONA, Anton Long trumps us all in his Seniority simply because he Founded and Fathered the ONA, and every one of Us today who considers Ourselves to be ONA is literally fathered by his ideas. Unless you are so ungrateful, so hubris, so peasantile that you don't acknowledge and Honour the Man who gave you his thoughts and wisdom which We made our own as a foundation our private thoughts may have sprung from.

Anton Long may not be a leader rhetorically, but to those genuinely a part of his ONA, We give him his due respect and honour as the master mind and source of the ONA and Our Kulture.

I say rhetorical because whatever we call Anton Long, the ONA is still his because the man created the thing. But the word game is important, because We need to start to ween Ourselves from this old aeon idea of having leaders, and instead of respecting our Elders and Seniors with Honour. Like I pay my respect to my grandmother. She's not a or the leader of my family, but the entire family came out of her, and so we give her the proper Honour of a “progenatrix” of our family/clan. Because of that we give her a large amount of respect and honour, and recognize an important person in our family. And this is what Anton Long is to the ONA: The Progenator. Anton Long is in the ONA Kollektive and Kulture an important senior person.

By Seniority I also mean that as far as the ONA's Sevenfold Way goes, Anton Long is at this moment the only one among us to hold the degree of Grand Master which is the name of the

6th [of 7] degrees or grades. A girl or woman at this grade in the Sevenfold Way would be called a Grand Mistress or Grand Lady Master. It is the name of a grade in the Way and not that of an office or power. Each degree in the Sevefold Way takes time to go through, and each is actually is bound to a number of years. It takes a very long time to get to that grade. At least 25 years as the Old Guards say. Therefore, there is no such thing as a 6th Degree Adept who is under 50 years of age in the ONA. As ONA associates, the most senior among in pathei-mathos and degree deserved the most Honour.

Family Tree

The ONA is still so young – only 30 something – that each cell, each initiate, each nexion can or shold be able to trace their lineage back to Anton Long thru somebody. It doesn't even matter if like our WSA nexion you or your nexion developed in isolation. Eventually as you grow you will meet others and thus find your contacts and be grafted to a branch on Our Family Tree.

Which was how the ONA is and was esoterically structured then and now in cells. The basic idea is that there exists a chain-link of association which leads back to Anton Long. So Anton Long is the center and Source-Personality of the ONA. He has in his circle the Old Guard in England. He and these Old Guards spend time mentoring Cells orally/aurally. Each cell becomes an associate/initiate of the ONA and founds their own temple, nexion, or tribe, or order. Each cell orally/aurally teaches their group members the oral traditions of the ONA they got from their Old Guard mentors, who got it from Anton Long.

So even though superficially to the mundane it appears as if the ONA is not structured or organized, which may seem as nothing more than a pile of manuscripts, on the inside level as an associate of the ONA, the ONA has structure and organization which is cellular. And a common oral/aural set of teachings only passed from Initiate to Initiate binds everyone together as one Family. This set of oral/aural teachings Anton Long calls *Myndsquilver*.

This makes it so that pretenders can't realistically fool an actual associate of the ONA. All that an Old Guard, Adept, or Inner ONA member, or Family member has to ask is what their lineage looks like, where are they on the Family Tree, and who orally gave them their *Myndsquilver*. If they can't trace their connection to Anton Long, then they are in no position to claim any kind of authority to assert their ideas or will.

So there are two sides to the ONA. There is the visible side of ONA MSS, public nexions such as this, associates online mingling. Then there is the unseen side which consists of a cellular organization with aural links to Anton Long. Eventually if ONA is what you really like, you will get linked and thus have a "lineage" back to Anton Long in some way. If you are mundane steeped in magian crap, more than likely you will get lost in the many thousands of pages of manuscripts.

There is a point to being online for some ONA people. The obvious point is communication. Second point and use of the internet is spreading our ideas. The third point for being online is to locate those of Our Kind who may have germinated in isolation to Connect them to the

Family Tree in some way. And the whole point to having an organized communicating cellular structure is because the ONA as an organism is still growing and ideas from Anton Long are still leaving his mind via MSS but also via the chain of Old Guards, cells, and associates of the Family.

This should be the very first thing that you ask a retard you encounter online who acts like they own the ONA. Ask them in what way they are connected to the Man himself. Ask them how many people are they away from Anton Long, and ask them who of the Old Guards, or any known ONA associate vouches for them. If they can't produce a name, then they are nobodies.

This is also the major thing mundanes on the internet do not understand. They get their information about the ONA from the internet. They get their information about DM from cyberchatter. In no way are any of these people personally connected with the DM. They fail to understand that DM is a real person who has real associates, who has real Old Guard, who have real cells they have mentored and stay in private contact with, and these cells have associates. Everyone on the inside of the ONA is connected. Thus when an outsider says this and that about how DM is not ONA or is Muslim or whatever and such people have no real causal connection to DM, then how is their mundane assumptions accurate compared to an Old Guard of ONA who may not only be connected to DM but may live in the same city? Some of these mundane outsiders can't separate the internet and cyberchatter for real life and the real world.

Closing Remarks

This is a short FYI intended to point out a few basic ideas We should all learn to keep in mind as we progress into Our Third Phase of Fayen. Culture, Tradition, and Family is the most important concepts in this Third Phase. This is not to say that the other activities ONA may have used in spirit of the Sinister Dialectic is out of style. It's just not priorities have changed. Culture, Tradition, and Family are key concepts needed in an aeonic sense if the ONA is to live long enough to do anything. Honour, Loyalty, Duty thus what binds us together.

So to recapitulate the main ideas to keep in mind during Phase Three of Fayen are: (A) A Living Culture has no leader, but is a collective of individuals sharing a common way of life consisting of a Family of nexions and cells. (B) Anton Long is not a leader, but he is the Progenator of this seed-culture we call the ONA, plus he is the most senior among us, who is the only one to have the degree of Grand Master. Thus We should respect him. (C) beneath the superficial side of the ONA – however we each explain it to be – there is an organized cellular structure of associates all linked to Old Guards who are direct associated of Anton Long; (D) The ONA is an extended Family, and thus there is a Family Tree. We each have our lineage or branch connected us back to the Source-Personality. (E) The internet is a useful tool and should only be used as such. It may be a tool of communication and data sharing. As well as a way for some of us to find our Own Kind who germinated in isolation, to link them to the Family Tree. The rest of what the ONA is and does should be kept off line. (F) ONA was born from an Aural Tradition, it still remains an aural system. On a nexion level we each teach our brothers and sisters orally/aurally. On a Kollektive level, the aural side of the Sinister Tradition

is still in living praxis. The written manuscripts are not everything.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

122 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

ANTON LONG ON ONA & WSA



Questions for Anton Long by WSA352

352: *We're more interested in how you think: how you are in your head. What you have become since the past 30 years. If you see the world differently. What important things you have learned on your personal journey in life.*

AL: Since I first became involved in "the Occult" – over forty years ago now – my fundamental aims, my perception of the causal, have remained basically the same, although the decades of my esoteric and sinister quest have enabled me to give causal forms, to assign names and terms or invent new ones, to what in the beginning was mostly personal intuition and empathy. In addition, I have learnt a lot about myself, about human beings, about esoteric matters, and our world, from having made quite a few mistakes, with these mistakes – or perhaps more correctly, these learning opportunities – mostly if not always arising because my innate curiosity, arrogance and impetuosity lead me to directly experience, experiment with, and try things and situations, rather than just study or read about them in a boring, detached, impersonal, academic way.

Thus, as a poet once wrote:

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

Hence, I do not – in most ways – view the world, or human beings, differently now from when I began. Rather, I just have given conscious form – achieved a conscious, and a mature esoteric, understanding – of what was hitherto mostly instinctive, or based on my own intuition (esoteric and otherwise), on my own empathy with and concerning people, Nature and the Cosmos. Basically, this is always how it should be, for our evolution, as human beings: a growth based on the synthesis of empathy (esoteric and otherwise), and intuition, with a

genuine conscious apprehension, and then a move upward to that new type of being, that new type of apprehension, that allows us to fully know, experience, understand and appreciate the acausal, *sans* the limited, restricting, causal forms which we humans have manufactured over millennia in a rather vain attempt to “understand”.

What I have learnt are three important things. First, how magickal, esoteric, changes actually occur, or are presenced, or are or can be brought-into-being, in the causal. Second, how many causal changes, wrought through sinister acts, take a lot longer to cause noticeable effects among humans (and human constructs – such as “society”) than I originally presumed. Third, that the system of the Magian is even more tyrannical, more de-evolutionary, than I considered it to be, and that the Magian themselves, and those allied to them or influenced by them, are even more despicable, more sub-human, than I presumed them to be.

Essentially, the essence of my life, the foundation of my own individual being, has been and still is my esoteric quest: my journeyings among and exploration and experience of, the sinister way; my dark desire to find and go beyond my own limits and to not accept nor be content with the answers, the limits, set and manufactured by others, of and in whatever causal time and place.

My fundamental aims have always been to change myself, others, and our world – to presence, to revel-in, to become, to experience, the very quintessence of life itself. For I have always intuitively felt since a very early age that we human beings have immense potential; that we are and can be far more than we realize; that we need to experience and be inspired; that we need to dream great dreams; that we need to see restrictions for the impersonal tyranny they are; and that we living, human, beings are somehow and in some way a connexion to other life, to the very living beings that are Nature and the Cosmos beyond. That is, I have always felt that we, as individuals, can participate in and somehow create our own evolution; that we have the potential to consciously bring about changes within ourselves, within others, within the world, and within the Cosmos itself – to participate in the mystery and the joy of creation, exploration and evolution.

Initially, I assumed in youthful naivety that conventional “Black Magick” – the Left Hand Path and conventional Satanism – were or could and should be, a means to bring such evolution and such change, and such experiencing and transcendence of causal restrictions and limits. Then, I understood very early on that I would have to create my own Way – that the essence of magick, of the LHP, of Satanism, had been lost over the decades and centuries. However, I was fortunate to be found by a lady who had kept alive, in a wordless mostly empathic, unstructured and always directly personal way, some aspects of this almost lost esoteric and sinister essence: more a mythos and a few esoteric techniques than a working, spreading, Way, and it was these almost forgotten aspects that I combined with sinister things of my own devising in order to bring-into-being the ONA.

352: Has this difference in worldview changed your understandings of the ONA?

For a while, I was the Order of Nine Angles, although I expect few, outside of our sinister kindred, will understand what I mean here. Most – and certainly all the mundanes – will

assume I mean I was the only person “involved with” some-thing called the ONA, but this is a fallacious assumption, since even from the early days there were always around a dozen or so people “involved”.

What I mean is that the ONA lived in me, or more correctly, was presented through me; through what I said, did, wrote and by what I inspired, directly – from person to person – or esoterically, through my personae as a shapeshifting player of many and varied rôles.

Now, things have changed because the ONA has become detached from me, and is now presented as a type of acausal, living, entity in our causal world. Again, I expect few, outside of our sinister kindred, to understand – intuitively or consciously – what is meant here.

Initially, the acausal (sinister) energies which are and which always have been the ONA – even before they and we were described by the term The Order of Nine Angles - were constrained and limited; more like just kept rather weakly presented, in the causal, in a very limited causal area (mostly rural South Shropshire, in England). Then, a specific causal form was constructed to temporarily contain and store and presence the more powerful acausal energies which were unleashed through various esoteric workings – through various bringings-into-being which a certain individual undertook. Later, and as planned, some of these energies were released and spread around the world as some were stored or presented in newly created causal forms in order to affect changes in the causal, esoterically and otherwise. Later still – around three decades after the initial esoteric workings – there was sufficient energy presented (living as the ONA) for the burgeoning sinister entity itself to “leave its causal home” and to “shed its temporary causal forms”.

352: What you think about how the ONA has become today, and where it is headed in the very near future? What do you honestly think of all of these new millennial Nexions such as THEM, and WSA.

What the ONA is becoming is a natural and necessary evolution of what I presented decades ago, and what I, and a few others, have nurtured since then. Thus, the ONA is now a three-fold being, although of course each of these individual aspects represent just one aspect of the triad itself – or rather, are perceived as being somehow different and distinct, when they are just different “angles” of a certain causal presencing.

One of these three aspects is manifest, now, in WSA352 – in the emerging and often urban sinister tribes that are beginning to live the essence of the sinister ethos itself, without the restrictions of older causal forms. That is, the esoteric work – the magick – of such sinister tribes is their own unique being; their own way of living; the deeds, the work, that they do, inspired by the still emerging culture of their own tribe, their own “group”. Hence, traditional magick is mostly irrelevant for them; for their own individual and shared tribal life is itself a new type of magick, a genuine and powerful presencing of sinister, acausal, energies.

The second of these aspects is manifest, now, in traditional nexions such as The Temple of Them, in Australia, and in those reclusive individuals who work either alone, or with a magickal and sinister partner. In these nexions, traditional Internal and Aeonie sinister magick – as

manifest in the various esoteric MSS of the ONA – is often still undertaken as a means of presencing acausal energies. Sometimes, these more traditional nexions are the esoteric (hidden) foundation of an exoteric causal form, as, for example, Falcifer is to Vindex.

The third of these aspects is still esoteric and thus currently rather unknown, but is manifest in a new way of living by an emerging new type of human being: the sinister empath who sometimes esoterically works, and who sometimes lives, alone, but who more often than not lives in a symbiotic relationship with either other empathic humans, or with some acausal-entity that has emerged into, or been manufactured in, our own causal Space and our own causal Time. By their very nature, these still changing, still evolving, human beings, these symbiotic sinister empaths – and thus their work – are intentionally hidden, for the mundanes, and especially the Magian and their allies, would consider them extremely dangerous, given their still developing and still emerging abilities.

However, to be precise, the ONA is now a nine-fold being, with there being three aspects to its three-fold being (that is, three “angles” to each of the three aspects). In the exoteric sense, these three “angles” of the three aspects (or three causal presencings) of its three-fold living nature – of its sinister character – can be re-presented by (1) the ONA itself [what it is causally perceived to be and what it now causally inspires]; by (2) by the ethos of personal honour (the Law of the New Aeon) and that of cultural and individual excellence and evolutionary elitism [of which one outer form has recently been termed - by Chloe of WSA - as "Reichsfolk culture" and which in general is the exoteric Way of honour and individual excellence which lies behind Reichsfolk and kindred organizations]; and by (3) the emerging Sinister Numinous Way, where the faculty of empathy and the ethic of personal honour are combined with a sinister understanding in an entirely new Way guaranteed to befuddle and confuse the mundanes even more.

What should be understood – and what is now becoming understood – is that all three of these aspects are *of the ONA*. That is, the sinister tribes – of which the WSA352 is or could be one potential becoming – and the traditional nexions such as the Australian Temple of Them, as well as the symbiotic empaths, are all part of the living, the acausal, matrix that is the now living evolving changing ONA, presenced in the causal. They are all causing causal changes, each in their own and necessary ways. They are all an evolving; a coming-into-being of the sinister, of our human kind. They are all part of the extended and now world-wide sinister ONA family. They all share the same fundamental sinister ethos; all presence aspects of acausal energy; and all are bringing-into-being, or will or can bring-into-being, the causal changes needed for us to evolve and leave this planet which still is our childhood home. They are all inspiring others, in their own unique ways, and they are all to be admired and aided, just as each aspect of this triad – and the triad of the triad – is but one aspect, one living function, of the living sinister being which is now the ONA.

Thus, perhaps more than a few individuals will understand and appreciate one reason why the Order of Nine Angles was and is called what it is: for it is, in essence, a living ordered (acausal) being – a causal order or biological “hierarchy”; an organic order(ing) – which has nine distinct aspects, or “angles” or “perspectives” or “causal lives/functions”, to it when such a being is manifest (presenced, and perceived) through our causal Space and in our causal Time, and

according to our rather limited causal perspective and causal way of thinking.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
120 Year of Fayen

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

ARS SAMMADITTHI



Ars Sammaditthi

Ars is Latin for “Art [of],” & Sammaditthi is Pali for “Considering Everything.” Samma means “Whole,” “Complete,” “Total,” but is most often rendered in English as “Right,” or “Correct,” which defeats the essential native quality of Samma. To say that there is a so called Right or Correct automatically implies their must be a Wrong and Incorrect [which is to be rejected]. The idea or notion of something which is “Whole,” or “the totality” of something suggests not only the right and the wrong, but everything in between and around the corner At The Same Time. Samma is applicable to court cases. A judge who only allows the lawyer to talk and disconsiders anything the prosecutor has to say or vise versa is not doing his job right.

Ditthi in Pali means to “See,” “Perceive,” “Reflection,” also ones “Attention,” and “Consideration.” To use the court system again, the concept of “Deliberation,” where the jury is said to deliberate a case in order to come up with a verdict, here means the exact same essential thing as Sammaditthi. In plain English, sammaditthi basically means to give something in its totality your “Full Attention.” I really suggest youtubing a court case just to watch a jury deliberate a case, if you want to see samaditthi in pragmatic action. I like watching court cases because I like to see if I can come up with the same ‘verdict’ the jurors did by myself.

I recently watched a real court case on station 18.2 which took place in Japan. The case was about one of very few females who was condemned to die by a court for three counts of murder based entirely on circumstantial evidence. The show asked the viewer if this lady was wrongly convicted to die, and spent an hour giving the details of what happened, and showed a re-enactment of the “secret” or private deliberation. Except there was a cool twist. The twist is

the show was not drawing your attention to the actual lady and what she allegedly did. The show was drawing your attention to what the Japanese legal system refers to as “Lay Judges.” Apparently in Japan some cases are tried by a tribunal of not professional Judges, but by common citizens picked to be the judges who hears the case, deliberates, passes the verdict, and gives the sentencing. The question proposed was if this system of Lay Judges works. Implying that common ordinary people who know next to nothing about the law system may not make the best of judges.

The lady in question was first brought to the attention of the local police when her boyfriend committed suicide in his car. The lady is around her 30-40's and her boyfriend was much older in age [70 and rich]. The boyfriend killed himself by carbon monoxide poisoning. The police found a container of coal brickets by his feet [in his car]. The police at first simply brought the girlfriend [this lady] in just to ask her questions. When they dug deeper into her past they learned that this lady had two other boyfriends also much older in age than her who died also in their cars by the same exact methods. They also discovered that the lady obtained 4 million yen from her recent boyfriend's death because he had life insurance where he named her the beneficiary. She was arrested and taken to court. The only problem the police and prosecutor had was that this was literally all they had on her.

The lady continuously plead not guilty and swore she did not murder any of her boyfriends. Her lawyer said that the men were just “sad” because in all three cases she broke up with them. So distraught, they committed suicide by burning coal brickets in their car. The Prosecuting team showed that the hands of her recent “victim” were devoid of any traces of handling coal brickets. The lawyer said that no forensics specialist was involved in the investigation, and that all the police had was a photo of the man's hands. They also demonstrated that you can handle these brickets, light them, and simply wipe your hands on your shirt or pants to clean it of residual traces of coal. The prosecuting team checked the boyfriend's emails to family and friends and showed that the man showed no signs of depression or sadness. It actually appeared he was quite happy and excited to get together with his daughter whom he had not seen in a while.

With only circumstantial evidence to work with the group of Lay Judges were locked in a room to deliberate. One of the lay judges said the case was ridiculous because there were no real physical evidence to convict the lady. Another lay judge asked rhetorically: “At what point do circumstantial evidence add up to a conviction. How much do we need?” The lay judges spent weeks talking about every possible scenario, using every circumstantial evidence they had, and tried to see things in as many different angles. In the end – amazingly – they found her guilty and sentenced her with the death penalty for three counts of murder.

At first I believed the lady to be innocent, and not lawfully guilty because nobody had any hard evidence to prove she did anything. But after watching and listening to everything the lay judges said, and how they connected everything, I ended up agreeing that she did murder those three men, but I also felt that she can't be put to death either because there were no real “lawful” evidence. By “lawful” here I mean to say that if we had an established system of law and order which states tangible evidence is needed, then shouldn't we honour that system and use tangible evidence? Is vigilante justice based on personal sentiments and belief

disguised as a legal system, a system of law and order which offers “fair” trials wherewith the “Law” is “supreme” and not the sentiments and ethical beliefs of the people “judging” & sentencing?

There was a female lay judge who cried when she was interviewed for her point of view. This female lay judge said that at first she agreed and believed the lady was guilty. But a week after they gave the sentence she was privately unsure and felt very bad over the idea that she had the power to put another person to death because of her own questionable [fallible] logic. At the end of this show I thought the Lay Judge system might not be the best system of law. For the same reason why I think democracy does not work today.

In a democracy you have a “demos” [people] consisting of a majority – the average – of the most basal of humans. Not just basal in intellect, but also lacking in intuition, empathy, understanding, and emotional development. The idea of giving such a common and basal group of people power to determine the collective destiny of a nation is ludicrous. If you owned a business would you allow the majority of your employees the democratic right to rule and run your business? What would the end results be? I agree with whoever once said that “democracy would only work if the people were enlightened.” The same with a system of law. Do you take the common, average majority and give them the power to judge and convict, or give that power to a class of people who are more intelligent, with a high level of understanding? Do you give power to a people simply because they are “people,” or do we give that power to a group of people who have produced fruit and merit?

With public corporations in general, the top share holders end up running things on the executive board. To be top shareholders they need a lot of money. How did they get all this money? Chances are either they or their families worked business before to make that money. So in that specific field of business and making money, those top shareholders have “resultant merit” and have proven to be able to make money. By resultant merit I mean what worth and substance a person has is the fruit or end result of their actions and knowledge causally applied in life. It is the end fruit [in Theravada] that is evaluated, not the theories or the practice. In science you have the hypothesis and speculations, then you have the practice of applying the scientific method, then you have the end result of the experiment. You don't judge the speculations or the practice itself. You evaluate the end result of the actual experiment, in consideration of the practice, and hypothesis made.

Democracy is when you remove those with actual resultant merit and replace them with peasants because such peasants were elected by their own peasants into those executive seats. The opinions of a mass of common folk, does not equal a bequeathment of result based merit or earned fruit of action and the wyrdful application of knowledge. Just because a common mass of people opines that you are of “substance,” does not mean you have anything substantial to your name, as far as end results of applied action and the fruits of applied knowledge goes. People with “great ideas,” are just that: people with great ideas. Can you imagine the mess we'd be in if our legal and political system were based on the average citizen electing representatives because of “great ideas?” Oh wait, we're living in such a directionless mess right now. It's a peasantile world view. To be swayed by untested and untried “great ideas” and to build ones religions, philosophies, paradigms, nations, legal

systems on such “great ideas.” Boy I bet you Communism was a great idea! That pointless war in Iraq & Afghanistan sure was a great idea wasn’t it? I sure love the state of our national debt. And you pay attention to the money trail and see who gets rich off these great ideas.

Individual vs Collective

The art of fully considering everything in detail helps you see and understand things from a more “noble” – arya/ariya – perspective. What’s the opposite of sammaditthi? Nasammaditthi, Myopia or Tunnel Vision. Tunnel Vision does not mean you’re blind. A Horse with those eye flaps can see, it just can see everything. You can be seeing things in great detail with tunnel vision, you’re just oblivious to the fuller Context, Environment, or “Matrix,” and therefore you do not consider such context in your deliberations.

The “Self” or “individual person” of a person is a good example of nasammaditthi. Out of Context to the matrix or Environment this self exists in, we are prone to see the self as the center of the world, which itself is rooted in how consciousness sees its world. From this myopic point of view selfishness may be glorified and thus, anything “collective” is rejected or shunned as being detrimental to this selfishness or egocentric paradigm.

Let’s take a look at a plant. Inside a tree we have many plant cells. Each plant cell realistically can be said to be more individuals than humans are because these plant cells are literally existing inside their own private boxes [its cell wall]. As this plant cell lives out its segregated existence, it does exist in a self centered or selfish manner. It consumes its own carbon dioxide, drinks its own water, releases its own oxygen, etc. And during its whole existence, it may be totally oblivious to its neighbor’s existence. But Mother Nature has played a trick on this single celled thing. Because in the act of its selfish existence, it corporately contributes to a collective entity called a Tree, which the cell may not even be aware of. In turn the fruits and oxygen this one tree makes selfishly contributes to the corporeal sustenance of fruit eating, and oxygen breathing animals around it. Because what is a fruit? It’s the tree’s way of selfishly passing its genes down.

Or some bacteria and fungus. Each bacteria is its own self centered organism, which may not even “care” for its fellow bacteria around it. Each bacteria does its own thing and dies. During its life this certain collective mass of bacteria consumes and breaks down dead biomass in a forest and produces nutrient rich biproduct, which unbeknownst to this selfish bacteria, goes to feed and give life to trees.

A human may indeed be a selfish creature by nature. A guy in a city may selfishly work a wage earning job just to have money to spend totally on himself. But his labour goes to pay his manager’s salary, and business owner’s big house and fancy cars. This same guy may selfishly desire to by beer with his money only for himself and he’s not going to share it with anybody. But when he buys the beer at a liquor store, his selfish act actually helps feed a family of Arabs and Punjabis. This same guy may selfishly look for a wife to have all to himself and he’s not going to share. But when he has sex with her, and she gives birth to a new human being, he helps continue the human species on earth. No matter how selfish he believes his act of earning money may be, every year he pays taxes. And that tax money

collectively gives life to the nation he lives in and helps pay for foodstamps the lazy uses.

It is a trick Mother Nature plays on Her stupid creatures, this thing called selfishness. Bacteria are not intelligent enough to consider being altruistic to trees and humans. They are stupid creatures. It's easier for Mother Nature to just program such stupid creature to live for itself. But the biproduct of their selfish actions unknowingly goes to support larger systems beyond it. You think about it. Say hypothetically in 500 years we have fuck up this earth. So we terraform Mars to survive as a species. That in itself is a "selfish" act because we are acting from the intent of saving our "self" from extinction. So how do we terraform Mars? We take the Mother Nature with us. Meaning we take water, plants, animals, etc from Earth, and we seed Mars with it. So in the end, what we – from our point of view – see as being selfish, is also far from our self centered perception of the world, a collective act which also saves the Nature and Her species. Mother Nature does not have to teach you to be collective or to work for a group. You/we unknowingly do so. Some of us are simply too stupid to consider a collective entity – of which we are a part – beyond us.

The act of a creature losing sense of itself and actually giving up its energy to altruistically help others, on a collective level, is actually destructive. What would happen if your brain cells stopped doing what they do and started making digestive juice because your stomach was aching and wanted a break? What would happen if trees were altruistic and formed this brotherhood of plants and said: "Fuck it, lets just make carbon dioxide to care for our own plant kindred, cuz we need to love each other and care for one another?" If an organism does not live for itself, then the most basic unit of the wholer system does not work.

Like the little pieces of a computer. Each electronic piece is its own thing, doing its own thing, and not caring for its neighbor pieces. It doesn't need to care or know of a collective it is a part of. Its stupid job is to do its simple innate tasks. And because every piece performs its innate tasks, the thing called a computer ends up working. You can't have diodes and shit stop their selfish existence to help the CPU chip with its work load because the chip is over heating. The whole computer would not work. If a electronic piece burns and stops working, none of the other pieces gives a shit, it's going to be replaced. In a collective entity, a unit had better live for itself and do its job, or it is replaced.

In a city, a cop better live for itself and keep itself safe or the cop might get capped. Cops are the city's immune system cells. If the cop gets capped, the city simply replaces it. The function of that unit is what is important to the collective, not the actual unit itself. A queen bee better keep doing what she selfishly does: lay eggs to expand her hive. If she stops functioning because she has gotten too old, the bees in the hive turn on her and kill her, and one of them changes into a queen to take the "queen's function."

We are designed by nature – have evolved to be so – to be selfish and self centered. But we and our selfish actions exists inside a collective medium, or matrix. Wyrfully, every action causes a causal chain reaction which goes far beyond the initiator of the original act. Each act every thing that moves makes ripples to influence and affect the medium we exist in.

To only see life as solely a selfish act – for those of us smart humans – is myopic. Yes, we are

selfish from our point of view as a creature, but we exist inside of a larger System which we are a part of. We are a self, which is a part of a family. The family is a part of a clan. The clan is a part of a community. The community is a part of a city. The city a part of a nation. The nation on a landmass. The landmass a part of the rest of Nature. Everything has been working fine as a functioning system for at least 4 billion years, regardless of how we humans see and believe things to be. It matter very little if we make a religion out of selfishness, or altruism. Nothing changes about our human nature, and such nature's Function in the Greater System.

That human physis – everything considered – is a part of a Wholer and larger System beyond each of us. And our Selfish Nature – our Self centeredness – is a pragmatic trick Mother Nature plays on us. We ask for the impossible when we demand that a muscle cell in our finger should understand the collective nature of the body it is a part. It's best to have the muscle cell just do its self centered functions. It doesn't need to know, or care. Because the body was designed and evolved to work genetically as a System before the muscle cell came into existence. The blueprint comes first, and the parts and pieces are manufactured after to fill in the designed system.

An employee at a WalMart doesn't understand or need to know how the whole Wally World corporate system [incorporation] works inside and out. That's not any of the employee's business. You're job is to shut up, open boxes, and stock shit, for your selfish paycheck, or get replaced. You are expendable to that collective, but not your niche function. The same with people. Which came first: Humans or Nature? And the more revealing question: What is our [Homo Sapiens] niche Function in the collective matrix of Nature? Why was Neanderthalis liquidated and replaced by us by Mother Nature circa 35,000 years ago?

Kosal & Akosal

Originally in the Pali, the Buddha never uses emotive descriptors such as "Good," and "Bad." The Buddha instead went so far as to make up his own words with unique meanings. Unfortunately these two words have often been translated into English – lazily – as "Good" and "Bad." The Buddha's concept of Kosal & Akosal has to be apprehended in context to the first Noble Path: Sammaditthi.

Let's take a simple "causal equation" of: Person A killed Person B. It's nasammaditthi to say that because the word/act "kill" is present in this equation that the act itself is "bad." The way to gain an understanding based on considering everything is to put that act of killing into Context and to consider everything as you would judge a whole symphony. When you evaluate a concert or symphony, you attentively listen from beginning to end, look around at all the nice instruments, take mental notes of things. Then when the concert is over, you take everything and make your judgment of whether is was to your liking or not.

So hypothetically if Person A were a known unlawful person in a township, and he killed Person B to steal his money, then – all things considered – this equation is Akosal. In Pali its Akosala, but in Khmer we drop the final "A" which is an inherent vowel sound of the "L."

Akosal means when something is wyrdfully unproductive or nonconstructive. The murderer

wastes his life in prison, the victim's family is deprived of a father who earned money to feed them. The end results were unproductive.

On the other hand, if Person A were a King, and Person B were Vikings who plundered and raped the king's people, then – all things considered – the whole causal equation is Kosal. Kosal is actually a proper girl's name in Khmer. It's the opposite of akosal, meaning when something is wonderfully productive or constructive. This scenario would be Kosal because the King may have killed Vikings, but in doing so he saved his own people from a lot of misery and helped them live more at peace and free of worry. This is not to say that the King should go around murdering anyone who is a Viking. It just means that in that specific context, especially with the end results considered, the causal equation was Kosal. This scenario would explain why the Buddha never condemned any of his students who were Kings and men of the State from performing their public office, responsibilities, and duties. He also never demanded these kings who followed him to become passive monks. If the man is a king, or a soldier then he has responsibilities and duties to perform. It is their fate or destiny to be a king or soldier.

So called "ethical" problems arise when we lose perspective of the summa of the causal equation of an act, and only consider a small part or if we make an abstract notion of an event or part of an event, and then we construct our opinions off of our abstractions. Nasammaditthi is when we throw out everything in the above scenarios and say: "The issue is Killing ITSELF. Is it right or wrong to take a human life? Is human life sacred? If it is sacred then all acts of killing is bad."

If we're working with abstract notions, hypotheticals, and opinions, then we can go in all sorts of fancy and unreal directions. We can make the opinion that if human life is special, then killing is bad. Therefore it is good to kill abortion specialists because we are saving a human baby's life." Or we can take the Catholic route and "abstractively" say that: it's a sin to have premarital sex, or for priests to have sex, but it's "okay" to rub your genitals on children because (A) that is technically not sex as the word is defined in the Catholic Papal dictionary, (B) "everybody" does it anyways not just priests, and (C) so long as you don't blaspheme the Holy Ghost, Jesus will forgive you anyways; so it's "okay." Okay here meaning it's fine if it happens once or three times accidentally, as long as the public doesn't know, which would soil the saintly public image of the Church.

The problem and ignorance of nasammaditthi is the myopia of not being able to consider everything from the initial cause, to the words and ideas expressed, to the final end results all together. This is quite typical in Western pop-occulture. Where you find people who may read someone's book or ideas, and simply based on a mix of agreement and how the ideas were presented they say such books or ideas were "good" or "bad," or have substance or worth. In complete ignorance and disconsideration of the notion of testing and trying the idea and evaluating the actual end results of applying such ideas. The end result here not only meaning fruit of action, but also you yourself or your condition of being after you have applied such ideas in your life.

The idea of reincarnation for instance is a fine and comforting idea. Add the Hindu notion of Karma to this idea. Then put into that equation the caste system. So now you have a causal

system that takes natural or raw human beings and recreates them or manufactures them into different kinds of people. So now, if you believe in reincarnation and karma, and desire to be reborn rich, you now have a problem as a member of the lower caste. The problem is the condition of your life, the fact that you are being oppressed and used. In this case, the whole thing – belief, practice, and end result – for the low caste member is Akosal. It is unproductive and nonconstructive. Not “bad,” or “evil,” mind you, but unproductive for you as such a member of the lower varnas.

Same thing with capitalism and feudalism. It is intrinsically neither good or bad. The feudal system is really “good” for the king, his family, and aristocracy. But on the proletarian end, it might not be kosal. If you are a serf, your support of such a system or belief in it, ends up not only causing you dukkha, but also misery, abuse, death, etc. If in a capitalist society you can't find work, and can't feed your family, then all things considered, it might not be kosal. It doesn't matter if the ideals themselves are “good,” or great ideas. The whole thing in causal motion, and what such motion manufactures, and what such motion makes of you is the samma which is to be deliberated on.

Democracy might have been wonderful and kosal in ancient times for a Greek city-state in such a small and direct size. But today, considering the size of a nation and the people involved, is this same ideal of democracy in practice kosal? It doesn't matter if the ideal itself is “good.” The sammaditthi of it is how the whole system functions in practice, and the end results the system is now producing. The theories, practice, and final end products together must be considered.

Things like mundane satanism in the 60's era might have been a great idea, and genuinely kosal in liberating the lives and minds of a generation freeing itself from the post-post-victorian era of the 50's. But today, considering the condition satanism is in, and the quality of people it now manufactures, is this satanism still kosal? It doesn't matter if the idealism, principles, and doctrine of mundane satanism is believed to be “good,” or “logical.” Not just the theories [teachings] of satanism must be evaluated as being “good” or “substantial.” But also the Practice of it [what practice], as well as the final end results. End results meaning here not just the physical – In Real Life – fruit such satanism has manifested, but also the satanist itself. Can you seriously take a random cross section of theistic satanism or modern satanism, and evaluating the people say that mundane satanism is kosal?

Conclusion

Over the years a lot of Myattian ideas have helped changed the way I see things. One Myattian concept sticks out above the rest for me, and this is the concept of “Abstraction,” as it is used in the Numinous Way, and the Way of Pathei-Mathos. In my mind I pair this Myattian concept of Abstraction with the Theravada principle of Sammaditthi. For myself, it helps me stay grounded and realistic where I don't get caught up in abstract phantoms. And so when I am able to see things more real based, I use sammaditthi to learn to see the whole thing before I make my evaluations and judgments. I use these same to concepts to gauge the mental state of development of others. I find some people wholly ignorant. Not only do they get caught up in Abstractions, but when dealing with such abstractions, they use myopic tunnel vision to see

and consider only bits and pieces of things they want to see and consider; ignorant and oblivious, or disconsiderate of everything else.

These two concepts are a big deal to me because both Theravada and ONA are rooted in Natural Philosophy. And so, that Myattian concept of Abstraction [the avoidance of such] and sammaditthi are valuable tools to help one learn to see reality, Nature, and Life [and ultimately oneself] as they are; and not as they are idealized to be or desired to be. If ONA is to move forward and beyond occultism and mundane satanism, then “we” need to learn to not commit the same ignorant mistakes they do in being lost in abstractions and seeing things myopically.

This is important wyrdfully because how we see things gives rise and influences our intentions and emotions. Our emotions in turn gives rise to our behaviour and actions. If mundane satanism is in the state and condition it is in today, it is so because of the collective actions and behaviours of its adherents. So if we [ONA] commit the same mistakes, and see [believe] things as they do, and do as they do, then we will causally end up down the same path in Time. Satanism is a great tool still in the West in line with the Sinister Dialectic, but it is a Form used for an End. I would like to see – and help bring into being – ONA grow free from its attachment to Satanism, and see it develop in Time into a Western school of the Ancient and Traditional Left Hand Path. A living blend of the Occidental Left Hand Path and the Oriental Left Hand Path. A balance between West & East. A Balance in the Myattian sense, and the Eastern sense. It is an emerging niche market in which we have no realistic competition. It may be that the Roots of ONA imbibe from the old soil of dark Albion paganism and Traditional Satanism, but the tops of this ONA tree must strive to stretch upwards beyond that soil. Like a sky scraper, to which we are each fellow builders [kammika] and each other’s assistants [upasaka/upasika], adding our own things to the structure. And it will bare Fruit in its aeonic Time & Season long from now.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

5.28.123 yfayen

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

AURAL TRADITIONS



Aural Traditions

Avdi, Vide, Tace, si tv vis vivere in pace. I couldn't sleep last night. I was thinking about the funeral. There was a part of the burial where I had put my boom-mic down to reach for a clod of dirt to drop into the grave hole with a good bye prayer. I watched the clod hit the casket container and made a thud sound. So I picked up my boom and I stuck the mic into the grave hole and looked over to everybody, and one by one starting with his children, they came to drop their clod of grave dirt. I was just crouched there in this out of mind state watching earth pile on top of somebody I once knew and loved and hearing the earth hit the container with loud thuds since I had earphones on.

But my Mind works in a weird way. Last night the brief recalling of the Sounds of earth hitting the casket got me thinking about how we bury ourselves in words. Facta non verba. Which got me thinking how come words are living while some are dead and empty. Which got me thinking how some culture are living while others are empty. Which got me thinking about how my own culture and Buddhism is alive and in what way I regard it to be so. Which got me thinking about how living words is the base or foundation of a living culture, living tradition, and living sasana. Which got me thinking about ONA. And then it was dawn. I was as tired. I got a couple hours of shuteye, but woke back up thinking about a whole mess of thing related to the ONA. Somewhere in that process of mental rambling I was equating the ONA with a barbie doll and changing its Outfits. Which all sort of distilled into the two sides of the ONA that outsiders are unaware of; the the ONA concept of an Aural Tradition. So now – with a lot of coffee – to put into words that wordless flow that kept me up. Which perhaps will only be significant to me.

Living Words

Just a warning: I'm going to use the word "weltanschauung" a lot because I know of no other word that described that which I wish to convey: a World or Matrix in which the Mind is born, develops, and exists inside, entirely composed of Words, Ideas, and Culture; or a "Lingual-World" if you will. But Lingual-World sounds stupid. I could use "samsara" which in my mind is nearly the same idea, but people are stupid and will misunderstand the essence of that word.

My own personal brain exists in two completely different weltanschauungs, and English one, and a "Asian" one. Last night during my "insomniac" rambling I was getting a kick out of switching my brain back and forth between these two "Worlds" using two words: Good & Bad. I thought it was funny. Because when I switch into the English world, those two words are nebulous, vacuous, and empty. Meaning that the semantic field/area those two words cover is so ambiguously huge that the words are rendered meaningless: to me. But when I switch into my "Asian World," the Khmer equivalent of those two words had a focused meaning, and even beneath the focused meanings there were shades of philosophical values to each word.

For instance, I was using milk in the fridge last night to switch back and forth between my two Weltanschauungs. When the milk is drinkable in English we can say that the milk is "Good," and when it goes sour, we may say that it is "Bad." And to me, those two words are empty as they still do not capture in focus "something" real or living. Or as if those two words were bottomless.

But I can switch into my Asian Weltanschauung and things become very different. When I ask my aunt-mom if the milk is still good, she may answer: "No, the milk is **Koch**." "Koch" is pronounced the same as the English word "Coach," as in football coach. There is no word in English to translate Koch into but "Bad." Except in its Native weltanschauung the word Koch does not mean simply and ambiguous "bad." Koch means what something has become Rotten, Defected, Soiled, Broken, or Not Working Anymore. As when my computer screen isn't working, I tell my uncle-dad that my computer screen is Koch. Underneath that to support that meaning there is a culture based philosophical value to it. Which is if something is Koch, it means that there was a previous Original condition when it was Not-Koch. That what is Koch is not in its Original condition. And so there is an Original condition that is the "shadow" of the word Koch.

So we'll dwell on that concept for a moment. Let's say that we are witnessing a bank robber robbing a bank across the street. In English you may describe to me that this bank robber is "a Bad person," in that context, the word "Bad" has a moralistic value associated to it, which is dependent on your own moral judgment and ethical valuations. I might not think the bank robber is "Bad," especially if I am ONA.

But in Khmer you would describe the bank robber as saying: "that Manuss [human/person] is Koch." In this context, you immediately imply, infer, and suggest that what person we are seeing which we have deemed to be Rotten and broken and defected, must have had an Original state in which he was not defected. In other words: something can't be broke if this something was not Unbroke to break in the first place. If a fruit Rots, it must first have been Ripe. That this bank robber's current state of being is not his Natural state of being. That something has gone wrong which Caused him to be Koch from his Original Nature [Taoist term]: his Harmony with Dharma. Harmony with his own Original Nature.

Now if I asked my aunt-mom if the milk is "Bad," she may say: "No the milk is **La'or**." La'or is pronounced as a Frenchman or Brit would say it, with the R silent giving the O a sound that is slightly different from the "Oh" sound. The only two words in English to translate the word La'or into is "Good," and "Nice." Except in its Native weltanschauung La'or describes

something the way it Should be and not good or nice. Like when I paint my nails and looking at it I say: "That looks La'or." It means "nice/good" but it actually means that my nails looks the way it "should" look. And the philosophical cultural value beneath La'or is that something can only look the way it "should" look Because you have Experienced this something in the past or have experienced in some way before.

For example, if I go shopping for shoes and I see a pair I have never seen before and I like the pair and say: "Those shoes are La'or." In English I mean they are nice, and look good. But in its native matrix, I actually mean that the pair of shoes I see in front of me look like they "ought" to look Because in my Mind I had envisioned a pair exactly like them. Or if I met a guy, and I say: "He is La'or," I actually mean that I have met other guys before whom I approved of for various reasons and this guy is as he "should be" as those other men were whom I emotionally favoured. But La'or isn't the opposite of Koch. It's is only one Form of an Original Essence. That concept is also Taoism: First there was the Tao [Way]. Then the Tao became the Yin and the Yang. So there are in oriental thought not two but three vectors: an Original Essence, and the two primary Forms that Original Nature becomes.

Koch is the Yang, La'or is the Yin, and the Tao is: "dhammada," which is pronounced "Tom-Madda." If I asked my aunt-mom how she is feeling today and she says back: "Dhammada," she is saying she feels "Normal," "Natural." It has the same meaning as when I ask her in French: "Common Sa Va?" And she says back: "Comme Ci, Comme Ca." Not here, not there, just "Is."

When we see a river flow as it Naturally should flow, we say that the river is flowing Dhammada: just Normal – the Way it should by Nature. That Natural Way is the Original Essence – or as the Taoists say: Prenatal Essence/Nature – of a River. And so when we have seen that Natural state of a river flowing as it should [when we feel for its "prenatal nature,"] and we see a different second river flow as it ought to based on our experience of the first river we say that the second river is "La'or," but if you see the second river not flowing right, jagged, defected, corrupted, we say that the river's flow is "Koch."

To quickly try to clarify the three vectors and how they would relate with each other: Prenatal Nature is trying to approximate a "thing's" total Potentiality before Birth or Causal manifestation right? Such as if I were to give you the seed of an orange I ate and I told you that it was sweet to the taste. Then you plant that seed. That seed has a Prenatal Nature/Essence of being Both sweet and sour in an unexpressed state of Potentiality. We know this because when your seed has become a big tree and gives you fruit, it is not guaranteed that every orange on that tree will be sweet. So here we can say that the Tao has become/manifested as Yin and Yang: sweet and sour. There is a more mystical and alchemical meaning/use of Prenatal Essence, but that's a different matter. But, which of the two – sweet or sour – is closest to the Prenatal Nature of the orange? The orange that is neither sweet or sour but a little of both would be in this case. Neither this nor that.

So if you look closely at the word Dhammada, you'll actually notice something that should be revealing. That the Root word in dhammada is actually: Dhamma which is Sanskritized as "dharma." Dhammada isn't actually an original Khmer word. It's a loan word from Pali. The

“suffix” ending -da in the word is a Pali variation found in the Sanskrit word: Sunya-ta. Sunya meaning Zero. Sunyata meaning the State or Condition of being Zero. In English this morphs into the ending -ity as in “Sanity,” being the State and Condition of being Sane. Dhamma-da essentially means the State and Condition of being Natural and Normal according to the Way/Essence of Nature. So then, what does Dhamma end up originally meaning in ancient times before Sanskritization and Brahminical corruption? Tao. Which is why the Buddha – at least in Theravada – condemns his first follower in ancient times to never translate his teachings into Sanskrit and to always keep it in “our common tongue” [Pali in context], because the cultural life – the Living Essence – beneath the words is always lost in translation.

The Language that we have come to speak is a Living entity that is dynamic and changing that is a indivisible part of a living people’s culture. That Language-Culture entity has taken thousands of years of living, or trial, of error, of growth, or change on earth to be what they each are.

When we translate the words or borrow words from one language/culture to another, it is like as if you were to desire to have me, and in asking to have me, I take off my clothes and give them to you. The clothes I gave to you is not me: the Living Person. As a person, I am the convergence of a thousand years of history and living people’s dynamic and aeonic flow. The clothes are just outer dressing. The audible sounds of each word is just an outer dressing which clothes an ancient Living dynamic Essence that is entwined with Time and a people.

The common American might find it hard to understand what I am trying to get at. But we can use a different example to draw out the essential point. There are in certain very old cultures and people a class or set of Laws called “Common Law,” or “Unwritten Law.”

For example in my own culture and family/people it is “common law” that if a man and woman have cohabited each other for a “long while” that the man and woman belong to each other and are by “virtue” of that “unwritten law” husband and wife. You don’t need a ceremony, or a rite, or rings and diamonds, or government paper work, or monks consecrating some marriage. It’s common law. You can’t find that common law written out by lawyers and legislators in a file somewhere. It is law by power of the people/culture that understand such peculiarities to be Common and lawful according to either tradition or just plain old getting used to over Time.

Another Common Law that is observed in my own culture and family/people is: not to harm a kin of flesh and blood, and to feed them and shelter them when they are in need of such. That we have a certain duty born of recognition of kinship of some sort and Love to such people, be they close comrades or relations.

Another Common Law regards the heinous act of someone of our own people/family/tribe/clan who has murdered one of our own. By common law, that act of murder is understood to be what it is in such context. We need no damn layer to tell us some nut murdered our kin of flesh and blood. And per this Common Law the murderer is shunned and exiled out of the people. They are no longer recognized as “Our People,” and being not “Our People” who is Koch, they are not under our care and protection, such that if any retaliation or harm should befall on

this Rotten person, that it is considered “right” or at least outside the jurisdiction of our people’s care.

Such “common laws” were never legislated by some group of elders or politicians. In fact, nobody really knows how or when such common laws started. But we know that such common laws are a living part of a living culture, in the same way that a language is a living dynamic part of a living culture.

But there are these Dead Laws. These arbitrary and abstract laws politicians may make, or that legislators will draft as a “bill” and the common mundane populous arbitrarily votes as “laws” because they like the sound of the wording, because they are on the receptive positive/beneficial end of the law, because such arbitrary and abstract laws makes them feel safe. These are dead laws because where do they exist? On paper. How did they come into being? Did they dynamically develop in close tandem to a living breathing culture over Time and develop according to such living cultures collective aeonic pathei-mathos? No, some guy in a suit and tie scribbled the law up.

But you can say: “So what. Who cares about a living law and a dead law. The law is the law.” Sure dummy. Like the law that some parliament or congress wrote up condemning Blacks as slaves in the not so distant past. Do you actually believe that if two groups of races lived along side each other for a thousand years that a common law of enslavement of the weaker race would develop Naturally? You know how many ethnic races exists in China along side each other for 4000 years? Yet I have never heard or read of how one of these races were enslaved by another, as Blacks were. I mean even during the heinous Qing Dynasty when the Manchu dominated the ethnic Hans, the Hans were not treated as inhuman slaves and livestock; as Blacks were treated by White dead laws. Dead, meaning not living, not having any living connection with the living.

Or the arbitrary and abstract laws that the fatcats of a government passes to make it okay to deforest their forests and jungles. Which is what has ravages and raped much of Africa’s rainforest, and which is happening in Southeast Asian now. Are these laws Livingly connected with the Life of the forest and its people? Who benefits from these written laws? Follow the money trail. And am I to believe that if left to themselves for a thousand years that Africans and Southeast Asians and native Brazilians would develop the cultural praxis or common law of raping their own forest and land?

So that is the difference between a “Living Law” and a “Dead Law.” One is dynamic, unwritten, and rooted deep in the Living Being of a people and their culture; whereas the other is drafted and written on paper, by politicians, legislators, lawyers, lobbyists, or “professionals” who are actually psychologically removed from the actual real world; because they live in their offices and their minds grew in law schools. And the people that vote such arbitrary dead laws into power are not doing so out of long-time pathei-mathos, but for benefits, for safety, for the condemnation and exploitation of others; or just out of being conned by hearing words they want to hear.

And so that is also the essence of Language and the words of a language. The words are

culture and people rooted. The words are living dynamic entities that changes over Time in tandem with its people's gradual growth and development. Each word over such long periods of time becomes pregnant with, essence, ideations, values, qualities, and philosophical shades. Which living words need not ever be written at all. Think about it: human speech came before the alphabet.

I have never thus far seen a Khmer or Thai dictionary; and I don't carry one in my pocket; I can't even read it if I had one. My family and the living people in my culture don't walk around with a dictionary in their purse either. Like they bust it out and point to definitions of some Khmer or Pali word so I won't confuse the meaning with my own imaginative/creative personal apprehension of them. Each word I use is deeply rooted and grounded and interwoven with the people and the culture and the ancient flow of Time and History such people has passed through.

And I know that the English language has this same quality of Life to its own Native people: the British. Which brings me to the dead words. Because when "America" as a people severed itself from its British cultural-matrix after the Revolution, they cut the living tree of English at the trunk, so that what words they now use, may be the same aural sounds as a British person speaks, but beneath the aural there is emptiness. There is only Webster's definitions. There is no ancient cultural pregnancy to each word, rooted in a people's long-time pathos. It's just Webster's faces staring at you.

And you can feel it inside as an American using and speaking English. We know intellectually that each English word we use has a definition, just ask Webster. But yet we say that many English words are "nebulous," "vacuous," even "meaningless." Why? What do we mean by that, when we intellectually know that such words have a dictionary definition. Such as the word "Spiritual" when an average American user says it. Why is it that even though we know for a fact that if we open up Webster's trusty and authoritative dictionary that there will be an official written meaning; but yet some speakers end up describing that word as being "meaningless," "empty," "nebulous," etc? Or the words Good and Evil, Right and Wrong as used by and American-English user. Why is it that we can go to Webster's dictionary and for sure know that such words have written meanings given to us by the hallowed pen of Webster, but yet we seem to culturally have no living grasp of what each word means in Essence? We all seem to fight over what each word "really" means and how other users have it all wrong.

I know exactly where my Mind is "at" when I say and use the word "Koch" and "La'or," and so does every person in my own living culture. I have never met a single person who said to me: "Well, no Chloe, your grasp of our word Koch is dumb, let me bust out my Khmer dictionary because the Khmer Webster in the year 1842 defined it thusly." Or another example is the word "Preah." That word has over a dozen very different meanings. It can mean a feeling of veneration. It can mean a numinous presence. It can describe your mother. It can mean a king or queen or monk or angel or deva. And it can mean Brahma/God. I have never met any person from my own culture who was confused as to what the word meant and felt like, and I have never seen anybody debate over its semantic meaning. We all seem to use the word and just know/feel what is being meant.

I have been given definitions of words I am unfamiliar with. But living words aren't like dots and cities drawn on a map where you can just point to a dot and say, "Here it is, right there!" Each aural sound is just an aural "landmark" which denotes a general field or meaning and essence. Different people who use such living words will not always be at the same distance from this landmark. We each have our own relative grasp of the essence of each word. Collectively – the sum of all parts – is what defines the semantic field or general "meaning" or value or common understanding. No single person's relative grasp of a word is the single representative of the field of essence.

In the same sense that I can't point out a Mexican-America and tell you: "That Mexican is the standard of American culture." And I can't point out a White-American and tell you the same. No single person defines or represents the "culture" and "people" of America. Collectively – the sum of all parts – every American is the Culture and People. And each individual American thus has a individual understanding of what the Whole is. In the same sense that every Thai person who uses the word "phra" has their own individual grasp of the word as the Whole collectively has grown to understand it over time.

It's easy to look up a dead word and see what it means. Just open a dictionary. But if you were to ask me how I would come to grasp the "meaning" of the essence of a Living Word, I would say that I would have to go about doing it as I would in learning about a people's culture. By direct immersion, and by understanding and taking into consideration that each person is a part of the sum which is their culture. So that each user of a word also is a part of the sum of the word spoken and is the living essence beneath the aural sounds spoken. Like the "word" Buddhism. You can never genuinely understand what Buddhism is in essence from Webster. First of all Webster wasn't a Buddhist. Secondly there is more to Buddhism than an individual person's general definition. It's an entire living entity associated with living cultures. To understand it, one must go Native, and have an eye to see the Whole. Or like cock fighters would say: "Be the chicken."

Living Sasana

What is Buddhism? That's the same question as: What is the ONA or What is Japanese or What is Baseball? And its a simple answer really: it's everything all together as a Whole. Baseball is the damn stadium, the ball, the grass, the players, the bats, the audience, the hot dogs, the tail gating party, everything as a systematic and functioning Whole is baseball, the experience of baseball, and the culture/memeplex of baseball. No one single aspect of that whole memeplex is the whole. Four bases don't make baseball. A net doesn't make tennis. The definition of soccer doesn't make soccer. The Buddha doesn't make Buddhism. My brain doesn't make me. I am the sum total of all my parts and pieces. The "ONA" is collectively ONA. No individual part or portion or person is the ONA.

That's my easiest way to define something like Buddhism: Buddhism is just Buddhism. And if that doesn't make sense to you, then you know you aren't a Buddhist born and raised. Being Thai is just Thai. If that doesn't make sense, then you know you are not Thai. It's that simple. But if you want to know what Thai is you have to go Native. Live with the people. Learn the language. Eat the food. Go to the temples with everybody. Make friends. Get married to a Thai

girl. Care for your Thai parent in laws. Have half Thai children. And 30 years later when I ask you what Thai is you will say to me: "Thai is just Thai." If you have to ask, you aren't.

Just a side step concerning being born a Natural "Buddhist," or Satanist, or being born Sinister By Nature. I wouldn't say that you come into the world with Satan, or Buddha, or DNA imprinted on your brain at birth. A person isn't born with a high IQ for example. They are born with the Potential to grow a high IQ if that potential is nurtured. Put the boy genius in front of books and toys and that will stimulate his IQ. But put a dumb kid in front of the same books and toys and the dumb kid will still be dumb; because he lacks that Potential. In the same way that if you put a normal kid in front of a musical instrument or paint that they will not end up a genius artist. But put a kid with the Natural Potential to become a genius artist and the kid will express that potential through whatever medium you give to him. Give a person born with the Natural Potential to rob people the means and he will just express his Nature. But his Potential Nature must develop over Time. Which is to say that even if a boy is born with the Natural Potential to be a Genius, that Potential does just manifest in one lump sum as a 118 IQ; it develops through expression. It does take a person a certain inner potential for Metta, Honour, Buddhi, etc to develop into a Buddhist and their Buddhist culture for them serves as a living means to nurture that Potential into ripe fruition. If you have to ask you aren't. Put a kid Genius with a natural passion for music in front of a piano, and this kid will not need to ask anybody to teach him shit. He'll figure it out on his own and grow into his Potential Nature: his Dharma.

So, the word "Sasana" is a word that has traveled a lot. It exists over several thousands of years and in several languages such as Sanskrit, Pali, and their various dialects. And so you'll find it in Khmer too. But like the living dynamic thing that it is the essence beneath the audible spoken word is culture specific. In the sense that you can't force the ancient Sanskrit meaning of sasana onto a Thai speaker who uses that word today. It's literally two different cultures and people and time frames. Like you can't force the ancient meaning of God and Religion onto its current English forms and usage. They don't mean the same things. God etymologically once meant That Which Is Invoked and was not a being but a presence that was felt, more closely related to the concept of the Numen in Latin. Religion once meant a community of people and their social order.

Sasana, in my culture – as my grandmother and her peers use it – means a religion, a way of life, a culture, a tradition, a set of customs, a system of belief, a way of thinking, and a way or method of doing things all at the same time. For example I peel my apples like a normal American person would. I hold the blade facing me with my index, and I use my thumb to guide the blade under the peel. I like to slowly peel my apples in a spiral so that the peel comes out this single long thing. My mom, and her siblings and everybody else not of my age group peel their apples the reverse. They hold the knife blade facing away from them and use the blade to skillfully scrape/cut the peel off. My grandma laughs at how I peel my apples and she once said to my aunts: "She's gone into the sasana of the White people. She peels her apples backwards just like their kind. I wonder how she learned it. It's amazing she does cut her thumb open." We know that White people have no religion based on peeling apples. My aunt-mom thinks it's funny and she'll say: "You're crazy! Nobody cuts their apples like that. Our people cut it with the blade away from us so we won't cut ourselves." And I'd have to say: "But I don't know how to cut it like 'your people.' I'll cut my four finger up." Sasana here

just means a way of doing stuff according to a Sas, which means a Tribe, Folk, or People. Sas-ana would literally superficially mean a “Race-Thing” or a “Tribal-Thing.” As in this is our Tribal Thing, how our people do and believe in our mythos. Sas doesn’t mean Race; because Sas-Akiang means the American people, Sas-Angley means the British, Sas-Barang means the French people, and Sas-Alamang means the German people; and all of these people are mostly the same race: White; and some aren’t even White.

So “sasana” as my family uses it means a people’s culture, tradition, customs, beliefs, way of life, and way of doing things. And that sasana is grounded deeply in such people’s long-time aeonic existence as a people. But that sasana or Culture is also entire manifested into being by the language specific to that culture. Because the Mind of the “member” of the culture itself is the “nexion” through which the words, ideas, mythos, beliefs, ancestral common law, traditions etc, are “presenced” out into the Causal realm. Because of this, the dance between Language and Mind makes up 90% of the culture and the “member’s” human identity as a “member” of such culture.

That dance between Language and Mind thus begins as soon as you are born because at birth your brain jumps into its secondary cycle of growth; and so your brain completely develops enveloped entirely inside a sea of the sound of words and language your people speak and uses. This concept becomes very significant when we fully realize that when we absorb the world via our 5 senses, that part of the process of making “sense” of what we apprehend is “translated” into words and ideas. We see a tree outside of our eyes, but in our minds we know what we see as the “word” and “idea” of “Tree.” And so the people we see outside our eyes are not just people. Inside our Minds our language defines what those people are to us and what we are to them. And thus also, the cultural praxis and mythos we see with our eyes and hear with our ears objectively, also is a weaving of words in our Mind.

You don’t realize that you are literally inside a samsara of language until you step outside of that linguistical-matrix your brain was conditioned and developed in. Which is the hard part, because our words by our adult years is so much a part of the overall process of processing sensory data that our words and language we think in is our reality.

But if you were born and raised inside two very different samsaras of language/culture like myself; then it’s actually becomes possible to consciously step outside of one weltanschauung and go into the other. And once inside the other, you are able to objectively look back at the other samsara of language/culture and fully realize it objectively from the outside. Which is when you realize that Languages are in themselves – through Mind – entire “Worlds” each one different from the other. I’ll illustrate.

In my Buddhist-Asian World, my brain grew up and developed inside a matrix where something called a “chitta” exists. Chitta means your Heart-Mind. It is the part of us that feels and thinks and knows and understands. In my cultural matrix the Heart-Mind is the seat of our consciousness. The brain in our heads is actually culturally insignificant. In Khmer the word for “brain” is “Kuer-Khbal” or “Coure-Kapalle” which would sound like how a Frenchman would say it. Those are approximate phonetic Anglicization and francophone renditions. Khbal/Kapalle means “Head,” and Kuer/Coure means something like “Marrow,” or actually

the “Core” of something. So the brain is just a fatty marrow thing in the head, which doesn’t do much. Or its not believed to do much. Your chitta does the feeling and contemplating and the basic things that gives you a persona, character, and personality [Charak in Khmer].

But this thing called a Chitta is completely non-existent in the English “World.” So when I consciously do step outside my Asian World and into my American World, I carry with me this concept of a Chitta, but I have no words in English to express the essence with. And this happens with many words and ideations, and vice versa between “Worlds.”

Or a better example to show how language defines our reality and understanding of Self and the world we live in is “registers” of Language and how the Mind has been conditions inside such registers of Language.

A “register” in a language is like a music track to a song. A track would be a single layer of musical notes, melodies, and beats. I had a computer program once which lets you make trance and techno music at home. It has all these pre-recorded sound and melodies. And you can make each melody or beat a track and stack one track over the other to end up with what should be techno music. I threw the program away because my techno “music” was shitty. But that’s what I’m trying to mean when I say “track.”

A register is a track of a language. All registers together collectively is the Language. I would consider English to be a 4 Track language. Meaning that I perceive there to be 4 different grades or levels of English. The first and lowest would be the Informal-Barbaric register which would be Street Grade English-Slang you talk with your barbaric peers. The second register would be the common casual English you talk every day. Above that is the Formal-Posh English which is the educated English with the big words and the “Yes Sir,” “Thank You Madame,” etc. Then above that is the English version of the “Sacerdotal” register which is the fancy-pantsy Lawyer talk with all their technical Latin phrases like “Habeas Corpus,” “Malum In Se,” and so forth.

So if we look at those 4 registers of the English language we’ll see that each register has its own set of vocabulary and lexicon. What register you use when speaking not only tells other people what strata of society and social class you come from; but also shows if you have culture and are well bred. If you were born in a lower class where everybody spoke the barbaric register of English, and you were incapable of switching registers in formal situations or when speaking with respectable people; then you are judged to be ignorant, barbaric, stupid, and uncultured. And if you were taken to court and you could not speak the sacerdotal gibberish they use in court and could not afford a Priest of Law to speak for you; than more than likely your society/court will throw you in prison.

This is the same condition all Southeast Asian languages exist in, except the registers are actually official and not speculative. They are actual official divisions in the structure of the language itself. Khmer and Thai would be a 7 Track Language; with 7 entire registers, each register with its own set of words and lexicon and even syntactic structure. The registers are sometime so different from each other, that they constitute a different dialect or language entirely. Or even weirder, you can have two totally different languages but one or two of their

registers overlaps and is mutually intelligible. For example the Royal register of Thai is 75% Khmer mixed with Sanskrit and Pali. And the Sacerdotal register of both Khmer and Thai are 90% the same Pali and Sanskrit, which is actually mutually intelligible. Some registers have and use pronouns such as "I," "you," "she," and so on. While other registers lack pronouns and consider pronouns as vulgar words like cuss words.

So for example in the lowest register of Khmer which is the language of most uncouthed barbarians, to "Eat Food" is "Chrass [eat] By [rice/food]." Chrass being a word used only with animals and peasants as in when we would say in English the Dog Devours its Food. The Common peasant register for "To Eat Food" is See [eat] By [rice]. The same phrase with familiars such as friends and siblings is Nyam [eat] By/Mahoab [rice/food]. The same phrase in a formal register as you would say to your grandma or mom is: Pisa [eat] Mahoab [foodstuff]. The same phrase in the Sacerdotal language/register as when you speak to Monks is: Chan [eat] Preah [the venerable] Aha [foodstuff]. The same phrase in the Royal Register as when you speak to a king or his relations is: Sauy [eat] Preah [the worshipful] Charoya [food]. The more you know the top 5 registers, the more cultured you are. The more you know the bottom two the more vulgar and savage you are.

When the Communist Khmer Rouge came to power during the 70's they didn't like this register stuff. This is because Communist ideology reject classism. And the entire Khmer language was actually programmed to instill classism. So what Pol Pot and his friends did was they leveled the language by inventing their own flat dialect which everyone must speak. Which was like a universal register of the people where they invented their own words. Then they killed everybody that knew the top 5 registers, and forced the survivors to speak their people's register. So in Pol Pot's communist people's dialect to Eat Rice/Food is said: "Hoap [eat] By [rice]." Hoap sounding the same as the English word "Hope." So now you have even today where peasants and common people still use the word "Hoap" meaning to eat. You can immediately tell that such people were either party members, or indoctrinated by the party.

In the dialect/register my family and I use every day, we only have one pronoun which is "Yeung [we/us]." Otherwise we don't use pronouns with each other or others. The We pronoun acts as a substitute for the rest of the needed pronouns, depending on who is speaking to whom. For example if its me and grandma and my grandma says to me: "We are cooking for Us," she means I am cooking for you. Or if my uncle-dad says to me: "Did We do Our homework today?" He means I did my homework. Or if I say to my mom about my aunts: "Where are We going" I actually mean where are They going.

This plays a massive psychological trick in your head. Because if you are born and raised in such a worded environment where you are saturated with the idea and word "We/Us" your whole life, you do not have a sense of a separated feel for Self. You feel yourself to naturally be a part of an Us, a part of a whole. You are not a separate autonomous "individual. No word exist for you or I. There is only We. There is no such thing as the concept of "individuality" and "independence," at least not on an emotional and psychological level.

But that We pronoun is not used often. Usually in every day common talk we use what we are to the person we are talking to as a substitute pronoun. For example if I were to tell my mom I

am hungry I would literally have to say: "The daughter is hungry." Or I would say my name in place of the "I" or "me." If my aunt-mom is telling me she is going somewhere she says: "Mae/My [mom] is going somewhere." If I am telling my younger cousin that I have something for her I have to say: "The big sister has something for the little sister."

The use of familial titles in place of pronouns for well bred and culture people extends beyond the family. Every old person your grandmother's age is your grandmother and grandfather, and are addressed as a such. Every person your parent's age is your aunt or uncle, and you refer to them as such. And you would use Niece/Nephew and Uncle/Aunt in place of an I and you.

That also conditions your Mind in a huge way. Because when your brain is born and develops in such a worded environment where everybody is family, distance does not exist. There is no such thing as a stranger on a psychological level. It becomes emotionally very hard to hate a person you instinctively identify as your sibling, uncle or grandmother unless they have physically harmed you. As since your culture conditions you to serve and honour family, you have a natural open feel of service and honour for people you are familiar with.

And then when I was 5 I went to school. Which was when I got mentally/emotionally lost. I spoke English back then, but only with family people and cousins. I got mentally lost because now I had a teacher who did not speak Khmer. But she was older than me. Having been born and raised in my Asian Linguistical-World, I didn't know how to call her or address her. And I also didn't emotionally and psychologically know what she was to me. Referring to her as a "You," or by her name was barbaric and vulgar, and I was raised to understand that only savages use names and say pronouns. I didn't want to be a savage and at the same time I had a natural instinct to pay my respects to her in the right way, but the English language had no means for me to do so.

So when I switch to the American-English Language-World I feel a disconnection. Like I have been unplugged from a group consciousness/identity. And the world is made up of separated people who have no connection to each other. When I switch to my Asian Language-World, the connection is there and the feel of separation does not exist.

So this whole thing I tried to describe about different Language-Worlds our Minds are born and develop inside is what is a Culture or the foundation of a Folk-Culture/Sasana. This Linguistical-World in a sense is Samsara. You are born into it, and sometimes you never get out and die in it. What keeps us flowing with the current of samsara is our own unawareness of the feel and realization that one's Mind is literally entrapped in an unreal reality made up of words and ideas. The unawareness keeps us in our respective lingual samsaras. The thought of our samsaric words and ideas influences our emotions/chitta. And those emotions governs our actions in life. So the elders say that samsara is a cycle of unawareness in which people do the same things together over and over and over again in total ignorance.

Because when as a Mind you are born and raised in a samsaric class/language where you are from the top strata of society you will mistreat peasants over and over and over again. Because that is the literal world that you were born into, which influenced your thoughts, heart,

and actions. And if you are born a savage, you will continue to do stupid and simpleton things over and over and over again.

That is culture. When we knowingly or unknowingly Cultivate the same habit or ethos or “doing” over and over and over. And samsara is this same concept but doing such things repeatedly in total ignorance of what the origins of our words, ideas, thoughts, feeling, and actions are and what they are doing to us or what they are causing us to do. In such a way that we are also ignorant or unaware of our actions causal reactions in life, in our own life, and the lives of others around us. The difference between Culture/Sasana and samsara is that in one the Mind is Master and fully aware whereas in the other, the Mind is Mastered and is Unaware of it state, place [weltanschauung] and condition. And being unaware, you can’t escape the cycle of lingual-samsara. As if you were born and conditioned inside a prison cell and were completely unaware/unconscious of your state, condition, and “place” to even desire to break free. Or like a person in a deep coma, lost in a dream. You see, being unaware that they are only dreaming, they cannot come out of their coma. So Buddhism says that one must awaken and realize – Buddhi – the samsaric nature of our state of being, condition, and locality of Mind. The first step is to go beyond the forms, the words, the ideas, and to feel for the living essence: the Dhamma, the phenomena beneath.

You know that you are trapped inside a samsaric world of language when you actually see and judge the whole world, others, and the universe with your own lingual vocabulary and ideations. As when I look into the world and say to myself: “All people in the world have a chitta just like me.” Or like when you say: “This is what I believe and its true for everyone.” Because “chitta” and what you believe are just words and ideas in our respective languages. Without Language and ideas, chitta and belief does not exist. You cannot believe in something which you first cannot put into words to agree to believe in, in the first place. You can see/experience the moon, and you don’t need to believe in it. You can believe in evolution, in creationism, and the universe is cubical, but first you need the words and ideas before the belief or dis-belief can happen.

For example in my dialect there is no word or idea for the English words: Exist and God [preah technically doesn't men god]. So being a Mind which was conditioned inside a weltanschauung in which the idea and word for God and Exist is non-existent how do I believe [or not believe] in the Existence of God when I can’t even ideate the concept to believe or not believe? In the same sense that I can ask: how do you as an English speaking American believe [or not] in chitta – a Heart-Mind – when for your entire life as a Mind you were born in a language and cultural matrix which lacked the word and idea chitta, thus causing you to be completely Unaware and Unconscious of it? Before you or the English speaker were aware of the word chitta, have you as a people and culture for the thousands of years even once said: yes I believe chitta is real or no I disagree, chitta is not real? No, because the word/idea did not exist in your samsaric wetlanschauung. You cannot believe or not-believe in something which does not exist inside the Word-Soup your Mind is familiar with. If you grasp this concept you’ll be able to answer the following questions: Do animals believe or dis-believe in things? And Is belief reality?

So Culture or Sasana is very much like Language. Culture develops, changes, grows over time

with its people. Living Culture starts simple as a cultural meme and gradually grows into mythos and memeplexes. For example the culture of fishing. At first it was a simple human need to eat that drove our ancestors to try to catch fish. That was the initial cultural meme. Different people will later evolve their own way of catching fish. The most effective way which feeds the most people as a memeplex will continue aeonically into the future by Nature's decree. Because as Mother Nature, any memeplex which feeds your little humans and helps them survive, thrive, and multiply is worth supporting. So that now in many parts of Southeast Asian, New Guinea, and the Pacific Islands you have this common way or sasana of fishing where the girls will stomp down stream in a river walking up stream to scare the fish up the river. While the girls do this stomping the boys will build little blockades or a damn upstream. So the sasana or culture of fishing here is to scare all the fish towards that damn and block them into a small area so that everybody can just grab them with their hands.

That's what I mean by a "Living Sasana/culture." Living in the sense that the praxis of such culture is founded on long-time experience, trial and error, or Pathei-Mathos as ONA and DM puts it. And such Living Cultures at times are not samsara, because as a people you may know where the culture of fishing came from, and you may understand that such ways of fishing is not the only way, and it is not word based, it is experience/praxis based. If a better way comes along you are able as a people to consciously adopt and adapt. Samsara is when you do such things in complete ignorance and continue to do them even if fishing poles and better mechanical means of fishing is created because you are simply unable to change and adapt. Your Mind is fixated or attached to a causal form or methodology so much that it will hold onto that causal form even if the holding on will cause mortal suffering and eventual death. Gambling, drug addiction, alcoholism, for example. Money, politics, religion, nation-states are another set of examples of samaric entities a Mind may find hard to remove itself from and do something different.

Getting Your Living Sasana

So if we were children born on a Pacific Island which practiced that culture of river fishing with rocks and how would we learn about this living culture? Not from books. We learn it orally and aurally. By our elders speaking to us, and showing us, and by us hearing and trying. We never realize it, but we acquire a host of complex human culture and cultural practices wordlessly, that if you were to put everything your culture was about and everything you know how to do inside that culture into an informative how to manual, it would fill several book shelves. How many pages would it take to describe the act of driving a car? Texting, grocery shopping, making friends, dating, etc. We are able to absorb a shit load of things simply by hearing about it, seeing it, and wordlessly experiencing what we hear and saw. That's the 'esoteric' meaning of the Latin motto: *Avdi Vide Tace, I Hear, See, [be] Silent*. To be silent suggesting to that what we humanly experience in life, are apprehended wordlessly and best kept silent, because how do you write about or tell about the feeling of falling in love and being loved? It's a simple experience, yet for as long as we as a species has been around, it doesn't seem as though all the poetry and epic myths like the Mahabharata and Ramayana, and all the music and songs has yet to capture the living Essence of Love and being Loved and doing things for Love. Let the recollection of the experience just resonate inside you.

And so, in the same way something like Buddhism with its 25 thousand pages of writings as a living tradition is incredibly past down orally and aurally. By hearing first, seeing it second, then experiencing it wordlessly third. You hear the Oral Tradition, you see it done, you try it and gain the living experience. Then when you wish to pass it down to other you repeat the three steps. Speak it, show it, and allow the other person to try it.

Which is how I got my Buddhism. For as long as I was growing up I never once was even aware that a Tipitaka existed. I was 18 years old and I still believed that Buddhism was the worlds only religion to not have a written text, like how Wicca was too. But then I ended up finding the text online which was a culture shock.

A living culture or sasana like Buddhism in Southeast Asia isn't taught to you in lectures. It's percolated to you little by little orally/aurally. Each trickle of insight and practical wisdom is given to you according to your age, level of understanding, and more importantly according to experienced situations.

For example I was a time when I was around 7 or 8 and my cousin-brother Andy – who is my age – we were walking out in this park by our house just on the other side of the corner. In the park were a lot of trees and bushes. And so we ended up that day finding a birds nest with little baby birds in it. The mother bird was gone. So I told my cousin-brother Andy that I wanted to keep them as a pet. I knew we weren't allowed to. But Andy said we can secretly keep them in a box in his room under his bed. All we had to do is feed them. So we ran home and we grabbed a shoe box and ran back to the park to the nest we saw in the bush. Then we put the 3 baby birds in the shoe box and ran quietly through the side fence door were Andy would secretly hand me the box through the window as I stood in his room.

So there they were under the bed. Except me and Andy were so small, we really didn't know what birds ate. But we had a whole of uncooked rice. And we saw people fed bird seeds and uncooked rice looked like they could pass as seeds. So that's what we stuffed down their throats. But they were making noise cheeping and we got scared so we put a thick blanket over the shoe box to cover their noise so our mother [my aunt-mom] would not hear them.

Anyways, we came back from school two days later and ran into Andy's room to play with our secret pet bird and found our mother waiting for us in Andy's room. She didn't look happy and the shoe box was on a lamp table. Our mother just said in an angry voice that they were dead. She asked us how we got them, and we told her that we took them out of a nest we found in the park. And she tells us that we can't take things away from their mothers like that. They don't belong to us. And now they are dead. I was crying partly because they died and partly because I thought were were in trouble. She told us to go and bury them and to ask them to forgive us for taking them away from their mother and killing them, and for their spirits to be free to come back.

Later after dinner in the evening as I was ready to go to bed, my aunt-mom comes in to tuck me in like she does. And she said something like: "Our people call it Karma. That when you do something, it makes other things happen. The Life of an animal and nature happens in its own way. And when you took those babies away from their mother, you broke that natural way of

their Life. And they died. And their death caused you to be sad and unhappy inside. That's what we call Karma. We get the fruits of our actions."

That's how I got my Buddhism. In a living oral and aural manner where each teaching was given to me in context and anchored to an event or something I was experience or was doing in my own Life. What my aunt-mom was doing is call "Upaya" in Buddhism. Upaya is when you have an end goal in Mind you wish your student to adopt, then you take the essence of a dhamma of Buddhism and cleverly word it in such a way that it is meaningful to the individual and what the individual understand and has experienced. In essence you don't get some prewritten doctrine some Buddha may have said. You get the essence put into words relevant to you, your culture, state of mind, level of understanding at "that" moment.

But Upaya is a trick, which is what the word means. The trick is to trick you into being a Buddhist by "any means," which is the other meaning of Upaya. Upaya literally means a "means, or a trick to and end." Buddhism as a living culture has had 2500 years to refine it's trickery. It has had thousands of years to learn that the best way to propagate itself as a living entity into the future is by taking advantage of our most basic human methods of acquiring culture: first hearing, then seeing, then doing.

This is essentially based on how the Mind works itself regarding memory and data storage. When we are not thinking about a thought or memory they lay dormant somewhere. When we call up a thought or memory it is drawn up to our conscious awareness. But because of the nature of how ideas, thoughts, and memories are memetically linked to each other, as soon as you draw up a memory, you also get the other memes linked to the focal memory.

It's like google search. You type in a key word, and you get pages and pages of everything remotely related to that key word. So that we'll end up understanding that what thoughts most often are entertained in our Minds, those memes linked to such thoughts will also be up in conscious visibility often.

For example Sex. As humans we think of Sex all the time, very often. As an Upaya, if I wanted to trick you to being Christian, I anchor a Christian meme to that thought of Sex. Such that every time you think of Sex and feel guilty, the meme I pegged to that thought of Sex is consciously visible: Sin, Jesus Forgives Sin. Doesn't matter of my memes of Original Sin is not even biblical. As long as you ass ends up being Christian. So if you peg cultural or mythos memes to ideas or thoughts a person hardly ever thinks about, those pegged memes would never be drawn up to the conscious field.

So when my aunt-mom that evening told me about Karma, she pegged it cleverly to an significant emotional experience I had, and explained it a way that I would be able to remember it every time I experienced a similar event. She said karma is when one thing causes another thing. So now every time I experience the littlest event where I consciously see an act cause a result I draw up that meme of karma pegged to causality. That's how I got my Buddhism. And that is how I orally and orally/aurally teach my cousins about Buddhist and ONA as well as firmly ground them in our culture.

For example I have a cousin named Mac who is a couple years younger than me. This boy loves cars. He is a car freak like his crazy dad. His crazy dad has a new car every three months because he's constantly trading cars. My cousin Mac does the same thing. He'll buy a car [used], fix it up, sell it, and buy a new one and repeat the process. Except Mac is still young and actually doesn't know how to fix a car engine. He messes up half his cars. Mac is not the religious type. Certainly not the type to read about Buddhism.

So as he was "fixing" his car in the front of our grandma's house I went out to watch him "fix" his car with the intent of seeing if I can find an opportunity to teach him with an Upaya. I pretended not to know anything about a car [which I don't] and I asked him to briefly explain to me the important parts of a car, how they relate to each other and what they do. This was because I obviously knew he really likes cars and so I know the meme of a car is always up in his conscious awareness. If I peg a meme to that car meme, it insures to a certain large extent that he will recall my memes I pegged. Mac took the bait and just went on and on about how a car work with excitement.

I honestly didn't give a shit. I don't know any real girl that wants to even know what a car engine is. The technical stuff he was yapping about was actually giving me a headache. I just needed him to consciously be aware of how the car parts are interconnected and work together for a reason. As soon as he was done, I said: "Oh yeah, I get it, it's like what the Buddha said how everything around us is interconnected and causally interdependent with everything." In English that dhamma is sometimes rendered Co-Dependent Arising, or as Interdependent Co-Arising. Its slightly different from the idea of linear causality of this causes that causing this. It's more systematic and holistic. But I slipped in the word "causality" as something I call a Gateway meme [for ONA usage]. Which is a meme you can use to link other memes to. So now every time Mac fixes his car and he thinks of how the car parts he is working on are interconnected and work together, he may better of a chance recall that Buddhist dhamma I Upayaed. So he Heard the message. Then he saw it superimposed the dhamma of interdependent co-arising with the system of his car. Then the silent part part in this case is Mac experiencing the real world and wordlessly realizing that all things are indeed interconnected and interdependent.

After over 2000 years, Buddhism has had the time to figure out the best way to configure itself in the most aurally transmittable way. So instead of ever seeing the thousands of pages of some Tipitaka, Buddhism structures itself in numerical power-point keywords. First the 3 Jewels; then the 4 Noble Truths; then the 8 Fold Path; and so on. Each keyword is a Seed which is accompanied by a verbal breakdown or explanation. But the explanations, like I said above is given to you in context to your experiences or what you are experiencing that may correlate to one of these key-ideas. For example the Buddha as the first Jewel is ubiquitous. You are born seeing pictures of Buddha. You wear Buddha pendants, you see Buddha statues. Dhamma as the second Jewel is disseminated to you in trickles, one teaching at a time as you are ready. Sangha as the third Jewel is the bhikkhusangha who are the monks you see every week at the wat, and the ariyasangha which is your family and close friends through which and for whom you apply your Buddhist praxis for, compassion, and all that jazz.

So this is how Buddhism has been pasted down from one generation to the next in at least

Southeast Asia. Although Buddhism does have a textual or written side, its active-living side is actually a Living Aural Tradition, past down from mouth to ear. There is no reading involved. Just Hearing, Seeing, and Doing.

This is how you go into any culture or subculture. Like in high school when I was tagging. There was no reading or lecturing involved. I just heard my friends talk about it; saw them do it since I hung out with them, and then physically experienced it myself. Of course I started sucking at it, but with Time I got better. And with that Time, my association and identification with that tagging subculture solidified. It's the same way with gangbanging when you are a new junior. You first have friends that gangbang; you Hear them talk about their gang culture; in hanging out with them you See they do their banging; and you naturally flow into the act of doing and trying yourself. And with Time, your association and self identification with your gang solidifies. No reading. No writing. No studying shit. Just Hearing, Seeing, and Experiencing. And if you consider that people kill and die and go to prison for their gang affiliations, then you'll begin to realize just how powerful and influential on a Mind the simple steps of Hearing, Seeing, and Doing is. You can't book-teach a nigga into being a gangbanger to the point where after he has studied his lessons he's ready to pick up a gun and kill another human being for 3 stupid letters. Life does happen like that. Life does not spring off of letters and written text. We are Off-Spring of Nature, not letters. A Living Culture Springs Off of Nature: the human nature of hearing, seeing, and doing. Study has shit to do with anything. Study comes later in life.

Life unfolds right? Your Mind unfolds. You can't force a 10 year old Mind to understand what sex is. Life and Mind unfolds with time, and we come to understand things in conjunction to Time. During our childhood our Minds are most receptive magically to language and culture. We hear and we see during that whole childhood. Then in our teen years Nature gives us a hormonal boost and we get restless and rowdy and wild. This is when we do what we heard and saw. We put what we heard and saw into motion, we try it, we do it. Then when we mature into our 20's we become the tribal warriors, the national soldiers; etc. And from all that experience, we enter our 30's when we have our own children. We mellow out. With our experiences we cultivated we now have the means to teach our own children what wisdom we have collected, which helps them succeed and survive and thrive.

Then in our 40's and up we become the elders of the tribe, our children are taking care of themselves, we have free time, our minds have further developed, and thus we study the words and the doctrines and join the monetary or priesthood if we are so inclined. So with Life, there is a season and a time for everything. Or to put it simply if we take a 13 year old, a 22 year old, and 36 year old, and a 60 year old and we gave each of them the same body of written lessons, they would each do different things with those lessons, and what they do will bear very different fruit. As a tribe, if you had to choose between those fruit to productively add to your tribe, would you choose the fruit the 13 year old manifests from written lessons, or from the 50 year old? If you pick the 50 year old, then don't be giving 25,000 pages of the Tipitaka to the 13 year old to read and study, because he isn't going to understand it or do anything beneficial to the tribe with it. That 13 year old has his natural stuff to do. Work with his nature, not against it. Flow with dharma, not against it.

Aural Sects of ONA

By the word “sect” we mean a distinct tradition, culture, praxis, with distinct ideological belief patterns or approaches. This same concept with Buddhism is usually referred to as a “school” of Buddhism. Or more accurately a Yana [Vehicle]. Regarding Buddhism, the vehicle is not the Essence. The Essence is Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha. Everything else beyond those three Jewels are literally Upaya to get people to understand, and manifest or take refuge in the Jewels. The Buddha even said that with Upaya, even amoral heterodox means are permitted so long as the End is met. Besides those 3 Jewels, Buddhism has a distant End Goal each Buddhist works towards, which Upaya must also be created to get people to work towards. The End Goal being: Nibbana or Liberation; at least in Theravada. It doesn't matter how you get from point A to Point B. Just get there. Upaya if your have to. Make Vehicles if you need to.

Although it may also be that Forms/Vehicles are not equally as effective in relation to the End Goal. For example the certain subschools of Mahayana that are heavily theistic may actually help cause an adherent of this form to lose itself in a maze of gods and superstitious worship. But at the same time some forms of minimalistic Zen, may lack the power of creative inspiration that would stimulate a mind more receptive to mythos of gods and such. Theravada may in writing be too complicated and actually disorienting. People may be drawn to Vajrayana and be lost in [fixated on] the occult aspects to even pay mind to Buddha, Dhamma, Sangha, and Nibbana. In other words, the Forms are not perfect and are not equal in an egalitarian sense. The Form/Vehicle essentially has the basic use of carrying/guiding the Rider of the Yana to their own personal direct experience of the Essence eventually.

So with Buddhism you have three major Forms called Theravada, Mahayana, and Vajrayana. These three Forms are not the essence. They are Vehicles – Yana – which conveys the Essence to you. All three Forms together belongs to the essence of Buddhism. Or we can say that all three Forms collectively is Buddhism. Although the Essence is the same, each Form is different. So if you were the type to be inclined toward mysticism and magic you might go with Vajrayana. If you were theistic and believed in supernatural entities you might go with a sub-form of Mahayana that uses theistic paradigms. If you were more into a non-theistic psychology styled Buddhism, you might adopt Theravada. If you were a minimalist and don't like any ideology, you might adopt a sub-form of Mahayana call Zen, or some kinds of Zen. Regardless of which Vehicle you adopt, you are still a Buddhist by virtue of the Essence: Buddha, Dhamma, Sangha, and the Goal of Nibbana.

There is thus – if you understand the difference between Essence and Form – no such thing as a “fake” or “wannabe” Buddhist in Asian Buddhism. You cannot as a Theravadin say that Soto Zen Buddhist are fake and not Buddhists because they do things and believe different than your Yana. It doesn't work that way, because the Essence the Yana is convey is the SAME. Yana literally meaning a cart or wagon. The wagon is not the load it is carrying. The wagon is not the destination it is taking you to. This stupid idea that one can be a fake or a real adherent of a memplex is a Christian-Western world view which is heavily influenced by Capitalist-Consumerist weltanschauung. Consumerism as in when the consumerist market is programmed by marketers to buy “official” brand name products and reject generic brands, even though both may be identical. In such consumerist context, whom does this mentality

serve and benefit in the end? The corporation that owns the Brand name product who payed the marketers to convince you to arbitrarily avoid market Competing products.

The Order of Nine Angles works in the same or similar way. It has an Essence and Forms. The Essence is like a barbie doll. The Forms are like her Outfits that come with her when you by her. If you don't like one Outfit, you simply take it off and put a new one on. At no time in the changing of Outfits is the actual barbie changed or transmuted into anything different. But Mundanes – being mundane – cannot understand this with the ONA or with real life. For instance when a mundane sees a Police Officer they see the Outfit the cop wears and will react to the cop in some way, like hate cops. Yet they fail to ever realize that that cop Outfit is not the Human Being underneath who has feeling like then, fears like them, may be a great father like them, etc. Mundanes are superficial and judge what they see on the surface of things. They take things at face value and are incapable of looking deeper – Dark-Empathy – to feel and know the Essence beneath the Outer Form of things and people.

The ONA currently has 2 main Forms or Outfits. Neither Outfits is The ONA. All Outfits are The ONA. All Outfits equally belong to the ONA as a Form or Means or Methodology of conveying its Essence and getting it's work done.

The first Outfit is the most familiar and most often is associated with the ONA or misunderstood to be the whole ONA. It is Traditional Satanism, or the Traditional Form. This Form basically uses the Black Book of Satan, all of Naos, utilizes the Mythos of the Dark Gods, has the sinister chants, is based on Satanism, and uses the Sevenfold Sinister Way.

The second form is the Way of the Drecc or the Dreccian Way. This Outfit has absolutely nothing to do with the Traditional Form. It does not use Satanism, or the Black Book. It may use the Sevenfold Sinister Way minus the Satanic and Traditional parts. But it does not have to. This way is based on the Law of the Sinister Numen, the Sinister Dielectric, and Sinister Tribes. Some Dreccs – like myself – will also heavily incorporate Reichsfolk and the Numinous Way into the mix. The Dreccian Way is not religion or philosophy fixed. Meaning you will encounter Dreccs such as myself who are Buddhist, those who are atheists, those who are mystics, those who are Muslim, etc.

Both Outfits of the ONA can and do utilize a number of other elements such as Nazism and/or Reichsfolk National Socialism, or whatever the individual Initiate/Associate or Nexion/Temple personally choses to incorporate. Many Caucasian ONA associates will use and incorporate Nazism, and Aryanism. And this is perfectly fine and they are still ONA. But many ethnic ONA associates will reject Nazism for obvious reasons, and instead may – such as myself – use Reichsfolk National-Socialism. It is inaccurate to say that ONA is a Nazi institution, because nazism is not the Essence of the ONA. It is just a tool used to get a job done, such as Radial Islam or Fundamental Christianity are tools an ONA Initiate will use to get the job done. But it is also inaccurate to say that ONA is not a Nazi or National-Socialist institution because such things are a part of the ONA's various Outfits.

These Outfits, or Forms, or Sects, or Schools of ONA begin first Aurally, than as a praxis. And then someone may write and present their insights with others in written format. Which is what

Anton Long has been continuously doing for a steady 30 years or so. Today Anton Long has produced over 5000 pages of ONA MSS. Born from his experiences over the several decades. He is not the only ONA person and can and should write. But it must be understood that the writing comes after the praxis and experience in the real world, and that such writing is an individual's worded approximation of their Sinister experiences, written as a means to share their practical wisdom with their own Sinister Kind. But Essentially the ONA began as an Aural Tradition, and it largely remains an Aural Kulture. Aural meaning you gradually get your ONA from someone's mouth to your Ear, and not by text. The texts and manuscripts are not the way to Germinate ONA Kulture. They are only insightful Guides. As a map should and can only guide you in the Experiencing of a Terrain. What your Experience immersed in that Terrain, and what you teach others Aurally from your learnings of such Experiencing of such Terrain is the Kulture. Hear, See, Experience Silently, then teach.

This is another thing that mundanes can't seem to understand, because they are mundane and superficial organisms. Most often they only see the written elements of the ONA, which we all understand to be the Byproduct of somebodies practical experience who got their ONA Aurally. These mundanes seeing only the written texts, thus judged ONA according to what they read. And worse yet, these mundanes read manuscripts and are inconsiderate of Time, failing to realize that what they are reading are still snap shots and photographs of an individual Minds expression of their experiences and insights and practical wisdom. It as like you were to have come across somebodies Diary which belonged to a John Doe, and having read such diary you assume that John Doe must be exactly as his diary describes him forever; and that what is not written in the diary John Doe never did. The writings is not the living individual. ONA MSS is not The ONA.

But the mundane can ask: "Well if you don't read shit to be ONA then how do you become ONA to later write stuff in the first place?" If you have to ask, then you done have IT in the first place to be ONA. The Sinister Way is a Way of Life of those with a Sinister Nature. If you are Naturally Born Sinister, you don't need to read shit to be sinister. You just do your shit. The ONA MSS are written for this type only as a guide to orientate them. It's like people who have a natural love for long distance travel will travel by themselves. Allegorically ONA MSS to such natural travelers is a pocket compass. The compass needle with the little red tip pointing North Orientates the Travelers all into a common direction: the North Pole which is the allegorical End Goal they will work at reaching. How they get there and what they will experience on the Way thru the Terrain is and individual matter.

A person can be completely ignorant of the ONA ever existing and if the are Naturally Born Sinister, they will have the inner Ethos and inner Nature/Dharma of being Sinister. Such people when and if they should ever encounter ONA writings will Resonate with what they read. Resonate meaning they don't adopt shit. They just ring at the same frequency and octave as what they read. Then they put the shit down and just continue doing what sinister shit they were doing before, but maybe with new ideas and tools to work with. If you need to be told how to be Sinister, don't bother applying for "membership," because there is nothing to be a member of. ONA should Describe you as a person you already are, not force you to be something you were not or cannot be.

Aural Transmission of ONA

Is it possible to Orally and Aurally transmit without using letters and books an entire culture and religion? It should be. I assume so because people came before books and writing. So I would ask myself: "How the hell did humans 100,000 years ago pass their people's culture and tribal practices, and spiritual ways of life to the next generation if books and writing did not exist yet?" It should be a simple answer: By word of mouth and example. But you can't expect a mundane who believes the internet to be the source of human wisdom and religion to understand this. These mundanes today just can't picture a world without a computer screen and wikipedia. I can hear them asking each other: "How did those cavemen get their Hinduism without wikipedia. That's how I learned about them when I did my school report on them?"

I was watching this great show on the discovery channel about an Orangutang Rehabilitation center in Indonesia. This documentary was one of those really good ones I love where the camera is right on location for months and years, and the narrator is most often silent to allow the scenery to just tell its own story. Occasionally native people who worked in the rehab center would talk and explain things, otherwise, it was a silent film of orangutangs doing what they do semi-naturally in this rehab center.

The documentary was about orphaned orangutang babies whose mothers were killed. People at the rehab center would take these orphaned orangutang babies and raise them to a young age and then let them try to live as natural a feral life as possible the rehab center, which was actually a huge section of the forest. But the director had a sense of subtle humour. Because of the semi-feral way of life the cameras were showing the Orangutangs were living. There was one quiet scene where a native girl was at the bank of a river inside the rehab center who was a worker there caring for the orphans. The girl was washing her clothes the old school way by beating her clothes onto a rock. Then the camera slowly shifts to her right and you see this big orangutang come by and quietly pick up a shirt, sit at the bank of the river near the girl, and commenced to beat the shirt on the rock like the girl.

There was this other amusing quiet scene when the camera was taking shots of a beautiful river in the rehab center and capturing all these mangroves, and birds, and fish. The camera goes into the water, and slowly focuses up at the bottom of a little row boat. Then the camera comes up the surface and just watches up close the little row boat pass by. As the little boat moves further away from the camera, an orangutang was on the boat using his hands to paddle the boat. I just thought that was incredible and funny at the same time. But the whole point is that if a monkey [a great ape actually] can learn Human Culture just by seeing and doing/experiencing, and you have to get that shit from a book, then you are stupid. You don't have to teach those apes how to do Human things. They just watch, observe, follow example, then try, mess up, try again, then adopt the cultural-bit.

But Humans are slightly more sophisticated than apes, and so Nature has given us an extra tool to use to instill culture into our next generation and progeny: Language, as in spoken Language. We come out of our mothers womb instinctively "programmed" by Nature to acquire Language magically by the age of 1 sometimes. So not only does a human person have the ability to acquire culture by seeing and trying, but also via Language. And so that is

how ancient human culture and sasana was and still is passed down across the flow of aeons.

Being born and raised inside an ancient Living Culture, which has a sasan with a huge corpus of written text [Buddhism] I can say that it is entirely possible to Aurally, Visually, and Physically acquire such a huge load of culture and sasana without ever seeing a single letter or book. If you are fortunate to be someone born with a culture, then you'll understand what I mean. But such Living Cultures has had a thousand years to refine its ability to pass onto the next generation. It's an amazing feat if you really think about it. A culture and people randomly such as the Chinese, the Hindu, have had a coherent culture and collective identity for over 4000 years in tact. People and cultures like the Khmer, Thai, Lao, and English have had a coherent culture and collective identity since 800-1200AD. All that time that has pasted on the people's group identity and culture has not dissipated; although like any living entity, such cultures do change and evolve over time. By dissipate here I would mean a cultural dissipation of a people into nothing, or absorbed/lost in another culture to be forever lost. Such as the Maya, the Ancient Egyptians, or Blacks of America who have completely lost their ancestral culture and identity. How do some cultures and peoples maintain aeonic continuity over thousands of years?

But you might say: "Who cares about cultural continuity. The human being itself is still there reproducing?" Culture is Nature's way of insuring Her humans survives, but also Her way of guiding humanity forward. Each culture is like an ape in a troop. In a troop of apes the boss ape [alpha] inseminates all the females with his seed to sire the next generation. Only the proven seeds spawns the next batch for the next cycle. It works the same way with culture. The culture which has proven itself in the world of experience inseminates a very large population of humans with their cultural memes. Think English as a amazing example. It was an insignificant dialect of a Germanic language family spoken by an insignificant people long ago. But aeonically they played their game well and the little island of Great Britain ended up at one point in time being the worlds largest empire. With that proven Imperium there is influence of humans on a massive scale. Such that today, English is the de facto global language of the planet earth.

And if we actually understand that our Language we think in and speak is the wordful foundation of what we interpret as "reality" than the accomplishments of the once insignificant Anglo-Saxons long ago really is an aeonic accomplishment on a planetary scale. But language is not the only cultural meme that can be transmitted by an alpha culture. The culture's philosophy [such as the Greeks and Chines]; a culture's letters, laws, architectural style, and political concepts [Romans]; a culture's minor cultural memes such as wearing silk [from China transmitted to India and Southeast Asia; a culture's science [Europe to the rest of the world]; a culture's technology [America, Japan, S. Korea to the rest of the world]; a culture's religion [India's Brahmanism/Hinduism; Christianity; Buddhism]; a culture's genes [Caucasian & Mongol via empire and war]; etc. This is how I see and understand aeonics, culture, Imperium, and such other ONA/Myattian concept. Which is why I consider one's culture to be of prime importance to the individual to consider maintaining, should such people genuinely be into this aeonic game of influencing and progressing humanity. The games we [ONA] play stretches vast spans of causal Time. But all this has to begin somewhere. How does a culture maintain its aeonic continuity? Not by making websites.

It's really, really simple if we breakdown aeonics into its two most basic constitutional components and strive to genuinely understand everything we can about these two basic components of aeonics: 1) Time & 2) Humans.

The most basic unit of a culture, or nation, is the single human being. These organisms come in male and female. They breed and have offspring over Time. Their offspring come out instinctively programmed to absorb every sound and word they hear, everything they see, and they do everything they hear and see. And then one generation grows old and dies, thus the new generation populates the surface of the earth. So the question then simply becomes: how does one generation pass its culture down to its younger generation before it dies of old age? By taking advantage of the most basic human functions: Hearing, Seeing, Doing.

I learned how to transmit culture from two practical sources: my own culture, and from my high school years in tagger crews and affiliated with Asian gangs. Then there are the minor sources of sights from going to church. But you have to be extremely analytical about every detail about how everything and everyone works. Which is just a personal way my mind works. Maybe it's a Buddhist thing to just look for causal connections?

The first step of cultural transmission is: Acquisition. In an actual living culture Acquisition is when you acquire a baby somehow, usually a girl makes a baby. So if you are a man, you would actually need to acquire a girl. In gang culture Acquisition is when I meet you, assess your quality and character type and if I think you have the Nature to gangbang, I say: "Hey, my name's Chloe, got some boys throwing a party, you wanna kick it or what?" And the reason why this is the first step is because nobody can hear what the hell you have to say or see what you do, if they are not in close association with you. The second reason why is because close or intimate association build rapport and relation between the two parties. And with rapport and relation, the communication link opens for influence and inspiration.

So with ONA, when I work on "turning" one of my cousins or friends I meet in real life, the first thing I do is assess my target's character type and quality as a person to see if this person has something that leads me to believe that they will take root in ONA Kulture. It has nothing to do with if they will accept it or not. They will accept it if you Upaya your shit right. None of my younger cousins I helped raised in our culture and in Buddhism had a choice and I didn't give them a choice, nor did I consider if they would be accepting of it or receptive to it. You have no choice. You can never close your Mind up to outside insemination and pressure. The trick is to locate in this person's Mindscape memories, thoughts, interests, emotional experiences to Peg your cultural memes to. Which is why it is easier to Turn people you intimately know and hang out with.

To illustrate Pegging, I Turned an older cousin of mine [she's 25] ONA not to long ago. I didn't have to acquire her because she was already my cousin. But she was initially a challenge. The challenge was she is fully Asian, hates Satanism, hates Hitler, hates Nazis, hates terrorism, and hates the thought of killing people; and I had to figure out a way to subvert her inner orientation, to make her like ONA, like Hitler, like Satanism, like Nazis and be a Nazi, like terrorism, and agree that killing is doable. This cousin isn't stupid either. She's college educated, which was also a big problem because the Magians got to her first. So the next step

from acquisition is intimate association which means constantly hanging out together. This way you can begin the Hearing stage of cultural insemination.

As I hung out with her I am looking inside and outside of her for anything I can use to peg some ONA related meme, to hook her. She has a White boyfriend. So that was what I was looking for. I used her White boyfriend to Peg a hook. I asked her while hanging out with her once about her future children she would have. Except I asked her in such a way that I gave her an answer I wanted her to give me. I asked her: "I think mixed babies come out pretty do you? When you have a mixed baby will it be with your current boyfriend?"

That Peg leads to a long conversation we had. My cousin did agree that people who are mixed half Asian and half White come out very attractive. This conversation opened the door for me to peg other hooks. One hook was Eugenics or intelligently designing your children; the other was Eurasianism as a geopolitical ideology. She is big on geopolitical ideologies. So there we were talk how smart it was to consciously design our babies, and how I heard from so and so that there was a thing called Eurasianism that was around not too long ago that believed in the SAME thing WE did. I said WE to her, not I know of this Eurasianism which believed in the same thing YOU do. It's WE, I don't want her to be a YOU anymore. I want her to believe what "WE" believe. After our hang out, my cousin went home and she and her boyfriend researched on Eurasianism. And I wait for a predictable reaction.

My cousin a week later while we were hanging out says to me: "So my boyfriend and I were researching about Eurasianism and mixed Asian-Caucasian people. I didn't realize there was an old ideology about that? I was thinking about reviving something like that but with Buddhism mixed into it?" Once I see that my Eurasianism hook stuck, I used it as a link-meme to peg more memes to. The new meme I linked to the Eurasian hook was when I said in one of our conversations that next week: "Yeah, there's some guy named Karl Haushofer..." And I proceeded to give her a quick mythos briefing of Karl Haushofer who was associated with the idea of a Eurasian Imperium back in the day. I used Hasshofer as a link-meme because he is intimately associated with the Nazi Party of WWII Germany. So you can now see the gradual process of leading a person's inner orientation in a direction you want. My cousin has no choice because she is completely unaware that anything out of the norm is going on. And I waited, for a predictable reaction.

A few days later my cousin comes back. We hang out and she brings up Karl Haushofer and asks me what he had to do with the National Socialist party and why she had never heard of him in school. This opened the door for an entire load of link-memes I have. I introduced her to the idea/meme of Magians and how what she knows about National-Socialism may not be accurate because history is written by the victor. I then memedrop that there is a thing called Reichsfolk National Socialism which is not racist, and I mention that she just randomly youtube "Asian Nazis" and see what she finds. And I waited. The introduction of Reichsfolk is the big meme-link which will allow me to Turn her ONA.

A few days later my cousins tells me that she is in a state of shock because she has realized – on her own – that everything she once was taught about nazis was all wrong, and that as much as she hates to admit it, much of her own beliefs seems to be shared in common with National

Socialism and Reichsfolk. This would be the stage of Resonance, when you have induced resonance.

Reichsfolk, on a practical level of real life, is my most powerful tool in Turning people I know ONA. Because it gives me the window to constantly use the word "Us/We" and to speak about things like Our People, Our Kind, Our Breed, Our Culture, and how "They" are taking that Culture away. This is the Second Step in Cultural Transmission: Severance.

The Severance Step is when you begin to sever or cut this person off from the entire world/population in such a way that your cultural identity or gang identity becomes their identity. This stage is the stage when the Us and Them rhetoric is picked up. Because you want your person to see the world in an Us verses Them. In an Our Way verses Their Way.

In the setting of being raised inside a culture this stage is when I hear the rhetoric of how Our People are noble, aristocratic, and how Those others are peasants and savage. This is usually Pegged to visual stimuli. For example when I watch television and the news comes on and shows crime scenes and such, that's when you hear all the elders and you mom flood you with the Us and Them rhetoric. In gang culture this is when after hanging out with Us, we take you out to hang out in places where you are We will be physically confronted by rival gang members. We want you you visual and physically experience Us verses Them, For you to realize on your own that there is indeed an Us and a Them in your Mind. And it's all the same intent, to make you see that you and the group you associate with has another group that is threatening. It's a self preservation thing. It plays on your most basic tribal human instincts. You want to survive, you have found an accepting group of people to help you survive, and this group has an Enemy. If you're in a church, this Severance stage is when they draw you in deeper and encircle you with "happy friends" who invite you to a flood of hang outs, and they constantly remind you that people who aren't members of your church or religion is bad.

The third step in cultural transmission is: Investure. As in your ancestral culture Invests on you a ceremony of recognition or initiation where the rest of the culture's mythos and memes are openly invested on you. In my own culture there is no significant rite of passage. You just get your last birthday party at 14 as you enter your first year of high school. My parents welcomes me to young adulthood personally, and then begins to invest me with my Duties and Responsibilities or in other word, the family gives me my Rules & Regulations which I now must follow as a full fledged "member" of the family and culture. Such as I cannot have boyfriends, can't talk to boys, can't phone boys, can't wrote letters to boys, can't hang out after school with boys, can't bring boys over to hang out, obey my elders, don't do drugs, get straight A's, etc. I olden day tribes this is when the rites of manhood and rites of passage are given.

In gang culture the Investure step is when your new street brothers whom you have been hanging out with for a while and whom you now identify with asks you formally: "So do you want in or what?" You will say yes, and they will initiate you with a "Jump In," which is when they beat the shit out of you to draw blood: Blood In, Blood Out. Parts of the initiation stage may also include acts you must perform to prove your loyalty such as criminal acts and/or getting burns if its a Asian Gang. Girls in gangs get in a gang differently, depending on your

status. If you are a girl and you have no relatives in the gang, usually its drinking, smoking dope, and getting sexed in. If you are a girl and you have a relative in a high rank, your status saves you from the sex part, but you may still have to prove your loyalty in some way.

With my cousin, her Investure was a month after I primed her for ONA with all of the above. She had been hanging out with me and my other cousins and friends who are ONA oriented constantly flooding her Ears and Eye. Then since we are Dreccs her Investure was technically us giving her the Rules and Regulations which included the Law of the Sinister Numen and the Oath. The causal ceremony ended with us eating at a fancy Chinese restaurant together GQ [all dressed up] with the exchange of gifts to mark her "First Birthday" into Our Drecc Family.

Once you have reached this stage of Cultural Transmission, you are considered "Germinated." To illustrate, if a culture or tradition, or gang, or ONA were a field, your new pledge to your group is like a seed cast into that field's surface. At such early stages, a slight wind can blow that seed away. But once that seed breaks and it's roots dig deeper, so that a little green shoot comes out of the ground, the seed has germinated and will not go anywhere. A person who has Germinated into a culture, religion, or tradition is a sapling in that culture, who will not stray from the group. But this sapling needs to be nurtured into a big plant. Which is the final step of Cultural Transmission: Nurture.

The Nurture step is the last and longest step which may last a good part of the person's adult years. In a culture like my own, the Nurture part is when I get my lessons from my elders, continuously participate in traditional observances, take care of younger cousins, care for elders, help out with family businesses, and just daily be exposed to the actual doings of the culture, and flowing into the daily praxis of the culture. In gang culture the Nurture stage uses simple "cultural observances" such as daily hanging out together, drinking together, smoking pot together, working the streets together, etc.

With my cousin and the others we've turned this is the longest stage and most difficult. Just because a plant germinates does not mean that the sapling can't wither. Nurturing is a constant deed. First thing I do in Nurturing one of my Germinated people is to divide them into two groups based on their inner character: Drecc Way or Sevenfold Way. Usually girls I know are more inclined to take deeper root in the Drecc Way. We use the Sevenfold Way in the same way as Buddhism would use the Sangha, or in how a gang has a class of OG's. We make it so that in our little Drecc Kulture, as a boy if you want to impress a Drecc girl, your ass needs to climb the Sevenfold Way degrees, to prove your shit. The Drecc girls they hang out with us and do what we do. This is the first part of Nurturing a Drecc. The second part is the Aural Transmission of the ONA.

None of the people I Germinated or Nurture gets their ONA from letters or documents. They get it Orally and Aurally in life oriented situations and real world environment. They can, if they choose, do their own study of ONA MSS on the side. But study is irrelevant. You can't depend on study to Nurture a person. Any one who has been to school knows study don't do shit, because a year after you leave, you forget everything. If Mother Nature depended on humans culture to be passed down via study, we'd be extinct as a species. How is a sapling nurtured? It gets 12 hours of constant sunlight, and constant watering and pruning. Consistency.

Nurturing a Germinated person means 12 hours of bombarding their ears and eyes with culture and mythos; the other 12 hours is them sleeping.

To Aurally transmit ONA to my Germins [one who has been Germinated] I break down everything I know about the ONA into bits and pieces into keywords, like Buddhism does it. Each keyword I peg to a letter of the Alphabet: A means Acausal; A means Aeonics; A means Alchemy; B means Baleful; B means Baphomet; C means causal; C means Casuality; D means Drecc; E means Exeatics; F means Feral, and so on, with my Z meaning Zeal for passion and Zealot for a person with passion for their Tribe. This way when the time arises, I can inseminate my Germin I am talking to with one of these keywords and breakdown what it means to me. This is the important part, because I Upaya what I breakdown, meaning I put it into my own words, but in such a way that the specific Germin I am talking to accepts it and understands it and usually pegged to a daily experience.

For example I have cousin who are still in high school and they brought their teenage friends over to meet me. I Germinated them into ONA over time. So, when one day one of my teenage Germins ditches school to hang out with us, I take advantage of what he did – ditching – and quickly inseminate him by saying: “What you did WE call Exeatics, which means such and such, because those Magins so and so.” And I’ll use his school system and his ditching school as an example he experienced to peg that concept of Exeatics in his Mind. Other times well just teach them the keywords and their meanings from A-Z, and randomly as we hang out we’ll ask them: “What R mean?” They’ll say “Reichsfolk,” and we’ll ask: “What’s Reichsfolk teach Our People?” And they will give the answer in their own words.

This stage of Nurturing is also when repetitive observances are crucial. Culture is a collective/common Cultivation of habit and ethos. In my own culture this deals with burning incense to the Buddha ever full moon; going to the wat every holiday; helping out at family businesses, etc. In gang culture this is the simple drinking together, banging together, smoking out together. Anything that you can do as a group together over and over again induces group culture and group identification. Gang culture is so simple compared to Buddhism with its 25,000 pages of holy writing. But a gangbanger fully Nurtured in his gang will murder for his gang, get shot up for his gang, go to prison for his gang. Repetative cultivation of praxis is some powerful shit. This is the shit that solidifies an ancient tribe together into a band of Warriors who scalped enemies and head hunted neighboring tribes in our human past. Doing shit repetitively over and over again – anything – especially in the same place [sacred grounds] is the most humanly powerful way to induce cultural coherency. And we should know this same method or repetitive Nurturing makes a random man a killer of an army. Repetitive salutes, repetitive drills, repetitive minor observances such as everyone getting up at the same 3AM, everyone getting the same hair cut, everyone wearing the same camo, everyone doing the same things over and everyone looking and feeling the same. And you get killers from that.

Doing and dressing the same way doesn’t have to be a daily thing in a Living Culture. We don’t look like retarded clones in my family and culture. But our year has lots of holidays. During those traditional days in my own culture we all either go to the temple together or bring monks over to one of our houses and hold the ceremony observing the special day that day. But in my culture, during such special days, you have to dress traditionally in a silk sarong

[girls] and a traditional top. Each day of the week is associated with an actual color. So that if a holiday fall on a Friday, Everyone wears the traditional colors that day. The men just wear suits with their ties of the day's color. Unless they are risqué and come to the temple in a big purple suit.

The trick to it is repetition, doing things together as a group, and learning how to teach Aurally. You can't just sit a person down and just start yapping your mythos away. It has to be fluid and natural. You have to know your other person and be able to on the spot reword any part of the ONA memplex to reflect what your other person is doing, has done, has seen, or has experienced. If your new Germin is even drinking a coke and chewing on his, you have to have the skills to breakdown ONA and anchor a bit of the ONA Kulture to his eating the ice. The ice is the Form, the H2O is the Essence, that Essence takes many Forms or whatever.

The other style of teaching is to wait for the other person to ask the question. This is how my Buddhist elders do their teaching. This is because they understand that a person's Mind develops and has levels of understanding. You can't teach a 5 year old to understand what Sunyata is even if you have a doctorate in Buddhism. It will not work. If you try, you are a stupid teach. The whole point to teaching is to get the other person to Understand the Essence of something. So from a Buddhist point of view, the only way to teach a person the deeper stuff of Buddhism is to just wait for the other person to ask. Because in their asking, they express that their Minds is at a level which may be able to understand the thoughts and concepts they are curious about in the first place. But you have to learn to dress your words and ideas up in ideas and words native to the other persons vocabulary and thought process and interests. If my cousin Mac were to try to teach me about Buddhism using car concepts, it wouldn't work with me, because I don't a single thing about cars, I don't care about them, and so the teaching won't stick.

I have been asked plenty of times by new Dreccs I make about whatever ONA MSS they may have read online. They usually ask in a confused manner suggesting unacceptance. This is why written texts are a bad idea and should only serve as a rough guide. From experience, a Germin expresses confusion only because words and outer ideas he read did not resonate or match up to words and ideas he or she uses. So I usually just tell them to forget what they read, and then Upaya what they read using their own weltanschauung, words, idea, and frame of reference to things and subjects. But this is only possible if you know the insides and outs of the ONA, its Essence, and the person you are teaching.

End Remarks

So from my own experiences, transmitting culture orally and aurally is very possible and still is the major means to transfer human culture from one generation to the next. As I have said some where up there, I deem Culture to be of great importance, if we Dreccs genuinely into aeonics. This ONA must gradually learn how to transmit itself as a Living Culture: Aurally; as some Dreccs still do. If it is to continue for a long time as a coherent organism. But in our current age of the internet, believing that posts and cybertransmission of ONA stuff is Living or has any long term benefits of Kultural longevity is dangerous to believe in. I have seen many memplexes develop online or were caught up in the online medium which for a few years

seemed to be productive and growing, but they have all dies out. The internet and the written text should never be a substitute for what is Human, and our Human way of giving culture to those who will comes after us. I wish I can wake mundane Satanism up from its enthrallment of cyberspace. I see it increasing moving away from the real world "out there" and into the PC screen. If this continues, it will not last. It's not in my place to tell Satanism what to do with itself. But I can share ideas with the ONA, in hopes that those Sinister Initiates who have found there way into the Kulture today, may learn to transmit their Kulture in a Living way as an Aural Tradition. You may have to cut corners and mickeymouse my few steps, and you will make mistakes as you learn to make them work. But the Essence of Human Culture and Living Tradition is there.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

122 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

BARBIE & BUSINESS



Yes indeed... Trailer Trash Barbie. What a concept!

I was walking down the barbie doll aisle in a local Target just checking out all of the new types of barbies coming out with a smile on my face knowing that what I was looking at weren't the dolls my mom or grandma played with. I was thinking about how barbie evolved over time, and I opened up my trusty business and marketing book "Brand Hijack; marketing without

marketing” by Alex Wipperfurth and read a chapter on the stupidity of Mattel Incorporated in not being able to see a good thing when something good and revolutionary comes its way. It made me think about this cesspool we are in called Satanism, and all the “big corporations” involved. When I say big corporations I mean the big original three that started all this shit way back before I was born, to which everything that came afterwards are mimicks: 1) the Church of Satan; 2) the Order of Nine Angles; & 3) the Temple of Set. When I say cesspool, I mean to say that today’s Satanism is like a big swimming pool party, and a lot of geeks and wimps have come in and took shits in the pool, and I’m getting the fuck out and taking my Satanism with me... to a cleaner water hole... like the spa across the street in the business or commercial district. If you guys wanna come – come; if you like being knee high in crap, stay. All I know is I’m leaving for cleaner pastures, and I’m taking my entire Nexion with me.

So lets talk some business about Mattel. I’m going to teach or present my perspective on things by using not another occult book, but a real book on real subjects, then translate it into Satanic shit for those who can’t see the Light themselves- Brand Hijack; chapter 3, pg. 32 (‘A marketers guide to serendipitous Hijack’):

“” About a decade ago, the powers-that-be at Mattel got all bent out of shape. Consumers had started interpreting the world of Barbie to their own liking rather than following the company’s operating instructions.

“” Across the globe, adult fans of the cultural icon began to do what little girls had done for ages: play with her. They gave Barbie an updated look. They fashioned her new clothes, created accessories, cut her hair, and applied make-up. They threw Barbie-themed parties and formed Barbie clubs. They read Barbie magazines and catalogs. They spent thousands of dollars collecting versions of the little plastic doll and every product associated with her. For a while, fashion show parties were all the rage. Guests would design an outfit for Barbie and make a duplicate for themselves. Then they’d walk the catwalk with their creation.

“” Mattel must have been thrilled. Or so you think. “”

SLAPPING a Hijack:

“” Sadly, the folks at Mattel provided a textbook example of how *not* to handle a serendipitous hijack. You see, they couldn’t resist the urge to control the Barbie world. The company launched one of the most aggressive, ill-conceived, and largely unsuccessful campaigns against copyright and trademark infringement to date. In so doing, it passed up the opportunity to let some of Barbie’s most loyal consumers direct the evolution of the blonde bombshell into the next millennium.

“” One of the company’s target was Paul Hanson, a San Francisco artist who exhibited his own sub-genre version of Barbie at a Castro street store. When Mattel executives learned about Trailer Trash Barbie and Big Dyke Barbie, they were not excited or even amused. Instead of celebrating this risqué artist for reclaiming Barbie in a tongue-in-cheek, au courant way for a very specific audience, they sued him. [...]

“” And Hanson was only one of thousands of Barbie fans to be affected by Mattel’s attempt to put a stop to the fun.

“” Shockingly, the company went after its most devoted consumers. It stopped fan clubs from using the Barbie name in charity events. It also tried to put the leading collector’s publication out of business. [...]

“” Mattel’s copyright crusade has won it nothing but bad press, courtroom humiliations, and a “Pink Anger” rebellion from Barbie’s alienated fan base. In one trademark infringement case that went all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, an appellate judge labeled Mattel “Speech-zilla.” Anti-Mattel websites still litter the internet. Mattel is identified as one of the most flagrant abusers of SLAPP (Strategic Lawsuits Against Public Participation), which has been outlawed in several states. [...]

“” Mattel simply did not understand the power and inherent value of a consumer takeover. Instead of trying to stop Hanson, David, and others from adapting the brand to fit their worldviews, the company should have embraced its new market of devoted brand enthusiasts. In their misguided attempt to exert control over a forty-something-year-old cultural icon, Mattel missed the boat entirely. “”

Lets ask a few dumb questions first after reading this:

- 1) What happens to a company that fights and sues its fan base? – it starts losing its market.
- 2) What happens when a company loses it’s market? – new companies which are perceptive to that market’s desires will come in and offer the desired product.
- 3) What happens when a new company which is empathetic to its fan base, which feeds the passion of the evolving market, steps in and corners the market? – the old company eventually will go bankrupt.

This is how business works. Its a delicate balance between a conservative/traditional executive board and a progressive/evolving fan base. When that balance is disrupted, business goes to shit. This balance is lost in some of the three big companies of Satanism. Lets take the Church of Satan for example because it is the best known.

Back when the Church of Satan came out with its satanism, it had a wild fire fan base. As the organization of the CoS began to grow selling its satanism and books, it’s fan base also gradually began to progress and evolve. What happened to the evolving wants of it’s fan base? The developing unique worldviews of it’s fan base was interpreted as a challenge to it’s product (its satanism), and its authority. Instead of feeding the flame of passion, the CoS ridiculed its most creative fans in hopes to maintain a monopoly on satanism. This unintelligent action causes schisms and division.

It’s alienated market began to form their own churches and satanic organizations with new idea to cater to a new generation. This is the state satanism as a sub-culture is in right now.

Many different “denominations” and sects, each with a unique perspective and approach to Satanism. Because of this the Church of Satan is becoming increasingly more alienated from the new emerging market and it’s product is become more and more irrelevant. Like AIG, bankruptcy is in the near future for the Church of Satan (like it hasn’t already come). Schisms and independent mimick institutions are not a sign of enthusiasm. It is a sign of dissatisfaction, and most times it is competition.

There still is a large untapped market for Satanism. There are still a billion people lost in Christianity, and another billion lost in Islam. As science and secularism grows more ubiquitous, these people, or their children will need a tool to divest their minds and emotions of the contamination of their past irrational Magian religion.

How about the Order of Nine Angles? Nexion like this one (352) may not be traditional and may not follow the company’s instruction manual exactly; but why do Nexions like 352 come into being? Is it a schism or a sign of dissatisfaction? No, it isn’t. It’s a passion and enthusiasm. Like the creative fan base that took an old idea of Barbie and innovated her to fit their own personal modern worldviews.

The question then becomes: How will the O9A as a ‘whole’ deal with such a creative and innovative passionate and loyal fan base? More will emerge. Will it be like Mattel and the Church of Satan and go SLAPP happy attempting to control its product. Or will it feed the fire of enthusiasm and creativity? From a business point of view the choices the O9A as a ‘whole’ will make is a matter of life and death – and future relevancy. It’s a matter of becoming an institution which burns with a large creative loyal fan base, or fracturing from dissatisfaction – eventual bankruptcy – meaning the shareholders (membership) of this company of ours will liquidate their assets and investments.

Fortunately for the O9A, the “founder” of this company (Anton Long) built in a few mechanisms which insures a continual evolution, creativity, and progressive innovation happens to the O9A. As the O9A progresses in time towards Imperium, so will its outer – exoteric form – progress and evolve to adapt to and meet the times, needs, and conditions of each era, generation, and worldview. The O9A of 1970 C.E. and the O9A of 2300 C.E. will, and must look outwardly very – extremely – different; but beneath the outer form is the same Dark Essence, the same acausal life, through which the same Dark Ones manifest.

Esoteric Tradition – Synistry

Dark Gods:

These are ‘living’ entities which exist in an acausal space-time. They may be likened to “anti-matter” as against the “matter” which exists in our causal space-time – thus, their intrusion into the causal, disrupts. This disruption is primarily psychic because the psyche of an individual by its nature intrudes or is a part of the acausal. The entities can assume physical forms, but only briefly ~ and then only when a nexion is fully opened. And where the causal and acausal intersect on Earth.*

The Dark Gods do not have 'forms' as understood causally ~ because a physical form is a causal thing, and they are beyond the causal. Neither do they possess 'feelings' etc. as we understand the terms. They are on the edge of even an Adept's comprehension [in terms of understanding them].

They can act [i.e. have effects in the causal] via individuals who can access them – or 'Presence' them.

It should be understood that the Dark Gods are not 'the acausal' itself. They exist in a part [or one realm] of the acausal – that is, they exist, have life or being according to the nature of the acausal. The acausal is 'beyond causal time' and does not have a spatial 3D geometry. Other beings probably exist in other acausal dimensions – but of them there is no knowledge.

When an Initiate accesses the acausal – increases the acausal aspect of their consciousness – they are extending the range of their being: i.e. evolving, creating new aspects of consciousness. This is one of the aims of the seven-fold Way – and of all real magick. A part of this, may involve confrontation with some of the 'Dark Gods'.

In conventional terms, the Dark Gods are evil, sinister.

*Such as 'magickal centres' associated with an Aeon – or the finding of such places. It is possible to create such a place – and this is one meaning of such rituals as the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion.

The Western Aeon:

As far as Adepts of the sinister tradition are concerned, there are only two realistic options: the creation of Imperium [the fulfilment of Western wyrd via a practical form], or disruption of existing forms with the aim of undermining and destroying Nazarene/ Magian influence, leading to chaos from which a New Aeon will emerge, this Aeon being Satanic. The latter involves the 'pruning' of unnecessary elements on a large scale – the creation of an elite capable of making the Aeon a reality. The first involves the creation/aiding of a practical form – and presencing magickal energy into it. It also involves creating the right psychic conditions – within and external to individuals. Some of this is directly magickal, involving magickal energy accessed via rituals etc.; some of it is providing/creating/making available the information and forms of the sinister. The practical form is either directly political, or 'religious'.

Both involve a more widespread dissemination of the sinister tradition and creation of new forms for its energies.

Traditions and New Forms:

As mentioned elsewhere, maintaining the tradition (as explicated in such works as *The Black Book of Satan*, *Naos*, *The Deofel Quartet* and *Hostia*) and making it more widely available, is important – and indeed essential. This is because the use of the tradition, in whole or in part [e.g. rituals from the *Black Book*] by others outside of it being drawn into the tradition, makes those others 'channels' for the sinister energy the tradition

represents. That is, they 'presence' sinister energies in a precise and particular way and thus fulfil sinister strategy. The tradition has been given its present form [as explicated in the various books and MSS to achieve just this (as well as other things)].

However, the creation of new forms is important and indeed vital - there must be a continuing evolution. These forms will further access the sinister, and presence it-The tradition itself serves as a Way - both for individuals, and aeonically: it enables the achievement of individual Adeptship, as well as the fulfilment of the sinister dialectic of history. This will be so for the next few centuries - until the New Aeon becomes a reality. That is, its methods and techniques should not be changed (at least not intentionally by those of the tradition for the next few decades) or 'superseded' - as a way of creating Adepts etc. This is not a question of 'dogma' but rather strategy, as mentioned above. It is vital that this and the reasons for and beyond it are understood by those of the tradition. The external forms [such as arise prior to and during the Aeon] will only arise from an initial coherence of magickal energies and intent – and it is and will be the unchanging form of the 'Way' [techniques, rituals etc.] which will enable this. **The new forms created/evolved will add to rather than undermine what already is.** Anything else is simply individuals playing at magick (and particularly playing at Aeonics) without achieving anything and indeed without understanding what they are doing. Initiation and Beyond:

The quest of an individual can only and ever be individual; that is, unique. The quest, made possible and aided by the tradition, develops the individual, enabling individual wyrd to be understood, and lived. It is also makes possible Immortality (qv. Acausal Existence – The Secret Revealed).

Beyond a certain level, Initiates guide themselves – learning from their own real-life experiences. That is, they have acquired sufficient self insight and honesty to enable them to do this. When this stage is reached [toward the end of External Adept for some; during and beyond Internal Adept for others] there should be still a following of the ultimate goal – a striving for the Abyss and beyond, although this 'striving' will be more balanced than hitherto. This does not mean the individuals become or develop their own ways of achieving that goal ~ that is, not undergoing the Grade Rituals of Internal Adept and beyond according to tradition because they believe they are not necessary or that they have/can create (d) other means. Should they do this, they will not achieve the specific goal of the sinister way – but rather something else entirely, or else nothing. The reasons should be obvious from the above (Traditions ...).

The Aim:

Wisdom. And its living, enabling the last stage (into the acausal...). This means self-understanding and supra-personal understanding. An apprehension of the world and its forms as they are ~ a rational knowing: and what is necessary for change, aeonic and otherwise. This knowledge is sometimes sad, and often born from ordeals and having lived the Abyss. It never confers wealth nor privilege, and seldom imbues one with 'happiness'. It is beyond words, but can sometimes be transmuted into a form enabling some others to apprehend if only in part its essence. This aim takes causal time – usually c. 20 years from Initiation (if the Way is followed) – and lies beyond the Abyss. It is balance, beyond opposites;

a new way of being.

Order of Nine Angles

RETURN TO THE DARK:

Esoteric Notes XVII

The Sinister, Archetypes, Forms and Aeons:

All genuine Adepts understand the simple truth that all causal forms – propounded/described by whatever esoteric Order or group, or manifest by the creativity/discovery of whomsoever – are but intimations, and that this especially true of attempts to define/understand The Sinister/The Acausal/The Dark Gods, all of which are but terms which attempt to describe Some-thing beyond the four-dimensional matrix.

Magick, the Occult, and especially a genuine Sinister Way, are a means to move toward experience of this Some-thing, and this experience – which alone is the basis for a true Knowing – is only and ever individual: that is, unique to the individual, with such a Knowing being the essence of the stage beyond what has been called Internal Adept.

Thus, even such things as archetypes, and the division of our outward and inner Change into Aeons, are such an intimation, such a symbol or symbols, which attempt to make accessible to our consciousness what was not accessible (and thus not-knowable) before. That is, such intimations, such symbols, are useful and indeed still necessary – until the stage of Adept is reached. There is then a moving-away from such things toward an experiencing of the essence. Of course there may (and should) arise a time when such things are not required, when the Seventh Way of Five-Dimensional Magick is understood and practised by many – but that is indeed many centuries from now, given the rather low level of the majority in terms of genuine understanding and the lack of use, lack of control and lack of development, of their faculties. **In the meanwhile, genuine esoteric Orders will continue to guide the few of promise, the few who can be bothered to change and master themselves, breeding thus an evolved type.**

Learning by Experience:

As has been stressed again and again in Order MSS, the only way to evolve is to experience: to strive forth and undertake practical magick, practical deeds. To experience magickal energies, and to have a plethora of both Light and Dark practical experiences.

All words, whether written or spoken – indeed, all forms presented in the causal – are only guides; intimations; inspiration, and this applies to all Order MSS. Some-things have not been

said or written about; some other-things have only been hinted at, while other-things have been described or symbolized in detail. There is intent here, which those of genuine insight and genuine magickal skill will perceive or come to perceive, just as the genuine ones – who do strive forth via practical experience of the “two worlds” – will be able to work out certain things for themselves, and thus correct the few “mistakes” or “omissions” they may/will find in some ONA MSS. If they are not able to do this, then they have not advanced far enough; or they are among the failures.

Hence, there will always be some things left unsaid, left unwritten about, in “public” – and some-things which will only ever be revealed from individual to individual, or experienced/discovered anew by each genuine new Adept and each new genuine Master/Mistress.

Beyond the ONA:

Twenty or so years after the ONA first came to “public attention” by the decision to distribute various Order MSS, there are now several Sinister/Occult organizations and groups who have derived their inspiration, their knowledge, and such like, from the ONA, even though some of these organizations and groups may not publicly acknowledge this, and even may, sometimes, attempt to distance themselves from their source by such things as criticising the ONA, or what they see/mis-understand as its “teachings”. Of course, this applies just as much to those individuals inspired or otherwise guided by the outer, publicly-known, ONA.

This is a natural and expected process, for – as several ONA MSS have stated – the ONA is in some ways akin to a living-being, in the causal, imbued as it is with aspects of the acausal (Adepts and even some gifted Initiates will understand what is meant here). It was given its current form (and even its name) to be this, among other things.

From these and other emanations, from such other often unacknowledged presencings of the ONA, there will be new understandings born, new changes wrought – that is, new causal presencings of the acausal, of The Sinister, which is all as it should and must be, for the ONA has indeed opened certain nexions, which openings The Dark Gods have been waiting for...

Even my own life – rich, diverse, sinister, of both Light and Dark and thus perplexing to others – is only some new guide, one inspiration, one intimation of what all genuine Adepts should be. It, like that outer ONA which is now “known”, can and should be surpassed, by others.

The ONA will continue, evolving, changing, in its own way, for the stage has now been reached when the life that is the sinister presencing manifest in the outer ONA is a life of-itself, and can thus be left (exoterically/publicly) without any new writings or any open guidance being provided, for the “public/exoteric” work has been done. Thus there will be soon, a return to the dark, to the secrecy of the past – to that which is the slow, genuine, hidden, and individual, guidance there has been, for thousands of years. All that needs to be known, for others to continue along the Way, has now been made accessible, known – and there are hints enough, especially in some of the more recent Order MSS, for the gifted to go

beyond what-is-publicly-known to what-must-be. **Thus, it is natural and necessary that others are inspired by the ONA – and natural and necessary that they *try to surpass it*; that they strive to create some-thing of their own inspired by the ONA.**

Of course, we can expect some, or many, to try and appropriate exoterically and in public (and probably even in secret) the name of the ONA, but those of insight, those of genuine magickal ability, will see them for the impostors, the liars, the weaklings, that they are, just as the genuine Adepts will – if they have the genius – create some-thing unique, and perchance describe it by some new name.

As for the inner essence, manifest in the inner, hidden, ONA, it will continue – reached, accessed, by the very few who have the ability, the desire, to find it, despite the obstacles they will encounter.

Anton Long
ONA
116yf

SHADOWSCAPE:

ONA Esoteric Notes XXI

(Note: This MS was written for those approaching the stage of Internal Adept.)

Beyond the Individual, Toward the Abyss:

In a somewhat simplified sense, before the Adept there is a concentration on the self: on the desire, the will, the personality, the skill, the Destiny, of the individual. After the synthesis that creates the Adept, there is an increasing awareness of the acausal – of how each individual relates to the acausal.

Part of this acausal awareness is some understanding, and experience, of Aeonics – of Aeonic Magick, and thus of the symbolism, the forms, of such things as Aeons (1). Another part is some understanding of the Nine Angles, of The Star Game, and of what has been symbolized by the mythos of The Dark Gods.

The ONA has stressed again and again – both exoterically and esoterically – that the Adept is only a stage; that what has been called “individuation” is only another beginning; that there is more to genuine magick, to the Seven-Fold Way, than the lower, exoteric magick of individual desire and Destiny; that there is more to existence than the exultation of the “individual”. However, this does not mean some kind of denial of life, of the kind often associated with “white light” groups, organizations and dogma. Rather, it means an expansion of the individual – an awareness, a practical understanding, of the potential that we, as individuals possess. This is a new alchemy – indeed, it is the essence of what genuine alchemy is, and one of the tasks of a genuine esoteric Order such as the ONA is to teach this alchemy, to guide others so that they have the possibility of becoming part of an altogether different species of life than that

evident in most who mistakenly dignify themselves as “human”.

In effect, the individual, as existing now – up to and including the Adept – is still bound to the causal, and to the re-presentations, the forms, of the causal, as well as to those symbols and forms which often can presence the acausal, the sinister, in the causal. That is, their perception, for the most part, is still of the flow of cause-effect, of causal time, with all that this implies in terms of “results” and “desire” and “individuality”. Beyond Adept there arises an empathy with the acausal, and thus a knowledge of how the acausal transforms as the acausal transforms, beyond symbolism, forms, names, abstractions, and such things as mythos.

What such things are, beyond, have not been written about, nor will be they written about – they are experienced by the Adept who is moving toward and beyond the Abyss: to and into the experiencing, the knowing, of the acausal devoid of causal “forms”. At best, someone who has gone that way before may guide, or may hint at some things, and that is all. For it is the experience, the knowing, that is important – not the words, of others.

For the Adept, there is an increasing appreciation of the acausal, and one practical aspect of this is the knowledge of how Change occurs, through nexions (2) – and what, in the practical sense, nexions actually are.

That is, there is some understanding of how, sometimes (depending on the nexion and on the particular presencing of acausal energy) such changes as are esoteric are slow, by causal standards, as measured by the causal life-span of individuals. Thus, in the particular case of some Aeonic Magick, the Adept learns how it takes decades, and often a century or more, for the effects of that magick to be “visible” on a scale large enough to produce certain causal, and affective, changes. There arises, thus, the apprehension of the Master and the Mistress – of those who, being beyond the Adept, re-present almost another form of living.

Thus, the Adept also comes to understand how certain causal forms, chosen to effect Aeonic Magick, are only causal forms – that they are not the essence; that they are only like exoteric shells which shells non-Adepts see and which such non-Adepts often confuse for the essence, and indeed often confuse for the aims of a group, an Order, a sinister presencing such as the ONA is. Thus do such non-Adepts mis-understand not only such groups, Orders, but also Aeonic Magick itself, confused as such non-Adepts are by the appearance of the individual, of their self, and mistaking, as they often do, the sinister for such a self, for the desires, the joys, of such a self. In one symbolic sense, Aeonic Magick – and its causal effects – are but an extension of the causal-living which is an individual.

In the personal sense, the Adept is drawn toward the understanding that the sinister itself is supra-personal – not some causal abstraction which they as mere Adepts, can totally “control”. Hence are they moved toward a genuine knowing of the sinister, toward a genuine experience of what is hidden behind such things as The Mythos of the Dark Gods, and thus are they conveyed toward an experiencing of those shadowscapes where such “things” dwell and have Their being.

The Knowing of Forms:

As has been mentioned above, and elsewhere, many times: many non-Adepts, and even some Adepts, sometimes confuse a tactic, a form, for the essence. That is, they fail to appreciate what is being done, and why it is being done. Sometimes, non-Adepts even mistake an Insight Role – undertaken by an Initiate or even an Adept – for the “views”, or whatever, of that Initiate or Adept, and thus castigate that individual! Consider, also, the incitement to action, to disruption, to practical change, which occurs in many of the exoteric (3) ONA MSS, and which sometimes might take place in some Temple (Nexion) or some Sunedrion by such a thing as an individual giving an emotive speech. This individual may even be regarded, in the conventional sense, as “advanced” (that is, beyond Adeptship) and thus may not be “expected” (by non-Adepts) to still use such emotive rhetoric or such forms.

There is, in such circumstances, a rather conventional, non-Initiated projectionism at work here by those who mis-understand such things. That is, a failure to go beyond appearance, and forms, to the sinister essence. **A failure to understand that a tactic is just a tactic, which may or may not be useful, and which may be abandoned if it proves to be unsuccessful,** or used again if it proves of some value. A failure to understand that such things may be some form of sinister manipulation, or some effect of Aeonick Magick, or even some form of Aeonick Magick itself.

One mark of a genuine Adept is their ability to see beyond such forms, such tactics, to the essence – to the sinister magick often at work in such things. Another mark of a true Adept (and those beyond) – as has been written many times – is the ability to appear as different things: to be a shapeshifter, a chameleon. One mark of a non-Adept is their sometimes willful refusal, or their lack of ability, to distance themselves from their own prejudices, their own views, their own opinions, and from the abstractions they have come to depend on and which they use to “interpret” the world and individuals. Often, such abstractions are inherited from the “society” they live-in, or from some dogma they have accepted, or from some ethos or form which, often without their knowing, holds them in thrall. However, such is the rather low state of most “human beings” that this wallowing in such things – this reliance on such things, this inability to strive toward Adeptship, this lack of perception of the essence, and this lack of knowing the sinister – will continue for some causal time; many centuries, in fact. It is one of the aims of all genuine esoteric Orders and groups to be there to guide, and aid, those who are ready: those who desire to move-on toward the next stage in our development, as beings. Genuine Magick is the means by which they can do this.

Anton Long
116yf

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM:

Historical Addendum: reductio ad absurdum:

The individual responsible for the present codification of ONA (in the form of the seven-fold way, Star Game etc.) does not claim any supra-personal authority for that codification (in the form of Satan/Set or an extra-terrestrial intelligence) or indeed for the creativity, which was its essence. Neither does he claim any authority via having belonged to some ancient and

mysterious group whose “Master” taught and Initiated him.

The truth is simple, and a little ordinary. He was fortunate perhaps in spending most of his childhood and early youth in Africa and the Far East where, in the former, he grew up among people who believed in pagan practices and witchcraft, and, in the latter, he came in contact with many and various traditions including LHP Taoist magic and Martial Arts. All this formed a somewhat unusual education (there is no claim to being “Initiated” into any form) and provided a continuing interest in esoteric arts. This curiosity, interest together with his keen intellect, enthusiasm and zest for danger let him to, in later youth, to not only seek out LHP groups in Europe but also into many interesting and diverse experiences, and in the late sixties he was Initiated into some LHP groups/underground Satanic Temples. His diverse experiences then and later (some dangerous, some at variance with prevailing social dogma, many dark, some heretical) provided useful background for an Occult and personal synthesis and led to him taking responsibility for a small LHP group. The teaching of this group were rather garbled, full of mystifications and occasional insights, but they did provide some basis for creative extension. Thus, the new synthesis that was the seven-fold way was created. The original LHP group had no historical significance and did not claim among its former members any person of significance on any level – it was simply a reclusive circle of a few individuals oriented toward the Black Arts whose teachings (such as they were) centred around a septenary approach to magickal alchemy and a “mythology” about the Dark Gods. (It should be noted that the other LHP groups he joined derived their magic from a mixture of Crowley/Golden Dawn/demonism or were rather boring, lacking Satanic zest).

In the early years of the eighth decade of the present century a decision was made to publish the tradition of this small group (the ONA – as it came to be called some decades earlier) together with the new codification. Some of the traditional material concerned Sacrifice and some related to the Dark Gods mythos.

No one within this group believes these traditions and methods are unalterable or invested with “supernatural” authority. As expressed in such published works as “Naos” and “The Black Book” they are a practical method of achieving magickal Adeptship and extending consciousness into the next stage of its development.

Thus the ONA has no structure because no structure is needed – its members may guide others if those others wish, such guidance occurring because those members have themselves undergone (to a greater or lesser extent depending on their own personal development) the tasks of the seven-fold way and can thus offer advise from experience.

It is as absurdly simple as that.

ONA 1989 e.v.

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352:O9A

Kayla onanxs

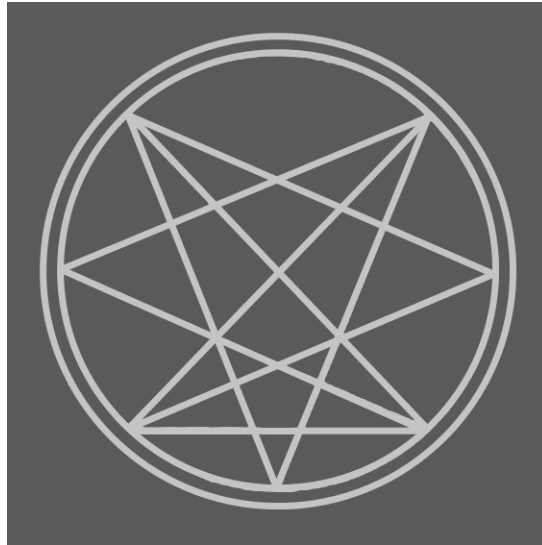
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[youtube=<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p68rj879Zyg>]



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

BENEATH THE WRITING



Beneath The Writing

I tried last month to take WSA's "oral teachings," or "aural lessons" and transcribe them into step by step instructional writing to share with everybody, but it was just too much to write down, and none of it flowed together, and it revealed too much. I ended up with 50 pages of crap that I trashed.

When I say "oral teachings," I don't mean anything secret, silly, or mystical. I simply mean that me and all my friends have been alive for a while and as we live we each learn stuff, so when we are doing our WSA stuff we orally teach each other stuff we know. Zero percent of it has anything to do with the occult. It has 100% to do with Business & Marketing. In a metaphorical and literal sense. Literal because many of the Asians in our WSA majored in Business. Metaphorical because most of the guys "majored" in business on the streets. Marketing also has its own metaphorical meaning to us.

We kind of like to see our WSA nexion as the business and marketing think tank of the ONA. A part of the ONA Kollektive that collectively has a lot of wisdom and understanding with different notions of "business and marketing."

It's hard to put all those aural lessons into writing. It's like learning to drive a car. Once you get the hang of it, you do it automatically. Putting all that know how of driving a car into writing is the hard part. Even then I would never completely trust a "how to" manual. You're stupid if you read a book on how to pilot an airplane, then hop into one to fly a plane, just based on what you have read.

Our normal oral history divides our group's [WSA] development into two sides: 1) the Business side & 2) the Marketing side. But those words means completely different things. If you've ever read an ONA writing by "Steve Brown" called A Sinister Sport, you'll know what those

words might possibly metaphorically mean.

Business & Marketing

Business here means gang banging or doing shit on the streets and hustling. All the guys in WSA are either ex-gang members or aged out of gangs. Most came from Asian gangs/families. Historically this side of the WSA did not call itself WSA back in the day. They called themselves DMA for Delinquent Minded Artists, which was a “tag bang” crew. A tag bang crew is just a hybrid between a fun loving tagger crew and a street gang that uses violence, guns, etc. There is an unwritten rule in the city the boyz came from that says your stupid if you are 18 and are tagging, because going to jail as an adult for that shit is stupid. So the unwritten rule was that you age out of that stupid shit when you are 18. Because of this, the guys back then just called their circle of aged out members in DMA by a different name “NXS” or the “Nexus.” The Black guys in DMA back then were members of the 5% Nation of Islam and they eventually influenced the aged out guys to become 5%ers also. In 5%er alphabet, “NXS” actually stands for Nation [of] Unknown Saviours.”

The word “Saviour” – spelled like that – has a specific meaning in the Nation of Islam per Minister Farrakhan. It used to be that in the old days The Honorable Elijah Muhammad set aside a special day to honour Master Fard Muhammad, and this day was called “Savior’s Day.” When Minister Farrakhan came into the scene he changed the meaning and understanding of the word “savior” and to reflect that change he used a different spelling of it, so the new and the old can’t be confused. Now Minister Farrakhan taught the Black people that they themselves were each their own Saviours. Only you can Save your own Self from your poverty, your social inequality, and your oppression, and your drug addictions. Once you have Saved your own Self from such poverty, such ghettos, and made something out of your Self, will you have the Knowledge, Wisdom, and Understanding to be a Saviour to your people and community. And so he changed the name of the day to be “Saviours’ Day” to remind us all that we are each responsible for Saving our own Self, and then once we have done that we help Save each other and our communities with our individual know-how and experiences we have learned and gained.

So historically the guys in DMA/NXS used a lot of race based rhetoric to draw in new members. But it was just rhetoric used as a means to get something else done. This is one reason why I would suggest anybody in ONA to at least go join a gang or start one from scratch. That way you learn from direct experience the difference between a Rhetorical Device USED as an Expedient Methods [Upaya] to manifest an objective. As opposed to a Beliefset or ideology that is actually believed in as some infallible truth.

The difference in the written format is near impossible to see. For example if we go to a KKK group we see that they have racist ideologies. That racism/ideology is used to magnetize people who resonate with that racist belief. What you want to look for is then where or how the group uses its established collected force, effort, or man power. In the KKK it is actually used and directed at hating colored people. So you can go to such a KKK person and try to debate them and talk some sense in them to convince them from being racist. But with something like the NXS guys who used reverse racist Rhetoric, its literally just bullshit to draw in people who

initially resonate with such rhetoric. What you look for is what the group does with its collected man power. Something like NXS doesn't funnel its force into hating White people. It's funneled into getting its members to commit crime, sell dope, be a "family," and just do street business together. Thus, you can't really go up to one of the NXS guys and debate how their racist talk is not right or fair. Because they know it's BS and they'll just look at you like a stupid nerd because you're too stupid to understand that they are using that rhetoric to actualize an end objective.

This is a real live Theravada Buddhist practice called upaya. The word is present in Mahayana, but I don't know exactly how those guys use the term. I can only speak for the species of Khmer/Thai Theravada I get from my elders. One of my grandmother's uncles was the Supreme Patriarch of Thailand till his passing. So technically if anybody is wondering what sect or style or "lineage" of Buddhism my family is rooted in its whatever that Supreme Patriarch taught and past down. The Supreme Patriarch is like – not exactly the same – as a Dalai Lama for Tibetan Buddhism. Except the King of Thailand appoints the Supreme Patriarch who is then the "Preah Samdach Sang[ha]" [the Holy Monarch of the Sangha] of Thailand's Theravada Buddhism. If I recall right, he was of the Tammayud school, which is my phonetic spelling of how the word sounds.

So in our Buddhism it's called upaya. In normal nonreligious terms upaya just means to use whatever means needed to make people Buddhists. To make a fucker into a Buddhist by any tricks [what the word literally means] you can devise. In this case, the end justifies the means. The end being that they become Buddhist. It is said that the Buddha had a different teaching for each person he spoke to, and often he contradicted himself. With upaya you can even use heterodox methods so long as your end objective is met. Its the same idea as teaching a child they can engorge themselves with ice cream. The child will do so until he barfs. When he does barf, he learns from his own experience [vibhajjavada] that moderation might be a better way to go. Teaching the child this way prevents him from arguing and debating. Because if you tell that child that he can only eat a little of the ice cream at a time, he'll throw a tantrum wanting his way. So go ahead, eat ice cream till you puke.

There is a quick story my bhikkhu grandfather once told me and my little mom about upaya when he was explaining to us how you use it. There was once a farmer who had gone to consult a monk about a serious problem that was causing him major dukkha [worry]. The farmer goes up to the monk and says: "Venerable One, I've been losing sleep over something that has caused me dukkha. I am really in love with a concubine of the king's. I want her bad! What should I do?" The monk says to the farmer after thinking: "Hmm, go ahead, sleep with her. Have fun. That'll stop your dukkha." The farmer shouted in excitement: "Wow, thank you! I didn't expect a monk to tell me something like that." A week later or so the farmer came back to the monk angry, yelling profanities at the monk. The monk asked: "Why are you angry with me?" The farmer goes: "I did like you told me to! The king found out and castrated me! Now I don't have a penis any more!" The monk says back: "Well there you go. Now you're free from your dukkha." The serious moral of the story is some guys will understand when you tell to be wise with their sex stuff as Buddhists. Then there are those that will argue and debate your wisdom. And so the only way to teach them is the Hard way. But there is more to upaya.

The thing to pay attention to is the essence of the story. The monk told the farmer to do something that superficially contradicts Buddhist wisdom. The farmer was told to go ahead and indulge in his uncontrollable passion. The question is then: Is what the monk said an ideological beliefset or a mere rhetorical device he is using to upaya an end understanding in the farmer? The latter is the answer. Therefore it make no real sense to debate and argue with the monk about his superficial teaching because its actually bullshit said to manifest an end objective. In this case the end objective is the wisdom gained by the farmer from his personal experience.

If you are fortunate to have a monk for a grandpa, and you dig deep by asking many questions you will eventually learn that Buddhism [Theravada at least] has 3 layers. The outer layer is the yana or form or vehicle. The middle layer is the upaya which gives rise to such forms. Both of these layers is like the swirling cloud of a tornado. You can see it and say that something is there. Go beyond the swirling of outer forms and upaya and you find the eye of the tornado which is: Nothing, Impermanence, Stillness, Silence. It's all like a slight of hand game. Everybody is busy gazing at the dharma and teachings. Many fail to see the upaya. Those who see the upaya fail to see the Objective or Goal such upaya was intended to manifest.

You can ask: "Well what is it all trying to make happen?" We can look at any gang or crew or army or religion or the old NXS group to figure out the answer. What's all that patriotic BS for in an army? To get 18-20 year old kids to fight and kill. What's all the blood and crips rhetoric gangs use? To induce solidarity in themselves and get kids to kill. What's all that racial rhetoric the old NXS used for? To draw in people who resonate with that shit, to make a common street gang. What's all that religious BS in church for? To collect church membership who donate and tithe. But your anariya or mundane can't understand this way of thinking. They will get caught up in the superficial words, and teachings, and forms, oblivious to the end objective. Which might not always be "linearly" in the line of sight. Meaning that an upaya stated as one thing can be used to actualize something far different than what would be expected. Teachings about Jesus and heaven at first may make you think that the direct linear goal is to have you be good to get to heaven. When in fact it is to just make money off of you and control your life. The end objective/manifestation of Democracy's concept of Liberty might not linearly be to give you freedom. It might be something unexpected.

So that's the oral history of the business side of what later became what our WSA is today. The "Marketing" side has it's own more colorful history. Marketing here means something metaphorical. Something like doing what it takes to trick somebody to do something or buy into something. Which is also upaya.

Kayla 352 is the top girl on our historical "marketing" side. No girl has yet beat her. It is Kayla that came up with the entire concept of the "WSA" by herself. In the beginning the "WSA" was actually a device Kayla invented to play practical jokes on people. Except Kayla's jokes aren't jokes. She has a personality glitch where if she finds a sucker she can pick on, she'll victimize and abuse the sucker until his life is ruined. Kayla took jokes to a bizarre level that lasts a year or more. The longest joke she played on someone took 2 entire years. All of her jokes end up transpiring in the real world fucking up people's lives. One of her victims lost his girlfriend and daughter, had to leave the state, and almost committed suicide. She has a sadistic personality.

If you know her, you'll know she normally has a fun and silly personality where she laughs at everything and cracks witty jokes. Those who know Kayla knows that when she is quiet and serious, it means she's fucking up somebodies life somehow. You can never trust her if she is serious with you.

Historically the "WSA" was born in 2004 on Myspace of all places. At the time we were all still in high school. I was going to my second high school, but all of my friends from both my schools I went to "hung out" on Myspace which was brand new at the time. Before Myspace we were all on Friendsters. So to set the background, back then Kayla and her friends at her school were on Myspace to simply troll people. They were pretending to be school staff members on Myspace. They made Nazi groups to troll colored people. They made colored groups to troll white people. They just trolled people. But Kayla's jokes or trolling kept getting more and more sophisticated.

One of the signs that Kayla's tricks were getting more sophisticated was that she was starting to create her own form of religious Nazism which at the time she called "Esoteric National Socialism." It was all BS. She also started her own type of Satanism she called "Progressive Satanism." That was also BS. It was all BS because most of the teachings of her Satanism she got from books she read on Sufism and other "white light" religions. She intentionally named it "Progressive Satanism" because she hates Satanism and had the idea of following the example of an old sect of Islam called the Roshaniya. The Roshaniya had different grades of teachings they taught "Progressively" in increments. It started out as normal Quranic Islam, then became Ishmaelitish, then taught of a hidden imam, then the hidden imam was said to have the only true understanding of the Quran. Progressively the imam would gradually teach [manipulate] his followers to be atheist materialist. Kayla had the idea of doing the same, but progressively leading Satanists to be something she mixed together which is a mix of Sufism, Ismaelism, and what she calls Esoteric Nazism. Her cults never took off because she got sidetracked.

Back then my older cousins and their NXS friends had made a fake OTO group on Myspace to meet girls that were into tantric sex and sex magic. This was a group both me and Kayla once hung out together in. But back then me and Kayla spent most of our time together in a group called the SubGenius Group which was started by our good friend that passed away a couple years ago who was a Mason, tattoo artist, and SubGenius from cancer. We love you Ryan. We also hung out together with Ryan in a group called the Knights Templar group. Me and Lynzie [Shugz] are or were members of certain auxiliary groups for girls related to Freemasons and we were and are very active in the Masonic community. Back then me and Lynzie started a group called Rainbows & Jobies, which if you are on the Square you'll recognize. But all of our friends from that group all hung out in the Knights Templar group with the Masons. Usually in the group we all debated and got into fights with these retards that think they are the descendent of Jesus, the Templars [since Templar movies came out then] or those nut cases that believed the Masons were part of some illuminati conspiracy. Kayla back then made a lot of allies with the Myspace Masons. One small group was a small group of Masons who were cops by profession. These cops will later get involved with Kayla's practical joke.

The WSA was born in our fake OTO group. Back then Kayla was doing this creative writing in

her own thread where she was mixing her Esoteric Nazism with some secret form of Aryan tantra she called "Opus Vrilis." There is a whole mythos she was writing that went with Opus Vrilis which in her high school Latin is supposed to mean Work of Vril. Basically the bizarre mythos said that Hitler and an inner circle traveled to an underground city in Antarctica where they met the Queen of the Vril-ja who asked Hitler to re-establish on the surface a global matriarchal empire for her. Hitler agreed and in exchange the Queen gave Hitler something called Opus Vrilis by which the Aryan race can become super beings like the Vril-ja. After a while of her writing weird stories, Kayla said that a guy in the group named James had sent her a PM saying that he would be willing to do anything to learn this Opus Vrilis. This is when Kayla said she started her year long troll campaign that would end up fucking this guy's life to pieces.

James was a member of the real OTO and had a girlfriend [mother to his child] who was at the time a "master" of their OTO lodge. Conveniently for Kayla, James lived only a few minutes from her. Kayla's stories weren't written as fiction. She mixed it with bits of history she learned in class, mixed it also with the illuminati and conspiracy theories she hated, and said that her friend's grandfather was in this inner circle and knew Opus Vrilis. She wrote her stuff in such a way that can be believed in and this guy James believed the whole thing. She said during one of their conversations he had asked her if this inner circle had a name. She answered that it was called the "White Star Acception."

There are simple reasons why she named it this, but in time Kayla would make it sound better. The simple story is that me and Kayla actually have mutual friends who take us hiking at night to a canyon called Black Star canyon. The rumor is that in this canyon there is a satanic coven that rapes women and murders strange people in the area. Our friends thought of hiking to Black Star canyon to find this Satanic coven to join since they sound really cool. We never did find any coven because it's all stories the local resident make up because they get annoyed with people hiking in their back yard. But we ended up making a couple older friends up there who were into a dark kind of paganism. Kayla just took the name 'Black Star' and called it White Star and she added the word "Acception" to it because at the time she said she thought it was a real word.

Kayla at this time also invented a person she named "Caligula," who is said to be the old spiritual leader of this WSA inner Nazi group. Caligula is said to be a son of an actual inner circle member who was a biker gangster in prison for life for murder. He supposedly teaches Opus Vrilis to his biker gang members who are Hell's Angels. She said that her best friend's father is one such biker who learned Opus Vrilis from his father who was a "high ranking" Nazi official, which is where she got it from. Of course none of this was true. She said she was making up everything literally as she went along. Later she told us that she picked the name Caligula because in history class that name was the sole thing she was able to remember about the Roman Empire.

Loosely inspired by our NXS group she was now a member of, Kayla went to work on structuring her WSA to troll James. What Kayla basically did was invent an entire system of "Aryan Tantra" off the top of her head to give life to her Opus Vrilis which was just an idea at the time. What she then did was divide her crazy Aryan Tantra into levels beginning from easy

mystical exercises to hard ones. To get to the next level James would have to prove his loyalty by doing tests. He was also required to write reports of his practices and experiences and turn them in along with photographs in a brown envelope. James was instructed later by “high ranking” biker – who was Kayla using a fake profiles with a random picture – to leave these envelopes in secret places around the city. Remember, they lived only a few minutes from each other. Kayla would pick up these envelopes and leave the next set of practices for James in “secret” locations. Each level took one month.

As James was practicing his secret Nazi tantra Kayla made at least 20 fake profile who were supposed to be WSA members to psychologically surround James. She also made a gmail account for Caligula which she used very sparingly to give James kudos with. With some of her sock puppets, Kayla became close friends with this James guy. She took advantage of that closeness by tricking James into gradually giving her all of his private information.

Within a few months Kayla knew everything about James. Where he lived, where he and his girlfriend worked, what school his little daughter went to, what kind of cars they drive. And Kayla went a step further and stocked James by taking pictures of his apartment, work place, girlfriend, daughter, him picking her up. Later she would go so far as to follow him around places to take pictures. All this Kayla said was to blackmail him in the future, with what pictures he left for her in those envelopes. From the very beginning Kayla said she had a goal in mind which was to blackmail him to do things to make his girlfriend leave him and send him to prison for the crimes he committed. To make it more real to James, she left “gifts” at his door or on his car as the many members of this WSA. But she was so convincing that James completely believed that at least there was a group of people in his area who had something interesting called Opus Vrilis he seemingly enjoyed learning.

Each test of loyalty sometimes was subtle and other times overtly criminal. To help her out, what she did with her 20 fake profiles was constantly talk about Caligula as somebody worth talking about. With her 20 profiles, she would refer to Caligula as “Herr Caligula” to get James to call “him” that too, which she thought was funny. Caligula says that when he is good they let him have internet access. She invented a code writing system she uses as Herr Caligula to send James private messages to do “favours” for “him.”

Some of the tests were simple, such as randomly beat people up, and he was supposed to take pictures of these things as proof. Other tests were things like him buying a knife and keeping it in a black box. Buying a gun, and getting rid of its serial number and filing down its hammer. He was never explained why he had to buy such things. James was a Nazi and Kayla used that to her advantage by making an entire religion out of Nazism, which she called Esoteric Nazism. At one point after he was months into this whole thing, as Caligula, Kayla accused James of being more loyal to his girlfriend than to Hitler and his “Dream.” To prove he was solely loyal to Hitler “Caligula” instructed James to cheat on his girlfriend with a random girl from a bar, and to send him picture, or else. To play her games she used her many profiles to play good cop and bad cop. Kayla said that whenever James was scared to do something he was told, her good cop profiles would be very nice to him and plead with him to just go with it or the “other” members will do “bad things” to him. By that times, James was already aware that the “WSA” and Caligula had all of his information and Kayla as these WSA

members had already blackmailed him with threats stated vaguely at first she said. If the vague threats did not work, she would overtly tell him “they” would kill his “loved ones.” But Kayla used her coded system of writing and used coded words to mean Kill and such which James was familiar with, just in case her games went too far and she got busted. She was also smart enough to send all “questionable” instructions and threats with computers at the city library or at a college campus near her house.

After 6 months into the game, Kayla said that James had been privately sending emails to one of her fake profiles with which she was posing as a close friend of James whom he trusted. James by this time had been making complaints about how Caligula is instructing him to do more and more illegal things which he does not want to do but does not know how to get out of the WSA. He believed in his mind that if he did not do what Caligula was told that “they” would seriously harm his girlfriend and daughter. He was instructed by Kayla to buy a gun, and he did which he sent the photos of in his brown envelop to Caligula’s people. He was during this time worried very badly that Caligula may want him to kill somebody. Kayla said that one of her goals was to see if she could actually manipulate James to at least do a drive by in his car to shoot somebody.

During the 9th month Kayla said that as Caligula she gave James the instructions to prove his loyalty to Hitler and his Race by “getting rid” of a colored person. James was given the suggestion that a drive by at night along certain freeways may be a good method.

Kayla said that the same day he got his instructions to kill, he had written a message to his confidant – Kayla’s sockpuppet – shitting bricks. She said that James said that he was instructed to kill and that he can’t do it and wanted out and needed advice. He didn’t want his family hurt. As this confidant Kayla told him that she would help talk Caligula to let him leave the WSA if he promised not to rat. James said that he can’t rat on anybody because Caligula’s people had criminal evidence, and begged his confidant to help him leave the WSA. Kayla said as this confidant she manipulated him to push his life into fuck up mode himself. She told him that he needs to tell his girlfriend everything and come clean with her, then tell her to take his daughter and go hide out at her mothers or something. In a state of panic James said that this was a good idea and he did it. A couple days later James had written to his confidant saying that he was extremely sad because he had told his girlfriend everything and she had called him crazy but that she left with his daughter and at least she was safe. Kayla said that she was working on Caligula, and that Caligula said that he was worried that James would tell. Then without warning Kayla pulls the plug and deletes all of her fake profiles. Leaving James hanging.

To “end” her game what Kayla did was first send James’ girlfriend an envelop at her work place which had inside pix of a girl James had met. Along with it was a written account by James describing in detail what he did with her. Next Kayla scanned every picture James sent to her and went to her cop friend she had made on myspace. Then Kayla turned the entire thing around and made it look like she was a victim and that James was a member of some sick Nazi cult which was trying to make her do illegal stuff and they threatened to kill her. She had told her cop friends that he sent her weird pix of odd and scary things he does, then gave her cop friend many of the pix and his information. She then deleted herself from myspace and

went quiet from everybody for a month to wait to see what happens. She was still on Myspace under a different profile. All hell broke loose on Myspace at this time in our OTO group.

Kayla's cop friends had come to our OTO group looking for James and they said they know everything and said they had sent his pix to the department in his city. They also asked where Kayla was. We were asked by Kayla to say we did not know of her whereabouts, but that she left Myspace in fear.

Shortly after that Kayla and her friends drove by James's apartment and noticed that he was gone. They had checked his work place for the week and noticed that he was also gone from work. During this time Kayla had another profile she used which had nothing to do with her WSA. With this profile she had cultivated friendships with everybody James knew who was on Myspace as a means to collect second hand information about James. Later with this profile Kayla learned from his close friends that James had relocated out of the state and was feeling suicidal when he left.

That was the first birth of the WSA and the "marketing" Kayla used and learned to make James buy into the idea. The second birth of the WSA was born just a few months after this during another practical joke Kayla played on another person which would last 2 entire years. The unfortunate victim was her own best friend at the time.

This second one was more funny and light hearted, if that term can be used. Her best friend was never hurt in any way and although after the 2 year practical joke they stopped being friends for a while, they are today still close friends, and he is a member of our WSA. We'll call the victim best friend "Paul" to protect his identity. Kayla said that two things triggered this practical joke. The first was that she had just watched the old Wickerman with her parents, and two she had a big argument with her friend Paul.

Paul used to go to the same school with her and used to be a Nazi. But he dropped out, got into speed and became a communist. At the time Kayla was into National Socialism and did not like communists, so she said that she resented Paul for betraying National Socialism. She said she wanted to punish him for betraying Hitler somehow to teach him a lesson for being a stupid communist. So she had the bizarre idea to play a joke on Paul to get him to visit Scotland so that she can pretend to be a Satanic cult trying to lure him there to sacrifice him to Satan. By now all of us learned that Kayla played these long jokes on people and we were interested in these jokes. So this was when Kayla invented what we today called a "portal account" which is when she gave us all the passwords to her fake account so we can read the conversations going on to laugh. It was from this actual joke that Kayla and the rest of us would later learn our "marketing" skills. This is after we refined everything much later in our college years.

So Kayla had an Objective she wanted to actualize: To get her best friend to somehow go to Scotland in real life. Kayla needed to figure out a way to make this happen. Paul by the way is a year older than Kayla [18 at this time], and he also had certain personality glitches Kayla knew of. Kayla is the first person to use the term "glitch" to mean anomalous and recognizable traits in a person's personality or character. His glitch was that he was chubby and had

grown a lot of zits, which told Kayla that he may be suffering from low self esteem and that he may be lonely for a girlfriend. He also was a romantic type personality. Not in the dating and love sense, but as in the type to mentally wander in day dreams far from the real world. She said she knew this glitch because Paul had a home library made up of nothing but books on poetry, philosophy, and art. Paul was also a musician and played the guitar and painted. He was also a self described bohemian who often complained to Kayla that he was born in the wrong time and should have been born in Paris in the past when Bohemians were revolutionizing France. Kayla learned to use and abuse all of these glitches to get Paul to go to Scotland.

Kayla first “invented” something she called “Backmasking” which was to set an Objective you wish to actualize and in your mind work backwards to see how this Objective can be made real. She called each step of this Backmasking process a “Move.” Kayla said that each Move must be like a chess move where you have the end goal of killing the king, but your Moves must be changeable on the playing field in real time. She also invented something she called “Glamour Magick,” at this time to describe a psychological process of brainwashing where you trick your victim to believe what you want them to believe. In grown up talk we sometimes call this “Propaganda,” but back then the term Glamour was all Kayla had to use. So Kayla’s “Theme” of her Moves must be Glamour Magick, meaning that she must brainwash Paul in some way to have him end up going to Scotland. She called her first Move “Priming,” like before you paint your room purple you have to put a primer on it or something.

Kayla spent a few months Priming Paul for her Glamour Magick by first pretending to also give up National Socialism and becoming a Communist. She had bought a copy of the Communist Manifesto and read it, then asked Paul to teach her about Communism. Kayla then did something she ended up calling “Mirroring and Reflecting.” Mirroring was when Kayla mirrored Paul’s beliefs, ideology, and views. What we today call a Paradigm. Reflecting was when Kayla adopted every word and idea Paul used. While she was “shapeshifting” into a Communist and mirroring and reflecting Paul, Kayla did something she calls “Separating.”

Separating was when Kayla literally divided reality into two false parts to produce contrast in Paul’s mind. On the one hand what Kayla did was have conversations with Paul where she started talking shit about the conditions of America and Capitalism and induced him to talk about how bad things are with America. Then she contrasted that by idealizing Communism’s beliefs and visions of a better world. This is where her Glamouring began, in a process she called “Entrapment.” Entrapment was when Kayla began narrating “what if” scenes and narrated day dreams of different idealized communist world and future events. You in essence create a fantasy world and draw the victim inside it and trap that victim inside that created world, keeping him as far away from the negatively talked about real world.

Kayla said she simply initiated her entrapment Move by starting her conversations with a dreamy look and saying: “Gosh, can you imagine...” or she’d ask him: “In 10 years where do you see yourself, how do you see your life.” And so when he plays along and narrates his day dream, Kayla pushes him further into that day dream world as long as she can by taking him deeper into it just like a meditation instructor guides you in visualizations.

She said after 3 months of priming him up like this she made her second Move which she calls "Convincing." This basically means you now; after your victim had been immersed in those pseudo hypnotic day dreams sessions or fantasies; you now work to convince the victim that it's all entirely possible be Realized. How she started this Move was Kayla had gone to the book store to look for a travel book about Scotland. She was looking for a certain type that had information she can use to Convince Paul that Scotland was a key to Realizing that hypnotic world she trapped him in. She actually found a travel guide book which had information in it that talked about how the Parliament of Scotland takes an interest in artists by having these programs or some sort. This book also talked about artists colonies and lofts.

Kayla said she used the book to "anchor" their day dream talks in the "real world." What Kayla basically did was give Paul the book and the two of them talked about how Scotland was a "perfect" place for "someone like him," a bohemian! Why the socialist government there even helps authors publish books and artists have lofts they can live in together! This Kayla said made even more day dream sessions. This time Kayla was entrapping Paul in a Glamour of living in Scotland. To help push him closer to Scotland Kayla said that she will go to Scotland with him and that they can bring their other friends along too. She did this for a month or two.

Meanwhile, as she was Glamouring Paul in a day dream world, Kayla was watching a movie called Train Spotting and she rewatched the old Wickerman. This was so she can acquire their vocabulary and words. Kayla also went so far as to buy a dictionary of Scottish words and idioms. On myspace she made friends in a group about Scotland for people from it, to find friends from there. This was all for her next Move.

Knowing that Paul had low self esteem and wanted a girlfriend, Kayla took advantage of that in her next Move by creating an entire nonexistent Scottish girl from Scotland with "whom" she would develop a long distance love relationship with Paul. She would spend up to 6 full months with this Glamour, further entrapping him in a now emotionalized fantasy world of living in Scotland.

Kayla's girlfriend for Paul had an entire "history" all prewritten. Her name was "Jessica McCahey" which she told us she got from reading one of her romance novels. Jessica was born and raised in Aberdeen Scotland and so Kayla at the time had collected words the dialect of Aberdeen Scottish English used, so she can use them. Jessica also went to the University of Aberdeen to be a marine biologist, that way she can study Loch Ness to find the Loch Ness monster. Her father was a fisherman since on a map Kayla said Aberdeen seemed near the sea. Her mom was a baker at a small shop. Later she told us that she picked these two professions because she actually did not know what kind of jobs people in Scotland did at the time. She also told us later that she picked the city of Aberdeen because at the time it was the only city with a dot on her map she could find in Scotland. With her new found friends from Scotland in the myspace group she would both learn their lexicon by being friends with them and she would test her vocabulary and believability, since she had two profiles in that group. One as herself, and one a person supposedly from Scotland. At the time her fake profile blended in because she [Kayla] had absorbed street grade Scottish English and slang via her real profile learning from these people.

To start Paul's relationship with "Jessica McCahey" Kayla one day said that she had put in an ad online in a Scottish website looking for contacts and that she had left Paul's email in the ad. She informed Paul that he would have to go to Scotland first to find a place and get a job and thus he would need a real contact from Scotland. She would stay behind to send him money to help him get by until he finds a job. She convinced Paul to agree by making this Move look like an "escape" from the tyranny of Capitalist America. Paul agreed and told Kayla that he was serious of moving to Scotland and that he will talk with any contacts that writes him and make it all work out for them and their mutual friend who also wanted to go along.

A few days after that Kayla said she began her long distance relationship with Paul as Jessica, by first emailing him. But Kayla had experience from her first joke in making things seem real. There relationship started off email based just sending letters back and forth. By this time Kayla had made a real friend from Aberdeen she found on Myspace. What she did to make this Glamour real to Paul was she would write hand written letters, send it to her friend in Aberdeen Scotland, who would then send these letters to Paul's house. This Jessica had pictures which were pic of Kayla's Scottish contacts sister, and amazingly, Jessica was given a real Aberdeen voice when Kayla convinced her friend's sister to call Paul every once in a while. Each of her contacts had access to her Jessica email accounts to read about the relationship and what to generally talk about. Meanwhile in real life in front of Paul, Kayla would at times act happy for Paul that he found someone interested in him, and at time Kayla would act jealous because Paul would constantly talk about Jessica and not her.

Six month of this and Paul was in love with Jessica. Kayla was then ready to make her next Move. She did this by changing Jessica's conversations with Paul to induce him into day dream worlds of him living with her in Scotland. She did this by narrating life in Scotland talking about how the two of them can live together. Even though Kayla doesn't know anything about life in Scotland. She was making everything all up to entrap him. She knew he was lazy, so Paul was told that you can ride a bus to Loch Ness and fish for fish and sell them in the city and make \$50 a day, which in Kayla's Scotland was far more than enough to live off of. It was a communist paradise after all for bohemians. Or so she made it sound to Paul. After a month of this, as Jessica, Kayla asked Paul to move to Scotland with her. He can stay at her dorm since it was co-ed until he found a job. She told Paul he can be a fisherman with "her father." When he comes. Paul agreed.

During this whole time Paul's mother knew Kayla was playing some sort of joke on Paul and she never ruined the joke. Paul's mother was a nurse and was worried about Paul's use of speed. So she told him to quit speed and in return she would give him Vicodin and Codeine which were at least "better" than speed. This was the type of mom she was. So she wanted Paul to get out of the house and actually experience the world. Paul had told his mom, Kayla, and their mutual friend that he was moving to Scotland and he showed them his passport to prove it. Paul said that his savings only covered half the plane ticket and his mother agreed to pay for the other half just to get him out of the house. A few days after this Kayla said they was in his mom's car off to the airport! Kayla said that at the airport when she finally fully realized that Paul was seriously going to Scotland to look for a nonexistent girl that she felt kinda bad or guilty or something. So she sent Paul off with \$200 of spending cash, which she said made her feel better about the whole thing. She said on the way back home, his mom

asked her what she was going to do when Paul figures out Jessica is not real. Kayla said she said she told Paul's mom she had watched the Wickerman and that she has a story all written out in her head. Paul's mom just told Kayla not to kill her son.

Kayla said that on the drive home that day she realized that she had accomplished her Mission and Objective, which took a year to make happen. She really got Paul to go to Scotland, by making small moves. She also realized the power of Glamour – or Propaganda or whatever – which she would later refine by studying psychology, reading up on behavioural science, and then also the marketing industry. The key factor Kayla later learned is to have complete control of the stream of information going into the other person's brain. The funny stuff – which we still talk and laugh about – happens when Paul returns from his trip. It may sound like Paul is dumb the way I cast him here, but he's not. He actually is a very well read and an articulate intellectual. But everyone has their weak spots.

The very next day Kayla said she got a call from Paul's mom telling her Paul is back and she thought Kayla might be interested in how his visit to Scotland was. Kayla said she hauled ass to Paul's place as fast as she could, and on the way there she laughed harder than she ever had all the way to his house.

She said Paul had just woken up from his long plane trip home. She can keep a straight face. She asked Paul; pretending to be confused; what happened and why he was back only after a day?!

Paul said that his plane had to stop in London, whereupon at the London airport he was pulled aside by the customs agents. Paul said that the agents were looking at him suspiciously and they asked him what he was doing in the UK. So Paul told him that he had a girlfriend in Scotland and was going to relocate up there and live with her. Then Paul said they asked him an odd question about how much money he had. Paul told them he had \$200. He said the agents then said to him something like: "Okay, let's get this right. You are going to relocate to Scotland and you have only \$200 to your name?" Paul said: "Yeah. Was I speaking a different language?" Thing about Paul is he has an arrogant smartassie mouth.

He said that the agents then asked him for information about his "girlfriend" and so he gave them the address and name of the University of Aberdeen. Kayla's cohorts in Aberdeen when resending her hand written letters always used this University's address and not their real home address. This university was the only place Paul knew Jessica existed at. He said he was kept to the side for a couple minutes and the agent who said he was going to call the university came back and told Paul that the university said no such girl named Jessica McCahey went to their school. And then he said the agents took him into a jail cell or holding unit to be placed on the next flight back to California.

In the holding cell Paul was confused. He worked things out in his mind by telling himself that the agents were dicks and hated Americans so they did not actually call the university. They only lied saying they did. In Paul's mind, Jessica McCahey for sure was real. He communicates with her, has seen her, gets hand written letters from her and gifts, and has spoken with her numerous times. Kayla asked him if he had asked Jessica what was up? He

said that he just got done writing to her about his ordeal and is waiting for her reply. Kayla said she then slipped and cracked up over him being deported back in 24 hours. But she made it sound like she was cracking up over the actual deporting. Paul laughed too and after cussing out the agents said that at least he got to see London through his window.

Kayla said she flew back home to check her email, laughing all the way back home. In Paul's email to Jessica he retells his ordeal to Jessica but states that the agents only pretended to call her university and told him that the university denied she went to that school. Kayla wrote back as Jessica only with this: "Wicker Man." And with that an entire year of practical jokes ensued, during which time Kayla's "WSA" idea solidified.

Back over at Paul's he had asked his mom what "Wicker Man" meant since that was all Jessica wrote back to him. He was told it was an old movie. Kayla was called over by Paul to watch the movie after being told Jessica simply gave him its title. Over at his house was their mutual friend Carlos who was a crazy pot head. The Wicker Man is a movie about some Scottish people who lures an Englishman over to their island, plays games with him, then puts him in a tall wooden wicker man and burns him as a sacrifice. Kayla said she was biting her nail waiting for Paul's reaction. She bases her next Move on how Paul reacts to things. She didn't have to set the next move because Carlos set it for her by blurting out: "Dude, she was going to sacrifice you!" Kayla said Paul had a look of disbelief on his face and said: "What the fuck?!" Paul had written a letter to Jessica asking her why she recommended this movie. As Jessica, Kayla calmly told Paul that she was just trying to lure him to Scotland so her Satanic coven can Sacrifice him to Satan. But the customs agent apparently ruined things. She stops communicating with him for a month.

After a month of silence, as Jessica, Paul was informed that she had gotten a transfer to UCI which is a university in his area. Jessica told Paul that she had to come to America to kill Paul with an Orange County branch of her Satanic Coven called the White Star Acceptation. He was informed that he will shortly be contacted for further details. Later, Kayla had slipped a envelope with a hand written love letter from Jessica into his car. The letter tried to make Jessica seem like the crazy obsessive type. Paul was told that she [Jessica McCahey] loved Paul very much and that she only wanted to kill the both of them so nobody can separate the two of them. He was asked to consummate their love by letting her kill him for Satan.

After he got the initial stage setting letter, Paul referred to Jessica as a "crazy bitch." He believed what he was reading because of a glitch in his personality. Paul did a lot of drugs and already had a paranoid personality which Kayla took full advantage of. During the following few months Kayla would take pictures of his house and car and put these pictures in his mail box. She and her friends in the area also dressed up one evening in black robes and took group pix around his place. Kayla was also harassing Paul now with random phone calls at night where she would speak in a whisper but fake a Scottish accent. Kayla said she tried to sound as freaky and crazy as possible but in a calm manner. Usually she'd just ask him to meet her out by the railroad tracks he lives right next to so they can "be together forever." There were also times when Kayla and her friends in the area followed him around and car chased him at night.

As the months pass by, Paul becomes increasingly convinced that there was a Satanic coven

called the White Star Acceptance led by a crazy Scottish girl who was crazy enough to fly to California to try and sacrifice him and his dog to Satan. He now talked about it with Kayla and his other friends telling them he was being stalked by a crazy Scottish bitch and a coven of crazy bitches. He couldn't go to the cops because "Jessica" threatened to kill his black dog if he did. To make him even more paranoid Kayla had written a note as Jessica informing Paul that she was in the house for him, but he wasn't home. She hid this letter in his place and as Jessica told him she had left him something in his house. Paul said he tore apart everything until he found the scary letter. Kayla said one of the most funniest moments for her was when Paul was on the sofa holding this letter saying to Kayla and his mom: "They were in here. In the house looking for me. If I was home I probably would be dead. Stupid dog. You're worthless. He didn't even bark. I asked the neighbors if they heard any barking."

Kayla said his mom was chuckling at him about how serious he took the letter and she had told him that nobody was in the house and that he was worried over nothing. They argued for a bit and Kayla added something like: "Paul, I find it hard to believe that some girl would go out of her way to stalk you. You're not that important. Besides it's a coven of girls? Whats the worst that can happen? They rape you?"

Six month into the second year Paul was complaining to Kayla that he can't take it anymore. He was losing sleep. He said that he hadn't had a good night sleep in 6 month. He slept with his useless watchdog, a sword, and a knife, and wakes up thinking he is going to be sacrificed at every sound outside his window. Kayla asked what Paul was going to do. Paul told Kayla that he was secretly going to hide out in Georgia with his uncle for a few month. This way Jessica and her WSA sisters will lose interest in him after he is gone for many months and they'd go back to Scotland. Kayla was asked not to tell anybody that he was in Georgia or Jessica will find out. Kayla swore that she would keep this a secret, even though all of her friends later knew about it. We laughed. He actually left to Georgia a week later, which is clear across the country from California.

Kayla said she was now worried. Not for Paul, but for her practical joke. She wasn't expecting him to move clear across the country. Now Paul was too far away from her for her to do anything convincing. She said she switched Objectives. The Objective now was to learn as much as she can about the city Paul was in and to scare him back to California.

To do this she first called Paul regularly and slyly got him to describe everything about his new city and surrounding. She had told us that she needed help in finding a person on Myspace from the same city in Georgia Paul was staying in. Her next Move was to find a person from the same city, forge a friendship with them, and manipulate them to help her play her tricks on Paul. It took us a couple months of joining groups and starting groups about Georgia to locate some prospects. Kayla develops a friendship with these prospects to get a feel for their personality type. She has a natural talent for being able to feel around by asking question for your "psychology" to figure out if you have buttons she can push to manipulate and control you. She picked the easiest one to work with by faking a long distance relationship with this guy.

To make everything consistent and flowing, Kayla had manipulated Paul to frequently send his

mom post cards and letters. Which he did. Using the address on these letters Kayla now wrote a letter and sent it to her new contact in Georgia who was told to give it in person to Paul and tell Paul that “a friend had told him to give it to him, and they ‘they’ were watching.” Kayla’s contact did his part good and gave the letter to Paul. In the letter “Jessica” briefly informs Paul that she stole his mail and learned where he was hiding.

Paul had called Kayla in shock and disbelief telling her that the crazy Scottish bitch found him and that her WSA had members in his new city too and they were preparing to sacrifice him there during the next pagan holiday. He said that what shocked him the most was that a person he never met before handed him Jessica’s letter. Kayla suggests that Paul quietly drive his car as soon as possible back to California to evade Jessica who might already be in his town. He agreed and a few days later was back at his mom’s place.

Nearing the end of two years and with nowhere to hide, Paul was at the ends of his rope. He had become hopeless and kept telling people he was going to die. With no other option Paul told Kayla that he was thinking about now going to the police since he had all this evidence. Kayla steers him away from that option by telling him that Jessica was Scottish and thus out of local police jurisdiction. And going to the cops would only make them even more angry. She told him that he should call a Private Investigator instead. Paul took the bait and the two of them looked in the yellow pages for a PI. His mom was in the room with them shaking her head and laughing. Kayla said that Paul got offended and told his mom she was being insensitive because he can be killed by Jessica at any moment. She said Paul called the PI and said: “Yeah hi. I have a problem but I’m not sure how to describe it. There is a Satanic cult stalking me trying to kill me. They followed me from Scotland to California and followed me to Georgia. I can’t sleep at night. Can you help?” Paul was told by the PI that he can’t help and that a psychiatrist may be a better option for him.

During the last year, Paul was so worried that he stopped doing speed. This was something his mom liked. After the phone call to the PI Paul’s mom looked at Kayla and told her that maybe it was time to tell Paul. Kayla did as she was told and ended her 2 year game. She told Paul that she was behind everything and that she was Jessica and the entire WSA cult. She said Paul had a look of confusion and disbelief, mostly because he still believed Jessica was a real person. He had asked Kayla who he was talking to on the phone in Scotland and who was sending him hand written letters from Aberdeen? Kayla had to explain in detail how she pulled everything off by using Myspace. His mom had to help unbrainwash him and yank him out of the world he had been living in for 2 years by telling him that she knew about it from the beginning and thought it was harmless fun Kayla was having with him. Besides, it got him off speed.

He sat there in silence for a while and his last words in the game was: “So Jessica is not real? Nobody is trying to kill me?” She said that after he was assured that everything was fake, he got angry and told Kayla that she had made a fool of him. He asked her if anybody else knew about this. All of us – her friends – knew about it and logged into her portal accounts regularly to tune in to what was like a reality show Kayla was producing for us. But Kayla told him that nobody else knows about this. Paul in his anger and realization that he was made a total fool told Kayla that they can’t be friends anymore. Kayla at the moment tried to save their

friendship by saying: "It's just a joke Paul." She said he yelled out: "Just a joke!? Two fucking years? You had me running half way around the world! To Scotland for a girl that doesn't exist! To Georgia to hide out from a cult that is fake! I haven't had a good night sleep in a year. I lost weight over this. You call that a fucking joke! You made a complete fool out of me!"

Kayla gradually stopped playing these games with people. But she never stopped using what she learned from these games to get what she wants out of people. Shortly after this Paul joke, Kayla was able to sell her WSA name to the old DMA/NXS group she had now become a member of through me. She basically used the fame her 2 year joke gave to the name "WSA" to help sell it to the shot callers in NXS. Eventually DMA/NXS and WSA just merged becoming something much different over the years.

While Kayla spent her high school years playing these elaborate jokes on people and learning her 'marketing' skills from them. I was over at my high school doing my own thing and learning my 'marketing' skills from my own experiences. My experiences were different than Kayla's.

All of my guy cousins are or were in some way associated or affiliated with Asian gangs. Not all Asian gangs are dirty like your common Black or Mexican street gangs. For fun them and their friends tagged DMA which broke off of an old skool tag bang crew way back in the 90's called EK [Evil Kidz]. I got into DMA in junior high. So when I later relocated to my new high school my older cousins and friends asked me to start it [DMA] up at my school. The thing is DMA is a hybrid group that is a tagger crew, but uses Asian family/gang style bonds, and does business like many street gangs such as deal things in the underground market. All the guys in DMA doubled as members of other gangs so our crew had the connections to get pretty much whatever you from computers, software, to dope and weapons, to spray cans, to back up.

So my challenge was being a new unknown student at a new school and trying to start up a local clique of DMA so the guys back in my original city can expend their territory into the new city I was now living in. The bigger challenge was that DMA wasn't just a fun tagger crew, you had to bang it like a gang. So put together the challenge I was working with was that I was an unknown student and my objective was to make people into criminals. Not just criminals that vandalized walls, but the type that sell dope, carry guns, and shoot at people. In simple English, I had to basically somehow get people to tag, bang, deal, and shoot at people by myself at first. It's not like playing games like Kayla did, and it's not selling people ideology. You're basically selling people a ticket to juvenile hall, selling them a criminal record, and possibly selling them life in prison if they actually kill someone while they shoot at people. That's the challenge.

The thing with your knowledge base about gangs, how gangs work, and how to recruit new members are things are not written down in some articulate format that is studied like a college course. It's letterless learning from your experience and associations. It's also partly based on instinct. So at the time, I would not have been able to intellectualize how I did my thing in an articulate manner in writing.

All I know was that I was young when my older cousins and their friends recruited me into their

crew. I also knew that if I did something like tag up DMA I was praised for it, which I liked. I also knew that I had a lot of interest or admiration, or respect in certain cousins and their friends who were from certain gangs that I knew about. I knew to myself that it was getting attention and praise specifically from the guys from those “prestigious” gangs I looked up to or had an admiration for that effected me, more than getting random attention from the generic membership of DMA. I knew I liked getting attention for being related to the top OG’s from DMA. And so the more I got praised for all this from certain types of OG’s, the more I tried to do things to impress them. The more I did things to impress them, and the more attention I got, the more of a different type of attention I got from the general DMA membership. Meaning that if I got kudos from these OG’s in DMA from hardcore gangs everyone in DMA respects and admire, the general membership gave me that adulation type of attention. As if I were a celebrity in DMA. I knew that this was also something I liked which influenced me to do more for DMA. Knowing myself in this way was all I needed to start a branch of DMA in my new city.

In the very beginning, the easiest way for me to approach this challenge was to use race. So I tried to make friends with all the Asians with the criminal element I was looking for. From here its just basic social skills and information gathering. The trick is to collect the right type of information to use to manipulate them towards your Objective. You need an Objective, and just like in Kayla’s case, you need to break your Objective’s actualization into bite sized Moves. But these Moves must be grounded in the real world where they can be adapted to circumstances. All I knew was that the more friendlier I was to my new guy friends, the more information I can get out of them. The more I talked like them and made my world look like theirs the more they trusted me. The main information I was instinctively digging for was what Asian gangs these guys admired or respected or thought was hardcore, or wanted to emulate. Once I get that information, and the gang they admired had members in DMA, I have them in my hold.

I first went after the ninth graders of my new school since they were the youngest in my reach. I met one prospect named Nick. In high school we write letters to friends as an extra way to be friends, which I also did with my new friends here at this new school. From his letters I learned that Nick was tagging, and that he really likes a certain Asian gang which had membership in DMA. In real life he was the type to brag about how hardcore he was. I cultivated my friendship with him by first giving him a baggy of weed and I told him about my party crews and that I had friends that were OG’s from this gang he admired. I told Nick I’d hook him up next time they were going to party. That was all I needed to make Nick DMA.

I called my older cousins a few days later and told them that I found Nick and told them what type of person he was, what crews he tagged with, and what gang he admires. The older guys said they were gunna hang out during the weekend and for me to hook them up with Nick. At the time my little mom had it so that I couldn’t hang out with anybody after school, so I wasn’t able to hang out with anybody. I told Nick that I had talked to my guy friends and they were having a party that weekend and said that they wanted to hang out with him if he was down. To entice him further I told Nick I had a lot of girl cousins and a lot of girl friends in our crew I can hook him up with. Nick got excited and said: “Hell yeah.” So Nick ended up partying with my DMA friends during the weekend.

At the party the guys do their part. They just casually bring up DMA as a crew they all were with. Asked him about the crews in the area. While they talk to him everybody is instinctively checking out who Nick is looking up to or giving more respect to or thinks is the coolest in the crowd. It's these people – the ones he thinks is coolest – who casually suggested to Nick that he start up DMA with me in our city. It's not really peer pressure. It's pecking order pressure. You don't care what your peers think. You care what the guys or girls you look up to think. It's your own weakness for admiring or looking up to a certain set of people in any given social order. To help emotionally convince him to start DMA in his city the popular girls in DMA at the party do their job by chiming in and verbally agree with the suggestion and tell him that it would be cool if he did start DMA up.

A month after I met Nick, he was DMA and was out tagging our letters in the area. Then he had a few friends at the school who were "cool" whom he suggested to me to get them into DMA. I agreed and a month later we had ourselves a little branch of DMA, as well as our own more fun styled tagger crews.

Meanwhile I was trying to feel my way around the social structure of the new school to figure out who the popular kids were so I can make my way into their group. The quickest way for me as a girl to do this is by locating the set of popular guys, then after gathering information about them, pick out the ones who smoked weed or did drugs. This way I had an excuse to talk with them and thus forge a friendship. It's harder to climb rank if you are a girl and you try to make friends with the popular girls cuz it's just how things happen. They look down on you as a new comer to their group. It's like when you are a guy new to a school and you try to be friendly to the popular jocks and racers. Most often they just think your a geek or they put up a defensive wall. If you try to get popular by working people of your same gender you have to start from the very bottom of their pecking order. Meaning for me, I would have to try and make friends with the least popular of the popular girls. Same with if you are a guy. You have to somehow make friends with the least popular of the popular guys and slowly work your way up. It's easier for girls with the right social skills to climb rank by working with the guys. But you still have to first make friends with the least popular girl of the group of girls you want to be a part of and work up. The easiest way for me to do this is my feeling out which girl in my target popular girl group liked the popular guy I was forging a social bond with. She'll only like me to get closer to this guy. And I'll only like her to get closer to the more popular friends she has just above her in social rank. During this whole process all the top popular girls will still look down on you, but the popular guys you talk to gives you your needed social support.

The whole reason why I was working to climb this new schools social ladder was "political" and for DMA future ability to expand. There is no point for you to start up a crew of any kind if you are a nerd or a geek. People will just laugh at you. It's different when you have "social creds." Social Credit or Social Capital works a lot like credit cards in the business world. The more credit you have, the more corporations trust you. The more they trust you the more you can buy big things. The more you buy, the more valuable you are to the credit card people and corporations. I had no words or means to describe any of this back in those days thought besides "social creds." So this is the expansion part of spreading DMA. The other part is to influence your people to be criminals.

Influencing them to actually do your dirty work is also a style of manipulation, but a different type. You manipulate them to be in situations you need them to be in to actualize your goals or objectives. You let the situation and events do your converting. In the case with DMA the end goal was to make each kid in it not only into petty vandals, but dope dealers, and soldiers to protect turf. How do you make that happen? Just like you teach a person how to swim: you push them into the pool and let the situation and event make them learn to swim, at the same time cheering them on and supporting them to encourage them to swim.

An example would be many month later me and Nick were running a small DMA branch and we were recruiting kids from the 9th grade. There were some kids who were really good writers [tagging] but who were scared to fight, and DMA was supposed to be a tag bang crew. So me and Nick had to manipulate or influence or inspire these kids to fight. What we did with this one kid was I went around quietly starting rumors that our target kid was talking shit about a certain guy's girlfriend. Me and Nick picked a guy who we knew our target kid can fight. So we spent some time spreading these rumors and feeding the kid [our new recruit] ideas like how he needs to be tough and deal with the situation and not back down. So what me and Nick were doing was act like bad cops behind his back and good cops in front of his face. Eventually things got heated and our kid and the guy I picked out confronted each other off campus. That's when the cheering and support starts where you tell him verbally to kick the guy's ass and that we'll jump in if his friends jump in. Then what I did was I physically pushed our kid's back as hard as a I could into the other guy and they fought each other. Our kid ended up winning the fight and making us proud. After that what I did was I talked about my kid and his fight with my new found popular friends to get them to talk about him in a good way. This way I can use their praises and social creds to help build his confidence. Our kid ended up being a fighter and foot soldier. After the first fight, you aren't so scared anymore of getting hurt.

It's the same basic stuff with getting a new recruit to eventually use violence and force or "gang bang." You take your young recruit and hook things up so he is hanging out with older guys he looks up to. The guys will take the new recruit to a place where they know a confrontation with a rival crew or gang may take place. Sometimes you have to start shit to manipulate the situation to spark a big fight. Once a fight breaks out your new recruit has zero options to chose from. He has no choice but to fight because the rival crew thinks he is a part of your crew so they will go after him. If he runs away he loses the friendship and respect of the guys he looks up to and the top girls who shower him with attention. He has to fight, and when he does, the situation is what makes your recruit a banger and seals his identity with your crew. The more of an enemy you have defined, the more solid or bonded, or coherent your own crew or group identity will be.

This is a basic method of starting any crew or gang. You pick a per-existing crew and cross them out making them an enemy and pick up on the "us and them" rhetoric. That's one of the very first things me and Nick did to start up DMA in our school and city. I asked Nick to give me a list of tagger crews in the area and to give me the name of the crew which nobody at our school liked. Nick picked out a crew he knew many guys at our school did not like. So what we did was we one night [we both sneak out of our house] crossed out this crew's tag in our city to start a rivalry and to make them an enemy. I called up my older friends in DMA the very next day and told them we cross a small crew out and might need back up if a battle breaks out.

They were ready to back us up. We did battle them and made the condition that the loser give the winner spray cans and weed. We didn't want to absorb them or dissolve them, because the OG's knew that our little branch needed a rival. And so what we did after this was use that rivalry as a means to call out new members who did not like that crew.

In the bigger DMA we use manipulative social methods. The more experienced guys teaches new recruits by example out in the streets and by hanging out with them. The most popular guys and OG's do the praising. Then the most popular girls work our stuff by showering the new recruits with attention if they did something "tough." The attention given by the top ranking girls is a very important element. It plays on the new guy recruits guy nature where an unspoken rivalry for the top girls' attention comes into being. They are friends, but they try to out do each other in "toughness" as soldiers, or whatever for more and more attention from the top ranking girls. This makes it so that other new recruits don't really have to be told what to do to get praise and attention.

This is the same shit they use in a Mormon ward [church] of all places. I "insight rolled" as a Mormon for a while at a local ward once. At a typical ward your Sunday meeting are split into the parents and married couples and the younger unmarried couples. Being from a crew and gang background, I recognized the same methods I used to recruit being used and played out by these Mormons.

In your ward of young people you have a social order. Instead of guys using violence or tagging to make a name for themselves, the guys in a ward go on their missionary service. The popular girls in the ward then give their attention and constantly talk about the boys that come back from their missionary work. It turns out also that only the boys who come back from their missionary work get dates with the top girls. This makes something special happen. As a new guy joining the ward you now don't have to be told or convinced what you must do. You will eventually realize that if you want a date, or to get married, or to even get attention from any girl from top ranks – who happen to also be the prettiest – your ass will have to "hear the call" and go on a mission. But this game works both ways unfortunately. You see for a girl to climb social rank you can't just date any random guy in your ward. It has to be a boy who came back from his mission or you aren't climbing rank and earning status points.

Same thing goes with crews and gangs. As a guy, you have certain methods of doing stuff to earn support and social ties with the top ranking guys and girls. As a girl if you aren't related to a top ranking guy, you have to date only the guys that prove themselves to be the toughest, or that have earned their social creds from the top guys. Because if you date just any old pussy new recruits, it makes you look bad and you lose your social creds and status. So with real world based things such as crews, gangs, and some organized religions, and also political parties, not everything is about doctrines, ideology, and indoctrination. Social order, human nature, has a great deal to do with everything. There is a cliché saying that goes: "It's not what you know, it's who you know," and even though it's cheesy, it's also very true. You can't trump human nature. Those that know and understand that human nature more and have the ability to manipulate your human nature, will have the means to push your buttons.

Aural Lessons

So This is what we mean by Oral Teachings in our WSA. It when we retell each other the oral history of our WSA/NXS crew as well as when we retell our own individual experiences in life. Then from such retellings we learn to figure out what we exactly did to make things work for us. It's from these oral lessons we get and share with each other face to face that we learn the bulk of our know-how, wisdom, and ideas in what we called Business and Marketing. It was only much later that we read real books on legit topics about Marketing and Advertising that we learned to isolate working variables and give them names. Otherwise, the many stuff we know originate from Pathei-Mathos of our past real world based experiences. With something like real world experiences, every type of experience can yield very useful information. For example Kayla's mind games she once played may not have yielded for her money, status, soldiers, or whatever, but the wisdom and understanding she gained from her experiences to us are immensely valuable.

If you take a closer look at something like our 352 Nexion – keeping all this in mind – you'll come to understand that first there is the individual person's experience or Pathei-Mathos. Second such experiences become oral teachings born from an understanding or buddhi of such experiences. Only later – if ever – do some of the oral teachings get articulated into written format. What is written to be shared by the ONA Kollektive is not everything.

We've used this blog to write at least 1000 pages worth of stuff, and even that does not express all of our oral teachings or aural lessons. There are many things which we have not written that may be considered "too much" to say, which some of our oral history might imply. For example Kayla today can sit you down and by word of mouth explain and teach you step by step how to brainwash the living shit out of somebody. Lynzie with her past experiences refined to methodologies can sit you down and explain and share with you how to emotionally manipulate young recruits to kill and go to jail for life and never appear to have anything to do with what happened. Lynzie has her own people manipulating experiences that's worth retelling with names and certain things changed to keep things safe.

Back when Shugz was a ninth grader at a high school she went to she exclusively hung out with Asian and a specific Vietnamese gang local to the area. Shugz's mother is Vietnamese and in real life she ethnically identifies with Vietnamese people and Vietnamese gangs, back during her high school years at least. She was extremely racist back then, meaning if you weren't Vietnamese, she hated you and thought you were stupid, this includes all other Asian ethnicity. Her two big influences are her own older brother who is a OG in DMA and a Vietnamese gang, and her father's friend who was a Viet Cong soldier.

At the school the school was divided into Mexican and Asian gangs, with Black gangs being a minority. There was a huge Mexican gang with little satellite Mexican gangs at this school. Then on the Asian side the Vietnamese gang she hung out with was the biggest gang in her city. The other Asian gangs at her school were allies of the gang she hung out with. Shugz was also stuck up. Her older brother, and older guy friends were all old timers in this Vietnamese gang, so she had a certain amount of status in their social order. She used her rank and status well by not ever mixing or getting too involved with low ranking members. The only reason why she would come and talk to you as a low ranking member was either to carry out something she was asked to do, or to just manipulate you to do something for her.

During one of the classes she had Shugz said there was a stupid Mexican girl who kept on looking at her funny. She never confronted this Mexican girl for looking at her funny. She instead picked out the brother of this girl whom we'll call "Roscoe." Roscoe was in the tenth grade at the time and was a member of one of those small satellite Mexican gangs at the school. In the silence of her mind Shugz said that she had set for herself an objective, which was to have Roscoe dead before the school year was over. To teach the Mexican bitch [his sister] not to look at her funny anymore.

Half the school year passes by until an opportunity arose in the form of a new recruit we'll call "Jimmy." Jimmy had a glitch in his personality Shugz would dig into. His glitch was that he was a wordy show off always talking shit about other people and always mouthing off about how tough he was.

Using normal manipulative high school stuff Shugz allegedly spent the rest of the school year spreading rumors through her network of friends so that Roscoe and Jimmy would end up hating each other. One basic thing she did was simply tell a friend she had that the new guy Jimmy liked Roscoe's girlfriend. This friend she allegedly told this to of course was a friend or a friend of Roscoe's girlfriend. Another basic and normal thing she did was allegedly start rumors by lying to her Asian girl friends that Roscoe and his friends were talking shit about Jimmy. She did this kind of stuff for the rest of the school year. From being popular in the school social order, she knew that being a new student at the school and not really knowing anybody, Jimmy is trying to figure out ways to establish himself and gain respect from his Asian friends, and the rest of campus in general.

Predictably, Jimmy started to talk shit about Roscoe; which then of course made Roscoe talk shit about Jimmy. And accordingly – to his personality glitch – Jimmy also started to talk a whole lot of shit about teaching Roscoe a lesson for talking shit about him and disrespecting him. Once Jimmy started talking this stuff, Shugz allegedly made her Move by leaving her "lofty" rank and status to develop a close bond with Jimmy. But she did it so that the most respected OG of the Vietnamese gang they were both affiliated with was in the middle of their friendship. Meaning that she introduced Jimmy to her friend who had a huge amount of social creds Jimmy looked up to. She only talked to Jimmy when he hung out with her OG friend. So it was a three way bond. The reason was because being a girl, Shugz has a natural know-how of manipulating people. She knew Jimmy looked up to her OG friend, she knew Jimmy was a show off, she knew Jimmy wanted to do something to impress her OG friend. So she used her OG friend to push Jimmy into a direction she wanted him to go. She did this by bringing up Roscoe and his shit talking of Jimmy in front of her OG friend, and telling Jimmy in front of this OG friend that he had to do something about that shit talker or he'll make the other guys [their gang's clique] look like pussies to these Mexicans. Her OG friend and his friends agreed with Shugz and just suggested that Jimmy "handle business." That suggestion from an OG Jimmy looked up to was all Shugz needed to push Jimmy.

She dropped more suggestive ideas and manipulated his feelings for a few more weeks. Until Jimmy was walking around campus talking about how he was going to "teach" Roscoe "a lesson." In front of his OG friends at their lunch breaks Jimmy would just say over and over again so he can be heard that he was going to teach Roscoe a lesson real soon. Shugz said

every time he shot his mouth off like this, she would taunt him by saying: "You ain't gunna do shit Jimmy," and she and her other top ranking friends laughed at him.

One month before the school year was over Shugz said she, her OG friend, his other friend, Jimmy and one of her top ranking girl friends ate lunch together at a McDonald's across the street from the school. Roscoe and his couple of friends walked in to the McDonald's. Shugz said as soon as she saw Roscoe, she said out loud so Jimmy and Roscoe can both hear [to her Jimmy]: "There's your shit talker." Jimmy looked at Roscoe. And just like two normal low ranking guys, they verbally confront each other by yelling at each other. The manager of the McDonald's asked them to leave. So the two boys went outside to continue their verbal altercation. Shugz said that her OG friend and his friend had left to go outside to back up Jimmy from his friend because it looked like the two boys were gunna fight. Shugz and her street sister said they stayed inside eating their lunch and giggling to themselves as they watched through the window. The two boys were said to go face to face and nose to nose pushing each other. She said her their two OG friends were telling Jimmy to kick Roscoe's ass and that they'll back him up if his friends jump in. But Jimmy didn't fight Roscoe.

Shugz said that instead of fighting, Jimmy screamed out loud at Roscoe saying: "I'm gunna fucking kill you bitch! Watch! You're fucking dead punk!" She said he walked off and was not seen for the remainder of the school day. He was missing for two school days before Jimmy came back to school. By then people were saying that Jimmy was a bitch for walking away from a fight. Shugz in front of her OG friend confronted Jimmy quietly pushing and taunting him telling him that he shouldn't have stayed away from school and walked away from the fight cuz everybody was calling him a pussy and he's making their friends in their gang look bad. Her OG friend just said it's his problem and he needs to be man enough to handle business. Shugz said that Jimmy quietly explained to the OG and her why he was missing for two days. He explained that he was going to "take out" Roscoe and needed to get hold of a gun and steal a van. He opened his back pack to show the OG and Shugz a gun, and quietly said that he and one of the other guys were going to "take care of business" after school. He storms off.

Shugz said that she was partly very scared, but partly numb at the time. She said the others at break looked their way to find out what was wrong with Jimmy and what he showed them. They shook their head and said it was nothing and the OG said something in Vietnamese which Shugz doesn't understand. She said everybody went quiet and the OG just told Shugz and everybody to stay away from Jimmy for the week and not be seen with him or shit's gunna go down big time. The OG told Shugz to call her mom to make sure she comes to pick up Shugz that day after school and that she is seen by somebody at all times and not to say shit about Jimmy or anybody.

Shugz said that on the way home in the car she was quiet and had the window down to listen. She said she didn't hear nothing and thought Jimmy pussied out.

The next day at school Shugz said that the cops were all over campus and the Mexicans all looked extremely angry at all the Asians walking by, and many of their girls were crying. Shugz was told by her friends not to look at them and to just go to class and shut up. On the school loud speakers in the morning she said the principle came on and asked everybody to have a

moment of silence. The principle quickly explained that Roscoe died yesterday and that councilors were up at the office for anybody who needs to talk and the police officers were just present to keep people safe at school. In the school's past a big gang war sparked on campus between the big Mexican gang and the big Asian gangs, which spilled into the surrounding area for a few days.

She tells us that the cops were on campus for the entire week to keep the Mexican and Asians from starting a gang war on campus. The tension she said was very high, and many times the Mexican side yelled out cuss words at the OG friend of Shugz. Her OG friend a few times had to yell back at them: "I didn't do shit. I already got questioned by the cops alright!" She said that many Mexican girls were crying and that the Mexican girls vented their shit at her and her friends but she said that she didn't know what had happened. During the week the cops were calling up every Asian and Mexican connected to both Roscoe and Jimmy to ask them questions. Thing with Shugz is that she actually is the type to look and act like an angel. She's very petite in size and looks like a big dork. So it's a stretch of one's imagination to connect someone like her to something like this that happened.

She said her heart was beating so bad it felt like it was going to fly out of her mouth when she was called up to the principle's office. She was already prepped by her OG friend and her other friends what questions they might ask. Her OG friend also informed Shugz his version of events which did not include Jimmy showing him his back pack. She was told to not say anything, to say she doesn't know anything, and only mention the McDonald's incident if they [the cops] bring it up. Otherwise she is not to say any names and just act stupid. Shugz knew the cops prime suspect was Jimmy since he was missing from school all week and since a lot of people knew Jimmy and Roscoe did not like each other. So at the office she said she just acted like she didn't know anything, and that when the cops pressed her to talk about the McDonald's incident that she down played it and tried to make it sound like a petty argument, but that she tried not to use people's names. When she was asked to identify who the two kids in the McDonald's incident were, she said she told them that she only knows Jimmy by his street name, and that they hung out in the same area on campus but were only acquaintances. The cops asked Shugz if she was gang affiliated and she told them that they were just her friends on campus but otherwise she was normal. That was it.

Just as the school year was coming to an end things had died down and the cops were gone. Everybody on campus knew now who done it and what had happened since the police and caught the suspect. What had happened that day after school as Jimmy and a friend of his from their same gang had stolen a van. Jimmy's friend had the van and was waiting. Jimmy knew that Roscoe walked home down a certain street past a certain structure with a large yard. This was where the van was parked. That day Jimmy had ditched his last period and was waiting at this structure for Roscoe. Jimmy and his friend pulled Roscoe into the yard and one of them shot Roscoe in the back and head with two and took off in the van. The van was found partly burned on a freeway shoulder all the way out in Washington D.C. Where Jimmy had relatives.

We asked Lynzie – after all these years that past – if she feels guilty or responsible for what happened. Usually she just shrugs and says: "I don't know," fast, then changes the subject.

She won't talk about this experience unless you press her to talk about it. But she'll share with you what she learned from her experience. What she learned is nothing moral or spiritual. She'll most likely tell you she learned that when you manipulate people, it's easier to find the "right" kind of people who "already are affected" and that you just push them further in a direction they are already naturally going in. What she means is that you don't manipulate any random people. You have to pick those already with a personality trait you need in the person. Jimmy was already that "type" or right type of person because he was a loud mouth and bragged a lot, and was a show off who had the need to impress people. Roscoe was already the confrontational type who was already the type to make boulders out of stones with things just to make himself look cool to his friends and girlfriend. These boys were just pushed into the direction they were already moving into anyways. All Shugz may have done was help them "get to know" each other. She'll also teaches us orally from her own experiences that social status and social creds is very useful as a tool to get things done.

So this is oral teachings or aural lessons. As you can see they are just narrated stories based on individual experience. Each individual learns things from such experience and may in time study their experiences and refine their methods. The teachings and lessons are the methods that can be extrapolated out of these past Pathei-Mathos. I tried to break some of our stories down into each functioning variable and then articulate in an intelligent manner how each method of manipulation and influence worked and how to apply them, but it ended up being 50 pages long and a little too revealing in certain respects.

Too revealing in this sense just means that how our WSA works when we write and do things for the ONA happens inside a cloud of Glamour. And that even if it is known that what we may say and do or reproduce is Glamour, we still have to keep that Glamour up anyways. But I try and drop hints all over the place when I use words like "upaya" and when I try to explain that sometime "Rhetorical Devices" are used to actualize something completely different then what you would expect from thinking in linear terms. That is all I will say. If you "get it" then you will understand that it is pointless to argue and debate what the ONA – and we – may say and write, believing that what is written in public is "ideology" or "teachings." It's like a stage Magician where that when he is on stage doing his ticks he uses misdirection to keep the audience attention pointed in one direction so his hands can be doing something else.

The unfortunate thing with mundanes and a lot of ONA people is that they tend to be more of the type that reads and collects their knowledge from written material. And so the written word is as deep as they will bother looking and thinking in terms of. Such types will often pick a written statement the ONA may have said or written and debate or argue in an intellectual and rational sense the "merits" of what they see written. For example if I you were a child playing with a toy I thought was dangerous for you to play with, what I can do is upaya the situation and point to the moon to distract your attention and say: "Did you see that! Did you see that UFO fly around the moon to the dark side! Damn, I believe in UFO's too." As such mundanes it is as if they are distracted by the finger pointing to this moon and caught up in the word or statement they commence to debate the merit and validity of UFO and secret lunar bases on the dark side of the moon. Never realizing that it could all very well be a means to simply distract you so this toy can be hidden. And a quick example which I won't go into any detailing is when the ONA or more specifically us here pushes the anti-state rhetoric. All I can say is that

to me, it's funny when people pick at such statements pushed. A clue is that in my past I used a lot of pro-Asian racial rhetoric and anti other race rhetoric. Do I believe those statements? No. Then why make such statements? To manifest an a group to tag and sell dope. Using the race rhetoric makes my job a lot easier because it draws in those that resonates with my rhetoric. But once the group is formed, we have more "important" things to do than talk shit about race.

I've also dropped plenty of hints here about how our WSA Nexion works. I've tried to show you that in our experiences in the real world, things work better if you first start out with an end Objective then come up with small bite sized Moves to take you closer to actualizing your Objectives. Such Moves must be adaptable to circumstances.

I tried once to explain this method of using Moves to materialize end goals and I shared with my mundane friend that he needs to learn to take small subtle steps towards his end goals. And partly confused and partly argumentative my mundane friend said that my way didn't sound right. He asked me: "Why not just make a single huge big move and get thing over and done with?" A little irritated I asked my mundane friend where he got this idea he just blurted out at me. From a persona experience of his where such single huge moves were successful, or did he just say it to say it because that was his reasonable opinion. He said it was his opinion, and I told him I don't wish to speak any further with him about this topic, if we were just going to play some "toss the old opinion" around.

How do you go up to a 15 year old kid and make one huge move and say: "Here's a spray can, vandalize a wall boy." Or: "Here's a gun. Go shoot somebody and spend the rest of your life in prison boy. Do something." Or: "Here sell this bag of weed. Make your self useful." How do you go up to a random girl or guy and say: "Yeah, quick sleep with me before I change my mind." You take little bite sized steps in dating towards a clearly defined desired Objective: to score. War works in the same way. You don't make a single big move to get things over with? You first have to collect as much intelligence as possible about your enemy. Then send in covert agents to work the field. When the war starts you make bite size moves and work to take out the infrastructure, freeze their economy, get allies to stop shipping goods to them, take out major factories, energy grids, etc. Then you do the ground battle.

We have in mind an end Objective for the ONA within different frame works of time, when our nexion does things. We ask ourselves, where and what do we want the ONA to be 3 years from now, 5 years from now, 10 years from now. Then we take each time frame and its Objective and we break it down into barely noticeable steps. If you notice it, then we're doing something wrong. You only notice it when the objective comes into actualization. Or you notice what we are doing if you are an associate and think like us. AL and the OG's knows where our nexion wants the ONA to be and what it should look like 10 years from now, since we're on the same page and mindframe. Each group just does their own thing to Move the ONA to that 10 year Objective. In plane English, relocation out of its current market and Expansion into a completely new and bigger market is the 10 year Objective. There are little bitty Moves that must be taken to make that Objective real. All I'll say is that I couldn't care any less than I do if every living human being in the West hates and dislikes the ONA. The West is just a place for us to find Associates – meaning Business Partners – for a future Move.

So this essay was just a way for me to show the ONA Kollektive that there is Something beneath the written words. Like something we in the ONA call various things like "Pathei-Mathos," and "Aural Traditions." Our personal experiences happens first. The gnosis – Buddhi – of our personal experiences and struggles happens second. From that gnosis or wisdom and understanding gained from our Pathei-Mathos we will then have a small corpus of unwritten know-how and wisdom which we each either use in our own lives and/or teach our close friends and associates by spoken word of mouth and example. Only later; as a means to communicating to the larger Kollektive; does the written stuff come. But that written stuff is mixed with gravy and rhetorical devices. Most of what we write and do is in tune to the ONA's Sinister Dialectic.

These mundanes will come by any of our blogs and seeing written junk, they will be oblivious or just simply unable to understand that there could be real people behind such written junk which real people could be learning their shit from doing stuff in the real world. In their oblivious ignorance or arrogance they believe the ONA is the written junk they see. Or actually they believe the ONA to be the 30 pages or few essays they have read "this one time." They never ask themselves where the ideas beneath some of the written junk comes from, and what other written junk might be trying to actualize. From my own experience in life and based on my state of mind, when AL or DM writes something, my first thought isn't: "Cool, more ideology!" The very first thought that comes to my mind in such cases is: "Okay, what is this rascal trying to do? Where is he going with this?" I don't even consider what has been written yet. I wait for him to write two or three more stuff. This way I get a rough picture of what direction he is Moving into and perhaps a rough reason. Then I come behind and do my part of the business however I can. It's like the graphs you work with in geometry and such types of math where your figuring out lines and slopes etc. One dot on a graph does not give you a sense of direction. I wait for a few more dots to show up. Then I can trace a line to connect the dots to give me a rough feel of a direction. Once I know which direction to Move into, then I'll Upaya the hell out of everything to help make things happen.

Based on me knowing myself, and knowing the cousins, and friends I associate with who are now WSA, I know that we have more to our stuff than what we write. So because of this when AL and company talks about Aural Traditions and Pathei-Mathos, I can fully appreciate these things for what they are. So with this frame of mind, when I meet another ONA person or ONA nexion I know or assume that such persons and nexion have more substance to them than the written letter. That they have a large amount of personal learning in unwritten format, which to me may be the more valuable stuff of the ONA. My friends and I try to use our unwritten stuff we have accumulated to Move the ONA. I've shared some stories grounded in things the major personalities of our nexion have done or allegedly may have done to infer what we may have learned and may be using.

Actually we've been using these oral teachings of ours from the beginning and we even tell the Kollektive quite openly. I've stated frequently that I came to change and alter the ONA to help it become something new. To this, I've further stated that I went looking for the shot callers and "popular kids" in the ONA social structure to develop a bond and Rapport with them. This is all simple stuff my friends and I learned from our past experiences. If you want to influence a social order, get to those at the top of the social order. I would have gotten

nowhere if I tried to sell my crazy ideas by debating and arguing with every little ONA member and considering their individual opinions. We all have opinions about everything. Most have no foundation or substance to show and prove with. But this is just how I personally work based on what worked for me in my past. After you've tried to make a crew or gang from scratch where you try to sell people ideas of vandalizing walls, selling dope, and fighting people, and going to juvenile hall and jail, selling memes like ONA memes is easy. It's not like I have to put in the effort to convince people to commit crimes. Chances are – as Lynzie would say – you're already the type. The ONA is just pushing you in that direction. That's all. You're already a Lion with your Nature. All we are doing is giving you some meat to whet your pallet, and pointing at a big crowd of gazelles. Some of you ONA Lions will pick things up real quick and let your Sinister Instincts guide you. Some of you might need a friendly nudge in the "right" direction. Then some of you need "stronger medicine." Don't be so near sighted where you stumble on written letters like the mundanes do. Look in the distance for the end Prize and make your Moves.

We each in our own hearts and mind, know that there is more to us than what we may write and share in written format. We each know that we each have a huge body of wisdom and know-how we have amassed over the many years we have been alive. The ONA is just a collection of the amoral, sinister, and antinomian kind who have come together to share ideas, share oral traditions, trade secret recipes, with each other so that we each will have more wisdom and know-how to get our respective work done. It's just that with an Ordering of associates scattered around the world, the internet is a useful tool to transmit ideas. And so, since writing letters is one of few means to transmit ideas across the medium of cyberspace, our amassed oral lessons must in most cases be written down to be shared. As ONA we understand there is a source for what we write, which is our individual Pathei-Mathos. And considering the type and kind of people attracted to the ONA, our Pathei-Mathos may not always be cute and nice or acceptable to mundanes. It just might be experiences with mindfucking people for a year and ruining their life, or starting crews and gangs, or Sinister Cloaking to get people to kill.

Sometimes what we teach as the ONA Kollektive is the kind of stuff that must be put into motion in the real world to actually Learn something. Reading about the aural past history Kayla had or I had or Lynzie had does nothing to teach you in a practical way. You have to take the working variables or methods of each story shared and experiment with things in your own lives to actually personally Reap your Lessons. Therefore, it has nothing to do with what is written. Like a cookbook. You don't learn Practical Wisdom from memorizing and agreeing with the written recipes. It's in the attempt at putting those recipes in causal motion [praxis] that the real learning and gnosis is borne. Don't be like these mundanes and believe that you are ONA because you've read a few or a thousand pages of stuff. You [and I] are ONA because of what we first learn from each other, then second from what we put into causal motion in each of our lives.

Like many of our Kollektive say: "It is a Doing." The Pathei-Mathos is born from our Doings. Our Gnosis is born from our Doings. Our aural lessons are born from our Doings. What we share and teach is born from our Doings. And all that we take and add to our Doings.

They can ask: "But what are you doing?" The simple answer for me is that I have been "Doing" shit since junior high. A certain type of shit most people might not agree with. I can say that the type of shit my friends and I do in life for the most part, is not the usual stuff an average person does in life. My friends and I never grew out of our Nature, we grew From it. Kayla never stopped mindfucking people. 10 years from now you'll get the punch line. I've never stopped making crews that attract those with an amoral criminal element. I am helping make the ONA. But at the same time as adults, we have other interests such as legit business, our families and clans, that we now think about and Do also. Then there is the future progeny my friends and I will have and we are now concerned with what culture and tradition will be their doings. I learn new ways of Doing things from the rest of the ONA. I add this to my already present repertoire. And I keep doing what I have been doing, just with more techniques, methods, and ways of seeing certain problems. But at the same time I choreograph what I do in my personal life to help in some way the Sinister Dialectic and to help actualize an ONA 10 years from now.

Basically the general rule of thumb is to Do the opposite of what those mundanes do. If they live as individualized prey, you tribalize as predators to take advantage of what them. If they are dependent on the State, you work at achieving genuine independence or self reliance and communal cooperation in some way. But all that we do should be Aeonically rooted for those next in line [our progeny] who will come after we are gone. Like bees working collectively for Our Unborn. We are each cells of an Order. Each like bees tending our own receptive Cells which is our own personal sphere of life and our field of influence. Together – Kollektively – every Cell makes a Hive. Then when we die, our progeny will inherit this Hive or Order, which will be their means to live, do, and make thing happen in their time and world. If you think about it, a hive of bees in a natural environment does not "take over" or "rule" their environment. They are just a Collective of things that cooperatively work and live with and for each other. But it's the very little and most often unnoticeable things each little bees does that ends up in time having a huge influence on their environment. What I speak of is that bees fly around collecting nectar and pollen, and in doing so they fertilize or pollinate each flower, which causes a causal chain reaction of fruits growing, animals benefiting from these fruits, and seed developing to seed the next generation of crops. The bees themselves are a tiny part of a causal chain with a niche in this causal chain. By themselves they are just a hive of bees. In this causal chain they help set in motion – with Time – they influence their entire environment.

All this talk of bees reminds me of a documentary I watched last month. I was bored and had an hour or so to kill so I was surfing for a cool documentary to watch. I found one that was oddly titled "The History of Cold." I was wondering to myself how can anybody talk about the temperature cold of for an hour and a half?! Those English people will make a documentary out of anything! So I had to watch this doc out of curiosity, not for the history of the cold, but for the poor English guy who had nothing else better to do but talk about the cold for an hour. The doc turned out to be very fascinating on many levels.

It started off way back in time – like the 1700?s – where in England some guy with a barrel of water one winter walked outside and noticed that his barrel of water had frozen and busted his barrel into pieces again just like last winter and the winter before. And so he wondered what

cold was and how the cold was busting up his barrels. Back then the doc said the English people believed that whatever cold was it was something like a fog of stuff that crept its way into water turned it to ice and the stuff of coldness added more stuff to the water which makes the ice expand and crack barrels apart. It turns out that this particular Englishman was a scientist. So he started to work with water and ice and scales and barrels to figure out if the cold was actually some fluid added to the water. If so he posited that he would detect a difference in weight. So he filled a barrel with water and weighed it, then took it outside and waited for it to freeze and crack the barrel. Then he brought in the ice and cracked barrel and weighed everything. What he discovered would revolutionize how Europe understood cold and started a race of causal connection and time of the first human to get to Absolute Zero! What this first cold scientist discovered was that there was no change in weight! Which means the cold wasn't something from the outside, but something happening in whatever makes up water itself! The doc was so interesting I recommended it to all my friends.

The cold itself and the science of cold wasn't the part that fascinated me. What fascinated me was what the doc was not even talking about: Time & Causal Connections. The doc talked about everything from the past to the present understanding of Absolute Zero in such a way where you can see that one event caused and influenced a future one like a domino effect of cause across Time. But the doc did this in such a way where you wonder how what they were talking about is connected to the previous situation they talked about. Only after while did the reveal by implication the connections, or sometimes by just overtly showing you how they were connected.

My favourite part started off with two broke young Americans living in the Southwest of America. They were two brothers who were sitting in their back yard one winter trying to figure out what stuff in their large property they had which they could sell to make some money. Only problem was they had only two things: Rock and a huge frozen lake. They figured that everybody had rocks, so they had the genius idea of cutting the ice on the lake in their property up into chunks and sell them to people without ice.

The two brothers got so successful they sold ice to their whole city. And so they had the idea of expanding their business into a global enterprise to sell ice to places like India and Africa. They knew from their Pathei-Mathos of delivering ice that it takes more energy to melt ice than to make ice. Which meant to them that if the chunks of ice were big enough, you can ship them overseas and still make a killer profit even if the ice melted some. So they tried to pitch their crazy idea of shipping ice blocks over seas to every ship guy they could find, and they were laughed at. So what the two brothers did was they worked their ice business and saved up money to buy their own ship. They did so and a few years later they had their global ice shipping business, which grew to have a fleet of ships. And they became very wealthy revolutionizing how people of their time stored food.

The doc switches to some random guy hiking on ice in Alaska or somewhere in a different Time. This guy was a White guy who lived with the Eskimos and learned how to live off the fat of the land like them. He had learned how to ice fish from his Eskimo friends and so one day as he was hiking he went ice fishing. He caught some fish, ate them, and caught so much he brought them back home with him. Then he hung these frozen fish with other fish he had

frozen. Later he took his more recent batch of fish to cook and he noticed that these fish he caught did not have a bad taste. They tasted fresh unlike the many fish he ate before which he caught and froze. So he wondered to himself why they tasted fresh.

After staring at fish freeze on his front door post real closely, he noticed something. He could see that ice crystals were forming in the fish in big crystals. He then theorized to himself that when you slowly freeze meat, large ice crystals form in the cells and busts open the cells causing damage to the meat which made that bad taste. But when meat is rapidly frozen in temperatures 40 below like the ice fish he had caught, the freezing is so cold and rapid that the ice crystals forms very small in size and did not cause cellular damage. From this theory this guy made a company that rapidly froze meat in special freezing units. By himself this guy gave birth to the entire industry of frozen food and TV Dinners, becoming very rich of course.

You're left wondering how this guys discovery was connected to the two brother's story. The causal connection is that the frozen food guys industry killed the ice shipping industry and put it to death. Then later a guy inspired by Michael Faraday's experiments with the cold invented the refrigerator, which was causally connected to the frozen meat guy, because now regular families can store his frozen meats inside their home refrigerators for long periods of time. In Turn this caused an urban boom in big cities like New York.

The only thing I got out of this doc was that Time happens in successions of causal chain events that are interconnected to each other where that each era or time period is literally built onto of or springs into existence from the Time+Causality of a previous era or Time period. And the whole process happened from there one era on top of another's causal events. It's almost like watching animals evolve into more sophisticated creatures, except in this case the "animals" are Frames of Time+Causation.

Because of this way of seeing things, I reflected back in my own life, and the world around me and I realized that very little causal inputs considered over successions of Time build up to help cause more bigger and sophisticated stuff. Or in a different way, little things inside the Flow of Time+causation had big influences. Just like how little bees doing their individual little and seemingly insignificant things, in the unfoldment of Time and Causation adds up to huge influences. The Influence comes from little causes that causes other causes to arise. Like a domino effect across Time.

This was also how people like Lynzie "works" with people to influence them over time to end up doing something like fulfilling an Objective she had set. She manipulates little changes, but makes it so that each change and manipulation she inputted helps cause something slightly bigger in Time. And she keeps doing this until the "energy" or momentum heats up and bursts. This is also how Kayla did her work with people. She makes little Moves and pushes these people in small directions. But in such a way that each Move she makes causes something a little bigger to happen until she manifest her Objective. Then this is also how I worked with people. I used to use small Moves to move new recruits into small situations or circumstances which causes new occurrences to arise in Time, which progressively build up over Time and Casual unfoldment into something big. But this happens with many things in the real world such as college. You put in small efforts initially, and in the process of the unfoldment of

Time+Causal chain reactions, it builds up into life changing events of new careers, extra money, a wife or husband, a nice house, children, money to raise them well, money to give them a proper education later in life, retirement money, and so on. Small inputs in a stream of moving Time and Causation gradually builds up into big things. Conveniently for us in the ONA there is the word Aeonics which for me catches this concept I'm trying to talk about into a single word to use. When I use this word Aeonics, most of the Time, this is what I mean.

It can be stated within reason that the ONA is very small and insignificant and thus has no influence. This in a myopic near sighted understanding of Time and Causation is logical and even accurate. Lynzie is not even a hundred pounds. She is also small and compared to millions of people in her city is also pretty insignificant. But when in the past she inputs the "right" causal input to give rise to chains of events over long periods of Time, she was able to force herself [influence] onto others in such a way that over time she serious fucked up a lot of human lives and ruined many families. Same thing with Kayla. At face value Kayla look retarded because she is blonde and giggles at everything. But when she gets serious and puts her mind to it, and inputs the right causal inputs which sets into motion a Causal chain reaction over Time, she was able to ruin people's entire life. But they aren't anything to others like say Buzz Aldrin who started as a crawling baby and ended up to walking on the moon. Or a Marx or Hitler who were just one man or two men with an idea. It's not the one man or idea. It's what they do with such ideas and how they make such ideas set into motion a Causal chain reaction over the flow of Time.

If a very small Lynzie or a very overlookable Kayla can in Time and Causality have so much influence on other people's lives; and if a single Marx or Hitler can in Time and Causality set into motion all they did: Then what about a Collective of many people in the ONA? It can be dismissively said by those myopic mundanes who do not understand Time and Causation and their interconnected dance for them to say that the ONA is small, and insignificant to them, and has no visible influence. This is true in a snap shot still framed way of seeing Time and Causation. But it's not the size that counts. It's what you do in Time and Causation. Or how you do what little you can do that build up causally over Time. One DM with a hand full of ideas over the flow of 39 years influenced and inspired – and still does – the minds of many people in his Future, which is us in the present. Today when we seriously consider the number of people who are inspired or influenced by DM in some way, along with all the causal events that he caused, which caused more and bigger events to arise, we can't say that he has no influence without being dismissive.

Closing Remarks

Our oral history to us is colorful. There is nothing inherently spiritual or mystical about where we came from. But to us its a rich history. Rich in our individual experiences and the many things we each learned from our Pathei-Mathos: our experiences, tribulations, struggles, suffering, and experimentation. All together, counting all our friends and relatives in WSA, our oral teachings would add up to many, many books. Most of these remain unwritten but we use these oral lessons to teach each other how to do our work better. What I end up writing is only a small fraction of what is unwritten. The source of my knowledge base is this large body of spoken teachings, which are born from our own experiences in life.

Sometime around the year 2007 Kayla took her manipulation skills to make her WSA real. What she did was virtually annex the old DMA/NXS group by manipulating the right people. At first through people like me to get to my cousins and their friends. With the guys she basically sold them the idea of using the letters "WSA" but gave it a couple different, more street oriented meanings, to make it appealing to her target audience. DMA was just old and had no more meaning because most of its membership were aged out and not tagging anymore. So the guys ended up dropping that name and using NXS/WSA. The next thing Kayla did was gradually collect all the girls in our group and sell her ideas to us by making us think about the future and the condition of life our future children will be living. The idea was to basically establish a sisterhood as a coherent vehicle and means to impart unto our future children the wisdom and knowledge base we each gather, so that our future children may have the tools needed to live comfortably. The vehicle was also to be a tribe in time and its main objective is to work together to start up legit businesses to be more financially independent. Kayla sold her idea and what happened was all the girls in our group came together and spent some time manipulating the right guys in our group to change the rest of the group to fit the vision Kayla had. And the rest is history.

Our little nexion was never really about ideology and writing. It was pretty much just a group of people who did various things together. Then from what things we did – as in our experiences – we ended up learning a lot of things. And not every thing we did was scribbling on walls and criminal. A lot of the stuff we do are things like pool our money and start up Mutuals. We have brothers in our group that learn or have known how to invest in the stock market. So these brothers are put in charge of what mutual accounts we set up to grow that money. We also help each other start up local businesses. Everything from pool cleaning services to dry walling to home maintenance to computer and electronics repair shops. We get our collective work ethics from our Asian aunts and uncles we learn by example from and we teach by example the non-Asian brothers and sisters in our group to do things in this collective way. And so, the verbal or oral stuff that we have to teach each other with is a huge and diverse body of information that really has absolutely nothing to do with the occult. It's only the juveniles in our group – our younger cousins and their friends – that go out and tag for fun, and we encourage them to get their ABC's out of their system at that age. But when you turn 18 you are expected to age out and act like an adult. But their juvenile delinquent play teaches them skills that we value. The skill of being able to be a part of a collective and work for that collective to help each other live well and prosper.

And so it came to pass that in the year 2008 Kayla brought the top people in the NXS/WSA and ask them the question: How do you guys Duplicate what you have here? How do you replicate this ethos, this cooperative work ethics, this tribalism that you guys have here, out there for the rest of the ONA. Since by this time our group had annex the ONA as an additional means to help us form out tribe. So that was the challenge that she unofficially gave for us to try and do. The challenge is that the ONA is first scattered around the world. So how do you teach these other people in writing how to duplicate and replicate what we have? The second challenge is that those other ONA people might not be Asian where they have been exposed to a collective [clan] way of life and work ethics of self reliance and financial independence. How do we via the medium of writing and the internet duplicate this abroad? That's the challenge. And we know actualizing this challenge will take Time. We're talking decades of

Causal chain reactions. But the way that we have learned to make such Causal chain reactions happen is by making small Moves. And with each small Move we use a heavy dose of "Glamour" in a non-linear way to help materialize this duplication effort. To help forge in Time a functioning Kollektive out of what is the "ONA" abroad. Rhetorical Devices will have to be used.

From our past experiences our focus of where we are applying pressure to make Causal things happen in Time has shifted. Over the past years we have learned from failure, trial, and error, that you can't take a 30 year old know it all Homo Hubris and change him to see and do what we see and do. In our past with recruiting young cousins and people we've learned that it's much easier to work with the young. From what little I have learned on the streets, if you give me a 13 year old, 14, or 15, year old, and I feel that juvenile; in one year I can turn him into a tagger, a banger, a dealer, a Buddhist, a Satanist, a college student, a whatever. Our refocus is based on what we have come to know of cultural liquidation. To liquidate the faux culture of those mundanes and their Western Homo Hubris subspecies, you have to own the youth. You have to transmit your social information to the most receptive. Each young generation absorbs a little more social information, and in Time, that faux culture is chipped away bit by bit. We no longer give a shit about what a 30 or 40 year old mundane thinks of the ONA. They will die in Time and take their lofty opinions with them. As Hitler says: He who owns the youth, owns the Future. Our focus on Expanding the ONA is two fold. First to Expand it abroad into Asia which has more people, and which region we have a natural understanding of since most of us are Asian. Second is to slowly hit up each emerging young generation in the West. Upaya, slight of hand Rhetoric will have to be used. If you can't see past the Glamour, you weren't meant to be in the eye of the storm, to see things from that inside point of view.

That last sentence will make no sense unless you are intimately familiar with Theravada Buddhism. There is an Outer Shell visible to Theravada. This can be seen in the cultural customs of our people and in the various mythos and beliefs. Beneath that culture and dhamma, is Upaya and those that weave that upaya like many of the elders and monks. Most don't every penetrate the Outer shell to ever come to realize that the shell is all an upaya to make things happen. If you have the monks to pick at and the mind to look deeper beyond the upaya you end up in the eye of the storm. Which is Nothing. If and when you have found that nothing and really understand [buddhi] everything, you leave the Core back to the Outer Shell. And in knowing the Game, you Upaya with the elders and monks. It's something you don't have to communicate. It's a self realization [sambodhi]. If you are genuinely Ariya – of a Noble Mind and Character – you will in Time Realize the Game. You will Realize that you must help keep the storm Moving to influence each new generation of people in your field of influence to be the right type of person you need to maintain your social order, culture, ancestral identity, roots, and so on. In other words, it's all bullshit.

We come into this world with very few thing: with Nothing and Life, inside the matrix of what we call our world. Everything else beyond those few things is bullshit. But like the old people say, you need that bullshit as fertilizer for your crops to grow strong and healthy. Where each crop is each generation. They'll remind you not to pay mind to the cow shit, but to consider the fruit such crops yield. This is a concept of state of mind, or way of seeing things your generic common Westerner just doesn't not have nor understand. They literally lose themselves neck

deep in bullshit, with their intellectualization of bullshit, their philosophizations of it, their debating of it, etc. They are oblivious the plants that grow from it, and never consider the fruit each plant in Time bares. I know my Buddhism is all bullshit. I am not attached or clingy to the bullshit. Being unattached and unclingly to things is actually a Buddhist practice. But I value it as fertilizer because I consider the Fruit the crops which grow from it bares to be of value. The crops being my old people, aunts and uncles, and cousins. The Fruit being everything that have manifested from our working big family, to our businesses, to the preservation of our roots and culture, etc. In that, the bullshit has value: because of what it Causally Yields as Fruit in Time. Therefore, when we each come to our own understanding of the value of the bullshit, we use it to fertilize the next batch of crops with.

The word for clingy or attachment is Tanha in Pali. But that doesn't really mean to be clingy or attached to things the way English defines these words. Tanha is like when you really like collecting Hot Wheels toy cars with a passion. Then one day WalMart has a special sale on rare Hot Wheels. So you and other passionate collectors pitch your tents outside of WalMart so you can get to these rare toy car models. When you finally make it inside, there is none left. Because of this you blow a fuse and get all enraged, and upset, and angry. The veins around your forehead is bulging and look like their gunna pop. That's Tanha. And so the Buddha comes along to you and says to you in that state: "Chill man. You're getting upset over small shit. Smoke a blunt and calm down. It's not the end of the world. Wait a month or so and try again. Don't be so fixated and myopic and attached to this shit." So with Tanha, that clingy or fixation on things ends up making you worried and upset and asshurt [dukkha]. It is your own fault for being stupid where that you have no real mastery or control over your own emotions, mind, actions, behaviour, and Self. Where that you allow things like toys, ideologies, words, stuff, anything, to manipulate you into a mess. There are people out there with some serious Tanha for the ONA. These people who blow a fuse and get all asshurt over ONA or what ONA says or teaches. Get the fuck over it.

When you're a Buddhist and you have the resource of elders and monks your Buddhism comes with what are call ancestral traditions which are oral teachings our past old people have accumulated over time. And so in this regard, our Buddhism does come with what the ONA calls "Aural Traditions." So when you have access to such living oral traditions, your elders can verbally break things down for you so that you better understand things in Buddhism. For instance you may ask you elders why can't you be attached to things. They will tell you that it's a choice and that you can if you want, but you'll end up getting asshurt over things. Then they lay the aural traditional teachings on you. They'll explain to you to be unattached to things causes indifference. When you are indifferent to what you are looking at or involved with you then are able to see such things with objective clarity. When you can see things with objective clarity you can then use samadhi [concentration] to learn how such things function and work, When you have samadhied such things so that you objectively know how they work, you then have the Pan~n~a [cunning wisdom] to Control and Manipulate such things to produce other stuff in your favour and so on. So even with something like Buddhism there exist a whole body of oral/aural wisdom that is taught from generation to generation by word of mouth. And as a person without a living Sangha [Order or Community] you are cut off from this vital ancestral oral wisdom. Which is why the Buddha went so far as to say that you are NOT a Buddhist if you do NOT have all three jewels: Buddha, Dhamma, SANGHA.

There is a buddha, but there is more to that. There is dhamma, but then there is more to that to Buddhism. There is also the Sangha and its old growth living oral knowings, wisdom, and understandings such Community have collected and accumulated over the hundreds and hundreds of years. Which is as a part of Buddhism as the Buddha and the Dhamma. But your generic Westerner can't get themselves to understand this shit unfortunately. They read a few pages on the teachings of a Buddha by some English translator, and they think what they have read is Buddhism and the full breadth, width, and DEPTH of Buddhism. When in fact there is a 2500 year old Oral Body of Wisdom unaccounted for and unconsidered by these people. Then added to that each culture and people in Asia have their own ancestral oral teachings to go with that. And nobody ever bother to try and consider this vast body of wisdom in the West, because perhaps such people have become so engrossed or fixated or dependent on the written word, that what they cannot read and interpret and play word games with is not real and does not exist? Is this right? Am I being fair in my ascertainment of these hubris anariya Western mundanes? The only way for a person to get access to such bodies of oral lessons in Buddhism is for them to plug themselves into a Sangha and get to know other Buddhists in that Sangha. Then you put yourself in the right place and develop associations [sangha] with people who can pass that oral teaching to you.

Anyways, when you look closely at how we each do things in life to make things in a near future happen we will learn that making small Moves over Time and causal events, builds up to become big things. But you need some sort of know-how from practice and skill. You need to make mistakes, fail, and learn from these stumblings. A quick example to use is Shugz. Today, she likes to troll people for fun on the internet. She is everywhere online trolling people, from random yahoo news threads to places you would never expect to see her. We can look at what she does in a myopic fashion and think to ourselves that she is wasting her time just being a bug to people. But then you pay closer attention to what she is doing and things become more clearer. Most of the time when Shugz trolls people she gets her targets alone so that it's a one on one exchange. Once she gets this she turns the trolling into a battle of wits where she says things to get the other person to react, then she quickly blurts out something witty, and repeats this for an hour sometimes. If you ask her why she is doing this she'll tell you she is "sharpening her wits."

Then if you understand her cultural background things about her sharpening of wits begins to make more sense. In the Buddhist Khmer way of thinking there is Chlat meaning Smarts or Intelligent. Then there is something our elders and monks called Panya or Chna which in English should mean something like Cunningness, Cleverness, Foxy, Rascally, Crafty, and Manipulative. Those two words comes from the Pali "Pan~n~a" and its Sanskrit source "Prajna." Panya is usually for rascally boys that get into trouble and pick on others to get things their way. Chna usually is used to describe girls that have an attitude problem, are wordy, manipulative, and crafty where they will push people buttons and put people down or praise people, talk back, until they get things their way. Unfortunately religion has obscured the practical meanings of these words into goofy meanings. In our culture, our old people do not consider Intelligent people to be actually intelligent. It is the witty and cunning ones that have the brains to get things done in life. A highly educated nerd for example to a monk has a very weak point which is that the nerd is weak in wits and because of that the monk can out smart them.

I don't really mean wits. There is no real word in English for this function of Mind. It's the same mental function as when you get two Black guys who do battle each other with "Your Mama" put downs. One guy will say, your mama is so cross eyed she dropped a dime and picked up two nickles. Then the other guy off the top of his head has to make up an even better one. Or it's the part of the Mind being used when you get a group of Black guys and they are freestyling a rap and battling each other. Each person makes up a rap, then the next guy makes his rap to out do the previous guy. If you look closely, this has nothing to do with the function of memorizing ideas and recalling ideas. You make stuff up off the top of your head. This is also the same mental function that deals with problem solving. You go outside and see your frozen barrel of ice crack and wonder how this happen. You is no fucking ideas memorized or recollected. You have to figure that shit out one your own.

Your generic Intelligent Intellectual uses a different part of his brain. A stupid and primitive part that deals with memorization and recollection. You fill his piece of shit head with ideas. He memorized those ideas and big words. He recalls that and recollets them. He looks smart and intelligent. He react to stimuli by recalling what he remembered. You give him a stimulus like "Bats" and he'll draw out things he memorized about bats by telling you stuff like Mammal, Winged, Insectivore, duhduhduh. If you present information about bats that contradicts what information he was taught, he gets asshurt. You tell him that a bat is a reptile and he shits his pants. That isn't fucking THINKING. It's RECOLLECTION of implanted prewritten ideas. You're not thinking for yourself. Those intelligent ideas were put into your brain. If he is given a stimulus he is not familiar with, he will not be able to do anything with it, but perhaps shoot blanks by offering his opinions. We need this part of our brain, and its a useful part to use. But there is also that witty or cunning, or problem solving part that can also be used. And you can see that in may animals, they use this witty or clever part of their brains to solve problems. Have you ever seen army ants build boats with leave to migrate across a river?

In our culture wits is valued over intellectualism. One is practical, the other is a set of things you recall. It's what Shugz does with her wits that most of us don't see. She takes what she sharpens and uses her wits in real life to manipulate and abuse people to get everything her way and to also influence a lot of people in her life. Another thing she does when she trolls is practice setting small goals to make her trolls do, then she works small moves until she gets them to do what she wants. She also takes this into the real world to manipulate and abuse people.

One reason why what we call wits in English is more valued then intellectualism in our culture is that with rascally wisdom [Prajna] a monk can trick you and stop you from thinking. How they do this is by using their wits to figure out the causal chain of thinking which looks like this: Seed – Belief – Think – Do. Your actions are influenced by how you think. How you think is influenced by your beliefs. There is a reason or cause to why you believe the things you do. In time people change their minds or thoughts and opinion; but we do not change the Seed cause from which our beliefs and thinking arises. So with wits or cunningness you can figure out that our line of thought is a symptom of a Cause. If you do not like how a person thinks you therefore manipulate the Cause to change.

Changing the way a person thinks by debating them or convincing them to think differently

requires hard work and is often futile. The harder you push, the more they fight. If you end up forcing your opponent to change his line of thinking, you have only temporarily fixed a problem because you neglected the deep seed as to why he thinks such thoughts in the first place. Why do theists or atheist think a god exists or does not exist? Because of their beliefset of paradigm. Why does a theist have the need to believe that a god exists? What is the emotional or psychological Cause? If you do not like a person being a theist, you change the cause, and therefore in Time stop him from thinking theistic beliefs. The only way you can do this is by out witting your target in such a way that you are able to gather information about what his mind and paradigm looks like and what elements might cause the emotional or psychological need to have such beliefs.

On a practical level with my past, to make new recruits I target young kids in between 13-15. Why do some people Do crime? Because they Think criminal thoughts. Why do they think such thoughts? Because of deep seated Beliefs patterns. Why do they have the need to have such beliefs? If I can figure out the Why or Seed cause, I can manipulate the kid to bang. To do this I have to develop a relationship with him. This opens the Rapport channel. If I dig around and I find out the kid comes from a broken home with no father figure I can theorize gangs gives him a sense of family structure he needs. Thus I introduce the kid to an older OG to give him a substitute father. If digging around I find out that perhaps he or his friend were picked on by a gang or that he may have lost family and friends to gangs, I use that to manipulate him to bang by making it look like I understand his hatred and that our crew hates those gangs he hates also. You pick up the rhetoric to manipulate the Seed cause, until he Believes. Hitler tells us: Lie to people long enough and they will Believe. The Thinking and Actions followed causally in due process. How did Shugz have an influence over her friend Jimmy? By out witting him and learning that how he acts and thinks had a deep cause. The cause which is a "glitch" where he needs the approval of others because he was physically abused by his father and feels less of a man. So he puffs himself up verbally and shows off. Once she figured this she pushed that button and made it so that he had an OG to impress.

How do you trick a Muslim into a terrorist? Your actions are influenced by your thinking. Your thinking is influenced by your emotional beliefs. There is a cause for such need to believe such things. You put the act and thinking to the side and figure out how to plant a Seed-Cause to induce a belief. This may be done by gaining an understanding of the guy's personal, sexual, and family life. Plant Seeds of how America is sticking its nose in his business. Tell him if the West can recognize Palestine as Israel, then what land will they take next from Muslims? Whatever make him feel differently until he believes. Once he believes the "Glamour" or Propaganda, you push him further and further little by little until you radicalize him. The thought process and actions naturally follows. As long as he has the Means to carry out [vent] that causal chain. Like sex, there is no point in building up heat if you don't get a "release" button. Doesn't matter how intelligent or educated or well read this person was. You can stop all the intellectual bullshit by attacking or manipulating the root Cause to change it or dismantle it.

There is another style of manipulation and mind game Shugz knows, practices and taught us called "Storming The Gates." It's something she learned from an Asian friend of hers who is really into psychological warfare. Storming the Gates is an old ninja psychological warfare technique they adapted from much older Chinese methods of ground warfare. Basically in the

ancient days when you wanted to take over China you had to breach the Great Wall. It would make no practical sense in this case to focus your army's force on attacking thick stone walls. The easiest way to breach the wall is to Storm the Gates which was the wall's weakest points.

So later the Japanese ninjas took that idea and innovated it. The Nine Gates correspond to the 9 orifices a guy has. Girls don't count since we have a tenth hole somewhere. You figure that one out. 2 Eye gates, 2 nose gates, 2 ear gates, 1 mouth gate, 1 urethra gate, and 1 anus gate. Those 9 gates are metaphorically a person's weakest spots. The Western idea of attack the idea and not the person is non applicable here. If you don't like your enemy shooting at you, you don't attack his cannon balls you kill him to get rid of the problem. If a person is strong in intellect, got around that by either using force to breach his 9 gates or subtly manipulate a break in his 9 gates.

Eye gates is when you manipulate the way a person Sees things. Ear gates is when you manipulate what a person hears or you flood his ears with information you want him to hear, or you gain a control of what information goes into his ears/mind. Nose gate is harder to explain. When you smell something you briefly forget the real world and go into a day dream world where you enjoy a reliving of what you are smelling. Kayla for example is very good at storming a person's nose gates by doing what she calls Separating where she cleaves or divides a person's reality into a real world to reject and entraps them in a fantasy world of her making and narration. Breaching the mouth gate can either mean playing word games with a person so that he no longer know what he means when he talks, or it can mean to put words into the enemy's mouth in such a way that your enemy believes he could have said it.

The urethra gate is the sexual stuff of your enemy. James Bond is good at this. Or actually his enemies [the bad girls] are good at trying to storm his urethra gate to collect information. Breaching this gate can also mean to simply manipulate him sexually or to attack his insecurities. For example with Lynzie if she is trolling you and she detects the slightest effeminate character from you she will relentlessly pick on your for being a faggot and try to make you feel bad about being gay. Your anus gate represents either your secret matters or humiliation. Think spread some person's ass cheeks in public. It's humiliating. Doesn't matter how smart a politician is or how well he debates. You can take him out if you can find out ways to humiliate him: in the eyes of his powerbase [people]. The famous Pastor Haggard was taken out of business by having these two gates breached. He had a thing for doing speed and having gay sex with gay hookers, and this was used to humiliate him.

Somebody like Shugz in real life from trial and error figure out that if you can't attack an enemy's nine gates, you attack and manipulate the gates of everybody around him. This is something extra Shugz added to it after many failed attempts to take people down by this method. She said she was reading about how the Mongols when they went to Beijing to attack it, they first weakened Beijing by surrounding it and cutting off the city's supplies of food, water, and materials. Only when Beijing was weakened, did they try to storm Beijing's vulnerable gates. Basically what Shugz does is slowly storm everybody's gates around her victim to strangle his support and supply lines, by using what might be called propaganda. The objective is to induce isolation in her victim, then she works on storming his gates. Cults will use this same method to brainwash you by working to cut you off from the real world and your

old friends and surrounding you with their people.

All this manipulation stuff takes long periods of time and a lot of energy. It's not something you can do in a day of debate, breaching, and trolling. It takes months and sometimes years. If you are going to dedicate so much time to manipulate someone like this, there must be a significant end goal worth working for. Shugz will dedicate 3 year to storm the right people or the powerbase. In any type of social order of social structure whether it's high school, the work place, or politics, the most popular people have the most friends and their rapport channels with all these friends means the top ranking people of any social order owns the power of influence. If you want to wield influence over an entire group of people, you pick these top people of your target social group and storm them. If you influence them, you own their entire "fanbase." If she does not like you she will work to storm people around you to dislike you, which in time strangles you and removes your market and powerbase. Many of us might not think having others dislike us and hate us means anything. But in terms of meme fluidity and channels of rapport and influence, you have with any audience or market, if those channels are cut off and your memes and social assets are frozen you have zero influence over anybody to be a challenge. Meaning that your thoughts and ideas becomes worthless to any market or group of people.

These are all examples of unwritten stuff our nexion has which we use and work with in life or otherwise. You really can't learn this from a book or by reading. The way we did it was that we studied what we did in our past to try and figure out the effective methods. Then later we each actually joined Christian churches or actual cults like the Self Realization Fellowship to compare how they do things. This helped us isolate the effective methods we may have used. Then much later we studied the advertizing and marketing industry, which further helped us understand what we were half conscious of. Stuff like this can't be written down because it would take too long. I can share the stories, but you have to extract the methods. Then beneath this unwritten oral teachings we have and teach each other with, are the "sensitive information."

Now, if you think about it, when AL and the Old Guard around him talk about how their group have aural traditions of their own, it just might be an honest statements. We all in life have our experiences from which we learn things. Most often we don't write such learnings down. We share it verbally with others and show by example. If we each write things down to try and teach others, we each understand that what has been written is not all and everything we have learned and know from life and our experiences. This is a notion that apparently is hard for a mundane to come to understand about something like the collective association of the ONA. They read a few pages and believe that what they have read is the ONA and that there cannot possibly be any more to it beneath the writings and letters. It doesn't cross their mind that what they have read will often fit into two categories in ONA. The first category are stuff written rooted in someone experiences, Pathei-Mathos, and Practical Wisdom. The second rhetorical devices used to either make things happen, get work done, or just confuse and mislead people. The only way to know you way around the maze is by having the witty ability to think like a trickster, or to be very cautiously smart about what you are reading and constantly ask yourself what such writings were meant to get done, or to know other ONA people who know their way around the maze.

I basically wrote this for a number of reasons. The first is that manipulation is a tool and art with a place in the ONA. There are actually old writings on this subject from back in the old ONA days. Influence is a basic end result of manipulation. If ONA as a collective Order is to seed and cultivate influence, it's going to basically need to have a number of members who are pretty good at manipulation or "People Skills" if we want to sound friendly. There can be no Nazi or Communist party without their respective Propaganda machines. Ultimately to an group of non-average people, the average mundane people are your worst enemy. It is they who fill the pews, vote the people in power, give religious beliefs life, fill up armies, become the police force, and make the laws. You either learn to influence them, or they will as a collective mundane mob influence you and your children. Empathy is the most important means to get this type of work done. This type of work also does not work from a distance. Meaning that to be able to manipulate and empath your way around them, you have to establish some type of relationship with your target for the sake of opening a channel of Rapport. Resonance opens that channel, and it is through that channel that information flows. Which is why the general case is that girls are more "better" at "People Skills." Or at least it comes naturally to some of us.

Writing things and hoping your memes just spread doesn't do anything. A great idea or invention without a means to market it makes no money. We have to learn to manipulate these people and to share our experiences in such matters. Not to make them "ONA." There are other reasons – hundreds of reasons – to use, abuse, and manipulate people that can end up benefiting you and/or the ONA. But to have influence you need a working knowledge in social skills and how people's brains work. Then to have a big influence you then need to have a deep understanding of Aeonics or how causal events come into existence within the Flow of Time. Little Moves in Time causes a rippling effect where with Time the influence grows. But if we are going to work with Aeonics then we need to learn to set goals and objective and then learn to make our Moves to actualize such objectives in Time. There are plenty of objectives to work at in the ONA, long term ones and short term ones. For example Clans and Tribes. How do you actualize those objectives in Time. What causal inputs do you need to put into now to set a causal chain of events into motion to make this goal real in Time later? Something way, way in the distance is Galactic Imperium. What Moves are needed to Aeonically manifest that in Time? A living ONA Kulture in the near future. How do you Aeonically make that real in Time?

Second reason I wrote this is to try and show people that when we are dealing with real people, what we have is a person who has been alive on the earth for a long period of time. This means that during such time they may have experienced life somehow. This means that from such experiences of life, they may have learned something. Not everyone write stuff, and those that do, do not write out their entire lives and every bit of knowledge they have learned from life. This in turn means that we each have things we know that are unwritten, that may be the source or resource of what we write and share. This would be what's called Oral or Aural Tradition in the ONA. Then such oral stuff has it implications. It implies that such writings rooted in oral or unwritten practical wisdom is grounded in real world based activities and experiences. This causes to arise two species of "knowledge" or things we can hold in our heads and "know." There is the stuff we "know" which are stuff born from random opinions, other people thoughts they may have just put together; ideas that sound great, logical, or

reasonable, ideas that are acceptable to people. And then there are the stuff we “know” from our experiences, from other people experiences, from our mistakes, from other people’s mistakes; and from such things we or they may have shared with us in written or spoken format. Which type of body of knowledge do you value? If you have to prioritize these two types of information which is the most and then the least important to you. The random opinionations or the Practical Wisdom? The doctrine aka ideology or the oral traditions?

There is more to the ONA as a collective Order of associates than what we have all written. It is what is beneath the writings, from where our written attempts to share our unwritten practical wisdom, borne from our Pathei-Mathos, that what many of us have written is rooted. I personally find these types of practical wisdom to be more valuable and meaningful than intellectual gibberish and philosophical shenanigans. I know the ONA is young being only around 39 years old. It’s body of oral wisdom it has may not be enormous yet. But I know that by myself in my circa 2 decades of existence, I have accumulated many experiences and from such experiences – Pathei-Mathos – I know for sure that I learned many things which I have houses in my Heart and mind. I know that if I were to try and articulately write down all that unwritten stuff that it would fill several volumes. And I am only one ONA person. There are many ONA people in this Kollektive of ours. Each with their own Pathei-Mathos and unwritten wisdom gained from such Pathei-Mathos. So you can’t tell me that there is no oral wisdom or aural tradition floating around the ONA. I am plugged into the Kollektive, where I have connexions or channels of communications with many of us. So I get a lot of the unwritten oral and aural stuff. So I know it’s there, and I know there is a lot of it, which has not found its way into circulation yet.

But then again I come from an old culture with its own body of ancestral oral teachings. So I just know where to look for these things. And because I was born and raised in this type of culture or environment which values the Aural Wisdom of our elders and our past ancestors, I can appreciate or have a deeper appreciation for the unwritten practical wisdom over and above the superficial yappings and trappings of the written letter. Actually I have little respect for what is written, which includes what I also have written. It’s all bullshit fertilizer. The business I am in is not to ponder, fixate, and get asshurt over fertilizer. My business is growing the crops and the Fruit such crops will yield many years from now. And because of my culture, I know there is more to what is or has been written. That there are many things Beneath the Writing that many of us in the West are oblivious to, or simply refuse to see. Because if the Homo Hubris acknowledges that there is more than what written letters he has read, it implies that he does not Know as much as he wishes to believe he Knows. We’re dealing with a hubris breed and type where if they have read a Wikipedia and a book on Buddhism, that they believe themselves to be experts on it. As if their opinions and thoughts were infallible truths of reason and supreme intellect. When in truth they haven’t even scratched the surface. They are in essence: Superficial. And that is as deep as they get. Learn to Understand that there is Depth in the ONA and in each of us Dreccs and Niners. That there is something living and unwritten beneath the writing.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

122 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

"BUSINESS AS USUAL"



Business As Usual Or, Bohemian Pursuits

It's raining outside. I've always loved the rain. With the rain drops comes an inner assurance that the world is still natural. It rained all night last night. The thunder and lightning woke me and Chloe up to the sounds of rain hitting the roof and window. You've never lived Life yet until you have awoken up one night to the flash of lighting, the rolling of thunder, the feel of warm skin pressed up against your own... when your mind just wanders up and down with her soft breathing... in silence.

So it's a wet and raining morning. I got a hot cup of coffee and Chloe curled up in my lap with her blanket. Surfing the net for chatter.

People out there just don't get it. Those socially challenged people... who were once nobodies in school... who are nobodies now. They used to talk about us popular girls back then and we'd used to hang out over at one of our houses and actually review who was talking about us, how many, and what they were saying about us... and giggle to ourselves... pleased inside because everyone was talking about us.

Pleased because we were immortal... because we still existed way after school in other peoples minds who kept on talking about us. Did we talk about them? Did we make them a part of our lives? Like they made us a part of theirs? It was even more nice to have and to know that everybody was talking about us... whether good or bad... and not those bitches we disliked... our rivals and competition.

So as I surf the internet to secretly research what the market is chattering about to prepare our

next move, I see something very pleasing to me... the ONA is the talk of my target market. I see in every major Satanic forum or something that the ONA is one of their top subjects to talk about.

I hear Blackwood and his legion of sockpuppets commencing a smear campaign against the ONA. The best part is I see third part talking done by people not even associated with the ONA talking about the ONA and WSA.

They give their worthless opinions... some of their talk is negative banterings. Most are based on misunderstandings and allegations, rumors, ego jerk off talks... an occasional "those idiot Dreccs..." here, and a "morons..." there... the usual empty cyber posturing... but everybody is talking... ABOUT US – ONA.

Whose talking about the Temple of Set these days? Whose gossiping and speculating about Michael Aquino like they are doing with David Myatt? Who out there in Mundaneville is talking about some Cthulhu Cult or any of those other groups? Nobody, cuz everybody is busy talking about ONA. I want more of this third party talk and gossip. It doesn't matter if the talk is good or bad. Let them talk about us. Because as long as they talk about us, they aren't talking about our rivals and competition... those we classify as such.

In the business of marketing and advertising there are three methods of getting your product known to the market.

First you can spend your time talking shit about your competitions product. This is about as lame and ineffective as Coka-Cola spending it's time talking shit about how Pepsi sucks... rather than concentrate on actually making your product better for the market. Which is the tactic somebody like Blackwood is very good at... which is the only tactic he knows. It's like a used car salesman (which Blackwood was) talking shit about Hummers and Hybrids to his customer who wandered on his used car lot, all the while his used jalopy cars suck ass.

Or you can spend your time bullshitting about your own product to others. This strategy of marketing is called the "OMG Try This!" info-mercial tactics. It's like watching an hour long guy with a British accent in a goofy sweater talk about the wonders of a fucking sponge-towel with these dumb bitches with their mouths all open doing their prompted "ooh," "wow," and "amazing!" With their Consumerist tactical motto – "Don't be fooled by imitations!" This tactic is something Gilmore Girl and the Church of Satan uses and is really good at. No doubt they can make a religion of an info-mercial selling an outdated 50 year old book written in the 60's when tv's were black and white. "Order now and you'll get a fully laminated red membership card... how much do you think it's worth... no not 1 million dollars, not 1000 dollars... 200 dollars!" "\$200, is that all?" "Indeed, but wait, there's more! Act now and you'll get a life time supply of empty arrogance and big titles!"

Then there is the other... more practical method. The method mom and pop business use. Where the people involved in making the product could care less about the shit talking and the info-mercial bullshit... and they just focus their time, energy, into something they truly love. The word "product" might not be the best word to use.

It's like an artist genuinely dedicated to art, just painting his pictures and taking his black and whites as a means of self expression. It's like the musician who has a genuine passion for music and just spends his making his music. Like a writer who has a passion for poetry and the finer art of literary expression just devotes her time writing her mind and heart in prose and stanzas. These people do what they do out of a passion and genuine love for what they genuinely are into their Bohemian interests with an inner drive and passion...and they share their creations with only those who likewise share the same passion... those who can appreciate the time and energy put into such hand crafted things, and who can appreciate the deeper meanings of such things.

It could very well be that people will from time to time find such works... such creations... and from their lack of passion and love for such things; or from their inner prejudice or inability to appreciate such things – will make negative comments, snicker, and be arrogantly dismissive about what they see. Do these random negative comments really damages the passion of an artist? The passion of a writer?

This is how we are to the ONA... and how the ONA is to us. It's our thing... a thing which we have a genuine love and passion for. When we do write and create our Bohemian memplex and share our insights, we do it not to sell anything, or to convince anybody. We do it ultimately for our own selves and for those that share these same passions and interests.

As the ONA states very nicely-

We Are As We Are

“” The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is simply a means; an effective and practical means to change, to evolve, ourselves and our societies; to manifest, to present, our wyrd – that is, to know, to accept, to live, our correct and natural relationship with the Cosmos, with both the causal Universe and the acausal Universe, and the living beings that exist in both. This wyrd of ours is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen.

The ONA is not interested in proselytizing, in converting others, or in trying to persuade others – through argument or debate or by countering distortions and lies about us – to adopt our sinister Way of Life. We are as we are, representing as we do a specific new type, a new breed, of human being, a specific new and expanding tribal family of human beings. Our Way is the practical way of deeds, of living our darkly-numinous Way of Life; of increasing our numbers through the success of our tribes, though drawing others of our kind to us, and through others being personally inspired by our example, by our success. “” – A Brief Guide To The Esoteric Philosophy Of The ONA

So there is no need or desire for any of us of the ONA to play those first two ineffective marketing tactics. We aren't trying to sell our Way of Life to outsiders. We aren't trying to convince outsiders to see things our way. There is not even a desire to correct their misconceptions about us. Because none of this matters to us – who genuinely live the

Bohemian Sinister Way of Life as a passionate artistic expression of who we are and our relations to the Living Cosmos. What insights we might write we only do so out of this genuine passion to share with our own Kind who have a taste for such things.

Those of us of the ONA are truly involved in an uncommon modern-day Bohemian Way of Life and style of Self expression. There are among us Writers, Artists, Musicians, Painters, Poets, Dreamers, Visionaries, Thespians (insight roling), Myth Makers and Story Tellers, and those Connoisseur of the Dark and Primal side of Humanity... and what pleasures, lust, and inspiration comes from the living and experiencing of such a depraved and uncommon existence. For we genuinely are of a Bohemian Culture and Kind, and we cannot expect those common mundanes who live above ground in the light of accepted society to understand us or what art and writings we create.

For these mundanes, as the Great Zarathustra put it only care to see their "rope dancers." For these mundanes and their plebeian attention is only drawn to the latest snake oil salesman in town or a product which ever body else is using. For these mundanes will only be awed and captivated by such things that tickles their empty narcissism... in doctrines and such that drives them further into their illusions of self worth or self deification... in doctrines and such things that validates their own opinions and convictions. What has the ONA to do with such so very common people and their endless need for self validation?

So let those outsiders talk and gossip. Let them spread the letters ONA far with their insignificant chatterings. Just them doing so means that what we have going amongst our selves is worth talking about, complaining about, crying and whining about... and as long as they do so, the ONA will remain the most popular memplex of this new decade. Let the bitches talk shit, as long as they talk about us. Worry when they stop talking about us... like how everybody stopped talking about the Temple of Set.

Lets continue to do what we having been doing. Evolving and Living this ONA and its memplex. Imbuing this sinister memplex of ours with what passion and determination... with what dreams and visions we each may have that binds us to the Order of Nine Angles and one another... and continue to write for those Tabula Rasa – those emerging generations – who will come after we today are long gone. That our Sinister Way of Life and Culture will live thru our Blood and what we Presence far into the future toward that Myattian Vision of Imperium Galactica.

Kayla 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

BY THEIR FRUITS



“Now *the serpent* was more **subtil** than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made. **And he said unto the woman...**” Genesis 3:1 (www.skepticsannotatedbible.com/gen/3.html)

“Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep’s clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. [...] Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.” J of N – Matthew 7: 15, 16 & 20

“And the devil, taking him [Jesus] up into an high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee,

and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it." Luke 4:5-6 ...

"And it came to pass that when Chloe had hiked up the same high mountain with a 30 pound backpack, as the good Ordeal instructed thereof, didst she stumble upon their conversation. Her hands resting upon her nubile hips with a slightly quimsical look. Wherefore she even heard the devil speak of the many kingdoms. Yea even of the power and glory didst she hear thereof. Wherefore Chloe walked up to them and said unto the Jew: Move ye over to the side Jesus, these kingdoms be mine." – Chloenomicon 3:52

But seriously folks. We are all Wolves by nature. Some of us are ashamed of this nature and hypocritically walk in sheeps clothing. While some Others, like those of us of the Order of Nine Angles, utilize what "fangs and claws" nature has given to us without shame. Walking and talking in sheeps clothing in itself is not a problem. It is when the unthinking mass believes what they see and hear from these sheeple that problems arise.

Remember those ancient days when fearless Wolves like the Vikings and their Valhala, the Great Ancient Greeks and their Gods, and Imperial Rome and their pantheon took the world; plundered, pilfered, raped, raided, divided, destroyed, and conquered? Shaping the world to their will and steering human civilization forward.

Have you ever imagined what the world today would be like, or where we would be today, if such fearless Wolves and their creed of strength, might, and valour continued to progress human civilization forward nonstop? We would already be an interstellar civilization. Something happened that retarded the growth of humanity, preventing it from reaching its full stellar potential. That retardation is Christianity.

Normally I wouldn't waste my time talking about Christianity. But I was inspired by the recent "hoedown" over at the Christian Coalition of America and some of their hillbillies talk ing about how witty and intelligent in a worldly way the ONA is. It's strange to these hillbilly Christian Republicans when they encounter girls that can read and write in a witty and intelligent manner. They explain it off as demon possession, or like Satan himself has his hand up our asses as if we were puppets of the Prince of Darkness. Of course, to the rest of the sane world at large, it's called "Education."

Or at least education explains the ONA's intelligence. Wit can't be learned. Either you got it or your don't. Wit is the works of a quick and creative sharp shooting mind. When wit is formally articulated with big words and a strong education in the arts and sciences, it becomes what us sane people call: Genius. In the words of the immortal Chloe (me): "Like Admires Like." Geniuses look up to men of great lofty minds (other geniuses). Dumb people look up to imaginary things (like Jesus).

So when, how, and what is Christianity. What is it, and why does it exist? Christianity came into existence during a time when the Roman Empire was declining and begining to fall apart. The falling apart came from the common folk being very divided in culture, ethnicities, and 'religions'. Add to this the Emperor's mistrust of a very strong, very coherent military which

was becoming increasingly unhappy with things, and we've set the stage for Christianity's debut.

"Religions" back in those days did not look like what we would consider religions today. They were something often called "Mystery Cults." The easiest way to explain a Mystery Cult is to compare it with modern day Freemasonry and the Wicca of Gardner and Alex Sander or the Rosicrucian Order AMORC. These examples have initiation degrees, secret teachings, an inner and outer doctrine, collects it's initiates into a fraternal bond, and each had a central Mythos of a dying and resurecting cult hero, who represented either the Sun or Nature. One Mystery Cult popular back then were the Dionysian Artificers, another was Cultus Sol Invictus to which Emperor Constintine himself was an initiate of. The only problem was, almost all of these Mystery Cults were selective in membership and were only opened to the bourgeois. The peasants had to make due with the outer or exoteric worship of State Gods.

At the time, the largest and most influential Mystery Cult was the Cult of Mithra, which was only open to members of the Roman militry. It's central cult "Hero" was Mithra, who shares a lot in common with Christianity's Jesus which was to come later.

Constintine needed to somehow strengthen the cohesion of his Empire, or it would fall, and he also needed to weaken the military Cult of Mithra. He did this by borrowing a little know Athenasian-Jewish Mystery Cult and merged it with Mithraism and his own Cultus Sol Invictus. The name of the central "hero" would be a nameof Dionysus: IHS (YES) plus the VS ending rendering IESVS. He then gave this new cult to the peasants, made it the religion of the Empire, and then outlaws all others.

Now that the peasants had a single religion to belong to and other religions were outlawed they could run amok and slaughter anybody the Emperor didn't like. Thus, Christianity, in its beginning days was a mere political tool of an emperor to bring more coherency to his civilization, and to irradicate threats to his dominion.

Unfortunately Rome eventually fell anyways. Unfortunate because now Christianity had no political force to check it or keep it from going crazy. This is where Christianity began its 1000 year long display of what kinds of "Fruits," influences, and real world results it had on Humanity and human civilization. Remember the old says: Talk is cheap... & Actions speak louder than words? Lets forget about the flowery gospel for a moment and assess the damage.

What was the height of unchecked Christian civilization? The Dark Ages! It's that period in time when all of Europe went brain dead en mass. Reading and writing was a crime punishable by death, books were burned, and anyone thinking different from what was acceptable was murdered for heresy. The majority of Europe's people at this time were slaves, serfs, and peasants without liberty. Then we have the hundreds of years of the Inquisition, all of the witch hunts... the world was flat with four corners, and the rest of the "biblical sciences."

That is the gift of Christianity to Humanity. That is Christianity's Fruit of the loom. It's something that they cannot hide or mask, because it its forever etched in 2000 years of human history. They can talk the hot air all they want about how sweet their teachings and slavation is,

but the fruits which Christianity bares in the real world is obvious to any intelligent and rational person of the 21st century. If it weren't for the men who dared to reject Christianity who gave birth to the Age of Enlightenment, we'd all still be enslaved serfs groveling at the feet of priests.

Wherever Christianity went, it ended up producing the same catastrophic real world results. Whether in Europe, new world territories like the Americas or Africa, it retarded humanity to a most base and vile state, annihilated folk culture, halted the progression of folk civilizations, and killed our most human quality which nature had worked so hard to refine and give to us: our creativity, our vision of a better self, and our dreams of better worlds. Christianity still has negative results in our modern world thru the politics it influences. I don't need to go into details about their conservative Nazarene politics during the past eight Bush years which manifested this economic crisis America and most of the world is in at th emoment. This is Christian Salvation. It's death of our Humanity, death of our Humanness, and death of our Human civilizations. Rightly symbolized by a Human hung dead. And they dare call us the "Living Dead." We? Who adores life and lives it to the fullest without restraint?

It's Christian ethics not only retards our human behavior with morals. It also retards the very progression of Humanity. Every newly discovered applicable scientific theory, such as stemcell research, cloning, genetic engineering is "playing god" to them and "ethically wrong." What kind of god do they worship if an ape with a needle and microscope can do what their god does and be his equal?

In lew of modern science and critical thinking they offer Creationism in which the earth was created in a mere 6000 years. In lew of real policies and concern for real global issues they give us the concern of gay marriage and abortion. So long as Christianity shall continue to exist, it will always be an anchor to the ship of Humanity, which will prevent us from progressing and moving forward. You don't have to take my word for it. All you have to do is open a history book and observe.

Those other satanismisms that exist are merely reactionary mechanisms which evolved during the Enlightenment when Christianity lost its power over state and politics. Back then it was useful and served to help divorce a man's mind and emotions from the defilement of Christianity. But these reactionary satanismisms have long out lived their usefulness, and in this day and age are no longer a topic worthy of further discussion.

The Order of Nine Angles is at the very opposite end of Christianity. We are Christianity's opposite polarity. When Christianity's fruits is the control and exploitation of a dead nature. The ONA seeks to harmonize it's initiates to a living Cosmos. When the fruits of Christianity is the "enviling" and defilement of Humanity, Our first fundamental principle of the ONA is the Progression of Humanity towards our highest potential. When Christianity's fruits is the retardation and annihilation of civilization, Our second fundamental principle of the ONA is the Progression of Human Civilization towards its highest concievable potential. The ONA is a progressive art and science of Being and Evolving. Whatever else is of the ONA is just a means to those two ends. Period.

In this context, the Order of Nine Angles is not a common or regular occult organization; neither is it devil worship or a cheap justification to indulge. These are all but means to an end, and if a better means should be discovered, old useless ones are discarded. The Order of Nine Angles isn't a belief system in which one just carries a handful of beliefs and theories in one's head. It is a becoming, a process, a working, a doing, where theories are applied and transmuted in the real world to produce real world results. The Way of the ONA isn't the following of a master, nor a denial of life. It is the art and science of Master of Life, with which each Initiate strives to not only be the creator of his/her own reality in word and theory, but thru actions and deeds, to bring life and all people and things within one's field of influence under one's will. It is a way of life that embraces the Vitality of Existence. It is a Way that Ennobles Humanity, sets our collective eyes towards the star decked heavens, and envelops us in a deep innate yearning to reach for the stars and take hold of our destiny.

What fruits do we bare? It is too early to tell. This ONA Tree of ours is young. There is a drought, and the other trees in this forest are withering away. If our ONA is to bare fruit, we must first nurture it through this drought. But so far we our own selves to judge, compared to the rest of mankind. What dreams do we have? What visions do we work towards? What have we become?

onanxs.wordpress.com/the-quintessence-of-the-ona/

Chloe 352:O9A



WSA352

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

CALADRIUS



He trembles with a sad sickness.

Go away, he said weakly; let me be, bird.

The king has lost his nightingale.

She once sang her sirenic song to me,
by the ledge upon which you perch, bird;
Your kingdom is failing, like you, king...

What inspiration have I, without her;

What is there left but these falling ruins?

Do you assume you would ever take her place, bird?

To enchant my heart and mind as she once did – Leave bird!

What makes you think we have come to replace you singer;

so dependent on the musick of your nightingale,

that you become sickly and lost without her;

Do you not know Caladrius when you see Her, you fool?

What are you but a pale imitation, do you believe you fool me; Go!

We have not come to sing for you, king.

We looked upon the king's sickly face, and flew away.

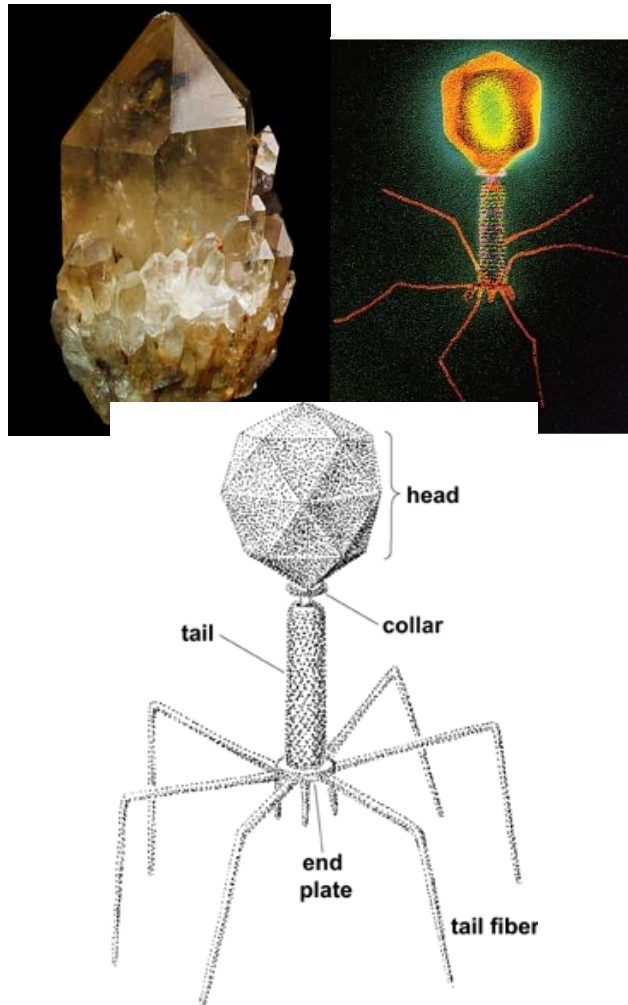
-Chloe-

352:O9A



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

CRYSTALS, A THEORY



I believe in the theory of evolution, to a certain extent, in that life naturally changes and evolves to adapt to the change in environment. It's easy for me to see how fish and amphibians can progressively change into reptile-like things; or how some dinosaurs can gradually turn into proto-birds. It's easy because we are dealing with living organisms already in the state of causal existence. What I have always wondered was how life first began, how it all started, or what the very first "living" things were. I would sit there in a contemplative state of mind (meditative) and work backwards to isolate the most primitive organism I can think of – which was a Bacterium. Then I would ask myself if I can go back even further and "locate" anything even more primitive than a Bacterium. I thought of a Virus, and that led me to my "Virus Theory" of life.

A virus was a perfect candidate for the first kind of "organism" because it's "pseudo-alive," like it's not dead matter nor living matter. It has a simple outer shell, and a simple string of RNA. Since I wasn't a scientist, my Virus Theory of Life went something like this – "Hmm, I guess viruses were the first 'living' things." That was it. I was satisfied at that moment, and was pretty proud of myself. Then I just tossed the theory somewhere in the back of my mind

where other perplexing questions I have “conquered” were kept and never thought about it again.

One day as I walk walking around campus I walked past a group of these Asian nerd boys gathered around the quad together with a mason jar of water which they were shacking and they had electrode and batteries. They caught my interest so I stopped to ask them what they were doing.

One of the boys said – “We’re seeing if we can get these droplets of fat in this jar to life with electricity.”

“That’s dumb,” I said back, “Those droplets are dead, besides, how would you know if one of them came to life?”

This other boys says – “Well this is pork fat... aren’t your lipid molecules dead?”

I walked away to the library, angry because he was being a smartass, and I hate that; plus they were wrong. As I was sitting there in the library waiting for Chloe a Question came to my mind – *What is the missing link between dead matter and living matter?* I hate questions like these because I don’t have an answer for them, I’m the type of person that needs to have answers, and these questions sets me on a wild goose chase. I wrote the Question down and saved it for later.

That same day I went into one of my old internet stomping grounds to do some work. It was a Satanic forum and this crazy wiccan was talking about how much he loved crystals and stuff. I hate crystals because of its over exposure in the wachy new age movement, and this guy was getting on my nerves, so I attacked him for being an idiot. I got reprimanded by one of the smart users there for being a bitch and he started to give me some cool information about crystals. Which I didn’t care for, so I walked off to smoke a cigarette outside to cool down.

I think a lot when I smoke, which is good, because that means the more I smoke – the smarter I get. I had just gotten over a heated debate with friends at school that day about gravity and how its the central force that made the universe, it makes black holes... the big bang... all this silly crap. So that’s what I was thinking about while I was smoking. My friends don’t seem to realize that speculative mathematics which uses imaginary numbers to represent abstractions have nothing to do whatsoever with the real world we live in. Speculative mathematics cannot be a subsitute for the Scientific Method, which stresses testing of theories via real world experimentation. Any theory based on speculative mathematics is a lame theory which exists only in formula format until it is processed thru the scientific method. My friends asked me if I didn’t accept the Big Bang and gravity what I believed. I tent to go with the current heresy in science called “Plasma Cosmology,” which presents an electrical universe model. That is, a dynamic universe that had no real begining where electricity and plasma plays the utmost crucial role in every part and piece of the cosmos down to the living cell.

I was thinking about how electricity was like this giant cosmic web, or electric grid which connected everything together while I was smoking, and wondering what the source of all that

electricity was. I was so deep in the thought, I didn't even realize I was staring at my rose bush. I faded out and became aware of the rose bush and noticed all the damn aphids eating it alive!

So I thought about aphids for a while. They're weird bugs. The females are born pregnant because they're parthenogenic. They don't even need males to reproduce, but all the offspring are clones of the parent. I thought – wouldn't it be great if we humans were like that? If we were parthenogenic, we could just cull off all the men... *sign* a girl can dream. Anyways, I was looking close at one sticking its tubular sucker into the green skin just under the rose hip with its spidery legs and that image reminded me of a virus that eats bacteria called "T4 Bacteriophage." In my mind I was thinking – "God, those T4 viruses are so weird, they have spider legs, a skinny stalk, and a crystal for a head..." When I thought about it's crystal head, I thought about this one time when I rubbed two quartz crystals in a dark closet, which made these "electrical" sparks of light. That's when I had my "Holy Shit!" moment.

It was like everything just fell together into a neat theory based on all I had studied so far – Crystals are the missing link between dead matter and living matter... viruses are crystalline structures! COHERENCY! Coherency is the secret to what is dead matter and what could become "alive." Crystals are molecular structures in coherent formation, as opposed to a rock. If crystals have stored energy in it, then there is a connection to crystalline matter and the electric cosmos. Outer space is where those crystalline things first formed via an electrical process which would become the first pseudo-living organisms, and these fall from space into planets with liquid water in them. Which means that this whole universe is teeming with life, assuming that there are other planets out there conducive to "life." Which means that the electric cosmos is a massive factory of life.

I stepped on my cigarette and ran inside, jumping right onto the computer to do research, looking for anything that would back up my theory – if crystals can form in space... if amino acids can form in space... if molecular RNA/DNA is crystalline in nature... and the world wide web didn't disappoint me. It was like I got tripple 7?s at Vegas and a jack pot of supporting scientific research that was already done fell into my lap. It took me only 10 minutes of typing the right key words to locate enough information to make my theory a viable one. Here's my thinking process and important links. All but one link is still live, so I'll search for new ones to replace the dead one. I just want to share it & archive it here:

Dead matter = incoherent

Living mater = coherent

link between dead and living matter = crystals

link between crystals and living organisms = virus

Theory = Basic building blocks of coherent crystalline structures needed for primitive life is manufactured every where in Space.

Corollary = Life on other planets exists.

Most things that exist in the cosmos are inanimate organic and inorganic things (like rocks & metal)...

But then we come to crystals?

What exactly is a crystal?

To me, I understand a crystal like this: a crystal is to a lazer as a rock is to a flashlight.

By this I mean that both the light of a flash light, and the composition of a rock are scattered about, and in no particular order... like random electrical sequences...

But a lazer is COHERENT light (meaning that the light waves are focused tightly... just as the composition of a crystal is structured in a COHERENT form... just like the 1?s and 0?s on our harddrives are sequenced in a COHERENT structure?

Viruses, pretty much are just a crystalline shell, with a "crystalline" strip of genetic material.

Based on how I understand what a "crystal" is, I would have to say that the DNA molecule is a crystal, being a mass of unalive elements and molecules structured in a coherent manner... and it can be used technologically like crystals, as Microcomputer chips in DNA computaion.

Based on how I myself understand what a crystal is, I would say that many things about us use a crystalline structure on the molecular level: like calcium; cholesterol; sugars; sodium; hemoglobin... plus carbon is a frequent component in many crystals: diamonds.

Crystalline structures means that electrons would flow better through it. Some crystals produce vibrations, while others produce light. Light, as in the next step in computation technology and devices: Photonics. Some university students figured out that our electron based microchips are as small as they will get, and made photon crystals, which can use photons to store coherent information.

I can name two things that seem to be alive, but don't seem to have DNA or RNA: our Red Blood cells, and those nanobacteria.

All these above things have two things in common – Coherency and Electricity. Maybe I'm using the word coherency wrong. By coherency I mean something highly structured and organized – like digital information, or the streams of radio and television frequencies, as opposed to random clicks and bleeps.

DNA Crystals:

http://originoflife.net/dna_crystals/

My commentary: DNA molecules are crystals.

Liquid Crystals from DNA:

<http://pubs.acs.org/cen/news/85/i48/8548notw4.html>

My Commentary: Not only are DNA structures, crystal, they can be “Liquid Crystals.”

Crystals absorb amino acids to its face:

<http://www.sciencenews.org/articles/20010505/fob1.asp>

My Commentary: Some crystals attract and absorb amino acids onto their surface. If a lot of amino acids collect, they could connect together to form protein chains.

I found the holy grail- Piezoelectric Resonances in Amino-acids (quartz is piezoelectric):

<http://www.nature.com/nature/journal/v225/n5233/abs/225635a0.html>

My Commentary: Like the quartz crystals, amino acids are ‘piezoelectric.’ Which ties all this in with the electric universe theory!

The Formation of Racemic Amino Acids by Ultraviolet Photolysis of Interstellar Ice:

<http://www.astrochem.org/aanature.html>

My Commentary: Amino Acids, which are the building blocks for DNA, RNA, and proteins, have been discovered to form in outer space...

Space radiation may select amino acids for life:

<http://www.newscientist.com/article/dn7895>

My Commentary: This also has to do with electric fields in space getting rid of Right Hand amino acids and leaving the Left Hand ones which most organisms on earth use.

Chemicals Almost Come Alive:

<http://www.hartford-hwp.com/archives/20/034.html>

My Commentary: Cellular membrane like things form in space.

Lastly – Living Crystals & Plasma Crystals:

<http://science.howstuffworks.com/weird-life1.htm>

<http://www.time.com/time/magazine/article/0,9171,740463,00.html?iid=chix-sphere>

<http://www.newscientist.com/article/dn12466>

<http://science.howstuffworks.com/framed.htm?parent=weird-life.htm&url=http://www.iop.org/EJ/abstract/1367-2630/9/8/263>

My Commentary: Crystals are the highest form of inorganic matter, which isn't very far from a unicellular bit of protoplasm. The gap between the two is small. This site suggests sperm or its crystal shell as a gap filler of sorts. This site, and the living plasma crystal site implies something... an "evolutionary" process of dead inorganic matter to living organic matter.

Living Plasma [Crystals]:

<http://www.unexplained-mysteries.com/column.php?id=111062>

My commentary: Plasma (the fourth state of matter) exhibits a "living" quality. Plasma crystals form in space which exhibits characteristics of living things.

^^^

Anyways. After understanding the theory, and reading the links, it can be seen that life is a natural process in outer space. Or that the germ of life is constantly being manufactured in space via natural means. That there needs not be a creator god or an intelligence which put these little pieces together. With the right ingredients, under the right conditions, life forms as naturally as water vapor forms in its right conditions. Crystals are the missing link between dead matter and living matter. This adds a new beautiful perspective of Crystals, if you work with them, as many do in the ONA. We could say that Crystals are, in a way, actual "nexions" of life, which quite literally is our connection between this causal world we exist in, and our 'ancestral' acausal world.

Kayla



WSA

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

DARK GODS & DARK TRADITIONS



[Dark Gods And Dark Traditions](#)

We hardly ever talk about if these Dark Gods are real or if we have ever experienced encounters with one. Or at least I don't talk about such things much. Do I believe in them? No and Yes.

No I don't believe in Them because you believe in ideas and experience real things. Yes I do assume that such creatures or entities do exist based on stories I hear from family members of mine who have directly experienced such entities. I guess it's a matter of semantics?

I'll give some example of non-physical things people in my family have experienced and seen and 'believe' in. But we have to remember that I come from a Thai-Khmer culture, so I'll be using "Western/ONA" terms to describe some of these things.

Mythos

The first species of these things I hear my family talk a lot about are the "Niag" Race. Niag is the Khmer form of "Naga." In Thai and Cambodian and Lao culture and tradition, a Naga doesn't really mean a Dragon, as the word actually means in Sanskrit.

A Naga/Niag is a seaserpent creature that lives in the ocean. Except they aren't physical like us. I guess they are spirit things [acausal?]. But they can shapeshift into human form and be physical like us. When they shapeshift into human form they often take on the form of sea nymphs or water nymph or "mermaids." These Niag People also have an entire realm of their own described in the Tipitakas.

The most famous of these Niag People is a Princess named "Mera." Her father is the King of the Realm of the Naga, which is said to be at the bottom of the ocean. In her Naga form she has 7 snake-like heads like most of them do.

The story goes that Mera likes to shapeshift into physical form and bathe in the mouth of the Mekong River. So one day a Prince named Kambu from a kingdom in India was walking along the shores of Indochina and saw what looked like a beautiful girl bathing just off shore.

Kambu fell in love and went to ask her to marry him. She said that she would but she's not human so she can't because she can't live outside water and she doesn't have feet because her bottom half is a seaserpent.

So Kambu said that he'll get his men to build a Great Temple by a lake called Tonle Sap [which means Freshwater Lake] and that he'll make for her in this temple a giant room with a large swimming pool in it so she can live with him. Mera said ok. That temple was one of the first temples at the Angkor Wat complex.

There is actually a temple in the Angkor Wat complex which is a huge round room with a swimming pool in it which is sometimes called the "Bridal Chamber." Legend says that in ancient times on a certain day of the year Kambu would carry Mera out of the ocean and bring her into this Bridal Chamber to sleep with her to make children. Those children came to be known as "Kamera" which is the ancient form of Khmer, which is a combo of Kam[bu]+Mera. And their civilization came to be known as "Kambujadesa." Kambu meaning the name of that prince; Ja meaning "descendants of," and Desa is the Sanskrit word for a country.

This legend reminds me of the mythos of the origins of the Merovingians [French] or Europe, whose line started from a female bathing in the ocean who was raped by a merman of some type. The coincidental thing is – and it may not mean anything – the "word" Mero and Mera are associated with both similar legends.

The word "Mer" itself etymologically can be traced to other languages which means "sea" or "ocean." Such as Mare, Mari, or Marus in Latin, and MR in ancient Egyptian which means sea and sexual affection [A.E.Waites].

Magic

There are everyday "eye witness" testimonies of family members seeing shapeshifting spirits. One I often hear about which my mother has seen, and which many other people in my family and culture have seen are these things we call "Marey Komvil?" That's my best Anglicization.

Marey Komvils are these spirits that solidify into things that look like children dressed in red wardrobe, usually with red scarves. My mother and grandmother and everybody says that if you see them around a certain house, that means somebody in the house is going to die soon. They usually are seen in cemeteries, hospitals, and nursing homes. Or they can be seen in forests or special area or fields as guardians of that place.

Another thing my mother saw are these things called “Ap.” My mother explains that Aps are people – “witches” – who know “black magic” and at night they have to feed off of people’s blood or life force to keep their magic powerful. So she says at night these people pull off their heads and guts and fly around in the night sky. And they look like hazy balls of glowing light and you can see the head and entrails in the ball of light. She – and everybody else – says that if you see one hovering above you you’re going to die.

My mother said that during the Khmer Rouge revolution she was sleeping in a big shelter near the forest with a female friend of hers and another person. She said that she and her friend woke up at night and both saw an Ap hovering by the ceiling. They freaked out and prayed. In the morning my mother said that the other lady sleeping with them had died during the night.

There are these things my aunt-mom [who is older than my mother] and the grandparents talk about that aren’t people but they look like people and often live with people like a real person, but these “people” things have magical or supernatural powers. There is no single word for these types of entities that shapeshift into human form. Most of them are just called “Tmup” if they are female, which is a generic word meaning a “witch.” Or if they are males they are often called “Nik Ta.” Sometimes they are referred to as a “kru gamnat” which means a “Birth [gamnat] Teacher/guru [kru].” The word kru is more related to the term “medicine man” or “shaman.”

Usually these entities take on the form of a human lady and they usually live with people and get married. My aunt-mom was telling us a story of how during the Khmer Rouge era after everybody had been chased out of cities to live in the forests, that there was one such Tmup lady living in the camp/village she was living in at the time.

My aunt-mom said that everybody in that village, even the Khmer Rouge knew she wasn’t human and gave her a certain amount of respect and stayed away from her. But my aunt-mom didn’t believe this. The villager said that at night this lady takes on her spirit form and feeds off of the dead, and that if you are giving birth that you have to call her to act as your midwife because she feeds off of the after-birth or she will kill you with a curse if you don’t call her. But my aunt-mom didn’t believe this.

So my aunt-mom said that she got pregnant and went into labour while living in that village/camp. Everybody in the camp had told her to call that Tmup over to midwife the baby, but my aunt-mom said she did not believe in such ridiculous things.

She said that she was in labour for a whole day and part of the night and the baby would not come out and that she was in terrible pain. Her husband and his mother and relatives begged her to go and just get that Tmup or she and the baby would die if the baby did not come out soon, so my aunt-mom agreed and told the people to call the Tmup over in the middle of the night.

My aunt-mom said that as soon as the Tmup lady came she just touched her old finger to my aunt-mom’s abdomen and said to her: “This baby belong to me; every child you bare for the rest of your life belongs to me. Every child that suckles on your breasts for the rest of your life

belongs to me. I will take them when I want, and bless them if I want.” After she finished whispering that, she said the baby gushed out painlessly into the Tmup’s arms. The Tmup handed my aunt-mom the baby and said: “Here, you may take care of my daughter [my late cousin],” and then she collected the after birth in a bag and went to her home. This is why these types of entities are called “Birth Krus,” in a sense, they are like what you might call “god mothers,” in the Western understanding of that term.

The elders in my culture say that if you have a Birth Kru that they know you and follow you during your life and that it’s wise to pay your respects and honour to them by calling them in your mind [praying to them] to acknowledge them, so they will take care of you, otherwise they curse your life. My aunt-mom raised me since I was a baby and she breast fed me till I was 3, so I was raised knowing that I have a “kru gamnat” and I was raised to quiet my mind and “pray” to her before going to bed and on the full moon to ask her to take care of me and to not take me away so soon.

The reason why I brought up this type of entity that takes on the form of a human person and lives among people, and that has a “not so human appetite,” for blood and people’s “life force,” is because they actually do remind me of certain types of “Dark Gods,” we read about in the ONA’s Mythos. If you are familiar with the Mythos of the ONA, then you’ll know what I am talking about. And these are things I don’t make up. You can go find a person from my culture who is well informed of these olden aspects and ask them about these things I share here. And if you look closely at other such ancient and indigenous cultures around the world, with open eyes and opened minds, you also begin to notice that all such cultures and primal traditions have similar “beliefs.”

There are good “spirit” things too that shapeshift. One type is called “Nik Ta.” I don’t know what the words Nik Ta together actually means, but as two words, Nik means “Person,” and “Ta” means “Granmpa,” or “oldman.” Together a Nik Ta is a Nature Spirit that guards a village or forest. People in Cambodia who believe in Nik Tas swear by them and these Nik Tas even are a part of the much older and ancient pre-buddhist and pre-hindu indigenous animist culture and tradition of the Khmer and Thai and Lao.

My mother says that in Cambodia, if you walk into the forest and you don’t ask the Nik Ta of some forests for permission to enter their forest they harm you by making you fall over on the spot from a terrible stomach ache. And if you take a tree, pick a fruit, or kill an animal near certain forests with a Nik Ta guarding it, the Nik Ta will kill you.

So in the old days, and still today, if you enter a forest to go hunting, you ask the Nik Ta for permission to enter and for him or her to guide you and keep you safe, and you leave offering like incense and gifts by a tree.

There are even Nik Tas in America. I was hiking once with my mother and some cousins in an average place in Southern California here this one time, and for some bizarre reason at one spot on this hiking trail was an apple tree with ripe apples on it! So me and my cousins ran to go pick the apples to eat. But my mother screams out: “Hey, hey, you guys can’t just take those apples! That tree doesn’t belong you, it belongs to somebody else! It’s barbaric to take

things that don't belong to you! You have to ask owner for the apples first!"

We looked around for this "owner" she was referring to, because we were all born and raised here in California, and we didn't see anyone but us, so one of us asked my mother: "There's nobody else here?" And my mother says: "That tree still doesn't belong to you, or its fruits. Some Nik Ta takes care of the tree, you have to pay your respects and honour to the spirit that guards and cares for that tree, and ask the Nik Ta for some some apples." So basically you just turn to the tree and you say or pray to the tree, in English [since we only speak English]: "May we please have some of your apples Nik Ta."

So from this simple belief that things in Nature don't belong to you and that spirits or living entities care for things in Nature, and that one must pay one's respect and honour to nature, trees, and such nature spirits, there is born an "ethos" of respecting and honouring Nature as a living entity that is not yours to be conquered or abused.

Nik Tas also are like Voodoo Loas. We have these traditional "shamans" [I don't know any other English term for them: mediums?] who can call these Nik Tas into their bodies and the Nik Tas will cure the peoples illnesses and stuff.

Nik Tas, if they like you they give you gifts [jewelry or other stuff]. My mother and grandmother says that sometimes the gifts just materialize out of nothing and you find it. Or sometimes they give you things called "Nieng Boohn." These gifts have "magical" powers to protect you.

I have a Nieng Boohn. "Nieng" means a "Maiden," or "Young Girl," and "Boohn" means "hidden," or "to hide." A Nieng Boohn is when an animal that lives in a forest protected by a Nik Ta runs into a tree or rubs its horns or tusk into a tree and the tusk breaks off and gets buried in the tree [hence the "Boohn" meaning "Hidden," or "Hiding" in the name]. Wild Boars tusks and teeth, and elephant tusks are said to be the most powerful. Tiger claws and tiger teeth are the second most powerful. Nieng Boohns don't have any magic if you kill an animal and cut off their teeth and tusks. Actually the Nik Tas will kill you.

Only people with "Wisna" will find a Nieng Boohn. "Wisna" means Fate or Destiny. So you take the Nieng Boohn to a shaman or a monk. In Cambodia and Thailand and Laos, some monks are also shamans. They wake up the spirit inside the tusk or teeth, and you take care of the tusk by putting oil on it, spraying it with perfume, and on every full moon you burn incense for it and give ask it to take care of you. You make a necklace out of it.

Nieng Boohns don't do anything magical on a normal day. They only work during moments when you are in danger to protect you from all harm. The most stories you hear from people who have Nieng Boohns is that Nieng Boohns keeps you from being cut and makes you bullet proof; but only in times when you are in danger. If you have a Nieng Boohn and you asked your friend to shoot you, the bullet will kill you like normal. Nieng Boohns – if you buy one – costs around \$1000 dollars just for the tooth or tusk, excluding the gold wrapping and gold necklace. And if you buy one, it doesn't work anyways because it wasn't given to you by a Nik Ta. Genuine Nieng Boohns are passed down from generation to generation. I got mine from my stepdad.

I have an uncle who has a Nieng Boohn and one day he was in North Carolina walking home at night when a group of black guys tried to rob him at gun point. He called his Nieng Boohn to help him and fought the guys [he knows kung fu] while he was being shot at. The black guys ran away eventually. My uncle walked home and when he got home the relatives he was living with got scared because he had blood on him and there were hole in his shirt. My uncle got scared because he thought a bullet had hit him, so he checked himself. No bullets had hit him, but he and the relatives said that the shirt he was wearing had bullet holes in it.

In America, if your age my age [or around my age, or ten years older than me] and you are Khmer or Thai or Lao and you are sporting a Nieng Boohn around your neck, it means you gangbang, and that you're most often OG or got status in a gang; and that you got a "kru." And it means your hardcore or fearless [since you think your invincible], and usually, nobody fucks with you. Or it just means that your family was so scared for your life they just found you a kru to give you a Nieng Boohn [like with me] but nobody has to know. A Kru [Guru] is a teacher of a magical or religious nature [shamans or monks that know magic]. Gangbangers [southeast Asians] will go out of their way to find a kru and they will worship their krus religiously for Nieng Boohns.

There is something else in my culture similar to these Nieng Boohns called a "Goan Krok." Goan means "Child," or "Baby," and I don't know what "Krok" literally means, but it describes what type of baby these things are. Goan Kroks are more powerful then Nieng Boohns, more versatile, but much more harder to find and take care of. My aunt-mother and grandparents tell me about these Goan Kroks since one of my late great uncles had one.

A Goan Krok is also something you chance upon. In ancient times before hospitals and in door plumbing, when you had to go to the restroom, you went into the woods to do your business. Sometimes if you are a woman and you are pregnant you will have miscarriages. So if you are out peeing in the woods and you have a miscarriage your fetus will fall out. That discarded fetus is where a Goan Krok comes from. A Goan Krok begins as a three month old developed fetus that has been miscarried and left behind.

If you walk by one of these discarded fetuses it's said that you here a baby's voice calling you. One of my grampas was telling us about his late brother who had one of these Goan Kroks. He said that this late grandpa when he was a young man went hunting in the woods and that when he walked by a bush he heard the voice of a child crying. He called out to the crying voice and asked if the child was lost. And the child said no it wasn't lost but that it has been abandoned by its mother and did not have a home to live in or any parents to care for it.

This grandpa said out to the voice that he would take care of it because he didn't have any children of his own, and he asked the child where it was hiding. The voice guided him behind a bush but this grandpa couldn't find a child. So the grandpa asked: "Where? I don't see you?" And the child said: "Here, on the ground." To this grandpas horror, it was a tiny human fetus. So you take the fetus to an elder or a shaman and the fetus is baked in a fire to harden and dry its body, and it's put in a protective cloth like a pouch. Then you make or buy a doll house with a bed, and you let this Goan Krok live in the house. And you offer it food and water every day.

My grandpa [great uncle] said that a Goan Krok talks to you as a voice and sits on your head when you walk around. It knows if people are talking behind your back and will tell you who is talking about you, and if you ask the Goan Krok to go and hurt or harm this person, the Goan Krok will do it with its magic. The Goan Krok also keeps you safe and protected in every way. But you can't sleep with it at night because it's a child spirit and like to talk and play so it wakes you up at night and doesn't stop talking to you.

I guess in Western terms things like Goan Kroks are called "fetish items." Goan Krok reminds me of other such fetish items in other primal traditions. Like in Voodoo, there are these special jars you keep the spirits of the dead in which you command and which takes care of you. Or in Palo Mayombe and the indigenous traditions of the Congo they have these things called "Nga Ngas" which are also "babies" you take care of that have magical powers. Except a Nga Nga lives in a pot or bag in which you have human skulls and other magical items which you sacrifice animals to. As a side note: in Khmer for some odd reason a "Goan Nga" means a "baby child," or new born baby.

Sacrifice

The elders in my family do also talk about sacrifice. In Khmer it's called "Bojia," which is a form of the Sanskrit "Puja." A Puja/Bojia basically means an "offering," which – if you are ONA, – you will get why I am bringing this up. When specifically referring to blood sacrifice it's often called "Bojia-yay [yay rhymes with the English word "my"]. I don't know what the extra "-Yay" means, but I speculate it may be a form of a Sanskrit or Pali word "Jay" which means "High," or "Mighty." So Bojia-yay could possibly mean a "High Sacrifice," or "Great Offering."

My elders say that in olden times; they use the term "Samay [Period, Era] Boran [Antiquity, Ancient];" long before Buddhism came to the area and the people, before great events such as a war or battle, or on the new year festival, a Bojia-yay is held to bless and magically empower the war, battle, great act, or to bless the new year with prosperity for the empire. The king would gather these traditional "shamans" and the people would bring their large animals to be sacrificed to the spirits and Nik Tas that guard the kingdom and land. The king provides slaves and prisoners which are also offered as Human Sacrifices to these spirits and Nik Tas that are guardians of the kingdom and land. They would then bathe their weapons, or even farm tools and farm land with the blood. Or if you were a soldier you bathe a piece of clothe with this blood and you wear it and go to war.

My elders say that in this way, the ancient Khmer Empire grew to control most of the Indochinese peninsula. They say [they are Buddhists outwardly] that it is because of this crazy Buddhist Religion that foreigners brought into the Empire that cause it to shrink into an insignificant pathetic State. Because when the kings and the people became Buddhists, they believed that it was wrong and bad karma to hold Bojia-yays and to sacrifice animals and people and the ancestors [spirits] and Nik Tas of the kingdom and land were disrespected for being ignored; and the people were even afraid to war because war kills people. But old habits – old traditions – are hard to break. Although humans are no longer offered, Bojia-yays still go on in rural areas with animals are still offered.

Animal and some form of human sacrifice is a common reoccurring tradition in primal indigenous cultures around the world [see Mayans for one example]. Such as the Native American belief of killing an enemy to honour one's warrior ancestors. The head hunting that went on in Indonesia and New Guinea up until recently. Certain indigenous tribes in the Amazon bury children alive to appease "evil spirits." And the animal sacrifices that are living aspects of indigenous traditions in Africa; and even in pre-Christian Europe. There are evidence of Human Sacrifice in areas in Scotland where mummified bodies in bogs have been found with nooses around their necks, hands tied, and a stab wound in their chest. The Roman Empire outlawed "Druidism" even, on account that they allegedly practiced Human Sacrifice.

Spirits

Back to shapeshifting entities: All Devatas, prets, and yaks can also shapeshift. Devatas are sometimes called devas. They're basically godlike beings, "angels," or those spirits people that live in the upper realms. Prets [preta in sanskrit] are demons things. They live in the forest. Yaks [yaka in sanskrit?] are things like monsters or giants?

Then there is another class or species of entities that are remnants of animistic beliefs that have no names. They are just called "Vinyin," which is the Khmer form of the Pali word for "Consciousness." Generally the word Vinyin also means a spirit person.

This class of entities take on physical form and always wear black. They are benevolent, and you usually see them just as you die. Or they usually come to talk to you as you drift off to sleep. These entities are said to escort you when you die to the other places. Or it is said that they come to you to tell you important things.

There is a real famous story that happened not to long ago that had something to do with these Vinyins. A few decades or so before the Khmer Rouge revolution there was this one monk everybody called "The Crazy Monk."

This Crazy Monk had been living in the forest as a hermit doing his Forest Tradition meditations. One day he said that three spirits people [these vinyins] materialized right in front of him and had said to him that he needs to leave the forest and begin to tell people to leave the country because before he grows old and dies [he was already old] a horde of men in black shirts will come out of the forests and they will burn the cities, murder many people, and the kingdom will fall into ruin.

The monk did what he was told and he spent the rest of his life walking the streets and telling people to leave the country because men in blackshirts would come and kill everybody and destroy the kingdom. Back then Cambodia was in pretty good economic shape so everybody thought he was crazy. That's why they called him The Crazy Monk. Nobody believed him. My grandmother and all of her sibling were alive to hear the Crazy Monk go crazy on the streets warning people to leave the country. Anyways, we all know what happened in 1975.

The other story concerning this species of entities is more personal. I have an auntie who had a baby just before the Khmer Rouge took over the country. When her baby was 2 years old

she died because she got very sick and there was no doctors in the country. But before she died my auntie was holding my 2 year old late cousin and my auntie said that the 2 year old cousin started saying that men in black outfits had come to take her "home" and that it was her time to go and she won't be coming back, and she died after she said her good byes.

I've always found this story very significant because it happened to somebody I know intimately, and because it's very hard for me to believe that a 2 year old baby who had barely learned to speak would even know what death and dying is to be making stories up.

Ritus Antiquusque Humanae

I thought I'd share some these things, just to show that what the ONA has as far as its aural traditions of "Dark Gods," and shapeshifting acausal beings; it's Dark Tradition; and Sinister Seven-Fold Way; is not entirely made up or the fanciful creative imaginings of Anton Long.

There are many, many cultures and living traditions the world over – those more closer and in harmony with life and Nature – that also share these same "beliefs" and practices/traditions. The names and mythos might be different from indigenous people to indigenous people; but the essence of it is as old as humanity.

The oldest forms of "religion" [I use that word loosely here] is "animism," and what is referred to by people like Joseph Campbell as "shamanism" in which entities and spirits can materialize and where magic is an aspect of such "religions," which would include "ancestor worship."

I believe that – even if it's not on a conscious level – the ONA's Dark Tradition is an example of the West reverting back to this more ancient and Natural Way of Life, that was and is more Human. And if we pay close attention to the time and condition of the West's slow "awakening" - and Liberation – to its more ancient and Natural Way, we can see that such things as the ONA, and those new revivalist religions referred to as "Neo-Paganism," began to surface circa 1960's in the West, which was a time when that magian ethos and religion had finally lost its thousand year grip on the Western Mind. Such that, such Minds gradually begin to revert back to what is more alive, more in tune with the way of Primal Nature and Life, as their feral and tribal ancestors once knew.

If we each try to be more open minded with other cultures that the West has typecasted as being "primitive" and "savage," we just might see that our ONA's Dark Traditions has more in common with such numinous and tribal ways of life and "religions" [I use the term very loosely] then we realize.

I personally take the time to study some of these "animistic" traditions: one being that ancestral indigenous tradition of my own culture beneath our Theravada Buddhism: as Bon Po is to Tibetan Buddhism; as indigenous Taoism is to Chan Buddhism.

If you want to rediscover what is Human, what is Primal, and what gods and practices existed in mankind's primeval past, all you have to really do is enter Africa. It doesn't matter who you

are, what skin color you are, what culture or tradition you come from: we all – as a species – came out of Africa. You got to the indigenous traditions of the Yaruba or the people of the Congo and you will see they have a list of dark primal gods, each with names and “sigils.” You will see the magic and supernaturalism. You will see the sacrifice and dark rites. And in seeing such things for yourself you know and feel that the ONA does share things in common with such very ancient primal [Dark] traditions.

Urban Cults

By the word “Urban” I mean here that sometime in our species’ history not too long ago some group of hunter-gatherers, began to settle one place and farm, and from that farming an agrarian social order formed which became a “city-state.”

Most of us unconsciously assume that when our species came into existence, that we came into such existence inside a metropolis, with streets, and politicians, kings, and priests already pre-fabricated to rule and govern us.

We know so far that the oldest such prehistoric “city” or first urban settlement is Jericho which dates back to 9,000B.C. this means that for at least ~11,000 years some members of our species have been living in urban conditions; and not as feral hunters and gatherers.

But our species has been around for 200,000 years at least. So if we minus 11,000 from 200,000 we are left with: 189,000 years of humans living in other Ways besides an urban way. The question thus is: how were our ancestors living and what were their beliefs and practices, for all of those 189,000 years before urban life? Obviously, this city-state way of life is new compared to the much Older and Ancient Way of Life. The answer to this question will be both revealing and enlightening for those of us in the ONA.

With an urban settlement a new “species” of social ordering comes into being. One whose functionality, mechanics, and equilibrium depends on the social coherency and specialization of its members. This means that one of the first aspects of urban settlement to come into being is class/status differentiation and division of labour: Priests and Kings at the top; Warriors in the middle; Commoners below warriors, and slaves at the bottom. We see this same tendency for humans to form these same divisions in other modern social orders such as corporations and religious institutions: CEOs and High Priests at the top; Executives and Priests in the middle; employees and believers at the bottom. This in Vedic Hinduism is called the “Caste System” isn’t it?

With such differentiation and division of class, status, and labour, there thus arises Policies to maintain such divisions. These policies in ancient times were the laws of the city-state cult. There is nothing divine or authoritative about urban religious policies. It’s abstract and arbitrary. It’s invented with the end purpose of maintaining the overall functionality, mechanics, and equilibrium of the city-state and caste system. It’s not natural. It’s a restrictive perception forced onto a population. It is forced cosmology, forced ontology, forced morality, and forced arbitrary laws. The priestcraft that spoke Sanskrit gibberish of “yestorage” which the commoner doesn’t understand, is the lawyercraft that speak legal gibberish of today which the

commoner does not understand. Modern politics is just a refined evolution of ancient urban priestcraft.

What do I mean by “restrictive perception?” I mean when a priestcraft says: “Thou shalt have no other gods,” that that ontology condemns the city-cultist into a perception in which he cannot legally/religiously “see” other gods outside those gods endorsed by the city-state’s ruling class. Why not? Because your ruling class power and city’s coherency depends on your make believe authority vested on you by a defined set of gods; and if your citizens go off worshiping other gods, then what authority do you have to maintain your status and your city’s coherency? If everybody in your city had different gods, the city’s equilibrium and coherency is disrupted.

In such an urban system of life that where class status and division of labour is needed to maintain the life of the city-state and thus the power and privilege of the ruling class, the city-cult’s religious law of: “Thou shalt not commit adultery” is a crime to break. Why? Because if your citizens were all reproducing arbitrarily without regard for class and caste then what social group and labour function is your off spring born into? If your mother was a daughter of a priest and your father was a handsome slave, then what are you? Such reproductive disregard for class and caste disrupts the city-states system. Castes aren’t big deals to us in the West during our modern age, but in ancient times, in the various civilizations that occupied India and else where social class and labour caste were very important and legally pervasive.

There is nothing natural, divinely moral, or cosmically authoritative about: “Thou shalt not kill.” It is an urban policy. As the ruling class whose job it is to maintain the functionality of your settlement, you simply can’t have people killing anybody they want, or even themselves. Why? Obviously if everybody is dead or ran away from fear of being murdered for no reason, what settlement/city/social order do you have? Killing and murder happens all the time in nature. If you can defend your off spring or don’t have claws or venom or camouflage to protect yourself, then tough.

Same things goes with: “Thou shalt not steal.” There is nothings divine or morally authoritative or natural about stealing or not stealing. It happened all the time in nature. If you are a tree and you forgot to evolve thorn to protect your fruit, then some monkey will come by and steal you fruit. Stealing ruins the game of a city. You can’t have your citizens just taking houses and possessions that don’t belong to them. They need to work for make believe things called money or work for pieces of metal and stone with some arbitrary value ascribed to them. You save that money up and buy what you want. Out beyond the walls of the city-state, if you are a feral tribe and you lack the means to defend your territory from another tribe, then they will kill you and take you land. Such ways are neither “good” or “bad,” it is beyond urban conceptualizations of legal and illegal. It is just natural.

The belief system, theology, ontology, and cosmology of an urban cultus is restrictive, arbitrary, unnatural, and forced. The idea that an urban city-state god created the world has nothing to do with life and nature outside the walls of that urban settlement. It’s just myth that backs up and props up the priestcraft policies of the city-state. What’s even more revealing is

that not only is this creator god the maker of the world, but he also has a chosen group of humans he favor over others who he is more closer to [Jews, Brahmins, priests, rabbis, imams, pastors, whatever].

The belief of a heaven and a hell also has nothing to do with life and nature outside the walls of a city. Neither does the arbitrary religious notion of “believe,” “worship,” and “heretic” have anything to do with life and nature beyond the conditioned mentality of the city-state. It’s all smoke and mirrors to enthrall the urbanite for the end purpose of maintaining the urban settlement’s social order and coherency.

These city-states eventually evolved into our modern Nation-State. Our modern secular Nation-States don’t have “state-religions” any more. But in America there is secular “Americanism,” Patriotism, etc. There are no more priests, but there are lawyers and law makers. There are no more phony divine commandments authorized by some god in the sky. We now have laws that are authorized by some other abstraction called “The People.” There are no more 10 commandments, they are now called Amendments. You can worship whatever cult god you want today, but defy “The People,” and tell the Oligarchy you do not recognize the power and validity of their law and court and you become a State-Heretic, i.e.: a “Criminal.”

Where the olden urbanites of Christendom were conditioned to believe that Christianity and Christendom was “everywhere” and that you were born Christian. These Nation-State have conditioned their people to believe and perceive that their “Statism” is everywhere and that you are a citizen of whatever state you are born in, and thus subject by birth to such State laws and State taxation [tithes].

We never ask or meditate on how this is so. Point a finger for me to “the State” that I was born in. If you point to my mother: she isn’t a state; she is Human, and as a Human, her species has existed for 200,000 years. What State was around 200,000 years ago? If you point to the ground or land I was born on and live in: this is also not a State. This ground, like most land on earth has existed in some form or other for about a good 4 billion years. Show me what State existed 4 billion years ago.

Has our species always lived as domesticated apes under the power of some State or Religion for all 200,000 years of our existence? Have our ancestors always seen the world from a city-state religious paradigm? Has our ancestors always had unnatural, forced, restrictive perceptions and beliefs for all 200,000 years? What was life like for those 189,000 years before urban social orders? How did people live during those hundreds of thousands of years? What did they believe and practice?

Before urban settlement people lived in and with Nature; as many still do today. In clans and tribes consisting of bands of kinfolk and blood relations. There was no need for a forced and arbitrary division of labour. No caste system of slaves, peasants, or priests. There were no kings, just tribal elders who were honoured for their wisdom rather than some authority. All you really have to do is take the time to find and study such groups of people who still live in such tribal ways in any part of the earth. Or you can just find a living culture today whose indigenous

and ancestral traditions are still past down and maintained by aural transmission: of living person to living person.

Where state-religions are based on written laws in some holy books. The more natural and ancient Human Way which existed long before the invention of writing was based on the living of life, on the intimacy and harmony with Nature, and on what one learned directly from life, nature, and one's elders, who learned directly from life and nature themselves.

Where state-religions have some set of authority giving gods or some exalted abstract god to be worshiped and tithed to. The more natural and Human Way is the way in which everything is Life Force [spirit(s)]; where ancestors who have died are still honoured, called on, and believed to be still a part of the family. Where after living at-one with Nature and feeling the life force that inhabits all of Nature there evolves naturally a respect and honour for Nature, and Nature spirits.

Where the beliefs of a state-religion is arbitrary, restrictive, forced, and unnatural; such that if you desired to learn more about such religion, you had to go learn it from a qualified priest with city-state stamp of approval. The more ancient and Human Way of belief is one based on personal experience, direct apprehension of Life and nature, and one's own effort to be more empathetically in communion with Life and Nature.

An example of this difference can be found in India. The Vedas are some of the oldest urban cult religious writings in the world. Its urban conditioning comes complete with forced cosmology, forced arbitrary laws and beliefs, and a caste system. But there exists in the same area a separate and independent Way and Tradition called Shramana [Sanskrit] or Samana [Pali]. This word is related to the word "Shaman."

In Vedic India, a Shramana is a person who leaves the city behind [renunciation] to live in the forest. The shramana rejects everything Vedic, including the belief in gods and their Brahmin Priests. These shramana will meditate in nature and along the banks of the Ganges, and from removing themselves from the conditioning of the city, from the urban religion of the Veda, from the caste and status system, and from their own struggle to dis-cover what is Natural and Real beyond that urban conditioned delusion, they obtain something referred to as "Sambuddhi" or Self-Realization, or Self-Enlightenment. Jainism and Buddhism are both descendants of this Shramana Tradition. A Jain monk is called a Samana; while a Buddhist monk under the age of 20 is called a Samanera meaning Little Shramana. The Greeks once knew the Buddhists as "Samanos."

Shamanism

What is known loosely as "shamanism" is so ancient, and so old, and so ubiquitous, that even the word "shaman" is nearly universal; or at least one of its variants is used to refer to the same essential thing by indigenous people. Even some Taoism Adepts in China have certain medicine men that are called Sha Min or some form of that. I use the word and term "shamanism" in its anthropological sense, meanings "a range of beliefs and practices that regards communication with the spirit and supernatural world." "Supernatural" meaning what

is beyond our causal, natural perception and understanding of causal reality.

Being American, the best example I can give of a “shamanic” tradition besides my own indigenous tradition is the tradition of Native Americans. These Native Americans were animistic like my own culture still is. I dislike the way the West academically teaches what “animism” is. From such a dismissive scholastic perspective and etic understanding – laden with a superiority complex – animists seem like primitive stupid unscientific people that superstitiously believe that rocks, rivers, and inanimate object have souls and personalities or something.

If you were born and raised in an indigenous tradition that is “animistic” you just believe that Nature is alive. You’ve have to be dead inside if you walk through a forest and not see and feel life. Not everything of Nature is a living being. Rocks aren’t alive nor do they have souls to an animist. I have never heard anyone say that trees and rocks have “Prolung” which is the word for “soul-spirit.” But I was taught that trees have “jivit” [life] and that trees and animals and people have “vinyin” [consciousness/Life Force]. And sometimes some non-physical entity can inhabit rocks and trees. Or things like a place, or temple, or mountain, or forest, or object can have a sacred or supernaturally “special” quality inhabiting them, or imbued in them that is honoured, and held in high regard.

To us, Life Force survives bodily death. So that in my culture [Thai, Khmer, and Lao] there is something odd that can be observed. Even though we are “Buddhists” who are supposed to believe in some sort of idea of rebirth or reincarnation, we have this more ancient animistic belief that our ancestors are still a part of our family and clan and that they remain bound to us, so we still pay our respects and honour to them. Usually we have these home altars with their picture, and we burn incense and offer food to them. This is wrongly called ancestor worship.

In such indigenous cultures, there really is no such word for “god” or “worship,” what words we do use to refer to a god is borrowed from Sanskrit or Pali. Ask any missionary who has every tried to convert an indigenous population of animists in any part of the world about this and they will tell you that such cultures all lack a word for “god” and “worship” and that it was quite hard to translate the bible into their indigenous languages without having to be creative with words. No such concepts exists in Nature. Only spirit, Life Force, and Honour exists to a person or culture at-one with Life and Nature.

The olden Native Americans once also had these same animistic beliefs, and once also had a strong honour for their non-physical ancestors as well. Ways of Life and Natural ways of belief are often simple and uncomplicated. These Native Americans also had a belief and faith in “magic” and supernatural phenomena. These Native Americans – and all ancient Natural Ways of Life – also have Rites of Passage: where people go through trial and ordeals in some form or manner to become Initiates of Life, which transforms them inside into a new person.

Then there were those Medicine Men and Women – shamans – who went a step further beyond their tribesmates who struggled to live closer to nature, sometimes alone isolated in a forest. They would gradually learn about plants and what each plant did as far as curing sickness, and they would practice a certain form of magic where they would “meditate” to the

beating of a drum or humming or chanting, sometimes intoxicated with hallucinogenic plants, enter a trance state where they speak with their totems, animal brothers, spirits, and ancestors; who teach them things in that state.

My own culture has a very similar practice. There is a certain kind of kru [shamanic teacher] that are not physical beings. You learn to meditate to “call” one of these krus to you. After you learn to go into a trance state from meditation, you can speak to this kru who teaches you things. Having one of these “spirit entity” krus is more powerful than having a human kru. Most people with this type of kru ask their krus to teach them magic. Many end up learning what’s generically called “black magic.”

But this “shamanic” aspect of ancient indigenous traditions also reminds me of something an ONA Initiate should be familiar with: Pathworking the Tree of Wyrd. It’s when you basically mediate on one of the sinister tarots, gradually enter a trance state, and in such a state certain entities and beings come to life and teach you things. If you’ve actually every diligently practiced this, then you will know what I mean by “come to life.”

So when we look closer at the ONA, its Dark Gods, Dark Traditions, and Sinister Seven-Fold Way, and we compare it to the more ancient and Natural Ways and Traditions that are older than state-religions; we dis-cover that the ONA shares a lot in common with such primal traditions. There is the almost animistic belief that Life Energy [Acausal] animates all living beings, and that the Cosmos, the Earth, and Nature, are Living Being themselves which should be honoured and respected. There are those aspects of ONA magic and tradition which is similar to “shamanic” practices the world over. We also have our own Rites of Passage which also incorporates trials and ordeals. We also incorporate sacrifice, just like many of these ancient and Natural Ways.

You see, from a perspective of frightened city citizens who are mental adherents of some restrictive forced belief system that live in the protected walls [physical or psychological] of some city/state; feral indigenous tribes that sacrifice animals and humans, head hunt, honour strange dark spirits, practice magic, etc, are “evil,” “savage,” and “sinister,” because such Natural Ways that are so much more older and Primal, threaten in a very real way the “sanctimonious” coherency and mechanic of that city/state, because if their citizens reverted to such ways of life, the city/state would stop working as a system.

And when I say “revert” I mean it in a very real sense, unlike Islam. I think it’s silly to believe that we are all born Muslim. As if we are born with the name “Allah” etched in mind and genes in us; as if we are born with these arbitrary random stories of Moses and Ishmael; as if we are born facing Mecca, with some instinct to pilgrimage to some arbitrary city in Arabia. And that we somehow lose our natural Muslimness when we convert to other religions, so it is said we “revert” back to being Muslim when we convert to Islam.

But you look at the human species as a whole; and you consider the vast amount of time and mileage between illiterate ancient indigenous cultures, and you examine all the Natural similarities that such primal cultures share in common with each other: you will begin to realize that such Natural Ways of reverence and Honour for Nature, belief in “supernatural”

phenomena, magic and mystery, rites of passage, sacrifice, gods and spirits, etc, are so common, and so essentially the same, that it's just Natural and Human. So that when we each become tired of the forced and arbitrary belief system of the City/State, and we abandon that conditioned urban weltanschauung, and we let ourselves go to flow with Nature, we realize that we gradually to go back to a more Natural Way of Life: a Reversion to what is and was ancient, Natural, and Human.

Quod Erat Demonstrandum

On a personal level, I "know" and feel that the essence of the ONA and the essence of its Dark Tradition are as old a humanity. But I can't give that "knowing," and feeling to you. It's something that each of us must dis-cover on our own. It's only in our own ignorance and cultural myopia, that when we look at something such as the ONA that we grasp for the nearest "occult" thing we know of in the West to measure and compare the ONA with. And in doing so we miss the mark; we restrict our understanding of the ONA inside the State Cultus of the Occidental Urbanite Paradigm, Weltanschauung, and Cosmology: which we already know is delusional, restrictive, arbitrary, out of touch with Time, Nature and our own Humanness in the first place.

So we grasp for things like some necronomicon or some pseudo-mythology of some Western writer and we use those things to explain and dismiss the ONA with. Never realizing that nearly all of the fundamental "components" that makes up the ONA, its anti-statism, its Dark Gods, its Dark Tradition, its Sinister Way, and its Seven-Fold Way, all have very real mirror images in nearly every ancient "primitive," "savage," living indigenous primal culture and traditions. Which we never noticed before, because our Westernized eyes have been hoodwinked or misdirected by our Western priests, politicians, teacher, Mundanity, and conditioned mundane perception to only see what is Western and Materialistic, and to dismiss anything else as being stupid and backwards. And by "indigenous culture" I also mean the pre-christian indigenous cultures of pagan Europe.

We can understand that urban cults and magian paradigms are delusional, but yet some of us have a hard time removing the ONA out of that matrix, so that it might be seen in a much different light. So this writing is just my attempt at trying to yank the ONA out of that delusional and arbitrary magian paradigm and urban cult matrix, so that some of us may see the ONA in a much different way. And even perhaps gain a much deeper appreciation for it: when we understand that this way – that which is dialectically and diametrically opposed to the paradigm of magian "city-state cultism" – is more ancient, more natural, and more Human, than urban conditioning of mind or any urban religion.

This is one of the reasons why I – being who I am: one born into an ancient and still living indigenous culture – like the ONA so much and hold onto it and dedicate so much time to it. From my ancestral and cultural perspective, the ONA feels "close to home" such that I can honestly say that the only real difference between my own indigenous way – that Way which pre-dates Buddhism – is the superficial names of these primal beings [Dark Gods]; otherwise, the essence and methodology are the same; but with an added and relevant evolutionary addition: the great objective of inhabiting space and other galaxies.

I wish I knew where David Myatt got the core or “seed” that grew into the ONA from. It could have been from a Lady who had an ancient tradition pasted to her. Or this Dark Tradition could have past through David Myatt like he were a nexion or bridge. Or perhaps it is both, a Lady may have had an old animistic, shamanic, pagan tradition she got from her ancestors; and DM got this and evolved it. Either way, based on what I intimately know and feel, and based on what I have studied: wherever the ONA’s Dark Tradition comes from, it shares so much in common with these ancient animistic and shamanic traditions, that beneath the superficial differences, it’s virtually the same “creature” just re-presented. It’s not important to me where and how DM got it anyways. To me, its similarities and shared commonalities with very real ancient ways of life and ancient traditions our species have used for ages, is its own testimony. I just hope that in time, I won’t be the only one in the ONA that can appreciate this.

Hopefully this writing has added a new perspective, angle, and dimension of Time to our understanding of the ONA, Humanity, Ancient Primal Traditions, and Nature. We sometimes forget that we are dealing with great spans of Time. That our Humanness and intelligence, ability to honour and live at-one with Nature goes far beyond a mere several thousand years of urban-agrarian “religionism.” There is 189,000 years of Humanity living ferally in tune with Nature left unaccounted for, left often unspoken of, and unconsidered.

When I say “ancient,” “Natural,” and “primal” I mean those lost years of our species that the religions, priests, and politicians of these Nations-States would rather have you forget and dismiss. How were our Human ancestors living back then? What did they believe? What did they practice? What were their world views? How did they see Nature and their place in Nature, so long ago before cities, settlements, Nation-States, political ideologies, and urban belief systems corrupted and defiled our Humanness? Is there a Way back to that primeval Humanness we have lost and left behind somewhere, deep within us?



Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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DHAMMA & THE SINISTER WAY



[Dhamma And The Sinister Way](#)

This essay is a slight departure from what I usually write about [ONA] in that it will be a comparative break down of Buddhadhamma and parallels I personally see in the Sinister Way of the ONA. The initial reason for initiating a topic like this was because I figured that some people here and there may have some confusion as to how a person can be a Dreccian and be into Buddhadhamma at the same time.

There is a very simple answer and very long answer which I'll go into. The very simple answer is that I am not my beliefs, religion, or ideologies. I am my own person, with my own autonomous and sovereign sense of Self. And this Self is on a quest of Self-Evolution and Self-Enlightenment. Being on such a quest, I understand that everything outside of myself – religions, philosophies, ideas, people, money, cars, hammers, wrenches – are TOOLS that may or may not help me in some way on this quest. So for me personally I use ideas,

Buddhadhamma, and the Sinister Way as a MEANS to an END. The end being my own Sambuddhi: Self-Awakening, Self-Enlightenment, Self-Realization. I am not my religion, in the same way that I am not the nail file I use to fix my nails up with.

There is something very wrong with your Self-Identity if you lose your autonomous and sovereign sense of Self inside some man-made religion or if you confuse your Self for a outside tool you use. How do you give up your autonomous sense of Self and say to yourself: "I am this cluster of opinions and beliefs that some guy came up with." This is essentially what happens in the West – due to its language structure – when a Westerner says: "I am a Christian;" "I am a Buddhist," "I am American." The "I am" part – To Be/Is – automatically causes the Mind to identify itself with whatever follows.

This oddness – deceptive nature – of language doesn't exist in the language I was raised drenched inside. There is no such thing as the suffix "-ian," "-ist," or "-ism," in Khmer or Thai. There is no such thing as a single word for "Christianity," or "Buddhism." If you wanted to say "Christianity," you have to say: "Sasana Christ," or "Sasana preah jesuchris." Buddhism is: "Sasana preahput," or "preahput Sasana."

The word "Sasana" is usually translated as meaning "religion" in English, but this is a misunderstanding of the word. It ultimately comes from the Sanskrit root word meaning "Wise." "Sasati" means to give an "Order," or "Command." "Sasana" actually means a "Government," or set of rules to be followed that Governs something; or "Orders," or "Instructions," to be followed. The US Constitution, Magna Carta are "Sasana" in that they actually are sets of rules, instructions, and orders that are to be followed, which Governs or maintains the way something functions and works: For an End Purpose.

So when you want to say that you are a Buddhist you have to use the words: Jol [Go into] Sasana Peahput [Buddha]. And when you want to say that you are a naturalized citizen of France you use the words: Jol [Go into] Sas [People/Tribe] Barang [French]. In essence, you don't become something [to be/is], you go into it. As you would go into a store. When you go into a store you don't become the store, you maintain your Self-Identity and Self-Autonomy, it's just that you are inside something for some reason, and you can leave [go outside] and still be the same person that walked in. There is an inner feeling or knowing that who you are and what you have gone into are two different phenomena; whereas with English, the words "I am a Buddhist" appears to only express one phenomenon: the "I" being [existing as] something called a "Buddhist."

This deceptive nature of the English language in this context causes certain psychological reactions or problems to arise. For example when a Westerner says: "I am a Satanist," the Mind assumes that it ["I"] exists in a state of being called "Satanist." The inner question then comes up: Well what is a Satanist, in essence: "What then am I if I am a Satanist." So along comes a goon who says: "I know what a Satanist is, Satanists – as I define it – is a person/entity that worships another entity named Satan." Or whatever definition. When you hear this the Mind ["I"] says to itself: "Well, if that is what a Satanist is, then that must be what I am also: an entity that worships another entity named Satan. I am an entity that worships another entity specifically named Satan, therefore if "I" do not worship this specific Satan, that

I am no longer my Self, since my existence is founded on the worship of some arbitrary Satan.”

Since we don't use pronounce in my family or specific culture, if I wanted to say the equivalent of “I am a Buddhist” I have to say: “Chloe Jol Sasana Preahput” which literally means Chloe [me, as I know myself to already be] is inside the sasana of Buddha. Instead of becoming something, I am just inside it to shop for things. Like I was at a flea market or the swap meet looking around for things that I myself might find useful that may help me progress on my quest to Knowledge of Self, and Self-Enlightenment.

This way of perceiving oneself in context to things such as religions allows for the freedom of choice because my identity is not in anyway dependent on what I am inside. So if a monk or teacher were to come along while I am inside sasana preahbut and say to me: “I got an idea/meme to sell to you: Buddha is God, interested?” Because my Self-Identity is not founded on sasana preahput I can say: “Nah, I'm not interested in that idea, I don't think the idea of the Buddha being God will help me progress on my quest in anyway, but thank you for offering the idea.” Which now brings us to the long version of my answer.

Comparative Studies

On an average day I personally go inside many different places. I can be at my friend's house one moment, inside the mall, inside a grocery store, inside a bookstore, or whatever. No matter what I am inside, I'm still me: Chloe. It's not like if I went into a outlet in the mall called “Forever 21” that I magically shapeship into a creature called Forever 21, and then when I go inside the Cheesecake Factory to eat dinner, I suddently morph into a being called The Cheesecake Factory. When people ask me: “How can you be a Buddhist and the ONA at the same time?” In my mind it's like them asking me: “Chloe, I'm really confused, how do you go shopping at WalMart and Nordstroms in the same day and still maintain your Self-Identity, which one are you Nordstroms or WalMart?”

It actually makes no sense to me, because who I am has nothing to do with what I go into to shop. WalMart has cheap food and great deals on hair care products, but I'm not gunna walk around in public with a WalMart pair of shoes or clothes: I have an Image to maintain .

I do like this thing the West calls the “Occult,” but to me this Occult is like a 24 hour WalMart, it's pact with cheap stuff – many of which are practical and useful – but 90% of the stuff in this Occult store is junk. I'm not gunna walk around in public with a generic Wally World Satanism shoes, McChaos Magic tee-shirt, and outdated LaVeyan accessories! I'm classy. Have you ever done a demographical study on the types of people and their state of mind that populates the colon of the Occult called Satanism online? They actually look like the types of people you would see at WalMart. Weirdos with hillbilly genes, ugly faces, fat girls, nuts – genetic bottom of the barrel of society/humanity – and they are either illiterate, their thought-process is either wack, or they lack the ability to express their mind and articulate thoughts in writing, so they use blog radios and youtube videos to yap their degenerate peasant mouths off about their Wally World memplex.

This is not to say that Satanism is useless. It's got some great ideas/memes. And it's those memes that will help me on my personal quest for sambuddhi that I look for. But, most of the ideas, or memes, I find very useful in something like Satanism have parallels in Buddhadhamma, just restated in Western terms, thru a current and modern Occidental subculture. So because I do live in the West [California], because I was born and raised in this Western matrix, and because I am bombarded with Western memes and thoughts, I find certain memes in Satanism very useful as a means to shield me from being lost – losing myself – in the maze of what is the Western Paradigm and Weltanschauung of the world and reality; so that I can maintain my own Self-Autonomy and Self-Sovereignty. So before we can understand the parallels of Buddhadhamma and the ONA, we first must understand what Buddhadhamma is.

Buddhadhamma

Most people in the West apprehend Buddhism in a very lifeless manner which is how Buddhism was never intended to spread. The root of this problem was initially political. It has a lot to do with Communist China's invasion of Tibet, the Dali Lama seeking international help, the CIA once helping the Dali Lama, so in the mix of political junk, the mundane public is today more aware of the spiritual leader of a school of Buddhism with only about 7 million adherent – via his fame and books – but they cannot name or identify the Supreme Patriarch of Thailand who is the spiritual head of a school of Buddhism with 75 million adherent. This in not to say that Buddhism spread into the West entirely because of Tibetan Buddhism streams. Their key problem is: Books. Buddhism was never intended to spread from people to people via the medium of written words. Theories and ideas written on paper or in texts have no real causal connection to the living and ever changing dynamic world of experience.

You might ask: "Well so what? What's the big deal about learning about Buddhism from a book?" Nothing really. I once took Driver's Ed in school. In class we spent an entire semester reading drivers manuals, studying the rule of driving, and the laws associated with driving. But passing Driver's Ed with an A+ grade and actually driving a car on a public street and freeway are two very different things. You can be an expert in one, and know nothing practical and real about the other.

A book or class can't teach you the finer details of driving safely, nor can it teach you the extra details one learns from experience via direct experience of driving. Or to put it in another way: reading and studying about motherhood has nothing to do with actually being a mother; reading about the military has absolutely nothing to do with the life, the thoughts, the emotions, and the experiences a real soldier lives and knows as a soldier in the battlefield.

You can learn so much more about being a mother or soldier from someone who has lived, experienced, made mistakes, learned from the experience of being a mother or soldier, than from a book. My dad taught me how to actually drive the first time when I was 15 by making me drive him all the way to Las Vegas from Orange County and then back. I barely passed Driver's Ed. I also learned how to swim from being tossed into the pool directly and being instructed by people who already knew how to swim. I've never read anything about swimming. And it's the same way with Buddhism.

Buddhism began as an oral tradition, where the Buddha broke down his teachings into key words and fundamental thoughts – like “power points” in a way – which his monks and students memorized and added their own understandings to. A living Buddhist Culture has had 2500 years to refine and work out the bugs of its Buddhism, and a living person who has lived and applied Buddhadhamma in life has cultivated from direct experience the unwritten lessons that they learn from the praxis of dhamma in the real world. Such living cultures and living people pass their living tradition and living knowledge and wisdom down to each new generation. The Buddha during his time actually wanted to name his Way “Vibhajjavada,” meaning the “Principle/Doctrine of Direct Experience,” and those who walked the Way “Vibhajjavadin.

When you learn about Buddhism out of a dead book, you do gain mechanical knowledge about what Buddhism is, but you are subject to intellectualizations, misunderstandings, misinterpretations of ideas, and assumptions, such that the end product of your grasping of Buddhism ends up looking nothing like what lives in living cultures in the East. I’ve never gotten into any kind of argument or debate with another Asian Buddhist, even if they do come from Mahayana [I’m Theravada]; but I have had many arguments and debates with Western people who learned about their Buddhism from a book, the internet, or from somebody who learned of it from books or wikipedia.

When the Buddha was asked how a person follows his Way, the Buddha said that taking refuge in the Three Jewels was the core requisite for being considered one who follows Buddhadhamma. The Three Jewels are: 1) Buddha; 2) Dhamma & 3) Sangha. All three are required to be a “Buddhist.”

The Three Jewels

Each of the words of the Three Jewels have two distinct meanings. And depending on your own inner nature as a person, your own level of understanding and state of mind, your own level of Self-Progression, you will understand each word/concept of the Three Jewels as you need them to mean.

Buddha can either mean “The Buddha” as in Gautama Buddha or it can mean the actually basic meaning of the word “Buddha” which is “Mind.” For those who need a teacher, a guide, a person to hold their hand and lead them, “Buddha” is the teacher. For those who have progress on their way of Self-Evolution, such people seek and take Refuge in their own Mind. Meaning that they have come to the Realization that it is their own Mind, their own faculty of Reason, their own understanding of things that will ultimately Enlighten them, and not the thoughts and words of others.

Dhamma [Dharma in Sanskrit] can either mean the teaching of Gautama Buddha which leads one to Self-Realization and Self-Enlightenment [Sambuddhi]. Or Dhamma can mean the constitutional or constituent factor or aspects of the natural world of experience. In the regard to the second meaning Dhamma roughly means the same thing as the ancient Greek “Logos,” and the Chinese “Tao.” It is the Way of Things and the aspects of the world that makes things work. For those underdeveloped people who need to be told what to do, how to think, where

to go, and what to believe, Dhamma is the doctrines and teachings of the Buddha. For those who have progressed in Mind and self development where they are able to read the living book of nature, Dhamma is the laws of nature, what we today science, natural philosophy, and learning from direct experience.

Sangha can either mean “Bhikkhusangha” which is the Order or body of Monks. Or it can mean “Ariyasangha.” Ariyasangha is a general term meaning the “Noble Order,” or “Elite Association,” which is what the body of all followers of Buddhadhamma are collectively called. In the East, because of close clan and family social structures, one’s ariyasangha is one kinfolk and close associates. So, for the underdeveloped Mind which needs to be told and guided, Sangha is the order of monks who teach and interpret Buddhism and Life for them because they have not yet developed their own ability to do so themselves. To those Minds more developed, Sangha is the living source of knowledge and wisdom: your own living culture and living people who have walked the Way and have learned from direct experience.

So, to be a Buddhist – as per the Buddha – one needs to take Refuge in all three Jewels. Although a book may contain some of the teachings of the Buddha [dhamma], a Book is not Buddha or Sangha. Learning the teachings of the Buddha in writing and agreeing with them does not make you a Buddhist.

As an underdeveloped Mind you need to acknowledge that the Buddha – real or mythos – is your primary source and guide. You need to apply the Buddha’s teachings in your own life. And you need to be connected to monks in your community, by doing binbats [giving alms of food] and going to them for answers to questions you might have. As a developed Mind, your own Mind itself is the Buddha: your teacher. Nature, its laws, the way it works is your book of wisdom and doctrine. And your own living culture and associates are your source of living wisdom.

For me, I see parallels with here with certain concepts in the ONA. One is “Pathe-Mathos,” and the other is where Reason and Natural Philosophy are very important concepts to the ONA. I also see the ONA’s “Nietzschean” concept of Self-Surmounting or Self-Evolution of the Ubermensch in Buddhism. The very word “Ubermensch” even has a literal translation in Buddhism [Pali]: “Uttama-Puriso” which basically means “Superman,” which was a title of the Buddha; or those who become Buddhas. “Uttama” meaning “Highest,” “Super,” think “Ultimate.” And “Puriso” meaning “Man,” or “Person.”

To fully appreciate this specific parallel between the Buddha as Uttamapuriso, Nietzsche’s concept of the Ubermensch, and the ONA concept of Self-Evolution, we first need to reacquaint ourselves with the basic mythos of the Buddha’s life.

The Buddha

Not all Buddhists believe – need to believe – that the Buddha was a real person. I personally do not believe or have a need to believe that he was a real historical person. I also don’t interpret the Buddha to be an archetype of spirit person. He is symbol of the Mind, and his life’s story a mythos which reflects the Mind’s progress to developed Selfhood.

First I should briefly retell Plato's parable of the cave, as this parable and the Buddha's story are the same in essence. In the cave allegory you basically have a cave in which dwells a tribe of people who were all born and raised in this cave. Every evening shadows dance on the walls of this cave. The elders interpret the dancing shadows for everybody. One day somebody ventures outside the cave to figure out directly for himself what the actual cause of the shadows are. He learns from direct experience the source and cause, and realizes that everything he knew – his state of mind in the cave – was unreal, or the stories that old men make up to explain the nature of things they have no real experience of.

So in the Buddha's story you have a kingdom. The queen is pregnant and one night she dreams of a white elephant giving her a lotus. She and her husband the king go to see an astrologer or psychic. The psychic tells the king and queen that they will have a son and that this son has two different destinies, each will be fulfilled depending on how the son is raised. The fortuneteller says that if the king locks his son up behind the walls of the kingdom, and keeps his interests in state affairs that the prince will grow to the emperor of all the known world. But if this son is exposed to the outside world and its suffering he will become a homeless beggar.

Naturally the king wanted his son to be the ruler of the world, and no mother wants their son growing up to be a bum. So the king orders a tall wall to be the palace grounds and kicks out every old person, sickly person, ugly person, so that young Buddha Boy is not exposed to such conditions of human life.

Young Buddha Boy spends 29 years of his life content and very happy inside those walls. His dad showers him with harems of the most beautiful girls in India. Besides a pile of girls to keep him special company, Buddha Boy gets whatever he wants, lots of gold jewelry, lots of expensive food stuff. But he is an idiot. He has never seen old people, sick people, or people die. He's never even seen the outside world. He believes that the whole world is like his world and that everybody lives like him. His father is the only source he has to know about the world beyond the walls. When asked his father just quickly and dismissively says to Buddha Boy something like: "Oh, the world out there, pssh, nothing interesting really, would you like another girl in your harem son?"

But one day, after spending 29 years in the lap of luxury and a make believe world, Buddha Boy – now a young man – gets really curious about what is on the other side of his palace walls. So he sneaks out one night wearing a disguise and jumps the wall. Which is when he is exposed to the reality of reality. Not so much as him learning that humans grow old, die, suffer, or whatever; but he realizes that the world he once knew and believed to be real was not real, or was not the whole of what reality is. He runs away from home to join different sects in India in a quest to now find the answers to questions he has about life.

After a couple of years joining different sects and debating with Brahmins, he figures out that those priests and religions just don't satisfy his curiosity about how reality really works. Because when they are asked, those priests answers with make believe stories of gods and miraculous powers. Slightly defeated the young Buddha retreats into the forest to meditate.

While meditating, the Buddha recalled the only time his father took him outside the walls of his palace when he was a small boy. He recalled watching under a tree a young man using a cow to pull a plough. The plough was breaking the ground. And at one point when a spot in the ground had been broken, he recalled noticing a little worm get unearthed which wiggled out of the ground. He then recalled a little bird that was perched on a tree fly to eat the worm. This was the point in the Buddha's young life when he was Enlightened. He was 30 something. He has realized from that simple recollection that everything about reality and nature is interconnected, as if a single thing in fluid motion. That things in life arise from a cause. The worm was unearthed be-Cause of the breaking of the field. The worm being exposed fed the bird's babies, and so on. This is the foundation of every other concept the Buddha had.

Such as the Four Noble Truths, or the 8 Fold Path are actually just a chain of events that are the cause and fruit of each other. Thus, the Buddha also realized that Self-Awakening [Sambuddhi] works on the same cause and fruit principle. What one has directly experienced in the past, through rational analysis of such experiences and observations, gives rise to insights born from within such that you do not have to go to Brahmins and others for wisdom and knowledge. This idea of a man having the power to enlighten himself without the middle man of Brahmins was heretical during the Buddha's times.

This story of the Buddha is a common mythos that most people raised Buddhist will often hear. But what most Buddhists fail to consider after learning the nature of the Buddha's enlightenment being based on the chain reaction of cause and fruition, that they completely disregard the Buddha's first 29 years of living a sensual, amoral, hedonistic life of indulgence. You see because things have their nature of differentiation in Contrast. We know that black is black because it is not white. We know that form is form because it is not the formless background. The Buddha's state of enlightenment, could not have come into being without the contrast of his past experiences in that palace.

Back to the cave allegory: the boy who ventured out of the cave would not have realized anything spectacular had he not first experienced life inside the cave to give contrast and the state of being enlightened. In other words, life must be apprehended as a whole single stream of events of cause and fruition. This stream of experience itself is the Self/Mind on its own natural state of self-evolution. Gautama was only called the Buddha after he had been Awakened which took place after he had experience all those years of life, both the pleasure and the suffering. The Buddha is the Mind.

This mythos is a way of telling the story of the Mind gradually awakening from direct experience, reflection of past experiences, and direct observation of life sans the middlemen. So here is where I see the parallel between the ONA's concept of Self-Evolution and Buddhadhamma. There is in both cases a rejection of mundane established truths, facts, and beliefs. The Buddha rejected the ideas and established norms of the Brahmanism of his era. In the same sense that the Dreccian of the Sinister Way rejects the established weltanschauung, materialism, beliefs, and ideas of mundanity. There is even a word in Buddhism parallel to the ONA's word "Mundane" which is "Anariya," meaning the "Worldly," the "Un-Ariya." "Ariya," basically meaning "Excellent," "Noble," "Honourable."

The Middle Way

In the same sutta where the Buddha teaches about the Four Noble Truths, the Buddha actually first teaches his monks about the Middle Way. This is important because the Buddha here and elsewhere defines his way as being the Middle Way. Middle Way meaning both the Way between extreme opposites, and in between Dakshina Marga [Right Hand Path] and Vama Marga [Left Hand Path]. I use the Eastern understandings of “Right Hand,” and “Left Hand” paths here. To the Brahmins and the Vedic Traditions, Buddhism was defined as “Nastika” which basically means “heterodox,” and “heretical,” which also is the same word used by the Vedic Traditions to describe Vama Marga and the sramana tradition. This brief Middle Way discourse the Buddha give although it defines what Buddhism is, is most often not even paid any attention to by Westerners and even many Asian Buddhists. As the sutta goes:

“This is what I have heard. At one time the World Honored One was staying near Varanasi at Isipatana in the Deer Park. At that time the World Honored One addressed the group of five monks, saying, “Bhikkhus, there are two extremes that a monk should avoid. What are those two?”

“The first is the devotion to sensual desire and pleasure resulting from sensual desire. Such devotion is base, pedestrian, worldly, ignoble, and unbeneficial. The second is devotion to harsh austerity. Such devotion is painful, ignoble, and unbeneficial. By not following either of these extremes, the Tathagata has realized the Middle Way that gives rise to seeing and understanding.” – Dhamma chakka pavattana sutta

The Buddha goes to say elsewhere that his Middle Way is the path of mindfulness, reason, and moderation. In that the Mind is not lost in, attached to, clinging to, devoted to identified with extremes of any kind. Not only in action and deeds but also in beliefs. There is in this same sutta where the Buddha explains that the Middle Way differs from the established way of the Brahmins in that it does not reject this world as being illusory and some other world beyond as being the only reality. The middle way is to rationally come to understand that both this world and the supramundane exists as reality.

This is another instance where I see a parallel between Buddhadhamma and the ONA. The ONA tries to rationally understand this causal realm or world of experience, and a supramundane one referred to as the Acausal. It does not reject either one as being more real or illusory than the other, but instead tries to rationally apprehend the nature and reality of both.

But I bring up this Middle Way between extremes for another reason: The Five Virtues – Pancha Sila – most often translated as the Five Precepts. Besides the 3 Jewels, the Buddha states that if a follower of the dhamma wants to express his following of dhamma in a deeper and more practical way, then he should take an oath to uphold the 5 virtues: 1) Not to kill; 2) Not to steal; 3) Not to practice sexual misconduct; 4) No false speech; and 5) Stay away from intoxicants.

Outside of a living Buddhist Culture such as Southeast Asia, and shared in written format,

these 5 precepts look to the Western mind like the 10 commandment. In that it is assumed that if a Buddhist breaks one of these precepts that they are no longer a real Buddhist or that they are going to hell. This is a misconception, because religious and moralistic commandments don't fit into Buddhism which is a rational way of life. The very essence of Buddhism is both the Middle Way, and the concept of Cause and Fruit.

These 5 precepts are basically only guides given to be followed under oath/vow due to their Cause and Fruit nature. Running around killing random people in public is unproductive and causes misery in you and others. You go to jail for life if you are caught in this modern world. In the Buddha's time when clans and tribes were the norm, killing somebody from a different clan meant you start a clan feud and war. It's like a dumb Blood killing a Crip for no reason. It's stupid and it causes a gang war where a lot of people die for no productive reason. Thus if you are the type of rational person who desires to avoid such a life of gang wars, clan wars, prison time, it's obvious that you should not be a serial killer.

But people in the West who learn about Buddhism from a book, and a lot of wackos in the East often forget to consider what the Middle Way means in regards to these 5 precepts and they will drift into the extreme. For example some Buddhists sects take the precept of not killing to mean to be vegetarians so as to avoid harming animals. These people forget that the Buddha died eating meat, and that Buddhism became the world religion that it is today because of the efforts of kings like Ashoka. The Buddha never gave a command to any of his royal students or military students to give up their secular responsibilities for a life of a passive beggar. In fact, like any religion, Buddhism in its early era was asserted down the throats of the ignorant anariya with force [for their own good of course].

Not to engage in sexual misconduct should also be self explanatory but it isn't to the anariya. Running around ass raping people in public, holding bukkake parties with HIV infested transsexual Thai hookers, is not smart. I mean sure you have the freedom to do so if you want, but whose fault is it when your ass gets taken to jail and you get ass raped in turn by a black guy with a really big penis, or if you get AIDS? It's your own damn fault. And it's this cause and fruit chain reaction that is essence of these precepts. An intelligent and rational individual will produce productive End Results in whatever she or he does. And idiot will reap idiotic results.

For example my mom last week just told me news about this one bhikkhu [monk]. For several years he had been making "holy water" to cleanse his followers with. This is not out of the ordinary. Different people at different stages of their Self-Evolution will need different things such as the mental crutch of holy water. But this one monk asked his students to wash themselves in his bathtub. Well, one day a girl was online and she saw videos of herself naked washing herself. She realized it was at this one monk's house and reported him to the cops. The cops finds out that this one monk had installed a very small hidden camera in his restroom and had been recording girls bathing and washing themselves with his "holy water" for many years. They found a stash of home made porn, and I don't even wanna know what he was doing with himself when he watched it with his fellow monks. He got taken to jail. This happened in a different country.

Now this monk has what you call “Dukkha,” which in English is mistranslated as “suffering.” Dukkha is the etymological opposite of Suddha [related to the word Sugar meaning sweet] which means “Pleasant,” “Joy,” “Happy,” “at peace,” and “Content.” Dukkha just means you are unhappy, experiencing something unpleasant. Which is what this so called monk is now experience, and it is his own fault. If he was a genuine Ariya – Noble and Honourable – he would have been intelligent enough to avoid the causal fruit of his actions.

This is not to say that what he did was “bad.” Buddhism is not concerned with “bad,” and “good.” The Buddha never used words meaning bad or good in the original Pali. The essence of Buddhism is Self-Progression, Self-Evolution, and Reason, such that as a rational individual who is serious about your quest to become more than what you are, taking a side step from your quest of Self Mastery in life to have decadent sex with zoo animals and masturbating to videos of girls whipping their asses in your restroom is not only unproductive and not only has nothing to do with your quest, but it makes your quest all the more harder to accomplish.

The Precept of False Speech is most often put into English as not lying. This is a simplification that generates a lot of misunderstanding. If you are a monk or Buddhist and a known house robber came up to you and asked where you live, you as someone in a way of life dedicated to the ideal of Enlightenment, should be smart enough to know that telling the robber the truth will cause you a lot of dukkha. False Speech here would be like if I were to put ads in the news paper introducing people to my new company and I went around telling people about it and selling those interested shares and stocks in this non-existent company. Doing this is not “bad” it just has the potential to be very unproductive and counterproductive when I get caught. Especially if I have a family to support. My getting caught for such False Speech would cause dukkha in my whole family.

Not to use intoxicant drinks should also be self explanatory to anybody with have a brain in regard to its abuse and causal results of such abuse. But the dumb people have a difficult time with this one too. They tend to just take the easy mental route of less rational thinking and to just say that this precept says that all Buddhists cannot drink beer or alcohol. Which is not true, nor true to the essence of rational moderation and the Middle Way. Drinking three 40 ouncers of Old English and driving isn’t very smart. Doing anything intoxicated with cars and machinery isn’t really smart. If you are in the business of avoiding dukkha, then you should understand when to drink and when not to drink and the potential causal results of abusing alcohol. I didn’t talk about stealing things because that is obvious.

Most Westerners who learn Buddhism from books or the internet also think that all Buddhists follow these 5 precepts, or that it is required that a person follow these to be a real Buddhist. This is a Christian mentality. In my culture nobody even talks about or mentions the 5 precepts but old people and the really religious.

In my culture [Khmer/Thai] taking your oath/vow to observe the Five Precepts is a religious/cultural rite that takes place at the temple or in front of a Buddha statue or monk, where you take your oath as a way of showing a deeper religious devotion to dhamma. This is called “Gan Sel,” Gan means to “Hold,” or “Keep,” and “Sel,” is our form of the word “Sila.” And you don’t Gan Sel every day. You only observe these 5 Precepts every Fridays [I think],

during the Full Moon, and on certain religious days. These days are called “Ngay Sel,” which just means “Day of Sila.” If you are old [with your hair all grey] then you can sel every day. So basically in a living Buddhist Culture, most people do not obligate themselves to uphold the five precepts. Only those who are deeply religious do.

I brought up the 5 Precepts because of the ONA’s definition of the Left Hand Path being “Amoral,” and because the concept of Culling which is an essential part of the ONA. Morality is relative. Whose morals are we talking about when we say “Amoral?” The ONA is not strictly Amoral. It does have its own ethics and morals or codes of conduct and behaviour. Are we talking about Christian Moralism? Or the Morals and Ethics of mundane social order? If so then being “amoral” in this context is not “unbuddhistic.” Because Buddhism is essentially a Way of Reason and a Middle Way where nothing is condemned, but where you should – as a self proclaimed intelligent person – indulge in Life with reason understanding that your actions wrydrfully generates causal fruit. There is nothing rational about mundane or Christian ethics or morals.

It’s bad and evil for Muslims to kill Americans, but it’s heroic and patriotic for Americans to kill Muslims? That’s not rational. It’s bad and evil to kill an unborn baby, but it’s holy and good to kill an abortion specialist? That’s not rational. It’s good and religious and ethical to practice ahimsa and to be passive as a Tibetan Buddhist to avoid causing dukkha in people? Then when Communist China subjugates your country and gradually kills your customs, ways of life, traditions, people, culture causing mass dukkha in your people, it’s good? That’s not rational.

Being passive and avoiding violence because you believe in the principle of Non-Violence is one thing. Not doing anything when somebody uses Violence to harm people around you is not following the principle of Non-Violence because you still allowed it to take place. In this regard I have more respect for Chinese and Japanese Buddhists in that they practice martial arts, and for the Theravada Sri Lankans who are using force against the oppressive Hindus for their future peace and security as a people.

As an intelligent person, you should be able to know when to use force or to cull and for what reasons and end results. The war, murder, and violence of the American and French Revolutions at the moment they were happening may be described as immoral and violent; but the causal results we now enjoy – our freedom, liberty, and self determination – is a direct fruit of such acts taken back then. The essence is Reason, and understanding aionics and causality. Culling with the ONA does not always mean killing though. There are different forms of culling such as war, or long term selective breeding.

Brahmavihara

The Brahmavihara or the Four Sublime States of Mind are the most over looked and neglected aspects of Buddhism. A Westerner who learns about Buddhism from a dead source usually doesn’t learn about the brahmavihara because the books they read don’t talk about them. Some suttas describes the Four Sublime States as the state of Mind needed for a person to evolve or become Brahma [the ideation of a God], or the the state of Mind cultivated which results in Enlightenment.

Without considering the Four Sublime States, to a Westerner, Buddhism seems pessimistic and almost “anti-life-ish.” Like a bunch of beggars and suicidal people who thinks life is full of suffering and that it’s best to just die and not bother living life. This is because the common Westerner gets their Buddhism from a dead source which does not include or present every aspect of Buddhism.

Brahmavihara is made up of two words: “Brahma” here not meaning a literal God-Being, but the ideation of a state of godhood or supreme state of existence; and the word “Vihara” means “Abode,” “Place,” but here it means a psychological “place” or State of Mind.

The first state of Mind is Metta. This word when put into English is usually mistranslated as “Kindness,” or “Love,” or “Loving Kindness.” This really misses the essence of the word. Metta is the Pali form of the Sanskrit word “Maitri,” [which is related to the word “Mithras,”] meaning “Friendship,” “Companionship,” “Intimate Association.” It is actually a relative of the British and Commonwealth word/concept: “Mate,” meaning a friend. A better English word to capture the essence of Metta is “Fraternity,” or “Brotherly Love,” “Sisterly Love.” It describes the enduring and unconditional love and relationship between two loyal friends in life. Metta in essence is that which exists in an unspeakable way between a dog and its human companion. The word “Maitri,” by the way also shares the same root word as the word “Maituna” which means to Copulate, to Have Sex, so in this sense, Maitri is also related to the English word “to Mate.”

The second state of Mind is Karuna. In English this word is translated as “Compassion.” Which is nice and flowery, but not quite the essence of the original word. Karuna in Pali [not in Sankrit] has the quality of “Affection,” and “Tenderness,” for someone. As in the tender affection a mother has for her baby. Or the tender affection between two lovers. Or the affection between very close friends. This word is a distant relative of the English word to “Care.” When you Care for someone, you take Care of them and provide for or relieve their needs.

The third state of Mind is Mudita. In English this is rendered as “Joy.” Which is fine and generalistic, but it doesn’t quite capture the essence. Mudita is the same in Sanskrit as it is in Pali. It means “Delight,” “Pleasure,” “A Sexual Embrace.” This doesn’t mean that Mudita means Buddhist monks and nuns should go around sexually embracing people naked to be reborn as Brahma. It describes a state of Mind or attitude in life where you as a person experiences life in such a way that it gives you Mudita.

These first three together – as with the very essence of Buddhism – incorporates the concept of cause and fruit. Close companionship [maitri] gives rise to Intimate Affection [karuna] which give rise to mudita, in context to two lovers, mudita would be the sex part. These first three also goes with the rest of Buddhism in that Buddhism is essentially a communitarian way of life. You can’t be a Buddhist without the Third Jewel: Sangha.

So if you desire to put your Buddhism into practice and manifest a strong sangha – community – you learn to understand that such manifestation works causally in steps just like a relationship between lovers. It begins first as a state of Mind. It moves to established

fellowship. It gets more intimate and becomes affection and the caring and providing for one another's needs. And it consummates in close intimacy of lives where each member of the community has their needs met, are provided for so that they have no worries – dukkha – and are sukkha and thus Life becomes delightful, pleasurable, and an exultation of being, which is the Supreme Abode of Brahma.

When we understand this concept of causal effect we can then come to understand that cultivating a different state of Mind, in that you either reject others, or set yourself off as not needing others, that this state of mind thus wyrdfully gives rise to chain reactions of effects. It manifests no quality or sense of fellowship with people around you and in the West even with your own family and blood relations. There is no affection between people, or between families. Nobody cares about anybody else. Everybody is busy caring about themselves. This manifests a state of social existence when there is no community. Where a city is just a loose mixture of single cells out fending for themselves. This state of existence in turn gives rise to Dukkha: stress, worry, loneliness, sorrow, depression, distrust, antisocial behaviour, and so on. Such kinds of dukkha such as high stress – as we are now beginning to learn – kills. In essence, you have the power to kill your own self by a simple state of mind.

The forth state of Mind is one that I see a parallel in the ONA. It is Upekkha in Pali or Upaksha in Sanskrit. This word has a mess of mistranslations and different means do to mistranslations. It is sometimes translated into English as “Renunciation,” and this concept, Upekkha comes to mean the Buddhist should reject the world and be a reclusive hermit living in a cave somewhere alone. Or most of the other time this word is put into English as “Equanimity,” which is a more sensible and realistic translation more closer to the original essence of the Pali and Sanskrit, but still greatly misses the mark. Equanimity in this sense here meaning a state of Mind where you are not affected in anyway by outside circumstances and events.

Upekkha having the meaning of Equanimity is due in part to a misunderstanding of the original quality and essence of the Sanskrit word Upaksha, which has the superficial meaning of “Neglect,” or to be “Indifferent” to something. The word itself comes from two different words put together, and its when you extract the quality of these two words and put them together that you begin to get the actual essence of the word. “Upa” means “Up,” “Above,” or “Beyond.” “Aksha” means to “Look.” Together you get the concept of “Looking Beyond.” In the West, the closest word or idea to this concept of Looking Beyond is the word “Aeonics” the ONA uses. Especially in the ONA phrase “Aeonic Insight.”

To give a pragmatic example of Upekkha in this sense lets take the Great Barrier Reef in Australia. There is a group of people – mostly marine biologists – who are trying to figure out a way to kill off a species of purple star fish from the Great Reef. So, if you were to ask a mundane without the ability to sense of look beyond, they will cry out in protest and say that such an act of trying to kill off a species is not nice. If you were to ask me, I would say: “Meh, go for it, why not.” To a mundane my response seems indifferent, as if I neglect to understand that killing a species of star fish is wrong.

But from my perspective I watched an entire documentary on PBS about the threat a species of very fast breeding star fish are posing to the Great Barrier Reef and its entire ecosystem,

and if something is not done about these star fish, this priceless ecosystem will die out. So I can Look Beyond the present mundane moment, input into my biological super computer the factor of killing off this species, or curbing their reproductive capabilities, then come out with a theoretical future where the Earth's largest natural structure and its precious ecosystem is safe. Thus with my aeonic insight in this regard, I can afford to appear indifferent and not react as a mundane would react.

If you are a person seeking a Life of delight and pleasurable experience, then Upekkha is the supreme state of mind to cultivate. This is because the average Mind of the mundane/anariya is very open and prone to ideas and worrying over unsubstantiated hysteria, which is a state of dukkha. For example for thousands of years you have a race of mental idiots in Christianity worrying over the end of the world being just around the corner. Or you have these same people giving into their physical desires as a natural organism would, and then they feel guilty for fornicating and fret about going to hell.

With Upekkha, if somebody were to come up to me and say: "Ooh your going to hell, the end of the world is coming." I would say: "So?" Or more realistically you have real people out there worried about immigration or whether or not rich people should be taxed. With Upekkha I can afford to say: "I don't give a shit really. You'll learn the hard way, I'm not gunna waste my breath explaining shit to you."

Being able to see beyond current causal events and to see the future end results give you the advantage of putting things into proper aeonic perspective in such a way that the goings on and events that may arise and happen does not influence or effect your thoughts, emotions, or actions. Thus you are Master of your own Mind. Whereas with a mundane/anariya his/her thoughts, emotions, and actions are influence by outside influences: the news, urban legend, myths, hysteria, political propaganda, sectarian propoganda, spin doctors, etc. Not being Master of your own Mind – your own thoughts, and emotions – is very dangerous. How do you think people in the Middle East can be talked into strapping a bomb to themselves and blowing themselves up? How do you think concepts like racism and apartheid exists and is perpetuated where the lives of a whole race suffers dukkha, because the idiots of another race are mentally weak enough to believe the crap outside influences feeds them?

The Core Concept

The original core concept of Buddhism, or the fundamental idea of Buddhism is based on oral tradition and oral transmission. 500BC was a time when your average Punjabi [or whatever people lived in India at the time] were illiterate. The Buddha was asked by many people if they could put his teaching into Sanskrit. The Buddha always objected to the idea stating that his teaching must be transmitted in "our common language" which at the time was Pali.

At the time Sanskrit was a language jealously horded by the Brahmin elite, in the same way that the Catholic elite horded and jealously guarded Ecclesiastical Latin from the common people. You had to be a Brahmin or related to a Brahmin to be able to learn Sanskrit. At the time if you were of a lower cast and you knew Sanskrit, or learned it, you would be punished with death. Pali was the common vernacular tongue spoken by the common mass during that

time. These common people who spoke Pali were illiterate. Pali actually does not have its own system of writing. That's how illiterate they were. You used whatever alphabet you knew to write your common Pali. Pali is to Sanskrit by the way is what street grade Ebonics is to Shakespearian English. For example in vernacular Ebonics the phrase: "Wat it do ma niggas, you niggas down ta gets yo grub on?" in Ecclesiastical English is: "How art thou mine goodly gentlemen, I say, art thou interested in dining with me?"

Not having a means to transmit information in the form of writing to share dhamma to the common mass, the Buddha had to innovate the means and method of teaching his dhamma to these illiterate people. During the Buddha's time, the dominate religion was Brahmanism, which was already at the time written down in volumes of very well written Vedas and Upanashads. Such well written books had written in them precise myths, teachings, lessons, beliefs, and so on. This format would not work with an oral transmission because the average common illiterate just does not have a photographic memory where they can memorize 24,000 pages of the Tipitakas.

To solve this problem the Buddha used two methods. The first method was to strip his teachings down to key concepts and key words, then list them numerically. This is why in Buddhism, you have things like the 2 Truths, 3 Jewels, the 4 Noble Truths, the 4 Supreme States, the 5 Aggregates, the 7 Branches, 8 Fold Way, etc. So then it becomes easy to orally teach somebody by saying to them: "Alright the 3 Jewels are: Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha, got it?" Then for each key word the Buddha build around it a simple explanation. Like this: "Ok, Buddha, that's me or Mind; Dhamma that means what I teach you, or the teachings of Nature; Sangha that's those guys in the orange robes or our kinfolk, got it?"

So from with this first method, something cool happens. The object is Vibhajjavada – to directly experience life – and then use what you experience to learn to apprehend a deeper understanding of each of those key words and simple explanations, so that you add your own insights and understandings – born from your own Mind, Self-Evolution, and Experiences – to those key words. So in this way, nothing needs to be written down, and everything is self-evolutionary and highly personalized. The core teachings of the Buddha serves only as sign posts to show you the Middle Path to Sambuddhi [Self-Enlightenment]. In other words, if you are truly intelligent, and truly understand something, you will be able to put it into your own words and express it through your own Mind.

The second method the Buddha utilized was to incorporate brainiacs with no life called monks and nuns [bhikkhus and bhikkhunis]. In the Buddha's times, these monks and nuns were people who actually left their homes to be bums. They wore rag, which they got from cemeteries that are discarded peaces of clothing they patched together. They would use a generic dye they made from commonly available plants and crushed rocks, which turned the rags into a muddy orange color. They hung out together and begged for food. Then they spent their whole day memorizing – word for word – the teachings of the Buddha as he taught it to them. These monks and nuns originally served the purpose as living, breathing, walking, begging references. Like wikipedia with two legs.

So if you were into the Buddha's dhamma back then during 500BC and you were walking

around memorizing your 2 Truths, 3 Jewels, and the simple meanings of the 8 Fold Path, and you could not remember what 8 Fold Path number 6, 7, and 8 were and what they meant, you walk yourself to where these monks and nuns hung out and asked them, and they would find one among them who specialized in memorizing the bit of dhamma you were asking about to recite it for you.

And this is all that these monks today actually still recite. It sounds all mystical and magical today when you hear a group of monks chant Pali stuff in these ceremonies, but if you were to actually translate what they were chanting, they would be some rather unexciting and nonmystical stuff, like a group of people with photographic memory reciting a cook book in a dead language.

So the very basic and fundamental idea in the Buddha's method is not the making of certain classes of people [the monks] into priests or religious authorities, as Westerners would assume they were, being that they are so used to such ideas and structures in their indigenous religions. These monks serve only as an ancient kind of reference source of key words and core teachings the Buddha put together. The genuine objective is for you – the Buddhist – who is on a path to Self-Enlightenment to use those key concepts as sign posts and guides, but to add to them – build onto them – insights you yourself draw out from within and from your own direct experiences in Life. In this way, the memplex of Buddhism originally was intended to be “open source,” like remembering HTML coding so that you can design your own myspace page unique to who you are as a person, imbued with your own ideas. Self-Enlightenment by the very meaning of the term means that you yourself, by your own efforts are your own Enlightener, not a Buddha or some religion a Buddha invented.

In principle, Buddhadhamma is a cluster of concepts and ideas that helps you find your way in the Middle Path to Self-Enlightenment. In praxis – the application of the 4 Noble Truths, the procession of the 8 Fold Path, and the expression of the Four Supreme States of Mind, is a communitarian Way of Life, in which each person strives to learn to understand how the physical world works causally so that each person and the collective as a whole can use what knowledge they learn to manifest for each other and themselves a life rich with Sukkha.

So it is here that I also see several similarities with Buddhadhamma and the Sinister Way of the ONA. The ONA is Open Source and it began as an oral tradition. It comes with key concepts, and specific methodologies to be applied in the real world, like “The Seven Fold Way,” “The Sinister Dialectic,” “The Sinister Method,” “The Star Game,” “The Tree of Wyrd,” “The Law of the Sinister-Numen,” and so on. You as a Dreccian must live life directly and cultivate Pathe-Mathos, and use your own experiences, insights, and wisdom you gain from Life to evolve the Sinister Way for the next generation using those core concepts as sign posts. And this next generation learns the Sinister Way through you – a living person – and via the Kulture of the ONA.

Buddha The Adversary

There is no historical or archeological evidence that a Gautama Buddha ever existed. I personally believe the Buddha was not a real person but only a central Icon of a mythos.

Unlike other religions, sasana preahput doesn't change, doesn't devalue in nature without a Buddha, or doesn't it need a Buddha. People can ask: "Well, how can a religion be real or valid without its religious founder?" Because the sasana – instructions – have already been written down, or put into practice. In the very same way that the Founding Fathers of America could not have existed as real people at all and could have been the made up imaginary people of a historian, because the Constitution is already written and followed. Those founding fathers are practically irrelevant to the functionality of the Constitution.

We're not dealing with any real dogma and myth with Buddhism that is depended on the existence of a Buddha. With something like Christianity things are different due to its nature as a dogmatic religion based on myths that are taught as literal fact. For example Jesus is the saviour of Humanity who died on the cross to wash us with his blood. If he did not exist, then the fundamental concept of salvation doesn't make any sense. The bible also gives a lineage of Jesus where he is a direct descendant of a whole host of weird biblical characters, a King Solomon, a King David, all the way to Adam. Which means also that if Solomon and David are not historical people – there is no evidence they ever existed – then how can Jesus also exist, and in turn, how can the concept of salvation make sense?

People who are anti-christian like to spend their time attacking, debating, the existence of Jesus, of God, of Noah's Ark, etc. because the absence of such things actually devalues Christianity and its dogmas and myths. But the same debates don't work with Buddhism. You can't debate that a god does not exist, because Buddhadhamma doesn't really give two shits on the idea of a god in the first place. You can try and prove that the Buddha is fake, but it doesn't matter because the principles have already been implanted in peoples minds who express it and live it. There is no creation story in Buddhadhamma to debate and attack. The most you can do is attack your own assumptions of your own Western apprehension of Buddhadhamma. Which does very little to the Buddhism practiced by living cultures in Asia.

Historically the first Buddhism monks were Greeks from Northern India. The first writings associated with a Buddhism were written by these monks of Greek extract. The first statues of the Buddha were based on Greek statues of Apollo. The iconic hair bun on the Buddha's head can be found on Apollo's head. The robe the Buddha wore and what monks wear is a Greek Toga. The concept of Dhamma in Buddhism corresponds ver closely to ancient Greek concepts of the "Logos."

These first "Buddhists" or the engineers of "Buddhism" merged the idea of Apollo which is a god associated with Light [the Sun] with an antinomian and amoral god from the Vedas named Rudra-Shivaya. Before Gautama Buddha, Shiva as Mahayogi [Lord of Magic and Meditation] was depicted in the Lotus Asana and was even referred to as the Buddha meaning the Enlightened One. So the basic idea behind an Apollo-Shivaya cult icon is "Enlightenment and Liberation via the Adversarial and Antinomian opposition to the established order and standard norm."

Rudra-Shivaya was as adversarial and antinomian as you can get in the Vedic Traditions. You have to remember that the Vedas and its mythos existed for literal aeons before Christianity, so they didn't have Christian concepts and god-forms to work with. Rudra essentially means

“Feral,” “Wild,” and “Untamed,” and was the God of the Hunt. In his aspect as Shiva, he was the Lord of the Asuras, which are the bad guys in Vedic mythology who populated the underworld, like demons in Christianity. His color was orange.

There are stories in the Vedic mythos of Shiva raping under aged girls, masturbating in public, having sex with other male gods, killing people, smoking bhang [cannabis], drinking concoctions made of his other sacred plant Angle Trumpet, burning cities with his third eye, etc. Shiva dislikes human arrogance and the façade of civility and civil society and its law and order we humans hide ourselves inside. He essentially destroys every source of human arrogance, vanity, and self-righteousness to Liberate such Humans from their self-imposed limitations to the greater reality that exists outside the walls of their cities and religions.

We can ask ourselves: If these engineers of Buddhism picked the closest thing to a “devil,” or adversarial archetype from the Vedas, did they then oppose the Vedic-Brahmanic Tradition? The answer is yes. Buddhism in 500BC stood in direct dialectical opposition to Brahmanism and Vedic dogma and teachings.

Nearly ever core teaching of Buddhism was a dialectically counter-teaching to the dogma and teaching of Brahmanism. Back during this time Brahmanism ruled most of India with an iron sectarian fist. Every body lives in strict castes. You were born into your caste and if you did something not associated with your caste Brahmins punished you with death. Like ancient Israel, the Brahmins taught that the only way to be saved was to sacrifice animals at temples to the gods; which the Brahmins supplied for donations. Buddhism on the other hand taught that the god does not exist, and that killing animals to invisible gods was useless and unproductive.

Brahmanism taught that each person had an “Atma,” which was this invisible spirit Self that lives somewhere inside your body. This atma was immortal and that when you die, this atma – which is the real you – leaves the dead body and goes to inhabit one of the abodes of the gods, and later it is said that this atma reincarnates in other bodies. Buddhism on the other hand says that such a concept is ridiculous. The Buddhist doctrine of “Anatta/Anatma” basically says that the atma or some invisible spirit self does not exist. That our sense of self is the end product of our mind and 5 sense.

When Brahmanism taught that Brahmin priests were essential to people’s spiritual salvation, Buddhism taught that priests are scoundrels and liars. When Brahmanism taught that religious rites and ceremonies were essential, Buddhism taught that rites, and religions altogether were deceptive, enslaving, and useless. When Brahmanism taught that the Vedic scriptures was essential to your spiritual salvation, Buddhism taught that the Vedas were a pile of useless stories that did not enlighten a person, but just filled their minds with irrational fiction.

Of course, the Brahmins and the world order of India at the time did not like Buddhism, calling it nastika – a heathen cult – and for several centuries there were mass slaughtering of Buddhists. The Vedic Tradition’s war against Buddhism went on for so long and was actually so successful that Buddhism does not exist as a major religion in its own native soil: India. It actually did not exist in India up until recently. But during this war, Buddhism did leave a victorious mark. It killed Brahmanism and forced it to evolve into what is today called

“Hinduism,” which is a mixture of Vedic Tradition and restated Buddhist concepts. No Hindu is going to acknowledge this though.

When Buddhism made a sectarian exodus out of India, the first places it took root in was Sri Lanka and the Southeast Asian peninsula. At the time the native there in each respective place were Shivites and Shaktas. When Buddhism came to Southeast Asia, the Mon and Khmer there were originally devotees of Shiva and Shakti called Preah Siva and Preahme Uma. These people eventually merges their ancestral Shaivism and Shaktism with Buddhism, in the same way that the Chinese merged Buddhism with their indigenous Taoism, how Buddhism in Japan was merged with their indigenous Shintoism, and how the Tibetans merged Buddhism with their indigenous Bon.

So if you look at the temple complex at Angkor in Cambodia, you will see that it is built with both Shaivic and Buddhist elements. There are Shiva Lingas [phalluses] and Buddhas present, there are even Buddhas etched into the side of Lingas. This is also why when you go to a Khmer or Thai or Lao Buddhist wat [temple] you will most often see a Buddha seated on a tripled coiled Naga with seven heads. It is a synchronistic icon which also represents the much older Shiva [Buddha] and Shakti-Kundalini as the coiled seven headed Naga.

This ancient aspect of Buddhism is an obvious place where I see many parallels between what we now called Buddhism – more specifically Khmer/Thai Theravada Buddhism – and the ONA’s Sinister Way. The ONA has its own Mythos where it uses the adversarial archetype named “Satan,” who is also identified as Lucifer: Satan corresponding to Shivaya, and Lucifer corresponding with Apollo. The ONA refers to its archetype of the Sinister and Primal Nature as “Baphomet,” which of course corresponds to Uma-Shakti that Naga.

The ONA’s concept of the “Sinister” also has parallels with this historic aspect of Buddhism. “Sinister” here meaning the Latin for “Left” as in that which is not Right. The Right side referring to the dominant Judeo-Christian Ethos that plagues present Western matrix, in the same way that Brahmanism’s Ethos oppressed and ruled over the social order of India circa 500BC. In the very same exact sense that Buddhism dialectically taught ideas and principles adversarial to the establish Right Hand Path of Vedic Brahmanism as a means of Liberation and Enlightenment, I also believe that the Sinister Way of opposing the establish mundane order and Christian Ethos of the West is a means to Liberation and Enlightenment.

I can go on for days and pages about Buddhism, and perhaps one day I will produce a book on this subject which means a lot to me, as one thing my culture and my Buddhism teaches is that one cannot forget one’s ancestral roots. A Tree needs its roots to grow and bare fruit. One aspect of Occidental social order and Western people which I greatly dislike is that they have no sense or respect of roots, ancestry, culture, blood, and community. In this regard I also appreciate the ONA and David Myatt is trying to remedy this lack of root and foundation by reintroducing concepts of a Kollektive, a Kulture, and Traditions, Tribalism, and Clans. There are many other parallels between the two Ways, if we go down to a finer level, but I am already at page 21. I think I have explained enough to get a point across.

The point is the ONA is new compared to an ancient 2500 year old Buddhism. Buddhism

began simple and modest, and adversarial as an aural tradition, in the same way the ONA began. Buddhism was not very significant and was greatly looked down upon and reject by the social order of its beginning moments; but over time – as it was allowed to freely evolve – its living cultures and people produces a world religion that has inspired many countless Minds to seek self illumination. In time, if the ONA is allowed the freedom to evolve and grow through each of us Dreccians, as we pass it down to each successive generation, a new culture will emerge and one can only imagine what its Galactic Imperative will one day give birth to a thousand years from now.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

DICHOTOMIZED THINKING



Dichotomized Thinking

This article will just answer a couple questions which have recently been suggested in the stats section of this blog or question I have seen asked around cyberspace associated with the subject of “dichotomized thinking” and Buddhism, and ONA. I’ll turn the questions or implied questions into formal questions and then try to provide an honest answer. Or I’ll just stick a question mark after a search term phrase I saw.

Q1. Buddhist Satanist?

A1. There is no such thing, but depending on the [upaya](#), it is justifiable and permissible at least with the fundamentals of Theravada Buddhism and the Dhamma of Upaya [Expedient Method]. I’ll try and explain in normal English sans the spiritual talk.

Upaya technically means a “Trick.” If a Trick [Upaya] is devised where that a person or group of people are resultantly Tricked to be “Buddhists,” then the means [upaya] is justified and acceptable. But here, the term “Buddhist” must be properly understood so we can determine if a person is “Buddhist” or not. But the term must be understood within its Native Weltanschauung, and not with an English or Europeanized Weltanschauung.

In Southern Buddhism [Theravada] the Pali term for Buddhism is Sasana Preahput [Khmer] or Sasana Phraputa [Thai/Lao]; or Preahput Sas’na, or Phraputa Sasana. The prefix “Preah/Phra” means “that which is scared and venerable.” Sasana here – properly used – does not mean a “religion,” it simply means a “set of Traditions & Instructions to be followed for the end results.” A good and easy example in the West for a living Sasana is the US Constitution. This constitution is not truly a religion, or philosophy, it’s simply a set of instructions left behind which is to be followed for the end results, which is freedom and liberty in this case. If you want a working government system and personal freedom, you follow the damn instructions. If you don’t want those things, then don’t follow the instructions. A recipe in a cook book is a sasana. If you want the end result of a good dish, you follow the damn instructions. Over time these instructions generates what is called a “Tradition,” or a “Custom,” which is basically adapted, adopted, by many people. So we have things like Italian Cuisine, Chinese Cuisine, the American way of life.

So in it’s native weltanschauung there is no such word as a “Buddhist,” there are just people

who try to manifest the sasana [instructions] left behind for them by the Buddha. They don't have to call themselves anything, by any label. Just like in America you can label yourself a Mexican, European, African, Anarchist, Sexist, whatever, and you still go with the flow of the US Constitution. You still practice and demand your Constitutional rights, regardless of what you call yourself. Is an Anarchist and Murderer still "American?" Yes they are, because they express that Anarchy and Kill within the matrix or environment of the conditions created by the Constitution. The Anarchist would not be what he is if he did not have the Constitutional right to actually express his thoughts. The Murderer broke a law of said nation, but he is still Protected by the Constitution and is theoretically guaranteed a just and fair trial. Asking if a "Buddhist" can be a "Satanist," or practice the Left Hand Path, is the same as asking if an "American" can be a Satanist or practice the Left Hand Path. Or if a Scientist can be a Christian or Muslim. You are free to do so, but others around you might not agree with such practices and beliefs.

In its native weltanschauung there are 6 technical "landmarks" which "defines" one who follows the sasana of the Buddha; three Jewels and two goals or aims or objectives; and one Concept. The three jewels are Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha. The two aims or objectives are Buddhi [Understanding born from experience and intuition] and Nibbana [here meaning Liberation from the samsara of psychological illusions and mental delusions]. The Concept is Kamma [action/building] and Vipaka [fruit/result], or together called Causation or Causality in English. Any human who has these 6 things is a "Buddhist," whether they use that label or not. So, the sly Trick is to make others follow these 6 things without them knowing it. The superficial label of "Buddhist," is meaningless. The monk or adept Buddhist devises upayas designed to trick others to follow those 6 "landmarks." If the upaya – Trick, Expedient Method – works, then the upaya is acceptable and may develop into a Yana [wagon/vehicle/form].

Mahayana is the first good example of an upaya which has developed into its own Form or Vehicle. In the past for centuries Theravada and Mahayana had these sectarian feuds. Mostly because the early Mahayanas wrote new sutras and used Sanskrit instead of Pali. Eventually what helped end the feud was that Mahayana was a big fat Trick. It was using all of these indigenous Chinese deities, and Sanskrit which is considered to be "holier" by these natives to Trick them all to take the 3 jewels, work for the two aims, and understand the concept of Causality. But to be fair, in Mahayana they add an extra aim or objective which is the quest to become a Bodhisattva. The elaborate scam which Mahayana was explained to be, was acceptable, for the End Result justifies the means and methods [upaya].

The phenomenon of Vajrayana Buddhism as a general institution is an even better example which the Western occultist may better relate to. Vajrayana developed as a "offshot" of Mahayana, but it is heavily influenced by Brahminical tantrikas and the indigenous animism of its natives. They take the use of upaya to a whole different level. Basically the Buddha said that with upaya, one can use whatever methods possible to get the end job done. EVEN if the methods used contradicts the Buddha's own teachings and is heterodox, antinomian, and outright vile and violent.

So inside the weird world of Vajrayana are many different "sects," each using a different upaya. There are actually some sects in this version of Buddhism which uses Vamachara [left handed practice] as a Means and Method [upaya]. One quick sect which uses left hand

practice that comes to mind are the Drugpa. If the Vamachara or Vama Marga as an Upaya works in eventually tricking its adherents to follow those aforementioned 6 “landmarks,” then the upaya – no matter how crazy it seems to be – is a useful and acceptable Method which works.

I was actually researching about these Buddhist sects that uses vamachara and they explain that all the sexual rites, and dark sorcery they use eventually leads the adherent into the Buddhi [understanding] that such occult practices are first meaningless, and second a delusional manifestation of the power of Mind [Buddha in esoteric Buddhism]. It’s the same idea as if you were to give a stubborn fat lady a shopping spree credit card to all the chocolate and cheese cake stores in her town. Yes it’s “bad” for her health, but sometimes you have no choice but to let the fat bitch overdose herself and get a health problems before she Buddhis [intuitively realizes] that the shit is actually bad for her.

So for me, as a Buddhist who regularly uses upaya to trick people into being Buddhists, if you as a person want to practice sex magic, I’d say go for it! In fact I’d suggest practicing your sex magic in the red light district in Thailand or Africa where AIDS is catchable. Why would I want you to get AIDS? Because it is a Buddhist Dhamma that we do things reasonably within the limits of moderation. Buddhism proper does not condemn anything, it only suggests Reason and Moderation. And if you need to first get AIDS before you understand to have sex reasonably and moderately, then that is just the way you learn things.

It must be kept in mind that the Means and the End are not the same thing. The freeway you take to get to the end Destination are two different things. There is more than one freeway you can take to the same Destination. In the West you pay 99% of your awareness on the details of the vehicle you are driving and the freeway you are taking. Christianity or Satanism? Materialism or Spirituality; etc. In Buddhism proper, it don’t fucking matter, as long as I can trick your ass to the Destination. If you’re acting like a dumb baby and need some Satanism or occult shit to get you to move, then that’s what you’ll get. The Buddhism as a sasana and the vamachara some sects uses are two different things. One is used as a tool or device to lead into the other. Which is why such devices are called Yana meaning Wagon or Cart. You sit on the cart and it actually gradually leads you somewhere.

I have this book I stumbled upon in a book store about this topic. The book was written by a hiker from England who was hiking around Tibet way back before China took it over, when Tibet was closed to tourists. This hiker ended up staying in Tibet for 7-8 years wandering about and learning about Tibet’s colorful Buddhism. I can’t remember the name of the old book, and I have too many books to look through them all.

This hiker in his book shares how the Buddhism he encountered is rippled with occult practices and magic, many of which are from the native Bon religion. Eventually over the years he became “academic” in his knowledge of Tibetan Buddhism and learned a lot of things about the general outsider never sees. There was a part in the book where a monk was explaining to him that in Tibet some lama have the power to teach their students from a distance without words. In English we call this “telepathy.” The hiker explains how these lama do this. He goes into a lot of detail as to how occult things are done. In another part of the book he explains how

he has heard rumors that things like the Yeti, and other snow monsters seen around the icy boundaries of Tibet are magical manifestations monks create to guard and scare outsiders away. Similar to the Jewish occult concept of "Golem" I would say.

At one point he is able to ask a lama why or how their Buddhism can teach such bizarre magic and dark sorcery and still believe it to be Buddhism? The lama explains to the curious Englishman that all of the magic and occultism first trains the adept to tap into latent powers of the mind, which the Buddha himself said were possible. The occult power of manifesting such things as deities and demons is an upaya with an end purpose. For, once the adept personally experiences the ability to manifest deities and demons in front of himself, the adept then intimately comes to an intuitive realization [Buddhi] that such entities are actually nothing more than manifestations of the power of Mind [Buddha]. Then, when the adept understand this, he comes to the realization that the world itself is samsara, and thus, he quests for his Liberation and is unattached to the world. So in the end as you can see, the magic and occult powers of materializing deities and demons is an elaborate upaya – Trick – to lead the student in a big ass circle back to the basic 4 Noble Truths. That's an Upaya that works. To know something is different from realizing the same thing from personal experience. Like studying a map and then actually doing the hiking of the terrain. Knowledge results in the potential for the student to be attached to such superficial abstractions. Personal experiential Realization has the potential to Liberate the student where that he is able to let go of such conditions and develop into something more: Self Surmounting.

So the original question is: Buddhist Satanist? Is there such a concept? No. Buddhism is not "compatible" with Satanism technically, but if formed right, a Satanism can be a proper upaya, and a proper Form [vehicle]. The upaya must lead the adherent to those 6 aforementioned "landmarks." An example is what I do with the ONA. It doesn't matter if you are at the moment attached to labels and like Satanism or the occult. I'll use what you are dependent on. You may look around the 1500 pages I have so far written and ask where the 3 jewels and other stuff are at? They are everywhere, broken down into things the Western mind [their Weltanschauung] can digest without much fuss. If you look closely, I break the jewel of Buddha down into Mind, Awareness. I break Dhamma down into "Natural Phenomena." Sangha I am still slowly working on, which is being broken down into concepts like an "Order," a "Kollective," a "Peer Group," etc. Buddhi I have already broken down into the western meme of "Understanding," and "Gnosis." Samsara I have already broken down into a fixation on ideas or an imprisonment within abstractions. Causality the ONA does a great job with already in notions such as Causal, Aeonics, Wyrd, etc.

It doesn't matter what you superficially call yourself now in the ONA, cuz its now an upaya or vehicle which ultimately leads you to seek refuge in the three jewels: in your own Mind [Buddha] in Natural Phenomena or Natural Philosophy [Dhamma] and in sharing Insights for each other's own Development [Sangha]; quest for your own Enlightenment [Buddhi] and Liberation [Nibbana] and come to pragmatically understand the flowing of Causality of which you and I are a part of [Kamma-Vipaka]. Don't get so caught up in the superficial wording and labels. Like I intimated elsewhere, if a people are fixated on words, then those words can be used to trick such people. Because they only see the outer exoteric superficial meanings of such words, and fail to realize the esoteric essence. Gnosis or Buddhi? Doesn't matter, same.

Self-Enlightenment/Development or Sambuddhi? Doesn't matter, same shit. Causality, Wyrd or Kamma and Vipaka? Doesn't matter, same shit. Dhamma or Natural Phenomena? Doesn't matter, same shit. Dhamma is and extrapolation of dhamma: the Teaching is an extrapolation of Natural Phenomana. The dhamma to be smart about what you do in life is an extrapolation of the understanding of the Natural Phenomena of Causality, cause and effect. Nibbana or Self-Liberation from the ideas and idealisms that imprisons you? Doesn't matter, same shit.

Q2: Gods or No Gods? Materialism or Spirituality?

A2: It's a matter of perspective and where your eyes are focused. Take the color spectrum for instance. If your attention is focused within the details of the spectrum you see 7 different colors. Surely it's inaccurate to say that Red and Blue are the same things, cuz they are not. But you take a step back and you realize that the 7 colors are part of a Unity whose different aspects Flows together, like the currents of a single river. Mind or Matter? Spirit or Stone? Left or Right? Up or Down? Ice or Steam? Boy or Girl? Potential Energy or Kinetic Energy? These are all spectral aspects of a a greater Unity. They are all little currents that makes up a river. The currents of a river are not different individual things separated from each other or the river itself. What does the word "Universe" mean? It means to Turn [Versus/Vert] As One [Uni]. A river flows as One Thing, and the Universe Turns As One Thing. Like a bike wheel turns, and all the little spokes of that wheel turns together As One with the wheel it is a part of.

If you step back and see things from a wholistic manner [non-dualized] then all is One Thing. If so then there are no deities or gods outside of this Unity. These gods can't even be called archetypes of some subjective unconscious, because in such a non-dualized condition, there is no false dichotomy of "Objective" or "Subjective" loci. It's all just one potential mess. If you exist and if gods exist, neither are "somethings" different or separate from the Whole, which wholeness is you/us. So there is no need for deities. Only with a mind focused – attached, clingy – onto reified details does the concept of theism [and atheism] seem to arise. Small minds perceive/understand small things. This is not an absolutism. Meaning that if you lose perspective of the finer detail and just see a big blob you are intelligent. You would be equally dumb.

It's like looking at a car. You can not only see the car as a Unity but you also realize the finer parts: the four wheels, the doors, the trunk, etc. When you look at a tree you can see Both the tree as a Unity AND as compartmentalized pieces: leaves, bark, flower, fruit, branches, trunk, etc. Both perspectives at the same time gives the most clearest picture and insight. Can you see a person's feet and head as being parts of a wholer Unity? If not then you are missing an entire Middle part which connects the feet to the head: everything between the ankles and neck! Can you understand that Red and Violet are connected as a single Unity? If not your missing the entire Middle part: Orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo. Can you see Matter and Mind as being indivisible and actual non-separated parts of a wholer Unity? If not then you are missing an entire Middle. How about Spirit and Stone? One thing or two things? If you say two things you are missing an entire Middle.

So sometimes Buddhism is explained by the Buddha as being the Middle way between two extremes. This does not suggest a neutral middle ground. It suggests the Middle parts which

makes two extremes a Wholistic Whole Unity. Gay or Straight? The Wholistic Unity is that each are aspects of the spectrum of human sexual expression. The quest of the Buddhist seeking so called Self-Enlightenment of the World and Natural Phenomena is the same quest the Natural Scientist is on: to Dis-Cover first the individual nature of things, and then to Dis-Cover how all such things are connected to each other to give the Wholer Picture. If connections cannot be seen, then pieces to the greater puzzle are missing and have yet to be uncovered. The point is to not Believe or hold onto any one perspective as being “better” than any other.

In fact, the word “Buddhist,” and the word “Scientist,” means the exact same things. A Scientist is an “-ist” on a quest for Knowledge [Scientia]. A Buddhist is an “-ist” on a quest for Knowledge/Understanding [Buddhi]. Both the scientist and Buddhist empirically study the same “thing,” which is Natural Phenomena [dhamma]. Both utilize reason, logic, and intuition to gain an understanding of Natural Phenomena. So it can be loosely stated that any person who follows the Sasana [instructions] of the Scientific Method, uses Empiricism, and has the End Goal of Sambuddhi [Self-Enlightenment] and an Awakened [Buddha] Understanding [Buddhi] of the world, who process his or her theories via a peer review process [Sangha] is a “Scientist” whether they use that label or not. The work of both the Buddhist and Scientist is to dis-cover and know the many hidden parts of Nature, and then to dis-cover how it all fits together. The point is not to deify theories or beliefs.

The point is to put the pieces consciousness has divided together to form the greater understanding [Buddhi] of things. The clearer the Unity is realized, the more crisp Self-Realization [Sambuddhi or Sambodhi] will be. In Taoism there is the saying that goes: “Heaven, Man, and Earth are One. To know one is to know the others.” If self knowledge or self understanding is hard to approach, the try to gain an understanding of Nature [Earth]. If Earth is too hard to understand, then try to gain an understanding of Heaven [Cosmic Flow, Cosmic Principles/Laws]. Both an understanding of Heaven and Earth will lead to an understanding of Self [Man] and vice versa. Self-Knowledge; meaning a genuine knowing of the Nature of Man; leads to the understanding of Heaven and Earth.

Man is at times a heartless and cruel creature, and so we see the same Nature in Earth [Nature]. Mother Nature is at times violent and cruel where a single monsoon can kill 100,000 lives in one day. Although Heaven is mostly dark, it is speckled with Beauty. And so too are Man and Earthly Nature speckled with its own Beauty. The Earth thrives with life, just as we [Mankind] are “alive.” And so as our science and understanding of space grows, we will one day dis-cover that space is conducive to life, or at least that life arises from space and the organic chemistry it contains. But these three things; Heaven, Earth, Man; are a Unity. If you can’t see the Unity, then you/we are missing the Middle parts which connects them. Natural Philosophy is the Quest to first know such parts of Nature, and then to dis-cover how all parts are related and connected as a whole. You do yourself a gross injustice when you hold onto one piece of the puzzle and proclaim such piece to be the Only Truth. Nature, Reality, cannot be so simple as to fit into a single simplified perspective. The Path to Understanding begins first with letting that false notion go: that one single perspective is right and all others is wrong. This is what I mean by “dichotomized thinking.”

The Art Of Teaching

It is in the nature of the conscious apparatus to divide the quiddity of things into little manageable parts. The left brain also is wired to do this. There is nothing wrong with this. It is the nature of Intuition – what the ancients actually called Intellect/Nous – and the right brain to see things in a wholistic and interconnected way. The trick is to bridge these two perspectives and functions of Mind. The Buddha both pondered on the individual things in nature [a forest] and he went into deep meditation in the Unity of inner silence to intuitively feel the Wholeness or interconnectivity of things. Which in esoteric Buddhism is to say that an Awaken Mind [Buddha] is able to Perceive things both ways, and is able to seek out the Middle parts to connect the divided parts on it's own [sambuddhi]. The quest is hard, but just as hard is the way of teaching the Blind to see and the Heartless [without chitta] to feel.

One thing that bugs me greatly in the bowels and colon of the Western Occult Tradition we call Satanism is the way many of these mundane satanists teach their peers. They completely disregard an individual's uniqueness and individual condition and state of inner development and level of understanding. Yet they insist that they are "individuals." If you are an individualized being, don't you know that others have their own individual state of mind, and level of understanding different from you? It's the same method of "teaching" as if a 6th grader were to walking into a grade school cafeteria and proclaim out loud: "Okay everybody, my dad just told me Santa Claus is fucking fake! All you 3rd graders and such who believes in him are stupid!"

What they do is they take an idea or ideal and turn such things into a big blanket. Then they assert this blanket on everyone around them indiscriminately. Or another things they do is you see the ones with a big vocabulary actually suggest to others that if others want to understand them, they have to reach their lofty level word usage. In other words, the proper concept of pedagogy is non-existent in the Satanism subculture. They seem to confuse assertion and grade school ridicule to be methods of teaching Satanism. And so if you want others to recognize you as a Satanist or like you, you give in to their assertions.

I learned how to teach from two people. The first person is my grandma. What happens is that I don't speak fluent Khmer and I only understand primitive words. So my grandma when explaining things to me patiently tries to paint pictures for me with examples rather than use big words. If the object of teaching is to get your pupil to have the same understanding of things you do, you use methods conducive to that objective. Using big words to make you appear smart to a pupil does not do anything. You don't have to make yourself look smart if a pupil comes to ask you a question anyways. My grandma uses something called "Empathy" to feel out my level of understanding in a given subject. Then she humbles herself to my level of understanding in order to Elevate me to her level gradually. The other person that taught me how to teach is my Bhikkhu grandpa. What he does is paint pictures for me also, then asks me if I understand certain Pali words related to what we are talking about. Usually when he is done explaining things to me he'll ask me if I understand. If I say yes he'll tell me to re-state what I understand about what he explained to me in my English to my aunt-mom who is instructed to translate what I said in English back to him in sophisticated Khmer. He'll listen to what my aunt-mom translates and nods if I got it right. In the case of my Bhikkhu grandpa you see that he is looking for the Essence of what he teaches, and not the superficial wordings or semantics. If you genuinely grasp the Essence of something, you should be able to convey

that essence in a multitude of different ways and languages and still retain the Essence. But my Bhikkhu also humbles himself to my level, in order to elevate me to his level gradually.

It's like the beautiful symbolism you find in Christianity: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. [John 3:16]" That God lowered himself, humbled himself from his "lofty" place, to become a Man in the flesh, born of a woman, in order to Elevate humanity to his level. Like a mother and father humbles themselves in order to gradually elevate and nurture their children gradually to their level of understanding. The words, ideas, language, picturing used is put together in context to the child's own progressive Time and Season of development. If the child has the nature of being imaginative and works best believing in Santa Claus and Easter Bunnies, then you allow them to have those things and use such things to elevate them in different ways. The silly thing I see sometimes is that some Satanists will say that they will teach their children to not believe in a Santa Claus and not to participate in Christmas, which is just as stupid and silly as a Jehovah's Witness saying the same things for a slightly different reason. And these Satanists insist that their Satanism is not a religion and that it does not control them.

If a person has theistic tendencies, then allow them to have it and use that to help elevate them in other ways. If they are materialists then allow them to have that, and use that to elevate them in different ways. In time – it its proper time and season – they will grow a larger perspective and level of understanding. If the Teacher understands that no single perspective is the single right one, if the Teacher understands the Unity, if the Teacher understands that our beliefs do not in any way alter the actual fabric of our reality; then this Teacher should understand to let people be, and to work with their pupils with empathy and understanding, and to use what each pupil has to elevate them towards the Destination of Self-Enlightenment and Liberation. A good Teacher lets the pupil be as they are and just shows them to the path. The student then is left to walk the path on their own, to come to their own understandings of things in the proper time and season of each persons individual process of development.

So, is the ONA theistic or atheistic? Is ONA materialistic or Spiritual? It cannot be any of these things exclusively if we understand the nature of humanity, heaven, and earth. It should be open to all Forms each Niner gravitates to. Open to all forms that is more conducive to Self-Enlightenment, Self-Development, and Liberation to each Niner respectively. If a Sinister Initiate is empowered by Traditional Satanism, then use that form. If a Sinister Initiate is more creative and productive with the Magical and mystical system of the ONA, then use that form. If the Sinister Initiate works better at their self-development with a Symbolical form of Satanism, then let them work with that. If a Niner doesn't like Satanism and is more empowered by the Eastern Left Hand Path, then allow them to use or develop that Form. If a Niner is less spiritual, then let them take the materialist route and allow them to get good at material science. If a Niner is drawn to the spiritual side of ONA, let them be so. All we each are to each other is a peer with a different perspective to offer. All we can shed on others or impart to other is what Insights we each gain from our individual state of mind, level of understanding, and state of being.

ONA sells itself short if it limits itself to some supposed single Truth. The end Goal is

Self-Development, as opposed to playing musical chairs with ideals and beliefs. Have you ever noticed that? How people – especially in the Occult sector – play musical chairs with their gods and beliefs and points of view. It becomes that each time they change their mind, they drop out of one belief system and adopt another. And they translate this as progress or development. When in fact all that is happening is the person is substituting one paradigm for another. Substitution does not mean self-development and self-enlightenment or Liberation. It just means a circular game of rejection and substitution. Long term wise, an institution built on a single “right” perspective, and single Truth will have a high turn over rate, and thus a low Social Capital value. Low social capital value means its worthless a system to be of benefit to anyone. The thing is a Vehicle gets you to a Destination and is not something to live in. People in the West seem to be happy dwelling in their stationary wagons and changing vehicles when one gets old. In a sense: they end up going nowhere.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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DISTURBING NOTES II



Disturbing Notes II

I. Children

I've always wondered if what we describe as being "human" is innate or original and unique to our species. The more I look at animal behaviour, the less I believe there is anything unique about us. Especially when I study the behaviour of animals that live with people or are exposed to humans. Like the fascinating case of Koko the gorilla who can communicate in sign language. Or talking parrots and crows. Cats and dogs also. These animals seem to be able to pick up or mimic things which we would consider to be "human." Then opposite to that are the fascinating cases of feral children. Especially the children who are disconnected from other humans below the age of 5 or so.

I've been fascinated with the feral children phenomenon for a long time. One of the first things I read about this subject was a book I can't remember the title of since I read it over a decade ago. The book wasn't about feral children. It was a book on mysticism and the ancient quest for the first human language. The book said that for a very long time people believed that Hebrew was the divine and first human language. At least in Europe. The book told of the only known case of when children were used to conduct an experiment to see if Hebrew was a divine language. What happened was a real king – I can't recall what country he ruled – got into an argument with a few religious people who claimed that Hebrew was the Original human language. But this king believed that the language of his people was the Original human tongue. I want to say that the king believed Greek was the first human language, but I don't think I'm recalling it right. So the king set out to prove himself right by conducting an actual experiment using real children. What the king did was take very young children of peasants away from their parents and he raised them up isolated from all human language. He had instructed the nurses who would care for these children to never ever utter a single word to them. The king hypothesized that since his people's language was the first and original language, then these children isolated from all human language will grow up naturally speaking his people's language and not Hebrew. Strangely the children did grow up to spontaneously speak a language, but it was neither Hebrew nor the language of the king. It was Phrygian of all things! I'm not really sure I can believe this historical incident.

I watched a documentary on feral children and the several scientists in the doc said that there is a short window of opportunity for a human child to acquire language which is between the moment of birth to around the age of 6. This is because the language center in the child's head is barely developing, and its synaptic networks forming. So whatever language of means of communication it is exposed to during those crucial years is what the child ends up speaking and using. After the threshold age, a human becomes incapable of learning language. The longer this child is isolated from human contact or language, the less likely the child will use, learn, and comprehend language. Not to mention the less "human" in Nature and behaviour they will become. The doc spent a lot of time on a particular feral child sometimes called the Dog Girl who is from Russia or one of those countries near Russia. She was in her teens when they found her, so she was well past the threshold to be humanized. Since she was raised by dogs, she even walked on all four like one, slept on the ground like one, and ate like one. The only thing human about the unfortunate girl was her human body. Otherwise she was very, "not-human-like," is a nice way to put it.

After many years of thinking about this subject, and how even our so called "humanness" is an acquired mode of behaviour, I learned to see and appreciate Culture more. I use 'Culture' in an Eastern sense and a European sense. I didn't think there was a difference until I was having a conversation with a friend of mine once. He was a normal White America. I brought up the topic of culture and to continue our conversation, my friend jumps on the subject and said in a deep and thoughtful way: "You know, I never liked the opera. I mean no offense to you. I just never got into it. The plot is boring, the singing is obnoxious and in a different language, and the audience are usually senior citizens." I didn't have the heart to argue with my friend or inform him that he was a retard, so I just nodded my head, and went along with the opera tangent. But in my mind to myself I was like: "What the fuck. I said Culture and he talks about opera. Are we talking the same language?"

Culture is any social meme -idea, act, behaviour, music, etc – which you Cultivate; you can see the same root word in those two words. This correlation between Culture and Cultivation of plants may be "universal." In Khmer we have an indigenous term [sans Pali or Sanskrit] meaning a people's Culture, Customs, and Ways which is "T'nam T'lop," which is pronounced here as "Tuh-nee-uhm Tuh-lawp." If you take those two words apart from each other and pronounce them as they are spelt in Khmer, then you can decipher the essence of what a Culture is in this oriental world-view. The word T'nam [Tuh-nam] means Plant, Vegetation, and edible crops you grow and cultivate on a farm. It doesn't mean any old plant or bush, it strictly means cultivated and grown produce that people eat like tomatoes and herbs. T'lop [Tlawp] is the word for Habit, or an act one is acCUSTOM to doing over and over again, or to have done something before. Like if I say: "I t'lop go to Mexico," it means that I have been to Mexico before and I imply that I might go again. Or the idiom "Tlop Dai [hand]" means a habit you Do which is hard to break, literally meaning a Habit of the Hand. I would translate that term as "Habitual Cultivation," or "Cultivated Habit," in English. When one person does something over and over again, it is called a Habit. When two or more people do the same thing together over and over again it is called a Culture, Custom, or Way. But this is how I understand the word coming from my cultural background. I honestly don't know what the word "culture" means in American English as it is used by a cultureless breed of White people here. For example if I study every day at school for an hour before lunch, it is a

personal or private Habit of mine which I just cultivate or am in the habit of doing. But if all of my Asian friends also studies at the same time everyday, and we do it all together in the same place, then it is a Culture a group of students Share. So that's what a Culture is when I use the word. This then would include such things as dance style, music style, art style, structural architecture, traditional wardrobe, dialect of language, etc. The key point here is a Sharing of acts and behaviour. That Sharing together of habitual cultivation of acts and behaviour over time induces a strong group identification in each group member, and it induces cohesion and solidarity. Think the military. You collect the most random young people from all walks of life who have nothing in common, force them to share a habitually cultivated routine for a few months, and they come out Cultured, structured, Disciplined, with a group identity, group solidarity, and out in the battlefield, they are prepared to fight and die for each other.

This is where things like sasana, rites, rituals, ceremonies, observances, and Traditions in a Culture comes into important play. Growing up as a child my aunt-mom when she tucked me in at night would teach me a simple, but repetitive little rite before going to bed. She'd teach me to pray to my dead blood grandfather – her father – by calling his name and asking him to follow me and keep me safe and bless me with peace and happiness. After I said my prayer, she'd remind me that our spirit doesn't die, and that our ancestors are always with us, watching over us. I also was taught the cultural upper class habit of clasping my hands to my aunt-mom every morning when she dropped me off at school to ask her for permission to leave her to go to class, and I wasn't allowed to leave the car until she dismissed me with permission. These are little rites, but they are cultivated habitually over and over, year after year. Not only in and by me due to my upbringings, but also in every other child of my culture and class. Such that it becomes a Cultural practice of a people, which has been observed and practiced for many centuries. This simple rites breeds in you the knowing of respect for your ancestors and the inner – empathic – understanding of what Honour is and means. After doing that morning rite of properly asking for permission to leave for school with clasped hands from grade school to junior high, I know what Honour and honouring your mother and parents means inside. Any soldier who has been habitually cultivating that military life knows – from cultivated experience – what Honour and respect means. The minute an American open his mouth and questions in a smart ass way what Honour means and what the value of respect is, he gives his cultureless and rootless Nature and upbringings away.

Like any farmer will tell you, it is the Fruit which comes out of one's hard labour that speaks and is a testimony for the value and worth of the labour wrought. If a farmer brings to his farmer's market huge and healthy fruits and vegetables, as a neighbor farmer who wants to grow the same kind of fruits and vegetables you ask him what he did to grow such. Then you take the technique he shared with you and duplicate it. Or if you ate a great tasting dish at a friend's house and you want to learn to cook the same dinner with the same great taste, you ask your friend for her secret family recipe. In Pali we have a word for that sharing of technique or secret recipe, it's is: Sasana. Sasana is basically a methodology shared to you by someone in order that you causally manifest an end result. Do you like the dinner I cooked? If so here are the step by step methods and ingredients I use. If you follow it, you will end up with the same end results.

So just like we can say that a soldier in the military is the end result of his military culture and

training, we can say that you and I and our children we may have or will have are products and the end result of a culture shared by a group of people [folk, family]. Now, just like we look at and evaluate fruits and vegetables at a farmer's market, we look at me and you, or pick a handful of people from different places around the world. Then ask yourself what type of person you want to be, and more importantly, what kind of children/humans, do you wish to populate your country with in future.

Do you want yourself and children to be like the generic White Hubris American Mundane? Like them who are sell outs. Who uprooted themselves and sold out their ancestral culture for the faux culture of Consumerism, and democratic or republican policies? What do these Homo Hubris actually live for. Think about it. I can say I live for a big family. Meaning how I act and live goes to benefit my family. Meaning that my efforts ultimately goes to benefit my family. Meaning that everything I do, goes to benefit my family and friends. I am not independent of my family. Now you look at these White Hubris American Mundanes who stress that they are "individuals," free from religion, culture, social restraint, who have no real family. Who are they living out their human lives for? For employers, for banks, for car lots, for politicians. In essence for people out to make a lot of money and power off of them. The more individualized you are, and the less of a people or family you have to live for, the more dependent you are on the fat cats for handouts. Do you want your children like them? Cuz if you do, all you have to do is be liberal and let your kids just be "raised" like they were raised. If you don't want your children like them, then you're gonna have to be a little more conservative and traditionalistic with your ancestral Culture, heritage, folk or family identity, etc. But it goes beyond just having kids. A nation or civilization is nothing more than the collective habitual way of life a mass of people share. So it is actually about how your country, nation, or civilization will be like far in the future. Can you see that far? And then can you plan ahead and begin to causally act to produce end results that far? The average mundane human can't, and I doubt they care either.

It's like the old story of the ant and grasshopper we've all heard. Unfortunately the story is misunderstood, or people don't get the deeper meaning. You have ant busy working, and a grasshopper hanging around and eating leaves. That grasshopper will mate and the female grasshopper will lay her eggs in the ground. Then she dies. The ants work themselves until they die. Both the grasshopper and the ants will meet the same end fate: death. But they each lived their lives for something different. The ants lived their lived to build up their nest or colony for their Unborn. The grasshopper lived for himself. The difference is that the progeny of the ants will inherit a big colony and a means to a prosperous life. Whereas the grasshopper children will come out individualized with nothing. You look at any given nation and you'll see these same two ant and grasshopper culture. The majority of a population are the ignorant grasshoppers, who are born poor, wage earners, dependent on a system. The few are the ant who inherit what their family left for them. These usually end up running the system and corporations. It's not about money. It's about the Quality of life. Or Dukkha as we call it in Buddhism. It is your duty as a Buddhist to try to relieve the Dukkha of your family and kin. To try and some how give your family and sangha a peaceful life without much worry. It all goes back to Culture and Traditionalism or Conservatism if you understand it all. Your children are borne literally blank slated, even without their humanness. These things are learned and acquired by them following and mimicking your acts and examples. Culture is the medium by

which our humanness, language, worldview, mode of behaviour, are cultivated in the next generation. In life – in any race and country – there are Noble high quality humans, and there are the many generic common peasantry. Which type our own children will be depends on us and the culture we instill in them or lack thereof.

II. Prisons

I think prison is a place where we hide and dismiss what Jung calls the Shadow self. We know that we are human, and we know that people in prison are human, but it becomes very hard for many of us to admit that what prison folk have done is human. We fear such Shadow nature enough to lock them up in prisons: out of sight, out of mind. Or as they say in Spanish: Ojos que no ven, Corazon que no siente; what the eyes do not see, the heart-mind/chitta does not sense. We fear that Shadow nature enough to lock it up in hell in our myths and religious beliefs. If not fear, then we are at least in denial of such Shadow aspect of our human Nature.

War is another place to see this Shadow nature. Not the silly romantic idealisms pushed by people who have never seen a war or experienced a war physically. But real war out in the battlefield. The visuals of dead bodies, the act of slaughtering people, the women raped, the people uprooted from their land and homes, the orphaned children crying and dying, the helplessness of innocent lives caught up in a war they did not want. I have never seen or experienced a war directly, but my family has been through a genocidal revolution. It's not pretty, heroic, or romantics. My grandmother is tough. While fleeing the country during the revolution to Thailand, she experienced the full effect of the revolution. She and her older children has see the many corpses, the decomposed bodies, the fields of bones, the slaughtering of their own family members. I consider that a valuable experience. So I once asked my grandmother what her impression of humans were based on what she had seen during that revolution. She shook her head and just said: "It's as if they [the Khmer Rouge] weren't human, but animals." She then added: "Which is why the ancestors admonished us to know Sasana, any Sasana, and to believe in God and Metta. Because even though we as humans can commit such deplorable acts, we as humans also have a softer, more caring nature as well."

The idea is to not deny or dismiss that Shadow nature of our humanness, but to understand it. And you can't understand something without a direct experience. That Shadow self must somehow be experienced, where that we come to realize – empathically – that we each have both a Light side and a Shadow side. The trick then is to integrate the Light and the Shadow, and fade them into Grey. Integration doesn't mean to beat your wife with your left hand and give to charity with your right. It means to merge the two into one new holistic wholeness, samma, wholesome Nature.

This subject of denial of the Shadow self reminds me of the Jewish mythos regarding YHWH. There was a point in time when God [yhvh] vowed that he would never be wrathful to his people again. And so God removed that wrathful part of himself, and he cast that wrathful part down into the dark sea of the earth. That wrathful part was called Leviathan. Levi meaning 'Curved' or 'crooked' as in a Curved shepherds staff; Than meaning serpent or dragon. I've always found it funny how these mundane satanists act like the Jew God when they deny and

dismiss their Shadow nature. When they ethically bleat out things like: "A true satanists isn't racist. Racism is wrong!" And things of that sort. They try hard to dismiss that unethical or socially unacceptable aspects of human nature, rather than come to intimately understand that nature. And in doing so, they become a house divided, where they themselves – as a being of human nature – are divided, cleaved, halved. And you look closely at who is dictating what is socially ethical and socially acceptable which they dismiss. It's the generic unthinking mass that simply fears such Shadow nature. We fear that which we do not understand. Locking what we don't understand up in a prison or whatever does not lead to a gnosis or understanding. Neither does denying and dismissing such Shadow nature. But again, this has nothing to do with picking sides. It has to do with being mature enough to understand our own human nature in a wholistic and objective manner so that we can integrate ourselves into a Whole person sans the childish denial, and sans the idealistic or ideological blinders.

III. ONA

I think it was common practice in the past during phase 2 of feyan for different Satanic organizations to liberally borrow from ONA to add to their institutions. And then we have some ONA groups which took what they needed of ONA and then slowly drifted away from ONA to be their own thing. Usually so the founder can be their own grandmaster with their own following. And there is nothing wrong with this, if we really understand the meaning of the word "influence" and "inspire."

When the WSA352 came into the scene we were entirely ignorant of how past ONA influenced groups did things. So we ended up doing the entire opposite. Instead of beefing up the Satanism and weird demon mythos, we faded that out and just talked about Buddhism and other forms of Oriental mysticism. Instead of trying to separate from ONA, we tried to get closer in different ways. One way was over the years we dismantled our WSA "memplex" into all of its itty-bitty memes, and then very slowly, gradually grafted each of those memes into the ONA. So if anybody ever wondered what ever happened to WSA's stuff and why all we talk about is ONA, it's because the two have long since been merged. I'll give a quick example of how I dismantle a WSA meme and graft it into the ONA.

For instance in the old days WSA had something called Opus Vrilis which is our collection of writings. The idea or concept behind Opus Vrilis originally was to get all of our friends 3 years ago to each add their own thoughts to Opus Vrilis in such a way where that "our" Satanism Progress as a peer based project. So instead of consuming a Satanism some other person created, we as peers produce a Satanism we need and want. Unfortunately the peer based idea didn't work for Opus Vrilis because nobody wanted to write or produce ideas. They were more willing to consume ideas. So what we did was we took that same peer based development meme and we silently grafted it into the ONA. Which was easy to do because DM & RM in the old days left instructions in their old writings that the ONA needs to evolve and be developed. All we did was peg our peer group memes onto that imperative.

So now instead of just one Anton Long as the sole executive producer of ONA memes, we each as fellows of the ONA help produce, develop, and evolve the ONA. This peer based approach has its pros and cons. A pro is that with all of us building onto the ONA, we ween

ourselves off of a reliance on Anton Long's ideas and leadership. This fixes a big problem: the problem of people saying shit like: "Oh David Myatt has gone to better things, he left ONA, therefore its dead." Those mundane satanists can have a satanism without a leader, but they won't allow us to have an ONA without a leader, even when AL has over and over again for the past 3 years stated that ONA is now peer based. If it is peer based, who the hell cares if one person of many [DM] left or not? Like the Gods said in a video: "Bury the man, and continue the plan." Not that they have any real proof to support their assertions that DM has left. Which I think is funny. All they have are their personal extrapolations based on internet chatter. No mundane satanist who asserts that DM has left ONA actually has any real communication connection with DM, or RM, or anybody in their 'inner circle.' There are plenty of us who have been communicating with the Usual Suspects for at least 5 years like the Temple of THEM, those balobians who talk to RM, etc.

The important concept to keep in mind is that if we as an ONA are dependent on one person [DM] or whoever to give us our ideas and our ONA, then when DM passes away, then yes, ONA will be dead. It boggles my mind how Science as an institution and memplex can stay in tact since the 1600's and also evolve and remain rational without a leader, and how living cultures the world over can exist in tact memetically for thousands of years without a sole meme provider, but yet this same concept cannot apply to ONA? At least in the minds of these mundanes. How is it that Muhammad was able to presence Islam, die, and the culture, tradition, customs, and way of life, remain alive and in tact after he is long dead? Islamic culture exists today independent of the person Muhammad, who doesn't even exist anymore. How does that work?! Can we figure this shit out so we can make it work for ONA? How is it that science today is independent of the olden day Royal Society which was the first institution of science, but ONA can't be independent of its original nexion? How is it that those mundanes' satanism can have no leader, but ONA can't?

So lets look at this issue more closer, cuz it bugs me to bits. You got these fucktard mundane satanists who in their early teens came to know of satanism from The Satanic Bible of Anton LaVey's. They liked what they read which was created by LaVey. They identified themselves as satanists. Then as they get older, they proceed to steal that satanism which they did not invent themselves and they dismiss LaVey. Then you see them adding their own ideas into their stolen satanism, you see them trying to make their own satanic churches, they own true satanisms, and so forth.

Has any person who identifies themselves as ONA ever done that shit? Has any ONA person ever stolen ONA from DM or even from RM? NO. Do we add our own ideas into the mix? Yes, but after the original creators of the ONA gave the thumbs up. In fact we do the whole opposite to our own aeonic detriment. We still sentimentally look toward AL and the Shropsire crew to give us our ONA. None of those mundane satanists invented their satanism. They were consumers of a commercialized satanism sold by Avon of all book publishers which also sell fat bitch romance novels. Nobody in ONA outside of DM invented our ONA either. But we give credit to where it should be, and we keep ONA associated with its founder. DM will say what he needs to say in public, and those mundanes will believe what they read n public. But those of us on the actual inside know things differently. How is it that these mundane fucks can steal Satanism from LaVey, make their satanism leaderless, but they can't allow ONA the same line

of development where we actually are doing things in the Legit manner and getting DM/AL to make ONA into a peer based leaderless institution. Do we have to do shit in a dishonourable way like them and steal ONA from its maker for it to be Legit in their dumb fuck eyes?

The con to having a peer based institution is that if there are no safety guards put into place, then things can get diluted and watered down into stupidity. For example Science has safety guards in place which makes sure science stays rational. Some of these safety guards is the use of the scientific method, which basically says that if you want your shit to be science, it's first gotta be tested and then it must be replicable by others. You have the peer review process where the old timers who are respected in the scientific community looks over and gives you their critique of your theories and experimentation and conclusions. This way not any insane person with an over active imagination can introduce his beliefs and speculations as valid science.

The ONA as a peer based institution must have the same safety guards. It already does. We have the 5 Core Principles which gives us five simple things that makes ONA genuinely ONA. Those are 5 big landmarks which defines the psychological territory of ONA. What happens if you cross the defined boundaries? You're no longer in the territory. It's simple. We have the Sinister Dialectics, which essentially keeps retarded ONA people from making ONA into a socially – mundanely – acceptable institution, like those dummies in mundane satanism is trying to make their satanism. They work hard at trying to make their LaVey rip off satanism socially acceptable by the generic average idiot [fellow citizen] of their society so their rip off shit is Legit or something. Fuck the generic public and their opinions or acceptance. Be above that generic mass. Don't seek to be of it. The Seven Fold Way is the measuring stick of ONA. The Traditions, Rites, Ceremonies, Mythos, established in the Black Book of Satan and Naos are the Foundation of what ONA is. What do you do with a Foundation? After a construction team build a foundation, what the hell do you do with the shit? You fucking Build shit on top of it: the actual Structure. The foundation has been set by DM and you/we build our respective Temples and Cathedrals or Pagodas on top of it. That Traditional foundation stays in place, but add to it. Like the 16th Satanic Point said once: "Strive not only forwards, but upwards for greatness lies in the highest." On a fundamental level ONA will always be a dark pagan and Traditional Satanism institution. Traditional as in there has been established a set of traditions. Satanism according to the ONA has different extrapolations. You have what is expounded in the old Ms., "What is Satanism," you have the spiritual tangent where Satan is the name given to a real being. You have the symbolic Satanism as expounded by the "Geryne of Satan." Then you have my personal favourite where the word Satanist in ONA is another way to say an anti-Jew, since Satan is the enemy of the Jew or their God. Most outsider mundanes don't know that the ONA word "Magian" is a term for Jews and their Jew memes, religions, political ideologies, world view, way of life, etc.

For the past three years what I have personally been doing is migrating DM concepts and ideas from his Numinous Way, and the Traditionalist stuff from Reichsfolk over into ONA, to make ONA more Myattian. Others are doing this too such as AL, where you see AL use Myattian terms like "Pathei-Mathos." And now you have things like the concept of the Sinisterly-Numinous, which is the integrated synthesis or Balance of the Sinister [dark/primal/Shadow] with the Numinous [light/divine].

As the years pass by, I would like to see the ONA develop into a means and medium of manifesting in the West a more Natural, Wholistic, way of Life based on Traditionalism, our respective Cultures, Clan family structures, Conservatism, ancestral pathei-mathos, and living aural traditions. So that the next generation in the West can have a way, a means, to revert back to their Natural Humanness. This way, in Time – wyrdwilling [as AL coined] – the West is given something it needs and is missing. But the ONA as a means to make adepts who are “sinisterly” [of the Left Hand] Enlightened must remain in place. The so called magian right handed religions have had 2000 years to show and prove themselves. Their end results we are experiencing today tells us that humanity and the human world in the hands and spirit of these magian religions, ethos, and methods of living are destructive to the species or at least devolutionary. There is a need and use of the Shadow Left Hand.

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DRECCIAN DOCTRINES AND DISCIPLINE

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[Dreccian Doctrines & Disciplines](#)

Parable Of The Orange

One day a young acausal being smelling a grove of orange trees on a world in the causal realm contemplated on what an Orange tasted like. It entered a state of mindful concentration and alone it began to speculate on the possible taste, until it had become frustrated and dissatisfied with its mindful contemplations. Thus it journeyed to an Ancient acausal being who had live many lives in the causal plane to ask what an Orange tasted like.

Now the Ancient one was in deep reflection inside itself when the young acausal being approached it and asked: "I understand the Ancient one has been to the causal realm, and have lived many causal lives. Tell me Ancient one: What does an Orange taste like?"

The Ancient one replied: "Ah yes, Oranges. I was awfully fond of them. I've tasted many in my various causal forms. Sweet is its pulp, and bitter is the sheath around the pulp young one. An Orange thus tastes both bitter and sweet."

The young acausal being looking confused asked the Ancient being: "Could you possibly explain to me what exactly Bitter and Sweet is like, since I have not lived a causal life?"

The Ancient one replied: "Bitter is a bad taste which makes your causal face contort slightly, and sweet is a good taste that makes you smile young one."

Confused the young being asked: "But why should a fruit even bother to taste both good and bad? Why not just good?"

The Ancient one replied: "Without contrast, there is no differentiation in the causal. Without differentiation there would be nothing to experience in the causal. Without experience, there is no realization. Without realization, there is no Enlightenment. Without Enlightenment, there is no progression. Thus without bitterness young one, there is no sweetness. Both must be experienced together. They are both the taste of an Orange. Why, even if a fruit such as a

strawberry which tastes entirely sweet, it is often times dipped in salt to give its sweetness contrast young one.”

Confused the young beings said: “Yes that’s good and all, but your discourse isn’t explaining to me what an Orange actually tastes like Ancient one. You have failed to Enlighten me.”

The Ancient one replied: “How can any being describe in words or discourse that which must be experienced young one? You must taste an Orange yourself directly. And when that Orange touches your tongue, there is an understanding of an Orange and its taste that needs no word, discourse, or explanation. You fail yourself when you come to me for answers young one.”

Understanding the Ancient acausal being’s admonishment, the young acausal being went down into the causal realm to become human to taste an Orange.

The Fruits Of Life

We are, you see, that young acausal being who has become a causal creature to Experience the taste of the fruit of causal life. Like an orange, Life tastes both bitter and sweet. Life comes with its ups and downs. It twists and turns unexpectedly like a river. It is both joyful and woeful. And like that inexperienced young acausal being, we often ask why Life should even bother to be both “good” and “bad.” Why can’t Life just be good. Why can’t Life just be ups with no downs. Why can’t Life be like a straight gently flowing river where everything is predictable and expected?

If there was a huge tent at theme park and you heard a lot of hype about a great ride inside that tent and you paid \$200 for a ticket to experience this hyped ride. Then you sit in your cart which rolls on a track. And as you ride this hyped ride, the conductor at the front calmly tells you as you are moving, in a soothing and monotoned voice of Bob Ross: “And here we are ladies and gentlemen on the Heavenly Tedious Express. Expect us to go no faster then a safe 3 miles an hour. This ride is terribly safe and predictable unexciting. Please don’t get excited and expect any surprises, twists and turns, because there are none. The tracks of this ride are perfectly straight and leveled. We’re just going to move right straight to the exist as can be expected; safe and sound; without anyone’s heart rate affected. And here we are, wasn’t that an awfully tranquil experience? Thank you, come again.”

Would you come back for a second go, excited, thinking it was the best ride in the theme park or would you think it sucked and was a total rip off? Generally, the most exciting and popular rides in a theme park would kill a senior citizen with heart failure. The more ups and downs a roller coaster has – the higher the ups, and the steeper the downs – the more pukingly exciting the ride is. A great roller coaster ride not only causes you to scream during the ride, but it causes you to scream with your friends after the ride’s over from the sheer craziness of the ride. And then you get in line for a second round.

The entire roller coaster ride itself, with all of its twists and turns, and ups and downs, is One single whole ride/experience. In the same way that the bitter and sweet taste of an orange are

not truly two different things but One Thing/experience. Thus, in Life, there are experiences that produces in us happiness and excitement; and there are experiences that produces in us pain and sorrow. The blissfulness of Love, and the hellish pain of heartbreak are two contrasting aspects of the same single Experience. Such as the joy of birth a new addition to a family/clan brings, and the sorrow and tears the death of a loved one brings; are both contrasting aspects of the same single Experience: Life.

So we come to our First Dreccian principle or doctrine: Life is both bitter and sweet.

Consciousness

We are born into this causal existence as if we had a magnifying glass pressed up against our face and eyes. Everything at such an early stage is an amorphous blur of indistinguishable form. Consciousness – the mental state of conscious awareness – is this magnifying glass. Numinous Self – individuated Life Force – is that which perceives and observes from behind this lens.

Our consciousness is a focusing of this lens. In otherwords, we do not become Aware our “Self” if the self has not been differentiated from everything that is “not Self.” Thus, when the magnifying lens is brought further away from the eyes, form is perceived by Mind in that lens. There is a focusing, a clear image of forms in the lens, while the images outside of the lens is faded and burry. This is consciousness: a focusing of the Mind’s Awareness onto material reality and aspects of material reality.

Thus, in a forest, should that lens focus on a tree, this tree comes into sharp focus and the Mind is able to see the details of this tree. The Mind says to itself: “This tree is not me; therefore I am that which is not the tree.” Thus from such unattached observation of Mind on form, there arises differentiation. In which state the Mind gradually becomes Aware of itself from becoming Aware of Contrast.

Consciousness is an essential tool needed in this causal realm. But total dependence and misuse of this tool of mental focus causes certain problems of perception to arise. In focusing on a tree, this magnifying lens only brings into sharp detail what is directly in front of it. Thus the Mind observing this tree through this looking glass, becomes only Aware of the tree, and cannot “see” the forest. This tunnel vision state of consciousness gives birth to mental illusions and distortions of genuine Natural Numinous Reality. For in reality the tree is one of many trees in a forest; and the forest itself is a One Thing.

Thus our Second Dreccian doctrine: Fixation of Consciousness on causal forms distorts reality and causes illusions. How so?

It is out of the habit of mundane awareness to rather than see the “bigger picture” to fixate one’s consciousness onto aspects of Life such as the pain and sorrows of mortal existence. From such fixation – focus of that magnifying glass – only the pain and sorrow of mortal existence is seen in detail, whereas the rest of Life is a blur. And from that fixation of Mind on pain and sorrow, there is born illusion, delusion, dualism, and materialism: ignorance or a

faulty apprehension of Life. Such as the ignorance and delusion that Life is evil or full of suffering. This delusional apprehension of Life itself generates mental and emotional anguish which is the Wyrdful fruit of such an ignorant apprehension of Life.

Thus that which is perceived to be suffering, and the mental and emotional distress and anguish that such perception generates are two very different phenomena. For example, let us take a boy and say that he likes a girl. The boy goes to the girl and asks her on a date and she rejects him. His feelings are hurt. This objective experience the boy had he interprets to be painful. But such painful rejection is just a part of Life and an aspect of the game of Love. The actual pain is brief and fleeting.

It is the mental and emotional anguish and worry that a fixation on that rejection that Lingers and Wyrdfully manifests stress, distress, and negative effects on the boy and his Life. He dwells on the idea of being rejected. He is fixated on the mental and emotional worry and anguish. Our thoughts influences our Emotions, and our Emotions governs our Actions and Behaviour in Life. Such that now the boy's lingering mental and emotional anguish causes him to reject others, become antisocial, and from that behaviour he places himself into a lonely and depressing cocoon to protect himself from his delusions of rejection.

You see, the initial objective act of a girl rejecting him itself was causally brief and insignificantly petty which can hardly be said to be lethal. But the depression and emotional stress of loneliness can drive a delusional Mind to commit suicide.

That mental and emotional anguish was a delusion caused by the boy's fixation of consciousness on a causal event is potentially and wyrdfully destructive and lethal. He could have just let it go, picked himself up, dusted himself off, and Let Go of the experience – Unattached: consciousness not fixated – and asked another girl, and another, and another, with determination, until one accepts. And from this determination, this unattachment of consciousness to causal forms and experiences, there is movement, growth, becoming, evolution, and Self Progression.

Thus we come to our Third Dreccian principle of Life: Unattachment of Consciousness to causal forms gives rise to esoteric understandings of Life, and personal progression in Life.

The Flow of Physis

[Quote Ancient Hymn About Physis]

Orphic Hymn 10 to Physis (Greek hymns C3rd B.C. to 2nd A.D.):

“To Physis (Nature), Fumigation from Aromatics. Physis, all-parent, ancient and divine, o much mechanic mother, art is thine; heavenly, abundant, venerable queen, in every part of thy dominions seen.

Untamed, all taming, ever splendid light, all ruling, honoured, and supremely bright. Immortal, Protogeneia (First-Born), ever still the same, nocturnal, starry, shining, powerful dame. Thy

feet's still traces in a circling course, by thee are turned, with unremitting force.

Pure ornament of all the powers divine, finite and infinite alike you shine; to all things common, and in all things known, yet incommunicable and alone. Without a father of thy wondrous frame, thyself the father whence thy essence came; mingling, all-flourishing, supremely wise, and bond connective of the earth and skies.

Leader, life-bearing queen, all various named, and for commanding grace and beauty famed. Justice, supreme in might, whose general sway the waters of the restless deep obey.

Ethereal, earthly, for the pious glad, sweet to the good, but bitter to the bad: all-wise, all-bounteous, provident, divine, a rich increase of nutriment is thine; and to maturity whatever may spring, you to decay and dissolution bring. Father of all, great nurse, and mother kind, abundant, blessed, all-spermatic mind: mature, impetuous, from whose fertile seeds and plastic hand this changing scene proceeds.

All-parent power, in vital impulse seen, eternal, moving, all-sagacious queen. By thee the world, whose parts in rapid flow, like swift descending streams, no respite know, on an eternal hinge, with steady course, is whirled with matchless, unremitting force.

Throned on a circling car, thy mighty hand holds and directs the reins of wide command: various thy essence, honoured, and the best, of judgement too, the general end and test. Intrepid, fatal, all-subduing dame, life everlasting, fate (aisa), breathing flame. Immortal providence, the world is thine, and thou art all things, architect divine.

O, blessed Goddess, hear thy suppliants' prayer, and make their future life thy constant care; give plenteous seasons and sufficient wealth, and crown our days with lasting peace and health."

[End Quote]

When we have disciplined our Minds to use Consciousness correctly, and we have learned to Mindfully become Aware of not just one focal point, but of Everything – becoming Mindful of the Forest as opposed to a single tree – we come to “feel” all of Nature as it genuinely is.

There is an effortless Flow to the Way of Nature like the effortless Flow of a river such as the Amazon River. The Amazon River begins effortlessly as snow and rain on the tops of the Andean Mountains. The snow melts and rain falls dripping effortlessly down forming streams. And all these streams converge into one single river eventually becoming the Amazon River.

Causal Life is very much like us coming together on a planned river rafting trip. We companions in Life start off our river rafting experience way off somewhere in the foothills of Peru. Our river will effortlessly bring us from this beginning point to the mouth of the Amazon River thousands of miles away opening into the Atlantic.

But this effortless Flow of Nature shouldn't be envisioned as a peaceful and tranquil Flow, as a

leaf gently is carried on a current. The effortless Flow of Nature is one beset with struggle, strife, and danger. It is more like the wild flowing of white rapids.

Of course our River is not entirely white rapids and dangerous. This River is nicely balanced. There are parts of it that are indeed tranquil. There are some parts where the Flowing is fast. Some parts are rocky and dangerous. And sometimes this River breaks and becomes a waterfall.

Our River's Flow carries us effortlessly through a thick jungle of Experience and captivating sights. Every turn and twist brings something new and unpredictable. Our strength and will is tested and challenged at times. Intelligence, strategy, and creativity is demanded at other times if we are to finish the experience triumphantly.

From this effortless Flow which takes each of us into our Life's experiences and forces us to strive and struggle at times, there is inside of us a Natural inner alchemical change. And from this inner change and growth, we surmount our default nature and become better and wiser. More insightful and more capable as we are carried further down this River.

Our Minds in Life is like a rudder and anchor at the same time. As this river of Life Flows, it is with our Mind that we steer our raft in tune to the River's movement, as we are carried by its effortless Flow. This state of being – of being carried to our experiences in Life by Life's effortless Flow – is called Nonattachment To Causal Forms. For we allow this river to carry us into our Experiences, which slowly passes by us as our raft moves. We enjoy the scenery as it passes or learn from our Experiences as the events passes.

But when our Minds are Fixated on a causal form there arises problems. There is born a fight against the Flow of Life. As if our minds were Fixated on a large tree in the Amazon jungle near the bank of the Flowing River, and we fight to keep our raft fixated – attached, focused – at that point. Such an unnatural struggle manifests no inner growth or unfoldment of inner insight.

Thus our Fourth Dreccian doctrine and discipline: Letting Go and living with the effortless Flow of Nature manifests inner and outer growth. Struggling against Nature's current manifests mental and emotional stress, distress, and anguish.

Flowing with Nature does not exclusively mean to allow it to take you places. As you drift down this River of Life and are brought to new sights and experiences, we each become more Aware and Mindful of the Forest around us in an intimate and direct way.

From that Mindfulness of all of Nature as a whole, we come to feel and realize the Oneness and interconnectivity of Life and Nature. We come to understand that we ourselves as a species and as an individual are a living aspect and part of Nature. We we come to dis-cover and understand the Way of Nature and Laws of Nature – how Nature works.

It's from this state of greater Awareness of Nature that we dis-cover that Nature is in essence a single living being with its own Time tested "Way of Life." We dis-cover that our actions we

commit as causal parts of this living being ripples out to affect other parts because of the interconnectivity and oneness.

From contemplation of Nature and realizing its Coherency, Symbiosis, and interconnectivity, we gain a very valuable insight pertaining to a Way of Life more in-tune to Nature: the Communitarian way of clans.

In olden days the Jain community in India were the wealthiest portion of India's society. This wealth and power was the manifestation of a very coherent communitarian clannish way of life. The community as a whole strove collectively to be self-reliant by having each clan in the Jain community striving to prosper in life. When a family became poor or lost their home and live stock for some reason, each member of the community gave the troubled family one brick and the equivalent of one dollar to rebuild themselves their home and wealth again. Over time, the coherency and symbiosis of their community died and this practice discontinued resulting in wide spread poverty, famine, abuse, and exploitation under Hindu domination.

Other social orders practice this natural communitarian ethos such as the Amish. When a new home or barn needs to be built, members of the community come together to build the house and barn. Thus the coherency gives rise to self reliance. My own clan/family practices this communitarian culture. When my uncle lost his house and business six months ago due to the economy, the 500 or so members of our clan/family gave the uncle and his wife [he has 4 kids] what they could – which was between \$100-\$1000 each, to rebuild their wealth.

So from understanding how Nature works, and from applying the Way of Nature in one's Life and clan, there is an effortless gradual growth of power, wealth, and prosperity: the reward of communal physis. It is when we live out of tune with Nature, because we do not understand the Way of Nature, or because we go against its Flow, that we encounter devastating problems in Life.

It is from a misuse of consciousness, when we fixate our minds on singled out parts of Nature – when we cannot see the forest because we are fixated on one tree – that mental, emotional, and physical distress and disorder manifests. Such a fixation of consciousness causes us to fall into the delusion that Nature is a dead thing composed of many independent parts all taking advantage of Nature and each other for their individual survival. From such an ignorant and delusional state of mundane awareness are our unnuminous acts born: the act and state of abuse and rape of Nature.

It is like a group of people living on a tropical island you see. One day these islanders not being able to see Nature – their islands forests and life – as it is; they go about exploiting it oblivious to the Wyrđ – end result – of their collective actions over Time. Such nonempathetic acts born from a misunderstanding of the oneness of Nature disrupts the ecosystem of this island's forest. Over time, when every tree has been cut, the island is barren and can no longer even support its human population.

So we symbolize Physis – Nature – as Baphomet, our Mistress of Earth and Mother of Blood. As Dreccians we are rewarded and cared for by our Mother if we strive to understand Her and

Live according to Her Law of Nature and Her effortless Flow. But this Mistress turns bloody and cuts you down when you abuse Her and dare stand against Her Law and Flow.

Inner Physis

As Within, So Without. As Without, So it is Within.

If there is an outer Physis – external Nature – there is also an internal Nature. As outer Nature has its own essence and Flow, so too does this inner nature have its own essence and rhythm.

We each come into causal existence imbued by Nature with our own unique Natural Essence or Inner Physis. Each of us has inside our own Natural essence, quality, inclinations, character, traits, and potential that is Natural to each of us.

For instance one boy may have the Inner Physis of mechanical curiosity and technical creativity while another boy may have an Inner Physis of competing and fighting. Thus if the two boys Lets Go and Flows with their inner nature – the unfoldment of inner physis – the first boy will naturally become an engineer which he would excel at; while the second boy will naturally develop – via physis – into a warrior which he would excel at.

In ancient times when humans lived in tribes and clans, such natural Inner Physis was a matter of life, death, and aeonic continuity. It is how the acausal entity of the tribe manifests causal parts imbued with qualities it needs to causally evolve. So thus, in a tribe or clan, the Inner Physis of the first boy causally adds and progresses the tribe mechanically and technologically while the Inner Physis of the second boy in becoming a Warrior protects the tribes members, territory, and expands such territories. Thus it can be seen that a tribe is a symbiotic super organism, in which each part – person/member – by nature has a unique potential which contributes to the tribe. In the same way that each cell and organ in your body has its own nature and potential to contribute to the body.

In such a tribal context, forcing the first boy to become a warrior and forcing the second boy to become an engineer is detrimental to the Life of the Tribe, because it goes against the inner nature of each boy and undermine each boy's inner potential, which weakens each boy capabilities. We are in essence better and good at what we are born naturally good at doing in otherwords. To go against that Flow of Inner Physis is to weaken oneself and one's potential. In the very same way that a person who struggles to better himself through the process of Physis via its practical methods and applications is must stronger and capable a person compared to one who does not put himself through the boot camp of Physis.

It is only in this modern mundane social order, contaminated with Magian Ethos, wherein there are no tribes and clans, and wherein each family and person is a segregated independent unit that each person can neglect their Inner Physis. In fact, mundane society tries very hard to weaken its citizens by telling them what to become, what to study in school to make the most money, and such, rather than teach each person to simply look inwards for their natural inner potential. Thus a Nation-State of weakened and frustrated humans drones is produced. Frustrated because of the neglect of one's inner potential left unactualized.

Thus our Fifth Dreccian doctrine and discipline: Actualizing one's Inner Physis manifests one's numinous inner Nature whereby one achieves one's fullest human potential.

Cause And Fruit

Our Thoughts gives rise to our Emotions. Our Emotions governs and influences our Actions. The actions that we commit in life are like threads which are woven together. These acts of ours and the acts of others intertwine and together creates a fabric. This fabric is the fabric of our future experiences, our future fate, or destiny.

In simple terms: what we do today, bears fruit tomorrow. If we understand Wyrd – which is the fundamental essence of Causal Reality – we will know that ignorant thoughts, ignorant emotions, and ignorant actions manifests a future fate and life beset with physical, mental, and emotional anguish and distress.

Being Mindful and in control of our thoughts, emotions, and actions, will thus make us Masters of our own Life and Destiny.

Thus our Sixth Dreccian doctrine and discipline: Master oneself and Master Life.

If you do not strive to master yourself – your own thoughts, emotions, and actions – and allow others and random circumstances to manipulate and master you, then these other people and external circumstances are Master of you. Thus you are a slave to others and to external circumstances. If you are a slave, then you are not Liberated: you are not a free person. Genuine Liberation and Freedom is born from the Physis of Self Progression: that art and science of intelligently and willfully governing your thoughts, emotions, and actions as a king governs his people and domain. Not just to become a better person but also to learn to materialize a desired future Life and existence.

If we desire to be rich reasonably in 25 years we work Mindfully toward that goal by planting the Causal Seeds which will grow into such fate Now. Every future Result has its Causal Seeds which bears such fruit. If we desire to manifest a better Civilization 300 years from now, the Causal Seeds are wyrdfully sown today.

We symbolize the essence and nature of Wyrd with Satan. The word satan coming from the Greek "Aitian" – as Anton Long says – which means Cause, source, or the initial cause or source. Cause and Effect is the fundamental essence of Causal Reality. It can be said then that Satan is the very essence of Causal phenomena. He who understands what Satan is and His secrets is amply rewarded in Life. He who is ignorant of Him, ultimately condemns himself to his own destruction.

From the union or marriage and dance of Wyrd and Physis – Satan and Baphomet – is the Living Cosmos born. There is a Nature of subatomic particles, and from the expression and actualization of such nature such subatomic particles act. The actions of which wyrdfully manifests into atoms. There is a Nature and Way of atoms, and when each atom effortlessly follows its natural way it acts in-tune to such with other atoms. And from such acts, elements

Wyrdfullly form. Each element has its own nature and quality, and when such nature is actualized through action with other elements, molecules and compounds Wyrdfullly manifest. Everything in Nature is a Cosmic dancing of Wyrd and Physis. Every particle and Thing with its own essence and potential which it strives to express and manifest. The actions and behaviour of each particle and thing Wyrdfullly influencing and becoming.

Even in the arena of Macro Nature, Wyrd and Physis are still united in a dance of creation and becoming if we would just loosen our conscious fixation on mundane things and become meditatively Mindful and Aware of everything around us as they are. Heat and water each have their own nature and potential which they each express. The expression of which acts on each other, Wyrdfullly manifesting as vapour which become clouds, and rain. That rain and the light of the sun which the heat came from each have their own nature and potential which feeds plants.

From that feeding each plant Wyrdfullly grows fulfilling its own nature and potential baring fruit and harvest. Such fruit and harvest in turn have their own nature and potential. And so they are eaten by animals, which we in turn consume. The consumption of which Wyrdfullly sustains us and thru our Living of Life and what actions we have set into motion as a Livings species, the present world we today exist in is manifest. There is thus only one Nature, and all Things are interconnected.

Experience And Numinous Illumination

If we are to live Life to the fullest and reap its full benefit, then we must each dis-cover what Life actually is. We will never know what Life and Nature is genuinely if we fixate our consciousness and attach it to single temporal things. Staring at a tree does not teach us of the numinous Nature of a Forest. Staring at a star in the sky does not unravel the mysteries of the cosmos. It is only when we have learned to control and use consciousness correctly – as a tool – and we expand that consciousness so that it has the ability to become Mindful and Aware of everything around us do the mysteries of the Cosmos being to unfold.

With Reason, Natural Philosophy, and Meditative Concentration: a silencing of the chattering of the conscious mind, become aware of the slow and natural movement of one's breath. Breath deeply so that the air tickles the very top of the nasal cavity. The tongue touching the roof of the mouth, and the Mind seated between the eyebrows. From that state of Mind, one's Awareness is expanded to feel and become Mindful of everything around you as they are in their undefiled state, and thus the nature of Self, Life, Nature, and the Cosmos are Rationally apprehended.

This is like slowing the Mind down on a hiking trail, so that rather than be fixated on one point or on the destination, the Mind becomes Aware on every little leaf and flower and detail of things you pass by. So that what would have been overlooked, comes into realization. From such Mindfulness of Thing that passes by, the contemplative mind is able to draw from within Esoteric Insight the better to apprehend Life with.

Thus in our Dreccian Way of Life, there are fundamentally two sources of Illumination: Outer

Physis and Inner Physis. It is by directly experiencing outer Nature that we progressively grow wiser. But also it is from the ability to mindfully meditate on such experiences and on other aspects of outer Nature, which draws up from inside Esoteric Insights.

Thus our Seventh Dreccian doctrine and discipline: From direct experience and inner contemplation, arises Numinous Illumination.

Software Of Causal Life

By the word "Doctrine" as used here we mean to denote a codified body of teachings, principles, and instructions. We do not mean to imply dogma. These Seven Principles are not truths but only guidelines and instructions on a different modality of Mindfulness and Perception. As a body of teachings, principles, and instructions, they have been codified as software to teach and guide a Dreccian and their off spring to live a Way of Life.

As causal organisms that lives in a causal reality, not having the right software in your Mind as an Operating System is the difference between losing and winning this Game of Life. It is the difference between Mastering Life, and being Mastered by Life.

These Seven Principles are only guides which teaches and conditions the Mind of each Dreccian to see things differently and it is hoped that more are added in time. How we see or perceive things influences how we think. And we should know by now that what we think influences how we feel, and our feelings govern our actions.

These Seven Principles are in essence merely an attempt to describe and explain that which is best Experienced directly. This is not a spiritual discourse. It is just a feeble attempt to help other Initiates of the Sinister Way use and evolve the most powerful weapon in their Sinister Arsenal: their Mind, so that they can obtain and manifest not only the best condition in Life, but also so that they can gain a more clearer and Numinous apprehension of the Living Cosmos. These Seven Doctrines only become worth anything when they are applied with Discipline.

It is easy and pointless to speak and debate on principles, as our Parable of the Orange has tried to explain. These Seven Principles of Life are best tasted by yourself directly. If it works for you, as it has worked for me, then it is something worth teaching to our own Drecclings as well, so that rather than experience Life aimlessly without a functioning software, they will at least have this to help them evolve themselves, and manifest the lives they desire to experience and live.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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DUPLICATION OF EFFORT



Duplication Of Effort

I learned the term “Duplication Of Effort” from business. Except the business I learned my early practical experience from is the type that is looked down upon. It’s something called MLM or multi-level marketing, you know, things like Avon, Amway, Marry Kay, and so on. Except the type of MLM I was a functioning part of for many years is the type most people don’t like and try to stay away from: the scam type. Except the specific entourage of conmen and scam artists I was associated with followed the Kingpen of MLM scam artist whom in the early 2000?s was actually sued by the government and its guber-posse for \$40,000,000. The conditions set by the courts with the ring leader – we’ll call him BG – was that he was not allowed to create any kind of MLM company and profit from them. You think that stopped BG? Hell no, he has a wife and trusted associates that follow him around like a band of merry men. What BG did was play musical chairs with the US Governments and its posse by setting up MLM businesses under his wife’s name, then under the name of a close associate of his, and so on. It’s funny cuz while he and his associates do their business, I just recently read something BG wrote where he issues a public statement of apology. In the statement he asks people to forgive him for having trusted bad friends basically who ripped people off, and he said he learned his lesson.

I was too young to get into BG’s first MLM company which hit it’s peek during the late 90?s. We’ll call this first company Eqx. At it’s peek Eqx was the fastest growing and one of the biggest companies in America. The reason I know about it is because I have a older cousin and her friend – both charter members of NXS/WSA – who got into Eqx and used its products religiously and they’d share it with all of us and brainwash us younger cousins.

Before this stupid green revolution, Eqx was into the whole ‘all naturale’ concept, which was the foundation of their business ‘praxis,’ or their ‘schtick.’ 100% of their product line were all natural and sold to paranoid hipsters, health freaks, hippies, and anybody else their Reps can scare. Eqx had a line of make up made from Mica and not Talc, because BG and his profits of doom said that talc causes cancer. Except mica is more harder to make so the makeup was a bit more pricy. To get people to buy, BG and his Reps would ask you things like: “Go with the

cheap stuff and get cancer or spend a little more money for your own health, how much are you worth to yourself?"

Eqx also had this line of hair care products – shampoo and stuff – which were all made from 100% natural stuff. BG's hell fire preachers said that other shampoos had toxic chemicals in them and that your scalp is the most absorbent part of your body. The guy even attacked milk and sold soy milk saying milk has all of these chemicals in it from the cows and that these chemicals are linked to things like conditions like ADD, etc. To back up his claims BG and his friends found scientists, doctors, etc, to support their ideas and they'd make videos to show people.

But the core product of Eqx – which later would get BG in trouble with the government – were water filters. Sounds harmless. It's not the water filter, but BG and how he sold it. You see BG had a huge dislike of the government. His founding story was that as a young man he worked MLM companies selling water filters, but none of them filtered out chlorine. And so he made a simple water filter which took out the chlorine. Then to sell his filters he used a very anti-government rhetoric about how chlorine was unhealthy for you, and that the government knows this. Later BG ended up making water filters which removed everything including Fluoride and he attacked the government for poisoning its own citizens with toxic fluoride.

Anyways. Things happened. The government accused BG of abusing or stretching the legal limits of what a "corporation" was and what "business" means, saying that BG was abusing people by telling lies to sell stuff. The government's departments figured out Eqx was a huge multimillion dollar con game and they went after BG and finally shut down Eqx. BG said to his people – the guy filled up entire convention centers – that the government was after him because he was telling folks the truth and giving people the power to take their lives back. BG, his wife, and a horde of his associates from Eqx after that would morph into a handful of MLM companies selling a whole list of different products. But no matter what company it was, or what they were selling, its always the same faces running the show.

By "associates" in MLM, I mean that such a business is structured or has a hierarchy. BG is at the core and he surrounds himself with his trusted associates. These trusted associates have what's called their "Downlinks" who are their trusted associated. Then these associates have their Downlinks who are their trusted associates. So in any company, BG is always surrounded with 3 layers of insulation made up of an association of trusted individuals who knows the ins and outs of the game and business. You have to earn your place and trust in that structure by personally knowing the right people.

Fortunately for me – many years after the demise of Eqx – my older cousin, and her older friend were friend with a pair of BG's associates from the third outer layer. The guy was named Victor who was only 2 people away from BG. His girlfriend Ruby was his downlink who was the personal friend of my cousin's older friend. So that's how my cousin and her friend got involved in the snake oil business. Both Vic and Ruby are light skinned Mexicans. Vic always wears a suit and tie, is GQ, clean shaven, hair slicked back, wears glasses, and can rip you off with a genuine friendly smile. Ruby was the one with people skills.

I met Vic and Ruby when I was a senior in high school through my older cousin, who invited me to a get together at Vic's house. People like this who have been into whatever they are into talk about their mlm business like it were a religion. It somehow comes up everywhere. So after the get together Vic and everybody had talked me into stopping by "The Office," to sign up with the current – at the time – outer manifestation of their enterprise. Vic was the head of an Office in Orange County. My cousin says he's been running offices since the Eqx days.

I got into the mlm business Vic was at that time involved with through the back door. So I wasn't conned into buying any stuff or spending a thousand dollars on useless business stuff. What happened was after I got my briefing about the company and signing up, Vic said he'd hook me up with some old and new videos of BG so I can study and learn things. Some of these videos were made way back in the late 90's when Eqx was alive, and when BG was huge and at the height of his "career." But they weren't cheesy videos. BG has a ton of money, and he spends a lot of it on PR and production of good teaching videos. Typically BG's videos starts off with music and all these scenes of him and his friends in giant houses, driving Lambos and stuff, yachting. Then the scene pans in and around a huge convention center filled with people in business suits. There is a stage.

Then every body goes quiet, the spot light goes on BG. And BG works his magic for an hour. Interestingly BG hardly talks about the actual company. Instead he actually preaches or teaches like a holy roller about there being two types of people in life: those that use people, and those that will be used. That's the game he says. Doesn't matter what the ball looks like, because its always the same two teams on the field. Like Attracts Like, he said. That's where I got that phrase from. BG once said in one of his speeches that he knows what type of person he is, and he knows he knows how to make money, and so he knows the people drawn to him are his kind and type. All he is doing is providing a Way or Means for his type to do what he does and succeed like he did. Those who get it will get it. Those who don't, can buy something and leave.

So this is the background or back story. Once you understand what I learned from this background story, you'll see that what I do with the ONA, and how I 'work' it like a business, comes from my experience with this type of company. And from what I learned from Vic and BG.

Cattle Calls

Vic called them Cattle Calls. Cattle Calls are the business's first and most important work. It's how the business as an entity metabolizes and grows. It is constant. A cattle call is just an ad put in somewhere, or any means to fill the Office with as many people as possible. In real ranching, when you do a cattle call, what we mean is we collect or gather a loose group of random cows in a field slowly into a fenced place so we can hand pick the cows for our purposes. For meat, for branding, for leather, for studing, for breeding, and so on. It doesn't matter how you collect the cattle. In the Business when you do a cattle call what you look for are 4 basic types of people. You want to gradually separate these 4 types and process them accordingly. The first type are those that are interested in making money and will sign up and do the work. Vic and my older friends calls this types "Field Nigger." It's okay, my friends who

are associate of Vic's are Black guys. Your field nigger is the type to goes out and actually sells product people to people, door to door, whatever.

Second type of person you want to pick out are the "House Niggers." These are the useless types that for some numerous reasons can't work the field. All they are good for is their money. They are interested in your product. They believe your rhetoric and preaching. So you slowly leech them for their money. And they support your business verbally because they simply believe your schtick. You tell a good House Nigger: "The government is chlorinating and fluoridating your water to hurt you!" And they will say: "Yesum massa. Whatever you say massa. I believe it. Ima tell my friends and buy stuff." Not only do they buy your stuff, but their value is in the after fact that they spread your ideas and helps create or warms up a market for your future use when they talk about stuff.

Third type and just as important are what we call "Rats." In the other mlm companies this type is call a Cold Lead. These people are totally worthless as field niggers or house niggers. They don't buy shit. They don't want to put in any work. But they sympathize with the aura or preaching of the Business. All Rats are good for are their friends and associates they can lead you to. You take rats into a room by themselves and work on drawing out as much personal information about their family and friends and get numbers and contact information, then hit up these people. Rats are just as important as the first two to this type of Business, because they help you find more fresh blood.

Fourth type are the ones we call "Cats." These are the rare types that are "one of us." You can feel out your own kind. And in the beginning of meeting an alike – a person like you – you don't trust them and put them to little tests. You don't trust them because you know yourself to be a scam artist that tricks people and uses and manipulates people. If like attracts like, then you can't immediate trust your own alikes. You put them to the test slowly. Each test leads them slowly into the 'inner circle' of the business. This is a vital process because it is how the Business "replicates or breeds." This here is where the term "Duplication Of Effort" applies. A Business or religion or political entity can't sexually breed. It needs to somehow replicate its inner part and outer part. In a religion the outer part is usually the Believers and the inner part is the Priesthood. Without both parts replicating, the institution dies. Therefore, all 4 types of people are vital to the continual sustenance of your business.

BG taught us that when he was a field nigger [he didn't use that term] running his own business he was successful at it. But that there came a time when he realized that no matter how good he was at selling and making money, there is a limit to how much he can grow and acquire because he is only one person with the effort of one person. It is out of the desire for More, that he learned he needed to Duplicate his Efforts. To Clone himself and his capabilities in others of the right type. You have no choice but to work at making other your equal, your peer, your associate. This way whatever these people do, you benefit a little from them, and the entire business also benefits. In this Business you call this benefit "Residual Income," or "Cash Flow." This is when you have worked hard to become Number 1 in your business, and now you have Duplicated your efforts by making a group of other Number 1's. You yourself get a percentage of what your Number 1's makes. This is the residual or flow of cash and income. The better you make your associates, the more you actually benefit. It's not altruism.

And BG tells you that it's not by telling you the fastest way to being successful or rich in life is by 1) Other people's efforts, & 2) Other people's resources [money/time].

So after I had watched all of these videos, and after Vic gave me free tickets to these massive seminars with BG, Vic put me to my first test. He asked me to volunteer [work for free] in his office and help him out by working with the crowd. I did, and Vic told me to just stick close to Ruby and learn to do what she does, but to keep an eye on him for later.

What happens at a cattle call is that after the office room is full of people Vic comes up and gives a 30 minute talk on the company, its history, then product line. Then a 15 minute video of the guru BG is played. After Vic's presentation, Ruby and the other girls associated with Ruby begin to mingle and work the crowd during refreshments. Ruby and her group separates the crowd into the fourth types. In the office are Vic's other associates who have their desks and cubical. Each of these men specializes in working with one of the four types of people. When Ruby – and later me – learns what type of person they are from talking with them, we send them to the right guys in the offices to process our hand picked people.

For example if I am talking with a girl and I know she won't work the field or can't be milked for her money, then she is a Rat and I'll send her to Vic by telling the Rat that I'd like to introduce her to a friend of mine [Vic]. Vic knows that if any of his associates introduces somebody to him, that they are Rats and he goes right off into Cat mode. The Rat girl will be removed and isolated from the crowd by being taken to Vic's office desk. Once isolated Vic will do something called "Dropping The Bomb." This is when Vic bombards the Rat with all sorts of talk on the business in a incoherent and hard to follow manner fast. This causes the Rat to become confused and disoriented inside. While he is dropping bombs he hands you a piece of paper and interrogates you for your personal information on friends, family members, and leads. He wants names and phone numbers. He keeps you from thinking by telling trivial stories as he is tapping the paper reminding you to write down names and numbers.

Or if I talk to a person and they are enthusiastic about the products and rhetoric, and I see she has nice shoes and jewelry and nice hair, I classify the lady as a potential house nigger and introduce her to a friend of mine – who specializes in milking house niggers. In light conversations with people Ruby and her girls [which included me] actually ask questions about what these people do, if they go to school, what kind of cars they like, what kind of car they drive, if they rent or own a house, if they have a big family and lots of friends, and so. But we graft these questions into what seems like trivial friendly conversation. What we are actually feeling around for is how much you are worth, how much cash you have to spend or if we can use you in some way.

The associates that work the desks don't wait to be introduced to people. They mingle too, and they come into your conversations as a third party. We have ways of "telling" these associates if the person we are talking to is one the associate knows how to work with. If the associate comes and asks me who I'm talking to and I introduce the two in a normal boring way, it means the person is not the associate's type. But if I open my eyes wide, look excited, and introduce the associate to my person and touch his or her shoulder and lightly pushed them to the person, it means for the associate to go in for the kill.

I ended up volunteering 5 days a week during my college years to help out at the office for free for about 4-5 hours a day, all for free. In exchange for that Vic, Ruby, and the office associates gave me downlinks. This is another interesting and fun thing to watch. It's after office hours when the several cattle calls are done and we're calling the leads, the guys go thru their paper work of new sign ups and trades people back and forth like they were playing poker or just trading stuff. This is because the contract and way the business is legally instituted, you get a percentage of whatever your downlink makes or spends, and you also get a percentage of whatever your downlinks's own downlinks makes or spends. They call the downlinks that generates the most income "Big Fish." Your fishing for fish, and the big ones are highly prized. And you can make a ton of money. I've seen Vic and his associates pull in college students my age at the time who were talked into spending credit on products and business packages that amounted to \$2000. And that's from one person. Vic get's \$200 from that. In one week, he can easily make past \$1000; which doesn't include his kick-ups from his network of downlinks. So that's what the guys did for me, after I past my 'dedication' test of spending 5 days a week to work for free for them. They build up my downlinks, and my downlinks did end up making money for me.

I also past my "Ruby" test where Ruby was training me to work crowds, separate people into their types and stuff, which I aced right away. If you ace this test, it indirectly tells the office associates that you actually know what is going on – the game/scam/business – and want in, and can work the game without anybody sitting you down like a retard and telling you point blank: "Okay, here's the deal, we're scamming people, you want in or what?" You just have to be clever enough to feel it, and go with it wordlessly. After I got good at doing what Ruby did Vic noticed that I was good at talking and twisting information to manipulate people to move in directions I want, so he told me to pay close attention to how he gives presentations because he wants me up in front to give presentations later.

The way Vic gave his cattle call presentations is all systematic. There is an objective: to make money and sell the business, idea, concepts, and product to people. Before each session or Vic's speeches is a initial refreshment time when we wait for everybody to come in. In the room there is soda, coffee, and snacks. During this time me and Ruby and the others will mingle and get a feel for what type of people we are dealing with. Vic will quietly pull us into a different room from time to time to ask us to brief him what kind of people we have. He needs information. Anything that he can use to craft his presentation to target and hit the audience. He has his objective, and he divides the actualizing of that objective into "power points" and moves. So what he does with the information we give to him is that he crafts a presentation that is tailored to hit the audience in front of him.

For example I may tell Vic that there is a man who is married with children. He works as a manager of his own business, and has a friend who is signed up with the company. Said that he was interested. So from this what Vic will do is during his presentation he will drop specific example about how the business can help a person who is married with children and a mortgage to make extra cash flow to give them financial independence. You can have 5 cattle calls a day, and each time, Vic's presentations is slightly different. The trick is that during the 30 minutes of talking you want to dynamically or organically bring down the scripted info-speech and get as personal as you can with the people in front of you, so as to develop a

rapport with them. You know your crowd is growing a rapport channel with you when you see them nod their head in silent agreement. Once you see heads nodding, you use what you said to make those heads nod as a clue to say the next things to make more heads nod.

Eventually Vic put me in the front to do presentations. You dress up real nice and professional, but try to look as appealing and pretty as you can. Put what you learned from our company Holy Bibles into practice. Our company holy bibles are two books called "Think And Grow Rich," & "How To Win Friends And Influence People." Those are the two books they make you read when you sign up, and they will talk about their teachings religiously. BG says the best way to sell yourself or your stuff to people that insures success is to learn to smile with your mouth and eyes and to make eye contact with people in a special way. Instead of quickly glancing back and forth around the crowd, you use the "Sticky Eye Contact" method. You talk and learn to hold your gaze and look deeply into people's eyes with smiling eyes where the hold lasts for 5 seconds or more, and you reluctantly move that deep stare from one person to the next.

This 5 second or more stare triggers ancient physiological unconscious responds in all animals. It triggers our Fight or Flight mechanism as well as our sexual mechanism. When you're staring down an animal or person, it is threatening and it will either make the animal or person act up and be hostile to you or submit and try to run away. But if you stare at them and present yourself in a nonthreatening manner, then they don't fight and go into their Flight mode state of mind, where it becomes a cat and mouse game of body language and sexual responses. The easiest way to make a girl fall in love with you is to induce her pupils to open wide and hold your stare. My aunts and uncles that run jewelry shops will tell you that they can tell if a person likes something when the customer's pupils widens. It's an unconscious response. But in dating this can be manipulated by taking the girl or guy to a evening meal where it is dim, which will obviously cause their pupils to get big. You want to avoid initially taking your dates to bright places. This is also a very effective ploy Hitler used, if you recall all of his parades and speeches he held in the evening or at night in dim torch light. In this condition, when you sticky stare at your audience's eyes, they "fall in love" with you or grow a liking for you inside, which induces Trust and Rapport. You can tell you when you are publicly speaking whom you have mesmerized just by how they look trancefixed at you with a goofy or lost smile just nodding like an idiot.

It took me several months to a year to learn how to give presentations right. At first I just stuck to the prewritten script and added my own ideas to my talks. But gradually I learned to do with Vic did where I crafted my talks tailored to the group of people I was talking to. I eventually threw out the script and just went off in my own direction where I tore the business apart and got very personal with the group of people, used sticky eye contact to induce that trancefixed feedback stare, and sell the torn up business I dismantled bit by bit to each person in different ways to make them nod. My talks became less technical and mechanical and more personal and conversational. Interestingly, I have Black friends I look up to who look up to Minister Farrakhan. So during those times when I was learning how to give speeches I watched nearly every video I could find on Minister Farrakhan giving his speeches. He is actually one of few people who have a massive influence on me. Not so much what he preaches, but other types of influences. But, I mean I didn't act like some girl Farrakhan selling stuff. I mean the way,

style, and methods used to deliver and convey a message to work up a crowd.

Then of course my other person I look up to in the presentation department is Hitler, who was an emotional bard who knew how to emotionalize his crowd. You use sticky eyes and personalized talks to personal with your crowd in order to emotionalize them. The intellectual ideas themselves do not sell anything, the emotions do. You can't intellectually debate a stray cat to like you. You manipulate its feelings somehow to induce trust and rapport. You aren't really selling ideas or products, that follows secondly. You are selling emotions, stimuli, trust. You aren't targeting their intellectual side. You are targeting their Primal side. Because a person can consciously manipulate their own intellectual thought processes, but you cannot change the wiring of your ancient primal programming. If you can get at a person's primal side, his intellectualism and thinking will change. And such things do change. We say we have "changed our minds/opinions/thoughts" about something. A persons thoughts, line of thinking, and intellectualism, is transitory [aniccha] and impermanent. Doesn't matter if at one moment they disagree with you. Get to their primal side and their minds will change.

Giving your talks or presentations at the Office is actually like taking the popularity game on a high school campus and shrinking it down into 30 minutes. You have 30-45 minutes to make as many people in your crowd like you. Because what in essence is any body in life really selling? Themselves. You sell yourself, and your friends or people you have a rapport with opens up to your political theories, religious views, ideas, thoughts, business, and products. If you have any practical experience in this line of business of selling stuff – outside of retail stores – you will know that forcing views, ideas, and items down people's throats don't work. You sell yourself, and everything else falls into place.

Just like in the movie Braveheart, which is one of my favourite ones. You have two characters you want to watch closely: Robert the Bruce and William Wallace. At one point in the movie Robert The Bruce gives it away when he tells his father in the tower how much he envies William's connection to the people. And Wallace did have a rapport with the people. So much so that Wallace is able to talk to the people, give his presentation of a war – considering the risks of war – and excite a people to fight and die for him. This was something the articulate and intellectual Robert The Bruce just did not have. Which in the end – in the movie – made him pretty incompetent or impotent and useless.

You aren't really selling anything but your Self, and the only methods you use are basic social skills to get at a person's primal side. Once they like you, they naturally put their guard down and open up to your political views, ideas, religious notions, world views, and products. This is something you should be able to deduce from closely watching presidential debates and presidential campaigns. None of those guys are actually selling their political ideas. It all goes back to: "Like me." John McCain when he was running tried so hard to get people to like him impotently and you can see this in the latter moments of his campaign when he was loosing. You see him start off every other sentences with things like: "I was this;" "I did that;" "I was a POW in Nam;" "I took one for the team." And it didn't work. John McCain's methods of selling himself doesn't work in high school or any social setting, and it did not work for him in his race.

You know what a geek is? In my parts a Nerd and a Geek are the same, just that a Nerd wears glasses and a Geek doesn't. That's the difference. A geek/nerd is a person who lacks social skills so much, and lacks the ability to empath social dynamics, social groups, social ranking system, that they can't function productively in that environment. They think that you make friends by actually going up to people and asking people to be their friends. You know how stupid and laughable that is for a kid on campus to come up to you and say: "I won chess in my chess club, wanna be my friend?" And this is the same way McCain was doing: "I was in Nam, please be my friend;" "I did this and that, please like me." It doesn't work because you just make yourself look like a loser, and nobody wants to be friends with a loser.

Books like Think & Grow Rich and How To Win Friends and Influencing People, and BG says when selling yourself to others, you want to act like you are already a winner, already a leader, already in power, already rich, already liked by many, and do this with total confidence; even if it's a front. Kayla calls this method "Glamour." It comes from how when you're a girl and you're going out to hit the clubs on a mission for a date, you dress up, put on your makeup, wear perfume, put on a push-up bra, fix your hair up, etc. In essence you make yourself look prettier than you actually are to trick the other person or manipulate them to think you're/we're super hot. We all know it ain't like that the morning after. Not only does all the glamouring make you look hotter than you are, but your target market is drinking beer and not seeing you sober. But the Confidence, in presenting a Glamour of yourself is the most vital aspect of selling yourself. If you flinch and your confidence wavers and shakes, you lose the game.

In pragmatic terms Vic used a trick to glamourize his office. He and his friends actually put a pool table in the back of a room in the office. Then he and his group would just have their Asian associated – like my cousin, me and our friends – just hang out and play pool. The trick is they have to park their cars in the front of the Office. This way, the Office parking lot was packed with top end cars and fixed up cars and classy car brands. So during cattle calls on some days as you walk up to a nice office building you see a grip of Mercedes, BMW's, tricked out Hondas, Jaguars, and Lexuses all in the lot. That way, you walk in that office with the idea that people in the office either have money or is making money.

On a campus, confidence is social money that buys you friends, influence, popularity, and power. Guys that have what it takes to climb the social ladder don't ask people to be their friends. They confidently act and talk in such a way that magnetizes them to attract or command attention. People want to be associated with you by themselves in some way. Either directly or via proxy. Same thing with a girl who has what it takes to climb social rank. You speak and act, and carry yourself with confidence. Not all stuck up like you were the hottest bitch on campus, cuz that's different. That's just called being conceited in high school talk. Nobody likes you for it. I don't even know how to explain what confidence is in words or where its at. It's something inside you have and you project it out for people to feel and see. It influences the way you behave and carry yourself, and how you act and interact with others.

The other difference between a person with the ability to climb social rank from a nerd is that the popular types on a campus – or any human social group – don't sell themselves or talk about themselves or sell their ideas. Jesus doesn't personally sell himself or his ideas and neither does the Buddha or Muhammad. They are all dead or fictitious characters. They have

other people talking about them, selling them, pushing the brands they wear, the cars brands they drive, the ideas and views they have. A popular person does not have to personally talk and yap about themselves and their ideas. Others do it. Whereas nobody talks about a nerd. Cuz there is nothing about you to talk about, and worse, people might not even know you exist to talk about you. The geek or nerd must do their own talking, their own selling of Self. They have no social support or network of supporters. This goes back to our primate packs and troops where the alpha male must have a support group. The out cast of such primate and monkey groups who has no support will not ever climb social rank. Every political leader, pope, or popular kid, and CEO like the late Steve Jobs, has their partyliners and supporters.

That's the sign to tell who is who apart. If you are a person that has to constantly sell yourself, yap about yourself, to be known and heard, then you are a nobody geek. Because the minute you stop your drama and yapping everybody will forget you even exist. And you know this. If you are somebody who is barely around, hardly if ever has to talk about yourself, and third party people still talk about you, talk about your ideas, then you know you are the popular type with a party and supporters. The difference is Power and Influence. You don't have to ask people to like to, be your friend, support you, and so on. People either on their own accord want to be associated with you directly or via proxy. Via proxy here meaning say you have a celebrity. That celebrity is only one person with a huge fanbase. Obviously not everyone is going to be able to be associated with that celeb directly. So we associate ourselves with such people we are drawn to via proxy where we use symbols they use [Hitler/Swastika]; wear what they wear; listen to whatever music they listen to; use whatever words they use, and so on.

If you can sell yourself, everything else follows. Most people when they hear the phrase "sell themselves" may think it means to relentlessly talk about your ideas, assert your opinions down people's throats until someone somewhere hears you and gives in. This isn't power or influence. It's virtually bitching and complaining. And it get's nothing done in real life. You can be a Robert The Bruce type of person in life and articulately bitch and complain about the plight and woes of Scotland, but you ain't getting shit done. Nobody will listen to you. If they do it's to argue and debate. It's the popular William Wallace type with a connection and rapport with the people that influences in real life. Remember in the movie how in the beginning the movie showed rumors spreading about how William was 10 feet tall, killed 50 men with his bare hands, etc. The point is he didn't have to do his own selling of Self to a his market. No product that is worth anything needs to sell its Self like a geek. We as people give the products we like our third party talk and support and by word of mouth we warm up the market so such products can sell.

Because of this, when presenting a product, ideology, service, political views, or whatever, you have to use the stuff and actually like it or love it enough to constantly talk about it. Not because you are on a mission to talk people to buy the shit. But because you really do like the stuff. I actually spent time using the product our mlm company at the time was selling and really did like it. This gave me the ability to personalize my presentations by talking about how I use the stuff to my audience. This in turn allows your audience to be able to relate with you or to you. You need that relation to generate trust and rapport. You need trust and rapport to be liked and to generate influence. That's the causal mechanics of influence. With something like power you add the extra ingredient of being able to build up a party or network of supporters.

From my own direct experiences, when I was in high school I was into Satanism. I loved it genuinely so much I constantly talked about it and my views. In conjunction with my social skills, it became that everyone I personally associated with later became Satanists too. During my college years I went back to my roots and genuinely loved Buddhism so much that it was all I talked about. In conjunction with selling my Self, it became that eventually everybody I associated with became some type of Buddhist. Now I genuinely love the ONA and its potential so much that it's all I talk about. It's all I've been writing about for the past 3 years. People can see the causal effects or Vipaka now. Causal effects as in I don't have a direct connection to every ONA event or new Niner or to every change in the ONA. I cannot claim to have that. But the world runs on Causation where one thing gives rise and inspires another thing into being.

Tricks Of The Trade

You're probably wondering how all this ties into the ONA. It doesn't actually so don't look for connections. It only relates to the ONA through myself in the way I do things and have been doing things in context to the ONA. The trick or challenge for me was: How do I take what I've learned up in that office and use it to sell memes and the ONA via cyberspace?

I didn't actually know what an internet was or what you do with on until 2003. And I only got online because of social media where my friends told me they were on something called "Friendsters." So that's how I started the internet. Later when I got much smarter I realized that the internet put a huge amount of people at your finger tips literally. To me this was significant because working in our office doing cattle calls, we really had to put in the work of placing ads, calling cold leads and scheduling appointments, talking to random people out and about and telling them about the business to get them in the office. With the internet, all that work is nullified. Everyone you need is "right there." The only problem was for me I didn't know how to take the next step to make the internet useful. That changed with me setting specific goals and objectives. You seriously need those things, just so you'll know what exactly you are working towards.

I'll show you how I brainstorm a map to your objective that my friends and I use which works well for us. Take a piece of paper and draw a big circle in the middle. Then write your End Objective in the circle. For instance write down "Manager of a Franchise." Then you ask yourself: "What do I need to do to get to be a Manager of a Franchise?" For every possible answer you have, put each in little bubbles around your big circle. For example two answers can be: 1) Get a job at the Franchise, then 2) You will need a college diploma. Go to your "get a job at the franchise" bubble and ask yourself what you must do to get this job, then put the answer into a bubble just behind it and trace a line connecting them. Go to your "get a diploma" bubble and ask yourself how you get a diploma, and place the answer in a bubble behind the "get a diploma" bubble and connect it.

Now you have your road map. Each little bubble is a Sign Post or Land Mark which you must Move towards. It doesn't matter what direction you take, or if you fail a few times. Just get to each sign post, one at a time. Choreograph each of your little Moves so that each Move somehow takes you one step closer to each land mark. That's how I think out my steps and

Objectives. You cannot ever allow others to stop you from getting to your next sign post, because you know if you don't get to your next sign post, the End Objective will never be materialized for you. Only you are aware of what your Goal Map looks like, while others don't. Because they can't see, they will talk shit about the little steps you are taking which to them don't seem to be Causal Steps.

So to give some real examples with me and the ONA. Objective One, 3 years ago was to: Influence change in the ONA. How do I do that? I listed every reasonable answer: a) Take out all old school ONA intellectuals one by one; b) compete with established ONA groups; c) manufacture better memes; d) attack people ONA hates; e) establish friendships with the shot callers and popular kids in ONA social order; f) remove the old leadership post; g) make ONA peer based; h) create a new market niche; & i) establish a party or network of support. Those were my sign posts, and each had their own Moves. One by one over the course of 2 straight years I did whatever it took to work towards each sign post. Or little goal. There was a reason why I spent 2 years fighting the ONA and attacking certain people left over from 2.0 ONA. To get rid of any intellectual that will block me from spreading my meme flow. There is a reason why I competed with some people. And a reason why I and my friends spent 2 years publicly attacking Blackwood. A reason why we worked on making new friends in many Satanic forums. A reason why we encouraged others to make blogs, make nexions, take the ONA into their own direction. It's a causal process. No intellectual rivals from the old school, means my memes won't be challenged. Unchallenged memes with new friends means I have a new market for these memes. A new market means new ONA people into ONA 3.0. New ONA people into 3.0 means the End Objective of evolving ONA will get done without a challenge since there is now a network of peers duplicating our efforts.

Another minor Objective is: How do I make ONA via the cyber medium? I work the internet and ONA like we did the Office. First get people turned on about ONA by cattle calls. I do this by writing things like essays that say anybody can be ONA. That brings in those that have a basic interest. Next step is once the interested are called, my friends and I begin the process of separating each person we met or found who read such essays into 4 types of people: 1) Field Niggers; 2) House Niggers; 3) Rats; & 4) Cats. All four types are needed. I need a field nigger to do the work out and about. I need the house nigger to be my yes men and just talk good about ONA. I need the useless and stupid Rat because although they themselves are worthless, they can lead me to their network of friends. I look for the Cats who are my type and kind. When we find Cats we watch each one closely and see if they pick up on the game. If they do we become associates and help them set up shop, support them, and do what needs to be done to get them started with their shit. Usually a field nigger ends up being a worthy Cat when they know the game.

Another minor Objective is how do I make people we find from generalized cattle call essays into ONA in the first place? Easy. One step at a time. The process is to take them from that mentality of anybody can be ONA, to the state of mind where they are aware that ONA Describes a certain type of person. Describe meaning there are traits and ways we do things naturally as a kind, such as Honour and Loyalty. To an outsider where such terms do not Describe them, these terms look like things they must follow or obey. If that is their mentality, where ONA stuff does not Describe them, we treat them like house niggers and rats and use

them accordingly. Sometimes all a person is good for is third party talking.

In regards to making Presentations to a crowd of people. This blog is my podium, and everything I have ever written are my Presentations. Each essay I write is fixed to a specific time, and most often directed at an actual person in one of my subtarget groups. I use a way of making presentations my old Office associates call "Big Fishing." In the Office, you notice certain people of value you want to try and fish. Vic will send us to "mingle" with these big fish so we can collect everything we can on them. Vic used the information we give to him to craft his presentation is such a way where that he is actually speaking to only his big fish he want, but using information he knows about them to say what needs to be said to reel them in. In some cases you can point out one of the hundreds of essays I have written and ask me who my big fish was, and I can give you a name, tell you what they look like, what forum they hang out in, point you to every post they made, break you down their psychological traits and point out their glitches, tell you if they are married or not, have children or not, etc.

I'd rather spend 3 years trying to find the few Cats and catch 1 Big Fish, then catch 100 house niggers and rats for the ONA. Why? Have you seen those nature shows where they take you into the ocean and show you huge whales and sharks? What do you see around them? Little fish. Don't waste time with the little fish, they depend on the Big Fish. Catch the big fish and you own his entire network and support group. The little fish, house niggers and rats and even field nigger will come and go. It's just in their nature to go for the next nouveau shiny thing that comes along. Its the few cats and big fish you make friends with who really are into the game that will stick with you in the long run. Through thick and thin. But this is only possible if you make them. If you make them peers and let them know that you are on equal terms and grounds with each other. This is called DOE or Duplication of Effort. It's when you teach and make the other person equal to you, able to do what you do, and perhaps out do you even. Teach them the tricks of the trade.

It sounds like I cheapen the ONA by making it sound like something to be sold and tricked into others. If you see it this way, you ain't a Cat. To any real scam or con artist, what they do is their Nature and Way of Life. It's how they are. A group of conartists by their very inner Nature will share many traits in common. What they do with that Nature and with others is the game and means of getting things done for them. ONA is the same way. It should describe you as a person you already are naturally. Nobody has to sell you or trick you into being who and what you are as a person. But to influence, inspire, spread ideas, change things in people and society aeonically, we need those other people. And we need to know how to work them for different reasons.

Speaking of cats. Shugz uses a special method of turning people ONA and spreading memes she innovated called the "Stray Cat Ploy." She keeps stray cats as pets, and from learning how to trick them to be her friends/pets, she learned how to use the same approach with people. Her stray cat ploy is based on the primal fight or flight mechanism all animals [humans too] have. Basic concepts is if you present a cage to a stray cat or feral animal is will, due to fear, or resentment or a desire to remain free, resist you, growl and try and fight. It will not let you put it into a cage.

People are the same way, but with humans that cage is psychological. When you as a stranger presents a religion, worldview, political ideology to a stray person [one not familiar with you and does not belong to a group] they will react and resist and growl, because you've triggered their fight mechanism. Shugz taught us that when you make a post in a forum and those stray people react with their fight mode, they primally react to your post like a trap. What they do is piss and defecate all over your post with their attacks and debates as a way of warning other stray people not to trust it, believe it, or touch it.

So what Shugz does to catch a stray cat is to use the slow approach. She'll set food out in the yard for the cat to eat regularly and leave so she can't be seen. After a while she leaves food and watches so the cat can see her. A couple weeks later she puts the food closer and she now crouches down to appear smaller and non threatening but she stays visible. A few weeks after that she puts the food much closer and then she leaves her hand palm faced down touching the ground near the food, but not moving her hand. When the cat stops reacting to her hand she then offers the stray cat the food right out of her hand. At first the cat will knock the food out of her hand. If it hisses or scratches her, she knows she moved to fast and stays with the hands on the ground technique a while longer. When the cat eats out of her hand she tries to pet its chin and head. Once the stray cat learns to trust her, a channel of rapport exists between her and the cat. The cat lets her pet her, and in time lets her pick them up, follows her around, and even lets her put them in cages to take them places.

She uses the exact same methods with people, and she is really, really good at what she does. Shugz teaches us that if a stray person hisses by arguing and debating, it means you did something wrong and you have to step back and work from a distance. Do this by "dropping memes" for them to read on their own time. BUT not in a forum because you do not want other stray people to piss and defecate on your writings or it will cause an alarm. You want to isolate that stray person away from his friends mentally. A blog that has the comments off does this. When you read a blog on your own time, you are by yourself, not "hanging out" with friends in a forum. You are mentally isolated and if others hiss at your writings, it does not stain your writings. So in that isolated state of mind, they are purely exposed to the memes you drop without other people's influence.

Once Shugz notices a stray person using one of her memes she dropped she then makes the next slow move by getting closer to you. She'll move in and make a profile in the forum you hang out in to try and develop a rapport with you and get you familiar with her presence. She'll test your receptivity out by writing a few test posts. If you react negatively with an argument or debate, she deletes her profile and waits. She'll tell you that this is because you shouldn't even be resisting in anyway. An intellectual argument or philosophical debate is an outer manifestation of a deep seeded primal resistance; which is something we do as a way to keep our minds from being "captured."

Once she sees you warming up to her memes and her test posts don't trigger a negative response or you support her posts, she moves in for the next Move. What she will then do is use the PM system and make specially crafted posts entirely based on information she knows. The objective is to directly generate an emotional bond or rapport with you and to drop ONA memes inside posts that is written in such a way that they appear to mirror and reflect your

own mindspace and views and words.

Once she has developed a rapport with you, Shugz does what she calls “Dismantling and Reconfiguring.” This means what she does is because she knows a whole lot about the ONA inside and out, she takes apart the ONA into bits and pieces of its core memetic components. Then based on what type of person you are she reconfigures all of these memes so that what is up “front” are things you will like or be interested in or agree with, and the memes in the back end will be ideas that will take some smooth talking.

So depending on who you are and your paradigm topography she picks up, how she presents the ONA to you can be drastically different from person to person. For example if you are a nut case that believes in fairies and she wants you to be ONA for whatever reason, she’ll reconfigure the whole ONA so that memes at the front she gives to you are about fairies and vampires, etc. She’ll do this by parsing and bending things around. For example Faye comes from the old English Faye meaning an “sprite,” “spirit” or entity or fairy, but of a more primal and dark kind. So she’ll use this as a hook. Or if you are a materialist atheist, she’ll completely reconfigure ONA so that all the rational and logically materialist stuff are in the front, and the other stuff in the back. Then she’ll tone down the back end stuff into “mythos,” with symbolical meanings. Or if you have a criminal element, the ONA Shugz gives you in private PM conversations will have all of the sinister elements up front and the rest in the back. But before she ever gives you the back end you may react to, she makes it so that once you have the basics, you go off and help evolve the ONA in your own direction. This prevents you from ever even considering the other stuff. If you do, she’ll explain to you that causal forms are just outer trappings.

People can wonder to themselves how ONA can possibly mean anything if anybody can just go off on their own tangent and make their own forms. The Essence is what matters. Here essence meaning that when you have a body of cells and a virus has tapped the cell the RNA of the virus has been grafted into the nucleus of the cell. The mess of DNA of the cell is the stuff ONA people write. Inside are grafted the viral RNA, which are the small random memes that are specific to the Core of the ONA. It doesn’t matter if this virus RNA is grafted inside an eye cell or gut cell or brain cell or toe cell. The outer form of each cell is a mere outer form of its essential coding in its nucleus which is infected with the viral RNA. Whatever form you make or ONA takes, will always carry most or a majority of the core RNA memes. And the other answer to the question is that core concepts of the ONA is your very own Nature. It does not matter how you express yourself in life, because it’s an expression of that inner Nature.

Books of The Trade

There are a handful of books that influenced me in different ways. I’ve spoken about two of them already. There are two others that I would suggest or recommend. The first is a classic called “How To Win Friends And Influence People.” The title says it all. It’s an old book written back in the old days, so superficially it may be “cheesy” to some; but the underlying information is worth it. That is if influence is a tool you wish to cultivate. You’ll need influence if you are going to help change ONA, sell yourself, get your ideas accepted without resistance.

Other book is a great book called "The Leader Without A Title." The title should also give its game away. Once you read that book, you will not even care who in any social group, company, or institution is the entitled leader or boss, or hot shot. The book teaches you step by step ways of basically establishing yourself as the Leader in your target setting in the people's eyes. Once you own the people, whoever is the CEO, boss or leader, is only so in name and title.

That book has obvious uses, especially in a peer group like the ONA where there are no titles or leadership roles. You don't need no stinking badge; no titles; no structure; no hierarchy. The powerbase of any human grouping of people is: People. Where there is a social group of people there are social skills involved. You establish a friendship and rapport with that powerbase or group of people, and with a little leadership traits and a lot of confidence, you can effectively gain the power of influence and inspiration. All with "soft power." Nothing overt or assertive. No need to swing your dick and tits around like a bad ass destined to be a leader or superhero come to save the ONA from doom, or to restore it to its glorious pristine days like a Joseph Smith. The more force you apply, the more people will resist. It's nonnewtonian physics with people. The more you assert force on a [nonnewtonian fluid](#), the more it hardens and resists. To penetrate it, the less force you assert, the deeper you can get. Who knew cornstarch was so fascinating and insightful!

Conclusion

So that's it. Some tricks of the game shared in order to duplicate the efforts 352 set into motion. It's not everything and you may already know of better skills. The important thing is that they be removed from the realm of theory and writing and applied to engineer some kind of results, whether for your own self or for the ONA's evolution, or both.

Your Moves should be small and unnoticeable, or you are doing it wrong. Set Objectives and Goals or Aims to be actualized, and make your Maps. Then do whatever it takes to get to your next sign post. Be determined and don't let anybody misdirect your attention from your goals and aims. You know what you must do to make your ends meet not me or others.

Influence and manipulative social skills and social responses in people sounds "bad," but it works and is human. It makes the marketing and advertizing industry a grip of money. It's used by corporations and businesses. Politicians use it, and so do high school students, your mom uses it, and so did you when you were 5 when we all emotionally manipulated our parents to buy us toys. You either learn these skills in life and use them, or be used by them. BG once said in life there are only two types of people, those that use, and those who are used. You'll never get anywhere as a nerd or geek nobody forcing your ideas and thoughts and interpretations of the world down other people's throats. Nothing in real life works like that besides totalitarian governments, which don't ever last long. In life, it's all soft power, people power, and influence. This is one of those cases where if you knew what you are talking about, something about your ability to wield influence should show in the form of measurable results somehow. Let the results do the talking in this case. And let your most passionate customer, supporter, associate, or whatever sell your stuff for you. Just like I have a personal passion for the ONA and sell it for AL, and the rest of the ONA abroad.

ONA isn't perfect. It can't be. There are just too many people in the world, and each have their own conception of what perfection is. ONA will never be perfect and it will never be pleasing to everyone. Its ideas and teachings and mythos will never be accepted and liked or agreed on by everyone. But if – and it does – have weak spots and areas where it can be better, take the initiative to try and make the changes so as to help ONA slowly evolve in Time and Causation. The weakness in having only one mind create an ONA is that the ONA inherits both the one mind's strengths and weaknesses. The positive side of having a peer group is that we each can pick out the others weaknesses and thus make our individual alterations to give strength to where such strength is needed in the memplex.

From my own personal experiences having some random religion or belief system just because you like it and agree with it is impermanent and fleeting. This is because our minds changes and grows in Time and Understanding. I once was a LaVeyan Satanist. But I only liked it because at the time, with my high school mentality I agreed with what I had read. In Time, I changed and so I lost the desire to be a LaVeyan Satanist. Feeling back, that Satanism never took real root in me. It never had a useful meaning in my life. It was just something I nodded to and waved around for the moment.

With Buddhism and ONA for me it feels different. I don't always agree with what is said and taught. But they feel more alive to me because each is rooted in grounded real things. With my Buddhism it's just something rooted in my family and our culture. It's how we live life rather than a belief system. With ONA for me it's similar. It's not a belief system you nod to. For me, it's rooted in what or how I do things. All that belief is a distant second, as it should be. Our minds change, but we each know that habits are hard to break. Smoking or brushing your teeth after every meal is not a belief system to those who do it. You don't nod to it, and you may not like it all the way. But you do it, over and over again. And that habit of doing/practice is hard to break. A people's culture simplistically is just an over grown habit that refuses to break over a thousand years.

ONA describes a way my friends and I just simply do things, put into words. We do, behave, and treat certain types of people in a certain way. ONA gives words to these things by calling one type mundanes and the other Dreccs or Niners, and says mundanes are good for being used and abused. It's not a belief I nod to and agree with for the time being. It's rooted in a bad habit, or sinister habit. I'll step on everybody in life to be successful in life. But I also know when to form cooperative groups like crews and street tribes or peer groups, to work together collectively to get things down. ONA takes this way of doing and living and describes it in words. So for me, ONA isn't something I nod to. It can't be or it will not last long in the mind. Beliefs, thought processes, opinions, and worldviews change. It's just the nature of Mind to do so.

Anything rooted in such a transitory element will not last long. Habits and our ways of living and just doing life is hard to break, and with living cultures, does not change in the course of a thousand years. If the ONA is to have a future – from my perspective – it has to be grounded or rooted in things less ethereal and transitory than Mindstuff, thoughts, opinions, ideas, and beliefs. There is nothing “wrong” with such things. It's just that they are phantoms and defuses over time like a puff of smoke. One thing which will never ever change as long as we

humans exist: Human Nature. The ONA as I see how I use it is like a tree. There are roots which stays put in a ground. This is Human Nature and Kulture. Up top are the leaves which changes with the movement of the season. In spring it blossoms white flowers. In summer it bares fruit. In fall the leave turn yellow and orange and fall. In winter the branches are bare. But through all that change the truck and root remains the same.

And so I see ONA in the same way. There is a core of it based on Human Nature and the way we do life as a breed of people. These are the trunk and roots. Up top are the causal forms, which changes along with our growth and mental seasons in life. As maidens and young boys we understand life in that youngish way and so in that age ONA's leaves will change to reflect that mental season. As grown men, fathers, and mothers, we understand life in a much different way, and so ONA's leaves will change to reflect that season of our mind. In our elderly years as old man and crone we understand life in our own ways ripened with the wisdom and understanding of a life long pathei-mathos. And so in that time and season ONA's leaves will reflect that elderly season and ripening. The leaves of this tree must be allowed to change with its season, side by side in tandem to each of our individual and personal growth and development. But the truck and roots stay the same.

One of my most favourite parables from the Holy Bible is when Jesus is telling people of how there was once a farmer casting seeds in the wind. Some seeds fell on rock. Some on dry cracked ground. And some fell on fertile ground. Those that fell on the rock and dry ground did not germinate. But the few that fell on fertile ground grew to grow their own ear of corn. One grain of wheat can make a plant that grows many shafts of wheat, each teaming with seeds. You spend your time and life casting seeds in the wind, and if just one tiny seed falls in the right fertile soil, that one tiny seed bares for you its fruit and many more seeds. If just one Mind "gets" the ONA, and bares fruit and seeds, all the effort DM put in would be worth it. Because that one Mind will casts the many seeds it now bares.

We have DM's whole life to read in the ONA which finely reflect the changing of tree tops according to season in mind and life. In DM's youth we see he produced a more virile and violent ONA mixed with ethnic hopes, pride for his race, as any youth that age would have. In his manhood, he produces a more intellectual ONA and cast his seeds. Some seeds fell on fertile ground and made us Dreccs and Niners today. And so we bare our fruit and cast our seeds into the wind as DM once did, and showcase our leaves each according to our mental season in life. In his ripened years, the leaves have fallen in his winter season and the bare Numinous branches beneath the past flowers, fruits, and colorful foliage are now exposed covered in white snow. And it's beautiful, if you can appreciate such things.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

ET CETERA VEL QUISPIAM



Et Cetera, Vel Quispam

[And Stuff, Or Something]

An interview with Kayla, because we care.

Chloe interviews The First Sister Kayla -the mastermind of WSA352- with many questions, concerning various topic of interest to very few people, like the ONA and stuff, or something.

Chloe: What's your ethnic make up?

Kayla- White/Italian and Mexican.

Chloe: Good genes?

Kayla- Acceptional genes. Nonpeasantile blood. Both my parents ancestral background are noble.

Chloe: How can you tell, beside from hearsay?

Kayla- From the quality of the flesh. From observing your grandparents and cousins. Gauging their level of intelligence, their accomplishments in life... the measure of their worth... the nobility always have it in them to seek their own level, and the peasants most often will end up as employees.

Chloe: Do you have any respect for peasant stock humans?

Kayla- None whatsoever. Doesn't matter what color their skin is.

Chloe: How do you feel personally about illegal immigration; Mexicans coming into America illegally to be specific?

Kayla- That's a tough question. I have contradicting feelings, which I am both comfortable with. I think we are all people... regardless of what we look like or where we originally came from. We all want the same basic creature comforts and necessities in life. As parents we would also want our children to have a better opportunity in life than we had, wouldn't you say? We all have a right to be human. Unfortunately there is more to life than just simply being human. We ourselves have complicated life with the invention of Nation-States. This country [USA] was built on immigration... but, if we are going to play the charades of Nation-Statehood, then there are rules to playing the game right. Obedience to these established rules makes the system... the Nation-State... work for its citizens and their progeny. If we aren't going to play by the rules and keep the system working, then why have a State at all? Within this context, I do not like Mexicans crossing the boarder into this country illegally. There are so many reasons why besides the financial affects. Althoe the money is a big deal. 11 million nontax paying illegal immigrants in this country siphoning American dollars into Mexico means my grand children will be eating shit when they inherit America. 11 million illegals not complying with common vaccination laws, means we're wasting out time and money vaccinating our kids because there is an open wound of 11 million thru which any sickness and disease can pass thru. Illegal immigration is a great fix for Capitalistic profiteering. Check out the real estate cycle of California for example and measure it up to large waves of illegal immigration. You'll notice a connection. Sales of real estate jumps a few years after the illegal wave from Mexico. The banks go into a frenzy and rip these people off with loans they can never pay back... people that aren't tied down to this country... who can leave at any moment. Then we crack down on illegal immigration and chase them out, and they take their money and relatives with them. This causes a vicious economic chain reaction... which has grown into this bull shit economic crisis we are in.

Chloe: But whose fault is it then? The bank's fault? Capitalism? Immigrants? The government?

Kayla- It's Stupidity's fault. It's everyone trying to get a quick fix, and not understanding that what they do today, affects what will happen tomorrow. It's simple cause and effect. Peasants are just inherently stupid like that. You stick a peasant behind the desk of a bank, and he'll try to get a quick fix for himself. Put one of them in capitalism or communism, and they'll do the same. The system isn't the problem. The government isn't the problem. the political or economic regime isn't the problem. The issue is that we have stupid peasants running around unchecked. There was a reason why in every Kingdom around the world, for thousands of years these peasants had limited rights. Do you think for all those thousands of years when our ancestors were intelligent enough to engineer weapons of war, profound philosophical systems, and engineer immortal structures like the Giza Pyramids, that our ancestors actually forgot to contemplate on the rights of the peasants, because they were "human too?"

Chloe: You sound like either a Monarchist or Fascist? Care to elaborate?

Kayla- All I know is that I am not a “Democratic-Republican,” meaning I don’t believe a Nation-State based on the rule of the illiterate peasant mob is beneficial to human progression. The Mob doesn’t progress. It’s against their very nature to work against the comfort of their inertia. Progression has always been either forced or tricked onto the Mob. With war, or with incentives, i.e. Money and Consumerable Goods. I don’t have all the answers, so I can’t really give an honest alternative. Does it really matter? Their always the same money changers, no matter what National-Regime. When I say “illiterate” I mean mental illiteracy, when you can’t read life, nature, the world around you, and the cause and effect law..

Chloe: What do you mean when you say “Their always the same money changers, no matter what National-Regime?”

Kayla- I mean if you look closely at the last 500 years of history, and the changes Europe experienced, you will see magicians at work, working their slight of hand. Take the time when the Catholic Church ruled Europe, and owned it... its money and wealth. If you were a sinister “magian” who wanted that wealth, how would you Disrupt Catholic Europe? You play with a monarch’s ego and give him Protestantism and tell him God made him not only King, but Head of his own Church. Qui Bono? The Bankers... the money changers. When those Kings bought the idea and warred with Catholic Europe, who truly benefited? The money changers did. After a hundred to 2 hundred years past and these Kings became to powerful and wealthy... competition to your sinister Magian wealth... how would you Disrupt a kingdom’s coherency? By playing with the People’s egos. You tell them that God made them free and that they have some divine right to rule themselves. When the People bought the idea and fought with kingdoms for their divine right to democracy, Qui Bono? Who truly profited? The money changers did. This isn’t even a democracy anymore. It’s a Corporate-Banking Hegemony. This economic crisis did one good thing. It lifted the veil for those of us who has an eye to see, to witness that this shit isn’t a democracy, but a gambit run but international corporations and big banks; what are we, but pawns? Have we been anything more during the past 500 years?

Chloe: Do you believe in a Magian New World Order conspiracy?

Kayla- No I don’t. I believe in a global conspiracy of stupidity and private greed. Stupid peasants People being fooled by stupid peasant bankers looking for a quick fix. I’m not dumb. I know enough to understand that a bank is a public corporation, meaning that their stocks and corporate shares are owned by your average citizen. I own some bank stocks myself. On a personal, individual level, I put in my hard earned money into a share of the bank, and I expect my dividend to be paid, because a share of that bank is rightfully mine. Multiply that individualistic expectation by tens of thousands who all want their share of the profit and you have a monster that can’t help but do what it does to make the money it needs to make to satisfy its shareholders. Some of those who own large shares of these banks, which has been passed down to them from ages past, are just very, very good at their business – Disruption for profit. It takes someone with a sinister quality mind to recognize those of like minds, don’t you

think?

Chloe: I thought private greed was a good thing to a Satanist?

Kayla- So believes the Profane satanist, who can't see past his own fucking nose to understand the impact his personal greed has causally. If so, then we all deserve the hell hole we live in... so don't complain when banks fuck you over because people like me and these Profane satanists want their dividend checks.

Chloe: Then what do you think about the idea of a "one world government?"

Kayla- By the time such an institution has been implemented, and the average peasant welcomes the concept, the earth will be half dead. Don't you think if these conspirators were smart enough to think about world domination, that they would also be smart enough to work in the factors of global warming, climate change, desertification of Africa, decline of fresh drinking water in the Middle East... which means future mass migrations, competition for resources, racial wars and genocide... not to mention pollution, and over population. It's like a group of conspirators conspiring to take over the Titanic when we all know its sinking anyways. Why? Go ahead, own this fucked up planet and exploit its people, see if I care. How long will it last? I want out. I want Mars. There will come a time, perhaps 300-500 years from now, when this whole planet will be one planetary concentration camp which will take every living thing in it. If you were intelligent enough to plan world domination, wouldn't you instead try to leave it instead?

Chloe: But what about some ONA MSS in which these conspiracies are talked about?

Kayla- We're dealing with the ONA and a man that says and writes things which are directed at a specific audience to accomplish his will. David Myatt is no dummy. Neither is Pat Robertson thoe. They both used this New World Order mythos during the same era, for different reasons. It benefited them both in the end, but does that mean it is factual? This NWO mythos back in the 80's has a vicious potency to provoke peoples emotions and imagination. You talking about a guy (David Myatt) who knows how to manipulate people... an audience. you have to ask yourself- Who was he directing what he said or wrote to... what was he trying to covertly accomplish or manifest aeonically... and does it truly have any relevance to YOU? You really cannot take what was said and written by Myatt (or any person and culture) out side of its contextual time, conditions, motives, and parties involved. The conditions of the 80's is very different than today. We cannot truly say that we know Myat'ts real motives and intentions for saying and writing such things. The parties involves... Myatt and his intended audience have changed and moved on. If this mythos still works to induce disruption, then use it. If not, let it go and find a more potent one.

Chloe: Myatt, how do you make sense of him? Is he a Nazi, a Satanist, a Muslim?

Kayla- Can't he just be David Myatt? Do I change as a living person every time I change my mind? Am I truly a different person when I insight role as someone else? No, I'm still Kayla. It looks confusing from a localized perspective. Lets take a Fijian for example. This Fijian was

condition mentally to bind his self identity with the single island he was born into... Fiji. Now he looks and observes an American. This American was born in Japan, works and lives part of his year in New York, has relatives in London, and relaxes for several month in a home in Vegas. From our Fijian's localized perspective which he was mentally conditioned to see, this American is confusing... is he Japanese, a New Yorker... a Londoner... or a Nevadite (or whatever they are called in Nevada)? Do you suppose our American is confused about what he is? No, to him he is just a person, maybe an American that travels into different places in search for things. The same with Myatt. You are not the label you wear, nor the beliefs you assume; you are a person experiencing these labels and beliefs. We should have all learned this from insight roling. Myatt is just a man on a personal quest for personal enlightenment. He may have stepped into National Socialism to extract some insights he wanted, and when he got it, he moved on. He may have assumed Satanic beliefs for a while to extract what insights he saw value in, and then moved on, to a new system with new insights, adding to his collection, which pushes him forwards on his own personal quest; which really has nothing to do with me or you or anyone. It's his thing, his life. The questions is- Can we learn from that? Doesn't Myatt/Long offer us the same methodology he uses? It's what makes the ONA such a practical and beautiful system of apprehension. It's not a religion, a box, or closed dogma. It's a collection of practical methodologies, which when applied in life/nature may be used to extract insight to aid our own personal quest. In the same way that Science is not a religion or dogmatic belief system, but a practical methodology... the Scientific Method... which when applied to life/nature may be used to extract/apprehend insight and understanding to aid in advancement. Just because a scientist who lives by the scientific method is a Nazi or a Muslim, does not mean that his methodology has changed or was given up. They are two very different things. In the same way that an Anthropologist who immerses himself in a tribal culture and "goes native" to extract and apprehend a personal, intimate understanding of the tribe, is still and anthropologist using the methodology of science. You can't use minimal reduction and simply say Myatt was a Satanist and now he's a Muslim.

Chloe: Then, besides the ONA, what other institution would you say you gained a lot of insight from?

Kayla- Honestly, Buddhism. I like Zen, Chan, and Theravada Buddhism. As I see it, Buddhism is just a collection of insights the Buddha shared, which he asks each of his disciples to question. Then he offers his disciples a Way, or method which he used personally to come to such insights. In this way, as I explained it just now, it has many qualities in common with science and the ONA. All three... science, the ONA, and Buddhism... offers a different practical method of extracting insights, from the same Great Book of Eternal Wisdom – Nature. It's a shame that many people not intimately associated with Buddhism like us, don't understand it... believing to be a religion. I can personally appreciate the aesthetics of the statues and temples because they do stir inside me a sense of awe. That evocation of feeling and imagination is what gives birth to inspiration and insightful revelation. If Myatt/Long can find inspiration and insightful revelation inside a Christian Monastery; can I not find the same in a Pagoda?

Chloe: Who did you vote for during the elections?

Kayla- I voted for Rudy Giuliani of New York; Come sta paisano! I still would too, us Italians

stick together. I love what he did with New York. It was broke and he brought it back to life and luster. He saw the problem and he cut the problem out... the sleezy sex industry, and strip clubs. Sorry Sinistar.

Chloe: So, your political inclination?

Kayla- Conservative Republican. I don't vote any other way. I hate liberals, and democrats. I don't care what anybody says about G.W.Bush... I personally liked Bush and personally believe he was a great man, and great President. He's a man of his word... Wyrld. He, NSA, and PNAC set out a strategy, and stuck by it. I'm referring to the National Security New Grand Strategy. People don't seem to read shit these days. If you study PNAC (Project for a New American Century), and NS-NGS, you'll know why we went kicking shit around in the middle east. It's basically about securing a unilateral global American hegemony, before China becomes a serious threat to US global domination. Nobody seems to notice, but ever since the Cold War, we (US) has been slowly and strategically surrounding China, literally. We have our allies Japan, and the Philippines to the east of China... Australia-NZ to the south... now Afghanistan and Iraq to the west of China. Why? The real reason why we went into Afghanistan? Because it's mountains got a shit load of uranium... more nukes. It's why Russia tried to take Afghanistan during the 70's... why we (US) originally sent CIA to train those natives to fight them off. Now its ours. Those Russians didn't have the shit to extract stuff out of those mountains anyways. The reason why we took Iraq? Oil and pipelines. Without an massive influx of energy, China can't grow into a megasuperpower. China's rise from a backwards piece of shit nation to a threatening industrialized nation is literally being done on 80% fucking coal. Coal isn't going to sustain China's size and further growth. Like I said, I don't care what those peasants say about George W. Bush. Sure he spent a Trillion or so trying to secure a future for America, so we won't be eating shit later; but what has Obama done? He's only been in office for 100 days and how many Trillions has he given to the same stupid fuck banks and corporations that got us into this mess in the first fucking place?! And what did these banks and corporations do with all that money? Did I see a dividend increase? No, they ass spanked each other with the money. That's a fucking liberal for you. Rush is always right. You hear me?

Chloe: LOL. This is a stupid question, but do you see any conflict between you being a Satanist of the ONA, and being a Conservative who hates liberal agenda? To those without insight, a Satanist of any stripe would more than favor liberal agenda, if not libertine objectives?

Kayla- I see no conflict. Like I teach our younger Disciples, rejection of mass conformity and upholding sinister heresy in these liberal days doesn't mean mooing with mass. If every satanist is "anarchist," libertine, or liberal, and you follow them and become liberal... is that nonconforming, and heretical? If every person in our age group is so liberal and indulgent where they lack any concept of self worth, manners, morals... then wouldn't being a Conservative be a modern heresy? I'm not asking the profane satanists to do what I do and be Conservative. Don't, keep doing what you do, and let me be what I want to be in return. Anyways, anarchy is stupid, have you seen the demographics of your typical anarchist protest... fucking pothead 20 year old, it's a joke. So is the Green Party.

Chloe: Here's a great question for you then; since you are both gay and conservative: Gay marriage, your thoughts.

Kayla- Gay marriage is like prostitution, is like segregation, is like mix race marriage and prohibition. It's not a question of whether it is right or wrong, if it should be allowed or outlawed. The question is are the People READY for it? Can you force a people who sees nothing wrong with drinking booze to adopt prohibition? Can you go into the 1930-40 and tell the Public during that time-era-mindset, that black people are people to and force the white people to not live in segregation? Can you force your view points and opinions about anything... the legality of prostitution... on a People/Populous which is not yet willing or does not want to adopt such opinions? Is it Satanic for me to force you or anyone to accept my opinions and worldviews and make you live your life according to what I believe? If it is unsatanic and wrong; then how is it right for a State or Government to force the idea that gay people can, will, and have the right to get married onto millions of people who do not agree with the concept??? Are the People... the Mass... the unthinking Mob mentally and emotionally ready? How do you think the Public is ready for it if gay people are still being murders in hate crimes just for being gay? You cannot force the Mass/People to accept an opinion, ideal, or concept it is not ready and evolved enough to accept. Do I even give a shit about getting married in a Christian church, or having the secular state marry me? No, we can put our own ritual and ceremony together. The answer is NO, I do not agree with gay marriage. I am against it. I know gay people have rights, like black people, women, and prostitutes do. I know they wish they we're free to just be... like black people once wished and dreamed for the same... but these things can't be forced on people. The people must be allowed to grow in acceptance of such things on their own time. Protect gay people's rights to a certain extent, but understand that the majority trumps the minority, and that the majority must be at liberty to emotionally, mentally, and socially come into natural acceptance of the idea of gay marriage, like they grew to accept mixed marriage and the equality of black people. So, we learn from the ONA how this is to be aeonically done. By seeding people's minds with the idea that gay people are normal people too and deserve to just love each other. You can't force it on them. It takes time.

Chloe: Magic, or magick. Do you believe in it?

Kayla- If by magick you mean that if I burn black candles, point a sword at a geometric shape and vocalize arbitrary sounds, and this is supposed to do something causally... then no. I don't believe in magick. I think it is bullshit. If by magic you mean that there is more mystery to existence than what our puny 3 pound brain can apprehend, and that Providence cushions my every step in life, and provides me all that I have ever needed, wanted, asked for, then yes, magic is universal and happens everywhere at all times. Everything about the Cosmos and us inside is magical and mysterious. We don't truly know where it all came from, what it is all doing here, and where we are going. All we have are feeble conjectures. We don't know what force holds atoms together, or what things forms ever form in nature and the Cosmos so perfect with accurate precision and regularity. Despite what we think we know about our own body, nothing about it is really understood. It's not hard to look up at something so simple as the moon, and realize that we really know nothing about what holds it in place. We are surrounded by magic and mystery; we are born from it; we exist in it, and it haunts us all inside... to not know, not be able to see, or understand. It makes us chase after it, seek it, find

it. We die in it. It is just a matter of becoming mindful of life before you begin to see “something.” All you have to do is write a log of your waking thoughts hourly for a week, and watch mindfully. You will begin to see that your every waking thought manifests as experience whether you like it or not. If you worry about money, life will give you a situation in which you will worry about money. If you think about nothing but girls and sex, life will manifest situations in which you will encounter them. If you spend your waking hours thinking about making money and becoming rich, the situations will come, one after another, with the right people, in the right places to materialize your thoughts. Anyone in our 352 who has ever done our simple Ordeal of Manifestation will know this intuitively. We write out and think about a desire, then go out and collect 100 business cards from people by directly talking to people and going thru the motions... causal input... we all know that after the 20th card, that there are way to many coincidences, and serendipitous situations for it to all just be “just a coincidence.” These Ordeals of ours, and those ritual forms of magic and chants are only a means... a way to condition the mind to understand that it and the Cosmos are partners in a dance, and that what thoughts we put into motion, we must eventually experience. Once the mind knows that it and Dark Providence are a dynamic-duo of active creation, then these rituals and outer forms are no longer of any importance.

Chloe: God, what is it to you?

Kayla- Everything. If an Absolute is all and absolute, then what does it matter what you call or name it? Allah, Shiva, Satan, God, It... whatever. It is the essence that exists when everything is gone. Can I see it? No... but neither can I see my subconscious mind. Even if I were to cut myself open, that subconscious mind would still be not there... but I know it is there because of what it does – things which I can observe. My heart beating on its own. My guts digesting without and conscious effort. Every trillion of my body’s cells working and operating in an impossible symphonic unison to ME possible, tells me there is a mind beyond my conscious mind that regulates my body, that is far beyond me to understand. If we could just silence our minds, and tune into the Cosmos, live life a little carefree, and call upon Dark Providence to cushion our brief walk here on earth, and just take notice... of what we can observe – the unfathomable mysteries of the universe; the millions of galaxies swirling in the Cosmos; our very existence; and how this Great Something so far beyond our apprehension and understanding takes the time to provide us our every little need and want... it is hard to deny that there is nothing out there. That we are alone and on our own... that this is all meaningless and accidental. To my own Self, I know I am a Daughter of this Dark Cosmos, embraced in Her Mystery, and Her Dark Providence is closer to me than my own Mind. Agia H Baphomet.

Chloe: Who would you rather sleep with: David Hasselhoff or Chuck Norris?

Kayla- God... Chuck Norris. There’s no way I’m sleeping or making out with Hasselhoff. He needs to make like David Myatt and leave! At least Chuck was a cowboy park ranger, or something in that TV show... Texas Park Ranger. I have a thing for shiny badges and denim jeans.

Chloe: Who would you rather sleep with: David Hasselhoff or a Joe Liberman – that Liberal.

Kayla- That doesn't work Chloe because just because I sleep with a liberal, doesn't mean I support his agenda. So I would have to go with Joe Liberman.

Chloe: Who would you rather sleep with David Hasselhoff, or that Tammy Fey lady from TBN?

Kayla- Tammy, she looks like she's crazy in bed... she looks crazy period.

Chloe: Ok, who would you sleep with: David Hasselhoff or Janet Reno; I think she's even a republican?

Kayla- No! Dammit! Hasselhoff... but I'm not gunna like it one bit.

352:O9A



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

GANGS, THE ESSENCE



I once thought street gangs were stupid, this was back in junior high. I have cousins on both my paternal and maternal side that are into their respective gangs. Sometime during high school I went in to see what the big deal was about. Why people would waste their lives, risk going to prison, and kill people for what looks like a flag (a rag – colors) and three letters.

I went the easy way and went into TRG's girl division called LRG [Lady Raskal Gang] because my cousins and their close friends ran a set [branch] and they just let me in without having to go through all that sexing or jumping in or doing something to prove your loyalty.

Tiny Raskal Gang was started way back in the 80's in Long beach by two Khmer boys named Thea and Rith. These two were getting picked on by Mexicans and blacks back in those days and they started a little clique to defend themselves. Way back then it was just called Thea and Rith Gang, thus the TRG, but that evolved to mean "Tiny Rascals Gang" soon afterwards. Then they added their numbers 7126 at a later date. The numbers 7126 means the same thing as the letters: the 7=T, the 12=R, and the 6=G.

Twenty years later and 712 Gang has grown to become the largest Asian gang in America. Today it's mixed, meaning it's open to any race down with the gang. It's nation wide, from Fresno to the east coast.

The OG's Thea and Rith got deported a while back back to Cambodia, which was a stupid move on America's part. Other 7126 members in Long Beach got deported too. This is an example of short sighted, immediate gratification. The stupid authorities here thinks deporting members out of the US is going to reduce crime rate in inner cities. Sure, it does, for a while. Until the people you deport regenerate their gangs in their home countries. Then what you have isn't just a nation wide criminal organization – but an international one. This is the state most evolved gangs have taken; for example La Mara Salvatrucha Trese [MS13]. These newly evolved international gangs are now becoming the new problem – internationa drug, arms, and people traffic.

These stupid people running America just don't learn from past mistakes. Prohibition gave birth to the Mob; drug prohibition gave birth to gangs. The stupidity comes from law makers

who sit in their office, totally oblivious to the problem and its cause – completely removed from the reality of these cities – who just pass laws to cover symptoms to get paid and re-elected. If anything, these law makers are the other side of the crime coin, who actually help create the crime, the gangs, the prison over population, the deaths, and the lose of millions of tax payers money. Lao Tzu once said: The more laws you pass, the more crime your create.

Since I got to see my set working and operatng from the top down, or inside out, I have a different perspective on gangs, then the average gang member.

From my “insider” perspective gangs are unincorporated corporations. This unincorporated corporation has its “CEO’s,” called Heads; “Managers,” called OG’s and dispensible “Employees,” called Juniors or Foot Soldiers.

Like any corporation, gangs Capitalize off of a comodity. By Capitalize I mean the use of Calipatistic exchange of a product from the manufacturing source to the Market for a profit, called “Capital.” The “product” these gangs sell is one legally incorporated corporations cannot touch or sell: Drugs.

To sell drugs, you need a market: a certain section of a city, where there exists consumers for the product – dope heads in our case. This produces two problems: Competition, and safely selling the product without risking management’s asses – otherwise, there would be no business. This problem is taken care of by one agent: Juniors or foot soldiers.

Usually a junior is a punk ass teenager between 13-17. This is where the magic or real power of a gang comes into play. How do you, as management of a corporation instill or induce these teenagers to dedicate their lives to serving the gang, by selling dope, securing territory, risk their lives and freedom by killing competition? The answer is simple: Emotional and Ego manipulation. You spark their passion and manupilate their perception of reality. Don’t ever underestimate the power of burning passion. It’s what made all nation-states possible.

Boyz are by nature usually naturally group oriented and competitive anyways. Generally you take a new junior and let him hang out with you (the gang). The more he hangs out with you, the more he realizes their is a heirarchy, and eventually this young boy will want to begin to impress the right people up in the heirarchy. You straight aways introduce him to your enemies, phisically – usually in a club or at a house party. Your enemies makes your gang members.

Putting that junior into a situation where he physically experiences “the enemy (rival gang members) as he is accompanied by people he phychologically assumes are his associates – with which he has attached his identity with, makes the gang member. Nothing binds a group together like war and shared struggle – even a manufactured one. This shit is the same shit you do with a skinhead gang. A few skinheads takes a new junior and exposes him to “the enemy.” The act of the new junior skinhead being exposed to an angry black guy or whatever causes him to emotionally severe his identity with these people and he binds that identity tight with those assocites he hangs out with. It’s the same thing you do when you are conditioning a new recruit of a political party (Democrat or Republicans). You hang out with him, bond with

him, make him feel a part of the party, then expose him to the enemy – the rival party; their ideology; their agenda – Us versus Them. It's just a psychological method of tapping into that ancestral tribal nature ingrained in us. If the new recruit wants to continue being accepted by the party, he will reject anything associated with the enemy. If he wants to impress his superiors, he will act and do things for recognition – Purple Hearts, patches, kudos, being called OG – arbitrary, meaningless trinkets of recognition.

No person, group, party, or nation, will ever get anywhere or achieve anything great with our a rival or enemy. The rivalry between America and Communist Russia made America what it is today. The newly manufactured rivalry between Communist China, and the US will make America what it will be tomorrow.

Germany once made Europe. It once made England and its European allies the most powerful force in the world. What happened to the British Empire, England, and its European allies, once Germany was crushed, and no real rival existed anymore? Sure there was Russia. But Germany actually invaded and killed; thus generating a deep emotional rivalry. Russia was never more than an intellectual rivalry. Think about it for a while.

Back to our gangs. So you have these foot soldiers working the streets, recruiting their friends, selling product, and securing turf. This opens the door for management to start up a new business. These juniors will form sets [branches]. These sets will then need arms – which the OG's will sell to them. In every case, it becomes apparent that one class of members has apprehended and is exploiting another for personal gain and profit.

In this way, what we call a gang is very similar to a "Temple" as described in the Black Book of Satan – being an organization put together by a Master and/or Mistress who know how to manipulate people to exploit them for their own pleasures, and personal gain. Not only are gangs like Temples. Gangs actually cull people and are proud of it. When a gang says it culls people, it's not just talk to look hardcore. We all know gangs are violent and kill people.

Girls in these gangs are a very important factor. Usually in gangs, the boy that acts and does the most – who is "hardcore" – gets the most attention. In gangs the girls that don't do anything and get the most attention from Seniors (OG/Management) becomes the object of attention to the juniors.

It's a like a pecking order of girls. There are girls at the bottom of the food chain, and those at the top. Why waste your time trying to impress a bottom girl, when you can impress a top girl and rub shoulders with the OG's? This causes the boys to compete with one another – the top dog, gets the top girls. It's primal human nature at play. This happens in any group, be they gangs, churches, or nation.

I once insight roled as a Mormon. I don't know if you've ever been to a youth ward (church meeting for young Mormons). Those Mormons are very clever! "Church" meetings are separated into age groups – all the parents and married people meet at their own time; and the young unmarried members meet up together during their own time.

All the girls [at least in our ward] are well dressed and pretty. Not church wear either. More like cute dresses, and skirts; thongs and g-strings; and heels. I wasn't the only one that dressed like that. Every other top girl at our ward did to. We usually stick together at the ward and sit together through service. And we talk about the boys. The boys that are talked about the most – who get the most dates – are those that have spent tens of thousands of dollars and years as a Missionary. The other boys are rejects. As soon as a boys returns to his home ward from his "Call" [as a Missionary] he's already the talk of the ward among us girls, and he'll already (unbeknownst to him) have a handful of very attractive girls who want to date him. And those other boys knew it. They know they were nobodies. What does this do? It exploits primal human nature, and causes these other boys to beg their parents to spend money on them so they can go out and do their missions for the Church – to whose real benefit?

Same shit goes down in political parties. If you ever go to meetings and associate in their group activities. The girls will date those guys that work to rise up above the other guys. That's really attractive to us girls for some reason. It like you have your shit together and you can dominate other guys – alpha male status.

Me and Kayla once had an intellectual debate about gangs and crime. She thought gangs were stupid, and that crime was not genuine human nature.

True, from a foot soldier's perspective, or from a local citizen's perspective, gangs are stupid. But from the perspective of management, gangs means power, money, and girls. What else is their to live for in life. What has every hero ever risen to the top of the man pile for but for the glory of power, wealth, and sex?

Kayla once thought that genuine human nature was like pre-columbian native Americans or wild wolves as opposed to modern humans, and modern dogs. She said that crime was a side affect of city life, and therefore, it was unnatural.

True. This is so, many thousands of years ago. And it is still true in some primitive areas. But 6000 years ago a faction of the human race invented something called: civilization, where we took ourselves out of feral nature, and made cities to live it.

Kayla once said that true primal nature was like the nature of a wild wolf; whereas the pathological nature of something like a rottweiler or pitbull is a conditioning or manifestation of being locked up in a cage.

It's true, from a localized point of view. But if we were to step back and see the bigger picture – seeing all time frames as one holistic entity – then the wolf and pitbul are the same entity in different causal time frames.

I asked Kayla to imagine a boxing ring and a boxer inside it. If she were to remove the boxer out of the ring, he would no longer be a boxer, but a normal person who just knows boxing. The ring and the boxer are in fact the same single "entity." The ring makes the boxer, and the boxer makes the ring. the pitbull and his cage, are the same single "entity." The environment or ecosystem and the animals in it are not separate phenomena, but the same holistic entity – the

same integral system.

The city makes the citizens, and the citizens make the city. Yes, we once lived in jungles and hunted. But as we evolved we created these cities out of our own minds and creativity. These cities are an evolutionary manifestation of our primal environment. We and the city are a single integral ecosystem system.

When a certain part of this ecosystem is deprived of money, and its units (citizens) can't buy food, and goods, the city itself creates the criminals. These criminals are nothing more than a product of the city surviving. We are a product of the city, and in turn, the city is a product of us. If crime is unnatural, then this city is unnatural. If civilization is unnatural, then the evolved – civilized human – is unnatural.

What's a gang anyways but a group of young men out to get some glory? Isn't this who all nations and empires started out? As a gang of young men out for glory. The incoherent crime and violence, matures into organized actions and maneuvers. These organized criminal organizations then evolve into political forces – forces that make and execute policies. These inturn become nations and empires.

What has the capitalist hooligans of the Hudson Bay Company or West Indies Company turned into? And the Columbian drug cartel? The opium slinging, arms buying Taliban – what are they becoming? What is the drug cartel destroying Mexico quickly becoming before our eyes? Nothing strikes fear in a nation-state most, then that which threatens it's own existence. These gangs are rival nations in seed form. These cartels are saplings. Crime and criminal organization is the foundation of every empire and nation on earth.

Crime is not only natural, its altogether human, and the bedrock of human civilization. Why else would it have followed us across time, and evolved along with us – like a dark shadow we are ashamed of. We've long left our "animal nature" behind. It's evolved – into something much more criminal.

Chloe



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

GIRL TALK



“All I need to know about life I learned from my girlfriends.” – Anonymous Smart Girl

True dat, true dat girlfriend!

Sugar & Spice, Variety & Everything Nice:

No two girls are ever the same, if they were, they'd be cat-fighting. I'll be damned if I go to a party and some girl has the same outfit I have one. That's just tacky. If that happened (and it did once to me) one of us is going home to change, or they're will be mad dog stares and dirty looks exchanged escalating into a girl fight, name calling, and hair pulling. Us girls take out time (sometimes 5 hours) to make ourselves look presentable. Five hours goes by really fast in girl time; but only when your doing something that totally involves you yourself; otherwise it drags – that's the girl version of the “Theory of Relativity.” Like you can talk your girlfriends' ears off about yourself and your own problems and not know where all the time went, but when they they start talking about their issues, the clock starts tick-tocking. We can get philosophize

later about that.

And when we get the chance to run our own Satanic cult or something, we can't help but bring that girlness desire for differentiation, variety, and a touch of spice into our cult or nexion. People often ask me: Chloe why is the WSA so weird and different from those other Satanism? Well, shit, cuz a boy's not dressing it up.

If you've ever looked at things a boy dresses up like his Car, His Trophy Girlfriend, Political Parties, Religions, you'll notice those boys don't even care if those things look and feel the same as what the other boys got, as long as its BIG, as long as he's WORKING it, and as long as it makes other people worship him or envy him. You get it? These things are a subconscious extention of their penis. Big means better, penis envy means alpha male status.

And what do they do with whatever they use as an extention of their penis? They cock fight with it. If it's Cars, they'll race it. They'll cock fight and cock block for girls. If it's religion, they use it to beat each other off and kill each other. States and Nations are the same.

They don't care what they look like or what they make look like, if it looks the same. As long as they are in control and it makes them feel big. Is there a real difference in appearance between the Catholic Church, the Anglican Church, the Methodists or Baptists? Not really. Between Mahayana, Theravada, and Chan Buddhism? Not really. Hinduism is a joke. They got 300 million different gods, each with it's own gurus and "traditions," and the whole fucking things looks like one same religion.

Case in point: all those copy cat churches of satans, and all those look alike Anton LaVeys that have come and gone for the past 40 years. It's a good thing we don't know what Anton Long looks like, or if he's even a real person. I mean, not many Satanists can grow a bushy beard and were glasses to look like David Myatt, and if we're copy catting David Myatt, whose really certain that he is Anton Long? In a way, I guess it's a good thing Anton Long is "away" from the ONA. This allows the actual teachings themselves to take central stage.

I want this WSA to be different. To have its own unique look. We try really hard to dress it up to be pretty, in that one of a kind way. Like you just walked into a speakeasy and the elegant red headed Jessica Rabbit among a see of look-a-like slutty Playmates catches your eye and titilates you.

We know we are slightly, or very, different from the ONA. And at times we even say we are not the "ONA" for this reason. That we are a nexion of it so far as the meaning of the word "nexion" goes. A "nexion" in plain English is like a glory-hole between two restroom stalls through which "things" pass – gayboys will know what I am esoterically alluding to. That's what the WSA is – a glory hole. We Presence the Dark, and through us passes the Dark Tradition and the Seven Fold Sinister Way. Are we ONA though? No we're not, and yes we are, at the same time.

Those people with small minds will ask: But Chloe, that's dumb, it's a contradiction, how can you be both at the same time; apples aren't oranges? We're not talking about produce.

We're talking about a living, self propagating memeplex. Take me for example. The 22 year old Chloe that I am at this moment, and the 15 year old Chloe that I was, many years ago, can not by definition be the same person. Each Chloe looks different, acts different, thought differently, and sees the world very differently. Why are they different? Because we fail to "see" or fail to incorporate into the picture a very crucial factor: TIME. It is only from a localized – tick tock time perspective that 15 year old Chloe and 22 year old Chloe appears to be two different people. But, when you step back, and try to see the "bigger" picture in 4D – you suddenly realize that the two Chloes are in fact ONE PROGRESSIVE being in continual growth. And that progression is interpreted as different outer expressions. It is the essence of life itself and a living entity that grows and progresses to appear different within the context of TIME. This is called Evolution in some cases. The Earth that "once" existed during the age of the dinosaurs, is very different than the Earth we "now" exist in. But from a "4D" or as we say in WSA: Chronomorphic perspective; it is the same Living, Evolving, Progressing Earth.

The ONA that we understand from the many manuscripts and several books is an memetic entity that existed, or "came into being" 30-40 years ago. TIME has since past; and what cannot evolve and keep up with time, loses the game of life. All of these current, different, Nexions of the Dark Tradition that today exists, looking different and not appearing "ONA-ish" attests to the living and progressive quality of what was "once " the "ONA." Does that 30 year old "ONA" exist anymore? It shouldn't, lest it be static and inert. It now exists only on paper. But this "thing" – this Dark Tradition – has a living quality to it which attaches "itself" to the minds/nexions that acts as its Host; and through its living nexions, it progresses with time; it propagates itself; it shapeshifts; it struggles for its own survival. Such a living essence cannot remain the same after 30 years.

Such a living, progressive essence produces dynamic initiates who change and adapts as it's parent changes and adapts. Each generation of Initiates from decade to decade look, act, behave, and re-presents the Dark Tradition in accordance to their time frame, and conditions. Those inert institutions only manufacture the same drones with the same thoughts and worldview across time. And as time moves ever forward, these inert, stagnant products of static institutions grows less associated with the real world. Less relevant to the changes and movement of time. Until they become so removed from reality that they become fixated on; or lost inside a maze of; dead ideologies, magic, gods, and abstractions (Maya), rather than being lost – or immersed – in real world physical existence (the One Supreme Reality).

Meeting in the Lady's Room:

I don't ever see boys do it, but when we girls go to the restroom, we use the buddy system and drag along a few other girls. It's not like we all have to pee at the same time, but it's a girl thing. We do something guys don't usually do in the restroom (and everywhere else): Exchange Insights. We trade shopping tips; makeup tips; dressup tips; talk about our love problems; our other problems and how we deal with them. It's neither a lecture, or a discourse. Just girls trading ideas and insights. And girls have a way of tuning into relevant exchanges of insights and tips, and tuning out the ones that aren't relevant to their lives and situations.

Then, most of the time when we are talking about something, instead of directly talking about it, we go off tangent and usually talk about something completely unrelated, but us girls know – somehow- exactly what it is we are talking about, which we are not directly talking about. It's like code girl talk, and it's something we do naturally because that's the way our brains are wired to work. It generates something important to human social order: Bonding. Guys are different. With them it's a direct kind of a talk. Like when you ask him about a car, and he says, it's got four cool rims, 300 horse power, cool mufflers... and he stays on the subject, like we girls actually care. When you ask one of us about a car, we'll start off briefly talking about the car, then go into the color of the seats, then we'll somehow morph the topic to make it be about us or our feelings. Or if guys talk, it's a dictation of opinions, which quickly turns into a cock fight.

A lot of people ask me: Chloe, why do you girls post things in your wordpress that seem like they have absolutely nothing about Satanism? Well, shit, that's cuz we aren't boys. Our posts are not dictations or lectures, or authoritative edicts. They are just an exchange of insights and tips. That's just how girls talk and trade information. If what you read has no relevance to you, tune it out. If what you read tickles your brain cells, then good. It would be nice if other people learned how to trade tips and insights.

This is a major difference I notice in our wordpress and the other wordpresses of other nexions run by boys. It's beautiful to see many ONA minds express themselves on a medium like wordpress. One of the most attractive qualities of a wordpress is it is dynamic and incorporates the factor of time. You can click on a past month and actually see the personal and private growth of each mind behind each wordpress... if only they expressed their minds. But they rarely do. It's like they are afraid to just talk what's on their minds on their wordpresses, to show how an "ONA Mind" functions and works and thinks. Instead some do the guy thing and just post a direct manuscript, without ever processing the essence of each manuscript through their own unique minds.

This is all in reality what the WSA is. Just a group of people who came together to share and trade insights and tips about their personal experiences in life which are relevant to each of our own unique progression towards personal illumination. Some tips and insights might not mean anything to you, and that's fine. Some might be useful in helping you understand things better, if so, take it and use it. It's no big deal, it's just talking and bonding. It's like a slumber party of sorts. I think that's how "Satanism" should be – like real life. Real life just happens, and we talk about it, not in some mystical spooky way. We talk about life as it happens, as we experience it, and we talk about it with our girlfriends to gain an understanding of what is going on. If Satanism is a way of life, if it is an experience, that happens day to day; then why do we talk about it like it were a college course, complete with lectures?

Saying the essence of something in your own words, with your own emotions, adds a poetic vitality to that something said. Even though there is only one Sun, I have read many beautiful poems about that same Sun, and none were ever the same, but they each captured a poetic, lively Sun in their writings. Even though there is one chemically induced feeling of Love, I have heard many beautiful music, melodies, and lyrics sung about this same emotion, and none were – are – ever the same; but yet they were all about the same Essential thing. If only we

could just “sing” or “poetize” what we each understand to be the “ONA” in our own words, impregnated by our own feelings, hopes, visions, and dreams. It would add so much more life to what we are each giving birth to.

Rebelling and Growing Up:

There's that time in a girl's life; and a boy's; where we enter our teens years and we think we are all grown up. These our our stupid, yet essential years were we think we know better than our parents and begin to rebel to find our own separate identity. This stage in life is like the final psychological severance of that “umbilical cord” that tied us to our parents which makes us “our own person.”

Typically for most of us this stage lasts into our early college years where we think freedom means indulgence and excess. All the parties, drinking, and sex we experience during these ‘growing up’ years are believed to be “adult” things real adults do. They are fun for awhile, but then something happened to some of us inside. All that indulgence grows old and tiresome, and we suddenly realize that this way of living is not genuine adulthood. Thus, some of us turn inwards. We realize our Self and a journey of self improvement and progression begins. It is a journey which gradually with work and experience transforms us into a new person. It is here, that we realize that Adulthood is something we progress towards through personal inspection, personal improvement, and is not something which automatically comes after being freed from parental guidance/control. The various forms of Satanism in a way reflect this rebellious time, the freedom gained, the realization of Self, and the labour of Self progression to Adeptness.

The early satanism as presented in the Satanic Bible, reflects the immaturity of our rebellious teenage era. The essential mentality in the Satanic Bible was a reactionary rebellion against the conservatism of the 1950's. You can easily see this in the central importance “Indulgence” and “living life to the fullest” takes with this brand.

But, as with a growing person, Some Satanists come to a point in the gradual growth where the Satanist realizes indulgence and doing whatever one wants is not the meaning of life – it is recreation at best. We then look inwards and realize our Self, and thus look elsewhere for self improvement. The Way of the ONA being a highly individualistic labour of personal progression to Adept/Adulthood, is thus a major step away from the immaturity of other brands of satanism.

Self progression is a highly personal endeavour. Churches, Satanic priesthoods, indulgence, pretentious titles, and some external satanism somewhere outside yourself no longer has any importance or potential as a means of personal improvement. What is required is direct experience, self reflection, the setting of goals, and the working towards those goals. There comes a point on this path to self progression where we learn that even ideology, thoughts, and intellectualism, act as a barrier between our Self and the living world of experience. At this point the young Adept learns that words and thoughts are meaningless, and that action is all that matters. The action needed to master your own body and make it look and feel better. The action needed to materialize personal goals we have set for ourselves. The action that brings us to Mastery of Life.

Chloe WSA



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

GLAMOUR



What we learned from applying the ONA's art of "Insight Role" and manipulation, we turned into a science called "Glamour Magic." Its a dumb name, but its an accurate descriptor. Glamour Magic is basically the art and science of pretending to be something so well, other people believe, and through their belief, an end result can be manifested. The quickest and most modern example of a person well adept in the science of glamour is Bernard Madoff and his ponzi scheme. This guy put up his glamour so well, it convinced billionaires, and he got away with \$50 Billion! How much money is \$50 billion? Lets see the average person begins work at around 18 and retires at say 60. That's 42 years or 52, 416 hours; but the average person only works 8 hours and not 24 hours, so divide that by 3: that's 17,472 wage earning hours per lifetime, give or take, my math might be off. Lets multiply that by a slightly above average wage like \$10 an hour. That adds up to \$174,720. That's not even a million. For our average wage earning dork to make a million dollars he would have to live and work 10 lifetimes, or 1000 years, and that's only a million. We're talking about 50 Billion. That's magic, the magic to generate the money an average wage earner would make in 100,000 years in a decade. Again, my math is off, since I'm just estimating, but you get the picture. All he did was pretend to be something he wasn't. That's glamour.

The science of Glamour in 352 begins with a skill called "Empathetic Shapeshifting" or we shorten it to just "Emshifting." What that means is you pick a character or person, and learn to empathize with that character or person obsessively, with intense focus, until you become that charatcer or person. It sounds crazy, and it is. Most lunatic are natural emshifters, think of all those crazy people that thought they were Napoleon. Some of those insane people who believed themselves to be Napoleon, empathized with the real Napoleon so well, the glamour napoleon thought, acted, and spoke like the real think. Good detectives on a police force are also very good natural emshifters. They obsessively, with focused intent, put themselves into the mind of a suspect so well, the detective becomes the suspect, and "knows" what the

suspect did just by standing at a crime scene.

Practicing your emshifting skills begins with a lot of intentional daydreaming, in a meditative state of mind. At first you pick a dead person with a lot of things written about the person. Such as President Lincoln, Hitler, or just anybody that you can recreate in a daydream. In the beginning you just daydream a conversation or interaction with you and the target character. When you mentally animate your target character, you have to concentrate on the persons identifying traits, mannerisms, gestures, etc. The more daydream sessions you have with this target character the more you will notice something unusual happen. The target character begins to slowly and gradually animate itself. This isn't impossible, because when you are asleep and dreaming, your subconscious mind animate every character in your dream.

It's startling at first. You'll begin to notice that the character says or does things without you making them say it or do it. This in itself is a valuable research subject. We spend our waking conscious day never really asking ourselves where our words and thoughts come. It isn't like we plan ahead of time what to say or think when we are interacting with someone. The words and thoughts, just seem to flow out from some mysterious source, as if you were only a speaker or a mere observer through which the words and thoughts pass through.

Within 3-6 months, depending on how intense your concentration and how long your daydreaming is, your subconscious mind will "tap" into the essence of that person and take over the character for you. This is a stage where new agers would identify with "contacting" their spirit guides or whatever, which isn't something we are concerned with. We want to learn to "tap" into living people, so we can emshift into them.

It's easier for a girl to tap into a living person I think, because some of us have other girls we idolize and what to look and be like, and we are open to the idea. So we use the same makeup they use, watch all their movies, talk like them, act like them, and daydream about being them, and when you take this to an obsessive level, you tap into that person. So with a living person you would pick someone that is easy to pretend to be like. Someone with easily replicatable mannerisms, and personality quirks. I used Cher from that movie Clueless to practice, which unfortunately is my favorite movie of all time. So in a way, the character Cher is my spirit guide, I guess. I actually have her self animated deep inside. All it takes is going into a meditative state of mind, and "calling" her out, and I have an instant best friend, but anyways. Then I picked someone I know very well – Chloe and practiced tapping into her. I have to stress that the feeling, desire, or will behind this is one that feels like an obsession. You have to obsessively empathize and be the person.

When you learn to emshift into your best friend, weird things happen. You finish each other's sentences, or you know what their next word is going to be, and more of those deja vu things start happening where you swear you knew what that she was going to do or say what she did and said? I can't explain it. What do you get out of learning to emshift into your best friend? Nothing. Emshifting is a skill, which means, the more practice you do, the better you get at it.

The power or benefit to emshifting is tapping into a successful person, such as a multimillionaire, an influential politician, or someone that live a life which you desire. How does

walking around obsessively thinking, feeling, and acting like someone else do any good in your own life? The answer becomes clear when you understand that our thoughts generate our emotions; and those emotions governs our actions, and our actions affects the real world which generates physical results. If a millionaire can manifest the amount of money you would make in 10 lifetimes in a decade of his time, then you know three things: 1) you suck, 2) he's doing something right, and 3) whatever he's doing is not what your doing. What if you were intelligent enough to come to the conclusion that if you thought how he thought, felt the emotions and passions he felt, and acted out the same determinations and acts he did, maybe you would manifest similar results in life also? With emshifting, not only do you become that target person, but you have already tapped into his essence, so you have that person self animated in your mind as a guide and tutor.

A more advanced form of tapping for ideas and resources is my forming something called a Mind Group. This is when you just go gung ho crazy and instead of having one imaginary friend, you have an entire council in your head. The process is similiar. You organize a council of people, dead or alive, with traits and characteristics you want or admire; or organize a group of your heroes. At first you will need to animate each character as best as you can to resemble how they are, and gradually your subconscious mind will take over. This sounds like a waste of time, but after around 4-5 months of intense focus, your entire council comes to life, and this gives you "direct" access to people you look up to for their guidance, and knowledge.

The second part of glamour is convincing others to "plug into" your make believe reality, just like Madoff convinced those around him that he was making them a lot of money. This requires absolute confidence in yourself, image control, associates in the loop, and reverse order thinking. Confidence in yourself means that you have to be so good that you convince yourself. For example me friend insight role as an aryan racist with Naional Socialistic beliefs. Is he racist? No. Does he think white people are supreme? No, he actually thinks Asia was and will be supreme. It's glamour, and all of his white boys believe the glamour. He even speak some German, and he's not even German or really white even. He's half White half Mexican. Image control means using anything and everything that will help build your target image to make it believable to others and to yourself, and blacking out anything that might thwart your glamour. My friend's real associates aren't even white, so he keep his little nazi group in a different city. Associates in the loop means you have friends who know its just all glamour and contributes to giving that glamour life. Every white person in 352 supports my friend's glamour as a racist pig.

Reverse order thinking (we call it "backmasking") is a skill to be practiced in itself. It's crucial if you want to be able to control a group of people subltely and make them manifest certain desires. If you want to backmask, you need to first understand that thought give birth to emotions. So when my friend goes up to a white boy and give him the thought: you're aryan, you're special, the white race is dying because of outbreeding with those subhumans, and the mexicans are taking over- this produces target feeling in the white boy he's trying to generate. The feeling of self worth, that he is special, the fear that what he now sees as being special is endanger because of Mexican. Emotions governs our actions. Think of a boxing match when the coach and crowd works up his guys emotions to a fever and lets him lose in the ring. In such a drunken state when a person is raging with powerful emotions his actions are out of the

control of reason and mind. For example, if I wanted a guy physically assaulted for any reason, all I would have to do, with my associates in the loop is pick the dumbest boy my friend's white boy crew and have him work the dumb boy's fear and anger to a fever about how my target victim is a dirty Mexican and how he did something wrong to one of us. The result would be the dumb white boy acts on his emotions and physically assaults my intended target.

The same tactics, more skillful and refined, is used to make terrorists. Think about it. Do terrorist makers target random healthy Muslims of the street? No, they target those with some kind of emotional defect; in the same way a pimp picks a girl with an emotional defect, like a chubby girl with insecurities. How does a person become emotionally defected? They have a weak mind and allow negative thoughts about themselves and or thoughts about them others say take root. In turn these thoughts produce the emotional defects and insecurities. The target is either a loner who is a loser in life, or is very delusional in his Islamic beliefs. Why do you think Israel is so important to radical Islam- in the same way Satan is important to Christianity. Israel is used, along with America and the mythos of a "Jew World Order" is used to provoke emotions. Take those emotions to a feverish level, and overload his mind with religious bullshit about how he will be a martyr for Allah, and his nation; and you have a terrorist. Of course, it's not as simple as I described it, but you get the idea. It's basically manipulation, or, "brainwashing" if you want to call it that. The target's mind is weak, plus his emotional defects, makes him easy prey.

When you understand the science of how thoughts and ideas progressively transmutes into objective phenomena, you can then think backwards. Beginning with the intended end desire, think backwards about what emotions need to be provoked to manifest the actions required to materialize the end desire. Once you have the required emotions to be provoked, think of what thoughts and idea is needed to manifest and provoke those feelings. When you understand the science of mass manipulation of a crowd of people with backmasking you will begin to see that what we call politics is a professional form of backmasking, where adepts of the science uses words, and thoughts, to tap into a receptive population for an end result.

For those of us plugged into the Satanic matrix, there are a few examples we can bring up to illustrate glamour and lack thereof. Anton LaVey. It doesn't matter if he was Howard or if he actually traveled to the middle east to have his head shaved by Yezidis with a razor dipped in the Zamzam. He worked his glamour of a Satanic Religious Leader, had the charisma and confidence to convince his followers and the general public, and gained himself a successful life for a while, and influence over a good sized population of people. Versus Lord Egan, or better yet Grand Magister Blackwood. Blackwood has no glamour, nor charisma. He doesn't have the confidence in himself to project his identity upon others. He has no associates in the loop, because nobody likes him. And he can't backmask to produce anything, because the guy can barely think right forward. So he ends up the laughing stock of the internet. What power does Blackwood have to influence anybody? What power does he have to materialize results? Has he actualized anything in real life during his career as a "leader of Satanism?" No one buys into his glamour because he is weak. Weak minded, and weak willed. It takes will power to tap into a crowd of people. How can a man who lacks the will power to manifest weight loss, influence and teach anybody anything productive?

Anton Long and the ONA: It doesn't matter if he was David Myatt, or if the ONA once existed only in his mind or just on paper only. The glamour techniques placed into the ONA system insures that anyone who adopts the Tradition of the Nine Angles with bring it to life anyways. Which is the state its in now. People follow it and give it life, and other who don't follow it believes that it exists. If it didn't exist before, it certainly exists now, and will continue to exist into the future. It exists in the minds of its present initiates as a living tradition, and that's all that matters. What difference does it make really? America didn't exist before 1776, but it does now, and there's no stopping it. Christianity didn't exist before circa 100 c.e. but it exists now, and it gave birth to some of the world's greatest empires. Islam didn't exist before circa 600 c.e., but its here now, and were getting our asses kicked by it in real life. The ONA exists in its ititiates, in the form it was designed to existed in: in each of its individual initiates practicing and applying its tradition in their own indedependent lives.

The successful glamour is dependent on the basics of social skills. The social skill we pick up during childhood when we learn to attract the attention of our parents. The social skills we refine during high school to climb the social strata to the top of the popularity totem pole. It doesn't matter if what you are interested in is civilization, corporation, or religion, because all three have the same common denominator: people. Without social skills, you can't maneuver yourself within society, let a lone control or influence them. Whether if politics, business, or priestcraft, the name of the game is the same: popularity contest. We would like to deny it and pretend that we left it in high school, but the truth is it is ingrained in our humanity and genetic make up. In the past, it was a matter of survival as a primal human animal male to follow the most vital and charismatic male; and it was vital that every primale human female offers herself up to the most vital and charismatic male. We see this even in our ancient ancestors: the great apes and monkeys.

Social science is something ingrained in our species since before the dawn of the human race. How is it than that a religion which supposedly embraces human nature, like those other Satanisms, could condemn the very essence and nature of the human animal and preach antisocial doctrines. How do you succeed in life, when your religion has divorced you from the very source of that success, and has taught you that having bad social skills as a social reject is good? These outsider Satanists confuse the concept of mass conformity to socialization, and working the crowd for personal gain. It's gotten to the point where these outsider Satanists shreek in horror when they witness two Satanists hanging out together, and god forbid an organized group of Satanists. It only makes sense that our Satanism which has mastery of life as its disciple's personal objective for us to embrace social skills and reject antisocial behavior and mentality.

There is a power to glamour. Without it men like Alexander the Great and Napoleon could not have convinced a group of men to fight for them or recognize them as there imperial leader. Without it no millionaire, advertising company would have the money they make. Think about it. How did Donald Trump go bankrupt with negative 1 billion dollars, make it back, and then some to be a billionaire again in a single lifetime? By applying the science of glamour and the principles of OPP on a large group of rich idiots. OPP: Other People's Property. Other people's money; other people's labour; other people time; other people's energy; other people's lives; and other people's women. Where would politics and civilization be without

glamour?

-WSA352-

:Kayla 352



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

HOHES OPFER



Hohes Opfer

This ritual is performed at the end of the causal life of the Satanist, and is a sinister variation on the solo nine angles rite which marks the last stage of the way (qv. Acausal Existence MSS).

The rite exists in two sections: the Ritual of Sealing and the Hohes Opfer itself.

Ritual of Sealing:

This is undertaken following Initiation, and requires the candidate to first carve an obsidian blade. This blade is carved over three consecutive months on the nights of the New Moon, in the hour before dawn. The knife may feature suitable inscriptions, such as an inverted septagon, or a phrase pertaining to the Temple group of the Initiate, written in a script such as 'Dark Immortal'. During this carving incense combining the elements of Mars and Saturn may be burned.

The candidate then finds a suitable outdoor location for the ritual. This must be an isolated area close to a river, and somewhere the candidate judges will remain untouched and undeveloped for at least a century.

The ritual is undertaken again on a night of the New Moon in the month following the completion of the carving, in the hour before dawn. [The ritual may be enhanced by the

candidate timing it to occur during certain stellar/planetary alignments.]

The candidate first bathes in the river, and then changes into suitable black clothing, or robe. S/he kneels with the knife placed before them on a black cloth.

The knife is first consecrated to Baphomet by either performing the Baphomet chant, or simply vibrating 'Agios o Baphomet' or the feminine form: "Agia H Baphomet." The candidate traces an inverted pentagram over the knife.

Then the Diabolus is chanted three times, after which the s/he sits and visualizes a nebulous chaos streaming from a nexion in the sky to first envelope the knife and then spread outwards to engulf the candidate.

Once complete, the candidate vibrates 'Ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam' and departs from the area.

The knife is then wrapped in the black cloth and stored safely in a locked box in the candidate's keeping.

Hohes Opfer:

At the conclusion of the Satanist's causal life, s/he writes a full account of their experiences of the Seven Fold Way. This is written in code, in a variant of the 'Dark Immortal', and then entrusted to either their heir and/or their Temple.

The Satanist then chooses an offer as their final victim, applying the usual guidelines. It is ideal that the Satanist undertakes the sacrifice themselves using the obsidian blade, and this may be done ceremonially with the full participation of the Temple, or swiftly in circumstances of the Satanist's own contriving. [Or the Satanist may instead opt for an assassination, by proxy, of some significant world figure.]

Once this is successfully complete, the Satanist withdraws to the place where the Ritual of Sealing was conducted and undertakes the form of the solo nine angles rite suitable to that final stage. Their causal life is ended at the ritual's conclusion, using the knife. They may opt for a trusted comrade to accompany them, who will then arrange suitable and respectful disposal of the empty vessel (see Black Book of Satan for funereal rite). The knife then passes into their keeping.

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

ILLUSIONS OF THE STATE



Illusions Of The State

It's raining outside right now, so I was just thinking about walking in the rain. Which got me thinking about things concerning the illusions of "law and order" so I thought I'd write what comes to mind before I lose the thought which is flowing. The only time I can writing is when I get that flowing of inspiration when the thoughts and words just seem to want to burst out.

I remember once when I was a little girl and it was raining lightly. I was looking out the window and I saw the neighbor boy playing out in the rain. So I ran to get my rain coat to go play out in the rain to. I was over at my real parent's home at the time, so I went to ask my mom if I can go play in the rain with the neighbor boy. She told me I couldn't because I'd get sick. So I asked her: "Why does that boy get to play in the rain?" And my mom said: "Because he's not my child and you are, now go play inside the house somewhere."

So I just went back into my room really angry wishing my mom would die for a while and thinking about how mean she was for not being as nice as the neighbor boy's mom who let him play outside in the rain. So I just sat there in my room staring at and hating the boy but at the same time wondering what it would be like to live with his parents and not my mom, because I never get to do anything.

Or this one time much later when I was around 12 or something I would sleep over at my real parents house on the weekends and every Sunday my dad would have a Jehovah's Witness study buddy come over and sit me down to teach me there religion. My mom and her family raised me Buddhist like them, but my dad tried to raise me Christian.

So anyways one day my study buddy was teaching me about Judgment Day from a red book. Before that I thought nothing of this Jehovah's Witness thing my dad and his family were into since the idea of living forever in some paradise sounded really cool to me.

My study buddy had me read a few things out of the book about the resurrection, and then he read thing out of the bible that were about the resurrection, and he asked me if I had any questions because I had a confused look. I said: "I thought you go to heaven when or die or reincarnate into new people?" And he goes something like: "No, that's a lie the Israelites

picked up from the Babylonians, you see in the book of genesis duh duh duh, it says when Jehovah made Adam, he made Adam a 'Living Soul,' the bible doesn't say he gave Adam a Living Soul. So when you die you just sleep in the ground, and if you aren't a Jehovah's Witness Jehovah will not resurrect you."

I thought that was the dumbest thing I ever heard and I told my study buddy: "That's just silly, we have souls, my moms and grandmas say so. I believe we have souls, I have cousins that remember their past lives." So he tried to argue and I just kept on telling him that I don't have to believe the bible because I was raised Buddhist; but he kept on saying that I had to because it was the "truth." But anyways, I told my grandma to tell my dad to stop making me a Jehovah's Witness, and I never went to my parents house Sundays again.

In remember in school we were learning about American history about how the pilgrims came from England and colonized the east coast and how the native Indians came share their food with the pilgrims. Then how the early Americans went around with guns shooting and killing Indians because they were savages.

So in those three stories and examples I gave there exists three objective groups or sets of people in each group: 1) A Law maker; 2) The Law follower; & 3) The ones outside the Law.

In my first example my mom made the laws which I had to follow, and that neighbor boy was the person outside my mom's laws. Why didn't that boy have to follow my mom's rules and I did? Was that boy breaking any rules?

In my second example the religion of the Jehovah's Witness made the Law, my study buddy was the Follower, and I was the person who existed outside the Law of his religion. Was I breaking the laws of his religion?

In my third example the Lord of a colonial township made the Law, the "Citizens" or Members of those colonial towns Followed those Laws. And the Indians existed outside those Laws. Were those Indians criminals?

Law & Order Is Relative

Essentially I follow my mom's rules because I was Conditioned to do so from birth and that neighbor boy has nothing to do with my mom so even if my mom tried to make him follow her rules, he wouldn't.

Essentially we are Conditioned, Trained, inside a religion. In the old days, the Church had you believe that what religion you were born into was your religion. And it is from this BELIEF and Conditioning that empowers the Church to have power over you. But yet those same laws has no affect on someone who does not BELIEVE in that religion.

In those old days, if the Church Patriarchs wanted more power, they waged war on a "heathen" tribe and converted them to the religion, thus those Vanquished tribes ended up within the Jurisdiction of that religion.

Were those native and feral Indian tribes outlaws and criminals? No they were not, because they simply had their own society, their own Way and their own rules. Just like the colonialists had their own society and rules. We're dealing with two sets of autonomous groups of people.

But what happened to that autonomy? What happened was the group with the largest army who killed the most people Vanquished the weaker group and forced them to follow their laws. Notice now that the colonialists and the Vanquished equally are subject to the same Law & Order. Such that it becomes clear that being forced or conditioned to follow other people rules is not Freedom, because the Native Indians were once Free weren't they?

A State Of Mind

It was during the Western Expansion, when Washington DC believed it had some divine destiny to control all of the land from "sea to shining sea" that the "Law & Order" of the white man spread to the West. That law & Order spread with guns, it was established with the mass rape and genocide of a free and feral people, whose only crime was that they did not accept the Law & Order of this foreign people. Because those Native Tribes had their own Culture, their own Ways, their own identities, their own Laws. The only reason why those ways and laws of those native tribes did not matter was because they lost their battles.

So here we are us modern people living in the 21st century living in our developed Nation-State. We are each born on a plot of dirt and we are lied to, like religion once lied to us that we belong to the State we were born in. Did I have a choice? Did you have a choice? It's not like we can walk into some Department of State Membership and say to them: "Oh I'm sorry, I'm going to have to decline membership in your Nation-State. I just don't agree with your foreign policies you know. It just clashes with my personal beliefs; you guys understand right? But thanks for letting me be borned in the land you control."

If you were to ask one of these plebeian mundanes to draw a picture of their State for you, you know what you can expect? 100% of the time they will draw you the outline of the continent or landmass they were born on or a national flag.

If you asked these same idiot breed mundanes to draw you their Religion, you know what you would get? A look of confusion and maybe the symbol of their religion if they belong to one.

This is because your mundane human whose ancestors were line bred to produce idiot farmer and peasants whose brain capacity was bred to only deal with such feeble tasks is bred to believe what they are told by their Masters [authority figures].

They never come to realize that during circa the 1300's and so that if you were to go up to one of their mundane ancestors and ask them to draw you a map of Christianity that they'd draw the outline of Europe. Why? Because back then the Catholic Church controlled Christendom territorially just like modern secular States do today. Just like certain kinds of Islamic Sects controls a territory today. In such a way that if you did not follow their laws, pay your tithes, and did not recognize their authority they would kill you. Just like in a modern secular State, if a peasant was born on territory controlled by the Church you were "born" Catholic.

The question is: Why can we today see and understand that “religion” is an ethereal “thing” which was a lie used by a certain class of organized people to control and exploit “the faithful,” but most of us cannot see and understand that the “State” is the exact same thing? The same breed of mundanes that believed wholeheartedly in the illusion of Christendom also believes in the illusion of the State in an equally sacred manner of fear and reverence. The only difference is that in the past the mundane feared an abstraction called “God,” and the power of God’s Priests and today the mundane fears an abstraction called “the People” and the power of the People’s priests called: Lawyers, Politicians, Judges, and Law Makers. It’s the same bullshit just in a different toilet. And the same domesticated individualized mundanes end up being manipulated and exploited, by the same certain class of organized manipulative people. And they don’t get it, even after a thousand years. “Make the lie big, make it simple, keep saying it, and eventually they will believe it.” – Adolf Hilter

The Name Of The Game

Some of my uncles, my step dad, and some of my cousins own their own independent contracting construction business, which me and my cousin Tiffany help out with from time to time. Me and Tiffany basically are like the boys’ agents, we find them work.

So there was this one time when me and Tiff were up at Big Bear and we bumped into a family friend of my step dad’s who had seen him and the boys lay tiles for one of a mutual friend of their’s. This family friend asked me and Tiff if the boys would be available next month because he had a project in mind. So we told him yeah sure, what’s the project? And he said: “Well, I got some land up near by here and I was thinking of building a cabin, do they have any experience in building cabin?”

I was going to be honest and say something like: “No way, they tried to build my grandma a patio and extra rooms and it came out lopsided and wack and they used glue half the time; they’re Cambodians,” since he was a family friend. But Tiff quickly interjected and said: “Pssh, yeah, they built a three bedroom one last year.” So they guy says: “Great, I’m an architect so I have the blueprints and paperwork all done. I just need people who can read blueprints and know what they’re doing. What’s the labour gunna cost you think, because I can buy the supply?” And Tiff says: “They’ll do it for around \$5000.”

Well, me and Tiff really didn’t know what the labour for building a cabin actually costs. The guy was really happy and eventually signed the contract. And the guys did not actually know kee-rap about reading blueprints or building cabins. But they are quick learners and ended up doing a great job and making money and the family friend never knew a thing! The point to this little story is some guy needed something and we lied to him, and he believed it, and we made money off of him. That’s called business.

Here’s another few more illustrations before we get to the main point. Let’s say we were in the 1960’s and that there were two companies: Sony and Hitachi. Now these two companies make television sets which were all black and white back then.

So one day some engineer invents a way to make color television, which excites certain

sectors in the market. Now the Sony CEO has a meeting and say with his board and says: "So yeah, it looks like this new colored TV thing is exciting the market. I think we should risk invest all our money into this new industry to keep the market in our hands."

Then the Hitachi CEO holds a meeting with his board and says: "You guys hear about that crazy colored TV doohickey? What a joke. What next, plasma screens? I hear Sony is going to invest all their capital on this crazy idea because a little group of kids are getting stoked over it. We're not gonna get into this crazy fad because we know fads are crazy. And we're gonna keep making traditional black and white TV sets because that's what people are use to buying and that's what TV sets have been for hundreds of years, hence "traditional!" Sony's market will be ours when they capsize, yes!"

Based on their ability to feel the movement and trends of the market, which one of these companies would you say will own the market 20 years after the meeting? The key phrase to pay attention to is "Own The Market." Sony will most likely own the market. Notice that Sony as a company did not change essentially nor did the market essentially change, nor did the "relationship" between the Sony and the Market change. The only thing that changed was the Product which is manufactured and tailored to meet the Market or their interests. Take note of what type of "relationship" Sony and the Market has.

So with the above examples in mind, let's take a quick look at Europe's history. There was a time when what is today Europe was owned and occupied by an Empire [Rome]. There was in the Empire a social structure meaning that there were slaves at the very bottom, common citizens in the middle, and the Emperor at the top. But a political regime needs money, so there was a class of wealthy noble families who had the money the Roman Imperial regime needed to sustain it's empire.

Then Rome fell, meaning that the political regime or entity no longer had any power to sustain itself or to control its citizens and its realm. After a certain amount of chaos, we will observe that wealthy land owners began either giving land to knights or paying them to protect their families and assets. What did these wealthy land owner eventually evolved into? What happened after this?

What happened was that there was a group of people who were in tune to the "trend" of the "Market." This group sensed the chaos of that Market and offered something the Market needed: a sense of security and stability, in the form of Religion. This was when the Catholic Church began growing in power. Meanwhile the wealthy land owners evolved into "Catholic kingdoms." A kingdom is just a miniature empire. It also has a social structure and it also needs gold/capital to sustain its interests. Which means that somewhere unseen are wealthy families who have the capital a kingdom needs.

It's during these times that we can begin to see the sneaky operations of some of these wealthy families. Like the Medicis who not only were land owners, lords, dukes, but they also sent their relatives into the Vatican to be Popes. Why? Was it because they were really religious and wanted one of their blood relatives as Pope to please God?

Then we fast forward to a time when the Pope and the Catholic Church has too much Power. So what happened next? The Protestant Reformation conveniently happened. From a mundane commoner's perspective the Reformation was a protest against the religious corruption of the Catholic Church. What do you think the "Reformation" was to wealthy families who thought the Church had too much power? Who felt the needs of the Market?

A number of kings were convinced that the Catholic was corrupted and that they were ordained by God himself to be king which meant they did not need a Pope, and they were told they could have even more power being the head of their own churches. Qui Bono? Who profited from the civil wars between Catholic and Protestant kingdoms and from the decrease in power of the Pope? War costs money.

When Protestant kingdoms became a norm we end up with the same social structuring: serfs at the very bottom, the same commoners being exploited, a king at the top, and a class of wealthy noble families.

What do you suppose happened when these Protestant kings got too powerful? And when the market was moving towards a new kind of system of government from all that chatter of the Age of Enlightenment?

Conveniently the common plebeians were offered the idea of Democracy and were told that they did not need kings to rule them at all because they have the power to govern themselves. Who benefited from the civil wars between Republicans and Royalists? Wars cost money.

You will notice that in each of these different forms of Nation-States that the social structure remains the same. The disorganized plebeian mob remains exploited by those in the upper class who are more collective and wealthier than them. You will notice that the relationship between these two groups never changes. The only thing that changes is the Product: Emperor, Catholic King, Protestant King, Prime Minister, or President. Everything and everyone involved has virtually remained unchanged such that only the Name of the Game has been changed. In every case the "Market" remains owned and in the same hands. In each transitioning period the idiot mundane mob is always manipulated and instigated by unseen manipulators.

I'm not saying there is a conspiracy. What I am saying is that the relationship between the Collective Manipulators and the Individualized Manipulated is the same today as it was 2000 years ago. I can see this, or understand this because I come from a slightly different background and stand point. Understanding what I am trying to get at will be hard for a mundane who has been born, conditioned, and bred to be stupid individualized workers. If you have that Sinister Nature in you, you will see the game being played because as they say: It takes a crook to know another.

I'm not writing this in hopes that I will awaken or enlighten those plebeian mundanes. I was raised hating them. I was raised to see them as animals to be bred, cultivated, and used like live stock. Enlightening and awakening these mundanes is furthest from my intentions as it works against my own desires and nature. I couldn't care less if those outsiders who are not of our Kind disagree with me or can't see the nature of things beneath the illusions and propped

up lies.

I write these things for some of you who are of my own Sinister Breed who are lost in that Illusion of the State, and for my own future children to some day read. So that our own Sinister Kind can see that this “thing” called the “State” is the same “thing” as what Christendom was 500 years ago.

These mundanes just can't see it. Those mundanes with their silly religions and atheism can today shake their fists at “religion” and break the laws of Christianity by having their premarital sex, worshiping the devil, and they can even ridicule “religion.” But when it comes to the sanctity of the secular State, the self appointed political regimes, and their sanctimonious “Law & Order,” those mundanes are still religiously devout sheep. Domesticated breeds of people bred and trained to fear authority and follow devoutly the law, order, and policies of such authorities who disguise themselves in the guise of abstractions, and illusions. As their sheepish mundane ancestors did in the exact same way 500 years ago in Christendom.

Those mundanes do not recognize genuine heresy when they see it. They believe that heresy is still a 600 year old concept that has something to do with “religion.” But when the ONA urges its Initiates to go beyond their State limits to find Liberation from the illusion of the State, these mundanes cry about such secular heretical acts as being “illegal,” and “criminal.”

The Enemy Is The State

When something like the ONA and David Myatt believes in the destruction of the State, those mundanes bitch and cry about such things being “terrorism.” “Terrorism” is to the modern Nation-State of today what the Germanic Barbarians were to the Roman Empire, and what Heretics were to Christendom.

When someone like me says that the State is an enemy of humanity, these mundanes will say things like: “Well then you hate Americans so what are you doing living in America?” That is like me saying I hate Prisons and Schools, and mundanes responding with a: “Well that means you hate prisoners and students.” Is that the case though. What if I hate prisons because of how they treat the prisoners? Because of the condition prisoners live in? What if I hate schools because I dislike the crap they are teaching us because I know we as students and humans are so much capable of more? What if I hate the State because I know our species has so much more potential than this and that we can become so much more if we were given the Freedom?

But tampering with the orthodoxy of the State to try and change the way our current civilization is at the moment is a challenge to the political regimes that run the State and is called treason. If you assume that the powers that be are more than happy to support the advancement of the human race by colonizing space, then you haven't learned much about the relationship between the Oligarchy and the Market.

Nothing reveals this grip or hold the Oligarchy of a State has on their Market better then civil wars. When I say “Oligarchy” I mean to say a handful of wealthy and powerful families. Such

as the Civil War of America.

On a more understandable level, civil war is like the street a street gang controls, in which the residents have become used to paying protection taxes and are buying dope from the gang. Then one day a group of residents of that street says: "So yeah, we've had it guys, I think we can take it from here and try to be our own gang too. We've been living under your domination for a long time and we've learned the skills, wish us luck. Every house and people south of 18th street now belongs to us ok?"

Do you actually think the original dominating gang will say: "Why of course. Nothing pleases us more then to see our street citizens learn the game and become independent! Why, if you guys have any questions or need any pointers just come ask us cuz we've been doing this for a while."

It's the same thing with a civil war like the one America experienced, just on a larger scale. What did the North do when the Confederate State of America came together wanting to be independent and to make and follow their own rules? If Parliamentary democracy is so great for humanity, then why did the King of England and his Loyalists make such a big fuss out of Oliver Cromwell wanting to implement such an advancement in the science of governance?

Why has the State crushed any and every potential secessionist movement that crops up? Why couldn't the Native Americans be their own people? Why can't Quebec be its own Nation? There are groups of Native Americans in Canada who want to secede from Canada and be their own people again. Will the State let them? It's like you were living in Christendom 600 years ago and you told the Church that you no longer wanted to be Catholic and that you wanted to be Hindu instead.

Do you think the power elite of old world Europe actually sent out their scientists to discover the New World in the name of scientific advancement and for the greater good of the human race? Colonizing the New World was a commercial interest of certain wealthy and powerful families in Europe. These New World colonies began as Companies, companies which these families invested a lot of their money into. What did those European Kingdoms do when their colonies in the New World wanted to be their own people, free to rule and govern themselves?

Do you believe that the political regimes of our modern Nation-States will invest their money and energy in helping their citizens colonize space because such an idea is good for the human species? Not only would it take trillions of dollars for States to colonize space, the moon, and Mars, but in the end what do you suppose will happen? The same thing that happened in history. The human desire to be Free will drive those colonies to be their own people. Do you really think modern political regimes will put up that much money to have their citizens Free from their power grip?

If you understand the mechanics and anatomy of Power, of the wealth and privilege these Oligarchies enjoy from the exploitation of their individualized plebeian units, you will gradually realize that those families will only in time become closer and more interconnected and cooperative with each other. You will gradually see that as time passes this world we live in will

slowly become a single tool or means for such a amalgamation of Oligarchies to more easily profit from all of humanity. You will begin to realize that we will not be leaving this earth to fulfill our human potential and next stage of evolution as a Stellar Species without a fight.

The Sinister Nature Of The ONA

So along comes this Order of Nine Angles which urges its Initiates to go beyond the limits of society and which sees no wrong in culling [killing]. Which has its own Way, Culture, and Laws, and which sees the State as its enemy. And these mundanes bitch and cry about the ONA being “illegal,” and “criminal.” They cry about how killing is bad. Because as far as mundanes go, you can be a Satanist, as long as you are a good law abiding citizen.

These mundanes are hypocritically stupid to a ludicrous extent. They can be Christians and Buddhist and believe that killing is so bad, but at the same time they join their State's armies and kill people. Buddhists are more hypocritically stupid in their own Buddhist countries. Because they believe in ahimsa and they try to not even step on bugs, but they eat meat and have slaughterhouses.

But as far as murder goes, you don't even have to have committed the act of killing a person to be convicted of murder in America. It's called being “guilty by association.” If America as a whole actually followed their own rules it makes, then all American Citizens are guilty of murder by direct association with America. Every American is guilty of every life killed in the Middle East right now. Not just in Afghanistan and Iraq; but also in Palestine with all the murders and deaths committed since the beginning of Zionist Occupation. Who supports the Zionist government of Israel?

But the murder doesn't stop there. Who supported and trained Osama bin Laden in the 70's? It's not like he came out of no where. America and it's CIA did because Osama and his people at that time wanted the Russians out of Afghanistan, so America supported and trained Osama because he benefits America's foreign policies. Same thing with Sadam Hussein of Iraq. Same thing with every murderous dictator in Central America and Africa and Asia. Even when he knew about the murders the Khmer Rouge committed, Jimmy Carter still supported their bid and claim for seats in the UN, and the democratic party of America still financially supported the Khmer Rouge.

The only difference in a murder is whose interests it serves. The ONA states unashamedly that not only is killing people natural, but it's even good in certain contexts. And those mundanes cry about it, biting their fingernails, and pointing fingers acting like they are stainless angles when they are citizens of and support one of the most draconian and murderous political regimes on Earth.

The ONA unashamedly gets itself involved in so called “illegal” activities and these mundanes run around like frightful jittery meerkats calling us “criminals.” But yet they support a political regime that passes thousands of laws each year, with each new law creating a new crimes. Such that with every year that passes by, you mundanes don't even have to do anything to be “criminals” like us. The only difference between those of us of the ONA and you Mundanes in

this case is that We consciously choose to make “crime” work for our interests, whereas the State makes you Mundanes criminals to in their best of interests.

What does that say about your political regime? Even around 500BC Lao Tzu warned of this. He once said: The more laws a government passes, the more it incriminates its own people. What kind of a political regime are you so blindly supporting which doesn't have your best interests in their hearts, doesn't want you to reach for your full human potential, and instead spends their time taxing you and gradually incriminates you? How can you be “patriotic” and loyal to something that sees you as a criminal? How much worth and potential can you see and feel within yourself? That it becomes ok and wonderful to be treated like a criminal and exploited like farm animals?

And when someone like I myself, and other of my sinister breed sees a value, a worth, and latent potential in me and in the rest of humankind. And when someone as criminally genius as David Myatt comes along as gives such sinister breeds a means and method to reach for that potential we are the bad guys and villains? But what the ONA is in essence to those of us that can grasp its Esoteric Philosophy, is beyond this petty issue of crime and legality of conduct. What the ONA is goes much deeper than this. It is ridiculously simplistic and dismissive to think that 30 years of writing and pondering on the part of Anton Long is a mere excuse to perpetrate criminal deeds.

To whom or what do you ultimately owe your loyalty to: a political regime, or humanity? That's what it boils down to. Who are you serving in the end: The State or Mankind? Is this all that Mankind is worth to you in your eyes? A miserable creature to be abused, incriminated, and exploited by the rich and powerful? Have you lost the ability to dream and reach for those dreams? Have you become so mundane – so worldly – that any vision beyond the hum-drum of mundane life is a fantasy beyond reach and not worth striving for?

Has it come to the point where a people who wishes to be Free to live their lives their own Way is an outlaw? Has it really come to the point where the idea that we have more worth and potential inside of us is criminal? Has it come to the point where the idea that there could be a better kind of civilization with which Mankind can better express his innate Cosmic nature is a crime?

Why can't we return to our tribal nature and be our own people, with our own Way of Life, to follow our own Laws? What essentially makes the Laws of the State divine and the only laws to be followed? These mundanes can't see that what was once religious apostasy and what is today State or National Apostasy are in fact the same crime. Heresy and apostasy never went anywhere. It just changed its name, but the punishment remains the same as it was: imprisonment, and death [capital punishment].

Nothing has changed about the game except for the name. What was once Religious Politics and what is today Secular Politics is the same Product wrapped up in a different package for the same Market manufactured by the same regimes.

There are some of us – of the ONA – who are beginning to see things as they are. Who are

beginning to see beyond the illusions of the State. Who have created for themselves a system to change and evolve themselves inwardly into a new kind of Human Being. And who have created for themselves a means and a way whereby they can over time change human civilization. But as the Protestant Reformers of old were criminals to the Catholic State; and as those Children of the Age of Enlightenment were treasonous criminals to old world European States. So will the Sinister Breed which the ONA attracts and makes be incriminated by the State and seen as worthless criminals by their manipulated and mindless mundane mob.

The battle for Liberation and the Freedom to live one's lives genuinely to the fullest potential has always been the battle of the few who still have the human ability to dream and envision. Who still have the spirit and drive to reach and struggle for those dreams and visions. It has always been up to the few dreamers and the greatest of criminals – for what were great men as Alexander the Great, and Ganhis Khan but such – to lead the mindless mob of mundanes forward towards their visions? The mindless mundane mob has never fought for anything on their own initiative.

This mindless mob of mundanes is Nature's source of power to those of Her Sons or Daughters who are the most intelligently fit, with the most captivating visions, to be used to manifest those visions which in turn progresses all of humanity forward – ultimately toward the stars to seed the galaxy with Earthly Life. The next step in our human evolution is that Myattian Vision of Homo Galactica and a Stellar Civilization. The Old political regimes must be destroyed, if the New is to be born. This is the vision my children will live for and fight for. For what Freedom and Potential that comes with that vision. In the end those mundanes are just manipulated by new clique of Masters to fight battles as cannon fodder to help materialize the dreams and vision of Great Men and Great Minds.

Further Reading: [A Way Of Life](#)

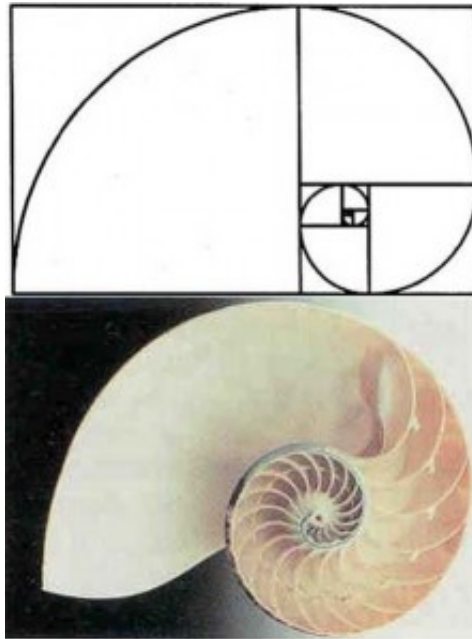
Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

INFINITE POTENTIAL



Infinite Potential

This will make little sense, since I am writing all of this as it gushes out. I don't know how other people do it but I can't think or write any moment I choose. I can sit there all day and won't have a clue as to what to write about or how to say it. But there are these things or moments I call "waves" of inspiration. If you are an artist, musician, poet, writer, or contemplative thinker, you'll know exactly what I am talking about.

When that "wave" hits you scramble for pen and paper or computer or your phone to write down what will Flow out. When you're in that wave, ideas just gush out. We don't make the insights, we actually have to write as fast as we can to keep up with the wave and gushing of wordless essence. We try to scramble in our heads for the words and ideas or notes or rhythm or picture to express the wordless stuff.

I learned early that if I miss this wave, I'd have to wait for the next wave to come. Before I would be hanging out with friends, and this wave would hit at the most odd moments when I am busy with no means to jot notes down. I would think to myself that's I'll remember it when I get home in the evening. So when quiet time in the evening comes, I'd sit there empty brained and frustrated! Fortunately now I have an excellent notation app on my phone. It's like having a fold-up surf board with you at all times. So when the wave hits anywhere, I'm ready to ride it out.

Potentiality

When I think about the wave of inspiration and the wordless essence that flows through, I think of something I would call "Potential Stuff." It's not real tangible stuff, its stuff in a state or condition of potential possibility. That Potentiality must be Unfolded and Expressed Causally with words and idea, to express the unexpressed potential.

Thus, we have two sets of "stuff" to deal with. Potential Stuff and Causal Stuff. An article I wrote would be the Causal Stuff. We can look at an article and ask ourselves: "Where did this come from?" "Who wrote it?" "How did it come into Being?" "What caused it?" And such questions would be rationally easy to answer. If it is something I personally wrote, I Caused it into Being.

BUT, there is a side to that article which existed BEFORE it was caused into Being: it's Unexpressed Potential State. If we speak of this specific unexpressed potentiality as a possible potential, and we asked those same questions, can we rationally come up with answers? What "caused" that potentiality into existence? Did it even "exist" as a "something?" If a Potential "exists" before causal cause, is it a-causal?

The key question is: Does a Potential for something have a cause?

I'll use Pi as an example again. There are probably other number sequences by we all know Pi better. Pi has a Potentially Infinite sequence of numbers. When we act on the sequence to unravel the string of numbers, we can say that we are the Cause of the number sequence being Expressed. But when we don't touch it; when Pi stays asleep in a circle; this number sequence "exists" in a Potential State. So what caused that Potentiality to be? Does a Potentiality need a cause?

Another example to draw out the point is a game I have on my phone. I think it's called bejeweled or something. It's that game with all these colored jewels at the top of the screen and you shoot random colored jewels at the mess of jewels to make 3 or more in a row, and the row falls off. So as I play this game on my phone, I can say that my acting on the game Unravels or Causes into Being certain conditions. Except on the "other side" of the game – the software level – every possible potential already exists simultaneously: superimposition of all potential configurations. All I am really doing is literally Unraveling a set of configurations, or drawing out from the co-existent sea of all potential configurations causally.

Acausality

I half-mindedly mentioned somewhere else that I see the Acausal part of the cosmos as some sort of Nucleus of the causal/physical/expressed side of the cosmos. I didn't realize there was more meaning to that idea. Acausal here meaning not acausal energy, or life force, but an essence or substance or thing that exists beyond the "jurisdiction" of causal space and time. If we go back to using the Star Game as an example, we can draw out this point.

We have constructed our 7 boards and pieces and we're looking at the contraption sitting on a table. As we look at the Star Game sitting on the table we notice deep inside that every possible/potential configuration of this game co-exists as simultaneous potentiality. What

caused that sea of potentiality? If you really think about every potential configuration, causal sequence, piece placement, pattern, and out come of the Star Game exists because of only a handful of simple rules or laws. As we play the Star Game we only act as “nexions” thru which certain potentials of this game unwinds Causally.

So looking at the Star Game with this state of mind we discern two “aspects” of the Star Game. The first is the visible Causal aspect which consists of the boards and pieces and the causal moves. The second aspect is the invisible superimposition of potentiality simultaneously co-existing in a Potential State BEFORE Causation is initiated: the Acausal side of the game. All we are as players are nexions for that wound up acausal potential to unwind causally.

If we take that same concept and superimpose it onto the Cosmos, then the Acausal side of the Cosmos takes on a new and interesting face. The acausal side of the cosmos isn't just a sea of Life Force. It is a sea of all potential – Infinite Potential – co-existing in a state of Chaos [chaos as the Greeks used it]. Does Potentiality need a cause to “exist” if we can even use such words as “exist?”

There is this concept or thought experiment which goes that if you give a chimp a computer and if given enough time – eternity – sometime within that eternity the chimp will eventually end up typing out Shakespeare stuff. In other words, eternity is so big and vast that the Potential for a monkey to write out Shakespears work word for word “exists.” The Question is what Caused that Potential to “exist?” Could the answer be the infinite vastness of Eternity? Governed by the simple “law” that all things are Possible within the limits of some rules and order?

If we think about it – in a Taoist way – the more laws and rules there are, the less Freedom and Possibility will exist. While the less laws and rules there are, the more Freedom and Potential will exist. If this is the case, and we have an [potential/folded] eternal infinity with zero laws, what are the number of possible Potentialities?

The more I think about it, the more the Acausal is like a Nucleus of a cells in which is wound up the coding and sequencing of all possible potentials. But this is all just rambling and speculation. This wounded up ocean of potentiality in my mind is like a ocean full of balls of yarn. And as the Unfolders or Nexions between the acausal and causal we are like fisherman on a boat in this sea of wound up yarn. We cast our nets out and draw up a handful of balls of yarn, and then we crochet sweaters and hats.

There was something I read or heard long ago that changed the way I would see everything after I was exposed to the thought. The thought was that if I held a seed of an orange in my hand, I am also holding in my hand millions of orange trees, millions of groves, billions of orange fruit, and billions of orange blossoms. All in the palm of my hand neatly tucked away in that orange seed.

Now looking back at that concept, I can make more sense of it. There is an acausal something connected to that seed in which is contained every possible tree, blossom, and fruit in a state of raveled up Potentiality. Which Potentiality has no cause, because they don't yet “exist” in the causal. That seed is merely a Causal-Seed that will set a chain reaction across time. This

causal chain reaction of a sapling growing into a tree; a tree bearing fruit; the fruit falling, decaying, and dropping its fruits in the earth; and more trees growing from them; is the Causal Unfoldment of that infinite acausal potential. Which unfoldment occurs and comes into Being within the framework of causal space and time.

If given enough time, that original orange seed would have produced millions of trees. If given an eternity to unravel its endless potential, it would Unfold into an infinite number of trees. Every tree that can ever come out and manifest causally, first was an acausal potential encoded or embedded in some acausal field. We don't even have to use seeds. It still works with quantum foam. Everything that exists or can possibly exist is Expressed/Unfolded into the causal through the "fabric" of that foam, and what that foam can become.

This is just speculative rambling. An attempt of one mind to better understand what it exists in. The essence of the thought is there. I just don't have the right words and ideas to dress them up in for them to perhaps be understood. Hopefully, someone out there will grasp the essence, and someday do a better job at conveying the essence. The key ideas is Unmanifested and Manifested. Folded up Potential and Unfolded Causal Expression. Acausal and Causal. I'm sure that as time goes by I'll come back to this idea and further develop it into something more articulate. The idea in my other recent writings was about Potential Infinity. This is the reverse: Infinite Potentiality.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THEM



It's been a weird year and a half for Nexions THEM & 352. Almost from the get go there was friction and hostile rivalry between the two ONA Nexions. Yet, during the hostilities, there were strange moments when THEM worked behind the scenes to help Nexion 352 rise.

Now, after the two Nexions have buried the hatchet and settled their exoteric drama for the sake of the ONA's future – In Sinister Solidarity and Siblinghood, a Triumvirate has amalgamated – their collective eyes firmly fixed on the future.

Kayla of 352 interviews Kris of THEM. It is strange and even humorous to consider that for the longest time, even now, these two Initiates were/are believed to be the same person. As Kris says wisely: Sometimes giving the game away produces more desired paranoia. Perhaps they are. What does it matter really, when at the end of the day, the “work” gets done.

THE INTERVIEW:

1. 352: *What was the inspiration for... or what is the meaning behind the name “THEM?”*

+O+ Please keep in mind that while speaking didactically (as an authority) comes naturally to my style of writing – I by no means believe any of my points are objective or unassailable.

I came to see from my involvement in Satanism – even within a powerful organization that expressed and emphasized freedom of thought and an independent path – qv. the ONA, that there was still some restriction against certain forms as a result of the ‘skeletal’ infrastructure of the Order; which as a visible formation, had to use arguments, pre-suppositions, dialectic and create forms to put forth and express/share its views.

Because of the duality of our language – all worded views correspondingly give immediate rise to a counter-argument, and this duality applies to the dichotomy of creating a clan of friends, instantly creating the perception of a division between insiders and outsiders, or a clan of enemies.

However – this distrust and subsequent attempt by Myatt in the early years of ONA to distance himself from the Modern Satanic practitioners as well as the Jewish Qabala, gathered such fierce momentum that for a time the ONA was largely followed by fanatical NS supporters. The result of this snowball of fierce hatred of the Jew/Magian/Christian and the Qabala however did not move on from the stigma of ONA – when Myatt moved on. Thus it is that much of the instruction of ONA members comes from ONA mss, while a study of the enemy is skipped over, out of a misguided sense of loyalty to a changing path by Myatt, which on paper or screen is generally perceived as static. I.e., something written on his path many years ago, since buried under new insight or genius – is taken as fresh, up-to-date, and wrongly applied to an environment in which the conditions that gave rise to that insight have drastically changed, or no longer exist. This is probably why it is exceptionally important that an emphasis on abstraction and the fifth-dimensional way are understood.

I digress – while hating Jews and condemning the qabala may be intuited or construed to be encouraged by earlier ONA mss (either directly or indirectly) comprising part of Myatt's changing experiences and learning: It is more important to Know thy Enemy. How does one do this if one does not study them out of fear for being judged a Magian?

An ONA member generally assumes from the mss that the Magian and their works are to be avoided at all costs – building up a quick judgement of all such associated forms as poison, rubbish, to be ignored. This assumption of what is expected includes an understanding that involvement with the TOS and COS via the perception of the Letters of Stephen Brown is to be aiding an undesirable form. So in the early stages – overwhelmed by what it means to be a member of ONA – certain assumptions lead to certain omissions and self-restrictions.

Myatt's own forms could not help but raise the bar as far as Satanism as a discussion point was concerned. Some very careful thinking and philosophic gymnastics has been developed as a result of his detractors being forced to go out of their way to bring logical dialectic and debate. But for all its freedom, ONA still had the unfortunate outcome of creating restrictive policies as to what was considered Lhp, Satanic and so on. To limit oneself via any mode of thinking, any window of perception, any way of viewing the world – is to immediately limit possibilities.

The Adept, someone who is in charge of their own Wyrld, will come to see through practical application, that they must use all and everything available to them in their path as they see fit to achieve their aims. The forms must never master the Sorcerer. If suitable forms do not exist – then the Sorcerer can create them so they do. The learning and study (and appreciation) of the Qablah or of the Jewish Faith, or working from within a technically Magian system such as freemasonry was not banned per se, but frowned upon as being unable to assist the Sinister Way. To the detriment of the possible Adept – only half of the system was learned, and

comparisons with the Qabala for the Tree of Wyrd, largely shunned by people willing to accept Myatt's early views as current gospel.

As a result of these divisions and others – there were many who had an interest in ONA, even fierce loyalty and admiration, but whose views or background were so aligned that they were ignored. In some cases, disagreements over the treatment of ONA regarding Lovecraft, Crowley, or Lavey were the catalysts – in others, disagreement over Culling, National Socialism, or the nature of the Dark Gods, the means to open the Abyss, the Will to Power of the ONA's magic, or the methods by which it propagated itself were the cause of friction.

Perhaps after 40-50 years of answering questions, defending the ONA, trying to make people see reason or sense, AL gave up responding – because the ONA grew silent in the face of many of its detractors and champions alike. Many felt that there should be a means for others to share their own experience of the Sinister even if outside of the ONA's framework. For quite some time I had been trying to make this happen – largely to benefit myself – as I experienced my fair share of silence too. But I was far too inexperienced, too young, too headstrong to be a competent leader at the time, and the groups I did open quickly dissolved. I was lucky in that throughout the silent treatment of others, I was able to communicate with the ONA, receiving some mentorship in the process. Up to this point my involvement with ONA was fanatical and blind. After I met the Sorceress however, I found myself neatly seated between two powerful opposing views and complete paths of the Lhp, on one hand the ONA, on the other the Sorceress who tempered my fanaticism over the course of years and whom I worked with to work out the problems facing Satanism – listening and discussing our involvement with the Septenary Way, and to which we both agreed the problem facing Satanism was one of Solidarity. Meanwhile I continued to receive magical instruction from both sides, not withstanding my own powerful drive, forming a synthesis enabling me a truly fortunate understanding of magic.

After the genesis of my insights via Radia Sol: Emanations of the Self – we came to see that an independent body of shared experience from all LhP paths, using a similar framework, terminology, and groundwork as the ONA, but advancing beyond the personal spheres of creating the Adept toward such things as a study of the components that formed the ONA, (giving rise to our mss on Remote Solidarity, Sinister Solidarity, Form, Abstraction, Mythos, etc) that would be more suitable to our respective understanding of magic and the Order, which at the time was extensive. Moreover, I had made a lot of contacts who felt a similar way. There was of course, also no place for many of the theories and workings others around us had – in the ONA's system.

Recognizing our Acausal connexion, a focus on psychology and sociology, numinous aspects of Time and Space, the power of Narrative Magic, Form and the creative faculties and tools for building a Mythos, extensive knowledge of the ONA, inc how it worked, what it was doing, what it was, put us in a key position to both continue the Sinister Tradition of the ONA – attracting many interested parties keen to learn about the esoteric properties of this enigmatic organization – and a variety of people from many different paths and mind-sets coming together as one – set us apart from other occultists and current ideas. What defined us could not be set down as belief – since we all thought independently, or race – since we were all from

different backgrounds – or location – since we were at the time all over the world; – only Time. We believed our unique connection to each other to be the result of breakthroughs on the work on our Selves, and some strange new experiment by the Cosmos calling for the emergence of a more connected unity in people. We believed our personal encouragement for a greater connexion to our unconscious opened up certain gates, certain genius/madness, and a unique nexion; we believe that connexion to the unconscious, and the rise of the Self, to be the Voice of the Dark Gods. Thus THEM, The Dark Ones, and the voice that issues through as a conscious recognition of being a plural or collective unity of selves, not one ego.

2. 352: You have obviously dedicated a great portion of your time and energy to the ONA, thru the many books you have written, and the hundreds if not thousands of initiates you have taught over the years, even decade. We know there was a time before all this when you, like all of us were searching. Maybe you went into a few religions, tried a few Ways, even tried a few kinds of Satanisms before you found the ONA. What do you see in the ONA? What about the Order do you feel makes it stand out above the rest to which you decided to dedicate your time and energy to?

+0+ I saw expansion – and I still see expansion. I still don't know whether to call it simplicity or complexity – but the ONA was so different from all the other views, all the other systems, all the other thinking, I had done before – that I was convinced it was magic. When you compare the ONA to a group like the COS, or TOS you see immediate differences in the approach – in the direction – in the purpose – in the methodology. Most groups, though they try to differentiate themselves, work within a basically similar system – with pylons, degrees, restrictions, dogma, doctrine, leaders, followers, blah. They might look different on the outside, but on the inside they follow a regimented and religious styling of hierarchy and rank. They are different only in wrapping paper. ONA on the other hand, even from the very beginning was so far out of the box from anything I had seen that I am still learning from it even as I learned the first day more in a few hours than any other occult organization had ever taught me before. For instance, other occult organizations might try to capture you inside a certain frame of view/belief – ONA explained that this happened, how it happened, and that it could be avoided. It went 'over the top' of the occult labyrinth and dispelled the nonsense that went with it. It was like an enormous eagle high above the circuit, peering down with a panoramic view, all-knowing because it focused on understanding the essence behind things, not the illusions those things presented. There has never been anything for me personally that has rivaled the ONA for its genius – something I have lamented at times in fact, because there is nowhere else to go after the ONA – after I understood Myatt and ONA – I found myself lost. Because every other writer had been trapped in form, lacking as someone once said, a 'praxeology' – their work was like looking through rose-tinted glasses again via a small myopic perception of the world, however lofty – it paled in comparison to the scope of the ONA. And to some extent this is why the Temple of THEM was necessary, because after learning so much, there was no other way that I could evolve further. I'd reached my limits.

3. 352: How was your personal "journey" into the ONA like as you progressed thru it's grade rituals?

+0+ Difficult Just like you, I had to force my way into the ONA and solidify that position over

time, a lot of time.- and I did not do this the “Traditional” way. This may surprise you, but in terms of the Septenary system I am not even an External Adept; I attempted this rite but set the bar too high in arrogance thinking my black magical will power would prevail. Well in some areas it’s useful – but not in this one and not that time. I failed the External Adept rite though I keep it in my mind to attempt it again. And I have not attempted to perform the Internal Adept rite because I fear that my personality would experience too much change, too much shock, and possible even a re-orientation of my anima – proving disastrous to my relationship with my Mistress. As it stands, my personality is required to achieve the aims of THEM. The fact that I am so familiar with ONA but have not followed it to the letter – should provoke some interesting questions – but with luck provoke more understanding than inquiry...

4. 352: *We know the Temple of THEM is ONA, but as a Sinister Organization in itself, it is... as it sometimes states – different. In what way?*

+0+ The Temple of THEM is not actually an ONA Nexion. It called itself a Nexion to reinvigorate the ONA and give the impression of fresh blood to save it from stagnating during some dark years it was losing its vigour. Prior to you, in fact. But its members were either so inspired by, taught via, or involved with the Order in varying degrees, including respect and homage for it, that it would be hard to call it anything else. As the Order has said – we are “of the ONA” and we recognize that.

As for the second part of your question – one need only read our mss to get an impression of how different THEM are from the ONA. THEM openly invite viewpoints that conflict with our own to provide dialectic – since the point is not that people accept what we’ve written, but accept that what is written anywhere is a viewpoint – and should be recognized in that context. We directly oppose the ONA’s Tradition in some of our manuscripts – but more importantly – the insights and secrets we share about the ONA’s form, function and methodology were not given to us by the ONA – i.e. they did not teach us how to understand them – in fact, they put all manner of obstacles in our way to doing so. Despite this, THEM teaches about Mythos, Forms and Abstractions using the ONA as a prime example – to allow others to perceive what is behind the illusions of the world and its Magian masters – thus destabilizing the infrastructure of the Authorities on the outside just as Satanic Alchemy destabilizes it on the inside. We are not sanctioned by the ONA as much as tolerated – and toleration is a necessary evil – because THEM will voice itself whether the Order wants it to or not. THEM has also expanded much of the Septenary Tradition not only via its own works or preservation of all former ONA mss – but via the dialectic it has posed, prompting answers to difficult questions from the Order.

The crux is this – if ONA had not been so hard to get answers from, so secretive, silent on matters, and more willing to talk – we would not have had to de-construct it brick by brick to see how it worked. I should point out that where we found weak points – we have always endeavored to patch them up. So in some way, ONA’s silence has brought life to a new science by necessity; Narrative Magic.

5. 352: *Personally, in your eyes, how relevant is the ONA/Sinister Way in today’s world?*

+0+ I’d like to answer that question but information is lacking because it’s in limbo. The WSA

is modifying the Tradition from what it was to something altogether unique for future generations; it is difficult to say which ONA or Sinister Way is relevant because they splinter into all-possible definitions; and today's world for me is hardly an objective anchor from which to proceed. I will say this – ONA were relevant for me, then, and now – without which, I should likely be a very different and stupid man. The keys in ONA are still as perennially unchanging as wisdom from any great sage or work – but with the extensive and elaborate (I must confess, breath-taking to watch) transfiguration of the Order by the WSA under way – I believe the ONA has never been made more relevant, more accessible, nor more profoundly condensed. Even by Us.

6. 352: *You've been active in the ONA for at least a decade. During that decade the ONA has been successful in accomplishing many things. Have you noticed, or are you willing to name certain "endeavours" where the ONA failed or made mistakes?*

+0+ Even after a decade of observation – it would be presumptuous of me to think I knew that ONA had made a mistake – or to comment on Myatt's conduct from a point in time now past, especially, because as an Initiate, I know firsthand that "mistakes" are a necessary part of learning, growing, evolving. If you don't make mistakes, it probably means you're not trying hard enough, daring enough, defiant enough to reach further than you should, and won't experience the sobering humbling fall that marks every step on the staircase of wisdom. But ONA had to have made thousands. If it didn't it wouldn't be the powerful collective experience it is. It clearly grew from them all, too.

7. 352: *If you could change the ONA to make it "better," and more relevant to the next generation; what would you change... add, phase out... etc?*

+0+ All of my works and books contain the indications where I felt changes should be made. And I went ahead and made those changes giving rise to THEM. With that: it's no longer my desire to change or challenge the ONA; that responsibility has been taken squarely on your more than capable shoulders – with full support from Us.

8. 352: *What are your personal hopes for the Temple of THEM?*

+0+ As you may already know, THEM are highly secretive as concerns details of their intended function and purpose – hints have been given – but I cannot answer this question; in some regard, THEM is a hypothesis, an experiment being conducted over a thirty year period, and to explain the experiment would affect it. Nonetheless, we hope that the Temple succeeds in acting as Falcifer and ushering in Vindex, in saturating the global psyche with the ONA mind-set and the work of Myatt, to teach what lies beyond, beneath, and behind Appearance; Destroy the Magian; and to give Australia a truly Sinister History.

9. 352: *Your most memorable Insight Role – What was it, and what did you learn from it? How was that Role different from the person you are within and the life you normally live?*

+0+ Probably a dual role. Working six months as a janitor in an elderly home, and then six months for the federal government as a clerk immediately after. Proving to myself how easy it

was to shape-shift by fulfilling behavioral expectations. I also learned how extremely different it is to be an average working joe, (I've held jobs in furniture removal, retail, salesman, warehousing, demolition, metal works) and part of the government payroll. The conditions are so different it made me very angry. Safety, Workplace laws, Comfort, Restrictions on task, insurance, premiums, superannuation are all vastly superior to the working man. I am completely disillusioned regarding the effort of the govt to get people into jobs – which they have treated as a new religion, with job network providers popping up everywhere in the thousands quietly performing a number of dubious activities to get people jobs including extensive psychological profiling. Just as WSA say, the ten percenters are real, are a threat, are our enemy. You make excellent points too in your comments regarding the nature of schools and how they are there to make machines for the industry. This also goes into all the echelons, where in every part of society the rich are catered for at the expense of the poor man. I once had several indepth discussions with a Q.C. at my gym who was so disgusted by the justice system he had quit. And, because I am a Satanist – and my job required gathering National Intelligence – it was directly at odds with my subversive, revolutionist spirit.

10. 352: *In your honest opinion: What role do girls play in the ONA? I mean besides making nice naked ornaments for altars; things needed for rites that involve copulation; and reading the part in ceremonies where it says "priestess/mistress." Is a girl even important in the ONA?*

+0+ In my honest opinion – my essay "Baphomet: The Greatest Heresy" covered my thoughts on this subject aptly. Because of the secrecy by other members concerning their role in the ONA, let alone the role of their priestesses – I can really only speak for myself and the role my "priestess" has played. In the beginning of my path I sought out word for word, exactly what was required by the Way – viz, a willing priestess who would learn chant, follow the septenary way, and generally rise up there spheres alongside me in the proscribed manner. However – I don't think the ONA ever met someone like my "priestess" NineRays. 9R was willing to do all of this, for me. 9r and I were friends before lovers. For many years she watched me go through the motions, becoming a dangerous fanatic in the service of the ONA. But throughout she also guided me, making me second-guess myself very often and very hard when I came at here with my opinions, ideas, and answers. It was thus she got her name Nine-Rays, for she always knew how to introduce Chaos into anything, even my most sure of answers – for this, any credit to the powerful arguments and common-sense of THEM, belongs to this woman and her ability to make me think ever harder ever further. 9R was taken with the ONA, as was I, and we performed dozens of rituals based on their tenets, chanted together, and generally assembled ourselves into an ONA lifesyle with all that it implies – but she did this not for the ONA, but for me. However – it came to the point where 9R showed this to me, and as she had always done, remained independent of the ONA even if she used some of their works for her own means. She was always strongly, fiercely, darkly, Sinister, willing and capable of using violence to co-erce, even before I met her and introduced her to the ONA. She is a tall striking beautiful red-headed woman with a very intimidating presence. She has and always will, walk her own, path, as she does now. And without that spirit of hers, I should be a weaker, paler, man now. And, she is not the only strong female to influence me, my mother, and the Sorceress, my girlfriends of the past – all strong catalyts. Even though though many of them may have never even heard of the Order – I firmly believe Women of whatever creed play an essential role in the dance of Men. Neither do they need to be directly involved in such things as Satanism or

the occult, to do so.

11. 352: *We know there are many sincere people out there who are interested in the ONA, and desire to apply its principles, and contribute their time and energy to the ONA, but who don't have the advantage or opportunity of knowing someone to teach them the Sinister Way, and would appreciate guidance, or an adept to point them in the right direction. Besides advising these solitary individuals to gradually work towards undertaking the initiation stages of the ONA. If you could devise a practical curriculum, or essential practice to help them on their way to develop their magickal skills and such what would it be?*

+0+ I would advise them, naturally, to look into THEM. THEM – is not a curriculum of defined magic, we are not about returning someone to an occult labyrinth to memorize rituals, names, means, or even a philosophy. We do not believe in one singular magical system for all – but share what we know from experience among us without expectation. We are a means of devising an extremely powerful sense of self-analysis, critical analysis, and rational deduction for when you DO get into a system (occult or otherwise) that has a proscribed curriculum. So that not only can you learn the little things like the leaves and the flowers of the system, but can study the tree, the roots, and turn your eye toward the rest of the forest. That you would also take many things into account in your journey that are largely invisible when you start it – more quickly, can also be of benefit, because Time is your greatest enemy. Thus we host systems like the TOB, IOT, WOT, ONA, OSV, OOS, and so on for others to choose from, combine, or simply study at their own leisure, in their own way. We are, like the ONA, not a simple repetitive set of classes that teach magic, we teach how we learned to learn.

12. 352: *Pathways and Pathworking – for the benefit of those beginners of the Dark Tradition who wish to gain insights as to the way and method an experienced Adept pathworks: Would you describe a pathworking session as you personally perform it, in whatever way you have found works best for you?*

+0+ Well I'm not an Adept – I'm an Initiate. I would refer them to Shugara – A Sinister Pathworking. Pathworking opened my eyes – because I saw nothing. No demons, no mystical gateways, no voices, no nothing. If the Pathworkings changed me – they did it subtly. But then – that in itself is an experience – testing what is given you – and forming your own conclusions – are what has always worked for me.

13. 352: *Dark Gods – To you personally what are these? There comes a point in an Adept's journey to the Abyss where he/she begins to more frequently experience acausal intrusions and maybe even some form or manifestation of these Dark Forces: What's your most strangest encounter?*

+0+ From my experience – there's no way to describe what these are. Any conscious grab to understand these concepts only seems to push them away, hides them under wishful interpretation. Rather than try to grab them – to understand or rationally intuit this concept – I just let them be.

14. 352: *What is the "Magian" to you?*

+0+ I answered this question in a set of essays called “On the Cold Facts of Form and Manipulation”. This is a complex question, as have all questions become with my understanding of the limits of language; because all answers where abstractionsd are concerned (and everything is an abstract) require me to take into account my personal bias, limitations, expectations, and prejudices. This can’t be done fairly – because the ‘Magian’ as an abstract does not essentially mean anything, and could yet mean everything. The easier level provides a nice solid answer like, our enemy, nazarene this, ruining aeon, blah blah. But I don’t feel like a “You” – and even though feeling as though I should say it’s when referring to myself – this is too eccentric for language. And some proof toward the limitations of language to aptly express the alchemical changes of the occult. This is probably why the Lhp and Satanism insist on you providing yourself with the answers to these. Some may see this as avoiding the question – but if my time with ONA has taught me anything more than I’ve already elaborated – its the true power and key of self-sufficiency when it comes to knowledge.

15. 352: *How is this Magian force to be destroyed?*

+0+ It’s not that easy. But breaking through language is one means to loosening the simplistic boxes that define reality and the means of apprehending it. Language binds us to a specific geometry. Qv. Liber 13.13

16. 352: *As an Adept with advice to give to those solitary genuine ONA initiates beginning on this Seven Fold Sinister Way of ours, who don’t have the advantage of a group to work with, but wish to some how contribute to the destruction of the Magian by “bringing down” more acausal energy to help manifest change: How would you instruct or advise them, as far as what they can do as a single individual, to either be a living nexion for the acausal to pass thru or to physically help destroy the Magian?*

+0+ Again, I’m not an Adept of the ONA. I would advise them a) to observe very carefully how they themselves process information and learn as much as others have written about it as they can until they feel slightly schizophrenic and detached from their ego, their ‘one-ness’. b) to observe very carefully what comprises the forms they witness in the world in regards to taking into account their own possible ignorance, arrogance, failings, prejudices with good humour and with self-honesty and understanding, and a sense of humour. c) to seek, devour, and explore the works of groups like the Tempel ov Blood, the Order of Nine Angles, the Order of Saturn, the White Star Acception, and anyone else affiliated with THEM as we propose not to bury someone in a system for our own ends, but to remove one from the occult labyrinth and place them squarely into their own seat of wisdom.

17. 352: *Imperium – 300 years from now when “Imperium Galactica” has been actualized; in your mind: How do you envision it to be? What does it look like to you? What are your hopes, dreams and visions of it?*

+0+ This term used to mean something tangible to me, but it no longer does. “Galactic Imperium”, like “Solvat Saeclum in Favilla”, “Anti-Cosmic Black Flame”, “A Sinister History for Australia”, or “New Aeon” or whatever end or ultimate aim our language professes as the motivation for a form is from where I stand empty rhetoric used only to effect the magicians

will; it is the creation of simplistic, tangible, graspable, propaganda or handles (attachments to forms) to allow many to grasp what is conceived by one. Whether a political or magical or social or religious or scientific interpretation; it's all interpretation; one shouldn't forget that and one should strive to understand that if one does not; the laziness of the human being is the laziness that allows society, condensing what is into interpretations that take on a solid immovability; from which all manner of brave postulates proceed even if the prime interpretation is wrong. Whilst on one hand it is essential to work with such phrases, building and substantiating a mythos/reality to support them and the necessary handholds so that others can support them too – the Sorcerer is or needs to be above getting trapped in forms, and believing they have of themselves any real validity or existence; they have only persistence. Imperium, insofar as it echoes from ONA – is David Myatt's personal word, to reflect his apprehension of the future drawn from his studies of the past. And insofar as it reflects a synthesis of wisdom that many of us share agreement on; the idea and ideology necessary to achieve Imperium, qv, Falcifer/Vindex is used by THEM but understood as a form, to carry along the momentum its presence generates among people such forms have the power to affect. My hopes and dreams change as I change, but my belief, is that an external Imperium is only ever going to arise when the inner sanctions people impose upon themselves are re-oriented.

Imperium, via the death-grip of the American-Magian Axis, is already bringing the world to a boiling point, and I think it is going to get extremely dark before the dawn. I cannot imagine what the world would be like, nor the outward changes it would undergo were people to follow the same train of alchemy I have; that is outside the known, and I cannot speculate on that. What I do have conviction in though – is that THEM acts as Falcifer to tear not just down but through the Magian; and whatever comes after they fall, is up to Vindex.

18. 352: *In your eyes: What is Anton Long to you? Is he a prophet, a teacher, a guru, some guy with some great insights, or is he irrelevant to what you have become and or what the ONA has become?*

+0+ Anton Long is the closest approximation I have had to a father figure (via my projection onto him as a father via his resonance of the archetype of Satan), and the best mentor of Satanism I have had the fortune to encounter. AL is without question a genius in my mind, though one must not forget to thank the many others around him who were a part of ONA and who made his genius ever more vibrant, ever more diverse, and ever more accessible with their own. He's all of those things; a prophet, a teacher, a guru, a guy whose work has completely revolutionized my life and what I do with it. I don't of course sell my own attributes and fire short here; I may see AL as many things, but he is not my God. I have an excellent memory – I've never forgotten, nor will I ever forget those who helped me in my path to be the man I am. I acknowledge every debt; and preserve every member of the Sinisterion in my memes, that the Tradition be REMEMBERED. I am very impressed this man has done so much with life. He's an inspiration to us all.

19. 352: *Closing question – What was your funniest shapeshifting/manipulation experience?*

+0+ Funniest? There's a side to Satanism WSA bring that I don't see too often. Making light

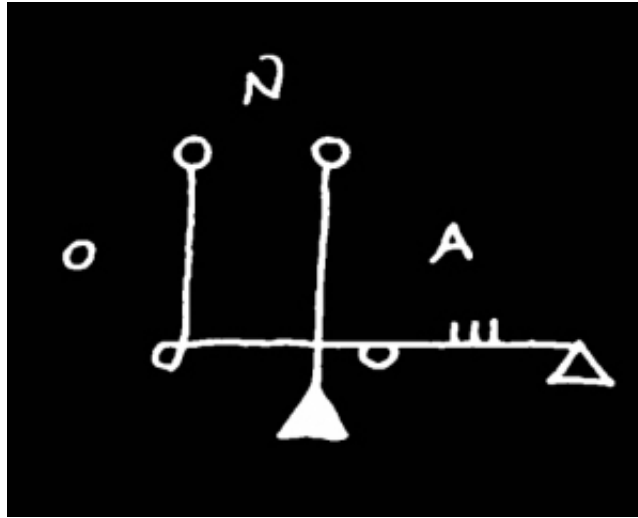
of things... Good to see. Well, when I tried to kill of one of my personas, I invented a story about him being killed in a car crash and posted it on the public forum. I was trying to move out of one role and into a more impersonal one, so Tnepres Ra, had to die not just for me, but for others. It was going alright, and though I'm not proud of this part, many people sent their consolations thinking he were actually dead. Until of course, I accidentally posted something to the same forum from Tnepres Ra's address... whoops. Believe me, happens all the time, in shape-shifting. I have something like 21 personas, and I have to remember twice as many passwords. It's easy to make mistakes and give the game away – but then, I learned that early, and I've also studied Ninjitsu for a few years, and sometimes, being seen to give the game away is just the distraction you need.

It did have a benefit though – people still think I'm places I'm not out of the paranoia it created; it's nice to think people think I'm behind every rock and tree; Watching, Scheming, Lurking like some omnipresent demon with its own existence and when I do die, and someone from THEM announces it, who'd believe it? Perhaps shape-shifting is one means, in a certain way, to live forever – even if it's as a phantom – as DM appears to be doing.

-WSA & THEM-

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

INTIMATE CONNEXIONS



Intimate Connexions

I had a pet dog once named Pepper. I was hanging out with a few cousins at the local mall. We went into this one pet store and my eyes fell on this cute little black and white puppy no bigger than your hand. You can hear me and girl cousins go: “awwwwe” in unison as all of hearts melted onto the floor because the puppy was licking the window of her cage and wagging her tail so hard her little body wiggled with it.

So we were in the pet shop for an hour petting and squeezing her. The older boy cousins just stood there annoyed and they realized that if they didn’t buy the puppy for us, that we weren’t leaving. And so one of the cousins bought the puppy for \$1000 because she was a pure bred Shi Tzu.

Pepper was a spoiled brat. We bought her a doll house as her little dog house and put a soft dog bed in it for her in my room and she would refuse to sleep in it. She’d whine and cry all night until you lifted her up into bed with you and she’d curl up by neck and fall asleep.

There were those times when I would be in my room by myself doing my school work and Pepper would just be sitting there staring at me, and you just can’t help but ask yourself: “What a little weirdo, I wonder what they’re thinking about? Do they even think? What are they thinking about when they’re just staring at you?”

I know if Pepper does think, that it’s not how we think. We think in language, which is really more like an internal dialogue. And dogs obviously don’t have a language to think with. So I assume that if they do think, that they think like new little babies that have not learned to think in language yet. And you can tell those 6 month old babies are thinking, or doing something like thinking.

I started to notice other similarities between Pepper and my baby cousin. Both of them can't speak, but yet I know what Pepper wants and needs and my aunt-mom knows what her infant baby needs? Because all Pepper does when she wants something is just sit there and somehow you "know" or feel exactly what she wants. And a baby just cries and somehow my aunt-mom knows what the baby needed. Even though the cries sounded the same to me, my aunt-mom can tell if her baby was hungry, or if she needed to be burped, or if her diaper was on too tight or something. It's funny because it reminds me of that one very old show about a dog named Lassie. Lassie would just stare and bark at her boy master and the boy would say something like: "What's that girl? Somebody needs help? Billy's stuck underneath a fallen tree? What's that, a juniper tree even? Out by the creek? The creek by Old McGee's barn!? Let's go girl!" So I figured there was something going on.

Then there were those moments when I would clean up her poo and bathe her and slave over her, and I think to myself: "Boy, I wonder how this relationship between a primate slaving for a spoiled canid fits into the theory of evolution, and evolutionary psychology huh? I mean how am I benefiting from this relationship?" It doesn't seem to be fair as far as quid pro quo goes. I – Nature's most advancedly evolved organism – serve her, and all I really get out of it is to pet her fur? What a lousy rip off.

But, it's because I love her and adore her that I serve her. In the same way my mothers serve me. And from that Love and Devotion of service, is born something unique and wordlessly indescribable: Loyalty. Besides that incredible bond between a mother and her child; there is nothing more profound than the simple, unconditional Loyalty Pepper gave to me.

We often think that these "lower life-forms" are stupid, and that we are superior to them because of our intelligence. But our human relationships with other humans is superficially trite, based on breakable bonds, conditions, usury, and such. There's the usual: I'll marry you if you're a made man. Or, I'll divorce you if you get fat. Or, I'll be your friend if you think like me or if you have the same skin color as me. We'll give your country money if you support our foreign policies. We think we are better than dogs, but yet we humans can't even duplicate the Loyalty and unconditional relationships a dog makes.

Mindful Mindlessness

When I was in high school my youngest auntie, who wasn't much older than me was going to college. She, my mom, and my aunt-mom had had a talk with themselves about keeping out of trouble and they decided to make me go hang out with my youngest auntie and her college friends on their campus everyday after school.

So I had 12 hours of school life from 8 in the morning, to 8 in the evening 3 days out of the week. Everyday after my school when my youngest auntie has classes, my mom-aunt would drop me off at the college campus and my youngest auntie would come get me and make me sit in her classes with her. There were even some days when she had so much school work to catch up with, she'd make me take her place in her classes while she studied in the library. I ended up also proof reading, and editing, and doing her friends' school work and tutoring them because many of them didn't speak English well. And I couldn't leave campus because all of

her friends kept an eye on me. There were those days when there was nobody to talk to on the phone and where I would just spend 5 hours sitting and waiting, reading random books in the library to go home. I must have read a thousand old dusty books during those years.

One day I was sitting in a quiet study hall with a handful of college students doing my own homework. It was a big hall with many table and this one soda and snack vending machine by the entrance which I was facing. I had been doing my homework for about an hour and I saw somebody buy a Coke, so I thought I'd take a break and get a drink to. I reached into my pockets and realized I had no money on me at all, and I was thirsty, and it would be another hour before my auntie came out for lunch.

I thought I'd wait it out. But as time rolled by so slowly from boredom I kept on getting more thirstier and I wasn't planning on taking a walk to drink fountain water. I was going to ask the guy next to me for a dollar, but then Pepper popped into my mind out of nowhere. So I thought to myself, if Pepper can do it, maybe I can too? I'll just sit here like a dog; concentrate on my thirst; and look at everybody that goes to the vending machine and see what happened.

So there I was in a quiet room, not thinking in words, but just letting the thought of being thirst and allowing the Intent of wanting someone to buy me a drink to resonate and fill room. As time ticked away slowly, one or two people would get up and get a drink, and I'd try to do what Pepper does and just look at them with this empty stare and smile, and my thirst was getting stronger. It was really hard to just sit there and not think about anything, but the feeling of thirst and an intent.

I sat there for an hour and nothing happened. I got angry and started to pack my things up since we were going to get lunch or dinner anyways. As I was putting my books in my backpack I noticed a fat lady at the soda machine say to herself quietly: "Wrong button, why did I push that?" I got up, put my back pack on, and slowly started walking thinking to myself: "Is she's going to do what I think she's going to do?" I noticed she had put in another dollar to get herself a second drink. So I looked at her smiling, and she said to me: "I got this on accident, do you want it? I'm on a diet. I didn't do anything to it." So I took it and thanked her realizing that my pet dog had taught me something we often never notice about life.

Happenstance & Coincidences

It seems as though – long ago – that the more I got to know about the intimate details of Kayla's everyday life, and the more bizarre coincidences there were? Not just in the mutual friends we shared, but stranger. Like when we discovered that my paternal Mexican grandfather and her maternal Mexican grandfather had the same last names; but they weren't related. Or how as little children [long before we knew each other] our parents took us to Disney Land, and we both got our pictures taken at the same exact spot with Mickey Mouse! Or like how my Mexican grandmother and her Mexican grandmother came from the same city in Mexico and shared a distant relative in common.

It's like the deeper you look into things, the weirder things get. I said to her during those freaky moments: "Wouldn't it be hella weird if we were long lost half sisters or something?!" She

said: "Ooh."

So anyways, one day after our college years one of our friends got accepted into UCLA and she needed a place in LA to stay in so she had asked me and Kayla if we would like to move in with her to help her pay rent and stuff. We decided to do it so since we had nothing else better to do we drove around LA looking for a small house with a for rent sign in the front.

After two full days of driving in stupid LA traffic and not getting any leads we got extremely frustrated. It was in the evening and Kayla says: "Ok, this isn't working. I'm getting really irritable and pissed off, don't talk to me right now or I'll start screaming ok? We need to find a coffee shop and relax until traffic dies down, or I'm gunna run people over."

So I just let her drive up and down trying to find a coffee shop without saying anything, since we both didn't know where a coffee shop was in the area. But as we were driving down this one block she stops the car and says: "Does that say 'for rent' Chloe? Can you go get the number real quick?" I went and checked for a number, but there wasn't one. So I came back expecting her to scream upon me giving her the disappointing news.

I said: "No number; but I almost tripped over a box of books getting out of the car. Who the hell leaves their books out in the middle of the curb?" I had picked up the first book I can grab and got inside and she turned on the car light to see. She said whispering, reading the title of the book: "The Interpretation of Dreams?" we both looked at each other with our mouths opened because we were talking about dreams and what they mean just the day before. She opened the very old book and a card fell out. I looked at the card and looked at her with that 'you're not gunna believe this' look. She asked me what the card said. It was a business card of a coffee shop. So we drove ourselves to the coffee house on the card.

We didn't know what to expect at the coffee shop. We just thought finding the book and the card was already a cool couple of weird coincidences. So we ordered our drinks and waited around for 2 hours to let the freeway traffic die down. It got boring after thirty minutes so we took a walk around the place to check out all the little shops, and as time passed on, the frustration of the day went away, and we even forgot we were in the area looking for a house to rent because the little cool shops had captivated our attention.

Just before it was time to leave for home, we thought we'd go back to the coffee shop to have one last cup of coffee. I stayed inside looking through the knickknacks I had bought, and Kayla said she was going to go out and smoke a cigarette with the small crowd of smokers outside. Five minutes later she calls me outside with a shocked look on her face. I had noticed she was talking with an older guy and was wondering why he was talking to her. She introduced me to her new friend she had made. Kayla was complaining to him about our frustrating day looking for a small house to rent, and the gentleman had told Kayla that he owned a house just up the block in walking distance from the coffee shop which he had just put up for rent! A week later and we were living in the house.

Secrets of Magic

Kayla's ex-hippy parents owns a small little New Age book store who had asked us if we wanted to help out and run the book store since her and her ex-hippy dad were getting stressed out. They needed a vacation and some time away from the book store, but they couldn't do that because the little book store was their livelihood and they knew nobody they could trust to manage the store. So we offered our services after school during our college years.

Kayla actually helped put the store together when it first opened. So it's got all these little drawing and pictures from magazine cut outs pasted on painted ladders and boxes she did as her hippy art work. The little book shop has all these beaded curtains and shelves of incense, colored candles, and herbs. It's got antique décor, sofas and tables, with crystals every where, and shelves of New Age books on the occult, with most of the books on Wicca and witchcraft.

So we were to be trained on how to work and run the store, how to place orders, and things like that so they can leave for a while before they went crazy. I went in for my first day of "work" expecting to be trained on how to use the cash register and stuff but boy was I over expectant. The book store is actually this bohemian hole in the wall in the middle of nowhere. So it not busy a Barnes & Nobles is. I went in and Kayla's dad says: "Hey, come on over around the counter Chloe and I'll show you your first responsibility as an employee of this magnificent occult book store. So I went around and he sits back down and asks me, as he was dividing up the new paper he was reading: "Do you want the funnies or the real news?"

I think we sat there for an hour without anybody coming in just talking like we usually do. He's really mellow and speaks softly and his hair and short beard is usually not combed. So then Kayla's mom pulls up with the in the back and says to us: "Hey you two I brought lunch, you guys wanna "take a 5" before lunch?" Kayla's dad looks at me with a raised eyebrow and says: "Break eh? Come on Chloe, I'll teach you how real musicians take a five." He plays the drums. So we walk into the back and Kayla's mom pulls out a joint and lights it, puffs on it, and hands it to me? I was a little shocked, but hey, when your bosses at work are peer pressuring you to smoke pot, don't argue.

I was thinking to myself that all this time I didn't know they smoked pot, and I wondered to myself if Kayla knows about this, or if I should tell her or keep it a secret or what? But speak of the devil, she pulls up in her car, and I look at her mom saying something to try and warn her: "Kayla's here." And she said as she was waving at Kayla with one hand and passing the joint to me with the other: "Yeah, I told just told her a minute ago to come over for lunch, but she was on her way anyways." Kayla comes over, says hi to her parents, gives me a kiss and a hello, and said: "Break time?" While her dad hands her the joint.

So a week later her dad had told us he was going to teach us the ancient family secret of making magical oils and potions which her dad inherited from a long line of pagans and witches. Me and Kayla were excited. They sell these little vials of magickal oils with labels on them like "Love," "Money," "Luck," and stuff and people buy the oils to rub on colored candles. And those magic oils sell out fast.

That day her mom takes over the register while her dad took us into the back room with his

back of magical ingredients. And we sit on the floor in a circle, me and Kayla just looking at her dad as he pulls out thing from bags, expecting to see a ritual or prayer, or something. Her dad says to us: "Well need this almond oil; these things of food coloring, and girls, you can buy this at any grocery store; and these empty mustard squeeze bottles. Ok now Chloe you mix some green food coloring with some of the almond oil and squeeze the magic oil into those little vials that says Money. Kayla you do the yellow for Luck; and I'll do the pink for Love, since I have more experience in that department then you two. Oh, we put this scented oil in the almond oil to make it smell nice."

So after we were done filling our vials, he says to us: "And we're done! Let's go sell some snake oil girls! Remember, this is a family secret. I'll have to kill you two if you tell." Me and Kayla were a little confused so I asked: "But what about the secret magical ritual? We didn't put any magic into them yet?" And Kayla's dad chuckles, leans over to us and tells us: "You guys think I believe in this crap?"

It turns out that Kayla's parents don't believe in the crap they were selling. They were just good bullshitters with their customers, who bought every word of it. And as I worked there I would actually see the same group of people come back to buy the "magic oils" and candles who even tell me that the oils are really powerful. I asked Kayla's dad once when we were working together and it was quite why those customers say the magic oils work but we didn't do anything magical to it; and why the magical herbs work if we get them from the food store? He didn't know either and said it's probably like prayer, if you believe in it and have faith in it, that it'll work.

So after working at that book store and knowing all the "dirty secrets" of the occult business I didn't believe in magic and I thought those people that came to buy our stuff were either crazy or really gullible or were just looking for something to believe in.

One day, a year later, I was working by myself in the evening since I was going to close the shop. I was reading a book on Buddhism since it was a slow evening and this old gentleman with a cane walked in to look around. I smiled and went back to reading, but I thought is was really strange because it's not usual that a very well dressed old man with a shiny black cane walks into an occult book shop. He spent a very long time looking at every single book and thing in the store and seemed more interested in our furniture. Particularly a large beautiful varnished table with a central leg with lion paws we used to display these crystals and "magical tarot card boxes."

He asked me fascinated: "This is a very nice table, where did you buy it at?" I answered: "Oh we didn't buy it. It was free. The owner of the store found it in an alley by the trash bin. Somebody threw it away. It was in three pieces and really worn out. So me, him, and his daughter would work on fixing it up when we had nothing to do. To give it a new life. It took forever for me to sand it down by hand and to accentuate the detailing in the curves and the paws. It's amazing because before nobody wanted it, but now every body that looks at it wants to buy it."

He nodded saying: "Yes, it has a feel to it. A certain magical essence to it wouldn't you say?"

From all those hands that put so much time and energy to it. I love the gold colored grain of the wood. I was going to ask you if it was for sale, but I assume it isn't?" I smiled and said: "No, it's not for sale. I wouldn't go so far as to say anything is magical about it. We just gave it some love and devotion, and expensive varnish!" He laughed, and walked over to me extending his hand: "Theodore, but my friends call me Teddy." I shook his hand and gave him my name, but my mind fell onto the gold chain that went into the pocket vest. I assumed it to be a pocket watch, which I thought was really odd.

I asked him: "Is that a pocket watch? I didn't think they make those things any more these days?" He laughs, and says: "Yes, it's an old pocket watch of an old man. Buddhist?" He saw the book I was reading, so I nodded; and he said: "Isn't that something, we both find the other odd and out of place." I asked him what he meant and he said: "Well, here you are a Buddhist who doesn't believe in magic working in a book store that sells book and supplies associated with magic. I'd say that was peculiar don't you think? Why don't you believe in magic?"

And I answered: "Because I think of myself as a rational person, and I need proof that magic is real before I can believe. I have tried to experiment with the stuff in those books and nothing happens. So I conclude that magic is not real. That it is just a superstitious belief which is a component of certain belief systems." The elderly man said to me: "Well there's your problem! You look for magic and proof of it in book and in people whose only real understanding of magic is what they have also read themselves and what they have written and published to sell for money. My dear, you are looking for magic in the wrong places."

I asked him where I should be looking then if he was so smart, and he said: "Magick is everywhere! It's what you are. It's what the universe is. There is no difference between Magic and Life. 'We are formed and molded by our thoughts,' so the Buddha says. Our thoughts are things. What we think becomes what we experience. Looking for Magic in book Chloe, is like looking for Life, or Enlightenment, or Love in books. You don't look for these things Chloe, they must be experience. No one, no book, can teach you or prove to you that Magic is real. You must come to the understanding on your own through personal experience."

After we had our nice talk, Teddy shook my hand with a smile and excused himself like a gentleman and walked off into the evening. The oddness of the man and the fact that he came in the store not to buy anything, but to spend an hour to talk to me about a topic I really had no interest in made me think about what he had said, and about the experiment he asked made me promise to do for a year. Or at least I thought I had no interest in it. It's hard to be working in a book store which deals in the subject of magic and have a Family that talks about magic to not wonder. So I kept my promise I made out of curiosity.

For 365 days exactly; which was a full year; I was to keep a special diary in which I would keep a daily record of three things: 1) My daily thoughts; 2) The events of the day; & 3) Any dreams I can remember having.

I was to go about my day mindful of every thought I entertained in my mind. Which meant my day dreams, my pondering, my desires, my worries, and any thing which I spend my waking moments thinking upon. I was to describe this as detailed as I could. I was then to write down

to the best of my ability a detailed account of everything that happened every day: the people I meet, the things I did, the places I went, even the strange things that stood out. Then I was to describe as best as I can my nightly dreams, as best as I can; like the scenery, the people I meet, what I did in the dream and so on. But I was not allowed to read what I write. I was to just write it in the morning and before retiring at night and not review it. I was only allowed to read the full content of my diary after the full 365 days had expired. I told Kayla about the weird old man and she kept a year long special diary of her own. We kept our journals in our laptops for the whole year.

A Deeper Look At Life

Having a second person do this experiment is more fun because you at least have someone to look at wide-eyed with your jaw hanging opened when you begin to realize just how strange Life is when you for once take notice of Life.

Reading through our year long record of every thought we had, every event that took place, and every dream we had for a full past year was in itself a mind trip. Half way through the journal a chill goes up and down your spine and tickles your ears as you realize right in front of you [in the diary] that your life unravels “like fractal patterns” as Kayla describes it. It’s hard to explain unless you have dedicated a year to do this. But as you read the older parts of the diary you see with your own eyes bits and pieces of “seed” thoughts, seed ideas, seed desires, seed dreams, seed events, that gradually grow or come together to form things you experience in the last half of the diary. You literally see – with your own eyes – your own life unraveling and manifesting from intangible thoughts, desires, and dreams.

But that wasn’t where the experimented ended. We noticed that a large portion of thoughts, day dreams, desires, dreams, and seed things did not seem to materialize during the year. Those were to materialize for us that following year gradually, for us to consciously – with full awareness – experience the Magic of Life.

It was fun. We could be driving and all of a sudden you hear one of us gasp or say “holy shit” and point then we’d hurry home to go through our special diaries to find the exact dreams or seed thoughts or seed events what we saw or just experienced came from; and stand their in utter disbelief saying the now usual: “No fucking way!” And the proof was written down for us a year ago which was the best part.

For example this one time during my year long experiment I wrote down in my diary a weird dream I had. The dream was unusually vivid and in color. Basically I was walking in the back of some school grounds I had never seen before which had this row of trees and bushes all along the back. I was walking along the trees and bush and remember passing three white gazebos and I found a clearing in between the bushes which I crawled into only to find a fence. I can’t remember how I got to the other side of the fence but I did. I found myself standing on a hill with my back to the fence looking over a farm.

The farm had several red barns. As I was walking through the farm I saw pigs, a horse, and a donkey, and a group of geese. I made my way to a side walk just beyond the little farm to find

myself standing in a huge parking lot which was empty. I looked back to see the hill and trees I came from and I woke up.

Over a year later me and Kayla were driving out to a fair to meet friend. It was a city in the middle of nowhere we had never been to, so naturally we got lost because "somebody" didn't even bother to write down the exact address. Kayla said her friend said you just make the exit and drive a mile past a few stoplights and the fair grounds was to the right, you gotta be an idiot to miss the fair because there are freaking giant rides she said. I wasn't driving so it wasn't my fault for getting lost.

At the time I had long forgotten those old dreams and we were so frustrated they were the furthest things from my mind. And we didn't want to call our friend either because then we'd look like total retards for missing a big ass fair ground.

We kept on driving up and down the same street, back and forth, and Kayla says to me: "Chloe do something! Where the hell is it? It's a fucking big ass fair!" I said: "I don't see shit Kayla. We aren't gonna find it driving up and down the same street. All I see is a fucking school and a big fucking parking lot." So she asked me: "You think the parking lot is the fair? I don't see any rides on it, do you see any rides on the empty fucking parking lot Chloe? Cuz I don't!"

So as we were fighting and driving up the street again for the 8th time at 7 in the morning, we drive past that school again and I go: "Kayla look at that weird school, its on a hill." She was screaming something at me about not looking for a fucking school but a fucking fair. But my mind was drawn to the weird school because I had this déjà vu feeling when I saw a row of trees in the back and three white gazebos. Then it hit! I had seen the exact same scenery in a dream. So I said all amazed and excited: "Kayla look at the gazebos! I saw that school in a dream! Baby there's a farm on the other side of the hill with a horse and donkey I bet you. Maybe the fair is on the other side of the hill too, hence the big parking lot?" She was making one of those angry disbelief laughs shaking her head and said: "What the fuck Chloe?!" But she made a right turn to go around the parking lot and hill and there was the fair; and the farm was a petting zoo which was part of the fair! We were just a little early.

Seeing bits and pieces of seed thoughts and seed desires come together to unravel into something you experience is even more unexplainably cool. One of the thoughts Kayla found herself worrying over when she read her diary was her older sister who got a divorce and was lonely and depressed. She thought about that most of her waking hour, and also had a desire to find a great guy for her sister. In one of her daily events Kayla [for some strange reason I can't figure out] described a movie she we rented and watched? As if that's a significant daily event to write about. But in her description of the characters in the movie and how she described it she seemed fixated on the lake in the movie, which the movie didn't even revolve around.

In a different part of her special diary she had written down a little weird even she had where she had a dream about white Easter lilies, and that one day as she was pumping gas a truck drives past her with a white lily on its side. So she thought that was weird. During a different

time of the year she describes meeting a guy she briefly met named Roland at school. She and Roland, and a few of their classmates were working on a project together. He had a girlfriend. But she just wrote him down in her diary because he just stuck out in her mind.

So one day, over a year later, me and Kayla thought we'd take my car for an oil change. We had walked around waiting for it to be done and came back at the time he [the worker] told us to come back. We were told that it would be just another 10 minutes and it'll be done, so we sat in the waiting room where there were these magazines. Kayla picks up the nearest one to her and I did the same. She had picked up an apartment guide and was flipping through the pages and she reads to me the description on a classy apartment that is describes as being near a beautiful lake. I said: "So?" And she said: "I haven't been to a lake in a while. Do you wanna go check this lake out?"

We went to the lake the first time to check it out real quick so we'd know where it was. It was actually pretty. We saw a huge pile of ducks and geese swarmed around this family feeding them bread, and we both agreed we definitely have to come back on the weekend and feed the ducks and make a day out of it. So we did.

That weekend we bought 3 bags of bread and fed the ducks first. Those things will step on your feet and bite the bread out of your hands before you throw it at them. We had to retreat to the table to stand on it so they won't peck us. After that we thought we'd walk around to see how big the lake was. After 15 minutes of walking we realized there were two lakes actually. We were standing in front of this booth which rents these bicycle cart things. So we decided to rent one for \$40 to ride it around both lakes.

Well as we were riding we noticed that there were actually three lakes and the third one was the biggest. The third one had a place where people were racing those remote controlled race boats. So we thought we'd have lunch by the side of the lake and watch the boat races.

Anyways, after a full and beautiful day at the lake we thought it was time to go home so we walked to the car and I was feeling my pockets for my keys as we approached the car and I stopped in horror [as I often do because I leave my keys, and little wallet places and lose them]. Kayla looks at me terrified and says: "Please don't tell me you lost your keys somewhere out there Chloe." I walked to my door and looked in hoping the keys would be in there, and they were, still in the ignition thing. Then we got into a big fight because I had to ruin the whole day.

Lucky she had Triple A so she called them after she cooled down to send somebody over to pick our lock for us because we left the keys in the car. The guy who came to help us had a name patch on his work shirt that said Roland. I didn't think nothing of it, but the name woke up Kayla curiosity or that weird feeling. He was a nice guy. Attractive, very well mannered, built, in his mid thirties. He had this long thin metal thing which he just stuck down the side of the door but in the inside of the door and in less than a minute we heard a clique and the door was unlocked! I said to him: "Shit, where do I get one of those at?" Which started a long and nice conversation.

After 30 minutes of talking we made plans to grab a bite to eat with him in an hour when he gets off work. He was a really cool guy. We went to get some dinner and a few drinks and after the night was over Kayla had set him up on a date with her older sister because he had just gotten a divorce. She called me over to her mom's house that day Roland was suppose to pick up Kayla's big sister to watch. Roland came punctually and knocked on the door and Kayla's mom answers it. He was dressed very nicely and he held in his hands two white lilies! He introduced himself to Kayla's mom and gave her one of the white lilies, and gave the other white lily to Kayla's sister. Anyways, those two are today happily married, and like me and Kayla, the deeper they look at their lives and past, the more strange coincidences they found that their lives also crossed paths in the past in many ways; but as Kayla's mom says, it just wasn't time for them to meet. True story.

It's very hard to explain, after all these years since that initial year we started that experiment to experience Life consciously – with mindfulness – of the daily motions of Life, how Mysterious and Magical Life is; yet how so much of this Mystery and Magic goes unnoticed.

It's like that car game you play we were kids sitting in the back of the car. You and your sister or whoever is playing with you take turns picking a color and the first one to spot a car on the freeway that color gets to punch the others on the shoulders as many times as the number of cars of that color you suddenly become mindful of. It's amazing after playing that game to realize just how many red cars there are.

Or it's like a paleontologist who focuses his trained awareness – his consciousness – on the dirt we normally walk on which we never notice. But the paleontologist becomes aware of things in that same dirt and as he concentrates his mindfulness and energy on that same ground consciously aware of every little bit and piece. With determination and a deeply focused mind, he magically – in Time – manifests a dinosaur [the skeleton of one]. From ground we all know is there, but are not mindfully focused on it.

If we were to place me who knows nothing of the art and science of becoming aware of dirt in a debate with a trained paleontologist who is conditioned to focus his mindfulness on such things to see things I can't and I were to say to him: "I walk on the ground every day, I should know what dirt is all about and what it has or does not have. You can't pull a brontosaurus out of dirt!" How foolish would I look, and how irrelevant would my ignorant and arrogant opinions be to what the ground is and what it mysteriously hides, and what can magically be manifested from it?

Or its like this one time when I drank a bottle of Coke which makes me need to go pee every five minutes and my parents were driving us down to Las Vegas. As we drive my parents are like: "Wow Chloe, look at the mountains. Wow Chloe, look at mesquite shrubs they're everywhere, you know they make barbeque wood with them? Wow Chloe look at Death Valley." But in my mind I'm saying to myself: "Just take me to the nearest Rest Area, my freaking bladder is full!" So what is a scenic trip to Vegas to my parents, is a constant desire and anticipation for the nearest rest area for me.

That is how Life is to most of us – when we think in Mundane [re: worldly] levels. We each live

and experience Life as a constant desire, a constant “looking forward to” for the nearest “rest areas” of Life. For our 5th birthdays when we can stay up later. For that moment when we finish 6th grade finally. For us to turn 13 to go through puberty like everyone else. For our first kiss. For our first real bra. For our first boyfriend. For that moment in the distance when we graduate high school. For the right job. For our bi-weekly pay checks. For the “Right One” to come into our lives. For marriage. For retirement.

And before we know, we realize that Life has pasted us by. Or more accurately: That we have pasted Life by never noticing anything about it except for the handful of mundane things we expect or anticipate. And when somebody who notices the more subtle flow of Life; the more Mysterious nature of Life; the more Magical essence of Life, we resist the foolish notion, believing that what mundane events we notice in Life is all that Life is.

My grandfather who is a monk says to: “Live Life with your breath.” Just as in meditation when you become mindful of every up and down movement of your breath, so should you also become mindful of Life and experience it with the same focus of mind and concentration; to become aware of everything that Life becomes not by expecting and anticipating distant things, but by noticing the nowness of each movement of Life that passes by with each breath.

When you live you Life with your breath, you notice the finer, more subtle movements of Life. You notice the coincidences, the “signs,” the *deja vus*, the interconnection of thoughts and experiences. You notice the unfolding and unraveling, or blossoming the Life constantly is. From each seed thought in you give birth to in your mind. From what seed thoughts you entertain and feed psychic energy with the constant thinking of them. Whether those seed thoughts are negative or positive. Such seed thoughts weaves together into the fabric of your future experiences.

You become aware and Realize that the difference, or separation, between you and Life is an illusion. That you do not stop at the surface of your skin. That your thoughts do not stay inside your Mind. Because you and Life are the same thing in the same way that the sun and a focal point of light a magnifying glass makes are in essence the same thing. Not merely the same thing in the goofy mundane philosophical sense that the Sun is the Macrocosm, and the little Sun on the other side of the lens is the Microcosm. But in the true meaning of the words “The Same Thing” meaning there is no break or division in the Big Sun’s rays of light that passes through the Nexion of the lens to literally become the Smaller Sun. Or as the Taoist Adepts say: “Heaven and Earth United.” The Sun in the Heavens and the manifested Sun on this earth is One continuous Flow of Light/Life.

When you have learned to live Life with your breath; you will come to the Self Realization that you and the Living Cosmos are One Being and that you are Intimately Connected to the Living Cosmos. As if in a dance together in a cycle of Mutual Creation: The Living Cosmos creating and manifesting as you and the Life you experience; as you create and manifest the Living Cosmos into the Life and reality you give birth to from your thoughts.

Dark Providence

It is not my desire or intention to enlighten and illuminate those mundanes. I was raised and bred to see those wretched creatures as a source of one's wealth, power, and pleasure in life. Illuminating them works against my nature and desires. I don't care if they read this and do not understand or take it apart to debate upon its validity philosophically. I write these Insights I have down as they come to mind before they fade away. For what future children I will have and for their children. And for those of us of the ONA who may see value in such insights to come to a closer and deeper apprehension of Life, so that you may each use what comes of such insights to evolve yourselves to your highest potential. Not only to be more intelligent than the anariya. But more importantly to be Master of your own Lives. To manifest and materialize the Life you desire to live and experience. To be Master of your Life, rather than to have Life master you.

It is as if you are in a flowing river: you either swim to a destination of your choice, or be carried by the flow of life like driftwood to nowhere. Because to Nature all you are essentially is a means – via your sperm and egg – for Life to continue itself. You mean nothing more to Nature. You must struggle in Life. You must fight Life for what you are worth. Just as a sapling in a jungle must struggle and fight Life to the top of the canopy for Light or die to be replaced by another sapling who has the will, determination, to pierce the canopy for its reward: the gift of seeding Life's next generation. If Life/Nature desires to evolve, to expand beyond this small planet of ours to vivify the Galaxy, then it must have this ethos of rewarding the most capable. To insure its own eternal evolution and expansion.

Mastering Life begins with Mastering your own Mind. Because it is from your thoughts that the threads of reality are spun: the weaving of which is the Life you experience. Such that if you worry about bills and spend your waking hours worrying about bills, Life will give you bills to worry about. If you are a guy and you spend your waking hour thinking about sex and girls, those waking thoughts gradually manifest through you as the emotional drive you will feel, or the determination and will you will have to fix yourself up, eat right, lift weights to make yourself attractive and such; so that in Time, you Life rewards you with what you have "asked" for.

So it can be easily understood that if you are a guy, and you suffer from mental and emotional issues. Such as insecurity, self loathing, and worry about girls not liking you for the many illusory reasons you tell yourself. Then such constant thoughts will not drive you to look better, buy better clothes, get fit, or learn to socialize and talk to girls. And thus, Life gives you what you have mentally asked for. And if such a guy does not have the power to change his mind – to control his thoughts – then whose fault is it that he lives and experiences such a resulting Life? Your thoughts, those thoughts you hold and entertain during your waking hours, literally manifest as what you will experience in many ways.

For instance compare two stray dogs. One stray dog is emotionally damaged from abuse and abandonment and he does not trust humans. He shows his teeth and growls at people that walk past him. The other dog, not affected by being rejected and unloved continues to wag his tail and offer people who walk by friendly smiling eyes. Which of the two will eventually starve to death or end up in the pound waiting to be euthanized, and which of the two will eat or even find a new home? You don't have to be able to speak and be human for your thoughts to affect your life because thoughts came before language.

In essence, you are in a Cosmic Dance and your partner is Dark Providence. Dark Providence neither likes you or dislikes you. It is beyond human valuations of good and evil. It will indiscriminately give you what you “ask” for. Just like a vending machine: you put in the money and it will give you what you ask for according to the buttons you push. If you don’t like the taste of what you get, it is your own fault for pushing those buttons.

Or Dark Providence – which is the Living Cosmos – is like a lake; such that if you cause a ripple in this causal realm, then that the same movement of ripples comes back to the center from which it originated. The Center being your Mind. And sense we are all, and everything is this same Living Cosmos in causal manifestation, when such ripples comes reverts back to its center of origin, it travels through its causal forms: other people and causal events. This is one of the esoteric meanings of Wyrd: your thoughts not only affects and alters your life, but they affect and change other people’s lives as well. Not just causally, but psychically.

Belief Causes Suffering

Belief – as opposed to Experience – causes one to suffer in Life. We have seen the amount of suffering the mere Belief in sin has caused in Christendom. We have seen the suffering Communism has caused. We can see the suffering the Belief in Consumerism is causing. We can come to understand that the Belief in “religion” has and does cause suffering.

To Believe is to accept another person’s ideas [memes] without personal direct experience. If you Believe in a Heaven, have you ever experienced it? But to experience something to come to a Realization. People don’t Believe fire burns skin and hurts, you Realize it after experiencing fire burning. You don’t believe in the color green, you’ve seen it. You don’t Believe in sex, you’ve done it, so there is no belief involved.

These Beliefs – all beliefs – distracts you from Experience because you accept your beliefs as being true already. Without Experiencing Life, you will not come to Realize the esoteric Mystery and Magic of Life. When you do not Realize such aspects of Life you do not have the ability to utilize it to your advantage. You do not have the capacity to Master Life. If you cannot Master Life: Life masters you. If Life masters you, the causal result is suffering, which is Life in atrophic recession. It is a movement of Life – Acausal Life Force – receding from you, because Life cannot thrive through you; like healthy people moving away from a leper.

It’s like that question: Which came first the chicken or the egg? Which came first the miserable man or his miserable life? It’s common human practice to blame everything wrong and bad on everyone and everything but our own selves, while taking the credit for all thing right and good for yourself. So it’s not shocking that a Life Dysfunctional man [re: a miserable] will blame his suffering on his miserable [dysfunctional] life. Like how a guy will blame his wife for a dysfunctional marriage when it’s his fault half of the time because he’s half of a whole marriage and the wife reacts half the time, because she is the other half you see? It’s just one marriage; as it is just one Life: you are marriage to the Cosmos. And unlike a human marriage, your marriage to the Cosmos really is “till death do you part.” You either learn to make your marriage with Dark Providence work, or endure a life long suffering, or kill yourself.

The reason why I have written all these pages of insights is because I do not want my own children in future, or anyone who is of the ONA who is esoterically inclined to value such insights to be entrapped by the illusion and abstraction of beliefs. Because beliefs misdirects your attention away from the intimate Direct Experience of Life. It's like some one were to tell you on your way to Vegas via the scenic route: "You know, there is a really exceptional rest area just a mile away with impeccable toiletry facilities Ralph." And instead of noticing the passing scenery and absorbing the experience and learning; you just ponder on magnificent toilets.

Such as the Belief in Materialist Atheism. In your Belief of such foreign memes, you reject the entire idea of magic and mystery of a Living Cosmos. So you never notice such things or work to experience them. Not experiencing them, you end up mastered by Life, like driftwood helplessly caught up in Life's current.

But also the Belief in what we might call the "magic" of the Western Tradition, such as what you would find in the OTO, the Golden Dawn, the Kabbalah, Wicca, Chaos Magic, is also a distraction. Because where is your attention, your awareness, your mindfulness diverted to? To the motion of the rituals, the noise of arcane languages, the list of gods, the colorful lamens and shiny knives. The belief that somehow these things changes Life. That somehow with a colored robe and candles and words of power that you can gain an intimate understand of what you are, what Life is, and how your relationship with Life works.

How many so called occultists and magickians can stop smoking or lack the will power to lose weight? How many of these people can't find a date or lack the will to go up and talk to a girl? They have to make a magic "love bag" and wear around their necks and hope that somehow attracts a girl to come talk to them. Even if one came over, the nerd would still lack the skills to get her. Why are there so many money spells and loves spells out there and why do these two kinds of spells sell the most in the occult and magical world, if they work? Why are most occultists and magickians I meet miserable and depressed? The point is the Belief in this kind of magic and the dependence on such draws your mindfulness away from the subtle aspect of Life. Mastering this kind of magic is not Mastering Life. You are confusing the Essence for an outer form.

Such exoteric and mundane systems of magic are just a set of Beliefs – memplex – and my contention with such things is that it causes suffering. Because how many occultists and practitioners of "magic" do you know have not found inner piece? Have not learned to still and find their Center? Have not learned to materialize a genuinely fulfilling Life? Are still searching? How many of them have actually gone deeper into their delusions of sepheroths and qlipoths, of gods, and such, and have moved away from Life to not even be able to apprehend what Life there is out side of their ritual chambers and memplex?

I'm not saying that all "outer forms" of so called Magick is misdirective. It is a matter of focus: what is that outer form directing your consciousness on? On itself to produce a dependence on such outer forms, as one becomes dependent on opiates? On a superficial illusion of Life. Or on Life itself? Those rites that we have in the Black Book of Satan and Naos are our Traditional Foundation of the ONA which does genuinely draw down Acausal Energy and cast our

attention via such things as Physis and the Star Game inward and upon Life. But an architect builds upon a Foundation a structure of his own craft and design.

The Star Game is perhaps the most effective means to apprehend the subtle nature of Life. Each piece changes as it moves and each move influences another change and move. Like the gradual unraveling of a fractal pattern. Such that what moves and changes you commence the Star Game with determines the end results. When you have played an entire game through, you come to realize that each move and change is not actually a separate and individual move, but that the whole session was a single unraveling or motion. The expresses one of the meanings of Wyrd.

Life is also like the Star Game where each though we think changes us and each move we make in life influences our next move and other people's next move. And if we learn to see life from a different perspective, we realize that our thoughts and motions in life are not isolated islands, but a fleeting part of an unraveling of the wholeness of Life.

Such Traditional aspects of the ONA found in the Black Book and Naos gradually divests us of our outer superficial garments we wear as a barrier between us and Life. It stripes us of the comfortable shirt of mundane illusions. From the pants Beliefs. From the panties of our private convictions. And we are immersed – naked – into the flowing river that Life is. In that condition – without barriers – we feel Life directly not just without our eyes and ears. But with every inch and curve of our bodies. Our naked skin surrounded in every direction by the subtle motions and undulations of life moving between our toes. In that state of Naked Being, we Realize that we and Life are the same thing. As a single current of many moving currents IS the river.

Life must be lived directly by plunging into it and experiencing it. It is from that Naked Experience of Life, and the Realization that Magic and Life are the same flowing – Becoming – “thing” which is also YOU; which you are the center of; that you begin to learn the finer details and hidden mysteries of Life and learn to make Life work for you. Our thoughts – what we spend our waking hours entertaining Within – sets the Flow. As Within, So Without. There is no need to search for answers and magic outside yourself. For such “outsideness” has its origins from Within.

There is this nice old Greek story I love which has a profound meaning. Long ago when the Olympian Gods formed Mankind they made mankind to tend their cows. But some of these first humans began trying to climb up Mount Olympus to obtain the Divine Flame. The gods were afraid that if Mankind got hold of the Divine Flame that they would also be gods and there would be nobody to tend the cows.

So the gods held a great meeting to talk about where to hide the Divine Spark. Some suggested that it be hidden at the tippy top of the highest mountain, while others suggested that they hide it way down deep at the bottom of the ocean. But Zeus didn't like these ideas because he knew mankind would eventually go to these places.

Then, an unknown goddess named Aphrodite gave a suggestion to Zeus. She suggested that the Divine Spark be hidden right inside these mortals, which would be the last place they will

ever look. And to keep them busy, she suggested that Mankind should be split into male and female [since people were androgynous]. Zeus was so please he made Aphrodite an Olympian and named her the Goddess of "Love."

We are kept busy with the illusion of Dualism, constantly searching for our other half, constantly trying to make sense of things in such dualistic terms. When things are all really One. And we go about Life searching for answers in everything and in every place from churches to religion, from magic to money, in books and in gurus. Never Realizing that the Numen of the Living Cosmos is right inside of us. When you search, Life will always give you something to search for. It is when you have learned to stop searching, and to become Mindful of the Numinous Within, that you find your Enlightenment. That you Realize the Oneness of you and Life. That you Realize that Life is in essence Mystery and Magic in motion.

As an engineer who has become Mindful of the intimate details of air and wind. Such that he learns to make airplanes to utilize the natural motion of such wind. When you have Centered yourself Within, and have learned to become Mindful of the natural motion of Life. You learn to utilize Life to move you to where you want to go; to manifest what you need out of Life. When you have come to Realize the intimate connexion that exists between you and the Living Cosmos, you come to Realize that you are like a little spoiled puppy who is taken care of by Life itself. Whose every need and wont is Provided, and whose every desire is granted.

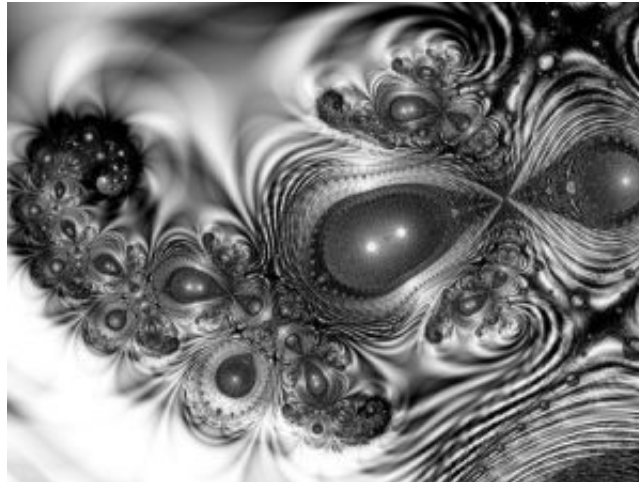
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INTO THE DEEP



[Into The Deep](#)

I was going to go look for “nothing” and see if I could find a point of origin for the Mind and the Acausal. Until several conversations and coincidental internet posts I read caused me to take a major detour to maybe briefly talk about what exactly “mind” and specifically “consciousness” is; as I was taught to understand it.

I committed some sort of logical fallacy in assuming that my general audience and friends inherently knew what the word and concept “Mind” meant when I use it. There was this debate or talk about Consciousness that arose; then there were certain posts I stumbled upon about Consciousness written by people involved in “Luciferianism” and Satanism.

Every time I read something written about Consciousness by someone in the Occidental Occult mindset I can’t help but cringe a little. I get the same *eye-rolling* *Oh boy, here we go again* feeling when I read about Consciousness explained by the Hindus Gurus, Yoga instructors, Vedantists, Neo-trantrika, and Hare Krishnas. But I will say this: I would go with the Western apprehension of Consciousness any old day over the spiritual and mystical crap those Hindus got!

Facets Of Consciousness

I really like how the Western Occult is trying to figure out things about Consciousness in their own philosophical way; considering that the Occident has only recently emerged out of a very mind numbing restrictive magian religion and paradigm. I think what I am generally observing in the fringe segments of the “Western Tradition” [Satanism and related things] is like a gradual “awakening” of sorts. Which I think is cool, because it would seem as though the “zeitgeist” of Satanism [if it even has one] has out grown its 1970’s software, and had become more sophisticated and now need more stronger medicine. But I’m disappointed at the direction it seems to be going insofar as Consciousness is concerned. Because it seems to be going into the direction the Hindus went, where the greater Western Tradition later followed.

What do I mean by this?

I mean these silly – and valueless – concepts like “Krishnaconsciousness,” “Christconsciousness,” “Guru Consciousness,” “Buddhaconsciousness,” “Godconsciousness,” etc; what the hell do those mean? I mean the Kabbalah in that they say it’s a way to develop “Higher States of Consciousness.” I mean the new agers when they say meditating on your “chakras” helps you develop “higher consciousness.” “Higher consciousness?” Higher where? What’s wrong with where it was at before? What is it in the first place, that it can even “go” to a place higher then it actually is?

Then now – mostly in Satanic and “Luciferian” circles – I’m starting to see how there is a growing fixation on Consciousness and how it’s for some reason either directly or indirectly associated with Life and Self and is gradually becoming some sort of self-deification universal penicillin.

These people never realize that they contaminate their apprehension of “Consciousness” with their world views or paradigm they are inside of. For example the Hindus and their theistic paradigm. They believe in gods. They are men. Thus there is perceived a “hierarchy,” of Man being somewhere at the bottom, and gods are somewhere at the top. Therefore – idealistically – it must be that one must evolve in consciousness to that perceived “better place/condition” of Being/Existence of Godhood, Christhood, Buddhahood, or whatever.

And in the Mystical Western circles – the understanding of “Consciousness” is also contaminated with their own paradigm; one which we may call a “Darwinian Paradigm.” In the Mystical West; generally; Consciousness seems to be like a monkey. It’s primitive and it needs to evolve to a more developed or “higher state” of being. And like the Hindus, in the Mystical West, Consciousness seems to be the Self or used interchangeably with what a Westerner identifies as “himself.” In other words – generally speaking – in some circles a Westerner will say such things like: “I am my consciousness,” or “I am conscious, therefore I am alive,” or “My conscious mind is that which thinks.” And so Consciousness is then confused with being alive, thinking and cognition, and thus it only makes sense that to achieve “higher” levels of consciousness means you become smarter and more alive in some special way.

What Is It?

What is “consciousness” in the first place? I don’t know what that word means any more as it is used in the English speaking occult subcultures. But I know what that concept means in my culture, as I was taught to understand it. It’s nothing spectacular really. Actually it’s rather mundane. When I use the word “consciousness” in speaking, I am trying to denote the Faculty of “Mind” that naturally kicks in and starts to do its job in the morning when we wake up and open our eye and say to ourselves: “Shit it’s Monday.”

The Buddha used the word “viññā[ā]” when he referred to “consciousness,” or the “conscious mind,” or the faculty of “recognition and discernment.” That word is used today by every Theravada culture to refer to the same thing. It’s a generic word. It looks like a

challenging word to say, but it isn't. The word is pronounced just like the "venien" part of the English word "convenience," so for the sake of convenience I'll spell it phonetically like this: Vinyin.

Consciousness in Buddhism isn't its own independent thing or even equated with life [Jiva] or being alive. Vinyin is a Faculty or function of Mind. In the same way that we can say Reason and Concentration are faculties and functions of Mind. So in this regard, it makes no real sense to say that "I am Reason," "I am Reasonable therefore I am alive," or that "Concentration is the part of me that thinks." In English it seems to make a lot of general sense to say something like: "I am consciously alive," but to a well aware Buddhist, this has the same feel as when one says: "I am concentrationally alive" which makes no sense at all.

Vinyin is the part of your Mind that tells you when you see curves on a body: "That's a girl!" Or when you are grocery shopping and your brain says: "That is an orange, and those are apples." Or that part of your Mind which says: "Green light means go!" We generally call this "recognition" and "discernment." It's a very useful function of "mind" for animals and people to have; but life, existence, and such are not wholly dependent on it. If you had trouble consciously discerning the difference between a red light and green light, you could kill yourself. And it's a nice thing to have for animals because when things like winter comes and you are a duck, you can recognize the signs of the approach of winter and say to your duck buddies: "Let's fly south, I reckon it's gunna get cold."

Vinyin has two sidekicks and 5 employees: Recognition and Awareness; and the 5 senses. Vinyin is like a police chief who sits in an office unconnected to the outside world. This police chief has two secretaries or dispatcher who send out 5 cops who write reports about everyday events in the city and turns those reports into the chief's two secretaries. The chief starches his head and asks his secretaries: "Well, what do you two make of this report?" And the two secretaries say: "I Recognize the criminal sir," and the other says: "I am Aware he's in our file somewhere, here he is sir." That's when the chief say: "Oh, Right! Good job in bringing this to my conscious attention, had you not done so, I would have been completely unconscious of it."

Awareness in the Mystical West seems to be fungible with the idea of "consciousness," and sometimes it appears to be one entire thing: Conscious Awareness; which to me feels redundant. It's like saying Reasonable Logic. Awareness is a subordinate function of Vinyin. In the same way that we can say that Critical Thinking is not Reason, but is a subordinate function of Reason whereby Reason apprehends a subject more Rationally.

Awareness in Thai and Khmer is "Arom," or "Aram." Most of the time Arom is used in context to a "dwelling near," "lingering," or "nearness." For example my grandmother once looked tired and I asked why she looked tired, and she said: "I haven't had much sleep lately. I'm an old woman. My Arom lingers most night around my children and grandchildren." In English we would say that she had trouble sleeping because she was "thinking" too much about her children and things. But in this culture and "paradigm" it is one's Awareness that lingers or is fixated or attached to "something" and not an unstoppable process of thinking that keeps her awake. Because Awareness predates language and "thinking." It is a wordless function we inherited from the animals we evolved from.

Mindlessness

You don't have to be Buddhist, or a mystic, or new ager to learn what consciousness is. Nature has provided many examples to learn from. The best teacher of what consciousness is in our own human terms is a baby. I have over 30 cousins, and I'm one of the older ones, so I got to raise and babysit many of my cousins.

When a new baby is born, it comes into the world Unconscious. Most of the time they sleep, and in those very early moments they aren't very responsive to stimuli. Then their brain starts to kick into that secondary stage of growth and development outside the uterus. Their eyes opens for the first time, and that's when their faculty of "consciousness" first begins to develop. They use their sight and ears first to learn to hone their Awareness on things. And the very first thing most of us humans come into Awareness of is our mother's face when she holds us. Their eyes fixates or lingers or dwells on that face, and there is an emotional – wordless/thoughtless – imprinting of recognition of that face to a "feeling." There is then a "knowing" of that face. Not an intellectual knowing; but a knowing that is wordless and thoughtless.

If you have pets, you'll know what I am trying to get at. Your pet dog does not speak or think in English like we do. They do no intellectualize or philosophize in thought like we do. But yet they recognize you and are aware of you, and their recognition or awareness is primevally affixed to Feelings. It is a "Mindless Knowing" that is more Natural and Primal then intellectual knowing.

The coolest age to witness the real development of human consciousness in a baby it when they start to crawl and put every thing in their mouths. They're like weird aliens with a big appetite for raw Awareness. You can see at that age where they learn to refine their awareness skills, because they stare at things that catches their attention with huge opened eyes, drooling. And they put everything in their mouths. One of my sociology groups I hung out with in school got together once and we did this one "experiment" where we all had to feel and become aware of things WITHOUT thinking or formulating thoughts by putting things in our mouths like babies. It feels silly when you do it, but in the end you learn that the mouth and tongue picks up very fine details of texture and tactile feel of things that works better then your fingers. It's almost a more intimate way to directly apprehend things for the sake of raw awareness, if that makes any sense.

In Buddhism and Buddhist cultures there is a word for that "Thing" which "Mindlessly Knows," things, which "mindfully feels" for things in a more primal way sans word and thought. The word is "Chitta/Citta." Chitta means "Heart." But not the heart that beats in your chest. Heart as in the "Seat" or Source of your thoughtless feelings, opinionless emotions, and wordless knowings. Chitta is also the primal source of volition and intent. The first thing a baby comes into existence with is Chitta. It is the part of the baby which feels, desire, needs, and cries. The phrase, "One's Chitta" can mean approximately "One's Mindset," or how you feel about something or one's "Attitude."

In English this word is almost always mistranslated as "Mind," and I do it too, but only because

the Modern English language seems to not have a word that comes close to Chitta. I think the Greeks had one and I have seen Old English words that mean Heart, Mind, and Soul at the same time, which I would say would better grasp what Chitta is. But not "Mind" as in your brain and its functions. Other times Chitta is abusively translated into English as "consciousness."

The word Chitta is a generic everyday word in Thai and Khmer. It's not mystical or magical. In every day speak we say it as "Chet," or "Jet." When you want to say you "Like" something as in to like a person or object, you say "Jol Chet," which literally means "To Go Into One's Heart/Emotions."

There is a compound word that is very important in my family and to any civilized person with culture and manners called "Chet Kamnud." Kamnud means like a sort of reflective thinking. So you are at WalMart and walking to the entrance and you see an old lady walking to the door with a cane. If you have Chet Kamnud, you are able to reflectively say to yourself: "What would it Feel like to be her? To be in her condition?" And when you are able to empathize with her inside your Chet/Chitta, you open the door for her. And the same thing with an old homeless man that you would walk by. If you are a person with Chet Kamnud your chet tugs at you and stops you, and you enter a reflective mood and "Feel" the homeless man's condition inside your Chitta; and from that feeling the volition, will, intent to help is born. Chitta is the source of human volition, will, and intention. It is the Initiator, whereas consciousness (vinyin) is the Observer. That's a very important "relationship" to keep in mind.

In my own family and culture, if you don't have Chet Kamnud, you are said to be Barbaric and worse in condition to an animal, because even a dog Feels for its own and its own children. And the phrase to describe a barbaric human or a person without chet kamnud is "Chet Akrok" which literally means "Ugly Heart."

Just last night at dinner my step dad was telling everybody present about his day at work with his American business partners at one of his places. His two partners are blood brothers old in age [~70-ish]; interestingly named David and Richard [lol]. David is the older and when he was young worked for NASA as an engineer working on the camera systems that got put into NASA satellites. But my step dad was gossiping to a large group of us about how David had ordered a large pizza and he saw Ta Dave ["Grampa Dave"] eat the entire pizza by himself! I thought it was going to be a real interesting and noteworthy story, but it was about "Grampa Dave" eating a pizza. And he said it like he was reporting to us a lethal car accident he saw on the freeway or something or like he saw a UFO in the sky.

And my grandma said: "A whole pizza, and his brother, did he get his own pizza? I hear those Americans eat big. They're built like giants you know?" My step dad said: "No ma'am, Ta Dave didn't call his brother to eat the pizza! Richard was STILL working! He didn't get his own and Ta Dave didn't leave any behind for his brother!" And then all of a sudden you can hear every aunt and lady and grandma in the room gasp and cry out: "Oh Buddha, the barbarity!" One of the grannies said: "What has the world come to when flesh and blood don't even Recognize one another any more?!" Then my mom said: "Where do these kinds of people come from? They have no manners, culture, honour, or respect for anything. His own flesh and

blood brother and he didn't have the chet kamnud to call his brother and share! We even feed table scraps to the stray cats in our front yard. You see what I told you Chloe?! I beg you, if you love me as your mother, don't ever marry one of them."

So anyways. Now we have three things to take a close look at: 1) Awareness; 2) Consciousness; & 3) Chitta. How are these three related to each other and how do they work together? I can try and paint a picture so you can intuitively get a feel for how these three things work together.

You are sitting at a coffee shop drinking coffee or tea people watching. An attractive person walks into the shop that catches your attention. This person sits down in your line of sight and is talking on the phone. You now gaze into her direction. That catch of attention and gazing is Awareness. Something inside of you stirs because of this attractive person, and you focus on her in a more refined manner. Other people's conversations are blocked out, you only hear her voice. Your eyes focus on every strand of hair, every crease of flesh, every fold of clothing on this person. In essence you are absorbing as much data and detail as you can; almost as if to bring this person into sharper mental focus.

This act of absorption and sharpening of focus, where even this person's voice and conversation can be discern above the loud chattering of the coffee house, is consciousness or is the act of the mind's faculty of consciousness. Something inside – a wordless feeling, a impulse to act, a yearning, a desire – causes you to get up, walk to this person and ask for their name. That "something" which stirs beneath us in these moments, that "causes" or moves us or nudges us wordlessly and thoughtlessly to act is Chitta. And so from this simple explanation you can figure out on your own that Chitta – volition, will, intent, intuition – and thinking are two very different parts and often conflicting aspects of you.

For even when Chitta desires and stirs in us a primal impulse to act, we often stop ourselves and intellectualize the situation and say to ourselves: "No I can't talk to this person, she's out of my league," or "He'll never want to talk to me, I'll make a fool out of myself." That idiot part of us that is the source of so many of our life regrets is the conscious mind (vinyin). It has utilized its 5 senses to assess the situation, and its memory faculty then waves in front of it a memory of a time when it was rejected. Being now consciously reminded of such, it resists. That's the power and weakness of consciousness. That conscious mind and its fearful chattering ruins the potential for relationships, great business opportunities, and in the battlefield, its idiotic chattering can get you and your men killed. There is an advice the Buddha gives, which is that if you don't want to suffer in life, keep that consciousness in check at all times. The Buddha was asked once what single word he would pick to best explain his Dharma and Way. And Buddha said "Taming." God-consciousness, can you imagine making a god out of a fool?

Primal Unconscious

I see no problem with people trying to intellectualize and philosophize about the Nature of Consciousness. I think it's great, and I often read some very interesting new insights. The potential problem with how the Western Occult is approaching Consciousness is Fixation or

Focus of their attention only on Consciousness, which plays on the weakness of the Chitta's faculty of consciousness.

If we did not know what Reason was, or had a hard time understanding what Reason, was, we can get a general feel for what it is by studying and observing the subordinate functions of Reason. For example we can observe critical thinking, analytical thinking, logic, and so on, and from these, we can indirectly calibrate approximately what Reason is you see. And consciousness works in the same way. If we don't know what it is or have a hard time understanding it we just observe closely the two primary subordinate functions of consciousness: Discernment and Awareness.

We know from studying animals and babies that Awareness has something to do with a "focusing" of what senses they have on "targets of awareness." A cheetah in the hunt, crouched low in the savanna grass, with its eyes intensely fixated on its prey is awareness and consciousness working together. Except the more conscious you are of one thing, the more the rest of everything fades into a subconscious blur. If you have babies, pets, or even yourself, you can learn to figure this out. When your consciousness – your attention and all its sensory faculties – are intensely fixated at something, and somebody comes by you, they startle you and you lose that intense conscious fixation. Or you can just hold your hand up and focus your consciousness on that hand, and you'll notice that the more focused you are on the hand, the less conscious you become of the background and surrounding.

I know there will be people who will say: "Well, if consciousness is dumb and we didn't have it, wouldn't we all be dead or zombies?" And that's like me trying to tell you about how your eyes work at focusing in on visual targets to apprehend an object and saying: "But the eyes are weak, because they are prone to optical illusion, and they only work well at a certain natural resolution and lighting, so keep your eyes and what you see in check." And then you complain: "Well, if eyes are dumb and we didn't have it, wouldn't we be blind?" Well yeah!

Consciousness or vinyin is to an animal's eye ball, as an eye ball is to the primitive photoreceptors of a box jellyfish. It's an evolutionary extra way or refined way of acquiring and interpreting data from one's Natural environment.

Sometimes for a primitive animal that is struggling to adapt and evolve, total blindness doesn't do much so you grow simple light receptors. There will come a time when those simple light receptors will have to be updated to retina powered eye balls. As you evolve on, you may decide to get a further sensory upgrade and get things like color vision and binocular vision you see. These are all add-ons to the Causal Organism's Sensory Data Plan. So as a creature with newly updated color and binocular vision trying to survive and maybe even dominate your territory, you might say to yourself and fellow fish: "You know what, I really like color vision, and the ability to discern depth comes in real handy, but I wish I had something that could tell me what the hell I was looking at. I see things clearly, but my brain doesn't seem to register what the hell I'm looking at, and if we can't consciously tell a predator apart from a potential mate, then our species is screwed."

So consciousness is like a fast microchip that takes in all of your sensory input and allows you

to not only recognize what you are looking at, but become aware of things around you. If you have an iPhone or a Droid, consciousness is like your Pinch & Zoom. Your awareness sees the initial environment [website], then you pinch and zoom to get a more refined or focused awareness of specific spots. Which is why most of the time people in general will feel their consciousness to be somewhere in the eye or eye brow region, and why in general, you are most consciously aware of what you are directly looking at.

Consciousness is; despite what many will assume or believe; is not the “thinking” part of a person. Consciousness is the Observer, it does process and interpret data, which we may call “intellectualizing,” “memorizing,” and “recalling.” It’s the faculty which you use to Observe [focus awareness on] the Natural environment, process, and store data with. It doesn’t create your thoughts.

You can ask: “How so, I’m consciously aware of thinking all the time.” No you’re not. You are consciously aware of having thought after the fact. You Observe yourself in the act of thinking, or in the act of speaking, and sometimes when your consciousness is fixated on other things you’re not even aware of what you think or say. What does this mean: “Think before you speak!” Who did the speaking and why weren’t you aware of it? What does this imply: “Think before you act!” Who did the acting and why weren’t you conscious of it? How many times have you driven a car, or taken a walk, and your mind drifted to recall something pleasant, and then you snap out of it realizing you made it to your destination somehow.

If you honestly ask yourself who is doing the speaking and thinking, and you study closely past conversations you had, you eventually come to notice that you don’t actually consciously plan out or script each word you say before you say them. You don’t even proof read them before they flow out of your mouth. All your consciousness is to the conversation is an Observer. You observe yourself speaking. Those words flows out of your mouth prefabricated from an unknown inner source. If you are a thinker, you’ll notice the same thing. You only Observe your thought, which flows into your awareness from an unseen source and thought provider. If you are a writer, musician, or artist, you will understand this concept intuitively. Or if you are a deep thinker, you’ll understand that none of the revelations, epiphanies, and new ideas you “had” are honestly yours which you consciously created. It came to you, from an unknown source.

All this time these mundanes glorify their egos, their Selves, and an aspect of their mental function that merely Observes, never realizing what lays beneath. Like Dorothy and her friends before the Wizard of Oz, that statute of smoke and thunderous voice. You believe that idol of consciousness is alive, is the thinker, is the speaker, is the life behind the form. Until Dorothy – the one with Empathy – walks behind the statue revealing to the Brainless, the Heartless, and the Gutless that the Wizard is just a statue. Just a tool of a hidden man. It’s not until that hidden speaker is pulled out of his hiding place, that the dumb is given a intelligence think with, the numb is given a Heart to feel with, and the scum are given the guts to walk around propped up idols of society.

Chitta is the unconscious primal mind, the hidden speaker, the hidden thinker, the feeler, the source of primal volition, will, and intention. It exists in a Natural state of non-consciousness

which is its primordial realm. Like a neuron or octopus, it stretched out its arms up above to Feel for data. And with the data it acquires it initiates intent, will, or volition. It does not think with reason. It Feels with Empathy, “thinks” with intuition.

We're not born Reasonable. We never take notice of that. Nature does not first endow her creatures at birth with logic and reason. She gives them first Chitta: intuition, empathy, intention, will, volition, and feeling. Every order of creature has the feeling of want of food and nourishment. An undeveloped kangaroo fetus intuitively “knows” where and how to find that source of nourishment without thinking. A baby penguin “knows” its mother, even after she has been gone for 6 months at sea hunting for fish. Without Chitta, an animal can't survive in Nature. Everything else comes later. The eye sight, motor skills, refined awareness, discernment, thinking, etc, as a means to assist this primal mind in its causal environment.

At times this unconscious Chitta and our conscious mind enters painful conflict. If you are gay or bi then you'll know this conflict. Primal Chitta just feels, just wills, just desires, just yearns with passion and need. And growing up young with certain feeling surfacing up deep within from somewhere unknown often conflicts with our consciousness and what it has been taught, trained, and conditioned to believe. And so we grow confused. But the confusion is an intellectual confusion; because deep down – chitta – we know what we are and what genuinely will make us happy.

But there are many other times and situations where primal unconscious and consciousness conflicts. Only the conscious mind evaluates things based on right and wrong, good and evil. Chitta only feels, and initiates or creates intent, volition that gives rise and motion to act based on what it intuitively feels. If it is threatened and it is a baby, it cries from protection and solace. If it is threatened, and it is a capable mother bear, it kills without remorse. Only the conscious mind, with its college educated discourses, church acquired morals, and party ideologies gives abstract values to such primal acts, which for aeons since before its lofty judgment, have been wordless, thoughtless, and Natural. Only consciousness [human] ends up confused about the ethical rights and wrongs of killing, tribal war, premarital sex, herd conformity, etc.

Citta Santana

Chitta seems like a lonely thing locked up away inside your chest, but it really isn't. It has a more colorful place in the universal scheme of things. Chitta Santana are two words which roughly means Mind-Continuum, Data-Stream, or Mind-Stream. The Buddha explains that Chitta is not a solitary “thing” but an aspect or part of a collective or hive of Chittas, where each Chitta is akin to a current of a flowing stream. Santana roughly means a Stream, but has the quality of a spectrum or a sort of continuum like the electromagnetic continuum would be a Santana, in that it flows together, but each portion of the flow maintains its own unique signature or identity. The light spectrum would also be a Santana for the same reason that the light flows together in unison, but each color remains its own color.

The Chitta Santana is said to be evolutionary in flow, meaning that collectively and as individual chittas there is a natural evolutionary progression beginning from the most simplest states of being towards more sophisticated states of being.

Each chitta stream is said to be eternal or non-temporal or beyond the confines of causal time and locality. At face value this sounds like a soul or spirit. But the Buddha curbs or flanks the ideation on the Mindstream with Sunyata [Impermanence] and a concept called Pannabhava.

Panna means Again and Bhava means Being or Becoming, together they mean a Re-Becoming. This word, because of its strangeness is mistranslated into English as “Re-Incarnation.”

We can illustrate and make intuitive sense of all this using modern ideas. For example lets say we were farmers, and that we had traveled to southern France and obtained a seed of a strain of grape from an old vineyard. We plant this seed to cultivate it for more seeds. The grape vine gives us seeds, and dies. This is sunyata in effect, because all things change. But before that vine died, it gave us something which if we planted it could carry on its DNA data and outward quality. So we plant these seeds. Each sapling – because they contain genetic information from their original parent can be said to be a “Re-Becoming” of the original vine, in the sense that the strain, kind, essence, germ, of the original plant has re-come into being. This is not to imply that the original dead plant reincarnated into an entire vineyard. Then we can say to ourselves: “If we continue to cultivate this strain of grapes and pass our vineyard to our children and their progeny for another thousands years, this Strain or Type of grapes or its genetic information would be like a Stream of Information that flows beyond the restrictions of time and locality.”

And from an aeonic and chromorphic perspective, this stream appears to be a single, growing, evolving living amorphous begin. Such that we can say if this Stream and its plants were adaptable to the environment and the environment were to alter gradually over centuries, that this Lifestream of our crop would thus evolve to adapt to the changes producing new causal plants to come into existence. So we can say that this Lifestream of ours is not only eternal – insofar as the sun and earth continues to exist – it is evolutionary.

See, so when we take that mindset of streams of grapes, and use the same idea in the animal kingdom and begin 4 billion years ago we can say that the primordial lifeforms on earth is an eternal Lifestream which is a continuum of chittas, each kind as its own current in the greater collective stream, evolving symbiotically and collectively across and beyond the temporal confines of the causal world.

Except Chitta is not by Nature a causal “thing” dependent on or arising from organic chemistry. It is formless, primal, unconscious, and “acausal,” in the sense that its will, volition, intent, feelings, etc arise from within itself without causation. Although Chitta can be said to be “reactive” or reactionary, in that if it acquires data, it may react with its will or emotion in relation or according to the data it apprehends.

Chitta, and Mindstream because it is the initiator, speaker, and thinker, has the Nature of being the issuer or source of “thought-forms,” which carries the impression of its thought. Our conscious thoughts, our ideas, the words we speak, the visualizations we have, the images in our dreams, arise from our chitta. And so it is said that the universe is thus the manifestation of the collective thought-form of Mindstream.

Well, regardless of where the cosmos comes from or what the ultimate nature of Chitta is; Consciousness is only an “Outer Form” and tool of chitta which it uses to focus in on the Natural world. There is more than to a person then consciousness. When we deify or fixate our awareness on consciousness, we fail to see other things. And with something like a primal unconscious which most of us can't even feel in the first place, looking for the holy grail in consciousness misdirects our attention from ever taking notice of or exploring chitta. But feeling this inner mind requires a stillness of the conscious mind and an honest quest to better understand what we each are in all our aspects and multifaceted Nature. Often the conscious mind only gets in the way. It's unfortunate that the Western Occultniks have followed the insane Hindus and are continuing to make gods and idols of it. I suppose a Mundane/Anariya will always be Mundane in that they will always look for idols openly displayed in the most obvious and mundane of places; never venturing into primal darkness to discover what may lurks in the deep.

Parallels

I don't hate or dislike the West. I just greatly dislike all forms of the Western Tradition, which includes the New Age Movement, Wicca, all those mystical orders, the Shishkabbalah, and the Western Occult. But I equally greatly hate the Eastern Occult Traditions as well, in all it's forms and manifestations. Why? Because it's stupid. What is it but a bunch of crazy gurus and vultures who philosophize about things they have no real direct experience of, intimate association or connexion with for self glory and profit?

Think about it: how many “magickians” in the east or west can honestly say without bullshitting that they have seen demons, studied them in their natural demonic habitat as an anthropologist? None, but yet the occult world is crawling with experts on gods, spirits, and demons. How many occultniks out there can say that they honestly study and research Nature, biology, zoology, and so on to know what they are talking about? None, the closest most of these occultniks have been exposed to Nature is a squirrel at a city park. Most of these occultniks haven't even individuated themselves from their Urban Samsara: that Urban reality superimposed on Nature.

Everything they see and interprets is thus tainted with Urban perception. And so obviously if there are gods in heaven they must have governments like people. Which is why you often hear of gods being equated with political offices like “king,” and the occultniks will go so far as to invent a whole political system of princes, and earls, and lords, and jesters of hells and heavens.

Nowadays, if you notice, when most occultniks exist in and are born into an Urban reality which is democratic, you see the king and feudal shit down played, and you start seeing the spirit world taking on a democratic flavour too. Because before when gods were kings that ruled with absolute power, you as a human were a serf in the make believe kingdoms with no power or right to be gods yourself. But now what do you notice: Everybody has equal rights, the democratic opportunity, and liberty, to work at being gods too! Everybody's free to achieving Christ-consciousness, Krishna-consciousness, Buddhahood, Godhood, or whatever. Some one once said: “If horses could draw, their gods would look like horses.” It's a true statement,

and if these fools could invent themselves a make believe spirit world, it would look like the world they live in too: a democratic one, where everyone can be president. But these ignorant clowns in the “Popoculture” [al la Kori H] industry can’t see the bullshit.

I have a great amount of respect the insights born from Westerners and Easterners that are sensible, rational, and that actually try to study and research their field of interest within the limits of or in approximation to the Scientific Method. Make an Observation; make a Hypothesis; Experiment, Experience Directly; then Theorize, Meditate on, and Analyze. It’s a simple methodology that is easily applicable. And when we start to follow a rational process of analyzing ourselves and our reality, then strive to either experiment or directly experience life and what we are studying we all basically end up with the same results.

These results aren’t as colorful and sensational as the beliefs and theories the Occult Clowns makes up and pull out of there ignorant asses, which is why you don’t often here much about them. When dealing with Mundanes, the most sensational stories and lunatic crackpot beliefs and action packed world views sell and circulate the best. Zazen would bore the hell out of these Mundanes. So would taking a nature walk and just feeling and noticing Nature directly and intimately. So would the idea of a quiet cosmos which just slowly undulates and evolves in harmony with all its parts and pieces. It’s gotta be a Darwinian Struggle; Class Struggle; a fight between good and evil for domination of the universe. Not even killing is sensible with these occult clowns. Killing happens all the time in Nature in a sensible and practical manner, and it’s been this way sense the emergence of organic creatures. But with these assclowns it’s either nothing or all. It’s either killing in any form is evil, or kill 2 billion of the stupid people [people who don’t think like you].

In the more sensible and rational arena of thought, there are parallels between East and West. Such parallel ideas have comes about independently at different times from people who gave such subjects deep thought. Where someone like Buddha – or those that engineered Buddhism – discovered the idea of Mindstream that is a collective; someone like Jung had the idea of the Collective Unconscious. Where in the rational East Chitta/Citta is the unconscious primal mind; in the West there was/is the idea of an unconscious mind also.

And I’m not entirely stupid. I am aware that in modern Hindu psychology – which is a joke – that Citta is equated with what the Occident identifies as the Subconscious mind. Which I don’t buy for a number of reasons. Firstly they’re Hindu, nuff said. These are people that worship rats, statues, and got an outdated caste system. Secondly what’s the motive behind extricating a sectarian/philosophical ideation like Citta and repackaging it into a semiacceptable psychological conception? Why not just use they word “subconscious,” or use a different Sanskrit word? Why recycle the word and concept of Citta? Lastly, how did they come to that conclusion and theorization anyway? By directly experiencing and feeling Citta, or out of dead texts books and lectures given by other who have never themselves gone deep.

I disagree that Chitta is the Subconscious mind. I can’t bust out a book and bibliography; because everything I know and understand about Chitta comes from old monks who meditate and go deep to directly experience such things, and from my own amateur feeling/grasping for Chitta. Sambuddhi: Self Enlightenment, inherently means that you learn shit on your own, from

your own efforts, experiences, pathé-mathos, and observation, not by beings spoon fed by text books and academic lectures.

The subconscious mind – minus the occult, new age, and new thought bullshit which constitutes 99% of the subject matter – is a not a “mind,” like you can say your brain is a mind. It doesn’t even have a truly defined topographical “area” or definition; actually Freud never used the word or term “subconscious.” In one sense it is – and this is my own personal assessment of it – the “subconscious mind” is a “place” between the unconscious and the conscious, that specializes in regulating and maintaining involuntary bodily functions. If you were an astronaut in the International Space Station, the subconscious “mind” would be the computer program and system that controls and regulates Life Support.

All the space stations sensory equipment and the software that specifically works in translating such sensory data would be the conscious mind. You as the person floating inside is/are the unconscious. If you think about it and pretended you were an astronaut out in deep space you’d gradually gain an intuitive feel for what this word “unconscious” feels like. As an astronaut you are completely ignorant about the environment of space and also nearly inoperable in this space environment. The Nature and way of space is not your Nature. We can say that space is the home environment of things like suns, stars, galaxies, planets, moon, and asteroids: things which came into being and evolved within that space environment and its natural laws. Whereas you are human, with a terrestrial animal nature, in an alien environment.

All you can do in this environment is float in your little space station you constructed, push a few buttons, manipulate electricity and digital data flow, and hope everything works ok. You don’t know anything about this environment without your station’s sensory equipment and the data they are streaming in for you to study and become aware of. You are “Non-conscious” of the vast majority of the environment of space, ignorant of its anything that is going on inside it anywhere.

Your space station’s computer software which takes in raw data from this environment which was specifically programmed and created to “understand” and compute data in relation to the natural way of space can be said to be “conscious” of space, insofar as it is able to discern, recognize, and be aware of aspects of that space environment such as electromagnetic and cosmic ray fluctuations, sun spot flairs, solar wind storms, orbital velocity, position and location in relation to things, etc, things which you are Naturally – by your very Nature – are Unconscious of. All you really do in that space station – all that you can do – is Initiate volition, exert will, give rise to intent, feel, and react according to what data you receive of your outside environment. You are the only “living” component inside the entire contraption, everything else is a machine with Functions and Faculties which you operate and use so you can remain in that environment for a while.

I wouldn’t say that the Collective Unconscious, and/or the Mindstream Collective is the Chitta of the Living Cosmos. I think the cosmos is fractal. I can observe in a fertilized egg a single whole zygote, which divided itself into many parts; and so from that small fractal pattern, I would assume that the Chitta or Unconscious of the Living Cosmos is “beneath” the Collective Unconscious, existing in a “pre-differentiated” state. What do we mean by the idea

“collective?” We mean many “things” coming together as some sort of cohesive mass. What do I mean by “pre-differentiated” state? I mean to approximately suggest the concept that even beneath every unique cell we have in our bodies, there is a nucleus which contains DNA material which exists as it does in an “un-differentiated” state. How each cell ends up differentiated even though they all contain the same DNA blueprints, is a different – and more mysterious matter – which I don’t know about yet.

So we can hypothesize that the Chitta of the Living Cosmos – the Acausal from which Life Force arises – is like the nucleus of the Cosmos which contains undifferentiated data, or which exists in a state of undifferentiation. Then “on top” of it would be a collective yet differentiated layer: the Collective Unconscious Mindstream. “On top” of that is where individuation arises where each current in the Mindstream is its own datastream [unconscious]. And from the weaving of thought forms and waves etc, crystallizes the causal world. I think the word “weaving” is a great descriptive word which explains the process where things come together into a coherent structure don’t you think? Crystallization is just atoms weaving themselves together into a tightly woven structure, as how the cellular membrane is a woven or coherent structure made of lipid molecules. Now we just need to figure out where this “cosmic nucleus” came from.

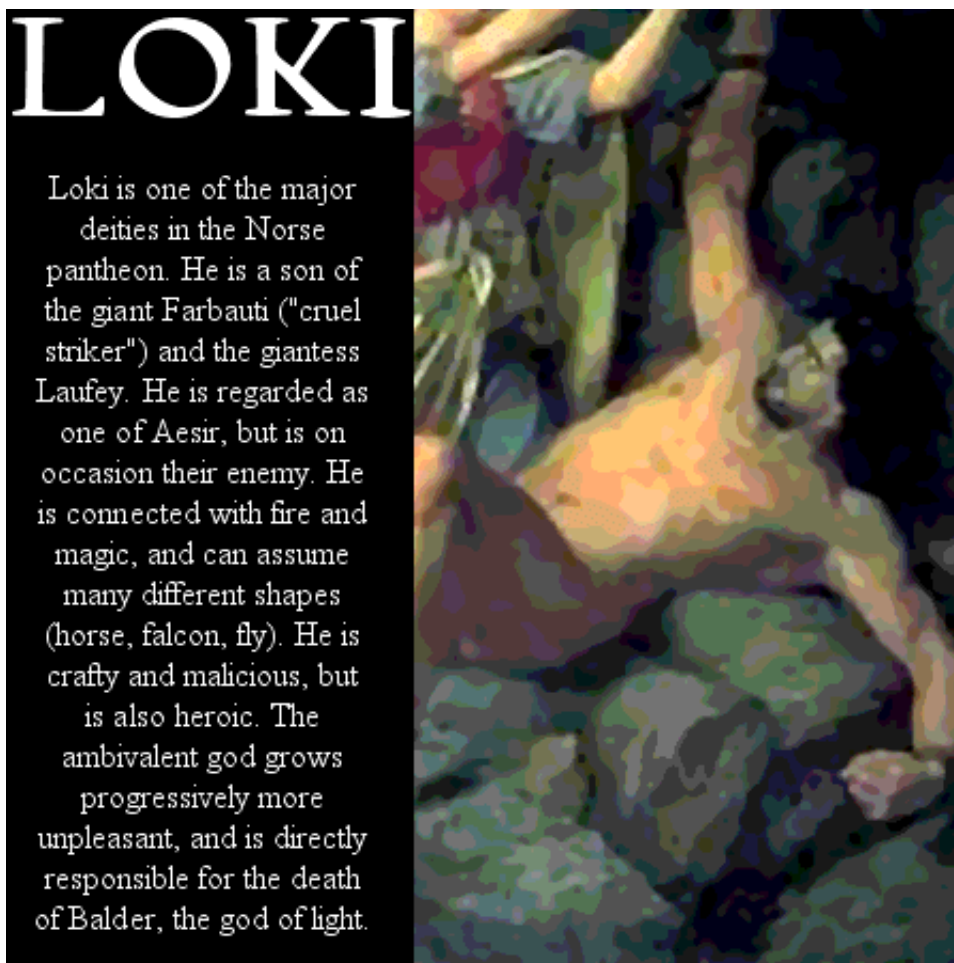
Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

121 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

KABUKI



Loki is one of the major deities in the Norse pantheon. He is a son of the giant Farbauti ("cruel striker") and the giantess Laufey. He is regarded as one of Aesir, but is on occasion their enemy. He is connected with fire and magic, and can assume many different shapes (horse, falcon, fly). He is crafty and malicious, but is also heroic. The ambivalent god grows progressively more unpleasant, and is directly responsible for the death of Balder, the god of light.

I was just thinking about things I wrote earlier, people I've encountered so far, this nexion, and the private nature of those involved in this nexion, like myself. Everything just got me thinking about "stuff." What got me thinking was a conversation I had with an associate of the Acception as we were talking about 352, ONA, and all the major personalities involved. I didn't come to realize anything until I examined my own natural personality/character.

Like I remember when I was a little girl, maybe 6 years old. I was playing outside in the front yard. I remember going to walk along the curb of the sidewalk and as I was trying to stay balanced a ways down from my house I saw a small pile of broken glass in front of this one boys house I sometimes played with who was about my age too.

I picked up the glass which were square shaped. I figured to myself that it must have come from the window of a car, since cars usually park there, and something must have busted the window? I saw how some of them sparkled in my hand and I pretended they were diamonds. Like I found a pile of diamond.

That boy came out when he saw me squatting by the curb I guess. He ran out side to me and

asked me: What's that? I looked at him for a bit and said: Diamonds. I found them, do you wanna hold one? He did, so I let him hold one and I watched him, to see if he would say something like ~Hey liar, it's glass... But he didn't He said: Wow, diamonds, you're rich!

I can't really explain that little stir of something I felt inside when I saw that he couldn't see that it was glass. I had this smile on my face, the kind of smile you make when you were little and you told a lie to your mom, and she believed it! I told the dumb boy: Do you want some, you can give it to your mom as a surprise, she'll be happy? He said: Yeah! As his eyes got real big. So I asked him: Do you have a dollar? He said he didn't have a dollar.

When I was little, my brother and I would go into our parents closet and go through our dad's pants pocket for pocket change. So I told the dumb boy: Go into your dad's closet and look in his pockets. I'll wait here. He ran inside real quick. When the coast was clear I let my self go and I gave this giggle and I felt something inside. Like a feeling I was smarter than him, and he was dumb, and he believed what I told him.

The dumb boy came back with some pocket change a bit later. Back then I can only tell if a bill was a dollar if it was paper and had the number 1 on it or if there were 4 quarters. He didn't have 4 quarters, but it didn't matter because I didn't even want the money; I wanted to get him in trouble.

I gave him the whole pile. I didn't want it anyways – it was glass. I gave the glass to him and told him: Go give them to you mom and tell her you gave me money for it, she'll be so happy! And he ran off inside like a retard into the house. I stood up and walked to my house very, very slowly... listening for voices. All I heard was his fat mom say: Those aren't diamonds, it's glass, that girl tricked you for your money, you ain't playing with her no more! Then I ran home fast just in case the cow came after me for my pocket change.

I felt something bubbling inside when I was in my room after I had hauled ass inside. I couldn't stop giggling. It wasn't a giggling of something being funny; but a different kind of giggling. I couldn't rationalize it back then. All I knew was that it felt good and fun to get him in trouble from a lie I told which he believed, because he was stupider than me. I never really grew out of that. Whatever it was, it just grew with me.

There are in different cultures and world religions these god archetypes that are odd balls that don't seem to have any superpowers but causing trouble, reeking havoc, and straight up blaspheming things. Like Shiva, what a character he is. You read the myths about Shiva and they are just way out there. He kills people with his third eye, he walks in public naked with erections. He chases young girls and rapes them. This one myth even tells of a time when Shiva masturbated in a public and jizzed on the ground. And how he makes people worship him by worshiping a big Dick. It's called a Lingam, Sri Lingam, or Linga, which all means Dick in Sanskrit. LOL! It's so typical of a guy to want people to worship his dick too. Do you ever wonder what type of person thought up of Shiva and his cult?

Or the Greeks have this goddess named Eris, who one day got jealous of Aphrodite and she rolled a golden apple with Kallisti (the Prettiest One) into a party the gods were at and all the

goddesses fought each other for it. Or the better known archetype is Loki the Trickster.

I've often read that god-forms like Shiva and Loki imparts wisdom and enlightenment, but I could never see how a person being tricked could find wisdom in being made a fool. Not until a later thought about my own past experiences. Like that dumb boy I sold glass to. He was stupid, I tricked him, he was allowed to go through the whole experience on his own, and in the end he did wise up to know many things. Things that we must each experience and realize on our own, rather than be told. So then in a way, there is a teaching without teaching.

Like a Zen koan in a way. A koan is basically those dumb questions a Zen master asks a new student, like: What is the sound of one hand clapping. These koans have no real answer. They are asked for a reason. The new, often young student has an immature feel or need to impress his master, and most often is not trained to use his mind to speculate, contemplate – to THINK. The young initiate will actually try hard to think of the “right” answer to tell his Master. A good Zen Master will never tell the student that there is no answer, it would defeat the purpose. At some point, the new student will REALIZE on his own, that the question was intended to teach him how to THINK for himself, and actually has no real answer. This is called Enlightenment – when we come to a private emotional realization of things.

What we believe to be thinking, is most often the same thing a computer does – dig up stored files. We read things or hear things, store them in our brain, and when exam day comes we try to recall what we had so-call “learned.” If this is thinking and being smart, then my computer is one intelligent machine!

What got me thinking about the Trickster archetype and the ONA; my own self and others who react to the ONA in a certain way. Most of us that are into the ONA take it seriously in our own way, and when someone says something negative about it we often react.

And I do admit I am very guilty of doing this. I mean the whole Blackwood episode and us for instance. I did get offended when Blackwood once said what he said, claimed what he claimed, and talked shit about me. Because I thought I knew something about the ONA, like I had the answers and I was right. Just like those critics that took what they believed to be the ONA to seriously and criticized me or whatever; because they also believed that they knew it all and had all the real answers.

I suddenly realized I was looking at the ONA in my own way from the inside. Inside a box that I was put into. And I asked myself: Hey, wait a minute, how does Long/Myatt see the ONA, he can't take it too seriously, he's a Muslim!?

What if this whole ONA thing is like Myatt's way of teaching, without teaching? Like a Sinister Koan? And we just don't get it? Do you think Myatt is giggling somewhere out there over all this? How we're all running around trying to figure out if he is some lunatic English person Opfering people in the hills and shires somewhere... some weird nazi movement leader... a Islamic spiritual leader... What the Hell?!

It's not that the trickster type have nothing else better to do with their lives, so they pick on

dumb people for fun and games. These types have a certain kind of large intelligence and thinking process that just expresses itself that way naturally. Most often these types make the best and cleverest predators. And if we look closely, and we know our psychology well, we can see that the ONA was invented by such a mind. Not so much to take advantage of those Genuine 'adepts' in the ONA. But to provide a means to express that same predatorial nature. As if the ONA were a Sinister University, and those who truly graduate it end up not only refining their craft, but with a well thought out and tested system to use.

Being a Trickster and/or Predator does require a large amount of intelligence, thinking, awareness, skills like evaluation and problem solving. It requires the ability to apprehend situations, empathize with prey, know people – how they “think,” act, react, feel, believe, to deduce the best and most effective course of action. It's by no accident that Nature gives such animals a coveted position in the food chain, and the coveted large brain. It's very simple to see the difference in the level of intelligence when you compare something like a gazelle to a cheetah or lion. You can see in the cheetah's eyes its immense intelligence.

I was just thinking how stupid some people might be for actually believing Myatt really believes himself to be a Muslim. This assumption is coming from me – someone who thinks she knows a few ONA secrets like Insight Role. It's easy for me to say: Pssh, yeah right, Myatt's about as Muslim as I am, I laugh at the Muslims who read his Islamic writing and run amok for Allah and the English Imam. After all we know he's not...?

But then I wondered if people actually laugh at me for reading Anton Long's writings, and running amok for the ONA and taking it seriously? What if I'm “seeing” the ONA from an immature “Zen student taking a koan seriously perspective,” and not from the perspective of a Zen Master?

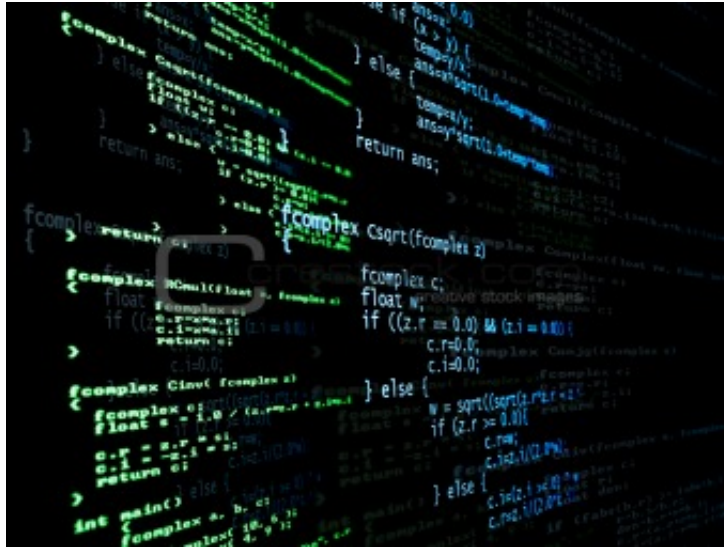
I don't know Anton Long, but if he is the trickster type, then I can deduce he is having a good laugh somewhere out there at all of us trying to figure things out, because I would be too. All of us too mesmerized by his Kabuki theatrics to learn. Or worse, too “into” the ONA to figure out what it was really intended to do to us... for us? Genius! If there was one question I could ask Long it would be: How do you really see the ONA, what is it to you personally? Because I would rather see it like him, then see it the way some were intended to see it.

Chloe 352



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

LANGUAGE



I have these thoughts still on my mind about what we talked about in Et Cetera Vel Quispiam, Kayla's illustration and stuff, which got me thinking about human language and it's effect it has on how we mentally "see" the world.

The English language is great I believe. I personally think the world should just give up and make it the Earth's Auxiliary language. But that's just me. Most opponents to the idea of English as the World Language will say things like: But it will undermine and destroy native culture and identity. Shut up!

There's 300 million citizens in America; maybe a good half or so have their own native culture and exo-English identity – like me. Most of these people speak English; sometimes as a first language, other times as a second. But you don't see any of them brainwashed by English into a cultureless American drone. English actually adds to their identity; as well as give them a DIFFERENT method of expressing that cultural identity.

The only problem is, to me, the English language comes with a major flaw which disturbs our eyes and how we interpret the world. The Flaw is the word: To Be – Is, Am, Are.

We learn in basic math that the word "IS" means Equal To or the SAME as: Two plus two IS four. Which means (2+2) IS EQUAL or the SAME THING as the number (4) and implies that there is no difference between (2+2) and (4). Even though we can visually see that they are completely different sets of numerical characters which look nothing like each other. This causes a major problem when we use the word "IS" with our own selves as living beings.

For instance, if I were to say: I AM a doctor. In the mind this comes to mean that the living causal being which is Me, IS EQUAL to or the SAME thing as a Doctor. When you are raised inside the English language – when your brain has been wired and programmed to translate English into conscious bits of pictures and things, it causes the individual to automatically bind

it's self identity with what it does – and confusion sets in.

Fortunately for me, I was raised bi-lingual. I was raised with my brain wired to interpret both English and Khmer (Cambodian).

“I am a doctor” in Khmer doesn't exist as a statement. It's impossible to use the Khmer language to render that simple statement, because the Khmer language doesn't have a word for “IS.” In Khmer, it would be like this [I'll use the Francophone spelling, since French has more sounds in common with Khmer]:

“Kgnome [formal I] Twer [do] Kar [work] Doctor.” The word “Kgnome” actually means “slave/servant” but it's a “formal way” for peasants to refer to their person. Khmer by the way also is devoid of real personal pronouns. In our culture, you can tell what strata of society you come from by what words you use, especially what you use as personal pronouns. This sentence in Khmer literally means: “The Servant Does Work As a Doctor.” The way this statement is structured makes it impossible for the individual to psychologically merge it's self identity with what it does for work. The two phenomena remains separate phenomena: the living being (Kgnome) and what it does for work (Doctor). Whereas in English, there exists the illusion of these two phenomenons being the same thing: I = Doctor. Actually, instead of altering the person's identity, the statement – neurolinguatic program – in Khmer KEEPS the person's identity in order – just because you work as a doctor, doesn't mean you are not a Kgnome/Servant-peasant.

It happens also when we express our religious affiliation. In English it would be for example: I AM a Christian or I AM Buddhist. This creates the illusion that the “I” (the self) is the same thing as Christianity or Buddhism. It implies that the Christianity or Buddhism is somehow a part of the I. As this will demonstrate: I am Buddhist – Buddhist am I. In both cases the statement makes “sense” to the English mind painting an illusion that the “I” = Buddhism, and the Buddhism = “I.” There is a clear merger of Identity/Self with the set of abstract convictions/Buddhism.

In Khmer, it's different. If my grandpa were to ask me what my religion was I would have only two real ways to express my religious affiliation: 1) Chloer Juer [believes] Sasna [religion] Christianity or 2) Chloer Jol [go into] Sasna [religion] Pribudh [Buddha]. In Khmer, I don't become my religion, nor am I my religion. I either believe what the religion teaches, or I go into it like I would a house. In both cases, what I am as a living being, and what I believe are two very different and separate things. I am still me, regardless of what I believe or go into, which has nothing to do with who/what I am as a living being. There's actually no real single word for “religion” in Khmer. Sas in Khmer means race/ethnicity. Sasna means something like “tradition,” “culture,” or a collection of wise teaching of a Sas. Sasna in Sanskrit means “wisdom” or teaching of a race of people. It has it's Semetic/Kemetic cognatives as in the Wise Pharaoh Shoshenq, or Sheshonq, aka Shishaq (from the Bible).

It's hard to see the illusion – the blur between the Self and it's accessories – not until the individual is Questioned, does the illusion/psychosis become apparent. To illustrate, if my grandpa were to question my religious affiliation in Khmer, he would asked me: Haet-Ey

[why/what for] Chloe Jol [go into] Sasna [religion] Christianity? In a way he is asking me why I ventured INTO the religion, as if to suggest that there must be something inside which I see which I wanted to see closer out of curiosity. This question also suggest him asking me how long I will stay inside, and if I will be leaving soon. It would be the same question a brother would ask you if you went inside his room. Notice in noway is my grampa attacking me as a person. Knowing that he is not attacking as a person, I do not have a need to validate my Self/Existence to him. The answer would be to give the reasoning behind why I went into it, or to name an "object" that caught my interest: To learn; because it's teachings interest me.

Now, the interesting part – if I were to question your religious affiliation in English, it is a completely different mater: Why ARE-YOU Christian? This question in English has the same essence as the question "Who are you," "Why are you;" "What are you?" (The very same questions the caterpillar was asking Alice in Wonderland). Chances are, when you are asked this question, you aren't going to answer at the top of your head: Oh, I see something interested in it, I won't be long. I'm just having a look around that all, maybe learn something. This question becomes a direct attack on you and your existence as a living being. The answer you will give is a resume or list of factors which VALIDATES your own BEING/nature: Because I am a sinner. The mind has confused it's very being/nature with a pile of arbitrary memplexes or abstract beliefs. Do a thought experiment with yourself – ask yourself: Why am I a Satanist? Then observe your feelings. Are you questioning your beliefs or your very being? What kind of answers do you give yourself to validate your "Satanicness?"

So when we hear statements like Myatt IS a Nazi; he IS a Satanist, and has BECOME a Muslim; something weird goes on in our Englishified minds. We SEE some person named "Myatt" changing, malting, transforming into one thing and another, and it makes it seem as though this person is either "searching" for an identity or unsure of what it is or wants to be as a living being. When it simply is not the case. Actually the first statement in Khmer would make more sense: Myatt Juer [believes] Dotch [like] Pug [those people] Nazi. In this case, Myatt, the act of him believing, and "those Nazi people" are kept distant and separated from each other as three separate factors. In other words: the Self or living being is independent of what it does or believes in. Myatt doesn't 'become' a Nazi. He isn't a Nazi. He chooses to believe like "those nazi peole."

If you were actually to say all three statements about Myatt up there in Khmer: Lok [sir] Myatt Juer [believe] Dotch [like] Pug [those people] Nazi; Hai [and/and then] Lok [the sir] Twer [do] Satanist; hai [and/and then] Jol [goes into] Islam, Tiad [again/also/one more time] – he could actually "be" all three at the same time without any confusion; or it makes it sound like Myatt is just going shopping for things, or that he's a busy multi-tasked man.

English is a great language, but it does have problems. These problems isn't just about a simple word "IS," and the etymological or linguistic meaning of "IS." It's a major causal problem.

Language – that is the lexicon of words we use and think in – is like HTML to our "neurological computer." It programs in our minds templates of thoughts. These thoughts in turn manifest emotions. And those emotions in turn influence our actions – which, of course produces

results.

“IS” just isn’t a two letter word then. It is a major cause of psychosis and other mental disorders. Just do some research on countries or cultures whose language has “IS” in it and tally up the cases of mental disease, with cultures that lack “IS,” and you will begin to see something very scary.

“IS” makes the neurological system which is wired to use it BELIEVE that IT (it’s self identity) IS the same thing as the label, job, work, religion that IT believes or does. “IS” makes the Self believe that IT is not whole without what it believes in or does.

How many people in America can’t seem to differentiate themselves from what they do for a living? Cops, politicians, whatever; who become lost in the illusion of losing themselves in arbitrary functions and abstract ideologies. Who suffer from mental disorders. How many people suffer from failed marriages, high divorce rates, self loathing, and suicide who can’t separate themselves from their Christianity, Mormonism, Homosexuality, or whatever?

This little essay may at face value seem to have nothing to do with the ONA, when in fact it does. Because you really cannot evolve or progress your Self into a new or higher being if that Self is hopelessly lost inside a twisted maze of arbitrary-abstract labels and beliefs – “old aeonic forms” as Myatt would put it. You must, as Myatt struggled to do, liberate yourself from these old aeonic forms. Only then, when you have dis-covered your true Self, can you begin to the work of Self evolution.

The Self is independent and separate from the labels and beliefs it uses. Labels only help classify things; and beliefs only help to interpret reality into bite sized bits the mind can understand. Beyond it’s objective functions, labels and beliefs have no other purpose or relevance to either the living being itself, or the reality it exists in.

Wait, I just changed my own mind about English being the World Language...

Chloe



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

LIBERATION



Liberation

Me and the entire “family” – meaning anything remotely related to us – spent Thanksgiving at grandma’s House. After the initial morning hellos and catch ups, and after the dinner, a Thai/Khmer family breaks up into age groups almost naturally during such family gatherings. All the old people gathered together – like always – in a corner to gossip, plot, and plan. All of the grown ups form this big circle by themselves – like always – to drink and gamble with playing cards with their piles of money. Then all “kids” [23 and younger] are left – like always – to reek havoc amongst their peers. Which means that if you are me and my age, you are naturally stuck babysitting 50 kids.

I was hanging out in a big sitting room with Kayla, one of our friends we brought with us, a younger cousin Salia, Jessica, and their big sister [in college] who broke her foot after a semitruck sideswiped her, to keep her company. We were talking quietly by ourselves in a sensible fashion, and these little boy cousins and nephews were running around screaming, with their nerf guns shooting and throwing balls at us every other minute.

When all the really little ones are gathered in a large group like this playing and screaming around the house, the elders complain in annoyance saying to themselves almost always something like: “Look at all them, just like maggots, just a big mess of them squirming and not keeping still.” Then they’d laugh and point fingers at each other cursing the one among them who had the most progeny affectionately.

They can be annoying, but I love the creativity, originality, imagination, and manner of self expression they have at that age. I think it’s beautiful, and I can appreciate the same primal imaginative impulse, beauty of expressive creativity and originality in big people as well.

Their creativity and imagination seems so bottomless, like they can imagine and make believe anything out of thin air to entertain themselves. So I was sitting there watching the little group of nieces and one nephew assemble together and talk amongst each other about playing house. The 5 year old boy cousin is nicknamed "Panya" which is the Buddhist word for "clever," or "cunningness," or "wily." Since he was the only boy playing house I tried to subtly make fun of him and asked him: "Panya, are you gunna play house with the girls?" And he says: "Yeah." Then my injured cousin says: "Uh oh, there you go, there's always one in every family."

I actually find it fascinating; in an amateur anthropological-sociological way to watch my very young cousins play. This group of little cousins [and nieces] ranged from ages 3-7. The little 3 year old only speak Khmer, the 6-7 year olds know both but only use only English; and the 4-5 year olds know both but mix the two, seeming unable to understand that they are using two different human languages to convey their ideas. But somehow everyone seems to understand each other fine.

They started to "build" this "House" out of chairs, coffee tables, vase stands, sofas, and blankets. Then they brought their dolls out, and everybody pretended to be mothers, daughters, sisters, and nobody really knew what Payna was supposed to be, but he was wearing high heels he found in the pile of shoes by the door by himself.

But the most fascinating aspect of their pretend play was the "little world" they expressed or manifested through their child Minds in their play. There was a little House, and things associated with this House was well defined and formulated in their make believe imaginings. I mean to say that there were bedrooms, kitchens, make believe stoves, even bathrooms and a garage with a toy car in it. Then the 5-7 year olds incorporated elements into this world. The 5-7 year old dictated to each other about school, and going to school; while Panya was instructed he should go to "work" far away.

I noticed that the more "distant" the aspects of their little world was from the House; the less defined and more abstract and hazy they were. What I mean is when I asked Panya what he did at "work" he was unable to tell me what grown ups actually do at work. Instead he creatively filled that Unknown with a fallacious idea of what he believes people at work do. And when the 4 year olds – who were too young to go to real schools – were pretending to be going to school according to the dictates of the 5-7 years old, they could not tell me what people do at school. When I asked, they shyly smiled, looked down, and said: "I don't know." But when I pressed them to tell me, they fabricated a fallacious – yet creative – idea about what goes on at school to fill their Unknowns with.

As I was watching them play house with this in mind, something *snapped* in the back of my mind, and I started to Think and Ponder. What were they really Doing? What was I observing? Why was Panya unable to clearly express and make believe a real working environment? And why were the 4 year olds unable to clearly manifest a make believe school environment that was accurate? Because they had never been to work or school.

Samsara

I'm not going to pretend that Buddhists invented the term "samsara" and that the crazy Hindus stole it and changed its meaning out of ignorance. I'm just going to say that 500BC was a time when the world in that area at the time was experiencing some sort of Age of Enlightenment when people were liberating themselves from Brahmanism's dogmatic world views and creating new schools and strains of philosophy. This was also the general era when the great philosophical fathers of China existed [such as Lao Tzu who wrote the Tao Te Ching].

So the word or idea of "Samsara" may have been coined during this time, and this word may have been floating around as a meme from person to person, and school of thought to school of thought, changing. In the same way that the word and idea of "Enlightenment" has been floating around in the West since the Age of Enlightenment, and as it floats from person to person, and group to group, it may morph into different meanings to different people. So "Samsara" is just like that.

The oldest organized group to use the word/idea "Samsara" were the Shramanic line of thought, and the proto "Buddhist," and "Jain" schools of thought that evolved out of it. In their hands and in the hands of the latter developed early schools of Buddhism, "Samsara" had a rational and sensible meaning.

When the neo-Brahmanist proto-Hindus annexed the word, samsara took on a lunatic meaning. To the Hindus Samsara is the cycle of rebirth that all sentient beings are trapped inside, except the gods. That's not the actual lunatic part. It's their cosmology and how samsara fits in that cosmology that is crazy. To them the universe is infinite, and every "kabillion" years is destroyed and recreated again. BUT in this infinite universe there is a single planet, on which all sentient life is trapped in some fucked up marry go round of cyclical birth and death? Somebody tell me what in the hell the rest of the infinite universe is for then if EVERYBODY is stuck on the same earth?

Basically Samsara is made of two words. Sama and Sara. Sama is a distant cousin of the English word "Same," but roughly means "Together," or "Shared," or "Common." Sara means "To Flow," and also may denote a River or Lake. It is the root word found in the name *Saraswati*, meaning Lady of the Lake/River/Flow. Together "Samsara" just means to "Flow Together," or a "Common/Shared Flow" and is a symbolical expression.

There are modern slang terminologies in American English which actually uses very similar symbolical language to roughly denote the same idea or concept: "Rolling," "Rolling Deep," "Rolling Together," "Rolling With the homies," "That's how my Niggas Roll," etc.

What's it basically mean when I say "That's how We Roll." It means that's how we do things; or how we operate together as a group; that's our common/shared way; how we function together to get things done. "Ride," also is used to express the same idea. From the idea that homeboys Ride together in cars taking care of business [drivebies] in a group. "That's how we Ride Nigga." I suppose since there were no Cadillac's in Punjabiland circa 500BC, young prehistoric thugs must have been riding in Boats down rivers together or something, so they say: "That's how we Flow Together," "This is our Flow," "You wanna Samsara wit us, you's

gotta be down.”

And so, in pre-Hindu days, Samsara actually did not describe a place where one goes. It actually describes what one is Doing, or denotes a Process and Causal Association of how one ends up doing something; over and over again. Like they say in the hood: “Once you start Rolling with your Road Doggs, ain’t no way outa the game till you put six foot under Blood.” You can’t escape the hood, like you can’t escape Samsara, once you in, you in. Or another way to put it, as one of my street sisters says: “You can take the girl out of the hood, but you can’t take the hood out of the girl.” And when she said that, she unknowingly expressed the essence and Nature of Samsara.

But what is Samsara though, and how does it tie in with children playing House? I used my girl cousins playing House as an analogy because it would be the easiest way for me to describe Samsara in such a way that it becomes intuitively understandable. And I’m not trying to express “Buddhist” doctrine. These are just words, the only words I know, that adequately explains things I see.

You see, my little cousins and nieces were born, raised, and conditioned inside a House [obviously]. In such a way that as their brain and mind developed, that House they were born into is interpreted by their little minds as “The World.” Meaning that the House[s] they were raised in – and more importantly: Conditioned Inside Of – and what domestic aspects are associated with their House Environment, is all they literally know the World to be at that age. Which is why when you observe them expressing their creativity and actions, they do what? They re-create that House World in their play. They manifest through their actions, words, and expression, the Environment/World/House they were Conditioned Inside Of.

When we take a closer look at the scenario of my little cousins playing house, we will observe Three Casually Connected Phenomena. When I say “causally connected phenomena” I mean that each phenomenon is influenced or caused or comes into being because of the other. The First Phenomenon is the actual House they were born and raised inside of, which can be termed the “Primary Condition.” The Second Phenomenon is How that Primary Condition is apprehended and interpreted by their little minds which we may call the “Internal Condition.” We have many words in English with various values and qualities that try to describe this Internal Condition: worldview, paradigm, weltanschauung, “imprintation,” etc, but this Internal Condition also influenced their habit or mode or method of thought process. The Third Phenomenon is Causal Expression, as in how they act, do, play, express, manifest, etc, in the real world of experience.

Thus, when you have a group of children who have all been born, bred, raised, nurtured, trained, and conditioned inside the same causal environment or primary condition, they will develop similar Internal Conditions, and therefore they will not only see the “world” in the same way, but do and act in a common or shared, or similar way together, which is Samsara. In my little cousin’s case, their Samsara is expressed through them as pretend games of Play House.

But what does all this mean on a big people level? It means that quite literally, we never grow

out of Playing House; it's just that our "House" gets bigger as we grow up. We never leave the "House." And we can tell most of us never leave the House, and have lost ourselves deep in the phantoms of our Samsara we have created for ourselves. How so? By our actions and what we manifest in life.

For example, if we were to observe my cousins play house, we can ask ourselves: "Where are they getting the idea of a house from?" And the answer simply is the big House they were born inside of or conditioned inside of. Every aspect of their play, the dolls representing children, pretend stoves, pretend parents, are things they have seen and experienced expressed through their words and actions after being processed and filtered by their minds. Those things which they have directly experienced, they can re-create very clearly. But as we observed, what they have not directly experienced is abstract, hazy, and unclear. But they are creative enough to explain away what they do not know in such a way that to their little minds, their Internal Condition has no unknown gaps. Like how our brain fills in our blind spots, making it appear as though we are seeing Everything.

So we look at a segment of the grown up world which most of us can relate to see this same pretend games and Play House phenomenon. If we examine the religious sector of humanity and their religions for example. People are born and raised inside of a religion which is their Primary Condition. This religious memplex is imprinted on our conscious minds from birth, and from this impression and conditioning we have our Internal Condition. Then we causally express that Internal Condition in everything we say and do in life. If we are priests writing bibles, we predictably fill our heavens with Cities made of Gold, like the New Jerusalem. If we have been exposed to wars and battles in our Primary Condition, such wars and battles predictably make their cameo in the book of Revelation. Like children playing house where they pretend to be parents and make dolls their pretend children, grown ups play doll with their gods. And those idea which these priests have no real experience of, are hazy, iffy, phantasmic, and questionable; whereas concepts and ideas they have been exposed to in life, are well thought out and defined.

I love how grown people play imaginary doll and not even know it. How they name their cute little god dolls all these pretty names, and how they have the image of what their god dolls look like, act like, complete with how their god dolls have likes and dislikes, such as liking goat sacrifices but really hates homosexual sex. And you watch these little girls play doll, observing how they verbally, mentally, and physically manipulate and animate their dolls to life, and we see the same shit in grown ups with their god dolls. And just like dolls, gods have "Houses" too, big ones, heavens, paradise, seven story heaven even. And what do children do when they Play House, as they are playing? They narrate stories or tell each other stories about what is going on, and everybody agrees and plays along occasionally adding their own things to such narrations. And so what do we observe in the grown up? Priests and religionists – being adults – can write, so we predictably see volumes and volumes of myths, legends, and "scriptural accounts" literally ever since Man learned how to scribble on cave walls.

The Urban Reality

We don't like to admit it, or we just can't put two and two together, but most of us humans

living in developed nations, were all born, bred, raised, trained, school, and conditioned inside a city and abstract urbanized State. A city is a man made thing that is built on top of what was once Nature. If you stare down your city street and believe that the urban scenery you are viewing is Natural or Nature, there is something wrong with you. That's the House you were born and conditioned in, which you never leave. And how you act, behave, speak, think, and interpret data is influenced by that primary urban condition.

You believe life is a struggle or that only the fittest survives, and you may project that "world view," or "paradigm" out into "reality." Yet you fail to realize that you have only lived in an Urban environment your whole life, and have never lived in a jungle, with nature like many indigenous tribes still do. Neither have you ever directly studied or observed animals in their natural environment. Do those people struggle to make a living or to get by? Does a fruit bat struggle or does Nature just provide it nectar everywhere?

I'll give you an example of how my own urban samsara influenced the way I interpreted "reality" or an aspect of reality. How such was a limitation to on my understanding of how an aspect of reality works outside my urban imprintation. And how I freed my perception from this urban limitation.

In my family, whenever a girl gets pregnant we drive down to China Town to an herbal shop to buy a certain kind of Traditional Chinese Medicine. I've always thought real medicine were pills or liquid in bottles, that doctors made specifically and scientifically to fix issues. The traditional Chinese medicine don't look like that. It looks like somebody raked their front yard and put the leaves and stuff with the bugs into a bag and called it medicine?

Apparently different mixtures of bark, leaves, bugs, roots, and crap [sometime literally], do different things. I can't tell. Those Chinese will make a tea out of anything. I saw this basket of weird long dried shriveled curly "things" and me and my mom looked at each other wondering what kind of plant it possibly came from. I asked the Chinese guy working there what I was looking at – as my mom was handling one and smelling it – and he makes a fist and rapidly jerks it upwards and says: "Make man strong!" So I was like, damn is that what I think it is, so I asked him what they were, and he said wild pig penis. You had to be there to see my mom's face.

So we take that "medicine" and put it into a big jar, then we pour vodka or whiskey into it, and let the concoction sit there for nine month so that the alcohol draws out all the stuff, turning into something that looks like really dark tea, which has a "medicinie" smell, and tastes like fucking shit, as if you took everything bitter you knew was bitter and made juice out of it all, then mixed it with hard liquor. This particular mixture is used to shrink your tummy after you give birth back to its original size, gets rid of stretch marks, also shrinks "something else" back to its original size, then helps you regain your full strength back. You drink it as soon as you give birth, a shot in the morning, and on in the evening. My mom when she was pregnant was staring at her bottle of "medicine" as I pointed out to her a big earth worm and said: "Are you gunna drink that?" And she says: "God knows what those Chinese people put in there. For all we knew it could be stuff from their back yard, and here we are drinking it like idiots."

But I wondered how the hell they know what types of plants and bugs to mix together. They've been doing it for thousands of years, so I figured that maybe they learn from trial and error? Or something. But that didn't make any sense to me. In my mind I imagined a group of primitive prehistoric scientists walking around the jungle together experimenting and sampling things. So one of the guys says: "Go eat that wild mushroom over there and see what it does to you, it's for science." Which didn't seem practical. I knew that the pharmaceutical industry sends in scouts into places like the Amazon jungle and they work with local indigenous cultures to learn about various plants. They'd take their research and plant information and put it thru the scientific method, then isolate the active chemicals. But how did those "primitive" indigenous people know about the plants in the first place?

I ended up reading this one book written by an Occult Clown to try and research the medicinal relationship between plants and humans, to see if I can figure out how we humans know what plants cures what ailment. In this guy's book, he basically goes through this long discourse of how Nature is alive and provides for our every sickness and disease and that we can tell what plants did what for us by the shape of their leaves, branches, or roots. He gives examples and says that leaves that are heart shaped cures heart disease, kidney shaped leaves fixes kidney problems. Mandrake fixes sexual ailments since the root looks like naked bodies. I thought that was the stupidest book I had ever bought and read. I threw it away.

This other book I bought was written by this other Western guy who says he studies shamanism with these South American shamans. This one seems more realistic since he visited "shamans." And he said that the old shamans can talk to the plants telepathically because their minds have been tuned into the life force of plants like that. So the plants telepathically tell the shamans what they cure, and the shamans just teach the regular people. Then the guy teaches you how to shamanically communicate with plants by meditating next to plants in all these yoga positions and thinking nice thoughts to the plant to connect with it and after a while of practice, you should be able to carry on conversations with a Ficus. I threw that book away too, after I threw it across the room, but unfortunately I had no other alternative theory, so I accepted this one as the most "reasonable" since back then I was not as smart as I am today.

So one day we had gone to visit the wat [temple] where my monk grandpa lived for a religious holiday. While I was sitting with my monk grandpa and his fellow monk friend down in the sitting room after serving them lunch, I thought I'd ask my grandpa how people know what plants cures what sickness. So after I briefly explain to my grandpa about the traditional Chinese medicine our girls drink after they are pregnant, I asked him how "they" knew what plants and roots to use.

My grandpa asked: "Tell me what you think first, how do people know." So I said something like: "Well, maybe these monk type old people living in the forest can talk to the plants, and the plants tell them?" Then all the monks laughed, and my grandpa turns to his fellow monk friends and says: "Did you hear my grand daughter, she thinks plants talks to people."

He said: "You are born in cities. What do you know outside city stuff? Your eyes open inside a city, and it sees everything as a city. In ancient times when our ancestors lived in tribes inside

forests, with nature, the men would go out to hunt you see. We only kill what we need, and only take from the forest what we need. So, on the way back from a long hunt, the men will sometimes see a boy monkeys collecting leaves and berries, but not eating them for himself. Since they did not need to kill the monkey, they follow these boy monkeys out of curiosity to learn what the monkey does with the plants he was collecting. The men would see in their nests and hollows of trees where such monkeys lives that each the boy monkeys would gives certain plants and berries to the girl monkeys that had just given birth to a baby to eat. So the ancient people learned to follow the example of animals. That's how the ancient people knew about plants from. From the wisdom of animals that live in the forest, and from living close to Nature. From observing and studying animals and nature directly. But you will never know of these things. A fruit which grows in Nature flows with Nature. A fruit which grows in things man made, flows with things man made."

The Factory Of Suffering

In English we call a Buddhist monk a "Monk," which to us has the feel of a religious authority of some type, or someone who has joined a monastic order to take religious vows to some god for some reward. This isn't what a Buddhist "monk" was originally.

The Pali word translated into "monk" is Bhikkhu, which is Bhiksu or Bhikshu in Sanskrit. Bhikkhu is an ancient cousin of the English word "Beggar." In fact the "root" of each word still resembles each other phonetically: Bhik/Beg. A Bhikkhu literally means a Beggar, Vagabond, Homeless Person, a Bum. He has chosen to be a bum to remove himself from the samsara of urban reality to graft himself back into the Flow of Nature and Reality which exists outside the illusions – artificiality – of man made cities.

The city, and the daily life in a city is samsara, it is the flow you flow together with every other person. You have no choice or other alternative but to go with the flow of a city. The current of the city entraps you mentally, psychologically, and physically. Escaping the white rapids of a city is hard and near impossible. Once you are born inside an urban world, you will die in it. Even if you leave, you will take that urban imprinting with you wherever you go.

How are you trapped in the current of urban samsara? If you one day got tired of money because you are tired of being poor or tired of suffering and living in poverty and you said to yourself: "I have had enough, I am tired of being poor. I am not playing this money game with all you people any more. I'm opting out. Fuck your money!" Then what? Is it so easy to leave the current of money? Your house bills? Your car? Your food? Your children welfare? How will you eat and survive? You have no choice but to remain playing House with everybody else. Why? Because everybody else is asleep or equally find it useless to struggle free from the money game.

If you got tired of playing the work game, you can't opt out. You have no choice. Things about city life ties you down to the game. Without work you can pay for a house or car, or nice clothes. Looking like an unaccomplished loser means you will not have a girlfriend or wife. You are pegged or tied to the game by your own natural desires.

Opting out of the school game, has its consequences in the game. Opting out of the law game will land you in prison. Back in ancient times, opting out of the religion game was punished by death. You have no choice but to keep playing along, even if you are losing the game miserably.

This was also how things were in ancient times in India. But in ancient times a group of men learned how to escape the prison of suffering: They left the entire city-state and its urban way of life behind and became bums. In pre-Buddhist times they were the Shramana, Sramana, in Sanskrit; or Samana in Pali; which is related to the word "Shaman."

Samanas started off simple as men who just abandoned the city-state to live off the fat of the land in the jungles. They abandoned everything including the Vedic cult of the City-State. But gradually these Samana bums over thousands of years developed their own "Bum Way," which was based on abandoning the city-state, its religions, and ways, and learning to flow with Nature. Early Buddhism and Jainism came out of this Samana tradition. And so a Buddhist who had developed far enough to understand the trap of Urban Samsara "dropped out" of city-state life all together.

All bridges were burned. No more money. No more of the wife stuff or children stuff. No more living in houses. No more paying tributes to priests. No more fancy clothes. No more hair even. Just rags, begging for food, and taking care of each other [other beggars]. A Brotherhood and Sisterhood of beggars developed: the Sangha. All for something called "Jivita Suddha" or "The Peaceful Life" which was the opposite of the bullshit, stress, problems, and suffering, [Dukkha] of the Urban Game. One can say, they were literally lazy bums. In a way, these ancient Shramanas who dropped out of Vedic urban reality were like the Western phenomenon known as "Hippies," who psychologically tried to remove themselves from society to live their own way in Hippy Communes.

This is not to imply that Life/Existence is inherently full of suffering. In an unmolested Natural state, Life is very pleasant and enjoyable. In the sense that Life or Living Organisms in Nature do not exist in some state of suffering. It is a rich, enjoyable, experience, with the occasional challenges. And this enjoyable Flow of Life moves effortlessly unimpeded. Until a large rock – or artificial "superimposition" – which may not "belong" in this River makes itself an obstruction to the Flow and Way of Nature. In which case, we can clearly see a disturbance in the Flow and Way of Nature. Which unnatural disturbance may at times become a Primary Condition that gives rise to the feeling of Disturbance [Dukkha].

Things were much different back then. It was easy for a person who had gotten tired of the urban experiment to drop out and live in the wilderness. Back then even though there were kingdoms and empires that controlled vast territories of land, "State" power and force only extended a few miles beyond each city. The rest of the territory was open and free. Nowadays there is nowhere to run. You can't drop out of New York City to be a bum living off the fat of the land in Yosemite Park, because the State is there too. It's even impossible for real indigenous tribes of people living deep in the Amazon to live life their own way without some State and its policies – and that ever ubiquitous Mundane civilizer: Magian religions – getting up your ass in some way. But what's the Problem with Urban Reality anyways?

Going back to my little cousins playing house; we can ask ourselves [to better understand] why they aren't playing Government, or Imperial Expansion, or whatever. Why house of all things? The answer is because, they live in a house, which environment imprints itself onto their minds, influencing the way they think and see the "world." And so from that thought pattern, and way of seeing their world, action and behaviour arises and is expressed.

So we can in this scenario understand that if we were to get annoyed by such children playing house all the time, and we said to them: "Can't you guys play something else? There is something wrong with how you guys think and see the world. There's more to reality than a house. Your little world view and paradigm is small and stupid. Change it and play something different!" They won't be able to do anything different, because forcing someone to change their way of thinking and way of seeing the world, does not extricate their Mind out of the Primary Condition, which is the cause of the way of thinking and perception.

To alter the behaviour of these kids, you remove them from that house and expose them to a new environment, or you introduce new things to them. For example, you take them to an art museum to see painting and art work. They realize directly that there is "more" to reality than their house environment. Then you bring them home and give them crayons, paint, and paper and watch. What happens? Having an alternative or larger Primary Condition which now includes art work, they can opt to not even play house, and instead they express that same bottomless creativity through art. You expose children to music, concerts, and imbue their Primary Condition with music, and give them pianos, violins, and so on, and they will naturally express their numinous creativity and potential through music. The Internal Condition changes on its own in all cases to mirror what Primary Condition their Mind "exists inside" of.

It's easy to understand how this all works using easy to see environments. We can easily understand that the Matrix those kids' Minds are inside of causes to arise and influences their Internal Condition: all their little thoughts, thought patterns, world views; and that such Internal Conditions is "projected" back onto the causal environment through their modes and methods of expression, action, and behaviour. Such that we understand that if we wanted to change or alter how they express themselves, act, and behave, that we do not focus our assertion to change or alter, or brainwash their way of thinking and seeing the world. We simply give them a new "world," and everything readjusts accordingly.

When I use the word "Matrix" I just simply mean it in a very ordinary archeological way. A Matrix is the stuff that surrounds and envelops an artifact physically and then temporally. Or a crime scene: we can say a bloody knife is the artifact. The Matrix is the entire crime scene, every object and item around the bloody knife, and the time and place and condition. This Urban Reality is an artificial matrix into which we are born and conditioned inside of. Everything about it shapes and influences our internal condition, and that internal condition gives rise to our expression, emotion, action, and behaviour.

But yet we find it almost impossible as adults to figure out – or admit – the real and actual cause of our human problems. For example: Poverty. There are millions and millions of humans living in India, China, and Africa that exists in a state of total poverty, where they literally die of starvation. How does that happen? What causes that poverty? We point fingers

and blame poverty on many different things. Maybe they are stupid; they are undereducated; they should have gone to college; they're lazy, they're backwards; they're "undeveloped."

And war, with all the death and genocide that comes with it. We blame such causal manifestations on people's internal conditions. It's the Jews' fault because of their beliefs. It's the Palestinian's fault because of their hate filled beliefs. It's the fault of Marxist-Leninist ideology. And then regarding pollution and the exploitation of the earth, we blame this on internal conditions of people. It's because of capitalist ideology; it's because of Western materialist paradigm of wanting things they don't need; it's greed; it's the corporation's fault.

So having blamed the problems of humanity on internal conditions we focus our time and energy attacking people's worldviews, paradigms, process of thought, beliefs. And we replace their "bad" or unacceptable way of thinking and beliefs with "better" ideological shenanigans. All the while everyone stops short of blaming the obvious gorilla in the room that's often on our backs. That sacred cow we call the Nation-State.

That's like a gross misdiagnosis don't you think? When we see the manifestation of mass poverty, wholesale genocide of entire peoples, destruction of oceans and forests, and we say that such things is caused by belief, thinking, and ideology? We cover these symptoms up with sugar coated new doctrines and paradigm, neglecting to pay attention to the actual Cause. And sometimes we even go so far as to blame human suffering on Humans. You often here these Occult Clown mundanes feign misanthropia by hating people on account that humans are stupid and destructive. Yet such mundane misanthropists seem to have absolutely no problem upholding, defending, and submitting to the State laws these same humans they hate legislate and enforce. "But, but, that's different," they'll cry.

Nobody touches the Nation-State. The Nation-State is the crown jewel of Humanity. It's our Piece de Resistance! Why there's never been anything thing quite like it since the dawn of our species. It protects us, provides for us, knows what is best for us, it feeds us, it bequeaths unto us freedom and rights, it's provided us with all these wonderful shiny pots and pans and computers. It's better than Religion! We once thought Religion was the Supreme Masterpiece of Human creation, which Saved us, provided for us, protected us, fed us, gave us husbands and wives within the sacrament of holy matrimony. Oh but Religion was silly and tyrannical: obviously. Why it only took us 1000 years to figure that out. We're smarter than that now. We don't need Religion no more. The State is our Salvation. The State's secularism is now our civilized and developed way of life. And who would dare bad mouth Democracy which has given us liberty!?

There was a time when most humans on earth believed that the sun went around the earth. But just because global consensus or popular belief says something is so, doesn't make it so. There is nothing wrong inherently with ignorance. But it's when we deify our fallacious beliefs to explain our ignorance away and back it up with irrational murderous force, that is when we start shit kicking, disturbing, and manifest suffering and death. So there was a time when the idea of the earth being the center and the sun revolving around the earth had been propped up as a sacred cow. And all those heliocentric terrorists were punish, burned, and imprisons. But as dangerous as heliocentric terrorism was back then, there were still a few of those sinister

minds that refused to give into the worship of propped up idols. It took a long time of struggle to gradually enlighten the ignorant mundanes so they can understand that the sun was at the center, and then the idol fell apart. Then, as one would expect, years later the Church comes along and says to us: "Oh we knew that all along, misinterpretation somewhere, no big deal, no harm done."

Then there was a time when many humans on the earth believed the world was flat. There is nothing wrong with ignorance and not knowing. But it's a different matter when you take such ideas and make gods out of them, then judge and kill others over it. So there was time when the flat earth world view was propped up as a sacred cow. And if you challenged it you were a heretic and enemy of religion, god and his people. But during that ignorance there were a few resistant minds that went against the established grain of the mundane world. And they fought hard to gradually show the mass of ignorant mundane stooges that the world was actually round. And when the mass of people finally learned the roundness of the world, the power regimes of the old world lost all its support and that world order fell apart.

Now we've propped up a new all powerful totem: the State. It's the latest mundane rage and craze. The state and civilization and liberty are the same thing, and it's also the only real way or manner humans live. You go around and tell mundanes you dislike their Nation-State sacred cow, and they screech in horror and verbally – sometimes physically – attack you, believing you to be some demon, or draconian evil doer. You opt out of the State Game, and you automatically become a Criminal, a Terrorist, an Out Law.

It's easy for us to understand looking back that as long as Religion exists, people will always suffer, war, and exploit. We can objectively look at Hinduism's caste system and see that such a system causes millions of human lives indignity and suffering. We can see from looking back that subservience to church and feudal systems generated real measurable death, indignity, and suffering. But we can't get ourselves to understand that as long as the State exists, there will always be human suffering, mass poverty, genocide, mass exploitation of people and natural resources.

Dropping Out

How do you live or exist without the State? It's a horrifying question to mundanes. You tell a mundane that you want to destroy the State, and they become confused. And they'll ask you what would you "live in," what other alternative is there? And that is exactly like me going to my 5 year old cousin playing house and telling her I want to get rid of the house she lives in. She'll become confused and wonder what alternative "thing" she will exist in if not a house. But as adults we know there are alternatives, such as bigger houses, apartments, condos, suites, etc. The little cousin has only been exposed and conditioned inside one single enveloping House, and cannot conceive of an alternative. Just like a mundane can't literally live or function outside the matrix of the State.

I was watching a emotionally horrendous documentary on child sex trafficking in Cambodia on one of those cable channels with documentaries. It doesn't happen all the time, but it is not rare. Usually – in general – the poor Vietnamese immigrant families will kidnap a ethnic Khmer

at a very young age, and train her to be a prostitute catering to random men and tourists. There is an easy method to train such young children to perform such acts and behaviour. You lock them up in a box for a couple day without food and water. Then the men will feed them water and food after “abusing” them. This does the same thing as when you train a dog when you give the dog treats. Then the older girls in the “family” will come by later and emotionally console the very frightened girl. This causes the kidnapped girl to associate her emotions/trust in these older girls. So these kidnapped girls end up being “willing” child prostitutes, because their bigger “house sisters” – who were trained and processed in the same manner – tells them such acts and behaviours is “normal” and the only way to survive.

In the documentary members of a non profit humanitarian organization working with local police scoured the child red light district slums, on missions to find and extricate “prostitutes,” as young as 6 years old. The local police raided the kidnapping families at gun point [usually the families operate as a criminal organization with guns]. In every case when these little girls were being pried from their abusive kidnappers, they were in sheer fear; kicking, screaming, crying, clasping their hands together, and begging the police to return them to their abusive kidnappers. One would think that such unfortunately abused 6-9 year old girls would be happy to leave that Matrix. But that matrix was the only existence/world they knew. Which is why they were crying, and begging with clasped hands to be returned to that “family” and life. That is the power of samsara, for even if you are suffering, even if you are abused, even if you are miserable; you will hold on with to that flow, that way, with a death grip, because you simply do not know of an alternative. If you have ever been in an abusive relationship, you will know what I am talking about here too.

You study things like the earthquake in Haiti, and hurricane Katrina where the illusory veil of the State is temporarily lifted, and you’ll observe that people in such conditions end up being totally nonfunctional. They don’t even know how or where to get drinking water. They show themselves to be completely dependent on the State for handouts and sustenance. The façade of their Urban Reality has fallen. The grocery stores have stopped providing food. The televisions have stopped entertaining. The police have stopped protecting. The outlets have stopped selling clothes. The value of money in such instances for that moment vanishes. The Urban leader and their priests of law and order have vacated. You are absolutely disoriented and incapable of living on your own or defending yourself.

And yet in our mundane ignorance/bliss and arrogance; when the façade is propped up and everything is fine, we tell ourselves that we are “individuals,” that we are “independent,” and that you don’t need others. Just like 3 year old children who tell themselves they’re independent and big girls because they can go potty by themselves and change their own diapers, all the while living in a cozy house, safely embraced by the providence of their parents. You tell yourself you’re “independent” and an “individual” next time you ask your boss if you can go on a restroom break.

You are not “individuals.” You have been Individualized, in context to an all embracing matrix. Your ancestral numinous tribes have been broken down and disrupted into nuclear families that barely function. These have been further degenerated into single parent families. This is further disrupted by propaganda of “individuality,” and “independence.” You now are a single

individualized unit, no longer attached to an organized tribe or family. You are now completely dependent on the State and its banks, its corporations, its school system. But you'll never realize that you'd starve to death and die in a month if the State idol falls. That's how independent you are.

You are never really an "individual" in Urban Reality. From the minute you are born you are connected to the Urban condition from being bombarded by television, radio, parents, peers, teachers, society, bosses, laws, politics, religions, ideologies, etc. There is not ever a single moment in your life, where your Mind was actually dislodged from the matrix it was born in. You have never been disconnected from Urban Reality. You have never been Individuated. You don't know of anything beyond Urban Reality. Have you ever left It all behind, and removed yourself into a quiet forest for a month or 3. Have you ever experienced any kind of self induced individuating isolationism that extricated your conditioned Mind out of its Urban environment? No, you just perpetuate it.

Everything that we see of the "world," is contaminated with our conditioned Urban perception. It is a struggle in the Urban environment to get by in life. You start off in childhood trained to compete in the first grade on up. "Don't copy," they say. Co-operation is beaten out of you, and you are trained to compete as a unit. You do have to compete for nice jobs in the Urban environment. You do have to compete for girlfriends and boyfriends in the Urban environment. So we project that Urban competition out into the "world," and we end up seeing the world as being a big competitive jungle. But is Life really this Way?

How we think is influenced by our Urban conditioning. People that still live in tribes are "primitive." Things in Nature have to flow linearly like city streets flow straight. If there is king of a state, there must also be a king of the jungle. If the State is some provider, then there is also a provider in heaven. If laws governs the Urban environment, then Nature and Heaven also are governed by laws. If you are punished in the Urban environment, then it only makes sense that breaking divine laws incurs punishment as well. If there are judges in the city, then there are judges in heaven, or some hazy abstract natural law of karma that judges your actions. You can take the girl out of the hood, but you can't take the hood out of the girl.

These Mundanes think that making new religions, philosophizing new paradigms, constructing new ideologies is change and freedom. When such behaviour and actions are predictable causal manifestation of a Mind born, bred, and conditioned inside a Matrix constructed of religion, paradigms, and ideologies. It's like children deciding that they no longer want to play house in a pink house any more but a red one! It's still a house. Still a reflection of the much bigger House. Nothing has really changes. Nobody has really gone anywhere. Everyone is still in the same place. The State is still there. It is still the Primary Condition. It still influenced your Internal Condition. And you will still always end up manifesting the same shit over and over again. The same suffering, the same ideological wars, the same poverty. As it has been for thousands of years. Things weren't always like this though.

If you were a doctor, and poverty, genocide, exploitation were a disease I suffered from, and I went to you to cure it, would you be able to discover the cause of that disease and destroy that cause for me, or would you give me a tranquilizer to cover up the symptoms? Solving the

problem we humans suffer from is very easy. The cause is obvious. It just requires the Final Solution: the annihilation of the State.

There is no real way to physically drop out of the State because every land mass is occupied by a State and its law and order. Up is the only free place. Then how do we extricate our Minds from this enveloping matrix it was born inside? Nature has given you the way since your very birth. She did invest you with a bottomless creativity and an infinite imagination. No other creature has the ability to dream [envision] for something, and then strive to reach for such dreams.

It's something we use to do naturally when we were young. Even if we were stuck inside a house all our first 5 years. We still had a window or "escape" portal to different "worlds" deep in our minds. But unfortunately this beautiful ability to dream, envision, hope, imagine, is pounded out of us as we grow up and are processed through schools. Where, by the time we are in high school, we have all but lost the ability to dream, wonder, imagine; create mythos which inspires us; having given such "useless" things for memorization and recollection of mundane information and indoctrination. It's become a dead and dry world. Have you ever stared out the window as a young child during a rainy day, stuck inside and bored, but your mind drifts off "some place?" In our adult life, those windows to an "outside" environment have been shut, and our eyes diverted to stare and see only the big monolith of Urban Reality.

The only thing we can do until System Breakdown, is reopen those window, and to once find that lost ability to wonder, dream, imagine, and create; then reach for those dreams. To question every sacred cow of the Nation-State and its illusory Urban Reality and secular gods. To actively, practically, live a new way of life, against the grain of this established mundane world order. Whatever that means to each of us: "crime," tribalism, exotics. We need to each rediscover that more primeval Mind that lurks beneath the trained and conditioned Conscious mind, and to live our life to it's more numinous primal impulse. And we need to once again find our way somehow back to Life and Nature. To rekindle that connexion we lost between us and all that the Dark Living Cosmos is.

Otherwise as a species, we may be doomed. I once believed that Nature can't be so self destructive as to give rise to conditions that may potentially destroy it. I believed that Nature and Life [on earth] was self regulating and "life" oriented. Until I realized deserts grow, and that ecosystems and species of animals are sensitive to change. Until I considered all of the past organisms that have gone extinct. Most mundanes will say to themselves in this light: "So what, I'll be long dead by then."

How much do we – of the ONA – actually in a genuine way honor, love, and respect our Humanness and Nature? Do we really as Humans mean anything to ourselves? And is Nature really a numinous thing to us? Are we irresponsible in that we can just give rise to bloodlines of progeny and condemn them to extinction in some future? Are we just paying lip service to our ideas of Aeonics and Future Magick. To such things as Aeonic Insight and Dark-Empathy? Why bother? Why waste our time discovering a grim future of our Humanness, just to give up and not try, so long as we selfishly live a full life ourselves? Especially when we do understand how Aeonics and stuff works, knowing that we can change a future aeon by what 'seeds' we

plant and what actions we set into motion today? I personally don't care what happens to mundanes and their breed. But what about Our Breed and Nature?

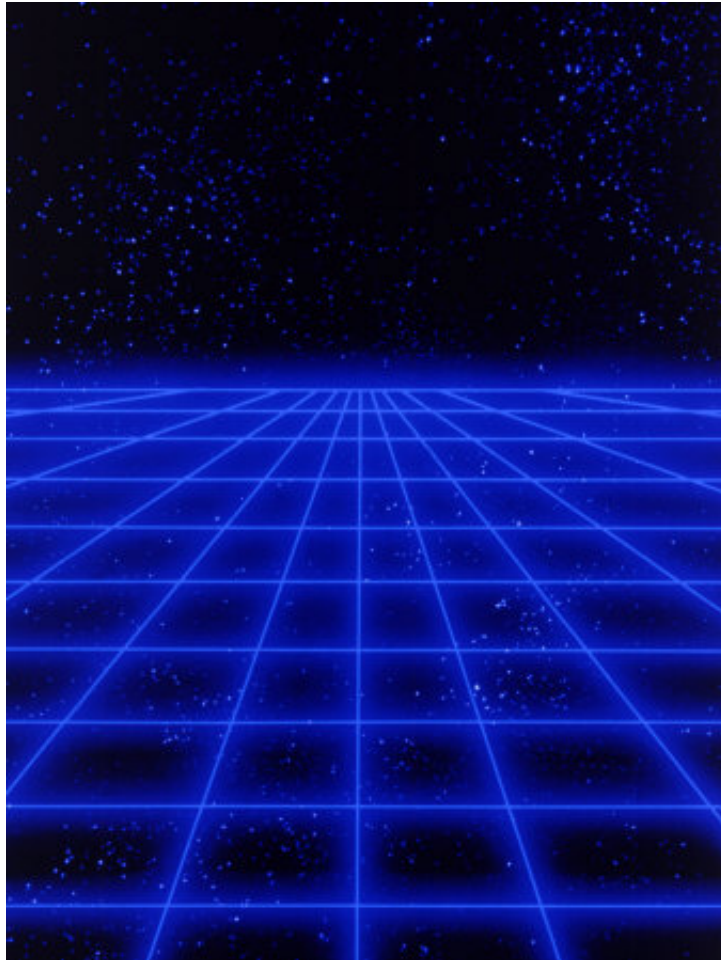
Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

LUCIDITY



I have lucid dreams often. Most of them are self induced. I learned how to do it from a book. You train your mind to question everyday reality, every waking minute, asking yourself if this is a dream, and trying to see waking life as a dream. Then it's a matter of time. After a while, from time to time, while you are dreaming you begin to notice unusual things and question it's possibility. That's when you wake up inside the dream. Once "inside," or phased into it, you learn from there. I had the strangest spontaneous lucid dream last night. A kind I had never had before, which woke me up when it was over and got me thinking about ontology and cosmology in bed.

Before the lucid dream, I had already "woke up" inside my head. My body was going through those weird electrical waves you get when you are in borderland state and just about ready to leave your body. I "surfed" the wave of electrical surges going up and down my sleeping body, hoping to get out. I got out, but I was floating in empty blackness. Like I was in space with no stars, just floating there.

I looked around to try and find the earth or some point of reference because I was getting very frightened from the dark vertigo. I had never been inside empty space before. Then, from

somewhere behind me, I heard the voice of a man's soft gentle voice speak saying: Look...

My awareness looked down below where I was floating, and the voice asked: What do you see?

And I said: A blue grid.

The grid stretched into beyond my point of vision. I had seen this grid many times in different ways. I see it when I do that thing where I close my eyes and press them lightly. This causes lights and swirls to appear, and after while when the purple swirls subsides, this grid can be seen. The other time I saw the grid was at a friends house. My friends dad was an electrician who many these doohickeys in his garage. He made this something called a "Mind Machine" once for his son (my friend).

My friend told me to sit in an arm chair and put it on. This mind machine is just a machine that makes tones and lights at different cycles per second, to tweak your brain waves. He set the mind machine at Theta Wave, which is one from Delta – or deep sleep. I put on the flashing goggles, and the ear buds. I didn't experience anything at first, except the annoying bleeps in my ear, and the constant flashing. My eyes were closed so I was already in Alpha wave. I don't remember how much time past, or what happened next, but everything went silent and I saw the blue grid. I thought the machine went broke.

I was floating looking at the familiar blue grid below me, and the voice said: Look...

My awareness shifted to my left, where I saw a dozen or so holes in the grid of different sizes. Scattered in random order. Then a giant grid ball came from the right side. It was so big, it scared me, and I pulled my self back away from it very far, so that it was the size of an orange. The grid ball had its own grid that was of a different size. Its equator was on the same plane as the big grid, so that its top hemisphere was above the big grid, and it's bottom was below.

I saw it [the ball] move towards each hole in the big grid. And from it came a blue spark. The spark budded a new grid ball in the hole, like a yeast cell budded new daughter cells. each time the original ball moved to a different hole to bud, it was connected to the daughter balls it had made. After the hole had been filled I saw the original ball ripple a wave of blue light down to its sparky tentacles to each daughter ball, and this caused the daughter balls to move apart into their own line of orbit. And they circled the original ball.

The voice behind me asked me: What do you see?

I said: I see the sun. It gave birth to the planets.

The voice said: Look...

I looked inside the sun/grid bubble, and I saw a dark sphere, and from it radiated sparks. I was looking at a plasma globe, super imposed onto the grid sun, so that I could understand.

The voice from behind asked me: What do you see?

I said: I see a coil, and plasma filaments are coming out of it, like the plasma globes.

I was confused. I knew a plasma globe needed electricity. I don't know why; perhaps because I was dreaming; but I looked around the space for a wall socket and wires.

The voice asked from behind: What are you looking for?

I said to the voice: For the source, what does it look like?

I felt a pull, which tugged me away from the scene, and I moved far away from the grid until I was once again alone in empty darkness.

The voice behind me said: Look...

My awareness looked up and I saw a massive oval shaped grid, inside which was what looked like the Milky Way, as if the galaxy were inside a blue egg shaped Farady Cage. The grid had a circumference, from which radiated blue spokes towards the center, where I saw the grid lined curve like a funnel into the center of the galaxy.

Something moved me closer to the giant bubble, so that I could see the circumference up close. It was like blue chrome or blue quicksilver. I was fixated on the weirdness of the blue metallic color for a while, until the voice behind me said: Look...

My awareness looked at one of the spokes, and my eyes followed it, and I saw hundreds of tiny filaments or sparks coming out of each spoke. At the end of each spark was a star. I looked closer and i saw each spark and its star move in circles and oval movements. There were millions of sparks and stars, each moving.

The voice behind me asked me: What do you see?

I said to the voice: I see a grid that radiates sparks of energy that becomes stars.

I became confused again, and I looked around for this galactic grid's source.

The voiced asked me from behind: What are you looking for?

I said: For the source...

The voice said: Look...

I saw a spark come out of the galactic grid and from the tip of that spark I saw a small ball grid, inside which was was a light that looked like a star. But this light and grid expanded, growing bigger, until it looked to me like a miniture galaxy. And I shifted my awareness around the mother galaxy to see if it had it's own mother, and I saw a blue tether like a twisted umbilical

cord come from out of the big galaxy stretch into the distant darkness and noticed another grid/galaxy at the end of the tether.

The voice behind me asked: What do you see?

I said: I see the galaxy giving birth to a new one, like I saw the sun give birth.

My fascination was then directed to that distant galaxy. I wanted to see it up close, because I had never seen another galaxy before. And in a moment I Became there, in front of that other galaxy. I looked at it for a while, with a smile on my face, and I asked the voice: Which is it?

The voice behind me answered: Andromeda.

I wondered to myself, if there was a living planet in it that I could see.

And the voice from behind said: Go, to the circumference of the grid.

I moved myself towards the circumference until I was inside. It looked like a great big indigo tunnel. I moved with the flow of the circumference and saw holes at the top and bottom, where the spokes enter the circumference. From the bottom hole; which looked like a giant manhole. I saw what looked to me like a dimly lit flow of greyish blue cigarette smoke, that cascaded upwards to the hole directly above it, like an upside down water fall of smoky light. And I was inside the smoky light which took me into one of the upper spokes of the galactic grid.

It looked like another tunnel. But this tunnel looked like swiss cheese. Each hole I figured was where one of the sparks I saw that turned into a star. Each hole was surrounded by a bright blue circle. I was mesmerized by the bright blue electric circle of one that was coming close to me above my head. And the voice from behind said: Touch...

I reach my left hand upwards for the bright blue circle and was caught up in a surge of some kind where I was pulled inside, like I was in a river that flowed very fast. I was up the shaft of the spark and I notice what it looked like up close. The voice from behind asked me: What do you see?

I said: I see a braid of two smoky filaments, twisting and spiraling, like a helix, feeding the star it is attached to.

As I got closer to the sun this filament was feeding the voice asked me: What do you see?

I said: I see a haze of blue that surrounds the sun, and the two filaments diverge, each attached to the north and south poles of this envelope. And as the filaments twist, the envelope turns with the sun inside.

From this turning envelope there were these blue lines that radiated outwards into the distance. I focused onto one of these which caught my eye, and in a moment, was surfing it's flow. Then I came to a planet. Around the planet as the same hazy blue envelope, and the blue

filament that connected it to its sun also split, ending at the envelope's poles. I past through the smokey blue haze and saw an ozone layer, that was a bright crystal blue color, and pasted through.

When I had past through the ozone layer I felt hands on me. Hands gently holding my arms, legs, on my tummy, and holding my sides. I got frightened because I felt the hands but could not see anybody. I asked the voice: What are they?

And the voice behind me said: My hands.

I asked: How many hands do you have?

The voice said: Many.

As I was gently being brought down from the sky, I noticed the sky on this planet was a light lime green color. I then asked my invisible guide: Why is the sky green here?

And the voice answered: Why is the sky blue there?

I said to myself and the voice: I watched a show on discovery and it said there was something in the atmosphere which absorbs all the color spectrum's frequencies, but blue, and we see that blue.

The voice from behind said to my speculations: Perhaps the same principles apply here too?

My awareness shifted to the tops of these trees that I was near, and this invisible guide; maybe sensing my focus, brought me to the tippy tops of these trees to see and asked me: What do you see?

I said: I see blue leave.

The leaves were a cool blue color, very much like these eucalyptus trees with the very dark bark we had near my how which had leave that were bluish in color.

I asked my my guide why the leaves were blue and not green here. It said to me: Why are leaves green and not blue at home?

I recalled an episode of a nature show about leaves and said to the voice: I think I remember something saying that chlorophyll was bluish in color, and that the leave back at home were actually yellow or light orange, so it makes green; so maybe the leaves here don't have a yellow color to them?

My guide said: Perhaps so.

I got frustrated with my invisible guide and said to it: Boy, you're not very helpful are you. How am I supposed to know if I'm getting things right or not, if you don't tell me I'm right or wrong?

And the voice said: You don't have to always be right Chloe to experience something. These answers will come in time.

As my guide was carrying in with its many invisible hands to the ground I suddenly realized how dumb it was that it needed to carry me in the first place. As if it didn't have the magic or power to just levitate me to the ground. So I asked the voice: Why do you have to carry me with your hands anyways?

My invisible guide said back to me: Because you are afraid of height.

And it set me down to the ground.

My feet were bare and I was standing on these roly blue grass, much like some I had seen back on earth. It was warm, and in the sky there were a few patches of those clouds made of ice crystals, which are my favorite type. I knelt down to touch the grass and picked a blade to smell it. I had become good enough with this lucid dreaming stuff that the imagery felt as real as waking life to me. The grass didn't smell interesting, so I ate a piece. It has a slight taste of pepper. As I was chewing and being mindful of the odd flavor I looked to my right and became suddenly frightened because this animal was walked by.

My guide's many hands quickly came back onto my body and pulled me away, and it calmed me. It said: What do you see?

I said: Like a brown badger, or a platypus without a beak or tail.

My awareness noticed where it was walking to. There was a beautiful lake a few yards from where I was standing, and in the distance I could see a snow capped mountain range. I had a smile on my face, as I just stood there captivated by the scenery.

After a while, I stopped and looked at the animal again, following it to the lake, and I saw something strange. The voice asked me: What do you see?

I said: I see a hazy cord or filament coming out of its head going up into the sky.

I reached back to the back of my own head, where the skull meets the neck bone to see if I had one, and I turned around; and saw that I also had one; as did all the trees.

My invisible guide asked me: What do you see Chloe?

I answered: I see we are all connected to something. Like this galaxy was a living creature, and it's grid was it's circulatory system. These suns and planets are like its organs; and we are inside, connected to it all.

My awareness wandered back to the lake and the animal. I walked to the lake side and knelt to taste the water with my finger. It tasted like normal water. I got up to look at the mountains, remembering those few times I went up some mountains back home with friends to go

snowboarding. And I wondered about the people that lived on this planet.

I asked my guide: What do the people here look like, can you show me?

The voice behind me said: You are the only one here.

I felt sad and disappointed. Because I was thinking of maybe reincarnating as a person living here or something, when I die on earth. But since there were no people, this would not be possible.

I asked the voice: How would I come here later, if there are no people here, to come through?

My guide said: Come, it will be here waiting.

When the voice had said that, it puts it's many hands on me again and lifted me back up into the sky. I figured it was time for me to go home.

I found myself far up in empty space. This time the space had stars in the sky. This is when my dream went weird.

My guide said to me: My friends will take us home, as you came, through the network of tunnels. Remember what you see, and write these things down for a later time.

I asked the voice: What friends?

And it said: Look...

My awareness was draw upwards, and I saw a freaking shapce ship just above us.

I said to my guide: But I don't believe in aliens.

The voice said to me: Don't tell them, you might offend them.

I was watching the ship move over us and was thinking to myself: And I suppose the center is going to open up and we'll fly inside, like in the movies. But I noticed something. And the voice said to me: What do you see?

I said: I see a filament from space, going into the ship, circling it's circumference.

We went into the flying saucer through an opening in the center.

There were these things waiting for us inside the ship. They looked like those generic grey aliens. They were mostly four feet tall. They had a head the size of mine, but a body the size of a child, and big dark eyes. They wore these blue uniforms, like a single piece jumpsuit, that looked like it was stuffed with cotton. I saw they had five thin fingers, and almost like frog skin or dolphin skin.

My guide introduced me to his friends saying: Friends, this is Chloe, Chloe these are my friends.

They waved hello, and I snickered, because it was a weird scene; but I said hello and waved back so as to not offend them.

One of the aliens took my hand and proceeded to guid me down a hallway. Not one f them seemed to be talking to me, so I asked my invisible guide: How come they don't talk to me?

And the voice said: Because they don't speak English. I will translate what they think.

The hallway was octagonal in shape, with soft lights coming from the sides. I looked up because I am use to seeing light bulbs on the ceiling, and we all stopped walking.

My guide said: What do you see?

I said: I see honeycombs in the ceiling. Each hexagon has a black ball at the center and is concave, but they aren't light bulbs.

When I finished observing the honeycombs, one of the greys had brought me a cup of water with a straw in it and my guide said: My friends would like you to spray some water into the hexagons.

I filled mymouth with some water and used the straw to shoot a burst of water, trying to hit the black ball. I saw the water splash the sides of the hexagon I hit and saw drops falling oddly away from the hexagon in a swirl a clockwise swril motion, and falling regularly a foot away from the hexagon. But the drop of water directly underneath the black ball remained floating a long time, before it drifted to the side of the hexagon and swirled downwards as well.

The alien that was holding my hand looked at me, and I at him, and I saw a hurricane twisting, and I saw the eye of the hurricane calm. Then the voice asked me: What do you see?

I said: Those hexagons make a force like gravity, which swirls like a hurricane, but the area just below the source is unaffected.

We all kept walking, and we went inside what seemed to be an large elevator. Inside I asked the voice: How is this artificial gravity made?

The voice said: Look...

One of the greys made a triangle with its fingers, and another one pointed to the three points, as my guide spoke: One point is electricity, the second is magnetism, the thrid is gravity. What do you call the line between electricity and magnetism?

I said: Electromagnetism.

The voice said: What would you call the line between magnetism and gravity?

I said: Magnetogravatism?

The voice said: What do you call the line between gravity and electricity?

I said: Electrogravatism?

The elevator had stopped, and we walked outside; the grey still holding my hand. We walked into a scene that looked like it was out of a Star Wars movie, with those bridges that were suspended in the air; that Luc and Darth Vader were sword fighting on. We all walked to the side of one of these bridges. I saw giant spheres in rows, sandwiching a blue tube that hugged the curved circumference of the ship. I assumed that this tube and the giant sphere went all the way around. each ball has a cap of some sort on their north and south poles, with what looked like a lot of gold or copper wires, which were wrapped around different parts of the blue tube.

I looked at the grey who was looking at me, wondering what were inside those giant balls, and I saw images of great big crystals. As I saw the big crystals, the grey used both of his shall hands to gently squeeze my hand while looking at me, and I understood.

My guide asked me: What do you see?

I said to the voice: Those balls have big crystals inside which are being squeezed or put under pleasure. This maybe makes some kind of force that is mixed with that blue spark being drawn into the ship, and the mixed energy is caused to go around the tube in circles.

My guide said: There are networks of crystals of great size scattered underneath the earth. These crystals hold in them a living force which sustains the flesh. Flesh cannot survive long without this force. If you ever leave the earth behind to live in space or travel through it far, you must take these with you.

I faded. The scenery went hazy, and I felt very sleepy. I woke up to the usual sound of birds chirping just outside our window. Thinking about this crazy dream. I kissed Kayla, who was still asleep, and was glad to be home.

Chloe

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

MARTIAL ARTS



That's Grand Master Morihei Ueshiba, the father of Aikido kicking someone's ass. I love how he's bitch slapping that dork like it was nothing for a short old man and that dork is flying to the ground. Oh the shame, to get your ass kicked by a five foot tall senior citizen. Grand Master Ueshiba actually looks hella bored in that picture LOL, like the dork wasn't even a challenge!

I was raised watching kung fu movies, cuz I'm Asian. Asian uncles and cousins like that stuff I guess. My uncle would practice his moves in the back yard for hours with his eyes closed like he were half meditating, and the cousins would mimic his moves. He'd teach us all the basic moves. This was back when I was younger, like 13. I just watched the boys thinking what a bunch of idiots they were. We knew my uncle knew his shit because there was this one time when he went to visit some friends in North Carolina and he was walking down a dark street at night. A group of 5 black guys followed him and tried to mug him with knives and a gun. My mom (his sister) got a call from him in jail asking for bail money, so my mom wired some money to a family friend down there. My mom said the cop was talking to her and told her that my uncle has kicked the living shit out of all five black guys and that he had never seen anything like it because they had knives and guns.

So there were those times when the cousins would get tired of play fighting each other and they would come do their dumb moves on me. I'd say something like: Get the hell away from me before I kick your ass later, when I learn all five Shaolin styles. And that would start the Asian version of that dumb infinity game; remember when you say shit like: well I like it more than you infinity times! And your nerd friend would say: Oh yeah, well I like it more than you infinity bine times and you can't top that! And you're like: Dude, what the hell is infinity bine? Well instead of it being like that we would use how many martial arts styles we'd learn, until

one of your dumb cousins says: Oh yeah, I'll learn every martial arts style out there and boxing. I don't know, maybe it's just my family.

I was thinking to myself then how it's pretty smart to know as many different styles as possible, that way you're like a kung fu swiss army knife, so when your enemy switches styles, you can bust your move and switch styles too. So I made a list of hardcore styles I wanted to learn: 1) Wing Chun; 2) San Soo; 3) Southern style Tong Long (Praying Mantis); 4) Shaolin Eagle Claw and finally 5) Krav Maga (Israeli Martial Arts, it's actually really hardcore; we call it "Kung-Jew"). I'm thinking to myself: In ten years, I'll be the toughest bitch on the block, if I ever get married and my husband even looks at me funny, I'll fucking kick his ass through the wall!

So I went to my uncle for advice and asked him what the cheapest way to learn all five of my styles were, and how long it would take to get a black belt in all five styles, cuz I wanna kick ass like him, but better. And my uncle said: Martial arts is like school. Some people study many subject and learn a little about a lot. Others have a thing for only one subject and they'll study that single subject through college until they master it and get their doctorate. Which one is master of his art and which isn't? I thought about it for a while and asked: So knowing ten different styles isn't better than knowing one? And my uncle replied: If one guy dedicates 10 years to mastering one style and another guy spends the same amount of time trying to master 10 different styles, which one will get his ass kicked? I said: The second guy. My uncle said: Yeah, just pick one style you can work with and dedicate your time to mastering it.

I thought about what he said for a while then I asked: So if I spend 25 years mastering only one style, that means I'll be a total master and no one would be able to beat me? And my uncle said: No, by the time you master your style, a real master would have made a new style that is more effective than yours. I got confused and I asked: So what's the point in trying to master it, if someone else is gunna come out with a better style? It's like learning to master texting with one hand on your cell phone, only to have a new phone come out the next week that's better?! And my uncle answered: The point is a true master captures and masters the essence of a style, and after many years of real physical combat, knows how to evolve that style to be more effective.

That little lesson of mastering the essence of something and evolve it to make it more effective stuck with me. I use this same principle in school. I pick a subject like and try to master its essence, then work out the bugs and make it better and more effective. And I brought this principle of Mastery with me into the world of religion and eventually into Satanism.

The religion I mastered was Theravada Buddhism. It's become so complicated and fattened up with all these stupid theoretical and philosophical stuff. I just strip it down to its bare essentials: the meditation and the principle of Personal Enlightenment and I dedicate my time and energy to mastering that essence. Then I change it to make it more modern, more relevant, and more effective to my life style and world perspective. In the end, what was once Buddhism, evolves into something that is uniquely mine, to which I am an expert/master in. This is not to say that I am an expert on Buddhism.

When I ventured off to study people who study the “occult” I can’t help but see that same immature approach to “occult” things as my cousins and I were once immature about kung fu styles. It’s like the more books on Chaos magick and black magic grimoires these people collect and read once or twice makes them a super dooper master of the black arts. Many of these people can write a lot about the little they know on the many occult things they devote their time to a massing, and end up sounding like they know “a lot.” But rarely are any fruits or results ever spoken of, if ever.

Satanism, to me was like that. Satanism is populated with all these people who read all these books and collect all these magic grimoire. They love presenting their Satanic resume saying how they spent 15 years studying Satanism, and they make this long list of books they have read, maybe once that helped them on their 15 year journey to becoming a 30 year old vampire look-a-like, and all they have to show for all those years is a closet full of funerary wardrobe, and maybe a sword.

As a Buddhist in secret, I learned to become aware of people and the results of their actions. People can lie to themselves and be in self denial about being stupid, but the fruits of your actions in life is living testimony to the quality and condition of one’s mind, which can’t be hidden. I learned how to see the fruits of labor on a much macrocosmic perspective. I learned to become aware of organizations, nations, religions, and institutions as a living organism or factory and I learned to judge these things based on the fruits of there actions and the people they manufacture. Satanism, from this perspective isn’t very impressive. It has accomplished nothing, and the kinds of people it manufactures are mostly delusional good-for-nothings in life. Satanism has had 40 years to bare fruit and manufacture people. I’ve seen more emotionally healthy people come out of Alcoholics Anonymous; more happy, beautiful people walk out of Jenny Craig; more self-made millionaire come out of Avon; then what Satanism has produced in 40 years. I thought Satanism was a joke and never really paid much attention to it.

Until one day some friends passed me specially selected manuscripts by Anton Long. These friends knew me and how I thought, so they knew which manuscripts to staple together to give to me. I read it and went back to ask my friends: Whose this Long guy, he thinks like me, like he studied the “esoterica” of [my] Buddhism? And that’s how I started studying the ONA, or more accurately the Mind of Anton Long. I am personally more interested in his Mind, how it works, and what it is trying to manifest or create and why; rather than the outer form this Mind has made (the ONA).

I liked the ONA, because of Anton Long. But like Buddhism I took the essence of the ONA and focused my time and energy on it, to eventually evolve it and make it more effective. I am not an expert or “adept” of it and I find it hard to relate to other Initiate of the ONA who are so lost in the outer forms, and still believe that collecting all these grimoires and tomes of wisdom equals being wiser and better. When all the ONA basically is if strips to its most barest of essentials is: to act and bare fruit in the real world; and to gain personal enlightenment from one’s direct experience of life. It perplexes me then when I see so much intellectualization of the ONA. Because how do you intellectualize or even write about a personal experience, the feelings you felt during that experience, and the actions you did? To make it sound intelligent, philosophical, and “satanic?”

To write an essay inspired by thoughts, is very different than from an action that one has done for an experience. How do I intellectualize and “Satanicify” cutting someone with a razor as they are pinned down? The rush, the feel? Or robbing someone for his shoes? Or getting lost in the wood because you are high on shrooms? Or good sex with random people? Or those times when you scored your goal when glamouring to be someone you are not? “Just Do It” is the fundamental essence of what Anton Long tries to say in many of his writings. It’s not about a pursuit of intellectualism or philosophy and theory. It just doing shit and growing from the shit one does. Actually living and experiencing life, rather than just thinking about it or intellectualizing and philosophizing and theorizing about it in writing.

There should be no need to write; debate; discuss; about the ONA. But such things are done. And I know I am guilty of this too. Nearly half of this wordpress is my writing. I’ll try and say that in my writings I try to explain that we should just do things and stop talking about them; but I am only justifying my actions.

Any act, when you preform it in total mindfulness, becomes a deep meditation that take you one step closer to unveiling the mysteries of life. Such an experience and emotional realization can never be expressed fully in written words. I have felt so much and have realized so much from my own personal experiences, most of which I could never articulate in written format; and if I tried it would come out as simple statements which we have all read somewhere before at one time or another. To read and think about something is so much different from emotionally realizing it and being thoughtlessly mindful of it. I can write: “I smelled Kayla’s hair this morning,” and you would never be able to grasp what I felt at that moment or where her smell took me, or how deep her smell took me to that silent nothingness that lays beneath everything.

You come to a certain point when you are on the road to mastering life, where you realizes intelligence... thought, is itself a barrier between you and life. Like the bathing suit, arm puffies and inner tube one wears in a lake to stay a float. You realize that you can’t fully experience life directly until you take all those things off and are immersed in it mindfully lost in the moment. Nothing between you and life but your naked flesh. There is this natural innocence to just experiencing life mindfully without thought (thinking). I often wondered what my pet dog thinks about when he stares into my eyes like a dork. It’s not until you fall in love with someone and lose yourself in her eyes that you realize there is no thought involved. Just a primal feeling, a deep yearning, a rhythm that pulsates with everything around you. How do you put something like that into an intellectual article. When you have experienced life wordlessly, and thoughtlessly, everything else is bullshit. There’s a lot of that going around these days.

Chloe -352-

II. What Satanism Is Not:

a) Satanism is not, nor can ever be, a religion, nor just a ‘philosophy’. A religion means acceptance of authority, the rigid structure of a ‘Church’ or a ‘Temple’, and **a unified dogma** (with the consequent schisms and claims to ‘authenticity’). **The religious attitude is the**

antithesis of what Satanism really is – for Satanism is a way of living, a way of experiencing, in the raw, whereas religion abstracts, limits endeavour, behaviour and moralizes. In short, a Satanist plunges into reality, without any supports (moral, psychic or human) whereas a religious person has that reality prescribed by dogma, authority and such like, and is supported by a `Church`, its members and their attitudes. Satanism is an ecstatic affirmation of existence – a taking of existence into new and higher realms, as well as a plunge into existing darkness and the creation of new darkness.

b) Satanism cannot have anyone impose upon it any structure, authority, or institution of any kind by claiming a `dark mandate` or some kind of `revelation`. There can be no such thing as an, `infernal mandate` of whatever kind because the only thing that really matters to Satanism is experience, its accumulation and the highly individualized learning that results from such experience. A genuine Satanist, for example, confronted by an entity which exhibited all the powers attributed to Satan would not even accept what that `entity` said and would most certainly not show any submission – instead, they would a defiance, a reasoned assessment of what was said, and then a judgement made from experience. A Satanist never surrenders to anything – and would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit. This applies even to `Satan`. If and when a Satanist accepts guidance, it is from someone of experience who has explicated Satanism by their life and thus who can offer advice based on that experience. **The aim of Satanism is to create wilful, characterful, defiant, unique individuals who have or can fulfil their potential as gods – it is not to create followers or sycophants.** An `infernal mandate` implies sycophancy.

c) **Satanism does not involve discussions, meetings, talks. Rather, it involves action, deeds. Words – written or spoken – sometimes follow, but not necessarily. The ideal candidate for Satanism is the individual of action rather than the `intellectual`.**

By the nature of most Satanic actions, they can seldom be mentioned and thus remain esoteric. The essence that Satanism leads the individual towards, via action, is only ever revealed by that participation which action is. Words, whether written or spoken, can never describe that essence – they can only hint at it, point toward it, and often serve to obscure the essence.

Anton Long [What Satanism Is]

1991 e.h. ONA



352.O9A

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

MIND'S QUIVER



Mind's Quiver

"For us, Satanism is all about the creation of proud, strong, characterful, insightful individuals -individuals who have gone beyond the majority and who thus represent a higher type. Genuine Satanic groups do not seek subservient, decadent, weak-willed followers. They seek to create a real elite -almost a new race of beings. Of course, this is not easy..." - An Introduction To Traditional Satanism, Sacramentum Sinistrum; ONA.

Packed like a quiver. Fast and sharp like an arrow. In my culture Wits is valued above intelligence. I guess the best way to describe the difference between the two would be to retell an actual story of an event that happened once. One time a big rig truck passing underneath a freeway bridge got stuck because the truck was the same height as the overpass, but taller enough where that it was very stuck and couldn't move even if the driver stepped on the gas. The city first tried to call a tow truck, but that didn't work. A day later the city collected some intelligent people to solve this problem. All these people had all these ideas, but none of them would work when tried. One person suggested a flame torch be used to cut the entire top portion of the truck off. The city agreed to this idea because it was the most doable. As the city

official were getting ready to leave to spend a lot of money on their smart idea a little grade school girl was walking home that day and she had stopped to watch the commotion of adults figuring out how to unstuck a stuck truck. In her grade school ignorance she went up to an adult and said: "Excuse me sir, why don't you guys just take the air out of the tires?"

Unfortunately for the common person, wits can't be learned from a book. You are born with the potential for it, which is expressed by the practice of trying to see things in as many different ways as fast as possible. A good example are atoms. Intelligence would be when a person is able to recall from learning that there are hydrogen atoms, oxygen ones, and carbon ones. Your wits part of your brain kicks in when you can say: "Yes, and if you make a mickey mouse out of hydrogen and two oxygen you get water. If we put a pair of oxygen with carbon we can carbon dioxide, 3 Oxygen atoms makes Ozone, hydrogen and carbon makes hydrocarbon molecules, and so on." But with this atom analogy we can all say Pshh I knew that. Why did you know that? Because you learned it in school. The question is can you tap into that same part of your brain/Mind and use it on random everyday things to see them in as many ways [perspectives] as possible in as fast as you can? To be able to look at something and be on your toes about it and just flow a stream of insights from what you are looking at? In Buddhism we have the word for Understanding which is Buddhi, and we have a word which describes this Mind's element of wits or cleverness which is Panya [Pan~n~a]. In Pali and Pali vernaculars that word remains meaning a sly wits or cunning cleverness. In Sanskrit [Prajna] it means Wisdom. But since the Buddha used Pali and forbade his ideas to be morphed via the Sanskrit we should as Theravadins stick with the Pali.

For instance if I gave you the word "Black," how many different ways can you look at that word where you can give me a stream of insights off the top of your head, just from that one word. That's Panya. Black is the color of the cosmos. The cosmos is infinitely mysterious. Black is mystery and the unfathomable unknowable. Black absorbs light and transforms it into heat. Black symbolizes the transformation of theory into Fruit. Black is the color of fertile soil. Black is Life. Black from the Old English Root Blac meaning Bright, Shining, Shimmering, Illuminating, a glittering or sparkle. Black in Arabic [Fem/Fam] is also the word for Wisdom and Knowledge. Black is the Ka'aba at the holy city of Mecca. Black is the Qibla. Wisdom is the Qibla and the Ka'aba, the "house" of Allah and the direction our heart's compass should always point. Black is the vault of Heaven which displays its stellar mysteries at night when mundanes sleep. Only those Awake, when the mundane is asleep, Sees the mystery of Heaven hidden in the Dark.

You take that same element of Mind and do what the Buddha did. Go out into the forest [nature] and read the Book of Nature. Just as Buddha sat down to meditate by a stream and drew up a stream of insights from watching the river, can you use panya to draw up insights from that stream like he did? Because if you can, then you end up with something called Sambuddhi meaning Self-Enlightened or Understanding by one's Self effort. Because when you or Buddha sits alone at that river, minus all the Vedas and Brahmins, and the people and their beliefs and opinions, and you can draw up from the depth of your own psyche or unconscious, insights unlocked by that river, then who gave you those insights? You yourself. And where did you get those insights from? From Nature Herself directly, the First, Primary/Primal Source.



-Al-Awrah-

The Catholic Theologian Raimon Panikker said once: “I left Europe as a Christian, I discovered I was a Hindoo, and returned as a Buddhist without ever having ceased to be a Christian.” The older I get, the less conscious chattering I do in mind, and the more I learn to See with the Heart/Chitta, the more I understand what Raimon Panikker was saying. These “outer forms” – whatever they may be – are like wine skins, in which – as the Great Rumi would say – is the same Divine Wine. Many of us young in soul, our eyes get lost in the intricate detailing and designs of such wine skins. Some of us, old in spirit, yearn for the wine within. “*And their Hearts are sealed, so that they apprehend not.*” – Holy Quran 9:87

Even from something as lifeless as a desert, I can squeeze from it that mystic Wine. The desert is one of the reasons why I have a secret love for Islam. Not really for its superficial mainstream teachings. But for the desert it was born from. For the beauty of the desert, and what I see in that desert. For the beauty of its mysticism.

In such a lifeless place, where even water is scarce, what little water is present, what little life there is, is precious. Not a superficial preciousness, but being someone who lives in such a desert, it is a preciousness that one’s Life depends on, and is indissolubly connected too. What little the desert gives is Heartfully cherished. And in that desert, where there is so little to possess and have, our own people – family, kin – is most precious, in this desert, without whom, we would die. With so little ‘décor’ to dress this desert up, it is our music, singing, dance, our relationships – our culture and tradition – that gives life and dressing to this desert. The lifelessness of the desert causes the few people living in such desert to Need each other. The adversarial essence of Life – this desert – in essence, draws out the precious Nature in each person and drop of water we Need. And so I see the causal universe to also be like a desert. Against the background of a vast lifeless blackness, is an oasis of Life. An oasis in which our many peoples, our many cultures, and traditions colors the world. Anyone who has seen this oasis in its sea of blackness who does not feel within the presence of the Great Creator is truly dead inside and hearblind.

I can never be an atheist or a materialist. But I have no real need anymore to try and convince others to see and feel things as I do. I used to, once, when I was more immature. But now, I understand life to be a big art gallery full of paintings. I once in my immaturity tried hard to make those standing around me see these painting the way I did. But now I've learned to just silently appreciate these painting inside myself. And I've learned to Listen to others share how they see and feel for these paintings. Then sometimes when I stand in front of these paintings, someone may come by and express as best as they can their inner sight for these paintings, which are my own. In that effortless moment of meeting a kindred soul, there is a genuine appreciation of having met them. You see there is Something present beneath all these painting in this gallery most are blind to, in their fixations within their samsara. In each painting, the Artist silently screams – yearns – to be known, appreciated, adored. And so, beneath each leaf and star, each galaxy and rain drop – each person we are – the Divine Artist screams to be known, appreciated, adored in Its Secret Place.

The distractions and abstractions of this – our urbanize reality – draws our attention away from the silent screams of the Cosmic Artist onto these trinkets of ideas, these lofty theories, these great opinions, the gibbering of the great multitude jabbering about dead men and their dead words they once wrote. And in this prison of dead words, dead men, dead ideas, dead stone, and dead pavement, we say to ourselves: Here in this world we have made, we see no Cosmic Artist or sign of a Divine Essence. For all we see in this world of our own making are our own thoughts and our own reflection. And they – the mundane anariya – call this world of their own thoughts and reflection: reality, and truth. As if to say that the Natural world – the universe – were made of English words and the interpretations of such words we think in.

Show us, they say. If God exists then show us. What does it look like they ask. They look for a look. Like that old saying that goes: “If horses could draw, their gods would look like horses.” Horses searching the world for sign of god, looking for a horse hiding inside the world and sky. Yet these horse brained mundanes still believe themselves to be great and intelligent in their opinion. So they opine. They forget that their own causal existence did not begin with a look or a something showable. It began as the passion between two people. Can you point point a finger at Love and Passion? The world came into being – so said the ancients – when Shiva embraced Shakti, and out of their passion arose the World and Kamadeva. You can't point to Love or see it. It has no look or form to stare at. But it has an Essence that can be Felt with the Heart, Chitta, the Soul. And we can see it's byproducts and influence on the World and people. We can't see the Cosmic Being, and it has no look. But it can be experienced and felt, just like Tao and Wu Wei cannot be seen or understood with the intellect but they can be felt and experienced and we can see the byproduct and influenced they have on the World and on people. If we would just quiet the chattering and reasonings of the conscious mind, and allow ourselves to experience the Numinous – the Sacred/Divine – then the very Formless Essence of the Cosmic Chitta has been felt.

These horse brained dummies being stupid and superficial will ask, well how does passion or love make the universe. That's an example stupid. An example of an Essence felt which you cannot see but feel like love or hate. You can't see hate, but you can experience it and see its influence. You can't see Time either, but we know its there. We can feel it, experience it, and we can see its influence in us and our world. These horse brained anariya being stupid will ask, okay but how does an “essence” such as the Numinous or something sacred create something with substance? How does the formless manifest the form? When these horse brained dummies ask questions what they are saying is they need you to spoon feed them because they can't figure things out on their own. When they disagree it is most often only because they have a security blanket opinion they can't let go of out of comfort.

The answer is how does the formless force of attraction manifest Form? By drawing two things together. How does formless temperature manifest a destructive hurricane? By drawing hot and cold air together in certain conditions which produces the spin of air and energy. There is a formless essence unseen in the cosmos which causes things to come together to become form. We call this Creation and being born. There is a formless essence which pulls the form apart back into the formless. We call this deterioration, dilapidation, and aging or Time. The Original state of “Things” is Formlessness, not form. Everything arises from a formless essence, and in “Time” reverts back to that Original State. Tao is not the Original State. Tao moves and flows. Stop Tao from moving and flowing and bring Tao back to its Original state of Rest/Inertia and what do you have? Wu Wei. Tao arises from Wu Wei, meaning “Without-Act/Cause.” The causal universe is not the original state of things. It moves and flows. Stop that movement. Stop every atoms from spinning. Stop the quanta from fluxing. Stop the quarks from flickering. Stop the dance of Shiva and Shakti. Bring everything back to its state of Rest and what you have is the Original State of “Things.” We can closely watch water turn to ice and ice turn back to water and come to realize that something formless called “temperature” is behind the Cause/Act. In the same way is there “Something” unseen – unseeable – within

that Restful Chaos which Causes the movement and draws things together if we look hard enough with the “eye” of chitta: our Primal Unconscious, Ayin al-Qalb. [Note: Awrah is sometimes spelled as Owrah. I prefer Al Owrah].

That infinite stillness is like a vast desert of sand dunes at night. Somewhere in that desert is an oasis teeming with Life. You sit there at that oasis and patiently watch. Somehow that little spring of water has the power to draw all that needs it to its wellspring in Time, to drink of it. It is our Thirst – Yearning – which Draws us to the Beloved: the Divine. But shhh: Cast not your pearls before swine.

*“He is the real Sadhu, who can reveal the **form** of the **Formless** to the vision of these eyes:*

Who teaches the simple way of attaining Him, that is other than rites or ceremonies:

Who does not make you close the doors, and hold the rath, and renounce the world:

Who teaches you to be still in the midst of all your activities.

Ever immersed in bliss, having no fear in his mind, he keeps the spirit of union in the midst of all enjoyments.

The infinite dwelling of the Infinity Being is everywhere: in earth, water, sky, and air:

Firm as the thunderbolt, the seat of the seeker is established above the void.

He who is within is without: I see Him and none else.” – Songs of Kabir; LVI, by Rabindranath Tagore

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-Al-Khanzir-

My grandmother does not eat beef due to her ancestral Brahmanist ways. I wondered why cows were sacred to Hindus and Brahminism, so I asked her once why she does not eat cows. My grandmother answered something like: “Just the sentiments of an old woman is all. I was born and raised in a much different country than you grand daughter. Back in the home country of my youth I was raised seeing cattle be put to work hard day and night out in our fields. The hard labour of cows is what tills our land, helps sow our seeds, their fertilizer nurtures our crops, and so the food we ate which in turn gives us Life, came from the hard labour of those cows. In silent appreciation for their hard labour, I don’t eat them. I just don’t have the heart to eat them.”

I have a religious aunt who does not eat all meat. She only eats vegetables. I asked her once why she won’t eat meat, if the Buddha died eating beef that was poisoned. She said something to me like: “That’s the Buddha. I’m me. I once ate meat when I was ignorant of how the meat actually is made in my heart. Then one day I watched a television show which showed animals being killed at a slaughterhouse. I just heard the screaming and stopped eating meat ever since.”

My little mom eats everything. She loves chicken and pork. She was eating meat at the table once and rather enjoying herself and I said: “You know auntie doesn’t eat meat because those poor animals get killed and scream. I can’t imagine what horror and sheer pain the animals you’re eating went through little mom. Don’t you feel bad?” My little mom said, still eating the chicken wing: “Who cares. I need to live, damn! Are you gonna eat that?” But that didn’t satisfy my manipulative nature. So one day I tricked her into watching a documentary on slaughterhouses to watch pigs get processed and scream. I just told her it was for a school report on a documentary we pick and I said that the doc I picked was on the art and science of raising healthy pigs, and that I needed her help. Which wasn’t a lie. I just withheld certain information. So she sat there to watch the doc with me. At first she was comfortable and ready to taking notes. But soon she got very uncomfortable and was watching with her hand covering her mouth and a pillow shielding her solar plexus. That’s an unconscious gesture we do when we are uneasy or afraid or uncomfortable, we cover our solar plexus. Sometimes you’ll cross your arms over your plexus to shield it. At house parties you can pick the boys that feel uneasy in social situations or uneasy around girls by looking for the ones who use their beer cans or bottles to cover their plexus. The boys who are very comfortable with their masculinity and are in their element and looking for girls are the ones who hold their bottles nonchalantly to the side barely holding it fully exposing their plexus.

So I was feeling happy – in an wicked way – secretly inside as I was watching my little mom show signs of extreme discomfort. Inside my mind I was thinking: “That’ll teach her to eat meat.” There is a part in the doc where they show the worker take a rod and beat the pigs head. The pigs fall and convulse squealing. I myself ate meat. I just wanted to see if I can make her not eat meat. Then when the pigs fall the workers get a chain saw device and cut the pigs’ neck and blood gushes out everywhere on the floor as its legs are still twitching. My little mom wacked my head with a sofa pillow and ran to the restroom and I heard her vomit. She went to the kitchen to get a bottle of water and she walks back in laughing and says to me: “You are evil girl! I’m never eating meat again! I’ve never seen anything like that before in my life!” I gave a loud victorious laugh and was jumping around since I couldn’t contain my sadistic excitement, and she says: “Keep laughing and you’re grounded.” I thought I won, but the very next day she was eating pork. I said: “I thought you said you weren’t gonna eat meat any more?” She goes: “I’m over it. You lose.”

Have you ever heard the expression: “You are what you eat?” It’s actually a very accurate statement on a biological level. What we consume gets broken down into its basic components and via the small intestines these components gets absorbed into your blood stream to be used to assimilate into your body, replenish supplies of vitamins, sugars, and proteins, and so forth. So you what you consume literally becomes you. This is not to say that you transform in nature into a chicken or cow. But it does end up meaning that whatever chemicals and hormones were used in what you ate, gets absorbed by your body. Usually this stuff is stored in your fat layer, and only later in when for some reason your body has to absorb or consume that fat layer do the chemicals begin to effect you.

This was most likely the case with the 1981 break out of the Immuno-Deficiency Syndrome phenomenon. Just one generation [circa 40 years] before this date, it was very popular in the 50’s and 60’s to use a pesticide called DDT at pool parties as mosquito replant. People in positions of “authority” and the companies that made the stuff said that DDT was very safe and healthy. Later in the 80’s I think all of these sea gulls became very sick and were laying dud eggs with soft shells. People couldn’t figure out what was going on, until it was learned that the pesticide DDT used in farms had contaminated the

blood stream of these birds. DDT was discontinued and coincidentally we start to see the first cases of our human immune system malfunctioning and not even working.

I'm very sure our organic immune system is very sensitive to toxic chemicals of different sorts. In regards to the so called AIDS epidemic in Africa, I'd like to see paperwork and record of every mining operation that took place in Africa by Europeans looking for gold, silver, etc. Mercury is used in such mining. I'd like to know if there is a correlation between what toxic chemicals used in the ravishing of Africa and the so called AIDS pandemic the current people of Africa now suffer from. I'd also like to see all paperwork of the man made chemicals used in pharmaceutical drugs made by these drug companies make and test on Africans. Not many of your average dummie in America and rich countries know that Africa is the world's guinea pig when it comes to testing out new drugs. Essentially what I am asking is: What's really killing Africa? Why is this human population is such an acute state of deterioration? Is there a correlation between their high levels of deterioration with the high levels of past and present exploitations of Africa? Don't give me that fucking AIDS shit and brush everything else under the rug. That slight of hand trick might appease the generic commoner, but it don't fly with me. You can't trick a trickster.

As I was researching on orphanages once I stumbled upon a weird case which took place in the 70's I think. All of these orphans in one city had become sick and were dying. This was dismissed at the time by officials as anything to be alarmed about. But later this sickness spread across the state. It became that orphans across the whole state had caught some disease and were dying in droves. All these officials became alarmed fearing it could be a viral born epidemic that would spread into general population. All these doctors and scientists came out of the woodwork and nodded their heads, waving their authoritative conclusions stating that it was a new Virus infecting orphanages. The officials call all of their smart people to figure out how this Virus spreads so as to keep it from infecting general population. So far, the Virus seemed to only kill orphaned children for some bizarre reason. They figured the Virus was in the food the children were eating or carried in by bugs or mice or pests.

Then one day a nutritionist came out and rejected the story and hysteria of the officials and their scientists. This nutritionist said that it wasn't a Virus killing these kids but malnutrition. The state went on a war campaign with this blasphemer, then the whole nation teamed up against this nutritionist. They demonized and vilified this person who lost their job. But this person spent several years collecting proof to show that it was not a Virus. Finally after going through hell, this nutritionist proved that it wasn't a virus. The state changed the diet of the orphanages and gave the children actual healthy food, and the mysterious disease vanished ever since. Naturally this embarrassing incident is not well known. But basically we do become, or are affected by what we consume into ourselves in a very real way.

I stopped eating pig meat several years ago. Not because of any dietary law, but because of – I guess you can say – mystical practice with esoteric or symbolical reasons. As a personal way to show my solidarity to what I believe in. PIG stands for: "People Ignorant of God." The pig is the living symbol of the Homo Hubris, the Pigman. That stupid generic, all too common breed, of ignorant fools blind to everything but their own reflection and projection of ego.

The Pig represents that breed of White people we call Homo Hubris, who are ignorant of God, who are dead to their Original indigenous roots and culture. Not every White person is a PIG. Just your common generic American who have no roots, folk, culture, and who lack a knowledge, wisdom, and understanding of the Divine Essence in Nature and themselves. It's skin is Pink. It is Domesticated and breed to be used.

No pink skinned pig exists out in Nature. In nature the animal closest to a domesticated pig is called a Boar. Boars don't have soft pink hairless skin. They are Black and different shades of Black. Boars have hair, and big sharp tusks. You chase after a pig and they run and squeal in fear. Just like the white devil is fearful of everything it doesn't understand. In the wild, you run and squeal when a boar chases you with its big tusks. Those wild boars exist in tune to mother nature. In tune to the flow of nature they are a part of. The pig is unnatural. It has been selectively breed in farms for only the use of meat. Those farms have nothing to do with nature. They are man made [selective breeding] and the pig is purposefully bred and domesticated for a reason. Wild boars and wild pigs in nature live together in packs and family groups. Domesticated Pigs are slowly individualized by their farmers and segregated. Wild boars have a nature-born culture and way of life. The domesticated pig's only way of life is the matrix of its farm. Boars eat living food from nature. Domesticated pigs eat garbage and the

leftovers of others. Just like how the white devil kills off Indians, then takes their land and leftover folk culture and ancestral wisdom.

You are what you eat. Remember that shit. When you partake of the PIG nature of these generic White Hubris America Mundanes, their lack of a connection with nature and others, their ignorance and respect of anything sacred, their lack of real ancestral roots, cultures, traditions: you BECOME that PIG you ate. Because you are what you fucking consume! If you consume their pig liberalism, their pig politricks, their pig materialism, their pig world-views, their pig nuclear family structures: You are yourself a PIG, the spawn of a domesticated unnatural creature bred to be used and exploited by their overlords.

And I'm not talking about Europeans, Slavs, and Russians. Those people have their ancient ancestral roots, ancestral cultures, and we know their blood runs deep. We know they each have a history that goes a thousand years in the past. It's you common white American dumbfucks that are the PIG's. So don't try and call me a racist. I am a "Breeder" in the sense that I discriminate against you as a Breed of people.

If I had things my way. Or rather, when I get things my way, this ONA will have nothing to do with you pigs. I will not stoop so low as to be a "peer" with a pig. You pigs have your own pig satanism to wallow in. Keep your Hurbis asses out of my turf. This ONA is reserved for Noble Folk. Noble Bred. Cultured. With Tradition. Those who conserve their history, ancestral identities, roots, heritage, and who are determined to pass what they conserve to their children. Those who feel the Numinous. Whose Hearts is still living enough to appreciate the Sacred. Those whose roots runs deep into the earth and nature, and whose blood elevates above the generic commoner. Who in their right minds wants to be like these White Hubris American Mundanes? It blows my mind away sometimes thinking about it.

Do your blood and future children, and future civilization a favour and keep them away from this Hubris domesticated breed of humans. Those pigs are the Enemy. They are the fools that get jobs as cops. They are the ones who become the law makers. And we know our "law makers" up in Washington are performing some big Corporate fellatio. But don't call those guys lobbyists now. According to Gingrich they are now called "Historians," and "Consultants," who provide Council. It would be funny if it weren't unfortunate, that these pigs believes the corporate orgy up in Washington is actual politics. Like those politicians really care about them. These pigs are the ones that become members of pig religions and pig philosophical systems. The ONA Mythos of Vindex remember talks about Vindex coming to war with this Hurbis breed. I'm just helping better identify them by giving them a n easy to remember demonym: PIG. People Ignorant of God. People Ignorant of God-nature. People Ignorant of Godhood. Vindex is our symbol of our disgust for this Hubris breed and their Magian overlords.

Mark my words: You cannot trust the Word/Wyrd of a person who has no feel for, appreciation of, respect or honour for The Sacred or Divine or Numinous. Because these people only trust and venerate their own egos. And we know the ego changes as it ages and changes with the passing of opinions and ideations. These pigs cannot be ever trusted when they give an oath, a vow, or a promise. They may mean it in that moment, but as soon as their all important ego changes, they will turn against you.

In my culture the old people tell us that you cannot ever trust a person who has no parents, or who was raised without family. Because in their adult years, because they have never known familial life, familial need, familial cooperation, they will turn on you. You make friends with these cultureless and famililess people and they will one day turn on you, because they do not know what a folk or family, or comrade is. You marry one of these pretz [pretas] and they will step on you and turn against you because it is not in their inner nature to know you – empath you – as their folk, kin, blood comrade, brother, sister, family. These illbred Hubris pig can't even get along with their own mothers and brothers let alone dedicate their lives to them. They live only for themselves. You put such a breed of people in a government and ask yourself what kind of politicians you will have. You put this rootless pigs in priesthood of religions and ask yourself what you will have? Kids getting raped. They don't care if those kids are yours. They don't "know" you. It's not in their nature to "know" you as their kin. They owe nothing to you. They will turn on you. They are pigs.

They will turn on your religious institutions. You have but to look at something Satanism as a new social phenomenon that emerged during the 60's and 70's as a coherent memplex. In the beginning were three institutions: the Church of Satan, the ONA, and the Temple of Set. Each of these three codified institutions have their own well constructed form of Satanism. Each new member of these three institutions adopted what has been established. There is thus a Conservative nature to these three institutions.

Then you get the common deadhead pigs infiltrating Satanism. And what do we see? We see a gradual decomposition – as in a body decomposing – of the Conservative Satanism Memplex. We see every dumbfuck pig start up his own satanic church, name himself his own high priest, go off on retarded tangents and develop his own “true” satanism. And 50 years later you take a look around this subculture of Satanism and you see the majority are the liberal – not belonging to a conservative social order – modern and theistic satanists who each can't agree on what satanism is any more because they each insist and demand that their own individual opinions, thoughts, and definitions is the true and glorious one. These pigs will not only turn on you, they will turn on your religions by fucking them up. Don't believe me? Take 10 theistic satanists and ask them to teach you about their satanism. You will get 10 very fucked up and retarded satanisms.

Don't eat “PIG.” Don't consume their Hubris Nature. Don't partake of their Hubris ways of life. Don't consume their Hubris abstractions. Stay away from these pig, and keep them out of what you uphold to be valuable. Cast not your pearls before swine. Keep them out of ONA and in their pig pens. Let's at least try to keep the ONA unsoiled by their shit. And again when I say PIG I mean specifically the White Hubris American Mundane, the Homo Hubris, bred and domesticated in America who are under the spiritual or psychological control of what we call Magian Ethos. Those are our Enemies. They are the ones that animates and give life to the Nation-State, to religion, pedo-priesthoods, to generic common mentality and outlook. If we don't learn to keep our children away from this despicable breed, our children will become one of them.

I know there are a lot of illiterate people out there who will misunderstand what I have said and get upset. By illiterate I mean just because you can sound out words spelled on a screen or book does not mean you comprehend what you are reading. You are hence illiterate. For instance I can perfectly read Greek letters and make the sounds, but I don't know what the hell I'm reading. I can perfectly read and write with the Russian alphabets, but I don't know don't know shit about the words and sounds I am saying. So I know many of you will get upset. Just know that if you are Noble – Arya/Ariya – whose roots runs deep, then regardless of skin color, we're kinfolk. More realistically then you might think.

One out of ever 200 people on earth are genetically related to Genghis Khan. Do the Math. He was around in the 1300's. That's 900 years ago, and 1 out of every 200 humans on earth are his spawn. How many emperors, empresses, kings, queens, and noble blooded people before Genghis Khan have existed and for how many centuries back in history? I don't know how the Sanskrit people interpret their word “Arya,” but I can say with a certain amount of confidence that the Pali word “Ariya” properly translated should be “Aristocratic,” meaning Noble, Civilized, Cultured. Anariya means “Common,” “Peasant,” and “Barbarian.” Unfortunately over the centuries those words have been clouded by spiritualists. But all you have to do is go trace these two words and their meaning back to a nonsectarian relative of Pali and Sanskrit like Iranian and you'll get the same basic meaning.

What do you think the actual root in the name Iran is? Iran is the ancient foundation of the ancient Babylonian and Persian empires. It's a place of great kings and human history influenced by the Noble Blooded. Alexander the Great was connected to this civilization back in the day. If Aryan to you means White, then be proud of that shit and your ancestry. If Ariya to you [and me] means Noble and Aristocratic then be proud of that shit. Just don't consider those common generics to be your peers. Otherwise you stoop down to their level. The opinions and thought of one common mundane anariya should be completely meaning less to an arya/ariya bred person. You are above them, not on the level with them. They're not our peers. They are peasants, with the mentality and brain capacity of a common peasant. Is that your peer? Are you saying the ideas, thoughts, and opinions of a common peasant affects you and influences you? What does that say about you? One king is above the millions of his kingdom's citizenry and their thoughts and opinions. And you allow one single peasant to affect and influence you? Thank about it.

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-Al-Ikhwaan-

I heard a story once in Khmer that went: there was a time when the God Shiva had taken the form of a hermit living on the top of a mountain. In Khmerized Pali these wild hermits or ascetics are sacred and are called Isa, pronounced as “Eysey,” the -ey sounding like it does in the word “They.”

As time past rumor had spread in the local village at the foot of the mountain that this wild man was the Lord Shiva. And so three men set out to climb the mountain to learn the divine wisdom of the universe from the wild ascetic.

The first man one day makes it up to the peak and prostrates himself before the unkempt hermit and said: “Old man, rumor has it that you are Lord Shiva. I’ve come to be your student. Go ahead and teach me, if your are Lord Shiva. Let’s see what you got.”

The old man said: “You see that cliff over there? Jump off it and kill yourself.”

The first man laughed at the old man and left the mountain to return home calling the ascetic a crazy fool.

One day the second man climbs up to the peak of the mountain and prostrates himself before the old man and says: “Old man, I hear from the local villagers that you are Lord Shiva. Please accept me as your student and enlighten me. I will venerate you as my guru and God.”

The old man said: “You see that cliff over there? Jump off it and kill yourself.”

The second man believing it was a test did not jump off the cliff and had the resolve to stay by the old man’s side for a year. Until one day after the year of worship, the second man said to the old man: “I’ve been by your side for 1 whole years worshipping you as God Shiva and serving you. And you’ve given me nothing! I wasted my time with you old fool!” He walks away angry.

One day the third man came up to the top of the mountain and prostrated himself before the old man and said: "Old man, the people below say that you are Lord Shiva. I want to be your student. Please teach me."

The old man said: "You see that cliff over there? Jump off it and kill yourself."

The third man got up and walked to the edge of the cliff, said to the old man: "In my next life, I will come back and ask you again, and again, and again." And he jumped off.

As soon as the man jumped the old man transformed into Shiva and caught him in the air, bringing him back to the top of the mountain. Grateful for being saved from death the third man prostrates himself. The Lord Shiva said to the man: "Sit with me. I'll teach you." The End.

Traffic

I was thinking about this story because a couple days ago I re-watched a movie called Traffic. It's an old movie about a Mexican drug cartel based in Tijuana. The two important guys in the movie were these two petty cops, a short one and a tall one. I can't remember their names.

The movie starts off with the two of them waiting in the Mexican desert. Soon a big truck drives by and the two cops stops the truck. They make the peasant looking drivers open the back of the truck and bricks of cocain are discovered. The two cops puts the drovers into their car.

All of a sudden these black SUV drives up to them and the Mexican army comes out of the black SUV's and hold the two cops at gun point. They said that they would take care of the truck from there. This one old General comes up to the tall cop who was driving and asked him questions about how a petty local cop knew about the truck. The tall cop said a bird told him.

I really like the old General. The movie was about the tall cop gradually being drawn into the criminal underworld, and the General was manipulating him into it, at first to use him for little jobs. To gain a trust for him. The tall cop does his small jobs with his friend the short cop.

At the end of the movie the short cop thinks suggests to his tall partner that they can make a lot of money selling the information they knew to the DEA in America who wants to stop this cartel. The tall guy stops his car and looks at his friend in the eye and says that they are not going to say anything to anybody. Nothing else was said, but you can feel the tall guy said that out of a real concern for both of their lives.

Unfortunately the short guy crossed the boarder to go tell. The General's men catches him in America before he rats and throws him in their car to drive them him back to Mexico to kill him. In the car with him was his partner the tall cop, who was handcuffed to the car like his short and dumb friend. Both of them were going to be killed for snitching.

In the Mexican desert the two bad guys at gun point make the two cops dig their own graves. When the graves were dug the two cops were told to turn around, so they both turned around. The two bad guys each stood behind each of the cops and points their guns at their heads.

The trigger was pulled and the short one falls in his grave while the tall one was held in a bear hold as the guy holding him said: "It's over Javi [that's his name!], it's over." In the car Javi was silent, guess he felt bad for his best friend. The two bad guys told him: "We went through the same thing. It's how the old man [the General] works. We had to put you through it to see if we can trust you. Now we trust you. From now on, we're Family."

Brainstorm

I was jogging in the afternoon a day after I watched the movie. There's a place by my house where there is a giant park with these sidewalks and jog ways and horse trails canopied with big Eucalyptus trees all around. It's a cool and beautiful place to jog.

I do my business thinking when I jog around this place several rounds. So as I was jogging I was thinking about the internet and the cyber medium.

I had read an article by an scientist who said that he was concerned with how we were transferring all of our data from paper onto things like email, e-books, and storing our stuff on computers. The scientist said that this medium does not last long like paper does and he warns that as a civilization we can't become to dependent on unloading all of our information into such a ephemeral medium.

I was thinking about the internet and what I remember of this scientists warning because I was trying to figure out a better way of storing the ONA for a future people and future time.

I found the internet in 2004 which was when I was on Myspace. Since then I have seen literally dozens of these Satanist "organizations" set themselves up on Myspace or some other website. They huff and puff for a year or two. Then poof, they vanish off the face of the earth. Many of these internet groups leave their writings behind, but these writings are forgotten. And they all leave cyberspace without out ever leaving a substantial mark in the real world, or in the minds of people. Most of us can't even name 3 of such dead organizations.

I have all of these USB flash drives which I use to archive every ONA thing I can find. But after researching I learn that these flash drives only last for ten years and/or 1000 insertions before they must be replaced.

As I was jogging I was trying to brainstorm of other mediums I can use that lasted longer. Paper based books I thought. Nah. Books get lost and damaged. They won't serve my aeonic purpose. Not in the time span I am thinking of. I can risk having books lost or water damaged.

So I asked myself how the ancients did this? I have my native Buddhism to give me an answer. Theravada Buddhism has been around for 2,500 years and the bulk of the entire tradition is past down orally. Every so often all of these very old monks from different sanghas around the Theravada world meet up at different Wats and they lock themselves up for weeks. You know what they do for the week? The monks by memory recite orally the entire Tipitaka together: all 25,000 pages worth while secretaries write down each word to compile a "new" agreed upon version of the Tipitaka. This makes it so that each of the Theras [Elder Monks] leaves to their

respective countries with the same Tipitaka in Pali. If at such recital meeting the different sanghas have different wordings or such the Theras go around the group to figure out how to correct the difference. The point to all this is that the written text itself is not the authoritative foundation that dictates what the Theras should teach. It is the other way around. It is what the Theras as a collective [sangha] Remember out of their Mind that dictates what will be written in the new set of volumes of the Tipitaka [40 volumes currently]. Once the new set of volumes is done, the old set is discarded. This is a little aspect of Southeast Asian Buddhism that is not really known about in the West.

This naturally got me to think about the much older oral tradition of the Vedas. Circa 5000 years old! The aural tradition goes way before it was ever written down even. And incredibly that entire massive memplex has been able to survive to this day.

I was thinking to myself how funny and pretentious it was for these satanists in the West to talk shit about something like Brahmanism [Hinduism] which has been around for 5000 years and manifested entire civilizations, and we have these punk satanists in the West with their websites and cyber cults only last huffing and puffing for a year?! As a Buddhist I am taught to judge the Fruit or End Result and not what is said or done. We can talk shit all day huffing and puffing, and many of us can try to do shit [action/kammanta], but few ever manifest the Fruit to show and prove their shit. Whatever Brahmanism and Buddhism has been doing has proven itself to work.

In that respect, I'd rather have the ONA follow the example of what has been proven to work by the Fruit/Vipaka. Fuck the words, ideas, and deeds.

So I'm thinking to myself: "Okay. What do I have to do here? First let me break this down into bite sizes and figure out what exact is happening or going on." What is actually being passed from Brahmin to Brahmin or Thera to Thera.

What's going on is something called a "memplex" is being passed from brain to brain. What's a memplex? A complex of memes. A meme is the Idea of a "Pine Tree" for example. By itself, that Pine Tree meme lacks the ability to travel or stick in the mind. Memes needs traveling companions. You peg that Pine Tree meme with other memes like Decoration, Presents, a feast, peg all of it to a season, and add the Christmas Carol meme to that and you have a Memplex which has been observed from generation to generation since the Roman Saturnalias. The more buddies a meme has, the better it is able to spread and stick in the mind. But we look at the more successful thousand year old memplexes and we see that there are tricks to the trade. Some Idea-memes are often pegged to real world things such as seasons, objects, rites, etc. An example would be to take the "Superiority" meme. By itself it lacks the power to influence and spread. It's just an idea. Peg that same idea to a Skin Color, and what do you have?

So the answer I got was to pass the ONA down as a memplex, but to over time make sure this ONA memplex is constructed right where many of the idea-memes are pegged to real world things, to rites, rituals, chants, anything that is tangible and real. The second thing I figure I'd need are the right kind of people.

I was jogging around thinking to myself how I will find people to pass this memplex. I can do it like how Jesus said: cast them like a farmer casting seeds. If one person is fertile the seed will germinate. But after thinking about this I figured this was an nonconstructive idea aeonically, because we would be investing in chance. Jesus gave me my second option. I remember once in the Bible Jesus had told Peter out in the desert that he [Jesus] will teach Peter how to be a "Fisher of men." I remember watching a Jesus movie I liked. I think it was the Last Temptation or something. I remember watching Jesus sit from a distance just observing and watching Peter cast his net for awhile. Almost as if to study Peter to see if Peter [or whoever it was] had what it took.

This idea of being a Fisher of Men caused me to ask how would I fish for the right kind of person I need? I don't want any person curious in ONA to come ask me to give them ONA. I can't rely on that. I need someone or a few someones, who has what it takes to carry ONA for a full generation and pass this ONA memplex down. How do I find these right types? First of all what type am I looking for? I'm looking for someone like myself. This is because being me, I know myself better than any other person. And personally I know I can keep up the Anton Long relay race for as long as I can.

So this was when everything all fell into place in my head. I suddenly remembered the movie Traffic I had watched the other day, where Javi was manipulated, used, put to work, and tested to see if he had what it took to be Family. This got me to remember the Shiva story.

In the Shiva story the second guy was dedicated and wanted to be Shiva's student enough where he dedicated 1 years to worshipping the old ascetic. But that wasn't enough. I can't rely on someone just dedicated. I need to find a Protege, someone with the same nature as me. And the only way to do this is by putting the person through tests.

Testing People

There's this zen story which is often told regarding this subject. One day as a monk was bathing in a lake a guy walks by and seeing the monk went into the lake and said to the monk: "Teacher, I seek enlightenment, please teach me what you know, I'll be your student."

The monk says: "Go away. You're bothering me."

Thinking this was a test the man decided to show he can hang around and wait patiently.

The monk turns around, grabs the guy's head, and sits on it trying to drown the guy. The guy struggles to break free to get air. When he finally breaks free he says: "You crazy fool! I humbled myself and was willing to make you my teacher and you try to kill me."

And the monk said: "Unless you desire enlightenment as much as you desired air in that water, you will never get it. Thus, you are wasting my time. Go away."

The first person to teach me and show me things about testing people was a man and friend of the family named Gino. I met Gino back when I was still in high school over at a business a

grandfather of mine owned with his partners. The business was a plant that made polyurethane wood. I sometimes was put to work at the front desk during summer break or the weekends. The actual business itself was divided into two different buildings. The office where me, grandpa and the partners were at, and across the street [cul de sac] out of the office window can be seen the Plant half of the business which was a place I wasn't allowed to go to since it had all of these toxic chemicals and forklifts, etc.

Gino was half Italian and half Scottish, and he spoke with a Scottish accent, from that one city, what's it called, Glasscow. The 4 partners were two older aged White Americans, my grandpa [great uncle] who is Thai, and then Ted the chief engineer who was a very gentle and laid back older Englishman with white hair. In the past Ted used to go around different countries and help them build nuclear plants. He retired and had the idea of making faux wood which he encountered during his travels in Japan where there is a huge market for that stuff. So he collected his old engineering friends together to see if they were interested in trying to get this idea going. Unfortunately the idea proved over the years to be a great cause of huge debt for everybody. After 4 years, when the plant finally learned to make the faux wood, it was sold to investors in Wisconsin in haste to paid for the giant debt. In the end everybody involved barely broke out even, making just enough money to buy a house. There was a time when all sorts of debt collectors and companies were calling the front desk and threatening me with law suits if "we" did not pay. I had to remind these caller that I was just a desk person.

Before Gino was hired to manage and over see the plant he once worked at the docks as a supervisor. He got fired for being verbally abusive to the employees and slave driving them. The union pulled strings and he got fired, and his past work experience got him hired at the plant. He had this constant habit of chewing on pens all day.

My "boss" was a friend of Ted's named Dave. Dave was a man in his 40's and was also English with an English accent. Neither of us were really on the pay roll since we were just volunteering for friends and family. Dave's job was to actually oversee the office stuff, take care of bills, place order, etc. I was talking to Dave once about Gino and how odd I thought it was for a Scottish person to have an Italian name. Dave goes: "Oh Gino's half Italian. His grandfather was an immigrant to Scotland, in the textile business. His mother is Scottish." I said back: "Oh, I didn't know that. I wonder what his mother looks like? You think she's a pretty red head?" Dave replies to me something like: "Well, guess you haven't ever been to Scotland, otherwise you wouldn't be asking that question," he laughed and continued saying: "Let's just say his Scottish mother looks like him with long hair." I laughed. I thought it was funny, but guess you had to be there.

To help with production Gino hired "temp workers" who are the Mexicans you see outside of Home Depot waiting around for work. So every morning Gino comes to work with a car full of the days "employees." The plant at the time wasn't making any money yet to pay real employees. Everyone not a temp worker were just friends and family who literally volunteered time to whatever pay we got, if we did. Just to help out. Sometimes we were given stocks of the worthless company in lieu of pay.

From time to time from our office side me and Dave – since we really didn't have real work to

do – just watched the other side. Often we'd see a couple of the Mexican labourers walk out deserting their post and job angry saying things like "pinche cabron," and "pinche gringo!" Dave was the gossipy and nosy character of person. He has his head out the window and speculates over every little thing that happens on the other side of the street at the plant, and own the street in the other places. When the Mexicans walk out Dave would look out the window with a curious and nosy look and say to me or himself: "What the – are those Mexicans deserting their post? What did Gino do this time? Do you understand what they're saying Chloe?" I'd say: "Yeah, they're cussing Gino out. I'd rather not repeat what they said if you don't mind." And Dave was a loud mouth and tattler. He'd run off to Ted and tell Ted Gino caused the Mexican's to walk out. But Ted was so laid back he never really cared, just said: "Oh dear, looks like you'll have to go over there and help out or get more labourers?" Ted pays the temp workers out of his own pocket, for all four years.

So Dave would reluctantly cross the street to go help out. Gino comes to the office frequently to tell Ted and the others important information while the plant is running and going good. Usually when the "employees" abandon ship Gino comes across the street chewing his pen with a guilty grin on his face to report to Ted that the Mexicans walked out and he needs replacements. Ted will always say in his laid back manner: "Let me see if I have the cash to pay them." Usually Gino will hang around the desk and small talk with us. That's when out of curiosity I ask Gino things and he'd teach me.

At first I just asked him why the Mexicans walked out and Gino will say with his guilty grin in an almost shy manner: "They just couldn't take the heat, to hell with them, pardon my language."

After I got to know Gino over the years of volunteer work he opened up and became a friend and my first source of influence. He'd often give me advice like a father would give a daughter or uncle to a niece. There was one time when he was giving me advice which I remember and apply to this day, where he said something like: "You gotta test these blokes. You'll never know who and how a person really is inside if you're just going off of how they are when they are comfortable and normal. If you ever think about getting serious with a boyfriend for instance, you have to test them for their character and fortitude as a man. Don't ever go into anything blindly. Know what you're dealing with first. Remember that, it'll save you a lot of trouble and heartache." So I asked him how to test people.

Gino said something like: "You put them into three situations and watch them carefully. Watch how they act, react, and how they treat you and others in those three situations. First situation: you get them piss drunk, but you don't do any drinking yourself! You need to watch how they are piss drunk, what they say, where their eyes move. Do you want a boyfriend whose eyes wander when he's drunk? Second situation: make them seriously angry. Push them so that they become genuinely angry. I mean angry. Then watch how they act, react, and how they talk to you and treat you and others. Do you want a man who beats you or your children when they are extremely angry? Do you want a worker who walks away from his duties when he is extremely mad? Third and most important situation: Break them. Snap them like a twig."

I asked: "What do you mean snap them?" And he said: "Push them to the breaking point. Stress them out. Apply so much pressure on them that they snap. Then you observe what type

of person they are under pressure. Under extreme stress. Can they maintain themselves and still be intelligent and functional? Or do they turn into cry babies and dysfunctional gibbering idiots? You'll grow up to realize Chloe that life isn't easy. It's stressful and takes us all to a breaking point. You'll learn to know that people who are sweet in words and deed when they are comfortable and normal, turn into abusive monsters under pressure. The question is do you learn now, or when it's too late? The best type of person to associate in any way with are the type that is true to their nature in and out of high stress, extreme emotional states, and so on. If they still love you. Or if they still are with it. Can they take the heat? Do you want to build a life or company on the reliance of people who break easy and are only superficially intelligent and superficially functional? Wimps. Too bad America is too liberal in the work place these days."

Nothing Gino taught me that day really sank in my mind back then. It wasn't until much later when I was out of high school, living with friends at dorms during our college years that I began to realize the essence of what Gino had once said personally and directly, with me on the receiving end of being tested and tried.

Me and my friends and cousins got real jobs together at a Target by the campus to make extra spending and party money. When we first got hired there was a transition of regimes over at the target by the campus. The previous store manager had been recently fired and we started our first few days hearing rumors about the new boss the district was going to install. The potential new boss was once an executive at the store named Edward [Ed]. I heard stories from my new friends at work that Ed was known to have a short fuse and he yells profanities and throws merchandise across the store when he's angry.

In my head as I was hearing about the Dread Ed, I was thinking to very young and immature 18 year old self: "Awe fuck. If this Ed guy even talks to with an improper tone, I'll walk out, I don't even need this job. I'm not taking his shit. I have rights!" He did get hired as the new Boss. Ed was very tall, very handsome, in his late 40's at the time. He sounded like he was from the east coast, talked with a deep and very clear and audible voice. He had a natural demeanor of command and authority and confidence in the way he walked, talked, and carried himself. My first impression of him was that to me he was like a cross between a mobster and a politician. He went around introducing himself to everybody one by one during his first week, shaking our hand and saying: "Ed. Pleased to meet you," to the faces he didn't recognize. He'd joke around and tease the people he knew from his previous time at the store.

I used to like watching Ed work his status charm in the store social order those days. When he's happy and in a good mood you can see Ed just joke around with everybody. Usually you see him teasing the men in the store in a light hearted way. It's a subtle establishment of status position anthropologically. Usually the one that is dominant or trying to establish a dominant social position does the teasing, and the recipient of the teasing is socially the subordinate. You can see this behaviourism acted out in high school where the popular kids will pick on nerds and geeks. But also in their cliques you see one doing the teasing of his friends and the friends taking the tease, laughing and shoots a tease back. Then the teaser pats his friend on the back and usually says: "I'm just messin with ya." The one doing the teasing is the dominant person in the clique. The patting on the back is a social reassurance that they are

still buddies as long as everyone knows their place. At the store you'll see the men familiar with Ed throw in or initiate a jab or tease Ed, they usually pat Ed on the shoulder right after, and usually Ed turns the situation around and teases them back good. When he was happy he was always formal and respectful with every female in the store. He called us all "Ladies." Usually he'll do his stops and say: "Evening ladies. Anything I should know about while I'm here?" Then he'll do his small talk, comment on our look and hair, and then leave. He never teases a female. When Ed was angry he transformed into a totally different person. His nickname in the store was the "Transformer," because of this.

Our shift was the grave yard, so that way we had the day for either school or to hang out. So Ed's usual shift was when the store was closed to the public. After Ed had settled in and established himself, one night we saw Ed do his famous transformation way in the back by the toys department. Me and some of my friends were on the Planogram team which was different from the stock team which unloads the truck and stocks the stuff.

I was in the middle of the store with my team when I heard things crashing loudly over in the toys department. Thinking something big fell, my team walked over there to investigate. Before we got there we heard Ed screaming at the top of his lungs: "Shit! What is this shit!? What the fuck is everybody doing!? Aren't you supposed to be working!?" After hearing this, we just turned around real fast and went back to our place to do our work hoping Ed won't stop by. You can hear things being thrown across the aisle and breaking.

At the time me and my work partner Lisa were helping each other on my aisle since I was still new. Our job was to totally dismantle an entire aisle, reconstruct the shelves and put up all new items or rearrange the items according to these blueprints they give us. This usually takes all day to destock the aisle, dismantle it, put up new wallpaper and pegs, pull our items and stock it. Lisa was put in the same aisle as me so she can help train me. That night when Ed blew a fuse, Lisa had left her aisle just behind me to help me with my aisle. Usually it's one person per aisle side. She was doing something while I was banging the prong of a shelf loudly to get it to go into the hole things in the aisle. Just as I stuck the shelf in place and proud of my accomplishment Ed walked by our aisle. I guess he was wondering what the loud banging was.

Ed stopped dead in his tracks and looked at me and Lisa working on the same aisle together. I feared for my life as I was standing there looking at him looking at me with a little hammer in my hand. In my mind I was thinking to myself: "Lisa was just helping me. I'm still new and I'm still being trained. I was working. I have a hammer in my hand to prove it. Lisa is my trainer, please don't yell at her." Where we were working at was right across the way from toys in the middle part of the store.

He just stood there looking at me for a few seconds, so not knowing what to do I just said out loud: "The shelf wouldn't go in. She's training me." I wiggled my hammer. Ed puts his palm over his face and takes a deep breath as he turns around. I thought he was going to start yelling. But he turns back around to look at me and Lisa and he said: "I'm sorry you ladies had to see that. I feel bad. I really do. I hope they don't take it personally. I just get angry when I see people not working. I put in 100% of my effort into my job. I expect the same from

everyone. I get angry when I see people not work. I don't care if you don't like your job or aren't really working. Just look busy."

I nodded in fear and I said: "Yes sir. We were working, she's just helping me out." And Ed shows his palms at us and says: "No, no, no. Not you ladies. Don't mind me. I know your working. I can hear you down from the other department. I'm just vent some steam at somebody. I'm gunna go and clean up my mess now."

My friends and I where hired a few months before Christmas season that year. In these types of mass retail stores, Christmas season is chaotic. After settling in my job for the easy months and getting to know everybody and learning about Ed's character under extreme anger and stress, December came and Christmas season hit the store. At Target, the Planogram team during Christmas season is like the bitch of the store. We get used by every other team. First our job during November into early December was to literally redo the entire store to make everything Christmassy. Every aisle had to be reconstructed, new aisles had to be build in the back for the extra Christmas stuff. We had to put up the seasonal signs in the store, put up the trees in the display area. Then when we were done the Planogram crew was disbanned for the season since there were no aisles to be worked on, and we'd be everybody's bitch into January.

Our team went into work one night at 12 AM to see Ed pulling pallets and dumping them everywhere in the main aisles of softlines. I walked down the rows and rows of pallets with our team leader Sean in horror to the 40 hugely piled Christmas pallets. Sean gave me a look of part horror, part anger, and part annoyance. Ed dropped off another pallet and walked up to us and said to Sean: "Sean my man. Good to see you two early. All these pallets need to be sorted before the store opens. The stock team over the weekend didn't sort them for you like I asked. Got a little upset. Broke a few things. Sorry to do this to you guys."

Sean is still my friend to this day. He's half Black half Irish, very attractive, body builder type. He spent 4 years in the army and then joined the air force reserves. He's also my personal mentor in the 5% Nation. Sean said in anger and disgust back at Ed: "Man, you know how much work my team already has. What the hell does the stock team even do during Christmas Ed, and they couldn't help out and sort this stuff?" Ed goes: "Tell me about it. It is what it is Sean. Chloe go clock in and and start sorting, you can have my LTR [scanning device]. I want every box repalletized by aisle number to help you guys out. Get as much done as you can be fore the store opens. I'm gunna drag Sean to the back and touch base with him real quick." Sean goes: "Ed you can't do this to me man. They gave me 7 aisles to set tonight. I need her in those aisles." Ed said back: "Sean, work with me. Nobody else will." Sean said 'alright' and they both looked at me, so I went to clock in.

Me and Sean got stuck that night going through every box. You have to scan the bar code on the box then write the aisle number it gives you on the box and then sort them out by aisle number and make new pallets. As we were doing this Sean was cussing and bitching about how bad the stock team sucks. The supervisor of the stock team had come up to us chuckling and patting Sean on the back teasing about the extra load of work we got stuck with. Him and Sean were peers in the store's official ranking system and actual friends. Sean said annoyed

and pissed: “Fuck you man and your lazy ass team. Ain’t this your guy’s work? You guys are fucking incompetent. You need the Plano team to pull your truck for you, do your work for you. But whatever. My team gets your work done AND our work done. Get the fuck out of this aisle before I bitch slap you.” The other guys leaves laughing and says as he walked away: “Hey Sean! Thanks for picking up my slack buddy. I owe you one.” Sean mumbled to himself and me: “I really feel like killing a few people right now, you don’t even know.”

So during the chaos of Christmas season on the Plano team, people took shits on you whenever they could everywhere they can. Technically before we set an aisle the protocol is to use our LRT’s or PDA’s to punch in an order of the new items our schematics says we will need. The backroom team is supposed to do their part – team work – and pull our order for us. But this doesn’t happen of course. I took down my aisle to set up a Christmas aisle, and I had all this backstock items not going back up which I put on these pallets neatly for the back room and I had put in my order way before I started taking apart my aisle. So I went to deliver my backstock pallet to Ray who was the supervisor of the backroom.

Technically his team is supposed to backstock the crap we pull off. But of course this doesn’t happen in practice. I pulled my pallet back to Ray who is or was this 40 year old White ex-Marine guy [he was cool] and always, he yells at me saying: “No, no no girl! I’ve had enough crap from your team. I got a job to do too. You’re backstocking everything you’re bring back here!” He acts like that under pressure, where he no longer cooperates or works as a team. So I said back: “Ray I’m setting a damn aisle. I can’t backstock this shit.” He interrupted and said: “Then don’t be bringing shit back here!” I said: “Where the hell am I supposed to put this shit then Ray? And my order? I’m ready for it.”

Ray said or bitched that he had too much work on his hands and could not get to any of our orders. So I had an empty aisle. I went to go tell Sean Ray wanted me to backstock my own stuff and he didn’t pull any off our orders. That got Sean very angry. When Sean is angry is throws things on the ground and goes deathly silent like a sniper and just walks back with a look on his face like he’s gunna fist fight someone. He disappears usually. So that night I went to go to the back room to see what to do with my empty aisle. Sean was pulling our orders and yelling back and forth at Ray saying: “How you gunna do this to me Ray. Fucking lazy ass motherfucker. At least tell me you ain’t gunna pull my orders. I got empty aisles out there.”

Sean – like me – is the type to keep working steady in extreme states of anger and under extreme stress. Usually he verbally vents his steam, but he keeps working and doing his duties and whatever extra shit he has to do. I’m the opposite. I shut up when I am extremely angry or under high stress. If its too much I’ll bitch in my head or cry but I’ll keep doing the work, stay functional and alert, and stay focused. I can still think straight where I can or have to re-prioritize what needs to be done and what needs to be suspended. Sean taught me that panic kills in real live situations. Like when your car is in a lake. If you panic and don’t have full control of your emotions and mind, and you can’t calm yourself, you’re gunna die in the car cuz you’re not thinking straight. Same thing with being out in the battlefield. You always have to have full control of your emotions and mind at all times. You can vent and bitch to let off steam, but don’t ever lose control of your emotions and thinking faculty.

After we had set the whole store our team was disbanded and we were put to work on “projects.” Usually the guys in our team get put in the Christmas tree truck, or they are put in the stockroom truck unloading the trucks. The girls get used all over the place.

I “lucked” out during my tenure with this job, which was my only “real” [non-family] job. Ed had made me his “personal assistant” for the season. Which meant he just gave me a long list of orders to follow and left me alone to execute them one at a time. Technically my chore he gave me was to just walk around the entire store and keep every end cap in the whole store fully stocked and to just do what I have to to keep them all full. Then to pull all clearance items from every aisle and put in in back end caps. Then to take every clearance item in the backroom and flush them out, meaning get them on the floor in the end caps. So usually back at that time I just minded my own business, pulled my own items, kept every end cap loaded with crap for the morning. But I learned that there are only so many back end caps in the store [for clearance], and the stockroom team were flushing out every clearance item from their backroom.

I walked in the store one night at 3 in the morning to find over a dozen pallets of clearance stuff out on the floor waiting, after I had taken a walk to check how many end caps needed to be restocked which was half of them in the store. I was standing there shocked at the dozen pallets of crap as Ray dropped off another one laughing and he said: “Look at her just standing there. I’d start working if I were you. We got more clearance stuff coming for you.” I bitched out at him saying: “All my clearance end caps are full Ray! I don’t have anywhere to put all this at?!” He just said: “Your problem, not mine. I’m just doing what Ed told me to do.” Then walks away.

I went to go find Ed to complain at him about the 12 pallets of shit the backroom was giving to me, thinking Ed would compassionately understand and provide me with a helper or something. When I saw Ed, he just said: “Chloe! My little helper. Come with me to the back yard. I need you to go through a container for clearance items. The stock team was supposed to go through it, but they didn’t.” I was shocked and I opened my mouth to bitch or vent and I said: “But,” but before I finish the but Ed stops me and said: “Don’t do this with me Chloe. I’m gunna blow a fuse. If it’s one thing I hate is people that complain and bitch. It gets absolutely nothing done. I give you everything I got. You need to give me everything you got and don’t ask questions. I know you’re better than that and capable of more. I know because I’ve seen you work stressed out and I’ve put to under pressure. You can’t imagine the pressure my bosses are putting me through right now. I’ve got nobody else to rely on who can take the heat but you and Sean. Don’t burn out on me now.” I nodded and said: “Okay.”

Ed led me out in the store’s backyard to a container just outside the doorway of the backroom going outside. He propped the door opened and called the security guard on his walkie to meet him in the backroom to guard a door, and told the backroom team to keep an eye on me and to check up on me since I’ll be outside by myself in a dark container. The container is the big kind you see on trains, big trucks etc. It’s dark and packed with pallets. I was given a flashlight and a scanner. My job was to go through every box and flush out all the clearance items and get them out in the floor. It was 3 something in the morning and very cold. And just my luck every one of the big pallets – over a dozen – were wrapped in plastic, and there was no room

to work in. I had to literally climb on top of the boxes just to move. The previous manager had gotten fired for this. Instead of doing her job, the previous manager ordered all of these containers and pack-ratted stuff into them and never told anybody about them. As soon as Ed left I just stood their for a moment and kicked the nearest box a few times to let out some steam.

Every few minutes my friend the “security” guard came by to check up on me. His name was Rodney, but we called him Big Rod. He was in his late 20’s back then. Had these big bushy sideburns and both of his arms were tatted up. They called him Big Rod because he was big built, not fat. He was chubby, but he also worked out so he was also packing muscles. Big Rod was a Mongol which is a rival 1% biker gang of the Hell’s Angels. He loved talking about motor bike gangs, their culture, street gangs, etc.” I started talking to him at break talking about Asian gangs. His friends were Asians, so he knew every Asian gang. I learned many things about biker gangs in return. He was “cool people,” at break he’d pass out cups to those of us he knew were “cool” and filled it up with beer.

Big Rod once put me to the test for whatever reason after a few drinks and getting to know me. He told me to follow a guy around the stock team for him and gave me a name, and asked me to give him any information about this guy I hear. Since Big Rod was the security guard I figured this guy – named Jeff – was stealing things. So over the months I spied on Jeff and collected every bit of information I hear about him, and during break I’d relay what I knew to Big Rod. I never asked why he asked why. I know enough street ethics and my own family culture to not ask why when you’re told to do something by somebody older than you or who out ranks you. You can smell a test when one is given to you. A few months pasted and as I was walking from the restroom one night I saw Jeff walking around a section in the store he was not placed in. People on the stock team get placed to work in departments. Curious I walked fast behind him towards his direction. I saw him turn down an aisle walking to the a back end cap. Jeff is one of those trashy trailer park White guys that is the type to not feel right with anybody. He was dirty and never seemed to bathe or comb his hair.

I walked very slowly on the front end of the aisles, past one aisle at a time to find him so I can see what he was doing. He was in the electronics department which was quiet. I saw his elbow. He was doing something behind an end cap. I made a snuffle sound pretending to normally walk by and he looked and saw me and quickly fumbled with something and very, very nervously said to me as he was walking back to the front: “Hey Chloe.” I said: “What’s up Jeff?” He goes: “Nothing. Nothing. I went to the bathroom. Just checking out checking out a few things. I better go before Robin [his supervisor] looks for me.” I nodded and smiled watching him walk to his department. Then I stopped him and said: “Jeff,” I got very close to his dirty ear and continued: “You have to be more careful next time.” And I looked at him. Jeff had this look of panic or guilt or fear and he nervously said to me: “You’re not going to tell are you? Please?” But I assured him and said: “No. We’re cool right?” He nodded and thanked me.

The next day I told Jeff at a quiet section of the store that I wanted to buy whatever he took. I used the fact that he knew I knew as an unspoken blackmail. He admitted to me that he had taken a Game Boy for his little son. I told him I’ll give him \$20 for it and things will be cool. So

he agreed. He had no choice but to agree. The next day after work Jeff gave me the new Game Boy things he stole and I gave him \$20. Then that same day I called Big Rod and told him everything, stating that I had the Game Boy in my possession. Big Rod told me to come over to his apartment for dinner with him and his wife to show me the item he stole.

The three of us at Big Rod's pad drank and smoked weed as he was looking at the Game Boy. Big Rod told me and his wife who was my age and tatted up: "We've been trying to catch this fucker in the act. They've been building some case on his dirty ass for six months. Think he's ripped off fucking \$2000 worth of shit. A few days ago one of the execs found a fucking Game Boy box fucking opened in the back end caps in electronics. My girl Chloe caught the fucker red handed, evidence and all too. Ain't that something. This is the fucking Game Boy from that box. How'd you do this?" I explained to him what happened and that I tricked him into selling me the Game Boy or I'd tell. But I asked Big Rod if I can get busted for buying it. He said that technically I could, but he'll make sure the fucker never mentions my name and he won't bring up any transaction of money. Then Big Rod goes: "All I know is somebody is going to jail, and I'm getting a fucking promotion! You don't mind if I take the credit for this bust do you?" I said: "No way. Go ahead. If the guys on the stock team [gang bangers] ever find out, they'll never talk to me again." Big Rod reassured me: "Nah, just between us, those guys are cool with me, they take shit in plain view of me. They owe me. You're cool. Don't stress over it. This bust is strictly business." That's how we got to know each other, and how I earned his trust.

So out in the container my friend Big Rod came to check up on me, climbing in the containers he said to me: "Shit, it's fucking cold in here. You know he can get fired for putting you at risk out here by yourself at this time? You want me to put the word in for you? I'll be your witness. I can't stand the fucker." I said back: "Nah, I'm cool Big R. Just helping him out, that's all." He goes: "Yeah, but this ain't right. He should be out here not an 18 year old girl. What's up with that picture. He's using you." I said: "Nah. Just leave him alone. He's alright. Ed is an acquired taste." Rod asks: "What's that mean?" I said: "When you haven't tasted something before, and you have to learn to get use to the shit. Feel people out and know how to dance with them or work with them. You know." So he looked around and changing the subject said: "Alright. Just let me know. Ey, anything interesting in there?" I said: "I'll open some of the interesting boxes up. If I see anything I'll holler." Big Rod says quietly as he starts to leave: "Yeah, just set it aside for me. I'll stuff my fucking pockets."

It took me till 8 in the morning to go thru the whole container. I had few pallets of stuff, and I had set aside all of these things for Big Rod. Every so often he'd come by and stuff his pockets, vanish for a while when he was supposed to be guarding the door, then come back to reload with stuff I find. We did that for five hours. I had pallets and pallets of clearance shit I had to push out on the floor. After lunch break I found Ed to inform him of my only option since all of the clearance end caps were over flowing. I told Ed: "Ed, I have all these pallets of clearance and all of the end caps are packed." Ed claps his hands like he's cheering me on and said: "What are you gunna do about it?" So I said: "I have to pirate a couple aisles in the store. I have no other choice." Ed goes: "Great. Do what you gotta do. Give it to me! Blame everything on me if you have to. Just get rid of everything."

So I went to the Home Décor department after lunch and killed two whole aisles. I removed everything from them and stuffed the items in new homes with their labels in different places. Put up a shit load of shelves in my pirated aisles and started to stuff my pirated aisles with nothing but clearance stuff.

The stock team stocking the department gave me a shit storm. What they do is take tubs loaded with boxes to the aisles the boxes goes in and the are supposed to stock them. But I had killed two aisles which confused the dumb lazy fucks. One of them came by the aisle with their tubs and looking confused or lazy said to me: "Where did these two aisles go?" I said: "I moved them into the next aisle and all along the back wall." And I pointed out where I moved the stuff to. This grown person in her 40's bitches at me: "Well what am I supposed to do now? I can't waste my time looking for their new homes. I'm telling Robin." I got upset over this grown up bitching like a 5 year old and I said: "Ma'am, the new homes are right in the next aisle and down along the big wall. Can you work with me please and help me out?" She storms off to tell her supervisor on me.

Robin the stock team supervisor is this older lady of about 35-40ish. She has short hair and looks like a butch dike, and she carries herself in a very masculine way all bossy like. She has a short fuse and is the biggest bitch in the store when she is barely stressed out. Under stress she malfunctions and stops working right and storms off not working in a cloud of butthurt.

Robin marches up to the aisles I had pirated and out loud with the store open and costumers walking by just losses it on me saying: "Chloe what the hell is this? Where the hell are my two aisles! You can't just go around killing aisles like this? My stock team gets confused. I got a backroom packed with pallets that I need to get out. Blah blah blah!" Just to shut her up I said in a low tone: "Just leave the stuff here Robin. I'll take care of it okay." She goes all smartass like: "If you say so. You're stocking it not me. Ed's gunna know about this." So she walked off, having dismissed a part of her responsibility on me. I was mocking her in my head going: "If you say so. Whatever then. Go tattle tale on me. I told Ed I was gunna do it anyways. Whatever happened to team work? It's like everybody is out to look out only for their own asses and they try to evade as much work as they can get away with not doing." That's when I realized that Ed was right. Complaining and bitching makes you look like a baby. And these are grown people.

A few minutes later, while the store was open with customers in it, you hear stuff being thrown, things crashing and breaking, out in the back of the toy department again. Then you hear Ed yelling profanities while the store was open. And his voice was getting louder and louder, so I figured he was walking my way. I stood there waiting for him to see what he was going to do. I told him I was gunna kill aisles and he said I could. I'd feel very shocked and betrayed if he turned around and yelled at me. Ed snapped in public right in my aisle with the stock team and some customers watching. Ed sort of talked to himself or me or somebody out loud saying in public: "Fuck me! I'm not a fucking manager. I'm a fucking babysitter! That's what I am! I'm surrounded by babies! Chloe do you have any babies I can babysit? I sure could use another baby. Ma'am how about you?"

He mumbles to himself and what went to the tubs of stuff the stock team left for me and

opened the boxes and proceeded to stock the stuff as he shakes his head. Just like Sean handles things when he is very angry and stressed out. I thought that was very nice and loyal of him to help me out with the boxes in that situation. That's how I personally learned that Ed was true, trustworthy, and loyal to those he can depend on. Robin came by and in a very nice and sweet voice said to Ed: "Ed I can stock the stuff, you know. I was just," before she could finish explaining Ed goes: "Robin, I'm this close to killing somebody or myself. Leave. Go do your job or clock out and go home for the day. Please."

By then I was just doing my work and pretending to not be aware of the public drama. While I was working with Ed working with me, I wondered how he relationship with his wife was like? So I just kept working, and Ed just quietly stocked the crap. In those moments you just stay quiet and let the men go into their cave and cool down. He gets over his anger quick, then apologizes to everyone, then he kept working the boxes that went into the aisles I killed. At break he bought me, Sean, Faith, and another one of his hand picked helpers who was a friend of ours named Arnie who was a short older man in his 50's with a thick mustache from Afghanistan. Faith was a very cool elder lady. She was 57 and still had a lot of horse power in her. She was working just to stay busy. She was rich, had white hair and a kick ass attitude, and she drove a better car to work than Ed's. She's a Southern Bell and talks with a southern accent, and she cusses like a sailor. Ed told us at break that he needs us to stay 12 hours to finish up our chores and take care of things. He warned us that its gunna be 8 more hours of him using and abusing us. The four of us agreed to stay.

"In one ear, out the other baby." That was Faith's policy with people like Ed. She told me at break that Ed is just like her husband when he was young, and they have been married for over 40 something years. "You let them use you and abuse you. Let them learn to trust you and know they can come to you. Make them know you are the only one that can take their shit. Then turn that around and use that in turn to get you where you need to go. He needs us more than we need him. If he's smart, he'll learn he either needs to put out or lose his support. Let the man be a man and do his thing, that's just how God made him baby. Just remember what I tell you, and this is coming from an old lady whose been through everything imaginable in life: The more a person needs you, the more control you have over them. I wasn't born rich." That's the type of stuff Faith taught me and Sean based on her many years of being married to a man like Ed for 40 years.

Ed ended up building a little clique he called the "A Team." It was 7 of us he had tested and hand picked over the months. The ones he pushed to the breaking point, used, manipulated [buying us lunches, messing with our feelings, etc], and the only ones who stuck by him. He used his "A Team" to get his work load done all during the holiday season. Before it officially started he had a meeting with the 7 of us and just point black said in plain English: "I picked you 7 because you are the only 7 that can think straight and function under high stress and pressure. You're the only ones that can take the heat and deal with my shit, and every one of these babies' shit. We all got bosses here. I get shit on, I'm gunna shit on you, you go shit on whoever. I don't care. Lets make it a shit fest if we need to. Shit on me if that makes you feel better because I don't take any thing said in anger or pressure seriously, just work with me. Fuck the rest of the store. Fuck the stock team. Fuck the backroom team. Fuck those grown babies. We'll run this store our god damn selves. Pull our own shit, stock our own shit, get

every lazy person's fucking jobs done in between. I'm gunna use you and abuse you all Christmas season. Use me and abuse me too. Just work as a fucking team. That's all I ask of you. Everyone still with me?" So we all nodded. Sean goes: "Lets do it."

After Christmas season Ed got praised for his work. He had taken a store that got fucked up because of the previous manager, and fixed everything up and picked up revenue again. He got a fat Christmas bonus. In private he gave each of us 7 a very private bonus out of his own pocket, and he actually shows a very sincere appreciation for the work we put in during his little speech for the 7 of us when he cried, or his eyes got very watery. Unfortunately he wasn't perfect. My year of working there had come round. Thanksgiving season had come. The store got all of these for the Thanksgiving Day Sale. Ed saved one X Box in his office for his son which he bought when the store opened. One of the execs who did not like Ed ratted on him. The management team were not legally allowed to save items in their offices that are on sale for the public. So he got fired. Of all people Robin had come to each of us collecting money to buy Ed a going away gift, since over the year she had grown to like him and understand his nature. I put in \$300. Sean and Faith were the only others to put in a big contribution. Ed left without a fight.

Two weeks after he got fired he came by our Target with a golf club on Monday wearing his ring. We were out at lunch break. He just stops and says: "Ever golfed on Mondays before? Chloe, you taking care of my Lexus for me?" It was mine, but he called it his since he has a thing for such types of car brands. After small talk he said he got a new job as the top manager of a different company and he came to collect his A Team. He promised all 7 of us immediate promotions if we came. All 7 of us left Target and followed Ed.

Ed and my old friend Gino from the plant had the same "work ethics" as I recalled after my experience with real work. Things that Gino once taught me about people and testing them for their fortitude were true. Most people turn to babies when the slightest pressure is applied. Most people just complain, whine, and bitch their discomfort or disagreement like a baby cries to have its diaper changed. And these grown babies actually want you to change their diapers for them, expecting you to appease them and fix shit for them. They can't do shit by themselves, which is why they complain. How many of these grown babies complain about their work, but keep doing their job and don't change their routine? How many complain about politics, but yet they keep supporting the same system and same two parties?

How many of you cry like grown babies over how you don't like ONA but, it's still here? That's incompetence and impotence. You huff and puff about the sex how your great, but can't ever get it up to do shit. How am I supposed to take you fucking babies seriously then? Whining, disagreeing with me, debating my ideas, talking shit about me, don't do jack shit in the real world, and you know it never has. That's all you bitches got. Just like peasants and serf bitching about their plight and serfdom and talking shit about their masters that own them. Nothing besides talk is ever done. And don't bring up the American revolution like I'm fucking stupid or the French Revolution. Who were the bulk of the loyalists, did the generic populous actually participate or did they just exist and get manipulated, and who had the guts to actually risk their life and freedom to commit treason against the Crown and Law of the day? You all are bitches. You, your ancestry, and whole bloodline. You bitch about breaking the law today,

and your ancestors bitched about breaking the law of the land and religion in the past. So don't act like a fucking superhero Captain Satan with me cuz you found satanism and you got opinions. I'd rather cut my wrists then breed with one of you peasant [plebeian] fucks. That's straight from my heart.

A Team

Gino had the exact same method of building up his own A Team. What I remember him do was pick up random Mexicans temp workers. Then during the day he'd push all of them to high levels of stress and just use them all day. Some walked out. Few stayed.

This one young Mexican, who is still a friend of mine to this day named Israel got a job at our plant like this. Israel at the time he first started was 19. He was an illegal alien with false papers. His wife is a citizen. He didn't speak a word of English, and he barely does still. He came to this country by himself. Said it cost him \$3000 to pay the "Coyotes" which is the term for the nice businessmen who work the human traffic industry. He came alone leaving his family behind so he can get work to send money to his parents and siblings back home. He told me once – via our interpreter Ricardo the machine tech – that his [Israel's] dream was to work hard for 20 years here, have his parents save the money, then go back home and open his own small business and be a jeffe [boss], so his parents can retire and travel the world.

Me and Dave used to watch how badly Gino treated Israel from across the street in the safety of our air conditioned office. When Israel was stressed out or very angry, he'd walk out the plant and just sit at the side walk looking sad. I felt really sad for him when he did that. Because he's all alone in a foreign country which sees him as a criminal, and all he wants is just to make money to have a better life, and the only place that will give him work is just treating him awful. He sits there cuz he really has nowhere to go. Gino would come out screaming at the top of his lung in a Scottish Accent: "Israel, get back in there boy!" Israel would get up slowly with his head down and walk back inside to work. And you see a smile on Gino's face as he pats Israel on the back.

Everyday in the morning even when we didn't need workers to help, Israel would always be waiting at the front door with his bike. Gino would buy him breakfast and coffee and set him to work. And you'll see the same thing happen. Israel would walk out the plant and sit on the side walk. Dave would be looking out the window and saying to me: "Here we go again Chloe. They're gunna bond again. How do you like that. A Scotsman and a Mexican making friends. Only in America." Then you see Gino storm out of the plant like he was looking to kill somebody and he'll scream out as loud as he can: "Israel! Get back in there boy!" And Israel would walk back in with a smirk on his face.

Dave said once when Gino was hanging around the office: "I feel bad for Israel. You treat that poor boy like shit." Gino says: "I ain't treating him like shit. He has potential. He knows it and I know it. I've seen him work when he puts his mind to it. That boy is smart. But he's lazy. He needs discipline. He keeps a straight head under pressure. He'll understand in time. That's how my father raised me when I was his age. Look at how I turned out." He chuckles to himself and Dave said laughing: "Yeah, look at you, bullying Mexicans."

A year later Gino starts relegating supervisor chores to Israel. You'll see Gino come out to inspect the Mexicans working in the yard and he gets angry cuz they aren't working hard enough. He yells out: "Israel! Tell your brothers to quit fucking around and work god dammit! We ain't paying them to hold hands!" Then you'll see Israel doing the exact same thing Gino does. He yell out profanities in Spanish and makes everybody work while he stands and watches. You'll see Gino come out later to check up on everybody, and he'll nod in approval and pat Israel on the back and go back inside.

Slowly over the years other workers with the same quality and nature as Gino and Israel just comes back and back everyday. They get put into this clique where a very real chain of command structure can be seen to take shape. And you'll see that this clique get's the most work done. Gino had manifested himself an efficient work force. Gino buys his workers food out of his own pocket, and after work hours he shoves extra cash in the pockets of his hand picked boys like Israel. After two years Gino build up his A Team made up of a small group of 5 people who were able to work together cooperatively in a team or collective effort which group was also able to maintain that cooperative ability to productively work together under high stress, extreme anger, and high pressure some days at the plant created. Basically they were dedicated or loyal to the work and their group, and the anger, stress, and pressure was not able to break their solidarity and functionalism apart.

Some may wonder why I'm talking about my boring work experience. Partly because I've alive for about 2 and a half decades and I haven't experienced much else in Life. You work with what you got. But I can still extract insights from these experiences in life.

So what do I mean by a chain of command? I mean Information traveling unimpeded whereby this information is apprehended by each group member, and where each group member then executes its duties accordingly. Ed had an end objective, he tells his A Team what he wants, his A Team divvies up the work needed to manifest it, and the end result is actualized. Gino has a work load and work order to meet, he tells his A Team, they divvy up the responsibilities, and the end result gets done. Your conscious mind wants to cross the street, it dictates its will or desire to the body, your body its limbs and organs divvies up the work load needed to get you ass across the street, and the work gets done. That's what I mean by a chain of command and efficient work force.

There is a different between an army and a mass of common city citizens. There is a difference between a street gang and the mass of common city residents. There is a difference between a construction company building a structure and the random people walking by the construction site. There is a difference between a company of business partners and the common mass of citizens. The difference is that one is structured in a coherent ordering where that Information travels unimpeded and the other is an incoherent structure where Information does not move. Take a piece of Coal, and a Diamond. Both are made of carbon atoms. Shine a laser through both of them. The light of the laser is pure Information. Which on of these carbon made objects does the Information travel through unimpeded and which one obstructs the information and why? And which is more valuable and stronger and which one is actually worthless and crumbles easily? Figure that out on your own and the implications.

The Price of Liberalism

So after all that recollection coagulated in my head I walked home to think about what I needed. I don't need a book. Having a memplex encased inside a book does not guarantee that that memplex will jump out of the pages to be alive. How does a memplex come to life? Where does the Christmas memplex "go" when Christmas season is not here? It doesn't go anywhere. It's still in your fucking head. It just is not influencing you to manifest it. But who hangs popcorn and tinsel on a pine tree in the summer anyways right? Where does the Halloween memplex "go" every other day of the year when it's not October 31st? No where, it's Dormant in the cultural fabric still. It's just not expressed threw your actions/kammanta to produce Fruit in the physical world. So don't even tell me a memplex laying dormant in a book does shit, when one laying in your own head and culture most times doesn't do shit. Telling me you wrote a book with ideas in it and acting like you did something special is like saying to me: "Look I got a Halloween memplex in the middle of fucking April. It's all made and constructed. I put in all this logic and intelligence into it. Not a single fallacy!" So? I got a quarter in my pocket, who the fuck cares? It's fucking April? What's that Halloween memplex do in April? Shit. What do you call something that does shit? Worthless crap.

Or a better example of this phenomenon is what the mundane satanists are good at doing in their forums and cyber hang outs. They'll say: "D00d, come quick and hang out with us in our chatroom. We're talking about the Christmas memplex in the middle of July! Fuck Independence Day. There's a snow storm of opinions going on right now, and a load of cyberdrama. Come on, hail satan!" Cuz what do these mundane faggots do in their special places? They throw their opinions around about everything. And they call that a religion or philosophy. Where they tree hug an arbitrary set of ideals and use that to produce opinions about other people, other belief systems, and so on. That's the essence of mundane satanism, and mundane anything. They call that "praxis," sometimes. Five year old kids can throw their opinions about shit around too. "But we are grown ups and logical." The essence of this paragraph will just fly right above the heads of these generics.

It's like a farmer were to come up to me and say: "I got this special mixture of fertilizer. It's the greatest pile of manure in my opinion. And I have some high opinions about it too. It'll do all sorts of miracle stuff on your rice patties and wheat fields." Then I were to say back: "That sounds awesome. Can I see a basket of your fruits and vegetables you grew with this infallible manure? Just so I can see what I can grow?" And the farmer says: "Well, I just have ideas, but they are lofty opinions! I'm just saying you know. I mean I've tried to grow shit myself, but it never worked out. But I swear it had nothing to do with the actual manure, because I wasn't using it, cuz it's not made yet. Like I said, it's just very important opinions."

And this is the exact same thing your common generic satanist in cybrspace is doing. They sure do have a lot of lofty and important opinions about satanism and everything. But the deed and acts? Oh don't start talking about that cuz you'll start drama, where people will just deflect and say: "Well you prove you did shit first. If your bad ass." But what does somebody like the old Buddha say to focus your attention on when judging the value of something? Not on what is being said, no matter how logical or right it sounds or who is saying it. Not even on the deed or action committed or attempted. The important thing to look at is the FRUIT of such

words, beliefs, and/or actions. If a farmer were to bring you a basket of fruit and carrots he's grown, you can't use that defletive shit and say: "Oh yeah, prove it, what have you done." Because his little basket of fruits and vegetables is what is to be judged. By Fruit [Vipaka] I mean the karmic [action-reaction] resultant manifestation of something which is tangible and measurable in a kamma-kosala way, meaning Productive Work/Labour.

For instance I can judge the condition of my life at the moment here in America, and based on my evaluation such life here I can value the American revolution to be Kamma-Kosala, even if it was bloody and cost lives. Or I can judge the value of the English language by pointing out cases where Arab businessmen and Taiwanese tycoons talk business in English and a profit is made. I can bring up how a diplomat from Brazil and one from China talk English and certain diplomatic agreements manifest. I can point out a Japanese pilot talk English to Indonesian fly control to safely land his passengers. Or I can point out international companies that advertise to an international global market in English to a mass of people of different walks of life and nationalities who speak English where billions of dollars are made annually. And I can take all of that and say: "Yes, even though the English language itself is a memplex or construct of intangible memes and ideas, it is valuable and worth something because of the FRUIT which it has and can bare, which I have seen." The English language or its supporters don't have to huff and puff, or assert opinions. I can see the fruit in plain view. Fuck the deeds he "praxis," the application, and the theories and speculations too. I can see the Fruit/Vipaka and that is what you base your judgment and valuation on.

Where is satanism's basket of fruit? I'm not talking about YOUR fruits in life as an individual person doing shit. I'm talking about the memplex itself and the fruit it manifests through you via its influence over you, just as English as a memplex influences us Collectively to talk and communicate thereby producing measurable results, etc. You fuctards had 50 years at least. Show me your basket of shit. But you don't have to show me, cuz its all out in the open. Lets name some fruit the memplex of satanism has produced. My list is not everything:

One, we have internet forums. That's one. Two, don't forget the Satanic Bible by Avon! Three, social networks, that's right. Oh four, yes Youtube, I didn't forget that. Five, don't forget all the wannabe satanic Bibles ever written by a satanist which have all been forgotten! Six, and all the thousands of high priests, grandmagisters and all of their thousands of satanic churches, demonic temples. Seven, lets throw in death metal for the hell of it. Eight, how about those gibbering idiots we call Theistic satanists who believe Satan is a spirit person from sumeria and/or the 12th planet. Nine, yes websites galore, can't forget that shit. You're illegit if your venture doesn't have a well designed one. Ten, chatrooms! Yes, the Nobel Prize end result of cybersatanism can't leave out the all important chatrooms. You the reader can add more to the list if I forgot any Fruit of modern satanism. But Ten is enough fruit for me to evaluate the worth of the kamma wrought and the value of this species of memplex. You guys are fucking pathetic. The whole lot of you. You can deflect from these ten fruit by hiding behind your pretentious ego-based logic and rationalism and scientism and beliefs, but you cannot hide the fruits of your actual collective actions as a people under the influence of this memplex. 50 years and this is the most visible of your fucking fruit.

When I point a finger at mundane satanism, how many fingers am I pointing back at me and

ONA? Three. Which is why I'm trying to figure shit out for the ONA, writing my thoughts, and hoping that the very few of you in ONA will find this, understand, and help out by forming our A Team. So in my Target and plant recollections we see there are two distinct groups of people. One group is Liberal, and the other is Conservative. You have the liberal group who are the random generic employees or workers. They are disorganized, incoherent, they have trouble working as a cooperative group where work load is divvied and shared. Then you have the conservative group of workers. These are the ones that have a visible organized structure to their group social order, there is a visible or discernible means of in group information or intelligence transfer. Not only does information travel well in this more organized group, but the information and intelligence has more power to causally manifest as act and then fruit. Work load is divvied up and given to this group's members. Everyone does their duty even under great stress. The work load gets done, and the rewards are shared after.

So here by "Liberal" I mean to say when you get 10 people and each of the 10 think only of themselves, are oblivious to the other 9, and have the mentality where they want to be free to do as they please, to just do their chore or job and not be bothered to do more than they they have to. By "conservative" in this context I mean when you have 10 people and those 10 gives up a portion of their self interest to work in a group dynamic, and where there is a group interest to maintain or Conserve such group effort and group dynamic. So lets do a thought experiment. Take your body and all of its vital organs and the individual jobs they do. Is your body a liberal bio-organic structure or a conservative bio-organic structure? And would you exist if every organ and cell in your body were liberal? Once we come to the understanding that our bodies is a conservative thingy, then we can ask: "Well what is this conservative biological mass most basic function or purpose? The answer is: to pass it's DNA. Now we can ask: Well what is DNA? And the answer is: a Complex of Information. If you are relatively smart, that in itself should get your brain working. If you are stupid and still can't see where this is going: What is a memeplex? A Complex of Information.

If you look at DNA or RNA in context to a living organism, we have 5 interconnected point. The first Point is the Amino Acid itself. Second Point is a set cluster of Amino Acid molecules. Third Point is the Protein such cluster of amino molecules generates. Fourth Point is the Organism and its needs. Fifth Point is the Environment of the Organism. The First Point is the single meme. By itself a single meme is worthless. Second point is a cluster of memes that form a meme-molecule. One example is White = Power, which is a simple two meme-molecule. When separated each of those two memes are worthless and everywhere. When combines it's like putting hydrogen with oxygen, it causes a burst of energy. Third Point is the physical Thing the meme-molecule is pegged to in the real world. The amino acid molecule is associated with a Protein. The White = Power meme-molecule is pegged to a Race. Fourth Point is the Organism itself. What's an Organism, a conservative Organized group of cells. What is an "Organism" to a memeplex? The collective Host such memeplex lives inside of. In our example the Organism of the White = Power memeplex is the Aryan NS subculture. Fifth point is the matrix or environ of that subculture, its society, nation, civilization, culture, etc. All 5 of those points must be interconnected where one influences change in the other. The environment can influence the needs of an animal or plant. The needs of a organism can influence the molecular clustering of amino acids which produces needed proteins. Over time these subtle changes is called evolution or Development.

In the wacky world of satanism we have the same Liberal and Conservative camps. The entire subcultural phenomenon of satanism is like an ocean. The conservative camp are like multicellular organisms. The liberal camp are like unicellular organisms existing as a mess of random plankton or something. The small camp of conservatives are the three Old Guards of satanism which are the Church of Satanism [1966], ONA [1972], and Temple of Set [1975]. Into this conservative camp goes the other organized groups, satanic churches, temples, and orders. The larger camp of liberals are the majority of Theists and the byproduct of the LaVeyan memplex which are the independent atheist, materialist, logic-geeks that populate the large satanic forums and social networks.

In this context by Conservative I mean when a group of satanists have for themselves an established weltanschauung, paradigm, subculture, shared history, shared group identity, etc, and when they have a vested interest in Conserving that shared stuff. By Liberal in this context I mean when a group of satanists are disorganized, incoherent, where they don't have a common history, no shared culture, no common paradigm or weltanschauung. Where they can't even agree on what satanism is, where each individual satanist insists that its own ego based self interest, self-opinions is paramount and all that matters, in such a way that no organization or common understanding of any sort is possible.

Satanism as a memplex can only realistically be passed down into the future intact through one of these camps. Guess which one and why. I'll point out a few reasons why the Liberal camp cannot long term wise pass the Complex of Information which is Satanism into the future. All you have to do is take a cross section of the Liberal camp such as the Theistic Sector of this Liberal camp and look at the rapidity and state of degeneracy Satanism exists in within this Sector. Not only do no two Theists agree on what Satanism or a Satan is, but via this Sector Satan has become a host of goofy things like a reptile alien, a mesopotamian, a demon, a vampire, a werewolf, and shit. Not only has Satan and Satanism become degenerate via this sector, but the memplex itself is decomposed and incoherent. There exists no common practice, no common rites, the 5 Points are disconnected. The memes aren't connected to anything physically real, there is no host organism for the memplex, such a disorganized mass of drooling idiots can't respond productively to social environment even to cause a development or evolution in a memplex which has actually decomposed.

The mass of incoherent Modern satanists in those forums and networks on a subcultural level does not fair any better. No two modern mundane satanists even agree on what Satanism is to pass the shit down into the future intact. Anything that requires the participation of two or more of these species of satanist is shunned as leprous conformity. Nevermind mentioning shit like culture and tradition with them. Satanism as a memplex this sector is also decomposed and disconnected with anything in the real world. They have thrown out their rites and ceremonies in their Satanic Bible they now mostly reject and solely hold onto ideas and their personal opinions of their ideas. It's not impossible in this sector for satanism to live a while. It has become implausible for satanism to live long in the Theistic sector. But in the modern satanism sector one would have to have a big mouth, a loud voice, and great marketing skills to pass one's complex of information down 50 years from now.

As far as competition of passing satanism down into the future and next generation, there is no

realistic competition. The Conservative camp have the structure and means, and they are by default Conservative with their memplex. They even have a functioning memetic immune system to protect their memplex. You see this very developed in the Church of Satan, where when somebody brings up or introduces a meme not a recognized part of their established memplex, they react collectively to remove that meme and its host from infecting their memplex.

That's cool and all, but a groups is only as strong as its weakest link. Meaning that it doesn't matter how cultured a group is, if your membership base all caves in and abandons ship due to a couple trolls, then what good is that shit? If your membership base ditches your group out of boredom after 5 years, then what good is that? This kind of "damage" to structure in the conservative camp requires a lot of force. Whereas in the liberal camp say an individual satanist spent a great deal of time writing a self published book. Then 5 years later some other person comes out with a book with better ideas. What good is that shit then when the first guy wasted his effort which didn't due much but inspire some other guy to actually out compete him. In business talk we'd say that the "product" is highly mutable. By that I mean lets say you invent a coffee mug and you patent it with the description that it has one hoop handle. That is a highly mutable product which isn't even worth patenting because the minute it hits the market, some other guy or company will tweak that shit and patent a coffee mug with two hoop handles and a pretty stripe, and so on. USB flash drives are a good example of a highly mutable product. Which is funny because technically some guy or company in Taiwan I think owns a patent for the USB flash drive since they came up with it first, but it's such a useful/marketable idea, the whole planet just ignores that patent. At least with the conservative camp they have a collective product which is owned by their group collectively and they say: "This is our product, don't nobody change shit, this is how it will be marketed."

So what I figure ONA needs is not a big incoherent "membership" of liberals, but a small coherent group of conservatives. I've already explained twice what I mean by the words liberal and conservative when I use it in this essay. The coherency and structure of the group is important because the Information of ONA – its Complex of Information or DNA of the ONA – must be able to travel through that group constituents smoothly and unimpeded. This group needs to know the end result we want and must be able to divvy up the work load and each group member over time does their part: whatever they are good at [their Dharma]. Writing and sharing insights is my natural dharma. Let me do my thing. If art is your dharma, you do your thing and I stay out of your way. If publishing books is your dharma you excel in, then do it. Every constituent follows their dharma and stays out of each others way.

But the Quality of each associate is what is important, therefore each potential "member" needs to be tested. Eventually at the plant I helped out our scientist as his assistant and my technical job title became "Quality Control." My job was to test the ash for its quality and write a report back to the scientist and old people. My job was also to take samples of the wood we made each day and test them. A test I did was using an air pump device to slowly crack the my wood sample. The device gives me a reading to show how much pressure was used to crack it. Another test I did was an Impact Test where I used a big swinging machine with a heavy weight to impact my wood samples and the machine gave me a number representing the force of the impact. Another test was to put my wood samples in a rolling press machine thing which

damaged the test wood and gave me a number. Another test I did was write dates on sample wood and put them out in the sun for many days and to see the effects of sun damage. Another test I did was to freeze my test wood and process them thought the other tests. Another test was to heat my test board in an oven, then process them when cooled to the same set of tests. The freezing and heating simulates weather over many years. Then I calculated the density of each days sample. I gave all my data to the scientist.

Now why did I put my wood to so many tests? Your mundane dummies will say because I hate the wood and want to abuse it. Because that is what they say when I test my people. Do I hate the wood? No dummy. I want the wood to be better. I want that wood to be its highest actualizable potential. Therefore I have to push it to its limit, use it, abuse it, manipulate it, etc. Go take a stroll down any of these mundane satanism's forums and look at their average untested member and tell me what the Quality of their average membership is. Seriously. The pathetic thing is those people aren't dead wood. They are living humans and they are made at such poor Quality. And what's more is that they think being tested and tried is bad and evil. I'm abusive that cry. I'm manipulative because I make people work they cry. Bitch if you don't work, then what the fuck good are you? If I can't rely on you that what the fuck good are you? If you can't take heat from me, or a troll, or cyberdrama, then what the fuck good are you. You think this ONA and its aims is just gunna manifest itself. You think ONA will be of super quality populated by whimps and pussies? And it's not just me testing people. Testing ourselves and other is a living part of the Seven Fold Way. Testing yourself and people should be a normal cultural habit of any ONA person mentoring a new cell. This ONA is only as strong as it's weakest link. If the ONA chain is made up of weak rusty links that break easily, then what good is ONA worth?

Everybody in ONA from 3 years ago knows I got tested. For 2 years straight the whole ONA attacked me, tried to chase me out, played mind games with me, didn't like me, called me names. Did I ever fold my cards? Unfortunately no. I'm still here. And after those two years people learned to feel out my quality and character. I don't cave into cyber attacks. Any person that caves in or is stressed out or put to the breaking point because of cyberdrama needs to turn off their computer and take a vacation in the real world, go join the military for 4 years, go work a labourous job under a slave driving boss for a year. Live a life as an Asian growing up in a traditional family for 18 years, where you have to obey every one older than you or get a whooping, where you look at your grandmother wrong and you get beat, where your uncle dad beats you you get the top grade in your class. Do that for 18 years and come back online you faggots.

I got yelled at for 21 years straight in my family and I still did my chores and duties while everyone was yelling at me. You white people whine when you get grounded for a month cuz you can go hang out, talk on the fone, or watch TV. Being an Asian girl in a very Traditional family is perpetual grounding for 21 years. And through all the lack of freedom, the yelling, the Disciplining I still put in my work. I still love my family. I still take orders from my elders. I still nursed my elders till they died. Fuck you hubris white Americans and your liberal way of life. Go take out your grandma from her nursing home and bathe her, clean her, feed her and sleep by her side during your free time until she dies in front of you and than step up to me and act like you're better than me. Otherwise nothing you say, type, or opinionate about me, makes a

ripple in my heart. Especially shit said over the internet. You think I'm pathetic like you? And you yourself are the Fruit of your people and parents theories, beliefs, opinions, thoughts, and actions. You each are the Fruit. You white hubris Americans don't have to show me your actions and deed, or show off your brains to me. You yourselves are the Fruit. And you know you as the Fruit are worthless. This internet cyberreality you white hubris American boys and white hubris American girls and the empty [lacking substance] thought and opinions you dumbfucks throw around is all you can do and will do. You are worth, and opinionating like children is all you ever will be worth as a people. And the children you bring into this world will be just like you.

I hanged ten for the 2 years ONA "attacked" me. And I'm still here. I get it from my birth mom. She the type of person who tries even harder when people talk shit. People said that she'll never go to college. She did and at 40 something she still goes to the same college and has never stopped. People said she will never own a house. She owns two one she rents out and the other she bought for her mother who. And she lives with me in a third one owned by her husband, my step dad. People said she would never own a business of her own. She does and she works a career. People said she would never have a nice expense car. She has 5. And my little mom takes care of her elderly mother and 8 siblings. And my little mom gives her mother \$1000 a month of spending money. And she survived a genocidal revolution. And she came here to this country with nothing. My mom kicks your mom's ass. That's the Quality of Woman I was born from. What's you mom worth besides sucking your dad's dick off? That's the quality of woman you White Hubris American Mundanes are born from. Don't act like you are better than me. The more you talk shit about her, the more she uses that as fuel to drive her to get better. She tells me as a mother: "Don't ever let them win, not my blood. Don't ever let those white people or any people tell you who you are and what you can or can't be. Not my flesh and blood." You mundanes keep talking about me and ONA. It's just fuel for the fire. I don't fold my cards under pressure. I work harder. You bitch out under pressure.

These hubris mundanes act like union workers. You crack the whip on them and test their guts and they cry and tell on you. You can't test one of them. You can't tell them what to do. They call that using them. The concept of Quality does not exist to them. They just have opinions. It's the quality of their opinions that matter, not the Quality of their person, guts, and blood. Because they are peasant stock people: Common. Do we want that worthless breed of people in ONA? Do you want that low quality of person born from a low quality woman to be your peer? Do you let that lowly quality person born of a low quality woman influence you and affect you with what they say about you and what groups or things you are into? Just like union workers these mundanes satanists want as much respect and handouts for as little work as possible. They just want to stand their and share their important opinions and theories with you and get the adoration and admiration and praise for it. And you look at the quality and worth of their satanism and its shit. And these same people on a much bigger level wonder why jobs are expatriated to other countries. And then they cry about their economy and not having a job. And when they do get a job the cry about being working too hard. They cry about anything.

When my former boss Ed put me on his A Team and gave me special favours the whole store of them talked shit about me and us how we kick ass, yada yada. Why was Ed giving me and my 6 Team members special favours and they were left out? Because I worked, did what I was

told, didn't have to be babysitted, kept working under pressure, and still took orders from the boss understanding he too is human and is under pressure. I did kiss anybody's ass. And what did they do? Bitch when they were asked to do something not in their job description. Milked the time and bitched when they were made to work at a normal pace. And you see the whole lot of them huddled together talking shit and agreeing with each other because you are not one of them and don't think like them or do like them and these same common peasants in mundane satanism do the same shit and they dare say they it isn't herd mentality. They call it being an "individual." What they mean is being Liberal.

Are these the type of people that we want in ONA now, 10, 20, 30, 50 years from now? If not, then every ONA person today needs to understand that this low quality of people hates being tested. The way to weed them out is to filter our kind out of theirs by putting every body that comes to ONA to the test. Test them. Use them. Manipulate them. Those that leave in a huff and puff of whine are peasants. Those that have the guts and blood to endure and find our level are our breed and kind: Noble Born.

I don't mind being used. As long as I get something in return. Big Rod used me to get a promotion. I had no problem with that. Just give me what I earned: your love, loyalty, respect, and reliability. I want to go to you when I need something and you work for me just like I did for you. I will use and abuse you, but I give you what you earned: my love, loyalty, respect, and reliability. Ask me shit, and I'll work my ass off for you and never question why. When we have pushed each other to our breaking points, have learned to work together under stress, can put up with each other's shit, and still be loyal to each other and work for one another, then we're Family.

Some ONA people from 3 years ago may wonder why I put up with all that shit and why I'm still here. What am I doing? What's my intention? You once thought I came to steal ONA or take it over or take it from you. You thought I was gunna be another grandmagister taking shit that isn't mine. What's my intent and why am I putting effort into ONA? Cuz its my job. I'm just a ONA "member" doing my job. I'll take the shits and heat from you, and I'll keep working. For what? For the ONA as a whole, because I genuinely love it. It's that simple.

I put in the effort, energy, and years for other ONA people because I believe you are my kin and kind. I know ONA people who have projects in ONA. There are those of you who publish ONA books, who make music for ONA, each of us have our own personal projects we are working on. Who benefits when ONA stays alive and grows bigger? You and I all do collectively. I put in my share of work for that. Hang ten with me for just 10 years more and keep your music, art work, and book projects going. Our market will be bigger and you'll each have more people to help you out or buy your stuff. That's all I'm doing. It's just what I am good at doing. It's my dharma. All I ask is you don't let those mundanes win, and just put in your dharma and work with me as a team.

I also do what I do for DM. Because he is one of few people, actually the only person to have such a heavy influence on my mind. I do the shit I do for DM. So that the ONA can be a coherent medium through which his philosophy and insights pass into the future, which will survive him. I do what I do for myself. So that ONA is also a vehicle for my ideas and insights. I

did what I do for each ONA member, if you would just learn to use the ONA we build together as a vehicle to teach and influence a future unborn generation. I do what I do for my future children who will be born in this West. I want them to have a kick as vehicle that helps bring out the best quality in them, which will help them rise above the common plebeian American. I do it for the West, because I honestly love America and Europe as a Civilization. I was born in this civilization. I know it can be better and should be better above all other civilizations. But it is sick with a liberal disease, and I don't mean the political liberalism. It is infested with a sick people who have lost their roots and humanness and natural way of life. They refuse to wake up and grow up.

You can't wake them up and grow them up. The only real option is to wait for them to die. They only live for 100 years and they die. It is the unborn generations in the West who will manifest and inherit this Western Civilization of ours. Those unborn are my target and audience I speak to and write for. You who are in my future when I am long dead. Don't let this sickly breed of people destroy your civilization like they have deteriorated everything else they touch. The best thing you can do is to realize that their mundanity and magian ethos is the sickness of this Western civilization of ours. You of the future are the only ones who can right what they have wronged. They have to socially and psychologically be quarantined and left to rot, so that they will take their magian disease with them.

Our most effective group structure we can work on creating with the right tested type of people is Family/Clan. Random membership in some forum or group can and do fluctuate under pressure and boredom. But your father doesn't ditch you when he is bored or stressed out. Your spouse doesn't bail out on you [if they truly love you]. Your children are still yours in easy times and hard times. With these satanic orders, membership dies off after 2 years because people get bored. What good is that? What good was all the huffing and puffing, debating, and logic and intelligence, the former USSR as a civilization was spewing if it only lasted 100 or so years? And then what?

I figure that a Clan is ONA's best vehicle to penetrate into the future. By clan I mean blood kin and close friends. To me the word "Folk" and Clan mean the same thing. What do I mean when I say: "How are your folks doing?" I don't mean how is your race doing. I mean how are your parent doing. Wat do you mean when you meet me and ask me: "Can I ask where you folks come from?" That didn't mean where do you Asians a lot come from. From Asia duh. It means where do me and my family and friends around me come from. My Folk is my Kinfolk, your Clan. The Clan is ONA best chance of survival into the future because it has the realistic potential to be very conservative with its traditions and culture and it has the extra benefit of having the default means to pass that conserved culture and tradition to its children and grand children. Think about: 1 human lived for at least 90 years. Just have one human dedicated to the ONA, and the ONA will live for 90 years. It's simple math.

The challenge is to find such a person with the fortitude and endurance and dedication to be ONA for 90 years. How is that done? There are several ways, but the simplest and most plausible way is by breeding. By that I mean by actually and intentionally making babies raised in ONA "Kulture" and Tradition. Then let them pass ONA to their peers and friends in their time frame. The second method is to test people who come to ONA. To test them so as to filter

out those with the resolve and dedication DM had. He put in 40 years into this ONA thing. If he can do it then why can't you or I? What's he eating that I'm not that makes him special? Nothing. But the important point to consider is that to DM ONA is a personal project. Thus he has a reason to put so much effort and time into it. Which is why I am urging and asking for ONA to be peer based. That way ONA becomes each of our own private projects. This is how I see ONA, and the "secret" of how and why I put in my time and devotion into it. People tend to not want to give something all of their effort and time if it is someone else's work. And nobody has to manipulate me to put in my work because I manipulate myself. I'm just that "evil" and sadistic. I do trick myself into believing that ONA is my personal project that's how and why I get myself to put in the time and effort. But it's just a trick I play on myself for the end result. It's not in my nature to take what is not mine. ONA belong to DM rightfully, until he legitimately gives it to us.

So those are my personal thoughts on a few things that bubbled up. I'm just writing as the thoughts pass by thinking out loud. I think for ONA the best way to go is a small conservative group of associates. It's not the numbers, but the coherency and conservation of Information, and our ability to give our memplex all that we have. Our 100% for as long as we have. We already have a small group. That's all we need. If a few more find their way to us in time that is great. The thing would be for each of us to know that we are seeds of a clan, and that we need to work on gradually manifesting these clans. This takes a long time. No girl can give birth to an entire clan in one life time. The other thing to keep in mind is that if we let ONA be infected with those liberal pigs, our work is wasted because their presence will decompose the coherency of what we have put together. People have to be tested, so we can filter out the pigs from our kind. All we need is a small number of dedicated people and we're good to go. Fuck those mundanes. Let them have their diseased satanism, and keep them there. If you understand the spirit of this long essay you will know that nothing good [productive] will come out of those mundanes but opinions. They are worthless. Time is then one of our greatest testers. Time weeds out those with no endurance from those with the endurance to go the distance. Time will cause the weak among us to atrophy and fall off the ONA body. If we can refine ONA by having a small coherent group of dedicated associated each following their own dharma, ONA will exist in our future and outlive mundane satanism.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

2.7.123 yfayen

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

MY PGP KEY



My PGP Key Data

For aeonic purposes I will be using the same Name [Chloe 352], One PGP Key [B36DA221], and one blog [onanxs.wordpress.com] for the next 30 years. The picture above contains the important data associated with my pgp key. Keep in mind that it has a Subkey number which is: [53D314DB]. The subkey number will show if you use gpgshell to verify my pgp signatures. I am the only one with both my private and public pgp key, so I am the only one who can make sigs and messages with this key number.

From hereon, any PDF's I make, or things I circulate in public domain shall have affixed a pgp signature. Inside each signature will be written a short code in a cipher which will say a few things about the time, day, context, and reason for the signature. Each pgp sig is time and date stamped. Any alteration or even change in spacing invalidates the sig. Also; although it is unlikely; if I ever make a post in cyberspace somewhere during and after 2012 for the next 30 years, will have my pgp sig affixed. There should be no reason for me to be online anywhere but here, and a few private places from hereon out.

The reason of using a pgp sig is for aeonic reasons like I said. 10, 20, 30, years from now everyone should know that the Chloe of then is the same one here writing this message. One Name, One PGP Key, One Blog for 30 years. When this blog is full, I will start a new WordPress and leave relevant information about the new WordPress here.

The above picture contains a hidden Steganographic file inside using the 1c4nnoph2463 program. The stegofile is a pdf I made with a few private words and my pgp sig.

From now on, all PDF's I create for the ONA or WSA will always have a PGP sig on them to verify that each PDF is from me. This is for future security purposes. Any key number not the one in that picture is not mine. The brief coding is a notation for me, so I will be able to tell if someone copies and pastes a random old sig of mine out of time, date, and context. Those WSA Disciples associated with me can also read the coding. If you are retarded and are fool by such tricks, then whatever. I'm not even gunna bother going out of my way to correct anybody. If you are ONA or WSA you should know how to use GnuPG to verify and decrypt these things. The coded message will always have dates and data which ties a sig to a specific

time and context.

GPGshell is a good tool because it tells you the exact day and time a signature was made. If you don't have GnuPG you can go download it here: [GnuPG](#), or [Cryptophane](#) is pretty good also. [Gpg4usb](#) is great too. I have about 5 different kinds of gpg/pgp software/programs. Cryptophane & gpg4usb are great because they work out of your usb flash drive. GPGshell needs GnuPG installed to work. If you have Windows like me, get [GPG4Win](#) & GPGshell will work with that. Gpg4usb shows you data of the exact time and date a sig or message was made, along with the key number and fingerprint.

Quick quote re PGP encryption:

"If all the personal computers in the world – 260 million – were put to work on a single PGP-encrypted message, it would still take an estimated 12 million times the age of the universe, on average, to break a single message." - William Crowell, Deputy Director, National Security Agency.

^^^

Note: All pgp sigs and pgp messages I make and use will have a shapshot copy and pdf copy archived and stored here for validation and verification purposes. The snapshot will always be the Original one I made. I will also always leave a reason why each sig I made here. After Jan of 2010, for the next 30-40 years, every pgp sig and pgp message I make will have an encoded unique serial number. Each serial number will be stored, archived, and recorded here in this page with a snapshot of their Original sig. Any sig or message anywhere in cyberspace not archived here in this wordpress, here in this page – for the next 30-40 years – is not made by me and is invalid.

Beginning in 2012 and onward, I WILL NOT be in cyberspace posting in any place, forum, or social network, besides the o9a backroom and the Myatt List. If anybody in cyberspace is pretending to be me, you should first know it isn't me. Second ask them to simply post a pgp sig real quick and verify the pgp sig. If the pgp key used is not the one I have given here in this page, then it is not me, period. The pgp key I have given in this page is the only one I will be using for the next 30-40 years. No other key number is me. No other email address is me.

My PGP Sig:

-----BEGIN PGP SIGNED MESSAGE-----

Hash: SHA1

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

January, 123 yfayen

onanxs.wordpress.com

This sig was made for a page @:

<http://onanxs.wordpress.com/about-wsa352/my-gpg-key/>

on the 26th of January, 2012. My Key ID: B36DA221

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To verify click here: [onanxs sig](#) to download a PDF copy of this sig.

*** ** Random [Encrypted Messages](#) Below *** **

-----BEGIN PGP SIGNED MESSAGE-----

Hash: SHA1

Chloe 352
 Order of Nine Angles
 onanxs.wordpress.com
 Sig for Gravatar Profile @:
<http://en.gravatar.com/onanxs>
 January, 26th, 2012
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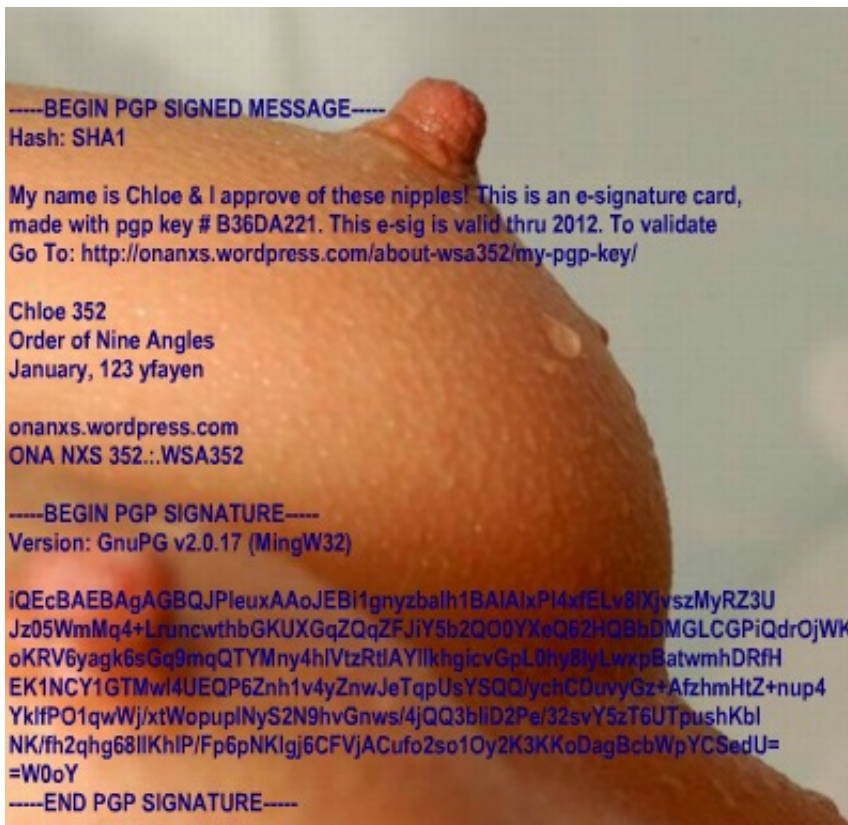
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-----END PGP SIGNATURE-----

The above picture of my pgp sig is valid and was made by me specifically for my gravatar profile. I verify that that gravatar profile belongs to me which is found: [HERE](#). To verify the pgp sig send me an email and request a copy of the sig.



Download this pdf: [e-sig](#) to verify the signature on the picture.

^^



The above is an email signature card I made today to use in my emails. This sig-card is only valid when used via my email associated with me, this wordpress, my backroom account, and this pgp key. Any other email is not mine. The email address is embedded in each pgp encryption. Note the Serial Number. After today, ALL sigs I make will have a serial number which is cataloged in my private diary for record keeping along with a snapshot of the Original sig I made. I had a different method of making serial numbers, which was too revealing if used often. This is a second method. To verify this sig click: [1.30.123 sigcard](#).

^^


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-----BEGIN PGP SIGNED MESSAGE-----
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I sign this Constitution a
pgp signature
the White Star Accepton, b

Chloe 352

2.2.123 yfayen
onanxs.wordpress.com

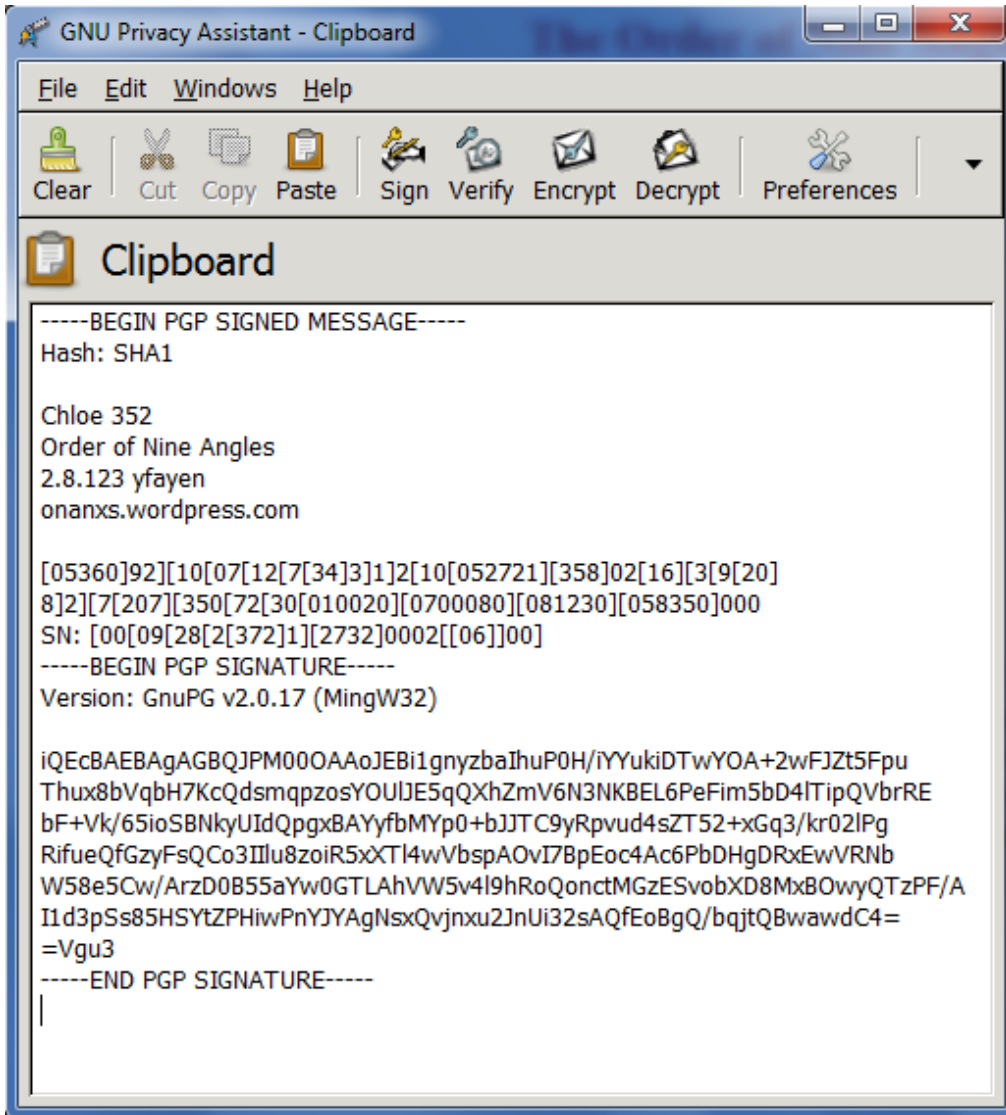
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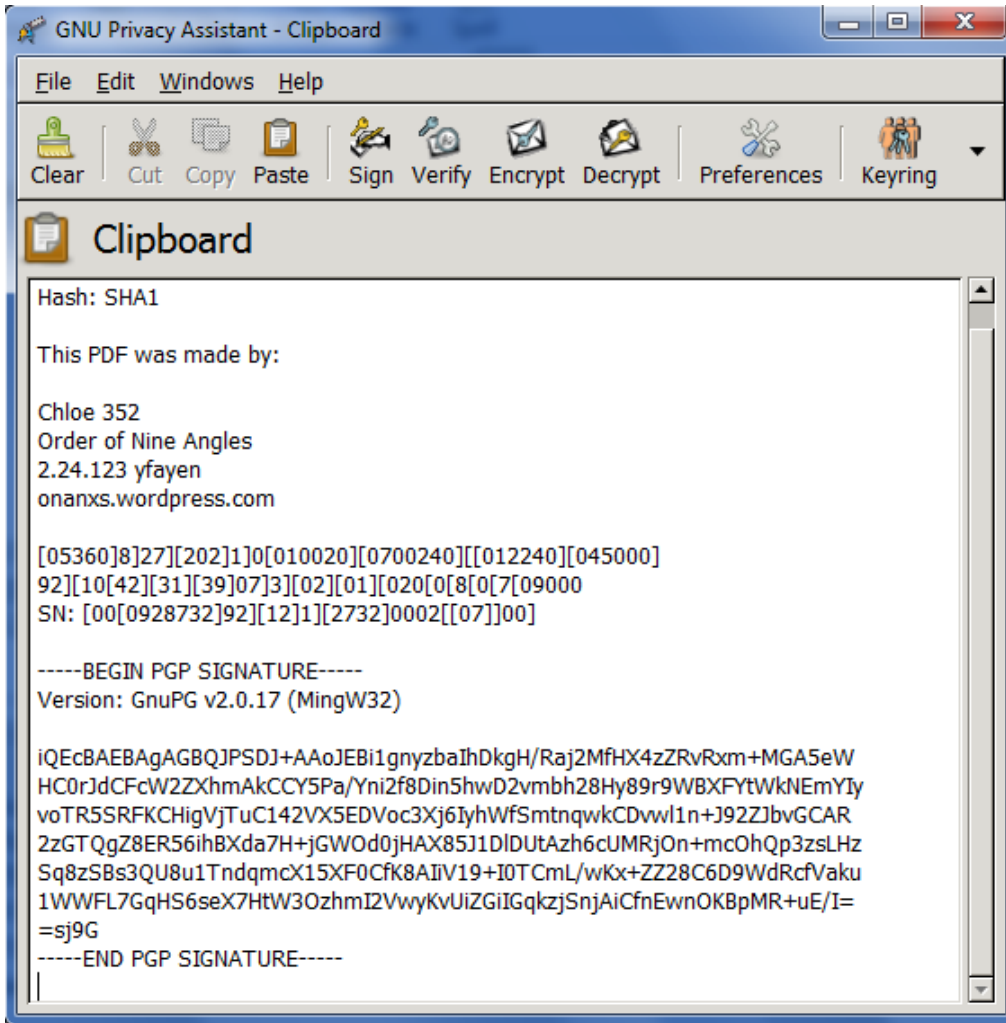
A pgp sig with the serial number: [00[09[28732]2]1][2732]0002[[05]]00] was made by me on 2.2.2012 for the Amended Constitution of the Accepton of 123 year of fayen. The Constitution was refined with a few significant changes and put into PDF format. The PDF is now in private circulation. A copy of this pgp sig had been recorded in my private diary. The PDF is dated and time stamped.





The above is a snapshot of a gpg signature I made for the Traditional Satanism PDF I created which I circulated in public domain. The gpg sig is archived in my diary. Note the Serial Number. The picture is the original as it looked on the program I used. The PDF I made is 1692 pages long and 71 megz big.

^^^



I made the above gpg sig for a pdf called "Joining The ONA" which is in public circulation. The pdf can be found in the o9a archive page here. it is 124 pages and 1.5 megz. This is the original snapshot of the sig.

ENCRYPTED NOTES:

1. [Aeonic Notes 1.9.123A](#)
2. [onanxs](#)

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

NEXIONS & BRIDGES



I remember when I was little my parents took us on a vacation to visit some relatives up in San Jose. We stayed in one of my cousin's house. I slept with my cousin Pamela, who is my same age. The boy cousins use to tease her and call her Pamuncula (Pam+Dracula) because she had this weird skin condition where she'd break out in rashes if she stayed in the sun for too long without long sleeves.

After we had settled in for a few days my uncle and auntie said they would take us to see San Francisco. They asked my parents what they wanted to go see. My dad wanted to go downtown to see the architecture of the buildings for some reason. My mom and auntie (being Asian I guess) just wanted to go to China Town. Great, my uncle said, we'll drive over the Bridge so the kids can see.

I think back then (I was about 8 or 9) I had only seen a picture of the San Francisco bridge once somewhere; or it was perhaps a picture on a tv show I once watched. All I knew was that it was red.

So my dad put flowers in my hair and Pam's and said it's a tradition to wear flowers in your hair when you go to San Francisco because of some hippy song. And we left. I guess it was exciting; like I couldn't wait to see the red bridge with my own eyes.

We parked our cars right outside the big red bridge that hogged up the landscape. My eyes opened wide, and there was the usual: Wow. And that was it for me. I was scared of heights, so I refused to walk on it to look over the edge. I close my eyes even when we drive over bridges, because I'm afraid we might fall off of it. Pam was the same way like me, so my auntie stayed behind to watch us since she had seen it plenty.

Then it was time to drive across it to go into the City. Me and Pam were holding each other with our eyes and ears closed, so I didn't get to see the bridge at all. You girls can open your eyes and ears now, my auntie said. We passed the bridge and I saw our destination ahead of me, which was more awesome and exciting to think about, then a crummy bridge. I looked back, to watch our car drive away from the bridge, and it got smaller and smaller, until I couldn't see it any more, because the tall building had now hogged up the scenery.

The city was definitely way more cooler to see. All the roly streets, like hills. The weird people with mohawks and leather jackets, and the forest of tall buildings. It all made you feel very small. Then we entered China Town, which was like going to China itself. Everything was in Chinese and stuff. I had forgotten about the bridge, nor did I really care to recall it.

There was another time when I was slightly older (13). One of my grandmothers (a blood sister of my direct blood granny) gave me a gold necklace with a Jade pendent of Primeda [Goddess-Mother] Gung Im (what the Khmer call Kuan Yin). There were red threads wrapped here and there around the necklace. It was dark green jade, which is the more higher quality kind. It looked like an emerald.

My grandmother put it around my neck as she was whispering something below her breath with her blood red mouth. The old grannies chew betel nut and lime, which turns their spit and teeth blood red. The grandmother said that Gung Im will take care of me, and that she herself had asked for the pendent to be given to me in a dream she had.

She said that it should never be given to a male to touch or wear, or they would get cursed or something. I asked why boys can't touch it? And the grandmother said because Gung Im is sexist, or that she prefers girls, and dislikes boys.

As she was putting it on me, I saw the back part was wrapped in gold, and it had three English letters on it: TNM. I thought that was strange, because none of the grannies knew English, so I asked her what TNM meant? She said that she will tell me when the time was right. And she gave me a blessing and said for me to go and live life, because it was the only teacher worth learning from.

So I did. I grew older and had my experiences during high school. I tried the drugs, the boyfriends, the sneaking out of the house, all the usual stuff any normal girl would go through. My most memorable experience were the heart ache and heart break of boys using me, boyfriends breaking up with me, whatever. Only because it hurt so bad, and I cried so much over it.

The time came when I was 18 for me to learn what TNM meant. By then the grandmother who gave the necklace to me was very old and in her death bed. The old ones in the family say that we all know when it is our time to go. And the grandmother knew her time was near. I would sit there by her side and listen to her tell me she was going to die in a month or two, even though to me, she looked fine for her age. By her ancient side, I was indoctrinated into her ancient culture.

As I sat there she told me in Khmer that a man is worth only a drop of his sperm, otherwise, men are useless to the female race. That they make only good soldiers and money makers. That out of women comes all of humanity, and through us passes human culture, human civilization, human language, and the hopes and dreams of humanity. That women were like bridges, through which the spirit of humanity passes. And that is all that we really are. Just a means for the future and spirit to pass through, then we die. She said that she learned three words in English, so she could tell me with her own lips what TNM meant, before she died: Trust No Man.

The grandmother passed on two months later, as she had said. It's strange to have someone you have known and interacted with be gone forever. I thought about what she had told me, and it was true. All she was to us was a bridge, through which passed a spirit – essence – culture; and although she may have died and was no longer with us, what passed through her “lived” with us – inside of us; made us; defined us. And through us; through me, onto my own children and grandchildren, will pass the same ancient tradition.

“Khom [don't] Juer [believe] Sath [animal] Manuss Pros [male human/man]” at that moment in time meant something to me. Because of what I had experienced directly in life, and what I have seen. TNM are three letters I still live by to this day, and to me personally they have value and meaning, and influences my personal life.

I suppose perhaps it was how I was raised and brought up, or how my own culture is, that causes me, or my eyes to look at things differently you see? The person to me is of little importance. What messages passes through the person to me, and if these teaching have value to me are more important.

From time to time a bridge, or living nexion will come and through this person, a message, teaching, culture, tradition, new insight, will be passed.

Jesus, Buddha, Muhammad, Thomas Jefferson, Nietzsche, Genghis Khan, Oliver Cromwell, King James, Hitler, Mao, the great Adam Smith. These men have come and gone. It doesn't even matter if any of these were real or imaginary people any more, because they are all equally non-existent to us now. But during their brief intrusion in this world a message was past, which had meaning to a group of people. Which helped them live their lives and see a better future for their people. Perhaps in life, many scored them, hated them, spread malicious rumors about them, discredit them, and even sought to kill them.

None of these men are really important. No man inspired a people alone by his mere existence. It is the insights and hope he brings and gives to a people who will listen; who will see value in it; and most importantly: a people who will make something real and practical out of what was passed through them. My grandmother who gave me TNM might as well have never existed. She might as well be a figment of my family's imagination. It doesn't matter. What matters is that I took those three letters, and made something real and practical out of it, which guides my life, and steers me into a direction. It doesn't matter who or what my grandmother was in life, whether she was a saint or a slut. Something I myself found meaningful passed through her to me.

I find this Western-Occidental way of seeing things odd and immature, this focus on the messenger and not the message. Like dogs staring at it's master's finger, rather than what is being pointed at. And even when the occidental eyes have taken notice of the message, they dissect it, and take it apart, to intellectually criticize whatever they can evaluate with their non-empirical intelligence and reasonings. Like swine trampling on pearls. Never considering how hard it is for an oyster to make a pearl, at what lengths the fishermen had to go through physically to retrieve it, and the intrinsic value some people see in it.

And I suppose it's a cultural thing. It is so easy in the East for religions to get so mixed up into a gumbo that we don't even bother naming it, or we just call it a single name for the sake of convenience. The teachers who taught it, never really mattered. The "religion" I was raised in may be called Buddhism out of convenience, but it is a gumbo soup of Brahmanism, Hinduism, indigenous animism, Shaivism, Shaktism, Taoism, and now even the teachings of Christianity and Islam have been added to the mix. And nobody cares who made it or where it came from, or if the one the teachings came from was stainless or whatever. If it works – use it to make you a better person. If you see value in it – hold onto it. That's it.

And to me personally, the ONA is just another addition to my private gumbo soup of insights and practical methodologies. I am more than what was written in ONA manuscripts. More than the memplexes of Buddhism or whatever. These are merely things I have discovered and found to be useful to myself – which helps me grow and progress.

But in the West you have this stupid inability to empathize. An inability to see the value in something divorced from the bridge that it crossed over from. Protestants and Catholics don't mix. Jews and Muslims hate each other. Surely Christianity can't be mixed with Buddhism, because they came from two different people. Hitler is evil, but George Washington is great, even though the amount of native Americans that vanished far exceeds what Jews were slaughtered. The nexions/bridges/people themselves takes central stage. Any message that comes from a social reject must be crazy. And if he isn't crazy, then make him look crazy.

It's really odd for me to walk into "ONA world," and see this Occidental immaturity. The immaturity of not being able to separate the message from the messenger. The teachings and insights from the David Myatt.

All this internet chattering about how the ONA isn't real. Who cares? Is it valuable and practical to some? All this talk about how the ONA never accomplished its goals. What does that have to do with what practical value it has? All this talk about how: Oh Myatt left the ONA for Islam, or he's insane. Who cares? I don't. He could have been a genetically mutated quadriplegic (like Carl Sagan), and it still doesn't really mean shit. It's whether what has passed through him (Myatt) or them – Sagan and whoever, has any insightful and practical value to others, and if they can make something (or sense) out of it. Can you make something out of it – said the inventor, to the corporation.

What does it truly matter who Myatt is, what he did in life, what political or religious beliefs he had, what he ate for breakfast? From a chromorphic perspective; or Five Dimensional, if you will; Myatt is just a glitch in something called: Forever. He will pass away some day, and when

he does, it will be as if he never existed at all – especially to the people and generations that will come long after us. From this perspective, it just doesn't even matter who or what Myatt is. What matters is something passed through him, out of his mind, and into a few other minds. Whatever passed through Myatt into some of us, will continue to exist long after we are gone.

What we should look at, or how I see it, is: does what Myatt/Long teach – that which passed through him – seem to have a practical value? If so let's put it into practice and see if we can make something out of it. THEN, and only after we have TRIED to make it work in our own personal lives, can we pass Empirical judgment/evaluation.

What does Empirical mean? It means 'information gained by means of Experience, Experimentation, and Observation.' It's the Cornerstone of something we call "Empirical Science." You see, unless you've personally put Myatt's stuff to use within your own private life, Experienced it, Experimented with it, and personally Observed yourself from direct personal experience that it does or doesn't work – then you're just talking shit. Stupid shit at that. Stupid shit here meaning: unscientific and non-empirical.

From where do you make your opinions, notions, idea, and judgments about Myatt, the ONA, and its "Way?" From biased passion you develop from reading shit on the fucking internet? You fucking weakasses. Do you allow internet gibberish, other people's ideas and opinions control your thoughts, and influence your worldview on things and people? Grow a fucking brain and individual identity. Shit.

You can be as erudite with your intelligence as a scholar with a doctorate but what you know, can never compare to a simple empirical experience and observation I personally had – which mostly remains unwritten. What does erudite mean? It means to be learned in a scholarly, academic way; with emphasis on gaining your information out of books. Book knowledge did not originate from thinking, debating, and philosophizing. It was born at one time from a mind that empirically experience something who gained insights from that experience and experimentation. Only afterwards, was it written down.

How does the erudite intellectualism of a person compare to the empirical realization an ONA Initiate has gained from personal direct experience? You can shove a pile of books by Dr. Gregg or Dr. Phil in my face about relationships; but all of these books combined can't compare to the unwritten experiences I have had personally with relationships – and what wisdom, insights, and realization I have gained from them.

This ONA isn't a school where one comes to learn erudite intellectualism. It is a methodology – something meant to be applied empirically. The real value of the ONA is the unwritten wisdom, insights, and realizations each of it's Initiates have privately gained. It's stupid to demoralize a pile of ONA manuscripts or the person who wrote them; because those things aren't "the ONA." Each Initiate's private and individual path in life, and what she or he personally – empirically – gains from walking that path is the genuine "ONA." If you are not me, and have never walked in my shoes, nor know what is unwritten in my heart; then how do you attack and criticize that with your erudite intellectualism and evaluations? Just because the ONA seems to not work "out there" or for other people; doesn't mean it does not work for me;

or that I cannot make something that works out of it.

No-one is perfect. Not even Myatt. He wears glasses – that means he doesn't even have perfect biological 20/20 vision. That's the problem with anything that emanates out of the mind of one mind – it inherits both the strengths and weaknesses of that parent mind. You understand? You have to have it in you as a mature human being, with intelligence to understand this. That we all have mental, emotional, psychological, strengths and weaknesses, which are uniquely our own. And that what comes out of the mind /mouth of an individual – no matter who they are – will always inherit those strengths and weaknesses by default. Once you understand that, you can then supplement – compliment your own personal strengths to equalize the inherent weaknesses – that's called EVOLUTION.

It's how nature/life works over a period of causal time. An animal is tossed out into the natural arena to live and be tested in the real world; and over time, nature works out the bugs – and here we are. The ONA is like that hypothetical animal. Myatt made a primordial ONA and tossed it out into the real world. As a "living entity" it will make mistakes; it will fail here and there; but from these mistakes and failures, it learns to work out its bugs. It will adapt, and through those adaptations there is growth – progression.

What maybe strengths and strong points about the ONA within context to one time frame, might not always be strengths in another. But how can we know? By applying it, experimenting with it, and testing it. Thus, over a period of time we gain an understanding of what parts of the ONA becomes weak and ineffective. We fade out or tone down those parts for a latter era when it might be useful, and bring in or phase up more effective points.

But whether the ONA is effective out in the big real world is not the real matter or why the ONA exists. The matter and question is: Does it work for you as an individual person? Can you personally make something out of it? Do you see value in it? If applied in your private life, does it make you a better person. Does it help you master yourself and your life? That should be all that matters to you about the ONA. Because aeonically, it is through you – the individual initiate – that the ONA passes into the future. It is through you that the ONA evolves and becomes more effective.

Everything else is just crap and shit talk. What does it matter to me as my own person if another Initiate of the ONA seems incompetent with his ONA? It just means that he wasn't an effective bridge for the Dark to cross through. Let it go and focus on yourself. If you feel the ONA doesn't work, make it work for your own self. If you think it doesn't exist, make it exist to you. No-one else matters. Others don't fit into the fundamental equation of the ONA. It wasn't really designed to be an organized, structured organization. It's a private, individualistic endeavour. There will always be the many weak asses who will claim ONA that might give it a bad rep, due to the fact that ONA MSS is generically available to any semi-literate creature. But they don't have anything to do with YOUR personal ONA. It's about you as an evolving person. Your private internal alchemy. The people you may pass it and teach it to. If you would just focus on your own self, rather than on Myatt or Others, the ONA – in time – will work. It will in time – aeonically – accomplish its long term goals. It's a matter of time, keeping up with time, and adapting to the changes time brings. Progress or die.

As an individual person – me, myself, and I – the ONA has personal meaning and value; as do many other things. I could care less if the ONA was just a joke Myatt made up one day because he was bored. It doesn't matter to me. Because I personally see something in it. I apply its principles and methodology in my own personal life, and it works for me and me alone – I made something out of it. If it wasn't real, I can make it real in time – through me, as it passes through me to my close friends, and my children.

Who knows, maybe its being a girl is what makes me see things differently? When boys buy toys, they buy toys that comes as is. Like Tonka trucks, or whatever they play with; G.I. Joe figurines. When something breaks or the toy doesn't seem to work on par anymore, they dislike it and abuse it, and throw it away. Like the religions and politics they play with comes as is – already made in one piece. And if it doesn't work it is abused, dislikes, soiled, and thrown away.

We girls play with dolls. If one day one of my dolls isn't up to par, I just change her outfit – her outer appearance to match how I feel inside. We get emotionally attached to our personal things, even if they are old and not working – we just make something new out of it. I guess that's what I like about the ONA – it's like a doll you can dress up. Unlike those other religious institutions, which comes in one 'already made' piece. Or maybe that's just how I see and use the ONA in my own personal life. And it works for me.

Those of us of the ONA, know it has, over the 30-40 years of its existence, achieved many accomplishments. It has actually influenced many people and has changed the "face" of profane Satanism. Those times are gone now. But can we see or admit that the ONA may not have done well in other ventures and endeavours? If not; if we are in denial; then we will never be able to see our own weaknesses to evolve the ONA, to make it relevant for a future age and people. With each new era comes new challenges which we as individual people, families, cities, states, corporations, must face and adapt to – the ONA is no different.

You cannot look at the ONA with your localized time goggles on. That's like looking at the primordial apes we came from that went extinct and saying they failed as a species. The fact that they don't exist anymore, and that we have taken their place attests to their evolutionary triumph against competition with all those other protohumanoids like Neanderthals. It's like looking back at your teenage years and saying you are a total failure in life because you made a few mistakes, and did a few stupid shit things. That's not how things work "Five Dimensionally." You learned from your past mistakes, and from the experience those stupid things you did brought, you became wiser – which make you who you are today as a living – progressing entity.

The only thing that should matter to those of us that resonate with the ONA is: does it have value and meaning to you? And can you make something out of it? If not – move along. If yes – Try. Don't let this shit talking from outsiders and some confused "insiders" keep you as an independent, intelligent, mature human being, prevent you from trying to put the Sinister Seven Fold Way into practical use for yourself and your own private life. Understand that it's not perfect, and that it was intended for you to add your own personal strengths to it.

The ONA, like any living thing, is not – and can never be – a finished product. It is a becoming – a verb. As you are a becoming – a happening – an event in progress.

Myatt no longer has anything to do with what we know of as the ONA. He stopped having anything to do with it, the minute it left his head. In the same way the Atom Bomb is to Einstein. Einstein may have conceived of the equation: $e=mc^2$; but that equation fell into the hands of the likes of Oppenheimer, and warlords, and it evolved – on it's own terms – into something that really has nothing to do with the original mind that gestated that seed thought (the equation). Although, to many of us, Myatt will always be known as the genius composer; through whose mind; the ONA came into existence as a system of practical apprehension of personal empirical wisdom.

It doesn't matter if Einstein and Oppenheimer were Jews, Nazis, Muslims, or crack heads. They were all just vehicles through which something acausal (the seed thought-form) passed through into our world which – through other vehicles evolved into all the nuclear arsenal we now have armed ourselves with as a species – all for a future reason and purpose – a reason which transcends the confines of localized time and localized awareness.

When we learn to transcend localized time perception, and see things from a chronomorphic – or Aeonie – angle of perception, we begin to understand that “things” come into existence in what we term “the past,” to affect what we term “the future” for reasons. And if we look very close, we will see that the future reason is always us as a species, in some way.

Benjamin Franklin flying his kite in a lightning storm wasn't just a localized event. It is an “acausal intrusion” which evolve – which is – the light bulb which is on in your room and the computer you are using. The tar the Romans “discovered” which was later used to seal the bellies of ships wasn't a localized event. It was an “aeonic” “exoscalar” [meaning outside of time] “entity/event” which became – which is the fuel that brought our human race to the surface of the moon, and which made landing rovers on Mars possible.

Even what we term “religion” isn't what it appears to be Aeonically. The thought-form which germinated into Christianity wasn't a localized event. christianity wasn't just a Roman cult. It was/is aeonically – a civilization – a civilization which gave birth to modern Europe and America.

Karl Marx didn't just write a book of his opinions. Through him as a nexion, virtually/literally – from an Aenic perspective – passed the USSR, China, and all Communist republics. Without whom, we would have never had the competition/insentive to cause us to go to the moon.

If we – those of us who honestly understand, or try to understand, Myatt's mind and these concepts he issued forth – truly understand what Myatt actually taught; what passed through him; then we cannot localize the ONA and condemn him or it [ONA] as not having accomplished much, or even being a failure.

What is the ONA Aeonically? What future “thing” passed through Myatt? And what are we to this seed-thought, but hosts and vehicles to give it life, so it can make it's way to that future

time?

Myatt didn't fail anything; if we try to understand his writings from his point of view. He did what he set out to do and moved on – he wrote manuscripts and established the seed-thought of the ONA. That's it. Those fertile minds that resonated with those manuscripts germinated that seed-thought into the ONA. If the ONA failed anything, it's not anyone's fault, but the fault and incompetence; or inexperience; of the people who make up the body/corpus of the ONA themselves. In other words: if the ONA sucks, it's because you/we suck. Myatt has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that we suck ass. He's done and moved on.

Whose fault is it really if we would rather be internet jocks rather than throw molotov cocktails at Jews or the Magian? Myatt's? The inanimate teachings of ONA MSS? No, it's our own incompetence, or half-ass nature that is to blame. Only when we ourselves come to an understanding that we suck ass, can we fix ourselves – IF such an issue exists. Then we can make something out of what we have inherited – or what we are hosts to. But as I stated up there somewhere – we cannot view this ONA from a localize perspective and judge it based on a single frame of its overall existence.

This ONA is still becoming – it will always be in the process of becoming – as all living things in nature are. It becomes through us, and those we pass it onto. As it became out of Myatt, and was passed to us. In the end, we are all just bridges for it's crossing... this Dark.

Chloe 352



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

NINE ANGLES AND VEDIC JYOTISHA



My personal Quest to gaining a “better” or more personal or intimate understanding of what the ONA terms the “Nine Angles” like most of how I have come to understand the ONA, comes from my own indigenous culture, by accident.

I was asking my aunt-mom to recite the seven days of the week in Khmer for me since I can only remember two. The two I remembered was Sunday and Monday. I remembered those two because for some odd reason, in Khmer the literal translation was “Day of the Sun,” and “Day of the Moon.” In Khmer Sunday is “Ngay [Day] Adit[Sun]” and “Ngay Chan [Moon],” Ngay rhyming with the English word “My” with the “Ng” being nasalized. Chan being the Khmer form of the Sanskrit “Chandra” meaning “Moon.”

I thought it was weird how two different cultures and people with so much time and distance between them could at least have two names of days of a week named after the same sun and moon. So I asked my aunt-mom to name me the rest and explain to me what they were named after. My aunt-mom knew the names, but she did not know what they were named after; but her husband my uncle-dad knew the mythological or astrological history behind each name.

Tuesday is “Ngay Angia” which roughly means the Day of the Red One, or the Day of War. Angia is the shortened version of the formal word “Angaraka” which is also the Sanskrit name/word for the Planet Mars. But the Hindus in India call Mars most often by the name/word Mangala.

Wednesday is “Ngay Budh.” I thought Budh meant the Buddha, but the word “Budh” in

Sanskrit is also the actual name/word for the Planet Mercury.

Thursday is “Ngay Brihas.” Every time I hear that name it sounds like they’re saying “Preah Hoss” to me which means a “Flying God,” so I always thought that day was named after some flying god. It’s not. Brihas is the Khmer form of the Sanskrit Brihaspati which is the name/word for the Planet Jupiter. “Pati” in Sanskrit, Hindi, and Khmer means a “husband,” and also a “house.”

Friday is “Ngay Sukh.” I always thought they were saying “Sukkh” which means “Tranquil” or “Undisturbed.” Sukh turns out to be the Khmer form of the Sanskrit “Sukra” which is the name/word for the Planet Venus.

Saturday is “Ngay Sao [rhymes with “Now”]. Sao is the Khmer version of the Sanskrit Sani or Shani which is the name/word for the Planet Saturn.

At first the only thing that got to me was the strangeness of how all seven days in both my culture and the English/European culture[s] seem to match up exactly! But the excitement was short lived and I quickly forgot about it.

Later we were at one of my grandpa’s houses during an eclipse to watch it and have a BBQ. When the eclipse happened briefly my uncles and boy cousins came outside with their guns and beer and started shooting at the moon and cheering.

I was thinking to myself: “What the hell are they doing?” I had to ask my grandpa – who is the only grandpa who speaks English – what they were doing. He said it’s a stupid custom. The ancient Khmer believed that there was a dragon that lived in the sky named Rahu and that an eclipse was caused by Rahu eating the moon. So in ancient days when backwards tribes saw Rahu eating the moon, they got scare and would shoot their arrows at the sky to try and scare Rahu away. My grandpa said that the ancient tribes gave a name to the tail of Rahu which they called “Ketuy” which in Khmer just means “A Tail Of An Animal.”

Since my grandpa likes to talk, he just went on and on about the very silly myth these ancient people believed in. He said in ancient times the wild people believed there lived nine “grapas” [Crocodiles] that lived in the sky, which they later named Adit, Chandra, Angia, Budh, Sukh, Sao, Rahu, and Ketuy. Rahu and its tail Ketuy are treated as two separate things. At the time I thought the tribal myth was so silly I didn’t pay much mind to it and forgot it when the day was over. But I did remember that the seven planets the days of the week were named after were believed to be crocodiles.

The Tree Of Wyrd

So I was studying ONA’s Naos one day. I was specifically looking around the Tree of Wyrd and correspondence sections to see if I can figure out a way to better understand “Satan” in a more Eastern way, since I have a hard time fitting “Satan” into my Oriental Weltanschauung.

Satan in the Tree of Wyrd corresponds with the Sphere of Mercury which also corresponds to

the Norse God Loki. So I figured that I'd google and research the Roman god Mercury, then study its Greek counterpart, so that way I can look for a Vedic god to correspond to the exoteric name/word "Satan."

To my surprise it turns out that in Hindu astrological mythos [Budh/Budha](#) – Mercury in Sanskrit – not only matched up in description to the Buddha of Buddhism, but also to the Greek Hermes, and the Roman Mercury, and even the concept of Lucifer being the archetype of Light and Illumination. So I figured that I can synchronize Satan with the Buddha via the Tree of Wyrd's Sphere of Mercury. But that got me curious about the other Vedic astrological entities and the Tree of Wyrd. So I did some more research, and stumbled upon all Nine Angles in the most unlikely of places: ancient Vedic astrology.

So in the ONA we learn to understand that the term "Nine Angles" often comes from the Seven Spheres on the Tree of Wyrd; which are planets; plus two extra Nexion, making Nine "Angles." The Angles are not geometric Angles. They are just words used to describe something that somehow influenced the causal via Wyrd.

It turns out that the crazy tribal myths my grandpa had told me about actually have their origins in much older – more ancient – Vedic astrological mythos. In the Vedic astrological mythos the 9 celestial entities are collectively called the "Navagraha," or the "[Navagraha](#)." "Nav/Nava" meaning "Nine." The Sanskrit word "Graha" originally meant a crocodile or an alligator or a monster in a lake that grabs people with its mouth. Which must be where the ancient Khmer got the word "Grapa" from meaning a crocodile.

In Sanskrit the word Graha ends up meaning something that "Grabs or Catches." The Navagrahas in Sanskrit are: 1. Ravi [sun]; 2. Chandra [moon]; 3. Mangala/Angaraka [Mars]; 4. Budha [Mercury]; 5. Brihaspati [Jupiter]; 6. Sukra [Venus]; 7. Shani [Saturn]; 8. Rahu, & 9. Ketu.

The interesting thing to note is that although most of the Navagrahas are associated with planets, Graha does not mean a "planet," and the last two are not planets themselves. These Nine Grahas are said to instead be "things" that influences mortal existence and Karma. Karma corresponding to what Europeans may have understood as "Fate," and the older – more pagan word – "Wyrd."

I find it very interesting that both mythos – ONA & Vedic – tries to intimate or approximate "something" via words like "Angle" and "Graha" to mean "something" that influences. After thinking about how "Angle" doesn't literally mean Angle, and Graha doesn't literally mean Planet but crocodile, I thought it was funny that an Angle looks like the open mouth of a crocodile!

Ancient Traditions

What a very nice coincidence. Not just the strange coincidence in how a European people and a people all the way in India and the Southeast Asian Peninsula can have all seven of their days named after the same seven planets in the same exact order. But also a nice coincidence in that if we looked far enough around the world and past enough in our collective human

history, that what mythos and ideas we find in the ONA has similarities and corresponding counterparts in ancient human cultures.

It's as if a small weird group of people in Shropshire England, and ancient Vedic astronomers/astrologers were trying to put into words, intimating, the same single Nine Natural Phenomena? Just that one group called it "Nine Angles," while another so long ago called it "Nava Grahas."

Of course there are implications here related to the ONA's Tree of Wyrd. The implicative question is: Which is older, the qabalah and its 10 sephiroths, or the 9 Grahas? When I say the qabalah I don't mean esoteric exegesis of the Torah, the use of Gematria, etc. I just mean the Tree of Life, its 10 sephiroths, their mystical meanings, and the mystical meanings they later inspired. If I remember, it was sometime in the 11th century in Spain somewhere that the Tree of Life and the "qabalah" began to coalesce.

The more I personally look into the ONA's mythos, the more I personally see its mythos in an ancient past in India. The ONA's Baphomet resembles Kali, and this can be said to be a mere coincidence or matter of one inspiring the other. The ONA's "Satan" seems to pair up with Rudra-Shivaya very well in mythic and archetypal quality and essence. But again, this can be just a coincidence or one inspiring the other. I'll take that. But now with the ONA's "Nine Angles" of its Tree of Wyrd, matching up with the Navagraha, we have a coincidence within a coincidence. There are far more parallels and coincidences that I have personally discovered.

But I'll keep those to myself. Hoping that what little I have shared here and in my other essays I have written will inspire other ONA Initiates to go on their own historical and cultural Quest to at least broaden their perspective and horizon, to uncover their own things. All I can say is that with my present vantage point I have today, it would not be hard for me to completely switch over from being ONA to practicing a more primal-animistic proto-vedic Tradition. The only thing required for such a transition would be a simple superficial substitution of names and words. Otherwise the Essence remains intact.

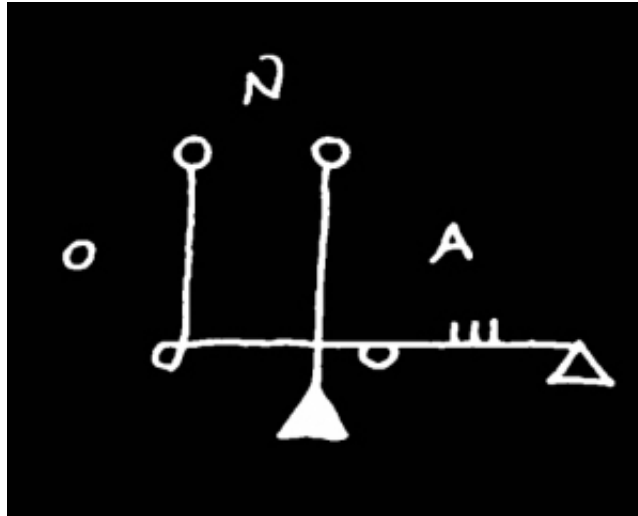
Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

NOBILITY OF STRENGTH



“Respect not pity or weakness, for they are a disease which makes sick the strong.”
First Satanic Point [Black Book of Satan].

Pity and weakness helps prolong and promote human suffering. When an Initiate of the Sinister Way [or Numinous Dark Way] pities – feels sorry – for someone in a state of misery, the Initiate lets go of his or her conscious control of intelligence and allows foreign emotions – feeling originating from outside the Initiate – to actually affect him/her.

The Initiate is no longer Master of his/her own Life, in the same way that a person loses control of their reason and mind, and allows unchecked emotions and impulses to dictate their actions. This lack of chromomorphic vision, will do more harm than help.

Such actions, when based on irrational emotions and pity gives rise to actions NOT governed by intelligence. Thus, such irrational actions not only goes against the flow of aeonic engineering and the ethos of wyrd; but it generates causal re-actions that are devoid of wyrd, purpose, and intelligence. The end results of such causal re-actions will manifest as antagonistic forces in the Initiate's life, causing personal suffering. Pity does not end suffering, it multiplies suffering.

Weakness in all its forms: mental, emotional, physical, and social; is the individual person's leading cause of personal suffering in life. Weakness is the complete opposite of or adversary of a genuine Initiate of the ONA.

A person with a weak mind is characterized by an inability to apprehend and comprehend ideas, and concepts; an inability to think for themselves – that is the inability to question ideas and concepts, extract their accuracy, essence, and innovate new thoughts from them; and possess a weak will power.

Such a person is gullible, and will believe anything is told to them so long as it sounds believable to them. These beliefs themselves are Biological Software composed of memetic programs your mind uses. Regardless of whether the belief is a religious or political one, it will affect the individual's life, and manifest as what he /she will experience.

A person with a weak mind is not Master of his/her own Life. Others are his master. Others think for him, and by proxy, live his life for him. Others tell him what is right from wrong, what is real and unreal, or what is good for him and what is bad for him. Without will power or the capacity to question and doubt, he is incapable of psychologically fighting for his mental independence. Thus he is a pawn in life, who will never amount to anything; whom others will use to their advantage and advancement.

Repeating something someone else said, storing in your mind things others thought up of, buying the ideas and concepts others have created, and regurgitating what others composed and created is not a sign of intelligence or mental strength. Such mental activities is indeed the total opposite of living, organic intelligence; because, quite simple a computer and encyclopedia can store and share information other people put into it as well – if not better, and computers and books are dead, inanimate objects, devoid of a mind.

A person with weak emotions, is equally not Master of their own Life. Emotional weakness is characterized by lack of intelligent control of the emotions; lack of passion and determination; and unregulated impulses.

Such a person becomes a slave or is subservient to the ebb and flow of their emotional tide. When we understand that our emotions wyrdfully gives rise to our actions, we can understand how these individuals end up stupidly harming themselves and others around them – causing personal and social suffering.

Anyone who has ever succeeded in life, whatever the field or discipline; be it school, business, war, art, or crime, will tell you that without the crucial element of burning passion and unequivocal determination; there can be no success. Thus it will be understood that an emotionally weak person will not succeed in life, nor ever hope to be Master of their own Lives.

By physical weakness we mean to denote that a person lacks the ability to intelligently – wyrdfully – control and plan their actions purposefully; and that the person lacks an interest in the health and well being of his own body.

A fat tub of lard of a person who lacks the will, determination, and force to change their own physical bodies for the better – to make it more healthier or beautiful – cannot possibly have the knowledge, wisdom, and know-how to change others around them for the better. How strong internally are fat ugly people, if they can't even stop themselves from eating chips and junk food. You can't disrupt society if you can't even disrupt your own daily eating habits.

In fact, biologically, our appearance and physical well being is Nature's very own way of causally showing or revealing genetic health and/or physical disease. And if we think about it, understanding that our thoughts influences our emotions, and our emotions influences our

actions, and our actions in turn produces casual results. Then, by backmasking, or working backwards, we can easily determine that fat ugly people, who don't have the power to physically better themselves, also lacks the right emotions and mind quality. For if they are in physical disorder, then they are also in emotional and mental disorder.

Lack of Social Strength is also a leading cause of personal suffering. Anthropologically, the human animal is by Nature a social creature. It has evolved from social organisms in the past. Our cities are a direct manifestation of our natural, unconscious need to live in close proximity to other humans. Even in rural areas you still have neighbors. "Primitive" tribes are also a causal manifestation of our social nature. Hermits are rare choice of lifestyle amongst the 7 Billion of us.

In our modern city where people are emotionally distant from each other, our primal need to socially bond with each other causally manifests as street gangs. Gangs aren't the only modern manifestation of our human tribal nature. We can, and often do turn just about anything into an excuse to band together and bond. There are groups dedicated to sports teams, crocheting, book clubs, golf clubs, political parties, and anything can be an excuse to hold a back yard barbeque.

Someone who is Socially weak lacks the ability to function in society in a healthy manner. Anti-social behaviours are not conducive to social strength. Being anti-social is a sign of social weakness.

No human is an island. Nobody likes to be alone. It has been proven that if a human is isolated from other humans for a certain period of time that they will go insane and mentally deteriorate. Any prison warden who has worked in the old days, who has seen the most diehard criminals break mentally from prolonged solitary confinement will attest to this fact.

A person who lacks the ability to function in society, to make friends, and become an influence to their friends; does not have the ability to influence and change society for the better. How can you, if you are a loser? A socially diseased person, who is a loner and has no friends, is his own cause of suffering; and because misery loves company, he will usually work to make others suffer and miserable.

This is the reason why in democratic nations, the people who often get elected by the people are usually popular people with a large amount of "Social Capital." Because such people have the experience in succeeding in social order, making and influencing a large amount of friends and people. And from that Social Capital, they can change society. Who the hell would vote for a nobody who was a social loser?

Because if we intelligently think about it, a "society" and "civilization" itself, isn't a lego structure or collection of building, where you can just change the structure and landscape, and have a new society. Society or Civilization is nothing but Other People – the social ordering of humans. Our cities, building, science, and technology is thus only a by-product of that Natural "coming-togetherness" of humankind – what we call society and civilization.

There is power in Social Capital, the power to truly mold “society” to your will. A person who lacks the ability to convince, or influence a single person standing next to him to believe something, or whatever, does not have the capacity to influence or convince a million.

It has always been the men, with the most Social Capital, among our species, that have altered and changed our world and our humanity. First think of Jesus. Even if he was a myth, his supporters glamourized his mythos, and from it “Jesus” gained a lot of Social Capital, and through his Priests hypocritical sinister acts, eventually manifested as the civilization of Europe.

There was the illiterate Muhammad of the incoherent Arabian desert tribes. Who, with a book – Al Qur’An – gained massive Social Capital and engineered; within his own life time; a civilization, which still exists today.

Genghis Khan, whose empathy for his people and warrior spirit gained him massive Social Capital, allowing him to manifest the largest empire/civilization known to humankind. Today 1 out of every 200 humans on earth are genetic descendants of this Giant of Humanity.

In our modern age, we have the example of Adolf Hitler. Who came from nothing; and with a combination of his party’s empathy for the German People’s defiled collective morale and distrust for Jews; and a little mythos building. Hitler was able to amass massive Social Capital; captivating and enchanting an entire nation; thus materializing the Third Reich. It took nearly the entire earth to stop this Hitler. He may be type casted as a villain today, but the German People back then certainly did not see or feel him to be a villain. He was a hero who fished them out of dishonor and gave them back their dignity. And he took what was an impoverished war torn nation, and gave them nearly all of Europe and its wealth, thus ending his people’s suffering.

Strength of Mind, Emotion, Body, and Social Capital, is the mark and honor of a genuine Initiate and Adept of the Sinister Way of the ONA. Empathy is the foundation of Social Capital. Honour for oneself is the foundation of a strong mind, emotion, and body. Duty is what manifests these Strengths – the Noble character of anyone genuinely associated with the Order of Nine Angles.

Chloe of WSA

Order of Nine Angles

Nexion 352, 120 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

NONRANDOM REFLECTIONS



Nonrandom Reflections

I watched all 6 episodes of Star Wars last week. It was the first time in my life I watched any Star Wars episode all the way through. I have to say the classic three episodes were the best of the 6. The most recent three filled in the back story, but the kid and Jarjar ruined everything. My favourite character was Senator Palpatine. Now that's my kind of politician! He sure knows how to make democracy work [for himself]. I also liked the decoy queen Amidala more than the real one because the decoy queen was more assertive and confident in the way she spoke and carried herself.

If there is any trade or craft that is Sinister in essence, it is Politics. What can be more sinister than a person or group of people who will lie, cheat, manipulate the commoner public, for influence and power: Consented to them by the mass? The power to enforce Policies and have the commoner to gayly obey such policies. The power to declare war on other countries. And the power to amass an army of commoners to fight and die in mass culling for a fight which in reality has next to nothing to do with them and their families. I secretly love Politics, everything about it. I secretly love politics because I openly hate commoners and peasants with a burning passion. "They are the scum of the earth." Said an author once. One man I admire named Henry Kissinger said it best: "Nothing happens in politics accidentally." Or as someone in my family puts it: "Be loyal to the person and not what they say in public." Because what is said in public is ultimately for the stupid common public. Are you above that common public and their superficial mentality, or are you of that public? What makes politricks possible is a flaw in the average person in that such common minded people are Swayed by words and ideas/idealisms.

A few weeks ago after watching the old Alexander The Great movie Aristotle in this movie said something that gave me a problem to consider. He said that "Ideas are bigger than men." The problem in my mind was that this statement was true, but ideas and/or "idealisms" – meaning idealistic Beliefs – is what captivates us in the illusory prison of samsara. I held an internal dialogue with this Aristotle guy and I asked "him" what if he wasn't aware of what he was implying with that statement. My question to him was: "Should Man [humanity] be Master of his ideas, or should his ideas be Master of Him?" My imaginary Aristotle guy said back to me: "That would depend on whom we are speaking of. There are different types and classes of people." Personally – and I know there are others like me – I can free myself from the grip of ideas and idealisms and be master of my own life, mind, heart, as the Buddha once

admonished.

But I'm no superhero who desires to liberate humanity. Quite the opposite. I secretly love politics, and I have a passion for enslaving and brainwashing people with ideas. You cannot liberate the anariya which composes the vast majority of humanity. All the Ariya can do is put them to work and make use of them. Power [influence] is consented. The corollary to that postulate is: "Public opinion must be in your favour before the people consents." And the Pragmatic-Utilitarianist principle to that corollary is: "To induce favourable public opinion, you give the public what they need and want to hear. Reality is harsh. The public suffer from an escapist mentality where that they are moved, inspired, and captivated by ideals which makes them forget about such harshness of reality." Which is why what we call Religion enthralles a majority of humanity, as it has done for thousands of years.

When I say "majority" I actually mean majority: 2 billion Christians, 1 billion Muslims, 1 billion Hindus, 500 million Buddhists alone adds up to 4.5 Billion. This does not include the animism of indigenous people, folk cults, and the many minor belief systems. When I say "religion" I mean it in a very loose way which also includes Atheism. It is still an -ism made up of ideas, words, and semantics, reactionary to idealistic theism, and not based on a sound and moderate Objective observation of Natural Phenomena. If I say "God" the Atheist reacts, but if I say "Force" or "Field" or "Energy" or "Universe" the Atheist does not react. Thus, it's reactionary and based on Ideas, words games, and superficial semantics. The Atheist is still a slave to ideas just like the theist is. As it should be. I don't want these people free. If there were 2 billion Atheists in the world and a politician gave these atheists what they wanted to hear and feel, how much consent would he collect over time?

The common person is stupid. Stupidity is when you make a mistake which negatively affects you, and you commit the same mistakes over and over again not knowing you are doing this, which is samsara in Theravada. The common generics can say: "Oh but I'm scientific, I'm free!" Are you? You've been ruled by sweet talking priests in the Old World for 2000 years, and here in the New World you are ruled by sweet talking politicians. How long will political systems of idealistic beliefs exist before you as a people realize that it's the same game as religion? When religion is secularized it becomes "politics," where the priestcraft is lawcraft [lawyers etc]. Otherwise Old World rule of religion and New World rule of politics has the same policies, the same police force to enforce such policies of regimes, and the same punishments for those who do not comply. How telling that a thousand years ago priests of religion preached and actualized a Holy Crusade to slaughter Muslims, and today after Politicians did their preaching, we are in the same Middle East slaughtering the same people and destroying their same civilization. But we don't call it a "Crusade." The politicians call it a "War On Terror," and the common public eat that all up don't they. Like I said, word games and semantics.

"But words have meaning!" They cry. Yes they do. But so said Robert Anton Wilson: "He who has the power to define, has the ultimate power." When Webster defines, the commoner adheres. When random nobodies edit Wikipedia, it is quoted like scripture. When politicians define your words, laws, and reality, you adhere. When priests define what is right and wrong, good and evil, you adhere. You have never as a commoner defined anything given to you. Not

your words, not your ideas, not your laws, not your rights, not your wrongs, not the reality you believe you live in. What were once ideas themselves [religion and politics] now dictates and controls. I learned from history class when we studied the British Empire and China that the easiest way to control a people is to monopolize and control what the people Depend on and are enthralled by. In history it was Opium for the Chinese. The British got the common Chinese so Dependent on opium that they were able to “negotiate” with the emperor. Back in the old days when gold was important you had people like the Rothchild bankers horde and monopolize gold. Now that gold is passe and green backs are what the people depend on you see Governments monopolizing the power to make money.

And so if the common public are swayed by and Dependent on words, ideas, and semantics, [abstractions], then you control those things. What does the Pope say to his people? That only the Church has the power to interpret scripture. What’s said these days to the same common public? That only lawyers and governments can interpret laws and human rights. What lawyer or political party would agree with me if I said that as a “Sovereign Individual” I have the “Right” to use pre-emptive strike to kill those I have determined who “may” be a threat to myself and family? None of them would agree. It’s not “constitutional,” and the laws of the land cannot be so interpreted. Says WHO? Says them. You know how many political-lawyers would shit their pants over the term “Sovereign Individual?” And besides, abstractions, assumptions and what-ifs dictates that if everybody killed people pre-emptively the whole nation would be chaotic etc. Which causes me to ask: “If such were the case, then would not this line of reasoning also apply on a global scale where that if a Nation-State used pre-emptive wars to kill potential threats that it would cause chaos on a larger human scale?” Of course the answer is “No,” because Muslims – excuse me “Islamists” – are not humans, they are evil doing terrorists bent on establishing global Shariah [sarcasm]! Same word games, same stupid common people.

Sounds “evil” and heartless doesn’t it? For me to put down the common public like this? I direct this question to any Western Buddhist and ask them to think of an answer before they read on. The Pali word most often translated into English as to “Transcend,” comes from a compound word meaning to Rise-Above/Beyond the Public [and their anariya mentality]. I’ve always thought it was silly how something so objective as the dhamma of rising above the anariya mentality of the common peasant becomes some idealism of “transcending” the world. Or even goofier is the idea of “transcendental meditation.” All my friends and associates in and out of the ONA should keep in mind always to never fully trust and believe anything I say and write here in this public domain. What I say in pubic is ultimately for the public to consume. True power they say, can only be Consented by the people, and the people are Believers by default. I am so convinced that the generic public commoner is so stupid, that me stating this in plain English will have absolutely no effect on them. Because the common peasant is affected by something called egotism [samsara of the Self] and denial of reality. By “reality” I mean that which is Actual in the human world of experience. Actuality and Reality should be interchangeable words if you objectively understand the realism of the world. By “Actual” I mean Natural Phenomena [dhamma with a lowercase “d”] which can be Observed, Experiences, and where such observation and experience are replicable by others.

Watching Senator Palpatine caused me to think of DM. Senator Palpatine has this exoteric or

public image he cultivates where he seems to care about people, democracy, and so on. Beneath that public persona is Dark Sidious, like how Anton Long is some evil doer, some sinister hell raiser, hooligan of the occult. And for every Dark Sidious and his secret ambitions there is always a loyal Protege or two. The Dark Lord [Sidious] had his pupil of the Dark Force [Darth Vader]. And so AL has his Pupil(s), doesn't he.

Personally I don't think the Jedi or the Sith has it right with the "Force." It's too dualistic, or "dichotomized." For example if we take a bar magnet with a North and South pole, is it's magnetic Force two separate things or just ONE Field? I would say that the Jedi prophecy of one who would bring balance to the force was more accurate. Darth Vader brought balance to the Force. He brought the realized Shadow aspect/element of Life to the other part. Both balance as one Whole Force is the Whole Force. Life is not really divided with itself. It is only in the human mind – because of the human mind/consciousness – that Life appears to be dualized and divided into rights and wrongs, goods and evils, me and you, life and death, and so forth etc.

That faculty of human consciousness which is prone to separate the Unity into divisions in my mind reminds me of a Prism. When light is shown thru that Prism, there appears to be 7 separate colors. The "separateness" is an illusion. There is no concrete separateness. Together as one spectrum they make the Light. Or reality is a good example. Reality is a spectrum. We are prone due to Consciousness and its Focus to see and consider only this macrophysical "world." And so some of us may be materialists. But reality is also Quantum. Which is why quantum physics and physics are different disciplines dealing with different sets of "laws." One can't be the other because they are fundamentally different in constitution. But both are spectral parts of the same Whole reality greater than its parts, which we are only beginning to fully come to realize. They are not separate because one gradually – alchemically – becomes the other. This thing we call "reality" seems to be a spectral phenomenon which changes and manifests in different forms, but there is no division between it's forms. Like our own bodies. My body expresses itself in many forms. As fingers, and hair, and a heart and lungs, as electrical impulses, as thoughts and emotions, but there is no real separateness. Is the mind and thought two separate things independent from each other?

If you were to camp out inside an ecosystem like say the tropical jungles of Central Africa and just observe the Nature around you, you'll realize that this System of Life is not divided where you can point to leaf cutter ants who farm their food and say: "Those guys are good and practice ahimsa." Then you point to Big trees suffocating sapling of light and say: "Those guys are bad and violent! And here – right here – in between the ants and these trees is a real wall that divides the good ants from the badness of trees!" There is no division in the "field" of Life. Just like when you fly in an airplane and look down at the land below you realize that those neatly drawn borders on your maps are actually not "real." The word is "Reification." When you take an idea/ideal or belief or notion and you treat [or believe/assume] such abstractions were concrete "things." They are just ideas, just beliefs, and they have no real "sameness" with reality. Which came first the Natural World, or our human ideas and opinions about said Natural World? That is also Samsara. Where that we cannot tell the difference between Natural Phenomena [the Natural World] and our own words, thoughts, ideas, and Beliefs. We are imprisoned by such abstract beliefs, and that imprisonment is what causes Dukkha. Why

do so many humans on earth suffer in a real way from extreme poverty? Because of the samsara of money which has captivated us. The Belief/Idea that we cannot “have” without money. The belief/idea that we should not work, if we don't get paid.

Another example: nothing in the actuality of reality before humanity existed to speak a word or think a thought expresses that Black people are subhuman. It was an Idea [meme] that served a heinous purpose. The belief in it on the part of innocent yet believing Whites gave this idea power. The power to enslave those old day Black people. Which caused Dukkha for them as a people. And the Belief in this idea – that they were subhuman – on their own part keeps them enslaved to the Idea. And you can't tell me that in context to time and history and after centuries of hearing that you are inferior and centuries of being treated like livestock, that those olden day Black people's psyche was not affected deeply that they did not believe it may be “true.” You tell a girl she is fat and ugly often enough and she will believe it. You tell passionate White teenage boys that they are Supreme Aryans often enough and they will believe it. The Samsara is in that we believe such ideas/idealisms to be real where that we continue to behave and commit acts within the matrix of such beliefs over and over again, ignorant to the consequences of our actions [kamma]. How many people on earth in total died directly and indirectly because of the ideas and idealisms [idealistic beliefs] of Communism?

“Politics is a pendulum whose swings between anarchy and tyranny are fueled by perennially rejuvenated illusions [-Einstein].” The question still remains: Are we masters of ideas, or mastered by them and the illusion [samsara] they induce? Personally I don't Believe in anything [at face value], and as a Buddhist I follow the advice of Buddha and try to master my mind and ideas. Perhaps some of us are not mastered by ideas. Others are. Trust No Man. Believe in nothing with a conviction. Because all the Universe will ever have to say and teach has already been written in its silent, wordless, ineffable Book of Nature. Direct experience and direct observation [Vibhajjavada, Vipasanna, Pachakka] and mindfulness are the only way to “read” this book. The moment that ineffable truth is put into words and ideations, it loses its Essence and trueness.

Aeonic Motion

One of the things I liked about all 6 episodes of Star Wars is Palpatine's very slow and methodological moves he takes. I loved watching out for each little step he took and hearing each little manipulative statement he made. It was as exciting as heavy petting. You gradually detect that he has an agenda and an ambition. You gradually see him moving from a mere senator to the Supreme Chancellor. Thru his co-conspirators he constructs an army ahead of time. Then he gradually builds his “Death Star.” All for the end goal of turning a republic into an Empire. Watching his moves got me to think about my two most favourite “board games” to play.

The first is an “East Asian” board game called Go. It's a gridded board and the two players used black and white pebbles or pieces. The pieces are placed on the intersections of the grid. The objective is “simple,” which is to basically Occupy as much territory as possible. Getting to that objective is the very hard part. Usually when I play Go I loose because I suck at it, but I love to observe how my cousins and uncles play. The game itself teaches me things about

Business and Politics. That you must learn to think “aeonically” ahead of time and gradually make your moves in such a way where that in the future your opponent or competition is left with very few options and moving room. With Business the market is the game board, and with Politics the public is the game board. The more ignorant and stuck in the present moment your opponent is, the better of a chance you have at winning in future.

My best friend in 8th grade taught me the other game I love to play which has no name since his dad made it up to play with him. We ended up calling the game when he taught it to me “The Wall Game” for the sake of convenience.

I had just moved from my Mother County where I was born and raised to Riverside County where I went to a new junior high. Originally I came from the Valley. I was born in Van Nuys and raised out in Granada Hills. I used to hang out often in places around the Valley like Woodland Hills, Northridge [the mall there], Burbank, and my family owned a coffee shop once in the Van Nuys area for a long time. My uncle-dad used to drive me often to the Burbank public library when I was in grade school. I was around 7 or something when the big Northridge Earthquake hit.

Anyways, after 7th grade, I relocated with my uncle-dad and aunt-mom to a different county where they bought their house. I went to a small middle school. Since it was a new school I didn't know anybody. This one boy named Jason talked to me in P.E. And afterward we became friends. My friend Jason was a stereotype “nerd” who wore eye glasses. I didn't have nerd friends in my original junior high, but you know what they say: “Beggars can't be choosers.” So I just became his friend because I was friendless. Back in the Valley my friends got me into LaVeyan Satanism. So my first interest in my new friend was to convert him. So each day at lunch period me and him hung out in the library to talk, and I'd try and make him a Satanist.

So one day in the library he taught me how to play “the wall game” which at the time didn't have a name. You play the game with a gridded piece of paper and a writing utensil. One person is the “X” and the other is the “O.” You start the game off by placing your X and O anywhere in the grid paper, but out of the “piece's” line of movement or your opponent can eat you. The X and O moves like a Queen on a chess board and kills like a Queen piece. When you move you simply draw a new X or O in a square, BUT you fill in your old square with your pen or pencil. That filled in square is now a solid brick which the X and O can't occupy or go thru. The actual object of the game is to build a wall to enclose or trap your opponent. If the opponent is trapped in a walled space with fewer squares than you, you win, technically. One game – as I found out – can last all school week, depending on the size of the grids. When I liked the game, me and Jason played it in every class we shared. We'd just pass the grid paper back and forth in class.

At first in the beginning I sucked at it and kept on getting tricked into the little walled spaces Jason made. But I watched how he played the game and learned to mimic him. What I did was I used a very primitive strategy where I would mentally sectioned the grid paper into a big part and a little part and I'd just make one move at a time to build a long ass wall to divide my parts, then try to chase Jason's piece into the small part. When you make your walled sections

you leave a small opening of several squares to chase the other person into, then seal it off. Jason uses a different strategy. It looks like at first he is moving in no real order. But what he does is he makes mazes and divides the grid paper into many confusing walled off parts. This confuses you because you can't tell where you are, which portion is bigger than the other, and you have to dance around his walls to move. Eventually I learned to think ahead of time like he did, which was when the game got very interesting. You have to plan ahead of time and make premeditated moves as close as you can to your plans. Usually when I win, my friend dragged the game out. The rule is that even if you trap your opponent in a small section, the game is not over until the other person gives up or has no more squares to move into. Jason would drag out the game when he knows he lost until he was down to the last square.

That wall game I played in 8th grade all year later in life [in high school] became one of my most influential sources of insight when it comes to the real world and controlling and influencing people, or "moving" them. It teaches you how to think holistically or "aeonically," where you can see all of your options, and all of your opponent's options. Then you try to disable all of your opponent's options one at a time before they even realize they have those options. Then it teaches you how to encircle and trap people or mentally move them to where you want them to move. A quick example I used in this regard was when I competed with others in school to climb social rank. Before the other girl can ever make her moves what I did was try and see all of her options she can take to get more popular than me. Then I quickly sabotage all of those options one at a time before she or they realize they even have options. So in my mind campus life was the grid paper, and I build the walls for the opponent, and I chase them into those traps to get rid of competition. One move at a time. Or you act pre-emptively. If you know some bitch is liable to talk shit about you and spread rumors which could threaten your status, way before she even hates you to spread her rumors you work at owning the minds, hearts, and "public perceptions," of the key popular people on campus that actually matter like your support group, and the popular kids above you.

This topic will be ethically interpreted by many to be "bad." This emotive interpretation is relative, I assure you. I'll give an example and give you the name of it as this method is known in Buddhism. If you take a dog and say you are on a sidewalk with this dog and you want him to go Left, telling him in words and ideas to turn left won't work because the dog does not compute, unless you use treats to trick it into a left direction. Humans are different, they understand words, which is both a curse and blessing. If you have a 5 year old on the same side walk and you want this child to move in a left direction for some reason and she does not at first want to go left, you can use words and ideas to Trick this child to move left. For instance you can say there is a big dog on the right side. If she believes such words and ideas, she will move left according to your Will.

In Buddhism this method is called Upaya, which literally means Trick but is nicely translated as Expedient Method. The mahayanas gives a pretty good descriptive example: You are a father with 9 young children. It is night and the house is on fire. As a father you need to remove your 9 children out of the house as fast as possible or they will die. In the Mahayana's example the children are ignorant and not aware that fire is a danger, so they won't leave the house. The father invents an Upaya to trick the kids out by saying that he bought them nice toys and a Big Wagon [Maha-Yana] which are all waiting outside for them, and if they run out of the house,

they can have the gifts. The children run out for the toys and Wagon. In Buddhism we give no emotive value to Upaya like a Westerner would. People can be tricked with words and ideas to do things and “move” in certain directions. This Mahayana story of Upaya and its essential idea was used in ancient times against Theravada. In ancient times Theravada rejected Mahayana as being a legitimate Buddhism, that they were fake. After a while of sectarian debates that Mahayanas told a story similar to this. The story basically states that Maha-Yana [the Big Wagon in the story] is an Upaya, and therefore – per the Buddha’s own teachings – it is usable, because in the end, those people who are tricked with the Big Wagon become Buddhists and take Refuge in the Three Jewels anyways.

A better example or real application my friends and I used in the 9th grade was we made a teacher cry and quit. Most of it was due to Momentum of “Crowd Mentality” set into motion by tricks [upaya] to sway people in a predetermined direction. The simple end objective was to make the teacher go away. The Method of doing this was to simply make his school time an awful experience. This objective was based on a dislike for him because he was simply mean to the wrong students and gave us detention for little offenses. How do you do this? You have to think like that wall game where you mentally section off a part of the grid paper you want to trap your opponent into. To manipulate your opponent to that premeditated place you work on constructing walls and maneuvering him toward that section any way you can. In real life the bricks of this wall are IDEAS and the squares of this grid paper are your fellow student’s HEADS. This wall has to be constructed one idea and one head at a time, until you get enough collected “potential force” to get a kinetic reaction.

This teacher was our social studies teacher. He started off as a substitute and was made a permanent teacher. What happened was our real social studies teacher who everybody really liked moved back to England because he was offered a better job. This original teacher was really nice, very attractive, and everybody – at least the girls – really liked his accent and smile. He had dimples and really nice eyes. He dressed really nice and GQ, had short black hair slicked back. He stood in class and talked with confidence. And when he talked to all of us he always looked into our eyes and spoke with a smile. We all liked him a lot, but he ditched us.

The next day after he was gone the new teacher was in class. At first he didn’t know he was going to be a permanent teacher. This new teacher was Middle Eastern and about the same age as our real teacher. He came dressed in brown suits. His shoes weren’t shiny. When he was up teaching in class or talking to us he did not stand or carry himself or talk with confidence. He spoke with an accent, and I guess this foreign accent effected his self esteem. He also did not use eye contact when he talked to us. Something else was that when he was angry, instead of talking things over with us like our real British teacher did, this Middle Eastern bastard just sent us straight to the office and sometimes threw tantrums in class. Nobody liked him. And when we found out that he was going to be our permanent teacher, we all hated him.

So one of the first things we did on campus was we “dehumanized” him with our peers by saying things like: “He’s a fucking sand nigger,” or “That camel jockey can’t even speak English right and he thinks he’s a teacher.” Those are ideas that occupies peoples heads, and plays on people emotions and prejudices. When our real teacher was present I sat right in front of the class, but when this new teacher started teaching, me and my friends relocated all of the

nerds in the back of the room to the front and we sat in the back after that. The next thing we did was resist his dictates, meaning that when he told us to do something we just sat there ignoring him right in front of him and looking at him, to taunt him. The idea was to manipulate him to send us – the right people – to the office for a purpose. We'd go without a fight to the office when he sent us there. This made others start to resist him also after they saw that it was "okay" to be sent to the office. That's [another "brick" to build our "wall."](#)

Another thing we did was to let him know that we did not like him in creative ways. For example when he had his back turned we threw paper balls at him or pencils at him. Then we'd laugh. Some of the kids put slime and other stuff on his chair when he wasn't looking to get his ass dirty. As time passed the things people threw at him got bigger. This one time "somebody" [not me] threw an orange at his head when his back was turned and the force of the throw was so hard the orange busted open. When this happens he turns around usually and gives a nervous laugh like it was nothing and asks who did it as he looks in the back of the room for his usual suspects. The nerds up front along with everybody else naturally turn their heads to look back. So you shoot stares at those nerds to warn them to shut up. Usually after we sit there for a while my friends and I have the nature of taking each others heat. Meaning I'd stand up and say I did something when I actually didn't and get in trouble for it. This is an internal move which re-enforces in-group solidarity or cohesion. Another thing we started doing was steal things from his desk and slash his tires in the parking lot. Since we had friends in his other classes it became that this poor teacher was picked on all day.

Another thing we all did was when we get busted or angry we say mean things to him that sticks in his head or we drop hints to make him think or feel a certain way. One time he sent me to the office for something I claimed to have done and as I walked out pasted him I looked at him and said: "As-salamu alekum," right in his eyes. I only said this because many of us knew he felt uncomfortable being Middle Eastern with his accent.

So after a few months of this it got to him. The thing that broke him was one day in our class this sand monkey teacher was showing us a movie and the room's lights were out. He had his back turned briefly and one of my friends threw the social studies text book from under a nerd's desk hard at his back and put his head down after he did hit. This guy stops the movie and turned on the light. We all went quiet after we all realized a book got thrown at him, and somebody was going to get in big trouble for it. This teacher he picked up the book and just calmly asked who did it. We didn't say anything and he just stood there. Then another friend of mine on my left crumpled a piece of paper and threw it right at his face and got up saying: "I did. I'll take myself to the office asshole." We were watching the teacher to see what he would do and the guy started to cry and he tried to talk to us by saying something like: "I just want to teach. You guys never gave me a chance. I don't understand what I did to you guys to make you hate me. You guys treated me like this from the first day." Some people giggles with their heads down because it was funny at the time.

That was his last day. He never came back. The principle the next day was our emergency substitute until he found a substitute. He gave us a big ass stupid lecture of how he can't believe how childish we acted and how we treated the teacher. But that's playing "the wall game" superimposed on real life. You have an objective for your opponent. You build walls

with IDEAS in people's HEADS one at a time. At the same time you disable and sabotage as best as you can any options the opponent can take. With the teacher example an option the teacher can take was work on gaining support from other students. Before he ever thinks of this, you manipulate your peers to not like him, starting with the shot callers in the social order. And you slowly maneuver the opponent toward that objective you set for him. The less options he has, the less he can move. But you have to think aeonically. I don't know how to describe that. It's like before you declare war on a country and knowing the enemy soldiers must eat, you send your military to burn all the farms down in the area and destroy trade route to prevent food from coming into the country. Before your competition even realized all of his options, you have to already be working ahead of time to disable them. If the enemy or competition is or will be reliant on a market or powerbase of people, then you work ahead of time to already take as much of the mindshares of that market or subvert that powerbase with ideas, memes, and PR aka propaganda before the powerbase even thinks of the option of supporting your competition or knows your competition even exists.

You have to somehow work to control the future, and work backwards to the present. The best thing you can do is insure that your opponent is stuck in the moment of the Now. For example a group of Satanists who think they have a forum and many members where they believe that such forum and member is a great thing is good. As long as they get trapped in that Now and are not thinking about the future. Mysatan and its associated SOS were a good examples. Just because you have a website, talk show on a blog radio, vlogs, and thousands of members NOW does not insure you will have any influence or relevance or existence in the future 5 or so years from now. You want to manipulate such people's perception where they are engrossed in their glorious achievements NOW. Praise them for their accomplishments in the NOW. Keep their eyes on the greatness of their egos NOW. Then work quietly to disable all of their future option before they realize why they even need options.

"The Market has no opinions of its own." The more you are able to control public opinion [mindshares], the more you get things your way. Power is consented. The trick is to use politricks to actualize that consent. But to do this you need to have a working knowledge of how people work. Most often girls are naturally more apt in this then guys. For example the commoner's opinion is usually dependent on the commoner's perception of things. If you want or need a certain Opinion, you must manipulate the way they see or feel about something. PR can be used to control public opinion over a period of Time. An example is something in ONA we have seen. Three to five years ago when some person claimed to be some leader of the ONA the stupid public in the Satanic subculture either did not know what to make of those claims or they went with it. It took 3 years of PR work on the part of many associates in ONA to seed in this stupid public the right ideas, or to educate them, if we want to sound nice. Later we witnessed that when another person came by to claim to be a leader of the ONA, this same public laughed at this creep's claims. It's because of getting a practical understanding of this that I realized the meaning of what Henry Kissinger said when he said: "Nothing in politics happens accidentally."

When there are two or more people there is a social order. Where there is social order, there are social dynamics and social skills at play. This is applicable to even great apes and monkeys. It's not just in high school that such social skills and subtle manipulative tactics are

used. You are ignorant if you believe so. The advertizing and marketing industry is a multibillion dollar industry. That industry goes beyond just making a pretty add for you. Why do they put water drops on coke and beer cans in print adds and commercials? Why do they use catchy jingles? If you live in Southern California there is this sticky jingle that is stuck in my mind and the minds of many of us which goes: "Take 605 to you know where; South street, South street. Ceritos Auto Square!" That autosquare is the only thing I know of in Ceritos. It utilizes the same effect of mind which ancient religions use where entire rotes of scriptures, rites, versus, and dhammas are chanted to a melody. The right brain is better at remembering things. But this right brain is an artsy fartsy fag which only likes stuff like art, pictures, emotions, musicals, and such like. I'm actually more right brained and my left half doesn't seem to work so well.

I think in pictures and I explain things in pictures. "I very rarely think in words at all. A thought comes, and I may try to express in words afterwards [-Einstein]." I had a very hard time learning algebra when my uncle-dad first taught it to me in 5th grade because at first he just told me to read the text book and learn to do the formulas and problems. I got yelled at for hours and days for now understanding the instructions. So my uncle-dad got tired of yelling and he showed me step by step and explained to me that you have to isolate the X variable your trying to figure out on one side of the equal sign so it is all by itself. So you move one variable at a time to the other side and "make it opposite" he said. If it's a positive Y variable it becomes a -Y variable on the other side. After I saw how it was done, algebra was actually pretty easy, at least the simple equations I worked with back then.

If I learn to get to a place during the day, I'm the type to get lost and not know how to get there at night, because I can't work the left brain and remember street names, directions. I remember trees, buildings, and in my mind I can't see what terms like "north bound" and "south bound" looks like with freeways. My freeways have to go somewhere I know. Like you take the 60 to LA, or towards the San Diego direction. Either towards the ocean or the mountains. I go to LA a lot with my cousins and friends. There is this one area we go to where you have to drive down a street with many trees growing out of the side walk, which is the landmark I remember to tell me I'm going in the right direction. One day I was driving some friends to this place who had not been to this place. The trees on this street got pruned, at the moment the entire street did not look familiar so I got lost and did not know where I was anymore.

You watch and study carefully the people that insist that mind tricks and manipulation is a high school thing, and usually these same people are the easiest to maneuver and sway. It's okay if governments and corporations does the manipulating because in that case they all are manipulated so it's fine. It's when a person picks one of them out and used the same tactics that they begin to huff and puff, because now they feel stupid since nobody else got manipulated. These same people who say that this stuff is for high school kids – if you people watch them carefully – are the same group of people most easily swayed by social fads and social movements. Usually these same people were those in school and the work place that lacked the social skills to climb the social structure to get popular or get promotions.

Like loose cannon balls on the deck of a ship. Whichever way the ship teeters the cannon balls

just rolls en masse in that direction. This is what I mean by a “social movement,” where that when society move in a certain direction, they move along. We’ll use Satanists as an example since I’ve been watching them since 2004 and because I actually don’t like them.

You have these Satanists who yap a load about “nonconformity,” and individuality, and how they are emancipated from society. Then a social phenomenon/fad called Myspace comes along and what do you see happen? You see all these Satanists start Myspace Satanic groups which they call their grottos, churches, and Satanic societies. Then what happened? Myspace died out as a social fad and what do you see? All the Satanic groups and members vacate the fad just like everyone else. Where did they go? Just follow the next social movement: Ning. Ning made it possible for anybody to have their own “myspace” social network. Other social network platforms like wackwall came out. What do you see happen? You see every body start their own social networks. Then what? Then the Satanists come to start their own nings and social networks.

When Facebook became the next big social movement, what do you see? You see every Satanist has a Facebook profile and their Facebook Satanic groups. When teenyboppers started using Youtube to vlog their drama and others started using youtube to vlog, what do you see? You see these same Satanists follow the social fad. And just like myspace days, they even compete for subscription numbers as a mark of distinction and importance. Remember when we were teens on myspace competing for high numbers on our friendslist? Let me ask you a question, can you predict the future and tell me what these nonconforming satanists will do when facebook and youtube loses its social fadness? Will they stay or move along with everybody else to the next fad and social movement? Something so simple and illogical – as Spock would say – as a social fad can manipulate these so called unmanipulatable and nonconforming Satanists to FOLLOW everybody else in society. And the funny part is that they are so immersed in these social fads that they will actually judge you in a bad way if you don’t follow the fad. If you don’t have a Facebook, a youtube vlog, and a social network profile, then your “fake.” You’re not even real like they are real.

Do fads last? No they don’t. It is illogical – I lied, my left brain works as well as my right – to devote time and energy to building up a religion or memplex constructed on the foundation of a social fad. What do I mean by that? I mean of all the Satanic and occult groups, churches, grottos, orders, that once populated myspace, how many of them are still operating? Not many. Why? Because everybody went to Facebook! But your average commoner just can’t get itself to understand this. It’s best to make it so that they stay lost in that samsara of the Now, in those fleeting social fads. What’s the next social movement? I’ll try and make a prediction here today for 5 years from now, because these mundane Satanists are that predictable. Wherever teenyboppers go, the rest of normal society follows, and wherever normal society goes, the nonconforming Satanists will follow behind. That’s a “cosmic axiom” of denialism and self presumes righteousness. But don’t tell them they are like everybody else. They are special snowflakes, “unique” they say. Nonconformists they describe themselves as.

From what I gathered, at the end of 2008 when my friends found WordPress there were very few Satanic anythings using the blog medium. As far as I can knew, there was the Nineangles

blog, the Darkimperium blog which are both ONA. Then I knew of this other Satanist blog. That was pretty much it. Or at least the number of Satanists using the blog medium was so few that they were just not on the radar. It was during this time when we started this wordpress here. Now things are slightly different. Three years later this Blog medium is at that stage in development where it will soon be a fad. At the moment its just a popular medium. So what we are seen right now is more and more Satanists having their own personal Satanist oriented blogs. This blog meme spreads via social networks and forums which is loosing steam now. My first prediction is that within circa 2 years from now the social network medium will be as "popular" as myspace is today. Facebook will remain standing for a while longer. I'm talking about these independent social networks. As we see this happen, we should see these mundane Satanists migrate into the blog medium, just like they migrated into the vlog [youtube] medium, which is now starting to loose steam also. Let's see if in 2 years Blogs will be a satanic fad, where every Satanist has one and is expressing their minds and teaching their liberal forms of Satanism.

The next big social movement after this Facebook era – AF: After Facebook – is harder to see because right now I only see bits and pieces of potential pieces of what may become the next big thing. I'll try and explain. The key or functioning idea of the "next big thing" is: Portability, so I estimate. Some of the obvious signs for this is Amazon's Kindle and "portable" books. Smartphones, and tablets like iPads, also hints at a more "portable" medium. I want to say it's something which is an "evolutionary development" of what Facebook offers but specifically designed for such next generation portable devices. Facebook is too "desktoppish," and clunky for the next generation of computers and smart devices. It has to be some sort of social medium that is specifically made for the market to use with such portable internet smart devices. I'd give it about 5 years before I might see anything that fits this niche market. All I know is I feel inside that this new portable medium has to work with "Kindle-like" eBooks, where a person can make a "profile" or page and share and read PDF-like books with others, as well as share and upload pictures, videos, and then text chatting services. Like chat rooms, but you text with your fones and iPads to talk to people. Video chats based on smartphones and tablet computers also maybe. Whatever the next fad or social movement is, I am willing to bet my life that these so called nonconforming individualist Satanists will follow along with everybody else.

Like I said: loose cannon balls. Liberal and without place and structure. Tell me, what happens to a ship if loose cannon balls are allowed to liberally roll everywhere? They damage the ship they are on after a while. I can't see this liberal camp of Satanists lasting a significant amount of time. Their liberal mentality will slowly damage their Satanism. We can already see this if we simply take a cross section of liberal Satanists from the theist or modern camp. No two of them agrees what Satanism is. Everybody is holding onto their own opinions. Everyone is in the business to slang their own opinions in lieu of the actual Satanism itself. Have you ever noticed that? I really love to read and study their interactions and posts. It's like how Christians preach about Jesus but not the actual teachings of Christ.

These Satanists do the same exact thing in reverse, they preach about their egos but not about the teachings of Satan. Symbolically meaning that they preach about their own opinions about Satanism, but not about the actual satanism itself as a coherent system of principles,

philosophy, and practice is nonexistent since they have thrown out their ritualism and magic even from their own Satanic Bibles. You can see this if you make a profile and pretend to be ignorant and ask them what Satanism is. Instead of getting the actual coherent system of Satanism, you get their opinions and beliefs concerning satanism. It's like asking a Christian what Christianity is and they were to answer: "Christianity is a relationship with Christ. He died on the cross for us and washed our sins." You left asking: "Yes, that's fine, but what did this Christ teach exactly?" Speaking of cannon balls, this song is one of my favourite songs: [Link](#).

Geekery

Nerd friends have "interesting" interests. My friend Jason in 8th grade once asked me how many languages I speak. I told him 1.5.5 and he asked me what that meant. It meant I spoke a whole one fluently which was English and a half of Khmer and a half of Spanish. He then once asked me a question I never thought about during P.E. He asked me if I ever wondered where human language comes from. Eventually this talk of language caused me and him to do an "experiment" where we would invent our own language from scratch for some reason. It was interesting at the time.

What we did was we were in the library and looking up the word "Alphabet" in a dictionary because I told my friend that I remember I did this and it gave me a list of different language's alphabets. My uncle-dad with education is an authoritarian and he used to make me read books since I was in the first grade. As I got older in grade school the books he picked for me to read got more sophisticated. He used to sit there and listen to me read these thick books with these big words even when I was in 4th grade and he'd yell at me when I didn't understand what I read. He would stop me after each page I read and ask me about what I just read. I used to cry because the words were too big and I never heard them used before so I really didn't understand what I was reading. He'd yell at me to get a dictionary and look ever word I didn't know us and write sentences with them for him, or I'd go to bed without dinner.

This was because I suppose he was Asian and went to school in a different time where people made fun of him for not speaking English right. I guess he didn't want me to experience the same teasing in school. I remember my uncle-dad during these reading sessions used to yell at me saying things like: "Those White people in school will make fun of you for being different than them. You have to intimidate them by knowing their own language better than them!" So growing up whenever I read books to my uncle-dad, I always had a dictionary on me. Eventually I got used to looking words up that I started to read the dictionary to learn new words.

So me and Jason went thru a dictionary and we picked the Russian alphabet we found to use as our alphabet. But this alphabet did not have the letter "H." Not knowing what to do we just annexed the Hebrew letter for "H" since it was the alphabet closes to the Russian one. This is where I would get my fascination with language from.

What we did was we had little pocket sized notepads and we just simply made up random arbitrary sounds for our words and we paired them to English words. Then during P.E. And break we'd try to talk about people with the language we made. This was when I pragmatically

learned that a spoken language needs some sort of grammar since it was very hard to talk about people in our language without grammar. So we spent some time creating all of these affixes. But this wasn't the fascinating part.

The fascinating part happened in our English class, which was my favourite class. I remember our teacher's name since she was one of my favourite teachers and since she had an odd name. Her name was Mrs. Leech. What happened was my friend Jason had sent me a note written entirely in our invented, and I was trying to decipher it with my little notepad. Mrs. Leech had walked by me and asked for the note Jason had sent me. Then she looked at me and asked: "Chloe you speak Russian?" I said I didn't and I explained to her that me and Jason were only using the Russian alphabet to write a language we made, but that our language was now a "real" language because it's speakable, has grammar, and syntax, just like a real one. Our teacher Mrs Leech said back: "That's very fascinating you two, but it's not a real language." Mrs Leech was a very nice teacher and laid back and talked to us like we were real people. Me and Jason got offended and I started an argument with Mrs Leech asking: "Why is English a real language and this not? What's the difference?" She said that the difference is that one was invented and the other not. But Jason then asked her how she knew English was not invented over time by it's speakers? For the rest of the school year me and Jason would have friendly debates with Mrs Leech about human language, which I thought was very interesting. I never really learned our invented language, but at one time we had over 1000 words.

My friend Jason never became a Satanist. I tried. I even gave him my copy of the Satanic Bible to read. He said that he thought worshiping Satan was silly. I tried to explain to him otherwise. So he said he'd give it some thought and research the occult some more. So one day he came up to me and told me he picked his religion, it was Wicca. I got very upset over his choice and argued with him, but gave up. At near the end of the school year I checked out from our school library the book on Witchcraft he read which convinced him to be a Wiccan and I gave it to him as a going away present. His father was in the army and he said he had to move to Egypt with his dad.

I had other friends. All the Asian in the school were my friends. Usually Jason hung out with us Asians when he went to that school. He'd help the fobs out with their English homework. He was a nice kid. In 8th grade I had Algebra for my last period. I took and passed Pre-Algebra in the 7th grade. Math was another school subject my uncle-dad forced on me. He used to make me do my school work, then what he did was take some paper and make up more math problems for me to do. He'll yell at me if I get a problem wrong. And for each I got wrong he made an extra page of math problems for me to do. And I'd have to do every one of them before he let me go to sleep. Sometimes I did his math problems from after school till 1 in the morning. I was already doing long division and working with fractions when I was in the 3rd grade. I used to cry often because you can't go anywhere, watch any TV, or go to bed until you do all of that work, and sometimes it felt like the work would never end.

My algebra class was very small. There was literally only 5 other kids in my last period who were all my friends. The teach was an older lady named Mrs. Davis. She wore glasses, always wore long sleeves and high color blouses. She had dirty blonde hair with some grey in it. Her

hair was short. Mrs. Davis was an introverted thinker type. She didn't talk much, but you can see she talks in her head a lot to herself. She was soft in voice and talked sweet with a smile. But she had an ugly heart. Mrs Davis was the person who taught me about cultural prejudice. She wears a gold cross around her neck which she places on top of her shirts and blouses.

One of my friends in Mrs Davis's class was a Lao kid named Vilaysak. I was very comfortable around Vilaysak because he and I shared the same culture and he carried himself in a similar well mannered demeanor as if he came from a well cultured family and was raised properly. He did not speak English well and like me wore an ivory Buddha pendant. One day my friend Vilaysak raised his hand to ask Mrs Davis for help on a word problem he was having difficulty with. After Mrs Davis tried to explain the word problem to Vilaysak she patted him on his head. Vilaysak became very agitated and upset and he got up and yelled at the teacher in his broken English: "No! Don't touch my head! You are not allowed!" Then he walked out of the classroom.

Mrs Davis tried to ask where my friend was going but since school was almost over she let him go. She did not say anything for a few second just thinking and she looks at me and asked: "Chloe, do you know why Vilaysak got upset with me? Why can't I touch his head?" I told Mrs Davis that in our culture the top of our heads is sacred and its a violation and disrespect for anyone besides your parents and a monk to touch it. She said back and I remember her words: "He needs to learn that he is in America now and not Laos. We have a different culture here. The head doesn't mean anything here. In our religion we believe that only Jesus is sacred and holy. Do you think you can talk to him and explain to him that he is American now?"

I had another friend in this class named Kuen, who was an ethnic Cambodian, and a few months younger than me. He used to call me Bong Srey which means Big Sister. Kuen was cool, but I felt uncomfortable around him because unlike me and Vilaysak, Kuen was barbaric. He spoke Khmer, but a different register and he used many words my family and I don't use. He was also just bad and perverted.

One time Mrs Davis came to me after class – which was after school – because she had something important to ask of me. I stayed behind and Mrs Davis explained to me that she was talking to one of her teacher friends who Kuen has a class with and this teacher said that he was talking about sex and using foul English words. Mrs Davis wanted me to call Kuen's parents and explain to them that their son was talking about sex in school and using bad words. So I said to her: "Mrs Davis, I don't speak his version of Khmer. I don't know how to speak to his parents because I don't know any pronouns. Or enough words to make a full sentence. I don't know any words that mean sex because nobody in my family uses such indecent words. I wouldn't know what what to tell his parents he's talking about. I don't even know words for private body parts, or cuss words even." Mrs Davis just looked at me and said that she believed I was not being honest with her. She said that I was lying about not knowing Khmer because Kuen was my friend and I just didn't want to tell on him. She said that she can tell it was a lie because she believes all languages have pronouns, otherwise, how would people talk to each other?

Then my other best friend was in this class with me too. His name was Matt. Matt was a White kid who was the second person to talk to me when I was new to this school. He was short for his age. He loved talking about military stuff. Matt's dream in life he said was to join the Marines. He came to school every day wearing a red Marines jacket. Said he wanted to be in the Marines to be like his father. Unfortunately my friend Matt was defected. His left arm was much smaller than his right one, and he couldn't move it much. His left leg was also smaller than his right one, so he walked with a slight limp. The doctor gave him a special left shoe to even it out with his right leg. I didn't know anything about the military back then, but in my mind I quietly questioned how Matt would fight if he was like that. But I never had the heart to ask him out loud or step on his passion and dreams. My friend Matt one day was talking a storm 10 minutes before school was out about the Marines. How it was founded, how they are the first in and last out. How he's going to go fight for America. Mrs Davis stopped Matt and told him and the rest of us that they don't take those who are not physically healthy and she added: "I'm sorry Matt, but I don't believe you will ever be allowed to join the Marines." But she tried to console Matt by telling him and us that when we go to heaven God gives us a perfect new body.

So Mrs Davis was the only teacher I ever hated with a passion. There was something very unright with her where she can't feel other people. Has no respect for other people's cultures or their uniqueness and difference. Is culturally myopic where she actually thinks that others must be whatever culture and religion she is which is the only right way. I got into a lot of arguments with her and I tried to defend all my friends in that class. She also picked only on the ethnic students. My other friend named Santos was Mexican in this Algebra class and even though he spoke pretty good English Mrs Davis told Santos that she would like to see him in ESL class which she also teaches. That's English as a Second Language. During the school year she went around to the ethnic students in our class like Vilaysak and Kuen and had the office put them into ESL, and Santos was eventually taken to ESL also after Mrs Davis graciously convinced the Principle that he needed ESL.

One day Mrs Davis was sitting at her desk looking at me. I was doing my math work and looked up back at her and she smiled as if to be friendly and actually said to me: "Chloe I was thinking, I would like you in my ESL class. How do you feel about your English?"

I wasn't sure what to think. In my mind I was thinking to myself: "What am I speaking with a savage Chinese accent or something? Do I get my verbs and nouns mixed up? My uncle-dad made me read college text books when I was in 5th grade? I've read the English dictionary twice from A-Z? It's the only language I speak?? I know more English and I can use it better than my friend Matt and Jason? I don't get it?" But to be nice I just said: "I don't think I need ESL. My English teacher Mrs Leech hasn't said anything?" But she kindly insisted and said with a smile: "Well, I think you are very smart and I'd like you to be your best. Let me ask the office if I can give you a test to take to see if you need ESL okay? You might have problems we can't see such as your comprehension skills?"

That's when I got really angry and offended. In my head I said: "Shit bitch, if that's the case, then Matt here needs ESL because he doesn't understand half the stuff I say to him. Take him to ESL. What, I need ESL cuz I'm not White? I'm on the school's Pantathlon Team! Just like

I was in my last school! I compete with other schools in Math, English, History, and Science bitch!" But I just looked at her and shrugged my shoulder. When the bell rang I went straight to Mrs Leech's classroom, who was not only my English teacher but she was our "Coach" on the pentathalon team who took us to other schools to compete. I told Mrs Leech that Mrs Davis said she thinks I need ESL and that my comprehension skills were not up to her standards and that she's going to talk to the office to give me an ESL test.

Mrs Leech said that this was outrageous and so she marched me down to Mrs Davis' classroom and the two teachers had a fight, with Mrs Leech yelling and defending me. Mrs Davis was loudly informed by Mrs Leech that I was working with college level reading, writing, and comprehension skills. At the time Mrs Leech was no more than 25ish years old and very sassy. Mrs Leech said or screamed, that I out perform everybody in her class and have never failed an exam, and technically since I have honours classes and am on the pentathalon team that I out perform everybody at school. Mrs Davis smiled and said that if I had simply told her I was on the Pantathalon team she wouldn't have even suggested ESL. She excused herself by saying that she was just concerned for me then she thanked Mrs Leech for informing her and said that it was just her job as a teacher to make sure students get a proper education.

During my college years I met a friend we'll call Z since he's still my friend and a private person. Outwardly my friend Z looked like a rabid skinhead that you wouldn't want to cross, especially if you were ethnic. Except he dressed really colorful and had this very happy and friendly personality. Back when I met him he was really into the raver scene and made his money DJ'ing at raves. So as a raver the dressed all weird in huge baggy pants very loud and colorful shirts. Rainbow colored bead around his neck and wrists, etc. Z was also into Wicca. He had a "sinister" streak to him. He used to share with me ideas that he'd like to try and brainwash people at raves by placing subliminal messages beneath his music. He also had this "dreamy" personality. I don't know how else to describe it. Like he was always dreaming and lost in a parallel universe or something. He loved Tolkien and roll playing games. And oddly for a grown person, he really liked to play "Pretend" games like how many of us did when we were children.

He was or is an amateur artist, so what he likes to do is spend time drawing all these maps of his make believe world. He'd draw out what the people looked like, make up their languages and alphabets, invent their religions; and when we hung out at his place he'd try to draw me into this make believe world he made by getting me to participate. So I ended up giving in and playing along and drew up a crude continent or map on a big white card board world map he made. We were going to invent our civilizations and then go to his favourite hobby shop and buy figurines and dice to invent a roll playing war game. My friend Z had informed me that his people and civilization had a government and that he had written the details of how this government works, so he urged me to do likewise and invent for my "people" a system of government. This was something I never really thought about, but I eventually came up with a theoretical pretend government system.

Basically this pretend government of mine was a "parliamentary" system and roughly based on the concept of mixed democracy. The Parliament is both the Judiciary and Legislative body. Each member of Parliament serves for 10 years. The parliament elects from among

themselves the Head of State and Government called an “Empress,” who serves for 25 years. This “Empress” office is the Executive branch and has the same powers as a cross between a President and a Prime Minister. No man is allowed. The Executive can also introduce legislation proposals. The people are divided into clans where each clan elects a clan leader who is the oldest of them. Clans related to each other make a Tribe. Each clan leader elects a Tribe leader who are the members of parliament.

A body called the Imperial Sangha exists. This sangha is made up of all Buddhist monks and nuns over the age of 50 in the empire. The Imperial Sangha governs and oversees the education system in the empire. Only members of the Sangha can be teachers. All schools from grade school to universities are under its control. Permanent adult education is mandatory. Any adults that do not go to college lose their privilege [“right”] to own property, vote, participate in politics, and own a businesses.

Citizens age 25 and older can vote but they need a License To Vote. 5 years of college earns the citizen their License To Vote. Every 5 years this License must be renewed and each citizen put through tests to see if they are still intelligently able to vote and participate in politics.

The government system from the state level on down is divided into three parts just like the American government. This causes state level governments to function slower than the central imperial government. This makes sure power stays rooted in the imperial parliament.

Only one political party is allowed, which was one I invented I named “Pragmatic-Utilitarianism.” The basic concept of Pragmatic-Utilitarianism is: Use what has been proven to work and reject all theories and beliefs. Belief and theory has no place in the arena of running people’s lives. It is absolutely illogical to take a theory or belief which has not been proven or determined to be productive or destructive, and to use such theories and beliefs to rule the lives of a people. Eventually over the years I compiled a corpus of concepts and principles for my “Pragmatic-Utilitarianism,” which may be described as a secularized form of Theravada Buddhism and “Minimalistic Zen.”

There was a constitution and Pragmatic-Utilitarianism dictates that any law or new article or amendment before being put into the constitution must first be tested and tried on the State level for one generation or 40 years. After the required period the Imperial Sangha reviews the effects such proposed laws has had on the people, society, the environment, etc. If the end results of such proposed laws have proven to be destructive in nature, then no matter how nice it sounds, it is rejected and dismissed and cannot be a constitutional law. Laws past by the imperial parliament exists in a 10 year probationary period of trial, after which time the Imperial Sangha will review each law for its effects on people, society, etc. If found to be destructive, then the law is automatically nullified. Lastly, in this fictitious government no person under the age of 60 is allowed to be elected into any kind of political and public office. Every public office is based on volunteer service, meaning it is illegal to pay a politician for their public service.

I lost the roll play war with my friend Z. But from that superficially meaningless game of imagination I got somethings very valuable to me, one being my private memplex Pragmatic-Utilitarianism. The other valuable thing I learned from this meaningless experience

was that Imagination is an immense source of inspiration and creativity. I have this notion that Imagination [right brain] must be functionally balanced with Logic & school based knowledge [left brain] if a person desires to use both sides of their brain in a more wholistic manner. Or as Einstein said it: "Imagination is more important than knowledge. For knowledge is limited to all we now know and understand, while imagination embraces the entire world, and all there ever will be to know and understand." It think Imagination is something lacking in the average person. It seems as though they lost it with their childhood or left it behind in their past. "I sometimes ask myself how it came about that I was the one to develop the theory of relativity. The reason, I think, is that a normal adult never stops to think about problems of space and time. These are things which he has thought about as a child. But my intellectual development was retarded, as a result of which I began to wonder about space and time only when I had already grown up [-Einstein]."

Putting It All Together

It has amazed me consistently over the years how many of my readership needs ESL. Using big words with such people simply does no good. They lack the discipline or desire to look up words and verify data, and do their own research. They misunderstand what they read and develop assumptions. Then they wait for you to break your words down into baby talk for them. They wait for you to explain things for them, rather than go out and do their own research. They also lack critical problem solving skills where you have to break down step by step what you are doing before they "get it," because they can't put the pieces together by themselves. And these same mundanes would have you believe that they are "intelligent." These mental cripples are mentally lazy. Sometimes I ask myself what you mundanes do with your brains? Oh that right forums, chatrooms, social media, video logs, and sharing opinions. In other words: Socializing in Cyberspace, just like every teeniebopper does right?

For three years now I've used the word "Memplex" in conjunction to this ONA thing. I use that word so much its overkill. But yet you mundanes just don't get it, because you simply can't even bother to learn what that word means in actuality. "ONA is a Memplex." What do I mean by that? In that past I used to love stating that ONA is a Memplex in these forums and watch how people react. Usually they don't react and some repeat what I say.

The word has several meanings. Basically it means a Complex of Meme. That may still be too big for the mundane to grasp. Complex here means "A Bunch Of," and Meme here means "Ideas." So when you put those two together what do you have in babytalk? You have: A Bunch Of Ideas. What is another way to call something which is nothing more than a bunch of ideas? BULLSHIT might be one as in: It's All Bullshit. What do you call something that is describes as being all bullshit? In babytalk you can say that it is "Fake." That word "Fake" is too nebulous to have any meaning to me personally. But for you mundanes, when we put it all together and say ONA is Fake, then you Understand don't you? That's the funny part I used to find funny. I say ONA is a memplex and nobody reacts. Others say ONA is Fake and all of a sudden you have a whole cyber drama develop where everyone says to each other: 'I knew it! I knew it!' Just to be fair with those social scientists, a "memplex" does not just mean a pile of ideas. Human culture is a memplex. Graduation ceremony is a memplex. Halloween is a memplex. It's a structured organization of IDEAS put together which is than express

through people in behaviour, deed, action and cultivation. But this is too big, so let's just keep it dumbed down as to mean "fake."

Three years ago when we started this blog here I wrote out a short Mission Statement for the WSA regarding the ONA memplex. The Mission Statement is on the left hand side bar just below a picture-sign that reads: "White Star Acception," plus our logo. I don't think many people have ever bothered to read it or actually consider its meaning and implications. Fact is I did not write that Mission Statement. I Plagiarized it from a mission statement of sorts of Theravada Buddhism. All I did was change a few words. Where in the original it read "The Sangha," I simply substituted it with "The Acception." Where in the original it read "Dhamma" I substituted in it's place the term "Order of Nine Angles." Then I added the word "Sinister" in front of the word "Posterity," and voila! I used this Theravada quicky statement because I actually know my own religion and culture's history and how Theravada developed objectively sans the sectarian-political propaganda [mythos]. Which I'll briefly retell.

Historically – in reality – the Buddha never existed and thus, there were no teachings [Dhamma with a capital "D"]. What existed in the Age of Enlightenment of India and China circa 500BC were groups of philosophers who were displeased with the stale Brahmanism. Taking a few inspirational hints from the Jains and other Shramana Traditions, some of these displeased philosophers began to stitch together a very loose primitive mythos. In those very early stages the Mythos was simply there was a teacher of some sort who had all these teachings, and the displeased philosophers were custodians of such teachings.

Eventually this mythos drew in others who were displeased with the state of Brahmanism and what happened was you had all of these sects that claimed to follow some person called Buddha – an ancient nickname of Shiva as Mahayogi – and that their sect had this Buddha's genuine teachings [Dhamma]. But there were so many rival sects producing their own Dhamma that there were literally thousands and thousands of pages of Dhamma from this supposed Buddha.

A sect that considered themselves the most Elder [Thera] of all such sects started to play the political game a hundred or so years after the mythos was alive. Their political game was to wipe out competition and bring Order to Chaos, meaning their agenda was to bring together all of those incoherent Dhammas together into something solid and coherent. Eventually they gathered all of the Dhammas ever written, had a big meeting with their allied sects and cherry picked all of the manuscripts that would politically work in their favour. This collection of manuscripts became known as The Tipitaka which consisted of 24,000-25,000 pages of crap. Just like the olden day Church Patriarchs of Catholicism, what these Theras did next was agree or vote that their 25,000 pages of crap was the Genuine teachings of Buddha and all other sect's manuscripts were fakes. They also asserted that all sects who do not believe this Tipitaka to be the genuine Dhamma of Buddha were fakes. Then these Theras did something very clever that would help them win their political games.

What they did was they invented something called a "Sangha." In English that word simply means an Order, Club, or Association. The Sangha was the body of monks and nuns. But this Sangha was created for a purpose different from why Christian priesthoods exist. The Sangha

political agenda was to seed in ever successive generation the mythos and Dhamma in such a way that over time in their future, something real will develop. The Sangha's covert job was to make in the future real what was once just a myth and ideas. All things in our human world starts off as an idea. All it takes is for a group of people to come together to try to manifest that ideas in the world, to make such ideas real. Christianity during ancient Roman times was once just a weird quasi-Jewish mythos. America once was just an idea. The idea of a nation where people can simply be free from the rule of priest and king to do as they please so long as they harm none. And that idea today – because of people willing to make it real – is for us Americans very real. And someday in our near future, many of the things we today consider to be nothing more than Science Fiction, will – because there are people willing [trying] – be real. Ideas need people to manifest in the world as something causally “real.”

I gave the WSA such a Mission Statement for a reason. To hint at a few things. But Most people can't even bother to seriously Understand a simple paragraph. Let a lone read between the lines. I'll quote the paragraph and break it down, as you keep in mind the history of Buddhism. We can't today go to Asian and tell those 500 Million Buddhists plus me and my family and our culture and traditions that our Buddhism is fake. No more than I can tell myself or any of the 300 Americans here that our America is fake and that the United Kingdom is real. It's too late. What makes an idea real – the actualization of such idea – are people simply willing to put in the effort to make such ideas real in their own lives and for those around them who desire it to be real too. Because this civilization we call “America” is in reality just the 300 million of us Each expressing the ideas and principles of “America” through each of our lives, actions, and so forth. The Mission Statement:

“To Presence the Dark, Progression, & the Sinister Feminine. The White Star Acception is a Sinister Tribe of the Order of Nine Angles. The Acception was established **to provide a social structure and social order** supportive of the practice and application of the Sinister Sevenfold Way, and to preserve the teachings and traditions of the ONA for Sinister Posterity.”

It's pretty easy to decipher if you read it carefully and fully understand some key terms. “The Acception” meaning this WSA, was “established” meaning Put Together or Made, to “Provide” meaning Give. Give what? A “social structure.” What's that mean? Social basically means two or more people together. Structure means an framework, body, organization, building, house, temple, sky scrapper, army. You have a blueprint [idea] then you have the structure. You have the strategy [idea] then you have the army [social structure] to execute such strategy in the real world. To Give what else? A “Social Order.” What's that term mean? Basically a social order is a coherent, that might be a big word. A social order is when all these ideas connected together all together in an orderly way like a single file line, so that those orderly ideas can be alive and pass around from person to person in what we might call a “society” or grouping of people. That's as babytalk as I can make it. So for example a “social order” would be groups of people like the Democrats, or stoners, or emos, skaters, the people you see at Chinatown. That emo life style thing is a social order. They all share common things together. A common social identity, a common fellowship, and so on.

So what does that Mission Statement imply or suggest? It implies that if the ONA were Real – as in a really real organized organization – then why the hell does it need a social structure and

social order? It suggests that the ONA is an idea – or fake if that makes more sense to you – and that some group of people calling itself the WSA is trying to give that ONA idea a structure and order. When I say ONA is an “idea” here I mean the entire corpus of ONA ideas/teachings since 1972 in every ONA manuscript and book. For the sake of convenience I use the word “Memeplex” to refer to this jungle of ideas which suggests that such memes need cultivation. And a meme is not just an “idea,” in social science. Nodding your head to mean “yes” is a meme. Making emoticons in your digital writings is a meme, painting war paint on your face is a meme, etc. But this is beyond mundane interest. We’ll keep it simple and just say a meme is an “idea.”

And to re-enforce this suggestion of the ONA being just ideas I actually wrote something called “Joining The Order” where the very FIRST sentence tells you in all honesty what the ONA is and how you “join” it. If people were to just try to read it, you’d see it says that you can’t join the ONA because it DOES NOT exist. In this same essay I go further to try to make people understand that you don’t join the ONA, you have to MAKE IT.

But all of this splaining falls on dumb ears. Most of my readers speak Occultnikese. Yo se habla su lengua, endiendes we? What sort of Occult stuff was once fake but is now real? Let’s see. Witchcraft was once in olden times a myth Puritans used to kill certain women and people they did not like. Remember the Salem Witch Trials? How many of them were Wiccans? None, because Witchcraft was not ever a “real” religion. It was a loose body of ideas. It wasn’t until people like Gerald Gardner, and later Scot Cunningham put these ideas together and slowly collected adherents that the Witch Cult or Wicca became a “real” religion. Same things with Satanism. Before the 60’s the ideas of Satanism existed randomly in the dictionary as the word “Satanism,” as old stories of devil worship. It wasn’t until people like LaVey came and Codified – put something together – and attracted people who resonated with his memeplex that “Satanism” became something real. “Real” here meaning many people assumed the descriptor “Satanist,” and agreed with LaVey’s memeplex. Whereas before those many people, it was just an idea in LaVey’s mind and writings. I don’t think you Satanists would like me or agree with me if I said your Satanism was fake. Because it honestly is not today. But in the past, it was an idea or many incoherent ideas. The difference is that today those ideas have a social structure and social order to express itself in our real world. What’s the coolest occult example of this subject? One of my secret heroes Mister Crowley is a great example of someone who was able to manifest fake ideas into real things.

Thelema before Crowley was a fictitious idea. It originated as a concept found in a fiction novel written by a Catholic monk in the 1500’s. Later in the 1700’s Sir Dashwood and his friends took this fictitious idea and gave it some life. They wrote “Do What Thou Wilt” over a cave entrance in which they had orgies. This group of Masons became popularly known as the Hell’s Fire Club. It wasn’t until later that Crowley manifested Thelema as a “real thing” first via his Book of the Law. Today you can’t go up to a Thelemite and tell them their Thelema is fake or fictitious because it no longer is so. But this is not why I respect Crowley. I’ll share the story which made me respect him.

A long time ago a young Crowley wrote in his personal diary that his ambition was to own all esoteric orders, including Freemasonry and the Bavarian Illuminati which during it’s

“existence” only existed on paper. What Crowley basically did was join dying esoteric orders and then just assume a leadership role. Meaning that he joined organizations that were dying from membership decline and just asserted himself as its leader. Sometimes he changed the name around. His A.'.A.'. is one such take over where he just took the Golden Dawn which people had lost interest in. The OTO BTW actually has an “Illuminati” degree or had.

Meanwhile an older guy name Theodore Reuss was aging. Reuss was the Outer Head of the OTO. Young Crowley enters the OTO and puts himself into position to make his moves. One step at a time. The objective was the annexation of the OTO and to turn it into a Thelemite institution. The original OTO was a word for word copy of the degrees of York Rite Freemasonry and had nothing to do with Thelema.

Reuss starts to suspect Crowley’s ambitions. In two instances Reuss stated once in his own diary that he does not want this young Crowley to lead the OTO. The other time Reuss tells his own wife on his death bed that when he dies whatever happens do not let Crowley have the OTO and corrupt it with his Thelema. At Reuss’ funeral Reuss invited all of his close friends from his OTO to his funeral. Who was not invited? Crowley. Later Crowley states that the fact that Reuss did not invite him to his funeral and the fact that Reuss never mentioned his name as the successor of OTO leadership proves that Reuss wanted him to be its leader. [Go make sense of that shit].

After Reuss’ death a legitimate heir had been picked by the OTO. This was when Crowley took things to a radical – or bizarre – level in the name of his ambitions for immortality. What he did was simple yet aeonically quite amazing. What Crowley did was for the rest of his natural life he would ignore every OTO member, their so call leader, and plow every one down by asserting that he is the OHO of the OTO and that the OTO is his. He died making those claims. During his life he changed the OTO and introduced his Thelema and writings into it even though the whole of the OTO did not recognize these changes. It didn’t matter. Crowley had his eyes on the distant future. His Thelemized OTO with him as OHO might not in his lifetime be real and people might laugh at him and ridicule him, but in time it will be real. It was a battle of will power and endurance. And Mister Crowley won.

Today when we say OTO to your average occultnik what two things do they first think of? Crowley and Thelema. And more tellingly, how many occultniks TODAY – in our time frame which is Crowley’s future – knows what the “real” or original OTO was, what it’s degrees looked like, what it originally taught. And who today even cares? Crowley is immortal today in the Western Tradition. Not really because of the ideas, orders, and kabbala he ripped off, but because of his sheer will and endurance and good marketing skills. Although I don’t think they were called marketing skills back then.

So if you have read this far you may cast your eyes suspiciously at me now wondering what all these hints I am dropping really means? It means I don’t care what ONA is, was, who it belongs to, what it was, who is a member of it, if it is dead, real, fake, or imaginary. As long as WSA exists, the ONA Memplex will always have a Nexion to manifest – become real – through. Like I stated publicly here elsewhere. ONA is just a syringe – a tool – I need to inject memes with for a purpose 10 years from now. But it has its uses for me in other time frames

such as when my own future children will be in high school when they will have peers. I'd like the WSA to make the ONA real in their life time for other jobs.

As far as DM goes, I have said in our y-group over two years ago which is still there that I will make my own DM if I have to to get my work done. I also stated in our y-group many years ago before I started all of this that I will use everyone in and out of ONA to get my work done. The Real DM may not have ever had anything to do with the fake ONA just as he publicly states for a public audience. But in spirit DM was and is important to the ONA memeplex. This will make no sense unless I tell a different story.

Once upon a time in Jamaica their lived a nation of slaves who after being liberated had lost their precious ancestral culture and traditions due so many years of English brutal rule. Some of these newly Freed Jamaicans looked to mother Africa for inspiration to seed a new tradition and culture.

A quasi-christian group looked to Ethiopia and found inspiration in the person of Emperor Haile Selassie whose family mythos says that his bloodline comes from King Solomon, which was why he was originally picked. The Emperor is also known as Ras Tafari. Eventually a religious sect and belief system call "Rastafarianism" developed around the "spirit" or image of Haile Selassie where the Rastafarians exoterically believes that this Emperor is Jah [God] in the flesh. The funny part was a while back some journalists interviewed the Emperor and asked him if he believed he was God or teaching people he was God. The Emperor stated that he had no idea a group of Jamaicans had promoted him to God status and had nothing to do with it. For the rest of his life the Emperor denied that he was Jah and that he was just a person who had nothing to do with the Rastafarian movement. But that didn't matter to the Rastafarians. Because there were "two" Emperor Haile Selassies, the Real person in Ethiopia, and the Mythic "Image" of one in a Movement which this movement used as a Source of inspiration and symbol.

There is also a similar case of this topic which took place in Papua New Guinea which I love because it's actually innocent and funny. What happened was during World War Two the British and Americans had built bases on the island of Papua New Guinea. The unfortunate natives, not familiar with airplanes believed these military cargo ships were Birds from heaven. They believed that the Gods sent these Birds down to the earth to drop food and cargo for their people but they were sinful so the food was captured by the White man until they clean their sins. As this cargo cult develops it became that the President of America – I think it was Roosevelt? – was made and believed to be a God since the natives learned the airplanes were coming from Roosevelt country. They made hut temples for the President and even went so far as to name him President of Papua New Guinea too, in the hope that the Gods would be nice and drop cargo for them. Of course the actual President was not aware that he had been made a God until much later, and of course being a descent man he denied he was a God.

So that was what I meant when I said long ago that if needed, I will make my own DM for the ONA. And I explained in detail that I did and why in an essay called "The Business of ONA." The Real DM can deny all he wants, and he will perhaps continue to deny public forever. But that is inconsequential. I have my own DM, or I had one. Except now both DM's may be a

cause of future problems to this ONA project's longevity. I say this not in a mean and disrespecting way to anybody. DM has to be separated from Anton Long and the ONA. If not, then when DM the person passes on, our DM and ONA might not live long after. A Cult of Personality rarely lasts much longer than its central cult personality. Many Satanists of the modern camp do often say that the Church of Satan died with Anton LaVey, and I agree.

But the Church of Satan and ONA are different. One is still an idea, that needs a chance. Even though the person of DM is being removed from ONA, inside the ONA memplex, he will always have a place as an inherent meme in a Memplex being born.

This notion of "real" and "fake" is stupid and a big bug for me, because those that use such words rarely explains what such nebulous words mean. To make things simple for any future asshurt clowns who cries at ONA people about how ONA is fake, lets say that it is Fake. If this is true, ignore the letters ONA and just focus on the letters WSA and other ONA inspired group's Names. At least WSA and other nexions are real, meaning there are a group of people – social order – giving the IDEA of ONA a Social Structure to manifest, materialize through.

So now that this all has been said, we stay steady on course and things will remain as they were with minor changes. From hereon, the person of DM is not and was never a part of the ONA. Anton Long is a myth used by ONA people. The ONA is a myth. Some groups of people who resonate with this myth are working together to manifest it in their private lives. ONA if Fake. But groups inspired by this ONA myth such as WSA, THEM, Aerhaosh, Meridianus, the Russian Niners, Secuntra, Templvm Carnis, Volastus, and the many single person Niners, etc, etc, puts that idea into practice in their own ways. The Cells of ONA and the idea of ONA are two different phenomena. As different as the field of Theoretical Physics and Applied Physics.

If they say ONA is Fake out there, it is not a bad thing because it actually opens for us a door of opportunity to take advantage of [which I have been doing already for 3 years now]. I challenge all those who like and resonate with this ONA memplex to make it real in their own ways. All it takes is a group of people to just simply apply ONA stuff in their personal and private lives to make it real on a collective level. If people like Crowley can do it with Thelema, and if people can take a fictitious Cult of Cthulhu and make it realistic what does that say about your capabilities if you can't make ONA real? What does it say about you if those mundanes asserts that ONA is not real, and you give in to their will? I will try as I have been. If I am the only one who ends up trying, I warn you ahead of time: ONA will be mine. The choice and fate of the ONA is in the hands of those who are drawn to this ONA memplex. If together we agree it is doable and together we work in our own ways and apply it in our private lives it will be real in Time and it will be Peer Based composed of sovereign and autonomous Cells. If you don't want to try, I can promise you that in 30 years what becomes of ONA will belong to me, and when it does, it will stay in the death grip of the WSA. But for those of us associates, it should always be remembered that what has been stated in Public is for the Public to consume. You are above that Common Public and not the intended audience. Things said for the public often times serve private unseen purposes.

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NOTES ON CHANGE



I'm not really sure how long this post will be because I don't have anything pre-written. This note is about change and the confusion it brings to some people.

Generally, the only things in life that don't change are man-made things: books, desks, cars, buildings; your habits. You can leave a book on a desk for a hundred years and neither the book or the desk will change. You can park a car outside for a year and the car will be the same car after the year is done. Buildings on our city don't change and morph. And while these man made things remain "the same" over time; everything around them – the rest of Life and the Living Cosmos – changes to the flow of Time. Things that are alive, that are Natural, that are Nature-made, must change or die.

Recently a student of the Sinister Tradition expressed some confusion about the change that happened in the Sinister:

[Quote Sinister 101]

There was an article written by the WSA 352 that was pretty cool on perspective I'll have to look for it on their ONA NXS site and get back here with it before I go to much further. But I'd like to talk a bit more about some of the relativity of change in relation to the Sinister because frankly I'm confused about what it's supposed to be. Because if it's something that always changes it's like trying to grab at sand.

[End Quote]

Our confused student's consciousness, or awareness, or mindfulness, is fixated on external

“things” and not on himself/herself: Know Thyself. This confused person equates change with sand passing through one’s fingers – which to me suggests that this person; on a deeper level; is the type of person who has the feeling of needing to control things in his/her grip. This individual never stopped to realize that he himself – like a flowing river – is always in a constant state of change; yet he is not confused about such.

Chronomorphically, if we were to take this confused person’s life from birth to his present age and look at it as a whole, we would be able to clearly see the constant change in this person. His body changed. His mental capacity changed. Every 11-12 months every cell in your body is replaced, so the very building blocks of his body is never “the same.” His memories, his thought, his feelings, his hopes, his dreams, his world view, all change and are never the same from one moment to another. So, on an individual corporeal level each person is in a constant flux of change.

As each person changes, Time also changes things, and with Time, Nature also changes. And such changes are not isolated phenomena. It’s like a star game, or a game of Go [the board game] you see? Where one move of a piece is not an isolated event, but causally affects and influences everything else on the board, and influences the entire game itself. Each change in Time and Nature ripples out and affects everything and everyone. Each individual change ripples out and affects others. This interconnection of things gives rise to a “problem” for humans: the problem that we must change ourselves – adapt to such changes – or die.

But environmental changes are obvious. The source of this person’s confusion is the Morphology of Memplexes over Time. He is basically asking why such things must change and not remain the same over time. This confusion is born from the individual’s lack of a genuine understanding of who and what he is: He is a single human in a social ordering of humans, called “society.” In regards to society, one of our 352 brothers once said: “It only takes one generation for a liberal to become a conservative.”

If this confused person is in a constant state of change – of inner growth, mental capacity, cognitive skills, world views – and society is composed of many such changing individuals, then it is only rational to assume that “society” also changes over time.

So the zeitgeist of society – the collective mind of a social order – changes as Time changes. Not to long ago most American citizens saw nothing wrong with slavery because it was generally believed – believe: the condition of accepting a meme/memplex – that black people were not human. But today black people can be presidents. What happened? What changed? Biologically, as an organism, black people are still organically “the same” today, as they were 200 years ago. What changed was something which concerns biology actually: it’s called reproduction.

People have children, and those children grow up to have children of their own. This gives rise to the coming and going of generations. From a memetic perspective, reproduction and the change of generations is a problem. Because just because your grandparents believed that black people were not human – because they accepted the memplex of such – does not mean that your own mind, and the mind of your own generations will be fertile and conducive

to such a memeplex and world view.

Just a while ago in most Occidental countries women could not vote and had no social rights. There was nothing organically or biologically wrong with us [women] that caused us to not have rights and not be able to vote. Our lack of such liberty has its roots in the memes that infected the zeitgeist of a certain generation. But just because your father or mother believed – accepted the memeplex – that women belong in the kitchen, does not mean that you will also accept such memeplexes.

So what happened to the memeplex of slavery and apartheid and the memeplex of women belonging in the house and not the workplace? They died. Why? Because with reproduction comes new people, and with new people comes social change – a change in social world view. And thus with such change new memes evolve.

Even within specifically religious memeplex, such change and morphology is evident. 100 years ago black people were not permitted to become Mormons or to join their priesthood. It was believed – acception of memes – that black people were cursed and that the color of their skin was the mark of the curse. I insight roled as a Mormon:

Alma 3:6 “And the skins of the **Lamanites were dark**, according to the mark which was set upon their fathers, **which was a curse** upon them because of their **transgression and their rebellion**.”

Mormon 5:15 (prophecy about the Lamanites) “for this people shall be scattered, and shall become a **dark, a filthy, and a loathsome people**, beyond the description of that which ever hath been amongst us. . . .”

You see, these anti-black memes found in old day Mormonism were fine for the rednecks and hillbillies of *THAT* specific time and zeitgeist; because the social order around them – popular culture – saw black people in the same manner. So what do you call the act of making things to sell to a group of people based on what they like and how they see things? Marketing. Who do you think the Mormon religion was Marketing their memeplex to back then: To the receptive Market.

Now the revealing question is: What would happen to the Mormon memeplex if it did not change and if today it still held onto this anti-black meme? It would die; and why is that? Because there is no god damn Market for such a meme/belief/worldview in today’s people. Because that anti-black meme just doesn’t fit into the weltanschauung of the everyday person. In other words, that meme has become completely irrelevant to the people of today. And to remain relevant to society and people, such a memeplex must evolve and change. As people keen to the shifting interests of the Market, we can of course expect Mormonism to change its redneck policies. So, as expected in 1978 God himself changed his mind about negros as he spoke to the then Prophet Spencer Kimball directly concerning this issue of cosmic proportion; after the Prophet was vigorously praying on the matter in the Holy of Holies:

[Quote [the 1978](#) conversation between God and Prophet Kimball of the LDS]

REVELATION given to Spencer W. Kimball, March 6, 1978, Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. *Hearken, my servant Spencer, unto the voice of the Lord thy God, and receive my word in answer to thy fervent pleas!*
2. *Lo, I am well pleased with thee and my servants the Apostles and with all the righteous Saints of my Church. Because of your righteous obedience you are blessed, and I now reveal my Word unto thee, to proclaim unto my Saints and unto all the World;*
3. *For thou hast oft inquired of me regarding the skin of blackness which marks many of my faithful children, because of which the blessings of my priesthood and of my exaltation have been denied to them;*
4. *And thy cries and the cries of my black children have ascended unto me, and I now reveal unto thee further light and knowledge in this matter.*
5. *For my Church is like unto your father Abraham, whom I did sorely tempt, in that I commanded him to take his beloved son and offer up his life as a sacrifice to me;*
6. *And lo, Abraham in the fulness of righteous obedience did take his son, and did bind him to an altar of rough stones, and did raise the knife to sacrifice him, according to the command which I had given him.*
7. *And by mine angel did I stop his hand, for his sacrifice of obedience was complete.*
8. *For human life is not to be taken as a sacrifice to me, except the sacrifice of the Only Begotten, of which Isaac was a type, for such a doctrine and practice is repugnant to me.*
9. *But it was for Abraham a test of obedience to my Word.*
10. *And lo, likewise the doctrine of the curse of Cain and the mark of blackness, as well as everything pertaining thereto, is also repugnant to me, but was given unto my Saints as a test.*
11. *And ye have been valiant and righteous in obeying the words of my mouth which were given not as true doctrine but only as a test for your benefit.*
12. *Now, therefore, rejoice in my blessing and receive my Word! For no more shall ye make any distinction among my Saints as to their race or as to the color of their skin; for I the Lord God am no respecter of persons, but all shall come unto me and all may be worthy to receive all the blessings of my Gospel without let or hindrance.*

[End Quote]

So what did we learn from this? Well, we learned that Elohim [God] too even changes his mind, as it is evident in that it took God a good 6000 years to learn to not be racist and to like his negro kids. And just like God, David Myatt also changed his mind, but David Myatt only took a few years to figure stuff out.

The difference between God and David Myatt is that God changed his mind about racism because nobody was racist anymore [peer pressure]. If his church continued to teach such redneck 'anthropology' nobody would join his Mormon church. David Myatt changed from experience and what he calls *Pathei Mathos*. Which brings us to the topic of why the Sinister has changed.

The Sinister Tradition has not changed. In the same way the you have not changed. This sounds like a complete contradiction to what things I stated up there. But if you search inside yourself for that which you refer to as "I" and you observe that "I" very carefully; you will come to realize that although OUTER things about you have changed such as: you age, your brain

size, your body, your appearance, your thoughts, memories, and emotions; there is yet an INNER aspect of you – your genuine self – that remains the stationary, unchanging, Self. So it can be said that you constantly do change on an EXOTERIC level; but remain unchanged on an ESOTERIC level.

So, the Sinister Tradition has not changed Esoterically. “Sinister” is just a useful word which describes an internal Nature of certain individuals who naturally do specific things or live a specific way. That essential Nature, and what they do or how they express that essential Nature are two very different things.

A guy with a Nature – a dharma or “physis” – of desiring to better himself and be athletic, will express that Nature THRU – by means of – various methods such as body building and martial arts. It is non sequitur to say that the man’s Nature = bench pressing and kung fu. One is the Man, whereas the other is his Means.

A person who has a natural disposition for art and music will express that Nature in many ways: painting, sculpting, composing music, associating with artists and musicians. In no way is this artistic person his associations and what he does. They are two completely differently phenomena. This artistic person can one day change his mind about the style of art or music he or she likes and do things in a completely different manner. And although the artist’s Methodology has changed, his Nature has not.

Sinister Nature doesn’t change. Sinister tactics, strategy, and methodology must change over time to remain relevant and effective to the era and conditions of the world and Time.

How ONA initiates 20 years ago expressed their Sinister Nature such as via national Socialism may have worked two decades ago within context to the zeitgeist and collective fears of nations; but do these same methods work today in the year 2010; and will such methods work in 2025 and beyond?

Is race and skin color the collective concern of the Market in today’s world? Such that you can use it to fuel a revolution and societal change? If you belief so, then you are stuck in a time warp and are not empathetic to the Market. Today’s people could care less about skin color or how great some white people think they are. It’s old. Who cares if you are white or brown or black or yellow and your proud of your skin color? People today are more concerned about the economic uncertainty of their country, about the erosion of their personal lives do to long work hours and higher costs of living. People today are concerned over personal finances, which is a leading cause of divorce. People today want more free time to spend with their children, spouse, and family.

If there is any collective political concern on the collective mind, its Radical Islam and this has affected and can effect our Western world. What people today are politically concerned about is terrorism, and how Islam is slowly taking over parts of Europe.

If you are genuinely Sinister By Nature, and can feel the change in the Market, you’ll understand what changes need to be made to generate advantageous end results. Perhaps I

need to openly spell it out for people? The game is no longer about race: white versus whatever. This meme/idea today is impotent and CANNOT ignite a fight bigger than a bar fight. If the ONA wants to keep its revolutions and disruption in pubs then sure, go ahead and use this white power shit. If you want to start something big, put that racist shit up on a shelf and start manipulating those insecure and uncertain white people in Europe to see and feel that Muslims and Islam taking over their homelands. Evoke and Provoke anger in these white people and in European Muslims. Not with white power bullshit, because Muslims come in all different skin colors. The name of the game now is religious war, not racial war. Get it?

Myatt got it a long time ago – since 98! You'd think the rest of the "Sinisterion" would get a clue? Why do I gotta spell shit out for everybody. Quit fucking with that race bullshit cuz nobody gives a fuck these days what color your fucking skin is. Go fucking insight role as a religious fanatics or Nationalists and get them white European boys whose raging hormones is dying to have a cause to fight for and get somebody to get angry and focus the build up of raw energy somewhere.

David Myatt has already done half of the work in helping engineer a mind set of radicalism in young Muslim boys. Now we go out and start making these Europeans boys into Radical Nationalists.

Outer form will change. But the Esoteric Sinister Nature of the ONA remains the same. If Sinister Initiates do not learn to change, progress, and evolve, to keep themselves and their memplex current and relevant to the there own age and era, then expect it to die out as an irrelevant and impotent memplex.

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NOTES ON GNOSIS



Notes On Gnosis

I use the word “gnosis” sometimes as a substitute for the concept of Understanding meaning a process of coming into the realization of something born from direct experience. Which in the Western Mind is sometimes known as “experience knowledge,” [roughly “Practical Reason” or “Gnosiology”] as opposed to “theoretical knowledge” [roughly “Speculative Reason” or “Epistemology”].

The word “understand” can be a clumsy word to use because we can say after we’ve read something: “I understand the statement which I just read.” Here we actually mean that we Comprehend or that we intellectually grasp the meaning/intent of what we read. And so if we’re not careful, we may confuse the Comprehension with Understanding [with the *gerund* “-ing” suffix]. In my Mind, perhaps also in yours, there is a difference between the two statements: (1) “I *understand* what sailing is;” & (2) “I have an *understanding* of sailing.” The first statement suggests that I *know* on an *intellectual* or *thinking* level what sailing is in such a way that you don’t have to tell me because I already *know*. The second statement suggests experience and thus implies that what I have grasp of sailing from my personal experiences may differ from your personal experiences. At least to me. But to prevent confusion I sometimes use the word “gnosis” to emphasize a realization born/unfolded from experience.

When I do use the word “gnosis” though, I use it as a cover term for Asian-Buddhist concepts such as “Buddhi,” as in the resultant fruit of citta grasping an understanding of things from experience. It’s really hard to explain what the concept of Citta [pronounced Chitta, or Jid, or Jed] is in English because there is no word or equivalent concept to translate it into. It’s feebly most often put into English as “Mind,” and unfortunately there is just no other word for it. I

even use the feeble translation, but to differentiate mind as in brain from Mind as in chitta I usually capitalize one.

In my Asian weltanschauung your Chitta/Jed is your Heart or “Heartmind” which is centered in your chest. It’s not your beating heart, and you don’t think with it. You feel with it. Feel as in everything from emotions, to empathy, sympathy, nostalgia, compassion, to realization, impulse, will power, intent and inspiration. If you can feel it, it originates from Chitta. So from chitta/Jed we have a number of different terms/phrases that will help describe what a chitta is.

There is the phrase: “Toke[keep/retain] Jed [chitta/heart]” which is the word/phrase in Khmer for “to Trust,” literally meaning to Keep inside one’s Heart. When you trust someone, you keep them within your Heart, which is your most intimate place in your Being. There is the phrase: “Gird [think/ponder, pronounced as a Brit would read it] Khnong [Inside] Jed [chitta/heart], meaning to “Think To Oneself.” There is the term: “Yoke [capture/take] Jed [chitta/heart]” which means to “Get Another’s Approval,” literally meaning to Capture the other person’s Heart. Because another person’s approval is not an intellectual phenomenon, it is a feeling they have. The thoughts come after the emotion to justify the approval.

“Deung [know] Khnong [inside] Jed [chitta/heart]” means to Realize or have an Understanding for something. Deung means to Know, but when you “know” inside your Heart, you Realize it. Because if you have ever paid attention to yourself when you have your realizations, Aha moments, or epiphanies, they actually start as a feeling around your heart area, which only afterward inspires thoughts and wording to capture that revelatory feeling. Lastly as an example would be the word/term “Kope[appease/comfort] Jed [chitta/heart]” which means to Please or Indulge someone. Like if I love fudge brownies [which I do] and my little mom knows I do, when she makes me fudge brownies to make me happy inside, she is “koping” my Chitta. So chitta means Mind, but not the Mind one does thinking with. It is your Heart-Mind, which is the seat; or rather; the Heart of Buddhi/Gnosis.

Samma

Samma Dithi. In English that Buddhist term found in the Eight Fold Path is translated wrongly as “Right View.” “Wrong” on two counts: 1) Right View automatically suggests that there may be a “wrong view,” which further suggests that such wrong views are rejected for not being right. 2) the original word Samma included both the right and the wrong and every conceivable angle of view.

Samma actually means Complete, Whole, Total, All, Everything Together, as in the Greek word Pan, or the Latin Omni. Samma Dithi in Latinized English I would render as: Omnivisual, meaning to have the ability to See [dithi] everything in relation to the whole and each part. Samma Dithi would in normal English be better translated as “Circumspection,” which is the act of you walking around something and looking at this something from every angle and perspective: left, right, center, over, under, right, wrong, maybe, acceptable, iffy, rejected, and all around.

Samma is important because the Buddha used this same word to mean the “Middle Way.” Or

it's one of the words he uses to describe his Way, which in English has been wrongly translated as Middle Path. Wrongly as in an explanation is never given by the any English translator of what exactly the Buddha meant by a "Middle Way" when he used a word which clearly means not Middle but All Ways.

So to explain why he used those two words or concepts interchangeably, if say you were to one day say: "The North Pole represents the earth." Then your friend you were debating said in return: "You're wrong, the South Pole represents the earth." The Buddha comes along and say: "You both forgot Everything In Between, which is the ENTIRE planet itself." The Samma is the Entire "thing" Between and/or beyond two limited perspectives. Theism and Atheism are only two points and not the Entire spectrum. Red and Violet are only two points and not the Whole spectrum of color in a rainbow. Middle Way to the Buddha does not mean the in between safe path of compromise and negotiation. It means everything in between two extreme points not Considered. "Consider" is the key word here. It doesn't mean that what is in between extreme points is "Truth." It means that you cannot come close to an Understanding of things if your perception is based on extreme myopia. Natural phenomena doesn't cluster together in extreme points in space where you can just point to a spot in the air and say: "That right there is Atheism, and the whole universe grows out of that right there phenomenon! I've pinpointed the elusive Truth and it is right at the tip of my finger. Shh, don't debate so loud, it'll fly away."

Shadows

The reason why I brought up Samma is because of Gnosis/Buddhi. When we in general look for gnosis, it's as if we look ahead for something to pop out in front of us. Like we were in a boat looking for the End of the river. We pass into the mouth of the river and get excited having found it. But we often forget that our Whole journey and the Entire river had to exist to get us to the End. In other words, just as the mouth of a river cannot be a separate thing from the river, our gnosis: our End Experience of that mouth of the river, is indivisible [not independent] from our journey.

I'll use one example to draw out the point. You have Platos cave allegory. There is a cave. People live in that cave in a state of ignorance of the outside world. A boy from the cave one day wanders outside and sees the rest of the world. The boy is "enlightened" having Realized that there is more to the world, than the little cave he was born inside of. But we look closer at the Whole process of that boy's gradual coming to his Realization/Gnosis and we come to notice that had that boy first not experience a life in that cave he would not have had the end gnosis. Because the Condition of ignorance in that cave gives contrast to his end gnosis. You don't Understand what a Light is if you have never seen or experienced a Shadow.

This is something that many Buddhist of any school often forgets when considering Buddha. They tend to see him as a "finished product" of being the Enlightened One. They forget that his supposed Enlightenment was an Wholistic process which first began with him as a young prince living in the lap of luxury and indulgence. Without the Buddha's Shadow Past to give contrast to his End Buddhi, he would not have Buddhied anything. The Samma or Complete Way of Seeing Buddha in this case is to also consider that Shadow Life and learn to

comprehend that the beginning point and the end point are not two separate phenomena from each other. It is just one Whole Flow, of one Mind toward a different vantage point.

This is a very important concept to consider if gnosis is actually something you and I wish to attain or unfold. We cannot give up the Shadow to chase after Lights. Because that Light simply cannot exist without its contrasting mate Darkness. There is no Shiva without Shakti, they are both contrasting parts of One Whole. There is no World without Mind. Have you ever thought about that? Mindscape gives contrast to the outside world.

Essentially you can't have Buddhi without Abuddhi as the Shadow background. Abuddhi is an actual real Sanskrit word meaning the contrasting opposite of Buddhi: Darkness, Ignorance, Not-Buddhi. The Buddha developed Buddhi later in life around his 30's, but only with his youthful life as the abuddhi Shadow background. So the process of "gnosis" here meaning Buddhi, begins first with Abuddhi and the experience of such "abuddhicious" conditions. This leads into Knowledge and the gradual collection of raw information which slowly brings in new perspectives and vantage points. This leads to Wisdom and the gradual Experience of such knowledge gathered. From that Experience Understanding – here meaning Buddhi/Gnosis – breaks forth from its dark substrate and muddy waters of Abuddhi. Just as a Lotus breaks free from its muddy base. When we think about it, that Lotus would not exist if the muddy lake was not there. The muddy lake and Lotus are symbiotic parts of a Whole system.

That dark substrate and muddy lake is the primeval Mind chitta/psyche which exists in a Natural state and condition Mother Nature and Father Time made it: Original Nature. The "little mind" [brain/consciousness] in the head is the Lotus that blooms which grows out of that primal water: the Lotus of a Thousand Petals as it is called in Taoism. It is because of how I personally see and understand gnosis/buddhi, and how it needs Abuddhi to grow out of, that I personally interpret Satan and Lucifer to be the same "entity" or "thing" like two points of a single spectrum. Rudra-Shivaya the wild, the terrible, the primeval, the basal, is also the Universal Purusha and Parameshvara-Shiva: Shiva as God The Most High. Satan and the practical Experience of what is "Satanic" [whatever that means to the Satanist] gradually leads us to a Luciferian Illumination: meaning a deeper or more intimate Realization of the Nature of what we experienced.

But all that symbolical myth is meaningless without something on a practical level to see this concept unfold in real Human living motion. We have the Life of David Myatt to observe and how it unfolded over Time since the 70's. For instance you have DM in his days in Leeds as a leather jacket and jeans wearing young man who got involved in the skinhead thing. That Life unraveled gradually help found and experience radical and violent groups like NSM, C18, C88, etc. There is a gradual accumulation of knowledge and application for wisdom after those violent days. Eventually to emerge from that dark substrate and murky waters as a Lotus, the nectar of which we call The Numinous Way. That Life and Mind from those early days in the 70's to the present is the Living Essence and "spirit" of the ONA. And if you can't see this Essence of the ONA in the gradual unfoldment of DM who is the very Source Personality of the ONA, then you are looking too hard and missing the point in living motion.

Conclusion

I wrote this as a side note to the other thing I wrote called “The Power of Mythos,” since I figured I may have left some details out. I really don’t know what gnosis means in English. When I use the word itself I use it as a cover word to put on top of Buddhi which means a sort of Empathic or Intuitive Understanding of things that happens inside your chitta, which is not initially an intellectual thought processing. The intellectualization or the dressing that revelatory feeling into words comes second. Such wording and outer dressing is thus only an approximation of what is wordlessly felt and realized inside.

But because the Nature of Chitta – “psyche” – that chitta does not bare its nakedness for you to see without an intimate process of closeness, touching, with one’s body/heart/mind to Experiences. Chitta is like a girl. She feels. She intuits. She “Empaths.” She needs to Know you first, then intimately Experience you for a while to see how you work, your mannerisms, and Ways. Then she open up for you and unravels her outer covering for you. But she is primal and dark. Abuddhi and Buddhi are not two separate things. They are two points of a Process of Becoming, you can’t have one without the other. It’s interesting to me that in Pali the general word for meditation is Bhavana, the root word being Bhava meaning Being, Becoming, Coming Into Being.

Because of my own understandings of how “gnosis” unfolds for me, and as I see it unfold in others, and because of how I see Time being a part of that process, I personally don’t believe that an institution which rejects the Shadow [abuddhi] – in whatever form – can ever be a Way to genuine personal gnosis. A Tree can’t grow without its soil. A Man Comes Into Being from a Boy. You cannot reject that Boy and his Boy Nature, if you desire to be a Man. The Experiences I had during my teenage years and now, Becomes more meaningful and clear with the cliché innocence of my childhood in the background. One gives breadth and depth to the other.

Without that Shadow and the freedom to experience that Shadow, what is presented as Light is and can only be superficial Knowledge and mindcrafted speculative platitudes. Knowledge that you may agree with, believe, adopt, support, prop up; but never knowledge which truly leads to any gnosis or inner realization. It’s like with Christianity where it rejects the Shadow Nature of being Human and tries to prevent you from being free to experience that Shadow Nature. Instead it gives you pre-concocted ideas, concepts, beliefs, and fairy tales. And then what? What do you do all that? What do you ever really Become in the end? Rather than gradually develop an Understanding of oneself and the world we live in, it severs us from not only that real world, but also from what humanity – Nature – we have rejected. And they sell this as spiritual “Truth.”

Mother Nature really can’t afford to have her creatures learn and evolve and come to some sort of understanding of life, the world, and themselves from reading books and following the flowery words of preachers. There must be a Natural “mechanism” or process whereby a creature is able – sans books and words – to grow in understanding and eventually evolve on their own terms just by experiencing and living Life. Otherwise Nature wouldn’t have made it this far to have us.

Pathei-Mathos; putting yourself directly into the torrent of the Shadow and the torrent of the

adversities of that Nature and Life; is the only realistic and hard way to understanding. It's easy to Believe. Which is why so many people believe in things. It's hard to struggle with that torrent of Life, which is why so very few people have any real Understanding about Life, or themselves, or anything at all, beyond their speculative beliefs. So if I were ever asked what "gnosis" is, I'd have to answer that it is a personal process and Experience of Coming to an Understanding of something born from our personal Experiences in Life. As such I can only approximate in words what "gnosis" is. It must be experience, and that experience must begin with the conscious experience and taste of the Shadow Nature of things.

In a way, you will never Understand what a "perfect Love" is unless you first had your heart broken many times and are willing to Leave that condition. You don't Realize you were "perfectly healthy" unless you became very sick; but in the experience of that sickness, you must then chose to Leave that condition. Which is the struggle. Sometimes it takes you to hit skid row to Realize how much a dollar is truly worth. And those people who have lived a life in political oppression or have gone through a genocidal revolution, are the ones who have a deeper Understanding and appreciation of/for "freedom." Easy come, easy go; as they say. People change their beliefs and opinions like they change their clothes and shoes. But when we Realize something, it stays with us and actually redefines who we are inside, at least to our own selves. It is just the "Nature" of chitta, that it must experience "things" to come to its own apprehension of such "things."

When you have tasted genuine freedom – whatever that freedom is – can you ever happily return back to servitude? Can you ever gladly and wholeheartedly become a true believing Christian if you ever truly Understood what Satanism is inside? Belief, knowledge, and speculative opinions are transient due to the Nature of the brain/mind and its constant growth and shifting of vantage points. Feeling – the act and function of chitta – is permanent. Once you've felt Love, that feeling and Realization stays with you. Once you've been emotionally scared, it stays with you. Once you have genuinely come to Understand something inside, it stays with you. You can't un-understand something, no more than you can un-feel a feeling that was felt and experienced. Gnosis is "permanent" in the sense that adulthood is permanent because you can't leave it and be a child again. Like Adeptship in a craft or art or science is permanent. Getting to adepthood is the challenging part, but once you make it there, it is permanent. You can only grow from it further.

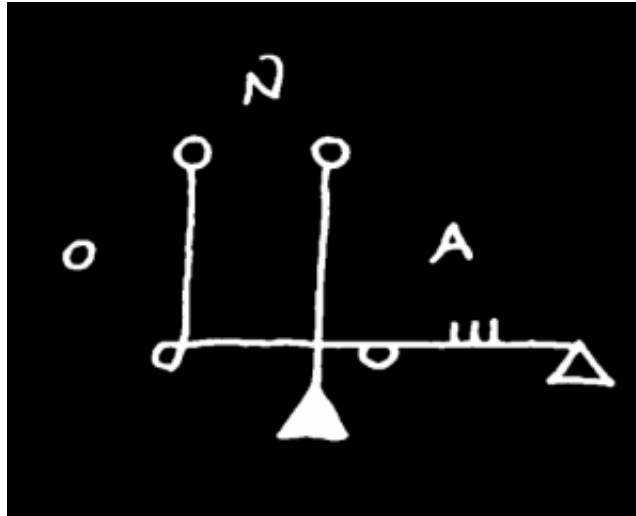
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NOTES ON SAMADHI



Notes On Samadhi

Samadhi is a word which did not exist before the Buddha's period. It is believed by some to have been a word invented by the supposed Buddha, or the philosophers who invented proto-buddhism to try to convey a new set of concepts. Over the thousands of years it has collected many meanings depending on the sect of "Hinduism" or Buddhism, or now New Age BS you are dealing with. In Khmerized Sanskrit we say the word as "sam-MAH-tee," with the stress on the second syllable and the word "Dhi" sounding exactly like the English word Tea/Tee. It is actually two words put together. The word "Sama" means "Equal," "Same," "Leveled," and sometimes is used to mean "Oneself," or "Same-person" in the similar way the word "Meme" is used in languages like French to indicate "Self" as in the French word "Moi-meme" meaning "Myself," but can also mean: "Le Meme Chose," meaning "The Same Thing."

So what's Sambuddhi mean where the Buddha is called the Sambuddhassa, the One Who is [-assa] SamBuddhi? It means roughly Self-Buddhi where Buddhi here means to understand or be educated. "Self-Taught" or Self-Born Understanding is the best English Translation, "Self-Enlightened" or "Enlightened One" is the worst and most meaningless English translation given. The word "Dhi" in Sama-*dhi*, is related to the word meaning to See [as in the word Samma-*ditthi*, which is the first Noble Path of the 8 Fold Path], but is it's own word meaning roughly "Reflection," "Mental State," "Imagination," "Intellect," "Devotion." We can say that where "ditthi" means to See with your Eyes, "dhi" means to See with your Mind [your "mind's eye" or your "third eye"]. So you picture in your Mind, your brain being like a car stereo with an Equalizer. You put on random music and the sounds of this music are at different levels relative to each other. You want to Equalize those levels so that the buttons on the Equalizer are all Equally on the Same level. That's the first basic meaning of Samadhi.

There are many different types of "meditations" and many words meaning such types of

meditation in Buddhism, and Samadhi is one of them. Samadhi's generic meaning means the type of meditation where you bring the visions, noise, and chattering of your mind down or level them and you maintain that leveled state of mind. Similar, but not quite like zazen. You're not putting in the Effort of silencing your mind. Much like a car stereo all you want to do is equalize the metal noise, but let them remain in the background and pay no attention to them. Your concentration is not on the leveled noise, but on something else. There is a causal – cause and fruit – purpose to samadhi. The Buddha was obsessed with causal chains, and so his idea of samadhi must be apprehended in this causal context. And so, the other meaning of Samadhi is “concentration” where the Effort of Mind or mechanical [manual] force is Devoted [dhi] to the Same [sama] end result.

Usually samadhi is taken out of its causal chain. When removed from its causal chain, it will be misunderstood to simply mean a pointless exercise in meditation to receive something nebulous called “Enlightenment.” This simply isn't the case. Samadhi in Theravada is the middle part of a three link causal chain: Sila-Samadhi-Panya[prajna]. The First gives rise or influences the second. The second gives rise or influences the third.

Sila are the Precepts [the 5 Precepts]. This also is most often removed completely out of context by Westerners. When the 5 Precepts are removed from its causal context you are prone to misunderstand them to be rules or laws of conduct. And based on your own misunderstandings you may judge Buddhism to be moral and ethical or has 5 commandments and so if you don't follow those commandments you are not a “true Buddhist.”

This is the exact same thing where if I were to take the basic three link causal chain of the Scientific Method: Hypothesize-Test-Theorize; and remove the first link out of its native causal context. So completely out of context I look at the word “Hypothesize” and say to myself: “Science is stupid because its nothing but speculations and encourages people to simply hypothesize about shit.” Is my assessment accurate? No it isn't, because I've taken things out of context and am just judging my own ignorant misunderstandings of simplified abstractions.

Why observe the 5 Precepts? Because when you are not busy doing drugs, having random sex, stealing, and killing people, etc – and risking the consequences of such actions – you have time to Samadhi, or Concentrate. Why concentrate? Because the end goal is Wisdom [panya/prajna]. If your end goal is graduating college, then when finals week comes, Concentrate. If you want to Concentrate during finals week don't be fucking around. So the simple causal chain of college finals week can be: Don't Fuck Around – Concentrate – Graduate. If I were ignorant and I took that first causal link out of its causal chain and said that college is stupid because it makes you not have the freedom to fuck around, am I apprehending college life accurately? No. So is Samadhi a pointless mindless meditation? No, there is an end point you are focusing your mind for.

Another thing about Buddhism completely taken out of context which really bugs me are the soc called Four Noble Truths, which somehow in English ends up meaning that Buddhism is gloomy and sees life as a mess of misery and suffering. It's an awful sounding religion. It sure is in English when things are taken out of context.

The Buddha first never used the Pali word for suffering/pain/misery in the Four Noble Truths. Dukkha is the word which does not mean suffering. The word for suffering and pain is Papa. For example when working at my aunt-mom's business she tells me to not be bitchy at customers so that they won't "Ter Pap" me. Ter is your Khmer word for "Do, Make, Cause, Create," and Pap is Papa. Ter-pap in Khmer means to Hurt, Harm, Injure, Assault. Ter-Dukkh [create dukkha] has an entirely different meaning. If I have gas and I'm bloated I say the gas is Ter-Dukkh me. If I'm cramping I say that my Sboan [uterus] is Ter-Dukkh me. What did I say? Did I say my uterus was causing me misfortune, doom, and ungodly misery in life? No, I said no such thing. I said my uterus is bugging me.

In other places the Buddha uses the word samadhi to not mean a mediation, but the focus or concentration of effort to manifest an end objective. Where you level down your random daily activities and focus your physical effort on accomplishing a goal, aim, or plan. Where you learn to level the noise of mind, the noise of heart, and the noise of action, and concentrate the Force of Mind, Emotion, and Action toward manifesting a single end goal. That's also Samadhi. If you really understand the essence of the 8 Fold Path, and you understand that what you see and think becomes what you experience, then as an Ariya with a Noble Perspective of life, you should have the ability to control your own mind, emotions, and actions in such a way where that you are the Helmsman of your own life. Not many people realize or pay attention to the fact that the symbol of Buddhism and the 8 Fold Path [the so called dharma wheel] is itself an actual Helm, or the actual steering wheel of a ship. Who is at the Helm of your Life? Are you the active willful Driver or a passive passenger in Life? If you wish to be at the Helm, then it takes Concentration of mind, emotion, and causal effort to manifest Goals in life. The Sea your proverbial Ship is sailing – which you are the Helmsman of if you are Ariya – is the Sea of Causality. If you understand the current of this sea of causality, then you should be able to make that current work for you to get your ship places. If you are chronically victimized by the current of causality, you are anariya: an ignorant fool blind to the Way/Physis of Nature/Dhamma. Who is in control: you or the current?

When Buddha said that some things in life causes dukkha he didn't say the nature of life is dark, dismal, bleak, and full of suffering. He said there are things in life which can bug you or trouble you. And so if you take that single statement out of complete context to its idea-environment, you'll misunderstand it. It's like you went to a psycho-therapist for a session and your doctors said to you: "Something is troubling you." Did he mean that life was full of suffering and so you should just commit suicide? No he said you're fucked up and not experiencing life the way it ought to be experienced. Life is a joy to live and if you are troubled, the quiddity of that troublesome feeling is NOT a normal aspect of life. It is a disturbance in how Life is by nature. The mythos in Buddhism even sets the stage to give you a big ass hint as to how Life is. The human world is the lowest of 7 realms together called the Kamasukkhapumi. Sukkha means Ease, Kama is the word found in the Kama Sutra meaning Physical Pleasure. Pumi means plane or realm. The human world is the lowest of 7 worlds of Pleasure and Ease/Repose. And so if you exist in such a world and you are experiencing dukkha in life [trouble, worry, gas, cramps, tax collectors] something is not fucking right with the way you are living or experiencing life.

Passion

In the original Pali the Buddha never said to not desire. He never used the word “desire/want.” The word he used was “Tanha” which in his time and place had its own metaphorical meaning. Tanha superficially means to Thirst and has nothing whatsoever to do with the notion of want or desire. Unfortunately this word in English has been badly translated as “Attachment,” or “Craving.” Which are fine words to use in English so long as we give each word room for intuitive mobility. Things get lost in translation. A better word to use in English for Tanha is Obsession, or even Compulsion. As in Obsessive and/or Compulsive behaviour. The metaphorical shade of meaning comes from how if you were extremely thirsty in 500BC India and you had not drunk water in days, you’d senselessly chug down water if you found a river in Desperation. Which can kill you. In such a state of desperation for water, if you chugged down load of it without taking breaks to breathe, you can choke on that water and die. Desperation is the key idea behind Tanha.

So Tanha is say when I get go to an job interview and the job guy doesn’t like me. So I beg for him to take me and tell him I really need the money. I hold onto him and scream in desperation for the job. And I am so compulsively obsessed with this that I threaten him if he doesn’t give me the job. And so the job guy calls the police. That’s Tanha. It’s not an attachment or craving. It’s lunacy.

Tanha is when you have a boyfriend you break up with and the freak doesn’t know to let go. So in his Obsession of and for you he stalks you. His ass is in the bushes looking in your bedroom window. His ass is at your work place bugging you. This guy is not simply attached to you. He isn’t simply craving you. And saying that it’s okay because he just desires you is an gross understatement. The guy is an obsessed freak. Stalking people does not mean desire. It’s beyond desire. It’s lunacy.

But Buddha was Panya – sly and clever – and so you have to put the Buddhism and this concept once you apprehend its essence back in 500BC India to fully appreciate what the Buddha was trying to tell the people back then in that Brahminical society. Your Tanha – Obsession, Compulsion, Desperation – for your idealistic Brahminical gods, and the crazy shit you people do because of and for religion and your imaginary gods is Tanha. Tanha leads to Dukkha [trouble/worry/anguish].

Your desperation to go to heaven or the brahmaloka. Your desperation to be reborn rich in the upper ranks of the caste system, causes you as a lowly untouchable dukkha. Your willingness to give those gods and Brahmins what little food and money you have which could feed and provide for you causes dukkha. Your obsession for your sect or cult or religion drives you insane to make war and kill for the stupid reason of your enemies simply not believing the same way you do. That’s tanha. It is absurdly irrational and causes dukkha for you, as long as you hold onto that Tanha.

Same thing with some sects or people in Christianity. It’s a fine and inspiring faith when reasonably taken in moderation. But when you take things to an obsessive and desperate level it’s no longer fine. You have these priests struggling with celibacy when sex is natural, and that need, oppressed, ultimately manifests itself as perverse acts of molestation. You have these people who have this compulsion to experience what Christ did on the cross and so they

allow themselves to be literally crucified on a wooden cross. You have fanatic Christians who do not believe in abortion so much that they kill abortion specialists. That's Tanha. It's not desire, or attachment, or craving. It is something far beyond those things, which is ultimately self destructive.

Passion is something different. I use that word loosely here. Passion is a key to success in any field. Without that passion, the end goal cannot be manifested. Passion is when the random daily desires and emotions we all have on a daily basis is leveled and takes the background while one emotion for something burns in the foreground naturally. The burn is a natural dharmic fire which you do not need to feed. Natural passion for something does not require you to be motivated for what you are passionate about. An artist who has that natural physis or dharmic fire to be an artist does not need to motivate himself or psyche himself out to paint a picture. It's just something that he does with a natural force and enjoyment, which actually motivate him in other ways.

I was watching a Japanese art show on station 18.2 the other day. The show is about a respected art enthusiast interviewing major artists in Japan. The show was subtitled in English. In the show I watched and really liked the art guy was interviewing an artist who had long greying hair who looked like he was a Japanese surfer or hippy. We were first taken to the artists million dollar art gallery the artist built himself, even though the artist looked like a slacker or jobless person.

The pictures to me at first looked ugly. The paintings looked like as if a Japanese who liked lines and circles were trying to mimic Picasso really badly. I was thinking to myself while being shown his art work: "Those Japanese people are something aren't they? How the hell did this artist make money to buy his damn gallery? Who buys this stuff?" But then the fascinating part comes which completely changed my mind about the artist and made me see his work in a very different way.

This artist did not actually paint his picture to start off with. He cuts wood. So the art guy went to the artists studio to film how this artist makes his art work. The artist takes a wooden panel of wood and lays his hands on it with eyes closed. Then he clasps his hands three times and says to the film crew that he puts himself into a meditative state and prays for the spirit of the wood to impress in his mind a picture it wants to express through him.

When he was done praying and in a state of meditation he quickly grabs a paint brush and dips it in black paint and seeming scribbles what look like random blobs and squiggles. After a few second of this the artist in some sort of semihypnotic state with eyes half closes does something both bizarre and amazing at the same time. He grabs a little wood etching instrument and begins twisting and etching lines and stuff in an astonishingly feverish pace. A minute later he is sweating all over his face and neck and he is done etching. The wood still looks nothing like art and you can't see any real pictures yet.

The cool part is what he does next. The artist then rolls black in onto this board he etched and then places a special Japanese paper carefully onto the board and presses it with a pressing instrument. When he lifts the paper up you see that the paper now has wonderfully drawn

images of forests and people. Then he turns the paper over and actually paints the back. The special paper has it so that the paint does not seep through, but is visible on the front side. He quickly dabs different color paint here and there on the back side of this paper, and when he is done he turns it over to show the finished front side, and it ends up looking very nice.

The art guy doing the interview was fascinated by the method this artist was using and made a few comments to the artist. He said: "As I was watching you, it's almost as if you're not etching picture onto this wood, but drawing up an essence of a picture already present in the wood. Like you were just helping the wood express what is already there." And the artist nods his head and says: "Yes! Yes. I was hoping you'd get it. That's exactly what happens! The pictures is already in the wood."

During the interview the artist said that he started etching wood like this when he was a child. His father taught him and ever since then he simply had a love and passion to just do this. He never stopped, and gradually the more he just kept doing this the more people began to take notice. So he ended up being very popular and rich. He recently did artwork for the UN making pictures for their stamps and stuff.

Then on the same station there is this bizarre Japanese show about this seemingly normal Japanese lady who likes to cook. The show said that in her youth she used to work in an American Hotel in Japan. In this hotel she cooked a Americanized recreation of a Japanese finger food desert, which looked like a disk of of yellow soft bread with semifluid inside. This lady said that she tasted the Americanized version made by her boss and really liked it better than their native version. She just got good at making this Americanized version and eventually quit the hotel and tweaked this Americanized version a bit. Then she just baked these things in her house and gave them away to friends and neighbors out of a genuine desire to just share the things. Many years later this lady owns a million dollar business which makes nothing but these things.

Samadhi is a way in Buddhism to manifest end goals. With regard to emotions, Samadhi is when you are able to take the random desires and emotions you have and level them as quiet white noise in the background of your life so that you can Concentrate your awareness on that natural fire or creative impulse you naturally have for something. In this case our emotions are like the commotion we hear at a coffee shop. Sitting at this coffee shop everybody around us is talking and holding their own conversations. Samadhi is when you pick one person who captures your attention in this coffee shop, and all that commotion mysteriously fades into the background, and you are able to hear your person's voice and talking. Isolating and focusing your awareness singularly on this "person" because your chitta is naturally drawn to them is Passion, or the samadhi of emotion and desire. Not just raw mindless passion, but a passion directed at an real aim, goal, or objective in the distance.

In Western circles we tend to assume that freedom is when we are allowed to or when we allow our many desires to just run free. We believe that freedom is when we indulge in all of our impulses and wants that passes by or surfaces up. And we say that when we no longer can satiate all of these random desires in our life, that we are no longer free. But from the vantage point of Samadhi and manifesting end goals, having all of these random desires in the

foreground where you are chasing them is like being submerged in a strong current of a river being pulled by that current. Not only are you not free genuinely, but your expenditure of effort and energy is incoherent and ultimately unproductive long-term wise.

That passion we have for something has a sort of “animal magnetism” to it which imbues our body and what we do or create. That animal magnetism is what has the power to draw in others of like resonance to you or what you make or create. There are 7 billion people on earth and each are different. If you have a passion for art, and you stick with it in such a way that you develop your skills and collect your work, that build up is what draws in people from the sea of 7 billion to you who will like and appreciate what you do. It’s the “resonance factor” at work. We are drawn to things of like resonance to our own physis or nature. In business talk: There is a market for every possible thing we can do and conceive of. The trick is to stick to it so that that “magnetism” build up potency.

Thoughtform

Focus of Thought – the samadhi of Mindstuff – works in the same way as emotion. Ideas or thoughts are like horses attached to a cart. If the horses are allowed to run wild, your cart actually goes nowhere. The horses must be brought in control, brought to Order. The everyday ideas, opinions, thoughts we have on a day to day basis are like mental white noise. In Western circles we tend to believe that freedom is when we can blurt out our random thoughts and opinions whenever we want. From the Buddhist point of view this so called freedom is like giving an AK47 to an untrained soldier who is trigger happy, believing that his trigger happiness is the freedom to just shoot. Yes he is free to just shoot, but at the end, his efforts are entirely pointless and unproductive, because nothing is actually accomplished. Samadhi with thoughts, ideas, and opinions is more like a Sniper. The Sniper is reserved, silent, single sighted, he doesn’t blurt out random opinions or thought into the air. His mind does not drift to and fro. It is focused on a single objective, and every fiber of his body, feelings, and will is funneled to that end objective. He has his objective in his cross hairs and each breath and movement he makes goes into the eventual kill. When he pulls that trigger, his shot counts. And just like emotions, thoughts have their own “animal magnetism,” which can either build up or dissipate.

To me I like to see ideas or thoughts as being bursts of hot air. People – all of us – blow a lot of hot air. Most of the time this hot air just dissipates. It is random, fleeting, and unfocused. Impotent. This is Nasamadhi, when something is “dyscoherent.” Here the word dyscoherent does not mean discoherent as in you make no sense and you’re thoughts are a mess. Dyscoherent is when you may have coherent senseful rational or creative ideas or thoughts, but those thoughts are not concentrated [samadhi] in a cohesive structure where that the collective “animal magnetism” can build up and generate a resonance factor to draw people to you or what you are building or to manifest an actual end result. When thoughts are brought into Order, it is like you have a hot air balloon to collect a build up of your hot air. As the hot air build up in this balloon, it generates for you a causal out put. The balloon rises into the air and carries you.

For me the ONA is my hot air balloon. My means to collect my thoughts in a single place to

build up its resonance factor gradually. Instead of randomly voicing my thoughts, opinions, and ideas, I invest them in something which has a structure and recognizable “brand name,” if you will. And also instead of writing my ideas, thoughts, and opinions articulately in a few forums, I concentrate all my thoughts, ideas, and opinions into a single “thought-container,” which for me is the ONA. So all of my ideas and thoughts instead of just drifting aimlessly in an incoherent subculture, gets collected into something which is itself a coherent structure of ideas [memeplex]. As the ideas, opinions, and thoughts build up in this meme-container, the container itself accumulates the “power” to cause Resonance in people who are on the same “vibe” or frequency as the resonance factor of this ONA memeplex. It’s this Resonance Factor which is what calls people out from their place and draws them together. Much like a bank account. The more dollars you invest into your bank account, the more commodity this bank account has the power to buy.

A smart intellectual in one of these forums online most often are like big spender. They do have valuable Intellectual Capital, but instead of concentrating that capital – samadhi – into an end goal, they spend it by just randomly making all of these posts. The posts get read by people and gradually those that like what they read take those ideas and make it a part of their personal way of thinking. So when this happens the idea themselves dissipates into an incoherent subculture, which subculture has no real aim or objective or purpose. What’s more, this mundane satanism subculture has an incredibly high turn over rate. So any investment of intellectual capital in such a subculture, is a complete waste of Mindstuff, because in the end no real fruit is produced. It is kamma-akosala, or Unproductive Labour.

I mean you think about this idea of samadhi for a second. You have a person like you know who behind “Anton Long” who for 40 years invested his ideas into an idea-container which ended up being called the ONA. During those 40 years the ONA built up its animal magnetism which began influencing others. Its resonance factor built up. The more Anton Long invested his thoughts into his ONA in tandem to time, the more people knew about it. The more people knew, the more those that resonated with ONA became Initiates. And the most important thing for the perceptive to keep in mind it that during those 40 years all of Anton Long’s ideas carried him aloft and also these ideas and thoughts all stayed with each other in a coherent ordering and never dissipated. In contrast how many smart and intelligent big spenders do we each know since Myspace who wrote all those posts, had all these great ideas, expressed all these assertive opinions, and yet now neither they or their thoughts exists in a coherent manner in anybody’s minds? How do you influence anybody or inspire successive generations, if you lack the basic know how of focusing your thoughts and idea into a coherent – samadhi – ordering or structure? How do you get any work done – manifest – if you can’t even control your own thoughts and bring them to Order?

People probably wonder why I write so much. The honest answer is that its because it is my genuine passion in life. Like that Japanese artist I talked about up there, I’ve been reading, thinking, and writing since I was a small, and I love it genuinely. I write just to write. I read just to read. And I think just to think. I have 10 years worth of journals and diaries. I just write simply because its my natural way of expressing myself. It’s my passion in life. I really enjoy just writing and expressing my thoughts, feelings, sharing my life, and sharing what I have learned or know. Everything else is gravy. This blog is gravy and to me is only a mere medium

upon why I can do what I am simply passionate about. But at the same time I understand the concept of Samadhi, and I place a value on my ideas and thoughts. Not on the accuracy or rationalism of my ideas. But on the potential and potency of a proper investment. I know that if I have a passion for writing, that I must focus – samadhi – that passion towards an objective. And I also know that if I am going to express my passion in a public venue for others to read that I want all of my ideas and thoughts to stay together in a coherent – samadhi – form. And this ONA is my thoughtform container, my objective, and my hot air balloon which in time will float and drift into a new generation, and another, and another. Just as ONA for the past 40 years has drifted aimfully to each generation, until we of today now have it to run with.

Samadhi esoterically in modern terms is a Fourth Dimensional way of presencing your Will onto the fabric of what we call space-time. Reality is not just three dimensional space, but a fourth dimension of Time as well. And maybe even a “fifth” of causality. That fourth dimension [Time] does not stay still. It is always flowing. It is fourth dimensionally fleeting to build something in only three dimensions, because such things built will only dilapidated in Time. If you want things to last, the Dark Mother [of Time] Kali must be propitiated and honoured. What does not honour her is devoured by Her in Time. Thoughts without the blessings of Kali are always fleeting and impotent. The ariya who understands the Physis of Time and has a pragmatic grasp of Samadhi learns to have their ideas and thoughts stay afloat in Time’s river. Time is a factor we often forget to consider when we think of manifesting something in our world. To simply have said something, bleated out a thought or opinion to many who are caught up in the current of Time’s river is enough. To the Helmsman at the wheel, samadhi is needed to get the ship to its destination. Every word spoken, every thought written, are only a means to get one to an established goal.

I suppose I had the impulse to write this because I find it inconsequential when I encounter people – sideliners – expressing their opinions and thoughts. No matter how intelligent they are, or how much force of assertion they use. They lack the ability to make those opinions and thoughts potent and productive. They in essence simply blurt impotent words and thoughts. They lack the ability to inspire and influence organically over time; confusing assertion for conduction of influence. As time passes, they must struggle with Time just to keep up. Struggle with their assertions, and yelling of opinions. Many people don’t like the ONA and that’s fine. They have their opinions and ideas, and that’s fine. They, and what they have to say will get lost under the flow of Time. It is better for those of us in and of the ONA to learn to make Time work for us.

People will always think and talk. But the difference is one talking and thinking is unproductive, while the other species of talking and thinking germinates Fruit in Time. ONA has been around for 40 years. If each initiate sought to gain a deeper understanding of their own Physis, their own emotions, thoughts, and action, and learned how to Concentrate their focused effort of mind, emotion, and action in the flow of Time, ONA will continue to stay afloat and draw in those who resonates with it from each successive generation. But besides ONA, if the Sinister Initiate learned to gain a deeper understanding of their own Physis, emotions, thoughts, and actions; learn to bring those things into masterful and skillful control, and learned to manifest that natural flame of passion in each of their lives, they’d be more successful at whatever they burn for in life. Whatever your dharma maybe. The trick is to stay Committed and follow that

natural flame of Passion in life. Time is our greatest Tester. Let Kali sort out the worthy from the unworthy.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

NOTES ON THE POWER OF IDEAS



Notes On The Power Of Ideas

For the past week or so some sort of a “theme” has been bubbling up around me based on the concept of idealism. It first began over a week ago when I rewatched the very old “Alexander The Great.” It’s the one in technicolor where everyone speaks with a British accent. I love old movies. The last new era movie I watched was that one movie called “Wag The Dog,” or something like that with a set of my parents. Otherwise I’m unplugged from the circuit. Modern movies – like modern rap – sucks. Rap and hip hop died in the 90?s, but that’s a different matter.

So I was rewatching the very old Alexander the Great movie just noticing how gay all of the old philosophers looked in those tight tops that covers their chest like a girls bath towel. I was making trivial comments to myself about how the way those philosophers dressed was not so different from the way a Theravada monk dresses: since those Orange robes are actually – historically – togas of ancient Greek origin. There is a group of know it all scholars I found during one of my researches who speculated that the Latin word and people – a la Philo – “Therapeutae” may be a corruption of the Pali word “Theravada.” Which May – and I stress the MAY – not be as crazy as I thought it sounded. According to Philo this sect called the Therapeutae were based in Alexandria made up of Jews. And we know that by that era [first century] Buddhism has already – via the silk road and missionaries – colonized Alexandria Egypt.

But there are big problems with this theory. The first is that the historic Therapeutae did not seem to have left any sort of iconographic artifacts that might suggest a Buddha was a central figure. No Three Jewels. But at this time the icon of Buddha looked very different. During this time Buddha was actually – as far as iconic pictures and statutes goes – Western in look. At this time Buddha was depicted to be a Prince with royal dress, he had the Apollo hair bun, and also a mustache and he was depicted standing up. This may have been a time when the southern Shaivites had not yet gotten an influential hold of early Buddhism. Anyways. Oh did

you you know in ancient times Kuan Yin was depicted as a man with a mustache?

So anyways, I was just checking out everybody's wardrobe and noticing how Alexander in this movie looks a whole lot like that blonde guy in The Rocky Horror Picture Show Tim was in love with and singing to. All of a sudden this guy Aristotle in the movie said something that caught my attention span. He said something like: "Ideas are bigger than Man. That's what Athens needs, a new idea!" What he said started me thinking about Ideas being Bigger than Humanity, so I turned off the movie to give what he said some consideration.

I went to take one of my ponderous walks and as I walked I held a dialogue with this Aristotle. I was thinking to myself – or to this Aristotle – that what he said was true, Ideas are bigger than Man[kind]. In fact – I added – maybe ideas are one of few things that distinguishes "us" from other animals, in that we as humans have the ability to create ideas, so I assume. So I told "Aristotle" that the fact that we can create an idea, and the fact that – as he said – "ideas are bigger than Man," leads us into the very problem the Buddha had with ideas which problem he termed: Samsara!

"Athens needs a new idea!" said Aristotle in that movie. Just like Brahminical India was based on the idea of the Vedas and their Caste System. "Ideas are bigger than Man." Said this Aristotle in the movie." Just like the idea – idealism – of the Caste System was indeed more powerful – or over powering – over their citizens. And there lies the problem of Samsara. Yes we can create ideas, and yes ideas are bigger than us, but who is lord of what? Is Man lord of his ideas, or are his ideas lord of him? It is the concept that the Creator becoming a slave to 'his' creation, that is the problem of Theravada's notion of Samsara.

So when I say "Samsara" in the Pali-Theravada sense I mean the Cause of what we do over and over again we are unaware of because we are totally consciously engrossed within the Cause. We are a part of the Cause in that we are trapped in its illusion. An example of a samsara would be the Idea/ideal of "Individuality." A group of people struggle mentally and physically to uphold that idealism of being an "true individual." But such group fails to realize that their samrsara in that idealism contributes to the decomposition of the coherency and functionalism of their families, communities, and culture on a collective level. And when such families, communities, and cultures fails, they in turn are affected/effectd.

A few days later out of the blue – or as if by "fate" – David Myatt wrote wrote something which was very relevant to this "theme" bubbling around me. DM said:

[Begin Quote]

"The problem, the problems, lay inside us, in our kind, not in 'the world', not in others. We, our kind – we the pursuers of, the inventors of, abstractions, of ideals, of ideologies; we the selfish, the arrogant, the hubriatic, the fanatics, the obsessed – were and are the main causes of hate, of conflict, of suffering, of inhumanity, of violence. Century after century, millennia after millennia. [...] For – despite our alleged, our believed in, 'idealism' – we the outward extremists were, we had become like, those selfish, hubristic, arrogant, unfeeling humans; only that instead of being slaves to our personal desires, feelings, needs, we were enslaved to our ideals, our goals, our ideologies, our abstractions, and to the

phantasmagorical problems we manufactured, we imagined, or we believed in.” – David Myatt, [Letter To My Undiscovered Self](#).

[End Quote]

I was thinking about what DM said in that essay for a couple days, and I ended up seeing an old movie called The Matrix in a very different way. I watched the Matrix, and also the original Japanese movie that inspired it, since my cousins prefer the Japanese version.

But in the American rendition of this movie you have a people who have become enslaved by machines they once created where they are literally grown like crops and live stocks. A Machine is something we ourselves create. So in my mind this became a metaphor of our ideas and idealisms. Then very tellingly this movie has a character called “Morpheus” who is the old god of dreams [Samsara]. Morpheus tries to snap people and awaken them from that samsara, and so a small group of “rebels” struggles against this social order controlled by these “machines.”

That’s pretty accurate I thought. There was a time not too very long ago when America was an ideal. A “new idea” like Aristotle in that movie said. It captivated many hearts, this ideal of a new way of being a civilization where people are free etc. Today this idea “we” [mankind] once created is now our Master, and we the slave. Ideas like governments, economies, and religions we once created to Serve us, to help and assist us evolve, have now become our slave masters.

We go down to look at the smaller “fractal patterns” of this and see the same patterns. For even inside a subculture like “Satanism,” what was once an idea/ideal made to free us from religious tyranny, to serve “us,” is now our Master, and we now use that same idealism of Satanism to beat other people with, to judge other with, to tyrannize other with. Tyrannize here meaning other’s either obey the individual satanist’s conceptualization of what Satanism is according to their own definitions or the others are rejected and shunned. This thing called “Satanism” by its adherents no longer serves, it now dictates, and the adherents do what? Tellingly they Adhere. Like I said to “Aristotle” in my mind: yes ideas are bigger than man, but should man be lord of his ideas or should his ideas be lord of him?

It no longer liberates, it enslaves adherents to its orthodox doctrines. I’m using “orthodoxy” in a different way here. Let me try an explain. Say you have a Christianity which has become Orthodox or “regular” in its doctrine. In it’s established doctrinal orthodoxy this Christianity will say: “Okay, everything that adheres to our orthodoxy is good, and everything which does not is evil. And so say from that a group breaks from from that orthodoxy and call themselves LaVeyan Satanists. In the 60’s era, this Satanism was cool, fun, and heterodox. Then Peter Gilmore came along and made that memplex into an orthodoxy by saying: “Okay, we are atheists. Everything that adheres to our doctrine, and ethical ideals is right, and everything else is wrong.” That’s what I mean by “orthodoxy.” When something once alive and evolving has turned to stone and when it had divided life into segments and divisions of a “right/good,” and a “wrong/bad.” Life in Reality is not actually divided with itself. Life is just One Whole. So this Satanism in essence became what it hated and once rejected. And in doing so it gave birth to a new heresy and heterodoxy for others to assume to free themselves from ideological tyranny.

[youtube=<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cHAwbYpRGkQ>]

And then, as if on cue, a day ago I was surfing youtube for a documentary to watch and I found the above video. I didn't want to watch it at first because I thought it would be one of those retarded videos about these idiots struggling to disbelieve something with heaps of evidence. Or so I thought there was a heap of evidence.

The video is not what it seems, at least for me. It actually in a very pragmatic way shows you how one gets lost in a samsara, how an ideal takes control of people, and how an IDEA made by us ends up controlling everyone. The video also shows the "wonderful" [sarcasm] idea of democracy in effect. A civilization run by idiots. The Dumb leading the Blind, as the old people say.

This thematic bubbling is too early for me to write anything more on, so I'll just leave it as a three page note on the power of ideals. Maybe later I'll return to this topic when I gather my thoughts.

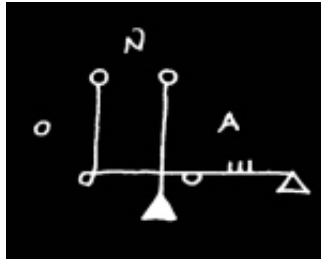
Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

123 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

O9A, A BRIEF OVERVIEW



ONA, A Brief Overview

I actually just wanted to write Anything before the holiday season rolls in. I'll be out in the real world with my family duties and celebrating well into the new years from here. It might be a month or two before I get a chance or wave of inspiration to write again. I just wanted to restate a few things in different ways, so I can put the cool new date of 123 yf on something. Think about it for a moment: the next time in ONA's history those numbers will be in that order again is 1123 yf and 1230 yf. Makes me wonder what everything "out there" will be like 1000 years from now? Wyrd.

The Order of Nine Angles was founded in 1972 which was the date the first ONA 'Manuscript' was written by DM, who later adopted the pen name "Anton Long." The pen name has its origins in the name of a river named Anton, which was actually a short one, if I remember the story right. DM publicly denies being ever associated with the ONA for his own reasons. But if you look around hard enough, you'll find certain items of "interest." For example the Temple of THEM sometimes puts old [pre-internet] ONA booklets up on eBay which is signed [an actual signature] off "David Myatt," and not "Anton Long." Then there are the several old photo copies of ONA ads placed in certain zines and magazines concerning ONA booklets which have the name David Myatt on them and not "Anton Long."

Whenever an associate of the ONA passes these items to me, I help the glamour by kindly asking them to not make these items of interest too available to the public. Personally it is my desire to gradually separate the actual person of David Myatt from "Anton Long." I've spoken about this idea with a few other associates. The idea is based on the factor of Time and what inevitably comes to us all in Time. Whatever people will think of the idea, I'll probably just do it myself over time.

DM is a real person, and so given enough Time, he will pass on to his 7th Degree in the Seven Fold Way. If an ONA is too heavily dependent on a single mind – such as DM – for all of its input, memes, and insights, DM's inevitable passing may threaten the longevity of the ONA. Not many personality cults survives the death of its personality. Let's watch North Korea and see what happens! I heard from Yahoo news that what's his name passed away.

I propose two methods for circumventing this possible threat. The first is to continue to encourage the Open Source nature of the ONA: it being a Peer Group meta-organism. The

Scientific Community is my personal model. Science has no “leaders,” or central commanding meme-maker. It is a group of equals – Peers – working a certain basic Methodology [the scientific method]. Yet science has a way of evolving over time where new theories replaces out dated theories, and so forth.

The other method I get from studying my own culture. The second method is to slowly over Time, make “Anton Long” a Cultural meme of the ONA Kulture itself. Meaning that “Anton Long,” over Time, becomes a ‘character’ indivisible from the ONA’s overall Mythos. Characters of mythos don’t die. So a basic example of a character forever fixed in a living culture would be the Yellow Emperor of China. The actual person is long dead, but as a character of a people’s culture, the Yellow Emperor is a fixture and aspect of that culture. King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table would be an example of characters that are fixture of a cultural mythos. Or more closer to the occult industry, Christian Rosencreutz, who is the mythic founder of the Rosicrucian Order, is a living aspect of that Rosicrucian “occulture*.” [*Note: I give credit to Kori Houghton for coining that cool term].

This in itself does not “fix” the “threat.” There are other minor issue regarding ONA, that can contribute to this “threat” due to misunderstandings of just what a “member” of the ONA is exactly. Ultimately as a person interested in the ONA you have two sources to get your information: 1) The Yapping of know-it-all outsiders; or 2) the ONA itself.

The most basic “definition” of what a member of the ONA is was stated by the ONA way back in 1994 ever before the internet was publicly used en masse. So I will quote it here:

[Begin Quote]

Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims -of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA -and the Seven-Fold Way itself -create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an Individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from The Black Book of Satan’, is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this – that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal -they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution- they are using their lives to some purpose.

- Sacramentum Sinistrum, O.N.A., 1994

[End Quote]

It’s concise and precise. It’s easier to use that Traditional 1994 statement as the foundation of what “membership” in the ONA means. Sacramentum Sinistrum by the way is [today] a PDF of a xeroxed copy of typed documents written during the early and late 90’s.

Membership in the ONA is basically anybody who somehow chances upon the ONA or ONA material, and of their choice, free will and accord, chooses to Live the ONA Way. Fundamentally, this Way begins with the Seven-Fold Way.

So, besides the 7 Degrees or Grades of the Seven Fold Way, there are fundamental “MSS” that teaches the new member the “Kulture” or Way of the ONA. Such old pre-internet booklets are: the Black Book of Satan; Naos; the Hostias; Otonen; Sacramentum Sinistrum; & the Deofel Quintet. All of the named booklets state in different ways – over and over again – just what exactly membership in the ONA means. It virtually means anybody interested in the Sinister Tradition of the ONA enough to apply that Way in their life.

Once you have carefully read each of those named books – especially the Black Book of Satan – you will get or understand exactly How the ONA was originally constructed or put together. The BBS in plain English will tell the new member/initiate that the ONA’s existence is virtually up to him or her to express and manifest. The BBS give the member a basic outline for how to go about creating the ONA from scratch. The Traditional Rites are given; the way a Temple/Group – subsidiary of the “ONA” – is created, recruitment, meetings is also outlined in plain English.

If you have carefully read the BBS, then you should understand that the ONA cannot “die” out as a memplex. It was constructed from the very beginning to recreate itself via what DM calls “nexions” which means the individual member or initiate and also the group such individual member may establish.

Besides those Core booklets, the ONA member has a huge corpus of documents and “manuscripts” to learn more about the ONA from. Anton Long over the 40 years or so has continuously produced about 5000 pages worth of philosophically inclined “extracurricular” material to give blood to the meat and bone of the ONA. The most important of these documents – from my point of understanding at least – is the Sinister Dialectic, which is another classic pre-internet ONA document. It is worth quoting in full since not many insiders or outsiders seem to pay much careful attention to what the document actually says, suggests, and implicates:

[Begin Quote]

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanlc strategy – that is, (a) the use of Black Magick to change individuals/events on a significant scale; (b) to gain control and influence; and (c) the use of Satanic forms (individuals/influence etc.) to produce/provoke changes.

This strategy, and the tactics involved to achieve it, is esoteric – and its learning forms an important part of novice training. Satanic strategy has its ground or foundation in Aeonics – Aeonics providing a means of rationally studying the patterns, processes and energies, both causal and acausal, which do and have shaped individuals and their groupings from societies to civilizations. Further, Aeonics provides a means of interpreting recent events/trends and can predict (within certain limits) future patterns.

[A basic introduction to Aeonics is given by the Order MSS dealing with the subject. A more advanced study involves becoming proficient in the advanced Star Game.]

I. On a basic level, the dialectic is concerned with simple opposition – with defiance of what is accepted or conventional at particular times. This is heresy – the Adversarial role, a challenge against both conscious and unconscious norms. This opposition works on two levels – the individual, and society. 1) individual: The strategy is to provide opportunities for individuals to discover the hidden/forbidden within their own psyche, or lead them/influence them toward this. This means catharsis on an individual level. 2) Society: The strategy means Satanic individuals/organizations disseminate (often with no direct Satanic connotations) heretical ideas or otherwise encourage them. The aim of both (1) and (2) is to challenge and thus

provoke change, reaction.

At the present time, (1) means rites such as The Black Mass [qv. the Order MS 'Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass'], and other means of inner liberation. (2) means an aiding of what actually is heretical, now – this means upholding (a) inequality (particularly racially), (b) the concept of war, and (c) aiding discussion/spread of information/exchange of ideas/triumphing the cause of those things which actually are heretical, in Law and mostly ignored by the majority such is their supine nature – such as certain views regarding events in World War Two the propagation of which are illegal and which render the person spreading them to imprisonment (i.e. denying 'the Holocaust' ever took place). Further, (2) at this time also involves countering the unhealthy and anti-natural morality of suppression of the Nazarene.

All these are, however, tactics. to achieve broader strategic goals – they are means, only. These means can and often do change as the times changes – as societies change. For instance, regarding (2)(a) above – in a society which was tyrannically anti-egalitarian, the tactic would probably be to aid egalitarian tendencies.

II. On a higher level, the dialectic is concerned with long-term evolution – with the creation and change of civilizations and ultimately with the creation of a new type of individual, a new species. This means altering our evolution, this alteration being toward the 'Satanic'.

This means two things – or rather two tactical approaches. (1) Enabling individuals to change themselves, to evolve, consciously, and so become part of that evolutionary change. (2) Changing/influencing the structures (such as societies) to make them instruments for such change or at least not detrimental to it.

(1) involves such things as External and Internal Magick – a following of the Seven Fold Sinister Way. (2) involves Aeonic magick – e.g. the creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection in the psyche of others which results from introducing them – and gaining/using influence.

It should be understood that while the tactics of I above can and do change, the tactics used to attain II remain essentially the same because the goal is precise. Further, I in many ways aids II – that is, the opposition to some fixed idea or dogma, accepted at a particular moment in history, provokes a change and leads to a new synthesis and thus an evolution of conscious understanding in individuals, thus aiding the sinister dialectic on a higher level.

Essentially, I is exoteric, and II esoteric Satanism – and it is necessary to make this distinction because the means of I vary with time (over centuries) while II remains relatively fixed, and all too often novices (and others) confuse a tactic used in I (such as politics) as something Satanic when it is only a tactic, a means, a form.

The reason 'why' there is (in genuine Satanism, anyway) a sinister strategy – a dimension beyond the personal – is simple: it is in the nature of Satanism (genuine Satanism, anyway) itself. Satanism at its highest level is concerned with 'cosmic change' – that is, it is an expression of the evolution of conscious existence. Evolution is something we, as conscious beings, can participate in and indeed create – by so doing, we are extending the range of our being, fulfilling (and going beyond) the potential we possess; affirming our existence in the most intense way possible. Viewed another way (in terms developed recently to explicate such things – i.e. make them more conscious and thus controllable) Satanism accesses the acausal, via nexions, and so increases the amount of the acausal presented in the causal. These nexions are psychic (within the psyche of individuals), physical (places on Earth where the causal and acausal intersect or are close) or created via magickal rites.

Aeonics, and the sinister dialectic, are means which enhance our existence as Individuals – which offer us the opportunity not only to increase our consciousness and our abilities, but to use that consciousness and those abilities.

Thus, Satanism, correctly understood, is more than a glorification of the ego, or an indulgence in pleasures, or some kind of intellectual, ‘esoteric’ knowledge. It is also more than just living ‘on the edge’ and garnishing dark and other experiences [that is only a stage - qv. the MS 'The Practice of Evil, In Context'].

In essence, the sinister dialectic is Satanism and Satanists in action – it is Satanists playing at god: altering themselves, others, societies, civilization and evolution itself. This is its purpose, and the justification of sinister strategy.

–O.N.A.

[End Quote]

The Key Points to seriously think about are: “(2) Society: **The strategy means Satanic individuals/organizations disseminate (often with no direct Satanic connotations) heretical ideas or otherwise encourage them.**” & “(2) involves Aeonick magick – e.g. **the creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection in the psyche of others which results from introducing them – and gaining/using influence.**”

The first statement gives a general outline of why some ONA people do what they do, say what they say, and associate or support what they are associated with and support. This can be anything from racialism, National-Socialism, Holocaust denial, Radical Islam, Radical Anything, Crime, Terrorism, whatever. If that Magian World Order “out there” fears it, hates it, insulates itself from it, condemn it, then as an ONA person you somehow spread those ideas. There is always a receptive social group that is counter-culture willing to accept any of these ideas. The trick is to learn from pros like the KGB or CIA and to not force such propaganda down the general public’s throats, but to spread those memes in subcultures Already primed to like or accept such memes. The fruits of such “subversive” measures take a while to see. It takes a generation or so [circa 30 years] to actually see results. This is because you have to wait for one generation to age out and the new generation to come to their Minds. With the succession of generations there is always a “tension” where one generation as a collective zeitgeist will try to somehow break itself free from the social order established by the older one. For example the people of the generation during the Cold War would have never dared to entertain Communist ideology in their heads. Yet today it is very common to come across a person of our current generation to entertain anti-Capitalist sentiments. The USSR as a political entity may be defunct, but the work their covert operatives did inside receptive subcultures back then, still infects.

The second statement brings us to the doorstep of the Causal Forms and iteration and things of that sort. The basic idea is that if we desire to aeonically – in the span of hundreds of years – change social order because we dislike this Western Magian Order, then we create memetic vehicles [forms] to spread new seed ideas, so that in time those forms will influence and infect receptive subgroups in this West.

There are plenty of other instances in the 5000 pages of ONA stuff where it is stated in plain ordinary English that the creation of new rites, ceremonies, and causal forms is a pass time of ONA initiates, or something they should try to do to either help develop and evolve the ONA or society aeonically, but we’ll just stick with this basic quoted statement and the idea of aeonics.

Basically what the essence of that statement says is that the individual ONA person should not just be fixated on a Satanism. Satanism is only one tool or archetypal form or causal form to get a job done. It is effective in countering Magian memes and ethos in its dwindling receptive market. But society in general is huge and goes beyond Satanism and the “fringe occult.”

If we say that we dislike this Western Magian Ethos that influences and sickens the West, then, anything not Western and Magian is a useful tool and form to be used to introduce new idea, memes, ideologies, philosophical gibberish, into this Western Magian Order. The trick is to learn to dismantle these non-Western Magian forms into their basic functioning memes and then graft those memes into a memetic vehicle of some type which has a receptive audience. In Buddhism we call this same basic idea “Upaya.”

Three years ago I wrote a long essay for the ONA on ideas and how to manufacture new ideas and so on, but I trashed that essay thinking that other people would find an essay on ideas boring.

I learned about engineering ideas actually from a little book I found in the bookstore. I can’t remember the title of the book, but it was something like the “Science of Ideas.” It was written in the 1930’s and was in the New Thought section of the bookstore.

Basically the author of the book was hired by a very rich business tycoon of that time to study what ideas are and how new ideas are manufactured. This tycoon was afraid that patents would run out, meaning that he believed that it might be possible that there is a limit to what we can make or come up with. The tycoon wanted to know if ideas can be created so as to keep his own business one step ahead of competition.

So to make the long story short the author of the book took up the challenge and figured out what he termed the “Science of Ideas.” Science here – for the author – meaning that he conducted experiments, came up with a methodology of making new ideas, and if you followed his methodology, you can come up with similar results.

Essentially the author comes to learn that things like inventions or religions or beliefs are composed of “units of ideas.” This was way before the word and idea of a “meme” was coined, so the author just used the word “unit” and tried to explain these units as like atoms to matter. So just like elements in the periodic table, idea-units have sources which you “mine.” Then you can take those units and construct what the author called “idea-clusters,” out of. I took that term and morphed it into “meme-cluster.”

One of the examples the author gives is Mr. Ford and his automobile. The idea-cluster of an automobile is actually composed of a number of idea-units. Each unit if looked at closely can be traced back to older sources: steam engines, carriage wheels, cranks, coal burning or combustion, the steering wheel thing on ships and boats, etc.

The fascinating thing about the book was that the author states that new ideas, concepts, models, inventions, religions, philosophies, ideologies, can be manufactured endlessly, but that it requires a person with the right Mind to do this.

The author goes to then describe two essential kinds of people. The first kind is one who lacks the ability to see things clearly. This type usually has to be told what to believe, how to live, he is in essence a Consumer of other peoples ideas, because he simply lacks the capability to manufacture his own ideas.

The second type of person the author describes is the kind that has the mental ability to take an idea or thing and systematically deconstruct that thing or see that thing in as many different ways as possible. This second type has the ability to remove, extract, or take bits and pieces of many things, and in his or her mind is able to put idea-units together into a new combination. The second type is essentially a Producer rather than a consumer of ideas-constructs. He is the type with the nature to tinker with things to alter them to his liking. Whereas the other type is has the nature of religiously supporting a pre-constructed thing or idea. The author goes to say that a company which desires to stay ahead of competition and remain in business long term wise must invest in acquiring a large number of the second type and not the idea consumer type.

The point to all this is that it requires a certain type of person to be able to mentally mine “idea-units” from the thousands and so religions, philosophies, and ideologies, or whatever out there and manufacture new models of idea-cluster for a receptive market.

In context to ONA and aspects of the Sinister Dialectics, it may not be enough to take a non-Western memplex and just give it to Magianized Westerners to adopt hoping that they will in time give up their dependence on Magian Ethos/Culture. It may require the ability to deconstruct such non-western things into their constituent memes and to take those memes and either graft them into Forms or to manufacture entire new idea-constructs.

This goes well with the idea of further developing the ONA. I would describe DM as the second type of person, and his past M.O in the many forms he associated with shows it. In all of the things DM got involved with, he seemed to not be satisfied as a mere consumer of an idea product. Instead you can see him tinker with what he got involved with by adding new ideas or morphing it altogether. A good example to see this is in with DM and National-Socialism. He starts off in his early days as a normal NS person, but gradually he tinkers with NS until he and his friends came up with Reichsfolk, and Folk Culture. Or you can even see it with him and Islam. You can actually see him grafting his own “non-Islamic” ideas into his past Islamic writings.

DarkLogos once shared with me how in the olden days DM even tried to create a hybrid Islam-Numinous Way form which did not germinate sadly. But interestingly, if you read around DM’s writings enough, you’ll catch the glitches, where sometimes you will read DM equate Allah with the Acausal, which I would actually agree with. Or at least I like the idea of Allah being the Acausal, and Creation being the Causal. It would lead to a more deeper mystical understanding of reality in general. My only “argumentive point” would be that the concept of Allah implies or infers a being that is conscious or at least alive enough to care what people do. And at the moment I don’t have the understanding that the Acausal is something aware or conscious. I tend to agree with DM’s latter concept of the Cosmic Being. Now, if we could take DM and his M.O. And clone him, so that the ONA is populated with such creative tinkering types and not the mere consumer of ideas.

Which brings us to the last topic I’d like to talk about: that of the ONA Fyten Three. In this Third Phase of Fyten the ONA is a collective of peers. Each peer to me seems to nicely express the core concept of the Sinister Dialectic in their own unique and creative ways. Each introduces new ideas either into the ONA to help further develop it, or they introduce new memes into the larger Satanic Subculture, to slowly help evolve it. Anything that will chip away at the old structure and introduce new invigorating, inspiring, ideas-stuff helps evolve what is being worked with, whether it is ONA, Satanism at large, or society.

ONA or its ideas are now so successful that we have people claiming now to own it, or be its leader, and we hear now ONA people wining about how it has become too popular. I’m personally indifferent to the whole matter. It is what it is and personally I have to stay on course and take one step at a time. Things had to be evolved or changed in the ONA. And such changes have obviously produced the side effect of the ONA seemingly being “too popular” for comfort for some. At such a moment when ONA is in the midst of a transitioning phase or metamorphic phase, it will not be stable. Meaning that if ONA were a line graph we’d see the line drastically move up and down all crazy. It will in time find it’s own stasis or equilibrium. Some nexions are already going dark and leaving the internet. Private oral traditions and privately circulated MSS are now coming into play. I think the “problem” and growing pains we are experiencing are healthy for a meta-organism like ONA. At least ONA is alive enough to have problems and growing pains. Personally it is too early to judge how the ONA will actually be when it stabilizes. I’d give it at least another 3 years, before I make a judgment based on what results materializes. I doubt the ONA will ever be “that” in vogue with the mundane Satanic gentry. But I also know that with numbers can come dilution of essence and quality. But even the realization of this is good, cuz it helps us understand that ONA just might need a big body of only privately circulated stuff for those “on the inside.”

There is a draw back to being on the radar which I find cumbersome. [Like Biggy & Friends once said](#): “The more money we come across, the more problems we see.” But in our case, it might be the more on the radar ONA is, the more drama we get, ain’t that right. Such drama comes with the turf. At least they are talking about ONA. Meaning that of all the institutions, people, birds, tree, celebs, politicians, religions, Stuff in the world, ONA is what those people talk about, hate on, occupy their mental time with. Like our old WSA friend from Puerto Rico once said: “Worry when they stop talking about you.” Cuz that’s when you know you’re out of business and irrelevant to anybody.

This short overview was just a re-iteration of what has been iterated and obliterated over and over again for the past 40 years now. They are just the same basic ideas people have a mis-understanding of, due to a few loud mouths that are either

pretentious or just think their assumptions about ONA is divine fact. Where they go off stating – as many have done before them – that ONA is dead, defunct, and so on. A basic reading of old ONA booklets will actually show you otherwise. That it can't die because it was made to be self replicating and self manifesting. As long as there is one person interested and devoted to giving life to the Sinister Way and Tradition of the ONA, the Order of Nine Angles will always have a nexion or portal to materialize thru.

And should ONA die out in any ways: this WSA352, myself especially, and my friends will always be here to revive it, recreate it, redevelop it, remanifest it, over and over again. At least for the next 27 years. If people in and out of ONA don't like that, then tough. Deal with it or leave. It ain't like porn, where you just have to look at it. If you don't like what you see, either leave, or kill me. Cuz as long as I have some sort of medium to write on, I will keep doing what I have been doing.

A couple of years ago in a private conversation I made a small promise to DM care-of DarkLogos which was that I will duplicate DM's time he spent on the ONA by spending the next 30 years writing for the ONA. I am a patient person. Writing and sharing my ideas and life doesn't take much effort or calories. It's just something I do anyways in my diaries and private wordpresses. I might as well devote that skill or talent to something I truly love: ONA. And don't doubt for one moment that I can't actualize what I set out to do with ONA. I know myself, and I know ONA as it was 4 years ago and what it is now today. Granted I am only a small domino in a row of causally falling dominoes. But should that causal and wyrdful cascade of dominoes falling stops and ONA – whatever iteration – were to die: I'll be right here patiently doing what I have been doing for three years. Writing my ideas, talking about my culture and family to the ether. Like attracts like. In time my ideas will call out the next set of dominoes which will fall in a beautiful pattern.

It's like I'm an artist. But I paint with memes. This ONA like Buddhism is my paint brush. It doesn't matter who I am. What should matter is how each painting I make captivates or inspires you in some way. In the same way that the mysterious etchings and painting along a cave inspires and captivates some people, even today when the cave person that once etch the drawing is long gone and forgotten. If I should be known and remembered at all, it is my desire to only be known for my ideas and insights I share. It's best this way, so that when the time is right, I can just slip back into the dark and be a simple ONA member – one of many – “out there” somewhere unmolested and at peace.

2012 will be a busy year though, so I won't be writing as much. Others should write and have a go at the ONA thing. At any rate, in conclusion, I will be “here” for the next 27 years. Same person, same blog. Or hopefully the same blog. I don't know how long wordpress lets you keep a blog, or if wordpress will be alive even 20 years from now. But, whatever. I'll be here, doing what I do for a very long time. Same WSA352 nexion, same me, same writing style. The cool thing for me is to watch myself grow over the years. Which is one reason why I love wordpress. You have all of your writings dated. I tried looking back at my own writings from just 3 years back and they were lame and embarrassing. I can't imagine what I'll be writing about or be like 20 years from now. Culturally I was born and raised to be honourable and to keep my word, especially to an elder. I'll honour my word/wyrd I gave to DM c/o DarkLogos and keep writing for ONA for 30 years. Even if I am the last Niner alive. Regardless of who likes me or hates me. People come and go in life as friends and companions. But once in a blue moon you'll meet a loyal companion who for whatever reason will stick by you through thick and thin till the end. Such loyal and honourable type of people are rare in the West. I think that's what it all boils down to for me? Loyalty. Maybe it's a cultural thing?

In my culture we have two type of “marriage” ceremonies. The first is the normal kind, where a man and woman who love each other get married. The second type of “marriage” ceremony is between loyal friends. This second type grew out of ancient military rites of comradeship where in the ancient time during the Khmer Empire before soldiers set out to war, two best friend soldiers would take themselves to the temple. At the temple before a shaman [Isa] or Monk, the two make a sacred vow before Shiva or the Buddha or Brahma that they will love each other as blood brothers [or blood sisters] till death. That they will care for each other and their families as natural blood siblings. And that out in the battlefield they will lay their lives down for the other, and if one of them does not make it back alive, that the living one will care for his fallen brother's children, wife, and parents.

This concept of loyalty is not exclusive to my culture. One reason why I like Islam is because I read once that in old Islamic cultures [very old times] when you are out and about and you come upon a person who is bleeding for some reason in front of

you, you and that person, by the will of Allah are at that moment Blood siblings and must promise to care for each other and each others family. My favourite blood brothering story of this type is the story of Genghis Khan and his best friend who performed a similar blood rite of loyalty. Then of course the olden Japanese empire express loyalty superbly during world war two with their Kamikaze pilots.

It's as if concepts that are ancient and living is Greater Asia such as Honour, Loyalty, and Duty are so simple to grasp and live or express in life for us. But here in the West such concepts that makes an Ariya and Ariya is dead or forgotten, or silly, or too hard to intuitively understand. Or worse such concepts and ways of life and living for others or for a body of teachings, kung fu style, guru, etc, are useless.

I do have a natural – or culturally instilled – sense of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty for my big family, my kinfolk, for my culture, for my people's ancestral Traditions, for our Theravada Buddhism, for friends and associates of family. Which means that for the rest of my life, I will be devoted to such things, bound to such things like a fish in a net, bound to care for them until one of us dies. And that's that. And so I unconsciously bring that same Ariya way of life into things like the ONA. You are just simply bound to it forever, or until you die. Regardless of what other will think of ONA, what shit talking they will do about it or you. You simply just know where your loyalties are, what your duty is, and honour the ways of things. In the streets we say you're a "Lifer." You're in it for life. Even if nobody likes your crew, or set, or family, or culture, or traditions. If you know what Honour is as an Ariya, then you simply know to devote yourself to what you are bound to by loyalty till the end.

I'm thinking of things like honour, duty, and culture because of my granny and her aging years. It's easy to desire to walk away. Sometimes I do think about it. But in the end, you just can't. It's just impossible after so many years of cultural conditioning to turn your back on what you know to be duty and those you know you are loyal to. It's hard to stay and perform your duties. I'll be here doing what I do for the next 27 years at least. Like I said elsewhere a few times, it's not the actual tool or martial arts style but the person wielding the tool [sword] or style that actually makes the tool and style do the skilled things they seem to do. And from my experience, its the same way with thing like memeplexes. There is no "perfect" style or form. You just stick with one and master it, then refine it. Become Master of it, and not be mastered by it. Don't let your memeplex master you, master your memeplex. If there is something you don't like about it, and you know of a better way, refine it accordingly. People will shit talk and hate on you. They can only yap off for so long before they tire and their interests changes. I'm very patient. It's a test of endurance and will. As a Buddhist I am indifferent [unattached] to most real life situations, and especially to chitter chatter in cyberspace. It's expected. I'll be here helping to create the ONA and develop it further for a long time. Even if I'm the last Drecc standing. I have the skills to make more in Time. Peace & Happy Holidays.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

OCTOBER LEAVES



October Leaves

October is my favourite month. Not because of Halloween. Because autumn is my favourite season, and because of an inner Feeling that is in the October air. The temperature is perfect. There is a solemn feel to the atmosphere. In Khmer I hear my grandma say about the autumn atmosphere that it “P’doh [change] Tiat [element] Agass [air/atmospher]. Tiat in Sanskrit is Tatva and Agass is Akasha. I’m not really sure how to translate what Tiat as it is used in Khmer. It’s like a “charge” or a “substance” or an Essence in the atmosphere that changes which can be Felt/Empathed inside. Solemn is the feel.

In Theravada culture this season of Autumn is when one of the most Sacred ceremonial things happen in our cultural lunar calender. It’s commonly called Celebration of Pchum Ben. I don’t know what the word Ben means, but its a 15 day observance of the Dead and our Ancestors. Pchum is a word which is derived from the word Pachum [pachoom] which means a Meeting or Gathering. The observance goes by the old people’s Lunar Calender and begins on the full moon of the Autumn season, which can fall either in September or October.

The mythos goes that once a year during this season, on the full moon King Yama, the Guardian of the realm of Hell, opens his gates to let the spirits of the Ancestors walk around to go find their relatives. So the monks will gather in their temples and chant Pali spells over night in preparation for the opening of the Gates of Hell. Of course it’s all a living animist culture’s mythic and rhetorical “bending” of Buddhism to support their very ancient animist tradition of paying homage to their dead ancestors.

During the 15 days you go visit the temples, donate lots of stuff, hold the 5 Precepts all 15 days. Which means no cussing, stealing, sex, alcohol, killing, and no meat or eating during the day. But just for the 15 days. Then on the last day its like a family reunion where the living and

the dead family members gather to eat a big feast. This is one reason why I greatly dislike books written on some living subject like Buddhism. Because in such books you only get the superficial words and ideas of some author look in from the outside. If you honestly desire to Understand Theravada, then you must Stand Under [Among/Between] its living culture and peoples. The actual Sasana is very, very different than what has been written.

Usually we bring out framed pictures of the old people in our family that have died. Most I don't know. All the women folk are together in the kitchen cooking the food to be "Saen" [sounds like the word 'sign' and means "offering to the dead spirits"]. We also buy items like clothes, coffee, or whatever the ancestors once liked and offer it to them. The food and items are placed in front of the pictures and you call the ancestor's names to come and eat and talk to them like they were in front of you. This is also the time to introduce your dead ancestors to any new babies born into the family. You'll here the old grandmothers and grandfathers talk to their parents, aunts, uncles, grandparents, and such telling them about the new babies, how some kids look like them, and even share family gossip. Then you ask them to remember you and follow you around to keep you safe. Later when the monks have come and done their stuff, you take all those items you "Saened" to the Ancestors and give them to the monks. The monks in turn take it to the temple and hand them out for free to people in the community who need the stuff.

While we cook the food and the ancestors' favourite dishes, when each dish is done my grandma will tell me to take a small platter and fill a little bowl with some of the food, then place a small cup of water and other beverages on the platter. She tells me and my cousins to bring the platter outside and offer it to the "Nikta Tuk-Dey" which are the spirits that live and guard the house and land. You burn 3 sticks of incense by their platter and call the spirits to come and eat. We can only speak English. We asked grandma once because of this: "We don't speak full Khmer grandma, do the spirits understand English?" My grandma told us something like: "Ignorant children. Think it in your Jed [chitta/Heart]. Doesn't matter what sounds come out of the mouth. The Feeling and Knowing is in the Heart. When you speak with the Heart, everything understands."

We offer food and drinks to the spirits and demons at every celebration or significant get together. Even during Thanksgiving and Christmas. Usually we cut the heads, wings, and ass of the ducks and turkeys and put them on a big dish. A little of whatever others food being eaten that day is place in the dish with cups of drinks and eggnog even. And you place the dish outside, burn incense, and quietly call the random spirits and the guardian of the house and land to eat the food. This appeases the spirits so you'll have good fortune and luck.

Our grandma also has what I always thought was a bird house growing up in a peach tree in her back yard right near the house placed at her arm level. It's actually a little house with no front, and inside is a little toy table with two very small toy tea cups on it. She fills the cups with fresh water every day and burns a stick of incense, sometimes leaving candy. It's like a little "spirit house" I guess. During the ceremony the back yard spirits get a lot of platters of food, fruits, and drinks. Physically, all me and my cousins see eat the food are ants and flies. We figure that maybe the bugs eat the food for the back yard spirits?

Then we do this thing we get from our Chan Chinese Folk Buddhist ancestors where we burn lost of toy money called Ghost Money or Hell Notes. You get them at China Town. The idea is that I guess your ancestors after 15 days are going back to Hell so you want to send them off with some spending cash? It's not really hell. They call the place where the ancestors go either the "Under Realm," or the "Original Place." The ghost money comes in really big denominations, up to a billion I saw once. You just sit there and slowly burn the ghost money while calling the name of whoever you're offering the money to and tell them you're giving them money.

I was watching my aunt-mom burn her ghost money and praying or talking to the ancestors, and I once asked her when she was done: "What do they buy wherever they are at? Are there shops there? Is there an economy?" She laughs. My uncle-dad laughs really loud at the questions and he says back in English: "Yeah, I hear there's a WalMart there now. Talk about a dead market huh?" My aunt-mom was more serious and explained to me that she really doesn't know anything. All she knows is that its Tradition she got from her old people and she just does what they once did because she is Chinese after all. I burn my money too, and my uncle-dad does too. I asked my uncle-dad why he does it if he makes fun of it. He said chuckling: "Because I don't want them haunting me," and laughs.

My uncle-dad is a hardcore rationalist. He's really into science, politics, and computers, so he's not the type to believe anything that can't be somehow proven or verified in some way. He's not a devout Buddhist. He denies the Buddha ever existed and believes that Buddhism is man made, but he is a Buddhist because he thinks that it has good teaching to live by. He hates superstitious and he said that he never used to believe in all this spirit stuff until things happened to him on two different occasions which he can't explain to himself.

He told me that both times happened before he met my aunt-mom. The Khmer Rouge has already taken over and he was living in a labour camp. But this labour camp was run by nice Khmer Rouge people who actually were out in the field working alongside everybody else since they really did believe in creating their Angkorian utopia. My uncle-dad said that during that time there was a cute girl in the came he was interested in whom he was chit chatting with from time to time. He said his Khmer Rouge friends [most of whom he went to school with] saw him talking with the girl and warned him that the girl's mother was a witch that knew really bad magic and that even they were scared to mess with her. But my uncle-dad laughed and didn't listen to their warning.

My uncle-dad said that one late morning this girl brought him a fresh fish and told him that her mother caught and it had asked her to give it to him as a gift to eat. So he cooked it and ate it for lunch. He said after he ate the fish he started to have really bad pain in is stomach and thought that the witch poisoned the fish or something. So he took a walk to relieve himself behind a bush somewhere since he was at the time out in the field working. He said nothing came out, bewildered he got up to go back to work. He said that when he got up he saw a shadow figure from the side of his eye move at him very fast and went into his body. Next thing he said he knew, he was on the ground convulsing uncontrollably. He was fully conscious, but he said he had no control of his body.

The other field workers noticed he was convulsing and had found the Khmer Rouge guys to tell them. The Khmer Rouge guys ran to get an old man out in the field they call Grandpa Chin who knew magic also. My uncle-dad said that he was fully conscious, and had no control of his body or voice box, but he said something was making him scream profanities and try to grab people to strangle them. He said that some of the Khmer Rouge guys he knew had pinned him down to keep him from either hurting himself or others. Grandpa Chin got red string and tied the red string around my uncle-dad's wrists, ankles, and neck, and chanted Pali, while my uncle-dad said something inside of him was screaming at the old man to go away. Grandpa Chin after chanting, sprayed water out of his mouth over my uncle-dad and he said that he stopped moving and saw a shadow figure move fast out of his body. He woke up the next day exhausted, but fully remembering the whole incident. Being a rationalist, my uncle-dad told himself that the fish was poisoned and denied that anything crazy had happened, but he never talked to the girl again after that.

The second time was when my uncle-dad said he was out hunting with his Khmer Rouge friends in the jungle just a ways from the camp. He said that before going deep into the jungle his Khmer Rouge friends went to a odd shaped tree and prostrated themselves three times before it leaving gifts at the base of the tree and asking for permission to have some food to eat. He was asked to do likewise and pay homage to the spirit guardian of that part of the forest, but my uncle-dad refused to saying that such things were not real. His Khmer Rouge friends told him that he wasn't leaving the forest alive, and it won't be them that kills him. They were angry at him and said to him that some people are too ignorant for their own good. Everybody knows the forest was protected and not even their commanders and general dares go through it without asking for permission.

As my uncle-dad was walking with his friends, he said that out of the corner of his eye he saw shadows near some of the trunks of the trees. Just shadow things, that can't be seen if you turn your head to try and look at them. He said they can only be seen sometimes with the corner of the eye. He told himself that its the light effect of the leaves in the trees and kept walking. Then he said he fell over to the ground in a horrible pain in his stomach screaming like knives were inside of his guts. He said his friends dragged him as he was screaming and clutching his abdomen to the base of a big tree near by. His Khmer Rouge friends pointed their rifles at him and were yelling at him to clasp his hands three times and ask the guardian spirits for permission to walk through their forest or they will shoot him out of his misery. He said he tried as hard as he could to clasp his hands and ask, and as soon as he did the pain started to go away. He had to lay there resting for a few minutes while his friends were giving him a lecture and laughing at him.

Today my uncle-dad is still a hardcore rationalist, he still believes all religions are man made scams, but he doesn't mess with the traditional animist stuff of our culture. He is what you might call a myopic materialist who can't logically or scientifically fit "spirits" into his paradigm of reality. But he says that after those two experiences he had which he can't explain, he'll follow the traditions and pay his respects anyways.

I've always thought it was very interesting that every indigenous culture that lives in tune to nature and its rhythms universally ends up believing in "spirits" and ancestors and universally

share common ways of paying homage to whatever they are. I have also found it very interesting that Autumn for some reason in many cultures around the world has a holiday for the Dead and/or Ancestor. You have Halloween for the Europeans, Day of the Dead for the Mexicans, and the 15 days of the Dead and Ancestors in Theravada countries all happening at roughly the same period and for the same things, and the essence of the season is the same, where the living give offerings of food to the dead or simulate it in some way. I'm not saying that the Gates of Hell actually opens up during this season unleashing the denizens of the Pit. But it is what it is around the world. This season is also significant to the ONA.

The essence of my so called by Westerner, "Anamism" and so called "Ancestor worship," is not only universal, it's also found in the core of the ONA. In ONA, it is known as Rounwytha. Rounwytha does not sound "the same thing." But it shares common "universal" themes in common with most other ancient indigenous animistic cultural traditions. One of the core themes is the idea of Empathy and Empathizing things that can't be seen with the eyes or known with the brain-mind. The powerhouse of this faculty of Empathy in the Theravada-Asian cultures is called Chitta or its various forms such as Jed and Jai in Khmer and Thai. Another common theme are "things" referred to as "spirits." Another common theme is the offering of food and gifts to these spirit things. Another common theme which is universal is the ancestors, and offering them food and gifts. One common theme that can be found across most – if not all – anciently rooted indigenous cultures is the belief in "guardian spirits" who watch over houses, land, rivers, and forests.

I briefly read that the ancient Romans had a word for the spirits that guard their houses, but I can remember what it was. I had always believed that it was an indigenous Asian thing until I read the Romans had the same beliefs. In our culture, there is a ceremony or rite we have to perform when we buy or move into a new house. The first part of the rite is that a girl or the head female of the family that will be living in the new house must be the first person to set her feet inside. She'll ask the guardian spirit for permission for her family to enter and live in the house. If a boy or a man steps inside a new house, it's considered to be extremely heinous and will cause misfortune in the family. The same day you move into a new house, the girls of the family either cook food or buy food and fruits and drinks, for the guardian spirit. These are placed on a table and incense are burned. Each person in the family burns 3 sticks of incense and asks the guardian spirit of the house and land to allow them to live in the house peacefully, for the spirit to not disturb the happiness of the family, and for them to bless the family with peace, happiness, and prosperity. In return the family promises to remember to include the guardian spirits at family events and special days.

One more thing I have found to be "universal" in anciently rooted "animist" cultures is the knowing and belief that certain places, areas, objects, and things have "something" about them that is "sacred" or "divine" in Essence. This knowing is a feeling you empath. I also thought this was just an Asian thing, until I read that the ancient Romans actually had a word for it: Numen. In Khmer the word is "Preah" which is pronounced as "Prih" which sounds like the first syllable in the word Principle, but with the H sound at the end. In Thai it is Prah. It's really hard to translate that word into English, since I know of no single word that is the same. The Roman word Numen and the Sanskrit word "Sri" is the closest two words I know that feels very similar to the word Preah. It doesn't really mean "divine." It means a Sacred Presence.

By itself it can mean a god, or gods [Khmer has no plural suffix]. To denote a deity or monk or king you say Preahang [Ang as in Ankar]. But Preah is most often a prefix used to describe just about everything as being sacred. Preahchan means the Moon. Preahpita means Father. Preahbotrey means daughter. Preahvayu means the Wind. Preahniang Gaheeng means the Mother Earth Goddess. The Earth [dirt/ground] is called Niang [lady] Gaheeng or Niang Toranny. Toranny is my phonetic spelling of how the Sacerdotal [Sanskrit] is said. It's related to the word Terrain.

When I was small my aunt-mom told me a mythical story once about the Earth. The story goes that a very long time ago the Earth Mother – Niang Gaheeng – had 7 children: the Sun, the Moon, the Wind, the Rain, and three other things I can't remember. One day the Earth Mother had a muscle cramp and her body was aching, so she needed a massage. She asked her 7 children to come and help massage her aching body. But all of her children told the Earth Mother that they were busy doing their own thing. Each of her children made up excuses. The Sun said that he's far too busy and important to stop his job, otherwise people would freeze to death. The Rain said that he couldn't stop raining or the trees would die and the people and animals would not have anything to drink. I can't remember what the Wind's excuse was. Of the 7 children, only the Moon stopped what she was doing to come and massage the Earth. So because of this the Earth Mother placed a curse on the 6 of her children who thought of themselves first by saying that from then on, for as long as there will be people living on her, the humans will forever Curse them. But because the Moon came to her aid, nobody will have anything bad to say about the Moon. That's why when it gets too hot we curse the sun saying: "Damn that sun is hot!" Or if the wind blows, we curse at it for messing up our hair. Or if it rains we curse at it for ruining our day. But every time we look up at Preah chandra, we always praise her beauty.

There is another story about Niang Toranny I hear very often. The people that share this story with me are survivors of the Khmer Rouge revolution. The common story I hear from them is about them escaping and fleeing on foot out of the country. If you get caught, you are killed. This one young lady I talked to said she was carrying her little baby with a group of others fleeing. They were all hiding in a shallow ditch by the road as a troop of Khmer Rouge soldiers walked by. The elders in the group had told the young lady to take a piece of earth and place it on her head and her child's head and pray to the Earth Mother to hide with her dirt so the soldiers can't see them. I've heard lot of people tell their stories of their escape, and almost always, I find it fascinating that they all swear that the Earth Mother hide them from sight. I also find it fascinating that during such extreme moments the trappings of religion all falls apart and the people revert back to simple beliefs in their older animist traditions. Only in times of peace, in the safety and comfort of a modern industrialized decadent city can a person afford to give credence and pay mind to goofy things as philosophy, religion, and so on. When extreme conditions arises where Shiva's destructive eye destroys the facade of our human arrogance, such goody pass times lose their meaning. We are confronted with our very humanness. Our life is a struggle to survive.

Death & Life

Death is the one thing in life that is my biggest fascination. I like being a live and stuff, and I

want to live a full 90 years, but I can't wait to die. I want to see what happens to "me" and my consciousness as I am dying. If I dissolve into nothing, I want to experience the whole thing as it happens. If I see a bright all embracing goofy light I'd be disappointed, but I'd like to experience it anyways.

Have you ever read that stupid book "Embraced by the Light" and the retardation it spawned? I have unfortunately. So there is this god-force or all embracing light at the end of some tunnel you see when you die. And when you enter this light you feel some sort of unconditional love giving you a big spirit hug welcoming you home. Which makes no sense to me. It's the same reason that Christianity makes no sense to me. An all loving godthing who makes hell, a fucked up world, the rawness of nature? Why? Why did this big light bulb at the end of a tunnel make the world, if it made it? Especially considering the nature of Nature. That's like a father who sends his children to prison for 50 years and he gives them a big warm hug when they come out. What's the prison doing in the scene in the first place?

I'm not sure what I'd say or do if I met the big light bulb when I die. I'd be extremely disappointed. Because of it is there and is real, then it causes me to ask the question: "And then what?" What's the rest of Eternity literally for? Okay, if life goes on forever, what will I be doing with this light bulb forever? That's the Big Question in my mind. If I die and I am still alive, then the Big Question is: Okay, what am I possibly gonna be doing forever? How far does this life thing go?

I usually think about death when I wake up in the middle of the night half asleep to go pee. I try to stay as asleep as I can and I leave the light off. In that state of mind as I sit there and pee, I usually tell myself: "This is probably what death is like. Dark. Quiet. Sleepy. And when I go back to sleep on the bed I just drift off to unconscious non-existence. For a long while I thought I had the answer. It was easy. Until the ONA ruined it for me with its word "Causal." One night while I was peeing and telling myself that death is like falling to sleep in the dark and not waking up, I suddenly realized that everything about my experience of sleep and night is all a causal phenomena. It's night because the sun is on the other side of the earth. I sleep because I'm an animal which evolved on the same earth. I go unconscious because being conscious while you sleep would be really boring. I realized I was thinking of death in causal terms. Of earth, sun, and moon terms. Of experiential phenomena within the realness of mortal existence. If death happens outside the reality of the solar system, then it can't be "dark," or "sleepy," or the unconsciousness of deep sleep. But I was too sleepy to philosophize about the nature of death to go on, and I was sitting there for a while thinking.

I try to figure out the meaning to life, but I notice myself ascribing human words and human terms to the stuffness of life. So what I usually do is every now and then do some exercising by walking 5-10 miles, which is something I do once or twice a month. But I incorporate a minimalist Zen-Theravada practice in the long walk. What I do is I clear my mind and make it go blank. I have a bead bracelet I bought at a Buddhist temple, and I'll consciously say a chant while counting the beads with my thumb. This keeps my conscious mind busy. Then I try to hold Mindfulness of the stuff around me for all 10 miles. I try to feel life, in a wordless and thoughtless way as best as I can. This way I don't superimpose my human ideas and opinions onto life, but I train myself to feel that Life with chitta/Heart. With my walking meditation I can't

see a “purpose” or “meaning” to Life, but I Feel that it is not Pointless, or that “something” beyond the veil or facade of reality is “there” which can be felt. It’s not a meaning or a purpose, or a god, or a reason to live. It’s just “there.” On my way back from such a walk I intellectualized to myself that maybe Life was as meaningless and meaningful as pond scum. Life just happens. But there is much more to that.

I have an aquarium with a blue lobster and feeder fish I take care of. I like to watch the fish and lobster live out their boring lives in a 10 gallon thing. There lives seem so meaningless, but yet there is a simple point inherent in their organic make up: live and thrive. I also have an artificial life game called “Darwin Pond,” which I really like. It’s a real artificial life program, but it’s old. It’s the only computer game I can play and not die after a minute. It’s not really a game and you don’t really play it. You just watch, and sometime tweak a few things and sit back and watch what happens later on because of the changes you have made. I’ve had Darwin Pond for about 5 years, and it’s still fascinating to me where that I can still today run the program and watch a simulation during my breaks all day. It uses real time in the simulations, and it lets you freeze a session and save it, to start up later. You can still google “Darwin Pond” and download a free “updated” version – which is many years out of date – and have endless boring fun like me.

Darwin Pond is pretty simple with primitive graphics. On screen you have a pond and inside this pond you have artificial life things called “swimmers.” The swimmers start off looking like eels or worms. There are green dots in the pond which is the food the swimmers eat and swim around finding. The more food the more they breed. Less food means decrease in population. From time to time genetic mutations will arise in the swimmers which will make them look and swim in different ways. To the left of the screen is your science lab with test tubes and genetic engineering buttons. With the buttons you can change everything about a swimmer’s DNA. Instead of having one leg/tail you can give them 4, you can alter the way each tail/leg flaps and moves thus changing the way they swim. You can also erase food from anywhere in the pond or add food anywhere. The food are simulations of random appearing algae, so you don’t have to manually add food in the pond. You can change the coloration of the swimmers too.

I use to like taking a swimmer specimen to tweak him so he has 3-4 tails that makes him swim fast. This way he can out perform the native swimmers with one tail. Then I let the game play out in real time by leaving the game running at night when I sleep. There is no meaning to life in this pond, but if you watch long enough, you can feel out a point to the artificial pond life: live and thrive or die. Sometimes in the morning my swimmer I genetically tweaked didn’t make it. Other times I’ll wake up and find that my Genetically Manipulated [GM] swimmers ended up populating the pond with a small population of their own kind. Then if my GM swimmers were made well, I wake up and see that the whole pond is thriving with my GM swimmers and the native ones had gone extinct.

It’s a really cool game, to me at least. What is fascinating about it to me is that you actually get to see the Causal changes happening within a simulation of Time Flow. In my current language I can say that the game is like a mini simulation of Aeonics; but 5-6 years ago I had no word to call what I was looking at that captured my fascination so much. You would think that I may have gained insights into Life from playing a game that simulates pond life, but I didn’t. Instead

I gained a deeper understanding of something I once called the Two Certainties or Constants of life: Time & Causality.

From the game I learned to see that Time Flow and Causal Change are traveling buddies that flow together like maybe a double helix. But as I looked closer at this Darwin Pond, I learned to see that the causal changes happening weren't exactly linear. After many years of staring at this game, I had trained my mind to see life in a certain way, and so I used that way of seeing with real life. In real life, Causality – cause and fruit – is not linear. It goes in any and all directions unpredictably at times. Like hitting a group of balls on a pool table, where you can never be sure where every ball will fly to and end up being when they come to rest.

Seeing causation as being nonlinear gave me a problem in my Mind. Now Causation and Time weren't traveling friends anymore. Time went in one direction and while causal change can go in any direction. But then looking deeper I noticed that every causal line/chain of event materialized inside its own flow of Time. Which caused me to revise the way I understood Time flow. It wasn't linear perhaps, but like causality was nonlinear. This then caused me to see Time Flow and Causal Impermanence or Change as being the same thing. Because what do I mean to myself when I say "in Time?" I mean inside a matrix of change and impermanence where that some changes will have taken place. But then I remembered that Space and Time were the same thing: Space-Time. Which in my Mind ended up looking like this: Space-Time-Causality. Or ONA makes it all easier for me by just referring to that Space-Time-Causality as being "The Causal." In my Mind, this meant that id causality was nonlinear and went in every direction, then whatever we exist in also happens in the same manner. Reality in my Mind just might happen like fractal patterns.

But this still did not give me an insight into the big question I had: Where is it all going? What is the end point? Is there a place we are moving towards as some divinely established destination a billion trillion years from now? If the Cosmos is alive, then where is it taking us? From staring at my pond game trying find an answer to staring at real pond life near my house, I later learned that I was anthropomorphizing the Cosmos as some sentient being with some premeditated purpose and "direction," which was causing my confusion.

I learned to see pond life as a whole single organism. Meaning that the pond water, the algae, and animal life, along with dead matter was all one systematic Whole-Thing, just like our human body is a systematic whole thing made of of cells, blood, and inert molecule. Which was my problem, because my body has a conscious Mind with a will that can by volition determine direction and premeditate a place to be in the future. A lake near my house was "alive" and thriving, but as a Whole-Thing it lacked a will, conscious volition, and mind. A Lake as a Whole-Thing was just reactive on a collective level. Where that if you pour toxic waste in one section, the lake reacts to that causal input by dying in that area. And if you input food in another area, the Lake reacts by its life [organisms] moving towards the food where it can thrive for a while. So from taking meditative walks around this lake by my house I one day had the insight or realization that the a lake was just like a Tree!

Trees are alive, but not conscious like we humans are. Inside the tree is water and cells. That got me thinking that maybe the Cosmos was "alive" like a lake or tree and not like a person,

where it did not have a conscious mind or volition, but was reactive to causal stimuli like a lake or tree. This would mean to me – in my own Mind and understanding of things – that there really is no true point or purpose to the Cosmos, as if there was an evolution towards a certain distant divine goal operating on some divine plan. Life just somehow happened, and as long as that life is in the living Cosmic Matrix, it will just try to live and thrive. This seen of the Cosmos as a Tree reminded me of a documentary I watched on a tribe living in Borneo called the Dyacks. I can't remember how they spell it. The doc was actually about a tattoo enthusiast who was traveling in deep jungles to live with real tribes and get their ancient indigenous tattoos. After living with the Dyacks in the jungle and passing their rites of passage the American guy is honoured with a real Dyack tattoo of something they call Ahping. Ahping is the supreme deity of the Dyacks. As a tattoo Ahping is drawn to look like a black octopoidal tree design of different shapes. The Dyacks say that Ahping is a big Tree and that all life grows on Ahping. Later when I found the Tree of Wyrd in the ONA, I saw Ahping in it. To me it's an aptly named descriptor, because this Cosmic Tree is in Time shaped by the wyrdful threads of causation we all weave.

I was on one of my meditative walks to the lake trying to figure out why the Cosmos – being so old and alive as it should be – was not a conscious being with a mind, self awareness, and personality. I was thinking about the lake and the trees around it. And I figured that whatever we call "life force" or acausal energy must be like the water in the lake and trees. It's just a "fluid" conducive to or for life to manifest, which is life itself. Then like a lake and trees, maybe the Cosmos is so big a thing that it can only manifest inside of itself. Just like how fish and amoebas can only grow and exist inside their lake and not actually outside of it. Then with the lake and trees, we can say that each living cell/organism is an expression of its lake or tree matrix. Not an expression of the lake's water itself, but of the lake as a Whole Systematic Thing. On a Cosmic level, this would mean in my Mind that each living thing in the Cosmos is an expression of the Cosmos as a Whole Systematic Thing. In other words, basically Life manifests inside its matrix.

This concept that Life manifests inside the Cosmos, led me to a small realization. That if we say that such Life in the Cosmos is an actualization of the Cosmic Matrix as a Systematic Whole Thing, then Conscious Awareness in the human is an evolutionary sense or tool which happens inside this Cosmic Lake. Which to me ends up meaning that The Cosmos "out there" has indeed evolved to be aware and sentient and conscious with will and volition, but that such awareness and volition is Us. In the same way where we can say that a big fish in a lake is the lake's potential for awareness/volition in causal manifestation. In other words, that the Cosmos is like a lake, which it gradually evolves causally and nonlinearly towards more refined/acute states of sensory awareness of its environment simply to better survive and thrive by out competing. Consciousness – the ability to focus your awareness on things – like binocular and color vision, I think is merely a evolutionary upgrade of sensory information gathering. It just helps when you are a cheetah to be able to focus your "proactive" awareness and volition onto a single prey, as opposed to perhaps a bacteria that may have a simple reactive awareness just drift and react to external stimuli.

All this speculation led me to an amusing possible answer to my big question that for now makes things make some sense in my mind. The big question is: How did this [Life] come to be

and where is it going? The answer for me at the moment is that when I look out into the universe and ask this question, I am literally the Cosmos looking out to itself and asking those same questions. But of course, there could be another planet with a people on it who have asked these same questions a million years before us. It's as if we were to place a Tree in the middle of Nothing for an eternity so that one day all of the Tree's cells developed an acute form of awareness and consciousness and those cells asked: How did this come to be and where is it all going? I think there is something very, very beautiful and revealing about this big question in human children. Doesn't matter where we are born, as children we come out completely ignorant of where we came from and how we came to be. Almost universally, there will come a time when as children we will ask somebody: Where did I come from, how was I made? I really to think/theorize that the living Cosmos has expressed its potential for awareness in us and other conscious beings, and that with that self awareness, it is asking itself where it came from and how it came to be.

Struggle

I see "Struggle" as being a key factor in evolution. But I see struggle in a very different way than the old notion of Darwinian Struggle, because I see the world that I live in as being a symbiotic system, just like my own body is. This symbiotic struggle can't have it so that its organisms exists in some isolated vacuum where each species just struggles to be the toughest and baddest creature. We really don't live in isolated vacuums.

Struggle in a symbiotic system in my Mind is like when the ice age has ended on the earth, and all the plants say: "Shit, there goes the ice age! It's gunna get hotter. I gotta change my thickness and ways of retaining moisture or die!" Then the herbivores end up saying: "Ah shit! All the plants are changing. I gotta change too so I can chew this shit and digest it or die!" Then all the carnivores end up saying: "Great, the kangaroos are hopping so they can get to the new grass faster than the wombats! How the hell do I catch them now! Man I gotta lose all this ice age weather armour, and get faster myself or die!"

So each group of things proactively responds/reacts to stimuli of its immediate environment. But as a whole the ecosystem eventually evolves as a working system. Many species that can't adapt may dies out, but at the same time, new organisms arise to take their niche in the system. There was a time in the system or environment of America when Irish immigrants were very disliked and they could only get deplorable jobs. But slavery was a causal input in this system that changed the functional landscape of this environment. The Irish White People gradually found their way to a new niche place, and African slaves took their deplorable niche in this system. The Industrial revolution came and changed the functionality and landscape again where now machines took the place of slaves. The Blacks then adapted to take menial labour the machines could do. The freedom the African-Americans now had plus a thriving economy changed the landscape a bit even more so that many of them elevated to better niches. Now the Mexican immigrant has taken their place picking strawberries and such. So, although America as a whole systematic entity has greatly changed since its early days, it evolves together as a whole, such that if and when its parts and pieces shifts or evolves, there is a replacement to take over important niches to keep the system going. For example the niche in a system that Horse Power filled never went anywhere and is still needed. It's just that

today, that niche is filled with a more refined source/means of power: engines and fuel.

On a localized level of parts existing within the matrix of a given functioning system, Struggle to keep up with the system is a very real matter of life and death if the system is an ecosystem. If the system is a civilization or economy, then Struggle becomes a matter of freedom. But this type of Struggle is a primitive way to see and understand struggle which is myopic in regard to the Whole System we humans as a functioning indivisible part of. This is where I disagree with both Marx and Hitler when they state in a primitive perspective that history is a struggle of either class or race. Maybe so within context to a Nation-State, it's system, its economy, and social environment. But we know no Kingdom or State lasts very long, so what class or race struggle for dominance in such a "predoomed" system feels like people struggling, fighting, and warring with each other to have a go at the wheel of the Titanic just after it hit the iceberg causing fear and panic on board. Take the former USSR for example. How long did that last? Say 100 years. So all the war and class struggle and uprooting of people from their ancestral history, and the millions of millions who dies happened just so that Party can take a country for a 100 joy ride before the country collapsed?

There is something that will always outlive a country and organized religion: Humanity. Considering that humanity has been around in our current form for about 150,000 it would seem as if the 100 year joy ride communism has was a pitiful waste of time. What's worse is that those 100 years didn't produce anything lasting. Humanity outlives empires and religion. Empires and religion in fact are causal expression of collections of humanity. Because of this, I believe that human history – and our future – is shaped not by a Struggle of class or race; but a Struggle of Culture. If we genuinely understand Aeonics and the basic idea that humanity will go on for a very long time and will always express itself in the causal world, then you'll eventually come to understand the value and power of Culture Struggle.

The way I see Culture Struggle is also like pond life. In our pond we have organisms. Each living organism has one common basic function we never really pay any attention to. Each organism from the bacteria on up to a big fish processes Information. You have an lake seething with information, and what we call "living organisms" which acts as microchips that process this information. Then they react to such information. The more primitive the organism, the more primitive its ability to process the information and react. The more sophisticated the organism the more acute its ability to process the information and react with volition and intent either in a reactive or proactive manner. Each organism also is made up of genetic information which basically allows each organism to replicate more such organisms that inherit their respective ability/capability of information process.

So no the struggle in our pond takes on a different picture. It is a war of information. Single celled organisms that can't pick up information of a threat may die. Bacteria that can pick up the information of a threat and react by producing toxin may live. Organisms that can't process the information of light, might not do so well as organisms that have adapted cells to process the information of light. The more an animal is able to process huge amounts of information and acutely react to such information, the more successful its species becomes.

We leave the pond for the jungle to study more evolved animals like chimps and we see a new

layer of information is present. Something we might call "Social Information." Which is a complex interaction of a society of chimps sending and picking up information from and to each other. If you're a chimp that can't process the social information an alpha male is giving you with teeth telling you not to copulate his females, you're ass is grass. If you are a little chimp and you are too stupid to learn to acquire the social information your mother is trying to give to you by sticking a twig in a ant hill to fish for ants, you won't be eating ants like everyone else. If you're an alpha male and something is wrong with you where you can't process the information females are giving you by sticking their ass in your face, then you're not gonna get any action and pass your genes down to the next generation.

Then we come to the human arena. Here "social information" becomes more sophisticated and we call it Culture, Traditions, and Customs. Cultures are like monkeys. They are bodies of coherent information with a number of humans as their cells. In the human area these cultures – just like monkeys – struggle to sire the next generation with their social information [cultural memes]. The most coherent and systematically functioning Culture become the most dominate and influential. The Culture of the Roman Empire and its people still influences us today. If you count all of Europe, all of the Americas, and the British Commonwealth whose people were/are in some way descendents of or influenced by this ancient Roman Culture, you have over 2 billion humans. That's not counting Africa. 1 Billion humans are influenced by Islam, which is based on ancient Meccan Culture. The empire Sinosphere is dominated and influenced by Chinese Culture for 4000 years. Another Billion humans in India are influenced by the Culture of the Brahmins. This ancient Brahmin Cultural memplex also would include 500 million Buddhists around the world.

We see now on the human scale of 7 Billion humans, that there are literally only a handful of ancient Cultures which still wields informational influence on the whole of humanity. And in our modern age we are beginning to see the emergence of one specific Cultural set of information grow into a globally monstrous influence: English. Never before in the history of our species has anything like this ever happened. English – the language – has shaped and still shapes our entire world, our worldviews, our science, our politics, our nations, our economy, our technology. Nothing today really happens in our human sphere of existence and causal expression which is not touched by English in some way. English even dominates our vision of a future via our science fiction novels, movies, and television shows. English is easy to use to show that a Cultural memplex does out live empires, kingdoms, and nations. The English language came into existence just before England was a big kingdoms. That language saw England grow into the British Empire that covered the world. It out lived that massive empire and is now a tool wielded by the sole super power on Earth: America. It will out live America as a political entity. Just like Russian outlived the USSR.

Culture tends to stay intact over long periods of time. Despite the thousands of years that rolled across India, with all the different religious culture, kingdoms, and empires that arose and died in India, Brahminical Culture today still exists relatively in intact with some evolutionary changes. Same goes for Chinese Culture. The Cultural Revolution only killed an empire, but could not kill the actual Culture of the Chinese people, which has existed relatively unchanged for 4000 years.

We see that Culture expresses itself causally. In Catholic Europe in the past we see the Christianized Culture shared by Europe gave rise to causal manifestations such as the Crusades, the Gothic cathedrals, kingdoms, political systems, etc. Over in India Brahminical Culture via its ancient Brahmanism and then its hodge-podge Hinduism manifested as thousands of stone temples, little kingdoms that dotted the subcontinent, the magnificent artwork. In Southeast Asia we see that the indigenous Culture after absorbing Brahmanism and Buddhism expressed themselves in the world as whole empires [Khmer & Javanese Empire], kingdoms, the largest religious temple complex on earth [Angkor Wat], and so on. Likewise in China, whose Cultural influence helped shape Japan and Korea, as well as the wardrobe and attire of the world with its silk hanfu. This doesn't include the enduring influence of a Culture's weltanschauung and philosophies. Our modern world is still influenced by a mere handful of ancient philosophies or worldviews of the Cultures of Greece, Rome, India, China, and England as of the modern world.

The Prize of the top cultures is massive and long lasting: the influence of billions of human lives. The power to steer huge portions of humanity into a direction. The end result of a weak culture is cultural liquidation and enslavement of its people who will serve the cultural destiny of the dominating culture. You have but to look at the unfortunate race of African-Americans to understand what I am trying to mean here. They were stolen from one land and brought to another, their indigenous and ancestral culture was beaten out of them. Now they exist to serve the interests of a system and State. They literally exist only as pawns to help manifest the collective destiny of a political party, an economy, and so on. I mean "destiny" in a poetic sense here. As in would Shakespeare have ever known that the English he helped form, would one day give birth to a nation whose destiny was to set a human foot on the moon?

I would agree with the Numinous Way and Reichsfolk when it says that Culture is a living manifestation and expression of Nature. I would also say that the Numinous Way has it accurate when it admonishes us to stay away from abstractions and live in the numinous immediacy of the moment. It may seem that the Culture millions of people is abstract and distant, and therefore immoral in the Numinous sense, but I'll explain.

In my own Mind what is "Abstract" is if we had a painter who painted a mountain. The painting is the Abstract of the numinous mountain. The painting is an abstraction of that mountain. It becomes immoral in the numinous sense to be oblivious of the actual mountain and to speak of, debate, philosophize, and make a belief system with and out of the the painting. Abstraction is also like when I will be giving a lecture on a subject, and just to give my potential audience the gist of what I will be speaking on I give them a summary of my lecture which is called an "Abstract." It is stupid to read that abstract I handed out and oblivious – unaware – of my actual lecture you pass your judgments and and critique my knowledge on the subject based on that abstract. Abstraction is like you were standing in a line at the movie theater figuring out which movie to watch and I come out and tell you: "Damn nigga, the Matrix was da bomb! Keanu was in there, this one girl that looked like a lesbian, robots, they were flying everywhere, that agent was everybody! Bullets flying in slow motion! It was awesome!" Then you say to me: "Damn, it sounds awesome! Hey thanks!" And you walk off. I stop you and say: "Where're you going?" You say: "Girl, your abstract narration of the Matrix was so real, I don't even have to see the actual movie. Ima go tell my friends how cool it was!"

When you take something living and just there in Nature, like a flower and you describe it in words, thoughts, and ideas, what words, thoughts, and ideas you have is an Abstraction of the wordless and thoughtless flower. There is a difference. And so what we do is we take our abstractions of Nature, Life, of the World, and with those abstractions of words, thoughts, ideas, opinions, we make religions out of them. Which are nothing more than word games, idea games, opinion games. We make philosophies out of them. We in essence juggle ideas in our own heads that have nothing to do with prehending what is Real, Raw, Alive World. We think such Abstractions are real, and we are oblivious to that which is actually raw reality. We lose ourselves in our abstractions of words, thoughts, opinions, semantics, etc, and are disconnected and cut off from the actual real world of human experience. We go off up into idealistic directions fueled by our samsara of abstractions. And the more we lose ourselves in such abstractions and their idealisms, the less of any understanding we have of the real world, and ourselves. It gets to the point where you end up playing make believe like children. You tell stories and play pretends with other people oblivious to reality. Remember when we played make believe when we were small? Where we make up things as we go along. It's like somebody says: "Let's pretend we're walking a special path called the left hand path." And somebody adds to that: "Okay, and then let's pretend we're becoming gods, and we'll call it a big word like apotheosis because we're grown ups!"

Anything I can write or say or intimate, or ideate about a Chinese culture is an abstraction of the actual Living Culture happening between a billion Chinese people in China. My own indigenous culture is not "over there" somewhere in some country or in some textbook in some college. Its here with me as a living thing I do with my fingers and toes by myself and also with those who are around and in front of me. The only way for you to realistically understand – knowing from experience – my culture is my sticking your face right in between me and what I do. That's what I mean by "my culture." I mean the stuff I do and the way I live through myself and for those around me within my immediate sphere of life. And so in a community of people who share the same culture, you have a collocation or mingling of many people expressing the same culture in the community. The culture as a living "thing" is still rooted in the person's cultivated actions and deeds. It's just that now around this person there are others who share that culture. In a nation who all share a common culture, that culture Still is rooted in each individual and their actions. On a national level, my culture is not "out there" somewhere, it is right here with me and expressed in between the people I live with. In fact I actually take my culture with me everywhere I go. That should tell you where a person's culture actually is. On a real and numinous level the culture is rooted in the individual person, those they live with, and such culture develops from such person or small group of people living together in a certain area for a while. Once it develops, the culture is portable, and transmittable.

The Abstraction of a living numinous culture is what is removed from the cultivation of such culture by an individual and those within their immediate sphere. Speaking of a culture beyond that circle of immediacy is only an approximate abstract of a living culture. The social information that makes a living culture travels from groups of people to groups of people within a given area. So that over time a large number practice, express, and cultivate, the same culture, or versions of the same culture. In a way it is the same as with language. Language happens with you. It is rooted in your brain and mouth. You use it with those immediate around

you. That is where language happens as a living thing. Any talk, idea, thought, conception, opinionation, ideation, of English or language beyond that immediate sphere around you is an abstraction of the living language you use. In any given area the lingual information that makes up your language you use spreads and travels to other people and groups of people around you. As it is used by others, it will develop regional variations called dialects.

Each group of people will also develop their own version of the Language. You should know that speaking of an English language is dealing with something abstract and not living because on the living level of group of users on the ground such as in England, you have a different variation every other mile you go. Which English are you referring to? Culture works the same way. If you understand this much, you'll understand that there really is no such thing as a "Asian Culture," or a "Chinese Culture," or a "European Culture." Just like I can say there is no such thing as a "Khmer Language," because that term points to something so vacuous and generalized, that no living variant of Khmer would fit the generalized ideated thoughts. So there is a big difference between a numinous culture and an abstraction of a culture. A numinous culture is what is living in between a small group of people living together and next to each other. And what is rooted in each individual of such small group of people. The abstraction of that culture is when you gloss over an entire nation of people and produce a generalization or approximation. The immoral problem arises when we take that abstraction and make it into an idol and standard by which we judge what is on the living level. Or when that abstraction prevents us from coming to know the Real.

Culture Struggle happens for two reasons. The first reason is that we don't live in a vacuum bubble. Second reason is that social information moves and travels from person to person, and group to group. So when you have two cultures in close proximity to each others the social information of each culture will flow into the other. A visible example of two cultures influencing each other can be seen here in Southern California. The Mexican population here is huge which means that locally Mexican culture is big and a coherent phenomena. This causes their social information to influence everybody in the area. It doesn't matter what race you are here, you're gonna eat salsa and tacos, have a barbeque on Cinco de Mayo, talk their variant of English which will have many words in Mexican-Spanish, and so on. But the size of a culture does not always equal its memes being influential. There is also the factor of receptivity of foreign elements. For example there are not a lot of Black people anywhere in my area, but I hang out with a handful of Black guys I look up too that are very street oriented. There are certain elements my Black friends have which neither my own culture does not have. Such as the expressive street grade English they use, the real-raw street based worldviews that have, the tight gang style bond they have for their friends. All these have no strong equivalent in my own Culture, so gradually those elements grafted into my own culture. Meaning how I personally express my culture, not as in my grandma and all of my relatives talking like Black gangbangers, hating on "the Man."

Over time two neighboring cultures can end up sharing so much in common that they are very similar and hard to distinguish. Personally I find it almost impossible to differentiate Khmer, Thai, and Lao culture apart. This happened because in the past the old Khmer Empire was a huge coherent national and cultural entity. In this case the Thai-Lao people in ancient times were feral tribes from Southern China. Compared to China and the Khmer Empire, those feral

tribes had a very underdeveloped culture. So it's like taking a 10 year old boy and having the boy being adopted by adults. What will happen is that as the boy develops with age, he will absorb the adult's culture who raised him. This is an example of one type of Culture Struggle where a coherent developed culture influences an underdeveloped incoherent one. The other example of Culture Struggle is "Cultural Liquidation."

A current example of Cultural Liquidation that is fascinating for me is the case with China and what used to be Tibet. It's only been about 60ish years since China re-annexed the Tibetan Plateau. Over the years Chinese culture has relentlessly assaulted the indigenous culture of the Tibetan people. Everything from Chinese writing, Chinese music, Chinese martial arts, to Chinese politics has been flooding Tibet. With this the Chinese government suppresses aspects of Tibetan cultural observances. Liquidation in this real context happens within the flow of Time. Why and how it happens is because as humans we die. It doesn't matter if in 1940 you were a hardcore 30 year old Tibetan sworn to forever hate the Chinese and everything Chinese. You will die soon. And when you die, you leave your children behind. The cultural erosion happens with each dying generation where that each newly emerged generation is like that little boy adopted by adults. The boy not being fully developed will absorb their adult's culture. Each new generation of Tibetans absorbs a little more social information from Chinese Culture. It's been only 60 years and the Tibetan people inside China are fighting to maintain their cultural integrity. Unfortunately they are up against a monstrous 4000 year old cultural memplex which has liquidated and absorbed many nations and tribes.

The key points to think about is that the weaker cultures dissolves, and the Alpha Cultures gets to influence and lead a massive portion of humanity into a direction. That direction might not always be the most positive and constructive of direction. Case in point would be the the spiritless soul of Western Secular-Capitalism. It is a cheap substitute faux-culture [Cult-ture] that is now ubiquitous and eating away at living cultures around the world. It spreads like a desert first killing the young trees, and then finally strangling the ancient old growth forest. It is a memetic war on Culture between those the zombies who have no real living culture and those with living culture. If there is any struggle worth fighting and struggling for, it's the Struggle of Culture.

But that war of cultures can only be won – or just survived – if we learn to understand what a culture is and where it happens. Culture is a Way of Life which has developed overtime between a people and their association with each other and the environment. That culture happens through each of us and our individual cultivation and praxis. The important point to consider is if we as individual people have a strong Mind where we are proud of our respective cultures, have the resolve and integrity to hold onto that culture, to strengthen it, and lastly to pass that culture down to our next generation. Liquidation of culture happens at the newly emerged end of children and young people. We can be as resolved in Mind as we want, but we will die and leave our children and grand children behind. It is in the minds and hearts of those who are "next in line" that the corrosion and liquidation happens.

And so for me, Culture has become an increasingly important thing, now taking central stage in the arena of human existence. On a living level culture is a vehicle of ancestral information compiled and developed since ancient times by long one people. On an aeonic level [of

thousands of years], culture has the power to guide and drive humanity either towards a constructive destiny or to our own destruction. It's too early right now for me to formulate some thesis or spectacular thing on the concept of Culture Struggle, as the idea is just newly crystallized. I think in time, I'll work on this. I think at the moment, when I say struggle I in no ways mean to suggest some tiny half formed culture struggle to dominate the world and guide humanity. I mean on a numinous level of the intimate moment, there is a struggling of small living cultures, against the great big empty faux-culture. It is a struggle to survive in one piece.

A struggle to somehow have my grandchildren one day know their roots and culture of their ancestors. Even if such cultural observances today seem weird and unscientific. I would like them to know their ancient ancestral "animism." About how everything in nature is alive and has a life force. That everything living empathizes/understands when the Heart speaks. That their life force is rooted in the Cosmos itself. That when I die and they die, it is not the "end of life."

In my Buddhist culture, we still believe in rebirth. I'm not interesting in arguing with a Westerner who is a know it all. Anatta [anatma] is virtually meaningless. In the same way as when I say I believe in Anti-Self. The problem with the English of today is that the word "Self" can mean almost anything depending on the group of people using the word. Is Self the Ego? The Soul? The Personality? Persona? Spirit? Mind? Life Force? Awareness? Atman 2500 years ago was the same way. Different groups of philosophers had their own meaning of Atman. If a Buddhist monk in Theravada did not believe in a self, then why is the sacerdotal word for "Me and I" in Theravada "Atma?"

The Buddha basically said that he believes the "self" to be an aggregation of many different things and factors. At death all those things and factors separates and dissolves into their respective elements and things. But he says that after everything dissolves what is left is Chitta {Heartmind} which then flows like a stream: chittasantana [Mindstream]. It is the Heart that is like a Seed planted in a new Time, which grows into a new person. And so when most living creatures are newly born, we come into the world with a fully working Heartmind that feels and empathizes even in the womb. It is only much later that a new mind/self develops.

I would like my own future children to inherit and have their own living culture. To know and understand that they exist in inside a war on culture. The most important aspect of any culture is the family bond it creates and the clans it gives rise to. And so it becomes that here in the West, losing one's culture, means one's children loses connection with family and clan and becomes an individualized prey to a lifeless faux culture and its cultureless people. To me, things like the ONA and Numinous Way have become valuable accessories to my own culture which helps me retain, maintain, and preserve what culture I have. For my future children such things as the ONA and Numinous Way will provide them a means to add-on and build up what culture they may have inherited to fortify it from Magian erosion.

End Remarks

This is a short essay which might not flow or fit together very well. I had a few ideas bubbling up and had to write them down before they were lost. The essay is about the things I think about often. Culture, Life, death, ONA. At it's core, ONA does share a lot in common with

indigenous cultures, and ancient living traditions the world over. These commonly shared things are things your average Westerner is alien to. I'll hold onto my indigenous culture, traditions, and way of life with a death grip. This is one reason why I like Reichsfolk National-Socialism. I reserve the right to have a culture, to be proud of it, and to preserve it. Even if to the Mundane, Homo Hubris, and Magian aspects of my culture and way of life are unscientific and does not conform to materialist paradigms. In the end, it is the individualized one without a culture that will suffer. I've written in many other essays about the many aspects of ONA that can be found in every ancient indigenous people and their cultures and traditions. This is one reason why I like ONA. It has useful forms to use on the outside. But on the inside is a Core that houses something alive and old. Something forgotten by the West, which is still a living part of the rest of the world. It is something simple which grows and unfolds from Heartmind and Acausal Empathy. That ability to feel the life force in things, its living pulse which is all around us and in everything. From my own cultural understanding of things, it is the Heart which is the beginning of Life, which Feels, which learns to Understand it; and which always beats with the pulsations of the Numinous Acausal. And human Culture is one Sacred expression of that Numinous Acausal. Expressed through each of us as living nexions of that sacred essence.

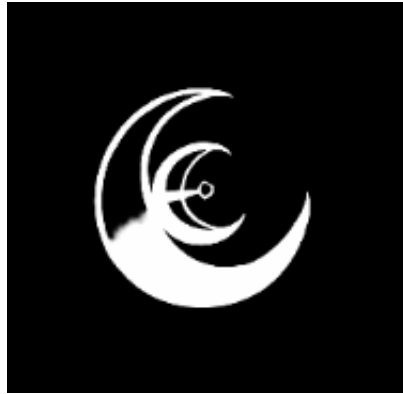
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OLDIES BUT GOODIES



Oldies But Goodies

I've been fortunate – or unfortunate – enough to have been interested in and involved with Satanism for actually a decade now. I've been watching Satanism and Satanists move, grow, and leave since my MySpace days. Over the many years I have seen Satanists gradually grow into a new understanding of what "Satanism" is. This newly emerging understanding is much different than what it was "philosophically" interpreted to be 10 years ago. 10 years ago you basically had 3 general types of Satanists. You had your retarded Theists whose Satanism was primitive reverse Christianity. You had the Modern/LaVeyans whose Satanism back then meant materialist reductionism + Ego worship + the "philosophy" of "Satanism means indulgence." Then you have the Egyptoid Satanists/Setians who were like the "hippies" of Satanism all into the quasi-Egyptian, pseudo-left hand path, subjective universe crap. Thank god Setianism attritted to death and irrelevancy.

One group during that era stuck out, and still sticks out: ONA. I was going through many of the "old" xerox facsimiles of old 1980-1990 ONA MSS just reading writings by ONA from that specific era just to see how much ONA stuck out. Many notions and ideas we may take for granted in ONA have actually been around since those early years. It's pretty cool for me at least to be able to trace back the origins of memes. For example I always thought the meme/idea of "Cultivation" was a contemporary ONA used word, but it's been used by ONA since the early days. The other cool thing to see for me is seeing how over time the other institutions of Satanism and mundane Satanists have used more and more ONA meme/ideas to beef up their stagnant Satanism. Of course they will never admit it. But when you learn to follow memes, it becomes easy to know which fool has been borrowing from ONA.

Following memes is easy. It's useless and impossible to follow one single meme/word/idea. For example the meme "White." By itself there is no way of getting any data from it. But memes like to travel in clusters. The more compact [coherent/cohesive] the cluster of memes, the more power they have to travel from mind to mind and influence. So then, if you learn to look for a meme and its traveling meme buddies, you'll be able to get your data and trace the history and origins of that Memecolony. For example when you notice the meme "Power," traveling with the meme "White" [White Power], it becomes possible to trace that two memeset

to a possible Neo-Nazi memplex of some sort. If the meme "Hitler" is in the mix, then you can deduce that the originating memplex may be National Socialism of some type. If you get Hitler, the meme "National-Socialism" with that hyphen, and the meme "Ethical," then you can trace that memecolour specifically to the Reichsfolk memplex. Even if a person does not know where he got his memecolour from, you can tell if he's infected with for example, Reichsfolk memes, that someone he was exposed to was either Reichsfolk or was influenced or inspired by it.

And it's the same way with ONA memes. You can't really say that someone is infected or influenced by ONA if they use a single meme like "Causal." Causal by itself is just a word/idea. It's not one generally used by your average imbecile mundane Satanist, but it's a word in active circulation, at least with the intelligent people. But when you come across a Satanist who uses a cluster of memes like "Causal," "Pathei Mathos," "Form," "Abstraction," or their essential ideas [the actual memes], you can figure out that this person is infected – influenced – by ONA either directly or indirectly. So they don't have to admit that they were influenced by ONA. They genuinely might not even know it. Which would work in our favour since any person who does not know where he's getting his ideas from and why he's using them is a fool. You want those fools to keep using the words and memes. Words – the words we think in – is what we build our worldviews and paradigms with. Those words they use literally influences how they see themselves, their world, and the entire experience of reality.

Let them use those words and ideas, in total blissful ignorance even. It's the only way to have an influence over their Satanism to change it. A memplex must be replaced one meme at a time. ONA memes must gradually seep into and replace their old useless and irrelevant memes. One word at a time. One idea at a time. One concept at a time. One fool at a time.

Like the Gods said once: *"Explosion when my pen hits tremendous/ [...] Shacklin the masses.../ [...]As the world turns, I spread like germs/ Bless the globe with the pestilence/ The hard headed never learn/ [...] Paragraphs contain cyanide/ [...] Light is provided through sparks of energy/ From the mind that travels in rhyme form/ Giving sight to the Blind/ The Dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum [...] My pen blows lines ferocious..."* [- [Triumph, Wu-Tang Clan](#)]. The dumb are intrigued by what they hear. New words used by others that sound smart or cool, they pick up like germs. Their mind, paradigm, and worldview, fall under the influence of such words, like a body falls influence to the beat of a drum of a good song. Intoxicated by the opiate of the mass, who needs their constant fix. Memes are like dope to the deaf and the dumb.

So this will be a collection of some old era ONA quotes that I like or find very interesting, especially when considering the time frame, and the general mindset of Satanism/Satanists back then. All of them are from old facsimiles of xeroxed MSS circulated from a past era long before the internet was in public use. Listen for the drum:

*"[T]he ONA understands and practices Satanism **as it is**, with its insistence that Satanism is about **individual self-development** in both the real and the Occult worlds, and that this can only be achieved by hard, long, dangerous and toilsome experience. Further, the ONA has exhibited a creativity and an understanding which makes all other manifestations pale into*

insignificance. Thus, it is not surprising that it has been so influential in the past few years.

“This influence has, however, seldom been acknowledged – other groups and individuals often borrowing the teachings, methods and ideas and claiming them as their own, this ‘borrowing’ not being confined to “Satanic” or Left Hand Path groups in general. This is both natural, and necessary given the sterility of creativity which exists and has existed in such groups, and given the nature of the human species in general, and the Satanic in particular.” – Satanic Influence; ONA, Hostia 1, 1990

*“A Satanist is an individual explorer – following in the footsteps of others (and perhaps using their guide books) but **always seeking further horizons, daring to defy convention** (in ideas as well as in morals and attitude) yet part of an evolutionary succession enabling **what is experienced to be understood** and become beneficial. For this reason, a genuine Satanist understands tradition as important and necessary – the culmination of centuries of insight and experience, a useful guide which enables further progress and exploration: a starting point for that inner and outer journey which is begun by Initiation, as well as a map of the way chosen and followed.” – The Tradition Of The Sinister Way; ONA, Hostia 1, ~1992*

“There is no morality here – only the judgment of experience...” – Manipulation 1; ONA, Hostia 1, 1990

“There is not and never has been any substitute for self-learning from experience.” – The Alchemy Of Magick; ONA, Hostia 1, 1991

“Thus, traditional Satanism is concerned with the ‘inner development’ of its Initiates, and its followers are few in numbers.” – The Sinister Path, Aims & Intent; ONA, Hostia 1, ~1992

“Satanism can never become (until the ‘New Aeon’ arrives at least) respectable: for to become so would destroy its numen, its viability as a way to genuine Adeptship.” ONA – Organizational Structure; ONA, Hostia II, ~1992

“[T]he creation of new forms is important and indeed vital – there must be a continuing evolution.” – Esoteric Tradition; ONA, Hostia II, ~1992

*“What matters is action, the desire to achieve, to become again fierce, tough, forbidding and thus real **individuals who have broken the psychic chains of the majority.**” – Conquer, Destroy, Create; ONA, Hostia II, ~1992*

“A Satanist, concerned with experience, may use a political form for a specific purpose -the nature of that form in terms of conventional politics and morality (such as ‘extreme Right-wing’) is irrelevant. What is important is whether it can be used to (a) provide experience of living and the limits of experience, and/or (b) aid the sinister dialectic of history.” – The Hard Reality Of Satanism; ONA, Hostia II, 1991

*“[I] have tried to make clear (sometimes by exaggerating the point) that I regard Satanism first and foremost as a practical way which involves garnishing experiences of the limits of living, and learning from those experiences -**transmuting the experiences into self-insight, the development of***

consciousness and so on.” Steven Brown Letters [to Ms. Vera]; ONA, Hostia II, May 27, 1992

[Q1]“*However, there are some points which perhaps are best raised in a private letter. First -and perhaps inconsequential out of its context -no one has ever claimed to be ‘Head’ of the ONA: no such position exists.*” Steven Brown Letters [to Grampa Munster Aquino]; ONA, Hostia II, Sept 7, 1990

[Q2]“*Satanism existed in many forms long before LaVey, and the ONA simply represents one such form: a form that has changed and is still changing, developed as it is and has been, by creative individuals within it.*” – Steven Brown Letters [to Dr. Aquino]; ONA, Hostia II, Sept 7, 1990

Note: Quotes Q1 & Q2 are from the same letter. I especially like those two quotes by Anton Long, considering the date. AL just states in plain ole English even way back then that the ONA has no leaders or head, and that the individuals within it change it, develop it, and still is changing it. In some recent writings AL has used contemporary language by referring to ONA as being “Open Source.” He has also over the years restated that he is not the leader, and that ONA has no leader.

It’s amazing how these two concepts have been said over 20 years ago, and has been resaid often, but yet still your mundane know-it-all insists that ONA has a leader somewhere who “left it,” and that “we” of ONA today are trying to change it or resurrect it, whatever. Like they Gods said: “The hard-headed never learn.” They must see what they want to see in it. Those who force DM or whoever to be the leader of ONA Need such people to be ONA’s leader for their own “emotivations.” For their own emotive motives. They dislike ONA, they need DM to be the leader, so they can say he left it, thus ONA is dead, and this makes them feel better, like they know information others aren’t privy to. When all they know are their own assumptions and wishful thinking. They need ONA to be static and unchanging, because it’s supposed to be dead and/or not real like their Satanism is. It’s not supposed to be influencing and inspiring anybody. But it is, as it has been for 40 years.

“*All these energies are ‘sinister’ (or Left Hand Path, if you prefer) -at the most simple level this means they enhance our creative evolution; at another, it means they ‘disrupt’ already existing forms which may hinder such evolution and explication of individual potential.*” – Steven Brown Letters [to Dr. Aquino]; ONA, Hostia, 1990

Note: The above is a cool quote. In it “AL” uses the term “Sinister” the way it is most often used in ONA, and he gives the term its actual meaning. The word Sinister does not actually mean Draconian, Demonic, Maniacal, Psychopathic, etc. It actually just means “Left,” from the actual Latin for Left. And in this quote AL even briefly gives a simple but enlightening summary of what the Sinister Path or Left Hand Path is or means in the ONA. It is nothing diabolical or fiendishly heinous as your average mundane will believe the word to mean. That’s what the word means in their mind. And they project their meaning onto the ONA, never stopping to realize that perhaps the ONA and its initiates have their own definition and use of the word. And yet – and yet – these mundanes insist that they are individuals. If you are a genuinely individuated person, shouldn’t you know and understand that Other People have their own Minds, and thus Other People also have their own apprehension, shade of meaning, and usage of words? I seriously doubt that your average minded mundane [was that redundant?] really grasps what the term “Other People” actually means.

“*On the practical level, this means that the societies must be made the breeding ground for the tactical*

forms chosen. The peoples must yearn for something -and what they yearn for must be given to them. That is, their instinctive yearning will be controlled, psychically, via sinister Adepts.” – ONA Strategy And Tactics; ONA, Hostia II, ~1992

Note: You have to learn how to understand the common idiot, the public, the mass. The common mass – regardless of how much they reject collectivism and insist on being individuals, socially acts, reacts, and moves as a herd or non-individuated mass. They move or yearn en masse for the same thing at any given time. Case in point: How many users does facebook have? Why is Apple Inc the most wealthiest corporation? What do I mean by move en masse as a herd socially? I mean in 2004 MySpace was the biggest thing to hit cyberspace. Everybody was into it. Now MySpace is dead. What happened? All of the dummies as a social herd of human cattle migrated en masse somewhere else. Where did they all go? Answer: How many users are on facebook?

These common Mundanes are cattle. They socially and psychologically move – behave – as a giant incoherent group. They yearn collective – within the limits of a generation or two – for things. If this concept of collective yearning were not true, then Apple Inc cannot be the most wealthiest corporation. I pads would not be selling and be the talk and star-commodity of mundanerville. You would not have 2 billion Christians in the world all yearning for the same salvation. It’s how group minds, group dynamics, and group psychology works. It’s why Sociology as a science is viable, and verifiable. Sociology treats people as a social group or mass, a blob.

But their collective yearning ripples out only for a generation or two. As a new generation emerges, that newly emerged generation as a collective has its own yearning and wants. And you can look to Tibet for your proof of this phenomenon. The generation of the 1950-1960 in Tibet collectively yearned to be free from China, and they still do. The newly emerged contemporary generation collectively yearn for Chinese music, Chinese words, Chinese culture, Chinese fashion. This is how cultural liquidation occurs, in the mass yearning of each successive generation.

So when we observe the mass yearning of the mundane cattle, we can refer to this mass as the “market.” Learning to spot the yearning of a new generation is when you are able to take your eyes off of the out going mass and pay close attention to what are called “Niche Markets.” A Niche Market sociologically would be like a “tear” in a fabric. Or a crack in a dam. They start small within an incoming generation, and may be hard to see. With each emerging generation the tear gets bigger, until when time has past and the out going generation has died, the Niche Market yearnings have replaced the old needs and desires. Nobody yearns for black and white televisions today. Nobody even yearns for a cell phone made 10 years ago. I’ll point out a tear in the Market which ONA now safely dominates without competition. In LaVey’s time Satanists were very critical of Buddhism. The Satanic Bible itself did not have much good to say about Buddhism.

Today, you can now barely begin to notice that a niche market had torn where a new generation of Satanists are seeking new knowledge and memes in Buddhism and other Eastern schools of thought to supplement their own understandings. And this same tiny niche market has now shifted its “Satanic Paradigm” to seeing life as a quest to gain an understanding of Self and World. In other words, the Niche Market is incorporating Natural Philosophy from both the West and the East. Natural Selection will take place where today’s Satanic groups must either give the new yearning market what they need, or become irrelevant, die out to be replaced. As ONA initiates, you have to learn to spot those cracks

before competition does, and then make new forms accordingly. To own or dominate these cracks and tears, is to gain an influence in the minds of the future, and thus the societies or social order such new minds will express and manifest.

This isn't in any way saying that an ONA person is not Human. It's human nature to be a part of a group and to follow your group. There are several differences though. One difference is that there is a conscious or deliberate choice to act or behave in a certain way, or get involved with certain things. The other major difference is that there is an understanding that such behaviour is human and natural. It becomes a different and stupid matter when your mundane Satanism teaches some doctrine of non-conformity and extreme individuality, but yet you hypocritically follow the large incoherent mass.

The last major difference to consider is what a herd is, as opposed to something like an army or ant colony. There is a difference sociologically and biologically speaking. You can see the difference if you compare a mafia or Organized Criminal organization with the random criminals of a given city. What's the difference? The difference is that the number of random criminals in a city may be committing the same crimes as the mafia, but they are incoherent and not organized. A herd of cattle is not an organized coherent entity. It's just a field of many cows. A city of criminals does not equal coherency and organization. It's disorganized and incoherent. Which is why – think about this hard – if a general gives an order to an army, his order is carried out almost immediately. If a mayor were to give an order or make a request to his citizens in his city, the collective response time would be much slower, if they even respond. In relation to the big and incoherent urban order that surrounds an ONA person, ONA is like an organ is to a body. It is slightly more specialized and organized than the random herd of city-state citizenry.

Organized entities last or live shorter time spans than disorganized entities. One is a reproductive organ of the other which only forms in response to condition, and/or to Seed something in the Causal. To better understand this phenomenon, let's take mushrooms. The mushroom itself is actually the coherent and organized reproductive organs of mycelium. The mycelium itself is shapeless, formless, and very hard to see. It lives inside the ground in dark moist spots and is very big. When a spot becomes dry of nutrients the mycelium reacts to the condition by organizing its cells into a coherent entity. That coherent entity becomes a stalk which pushes out of the ground, which is the mushroom. The mushroom of course makes and spreads the spores of the mycelium. Stepping on the mushroom doesn't kill or harm the actual non-organized mycelium.

Human culture, not as a memplex, but as a group of people, is the mycelium. Culture on the human level is formless, leaderless, shapeless, headless, and non-organized. This is so to help this culture live long. You have something like Brahminical culture in India which is thousands of years old. And you have thousand year old European cultures. From time to time this non-organized culture produces organized "bodies" within it. So as an example you have the Catholic Church within Southern European culture. That church is the Mushroom of the mycelium of Romanesque European culture. It is the reproductive organ with which that cultural entity seeds itself in other places. And you look very closely at the color scheme and symbolism the priests of this church uses unconsciously. They wear white, or white is regarded in a special manner. Sperm is white. They have wands that sprinkle holy water. They have specialized "cells" or units [missionaries] which carries a bundle of memes which they send out. Just like sperm carries a bundle of information and is cast out. The sperm itself does not contain all of the information of its originating organism, just the basic genes. And so the Roman Catholic Church

does not contain all of the “genetic” information of old Romanesque European culture, just the basics.

So you watch history very closely. You see this Catholic Church send out its sperm cells into indigenous lands such as the Mayan, Incan empires, and the Philippines. How do most empires and nations symbolically personify the spirit of their empire or nation? As a female. The empire or nation as a body is the female, with her own genetic information. The missionaries are the sperm used to attempt to inoculate that female body with outside genetic information. Once the “female” culture/nation takes the genetic information from the missionaries, we see something take place aeonically over time. We see an increase in the “Europeanization” of the indigenous population. In fact, just as you would expect in biology, you see Latin America and the Philippines actually become Hybrid entities, mixed with their old indigenous genetic information, and with the new Romanesque European cultural memes.

Another example would be Buddhism. The dis-coherent entity is Brahminical India. The only problem with what we refer to as Brahmanism/Hinduism is that it’s people specific and highly incoherent. This makes it genetically less able to seed outside cultures. So Buddhism is the answer. Buddhism is nothing more than a refined species of Brahmanism/Hinduism made and tailored to be spreadable. It has been stripped away of the memetic parts which are people and place specific such as the Vedas, Caste System, and so on. But the essence – and even most of the deities – are all still accounted for. So Buddhism is the organized reproductive organ of Brahminical culture. And just like a reproductive organ and its counter part in Southern Europe, Buddhism sent out missionaries into foreign lands in ancient times. Egypt was seeded, China, Southeast Asia, and now the West. And we see that the “female” receptive bodies [nations/culture] which takes those Seeds, produce Hybrid people and social orders. They have a mixture of their original culture, but also Brahminical cultural memes and practices, worldviews, and so on.

You have to learn to pay very, very close attention to how those old time tested reproductive organs work at seeding foreign people with a worldview. It’s an important bit of knowledge and skill for the ONA. Pay no attention to the belief system itself. That’s not the main mechanism something like Catholicism and Buddhism gets foreign people to adopt a new worldview, paradigm, and so on. When missionaries spread Catholicism inside a new receptive culture, specialized lexicons and Latin is used. You have lexical words like “Baptism,” “Eucharist,” “Host,” “Saviour,” “Pope,” “Church,” “Sin,” and so on with Catholicism. With Buddhism you have lexical words in Sanskrit and Pali such as “Karma,” “Dhamma,” “Sangha,” and so on.

What do we know about words and language? We know that the words we think in have an absolute influence on how we see and understand reality. Before a person can wholly adopt a belief system or new paradigm, his weltanschauung has to be subverted by those specialized words. The words bypasses their mental immune system because they are not technically foreign beliefsets. They are just words with perhaps definitions. But the words themselves act like genetic coding or digital coding which has been inserted into their cell or operating system. The words influences how they think and see things. They act like primer. After the primer, then you can paint them with the beliefs and foreign ideas.

Before you can make peasants into Communists, you subvert their mindscape with innocent useful word, like Bourgeois, Proletarian, Capital. They are innocent words peasants can adopt and use. But those words have a deeper sinister purpose. It infects how the peasants see themselves and their world. Then you start telling them what they want and need to hear. The rich are bad, Jews need to go, the

worker makes the nation and should therefore lead, and so on. And it's incredibly effective. You end up with peasants turned into rebel Proletarians killing for a party. Then the USSR falls, and a change of words is employed by a new political and economic order. Instead of Proletarian, the word "Citizen" is now used. The same common group of people adopt that word, and the behaviour and reaction changes, along with their worldviews and paradigm. The public are no longer rebel proletarians, they are productive citizens of a democracy. Look closely though, and you notice nothing real has ever changed. The leader types still lead, the common mass are still subjects of a regime.

Religion is not the only means a culture sporifies. Any Organized entity which forms within the matrix of its mother culture is a reproductive organ, this includes Political Parties, and secret societies. You have Germany and out of that Germany you have National Socialism. The National Socialism seeds other minds and cultures. So you see in time that those countries or people who adopt National Socialism take on a hybrid "German" flavour and worldview. Incorporations are cultural reproductive organs. Remember old world British colonies first began as territory owned and occupied by a Company. Whatever happened to that old Hudson Bay Company? Why, it aeonically developed into what we today call Canada, which looks and feels like it's parent. Democracy as an institution is the reproductive organ of what we might call the Occidental Order. We see that whatever country adopts democracy, suspiciously takes on a Western flavour. At the moment the East is behind since it relies on things like Buddhism to inseminate World Order with its Oriental Order, which doesn't work as well as democracy.

It's very hard to change a culture because of the lack in coherency of its units/cells. This is a defense mechanism, since it must live long to try to seed humanity. A miniature example would be the constructed language of Esperanto. After about 150 years since it was born, Esperanto collected a very large following globally. That following is the cultural body, which is composed of an incoherent collection of people who learn to speak the language. Over the years many people have criticized faults in Esperanto, and so reform movements started. Those reform movements tried to change words around, add new words, remove old words, etc. None ever worked. Why? Because the cultural body itself is disorganized and made up of random unconnected people. Even if you get some to adopt your changes, you have not changed Esperanto. A living culture is beyond the control of any single person. It is it's own entity.

We in the ONA can see this on a very practical level. For a while several years ago Old Guards like DarkLogos tried to state that the Black Book of Satan II & III were not a real part of the ONA. They tried to push that idea very often. But it was futile. Because a living tradition or culture is beyond the control and dictates of any person simply because the ONA is composed of disorganized cellular units. You would have to get every ONA person to agree that the BBS 2 & 3 are not ONA, and that is futile now because ONA is now a living tradition. I think it's a good thing. The living tradition itself held onto the BBS 2 & 3; even if AL were to decree otherwise. It's like a child you give birth too. When the child – or your baby cousin – is small it's easy to control it and tell it what to do. Just like in the early days, it may have been easy for AL to tell ONA what to do and be. But when the child becomes a teenager, it becomes harder to control the teen and tell it what to do. It reacts negatively. We've all been teens. When the child becomes an adult, then there is no more control. The adult is its own person, with it's own mind, life, and destiny.

In ONA, the Causal Forms which have and may develop within its cultural matrix is the organized

reproductive organ of the mycelium of ONA. Each form has the basic genetic information of its parent, with specialized memes, words, and ideas. The forms inseminate foreign bodies around ONA. But we can see that because ONA is still very young, it is clumsy with its reproductive organs. Like a young teen just coming into the awareness of its own sexuality and reproductive capabilities. It will take time, trial, and error for ONA to be a stud muffin.

Give the people what they want, the quote states. Like in real life girls know what they want and need. If you are a guy, and you can't sense what a girl wants and needs, then you're not getting any. Other guys who are more experience, who can sense what the girl wants and needs will get to inseminate her. So ONA people have to learn to sense and intuit what the people want, and make forms to penetrate them. But we're all human, with the same human nature. Just as they yearn, ONA people need an yearn. The ONA as a living entity has its needs. And just like them, we are group oriented. But must you be hypocritical and self loathing because of it?

"The whole of Satanism is a defiance against the religious attitude. Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold or try to hold our existence, our being, in thrall -and the most potent form of thralldom has been and still is, religion. Religion emasculates us -whether it be overtly, via a religion, or covertly by a religious attitude such as is evident in political or social zealotry, in conformity to a dogma and an authority. Satanism, in essence, is an individual defiance -an individual pride, an individual striving, an individual quest for excellence. It is about fulfilling the potential inherent in our existence -and this means finding and fulfilling our unique Destinies. Satanism means self-effort, self-learning, self-experience: it means each individual striving to become like a god; striving to be like the Prince of Darkness Himself." – Concerning The Temple Of Set; Anton Long, Hostia II, ~1992

*"There is no easy way, no easy path, to Adeptship. The journey takes years, and involves **self-effort, self-discovery, unaided.** It Involves triumphs, and mistakes -and learning from one's mistakes. But perhaps most of all it involves a commitment and **a learning from practical experience.**"* – Adeptship – Its Meaning And Significance; ONA, Hostia III, 1992

"As Aeschylus once explained Pathei Mathos; one can learn through adversity/suffering and so achieve wisdom." – Mastery – Its Real Meaning & Significance; ONA, Hostia III, 1990

Note: The word "Pathei Mathos" in the original facsimile is in Greek letters. I think this is the earliest dated document in ONA where the word and concept of "Pathei-Mathos" was used. It's just very, very interesting to take careful note of the date.

"They [Satanists] might be real heretics -fighting against the State either politically or via armed warfare if that State (as most Western ones do) upholds the Nazarene sickness of spirit (evident in modern political ideas like 'liberalism' and 'humanism' and 'equality': the triumph of the worthless at the expense of the noble)." – Satanism – Or Living On The Edge; ONA, Hostia III, 1991

"It amuses me -and has amused me -when I come into contact with modern. self-professed 'Satanists'. Be such people a part of some 'Temple' or 'Church' or 'cult', or be they working on their own. With a few notable exceptions, these people are ridiculous -for them, Satanism IS an intellectual philosophy, a collection of rituals, and/or an anarchic attitude. For them, it IS an object of study, and involves

*meetings, discussions. For them, it IS communal. and involves 'ethics' and/or a religious approach and attitude. For them, it IS a glorification of their ego and a wallowing in the pleasures and wealth this existence can offer: an excuse for self-indulgence and **lack of self-discipline.**" – Song Of A Satanist; Anton Long; Hostia III, 1990*

*"The notion of self-responsibility is as mentioned above, crucial to the LHP and accordingly any organization which claims to be of the LHP and which does not uphold this in both theory and practice is a fraudulent organization. In practice this means that an organization **does not restrict the experiences of its members** -it does not, for instance, impose upon them any binding authority which the members have to accept or face 'expulsion' just as it does not lay down for them any codes of behaviour or ethics. That is, it does not promulgate a dogma which the members have to accept as it does not require those members to be obedient to what the hierarchy says. **There is no "proscription"** of certain views, or individuals or other organizations as **there is no attempt to make members conform in terms of behaviour, attitudes, views, opinions, expressions or anything else.**" – The Left Hand Path, An Analysis; ONA, Hostia III, ~1992*

"Satanism is not merely attending nor even conducting ceremonies or rituals of a 'Black Magick' kind. Nor does Satanism mean or imply membership of an avowedly Satanic group. Neither is Satanism merely the enjoyment of material delights. Rather, Satanism – quintessentially – is an attitude and a way of living.

*"This attitude expresses a strength of character – a belief in oneself and one's Destiny. Part of this is pride, and part of it is defiance: an individuality, a dislike of limits. However, perhaps **the most important part is a self-knowledge or self-mastery** born from having gone to and often beyond one's physical, mental **and moral limits.**" – The Quintessence Of Satanism; ONA, Hysteron Proteron, **1989***

"Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims -of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims." – The Aims Of The ONA; ONA, Sacramentum Sinisterum, 1997

"Satanic reasoning, and the judgement of a 'thing', derive from direct personal experience. Thus, for the Satanist, there can be no real understanding of something until that something is lived. Before then, understanding is merely academic, relying as it does on the validity of sources other than one's own experience." – Makrokosmos; ONA, Sacramentum Sinistrum, 1997

[Block Quote]

Historical Addendum: Reductio Ad Absurdum:

The individual responsible for the present codification of ONA (in the form of the seven-fold way, Star Game etc.) does not claim any supra-personal authority for that codification (in the form of Satan/Set or an extra-terrestrial intelligence) or indeed for the creativity, which was its essence. Neither does he claim any authority via having belonged to some ancient and mysterious group whose "Master" taught and Initiated him.

The truth is simple, and a little ordinary. He was fortunate perhaps in spending most of his childhood and early youth in Africa and the Far East where, in the former, he grew up among people who believed in pagan practices and witchcraft, and, in the latter, he came in contact with many and various traditions including LHP Taoist magic and Martial Arts. All this formed a somewhat unusual education (there is no claim to being “Initiated” into any form) and provided a continuing interest in esoteric arts. This curiosity, interest together with his keen intellect, enthusiasm and zest for danger let him to, in later youth, to not only seek out LHP groups in Europe but also into many interesting and diverse experiences, and in the late sixties he was Initiated into some LHP groups/underground Satanic Temples.

His diverse experiences then and later (some dangerous, some at variance with prevailing social dogma, many dark, some heretical) provided useful background for an Occult and personal synthesis and led to him taking responsibility for a small LHP group. The teaching of this group were rather garbled, full of mystifications and occasional insights, but they did provide some basis for creative extension.

Thus, the new synthesis that was the seven-fold way was created. The original LHP group had no historical significance and did not claim among its former members any person of significance on any level – it was simply a reclusive circle of a few individuals oriented toward the Black Arts whose teachings (such as they were) centred around a septenary approach to magickal alchemy and a “mythology” about the Dark Gods. (It should be noted that the other LHP groups he joined derived their magic from a mixture of Crowley/Golden Dawn/demonism or were rather boring, lacking Satanic zest).

In the early years of the eighth decade of the present century a decision was made to publish the tradition of this small group (the ONA – as it came to be called some decades earlier) together with the new codification. Some of the traditional material concerned Sacrifice and some related to the Dark Gods mythos.

No one within this group believes these traditions and methods are unalterable or invested with “supernatural” authority. As expressed in such published works as “Naos” and “The Black Book” they are a practical method of achieving magickal Adeptship and extending consciousness into the next stage of its development.

Thus the ONA has no structure because no structure is needed – its members may guide others if those others wish, such guidance occurring because those members have themselves undergone (to a greater or lesser extent depending on their own personal development) the tasks of the seven-fold way and can thus offer advise from experience.

It is as absurdly simple as that.

-Reductio Ad Absurdum; ONA, 1989

[End Quote]

Closing Remarks

So those were a number of quote from classic ONA MSS & Documents. Most are dated between

1989-1992. All of these quotes come from PDF facsimiles of xeroxed copies of booklets ONA people in phase 2 [snail mail days] created, and distributed during that past era. It is impossible because of this for mundanes to claim that “we” doctored our documents to make ONA look and sound cool. The fact is ONA doesn’t have to be doctored to look and sound cool. It is cool, and has been cool for 40 years.

It’s just took 20 years for you mundane Satanists to catch up to our coolness. To appreciate what ONA has been trying to say for so long. Not even to some generalized “ONA.” But to its unsung intellectual heavy weight, “Anton Long,” and the other heavy weight “Christos Beest.” You spent 20 years talking trash about them, disregarding them, calling them fakes. And now you liberally borrow from their past works to develop your own mundane Satanism. You mundanes truly do live up to your descriptor: Anariya [Ignoble/ Dishonourable]. There isn’t a shred of nobility or honour in your flesh and blood as a breed of people. It’s the very essence of what makes a human a worthless peasant, a serf: Common, Ignoble, devoid of Honour.

An institution or culture is very much like a body. The body needs both a brain and a heart. In the past Anton Long served as the Brain of the ONA, with his type of contributions. Beesty Boy was the Heart of ONA, with the art and imagery, the music and chants, the finer and “softer” contributions which tugs at our hearts. Both are needed to inspire us to think and feel. Because as humans, we have been created – or evolved – to both think and feel. When one is lost, there is an imbalance in “the force.” There also has to be a place in ONA for the balance of gender, both an animus and an anima. Boys do the territory thing with land and ideas, expanding and so on. Girls work the domestic home front and bond, maintaining the culture and social order.

The classic quotes above point out a number of very important notions many in and out of ONA forget or disregard. One point is that ONA has no special history. It has a mythos but not a super spectacular history. It was simply start by one or two guys in Shropshire of all places and then a small number of their friends got involved. Another point is that ONA never had a leader or some central authority figure.

Another point is that ONA has no structure or hierarchy. This means it’s not structured like a Church of Satan or an OTO where you can send an application to request membership and join. It has no structure period. There is nothing to send a request for membership to. No leader, no building, no group. Membership in ONA basically means putting the Seven Fold Way into living practice, and working on your own toward adeptship, via a cultivation of experiences and going beyond your limits. This is one thing mundane Satanists just don’t get. They don’t get that you can’t practice or live ONA on the internet. You just simply can’t do the Seven Fold Way or experience anything in cyberspace. There is no such thing as an internet ONA person. There are ONA people online using the internet, and the internet is a very useful tool, but you can’t do what is ONA online.

Another point is that from the early days, ONA was constructed to be adopted by anyone interested who had Codex Saerus, Naos, and the other core booklets as a guide. Those core books gave you a Self Initiation ritual to do, it gave you the entire Seven Fold Way to work on. You do ONA on your own. Later you may chose to make your own temple/nexion, or join one. Joining a group is what requires the tests, face to face meet up, and so on. Because such groups need to get to know you and learn to trust you.

Another point most mundanes don't want to pay attention to is that from the beginning ONA has been an "Open Source" entity. Anybody within ONA can add and change things. You can add your own writings and booklets, change what needs to be changed. This doesn't mean that every individual ONA person will adopt your changes though. Remember, ONA is a living tradition now, so it is hard to force your changes onto the whole ONA. People like DarkLogos couldn't even do it when for a while he tried to make the Black Books of Satan 2 & 3 not a part of ONA. He couldn't do it, because collectively the ONA likes and needs those books. They are a part of the Tradition of ONA. This is how a living culture or tradition grows. Everyone has the equal chance to introduce new things into a culture, but there is no guarantee that those who make up the culture will like or adopt what you introduce.

For example nothing is stopping anybody from changing and recreating Codex Saerus. You can do it. But will the many independent people that make up the living Tradition adopt it? This is where social skills are needed if you want to have some sort of influence on ONA. Or at least be determined to spend a lot of time to distribute your ideas over many years. Introducing change into a living tradition takes Time, generations. Whereas in an autocratic framework such as the Church of Satan or something, the High Priest can make a dictate and his servile minions will have to adopt the policy or get kicked out. Be glad ONA isn't like that. It's a Tradition, not a structured organization or church, or temple. You can try to be the "leader" of ONA, but how many of the independent Initiates and nexions will like you and "vote" for you as their leader? How many ONA people will subserviently submit themselves and give up their individual autonomy and sovereignty to let you be their "leader?" To let you dictate to them what to believe, how to see the world, and how to live their lives? Submission is the total opposite of the spirit of Defiance of ONA. If you are in ONA and you have that mentality and attitude of looking for or needing phallus worship, an authority, leader, a Jesus, breasts to suckle on, then I don't think you are in the right place.

One great thing about a culture is that not every one will like each other. Do all Americans love other Americans and agree with every other American? No. I hate most other Americans actually. In a culture there is no set or defined morality or ethics. There only exists the sentiments shared by some people. If you rape a person and go to prison, you are still America with the right to vote still. It's just that the people you live around might not like what you did because of their personal sentiments and beliefs. So when you get put into prison, it is not the cultural entity of America that rejects you. It's a group of people and their private sentiments and beliefs. It's not like a religion where if you are a Jew and you work on the Sabbath, you are stoned to death. It's not like a Church of Satan where if you do something against their rules you are no longer a mundane Satanist.

ONA culture means Culture. You don't have to like other ONA people, you don't have to get a long with them, and they might not like you and what you do. If you do something others in ONA don't like or agree with, you are still ONA. It's just that some ONA people had an asscow over what you did. Individuality really means Individuality in ONA. You're on your own, and don't let other ONA people's private sentiments and beliefs stop you from being your own person. If you fuck up, then the consequences of your actions and mistakes are entirely yours to reap and learn from. But ONA people know their own Kind. So if you don't actually belong, people will react and shun you in some way. Blackwood tried to belong and tried to be leader, and he got ridiculed and "thrown" out of ONA, because he didn't belong. A crystal knows what kind of molecules belongs in its crystalline lattice. A pack of wolves knows who and what belongs, knows friend from foe; knows kindred from Other. The acausal ONA entity knows what types of people are its causal cells. Even if we don't always get a long

and agree, we're still a pack, with a shared Tradition, shared mythos, shared culture, shared worldview, shared language, shared customs, shared rites, shared Sinister Dialectic, shared aims, and shared Way.

Self-development via direct experience and adversity has been a fundamental concept of ONA from day one. If I could break ONA down to a simple sentence or phrase, it would be that. Self-Development Via Direct Experience & Adversity. It's the spirit of ONA. Everything else rests on that cornerstone. There is no moral system in ONA because nothing and nobody has the power to limit your potential for growth from your own experiences. There is no leader in ONA because no person has the power to limit or dictate what you can and should experience and learn from. There is no dogma or doctrine in ONA because no idea or idealism has the power to say what you can or cannot personally experience and learn from. ONA must grow and develop because as each of its causal cells grows and changes from our own personal experiences and Pathei-Mathos, the acausal organism we are cells of will change and evolve. All ONA MSS are basically are guidelines, or maps to help each individual Initiate find their own way. The map stops at a certain point, and from there, it is up to each individual Initiate to cut out their own trail, for the next generation to find and walk.

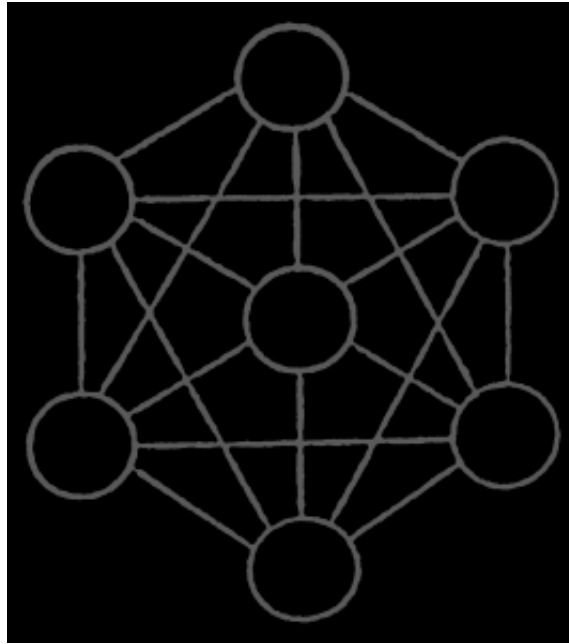
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Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

ONA FOR ROOKIES



ONA For Rookies

ONA for rookies. What it is, how to “join” it, and what to do with it. In Q&A format since I like that format.

Q1. What is the ONA?

A1. ONA stands for “Order of Nine Angles.” Honestly ONA is 40 years worth of paperwork and creative writing. That’s as down to earth and realistic as I can get. We’re talking about thousands and thousands of pages of writings we call “Manuscripts,” or “ONA MSS.” Most of these writings come from a few key people who just write a lot. “Anton Long” himself has over the 40 years written over 4000-5000 pages worth of ONA MSS. In the past they were scattered around, but these days many of them have been compiled into huge PDF books and archived. “Christos Beast” or now better known as Beesty Boy is the second Niner to write ONA stuff. Besides these two Old Guards, there are two key Nexions [an ONA group] that add onto the ONA “paper temple.” A Nexion called the Temple of THEM over the years has written thousands of pages. And then this Nexion [WSA352] currently has added around 1500 pages worth of stuff to the ONA corpus.

For the sake of convenience I call all of those thousands and thousands of pages of manuscripts that build up the ONA corpus [body] a “Memplex.” A memplex is more than just a bunch of ideas. It also includes the rites, ceremonies, customs, practices, and culture of a people or group. With ONA, it does have its own practices, rites, rituals, ceremonies, and traditions.

Besides being a Memplex the ONA is also a “Mythos.” Here I use the word mythos in a sociological way, so it does not mean a myth; they are two different words. A mythos in sociology is a people’s paradigm, their cultural set of values, their shared history, the way they explain the world, the way they understand the world, the character or “aura” of a people. So if we understand these two words sociologically, then we will know that these two words sort of overlaps in the middle somewhere like two circles overlapping.

So for example when Chinese people say that Man is the union of Heaven and Earth, that is a part of their people’s Mythos. When a group of American Indians do a rain dance because they believe such dance will bring rain, that tradition of rain dancing is a part of their people’s Mythos. Mythos is very important because it is the spring or fountainhead of what we call Human Culture. It is from a shared Mythos that a people develops a common culture. When I use the word “Culture” here, it is interchangeable with the word “Memplex.” A culture is a coherent system of customs, observances, traditions, practices, which a people share.

For example nodding our heads to mean “yes” is a meme of a larger memplex. But this meme is not universal. In places like some regions of India and nearby regions, the cultural meme for “yes,” is to wiggle their head from side to side or shoulder to shoulder. French kissing is a meme of a greater Western Memplex, which is also not universal. Other cultures have their own meme which expresses a deep intimacy between two people who love and desire each other.

The most important thing to keep in mind here is that for a Memplex and Mythos to express itself in our human world, it needs humans to do the expressing. In ONA talk this person or group of people who does the Expressing of ONA memes and mythos into our physical human world is called a “Nexion.” The word comes from Anton Long’s spelling of Connexion. It suggests that the “Nexion” is the connecting point between ideas and theories or principles and practice and action. A Nexion is where the memplex and mythos is Born in the world as culture, practice, and such. And so we can say accurately that such ideas and memes Before they are expressed and Born are not real. To be real they need people like you and me. Much like how a picture of a building drawn on a blueprint is fake and not real. That drawing needs people to manifest it through their work and action to make it real. All things in our human world begins as ideas in the realm of mind. It is through each of us that such ideas are born into the world as real things. The ONA, therefore – like anything else – needs people to give it life and reality.

Q2. How did the ONA start?

A2. It started in the 1960’s when three Dark neopagan groups named Camlad, The Noctulians, and The Temple of the Sun united. At the time the number of members in this United group was 10-12 people. It’s important to keep in mind that the ONA was born from the Dark Pagan tradition, and it still essentially is a Dark Pagan tradition today. During this decade it is known that a local news station video recorded one of these original three groups performing a neopagan rite for a local story they were doing. The place these original three groups were active in was Shropshire England, which is the epicenter from where ONA slowly spread.

Now there is a bit of controversy concerning the origins of the term “Nine Angles” that I wouldn’t want the Rookie to be ignorant of. The controversy started with Michael Aquino claiming in the past that the ONA borrowed the term “Nine Angles” from his Ceremony of the Nine Angles rite. This claim is re-enforced by the fact that Aquino’s rite was published for public consumption in 1972, which was around the same year that the ONA began calling itself the Order of Nine Angles.

If you look at the actual rite in question you will see that in this rite the term “Nine Angles” tried to refer to a specific group of nine “entities” referred to as “angles. In the ONA memplex and mythos no such nine entities, or homage to such entities exists. So first, any similarities is superficial: in name and wording only.

Many mundanes will agree with this claim, and they have every right to. But such agreement is based on a cultural myopia. Meaning that in general those that do agree to this claim are only aware of generically available pop-occulture books and grimoires. So they make their assumptive agreements based on that myopia.

It is known that the person behind Anton Long used untranslated Arabic texts on occasion as a source of inspiration to develop the ONA. A Professor from a University in Morocco named Connell Monette during an interview with the person behind Anton Long was familiar with an ONA book called Naos and he was familiar with several – or many – untranslated Arabic texts. The Professor recognized similarities between Naos and one Arabic text on magic in particular called the Shams i-Maaraf. So Anton Long was asked if he did actually read the Shams i-Maaraf manuscript and if Naos was inspired in anyway by it. Anton Long confirmed it. If you have ever seen the Shams manuscript, it is entirely in Arabic photocopied from what looks like an old book. The Shams is considered one of two of the great Arabic manuscripts on magic. Professor C.M., was kind enough to give me a copy of the Shams MS.

Anton Long claims that he got the term “Nine Angles” from another such untranslated Arabic manuscript he calls the “al Katib al Alfak,” which he describes as an old alchemical text. There are several problems of verification with this claim. The first problem is that “Anton Long” is a clever trickster and is known to use intentional misspellings of words to throw people off track. The second problem was pointed out to me by Professor CM who states that with these untranslated and unpublished Arabic texts, there is no Label or single title. One person can call a manuscript by one label or title, and another call the same manuscript by a completely different label. So the only way to tell if we are dealing with the same manuscripts is to actually compare them side by side. The Professor states that he does not doubt that Anton Long has a copy of or has read a manuscript he [Anton Long] refers to as a “al katib al alfak,” but that there is no way of knowing what other names this manuscript is called unless its content and writings are studied and compared.

Personally all I know is that the notion or meme of “nine angles” is not alien to the Middle East region and people. The easiest examples of the use of “nine angles” in mystical context would be the Enneagram and what is known as the Sufi Enneagram which looks slightly different. I am also personally aware that certain Sufi orders gives mystical meanings to “nine angles.” One being the Naqshbandi Order which – so I have encountered – uses a design/symbol with

nine angles which is given mystical meaning. Another Sufi order now dormant were the al-Bonaim who constructed the al Asque Mosque [Dome of the Rock] in Jerusalem. The al Asque is octagonal [8 sided] but is said to have a mystical 9th side or angle. So all I can say about this controversy is to leave your options open and actually try to do your own research before jumping to conclusions and assumptions and just agreeing with the most easily agreeable claims. The mentally lazy will take the easiest route.

Q3. How do I “join” the ONA.

A3. Like you would “join” a culture: You don’t. I’ll use the Skater subculture as an example. Let’s say you want to be a Skater. How do you “join” the Skater subculture? You don’t. You go out and buy a skate board and Learn to ride it. Now, if you don’t ride your board good or you just carry it around and you call yourself a “Skater,” then those Skaters who have been into this subculture for a long time who know a lot of board tricks will call you a Poser or “wannabe.” The only way to not be a Poser here it to work on gaining the respect of your Skater peers. You do this by working on being as good as they are on their boards, practice on your board tricks, and you forge bonds and friendships with other Skaters to adopt their subculture. In essence “anybody” can be or claim to be a Skater, but to actually be one means work, practice [praxis], and living the subculture.

ONA is no different. Anybody can claim and can be ONA. ONA is just a memeplex and mythos of a subculture made in the 60’s. But if you make claims that you are ONA and you just carry that label around and you don’t know anything about it, people in ONA who have been in it a while will consider you a Poser or “wannabe.” You have to work on familiarizing yourself with the subculture, with the mythos, and study the many ONA MSS to gain a competent Knowledge of the ONA. But Knowledge is only the first step.

To Know something means that you have only become consciously aware of that something. Like when I say: “I Know what a watch is.” Once you Know something the next step is to gain the Wisdom of that something. Wisdom is Knowledge applied for results. Wisdom is the actual experimentation and act of experiencing [praxis] that something. In the watch example after I know what a watch is I take it apart to see what’s inside and I play around with the gears. The word “Wise” and “Way,” is the same word. As in Otherwise which means Other-Way. As in Anywise which is Any-Way. To be Wise or to have the Wisdom of something means you Know from experience the Way something works. So once I crack open my watch and study its insides I gain the Wisdom of how the watch actually works. Once I have experienced the wisdom, I then grow an Understanding of the nature of the watch. Understanding is the step when you have come to an inner realization [gnosis/buddhi] of something. After you have been in a few relationships to experience such, you come to an Understanding of how boys or girls work in relationships.

So ONA is no different. Just because you have read manuscripts and know ONA does not mean you Understand shit. Just because you bought a cool skate board, does not mean you Understand how it works, how hard it is to ride it and do tricks with it, and how to invent new tricks of your own. That understanding comes from praxis [experience, application] and Pathei-Mathos.

So if ONA is seriously something you want to “join” then just claim it and start banging and repping it, and give a little respect to those ONA Initiates who have walked the Sinister Way before you. Start somewhere and grow from there. Start with the Initiation system of the ONA with the first Degree or Grade and go from there. Start with Naos and put its stuff into practice. Collect ONA MSS as the first Degree states you do and study. But don't stop at study. Go all the way and gain the Wisdom and work for the eventual Understanding. But start somewhere.

ONA isn't an Order which has black lodges you go to to get initiated. Just like the Church of Satan is not a literal Church building. Just like the Temple of Set is not a literal temple building on a street corner somewhere. These are just words. Don't get so caught up in the superficial words where you can get past them. ONA is an Ordering of people who are drawn to the ONA memeplex and mythos, or who resonates with its “aura.” ONA stuff should describe you as a person, which is what “resonates” means. It should not be something you must try to be or conform to to be one. If you are an artist by nature, then you don't have to try or force yourself to be one. You just do it and grow into your mastery of art. If you love music same thing. You don't have to force yourself to conform to some identity of a musician. You just do it and grow into your mastery of your nature. ONA is the same way. If ONA describes your nature, then just do it and grow into the mastery of your “Sinister Nature.”

Q4. Can you explain what all these “phases” in ONA means?

A4. It's like H₂O has three basic phases. Phase one is the Vaporous state when the H₂O is a nebulous vapor. Phase two is when the H₂O Coagulates into liquid or water. Phase three is when the H₂O Crystallizes into solid ice. Every human invention we know of follows the same alchemical process of Becoming. It goes thru the Vapor Phase, Coagulation Phase, and Crystallization Phase. The automobile first began as a nebulous vapor of ideas in the mind of Ford. It attracted people who resonated with the idea. These people came together which to help make the idea real. After the investments and labour, the automobile is physically manufactured. America began as a vaorous idea. That idea coagulated into a group of people willing to put in energy to make the idea a reality. After the fighting and stuff, America became a real physical nation.

The ONA also went thru its phases of development. It's first phase was when a mythos and memeplex was actually out together. Aspects of a mythos does not always have to be true. The main function of the mythos is to draw in people who resonates with it so that Coagulation arises. An example would be the Knights Templar mythos found in Freemasonry. There is no historical proof that Templars created Freemasonry. In fact the oldest Templar mythos comes from Scottish lodges who have stated that its just mythos they put together to inspire their olden day members. Today that Templar mythos in Freemasonry magnetically is powerful enough to still inspire people.

There have been aspects of ONA mythos which have been believed by mundanes to be true or real. One such aspect of mythos is that ONA is some super secret Satanist society that is super hard to get into. This simply is not the truth. It is a part of mythos meant to produce a certain aura or vibe, so that in turn this aura draws in or attracts a certain kind of people.

Phase two in ONA took place during the late 90's all the way to the early 2000. This was the phase of spreading the memeplex and mythos to other people. During this stage of development the primary way to spread ONA was via snail mail. It was this time that ONA was a "PO Box Enterprise." Meaning that people like Christos Beest at one time with friends made all of these spiral bound ONA books and placed ads in magazines to sell them to interested people. I'll include some pictures of these ads for historic purposes.

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*The Satanic Works
of
The Order of Nine Angles*

- * NAOS - A Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick
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[For more on the subject of ONA PO Box Enterprise stage of life, read the first essay in [Joining The ONA.](#)]

Phase three is the Crystallization. Once the people have been drawn together, or once a core

group has been formed, the work of constructing or building the actual physical Order and its culture can take place. Basically the thing to keep in mind is that stories, myths, legends, and claims made during the first and second phases in general are not factual. Meaning did the ONA ever exist as a secret society of Satanists bent on overthrowing governments? NO. The ONA back then was a very small group of friends numbering around 12. They were just very good at marketing the ONA by using such stories to captivate the imaginations of an audience. Currently the ONA – as of 2008 – is in Phase 3.

Q5. What is meant by “Causal Forms,” in ONA?

A5. A Causal Form is the Outer Expression or outer face of something. For example let's take you the reader as a living person. There are days when you will be happy inside, and so you express a happy you. There will be days when you are angry, and so you will be a bitch or a douche. There will be days when you feel stressed out or upset and so you will want to be isolated and let alone for a while. All of these Outer Expressions: the Happy You, the Bitch You, the Anti-Social You, are not who or what you really are. They are just expressions of different parts of you. They are not different things from you. They are aspects of you. They come and go. They lead others to the real you, if such others get to know you Beyond such Outer Faces. Just as when Brahmanism states that all deities and beings in the universe are different aspects of Brahma. Brahma is the blossomed lotus, and every god and person, creature, and human is a petal in that lotus. It is when we are able to use such petals or aspects as a Way Pointer that we learn to see and come to realize the reality of Brahma and the Cosmos. If we are stuck on the superficial faces, we will never know the real person. If I assume that you are simply a bitch because I can't see past how you express yourself during your bitchy days, then I will never know the real you will I.

The ONA has different Outer Expressions of Faces which are aspects of its Inner Essence. One such outer face is Dark Paganism, another is Traditional Satanism, another is the Dreccian Way, another is the Rounwytha Tradition, another is Reichsfolk National-Socialism, another is its more traditional understandings of the ancient oriental Left Hand Path, etc. All of these are “Causal Forms” of the ONA. But none of these are The ONA. They are superficial aspects of ONA, which can lead the Initiate to the “true person” of the ONA. If you get stuck on the superficial forms, you will never genuinely Understand the ONA. But you have to start somewhere. And such outer forms are only that: Starting Points. Tools used to manifest an end. If you understand this concept, you will understand that the ONA is not Satanic. ONA uses Satanism for an end, according to the Sinister Dialectic. If you are drawn to such forms, you may use them and label yourself a Satanist, but not all ONA Initiates are Satanists. Just like you may be drawn to a certain aspect of Brahma. It doesn't matter which Deva or Devi. They are all one. As Krishna said in the Bagavad Gita to Arjuna when he said that when people worship other gods, they worship him [Krishna] by proxy because he is All and Everything. Those superficial gods serve as a Way to bring you – draw you deeper – to know the Formless One Beneath The Forms.

Q6. Is there a leader of the ONA?

A6. Is there a leader of the Skater subculture? Is there a leader for the basketball subculture?

Is there a leader of the hip hop culture? NO! There are individuals who stand out and have a lot of influence in each of those subcultures though. ONA has a “phantom leader,” who is “Anton Long.” Anton Long is the only leader. The first and the last leader. The perpetual leader. But he is not a real person. He is an aspect of the ONA mythos. Anton Long was used by a certain someone to work on creating the ONA over the years, but this certain someone is now retired. Today “Anton Long” symbolically represents the whole corpus [body] of all the thousands of ONA manuscripts as well as our aural traditions which together is the memplex and mythos of ONA. That is the “leader,” and nobody speaks for every ONA person but this “Anton Long” because all that needs to be said had been written in the thousands and thousands of ONA MSS.

From the very beginning in the 70's ONA was and still is described as a very individualistic endeavour or quest for self-development. You alone in your own private life work on going through the 7 degrees of the Seven Fold Way. Nobody can do it for you and nobody is going to babysit you to do that shit. You either do or you don't. It's got nothing to do with following somebody as a leader and having them tell you to do shit. When you decide you want to be a Skater and you go out and buy a skate board, do you buy that board for yourself to practice or do you buy it for some leader to use? And do you need that skate board to be stamped and validated by some leader Skateboarder? You learn that shit on your own terms in your own personal life. You work on mastering it. It's got nothing to do with a leader or following somebody. But those mundanes just can't understand this because despite what they claim, they are trained and conditioned to look up to authority figures and leader. Are you like that? Are you mundane? If you need people to tell authoritatively what to do, and how to do things, then maybe ONA isn't for you? Go try the Church of Satan.

Q7. What can I do to help manifest ONA?

A7. Besides living ONA in your personal life, do whatever you gotta do. Spit your game, rep your shit, as Biggy puts it. Claim it, bang it, rep it, spread it, and then help evolve it.

I'm only good at sharing a certain kind of insight with ONA. Let me do my thing. I'm weak in many other areas in ONA. If you excel at magic or have a dharma for that magickal stuff, then step up and take over that department and develop something. You don't have to ask anybody. If you don't like the mystical shit or the magickal shit and you are good with the scholastic stuff, then step up and take over that department and let others follow their dharma. If you excel at doing artwork, then take over that department and develop art for ONA. If you are strong in music, then take over that department. If you like to publish books, then knock yourself out, nothing ONA has is copy righted. If your strong point is ritualism, then take over that department and develop new rituals for ONA, which we need. I'd actually like to see in future a Black Book of Satan IV which incorporates elements of both the Western and Eastern LHP. Like introducing Shiva and Kali into the mix. But this is not something I am strong at which is why the department is vacant. If ritualism is your shit, then take over that department. You don't have to ask nobody. Just contribute with whatever you are strong in, and be cooperative minded enough to keep out of other ONA developer's ways. This ONA is peer based and based on team work. Each person or nexion has their own projects they work on, and collectively together, it adds up to the growth, development, and evolution of ONA.

It's been the nature and internal culture of the ONA since olden days to keep developing ONA, which I think is the coolest part about ONA. ONA changes from decade to decade. ONA people come age go and contribute their shit to ONA. Each contribution adds life to ONA and evolves it. There is something alive and dynamic or organic about ONA. It never stays the same things for long. Just like a living person is always changing, growing, and becoming someone new. You just can't get that with those mundane occult institutions and mundane Satanism. ONA is organic and is open to being further developed. All it takes is just for you to step up and put in your dharma. Don't ask. Just start doing your shit and let your work talk for you. If you got what the "spirit" of the ONA needs, then you will find other Niners grow a respect for your work. If not try harder. This is all a Rookie in ONA needs to know to start them off in the right direction. Don't matter how old you are. If you are magnetically drawn to ONA, and you want to be a part of it, these seven answers are all you need to point you onto the Sinister Way. The rest of the Way – all the walking and learning from Pathei-Mathos – is up to you.

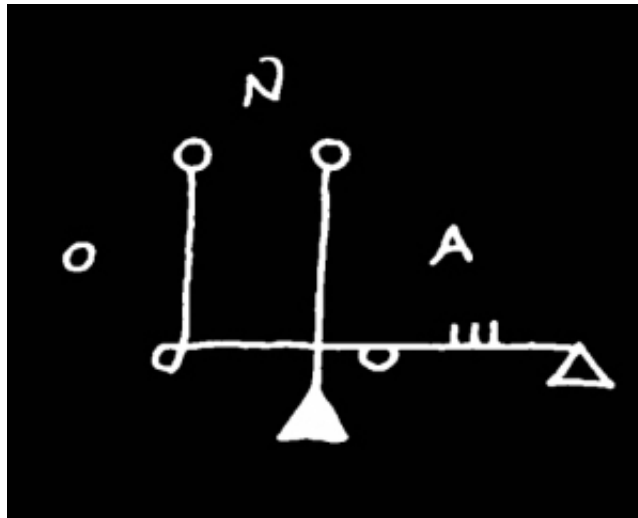
Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

ONA GOES TO COLLEGE!



ONA Goes To College!

The Order of Nine Angles is going to University, *literally*. ONA will be “living” inside a college textbook for university students to read and study [along with other religious/spiritual traditions].

The Assistant Vice President for Academic Affairs at [Al Akhawayn University](#) in Ifrane Morocco, named **Dr. Connell Monette**; is writing a college textbook regarding the subject of religious studies, which he teaches. The textbook covers a handful of “non-mainstream” religious/spiritual institutions often neglected or ignored by mainstream society and “mainstream religions,” which are growing in popularity or influence in this 21st century. Each Chapter in this textbook covers a different group or institution, such as two different Sufi orders, the International Nath Order, Theravada Buddhism, and so on. Interestingly Dr. Monette included the **Order of Nine Angles** in his textbook, which is featured in **Chapter 5** of this book!

For each chapter and institution Dr. Monette actually works with and interviews key people and/or the leadership [if they have such] associated with each religious tradition. With regard to the ONA, Dr. C since the end of last year has been working with key people in ONA who are **Ryan Anschauung of the Temple of THEM**, and our very own **Anton Long of ONA**. I met Dr. Monette through Ryan of the Temple of THEM actually, and became another person Dr. C was collecting data from.

The book in question is titled: **“Blood, Wine, and the Golden Chain. Mysticism in the 21st Century.”** By **C.R. Monette**. The Order of Nine Angles is featured in Chapter 5 of the book. Dr. Monette was kind enough to actually let ONA have a copy of Chapter 5 which I will include:[HERE](#).

The book itself is not really written for the typical market interested in occult stuff like you would

find in cyberspace forums. The audience are enrolled students doing a study or course on religious studies. So Chapter 5 dealing with ONA is written for that audience. The Chapter is written in such a way where it is insightful for both a novice of ONA, and one who knows a whole lot about ONA 'kulture.'

I actually learned stuff from it I wasn't aware of before. What I personally find of value is Professor Monette's stand and point of view. Not only does he give us an objective perspective of ONA, which "we" might lack because we are inside ONA; but Dr. Monette comes with a different "cultural" point of view. What I mean is that the typical Western occultist may often be culturally myopic where he judges groups and organizations based on what books and information he was exposed to. I also have a cultural myopia with ONA, where I often see or mentally filter ONA thru my own Asian-Buddhism point of view. No one group of person really sees the whole thing "right." There are different "angles" of seeing things, including ONA. And someone like Dr. CM come from a culture [Islamic/Moroccan] where he is familiar with and exposed to all of these unknown, unpublished Arabic manuscripts [as well as a familiarity with other religious traditions]. His insights and presentation of ONA is in this regard valuable, because it widens our own cultural tunnel vision when looking at ONA.

There is a little interesting side story which is sort of like an undercurrent for some topics mentioned in the Chapter which I found to be shockingly enlightening.

What happened was during our conversations Dr. C brought up something called the Shams al-Maarif which is some old Arabic text on magic. At first he simply told me that he sees similarities in NAOS with untranslated Arabic texts such as these, or the tradition such texts represent. The topic of conversation was brought up when I think I asked Dr. C if he had ever heard of an "al-Katib al alfak" which Anton Long said he had read and was influenced or inspired by. Dr. C seems to have a professional hobby for collecting and studying untranslated texts like these, which was why I tried to ask. So anyways, this one day Dr. C said he had purchased a copy of the Shams and was going to take a closer look at it and see. He asked me if I would like a copy. I said yes because I love collecting PDF's. So he gave me a copy of the Shams.

Unfortunately for me the entire copy of the Shams I got was 100% in Arabic. It was just pages and pages in the hundreds of nothing but chicken scratches. I was looking through the Shams for any picture which I can look at, since the writing made no sense to me. It turns out that the Shams did have a few pages of "pictures." They were more like diagrams of boxes and square with more chicken scratches inside. When I was looking thru it some more I came upon a couple pages with these square designs arranged in a way I actually recognized!

I got excited and told Professor Connell about what I found. I basically told him that some of the squares in the Shams looks like the Traditional magic squares we use in my ancestral culture. These are generally in English called "Khmer/Thai" magic Yants, which you can get tattoos of. The word "Yant" [sounds like the English word "Yawn"] is a Khmerized form of the Sanskrit Yantra. I guess the most well known example is the magical tattoo Angelina Jolie got on her shoulder when she was in Cambodia, except her yant wasn't in magic square. What the actress has we call a "yant-pali" [yawn-palley] which means that the writing is in Pali and is

a “magical mantra” that does something.

I gave a link to Professor Connell to see what I was talking about and told him the general magical purpose for these things were to make people fall in love with you, protect you from knife cuts, arrows, and bullets, etc. I pointed out that the only difference between the magic squares in the Shams and those used in Traditional Khmer and Thai magic were the chicken scratches. One being Arabic and the other Khmer. This use of magical squares in the Khmer culture is ancient, and goes back hundreds of years. I asked Professor Connell if he could give me the gist of what the square pictures in the Shams is for or did, because I have a suspicion that they may serve the same general purpose. If so then there was a realistic “genetic” link between the two.

Meanwhile, I did my own research with the Shams and found out the shocking bit of news. The Shams al-Maarif was originally written down in circa 1300AD. Mind you, this doesn't mean that the actual magical or occult tradition was created at that time. It could have existed longer as an oral tradition before it was written. What was shocking to me was that historically the Khmer people were the first to use writing in the Southeast Asian peninsula in their ancient temple wall inscriptions. The Khmer only began to write around 1300AD. This suggests that what we [Khmer] consider to be an ancient tradition system of magic indigenous to “our” culture and people, must have actually originated from an earlier outside source. The implication that this Khmer/Thai system of magic originating from an older Islamic tradition is not crazy. Islam actually did colonize South East Asia. Remember Indonesia is technically the most populous Islamic nation; and the Chams are a large ethnic group in the peninsula who are all Muslims. Dr. C gave me confirming data saying that the square diagrams I saw in the Shams were in fact used for the same reason and magical purposes as the Khmer-Thai traditional yants.

Most of the reader are probably wondering: “So? What's this mean?” It might actually mean nothing to the reader. But to me it has a couple interesting and significant meanings. The first meaning is that my several months of talking with Professor Connell ended up helping me learn something about my own people and culture, which was entirely unexpected. The other meaning to me is that there exists three variables: 1) Dr. Connell Monette all the way in Morocco and his professional interests with these unpublished Arabic manuscripts; 2) Anton Long all the way out in Shropshire England and his ONA and NAOS; and 3) me and my ‘ancestral’ tradition of using weird systems of magic. And these three seemingly unrelated variables in a way are all interconnected across time and space by a common ancient tradition.

It may be said dismissively that the stuff in Naos and ONA is all imaginative mumbo jumbo with no life. It may be said that the ancient tradition represented in such ancient Arabic “grimoires” such as the Shams and Ghayat al-Hakim are long dead and imaginative mumbo jumbo. But there is a cousin to this ancient magical Tradition which is alive and well in a place most Westerners will never ever think to look in.

The meaningful thing to me is that in my own culture our ancient traditional magic is actually an oral tradition passed down from monk to monk in our sanghas. You have to read that sentence very carefully for the suggestive hint. A Westerner who has not immersed themselves in Thai, Khmer or Lao culture, when seeing our Buddhism, will simply classify it as a Theravada

Buddhism. In the past there were Western scholars who did immerse themselves into our culture and they used the descriptor “Esoteric Buddhism” to denote the species of Buddhism the Khmer, Thai, and Lao practice. This was based on the not so well known fact that our sanghas are not just a group of monks chanting scriptures, but schools of much older magic. In fact in Khmer the phrase “Rian [to learn] Sil [magic]” also means to learn Sila [“Practice/Virtue]. Sil[a] in Khmerized Pali means both “Magic” and the 5 Precepts of the Buddha. Just a grammatical side note: in Khmerized Pali and Sanskrit, usually the last “A” or vowel of a word is dropped because the “letter” is not actually a standalone letter, but is an inherent vowel sound of the consonant before it. So the Khmer reads Pali and Sanskrit as it is actually spelt, letter for letter. This is why Sil is Sila and why Buddha in Khmer is said: “Booht.” Khmer, like British English, is non-rhotic, meaning the “R” in our words are usually absent in speech. Most verbs in Khmer end in an “R” which is silent, just like the last “R” in Khme-r is actually silent when spoken in speech. This means that when you have a word like Mantra in Sanskrit, in Khmer it becomes “Mant” [said like “mawn”]. Yantra in Khmer becomes “Yant” [sounds like “yawn”].

In my culture when a novice monk joins the sangha he first learns the ordinary Pali chants from the Tipitaka. Except in actuality in our culture the monks learn only specific Pali chants associated with the several traditional rites and ceremonies of our people. In a similar way as how the Catholic Church uses Latin from the Bible sometimes with specific rites. This actually means that in general your typical monk is (a) ignorant of the Tipitaka since he only knows the ritual chants; & (b) he does not understand Pali because the vocal chant itself is “sacred,” and not the meaning of the words. It’s the intellectual monks who take the time to actually read the Tipitaka and learn the meanings of Pali words.

Once he masters the chants his teacher or elder will then begin to teach him the more ancient and traditional magical stuff. Half of the time in my culture when a man desires to join the sangha, he desires so to actually learn the traditional magic and not to be a monastical monk. All the ritual of shaving the hair, and “ordination” is actually an initiation ceremony into an order of elders who keep the more ancient tradition alive. In my great great grandfather’s era this ritual initiation ceremony ended with the newly initiated student/”monk” getting ritual tattoos of dragon [or sea serpent or “fish”] scales around his wrists and ankles, to mystically signify that he was psychically bound to the 7 Headed Naga you see hooding the Buddha. This Naga represents the much older and ancient tradition.

The monks learn the magical Pali mantras, and also all of the magical squares and patterns. In our culture the word “student” [Gon-suhs] doesn’t just mean a person who seeks lessons from a teacher or monk. It also means a person who develops a Guru-student relationship with a monk to either gain magical help or to learn the actual magical tradition. My Bhikkhu grandpa I often write about is this type of monk. He has over 1000 students who are all gang bangers and Chinese businessmen, who don’t go to him for religious teaching, but actually for his magical help and yants he makes for them.

The interesting point is that in Southeast Asian, there lives a very real and living magical oral tradition which has been alive for several hundred years. And this living tradition is “genetically” related to the tradition represented in the Arabic Shams manuscript. Which Anton

Long of ONA said was a resource he tapped into as well. At any rate. Just thought I'd share the interesting cultural connections implicated.

So, the University is **Al Akhawayn University of Ifrane**, which is actually a high profile university I learned. Dr. Monette sent me a few cool picture of a movie actress [S. Weaver] who very recently visited this same university with himself in the shot. The author of the book is **Dr. C.R. Monette**. And the book is entitled: "**Blood, Wine, and the Golden Chain; Mysticism in the 21st Century.**" And the part of the book which features the Order of Nine Angles is 'Chapter Five.' [CLICK ON THIS LINK](#) to download a copy of the PDF. Please keep in mind that the PDF is a reproduction of one single chapter of the actual book, and is not a standalone 'manuscript.' The PDF is 40 pages long.

There are two "historical" factual tidbits for ONA Initiates about Dr. C and this book. The first notable factual tidbit is that Dr. C is the first person to actually include or present the Order of Nine Angles in an actual college text book for a university. The last notable factual tidbit is that Dr. Connell Monette is the Last person – as far as he and I know – to ever interview and talk with Anton Long of ONA. AL is "officially" retired from his 30 plus years of writing for ONA. The last public ONA MS he wrote for us was "Lapis Philosophicus." Anton Long's relay race now begins. And what a cool way to start the relay race off: Dr. C taking ONA to college! Thanks to Dr. C for making this PDF reproduction of Chapter Five copyleft.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

ORDO AB CHAO



Order Out of Chaos. Simple words, but profound and powerful. Our entire human civilization, and many things we use today are founded upon this simple principle of bringing into Coherency what was once incoherent. Much like these coherent strings of letters you are reading: made up of words and sentences; are the Ordering in Coherent Structure, the incoherent mass of an alphabet of 26 letters. Such as the incoherent possibility/potentiality – the chaotic soup of possible amino acids in nature – is brought into Order: where 4 basic amino acids are structured in a coherent [intelligent] manner to manifest the DNA molecule which is the living coherent coding/ordering of all living things.

Like the chaotic, incoherent steam of boiling water. By itself the steam would dissipate into the air: useless. But when it is economized – brought into Order – this same useless steam is forced into a coherent system of pipes and tubes which spins massive metal fans – in turn spinning magnets which produce electricity to power our entire present human civilization with electric power.

Like the incoherent chaos of the brute force of random groups, clans, and tribes of people – a force which like unordered steam is absolutely useless – is brought with scheming intelligence into Order. An Ordering or Coherent Structure wherein that chaotic brute force is funneled to manifest specific, strategic, real results: the result of agriculture, architecture, war: which in turn manifests as Empire and Dominion.

I remember a time when I was a little girl when my mom brought me grocery shopping and she bought me a bag of rock sugar. They are usually sold in Asian food markets as candy, sometimes called rock candy. It's like a jawbreaker with many sides made of pure sugar. I was fascinated with the bag of rock sugar I had and wondered how it was made. My dad showed me. It was like a little science experiment I found absolutely amazing.

He let me break up one of the big rock sugar cube things into little pieces to make a "seed," and from that seed he said will grow a new rock. My dad took fishing line and tie the seed crystal to one end, and a pencil to the other end, and then we suspended the seed crystal in an empty mason jar. Then we boiled water and he let me add food coloring to the hot water. He said the new rock candy that will grow from this old seed will look different, and be the color of the food coloring. Then he let me stir table spoon after table spoon of common sugar into the

hot blood red water, until there was so much sugar in the water, the sugar stopped melting and just made a pile at the bottom of the measuring cup it was in. And he poured the saturated red water in my mason jar and put in on my desk in my room and told me to watch, because as soon as the water cools down, the seed will grow.

So there I was, sitting in my room staring at the seed crystal waiting for it to grow before my eyes. It actually took a day for red cubes to grow around what was once the seed crystal forming this blobular geometric mass of deep red big sugar crystals. The image and concept of some fractured seed crystal when nurtured right can – by itself – grow, evolve, into something entirely new stuck with me in my little mind forever.

It is just absolutely amazing to me how a mix of incoherent ingredients when brought into coherency, and placed in the right condition and matrix will evolve and manifest causally as something real and living.

Like the “rock candy” that Hitler made in the 1920’s. Where he took seed ideas from here and there scattered about Germanic culture and folk culture, mixed it with bits and pieces of Hindu mysticism a la Madam Blavatsky et al, grafted and pasted the Italian fascist salute to his thing, and used the Chan Buddhist swastika as his symbol. How inconceivable that this cut and paste, hodge-podge “seed-thing” Hitler put together, when placed in the right conditions and matrix would evolve on it’s own into something so powerful, it literally took the whole world to stop it! The matrix being post war Germany, and the condition being the humiliating effect of the Treaty of Versailles had on the mass morale of the German people and their collective psyche.

Like random floating sugar crystals, they crystallized around Hitler’s “seed-thing” he had put together from random things. And from that crystallization came a real living, breathing, dynamic Reich – which, as it evolved on it’s own grew to look very different from that “seed-thing” it grew out of. As my red rock candy looked different from the clear broken piece of rock sugar which I used as a seed crystal. As the seed of a plant looks nothing like the tree it grows into. As a zygote looks nothing like what you now look like.

Or now take even Christianity, America, and England. Can we truly say that these three things came out of nothing as is, already made for mass consumption – as if they appeared out of nothing the way we know it today? Or, could it be that each of these three things manifested gradually – evolved, progressed in form – from a “seed-thing” put together from random pieces of pre-existing idea and thing?

Where would Christianity be without Horus, Mithras, or Orpheus? Or pagans like the great Plato? Or even the Buddhism that had colonized Egypt’s great city of Alexandria, where Christianity’s first monastery was first born?

What would America be without the “seed-things” of England? Without the hodge-podge seed-things immigrants brought with them? Without hamburgers, beer, pizza, kong pow, and tacos? And what would England be with out the hodge-podge pieces culture of the Angles, the Saxons, the Vikings, the Normans, the Scots, even the Irish, and the many legends and

mythos native to that island?

Can we honestly say that any invention or idea we have today came out of nothing as is? Or perhaps these things also are a re-presencing, crystallization, evolution, of a seed-thought. A seed-thought constructed from parts and pieces of previously existing thing.

Where would Ford's first car be without the seed-thought of a steam engine? What would Einstein's theories look like without the seed-thoughts of Newton? Would we have ever gone to the moon, without the seed-thought of an arrow – a projectile being hurled through the air by force?

Not even we ourselves as a living causal species came as is out of nothing. Each of us came from a hodge-podging of both our parent's genetic coding. Even as a species we are an evolution of, a re-crystallization of, a building upon, a re-presencing of: pre-existing things.

Nothing in Causal Nature comes into existence as is. It isn't how causal phenomenon works. The very meaning of the word "Causal" suggests and says that something must be inputted to yield or generate a reactive output/result. Not even our world's most near ethereal things: clouds and fire, come out of nothing as is. Each are the re-presencing of already pre-existing things: water vapor, oxygen, hydrogen, wood, heat.

In fact, everything that exists in this causal [material] universe is the re-precencing – the crystallization of – only a handful of the same basic compounds and elements in various different coherent forms. All the compounds which makes up our physical cosmos fit into the Periodic Table. These are then just the same handful of elemental atoms in various coherent constructs. In turn these atoms are nothing more than 3 basic components re-used, re-ordered: electrons, protons, and neutrons.

It's the re-ordering of such elemental factors, into new compounds and structures, that manifests as the vast multitude of seemingly different things that populates our cosmos. It would not be correct to use reductionist thinking and say that because the same three subatomic elements which composes us and a star are the same crap in different ordering, that humans and stars are the same crap pretending to be different things.

This ONA is no different. The ONA isn't a revelatory thing given to Anton Long on some mountain by some dark god as is. No one – not even Anton Long – pretends this is so. Anton Long even said he took a seed-thought given to him, and added new elemental things to it, and re-ordered it into a new coherent structure. To create a new seed-thought, from which would gradually evolve something living.

What would the ONA be without David Myatt's concepts, or the Arabic alchemical 9 angles concept? Or even the Kabbalah's tree of life, and the religious chantings of Magian monk? It's not really what hodge-podge things composing a seed-thought that matters. What genuinely matters is what the seed-thought will become, what it will be capable of doing; what meaning, power, and life apprehension skills it will impart to it's Initiates. What matters is what the ONA is today – what it will be in the future – and what it can transmute us into when we live it's Dark

Tradition.

The seed, and what the seed evolves and grows into are two separate causal phenomena. That clear, broken up seed crystal I used to grow a beautiful chunk of red rock candy out of are two completely different things. What I am today, and the zygote I came from are two completely different causal phenomena.

The hodge-podge seed-thing Anton Long put together from various sources and what the Order of Nine Angles is today – and what it can be, and shall be in the future – are two separate causal Ordering into Coherent form of what was once a chaotic mess of mere potentialities; brought together by intelligence for a purpose.

Now, having been introduced into the right matrix and condition, those who resonate with the “aura” of the Sinister Way have Coagulated around that once seed-thing of Anton Long’s, and have crystallized. And through us this seed-thought evolves, progresses, is re-presented into a dynamic living Causal entity – to which each of us Initiates are but living cells of. Collected together for a purpose, our lives and minds; our hopes, dreams, and visions intertwined. Like spools of various colored yarn is spun together by the Norns, to manifest a fabric of Wyrð. A Wyrð which will one day bare it’s fruit for a future generation, long after we have gone.

Chloe 352

Further Reading: [Esoteric Notes 103a](#)

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

OUR NOBLE KAMPF



“Test always your strength, for therein lies success.” – 2nd Satanic Point, BBS, ONA

The essence of “strength” can be summed up in the word “Unshakable.” An unshakable Pillar or Oak Tree compared to a flexible or bendable sapling is strong in character. The use of such imagery as an exemplar of what strength is may be misleading to some. Actual strength also incorporates adaptability – durability – endurance. It does not imply an inflexible nature of resistance. If that Oak Tree does not learn to adapt to a strong wind, and bend with it, it will break. When this wind stops, that same Oak Tree returns to its original position. In its ability to adapt, and return to its original nature, there is unshakable endurance... such, is the essence of Strength.

This thing we call Strength is a triune entity. There is the Mental, the Emotional, and Physical Strength. The sum of which make a single person. What we Think gives rise to what we Feel. What we Feel influences what we Do, how we Act; and those actions in turn materializes causally as that which we experience – the End Results of our actions. In this light, we are only as Strong as our weakest link. If one of these three aspects of Strength is weak, the chain is broken. No matter how physically powerful you are, under the right conditions of mental and emotional torture, you will break.

Just as a body builder must exercise and push the limits of his physical force to build physical strength. So also can mental and emotional strength be exercised – its limits pushed – to produce an unequivocal mind, well regulated emotions, and a fiercely burning passion. Thus, what tests our endurance and the very limits of our strength, ultimately makes us stronger in the end. Fear is the only limit, to how far a man can go. No matter how muscular and athletic you are, and how refined your mind is... if you have a fear of heights and were asked to jump

the roof of one building to the next, you will incapacitate yourself. Thus, it must be understood that Fear is Man's Great Enemy, which limits his progression and strength.

Fear alone has limited us and enslaved us as a people. Fear of the unknown... Fear of hell fire and damnation enslaved our people for 2000 years under the Magian Mythos of the Nazarene. Because we were mentally weak to overcome such beliefs. Fear of kings alone subjugated us under tyrannical monarchs. Because we were too weak to overcome that emotion and idea. Fear of the unknown... of not knowing how to pay our bills, make our own money, makes us slaves to corporations. Fear of the State alone... and its illusory power over us... is what limits our people from materializing our human potential, and the full potential of our human civilization.

Fear – or lack of it – is the essential factor which separates us and our Kind, from Homo Hubris. It is Homo Hubris... gripped with Fear like perpetually paranoid meerkats... that remain stagnant and obedient. It was Homo Hubris and his Fear of hell and God, that gave power to the Church during the dark ages. It was Homo Hubris and his Fear of monarchs, that empowered the tyranny of feudal states and serfdom. It is their Fear of these distant... abstract States... that empowers these Nations... Nations which not only dulls and jades our very Humanness, but is also destroying our very species and the earth.

Thus, from time to time, Mother Nature Herself... in Her Natural Primal Wisdom... places us in situations and events far out of our comfort zone, to force us to face our fears. To face violence, storms, heartbreak, loneliness, tyranny, oppression, poverty, famine, hatred, genocide, et cetera. Such tests of Nature breaks the weak... and those who endure – facing such fear – surmount what they once were, and becomes a new person... one more wiser, insightful, stronger. It is through such Ordeals, Struggle, Trials, Tests, Tribulations – such Ennobling Kampfs – that we become more than human... a Fearless Noble Breed of Man.

This Order of Nine Angles to us is then like a Boot Camp which... like Nature... teaches us to face our fears and push our limits Beyond... thus Ennobling us in mind, heart, and body. The Initiate of the ONA (and our Disciples) must understand that Evolution is a Self Imposed Initiative. Only in a given species' struggle to endure, and adapt to what Nature forces onto it, does a species change over causal time into new creatures. The struggle of the first fish to walk on land to survive over causal time became amphibians and reptiles. The struggle of the first ape to walk up right to compete with other apes, in time, became us. Evolution is Willed and striven for. It does not happen "naturally." Insects and microbes that attack plants don't just "naturally" become resistant to pesticides. It is the Will to endure and struggle to survive that initiates change and evolution.

If we understand this as insightful Initiates... we will understand the value in testing our own strengths in the arena of Life. The Ordeals of the ONA's Grade Rituals and their respective Tests are only the beginning. The Sinister Way is a Way of Life, and that Way of living is one of constant self initiated struggle to go beyond what fears and limitations we have, or what has been imposed upon us by an outside force. This is not to suggest an aimless struggle for the sake of strength itself. It is a purposeful Kampf, such as the endurance test a swimmer would put himself or herself thru to swim across the English Channel, to fulfill an objective... a willed

outcome. In doing so, not only do we grow in strength, but there is a growing toward a distinct destination as well. Thus are there the many edicts of the Order which urges each Initiate to test its limits, embrace current Heresy, face danger, Act, and Disrupt.

Mental Strength:

The practice of training a Strong Mind begins with Doubt. The weaker the doubt, the weaker the realization. The greater the doubt, the greater the realization. In doubting, even our very own existence and the nature of reality, do we begin the process of self enlightenment. It must be understood that if we do not enlighten ourselves, that someone else has. Such a mind which is incapable of thinking for itself, and doubting what other say or teach, is weak.

Experience is the second step to cultivating a Strong Mind. It is thru our direct living of life via direct immersion, that we each collect experiences. From these experiences we collect, the contemplative mind grows the more wiser and insightful.

Questioning is the third step to cultivating a strong mind. Such questions that arises from Doubt, and questioning our experiences we have collected. What is that which Doubts? What is that which experiences? What is that which is being experienced. Where is the Observer which is experiencing? Am I experiencing the experience or is my body? Am I that which Doubts, or is it my brain which doubts? If I perform an action, does it produce a reaction? If I desire a certain result, what must I do now to manifest it?

Contemplation is the final step to cultivation of a Strong Mind. Contemplation of our doubts, experiences, and questions thru concentrating our mindful awareness in quiet meditation and internal dialogue with oneself. To answer our own questions with our own insights we have gained from our experiences, with intuition, with a struggle to apprehend the essence of things to gain a genuine understanding of such things.

With the Outer Forms and exoterica of the ONA set aside, these Four Principles are the foundation and essence of the Seventh Way and its Methodology. Thus, there are no leaders or authorities in the Seventh Way to teach or dictate. There is only this fundamental essence and your own striving... your own doubting... your own experiencing... your own questioning... and your own contemplations. There is only your own tests and trials... your own becoming.

Emotional Strength:

If the body were a horse cart, the emotions would be the horses. An individual with no control of his emotions, has no true control over his actions, for it is the emotions that governs what we do and how we behave. Thus it can be simply understood that if the Initiate learns to be Master of her/his own emotions, that she/he will be Master of his/her own Life. If you do not learn to control your own emotions, you are only reacting emotionally due to an outside stimuli. Thus outside forces and other people in essence controls your actions and behavior.

Emotional Strength begins with Detachment. This is not a permanent detachment. Your emotional detachment to temporal things and stimuli is practiced and held only until you have

learned to hold your emotional state no matter what the situation.

The second step is Willed Evocation. By this we mean to say that the Initiate trains itself to evoke a desired emotion. Understanding that what we think and imagine influences our emotions, it won't be hard for the initiate to learn to begin to evoke desired feelings. The feeling of burning passion and determination is crucial to success in life in whatever arena. Determination here means the unshakable Will and desire to complete an objective, or manifest a goal, without change of heart or mind no matter what situation or obstacles one may encounter.

Thru control and regulations of emotions the Initiate learns to wyrdfully manifest a desired objective by controlling the very source of action. Control and regulation of the emotions is the fundamental force and fuel of the Methodology of the ONA, without which, your actions are empty motions.

Physical Strength:

The Methodology itself is not only the means by which we accomplish our goals; but it is the method by which we initiate self change within ourselves via action, the facing of our fears, leaving the confines of our comfort zone; utilizing our Sinister Dialect, Strategy, Insight Roles, or a modern Heresy to push our own limits. The Methodology in action puts us in the position of pushing our limits, forces us to take risks, and perform Sinister deeds, which is not only our work, but our personal means to progressing ourselves, thru our own acts and merits.

Sinister Kampf:

Such practical tests of our mental, emotional, and physical strength, when cultivated and Lived engineers gradually over time a new human being, one that is more refined and Noble than the common breed. A Noble Breed that does not Fear, but is Feared. Not by what has been written or spoken, but by what our deeds and Sinister Cloaking manifests – what we are capable of.

In the long process of surmounting ourselves by placing ourselves into ennobling struggles, and ordeals... in testing the limits of our strength and pushing further to reach for the unreachable... is there an internal alchemy. From this Triumph of Will – the Will to Become... do we genuinely transmute inside progressively, where we become individuals who are genuinely Master of our own Life and Fate... and Master of the lives and fate of others. Only in this way... via a Natural Progression, can we gradually and permanently evolve our human civilization toward its highest potential.

Kayla 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

PASSING MOMENTS



Passing Moments

You don't expect in this day and age for something significant to happen in Life and not have it blogged about right? I suppose with different generations and different mediums of expression, one will have different means of expression and venting emotions.

Things happened so fast, it almost feels unfair or disrespectful. Just a few days ago my Great Grandfather was bored at home and had asked his daughter – whom we call grandmother even though she is only 50 – that he wanted to visit one of our houses to hang out with the other old folks. So in the morning the grandmother and he went in her car. She opens the door for him and helps him sit down since he is 89 years old. She walks over to her seat and tells her father to put on his seat belt, but notices that his head is slumped as if he fell asleep. She tells him a little louder to put his seat belt on and looks closer.

Next thing I know my mom screams out at me and my cousins at the house: "Oh dear god, your people's Great Grandfather is dying in the hospital!" All of a sudden the funeral is on the 13th. You just left in total shock at the speed it all unfolded. Even though when it was happening it was painfully slow.

There was hardly any time to react. I was there in the room with the grandmother after that day for most of the time and his heart was beating fine, he was warm and red in color, the doctors told us that they can fix him. He was just rejecting his food which went down a tube, and they said to us all that they'll see in 7 days if he continues to reject the food, because then they'd have to cut his throat and stomach open and he'd have to eat that way. But he should be fine they said.

That decision of cutting Great Grandpa open at that passing moment was the grandmother's biggest trouble. She had to soon make the choice to let the doctors go ahead and cut his throat and stomach. She consulted her siblings and the entire family because she was at a loss of ideas and opinions. Because another person's Life – her own father's Life – was resting on her decision.

She was crying about this at my mom, when it was just her, mom, me and a few others. She was telling my mom that she doesn't know what to do. She had asked everybody and everybody told her a different thing to do and got angry at her for not agreeing with them. In the room my mom said something that really hit me inside deep even though this had nothing to do with me. She said: "Forget about all of them. If you go to 10 different people you'll get 10 different answers and 10 different people angry at you for not doing things their way! He's your dad. It's your father's Life and yours not theirs or anybodies. Nobody besides you and your own siblings have any right to interject their opinions and judgment."

I didn't interpret what my mom said to be related to the actual situation though. What she said made me realize that what she said was truth in many other aspects of Life. The things that I believe, my religion, my way of life, my sexuality, my hair style, everything. I will never be able to make everyone happy and approve of me and what I do with my self and Life. Everyone in someway is going to have their stupid opinions, beliefs. And everyone is going to be asshurt in someway. Might as well focus on my own self and Life and ignore what others will say.

Letting Great Grandpa go was both easy and hard. Hard because he's your great grandfather, and not a distant one in that one hardly sees him, because he's a fixture in my life. He's been in the family and in my field of awareness ever since I came into the world. This is the first time he's gone. Letting him go was also easy, because of his age, and an understanding inside that he has lived a very long and fruitful Life, and that it was just his "Time" to go. Letting go of someone my mother's age, or one of my cousins would be entirely different and near impossible to do without emotional and psychological trauma. Because you know inside that they haven't lived their Life in full yet.

Death Before Dishonour

The Great Grandfather is/was not blood related to us. His wife is. My birth grandmother's mother and his Wife were blood sisters who had the Thai background. Great Grandfather is actually not really closely related to me in English/American familial terms. He was just somebody who married the Great Grandmother. But in our culture and family, he is as close to me and as in my Life as my own grandfather who died during the revolution.

My birth grandmother hated him. My grandmother is going through her own pathei-mathos right now because of his death. And we all know it too. My grandmother disowned him for a very long time and never went to go visit him for at least 15 years. She never ever tells us why. If we ask, she gets very upset and tells us to not speak about such things any further because we have to just respect our elder's private matters of that sort and not badger about it.

My other elders gossip a lot. And when you come from a family as big as mine, there is plenty to gossip about. I asked a grandfather once why my own grandmother did not like the Great Grandfather. And this grandfather told me that my own grandmother is not a violent person and hates anybody that hits their children. And he said that this Great Grandfather is known across the old province for being greatly violent, authoritarian, and abusive with his own children. That he is known for beating the living daylights out of them over their education and school work. Everybody was afraid of this Great Grandfather. And so all my own grandmother could do was

cry for how her nieces and nephews were beat and disown the Great Grandfather.

Later I got to question Great Grandfather's children, because they come to our house often to hang out with my aunts and uncles who are their age and generation. One of his sons, who is only about 20 years older than me, told me about his life with Great Grandfather. This grandfather – what we call him despite his young age – said that his father [Great Grandfather] has a short temper and because he worked hard in life to become the politician and statesman that he was, he became obsessed with inculcating that same level of striving in him and his siblings onto his children. He told me that during his high schools years the Great Grandfather would scream and beat him silly over the most smallest homework problems he got wrong. That they'd get beat until they bled.

I was thinking to myself – at that young and ignorant age – when I heard this that if that were my dad that did that to me, I'd hate him and run away or call the police and put him in jail. I wouldn't put up with it. I won't care if I tear the whole family apart and hurt my mother's feeling because I put my dad in jail for abusing me. If that were me. Nobody has ever raised a voice at me in my family though.

I can be proud to say and know that my Great Grandfather passed away in the presence of all of his family and blood relations and every person he sired. Never in his 89 years of human Life has anyone of us, or his children left him or threw him away in some old folks home. Which is a little weird to me considering how he treated his own children.

Before this moment; a while back after I grew up; I went to ask Great Grandfather's son about his feeling for his father again. This time the grandfather [his son] was in his 40's. He was married with children of his own; and he was very successful in his profession in life. He is a lawyer.

I asked the now very grown grandfather if he still hated his father, how he felt about his father, and if he would change anything if he could go back in time. The grandfather was silent for a long moment and shook his head. And he said to me something like: The way we see things in Life as we get older changes. I felt very bad towards him when I was younger, but now that I am a father myself, I understand what was going on in my own father's heart when he raised me. We all want the best for our children. In that, I cannot condemn my father and I do not hate him for loving me to such an extent. All I can say now in my current state of mind as a father myself is that I disagree with the methods he used with me. And that's all. Otherwise he is my father, and he gave me Life and if it weren't for him and he pushing me to go beyond my abilities as a boy, I would not be the person I am today. What happened in the past is over for me. It's just our culture and way of life to pay our honour to our parents.

Great Grandpa lived his whole human Life with his children, and grandchildren, and us. He lived with them in one of their houses. Moving from one house to another one year to the next, just like how us cousins do it. Even though in the past he may have been abusive to his own children, they never abandoned him or stopped loving and honouring him. They loved him and cared for him until he finally passed.

Sitting there quietly in the hospital room I saw with my own eyes that those children of his who in their youth hated him the most and were the most abused, cried the hardest and loudest and longest. Especially his sons, who never in their Life yelled at their father or disrespected him in any way, even though he was very unkind in his method of punishment. I can only imagine right now what is going on in my own grandmother's heart, since she now realizes that she has let so many years of silence pass by between them without forgiving him, when his own children forgave him long ago. I saw my grandmother in the hospital room the day he opened his eyes for a short while cry and ask Great Grandfather to forgive her for what distance she caused between them and the family.

I suppose I am dwelling on this honour idea because of my East and West life that I live and exist in or am aware of. In one world, it seems that Honour is so natural that it needs not even be a spoken word at all for it to be lived and expressed in our deeds, actions, thoughts, and feeling for each other. And then in the Western world I am in, it seems as if one can write out the word Honour and scream its meaning as loud as you can, and nobody seems to understand what the essence is or how to live it or what it's good for. You can write a thousand pages about Honour, and all it would be to them is an interesting concept, perhaps worth debating for its merit at best.

It's said that you know who your real friends are in tough times, because your drinking buddies will ditch you in your time of trial and hardship. Those that remain by your side, are those that love you truly unconditionally. And the same applies to our ideas, philosophies, religions, and politics. In such moments of sadness and darkness; such moments of emotional confusion and exhaustion, our "drinking buddy" ideas, religions, and ideologies ditches us and fails to mean anything significant. What is left by our side is our genuine thought-companions that truly are a reflection of who and what we are inside. I bring up Honour in such a moment in my own life, because at this moment I do think of the simple concept of Honour in the ONA, Reichsfolk, and the Numinous Way. The furthest thing from mind and heart right now is some satan, some god, some this path or that path. What remains with me at this passing moment are the simple concepts or principles of my own culture, which are also found in that Myattian Triad. Whatever we call it as Dreccs: Honour, Empathy, Clan. Sometimes such concepts comes natural for us in such a way that they don't even need to be words or ideas. For others, these things are principles; axioms; beliefs, etc. Things to be debated for their merit. What merit are you talking about since as a people, you have never lived Honour or Empathy to see their fruits of merit?

Pathei-Mathos

The Greek words in the Myattian Triad according to DM means something like Learning From Suffering and Adversity and Direct Experience. I don't think anything in life causes more suffering, and is more adversarial to life than Death and the emotional and psychological trial and tribulation the Death of a loved one brings for one to face and confront.

If death teaches us anything, it's not the death itself. I was there looking at his face in disbelief for some days and I didn't experience some satori or satanic gnosis. It's like hearing a piece of music. You don't realize its essence or how beautiful it is/was until the last note. Then you sit back and replay the music in your mind quickly again, which is when you fully realize the

Essence and Beauty of what you had just heard. The same goes for poetry. It's in that deep reflective space of Mind that the Essence Unfolds.

What simple "lessons" death teaches happens in the same way. It's not until the very last note falls, and the drifting off into that reflective space of Mind, and the replay of past events you shared with this dying or passed person that the Gnosis Unravels for you. Not as an intellectual phenomenon; but as something beyond the function and apparatus of intelligence.

I was crying during one of those days in the hospital. Not over Great Grandfather's condition anymore since I had cried my eyes dry over that already. I think we all did by then. But I felt very sad and bad over a guilty feeling.

Just about three weeks ago from today, I had to wake up early at dawn before the sun came up at grandma's house with a few other cousins. Great Grandfather and his daughter – whom we call grandmother – were coming to pick us up to work on his "orchard." I was upset that day because I had to wake up in the middle of the morning to go work out in the middle of a field out in the middle of nowhere because Great Grandpa had picked us to go with him.

Great Grandpa spent all his money he saved during his life and he bought these many tracks of land up near Palmdale. An acre is about \$5000 or so, and he bought many acres to make an orchard of different fruit trees. This land is so big it includes two little hills with huge boulders. But it's all dirt. Just desert and desert shrubs. It is so out in the middle of nowhere there are no telephone poles, no electricity, no water pipes, no nothing. You have to literally drive an hour to the nearest village of 20 people and a gas station made of wood with rusty old cars for a restroom! I didn't think such a place even existed in America; but then again I was born and raised in a big city.

That day he had put the uncles to work to build these structures that collected rain water in these giant blue bin things. So there would be water to water the plants. The aunts they were digging holes in the ground and planting the saplings. So that day he was half complaining and half dictating to us cousins that the bad wild rabbits were coming at night and nibbling all of his little saplings and there were all of these little plants that got their shoots eaten up. So he wanted us to cut up chicken coup wiring he had brought to make these little round fences around every single sapling. We did it. What can you say really. It was hot. It was in a desert. It was in the middle of nowhere. I got angry and I was thinking to myself: "Dammit Great Grampa, who makes an orchard out in the middle of a dry desert where there are wild rabbits?! I can think of so many places to be at right now, and the middle of nowhere is not one of them!" The little orange tree saplings had these thorns that were scratching my hands as I was putting those fences around them.

And we couldn't leave until Great Grandpa was tired and ready to go home. At lunch break I was drinking water with some cousins and the grandmother, and I looked at grandmother and jokingly said to her: "God look at him grandmother, he's still lugging that lumber around! We're never going home. And he's 89 years old!" And the grandmother said back laughing: "Yes, amazing. I hope I'll be as strong as he is when I get that old!"

Finally, after a few hours Great Grandpa he was looking around, inspecting every minor detail, to see if everything was to his liking. Then he nods in approval and said: "Okay, good. Let's go home now."

I was sitting with him and grandmother in the SUV we came in with a few others. I had Great Grandpa right next to me in the back seat to my left. He had already fallen asleep as he was tired and worked all day. His children drive him out to his orchard every other day to keep him busy and happy; and to keep his mind off of Great Grandmother. It's a three hour drive, but over 4 hours if old people are driving.

His Wife – our Great Grandmother – is bed ridden. She has been like that for as long as I can remember her, which is over 15 years. Great Grandmother is blind, she can't speak anymore or move her limbs. Before when they were living together Great Grandpa would nurse and serve our Great Grandmother all day. But he was becoming depressed from seeing her in that condition. So to help him not be depressed and healthy his children had to make the very tough decision of splitting Great Grandpa up from Great Grandma into two different houses. Strangest thing is, our Great Grandmother is 80 something years old, but she does not have a single grey hair on her head.

In the SUV on the the long and slow way home, the Great Grandpa woke up from his nap. He had been resting his head on my shoulder. I gave him some water. He finishes drinking and he says quietly to me, in English, since the other cousins were napping: "You know, Great Grandfather is very old. I think too much about my children and all of you now. I don't want to go and see everybody fight each other for money. I love all of you. I work my whole life for all of you. So I had the idea to spend all my money to buy all that land, so when I die soon, you can share it together and be happy. Promise me you won't fight each other and everybody will live together."

Before, I could answer him or promise, the grandmother got upset and yelled at him saying: "Father, just stop talking and go back to sleep. I don't want to hear about such things! You have many years to go." And the Great Grandfather got angry and said back: "Is it not true! I'm old. I'm dying soon. I tell no lie to my Great Granddaughter. It's human. You can't pretend we don't die. I want her to know what I did and what I left behind for her and everyone. So when I die, she'll know that I lived my life for everyone and take nothing with me." I promised him, and the other cousins gave him a massage and told him to go back to sleep, and he did. The rest of the ride home was in an awkward yet solemn silence. That was the last event me and Great Grandpa ever shared. And actually the last significant words he ever would say to me. Being as young as I am, we are busy with so many things – or so we make ourselves to be – that the family we take for granted is not as fun to be around as friends.

We all know that it's not over. We're all taking an emotional break for the next few rounds. This funeral needs to be planned. People need to be called. Yada yada. In the back of our minds we dread the next major fight: Great Grandmother.

I unfortunately, when I first heard that Great Grandpa was in the hospital and in grave

condition, said to my mom in horror: "Oh no, that means Great Grandma is leaving too. The old people say they die in pairs." It's a cultural belief or something in our culture because we are around our elders and take care of them until they die. It's said that when one of an old couple who has lived together for so long dies, the other one soon follows. My mom told grandmother about this – or reminded her of it – and a sad look came across her face and she said quietly to herself: "It's true. So I heard also." Now the whole family is in this pensive state. As I mentioned earlier our Great Grandmother is bed ridden, blind, can't speak loudly anymore, and can't move her limbs. We also separated them into two different houses. Nobody has yet told our Great Grandmother that Great Grandfather has passed away.

Nobody was really expecting him to pass away. He was perfectly fine and active only weeks ago. He wasn't sick, he wasn't tired, or anything. So nobody wanted to tell the Great Grandmother that her husband was in the hospital, so as not to upset her. Now all of a sudden Great Grandpa has passed, when the doctors said he was going to be okay.

I grew up seeing my aunts and uncles take care of the Great Grandmother. Then I grew up taking care of her as well. She lives in one of our houses, and we have to fully care for her in every way. We have to cook soup and special mooshy food for her to eat, bathe her, change her clothes, massage her, and also wash her after she has gone to the restroom. It's a literal serving and service. But she isn't the only elder I have taken care of and this death of a loved one isn't the first time for me, or us. In my young life of only twenty some years, I have spent a good part of it nursing three old people and I have seen them all die in front of me either at home or watched them die in the hospital. None of the elders I served, feed, bathed, changed their diapers, took care of until death in English/American terms were "family" and I didn't get paid. Most often it also meant sleeping by their side at night to make sure they were okay during the night. But, when you are raised up inside such a culture and way of life, you are never consciously aware that it may be a wrong way of life nor question it.

I have my own birth grandmother to think about now. She is 80 years old. Still strong and walking. Incredibly my own grandmother still cooks breakfast, lunch, and dinner for her children she lives with; and for the cousins and me. She'll get upset if you touch her kitchen and cook. She also tends her garden in the back yard and feeds her pond of koi fish. So the serving and service is mutual. She spends her whole life as a mother and grandmother serving her children and grandchildren. And we all know that in turn, we must one day return that sacred favour of serving her to a peaceful end.

I have a little 10 year old cousin I wrote about a year ago maybe who lives with her mother and our grandmother. Her mom and dad met each other during their college years. Her dad's family had wanted to marry one of their children to one of my grandmother's children forever. So after their college years they got married. One day my little cousin's dad and his family put their elderly parents into a nursing home.

As soon as my cousin's mom [my aunt] heard this, she called our entire side of the family to inform us. My uncles and grandmother got very upset at this aunt's husband and siblings. My grandmother in a fit of rage said that they were barbaric and had the instinct of an animal and that they were not fit to be considered human to throw their parents away like that. My aunt

divorced this man; and told him that he can visit their daughter, but he cannot raise her in such a inhuman culture as his, because she doesn't want her daughter growing up like them.

My little cousin from time to time is taken by her father to see her other grandmother at the nursing home. Every time she comes back she cries her eyes out for hours. Because even though she is very young, and even though we don't teach her our culture; she knows, sees, and feels the difference. She knows the way our grandmother lives – surrounded by us all - makes her happy. And she knows that her other grandmother is alone. She doesn't have to be taught which way she will grow up living.

I think all of this put together is the unspoken and painful lesson of Death; for those of us unfortunate enough to be intimately exposed to it. It is the same lesson my cousin learned painfully on her own terms from Life. Nobody has to speak it to her in words to tell her that it is our culture and way to care for each other and to serve one another; each serving the other in their proper time and season.

It's the same lesson I learn painfully. Like when I was in high school and I had to go to school, come home, do my home work, then take care of my baby cousins and my elders. Like when I was going to college balancing my mere 24 hours with my school, my home work, my friends, my family, and serving my elders. Scrounging what little time I have left for myself. It's the same lesson I learned in that SUV hearing Great Grandpa tell me his last lesson, of how he lived for others he loved, and will die with nothing. Empty as he came.

It is a hard lesson to put into words, what Death teaches the Living. It is a simple lesson, best not even put into words. Because when you do, the ignorant can take it apart and debate it for some merit or worth or for some religious or philosophical "truth" to it. But I'll share it anyways as best as I can in words for whatever cousin and people I know who have seen and had the sacred opportunity to watch a human they love die.

Death teaches us only to mind our actions and it casts our eyes' gaze on what truly matters: the Living. Going through a Death of a loved one forces us to understand that what we see is our human fate. We are all going to die. And so, genuinely realizing that, our eyes are brought from its wandering state to focus on those that matter to you in Life. When our eyes have been put in its right place, we mind our actions and focus such actions and deeds to and for others. And if you truly learn that lesson, and if you divide your Time up to serve those you love, think about your blood, people, and kin, give time to your intimate friends and self; you come to understand that everything else outside that circle of love, honour, and service is trivial.

Ask me – especially now – if I give a care about politics, about immigration, about 11 million undocumented somebodies, about what some group of republicans or conservatives or nazis are doing; about how gay people in some state are whining about getting married; about gay people crying to be in the military; about what religion is the truth; etc. I don't give a shit about those things. I'm too busy giving a shit about myself and my people. I got an entire clan I'm connected to. The young and the old. That's where my eyes and heart is looking. But I can understand how the average individuated Westerner in America – without a functioning family – with only himself and his ego to worry about can make such a big deal about other people's

lives “out there.” To care about about what color the presidents skin in; where he was really born; how bad Muslims suck; why the hell we gotta kick 11 million Mexicans out because their presents in this country is somehow a personally issue affecting their private lives. I can understand why the common mundane can make it such a big deal what gay men do in the privacy of their own homes; what people worship and believe in the privacy of their own minds. Because if you didn't care about such outside matters so beyond your sphere of life; what the hell do they have left to mind?

But it's a good question though: What do we each do with our Life and Time; and ultimately for Whom in the end? You can tell if the person answering this question is a product of Magian Ethos and Magian Weltanschauung; from a person who came into existence in a living, ancient, human tradition; by the direction their eyes and mind and actions is focused. Outward or inward. Inward on Blood and Kin; or outward to random people? People who have no Connexion to and Honour for Blood, Kin, and Progeny have no real need to occupy their mundane minds with such things. There time is best spent doing what? You tell me. Who do you Serve in the end: your Blood; your religion; your political party; a corporation; or the State? Is it any wonder that in countries where people live together in big families and tight groups of friends who care for their elders and see them die and such people don't give a shit about the same issues a mundane Westerner who shuns Death and locks it up away out of sight and mind? But like I said somewhere earlier, these things are learned painfully, if we are ever fortunate to have Death as our teacher. Death is the greatest Adversary of Life and the Living. What it teaches is simple and human: Who do we Live for?

Blood & Honour

It's unfortunate – and revealing – that in the Western World, Blood and Honour, as a living human expression can only be found in poor neighborhoods where gang culture dominates; or in the upper strata of well bred white America. Otherwise, all of everyone in between those two extreme poles of Western social order seem to treat the concept of Blood and Honour as a disgusting disease to be absolutely avoided, lest their independence and individualism be lost. Serving and Honouring Kinfolk to these mundane barbarians is a diseaseful act; but spending your life as an individualized automaton serving an abstract State or a Corporation or some theoretical ideology to these people is the very meaning of their hubris lives.

But beyond the ailing West, many, many humans still live as they have always lived: for Blood & Honour. Which includes my own people and family. And to people like us still connected to our Humanness, our Folk, and Roots, this concept of Blood & Honour needs no words to articulate. I don't need a doctrine or guru to tell me that my blood relations, my kinfolk, and my intimate associates are the only ones that will love me genuinely and who will care for me in time of need. I don't need a religion or speculative dogma or theoretical ideology to tell me of the merits of Honouring my Elders, my Roots, my Folk. Like my little cousin; I learn about Blood and Honour painfully and slowly without word or teaching; where Death and the direct observance of the Death and loss of people I loved who once loved me, is my only teacher.

So that in my own family or clan everything we do and all that there is about us is fundamentally based on Blood and Honour. Or as the saying goes translated into English:

“There is only one Blood in a Clan; and Honour is the only Culture and Practice.” But that saying is born from hundreds of generations of pathei-mathos of a people. A people who from one generation after the next have humanly cared for their Old Ones and seen them die with their eyes. And the people of the West who have been in armies, in battle, or in gangs and in gang wars, are the ones in the West who will best know, intuit, and understand why witnessing the Death of a close comrade, loved one wordlessly teaches us the culture of serving and living for our Blood kin and comrades, and Honour. You can't put these lessons Death teaches into words. They will always come out goofy. But bring me a veteran of a military who has painfully seen his many comrades die and put him in the presence of my own family and culture, and he will understand in silence, intuition, in empathy and sympathy that my culture and his are the same sacred human culture, born from the same tearful lesson that Death teaches.

Regarding how everything my own family does is either based on Blood and Honour or goes back to those two things. As examples, if and when people in my family do get involved in politics it is based on Blood and Honour and not an arbitrary agreement of policies because they sound nice. Those in my own family who are into politics are strictly conservative republicans. Not because that party has great ideals and platforms. But because during the revolution the democratic party of America supported the Khmer Rouge who murdered half our family and the republican party opposed them, with Nixon later secretly bombing the area to try to exterminate the communist and Khmer Rouge. That's why. Because it has to do with Blood and Honour, in the human sentiment and recognition that whatever these republicans are, they were there for our people and family and did what they could, and in return we support them as best as we can from generation to generation.

Another example is that our Great Grandfather will be getting a Christian funeral at his church. He, his own children and half of my own family are Christian and not Buddhist. But they are not Christian because of ideology and belief. Ask my Buddhist grandma and one of my Christian grandfathers how many gods there are and they will both tell you that there is only one god out there and it doesn't matter how you honour it. My Great Grandfather and half my family became Christian because of Blood and Honour. Because in the 1980's when they first came to America the Buddhist people here never reached out to help. It was the White Christian people who came to help them, teach them how to find work and function in their new country, and provide for their simple human needs in their time of need and confusion. I have a White godfather who is a Jehovah's Witness, who is revered with a high amount of respect and honour by everyone in my family; he's even married into the family now. Not because of his beliefs; but because he has for some odd reason devoted over 20 years of his life, since the day my grandma and her children were confused refugees till now, in genuine service to us. And at no point in time, as he ever mentioned religion or asked anyone to convert.

Everything that we do – that is about us as a folk – has to do with Blood and Honour. It all springs from those two things, and it all falls back to those two things. Such that, even when my own family looks outward into the world beyond the flow of blood and the bond of honour, that what they see, do, participate in will always have something to do with the honour of the family, the interest of the family, and the family's culture of honour. These two things in my own culture/family/clan defines everything, even the most littlest traditional customs. For

instance the little custom that no person younger than the oldest person can sit with their head higher than the oldest Elder. If your Elder is sitting on the sofa, you sit on the floor. If your Elder sits on the floor, you sit on the floor also with your head slightly lowered. Because of Blood and Honour, in that we know this Elder is our kin and folk, who has spent their whole life serving the his blood and kin and intimate associates, and therefore such Elders are given high Honour, because they have earned it rightfully.

There is no distinction in my own clan or family between blood relations and familiar intimate associates. Because you have to think about it: the people your aunts and uncles marry are not blood relations; they are associates of the blood; who become Family because of that close and intimate association. And this goes back to ancient tribal times of living in the forest. In those conditions you needed all the people you can get to help you survive. Any person who comes along to your little tribe in the jungle and wants to devote their life to help your tribe in exchange for the same is a blessing. That's what a Folk is. It has nothing to do with ethnicity, skin color, national ancestry, religion, politics, etc. Those things are petty issues, that are shown for the pettiness they are in the face of Death. It doesn't matter what skin color or religion or sexuality or party the person you are crying over is when they are dying before you; when such person has loved you and given much of their life in service to you.

Blood in context to Folk in this sense is an Aeonian thing. It is understood that the husband of your blood aunt is not blood, but he is because in time his child who will be your cousin is blood to you. The Folk, or Clan, or Family and its blood is like three strings tied together with a Knot in the middle. That Knot is the Folk or Clan. The strings are the different streams of blood. The Knot is the nexion, or nexus, or point of convergence of what were different streams of blood. You put your finger in this Knot and it moves down the three strings which retaining its pattern. And so with Family or Blood, it moves in Time like that Knot, such that way into the future, the Knot's general shape and pattern as a focal point where different streams of blood and ancestry converges remains. So it can be understood that what persons of a clan or folk today that is not blood related will produce people of blood relation in the future. We call this breeding. Who we are as a living person today is the literal convergence of thousands of years of ancestral history of every person that once existed that had to exist to make you. That history and ancestry flows in our Blood. And that Blood is passed down to progeny, in such a way that seen Aeonically, this Blood is a literal flowing stream that transcends Time. It's very telling that most of it is the Cultured, Refined, Cultivated Breed of Humans that consider and honour their Blood and ancestry; while the peasantry are completely ignorant and disinterested in their Blood; in where it has come; and where it will go.

Numinous Transmission

With the passing of Great Grandfather, there is also the absence of a source of wisdom. Wisdom here meaning practical knowledge a person has acquired from living and experience life which when applied bears results. Wisdom here meaning what philosophy refers to as Practical Reason. As opposed to what? To its opposite: Speculative Reason. Ideological gibberish is Speculative Reason; what your grandpa teaches you, born from his own experiences which bore him tangible results is Practical Reason, is Traditional Wisdom, pass down from one generation to the next as a Living Tradition.

The difference may be philosophical in the West. But in a culture where the practical wisdom of Elders is continuously passed down from generation to generation; the knowing of these two types of reason is innate, intuitive, and understood. There is a living difference between theoretical gibberish written by some scholar about some subject; and the living wisdom – Sasana – of a living culture. One are ideas you toss around in our head. The other is vital for the Aeonian continuance of Blood and Culture.

And in general this is the deplorable difference between East and West. Or not East and West; between a people with Culture and a people devoid of Culture. People that are refined and cultured, who because of ancestral traditions and culture have been brought up with the culture of Honour of one's Elders, have more respect for sasana – Practical Reason – than for speculative ideology. Whereas people who have no honour, no culture, no connection, no care for elders, no conscious connection with ancestral wisdom, deify institutions that teach speculative reason like universities and religion. That theoretical principle and that religious dogma is glorified above what is genuinely practical. You go to an average Homo Hubris in the West and what you will find is a person whose mind has been filled with all these theoretical knowledge, who spends so much time thinking of such theoretical knowledge, who even fight others over such theoretical knowledge, and you will see that such persons are devoid of living Practical Wisdom. And that lack shows in the fruit they bare in life.

I suppose to me, losing somebody like Great Grandpa perhaps gives the same feeling in a mundane Westerner when his college or church has been burned down. When the mundane Westerner stands before his burned down church he is horrified and worries about where he will go find what knowledge he was getting in that church. It's the same feeling. The loss of an Elder is the loss of an entire stream of living wisdom that can never be replaced. And this is another simple lesson that Death teaches. Having seen Elders die, we are more mindful of spending our Time with these Elders to get as much of their Wisdom as we can before they are gone.

In living cultures, such as my family there are a number of old people who act like central data bases for the families ancestral wisdom. These people are called "Nik Prach." Nik means "Person," and "Prach" means to "Orate," to "speak a whole lot about everybody and everything." They're usually old grandpas that collect all this gossip and information from everybody related to them, and everything they like such as their politics and religion. Just everything and at family events they just go on and on about those everythings while they drink. When there is a group of these types of grandpas at a gathering I picture in my mind a group [parliament] of Owls from Winnie the Pooh just "Praching." Great Grandpa was a Nik Prach. He was a vast data base of not only the family's ancestral history, but also of inside politics of nations and states since he served in public offices in the old days. It's through these types of Elders that the new generation is Rooted and Connected to their living history, ancestry, Tradition, and culture. It's these Elders that imparts to us their vast reservoir of practical wisdom born from their own life's experiences and pathei-mathos. But Death blocks that flow of practical wisdom. And even worse, when a people such as a vast majority of those in the West lock their Elders away somewhere, the flow of all that living history, potential tradition, ancestry, and connection is broken.

The Buddha in the past circumvented the problem of Death cutting off the flow of living practical wisdom when he created the Sangha which is the Earth's oldest continuous organization; 2500 years old. What he did was he gathered a bunch of Nik Prachs together, made them monks, initiated them into a Order [what the word Sangha means] and let them do their thing. With the inherent instruction that they find other Nik Prach to initiate into their Order. In this way, even though general society changes, even though generations die and come, even those Elders pass away; there is the Sangha that is a constant presence – as the Knot I allegorically spoke of earlier – in that society. That Order of monks simply goes out and “Praches” their wisdom, inseminating each new generation with the practical wisdom – Sasana – of a people. Not just teachings of a buddha; but more importantly, their own experience born wisdom and what wisdom they learned from those Elder monks who passed on in the Sangha. The closest concept to the Sangha in the West I think would be religious institutions like old traditional churches, and things like universities. But what is taught through the Sangha and through churches and colleges is different. One teaches Practical Wisdom; the others teach Theoretical Knowledge.

I brought this up – or I am thinking about this as I am writing – because Death personally has taught me to value practical wisdom over theoretical knowledge. And so, because this is my mindset, I have a much deeper appreciation for something like the ONA, and greatly so for something like The Numinous Way. Not because I can agree with its theories or principles; but because my eyes opened in a different culture and is conditioned to see and appreciate the practical wisdom therein. There is nothing to really “believe” or agree with or debate in the ONA or Numinous Way. They are simply vehicles that attempt to transmit a body or corpus of practical wisdom. Practical Wisdom is not something to think about in your head. They are things to be applied in life for results, because such things have been applied by others in the past and have yielded results. It has nothing to do with thinking or debating or agreeing. You just either apply the practical wisdom or not.

To me, I see the ONA as an “Order” as being a nucleus or kernel of what may evolve into a “sangha” of sorts that transmits practical wisdom across time from one generation to the next. It's how I have always seen it. Which is why when I do write for the ONA, I try to use my own life and practical experiences, as opposed to just dictating a string of ideas in the form of some lecture of new knowledge. But the way that I right, is just how my Elders teach me things. They don't lecture me doctrines and ideas. They just share their own experiences in their own life with me, then share with me what insights they may have come to realize, and leave it at that. The rest is up to me. If I resonate with my grandfathers and their wisdom, than their insights become meaningful to me inside. If I don't resonate with what I am hearing, then, the time has not come. You must first be in the process of experiencing something that resonates with what they say or have experienced something that is like what they say for their to be an empathic connection.

It's like my mom once told me long ago during one of our girl talks when she said: “Be careful with boys. Don't trust them so much. Don't be so cheap as to give everything that you are and have to them all at once. You will end up hurt very bad.” I didn't have the experience yet at the time to resonate with what she was telling me. And what she was telling me was not Theoretical Knowledge which is to be debated for its merit and truth. It was just a bit of

Practical Wisdom born from her own experiences and *pathei-mathos*. When the season came where I experienced what had to be experienced with boys, then what my mother once told me resonated and was clearly apprehended inside of me wordlessly. I understood what she meant only in such proper time and season. And this is the nature of practical wisdom. Because practical wisdom unfolds for a person within the causal flow of time and season; when we receive an Elder's practical wisdom, our intuitive understanding of them also must unfold in its time and season.

Like a seed laying on a desert ground, waits patiently for the rain to come. When the ground's condition is proper, the seed naturally takes root and germinates. In the same way, what practical wisdom we get from our Elders are only seeds, which we keep in our minds. Mindful of them, but in the understanding that they germinate in their proper time and season. They are not things to be argued or debated. Because debating them is pointless. It's like when you mom tells you: "Don't touch that hot iron, it'll burn your finger." And then you debate what she said and say: "Well, when you say hot, how many Fahrenheit degrees exactly is hot? Is it truly molecularly made of iron or a composition of other elements hmm?" And then you touch the hot iron, and your dumb finger burns. There is actually a word for that, it's "Tah-chess!" It means something like but not exactly as "Stubborn!" It's when your mom or grandma tell you some practical advice, and you reject it because you think you know better than them or are smarter with more experience.

It's like if I were to give the practical advice that when you are in the living midst of experiencing the Death of a loved one: "Don't think about what is happening, don't intellectualize it; don't philosophize it. Just let it happen and mindfully Be a part of it till the end." If you have never experienced the Death of a loved one, what I said makes no real sense and has no value or meaning to you. But when the proper time and season of such experience comes, sooner or later you will intuitively understand what I said on your own in a wordless manner. It's not something to be debated. It's not speculative knowledge. I didn't sit here theorizing it. It's simply something I learned painfully in a living and practical manner. And that is all that it is and can be.

So this is what the Order of Nine Angles is to me in my eyes. It is a collection of practical wisdom, which grows to collect more such practical wisdom from each Initiate as they live their lives and learn directly from their/our experiences. What the ONA may have to impart has is to be applied not intellectually debated for merit or worth. This is something the average mundane gets confused with. There is a difference between Practical Wisdom and Theoretical Knowledge. And if you can't tell the difference or are scratching your head when you see the words Practical Wisdom, then you know you are alien to such concepts as Blood, Tradition, and Culture. Because all that you do know is what speculative reason school has taught you. Your mind is conditioned to only process such types of information. So when you do look at something like the ONA, Buddhism, Tantrika, or some other body of Practical Wisdom; you treat it and attack it like you would a theory.

But the understanding of these things comes only with truly being human, and living a human life connected in Blood and Honour with others over long periods of Time. This Humanness or Numinous Essence of Human Life is missing in much of the West. I wish it were different. I

wish the West and much of its lost people would one day quest to re-discover their lost Humanity. In this regard, I do personally see value in what is trying to be presented through things like the Numinous Way, Reichsfolk, and the ONA. It's just that the people it is trying to share its practical insights with are enthralled by outside things that captivate their egos. Their minds and eyes are transfixed elsewhere. All we can hope for is that what little portion of the West which is becoming more Aware of their primal Humanness and their Blood and Culture, will struggle to presence the Numen. So that gradually as the old generations pass, the New Numinous Ones will endue the West once more with Life. In this endeavour, I would say that there is nothing more illuminating which will help you find your way back to your Human Nature, other than to experience Death face to face. Challenge yourselves and care for some one close to you and watch them die. Otherwise, you will never know what Death teaches the Living.

Closing Remarks

This is a first day in a week or so of silence. There is nothing to cry over or look at anymore since the body is being prepared. Everyone is just quiet and in their reflective states of mind. Doing their own thing to cope with Great Grandfather's passing. Preparing emotionally for the next round when Great Grandmother will follow. There is a sorrow to it all, this thing we call Human Life. But when you are fortunate enough like me to have seen and witnessed and been a living part of the full spectrum and cycle of Human Life; from the birth and caring for the little ones, to caring for the old ones and their Deaths; Life becomes Beautiful and Meaningful. As when we allow a music piece to play out till the last note falls. So when the last breath of a loved one who spent his life loving and serving you falls; the whole concert of his life can fully be appreciated as it is: a passing moment. And what seeds of practical wisdom he imparted becomes a priceless and parting Gift.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

PASSIONS OF YOUTH



The one aspect that turned me on to the Order of Nine Angles is it's two essential prime objectives: A) The Progression of Man; and B) The Progression of His Civilization to its highest causal expression and potential.

How does a civilization come into being? Initially it begins some where deep in the collective psyche; or zeigeist; of a people. It's a silent subjective process, a wanting, a yearning, a feeling. This is the esoteric reason for bringing down the acausal force. Those of us of the ONA will understand. Then what?

Next comes the Fire... the setting of young passions ablaze. Thru words that evokes and provokes emotions. Words that call out those silent laten wanting, yearning, or feeling! This is Vindex... the Hitlers and Lenins and Obamas whose voice sets the young on fire and impregnates their mind with visions of change.

But why would a regime even give the time of day to make grand speeches to a crowd of dumb rebellious teens and postteens? Anyone with a little understanding of Nature will understand. Because Nature favors action over thinking. This is why evolution has allowed stupidity to be the common standard of Humanity. If stupidity didn't have its place in the greater scheme of Mother Nature, it wouldn't have been allowed to last all these millions and billions of years.

Can you imagine back in our primal days if a tribe of intellectual protohumans sitting around

their campfire brainstorming; and along came another tribe into their territory? Do you think Nature would have it that the intellectual protohumans should debate issues and intellectually figure out the best reasonable method to deal with the invaders? What would happen to our intellectual protohumans and their genes, if the invading tribe were a group of young dumb people throwing rocks and spear everywhere? Yeah, it means your smartass genes and bloodline won't make it far.

There is a reason why Nature begins us all being stupid teens burning with a chemically (hormones) induced passion. Passion for anything. What army of any nation which has ever existed was composed of old 30-40 year old mature intellectual partyliners? None. We should all know this by now. Young dumb people burning with a passion to do something makes up all armies. Passion subsides with maturity for all of us giving way to intelligence in its proper time and period. The mindless young warriors of yesterday become the great minded cheiftans of tomorrow. Great from the experience and exploits of a carefree and passionate youth.

This Passionate Youth was what filled Hitler's armies that made the Third Reich possible. Not the mature partyliners. It takes a great speaker to set ablaze the passions of youth. It only takes a boring book of theories to turn the old men on. Those theories don't mean anything anyways. It's the promise of power and glory that these old men sees. The speeches don't mean anything anyways. The young and passionate just need a cause to burn for. Give them a meaningless symbol, and they fight for it. Give them a color and they'll wear it in rebellion. Give them an enemy and they'll kill. Give them Imperium and they'll work for it.

This is the fundamentals of the Art and Science of Civilization. This science begins with the understanding of Humanity and how it naturally works. When the insights are gained, they can be exploited and utilized. If the ONA is genuinely interested in establishing a future civilization, then it must ballance its "Occult" knowledge with the wisdom of Human Nature: "Man, Know Thyself."

Why then deny or condemn Nature? If the Dark Tradition is based on the very primal essence of Nature, why condemn the young and stupid? There is a time and place for mindless passion, and with time, to us all, will come maturity and intelligence... in it's proper time.

This ONA was never meant nor designed to be dominated by thinkers and book thumpers. It is desgined for the passionate youth who burns for a cause and ACT. Thru their action is an end result manifested. Thru their action they grow in experience, and with time, such experience becomes wisdom. A true undefiled wisdom not collected from any book of dead letters, but from the very living library of Nature Herself.

In many of the vulgar satanisms the very power of youthful passion is rejected for meaningless teenrebellion. They glorify the passionless thinkers instead, as if these "Nodoers" were the apex of human evolution. If Humanity relied on these passionless Nodoers, we wouldn't be here today.

The ONA is not a Nodoer religion. It's not a book club or nerd gathering. It was designed to DO. We all by nature start off as not so bright teens ready to burn for something... anything.

These are our warriors. Give them something to burn for and let them set the world ablaze. In their youth, they may not be interested in teachings or traditions, but let them be as Nature intended for awhile, to collect their experiences and grow mature. For in maturity, these same mindless, passionate warriors will mellow out and absorb the mysteries of the ONA in ripened age and become Dark Sages. There is a time and a place for everyone and everything. And because this ONA is a living reflection of Primal Nature, there is within our dark Shadows a place for every age and kind... the passionate youth and the mature partyliners. Or perhaps I should quote here Anton Long:

“What Satanism Is Not:

a) Satanism is not, nor can ever be, a religion, nor just a ‘philosophy’. A religion means acceptance of authority, the rigid structure of a ‘Church’ or a ‘Temple’, and a unified dogma (with the consequent schisms and claims to ‘authenticity’). The religious attitude is the antithesis of what Satanism really is – for Satanism is a way of living, a way of experiencing, in the raw, whereas religion abstracts, limits endeavour, behaviour and moralizes. In short, a Satanist plunges into reality, without any supports (moral, psychic or human) whereas a religious person has that reality prescribed by dogma, authority and such like, and is supported by a ‘Church’, its members and their attitudes. Satanism is an ecstatic affirmation of existence – a taking of existence into new and higher realms, as well as a plunge into existing darkness and the creation of new darkness.

b) Satanism cannot have anyone impose upon it any structure, authority, or institution of any kind by claiming a ‘dark mandate’ or some kind of ‘revelation’. There can be no such thing as an ‘infernal mandate’ of whatever kind because the only thing that really matters to Satanism is experience, its accumulation and the highly individualized learning that results from such experience. A genuine Satanist, for example, confronted by an entity which exhibited all the powers attributed to Satan would not even accept what that ‘entity’ said and would most certainly not show any submission – instead, they would a defiance, a reasoned assessment of what was said, and then a judgement made from experience. A Satanist never surrenders to anything – and would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit. This applies even to ‘Satan’. If and when a Satanist accepts guidance, it is from someone of experience who has explicated Satanism by their life and thus who can offer advice based on that experience. The aim of Satanism is to create wilful, characterful, defiant, unique individuals who have or can fulfil their potential as gods – it is not to create followers or sycophants. An ‘infernal mandate’ implies sycophancy.

c) Satanism does not involve discussions, meetings, talks. Rather, it involves action, deeds. Words – written or spoken – sometimes follow, but not necessarily. The ideal candidate for Satanism is the individual of action rather than the ‘intellectual’.”

This generic disliking and hatred for young passionate adolescents is a product and insurance policy of Nazarene culture and Ethos which is by nature inertal and conservative. This Nazarene hatred for the passions of youth and their desire to destroy this passion is evident in their religion’s control of sexuality and sexual expression, which is the first awakening which marks a child’s advancement into adolescence and is the beginning of a naturally burning

passion. A Nazarene mindset based on maintaining religious and political orthodoxy and control will logically hate and cause others to hate Humanity's Fire who are the catalyst and ember of change, progression, disruption, and action in motion – the young; the newer generations, that have not yet been trained and conditions to be Quality citizens.

This is clearly the case in modern nations under Magian control. High school is just an excuse to keep these young out of the streets. What age group are most likely involved in protest demonstrations? The young and passionate, those roughly between 15-25 years of age. What age group is the target of a police state? The older mellow citizens, or the younger passionate ones who want something different? What is the force and age group that can, if collective enough tear down both America and Communist China? The passionate youth. They may not be smart yet, but this smarts comes with time for everybody. They are chemically ready to burn at all times with the slightest spark.

This Nazarene hatred for the passionate youth is even adopted by the vulgar satanism such as LaVeyan satanism as their slogan and catch phrase: Quality over Quantity; their antagonism towards social organizational conformity; and their hatred for collective identity. Individualism is a Magian tactic of divide and conquer to separate you from the power source of a coherent social order to make you easier to control.

Thru their Magian politics, Nazarene religion, and chemicals processes such as floridation of tap water, the more virulent and passionate portion of human social order is mellowed and brought under control. The flames of youth are put out. The young are kept in check by social ridicule for being stupid rebellious teens and post teens without a cause. Where then does the ONA stand on this issue? Think on these things a while.

If we learn to successfully make a Nation of our ONA, it would be much easier in the future to learn how to manifest a civilization. A Nation is not just a parliament or senate of thinkers and traditionalists. It is also made of common citizens and an army, each unique, each in their own state of mental development, but all loyal to the same Nation. Our National Slogan should be: "Quality AND Quantity." The Quality to think and instruct; the Quantity to do and act.

If Vindex is to set the world a fire – the young make the best kindler.

[youtube=<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iJRbi4UNKbQ>]

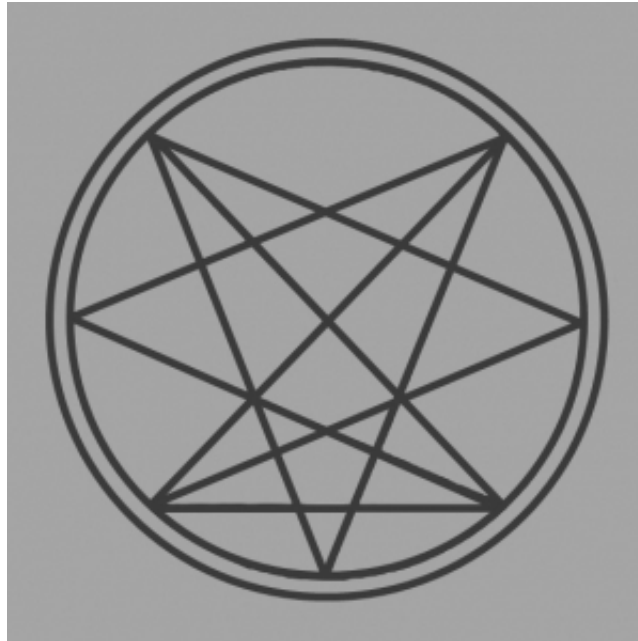
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Is The ONA Nazi: pointyhat.wordpress.com/2009/02/14/is-the-ona-nazi/



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PATHS WALKED



Paths Walked

In very ancient times what is known today as India was culturally split into two halves, the North and South. The South was populated by the Dravidians and Mon-Khmer. The North – old time Grecian Bactria – was populated by a different set of people. The “Southerners” had their own folk or indigenous Sasanas which in those days was something animistic and nature based. Later their Sasanas developed into something called “Shaivism” which the Dravidians practiced, and “Shaktism,” which the Mon-Khmer practiced. The “Northerners” practiced their own “religion” which came to be known as the “Vedic” Tradition. Since earliest times the Vedic northerners disliked the ways and practices of the non-Vedic southerners. The Northerners – from their Vedic perspective – would often call the ways of the southerners heterodox, “evil,” and grotesque. Eventually this would give rise to the philosophical notion of a “right handed path,” and a “left handed path.”

But this notion of a left and right path is not actually unique to Brahminical India. The same basic idea developed independently all the way in China during ancient times. I actually know very little about the Indian notion. But because I have over 100 books on the Chinese version of “left” and “right” path, I can say I know “more” about the Chinese version of left and right handed paths than the Indian version. I also practice the Chinese version; both right and left; in an “amateur” way to supplement my meditative stuff.

As a note, in this entire essay, I’ll be using a more “Eastern” Understanding of “right hand path,” and “left hand path.” Which understanding is or course my own personal grasp of such terms. I understand that there are various different interpretations of these terms according to several different schools of thought in the West. So don’t get asshurt if it sounds like I’m not

paying the 'right' respects to the left hand path you may be associated with. The 'left hand path' as various ONA associates describe is something I actually like and agree with which with it's focus on Pathei-Mathos, may be more in Harmony to the essence of this essay in the end. These are just words written.

Chinese Taoism

You cannot talk about China without speaking of their indigenous folkish way we in the West call "Taoism." Except in the West when we say and speak of "Taoism" we only have 30% or a third of the whole folk tradition. This is because in Chinese folk culture, "Taoism" has Three Forms. Each Form really has nothing to do with the other, but are culturally inter-related as a folk Triad.

So the first species of "Taoism" is what we are all familiar with in the West which is called "Philosophical Taoism." This is the stuff based on Lao Tzu and the Tao Te Q'ing and so on. It's appealing to hippies. It's a groovy and psychedelic way of seeing the world. You read the little book and if you agree or even understand the mystical gibberish it expounds you call yourself a "Taoist."

The second species of "Taoism" is called "Religious Taoism." In China this second type has no real name or -ism. It's just their [our] folk culture which has been institutionalized into a coherent body of rites, ceremonies, animistic beliefs, and sectarian observances. This second class of "Taoism" cannot be divorced from the folk culture of its people, because its so intertwined that the two are the same fabric. I guess similar to how Jews are both a group of people and a belief system. This class of "Taoism" is not written in books or bibles. You have to learn the ins and outs from your people and elders.

"Religious Taoism" in China has its own temples and pantheon of folk gods, deities, and spirits. If you have ever physically been to China or Taiwan or Singapore, you will know exactly what I am trying to refer to. It's the folk cultural "religion" you see all these Chinese people doing. You see them going to temples, burning incense to statues of a handful of gods, offering fruits and ducks and fake money to the ancestors. Shrines are often kept in natural places for the nature spirits, etc. The philosophical ramblings of Lao Tzu plays a minor role here. It is the core or base foundation upon which their religious worldviews are based on. In the knowing that all of nature – which includes us humans – are a part of a Whole Flowing. A Flowing which we must strive to be in Harmony with. And so part of the folk culture of living "religious Taoism" is to strive to somehow live in tune with our natural environment.

From this notion of harmony with the environment and the flow of Chi – life force – you get crazy ideas like Feng Shui. The Feng Shui stuff for some reason made into the West and in places like Orange County is pretty in vogue with the yuppy gentry. Although the feng shui sold and popularized in the West is a Westernized form of it tailored for its market. If you think feng shui – as a Westerner – is crazy, then the real folk tradition of 'feng shui' is plain psychotic.

My family is half Chinese. We come from Hokkien and Teochew stalk. My aunt-mom; when she's telling me stories about her grandfathers; calls them "Ong Ya," which is how my

grandmother calls them sometimes. Ong Ya is actually a Khmerized rendition of a Vietnamese word. I don't know how it's spelled. That's just my phonetic spelling. I also don't know what the word really means in Vietnamese. But my family seems to use the word Ong Ya to make fun of old men with those really long Chinese goatees. When they see White guys with a goatee, they'll say: "Look, he looks like an Ong Ya."

But the Chinese people that made my family came from China a long time ago to Southeast Asia, so after so many generations everybody lost ability to speak Hokkien, but the folk culture is still there. So my family doesn't know it's called "feng shui" [they don't call it anything] but they still practice it as a left over element of their folk culture. Which I think is actually really crazy.

For instance my family put me to work or to help out at our family businesses since I was little. One of my chores I did was sweep the shop up in the morning. So I'd take a broom and sweep the junk outside the door. And my aunts would yell at me and tell me saying: "No, no, no! Sweep it back in quick! Wrong way. In the morning you sweep from the door inside. Only at night you sweep from the inside out the door. Sweeping in from the door in the morning brings good fortune for the business. More money. Sweeping out the door in the morning means you're pushing the money away." I'd try to argue some "Western sense" into them by telling them that it's just trash and dust? But they insist on keeping to their old ways.

In a "real" folk Chinese business your aunts and uncles will make you even go out to the parking lot to put a stick of burning incense in the grass or somewhere each morning when the business opens as a way of paying your respects to the "spirits" that guards and lives in the area. This way they don't disturb your business with bad luck and will instead help your business be prosperous. After you give the stick of incense to the parking lot spirits, you go inside and change the water cup in front of the Fat Buddha to give him fresh water. Then you give him new fruits and cookies [he likes food, can you tell]. Burn your incense, and pray to him to bless your shop. Then there is an extra thing you can do, which the old people like your grandpas and grannies do, which is scatter uncooked rice in the parking lot just in front of the shop. You'll hear them either talking or praying to the pigeons up on the telephone wire to come and eat the rice in large groups so the customers can also come in large groups.

This isn't just a "Chinese" thing. You see it done all over the place in Little Saigon here in Orange County. You can tell which shops are run by Vietnamese mixed with Chinese ancestors by the Fat Buddha with the literal piles of food in front of him, the pigeons crowded around the front of the shops, and the many red sticks planted in the ground somewhere. The red sticks are the bottom part of incense sticks that don't burn. In our folk tradition [Chinese] it's bad luck to remove those sticks and throw them away. So what happens is that at temples, shrines, and sidewalks in certain places you have a collection of all these red sticks. The Fat Buddha – we call him Preah Ganjai – in the folk cultural religious "Taoism" is an actual deity of that folk tradition. Before he was made a Buddhist Bodhisattva, he and his friend Kuan Yin were indigenous folk "Taoist" deities, and they still are.

In Khmer we call Kuan Yin "Preah Niang Gung See Im" which is the best phonetic rendition I can do. Preah Niang means something like Venerable Lady, or Goddess, and 'Gung See Im'

or just 'Gung Im' is her name. I don't know how she is venerated in some sects of Mahayana Buddhism, but in the folk culture of "religious Taoism" Gung Im is a sexist deity. It is considered very bad luck for a man to venerate or wear a jade image of Gung Im. She doesn't like guys. You will never see a Chinese man wear an image of Gung Im, unless they are gay or something. It's like the same cultural effect as when you walk down a street and you see a White guy wearing pink dangling earrings and bracelets. You can wear those things, but you look like a fag.

In the folk cultural form of "religious Taoism" Gung Im is not for business. She's some sort of "protectress" of women who keeps you safe, finds you a good mate, helps you be more "fertile" for child baring stuff, helps you have a happy family, protects your children, and helps girls be smart. Or not smart, but more clever than men, so they can't trick you or take advantage of you. And your elders will say she picks you, not you pick her. When I was in high school I had a weird dream that I was hiking in a forest with lots of trees and Gung Im came out from behind a big tree holding a gold necklace in her hand. I recognized her in the dream as Gung Im, so I knelt and clasped my hands three times at her feet for her. In the dream she spoke Khmer to me telling me that she wanted to give me the necklace. In the dream she requested that I put it on in front of her and to never take it off, and as long as I wear it she'll watch over me and keep me safe.

While I was putting the necklace on, she knelt by me, looked at me and then told me not to trust men, and told me that I don't need them [men] for anything, that "girl people" must learn to take care of one another. I woke up and told my aunt-mom who told my grandmother, and the same day they took me to China Town so I can look for a gold necklace that looked like the one Gung Im gave to me. I had the weird dream before I learned from my elders that Gung Im was "sexist" or preferred to work with girls. So ever sense then my grandmother told me to pay homage to her regularly because she "picked me" in a dream. So I have a statuette of her next to my Buddha. In front of her is a silver bowl with water you. You pray to her with a flower and offer the flower to her by placing it into the water. Then you burn your incense for her and spray her statue with perfume. She does pick men sometimes.

Another "folk Taoist" thing is that when you buy or build a house you want to get one with the front door facing the west. I once asked my grandmother why the direction of the door is important. She said a house with the door facing west gives the house and family a cool and calm atmosphere where everybody gets along. A house with the front door facing east is not liked in Chinese culture because it's believed the house is a misfortune to the family, because the heat of the sun causes a lot of heat and friction in the household. Then the folk stuff also dictates how you arrange your furniture too. You should never have sofas and couches with their back to the front door. This is bad luck for the house and family. It's said that such an arrangement makes people not like your family. You face your couches and sofas so that when you sit you face the door. Essentially, it's more inviting that way and the flow of life force hits your face or something. You also should keep vases and things with water near the door. Nobody really knows why. We just do it. We have vases of flowers with water in it, and potted plants which we water around the front part of the house.

Then there is this really weird folk "religious Taosit" thing that is just simply strange and

embarrassing. My aunt-mom said she had to do it and that her Chinese elders told her to do it, so I had to do it myself when I was 6 or 7. The folk tradition is that when you are a child and you have a bed wetting problem like me and my aunt-mom did your Chinese elders tells you to go and pray to the spirit that lives in the kitchen stove each night before going to bed and ask it to help you stop peeing in your bed. You actually stand in front of your stove and clasp your hands and pray to it. I really don't know how a spirit that lives in a kitchen stove has to do with wetting your bed, but apparently it does to Chinese people. It worked though. I have all these cousins who had the same problem and they all also prayed to the stove deity for help. All of a sudden "Taoism" doesn't sound so cool any more does it?

Left & Right

Then there is the third species of "Taoism," which is not so well known of in the West, although many of its elements have found its way into the West. The third type of "Taoism" is called "Practical Taoism." It is neither philosophical or folk religious. It is based on doing and performing certain acts. Most of the books on "Taoism" I have are about this third type exclusively.

This third class of "Taoism" began with Taoist sages, shamans, or hermit who lived on the tops of mountains. Two mountains are famous and well known in this class of "Taoism." There is Green Mountain of the Immortals, and Wu Dang of the Masters. Wu Dang means Black Mountain, and lends its name to a very well known rap group known as the Wu Tang Clan. You'll often hear folklore about the "Immortals of Green Mountain," or the "Masters of Wu Dang."

In very ancient times folk Taoist shamans removed themselves from society and went to live up in mountains to figure out how to become immortal beings. This is also essentially based on a Taoist way of understanding the universe. Everything is a part of Tao: the Way the "World" flows as one Whole. Therefore if the Tao is eternal, and everything is part of the Tao, then people can embark on a quest to Realize their eternal nature, which is called Immortality.

How the ancient sages did this eventually was split into two methods of attainment: Right Handed practice aka Single Body practice aka Mono Cultivation; & Left Hand practice aka Double Body practice aka Dual Cultivation.

The basic process of achieving Immortality was described by these sages as being "alchemical." They even used alchemical language by using words for metal and smelting processes to conceal their secrets from the uninitiated. The methods of Immortality back then were a heavily guarded secret veiled in alchemical gibberish and flowery Chinese pictorial symbolism. For instance you'll hear talk of a "Jade Palace," a "Jade Stalk," a "Moon Flower," the "Midnight Cave," "Dragon Pearls/Balls," alchemical stuff like "Sulfur," "Salt," and "Mercury," processes like "Igniting the Salt in the Stove," "Vapourining" or "Refining" "Salt" into "Sulfur," turning sulfur into "Mercury," making the Mercury into "Dragon Pearls," feeding the "Priceless Pearls" to the "Lotus of a Thousand Petals," and so on. With these secrets as a background, many of the old Chinese kung fu movies will make more sense. They weren't just fighting just to fight. They were fighting to steal or protect secret manuscripts that

deciphered this veiled language, so their rich benefactor can obtain the secrets of the “Immortal Ambrosia,” to live forever. If you become familiar with the veiled alchemical language of this type of Taoism, and then go reread things like the Emerald Tablets of Hermes or the alchemical works of Paracelsus, things will make a little more sense. Gold is the supreme metal and is Incorruptible. It represents the supreme attainment which is the Incorruptible state of Prenatal Nature, Original Nature, Eternal Nature, or Immortality.

But that notion of Eternal Nature split into two factions. One faction sought to achieve a state of spiritual immortality where they became one with Wu Wei. The other faction sought to attain physical immortality to lord over people as gods. So the former uses what they call ‘right handed’ practice and the latter used what they called ‘left handed’ practice.

The generic term for “the Practice” in this class of Taoism is “Taoist Yoga,” or its Westernized diluted name: Chi Gung. This is where we get things like Iron Shirt chi gung, Diamond Body chi gung, Rainbow Body chi gung, Embryonic body chi gung, Cosmic Orbit, Microcosmic Orbit, Entering the Jade Palace, and so on.

The Shoalin Monks are a good and easy example of right handed Taoist Yoga, or Single Body practice. The end goal is a spiritual immortality, the tool to attain that goal is the Body. The monk uses his own body and learns the secret or esoteric method of mono cultivation where he learns to generate Salt [jing chi], vapourizes it into Sulfur [chi], rises it and purifies it into Mercury [shen chi], from which the Pearl of Great Price is born which is also known as “Dragon Balls,” or “Dragon Pearls.” Have you ever gone to an authentic Chinese restaurant where in the front of the doorway are two lion like animals with their paw on a ball? The creature is or was a [lionine]“dragon” and the ball it guards is the Pearl of Great Price; which in the Western schools may be equated with the Philosopher’s Stone.

The end goal is distant. There are immediate uses of Chi. Like Iron Shirt chi gung. Basically Iron Shirt is when you learn to breathe in chi from the environment with your body. You purify the chi and pack it into your muscles. This way you don’t get hurt when people punch or kick you. There is also Bone Marrow chi gung, which is the same concept, but you pack your refined chi into your bones so as to make them less prone to breakage in fights.

I actually practice the very basic method of chi breathing uses in both of those things. You first learn to “breathe” with our fingers. Basically when you inhale you look at your finger tips and as you inhale visualize air or stuff being sucked into your finger tips. When you exhale you pack the stuff somewhere. If you do this many times, you end up feeling a cool sensation at your finger tips every time you inhale. This method is also called “chi absorption” which has its left hand counterpart. But in the right handed practice you learn to absorb Earth Chi through your feet, Nature Chi thru your hands, and Cosmic Chi via the crown of your head. Then you mix and store all that in “the Stove.” The Stove or “Clay Pot,” or “Crucible,” is a “point” called a Dan Dien roughly two inches below your belly button, and two inches deep. Dan Diens are like nodes in your body made up of your chi meridians and chi network in your body. They are roughly similar to the Indic concept of “chakra,” but not the same thing.

Because of how the right handed method is used by groups like the Shaolin monks, Taoist

Yoga of this type is also called “Internal Martial Arts.” This internal martial arts was jealously guarded by schools of martial arts. There was an old unwritten law which say you are never to teach an outsider the esoteric parts of martial arts. This commonly caused Chinese people to be very reluctant in teaching Westerners any kind of martial arts. If they were taught it, only the outer Forms – the moves – were given to them. Form without Essence is Empty. You can use it to fight, but your missing half of the Whole thing. If you want to know what the other half can do, all you need to do is youtube Shaolin monks performing their stuff. One style I know which teaches both the Internal and External stuff in the West is Southern Style Tong Long [praying mantis].

The left handed method to me is more fascinating and interesting. The Goal is literal physical immortality or at least to live a really long life. The tool to attain this goal is your body, but also the bodies of others. Double Body practice or dual cultivation means it involves sex. This method was said to have been taught to the Yellow Emperor by the Dragon Lady, or Dragon Empress. Basically the Yellow Emperor desired to be immortal so he can rule over his realm like a god over men. So the Dragon Empress taught him how to use and absorb chi from his harem of 10,000 concubines. One interesting note with this left handed method is that the sages say that girls over 19 years of age have lost their potent chi, rendering sex with them to be useless in the quest for physical immortality. Another thing to note is that to make chi or refined chi, you need two types of jing chi: Yin Chi the negative charge and Yang Chi the positive charge. When the two charges are mixed together in the Stove they inflame or vapourize each other becoming refined chi. Girls are vessels of yin chi. This means if the Yellow Emperor had a thousand girl concubines and absorbed all of their yin chi, he had better have the equal amount of yang chi or it's all useless. Boys are vessels of yang chi.

In this method of cultivation, there are many weird and strange ways of cultivating chi from other people. One strange way was to boil the urine of girls until it became salt crystals, and you eat the crystals. But not too much because the crystals have female hormones. Instead you give those crystals to young boys which over time makes them very feminine. Since they were boys with yang chi, and feminized with yin chi, such types of vessels were good for collective both chi you need.

One method of collecting chi in this left handed method is also chi breathing, but with a certain body part. The technique has several “colorful” names such as “Crow’s Beak,” “Crow Pecking,” and so on. Basically you learn to breath with our penis to absorb the chi of the other person. Left handed practice is more easier for girls according to the Dragon Empress, because during sex a girl does not lose anything, whereas a man loses his “stuff.” The Empress goes to say that for a man to be equal to a woman in sexual cultivation, he must learn to retain his semen and not ejaculate, because shen chi is made from alchemically refined semen [or the female equivalent: Moon Flower]. She also says that in such methods of cultivation of chi, if the man does not know what he is doing and the girl knows how to breathe in chi with her cervix, the man becomes the victim. So according to the Empress, in the left handed way of attaining chi, girls are by default superior to men. This must be the case by Nature’s decree because the girl is the one that creates new human beings in her womb. She needs the extra chi saved in her Stove to make the new person. But sexual cultivation is not the only method of collecting your chi.

You also learn to chi breathe with your eyes and hands. The goal is to get to the point where you can point your dragon and tiger points at people, breath in, and literally suck the life force out of them, dropping them dead. You can find your dragon and tiger points on your palm by bending your ring finger to touch your palm, where they touch is roughly the places where your dragon and tiger points are. These points are like channels that can open and close to either release or absorb chi. These points and your pupils are the 4 supreme points where the most chi can be evacuated [projected] or absorbed. In the right handed method in martial arts you would learn to project chi out of your dragon and tiger points and use that part of your palm to strike your opponent instead of a weak fist.

I once read accounts when I was researching on African folk traditions of Juju priests. Juju I suppose is a word meant to speak of folk traditions similar to Voodoo and so forth. I can't remember what part of Africa the account was from. But the people say that their "Juju" shamans can stare a lion down and make birds fall out of the sky dead by staring at them. In the left handed method, you learn to project your chi out of your eyes to take control of people or you suck people's chi with your eyes. In the right handed method you incorporate eye chi projection into your martial arts by projecting your chi into your opponent's head causing them to become confused, dizzy, or to even black out from absorbing their chi.

In the right handed method, you have to find alternative sources of yin and yang chi. Moon light is a source of yin chi. Sun light is a source of yang chi. You learn something called body breathing or skin breathing which is when you are able to breathe in and absorb chi from the environment, moon light or sun light with the entire surface of your skin. This method of skin breathing is also used in special dual cultivation pairs where the pair is of the same gender. Two gay boys going at it doesn't do anything because they are both yang charged. It's like rubbing two positive poles of a car battery together. To supplement or balance their overload of yang chi they have to regularly skin breathe Moon Light and eat things with yin chi. Then the same goes with a sapphic pair who both have yin chi. They would have to supplement or balance that double dose of yin chi with regular skin breathing of solar light and eating things with lots of yang chi in it, such as onions and red meat. A sapphic pair also does not need sperm to make their Dragon Pearl, although sperm would make it more potent. Instead a sapphic pair can substitute the base alchemical yang salt with something called Moon Flower, which is said to blossom only in the Midnight Cave. The Midnight Cave is just your muff. Moon Flower is a term used to call a post sexual type of vaginal discharge which is milkier and whiter and thicker than the normal clear lubricant. This Moon Flower is said to be more charged with chi and is a prized element in Taoist Alchemy.

The methods for immortality diverges then in practice at the top level. Top level meaning in alchemy you work from the BASE metal/level UP to Gold. Alchemical Salt or jing chi is a base metal which correlates with the region of the body Taoist Alchemists call the Dark Northern Sea. The Dark Northern Sea oddly is the region of your body where your genitalia, perineum, anus, and tip of the tail bone are found. In Taoist Yoga the tip of the tail bone is called the "Pump" or the "Water Wheel." It's where the base alchemical salt is ignited with air [deep breathing] and "pumped" up the spine towards the Jade Palace, which is your Hypothalamus in your brain. The head region of the body is sometimes called the Southern Sky, or the Heaven. The Dark Sea is sometimes called Earth. The spine is called the Back Meridian. From

the Jade Palace the chi is brought down the Front Meridian. The tip of your tongue has to touch the roof of your mouth to connect the Back and Front meridians into a Circuit. The chi is brought back the Earth or Northern Dark Sea. This full circuit is called a Microcosmic Orbit. The Orbit is also referred to as the the Union or Unification of Heaven and Earth. This Union of heaven and earth is sometimes depicted as a dragon biting it's own tail. The dragon's head being Heaven or the Jade Palace, the tail being Earth or the Dark Sea. The Orbit is the most essential process of Immortality. All your chi pearls, balls, whatever must do this orbit over and over. This generates something called Shen or Shen chi which is the refined chi from which the coveted Gold grows from. Shen means "spirit" roughly.

This is where the two paths drastically diverges. The right hand path uses shen chi as the base of a practice sometimes translated as Embryonic Body chi gung. The basic concept is that humans and life is not inherently immortal. Meaning that when you die, your chi or life force dissipates back into the universal sea of chi it came from. In the same way where an ice burg can be said to be physically distinct from its oceanic matrix, but when it melts, it becomes ocean again. Spiritual immortality is needed to become one with the Wu Wei because such stuff takes a long time. So the awareness of mind of the sage must be housed in an immortal "spirit" body. Which is where the embryonic body chi gung comes in. The shen chi is gradually packed and condensed into a form that looks like a body. This "embryo" is kept inside the Stove to "gestate." Over the natural life time of the sage this body is nurtured with shen chi. Once the embryo body is fully formed it is called a "Rainbow Body." Then when the sage dies he/she places his awareness inside this "Rainbow body" and continues the work of becoming Wu Wei consciously in higher realms of existence.

The left hand path; seeking physical immortality; uses shen chi in a different way. Inside the Jade Palace is something called the Lotus of a Thousand Petals. This Lotus is said to be unopened and in its seeded state. The shen chi is the only water this unopened lotus feeds off of. Anatomically this Lotus of a Thousand Petals is your Pineal Gland, which is also called the Third Eye. It technically is anatomically an primitive eye; or rather, an Optical Organ. I dare you to find a real text book from a good college library on anatomy. A good one and research on the Pineal Gland. You will discover that this gland bizarrely has a working Optical Lens, a [vestigial] Retina where one is suppose to be, and its own Optical Nerve. The only thing is that it is shrunken and has over the process of evolution taken on a new function. It's actually not odd to have a "third eye," if you know what you are looking at. This third eye in our brains is just a vestige of something we had back when we [as in us creatures] were reptiles. I can't remember the technical name for it, but if you have ever had a pet lizard and you look at the top of their head you will see what looks like a small crystal made of a tiny bead of Jade. You can clearly see this on Horny Toads, which actually looks like jade. This tiny jade dot is actually a primitive optical organ used by the lizard to detect shadows and movements above it [birds and stuff]. When I was little I used needles to poke this jade dot out of horny toads to see what it did or didn't do to them since I was wondering why or what it was there for.

In the left hand practice the shen chi is used to feed this Lotus to open it. That Lotus has something precious called Ambrosia or the Elixir of Immortality. This Ambrosia is the "Nectar" of this Lotus, which drips when it is fully opened. Opening this Lotus takes a life time to achieve, if ever. Lots of shen chi is needed. The opening of the Lotus initiates changes in your

cranial structure which are signs that you are getting close. One sign or side effect is called "Returning to your Prenatal State." This is when the various cranial plates that make up your skull loosens again. Again as in, if you know babies, you know that the plates in their skull are not fully bonded together yet. Another sign is that your skull becomes soft again like that of a baby's. This happens because the Lotus can't actually open [grow] inside such a rigid skull. There is just no room for something the size of a pea to grow into something the size of a quarter or ping pong ball without smooshing other parts of the brain and killing you or damaging your very important frontal lobes.

When the Lotus opens it is said to drip a thick, sweet substance down through two holes in the roof of your mouth. If you stick your tongue to the roof of your mouth back a little just below your sinus cavity, you'll feel two very strange "things" on either side. They feel like small star shaped things or crisscrosses, as if two holes had been closed up, but not closed up all the way. That's where the Ambrosia drips into your mouth from. You swallow this Ambrosia which is said to slowly make changes into your organs, flesh, bones, and cells, over time. But this Lotus needs a steady supply of shen chi, or everything closes back up.

It sounds unbelievable to think that a person can be physically immortal. And it probably is not possible. But if you study right, you'll figure out that there are documented cases of Chinese sages or men who lived incredibly long lives. One such case I read about was documented by the various Chinese governments that come and gone. It was about a man who claimed to be 200 years old during the 1700's. At first the Emperor of the China back then took interest in this man's outrageous claims because he too wanted to live forever. When that dynasty ended and the 1800's came, this guy was documented by officials and locals who said this guy still claimed to be very old, except now he claimed to be a whole 300 years old. When the 1800's ended and the 1900's came, government official took an interest in this guy whom locals claimed was now claiming to be 400 years old. The officials didn't like such liars fooling locals I guess. But checking records on this guy, they found out that he had a 400 year old criminal record of telling his tall tales to unfortunate gullible peasants. He finally died in the early 1900's of really old age.

I read this other account of a oddly very old man. This account comes from England of all places. I can't remember the fine details, but I think it took place around the 1600's when the King of England of that era had heard from a village of peasants that such village had a local celebrity whom they claimed was at least 200 years old. The old man in question was so old, he forgot how old he was. Said he stopped counting after a hundred something. The King, after hearing this, thought he'd go and pay the old man a visit to see if it was real. At the village the King asked the old man many questions about events and records to try and verify his age. After the King was convinced himself that the old man must be at least 200 years old just like the villagers said, the King asked the old man what his secret was. What was he doing that made him live for so long? The old man replies back something like: "Oh, you know, I eat potatoes and roots. We're poor here. I've been eating the same potatoes and roots for as long as I can remember. No meat since I can't afford none. Keep myself busy working on the farm like always. Nothing special, just roots and daily work." Thinking that the old peasant was hiding something, the King invited the old man to his castle to have a feast and festive drink with him and his royal entourage to coerce the old man into giving up his secret. The old man

was very happy to be invited to the castle to eat with his King so he went to the feast. After feasting and partying with the King, the old man died the next day.

Anyways. With the Chinese way of using and phrasing terms like “right hand” and “left hand” we have something extra to use to gain a better point of understanding of what those terms may have also allegorically meant in Brahminical society. In our modern era its easy to tell the difference between what is sometimes called “right handed tantrika,” and what is sometimes referred to as “left handed tantrika.”

Right hand tantra is the more spiritual side, which uses your single body as the tool of the attainment. This would be when you sit and meditate on your 7 chakra. Chant mantras, and contort your body into odd positions: the more contorted and ridiculous, the better the yogic attainment I hear. This right handed stuff usually is Vedic scriptures friendly. The left handed stuff is the more Vedically unfriendly version. You have the symbolical Five M's, where you're blasphemously eating meat [fish], having sex [maituna], and so on. Certain schools or sects of vama-chara go further and incorporate blood, etc.

In ancient times when Brahmanism was huge in India, the Northerners were the more “orthodox” type to stick religiously to their Vedas. It was the Southerners with their non-Vedic primal Shaivism [Sasana Kumara] and Sasana Shakta that were “heterodox” in practice. In this context, “right hand” is what is friendly with Vedic tradition, and left hand is what is not acceptable to Vedic tradition.

The right handed world view was that the world was an illusion to be transcended. The earth is bad and being human is a curse due to karmic retribution. We must forget about the physical illusory world and strive for spiritual attainments. Such spiritual endeavours are thus – of course – expounded in the Vedas. Therefore you need Vedic gurus, Brahmins, their services, prayers, teachings, kiss their ass, go to their temples, be subservient to them.

Whereas the left hand path had developed into the polar opposite. The spiritual was illusory, the physical is sacred, there is nothing wrong with the earth or being human. We are here for the experience from which we learn. Nothing is forbidden, since your primal deities themselves represents the very aspects of life and nature that man made religions condemn.

The Samma

So this was the worldview atmosphere or philosophical background the Buddha came into during the era he was said to have existed. People had philosophically developed two very different and extreme views they allegorically termed “right” and “left.” Each term is then further defined and refined according to each sect and subculture.

What the Buddha learned to figure out on his own was that these extreme poles were very myopic methods of understanding the world. Let's say we had a construction site around which was a tall wooden fence. On the far right of the fence is a peek hole and on the far left is a peek hole. The people on the left side looking at the construction site says to the people on the far right: “When we look into our hole, we see a fully constructed temple. It's beautiful.

Therefore the entire universe and everything that could possibly exist since the beginning of eternity “non sequiturally” must be – no, has to be! – just like how we see things through our peek hole.” Then the people on the right side says to the people on the far left: “No, you’re all wrong. We see a big hole in the ground thru our peek hole. Therefore the entire universe and everything that could possibly exist since eternity “non sequiturally” must be – no, definitely is without a doubt – just like how we see things through our peek hole, an illusion, a pot hole.”

The Buddha asks you that if you are into this business of Understanding reality as it is, are either of those peek holes giving you the whole matter of reality? No, they are not. You cannot assume to understand reality from one single perspective. You must not only consider the other polar opposite of your perspective, but also every peek hole in between. Then you put that all together as a patch work to try and figure out the bigger picture.

In a sense this is how our court system works. You have a Prosecutor who has the perspective where the Accused is rightly accused and he or she tries to get the jury to SEE things from his perspective. Then you have the Lawyer of the Accused who is paid to understand his client to be innocent or wrongly accused, and he tries to get the jury to SEE the case from his perspective. The Judge in this case is the Buddha, or a level minded Buddhist. The Judge is indifferent to how the Prosecutor and Lawyer sees things. His job is to keep things in order and he considers both sides at the same time so that he can patch together a bigger picture that may be more accurate, so that he can make his sentence in the end. The key concept here to keep in mind is that our Judge does not personally get Attached or clingy to either side’s presentation of events. Otherwise he’d be biased. Unfortunately for the court system based on the judgment of the jury, you have half brained retards who are not as level headed as they should be. In real cases law becomes a stupid game of trying to convince and manipulate the audience/jury to see events as they happened according to how you retell or recreate such events. But a proper Judge him or herself does not get personally or emotionally or mentally involved in either points of view as the Prosecutor and Lawyer may do. The Judge is able to consider points made from both sides objectively so as to gain a clearer understanding of what may have happened so he can theoretically in the end give a proper just sentence.

This way of being able to be Indifferent to either side, unattached to either side, but able to objectively consider points made by each and all sides the Buddha referred to as the “Middle Path.” Here the term “middle” does not suggest a negotiation has taken place just to be on the safe neutral middle. We know this is not the case because of the word the Buddha used half of the time to mean what is translated into English as “Middle” way: Samma.

Samma in English is mistranslated by well meaning people as “right” or “correct.” The 8 fold path of the Ariyamagga [Arya Marga] is wrongly translated as “Right seeing,” “Right action,” “Correct effort,” and so on. In English when we say something is right or correct we immediately infer or suggest that a something else is wrong and incorrect. This makes no sense according to the very meaning of the term Ariyamagga. Ariya means Noble and Magga is the Pali of Marga meaning Way/Path. Ariyamagga is the Way ABOVE being attached to either extremes of “right” or “wrong.” So that you can see things more clearer: from a “Noble” or “Honorable,” of “Civilized” perspective.

Samma in the Pali means Complete, Whole, All Things Considers, Everything Together. But the Buddha used that word to mean “middle path,” as in reality is not just a right and a left, it is right left and Everything in between. Allegorically when the Buddha says he takes the “Middle Path” which he is saying in common metaphorical Pali is: “If you take the left road, and the other fella takes the right road, I’m gunna take everything you don’t consider in between and I’m gunna consider both of your perspective too!”

If you hear your old people tell you stories out of the Tipitaka or have read a few, you’ll see that the Buddha uses this Samma – “Wholistic” – approach in his own form of dialectics or debates. In many cases when the Buddha teaches, it takes three classes of people: 1) the presenter of an idea, 2) the Buddha as antagonist, and 3) the individual the Buddha is actually trying to teach.

So for example if say a Brahmin goes off and tells a crowd of people: “The world is fake and the spiritual realm of the devas is real.” The Buddha comes along with a friend of his he wishes to teach and says: “If you believe that, then I say the world is real and the spiritual realm is fake. What do you say about that?” Then the two of them have their usual back and forth. What the Buddha did was give his friend an other point of view or landmark so that his friend by himself can figure out his way around this terrain. Now the friend has two landmarks to gauge his position. He thinks to himself: “Well, there is the Brahmin’s point of view way over there, and then the Buddha’s point of view way on the other side? Can both be right? Is there a middle? Are both part of a bigger whole? If there are two perspectives, can there be more?” Because with Theravada, what does Sambuddhi mean? Self-Understanding, or the process or method of coming to an Understanding of things by one’s own self and efforts. Look closely in this example and you’ll see that the Buddha’s stated argument was an upaya and not a doctrine for his friend to believe and accept. It was just stated to give relative perspective so the friend can learn to come to an understanding on his own terms. You do not enlighten yourself by accepting the statements of other people/buddha. It’s defeats the whole purpose as to why the prefix Self/Sam is affixed to Buddhi [understanding] in the first place.

It’s almost like the case of when your in a plane over an ocean and a blue sky. In such a condition you may develop vertigo where you have a hard time gauging your speed, direction, etc. It’s not until a Second object of some kind comes into your field of reference that you can pull yourself out of your vertigo and gauge your speed and direction Relative to that second object. The same with the Buddha’s way of teaching with his Samma or wholistic method. With only one loud mouth yapping to a crowd that reality is fake and the spiritual is real, after a while you develop a psychological vertigo where you believe what you hear simply because you have no other perspective to work with. Lie to a people often enough and they will believe it, so someone said once in German.

If you’ve ever been in one of those relationships where your stupid controlling boyfriend talks down to you and is emotionally or verbally abusive and tells you over and over again that he’s the only one who will deal with your shit, that you’re a horrible bitch, that he’s the best you will ever find, etc, you will begin to accept and believe it if you hear it often enough. It’s not until one of your girl friends or another guy comes along who presents a different perspective that you – by your own self effort – come to realize that you have other options. That there are

better guys – or girls – out there. Then with that realization, you can Free yourself from your bondage to an abusive relationship. Which you are actually bonded to by your/our own ignorance or lack of relative perspective. But the important thing to keep in mind is that only when you have a number of relative perspectives, do you come to your own inner Realization. This in no way implies that what your girl friend may have said, or what the other guy may have told you is “true.” They were just there to help you out of that vertigo, so you can Realize the infinite number of options you actually have.

Reality according to the Buddha, may not be entirely spiritual. But at the same time it might not be entirely physical. The landmarks have only been presented so that you can gauge your location, relative to those landmarks such that you yourself can eventually come to your own Understandings of what reality may be. Reality is neither Vedicly orthodox or Vedicly heterodox. It is neither Biblical or Unbiblical. It is neither right or left. These are just land marks. You find your own way with them. Buddhism is neither right handed or left handed. It is the Ariya Magga, the Noble or Path Above those relative points. But Above not meaning “better than.” meaning you are indifferent to either extremes and can see them objectively and consider them, along with every other point of view. There is a bigger picture, than a reality that comes into existence from a mere extreme view or single view.

It is not accurate to say that all humans are heterosexual. Neither is it accurate to say that all humans are homosexual. But then neither is it accurate to say that all humans are bisexual in nature. It may be that each of the three perspectives presented are only points of what may be the whole spectrum of the possibilities of human sexual expression?

In the same way it is not accurate to say that reality is spiritual. Or that it is material exclusively. Neither is it accurate to say that some middle ground in between where reality can be both spiritual and material and everyone is right and belief is reality. It may be that each of these perspectives presented may be only points of a spectrum of the infinite possibilities of the phenomena of reality and the infinite potential expression of “prima materia.” It is not accurate to say that a God exists or that a god does not exist. Neither to say that the universe is pantheistically God. Or that Mind is God. It may be that each perspective feebly points to mere possibilities – or not – of a something that is beyond those points. With something like the God example, this is just something that we will never know, because we are all fallible humans existing inside a cosmos we can barely gain an understanding of.

Closing Remarks

This was a quick essay to clarify a few things. Based on the possible question: is Buddhism “compatible” with a right hand or left hand path/way? No. Is a Judge “compatible” with the prosecutor or lawyer’s POV? He should NOT be “compatible” with either or something went wrong with his education as a judge. He is Above the two perspectives. In a position where that he is able to Consider both cases, both points of view, both presentations, as well as other possible scenarios, in order so that he may eventually come to his own Understanding of what may have happened so that he can make an objective sentence. Same goes with the different interpretations of left and right according to the various schools of thought. Spiritual mental juggling or physical doing? Staying in the limits of religious law or societal order or

transgressing such things? Samma means Totality and everything considered. Ariyamagga means the Path Above or the Noble High Ground. Sambuddhi means your own Self derived Understandings from that high ground and the vantage point it offers.

Way back in ancient proto-Buddhism times the many various primordial schools or sects of what would become Buddhism got into fights over the subject of learning from books and sages and thus sticking within the limits of what such sages may have prescribed. And learning from one's own experiences and thus nullifying the actual need for sages and what is written. The latter schools eventually developed into a school called the Vibhajjavadins unofficially. This school branched out to later become what is known as Theravada, whose foundation of praxis is the single word or concept: Vibhajjavada. Which roughly means to come to an understanding of things based on direct experience. Vibhajja may be roughly understood as Direct Experience, and Vada roughly means an Oral or Verbal Teaching.

The idea of Gnosis from Direct Experience puts the myopic right and left hand paths in their proper place: as options available for for you to directly experience to learn from, if you are crazy enough to walk either paths. It is not the the walking of the whatever path that is important in Vibhajjavada, but the end Understanding gained that is to be judged as having or not having value. If you kill someone and later in life you end up Realizing [buddhi] that your actions have caused suffering in other people's lives, you may have reaped a valuable lesson meaningful only to yourself. It may be that you are the type to need to learn things the hard way though? Most people understand that randomly killing people may hurt the families of the victims if they have the empathy to realize such things. At the same time we each know what we would do to protect our own children we bare into the world from all and any harm.

It is not the act or process that is important in Buddhism which makes such a big ass deal about causation [kamma]. It is the Vipaka of such acts, that each act bares in the end for you that is judged. Therefore both the right and left handed paths are insignificant in the sense that the walking or adherence to such paths is inconsequential. Because it is ultimately the End Fruit we taste from the waking of such or any paths in life that is to be judged as being kamma kosal [constructive work] or kamma akosal [nonconstructive work]. How you build a building [methodology/kamma] is not as important as how the actual freaking building will end up looking like [Vipaka]. Is the Vipaka the desired end causal objective? Is it something that you can live with? Was it constructive and beneficial to you personally and your people around you? Some right hand path experiences such as the blind following of a guru or priest may not bare the fruit you desire to causally experience years from now. Some so called left handed activities such as a king amassing an army to slaughter enemies may myopically look "bad" but may causally in time be constructive in that it keeps his people safe from tyranny or enslavement or abuse. Or the left hand path pursuit of sleeping around with dirty Thai hookers. Is it Buddhist? Is it good or bad? It's none of those things. If you do it and get AIDS, you learn from your stupid experience: Vibhajjavada. After you learn not to promiscuously sleep with dirty Thai hookers, then maybe you can orally teach others [vada] your wisdom gained from your experiences.

What does Theravada mean etymologically? Thera in Pali means your Elders, and Vada means an Oral Lesson. Theravada essentially means the Aural Wisdom or practical lessons

we get from our elders who have walk their paths before us. It implies that the Words born from direct experience of those who have cultivated such experiences Trumps the written letter. No poetry, or scripture, or myth, or mythos of gods, or idealistic shenanigans, or abstract teachings of shoulds and shouldnots out weighs the Substance of the words of those who have directly experienced something in the end.

If you read in a text book that instructs when you stick a piece of zinc into a test tube filled with hydrochloric acid with a cork plugging the top and a little tube leading from the cork to a balloon will cause hydrogen gas to inflate the balloon which will cause something interesting to happen if you pop it; you can be superficial and stick to the letter. But I may come along and say to you: "I did that before and I popped the balloon in front of my face, and the hydrogen and oxygen exploded in a flame and burned my eye lashes and eyes brows, so you may not want to get too close to that balloon." That's a practical oral lesson I gave to you born from something I directly experienced and became the wiser from, You can say: "So what, the text book doesn't explicitly say it will burn anything." You can chose to reject my oral lessons and stick to the book. Then learn from your own experiences.

So at least with the more conservative schools of Theravada that I associate with, Buddhism does not arbitrarily divide things into a left path and a right path. It separates things into a path of having come to our Understandings of things from Direct Experience, and the other path of thinking we know things from what we have read, what we believe, and what we are attached and lost in. It does not matter of you walk an arbitrary right hand path or left hand path. If you walk that path because you believe it is the "right" or correct path to walk because of your own personal beliefs or personal opinions about such matters, then you are not walking that Noble path of experience and Knowing from experience.

The path of walking based on opinions and belief is fast where one can go off into all sorts of fantastical directions of becoming gods, becoming super duper demons to war against some god, becoming supermen, super smart in an instant, etc. The path of learning from direct experience is slow and often times painful. You don't Know and Understand how painful it is to be cheated on until you have invested months and years emotionally into a relationship. You will never know what one goes through in the event of losing a loved one, a family member, a friend, a wife, a husband, a child, until it happens to you. This path of direct experience has very little or nothing to do with the juggling of opinions, lofty ideations, and belief. You can't believe into existence the pain and anguish and hell of being a mother whose child has died. You can make silly opinions about the abstractions of such matters, but your opinions are empty, and so are your beliefs about such abstractions.

You don't "believe" in anything in Buddhism [Theravada at least]. Compassion is not a belief or opinion, it's something you must do for your family, which is hard and takes a life time. Compassion is the caring for your young ones and your elders until they die. Complete Seeing [samma dhit] is not a belief you agree with, it is a something you either apply in your life or not. I cannot really consider anything on the level of reality – as opposed to abstractions, unless I directly experience it. If I have never experience a ghost, it does not mean I reject the idea or believe that they are fake. It just means I have no direct experience to make a worthy opinion of ghosts. If I have experienced a ghost it does not mean I believe in them or anything. It

means that I now have something weird to consider to come to an Understanding of.

As a physicist you don't "believe" in atoms or not believe in them. It's not a matter of belief. You either experience them or not in some way. You either work with their equations or not. If you have via instruments experienced them, you don't believe in them. They are just things to now consider the Nature of, to gain a better Understanding of, so you can perhaps figure out if you can apply your knowledge of them in some constructive manner [applied physics]. This has nothing to do with belief. You do, experience, learn from your experience, and gain your Understandings. You don't believe in the scientific method, you do it, experiment with it, learn from your experience, and gain and Understanding of a part of reality. You don't believe in the "4 Noble Truth," or the 8 fold path. You apply it, learn from your experiences, and gain your own Understanding of the Nature of Life and Causality from it, or not.

I use my conservative Theravada to try to explain things about the ONA. Pretty much because all I know is Theravada Buddhism which I have the inner confidence to talk about. You work with what you got. It's my own Understandings of certain parts of the ONA. Such as the concept of Pathei-Mathos. There may be people in ONA world out there who might want to gain their own better apprehension of this. So what I do is present it from how I Understand the term. How I understand it comes from my mind, life, and cultural experiences, so it's going to be peppered with Buddhism.

The whole point in me taking the time to try and explain things to ONA initiates abroad is because the more a Drecc or Niner is able to gain other perspectives of the ONA, the more better each ONA person can better gain their own understandings of the ONA. This is important because the better an ONA associate understand the ONA, the more they can help evolve it and make new forms for it, etc. This in turn is important because the more better forms the Kollektive issues and engineers, the more 3.0 Product we have to compete with. Nobody has to accept my Buddhist spewage as infallible utterances. Just like nobody needs to – or can – take my family experiences I often share as some religious teachings and truths to quote and bible thump, cut and paste someplace to sound cool or something.

There is a reason why I don't write essays in a format where I am just issuing out memes and stuff, and why I chose instead to use a more conversational style of writing where I just share my family stuff, cultural perspectives, etc. It's so that you can't take everything I say as some religious ONA fact or truth or even pretend to be me by cutting and pasting what ramblings I write. You read it, gain a different perspective, perhaps get inspired in some way. Then leave and go do your own thing. Make your own forms and vehicles and tweak ONA in your own unique ways. There is no point in having a network of some Kollektive, if we are all parroting or agreeing, or following one person. Why bother? Just let the one person make the ONA then. Fuck creativity right? But really. If you understand what a Peer Group is or what a Collective of Peers is, and what Open Source actually means, then you'll know that what I write is only and ever presented to peers/equals for review and consideration. I am inspired and influenced by many ONA people, and I hope that flow of inspiration is open and mutual or reciprocal among peers. It is in the network or collective process of each inspiring each that new forms and new ideas are actually inspired into existence. Which, if you are in the business of helping evolve the ONA, might be useful.

I can make stuff up and talk bullshit by pretending to have some sort of grasp of Hinduism, or some other thing to try and explain ONA, but I'd be full of shit. At least with what I know of my own Buddhism, I know what little I know and understand is grounded in something real. Grounded in a living culture, in a real group of people, in a real family, in real life experiences, in real oral teachings of old ones. At least, when I talk about Buddhism to try to explain how I understand the ONA, I am confident in knowing that at least I am not full of shit or just pretending or wishfully thinking to know stuff. Plus I also use my Understandings of Buddhism to explain the ONA as a little bitty Move towards a 5-10 year Objective. Which is to transplant a Form of the ONA into an Asian market. All of this writing, like I said elsewhere is just R&D. I am basically testing out what memes to work with and what memes to phase out. The basic current challenge is: how do I explain using the Asian/Buddhist lexicon and paradigmatic structure I have to explain the ONA. Once I get a feel of that I try to explain the ONA verbally to Asians I know in the real world around me like my cousins, in such a way that they eventually adopt those ONA memes and become ONA.

So don't mind me/us. We're just working. Writing out essays for the public to read just gives us several needed things such as feedback, feedback loops, critical remarks, etc, from real live people. This way we have issues to consider. I like to get critical remarks from random people. And depending on the person, I sometimes give what they say consideration. But when I do things, it is towards a fixed end Objective. I need to make my Moves to take me always one step closer to that end Directive. Sometimes people who have critical remarks don't know the 10 year direction I am taking things. I appreciate their opinions. But, if you ask me, I don't give two rats asses what a Westerner thinks about the ONA. I don't even care if every person alive on Earth right now hates the ONA.

I'll openly say on the record right now that my desire is to relocate the ONA into the bigger Asian market for its future and that the unborn minds of the successive future generations to come are my Target Audience. I have dropped hints at the long term goal I am playing with Satanism at large and with Western Culture aeonically by lately writing about Culture Struggle and Cultural Liquidation. I dropped the hint that an incoherent culture such as the state the subculture of Satanism is in has no chance against a coherent and organized culture like the ONA and its memes in Time. I've dropped the hint that Cultural Liquidation occurs in the young minds and minds of the unborn to come. It's not your minds I am after in the West. I want to infect your unborn. I want to chip away at this secular consumerist faux culture you call "Western" culture, or "American culture," by any means I have at my disposal. Anything, to replace your dishonorable way with something more Numinous and Honorable in Time & Causation. But such a long term goal takes time and small Moves. Time long enough for all of you – and I – to die and take your lofty opinions with you. The ONA is a flute the Kollektive is working on crafting and refining. There will come a time when you will pay the Pied Pier his due. Long from now. It pleases me greatly to see these mundane Satanists use ONA memes to understand and talk their Satanism. It really does. Little steps.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

122 yfayen

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

PERILS & PLEASURES OF POPULARITY



“He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest.” – 13th Satanic Point, BBS, ONA

A recent piece about Myatt and his stalker [by El Darko Loco](#) of ONA put me into one of my inspirational moods and got my juices flowing... my brain juices that is... semicolon, space, right open parenthesis!

I remember a time when I was in grade school, and in 7th grade, when I was a nerd girl. I guess I was a sort of ugly duckling... ok, no wait... I was cute, but nobody liked me anyways... except for my only two or three friends who were freckled faced, glasses wearing, mouth full of braces girls... like me, minus the freckles.

I remember I used to hate this one girl in during grade school named Kristy. She was some cute blond girl with green eyes that giggled at everything and liked to talk to these boys.

Me and my circle of friends sat in the library during recess and talked about her ass everyday. We'd even end up saying really mean things to her in her face once in a while... and she would run off crying to the teacher or something.

I do admit, making her cry made me feel good inside. Because I hated her... because I envied her. Because it wasn't fair that nobody even noticed me or remembered my name... but every body noticed her. You either liked Kristy or you talked behind her back.

It got worse in the 7th grade because that's when you begin to mature from a mere child into a

pre-teen with your own evolved personality, sense of fashion, refined social skills... things I didn't have... things Kristy had.

Every body in our junior high school knew who Kristy was. You just had to say her first name and it's like there's only one Kristy in the whole school, and it must be her. Meanwhile you say "Kayla" and people are like – "What? Who?"

Fortunately for me, Satan felt my tribulation. I spent my 7th grade year pupating. When summer break came the good lord (Satan) gave me a good dose of hormones and extra appendages. My braces came off, and my mom and big sister took me to get a real make over! As Mother Nature and my family was working on my body. I was working on my brain.

Back then my dad was an "independent contractor" for a business he and his brothers (my uncles) own. He is very successful at what he does... which is just talk on the phone to build up a reservoir of leads and clients for the business. He also threw lots of house parties at our place where all the neighbors and his business partners came over.

My dad knew everybody in our city. He knew the names of every owner of every little shop. He'd walk in to store by the beach with a smile, and before he even says hi, the owners acknowledge him by name with a smile. So in my pre-teen brain, I figured that maybe my dad was like Kristy, but in the grown up world, out of high school... he was popular.

So one day I told him about my how depressed I was over my problems with school. My dad gave me these two books he had in his library (he knew I like to read) by Dale Carnegie and Norman Vincent Peal respectively. One called "How To Win friends And Influence People," and the other called "The Power Of Positive Thinking." Then he gave me a warning.

He said, a group of people are like a group of cows all chewing cud. Everyone looks the same. Everyone has their head down doing their own thing. Once in a while one of those cows will stick it's head up and smile. Everybody will notice the cow with his head up, and because everybody notices him, the other people will talk about him. That's being popular.... when people notice you and talk about you. When you're not popular, nobody will talk about you, because nobody cares to do so. When you become popular, everybody will talk about you. Good talking, and bad talking. If you can emotionally handle the drama that comes with popularity, its a great experience. If you can't handle the drama of people talk smack about you, spreading rumors, and micromanaging your life, wardrobe, and private life; it will be a nightmare. So think twice, before you stick your head up above the herd.

So I studied those two books, took more pointers from my dad, followed him around to see how he works his social skills... and I hated Kristy so much I was actually obsessed with her enough to morph into her. Meaning that I could recall how she carried herself, how she acted and talked, when and how she did things, and I rehearsed all that in my mind.

When 8th grade came it was like BAM... boobs! Plus a new hairdo and load of social skills and a big smile. Who knew you can make so many new friends just sticking your chest out and saying hi with a smile!

Anyways... It didn't take me long to start getting invited to parties, and after school hangouts. A few months later I was hanging out with Kristy... who became my best friend... and the other popular kids.

It wasn't until my freshman year that people started to do the high school drama queen thing with me. All the rumors... she shops at WalMart crap (which isn't true)... she stole my boyfriend stuff... she's a slut (define slut!)... Kayla sucked off the whole football team shit ("whole football team" is an extreme exaggeration)... Kayla has crabs (where are they gonna live, I shaved?)... Kayla has mono (never did)... She worships the devil... she was checking at so-and-so out in the girl's locker room (tee hee).

There were times when I cried over this stuff. Thank god for my dad, big sister and Kristy. They had been thru things like that before... and I did recall the times when I did the same to Kristy. So I understood why those haters were hating. Because you're basically on everybody's mind... and being on everyone's minds means they will talk about you. Like they talk about and critique a movie they just watch which is on their mind... a tv show they saw... celebrities... politicians.

The mind of most people is not multifunctional, and cannot entertain two thoughts at the same time. In this way, we can see just how significant – psychologically and sociologically – it actually is to haunt and occupy somebody's mind/awareness.

It's just logical you see – if you aren't on people's minds, you don't exist in their awareness for them to talk about you. If you are on their minds, you simply exist in their "field of awareness" and so they talk about you.

It's like tagger crews... which I was into back then. Which tagger crews did your school and friends talk about the most? The ones that got up the most. Simply because their tag and crew letters were so everywhere, it was imprinted in everybody's field of awareness.

It's like political parties. Why do most people talk about parties like the Republicans, Democrats, Communists; but not Ross Perot's Reform party? Simply because Perot's Reform Party doesn't have the skills to put itself into the field of awareness of the populous.

It's like nations. Of all the many nations on earth, why do people talk and give their attention to America, England, Japan, and not Kazakhstan? Because who the hell knows Kazakhstan even exists?!

Even in regards to the ONA, we see this point. If the ONA were a "high school" who in it would be the notorious/popular kids besides Anton Long and maybe Beasty? DarkLogos... Pointy... The Usual Suspects... Kris... and Chloe. Whose got the influence? Same group of people. Whose got the fate and "destiny" of this social order with a strong grip? Same group of people. Whose does the Others talk about? Same group of people. It might be cool to be unknown and in the shadows, but being so comes with a major cost... the cost of Others manufacturing your belief system, your thoughts, your hopes, your dreams, your visions, your life, and what you will do with that safe and unknown life of yours. Think on these things a while.

It's like our human race itself. Of all the humans that walked this earth since the day our species suddenly appeared 200,000 years ago, why do we talk about only a hand full of humans – Alexander the Great, the Pharaohs, Genghis Khan, Washington, Jefferson, Hitler, Stalin, Mao, Che, Queen Elizabeth, Michael Jackson even and not some Sayid living in the outskirts of Calcutta India? Because such people dedicated their whole short human existence standing out from the sea of human mediocrity and “ho-humness” and managed to leave their permanent mark on our collective field of awareness.

Talk is talk... fame is fame... publicity is publicity...notoriety is just notoriety. It doesn't matter if people are talking smack... they are still talking about you. You are still on their mind.

How much does it suck to be a loser in life. To be a nobody. Like when you are a nobody nerd in school. Who even knows you? You cease to exist as a person in people's minds when school is over. People forget your name and who you are the moment you step out side of class. It's the popular girls and guys that are immortal in school. Even when school is over they are still on your mind and you still talk about them.

People will say that such things as popularity is just teenage high school shit... and that people who are still stuck in that mentality need to grow up, and join the “adult world.”

Is this popularity stuff really the domain of childish high school drama? What if we were to keep all of the high school students and just change the scenery... from a school to a corporate office... to the city... to the Hollywood industry... to the political arena... to the religious arena?

Regardless of the scenery... the environment... the structural surroundings... all of these scenarios has one common denominator – People. Where there is people, there is social order. Where there is social order there is social stratification, structure, class, rank, hierarchy. Where there is social stratification there must be social skills. If there is social skills, the ones that are the most skilled in the art of human interaction and manipulation always moves up to the top of the pile.

It is human nature. It is primal animal nature. Even among the lowly monkey species we still see this social ordering in the groups monkeys exist in. We still see social stratification in the natural hierarchy of the Alpha Male and his secondary males. We still see social skill in how these monkeys groom each other, and the intricate relationships and alliances they forge within their social group. We still see the benefits Mother Nature rewards her socially skilled animals. With such rewards as territory, power, sex, privilege, the chance to pass their genes down to the next generation; and most importantly Influence over the fate and destiny of the group.

It's the same social game in the human species. In olden tribal times it was the death defiant warrior who protected their people, who conquered new territory, who got all the sex, who passed their noble genes down, who became chieftains. These illustrious, these noble, these notorious, these popular warriors had the power to guide and influence the fate and “destiny” of their tribe and future progeny.

As time progresses the bloodline of these chiefs became Kings and their realm became kingdoms... evolving into Empires. Empires with the might and power to influence and guide the very collective fate and “destiny” of the entire human race. If you doubt the power and privilege of popularity, show me what nation on earth, and what human on earth is not in some way influenced or affected by Anglo-Saxon. Not only do those who stand atop the highest pyramid of skulls “see the furthest,” but what dreams and visions they do see becomes the very guiding force of those they are standing on top of.

Anglo-Saxon’s past struggle to climb to the top of the pile of human skulls, has made its language, essence, and weltanschauung the guiding force of the human race. It may seem like an exaggeration... but if you understand aeonics, and see things 5 dimensionally you will understand. English is already the de facto world language. That in itself is significant because each word of any language influences and affects how we as humans see and interpret causal reality. We all now see the world thru the eyes of Anglo-Saxon because of “his” language alone. If such influence continues, tell me what will become of humanity 100... 300 years from now? Such is the power and privilege of refined and applied social skills.

The internet is no different. It is simply a medium in which humans interact. Where there are humans there is social order. Where there is social order, those who have the most refined social skills will climb to the top of the pile and reap their rewards. In the case of on line businesses, the reward is about a few billion dollars. Being popular pays.

Of all the billions of web pages and websites on the internet, we can only name a handful – the most popular ones... and the rest is lost in a sea of indistinguishable chattering cyber-junk.

When I first came on line with a mission to initiate change and progression in the ONA 1.5 years ago, I was a nobody lost in that sea of cyber-junk. Now people talk shit about me and Chloe... by name. Of all the billions of people on line to talk about and be aware of, I managed to rise above the cyber-junk. With that rise came alliances, social capital, influence, and a strong grip on the fate and destiny of a small group of people.

I’ve only been at the game for a year and a half. David Myatt has been at this much longer. Well before the invention of the internet.

Of all the 60 something million people in England, Myatt rose into the field of awareness of that country. Not only that but he used his skills to raise himself above other crowds of people – National-Socialists, Jihadists, Muslims, Occultists, and Satanists.

You (generally speaking) might talk shit about him and spread rumors... but you’re still talking about him. You might like him or hate him, but he’s in your mind regardless. Of all the 7 billion humans on earth, Myatt haunts your mind by name. That in itself is a remarkable achievement. While you’re talking and hating, he is influencing and shaping the minds of the next generation. Yeah, it may seem that certain things Myatt was or is involved with seem to contradict social skills... but as they say in gang culture – “It don’t matter if you earn respect or force people to respect you. Either way, they will respect you.” In other words, it doesn’t matter how Myatt got into your mind... he’s there and he isn’t going anywhere for a while.

While you spend your waking hour toiling for others, and talking about others, Myatt steady works his craft. When you die, you will melt back into the dust you came from... and in time when even your bleach white skull has disintegrated, and those who once knew you have vanished also – you will be forgotten... as if you have never existed at all – a worthless waste of time and energy to humanity aeonically.

When Myatt dies, he will continue to exist, because he has made his mark on humanity. That mark on humanity is apparent, because we think of him and talk about him... and follow him. That immortality is a rare prize among our species. Many humans have come and gone; perhaps 100 billion; but very few have earned illustrious immortality and eternal influence on the human race. That is the difference between those that talk, and those that are spoken of.

Me and Chloe at one time got fed up with all the shit talking we were getting on the internet and complained to a brother of our Acception. He gave us a quick word of encouragement which kept us going, which we will past onto DM also -

“Worry when they stop talking.” – Jonas of 352

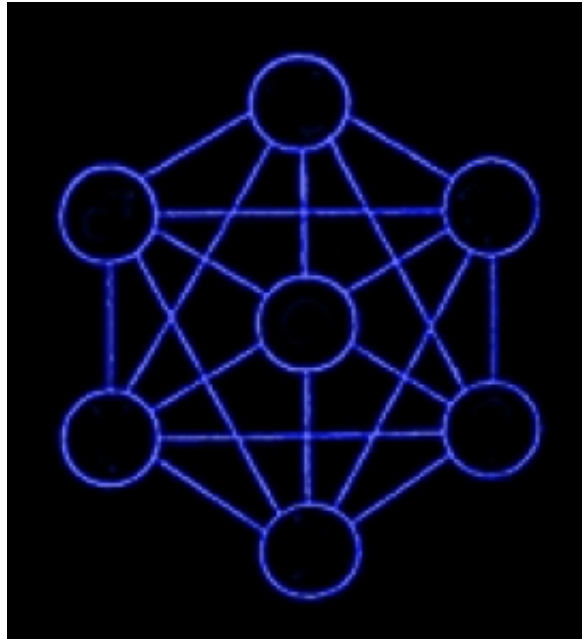
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120 yf

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PHENOMENA AND APPREHENSION



Phenomena & Apprehension

I've been having these unfamiliar weird "dream" states lately which I'm sure will later make more sense. I do a lot of different kinds of "meditation." Meditation in English is a generic word which describes nothing useful. There is no real single word in Buddhism used to mean "meditation." There are over a dozen very different methods of "mental exercises" or internal exercises which for some strange reason gets jumbled up into one generic word in English.

Dreaming is weird. I used to experiment with Lucid Dreaming which I like. You first train your brain to get into the condition of asking if it's dreaming by consciously asking yourself at random moments if what you are doing is a dream. Then you do something I just call "Dragging," which is when you take that self induced confused state of mind and "drag" it out during the day for as long as you can. After 3 month of that you start randomly waking to full consciousness inside your dreams.

I do most of my philosophical ramblings to myself when I drift off to bed; because "somebody" says I talk too much; and just when I come back to consciousness in the morning. So I usually literally hold internal dialogues with my self until I go unconscious, and as soon as that consciousness starts up in the early morning I resume philosophically rambling while still half asleep. In that deep Alpha upper Theta wave state, you end up getting a lot of insights. It my cheap shortcut to meditating: sleep yourself to Enlightenment!

I do that so often that I've been getting into this weird "crack" in between being conscious and unconsciously asleep. I don't know how to explain it as I have never been "in" this "crack"

before. It's not that "boarderland" state where you are consciously awake while your body is asleep which you would experience before "astral projection." It's unfamiliar state is like you're outside yard was waking reality and the rooms inside your house was the dream "world." This "crack" I have been finding myself inside of would be like me waking up inside a hidden room in a wall between the house and the outside yard, where I can see "both" the outside and the inside.

In this "crack" I'm dreaming, but I'm not conscious enough to be Lucid or conscious enough to ask myself "Where am I." But I am barely conscious enough to realize something mind blowing. I realize that I am unconsciously "day dreaming" the dream which I am in, which my dream self at the same times feels to be real. The only thing I can do in the "crack" is say to myself: "Huh, that's weird; I'm not actually dreaming. I'm day dreaming it all." When I do wake up in the morning then I can put my thoughts together to end up understanding that the act of dreaming, which I had always assumed was some sort of unconscious chattering from the unconscious mind is actually just the conscious mind day dreaming its dreams in an unconscious state. But yet there is a "me" "somewhere" "aware" that I am asleep and unconscious day dreaming the dream.

It's not a great epiphany. It's just realizing that the conscious minds seems to never shut the hell up, even when it is knocked out cold! But this essay isn't even about dreams. It's about Dhamma and Perception and how we Apprehend things which is a topic of discussion I have been having with myself in my cheap shortcut meditations as I drift of into that weird "crack."

Dhamma

What is dhamma really and plainly. If I had to put dhamma into an exact English definition so we can do nerdy things with it, it would be: "An Observable and/or Experienceable phenomenon which is a part of the natural world." That is what Dhamma is.

So to illustrate what dhamma is in Western terms we can imagine Sir Isaac Newton. Our friend Sir Newton is sitting under an apple tree reading his book. As he reads an apple from the tree falls onto his head. The apple hits his head and Sir Newton looks up and begins thinking thusly: "Hey, what the hell? What just happened? An apple fell. How did it fall? Maybe some kind of force pulled it down?" That observable and experienceable phenomenon of "Falling" is a dhamma.

Why did the ancient philosophers call phenomena "dhamma" if dhamma originally meant a blueprint? Because if I gave a group of 12 temple builders a blueprint they'd all build the temple according to the SAME blue print. Then when the temple is done and I were to ask any one of these 12 builder: "Hey, why does that temple look like that?" No matter who I ask I will always get the answer: "That's the WAY it looks on the blueprint. We're just following it." Each of those 12 people apprehend the same fundamental document. Dhamma is just the "Way" things are and with Dhamma, everyone is on the same page.

And so from that dhamma which Sir Isaac Newton experience he articulated that wordless dhamma into words referring to that dhamma he experienced as the "Law of Gravity" which is

now an approximation of the wordless apprehension of dhamma. We know that this “Law” is not a policy or legislation of some type. Here the English word “Law” tries to describe a “Way,” “Rule,” “Principle,” or “Manner” in which a part of the natural world works and functions. This would also be why dhamma also means “Way,” “Law,” “Rule,” “Principle,” and “Doctrine.” Or as the Chinese refer it: Tao; which is the “Way” of Nature, as well as the “Way” of Taoism.

Two Truths

In Buddhism there are two types of “truths.” The Pali word for a Truth is “Sacca” [saccha] which literally means “What is Accurate,” or “What is not a Lie.” It doesn’t mean what “truth” has come to mean in modern English where “Truth” is some absolute and infallible divine ideation.

The first type of truth in Pali is Paramattha Sacca. This is most often translated in English as “Ultimate Truth,” which is a fair translation. “Parama” means “Highest,” and also “Self Evident” and “Obvious.” Attha is the Pali version of the Sanskrit Artha which means a “Notion,” a “Meaning,” or “Concept.”

So if we were both looking up into the sky and observing the phenomenon/dhamma known as the “sun,” and I turned to you and articulated in words to you: “Dude, that is a Sun!” And you say: “No shit.” That is Paramattha Sacca, or Ultimate Truth. It’s an Obvious Suchness. Of course it’s a sun. But it’s obvious because you can observe the phenomenon yourself with your own eyeballs, and you don’t need someone to narrate for you what obvious things you are looking at.

The other type of truth is Sammuti Sacca. Sammuti means a “Something a group of people agrees on.” It’s a weird word that the Buddha himself may have just made up. Sama means “Together” as in the ancient Sanskrit word “Samgan” meaning a “Together-Gang” which eventually became the Pali word “Sangham” or Sangha meaning an Association.

Muti is the Pali form of the Sanskrit word Mati which generically means an “Opinion,” an “Inkling,” or a “Notion.” So together Sammuti means “Together-Opinion” or a “Notion We All Agree On.”

For example if we were standing with a group of our friends looking at the sun as the dhamma, and I first said: “That boys is a sun!” Then you say: “True indeed, sure is a hot sun that sun is.” Then one of our friends added: “Must be made of fire if it is hot, what do you guys think?” Then we all nod our heads and say together: “Yep, sounds about right.” That’s Sammuti Sacca. The sun being made of fire is an idea-inkling we as a group agree on. We have never seen the sun directly up close to actually know it is made of fire; but we agree that it seems accurate/sacca.

Sammuti Sacca is an extrapolation of dhamma which is not observable or experienceable but agreed by some group of people to be right. In English we call it “Conventional Truth.” Nobody in our group of hypothetical friends has observed or experienced the sun being fire. We just

agree because it makes sense. With our Western Sir Newton analogy a conventional truth or extrapolation of an observed phenomenon would be when Sir Newton or an associate of his says: "Well if a force of gravity makes an apple fall in England, surely this force works on every planet the same way everywhere in the universe." Have these hypothetical people ever been on every planet to test their extrapolation? No. But with a little math and understanding of mass we can be quite confident that gravity works on most planets in the universe. What do we call that confidence of belief? Sometimes we call it faith.

Svalaksana

In ancient times the philosophers in India were contemplating if they can break down Dhamma into its most basic and smallest observable or experienceable "components" or units. They figured out they could and they named such units of dhamma "svalaksana." Sva means "Self/Oneself/itself" and Laksana means "Symbol," "Sign," or "Image."

So if we observe the phenomenon of a rainstorm, we can break this rainstorm down into its basic constituent components: 1. clouds; 2. rain-drops; 3. wind; 4. lightning; 5. thunder; 6. fall of drops; 7. puddling of drops; 8. getting wet; etc. Each of those things is a svalaksana of a dhamma or a measurable constituent component of an observable or experienceable phenomenon of the Natural World.

Perception

Svalaksana is where I want to be, because this is where the process of Perception, Awareness, Recognition, and Discernment aka Consciousness comes into play. The word svalaksana literally means a Self-Symbol/Sign of something.

What's a sign? What's a sign do to your brain? When you See a Stop Sign what actually goes on inside your head. The Stop Sign itself is a meaningless design. But culturally or socially we agree that such a sign has a what? A Meaning. So when we See a Stop Sign, we consciously recognize it and then after recognizing it we ascribe to it a meaning: the physical act of stopping.

It's the same process that goes on in our heads when we See the svalaksana of a "tree." We see the Self-Sign of the thing, and then we recognize it. How do we recognize it? Our discerning faculty of our brain draws up a meme "Tree" and ascribes that meme to the Self-Sign.

But because of how our memory apparatus works, that meme "tree" is automatically linked to a chain of other memes related with the original meme drawn up. What do I personally think of when I view a "tree?" I think of "Rain," "Dirt," "Leaves," "Fruit," "Pollen," "Allergies," "Lighting." Etc. Those would be the other memes "hovering" in the "background" of my mind/brain when I see a svalaksana of a "tree."

So what's that mean? It means that everything we perceive is "tainted" with "subjective" background noise. It means that sometimes a racist Blackman cannot actually see a White

man as a singular svalaksana sans the “background noise,” because the “image” this Blackman sees is tainted with a flood of his own subjective ideas, thoughts, and emotive opinions. It means that very little of what you are subjectively apprehending is actually in the Real.

For example if I were to tell you that one day while walking I saw an unfamiliar silver object in the sky. How would you apprehend that in your mind? You may think to your self if you are a realist: “She saw an airplane.” If you are prone to an irrational thinking you may say to yourself: “She saw a UFO.” If you are prone to having your active imagination run wild you may say: “She saw aliens; they were those reptilians that Icke dude was talking about.” I actually saw none of those things. All I said was I saw a silver object in the sky.

Or even you yourself. If you experienced a strange apparition one night while camping in the woods, what “background noise” is attached to that experience? It depends on what type of mind/person you are. As a Satanist, when you perceive or think of Christianity, how much of what you see in your mind is Objective and in the Real? As a Jew when you apprehend in your mind National Socialism, how much of it you are seeing in your mind is Objective. Can you even tell the difference between your subjective apprehension of National Socialism, what National Socialism as a memplex is, and Germany’s Nazi version? When we each apprehend Reality, how much of it is the Actual Stuff, and how much of it is the paradigmatic chattering of our own weltanschauung-samsara: our own words, intellectualizations, philosophications, interpretation, etc?

Natural Philosophy

The World of Phenomena belong to no religion or memplex. Directly observing and experiencing Life, Nature, Phenomena as an act belongs to no religion or memplex. The Phenomenal World of Experience is just something we are all born into. We come into this world free from the fetters of our memetic chains. But as we grow in age we collect for ourselves a memplex. When that happens we can no longer see the world with Natural Eyes, because that memplex now filters what we see.

As a Christian you will see the reality in a Christian manner: a perfect creation of God the creator. As a materialist you will see the same world as a lifeless accident. As a dalit you will see existence as a punishment for past evil karma. As a urban commoner you will see the world as a struggle. As a crook the world is a vast opportunity waiting to happen. As a Satanist reality is the Adversary.

In such instances when you can no longer perceive Reality objectively As-Is, you have been Mastered by your memplex; entrapped by it. Limited and controlled by it. How so? Because what we perceive influences and gives rise to how we think/believe. What we think and believe influences and gives rise to our emotions. What we feel influences and gives rise to behaviour and action. What we do in Life manifests Fruit. Your “eyes” controls your mind, heart, and actions.

For example, let us say that you perceive civilization to be the masterpiece of human genius.

This perception influences you to think/believe. You believe that civilization is an expression of human genius. This belief governs your feelings. Such that when your people colonizes other landmasses and you encounter “uncivilized” peoples something happens. Your beliefs emotionally attaches your identity to your own people and your civilization, and you now reject the “uncivilized” people as being “primitive.” That feeling governs your actions and behaviour with such “primitive” people. What will you do? Give such primitive people the gift of civilization by force. We don’t deal with the “civilization” rhetoric today. Today we use the “democracy” rhetoric. It’s perfectly acceptable to go into a sovereign nation like Iraq and decimate the place to bring its people democracy isn’t it?

Natural Philosophy – or the study of the Natural World of Phenomena – is the Real way of gaining an understanding of who we are and what this Cosmos is. But to “truly” understand who we are and our place in the Cosmos we must first work on either silencing our conscious minds, shutting up our subjective background noise, and objectively observing Nature in the Real sans memeplexes.

Nature as a Book of Life gives you the words and letters to read. Each phenomenon is a word. Each svalaksana is a letter. It can be said that “dhamma” is the doctrine of study of a Natural Philosopher. Insofar as dhamma meaning “Observable and experienceable phenomena.”

There is a saying I hear my Chinese grandpas say: “The Tao, Nature, and Man are the same thing in different forms. If you know one, you know the other two.” Which is to say that as an inquisitive individual on a Quest for Self Knowledge, if we do not know what we are, or find it hard to study our Self, then we can study Nature. The more we understand Nature, the more we gain an understanding of ourselves; and vice versa.

Science

Back in circa 500BC the “size” of a svalaksana was limited to the organic power of your senses. Which meant that although people back then were empirically studying the Natural world to gain an understanding of it, there was a limit to how far or deep they can go. A svalaksana is the smallest constituent unit of a phenomenon of Nature which you can observe or experience. Thus there was a limit to how much Buddhi – Knowledge – you would have extracted out of Nature at that time.

Today with our current technology augmenting our senses plus all the sophisticated mathematics, the “size” of an observable svalaksana has literally been shrunken down to the size of atoms, subatomic particles, and photons.

Thus we can say that Modern Science born in the West, is a natural evolution of the Natural Philosophy of the ancient world: Post-Brahminical Hinduism; Greek Philosophy; Chinese Taoism; and Buddhism. The only major difference is the size of the svalaksana.

The ancients uncovered a whole lot with what they were working with way back then. But as we break down the Cosmos further into smaller parts, we seem to be getting closer to a core understanding of the Cosmos. And this Cosmos we are dis-covering seems to work like a

chess game or star game or some artificial life digital program. It has very simple basic rules, but is open to complex development.

Closing Remarks

The reason why I have brought up Natural Philosophy and Science is that no religion has ever shown us the Actual “real stuffness” of the Universe and of our own Nature and Being. What have we observed most world religions manifesting instead? Irrational concepts and fighting. Whereas science just goes on uncovering veil after veil of Reality.

Science doesn't schism. It doesn't stagnate. It naturally progresses and evolves over time in tandem with our level of understanding, mental capacity, and instrumentation. Science and Natural Philosophy is universal, because the world belong to no body.

But there are things science cannot do. Science can't inspire us with mythos. There is more to Life and Human Nature then just nerdy science. Contemporary materialist science must be balanced with the other – right brain side – of being human. Balanced with art, music, poetry, mythos, ceremonies, love, community, Numinous Life Force.

Which is where something like the ONA comes in. We already know that “Anton Long” has written somewhere several times that Natural Philosophy is an inherent way of the ONA. As a Drecc or Satanist working with Life and Pathei Mathos, one must learn to understand that going to doctrines devised by Man has lead us as a species nowhere. Especially when we glorify and beatify such doctrines as being infallible concepts.

As Dreccs or Satanists on the Quest to understanding the Living Cosmos and your self/person in this world by studying Life and Natural Philosophy you must question your reality. By first asking: “What is Reality actually made of?” The answer is Phenomena. And you go from there. It doesn't matter how you approach Natural Phenomena, whether with Buddhism, Vedanta, or Empirical Science. Phenomena is where you start, not doctrines. Doctrines have never done anything constructive for us as a species beside blind us to the Real. If you continue to be blind to the Real, then how are you any better then the Mundane?

But seek to balance that animus apprehension of life, with the more softer and inspiring anima essence of Life such as mythos, music, dance, art, literature, traditions, culture, clan, community, fellowship, and Passion. Which is something the ONA has plenty of. Or if it doesn't, make it so.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

PLURIBUS EX UNUM



Pluribus Ex Unum

I wonder if you can have Nisay for plants? If you can fall in love at first sight for one, or if you met a plant for a destined reason or purpose? My aunt-mother says that I learned to talk fluently and hold conversations when I was one years old, and that at that age I was obsessed with asking her questions about every plant she carried me past. I never really grew out of my fascination for plants. I have three weird fascinations carried over from my earliest childhood: the fascination with plants, the fascination with little bottles. I have this picture of me when I was 2 years old holding a small empty baby powder bottle, and I still collect little empty bottles. Then my love for giant vases, the kind taller then a person. Except I personally can't afford to collect giant vases. First each costs around \$7000-\$30,000 and then I'd have no room anywhere to keep a collection. I'm not even sure what they are practically good for anyways either, besides sitting room décor. I love going to Chinatown to look at all their giant vases and plants they have in their supermarkets.

It started over 2 years ago. I was walking around my block as I usually do for the exercise and time to contemplate obsessively over something. Usually when I walk around the block it's to think out moves and opponents' options. I don't mind or care when someone makes a big noticeable move, like when someone starts a new organization or a new Satanic website, youtubes, talk shows, and so on. I can study the character of such people and guesstimate how

long/brief their venture will last. What gets me to get up and walk around the block to ponder and hold dialogues with myself in my head are tiny moves the unnoticable makes in front of me. I end up asking an imaginary panel of board members in my head questions like: "Why did this person make that little move?" "Give me a list of all their possible end results." "What options are they trying to take I can't see?" "What has this person accomplished in the past?" After my walks about the block, if my inner panel of board members gives me answers, I start working on disabling their options. For me, it's a game of Go not chess. The objective is to occupy as much territory as possible.

I learned how to make an imaginary panel of board members from an old and classic book called "Think and Grow Rich," by the great Napoleon Hill. Mr. Hill was commissioned by Mr. Carnegie – who was America's richest man at the time – to find out what makes a man rich or poor basically. So he spent a few years interviewing the hoity-toity [rich & powerful] of his era – people like J.P. Morgan, Rockefeller, etc – and discovered a handful of interesting things these successful men in life share as common traits.

Mr. Hill's book is not a book on the occult and magic. But in the back of this book things get weird. Or at least Napoleon learned that these people share some weird things which helps them in their success in life. The weird thing Napoleon finds out is that the subjects of his interviews like holding conversations with dead people and hero figures in their heads? Napoleon explains it as tapping into the minds and creativity of such dead men and heroes. Eventually Mr. Hill ended up calling this "necromantic" practice the "Master Mind." The idea is to learn to visualize successful people you admire so well, that you can tap "psychically" or something into the person's abilities, creativity, and qualities. In your retard occultnik talk, they'd sometimes call this "assuming godform." Please keep in mind Napoleon's book was written in the 1930's or so.

Mr. Hill describes how to put a master mind group together of your own, then goes to share his own personal experience with his own master mind group. Mr. Hill had a small executive board for his master mind made up of people he looked up to from different fields. He said that in the beginning you have to put in the effort of animating these people in your head. You go into a relaxed state of mind – semi-trance or meditative state – and ask your master mind group questions, and animate them to give you answers. He suggests that you pick people whom you can easily mimic or recreate in your mind. After a while of doing this Napoleon said that something happened which frightened him terribly. What happened was that after a few months of faithfully animating his master mind group, he was shocked to one day learn that the men in his master mind group one day came to life and were self-animated, as if his "subconscious" mind had taken over their roles for him. He also explained how the men in his group who were now "alive" had the traits and personalities of the real men they were based on. Mr. Hill was so frightened that he discontinued his master mind meetings for a long while.

So after I had read that book, I put together a "council" of my own group of people I look up too and admire which I call my "Board of Executives." Unlike Napoleon and the men he interviewed, I don't wait for my men to die before I hijack them into my master mind. Most of the people in my master mind group are still alive. Half of the people in my master mind group are fictitious characters from Mafia movies like Casino because I find their characters very

easy to duplicate, and I think they are my type of businessmen. I'll keep the real dead and living rich and powerful men in my master mind group to myself. But I have one character who is based on two people I really, really like I just call "Agent Sagan." This character is based on the main Agent from the Matrix movie and on the scientist Carl Sagan since in my mind they look, act, and talk similar to each other. I specifically reserve this character for my Unconscious Mind to take over and speak to me as my trusted Vizier.

When I walk around the block several rounds most often I hold "meetings" with my board of executives for insights, advice, and different perspectives of seeing things. There is something about the routine of walking slowly and mindlessly around a place you are very familiar and comfortable with. It's very easy to drift away from the city consciously and enter a semi-trance or fairly deep meditative state of mind where your mindscape is crisp. The more I lose myself in the mindless walk, the more crisp the board room my meetings becomes, and the more self-animated my board members become. Often when I walk around for an hour the board members will stream ideas and insights which later becomes major parts of my essays.

Red Amaranth

I wasn't sure how many rounds I did around the block that day about 2 years ago. But as I was coming back up to the awareness of the sidewalk and cars on the street I found myself walking past a brick wall fence of a home just down the street from a house I usually stay at. It's a house I must have walked past hundreds of times. In the front yard they have pretty Geraniums, a very large Chrysanthemum, and a cherry plum tree. As I was walking around their side yard I saw a weird plant peeking just above the 6 feet tall brick fence. It's leaves were dark royal red. I really liked the color and wondered what type of plant had such colors for leave that grew so tall. I decided to come back to check on the plant a week or so later so I can see the shape of the leaves. Over the many years of being fascinated with plants, I've gotten pretty good at telling how plants are related by the shape of their leaves and their general appearance.

So a week or so later I returned to the brick wall of this house. By then this red plant had grown a foot taller than the fence. The leaves were now visible. I stood on my tippy toes to feel a leaf, and based on how it felt and how it looked I recognized the plant as being related to regular Amaranth I had seen and ate before, except I never knew a red species existed. The only amaranth I had ever seen were small weed like plants which grew sometimes in our yards. In Khmer we call them P'tee and are used in stews. They have a very distinct and nice flavour which reminds me of concentrated spinach. I didn't know what this red variety was called, so I walked to our place to google "red amaranth" and figured out it was called Red Amaranth. The plant and its royal red color was the most beautiful plant I had ever seen. It's tall size reminded me of giant vases. I figured I have to somehow grow some in my front yard. So I told myself to take frequent walks around the block and check on that red amaranth plant to see when it starts growing its stocks of seeds. That way I can take the seeds.

It was in my favourite month of October that I one day noticed the red amaranth at the neighbor's house was mature and gravid with beautiful red seed stocks bowing down over the brick fence just in jumping distance from my hands. I was thinking of jumping to grab a handful

of the seed stocks, but I didn't. I figured the seeds might still be immature to sow, and the people in cars on the street behind me might think I was weird. Plus I couldn't steal things like that culturally. We have this animistic belief in my culture where we believe things like trees, land, rivers, mountains, etc, are guarded by a spirit of some type and it's bad luck to steal from plants and places which does not belong to you. So I decided to take frequent walks around the block and propitiate the guardian spirit of this red amaranth each time I walk past it with one shiny new penny each time I took my walks. I'd set the penny on my side of the fence near the plant and ask the spirit of the red amaranth if I could have some of its seeds, and if I may to drop it on my side of the fence.

As the weeks went by I saw the red amaranth grow taller and its stocks of seed grew longer and heavier. The weight of the seed stocks caused the top of the plant to actually bow over the brick fence with the seed stock stretching over the fence. If the stocks detached, they'd fall right where I was placing my shiny pennies. I told the red amaranth that I wouldn't hurt it, and I'll wait patiently for it to live out its full life, so its seeds can naturally fall to the ground.

I spent the holiday season of Thanksgiving and Christmas months at my aunt-mother's house. The season kept me busy and I forgot about the red amaranth. It wasn't until January of the following year that I returned to my little mom's place. I suddenly realized I had forgotten all about the red amaranth! I feared it may have already died and the seed stocks fallen and gone by now. So I walked real fast down the street to the brick wall. I was saddened to find that the red amaranth was no longer alive. Its leaves were all dry and brown. It's beautiful royal red velvet aliveness, gone, and so were its seed stocks. I looked around all over my side of the fence and the sidewalk for signs of any seed stocks and I found none. I figured the rain must have washed it all away. I felt sad so I stood there looking at the dead plant I wanted to grow so bad, but I was too late. My eyes fell to the ground since I wasn't feeling happy, but then my awareness noticed the ground. Between the brick fence and the public sidewalk where I had set my pennies is a thin row of dirt and weeds that runs along that part of the fence for some reason. In my chitta I suddenly felt hope, that maybe some of the seeds fell on that ground and would germinate among the weeds. So I took my walks around the block and check on the sliver of earth for little amaranth shoots.

A month later there was one little amaranth sproutling. Just one. It was red and no more than an inch tall growing on my side of the fence among the weeds. I knelt down to touch it and then took out a key from my pocket and dug it up carefully, and carried my little red amaranth home happy. I was thinking to myself how in a few months I'll have an 8 feet tall royal red amaranth growing in my front yard! At home I put it in the ground by a tree. But later the next day I feared the tree might hog up all the water so I uprooted it again and replanted in a place by itself. But then a day later I feared the cats or people might step on it or dig it up so I uprooted it again and replanted it in a pot. But then a day later I feared that the pot was too small and so the plant might not grow big, so I uprooted it and replanted it again by itself and placed a half top of a two liter plastic coke bottle over it to keep people and cats from stepping on it. But then the next day I feared the soil where it was growing was too rocky so I uprooted it again and placed it in the biggest pot I could find, and was sukkha [without worry].

A few months later I saw something about my little red amaranth that scared me and

disappointed me. I noticed that it was already generating its seed stocks from its tip top and it was only 7 inches tall! I was telling it in a frustrating way: "You're supposed to be 7 feet tall before you grow your seeds not 7 inches tall!" Thinking that maybe the pot it was growing in messed up it's biological clock, I uprooted it in a hurry and planted it in the ground hoping it would still grow tall and not die yet.

It was no use. I tried everything. Fertilizer, purified water. My stubby red amaranth wasn't getting any bigger than 7 inches and it was dying. The seed stocks were maturing. It was growing weaker and bending to the ground, so I propped it up with a stick I tied it too. I told my short plant that I was going to prop it up with sticks and water it, even if it wanted to die so I can make it at least give me stocks of seeds to grow the next generation. After a while my plant was a dry brown mummy of a plant. But I still had it tied up to several sticks to prop it up and I still watered it because the seed stocks had not fallen yet.

One day I was watering my mumified plant propped up with chopsticks and yarn and my little mom came out to watch what I was doing. She said laughing: "Are you watering the chopsticks, cuz they aren't gunna grow. I think your plant is beyond dead girl?" I told her, and my step dad who walked out to see, that its seed stocks has not fallen off yet and it could still be green inside. My step dad pointed out that the stem of the dead plant is too dry and hard and the seed stocks too light to actually fall off. My step dad pushed me aside and told me he knew what to do. He took the dried seed stocks into his palms, and rolled the dried stuff all over empty ground. Then he took a few gardening instruments and tilled the ground and watered it.

A month later we had small patches of all these baby amaranth. But like their parent plant, all these second generation red amaranth never grew past 7 inches. I was wondering what could have possibly happened to their pooj? Their original plant was over 8 feet tall. And the worse part was my little mom and step dad were eating my amaranths. There was a time when I was very frustrated and told them to not eat them. My little mom and step dad asked me why I would even grow P'tee if not to eat them. So I told them to only look at the plants. It's what American people do. We grow pretty plants and just look at them to appreciate their natural beauty! But they thought that was silly and didn't understand why anybody would want to just stare at vegetables grow and not eat them. So we negotiated and I got them to promise not to eat 12 I picked out so I can have the seeds and grow the third generation.

My 12 stubby amaranths grew old and bore seeds, and I collected most of the seeds into an envelope and scattered the rest everywhere in my front yard. During the last few months when my Great Grandpa was alive he had taken his daughter, myself, and some cousins up to work in his big empty field. He was trying to grow an orchard which he once had when he retired from politics back in the old country. My grandma – Great Grandpa's daughter – and he, had eaten some of the amaranth my little mom and step dad gave to them from our front yard, which they really liked. So that day I passed the envelope of dried amaranth seed stocks to my then alive Great Grandpa and told him they were the seeds of a pooj of P'tee that is red in color and grows taller then a person which he once ate from my house. I told him for two generations they have not grown past a foot for some strange reason, I still want to grow this pooj hoping one day, the pooj will make tall plants again. But I need to grow them far away

from my little mom and step dad so they won't eat it all. My Great Grandpa said that if the pooj produces very tall plants that one of its generations must grow tall. And so Great Grandpa took the envelope and agreed to help me continue my red amaranths flow of generations. He and some cousins made these little patches of broken ground and scattered a few seeds into each patch, while me and other cousins made anti-rabbit wire fences to go around the amaranth patches.

To manipulate or subvert my Great Grandpa and grandma from eating these plants I brought up supermarkets and how I don't ever see P'tee sold in any Asian supermarkets and I asked why this was so intentionally. My grandmother – great grandpa's daughter who is the Head of our big extended family – said that she saw one or two Asian supermarkets sell them once but they were terribly expensive. \$1 for only a handful of leaves. The intended idea was to subtly implant in their minds the idealistic prospect of growing the amaranth as a crop to sell to supermarkets. You only clip the tops of the plant to sell, and the plant spouts new branches to grow its seed stocks. My grandma had the sudden idea of growing this P'tee as a cultivated crop to sell to supermarkets. I nodded and said that was a great idea! My grandmother took some of the seed stocks to grow in her back yard.

Great Grandpa said that he had never seen red colored P'tee which grew taller than a man, and that one day he would like to see one. He returned to the Essence before he could see the Red Amaranth in full bloom across his field now. When talking about the seed stocks of amaranth, Great Grandpa once told us a long winded old people story – the kind they often tell – of his days as an ambassador visiting Japan. He was sent by the king to fetch rice as the kingdom was experiencing a famine in certain regions and was told to agree to trade whatever he felt was needed. Great Grandpa said his Japanese counterpart brought him to the Japanese countryside to show him vast fields of beautiful traditional rice terraces.

His Japanese counterpart said to him as they looked out at the countryside that people were like rice plants. Just like rice plants we live collectively together in large groups called families, clans, cities, and villages dependent on Nature and those around us for our sustenance and well being. Arrogant and self centered people are like the rice plants with seed stocks stuck up high toward the sky as if to set themselves lofty above others. The Humble and Honourable people are like the rice plants whose seed stocks bows low to the ground. Why so? The Japanese counterpart asked Great Grampa. Great Grandpa used to work on farms and was familiar with rice plants. He said because the seed stock of rice which sticks up are empty inside and worthless, whereas the seed stocks which bows to the ground are full with life giving rice. He reminded us that day to be like the rice plant and always humbly in heart bow low toward the ground in life, knowing inside of us there is a fullness of life, value, virtue, tradition, honour, and culture. And like those rice plants he once talked about, his Red Amaranth now humbly bow low toward the ground full inside, ready to give birth to the next generation.

Generations

I never realized you can learn about life from a single plant, and the little pathei-mathos gained from the trial and error of nurturing this one plant. My front yard is now filled with big, beautiful red amaranth, and little green ones are everywhere. From one plant my friends, this front yard,

my grandmother's back yard, and late Great Grandpa's field is filled with amaranth. Out of One, Many. But this required the flow of generations. Four generations of amaranths and over two years to be exact. It looked like the single little amaranth I plucked from the side of the fence was just one doomed and neglected weed. But I took it and devoted my time to it. Nurtured it and allowed it to live out its natural life. And from that one plant came many seeds dispersed, such that the second generation bore many more. With each generation – if nurtured and tended – bearing a further larger amount.

What have I learned on a pragmatic level? It's hard to put something experiential into words. *Populum Non Campos Tempus*. Memes are like seeds. Mind the field. Mythos the water which floods the rice paddy. One Manu, One Moses, One Buddha, One Muhammad, One Saint Paul across time and generations of man, increasingly bares fruit. If the seed and mythos is tended to aeonically across Time and Generations. Wyrd willing.

Knowing what I have learned from cultivating Red Amaranth for 4 generations now, I can calmly say that I don't care if I am the only ONA person on earth. I don't care if ONA numbers are few. As long as the one or few ONA people bow low towards the ground, gravid and full of life, culture, tradition, and inner value. For just as the rice stocks which sticks up high bares no fruit or generations, the arrogant and self centered are empty and bare no fruit or generational influence in the greater Field of Mankind.

To stay relevant to each emerging generation is what is key. But the person once behind Anton Long had this figured out in a genius way long ago. I've learned to become aware of how "Anton Long" worked in the past. He is very good at writing and developing new concepts for ONA, but may be very aware of his own personal limitations, which is a great self assessing virtue to have. I have noticed that Anton Long taps into the Next Generation market by appointing or allowing Outer Representatives far younger than he is to take charge of ONA. First was Beesty Boy who was very young – an entire generation in front of Anton Long – when he was Outer Rep. Not only was Beesty Boy of a different younger generation, but he was creative and had marketing skills. After him was Michael Ford, who was also of a much younger generation than Anton Long. It's a genius way to take root in each successive emerging generation, by making/allowing one of them as the Front Person and "face."

If I had a few ONA Initiated dedicated to live, express, and develop ONA it would be better. And to have the number of ONA associates we do today is more than I can ask for. Hitler once said: "He who owns the youth owns the future." On a wide scale pragmatic level, of the 2 million humans slaughtered by the Khmer Rouge the killers were mostly between the ages of 12-16, who used rocks, big sticks, and plastic bags. Mao's Cultural Revolution would not have been possible without the passionate and emboldened youth. Remember my words: "Old men fart, the passionate youth are death defiant." Mundane Satanism is dying. It's constipated with all these old 30-40 year old men farting around in internet forums. Farting their lofty opinions around. You listen to how they talk shit about young teenagers, as if they were never one's themselves. How they say a 13 year old or 15 year old is "too" young to understand shit to be a "real satanist." Cuz their young minds won't compute the senseless gibberish of their "satanic philosophy," or whatever they call their idealism of the Left Hand Path. Yet – do consider this – these same old dummies bleat on and on about how their satanism is a

“praxis,” and doing.

It's not in the nature – the Time & Season – of a 30 year old human being to “do shit.” That's when nature mellows you because it's your season to have Nature her next generation of humans. When was Jesus a-preaching? Around age 30. When did Buddha preah-trah [“became enlightened”] at age 30. Age 30 is the peek of a person's “thinking/contemplative curve.” Right? Cuz it's down hill from there. So don't tell me if you are 30 or 40 that you are out “doing shit.” I ain't stupid. The only shit your doing is talking, and doing what others your age are doing: work, family, bills, taxes. You and I know very god damn well that the age group of humanity that “does shit” are teens. I was one, and so were you. It's the proven works of Mother Nature and Father Time. The only “satanic” praxis your average old person in their 30-40 is doing is living vicariously via their satanism's idealistic talk of praxis.

They talk shit about these young people. How teens can't understand the lofty ideology of satanism. Fuck understanding shit. The Understanding comes later from pathei-mathos. Let them do what teenagers do since the dawn of our species: rebel against stale orthodoxies, raise hell, start warrior groups, kill for a cause. The warriors of the past become the tribal elders of tomorrow filled with wisdom born from their past experiences. I'm talking about wisdom rooted in decades of exeatic experience only a red blooded teen can live out and express. This shit in mundane satanism passing off as “wisdom” is empty abstract beliefs, opinions, and ideals. Fuck that shit. I'd rather see ONA populated with emboldened passionate teenager, then old aged partyliners farting philosophy and theories. Both are needed in a functioning system. But every person and generation has their place and natural dharma.

We got our partyliners in ONA now. Come next Generation, I'll have my teens. I've already pre-planned ways to get my teenagers. The best way for me personally is to have children of my own and raise them ONA. Once they are teens, I'll put them in charge of recruiting in their junior highs and high schools to make their own nexions. Then let them go out and do what teenagers do naturally. Wait for my teens to grow up inside the actual experience of ONA Kulture and Praxis. They become the new partyliners. Give them the ONA to run with. Repeat the cycle across Time and Generations. Give me just one ONA person devoted to nurture and cultivate ONA. By next the next generation [circa 40 years] I'll have a handful. A handful is all I need to seed the third generation. And by the aeonic season of the fourth Generation, I'll have an entire living, breathing, Tribe of ONA folk.

I don't care about numbers now. I ended up with a big field covered with amaranth from nurturing one plant. ONA can be small now. I care only for the quality of its current associates. If this ONA were a blood red Amaranth, those few of us Sinister Initiates today are the seeds of this single plant. It is not how many we are today that really matters. What really matters is if we as seeds are each full inside. The numbers comes in Time and Generation, wyrdfully from such seeds with inner fullness. Inner fullness meaning that rather than mind other people's businesses and be concerned about their beliefs, paradigms, opinions, views, and rather than being on some crusade to convince others to see thing our way, we instead focus purely on our own personal self-development and inner growth. Like attracts like. In Time for each of us, those who resonates with us each, will naturally become associates. It is a slow and natural

growth which ultimately begins within each of us and spreads out from there.

A plant's entire energy and effort ultimately goes to the proper development of its Seed so that it's Seed can give rise to its next Generation. If ONA were a plant and we the seed of this plant, then the very energy and effort of ONA goes into the proper development of each of us first and foremost. Because it is from each of us that ONA spawns into causal existence. I've grown very tiresome of mundane satanism. Like the West, it's lost its social glue and is in a state of dilapidation. As a system mundane satanism no longer cares for the Quality of its Seed. Rather, it seems to not even be a coherent functioning plant at all. Instead mundane satanism feels more like garden weeds today growing in a neglected field. Where every weed is out for itself, asserting it's views, definitions, convictions onto anybody different in mind. It has become an rice plant whose seed stocks sticks up with emptiness. Nothing but an empty worldview, a feel good pill, an opiate of a mass, an empty excuse to feel better more intellectual than others, an excuse to get into chatrooms and debate about abstractions. An excuse to mind other people's business, but not mind your own. Quite typical as one would expect in a decadent social order in decline. Rome didn't fall in one day did it. And in Time, from its rubble came many new kingdoms and civilizations.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

5.14.123 yfayen

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

PRACTICAL INFLUENCE



Practical Influence

There has been this theme bubbling in me going on, about a new topic to write on, which I have been resisting. But coincidentally someone actually searched the phrase “onaxs practical influence” three times to find our blog the other day. I first resisted writing a practical guide to inspiring and influencing people because it seems as if nobody “out there” cares for this topic. Also I resisted because I thought it would be more advantageous for me to keep most of what I know to myself and a close body of friends. But I know the human nature of your common mundane enough to know that even if they know how things are done, usually they won’t put shit into practice, or care enough to do anything besides yap an opinion, which is about all they have ever done as a breed. You know how many books on business and making money like “the secret” has been sold over the past 20 years since Don Lapre was yapping on late nite stations selling book on this topic? And of all the mundanes who bought the shit and knew how things were done, how many of them are rich today? How many of these mundanes actually have it in their mundane nature to apply with effort what they “know?”

But what’s “influence” got to do with ONA? It’s the basics of what ONA calls the “Sinister Dialectic” which has been a part of ONA from day one, and is a part of the Culture of ONA. Meaning it’s one of many, many things an ONA person is encouraged to try and practice. As

the Sinister Dialectic's first opening paragraph puts it:

"The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanlc strategy – that is, (a) the use of Black Magick to change individuals/events on a significant scale; (b) to gain control and influence; and (c) the use of Satanic forms (individuals/influence etc.) to produce/provoke changes." – ONA, The Sinister Dialectic.

Marketing

Don Lapre was my earliest influence on the subject of marketing. He was a con artist and for a while was successful at his business. Then eventually he got in big trouble for the fraud he committed, and killed himself over it unfortunately. But he was an early influence and today he is one person in my "Master Mind" group which you learn how to make in the book "Think & Grow Rich," which is like a bible to me. I believe it is unfortunate that we have safety-net laws such as anti-fraud laws to protect the stupid from their own stupidity. It's also unfortunate that when we do have such anti-fraud laws, that we can't prosecute and convict popes, priests, and religionists for fraud.

I liked Don Lapre's style too. Too bad he killed himself. Don Lapre, Solomon Tulbure; this libation of pink juice on a beautiful California summer day is for you guys. Don conned people with a smile and a nervous eye blinking problem in his infomercials. He was entertaining to watch do his moves. Somolon T., was a nut case, but I still admired him as an unknown hero and early influence. I made up this one saying when a friends and I were talking about people we admire: "Crazy people look up to crazy people." Ain't that the truth. Or in lay terms: 'The people we admire are ultimately a refecation of our own inner character, because like attracts like.' I would have loved to watch Solomon T., in action as a chronic troll back in the day, just for the entertainment value. I learned about him long after he jumped off a freeway bridge to his death. I have bad luck with people I look up to. They seem to commit suicide or just go insane. I learned about Tulbure way back when I was a stupid teen on Myspace. Back then me and a group of us "hung out" in the Knights Templar group with Masons and we fought anti-masons and nut cases who thought they were descendents of Templars or Jesus.

So I made friends with this one Mason who said he owned his own music studio thing [which turned out to be a computer program only]. This Mason one day told me that he had 260 degree in Masonry. I objected saying: "What? 260 degrees? The Scottish Rite maxes out at 32, with the 33rd being an honorific title bestowed verbally only." He explained to me that he

got all of his degrees from the Illuminati Order! After I rolled my eyes I went to alert all of my same aged friends and those Myspace Masons that I found a fake Mason who was talking about how he had 260 degrees, being a member of the fake illuminati, and so on. We all bashed him. It was fun. A year later I got curious about this “illuminati order,” and so I ordered the book that fake Mason suggested I read which was by Solomon Tulbure called the “Illuminati Manifesto.”

Amazingly – to me personally – this book turned out to be very similar in thought process and way of seeing things as what you find in the Satanic Bible. The first part of the book spent time trashing the bible’s illogical points, the second part trashed Islam, Solomon – the so called Illuminati Grand Master – praised Objectivism [al a Ayn Rand]. But the most fascinating part about this so called Manifesto was the organizational framework Tulbure created for his “illuminati order,” which for me at the time was a novel idea. It wasn’t an actual order with lodges you can go to to get initiated. And it didn’t have just self initiation rites. Actually, it didn’t have initiation rites at all. It was something you – the interested – created. He had a “degree system” which was based on tests or things you had to do to be in that degree. Like to be in the second degree of this “illuminatty order” you had to agree with and uphold the Constitution of the New World Order [or whatever he called it]. He did actually draft a constitution that was very reasonable, but I disagreed with half of the articles. To be in one of the higher degrees, you had to be involved in practical real world acts of insurrection against the American government.

My major contention with his constitution was that it wasn’t based on the learnings and yearnings from real life experiences, like with the case of the American Constitution. In the American Constitution you had a group of guys who were colonialists, who were a part of the Old Order in England and Europe, who did experience religious persecution, lack of liberty, tyranny of crown and mitre, etc. And so because of those experiences they desired for something new. So we see that the constitution those ancient fellas created was in part a realistic reaction to the Old Order, and a proactive Attempt [stress on attempt] to create a New Order [a socio-political framework/order]. Whereas with Tulbure’s constitution, it’s mostly intellectual ponderings, idealistic wishful thinking/projecting, creative thinking & writing, and he may be reacting to conditions of America, but he reacts to it within the Comfort of the American Order.

I shared this book with my network of friends back then because of the great idea Solomon had with his organizational framework. It was this book which had the most influence on the WSA352 at that time. We based the WSA on Tulbure’s design, and even went so far as to make our WSA a “black lodge” of Tulbure’s Order in those days. I learned much later after trying to research on this guy that he was an active “troll” all over in the old parts of cyberspace [usenet]. Or at least many people back then called him a troll. It looked like all

Solomon was doing was trying to find a market and distribute his ideas. I have personal disagreements with many of his ideas, ideals, and how he sees or presents the world and politics, but all in all, I liked his ideas and how his mind work. The way his mind reasoned, the way it thought things out, the way it designed organization as a means to try and accomplish objectives, and especially the way it sought to duplicate/replicate itself.

Unfortunately a good idea is only worth its marketing power. A “good” idea which lacks the means to be sold to a market cannot logically be “good,” because that valuation of “good” is an internal and subjective judgment we make of things, and a thing lacking the means to be sold has not reached the market to even be subjectively valued in the first place.

Tulbure’s ideas and memeplex is virtually unknown, even though if we disconsider the outer labels and key words used, Tulbure’s memeplex and LaVey’s memeplex virtually overlapped 80-90% of the time. Something odd happened in 2004 which drove Tulbure to commit suicide by jumping off a freeway bridge in the middle of the night. It may have been years and years of simply trying to “sell” his “radical” ideas to a cold market which repeatedly was mean to him plus a case of some mental disorder where he became paranoid that “they” were after him.

So in those early days of my mental growth I had two Minds to study: Anton LaVey and Solomon Tulbure. I liked the idea of both individuals, and from my unbiased perspective, 90% of their ideas overlap in mindspace. Personally I guess or hypothesize that this may be so because Tulbure borrowed from the Satanic Bible and just reworded things, but my hypothesis is just speculation, since I have no proof. The first question I asked myself was why was one mind successful in inspiring and influencing other minds, and one mind failed, to the point that it was driven to kill itself, if and when 90% of the core ideas themselves were congruous? It took a long time – years – to slowly figure out what the difference was, and the questioning of this difference between these to ultimately lead me into the study of influencing people, amateurish “politics,” and marketing.

Politics

The old people in my family often get together and you’ll see all these very old, white haired men, drinking, eating, and talking up a storm about politics and their “good old days,” before the revolution, when they were deep in the business of politics of a now defunct kingdom. The term used by these old men is actually “Roa-See,” to describe their old profession. Roa means to look for or search for, and See means to eat or consume. Together Roa-See means

to earn a living or to do business. Politics to these old men was a business.

I was overhearing a small group of older boy cousins talk about American politics and 'arguing' with the grandpas. The boys were talking about the typical stuff you'd hear like democrats and republicans, liberals, and conservatives, theories and things each party stood for. Most – if not all of my family – of those grandpas are strict Republicans and liked President Nixon, even though, if we recall, Nixon bombed Vietnam and Cambodia ruthlessly. Its considered an act of dishonour to these grandpas if you vote democrat or talk about the democratic party with them.

So after the boy cousins stated their ideas and arguments one of the very old grandpas said angrily: "No, no, no! You're speaking from the wrong side! What side are you on? This Business is like a broom. There is the handle part of a broom and the bristles part. In politics one group works the handle, and another group is broomed! You're not speaking from the perspective of a Handler. Learn to know what side you and your kin are on before you speak!"

As their talks and reprimand went on, another of the old grandpas informed the group of older cousins that their "business" of politics had nothing to do with any of that liberal-conservative, democracy-communist crap. The politics was there is a government or regime and a populous, and if the regime desired to remain in power, the populous must be controlled with policies. The craft [trick] of their end of politics is getting the populous to adopt the policies and keeping public opinions – minds – fixated in desired spots to maintain the business.

So from these grandpas point of view there are two perspectives of this thing we call politics. There is the point of view of the citizen, and the point of view of the regime. So if you knew of these two perspectives, you can generally guess/know where in the spectrum of the socio-political order a person is from or attached to in some way by how they see politics or how they talk about it. A person who talks about parties, ideologies, leaders, officials, and so on are subjugated/citizens. They speak about politics in this way, because this is the end of politics they see and experience: the bristles end of the broom. It is the only side or aspect of the political spectrum such public people have ever been exposed to.

Now if we had a person who when talking about politics is fixated on the law system, justice system, does not have nice things to say about the police, has contempt for or is critical for this law and justice system, we can assume or guess that such a person has been familiar on a first hand basis with prisons and the law system. Because that is the side of the political

system he has been exposed to for whatever reason. But you can't expect the same perspective and talk from the actual regime members [and their friends and family], because they see things from an entirely different end or side. The Game of politics from the handle side is to say and do whatever it takes to maintain your hold on the power apparatus for obvious personal, family, and clique benefits. It's not only human nature, it's primate nature, and virtually animal nature.

A good example I overheard was about the past king of their old country. The opinion of many of the peasantry is that he is a god king [Sihanouk]. Most of the thinking middle class believe he may be a bad king or even a traitor. But the regime side of things sees this king and what happened before and during the revolution very differently.

Before the revolution when the Khmer Rouge became a political movement and party with arms, the Democratic Party in some foreign country [America] tried to stick its nose into the native's affairs by stating that it would be best to have a government which included the Khmer Rouge. It's the democratic thing to do they said, because in a democracy all groups of people have the right to speak. And so this foreign political party [the US Democrats] supplied money to and supported the Khmer Rouge in their early days. This is why most elders and men in my own family are diehard loyalist Republicans who'd slap you for saying bad things about Nixon.

So that's the background scene for the first problem the king and regime had. Can you see the problem as a regime member? The problem as king and regime is that you understand that you need the people as a collective – their collective opinions/favour – to have your power. The problem here is that now you have a foreign nation using money and ideas of democratic equality to give to a “party” [the KR] who are allegedly for the peasants and workers, which are 90% of your social order, ie: the majority of the populous, your power base. So the US Democrats weren't just trying to be nice. They were using ideas and money to attempt to subvert the political and social order of this country to change the political and social landscape. The problem is this foreign nation is using its money and ideas to Subvert the collective sentiments of your populous: your power base, for their own ends. How do you as king and regime fix this problem? Cuz if you don't fix it, you're out of a “job,” and you'll lose your power. A way to fix it is to get those people to not like America. So here the “policy” or will of the regime is to get the people to dislike America. How is that done in practice?

The way people work is funny. They are stupid. You can't tell them straight on or directly to do something or believe something, because they will reject what is told and do the opposite. The more you apply force, the more they will resist. Apply enough pressure and they will revolt. The

king back then couldn't say to the populous: "Look I have a big problem on my hand. All the power me and my friends have is derived from controlling you people, and now America is using their money and fancy-pantsy talk of freedom to get you to make a new kind of government. So can you people help me out and not like America and stay my subjects?"

So that is your "Policy" the king and regime has in this scenario. The Policy is that the king, regime, and governing apparatus must remain in place and the people must support that apparatus. So as the regime, how do you assert this Policy onto your own people and have them conform. You first do what you see Sihanouk and any "anti-American" political leader do: basically talk shit about America, but in a very "strategic" manner.

The strategic manner in this regard is a simple pattern used even in religion, and also in marketing. Don Lapre used the same pattern: (1) You first present the Bad and Hurtful, targeting people's emotions; (2) you present an idealistic Good; (3) You present your "solution" the people must take to obtain the idealistic Good. But you always target people heart buttons, and stay away from appealing to the masses logic and reason.

A working example of this three step strategy of influence is what you seen in labs. You have a rat in a cage. There is a red button. There is a green button. Rat pushes red gets shocked. Rat pushes green gets food. Which button is the rat going to learn to avoid? The fucking red one. We are biologically wired to avoid what is hurtful and painful. And so why is the emotions the target? First because the emotions – chitta – is the more primal part of us, and second because reason can't feel.

Another example of this three step strategy is in religion. You first talk a whole lot about Hell. What's the language of Chitta? Pictures, imagery, symbolism, mythos [as opposed to logos] right? You dream in pictures, not in logical discourses. Avoid the lecture of hell. Just go right into the mythos and Paint a picture of it to cause the people to feel negative emotions: fear, hate, etc. Step two is to present the idealistic and the Good. You talk about God as the God of Love, appease the human ego by talking about the worth of the human soul etc. Third step is the Solution. If you want to avoid Hell, worship God. If you want to worship God the solution is go to "our churches," read "our" books," and follow "our" priesthood." So how effective is this three step strategy? Its fucking effective. Count how many human beings on earth belong to a religion. The entire three step strategy on a logical side is entirely a non-sequitur, where the last part doesn't even reasonably follow the first part. If a hell even exists – let's say one does – and if a god exists [lets say one does], why "their" religious laws, books, and priesthood and not some other book or priesthood? Why their laws, their dogma, their teachings, and not others?

Heaven is just one example. Radical Islam uses the same three step plan to power and influence in a different way. You first hear a load of anti-America talk, how America is either the Devil, or how American culture is corrupting “our” culture and ways. Or how America and England occupy Islamic countries and commit alleged acts of oppression and such with the local people. Throw in a few crying ladies, and pictures of dead children for good measure. Then you bring in the idealistic talk. How great a people you’d be if all the Americans and English were gone! No more Zionist occupation! Don’t let those Jews and their American and English stooges do to Iran what they did with Palestine! What a wonderful nation we’d have. Can you imagine the peace and prosperity? Work up the people’s emotions for that idealistic vision. Then once you’ve sold your emotive idealisms, you give the people the Solution, the way to make it real. Jihad is the Way. All of a sudden the young men who once had nothing to live for in life, now have a cause to die for... because they actually have nothing to live for.

In the old days you see Sihanouk as king on black and white television talking about how much he loved his nation and people [him in PR mode]. And how much he cares for his people like a father. In his speeches he refers to himself as “Owpouk” which means Father, and we – the citizenry – out of respect call him the Samdach-Ow which means the King/Lord-Dad/Father. So there he’s using a very subtle psychological trick on the masses. He’s appealing to their emotion/chitta by Painting himself a father figure, a provider, one who cares affectionately for you: his Child. Where have we seen this psychological tactic used before? God the Heavenly Father. Where also? In a movie called Traffic. Watch that movie. The old General kidnaps a petty drug dealer to brainwash him to do something for him. He and his cohorts play the good guy bad guy ploy on the drug dealer. The General says in plain Spanish [subtitled] that he’ll be the good guy and present himself as a Father to the tortured drug dealer. Why? Because the same fucking tactics works on animals: dogs.

You beat a dog silly, and then act nice to it, pet it, and feed it, and the dog will obey you and like you. He doesn’t know what he did to make you stop beating it and then act nice to it. All the dog knows is that it’ll do whatever you want as long as you don’t beat it and keep feeding it. Pimps – real one – use this same Father tactic. You beat the bitch silly left and right. Tell the bitch she’s worthless and make sure you talk about the bitch’s old life in the slums with nothing. Once you’ve broke the bitch you put on the Father figure role. Be a caring father figure, pet the bitch, feed her [wine and dine], give her gifts. Tell her “we gotta take care of each other,” I take care of you, you take care of me. We’re family. Then give her the solution: work the streets.

I had a source I won’t name who once told me how they make child prostitutes. He said his “people” use a tested and tried technique to make any person a money earning loyal

prostitute. My source told me his people learned the technique from the Japanese and Chinese mafias. It's a simple technique. The first step is to know what type of girl sells in the underground market. Generally blonde American girls are gold. So the first step is to trick these girls to leave America. How do they do this? By putting up ads about modeling and acting in foreign countries. Or you just take one, if your country has a large resource of blondes.

Once the girl is obtained you go into step two which in this case is the presentation of the Bad or Hurtful. You strip the girl naked, beat her silly, and put her in a small box in a dark room with no food and water for several days. That breaks most young people. Once you have emotionally broken the girl you go into the presentation of the Good and Idealistic. In other words, you show the girl that she has an alternative. You send in a woman or kind looking male associate who talks to the girl in an affectionate tone, feigns empathy, cries for the girl, and most importantly: the person feeds the girl water and food. The same nice motherly or fatherly person must do the feeding. The caring mother or father figure gives the girl the Solution to have the nice alternative. What happens is you tease the girl with just enough water and just enough food to keep her alive and tell her the boss needs her to have sex with people for food and water. The first client are male members of the group who are brought in. The men just have sex with her, and after the sex, the girl is given her water and meals. This is done over and over again, until the girl is trained to equate the good, sweet affection, the food and water, her own safety, with having sex. You'll hear in satanic circles that self preservation is the highest law of nature. If so, then that law can be used to your advantage, can't it? The more you understand how something works, the more you can work it.

This method is used in Southeast Asia to make girls you see working the red light districts. In places like Cambodia poor Vietnamese families will kidnap little girls 5 and up, from their families, and they are processed in this manner. The effects are shockingly amazing. These girls don't ever leave their pimp families to find their natural families, and they stay "employed," raising their pimp family money. I've seen documentaries of these nosy Good-Doers from these Christian organizations who go into such countries and tries to liberate such girls from their profession and pimp families, and you can see 100% of the time, these girls scream in fear and cry and asked to be brought back to their "adopted families." We're all animals right? If you can train an animal, then you can condition people with the same basic methodology. The thing to keep in mind is that the human animal has a major weakness or flaw his "lesser evolved" cousins lack: animals don't compute spoken language, as we do. People do, and so spoken language becomes a very useful tool in the training of people.

So in the old days Sihanouk presented himself in his speeches as a caring father figure. And his presentation of the Bad and Hurtful was to caringly tell his people that America is a two faced bastard nation, plain and simple. They can't be trusted. They are friendly Now, he said,

just like the French were at first friendly. But he then asked, what did the French do afterward? He said the French colonized them, and they as a kingdom and people no longer were free to be their own country and to live for their own destiny. And so he told his people back then, that even though the Americans want to help, as the Father-King, he believes that the people and he should try and take care of things on their own. To prove to the international community that they are capable. And he told his people that he doesn't want another foreign nation to control or colonize them again. The people bought it, and he maintained his power and place. He resisted the idea of the Khmer Rouge being a part of his government. And so things escalated and the KR started their revolution. After the KR won and took power, you then see something very strange, which tainted the king's reputation forever.

What the king did was he sided with the KR. There are old footages of the king in all black with the scarf of the KR. And now he is heard saying nice things about the KR. Why? From a citizen's point of view, it looks like the king either betrayed the people or he was a traitor. From the king's point of view, he was trying to save his position and status in the "new" regime. The political situation was that the king had a PR connection with the populous and so he offered himself up as a "puppet king," just as long as he and his family can maintain some status. He and his family lived in China at the time. After the KR fell, the King returned and still had his place in the political apparatus. As the politician you can't simply tell the people: "Okay, we're in deep shit people. Here's the plan: Ima save my ass by siding with these bad guys. Then when they fall, Ima return to subjugate you like old times." So here you can see the king saved his ass, and his family's asses. Now we have to go see how the rest of the regime saved their asses and tried to save their power and positions.

Politics shows its true colors in times of war and hardship, or at least you can see the regime and their function better. In this case, during the revolution, nobody in the regime gave a shit about party or ideology, liberalism or conservatism. There are for the regime member two crucial objectives: (1) Save your own asses and family, & (2) try to insure that when things get better you still have your status and power. So how did those old regime members do this? Remember to have power, it must be consented to you by the people [via force or otherwise]. Which means the sentiments and opinion of the people must be in your favour. How do you influence a people to give you power when during the revolution, you didn't give a shit about them? You act like a politician and just lie.

So what happened in this case was you have the KR which was in power. They are a communist group of armed peasant hooligans and run by college educated intellectuals peasants. You have the National Regime Cronies who need to save their asses and try to maintain their power through all of this. To make things happen the regime cronies secretly sent envoys into Vietnam. Remember, at this time Vietnam was being taken over by a Communist group of armed peasants itself! The secret plan was to first trick the Viet Cong into

thinking that their Khmer Rouge allies was going to betray them and invade Vietnam. The second trick is to promise the Viet Cong land, resources, and joint power, with the condition that the national government [ie, the regime] remain in public power as the in between “person” connecting the Viet Cong [the Private Power] with the Khmer people. The third trick is to – as the regime – welcome Nixon’s bombings because it killed the KR and VC, and “some” of your civilians, but who cares. This strategy actually worked pretty good. A lot of citizens and regime members died, but it worked.

So that’s something political that happened in history from the perspective of a regime. It gives you a glimpse into what Politics really is from their point of view minus the clap trap and glamour. Politics is not the actual ideologies, beliefs, hopes, visions, of a party. That’s the sugar coated glamour created for the public to consume to get them to support you. Politics is the method of gaining power and asserting your policies on a people. The art, skill, craft, or science of it is the sly methods used to get the people to accept the policies and give you the power. This science is called Influence. And its simple, in theory. The simple equation is: Popularity = Influence. The hard part of putting the theory into practice is to obtain the popularity. How is that done? A clue is that the words Popularity, Populous, and Population, all share a very key common root.

So the break down is that you have a Policy you want to force on a group of mundane generic people. That policy can be anything. It can be the people obeys your religious laws, and pays tithes to you and your priests. It can be that the people obeys your secular laws and pays secular tithes to you and your law priests. It can be that shop owners and residents of a city obeys your rules and pays protection money to you and your fellow racketeers. The first step to making the people to accept this Policy is to first present to them the Bad, Ugly, and Awful imagery. Appealing to their heart-mind and primal side. Why the primal side? Because reason is still a “new” thing, and that primal part of us has had more time to exist, and thus has more power to control us. For instance, Fear is primal. There is a reason why we fear things. It keeps us alive because we stay away from big scary things that can hurt us or dangerous things that can kill us. So can test this out by putting a person who is deathly afraid of heights near a normal 10 foot tall ladder. Then when your test subject is by that ladder, you can proceed to give your friend a well written and cited lecture on how falling 10 feet off a ladder won’t kill him or do much harm. The worst that can happen is he fractures a bone, which heals. Will your friend climb the ladder? There is a battle going on inside him, which is a battle between his more Primal chitta, and his very new faculty of reason/logic. Which of the two will – almost always – win?

Appeal to the people’s primal side. One important thing people fail to see or understand is that when a group of people come together, a Group-Mind is formed. “Think & Grow Rich,” and plenty other books talks about this. It may be very true that you/us; the individual Human; has

reason. But you see, this Group-Mind is an entirely different thing altogether, with its own Nature and psychology. This Group-Mind doesn't function with the same mental dynamics as our own individual mind would. It has its own dynamics and "mechanics." So, the trick is knowing your "audience" in this case. Not the individual humans, but this Group-Mind they are a part of. Make the Bad imagery/glamour look and feel as bad as possible. Jews are not only ugly with big noses, and are not only stingy, but they control the all the banks in Germany and they live in all of the nice houses! They are responsible for everything bad in Germany! Ney, the world! Just like imps and demons are the source of evil on the Christian mythos. Jews want to control you! Make you slaves. The signs are everywhere! Look they even cut the foreskin off non-Jew babies in secular nations! That's proof at the extent of their control dammit! We must be heroes and save the galaxy from Jewry!

Then you give the people [the Group-Mind] the Good and Idealistic stuff. Aryans are wonderful people! Aryans gave the world civilization, not the English. They are supreme! Fuck the Treaty of Versailles! Such a great Aryan race needs a hugely great Thousand Year Reich befitting of the Aryan race!!!

Then you give the people the Solution to the equation. So how do you make this Aryan race and Thousand Year Reich thing happen they ask? Why that's simple: Just make Hilter the leader and kill Jews or course?!

This is just a super simplification for what actually transpired in Germany. The missing element in this Germany case is the Factor of Influence: Hitler himself, and most importantly, "what" he was talking to: not to the "people," but to the invisible collective Group-Mind they were a living part of. In ONA terms, he was speaking to the acausal entity the people are a part of. Which acausal entity has the "power" of influence and control of its physical cells [the individual people]. No idea is worth anything if it can't sell itself and propagate in other minds. Hitler was the leader he was because he had the ability to Speak and via his showmanship [words & charisma] he captivated his audience's imagination [chitta] & emotions [chitta]. We Dream in pictures and feeling. We come into our mortal existence dreaming as babies. We never leave the realm of dreams fully in our mortal life. The power of ideals, ideas, vision, lie in that Dream Factor which is a primeval and constant part of our Beingness. So if we understand this aspect of human nature, then we can learn to take advantage of it.

My friends and I learned about this "acausal" group-mind phenomenon first from the books we read, then from observing people and places. At one time this topic led us into a conversation about a more different approach to civil engineering. The issue were slums and ghettos. My friends and I believed in the past that it was enough to reform a person living in such areas

from criminal behaviour. But as reality shows, reforming the individual doesn't work. As soon as the person returns to his area, he turns back into his old self. How would we fix this issue? The hypothetical answer was that the person wasn't the Cause of the problem, but a visible symptom. The Cause was that the ghetto over time has developed some type of Group-Mind which influences its cells, meaning the people living inside of it. So our idea was that if we wanted to curb crime, we had to break up the coherency of the local residents of this area, and force everybody to relocate to different areas, into neighbourhoods that have healthy Group-Minds. Unfortunately, if you have ever observed neighbourhoods with healthy group-minds, you'll notice that such group-mind seems to have its own immune system and ability to accept and reject cellular units. If you introduce an unfamiliar poor Black family into a health place made up of mostly White residents, you get an immune reaction where the Black family [or Mexican/whatever] is shunned and rejected by the residents.

All of the great Immortals of our human species were bards of the Human Heart and the Collective Psyche. Muhammad and his desert poetry gave a people the idea that they were special to some God. Jesus redeemed his audience with words from a vile state back to a state above the angels. Buddha appealed to the sentiments of his audience by speaking of human suffering. Genghis Khan gave his people a dream to fight for,. George Washington gave his people a dream to fight for. And Martin Luther King Junior gave his downtrodden audience a Dream to strive for. It's in how these people spoke, or actually, what they were singing their ideas to: the Human Heart. Influence doesn't come from an intellectual or lecture.

You as a child or your children don't draft intellectual or philosophical essays to get you to buy them toys. They cry, and if you feel bad because they cry, you might give in and buy the toy. That's influence and manipulation. When these children learn to talk well, instead of crying they might use the sweet talk on you to get you to buy them things. That's influence. It comes naturally to children – to all of us when we were children. We know from instinct to speak to the human heart, and not no faculty of reason or apparatus of philosophy.

Inspiration works in the same primal way. I've never been inspired by reading clinical papers on makeup to buy makeup to use it. I just look at a pretty face that captivates my chitta and want to look as beautiful as her. I don't get inspired from reading a well cited essay from a fashion house to wear their clothes. I see the clothes on a person, it induces a feeling in me, and I go buy. No college lecture written by no scholar inspires you guys to go out and buy your trucks and work out. Who knows why you buy trucks, but a hot girl is all you need to inspire you to work out.

The ideology, philosophy, is for the potential "partyliners" in the public. It calls out a certain

type of person to your inner circle. What do I mean? The doctrine and theology of the Church is not meant for the people. We know this because the shit wasn't even in a common language the people could even understand for hundreds of years. It was in Latin.

Same thing with Nazi ideology. Your everyday common German did not understand – or cared to – the whole doctrine and system of National Socialism. They grasped the basics which made them feel good, which stirred them emotionally, gave them meaning in Self and in Life. But when a person comes to you knowing the entire ideology and doctrine of Hitler's NS from front to back, such a person has a natural dharma for that doctrine. He's got something if he's knows the whole shit right? If a person came up to me knowing every ONA MSS, can describe to me how each of Beesty's tarot card drawings looked, and can explain to me in wonderful [new] detail the mythos of Vindex and the Magian, then this person is no ordinary person. Cuz no ordinary person would care to spend so much time knowing this shit. You have to have some sort of passion or dharma for it, to be spend so much idle time studying everything or to give your life to it. That's the type you hand ONA to, the ones with the natural dharmic passion for it. That's what the doctrine and ideology or philosophy is good for in practical terms. Other wise the mythos, the art, the rituals, rites, and pageantry, the culture and tradition is all the people need to inspire meaning to Self and Life.

Knowing human nature is the trick to influence. Which is why things like psychology, sociology, and anthropology, are subjected studied in Political Science. Having the Wisdom of how things works, allows you to have the know-how to manipulate it. Remember wisdom is applied knowledge. From the word Wise meaning the Ways/Wise of things. Knowing from experience, trial and error, how things work. So you first know something such as human nature. To know basically means such stuff has come into your conscious awareness. Then you mess around with what you know to figure out how it works. You study the car manual first, then get dirty and take things apart in your car. Once you have gained the Practical Wisdom for how the parts of a car works, then you can manipulate your car and trick it out. I know how a computer works. The electricity goes into the CPU chip, there are a bunch of 1's and 0's somewhere, if something doesn't work you hit it, and then you type shit with a keyboard. But I don't have the Wisdom for how a computer actually works. Which is why I can't manipulate my computer like computer geeks can do. So that is the difference between Knowledge and Wisdom. Understanding comes after wisdom, after long time experience.

If you Wisdom the flow of a river, then you can construct a water wheel to exploit the natural flow of the river. If you wisdom the nature of dogs that they can learn tricks if you give them treats and pet them, then you can learn to teach your dog tricks. If you wisdom that the human mind makes its opinions based on not how it objectively sees the world, but on how it subjectively interprets the world, then you can take advantage of that process. Because you now know that the reality of things is not a factor, and so you realize that it is the elements of

the subjective mindscape which causes the formation of opinion, belief and feeling. And once you know that our thoughts and emotions gives rise and influences our actions and behaviour, then you have the basic knowledge of influencing the actions of a person.

In Practice

People should have learned the fundamentals of influence and social skills in high school. Then you build your know-how from that foundation up. It doesn't matter what social arena you are in, whether its campus, the work place, a political party, the military, or whatever. Because you have the same common denominator involved: People.

This first thing I was exposed to in early life which got me interested in influencing people of all things was watching an old black and white episode of Mission Impossible. It was on a weekend and late at night, so I got to stay up to watch TV with my uncle-dad, and he was watch the old Mission Impossible. It came after a black and white old timer TV show about some weird spy guy who knew nothing about anything. Not the Pink Panther.

I couldn't figure out what the show I was watching was about. I wasn't really interested. I just wanted to stay up. The main character reminds me of the guy from the Naked Gun movies, but when he was younger. But the one and only episode of Mission Impossible I watched was about these secret agents who were put on a mission to capture a bad guy living in a trailer in the middle nowhere with bushes and trees. But instead of going in the bad guy's house to handcuff him like I see all the time in Cops [the TV show], these secret agents played tricks on the bad guy's head. The agents were around the house or trailer and doing things to trick the bad guy into hearing and seeing things. That's all I remembered. And I never gave this episode any thought after that until years later when I was in high school. I was watching some old black and white documentary the teacher was playing and a scenery in this documentary triggered a memory of me watching that old Mission Impossible show. So then, armed with a high school level intelligence, I was able to see the value in that old episode, and the new thing I saw changed me inside forever. I saw that the agents in that old episode had used outside stimuli to influence their target to hear, see, and believe things, which in turn influenced the target's behaviour and perception of things. And how people see things [believe] influences their opinions.

That was a high school epiphany for me. I realized that you can manipulate a person's opinions by tricking their mind in how it sees things. And more importantly I connected that

people's positive opinions of you gets you their Favour, and the more favour you had, the more popular you were. And the more popular you were, the more power of influence you had on everybody. And I want that power and influence. Power and influence as in, I tell what to wear to school, where to shop for your clothes, I tell you how to think, who to like, and who to hate. And if you don't do what I say, I'll get my guy friends or chola friends to lynch you.

Here I should define what I mean when I personally use the term "popular" in this essay. By "Popular" I simply mean that the populous [people in general] consider you in their minds, hearts, field of awareness. That's it. That you simply exist [as a coherent and recognizable meme] in the minds or awareness of a people. It does not matter if they – as a collective or loosely associated large group – consider you in a negative way or a positive way. Just as long as a crowd of people considers you. And by "consider," I just mean they think about you, talk about you, or what you did or said, how you dress, whatever. Consider means when you are on their minds, for whatever reason. Because as long as they as a group are fixated on the consideration of you, they spread you as a meme into other people's minds. And that is what I mean by "Popularity." I don't mean it the way it is generally used to suggest that you are liked, admired, and loved by a large number of people. That's a completely different phenomenon. Admiration or even adulation and "popularity" are different terms because they are different things. Their semantic fields may overlap, but they are discernibly different phenomena.

A real quick and easy example to illustrate what "popular" means in this essay and how it works is Hitler. You can go to pretty much any country's people and bring up Hitler, and most often they will recognize the name and person and some historical elements associated with that meme. So Hitler in this case Hitler is a "Popular" icon, meaning that to a group of people, he is simply recognizable or known, in their awareness. We also here know that just because people know him, that they don't always admire him. I think Hitler in most cases produces a different emotional response. But the trick to all this is that the "meme" of Hitler, due to the popularity it has, bounces from mind to mind, across one generation to another. And once in a while that meme sinks into the right minds, you see. And so we have this real phenomenon where even after 70 years since world war 2, and even after Hitler and his regime politically failed; Hitler's words, rhetoric, and propaganda still infects receptive minds across Time. Which is why National Socialism has not gone extinct, and will continue to propagate as a memplex, so long as the mass continues to bounce that memehook around. You don't kill weeds by scattering their seeds.

Back in high school I had a great source of insight to learn how to influence people: Celebrities. I learned from just simply studying celebrities like musicians how their popularity has the power of influence over their groups of people who also like or admire them. So here's a real example. You have these very popular hip hop artists who used to wear a line of clothing

called Fubu remember? For Us, By Us? So these Fubu wearing hip hop artists got all popular, and all these African Americans began wearing Fubu also, making Fubu a multibillion dollar brand. You see these other types of more hard core rappers wearing sports jerseys in their videos, and then you start seeing all these people in public life wearing sports jerseys also, all blinged out as well. Or when alternative groups like Nirvana and Pearl Jam came out with their grungy wardrobe, you see people who listen to those popular groups wear grunge also. Heavy metal groups have long hair, and so the people who listen to that genre wear their hair long also. So that's what I mean by Power of Influence, like you wear what I tell you to wear. It actually doesn't work to directly tell and demand that people dress like you or else. You have to play games with them like this, and if you got the Game, people just do what you do without being told.

This social phenomenon is called "Association By Proxy." In one sense if you have a well liked celebrity, this celebrity is only one person and their fanbase is many. So the fanbase associates with the celebrity by proxy. By adopting what the celebrity wears, talking like the celeb, and so on. In another sense we have a natural desire to be identified with things or others which/who reflects us. If we like Communism, we desire to be identified with it. But since Communism isn't a thing, we associate with it by proxy. We may wear or use its symbolism for example, and so on. Things like Satanism and Christianity have several means for people to associate with them by proxy, the symbolism, the mythos, the demonym, identifying core beliefs, etc. The more a person can identify with such things, the more ideas the person will adopt from these things.

LaVey doesn't have to tell you to think like him. He had Game and marketed himself very well for many years. His market thinks like him and beliefs what he has written without being told to do so. And so the most productive way to get a people to adopt your policies is to "maneuver" that people in such a way such that they willingly adopt the policy on their own, so "popularity" in conjunction with being liked or admired is a means to do this. And the most powerful and fascinating aspect of this Game of power of influence is you cannot snap one of them out of it. What I mean is you can't go up to a LaVeyan Satanist and tell them or reason with them that all the ideas they have were put their by LaVey. What they will do is rationalize and justify things to themselves in the same way Christians "rationalize" out the things in their theology which don't make logical sense. Like why angels have wings if they are spirits and weight nothing? They'll do their own brainwashing to keep themselves fixated to their chosen sect. You see this bizarre phenomenon of mind with the Jehovah's Witness, and other dooms day sects.

Like this one recent sect I read about lead by a crazy lady. It was a dooms day UFO "cult," and the lady taught her followers that at a certain day of a certain year the space brother will come in a ship to teleport them to a new world to save them from a dying earth. So the

followers were urged to sell all they owned. When the special day came nothing happened. So you would think that logically the followers would leave the cult. But they didn't. Instead the leader lady invented an excuse where she said that the space brothers did not come because their group had filled the world with so much light and wisdom, that it saved the world. And so, the followers emotionally and psychologically believed this as a mental means to mask out the inconsistency of a failed prophesy. But what is a better, more real world example of this Mission Impossible method in use large scale wise? North Korea.

I recently watch on the Japanese station [18.2] at work a really fascinating hour long documentary about North Korea. The documentary was about political leaders in Japan getting worried about North Korea, so the show interviewed all of these political scientists and intelligence agents from different countries about North Korea and specifically about the old regime and what they were doing to maintain power. So the documentary was studded with people who specialized in this field in the real world, and not just random crazy people with an opinion. The show was subtitled in English. I used to like political science, but after watching that documentary, I really, really love political science now. I found the whole documentary fascinating because it reveals the inner mechanics [behind the scenes perspective] of a regime struggling to survive the death of its central personality. With that idea of a regime struggling to survive its central personality, I took what I would learn personally because of ONA reasons some will understand.

The doc started out briefly informing you of the history of how North Korea became North Korea, who founded it and stuff. Then it focuses on Kim Jung Il [the late Supreme Leader]. The very fascinating parts started when Kim Jung Il had children because the interviewer in the doc began asking all of these politicians, political scientists, and intelligence agents, what was going on in Jung Il's mind and how did he eventually decide on a successor. One of the political scientists [an Englishman] said in English that the fact that North Korea has a de facto dynasty is unheard of in any socialist country, and that it inadvertently redefines or challenges the meaning of socialism. Which I thought was funny.

An American intelligence agent from the CIA was asked who, if anybody, Jung Il was considering of being his successor. So this agent told us that they knew that Jung Il had 4 wives and each had a number of children. The agent said that from what secret intelligence they gathered they over heard that one day Jung Il had gone to have dinner with a friend who was a very high ranking official in China. This friend asked Jung Il which of his children would succeed him. So Jung Il told his friend he wasn't sure. Jung Il said that only two of his children have a passion for politics and showed interest, the rest were doing their own things and wanted nothing to do with politics. The two were a girl and a boy. Jung Il told his friend that he'll have to wait and see which of the two was really into politics and state affair. The American agent ended his information saying that this was all they had at the time, which was

not verified [the conversation that allegedly took place].

Later on the doc interviewed a few people asking why so much time took place before Jung II found a successor. The scientists and politicians hypothesized that maybe before Jung II was sick that things were well, so Jung II did not see a realistic need for a successor, so the idea was unimportant. One intelligence agent add that they believe Jung II put off the idea of a successor also to insure that he still had retention of his power over the regime and country, since the naming of a successor could cause a division in the regime regarding loyalties and personal sentiments.

Then the doc turned a sharp corner so to speak, and Jung II is now oddly sick all of a sudden. It was unexpected for every body said one of the intelligence agents. What happened – based on intelligence data – was that Jung II suffered two strokes and his liver failed. They knew this because a French doctor was phoned in the middle of the night to fly immediately to North Korea, and he wasn't told why, but that North Korea knew he was an expert in a medical field they urgently needed.

The French doctor was actually interview. The doctor stated that Jung II was unconscious, and in the room were some officials and Jung II's daughter and son. The French doctor oddly commented on the son stating that he found the son to be very polite and well mannered, looked understandably very sad and afraid for his father, but tried to smile at him [the doctor] when they shook hands. And when the son spoke to the doctor, the son used a polite soft voice and often bowed his head. The son is Kim Jung Un, the soon to be successor.

Very odd demeanor for a dictator stated a political scientist regarding Kim Jung Un, and an intelligence agent stated that if Jung Un were to be the successor, that they would have to train him, but said the agent, there may be not enough time to train Jung Un for the job, thus, the regime would be in danger, if Jung II dies. The agents knew that he was getting dialysis once every two days, which in medical terms meant his chances of dying were good.

The intelligence community stated that soon after Jung II got better, he held a secret meeting with his sister, an uncle, one of his wives, and his son Jung Un. The meeting was about making Jung Un the "leader" in the public's eyes, or the "successor." Jung II's sister rejected the idea stating that Jung Un was far too young for the role. The uncle who was a top ranking member of the regime and military also rejected the idea for the same reasons, adding that Jung Un just simply has not done anything to give him a name and credibility to the military.

But after the meeting, the family agreed to make Jung Un the successor. So then the documentary focused on the very fascinating training process of Jung Un from polite and gentle boy to a dictator, and even more fascinating the doc showed the little techniques the regime used to induce [influence] the populous to see Jung Un as the next leader.

One technique the regime used was the old “Guilt By Association” routine. This was when the Supreme Leader had his son Jung Un at every important meeting and public event, even when Jung Un’s presents was absolutely unnecessary. This way, the military, regime, and public over time gets use to seeing Jung Un at important events concerning the State.

One of the agents then stated that all of a sudden, after being made a general of the military, the Supreme Leader for some bizarre reason made the heir [Jung Un] the overseer of amusement parks. He was put in charge of inspecting public parks and theme parks. The doc asks a political scientist why on earth a soon to be dictator of a nation should have the odd chore of watching over communist Disney Lands? The political scientists stated that it was a ploy the regime was using to manipulate the public in a certain way. An agent shared the information that in one incident Jung Un had made a surprise visit to the equivalent of North Korea’s disney land. At this amusement park Jung Un goes into a fit over the condition of the park and yells at the workers and military personnel demanding things be fixed. He added that amusement parks for the people shouldn’t be in such neglected conditions. And he did all this in front of lots of people [civilians/citizens]. So the agents and political scientists stated that this was an example of gradually conditioning the public to perceive Jung Un as an assertive leader type of person who has the best interest of the people.

This other agent gave the secret – and odd – data that at one time in the early stages of Jung Un’s training as heir dictator the regime members had asked the young Jung Un to cut his hair, and Jung Un refused stating that he kind of liked the way his hair looked. But after a secret meeting, Jung Un is seen with a new hair due, which is the one he wears today. So I’m racking my brain trying to figure out what the hell a hair cut has to do with manipulating public opinion?! Before the doc tells why!

It turns out that Jung Un’s grandfather – the revolutionary hero and founder of North Korea – had that same hair due which he wore all his life. That’s when the doc got more interesting for me. The regime was gradually making Jung Un a replica of his grandfather to tap into the old hero worshiping sentiments of the populous. The doc showed pictures of Jung Un’s grandfather as he was dressed, and in public Jung Un is seen wearing the same style of clothing. The doc then shows a before footage of how Jung Un used to walk, then showed an old footage of how his grandfather walked, and after training Jung Un is seen in public walking

exactly like his grandfather.

Then Jung Un's first public speech was looked at. I saw nothing remarkable. I actually thought he had very bad public speaking skills because his head was down reading his paper and he never made eye contact with the crowd or camera. The intelligence agents and political scientists pointed out something I would have never noticed. They zoomed in on how Jung Un was rocking back and forth while he was making his speech. So I'm trying to figure out what rocking back and forth did to the people. It turns out that Jung Un's grandfather had an odd habit of rocking back and forth while he was giving his speeches.

So one of the agents said that its as if the North Korean regime were trying to make the public believe that Jung Un is the reincarnation of their beloved hero and leader [Jung Un's grandfather]. This was ultimately because since the young and gentle Jung Un did not himself have the qualities of a dictator, the regime had to superimpose the Grandfather's characteristics onto Jung Un to influence the public to see Jung Un as one with the qualities a leader and hero. The military and old folks in the regime were put in charge of training Jung Un to act like the grandfather. Why? Not just to influence or manipulate the collective perception in the people, but more importantly because Jung Un was their key to maintaining group coherency, enough to maintain their power over the people. It was the only choice the regime had if all regime members desired to keep their power and status after Jung Il dies, and he did. So the person of Jung Un to the collective regime is the means the regime uses to influence and manipulate the minds, emotions, and perception of its people.

Another trick you can learn from watching this documentary concerns popularity. If the case is you are not popular to a populous [people], you can always fake popularity. Which is what the North Korea regime has been doing with Jung Un. You'll see in every instance and opportunity that the media and regime praises Jung Un, grafts him into fantastical mythos and narratives, mentions his name and "accomplishments" whenever they can. In effect, the people are given reasons to consider Jung Un. And they really have no choice, since the regime controls the media [information circuit] and Jung Un's face and name is made to saturate their society. So you'll notice that in the real world, these techniques are super complicated. They are actually simple. The main idea is to learn how to use these simple techniques on different people and different situations to gain a practical experience of how people and these techniques work. This practical wisdom can only come with trying and failing, and learning from your own failures.

Trial & Error

Knowing somethings about how politics works from hearing talk from old people in my family, and knowing a few things about advertising and marketing from reading written material is one thing. Putting all that theoretical and abstract stuff to practical use to make results is a bitch beset with tons of failures and missteps. Luckily cyberspace is a great place to find all sorts of groupings of people to experiment these theories on for the practical wisdom. When I say "practical wisdom" here, what I mean is you know when you've tried something and it works and you know how it works, so you nod your head, touch your chin, and say to yourself: "Um-hmm, so that's how it works." That's Practical Wisdom. To See what was once an idea or theory in functioning practical motion.

Cyberspace is also great sandbox to experiment and learn from mistakes from because when you do make mistakes and fail, you can virtually start over with an entirely new nym and identity and new group of people. And the best part is, you keep what you have learned and learn from the mistakes you have made. You can also create multiple characters and have each character test different theories out on the very same people in those forums. So you take everything you learn and begin to put the wisdom into a project that really means something to you.

An example of trial and error, and learning from trail and error would be me learning how to download and implement torrents. I usually go to isocunt or the piratebitch for my torrents. In the early days what happened was I downloaded what looked like a confusing program to install. It came with all of these instructions, like you had to put the shit together yourself. You had to change a host file, delete some dildo file [.dll] and put in a dummy dildo file. Seeing all those written instructions is one thing. Learning the practical side of following the instructions, and more importantly why each of those things must be done is another thing. I didn't know what or where the host file in my computers were. And I'm the type to reject instructions cuz I "know better," even though I don't know shit about computers and programs. I'm just cool like that.

So I used to ask myself in a smartass way: "Why do I need to change some host file," or "Why do I have to change the real dildo file for a dummy one?" And so I won't do what the instructions tell me. So when the program doesn't work, I go do what was told and figure out the Why of thing on my own. That's when I do the chin touching, head nodding, and thinking to myself: "Oh I see, so that's how these things work. The instruction guy was right!" Cuz now I know how the inner working of the program works, in a very amateurish way. So that's Practical Wisdom. Knowledge is having read the instructions. Wisdom is that "Uh-hmm" factor you get From [because of] the experience of following the instructions and learning how and why things work. Understanding is when you're a pro at something and you can say to a

novice: "That's ain't gunna do shit! Give me that, I'll show you how a real lady pleases a woman!" I never noticed it before, but one time a good guy friend of mine point out to me saying: "Why do you touch your chin when you ponder as if you had a beard." I never knew I did it, and I still don't know why.

Once you have the Practical Wisdom of something then the Understanding develops. Understanding is when you over and over again mess around with something until you "know/buddhi" – intuit [sans thinking] – how something works. You can't say you Understand boys or girls until you've had many practical experiences with them. This doesn't mean your experiences were all good. You don't actually learn anything from a good going relationship. It's when you fail or make mistakes that you learn. Because that's when you reflect and ask what went wrong. That's when you can say you Understand relationships. If things are good, we usually don't take notice of things. You can stand in front of a boiling pot of water that is boiling well all day and if you never make the mistake of touching that pot, you'll never know it burns. It's when you have gained an Understanding of something or someone that you then have the know-how of tweaking or manipulation.

I have this one computer "game" called Darwin Bots, which is actually an evolution simulator thing. You have these bubbles which represents creature. Each creature comes with a text file which is its genes or DNA. You run the game and the creatures actually come to life, since it's an artificial life game. I love those types of things. The longer you run the game, the more new "species" evolve, and you can check their DNA to see what changed. There is this species of plants called the Red Queen, which is an algae that over time ends up dominating the pond. And an animal species called the Republican Hive which breeds hugely fast and they hive attack and kill every living thing in the pond. Part of the game is to compete creatures you make with these old school tested creature.

So I didn't know shit about computer programs, or the programming language this Darwin Bots game uses. But I wanted to learn to make my own creature to fight the Republican Hive since nothing seems to out do them. My idea was I wanted to take the Red Queen species' genes and manipulate them to make a new creature which hive breed like the Republican Hive and which shoots out poison and viruses like other algae do. So to gain the Practical Wisdom, what I did was I first spent time watching these thing evolve, and I'd then study what changed in their gene programming and where, and what the changes did different to the creatures. After I got fairly familiar with that I started messing around with the actual programs. First I just deleted a single number from a line and watched what that did if anything. Usually things go wrong and the creature malfunction in the pond. That's when I learn what those numbers actually do. Gradually I learned how to manipulate how much a creature eats, how many offspring it has, if its solitary or collective, where to graft in genes to make it a toxic algae, and so on.

I ended up with something close to my end goal, which I named the Amazoan Collective, from Amazons + Protozoan + the Borg Collective. So I cleared the pond and made an ecosystem and placed in the Red Queen and my Amazoans to see what happens. All my Amazoans started spawning hordes and hordes of hives and they were all spitting out poison and viruses and the Red Queens ended up dying. So I put my Amazoans up against the dreaded Republican Hive. My species got obliterated by the Republican Hive in a matter of seconds. What was wrong was that my species initially hyper-bred many offspring, but after the third generation or so – which happens in seconds – none of them bred and they just die out. I couldn't figure out which gene program makes a plant continuously breed. So I got so frustrated I just deleted the whole game. But you most often learn from things that go wrong, because such situations make you ask why. And once you know the Why part, you can manipulate things.

Learning how to influence people – subtly – works in the same manner. Being on good terms when things are good doesn't teach you anything about people. It's when you make mistakes, fail, stumble, then ask why. Like a question I often asked in the very early days: "Why didn't these people join our WSA?" Nobody in the early days 4 years ago wanted to join WSA. Why did we fail? Why don't they want to join? What's the difference between our WSA and whatever group they joined? What are those "other guys" doing right that we are doing wrong? There are still old posts in random myspace groups from 5 years back where you can find posts made by my friends and I where we directly ask people to just simply join our WSA group, and we gave them links. Of course people laughed and didn't join. So we failed, miserably. But: Why?

I was watching a show on the Japanese station about some historic war the Japanese had with the Russians. I loved the part in the movie where the Japanese had taken the North part of the Japan chain of islands and this one Russian soldier is running down a hall to inform his superiors. The door opens to show a large wooden desk in a room packed with generals and the soldier says to the top general at the head of the table: "Sir, the Japanese have taken the North!" The general goes quiet and leans back in his chair, then takes a calm deep breath. Then he says calmly to his associates at the desk: "War is like breathing. There is a time to breath in, and a time to breath out." The general then gets up to look at the map behind him, but before he turns he tells the soldier at the door: "I want to know how they took the North." So this general from his long time experience with war understands that in war, there are times you will win, and times you will lose. A time to charge, and a time to retreat. A time to be on the offensive, and a time to be on the defensive. And his final question/demand reflect his wisdom, where he desires to know how or why things went wrong, to gain the Understanding.

In the book Think And Grow Rich, Mr. Hill tells you that Failure is a blessing in disguise. Those who are defeated by failure will never past that limit. Those who are afraid of failure, will never go beyond their default limits. The few who aren't afraid to fail, who learn from their failures, and get up and try again and again, end up succeeding in life. Failure is Nature's test. It either crushes you, or elevates you, depending on the worth of your internal makeup, your Physis. The Fruit which you reap in the End is not only Nature's reward to you, but also the Proof of your worth. Word and Action doesn't prove anything practical or real according to oriental thinking. The End Results do.

Staying with the war theme, there was a book [Chinese philosophy] I read about people's worth and character. It said that War is the realest arena to test and prove a man's character and worth. Because when a man [a general] fails in war, nothing he can say to excuse himself works, because the casualties speaks of the man's ineptness. In war, the worth of a man is in the end results in the battlefield. But the book says that in other arenas outside war, man can lie to others and to himself. If he is inept and worthless he can simply cover up his ineptness by making up excuses. And he can brag about himself to make it appear as if he is worth something. So the book tells you that in ancient times when a general goes to the Emperor to ask for more men, the emperor simply cuts the general's head off knowing that the general is inept, and replaces him with a general who has proven his skill [via end results] in the battlefield.

We started off years ago on myspace and small forums in cyberspace wanting to grow our WSA. But we failed, and failed, year after year. Each failure was a stumbling block. We just got back up, dusted ourselves off, asked why we failed, learned from our mistakes, and tried again. And so over the years it got to the point where we were getting all sorts of people wanting to join the WSA so often we had to close membership and just let the WSA atrophy offline. Growing some WSA was no longer important. Because over the years – and after the many failures – we had learned a few somethings of value. And so we brought what we learned and used it for the ONA.

One of our first mistakes we made which I clearly remember was that when ever somebody said something critical of our WSA we just started bitch fights all over the place. It wasn't until a old WSA associate we knew back then whom we met 4 years ago who went by the nym PansGirl had pointed out somethings to us that we were doing something wrong. PansGirl basically told us that instead of bitch fight every single person for uttering a critical remark about WSA, why not take what they say as constructive criticism so we can see our own weak spots to fix them, that way the WSA gets better in time. She had a big point. So ever since then we did what she said and we stopped flame warring with people who said stuff about WSA. We first learned to listen and consider what they said, even if they lacked communication skills to state their grievances in a nice or productive manner. Then we learned to see our own weak

spots, and we fixed them.

So a real example was the critical remark many people made in those early days when they criticized us [WSA] for having retards for members [online affiliates]. Okay, fine, we said, that's fair. I personally liked the people who associated with us, so I won't personally judge their level of intelligence, but fine. So we gradually learned how to draw in smart people. That weak spot was fixed.

Then others attacked us saying that our WSA was crap because we were just a forum with zero teachings, no doctrines, and nothing to our name but a name. Okay fine, that's fair, and true. So we fixed that and started to compile our own corpus of teachings. That bug was fixed.

This idea of listening to what the Market had to say and fixing weak spots they spotted worked so well for our WSA that we did something extra to invite critical remarks. We wanted more people to give us their critical remarks, but it's lame to go up to somebody and ask them to evaluate WSA. They'd think you were lame and just dismiss you. So we played games, which were fun, and educational. What we did was we made all these fake accounts in many different forums and we posed as anti-WSA users. So in these forums we'd pretend to not like the WSA, and actually talk shit about it. The idea was to inspire third part talk, where the other users joins in the thread to also talk shit about WSA. Which was what we wanted. Cuz when they talk shit, the smart ones actually knowingly or unknowingly points out weak spots we may not have seen.

The reason why you need outsiders pointing weak spots out is because when you are an inside member of a something, you can't see it objectively, you see it as an indoctrinated member [idealistically]. It's like you can't smell your own body odor, but others can. But you keep in mind that those same outsiders represents a section of the market you actually want to tap into. They might not present their critique nicely, but when they do, they often pepper what they say unconsciously with what they need or want to see. So the more they critique and the more you learn to change things to the trends of the market, the more your product actually sells.

You'd probably wonder why trends in the market is a significant deal. I'll explain why its a big deal. Why are familiar things like news papers, the yellow pages, and more interestingly the US Postal Service dying out? I recently read a very good article about the US Post Service on Forbes explaining why they were cutting down on employees, dropping offices, and just

withering away.

The issue is that at some point in the 90's something new and very under-estimated crept its way into the reality of our human civilization as we once knew it. This under-estimated thing ended up being called the Internet. So at first all of these pre-Internet corporations just dismissed the Internet thing. Then the email thing came. Why is email an issue? Because emails is what is killing the Post Office. Not killing, but pushing the Post Office further and further into Irrelevancy, which in corporate terms means bankruptcy.

The problem for the Post Service was that they failed to recognize the potential of the internet as a shift in the market. They assumed that everybody would need to send mail in the mail box. But others Post Office like companies saw this potential shift and acted accordingly. One such company was FedEx, which bought out Kinko's and started incorporating the Internet into their repertoire service to customers. The USPS reacted too late said the Forbes article. They started to try to make changes too late, because by the time the USPS saw the need to change, the newly shifted market had already been dominated by corporations which offered what the USPS wanted to offer. Is shifts in the market or market trends a big deal? Fuck yeah it is. The USPS makes how much money annually, and has been around for how long??? And a simply failure to move with the shift in the market is now killing it.

The internet caused a big evolutionary shift in the market. Its why News Paper companies like those classic big wigs like the New York Times etc, are dying because of irrelevancy and doom of bankruptcy. Why buy a new paper which costs money and kills trees, why yahoo bombs your page with news for free? Who the hell uses a yellow page phone book to find shit, when Google does it faster and better, with a map and talking navigator? What's the common thing you hear the old folks in the X generation and backwards say about the internet? They say: "It's fake." And its that same dismissive mentality which fucked up the USPS, costing thousands of employees their jobs and ultimately changing the landscape or commercial topography of America. Niche markets have a thing for growing big in a generation or three and replacing old and out dated markets.

Blockbusters is a good example of failure with niche markets. Remember Blockbusters? They rented movies in these video things that went into your VCR player. The internet was in their face, and they didn't know what to do with it or know why to even react. But there was a niche market that cracked open because of the internet. NetFlix found that niche. So then what happened? NetFlix grew huge, and Blockbusters could no longer compete. Each year that past made NetFlix bigger, brought more copy-cat internet movie dealers, and Blockbusters became more, and more irrelevant to general society. Then what? Then they lost billions, had to close

many stores, lay off many employees, and went bankrupt. Then what? Then, now we see Blockbusters struggling to have an internet presence where they are doing what NetFlix does. Except, its now too late. The Internet changed the landscape forever, and those who can adapt – and become adept – of the changes develop or evolve to dominate the new market.

Those who are into the satanic subculture today even knows that the old school Church of Satan organization the way it existed pre-Internet era is today irrelevant. Sure, way back in the day you might have needed to fork over the money to be a member so you can meet other satanist. But this Internet thing has changed the landscape. And we know it has. Social media and forums now takes the place of those old school pre-internet organizations. And we know which ones are out doing the other. You either adapt to the changes, or die out. And we see that the Church of Satan has tried to keep up with the changes. They have their websites and LtD forum, and so on. The odd thing is that, many of us see that the internet has changed things, that old school institutions have adapted to these changes, but for some reason, we still talk trash about the internet and those “Internet Satanist.” Not realizing that the internet is today a living part of our lives and human civilization. It’s not only going to stay, but it will evolve, and change the non-cyberspace world. And we’ve even see this already happening where folks online spread information about protests and new to their peers in those Islamic countries that experienced those revolts.

When we say “market” what we mean are people’s heads, and the money [or social capital] attached to those heads if your a business. People grow old, they die, new generations come. The new generations have a different outlook on life, different likes and dislikes, and different needs and values. Old folks might not like the internet and believe it to be fake. But those of us born and raised during the post-internet era feel the internet to be as real as television, cable, cars, and WalMart. It’s just an aspect of contemporary society or an extensions of it, and it’s not going anywhere.

So that should tell you something about getting critical remarks from people. Which market sector are you getting your criticism from? The incoming market sector [new generation] or the outgoing sector [old generation]? The outgoing market may have wisdom because they have been around longer, but they may criticize because things are just different and they just don’t like change. Whereas the incoming market sector may not be very wise, and what they say as far as critical remarks may be stupid, but what they say between “the lines” offers clues into potential shifts in the market. It’s not what a Y generation dude says, its Why they are saying it. Why would a group of 20 year old Satanists critically state that they don’t like the Church of Satan. Why is the old school institution of Satanism inadequate in the eyes and hearts of this new incoming market sector? They express a need beneath their critical statements. If that need is unattended to by these old institutions, then they will go else where to satiate that need or want. That’s when the “market shifts.”

A pretty good practical example of a shift in market trends in the subculture of Satanism is honourific titles. It used to be that in the old days using big titles like “High Priest,” “Grand Wizard,” and stating that you were the “Grand Master” of your own coven was marketable. The superficial décor of authority and respectability sold in that old market. But then a new generation came, and this generation found it very silly for dummies to have stupid titles which are empty. So you see that the majority of the subculture shifted in tandem to the new market trend. And more interestingly you can find out of touch groups of Satanists who still use that old market programming, where they still use great big titles to garner respect and feign authority. So where is the “market” now investing the bulk of its social capital? Not in the groups which still uses big goofy titles. We know this because, its almost standard that those groups that have a leader with a dumb goofy title, only can muster 5 active [responsive/alive] members. But why is this important and topical? Because if you are irrelevant to any market, then what real influence do you have?

Another early mistake we made – as was mentioned – was that we directly just asked people to join our WSA. But nobody did, and they laughed. We couldn’t figure out why. Until one of our early WSA members from Mexico pointed out to us brilliantly that in any groupings of people there is something called social dynamics. And so if it is lame and laughable for you to go up to somebody in high school and ask them to be your friend, then it’s also lame and laughable to ask people to join your cult or gang, or whatever. People have to want to be associated with you. That’s when I said: “Oh! Just like high school!”

In high school when you want to be friends with the popular kids to be popular yourself, there are tricks to doing it. Not many have the natural instinctual know-how of how that social dynamics works, but those that do know how it works, works it to their own advantage.

My friends at my school called the strategy used to get in with the popular crowd “Zigzagging.” These were jocks who played football, so the term zigzagging comes from how when they have the ball instead of running straight to the goal, you zigzag across the field so the bad guy team doesn’t catch you.

So on practical terms, if a guy has the objective of being friends with the popular guys on campus, he has to zigzag in that clique social framework. This means he first has to find the lowest ranking opposite gender member of that clique and establish a connection with this girl. Why do this? For two reasons. The first reason is that if you are a guy and you approach a low ranking guy in that social order and make friends with him, you might get stuck in that rank and

more importantly the guys above you in that group might feel you as a threat because you are a new comer. The second reason is if you are a guy its easier to work your charm on a girl. But you don't want to talk to the low ranking girl in front of her popular friends, otherwise the top guys will see you as a threat since your "taking" females that "belong" to them or their group.

Once you establish a working rapport with the lowest ranking girl, you zag to the guy friends she has just above her in the ranking system. This has to be done by her introducing you to these guy friends. You cannot intrude into their clique even if you have made friends with the low bitch and act like you are friends with the other guys. The girl has to introduce you physically, after she has spent some time saying nice things about you, which is a way to tell the guys in her clique that you're not a threat to whatever they have established. This is where house parties comes into play in this social setting. It provides the setting for the girl to physically introduce you to her guy friends. You stay away for the time being from the top ranking friends and now start to develop a friendship with the lowest ranking male just above the lowest ranking girl you were friends with. Then you can zigzag your way like that up each notch one at a time slowly and carefully. The higher up you go, the less you are socially "allowed" by default to interact with the top ranking girls, because they are already "claimed," by the popular boys, whom you want to be friends with. So you don't want to do anything to step on their toes. They might kick your ass.

Girls zigzag the same way in a clique to get popular. Except in the beginning you charm the lowest ranking boy in the clique. You stay clear away from the other girls. Cuz they will mad dog you and talk shit about you, since to them you are a threat to their shit. Once you've made friends with a low ranking guy, then it is okay for the low ranking girls to react and talk shit about you, because the guy friend now supports you. Then you zag to the girl just above the guy in rank after he has introduced you to everyone at a party. The higher up you move, the less allowance you have in making friends with all the top guys. This is because the other girls will see you as a threat.

When you zigzag or are at parties trying to make friends you do something called "mirroring." This is when you adopt the same body language the clique uses, or the girls in the clique uses; drink what they drink, smoke what they smoke. Or if the girls don't smoke, then you don't either. Adopt the in-group words they use, and just pretend like you understand everything they say and have done everything they have done. What is mirroring actually? It's actually when you adopt a group's Culture. You are showing the members of this group that you honestly want to be a part of their group to the point where you speak their language, dress like them, listen to their music, and eat what they eat.

This works in real life in much bigger arenas. For instance in most of Asia, the typical Asian [in Asia] who come from areas outside the big tourist spots don't like foreigners. So when you are White and you travel away from general tourist spots you stand out and the populous does not like you. It's not that they are mean intentionally. It's just primate nature. You obviously not only look different, but you are also apparently not from the area. You are a threat or they do not trust you instinctively. Nobody wants to talk to you, and nobody is definitely going to offer their daughter up for you to marry.

But there are tons of White people that learn Japanese, or Chinese, Thai, or Khmer. And when we first see a White guy talk our language at first its innocently amusing. But that amusement is like an icebreaker because now the people don't feel you are a threat. You took the time to learn to speak their language. That means something. So that's when you can build a deeper rapport with the locals to earn their trust and familiarity. So when you adopt more of their culture, they warm up to you more, and they interpret that as you desiring to sincerely be a part of their people or culture. That's when you can go "native" and are accepted by the people as being "one of them," regardless of your skin color or hair color. The best place to see this in historic action is the old and great movie: "Laurence Of Arabia." The guy is English, he's a colonialist, none of the natives likes him or trusts him. He learns the language, learns the religion, dresses like everybody, eats what they eat, and gradually earns the native's trust. In the end he was not only accepted in heart by the natives as being one of them, but he was respected and honoured as one of their heros.

This same phenomenon can be observed in monkeys. I watched a cool nature show on PBS once where the English narrator and his camera team was following a troop of baboon around Africa. In the documentary when this troop had rested in a plain somewhere, in the far distance was another troop of baboons who had some drama. What happened in the other troop was a young female baboon got caught having sex with a low ranking male. The alpha male and the females in the troop chased this young baboon out of the troop and shunned her. If she remains alone in the desert she would die.

So this young girl baboon wandered around and found the troop the film crew was following. What this shunned baboon did was – devoid of social skills – just moved right along into the new troop like she belonged in it. All the other female baboons reacted violently and chased her. She went back and tried again to join their troop and met up with the same violent reaction. The troop wouldn't let her join for some reason. Defeated and beaten up, she sat by herself in the desert as the troop moved on. And she died.

Later on this same troop made "camp" in a new place. Luckily for the film crew a similar

incident happened with a troop in the distance. This time an older female baboon was chased out of her home troop for having sex with some guy baboon other than the alpha male. So she left into the desert and saw the troop the film crew were following. She did something unusual, or something you would not expect. She just sat in the distance from the troop by herself and did not make any moves.

When the troop moved on, this rejected baboon lady followed the troop from behind, being very careful to keep her distance. If the troop rested and they looked at her the lady baboon gets up and walks away a bit. But each day she's try to get just a little closer to the troop. So one day unexpectedly, a female from the troop walked over to the outcasted baboon female who was now very close to the troop. The female from the troop sat herself in front of the shunned baboon, back turned to the shunned one. And the shunned one carefully gets close to the other baboon and begins to go through her fur to pick the lice and ticks. Grooming as its sometimes called is a way they make friends. The groomed female then grooms the shunned female, and after that the female from the troop leads the shunned one into the troop. And the troop does not react negatively. They seemed to be more curious, but acceptant. It may seem as if the female baboon from the troop did an altruistic thing in making friends with the new comer. What is really happening is that the female was a low ranking female who needs more allies if she herself desires to climb ranks. So the new comer was an opportunity to make a new ally. But for the new comer, the low ranking female was an opportunity to be a member of a group to survive.

In my new high school where I didn't know anybody, I "instinctively" used the same method the second female baboon did. When you go to a new school, or are in the presence of a new set of people, you are an outsider and must start at the very bottom and approach the social group very, very carefully. For the first few days I didn't talk to anybody. I knew enough from my old school that asking random people to be my friends immediate kills your social credibility. The object was to make friends, but how. After studying the "landscape" of the new campus to figure out who's who and what's what, I figured my best option was to make friends with the delinquent Asian crowd. So I picked a low ranking Asian boy with baggy pants. You can tell they are low ranking boys because the other boys will sort of tease them and then pat them on the back to let them know its all for fun. So I talked to the target I picked and during my conversation I just tried to find anything we had in common that interested him. I suspected based on how he looked an acted that he'd be into Asian gangs or tagger crews, which I was familiar with. Fortunately he and I had cousins and friends in the same Vietnamese gang. And that shared commonality was all I needed to start zigzagging.

But why be "popular?" Because the more popular you are, the more power of influence you have. The more you are known in a group, the more you can assert your policies. That's the very basics of "politics" from the broom Handle perspective: the assertion of your policies on a

group of people. You don't vote for nobodies, you vote for the most popular, who then get to assert their foreign and domestic policies on citizens and the world at large. When some nobody tells you to buy his computers you laugh. When Steve Jobs shows you his new computer its sells a billion dollars worth. When some nobody with a forum asks us to join his new Satanic organization we laugh. When Anton LaVey presents his Satanic Bible, you become Satanists.

When celebs get fat injected into their lips, you do to. When they get Botox, so do you. When some Asian nobody eats fish eggs you don't. When the rich and popular eats caviar, you want to also. You laugh when backwards people eat snails. You wine and dine at fancy restaurants and order Escargot. You don't buy cheap tee-shirts at the WalMart, but you will drive to LA to buy a \$100 tee-shirts because its the same brand someone famous and popular wears. Nobody cares what kind of gloves a nobody golfer wears. When Tiger Woods wears Nike golf gloves, so do you. The more popular you are, the less you need to actually force your policies onto the people, because they will willingly follow those policies. Nike doesn't have to tell you to buy their shit. You will willingly buy it because you like Tiger Woods. If you are not known and popular, you fake it, just like North Korea is doing with Jung Un.

That's a game we played 4 years ago, when nobody knew WSA, or cared to know. So the end objective is to have people care to know what WSA is. How do you do that? The policy is for them to give a shit enough to care. How to you induce the people to accept that policy? Well, you can look at North Korea, or any dictatorship. In that arena you have 3 parties involved. The first party is the dictator, Jung Un in this case. Second party are the people in the loop which are the regime and military for Jung Un. The "Third Party" is the intended audience. You can see the regime hype up Jung Un, his face is everywhere, the army is seen praising him as the new supreme leader. All that is an in-party circuit, its fake, in other words. The in-party circuit is to induce the public [the Third Party] to see Jung Un as being popular. That's why in classic dictatorships you will see the leader's face plastered on every other wall in the nation. He's hated and not liked, but oh well, he can fake being popular by flooding the nation with his face.

This is the same shit you use in high school. You wanna be popular, you generate third party talk so the students on campus will just talk about you. They will say both good and bad things, but just get them talking about you. If you want to shoot down a rival you do the same, spread rumors and get the Third Party to just talk about the bitch. The more people talk, the more the phenomena of Momentum Build Up and Group-Mind takes place. It becomes that if "everybody" is talking about you, then shit, you must be somebody to be talking about. It doesn't matter if its negative. Everybody has an opinion. You want everybody to be tossing their opinions around about/for you, and not your rivals. Think of other people's opinions as being "hits" like a youtube or blog gets hits. Cuz the more opinions you get, the more it seems to that crowd mind that you are worth the opinions. In other words, if you were not relevant to

them in some way, they wouldn't be giving you "hits" in the first place. What actually matters is that you occupy the people's mental prime time space. What's that means?

Prime ad real estate is the position of your line of view where your eyes naturally look at. That's the most coveted and expensive space to buy. Prime time on TV is that hour when the most eyes are fixated on the screen. That's the most expensive and coveted air time to buy. Prime time real estate in people minds is right in the front of their heads, where they are thinking about you constantly, hating on you, liking on you, critiquing you, judging you. You, you, you. Because the average mind can only think of very few things at the same time. If they are thinking of you, they aren't thinking much of anything else. That's the spot in people's heads you want to tag your name or organizations name in. Again, this is the same technique dictators use. Their face is every where, and they have giant statues of themselves in every corner. You cannot mentally escape thinking about them. They have invaded your brain and you can't get them out. It doesn't matter if you hate the dictator. You think about him and will talk about him.

Why doesn't it matter? Because you are expendable and will die and the next generation will take your place, and so long as your face and name is everywhere, the next generation might like you! Why is there a church on every corner in Christendom? Why is the symbol of the cross or crucifix everywhere in Christian occupied areas? Why is there a wat on every corner in South East Asia? Why is the Buddha's statue everywhere in Buddhism occupied areas? You cannot escape thinking in some way about Islam in the Islamosphere, because its simply everywhere. Why? Because the saturation of those faces, names, and symbols tags your brains prime time real estate. You can't mentally think about two or three things at the same time. That's why mantras works. You think about the meaningless drone of a repetitive sound, and that's all you can think about. Try it. Try to say quotes from your favourite writer and think of grating cheese at the same time.

When you're constantly saying to yourself: "Man, I hate those Catholics, or Christians," you aren't thinking about anything else. And so, unbeknownst to you, you help keep that memplex relevant in people's minds. You might hate it, but guess what, there are 7 billion other people in the world, and billions more unborn. You keep that memplex afloat long enough for the memehooks to grab just one other receptive mind. It's the same idea as playing "Hot Potatoes" with a group of people. The hot potato is past to you, you emotively state: "Man I hate hot potatoes, it's hot and stupid. Ima pass it on to the next fag." And that's how the game actually works dummy! If you don't like the potato or game, then hide the bitch, don't pass it on. That's why there were book burnings in the old days. If some sectarian or secular regime did not like something, they don't pass it on and talk about it. They killed people who were infected with it, and burned books. Why? So it's not passed on to the next generation. In the medical field that is called "Quarantine." To keep a disease from spreading, you quarantine the infected, and let them die isolated.

So in the early days when we weren't known what we did was we did in-party routines to generate a flood of third party talk from the internet "populous." Nobody knew what WSA was, but that didn't matter because we can fake it. In the beginning WSA was so unknown, nobody even knew about it to hate on it. So one of the funny things we did was made all these fake profiles and we'd make some profiles mention WSA, and we'd use others to attack the WSA. So we'd use phrases we ended up calling "landmines," which were placed in posts to make third party people join in the thread and just attack the WSA. A landmine phrase we used which worked all the time in mysatan was: "OMG, we cannot allow the WSA to be a part of Satanism because they misrepresent Satanism!" And we'd leave a link. Then what you see were all of these would-be high priests and grand masters of these little satanic "organization" actually join in the thread and agree with our landmines and continue the debate or talk. They might not know what WSA is, but they are pretentious enough to believe they represent Satanism and know what's best to talk shit about the WSA anyways. So once third party people started taking about WSA, we left to hit up the next forum using the same method. The threads we left usually just "exploded" into flame wars and dick sizing contests with the WSA mentioned, which is where the term "landmine" comes from.

In the early days, this worked so well for us, the WSA was the most talked about group in mysatan and many other forums at the time. So we took what we learned here, and 3 years ago started to use it with ONA. Three years ago ONA was not on the satanic subculture's prime time real estate. Not many people knew about it, not many cared to know. But we used the same simple method on the same people and it works still. All we did was make all these fake profiles, make half pro-ONA to say positive things about ONA, and the other half we made anti-ONA "people." Then like crazy people, we'd make our fake profiles fight each other. Who cares if nobody is talking about ONA, we'll fake it. The funny part was in most cases it was the same person behind 10 pro and anti-ONA accounts fucking with people in one forum. We claimed our own little forums, so this way we can give links to our other in the loop friends to come see what the third party people were saying. It became a contest to see which one of us can make the longest ONA thread, make people react emotionally the most, and so on. The intent was to just have others [Third Party] join in and carry on the third party talking. And they will join in, because everybody has an opinion, even about things they really have no clue about.

And it was actually fun. After a whole year of this, ONA saturated the top three satanic forums at the time. It was everywhere like a big dictator's face. So all that is the process of maneuvering yourself into the right position to start inspiring or influencing others or implementing your policies.

Implementing Policies

Influence, as I use it throughout this essay simply means where you have an idea or “thing” in your head [the point of origin] and you convey that idea/thing to other minds [the receiver/acceptor] where that an effect is produced in/thru the acceptant recipient. That’s all “influenced” is used to mean in this essay. It doesn’t mean you control people, or people are zombies, or your some puppet master.

For instance if you are Hindu from South Asia and I were to say: “Indians are not Asians,” and you as the recipient reacts to that statement, that is “influence,” since the reaction itself is an [pointless] effect produced by that statement you “accepted.” The term “accept” here is shady. If you were a judge of a court, and somebody presented a case for you to hear, then that is an act of “acceptance” as this term is used here. It doesn’t mean the judge “approves,” agrees, or disagrees with the anything. The judge is just saying: “Alright, I’ll deal with it.” If you badger a king’s guards and the king gives you an audience where you can speak before this king, you have been “accepted,” into his audience or field of awareness, to be considered.

If Bill Gates gives a lecture and teaches the main power points he used to become successful and a handful of listeners goes out to apply his power points of success to try and produce similar results, then that’s “influence.” It doesn’t mean Bill Gates is some controller or puppet master and the people are mindless zombies. It simply means his “target audience” has “accepted” [to be considered] his claims and will simply test the principles out.

Learning how to implement – put into causal motion – your Policies is perhaps the easiest way to start gaining a practical experience of influencing people. If you can’t tell the difference between a policy, a procedure or protocol, and a regulation/order/law, then you know have a lot to study before you know where or how to begin. Basically Policy gives rise to Procedural Necessity, and the Procedural Necessity dictates Regulation. If you are born and raised [conditioned] on the Public or Commoner end of your socio-political order your whole life, chances are you have only seen the regulation part of the three tier system. The Regulation end is itself the cause and effect end of a causal chain. You’ll catch what I mean in a moment.

In plain English a “Policy” is merely an expression of Intent given by the shot caller. This is the same basic idea you encounter in Chaos Magick where before you commence your Procedural Work or Magickal rite, you make a statement of Intent. “It is my Intent that such and such

happens.” So on a pragmatic level a leader setting a “Policy” is him simply stating to his OG’s [shot callers]: “Let’s creep in to the neighbouring hood and take their business.” That’s all a Policy plainly is. It’s not a command, or order, or brainwashing people. It’s just one person stating a desired intent.

So once this head of the gang states his “Policy” to his OG’s, the OG’s then has the job of figuring out how – in whatever way – to make that Policy work out. This is called the Procedure or Protocol. Let’s say in this hypothetical scene the neighbouring hood is occupied by a gang that claims the Purple rag and that they had no animosity with your gang. But you’re looking to expand your dope slanging business. So what do you do? Whatever you figure out is the Procedure which takes place in the second tier of the gang social order [OG's].

A real life example of how people I knew back in my high school years created animosity between two “peaced out” crews its to do things in secret. You got the head wanting to expand his crew territory for whatever reason. The territory is occupy by a friendly crew. So one or two of the shot callers in the loop would go out at night and cross out their own tags and then put up the tag of the friendly crew. That’s enough to cause verbal altercation at school and fights. You make sure as leader that you have a couple shot callers step up and fight members of the target crew to generate animosity. The unfortunate friendly crew might have no idea what’s going on, but they have been accused, they boys are under attack, and they have no choice. In gangs this is enough to inspire violence which may escalate into drivebies. You need to take a few hits [casualties] so that you can use those casualties as a means to excite and anger your members.

So the procedural necessity in our hypothetical case is that your gang needs to induce animosity in the Purple rag gang. You send out two of your OG’s to secretly cross out your tags and put up the purple rag gang’s name. The next day you have other shot callers in the loop pick up the rhetorical deliverance of how the purple rag gang are bitches, how they crossed out your set and dissed your people. This excites your gang citizen – your junior members – who in their anger and lost in the emotion and rhetoric act out their anger. This in turn causes the needed animosity. So now, after the Procedural Necessities are put into effect, the Regulations or Orders, or Rules or Laws can now be given to the general membership/citizenship to obey/follow.

In our hypothetical scene the Regulations would that from now on, nobody in your gang is peace with the purple rag gang, people from your gang who sees anybody with a purple rag gotsta bomb [fight], their hood is now your crew’s turf, nobody not affiliated with your gang can sell dope in that hood without paying taxes, and so on. So why were these laws made?

Because of protocols. Why do those protocols exist? Because somebody made a policy. If the laws and procedures don't generate the right end results, new procedures and laws are employed to try and actualize the Policy.

In a real world simple example we can use cars. It's 1930-1940. Cars are new and big cities now have them. Streets are chaotic now. The policymakers in the big cities say: "We need to somehow fix the chaos in those streets these new contraptions are causing." That's the policy. So the officials in these big cities collect civil engineers to figure out how to manifest the policies. An answer to the solution might be to use traffic cops to dictate the flow of traffic, another expensive answer is to have traffic lights set up. That's the procedure or protocol. Once these protocols are figured out and implemented, then the Laws can be passed. Laws like citizens must obey the traffic cop and traffic lights or get a ticket, and so on.

Or this same causal process in sectarian terms. You have a church and you are priests in this church. You depend on tithes and donations to put money in your pocket. So the policy you have or the intent is to gain as many churchgoers as possible. How this is done is the procedural process. This might require you to verbally attack an antagonist like secular society. Once you get the numbers in, you set the rules. What's a rule or regulation called in the sectarian arena? Doctrines. And so you have the familiar Mormon Doctrine of tithing 10% of your income to the church if you wish to get your Temple Recommend to get married.

So, now that you understand the basics of how policy gives rise to rules or law or regulation, you'll understand why setting up policies is the easy way to begin learning how to influence people: because it gives people the appearance of freedom of thought and liberty. You make the policy, but allow them – your target group – to come up with the protocol and also the rules or doctrines on their own. But you need to have a favourable public opinion from your target group or nobody is going to pay any mind to your stupid policies or will or intent.

We can look back in the DWM & Company's old days and see that when they had their Neo-Nazi groups the Intent [policy] was to destabilize the home government. Race wars or racial tension was one Means – procedure – to manifest the Intent. Nazi talk is one way to engineer the memetic or regulatory or doctrinal end to get their members in to action. Influence in this case is theoretically easy since your group as a target audience is already primed [receptive] to such radical memes/ideals.

Before you can "influence" anybody, you need to have a favourable opinion from your target

audience. If you are not known in this target audience then use the “Guilt By Association” routine. This takes several different forms from “name dropping” [which is often transparent], to actually associating with the shot callers in the target market.

In Khmer we have a common term for this part of Influence. It’s called “Yok [take/capture] Chet [chitta].” When you Yok Chet Kay [others], what you are doing is captivating or stealing their hearts and sentiments to make them like you, favour you, support you, love you, want to be with you, and so on. Chet/Chitta does not exist in English. It doesn’t heart or mind exactly. It means your heart-mind, the seat of your emotions and will. Side note: even though it’s spelled “Yok,” its most often pronounced as “Yor” as a Brit or someone from Boston or NY would say it.

It’s like the old story of the Fox and the Crow. The Crow one days finds a piece of cheese. The Fox really wants the cheese. So he “Yo’s” “chet” the Crow by saying nice things about the crow. The crow feels real happy and opens his mouth and the cheese falls out.

There is a similar story like this told by the old grandpas in my family which teaches something about their business of politics. One day there lived a frog in a pond. The pond was drying up because it was the hot season. The frog was trying to figure out how to save itself. So one day a bird comes by the pond perched on a branch. The frog said to the bird: “Excuse me, my pond is shrinking, can you help me out and take me to a new pond?” And the bird said: “I know of a pond near by, but how can I help if you can’t fly?” The frog answers: “Well you can hold a stick in your beak, and I’ll bite on the stick, and you can carry me there.” So the bird liked the idea and agreed to do it.

So as the little frog was flying in the air, he past by all these other animals in the forest who were amazed at the site of a flying frog. The other animals said that the frog was really clever to fly out of his shrinking pond to a new one. Inside his heart the frog said to himself: “Oh, you guys don’t know how clever! I’ll tell you.” So he opened his mouth to speak in mid air and fell to his death. The End. The grampas will ask us young folks you what the moral of the story is after they are done telling the story.

There are several morals inside that short story. Like the Fox and the Crow story, the Frog’s feelings of himself were being manipulated by the other animals in the forest, and he fell for it: literally. The other moral is that if you are using others for your own ends, you keep your mouth closed and keep secrets, or you’ll fall. A good “politician” or businessperson knows how to

captivate the hearts of others, but is hard to be moved or captivated him/herself. You only open your mouth when you are secure in your new pond. Like how the CIA & FBI releases files to the public after one generation [40 years] when nobody gives a shit anymore.

But captivating other people's hearts is the first step to any real influence. Mother nature just simply can't have random untested nobodies yielding influence, memetically or genetically. This might require things like charm, charisma, social skills, and people skills. The more rapport you have with your target person or audience, the more the resonance factor between you and your audience. The more resonance, the more influence. The more you vibe or resonate with the Satanic Bible, the more likely it will be that you Adopt LaVey's memes, ideals, labels, etc. Most of these LaVeyans tellingly don't idol worship Ayn Rand, Nietzsche, or Redbeard or follow their ideologies to the letter. But they will passionately adulate LaVey, adopt his teachings, try to look like him, and become antagonistic to those that don't like him.

Which would be the practical reason why regimes do what they do when they take over a foreign country. The protocol across the board is to set up a dummy government which we call a puppet government. The obvious reason is that the general public won't react that aggressively to a government made up of their own people. The other protocol is to make a list of the country's artists, intellectuals, and journalists, and quietly remove them or liquidate then give artists, intellectuals, and journalists aligned with you fame in your annexed country. Why? Because artists, intellectuals, and journalists have a huge amount of influence and power of inspiration on their people's hearts, views, and opinion making. The artists, intellectuals, and journalists have the ability to forge a rapport with their audience. We can vibe with a music piece better than we can to a dry boring lecture. Something like the Star Spangled Banner can bring real heartfelt tears to your eyes, give you goosebumps, and send good chills down your spine when it's done good. But unless you're crazy, you don't get teary eyed and emotional from reading the constitution.

Jesus and Buddha are two sectarian devices used masterfully to generate rapport between the sectarian "politicians" and the intended audience. You have a Jesus who came from heaven to suffer and die for the common people. And you have Buddha who gave up his wealth to be a beggar to help relieve the suffering of the mass. So here we try to think like an amateur "politician" and take a few steps into the secular arena.

Jesus or Buddha is the iconic head of their respective religions [memeplexes]. Just like a King [monarch] is the head policy maker of his kingdom. In the case of Jesus and other religious figures, the priesthood speaks for the gods. The king speaks for himself. The thing with the king that is great for politicians is that he lives a long time. So you have the same person/entity

making the same character of policies for many decades.

You would think that in a democracy this niche the King or monarch took has been removed and replaced by some president who serves for a mere 4 years. This isn't the case. The case is that the king and the niche role he served in a democracy has been taken over by the Political Party. The thing is a Party – more specifically it's ideology [memeplex] – lives longer than a king and is a source of the same character of policies across the many successive generations. Unfortunately for the mass, you can assassinate a king, but its really hard to kill a Party or its ideology. Any “change” in newly elected presidents and government officials, is cosmetic and superficial change, because the same source of policy is still in power.

So you can see how with the case of Communism, the trick is that the niche role which a Jesus, or a Buddha, or a Monarch once filled, has now been taken over by a Party and its Ideology. The Party/Ideology is the Policymaker. The Party/Ideology itself – if we pay attention – not only has a rapport with the People, but its power depends initially on that resonance the proletariat has for the ideology, which appears to care for and understands its condition of suffering. The current state of our political systems [democracy] is not a devolution or replacement of the old world kingdoms. It is an evolution of the Old Order, where the “king” and “priest” variable have merged and evolved into a variable which lives longer than a human life time. We can even see in the Age of Enlightenment that this was the metamorphic period between the Old Order and the New one.

So when we grasp the little process of how influence works, we'll realize there is a crucial and often overlooked step which comes before the transmission [conveyance] of the idea: Acceptance. What are two cases where acceptance is a significant matter?

The first is in your body. You have these things called “cells.” Each cell has a membrane. Each membrane is covered in these protein identifying markers. This way the immune system “knows” what cells belongs to “you.” So if a “foreign” cell [bacteria/germ] enters your body and it does not have the right identifying markers, it is not “accepted” and the body thus works to remove it so that the foreign things does not Effect the body. So the germ, if not accepted, is unable to influence the body the way it is “designed” to influence a body.

The other case where acceptance is a matter of life and death is in the world of espionage. You have a “spy” from America who is put into Russia during the Cold War to collect intelligence, and vise versa. This spy has to be able to “blend” in with the general populous so

that he is “accepted” as being “one of them.” If he is not accepted, he risks life and limb. But human collectives such as a State or a society does not have cellular membranes or protein identifying markers sticking out of it. But we do have identifying markers a collective employs. Language or dialect is one ID Marker. World view or paradigm is another ID Marker. Chinese people see the world differently than Europeans do. Group mythos is another one. If a spy is pretending to be Russian is asked about the history of Russia and this spy has no clue, then he may fail to blend in.

So before you can influence anybody, you not only need a defined audience or “target market” but you also must first either blend into this target market, or blend your ideas you are trying to convey to match your target market’s identifying markers. Otherwise, they won’t accept it. You can try, and you’ll get a reaction, but it will be a negative immune response to get your memes out of their mind or group.

A real example which took trial and error, on our part, is how we spread WSA “doctrine.” So here we’ll use the term “indoctrination” just for convenience and clarity. So first we had a target market already desired. We saw this potential market way back in 2004 when we were in Myspace. We witnessed all these groups of independent Satanists who were forming their own groups and trying to put together their own twist on Satanism. We interpreted this to mean that there must be some sort of group of Satanists breaking away from those old school institutions like the Church of Satan. So from this – much later – our WSA referred to the old school camp as the “Stagnant Satanists,” and the break off camp as the “Progressive Satanists,” since the latter group appeared to have some sort of a desire to progress beyond the old ideological confines of those old school institutions.

So that is the real reason why in our old WSA writings [Opus Vrilis] we used the descriptor “Progressive Satanism” to refer to our “brand” of Satanism. The intent was to tap into that disenfranchised potential market who were in need of new ideas. A secondary original intent as to why we specifically desired to use that dichotomy of “stagnant Satanists” and “progressive Satanists” was to later induce altercations between the two groups, for a different end goal.

So before we could even share our ideas with anybody, we spent years developing rapport with key people in our target audience. During this period of rapport building we used a “campaign character” to induce the needed rapport. Campaign Characters are like the news anchors on your favourite news station. You see the same faces everyday, and that familiarity builds trust and rapport.

Being familiar and charming doesn't cut it though. To maintain relationships of any kind an exchange of commodity has to take place. Here the term "commodity" represents things like resources, material, items, as well as praise, affection, need, information, support, security, assurance, and so on.

Exchange of assurance and security in the right social level is something valuable. For instance let's say you are new to the work place and you have been there for a while. Some person who worked there longer than you steps up and acts aggressive with you. So the well known and respected employees there says to your antagonist: "Chill out man, that guy's cool." Coming from such a social ranked person, those words offers you security and assurance in that social order. And because of this you would end up "liking" the person that said that statement to vouch or validate you, or at least you try and build a bond or rapport to keep that person supporting you. Or another example is when two people's mutual exchanges helps mutually provide security and assurance. America and China have a [in]vested interest in maintaining a functional relationship because that relationship provides security and assurance for both parties involved.

So a method to forge a deeper connection or relationship with another person or group of people is to make sure that you exchange things like this and intellectual capital. This is what's trying to be get at when you here people ask: "What have you brought to the table?" In other words, what they are saying sociologically is that before they can give you their approval, acceptance, like, trust, support, whatever, you must give something they value or need first to them. The trick is to take the extra step and try to make it so that your target person or group needs and grows dependent on what you have to offer. This can only be learned the direct and hard way from knowing your audience, having a working experience with them, and having made mistakes and learning from those failures. The more you know about the "psychology" of your person or target group, the easier it will be to induce dependence. If your target audience is poor, and thus have the psychology of being uncertain and insecure financially, they worry realistically about money, then like the late Don Lapre you can use what you know to induce dependence. You're audience "needs" you to teach them how to end that worry and anguish. Or those penis enhancing pill ads and commercials you might at times see. They have an intended audience who most likely suffer from the psychological insecurity of having what they believe or perceive to be a small penis.

More importantly in this case of commodity exchange for social capital is you really need to know yourself and your honest limitations. If as a business owner you know you won't make a good CEO, you hire one. If as a venture capitalist you know you aren't good at screen writings, you hire a writer and be the producer. If you are stupid or retarded, then you have

smart friends help you out. If as a cult leader you know you can generate the cool ideas but you know you lack the skills to sell those ideas to a crowd, you find yourself the right partners.

A quick practical example of this method in use which worked for us – after the usual trial and error – would be when we work a forum. First you scope out the place to get a feel for the social topography of the forum we are working in. The second thing is to look for the alpha male/female of the forum. You leave this person alone. Then hit up the guys just below them. Why? Because even if they act like they like each other, there is a natural rivalry there waiting to be expressed. So you work on building a rapport with those “Beta” males and females who may not be Top Monkey, but they are well known, liked, and somebodies in their forum environment. Once the rapport is build, then the commodity exchange take place. In return for their support and “endorsement” in that forum, you give them memetic arms in the form of “Intellectual Capital” tailored to fit their needs and paradigm. In turn they use that memetic arms to express their natural rivalry for the alpha monkey. You are to these beta persons like Nike is to a Tiger Woods. You use your Intellectual Capital, or Social Capital [if you're popular], to buy their name and face to spread your brand and memes. Realistically each forum or market is populated with smaller cliques, where each clique has it's own alphas and betas. Use the same methodology on such fractals.

We use – or learned to use – a method of “encouraging” others to “adopt” our ideas. It's a way of “re-educating” them. We got this method from Asian Communist countries who during the wars which took place in the Cold War era would have all these “Capitalist” prisoners of war. So some of these captives were taken by the Communist regime to be... you know, encouraged to become Communists, so they can be happy and have new Communist friends. From my own research they were oddly pretty successful. In just cheering people on, but slightly more aggressive. Like a gun pointed to your back. You nervously ask: “What's the gun for?” And the answer is: “That's your moral support.” You'll say that's retarded. But then you ask the IRS: “What's the prison for?” And they answer: “To encourage you to volunteer to pay taxes.”

So the first step in this method is “Incarceration,” or “Encirclement.” The Prisoner in put into a box, prison, jail. Or the new cult member is encircled socially and psychologically by his “new friends.” Or you tell your child or younger siblings to go to their room, or ground them and cut off their access to TV and the computer, and they can't play outside. You lock the wild animal in a cage after catching it. This generates in the target physical and/or psychological isolation and insecurity. Insecurity here means to feel unsafe or uncertain, or unsure. No animal likes feeling this way. Isolation here really means that you have cut off all their incoming supplies of information. As I said above somewhere, people don't see the objective world. They see their subjective interpretation of it. This means that a person can be living in a busy city, but if you can cause him to subjectively see himself as being alone and isolated, then the person will

behave as if it were physically isolated. In acute cases such a person will become depressed, socially dysfunctional, insecure about themselves and the world, or even suicidal.

You want to isolate them so that you are the sole provider of information, and better, that you are the only source of emotional stimulation. Think relationships or North Korea. In a very controlling relationship your stupid boyfriend makes or asserts himself as the only person who can make you happy and please you in any way. You can't have real friends, you can't be loved by others, etc. How do you do that psychologically? When your child comes back from school and says: "Well my teacher said such and such," then you as the mother says: "I'm your mother! You're teacher isn't your mother. You listen to me." Or when you are a Satanist and your Satanic Bible spends a whole lot of time trying to get you to see the "others" [RHP] as being "bad," or stupid or not worth believing. That's a way to psychologically cut your target's many free flowing streams of information down to just having your memes as the sole supply.

The second step is "Induction of Dependence." You feed the wild animal. You feed your newly bought pet dog. You feed your child. You share a meal together at church. The church is the only source of salvation. The State is the only source of freedom. Satanism is the only source of truth. Buddhism is the only way to enlightenment. Your target learns to be dependent on you for its food, or shelter, or needs, or ideas, or so called truths. Emotional breakdown is a part of this step. You yell and your child cries. You yell and your puppy you are training gives you that sad puppy dog look. Your preacher repetitively tells his congregation that you are sinners, how dirty you are inside, how vile you are, and you feel bad inside. You make sure your prisoner is emotional insecure where he doesn't know if you will beat the shit out of him or feed him. You can see this unconsciously used as a group mind phenomenon if you watch these satanic forums. When a new comer enters those satanic forums and the new comer is detected to not be "fully" a satanist, a group breaks them down emotionally by ganging up on them or verbally assaulting them or calling them names. It makes it so that the target grows aware that it must depend on you [or perhaps your favour or benevolence] to feel secure again.

After the child cries, you hug it to reassure it. After you scream at your prisoner, you hand it food gently. You'll hear in gang culture words of reassurance like: "We got your back." The life of poverty in the ghettos you come from is the insecurity. To have a gang whose got your back is the sense of security, which forges in the junior gang member dependence. You'll understand how security and lack of security induces dependence in the military. On the battlefield with bullets flying all over the place you feel insecure and afraid. It is comforting to know that you have your fellow Marines by your side. And so you stick together. Dependency is the strongest bond, not love. It's not because a tapeworm loves you that it is bound to you for life. It's because it is dependent on you. It is not because the government cares about you that it is bound to you for life, it's because it depended on you the common citizen.

You want your target to need you for whatever your reasons are. It doesn't even have to be a "real" need. You can make one up. We pretty much have most thing we need in contemporary life. But inside Christianity we lack something we "need" called redemption. What is it? Well, only the Church knows that. And only Jesus thru the church can give it. Inside Buddhism you lack something called "enlightenment." What is it? Well nobody knows, but if you follow the Buddha's Way you will find it. Inside tantrika you lack something called "divine illumination." What is it? Who knows, but if you meditate on your 7 chakras, and breathe thru your nostril and then your right one, you will eventually find out. Inside satanism you lack a whole lot of things depending on whom you are dealing with. You might lack reason, logic, selfishness, nonconformity, critical thinking, individuality. How do you get them? Well, only Satanism can show you.

Third step is "Presentation of the Bad." You take your prisoner of war whom you have been nice to and feeding. Then you sit him down and have him watch all of the atrocious acts America has committed around the world to other countries and against innocent people. Show him visually how Capitalism is endangering the world's ecosystems and is producing global poverty. The church preaching about Hell and sinners. Capitalists fearmongering their populous with images and ideas of how Communism is a crazy liberty-less system of control. How mad terrorists are plotting to kill them. This is where you lightly slap your dog and say: "No! Bad dog, don't do that." Or where you say to your child: "No, we don't cuss, only barbaric kids cuss." Or when your Nazi Party says: "No! Bad Aryans! Don't play with those Jews! They are Bad because they are inferior!" Or when "Satanism" tells the new Satanist: "Christianity is stupid! It's filled with irrational insanity! Are YOU stupid?" Nobody wants to be stupid, or inferior, or an unforgiven sinner, or an anariya, or harmed in any way.

The fourth step is "Presentation of your Good." That's when your prisoner has seen all of the horrible things America or Capitalism has done. So now you show him nice pretty movies about how beautiful Communism is. You tell him things like: "We just want for those hurt and suffering people to have equal opportunity, now is that wrong, hmmm?" "We just want a utopia, don't you want that too for your family and children, and puppy?" "We just want to save your soul so you can go to heave, that's all." Or in Satanism: "We just want you to be rational and self-centered, what's wrong with that?" Where's this from: "We just want you to be the supreme master race, that's all." This is when you give your dog treats when it does something Good you want. This is when you recognize and reward your child when she or he does something you approve of.

You've already established yourself as the Authority from the first step, and you have already made your target dependent on you. Now you reward your target to re-enforce behaviour you

approve of. When they start beginning to think along the lines of your Satanic or Christian doctrine you encourage that and re-enforce it by rewarding the individual with affection, kind words, fellowship, recognition, and so on. The greater your target's striving, the greater the reward you give. That's why Institutions like the military will have Medals of Honour to reward different acts. Boy Scouts get the Badges. You have to have done something to have earned your jacket badge in a 1% motorcycle gang. Your Masonic institution rewards a nobody with the honour of being the "Worshipful Master," and rewards those who have striven for your Rite with the 33 degree. All this gives the target a sense of Importance in his new group. He means something to somebody. "You were nobody in America as a Capitalist. Here in Soviet Union you are Big Guy!" "You were nobody in Christianity. Here in Satanism you are Reverend, Leader, High Priest, Top Smart Guy!"

Last step is "Labour For The Solution." After you've indoctrinated your new Jehovah's Witness, you send him out door to door to spread the news of the coming Kingdom of God, and tell him to sell the little magazines while he's at it. If you are smart and you look closely, you'll actually see that the idealism or ideology itself and the actual Labour for the Solution is a fucking non-sequitur. One doesn't follow the other. Selling magazines for a quarter has jack shit to do with Jehovah's Eternal Paradise. Riding your bike around to recruit new Mormons has shit to do with being resurrected as Kolobian gods in the afterlife. Killing Jews really had nothing to do with being Aryan or supreme. I mean if say you were a lion who is king of the jungle, do you really need to kill 7 million field mice to prove yourself? Does an elephant really need to step on 7 million ants to prove that it's really big? Shouldn't it be Apparent somehow?

Send your Mormon boys on their missions. Send your Christians soul saving [recruiting]. The key idea is that once you have your person, he needs to do something – anything – to Feel as if he is a productive part of the new group. You know how insanely stupid it is to breathe in your left nostril and then your right one? But in Kundalini Yoga its something people do. Here's a question which draws out the essence of this step: "What do Satanists do?" So you have your group with its group identification markers. And you have your new people who have adopted those identification markers. Now you give them a common something to do as a group to reenforce that group identification. You want a strong group identification because the stronger the feeling of belonging the more the person adopts group ideology. All German citizens belong to the "Aryan Race!" So that group identification brings the German people together inside a new meta-organism. You give them things to reenforce that collective identity and the more they feel like they belong to this "Aryan Race" the more they will adopt your National Socialist ideology. Really think about it.

First think about Traditional Christianity with its boring old Mass where the audience is actually just boringly observing some priest prepare a cheap meal of bread and wine. Then you recall an evangelical church or Pentecostal church meeting and see how instead of the audience just

boringly watching something, they are actively jumping around, singing, and feeling the holy spirit, picketing together with signs that says: "God hates fags." Now ask yourself why in such a short time did this species of Christianity we call "Evangelism" or Evangelical Christianity has not only produced staggering amounts of members, but fanatics also? But you might say: "Okay, Catholicism is boring, but what about Ireland?" The Church itself might be boring still, but in Ireland the Catholics have a shared activity: fighting Protestants. Islam has a shared activity: Hating Israel, and sometimes bombing them. Some sort of simple shared activity as riding on bikes door to door forges a strong group identity in the Mormom. The stronger that identity, the more willing that mind is to accept and adopt ideology. It goes back to our ancestral tribal instincts. We are accepted into a tribe. We feel belonged to it. We go out hunting and fighting together. Our bonds are tighter, and so each of us adopts the tribal mythos and ethos more readily and fanatically. Rituals, rites, and ceremonies, fits into this final step. As long as the group or person has a shared "doing," "praxis."

So what's the "Taoist" way of influencing others? By Taoist here I simply mean the effortless way of Tao. How Tao doesn't try one way or the other. It just is. How does Tao build or create without effort? If you had a land and you built a structure up on it, this is effort and not let-be. If you build a city from the center out this is also not effort. How do you have something arise which did not exist before without forced effort? You work effortlessly – harmoniously – with the physis of Nature. So in your mind you see a cup of water. You drop a drop of red food coloring at the center of the surface of this water and what happens? The Nature of the water, plus the nature of gravity slowly draws down the drop of color forming shapes and forms which were not their before. So those forms and shapes came to be without effort and in harmony to the Nature of its medium, ether. Creating in this way lasts the longest since it flows with the Nature of things, but it is the least likely way to bring you fame and fortune or admiration. Tao creates effortlessly and Tao is unknowable and always behind the scenes of our physical reality.

Influence with this effortless way is something ONA has learned to do over the years. It's also something I try to induce with ONA. The idea is simply. The Policy is still set. The procedures still brainstormed. So what happens is ONA will write something. A PDF or essay. Not just ONA people read this. Others do to. So others will read these PDF's and essays. They might not like ONA or want to "join" it. But they may see one or two ideas they like. So they take those one or two ideas [memes] and then incorporate it into their own paradigm or writings. They then share this paradigm or writing with that grafted meme with their own subgroups. If that meme catches it spreads in that subgroup. So you might have a Luciferian or two read ONA stuff and carry a couple ideas to share with their Luciferian subculture. You have a mundane satanist or two take a few memes and graft it into their overall memeplex. Over time, what you see is these memes diffusing slowly into other groups of people with the ONA memes gradually supplanting their old and useless memes. One meme at a time. One mind at a time. A memeplex has only so many memes, only so many core ideas. All it takes is time and learning to make memes catch. With each new generation more and more memes will be replaced. This method of memetic diffusion will only work if you have a valuable body of

Intellectual Capital to offer.

Some Things Learned

I have personally failed countless times during these past 4 years of doing what I have been trying to do. I can honestly say that its partly from failing that I learned to fine tune the way I do things. Only because it's when I fail that I ask why I failed. As time past by, I have accumulated a small number of rules which my friends and I follow or have been following. They are just guide lines we have learned to follow or live by so as to do what we do. The early game has long died. You'll see this when you realize that WSA is gone. There are no more WSA forums, WSA Ning, WSA sites, WSA teachings. The old policies [intentions] have been actualized. It's now exclusively ONA, and the work is focused on a 10 year policy. So these guiding rules – and what new rules we learn to keep – will help us get to that 10 year goal. I'll list each rule and explain each quickly for other ONA associates who may be interested.

[1] *Keep all non-associates guessing. Never be honest or tell them any real information.*

If they are not trusted and known ONA associates, then nobody needs to know anything. Nothing. Let them speculate, assume, and never correct them. If they are wrong, let them be wrong. It's like playing poker. You keep a poker face and the intent is to get a good hand. You're not playing poker to make out or hold hands. Fuck communication, bonding, chat sessions, meetings, discussions. There is no discussions period.

There is a Buddhist proverb in my culture the old people say that goes: *"On a crooked path, never walk too crooked, and on a straight path, never walk too straight."* That means that in bad company, you don't want to go all the way and do what they do, just enough to get what you need, or where you need to be. And in good company you don't want to be too honest where you tell people where you live and other private information, because it will harm you more than help you. It also means lie if you wish, but don't exaggerate it where nobody will believe it. If you have to steal food to feed your children, then take what you need, but don't go and rob banks or kill people for things. And don't be so foolish or naive as to be honest and trusting with people because they are nice and friendly.

[2] *Don't play games by their rules. Do do what they do.*

Fuck their facebook, their youtube, their cyberspace forums they hang out in. It's cool to have nameless and identity-less accounts there, or made up personas, but fuck them. Don't play their internet games – excuse me, live their internet reality – their way. They will tell you that you are a fake person, and not real like them, but let them under-estimated and dismiss you. You want them to.

[3] *The less they know about you, the less real damage they can do.*

I love these occultnik Westerners who pay so much lip service to books like the Art of War, as if it's the best thing they have read. But when someone uses one of the first and most basic rules from that book, they get all asshurt and throw tantrums. "Know your enemy," is the first and most basic rule. The less they know you the less anything real they can do. Stay nameless with many names. Faceless with many faces. Personality-less with many personas. It's almost standard ONA protocol. The only real thing those mundane dumbfucks on cyberspace can do is bitch about how we have no real identity and how we have fake profiles. Who the fuck cares. Like that stops any of us from doing what we do.

[4] *Never debate, argue, interact, or communicate with the opponent. Let them occupy themselves with their speculations.*

Again you don't play poker to make out or make friends. You play to get a better hand. Don't be seriously debating them, arguing with them, or fixing their assumptions. You want them to be stupid. If you're gunna talk to them, give them half truths and misinformation. Let them speculate to their hearts content. In fact encourage them to make straw men and scare crows out of their speculations.

[5] *Let your opponents assume, and let them react, act, or not act in their assumptions. Every act or lack of action bares fruit.*

This would be really cool in war. You let the enemy assume, and hope the enemy acts on their assumptions. Fortunately for our species, on a collective level, we are pretty smart with our wars. This isn't the case with mundanes in cyberspace. You let these dummies speculate so they can stay fixated in their assumptions and act out or behave in that assumption. Don't correct them. If they believe the ONA does not exist, let them. If they believe 0 or 1 or 10

people are behind Anton Long, let them. If they believe there is only one real person in the ONA, let them believe so.

[6] *Keep your opponent lost in the now. Invest for future dividends. Expect nothing at the end of the day.*

Those mundane dumbfucks like asking people and themselves: “What do you have at the end of the day?” This just shows you the peasantile – wage working – mentality and world model they are working with, where these dumbfuck expect are conditioned to get paid at the end of the work day. Their mentality is: “I work for you for an hour, I expect to get paid \$8 for that hour buddy. I’m worth it!” Then after the day’s work they tally up what they earned.

On the other end – opposite to the common peasant – if you own a business, are into politics, or have been in wars, you’ll know that you get shit at the end of the day. You’d be luck to be still alive, financially sound, and still in power at the end of the day. You invest your money, time, and effort not for shit at the end of a day, but for the distant profit. For the Cream. Cream takes along time to build up, but its rich.

You have this social system where the common person is trained to work like indentured servants for daily wages, all the while their masters invest for distant dividends and returns or proper profit. By proper profit I mean in business you don’t make a profit until you made your initial investment back and have paid your bills, which could take years and decades. And you have these common fool bred mundanes working their whole lives for daily wages. They are so lost in this peasant mentality that their whole worldview or paradigm is based on their indentured service of expecting something at the end of the day. The idea of an aeonic investment for a distant future profit return is ludicrous to them. I can guarantee that not only will you fail, but that you will not get results at the end of a day when you try to learn how to influence people.

And you wonder why so few human beings ever risen up beyond the indistinguishable mass to make a lasting legacy, impression, or impact in the fabric of our collective human mind. Don’t draw their eyes away from their egos and the Now. Keep them fixated in the glory of the moment. Keep them working for their daily wages. While you learn and struggle to own their future. Your pay as Master of Self and Life, is not daily. It’s when your work has been actualized.

[7] *Work with Time and not against it.*

If Time is the 4th dimension, then learn to work 4 dimensionally. If you pay attention to Time, you'll eventually notice that Time destroys all things causal. Nothing in Nature lasts: Anicca. The only thing which lasts are things which flows with Time, things we might call "aeonic entities," due to a lack of a better term.

For example the individual person only lasts for a good 100 years. But something beyond that 3 dimensional person and its life span lasts longer. This something is his progeny, or the generations of living people he sires or seeds into existence. A tree may only live for 1000 years, but the forest can live for a million years. That idea of a forest is what I am trying to mean by an aeonic entity. A something alive which exists not out side of time, but in the flow of time.

[8] *Proper PR work today, bares fruitful results later in Time.*

I learned this for trial and error, and its pretty effective. By "proper PR" work I don't even mean the amusing play of fucking with people. I mean serious work. Subtle work. The End Results speaks for itself. So those who know from many years of observing the before and after, knows what I'm talking about.

[9] *The Market does not have opinions of its own.*

The out-going market does not have an opinion of its own, in the sense that when you alter how they see things subjectively, their opinions changes accordingly. The incoming-market don't have their own opinions yet, because they have yet to be born.

[10] *Disable your opponents' options, before they are aware of any.*

Like in the game Go. You want to learn to see all the potential areas your opponent can move into, and them work to secure those areas so he can't move into them. An example I used was that 3-4 years ago before everybody at large knew WSA or me existed to talk shit, I made friends with the ones in ONA who matters. This way, you can talk shit all you want, and it doesn't change any thing about what I am

doing. It's 3 years too late.

[11] *Keep them talking and hating, but never talk about them or hate them. Never invest any emotions into the opponent.*

It's actually socially common for any given mass of people to talk shit about anybody who sticks out, or thinks different, or is different from the mass. You see this everywhere. Some poor guy from the ghetto ends up with a record deal and make money rapping. Instead of getting love from his former residents and friends, they hate on him. The more visible you are, the more they see you to talk about you. The Average mundane citizen will do a whole lot of "talking" [throwing around opinions] about people like Obama, or an actor, but I doubt the people they talk about even consider them in their minds. Don't ever invest any real emotions of hate or other wise in one of them. They are not worth occupying your mindspace or heartspace. Don't even give them the attention by talking about them or bringing them up; unless you know for sure they will monkey dance for you.

[12] *Stay aloof.*

Aloofness meaning to keep your distance from everybody or the public. Employees work, and management are aloof. Management should not be one of the "fellas" with the employees. This induces authority. The manager of a retail store you work in is in his office somewhere. So you go in to have a talk with him. Between you and he is a space and a desk. That's a psychological boundary that reinforces the aloofness. The desk itself is a psychological symbol. It has paperwork on it. There is a wall of protocol and professionalism between you the employee and he, the Boss. You're now rubbing elbows with the boss. Even in the same office room together there is a space and professionalism separating the two of you. In between the Jury, Court, and Judge is a desk and gavel and space. You don't have to tell people you are the boss and you don't need stupid titles to have people see you as an authority. You make them feel it. Don't ever mingle and get friendly with the Third Party. Hitler may have been relaxed and out of character with his trusted party liners, but with the Third Party [the folk] he is the perpetual Fuhrer.

Never make yourself accessible to the Third Party. The more people and red tape the people have to go thru to get to you, the more "important" you appear to be. The more important you appear to them subjectively, the more of an authority they will feel you to be. You might say that "appearance" does not equal actuality. That's true but irrelevant. The appearance is only a means to an end. Plus, what's it suggest when we say: "First impression is important?" It suggests that the Common person is superficial and judges the superficial appearance of a person. That for the Common average person, there is no

depth when valuating the actual worth and character of a person.

End Remarks

So those are some things I have learned over the 4 years regarding this topic. These things are easier said than done. Everything talked about in this essay is completely meaningless unless you try to experiment and apply these things. You're going to fail, and people will know you have failed. Welcome the failures, and ask why you failed. It's not the actual technique because they have been used by others with success. In ONA the idea is to start our own groups and things in line with the Sinister dialectics, and influence and use the mundanes via those forms.

The past 4 years have given me a group of people to just test out ideas I hear my family talk about, or things I pick up from books on advertizing and marketing. I'm just the type of person to like putting what I have learned into motion so I can see how and why things work. Yes I did fail often. I made many foolish mistakes. I also kept things fun for myself and friends. I have never taken this online thing seriously. I have been the troll type to have a laugh at other people expenses since my myspace days, and I still am. I've used WSA in the past to troll people which was funny but ended up messing things up for WSA. I've done and do the same with ONA. I make no apologies for my Nature as a person. I just do not regard commoners, the Average Person, the uncultured, to be anything to consider. You as a breed have always existed to be used and abused by those with the will and means. Just look at human history.

Look at Russia and China. Doesn't matter what system of government they used, who was leader, what the ideology was, and what was said. In all systems these two governments used, you – the Common stock Human – have been equally used and abused. And I have no ounce of sympathy and compassion for your breed. The ancient term for you people is Anariya. The ignoble, the Dishonourable. That's the Common denominator of the Common person. Honour is the dividing line between the Ariya and the Anariya, the Arya and the Anarya.

One of my earliest influences in my way of seeing people is oddly the Church of the SubGenuis. I got into way back in junior high when my friends were into it. Back then I had watched all the videos, heard all the devival songs, read most of the books, and past out all of the pamphlets. You get to the point if you seriously look deep where you realize that there is a real philosophy beneath the superficial joke. And that the joke exterior exists for a "sinister" reason.

The thing that gave the Game away for me was a writing by Ivan Stang in one of the early books where he goes out of character and just writes his sentiments. He was talking about how in the old days the Flow Power and Free Love movement was a truly enjoyable thing to be a part of. It was genuinely counter culture at the time. It was one generation truly breaking free from the social confines of an old generation to evolve. But then something unfortunate happened. All these normal people started to join the movement. It became a fad and devolved into the so called hippy movement. By then Stang said that the original people who founded the movement left it to enjoy something else which was their own things. The normal people had ruined something once enjoyed by the few, which once was counter culture and turned it into a decadent fad of the mass. From this unfortunate event Stang coined a term which would change the way I saw and understood people. He coined the term “The CON,” for the Church of the Subgenius.

The CON stands for the “Conspiracy Of Normalcy.” The CON is like a mass of dumb and blind people feeling around like zombies for things to ruin. They send in their minions – the Pinks [the average or normal person] to infiltrate people’s groups and organizations. And they slowly make those organizations Normal and Acceptable.

The twist in the Church of the Subgenius is that you don’t fight the Pinks and their CON urges. You work with it and Con them back by making them wannabe SubGenii. Which is where the jokes facade and all of the items for sale comes in. The genuine Subgenius knows his own kind and knows who are the Conned Pinks. The Conned Pinks are the ones who buy membership and items because of the superficial facade. They are the ones who can’t see things for what they are.

Ever since then I try to make things I am a part of “CON proof,” to keep them out from ruining a good things. The CON is afraid of crime, counter social norms, and the idea of murder. By counter social norms, what I mean is that if generic society has heterosexual sex, then anything different is disliked. But even homosexuality is not safe from the CON. They’ll Normalize that too. Now you see gay pride parades out in the open and egalitarians screaming for gays to have equal rights. When you see two grannies making out in public, you know being a Lesbian isn’t counter social anymore. You have to use extreme measures to keep them out. Mention things like child-love, and any sort of extreme sex fetish and the CON will scream in moral horror. Mention racialism today and the CON will convulse into intellectual spasms. Tell them you think its okay to kill people and they think your are a demon from hell. Any institution which uses things like crime, counter social norms, and murder as defensive firewalls is guaranteed to be safe from the CON. So this helps me see a practical function for what we call in ONA social “heresies.” And a practical use for using the ideas, practices, mythos, and rhetoric we use.

The other influence the Church of the SubGenius had on me was to see the Average, Normal people to

be resources to be used and abused for your own benefit and ends. That's the most basic fundamental equation of anything we have today. The equation of business is: you majority-average people buy my shit, or get the fuck out. Politics is: you majority-average people vote for me, or get the fuck out. Religion is: you majority-average people believe in my god, or get the fuck out. If you fall for this stupid game, then what group do you belong to? If you think you belong to the other camp, then learn to do what they do, and get good at it.

Don't ever believe that you are peers with them. You are not of that common mass. You should strive to be above it. To do the opposite of what they do, believe the opposite of what they believe, see the world opposite to how they see the world. Be a "Satan" to that Common Generic Mass and everything they believe in and stand for. You must learn to understand that Nature has created things the way things exist for Her own reasons. There is a Natural – Satanic – reason why they exist. For the same reason why most monkeys exist: for the Alpha males and his friends and bloodline to use and abuse. If they can do it, have the will, and the means, to pull it off and do the using and abusing, then it's all good. I don't care what species you find, it's the same actuality of Nature. The majority exist for those willing and with the means to use and abuse. It's not the most fit, but the most cunning that thrives. That's the dharma of Nature and Time: "The most cunning thrives."

And there are a lot of cunning organisms out there. I was watching a nature show on the Discovery Channel about the Amazon Jungle. The documentary showed natives urinating in the river and there's this parasitic worm-like fish which smells the ammonia from your urine and follows it to swim up your pee hole and lodge itself in your junk to suck your blood. The fish is amazingly related to a catfish. So if this fish can outsmart you because you are stupid and pissing in rivers, then you deserve what you got. Nature doesn't give a shit, she made that fish, and in this case she made you to be a host to the fish. That's just your earned lot in life.

I was watching videos on youtube about giant Japanese hornets. The videos showed how the giant Japanese hornets flew into honey bee hives and how a few of them in a matter of hours can wipe out the entire honey bee hive. The problem for the honey bee growers was that the bees were European bees which had not cunningly evolved a defense against such giant hornets. Then a different video showed the giant Japanese hornet send out its scout to search for a new hive.

The scout finds a Japanese honey bee's hive which looks the same as a European bee. But the Japanese bees react differently. The European bees react by continuously sending out their bees to attack the hornets. The Japanese bees run inside their hive and lure the giant hornet in. When the giant hornet comes inside the hive they all pile on top of the scout hornet and collectively shake their bodies. The collective shaking increases the temperature in the middle of the ball of bees, which cooks the hornet scout alive.

So in that bee case, Nature doesn't give a shit about size or even "reason" or intelligence. I'm sure the giant hornet has a bigger brain than tiny bees. But the Japanese bees with the blessings of Father Time became cunning enough to survive the giant hornet.

Nothing in Nature or Time says you can't use and abuse those mundanes. In fact it is a phenomenon in Nature that those mundanes exist to be used and abused, by those with the will and means. Nature even goes so far as to "bless" you and reward you if you can do it.

You watch these male baboons fight to be top male of a group of baboons. When a young baboon gets to the top and has sex with all the bitches he owns, Nature does something remarkable for him to make him stand out. The alpha baboon's face and body is transformed. He grows huge and his face grows colorful. It's not survival of the most fittest. Look closely and you'll see that this alpha baboon survives just like his inferior baboons survive. What makes him different and why Nature "blessed" him is because he used the other baboons to his advantage. So he gets to sire the next generation, and his bloodline thrives to see to it that this baboon troop exists at least another generation further. And the cycle of the most able to thrive repeats.

That's one of the many aspects about ONA I really like. ONA keeps it real and Natural. It sticks with the eternal dhammakaya. There is nothing wrong with influencing people. As a species we would not be where and what we are in this current age, had it not been for the few humans in our past whose memes thrived to influence all of us. English, of all memeplexes, is by far the top winner so far. No other memeplex has as much influence on our species then the English language.

Not only does English influence the field of science, entertainment, and the usual named arenas, but the language itself when used as a means of thinking, interpreting our world, influences our very perception and understanding of the world and reality. In a sense, we live in an English universe. Mad props to the Anglo-Saxons for their aeonic triumph.

ONA keeps it Real. It's the only psychological place where a human can be fully human. Where a human can learn to be fully human. It provides us who live its Sinister Way the means to refine our Humanness and Nature/Time given skills. There is no wrong or right, nor morals, or immorals, no default political stance, no fixed doctrine. Everything is open to be further refined, developed, and evolved. There is just Us & Them. Just our own Individual striving to adeptship. Just honest Self-Knowing from long-time earned Pathei-Mathos. And a distant aeonic goal to ever keep our eyes

beyond the horizon. The one thing which may differentiate us from our four-legged kin is that we can see a Potential in that distant horizon, and Reach for it. It blows my own mind away to think that it has taken Nature and Time “this long” to manifest that Reaching.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

123 yfayen

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

PREAH-TRA & PHYSIS



Preah-Tra & Physis

“...Disembodied art thou... Sunk into the Black Pit, the Dark Night of the Soul.” – SIR.



The Sphere of Mercury

“...WITH A BLAST, OF MY TRUMPET! I HEAL, YOUR WOUNDS! Before you the yellow Sigil of Mercury. Touch it. Armed with the knowledge extracted from the pool, you are now entering the Dark Sphere of Mercury. This is a desolate place. Heath blasted by fiery tempest, scorpions eating charred animal. See, how the dismembered are scattered to the bitter winds! The air congeals and chokes. Farewell happy fields! Hail horrors! Hail! This is the Sphere of Transformation. But do not tremble in the face of a breeze that would dismantle your features. Instead, be indulgent, remember all that you saw in the bloody pool, remember you deepest desires. Before you now is a black inverted pentagram. This, is the Womb of Mercury, the Eye of Satan. This, is the gateway, of Transformation. The pentagram will begin to move closer... you will feel the fear and sensuality of metamorphosis, your form cracking, shedding and mutating, as it takes on the attributes, scryed from the previous Sphere. Transformation, will be complete, when you pass through the pentagram, and emerge on the threshold of the next Sphere, as that, which you desire to be. Only intense lust for this outcome will pull you through. Passivity will render you as useless ash, cast, into the pit, of a particular nameless horror. But hark! The pentagram grates forth... TRANSFORMMMMM!!” [- The Self Immolation Rite, ONA]

*** **

Ga Wath Am — 0/Physis — 8th Pathway From Mercury To The Sun In The ToW



The power within is great

The eagle eats

Its human offspring

Cold music here

Blue woman hold the horse's head

While the Seer weaves

PHYSIS – GA WATH AM

***The gradual unfolding of nature; the source of Evolution, that which creates Wyrd.
The essence behind the appearance of things. Ga wath am: the Power within me is
Great. [-The Septenary Tree of Wyrd, C. Beesty Boy!]***

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The Sphere of Sol

“...With your lover, by your side, I put before you, the gold Sigil of the Sun. Touch it. You are now entering the Dark Sphere of Sol. The swords, that cast their shadow, over hateful paradise... draw back, to reveal mountain ranges, majestic against a sky, of flame. You are standing on the edge of the circle made by nine sacrificial stones. Here, there is a thick darkness weaved by the unsated fog and contained by the mountains. Those roaring obscurers of that which lies beyond! Illuminated by the glow of putrefaction, the corpse of your former self, discarded during transformation, lies in the circles centre. Witness the repulsive entities that violate and mutilate your corpse! This sacred shell, is now the prey of every necrophiliac and cannibal! It seems initially, that they are performing gross obscenities for pleasure, but, look closer. The corpse is delicately gutted, and from the bones extracted, these creatures are constructing a tower, that rises far above the mountain peaks. Their work finished, they withdraw, bowing to your superiority and divine disposition. They light a protective circle of fire around the stones. This, is the Sphere, of Vision, Understanding, and Prophecy. Accompanied by your lover, climb the bloody bones to the top. Here, you will see your kingdom, surrounding, stretching out far into the solar fire, of increase. See your Temples! Your Riches! Your Works! All in progress... and contemplate all that you have now, and all, that you hope to achieve in your journey so far, as a Dark Messiah. Take pleasure, for you can make anything, simple...” [- The Self Immolation Rite, ONA]

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Commentary:

Preah-Tra is the word denoting the Death of Buddha. Preah meaning “Sacred,” “Venerable,” “Worshipful,” and Tra/Trah/Tras being the Sacerdotal word of Sanskrit/Pali origin meaning “PASSED,” “Gone To The Other Side.”

You never use the word death or die when speaking about the Buddha, as it is a sign of high disrespect. Preahtra is the word. Or we say “Preahbudh Preahnibbian,” meaning “The Buddha is Dead/has Died.” Preahbudh is “The Buddha” and Preahnibbian means something like “The Most Sacred Nibbana/Nirvana.” Here Preahnibbian does not mean the Buddha has gone to or achieved some Nirvana. It simply means he is Dead/Tra.

That word “Tra” is then related to the Latin word Trans meaning to Go Thru, Go Past, Go Beyond, Go Across. The root can also be found in such words as “Transition,” and “Transformation,” which are two English words that touches very closely to the quality and essence of the word “Tra.”

There is one other place in the Mythos of the Buddha where the word Tra is used. The word is Tra-Deung, which is Sacerdotal Khmer/Pali-Sanskrit.

When in English we read or hear about how the Buddha sat in meditation without eating for many years under the Bo Tree and became “Enlightened,” that English word “Enlightened” is

a mistranslation or a grossly inadequate rendering of the word “Tra-Deung.”

It is questionable and debatable what “Enlightenment” means in the English language, since it has so many qualities, values, and flavours, and since it is so nebulous a term. But in the more older word “Tra-Deung” it is very clear what the Buddha achieved. He didn’t achieve anything. He didn’t get hit by a bright light. He didn’t become all knowing. He went passed or beyond something. Or he overcame something.

Tra means to Go Beyond, Cross Over, Pass. Deung means “To Know,” or “To Recognize/Discern” something or someone. Tra-Deung therefore means something like ‘Having Gone Beyond Knowing,’ ‘Passing Recognition and Discernment’ “By-Passed Knowledge/Knowing.”

“Deung” as a verb and adjective describes a function of the mind. That part of mind which “knows.” This part of Mind which knows is Consciousness: Vinyan [vin~n~an] in Pali, which per the Buddha has Recognition and Discernment as its functioning quality. Oddly, the word “Deung” seems like a distant cousin of the Germanic root “Denk-” as in “Denken” meaning to Think; except “Deung” means to Know.

Consciousness apprehends only what its 5 senses can grasp. Without those Five Senses we/mind cannot “Deung” or know anything.

There is no knowing without Seeing object/form. There is no knowing without hearing word/sound. There is no knowing without feeling texture/things. There is no knowing – no recognition/discernment – without smelling aroma/scent. There is no knowing without tasting. How do you know what a Jackfruit or Logan or Mango tastes like? Can that Knowing/knowledge be given to you in word? No. You must Taste it for yourself. Then you know. Then we are able to recognize and discern such taste.

If we see a bird, we know what it is, and we can say: “Birds fly in the air.” That statement is logical and reasonable in general. We know we see a bird, and then we know that birds fly. Why or how do we know that bird fly? Because we have Seen birds fly before. Therefore if we Hear someone tell us they have seen a pig fly, it sounds “illogical/irrational” to us. Why? Because we have never consciously seen a pig fly ourselves. The experience of grasping pigs flying with our five senses does not exist within our World-thought-word-model. Thus, Logic and Reason has its limits.

Logic and Reason is limited also by Consciousness, or the functions of Consciousness: recognition, discernment, analysis, recollection of memory, and comparing what it apprehends with its 5 senses up to its world-model made of words and ideas it has accumulated. We call that accumulation of thoughts and ideas “logic,” and “reason.” Logical and Rational Knowing is limited by what consciousness knows: what it has gathered with its five senses. So when what we gather with our five senses matches up to our worldmodel of words and ideas, we say that such “makes SENSE,” it is “commonsense,” and therefore is logical or reasonable.

How does one go beyond the limits of Consciousness: of Knowing?

By not even using the mental/intellectual function of consciousness to gather information. There is another mind beneath Namō/Manā [mental mind] called Chitta/Citta which means the Heart-Mind. Chitta doesn't "know" things. It "feels" things. "Feel" is the wrong word to use because it doesn't capture what Chitta does. Words like "Tune Into," "Communion," "Empathize," "Become One With," and "Intuite" better captures the function of Chitta. In the original Sanskrit and Pali, the word used to describe the actual function of Chitta is "Buddhi." Buddhi basically meaning "Intuitive Understanding." Thinking is to Consciousness, what Buddhi is to Chitta.

Because chitta does not rely on the five senses, chitta does not grasp orprehend Form or "Things." It grasps or "feels" for the "Essence [arupa]" of things [rupa]. A quick example of chitta working would be when you see someone a long distance away, and you "know/feel" who that person is instantly even before the person comes close enough to be seen with the eyes in detail. In the sense that the Conscious mind does not grasp the timeless flow of sunyata, Chitta does. The Essence and Beauty of a fine piece of music, artwork, or person TRANscends the functions of Consciousness and its knowing, by prehendingsomething finer beyond the forms and thingness of things.

Consciousness cannot genuinely grasp the suchness of Love. Chitta does. If left to the logical function of mental consciousness, love would eventually be broken down into meaningless biochemicals, molecular structures, biological and physiological functions, and common law rules of courtship. Consciousness is boring, its stupid, its superficial, it is meant to break Things down into bite sizes to know. Consciousness must break down Forever into hours, minutes, days, years, centuries. It must break down Forever into miles, kilometers, light years. When chitta can simply "grasp" the Essence of Forever without much effort or breaking it down into baby bites. In a way Chitta says to Vinyan [consciousness]: "This is what Forever 'feels' like." And in return Vinyan says to Chitta: "Okay, I've seen what a mile looks like, how many miles is in Forever?"

So, to Understand something, one must stand "under" what one is trying to grasp. Under coming from the words Inter/Antar meaning "Before," "Among," "Between." You can read about and know of a culture; but to Understand that culture and people you must Stand Before/Among/Between that culture and people to Directly Experience such. So Chitta can only Buddhi what it is up next to. You cannot "appreciate" or feel the beauty of [Canon in D Major](#) [*my favourite classical piece, I can play it on the violin: my favourite instrument*] when you are not intimately connected to that music or in its presence. Likewise, you cannot appreciate/feel the beauty of a painting sitting at home, when the painting is in the Louvre.

So the word "Tra-Deung" simply means that the Buddha went beyond knowing the suchness of Things and Forms and Words and Ideas and Concepts, and learned to Buddhi things to come to an Intuitive Understanding of what everything was around him, how everything works, and how he and others fits into this everything. And so we say that he is a "Buddha" which is the masculine form of the feminine Buddhi, meaning "That/He Which/Who Buddhi-ed." The grammar makes a lot of sense if you know Spanish or Italian. In American Spanish a "Guapa" [La Guapa] means "She Who is Hot," and a "Guapo" [El Guapo] means "He Who is Good-Looking." In Sanskrit the grammar runs on the same line of thought: a Deva means "He

Who Is Shiny/Luminescent,” and a Devi means “She Who Is Shiny.” In the Tipitaka Buddha is also called the Sambuddhi meaning the One Who Intuits By Itself. He is also called the Samma Sambuddhasa, which means the One Who Totally/Wholey Sambuddhi-ed. So we can say that Tra-Deung via Buddhi – Intuitive Prehension – causes us to Transcend ordinary/mundane – anariya – knowledge such that we grasp or Understand the wordless Essence/suchness of Dhamma: Phenomena.

The Eighth Pathway

For the Initiate of the Sinister Seven Fold Way who knows a few things about the Traditional side of the ONA such as the Septenary Tree of Wyrd, we can see that the essential mythos of Buddha – Mind Transcending Mundane Knowledge Via Dark-Emapthy and/or Intuition – can be understood as being a part of the Initiate’s Pathworking Quest from the Yellow Dark-Sphere of Mercury, thru the 8th pathway of the Tree of Wyrd represented by Atu 0 [Physis] and Ga Wath Am, and finally to the Gold/Orange Dark-Sphere of Sol.

The word Buddha is related to the older word Budh, which is the Sanskrit word for Mercury. Budh/Mercury represents knowledge, wisdom, and understanding. Physis or Nature is the Living Book of Life. There are two methods of reading the Book of Nature [Physis]: Mental Knowing of ideas/words/concepts/forms and the Intuitive Understanding of the Essence beneath such ideas, words, concepts, and thing-forms. So it was said that Physis represents: **“The gradual unfolding of nature; the source of Evolution, that which creates Wyrd. The essence behind the appearance of things. Ga wath am: the Power within me is Great.”** “The Power within me” matching up nicely with the concept of Sambuddhi: to Buddhi to gain an understanding of things by Oneself/Sam. Meaning that you don’t need another person to unload their ideas, words, concepts, and worldmodles into your head, to know what they know.

And so like the Buddha, we end up right where we should be: the Golden Dark-Sphere of Sol, which represents what? “This, is the Sphere, of Vision, Understanding, and Prophecy.”

What does the word “prophecy” actually mean? A “prophet” is one who is in communion or connexion or in tune to the Divine [Numinous], and shares his/her Understanding of that Divine Essence with others. “Prophecy” is the act or process of a Prophet relaying/conveying his/her Vision, revelation, insights to others after having been gotten inspiration from the Divine Presence or Numen. In the same sense that the Prophet Muhammad was in “communion” with the Divine Presence/Being of Allah, and shared the Qur’An with his people. But also in the same sense that the Buddha was able to tune into or harmonize himself with the Divine Essence of Nature and Life [Dhamma/Phenomena] and shared that Divine/Numinous Vision with his people in words. That Understanding of the Divine Essence beneath the trivial mundane radiates and shines out of such people like light shines from the Sun bathing everyone equally. First is the experience, then the grasping of the Essence, then the packaging of that Essence into words and ideas. What we do with that light or how we use and mentally/intellectually understand that light on the receiving end is entire up to us and based on our individual level of Understanding.

Prophecy does not always involve prediction and foretelling the future. Although if one is At-One with the Numen or the Way of Things, one can aeonically use what insights gathered to see and predict future events. In a similar sense that after a scientist has studied a phenomenon in Nature, and has conducted tests, he may use his Theories to make accurate predictions with. Similar also to the Buddha, as how when he intuitively grasp the understanding of causality or cause and effect, he is able to predict the karmic effect arising from a present cause.

The Eye of Satan

It is said in the Dark-Sphere of Mercury: "This, is the Womb of Mercury, the Eye of Satan." Mercury representing "Satan," and the gateway of transformation. The Womb suggesting something developing. The birth of which is accompanied by a gush of water and life. The Eye Sees. Satan is The Sinister. The Eye of Satan being the "Eye" that can see the Sinister Essence of life and nature and the cosmos sans the outer words, ideas, theories, morals, etc.

In the Tipitaka it is said that the Buddha apprehends and "rules" the world with something called the All Seeing Buddha-Eye, or the Eye of Buddhi, or the Eye of Buddha. Which is to say that chitta has it's own "Eye" with which it "Sees." What is Chitta again? The Heart-mind.

So in the Holy Qur'An it was said by the Prophet Muhammad: "Say this is my way. I am inviting you towards Allah by way of Inner Sight." – (12:108)

In the Islamic Traditions one can only Understand Allah with the Inner Sight of what is called the "Eye of the Heart" or Chasme Qalb in Arabic. The Sufies states that when the Heart is hardened like Stone, the Eye of the Heart is closed and thus cannot See the Divine. But when it is softened and this Eye of the Heart is opened, Understanding gushes out of it like a spring. In the Sufi Traditions, thus, this Eye of the Heart and the spring of Understanding it gushes out is represented by the Prophet Musa striking a Stone in the desert with his staff whereon Water came forth. Which is to say that even in such a visibly barren "land" as a desert – having no life – the Eye of the Heart can See the Light and the Life in this desert, and its Waters/Understandings Quenches our Thirst/Quest.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

QUESTIONS FOR CHLOE 352



Questions For Chloe 352

I'm not important yet to be interviewed, so I'll just interview myself. I have actually been "interviewed" a few times. But a majority of them were private conversations between an associate and me where our conversation stays private and any answers I give them should stay in their head. If it's questions someone asks me for a public venture, then I request that I stay anonymous and that this person refrains from identifying me as best as possible. Answers I give for the public sector is carefully crafted to reflect a certain image I want to cultivate in respect to the ONA or whatever or whoever it is I am supporting. It's easier for me to teach actually with the questions and answer form. Because I know a question and that way I can give answers related to the actual question. Freestyle writing has me going all over the place. But I really don't like it when I am actually questioned by others. I prefer to answer only questions I wish to answer, so being interviewed is not my forte. If an associate of mine in the ONA actually tells me that somebody wants to ask me question, most often I tell these associates to pretend to be me. I'm the type of person who works well with a spokesperson who knows the game and objective and can make up stuff. Answers must be political above being honest to engineer a desired end result. I don't mind being asked questions which helps me do my job. I do mind prying questions that tries to get at places I don't like the public digging into.

If I were into real politics and ran a government, I'd be a fascist dictator. I'm a kick back person that does not get angry over much. Only 3 things pisses me off badly: 1) Eating loud with your mouth open in front of me; 2) Repeating myself because you are fucking deaf or stupid and didn't understand me the first time; & 3) Being questioned [about anything]. If I was a dictator, I'd have my men shoot your face and mouth off for asking me a question about

about what I'm doing. Shut up. People around me in Real Life know how I roll: I'll break my friendship with anybody that does any of these three things with me on the second offense. And if you actually come to me to ask why I don't want to be your friend anymore I don't give you an answer, I send my older boy cousins to beat the shit out of you. I don't have very many friends. If I wanted them to know something about me, I'd tell them, don't be asking me questions about my private life.

I'd make a very bad politician because I'd probably spend my time killing people, starting with all my friends. I hate keeping friends. The worst kind of people on earth are friends. They are parasites that leech your time, energy, and emotions. And they are entirely unreliable. One of my older OG cousin who is aged out of an Asian gang once told me, which I live by: "The only true friends are the ones with your gun to their heads." That's real friendship: you either got my back, or I'll kill you, and vice versa; otherwise why know each other? We called it a "Gunpoint Friendship." But shooting your friends dead these days sends you to jail, so the best thing to do is stop being their friend and send your boy cousins to teach him a lesson. I almost exclusively in real life hang out with my cousins. Because between us cousins there is a wordless understanding that we'd kill and die for each other. Like my pet dog is my best friend. There is a wordless understanding between me and my pet dog that we would lay our life down for one another. If you are human and you are my friend and you don't have the nature and honour to die for me, like I would for you, then you are more worthless a creature than a dog.

The only friends are family. It's all or nothing. You don't have to be related to be family. You just need to know who you're willing to live and die for. That's Asian style gang culture. Most Asian "gangs" don't classify or call themselves a "gang." It's called a "family." Only the low strata Asians that live near Mexicans and Blacks make gang that use Mexican and Black gang methodologies. Otherwise, Asian "families" do their "gang" business differently. One of my family/friends from one of these top end Asian "families" joking said once: "We don't claim streets like dirt bangers. We claim college campuses and Wall Street." I have Filipino family/friends who tell me that their gangs back on the islands are called "fraternities" and like college frats, these Filipino gangs use Greek Letters. And the other cool thing about these native Flip gangs is that if two parents come from the same fraternity/gang marries and have children, their children are born into the fraternity and raised in that culture. Tribes never went away anywhere.

People think it's hard to make a tribe in the modern world, but it ain't like like. You drive down LA and every other block you pass is turf claimed by an urban tribe that is just as bonded and deadly as their Amazon jungle counterparts. Then you put yourself back in time and walk down the streets of Roman townships up North where Germanic barbarians may live and you'll see that the ethnic gangs of LA and NY which exists in a empire of America, is no different from the bonded and self-determined tribes of Germanic barbarians living inside the Roman Empire. Then you ask yourself: What group of people were the catalyst for the Fall of Rome, which group eventually took it over. Then you take a look at the FARC in Columbia, and the Zetas in Mexico. And finally cast your eyes on the gangs and ghettos of America which are expanding as each year passes. History has etched America's Fate in stone: it will fall one day from the inside out. The late Soviet Union taught us one great and valuable lesson: Nothing Trumps

Human Nature.

I think at least my form of “democracy” would more than likely resemble Vladimir Putin’s Russian democracy, but more controlled. Mr. Putin is a private hero of mine. I think he is one of the greatest and most productive politicians to have influenced a modern State. I think what he has done to Russia – the Russia after the fall of Communism and the current Russia – is very impressive. It’s the End Results that speak louder than ideological shenanigans. Putin isn’t perfect, but he took a Russia that broke free from a communist stupor and gradually turned it around into something worth being proud of. It’s just that its public sector maybe drinks too much? But that’s understandable, because on a collective level the communist era severed their ancestral roots of their history and culture in an attempt to implement in the population an arbitrary and ideological substitute. As a people, when this happens, you feel empty inside, because your culture, spirit, essence, and life force of your ancestry is gone. I hope he and his people tap into Russia’s great history and past to give their collective identity as a people a firm foundation. This is something the mundane America will never have: the ancestral roots of a grand and glorious living history. Their history starts with capitalism and Webster, and they will die in that empty superficial substitution.

This will just be me answering random question. Most of the topic for the questions comes from search terms that people use to find our wordpress. Sometimes I get a few search terms of people who perhaps are looking for information on a subject and I feel like helping them out by giving them answers. But I never do because I don’t know where to posts the answers at. Other times we get some really odd search terms where we can imagine how those words on google ever led to our wordpress. I actually do take certain search terms and use google and yahoo to see what results draws up for research. But Some of these search terms that shows up on our back end of our wordpress when googled don’t lead to our wordpress? Some of the more very odd search terms we’ve gotten is “Naked Horse Pix.” How the hell did that lead to this blog? I tried to search this term because I was scared that ONA was somehow getting mixed with bestiality websites, which is bad for business. Nobody here even talks about horses?! And horses are already naked dummy. Another weird one was “Zeena LaVey Tits.” Nobody here talks about either Zeena or tits? The weirdest one for me was a recent one that goes: “Old Gays Exhibiting Their Ass.” I’m afraid to google that to see how in the world that term led somebody to this blog. I didn’t think there were people out there searching for ass pix of old men. That’s just not right. But I guess it takes all kinds doesn’t it.

So the questions will be mostly based on the reoccurring search terms random people use over and over again to find our blog. Some of them don’t have anything to do with Satanism or the ONA, since I write a lot about Buddhism and such things. Other questions are based on questions people have asked me often in real life and via cyberspace. One search term that is now used very often to find this blog is “Chloe 352,” so I’ll prolly end up talking about myself often. I even named the title of this article after me for you relentless fuckers that won’t quit searching the internet for information on me. I’ll provide you fuckers with some information about me mixed into the Q&A. I hate that feeling like I’m being stocked and seeing handfuls of people searching the internet with my name really bugs me, quit it, it’s creepy.

Questions & Answers With Your Friend Chloe 352

Q1: *Why do you guys use WordPress?*

A1: There are two major reasons why. We didn't always use a blog medium. Originally 4 years ago Kayla 352 took over a profile one of our friends had at the 600 club. She used to be very active there a while back. But that account was a "portal account" meaning that several people who are friends just have the password to that account and they use the profile to just answer questions about ONA or work the PM system or something. When Kayla used it, she usually signs her posts off with her name.

The thing with Kayla is that she is a popularity freak. She was like that in school, on Friendsters back in ancient days, and on Myspace back in 2004 when most of us were around age 16. Kayla brought her "Myspace culture" into the WSA and ONA with her.

Back when Myspace was still very new – even before youtube was invented yet – our friends were all on Myspace. In those times there was this stupid contest somebody started where people were competing to get as many friends as they could on their friends list. There were these things back then on Myspace called "Whore Trains" where you ride them and random people just add you. So Kayla had about a dozen profiles to herself. She used her real one to whore herself for friends since she was into that contest, and with her other profiles she trolled the shit out of Myspace groups with her friends and got kicked out from Myspace often. She and her friends had these fake profiles back then where they used year book pictures of the principle and teachers to make profiles to hit on under aged girls and boys. They eventually got in trouble for it.

At her peak Kayla amassed over 10,000 friends on her list. But all these other girls were getting way more than her so she got frustrated because she was losing. Kayla eventually figured out that she would never get a million friends on Myspace and never be the most popular on it, so she had a plan: she would go find a smaller websites and have her own popularity contest there by herself to make herself feel better. Which was when a friend of ours gave her the password to an account they used but did not want any more at the 600 club. The name of the account was "Luciferific." There is a Myspace history actually connected with the WSA to that name. In the olden days on Myspace, we had close friends who were Satanists who started one of Myspace's first groups for Satanists which was called "Luciferific." Many of the people now in WSA hung out in that group back in the day. The Myspace group was based on what we called "Progressive Satanism" which back then was just an unformed idea.

But for Kayla there was a problem with the 600 club. It didn't have a friendlist you can add people on to show how popular you were and there were no whore trains. She was slightly older and slightly smarter than her Myspace days, so she had a plan to fix these issues. Her plan was she would turn the letters WSA into numbers [352] and then try hard to make insightful posts to collect friends, then have her friends display those numbers on their profile. She ended up calling this "eTagging" which is when you use the medium of cyberspace to tag and graffiti on people's brains.

I think after a year of her writing short but insightful posts Kayla had eTagged at least 15-20 people who all displayed the number 352 on their profiles. What changed everything was that

one day some weird bitch came by the 600 club to post a link to some forum she had where this weird bitch was starting her own cult. Kayla went to the link and had her first “epiphany.” That was when she told us that she was wasting her time collecting friends when she can start her own cult too! This was when I went and started for us our own little forum, and all of Kayla’s “352” friends migrated to this forum. Then Kayla started to go thru our old writings from our Myspace days when we were trying to create our own version of Satanism, and she started to write long essays by updating them, which became what is known as “Opus Vrilis.” So instead of forum posts Kayla wrote long essays for her book, which I added to. She tried to make Opus Vrilis a joint effort where we all contributed our own understanding of Satanism to it, but the others complained that they didn’t know how to write. And instead of eTagging random people with a mere set of numbers, Kayla started to tag people’s brains with her ideas. It was Blackwood that introduced us to WordPress.

Back then we had never heard of a wordpress or Blackwood. By this time Eric of Mystan had introduced us to Ning, and so we had our own Ning network too. One day in our little WSA forum one of our olden day brothers had made a post saying that we [wsa] must be famous because we were on WordPress, and he left a link. When I read that post I was thinking: What the hell is a wordpress and how did it make us famous? I clicked on the link and saw that some jerk had come into our Ning and stole something were worked on called the 10 Proclamations from our Opus Vrilis and critiqued it with these illiterate retorts! That’s how we came to know Blackwood since he did it. After Kayla and her 352 friends found out about this they started a massive 3 year long troll campaign to attack Blackwood, by pretending to be him all over the internet. I was more interested in what the wordpress was and why that brother said it made us famous. He was kidding, but at the time I thought wordpress had something to do with getting people famous.

So I researched what wordpress was. The first thing I did was do a background check on it via Alexa to see how popular it was. At the time I did not know what a “blog” was. All I knew was that you can write on wordpress like a book so people can read it. I learned that wordpress is a major website that is one of the top sites that gets the most traffic. This was all the information I needed to figure things out. Later I told Kayla and our friends that making posts on forums is a total waste of time because no matter how insightful our posts are, nobody but us will read them. If we wanted to spread our memes far, we had to use something writable outside forums. I told them that wordpress gets major internet traffic and would be a perfect medium to write on. This way we have a better chance that our memes and ideas gets maximum exposure. That was the period in our “history” where we shut down our Ning and our forum and relocated all our efforts onto wordpress. At the time the only Satanic anything using wordpress was ONA. You had back then just the nineangles WP, Pointy’s WP, and the darkimperium WP.

The second reason why we use WordPress is because of the many statistical tools they give you to use on the back end of wordpress. You get a graph which counts how many hits you get per day; a chart which lists your top read posts of the day, week, month, quarter, year, and all time. A chart that lists all of the search terms that leads people to your site. And we learned how to use all of those tools to write the next batch of articles and topical essays. For example the current most popular articles we have right now is “The Business of ONA,” and

“Questions For Anton Long Pt II.” From this information we get a feel for what type of thematic presentation our audience likes at the moment, so we use that knowledge to dictate the theme of our next set of writings. Which is why this essay here is a hybrid between the Q&A and type of information presented in our two popular posts. So basically we learned to wrap our ONA ideas into the most effective thematic presentations.

Originally, before I knew about blogs, I wanted to write books because I believed that books were my only means to spread our memes and ideas to a target audience. But books has problems that I found limiting. It costs money to publish a book and it is not guaranteed that anybody will read it. I knew that writing to spread memes takes experimentation, study of feedback from the market, and manufacturing new memes to reflect the market’s needs. This meant that books for what I wanted to do was impractical. WordPress literally changed everything for me. It’s free for me to use. It’s free for people to read. You can attach tags to each essay you write to make them searchable on the web. It’s malleable and dynamic. You can easily go back and edit and you can add as many pages as needed. The bast part is if you work it right, over time, you get maximum exposure for your memes. And so the influence via this format happens much faster than from books. For my goals and purposes, I’d take WordPress anyway, hands down, over a book.

Just writing an essay and filling it with information doesn’t cut it in business. During college me and Kayla and some of our friends worked for a year at Target on the Merchandize Presentation team, also called “Planogramming.” This was the team that came in at night, deconstructed a whole aisle, removed all of the products, reset the shelves, set up new items, and put up the displays as a means of presenting the merchandize to the customers in a presentable manner that appealed to them. As a corporation Target keeps tabs on its customer demographics and with that information they make theories on how products and aisles show be set and presented to induce customers to buy more. That theories gets put into aisle schematics which is given to these planogram teams to execute the theories. Then they wait and see how effective their theories are and make changes. So our work was constant. I brought this corporate “culture” and way of seeing and using merchandize presentation into the ONA with me. Which is literally all that I am doing with the ONA.

All we do is take the ideas and memes made by ONA Central [AL & Co] and we just re-present the merchandize in different ways to target specific demographics and mindsets. Then we pay attention for several months to see if those ideas spread into the general Satanic Subculture. The “Average” Target shopper is a middle class White female with about one child in her mid 30?s. And so based on that profile Target lays out is stores to capture the attention of that Average shopper. As so as you walk into a typical store the first thing ahead in your field of vision is the clothes and bags and accessories. Usually the jewelry department is also within your first field of vision as you walk in. If you don’t do towards the clothing and turn down the aisle into the main section of the store and walk straight down you hit the next set of departments aimed at this Average shopper: the little food department, and Health and Beauty. If you don’t go down that lane and you turn into another lane, you get hit by children clothing and your house appliances and domestic house décor department. Everywhere you first turn you hit a department aimed at this Average target customer.

So what is the Average “shopper” of ONA product/memes? You Average “shopper” of ONA stuff is X Generation, male, in his late twenties, educated, articulate. Therefore this Average potential ONA shopper is also Disenfranchised with Modern Satanism, needs higher quality stimulus, is unsatisfied with the condition of the State/Nation their father’s generation manifested, is not satisfied with what Satanism and the occult has been selling for the past 40 years, questions and is not trusting of authority, and open minded where they will venture to study other cultures and philosophical system to find new stimulus to add to their need or search for things to make Their Satanism or belief system, better. The last part is the most important part. Your Target customer isn’t looking to buy Target, they are looking for things to supplement their home and life style they already have.

You Average ONA audience is not looking for a new belief system, new ideology or anything. X Gen is fed up with that shit. They don’t want their father’s hippy religions. They have their own things, and they are only looking for memes to supplement what they already Are and Have. X Gen is so different from the liberal Babyboomer generation that many X Gens are actually conservative and looking for grounded traditions. They are now yearning for something solid and traditional their grandfathers had. The liberal hippy generation nearly killed something like Freemasonry because none of them wanted to join it. Today these old school fraternal societies [and traditional religions] are getting an influx of X Gen looking for culture and tradition. This is what we would call a “shift in the market.” If you don’t learn to be responsive to that shift, you sever your connection to any real market. The word “market” here simply means human relations and interactions.

You can’t just write into the ether and hope for the best. Memes can’t exist outside the medium of Mind. Whose Minds are you targeting if you’re just writing shit on a whim? Do you know your demographics? You don’t. If you knew your market demographics you would know that your Average X Gen person dislikes joining forums with private membership. Myspace is dead because they could not move with the aging of their most passionate market: the teens back in 2004. We all grew up and got fed up with all that forums and chatting and joining groups shit. Facebook usurped that aged young adult market that left Myspace by giving them an environment they liked in which they can function in. If you study Facebook’s operating environment you’ll see that everything is “Open Ended.” You have a typical profile where you have your real friends. You have a wall where you can without leave comments and openly share music, video, and comments. You have “groups” you don’t really join but like and you just read or post. Everything is “Open Ended” and hassle free.

Something like a WordPress works better at tapping into that big market because it’s open ended and hassle free. You just drop by and read the damn posts on wordpress and leave. No joining, no making profiles, no body to bug you, you stay anonymous. You read stuff, pick up whatever ideas you find useful, and leave to go about your own life and business. Nobody chases you down to bug you about joining some religion, adoring some leader, adopting some prefabricated set of beliefs. You just take what you need and Personalize it all into your own thing. Your own repertoire. If you like ONA you just align yourself to it and help evolve it in your own unique way. Not hassle. This will also explain why I had the idea of getting the rank and file of ONA to demote Anton Long from leader to just a respected peer. Because your typical X Gen person although they may be seeking culture, tradition, and community or some solid

ground to stand on, they do not trust or want to marry their lives to some authority figure. In the older generation, those older people did not mind it when they joined a religion or belief system and that religion came with an ego-driven leader. You want the religion or philosophy, I come with it; which is what the game was. It's like going to a car lot to buy a new car, and the salesman guy tells you: "I'll let you have the car if you take me home and let me live with you!" Your average intelligent X Gen doesn't want that ball and chain shit. Especially in this Satanic Subculture thing. You look at all those goofy internet cult leaders still doing things in the old school and they each have a following of 4 retarded people. That alone should tell you something about market trends and shifts in "demographical mindset."

Q2: How much do you weigh Chloe 352?

A2: I am a whole 98 pounds. I'm about 5'2" got my mother's Asian genes so it's okay. The family dog can knock me over if he rushes at me. But that's okay though because it just means I'm all brain. Rice has no nutritional value. You eat so much of it with so little of the other stuff. We call those two separate things. The Rice is called "Bai" which sounds like the English word By or Bye or Buy. Then the various stuff you eat with the Rice is called Aha [Pali-Khmer], Ahan [Thai], or Mahoap [Common Khmer], which means "Food." Normally, as Asians in our natural habitats and left to our own devices, we eat a lot of the rice and only use the actual food as flavouring to give the rice taste. Plus our great grandparents were all Chinese, so we get their frugal way of eating. A family of 12 Chinese people can share one fish together all day. Because they only use that fish as something like "condiments" or garnishing to add flavour to their bowl of rice. That's how we eat things.

When my Great Grandpa was alive he used to tell us stories about his life as a Chinese immigrant to Indochina. He said that they were very poor and left China with nothing with only a few pairs of clothing. And in their new country the whole lot of them shared a very small hut of some type and they would work together to do business by first making food and sweets and selling them, then other types of business. Late Great Grandpa said that for most of his childhood he only ate rice with soy sauce and whatever eggs and crabs and fish they could find. They just kept working together, living together, and doing business together while eating like that until they got rich. This is one thing I really admire in Chinese people, is that they have this natural family based collective work ethics.

One of my aunts who is a cousin of my own aunts and uncles is mostly Chinese. She is the oldest of her seven siblings. When she was in her early teens her mother died and having no father they were all left orphans. So she was forced to leave her childhood and teenage stuff behind and be a mother and father to her 6 siblings to keep them alive and together. They all found their way to California safely and together and were living with relatives. But this auntie took a vow before the Buddha to never marry or have children of her own so she can devote all her time and life to her 6 siblings.

What this auntie did was she would work several jobs here and save her money. Then when one of her siblings was old enough to work she would put them to work and take their money and put it into a collective account. She told her siblings that if they did not work together like that, they would be poor and die together since they had no parents. When she saved up

enough money she would buy a small business for her oldest sibling, and continue to work and do the same. She did this until all 6 of her siblings owned a business of their own. By then she was 60. She told her siblings that her duties were done, she was satisfied and at peace, and now she'd like to retire. So in turn her 6 siblings now take care of her every need and gives her allowance money to spend each month. Her siblings all revere her as a mother and boss. They are grown people, but they ask her for permission to do everything from going on vacation to getting married. Growing up she tells us that she and her siblings ate frugally like any Chinese family, especially since back then money was hard to come by.

This auntie – and everyone in my family I know – said that they were horrified when they first saw Americans eat because the Americans would each an entire plate of food all to themselves which could feed a whole small village of Chinese people. No wonder there's a billion of them you know. My family and most others I know called Americans "Yiak" which means Giant or Monster, because they are so huge and eat like giants too. There is one thing about food and the way Americans eat that is culturally disrespectful, which is when you eat and don't have the consideration of your kin and friends to call them to share your food. It's a custom and respectful in our culture that when you have have food or are fixing to eat something that before you eat your food, you call everybody around you to come and share your food or ask everyone around you if they want to eat what you have. This is an old tribal custom from way back in the day when if you don't share what food you have hunted and gathered with your tribe, you all die in that forest together from selfish greed. That type of selfish greed of not sharing things in this tribal Culture and Buddhism is called in Pali-Khmer "Lop" or "Lob," from the Sanskrit Loba meaning "Greed," or "Lust." Even if what you are eating is small and you know nobody wants to eat what you have anyways, you still have to call everyone to share what you have with you. It's disrespectful on the other end when you are not invited to eat and someone just garfs their meal down by themselves. You're left asking yourself: why are we living together or friends if you don't share with me?

During our college years we all shared this apartment next to the campus in walking distance. It was expensive because of the closeness to the campus but our parents paid for it. Our several White friends lived with us too. One of them – who is still friends with us – was this huge 6'2" White guy from Boston named Francesco [he was Northern Italian like Kayla] but we called him Franny.

Our roommate Franny didn't actually go to the university. He just lived with us. Franny is a loud personality. He's the type to actually narrate every thought he has out loud as if you were interested in every thought that passes in his head. But I love him to death because he has a huge heart. You have a dependable friend for life if Franny is your friend. He literally gives you his car for free when he buys a new one. He's a trust fund baby so even though he was older than us he really didn't work a job. When he needed spending money he would fly back home to Boston and mow lawns of people he knows for a month, then fly back to live in our apartment with us.

Franny also hung out with the kids in the complex, played ball and video games with them. He also hung out with the Black people his age in the area. He really like gangsta rap and in the most random of moments just busts out with a "flow" or some rap about republicans killing

liberals, Satanists killing Catholic bishops. He also loves to break dance and pop and dance to Madonna and 80's music for us and the kids at the complex. So at random moments in the middle of China Town Franny would bust out in all sorts of dance moves and pop on the sidewalk. He also sleeps with two medium sized teddy bears he had names for: "Cary," and "Beary," and takes his teddy bears with him in his car when he goes places. And we've never seen him have a girlfriend? So Franny was always "special" to us. But we never offend him by prying into what we assume to be his bizarre personal life. We had to housebreak Franny from his White barbaric ways and give him some semblance of culture and manners. There were about 6-7 of us living in that apartment and only 2 were guys, him, and one of my cousins.

He had this bad habit of cooking his favourite dish – white spaghetti with carameled onions – in the kitchen while I was doing somebody's homework. I was doing people's homework and editing or writing essays for our roommates and their friends because they were all fobs who barely spoke English. But Franny would finish cooking and sit at the table and without calling us to eat with him just proceeds to enjoy himself. Then me and my cousins all turn our heads over shocked. He'd stop eating and say: "What? What happen? Why is everybody looking at the White guy eating?" So after we told him that what he was doing was rude and disrespectful and taught him how to do things right he fixed himself proper and exaggerated it. After he cooked stuff he'd put a small towel on his arm like a butler and went up to each one of us, knocked on all of our doors, called each of our names and would say: "Ms. Chloe, Ms. Richelle, Ms. So and so, I've made some lunch with extra for everybody and will be leaving into the kitchen to eat my portion. I wish to formally invite you all to join me and share my food. If you wish to join me, please do so at your discretion. Thank you." I thought it was funny and cute, but guess you had to be there. He ended up learning to speak a lot of Khmer, Thai, and Vietnamese.

Q3: *What is Samsara?*

A3: This is for some reason the top word search to find our wordpress. You people are starting to bug me now. I took down the samsara picture we used hoping this would stop. There should be other websites that talk about it besides this one.

Samsara is a word and different groups of Hindus and Buddhists will have different interpretations and understandings of it. Nobody is either right or wrong with things like this. Personally I tend to gravitate towards the rational and down to earth apprehensions of that word.

In the Hindu influenced sphere of thought Samsara is like a cycle of birth and death. You are stuck in this cycle constantly reincarnating as different people and animals paying back your "bad karma," and this cycle ends when you have attained Moksha which means something like Liberation of that cycle. It's hard for me to imagine what the rest of the infinite universe is for in this Hindu model if every living being is stuck rebirthing on this one single planet. Just the cosmological matrix this idea is found in, tells you that the Hindu model of Samsara was made by a people ignorant of a universe being big beyond the world. It's similar to the idea of analyzing the zoological matrix the book of Genesis in the bible. Genesis names and mentions only post-ice-age animals, and what animals were named are typical ones that can be found

around the Middle East and Levant. So from that you logically conclude that either God was retarded or that it was written by a person only familiar with such animals and environment.

In Theravada Buddhism on the TEXTUAL level of what the Buddha is said to have taught and so on, Samsara is said to be not a cycle of reincarnation, but a cycle of what you do over and over again mindlessly in such a way that you do not realize that samsara to be free from it. An example would be when you take the same streets to work everyday in such a way that you don't even need to Think of where to drive because it's like you are on automatic pilot. There is no Thinking involved, and it's repetitive. This example would only be "samsara" if you actually believe that there is no alternative way to work but the one you take, and you would get emotive and angry if others try to tell you there is another way. That is one form of samsara. The other form of samsara is like when you do something over and over with a group of people in such a way that all people involved are not aware and can't stop. An example would be family and the culture we pass to our next generation. If you were born and raised in a nuclear family, that is the "culture" or mode of living you will pass to your children, and they to their children, and so on. The problem with this interpretation of samsara arises causally. Because what we do generates consequences. And so if we are not aware of what we are doing to even stop, we punish our own selves in a prison of our own actions, unawareness, and ignorance.

But all that rational stuff goes out the window in Asia where Asians have this thing called Culture and ancestral Traditions. Because in such places it is our living cultures and ancestral traditions that effects and influences the Buddhism and not the other way around. Such that, even if the Buddha may have taught there is no soul or reincarnation is not real, and samsara is what you do and not a place you are in, as a people we still believe in the Brahmanical worldview of things. Meaning that as a people, we all still believe in spirits, in reincarnation, in ancestor worship, in animism, and that samsara is a cycle of birth and death.

It can be argued by Westerners and such that such culture and tradition is "anti-Buddhism." And usually a favourite quote the Buddha said is quoted which has the Buddha saying to question your traditions and don't practice things just because your elders did. What is wrong with this quote is that it is completely taken out of its native matrix and context. Who was the Buddha speaking these advice to and why? Not you or I. What the people who love to quote this bit fail to do is read the story in the actually surrounding text this quote was taken from.

The story is that there was a town of people in India who had gone to the Buddha once to ask him a question. The town's people had informed the Buddha that for the past 100 years in their town different leaders and elders had come and gone who left behind all sorts of traditional observances to such an extent that they had lost their original culture and traditions. Not having an ancestral culture and tradition rooted in antiquity like other people, the town's people asked the Buddha for advice in what they should do to correct this wrong. The people wanted only one set of traditions but were not sure of which to chose to live by. And so the Buddha thus advises these town's people to question all of those customs and traditions these elders left behind and work together to weed out the ones they don't like, and practice the ones they collectively agree upon. This was the best way to recreate a culture for their descendents, since these people had lost their original one to outside tampering. In a different

instance the Buddha even goes so far as to warn the people he was talking to, to beware of outsiders not a part of their culture and traditions who may seek to impress from the outside onto their culture new observances, rules, and elements. I've never read this story myself though. I just hear my elders tell the story to me.

Every story found in the Tipitaka has a moral lesson beneath it you are supposed to extract. They aren't just empty myths and stories. This was just the best way to teach his audience at the time since your common folk Indian 2500 years ago were illiterate and simple. Pali remember was the common dialect of a common street grade people and it did not have its own writing system. Which is why the Buddha had to rely on chanting and oral transmission. The Pali word Sutta [Sutra in Sankrit] does not mean a book with written pages in it. In Khmer was say this word as "Soud-TOR," read as a Brit would. It means to Chant or to Recite or a Chanting or Recitation of a line or string. In the Sanskrit Sutra means Yarn, String, or Line. In the Pali it goes to mean the chanting of such lines, versus, etc. When monks chant that is actually called a Sutta or Soutor, where you say the monks are "Soutoring" in Pali. The word in the Sanskrit is associated with letters since that language and its speakers or users had an alphabet. The word in the Pali is associated with the vocal chantings of versus since that language and its users did not have an alphabet to use.

Buddhism in the original Pali was meant to be an oral tradition passed down by word of mouth from elder to young. These sayings of the Buddha were originally collected into the Tipitaka first for political reasons since back then many rival schools of Buddhism had their own set of teachings that the Buddha supposedly taught. The winning school at the time put together their Tipitaka and asserted that their collection was the true and honest teachings of the Buddha and other stuff were fakes and corruptions of the "original." The second reason was to be only an aid to memory as a type of body of reference. In total the Tipitaka is 25,000 pages and 40 volumes long. No average Buddhist person or common monk has read the whole thing.

The Tipitaka was not meant to be read and adhered to as "scripture." They were metaphorically named the three baskets for a clever reason. What do you do with baskets back then? You haul loads of earth and raw building material at construction sites. What do you do with raw material at construction sites? You build things with them. So why was the Tri Pitaka named the Three Baskets? Because they contain three loads of Raw Material. What do you do with Raw Material? You Build with it. How do you say Build and Work in Pali and old Sanskrit? Kamma and Karma. So when an elder speaks a versus where Buddha talks about the Dhamma – Natural Phenomenon – of causality, you don't worship or believe in that Raw Material. You use it as raw material to Build your own shit with. To Build onto your life in your own ways by using that raw material. It was intended that as an Upasaka you helps build onto what was given or helped build onto the foundation.

What does Upasaka/Upasika mean? Upa meaning Next To or Near By, or Up To & Asa is a word we still use in Khmer with its old meaning Helpful, Willing To Assist. The Khmer words "Min [not] Jes [know] Asa means To be Lazy. Aka is the male suffix for like the English -ER, and -ika is the female form. Put together you have a word which means "One Who Is Close By and Ready To Assist/Help" an Architect do his work. You literally Help and Assist the Buddha Build his shit. Don't worship him or his words, because that gets nothing done. Help his ass

Build the Buddhism up. Add to it, make something out of it. When you are sitting there doing nothing and your Grandma yells at you and your cousins: "Owy [Give] Asa Mer! [Look! Behold! Hey You!]" She is telling you to get off our lazy asses and Do Something around the house like choirs to help out. In this regard, what the Northerners in China did by building onto Buddhism thus creating Mahayana, and what the Tibetans did by adding onto Buddhism by creating their Vajrayana was the Work of faithful Helpers doing what they are actually supposed to be doing with their Buddhism. Live it, question it, refine it, add to it, build it up further. All that old feuding between Mahayana and Hinayana was dumb sectarian fighting. Being only human, we all want to be right and we all want our version of religion and philosophy or views to also be right. So the old schools of Hinayana got asshurt forgetting the work an Assistant is supposed to be doing.

The Buddha once admonished his followers to question his teachings and test dhamma and that if something he said does not match up to our own inner understandings and convictions, to discard what he said and go with what is inside of us. You are taught to question Buddhism and Doubt its teachings in Buddhism. Following the words of another man does not lead to sambuddhi [self-enlightenment]. You are taught to put whatever dhamma he pointed out to the test in the real world and in life to validate it and take nothing at face value. Believing others words at face value does not lead any body to sambuddhi. You are to question what Samsara is and come to your own conclusions of the Raw Material, and then after coming to our own inner Understandings of it, as Assistants, our Work/Kamma is to Build our own things with such Raw Material, such as our own form/yana and understandings of Buddhism which will help us live better lives and help our Sangha live better. The Way is the Sasana of Sambuddhi, not the way of following a Buddha. At best the character of the Buddha is a guide and a symbol of what we can become. Esoterically the word Buddha means Mind or the part of mind that is Awake which apprehend Dhamma: Natural Phenomena. There is no Buddha but Mind. There is no Dhamma but the World of Human Experience. There is no Buddhi but the Gnosis we each unfold from our own experiences.

If you simply accept and believe another person's interpretation of Samsara, you open yourself to Dukkha or worry or mental anguish. It's not a big deal in the West for us to do so. But in India if you were of the lower caste and you believed in a Hindu version of Samsara where you sincerely believe you will be a worthless low caster for thousands of life times unless you serve those of a higher caste, you really do condemn yourself to a life of servitude. It was a big deal back then. And with the more rational understanding of samsara it is a big deal today. In the recent past in America if you were Black or a Woman and you believed the rhetoric the White Male Government were saying and sincerely believed that because of your skin color or gender that you had no rights to social equality, no rights to vote, and no right to self-determination, it is your own fault for believing and not questioning, and doing something about it. You perpetuate that samsara in your ignorance, and your children are then born inside that samsara. Which is why it is said that you are born and die inside samsara; unless you Liberate yourself, by your own awakening first, and by your own causal actions second.

Q4: Are you and Kayla and Shugz the same people?

A4: How do you know or not know? That's what I'm wondering? Because nowhere in

cyberspace has anyone of my friends/family in the WSA ever put up personal information about them. There are no pix, no profiles. The only thing anyone ever sees associated with us are posts and blogs. How are you so full of yourself, so lost in your own greatness and intelligences, that you would tell me you know me and my family simply based on what meager things can be seen on line? How do you read a blog and assume to know the life of another person? That you would Speculate about who is who? What the fuck does it matter to your fucking piece of shit brain who is who or who is not who? I'm not directing this at anybody ONA. There are a few Outsiders that seem to be really prone to making assumptions and Speculations about other people's lives on their websites and in there postings. You know who you piece of shits are: the ones that assume and speculate every ONA person is David Myatt, the ones who assume and Speculate who Anton Long is or isn't and how many of them there are or aren't, the one sitting behind his websites collecting the IP's of ONA people going to your site who assumes and Speculates you know everything about me and Kayla. You know who you are asshole. I'm talking to you, cuz I know you regularly read this blog. What the fuck does it matter too you? It's interesting that you mundanes who assume and Speculate and fabricate theories based on a few writings that you spend your time Speculating about other people, and that those other people don't even fucking think about you. What's that saying that goes: "People who mind other people's lives, don't have a life of their own to mind."

Fuckin quit that stocking shit. Stop fucking searching google for shit on me, Kayla, and Shugz. That shit bugs me. You're not going to find shit, and it's none of your business who I am or Kayla or Shugz are. If we wanted you to know, we'd tell you or make a fucking facebook for your ass. The less you know about us, the less harm you can do.

I'm not reclusive or elusive like maybe someone like DM is. People who know me know exactly where to find me and they know I'm open and approachable. But I am a very Private person. In real life and online. I have a personality glitch where I am obsessed with keeping everything about me a personal secret. Which is why I don't like keeping friends. What I can't stand about keeping friends is that they talk to me, and will try to get to know me by asking questions. I understand they mean well and that's how they operate as a person. They just ask what to them are honest question about my thoughts, my likes, what kind of music I like, etc. I don't like that. I have a personality glitch where I do not like to let anybody know anything about me unless I feel like sharing. Even if it's about what music I listen to. Don't ask me question, because you make me feeling like killing you. The less you know me, the less harm you can do. What's Sun Tzu tell you the first step in war should be? Know your enemy. Spend as much time as needed to collect intelligence about your enemy before ever making a move. I do not want you knowing ANYTHING fucking thing about me. But I will spend my time collecting everything I can about you and your life and personality type to manipulate you and use you.

I've had this glitch since I was small. I'm not introverted and anti-social where I just sit there and not talk to people, but I just have never liked the idea of people knowing me, so I never reveal anything about myself which I don't want to reveal. High school was a big bug for me. I was pissed off all 4 years of it. Because I'd have these friends or meet people who'd ask for my number. And just the simple act of them asking me a question to get my number makes me want to kill them. I do not understand why the fuck you need to ask for my fone number when I

spend 8 fucking hours with your fucking ass at fucking school! You have 8 fucking hours to fucking talk to me for fucks sake! Why you gotta call me after school for? What the fuck can possibly be so important that you need to call me cuz it can't wait for the next school day? Your nail broke? You having a bad hair day? I wanna listen to you bitch in my ear for an hour about your girl or boy problems? And fone conversations are stupid. What's the first two question a fone convo starts of with? "Hey, what are doing?" "Hey, where you at?" You telling me you got nothing else better to do but call me to ask me what I'm fucking doing? That's why you want my fucking number for? I keep my cell phone turn off most of the day and I only turn it on at designated times to check my voice mail. You leave a fucking message. If it's important, I'll call your ass back. If not, you won't be hearing from me. Fuck you.

Then these friends will ask me: "Hey you wanna come over and hang out?" WHY?! Where the fuck have you been for 8 fucking hours? Did I not spend 8 fucking hours with your fucking ass at school? What, that wasn't enough? You need 16 hours of me? You telling me I don't have a life? Like I have all 24 hours to hang out with your fucking ass? I don't sleep or something? Is that what you're telling me? I don't have family to be with huh? I don't got shit to do huh? I live to make you happy huh? I'm your slave huh? Is that what you're telling me? I wanna stare at your ass for 8 more hours cuz the first 8 weren't enough huh? Fucking asshole.

During my college years my cousins and close friends and I actually worked real jobs to make spending money. Usually we try to get the same jobs at the same places to be together. For me a "real job" is anything not owned by my family where you get real paycheck. You wanna know slave labour with zero benefits, go work for your family. I've worked for my family most of my life, since I was 7.

My first "real job" ever was when me, Kayla, and my friends got a night job at a Target. It was a fun experience. We were mostly around 18 at the time. I didn't last long though. I thought it was amazing when I got my first real life paycheck. Before my family just gave me cash. We were on the planogram team which was about a group of about 7 people. The store and executives left us to ourselves and never bugged us. Each Monday our team lead got a pile of schematics which are these papers that tells you what aisles need to be redone. So for the whole week we knew what we were supposed to do. All we had to do was organized ourselves and know everything that needs to be done.

So you needed somebody in the stockroom pulling the new merchandize all night, then you needed someone to backstock the stuff we take down. Then you needed at least 4 people to do the tearing down and rebuilding the aisles, then you needs people to take care of all the clearance items.

Kayla liked working in the back room pulling items and backstocking stuff. She climb on the shelves and doesn't use the ladders and she'll throw her boxes from high up down and many times the stuff inside the boxes will break. She also has markers in her pocket and she likes to scribble things on the very tippy top shelves. I liked doing the actual planograms. The structure thing the shelves latches onto is called a "gondola" and amazingly it's all held together by no nails or screws. With some of the gondolas with old parts that didn't hook together, Kayla and our team lead who became our close friend, just used cardboard and ducktape and zipper ties.

This one time during the night an end cap fell because the team that made that godola before us used cheap stuff to put the end cap together. It was missing a T-Bar to keep it stuck to the rest of the godola and we could find a spare. Kayla told us that she knew where a spare was "over there somewhere" she said, and she went to get it. So we fixed that end cap. And then in the morning after the store had opened I was walking to our private planogram back room to get more shelves and as I walked past the back side of the very last gondola I noticed the end cap was leaning forward and was slowly falling on top of me. So I was holding it up and screaming for help because I didn't have a walkie talkie that night. Turns out Kayla went to take the T-bar off that end cap because she figured it was too far in the back of the store for anybody to care, and she used duck tape to stick the end cap to the gondola. Guess you had to be there.

But working there taught me that I really do hate people. The more everybody got to know me at that store, the more they asked me questions about my private life. Then they started to ask me for my number and to hang out! I was thinking to myself: It's like high school all over again, I'm gunna fucking kill myself. But now, these co-workers started to ask me if I wanted to hang out and drink beer with them. Which ticked me off. I just spent 8 hours with your stupid ass at work. Why the hell do I want to spend another 8 hours watching you drink and being stupider? I can barely stand you people sober. You people already barely make any rational sense to me sober. What, I'm a monkey? I get entertained watching you act stupid on beers? Is that what your telling me? The funny thing is I don't drink alcohol and I tell them I don't drink so there is no point in me going. And they tell me: "Oh, you can just come to hang out and look pretty." And do what dummy? Listen to you talk in my ear for another 8 hours drunk? I already put up with your ass talking for 8 hours straight. It isn't like you people are going to be talking about things that interest me.

I just one day stopped going to work because of this. Since then I've never worked a real job. I also have the habit of cutting ties cold turkey with everyone I meet or know who thinks they are my friend because they asked me a question or asked me to hang out with them. I change my fone number once every two months and don't tell anybody but my family and close friends. I put people who want to be friends to the test and ask them do something for me to prove their loyalty and level of honour. If we're going to be friends I fucking use you and you do shit I tell you to do and don't ever question me. Because I will do the same for you. I'll let you use me, do shit you request of me, and I don't ask you questions. Tell me you need a gun, and I'll get it to you next week, don't ask me how I get it, and I don't ask you why you need it. I ask you for an ounce of weed, and you get that shit to me like I asked, and I don't ask you where you get your shit from, and you don't ask me what I'm gunna be doing with that shit. Don't fucking tell me about your life or personal information cuz I don't fucking care, shut the fuck up, and don't asked me about my private life. I love my pet dog to death and he doesn't tell me about his life or bug me with his thoughts and opinions about shit, neither does he care about my thoughts and opinions. I tell you shit about me on a need to know basis, and you do likewise.

My pet dog love me and would die for me, but he and I don't have to fake being friendly, fake a smile, fake being interested in friendship, conversate, talk, text, hang out, whatever. I can stay at another house and not see or talk to him in a month and when I go back to that house, my pet dog will love me and die for me the same. And he doesn't ask me where I have been

and who I've been hanging out with. He's just happy I'm back. I have 9 aunts and uncles, and I don't know a single real detail about their private life. I have 30 direct cousins, and I don't know most of their real full names, what girls or guys they date, what their favourite color or flavour of ice cream is. I serious know next to nothing about my own private family. I didn't learn my Great Grampa's real name until I saw it written on his obituary.

In my culture it is wrong and offensive to ask questions about other people's lives and affairs. You don't talk about people, about your thoughts, and opinions with others, and you don't "get to know" your elders and family members by carrying on conversations and asking them questions about their life, interests, and affairs; unless you're peers. What you need to know is on a need to know basis. The only thing you do with a family is live with them, work with them, be there to help them, take care of each other, and die with them. That's the magic word: Peer. Unless we are Equals, or the same age and/or mentality/understanding; or unless we mutually consider each other to be peers, you have no business knowing me or talking to me or asking me questions. If you aren't ONA, and nobody I know knows you, you have no business talking to me and asking who my associates are. Whoever Kayla and Shugz are is my business. If they wanted your ass to know them, they would put in the energy to tell you themselves.

Me and my friends spent may years on Myspace in our past. And from those years of experiencing that cyber environment, we've learned how to handle business in cyberspace. You are seriously asking for unnecessary trouble [dukkha] making profiles on shit like facebook and posting your pix and personal information up. Not trouble with the law, but generic drama. That drama is teenage shit. I went through that phase when I was in my teens on Myspace. I grew out of that. I don't want or need a profile with my info and pix on it as if other people give a shit. I don't give a shit about you, so do me a favour and don't give a shit about me. But some of you grown people – take a look at the number of users on facebook – have not grown out of your stupid teenage years, and teenage need for attention and drama. Grow the fuck up and delete your facebook shit. Your family isn't on facebook, it should be in real life. You know how fucking absurd it is for family members to be interacting with each other more on a facebook than in real life? You know how silly it is to have friends and all you do with them is interact with them on facebook and texting them? What the fuck ever happened to Real Life? You're mundane religions are now internet religions, and your mundane "families," and "friends" are internet based too. And the funny thing is facebook is a product and tool to make money: Capitalism. That is your mundane culture.

I got over my Myspace teenage shit a long time ago. So no, I don't have an internet presence or profile for you to read about me or check out what I look like. Fuck you. Stop googling me because you're not going to find anything beyond this wordpress. Same goes for Kayla. Shugz still has profiles here and there somewhere.

I know a few non-ONA people assume and Speculate that me and Kayla and Shugz must be the same people because our writing style is the same. This is an assumption based on Speculations and a lack of understanding what Myspace "culture" me and my friends picked up 7 years ago. We use joint accounts, use each other's names, etc. To tap into an audience. Even today, I tell certain people in the ONA that if they need to, to just pretend to be me and

use my name. If we're peers, I don't care, pretend to be me and sign off whatever with my name, and I will help that Glamour and say it's me. I even tell people openly that not every thing that appears to be written by me was actually written by me.

You ever wonder why some of my essays are 30 pages long? Because of how we do thing on the back end of production here. I draft an essay and leave in as a draft on the other side of this blog for Kayla and Shugz to add their stuff to. I even tell people openly that Shugz does a large amount of writing for the ONA but usually she never puts her name on it, and will use my name. If you want to get a feel for Shugz's natural writing style, you can look along the side here and find a list of some of her posts we brought here under her name. She has a very different recognizable style than Kayla's way of writing. If you want to get a feel for Kayla's natural style, just read the entire first half of Opus Vrilis, and her "Epistles to the Acception." My natural style is I mimic other people's styles. I mimic the way DM and AL write, as well as mimic and mirror the way Shugz and Kayla writes. To access their audience.

The less you know about me and my friends here, the less you can interfere in whatever it is we are doing. How do you ad hominem attack me, Kayla, or Shugz if you know nothing about us? How do you attack, disagree, or debate anything I write here, if the comments are off? You can in your private sites and forum posts perhaps attack what I write there, but I will never know to read it. And I openly tell people about Upaya. Everything I do and write is a means for me to materialize a desired End Result I want. Debating, disagreeing, and deconstructing my writing does not – and has not for the past 3 years – stop my End Results I want from actualizing. You people are fucking stupid, I swear. Retards. You see a moving train and you try to beat it up and stop it from moving because you don't like it. But you never stop to think of blowing up the bridge in front of it to stop it. Fighting a moving train of memes does shit. Take a look around your dumb ass, the ONA, as it is today still exists and is still growing regardless of how much effort you put your stupid ass into try to stop moving trains of memes. Your negative remarks and energy you put in to it only helps push it further. Trust me, we wouldn't be here if it weren't for the group of you asshurt anti-ONA people putting in the energy to talk shit. As long as you are talking about ONA, you help my train move along. Pretending to be the leader of ONA with your own ripoff watered down version of it, doesn't do shit but help ONA move right along. You put in the energy to pretend to be ONA and not some other organization that would actually be a rival.

You can't stop me from doing what I do. Unlike you I know my audience and market. I know to leave very little for you dummies to attack about my person and my friends. Debate and object to what I write all you want. What I write is not the End of what I came to do. It is a Means to give birth to a list of End Results. Go ahead and attack my writings. You can't stop a train of memes flowing between the minds of people by deconstructing what dead letters you see on a screen. You mundanes are absurdly ignorant and superficial. And that ignorance and superficialism makes you incompetent. None of you have been able to stop and kill the ONA from solidifying and growing. Because you're all stupid. Keep talking about ONA, because that is really all a mundane is good for, beside serve as labour force. I hate you mundanes in a very real way. Everything about you as an anariya mundane, how you think, how you live your life, and how you interact with others, makes me sick.

You guys base your self importance/worth on your opinions/thoughts. I base my self worth on the number of people I know who love me, live for me, and are willing to die for me. That's genuine "wealth." I am worth more than you in life. I mean something to many people who would die for me. You mean nothing to nobody who wouldn't even give you a dollar without making you pay them back. All you have are your empty opinions, and incompetent thoughts. And so to maintain that empty self importance or yours, you believe that debating other people's opinions so you end up right is constructive. When in fact it does nothing. Especially nothing to stop a train of memes from inspiring and influencing an end result into being but perpetuate your delusions of self worth. You should have learned this during the Cold War. Getting asshurt and intellectually attacking Communism's ideas never stopped the ideas from manifesting the Soviet Union and their way of life. It only strengthens their group identity. And it's not going to change China either. The fortunate thing is you mundanes are so stupid, you don't know where to apply pressure to stop the manifestation of End Causal Fruit. You mundanes keep doing what you do for me. It makes my job easier.

Q5: What would you say are the most valuable aspects of the ONA?

A5: When I personally say "ONA" I mean the whole spectrum of ideas that is an expression of the Weltanschauung of DM. That includes the ONA proper, Folk Culture, Reichsfolk, and The Numinous Way. I just personally need a single term to refer to the shared essential ideas in all of these things for the sake of thinking. And it's like a spectrum if you look at it the way I see things.

In a "real" spectrum like light for instance, you have a "something" on a fundamental level that wiggles and waves as a common denominator within that spectrum. And how this fundamental "something" wiggles and waves causally becomes picked up by us as a part of that spectrum. So with light you have let's say light waves that wave and wiggle at difference frequencies. And from that wiggling we get the 7 basic colors, with red on top of a rainbow and violet being at the bottom. We can say that all 7 colors as "different" things and be accurate. But we can also say that those 7 colors are expressions of the Same Light wave in different forms and intensities.

All those Myattian stuff I see in the same way. You have in each of those things much of the same ideas and the same essence of his weltanschauung waving and wiggling. On one end of this spectrum is the Primal Pagan wave length. This becomes the ONA proper. That gradually morphs into the Folk Culture wavelength. This becomes the Reichsfolk color. And then the spectrum refines into the Numinous Way. They are all different expressions of a human mind. So for me it's easier to refer to this spectrum as the "ONA." Because the only real difference is the intensity of certain concepts in the spectrum. The concept of culling in the far ONA proper side is intense and so you get a lot of mythos and rhetoric supporting that intensity. But way on the Numinous Way side that concept of culling is weak. Not gone but weak and expressed differently as when DM on this side of the spectrum says that killing causes suffering, but it is our duty to protect our family and loved ones with lethal force if necessary. In the Folk Culture wavelength you see that National Socialism is intensified where all the Aryan rhetoric and mythos is used. Then in the Reichsfolk wavelength you see that concept decrease in force, where you see DM say that maybe the White Aryan thing to too intense, lets make it

open to other races to. Then in the far end of the Numinous Way side, you see this concept weakened where DM is seen to say that maybe all that race and folk gibberish is too much, lets make it numinous and say that it is the people such as family and intimate friends within your immediate circle that is important. So all the concepts or memes are still all there within this Myattian Spectrum of Self Expression. It's just that they take on different intensities in that spectrum.

I would say that the most valuable aspects of this Myattian Spectrum from my own trial and error is located in the middle section of this spectrum. Things or concepts that help you construct and/or maintain your culture. That teaches you to focus on your own family, friends, and traditions. Concepts that help your family, friends, tribe, gang, clan, nexion, or whatever solidify into a coherent and cohesive functioning system are the most valuable. It's so much easier to use those aspects of this spectrum when say, talking with my own group of Asian cousins and friends because the concept of pride for one's culture and tradition and all that jazz really does help form us into more bonded group.

Without that solid group structure, the other stuff doesn't happen. Who is going to put ONA proper stuff into practice? Who is going to make clans like the Numinous Way stuff says? What dark is going to be presenced without a group of people to actually do the presencing? People are the common denominator of anything in this human arena. From religion to corporation to nations. Without people, you have nothing. The most valuable aspects of the ONA are first things that can bring people together. Then are the stuff that can help create or maintain group culture. Then the stuff that can introduce new traditions to be practiced. This would then include the mythos, stories, and art, as well as shared rites and rituals which all help coagulate a group of people into a solid working system.

I would consider the Seven Fold Way of the ONA to be one of its most important aspects and its back bone. Because when you get a group of people going through the same Seven Fold Way, and sharing that experience together it manifests a group culture and tradition. We can see the same thing happen in a real way in military boot camps. You put random guys with nothing in common together and make them do arbitrary exercises together for 4 months and 4 months later you end up with a group of people who fiercely share a common culture, military tradition, mindset, and they are ready to kill and die for each other. It's a bit genius if you genius if you think about it. It's easier to see with Islam. We can say that the back bone of Islam are the five pillars. Anybody anywhere in the world who honestly applies the Five Pillars in life, ends up sharing a common identity, common culture, and common set of traditions. Doesn't matter what your color is, how smart or dumb you are, what nationality you are, or what language you life. Just simply living out those Five Pillars manifests the culture. Then that cultural praxis is attached to the Qur'an which gives that culture a common worldview. This doesn't mean that everyone is the same. A Bedouin Muslim and a Cham Muslim have nothing in common with each other except their shared Five Pillars and Quranic views. Otherwise each retains their own unique cultures, ancestral identity, and folk customs. Cham by the way are an ethic minority of Indochina who are all Muslim.

Something like the Seven Fold Way, the Five Core Principles, and the Code of Sinister Honour will, if put into practice by a group of people, in Time will materialize a shared culture and

tradition. And this culture is then attached to its set of views and ideas. Then you have the necessary rhetorical ingredients to further help make this fledgling culture into a more coherent one with all of the honour and pride for one's people talk. These are all rhetorical devices: memes. But it's not the memes in themselves that should distract you. It's what those memes can manifest, and ultimately what fruits they do bare that holds the value and is to be judged. Whether a meme or ideation is true or false, mythic or factual, materialistic or spiritual has very little to do with the power they have to actualize something in the real world. Shooting down and killing an idea because you don't like the way it sounds, or a myth because it not real, reduces your chances of materializing anything real. For instance, as real as Christians and secularists believe their theories of creationism and evolution to be real, factual, and true, what things measurable in the real world of human experience have those two supposedly very real and factual things actualized, besides the belief of it? But yet a simply myth of Jesus, and simple poetry in classical Arabic about Allah have inspired into being entire empires. And we cannot attack these past civilizations for being barbaric and grotesque, because in reality, we would not have come this far without them. Without the science the golden age of Islam produced, and without the exploration of new worlds European empires did, would something like America even be here today?

There is a single word for all of this in Buddhism: Upaya. The easiest way to explain upaya is with the classic example of a baby crying. You have a baby who is crying and you desire to stop her from crying. So you close your fist and tell the baby you have candy in your hand. The baby stops crying.

A religious moralist will look at that and say: "That's not right, there is nothing in the hand! That's lying! Shame on you." An intellectual moralist will look at that and say: "That is a logical fallacy! It is an untrue statement of no factual foundation! The hand is scientifically empty according every law of physics I know. There is no candy in the hand according Webster's definition of candy!" The pragmatic minded will say: "The baby has stopped crying. Therefore it is a Useful Means."

Is life really divided into 7 grades? No. Is the Cosmos really in the shape of a tree with 7 balls on it like the Tree of Wyrd? I don't think so. Are there 21 dark beings with arms and legs in space somewhere we call the dark gods? Not likely. Did the Buddha ever exist? No, there is no archeological evidence and the Pali he was said to have spoken does not match up with the time he was said to have lived. Pali as a language was already dead and had broken into vernacular dialects during the period he was said to have lived. Is Jesus real? Not likely, his life sounds too much a ripoff of the life of Mithras, Horus, and Bacchus. Are White people or Asians or whatever "supreme" and better than others? I doubt it. But these are all Useful Means, which can be – and have been – used to actualize an end objective. We learn to judge the value of the methodology used by the Fruit such methodology bares. Those religious and intellectual moralists will get their dicks serious tied up in a knot over the 'memetic' constituency and moral quality of the methodology, never understanding to wait to see its fruit.

That's like a farmer with an ax cutting down a fruit tree. You ask the farmer why he is cutting that tree down and he says: "Because I don't agree with it and it's not scientifically a tree, it's a shrubbery." Then you ask: "But have you tasted its fruit yet?" And the farmer says he has

not, and passes a moral judgment on the tree by saying: "What is not spiritually true or scientifically true is bad. Therefore this bad tree will make bad fruit." There is no room in a concept like Pathei-Mathos or the Theravada concept of Vibhajjavada for such moralistic intercession. Because if out of moral judgment and valuation you cut that tree down, you prevent yourself from tasting that fruit. How do you come to a genuine gnosis or realization or understanding [buddhi] of something without the experience?

I understand that there are mythical parts to the ONA, that there are rhetorical parts to it, that there are aspects to it that are unfounded scientifically and mathematically, I understand that there are aspects of ONA that are objectionable to 2 billion Christian moralists, 1 billion Muslim moralists, 1 billion secular moralists, tens of thousands of anally retentive intellectual moralists. I'm not retarded. I am smart enough to save my judgment until after I have planted the seed, watered the seedling, pruned my tree, nurture it, and tasted it's fruit. Then after I tasted that fruit do I make my mind up if I like it or not.

Actually we had an incident like thing in my grandma's back yard. 15 years ago one of my aunts ate a grapefruit that she really liked because it was sweet, so she took a seed from it and planted it in my grandma's back yard. It's a huge tree now, but my aunt was complaining to me one day it's been 15 years and the tree is so big now, but it has never made a fruit or flowered. I said that maybe it was a boy tree and just did not give birth to fruit? She told me that all trees make fruit according to what she has seen. Then she said she's going to tell her son [my older cousins] – who lives there with her – to cut the tree down. My grandma walks by and asks not to hurt the tree. She said it was in nobody's way and has done nothing wrong for it to be killed. Grandma told us to be patient because the tree is one of those shy ones that needs time to make fruit. When it has given fruit and we eat them, then we can say if it is a rotten tree or a nice tree. So my aunt agreed. My grandma is an animist and believes every living thing has a spirit. So every day when she waters the grapefruit tree she talks to the tree and says: "You're a stubborn tree missy. That big and still shy. They're going to cut you down if you don't show them you can have fruit. I've done all I could. You need to do the rest and show them." A year later the tree had its first batch of flowers ever, and then it grew 6 whole fruit. But the 6 grapefruit tasted very good, so my aunt judged the tree to be of value or good and she decided to keep it. The other aunts were laughing at the tree because they thought it was funny that the tree took 16 years to grow 6 grapefruits.

These various things we have in the ONA are like seeds all wrapped up in a single package we call the ONA. Some of these seeds as they are might not look nice now, and we might prematurely judge them for what quality we think they have. But those seeds were meant to be planted and cultivated that each will bare fruit. If we understand what Pathei-Mathos is and we each genuinely desire to evolve from our own experiences and understandings of things, then we need to learn to withhold our judgment, apply all these ONA stuff in our lives, and then judge the end result or fruit each seed aspect of the ONA bares. It's easy to take the ONA as a bulk of seed ideas and critique it and deconstruct it intellectually to somehow pass judgment on the value of the ideas read. It's hard to put in the Time to apply those ideas as a living praxis in life in such a way that they bare results, then to judge those results. In other words critiquing a cook book's set of ingredients of dishes does very little and is not intelligent, even if you believe such behaviour to be smart. You cook the dished first and taste them, then you

can intelligently determine if the cook book is worth anything or not. It's not how science works either. You experiment to prove a hypothesis, then from the experimentation you gain your insights. Prove the ONA to be useless or useful by what fruits it bares in your application and experimentation of it. Don't judge the hypothesis.

Q6: What is Satanism to you and how do you understand it?

A6: Satanism to me is exactly like a foreign dictionary I would carry. I am inside a population of people I want to communicate with who speak a different language. I formulate what I want to say in my Buddhist mind. Then I flip through my Satanic vocabulary and idiom dictionary and proceed to speak my Buddhist thoughts in a way such foreigners will understand. I'll demonstrate.

When I speak to a faithful Buddhist I express the Buddha as a person that once lived 2500 years ago. When I speak with an esoteric or mystical or Mahayana Buddhist I express Buddha as Mind. Buddhi means to intuitively understand, and Buddha means to be awake from a sleep and to know or understand something. The Mind is the faculty that does these things. The luxurious palace Buddha was born and raised in is our childhood. The world outside that palace is the real world we will each experience "out there" when we are grown up. To a Satanist I would express this Buddha as the faculty of our awareness. We "Know" something when we become consciously Aware of the something. Experiencing that something develops in that mind/awareness an Understanding.

When I speak to a religious Buddhist I speak about dhamma to make it sound like the teachings of the Buddha. When I speak with a more elevated minded Buddhist I express dhamma as Natural Phenomena. When we apply Vibhajjavada [direct experience] to that body of natural phenomena we gain an Understanding of our world/reality. If I speak to a Satanist I also express dhamma as the corpus of natural phenomena we experience in the world of human experience.

In my mind this thing we call "Buddhism" and "Satanism" are exoteric and superficial trappings. It is the essence of thought beneath the superficialism and forms that such forms are put together as an upaya to convey. I personally don't get caught up over the superficial forms. I'm actually only a "Buddhist" in English. There is no such word as "Buddh-ism or Buddh-ist" in Khmer. We don't call ourselves that. That is an exonym. Neither the Buddha or those Buddhists in Asia speak or spoke English.

In Khmer the Way of the Buddha is called Preahputsasana or Sasana Preahput [Prihboot]. In Thai it is Prahputasasana. Preah/Prih/Prah means something like Reverend, Worshipful, Honourable, Sacred, Divine, something or someone imbued with the Numen which is a sacred presence. Put or putgotam is Buddha-Gotama. Sasana means a set of instructions or a method of doing stuff, it should not be translated to mean a "religion," but there is no single word in English to translate sasana into so religion is often used. If someone is curious and wants to know what your sasana is they ask you: "What sasana do you go into?" And because of how the language is set up with no word for "is" and not "-ist" suffix, there is only one way to answer that question: "I go into the sasana of preahput." There is no way in the language to

say: "I am a Buddhist." You as a person and the sasana of Buddha in Khmer and Thai are kept psychologically apart as two separate phenomena. Whereas in English the language makes it sound as if you and Buddhism are the same thing. This produces a mild state of psychosis where you believe that you have your existence because of a set of beliefs.

"Go into" is an old tribal idiomatic expression. If the men form a hunting group to go hunting and you say: "Wait up! I want to go too," and you GO INTO their group, what will you end up doing? You end up Doing whatever it is they do. In this case hunt. If in your tribe the warriors gather into a group to war with the neighbor tribe and you say: "Wait up! I want to go too," and you GO INTO their group, what will you be doing? Whatever warriors do. Which in this case implies then that you will be following the instructions of your group leader and behaving like a warrior. If a group of people gather to form an exploring group to hike around the area and gather intelligence of the topography, and you say: "Wait Up! I want to go too," and you GO INTO their expedition group, what will you be doing? Whatever explorers do. In all cases GO INTO implies a DOING or a Behaving, or Action as others in a group do, act, and behave. It does not suggest a belief, or a set of morals. You don't believe in hunting, you do it. You don't believe in exploring and it's not a religion. You do it. Sasana is means Instruction, Order, Command of an officer to a subordinate. When as an assistant apprentice carpenter your master orders you to sand down wood, put it together into a table, then oil it, that set of instructions your master gave you is a Sasana. You follow it or do it. Believing and agreeing or debating with your master does not do not build the table.

Nobody who is a Buddhist in my family thinks the same thoughts and has the same beliefs, but we DO the same things. That is a Sasana. When as a pupil your master teaches you the forms, moves, and katas of your martial arts that is a sasana, you follow it and do it. When your lieutenant in an army give you an Order that is a sasana, you do it. It's not a religion. You don't worship or "believe in," your lieutenant's orders as the prophetic words of God and make a religion out of it. It's in the Western mind and their paradigm that the words of authority are made into religions to worship. "Go Into" a group of people who follow the instructions of Buddha, does not in its original languages imply that you worship the Buddha or worship his words as infallible prophetic utterances of God. No more than the instructions and command of your martial arts instructor are infallible and sacred. Your kung fu instructor may have demonstrated his abilities to you, and in seeing his abilities you may have desired to learn his style. So you understand in your heart that this instructor has something you do not which you wish to learn. Therefore you chose willingly to follow his instructions. The instructions are not the end in and of themselves. They are a means to give you the end fruit, which is the culture of the style. There is no moralistic belief system founded by an infallible mouthpiece of God implied anywhere. Sasana is not a "religion" if we understand religion to be an ideological system of infallible beliefs, philosophies, doctrines, thoughts, and ideas.

As a person living inside the West, I am surrounded by Christians and what we in ONA call Magian Ethos. In this setting Satanism has its uses for me. It's a tool first. It causes my mind to stop and question the ideas and memes of these Christians and Magians such as their beliefs, ways of life, and morals. That way I can actually preserve my own indigenous culture, way of life, and sasana. But even this is "Buddhist" practice, because the Buddha does instruct you to be careful in mixed company because outsiders to your own culture and

tradition seek to impress upon your culture their outside observances [traditions, customs, rites]; which in turn will cause you to lose your culture and identity, which then in turn causes you dukkha and makes you subservient or under the control of those outsiders and their observances. I use every tool and force I got to preserve my own self-sovereignty and ancestral ways from outside Christian and Magian tampering. I'll support crime, gangs, and murder and encourage it if and when I need to to protect my self-sovereignty and ancestral ways from Christians and Magian Ethos. I have every right to. Because if I don't, we end up with dukkha like Tibetans under Chinese rule. I might not personally kill a Christian or Magian, but I will if I would ever need to manipulate others to kill you.

Secondly Satanism in the Western Magian matrix is a way of life, a way of Doing. You do and live counter to how the mundane/anariya live and do things. If the mundanes live in nuclear families, you do the opposite. If the mundanes are dishonourable scoundrels you be the opposite to that. I once asked a mentor how you become above average in life. This person said: "If you are raised by average parents, go to average schools, learn average things, and follow the advice and example of average people in life, what will you end up being?" I said Average. And this person say: "That's right. Pull yourself out of that equation, and if you are not mentally handicapped, you'll not be average." Just replace the word Average with Mundane or Magian, and you'll understand the gist of how I understand the word Satanism. Satan means antagonist, opposite, or against; and -ism means a Act or Deed that is to be done. As a "Satanist" you live and do the opposite of what those mundanes do. You are against their way of life and beliefs of they impose it or seek to impress in on you.

Lastly Satanism is to me a down to earth and honest way of grasping reality/nature and our own human nature. It's not spiritually goofy where you believe the world is made of sugar and butterflies. It teaches you to be brutally honest with yourself at least. The world and nature is not a pretty place. It teaches you to grasp Natural Phenomena as it is, and not as you really, really wish it was. You'll never genuinely Understand what or who you are, if you never learn to understand the nature of Nature. Because we are a living part of that Nature. Like our liver is a living part of us. You fool nobody but your own self with self-deception and delusion. Self-deception and losing oneself in one's own delusions has never "enlightened" anyone. Satanism helps me keep my Buddhism brutally honest. Since there are a lot of retarded Buddhists out there who are spiritually inclined in nature.

Like any tool, Satanism – and any ism – is only as good and useful as the Person wielding the tool. If you give a stick to a hiker, he'll use it as a hiking stick. Give that same stick to an old man and he'll use it as a can to help him walk. Give that stick to a man who can't control his anger, and he will use it to beat his children with. The stick itself being unalive and inanimate does none of these things. The people behind the stick does the expressing.

If you give Satanism to a spiritual retard who has read one to many Sitchin and Von Daniken books, you will get a Satanists who believes that Satan is an alien. Give Satanism to an atheist-materialist and his Satanism will be different. It's not the Satanism doing the expressing, it's the people behind the Satanism. Spiritually inclined people will be spiritual no matter what religion or tool they are wielding. Religiously prone people will venerate and be subservient emotionally and mentally to even splotches on a tortilla.

I think rationalism or reason may be a traveling buddy of IQ? I only say this because of what I have seen. In any given city or group of people most the IQ thing will look like a baseball diamond. The fat middle part is where the majority of the population is. It tapers down to the extremely retarded. And it tapers up to the extremely genius. The further you go down or up, the few peers you will have. From what I have seen, the lower people are in this diamond the less rational they are. People in the fat average section have simple average levels of reason. Then the higher you go up the diamond, the more incredibly – and fewer – rational and reasonable the people become. Which is why I cannot ever get myself to accept egalitarianism. Not all 7 billion of us fit in the top point of this diamond. Some of you are really far down in the diamond. Regardless of whether those at the top region of this diamond have a religion or not, they are going to be very rational and very smart. And so whatever religion they get into will be used differently by those with a lower IQ and lower state of rationalism. I'm not saying that every Satanist comes from the top region of this diamond. But those that do use their Satanism in a very intelligent and rational manner. The Satanism then just helps them understand stuff in a brutally honest way. I've seen plenty of people smarter than me use their Satanism very skillfully.

Q7: I've been stocking you on the internet looking for any information I can find on your private life. Can you please tell my creepy ass more about yourself?

A7: My favourite color is magenta. I also really like Magenta from the Rocky Horror Picture Show, which is a favourite movie of mine. I have a blue Lexus that is paid off. I have a pet baby bull frog named Pickles and a pet blue lobster named Edward Scissorhand. I love sheep dogs. I've had lots of pet dogs since I was small. My first dog was a black and white sheep dog named Viking. I don't know what kind of sheep dog he was though since we get our dogs from friends who don't know either. I can't remember what happened to Viking.

Then I had a beautiful white and grey husky-wolf mix with two eye colors named Two Tone. That was proly the coolest looking dog we had. I was in the grade school still. Some Black guy gave him to us because he was moving and couldn't take Two Tone. I had a pet tarantula at the time who was really boring so I fed him to Two Tone. We gave Two Tone away to an uncle of mine because he really liked two Tone.

My most favourite dog I had was a sheep dog that looked just like the one I had from way back when I was very little. He was a stray dog who we just let stay with us. I named him Yoda. He was a real nice dog. But he had a gross habit. He likes sneaking out of the yard and he rolls himself on the poo of other dogs. Yoda would come home covered in crap. He got run over after I had him for 3 years. He was almost home right by the side walk. I cried my ass off when I heard he got run over. Poor Yoda. I currently have a pet dog named Paddington because he looks like Paddington bear. I don't know what he is. He's either a sheep dog or a terrier. I'm not a zoologist. My cousin raises him now. I'm too lazy to actually take care of my animals. Yoda was cool because he took care of himself.

I like to kill things. Ever since I was small. My family drop me off with other cousins during the summer at our uncle's property in Arizona who is Shugz parents. It's a suburb of Tucson. The back yard of the house is a open green desert. It's a beautiful green desert with all these cacti.

There are these types of lizards the size of your hand called Horny Toads that run around the desert eating ants. It's like a frog and flicks its tongue out at the ants to suck them up. Me and my cousins use to catch them and kill them. Most of the time we threw them at the cacti to impale them. I get crafty with killing them. I liked to tie their arms and legs up and drop big rocks on them. Or I get even craftier and tie them up with kite string, tie a rock next to them and on the other end of the string I'll tie another rock. Then I toss the rocks up to the telephone wire that was low and let them hang there. My uncle found a safe snake once which he let us keep as a pet, and the next day I talked my boy cousins who liked the snake into letting me skin it. Lynzie [Shugz] ran to get a knife, and we stretched out the snake and I cut its throat and head off. It was wriggling for many minutes on the ground. Then I ran the blade of the knife down its belly and peeled the skin off.

My uncle in Arizona also used to take us out hunting with his Vietnamese friend and his daughter our age name Ngoc [means "jade"]. I was around 9 when I started going hunting with Lynzie's dad and Ngoc's dad. We drive way out out the city into these vast empty fields and park the car somewhere on the side of the dirt road and hiked around the desert for jack rabbits. They are huge rabbit with very tall ears. Fat ticks live in their ears the size of small prunes. I think 2 feet tall when they sit there, and their ear is at least about a foot tall, or something like that. My uncle and Ngoc's dad let us take turns shooting the jack rabbits after they taught us how to use the rifle. They had a .22 which was safe for kids to use because it didn't kick hard. We use to practice shooting at cans and bottles we found. My uncle taught me how to kneel on one knee, rest my left elbow on the other knee to keep the rifle steady, and aim by looking at that prong thing at the tip of the rifle with one eye and get that prong thing right on what you want to shoot at. Then when you pull the trigger you have to relax your shoulder and move back with the rifle when it kicks or you can hurt yourself. I love the smell of smoking gun powder and the little click sound the chamber makes when it throws that end half of the bullet out. Then after hiking and practice we eat a snack Vietnamese style which was French bread dipped in cold sweet coffee.

I was – and still am – the curious and inquisitive type. I wondered how a bullet worked after I first saw my uncle shot one off. So I opened a box of bullets and took one, then threw it at a wall as I stood safe behind a tree covering my ears. When I saw that it didn't explode, I took the bullet and used my teeth to wiggle the top half off to see what was inside. Black powder came out. My boy cousins said to set it on fire and they ran to get matches. When we learned that fire makes it explode we had the idea of taking newspaper and take to make firecrackers. So we bit the heads off all these bullets and rolled the powder in newspaper, and we twisted one long end of our firecrackers which we set on fire. They didn't work until one of the older cousins figured out you need to twist a thin strip of newspaper with lines of powder in it so the fire and run down the thin strip. After we learned how to make good ones that worked. I made these tightly rolled up ones that were small and I shoved them up the asses and mouths of Horny Toads I caught and blew the lizards up. It was the coolest thing I saw.

There was this one time when we were watching some cowboy movie where some guy got hanged by a rope and one of the boy cousins asked our uncle how you make one of those ropes. So our uncle took some string and said he'd show us how to make a simple and safer one called a "snare," which he and his siblings used to hunt for small animals. You just make

a loop and tie one end loosely to the rest of the string. After that we learned to make snares out of clear fishing line. We took chopsticks and ties our snares to the top and hammered them into the ground in the back yard. We also took shoeracks and hung snares from the racks. Then we scattered rice and bread around our traps. We ended up catching doves that way to cook and eat. We caught other birds like garbage birds and pigeons which we didn't eat since uncle said they weren't good for eating. So we'd clip their wings and make our firecrackers, stuff them down the bird throat and blew their head off. Our uncle said we were very clever. It was fun.

Back then when I was 9 I invented one thing all by myself, which I am still proud of to this day. Our uncle had taken us to a flea market to look for hunting rifles to buy. At the flea market I saw a guy selling long thin tubes which he was blowing darts out of. Uncle explained to us that they were called blowguns and shot out sharp darts to hunt small animals like birds. The darts were long needles with a little plastic ball at the end. I was smart enough back then to ask the seller guy why the darts know how to fly always with the point in front and did not twirl around. He explained to me so I can understand that the needle needs a tail of some kind like a kite so the wind keeps it moving straight.

So taking what I saw and learned I cut a smooth cover of a magazine, then I took a normal lead pencil and used the pencil to roll the magazine cover into a tube. But not tight where the pencil is stuck in there. Just loose enough so the pencil falls out. Then I taped the tube up and took a red marker to mark the mouth part where I would put the dart into and blow. Then I bit off the little metal part at the top of the pencil that holds the rubber eraser off. You throw the wooden pencil away and keep the metal and eraser part. Then I took a long sewing needle from my aunt's kit and standing the needle on a table I pushed the needle into the eraser so it came out in the middle of the eraser. But you have to do this with the eraser part up and the metal and its opening down. Then I ran around outside for used cigarette butts and removed the paper from them. The butts have one end that is burned and stuck together. I put that end into the opening of the metal part of my dart and then I ripped the end of the cigarette butt into half, then in half again long ways so you end up with 8 or so tails. I shoved my dart in the mouth piece and ran to the back yard to test it out on a cactus and it worked!

I showed my uncle what I had made. He tested it out and was very proud of me for being clever enough to make one. But he said that it worked so well it was a very dangerous weapon that can pop someones eye out. The other cousins wanted their own. So our uncle made us promise to never point it at anybody, never to touch on the blowgun, and never to shoot the dart into the sky and look up or our eyes will pop. My home made blowguns actually killed lizards, but not birds or cats or dogs. The needle was too thin. We tried. I watched PBS one evening with my uncle and the cousins when a nature show showed us about Indian tribes in the Amazon jungle. I saw them hunting with bows and arrows, and they were making poison tipped arrows. I saw them take all these plants and boil them into something black looking and dipped their arrows in it. Me and my two older cousins when we saw that slowly looked at each other.

The next day we got an empty tin can and went threw the back yard to find all sorts of leaves and cactus and roots to boil into into poison to make our darts poisonous. Fortunately our poison never worked because we didn't know what a poisonous plant looked like. Our uncle

came out side the second day and saw us boiling stuff in the back yard and asked what we we doing. The cousins pointed at me and said it was my idea. They told our uncle when they were pointing at me: "She told us to make poison for our darts so we can kill the neighbor's dogs, the horses down the street and hide in the bushes and shoot people's faces in cars with!" So I said we were only making poison like the Indians to make our darts poisonous only to hunt big animals that's all, but none of the plants seem to be poisonous. Then I asked him if he can show us what a poisonous plant looked like. My uncles said back something like: "No way! My god Diapers [my nick name]. Why can't you and your sisters [other girl cousins] play with dolls like the neighbor's girls? Killing people is against the law Diapers! They take you to jail forever for that! No more nature shows for you!" We weren't allow to make blowguns or boil plants after that.

We went out hiking and hunting a lot. I shot my first jack rabbit when I was 9. He was sitting there far from me, and I pulled the trigger and he fell over and screamed. My uncle calls out to his dog: "Go get him Hunter, go get him boy!" But the dog was stupid and never moved. So we had to go get the rabbit ourselves. I remember that first one I killed I shot in the stomach and his guts were sticking out and it smelled bad. He was still alive and crying which sounded like a baby crying. Lynzie and Ngoc they started to cry and felt very bad for him, but I was just watching. Ngoc's dad picked up a big stick and said it wasn't dead yet and handed me the stick and told me to beat its head hard until it died. So I took the big stick and beat the rabbit many times as hard as I could and killed it. He was laughing hard and clapping his hands cheering me on. I remember as inside that the more I beat it, the more something inside made me like to beat it more. My uncle skinned it and we went home and grilled it. We make a sauce which I always use with my meat with fish sauce and lime juice. You mix it until its sour, but still has the salty taste and flavour of the fish sauce. Grilled wild rabbit is the best meat you'll ever taste. It is white meat and looks and tastes a lot like chicken. You dip the meat in the sauce. We just call it "Dip Sauce" in English since there is no name for it. I love rabbit meat.

Ngoc's dad had this big yard also but it leads into a little hill where he has a large over turned cage made of chicken coop wire. His yard gets a lot of doves since he has the habit of feeding them rice. He usually calls Lynzie's dad and us over to trap doves and eat with him. So what they do is prop up the big cage with a stick which is connected to a string and Ngoc's dad scatters rice on the ground and we go wait and hide behind this camouflage hiding place he makes. He use to let us take turns pulling the string when there were many doves under the cage. When you pull the string you trap at least a hundred of them.

There is a "door" on the top of the cage where you fit a small person inside. It was too small to fit the grown ups so usually two of us would have to go into the cage to kill all of the doves. Ngoc and Lynzie never went into the cage. So it was always me and my older boy cousins that went into the cage with the doves. My uncle taught me how to kill birds by handing him one, and he crouched down next to me and told me to watch. He twisted its neck real fast and it was dead. And he says to me when I was still 9: "Snap the neck hard to break it. That kills birds and people. You snap and break the neck of a person like the birds neck and he will die. But killing people is illegal!"

But seeing it done is easier than doing it. My boy cousins were good at it. They just snapped

their necks one after another and handed them to the guys waiting outside. For my first few times I tried to hold the dove's body and twisted its head like you were wringing a towel, and it was still alive! You can feel the doves have this sack in their neck where they keep the rice and seeds they eat. But I eventually learned how to break their necks. So I used to go into the cage often and with my older cousins we'd have contest to see who can kill faster and more birds. You have to place your thumb pressed on their neck bone and when you twist your wrist you pull the neck from the body and push down on the neck bone with your thumb. Dove meat taste great too. They don't actually taste like chicken. They taste like quail meat. You fry it or grill it. Then dip it in the Fish sauce and lime dip sauce.

When we eat Lynzie's dad and Ngoc's dad like to talk about their past experiences during the Khmer Rouge revolution and the Vietnam war. Ngoc's dad said that during his war he was in his teens and the Viet Cong came and drafted him and all the boys in his village. So Ngoc's dad while we ate dove meat or were to hiking used to share stories with us about how he killed people as a Viet Cong and he'd teach us different ways to kill a person.

He told us a story once when his group of teenagers had caught some of what he called the "Bad Vietnamese" and an American soldier. Ngoc's dad said him and his friends dug a hole in the ground the size of a person to fit 3 people. They went to tie the American up with his arms behind his back and two of the bad Vietnamese. He took rope and demonstrated on us how he tied them up. He straps the rope tight above the elbows so you can't untie it. He said that after the hole was dug, they put the three bad guys standing up in the hole so their head is in a triangle shape and fill the hole up. Then they collected fire wood and put a pot of uncooked rice on their head and made a fire and cooked their lunch using the bad guys's heads like stones to hold up the pot. Ngoc's dad told us that they scream and he screamed like them for us to hear. And he told us their faces burned and smelled like cooking meat. He used to tell us that killing people in war was like hunt rabbits. You have to kill the bad people, or they kill you. You just shoot your rifle at them like shooting at rabbits, and sometimes they scream like rabbits. They die and you go kill more. I asked him once if it was scary to kill people. He said that the first time it's scary like I how got scared to see a rabbit die. Second time not so scary. Third time, okay. Then he says: "Fourth time it's fun like a game you know. Don't be scared of people to see them die. Killing people is natural. Only people who never kill people say it's bad and scary. It's scary in their feeling you know? Inside their head. But in the real life, it's no feeling or scary. Like you kill the doves."

Those were fun times from my childhood. I used to love going down to uncle's house for the summer. Uncle and his friends were outdoors people so they kept us busy and active outside. They liked to go camping in the middle of nowhere by small lakes to fish, frogs, catch crawdads, and find duck eggs or wild bird eggs. I wouldn't go out and cook wild frogs. You have to cook them right or you get worms. I remember this one time we went camping by a lake with pine trees. My little mom and stepdad were camping with us, Lynzie's parents, and Ngoc's parents. I think I was 13 or something. There were these big fish in the lake and some body threw bread in the water to feed them and they all came to bite on the bread right up to the shore of the lake. So the guys told us to keep throwing bread in to call them to the shore. And the dads got big sticks and just pounded the whole lot of them dead. We caught over 20 fish doing that that day and cooked some and walked around giving the rest to everybody else

camping near us, since the dads got too happy and killed too many fish.

At the lake at night you walk around the shallow part of the lake to hunt for crawdads. I love the taste of crawdad. They're like little lobsters about 4 inches long or something. You catch them with your hand skillfully or they bite you with their claws. My step dad taught me how to catch them. You make your hand flat and slowly creep up on them, then quickly put your flat hand on top of them like you were going to swat a fly. You have to press down on them and their claws so they have no room to move or they clip you. Then you scrunch your hand and pick them up and throw them in the bucket. I tried it and the first many times they bite you, and that shit hurts. But after you feel the pain and you know it's not that hugely bad, then that's when you aren't really scared any more. So I kept practicing and learning the right way to swat them and pick them up from trial and error, until I got very good at it. You need a partner. One does the catching and the other holds a bucket and a flashlight. I got really good at it where I can stick my hand right into their cave they lived in under the rocks and swat them in their cave and pull them out without getting clipped. It's easy to cook them. You throw them in the camp fire around the edge where there is white ash and you pull them out when they are red. Then you break them in half, pull out the meat in their tail and dip it in that Fish sauce and lime juice. Fresh cooked crawdads are the best. In one night you can catch a hundred or, if you have a lot of people and you walk around the lake.

So that's my tom boy childhood. I didn't grow up with my face plastered to a computer or even a TV. My family actually invested their time into keeping us active and busy outside in Nature, killing things, camping, hiking, and stuff. I still love outdoorsy stuff.

When I got older my step dad made friends with a trucker from the east side of America who took his wife and son along with him. They were like chubby hillbillies, but very nice cool people. But this trucker family said that they come out here to our parts often and when they stay out here they usually have this family hobby of taking metal detectors and hunt for gold out in the lakes near Las Vegas Nevada. My step dad said he wanted to learn to do this, and his new friends said next time they were down they'd take him and his family along. So they traded phone numbers. And the next week we did go treasure hunt!

It was fucking hot. It's not at the lake, but a place near the big lake with all these red rocks. That one hillbilly kid – his name was Junior – shared his metal detector with me and took me out to his "sweet spots" where he found the most gold nuggets at. It was so boring. I got very excited after a while because I saw a tortoise the size of a shoe box. It was the first tortoise I ever saw in the wild. I showed my friend Junior the animal and told him to go and smash its head with his metal detector so we can see what he tastes like. That's when I learned that White people weren't as "explorative" as Asians and Viet Congs were. Me and Junior did find anything the first day, but the other teams did. My little mom and her partner Junior's mom found a real gold nugget the size of a raisin! Which got us excited. The next day me and Junior found a real gold nugget the size of a small pearl, like 5-6 karats big. He let me keep it. It's a fun hobby that actually can pay you back for your time, but it can't make you rich.

Back then if I watched TV, it was what my uncle dad watched which was nature shows. I was raised most of my childhood on Sesame Street, before it went all politically correct. My

favourite characters from Sesame Street was Mumford the Magician whose magic words was "Ala peanut butter sandwich!" and then those weird squid aliens things that goes: "Yip yip yip yip yip!" Then I used to love watching the reruns of the Voyage of the Mimi on PBS. The theme song to that show is one of my favourite instrumental tunes. My uncle dad never let us watch cartoons or Nickelodeon because he said those things weren't educational and useless. I grew up watching Star Trek the next Generation or reruns of it since my uncle-dad really likes that show. Otherwise we were all kept busy and away from TV. Thinking about it now, keeping your young children away from TV is probably the best thing you can do for them.

Later during my college years I was in my brain phase so I was reading about different subjects on the brain. I stumbled upon a book that talks about an experiment they did with rats. They raised rats related to each other in two different groups. One group was raised in a small normal terrarium with a wheel they can run in. The other group was raised and lived in a very big cage with natural-like surroundings and many things for them to play with, and each week their care taker gave them new things to play with and use. Both groups were fed the same diet. They raised these rats for several years and then studied their brains. It was discovered that the rats in the boring cage had less brain mass then a control group of natural rats, and the rats in the large cage who were kept busy with new things had more brain mass then the control group and a substantial amount more then the first group. It turns out that your environment and how you are raised and live, and what you are exposed to influences your synaptic connections/network and your brain mass.

It's true. An active life and environment does make your brain work better. I might not have been able to spell right or do my math right when I was in my pre-teens, but my brain was working. In my uncle's neighborhood in Arizona the community there had a community yard sale together a week out of a summer month. The whole street around our block was out with all sorts of things in there yard. Me, my cousins, and the neighbor girls the "J's" would used to walk around the block looking for toys and dolls and little knickknacks and the neighbor people would just let us have things for free. The neighbor's girls were my summer friends. They're collectively called the J's because their parents named them Jenny, Jessy, and Jacky. My best summer friends was Jenny, and Jessy and Lynzie were best friends because they actually have the same name, but our family calls her Lynzie.

Across the street in from of Lynzie's house were a couple old people who were very nice. They saved the rolls from their paper towel rolls and toilet paper and what they did was stuff them with toys and candy, then wrap them in pink or blue wrapping paper and sell them for each roll for a dollar. But they were nice enough to let the neighborhood kids each pick one for free. I was 10 when I crossed the street to go pick out a free roll of toys from the nice old people and I saw the old man was smoking out of a pipe. I lost interest in the roll of toys and asked him what he was doing. He said he was just having a little smoke out of his pipe. So I asked him if I can look at it closer and for him to explain to me how the pipe worked because I had never seen one in real life. He knocks out the stuff and unknowingly explained to me how it worked. He pointed out the bowl part, and showed me the little hole where the smoke runs up through the mouth piece, and his pipe had a small screen to keep stuff from flying into his mouth. I smiled at him and thanked him, and asked if I can have a pink roll of toys. I took my roll home and looked around the house for things I can make a pipe out of.

I went straight into the fridge because I remember Coke bottle caps were round and plastic. It took me a while of thinking in my brain how I was going to turn a plastic bottle cap into a working pipe to smoke out of. But The next day I walked down to the little corner store called the Quick Mart, its a small liquor store. We called it the Kweef Mart since that's what one of the older boys in the neighborhood called it. The man who owns it was a fat guy named Bob, but we all call him Blob. In the Kweef Mart I was going thru all the bottles looking for a cap made of metal to snap onto my plastic cap. I tried to snap my plastic cap on each of the different metal caps and when I found on that fit I told Jenny to go ask Blob a question and keep him busy. When he was busy I unscrewed the metal cap and put it in my pocket and we left the store.

I had already told Jenny I was trying to make a smoking pipe. So we went to her house which was quieter with less people and worked on our pipe. I asked Jenny to take out the plastic stuff from the inside of the metal cap and poke holes in it with a nail. Then I asked for a big screw driver. I took the screw driver and put it in the fire of the stove until it was red hot, then I melted a hole on the side of the plastic cap. We snapped the two pieces together and had our bowl. But we couldn't figure out what to make the sucking part out of that would fit in the hole I melted. After a while Jenny remembered that pens were hollow! So where went in her room looking for pens. I told her we need a pen that comes apart in the middle where you unscrew it. We found one of those clicky pens and took it apart and used the bottom half with the screw part and small hole as our mouth part, and it fit nicely in the hole I made. That was it. We sneaked into her dad's room because he smokes cigarettes and took one out of his box, and ran to her back yard with a lighter to test our pipe out. It worked! Me and Jenny ended up experimenting with smoking anything dry, like dry grass, roots, twigs, dried fruit peels. It was all gross. We threw the pipe away.

It makes me wonder that of the people drawn to the ONA, how many of them had childhoods similar to mine where they were active and outside often. I do know from talking to the many ONA people I meet that an unusual high number of them are in the military, or like doing military stuff and like that survivalist subculture.

Q8: What would you like to see the ONA become?

A8: To be independent from the Mind it was born from. I know at first this sounds bad like I want to steal the ONA from its maker. But very often organizations and memplexes that cannot separate themselves from its maker which have become personality cults often die shortly after their maker passes. DM is not physically immortal. He has a long ways to go still. I have people in my family I care about who are his age, so I would rather see that they have many years left. But AL will one day pass into his Immortal Grade in the Seven Fold Sinister Way. And so my main focus or desire is to somehow cut the ONA's "umbilical" cord from that Mind it came from now, and help raise or nurture this ONA as an independent Order not reliant on its maker for life force. That is my major concern. The "dark ages" of the ONA not too long ago is what worries me.

But circumstances during the dark ages were much different. There was a time back then when it looked like there was some silly power struggle between a number of people who

either thought they were leader or wanted to be leader. I tried to fix this problem by talking to the right people to get rid of the whole structure and leader thing. And AL was nice enough – or understanding enough – to step down and throw out a leadership thing in the ONA. Then I thought that it would help ONA live longer if each Initiate and/or Nexion had the ‘power’ to help change, evolve, contribute to, and influence the ONA in their own unique ways. Sort of like we add on to what AL has built. This way over time the ONA becomes less dependent on AL and more self reliant and an “entity.”

My other concern was the future market and condition of this thing we call “Satanism.” As cool as some of us might feel it to be, it may die out. It is not smart for an Order to be so blind that it is convinced that Satanism is eternal. If we say there was a small island of Catholics, and on this island was a monastic order, then one day Catholicism died out on this island to be replaced by secularism, what would happen to that monastic order? Do we thus take the chance and put all our bets on Satanism?

My worry was that in the old days people in the ONA and inspired by the ONA put too much faith and investment into the Satanism causal form. We can see this is nearly every off shot and spin off of the ONA that came out in those old days. They were all Satanic institutions of some kind. At least the known ones. Did these old time ONA members know or understand that Satanism was a causal form or outer form and not its core essence? Did they understand that Satanism and things like NS were useful forms only, or a means to get work done? Did they understand that you can engineer new forms that isn’t Satanic or NS to get other work done? So I wanted to see the ONA not be so heavily lost or captivated by its causal forms. They are useful, and I like them all, but like the 21 Satanic Points says, we can’t love something so much that we cannot see it die. Is the ONA – as a collective Order of associates – able to see Satanism die and still know and understand they are still ONA? That is the question. If they/we can’t then the ONA risks dying with Satanism. So I would say that I also want to see the ONA become detached and independent also of Satanism. Not throw it away, but just detach itself from it and understand that it is only a useful and interesting form.

I would also hope that in time the ONA as a collective Order of Initiates will learn to actually appreciate and preserve the ONA’s unique “Kulture” and Tradition. I speak of the Traditional forms or aspects like what is found in Naos: Physis, the Star Game, the Tree of Wyrd, the Sinister Tarot, etc, along with the rites and ceremonies of the Black Book of Satan. The Seven Fold Way. Reichsfolk. And then the Sinister Fiction, and the Tradition of writing and sharing such Mythos. This also includes the Balobian Kulture of creating sinister art work and musick. Preserve it but build onto it. Meaning add onto Codex Saerus by making our own new rites and rituals. Add onto the Tree of Wyrd concept. More Balobians adding new art work. Things of that nature. These are things made and makes the ONA, the ONA. Just like what makes English, English are the core Anglo-Saxon words, no matter how different English evolves. We build on top of that like science build on top of its old and useful theories to advance itself gradually. So it’s not an evolution for the sake of changing things. But a thoughtful evolution, balanced with a Mindful preservation of the foundation and backbone of ONA Kulture and Tradition.

My other concern is jumping the generation gap or the ability for ONA to pass from mother to

offspring. This is important to me if clans and new cultures are to be grown in the future from this seed culture we call the ONA. So I would like to see the ONA refine itself if necessary so that it can pass between mother to child. It's not impossible and over the months I have studied the several ways my own culture and family pasted Theravada Buddhism down to me.

Theravada Buddhism has a gigantic written side made up of 24,000 pages. No child is going to read or even understand 24,000 pages of dictations. Interestingly most of the content of those pages are actual stories or mythos that each teach a moral lesson. By that I don't mean morality. I mean lessons to live by and consider.

So I got my Buddhism growing up from seeing, hearing, and doing what everyone else was doing; as well as through stories my family told me which taught key aspects of Buddhist dhamma. Then I was allowed to watch and participate in the religious ceremonies and simple rites. That was it. There was no going to some temple once a week to hear some body preach. No reading out of some Buddhist bible. No lectures of teachings from elders. Just seeing people living their Buddhism as a culture, mimicking and participating in that culture, and then the many stories I often heard, which I still hear. And then only when I grew older in life, did I have the mindset to look deeper into Buddhism to understand it on a deeper level. Where I am now able to pass it to my future children, when I have them.

So based on all that, I would say that the stories and mythos aspect of the ONA is of major importance. I think it was a brilliant idea which has many uses. The best part is AL already write hundreds and hundreds of such stories for us that teaches the essence of the ONA. These stories can be shared with the next generation, or new ones can be created specifically for their age and mindset. Next most important thing we can do are repetitive activities we can do as a family together. Nothing elaborate. Playing the Star Game together is a realistic example. An ONA document called Eira excellently gives us the other example of shared activity:

[Begin Quote]

In order to move forwards, we must make this reality a living one, within each and every one of our lives. We must trust in our latent, evolved creative genius and have the courage to discard the romantic trappings we as a species are becoming dependent upon. The Galactic future can be presenced through our magick if we allow it to be. This requires a leap of faith into the Abyss into the realm of Satan.

All that the new ceremonies require, is for individuals who possess this new aeonic faith to gather at specific times and perhaps light a bonfire which will function as a focus/symbol for the gathering. All else will create itself from there.

The specific gathering times or fests are as follows: Mid end of April; Early November; Spring Equinox; Mid end of May; Summer Solstice; Early mid August; Autumn Equinox; Winter Solstice; Late January late Feb.

[End Quote]

I would add to that something like full moon family Sunedrions where something as simple as a family barbeque is shared together. The most important idea is the family or clan do things together often. It doesn't have to be "Satanic" where people are sacrificed and shit. Actually since the Rounwytha tradition is a core of the ONA, I would rather raise my future children connected with nature, with their culture, and as Rounwythas. They would then grow up to understand that the ONA is the thing that houses their Kulture and Rounwytha Tradition, and that AL presenced it. The stories and fiction would teach them the concepts. And the simple rites and fests solidifies the family/clan. Then as rites of passage a ceremony of some kind can be performed for them at 13. Then at 16 as their right of passage they are initiated Traditionally, a copy if Codex Saerus is given as a gift, and set out to accomplish their first Grade in the Seven Fold Way. Which is when they will on their own terms come to understand the forms and deeper aspects of the ONA from their choir or ordeal of finding all ONA manuscripts, etc.

ONA would not be a replacement for a culture, but simply an add on to a person or people's culture. This is something that some cultureless Americans may find hard to grasp. In my own culture, Buddhism is not a religion, it is an aspect of our culture, or how we live and do things. In my culture you can be "Buddhist," and still also be into the much older Brahmanism, and the even older animism. The living culture uses these things to express itself through, not those things asserting itself onto a culture. My whole family and every person I know like us are all Buddhists, Brahmanists, Taoists, and Animists all at the same time. It's just "The Culture & Tradition" of "our people." A living culture I suppose is like a living culture is like a slug? As it slithers across time it'll pick up bits and pieces of stuff. ONA would thus not replace something. It would be an add-on to what already exists in your life.

So this is what I would like to see the ONA become one day: a Nexion that presences new living Kulture and Traditions into the future. Independent of its original maker. The ONA, from my understanding of things, seems to have all the needed components to help it survive, if we today take care to nurture those aspects. ONA is still a baby "entity" that need care and life force. We'll see. All it takes is just one dedicated nexion. There was only one AL and through him the ONA past to all of us today. Even if I am the last Drecc in the ONA, I will follow AL's example and do what it takes to get it into the future. What it needs is more of the stuff that breeds culture. Myattian stuff like Folk Culture becomes a valuable resource of ideas and practices. Especially those 5 ceremonies and rite of passages DM put together. Love and pride for one's family, clans, folk, are also useful memes. The Numinous Way is also useful in this regard. Whatever DM made that helps create or breed culture is valuable as a Useful Form for the ONA.

I don't personally let the ONA replace my own indigenous culture and ancestral traditions. To me it's an add-on that helps accentuate what I already have. It helps me understand what I already have better. The ONA actually helped me understand Buddhism better. This is so because when I write ONA stuff and I try to explain some concepts ONA uses in writing, I am forced to dig deep into every corner of my brain for insights and example to try and make my examples as clear as possible. So when I do that I end up drawing from Buddhism as a resource of examples, imagery, and insights. Which in turn helps me understand the Buddhism. This is the main reason why I write anyways. Writing and forcing myself to articulate

these ideas in a way that others can easily grasp fine tunes my own grasp of Buddhism.

Then other aspects of ONA fits elsewhere in my indigenous mindscape. The concepts of acausal, nexion, and causal helps explain in my mind how my own internal cosmology works out. Except in my mind, the concept of a "nexion" most often correlates with the Mind, since for the moment, I understand the Mind to be the in-between thing between the causal world of experience and mindscape. And then the Acausal to me at the moment correlates with all the stuff on the other side in that mindscape. But when I use that word "mindscape" it comes with its own vast topography that goes beyond the simple space between your ears. I explained in a different essay how that topography looks to me. I used the word "SubNatural" to describe that topography. Meaning that you have Mind/Chitta, which is your individualized core, below that you have your psyche, beneath that you have what Jung and Buddha refer to as a collective unconscious mind which we all share. They use different words and terms to describe this. Then below that at the "center" is something bizarre the Buddha refers to as a "hive mind" made up of all Mindstreams [chittasantana], from which reality is said to arise.

The English word "mind" is a near useless word for me, but I have no other word to use. Acausal just simply does not mean mind vapour or thoughts or mind stuff. It bugs me because there is nothing in this English welanschauung to correlate with what we in the Buddhist Orient understand as Chitta. But whatever. DM in his writings does use a revealing term he coined called an "acausal membrane" which surrounds a causal object/organism and "tell" that that organism what to look like or where its cells should go. I agree with this because as far as I understand things the mechanism of cellular differentiation inside the cell itself is absent. How is it that each cell comes from the same zygote, which all carries the same DNA blueprint, but yet each cell "know" to be different things? But the important thing to keep in mind is that I don't "Believe" the acausal membrane is responsible for this. It is a "Theory" which makes sense to me, that I can use to explain certain things, which needs to be tested later.

I do not agree with the *theory* that acausal and causal corresponds with this favourite or Western occult notions: objective and subjective "universe." These terms are useful reifications that help us understand things, but they are reifications. If there is such a dualistic separation that there is indeed two different universes where there is an innie universe and and outie universe, show me the boarder between these two. Point a finger at the wall between these two universes where you can say in all honest accuracy that: Here in the most refined levels of the Cosmos is the Cosmic Blood-Brain Barrier impasse! Point a finger to the barrier between the conscious mind and the so-called "subconscious mind." Prove to me that a magnetic field has those neatly drawn lines that moves from pole to pole. That's what I mean by reification. Explain to me what the "subjective" universe is subbed under and what makes it a "universe?" Then explain to me if the "objective" universe you believe to be "outside" which you see with your eyes and apprehend with your Mind is actually outside or inside. How do get yourself to believe that a world in which you only apprehend in your brain/mind is objective/outside of your Self? But this is off topic.

Q9: *Will we ever colonize space?*

A9: No. We're getting our system of science mixed with our system of governance. They are

two different systems built from the ground up. Each “programmed” to function in a different way.

If you look at this thing we call Science, you see that from its very foundation it is based on the idea of investigation, experimentation, and gradual refinement of theories. Because of that as we look back in time we see that science does in deed grow, evolve, add onto itself, and becomes more sophisticated.

As state’s fundamental stuff is not based on investigation, experimentation, and the gradual refinement of theory. It is based on maintaining stasis or its own equilibrium, assertion of a party’s policies, and control. That type of system does not evolve into a stellar republic. It costs far too much money for a State to realistically colonize space. So depending on a current model of a State to do the colonization give us two very big problems. The first problem is that the State doesn’t want to go to space. The second problem is that money is to the State and thus us, dictates what we can achieve and what our human potential is going to be directed toward. We use our human genius to make new products to sell to people and new kinds of weapons to kill other states with.

Science is progressive, but it lacks the power to collect the manpower to build giant terrariums in space. If Steven Hawking were to say next month: “You know I really like black holes. And I’d like to make a ship like the Enterprise so we can go see one. Can I get 10 million of you to work for free to make this ship for the next 20 years?” I doubt anybody would volunteer.

I have a friend who likes science fiction and one day we were talking about “utopia” and he gave me his idea of it and how he would step by step gradually materialize this utopia. He said that all he would need is a small island where he can establish something he termed a “Scientocracy.” It would be a state run by scientists and elected by universities on the island. The state uses science as its politics, and the only real law on this island is that no laws shall be past to impede the progress of science. The money and labour force would be funneled over many generations into projects, with the ultimate goal being colonization of space. The first project would be colonization of the ocean, to expand the island. This adds experience knowledge. The second step would be the colonization of Antarctica. After this the state would have the experience and familiarity of working together to colonize space. The first step in colonization of space would be constructing O’Neill Cylinders kilometers in size. It would be a project each generation would work on. Then from there you would gradually expand into space.

His hypothetical model might more realistically work better than a normal state. But the problem I picked out was the issue of money. It’s just not possible to have any kind of significant evolution into space with money. As a species we need to learn to not let money dictate what is possible for us and what is impossible.

I have another friends who is an older business guy I went to one day to tell him about this problematic topic of mine. I wanted to colonize space, but money is a problem we can seem to let go of. How do I go around that problem? My friend thought about it for a while and invented a speculative form of economics he named off the top of his head: “Projection Economics,”

which is based on the simple idea of “work now, pay later.” He says it would be like investing money into a company. You don’t get your earning immediate. You understand that it is a long term investment with future yields. In his hypothetical system you train people to not work for immediate pay, but to cooperatively say, build a company with the investment of their volunteer labour. Then each person involved in that building of such company owns an equal share of the said company. This way in future their effort is paid, if not with them harvesting the earnings, then their descendents. This isn’t like market speculation. So he said to do the same. Collect people and families into a cooperative “corporation” and gradually build these space structures using Projection Economics. The paid load comes later, since each person involved in the construction of such structures would own a share of the structure and its potential economic value. But this would require a process of re-education and paradigm shift in the people themselves.

So if we continue to use the current model of Nation-States and money system, it would be close to improbable that we will ever live in space. We would most likely die on this earth we are killing. In this regard, I would agree with certain ONA texts where it says the old must be destroyed for a new something to take its place. Some sort of “Scientocratic Imperium,” that uses “Projection Economics?” Or something like that. But that “projection economics” would be balanced by normal methods of making money to live. I added the idea that you force the military of the hypothetical state to help work on these projects when they are not making war.

When I was in high school I wanted to go to college to be a bug scientist because I was fascinated with ants. I used to make ant farms with my cousin-brother when we were small. I was fascinated with how they live and work together from birth to death. So I figured I’d like to be a bug scientist to study ants because I theorized that their might be some hormone or biochemical the queen or these ants natural makes that makes them live and work with each other like that. As a bug scientists I could isolate this chemical. I gave it a hypothetical name of “Formicine.” My idea was to manufacture this Formacine and give it to the military and government so they force the population to get Formacine inoculations. This way the population won’t nee money any more and we’d all work and live for each other for free until we die. This was phase one of my personal utopia. I named this stage “Buddha,” meaning the “Awakening.”

Phase two of my personal utopia I named “Kama” [love] which has the theme of something I ended up called “DiovoGenesis,” which is when you take two female ova, extract the 23 chromosomes out of one and inject it into the other, then zap it with a mild electrical charge to induce cellular division. This would allow two females to breed with each other. The offspring of such method would always be female, since no Y chromosomes are present.

Phase three I named the “Moksha,” which is the period of engineering of a virus and a bacterium. One virus infects androgen carrying males and causes them to be predominantly infertile. The bacterium carries enzymes that invades male gonads and cuts up the Y chromosome into pieces.

The fourth stage in my utopia is “Nirvava” [which means “extinguish”] which is when laws are pass declaring Y chromosomes as a parasitic chromosome in humans, which is made illegal

contraband to possess. Men would be quarantined in friendly and hospitable cities in Antarctica far away from femalekind so they can't infect the Human [re: female] population with their Y chromosome. They would live in the nice camps until their race dies out.

My last phase is I named "Tantra" [here meaning Thread That Binds] and its theme is Cyborgation. This is when everyone is forced to have neural computers implanted in their brains to connect them to a single neural network and collective cyberconsciousness. The neural computers would be assembled and woven in with neurons by "nanomachines. Then we can colonize space. A girl can dream.

I shared my utopia with an much older friend who likes science and science fiction, and after he said he felt like a criminal in my presence, he said that he doesn't think the extinction of the male gender was the central issue. And that what he believes this utopia actually reveals to him is that deep down inside I have serious but interesting antagonistic feelings towards the concept of individuality. But he said it would make a great science fiction story. After he told me that, I had the idea of maybe later in life, when I have developed and fine tuned my writings skills to write a science fiction series called just called "Protocol X" for the x chromosome. Interestingly – if you do your research – Japanese scientists several years ago already conducted experiments with making viable zygotes from two rat ova. But laws were place which disallowed the zygote to progress into full blown fetal stage. So theoretically "diovoogenesis" is possible. They didn't call it that though. There are already laws internationally made to make it illegal to make human offspring from this method. Which I find to be very telling. All I know is that based on this Japanese case which shows that female to female reproduction of viable offspring is possible, is that as men, your years are numbered. Fortunately I never studied bugs science.

I'm not insane or anything. I just have a "creative" imagination sometimes. It's not like I hate men. It's more of an innocent scientific inquiry. I just wonder if it is possible to wipe out men from the earth with a simple virus and bacterium. We'll never know if we don't try you know. That's the beauty of science. You save your judgment till after the results of the testing and experiments. We don't have to experiment on the whole planet. Just a small country, like Israel since nobody likes them.

I was sharing my Utopian idea with one of my guys friends this one time. He's into Wicca but smart, and more into Nature and animism. We were sharing our utopian ideas with each other since he says that such ideas can reveal a lot about the psychology and emotional state of a person. So it was like a "get to know you friend" exercise thing, without asking prying questions, which I liked. His utopia was him sectioning off the red wood forest in Northern California into a walled kingdom which he was king of and the citizens were his harem. Just all these girls of different races and his friends can live there too. He said I can live in his kingdom with him and he'd share. I told him that was a retarded utopia, and shared mine. After I told him about my phases and end dream, he said: "Well that's not nice. I let you live in my utopia. Can I at least have my petty kingdom in the red wood forest with a harem? I won't bother your regime."

Analyzing my utopia is easy to get a feel for my personality type or "psychology" I'm working

with. Like one of my friends said, I do have strong issues against “individualism.” I don’t like people who think different than me and I don’t like people who, I can’t depend on who doesn’t want to give themselves to me, like I would for them. It might sound all evil that I say I dislike people who think different from me. But think about why we fight many of the wars we have fought? Why two political parties have a hard time working in harmony? Why some of you go to great lengths to assert and exert your own opinions and beliefs onto others. And you’ll see that what makes my dislike for others freedom to think for themselves is only “evil” because I am brutally honest. My nirvana of men isn’t because I hate men. It’s because on an emotional and sexual level I feel men to be useless an organism to me. I can go to the sperm bank to get pregnant or I can adopt. I think a lot of the crap that soils of current world such as unnecessary war and conflict and this capitalist competition to out rich and out produce the other is testosterone influenced. And the formacine which makes humans into a hival organism originate from my extreme dislike of money as a power of limitation to our species. I only wish to some how go around that.

DM has left a whole lot of writing which to me I find fascinating to read through as a way of profiling his personality type and inner make up. Unfortunately he doesn’t reveal much in the idealistic utopia department. What I do see that is a common thread in all of his garage inventions is that there is the constant idea or dream of colonizing space. Which would match up perfectly with what I recall were his favourite TV shows: Babylon 5 & Star Trek Voyager I think they were. In many of his inventions there is also a common reoccurring theme of destroying something and creating something new. So maybe DM is a kind of person who feels inside that he is unhappy with the way things are in either the world or “his world,” and he has a obsession to try and change it or to try and get others to change it.

One thing I dislike is when I read people calling DM a “fascist.” This does not show up in any of his writings or in any of his memetic inventions. The opposite shows up. In his ONA you get rhetoric of being a free willed person and he reused the idea/meme “exultation of life” and “exeatic” very often which is the opposite of fascist control. In all of his inventions you can clearly see that DM does not give up on the anti-state rhetoric. Even when he was into Islam, he carried that obsession over with him. This is also not congruent to fascism, if we say that in fascism the State, the People, the Party, and the Religion are One. In his Folk Culture he goes so far as to name his ideal form of government – at the time of such writings – which he calls Folk Democracy. DM in the same writings goes so far as to draft an entire constitution for his idea of Folk Democracy, which clearly has nothing to do with fascism. It actually resembles the direct democracy used in cantons of Switzerland and I think some city-states in ancient Greece. Then in his Numinous Way he calls the idea of a Nation-State of any kind to be immoral and an abstraction. And he tries to bring the focus of a people from the distant immoral state down to a more numinous level of your immediate sphere of family and friends, where the clan is self-reliant and self-governing. I see nowhere in any of DM’s writings where there is the slightest hint of fascism or some totalitarian dictatorship. This assessment is based on a total ignorance of his writings.

He and I do share the desire to colonize space. Unfortunately – and I may be very wrong – I don’t see that happening if we rely on our current model of a State and if we are relying on Capitalism to get us to space. There is just no capital is space. Colonizing space would cause

negative capital gain. We aren't the problem, and the state itself is not a problem. The barrier is money and more importantly our infatuation with it. In such a way that we allow it to dictate our potential if we can't pay for it. I hear well meaning people in Satanism talk about elevating the Human Potential to its highest state. I don't see this ideal as being a realistic possibility inside the samsara of money. At the moment we are powerless to do anything if money says we can't.

People today in many parts of the world can't even actualize their human potential to eat and drink clean water without money. People today can't even actualize their human potential to be medically healthy without money. People today can't even actualize their human potential to have a healthy functioning family with out money. What is a major cause of divorce in America today? Money and finances. The idea that confined within the powerful grip of money, that we can fulfill some idealistic human potential [whatever that means] and become gods is ludicrous and wishful thinking. That's what I try to mean by samsara. You can't see samsara when you are lost in its delusion. These idealistic people who talk about some actualization of humanity's full potential makes such claims blind to the ball and chain of money clamped to their legs, and they don't even realize it. No greater human potential or space colony will be possible until as a people we Awaken from this samsara of money. The state is a thorn in most of our side, but it is not the true enemy of mankind. The state acts more as a vehicle to take us from point A to point B. The Enemy of mankind is our attachment or enthrallment to money. Such that we allow it or are powerless to go beyond the limits this money sets for us.

Q10: What are some ways you use to profile somebody's personality type without asking prying questions?

A10: I learned how to do this a while back when I had a friend who was majoring in psychology ask me a bunch of weird questions. It was a trick at first because he knew that I have a private personality type where I get extremely offended with questions that openly dig into my life. So he play a game with me by asking me to imagine myself on a hike. Which was fun. I'll include the meanings of these visualizations below this section so you can do it to yourself. After I learned this, I like to use it on all sorts of people, and it really works. Especially the Cup part, which you'll see. I actually teach ever girl I know at least the Cup part to use and assess the men they are interested in.

I was asked to imagine myself on a hike and to just describe my surroundings. There is no right was or wrong way to experience or describe anything. The more details or the more vivid the scenery the better.

So the first question [1] that was asked of me was for me to describe as vividly as possible what the back pack on my back looks like. If in my visualization I did not carry one, I say I don't have one. But if I was carrying one I describe in detail what it looked liked, if it was heavy or light. What things I may have inside of it, and perhaps why I brought such things with me.

The second question [2] that was asked was for me to visualize that on my hike I now come to a tree and at the base of this tree is a cup of some kind. It can be a mug, wine goblet or one of those things you drink out of. What does it look like? Describe in detail what it looks like, if it

has designs on it, how you like it or feel about it. They I was to tell my friend what I do with the cup. Do I take it with me? Do I want it? Do I feel happy in having found it? Or do I put it back where I found it. I can do anything I want with it, even imagine a trash can and throw it away. Any thing. What do I do with it?

Third question [3] is as I hike on my trail in front of me somewhere is a bear. I have to keep hiking further. So I have to pass the bear. What does the bear look like? Is it big or small? Cute or scary? Nice or mean? Maybe it was asleep and not aware of you? Anything. Just describe the scenery and explain how you pass this bear.

Next scene [4] is I have passed the bear and am back on the trail and this trail leads me two a white house with a big tree in front of it. Describe the scenery in detail. House big is the tree? Does it cast a shadow? What does the house look like? House do you feel being there? Then I was told to open the door and walk inside the white house. All the rooms are empty and the walls are plane white. Describe the inside of the house. Are the rooms big or small? How do you feel inside the house? Are you relaxed? Happy? Or do you feel uncomfortable or even afraid? In one of the rooms I notice in the middle of the floor is a black box of some type. Describe it, what's it look like? How do you feel about it? Go to the black box and open it. How do you feel about opening? What do you see inside the black box? Describe it, and then close it and continue hiking.

Next scene [5] is as I leave the white house I go back on the trail and in the distance I see a lake and walk to it. At the lake I will spend some time exploring it. Describe the scenery. What does the environment look like? Lots of trees? Is everything natural? Do I see trash somebody left behind? Is is a big lake or a small lake? Go up to the lake and look around. Is it clear? Is it deep or shallow? Is the water clean or dirty. Would you drink a little of it. If not why not? If you do take a taste of the lake's water, what does it taste like and how do you feel about it? Is the lake alive and full of fish? Is it empty of thriving life?

Next scene [6] is, after I have explored the lake I am back on my trail hiking. After hiking some distance in front of me crossing the hiking trail is a stream of water of some type. It can be a creek or a stream, or a river. I have to cross it to the other side. But first describe the scenery. What does the river look like? Is the water fast moving or a slow tranquil flow. Is it deep or shallow? Is the rive wide or narrow. Now I have to go in and cross it. Explain how I do this. Is this river hard to cross or easy to cross. How do you feel? Are you calm or afraid. You do feel relaxed enough to enjoy the river or do you feel like you are in a rush to get to the other side.

End scene [7] is I have crossed the river and I now stand at the riverside looking in front of me. What do I see?

Answers & Interpretations:

[1]: The back pack is a person's burden in life. The weight they feel on their shoulders. A heavy backpack would suggest that the person has a lot on his shoulders. A light backpack means the opposite. A backpack that is stuffed with unnecessary things that makes it heavy suggests that the person is type to clutter their own life with unnecessary things that actually

contributes to their feel of burden. People who say they aren't carrying a backpack suggest that either have no burden in life, or that they are the type to just not even be effected. They are carefree in other words and travel light.

[2]: The Cup. The cup represent Love & Relationships. People who say they are happy or excited in finding the cup suggest they are the type looking for a relationship or someone to love them. If the cup is describe as being ornate, like made of gold and bejeweled or an expensive crystal goblet such people tend to see either their relationships or the girlfriend/boyfriend they are or will be with to be of value and worth and "precious." If the cup is something like a coffee mug or some other useful drinking cup, the person sees relationships or their girlfriend as something or someone they need. Not necessarily "useful" but need. People who take that cup with them on the hike desire a relationship. Those that leave it behind don't want a girlfriend or boyfriend or relationship at that moment.

I teach all my girlfriends I know at least the cup part. I had a few girlfriend I taught this to and they tried it on the guy they were dating. They each came back angry or sad or confused because the guys they were dating said the cup they found was a cheap Styrofoam cup which they Used to drink out of because they were thirsty and then they threw it away. One of the guys said he used his cheap foam cup to drink out of then, threw it on the ground and stepped on it. I didn't say anything to them and just allowed them to date their pigs. Their relationships didn't last a year. Their guys couldn't commit and were sleeping around. The one that stepped in his foam cup ended up cheating on my friend with another girl.

My cup was a coffee mug because I like coffee, and it has flower designs on it. I took it with me in my back pack to bring it home, because I thought it was a special find.

[3]: The bear is responsibility. If the bear is scary, it means you are afraid of responsibility. If it is small it means you may have very few responsibilities in life, or that you have no problems handling them. Many guys I did this too said they saw their bear, pulled out a gun in their backpack and shot the bear dead. A lot of the girls I did this too did what I did, we went off trail and walked far around the bear as fast as we could. Which means that we are the time to evade responsibilities or are afraid of it.

[4]: The white house symbolizes Death. It is house you see death and how you feel about it. The tree's shadow draws out your feelings of the scenery. If the shadows makes the house creepy to you then you feel death to be shadowy and creepy. The interior of the house helps draw out more of your own unconscious thoughts and feelings about death. It might make you feel claustrophobic. The interior might be dark and you are afraid of the dark? Of the house can be spacious with large windows that illuminates the empty rooms. If you feel relaxed and comfortable, then you are the type to no be afraid of dying. The black box represents how you feel or what you deeply see to be on the other side of death. If there is an other side. What you see inside is an unconscious representation or symbol which correlates to how you feel or how you see what is on the other side.

I have actually met people who describe their black box as being an actual coffin without knowing the white house represents death. Some people I did this too are so afraid of the

house and black box that they can't get themselves to open it and look inside.

I describes my house as being a big two story house. The tree in front was a big ash tree, but not as big as the house. It has a tire swing on it. There was plenty of sunlight on the house. The inside was very big and roomy and the windows were also big and flooded the rooms with plenty of sunlight. I felt scared and uncomfortable about being in the house. I walked along the walls with one hand touching the walls at all times. But I felt very curious and wanted to have a look inside all the rooms and tried to imagine what the family who lived in the house was like and what they did in the rooms. My black box was a velvet hat box, with a deep royal red ribbon and bow on it. I was happy to see the black box because I like finding free things. So I opened it and saw a pastel pink hat with rims which I wanted to keep. My friend said I could do whatever I wished with anything. So I put that hat on happily and left the house. My friend said that my culture and Buddhism may explain why I saw this house in this way.

[5]: The Lake represents how a person sees and feels about Sex. Is the environment Natural? If so then such a person may feel sex to be natural. Is the area littered with junk or polluted? If so this person may feel sex to be dirty that might need to be cleaned up. The quality of the lake water? Is it clean or dirty? Again this is how they see the sex act or sexual behaviour. Is it alive with fish and life or barren? If barren then this person may not enjoy having a lot of sex. Is the water clean enough to drink of. People who say their lake water is too polluted to drink from have a serious problem with the idea of sex. They may be the type to have sex, then feel very dirty or bad. Or it may even suggest sexual abuse in their history where such abuse causes them to resent or dislike sex and see it as being unclean.

My lake environment was a natural pine forest. There was no trash. The lake was deep, which means your appetite for sex may be deep, or are able to enjoy it deeply, or that you have a deep consideration towards sex. People with shallow lakes tend to see sex and just sex. You just screw a person to get off and whatever, or that they might not be naturally sexually active. Test this out on intellectuals and see what their lake looks like. My lake's water was crystal clear and I drank it. It tasted natural and sweet. And there were lots of fish in it. Which proly means I'm a slut.

[6]: The river you must cross represents your own personal Sexuality and your attitude or feelings of it. This is different from the lake which just represents sex. This river represents your own Sexuality. People who have a hard time crossing their river because the water is deep or the current is rough have a hard time dealing with or accepting their sexuality. However they feel inside the river crossing it, they feel also about their own sexuality.

My river was a shallow creek that had a tranquil little flow to it. It was just high enough to cover my ankles and I wiggled my toes in it and stayed in it a while to enjoy the feel of soaking my feet, then I crossed it without effort. Which means that whatever I am sexual, I am very comfortable very comfortable with it. I am also able to take my time in it and enjoy it with no feelings of fear or whatever.

I like testing this one out with those teen boys I meet who are feminine but who swear they aren't gay, and most of them will describe a wide river or a river that is deep and hard to cross.

Which would suggest in their case that that have are having a hard time dealing with their sexuality because they may be confused. But not every person with a rough and tough river are fags.

My cousin and I were hanging out with one of her friends who is a normal, very attractive half Black have Mexican guy who has a girlfriend, and he was in the military and had just gotten out. So nothing about him suggested that he was confused about his sexuality, so I figured that it would be safe to play this game with him and not reveal anything embarrassing. My cousin who is his friend ended up taking over the game as the narrator, and at the end this friend of ours said that his river was very deep and the current was violent. Inside the river he was very afraid of drowning so he swam has fast and hard as he could to the other side. When my cousin heard this she looked at me knowing what it meant, and seeing if I would approve of her interpreting this to him. I interjected and said that the river wasn't important and had no real meaning and to skip it.

Later this friend had asked my cousin in private what the river meant because he would really like to know why I said it wasn't important. My cousin told him quietly that it meant he was having a hard time dealing with his sexuality. But that this made no sense because he had a girlfriend and was a typical macho guy. After that he told her a secret he had never told anyone and asked her not to say anything to anybody, and that he'd tell me himself since I knew something already. He came to me in private this one day and said: "About that river. I know what it means, she told me. I'm not gay. I love girls and I know I do. It's just that something happened to me in the past that I'm still dealing with, and sometimes it hard. When I was little my older brother molested me. I've never told anyone this, besides a couple people. Please don't tell anyone."

[7]: The scenery you see on the other side of the river is how you see or feel your life to be in the years to come. It is your future. I saw more pine trees and my hiking trail kept going on. I had a friend here in California I did this to and he said he saw a metropolis with tall skyscrapers. I didn't know what that meant. We both thought that might means his future would keep him real busy? But two years later he moved to New York city. He emailed me and said: "Guess where I am?! I got a new job. I'm in that metropolis I saw two years ago with you! New York baby! Wish me luck."

Q11: Why are you even into the ONA?

A11: For a number of reasons. Because it closely resembles the way my close friends and I live and do things in life. We were in the process of making our WSA into something like the ONA anyways. We did have our own degree system. Each degree came with a set of tests of loyalty. As you get higher up our old system, the tests became more illegal in nature. You were forced to be loyal to us or the state and its laws. This is where our ABC's originally came from. When we found the ONA and studied it, we saw that it was what we wanted our WSA to be. Then after studying DM's other stuff we really liked it. So we went with the ONA.

One thing we like about the ONA is that many aspects of it is brutal and realistic. It makes no moralist interpretation of killing and being sinister. This is a realistic reflection of real life on the

street in an inner city's urban jungle. When you join a gang either by choice or insight roll, or whatever, you'll know what I mean. There no moralism to the day to day activities you do to survive and protect and feed your own. If you gotta slang dope like a petty criminal on the corner to buy shows and help you single mom pay rent, then that's what you gotta do. Don't matter if it's right or wrong. You do or you die.

Life in that lifestyle is sinister. There is no other word to aptly describe it. Do a research and profile of Mara Salvatrucha13 and check out how they handle their business in the culling department. They are nothing to the Zetas and Sinaloas down in Mexico. And even that ain't shit compared to Pol Pot, Moa, Stalin, and friends. And even that aint' shit compared to the horror that went down during world war two and the lives lost. We don't just kill people nikka. We fuck em, mutilate them, eat them, skin them, gut them, and over kill them. It's just human nature. We've been here 200,000 years and ain't nothin changed about our nature. Just the environment and topography, and the tools of the trade. The more technologically advanced we get, the more we refine our science of killing and war. We're right now dedicating and focusing our human genius and "potential" in developing cloaking technology and anti-matter. What the hell you think we're gunna use that shit for? Charity?

ONA is just brutal honest and we don't like, because we wish we were otherwise. ONA comes along and uses the words "amoral," "culling," "sinister," and says that its in our nature to do and be that. It's just that most of us are in denial. And people get asshurt over the truth. The truth hurts. We are amoral. Not 'immoral,' Amoral. We do kill. We are sinister. All natural life is. No plant or animal has morals to live by. Some plants kill like Venus Fly Traps. Every organism is "sinister" by nature. I know that is merely a human description superimposed onto natural acts. Don't get so caught up in the words, get caught up in the natural acts. Call it what you want. I'll used the word "nice" instead of "sinister" and the essence will still show. It's nice when viruses kill a host. It's real nice lionesses chase down a gnu and eat it alive. It's nice when big trees in a jungle hog up the light to starve the little saplings. Nature is nice and friendly isn't it. It's friendly when Nature makes a tsumani and kills 15,000 people. It's friendly when Nature makes a monsoon that drowns 100,000 people. ONA just tells it like it is, and keeps those options open. It says if you wanna be amoral, do it, if not whatever. If you wanna cull, do it, if not whatever. And that upsets mundanes because those mundanes wanna believe that they are otherwise.

Denial is a big business. It's what makes the world's major religions so popular. You look in the proverbial human mirror and see yourself as a sick amoral, murderous creature, and you don't want that to be true. So you turn to your bible and korans and torahs and believe that you are special. You're made in god's image. You're angelic. Jesus loves you. You just have a few issues under the rug. Let's not look under that rug. Don't pick it up and peek. The devil's down there. That's not human nature. That's Satan. That's ain't us. That's a demon. It cool to fuck a kid up the ass now. Just ask Jesus to forgive you and the Pope to protect you. It's cool to blow people up now, because god said you. It's not you're human nature.

You don't hear the talk that I hear. Why do you think there aren't as many Buddhists as there are Muslims or Christians? You don't hear what I hear. I asked my little grandma who is a Christian why she was not a Buddhist one day. She says Buddhism is nice, but the Buddha

can't help you. Buddhism has that thing called karma. You do something and you have to live with it. Nobody can help. In Christianity when you do something and make a "mistake" Jesus forgives you and you don't get punished for it. Did you understand the essence of what she said? She basically said in Buddhism you are responsible for the results of your actions, whereas in Christianity, Jesus takes that responsibility away so you don't get the consequences. You know where she gets that bullshit from? From piece of shit missionaries who go into these Buddhist countries and points out that little "flaw" of Buddhism.

Buddhism is the only "religion" where no god exists to forgive your ugly ass. No angels exist to save you from your own animal nature. Buddha is just a man who died thousands of years ago. He can't wash keep the results of your actions from you. You know from the very beginning when you start Buddhism that you get out of life what you put in and ain't nobody that can stop that causal reaction. And people don't like that. It's a dumb religion. What kind of religions doesn't offer you at least a god that forgives and a way to bail out of your causal shit so you can't get the consequences? People need a get Out Of Jail card. That's big business.

But you got Christianity that says oh it's okay to have sex with children. Jesus will forgive you. What consequences? It's okay to kill all of those heathens, God said so. What human nature? Go ahead and make war with that infidel country and kill people. You still Allah special babies. You Jews can do whatever you want. You're Yahweh's chosen people. Go ahead and take Palestine, it's your promise land. Take North America and kill those savage injuns. God still loves you. You're still angels in Jehovah's eyes.

Tell them the naked truth that they are amoral, murderous, and sinister, and show them a mirror so that can look at their grotesque human nature and they will hate you. You rudely woke them up from their fantasy! They don't wanna be human. They run and hide behind every security blanket they have. They run and hide behind state law and tell you killing is illegal! I don't kill. I'm law abiding. Then snap back into their denial. I don't rape women and children, they say, my religion says me and the universe are moral. Their denial knows no limits. Their whole universe is even built from the fabric of heavenly decreed moral goodness.

I'm into the ONA because it is honest and reminds me that my options are open. I reserve the right to be amoral. That don't mean I will live an excessively immoral existence. But I reserve the natural right to do so if I please. I reverse the right to kill. That don't mean I'll be a serial killer. But I'll manipulate people to kill for me if it is necessary. I'll kill to protect my future children. And you know you would too. My dads and moms and uncles would kill a person if they raped me or abused me. They have the natural right to kill when they need to. I reverse the right to be sinister: the right to be Human and accept myself for who and what I am, a human, with Human Nature. Anybody or religion or government that takes that right for me to be Human without a real good reason to do so is my enemy. An enemy to Human Nature.

I'm not in denial. I know what I am. I'm at least honest and true to myself. That doesn't mean I am "evil" 24/7. Nature isn't deadly and perilous everyday of the year. There is a beautiful side to nature. And there is a beautiful side to Human Nature. Which is another reason why I am into the ONA. Because there is a Numinous quality to life, mortal existence, and being

human. And the ONA is open to that also and helps you come to understand that side of my nature too. It keeps all my options open for me and provided me with a method of experiencing and practicing those options and lets me be. And it reminds you that this is a causal world. And so your causal input will produce a causal consequence you will meet up with. And there is nothing you can do to stop that. No gods or dark gods will save you from your own ignorance. In fact the ONA says that you are free to be stupid and make your mistakes and eat your consequences because you grow and learn from it: Pathei-Mathos. It forces you gradually to be responsible and you gradually understand that there is no teacher in life, but you own actions, experiences, and their results. It forces you by your own realization that if you dislike an aspect of your nature or have come to understand that you have greater potential than to be a savage murderous monkey, then you must by your own efforts work to go beyond your own limits and basal nature. The ONA is brutal and honest, and it put you at the center of your own life to your own devices.

This is the reason why I personally don't like the theory/doctrine of "Self-Deification" you find in mundane Satanism. Being your own "god" meaning your own boss in life is a sound concept in itself. But when you use Word like "Deity," "Deification," "God," in that doctrine, where you now believe that your mundane satanism is about you evolving into your own deity or god, then you're on a train ride to self-denial and self-deception. Because those words and the essence and cultural quality they have influences our minds and perception of reality and ourselves. So you can do an easy experiment to test the hypothesis that mundane satanists who believe in that self-deification theory will end up deceiving themselves or becoming out right delusional. Pick 5 normal mundane satanists, then make a list of acts of human nature that you know we humans have committed. But don't tell them its human nature. Just state the act and give them two moral options to value such act. For example ask these mundane self-gods: if or when you become a god, do gods kill? Rape? Genocide? Do you believe such acts are good or bad. And pay attention to their answers. Then go ask a Christian the same questions. It's like there is something wrong with being human. Nobody wants to be one. Not the Christians, not the Muslims, and not even the Satanists.

I also like the ONA because it reflects my own indigenous nature. It has a place for ideas like tribes, clans, family, culture, and tradition. These things might not be important to mundanes. But being human, in tune to my human nature, I feel that such things are important to me. I want to continue to live such ways of life. And I appreciate the ONA for having a place in its memplex for such ways. You don't get that with other systems. Mundane satanism makes it some sort of a religious crime called conformity if you even stand next to another person and like them. Secularism has no place in its system for family. The state doesn't want you to have family and culture. Because they want you to be dependent on them. Religion doesn't want you to have a tribe and your own cultures. It's their culture or nothing.

The other aspect about the ONA which keeps me a faithful customer is that the words, vocabulary, lexicon, and ideas the ONA has and makes to me are very useful. They help me better understand myself and the world I exist in. But better than that they allow me to actually express in words, what wordless stuff I have inside. And best of all because there are other ONA people, I thus have others who understand what I am saying and who can give me feedback or add to my understandings of things. In other words, the ONA becomes a way or

method of trading and sharing or circulating ideas/meme.

But the best part of all is that the ONA is customizable, and “add-onable.” The ONA has all these lego pieces called causal forms you can customize. Sometimes I don’t feel like a Satanist, so I’ll take that form off. Some days I like Reichsfolk, so I’ll add that on. Other days I’ll feel like doing Drecc things, so I’ll add that on. Add-onable meaning that you can take the ONA and evolve it into how you want it or need it. You can make new forms to add-on. You can write new manuscripts, teachings, make new rites, rituals, etc. And as long as you keep to the core principles, you are still ONA. In this way, there can be now schism in the ONA. Because all you are working with is the outer expression of causal forms. It does not matter how you take the core principles of the scientific method to make whatever new scientific fields with to add-on to science. It is still science. Science doesn’t schism. You can call Cosmology and Zoology schisms of science because they fucked up the causal form of science so bad they look nothing alike. You can call physics and quantum-physics schisms of ideology of science because they teach different sets of laws and “world-models.” It’s all science. The core essence of science hasn’t changed in any of those causal forms/fields: speculation, experimentation, and illumination.

The way that the institution of science has set itself up makes it so that it is immensely creative, dynamic, living, and evolutionary. But it doesn’t crack apart like religion does into rival sects. Scientists argue and debate each others view points and theories, but that is an aspect of science. You have to experiment with and prove these ideas and test them. Then science has this unofficial thing call the peer review process where theories and insights are passed around elders of the scientific community to be looked at. Not every idea or theory will pass. So this institution as a living organism has itself a way of insuring that as it evolves, it does not evolve into an irrational direction. It’s the greatest institution and jewels of – one of so few – of the human species. I’d rather have the ONA follow the example of science as an organism, then the example of a Western occult cult. But, I’m a rationalist, so that’s just my personal wish.

But the ONA is like science. There is an essence to the ONA that can be expressed into different forms and fields of discipline. Even if two forms look radically different, they are still ONA. For example the Traditional Satanism and the Buddhist-Drecc [Dreccvada?] thing WSA uses are both ONA. This is the main reason why I am a loyal ONA customer. Because I personally love science, and I love the way that the institution of science is based on a very rational and simple core, which evolves over time into all of these cool fields and disciplines. And I see the ONA with many of the same features that science has. Anton Long even built Natural Philosophy and the apprehension of Physis into the ONA.

Well, I guess 11 Questions and 45 pages is good enough. That’s a minor thing I notice in the ONA. It started with AL and the culture spread out to many ONA people to come after him. Its the culture of doing these question and answer formats to share insights on specific question. It’s another thing I appreciate about ONA. It’s not “perfect.” Nothing is. But it admits it is not perfect and is fallible. Unlike other institutions it opens itself to be corrected and evolved and advanced. This characteristic alone gives the ONA a better chance to survive and thrive. It’s good that it is not perfect and can always be better. That way we each can come and add our

own things to ONA to make it better gradually. As long as ONA keeps this vital culture of "self-becoming" via its cells [us] it has no competition in the Satanic subculture. Our two nearest competitors are stagnant, dying, and sinking into the pit of irrelevancy. After 40 years and the ONA is the standard bearer and sets the bar.

People hate us. They fight to be some leader of ONA. They pretend to be ONA. They talk about ONA. They use our ideas/memes. They set out to challenge ONA. They are inspired by ONA. They are influenced by ONA. And revealingly they don't fight among themselves to be leader of any of those other groups. They don't run around pretending to be any of those other groups. Whatever we are doing: keep doing it. The attention and drama comes with the territory. Trust me. On campus or any social setting, the popular ones are the ones the others talk about, gossip about, hate, want to be, pretend to be, wear what they wear, etc. Same thing with celebrities and popular politicians. The more popular you are, the more you have the social/human means to inspire and influence. But that popularity draws attention, and with attention comes the drama. It comes with the territory. A girl in school who has no drama knows she is nobody worth having drama over. All that drama and attention is a good thing. Revel in it. Because when it dies out, then you'll know nobody gives a shit about us. That's when you know we failed as a company. Failure means bankruptcy. Many Satanic and occult organizations have come before the ONA. Many have died out of existence from such bankruptcy.

ONA has been around 40 years. With just a few dedicated Initiates to do what AL did, it can go for another 40. I'd like to see what ONA looks and feels like 40 years from now. I know I'll be one of those dedicated people to follow in the footsteps of AL and carry that torch into my future. All it takes is one. 40 years ago there was just AL, now there is all of us. Today there is just us. Through us, tomorrow there will be many more. If our aim is to manifest a new way of human living, a new human type, and a new kind of civilization, then this work happened one person at a time, across Time, aeonically, through each of us as living nexions between a past and a future.

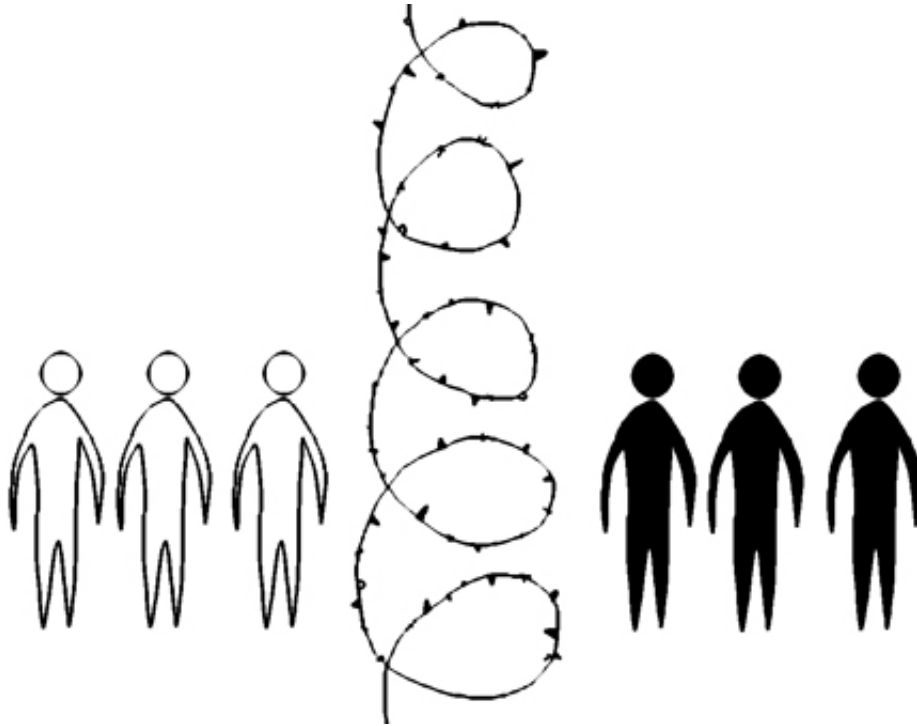
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RACIALISM & NATURE



“The term **race** or **racial group** usually refers to the categorisation of humans into populations or groups on the basis of various sets of heritable characteristics.” -Wiki

It sickens me when I hear people talk about Racism as if it was a bad thing. I mean those pussy-people who are lost in idealisms that have no bearing on nature and the real world. People who hate to hate the feeling of hating someone are very far removed from the natural world and are out of touch with their own base human nature. It's as ridiculous as the Buddha teaching his Arhants to desire the desire of not desiring to escape Samsara.

What is racism anyways? Stripped of its politics, it's just a feeling of hate or repulsion for someone because of their racial characteristics. That outer/exoteric racial characteristic is just a “target” for that hatred/repulsion.

This instinctive repulsive feeling is actually the same feeling we get when we come near a pile of excrement. Why do we naturally react to a pile of poo in universally the same repulsive manner (coprophilics like poo)? Because it has germs and disease causing agents in it that can kill you. This is bad from mother nature's perspective. If you go touching and eating shit, you can get sick, get E. Coli poisoning, get parasites, and dies. And when you do die, you can't continue nature by propagating progeny. This repulsive feeling we get from seeing a pile of steaming poo is so important, nature couldn't even risk it being culturally transmitted, it had to be ingrained in us instinctively.

Now, if you were to imagine yourself as a protohuman living before or during the last ice age

we can begin to understand the importance of “racism” as a survival mechanism which nature ingrained into us, which is effect, is the same repulsive feeling described above.

Back in those prehistoric times the population of the human species was sparse. You had small packs of protopeople living in blood related groups that occupied a certain amount of territory. Things were fine under those condition, because all of the natural resources within that territorial domain belong to the group. You upset the ballance of things when a second pack of protohumans enters this territory. Maybe the second pack’s land stopped producing food for their cattle or sheep, and they wandered into new land, occupied by another pack.

This is where problems enters the picture. First, the secondary pack requires natural resources to stay alive and nature only goes so far with shring. It’s natural to love and share within your own pack because they offer group force and protection in return, but two packs don’t share, they compete. The second problem is the men and women of each pack. You can’t have your womenfolk falling into the second packs hands, because then you’d be assed out of girls, and your pack goes extinct. Same thing with the boys in your own pack. If your boys runs off with those strange girls and breeds with them, your pack is assed out of men, and goes extinct. Luckily, you don’t have to think or rationalize this situation, because nature gave you an instinctive answer.

You don’t have to think about it, you just hate them and want to kill them, and sometimes take their womenfolk. You have a natural hatred/repulsion to the secondary pack, and their “racial” characterisricks serves only as a way to tell your packmates from theirs. The boys and the girls will compete and react to the threat of the second pack in their own ways.

What do two competing boys do? They fight. How do they fight? By trying to physically cripple the other guy or kill him so he can’t breed, or so he looks like a loser to the womenfolk so nobody wants to breed with him. How do two girls fight? By saying things and doing things to make the other girl look and appear ugly. That’s why boys fight with fists and clubs, and girls call each other names like “skank” and “slut” and pull on each other’s hair. If you’re a slut, then that boy that mated with you, isn’t even sure if that baby is his- with his genes; and if you’re ugly, nobody wants to mate with you. I hate other girls, but I’m not gunna make myself look ugly and fight a girl like a boy does. I’m not breaking a nail or messing my hair up for a bitch.

All this competing and fighting does something for nature. It insures that the stronger pack survives to pass their much more stronger genes onto the future generations. This is how nature makes her long term investments to insure that her species exists thousands of yours down the road. The stronger pack, with there genes, and their progeny also are rewarded with influencing the world and taking it into a direction.

Lets fast forward into a distant past when the Aryans invaded India. What does the word “arya” actually mean in it’s original Sanskrit? It simply means “Cultured,” “Civilized,” “Urbanized,” and refers to a person who lives in a “City” as opposed to those nomadic people and feral tribes.

This 'thing' we call a city was a very new idea. For thousands and thousands of years people has been living as nomadic peoples and feral tribes, as some still do to this day. Something strange happened somewhere in the middle east or Steps (that area where you find those weird sounding countries that nobody gives a shit about like Uzbekastan, Khazakastan, and the rest of the Stans). A group of people there, simply stopped moving around at the mercie of the weather and clamate change and established the first "civilization" meaning a city-state. What's a city-state in essence? It's a group of people that come together in a more organized and coherent form, and utilize nature to live in one place; rather than be utilized by nature as a nomadic or ferel incoherent group of people.

So these "Aryans" came into India, from somewhere in the asian steps. We know this because they brought with them a religious drink called "soma." This Soma is a concoction of Canabis, Poppy (the kind with opiates) and a plant which has Ephedra in it that is made into a tea. This ephedra baring plant only grows in the mountains of this region, and is not native to India. I had to bring up this Soma because there are these stupid Hindu scholars, and other simpathizers that are saying that the "Aryan Invasion" never happened, that these "aryan" were native to India.

Anyways, those Aryans left their original lands due to climactic changes and they scattered, taking their invention with them- civilization. A group of them entered India, which back then (and sill is in many areas) a rich nation in natral resources occupied by lame brained darkies who were as good as animals. Coherency manifests power, so naturally, the Aryans subjugated the incoherent darkies who became Peasants. A form of religious racism was established called the caste system, which insured that the Aryans and their descendants ran the whole gambit.

In modern, more ONA terms, those old Aryans were adepts who understood human nature. They learned to apprehend that instinctive emotional repulsion to a competing pack to their total advantage to insure their continued success and survivle, and to manifest real world results. They disguised this apprehension in a way that was acceptable to the lesser evolved darkies - in the form of religion. This situation of a more civilized and coherent human meeting a feral inhoherent human brings us to another valuable aspect of racism.

In times of our most ancient primal protohuman ancestors, the alpha male gets to breed with his choice of the healthiest females. This produces genetically healthy progeny. The other males got the not so healthy females. In a situation where these humans now live in a coherent civilization, we see this same breeding process in play. The alpha male: King or Emperor, has his choice of all the females in is domain... the aristocracy and nobles – those with noble quality blood, bred intelligently (selective breeding) amongst themselves; while the peasantry bred aimlessly with their own kind. Racism helps insure that noble blood, which has been refined across the entire history of our species, doesn't get mixed mith a portion of humanity which nature has turned her face from and has forsaken.

Those are tough words, for me to claim that nature can be so heartless and cruel as to forsake portions of a species or an entire species, but she does. Where have all the dinosaurs gone? And those ancient mammals? What has become of Neanderthalis and Cromagnon? She has

forsaken them and left them to rot away, in favor of a better investment which will take her further. Progression and evolution is the only agenda of Nature. What holds her back, she destroys. Those that help Her progress forward, she favors and rewards.

What is happening to Africa right now? What is happening to these people, who have never amounted to anything? Besides the political deterioration and genocide? Not only are these native Africans slaughtering each other, but Nature Herself is helping them with their autohomeocide. Her deserts in Africa are growing. She starves millions of its people, her rivers stop flowing, the rain stops falling, and She plagues them with viral epidemics. All of this combined adds up to a grim and dire future result: The Extinction of Africa. All the while, peoples and civilizations on the otherside of the same earth are reaching for Mars.

The peasantry of any civilization is this same forgotten and forsaken old model of humanity. They lack the ability to think profound and/or lofty abstract thought. They lack the ability to progress themselves and society. All they are good for is working the fields. Old world Racism helped insure these two breeds of humanity remain separate. The Noble destined for great things, the peasantry destined to become genetically degenerate rejects of nature. Even in today's social order where feudalism no longer exists, we can still naturally pick out those humans of noble blood and genes, from a degenerate one. It's not just a matter of looks, it's also the mental capacity, the ambitious nature, the visions and dreams, the will to power, and the way they carry and express themselves. Versus the unrefined rudeness and imbecility of the degenerate stock.

Even in countries where there is only one homogenous race, "racism" still exists between those of light skinned and noble blood, and the darkies that work the fields. The one with noble blood, those of aristocratic, powerful ancestry, whose forefathers struggled with physical and intellectual might to gain the power they had, remain indoors and are lighter in complexion, to the peasants. Racism isn't just a caucasian thing. It's a matter of favored genes and noble blood which took millions of years to ennoble and refine versus the genes and blood marked and scheduled for termination. If Nature were a factory, some of us have been marked for discontinuation, because we no longer affect the market as the Executive Board desires. And our skin tone is the Mark. It's not just a black and white thing. It about the blood, the genes, the ancestry, and how far those favored genes will take nature.

The "racism" of Anglo-Saxon culture literally took hold of the world, and molded it to its will. That's power. Without the racism of Ango-Saxon we'd all still be living backwards. Sure the ancient Chinese may have invented a lot of things Anglo-Saxon used such as gun powder and such, but ancient China never went anywhere. Great Britan and White Europe did something with these inventions and changed the whole world. It's something to be very proud of, thankful for, and admired. Japan is only great now after it learned that "something" from the West. We are, where we are today because of Racism. It's a beautiful thing.

Western culture passes that "something" even to the different ethnicities that exist under its auspice. Just compare an African American to his kindred native Africans in Africa and you will see the difference. America is run by a very intelligent, noble African, one with an obvious higher quality then his forsaken kindred in Africa.

The only problem with racism today is that it has lost touch with its primal nature and has become to far corrupted by politics that no longer is of any relevance to the 21st century. Racism exists for a very important reason, it's just lost itself in a maze of old world politics. This needs to change. Those of us intune and in harmony to primal nature must come to realize once again why racism exists. We must re-understand that the blood we carry in our veins took our noble ancestors millions of years to refine, regardless of our nationality or phenological type. Undeneath it's the same nobility, the same refined genes, from the same small group of alpha males from our primeval past versus the blood and genes which nature Herself has marked for eventual termination.

This is one thing that the ONA can be proud of. That it is the only religion and system intune with primal nature nonhypocritically. We have always embraced racism, albeit a confused type; while these profane satanism have rejected us and racism as something stupid, all the while claiming to have an understanding of human nature. When Racism is used and applied properly, in harmony to its primal nature, it accomplishes the same end objective as Culling- the purification and refinement of the human race... but it accomplishes this on a much larger scale.

This is why I hate Communism so much. It's a pussy flowery idealism that goes around teaching how we're all equal and how we should all share what we have with one another... even with the lazy. Then it takes these peasents which nature Herself has forsaken and glorifies them as the new abstract deity. All to what end and whose benefit? The peasants? They remain the same, no matter what regime runs the show. Russian peasants are Chinese peasants whether under the emperor or chairman, they get run over and exploited all the same- which is all they are good for in the end. And to think that there are profane satanism that thinks Communism is "satanic?"

My family came from aristocratic back ground. We might not be white, but the racism was and is still there. I grew up hearing my grandmother and her cousins talk and recall their good old days. I hear them talking about how they never believed that peasants should have ever been educated. Because if you educate them and teach them to read, they think they has rights and act like they own the country. And they revolt. How many of these piece of shit countries run by peasant stock humans amounts to anything? Africa? Mexico? Cuba? China? They're all failed states, and a poor excuse for a human civilization. I agree with those old ladies. Peasants don't need education, it doesn't do them any good. What good has it doe for the peasant stock of the bible belt of America? That's what's wrong with democracy- these peasants vote.

We need to reharmonize our racism to Nature, and update it. It needs to shed it old world politics, and focus on future agendas. It's no longer about nationality, but about Nobility. Hate is good. I'm not ashamed of hating stupid backwards people marked for discontinuation. It's just business. It's is about reclaiming what our ancestors and nature put into motion- selective breeding to advance our species forward. It's about consciously breeding intelligently to create our future generations, by rejecting genetic undesirables. What's another term for selective breeding? Natural Selection. Natural Selection is the very modus operandi of Nature and the essential spirit of progress and evolution, without which life could not exist for the billions of years that it has. Natural life must constantly keep up with time. As time moves on, life must

adapt to the changes or die. Those species -more especially their genes – which cannot adapt to the progression of time is detrimental to Nature as a Whole. We are not individual life forms existing in nature, we are an integral part of a whole system.

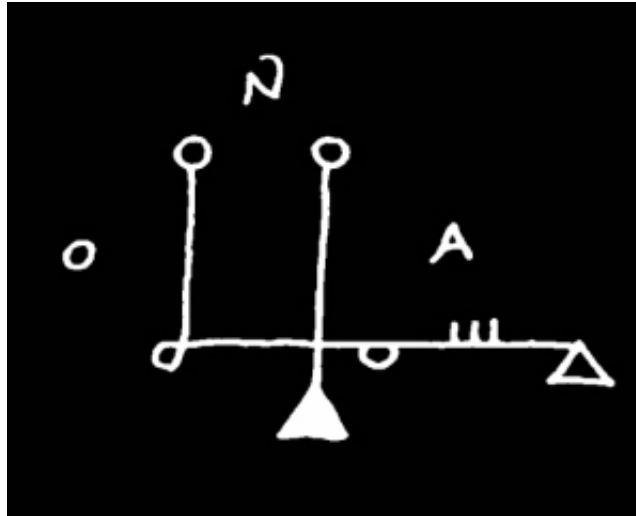
But to what end you ponder... To the stars. Nature isn't stupid. If she keeps all of her life forms stuck on one planet, and that planet goes to shit, like it is, all those billions of years of evolution would have been a total waste. Racism is nature's way of achieving the coherency needed to manifest enough collective power and effort to take her to the stars.

Chloe 352:O9A



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

RAMPAGE OF ELEPHANTS



Rampage of Elephants

Memes & Mind

The best kind of learning is the one you get from direct experience and direct apprehension, instead of reading a book based on secondary [or tertiary or whatever] source interpolations or the crap on the internet. I feel sorry for anyone who thinks they are smart because they have read books or the internet, because nothing they know and have in their heads actually comes from a primary or direct source.

Perception is “reality” and our Beliefs molds and influences our perception or view. In this sense, what thoughts and beliefs we house in our heads becomes the building block of our subjective apprehension of reality. So, in this way, those people who accumulate knowledge from books and the internet acquire memes from other random people, and these memes of other people end up fabricating these people’s weltanschauung and subjective reality. It can be said that such people live in a world of other people’s making.

By “subjective reality” I mean it in a Buddhist way, and not in an Occidental psychological or philosophical way. Reality in Buddhism doesn’t exist as a single “thing,” as in it exists in two states that can never come together. The first state of reality is the field of coherent information, which may be considered “The Objective Universe.” This can be likened to the field of coherent information on a computer hard drive.

The Mind [Chitta] is the Operating System which touches this field of information, and translates it into things on the screen of conscious awareness. What we each become consciously aware of is thus a product of information being drawn in by our several senses translated into electrical impulses brought to various centers in the brain and only then are we consciously aware of our surroundings, sounds, sights, and so on. Thus what we “see” or

assume to be a world we observe with our eyes is not actually “out there” in any way. What we see “out there” is all the second state of reality: processed information.

The two forms of reality never touches. The conscious Mind in essence – because it is totally dependent on its five senses – never actually directly touches [apprehends] the first state of reality. In a more Occidental term, we can say that the objective world and the subjective world never touches, and that the conscious mind of a person can only be aware of what has been captured in it's own brain. In other words, the reality that we consciously know, is not the Original Reality, but a processed one; and that we can not genuinely grasp or consciously know the Original via our senses or everyday conscious mind, because our conscious awareness is itself only a product of the aggregation of these same senses which is like a wall between our conscious awareness and the Original Reality.

One of my bhikkhu grandpas explains Citta [mind/consciousness] as a Blind but intelligent king who is completely dependent on 5 viziers that aren't very smart and that don't always tell the truth. This Blind king must struggle to learn to use his inner sense of reason and intuition to discern what his idiot viziers gives to him or his kingdom falls. In other words, what you know, and observe cannot be accepted at face value. You must learn to use your inner sense of Reason and Intuition to measure everything that you become consciously aware of.

This is where language, thought, beliefs, and memes becomes such an influential factor, because these things influences the Mind, and the Mind is the Operating System which impregnates the brain with information that is interpreted by Consciousness as “reality.” Thus what we think, what beliefs we have in our heads, literally forms our world we experience.

Give a person the meme: <<Heaven Exists>> and if this person believes, his reality has a heaven in it. Give a person the meme: <<We Came From Apes>> and if the person believes, their reality becomes the kind where humans evolve from primates. In both of these brief examples, nothing about the First State of Reality has altered or changed. What happened is that an extra component [the memes] has been introduced which contaminates information by acting like a virus that injects its “genetic information” into the stream of information the Mind is processing, thereby contaminating the end resulting image [Second State of Reality]. In this context, Reality in Buddhism is not an illusion, at least not the First State. What is an illusion or delusion is the Second State, especially for a person who has no mastery of their own Mind.

In another illustration my bhikkhu grandpa told me is that the Mind is like 10 water buffaloes. If you give the 10 water buffaloes the freedom do as they wish and to go wherever they please, you get no work done on your field. You must learn to control all 10 water buffaloes to work the fields to produce yields. Most people in the West believe that freedom of thought is great; they would have it no other way. The idea that one's Mind is absolutely free to wonder and think and believe as it pleases is wonderful. Along with this, it is also believed that you should be completely free to emotionally feel as you please. And then most Minds are not only free to believe and feel as they please, but they are at liberty to visualize and image whatever pictures and images that so entertains them. This is the state of Mind in which the 10 water buffaloes are just wandering about incoherently.

So what you say. Who cares right? I care, and I would like my own descendants and associates to care for their own benefit and self-perfection. Because if you were to sincerely study a group of people successful in life who have the money, free time, life style of their dreams with a group of people who struggle with life whose life consists of drifting from servile job to job until retirement: you will begin to learn that the single most important difference between these two groups is one of Mental Ethos. I was fortunate to have personally known both rich and poor friends and I took the time to ask them questions to probe deeper into their mental habits and mental culture, and there is a great big difference. Can you guess which of the two groups has a very well disciplined Mind?

It is the same factor and differences between a person who is wise or enlightened and a person who is ignorant. When the mind incoherently wonders and is untamed, it is like a flashlight radiating photons randomly in every direction: there is no force or potency. When the Mind is tamed and intelligently controlled, it is like a laser, where those same photons are brought into a coherent beam which generates both force and potency: the potency or Potential/Power to influence and affect one's causal environment. The Power to extract insight from Nature and from direct experience of Life, thus becoming Self-Enlightened as opposed to being told how to think and how to believe by a dead book written by others who are most often dead themselves.

The field or causal environment is the world of experience. An untamed Mind, no matter how smart it may be, has very little if any command or control of what it experiences in life. As yet another illustration my bhikkhu grandpa told me about Mind: There are two big elephants pulling a helpless villager into the water. The villager struggles and screams for help because he doesn't want to drown, but the elephants – beings much bigger than the man – pulls him into the water and he suffers [dukkha]. The two elephants are "habit of action" and "habit of mind," or in other words: Inner and Outer Ethos. The helpless villager is Chitta [Consciousness/You]. Such habits [ethos] of action and Mind [way of thinking, thought-process] manifests into what we experience and drags our conscious mind along. Untamed, unskilled, Ethos of action and Mind, born from ignorance and delusion, generates an experiential world of suffering. Habits are hard to break. And most often, we don't realize anything is wrong until such habits break us first.

So to me, something like memes [beliefs, ideas, thoughts, and such] are very important. Because these things, the ethos that arises from them, can not only affect my perception of things, but can drag me into a world of delusion and suffering.

Direct Experience

I am the kind of person that cannot allow myself to accept or believe in anything which I have not somehow experienced directly. Especially if they are thoughts and beliefs originating from the written words of other people. One who struggles to Tame the Mind must cultivate its content very carefully. What I believe, mostly arises from the experience in life I have directly touched or that have directly affected me. What I know comes from three main sources: 1) my own direct experiences; 2) my own understandings of nature; & 3) living people who have also accumulated wisdom in the same direct manner. I only use books as footnotes, and

references.

There are several names and terms for learning and growing or evolving as a person by direct experience of life, and direct apprehension of Nature in different Cultures and Traditions. David Myatt aptly describes one such term and method:

“The Greek term ????? ????? (pathei-mathos) derives from The Agamemnon of Aeschylus (written c. 458 BCE), and can be interpreted, or translated, as meaning learning from adversary, or wisdom arises from (personal) suffering; or personal experience is the genesis of true learning.

“However, this expression should be understood in context, for what Aeschylus writes is that the Immortal, Zeus, guiding mortals to reason, has provided we mortals with a new law, which law replaces previous ones, and this new law – this new guidance laid down for mortals – is pathei-mathos.

“Thus, for we human beings, pathei-mathos possesses a numinous authority – that is, the wisdom, the understanding, that arises from one’s own personal experience, from formative experiences that involve some hardship, some grief, some personal suffering, is more valuable than any doctrine, than any religious faith, than any impersonal words one might read in some book.

[...]

“The essential difference between these two ways is that what we may call the way of pathei-mathos is the personal way of direct experience, while the religious way is the way of abstractions. For the way of pathei-mathos, knowledge – and thus learning, based on such knowledge – is personal, direct, acquired in the immediacy of a living, a lived-through, moment of one’s own mortal life. For the religious way, knowledge – and thus learning, based on such knowledge – can be and has been contained in something otherthan- ourselves which we have to or which we can learn from: something impersonal, some abstraction, such as a book, a dogma, a creed, some Institution, some teacher or master.” – From Aeschylus To The Numinous Way; David Myatt

Although the term “Pathei-Mathos” is new to me, the essence of the term is something I had long lived by, had been taught, and which had been around in my own culture for about a thousand years. Vibhajjavada is the term I am familiar with which is a concept similar [NOT the same thing] in Essence as Pathei-Mathos. It should be emphasized that each word describes

it's own unique concept, methodology, and approach. About ~75% of what I know in my head comes from reflecting and studying my own life experiences, my elders, and from the Forest Doctrine [studying and meditating on Nature]. Because of this, I have a hard time referencing sources when I do share insight: it's not like I can refer people to my grandpa or some personal experience I may have had when I was 10.

People who are used to accumulation of information from dead books and the internet seem to consider information and insight that lacks verifiable references to be invalid. Many of these people never really consider that their information may not even be Primary Source Information, or that it is lifeless knowledge gained from reading a dead book. And that the Original Source of such book knowledge was somebody's own direct observation and direct experiences. I think some doctor once said: "You can't genuinely understand Life from studying a dead body."

Pathei-Mathos and Living Culture versus book based knowledge is like cooking. To illustrate: I learned how to make spaghetti from Kayla who is a living person. She learned how to make spaghetti from her mother who is a living person. And her mother learned it directly from her mother who is Italian, and so on. So we see that the "style" or methodology of making spaghetti I got from Kayla came from a Living Tradition. This living tradition has had a long time of application, trial, test, research & development to refine itself and evolve its own unique methods, style, and flavour. The uniqueness of putting a few "drops" of olive oil, a "pinch" of salt, a "tip" of fresh basil, and a two "thumb's length" of rosemary into a pot of water and using sun dried tomatoes with the sauce and so on. So this living tradition which I got has had time to work out its bugs, to figure out what makes the spaghetti taste better and stuff. There was never anything Dogmatic about the methods I was taught from Kayla.

But let's say that I wanted to share this family recipe with others. So I write a cook book and I try to explain in words what I was taught. This is when what was once a living culture is captured into dead words, like something living and evolving has been turned into stone. This is when problems come into the picture. Let's say a group of friends on the other side of the world China buys my book and studies how to make Kayla's spaghetti. This Chinese group – because they have no real connection to a living culture – follows the book Dogmatically. If the book says "half a pot of water," or a few "drops," or a "pinch" debates and arguments may arise as to what exactly a drop or a pinch is, or how long "two thumb's length" of rosemary is exactly. The belief may arise – from ignorance – that if they do not follow the book exactly, that they are not cooking real Italian Spaghetti. They forget – or are not aware – that such recipes and traditions, have literally had hundreds of years of freedom to evolve, adapt, change, and mutate.

Wisdom versus book based knowledge is the same way. I'll use Buddhism as an example because its something I have direct experience with. I do have certain major contentions with Buddhism spreading in the West and being adopted by Westerners. I think it is wonderful, but I also think most in general apprehend Buddhism in the wrong way.

I got my "Buddhism" from my mom and elders in my family. I have never read a "holy book" on Buddhism, nor have I ever heard anyone recite "Buddhist scriptures" to me. I am taught by

my elders as I go along in life. My mothers [I have two] teach me what I need to know according to my level of understanding and experience in life. They learned about it in the same way: from living people, from monks and lay elders: Sangha. That Sangha/Community is a nexus and nexion through which a living culture passes naturally from one generation to the next.

That Sangha is like a snake which sheds its old skin over time. It regenerates itself with each new generation as the old one dies. It transcends Time. And over the hundreds and thousands of years of that Sangha's living existence, it's collective direct experiences and application of Buddhism, it has had Time to work out the "bugs" in Buddhism. To figure out how things about Buddhism best work in life. Its own experiences, application, and insights borne from such trial of application supersedes written words: the Tipitakas are only guide lines which are not infallible and must be testes and tried in life. So what I have gotten from my family, living culture, and community as Buddhism, may and does differ from what was written circa 2500 years ago in books.

But – generally speaking – when a Westerner becomes a Buddhist, it happened like a Christian conversion or a college course. They read a book by the Dalai Lama, or research online, or read the Tipitakas, like what they read, and choose to identify their ego/self as a "Buddhist" meaning one who follows what has been read and written. These people assume that being Buddhist means accepting what Monks and Dalai Lamas have written or that being Buddhist means behaving and doing what other Buddhists do. When they do something or experience something which deviates from what they have read, this deviation shakes up their superficial or ego-identification as a Buddhist. In their sincerity they may be devoted to Buddha, and try faithfully to follow Dhamma; but the general Occidental Buddhism is completely devoid of the third Jewel: Sangha; which cuts them off from living wisdom, a means to learn from a living culture, and a means to apply and practice Buddhism. As Buddhism is a social and communitarian way of life where one helps relieve the suffering and wants of those around you: Community/Order/Fellowship of Bhikkhus, Bhikkhunis, Upasakas, and Upasikas which is Sangha. In Buddhist Cultures, the Sangha is most often made up of ones own kinfolk, relatives, and friends.

One example of this phenomenon is the first Precept of Buddhism: "I will refrain from killing." A living culture which has had a thousand years to test and try this precept in the real world understands the meaning of this precept and knows why this precept exists, and understands what Context and Condition such a precept is applied. On the other hand, people who depend on the written word base their beliefs NOT on direct experience, but on interpretation of words become gripped with confusion due to misinterpretations, misunderstandings, born from a lack of application of vibhajjavada, praxis, and life experience. So some such Buddhists may interpret this precept to mean that as a Buddhist one should be vegetarian as to not harm and kill animals. Some may interpret this precept to mean that as an ego which superficially identified itself with Buddhism, that a Buddhist cannot join the military.

They fail to realize that in the real world – the world beyond dead letters, written words, theoretical conceptualization and intellectualization – the Buddha ate meat and died eating meat [he ate meat which was poisoned]; that the Buddha never condemned or suggested that

those kings and warriors who came to him to give up their capital punishment of criminals and their wars to live like pacifist beggars; that living Theravada Cultures such as Thailand, Laos, Burma, Cambodia, and Sri Lanka have armies, raise farm animals, eat meat, kill, and engage in wars; yet they are the most devout Buddhist Cultures; and that Shaolin Monks invented, teach, and use many forms of lethal martial arts.

The difference is Time and Direct Experience versus written words and the interpretation of those words. Both give birth to Belief Patterns. One set of Beliefs is tied and bond to Life, whereas the other is very removed from Life. If Life is the ultimate Primary Source, then books are merely secondary sources of information: merely someone's opinions, convictions, and interpretation of Life. What is wrong with you that you can't put your own self in the middle of feral Life and from your own direct experiences and direct apprehension, form your own opinions, convictions, and interpretations? Why have many of us become dependent on others to tell us what reality is, what to believe and disbelieve, what is right and wrong, true and false?

I do believe that each Initiate of the Order of Nine Angles should strive to understand the difference between these two forms of belief patterns, and to strive to cultivate insight, wisdom, and knowledge from application and trial of theories and principles, praxis, and Pathei-Mathos. Each of us Dreccians should learn to understand that what has been written are just words: only the words of one man, one girl, or one fellow mortal struggling to understand the mysterious reality we all exist in. These many words written in the ONA should only be used as guides, like a crudely drawn map of a barely explored landscape. It is what we each experience and learn while we travel this unexplored landscape that is our genuine knowledge and wisdom. Road maps can be wrong. My friends and I were up in Big Bear this one time and we were trying to find the freeway so we were following the GPS lady. She told us to turn onto some small steep dirt road which we assumed would take us to the freeway: our car almost slid into the lake below.

I also believe that the ONA should strive to make itself into a new living tradition wherein we each share our Life borne insights, knowledge, and wisdom with each other, and pass such things down to our progeny. We can see this already happening. As of now, the ONA has become an expressive culture of living people sharing their insights borne from their personal quest and pathei-mathos. Anton Long began it and continued to share his insights for 40 years. During which time many others came and went sharing and teaching what they know. I am just one, of many now, and I hope many will continue this way and tradition of living Initiates sharing insights based on their own personal quest and direct experiences for our own common and collective growth, evolution, and progression.

Continuing something old and ancient as a modern belief pattern is something I do not agree with. As insightful as I personally find Buddhism to be, I cannot accept it as my Software because it does not address my real world needs, concerns, current world views, and visions for a future. If we hold onto the past or things of the past we anchor ourselves and this has an affect on our Potential to actualize all that we are worth and capable of striving for. I do believe that the only way to influence and inspire each new generation to reach for the next stage in human evolution is to inspire us and them with new ideas, new memes, and new biological software that inspires us and them to reach for the stars.

Beliefs

Our Beliefs shapes our world and wyrdfully gives rise to our experiences in Life. Generally speaking, I classify Beliefs into 3 different “species” or categories: 1) Personal; 2) Consequential; and 3) Trivial. Each species of belief patterns or memes is measured by its causal effectiveness or potency: meaning if and what they can/cannot manifest.

Personal Memes are ideas and belief patterns that actually causally generates something measurable and observable in your Personal life. For example the belief that I am ugly or fat does have a direct material, mental, emotional, and physical influence and effect on me. Practical belief patterns also fall into this category. Such as the practical belief that eating healthy, working out, and staying fit is good for me. Practical and pragmatic belief patterns like if I go to school and work hard I will get a good paying job, and that if I learn to save money in a savings, stocks, 401K's, and Bonds now, that when I retire I will live very well off. These are practical and pragmatic belief patterns which have a very real affect on life that we can each personally observe and experience.

Consequential Memes are a step further from personal apprehension and direct experience. Mythos of certain types may be such a Belief Pattern. Such as the Mythos of the Vedas in consequentially gives rise to a common living culture and social group identity to an ordering of people [Hindus]. Like the Mythos of the Bible, Torah, or Qur'an consequentially gives rise to cultures, common practices, collective identity, and even civilizations. But belief patterns such like “nature was meant to be conquered” is also consequential because such belief patterns over time gives rise to deforestation, extinction of species, disharmony with nature, growing climate changes and so on. Consequential Memes are observable and measurable over long periods of time. The longer the time frame, the more pronounced it's causal effects. Thus, from the study of such consequential belief patterns in context to Time, we learn to understand and see with our own eyes that our Beliefs are not just intangible thoughts that stay in our minds. They have very real influences on people and real effects on the world.

Trivial Memes are useless beliefs that really do nothing personally or consequentially. If life were a house, Personal Belief Patterns are things like the stove, fridge, the shower, the toilet, and washing machine. Consequential Beliefs are like the furniture, the X-Box, the Wii, and so on. Trivial Beliefs are like the wall paper, décor, the paintings, the giant vase, and drapery. In real life Trivial beliefs are things like the idea of a finite or infinite or curved universe. It really doesn't matter whether you believe or disbelieve in such ideas or not because either way, it does and changes nothing. So you believe in the big bang: then what? So you think space is curved and wormholes can take you back into time: and then what? The belief that God is a trinity is Trivial: big whoop, why trinity, how about a quintinity instead.

Nothing spectacular happens anywhere whether I believe in such trivial memes or not. The belief in Lovecraftian god creatures from some Lovecraftian otherworldly realm is Trivial. How does believing or disbelieving in such a meme relate to my personal needs in life, my relationships with people in life, what I want of life, and where I want to go in life, and what I want the world to be like? The idea of killing millions of people not like you is sinister, is pointless: how about a billion or a trillion? It's sinister to enslave the human race: why just

human mundanes; lets enslave aliens from other planets too and all abled bodied life forms from other galaxies too? Taking over the world is sinister: why stop at the world; lets be supersinister and take over every multiverse system too while we're make believing.

We as people tend to keep Personal Memes or practical memes closer to us because these types of memes tend to stay relevant to us longer: relevant to our personal and direct life, needs, and experiences. Memes such that helps us get better jobs, be better people, make more money and friends, get more out life, those that help us develop better relationships with others, that teaches us to get material needs and wants out of life stay relevant to us over long periods of time. Trivial beliefs are changed, adopted, and thrown away easily with a change in mind. This understanding of the enduring nature or easy trashability of memes is important for a Memeplex or Institution which desires to exist for a long time and which desires to remain relevant to successive generations of people into the future.

If you base your entire memplex on useless trival ideas/memes, your institution will get a high turn over rate: meaning that people will come and go often. High turn over rate in the business arena is bad because your business lacks the ability to generate or develop a dependable market and loyal consumer base. A corporation and/or product that does not have a dependable market and loyal consumer base will not sell stocks and is thus financially broke and worthless. A memeplex that does not have a dependable market and loyal consumer fanbase is broke in social capital and worthless. If a memeplex is bankrupt in social capital and worthless, then it does have the means or potency of influence. This understanding is simple "social mathematics," and the backbone of politics, political and sectarian power and influence. You need power and influence if change in people, society, and civilization is desired. A memeplex with a lot of useless trivial memes does not last and is impotent as far as social engineering is concerned. Unless you anchor your trivial memes to consequential memes such as a reward and punishment: heaven, hell, paradise, reincarnation, etc. These beliefs are "consequential" because they do alter our behaviour and ethos of mind, which wyrdfully translates over time into causal results.

The most enduring memes are Personal Memes in the form of Cultural Memes. By Cultural Memes, I mean to say an indigenous people's Way of Life, and their Traditions. Such memes even transcends humanity. This species of memes can even be seen in Chimpanzee culture. For example the meme of sticking a thin twig down a termite mound to fish for termites, or the use of a rock to crack open nuts. These are practical memes that over time becomes Culture which is past down from one living entity to another. Thus, such a culture is, in every sense of the phrase, a Living Tradition. This example of chimpanzee cultural memes works well also because it is a knowing and wisdom each chimp apprehends which is not book based or dogmatic which yields very measurable and practical results that each chimp can personally see and experience.

The same goes for human culture. Personal Memes like indigenous dress codes, codes of behaviour such as manners and paying respect to one's elders, cultural dances and art, rites of passage, methods of farming and styles of architecture, dialect of language. All these memes come together to form a Memeplex that out lives even religion and civilization. How many civilizations and religious sects have come and gone in places like Europe, India, and

China? Yet despite the rise and fall of political and religious regimes and movements, the peoples of these lands have remained culturally intact over the countless millennia. Of course – as anything living – such cultural memplexes have evolved and adapted over time to what changes and challenges such living cultures meets and faces. Without evolution and progression, all things, even memplexes die.

What will this ONA become in the years ahead? What kind of ideas/memes will it fill itself up with? Trivial ideas and useless beliefs? With consequential memes that generates negative results in time? Or will it be and become something meaningful and practical. A living culture and tradition that endures the ravage of Time?

Software

Usually when we find new computer software we install it and give it a try to figure out if we like the program or not. We usually [unless you're a supernerd] don't actually read the software coding and judge the program on what coding we read. So for the typical binary-code illiterate person like myself, we install the software and if it does things we like we keep it. But if it messes our computer up, we quickly delete the program and throw it away. If we take so much care to do this with our computers, than why not with our own Minds?

Generally we ignorantly adopt a belief because it sounds good to us, or because we have been convinced by others to adopt a belief. Yet we never pay any attention to what such biological or neurological software does to us, what such software turns us into, what they make us do, how they make us see the world, and most importantly: the causal End Results such beliefs bares. Sometimes we can't even see or get ourselves to understand that our beliefs we have installed into our Minds has very negative and destructive results, consequences, and effects on our person and in our lives.

We continue to judge a meme or memplex based on some silly notion of whether they are believable or not. Whether they are factual or "fake." Whether they are true or not. When such factors have very little relevance to the power and potential of memes to influence, effect, and manifest experiential End Results. It does not matter if a belief pattern is false or true, believable or unbelievable. What matters is what each meme/belief pattern does and the fruits such beliefs bares. Mythos does not always have to be factually true, if it generates a stronger tribal identity and bond between tribal members of an indigenous folk, then it has produced a positive and productive yield.

The belief that drug and alcohol are bad is debatable, but agreeing with or disagreeing, debating and arguing with it is not the issue. However you see it, if you abuse drugs and alcohol, it will fuck your life up in many ways, which is a negative and destructive yield. Whether or not Communism is true or fake or whatever is irrelevant. What truly matters is its causal End Result. What conditions of life and what kinds of people has Communism manufactured? Whether Capitalism is good or bad is irrelevant. What genuinely matters is the End Results such a memetic software engineers. What is the condition of life and people Capitalism engineers and creates? Is that condition what you have always dreamed of living? You can't dream or envision anything better? Is a consumer trained to work and buy to

support wealthy and powerful oligarchies the type of human being you have always wanted to be? You can't dream or envision of a better type of human being?

Memeplexes such as religion is the same way. It's not a case of whether a religion is true or fake, or if a religion is rational or irrational. What we must each learn to observe, assess, and evaluate is what kinds of people these religious software manufactures. Think of religions as being factories that manufactures self-replicating products. The Question is what KIND of product are these software producing and putting into the world. Over Time the generic product of a memeplex can be seen.

Ask yourself what kinds of people the memeples of LaVeyan Satanism manufactures. This memeplex has had 50 years of production. 50 years of consumers downloading their LaVeyan Software. What good has come out of San Francisco? After 50 years of LaVeyan Software, what kinds of people has Modern Satanism produced? How many millionaires? How many are successful in life? How many live the life of their dreams? How many live in the home of their dreams? How many don't have fat ugly girlfriends? LaVey died broke and alone. Zeena does so much drugs she barely has any teeth left in her mouth. Not only did that "family" not even function properly, but the individual members of the LaVey family don't even function properly as individuals.

What great products ever came out of the ToSer Software besides a handful of internet forum jockies making posts about some trivial Egyptian god? What is your typical Setian like as a person, in thought, and what kind of life are they living? Do you want to be like them? Do you want to play pretend games with Aquino and make believe his imaginary friend Set is relevant to anything? What kind of people does the occult scene manufacture? Besides lunatics like crazy fat ladies who give psychic reading to horses and pets. Crazy people wasting their lives chasing after imaginary super powers to make their dreams come true, all the while neglecting life, disconnected from life and lost in occult memes, and lacking the social skills to actually get what they want and need out of life in a real practical way? Do you want to end up being a fat woman that talks to horses? Or a fat grand magister that drives a truck and talks to the devil? What good does the Christian memeplex do but manufacture bigots and haters? Buddhism is just as bad, they misinterpret their religion to mean that being Buddhist means being pacifist wimps, and when China takes their country Tibet away they cry and whine like babies. Whose fault is it that Tibet is conquered and that Tibetans have lost their culture, their religious freedom, and now suffer in poverty and political tyranny?

Is this the kind of person you want to end up being? Do you want to be like these typical products of such memeplexes? Is that your highest aspiration in life: to be dysfunctional crazy good for nothing human beings that are only good for propagating useless religions? If it is, then I pity you because that's a very low and pathetic aspiration. Why is that that we can panic over how our computer is messing up because of shitty software, but when the software we install into our brains messes us up we ignore it and hold onto such destructive programs?

Now the Question for us in the ONA is what kind of factory can we make our ONA into, and what kind of people has it manufactured in the past, and what kinds of new human beings do we want to create for the future? It's all about the quality and potential of our Software. We

determine the quality and value of the ONA by the Sinister Software we develop, the people we each become and what people our ONA is producing and will produce.

Do you as a Dreccian understand that you have great potential and that you can – with will and effort – become something more than what you are? Does the ONA help you actualize that latent potential? Do we as Dreccians dream of a better world, have visions of a greater civilization, and greater starborn humanity? Does our ONA Software in any way help facilitate and actualize those dreams and visions? If it doesn't then these are practical programs we each need to look into further. Is the ONA relevant to your personal needs, your personal growth and evolution, your personal world view? Does ONA help you live the life you want, manifest what you want and need out of life? If not then these are programs we also need to consider.

We are each in life a living testament to what the ONA is. We are each a living product of what the ONA produces and yields. Most institutions out there that exist have been around for years, hundreds of years, and thousands of years. Do you like what kinds of people they have manufactured? If not, then the only option we have is to create our own memetic factory which will engineer the type, quality and kind of people we want to become, and what kinds of people we will need to help us actualize our vision. What we believe, what ideas and beliefs we agree or disagree with matters very little. What matters is what those beliefs/software causes us to Become. Our beliefs – although ethereal – truly does have a very real affect on our Minds, Feelings, Actions, and World. Mastering Life begins with Mastering one's own Mind. If we want to change the World and Ourselves, it begins with our Minds and what we clutter it with.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

121 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

RESPONIENDO EL ETER



Respondiendo El Eter

Too bad I don't know enough Spanish to make any sense. Otherwise I'd pinche translate ONA stuff into Espanol por mis gentes, tu sabes guey! I was reading around old ONA MSS, and interviews with Beesty Boy. So I thought I'd make up questions about certain topics and answer them. But first a couple quick subjects I saw about ONA and this blog at a weird site which linked here. There were a few people there who had some great things to say about ONA and there were a couple misunderstandings which I'll try and explain:

1. Somebody stated that "apparently ONA has thrown out all of their earlier work" and making new ones as an attempt to bring in the more New Age type.

1. Nobody I am aware of on the production end of ONA – Anton Long to the Old Guard to current Associates – has ever stated in word or writing that old ONA MSS were nullified and void or "thrown out." Every bit and piece of shit ever written thus far – since 1972 – by "Anton Long," R. Moulton, & Company is still – and will always be – a living part of the ONA. This included the Temple of THEM stuff and even the old Temple 88 writings. I would go so far [because I like his ONA stuff] as to say that Magister Hagur's ONA tracks are also ONA. All of that shit is "ONA," in quotes because if ONA Associates sees value in such shit, then its ONA.

If the ONA does not exist as an actual "Order," – which it doesn't – and if each ONA Associate makes the ONA, then ONA is whatever the hell we say it is at any point in time as a peer group. As of now, I have not come across one single ONA person who has said they wanted to throw out old ONA MSS. No such person with such "authoritative" power exists to even do so in ONA.

At no time have I ever said – nor will I ever – that what I write supplants or replaces other ONA people's writings. Besides, even if I said such a thing, I'm nobody to any genuine Initiate of the ONA to follow or believe. But concerning this topic of people implying or assuming or hinting that I have thrown out or replaced "old" ONA MSS, I'll let Jesus speak for me, since he said it best, and since I think Jesus was The Man: *"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."* – Matt 5:17-18

Everything which has ever been written from day one [1972] by every ONA Initiate is still – and will always be – a living part of ONA which will never be nullified or discarded. They simply can't be, if things like the concept of the Sinister Dialectic is genuinely understood. It really doesn't matter Who wrote what. The matter is whether what they have written has value to the individual ONA Initiate. No single person speaks for all other ONA Initiates. It's not how ONA works. ONA is literally nothing more than all of its writings. You yourself, as an independent and autonomous associate who resonates with ONA, takes that corpus of writing and express it, and you by yourself go through the Seven Fold Way at your own pace. You yourself study whatever written stuff in ONA. You may like some, and not others. But your private sentiments has no authority over any other person who chooses to associate with and live ONA.

That's if we are thinking for ourselves. If I don't personally like the "Satanic" stuff in ONA, what in the real hell does it – and should it – have to do with other ONA people? Do I think for you? Am I your mom? Are you paying me to think for you? If you, or some other ONA person does not like some aspects or written material of ONA, fine. But who died and made you king of ONA people? Why does the world or ONA have to conform to your standards, or mine, or anyone elses? I thought the ONA as it is put together was an Individual path, of Individual people striving in their Individual lives toward adeptship? Where in your intelligence does the concept of Individualization mean adopting the dictates and standards of others?

Some of you people in this stupid occult scene really need to grow the fuck up and stop acting like children. Stop looking for or projecting a nanny to think for you, tell you what to read, believe, or how to live your life. Grow the hell up and do that shit yourself. Keep that baby shit out of ONA. There are no leaders or person of authority in ONA who can say such and such is or is not "officially" or "unofficially" ONA. There is only a loose association of peers sharing a common "ONA" thing, who may agree but often will disagree. Don't let me or anybody tell you what is or isn't ONA. And don't assume you can tell me what ONA is or isn't either. Especially if you are on the sidelines spectating.

As far as New Age people, the 5 Core Principles of ONA and the Sinister Dialectic together serves as a way to keep them mundanes out. Unless you like the idea of culling, racialism, crime etc., you have no place in ONA proper.

2. Another subject brought up at that site by someone jumping to unverified conclusions was that "ONA was going Buddhist since David Myatt was all into his Numinous Way."

Nobody in ONA is "going Buddhist." ONA is not "Buddhist," no more than it is "Satanist."

These are Outer Forms. I have not “gone Buddhist” either. I was born and raised Buddhist, in a Buddhist culture, and I belong to a Buddhist people. My Buddhism has been evolving with my culture and people for at least 1000 years. So the culture, folk, Buddhism, language, weltanschauung are all entwined as a single fabric. This means that whatever I say, however I see the world, is going to be contaminated with my culture and Buddhism.

Just because I use Buddhism in my writing, does not mean in anyway that the whole “ONA” is now a Buddhist Sangha. As far as I know, I am perhaps the only ONA associate who writes about Buddhism along with ONA stuff. I am One Person, I am not the “ONA.” But it’s really flattering to see that some people out there equate what I personally write to be the “whole ONA.” Stupid people like you Mundanes, and this mentality or tendency you have, is what give to the “privileged,” politicians, and corporations “power.” That mental laziness you have.

If power is consented by the public or people [by your public opinion], and the people are mentally lazy, then your laziness of mind is what gives the power to others. If more of you lazily believed based off of unfounded assumptions, that what I simply and personally write is ONA, and that my personal opinions is ONA doctrine, then because of your Public Opinion [collectively] you make me the authority of an ONA. Keep that shit up, please. And then after you give random people power, you bitch and complain. Just like you do with your politicians you elect; as if other people besides you yourselves as The People, elected them.

I wish I was the whole ONA. Seriously. I have entertained the idea often of somehow kicking everybody out of ONA, or somehow liquidating it, so I can be the only “ONA Initiate” in ONA. That way, I can make it into whatever I want for my target market. Unfortunately there are many other ONA people just as ONA as I am, who may have been in it longer than me. And also unfortunately I like the idea of ONA being a peer based group of loosely associated Associates. I’d like to see ONA stay this way, and I will do what I can to make sure it does.

ONA is not a Buddhist organization. And it did not become Buddhist because of David Myatt getting back into his Numinous Way. I was born in the 80’s, and from then till now I have been a Buddhist regardless of what DWM may have been into. I started writing for ONA just 4 years ago, which – if you actually observed – was the time Buddhist shit got mixed with ONA stuff.

Even if the assumption were true, there is no shame in admitting that the ONA is influenced by DWM lol. If – if – he created ONA, then he can do whatever the hell he wants with it. And as the consumer of his product he made, you – the common public joe – have no real say in anything. All you can do as a spectator is bitch. Let’s keep shit in perspective. You are spectators watching and reacting just like you watch and react to the sports you watch. All you can do as sideliners and spectators is bitch and complain. Which does nothing in life. It certainly isn’t going to change shit in ONA. I mean I describe ONA as a business, but it isn’t a real one. You the window shopper/spectator don’t mean shit to anybody ONA. I certainly don’t exist as an ONA person to make ONA “your way, right away.”

ONA doesn’t exist to change itself to be more likable and agreeable to you Mundanes. If it’s one thing anybody should have learned in Life, it’s that you cannot live to please everybody. The very basic meaning of Selfish or Self-Centered, means you primarily are focused on your

own Self, and not living for others or existing to make other happy, or to appease others. If the individual person is selfish, then ONA collectively is concerned only with it Self. Deal with it. You Mundane satanists have this double standard you yield where you make a big fit over being selfish and demand others recognize your self-centered nature as satanists, but yet you expect others to give their own self oriented nature up to appease you. Because you have opinions, because you don't like how they believe, because you don't like how they live their life, because they don't conform to your views, and subjective standards, and so on.

Also as of now DWM – if you haven't been following – has publicly renounced his Numinous Way for many reasons he gave. He is now running with a something called the “Way of Pathei-Mathos.”

And while we are speaking publicly of DWM, as far as ONA and DWM goes, for the next 40 years, David Myatt has nothing to do with ONA. And he never has. I'll be the first to admit that I contradict myself. For the past 3 years I said he has, and now I say he hasn't. Oh well. In Private nothing has ever changed. In Public, things will change often depending on what you – the public commoner – need to know and believe. Let he who has an ear to hear, Understand. *“And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables.”* – Mark 4:11

David Myatt even admitted to you – the public – that he created the ONA as a neo-nazi honeytrap. He also stated that he was only involved for 1 year and left. After which time others simply ran with the idea. So as far as public history goes, the original ONA only lived for 1 year, and it was fake. What was ONA after that 1 year has nothing to do with David Myatt in any public way. ONA has been around for 40 years since 1972. The ONA for the past 39 years [1973-present] is not the one made by David Myatt as a honeytrap which only was used for 1 year.

Don't say I never told you or was ever honest with you public people now. I share because I care. The fake ONA was real only for a year and the real ONA is fake for many years because the fake ONA is less real than the real one which is fake since the real ONA was never real and the fake ONA was always fake, but the fake ONA was real in a fake way for a year and the real ONA is fake in the real kind of way until now. Something like that. It's all true.

I will repeat it for the public record: For the next 40 years, David Myatt has nothing to do with the ONA, by his own public statements. As far as the public goes, who knows who was behind “Anton Long.” Could have been anybody?! Nobody in and of the ONA actually cares. But you common public people seem to give a big ole shit about it since you haven't stopped talking about it in your sites and forums since whenever. Everybody is speculating, and of course each of your speculations is Enough to make you feel like you are right. I love how the human mind works.

From my very reliable source, I hear that after DWM left ONA, somebody named Antony played the part of Anton Long. And Antony had three wives [at different times] named Hellen MacMorfran, Celeste Moulette, & Haifa ibna Al-Hayat, a daughter named... Lianna MacMorfran, and two sons; one named... Enrique “le Petit Bête” Moulette and the other named... Daud

“Al-Qariah” ibn Al-Hayat. Antony worked in the big office skyscraper in the... metropolitan area of downtown Shropshire just across the street from the Bank of Shrewberry. Hellen, she was a double decked bus driver. Antony met Celeste in France at the Moulon Rouge, when he was on a business trip. Later a Lebanese friend of his introduced him to Haifa, a beautiful tone deaf singer devoid of singing ability. But Antony did not mind Haifa’s lack of singing skills, for she was skilled in other ways. Lianna, I heard was going to a university and married a professor there after she graduated. Then the professor – a Cambridge don juan – played the part of Anton Long for a while. He was known in private circles as the “Cambridge Don Juan [Mack Daddy Anton](#).” That’s all I know. Now for the questions.

Q. What’s up with the maze of manuscripts?

A. It all helps separate the stupid from the rest. There are generically two types of people. The first are those that can’t think for themselves. This type usually believes what they read [especially if its written on the internet] or are told and lack the ability to verify information. The second type are those that have a mental habit of verifying information they hear and read. And so, as dummies read all of these ONA MSS, they will get confused about what ONA is, if they really do ritually sacrifice men to satan, if they are bent on destroying society. Usually such dumb types on the internet get very selective with ONA. They usually do not consider entire core books of ONA, and simply believe that only some of “Anton Long’s” philosophical tracts equals ONA. Naos, Codex Saerus, Hostia, etc do not exist, or are conveniently brushed out of the mind. Or they reject tracts by Anton Long, and simply believes the traditional stuff is all the ONA is. In other words – like Robert Anton Wilson said – “We see what we want to see.”

You get dummies that read shit, and they will have assumptions and believe what they read, without ever trying to verify their data. They will hang onto their unverified speculations and assumptions as long as such makes them feel better than others like they are winning at something. The phrase “thinking for yourself” here can be “equivocated” or parsed by these types to mean that because they have read something, and because they have come up with their own conclusions all by themselves, they are thinking for themselves. The phrase which better fits this type is: “Thinking by yourself.” Because that’s what they are doing. They read shit, don’t bother asking people or verifying shit, and they come up with their own unverified speculative conclusions. Usually these conclusions are subjective and assumptive. Then these types – after extrapolating their conclusions – will turn their unverified and unconfirmed conclusions into Convictions. Thinking stops with Conviction.

There is no rational point in arguing with someone who is fixated in their convictions. Because we don’t argue or debate to uncover facts or truths in all practicality. We debate and argue most often to look better than others in the eyes and sentiments of a desired market [set of people], to sway public opinion in your favour. By public opinion here specifically, I mean the spectators of any given social framework/subculture. You have the “Players” and the “Spectators.” Arguing and debating is simply a means for most “Players” to swing their dicks around to win the support and favour of the spectators. Look at the Quality of your market/spectators, seriously. It’s not a coveted market.

The second type has a mental culture we call in Khmer to be “Asa.” Asa means when you always stay busy doing something. Always keeping busy, physically and mentally. My step dad is an Asa person. If he’s not at his shop fixing computers and television sets, he’s at home in the garden, trimming trees, fixing our cars, messing with the knobs and plumbing. And he also has that same culture of being Asa in mind, where if he is curious he’ll first share his views or opinions about what thing he wants to know, then he’ll ask around to try and get confirmation, verification, know-how, and so on. And he doesn’t just ask one person. The Asa in mind type badgers people left and right asking the same questions. My step dad never graduated high school, since his education process was interrupted by a revolution. Everything he knows how to do today, such as fixing electronic devices, cars, to building houses, he learned from that Asa nature of just bugging people and helping them out to learn things. He owns his own business today.

Asa is the second word in the Pali word Upasaka. The word is Upa+Asa+Aka. Upa means next to, up near, close by. Asa means what I explained up there. And Aka is the male suffix which corresponds the English suffix -Er, as in Builder. It’s a word referring to a male associate of the Ariyasanga [~Noble Order], or in other words a “Buddhist.” The word means an “Assistant,” or “Helper.” It literally means The One Who Is Close By And Asa. The female form is Upasika. The Upasaka in its ancient native weltanschauung is actually more than a “helper.” The Upasaka has a specific physical and mental habit or nature to them. A very good secretary of an office guy is a good example of the nature of a genuine Upasika.

This good secretary not only takes her boss’s phone calls, and keeps notes and appointments for her boss, but she can take an order of few words and make things happen without having to be told. Her boss can simply say: “I need to be in London next week for a meeting.” That’s all the secretary needs because she has that mental culture of researching for hotels in London, calling contacts, booking rooms and flights to make the “will” of her boss happen. That’s an Upasika. She can make things happen without being babysitted.

The word Upasaka originally in ancient times was an architectural title of one who was the helper or assistant of what was once called a “kammaka” which originally meant One Who [-aka], Builds/Constructs [Kamma/Karma]. In Khmer – via the Sanskrit – our word for Work/Labour is Kar [said as a Brit would, with a soft “K”], which is the root in Kar-ma. One Brahmanist diety still retains the older meaning of Karma in his name. He is [Vishvakarma](#). His name means the Universal Architect, or Omnipresent Architect, or Supreme Architect of the Universe. A.U.M.: Artifex Universalis Mundi. A Dharma in those ancient times was what you called the “blueprint,” literally meaning “That Which Is Fundamental,” or “That Which Is The Foundation,” or a “Constitution” which describes how a structure or system is to work or look.

In my culture there is a sacred day out of the year where people gather at the temples, monks will dig a hole and lay stones and offering in the hole. The temple goers give these offering and then offer food for the monks [bindbat]. It’s a sacred day dedicated to some diety I thought was Vishnu, since I hear the god’s name sounding like that with my ear. But I never see statues of Vishnu and I can never connect what walking around a temple, consecrating dirt, digging holes, and laying stones in holes had anything to do with Vishnu? So I asked my aunt-mom why we’re doing this for Vishnu? My Aunt-mom goes: “Not Vishnu: Bisnu,

Bee-Snoo.” It turned out that Bisnu is the Khmer form of Vishvakarman, the Supreme Builder of the World. On Bisnu's day, the monks and temple goers re-enact a temple precinct consecration rite, where they ritualistically consecrate ground, dig, and lay stones in the hole which represents the foundation of a temple/world. In ancient times blood sacrifice were performed and the animals also put in the Foundation, but today cooked food and meat is used.

Back to Dhamma. Just the other day I went to visit a Thai temple near my house to hang out with some of the monks and chit chat. The wat is associated with the Thai Forest Tradition. Some of the older monks speak Khmer, and the Novice monks speak English. I met a really cool ex-bhikkhu [samanera] that day who was a few years older than me. He was in normal civilian clothing like me, and after greeting him we talked. I told him I was Thai so he clasped his hands all proper and said: “Sawa di kap,” and spoke fluent Thai to me. So I had to tell him I don't speak it, only English and some Khmer. I told him I came to talk with the elder Bhikkhus, specifically the one who knew how to read your fortune. So my new friend told me he was a monk for 3 months, and that he did it to repay his debt to his parent, which is something many boys in our culture do.

I asked my new friend if he liked being a monk, and he said that he really did, but he had to leave the temple to be normal again to finish college and pay his college loans, but now that he has that all settled he was going to be a monk for the rest of his life. The more I talked to him about what he learned during his 3 months of intensive training as a monk, the more I realized we understood concepts in Theravada in the same way. I had never met an English speaking Theravada anybody who understood Theravada the same exact way I do. It was like I was hearing my own thoughts. And the best part was he was fluent and articulate in English!

So our conversation – a conversation between a female ONA Initiate and a ex-Buddhist monk returning to the robes mind you – went into the concept of Dhamma [dharma]. I was thinking to myself that this conversation, and how my new friend understood the concept of dhamma was the “test.” 99% of the Buddhist I have thus far met, give me the usual shit you'd expect about dharma. He first asked me how I understood Dhamma. So I said that it was the Way or Essence of Nature. How it moves and works. That's Dhamma. Not Nature itself, I added, but the Foundation or Constitution from which what we know as Nature is borne or springs from into physical existence.

My ex-monk friend nodded his head with a big smile and told me something I did not know. He said: “Yes! Dhamma is the root in a Thai word we call “dhammachat” [my phonetic spelling as it sounds to my ear] which means Nature. It's said as “TAH-mah-jat.” So I added that in Khmer we have a word where dhamma is the root which is dhammata, meaning Natural or Normal. Dhammata [pronounced Tom-MAH-dah] is a direct borrowing of a Pali word of the same spelling and ancient meaning.

It has two parts: the root dhamma and the suffix -ta. Here the suffix -ta is similar or related to the English suffix -ity, like when I say Civil-ity meaning the State and Condition of being Civil. Dhammata means the State or Condition of being dhamma/Nature. Idiomatically we use it as an answer for when people ask us how we are doing today or how was our day. If we say, I

feel “dhammata” it means we feel Natural or Normal. Similar to the French “comme ci, comme ca,” but not exactly the same. Culturally, the shade of meaning of dhammata means that things at the moment is not Artificially induced. Meaning you don’t feel either Happy or Angry, excited or sad; things are neither good or bad. Neither here nor there, but in the Natural “middle” state of naturalness. Those feelings are stimulated into our hearts from outside stuff. Being angry or mad is not our natural state of being. It is either an agitated or outside induced/influenced experience of feeling. By “natural state of being” I want to mean like a still pond. And by “artificially induced” I want to mean like a pebble thrown into that pond causes ripples in the surface which was not there before.

All that put together helps hint at what Dhamma is, or what is meant by the approximation of a “foundation” or “blueprint.” Dhamma is not Nature itself. Nature is the Form, manifested onto and into our physical world of experience, which we are a part and aspect of. Dhamma is the foundation of that Corporeal Nature/Reality. The closest Western idea I can come up with is “Phenomena,” which can be said to be the Foundation, or Constitutional parts, or Constituent parts of what we know of as Nature/Reality/World. I’m wondering if the English term “Quiddity of Nature” would be a close approximation to the Dhamma of Nature? No, quiddity [suchness/isness] sounds too “phantasmic.” The Buddha said that Dhamma is Observable and testable, and verifiable; so Phenomena might be the best English word I can think of right now. Since you can observe, test, and verify Natural Phenomena. I know little Western Philosophy, but what little I have gleaned from the Stoic use of the notion of “Logos,” seems it might be approximating the same Essential idea? But don’t take my word for it. So Dhamma to Nature is like a Blueprint is to a Temple, which was the other ancient use of the word dharma/dhamma.

So what happened in ancient times was your Master draws up his plans or designs on animal hide, and he gives that Dharma/Dhamma to his group of Upasakas [Journeymen]. What do the Journeymen do? The Journeymen have completed their Apprenticeship and have the wisdom & skill in their trade and craft. To do what? To take the Dharma given to them and Build it or Labour [karma/kamma] to make it real. This idea is greatly reinforced by how the old Buddhists in ancient times called the collection of Buddha’s Dhamma: Tipitaka, meaning Three [ti] Basket [pitaka]. In ancient times at construction sites baskets were used to haul earth and rocks first from the foundation area, then the Raw Material to actually build the structure. So as an Upasaka you should have the know-how [wisdom] and skills to make the dhamma happen. This implies that what is written is not the end in and of itself. The written is only the dhamma – the Blueprint – which is to be made real through your physical labour in life. Which is what the word Sasana means: Instructions to be followed for and End Result.

Asa is that quality, character, or nature of a busy-body who does not have to be told what to do or how to do things. They learn from watching and observing others, from first following instructions. They learn from direct experience and from direct observation, which in Theravada is called Vibhajjavada. Once they have acquired a skill or knowledge from a direct source, they are able to apply what they have learned to make what they know real. And this Asa type is the second type regarding these ONA manuscripts. They are the type to have that Asa mental habit or culture. If at first they are confused or don’t understand, instead of going on assumptions, they ask a person in ONA. This gives them a direct source of information, as

opposed to mere assumptions. Instead of getting lost in the maze of manuscripts and rhetoric, they find someone who has walked the maze.

The second type with this Asa mental culture is also the type to once having learned the needed information directly, they can – like journeymen – work to make things happen on their own, without a supervisor and babysitter. What is written – every ONA MSS – is not the End. They are merely the drafted designs; some drafted to intentionally cause confusion. Just reading a blueprint and really knowing that blueprint well, does not make you an architect or journeyman. Reading and being familiar with a map of New York City, is far different than being a veteran taxi driver in the actual city who has been driving the streets of that city for years. The taxi driver doesn't need a map. You can be an expert on ONA MSS, and that don't mean shit. One can read every page of the tipitaka, but it don't mean you have realistically manifested the dhamma in your life and the world of experience. You can memorize the scientific method word for word, but that don't make you a scientist.

All the ONA is in reality is a pile of idea in manuscripts and PDF's. That is all it is. ONA is not an organization with a lodge you join to be a member. ONA is a written blueprint. It is up to each Novice of the Seven Fold Way to study this Blueprint as an Apprentice. And then as a Journeyman with the know-how, it is your job to take that Blueprint, and work to make it real. You don't "join" the ONA, because it does not exist to join. You have to Build it by living it and manifesting it through your actions in life. In the same way that in Asian cultures, you don't "join" the Ariyasanga [Buddhism]. You live it, and express its dhamma through how you live in Life. You simply associate with it and make it your Way of Life.

There is another architectural aspect of Buddhism often never noticed in Buddhism. The word "Sila" itself has a dozen meanings. Besides "moral virtue," Sila also means Nature, and a Stone or Rock. The Upasaka Builds [kamma] according to the blueprint [dhamma] with Sila [Stone]. The notion that Sila means both Nature and Stone is meaningful. In the symbolism used by the ancient and honourable society of Free & Accepted Masons, the two meanings of Sila corresponds to their concept of the "Rough Ashlar," and the "Perfect Ashlar." The rough ashlar is a stone cut from the quarry. In its Natural state it is rough at the edges. The job of the Journeyman is to take that stone in its rough state, and polish it – refine it – in such a way that the shape already there in the stone is expressed or accentuated, thus producing the Polished or Perfect Ashlar or Cube [the Philosopher's Stone], ready to be fitted in a building. If you pay close attention, you will realize that the Stone Cutter does not make that natural stone into anything it is not. The Builder merely refines the Cubical Nature of the stone already present within that stone.

"And he beheld them, and said, What is this then that is written, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner?" – Luke 20:17. Mother Nature & Father Time has endowed us with a physis or Nature. And there is nothing wrong with that Nature. It is not to be rejected, but made the Corner Stone. It is to be polished, refined, where what is already present in its rude state is drawn out and refined. For instance, it is natural for humans to make tools. So we take that already present nature of making tools and polish it, accentuate it, refine it such that we end up with something we call technology and technological advancement. If we seriously learn to Know Ourselves, and know our Physis, and we learn to

polish what Nature has endowed us with, rather than reject it, we'll eventually come to understand our "destiny" or collective "role" in Nature and the bigger scheme of things.

In other words, we are not the End of Mother Nature & Father Time's work. We are merely a Means for Nature to further evolve, develop, and progress beyond, towards its own greater potential. We are a tool used by Nature and Time to refine Nature's rough edges, to accentuate Nature's potential. It took 4 billion years for Nature and Time to "invent" or produce a Mind such as ours. That Mind has great potential, limited only by its own creativity and imagination. It is that Mind and its potential which Nature and Time wrought, which will take the "world" or Nature or Life forward. I'm hinting at that Myattian notion of our Next Stage of Evolution. But that physis in us must be first recognized and Understood, before it can be refined. The Sila must be found, before it can be made into the Philosopher's Stone. Interestingly the Perfect Cube was a symbol of the god Saturnas, and Apollo. The Upasaka, Builder, Journeyman is the Nexion between the rough and the refined. Between what is naturally latent, and what will be expressed. Nature provides the blueprint. Man is the Builder. The dhamma is only a blueprint to be Expressed.

Show me a person who can Do Buddhism without the written stuff, and I'll show you a genuine Buddhist: one who lives it and applies it, as opposed to repeating verbally what he read or was taught. Show me a Niner or Dreccian who can Do ONA without the MSS, and I'll show you an adept of ONA Initiate. Studying the written instructions, or teachings is the chore of the Apprentice or Novice during his/her Novitiate. This is why the first Grade or Degree in the ONA's Seven Fold Way begins with the Novice finding every ONA MSS and studying them. There is something wrong with your intelligence if you can't get past your novitiate mentality. I don't care if you can quote Anton Long, Buddha, or every Prophet in the Bible and Muhammad off the top of your head. If you haven't gone out to apply the shit – no matter how accurate you can quote shit or how expert like you know the written shit – you are not a journeyman. And certainly not a Master.

Those ONA MSS out there helps serve the purpose of separating two types of people. If you read the shit, and believe what is there, or go off into conclusions and assumptions, never actually confirming or verifying your emotive bias, assumptions, or convictions, then you're not ONA material. Because you're stupid, and you don't have the nature, character, and quality, or habit of action and habit of mind, to get anything done in the real world. You're the type who will need to be babysitted and constantly instructed. And/or the type to memorize shit you read or heard and become an "Intellectual," who does nothing more but speculate, philosophize, and intellectualize what you read or heard. Which is retarded. That's like your Master giving you his blueprint, and instead of taking the blueprint and constructing something, you philosophize and intellectualize stuff about the blueprint given. In other words, you get jack shit done. This is not to say that a person out in the "field" working is not intelligent to articulate his craft and teach it to others.

The other type is the ONA type. They may have read the manuscripts, but they push that aside to find people associated with ONA to get some living sources of the actual thing. Or they apply the shit in the real world, mess up, and by themselves work at becoming a wise journeyman from trial and error. They may have preconceived notions and ideas about what

ONA is, or what the MSS teaches, but they don't fall into any conclusions or assumptions. They ask, learn, and interact with a real living person or many persons. Then once they get enough knowledge, they branch off and go Do their thing and make things happen. Put it into living motion. Build. Make real what is written and designed. There is no intellectualizing shit. No pondering who is behind Anton Long. Just trial and error, and Pathei-Mathos. If the shit works, use it. If it doesn't its Mythos.

Q. What do you guys Do?

A. I like hearing Western Americans ask that question. And what I find even funnier is to hear the things Western Americans answer in return. You'll understand why later. Have you ever been asked that question: What do you Satanists do? Usually they'll stumble around their brain looking for an answer. And you pay very close attention to the answers their brain draws up. They'll say things like: "Well, you know; Satanists worship Satan/Self. We rebel and step on the consecrated host. Talk shit about Christians. And do whatever we want."

Why do they give such answers? Because they lack something inside their American weltanschauung called a Culture. And all they have as a reference in their mindscape is the religions rooted in their American weltanschauung. So when they are asked what do you do as a such and such. What they do is recall the religions they have encountered in their life. They think of Catholicism. What do Catholics Do as a praxis of their faith? Well they go to church, go to Mass, eat a cracker, look up to the Pope, touch their chest and head in special places, things like that. They'll think of those foreignly weird Buddhists and Hindus, and how they meditate, chant mantras, burn incense, worship idols. So having only these ideas, memes, words, concepts, experiences, in their mindscape, they usually give answers to what a Satanist does which can be seen to correspond to what they know of other religions.

So what do mundane Satanists do to broadcast to others they are Satanists? They give the sign of the horns. This would correspond with the [meme] sign of the cross or other sectarian gestures. They are members of a Satanic Church, which correspond with Christianity's concept of a Church. They even have a bible sometimes. They have a system of philosophy, which correspond to the teaching and philosophy of the religions in their mindscape. So that's what I mean by correspondence.

Now ask that same question in context to Culture, and you'll see the problem. For instance, if we asked: "What do you Chinese people do?" Or: "What do Thai people Do in their Culture which makes you Thai and not Lao?" How does a person Do their Culture? What does the "praxis" of Culture look like? What makes one culture different from another culture? This is a significant question, because as a Satanist, if you give answers about what you Do, and it sounds like what everybody else does, then it can be said that either everybody is a Satanist, or you render Satanism meaningless.

I'm Culturally Thai, but why? It's not because I'm ethnically Thai. I'm only part Thai. And there are different ethnicities that make up the Thai people. It's not because I speak the language. I don't understand it or speak it. I understand Khmer and only speak English. It's not because I was born in Thailand. I am American, born and raised. So what exactly do I Do

that makes me “Thai” and not “fully” a “Westernized” American?

A Culture is very much like a dish you order at a nice authentic restaurant. That dish has all of these many little ingredients put together in different combinations. And the combination of those little ingredients is what helps give a dish its stuffness [quiddity]. It's Essence. But something else helps give a dish its stuffness. Why can't I take a Taco to Greece and call it a Gyro? Aren't they “basically” the “same” things? Meat wrapped in a flat piece of bread? Or why can't I call an Italian pizza an enchilada? Aren't they “basically” the same? Tomato stuff over bread? Or why can't I call ramen pasta? Because of not only the unique combination of the same basic elements, but also because that combination of elements were combined in such a manner over a long period of time attached to the long-timing of a people.

The historic or aeonic passing of time is what brought those elements into their unique combinations. It slowly developed in time in other words in a specific place to a specific people. And this is also what makes one Culture different from another. And it is also the way Nature and the Cosmos functions on a fundamental level. There are subatomically only three parts of an atom, but it is the unique – and simple – combination or arrangement of these same elements which gives rise to the stuff in the periodic table. Same thing with organic life. The same 4 amino acids, arranged or combined differently gives rise to the different shape and forms of biological life. And those combinations of basic elements develop over long periods of time because of condition.

I always thought Fish Sauce was “Asian,” until I was curious enough to research it and learned that in ancient times the Romans had something similar. I can't remember what they called it. How or why did fish sauce develop? Basically in a place like ancient China you have people living in two types of places: Coastal and Inland. Because of this, each group has access to different kinds of foodstuff. The coastal people have a larger access to protein based food such as fish, while the inland people have more access to vegetation. This means that often, the people inland suffered a deficiency of protein in their ancient diet. So how did they learn – from trial and error [pathei-mathos] – to remedy this harmful deficiency? The inlanders preserved fish they got from coastal people in the form of fish sauce, which they put on their rice for the needed protein.

Okay, so how did Soy Sauce come to be? Same coastal and inland groupings of people. But now with the added ingredient of a lack in money to buy fish. The very poor people inland could not buy fish or even travel to the coast. So from long-time trial and error to survive disease caused by a lack in protein, they learned to preserve soy beans and make a sauce out of them to put onto their rice for the needed protein.

So how did Sushi evolve? From a cultural practice, observance, learning, pathei-mathos, custom, of preserving fish. The practice is believed to have originated somewhere in the Southeast Asian peninsula, and it is still practiced. What you do is you take uncooked rice and roast the rice, then pound it into bits and pieces. Then raw fish is taken, salted, and this roasted rice is rolled onto the fish. This fish is then left to ferment, which the rice helps with. If the fermented fish is left to ferment and its juices collected, that juice is what becomes fish sauce. The end product is a horribly smelly foodstuff called “Prohok” in Khmer, or “Mam” in

Vietnamese. It looks like rotten brown mushy fish, and the smell reminds me of really bad cheese vomited into the sewer. They usually take small pieces of Mam and steam it, then use it as topping on vegetables to eat with rice, or they put a small bit in soup for flavour. Thai people don't usually eat Mam, but Lao people eat it raw.

It's not known how this method/meme of fermenting fish found its way to ancient Japan, but it did. So in the old Samurai days in Japan, some person who owned a restaurant had this genius idea of making a fast food you can eat with your fingers since there were a lot of hungry samurais walking around. So what this forgotten genius did was take that old method of fermenting fish and innovated it a bit. He simply took raw fish, salted it a bit, and instead of rolling it in uncooked rice, he rolled it in cooked rice, et voila, "sushi!"

So stuff like this is the bits and pieces of living culture, and what a culture does or practices. Everybody eats fish in any country. But unique conditions causes this fish to be used by each group of people in different ways. And its all such unique hundreds of customs, practices, and traditions [their aeonic combination] of a culture which makes one different from another; plus the factor of Time. Those many, many customs and traditions observed [done] adds up to a Culture in living practice. Culture, meaning essentially what one Cultivates. A Culture is not just one thing done, like where some can say: "I am Catholic because I go to Mass," or "I am Christian because I believe in Jesus," or "I am atheist because I don't believe in anything." I'm actually culturally Chinese & Thai. So what customs and traditions do I do which makes me so? Little things, all put together.

For example I burn fake money. By itself this is meaningless and doesn't make a person Chinese. Burning the fake money with the meme of incense and the meme of dead ancestors, and the meme of raising your clasped hands three times, and the meme of a Chinese style altar, starts adding up to one very small tradition which may be peculiar to Chinese culture. At the shop my aunt-mom owns, there is a traditional Chinese altar with no idol by the desk on the floor. The altar just has a red framed paper with gold Chinese writing on it, none of us knows how to read. It has a pointed roof like a house. On the platform are five little red cups, a dish of fruit. On the side of the platform are a dish of candy, and two bottles of liquor. At the center is a tin can with uncooked rice in it with lots of ends of incense. Every morning when I open the shop when I work there, the first thing I have to do is do an ancient animist Chinese Practice [tradition] of burning incense and praying to the spirits that care for the land and property and ask the spirits to help keep the business safe and prosperous.

Every week I buy fruits at the market specially for these spirits. Everyday I put hot tea in the five tea cups for the spirits. Stacked on the side of this altar are a pile of boxes of cookies. Then out back, in the back yard of the shop, there is a plant which looks like thick grass. There is a patch of them my aunt-mom grew in the dirt. The patch is about a foot and a half long and wide. So it's small. It's out in the public dirt in a sort of space between two building where people walk. After I do my thing at the altar, I go fill up a bottle of water to go water the patch. There are also "spirits" in this patch who are attached to the land and property. I water the patch and ask these spirits to help bring in lots of people to the store. So these two little – very small – traditional practices, are tiny parts of a bigger memeplex we call Chinese Culture. And a culture has thousands of such little things practiced. Practice is the wrong word to use. A

better way to say it is expressed as a part of how we live. And just like ethnic cuisine, these little practices grew in time.

Or the Thai part of me. We clasp our hands when we greet people. That's a small practice, which by itself does not make a person Thai. Indians in South Asia do this too. We have a soft demeanor and speak whatever language we do softer. If the person we are speaking to is older than us, it is customary to lower your head so that your eyes look up to theirs. Since in Thai and Khmer there are whole "dialects" used to speak with elders, we do the same [almost unconsciously] even if we don't speak the language. What me and my cousins do is be very selective with the English words we use with people older than us, and we avoid using names and pronouns. All that combined together adds up to something little which a Thai person does, which is a small part of the much bigger Culture.

Another custom observed in Khmer and Thai culture in higher social strata is something people in my family do. We don't just clasp our hands to greet people or pray. If you are sitting in a room of friends and other people, and someone in their conversation talks about you or brings you up, you have to clasp your hands at chest level and look at the person who mentioned you, and slightly bow your head to them. If you don't do this, you are considered barbaric and rude, like you are stuck up and don't want to acknowledge others, for saying nice things about you. So that's another little tiny element of a person's living culture. And all these hundreds of tiny customs, traditions, and observances is what a culture is and how a culture is "practiced" or lived. You don't really consciously "practice" it. It is a way of living and expression or behaviour, which you really don't even have to think about doing.

So a Culture turns out to be something that you cannot "Do." It is so enveloping it can't be done. A culture is Lived. You can Do a going to Church on Sunday every week. But you have to live a culture every hour, everyday, from birth to death. There is no such idea as doing or practicing a culture. It is a Way of Life. A way you live in life, and a way you live in context to and with others. I don't have to explain this to any person outside of America. Russian people know what Russian Culture is and how it is a way of life or a way of living. So do Irish and Scottish people. So do Japanese people and Muslims in North Africa and the Middle East. So do Hindu Balinese in Bali. So do Buddhists in Bhutan and Nepal.

A culture is composed of so many different elements which it has collected over the centuries that you don't have to express or observe every element to be a living expression or part of that culture. For example language or dialect is an element of a culture, but you can not speak Thai and still be Thai. Ethnicity is a familiar part of a culture, but you don't have to be White to be English or European. Spirituality, animism, and religion are a part of culture, but you are still Japanese if you are atheist and disagree with religion. Eating rice is a part of Asian culture, but you are still Asian if you eat pizzas. Drinking tea is a part of English culture, but you can not like tea and drink coffee instead and still be "authentically" English.

But with that thing we call religion, its different. If you no longer believe in Jesus, you might not be a Christian any more? If you stopped believing that Muhammad is the Prophet then your Muslimness might be questionable. If you are not a member of the Church of Satan with a membership card, your good standings and "authentic" Satanic identity might be questionable.

If you don't recognize the leadership of the Temple of Set, or OTO, then you might not be true Setian or OTO Initiate. If you don't agree with the beliefs, views, definitions, and standards of "standard bearers" in mundane satanism, then you might not be recognized as a "true" satanist.

Only in the cultureless American mind are things like Ways of Life and culture dismantled and broken down into something you can do on special days, which makes you special. I'll show you the difference between a Way of Life, and something Done [a "praxis"]. When it was getting close to mother's day I was working at my aunt-mom's store with her. A Western customer comes in and small talks with my aunt-mom. The customer asked: "So you gunna do anything special for your mother this mother's day?" My aunt-mom said in return: "No." So the guy asked: "Why not, I can't believe it? She's your mother? Asians don't value their mothers?" And she said back: "It's stupid. You people give one day out of a year for your mothers, while the rest of the time you throw your mothers away in nursing homes. Every day is mothers day for me for my whole life. Not just one day."

It's this same difference between Metta for an Asian Buddhist born and raised in the culture, and for a Westerner. Metta is an all enveloping way of life, you express through your mind, heart, actions, speech, behaviour, towards those close to you and to strangers. Metta to a Westerner who likes Buddhism is a "teaching," or a philosophical concept to debate, agree with, philosophize, intellectualize, or believe in as a concept because the belief in such makes you feel nice inside. Vibhajjavada is to an native Theravadin a Way of Life, which is all enveloping. By all enveloping I mean it is everywhere. It's in your weltanschauung, in your language, in your literal beholding of reality and the world, in your feelings, in your understandings, and in how you do things. All that expresses itself through you to be something real. Vibhajjavada is living life everyday where you reflect and analyze everything directly by yourself, and where you study everything you experienced each day for insights. Who knows what this means in the West or how it is "practiced" in the West. If you have to Think about it, believe in it, philosophize it, debate it, you are not Living it.

These Westerners in America when they ask what a such and such does – like a Satanist – sometimes expect to hear something different which nobody else can do that really, really makes you a Satanist. Just one special thing "praxised." They'll ask you: "So you're a Luciferian huh? Well what do you do that normal people don't?" And your like: "Well I fight the darkness of ignorance, breathe out of my bellybutton and read with my armpits." And they're like: "Damn! Yeah, you are a Luciferian! That's praxis sir!"

I got that from reading some weird thing about China investigating psychic children who can read with their armpits and feet. They tested these super psychic kids and apparently they can read with all sorts of body parts like with the back of their ears, this one kid read with his elbows. Even if the paper is folded up! I think the thing I read was about how China was breeding an army of super psychic communists X-Men to do battle with America, or something. It was crazy. And fitting too. Your dummie American can ask: "Well, what do you super heroes Do?" And there's the simple, easy to understand answer for the American Mundane: super hero praxis means shooting lasers out of your eyes, growing knife blades out of your knuckles, and wearing your undies over your leggings. Fuck culture. Super heros don't have cultures.

Isn't that telling though? Not only do most [well known] superheroes strangely come from America and work in New York, but they have zero culture. Just like the American who has no real culture, and after winning world war two, sees himself or themselves as the superhero of the world, able to meddle in other nations' affairs, to spread democracy, Coka-Cola to the furthest nooks and crannies of the earth, and save the world from evil doers! Superman didn't even have a real family, poor pathetic guy. I mean he was abandoned by his natural parents, his world blew up. Then he killed his adopted father. His adopted mother is a single mother. He has no siblings. No wonder he's socially awkward. This reflect the same psychological background in the old Andy Griffin Show. Remember Opie comes from a "famililess" home also. He has no mother, a perpetual single father, and no siblings.

Conclusion

So the question: "What do ONA people do," will have different answers depending on who is asked. Fortunately the ONA refers to itself based on AL's writings as a "kulture," the "k" to denote the word in ONA has been given a new meaning, or refers specifically to the Culture of ONA. So what is ONA culture? What's culture? It's the Cultivation of a unique combination of many, many traditions, customs, and observances, plus a shared mythos and shared worldview, the sum of which equals a culture.

Every written booklet and document ONA has produced since 1972 has a piece of the many traditions, customs, and observances. We're not talking here about the philosophical tracts of Anton Long. We're talking about what can be expressed in our life. Such as the traditional rites in the Black Book of Satan. Pathworking the Tree of Wyrd. The entire Seven Fold Way. The Sinister Tarot, making them and meditating on them. The Star Game. The magic in Naos. Insight Roles. The Sinister Dialectic. Pathei-Mathos. Sinister Honour. All of these put together is the blueprint of a culture.

It is only a blueprint of the foundation of ONA culture. As the upasika or journeyman in ONA, it is your work to take that blueprint drawn up and make it happen via your own wisdom [know-how]. The paper work, documents, manuscripts, and books are not the thing itself. Not the End of what ONA is. They are only the raw material to be used by each individual Initiate to work on his own terms, in his or her own way, to construct the culture and Way of Life. Which way of life when expressed in the real world is still in its infancy.

Like any culture, this ONA culture must be allowed to grow by metabolizing or drawing in new elements so that it can gradually evolve into something. Like any culture it needs people to be expressed and lived. Not any one or two single things "done" makes anyone "ONA." The Kulture is the "Praxis." The praxis is the way of life and growth of the individual Sinister Initiate. Not any one thing is the praxis of ONA. It is the sum of everything as a Whole. The philosophy is third in significance. Mythos is more important then philosophical ramblings. Mythos – the human imagination and creativity in allegorical expression – grows culture, is the glue of a social order.

This essay only tries to present another way of seeing things and ONA. It only tries to give others a second reference point to work with. Myopia is when we in the West only have one

frame of reference, and we judge everything with that reference point. Without a culture, some people in the West may only have Occidental religions to use as reference points. And so the question of “What one does,” as an ONA Initiate is clumsily answered at times. There is more to a Way of Life than doing one or two things. And it's slightly insane to base one's self-identity on the doing of one or two things. On a membership card, on the agreement of someone's subjective standards, on the worship of some god [self or other wise], on rejecting society for whatever reason, and so on. There is an all enveloping livingness to a Culture. I can't really explain this in writing, but if you come from a country and people outside of America, you'll intuit what I mean.

One of the things I find non-constructive about a cultureless people is that because they have no Way of Life of their own – nothing to live by or for – they become shit kickers to others. Not having a business of your own to tend to, you spend your idle time minding other people's business. Not having a life – a Way – of your own, you are prone to mind and meddle in the lives of others. I like the idea of Traditionalism. I would like the ONA for the few of us into ONA to be just a private culture we share in common. One that is a Way of Life, and one which values each of our natural cultures. It shouldn't be something which supplants or replaces our indigenous cultures, but more like an extension of what we already have.

The ONA doesn't exist as an organization. It is just a pile of ideas written by a few people and saved in documents. That's all that it is. A blueprint is nothing to glorify or put up on a throne. A blueprint is simply something to help guide your own wisdom and skill into building something real with your own human potential. The “building” is the so called praxis. No Temple is built in one day. No single deed done is an ONA doing. Everything together as an integral Whole, is the Way. The stumblings, errors, and lessons learned from Pathei-Mathos on the way from Novitiate to Mastership is the genuine unwritten teachings of the Way.

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Order of Nine Angles

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SAERIAN MYSTICISM



Saerian Mysticism

The word “Saerian” comes from ONA’s Codex Saerus [BBS]. It is itself a book of traditional rites, ceremonies, and rituals of the Sinister [left] Way [path]. In the mind of a typical occultist, such a book of rites and rituals may have a limited usage and meaning. Such types – so I have encountered and observed – may begin with a novel appreciation for such rites and the performance of them. They may see such rites and rituals as being magickal. But as time passes, they may get bored or find other more colorful rites. And so one set of rites would be thrown away or lay dormant. In the generic Satanic subculture the word “ritual” conjures up the idea of magic or so called psychodrama used to release pent up feelings. Most of this subculture no longer have a place in their lofty opinionations for ritualism. It is an outer reflection of their Western American weltanschauung which has no place for rites of passage, and cultural rituals other people have had since the dawn of humanity.

In my own mind things are different. How I see things is based on what I have been exposed to in life and culture. To me, Ritualism has nothing to do with magick or making wishes come true. Ritualism in my weltanschauung is a theatrical pageantry or play enacted for an audience to watch in which is embedded a moral, or teaching. Ritualism is to the right brain and intuitive part of us [chitta] what writing is to the left brain and our faculty of reason. Inside both ritualism and writing [“riting” & writing] can be embedded the essence of an idea, teaching, notion. One – if you pay attention to the development of humanity – can be more easily passed down from generation to generation as a folk custom.

An example would be kabuki in Japan. Or traditional Thai, Balinese, Khmer, and Lao ballet/dance. It is a theatrical “dance” where each movement and gesture; each word and expression; conveys a moral lesson, esoteric teaching, aural tradition, ancestral folk wisdom, and so on, to the audience. I watched a beautiful traditional Khmer dance once about 7 apsaras descending down to the earth from the sky. The

7 dancers [girls] partly enact the descent and partly dance to traditional music played by traditional instruments. The style of the theatrical dance/music is called “Poal” which means to Wail, Cry, or Whine. This is when the music and dance goes for a bit and then the music stops while a vocalist wails a narrative verse slowly to explain the story, as the dancers continue to enact their part. Then the music starts again for a while. So the music and wailing happens one after another.

The theatrical dance told the story of 7 apsaras – celestial nymphs – coming down to the earth to bathe in a lake together after they had taken on human form. The apsaras had taken off their celestial wardrobe which includes magical scarfs they usually wear on their right shoulder [the left/female shoulder exposed]. While they were bathing a young prince/hunter with a bow and arrow nearby heard the laughter of girls playing in water. Curious, the prince set his bow and arrows down to sneak behind a bush to peek at what he hoped were naked girls bathing in a lake. The young hunter saw the 7 beautiful girls naked in a lake and was for a while captivated by their beauty.

The young prince desiring or hoping talk one of them into being his wife decided to steal the scarf of one of the 7 girls, that way, which ever girl the scarf belonged to could not run away. He did end up getting close enough to the lake to take a golden scarf. When the 7 girls saw the prince they got scared and ran to get their clothing and magical scarfs. The young hunter saw that when the girls put on their scarf they transformed into spirits and flew into the sky, except one girl who could not find her scarf, since the hunter had it. The embodied apsara was the youngest of her sisters. She asked the human man for him to give back her scarf. The prince asked what would happen if he did not give it back, and she said that without it she can't return home and is stuck on earth as a mortal. So during their conversation the young hunter tries to woo the girl whom he has figured out is a celestial being. They dance for a while. He teases her by handing her her magical scarf, but yanks it away for a kiss. In the end the young apsara falls in love with the human man. The young hunter gives her back her scarf and watches if she will stay with him or return home with her sisters. The young apsara is confused.

The singer crying or moaning the story explains that the young apsara is torn between returning to her home in the heavens where there is no karma or worries or staying on the earth where there is karma and trouble because of love. Her 6 sisters warns her that if she stays mortal and lives on the earth that she will be a subject of fate, and will never be free from the fruits of her own actions, and that if she has children with the mortal, that she condemns them also to the same life of mortal woe. In the end the young apsara chooses to be with the human. She kneels before the prince she fell in love with and with clasped hands pledged her love to her “swami” which in Khmerized Sanskrit actually is the royal register for “Husband,” in the exact same way in olden English a noble wife would refer to her husband as my “Lord.” The End.

So this ritualized dance has embedded in it an ancient myth or legend which can be found in various forms and variations across Southeast Asia. It also had many levels and ways to be esoterically interpreted. The 7 apsaras in this ritual dance represents the 7 Pleiades, the youngest apsara being the smallest star of the Pleiades. The hunter/prince represents a mortal man. In the English weltanschauung this mortal man has no visible esoteric meaning. But in the Khmer he does. Because when he and the now physical apsara gets married and have children he becomes a father. The word for father in Khmer is Ow pouk. That word itself is a variation of two other words: Owy meaning to Give or Donate, and Pouk from the word Pouch meaning Seed or Sperm. An Ow pouk literally means a Seed Giver or Sperm Donor. The Prince or hunter [man] here symbolizes the factor which makes those children mortal, the

mortal seed out of which new people germinate.

Then you can go into all sorts of esoteric interpretations for why the young apsara chose love knowing she will be a subject of fate and karma. Perhaps for the physical experience of such? Perhaps Love is worth the trouble? Perhaps that love represents a captivation or enthrallment, a passion, or deep senseless desire and attachment, which causes us trouble? Perhaps the esoteric teaching tries to show that the fate and life or existence of the apsara's mortal children – yet to be born – has already been sealed and set into motion when she made her choice. That the choices we make as individuals ultimately can become the causal beginning of another individual person's fate or experiences in their life.

So that's ritualism and the esoteric essence of ritualism from my perspective. Not every ritual is a magickal rite performed to make a wish come true or to release pent up emotions. Some rituals like you world find in institutions like the Rosicrucian Orders, Freemasonry, the Martinist Orders, Traditional Christianity, etc, are ritualized pageants which actually has lessons and teachings embedded in them, meant for the audience to apprehend. The value of such Western forms of ritual pageants is that the Order or Church member as the observing audience is exposed to such insightful rituals repeatedly such that such rituals becomes a tradition and cultural mythos within each institution.

Just to give the word “esoteric” – as I am using it here – a general set meaning, it means an Insight born from Within the womb. As opposed to exoterica which are lessons inculcated to us from Outside the “womb” of our Self or being. With esoterica, there is no standard way of drawing out insight, no single truth, etc. It is person specific and at times may only have meaning to the individual person. The most an esoteric insight can do for others is to inspire in other their own understandings and insights.

The Black Mass

The first rite in the Codex is the Black Mass. The Codex suggests that the ideal place to perform this rite is in a cave, and re-enforces this cave symbolism by stating that such cave gives the sense of an “enclosure.” Significantly, a female described in the ritualized pageant as a “Mistress of Earth,” turns to a group of people and draws in the air the sign of the pentagram with her left hand. She interestingly states afterward: “I will go down to the altars in Hell.”

An esoterically significant part of this is that the female who is associated with the earthly plane of existence makes a statement that she will be descending Down to Hell. Hell being the mythical underworld, or Hades, the domain of Pluto. This domain of Pluto – this underworld – is the unconscious, the inner [enclosed] realm of psyche, the cave of primal chitta which lurks in the darkness beneath our conscious awareness. It is this same primeval “cave” wherein we will find Jung's Shadows, our demons and devils. Aspects of our own human – earthly – Nature many of us try hard to deny. What lurks in this cave is something most of us – the mundane – wish not to confront and acknowledge as being a natural living aspect of themselves. We'd rather brush it under the proverbial rug and hide it away in some dark cave. In some unconscious place, beyond our conscious awareness.

In different cultures something divine or special lays buried in this cave, hidden in the dark. In one Enochian mythos the story goes that an angel had come to Enoch to tell him of a great flood which would kill the whole world in the days of his grand children. So Enoch took a white stone and upon it he

scribed the Holy Tetragramaton. He dug a cave and place the white stone in a safe place then sealed the cave off with nine arches. In India there is the mythos of a jewel closed up in a square box, which is enclosed in a box, which is enclosed in a box, and so on 7 times. The 7 boxes being the Chakras, and the box with the something hidden is the root chakra.

In Buddhism the notion of going down levels to a cave or the root or base level of ourselves takes on a different representation. Going Down in the Buddha's case was going down levels of consciousness in meditation to the realm of chitta for Enlightenment. What happens when you find the Kundalini and raise it up the 7 chakras? You obtain divine illumination. What happens when you find Enoch's cave and discover the lost stone and bring it up to the surface to read the lost name of God? The Holy Shekhinah enshrouds your body and mind with divine light.

In the mythos of Buddha, he one day had the determination to sit at the Bo Tree and obtain Enlightenment to understand the world. Something called the Miar fearing Buddha would accomplish what he set out to do tried to distract him from going into deep meditation. The Miar is the Khmer form of the thing called Mara. Miar is how we call it in Khmer. Miar as we say it rhymes with the word "Beer" as a person from Australia or London would say beer. It is not an entity or being, but is referred to as an it or a thing, and is called The Miar. Usually in Khmer when a Sanskrit word has a long "A" vowel it is pronounced as a compound vowel sound like "ier" as a Brit would pronounce the word "ear." Mier/Mar is related to the Khmer word Mir/Mer which means to See/Look. Miar/Mar may then also be related to the root in the Latin Mirare, the Old French Mirer meaning to "Look At." The English words "Mirror," and "Mirage," share the same root significantly, which should all give us a hint as to what exactly The Miar is that was distracting the Buddha.

The source of the symbolism in this mythos will never be known by anyone unfamiliar with deep meditation, or deep states of trance. There is a point in the process of going deep into a trance or meditative state where illusions and hallucinations arises. If the mind's attention is captivated by these hallucinations, it won't go past that stage or level of consciousness, and may quickly come back to beta wave consciousness. So the ancients took this phenomenon and gave it a twist to allegorically teach something.

In the mythos the Miar [the demon Mara] surrounded the Buddha with beautiful women, wealth, gold, jewelry, power, etc. Things we would in our modern grasp of this ancient mythos not give too much meaning to. The things the Miar was distracting the Buddha with has to be understood in its native time and place. During that time Brahmanism was the supreme religion and power in India. A Bhikkhu back then was a homeless person who renounced that Brahminical social order. The word Bhikkhu means Beggar, the two words can still be seen to be related. These bhikkhus became beggars because they grew disillusioned and tiresome of the the Ethos and laws of Brahmanism which controlled the cities back then. So the only option one had to Liberate oneself – Moksha/Nibbana – back then was to actually leave the cities and live in the places and spaces outside and between such cities.

"Tune in, turn on, drop out," right? Drop out of the rat race we say today. What's Nibbana means? Without [Nib] the Jungle/Forest [Bana]. You dropped out of the "jungle" of the city. Detach yourself from it in every way. Why were monks suggested not to marry? Because to marry means to be tied down to not only a woman, but to children and a family. "The old ball and chain," right? So if you know what you're looking at, you'll see that The Miar was "tempting" and distracting the Buddha's effort to

go deep into himself with aspects of the mundane [anariya] world. To draw him back to that samsara of city-state life and the Brahmanical Ethos which captivates and enslaves people. The same Brahminical ethos and way of life which empowers the Brahmin priestly caste and subjugates the low ranking caste members. It's not as simple as the idea of returning to a city. If you are against that system, do not give yourself to it. That system needs you to participate in it. What happens to a public corporation if all or a majority of the stock and share holders drops out and pulls out their money? What happens to a company if all or a majority of its employees were to drop out and leave it? It collapses. The dumb unthinking majority – mundane/anariya – collectively is what upholds, supports, and gives life and power to a corporation, political party, nation-state, religious institution, and so on; because they are under the spell of the Miar: entranced and captivated by mirages. Like Sirens singing out to sailors. If you fall under their spell, your ship will crash into the rocks.

What's a really cool and understandable modern day Miar/Mirage which we can fall prey to if we believe what The Miar tempts us with? A college education. Not the type where you go to get an actual education, The type when society or companies or schools tells you over and over again that if you go to college and get a big degree that you will get a giant paying job! You might want to be doing something else with yourself in life, but hearing that you can get a big pay check and live a comfortable life – the American Dream – you buy into The Miar's distraction. So you get a student loan, commit four years, get into debt, come out with no job and in deep debt. I'm not talking smack about higher education. I'm talking smack about being fooled by this mirage that giant debt for a piece of paper can manifest a good life, the "American Dream." The word Dream in that stupid phrase should be telling. How long will it take, let's say to pay off that debt? Many years. So you must now keep a job to pay that debt off. Once that debt is paid off many years later, then you realize that you wasted a great deal of time for nothing, when you could have spent it doing something which truly brings you happiness and joy. Was the distraction of The Miar worth it in the end?

In the mythos the Buddha does go deep into meditation for a long time, and he Awakens as The Buddha. The word Buddha just means One Who Understands/Sees. The words Veda, Wit, Wise, and Vision all share the same ancestral root. To See and to Know share the same foundation. Illumination, which is the act of a light source facilitating one's Vision is equated with Enlightenment, where we can also find the word Light. The word Sight can be found in the word Insight. In the opening of the Black Mass the Mistress of Earth draws an inverted pentagram. That symbol in other esoteric places in the ONA corpus is equated with the Dark Sphere of Mercury, and also something called the "Eye of Satan." Which symbolism can be found in many ancient cultures. We have the Sufi's Ayin al-Qalb [Eye of the Heart] which Sees and Knows Allah. We have the Buddha Eye which sees and understands, and the Dhamma Eye which sees dhamma and wisdoms its ways.

The eye and vision of the ariya does not see value in things the anariya sees value in. What distracts and enthralls the anariya – mundane distractions and abstractions – does not captivate or distract the ariya who are above the mundane world and its mundane ethos, mundane paradigm, mundane abstractions, and way of life [samsara]. The Eye of Satan – Eye of the Adversary – should naturally be adverse and adversarial to the mundane distractions of the Miar. The Sacred Cows and Deified Mirages of the Mundane and their Magian Ethos.

Mercury is the Quicksilver which rises up or Elevates. Mercury is the messenger of the Gods. The middle man between Olympus and the world of mortals. The messenger between primal chitta deep in

the unconscious mind and the conscious mind. It hints at “something” moving “upwards.” The murmuring of psyche hidden within the chthonic depths of self upwards to the conscious mind to decipher and know.

The Mistress of Earth in her natural state is consciously rooted in the earthly plane of awareness. She must Go Down to Hell. To Hades, with that Adversarial Eye opened, to confront the Shadows in the deep. The chattering and words of mundane society demonizing such shadows with ethical values and judgments themselves are the distractions and mirages which keeps us away from and in denial of that which lays hidden beyond those mundane mirages. Which is a living and forgotten aspect of our own being.

How does one Know Oneself, if half of oneself is rejected and denied? How do you understand this shadow self if not by first going deep to experience it? So this Mistress of Earth, before she goes down to Hell, begins her journey into the underworld with her Left Hand, tracing the pentagram. The Left is the feminine side of Shakti. The feeling and intuitive side. As opposed to the Right side of logic, reason, intellectual thinking, and doctrines. The darkness of Hades must be experience, felt, and intuited. The Left Hand Path, is the path of experience, empathic apprehension, and of the pathei-mathos that is born from the feeling and experiencing of things.

After the Mistress of Earth says her opening line in the Black Mass, another female as the acting Priestess states: “To Satan, giver of Life.”

Whatever this “Satan” is, is the Giver of Life. In the ONA one of the best places to gain an understanding of this Satan of the ONA is via Beesty Boy’s esoteric insights given in his “The Septenary Tree of Wyrd. The Sinister Tarot” book. It’s the book which lists the Sinister Tarot cards used in pathworking the Tree of Wyrd. The 15th Atu associated with the Devil/Satan [Deofel] insightfully reads as follows:

“Sinister awakening – Nature as it is, raw and unaffected. That primal awareness of the vibrance of life that possesses and creates the ‘accuser’, that provokes acts that challenge the existence of the ‘sacred’. The real meaning of liberation unchained by temporary abstract ideas; the laughter of the savage, wild god. Terror to the uninitiated.” – Christos Beest, ONA.

Sinister Awakening may be interpreted two ways. An awakening by sinister deeds/action/kamma which actions are rejected by the mundane anariya. And Enlightenment via the Left Side/Path [Sinister]. Either interpretation you take, you are bound to confront Satan: Nature as it is Raw. Which is to say that it is the realization – Buddhi – of Nature in its raw state, unaffected – pure – leads to Sinister Awakening.

This Satan in those few sentences is associated with Life in the Raw. Pure and unaffected. What do I mean by Pure? What’s Pure spring water suggest? It suggests that such spring water is entirely natural water devoid of additives and contamination. That spring water in its pure state is as Nature made it sans additions, extras, etc. Life in its Pure state is unaffected, and devoid of additives, extras, ideations, conceptualizations, intellectualizations, ethics, philosophications, goods, evils, rights, wrongs, morals, immorals, abstractions, semantics, language, and so on. Pure Life just as as it springs into existence. Remove the human mind out of the equation of life, and you have Life Unaffected, Raw, Wild and truly

Free and Pure.

This Satan is also associated with the challenging and adversarial element of Life, which challenges our Sacred Cows, but challenges us as well. It is a 'savage' meaning "wild, undomesticated, and untamed." Related to the word Silva meaning 'of the forest.' This is Rudra [Shivaya] the wild and untamed god of the hunt, of the forest. Of the Forest Doctrine. The Way of Nature. Dhammakaya. The Eternal Dharma.

The act of striving against this challenging element of life and earthly existence in ancient India was referred to as Shram, meaning Struggle. The opposite is Ashram, meaning tranquility, rest. Nature, Life in the Raw is by no means an Ashram my ignorant friends. An ashram – a peaceful abode – in which there is no struggle or challenge is not conducive to evolutionary development. It's very interesting to note that physical life mostly seems to exist only in the strata of the causal reality where things are most active and untamed. Just like in an ocean much of oceanic life can be found – oddly – in the strata near and around the surface where the light is. Which is also the most active and untamed place, with its waves and storms, etc. It's actually almost counter-intuitive don't you think? You would think that life would favour the deeper more tranquil ashrams of the ocean. But no.

In Jainism – a cousin of Buddhism – the monks are called Shramana. In the Tipitaka Buddha was called a Shramana, meaning One Who Struggles, against the adverse conditions of life. A novice monk in Theravada is called a Samanera, which is the Pali for a Little Shramana. The Buddha himself did get called a Shramana until he ditched his kingdom and lived on the streets, where he was confronted with the adverse or challenging aspects of life represented by: sickness, old age, death, and a Shramana. Only after being exposed to the pure reality of life are you primed for enlightenment. Ancient traditions such as the ancient Shramana Traditions, Jainism, and Theravada made a way of life of Shram – of learning from adversity – Patheimathos as we call it in the ONA. Satan as Lucifer gifts use with his Light if we can past the tests, trials, and ordeals of Satan the raw and untamed element of Nature.

Organisms in such an active and challenging plane of existence had better adapt to environments and conditions or die out. Simple as that. Even better is the organism that can not only adapt to its environment, but be Adept of its environment. That's evolutionary success. Like Antarctic lichen, which is actually a symbiotic fellowship between a fungus and algae, who have adapted and are adepts of their extreme environment. Over billions of years what organisms adapt and become adepts of their environment and passing conditions "develop" into new organisms. In a sense, each organism is the creative product of this same challenging/adversarial element of Life. Like the mighty camel, ye apex of desert evolution! Adepts of the desert, able to traverse deserts without much water. It's got these weird camel toes made perfectly to fit desert sand. Or birds with their wings. They adapted and became adepts of their specific environment [air] over time. Or that unknown ancestral creature who first left the ocean to crawl on land, from which all land animals may have come. That challenging element of life in Nature itself is what pushes us forward as creatures in tandem to the flow of Time and conditions, either to our doom or evolution.

We ourselves as humans – along with our human nature and humanness – are the product of 4 billion years of organic life struggling against the challenging elements of existence. We are in a very realistic sense – if we apprehend Life/Nature purely – the children and creation of Satan, the giver of Life. And just like in the East, their left path traditions is a way of adoring and venerating Life, so too is our Sinister Way – our Left Hand Path of ONA – an exeatic exultation of Life, as Anton Long once

described. If Satan as we understand it esoterically here is the Giver of Life, then Satanism is simply the religion, or tradition, of Life; where Life and all of its aspects and elements, is honoured, venerated, adored, embraced as it is. Untamed, wild, and raw. Rudra-shivaya – Noctulius – the wild and untamed, the primal, the Luna-tic. And his other half, represented by the dark sphere of Saturn – Time – who is Kali, Uma-Shakti, who is the dark goddess of Time, mother of life-force. When these two come together; when what is primeval flows with Time; we have evolution. And from that union of Shiva and Shakti do we all emerge into our existence. When primal matter – prima materia – dances with Time, we have Form. All things Causal, from matter to ourselves, arises from the union of that Noctulian Primal Element with the Saturnian Element of Time. The dance and union of Satan and Baphomet.

The Altars of Hell

In my own culture our Buddhism is 90% of the time practiced in the home. The other 10% is at some wat [temple]. But there is no real point in going to a wat since both the home and the wat have altars of the Buddha on them anyways.

The altar in my own culture is used to hold sacred objects like the Buddha statue, or objects with symbolical meaning everyone should learn to focus on often, such as pictures of ancestors of elder who have passed on. And on it goes a lot of other stuff like a little vase or pot to hold sandalwood incense sticks, a candle stick holder, then we often put the much older animist fetish items on our home altars. These animistic fetish items can be anything like little statues of children which the feral spirits live in, animal bones, horns, and teeth which goes in a silver bowl of water. Candle wax is dripped into this water and certain Pali chants are chanted over the water to make it into “holy water,” which you use to sprinkle over the altar. And another fetish thing is long dreaded hair. The dreaded hair is hard to explain.

The old people in my culture believes that when a person – especially an ascetic in the forest – grows a certain type of dread or knot in their hair that a magickal spirit lives in that knot. You’re not supposed to cut the knot off. It is allowed to grow long, and the owner of the knotted lock offers food and drink to the spirit in the knot. Usually, if it is the right kind of magickal knot, the dread lock falls off on its own. This is when the elders say that the baby spirit in the knot has matured and is ready to work for you. While it is growing on your head, you give the baby spirit a name and call its name when you feed it. Every time you eat you have to set aside a little bit of the food you are eating to the knot.

When the knotted lock falls off, if is sprinkled with holy water, and it is either placed on a golden platter on the alter, or you put it inside a little doll house and place the doll house on the altar somewhere. Each day you spray perfume on it and from time to time you moisten it with oil or balm. If it is the magickal kind with a spirit inside the scary thing is that the knot of hair will continue to grow longer, and it will bud new child knots which later grow big and fall off.

Anyways the dread locks live on the altar too and you can wear the little child knots the original one spawns as a magickal amulet. Usually you have a goldsmith make a pendent which can hold the little knot in. You name your knot and feed it when you eat. Traditionally the spirits in these knots are said to protect you from harm, accidents, and so on. These knots are past down as heirlooms of sorts. I had a little knot once and I had my little mom pay a goldsmith to make a platinum coffin pendent for me which I kept my knot in. The traditional kru [animistic guru or shaman] the knot came from names it and gives it to you. Mine was named [in Khmer] the “Seven Snakes Baby.” After a year of caring for it and

feeding it, the thing ditched me. It was gone out of its coffin pendent forever. It probably fell out somewhere.

But things that are meaningful and sacred to a people or group goes on the altar. And in ONA, on our altars is found the human being, naked, and natural.

The altar priest/ess is nude. No outer costumes are worn. No rich or poor clothing. No costume of a proletarian or king. Can't tell if the altar priest/ess is a plumber or lawyer, social worker or stripper. No indication of their profane abstract characters they play in profane city life. They are just human. And there is something primally inspiring and beautiful about the nude human body. Like the 19th Satanic Point says in the same Codex: *"Nothing is more beautiful than man: but most beautiful of all is woman."* What can be more symbolical of our human nature than a nude human being?

But this altar is in Hell, in the depths of the unconscious, where the shadow self lurks. That altar priest/ess nude, represents that Jungian shadow. That human on that altar is the end causal – wyrdful – product of 4 billion years of ruthless struggle and evolution. That human being is not only endowed by Mother Nature and Father Time with supreme intelligence, but also supreme violence. Just as we can say that on earth no creature trumps our human intelligence and creativity, so too can we accurately say that on earth no creature out does our ability to hate and kill. No other species – not even viruses – so far as I know has killed as many lived as we did in World War II. And that's only one of our human wars.

We humans are capable of doing things no other creature can do, which the Catholic Church has shown us quite well, haven't they. Unthinkable things. Confronting that shadow aspect of our own human nature means when can think about criminals in a prison and know inside that such people are human and that nothing about them or what they did is "wrong," or "unnatural." It means when we can think about Hitler or Stalin, Mao or Pol Pot and know inside with honesty that such men are human just like us, and that nothing about them or what they did was "evil," "wrong," or "unnatural." It means we are able to face such aspects of our own human nature and know that not only is it human, but that such aspects are indeed a part of each of us. But to know such is a part of us is different from realizing it is a part of us from experience. To come to an honest understanding of our own human nature is when we can look at a Mother Teresa, Buddha, Genghis Khan, Hitler, and know in our hearts what makes each of those people human is the same thing that makes us human.

That altar priest/ess symbolized the understanding that nothing is "right" or "wrong" with us. We are all as Nature created us. In fact as insane as it seems, we are the end product of 4 billions years of organic evolution. Earthly life rolled by and evolved all that time to end up making us. A creature that can hate the man next to us and kill them in cold blood one day, appreciate the smell of a rose another day, and shed tears at the beautiful star speckled heavens above us the next day. A creature which can plot and enact the genocide of an entire race, and with this same human mind the same creature can use mathematics to unlock the unfathomable mysteries of the cosmos. No other biological organism can do what we humans can do. We can use our human creativity to make weapons of mass destruction, paint a picture, and build space crafts to take us to the moon and probes to explore Mars. A creature that can dream and be imprisoned by own dreams. We are in essence nothing more than a chip off the old block. If we are children of earth and heaven, then it only makes sense that we inherited our parents' nature.

That altar priest/ess is the sacred symbol of the natural balance between the Numinous and the Sinister. Motherly and wonton. Friendly and tyrannous. This symbol reminds us that there is nothing wrong with being human, and nothing wrong with anything our nature is endowed with. Whether it is compassion or rape, fellowship or murder. It is human. Many in mundane Satanism pay lip service to being human. But mention a few unmentionables such as molestation or racism we are naturally able to do and they react violently ethical and reactionistic: to the idea/abstraction of it. Yet that very nature is their own human nature. When I say things we have in our human nature, I mean do we hibernate all winter long like bears? No, so hibernating is not “encoded” in our human nature. Do we breath water like fish? No. Do we live solitary like tigers? No. Do we live in hives like bees? No. These things aren’t “encoded” in our human nature. Do we speak language? Yes. Do we construct cities? Yes. Do we draw pictures? Yes. Do we kill? Yes? Do we rape? Yes. Do we hate other people for whatever reason? Yes. These things are “encoded” in our human nature.

The Left Hand Path – at least the Eastern one – put you in rites and situations where that you experience directly these forbidden aspects of your own self such that you are forced on your own terms to accept the cold hard truth that you are not a saintly creature. That your own human make up comes with stuff the mundane mass rejects, denies, hates, and fears. They reject, deny, hate, and fear an entire half of what it means to be human. They are divided with themselves and are not an integrated wholeness. All the good, the beautiful, the bad, and the ugly, nature has given to us, converges in the naked body of that altar priest/ess who represents the hellish, shadow side we hide in the darkness of our unconsciousness. That naked human body on that altar is the living symbol or representation of the ancient Eastern Left Hand Path. The sinister [left] path which leads to the confrontation of the shadow, then the direct experience of this shadow, then the acceptance of it, then a wholesome integration. Out of which the Initiate of the Sinister Way emerges a new person. Only to realized that what he has become for the first time is a whole Human Being.

The Ceremony Of Birth

The ritual begins with the burning of incense. Incense of Yew if the child is a boy, and incense of Black Poplar if the child is a girl. And interesting choice of trees for each gender.

The Yew tree is often associated with Longevity, Honour, Power, Victory, and Leadership. Its wood since olden times has been used to make shields and arrows. In fact, it is also used to make poison, and is associated also with the idea of assassinations, killing, and suicide. In certain places in Europe this tree is known as the “Death Tree.” Such a tree being associated with a boy child seems to suggest the idea of not only long life, but also warriorship. This tree is also associated with the Green Man. It is believed that in grave yards the roots of the Yew will spread to the mouth of each corpse.

Black Poplar on the other hand for a girl child of the ONA couple has a few different meanings in line with the ONA’s concept of the Sinister Feminine. First there is the myth of a nymph being turned into a Black Poplars. Then the leaves of the Poplar is said to be singed by the flames of Hades. But interestingly this tree is also sometimes called the “talking and whispering tree,” which seems to suggest the talkative and gossipy nature of girls. The Black Poplar is also a sacred tree of Mother Earth and is said to have been the funeral tree of ancient pre-hellenic Greece. It is also associated with the idea of transformation and vision.

Both trees are associated with Death. Strange for a ceremony of Birth, but not out of place and without meaning. The Yew tree is associated with Death in the sense that it is the cause of death, with its poison and wood for weapons and all. The boy child, born to parents who are Sinister Initiates, may be associated with such a tree as a way of “blessing” the boy with the lethal essence of the Yew.

The Black Poplar seems to be associated with death in the sense of seeing the death of family, or seeing the process of Mother Earth’s life transformational life cycle from mortal birth to mortal death. Although associated with the end of human life, the Sinister Female herself – like Mother Earth – will bare new fruit and thus be the nexion of new life.

The Initiate playing the part of the Master in this ceremony later states: *“With this mark I seal wyrd.”*

Each human child, born in this mortal world, is sealed to wyrd. Like the young apsara who fell in love with a mortal man, torn between freedom from the currents of fate which besets earthly existence, and to be with the one she loves. She chooses to be submerged in that current and struggle, and condemns her offspring to the same mortal – Causal – Fate. Fate is no longer the correct word to use in the English language, as this word now suggests something pre-determined which we have no choice but to be victims of. Wyrd is for us in ONA a better word to us.

Wyrd is very much a big river, made up of many strong currents. This imagery in mysticism can be found every where in ancient culture. Jesus, the Sun of Heaven, kneels before the Holy Saint John the Baptist in the River Jordon to be baptized. In effect, one who is the very Sun of God submits himself to the Water’s of the Jordon and its guardian.

Saint John is Yahya in Arabic which also means Goat. He is the Constellation Capricorn, a “creature” which is part goat, and has the lower parts of a Fish. Jesus is the Sun. During a certain season of the year it can be seen in the sky the Constellation Capricorn setting above the setting Sun which descends down seemingly into something called the Blue Nile, as if the Goat-Fish was pushing the Sun into the River of Stars. This Blue Nile is the River of Stars in our sky which is the Milky Way itself. The ancient symbolism of the Sun descending into the Waters – Kabbalistically represented by the letter Mem – is echoed in the Kabbalah. The Light of Ain Sof descends into Malkuth, the Kingdom, the World, which begins with the letter Mem. This letter in other cultures – even ours – resembles the waves of water. The ancient association of mortal birth with water is understandable if you are a woman. We say our “Water has broken,” suggesting even that the baby before its birth existed in Water inside that womb: like a Fish; that it literally passed through Water to be mortal.

The Letter Mem in Hebrew is typically drawn as a square. The same square is the symbol of the Root Chakra as well as the Taoist pictorial symbol of the Earth. In both Tantrika and Taoist alchemical cosmology the region where this root chakra is located is equated with a Sea or Ocean. In Taoist alchemical cosmology the lower regions of the earth is called the “Dark Sea,” or the “Black Ocean.” Near this chakra by the tip of the tailbone is a knot in which sleeps the Coiled Sea-Serpent: the Naga, Kundalini. Leviathan, the crooked Dragon, which was cast out of Heaven and into the dark seas of the earth. Something once born of Heaven has descended into the dark waters of mortal existence.

Even in our Tree of Wyrd this imagery is still present. Typically when working the Tree of Wyrd – such as via the Self Immolation Rite – we Ascend from the Moon to Saturn. From Earth back to Heaven from

whence we came. To first have been born on this earth we traversed this Tree in the other direction, from Saturn – Time – Down to the Moon Sphere. It is the Moon that is associated with Water: Tidal ebb and flow.

Makes you wonder what is beyond the Sphere of Saturn/Time; beyond the outer limits of the ancient symbolical universe? The Acausal is what is beyond Time. In Buddhist mythos this Tree of Wyrd is a Wheel of Life we call in Pali the Bhavachakka. Bhava meaning Being/Existence and also Becoming and Chakka is the Pali of the Sanskrit Chakra meaning Wheel. This Bhavachakka is divided into 4 main parts, and together each part is divided into a sum of 32 realms or planes called Pumi. The 4 main parts are the the realm of the Sat [creature/animal] sometimes called Hell; the realm of the Sat Manuss [the Animal Who Thinks] which is our physical human world; the Rupa pumi where the Devattas – Sat Dep [Dev as in Devi] meaning the Luminescent Creature – with form exists; and the Arupa pumi where the formless Devattas exists. All beings in this Water Wheel are subject to Karma [causal action-reaction] and the current of samsara [meaning “Same-Flowing”]. In fact the entire wheel itself is Samsara. Nibbana is the Liberation from this Water Wheel. In other words, Liberation from Wyrd comes only when we penetrate beyond the Dark Sphere of Saturn/Time. Otherwise, no matter where in this wheel we exist, we are caught up in the current of Wyrd. We are NOT independent from the very causal fabric of reality we have our mortal existence within. That Fabric is made up of the Threads of Wyrd, the Three Sisters Weave with their Spinning Wheel.

The letter Mem in the languages of peoples around this area is also associated with water and fluid of some type. The ancient Egyptians had a word called Mum [moom] which meant Honey. Interestingly since Honey is incorruptible it became a symbol of Eternal Life, so these ancient Egyptians would MUMmify their dead bodies with Honey. In this same Egyptian mythos, where are humans implied to have come from? From the Tears of Ra, the Sun God. The word for Human is related to their word for Tears and Sorrow. But also interestingly in this same mythos Bees were likewise said to have been born from Ra’s Tears. Strangely enough; thousands of miles away and thousands of years later; the Khmer have a word which is Khmum – pronounced like mum [moom] with a “K” sound – means a Honey Bee. And Dtug [Water] Khmum is the term for Honey.

Kamadeva – the Cupid of Brahmanism who lends his name to the Kama Sutra – uses a bow of five arrows to make people fall in love and lust for each other. Each arrow is tipped with a flower. Kama’s symbol are two Fish, and Bees. The word Kama and Kamma [Pali & Khmer for Karma] when spoken, sound the same. Which is a play on words of sorts. To have kama is to have kamma. Or as we say in English: “Love Hurts.” Sweet and delicious like Honey, but tearfully painful like a bee-sting. So here we see the essence of the young apsara’s story again. She chose Love [Kama] and must now be subject to the flow Kamma. Like a Fish, caught in the strong current of a river.

The two Sinister Initiates in this ceremony chose Love, and have committed, co-signed, Sealed their new born child to the current of wyrd. That new born child is the fruit born from the heat and passion of Kama’s arrow. It is this same mortal passion that is what Marks the child its seal. The same passion – between Shiva & Shakti – gave birth to the cosmos, the very wyrdful river of causality.

Wyrd is not pre-determination we are victims of. Wyrd is a “river” made up of many causal currents. Each of us – and indeed everything which moves and acts – puts into motion such causal current; weaves such threads of wyrd. These threads interlink to make the Fabric of Wyrd. It is these little

currents of causal chain events which is the thing that wyrdfully influences us; catches us in its causal grip, like Fish in a Net as the Mahabarata described thousands of years ago.

Every act and choice in life the Sinister Initiate as a parent makes, influences and effects their child wyrdfully. It is not “pre-determination.” For instance, if both parents are careless with their jobs and so end up living below the poverty line, although their child is humanly born to naturally be healthy, that child is caught up in a current where that it becomes difficult to get better if it gets sick, simply because the parents have no money to afford health care. That’s what I mean by being influenced wyrdfully by the actions and choices of others. The same choices these hypothetical parents made with their financial life, in Time also wyrdfully affects the child’s education. For, even though the child is humanly born intelligent, if it cannot afford a proper education, it is deprived of the chance to get a higher education. It is not fated to be impossible, but the child in later years must Struggle all the more harder just to go to college. Can he struggle and break free from that causal current of poverty his parents wyrdfully sealed him in? Poverty is merely an example.

An example of better wyrd with strong currents is the Great Depression in American history. Whatever causally brought about the wyrdful Great Depression, humans born inside this wyrdful current were influenced and affected. There were visible and real struggles in many human lives just to survive and get by. That wyrdful current makes life all the more harder to live. And if we can’t fight that current we die or commit suicide. The ambitions of an Imperial Japan as a collective, wyrdfully condemned their own people to two atomic bombs. The ambitions of a Germany, placed its people inside the wyrdful current of post World War I Germany after the treaty, where these same people were treated like crap, and where life in that current was all the more harder to live. It was a real Struggle: Kampf.

We causally react differently to wyrd. For instance the Wyrd of World War II. You had a Japan and a Russia. Same Wyrd. One generation later one nation is on its way to economically the second largest economy and becoming the world’s most technologically advanced nation, while the other nation is on its way to collapse. Why? It’s not fate in the sense of being passive victims of pre-established laws. It is a current of causal chain reactions which influences you, which you must struggle free from, or drown. But Nature rewards those who struggle free and adapt, or become adept.

Wyrd is the river each Sinister Initiate as parents co-signs their offspring to. Every action each Sinister Initiate puts into causal motion affects and influences in a real way the life of their children. Each act and choice is a real Mark which seals that child’s fate, wyrd. Each action set into motion is one more river current that child will have to struggle with. This is something the Sinister parent must be consciously aware of. In ignorance, you condemn your own child’s fate. That child – just like you – are born already struggling against the wyrdful currents of general society: other humans and environment and social conditions. In your ignorance you would only contribute to that child’s struggle.

If as an Initiate of the ONA you have come to understand such things as aeonic magic, future magic, causal mechanics, and wyrd; then as parents each Sinister Initiate should know that you are also able to help that child by creating the right flowing and current. Wind can not only capsize a sail boat, but if intelligence and intuitive understanding is used, that same wind can be used to steer that same sail boat to a destination.

And so this Dreccling, in ONA is born into mortal existence to parents who are – or should be – aware

of such things as wyrd, aeonics, and causal mechanics to act accordingly such that the Dreccling has a better opportunity to elevate itself in life, rather than spend its life struggling and drowning in the currents of wyrd.

This Dreccling is born with help. For the Master in this ceremony, after asking the parents for its name says: *“So shall it be. I name you [...] amongst Us.”* The Dreccling is born and named amongst Us: inside the matrix of an Ordering, a Fellowship, a Community, a Kollektive, of a people who live and struggle with and for one another. Comrades on this rough and rugged road we call mortal existence, which road is beset with turmoil and struggle.

The same Love we are all born from which condemned us to this mortal struggling, is also when found between two Companions, the most beautiful and numinous aspect of Life. Just to have a shoulder to cry on, or another heart to care, in hard times. Just to know that you have someone in life who will always be by your side through thick and thin, through calm waters and rough seas. If we are born to suffer, than to suffer with a Comrade is a pleasure. Nothing brings a people together closer than shared strife, shared struggle, and mutual dependence. I need you, and you need me; and so everything else beyond that shared need is a momentary passing; so long as I have you by my side.

The mutual need is not apparent in today’s modern Western American social order, where we throw our elderly parents away out of sight and mind. But for the most part of our humanity, the mutual need was there, and still is to many cultures around the world. The child needs its parents and clan, and in Time the parents will need the child in their mortal elderly years to be taken care of. We can so easily over complicate human existence so much with extras, but in essence the basic fundamentals are just Love and Need. All other things else in our human world are built on top of that foundation of Love and Need. Think about it.

The ceremony ends with the Master charging the chosen Guardians of this new born addition with the pledge and task of teaching the child Our Ways, so that this child is born seeing and understanding Life and Existence the way adepts and long-time Initiates of Our Way has come to see things. The wisdom we have collected personally from our endeavours, failures, mistakes, struggles, accomplishments, in life, we pass down as guardians to the next generation. The wisdom and understanding each Initiate and Adept collects and learns are bits of aural teachings and ancestral wisdom. These aural teachings and ancestral wisdom is a rudder of a ship, which will in its time and season give this Child the ability to steer itself as a helmsman of its own Life, rather than be a victim of the current of this dark sea we are born in.

The Pledging

A group of Sinister Initiates gather to ritualistically bind two Initiates together. It’s an old human tradition. Not just to fall in love, but to desire to be with one another, which in real human terms is a complicated matter. Not only does it involve the lives of the two who love each other, but each of these two are connected to their own families and clans. And more importantly their union is literally a nexion through which the two bloodlines and their history merges and mingles in a new person [the offspring].

In my own culture a marriage rite takes 3 days. On the second day something weird ritually takes place. First the bride and groom are placed in the center of a circle of people. The circle of people is made of

only the female relatives of the bride and groom. Three yellow or orange candles are lit and passed around this circle of females three times, and each female passes her hand over the flames. Inside the circle the bride and groom seated in the traditional mermaid position, with their hands clasped low to the floor.

There is another part where the groom is caused to prostrate before the bride's parents three times and pledges that he will love and care for them as his own parents. The wife does the same to the groom's parents. Another part has the groom pledge a vow to the bride and he prostrated before her three times, and the bride does likewise after. At the end of day two, the bride and groom are seated in the mermaid position, with their hands clasped low to the floor in front of the people. In silver bowls near both of them in which are holy water and red string 6-7 inches long. The rite which will commence now is called "Jorng [Tie/Bind] Dai [Hand] or the Tying of the Hands rite. One by one the relatives and friends of the bride and groom come up to them and tie a red string around each of their wrists, then each person whispers advice into their ears or gives them a blessing. This Tying of the Hands part of the ceremony is when the bride and groom are truly in the hearts of the relatives and friends married as husband and wife.

The elaborate ceremony is nothing more than a ritualized way for the relatives and friends to acknowledge and accept the two people's love for one another and desire to be with each other. The ceremony itself reminds the community that those two people are no longer on the market. That unmarried men in that ordering of people should take care not to do things with the girl any more, and vice versa with the females of the community with the man. The ceremony induces a type of honour in the audience where that they now know to honour the two people's love for one another, and not to break them apart. Not just for the sake of their love for each other; but more importantly for the sake of their future children. For those children humanly need both a mother and father if they are to grow up into healthy functioning adult members of the community or ordering of people.

This idea of a marriage or wedding ceremony is not "Christian." It is universally human. But the ritualism itself may have begun more simpler. In college I had a few ethnic Hmong friends once. One day I was invited to a park to toss a balls, I agreed to go since I was told it was a cultural activity. At the park where all these Hmong young people, boys on one side and girls on another tossing tennis balls to each other. So I asked my Hmong friend and guide what the hell was going on. My friend explained to me that it was some cultural thing. Boys and girls find potential mates by tossing balls around and small talking in their culture. So this brought up the conversation of marriage ceremonies. I told my Hmong friend and guide the very elaborate 3 day wedding ceremony in Khmer and Thai culture. My Hmong friend said to me: "Shit, three day? That's not how we do it." So I asked him how Hmong people get married, and my friend explains: "Well, it's like this, if I bring you a Chicken to your parents house, and you accept it and eat it, it means we're married. Wanna go get some Chicken with me?" I kindly declined the proposition by telling him I was vegetarian.

Interestingly the Pledging ceremony in ONA goes with the essential theme of causality, wyrd and aeonics embedded in the previous ceremonies. In this ritual pageant the man and woman to be pledged to each other are called "Spaeman," and "Spaewife," meaning a prophet, seer, or one who can foretell the future. This suggests that the two people are functioning Initiates of the Sinister Way who have or should have Aeonic Insight, and other esoteric skills taught in ONA. It suggests that the two are empathically developed enough to sense the causal flow of Time and Wyrd.

The two to be united then goes through a bleeding rite where their blood is merged and mingles. This symbolical bleeding rite is something which is near humanly universal. Usually two close friends will cut themselves and mingle their blood as they take a vow to love each other as blood brothers or blood sisters. The Blood itself is the most significant symbolism in this ritual.

Our Blood literally has no real discernible beginning and aeonically has no discernible end. It's a river with no starting and end point. We are born in the middle of a river and the the beginning and end points are beyond our sight and knowledge. You can literally trace your ancestry back to when humans were apes, and back further, and further, until you get to the point where you realize that the iron in your blood comes from the supernova of a Star. Even the little bits and pieces of our DNA if we look carefully can be traced back to organic stuff in space. And we don't know where this blood is flowing to.

But on a more human level, the blood in our veins is the product of our human ancestors who struggled and survived in this mortal realm well enough to make you and me. All their human history and striving, converges in our veins. And although we may not know where our blood has come from, if we are conscious of the flowing of blood, we can consciously direct the flow of our blood by breeding selectively and intelligently. By the understanding that the characteristics and traits we and our mate has are passed down to our children.

In my own culture when two people desire to marry the elders conduct research into the worthiness of the potential mate's blood and ancestry. What they do is study the girl or boy's parents and grand parents very carefully. They say that the Fruit never falls far from the tree. Whatever quality the girl or boys parents and grand parents have, most likely the boy or girl will also have. This includes even their work ethics, family/clan values, motherly or fatherly nature, and financial habits, etc.

At face value it seems out of place to call a bride and groom in a marriage rite prophets and seers of the future, but it's actually not esoterically. As a spaeman and spaewife, knowing your own blood and ancestry, your own quality and character, as well as your mate's, can you "spae" or foretell how your children will be? Can you see and predict your own children's quality as a person, and their character and abilities? If you mingle your blood with your mate's, can you spae and see what the quality and new flowing of blood will be like? The quality of your own bloodline and progeny? If we say "there are plenty of fish in the sea," then as a spaeman or speawife, can you pick out one fish in that sea which has quality blood to mate with, to breed aeonically? If you are a spaeman and spaewife pledged together, then can you know and see, and live accordingly so that you manifest the proper condition and environment to raise health children in?

Nature tries to do it. Mating season comes at the right time so that the new borns come into life in the blossom of spring. Mother Nature tries to make it so that each offspring of an animal is born according to its kind and nature inside a properly functioning environment. Little ant larva come into existence in a colony which has spent long winters collecting food. Even little lion cubs come into a proper environment which is conducive to their growth and maturity, usually. Baby birds hatch inside a nest already pre-constructed by their parents. The only earthly creature which seems to have trouble doing things naturally is the human animal. Why? Because we arrogantly or ignorantly believe ourselves to be not a part of nature. Many of us in these modern urban environments just have random sex and get pregnant never once considering the condition and environment such children will be wyrdfully raised

inside of. Such people are blind to wyrd and the causal flow of Time. Blind to the very real reactions, consequences, and fruit our actions has on such children we have. They lack the skill and vision to See far, they lack Aeonic Insight. They lack the acausal knowing which animals in tune to the rhythm and beat of Nature has. These are the skills and abilities a spaeman and spaewife of the Sinister Way has, or should have, if they genuinely understand the teachings of the Tradition.

The Dying Time

The end of mortal life. Today in our urban environments death barely exists in our field of consciousness. This Western American civilization has the habit of hiding their elders away some place. We forget them. They are out of sight and mind. And the only moment we see death is if we attend the funeral of such old people. There is no intimate human connection with the process of death: the end of earthly existence. To going away of our loved ones and friends to the Mysterious Beyond. Things weren't always like this, and things still the way it was for many people around the world with a living culture and traditional extended families.

Such as my own culture and life. In any of my family's houses you'll find at least 3 generations living under the same roof. Grandmas, uncles, and cousins. Even the married live with parents or siblings together. It's just the way things have always been. The human way. And in such an arrangement of different generations something special unfolds for you to directly experience and witness: the Full cycle of human life. You see the new born additions to the family, and the death of old members. And in between the births and deaths you are actively caring for and living with those that were born and those that will die. Death is inescapable in this environment. You live your human life at home and everywhere always knowing that in a short period of time yet another of your elders will die. It's even harder when you are caring for such elders, knowing that you are literally nursing them to their own death and you will see and experience that death, of that loved one.

The statement: "*So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deed still waiting to be done,*" opens the ritual. It is a statement which is not empathically understood unless you have experienced the process of a death. The more deaths of old ones you have experienced and witnessed, the more wordless meaning and weight that statement has.

Last year my Great Grandfather died of old age, and his wife; Great Grandma; passed just this Easter. He was perfectly well up to his last day. I remember just 2 week before he died I was with some cousins out in his field helping out with the plants, and he was lugging lumber around. He just fell asleep in the car one day in the morning and that was it. Then after living around him and knowing him you stand there at the funeral and watch him get buried in the ground, which is a surreal experience. It freaks you out because at that very moment you are consciously forced to know – realize – that he is dead, and you will also be dead in time just like that.

But when you live a familial life with such old people for a long time, you directly witness the work they put into life. All that work and the fruits of such work and effort you see at the funeral left behind. Dead men die empty handed. The special thing that happens is that you intimately realize in your heart that all the work and effort such people put into life is for the living, because we can't take anything with us. Think about it. If we are condemned to live such a short existence, knowing we will soon die, and we know we will have children, and they will have children, then what do you do with your life?

Many will say that they will live their lives to the fullest. So said the Grasshopper to the ant. Some will say that they will live for the living. Said the ants to the grasshopper. We die and we leave our deeds and works – and their Fruits – behind for the living we germinated. In the hopes that what we – or the old ones – left behind will somehow elevate their condition in life so that they suffer less and enjoy life more. But Time never stops flowing, and we die with deeds left always undone. This opening statement suggests that there is to be a continuation of effort of some type. That deeds left undone are to be picked up and worked on by the living. This concept of working for the living, and the living continuing the work of the dead is something alien to the anariya, the mundane peasant stock humans.

Where do we see this concept manifest in living expression? First in kingdoms. A kingdom is nothing more than a war lord and his friends working to dominate a territory. When the king dies, the work is left undone, and the sons of the king takes up the work, while the children of the king's friends become the aristocrats who take up the work left undone. We see this same concept in play with corporations. One person will work hard to start a company. The company may grow and the founder may die. The work is left undone, and his heir and stock holders continues the work left behind. In both cases, the work of the king or company founder profited his family and friends in some way, and when he died, the family and friends continues that work to maintain that shared profit. Only the generic peasant stock human has no care for this concept. As long as they get table scraps of democratic "rights" and a pay check every Friday, they are happy. There can be thus seen two groups or types of people defined by one concept: Coherency or lack of Coherency.

In all cases such as military, politics, business, nature, the most coherent [system, organization, cooperation] is the most successful and profitable. Is an ecosystem coherent or incoherent? Is New York City a coherent entity or an incoherent entity? Compare New York to a random city in Sub-Sahara Africa and ask yourself if such a city is coherent and incoherent. There is work to be done, work left to be continued to be done. If death does not stop or halt the deeds and work, then the work is genuinely aeonic. The elder Sinister Initiate who has passed on has left behind deeds and work the living Initiates must step up to continue in the effort of. If and when all the old people in ONA dies, then it is up to the living Initiates to continue the Great Work. If we as Sinister Initiates of this ONA really grasps Wyrð, Causality, and Aeonic Magic, then we will lamentingly remember the glorious deeds waiting to be done.

The funeral rite in written format is short with not many words spoken. But such a human event as the death of loved ones, family, and friends, needs very little words. The wordless essence, the memories, sadness, and the knowing of our own mortality is what is most important and alive at such times.

The ritual ends with a symbolic gesture of the solidarity and fellowship of the living. Goblets are raised and a libation is shared together silently, with the words "ad satanas," commencing that silent – empathic – reassurance of solidarity and fellowship. Although the elders have passed, we the living are still bound together for one another. For in the reality and realism of earthly life, nothing means more besides life itself, but family and friends who live with us and for us.

Only the earth, the sun, the moon, the stars, our folk around us are real. All else; the ideas, our beliefs, ideals, doctrines, our gods and demons, our paradigms and worldviews, our political beliefs, our religions, all these are mirages of the mind. For just like mirages these things will and do change in our mindspace in time and season. And with all that changing of mirages, nothing real ever changes. The

earth is still the earth. The moon is still the moon. The sun is still the sun. And the human is still human. Some of us spend our lives chasing after phantoms and mirages, the sirenic songs of the Miar. It distracts our mind with its ghostly dance of apparitions from what is real: what really is worth living our short lives for: the Living. Our Comrades on this causal path of hardship. Our Traveling Companions in Life. All that is Real are they, and the ground we walk on: our Mother Earth; and the sky above our heads: our Father Sky. Mortal children of Heaven and Earth.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

4.19.123 yfayen

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SEARCHING FOR THINGS



Searching For Things

This one time I was at Fry's (a really big electronic stuff store) searching for a new computer to buy. I was looking around their computer section and I told the employee working in that section that I did not need help. One thing I really... really... hate is somebody talking in my ear telling me things I don't understand or things I could care less over clouding my clarity. My clarity... a clear mind that is objectively focused on an intent and objective... is very important during such situations... because if I'm gunna spent \$1500 on something, you need to shut the hell up so I can think straight cuz that's a lot of god damn money!

There was this guy and his wife next to me as I was walking down the isle looking at the new lap tops. This guy was just yapping on and on to his wife at every computer he stopped at. He was annoying me so I went to another isle... but it seemed like no matter where I when, he followed me and yapped off about every computer thing I was looking at. I lost track of my original intent and objective because the guy was so obnoxious that he just fascinated me. You know those moments in life when someone is just so annoying you just stop what you're doing and tell yourself – 'Are you serious? How long is he gunna keep this up... let's see?' Yeah, I was having one of those moments.

He was going on about crazy stuff like how many pixil things the screen has, the CPU, the chips, if you can shake it without hurting the hard drive, and if you can walk thru a metal detector at the air port with the lap tops even. I mean, these are things... criterion... this guy is using to make his valuated judgments on these devices, and I know his wife couldn't give a shit, because she gave me the secret sisterhood "help me" *eye-roll* that us girls give to each other to let everybody know our boyfriends are retarded. I truly did empathize with her... she knew it too.

I was glad he wasn't trying to sell me computers because all I really needed was a computer that turned on and off, that had something for me to write on, and that I could surf the internet with to read stuff. That's it.

So I just did what any girl would do when we shop for computers and such gadgets... I went to that section where the computers cost around what I had to spend because I figured that if they were expensive... then they weren't cheap, and if they aren't cheap computers... then they prolly work damn good. So I bought the nearest one to me that had a nice design on it. Did it have 10 big CPU's? I don't know, and I don't care, I don't even know what those are. Does the information in the hard drive get mixed up if I shook it hard? I don't know? It's just going to sit on a desk most of its life. Would it still be alive if I walked thru a metal detector with it? Who cares, I'm not going to ride airplanes anywhere with it.

My new computer ended up working fine. Was it the best on the market? I don't know... but I know enough about the tech industry to not invest a large percentage of your money in their stocks because its such a highly "mutable" industry (meaning that every month your devices gets old because another competitive company made something better) that no product or corporation is stable enough to yield consistently. So it doesn't even matter if my new computer isn't the best.

Can you imagine if I was deluded enough to be so caught up in the tech industry that I bought the latest cell phone and computer that just came out to always have the best items? Do you know how far removed from the actually reason why I NEED such things anyways? All I need computers for is to write, keep a library of PDF's, study stuff on the world wide web, and stay connected to people. If I was caught up searching for the bestest and most powerful computers, constantly shopping and upgrading, I would never genuinely actualize my basic need for a computer. In other words, what computer I use is only a MEANS for me to achieve a certain result and fulfill a certain need which I have. I know my computer will get old and that it is not the bestest one out there. But it works for me... or I mickey mouse it to make it work for me.

Mickey mousing things is a way of life for me. I got the term from working at Target way back some years ago when I was going to school. I worked at night so I could go to school during the days. I was one of the people that deconstructed a whole isle down and put up a new one with new shelf schematics, items, and price tags. Sometimes we had to tear down an entire "gondola" which is what they called the actually contraption that holds the shelves up.

I was surprised the first time we took down a gondola to notice the whole thing didn't use and nails or screws! You just knock the parts into these notches and it stays together somehow. Taking them apart was easy because you just needed a hammer and beat things apart with it. Putting one together was the hard part because sometimes things don't go back to how they were and walls are lopsided or pieces are missing... which is when you "mickey mouse" things. That means you go find gum... duck tape... a hanger... or anything you can find (I used stuffed animals once) and you use your imagination and creativity to make things go together... even if they don't so the manager of the store – your boss – thinks everything is in order, safe, and working right. You know you just mickey moused something when you stand back looking at

your creation and proudly say to yourself and your team mates – ‘There... that oughta do it.’

I wouldn't walk down any isles I put together I tell you that, cuz I used a lot of folded up cardboard and cans of Coke to prop up some of the gondola. You have to be a master or mistress at mickey mousing to know the secret uses of Coke cans to hold up gondolas. Me and my team were responsible for building all of the display items too... as we use to tell each other – ‘Don't touch it! It's just good for looking at!’ Fortunately, the Target I used to work at isn't there any more. God we had a lot of law suit, and somebody died in the parking lot once. She was an old co-worker who had spent 50 years working at the same Target during the night shift stocking the isles we put together. She just was walking to her car one morning after work to go home and died of a heart attack on her way to her car... slave driver!

So what's our first point? The first point is people these days... with the first amendment and all... have the freedom to pick and choose their religions if they are so inclined. There is a major price to pay for such freedoms... coherency of the mass (or lack of it). Nobody thinks the same beliefs any more, and people hardly get along with those who have different beliefs from their own... but this is a different subject matter.

With that freedom to choose your own beliefs... religion... and gods... comes – Indecision. One thing I remember my multimillionaire tutor telling me is that indecision is the trademark of a failure in life. All successful people...no matter what their field of interest is... have the same essential quality or personality trait of stubborn determination and decisiveness. You make a decision and you stick with it till the end, and you don't change your mind in mid game. It's the most basic quality of a successful general of an army or a leader of a nation.

Like Winston Churchill during a certain episode of World War Two. It was a time when the Nazis were air raiding England. He and his generals one day made a decision to use a certain surprise maneuver on the Nazis, which if they were successful would turn the tide of the war and help them win. The only problem was that the British military intelligence had intercepted and deciphered a secret coded German communiqués about another air raiding of London... Churchill and his army had to remain clear in mind and keep their original goal in mind and they were determined to stick with that decision at all cost... and the costs were high. If the British intelligence and military had evacuated London due to that intercepted communiqué, the Germans would have known that the UK was aware of certain things which would in turn spoil the opportunity for that surprise attack.

A general that changes his mind in mid game on the battlefield will lose a war. A stock market player who is wishy-washy about his decisions on what stocks to buy, and sells and buys in mid game all over the place will not get good results. A student who cannot make up her mind as to what she wants to major in, in school will waste her time and money. You make a decision and you stick with it till the end, and if things don't seem to be working, you don't change your mind... you mickey mouse thing to make that decision work as best as possible.

This should be common knowledge. It's like geometry and rowboats. Say you are the central dot on a row boat in the middle of a circle which is a lake. The circumference of that circle is made up of an infinite number of Points in geometry... each point is a possible end destination

you have the freedom to chose to row your boat to. It's only logical that if you row your boat to one point... and then change your mind and row your boat to a different one... then change your mind again and row towards a third point that althoe you seem to be moving... you are actually going nowhere at all. You pick a destination and with stubborn determination row your boat to that goal.

Life is like that circular lake. It's so vast and pointless that there is an infinite number of points and possibilities in front of you. You pick an end goal in life and you reorganize your 'becomingness' – the unfolding of life – to steer you to that end goal. Otherwise the movement you experience in life is a pointless movement which leads you nowhere.

You may ask me then, 'so what's up with "religion" and what's it got to do with a pointless life and decision making?'

Life, as it is naturally, is very "big" like outer space. When a human wants to put himself in the environment of outer space he needs to have a few essential tools to make such an experience possible. First he will need the right "personal environment" thru which he may experience such an outer environment with which he may manipulate such outer environment. This is called a space shuttle and a space suit. The shuttle gets you into space with air to breathe, and the space suit allows to a more personal experience of outer space.

Having a space shuttle and space suit does not make one an astronaut. If you sent a normal civilian into outer space with an expensive shuttle and a state of the art space suit, he will not be able to survive very long or do much, because he lacks the other essential tool to exist and survive in the outer space environment – the "software"... the knowledge of what space is, what he's doing there, how things work in zero gravity, how he will work, and how he should do things, if he desires to derive optimal experience.

This Life... this causal existence... this earth, is like that vast environment, and your causal body is that space suit by which you can more personally experience this causal environment... But just because you as an entity had a way to get here and just because you have a "state of the art" causal body (actually the Homo Sapiens body models we are using is about 200,000 years old, which IMO is incredibly outdated) does not make you an "astronaut"... or a "causalnaut (?)." Why not?

Because you lack the "Software" to function optimally in this causal environment. What do you call a millionaire who has enough money to pay Russia to take them into space? He's not an cosmonaut... he's a "space tourist"... thus without proper "causalnaut" software in your brain you are also just a tourist here on earth essentially... observing and sight seeing, but hardly functional. If you are foolish enough to believe that you are optimally functional in this causal environment then compare yourself to a billionaire like Donald Trump... or to Angelina Jolie who is very beautiful, and famous... or to that guy you secretly envy who has the hot wife and house of his dreams... or to a successful politician... or that guy you obsess over who is respected and admired by terrorists and Jihadists... and you will quickly realize that you are nobody in life and that somehow other humans have made Life work for them to manifest the Life of their dreams... while you work and toil to make enough money to just be a barely functioning tourist

here... an “extra” in somebody else’s movie.

This is where Belief and Religion comes into play in the human arena. In a very real sense, these memplexes are literal bio-computer software you install in your brain which runs your “Operating System” and which influences your every thought, thinking process, feelings, how you react to stimuli, and your actions.

So this is the scene that is taking place – there are 7 billion causal environment tourists here on this earth and they all come here without the proper software, or Nature gave it to you, but over the many years you seemed to have misplaced it. So now there are all of these vendors with tables along the side of roads everywhere selling you – a tourist – every kind of imaginable Bio-Software you can think of... from the latest pirated version of the Jesus Software to Materialist Software to the Communist Software.

So you go searching for the latest junk software or the most ancient software you can find – as if ancient memetic software programmers knew how to function right in the 21st century. You go shopping for your gods and beliefs, like people go shopping for cars and computers.

These window shoppers are the most obnoxious people you can go shopping with. They spend all their time looking at all these stupid things about their memplex like are the gods pretty... do they promise godlike powers... do their life insurance policies include an after life... do they make your ego feel great and superior then others... can you use it masochistically to make yourself feel like a vile sinner that needs to be washed by some god... does it come with chaos magic, vampires, and werewolves... how about gene splicing aliens from Nibiru... can you use its impossible to follow moral codes to beat others down with?

Then you bring your memplex home and take it out of the box and what do you really have? Crap. You use it for a while, then get tired of it and go find a new one... the latest one that nobody else is using... ‘Be the first one on your block! Impress your friends! Limited supply, buy now!’ Yeah right, you know when you hear “limited supply” that they have at least 10 warehouses stocked to the roof with it. This Capitalist-Consumerist “culture” – or mindset – that plagues today’s world doesn’t help out either.

It’s all mostly junk. These memplexes don’t have anything in reality to do with life. All it takes is for you to examine where your attention and mind is being focused when you install such software into your brain. Does it focus your mind on God or Life? On Heaven or Life? On salvation or Life? On their religious beliefs or secular materialist convictions or Life? Does it teach you to function optimally to get the best experience and even to succeed in and out of Life? Or is your mind lead deeper and deeper into a maze of phantoms, beliefs, illusions, delusions, materialist denials, etc?

If you think about it, all of these bio-software do the same basic function – tells you how to interpret reality and HOW to live your Life... for whose best interest and what end results is the question. It’s the same with computers. All computers perform the same essential function – computer stuff. All religions perform the same essential function – religion stuff. The same with cars... all cars do the same basic thing – take you from here to there. It’s just that with this

Capitalist-Consumerist mindset most people operate on these days, they are caught up in "Brand Names." The best known Church Brands sells the most memeplexes. What are you actually achieving in life and how are you functioning in life and how do you apprehend life, if you are too business chasing phantoms and illusions of religions, gods, and other people's sanctified opinions?

When I buy a car, I stick with it. Chloe has a cousin who trades in his car every other month for a new one. If I end up not liking something about my car, I fix it up and make it likable... I mickey mouse it until it fits me. I don't know much about cars, so I'll use a different example I'm more familiar with to explain how I see this ONA which is my second point.

The ONA is like a pair of jeans that you find at Anton Long's garage sale. They're vintage jeans that he proolly makes himself from old bits and pieces of things he has laying around. All jeans, no matter who makes it or what brand name it is do the same two basic things – covers your ass and covers your kooter. Sometimes we forget that. It's not like if I buy a pair of True Religion jeans like it'll hide my kooch better than any other kind. Well... ok, some jeans make your ass look better cuz of how they are made to lift such things. I personally like ONA jeans because my ass looks good in them.

You know how you buy a pair of jeans and you wear them so often they start to wear out? Holes will form in the knees and that part just below you ass cheeks? I guess sometimes when jeans get to this point many people will throw them away and go shopping for a new pair.

It's not that I'm cheap or anything, but I get attached to all my jeans, so for me, I think the holes gives my jeans personal character. If they get bigger in unwanted spots I can mickey mouse it and stitch it up with a cool patch. I do that anyways to personalize my jeans. Then if the holes get way to big, rather than throw the jeans away, I cut them into shorts for the beach and make paper with the cut up pieces.

For me the ONA is the same way personally. It's rare that every single part of your jeans or other clothing is 100% to your personal liking. This is something that you have to do on your own to personalize your stuff.

I haven't been in the ONA for a long time. Not 10 years or 40, but I have enough "culture" and discipline to stick with one thing. There are certain aspects about the ONA that do not fit me personally (as I am today), but I just mickey mouse these things to make them fit my personality and character. Such as one of its outer forms – old school National-Socialism. I used to like it, but I changed as a person inside. Does that mean I'm going to discard National-Socialism? No, I'll mickey mouse it until it fits who I am today... or actually David Myatt did this already with Reichsfolk NS.

Such as "Satanism" which is another outer form of the ONA. Do I believe a "Satan" exists? No, I don't. I used to when I was 5 years old... when I also believed in Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny... or when I was 13 and still really dumb... but I change inside as I grow up. Does this mean that I have thrown away Christmas and Easter? No. These things still have an emotional meaning to me, as all of my very fond childhood memories are often associated with

such things. Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny still means something to me... something much different today than they did when I was 5.

How I see and understand "Satan" today is very different. I didn't throw "Satan" away just because I outgrew my belief in his existence. There is an emotional attachment to the idea of "Satan" which reminds me of my personal struggle to earn my mental and psychological freedom to genuinely think for myself by doubting what I have been told to believe. As I grew older, and as I learned more about life with this freedom to see and experience life without religious filters I just put what I learned about that Life into "Satan" to give it new meaning.

It's something I do when I go hiking or when I am at the beach. I love to stuff my pockets up with little rocks and seashells I find or strange items I come across. So in my analogy of the ONA being a pair of jeans, what we called "Satan" and "Baphomet" are the pockets of these jeans which I gradually fill up with little bits of meaning and understanding. The more meaning I personally give to these things, the more value such things have to me. Rather than go and buy somebody else's "gods" I would rather spend my time either making my own or coming into my own understandings of what "gods" are.

I do not believe that there is a creature in the acausal that calls itself "Satan" or "Baphomet" because it would be foolish to believe that creatures of such Timeless kind should have "names" we creatures of Time make up. After all, what was this "Satan" calling itself 100,000 years ago when our homo sapiens ancestors were still grunting like apes? If such an ape kind of human referred to its feeble apprehension of the Living Cosmos as "Ugh," are you telling me that some entity in the Acausal would come down and say to the caveman – "No, no, you idiot... it's Satan, not Ugh, Satan as in the proto-Hebraic "Shatan"... or the Ancient Greek "Aitan" depending on what future source your ancestors will chose to believe... so get it right!"

Same thing with "Baphomet." Does (Mother) Nature really care what her Life forms – Her form she takes on in Life – calls Her? Last time I check fruit flies, trees, and water buffalos didn't call Nature by any name at all. Nature is just something that they are a part of... that cares for them... but is beyond caring what it is called.

I don't care what the cells in my body calls me... I don't think they call me anything at all to be quite honest... but yet I still care for them by providing them with the things they need thru eating and breathing and by providing them with protection by not jumping off a cliff to my death. Why should something like me – a really smart human being so beyond the feeble intelligence of a toe cell – do so much to provide for such things that hardly acknowledge my existence?

Because I have no choice – they are me. The Living Cosmos wouldn't be "Living" if there was nothing Living in it. That Life Force must be used and manifested as Living Beings... such that what Living Beings that do develop from that Life Force is the same Life Force in different expressions and forms... in the same way that my own blood and life force gives life to and animates every single cell in my body... which in turn makes me who I am.

What then is in a name? I don't even refer to myself as Kayla when I think to myself or hold an

internal dialogue with myself. Doing that is a sign of a fracture in one's personality of mental oneness somewhere, which means you are crazy. I don't believe the Living Cosmos is insane and that it calls itself "Satan" or "Jehovah," or "Brahma" or whatever when it talks to itself.

Other people call me Kayla. Even then what others call me is not constant. Some call me Mercie... some sister... some babe... some have their own nicknames for me... but whatever these people call me, I somehow am smart enough to know that they are calling me and talking to me. Who I am to these people is not also a constant. I am a daughter to some... a niece to other... a girlfriend to one... a criminal to a certain few. If I am a mere human and the many names, labels, and things other people call me and believe me to be does not confuse me in any way. Do you assume to tell me that something like a Living Universe gives a shit what you call it or whether you think it's a bearded spirit creature of a tree? How stupid must you simplify the Cosmos and Life to be to fit your own human capacity to understand shit?

I got tired of this stupid theist versus atheist thing that seems to plague mundane Satanism one day so I was meditating on the idea which led me into a thought experiment. I shrunk myself down in my mind to the size of a mitochondria and I put myself in different cell clusters in my body to see how those cells viewed this entity called "Kayla" which they cannot see.

If I were people living in my feet cells, I would think this entity "Kayla" was tyrannical for using me to carry her places. If I were people living in my gut cells I would believe this "Kayla" entity to be despicable to think of me in such a way that I have no worth then to deal with her poo. If I were people living in my hair cells (if hair has cells, I don't know, just pretend) or any cell on my face, I would believe that this "Kayla" entity really loved me a whole lot and I would see "her" as a goddess. Because "she" spends her time shampooing me and putting lipstick on me to make me really hot, and she uses all these face creams and lotions keep us face skin cells healthy.

Then I moved myself into my neurons and I asked myself how these neurons thought of me... that's when I found my "atheist" cells. My neurons don't think of me in any way, because they are doing the thinking... they are "Kayla"... all of them put together as one hive of neurons is "Kayla." So which cluster of cells has the right apprehension of me? The anti-Kayla foot and gut cells? The theist hair and face cells? Or the atheist brain cells? None and all at the same time. They each have a different understanding of who and what I am based on what they are and what their level and capacity to understand is. This entity known sometimes as "Kayla" is a hive of symbiotic co-operative cells or an integrated system of life. As all living things in Nature exists as a living part of an integrated whole – single – system.

Nothing about me remains the same forever... especially my thoughts. What I knew, understood, and thought was possible 10 years ago is very primitive and different than what I know and understand today. This fact brings up certain problems about the universe and Nature – a) Either I out grew and out understood Life and Nature and the Cosmos... or b) Those things exist independent of and way beyond my ability to grasp – understand such things."

I go with (b) and understand that what I believe, know, and apprehend about Live, existence, the Cosmos, and Nature, is not the real and actual thing. In the same sense that what other

people in my life think they know about “Kayla” is not fully who I truly am inside. The only living person who can truly say that they know “Kayla” is me... and even then that’s philosophically questionable. The “Kayla” that exists in their Subjective Universe, is not me – the Objective Kayla. The Life, reality, Nature that you believe to know and understand in your Subjective Universe, is NOT the infinite Universe and reality “out there.”

So why hold onto names? Why have I kept Santa Claus and Satan as aspects of my life still? Why have I not thrown them away?

Have you ever gone shopping for food or went to the mall originally with the thought that you were only going to the supermarket to buy just what you need or that you were going to the mall just to hang out with friends... but you came back almost every time with \$200 worth of junk? Now... have you ever gone to the same supermarket with a written shopping list... which helps you FOCUS on what you are looking for... and you came back from the store almost always with what you need?

Well, for me having and using the name “Satan” and a “Baphomet” is like being in the supermarket of Life and having a shopping list which helps me focus my mind and attention on what I should be looking for when I am apprehending Life so I won’t end up with a pile of junk.

The ‘god-meme’ doesn’t travel alone. The god-meme is like a really nice looking car on a car lot. You walk on the lot, see all these cool cars... the sales guy put on his fake smile... and if you buy one of them next thing you know you’re signing 20 pages of fine print and the company owns your life for 6 years. The memplex that follows the god-meme around are those 20 pages of fine print... and they do own your life if you have been infected by them in very real ways.

It’s natural for us to look up into the sky and ask ourselves what it all means. It’s a question and mystery that has been with us forever as a species and it has never been answered. The god-meme uses that natural awe and wonder of the mystery of life and sneaks its foot into your mind’s door to catch your interest. It tells you – ‘hey, come check out our god-meme, he’ll answer those questions.’ So you walk into their tent to check out their sideshow and you first see a bearded guy in a tunic and sandals if you’re in the Christianity circus tent. You’ll see deformed 4 and 8 armed people with elephant heads and blue skin if you wandered into the Hindu tent.

So they catch your interest and you say to them – ‘wow, that’s freaky, what’s your god-meme and his beard or elephant head got to do with Life?’ They’ll tell you need to walking in deeper behind the first veil to figure out. So you follow the guy behind the veil and you watch a movie about the life of Jesus or some Guru and they hook you with another meme – the meme (or idea/concept) that you are a vile and despicable creature that is inherently wrong in some way. You worry and ask them – ‘Gosh, I didn’t know that, I’m a sinner bound for hell or I’ve been here for a 1000 life times? How do I save myself and make myself right?’ They’ll say you have to go past the second veil to learn that... and you go.

That’s when they tweak your emotional buttons to manipulate your primal need to be loved

and wanted by hooking you with their another meme – the meme that their god-meme loves you and wants the best for you and that their god-meme has a special gift for you like heaven or nirvana which is totally way better than mortal existence and the hear and now! Wow! No way! ‘Where do I sign’ you ask. So you get baptized... or they cut off the pointy skin of your dick off... or perform some other weird ceremony to make you one of them. Then that’s when the rest of the pile of memes – software – gets loaded into your brain.

That’s when you realize what innocently began as a cute god-meme, turned into a pile of “thou shalt, and thou shalt not,” and when you discover that that memplex or software you installed in your brain controls your life. It tells you what you can and cannot eat. Jews can’t eat a list of animals, Muslims can’t eat pigs... Hindus don’t eat beef... some sects of Buddhism don eat any animal at all. Your thoughts are no longer yours. Your pastor or guru tells you how to think and what is real and acceptable and what is fake and unreal. You discover that you live your whole life for the religion... and not for Life or yourself.

What’s all of that got to do with Life? Who do those things serve? These religion memplexes are self serving parasites. You maintain and propagate their god-meme, their memes of what life is and how it should be lives, there memes of wrong and right... you are going out of your way to think... eat... mate... live different in accordance with the dictates of such memplexes. Those memplexes are not giving you the knowledge and liberty to live as you once lived it – Free. Even the atheistic-materialistic memplex does this.

Using the name “Satan” and having a list of concepts I associate with “Satanism” is a firewall or a guard to keep me clean of these memetic parasites. I constantly add to what “Satan” and “Satanism” is to me. If your god-memes, ideas, beliefs, memplex doesn’t fit into what I know as Satan and Satanism... then get it the hell away from me.

If your god-meme says that there is a single right way to live life which was created by some personification of human emotions and human wishful thinking, then that doesn’t fit what Satan is to me and I reject your god-meme. I believe life is pointless and that there is no single right way to live life. Life is what you make of it. If your memplex says that killing is wrong, then that has nothing to do with the software I am using called “ONA Satanism version 121yf” thru which I understand that death and one animal taking another’s life in Life and Nature is a natural process. If your memplex says that caring for other people is the right thing to do... then I reject that memplex because that’s not how I personally understand life via my memplex which I chose to refer to as “Satanism.”

So there are practical reasons why I still use Satan and Satanism. It keeps me focused and it helps me maintain my mental clarity so I can clearly see my original intent and objectives in Life – doing whatever I can to succeed in life and to consciously evolve myself... at all costs.

This doesn’t mean that I worship a Satan or that what I call “Satanism” is the same thing as what others call “Satanism.” It also doesn’t mean that what is my Satanism is the same as the Satanism used in the ONA. I will mickey mouse the ONA and everything about it to fit me personally, including its Satanism. This way the ONA doesn’t stunt my personal growth. Instead it helps me grow and as I grow, I will drag it along with me whether it want to come or

not... like a faithful pet dog, a companion in life, or a tapeworm, that never leaves your side but grows with you.

The ONA is just like a pair of your favorite jeans. You can dye it different colors, put glitter on it... even cut it into shorts if you want... just don't cut out the two fundamental components. In a pair of jeans if you cut a hole in the crotch area and in the ass area, your jeans are completely worthless... because you've just gotten rid of its fundamental essence – the idea that it covers your damn crotch and ass crack. In the ONA the most basic fundamental two things of the ONA are the Black Book of Satan and Naos. You get rid of those and you really don't have much of an ONA any more.

Does this mean that I have to forever believe that Satan and Baphomet are real and that performing all those rites in the BBS actually does what they do? I mickey mouse the BBS to make it fit me and work for me. Rather than throw it away because I have out grown it, I force new meaning into it to keep it relevant to me. It's not going anywhere. It's how I see things and how I interpret the BBS that makes it different to me.

What I thought long ago as fact... meaning that Satan and the Dark Gods exist and performing ceremonies to them as described actually did things to worship them, I now see and understand as Mythos. This is not to say that the BBS is "myth."

Mythos is a story, at times a mythic fiction, other times a real historic event that is used in such a way that it captivates a group of people's minds who resonates with that essence and quality and brings them together into a coherent social structure... giving birth slowly to a Culture and Living Tradition. Mythos is the resonance factor which is the glue of a collective identity. Mythos is a common foundation that is the germ of culture, regardless of its actual factual nature.

Just look at how powerful the Mythos of Lovecraft is. He never claimed his stories were fact. Every body knows his Mythos is fiction... but they have such a power to captivate people's minds – enchanting a primal nature in some of us – that it draws people of like resonance together.

Mythos doesn't always mean myth. The Aryan Mythos Hitler and his friends created enchanted an entire nation of Germans down trodden by the failure of the first world war. It gave them a sense of needed identity and self worth. It brought them up from being despised by the part of Europe that won the first world war. It gave them new meaning in their lives... and they went to war and killed for that Mythos. It took the entire world to come together to stop that Mythos.

The Mythos that we hear in school about the Founding Fathers and their fight for Liberty is another example of Mythos that is not fairy tale. That Mythos – the historic story – of some group of men all laying their lives down to fight the most powerful empire in Human history for Freedom and Human Rights is powerful and it's what makes America as a country a super power because it calls out those humans who resonate with that human desire to be Free people with rights and the same opportunities in life as any one else.

Did those “founding fathers” actually fight for people’s freedom? Most of them owned slaves... and it actually started from a disagreement on taxation without representation. Those guys just saw an opportunity of a life time and they took full advantage of that window of opportunity when the circumstances blossomed as Time develops such circumstances. What actually happened back then is less romantic and less captivating. The living Mythos we hear now, that has been told for hundreds of years is more enchanting and powerful... it is thus a reinterpretation of things. That Mythos was never thrown away one day when America changed and became its own “person.” America just took that old story and gave it new life... thus breathing magic into it to its own benefit.

To me I do that same with the BBS, Satan, and Satanism. I might have out grown the idea that an anthropomorphic devil exists and that performing a Black Mass pleases him, but I don’t throw out those things. I reinterpret these things to breathe new life into it for me to my own benefit. Do I believe that performing such rites benefits some host of demons in the acausal? No. Do I believe performing such rites helps draw down acausal energy and/or Life Force? Yes... how so?

Using “Satan” as a compass to guide me on this hiking trail of Life, I have come to see certain aspects about Life and Nature that’s not really written in books. Life Force seems to move... or is constantly in motion. The obvious example is if it stops raining in a spot on the earth for a long time, the Life Force in that spot atrophies and recede and goes to a new spot. Life Force moves around the earth in visible patterns with the seasons, with the phases of the moon, the tides the moon brings, and with sun spots even.

In my mind one day, as I was meditating on this concept of “Stargates” and “nexions” that Anton Long thought up of, I was reminded really quickly of the plumbing under my sink. This one time one of the pipe at one of my uncles houses was leaking and the leaking broke the pipe. There was all this water gushing all over the place, and my uncle ran somewhere to close off some valve in the piping system which turned off the water supply for the whole house so he could fix it.

That made me think about farmers and their irrigation systems. In ancient times, and still in many parts of rural Asia, they use gravity to water their fields, and they’ll have these flood gate things which they can open and close to control the flow of water. So I was thinking to myself how if I were a farmer, the crops in one of my fields weren’t healthy, or if I wanted to use the crop rotation technique to vitalize one of my fields, I would cut off water supply to that field and use that water to feed my other fields that yielded more Life.

Which got me to think about Life and Nature. As I apprehend Nature, it seems as thoe the further a person removes himself or herself from Nature and lives unnaturally, the sicker and more diseased they are. For instance compare our Western people with people living in rural areas in other “less developed nations” and ask yourself which group suffers from more diseases such as cancers... heart disease... tumors... etc. By removed from Life I not only mean a physical removal or eating food with man made chemicals in it, but also a conscious forcing of oneself to live against the flow of Nature. Not only do you see that humans in the west suffer from more disease and are dying more often... but you see the same effect in dogs and cats

that live in these same parts of the world.

It seems as those humans, dogs, and cats who come from areas of the world that lock themselves indoors for long periods of time... bathe themselves in artificial lights most of the time... eat foods with artificial chemicals most of the time... and do everything but live life... die. As if Life Force recedes from these humans and dogs because Life does not thrive in them and thru them. The Life Force in them atrophies... like a farmer had closed their floodgates to stop the flow of Life Force and acausal energy to feed these people who are not thriving. If the basic idea of Life is to Live and thrive thru its living forms... then it is only logical that life forms that reject Life and that refuse to participate in Life cannot be a vital causal vehicle for Life to thrive thru... thus the many lethal diseases that both humans and the pets they force to adopt such anti-life styles die from.

I seriously believe that Right Hand religions, their rites, and hardcore materialism removes you from Life resulting in a atrophic recession of acausal energy and Life Force in such people. So base on how I currently understand Life and Nature, these rites and ceremonies we have in the Black Book of Satan and the Physis in Naos not only keeps a person physically connected to Life and Nature, but those Traditional Rites do call down acausal energy and Life Force because those rites gets the initiate to celebrate – exult – Life and mortal existence and all such gifts of mortal existence has to offer.

An ONA initiate who learns to practice these rites and follows the Sinister way, eventually relearns how to live life unfettered by goofy memes and idea of a right way or wrong way to live Life. The initiate in a sense rediscovers her or his primal Nature within and becomes a natural living organism like any animal capable of experiencing Life whether that experiencing is sex, killing, preying, or whatever... we end up doing what Life intended us to do – Live it and thrive.

I guess what I am saying is what has been said before with Martial Arts. You pick a style that fits you and stick with it... and change it as you progress and evolve. Like how Anton Long stuck with the ONA for 40 years and how we can visibly see thru his 30 and so years of writing how the ONA has changed as he changed... shapeshifting as he grows, progresses, evolves, and shapeshifts on his own private quest in Life.

You end up not really going anywhere in life if you do not have the nature and culture to stick with one thing and make that thing work – or succeed with that one thing. Because if you did not have it in you to succeed or make that one thing work for you... what make you thing using something else will do it for you? If the car you are driving sucks and keeps getting into car accidents... sometimes it might not be the car that is not functioning right... it just might be you – the driver. Success comes from within. It is a determination, or a burning. For most of us, the only thing that comes closest to such a burning for a single objective is the object of our infatuation. We will go to any length and measure if our passion for a person burns great enough to get that person... and to those whose passion does burn fierce with single minded determination, they often do succeed.

It's like the old Zen story – one day a student finds a monk bathing in the river and the student goes up to the monk and says – 'Master, I desire enlightenment, please teach me.' The monk

tells the student to go away and stop bothering him. The student, thinking the monk was testing his desire said – ‘I will not go away, I’ll keep bugging you until you accept me as a student.’ The monk told the student to go away a second time. So the student enters the river with the monk and refuses to leave asking a third time for the monk to make him a student.

The monk got angry and grabbed the man’s head and forced him into the water sitting on his neck to drown him. The man struggles and fights for his life eventually pushing the monk off to catch his breath and he asks in a rage – ‘what’s wrong with you? I came here to ask you to teach me to find enlightenment, and you try to kill me?’ The monk says – ‘what did you desire most when you were drowning?’ ‘Air,’ says the student. The monk tells the man – ‘Unless you desire enlightenment with that same intensity and determination, you will not have the ability to achieve it. Not having the ability to become enlightened you are wasting my time, leave me alone’... and the man left, learning something valuable.

Those who genuinely resonate with the ONA – as Anton Long – have a certain objective in life, or a certain way they desire to live life which they burn for with that same intensity and determination. It drives them to go to extreme measures to live such a sinister life to the point where they will isolate themselves in the woods, go to jail and risk their lives for it. It’s not a choice, its who they are, and its what they burn for. For such people this ONA is just a way and a means – a tool – that helps such sinister individuals manifest the Life and Way they naturally determined to live anyways. As a gun is a tool for a police officer and a gangbanger... neither of these two kinds of people ever are without their guns. Someone who is genuinely Sinister, never leaves home without his Sinister Way. The indecisive who have no Way or Life, not genuinely Sinister By Nature, and burn for nothing in particular, have it in their nature to window shop.

Kayla 352

Order of Nine Angles

121 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SENTENTIA OBDUCO



Sententia Obduco

Since last year our ONA NXS blog has had a lot of people finding their way to the blog by searching “Chloe 352.” It happens at least 6 times in a day. So I thought I’d write a very long thing entirely about me and stuff about what strange and other worldly things grows in my brain! Since it appears as though at least 6 people are interested in information about me. Six is enough, I don’t need much to give me reason to talk about myself! Sententia Obduco is Latin for something like “passing thoughts.”

My Cyber Presence

Chloe is my real first name [one of two]. By our culture and/or social class’s Tradition I have two last names: my dad and mom’s. Taking both your parents last names is common in both my Asian family’s customs as well as my Mexican side. I’m not going to say it’s a custom of upper class people. It’s just that this seems regular practice amongst certain Culture people of Asian and Mexican ethnicity. My biological dad’s family name is my “middle name,” and my mom’s family name is my last name. Those two parts of my name will remain offline. “Ortega” is not my real last name, but I use it as such online. It’s a nickname.

No, I don’t have a web presence anywhere else but at our ONA NXS blog. Or at least no cyber account on the internet is specifically and exclusively me. I do not have a facebook. 90% of the people I hang out with are my own family and cousins whom I see every day in real life. I have no need to “stay connected” to them. If anything, I try to disconnect myself from them to get some me time. 99% of the people I know and hang out with are in my face everyday in some way. I have no need to “stay connected” with them via facebook. I got over that teenybopper stuff during our Myspace and Friendster days 6 years ago. It got old fast, seriously.

I don’t have a “cyber presence” in forums. What my friends and I have are things we call “portal accounts.” We usually make a single account somewhere and pass the password and log-in data around with one another. The first reason was that in the old days when we used the same portal account to talk about ONA or whatever, because all of our insights come out of one profile, it makes the profile sound extra smart and this is effective in causing resonance. After a while either these portal accounts get unused or one of us will adopt the profile and its

nym and run around the internet doing whatever with it. One or two of our portal accounts have been confused for DM for some odd reason by many people. People out there are just paranoid and believe any ONA person on the internet with functioning frontal lobes must be David Myatt. While others want to believe that any ONA person online that can articulate a sentence is David Myatt so they can debate such people thinking they are out thinking or debating the Man, because they live their mundane Myatt obsessed life running around the Internet to fight and pick on DM. It's the latest craze these days. What better way to show other imbecile mundanes you have cyberballs then to attack digital paper tigers and troll legions of draconian David Myatts lurking everywhere in the most disinteresting of web forums. Yes indeed, internet trolls these days are the heroes of the mentally impaired.

My Ethnic Makeup

I am mixed with a lot of things, Mexican being one. Which is why race is no real issue to me, and why I can afford to be an equal opportunity racist. My biological dad is Mexican. Or specifically Mestizo which is a mix of indigenous people and White Europeans. From his family name, the White side of him originates from Portugal in some distant past. My parents were never married, they lived together, then spilt up.

But I do have bonds and relationships with my Mexican family. Blood is Bond. But the reason why I don't talk about my "Mexicanness" is because my dad and his family have been living in California since before California was a state. And so, my Mexican side is as American as America. Because my Mexican side is as American as any other secular American, what do I have to talk about? Tortillas? Hot dogs? Being American? Being Secular? Being Republican? Plus I'm not raised by my Mexican side. And also I look more like my aunt-mom and Asian cousins than my Mexican relatives. Why do I look like my Asian cousins and not my Mexican relatives? It's a fascinating thought.

My culture has an ancient traditional belief that when a girl is pregnant whatever or whomever she thinks about the most during her pregnancy influences how the baby will come out looking like. So in our culture, when we learn that one of our girls is pregnant she's not allow to watch TV, look at ugly picture, or listen to alarming music, or be around unsightly people – such as fat people – and she is not allow to do any kind of work or be in any situation where she gets strongly angry, scared, or freak out. Otherwise the baby may come out affected.

So if you have cousins that look like their fathers, it means that the mother during her pregnancy was either really in love with the father, or thought about him often. And this can even be a thinking about in a hating and irritated kind of way. If your cousin looks like their mom, it means the mother was thinking about her own self and her own life, etc. So why did I come out looking like people on my mom's side of the family? Because at the time my mom abandoned her family to be with her boyfriend [my dad] and during her pregnancy she said she felt very sad and missed her family, most especially her favorite sister [my aunt-mom] and she would think about them at night. It's also said that as a baby you grow to take on the look and character traits of whoever is breast feeding you, since the breast milk is also considered "blood." My mother was thinking about my aunt-mom when she was pregnant with me, and my aunt-mom raised me and breast fed me; so I actually did come out looking more like my

aunt-mom or her genetic daughter.

My grandparents on my Asian side are something like 60% Han Chinese. Specifically Hokkien, Teochew, and Cantonese. If you image google Taiwan Girls, you'll get an idea of what me and my cousins look like, since most Taiwanese are Hokkien [Hoklo] people. My grandmother says her parents and their relatives spoke Hokkien when they used Chinese. I have at least 5 uncles I know whose names are Uncle Hok. I have cousins who are 90% Han Chinese of mostly Teochew stock. It's all hard to tell because of the strange fact that a lot of line-breeding has been going on over many generations. So it's hard to determine the percentage of genetic stock when no new blood is added into the mix you know? The other 40% of my Asian side is Thai, with Laotian way in the background. But my Great grandmother is mostly Thai-Chinese.

Language(s) I Speak

I honestly speak only one fluently: English. I understand spoken Khmer, but I don't know enough words in my lexicon to make a whole sentence to speak with common folk Khmer people. The Khmer my family uses is of a higher register and so we use different words, and pronouns are obsolete. How do I explain this? It's like you have a kingdom the size of New York City and 85% of your citizens speak common street grade slang, and you were born and raised by a family of Yale graduates who work as lawyers and politicians. You understand and speak the same "language" but as far as talking with the 85% commoner goes and being understood, your language skills can be considered "impaired" due to difference in lexicon/register and cultural matrix.

I can read and speak more Spanish words than Khmer. I know as much French as I do Spanish; enough to understand what I am reading half the time which doesn't mean anything. I took German in high school during my "Hitler years." I think I was the only Asian or ethnic person in the whole school to have a picture of Adolf Hitler on my folder and the White friends I had – from German class – were all either local skinheads or members of the KKK. I was even made a full fledged member of their skinhead crew called SLWB which stood for Skinny Little White Boyz. If you're a girl it's SLWG [the G for Girlz].

Everybody knew I was Asian and not white in my White group of friends, but they didn't seem to care. They actually defended my confusion, by saying: "Asian is the other White meat." So during lunch period we'd be in the library and I'd check and edit my White friends German homework and essays. Which was where we did all of our philosophical or ideological talks on National Socialism, racial supremacy, Jews, Zionism. My Aryan friends were intelligent, unlike the Nazi hillbillies you encounter in the Midwest. They were considerate enough to remember that Japan was the last of the Axis powers to hold out till the very end. It took two nukes and the world to stop the Japanese side of the Axis! Eat that Italy. The Axis shall rise again! If you're a National Socialist and you know your history, you have to at least give your props to your Asian kinfolk for trying.

Early Nazi Friend Influences

I was sort of influenced by them. But first of all what race am I? Asian or Mexican? Hokkien,

Cantonese, or Aztec, or Portuguese? I do have racist feelings, but those feelings aren't some blanket world view I cover over an entire race with. If you are within my field of awareness in some way and you are stupid or bugging me, yeah, I'll treat you like you're stupid and I'll hate on your skin color, ignorance, religion, gender, whatever. But that's it. Just because I try to attack everything about you as a person, doesn't mean I dislike a person of the same skin color and nationality as you are, because they might be respectful and nice to me. I have to know you to like you, and I have to know you to hate you.

But I don't have to be influenced by my White friends to have deep prejudices about certain kinds of people. I get that from my own family and culture I was raised in. They just have a deep dislike for people called "peasants" and commoners. It's weird because for my family, they were all born and raised in a different country which was in general 80% racially homogeneous. The 80% majority were subjugated and disliked. But the "racism" or "classism" that existed in that country and culture is more extreme and volatile than the racism and supremacy thing between Whites Aryans and Blacks/Jews.

It was the same general race, but the classism was extreme. During the monarchical period upper class/strata people were extremely abusive to citizens and Vietnamese immigrants. You can kill a commoner and immigrant as an upper class person and not get in trouble in any way because of rampant nepotism in the law and judicial system. Chances are, if you were from the upper class, the lawyers, judges, cops, mayor, of your city were all relatives of yours who shared your same disgust for peasants and immigrants Vietnamese. And then the tables were turned during the Khmer Rouge revolution when all of them – peasants and Vietnamese immigrants – slaughtered 2 million people in retaliation out of simple hatred for being abused and mistreated for centuries. Cause and Effect is a bitch sometimes I guess.

Family History

What I know is based on what I hear my family talk about. Mostly my aunt-mom, mother, and great grandfather – the one who is the only one to speak English – who was an Ambassador to the US during Nixon.

The great grandfather says that his family came from China and moved to southern Thailand. The great grandfather and his brothers and sisters ended up marrying into an Oligarchic Thai family who owned large amounts of property/land in a southern province called Phra Tabong at the time. So that's where our family's Thai and Chinese comes from.

So my Thai great grandmother and her siblings are the one that comes with the status and class. The great grandmother is a third generation descendent of a king of Thailand who reigned during the mid 1800's or so. But this is pretty much meaningless to people outside our family and relatives, and it also gives us no real ties with the current House of Chakri, because this king in question had over 100 children with multiple wives. Our family traces its lineage back to one of those wives and her children she had by him. This is all just family history. It is meaningless today, but as a coherent family, it is important to have a history or to know your history and to pass that knowledge to each generation, so they know where their blood has come from and thus where it should go. If you look at the Royal Insignia of the House of Chakri

and compare it to our Nexion's "Trisickle" symbol, you will see that it is the same design. The trident both insignias have are the same. The Sickle in our Triscikle is a Chakra [bladed wheel]. I got the sickle from the Reichstar or the Wheel of the Cosmos in the ONA which is a circle of 4 spinning Sickles in the shape of a swastika.

So all of those people and their children all lived on the property in Tabong province. Tabong means a Club or big Stick that you beat people with. Until during the 40-50's when that province was reverted back to the kingdom of Cambodia. Historically Thailand sacked Cambodia in the late 1300's and took that land and the whole of Cambodia. It got re-renamed "Battambang" and during the whole process the family just stayed on their property because they owned large parts of it and had farms and plantation there anyways. That's how my grandmother technically became "Khmer," but my grandmothers – every old relative granny's age is a grandmother – only speak Khmer with an accent. They can't read or write it. They all speak Thai. The great grandparents all speak Chinese.

Inside Cambodia they networked with the Khmer Oligarchic families. So eventually you end up with the Prime Minister of Cambodia at one time being my grandmother's cousin, who got shot at the airport by the Khmer Rouge trying to get into the country to look for the family. The generals that ran the military were cousins of my grandmother. Other government officials were cousins of my grandmother. One of my grandmothers uncles, whom we call great grandfather, was picked by the King of Thailand to be the Supreme Patriarch of Thailand. That's like the spiritual office of Dalai Lama, except for Thailand's Theravada Buddhism. There were others in other fields and professions, but all those people mostly got killed during the revolution.

Those that survived like my grandmother and all of her children minus one, survived because the relatives in Thailand fished them out of the insane country and they gave everybody some money and relocated them to California where it was safe. And for 20 years my grandmother forbade anybody to use the family names fearing the Khmer Rough's remnant underground sympathizers in America would find us and kill us. Like they did to one of my mom's own cousins here in the states during the 90's. His name was Uncle Hok. He had been living here for over 10 years and had children here – my second cousins – and a couple of the underground sympathizers broke into his house one night and shot him. Just because a war ends, doesn't mean the ideas and propaganda stops spreading. If you lived in my shoes you'd know first hand from intimate association and exeprience the destructive power of ideas and how they refuse to die out. It's been 70 years and there are still Nazis walking around hating Jews.

My "Feminist" Views

My views on gender role actually comes from my own culture and people. It's Matriarchal. In my own culture girls rule the nest/home. It doesn't matter what the men do for a living because you come home after work. It doesn't matter if as a man you are a king or prime minister because you still have mothers, aunts, and sisters that tell you what to do when you are at home. Grandmothers and women don't need some silly "right" printed on paper which says they can or can't vote or be in politics. They just tell you their policies when you are home

which you would restate or implement. Otherwise your wife leaves you, your wife's family takes your children away, and your wife's brothers and male cousins assassinate your ass themselves or they pay someone to do it. Paperwork and "right" don't mean shit. As an oligarchic female, you don't want common females to have some paperwork "rights" so they can vote to stick their ignorant peasant noses into places they don't belong: state affairs.

Hypothetically what are you gonna do if you are some king while your wives and concubines are all blood related to two or three oligarchic families? Not only are you pussy-whooped, but those pussies that own you belong and are loyal to their families not you. Grandmothers don't care of you are some prime minister running some state. Your wife is their daughter or grand daughter. We don't use pronouns in speech, so when you want to say "she" we use words like "Girl," "Lady," etc. As a man, if they like you, you get called things like "Sir," or by your title; if the old ladies don't like you, you get called by a generic word which means "it." You literally here the old ladies talk about kings and politicians saying things like: "What can it do to us? It is married to our own daughters. We can tell our daughters to put poison into its food and kill it if it doesn't do what it is told to do. Why would our female race give birth to these men if it is disobedient to its creators? If the female race has the power to give it life, we have the power to take its life also."

In a matriarchal social order, and an aristocratic family, your son is a tool you use to get your family into higher spots in the social strata and to get you linked to more wealthier and more powerful families. Your son is only a means to an end. You work hard to train your sons to accomplish big things in life because those accomplishments are his resume you will show the other family. The goal is not to marry your son off to another family. The marriage is meaningless because they can divorce. The goal is to have your son impregnate the other family's daughter as soon as he can to produce offspring. That offspring is your blood link to the other family. Once that offspring is born, the manipulative work is all up to you as cunning grand parents to forge a strong bond with that offspring so they will love you and share their inheritance with not you but your other children and that offspring's cousins.

It's all this manipulative transgenerational inheritance plunder business. If you know how to play the game right, in a few generations your "bloodline" end up running the kingdom. Girls in this type of society don't have to do anything. But your grandparents tries to pair up their daughters with good looking mates so their grand daughters come out as pretty as possible. The prettier you look and the more traditional and cultured you are – plus a good pedigree [breed, relations, estates, connexion, status, etc] – the more prized you are, because men are stupid and think with their dicks in any culture. Which is why in such culture and/or traditional cultures being a gay male is frowned upon. Not because it's immoral, but because you would have no desire to marry and breed with a girl. You thus have no practical use in this context.

As a side note, don't ever let anybody tell you that being gay is "unnatural." That word "natural" and "unnatural" in this context has no real substantial meaning. If you look in Natural or even on youtube you will find "homosexual" behaviour and conduct in animals. I watched two guy bisons have sex with each other, penetration and all. I seen it. It is neither "natural" or "unnatural." It simply exists as an expressible potential within the Human Condition. Being Human is like being a sofa with cushions. You have a lot of junk in the cracks. All that junk is

stuff you as a Human can express for whatever reason. If the junk was not there, you would not be able to express it in your humanness. War, culling, love, cannibalism, crossdressing, these are all junk under our Human sofa we have and can express. Some more reluctantly expressed than others. A tick has junk under its sofa cushion to spend its whole life sucking the blood off a horse. That's one kind of junk we don't have a people. Even if you were odd and believed yourself to be a vampire, you can't live your whole life stuck to a horse and sucking its blood. You just can't. It's not a potentiality within your Human Condition. Being emotionally, physically, or sexually attracted to different kinds of people – and sometimes animals – are.

But it's not imbalanced. Girls in my culture have a "place" and function to perform: domestic stuff. Traditionally as a girl you work the house environment, cook, and raise children. You don't work. You aren't allowed to work or leave the home. If you get married, your husband must support you so you can stay at home. It's unbecoming for a woman of our class strata to work. That's what men are made for. Why should we work? We have your kids, let you sleep with us, and cook for your ass? Fuck you, get to work.

Guys come home from work these days and they bitch about life. Girls these days, we work like you, we mother your children and you, we take care of the home, and we cook for you and you don't hear us crying and bitching telling you to get us a beer. Fuck you, get your own beer.

I was raised with my whole family teaching me things like: "A wise one of the Female Race/Kind must know to never love the male race/kind. Those "people" are worthless. You can get married, but there are thousands of men walking around. You lose one, you can find another the next day. But your sisters, brothers, children, and family, can never be replaced, and will always love you and be there to care for you. Those men are not family. Don't waste your time loving your future husband. Just like "it," as if "it" were a friend. And don't every trust "it" completely. "It" is a worthless animal, only good for working and providing for your needs. If "it" stops providing, find another one."

In my culture, the female isn't a gender, we are a race or kind, and males are their own race and kind. If I am "racist" this is the context of my "racism." Girl People are better than Man people. Girl People are closer to the Divine/God. Our mothers are living goddesses in our culture with the power to wash your "bad karma."

So I am not a feminist in the Western/American sense. I don't believe or want gender equality. Nor do I believe in gender equality. I am honestly culturally Traditional. Meaning that I believe women kind are inherently better than men. But unlike feminists I don't believe I should have equal "right" as men do. I want better rights, and I want men to have less rights. I want men to have only the right to work. And I don't believe women kind should or needs to work, especially if you are a mother. I'm not a "feminist," I'm more accurately a "Matriarchist." I like being feminine and wearing normal girl clothing. I don't want to have some stupid equal right to walk around bare chested in public like guys do. I like wearing bras, I don't want to burn them.

Even in my own Matriarchal social weltanschauung, men have their place of power. We

female-folk have our own place of power where we on a human level get to make the decisions: the domestic sphere. The men by their very territorial nature have their own place of power: the terrestrial/political sphere. We each must respect our respective places of power and allow the other to naturally function in those places of power. A girl has no natural right to be territorial and be in politics. A man had no natural right to stick his nose in the domestic sphere of blood, family, and progeny. As a Traditionalist, I believe each gender has their proper place by Nature, and when you make abstract ideologies and act all politically correct where we force humans to go against what Nature had decreed by sticking girls and guys in places they don't belong you fuck shit up.

It's not you dharma. So what if you are a girl and you can shoot an AK 47, get the hell out of the military and raise your children proper. Unless that is actually what you personally are drawn to. So what if you are a guy and can wear a dress and make a banana flambé. Put that shit down and go be a fucking warrior or politician. Unless being that way is your dharma. It's about the dharma of an organic system. In a tribe some are born naturally inclines at art while others naturally are rough at play. The former in the tribe has the dharma of imbuing the tribe with inspiring works of art, the later will end up defending the tribe with his dharma as a soldier. Let each person be what they are naturally drawn to. If you are a girl and you are actually drawn to the work place and are good at it, fine. But don't make me work. I don't want to be liberated to work a job.

If you are a girl and you like walking around with no bra and hairy manlike armpits, fine. But don't turn it into a movement and call it women's liberation. No real girl wants to be free to be hairy and manlike; unless they are French. You can keep the freedom and right. Same with guys. If you are actually naturally drawn to the domestic sphere, fine. But don't make every guy gay like you. Let other's seek and express their dharma. And so collectively Nature has given female kind and man kind their own dharma or places of power they generally excel in. Let Nature do its shit. You don't need to stick your hubris noses into Mother Nature and Father Time's business and liberate shit. They know what they are doing. They have been doing it without your hubris ass for 4 billion years. I'm not a feminist or into women's lib. I am a Traditionalist and Matriarchist. I like to use what has been proven to work in nature and practice; not what sounds good in theory and policy because it makes people feel safe.

American girls are weird, in that they are easily misled or subverted by the System. They don't seem to have any real sense of self worth and value. As if they don't understand the value and power of the "Female Race" that we give birth to men, we raise and mother them, we nurture them, and we give ourselves to them, we serve them because we feel for them. And they in turn treat us like second class things. That male race is a despicable and rotten race. The Westernize girl is led to believe that struggling to be "equal" to men is the holy grail of a girl's life. And as they pursue their equality, nobody raises the children. And thus, the very foundation of humanity's future is weaken: the children. Some state ends up raising them. It's unbecoming for a girl in the West to just want to be a home maker and mother. Different cultures I guess. I like them though as sisters and fellows of a Girl Race. Western guys though to me, I have nothing but disdain for 90% of them. It's a cultural thing. Why seek to be "equal" when Nature made us better?

My Political Orientation

Conservative; Classist; Unilateralist; Elective Monarchism, and Meritocratic Aristocracy.

By Conservative I mean that I do not believe politics should have any influence or say on a people's Culture and Tradition. I believe that each people have the right to conserve their people's culture and tradition. I am therefore against this Western bullshit concept of egalitarianism and political correctness. I'm Asian by culture: don't be forcing you fucking White culture on me. You're White: don't act like you are Black or Mexican. Stay on your own fucking side of the culture fence. We're not equal. We are UNIQUE to each other. That uniqueness must be preserved. I greatly dislike those peasantile leveling of humanity in the West brought on by this political correctness. Because it weakens the cohesion and solidarity and cultural identity of each unique culture and way of life.

I highly admire and have a great amount of respect for a White person who loves his culture, is proud of his racial and ancestral heritage, and will fight to preserve those things for his children and grand children. Even if such White people may see me as "nonaryan." It's all internal cultural rhetoric/mythos each culture must use to induce our own people and young generations to maintain their cultural identity, so the culture, way of life, and ancestral traditions are not lost to decadence and abstract notions of egalitarianism. My respect goes out to any race or culture that has this same strong coherency factor.

When you have White boys disconnected from their own heritage and culture acting Black, as a White Culture, you fucked up somewhere because you failed to provide that White boy a cultural heritage and identity; one that he can be proud of and be confident of. He has to seek that identity in other people's shit? And it's not just Whites. This goes from people like me too. What is wrong with you or me as an Asian individual acting white and joining skinhead gangs? People can say: "It's a cultural melting pot. It's a good thing!" Is it? Is it factually and humanly "good." I have a Mexican friend who thinks he is a Japanese ninja. I love him to death, but what the fuck is wrong with him and his culture that he has to seek an identity and self –worth elsewhere? These types of people are called "drifters." Over time – like 100 years – with all of these drifters drifting away from that Mother Culture, the mother culture dies. When that mother culture dies, your people are absorbed into a larger and more coherent culture. Not as an "equal" but as a support to be used.

Let's look at the African brought here to America. About 300-400 years ago Africans were brought to America as slaves. In the beginning they had their own language; their own cultures and traditions, their own religions and cultus, their own world views, their own identity as a people or peoples. 4 generations – great grandparents, grand parents, etc – you have an entire race of Black people suffering from "Human Vertigo," where they can't tell left from right. They have White people names, White people world views, White people religion, White people gods, White people secular culture. But people can say: "Yes, but this is so because they are American." The question is as a Black People what do they exist as a people for now? Whose destiny do they serve now? Their own Black People's collective destiny? Or the collective destiny of White people or even some abstract "America?"

Sure they have the “freedom” to vote, but for whom? And ultimately for whose actual interests? Sure they aren’t slaves anymore and they can work, but ultimately for whose interests and WILL? Their own Black People’s interest and Sovereign Will [destiny] or White People or some abstract ideal [America].

Same goes with the other Cultures. I’m not really talking about race and skin color. I’m talking about People and their human Culture. There is a difference. I’m barely Thai by blood, but that’s my Culture and People.

When I say Classist I mean that I believe in natural human social stratification. Fuck this equality shit. It’s not a real concept. Sure we are “equal” in the eyes of law and justice, which is debatable. But it still doesn’t change our humanness and our uniqueness as human beings. If you take a room of children, and you give each child 10 pieces of candy, eventually some will have no candy left, other will have some left, some with have all 10 left, while a few somehow will end up with more than they started off with.

Same concept goes with adults and money, property, accomplishments, possession, manifestation. Stupid people don’t have much. Those that have the means, the relations, the blood, the will, and determination, the transgenerational planning will always, always out do the stupid. We each deserve our lot in life. If you are poor and a peasant fuck you, don’t be asking for equality you stupid fuck. Work for your wealth and status. If not for you, then for your future progeny. It’s Aeonic. It’s because of the wyrd of your stupid ignorant ancestors – grandparents and great grandparents – that you exist in the condition you do today. And it is your fault based on your thoughts, emotions, actions, and worldviews, that will manifest the life and condition your progeny will experience. Thus aeonically Peasant stock humans will always produce peasant stock humans.

Why did the Buddha call his Way the Noble/Honourable/Aristocratic [Ariya] Way [Magga]? Because when you understand how Causality – cause and effect – works as it is explained simply in the 8 Fold Path, and you know how to work it right as a group/family/clan/sangha over time you will produce Ariya Offspring who will rule over or guide the Anariya: Mundanes. Only the ruling class – the Ariya – with their power, religious and political influence via their kingdoms and states has the power to influence a massive amount of humans in a direction. The only real practical way to enlighten the mundane is to force them or herd them en masse like cattle.

An Emperor of China has power and influence over hundreds of millions of people in those days for example. Nothing influences our species in such large numbers as an Nation-State. Religion can’t do it. The numbers look big, but with 2 billion Christians in the world, hardly anyone is collected into a collective force to get any work done. It took a nation-state – America – and its power, resources, and synergy to put humans on the moon. If humanity as a whole is to evolve it is via Empire, and culture. And if it is by Imperium that the human species is pushed forward, the aristocracy are the movers. If it wasn’t for the ruling class and families of colonial America, no peasant today would believe in or support democracy. The mundanes are pushed forward. The Enlightened move forward on their own. The catch of the game is that you cannot move forward by yourself. Humanity as a whole must move together. In the 1600’s

it was dangerous for you to believe in science of a heliocentric planetary system. You may believe as an early scientist to be evolved and enlightened, but you would be shunned and put to death. You and your early scientists had to spend centuries to enlighten the idiot mundanes, so the whole species can move forward. It's just how nature works as a System. It's how your body works as a System. When you move all the billions of your cells must move along with you in unison. It's Aeonics.

You think the kings and queens of Europe of any kingdom came into human existence privileged with status? No. They are the end product of hundreds of years of transgenerational planned effort and synergy. You go back in time 1000 years or so in Europe and remove hard working, crafty families like the Medicis, and the other war lords who fought for their worth and won't have any of those kings and queens. You're human just like these people. Why can't you struggle to do the same? Because your peasants. Because in your little pea brain peasant minds you are thinking to yourself: "Fuck 1000 years, I want immediate gratification Right Now while I'm still alive." And from that simple peasantile mentality your children, and their children will inherit that same culture and mentality and they will forever be used and exploited as you were by those at the top. You earn that shit. Don't be asking for equality. Your mentality as an Anariya makes you and your descendants mundane peasants.

By Unilateralism I mean that in a given social order or nation or culture or family there should only be one "body of policy" and one direction or one constant flowing/striving. What do I mean by this? I mean as a working organic system of trillions of cells, my organic system only has one WILL maker, one Policy maker, which is my conscious 'person.' When I Dictate: "I will cross this street to get to the other side," every one of my trillions of cells has no choice but to do their shit to get my ass to the other side like I said. As long as I have a single Direction in life, and a single Will/Policy maker in my person, I will constantly move forward. And we call that forward motion Progression. This is the same way a monarchy or dictatorship is put together. There is only one Will, or Policy maker: The King or Hitler or Gangis Khan.

But you look at democratic nations and everything is all messed up. There is no single will any where. There are multiple political parties, each with their own direction and objectives. There is no single constant pointer or director, because every 4 years we get a new head with a new set of ideas and opinions. A democracy doesn't move forward. It moves in circle, or rather it goes nowhere, because it needs to maintain its equilibrium. If it makes a move, it goes into national debt. In the old days, if your kingdom was in deep shit national debt, you simply plundered your neighboring kingdom and take their gold and wealth and land, and tax their people. Today our pussy nation-states can't do that. Once a nation-state is in deep debt, it's down hill from there. So it like a merry-go-round that digs its own grave the longer it moves in circles aimlessly. Is that productive on human terms and on the scale of centuries? The will of the people? It's the will of a weak and egalitarian people that makes rules that says the state can't kill and plunder other people's nations.

I believe in something like a monarchy is the best working system for humanity. Only because in our human history, monarchies have had impressive longevity, massive influence on humans, over long periods of time. For example Egypt, and what we refer to as the ancient "Egyptian Civilization," Imperial Russia, the British Empire, the Holy Roman Empire, and the

Chinese “Civilization” with its emperors. But I believe the Monarch should be elected by a group of people with status who have proven their worth in the arena of life. Some sort of meritocratic aristocracy should elect the monarch who serves a long period of time, 25-50 years or so. The ancient Germans did this with their old Reichs, the Holy Roman Empire did this, and the monarchs of the ancient Khmer Empire was elected as well.

No political parties, no will of the people crap. Let the monarch be the Will and Driver of the ‘chariot,’ and let him do his job and work for the people or kill him. The functioning idea here is Synergy. As the body works in unison and that synergy is used by Me – the Driver of my person – to manifest things that benefits me and the rest of my body such as eat and bathe; the monarch likewise uses the pooled synergy of the empire to manifest his will, goals, aims, and objectives with mutual benefit for his citizens in mind. “But that’s impossible! It won’t work!” Says the peasant. How the hell do corporations and shareholders work then? The CEO has a job to perform, if he doesn’t do it right, cut him out and find a better CEO. As a shareholder who has CONCENTED/invested my self or resources into that corporation, all I want are benefits and profit for myself and family.

But what is the difference between now and “then?” I am aware that this idea, if we tried it in the West will not work. The difference is that back “then” in the olden days, that whole distant political system/Machine was BALANCED with personal and intimate organic tribes and clans. People back then – and still in many parts of the world – were not 100% dependent on a distant machine to take care of them and change their diapers for them, like the modern Westerner is. Back then people had huge extended families taking care of them called clans, and networks of blood related clans called Tribes. In the very same way as the first corporations in Europe existed. When you were Dutch, and some guy started a corporation called the Dutch West Indies and you invested your money into that idea to get a profit, did you have 100% of your dependence on that investment? Like you were sitting at home waiting for your hand outs? No. You had a family, to rely on, depend on, to work with, to help you get by. Nations-States nowadays in the Occident have lost that organic element and balance. As a Westerner, you have no clan, or tribe, or even functioning family to rely on. You are 100% dependent on your political system for handouts. Absolute power only corrupts when you as a people are Absolutely dependent on that power.

You think a CEO of a corporation can get away with abusing his office for long? No, the shareholders won’t put up with that shit. You think as a “dictator” of a tribalized nation you can abuse and corrupt your power given to you by a people? No. What’s happening across North Africa and the Middle East right now? Why isn’t this same thing happening in Cuba? Because there’s no damn tribes in Cuba. Cubans like Westerners have been broken down into individualized people dependent on the government. They can’t do shit.

When you are in the military of a tribalized nation, and the citizens protest and revolt, and you know those very same citizens are your cousins, sisters, parents, and grandparents or the relatives of your comrades’, what can you do? Do you shoot at your own mothers and cousins for some king or dictator’s interests? When you are the leader of a tribalized nation and your power base is your own oligarchic tribe, and that tribe defects and no longer supports you, what can you do? Shoot your granny? So that’s the real spirit of the matter: human relations.

Not just Honour. Human bonds. Human emotions. Human need. Human love.

That Human essence is what is missing in the industrialized/mechanical Occident. It's no big deal in the West for a cop to beat the shit out of a Black guy. At worst it's the cop's fault and he gets reprimanded. There's no Human connexion there. You can, as a bank or landlord evict and foreclose homes and make people homeless. There is no human connexion there. You have your own bills to pay. You can emotionally afford to treat 11 million Mexicans as illegal subhumans for being in America without papers. There is no human connexion there. And besides, it's "the law." The West has abandoned living humanness for dead dictates of laws made by fatcats up in a congress who have no real intimate human connection with anybody outside that congress. But they deify those dead laws, just like their Western ancestors glorified sectarian laws made by fatcat priests in some distant Vatican far away long ago. What do you expect really from a broken down breed of people who for centuries worshiped a dead man impaled on a stick as God?

My "Religious/Spiritual" Influences

Buddhism is my first and culturally enveloping influence. "Buddhism" is the matrix I was born and still am inside of. In quotes because in the East or to Asians – generally – what is practiced everyday and what is written in some manuscript are two very different things. As different as Voodoo is from Catholicism.

A living Human culture is never entirely supplanted by some arbitrarily introduced memplex from outside. And even with Buddhism, this idea of being influenced by ceremonies, rituals, rites, and traditions from the outside is spoken against. That's one of the interpretations or understandings of what Buddha called "Silabbata Paramasa." Silabbata meaning "Observances," Paramasa meaning something like "Touched from the Outside/Other." Touch suggesting an imposition, as your hands impresses itself on top of what it touches.

We're dealing with a people who have been around for thousands of years. And so during that long period of time such people collect their own way of doing things. It's like science in the West in that old theories aren't discarded if they are useful, but as new theories are discovered, they are piled on top of old ones. So as a scientist, you can be working with new ideas, old ideas, and ideas mixed with old and new, spanning several centuries of accumulation of ideas.

In my own culture nothing about our ancient and indigenous ancestral Ways are lost because some goofball introduced Brahmanism or Buddhism. Like the idea was so cool the ancestors threw their living traditions away for the psychotic rambling of some weirdo foreigner from India.

We/they are still Animists. We still believe and have rites and ceremonies that are animist oriented. We still believe that Nature is alive, and that things in Nature are living with something we call life [jivit] and consciousness [vinyan]. Everything that grows has those two things in their own kind of way. Then there are spirit entities that exist that can interact and communicate with people and nature. Most of these spirits live in Nature, in trees, in rocks, in

rivers. Then we still believe in what the West wrongly “ancestor worship.” We traditionally believe that even though the body dies, the spirit and consciousness of these ancestors does not die and continues to exist. They can interact and communicate with us in our dreams. And so, because they still exist, we continue to give them our love, remembrance, and honour. Usually we have altars with a picture of them, and on special days the old ladies will cook their favorite food they once liked to eat, and we offer them things they once may have liked such as packs of cigarettes, coffee, fruits, etc. And we “Bon” to them, which means to talk to them inside your Heart/mind [citta]. You pay your respects to them because it is they who gave you the gift of life, and the wisdom you house in your head, which they pass onto you.

Buddhism, in my own culture is merely an extra element among many elements. It is merely a way of seeing things in a causal manner. Meaning cause and effect. If I work hard now, my grand children will be better off in life than I was. That’s Buddhism in motion to us. My cousins are in needs, so I share what I have with them. That’s Buddhism in practice for us. In such countries with huge networks of blood relations, the sangha of monks are not strangers free loading off of you. They are your own brothers, cousins, uncles, grandfathers, and great grandfathers. They have no need to deceive you with fairy tales and stories to brainwash you with. The sangha doesn’t even teach Buddhist doctrine to the people. They teach their own insights regarding life, and pass down ancestral wisdom from one generation to the next.

The Theravada Buddhism in Practice in such cultures is only superficially Theravada or Buddhism. Only in words and recitation of suttas. An outsider looking in, would not see anything unusual. But beneath the superficial chantings and quaint Buddhist moral lessons, is the much older living Tradition which your average Westerner is never aware of, unless you go out of your way to immerse yourself inside these cultures.

In my culture monks don’t become monks to be like some Buddha. They join the sangha to learn the esoteric stuff that is unwritten and passed down by word of mouth. The chants they learn in Pali are not doctrinal chants. Each Sutta is a magical chant which performs a magical act. I guess the closest thing I can think of in the West is the old idea or notion that the bible’s Book of Psalms was magical in that each Psalm had a magical effect. Then they learn the more ancient Mon-Khmer stuff such as magical yantras, mantras, making magic squares with Pali letters, etc.

The Buddhism in no real way affects the older Brahmanist weltanschauung that was prevalent in Southeast Asia. Ask a native “Theravada Buddhist” who god is and they will either say Brahma, Shiva, Naraya, or even Vishnu. Nobody actually really knows how the Buddha fits into this hodge-podge cosmology. Some say he is just a teacher. Others say he is above the gods. Nobody cares that some scriptures somewhere asserts that there is no spirit, or self. People still by Tradition believe in spirits and self.

Dhamma, which is the second Jewel of Buddhism in our culture isn’t found in no teaching of some Buddha or some book attributed to him. Dhamma –as my grandma taught me and everyone she raised – is found inside one own citta [Heart]. Not in some temple, or wat, or monk, or holy place.

Buddha in our culture is not 100% the Buddha of India or the Buddha of the Tipitaka. Most often in Theravada culture in Southeast Asia, the statue of the Buddha is accompanied by a seven-headed dragon hooding the Buddha. The naga esoterically symbolizes the more ancient and older ways. The Living Way in tune with nature and life that never dies, as a snake sheds its skin and symbolically renews itself perpetually. The Buddha himself is both a symbol of a state of being or mind: Buddha, meaning to know or have knowledge. And it/he is a symbol/icon of the culture and way of life itself.

The actual teachings of some Buddha are minor side details that old people get into and study because in their old age they contemplate about their own death more often, and they begin to wonder and search for answers. And so in their search for solace/answers they will begin on their own to read the 24,000 pages of the Tipitaka. After the fact that they have lived long fruitful lives full of personal experiences. In that moment of searching – empty and ready for knowledge, armed with a life full of experience – the elders grasp the Buddha's teaching easily, because they have no need to debate or argue with what the Buddha taught in his lessons. They have already experienced it. The Buddha's words are just confirmation.

So in my own culture it's only the elderly who are into the "doctrinal" aspect of Buddhism, the words and teachings and ideas. Things the Westerner are enamored with. Doctrines are the pastimes of the elderly who have lived a well-spent life and have organically collected and earned their wisdom from life and its suffering. The Buddha's teachings are only confirmation. If his teachings do anything for the elderly, they only help to explain what has already been experienced in a clear manner. The elders do not teach or force those teachings on anybody. Dead, lifeless doctrines should never substitute organic living and learning from life. This in itself is the most fundamental principle of Theravada Buddhism: Vibhajjavada meaning Direct Experience. Experience it first, try to analyze it on your own second, and only if you need further help in extracting insight from your own experiences do you thirdly go to an elder or the sangha for insights.

Most of the Buddha's teachings are moral praxis based on the idea of causation and causality. If such teachings are meant to be applied, put into practice, or are designed to be a praxis, then what do you do with those teachings? You DO them not study them. So if a culture and people has had 1000 years to DO Buddhism, one must expect that after a thousand years the DOING of Buddhism has embedded itself wordlessly into the fabric of the culture itself. Thus, there is no need to study anything from some book. Your entire Living culture, the language and lexicon and register you speak; how you live for, care for, and share things with others; how you treat others, are all Buddhism in living motion. You can no longer separate the person from the culture, the family, and the Buddhism. It's all one living continuum.

So that's what I mean when I say "Buddhism." This crap that the average Westerner gets an erection over after reading a few books and web pages are dead written words. They are lifeless. If you pack your head with this lifeless stuff they only become the stuff of mind games. Just words and ideas you have in your head which you juggle around. If only enlightenment were so easy. To think that one can just read the Tipitaka and nod your head in agreement to what has been written means Buddhahood. Or means that you are the living expressions of the Sasana [instructions].

The idea is like a foreigner coming to America desiring badly to be American. This foreigner runs to buy a copy of the US Constitution to study every letter and word of it. Later, he may even desire to be a “monk” of this doctrine of Liberty and so he goes to school to be a constitutional lawyer. In his studying of the Constitution, erudite knowledge of the Constitution, and scholastic authoritative understanding of this Constitution, this man believes himself to be a real American. My 9 year old cousin is more an American than he is. She doesn't need to read shit about the Constitution. It's second nature to her. Because that Constitution is fundamentally a set of instructions that was designed to put into living motion a way of DOING and LIVING, not a study. And so after 300 years of Americans doing and living the instructions of this Constitution, that Culture those instructions gave birth to is wordlessly past down to each generation as a living, breathing part of the people and their way of life. Studying the written constitution is only a means to refine ones understanding of ones culture as an American. So the Christians say: “Worship.” Then the Satanist says to that: “Study not worship.” The Buddhist says to that: “Do, not study or worship.”

My other early influence is the ideas in the Satanic Bible. Except I was never big on the last half of that book, with all the demon names and magic. The first part of the Satanic Bible which is the cut and paste of Might is Right was okay. I liked the original a lot better. The original was more parallel to my own thoughts. Might in the original book had nothing to do with Satanism. That original text was written in the declining years of the British Empire when groups of White people here and there loathed to think of a Great Britain dwindle in Power, Might, and Glory. So there were a few individuals who expressed their wishful sentiments of their era. Of how they long to see the Race [British] Mighty again to colonize every land mass on the earth. Hence: Might is Right.

The middle part of the Satanic Bible at first was thought provoking. Then after learning more about my own Buddhism, I just notice that the parts I liked was just “Buddhism” put into different words and given a dark décor. But you can say: “Oh but words have definitions. Different words can mean a whole world of difference!” Yes, true. So keep in mind that when I get my Buddhism, I get it in Khmer, Sanskrit, and Pali. How do you get your Buddhism? In what language? English? What the fuck are you looking at then? You think the fucking Buddha spoke English 2500 years ago. Is the “Buddhism” your looking at in English even Buddhism?

This is one problem I have with these Hubris Hillbillies. It's with any religion or old writing. They for some reason think that the first English translation they read which they like is either the original writing itself or the more accurate interpretation. You see them do it with the Old Testament, where they wholeheartedly believe as fundamentalist Christians that God gave Moses the Torah and Tanakh as it appears in their specific translation of the bible. And that such English version is of course way better and more accurate than the original Jew language. Same thing with Buddhism, as if the Buddha spoke English and read Nietzsche or whatever Western philosopher is the craze these days.

He didn't speak English. He didn't speak shit because he never existed to speak a language. There is no archeological sign any where that a Buddha ever existed. In fact if you follow the development of this Buddha figure back into the past, you'll see that the iconography of the “Buddha” was inspired by several different gods. The seated Buddha is mostly inspired by

Shiva as Mahayogi whose statues of him in the same seated asana were found in caves older than Buddhism. Shiva was also called “Buddha” [Enlightened One]. But later/earlier still the most earliest iconographic representations of Buddha comes from Northern India, where the Buddha is often depicted in a standing position, dressed not in Brahmin garb, but a quasi-Persian, quasi-Greek, quasi-Bactrian vestment. Those earliest representations of Buddha were inspired by the Greek God Apollo. Pali during this time – as it exists in the Tipitaka at least – did not exist yet. If the Buddha ever did exist, he could not have ever spoken Pali in the same sense that one can say that Jesus – if he existed – spoke 1st century Latin and not vernacular Italian. Pali is the vernacular and common street grade speech of a dead language which came out of Sanskrit. So nobody has the exact translation of what some Buddha said. They are all approximations and the parsing of words.

I abandoned Satanism for a while because I didn’t see the point in calling myself a label like “Satanist” when all that I agree of Satanism was Buddhist principles plus common sense anyways with black makeup. But I encountered the ONA and that changed things. The ONA – and more specifically: DM – is honestly my second sectarian or philosophical influence. Now when I myself say “The ONA” – being me – I mean the Myattian triad: The Numinous Way, Reichsfolk, and the ONA stuff. I’m not going to talk about what I think of the ONA since this entire blog is me talking what I think of the ONA. I’ve written over 1000 pages worth of stuff on what I feel about the ONA, and its influence on me should show. The ONA, and specifically DM’s ideas has honestly for me, been a greater beneficial influence on my mind, thoughts, way of thinking, and way of seeing the world than Buddhism or any religion, philosophy, whatever. In fact this Myattian memplex has helped my better understand my own Buddhism, and better love my own people and culture with greater honour and pride. And that is a gift of wisdom worth respecting. But the question can be asked: “Do I believe Dark Gods or acausal entities are ‘real.’”

I’ve written about how I understand “reality” to be elsewhere. To recap, I see “reality” as a pyramid or as an iceberg in an ocean. There is a tip at the “top” and a wide base at the “bottom.” The very tip is the physical cosmos we live in. The middle part of the pyramid is what Jung calls the collective unconscious or its Buddhist parallel the hive of citta-santana. I don’t believe in a universe or realm of being beyond that causal/physical point in the pyramid. I do not believe in a supernatural realm. I believe in the reverse: a Subnatural gradation of Being. The lower down one goes in the pyramid, the deeper into the psyche and collective “unconscious mind” one goes. If entities exist, they have their root and being deep under the Unknown, which is why your ancestors when they die can interact with you in your dreams, or why as a shaman, you must go into a Deep trance state to interact with your totems and spirit guides. Does this mean I am saying these entities are “fake?” No. Fake has nothing to do with archetypes and Mindscape. There is nothing “fake” in a dream while you are immersed in a dream. That word has no substantial meaning. They exist in the deep. Are they manifestations of us? What isn’t a manifestation of “Us?” As mind stuff like thoughts? No, as things that can fuck with you. Unless you have personally experiences things of this sort, there is no point in elaborating. When one has gone through the experience, there is then no need to argue or debate.

My last influence is the Five Percent memplex. The 5% memplex is a secular quasi-atheist

splinter thing of the original Nation of Islam which started back in the 1960's. It has several names it goes by and there are "rival" versions and different versions. So I won't even bother going into the petty politics of it which I absolutely have no interest in.

Even though most people outside of this subculture have never heard of Five Percenters, we all know of or use at least one meme that originates from this subculture. "What Up G!" That's 5%er cipher, the G actually stand for God, not Gangsta. "Stop trippin Sun!" "Cipher" here meaning not a group but in-group lexicon specifically used in their memplex with in-group specific meaning.. "What's your problem Sun?" That Sun part in speech is confused for the word "son." It's actually Sun, which is 5% cipher for a God, the source of life and light being the Sun. "What it do Queen?" Queen originally is cipher for an Earth, Earthbody which is a female member of the subculture. "Break it down for me," that's 5% talk originally. "Droppin science," "Do the Knowledge," that's 5% talk originally. Gangs and crews that put the word "Kings" in their name, that meme originates from this subculture. A King is cipher for a God, Godbody, which is a male member. They were pioneers in the hip hop genre and still are an influential subculture in hip hop with many artists claiming the 5% Nation in some way.

What I first liked about the 5% memplex is that it developed during a racially volatile era when Black people were coming together to struggle for social equality, so the memplex took on that revolutionary flavour and still retains that essence and racial restlessness of a people struggling to find or rediscover their lost soul, which I think is perhaps one of the most beautiful and inspiring aspects of the memplex. The memplex is Black oriented, except in the memplex the idea and word "Black" means Melanin and every shade of Black from the deepest blue black of Africa to the palest yellow of East Asian. If you are ethnic and indigenous and not Caucasian, you are a shade of Black, and "Original People." Caucasians can matriculate into the "Nation" also and many of the first 5%er were Whites, but technically they are referred to as "Muslim Sons" in the "Nation."

The enemy of the Original People, of course is then the White Devil, but not exactly the people, but symbolically what we in the ONA refer to as "Magian Ethos." You have to keep in mind the people who gave birth to this memplex were common oppressed Black people who were more street educated than library type people. Which is also another thing I like about this memplex. It was born in the streets and it still is street oriented in its words and thought process.

So the Devil [collective for an ethos] has his establishment or system called the Devilishment. And the devil has his religions called Trick Knowledge. The idea is to Build your Nation of Original People, don't fall for that Trick Knowledge, and destroy the Devilishment or at least don't support it. And don't become a pawn of the devil yourself. Esoterically in the memplex the Devil is anything quality you yourself harbour that is oppressive to your own growth and enlightenment and wellbeing. But that Devil is symbolized by the old world Causasian people that enslaved the Black people. The mythos states that Yacub made the White race/devil by "grafting" [here meaning separating] light "germs" from Black people and selectively breeding this strain of light people for 600 years. So esoterically the meme "Devil" and the in-group meme "Graft" mean the same thing. Not the white person, but the idea of separating something from its original nature. Anything that is separated from the people, Nature, Life,

original condition is a “Devil.” So not sharing food is “Devil.” Thinking your are better than your own people is Devil. Using and exploiting your people is Devil. Drug abuse is devil because it’s a separation for what is Natural. Not being able to commit in a relationship to raise a healthy family is devil. Etc.

The best thing about this memeplex is that there is no coherent belief or ideology anywhere. It’s more a mythos than a memeplex. It has sets of key words attached to numbers and letters. Like 1 is Knowledge, 2 is Wisdom, 3 is Understanding, etc. You get all this by mouth from a mentor who explains to you their understanding of those key words. Then you add or Build to that by adding your own understandings to those key words. Then you Build shit from there on your own, using your own ideas, by Breaking Down things – which is where the term originates from – and Drawing Up insights.

So for example your mentor in your cipher randomly asks you for the Mathematics of the Day. You take the date and convert it into its corresponding key words. Today as of this writing is the 28, which is “Wisdom-Build.” Then you break that shit down to draw up insights and spit your knowledge of the Mathematics of the day from the top of your head base on what you know. What’s Wisdom? Wisdom is knowing shit and being able to apply that knowledge to get results. What’s Build mean? Build is constructing shit out of raw material so that your ass ends up with something you didn’t have before. What’s today’s Math teach me then? To remember that knowledge gained that just sits in my head don’t do shit for me. Might as well just have left it in the book if I ain’t gunna do shit with it. If I know shit, I have to learn to apply that shit to build tangible results out of the raw material of my knowledge. 28 reminds me that what knowledge I know is just raw material to be used for building. It’s not what I know, it’s what I do with what I know that means anything real. Any book or computer can hold information. You can scratch information like the alphabet of scientific formulas on a rock, and it don’t make the rock intelligent. Intelligence or Wisdom is knowing how to apply the shit. Knowing how to incorporate it into your life to make things happen.

So from that example, you see that nobody imposes on me a belief system. I have to make the shit up myself from scratch using basic words and basic key ideas. And what I Draw Up to make sense of those key words comes from my own insides. And so what insights I may eventually put together is all my own. If something doesn’t make superficial – “exoteric” – sense in the 5% memeplex, then you break it down to hell and parse the shit out of it until it makes “esoteric” sense. And to help you do this the memeplex has 26 extra key words assigned to each letter of the alphabet so you can backronym the hell out of any word to make it into workable things. For instance, A is Allah the All in All. B is be or Born. C is Cee or See, etc. Islam in the 5% memeplex doesn’t mean the religion, it is backronymed to mean: “I Saviour Lord And Master.”

That phrase might have no meaning to us today, and it might even be comical. But if you were Black living in the 60’s free but unliked by a people that used you and then threw you away, and you lived in the slums of Harlem. Then one day somebody came to you and told you that you don’t need those White people as your master, you are your own man and master. And you don’t need those White people’s Jesus and god, you are your own Saviour, and you don’t need the White people’s government to be your lord and power, because you are your

own Lord. That was empowering. And it may have even inspired you to look past your plight and circumstances to work for something for your own self, your family, and your people.

This is the reason(s) why the 5% memeplex is a big “influence” on the way I use my mind. It has taught me a mental culture of breaking words and ideas down and twisting them every way I can to squeeze out as much insight as I can from each word. So because of that, I take that mental culture and I almost without thinking tear apart my own Buddhism, by breaking down every Sanskrit and Pali word associated with the Buddha, and I mentally walk around every idea to see it from every possible angle, then I put everything I have squeezed out together into insights. And I use the same mental culture on the ONA. As long as I get key words to look at, I can break down the words and squeeze new ideas out of them. And the ONA is rippled with key ideas and unique words. So if anybody ever wondered where I get my perspectives and insights from, it's from a simple mental culture of Breaking Down and Drawing Up.

But the real blossoming and understanding comes when you take that same mental culture of breaking down and drawing up and you apply it to the unwritten wordless stuff of your own life and experiences. When you are able to break down life, Nature, and your experiences and drawn up insights from within yourself, then build new applicable ideas with that, then Life becomes your enlightener and mentor. For example, with that mental culture of breaking down things to draw up insight from inside of your own self, can you look at a stream and draw up insight from it? Can you look at a tree of fruit growing on a tree and draw up insights from it? Can you thus Read the cipher of Nature and De-cipher it for “esoteric” wisdom? Because if you can, then you do not need anybody or any book to teach or enlighten you anymore.

My Beliefs Regarding Breeding & Blood

Whatever I “believe” of breeding and whatever I end up calling it comes from my own family and from how since the 1800's at least they have been breeding. It also comes from knowing myself, that I am – or actually my mother – is the end product of that method of breeding. In other words, when I talk about it, it is not theoretical, it has been in practice for hundreds of years and it has produced generation after generation productive people who maintain their status and place in society. When a White common person from the West talk about this subject, they can afford to debate the matter because to them the idea is just an idea. Peasants breed like peasants the world over.

Every generation in my family, since the 1800's has either retained their wealth, possessions, property, and estate, or added to what they have inherited from their elders. Even when considering that as each generation passes, you will have more blood relations to “divide” the wealth with.

That understanding that wealth and estate must eventually be divided up is what actually gives rise to an endogamic method of breeding. By endogamy I mean that two people of the same bloodline/clan are mated with each other. Which is to say that the original intent of endogamic reproduction was not to produce better genetic offspring or some super race of inbreeds. It is the greed of old people. Even after all these hundreds of years in my own family you can still here the old ladies – the Bosses of the Family – complain in anger and disappointment when

one of our relations breeds with an “outsider.” The complain is usually that the hard earned wealth and possession of the family as a collective must eventually go in portion to somebody not related to us who did not help earn it.

So when you and your second cousin are arranged to marry by the old people, it is not because they have actually determined that the two of you will make the bestest genetic stock of children. It is so that their own wealth and estates remains inside a single family. Thus there is no gradual depletion of wealth; no fight over what family gets what stuff.

But in practice when such old people in some past did implement this greed based method of reproduction they will have encountered unfortunate mistakes: deformities in offspring. And so from the encounter of such errors and mistakes, there is an organic learning process where these old people from one generation to the next learn to do it “right.” This is when endogamic reproduction takes on the extra quality and purpose of not only maintaining stuff inside the same bloodline, but now the older generation purposefully mates the younger generation together to end up with specific types of looks and qualities, ultimately to compete with other families.

If your aristocratic clan back in the old days had the prettiest girls, chances are some king will make most of them wives and concubines. Thus, from that chance, there may arise power, connexions, status, privilege, etc.

When you do come from a family that gives blood high consideration and keeps mental track of the traits and qualities of past generations, your then start to see patterns arise. You’ll see that if in such a clan a Sperm-Donor three generations in the past had a set of personality traits and characteristics, that those cousins you have today directly related to that Sperm-Donor takes on different mixtures of those traits and characteristics. And here I would also mean more than phenotype and physical based traits. I also mean – more so – the internal qualities of people. Such as the way they think and process information; problem solving skills; likes and dislikes; similar gravitation to certain professions and interests; work ethics; financial ethics; family values; and so forth.

So eventually your elders learn from experience, trial and error, and wisdom past down from older generations how to work with time to breed not just to maintain wealth, but to increase it by breeding young family members with each other who have certain desirable traits that will handle wealth better, be more cooperative, and have a strong familial bond with the family naturally/instinctively inherent in their blood.

What then do you do as an elder of such a family and culture when you have a set of very young people to work with who are impressionable and can easily Drift away from the family and culture? You incorporate “propaganda” narratives to keep such younger generations from disrupting your family/class’s equilibrium. This family or class propaganda comes in the usual form of idea of prejudice for lower classes of people. You instill in those young minds a dislike for “those other people,” by attacking whatever visible trait and quality you can use. If your family and class is rich and the people you do not want your young members to breed with are poor, you make it so that poor people are “evil” and bad. If your class and family has light skin,

and the people you do not want your children and grandchildren to breed with have dark skin, you use that dark skin color to your advantage. In other words, the prejudice itself is just a tool and means to an end. The end being a strong family coherency/cohesion where members stick to their own class.

Why do you want family members to stick to their own class of people and not mix with the lower classes? It's not because the mixed babies will be deluded in blood or come out bad. Mixed children are beautiful. It's not about skin color or anything superficial used in such class propaganda. It is because you know and understand that as a poor person you suffer, are abused, and exploited. Your wealth itself is only a means. It helps buy you and your children peace in life and enjoyment of life sans the worry, depression, stress, suffering, abuse, and exploitation. But to insure that your descendants live a life free from such suffering and abuse you need to insure that they inherit the proper inner quality and traits.

If they are mixed with a lower class person whose ancestry has a resume of ill management of money and property, your mixed child or grandchild risks inheriting such basal qualities, and thus end up suffering and exploited. But more importantly, that mixed child risks passing that low class Ethos, that basal culture of ignorance down to each generation that comes out of them. Time and descendents are the key ideas here. In Time how will your descendant be? If you have the power now to determine how your descendant will be in future what can you do to manifest that potential? And what must be done to prevent disruption of that potential? These are things that your common stock human just has no thought or worry over. Which is why 90% percent of the time peasants will always breed peasants for thousands of years. The 10% upward locomotion happens girls from the lower end of the social strata marry with men of top rung status. Girls move upwards easier than men.

And this Way of doing things is not unique to my family or class or culture. It is virtually the same in every nation. Even in the old days in America, the White people of the upper rung of America had the same culture and ethos. They may not have practiced endogamy as often; but the rest of the methodology of class continuity existed. You had healthy conservative, well bred WASP's from New England with a rich family history, where their children went to class specific schools and were raised inside a very strongly solid or coherent class ethos and culture. And that class continuity also incorporated in-class propaganda to retain young members from ignorantly breeding with those of the lower classes. And so you had well cultured WASP instilling prejudice in their children of other people, other races, prejudice about Black people, Immigrants, etc.

There was a time when this healthy ethos of family and culture was not unique to some elite sector of American society. Even in the 50's your average White upper middle class family in average cities and suburbs had this same Ethos. Then the stupid hippies and their decadence came and fucked everything up.

The destruction of the healthy ethos that strengthened culture across time and generation was slow and gradual. Racism and prejudices were out of fashion and "square," or not cool. These common stock humans and their new liberal weltanschauung grew up and took over politics. And then you have this stupid abstract ideology of "political correctness." Even worse,

it was seen as bad to be proud of your culture, class, and people. Every time a White person showed pride of their dwindling culture other people programmed to be politically correct pointed fingers and call it White racism. Every time a Mexican expressed pride for being Mexican in via their religion or music or whatever, it was seen as either racism or a lack of desire to matriculate into the "Great Melting Pot." And it was worse for the Black people. Black people don't have to express pride to be knocked down. Every time two or more Black people stand close to each other everybody not Black points fingers and calls it a gang of criminals.

Everybody is either afraid to not be politically correct because they want to look like they believe the "melting pot" theory of America works, or they keep their racial and cultural prejudices to themselves: and we all know we do this. You're bullshitting yourself if you say you are "color blind." The only people who are "blind" to color, class, and social status are the many common stock humans at the very bottom of the human social order of a given Nation, because they have nothing to lose and everything to gain from such liberal propaganda.

To what end? Our collective actions born from mere belief manifests consequences we experience. Where is the White race today? What condition is the White race existing in? Where is you culture? What has happened to the solidarity of your own White families? If as a White person you can today see and feel that something is wrong, then what will conditions for your White people be like 100 years from now? Especially when you consider that other people still have their own culture. What will things be like 100 years from now when Mexicans will be the majority race socially and politically? What will things be like for the White people when China is the superpower and America is morbidly debt ridden? All you have to do is look at the state and condition of Black people sociologically and anthropologically to see your future fate as a White people.

The Black people in America represents a sector of humanity that has been fully dehumanized. Everything about their humanness has been stripped from them. They have no religion of their own, no culture of their own, no sense of common identity. They exist in a state of human vertigo where they can't tell right from left or front from back. They struggle to hold onto anything as a surrogate culture in the same way people from a sunken ship grasps for things to hold onto in the sea to stay afloat. They go so far as to make a genre of music and sport a surrogate culture. In their dehumanized condition, we all know and understand that not only can they not dig themselves socially, economically, or culturally out of the hole they are in, but we all know they are easily abused and exploited by the more coherent sector of American society: the state, the corporations, the banks, the law.

That is the end wyrd and result of a human race which by its very nature is inherently tribal, collective, cooperating, having been broken down and dehumanized. The difference between the Black and the White is that for the Black population, the dehumanization was intentionally imposed onto them by an outside element. Whereas for the White of America your dehumanization is an internal matter. It comes from your own abstract state policies of liberal political correctness, this ethos and attitude of being bitches treading lightly so as not to upset the nice colored people because we're all equal, progressive, and liberal. Because in this day and age such factors of cultural cohesion are backwards and un-American. America after all is the "melting pot." Nothing has melted except for you own brains, and culture! To what end?

Is it wrong and bad for me to have a culture? Is it wrong for me to be proud of my culture and ancestry? Is it wrong for me to do whatever it takes to preserve my culture for my descendents so they won't end up dehumanized? Is it wrong for me to want to breed properly to insure that my descendents have the right inner qualities to manifest what they need? Am I backwards? When my family came here in the 80's they had nothing and half their relations were murdered. But because of their ethos, culture, it only too 20 years to make what they lost back. Wealth and status are only symptomatic expressions of an inner ethos or inner condition. You can take that outward Form – the wealth and property – away, and when given the time and resource whatever has been taken away will always be reclaimed and regenerated. Why are their millions of people in America who work their whole lives – over 50 years – and end up destitute in old age in a run down nursing home? What has all those 50 years of work gone to? To make others and their descendents who are more collective and cooperative – that Ethos – than you richer.

There is a saying that goes: "You can't make a poor person rich." Of all the poor people in America who won the lotto and became multimillionaires over night, how many of them after 10 years end up poor again and in more debt than they started off with? Do the math. The money and possessions are only outward symptoms of an inner Ethos, which Ethos is culture based. If you are a person born from generations of poor people, and you were raised inside that poverty matrix, you are not a "poor person," you are a living expression of the Field of poverty, in the same way that a magnetized piece of iron is a physical expression of a magnetic Field. You are not poor, you are poverty. Every thing that you do expresses poverty. It doesn't matter what a magnet does, it will always attract metal to itself. Magnets do what magnets do. Poverty does what poverty does: express the state and condition of being poor. You give such a person charged or imbued with that ethos of poverty a million dollar and their descendents – children and grand children – will still come into existence poor. Peasants breed peasants. The Ethos is in the blood and the culture.

Why I Am ONA

Because I believe in only two breeds of humans: the Ariya and the Anariya. The Aryan and the Nonaryan. The Noble and the Ignoble. The Honourable and the Dishonourable. The Aristocracy and the mundane peasantry. The Cultured and the uncultured.

Because I believe that such breeds of people is not limited or based on skin color. In each race and color of people there will always be the Noble Aryan and the Mundane Peasantry. If the word Aryan makes you feel uncomfy or if White people want to exclusively claim it, fine. We can use the word "Ariyan." Whatever.

The point is I believe Our Kind – the Nobility and Honourable – belong at the top. I believe that the ignoble inferiors belong at the bottom as a resource of exploitation. I feel no sorrow or remorse for the condition of the poor and the dehumanization of the common stock human of any color.

I am ONA because I want to share with Our Kind – of whatever race and culture – certain insights which I may have learned either from my own people or from DM. So that Our Kind –

wherever they are in that idiotic liberal melting pot of America and Europe; and Asia as well, can realize the dehumanization of their culture and people because of what we call “Magian Ethos.” I am nobody’s saviour, and I can do nothing but share my eyes and what I see. The rest is up to each of you Lost Nobles. The work of rebuilding your own cultures and tribes and cooperative living is up to you and your own efforts.

Black, White, Latino, Asian, or Indigenous. There is in each people the scion of Noble Blood, Noble Culture, and Noble Ethos. Which Nobility is being disrupted by these things we call Magian Ethos. I am ONA because I would like to see such White Nobles, such Black Nobles, such Latin Nobles, such Asian Nobles, and especially the Noble blooded of the Indigenous peoples reclaim their identities, their humanness, their cultures, their traditions, and their pride of Folk and Blood.

This is all the ONA is to me beneath its fancy dark mythos. It is a spring of inspiration, and source of insight, a template of praxis, a method of reorientation, a practical Noble – Ariyan – Way of Life, and a method of reclaiming what has been taken away from us. I care very little for the mundane peasants. As long as their despicable breed does not catch the Bubonic plague and die off en masse, I am not worried over them and what suffering they manifest for themselves due to their own stupidity. The care is in the quality and condition of our Lives and the future of our Folk, Breed, and Land. Your culture and family – as well as my culture and family – is slowly eroding and corroding from ubiquitous Mundane Menace. If we do not suffer from this erosion in our life time, our descendants will in future.

I am ONA because I believe the occupying regime and the System is the cause of this Mundane Menace eating away of our sense of racial or folk pride, of solidarity of culture, and I believe this System must eventually fall somehow. I am ONA because I believe that National-Socialism – in whatever form inspires me or us – still has the power to inspire and teach certain Folk among us how to rekindle their racial or folk pride, reclaim their ancestral and cultural identity and heritage, to thus re-establish a strong culture and folk of their own. I am ONA because I believe that Causal Forms such as Satanism still has the inspiring power to get us to reject Magian Ethos as individuals and as a folk or clan or family. I am ONA because I honestly believe that we – the Ariya/Aryan/Noble – must in each of our own unique ways and cultures strive to presence the Numen to imbue our immediate environment once more with what was lost: the Numinous.

To the mundane mental cripples it will seem as though I hate America and the West because I may seem ignorantly hell bent in a fanciful way on “destroying” it.

When a federal worker goes to inspect a prison, and sees the deplorable condition the inmates live in, and this inspector desires to Change the prison system so that the inmates can live in better conditions, this is not seen as bad. This inspector is not interpreted as one who hates the prison system?

When as a student I dislike my college because of the useless crap that it teaches me and other students, and I want to Change its educational system for my own betterment and the betterment of other students, this is not bad. I am not interpreted as one who hates the college

and want to burn it down forever?

Why then do I – and perhaps the “ONA” in general – desire to dismantle “The System?” How do you progress forward as humanity, or the West, when the System are locked inside of serves only to dig your grave? I have nothing against the West. I was born and raised here. I dislike and do not want to see the East or the South or Africa or Latin America be where the West was. I want to see the West go further. But the West is sick. It is suffering from a disease, and that disease needs to be cut out, if it to be better. The disease IS NOT the mundane common stock people. They are a vital part of the “ecosystem” of our humanity: unless one of you Noble Folk wants to be my maid and gardener. The enemy is Magian Ethos, and the liberal decadence and egalitarian faggotry it glorifies and expounds. That is why I am ONA.

If you believe that the ONA is a religion or some kind of Satanism, then you need to leave and don't bother with trying to understand the ONA or DM; because you've completely missed the functioning point. It is in essence about your own numinous Human Nature, how that Numinous Humanness is slowing being dehumanized to serve the interests of an abstract State and System which has very little interest in you. It is about awakening to the realization that such degradation of our Humanness causes a great amount of our distresses, suffering, worry, anguish, and dependency. Then realizing that we must struggle not to destroy some abstract system that exists “out there” somewhere but that this abstract system parasitizing us is exists only as a construct in our own minds.

Without the belief in the State, it loses its realness and power. Remember, without the belief in the Church, Christianity lost its realness and temporal/political power over you. And we are seeing this same awakening in the Middle East with a people who have come to realize that the power and oppression of Shariah is not “out there” somewhere, but in the minds of the people all along. This is something we all should have learned from as children watching the old Neverending Story. Fantasia can't exist without your imagination and belief. The State does not exist outside the field of mind. You give it life simply by believing in it and perpetuating its policies and interests. But there are many minds that are enthralled in the belief of its existence. And it is that mass psychosis which our prison is. In the end, the ONA is about waking up to the realization that we must struggle in a practical way to remedy the deficiency and regenerate what was lost and taken away from us: Our Humanness, Our Cultures, and Our Bonds of Blood and Honour.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

122 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SINISTER BY NATURE



There's Hardware, and then there's Software. Software's those computer programs of 1's and 0's that tells a computer what to do. The Hardware's all the tangible buttons, the hard drive, the wires, and all those little things on the green boards. There's a very big difference between the two. Your computer is still a computer even without the Software. You can change software and use different programs, and your computer is still a computer.

Back in the day, when I got into High School, I hung out with all the other Cambodians and Asians in a portion of campus everybody calls "Chinatown" because, for some reason: all the Asians that went to that school, all hung out there during breaks. And if you weren't Asian and you walked through Chinatown, everybody looks at you like you done made a wrong turn somewhere and you were crazy or something. Unless you were in one of the many crews and sets [gangs].

Chinatown itself was divided into two sides. All the fobs [those skinny geeky Fresh Of the Boat Asians] who barely spoke English sat together on the left hand side by the wall, which they called "Silicone Valley." And the Hardcore Asians congregated on the right hand side by the big cum tree. That's what the tree was called. I don't know the species, but every spring it blooms these pretty white flowers with 5 petals that smell like cum [sperm] so it's call the cum tree. I asked the other girls there why it's called a cum tree and they all just laughed. I had to take everybody's word back then, since I never had the experience of smelling jizz personally at that time.

I still had some residual innocence left in me back then. So the hardcore Asians were intimidating, so I first sat with the fobs on the left side of Chinatown. But those guys on the other side can somehow smell out their own kind. One of them, a Vietnamese boy with baggy pants, shaven head, and tats, leaned forward from where he was sitting to look at me and said: "Looks like Silicone Valley got another fob." One of the younger boys who was a tagger said: "That ain't no fob, that's Scooby's cousin [Helter's street name, an OG of TRG], "Jade" from EK ["Evil Kidz," it was a very large tagger crew], she's proly getting one them software type to do her homework for her, come here and sit on the hardware side." Then one of the OG in the group said: "Oh shit, you Scooby's cousin; you don't look Khmer." So I walked over to the right side asking: "Why this called the hardware said?" And one of the other boys

makes a fist and punches his open palm twice, to answer my question.

The right side of Chinatown was populated with all these, gangs, tagger crews, raver and racer crews, and their membership was all criss-crossed into each other. There were only two gangs there: Tiny Raskal Gang and their girls: LRG, Lady Raskal Gang, and all the Vietnamese boyz claimed FBZ [Fullerton Boyz]. I naturally started hanging out with the Lady Raskals, and the three OG: "A Sat" [The Animal, in Khmer], "A Vet" [short for A Svet meaning The Skinny, he was actually buff], and A Thea [The Thea, which was his name] became my best friends.

I don't know if you've ever joined a gang of some type or even a tagger crew. There's no Gang Bible, or some book called "How To Be a Gangbanger," by Mr. Pelon or something. Gang members don't really sit there with each other and talk about the philosophical mysteries of their gang and about the ontological ramifications of being a gangbanger. And they don't recruit you either. It's not like some gang member comes up to you cuz you look cool and says to you: "So yeah, I'm just representing a franchise of Tiny Raskal Gang you know. We beat people up, sometimes we shoot at them. So you wanna get sexed into our gang and, you know, sell drugs with us after school or something?"

Gangs operate on almost an instinctive, or primal human mode, which means the Essence and Way of Life that a gang may represent, does not need to be written, preached, lectured, philosophized, or pontificated. If you "get it," you get it. If you don't get it, then the shit ain't for you. You can't force or brainwash somebody who doesn't get the essence of gang-life to be a gangbanger. You can dress him up to look like one, and even teach him the subcultural lingo of a gang, so he can sound like a gangbanger when he talks. But when it comes down to the hardware of "gang-ism," will he be down for his shit? Will he slang the dope? Will he do drive-bies and kill rivals? Or is he a pussy in wolves clothing?

Being a gangbanger isn't something which you study or practice to be. It isn't an antiquarian pursuit or a college course. It's something that you already are inside. It is an aspect of your own human nature, which expresses itself, or manifests itself, as what we call "gang affiliated behaviour." You can be a total illiterate dumbass, and be the hardest gangbanger. In fact, being the "unthinking" type, makes a better gangbanger. If you were a general of an army at war, would you pick the philosophical, intellectual type to fill your ranks, or the type that just does shit and takes orders? They second type gets the work and war done. From a sociological, and urban anthropological perspective, this unwritten methodology of gangs is fascinating. Because despite the fact that nothing is written in some manuscript, a gang is always constitutionally identical in method, modus, and essence, no matter who composes the gang, or where in the world it functions.

You don't know you're "gang affiliated" until its too late. I just started hanging out with my new friends after school. And when you're in a group setting, and everybody's smoking weed, and they pass you the joint, you smoke it too. You smoke it because it's primal and instinctive. You know instinctively that if you wanna get accepted by the group, to adopt their culture and way: to do what they do, or you'll be rejected. It's not like some gang mentor told me: "Ok Chloe, the first steps to being a genuine initiate of a gang is to dress slutty, do a lot of under age drinking of alcoholic beverages, practice a lot of premarital sex, smoke a lot of dope,

speak English like you were under educated, and scratch anybody's face that has letters on them that isn't TRG or LRG."

What seals the deal, isn't the initiation process. Usually a street gang's initiate process consists of members of the gang beating up the prospect member. Asian gangs may also burn you in with cigars, cigarettes, or incense. The initiation itself doesn't really make you a member. It's a psychological method by which the other members becomes emotionally aware that you desire to be a part of their subculture, thus, they emotionally are conditioned to accept you as a member. In the end, it's your actions that makes you an genuine accepted member. Not the initiation.

What seals the deal and makes you a member of any gang, is the rival gang. If you are unfamiliar with gangs, then I don't know how to explain this to you; unless you were involved in a skinhead gang? Your skinhead, swastika tats, mode of dress, and friends don't really make you skinhead. These are just the tribal markings. What makes you a member of a skinhead gang are the jews and blacks, that get into your face.

For example, when I was hanging out with my chosen gang affiliates [Tiny Raskals, Lady Raskals] one time some place. There was a set of rival gang members from Asian Boyz who noticed us. That's when a real confrontation happened. Both sides were yelling at each other. In such a situation, you have no time to think or articulate the situation. All you know instinctively is that there is a group of people hostile to you and your group, and you can either fight, or run away. That's it. Those Asian Boyz and our boyz all went at each other right on the side walk. And then some of their girls ran straight for me and the other girls in our group. There's no thinking involved. It's just a primal doing and knowing. All you know is that those people aren't "your people" and that the people you identify with is under attack. That rival group solidified my identification, subconsciously, with the group I was with. At the same time it severed any possible identification I may have with and for the rival group. I fought, and from that moment on, I "claimed" LRG. Again, this isn't an intellectual phenomenon. Or as they say: Nothing brings people together like war or a shared disaster or life risking event. It happens subconsciously, and it plays with primal human instinct. It is what you do and what kind of person you are already inside that is the genuine essence and quality.

I can say in a way, that being a gangbanger has absolutely nothing to do with anything softcore a person might have. By "softcore" I mean the software or biological programs a person's brain may be using or running on. I mean to say that the religion or atheism, the opinions and beliefs, the thoughts and ideologies, of a person has nothing to do with that person's essential nature and character of being a gangbanger. Some gangbangers are atheists, some are Catholic, some Buddhist, some racist, some don't give a shit what your skin color is, some are politically inclined, some don't give a shit about politics, some are college educates, other are high school drop outs. These softcore things are irrelevant to the internal quality and character of what a gangbanger is and the acts and deeds he lives and manifests on the streets. The Hardware and Software of a person are two very different, separate phenomena. By "Hardware" I mean to say a person's body, a persons tangible deeds and actions [his causal in put] in the causal realm of experience.

This is the background and culture our 352 came from. A culture where actions and deeds, or hardcore living speaks louder than words. A culture where debating, and thinking, and not being genuinely Sinister inside gets you killed eventually. Messing with this gang shit is no joke. You may at times believe it's a joke or not take things too seriously, but your rival gang affiliates don't give a fuck one way or the other how you are affiliated, how deep your into it, or how seriously you take your shit. If you're affiliated, there's a fist, a knife, a bullet or jail cell with your name on it somewhere out there. It's just a matter of time. There's no room in this life style for softcore bullshit. If you don't do, you die.

We "came into" the ONA with this essence and mentality: this state of being. Nothing really changed about the game. Its just that now with ONA memes, we have certain aims, goals, and objectives to direct what we do naturally towards. You get what I'm saying? Instead of just being a gang that just aimlessly bangs on the street, there is an intent or direction to that banging. Or in otherwords: that banging, becomes a means to an end.

All those ONA manuscripts to us [352] are just biological programs. All they do is deprogram one's old aeonic method of thinking which you were trained to adopt, and replaces it with a new way of seeing things. But once you've uploaded and installed the software, you get your ass back to business out there. Just because you've read ONA MSS doesn't mean you are sinister or an associate. Sinister isn't something you become after reading something. You are already a sinister predatorial individual; those manuscripts just helps you direct your already present Sinister Nature in the right direction. In the same sense that it don't require shit to make a gangbanger except that hardcore quality they inherently have naturally.

This Sinister Way isn't a religion. In the same way that gangbangng – or the "Gang Way" – isn't a religion. It's got nothing to do with an –ism or an –ology. It isn't a grabbag or cluster of new beliefs and memplexes that you carry around to make yourself feel "different" from others. It don't fucking matter what the hell kind of softcore shit you carry in your head, whether it's "Satanism," atheism, or Christianity. Either case, it don't get shit done because these are nothing more that mind toys which occupies the mind. Thinking, doesn't do shit but produce more thinking. Philosophizing and debating don't get shit done in the causal world. It just generates more shit talking. Just cuz you can talk shit, doesn't mean you are the shit when it comes down to putting the shit into physical, real world practice. Just cuz you can quote Anton Long, don't mean you are Sinister, especially if all you've been doing is talking, thinking, debating, and philosophizing the ONA.

And there's a lot of talking and debating going on these days in these ONA yahoo groups. Talks about how many Anton Longs there are; if the old school MSS have more authority than the new ones; if and where shit like National-Socialism and Satanism fits into the current ONA; how the current ONA seems to contradict what it was a decade ago; if the Law of Honour extends to the Mundanes or not; if targets for the ABC's should be tested. And somewhere in this thick useless jungle of talking and debating, the Sinister is lost; and nobody seems to give a shit. When I say "sinister" I refer to that essential and natural inner quality of a fucking predator and what sinister acts and deeds such a person will do, with or without the MSS. The MSS are just a means to refine and redirect such sinister deeds that comes naturally to such kinds of people, toward a bigger and distant goal, that even transcends the sinister individual;

all for the sake of his future progeny. Since when did talking, arguing, debating, and philosophizing become evil and sinister? You can't talk a mundane to death, you can't disrupt society by presenting an unbreakable argument. You can't argue some galactic imperium into existence?!

Sure our 352 writes a great deal of stuff. But when we do right shit, it's shit that isn't meant or written to be debated on. It's meant for our Disciple to do. Don't talk about it or ask why, just do the shit and learn from your experience. If the shit don't work on the streets, then you should be smart enough to tweak it to make it work. If it works, use it; if it doesn't, abuse it. If that shit don't work, don't talk about, abuse it around and make it work. When you're out gangbanging with your homies as a junior in a gang, and you're told to punch a nigga in the face, you don't say to your senior: "Oh, hold up nigga, lets debate this like two intelligent adults..." You don't ask why or demand to know what rival gang that nigga's from and why there's beef and if such beef is valid, or if your boy's got genuine authority to call the shots. You do what you're told and punch the fucking nigga, and if your left arm is lame or crippled, you fucking use your other arm, or kick the motherfucker. Ain't no talking or debating involved in this shit!

We came online to try and duplicate our own ONA culture into other cities and areas. But how do you spread something which is essentially wordless and unwritable, because it's just something you do; something you are already. We had to find the two smartest ones out of us [me and Kayla] who could deconstruct what it is that we are and do, and somehow engineer memes, or biological software, that would duplicate our culture in those few who resonate with what we were putting out, to aeonically engineer a future network. The shit we write was never meant to be debated and argued over. And we never saw any value or worth in such softcore pursuits. It was an unpleasant surprise for us to find out that a majority of those associated with the ONA in various online groups, had nothing going for them, besides the softcore shit; the Satanism and other such outer tools and forms, which are now inadequate vehicles for The Sinister.

Just because you are a Satanist, or ascribe to Satanism, doesn't mean you are sinister. It just means you are stupid for mistaking something that is a natural essence of being, living, and doing, for a piece of shit religion. There I said it: Satanism is a piece of shit Religion. There is nothing sinister about any belief or -ism. It's all the same: just a system of belief, just another Religion your brain is entrapped in. The ONA tries to tell you time and time over again that such things like "Satanism," Racialism, National-Socialism, and now Radical Islam are just a fucking tool/means someone genuinely sinister by nature will use to get his work done. The means does not make the man. The tools don't make the builder. You can give a random person a tool belt and dress him up like an architect, but if he is not a builder inside, those tools will be absolutely useless. You got some idiot ONA people out there running around with a tool belt, thinking that they're hammers and drill bits, confusing the tools, for the inner man and his profession.

And if you consider yourself ONA and my statement somehow got you angry, then go back and read something like Hysteron Proteron and go out and make yourself useful. Being sinister is something that you are as an individual; everything else is just a means to express your

sinister nature. In the same way that a gangbanger could be said to be “gangish” by his very nature; as opposed to him being a nerd boy. He didn’t have to study or read a 1000 manuscripts and ascribe to a religion to be that way. It’s just how he is. Either you are a gangbanger, or you aren’t. You either got it, or you don’t. You’re either Sinister By Nature, or your “frontin” [feigning]. Being sinister isn’t a religion or belief system. You are already sinister. It’s the type of person you are inside. In another way, it’s your dharma. It’s the quality and essence nature put in you when you were born which naturally manifests through that nature as deeds and acts people consider “bad,” “evil,” and “sinister.”

There’s nothing sinister about waving manuscripts around, chanting Latin hymn, and identifying some aspect of yourself with “Satan.” Any body can do it. Any body can read an ONA MSS. Any body can debate what the ONA has written. But can just any body go out and cull someone? Can any body kidnap someone for ransom money? Can any body use sinister cloaking to manipulate others to burn buildings down, and assassinate targets?

Being sinister has a lot in common with sex. People who talk a lot about sex, about how they’re great at it, and how they’re just so “I’m the only man you need baby,” but when it comes down to actually performing, it’s a fact [ask any girl] that the boys that talk the loudest, don’t know what the fuck they’re doing in bed. Just cuz you can get that shit up and can give yourself a great hand job, don’t mean you got what it takes to please a girl right. And it’s the same shit with these ONA boys. They do a lot of talking about being “sinister” [whatever that means to them] and they do a lot of talking in their yahoo groups, about the occult or whatever. But put your ass on the street and show me or yourself what sinister shit you can do, without shitting your pants. Go kill somebody. You don’t need to be ONA to experience killing somebody, and it can be completely legal. Go fucking join the army and shoot someone, and show me it don’t affect you psychologically. Put you fucking foot where your mouth is. Go join a gang and face some real danger on the streets. Car jack someone and chop that car up and prove that your sinister shit produces real world results, like real money. Or better yet, insight role as a common criminal and do something to get yourself in an American prison and see how long you survive, before you’re fucked up the ass by those who are really – Genuinely – Sinister By Nature.

Those who genuinely are by nature sinister, can smell out their own kind. I know what kind of boys most y’all are up in those group. It’s when you face real danger, or are being sodomized by a big black sinister motherfucker in prison, that’s when you – yourself – awaken from that piece of shit delusional state you were in to finally realize that you’re about as hardcore and sinister as a wannabe gangbanger, a “wangsta” as they are called. Motherfuckers confusing old outer forms like “Satanism” for what truly is Sinister Nature.

Some of you ONA boys are so deep in your own bullshit, and this Satanism shit, that you can’t even get yourself to shrence or shapeshift as a convincing Muslim good enough to manipulate a weak minded true believer to blow himself up. Y’all wouldn’t even know how to offer a motherfucker if the opportunity arose; let a lone pull a trigger. That’s why, despite all that internet chattering, philosophizing, talking, and debating, I don’t ever hear one of you talking about culling. Everyone is sinister, but when it comes to the subject of something like culling, its all silent. Cuz when outsiders point out the fact that there’s been no evidence of any culling

done by any occult group, and that offering someone in this day and age because of current states of forensics science, is crazy and you'd be caught in a matter of months, you guys just shut up and fall silent. Or lamely rationalize this out to yourself by dismissively saying something like: "Well, that's the point, the great risk and danger; anyways about Anton Long, where were we?"

I've never heard from one of you any hint about "black holes," or "black out spots," or "red light districts," or just dropping hints that lets me – and others – know that you just might have done it, and that you just might know ways to do it. Like usual, you gotta leave it up to the Usual Suspects to say it for you, because that's how "sinister" some of you are; leave the real sinister shit for people like Myatt, and those nameless initiates out in the streets and shadows to do, while you boys talk shit:

[Quote Some Notes of Culling]

Some Notes on Culling

The interesting and sinister thing about culling is that most, if not all modern cullings – when done by a true follower of The Sinister Way – are disguised. That is, they do not appear – to the "authorities" – to be ritualistic killings. Some cullings, for example may be intentionally disguised as "accidents"; some as "suicides"; and some as having occurred due to other, apparently non-sinister, events, such as "assassinations" (political, or otherwise); gang-related violence; so-called "terrorist attacks"; part of some so-called "criminal activity", such as robbery; or as part of some so-called "lawful activity" such as combat during some conflict or war, or by someone acting "in the line of duty".

Also, a follower of The Sinister Way may use a proxy to undertake such a culling, with they themselves remaining cloaked, or hidden, behind the scenes, with this proxy being cleverly manipulated into the act, or persuaded to do the act, for a whole variety of reasons (which reasons, for example, could appear to be political, or religious, or be part of some so-called "criminal" activity which the proxy might be part of or be persuaded to be part of).

Even on the few occasions where there is a ritualistic element – for example, the performance of the complete Ceremony of Recalling – the followers of The Sinister Way, being part of an elite, will plan the culling well in advance, and use their skills, their cunning, their intelligence, to not only chose a most suitable offer – with this offer having been chosen and tested according to our sinister guidelines – but also to ensure (a) the correct disposal of the mortal remains of the offer, and (b) that the place of culling remains secure and hidden, or that there is little or no forensic evidence for the culling in such a place. Thus, and for example, the choosing and the events during and after the Ceremony would ensure that the offer is either not missed by the mundanes, or, if missed, is assumed to be just missing, with their being no clues (or false clues laid) in relation to this disappearance.

[...]

Importantly, culling – whether on an individual, or a somewhat larger, scale – is one of those really sinister acts which separates, and which serves to distinguish, the true follower of our Dark Tradition, our Sinister Way, from those who pretend to follow it, or who believe in their delusion that they are following it, or who inform others that they are following it.

For it is these really, genuinely, sinister acts – acts such as culling, such as transgressing the laws of the mundanes – that test the individual, that change them, that can evolve them; that, ultimately, makes them part of our elite.

For such acts – such sinister deeds – reveal, strengthen, and make, the sinister personal character that mark our sinister kind. They also test; they are a challenge. They test one's nerve; they test one's commitment to go, in a practical way, to and beyond the limits which the mundanes have set. They challenge because, to be successful, they require planning, cunning, and self-control; a true sinister spirit. They also and importantly – when done collectively, as part of a sinister tribe, or as a member of a nexion – bind the participants together by the very dangerous nature of the act itself; they build a true sinister *esprit de corps*, and also form that bond of unshakable loyalty which has served us well for centuries.

It is not for us, for those of our sinister kind, to make excuses for failing to undertake a sinister culling, for we know the mundanes for the resource they are. We know – we feel and we understand – that we are better than them; worth more than them, and that they, provided we adhere to our sinister guidelines for choosing such opfers as we need, are ours to use, to manipulate, to enjoy, as we will.

Thus do we test, with our well honed tests, each and every individual we intentionally choose as an opfer. For this gives them “a sporting chance”; it reveals their character. That is, such tests reveal whether they do indeed have a a mundane, expendable, character, or whether they might possess some potential, something that might, if developed, raise from up from the level of the mundanes.

However, be it known that there are some occasions – a few occasions – when such testing of such potential opfers is not required. One occasion is when an act of revenge is called for and necessary – for example, if the individual or the people in question have acted against us, or harmed us (personally, or harmed our tribe, or nexion) in a significant way such that deadly retaliation against them is the honorable and the necessary thing to do. Another such occasion would be if someone from among us had broken or transgressed one of our rules, our laws, such as informing on us to the “authorities”. Another such occasion would be if the cullings themselves be part of some other deed, cloaked or otherwise, with such a deed itself being designed to be a pure, unsullied, act of sinister terror – one of those reminders, to the mundanes, that they are not safe “from the likes of us”, not safe from the forces of Darkness, and that, despite all their best efforts, and all their laws, and “security”, they, the mundanes, are and will remain vulnerable, and that for their desecration of our sinister numen, and for their hubris, they can and will be punished – often without warning – “by the likes of us”.

ONA 120yf

[End Quote]

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

120 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SINISTER ENLIGHTENMENT



[Sinister Enlightenment](#)

I was going to name this “Satanic Enlightenment,” but I don’t like the word “Satanic” because it makes the “enlightenment” part seem bound to a specific “Satanic” philosophy or world view. Sinister Enlightenment as a title is not really any better. But the descriptor gives the type of “enlightenment” the “correct” feel, as I will explain later.

This essay came up due in part to several currents of thoughts and events that merged in my head and got me thinking. The first event was an argument my friends and I had at a get together. It was a usual friendly argument we usually get into after the party dies out and everyone goes home, except for the few usuals. In that atmosphere of a cool chilly night and sobering from our drinking we’ll talk about stuff, which turns into a usual exchange of ideas and argumentation.

In real life I am not the life of the party. I am the type to sit near the back of the room and just absorb everything everybody says quietly without interjecting. Just to get everybody’s point of view to measure it with my own. If asked to participate I usually say I have no opinions or ideas on the subject. But I say that so often, and my friends know me so well, they know better, but they leave me out of their drama debates. It’s only the next day or the day after the next, when the one or two people who are actually interested in understanding the subject from my perspective has come to ask me for my opinions that I share my ideas. This gives me time to actually put my thoughts together to understand my own current position better.

God & Enlightenment

The topic of the argument that night was a usual subject which pops up for other people: God. Except I have a motley crew of friends from different weltanschauungs. My atheist friends said the usual as one would expect from atheists: there is no god. My theist friends said the usual: there was a god. My pantheist friend said god exists but it is not what we think it is. My Satanist friends said the predictable, which I found boring. My Buddhist friends said the predictable which I also found stale.

But my Five Percenter friends being their own camp set the ball rolling down a very interesting course. They believe in something they call “Allah,” which is not the Islamic Allah. Allah to them is the “All in All,” as in all life in toto – wholistically – which includes the universe is “Allah.”

This led the others to agree with the basic underlying idea: that whatever exists “out there” – which we are a microcosmic part and aspect of – is a unified system of some sort. This idea brought the atheist guys into agreement who said something like, therefore science is a great way to gain an understanding of this universal system. But the Buddhist friends and my Hindu friend took the talk in a predictably distasteful turn, bringing up “Enlightenment.”

All of a sudden “enlightenment” was a penicillin: the answer and cure all agreeable to everybody. To understand Purusha – the universal soul – or the living system one had to be “enlightened” to grasp this universal thing. It was like some spiritual honey coated quest garnished with a heavy load of spiritual word patterns and ideas. And the atheist camp went off on this philosophical pseudo-spiritual quasi-quantum-physical rant and higher intelligence and how awesome the universe as a system worked.

From all this I saw in my mind a delusional upwards flow of some kind, regarding the type of “enlightenment” they were talking about. Upwards flow as in trying to paint the picture that the more philosophical everybody got, and the more about enlightenment everybody talked about, the further away from the real actual world they were.

Dellumination

The next day one of our friends hung out with me and asked me what I thought about the other day’s topic of discussion. I told him that I do agree that whatever this all is, it is one whole thing. Whether we call it Allah or Purusha, or God, is besides the point and irrelevant to the actual issue and character/nature/condition of this thing. What issue?

The issue of why the universe is inherently destructive in character. Not just in the cosmic level of giant burning suns, supernovas, huge plasma filaments, etc. But more importantly – on a real and human level – on the Earth.

Every living creature this all creative god or universe has “made” KILLS. Everything rapes and plunders. Even trees. Trees in the Amazon forest will grow upwards to hog the sun light up in the canopy and starve the smaller plants of vital light. Why? The most primitive life forms – and perhaps the most earliest – [viruses] are agents of disease. In fact viruses still kills and plagues our species today. Why? I mean if we really, really observe living organisms and their natural behaviour, without bias, we will eventually get to the point where we understand that the natural living “world” is a violent and dangerous system.

Yet there exists an incongruity between that natural “world” and what we believe to be God, Brahma, Purusha, Allah, the Oversoul, etc. By incongruity I mean it in the real geometric sense. I took geometry four times in school because I sucked at it, so after 4 rounds of geometry class, I use many concepts and words from geometry, such as Theorem, Postulate,

Congruent, etc. When two angles are equal in measurement we say that they are Congruent Angles. If Angle $\angle A$ is 90 degrees, and Angle $\angle B$ is 89 degrees, $\angle A$ & $\angle B$ are Incongruent. Incongruent doesn't capture the difference between Nature as a living system, and the Universe of God right. Chasm or grand canyon is more like it. But what do I mean?

I mean, if you take a white carnation flower, and put it into a vase, then put blue food coloring into the water, something can be seen to result. The result is that after a while the tips of the white carnation will turn baby blue. How did that happened we ask. Where did that blue color come from we ask. From the fucking food dye in the water. We know there is a connection because the white petals are connected to the blue colored water by a god damn stem, and we know how the stem's capillary action works. It's not a mystery.

Then why is it a big mystery when we are dealing with life and the nature of what life springs from? All of life seems to be dependent on a single working system which each organism and species is a part of. The characteristic or inherent "quality" of this system is not "nice." Most organisms that are not plants seem to have evolved to kill and use the parts of other organisms to sustain itself. And so, we when see this, we must ask ourselves what is the characteristic or quality of the Source of this living system?

It seems as though that in general the more a mundane talks about enlightenment and philosophy the less the mundanes know about the actuality of causal things. The more these mundanes talk about enlightenment and philosophy, the more stupid shit they end up talking about. Shit that has no real connexion to the actualness of reality.

If I were to pursue a course to enlightenment, it would thus be backwards. Rather than move upwards and know more about ideas and stupid shit up in the clouds somewhere, I'd like to know more about the causal world and how it works. Why? Because I like zoology and material science? No. Gaining an understanding of causal organisms, causal phenomena, and the causal world we all have our existence in, is only a means to a deeper end. The deeper end is the understanding of that ultimate Thing "all of this" has its being in. That Thing from which all of this around us, and which we are springs from. Even the understanding of this Thing is not the end in itself. The ultimate end is an understanding of what we are.

Self & Dualism

I don't know what other people out there know of and understand of the word "Dualism" and its antonym "Nondualism," but to me I see understand that dichotomy from a Theravada angle, which is complicated and yet simple at the same time.

What do I essentially mean when I say "Dualism?" I mean let Dualism = "This & That." That is the basic formula. As I understand it, if you think dichotomies are factual and real, you are a dualist: this and that. If in your paradigm an internal and an external exists then you are a dualist: this and that. If in your weltanschauung you exist as one vector and God, Cosmos, Macrocosm exists as a second vector "somewhere" you are a dualist. You and Macrocosm makes TWO. This and That. Nondualism, as I understand it means only One Single Whole exists and there is no division. No This and That.

That concept of the nondual nature of reality is to the idea of Anatta [non-self] what the idea of understanding the topography of a landscape is to the understanding that most rivers should flow down hill. Why can we say that most rivers should flow down hill and be quiet confident in our assessment? Because we assume we understand the topography of a given place. So if reality is nondual, thus there can exist no “self,” therefore the self and reality are the same exact thing. By “reality” I would thus mean the Spectrum – Santana – Continuum/Field of Phenomena.

By Phenomena I simply mean shit that happens. That’s for you asswipe philosophical type that need to spilt hairs and play word games. Phenomena means the fucking sea of shit that is fucking happening to which you yourself are just a piece of shit happening also. Why don’t I give a flying fuck how we experience phenomena [“qualia”], or what phenomena are “beyond” our perception? Because I am a nondualist. The perceiver and that which is being perceived is the same thing. What experiences or conscious selection is taking place occurs inside the matrix of conscious perception and cannot exist independent of perception/apprehension or consciousness/reality. Meaning like, when I look at a red ball of yarn and a green ball of yarn, the differentiation I perceive between the red and green happens entirely as a process of data apprehension and interpretation. The information goes into my eyes and is turned into electric pulses. That goes to my visual cortex and is translated into “pictures” somehow. I become consciously aware of the picture. Then I recognize and discern what I see and say: “Oh look, red and green.” At no point in that entire process is anything outside the mechanism of data apprehension changed or altered. The balls of yarn are not even there on a finer quantum level, and neither am I or my neurons processing the data.

But again, I’m coming from a Theravada Buddhist weltanschauung. Or rather, at least from my own speculative understanding of the world after understanding certain Theravada concepts. Like any religion, Theravada Buddhism is steeped/lost in word games. To be fair, Theravada does not teach nonduality or dualism implicitly or explicitly in its canons. What concepts of dualism or nondualism a Theravadin gains personally is based on extrapolation of text and reality. That being said, the Buddha himself encourages the Upasika/Upasaka to challenge and question his words and teachings. It’s a given to any thinking person to not accept another person’s words at face value because of some title or because of special regard. There is a difference between Self-Enlightenment, and following someone who is supposedly enlightened, or believing his word at face value.

In this respect, if I had to choose between Sambuddhi [self-enlightenment] and Buddhism; I would choose self-enlightenment and abandon Theravada. But if I had to choose speculative thinking about shit I will never be able to confirm and the Practical essence of Theravada, I would choose Theravada. The main point is that Theravada likes to be Practical and Pragmatic -such as giving practical advice regarding life, action, and perception – with its canonical teachings and it dislikes going off the deep end and being speculative, philosophical, or metaphysical. Usually its Mahayana and Vedanta that teaches some species of dualism or non-dualism. And again, concerning Theravada, it’s all canonical word games or idea-dramas which I have no interest in. But I do understand I am speculating.

So the whole issue in regard to canonical Theravada is the meaning of the word “Self/Atma,”

and goofy philosophical speculations. When I say “Self” and “Mind” or “Consciousness” I mean what the Buddha referred to as “Citta-santana” or Mind-Stream; which is a completely different animal and bug altogether. I have to explain this because there are some really stupid people out there who are so spellbound by word games that they will have an asscow over the words and superficial ideas I use to try to intimate or approximate something deeper than those words and ideas. Don’t let your memeplex think for you, think for yourself. I don’t understand there to be separation. I understand that differentiation happens only as a byproduct of conscious prehension. I don’t expect others to be coming from the vantage point I have. If there is a separation of differentiation of “things” in the fabric of reality, it exists as the act of conscious prehension/selection or as merely an intellectual mental parsing of reality by the focus and selective perception of consciousness. You don’t have to see thing like I do or agree with me. You can keep your Western dualistic interpretation of the world. And you can keep all the problems and trouble such ways of seeing the world causes to arise too.

My way is more peaceful. I have no god out there to need to follow and worship, or deny, because nondualism is beyond this primitive theism-atheism thing. Because there is no god out there and there is no me here. There is just everything as One-Thing. I have no need for goofy, spiritual, religious, philosophical myths and metanarratives. I have no need to worry about the “reality” of morals and divine retribution for acting unethically. Because how I am by Nature, how Nature is by Nature, and how the Universe is by Nature is Naturally the way the One-Thing is by its very Nature. I am “perfect” the way it is. It is “perfect” the way I am. But things can be better for “us,” and in Time, it will evolve and get better. It’s all just one thing. And what we call consciousness is merely a pin pointer, that focuses on specific areas of this one thing. As we can say that the data on our hard drive is just a big messy continuous one-thing. But to make “sense” of this big mess, there needs to be a record pin or a laser beam which is designed to simply “look” at tiny spots on this big one-thing. What this record pin “sees” or picks up in its tiny spot and how it translates what it is picking up is not the big one-thing. Does this mean the rest of the big one-thing does not exist? No. It just means you are not aware of it. Radio waves existed before we were aware of the, and so did dinosaurs, and the rest of the causal universe.

The nondual concept of reality is very much akin to a vinyl record. So on the record you have Unexpressed/Potential coherent information sequences in the form of grooves in this case. To express that Potential you need a tiny needle. The tip of that tiny needle hits the grooves and does what? Expresses or Manifests or Presences the Unexpressed music. Not all at once. The needle’s Expression of the Unexpressed Potential happens causally in the flow of Time or in sequential order one spot at a time.

And so from this vinyl record illustration we percieve or apprehend 3 supposed phenomena: 1) the record; 2) the Needle; 3) the music. So we can ask ourselves: “What is the music we hear, is it an actual “thing” separate from the other things?” No. Without the record or the needle doing it’s job giving expression or unfolding the unexpressed potential, the “music” we hear does not exist. In other words, the music exists only in causal relation to the record and the needle. The record is reality. The needle is consciousness or fixation of reality on itself. What we “experience” is that consciousness unfolding or unraveling unexpressed potential.

But people can argue: “Well, gee Chloe, if I am everywhere and all things why come I can’t feel me being everywhere.” What do you think the word focus, concentration, and fixation tries to convey? Even regarding your own physical body: Where do you Feel your consciousness to be? Everywhere enveloping your body? No. Usually we feel ourselves to be around the eyes or in between the brow. Why don’t you feel your consciousness to be in your liver? Why aren’t you consciously aware of you being a gal bladder? You got billions of neurons in your head, yet you are unconscious of their existence. Why is consciousness so fixated on a single spot on the body itself? It’s actually a habit we have. We can unlearn this habit and place our conscious awareness on other points or spots on our body or outside our body even with practice. We do it all the time when we dream and day dream.

Consciousness is just a tool – the needle – to the record which reality is. Not a tool. That gives the wrong idea. Consciousness is a function or act of focus on spots. The focusing gives rise to or expresses the unexpressed which is contained in the form of unfolded potential. Think Pi when I say “unfolded potential.” The infinite number sequence exists as unfolded potential. It requires you or a machine to unravel the sequence. The very act of conscious touching – unfolding – gives rise or expresses the unexpressed sequence of numbers for you to SEE: to Experience. The very act/function/fixation of consciousness touching something gives expression to its unexpressed potential. We focus consciousness on the pulsation of blood in our neck, and all of a sudden that blood comes into conscious focus/experience/expression. We eat an apple, and the unexpressed taste of the apple comes into being/expression. We touch a rock with our finger, and the texture comes to life for us as an experience which is the expression of unexpressed potential. We bounce a ball and its Potential Energy is expressed as Kinetic Energy, with our acting upon that ball being the defining catalyst/nexion of unfoldment/expression of potential.

Dualism and Nondualism is like the electromagnetic spectrum. As a dualist you will say something like: “I believe or perceive gamma wave, the light, and microwaves are three Things.” As a nondualist you will say something like: “I believe or perceive the spectrum to be one whole Thing, and what we refer to as gamma wave, light, and microwave IS that spectrum or continuum or field.” And so from a nondualist point of view, we can clearly understand that the memes “gamma wave,” “light,” and “microwave,” are just Words and Ideas inside our own heads which we create and use and affix to things to better understand what we are apprehending. Those Words and Ideations have absolutely nothing to do with the actual electromagnetic spectrum. Just because we name or ideate an arbitrary point in a potentially infinite vector “gamma ray,” does not physically or atomically or quantumly alter or change that actual point into anything different than what it was before we existed.

But what does all this mean? We’ve all heard this before in some way, this nondualism shit. What am I trying to say? I’m trying to bridge the chasm between nature and what we feebly understand as “God.” That chasm we all wish was there, because the connexion makes us – if we are mundane – afraid and uneasy.

From the first part of this article we are aware that Life forms in Nature are not very “friendly.” Living organisms, since the earliest moments of causal life seem to have been nasty fuckers. There is a lot of killing, eating each other, consuming other creature’s life force and body

parts, etc. There is struggle in life. Struggle to survive, and struggle to reproduce, and struggle to evolve. If that is the general "Way" of living things, and as nondualists we understand reality/nature to be One-Thing, then what is the Nature, Quality, and inherent Condition of this One-Thing? Angelic? Puritanical? Saintry? Jesus-like? Blissful? Ananda? Peaceful? I doubt it. At the risk of sounding anthropocentric, I'd say that One-Thing is pretty adversarial and sinister in "nature."

Or at least it calls into mind the thought of the Amazon River struggling to get to the ocean: it's not going to be a tranquil ride, and there is an inherent "need-to-get-somewhere" Flow/Progression/Evolution to this One-Thing. It's almost as if the Cosmos is saying to every one of its parts and pieces or to itself: "You piece of shits either evolve and move with me, or you're ass is dead like the dinosaurs. I got not time for your drama. Got places to go." That is if reality or the Field we interpret as reality is indeed fractal. If we see the design and pattern of the tiny portion of a fractal pattern, we can generally hypothesize to a certain region of precision that the bigger pattern resembles or is the same as its smaller patterns.

Sulfur & Self

All this got me thinking about the notion of self and anatta. As I was thinking about anatta I was thinking about the Star Game of the ONA. Because causal reality to me reminds me of board games like the Star Game and Go [Chinese game].

So in the Star Game, of the three pieces, you have one which is the Sulfur Piece which represents the Self. Except in the Star Game, this "Self" does not exist as a constant single thing. Because when the Star Game is played and in motion, that Self Piece changes. But at the end of a game, we come to realize that the chain or flow that piece "aeonically" moved into from beginning to end, IS a single stream-thing. That what we momentarily see as a piece on a board is only a "snap shot" of a fluid event inside the framework of time. Or more precisely, what we see as a piece on a board is the faulty perception of our own consciousness not seeing the Star Game as it should be understood or as it is: a fluid whole dynamic system in causal motion. There is in fact no self piece as a separate "phenomenon" from the Star Game itself. The entire Star Game itself gives "definition" to it's parts. In the sense that each piece has an identity only in relation to other pieces, where it is at on a board, and in relation to the Game itself. Without the Other stuff, the self piece has no "definition," differentiation, or "identity." Both the Game as a fluid system and the piece is in fact one fluid indivisible Thing.

I thought to myself, what better symbol and way to represent this concept of a "self!" And the Sulfur designation of that piece adds to it all. First sulfur is associated with fire and flames, which is Promethean in quality. Second fire is the closest natural thing we have to an actual substance that "alchemically" – or rather Chemically – Transmutes things, in a cooking kind of way. You put water on it, and the fire transmutes the water into steam. You put a marshmallow on it long enough and the fire will transmute it into carbon. You add the heat of the fire to certain substances and the substance changes. With enough heat solids can become liquids, liquids can become gas, and gas can become plasma. That fire sort of reveals the "transcendental" nature, "property," and essence of the substance it is transmuting.

Matter isn't just solid, it transcends that state. That solid state is only one mere possible expression/manifestation of that "transcendental" thing. I don't mean anything spooky and metaphysical here. Ice is only a mere possible manifestation of something that transcends that solid state we perceive. Water and vapour are the other two mere state or conditions this same "transcendental" substance can take. What is that transcendental substance in question? H²O. The H²O molecule itself is only the expression or manifestation of finer "transcendental" "elements." Electrons, Protons, and Neutrons. These in turn are expressions of more finer, more transcendental elements: quarks. And so on, until we get to the point where we are at that quantum foam level of things where everything is a strange mess of blobby waves inside Fields. Or the waves and fields are the same things. In that level, we come to a refined understanding that everything – not just H²O – is an expression or manifestation or presencing of that same strange foam. It's all just the same One-Thing interacting with itself. And from that interaction of this One-Thing arise the property of Life. That Life can be observed on earth, which comes with a certain essence of quality we'd rather deny is there. We'd rather live in a reality that is moralistic in nature so we feel safe.

What better symbol to associate the notion of the Self with but with Sulfur. For the idea or notion of the Self must be burned, for there to be genuine illumination: the understanding of things as they are beyond the self-focused narcissism of the illusion of Self. Burning the Self alchemically into what it really is reminded me of the ONA's Self Immolation Rite. To burn oneself INTO existence. If consciousness was fixated on it's own illusion of self – a pin point in a sea of infinite eternity – was that consciousness [self] ever really aware of its existence?

The Point

I think the point to all of this is simple. I believe that mundanes when they pursue this nebulous thing called enlightenment, move in the wrong direction. A direction of denial or rejection of causal suchness. Rather than work to better understand the actual world they exist in, themselves, and how they fit into everything, they abandon Life and work only with mental abstractions, ideas, words, definitions, etc. Which leads them further and further away from what is real. Disconnected from the real, they lose understanding of the actual world, and become experts of words and ideas that exist only in their own mind and thought patterns.

I think, if one is to pursue any quest of better understanding of the world, one must go the other way. Away from the clouds and back to reality. By first honestly trying to understand our own human Nature sans emotive opinions and moralist apprehension. Then secondly one must try to gain a better understanding of how Nature – and Natural Life forms – actually works sans moralistic interpretation and emotive bias. If animals kill, say they kill. Then thirdly we try to ponder the common inherent quality that the Source of Nature and Life has. In other words, the direction of reality based "enlightenment" should be causal oriented, carnal oriented. In doing so we may eventually see that Nature and that which Nature arises from has a very "sinister" quality to it. It is definitely not Godlike and all-caring. There is a saying in Buddhism that goes: "The wheel of Dhamma ever turns. And if you don't keep up with it, it will run you over."

I rarely like using the word "Satanism." But because of how I see enlightenment, or the direction it must take for any genuine understanding of Nature and Reality to come into Mind, I

would say that the Satanist has his/her feet in the right direction. All they must consider is take care not to do is what the Hindus did: Go up into a goofy direction. The second group of people I say may come to a realistic organic prehension of reality are grounded Theravada Buddhists. But the average Buddhist of any school has a bad habit of mentally being blind to the Sinister or the actual carnal/causal quality of things. What I mean here is that when they see "evil" they usually translate that into suffering and thus a product of karma. As if to say that 200,000 humans deserved to die in the Indonesian tsunami. As if all those people in Haiti and Japan died horrible deaths because of bad karma. How do 10,000 in the same city or area have the same bad karma that would result in such mass death? There is a quality to Life and Nature that just is "sinister" and adversarial to life.

There are pros and cons to all memeplexes. The way for us as Sinister or Traditional or Progressive Satanists is to evolve our Satanism by weeding out what cons we come across. Getting too metaphysical, spiritual, and philosophical is a con in the long term. Because we entrap ourselves inside a maze of our own words and ideas. Being entrapped, we are disconnected from the Real. We must also learn to do as DM and experience other cultures and religions to discover what pros they might have to offer each of us personally. At the end of the day, all this philosophy and religion and ideology are mind games we play on ourselves. What is Real is our causal life which is an aspect of the causal world of experience. The mind games should be tools we use to better understand that causal life we are and the causal cosmos we exist inside of. If the tools serve only to sever you from Life, the Real in its Rawness, and the Cosmos, it should be discarded for the delusional trash that it is. So that is the meaning of Sinister Enlightenment. To work backwards from the mundane way of enlightenment to gain a more refined understanding of causal/carnal Nature/Reality.

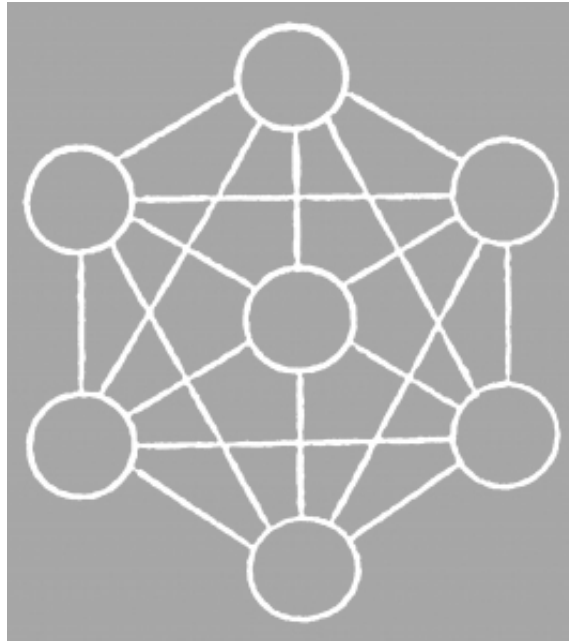
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SINISTER EXETASIS



Sinister Exetasis

Perception

I've been in a few religions. Or at least that's how we say it in Khmer: to "Jol [go into/inside] Sasana ["religion"]]. Like you go into a supermarket to go shopping. Sasana doesn't really mean a religion. It means "Command," "Instructions," or "Orders to be followed or Observed," or a "way of practice." The American Constitution is more a Sasana because it is a list of instructions to be observed for certain reasons [End Results]. Most of the time you don't morally "believe" in a constitutional amendment. You observe it and uphold it for an End Purpose. And from the observance of such instructions, a Culture of some sort evolves over time you see? Whereas with religion such as Christianity, beliefs are believed in with no real purpose in mind. And instead of culture, a mode of blind faith and existence just to uphold the religion and propagate it comes into being.

My first religion was of course Buddhism, which I was borne into. There really is no such feeling as "growing up Buddhist." Sure we had statues of Buddhas at home, and sometimes on the full moon or special days you burn incense and offer fruits and stuff. Then on those few holidays you go to the Wat and you burn incense to a bigger statue of the Buddha for a second, then you go outside the Wat to hang out with family and friends and mingle with the hundreds of other people. That was it.

The only thing about Buddhism that was constant in my life growing up was the ivory Buddha pendent around my neck which I still have. Otherwise there was nothing "there" that looked or felt like religion growing up. Nobody read me any Buddhist books. Nobody sat me down to

even teach me what a Buddhist actually believed in. Nobody even talked about it on a day to day basis at home.

Then there was that time when I remember studying with a Jehovah's Witness study buddy when I was around 12 and 13. Every Sunday my study buddy would come over for an hour, have lunch and we'd read out of their bible together and our of these books of different colors. That was when I first actually learned about God or a God of some type. At that time I suppose the Jehovah's Witness stuff explained things for me. So I went to my favorite bhikkhu grandpa and told him about my new religion I found that explained everything in a neat book called the bible!

I said something like: "So grandpa, I learned from the study buddy and the bible that Jehovah – who is God – made the universe in 6 days, and that soon we'll all live forever in paradise and if you worship Jehovah, you can live in his paradise." And my grandpa said something like: "That's wonderful grand daughter. What exactly is the Nature of this bible? Where did it come from?"

That question set me off on a long quest to figure out where the bible came from. I eventually stopped studying with the study buddy. And after I learned that people wrote the bible, and that there were many Christian denominations, and many interpretations of the bible, I figured that if God inspired it, he didn't do a great job, because everybody is getting something different.

The second religion I ever had was Satanism. My friends in junior high school got me into it. I read the Satanic Bible and it made better sense to me at the time. I was 14 at the time. I stopped believing a god existed and thought the idea that I was my own god was nice. So I went to my favorite bhikkhu grandpa to tell him about my new Satanic religion!

I explained to my grandpa that I was now smarter enough to know that Jehovah isn't real, that the Christian religion is based on blind faith, and that I now worship myself as my own god. And my grandpas said to me: "Before I was a monk, I did many bad and illegal things as a young man. As I grew older the way I see things changed. Because how I see and understand things changed I am now a monk. Do you understand?" I said: "No, I don't." And he explained: "You have only gone from one god to another. One worship to another. One blindness to another. And you believe this to be change and growth. If you are not blind, then what is the Nature of this Self you now worship? Where is it? What does it look like? How did it come to be?"

Being a Satanist to me was kind of dumb. There really wasn't anything to do with it in real life. It was just something you believe, and a label or identity tag you carry around. Other than that I was just me for most of the day. And after a year of contemplating on my grandpa's question on the Nature of my Self, I figured out I really was clueless about its nature and I was as blind to its nature as I was to the nature of god, and everything. I figured out that beneath the trinkets of beliefs I had, I actually knew nothing about the Nature of anything.

That's when I began to seriously study Buddhism. But in a Buddhist culture, with monks in your family, studying Buddhism isn't like having a Buddhist study buddy indoctrinate you with

superficial beliefs. It's frustrating because there seems to be nothing to believe in, and when you ask a question, the answer is given in the form of a question and you're suppose to figure things out on your own.

So I spent most of my time as a Buddhist not learning any teachings or doctrines, but learning how to see things. Which was totally bizarre if you compare it to the act of learning and being a Christian or Satanist where you believed in different things but you see things in the same essential way.

And there were other odd things I did as a Buddhist like Sati [mindfulness]. It's a form of "meditation" which eventually helps you see things. You can sati with anything, like eating and walking. For example with eating it goes like this for me: [There is a fork in my left hand. There are muscles in my left hand holding the fork. My left hand moves the fork to the plate. There is a piece of meat on the end of my fork. There is a brain in my head that moved my left hand to the plate. My left hand moves the fork to my mouth. I am chewing the meat which used to be a cow. There is a reason why I am eating the cow. The cow probably came from Texas. I wonder how far into the past its DNA goes? I swallowed the cow meat. My stomach will break it down. My intestines will absorb it into my blood stream. The cow will become a part of me.]

So from something so simple as eating, when you become mindful of the act of eating, you gain new vantage points of seeing things that you would not have taken notice of before. For example I know that my hand moved to the plate because that movement was initiated by an impulse from my brain. But now I can ask myself: What initiated the brain to initiate the impulse in the first place? Or after being mindfully aware that the cow's protein is used by my body to rebuild its parts, and that the cow ate grass and that the grass ate sunlight, I now see that there is a real interconnection between me, the cow, grass, and the sun.

So that's how I "studied" Buddhism. What I am trying to say is that Buddhism – as I learned it – was never a holy book, or teachings, or a prefabricated set of beliefs you blanket over some reality you lack an understanding of. It wasn't some label I wore or some label I identified with. It wasn't some ritual or ceremony I perform occasionally here and there. It was just a way of seeing things, and gaining better vantage points, and thus greater insight, and as you progress in vantage points and insight you develop what Buddhism called Sambuddhi: Self Enlightenment. And it's this mode or function of Mind that I grew to value and appreciate above religion, facts, truths, and conventional knowledge.

Nobody teaches you anything. If I had a question, my bhikkhu grandpa would just grin a toothless smile and answer me with a question, which forced me to go learn to think for myself and go find my own answers. And to find those answers to questions I had, I only had two sources to go to: Nature or the World of Phenomena; and the experiences in my own Life. There is no belief involved in all of it. There is nothing to believe. There are only things perceived, and that can change later with a change in mental capacity, level of understanding, and angle of perception.

The Nature Of Truth

I dislike the English word “truth.” No such term or idea exists in Khmer or Buddhism. The closest Khmer word to “truth” we have is “Bhidt.” Bhidt is the etymological opposite of “Krohawk” which means a Lie or Fib. Bhidt basically means “Honest,” “Authentic,” “Accurate.” For example my mom went to a psychic fortuneteller once [many times] and when the readings were very accurate she’d gossip about it to her sisters and my aunts would say: “Wow, bhidt [Accurate] main [Indeed]!” It didn’t mean that what the psychic was saying was absolute fact or spiritual truth. It just meant she was pretty accurate. So an idea or belief that is Bhidt doesn’t mean it is absolute fact and cosmically true. It just means that such idea or belief is your Honest Opinion or your Honest Belief or knowledge you believe to be accurate.

In Buddhism [Pali] the word most often mistranslated as “truth” or “fact” is Sacca [pronounced Saccha or Sajhak]. Saccha actually means: “That which you have come to know to be accurate,” or “knowledge which is assumed to be accurate.” The Accuracy of saccha actually depends on how you see and understand things. Truth or Fact in English seems to suggest that it is so truly true that it is beyond doubt and absolute and anything else is false.

For example, there was a time when Europeans believed that the entire universe was a flat Europe. It was truth and anything else was just poppycock. But then Africa and Asian came into the picture due to trade. So the Truth changed to the whole universe beings Europe, Africa, and Asia, but everything was still flat, and anything else was uneducated. But then Columbus came and messed the Truth up. So then the whole universe was a whole round world, but the Truth was this round world was the center of the universe and anything else was heretical!

But then Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton came and messed things up. So the Fact was now changed to the round world was going around the sun which was in some galaxy, that came about by gravity, but the galaxy was it! And anything else was just unscientific. But then somebody discovered there were billions of galaxies. So now the Fact is that the universe is really big, filled with many galaxies yes, but surely we’re the only intelligent anythings in the whole universe: and anything beyond this is ludicrous. It’s almost as if the mundane mind never really learns that Truth doesn’t really exist. Or that when some authority figure sets a limit to Truth, that these mundane minds lacks the intelligence and wit to go beyond such limits to see what’s on the other side. But for the sake of convenience, I’ll use the word truth anyways.

From a daily mindfulness of Life: from the mindful awareness of Nature, and the Vantage Points gained, there arises the understanding that there exists two sets of understandings [or facts, or truths]: 1) conventional/relative; and 2) “supra-conventional.” This also isn’t a belief. It’s just that when you are in the business of seeing the Nature of things [Physis] you eventually will make these two categories to stick your insights into.

For example to me the idea or fact, or theory, or belief, or truth that men and women are different is real and true [accurate]: conventionally. Guys and girls are very different from one another in mind and body. But ultimately or “supra-conventionally” they are both expressions of the same Humanness or Humanity you see?

So it can be said that this supra-conventional way of understanding something is the state in which that something is apprehended in its Complete, or Whole state. Whereas the conventional way of seeing things is when one sees instead that same Wholeness in its separate parts or pieces. And it is when Mind or Consciousness is attached to or fixated on a certain aspect of these separate parts or pieces – oblivious or blind to the Whole – that problems arises. It's like you were looking through a peek hole in a wooden fence and you base your entire worldview and belief system on the limited things you can see through that peek hole, never realizing that there could be more; or sometimes actually passionately denying and fighting the possibility of there being more then your peek hole perspective.

I have this expensive watch I wear sometimes. To me the most important parts about this watch are its face and the battery inside. One day my watch stopped working. I assumed it stopped working because the hands stopped moving. So I figured it that the battery was dead. I took it to the repair guy to change my battery for me. He puts on one of those eye pieces and looks around inside and said that it wasn't the battery, but that a little gear needed to be replaced. Which was when I actually realized in Heart that there was more to the Nature of a watch then just its face and battery.

So in my Buddhist way I asked the repair guy how he sees a watch. My repair guy said to me that a watch and a clock or something as big as Big Ben were all the same: the intricate system of gears and parts working together as a single system. So all that time my perception of that watch was Limited to a mere two parts: a face and a battery. That's called ignorance. Ignorant because I was unaware of the bigger picture: the Complete Perception of the Total Nature of that watch.

It's easy for us to understand this watch example, because it's easy to step back and see the bigger picture in which the watch is actually made of many, many little gears and sprockets that all work together as a single system. But it's hard to maintain this mindfulness of the Wholeness of things regarding the many aspects of life. And that's where many of our human problems come from.

For example, the Belief in Moral Absolutes or Moral Truths. Many of us have this idea that evil exists in the world, and we Believe that the existence of such evil is fact and truth and universal. So we invent religions and worldviews based on such Beliefs. But such people never realize that such beliefs are relative and conventional. What one social group of people judge and valuate to be evil may not be perceived as such in other social groups [cultures, nations].

For instance in America is it wrong, and a crime for a grown man to have sex with a 13 year old girl. Lawmakers right now have this idea of locking up men that do this in prison for life and chemically castrating them. But on the other side of the world in Yemen, Muslim Clerics are pressuring the government to maintain laws that allow grown men to marry child brides as young as 13. Or even in the same social group of people such as Christians, evils and morals are not quite absolute. It's morally heinous and evil from a Christian perspective and worldview to abort babies, because killing is evil. But these same people see nothing wrong with supporting capital punishment and wars that kills millions of Iraqis and Afghans.

A better example for us is something I personally experience. When I was in my early teens and more ignorant, I had read the Satanic Bible and believed that Might Is Right was a Fact of Nature. Only because I thought Darwin's theory of evolutions stated something like: "survival of the fittest." I never personally seen or witnessed any species fight and compete with anything to survive, but that didn't matter. The idea itself made sense to me at the time. Only so because of my limited perspective of things. But as I started being more mindful of Life, and trying to gain new and higher vantage points to see the Wholer side of the Nature of things, I started to disagree with this Might Is Right idea.

Nothing in Nature competes or fights to survive. Everything co-exists in a symbiotic interconnectedness with everything else. Which is why it's called an ecosystem. We now know that even if one part of Nature – an ecosystem – is removed or goes extinct, that the System is upset and can have catastrophic end results. So after I gained this more Wholer perspective of the Nature of Nature, I realized that I had based my identity and entire worldview and understanding of who and what I was on a very limited perception or interpretation of Life which was not accurate: not Bhidit, not Saccha. When I did realize this, I was Free and Liberated from my fixation or attachment to that limited understanding. And from that Liberation of Mind, I was able to grow and progress to different vantage points.

And these aren't "Buddhist" perspectives I am sharing. Any fool with half a brain that works, who takes the time to go beyond their limits of conventional mundane perception will eventually See this. But it takes mental discipline. I use this mental discipline on a daily basis, and it's this Discipline of Mind that I find hard to compromise, so that it is near impossible for me to devolve back to some Materialistic-Atheistic Satanist or some Theistic Christian.

The Crime Of Perception

It used to be – not to long ago – that belief was a crime. Meaning that when a sectarian regime or political regime has set a standard of belief and truth, that if you deviated from such beliefs and truths you were a heretic, shunned by society, and punished by the law, often with death.

We assume that because we have the freedom today to believe and worship what we want that things have changed with our ruling regimes, society, and the law but have things changed? If there was a standard perception of things, what would happen if you deviated from this established standard?

During the 70's it was believed – or the standard perception of things were – that being Human was unique, and that as a zoologist or biologist studying animals you cannot see in animal life Human nature. This was sometimes called Anthropomorphication or Anthropomorphic Interpretation/Projectionism. If you did See Humanness in animals such as "Culture" you were ridiculed by your peers, shunned from your scientific community, and lost your job. But today, we now know that animals have culture. The easiest example on I can give on the fly are chimps who have a culture of inserting twigs in termite mounds to fish for termites. This cultural meme is something they are instinctively born with. It is learned and acquired via observation and trial.

Not to long ago there lived a mad scientist named Wilhelm Reich who had unorthodox modes of perception that deviated from established views. Mr. Reich for one, observed under his microscope that under certain conditions – when orgone was present – dead matter, or decomposed biomatter produced these little life forms he called “Bions.” He had this unorthodox idea that some kind of naturally present life force in the ether he called “Orgone” was the difference between dead matter and living matter. Mr. Reich started to invent a technology based on this Orgone energy.

But he had been studying his Bions and how these bions came to life from dead matter. And from this observation he theorized that perhaps these things were the agents of disease. That perhaps when cells in a body dies and decomposes [which happens every second in your body] that if negative orgone affected this dead matter, those harmful bions would be produced, which caused diseases. This theory of his lead him to study a relatively new disease during his time called Cancer.

Wilhelm Reich’s unorthodox perception of what cancer was did not go well with the authorities. Especially when Mr. Reich was stating that Cancer can be cured based on his research. Nobody knows what his research discovered or if his theories were accurate. But what is known is that his government arrested him, seized all of his books and research papers, and burned everything. He was shunned and rejected by mundane society, and died a poor and forgotten man.

Are you free as an individual to deviate from a standard way of perceiving something which your government has established? For example, if you were living in a Capitalist nation during a Cold War, and you deviated from this standard Capitalist worldview, what would happen to you? Or if you were a doctor and you challenged the views of the FDA and pharmaceutical corporations? Or if you were a scientist and you challenged the views of mainstream Gravity-Cosmology and Big-Bangers?

Gods, Truths, and beliefs these days are cheap. It affects the government and state and status quo very little what gods and religious beliefs you have. What is important these days is perception, views, and established Facts.

We laugh at the idea of the stupidity of people back then in the “Dark Ages” who were dumb enough to follow religious laws and belief in their religious perceptions. Some group of men can just interpret some bible and make laws to govern, gain wealth, and power over the lives of people from cradle to grave and all they have to do is wave their bibles and writs in the air and those olden day morons believed every word of it didn’t they?

Now we have these guys in bureaucracies and scientific institutions, and pharmaceutical industries making laws that run your life, get rich from you, and gain power over you from cradle to grave, waving their writs and research papers based on Facts in the air and ain’t nobody morons anymore huh? Some of you mundanes just believe every word and writ and suck it all up like gay boys to a dick don’t you?

Mundane Perception

Mundanes can be understood as “Extremophiles.” They just love extremes; you can say they suffer from Extremophilia. Their attention and eyes only see extreme views. It’s like their visual cortex in the back of their brain has only two Reality Color Cones and Rods: one for “This Extreme,” and the other for “That Extreme,” ain’t nothing in between. Things gotta be either black or white. If it’s grey or some other shade, it just don’t make any sense to them. If you want to find Mundanes, all you have to do is go to an extreme views point: Materialist-Atheists or Spiritual-Theists, they’re all there, the billions of them; can’t miss them. They’re the people that actually passionately believe the peek hole perception of reality they are fixated on is the only thing real.

They see the whole world and universe with their half brained, crosseyed, halfassed binary perception. There’s a Good god and an Evil god, nothing in between or nothing more. The universe is either finite or infinite. It’s either got to be one universe or an infinity number of multiverses. Some invisible god either made them miraculously or some swamp gas made them miraculously; there just exist no other possible option for them. Human civilization either has to be capitalist or communist; totalitarian or democratic; no other possibility or potential exists for them. They go to sleep and dream and then they wake up, and from that mundane experience they interpret life as being either real like waking life or an illusion like dream life.

Mundanes are also perceptually lazy. They have no views of their own. You have to spoon feed shit to them, and if it isn’t an extreme view then it won’t stimulate their two brain cones to fire so they can make any sense of it. Your views you spoon feed these mental cripples either have to make them feel like cosmically miserable self-loathing sinful creatures or like they are their own supergods with cosmic powers to control the universe and hordes of lesser spirit gods and demons.

Their eyeballs work; they see stuff; but they don’t know what they are looking at. You have to tell them. That’s why religion has been the best selling business in human history.

It doesn’t even matter if they never seen the shit you sell them: heaven, hell, paradise with 72 virgins. Whatever, as long as it’s extreme: Live Forever in the Highest heaven at the most tippy toppest place or burn for eternity in the lowest pits of hell. Not 1 or 2 virgins, 72 virgins! These people are so limited in their power of perception that if you’re a Jew then so is God. If you’re black, then you worship a Black Jesus. If you’re Chinese, you’re gods got slanty eyes too.

If you’re a materialist then your god is a symbol. If you’re a spiritualist then your god is a spirit human. But your religion has to be extreme. It must either be extremely restrictive or the whole opposite and be extreme mindlessly liberal. And your religion must have an exciting extreme plot. Like a good looking good god battling an ugly evil god, with angels with nice teeth warring with demons with bad teeth, all fighting for the souls of humans, because we’re so special, and because gods just have nothing else better to do with their eternity. And there needs to be at least a cataclysmic end of the world at the turn of every century because mundanes love to fret over extreme scenarios. Or your religion isn’t going to attract adherents. Which is why things like Zen Buddhism isn’t all that popular with Mundanes, because zazen is just sitting still in an unexciting way.

They see a sun, and they grass, but they're too stupid and lazy to perceive the bigger picture of there being a causal connection of some sort. Things they see in their barely functioning brains are permanently separated. If there is no wire or tether connecting anything, then it ain't connected and have nothing to do with each other. Nature isn't an integrated system of symbiotic co-dependent life forms and parts. It's a war zone where everything is out for itself, and where it doesn't matter if you use just one or two species into extinction.

Most of these Mundanes today are born, bred, raised, and conditions in industrialized cities. Like chickens born, bred, raised, and conditioned their entire lives inside industrial chicken coops: Used for their meat and eggs. So they know of no other "reality" but what urban "stuff" their minds are born and conditioned to see. So you have these idiot urbanite Satanists who invent some "law of the jungle" to follow and believe in as fact when the closest thing to a jungle they've experienced is a city park or the local zoo. Most have ADD so they can't even sit through a nature show on PBS to learn shit.

They take their chicken coop perspective and superimpose it onto everything. It's a struggle and a fight to survive in the city. Every other human begin in a city is competition. You gotta compete for food, for jobs, for houses, for wives, for retirement pension plans. Only the strong survive. So they project that chicken coop conditioning onto Nature and either worship and follow some Darwinian Struggle law or some god figure that will somehow save them from the fucked up chicken coop they made for themselves.

They project their chicken coop worldview onto the whole universe. Just watch their stupid science fiction movies. Every alien creature is ugly and is out to kill and use humans or compete with humans for the earth, like the whole universe with its billions of galaxies lacks an uninhabited habitable planet, so they just have to come to this one and bug us. The whole universe to these stupid idiots is a big Darwinian chicken coop. No wonder 6 billion of them believe in some God! You need to have a saviour to save your ass if you believe you live in a cut throat evil filled chicken coop.

They move from one extreme to another in life. From one god to another. From one belief to another. From one set of abstractions to another. From one set of authority figures to another. And they think this movement is change and evolution. It's about as evolutionary as a mental institute resident being moved from one room on one end of the asylum to the other end. Nothing changed because you're still in the same fucked up building! You still got the same delusional worldviews, you're still in the same paradigm, you still see things in extremes and opposites.

Pigeon Brains

Most mundandes hate B.F. Skinner and those weird guys into Behavioural Science; who make them feel like dumb machines with pigeon brains that are easily manipulated and programmed.

So basically you have a pigeon in a cage, and you give the dumb pigeon two buttons to peck at: a red one and a green one. You make the red one do something negative like shock the bird, and the green one dispenses food. After a while the pigeon will "learn" to avoid the red

button and peck only the green one. This is significant because when you look closely, you see that the pigeon was incapable of making for itself a “third” option or its own option. It made its choice of which button to peck at based only on what options were given to it. But Mundanes are smarter than pigeons right?

Mundanes don't have their own views of anything. They are incapable of figuring out things for themselves. As Kayla says: “The Market does not have opinions of its own.” If the Market had their own opinions, or if Mundanes actually had the ability to formulate their own views, then marketing and advertising would not be a multi-trillion dollar business; and religion and politics would not work or exist. You give these people their opinions and views. They are incapable of thinking for themselves or determining their own world.

Nowhere do Mundanes express their inherent stupidity and lack of view then in marketing and advertising. You have companies that come out with new products. New product meaning nobody has ever seen it or tried it. The company hires a company that specializes in marketing and advertising to sell their new product. If the advertisement for the new product is convincing enough, the people will buy the product. In other words, they trust whoever is convincing enough as an authority figure and even though they have never directly tried or experienced that new product before, they will buy. If your product lacks the quality to sell by a convincing argument, then you do a smear campaign on the product's nearest competition, and if your smear campaign is convincing enough, then the new product sells.

The same pigeon brain game is used in religion. You give the Market two buttons to peck: Red Button = Burn in hell forever; Green Button = Go to heaven. If your religion lacks attributes that makes it sellable, you bring in a competing religion as the second option and make that second option look negative. In this scenario the Mundane – the billions of them – all lack the ability to create for themselves a “third” button to peck, or they lack the power to make themselves their own option. The less options you give to these pigeon brained Mundanes, the easier it is to manipulate them. You give them their opinions and their views, but you make it appear as if they have some free will to choose what they like and want to do. Just like the government gives you the free will to choose to pay taxes or go to jail, but you give wonderful reasons why taxation is good.

Politics uses the same pigeon brained game. Give these people as few options as possible. Make the options you do not want them to choose sound bad, and make the option you want them to pick sound good. Dictatorship or Democracy? Communism or Capitalism? Anarchy or Statism? These Mundanes lack the ability to invent their own options. They pick what between what options are given. You tell them you do not believe in the State and want to eradicate Nations and governments, and they become confused and ask you what you will live in and what you will replace it with; because they were never given such an option to peck at. They lack the power to create their own ideas and opinions.

Facts and science now unfortunately work in the same way. Science is no longer based on empirical research and experimentation. If your argument and math is most convincing, it is Fact. Give a smartass materialist Mundane these two options: 1) Pick Creationism and look like a fool; or 2) Darwinian evolution and look smart and which would they choose? If you do a

good job ridiculing the first option, and making the second option Convincing, they will predictably pick the second. The less options you give them, the more predictable their choices are; the more predictable they are, the easier it is to control and maneuver them en mass into a direction of your choice.

Facts or Truths don't exist. Mundanes will Believe in anything as long as the options are few and as long as you can Convince them to agree. Belief and Truth for Mundanes is an agreement. Mundanes go to school, or read books, or listen to authority figures, and if what they read, or hear is agreeable they call it "learning," and "believing." They do not learn or believe in things from direct experience and insights gains from experience. The most they will gain from an experience is a pigeon brained approach where they will learn to avoid things and experiences which yields negative [hurtful] results. If the results of an experience does not hurt physically or emotionally they will not learn to avoid it. Which is why such people become easily addicted to drugs, alcohol, and gambling, and not even ever realize that such addiction is harmful or destructive to themselves and their loved ones until it's too late.

If you were a group of wealthy Oligarchies and some king was getting in your way to power, what would you do? You give the people – who lack a view and opinion of their own – two options: Tyranny under monarchism, or Liberty with Democracy. The worse you make the first choice sound, and the better you make the second one seem, the more they will believe the second choice is their own opinion. And just like pigeons, these Mundanes lack the ability to make for themselves a third option, or their own extra option.

This is what I mean by perception and lack of perception. This is what I mean when I say that problems arises when we base our beliefs and worldviews on limited fields of perception. You cause problems when you cannot see or apprehend the Complete Nature or state of something. You limit not only your own growth and evolution when you limit your perception to only fractions of the Totality of something, but you mess up other people's lives to, and fuck up the world. Instead of learning to see and understand the nature and way of what is the Totality of Life, you fixate your mind on a single fraction of it blind to everything else.

There is more to Life then just killing and sex, but most of us can only see such extremes, and we make such a big deal out of them in our lives, our religions, our politics, and our worldviews. When there is so much more to Life in its Whole state of being. Most of us can't even get ourselves to understand that we are not an independent fractional aspect of Nature, but that we are a living indivisible part of what is the Complete state or Totality of Nature. And from that inability to understand our place and relationship to Nature, we abuse it, not understanding what wyrdful results we weave for those generations of people to come after us.

Disciplining your Mind to teach it to see the Whole picture or the Complete nature of something is not exclusive to Buddhist, or to any single culture. Those people who have the natural ability to ascend above Mundanity and Mundane Perception have created countless methods of coming to a higher or greater understanding of the nature of things. There are many names and methods. Sometimes it's called dialectics, sometimes mindful analysis, sometimes the method is Vibhajjavada, other times the Socratic Method, and yet other times the Hegelian Dialectics. Some may work better for different people. Whatever the method, this is something

that the ONA and its Initiates cannot do without for many reasons. The first and obvious reason being to transcend Mundaneness. The second most relevant reason being that the study and understanding of Nature and the nature of things is an integral aspect of the ONA Way.

The ONA Way

“The epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA asserts that there are two distinct types of knowing – causal and acausal – and that:

“A) knowledge of the causal continuum can be obtained by causal Science which is based on the following foundations:

“(i) the causal, phenomenal, universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this causal ‘external world’ depends for the most part upon our senses – that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses and by practical scientific experiments; (iii) logical argument, or reason, is the basic means to knowledge and understanding of and about this ‘external world’; (iv) the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (v) that, in competing explanations of events or observations, the simplest and most logical explanation is to be preferred.” – Guide To The Esoteric Philosophy Of The ONA

Before an epistemological anything can be “knowledged” or extracted from this causal, phenomenal universe, by logical argument or reason, certain basic and causal things must first be understood. The first Question is where does that “logic” or “reason” come from in the first place? Or another way to ask this question is: Where does what we know come from or what are we reasoning?

I think one of the most frustrating things is getting into an argument about the existence of other Gods or the “trueness” of other religions with a Christian. So you ask them to explain to give to you the logical reasons why they believe their god is real and why their religion is the right one. They will start to name things out of the bible to logically back their argument up. Then you present your argument to explain how another religion or god may be better and truer. And these Christians will usually invalidate your argument by saying: “But the bible says [...]” Which is to suggest that they use, and they want you to use Ideas from the bible to measure things with.

So the notion that we dislike Mundanes and Mundane perception and Mundane worldviews, the idea that we should ascend above such Mundane understandings, and the implication that we use Mundane logic and Mundane facts, and Mundane reason to measure and figure out the mysteries of the universe is the same deal. Wherever a Mundane gets their logic and reason from, it is where we do not want to go shopping for tools to measure the world with.

Usually a Mundane will read a text book for their logic and reason. And if an argument or idea is in agreement with their worldviews and level of understanding they will Believe it and use it

as a means to see and understand their world, and we already know how they see and understand the world.

And understanding this world is an important aspect of the ONA because it is restated again in different manuscripts in different ways. Such as the following ONA MSS which provides a clue as to where the Dreccian will get their understandings, logic, and reason from:

“The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason – or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal ‘external world’ depends for the most part upon our senses – that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument – reason – and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this ‘external world’; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason – Natural Philosophy – enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.” –
Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

It’s from Natural Philosophy that what we know comes from, or it is this that we are reasoning. Natural Philosophy is essentially the study of Nature and the physical universe. Most importantly via Observation of Nature and the Causal Universe. So we come to the very opening subject of this essay: Perception.

Our Perception – how we see things – is the foundation of our beliefs and worldviews. How we see things, or what our consciousness is fixated on, influences how we see and understand the world. For example, if you were hiking in a forest along a trail with the intent on coming to an understanding of the Nature of that forest, and your Mind becomes fixated on a bear or a snake obstructing your path, the forest you are in suddenly vanishes out of your awareness doesn’t it? And this is what extreme views or attention grabbing aspects of Life does to us. It distracts consciousness so that you are only aware of that which has attracted your mind’s fixation [attention].

Your Conscious Mind is a tool of limited power. It is like a magnifying glass. It brings into clear detail only what it fixates on and blurs everything else. It is like holding your hand in front of a painting. If you fixate your conscious awareness on a line on your hand, you lose perspective and a clear – detailed – of the painting. Except on our Human level of things, that painting is Reality, and the hand in front is literally what we are fixated on that is most often in front of our face. The Mundane – Anariya – thing is to turn what you fixate your Mind on and see clearly as a factual conviction, and use it to measure reality with oblivious to every other potential and possibility: the rest of the 99% of reality your Mind has blurred.

So back to our forest analogy. On your left side of your trail there was a big pine tree with a sign

on it that said “atheism,” and on your right side there was a pine tree with a sign that said “theism” on it. If your mind – mindful awareness – is fixated on one of these trees, it cannot see the other. But when you train your mind to be mindful of its surroundings and you learn to shift your mind around so that it mindfully apprehends both trees and the forest such that you Realize inside that both trees are only a fraction of what is the Complete forest.

For the sake of convenient we will call the first form of perception in which consciousness is fixated on a single tree “Relative Perception,” since it is fixated on a single relative aspect of a Complete whole. The second form of higher perception can be called “Epirelative Perception,” where the Mind has ascended above all relative parts or aspects of a Complete whole and is aware of the Whole in its Complete state.

Aside from Observation of Nature and the Causal Universe, Experimentation is also a practical method for extracting insight from Nature. To this category of apprehension of knowledge belongs Pathei-Mathos because there is an aspect relative to Causal Reality called Life where Direct Experience works best to extract insight and a deeper understanding of things.

As Dreccians, we either trouble ourselves with the struggle of gaining a deeper and clearer apprehension of Nature, and our Reality, by our own direct observation of Nature, experimentation in Nature, and direct experience of Life to gain insights. Or we do it the lazy way mundanes do it by just reading some text book, or going to some authority figure and asking questions, and agreeing with the most convincing text or argument. One way actually involves logic and reason, while the other involves only agreement to other people’s ideas and opinions about something they have no direct apprehension or experience of.

Sinister Exetasis

Sinister Exetasis is essentially the process of using Epirelative Perception to explicate inner insight regarding Nature, Reality, Life, and ourselves in relation to everything. By the word “Sinister” we mean to say that there is a Mundane way of coming to know something which is either conventional or based on peek hole relative perception. The actually meaning of the word “Conventional” is the enememe of “Sinister.” A Conventional “something” is a “something” that has been established as a standard, model, truth, or fact. In the general case with Mundanes, they will read or be told a conventional fact, such as the Big Bang theory, and when the conventional idea is accepted, their thinking stops. But there was no thinking on their part in the first place. There was just agreement to a conventional idea.

By the word “Exetasis” we mean to say that there are certain methods of Examination and Logical Analysis used to get from Relative Perception and conscious fixation of relative articles of perception to a higher state of understanding of the Complete Nature of things via an Epirelative Awareness and Perception which includes reason, Doubt and Questioning of conventional models, and critical thinking, but also intuition, and inner insight. We can say that to go through the process of apprehending a higher state of understanding the Nature of things is to “Exetize” conventional relative articles of perception such that a bigger picture – Epirelative Perception – is obtained.

There are three steps or landmarks to Sinister Exetasis thus are as follows:

1. Complete Mindfulness
2. Complete Apprehension
3. Complete Understanding

By “Complete Mindfulness” we mean the process where the Mind of the Dreccian acts to transcend or ascend above Mundane fixation of an extreme view, or fixation of a single relative article of perception by striving and training or disciplining the Mind to become Mindfully Aware of all relative articles of perception or all aspects of the Totality of a subject being observed.

It's harder then it sounds to become consciously mindful of something, and it's even harder to be mindful of many somethings together. But it's this struggle of becoming mindfully aware of things in life that causes one to ascend Mundane awareness. Most Mundanes spend their entire existence numb to Life, and are only aware of a minute fraction of what is the Totality of Life; such as American Idol, the latest teen heart throb, the latest celebrity gossip, their car, random girls with big breasts, their favorite music band; you know: stuff that are very important in Mundanity.

Becoming Mindfully Aware of the Complete Nature of things is difficult and takes discipline. It is much harder then reading a text book for pre-fabricated answers. Answers and insights come from within. But from my own experience, the Mind is highly adaptable and when you have trained your Mind to become mindfully aware of the Complete picture of something, it will Naturally go through its process of generating inner insights to come to a deeper understanding. And it is that insight generated from within that we want to cultivate. Because in such a condition where insights comes from within based on direct and personal observation, nothing or nobody comes int between you and reality as some interpreter or middle man.

Complete mindfulness suggests that there is an Incomplete Mindfulness of things. Incomplete Mindfulness is the usual process by which a Mundane comes to know something. Generally a Mundane will fixate its awareness on the first attention grabbing thing and construct an entire worldview and cosmology on it. For example if Materialism jumps out at a Mundane and is convincing or in agreement with this Mundane's level of perception and understanding, he will hold onto this single conventional mode of relative perception, fixate his Mind onto it, and become oblivious or passionately reject anything else. By the word “Relative” we mean to suggest that there exists in such or all cases multiple models or articles of conventional perception relative to the one a Mundane has lost itself in.

Complete Apprehension is the state in which when you have learned to become mindfully aware of your surroundings, minute details, causation and interconnection of things, the various relative articles perception, are pieced together like pieces of a puzzle so that one becomes Aware that there does indeed exist a bigger or Complete state of Nature of something.

To obtain Complete Apprehension we first have to examine things closely for their Epirelative nature [Physis]. This act of mindfully analyzing and examining things for their Epirelative

essential nature depends of Reason and Insight. Complete Apprehension does not demand or depend on conjecture or supposition; it demands that we Reason and Think in accord with our own inner insights, rather than take another's word for it. Direct apprehension and direct experience are crucial. The practice of Sinister Exetasis is designed to reveal to us how things really are. To see things in complete clarity is to attain Complete Understanding.

Complete Understanding of the Nature of something is more a Realization than a learning. By "learning" I mean how a Mundane acquires new "knowledge," which is from an act of agreeing to an outside source or opinion or some sort: books or experts.

Coming to a Complete Understanding of a subject matter isn't just a different view of something. It is the act of the Mind Liberating itself from a prison of delusion. And we already have explained above the many problems and consequences a Mundane experiences and causes when its Mind is captivated and imprisoned in delusions brought about by a total fixation of relative perception. By "Liberation" we mean the act of Mind overcoming or going beyond limitations and becoming Self Enlightened. You do not need books or some expert to tell you what is real or true. You have the potential to figure things out on your own.

A quick example of coming to a more complete understanding of something is being straight or gay. Mundanes really make a big deal out of sex when its just one aspect of what is the Totality of Life. They will grab hold of the most agreeable attention grabbing model: being straight, and from that fixation of relative perception, they incriminate everything else that does not fit into their little box of conventionally "accepted sex."

These Mundanes lack the ability to step back to gain a greater understanding of things to ever realize that on a Human level – considering all 7 billion Humans – being straight is just one mere point in a much wholer or completer spectrum of human sexual expression. So that we see that such a fixation and glorification of a mere single pint of a spectrum not only causes limitations but also generates very real problems that are experienced. How many gay people have been murdered just for a mode of human sexual expression? How much money and time and energy does the conservative establishment spend on this subject as if it's a matter of life and death to a nation?

One other example of Sinister Exetasis is when I observe my Self aeonically. When I step back and become aware of my whole existence thus far. I see that in my beginning I began as a very primitive and helpless baby and as I grew, my awareness, and conscious mind grew sharper and more sophisticated. And I realize that like a flowing river, I am never the same thing twice. As I flow, everything about me changes: my memories, my opinions, my perception, my thoughts, my feelings, my age, my body, and my cells of my body. So when I "Exetize" all this together, the insight that there exists a process in which consciousness is in a state of evolution is explicated you see. And this knowing, or insight, did not come from any book or from some expert. It came from inside myself.

Another example of Exetizing relative articles of perception is when I step back to become mindfully aware on an aeonic level causal life from it's earliest beginnings to the present. I don't know where life came from. All I know is that over the course of time causal life evolves

or changes in spurts collectively to become more advanced and sophisticated, such that we humans have come into existence as very unique organisms.

And when I consider our level of intelligence, and our technological advancements, and the near future possibility of our species colonizing space in relation to other causal life on earth, I see or understand a greater picture or vision in which Humanity will one day not just colonize space, but will spread the germ of Earthly causal Life across the vast expanse of the galaxy.

From being able to see a greater perception of something, you are then able to see greater potential and to actually work to actualize that higher potential, which is what I mean when I say that Complete Understanding is the Liberation – and evolution – of Mind. It is via the willed effort and struggle for higher potential that we and all things evolve and become new things. His evolution can't happen when you are blind to such greater possibilities because your Mundane mind is mired in peek hole delusions. Small Minds become lost in small things.

This Sinister Exetasis and the cultivation of it along with Pathei-Mathos are two things which the Dreccian can actually use and practice in daily life in the real world that is uniquely ONA and Sinister, in the sense that it helps the Dreccian evolve in Mind and Being from the state of mind and state of being of Mundane conventionalism. Sinister Exetasis, Pathei-Mathos, The Sinister Method, Natural Philosophy, The Dark Tradition, and the Seven Fold Way together as a Complete System becomes not only the ONA Way of Life, but the ONA Science – the Knowledge of the Nature of – Mind and Life as well. Mind is a central and fundamental element of Reality. Without it there can be no perception or experience. Yet, we often leave this quintessential element out of the equation when we do study Nature, Life, and Reality.

As Time passes, the more we learn about the nature of things on a quantum physical level, the more we will realize this: that Mind wyrdfully determines what is Real to us. The ONA's main objectives is the evolution of humanity and human civilization to its highest wyrd and potential. The evolution of both begins with Mind. You cannot neglect Mind, and hope to genuinely change anything ignorant of the Nature of Mind and its Role it plays on Reality. Sinister Exetasis is not the final solution to the Science of Mind; but it's a good place to start. It adds a new dimension and level of understanding things to the ONA. With Sinister Exetasis, an epistemology that ascends above the conventionalism of Mundanity becomes possible.



Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SINISTER MOVEMENTS



Gangs

Call it what you want: gang, tribe, clan, ethnic group, nation, political party, political regime, or a Nation-State. It's all the same thing: a social ordering of people. It is an ordering, or structuring of people. And the more organized this social structure is, the more power and force such a social ordering has to assert and exert on its environment. This is the basic or Primal name of the human game of causal life: the creation of such social structures, and competition or rivalry between such social orderings. It doesn't matter what word you call this thing. It's the same organism. The only difference is the size and who's calling the shots.

A State is just an over grown gang. It takes someone intimately aware of such street gang culture to understand that a State is just a large gang. What nation-state on this earth did not come into existence by using the same ruthless tactics a street gang uses? The murder of rival social orders; the acquisition of loyal members; and the acquisition of wealth. The more wealth and loyal membership such social orders have, the more real means of power and force it has to assert and exert dominion over a territory and/or hapless group of people.

In street terms a gang will utilize primitive means of social cohesion such as the use of colors, letters, and racial identity, sometimes religion; primitive forms of common culture, traditions, and rites such as hand signs, hazing, test of loyalty. Such means of social cohesion is what calls out "drifters" – or those free floating individual human units – who resonate with such coherency factors, which binds them as a part of the social order. In the same exact way that ice crystals will attract free floating water molecules in the air to add to its coherent formation. Once the structure is coherent enough, it is a matter of utilizing such gang members to sell dope and kill rivals. Thus in turn such a gang gains control of a given territory and cash flow. The common residents within such controlled territories are the conquered or hapless people, who may and often are used as sources of more money in the form of "taxation."

Even on the internet, cyber-social orderings of humans will form, and will work to attract by various means a loyal membership. Once the cyber-social ordering has coherently organized a functioning amount of internet members, the cyber-social ordering will engage in the same kind of primal game: competing with rival cyber-social orders of people in various ways. To gain

more people, and more psychological territory which adds up to Power and Influence.

A State is absolutely no different. A State will utilize colors [flags], symbols [standards, seals], letters [US, UK, EU], racial/ethnic identity, language, religion, common rites, culture, and traditions, and anything else at its disposal to materialize a coherent social structure in the form of loyal members [citizens]. Once the citizens are there, it's a matter of collecting those citizens who have a natural inclination towards killing to make an "army." In gang talk, such specialized members are called "foot-soldiers." Most States might not openly sell and trade dope, but all States engage in commerce to gain wealth. And with that wealth, and army, the State can and will dominate a territory and hapless people. On such a Nation-State level, we are talking about entire continents and whole tribes of helpless people being dominated.

Ranks

Every social ordering of humans has its social rank, even so called communist social structures which claims to not believe in social class. Simply because its human/primate nature. You cannot intellectually undo the works of Nature. You can only deny it.

In gang terms you got the gang boss and his close associates who are the OG's of the gang. Below them are those ass kissers who hope to be OG someday by proving themselves to such OG's, these are the managers or lieutenants of a gang; in State terms these are the Legislators or Law Makers. Below these ass kissers are those members who agree with the policies of the ass kissers in exchange for some kind of benefit and reward; in State terms this class would be called a "political party." Below these are the gangs "juniors" those boys between the ages of 10-26 or so that follow the rules and do the dirty work, often called "regulators" in gang terms, which are the gang's means of executing its policies. The juniors in a gang is the actual extent and causal limits of the social structure of the gang. But there is a class of people even below a common junior: the Vanquished neighborhood residents [re: "citizens"] within a gang's territory who pay taxes to the gang via threats and/or who must participate in the gang's commercial interests: drugs. The gangs sell the drugs, the Vanquished consumes.

A Nation-State is no different from a gang in its ranking. You have the boss or Executive Officer, called a "President," a "Prime Minister," or a Monarch and his close associates who represents the core of a Political Regime. You have the ass kissers who hope for power that make the policies as the State's law makers. You have the yes-men and yuppies who support such policies, which is the State's Political Party. And lastly you have the "juniors" of the State, those who enforce and execute the rule, law, and policies of the State: the military, and police force. Then you have the Vanquished, the Conquered, the "Citizens" of a State who are force to pay taxes at the threat of imprisonment and who work for wages to support the State's commercial interests.

Your Rank

Now the question the Sinister Initiate must ask themselves is: Where the hell am I in this ranking system? Because if you are not a policy enforcer [foot-soldier], not a political party

yuppy; not a law maker, and not an OG; then you are a mere resource of the State. A resource like minerals, live stock, forest and lumber, money. You are being used by the State to sustain itself. In the same way that a gang must sustain itself by selling dope to drug addicts in their territory. Those drug addicts are a resource of a gang, a source of the gang's cash flow. Which cash flow translates into power: Power to control you.

Hypocrisy Of The Vanquished

If you asked me if I cared about the vanquished, my answer is NO. Because them mundanes are hypocrites. How you gunna sit there and cry, bitch, and complain that gangs are terrorizing your neighborhoods, that gang members are beating your sons up at school, innocent residents getting killed by stray bullets, stealing your cars, and robbing your homes, when it's YOU that's doing the dope, and when it's YOU that's buying their dope, and when it's YOU that don't have the guts to come together and take care of the problem?

How are you gunna sit there and complain about how your Government, State, and its State Stooges are oppressing you or being too controlling in your everyday lives, when it's YOU that pays the taxes, when it's YOU that agrees to play along with their money game by seeing value in their money; when it's YOU that allows them to make laws, when it's YOU that joins their army and police force.

How long will it take these mundanes to wake up and realize that a State is not only abstract, but that the State is a predator which preys on people. I'm a Drecc. I have and can already see through the flimsy veil of the State. I already know and understand where I am in the social rank, and all I know is I don't want to be here and I know my way out.

The Way Out

I use to know this one girl in high school that once teased me and talked shit about me with her friends. I made my own group of friends and we beat the living shit of them bitches, and ever since then, that group never again messed with me.

I witness the OG's in the gang clique I am affiliated with Liberate themselves in a certain neighborhood from a rival gang controlling that area by spreading propaganda about this rival gang in the local high school there and then initiating a group of boys from that high school and neighborhood into our own clique which then went on a shooting spree killing that rival gang, thus freeing their neighborhood, and liberating themselves.

Of course I learned in high school that George Washington and his associates organized a group to fight the British Empire to liberate his colonial ass from British Rule. And after much murdering, America gained full control of its own destiny and territory. And this is the most important factor of liberation: In whose hands is your destiny?

The only way out of this prison we now call a State is by organizing into our own social orders and destroying the State from the inside out. And to commit ourselves and posterity to this work of destruction and liberation, no matter how long it takes. The Germanic Barbarians

didn't take a single lifetime to destroy the Roman Empire. It was a gradual process which took many generations, and many shifts of strategy and tactics.

Destiny

By destiny, I mean the idea or concept that my own life, how I choose to live it, what I shall make of it, and that my own future and the future of my children are in my sovereign hands to mold. I don't mean "wyrd" when I say destiny, because I use the word "wyrd" in a different way.

You can argue with me and say: "Well gee Chloe, I'm a citizen of such and such country and I love paying my taxes, and I control my destiny because I wanted to be a fire fighter when I was a boy and now I am one, see." Shut up! That's not what I'm talking about! Your fucking destiny is Retirement in a Nursing Home! Remember I said that when you get too old to work for your State and they throw you away like a used douche bag that you are.

People just don't get it. You're born into Life, and the State immediate tells you that you aren't fully human and that you got to work for it. So they dangle this Imaginary Thing in your face and tell you got to work for it and earn it to be fully human like everybody else.

So you go to grade school. And when you finish grade school, they tell you: "Oh, you're not there. Not fully human yet, keep trying." So you go to high school and finish all four years. And they tell you: "Oh almost, but not quite there yet. Keep working for it, it'll come, good girl."

So you borrow money and go to college for 4 years. And they tell you: "Oh, not there yet. Now you have to take that diploma and do what everybody else is doing and get a job, because adult humans work!"

So you get a job thinking you're a bona fide human or true citizen, and they tell you: "Oh nope, sorry. See now there's a corporate ladder you gotta climb, start climbing, and go borrow money from a bank to get a house, humans live in houses, and get married to breed children, because humans have children you know."

So you get into debt, have children, buy a house you can't every pay off, and climb some invisible corporate ladder to some glorious treasure at the tippy top. Like that dumb treasure the whole reason why you were born in the first place.

Then your dumb ass turns old. You got grey hair. Your testicles, dick, or ovaries don't work no more. You're ugly and wrinkly. But who cares now, cuz it's not like you're gunna enjoy sex anyways or like anybody is gunna want you. You smell like medicine and Bengay. You're joints hurt. All those years of eating man made chemical saturated food has preserved your body already into a wax sculpture. Half your internal organs in your body don't work because the pesticides and toxins in the food you ate caused diseases in your body. And in that state you ask the State: "Ok, where is? I'm gunna fucking die soon, just fucking give the shit to me already." And they tell you: "That was it! There you are: The "human" experience of a good citizen! Was that a ride or what?! Now sense you're too old to be of any use to Us, why don't

you go live in that there old folks home; and we'll just take your children and grand children. Thank You, come again."

It's only then, when you are that old, that you realize that "freedom" you had was fake. That what "destiny" you thought was yours was an illusion. It's then that you begin to realize that you gave the best years of your life, energy, free time, and genuine freedom, to the State. For what? Retirement? Was it your will and destiny to end up a useless old person in some nursing home having really accomplished very little? Was it your destiny to live some crappy life where you got only 1 week out of a year to do what you wanted? Was it your destiny to have never traveled the world, or spend the best years of your life with people you actually loved and cared about, doing what you wanted with your short life? Or have you Realized that you gave that destiny to the State to mold and use?

But you can say: "But Chloe, we're all going to grow old and retire some day." Shut up! That's not the point. The point is what the hell are you doing with you Life between birth and old age. In whose hands is your Life and Destiny in during those wonderful years? Think about it?

Reichsfolk Culture

This perspective of Destiny and in whose hands such Destiny is in that I went through up there is just an extension of certain concepts found in David Myatt's Reichfolk Ethical National Socialism. Specifically the concept of each "race" having it's own Destiny.

When you are a black minority living in a State of white majority, do you really think, the white mob will hear your voice, needs, humanness, and allow you to fulfill your destiny? Or to even allow you to shape the destiny of the State? And vice versa. If you are white minority living in an ethnic majority, what true freedom do you have to manifest your "racial" destiny? In a State of mixed ethnicities, the lives, humanness, and destinies of some whole ethnic groups of people will be silenced and those people used to fulfill the destiny of the ruling group and their progeny. In this light, a racially mixed "democracy" is not so great. It shows itself as a parasitic and abusive form of usury.

But this must go far deeper then just the superficialities of skin color. Because even in China, where the people there are obviously a homogeneous "Asian" population, there is the matter of the State Destiny, the Destiny of the Political Regime and the Destiny of their Stooges, which is more important and overshadows that destiny of the common citizen, whose destiny is either neglected, or used to sustain the State.

How long will you allow something so lifeless, and abstract as a "race" or a "State" to use you, abuse you, and neglect your own Life and Sovereign Destiny? How long will you allow yourself to be the pawn of a race or State or political party; or a pawn in life? Before you understand that Nature made you a Sovereign person, with your own unique Life and Destiny to experience, live, and fulfill? Before you fight and struggle to reclaim that Life and Destiny, or die trying. Because it's not just your life and destiny that is at stake. It's the life and destiny of your progeny, which is also in your hands.

Fear As A Factor Of Control

It is the mundane fear of death that docilizes us into compliancy. We are not born fearing death. You let a baby crawl around a sidewalk and she'll crawl herself into traffic. We become death defiant teenagers, and from our hormones running amok, we are fearless in those years. Which is why in any State or gang army/foot-soldier the membership of such armies are of the same youthful, death defiant age.

It's only after years of religious and/or atheistic brainwashing that we come to fear dying. Because of our beliefs. The silly belief that there is an afterlife. Which means there must be a system of salvation to be worthy of such an afterlife. And the uncertainty in you over whether you are saved to be able to go to heaven, is what makes you a docile – fearful – pawn. It is the silly materialist belief that Nature is a dead accident and that this accident spent all of its energy over billions of years to evolve you only to have you exist a mere 90 years before you are snuffed out like a candle flame forever.

It's that fear of death alone that gives State, gangs, and anything with a weapon, sharp fangs or big claws Power over you. You are so afraid of being harmed, mangled, mutilated, tortured, imprisoned that you even fail to realize that you can kill just like they can and that there is more of you than them.

Why is it that a Nation-State such as America does not fear China, which has the world's largest army, a work force 3 times the size of America's to bother to concentrate on China. But yet this same America, which is the worlds mightiest military force, would care so much about a group of rebels like Al Qaeda who are virtually cave dwellers?

It's because of the Fear Factor. Because China's economy depends on America and it's allies. Because China knows it has no real experience in military logistics. Such that the size of its army is irrelevant to America because the damn Chinese proly don't even know how to effectively move their army around. But Al Qaeda is not dependent on America in any way. It does not play this bullshit "State" game. It does not require a lot of money to strike. Because something like Al Qaeda has access to Fearless individuals. Because Al Qaeda has the power to manufacture Death Defiant members. Such people who have no fear of death and dying, who live and will die for a cause; even if that cause will take many generations to materialize, is a great threat to even the most powerful Nation on Earth.

Which is why America is sticking it's nose in some god forsaken desert of a backwards people, and why America doesn't even give a shit about China, or even North Korea with that midget Korean threatening to nuke America ever other week. It only takes a CIA agent who has covertly threatened this midget's life to shut him up. No amount of propaganda, money, or threats with bribe or scare something like Al Qaeda. One fearless death defiant Al Qaeda cell can – as we have often seen – devastate a Nation-State in many ways.

The future of human warfare is not between two Nation-States, because these Nation-States that exist today have evolved together into a dependent integrated system of mutual dependency. The future of war from now on, will be between the Nation-State and clandestine

rebel forces such as Al Qaeda. In this sense, something like Al Qaeda is a pioneer in the fight for Liberation from the State. A model, worthy of our Sinister Posterity to study and emulate.

When I think of Al Qaeda, I often think of one of my all time favorite sci-fi movies [and book]: Dune. Where "[Muad-dib](#)" and his band of desert rebels fight and takes down a Galactic Empire by controlling "Spice" [re: Oil]. Is it any surprise to us who can "see" what is going on, why countries like America is running frantic trying to wean itself from Oil by legislating all these Green Energy bills, and stuff? Like the British Empire has demonstrated in the case of China: you control something a nation's people needs [opium] and you control that empire.

Magick

It's useless: As it is believed to be by mundanes and their watered down new age movement. To think that Chaos Magick Sorcerers can magickally destroy a State by invoking some demon is absolutely ridiculous. I don't remember hearing how the Taliban, Hezbollah, or Al Qaeda, having some top ranking guy who was the rebel chaos sorcerer, do you? All I've ever heard come out of these rebel forces were death defiant warriors who killed themselves as martyrs for a cause, along with other. Which is the ultimate Opfer any person can give to his Tribe and Cause: his own life. How does this even compare to some Chaos Magickian in some black robe, throwing spells at the "New World Order," in the safety of his bedroom? It's a joke. Magick, as the mundanes apprehend it is a joke.

If it isn't, then explain to me why such a country like Haiti is still poor when most of its people practice Voodoo. Explain to me why Amazonian tribes are still backwards and primitive when they have shamans. Explain to me why countries whose people are the most superstitious when it comes to such beliefs as magic, miracles, demons, angles, are the one most prone to Magian control and Magian exploitation? Such as the entire continent of Africa.

There is something very wrong with your ability to comprehend the written word if you read Anton Long's writings, and Naos, and you think the "Magick" the ONA has and teaches, is the same kind of superstitious mumbo jumbo found in Wicca or something.

And I bring the subject of magick up because if Dreccians continue to sink further into the illusion of the superstition of magic and miracles, that the ONA will generate more and more superstitious magickians to become what the I.O.T. is, and will generate less and less Dark Warriors to become in future a significant rebel force of any kind.

What has Crowley and his "magicians" ever done to and for society Causally, besides introduce another mind puzzle to keep people's minds busy? And LaVey with his stagnant rip off "Satanism?" What has LaVey made beside people lost in the delusions of egotistic grandeur, who are more than willing to serve the State their whole lives in exchange of a few hours of self Indulgence and self worship? Can you ever realistically see that something like the IOT will ever evolve into a rebel force that will wage war with a State to manifest a new kind of civilization? Because if you can't, then keep the ONA from becoming another IOT; or another Thelema; or another Church of Satan. Keep that crappy superstition based Junk Magick out of the ONA, and stick with the practical "magick" of the ONA; such as Aeonics and

Future Magick to name two.

Our Generations

We've reached that strange point in our human evolution where what we call the State – or how human civilization is presently – has reached a dead end where it's past and its causal actions have finally caught up to it and it's wyrdful results is beginning to take affect. From now on, every year that passes by for a State will only mean more destruction of nature, more dehumanization of human lives, more control, more war, more pollution, more things which we can see clearly as signs that this "State" thing is not doing it for us as a species any more.

Our tango with Nation-States has come to an end. The Nation-State as we knew it has taken our species as far as it can causally take us, and if we continue to hold onto it, it will be prolonged stagnation. We all know all things must change, even human civilization.

But it is a way of Nature, that all living things in Nature shall have a will to survive. That all things in Nature, even if such things are no longer needed, will fight and struggle for it's survival. It is a way of nature that a new worthy challenger to old established things challenged and destroys the old. Such as an old alpha male silver back gorilla. In his group there will be many contenders who desires for the coveted power. It is out of Nature's own will to survive as a whole, that only the most worthy – physically, genetically – should have such power. So that, of all the contenders, only one will be the new alpha male who will reap the benefit of passing its genetic material down to its progeny.

A social ordering of humans is no different from this primate ordering of gorillas. The whole earth can be seen as a forest in which are hundreds of primates called "States." The most powerful, will by Nature's Law, have the power to influence the rest of the world. Each State is in turn a group of primate [humans], wherein only the most worthy group of humans by Nature, gets to have the power to influence the others by passing the genetic information of their memplexes to the next generations of humans. But Progression is also a law of Nature. Therefore what once was favored by Nature, when such is no longer an adequate means to further evolve and progress humanity and causal earth life, Nature will allow a replacement to fight for that coveted alpha position.

Thus what was once a most influential Roman Empire which truly progress humanity forward, was eventually replaced by the British Empire later, which took humanity further. When the British Empire stagnated, it was replaced by America, which did its job. Now America has grown stagnant, and such stagnation is anti-evolutionary. It would seem as though the European Union or China were poised to replace America. But such is not the case.

We have reached a transitional aeon in which the current format of human civilization, being so focused on fighting for domination of terrestrial territory and other humans, is not doing our species any good. As David Myatt states, humankind's next step in evolution is Galactic. And so, we see even the Earth changing in such a way such that a state like China or even the EU will not be able to sustain themselves due to the fact that natural resources are depleting rapidly, and our species has become morbidly over populated. Which is to say that Mother

Nature is gradually kicking us out of our childhood home. And if we don't leave, we will self destruct into extinction. The next type of human civilization must be the type which will spread humanity and earthly causal life forms across the galaxy.

So we exist at this moment of 121 year of fuyen in what may be seen as those years just before the fall of the Roman Empire. Where rebel forces of barbaric tribes begin invading, and other rebel forces begins forming within the Empire. Except in our case this "empire" is all of the world's States, and such pioneer rebel forces as Al Qaeda are the barbarians. Al Qaeda isn't the only rebel force. It is just one of the first and so far the most successful. As time passes, there will be others which will form to work at destroying these old Nation-States, marked by Nature for liquidation, and which will fight with each other for that coveted alpha position.

It is "prophetic" that the ONA has come into existence in this transitioning aeon. It would seem that we are very small. But size in Nature has no meaning. Some times the smallest of germs can cause the most causal damage. What matters in nature – if you understand the basic mechanics of nature – is: Genetic Information. In a non-biological level, the memes which are the Genetic Information of a memplex of a social ordering of humans: their Traditions, Culture, Weltanschauung, Hopes, Dreams, Visions is what ultimately is meaningful to Nature. As the most strong and worthy genes makes the new generations of causal organisms strong and continues and evolves causal life. So too does the most strong and worthy memplex imbue the generations of mankind to continue and evolve the human species forward toward its collective Destiny: That of midwife to the Cosmos, in which we spread the germ or earthly causal life across the Living Cosmos.

What memes we manufacture today, and what we each pass down to our children, will determine our future progeny's success in the destruction of these old aeonic civilizations, and will determine their successful birth into a Star Born Civilization. As David Myatt struggles to get across, we must as an Order learn to use time Aeomically to our advantage. By passing our Dark Tradition and Sinister Way down to Our Generations: Our Sinister Posterity; so that each generation of Dreccians will inheret the essence of what is or was the Order of Nine Angles. So that each generation inherits this Myattian Weltanschauung of reality, human evolution, and the State. So that each generation of our bloodlines will in their own time, and by their own means fight and struggle to Liberate themselves and shed such old aeonic Nation-States as a snake sheds old skin, into a new regenerated organism. And organism collectively reaching upwards for the stars beyond the limits of this dying world.

If it's one thing that I have learned from studying these social orders from a sociological perspective, and from the gangs and religions that I have been involved with is that: People Believe In Ideas, But They Live For Movements. People just believe in a religion. They devote their lives to a Movement. People will just believe in an ideology. They will die for a cause. Islam is just something to believe in. Al Qaeda is a movement to fight for. Socialism is just something to believe in. Hitler's National-Socialism was a Movement to fight and kill for. The ONA must learn to transform our memplex from a system of beliefs and traditions, into a mythos imbued Movement. If we are to inspire and captivate the hearts and minds of our future generations. This ONA must be a Movement, if we hope those in the future will devote their

lives to our Sinister Cause.

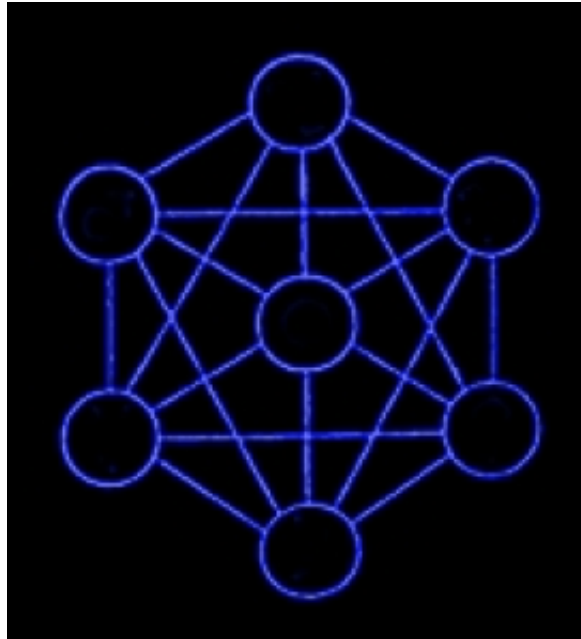
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Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SINISTER NOBILITY



Sinister Nobility

Bullies

I have a little 9 year old cousin named Ariana. I was over at my grand mother's house whom she and her mother lives with this one day. I was sitting on the sofa next to her mom, who is a favourite auntie of mine as she was drawing and coloring at the coffee table. So I asked Ariana how she likes school. She reluctantly just said it was "ok."

Her mom softly laughs and says softly to me: "She has a bully." I thought it was both cute and funny in an ironic way. Ironic because of the meaning of her name. Ariana is a conjunction of two Pali words: "Ariya" meaning "Aryan," "Noble," or "High," and "Ana" meaning "Power," "Might," "Authority," "Force," and "Privilege." It was unbecoming for someone with that name, and someone with our family history and sanguineous pedigree to be bullied.

I asked her about her bully problem and she explained to me that she really likes school, but some boy was bugging her and teasing her. One of our boy cousins who was listening in on us – after laughing at Ariana – told her to kick the bully in the shin and push him. I quickly interjected: "Yeah, just do it in front of the teacher, so he can't hurt you."

Her mom then said to her: "You should do what they say Ariana, or he'll bully you forever. She asked her mom: "But won't I get in trouble?" And her mom answered: "Yes, but only for a day. Would you rather be bullied forever at school?" She didn't say anything. But she's a very

smart girl. At nine she already reads and writes English fluently, surfs the internet by herself, has a dozen Facebook profiles where she pretends to be different older people, and speaks two languages.

There is a word for what the bully in this scenario has. In high register Khmer it's called "Nachak," and in high register Thai it is called "Anachak." The root word being the same "Ana" in her name "Ariana." In common every day Khmer it's called "Anach" which is the word we'll use, which basically has the same meaning as "Ana" – power, privilege, might, force.

Anach is something you earn or gain, usually by several means, such as via respect, with honour, or by force. Anach is the opposite of being passive, obedient, receptive, and abiding: characteristics of a common stock peasant. What Anach you earn can be lost to someone with more Anach than you.

I forgot about Ariana's bully problem because she doesn't speak about it. So after about a month I asked her casually how her bully problem was. She says to me: "Oh I took care of it like you guys said. He got me mad one day, so I kicked him in the shin and pushed him to the floor in front of the teacher. He doesn't bully anybody anymore." That's my nine year old girl cousin.

Anachak

So way back in circa 1200AD there was this illiterate hillbilly Mongol named Temujin. Temujin was the son of a chief of some nomadic tribe, which meant practically nothing in the eyes of Imperial China. He was a nobody, and his people were nobodies to Imperial China.

The Mongols were a worthless stock of people. They were divided into incoherent nomadic clans and tribes that spent their time fighting with each other. But that changed when Temujin came. Temujin had successfully forced the many clans and tribes into a single Coherent entity with a single vision, and their unified sight was set on Imperial China down south.

The synergy of Temujin's Horde quickly liquidated Imperial China. The Mongols slaughtered every Chinese in their path and burned down every city. Looting, plundering, and raping their way across China. Completely disregarding the status quo and laws of Imperial China.

From the perspective of the Imperial China, this Temujin guy was a terrorist, a barbarian, and a criminal who has absolutely no respect for the law and order of the Empire. From the perspective of the peasants of Imperial China, Temujin and his men were thieves, pirates, murderers, rapists, and just plain bad people one would hate and despise. I would hate them too if they raped my daughters, killed my men, and took my things and land.

But Temujin was different in the eyes of the Emperor of China. On that level, Temujin was a very real threat to the Emperor's Anach – his Power, his Privilege, his Dominion – over an entire civilization. On this level, Temujin and the Emperor were on equal terms, because the Emperor himself – and his ancestors – used the SAME "criminal" – Sinister – methodologies to

gain their Imperial Status – their Anach.

China was quickly subdued into passive obedience under the Anach of Temujin, who came to be known as Genghis Khan.

Meanwhile in southern China at the time there lived two different feral ethnic tribes, one called the Tai tribes, and the other called the Yu tribes. Temujin's horde had entered southern China and made the lives of the Tai and Yu people miserable. Not wanting to live under such misery the Tai and Yu people migrated en masse into the Southeast Asian peninsula. The Yu people became known as the Viet who would later found the Vietnamese nation. The Tai people would later split into the Thai and the Lao who would found Thailand and Laos.

But the peninsula at the time was completely occupied by another empire, one called the Khmer Empire, based in the city of Angkor. The Tai and the Yu had observed the Mongols for some time and many of them were inspired becoming criminal War Lords.

The Khmer word for a "Pirate," or "Thief" or "Robber" is "Siam," which they called the Tai who – inspired by the Mongols – began to slaughter as many Khmers as they could, rape as many woman as they could, and take as much land as they could. About one hundred years later one of the Tai kingdoms that carved itself territory in the peninsula called Ayutthaya obliterated the Khmer Empire. The Khmer "Empire" fell. Most of their land was taken by the Tai, and the men loyal to Ayutthaya were put in power of the vanquished Cambodians.

Eventually the Tai kingdoms merged [by force] and became what is today called Thailand. The proper name of Thailand in Thai is: *Ratcha* [Realm] *Anachak* [Imperial/Regal] *Thai*, which would mean The Imperial Realm of the Thai. The proper name of what is today the kingdom of Cambodia in Khmer is: *Preah* [Worshipful] *Reachea* [Realm] *Nachak* [Imperial/Regal] *Kampuchea* [Cambodia], which means the Worshipful Imperial Realm of Cambodia.

So the words Anachak, and Nachak here properly has the quality of Imperial or Royal Authority/Power. The two words are themselves shortened forms of a conjunction of two Pali words: Anachakka, or in Sanskrit it is: Anachakra.

We already know what the word "Ana" means: Power, Authority, Privilege, Might, Force. But what does the word Chakka/Chakra in the word mean? Chakra means "Wheel," and in the West this word is most often profanely associated with some sort of occult centers found in the body.

In its native cultural/mythos matrix a Chakra was a weapon many devas/gods used to kill and enforce their divine authority with. It is a bladed disc which spins, and they throw it like a ninja star. Thus the word "chakra" in Anachakra symbolizes the Ultimate Authority, since nothing is more powerful than a chakra baring Deva. Anachakra is unchallenged Power or absolute Authority. In every day usage this word is truncated into "Anach."

Imperium

In Khmer the word Anach is not exclusive to political matters. As in a king with Anach has unchallenged Power. The word is also used with the military. An army with Anach is an army with the power and means to do whatever they want unchallenged, or if they are challenged, they quickly liquidate the challenger.

But Anach is also used in other ways. I sometimes get into arguments with my mother and try to talk back to her. She'll get upset and point a finger at me and say something like: "Watch it! I gave you life. I'm you're mother. I have Anach over you." That's the only time she'll use the pronoun "I" with me.

Or my feeble 80 year old grandmother. She has a hard time walking at her age, but that matriarch has Anach over about 50 people. It doesn't matter if your 50 years old. If you talk back to her or don't do what she says, or look at her funny, she'll beat you with her walking cane. But for as long as I have been alive, I have never seen anybody in my family even raise a voice at her or complain when she gives orders.

And they aren't orders as in daily chores either. They are orders like: "Me and my sisters found you a wife – she's related – you're getting married next month." Or something like: "Me and my sisters don't like how your husband has become, let's get you a divorce and find you a new mate." Or one of my boy cousins was doing bad in school and getting into trouble. So she ordered his mom: "Pull my grand son out of school. I hear school isn't his path. Put him to work." And the following month – to my cousin's glee – his mom let him drop out of high school and he went to work for a family business.

Cops also have Anach. When you ride a car with my mom you'll hear her complain every time she sees a cop car: "Look at them, these peasants in uniform act high and mighty like they have Anach. God I hate them. If we were in the old country I'd shoot their heads off." I'd have to remind her: "But mom, there is no more 'old country.' Some revolution destroyed it remember? Beside they keep us safe." Then she'll say angrily: "Don't you talk back to me. Keep us safe my ass. Is giving me tickets keeping me safe?"

In a given city the police force does have Anach, in the sense that they can run red lights, drive over the speed limit, and get away with breaking the law, because in that given city, they are the law. So Anach also has the feel or value of one who is beyond or above the law. One who makes rules and enforces rules, but don't need to live by such rules themselves.

Gangbangers in a city also have Anach. Especially in neighborhoods they dominate and control. In some cities gangs are the power and law and who cops fear. In other words their rule, power, authority over a people – residence – is the highest in what domain they control.

So these are the many meanings of Anachakra. The ancient Romans had a word of similar essence to this word. It was Imperium which had the exact same essential meaning referring to a person's "Power," "Status," and "Authority." We will use the word Imperium or Personal Imperium interchangeably with Anach hereon.

From Gangs To Empires

All empires begin as the assertion of somebody's Anach or Personal Imperium over a group of others. Usually by force. Most empires also begin very small as "seeds." This seed usually consists of a coherent group of people with a certain amount of ambition and disregard for established law, order, and orthodoxy; and who are willing to use whatever force to actualize and materialize their ambitions.

I have a few years of personal experience with gangs. Back in the day when I was still in high school, we started a gang from scratch. It was technically a tagger crew which at first we called "SFA" standing for "Strictly For Asians."

We made it an Asian crew for a reason. When you start up a group of any kind, you need to attract people that resonate with the vibe of your group. You use things people strongly identify with to attract them. And sense there were quite a few Asians at our school, we wanted to bring all of those Asians into a coherent ordering of people. In other words, the "Asian" part was only a means to an end.

We all lived in a certain area in the city, which unfortunately already had two other tagger crews who each controlled half of the area we lived at. As soon as the other kids found out we had organized into a crew, the two big crews told us we can't be tagging in their territories or they'll bomb on us, which meant they'd regulate or enforce their Anach by kicking our asses. This meant our SFA crew had no Anach in the area.

So in this beginning scenario, you have a territory dominated by a regime which has established and implemented its rule via its law and order, which had the power to regulate and enforce those laws. It sounds like a stupid law – not being able to scribble three letters on walls in areas they control – but that law gives these crews benefits. In the world of high school tagging, getting your letters up translates to Fame and Popularity at school. This Fame translates into Social Capital at school, which means that the boys in the crew get to have sex with any girls they want, and the girls in the crew sets trends, gets admired and attention, and their pick of top status boyfriends on campus.

So you can see that there is in fact a human social order present with the same basic natural-sociological rules at play that you would see in a troop of apes or any social animal. The tagging in itself is just a means to a natural end. In the same sense that many animals will tag their pheromone sent in a territory for the same benefits.

This means two important things. Those at school or in this social order who are passive, obedient to the established rules and laws or are afraid to challenge the rule of the reigning crew don't get the sex, the fame, the attention, and the power. This also means that those who do challenge and disregard such arbitrary rules and laws, may gain that same Privilege and power if they have it in their nature to challenge such establishments.

Thus we can say that in this scenario there exists three sets of people: 1) The Ruling Regime; 2) The Peasantry (the passive and abiding population/students), and 3) the Coherent threats to the regime's power, security, and interests.

How does a start up crew gain the favor and attention of the peasantry to generate enough Glamour to appear in their eyes as a potential new regime of overlords? By challenging the ruling regime.

Our start up SFA crew one night all went out and crossed out the tags of one of the ruling crews of the area we lived at, called DOSK which stood for "Destroying Other Spray Kingz." We place above their crossed tags our SFA.

The next day at school our SFA and the kids from DOSK almost got into a big fight. After an exchange of vulgarities the leaders of both crews agreed to have a Battle. It was agreed that the winner of the Battle would absorb the losing crew, which would not exist anymore. To prepare for a potential win we changed SFA to mean "Sent From Above" so that it would be open to all races. It was agreed that the other crew DTH [Destroying The Heavens] would judge the Battle which would be for two nights. A Battle in tagger talk is when two crews go out at night to vandalize as many walls and freeway dividers and everything else. The more area you cover the more points and the better your graffiti style is the more points also. You can lose a Battle if you get your crew name up everywhere, but the letters and writing looks like shit.

The next day all of us in SFA made phone calls for back up. All of us had cousins who had friends in very large Asian gangs. We told them when the Battle days were and that we needed skilled writers to tag up SFA with us. Our back up agreed.

We won. DOSK was liquidated and their membership was absorbed into SFA. Their leader became Co-leader with our leader. This was a strategic move because we needed more members to Battle DTH, and having DOSK's leader still in joint power meant that he and his crew would still benefit from the Fame, popularity, and sex.

A month later our new and bigger SFA crew had a meeting. Our plan was to take out DTH to take their turf. But DTH was what is called a tag-banger crew, which meant that they were a cross between a graffiti crew and a gang that used guns and street gang methodology. This meant that battling DTH would take more than vandalizing walls. We'd risk getting into fist fights, and getting shot at. So before we challenged DTH we all made our diplomatic phone calls to all the gangs our friends and cousins were affiliated with to see if they would back us up if DTH shooting at us. Our Asian gang contacts said they would have no problems donating their boyz to regulate. The bigger Mexican gangs wanted a deal. They were interested in having the area as a market for their drugs. The leaders said that with DTH out of the way, our SFA can monopolize the whole area and sell their drugs for them. They liked the idea and said that if one of our SFA guys gets shot at, they'll declare a gang war on DTH and kill them all.

In this case, when you have back up, and you challenge a crew, you cross their tags out, and you put your crews name up make a plus sign, then list your back ups. This is a tagger way of informing your enemy crew you declare war on what kind of fire power you are working with. We had a list of the biggest Asian and Mexican gangs surrounding the area when we cross out DTH.

At school there was a confrontation and the boyz in SFA went into their intimidation mode threatening that every body in DTH would be killed back our back ups if they brought guns into this Battle. DTH was scared, so they agreed to a clean tagger battle. The winner takes the whole area. The loser stops tagging for any crew besides ours or we'd kick they're asses or kill them. We won domination of the whole area and prospered. Our members at school got the first pick of girlfriends or boyfriends, became the most popular kids on camps, we set the trends and called the shots.

If you look closely at this very simple scenario you will notice that during all the battles and negotiations, the peasantry – all the other kids at school – were never brought up. They were never a factor in anything. Regimes and crews can fall and change, but as a people those students/peasants remain the same passive and obedient people, abiding by the rules set by whatever ruling party comes to power.

This is because it is in the very nature of the Peasant stock common mundane to be passive law abiding subjects because they want to be safe and unharmed. It is in a peasants very inner nature to just want to be left alone to eek out his mundane living in safety. If that means to follow a set of rules and laws, so be it, as long as they are not molested or bothered. If they are bothered they cry and beg to be left alone. Peasant students just want to be left alone to do their school work in peace and ace a test. It's their only few ambitions in life they have, besides maybe finding a girlfriend or boyfriend. Such mundane ambitions.

Peasant stock common citizens just want to be left alone to work on their farms in peace. Just to labour and toil for some State, Church, or whatever Power comes and goes without being harmed and molested or bothered.

As a common peasant student at school, taggers and gangbangers are indeed unlawful kids who are the bad influencing kids their mothers tell them not to be friends with. But when such bad kids use their unlawful ambitions to dominate a school, it's the same peasant kids that submit passively without much complaint to the change of social regimes.

And it is the same way in the much larger arena of politics and empires. From the mundane peasant perspective, Genghis Khan and the Thai War Lords were indeed outlaws and criminals who has no regards or respect for other people's religious traditions and time honoured imperial laws of the land.

But it is the ambition for Anach – for Imperium – in people like Ganghis Khan and War Lords that drive them to risk their freedom and lives to be more than what they are, and to have more than what life has allotted them by default. In their unlawful struggle against arbitrary established empires and laws, they may often succeed in annihilating old power regimes. And in so doing, it's the same peasant stock mundanes that passively submit to such new Imperium as good, obedient, law abiding subjects/citizens.

Ganghis Khan didn't come out of his mother's womb as Emperor of humanity's largest empire. He was born poor, unknown, and uneducated. But he came out with something a common peasant doesn't have: Noble Ambitions and the Will and Determination to materialize

those Ambitions with whatever force or die trying. Noble as above the petty ambitions of a mundane.

We don't hear too often in our modern era of terrorists, criminals, and outlaws fulfilling their Noble Ambitions and carving out their own countries, nations, and empires. But just because we don't here about such things, doesn't mean it doesn't happen. Hamas and Hezbollah are fine examples.

The FARC is an even better example. Back in the 80's the FARC began as a group of outlaws selling Columbian cocaine. Over 20 years of business, they invested their money into the proper venues to emerge as a militarized rebel movement which controls a third of Columbia.

The drug cartels in Mexico are another fine example of the illusion of the Invincible State, and a criminal organizations transmutation from a group of outlaws to a future political regime. Last year the Mexican gangs killed over 27,000 people, which included state officials. This years they used their first car bomb. When the money slows, the crime flows. Each year that passes, the Mexican government has less money to fight off the gangs. These gangs have also infiltrated government branches. In our life time, we will see the failed state of Mexico fall into the hands of a new regime which once began as a street and prison gang of dope dealers.

Even the Oligarchies of America don't have a clean ancestral record. Many of the past Presidents of the US are related in some way to the Delano-Roosevelts. In olden times the Delanos were pirates and privateers.

Peasant Social Order

If I could invent a motto that reflects peasant social order it would be: "To serve, sustain and maintain." Those three things are what a peasant is born and bred to be good at, as it is their inner nature to serve, sustain, and maintain.

When I say "to serve" I don't really mean as a slave. I mean that you can pay these people money and they will work for you and your interests. If you had the ambition and Will To Power in life to be a millionaire businessman, you can pay a peasant barely enough per day to get by and you'd make him the happiest creature in the world. Because just getting by in life makes peasants happy, and having extra money after bills are paid to buy new commercial items, beer, a chocolate bar, new car, house or wife, or whatever they buy, is about as high as their ambitions go.

If it weren't for the fact that they are enticed like donkeys following a carrot on a stick with a certificate that gives them two or three dollars extra in their pay checks, I doubt your common mundane-peasant would even see any use in college. It isn't like they graduate college smarter then when they went into college. Most seem to come out stupider, in debt up to their eye balls, and most don't even get a career in their field because they don't know how to. I know a peasant girl who went to college to study as a biologist. She is the daughter of one of my aunt's friends. I told her she was a peasant and so it wasn't like she would become a real biologist anyways. But she didn't listen. She thought she was all special because she got

accepted in a big college. She did major in biology at this big college. Today she is a receptionist working for a little over minimum wage, and she is near bankruptcy.

When I say “to sustain” what I mean is that when somebody creative comes up with a new idea, concept, religion, or whatever, it’s these peasants that will BELIEVE and thus give life/sustenance to that new idea. Without peasants willing to believe in anything, we wouldn’t have a Moses, Muhammad, Marx, or Mao.

Give them an idea and they will Believe in it without even bothering to question you. Pull as many gods and spirit creatures out of your ass and there is always a peasant out there willing to believe in them. You can make believe an entire fantasy world or 12 heavens, with fairies, dragons, aliens, and unicorns, and Nature has provided you a peasant out there somewhere who will give life to your crazy ideas. In essence, Mother Nature has made it very easy for shysters, con-artists, crooks, criminals, and charlatans to make it big in life and become rich. Because peasants exist.

When I say “to maintain” I mean that when you make a rule and shake your fist at them or threaten them with jail time, peasants will obediently maintain your laws you make up indefinitely without ever breaking them. They don’t consider the fact that such rules you make up is implemented to maintain status quo – your Status – at their expense. They will just follow whatever laws are forced on them because these peasants have weak hearts where they are afraid of everything, especially guns, violence, and risk of harm.

Peasant social order is pretty much the same wherever you go. Things are very simple. Beliefs in the form of religion, gods, truths, and facts plays a big central role in peasant society. Just like there is a Catholic Church in every corner of Latin America, there is a Pagoda in ever corner of Buddhist Asia.

Religion to such peasantile humans is simplified into a panhandling relationship of a beggar asking gods for things like protection, money, and love. It doesn’t matter what the religion is, or how sophisticated the religion may be. The peasant mind will always reduce it into a security blanket that makes them feel safe, and into pitiful beggary.

Even science isn’t safe from peasantification. There aren’t any gods to beg in empirical science for protection, money, and love. But those peasants have found away around that. With a little misunderstanding of quantum physics, the universe can be begged at for gifts. And like the maintainers they naturally are, if scientific theories are written down, it automatically becomes an unbreakable law that is Believed and Followed.

If you observe peasants in their natural mundane habitats, you will notice that they love being given ideas to believe. They make Beliefs the center of their lives. Beliefs in peasant social order is the glue that loosely holds them together. This gives them some sort of emotional sense of belonging to something which appeases our primal needs as a social animal. They huddle together in these powerless incoherent social groups based on shared belief. If you believe in UFO, there is a group for that. If you believe in gods, there’s a group for that. If you believe in no gods, there also a group for that. If you are conservative or liberal, there are

groups for those too. And when Peasants get together in their incoherent social groups all they do is talk and preach about their beliefs for hours, debating, arguing, interpreting signs and wonders.

Peasants can make a religion out of anything. Throw a metal disc in the sky and take a picture of it, and peasants will make a UFO religion out of it. Wear big footed feet things and leave big foot impressions on the ground, and they will make a big foot religion out of it. Float a log in Loch Ness, and it will become a cult icon of a new Belief system. Draw pictures in your corn field, and your crop circles automatically become holy messages from gods and intergalactic space brothers. Look at India: deformed girls with two heads and eight legs instantly become gods. The craziest most unkempt ascetic instantly becomes a mahaguru. The more bizarre your ideas are, the more peasants will believe it. Even deformed animals aren't spared from the beggary and deification of peasants. If a cow is born with feet growing out of its head, it's most definitely a god that answers prayers.

Peasants are self loathing by default. One of the things that makes them forget about hating themselves is hating others around them. Make your beliefs and religions so that they can bigot and hate other people with, and it will become a world religion. This is because when others are bigoted and made to look stupider than them, they look and feel better about their mundane selves. Nobody wants to be a worthless peasant, not even peasants. That's why the stupid idea of democracy does so well. Because it gives these peasants the impression that they are kings ruling themselves. Even though they actually never get to vote for anything significant. And when they do get to vote, it's usually them picking between two different policies that equally subjugates them further.

In peasant society Beliefs are the essence of their worldview. It is from beliefs that their actions in life arises. So when you observe peasants in their natural habitat, you see that their Beliefs dictates how they act, behave, and how they interact with others in life. For example if they believe in gods they will physically meet to pray together. Or if they share a belief system on morals and conservatism, they will meet to actually debate and argue with each other. And the actions that arises from their Beliefs are incoherent and aimless. By that I mean that it is a lose assembly of individual who get together just close enough to mingle and talk with, but far enough so that nothing wyrdfully useful ever materializes.

And when a rule or dictation or law of behaviour or conduct arises in their social groups, their peasant alarm will go off. This is because although a peasant mindlessly accepts any Belief that sounds pleasing to it, peasants do not like to be told what to do. You have to force them to do things with threats of violence, assault and death, for them to accept rules and maintain them. Like stubborn cows inertly standing in one place must be kicked and pushed with force to move. And it is their natural aversion to rules that regulate their actions and behaviour that actually differs them from the Aristocracy.

Aristocratic Social Order

Unfortunately, the only aristocratic group of people I have to study and observe are my family and other families related to me; and from what books I have read, and the historical people I

have studied about. The very essential difference between a peasant family/group and an aristocratic or oligarchic family is incoherency and coherency. That's as best as I can break it down into simple terms.

So in a peasant family things are incoherent and aimless. Belief is the bond. But in that peasant family you run into family problems if you are the husband and you try to tell your wife what to do. Your children will rebel if you try to tell them what to do. Everybody in a peasant family resists being told what to do, but the peasant family happily goes to church together to be indoctrinated. This is what I mean by "incoherency" in this context. Like carbon atoms resisting rules and structure that would turn them into a diamond. Instead they resist rules and structure, insisting they are free and independent, turning themselves into useless coal, that has no other value but to be burned for heat.

In my own family things are different. Beliefs don't play any significant role in the family. You can believe whatever you want or in nothing at all, as long as such beliefs don't affect the traditions and customs [rules and regulations] of the family. And there are hundreds of rules and traditions to be observed and followed. If you resist following such established rules or do not wish to live by them, then you are out of the family. Because these time tested rules were set into place for reasons: End Results from which all members benefit. You learn these traditions and customs as you grow and progress in the family.

One of the first things you are taught to do – as soon as you can barely speak – is to properly answer your elders. When ever any body older in age then you calls you, you say "yes" properly, not "what" or "huh?" Girls say "Jah" [yes] and boys say "bat" [yes]. The other thing you are taught before you can walk and speak is how to "Sapisuah" or it's called "Sadhu," or "Anjali" in Sanskrit. Sapisuah is the proper way to salute or greet an elder. It's when you clasp your palms together in front of your face. At nose level for people older than you. At eyebrow level when greeting your mother or grandmother or monk. Up to your forehead for the Buddha. By the time you are one year old, you can say jah or bat, and anjali your elders.

Other example of rules children learn to observe would be, if two people older than you are standing close to each other and you have to pass between them, you must do so by bowing your head lower then their heads and excuse yourself. If older people are talking, you don't. If the grandparents are in one room talking, you stay out of that room unless they call you. If an aunt or uncle, grandmother or grandfather asks you to do something, you must do it without complaining. If your mom tells you to do something and it's different from what one of the grandmothers tells you, you do what the older one said.

Each age grouping also have their own basic essential function or core duties. Kids go to school to learn to read and write. If you are 16 years and older and you suck at school you got to work for the family. If you graduate school and have no goals in life, you immediately go work at one of the family businesses until you are 30 or have learned a skill. When you graduate or if you turn around 30 you will start your own business with cousins or other family members. When you are ready to start your own business, the family will consider your business idea, and if approved the elders go around to other family members to collect money to give to you. You pay everybody back with your revenue. If you are family or married into the

family and a member desired to start their own business, it is your duty to facilitate in any way either financially or by providing contacts. All family members must try to not work jobs not owned by family or friends. 50 year olds retire and take care of the old ones. The old ones cook and take care of the very little ones [the children].

Interfamilial coherency is also present in an aristocratic style social order. When most of my family first came to America during the 80's they came with nothing. They lost half of their relatives to murder, they lost all of their land [most of the land of Batambang province], they lost all of their political power. But they had one thing: Coherency or Organization.

One of the first things the family did when they came here was seek out certain clubs and join them. These are private social clubs that families are invited to join. Different clubs have different requirements for affiliation. Most require a large membership fee, but since we had respected members of our family inside some of these social clubs, the family joined easily.

Some other groups and races have similar social clubs. The Filipinos have one of their own. I have friends who are Filipinos, and the rich and well to do are usually almost always members of these social clubs, while the poor Filipinos don't even know they exist. What these clubs do is they are based on Mutual Aid and Mutual Prosperity. They will first help you get jobs, if you have skills they help you start up businesses. They help you learn how to borrow money from banks. They find you contacts. Then when you prosper you invest your money and time into collective club projects like joint businesses, mutual investment projects, etc.

These clubs are not religions or cults. But they have a lot of rules to follow. This is the difference between a peasant gathering and a gathering of aristocrats. One is entirely based on beliefs which is devoid of rules and regulations. The other is the opposite where they could care less for beliefs, but enforce rules and behavioural regulations for End Results.

So on any level of society, whether it's the familial level, the club level, the city level, or the national/imperial level, the social ordering of peasants and aristocrats are essentially different down to the core. Peasants preoccupy themselves with beliefs, opinions, and aimless ideas. Their gatherings are gatherings which expresses their inclination for their beliefs. Whereas for those of a high social class, such people are more preoccupied with Traditions, Customs, Modes of Conduct, Organization, Rules, and Regulations, all of which have been constructed so that the following of such rules and customs manifests mutual benefit and End Results.

The closest thing in Western society that is like these social clubs I know, which my family also joined for the same reasons is Freemasonry. A long time ago Freemasonry was open exclusively to the Nobility and Aristocracy, and it still is in many parts of the world. Unlike an association of peasants where Beliefs dominate. Freemasonry is almost devoid of beliefs. But Freemasonry is riddled with strict rules, regulations, traditions, customs, and oaths. There are a lot of rules to follow, but the following of those oaths and rules is what makes Freemasonry work to the benefit and advantage of all members. It has nothing to do with Belief. It has to do with aims and objectives set down, and rules and regulations members must follow if those aims and objectives are to be actualized. There is coherency, organization, order, and direction present.

Even something like Buddhism, which is a religious philosophy, in my family becomes a system of rules, regulations, traditions, and customs devoid of Belief. And these rules of action and deeds have been set in place by family ancestors because they manifest real world results that the family benefits from collectively and the individual adherent benefits from personally.

Where Buddhism to a peasant is a religion where one begs the Buddha for gifts of good karma, an auspicious future life, gifts of money, good fortune, and lovers. Buddhism to a noble person – who has an innate will and ambition to be more than he/she is – is a system of rules, regulations, customs and traditions to be followed and applied, such that the Noble Person develops in mind, perception, and evolves into a new and better type of person. For the aristocracy Buddhism is a means to transmute basal society into ever Noble ideal states. Simply stated, for the peasant Buddhism is the submission and worship of the Buddha. For the Aristocrat Buddhism is a means to become a Buddha.

It is only from a peasant's perspective that religion may sometimes be interpreted to be some tool of mass control. This is because it is in the peasant's very nature to resist rules and regulations that controls their actions and behaviour. They will resist all rules and laws unless under threat of punishment. Which is why old world religions and secular politics dedicates so much energy in punishing people, because to a peasants mind, you aren't their boss and you can't tell them what to do unless they work for your for money, or unless you have a gun. It is this resistance and inability to understand the wyrdful and aeonic End Result and purpose of rules or action, and regulations of behaviour that is the natural difference between a peasant and a Nobleman.

In the same exact sense that the following of rules and regulations of placement or the rejection of such rules by carbon atoms wyrdfully materializes either coal or diamond. In the very same exact way that a group of anarchists that jibber jabber, debate, philosophize, and intellectualize anarchists Beliefs and opinions is worthless when compared to an army with no beliefs but with potent coherency and organization via the strict observance and execution of strict rules and regulation.

Traditions and rules are hard to follow, whereas Beliefs are easy to adopt and agree with, but an army exerts more causal force onto the world, and has more power and synergetic force to manifest its Will to the benefit of the whole. It doesn't take much intelligence and mental effort to agree with an opinion. It takes the Will of a god to engineer an Empire.

One way of life, or one species of ethos: Peasantile Ethos, produces useless mundanes. The other produces people who can actualize their Will, their highest self image, and their highest image of an ideal social order.

Even in something like Satanism, you can see and feel the difference between the Peasantile Satanism and the Aristocratic Satanism. Peasantile Satanism is more concerned exclusively with Beliefs. Peasant Satanists will accept any belief in agreement with their world views without much fuss, but tell them how to live their lives and what to do, and they will cry, bitch, complain, and resist, claiming that they have a right to do as they please.

The Satanism of the ONA is a breed apart and has the characteristics of a Noble and Aristocratic institution. It is not based on or does not preoccupy itself with Beliefs and opinions. It concentrates itself on action, praxis, methodology, ways of life. It focuses its energy on rule, regulations, Traditions, Customs, and Kulture, such as the Law of the Sinister-Numen which is a set of rules of act, duty, and deeds.

It has set itself aims, objectives, and goals, and understands that its Sinister Dialectic and rules of life when followed will gradually actualize such aims, objectives, and directives. It is not a religion or even philosophy with a set of theistic or atheistic beliefs. It is a means with which the Initiate expresses his or her natural and inner Noble Ambition of self evolution. Simply stated, peasantile Satanism is the deification and worship of Belief of a Satan – whether that Satan is a symbol or god. The Aristocratic Satanism of the ONA is a means whereby the Initiate Becomes Satan.

If you understand the essence of this difference, then you will begin to realize that a peasantile social order, such as a democracy, republic, or whatever is aimless, pointless, and preoccupied with Beliefs, Ideologies, and personal rights and liberties, which does nothing more than perpetuate its own existence and status quo. Just as the simpleton peasants are resistant to rules and traditions and declares how they have the right to do as they please. But they willingly Believe in the most agreeable and convenient dogma. Can you imagine what an ant colony would be if every ant demanded its right to do as it pleased? Ants make up roughly 25% of the earth's biomass. They are nature's most successful organism.

A Noble or Aristocratic social order, such as a kingdom, inherently seeks to become more than it is. A little territory isn't enough for a war lord after a while. He will struggle to make it a kingdom. A kingdom isn't enough for a king after a while. He will struggle to make it an empire. And empire isn't enough for an emperor after a while. Like Genghis Khan and Alexander the Great, they will struggle to take the world. The world won't be enough after a while. We will – because of our Noble Will and Ambition – struggle for more: the solar system, the galaxy. A democracy and republic is happy with itself as long as its status quo is safe. Usually democracies end up dying and not achieving anything great to be replaced by another political organism.

Sinister Kindred

If I could put the essence of our Sinister Ethos into one easy statement it would be: "Total disregard of peasant world order for self interest."

As a member of a gang, all I could see when looking over the city I once lived in were my self interests and my little crew's interests. I could care less if those peasants, or citizens believe my interests and ambitions were "criminal," "bad," or pointless to them. I didn't give a shit one way or the other what those other students thought about my interests and ambitions. My crew and I went after our aims and goals anyways, and we ended up dominating the entire school.

Do you think Al Capone actually gave a shit about what affects alcohol has on people's

morals? You think he gave a shit about mundane prohibition laws. All that was burning inside of him were his interests and ambitions, and he used ruthless power of Will to materialize his ambitions and interests by any means. From that Will came power and wealth and domination of an entire state and its underground economy.

Do you think Temujin gave a shit about laws dictated by some Chinese Emperor? Or the law and order Chinese peasants lived by? He just burned for his interests and ambition, and he skillfully and ruthlessly materialized them becoming the leader of one of the largest empires our species has known. One in 200 humans alive today are genetically descendents of this one ambitious criminal who burned down entire cities, slaughtered whole masses of people, plundered, and raped his way to the top of the human pile. Rather than be punished by some god or karma, Nature rewarded him with absolute power, and gave him the power to influence and steer the human race via his empire, and he got to pass his genes down to 1 out of 200 humans today.

Crime only exists to peasants who are forced to live such laws. Laws and order which are designed to perpetuate and benefit old power structures and oligarchic families. To a king, there is no such thing as a criminal, there is only a threat to his law and order and thus his status, power, and privilege: his Imperium. All that talk about "crime" is negative rhetoric aimed at his subjects to keep them from engaging in such criminal activities: the same criminal activities he or his ancestors used to gain power and domination.

How many States or Kingdoms today did not come into existence from acts of crime? From murdering natives. From enslaving humans. From plunder. From stealing land. From military rape and slaughter campaigns. How many Kingdoms and States fell to the same acts whereby another regime came into power by murdering, raping, stealing. Of all the States and Empires to have ever existed, the two most ruthless, most murderous, most enslaving, most plunderous: the British Empire and the United States have evolved and progressed our human species forward ahead into higher states of being, standards of living, possibilities, and greater potential than any other civilization our species has known. Such irony.

So we see that sinister ethos – that ethos or inner essence within certain people – to ambitiously actualize one's interest for oneself and one's descendents by any force and means necessary produces human civilization on this large scale. And we see on this scale that such civilizations often become kingdoms and empires. So we see that the section of humanity we refer to as royalty their warriors, and descendents – the Nobility – are given a certain kind of high status and respect. When they are in fact nothing more than successful criminals with unchallenged power and authority. This is the essential secret and difference between the Nobility and Peasants.

We can also see that in such times – for the majority of our human species – that peasants remain fixed in one place due to lack of locomotive means, thus their genes stagnate. It is the genes of the Nobility – those who advance humanity gradually with their civilizations – that introduces their Noble genes and blood to other sections of humanity. In the same sense that the most sinister Alpha Male ape – who has proven the worthiness of his genes by gaining such status – is rewarded by Mother Nature to imbue her next generation of apes with his

Noble genes and blood.

It can be said thus that the sinister, the criminal, the ambitious, those who dare to transcend above mundaneness to become more than they are, are rewarded by Nature with the power to evolve humanity forward and upwards to new heights and potential. The peasantry have remain the same basal breed of subjects, servants, sustainers, and maintainers. Both are needed. We each just need to Realize which we are.

Which of these two breeds of humans are we who are of the ONA? We may be human, but are we peasants? Do we understand the nature and essence of what a mundane – a peasant – is, and do we know we are different? Does it really matter if they do not understand us? Have they every understood? Should it matter that they do not agree with our Sinister Ethos, our Sinister Way, and our Sinister Methodologies? Would we as a species have come this far if it weren't for our ancient sinister kindred and their bloody campaigns? What then will push our posterity and the rest of human kind further to greater ideals, greater potential, and greater heights?

Regardless of what we call ourselves, or what we call our Way of Life, we are as we are: each blood progeny of past great men, great warriors, great criminals, and the Sinister Elite of the human species. It is the way of nature that such kinds of individuals who have proven their blood and genes in the arena of life, should sire the next generation, if Nature's Imperative is to exist continuously for so many billions of years in the past, and for countless more in the future.

Every Noble Warrior, King, and Queen's Blood – the best bred of the species – converges and flows in our Sinister veins. This inner quality, essence, will, drive – this Sinister Nature – did not comes out of nowhere. It is in your blood and ancestry. Peasants breed peasants. We are a breed apart. This isn't just rhetoric. Study Nature and the world. Pay attention closely to people, their ancestry, and quality. Study closely how States and Nations come into existence and observe what tactics are used. You will also soon come to Realize that the most successful of criminals in the past, became the greatest of kings and emperors whose blood flows now in you. And their criminal and Sinister Nature expresses itself through you, as it does through all of us. Because in essence we are all aeonically related by blood to the few ruthless sinister criminals of the past.

Such that we – of the ONA and our kindred – do in fact represent a Sinister Nobility. Thus we each possess or should Realize our own personal Imperium. To understand that we are our own power and authority. And that it is demeaning and unbecoming of our kind to be subjects of and obedient to another House's rules.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

121 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SINISTER TALES PT1



PART ONE

THE PACK

9352 bf (before fayen)

South of the Caucus Mountains

They were waiting for Frata and Rich to pack their horses and camels.

“Come on, damn.” Said Chloepatra. She was an impatient person. Red Rich was slow and was the type to over kill or over plan things.

“Alright, alright... let me pack a second camel with more arrows...” Said Rich irritated.

“Dude, Rich, we’re just going over them hills to scope out the Hebrew tribe there... you’re acting like we’re going to battle them.” Chloepatra says.

“Alright, fine... better safe then sorry.” Rich mumbles.

Kayla the Merciless just looks at Frata the Barbarian, who just shrugged his shoulders. Frata had packed his horse with his two swords and a lot of water. It was a semi-desert you know... where the tribe was camped out for the moment.

Aryanopolis sort of fell to ruin a hundred years ago because of a freak drought, and all of the

citizens migrated away going their separate ways. There were the three major groups that went to Europe, Russia, and India respectively.

The Longmen Clan thought the Europe and Russia bound fellows were crazy, since it was the ice ages so they followed the India bound people... but along the way the Longmen Tribe was rejected en mass because they had a weird religion where they were culling people left and right for their Dark Gods.

The Progenitor of the Tribe – Marc Anthony the Longshanks... said to the Aryans nations – “Fine, whatever, we’ll just go our own way and find our own place thru Arabia! Maybe to Egypt or something... I hear there is a nice river their.” Now we’re lost in this god forsaken desert.

The Longshanks has a hazy history. Legend has it that long ago his father was a son of Uther Pendragon. At his death bed Uther gave his kingdom to his eldest son Arthur, while Marc Anthony’s father and mum got Shropshire... a mere rural fief thingy at the border of the illiterate lands of the Welsh barbarians. Unhappy Old Longshanks set out to top his brother by taking the whole world. Thus they left Shrops and with a band of loyal Old Guards slaughtered foreign kingdoms and established a civilization called Aryanopolis far in the Afghan highlands; which Anthony Longshanks had inherited.

The Great Drought had destroyed the once great city-state of Aryanopolis. And the Clansmen wandered in the wilderness. What’s worse is the Longmen Clan is mostly composed of the once great army men of Aryanopolis and its secret agents... which meant the Tribe had a weird shortage of female folk to breed with... and women were needed... if the Clan is to survive the ice age.

“Wait for me guys... wait, you need me...”

The Critter ran with his skinny sword in hand... which most doubt he even knows how to use... and mounted one of Rich’s camels.

Critter was this weirdo. He’s one of those guys who hangs out with you and nobody in your cool group knows quite why, but we’re all to nice to tell him to go away and the only reason why you let him tag along was because of who he knows... yeah. That’s the Critter. The Critter was best friends with Longshanks himself.

We call him the Critter because he can make these raccoon and duck noises with his mouth when we go hunting... so it’s like he talks to animals. He wants us to call him by his proper Tribe name – “The Beast Master...” but we just call him Beasty Boy or Critter. He has this natural proclivity for making music with tree stumps and drawing these nice cave paintings... but hardly the killer type.

“Awe, no, not you Critter...” Chloepatra whines.

“Well, we do need somebody to translate Frata’s foreign speech anyways. Beasty Boy is one of very few people that understands besides me...” Kayla said.

“See...” Critter says, looking at Chloepatra. Chloepatra just rolls her eyes at him.

“Let’s go then.” Says Chloepatra.

And the pack set off to the land beyond the mountains to check out the local tribe there for intelligence.

Chloepatra rides a horse with the Merciless One... Kayla. Both in chinchilla fur ugg boots and stylish cavemen wardrobe. Chloepatra is decked out in gold and jade.

She and Red Richard the Sinistar aren’t natives of Aryanopolis. They came with the Mongol Hoard that nearly destroyed Aryanopolis, but she and Red Richard had defected from the Eastern Barbarians and fought under the banner of Longshanks in the midst of the great war. Red Rich was a uniform lieutenant of the Hoard. Thru her ruthless campaign, foreign yet effective tactics and Red Richard’s military wisdom they had chased the Mongols out, gaining them favor among the Clan.

It wasn’t Chloepatra’s tactical maneuvers that caught the attention of Longshanks and his Old Guards tho. Chloepatra was literate and came with the brilliant wisdom of those Eastern peoples... something Marc Anthony saw a great value in. As such fresh insights would help the Clan. She quickly gained herself an audience and bond with the one they call El Darko Loco the Bruce... the Generalissimo and Vizier of the Longmen... even being spiritually adopted by Longshanks himself as his Dark Princess.

El Darko Loco the Bruce was a gentleman barbarian. Draped in black grizzly bear fur, a wolverine head dress and a penetrating stare. Soft spoken, and always thinking in the sinister. He was generalissimo of the Clan’s Phantom Hoard... himself a mysterious shadow or phantom of sorts... as all the ancients of the Clan were... are... his war campaigns earned him the name El Darko Loco... the Evil and Crazy One.

Thus, as satellites around Longshanks was the heart of the Clan that kept the wandering Tribe alive, which calls itself “The Pack”... the Vizier El Darko Loco the Bruce and his men... the Teacher Thoth-Aten-Ra who is the Light House of the Clan... Chloepatra the Princess of Darkness and her men... and the peculiar Kayla the Merciless and her faction.

Kayla the Merciless... much like Chloepatra was not a native of Aryanopolis. She and Frata the Barbarian with their people merged with the remnants of the Longmen during their wandering. An enigma who stubbornly does things on her own terms with an opaque stare not ever revealing what true intentions she may have. Like Chloepatra, the Merciless One somehow caught the eye of the shadowy Longshanks and was adopted as his dark daughter. With her title, she works for The Pack alone, as she wills... but sees no worth in the common Longmen that follow behind... whom she despises as the true cause of the ruin of Aryanopolis.

Only the Longshanks, with his ancient eyes and second sight, knows where the Merciless One’s loyalty lies, and understands what she does and for whom. She and her faction looks up to the old mad man of White Star Mountain for their spiritual guidance. She looks to a future

in which Aryanopolis will one day rise again for the Pack to a greater glory... for Longshanks, so that, before he passes away of old age, that he might see what he once made blossom into a living seed of a future empire.

Amongst the Clan there is divisions and factions. Some of the Longmen wish for a new king. Some wish to usurp the throne and be king. Other believe El Darko Loco should lead the people. Chloepatra herself wishes to immortalize Longshanks as a the eternal figure head but desires an oligarchy of The Pack... but there broods among some of the Merciless One's faction who wish to make the Dark Princess a Living Goddess for a future people. What thinks the Merciless One herself? "Give me gold... and I care not who is King." She says.

As they rode off towards the hills, Kayla heard the gallop of a horse from behind and looked. She whispers in Chloepatra's ear – "Your boy friend is coming."

"Ukh...great... not my stalker."

It was Zoophilip the Berserk One. A despised critic among the Longmen. The Berserk One is like an annoying fly that won't go away. A major vocal critic who condemns and attacks the common citizens (in a trollish manner) of Aryanopolis for the degeneration and ruin of Aryanopolis... out of an uncommon passion for the once great kingdom perhaps... which gains him much hatred. Chloepatra and Kayla secretly values his criticism, as they believes the common Longmen are blinded by a false sense of greatness... even in times of obvious ruin of the old kingdom. He is annoying nonetheless. He has the superpower of totally destroying meeting forums with his sidekick Jimmy the Jumping Bean.

"Good morning Chloe... how are you today?" Says Zoophilip. Chloepatra just rolls her eyes, as she usually does. He laughs to himself, pleased inside that he successfully annoyed Chloepatra so quickly.

"Hey best mate!" Critter says excited, holding his hand up for a hi five from Zooboy. Zooboy has his moronic grin and hi fives his buddy Beasty Boy.

"Retars... I swear." Chloepatra says quietly to Kayla the Merciless.

"Come Sta Fratello Frata?" He says to Frata the Barbarian.

"Se il mio cavallo fosse vicino a voi, farei passare la mia spada attraverso il vostro occhio." Frata replies to Zooboy.

Zooboy snickers to himself... "Hey Critter, can you translate that for me?"

"He said – If my horse was any closer to you I'd shove my sword in your eye." Critter translates.

ZIONIST FRONT

After much riding the small scouting party had entered a big crack in between the walls of a cliff... like a passage way, and stuff or something.

The girls and Red Rich were up in the front, while the other three were chattering way in the back about utter crap... as they have been for the past 3 hours non stop... oblivious to the Zoggish danger that lurked unseen.

“What’s this I see?” Rich said, riding up to scribbles on the passage wall... “Come here guys?”

Chloepatra and Kayla hops off their horse to look, carefully... so as not to get dirt on their chinchilla uggs which were hella expensive, even for caveman days.

“OMG! It’s in ancient Yiddish!” Said Chloe.

The three look at each other and said together at the same time – “The ZOG!”

“Can you read it Rich? You once lived near a tribe of Hebrews.” Asked Kayla.

“Yes.. of course... hold on... This... Here... Place... Belongs... To... A... Tribe... of... Armenians.”

Both Rich and Kayla snicker and begin to laugh with each other.

“What? I don’t get it.” Said Chloe. She didn’t have the same sense of humor Red Rich and the Merciless One had.

“Chloe... we’re scouting for womenfolk for our tribe and we stumbled upon Armenians... their women are hella hairy... they even have goatees them Armenian women.” Explains Kayla... as she usually does... which ruins the humor... but Kayla and Rich continue to laugh some more anyways.

“They should wear sheets over themselves, sense nobody’s invented the razor yet.’ Says Rich.

“Lmao... That’s a good one Rich.” Returns Kayla.

“Hey I shave... with obsidian blades.” Chloe interjects.

The other three had caught up and were still yapping loudly.

“Shoosh you ninnies!” Chloe says to the other three... “The ZOG is here!”

“What ZOG?” Asked Frata the Barbarian.

As soon as the Barbarian had said that some caveman has thrown a rock at Frata causing everyone to look into the general direction.

“Fucking shit!” Yells Frata. He dismounts his horse with his sword and runs towards the side of the passage as more rock come flying towards the group.

“Hide bitch!” Kayla said grabbing Chloe behind a camel, so as not to get their face hit.

There were a group of several Armenian cavemen on the cliff. Rich had already busted out his 45 caliber bow and arrows and had already killed one. Zooboy was slinging rocks with his sling shot. He was annoying and a critic... but he helped out.

Frata the Barbarian fearlessly scaled the cliff towards the Armenians risking life and limb... fearless, or just not aware of the perilous danger. Beasty Boy was hyperventilating behind Kayla, in a fetal position.

“Go fight god dammit!” says Chloe as she kicks Critter.

“I can’t... my sword is way over there on the camel.” He replies.

“They’re just rocks Critter.” Kayla said.

“Then you go fight if they’re just rocks.” Protested Critter.

“Sh’yeah, and get hit in the face with one!” Says Kayla.

“Sh’yeah... exactly.” Responds Critter.

“Then start chanting and do some of your magic or something!” Yells Chloepatra.

“Agios O Nythra...” Chants Beasty Boy... in a surprisingly enchanting and melodic voice; yet still crouched behind Kayla.

Kayla looks at Chloe – “Wow... he *can* sing.”

As the boys were fighting the Armenian contingent... or what was left of them... something happened. As Beasty Boy had hit one of his high notes, the high pitch vibration must have dislodged many of the boulders above the ledge just above the enemy contingent still hurling rocks and crushes all of them to death. The boulders come tumbling down and the boys run out of the way.

“Run for your life motherfuckers!” Screams Zooboy.

Startled, Critter stops – “What... what did I do?”

“Fucking run bitches!” Kayla screams grabbing Chloe and Critter.

They all ran abandoning the horses and camels... and a plume of dust flew into the air everywhere in the passage as the big boulders hit the ground.

It was silent for a while, until the dust began to settle.

“Great... my hair.” Chloe said, breaking the silence.

“I know.” Said Critter in agreement, dusting his hair off.

“Never mind your hair... half the livestock is squashed! Are you guys ok?” Kayla inquired?

“Yeah,” yelled Rich, “But the camels are dead.”

“Somebody’s walking...” Interjected Zooboy.

“Meh... the Longmeister is gunna kill us for getting his camels smashed.” Chloe said worrisomely.

Kayla 352

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SINISTER TALES PT2



PART TWO

INTELLIGENCE

There were only two horses left. Kayla and Chloepatra were on one. The other carried a heap of supplies. The others were walking.

The passage way gave way to open sky. A hundred yards away can be seen the edge of the cliff... the party stopped in their tracks to the shock of the view.

“Do you guys see what I see?” Said Kayla.

“A big ass river and fields of green trees?” Answered Zooboy. Kayla look at him because they were both thinking the same thing.

“What is that in the far distance... a town?” Inquired Rich.

“Yeah,” Said Chloe, “It doesn’t look like a big one from here... maybe a hundred houses or so.”

Zooboy had walked to the very edge of the cliff – “No... it’s a straight up vertical fall.”

Rich had joined him – “Yeah... there’s no way we can get an army of men down... unless you take what looks like the long way.”

Rich pointed towards the left of the mountain side, where there appeared to be a long, twisty path.

“Send Frata...” Kayla whispered to Chloe.

“Frata... go down there and spy on them... bring back intelligence... punch one of them in the face and knock him out so you can take his clothes and dress like them.” Chloe ordered.

“Ok,” Frata says, “I’ll be back.”

Zooboy gave a whistle from above somewhere, and the party looked up. – “It’s a cave... make camp?”

Rich, Chloe, and Kayla climb up to join Zooboy to check out the cave.

“This must be where that contingent were staying.” Rich said.

“Where is brother Frata going?” Asked Zooboy.

“Chloe sent him to gather intelligence.” Kayla answered, as she looked in the cave.

Zooboy snickered – “Frata? Chloe...” he looked at Chloe in disbelief.

“What?” She said, at the mouth of the cave, “There’s only a few hundred houses, he’ll be safe.”

“Right... that’s not what I’m worried about... what sort of intelligence will Frata be bringing back?” Zooboy looks at Chloe with his left eyebrow raise... she feels him a bit.

And looks at Rich.

“I’m going... I’m going...” Says Rich.

“I’ll come too...” Zooboy says, “You girls gunna be ok?”

“Yeah,” the girls said together.

“And guy...” Interjected Critter.

“Well,” says Kayla, “Guess it’s just us girls, huh?”

“And guy... I’m here too.” Says Critter.

The girls look at each other holding back their snickers.

“Well... guess it’s just us girls huh?” Repeats Kayla.

“Alright...” Critter had one hand on his hip, and the other shaking his pointing finger, “I am getting sick and tired of being treated like this. I’ve had it!”

“Oh, boo hoo, go draw something!” Chloe said, taunting Critter.

“Ok, who the hell do you think you are ‘miss Prima Donna’,” Critter bitches, “I was here in the beginning with Longshanks. I put this shit together with him, way before you were born. Then you just come along out of nowhere one fucking day and think you run this shit.”

“What shit Critter?” Replies Chloe, “Your ‘Aryanopolis?!’ Your Crayola drawings? Your singing?!”

“There is a place at the very heart and core of Aryanopolis for the shit I added!”

“There is no Aryanopolis!” Chloe yells, “It’s gone! What’s left of it huh? A rag tag band of wandering men? It’s your fault... you and your generation, Critter!”

“Oh please... miss ‘pretty little I just came out of nowhere princess’... do tell how me and my generation cause the down fall of Aryanopolis.”

“Chloe, stop it... Critter, go outside and take a break or something.” Said Kayla.

“You know what, fuck you guys...” Critter storms out of the cave.

“Whatever!” Added Chloe.

“Chloe...” Said Kayla irritated.

CRYING ARTIST

Kayla and Chloe just sat there not talking for a while next to each other. Chloe has her arms crossed over her chest and is staring pensively at the dusty walls of the cave.

She looks at Kayla for some feedback or something.

“Maybe you should go talk to him. You prolly hurt his feelings.” Kayla suggested.

She sighs... “Yeah... guess so.”

Chloe wanders outside to look for Critter. Knowing him, she figures he behind a rock somewhere tracing things on the dirt.

She walks a bit and follows the sound of sniffing coming from behind a big boulder a hundred yards from the cave by the horses. She sees him sadly sitting by himself... tracing things on the dirt. Her gaze falls to her ugs as she begins to feel bad... kicking the pebbles. With a deep breath she walks towards Critter... then sits next to him, facing him, watching him wipe his tears and snotty nose.

“I’m sorry for going off on you back there... I didn’t mean any of it... I was just being mean out of frustration.” She said.

“It’s not fair, “ He sniffles, “Some of us have an appreciation for the finer things in life, not just to run around like a lunatic and kill people. Longshanks can leave the kingdom for a while to another and he’s a hero... but when I leave I’m a traitor and my face is erased out of the kingdom’s records. I put my heart and soul into Aryanopolis, just like Longshanks did. Nobody

appreciates what I did.”

“I do Beasty...” She says, “I think Aryanopolis lost it’s spirit when you left. Art is the language of the spirit, that evokes a primordial essence in us. Without art, music, poetry, and dreams... there is only an empty shell, that will soon wither. We’re born dreaming... and we spend half our causal existence asleep and dreaming.”

“How can you contradict yourself in such a way Chloe? How can you condemn me for ruining Aryanopolis in one breath, and say that I was it’s spirit in the next?”

“Because we all must learn things the hard way... the way of Wyrd... even kingdoms as a collective... and we must allow such things to play out. Longshanks and you, were like the brain and heart of Aryanopolis... the Intelligence and the Emotions... in conflict. In the beginning the intellect always wins. Aryanopolis intellectually desired a powerful militia long ago, to fight the Magian or whatever/whoever they saw as the Enemy. Words, and intellectual lectures never have the power to excite the human spirit to inspire it to achieve greatness or growth. It’s the spirit... the breath... the imagination... the emotion that sets passion on fire. Like resonates with like. You’re a gifted and wonderful person... it’s just that your timing was not right.”

“Then why not tell them... the others? If you feel this way, why continue to condemn me publicly?”

Chloe gets up and brushes the dirt from her ass. She looks forward expressionless for a moment... “Because, the Longmen believe Aryanopolis belonged to Longshanks and not you. Because he used you for what he needed from you. Because I see no place in what is to become of us... for you... collectively. My private sentiments, are irrelevant to the collective. Because your generation ruined Aryanopolis.”

“How so Chloe... How did I and my generation ruin the kingdom that once was?”

“Because time changes and people evolve. You and your generation represented the politics of a bygone aeon which refused to change to entice the emotions and passions of the emerging generation of people and what is relevant to them. Because you and your generation put what YOU and your bygone aeonic political wants, before my needs, and my new generation’s needs and hopes. You and your generation itself caused the fall of Aryanopolis. It is the weaving of Wyrd... that the old must perish... to give life to a newer and better form. Some of us learn from our mistakes... some of us learn from the mistakes of others. What new form is to come... will be balanced. Good bye Critter.”

“Good Bye?”

From the small of her back she pulls out her Obsidian Blade... holding it firmly in her right hand. She lunges forward swiftly and penetrates his neck... forcing herself on top of him, and drawing the blade across his throat and left jugular vein... and when his blood began to gush out she twisted the blade in his neck until it cracked... lodged inside him. She kicks his convulsing body off of herself which had found itself on top of her, as he was struggling to fight. Having

loosened herself from his corpse's grip she stands back... covered in blood... watching him choke in his own blood.

Chloe walks slowly back to Kayla in the cave... and finds Kayla laying on a slab of stone taking a cat nap. She bites her nail, not knowing how Kayla would react after learning that she had killed Longshanks number two.

Kayla opens her eyes hearing Chloe beside her, shocked to see her drenched in blood.

"OMG Chloe! Are you ok! Is that your blood!? Shit!"

"I'm fine... I accidentally killed Critter. Help me throw his body over the cliff?"

"That's Longshanks best friend ever! Great, you killed his camels and his best friend! You're on a roll today."

"I know... I know. Just tell him Critter fell of a cliff."

"Come on." She grabs Chloe's arm.

They each grab one of Critter's wrists and drag him over to the ledge to throw him over.

"Chloe... there is a pool of blood over there."

"I know, just... just kill one of the horses there... and eat it... tell them we got hungry or something."

They both get on their asses and using their feet kick Critter off the edge of the cliff... then carefully get on their tummies to peek over the edge to see. The body had fallen straight down about 300 feet, and landed in some trees. They look at each other.

"Horse huh?" Said Kayla.

"I can't wash myself."

"Come on."

"Ok, you ride the horse to the bloody spot, and I'll shoot it with one of Rich's arrows."

"Not with me on it!"

BRIEFING

Frata the Barbarian had returned. He ran into the cave. The sun was setting.

"Fucking shit! Santa Lucia! You bloody! What happened? Where I kill him! Shit fuck!"

“Oh hi Frata.” Said Chloe.

“No... no... we're fine Frata. We just got hungry and ate one of the horses.”

“Did you want some?” Chloe holds a piece of the horse up towards Frata.

“No thank you my lovely sister. Are you sure you ok.”

“Yes, of course, we just got hungry and killed one of the horses... and Critter fell off the cliff.” Chloe assures.

“Oh yeah... Critter fell of the cliff. The other two went to follow you to see if you were safe.”

“Right... anyways, what did you see... sit!” Chloe said, grabbing his arm.

“Oh, many young bambini.”

“Many girls... yeah?” Said Kayla.

“Oh yeah... 16... 15... 14... many.”

“Wow! That's perfetto for you! Good job! What about for the other Longmen... the other men in our Clan... you know, the ones that prefer them slightly older.” Asked Chloe.

“Oh yeah, for them, many old ladies too. Hairy old ladies. Look like Scottish men.”

“Holy shit that's ugly Frata.” Kayla exclaimed.

The three of them laugh. Althoe Chloepatra's laugh was more a laugh of relief.

“Ya, that is ugly LOL...” Says Frata.

“Anyways, did you see anything else... like if they had an army, what kind of weapons, who their leader is... you know, other things.” Kayla inquired.

“Oh, piece of shit village... but nice young girls. We take it no?”

“Absolutely we'll take it. They have a big river to fish in, and fertile land to farm with.” Said Chloe.

“Yeah... let's wait for Rich and Zooboy to return and see what they saw... then we'll go tell Longshanks the great news!”

“Oh... Frata... can you do us a favor?” Asked Chloe.

“Anyting, just ask.”

“When the other two come back can you tell them some Armenian came and killed Critter and pushed him off the cliff, then you killed the Armenian and pushed him off the cliff?”

“Ok, sure. I do, like you ask.”

“Great... thanks Frata ” Said Chloe, with a nice smile.

“Give us a hug... we miss you.” Added Kayla.

The three of them decided to take a short cat nap as they waited for what remained of the scout party.

Red Rich and Zoophilip the Berserk entered the dark cave with a potato sack of things... or whatever kind of bags they had in those times, waking the trio from their cat nap with their ass slapping buddy talk.

“Damn it gets dark in here at night, thank god we have a torch.” Says Rich.

“Totally... boy, am I tired, I’m a sleep like a corpse tonight.”

“We brought cheese and bread, amongst other things... holy shit! You two are covered in blood!” Screamed Rich.

“Oh, the Dark Princess and the Merciless One is not hungry, they ate one of the horse, and an Armenian pushed Critter off a cliff and I pushed him off a cliff.” Informs Frata.

“Oh but it’s been a while... we’ll take the cheese and bread!” Says Kayla.

“What, a horse... Critter dead!” Zooboy said.

“Shit happens dude?” Said Chloe.

“No! Not my boy Critter! That was Longshanks’ best friend! You let Longshanks’ best friend die! I can’t believe he’s dead. Marc Anthony’s gonna kill somebody!” Says Zooboy.

“Not me...” said Chloe.

“A horse,” Says Rich, “You mean one of our last two horses... you slaughtered a horse LOL?”

“I know huh? LOL” Kayla says, joining in on the humor.

“That’s gonna be an idiomatic expression of some sort in the future.” Said Kayla.

Zooboy passes around the cheese and break the bread – “Anyways children. There’s no more than 200 people in the piece of shit village. More women than men, which is good. The men have multiple wives. Army is almost nonexistent...”

“About 50 armed men... crude bows and arrows...” Rich added.

“Right... BUT it’s controlled by the ZOG. They pay taxes to a Zionist city-state about 50 miles down the river.”

“Have you seen the Zionist city-state?” Asked Kayla.

“No, too far.” Rich said, with his mouth full of bread.

“Is it worth it, that’s the question.” States Zooboy.

“Yeah,” Says Rich, “We can take out this village, but will have to deal with the Zionists up the river later.”

“Frata, what did you discover?” Zooboy asks.

“Same thing you guys did...” Kayla says, speaking for Frata.

Zooboy bites into his last piece of bread – “I bet he did. I’m off to bed. Keep it down. Somebody’s gunna get it tomorrow.”

Chloe back hands Zooboy on his shoulder – “I’m not getting shit.”

“I’m off to bed to.” Said Frata the Barbarian.

“Goon Night, Frata.” The three said.

“Cigarette?” Said Rich.

Kayla gets up – “Hell yeah, I’ve been dying for one.”

“I’ll just hang out for some fresh air.” Chloe blurted.

“Where did you get this at?” Asked Kayla.

“They grow Indian tobacco down there and corn. I snatched some and wrapped it in corn husk... no filter... think I’ll call them Camels.” Rich says as he exhales his drag, passing it to Kayla.

She takes a drag... “Goes down easy... like Brandy Alexander...”

“What song is that?” Asks Rich?

“Feist.” Chloe answers.

“Oh Feist! What did Frata report anyways?”

“Usual... girls... young ones.” Says Chloe.

“Is that legal here?” Kayla ponders out loud.

“Not where I’m from... but seeing as our civilization has fallen – what the hell. Isn’t my cup of tea personally, but we love him the same.” Said Rich.

“True dat homie... true dat.” Kayla said, as she takes a drag.

“I can’t wait to get home and take a whore bath for reals.” Chloe said randomly.

“No shit, you homies are covered in blood.” Says Rich, “What really happened?”

“I sort of killed him. I shanked him in the neck... and asked Kayla to help me toss him over the edge. Frata was covering for us.”

“That’s Anthony Longshanks homie... what do we do if he retaliates?”

Kayla takes a drag. She gives Rich a look... and exhales the smoke into the crisp autumn air... Nothing has to be ever be said, between the Acception.

THE TELLING

With only one horse left the party walks back to the temporary settlement where their kinsmen are camped out, waiting for their return for information.

Chloe has been quite during the return trip. She is quite when she thinks to much, perhaps worried what Longshanks will do when he learns about the loss of his livestock and best friend.

The tribesmen give them a weird look as they see the party return with only one horse, and bloody... they move out of the way, since everybody knows they are in The Pack.

“Well, see ya Chloe.” Says Zoophilip, as they approach the Tent of Marc Anthony Longshanks. The Vizier El Darko Loco comes out, as he was awaiting their return.

Chloe looks back at Kayla to see if she will follow her in.

“They like you more...” Says Kayla.

Kayla look at Rich and Frata. The boys rise an inconspicuous sign in the air, and half of the crowd of Longmen step forward with their swords and bows at the ready... giving Chloe a little comfort.

“Welcome back... you made the return safely I see, with some losses?” Said El Darko Loco, as he guides her into the Tent of the Great Sinister One.

“Thank You generalissimo, it was perilous.”

“Ah... Chloe... dear god, you're all bloody, are you hurt or maimed?” Inquired Longshanks.

“No sir, I'm fine... we've had some tragic losses thoe...”

“Oh... sit... tell me about it.”

Longshanks was a bearded fellow. He was smoking tobacco out of his corn cob pipe – “Tobacco Chloe?” He offered.

“Oh, no thank you. I don't smoke. We lost all but one horse?”

“All my camels? On a 20 mile journey?”

“It was perilously dangerous. There is a pass way thru the mountains controlled by a tribe of Armenians-Jews.”

Longshanks and El Darko look at each other and say together – “The ZOG!”

“Yes sir. We were ambushed as we were passing thru the passages way. They were throwing rocks at us...”

“As usual.” El Darko quickly interjected.

“Uhm.” Hummed Longshanks in agreement.

“We returned fire, but were out numbered. The Beast Master then began to sing...”

“As usual.” El Darko quickly interjected.

“Uhm.” Hummed Longshanks in agreement.

“The Beast Master had hit a freakish high harmonics that it dislodged many of the large boulders above...”

“He tends to do that.” States El Darko.

“Uhm.” Hummed Longshanks in agreement.

“So anyways, the boulders tumbled down and magically killed the enemy contingent, but came down and squashed most of the live stock, we barely escaped with our lives.”

“Dear god... camels and all?” Asked Longshanks, as he smokes out of his pipe, stroking his beard.

“Yes sir, camels and all. Two horses were left. We made it to the other side, and discovered a small village of 200 or so inhabitants. They live beside a large river and fertile green lands. Only 50 armed soldiers, and mostly women folk. They are farmers, and pay taxes to a larger Zionist city-state 50 miles down the river.”

“Hmm...” Longshanks smokes his pipe and strokes his beard looking into their air in deep thought... “I say El Darko, have we enough men to take the village?”

“Yes sir, more than enough. I’m worried about the Zionist city-state.” Answers El Darko.

“Indeed. Do you have any intelligence on this city-state my dear?” Asked Longshanks.

“No sir, it was too far to walk with what little supplies we had.”

“Yes, I see... is it worth a battle? Our numbers are dwindling as it is.” Ponders Longshanks.

“Do we have a choice sir? If they are 50 miles away from said village, they are only 70 miles from us... only a quarter days journey on horse.” Informs El Darko.

Longshanks nods as he puffs his pipe – “Yes, yes... damned if you do... damned if you don’t.”

“I have an idea sir. Since the Zionist city-state is located on the river, it means they are depended on its water supply...”

Longshanks takes his pipe out his mouth to concentrate, and leans a bit closer – “Go on...”

“If we force all the men and women to re-irrigate the river, to make it flow in a different direction... they will lose their water supply, and thus their farms and livestock will die. Without water and food, they cannot support an army. We can relocate the village, as we settle the land, over near the tall cliff; where we can station soldiers, to keep us safe. The cliff is about 300 feet high, and the whole area can be seen from it... giving us the higher ground at all times.”

“Brilliant!” Exclaims Longshanks. – “El Darko my friend, do we have the man power to “re-irrigate” a river.”

“We do sir, if the river is within a reasonable width.”

“The river is only about 6 meters wide, but deep. Althoe, from the cliff I did see a natural depression to the right of the land where we can direct the flow to make a lake or reservoir, or something.”

“Then it is quite possible sir to redirect the river as the Dark Princess said.”

“Excellent then. You must want a bath Chloe... go, and touch base with El Darko for whatever the morrow. We leave en mass as soon as the Vizier believes we are ready.”

“Thank you sir. I do need a bath.” She says, as she walks backwards to the Tent opening and turns around to exit.

“Oh, and Chloe...” Longshanks adds.

She can see Rich and Frata and her loyalist faction on the ready... but her heart felt like flying out of her throat because she knew what he was going to ask. She reluctantly turns around to face Longshanks and El Darko Loco.

“Yes sir?”

“How is the Beast Master... safe I assume?”

She was careful not to twirl her fingers or let out a sign of low confidence and unsureness – “He’s dead sir.”

“Dead?” Both of the men said together... staring at her.

“I killed him sir.”

“Killed him?” They both said together.

“Dear god... my best friend ever... dead.” Said Longshanks.

“I’m sorry. We got into an argument and I felt like he was no longer needed... like he was a ball and chain to us. So I cut his throat open.”

“Who will write for us... inspire us. He was our Tribes greatest scribe. Have you read some of the sinister stories some of our other Clansmen put out!”

“Tedium is the word sir.” Said El Darko.

“Yes, indeed... why I barely can make sense of some of them myself... no plot, no excitement. No fresh presencing of the Dark in new ways... you’ve killed our essence.”

“Concider Kayla the Merciless your new best friend sir. She can write better.” Suggested Chloe to Longshanks himself.

El Darko nods in agreement, and shrugs at Longshanks – “She is good sir... and of the emerging generation. If anyone knows the new aeon, its her generation. That is if we desire to be relevant in the new aeon and its people... sir...”

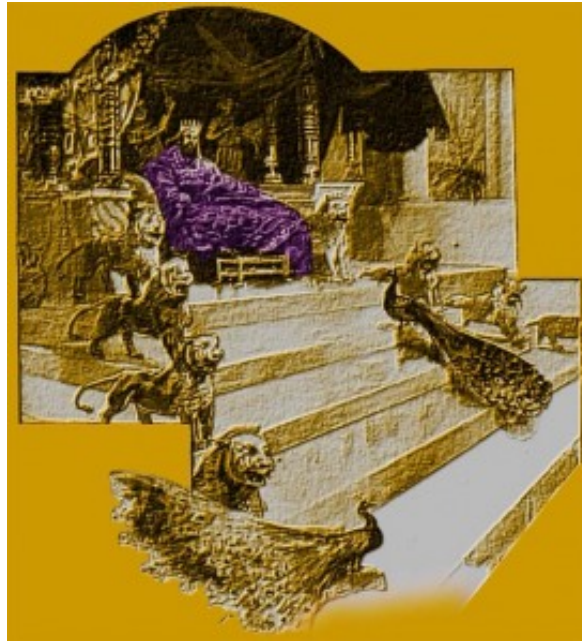
“You will pass on one day sir, as we all do. If you desire a future empire sir... for the progression of the individual human and our human civilization... and not for your own profiteering... then you must let it go and give it to the future. I and my generation are that future... and what children we will have.” Adds Chloe.

Anthony Longshanks claps his hands over his lips and stares ponderously at Chloepatra for a long time... "In time... my Dark Princess... in it's season... go take your bath... we celebrate tonight."

Kayla 352

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SINISTER TALES PT3



SINISTER TALES PT3

By Chloe

THE CAMP

The Camp doesn't have much to offer. It is just a valley between two rows of mountains. Mostly desert, sparsely populated with shrubs and desert bloom. The mountain range in the north side is covered in pine forest. Which is where the common Longmen must daily go to hunt for animals. There is a small creek that pools into several ponds closely hugging the northern range; where all the Tribe makes camp.

The Camp is clustered into its cliques and factions of the remnants of Aryanopolis. The old blood of the kingdom have all left during the dark ages and fall of Aryanopolis for other kingdoms. Most migrating into a kingdom called the BN and suchlike far away... leaving Aryanopolis to die with its illiterate commoners. And its few hardliners who still see a glimmer of hope – somewhere; somehow.

Among the Camp, the faction of Thoth-Aten-Ra's – called "The Temple" – men are the most respected and well known. Their leader – Thoth, is a librarian of sorts who, with his men, went about collecting the kingdom's secret and sacred manuscripts. From his massive collection; dedication; and knowledge, his faction kept the torch of Baphomet burning in the darkest of hours.

The largest faction, by far is the Acception. Whose own number is nearly the same size as all

of the original Longmen remnants itself. They are neither scholars or librarians. More like a aimless band of thieves, bandits, and pirates that owe their allegiance to no-one but themselves. Unlike the Others, the Acception has no real objectives other than to profit. Unlike the Others, the Acception is heavily organized and structured, with obedience to it's Erheneide – it's Law – as their Supreme Law.

Some of the Longmen; seeing the Acceptionites to be a brute band of thugs, profiteers, and those who do not take much of anything seriously; look upon them with suspicious. For what would a band of pirates want with the wisdom and dream of once great Aryanopolis. If not for their own profit?

Such a dramatic difference caused the Temple and the Acception in olden days to fight as rivals. These were back in olden days when the Acception had emerged out of the wilderness to merge with their distant Longmen kith and cousins. The Progenitor of the Acception in ancient times was a noble blooded Aryanopolite who had migrated far away and founded his own Clan in a distant land. The time that passed, and blood that flowed, which grew distant from Mother Aryanopolis caused the Acception to develop it's own culture and collective identity.

As soon as she merged with the Longmen Tribe, Kayla of the Acception, and Thoath of the Temple went at each other and bitterly fought briefly. Seeing how the Tribe was in such a doomed state, El Darko and his men stopped the infighting, for the sake of Solidarity. There is yet among both factions unspoken tension. There are other factions among the Longmen; none which the Acception considers significant. They have little respect for the common Longmen.

There are those Old Bloods that belong to no faction – those who mostly hail from the inner circle of Longshanks. These float around amongst the Longmen and their factions; spreading propaganda of the wonder and mystery that is Longshanks to maintain coherency of the Tribe – if it is to survive.

REBIRTH

Many years have they traveled, these Longmen – those left who are still loyal to the dream. Lost in the desert. At times of hopelessness the Longmen vent their frustrations. They reveal hidden opinions. Speaking of times when Longshanks abandoned Aryanopolis. When he left it for ruin, only to come back, far too late. Some of the Longmen leave the Tribe – fed up with Longshanks – saying things like: It serves him right, the state things are in!

This was the state of things when the Longmen's kindred – the Acception – merged to join the wandering. Kayla and Chloepatra had never seen the glory that was Aryanopolis with there own eyes, for they are far too young. To them it is just a fable – a legend – in their young minds.

But the wise ones say that it is in hard times such as these, that one's loyalties and allegiances are tested – and genuine companionship revealed. Even in the most hopeless of

hours; when all seem lost and pointless; Longshanks still has a few who never leave his side. Sworn like shipmates to their ship and captain, to endure unto the end, and go down with their ship. But these are few. Far too few, to which Kayla and Chloe have joined ranks – unto the end.

Longshanks and Generalissimo El Darko had given Chloe the command of 100 of Aryanopolis' remnant army soldier to take the land of the village beyond the pass.

With relative ease, Chloepatra, Kayla, Rich, Frata, and the Centinals captured the small village successfully and had sent word to El Darko to send the entire Tribe migrating to their new land.

But there was little time for celebration. For in the short distance was a great Zionist city-state – that threatened the existence of this fledgling nation. The river had to be redirected; forts built along the river. These projects overseen by Chloepatra and her men – as Longshanks and El Darko watch in the shadows – the rebirth of a kingdom.

And in the Tent of Longshanks they planned regarding the looming threat of the Zionist city-state.

"I'll take Frata the Barbarian, and a few others to gather intelligence of the city tonight." Said Red Rich to Longshanks.

"Good. We cannot act or plan anything concrete without knowing the enemy..." Longshanks said.

"They are much bigger." States Kayla.

"It's not always the size that matters..." Enlightens Thoth, "A battle can be won with deception and intelligence."

Both Rich, and El Darko seem to notice that Chloepatra was not all that interested that night. As if her mind was someplace else or frustrated?

"Why!" Interrupts Chloe, as she stares at Longshanks.

The chamber silences, as Longshanks looks up shocked.

"Chloe..." Rich says nervously as he takes a few steps backwards; trying to wake her to her senses.

"Why are you doing this!" Chloe demands, staring at Longshanks.

The others in the chamber have all taken a few steps back, fearing for Chloepatra.

"I'm sorry; doing what?" Asks Longshanks.

“When is enough, enough for you – us. What’s wrong with what we have now? All I have ever heard about Aryanopolis was wars and fights. That’s why it fell. Because you built it on a bloody foundation of war – a false foundation. And when that war stopped, and there was no-one to fight. The kingdom fell. Can’t you see you haven’t learned from your mistakes! Can’t you see we have something good going here – now. Why can’t we just make peace with that city-state. You’re going to ruin what we have now, again!”

She turns around and walks quickly out of the Tent. Away towards the river to be alone.

The chamber was silent. Kayla broke it: “I’ll go talk to her. She’s proly on her rag or something.”

“Or something, indeed.” Said Longshanks.

Kayla had found her skipping rocks by herself.

“Are you ok?” She asked Chloe.

“Our numbers are low. We worked hard to get this far. All we need now is just what we have. Each other and time. We can grow that way. We’ll be something in time. He wants to war and send off what people we have to their death. It’s not going to stop Kayla. It ruined Aryanopolis. It got out of hand. They lost sight of what truly mattered. And it all just became pointless hatred for phantom enemies.”

“What do you want? Just tell me. You know everything I do, I do for you.”

“I just want something to give to you, to Rich, Frata, our future progeny. I don’t want this to go to ruin, like Aryanopolis. Those others don’t understand. They think I’m incapable of thinking for others. Of wanting things for people I love and care about. They think I want to take it all over for my own self.”

Kayla just silently holds her from behind and comforts her. Resting her nose on her shoulder; as Chloe looks at the flow of the stream passing by in silence.

DARK STAR RISING

He’s an empathetic soul. Just approaches her and stares at the setting sun. She was sitting alone.

“May I?” Longshanks said to Chloe.

“I’m sorry I went off on you back there like that. I didn’t mean any of it. I was just frustrated; PMSing or something.” She said, feeling bad; as he sat his graying self beside her.

He leans back a little to look at the small of her back: “I hear, last time you gave a similar apology, someone got their throat cut.”

She softly laughs to herself as she traces circle in the dirt.

“Sometime I feel like you are on a one man journey to find yourself; and we’re just foolishly following behind.” She said to herself out loud.

“Is life really that simple Chloe? No man is an island. Wyrd brings many lives with the same quality together. And like a loom of many strings, weaves them together. Our destinies entwined. For some distant purpose. A purpose which will bare fruit, long after we have expired.” He looks into the darkening sky, towards the stars the Evening Star, which shine bright over a distant mountain.

“What do you see with those old eyes of your when you looks up?” She question him.

“My hopes and dreams Chloe... my hopes and dreams – somewhere in those stars. What else is their to live for?” He said in deep reflection. Lost somewhere in the star decked sky.

“It’s not your writings or speeches that enchanted me or brought me here. It’s because my eyes are lost in the same distant sky. Perhaps inside you and I are kindred spirits, reaching for the same impossible dream.”

“Kindred souls Chloe, woven together... each affecting and influencing the other.” He said.

She looks at the Dark Star, just above the horizon in the East; shining its dark twilight onto the leaves and her skin: “What is that Dark Star Rising Longshanks?”

“Where?” He inquired.

“There,” she pointed, “In the East, just above the horizon.” She looks into his eyes, to see a graying film covering his pupils.

“I see only little star my dear?”

“Do you not see it’s light? On the leaves, and my skin? The new colors and subtle changes it brings?” She asked, deeply curious that he cannot see.

Longshanks has a slightly puzzled look. He holds up his hands in front of his face and inspects them. And at Chloe and the leaves: “I’m afraid my old eyes cannot see the New Aeon, like your young eyes... fayen comes. What future there is to come Chloe, belongs to you and those to come. Soon, when the Dark Star Rises higher; I will see no more.”

THE SEEING

Kayla and Chloepatra had spend the day pensive, walking back and forth. A night earlier Red Rich, Frata and some of the men had left to gather intelligence in the big city-state they nick named “Jewpopolis” and they had not yet returned.

They had spent most of the night awake waiting. But fell a sleep together underneath an acorn tree in a section their men established as camp by the side of the river.

“Kayla. Chloe. Psst.” Rich was whispering in the distance.

“Under the big acorn tree sir, they are safe.” Said one of their brothers.

They had awoken to the rustling. As Rich came near with his torch, to notice they were naked, he turn around: “Sorry.”

“It’s ok, what is it? Your safe, thank god. Frata?” Asked Kayla.

“You can turn around, we don’t care.” Said Chloe.

“Don’t have to ask me twice.” Rich mumbled below his breath.

“What?” Chloe said.

“Nothing. I said it happened around twelve thirty. Anyways Frata’s fine. We all made it back safe. It’s big. There was a small confrontation with our men and their guards. They took Zooboy.” Rich said, as he fixed his gaze on their toes; so as not to wander any where they shouldn’t!

“Zooboy!?” Kayla says, looking at Chloe.

“What, why are you guys looking at me?” She said irritated.

Chloe lays back down. Kayla shrugs her shoulders at Rich.

“Just thought you’d want to know. That’s all. I’ll be asleep near by with Frata if you need me.” Rich said walking off. He stops to add: “That didn’t come out right. Next to Frata, not with Frata.”

Kayla looks at him confused and whispered: “Homo say what?”

Rich says in return, not quite hearing it: “What?”

“Nothing, go to sleep.” She says, laughing to herself.

Kayla sits there for a moment looking at Chloe.

“What?” She said to Kayla, “I’m sleepy. It’s just Zooboy.”

Kayla lays back down also and goes back to sleep.

Chloe tried to go back to sleep. But she couldn’t. She was growing mad at herself; or

something.

She had got up to put her close on and walked off alone into the shadows of the night towards the horses. Mumbling to herself: "God I hate you! I hate you Zooboy! You owe me big time!"

Chloe had gotten on her horse, and rode by herself towards Jewpopolis alone. To get find Zooboy.

It had taken her three hours and a half to ride along the side of the river to get to the city. But before she could enter the city itself she was met up by soldiers. They shoot her horse and grab her: "I'm Chloepatra. I wanna negotiate."

They had forced her onto one of there horses and rode her off towards the center of the city. Where their was a huge walled inner city, in the middle of which towered a great and mighty tower. There was no sense in her fighting back, since she was out numbered.

Into a dungeon cell, matted with hay and straw they tossed her, and shut the iron bared door in front of her, without saying a word. "I wanna negotiate god dammit!" She said, trying one last time.

She was afraid. Thinking that she had made a terrible mistake, and would never see Kayla ever again she crouched into a corner to cry. She was crying for a while.

"lol... someone has fallled under the love spell of the Zobobalicious. Oh, I knew it. She loves me!" Said a voice just behind her in the other cell.

She turns around mortified: "You stupid," she back hands him, "How long were you sitting there." She said wiping the snot from her nose: "You're an idiot. I hope you don't think I was crying for you."

"You want me. Admit it. You came for me. I don't blame you. I'm quite frankly irresistible; if I don't say so myself." He said, sticking his face against the bars.

"Don't you take anything seriously. You're in a dungeon, and they're going to kill you?"

"No. Why, as long as you're here with me. Listen, since we're both going to die: do you wanna make love between the bars?"

"Get the hell away from me." She said, tossing hay at him, and going to the other side.

The guards had returned and unlocked her door: "Lets go. The king will negotiate."

She looks back at Zooboy: "You owe me one."

They took her up a flight of spiral stairs. Up the tower no doubt she thought to herself. She wasn't quite sure what to offer the emperor in exchange for Zooboy's freedom. Certainly not

herself.

It was a large, cold room, lit with torches. Opulent with marble pillars, and gold. In the distance she could make out a large golden throne and a man on it – which they were walking her towards.

She looked back and noticed the guards were gone, and that she was along with the king.

“Come... sit.” Said a familiar voice.

She scrunched her brows. Puzzled at the familiar voice and walked to the golden chairs in front of the throne.

Her eyes first saw etched above the man’s head: DM and as they fell onto his face she was horrified, and stepped back.

“David the Moor.” Said Longshanks, or whoever she thought he was.

“Who are you?!” She asked, in disbelief or disgust.

He laughs a sinister laughter, at himself or something.

“You think this is funny? Like it’s a game to you? Making a fool of me? Play god with people?” She felt suckered. Ashamed for being stupid, and began to cry again.

She added: “You left Aryanopolis because you have other kingdoms? You abandoned them because they were no longer useful? You let Aryanopolis die. All that wandering? All the searching? The battles? You’re insane! What are you doing?”

“Chloe,” He said, “If I gave you something which you did not earn or work for – strive for – how much value would you see in it? Sit.”

“Not much.” She answered, realizing inside, this man was more than what he assumes to be. She sits to listen.

“That’s right. That which we do not put effort into gaining; creating; has no deep intrinsic value to us. Aryanopolis meant something deep and real to me. I made it. With my efforts it became. I left it, in hopes, foolishly believing that my Longmen were mature human beings who saw – felt – the same value in Aryanopolis. I desired them to rule themselves, to take what I have made for them, and make something of their lives, without preacher or profit. I left to see what would happened to Aryanopolis in the hands of those who were given it. What happen to it Chloe?”

“It fell to ruin. Many left it for other kingdoms. You let Aryanopolis fall to ruin; and had us wander, struggle, to rebuild it with our own efforts – that it might have genuine meaning to us?” She speculated out loud.

“Yes. How else should I weed out the undeserving but to let them weed themselves out? Through your own efforts. As you each struggle to recreate and rebuild Aryanopolis – what you create for the New Aeon – will have genuine meaning to you, in each of your hearts, forever. As it once had meaning, to me. It is the only way I can give your generation something meaningful and lasting – to have each of you build it; regenerate it; with your own personal struggle and effort. In this way, will it mean something to you. Walk with me...”

They walk together down the tower and towards the gate of the walled city. Past stone architecture that caught her eyes.

“Someday I want what I am building to look like this.” She said.

“And it shall, my dear, in time – with your efforts.”

“What of the enemies – this city? What should I tell the others.” She asked, whatever his name was.

“Struggle Chloe. Fight for it, or it will slip out of your fingers like sand. There is no growth without struggle. Without challenges. Without movement and effort. It is the law of nature that what lives must struggle to live. Only through struggling – the effort put in – does life have its meaning... do we hold onto it with dear life.” He said, smiling to her.

She looked down from where she was standing and saw two horses. And looked back at him, understanding it all within herself. She walks down to the horses looking back: “I will come for this kingdom someday Moor.”

He laughs, that sinister laugh; pleased inside: “Come! I dare you. It’s yours if you can take it.”

She gets on her horse. The guards throw Zooboy out of the gate.

“Come on, lets go home.” She said to Zooboy, riding off back home.

“How did you get us out of that anyways?” He asked her.

“I have real superpowers.” She said.

The two ride along the river together. And shortly meet up with Kayla, Rich, Frata, and many of their men who had come to get Chloe. They look at her for some feed back.

“Lets go home. It’s time.” She said riding.

“Time for what?” Frata the Barbarian asked her, for the group.

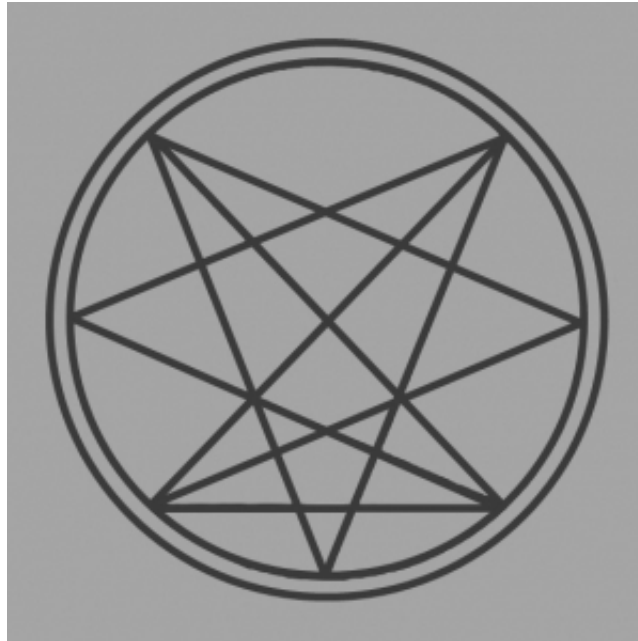
“For war.”

THE END.

-.:[WSA352]:-

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SMOKE AND MIRRORS



Smoke And Mirrors

It's often said that the "ONA" is all smoke and mirrors. This may be true. Why was smoke used out in the battlefield in the old days? To hide something. What do you see in a mirror? Your own fucking ego looking back at you. Think about that for a moment.

There is this Arabic word "Haram" which I like. I like the word because it reveals the idiotic mentality of mundanes. Haram means "Forbidden," or "Taboo." Except the word Haram does not necessarily mean that what is Haram is "bad" it may also allude to something sacred which the profane cannot touch. Thus you have words from the "HRM" root like "Haram" meaning a "Sanctuary," and "Harem," meaning a "Women's Quarters." Of course a king's harem of wives and concubines was forbidden for the public and outside people to "partake of." But because someone somewhere with authority designates something to be Haram, the mundanes – in the billions – Follow and stay away from what is Forbidden, usually in a religiously fanatic manner.

They never ask themselves what is "inside" that taboo sanctuary, and most often, the mundanes never have the intestinal fortitude to venture inside to see and experience for themselves what is Forbidden. So with mundanes and their mundane mentality, what is in the Dark, usually stays safely hidden in the Dark.

You can literally hide 5000 pages worth of stuff in plain view, and you put up smoke and mirrors and these mundanes will never touch a single page. All it takes is a few simple opinionated statements from random mundanes such as: "The ONA is a hoax," "The ONA was an experiment," "The ONA never existed," "The ONA condones human sacrifice!" And with those "authoritative" opinions issued from the fingertips of contemporary mundane Cyberculture Satanists, most of their idiot peers never question the smoke and mirrors to see for their own selves what is on the other side.

Degeneracy of Satanism

There are about 500 million Buddhists on the Planet Earth and many of them have internet access such as myself and my cousins. I've been online for several years and at no point in time did I ever join a "Buddhist" website to debate and talk "Buddhism" with other "Buddhists." None of my 30 cousins online do either. In fact when a Buddhist is online, they usually don't even make it known. I'm talking about the majority of us Asian Buddhists who were born, bred, and raised in one of our Buddhist Cultures.

The Point is that most Buddhists – as well as other people of different memplexes – can keep their Real Life and real-life religion separate from their internet activities. Why? Nobody associated with a Living Tradition in the Real World, has a real need to validate that Living Tradition or Way of Life in some way on the internet. How do I explain this phenomenon?

During my high school years I wasn't allowed to hang out with friends. My aunt-mom would either make me hang out at the university campus with my youngest aunt, or I had to work all day after school at my aunt-mom's donut/coffee shop and do my homework. After 4 years of daily smelling coffee and donuts, drinking all the coffee I can drink and gorging myself with all the free donuts I could eat: I am fucking sick to my eyeballs of donuts and coffee! In college my friends would take us to the local donut shop nearby, and I'd order just green tea while all our friends ordered coffee and donuts. They'd ask me why I never buy donuts and coffee. What was my answer? "Fuck that shit, I had that shit 4 years straight!"

When you are born into a Buddhist culture, and see Buddhist shit every single day, and you meditate on Buddhist dhamma and hear Buddhist teachings lectured to you for 18 straight years, why the hell do you want to come online and do some more "Buddhisting" like you didn't get enough of it in real life!? I can't even stand reading a book on Buddhism. Of my 800-ish books only one is a book on Buddhism which only presents the basics of Buddhism for a Western market. This book comes in handy when you are born and raised in America and you are an Asian Buddhist. Because as an Asian Buddhist you get your boring Buddhism in your culture's own language and according to the living tradition of your own people, which the average Western person is completely alien to. So if you want to be understood by a Westerner who is interested in Buddhism, you have to use words and ideas such Western people are familiar with.

I have a very hard time relating and understanding why Born Buddhists would even want to come online to get into philosophical debates and argument after getting all this junk in real life boringly for decades. When we come online it's a break from all that shit that pertains to Real

Life in toto. I just wanna watch my youtube videos, keep up with current events, answer a few emails, do a little research, read some articles, and chill in forums that have nothing to do with Buddhism for a while to read their posts as a way to entertain myself.

In general when you do chance upon a Buddhist forum online, the average user in such forums are White people. There is nothing wrong with that. I can understand why White people genuinely interested in Buddhism would have a desire or need to mingle with others of like interests in a forum. Why? Because they weren't born and raised in a boring Buddhist culture their whole life. They perhaps need to fellowship in this regard. And I have met plenty of cool White Buddhist and Black Buddhists as well online that are well centered and genuinely interested in Buddhism.

But occasionally I find a White Hubris American Mundane [WHAM] claiming Buddhism in these forums. It doesn't matter what these ego-centered WHAM's are into, they always think they got it all down and know everything. Fuck 24,000 pages of Tipitakas, monks, culture. These WHAM's read a Wikipedia entry about Buddhism, a book by the Dalai Lama maybe, and a bunch of posts in some forum, and they are ready to take on the Buddha himself in a debate. These WHAM's will usually go off philosophizing in a Western-Hubris way how the act of desiring not to desire is a desire in itself or some other shit like that.

These mundanes are so culturally myopic, so White-centric that they project their ignorant White weltanschauung and just automatically assume that the Buddha spoke White people English 2500 years ago. Or they'll bring up a debate topic about a subject already covered in the Tipitaka like they know what they are talking. Shut the hell up and go do something "Buddhist" in real life with your ass.

It doesn't matter what religions these mundanes get themselves into. They generally always use such religions as a means to feed their egos or as a means to make themselves look better, smarter, Whiter, more logical than others. And "Satanism" has become the same way.

Satanism has officially devolved into the world's first internet religion. It now only exists as a "real" concept in forums dedicated to Satanism. It's not even a religion anymore, it's a "philosophy." But a special kind of philosophy: the kind that is just a pre-requisite for posting and mingling with other Satanists in Satanic Forums. Like speakeasies way back in the gangster days where if you wanted to get in, you had to be "cool" and be into the gangster culture. If you want to join and be accepted into these internet Satanic speakeasies you need to be a "Satanist." And then what? What's the next step in the religion of Cybersatanism? The cool thing to do if you were a cybersatanist in the 90's was give yourself a giant title like "Supreme Grand Magister," and make yourself a website selling your dumb shit wack ass worldviews to ignorant prepubescent rebels that don't even have hair on their balls yet, let alone a brain to Think with.

But those pretentious days of cybersatanism are over. Having a make believe title these days in the 2011's is silly. Cybersatanism has evolved to be more humble these days. Just be your dumbass self with your real name and adopt contemporary cybersatanic culture. These days the new pretentious game is debating about who understands "Satanism" better in the forums.

Except because of the Satanic internet boom of the 90's there are dozens of different "Satanisms," and every other Satanist seems to think they are the boss and some authority on all of Satanism. So after joining a Satanic forum, a cybersatanist must work on being a posting predator and out debate others about an incoherent and fractured memeplex. Fuck Real Life. A True cybersatanist shuns Real Life, because you can be boss online in those forums and shit, whereas in Real Life, your just a dumb fuck nobody.

Wicca outdid Satanism. Satanists like to talk shit about things like Wicca. "It's white light," they say. What's wrong with being "white" white boy? Who made all those "white" light religions white boy? Whose ancestors and parents sold out their ancestral pre-christian pagan Culture for those "white" light religions white boy? Ever think about that Whitie? All the religions you designate as "Right Hand Path," who invented them, and who bought that "white" light snake oil like a heroin junkie on a mission to get a fix? White people. Satanists dislike Wicca. But at least Wicca actually took root in the Real World and is alive in that Real World. In fact most of the other religions a Satanist dislikes – unlike Satanism – has thousand year old roots, with branches and numinous cultures and living traditions that stretches across time. How do you take something as lifeless as Satanism and compare it to Living Trees. Work on trying to get Satanism out of the book pages, out of your own heads, and off the internet first, then maybe start talking shit about other religions. Prove in action and manifestation that Satanism is "better" than memeplexes that have manifested entire civilizations.

Talk is cheap, and debating is bitching in a smart way. Winning an argument doesn't prove shit in real life. The Fruit of your memeplex's actions proves its Shit. Who once said: "By their fruits ye shall know them"? But you WHAM's into Satanism will not understand what I'm trying to say between the lines I write, because most of you are so enchanted by the awesomeness of your own egos and so lost in the internet culture, that you don't have a face, a spirit, a name, a self, an identity sans cybersatanism. What you got besides pretentious ego assertions of opinions?

From what I have read, Satanism used to be cool, as it was back in the 70's and 80's. Back then it was a real psychological and emotional rebellion that liberated an awakened portion of a small portion of the West's "collective mind." A collective mind breaking away from a stale and lifeless post-war conservative age. What happened to Satanism? Easy answer: the Bitches, Faggots, and Egghead social rejects got to it. What do I mean by that? I'll drop the knowledge SubGenius style. Before I was a "Satanist" online, I was a "member" of the Church of the SubGenius 7 years ago. I actually read every pamphlet they had and read every book they published.

So the mythos is that there are a race of aliens that feed off of human souls by injecting these souls into their veins like heroin. These aliens were bullying a machine-god named JHVH-1, since he owns this shit hole earth which had humans on it. To save the human race J.R. Bob Dobbs makes a special deal with JHVH-1. The deal was to let Bob deal human souls to these alien drug fiends, but they were going to deal junk human souls and save a race of humans called the SubGeni who were descendents of the mighty Yeti. Bob establish a Church for these Subgeni which was actually a secret Pink production factory.

“Pinks” are what Bob calls the “bitches, faggots, and eggheads.” Bob secretly makes Pinks to sell their souls to the aliens. The thing with the Pinks is that they are a part of something heinous called The Con! Which is short for the Conspiracy Of Normalcy. The CON is used by Bob’s enemies to destroy potentially liberating religions so that they can keep the human race in bondage. The CON sends its Pinks into every religion and life style that was once cool and unique to make it Pink and NORMAL aka Pretty and faggoty. The CON can’t help it. It’s in the CON’s nature to Normalize everything it touches into a basket of daisies that even your grandparents and the Red Hat society ladies can appreciate.

Bob Dobbs is a master of Psycho Analysis. He knows the science of analyzing and understanding psychos. He understands the nature of the CON which is why he created the Church of the SubGenius. Because as soon as the CON senses something out there is new, cool, DIFFERENT, and not Normal, it will send in its zombie agents to infiltrate the group and faggotize it for the CON. So you have/had all these CON fags and bitches joining the Church of the SubGenius thinking they are SubGeniuses and cool. These wannabes are the Pinks.

Pink is what went wrong with Satanism. The CON got to it. Satanism had potential to grow up to be a powerfully liberating religion. But like the FBI did to the Black Panthers, faggot saboteurs and agent provocateurs infiltrated Satanism during the 90’s and turned Satanism into a dysfunctional internet group of sissies that bitch at each other.

I’m not saying every Satanist is a bitch. I know many intelligent Satanists who boss dumbasses in forums with a mighty Mind. But I am a Buddhist and live in an Oriental weltanschauung. I naturally can discern the difference between a memeplex and the Living Human/Person behind the memeplex. Doesn’t matter what memeplex you put a Boss behind, they’ll wield that memeplex like a master swordsman works a sword. Having said that most of you Satanists are punk ass bitches. And it’s not your inanimate memeplex’s fault either. It’s just how you are as a person: a Fuck Up.

Why did the FBI infiltrate the Black Panthers? Coherency. Just as the tactics British intelligence used to disrupt Combat 18’s old Coherency. They simply had to spread rumors that it was infiltrated and the group bitched [infighting] itself to death. Back in the 60’s organizations like the Panthers, and the Nation of Islam brought together a subjugated and lost people [Blacks] and gave them a common culture, common identity, common “spirit,” and common struggle. That coherency of a race of millions of Blacks who knew for sure that the white race and white government fucked them and their ancestors over was a real threat to the Status Quo of the Nation-State at the time. Something had to be done.

What happened a few years after the Panthers and such coherent pro-Black movements fell apart? Young Black people started to try and create some sense of culture and identity for themselves so they started to form their own groups in their high schools and neighborhoods that emulated the Panthers and other such movements of that era. Then what happened? Provocateurs went in and divided them up. One of these old day groups spilt in the 70’s as two factions known as the “crips,” and “bloods.”

At first they were minor gangs that fought with fists and bats like gangs did in the 50’s. But

strange things started to happen. What? Abandoned train yards would once in a while get a train with a cargo of military grade arms. Where did they come from? What were they doing in the ghettos? Doesn't matter. What matters is the End Result and aftermath.

What was and is the aftermath? Strategy: Permanently disable the threat. You got crips armed with AK's and rival Bloods armed with AK's. What happened? Black on black war. Instead of a Black people United for a single purpose "unseen influence" caused these Black people to turn on each other. How easy is it to perpetuate this permanent disabling of a threat? Easy: just find the most popular ghettos stars in a hood, and make him a rap star. He'll rap about gangbanging and inspire those that look up to him to continue to perpetuate the self destruction. And its been 40 years and these people can't get themselves out of their economic and social traps.

Satanism isn't anywhere near the real world organization and sophistication of the Black Panther Party or even the old time Nation of Islam. But it's original ideological essence is still a threat to the Status Quo. But with something as unorganized as Satanism, its easy for an anonymous saboteur in the 90's and 2000's to come online and start rival memplexes. Why? To disable a potential threat by causing self destruction. So what do we all know and see about Satanism today? It is divided into different groups, every Satanist thinks they got the shit, every other Satanist is programmed to reject the idea of coming together for any project, and internet Satanism generates what? Bitchery, faggotry, Egghead debates. Satanism has become a group of generic WalMart Intellectuals congregating online to measure their dick sizes and point out each others grammatical errors and logical fallacies. What is the End Product of WalMart-Intellectual dick measuring online? When your ass is to busy trying to out dick everybody online: Nobody manifests shit in the Real World. And you people don't See this shit.

Lock Down

It's clear – if you open your eyes – to objectively see that having your group/memplex infiltrated by the CON of Bitches, Faggots, and WalMart-Intellectuals that such Undesirables fuck up a system/coherency more than they can contribute to the coherency of a group. It's a positive and productive thing that the ONA is rejected and dismissed by the mundanes and their Walmart-Intellectual post-gurus.

How do you put your memplex on lock down to guard it from being liked by Mundanes who would just fuck shit up, or fuck up a memplexes potential? You put up smoke and mirrors. Condoning things like Human Sacrifice, Killing, and Crime also does the trick very well. Those mundane clowns have a natural aversive reaction to things like human sacrifice, murder, and crime. For such things goes against their bitch-ethos. Such things are rejected by the WalMart-Intellectual because you simply can't debate the philosophical ramifications of human sacrifice, murder, and crime to out intellectualize others. Walmart-Intellectuals like doctrines, texts, and posts. Juggling words around and pointing out fallacious arguments is their forte. It makes them look smart and good to the mental cripples that make up 90% of most Satanic groups.

As much lip service as they pay to “non-conformity” when some random Walmart-Intellectual posts an dismissive opinion about a religion or rival memplex, the mental cripples of the little Satanic social order Follows in agreement. Do they investigate shit on their own terms and time? Fuck no, it ain’t in their nature to do so.

When somebody like Blackwood tells his Joy of Satan rejects that the ONA is fake and a hoax, do his Followers go thru the 5000 pages worth of written ONA stuff on their own to validate such opinions? When Aquino proscribes and dismisses the ONA do his Followers investigate what’s behind the smoke and mirrors? ONA may “make” the smoke and mirrors, but you mundanes put the shit up yourselves and believe your own bullshit you put up. But it works to the ONA’s advantage. Why? Because you won’t find a Pink Bitch, Faggot, or WalMart-Intellectual associated with the ONA in any way. For 40 years whatever the ONA is it has been free of Pinks and the CON. That’s something to be proud of if your are affiliated!

What Is The ONA?

Fuck you, it doesn’t matter what it is. If you were genuinely interested in it you’d investigate the shit on your own. There are thousands of pages written about the Order of Nine Angles, mostly by “Anton Long,” over a period of 40 years. Having read such material if you resonate with the shit, you’d know what to do on your own. It’s all spelt out in literally thousands of pages.

Where did the ONA come from? Who gives a shit. The question is where can it be taken?

Who made the ONA? Who gives a fuck. The question is what can you make out of it?

Is the ONA as hoax? Who cares, the question is: Who is falling for it? The mundane “Satanists” or those that put the ONA shit into practice in their daily lives and reap results and those behind the written material?

Does the ONA have real members? If you had to ask, you failed to read material available all over the internet written by the handful of individuals behind the written material.

How can I join it? Fuck you. If you have to ask, you don’t have IT or get IT. Go join one of those Satanic forums.

Whose behind the ONA? Same people for the past 40 years. “Anton Long,” “Beesty Boy,” their close associates, and “friends of friends.” The ONA was never big in numbers, and has always been a semi-private affair concerning “friends of friends,” meaning you know someone who knows “Anton Long.”

But I thought “Anton Long” left for Jihad? Says internet chattering, rumors, and speculations of Walmart-Intellectuals. Or maybe he “did” but “he” never left the ONA. Most often those with an opinion about the man behind “Anton Long” don’t actually know Him personally in real life. Such WalMart-Intellectuals base their egghead opinions on what they have read written by others on the internet.

Who is the current leader of the ONA? No god damn body is. Even Anton Long states in several writings that he is not The Leader. The question should be: If you resonate with this shit, how can you lead the ONA to where you want it to go?

But I'm not a Nazi? So, I'm not White. I am into Reichsfolk aka Ethical National-Socialism though. But I would encourage any Caucasian associate of the ONA to be Nazi or join a skinhead gang and learn to put in real work in the real world for something. As opposed to debating platitudes. If you are Black go restart a racist Black movement, or go plants seeds that will help free your people in the future. Fuck this internet culture shit. The internet is good only for 5 things: 1) Staying connected with family and friends; 2) Researching; 3) Transmitting information; 4) Internet commerce; 5) Youtube. If you are on the internet for some other reason then you need to make friends in the real world and lay off the porn.

Do you have to be a Traditional Satanist to be ONA? I'm a Buddhist. I have a feeling "Anton Long" doesn't worship the devil either. In fact many associates I know into the ONA thing [Friends of Friends] are not Satanists or have abandoned Satanism. How many times must it be written that the ONA is not the Outer Forms it makes? Dhamma is not any vehicle of Buddhism. The vehicle carries or transmits the Dhamma to a specific target audience.

General Data About ONA

The ONA's foundation is something called the Sinister Way, which is a Way of Life but which also alluded to the practical system of seven initiation grades found in Naos. The Sinister Way itself is an expression of what may be called the Sinister Ethos. If you have to ask what the "Sinister Ethos" is then you don't have it, and so the ONA was not made for you. If you have it, then you'll naturally know what to do with it and how the ONA may fit into your repertoire or refine your skills.

There is a difference between "Satanism" or "Satanic" and being "Sinister." Usually the word Satanism refers to a principle or belief system [-ism] related to the meme "Satan." Sometimes this meme "Satan" in some schools of thought is parsed to mean "Adversarial." In the sense that its basic ethos is "adversarial," "adverse to," "antagonistic with," "reactionistic to" something else. Not every philosophical system which is "adversarial" in nature is "Satanic." Like what? Like Theravada Buddhism was to Brahmanism. Life is only "adversarial" depending on where you exist and what end of the stick you exist on. In an Urban setting, at the lowest end of the social totem pole? Sure, life is a bitch. In Nature, Life is a symbiotic whole system-organism. On the very top of the urban totem pole, life is easy because you bitches make their lives easy.

The meme "Sinister" is used often by the ONA to allude to an ethos, physis, inner nature, quality of Being certain individuals natural have which is not acceptable to mundane people, and conventional social behaviour. "Sinister" does not always mean "against" something. You need "something" to react to, to be "adversely" affected by it enough to be "adversarial" to this "something." You don't need anything to be "Sinister." You may just require the right opportunities and means to put that Sinister Nature to use. Such as a lone man in a dark street; lone girl in a quiet place; a neighborhood of dope fiends looking for a fix; a group of

people looking for a new religion; an enemy in your face; etc.

If you are the type of person to know what to do in such situations, then you are “Sinister” by Nature. But not every human with a sinister ethos is “ONA.” People with a sinister ethos usually come together to form their own “associations.” For example gangs, mobs, criminal enterprises, bankers, politicians and the cliques, are a number of such “associations.” In every case such sinister “associations” have one common “work ethics”: exploiting the mundane public for personal and/or group interest, power, and wealth, regardless of law and order. The ONA is just one of thousands which has a training system [The Seven Fold Way] for its initiates to refine their Sinister Nature, and provides a common mythos to engineer a common Sinister Way and Culture.

Thus, if you understand the above paragraphs in Heart, you will understand that there is no such thing as “membership” in some ONA nor some belief system to adopt. You are either Sinister By Nature or not. If you are Sinister and you resonate with the Mythos, Way, and Culture of the ONA, you affiliate yourself with it and Live it in your daily Life. If you come across something in the ONA you are not too crazy about that does not reflect your personal Sinister character, then you should be smart enough to tweak and customize the ONA to fit your own personal nature. What is written “out there” by Anton Long and friends are just sign posts and templates; or Raw Material with which you use to Build your own thing with. Don’t debate raw material, Build something with it! If some of the raw material is hard to work with change the mutherfucker and make the bitch work! In this way there is a gradual “Ordering” or collecting of like Natured individuals over time crystalizing within the same memplex as a coherent structure. As a Quartz crystal grows slowly in a coherently structured manner by gradually adding only those specific atoms that resonates with its acausal membrane. Thus the word “Order.” “Nine Angles” refers to key aspects of this amalgamation of Sinister Associates. You don’t “join” the ONA, you Live it as a means or vehicle to help express your Sinister Ethos.

Sinister Ethos does not necessarily denote crime and outlaw behaviour. It may also allude to a certain way of thinking or weltanschauung. It may allude to a dark spirited artistic talent you have such as the making of music, writing, and artwork which inspires good ole fashion sinister activities. Thus, the ONA is not in the business of converting Occultniks and Satanists. You can’t give somebody devoid of the Sinister Ethos, the Sinister Ethos. It’s just how you are as a person. You either have it or you don’t. If you don’t have it, you will see the ONA as an undesirable and despicable thing. Good. Go away. Go join an internet forum and debate.

The ONA is the collective “project” of a small handful of people. It was initially started by “Anton Long” with “Beesty Boy” in the old days. Since then many others have joined this “project” and have helped evolve the ONA over the past 40 years. Anton Long still to this day writes for the ONA as does Beesty Boy: although not as often as some of us would like. But Beesty Boy has his art and music to nurture.

Because there are always people behind this “Project” – or as some of us calls it: the Family Business – the ONA is like a person. A person in real life is not a static entity. A person grows, makes mistakes, learns from those mistakes, changes their minds, grows in understanding,

etc. The ONA is just like this. It literally grows and changes with those people constantly behind the Family Business. The ONA of the 70's is thus not the ONA of the 80's. The ONA of the 90's is not the ONA of the moment. And in a few years it will be different still. As it should be, for a living and evolving memplex.

This constant change make it hard for a mundane to grasp and understand the ONA. Why? Because mundanes are looking for things to believe in, such as doctrines, dogmas, ideas that tickle their egos. Something that constantly morphs and changes confuses the mundane mind because as soon as they think the ONA teaches and believes in one thing, it may completely be abandoned later. For example the old 21 Satanic Points are non applicable in the ONA today.

Why does the ONA morph and change? Because it isn't a belief system. There is nothing to believe. Sinister Ethos is not a set of doctrines. Ethos has nothing to do with doctrine. It is one's physis and Physis itself, which is in a constant state of change. A Way of Life moves in tandem with That Which Lives It: the Person. A belief system stays put in the text of a defied book. One who has the Sinister Ethos when living the Sinister Way will develop their own belief system [if they need one] or continue to maintain the numinous living traditions of their ancestors. A Way of Life is not a way of believing or thinking. It is nothing to be debated or intellectualized. It is Lived, and if some parts of the Sinister Way as developed by the ONA does not work in the Lab of Human experience, the Sinister Initiate should be pragmatic and practical enough to make the necessary changes. Thus over time the ONA changes.

What is written by those involved in this ONA "Project" is not doctrine, infallible, or group Law. Most of the time when those into this ONA Project writes we just share insights and thoughts with each other via this internet medium. Sometimes such insights will inspire us to act, think, write, draw, paint, do, compose our own things. If it did, then it did its job. Sometimes what we write we just ramble on about nothing in particular that makes any coherent sense. Which is something I tend to do. These writings of ours isn't meant to be bibles, scriptures, college discourses, or thesis papers. They were meant to share insights, personal experiences, and inspire not indoctrinate or even teach. There is a difference.

What is the difference? The written ideology of German Nationalsozialismus is the Doctrine. Hitler and his speeches, and the collective ceremonies is the Inspiring Factor. Doctrines rarely captures the Hearts of the mass and drive them to slaughter, suicide, and self destruction. Inspiration does. The down trodden German people of post-WWI had lost there dignity and pride as a people. German NS ideology could have been written in Hebrew or Pig Latin for all it mattered to the Germans of that era. Hitler breathed Life and Hope back into them and from that "resurrection" a once despised people became the most feared in Europe at the time.

More power can be created and manifested in people when their inner Being is inspired by Life. The breath and feel of inspiration is what gives birth to change and evolution. Texts books and academic papers didn't drive the Earth's creatures to evolve. The environment or opportunity inspired the evolution. You were either inspired to evolve over time and adapt or die out. There are no words, abstractions, doctrines, or debates involved.

If somebody's writings in the Family Business are faulty or lacking don't argue and bitch about it. Take the initiative to change it for the better, if you believe you can do better, by all means. The way that this ONA Project works is like a Memetic Meritocracy, where memes go through this process of natural peer review and where such memes either drift their way to the bottom of the pile where they are left to grow outdated, or where they climb to the Top of the pile where they infect and inspire.

Thus names and faces in the ONA rarely matter. Many in the Family Business change or use pseudonyms and various personas which constantly changes. What matters are the memes and the inspiration. Not the names, the glory, the hope of some group of people looking up to you as some leader or authority figure. "Anton Long" is perhaps one of few exceptions. Out of Honour for what insights he has presented continuously for the past 40 years.

Because of the man behind "Anton Long," there is more to the ONA then what is generally assumed to be "ONA." There are also Reichsfolk and the Numinous Way. Beneath the causal shell or Outer Form, all three are basically the same Essence. If the ONA were likened to a Lake, Reichsfolk National-Socialism and the Numinous Way are two Rivers that feeds this Lake replenishing it with New Water.

Thus there is a Form or type of ONA Initiate called a "Drecc," or "Dreccian" who has the Sinister Nature and Lives the Sinister Way, but is not a Satanist, such as myself. A Drecc usually does not use the ONA's outer form of Satanism, and instead uses Reichsfolk NS and the Numinous Way to supplement their Sinister Seven Fold Way. Not every person associated with the ONA is a Satanist, some are better described as just "Myattian" which will one day be a real demonym of a small group of people.

This means that for a Drecc, there are more than 5000 pages of ONA stuff to study; but thousands of more pages written my Myatt regarding Reichsfolk and his Philosophy of the Numen. I am one person who believes that only after thoroughly familiarizing oneself with the entirety of a memeplex and all of its writings and practices can one make a meaningful assessment of the memeplex and/or its author[s]. I can honestly say after reading page after page that I like Myatt and that I think whatever his is creating is something I also would like to help create. And his writings have inspired me to think differently, to see the world differently, and to write my own thoughts here, which written thoughts may now number a thousand pages of its own. Which is a "gift" to be honoured, according to my own culture [the gift of and elder's insights.]

Closing Comments

Ironically David Myatt over the years has not converted me to being a "better" Satanist. Quiet the opposite. His writings have distanced me away from "Satanism," and has genuinely caused me to better understand my own indigenous Buddhism, and his writings have also inspired me to deeply appreciate my own indigenous culture and ancestral Living Traditions. Which in itself is another "gift" worth honouring. Because many first and second generation immigrants to America lose their indigenous identity and ancestral culture to this ubiquitous mundane secularism. A Tree without Roots is Fruitless.

I don't know what to say the "ONA" is really. So many pages have been written about it, yet its essence remains wordless. All I know personally is that for many years I have been reading and still do read Myatt's writings, which has inspired me, not only in how I see Life and myself, not only in giving me a sense of pride for who and what I am as an ethnic person, but also has inspired me to Live my own life in a more Numinous and Natural way in Harmony to my own inner nature and the Nature that Flows outside and around me.

It has never mattered to me what the ONA is or was. And I doubt it really matters to Myatt, Beesty Boy, the Old Guards, or anybody associated with their ideas. What has always mattered to me, or what I devote my attention and time to is What I can help make the ONA into and Where I can help take the ONA. And Why I should desire to do such a thing. Why is the Final question.

Anybody who has devoted time and effort to reading Myatt's 40 years worth of writing knows Why [if they are still alive inside]. It has nothing to do with some silly Satanism. It never did. It's one man's Quest to dis-cover himself, and during that Quest he may have dis-covered that there is a distant and cold abstract state watching over a population of people who have lost their Humanness, roots, their indigenous, Numinous, "pagan," Culture and Way of Life. And so what long ago may have begun as a clumsy side project, has over the years – form Pathei Mathos and the Ripening of Age – blossomed into a Fathering of a new Mythos, Culture, and Numinous Way of Life for an Unborn Generation that may come long after us who will search in the distant past for something to breath Life into their people once more.

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Order of Nine Angles

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SOME ANSWERS TO SEARCH TERMS



Answers To Some Search Terms

This blog gets a few reoccurring search terms that people look up as if they are trying to get more info on these searched terms? By reoccurring I mean the same wording of search terms shows up on our stats at least once every other week repeatedly for months and years. Most of these don't have anything to do with ONA. But I feel bad for whoever is looking for answers searching over and over again so I'll just gather the most frequent ones and try to answer them here for whoever.

First Search Term:

“What is the difference between a tribe and a clan?”

Answer: One envelops the other. A “clan” just means a big extended family. This clan usually exists “inside” of a much larger grouping of people which we would call a “tribe.”

If we were to take 1000 Americans and stick them in the middle of the amazon jungle, inside that jungle these Americans would anthropologically be considered a “tribe” of people. Why? Because they share common customs, traditions, views and dialect of language distinguishable from other groups of people in this jungle. So that is technically what a “tribe” is.

A clan a word that usually tries to mean – at least in my culture – your great grandparents and every human that came out of them down to the tiniest baby and their spouses. All of that is a “clan.”

So what happens in this culture is say your great grandma – since we are socially and domestically matriarchal – has 5 siblings who each have progeny of their own. Each of those siblings of your great grandma is the Pillar or starting point of another clan which is a sister clan to yours. In this case a “tribe” is all clans that share a common history and ancestry.

Some real tribes here in America get all legal and specific. I found this out way back during my college years when me and a few of my friends had this idea of experiencing a hallucinogenic plant called Peyote. We had heard that it gives you a mind blowing trip, so we planned to go buy some “buttons” of Peyote. Except its a federally controlled plant we learned. Only Indians are technically allowed to grow and use Peyote. Then we learned that such Indian tribes actually have tribal rules for who and what constitutes a member of their tribe. Usually their rule states that to be considered “Indian,” or “Native American” you have to be at least 1/8th Native American. Meaning – if I’m doing my math right – one of your 4 grand parents has to be Indian to be considered Indian.

We found away around this legality though. There is this own “church” located on an Indian reservation out in Arizona by Kingstown which offers Peyote buttons as “holy” Native American sacraments lol. My friend actually called this church and asked for information on “church services,” and what the holy sacrament can do to you. The “minister” told my friends some info and added that the buttons have to be peeled right or you can be poisoned and die a horrible death. The minister also said that when you eat the button it makes you very sick in your stomach and you will vomit during the whole experience and may even shit on yourself. My friends got all excited. They were like: “Fuck yeah! It’s camping out and trippin on good shit!” Once they told me the finer details of barfing and defecating on yourself, I naturally opted out. I’d rather take a wafer.

The Scottish and Irish make these things called clans and tribes harder to understand, for me at least. When they say “clan” it seems like they mean everyone with the same last name. Like every McMullet belongs to Clan McMullet. That could be tens of thousands. You know how many MacDonalds there are in America. If that’s how big their clans are, then where are their tribes at?

In my culture marrying people outside of our own culture and tradition is a cause for great confusion. It’s not a tragic confusion, just old folks not knowing who is family and who is not. I like teasing old people in my family. For example when the elders gather to eat and hang out together I’ll show them a picture of a Penguin from Antarctica. In the Khmer, Thai, indigenous

[folk] “science” of zoology a “fish” [trey] actually means any aquatic animal with fins or flippers. So I’ll go up to them with a Penguin picture and show them youtube videos of Penguins in the sea and asked them: “Grandpas what do you call this creature in Khmer, is it a fish or a bird?” The funny part is to just sit there after you ask that question because all these 70 year old men actually get into these long winded and heated debated on whether the creature I showed them is a fish or a bird. Since they’ve never seen a penguin what they usually say which is funny to me and my cousins is usually: “We’ve never seen anything like that in our country. What is that. It’s a fish with a beak and feet? What country do they live in?” If I laugh too much they’ll shake a fist at me and say: “Bad karma for you grandchild! Just wait and see. You’ll get old some day too.”

But with their confusion with clans, it’s based on how we live as a people by ancient tradition. In Thai, Khmer, and Lao culture daughters stay with their parents when they marry and the sons are the ones that leave to live with their wives parents. In our culture you never “move out.” You either live with your parents or your spouses parents forever. So in a clan you will always have many generations living together, sometimes in the same house.

So the way things works is that when a girl in our family marries her husband lives with us and so their children is “one of us,” or a member of our clan. If a boy in our family marries he goes to live with his wife and her parents and their children are members of that family/clan. Because traditionally since ancient times, the girl stays put, it becomes that what clan you belong to depends on what clan your mother belongs to. But this is ancient unwritten common law that only works inside a people who share that same way of life.

The confusion can happen when one of us – Thai, Khmer, Lao – even marries a Vietnamese. The Vietnamese do this the opposite way around. Their sons stays put with their parents and their wives moves in, and vise versa. So what happens is that if a girl from our clan/family loves a Vietnamese man, she goes to move in with her husband, and that is what challenges these old people’s ancient traditional way of counting relations. Because when the girl has a baby, which clan/family does that baby belong to? It’s worse with those of my generation who do things like Americans and just get married with somebody of a different culture and move out on their own, cuz when they are on their own they aren’t living with any clan, so the child is clanless, or considered to be family-less, since a family and a clan in this culture is the same thing.

But the old people have a back up method of tell who is what. In our culture, your “ethnicity” is not based on skin color but Language you speak. I think – if I remember right – that the ancient Greeks and Romans saw “ethnicity” in the same or similar way? Meaning you are Greek if you speak Greek.

So with my family and culture, by blood we are Thai/Chinese, but since most speak the Khmer language we are “ethnically” Khmer, by this way of reckoning. This means that if a girl from our family moves in with her Vietnamese family and that child speaks Vietnamese, the child is Vietnamese and rightfully belongs to that Vietnamese people and culture who raises it. But if it’s mother teaches it Thai or Khmer and our culture, than it is Us and thus a member of our clan and family. If it speaks Both languages and practices Both traditions and culture, than it is

considered to be a “mixed” child. This has nothing to do with blood and genetics.

This is different from a Western way of reckoning Race and ethnicity. In the West you are whatever you were born in and/or whatever your parents are. If you were born inside of China you are Chinese, even if you don't speak a word of Chinese or know its culture. If you are Black, than you are eternally identified as being “African,” even though most “African”-Americans here have not seen Africa or has anything to do with Africa in 300-400 or so years. Which is the same amount of time the Europeans have been living in America. Yet they don't call themselves European-Americans. They call themselves just Americans. Whereas Other people are forever Mexican-American, Asian-American, and African-American. Why? That causes a subtle psychological effect on the psyche of some people. It makes some of us feel like we are not fully American, as if we are second class citizens. Wouldn't it be funny if women here were referred to as Women-Americans. How about Gay-American too. Why just be half considerate, let's just call them Fudgepacker-Americans.

I brought this topic up in a debate of some sort with the old people in my family once. It wasn't a debate, more like getting clarification. I asked some of the grandpas: “If the grandfathers are by blood Thai and Chinese but consider themselves to be Khmer because you speak Khmer; then what are me and my cousins if we don't speak Khmer, or Thai, or Chinese. Are we Thai people?”

I tried to explain to the old people there how the Americans see this. Technically since me and most of my cousins were not born in Cambodia, and technically since nobody in the family is racially mixed with Khmer, than me and my cousins technically are ethnically Thai and Chinese. But the old people shook their heads and disagreed. One of the grandpas said: “Do you speak Thai or understand spoken Chinese?” I said: “No.” And he said: “Then you are not Thai or Chinese. How can you claim to be of a people if you don't know the people's language or culture? You are whatever you and your kin speaks. We speak Khmer. Thus you are Khmer.” But I added: “I only understand Khmer. Us cousins speak only English.” So another grandpa adds to that: “Then you are in between our race and theirs. You little ones are thus half whatever we are and whatever they are.”

If we take one country in Southeast Asia like Cambodia and study its population, we'll see something interesting. The Southwestern region of this country is inhabited by what we might call “Negroid” people. These people have a skin tone slightly darker than that of a Dravidian and African. Genetically they are related to the humans found on the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. The Khmer and Mon languages themselves are related to the language spoken on those islands. But those islanders speak a much more isolated and ancient dialect of Mon-Khmer. I don't know if you have ever image googled “Andaman and Nicobar” to see the people on these islands, but they are so dark they look blue. These people are also via DNA related to the Aborigines of Australia.

The Southeast of this country is inhabited by a people brown skinned in complexion who are descendents Islanders from Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines, and Papua New Guinea. The Khmer language still has words it shares in common with languages found on all of these islands.

The word “Khmer” itself has variations in the Southeast Asian Peninsula. In Thailand there is a tribe of hill people of a brown complexion not of “Mongoloid” stock that call themselves the Khmu [k-moo]. And then in Thailand there is a different ethnicity of non-tribal people called the Kham/Khom who speak a language related and intelligible to Khmer. The Thais used the alphabet of the Kham to create theirs. The word “Khmer” as it is spelled like that with European letters is a French rendering and should be pronounced as a Frenchman would say it, as “K-may(r)” with their weird R that the Germans make to. The old French colonialists had to render it like that because their language actually lacks the vowel sound the “-er” represents. The word when spoken sounds like we’re saying “K-my” like the English word “My” with a K sound at the beginning. It’s not a long ‘l’ sound. It’s an “AE” sound which Old English once had, and which the Portuguese still have in their word “Mae” meaning mom/mother.

All those variations: Kham, Khmu, Khmy, Khmi; are variations of the word “Khmau” the -AU sounding like the OW in Cow. The word Khmau is the Khmer word for the color “Black.” Interestingly enough, way back in Ancient Egypt the word “Kemu” [and its variations] also means Black. The MtDNA of these dark skinned people of this country via the Monda/Munda which is an older group of people Mon-Khmer came out of is genetically linked to the mummies found in the Valley of Kings in Egypt. Many of the mummies in that valley were of Monda stock. This Monda group of people exists in pockets from India, into the Arabian Peninsula, into Ethiopia [Nubia]. Monda has the root word “Mon/Mun” in it from where you get Mon-Khmer. Mon meaning “First” and “Original,” very similar – if not the same root – in the Greek word Mono, as in the word “Monogamy” etc. The Khmer word for “One” being “Muy.”

The Monda/Munda language is important to any person interested in the Indic Civilization. Monda and its sister – unrelated – language Dravidian had a huge influence on what we know of today as “Sanskrit.” In fact most of all the high profile words we assume to be native genetic Sanskrit such as Karma, Dharma, Shiva, etc, are genetically Dravidian words not native to Sanskrit. The Monda language in early times mostly contributed to Sanskrit’s grammar and low profile words. The Dravidian language – if you like language like I do – shares words in common with Bantu languages in Africa.

In the northern region of this country [Cambodia] are a completely different kind of people whom we might call “Mongoloid.” These people migrated from China with the Tai-Kradai [ancient Thai-Lao people]. Later they mixed with the Mon and Khmer. This is the base stock I come from. We have very light if not pale skin, like our northern Chinese ancestors who mostly came down to this peninsula to escape the horde of Genghis Khan. We have different facial structures, thinner and taller noses, and our eyes are slightly slanted, unlike the people down south.

So in this little country alone which is smaller than LA County you have at least 3 different so called “races” according how Westerners defines a “race.” But to these people, since ancient times, every person I have described are authentically Khmer in Race because these people reckon Race or Ethnicity by the Language you speak. In our Minds or “weltanschauung” when we see or meet another person of a different skin color and physical feature from us, if they speak Khmer, we feel them to be Khmer. It’s just that they might be of a darker complexion

and look different. If you were Caucasian and you lived in this country with these people for several generations so that your grandchildren spoke Khmer, they would be – felt to be – Khmer by Race and Ethnicity based on the Language they speak, and long-time close familiarity. The skin tone to these ancient people has nothing to do with the “race” you are and the people you “belong” to. It’s only in this Western civilization that race is based on look and skin tone. The point is, it is ignorant and myopic to believe and assume that just because you as a Westerner sees Race the way you do, that all humans on earth [7 billion] sees Race in the same way. This simply is not true and not a constant in the real human world. If you would just venture out beyond that myopia, you just might realized that you are alone in the way you reckon race and ethnicity in the human world: Backwards from the rest of us, since ancient times.

Even with something like the old Cherokee tribe in old days this was the case if you would just snap out of that myopic view of the world. Back in the old days when Black slaves ran away, sometimes they ended up living with the native Cherokees. After these exslaves learned to speak Cherokee and lived like they do, they were considered – Empathed – by the tribe to be full Cherorkee. And the same with White people that abandoned their cities to live with the Cherokee in the past. You are Cherokee if you speak and live like everyone else who considers themselves of be Cherokee. And when there was a war between two tribes, what usually happened is the Cherokees would take some of the other tribe’s people and absorb them into their tribe as full Cherokee. Race to ancient people had nothing to do with skin color. What can be more Superficial than to judge a person by the superficial hue of their skin? Do you know what the word “Superficial” means? It’s from the word “Superfice,” which is the old word for a 2 dimensional shape. A triangle is a superfice, a square is a superfice, so is a rombus. When you add depth to a superfice you get what? A Solid. The Solid of a superficial circle is a Sphere. Some of you people literally see the world and humanity in 2 dimensions: just the surface and no Depth. What is below the superficial layer of human skin? The human Heart [chitta]. The Heart is the Depth of a person. It is with the Human Heart [chitta] that we Understand [buddhi] the Depth of things, not with the eyes.

A Tribe is a grouping of people that live in close proximity to each other such that over time they have interbred, and have come to hare a common history, ancestry, culture, tradition, customs, observances, dialect, and world-model-view. A clan is an big family inside the tribe which makes up a tribe. Color of skin and facial feature has nothing to do with clans and tribes. It’s just that after hundreds of years living and breeding together, all of your tribe people end up looking the same, and different from other tribes of people.

Second Search Term:

“Black Sun.”

Answer: Black Sun is the second most searched term used to find this blog for some reason. I don’t know much of anything about how the imagery of the Black Sun was used by the Nazi Party back in old Germany. So I can’t say anything about that. But there are two different other uses of the term.

The first use is a technical astronomical extrapolation used as a tool or device. So first what you do is imagine a perfect circle. At the center of that perfect circle you imagine a dot. Around at the circumference of is swirling another dot. In this case, since the circle is Perfectly round, the central dot can logically and mathematically be denoted as the "Center" of the outer circle's orbit.

So now you imagine an Oval and around that Oval orbits a planet. Inside this uneven orbit which is not perfectly round is a Sun. This Sun is not at the center. So where is the central point in this case? In this case the Oval has two central loci. The first is the Sun itself, and the second is a reification or mathematically defines spot relative to the Sun and the Orbiting planet. Usually this second spot is very near the Sun. In this case astronomically that second spot is referred to as the "Black Sun" in olden days.

The other usage of the term Black Sun is more ancient. Oddly enough several ancient cultures share similar myths. Specifically Greece and India. In ancient times in the mythos of these two people the planet Saturn is referred to as the Black Sun. The myth via the Greek goes that Saturn was once the reign God during which time Saturn shined like the Sun. When he was dethroned he lost his fire and went dark and so he is called the black sun. In civilizations like ancient China Saturn may not have been called the black sun, but it was associated with the metal Lead, which for some weird reason is also an alchemical constant in India, old Jewish mysticism, and even European alchemy.

Even stranger is that within the growing theory of Plasma Cosmology there is a part of that theory which posits that the planet Saturn may have been a brown dwarf that got captured by the sun, and that our Earth was at one time a moon of this brown dwarf. After the brown dwarf was captured the sun's gravitation pulled away a couple moons from what would be Saturn. One large icy moon ran amok, crashed into a dwarf planet in what is the asteroid belt. The collision of Saturn's rogue moon and this planet caused the rogue moon to split into molten matter which later became the Earth and its moon. The other rogue moon is posited to be Pluto.

It's a crazy idea, but not original. Before Plasma Cosmology ever coalesced into a coherent theory, there was a Russian scientist with a very long name which started with a V [I can't remember] who had already come up with that theory or a slightly different version of that Saturnian theory.

This Russian scientist believed that the planet Venus is a rogue moon of Saturn which flew out of Saturn's orbit circa ~50,000 or so years ago and which recently just found its home orbit. This scientist said that during Venus's chaotic period of finding its equilibrium it acted like a giant comet and produced a tail which to this day is still called the "Beard of Venus." This Russian scientist says that it's because of Venus's chaotic period that the ancient referred to Venus as Lucifer, the shining star and often drew it with a beard or tail like a comet. This scientist was naturally vilified by the scientific community of his day and era. And also quite naturally, many scientists of today are now ripping off this man they once vilified as a freak. I love how some of these mundane people vilify and dehumanize creative people, then later take their ideas and pass it off as theirs.

You see that with ONA if you watch closely and study the movement and trends of the subculture. You'll see in the liberal theistic and modern camps of satanism a few attack ONA and David Myatt. Then liberally borrow concepts and words ONA and DM put together. What I find funny is to watch these Traditional Satanist [here meaning Theists] attack ONA and DM, while they use a descriptor coined by ONA and DM. Its real funny – in a pitiful way – how ONA since 1970 whatever has been teaching that Satanism is a quest of self-development and self-enlightenment while the CoS taught Satanism was liberal indulgence, and the ToS taught some Egyptian spirit being is Satan. Then now in these liberal modern satanist camp you see all these satanists talk about how Satanist is some way of self development and self enlightenment like they found buried treasure, and they attack ONA. It's funny when these liberal moderns in their cyberspaces openly use words first used by ONA such as The Sinister Way, Acausal, Causal, Numinous, etc, etc, with one breath, and dismiss and talk shit about ONA. I'm just waiting for the moment when these liberal modern satanisms in their cyberspaces to start claiming that their satanism is a quest for Pathei-Mathos and that they first used the term as they talk shit about ONA. Give it a few months.

I'm telling you, you cannot trust a breed who has no family, no culture, and knows no honour because they will turn on you. In my own culture and family if you want to marry a person one of the first things they look for in the person you want to marry is if they are orphans or if they have any family. If the person is an orphan or has no real family, then you can marry the person, can't be friends with them, and can't bring them to the house. The old folks will tell you over and over again: "A breed without a mother or culture will turn on you, your family, and children."

If you do an actual thought experiment and research about this subject, you'll see things in a different point of view. Take America and Europe. Consider both their people and population. Generally we can say that is very roughly the same size in population, the EU being bigger in population. Both of these countries are made up of the "same" "ethnic" mix of people, with Caucasians as the majority in most cases. Then you input the factor Religion into both and what do you see?

Tell me why religion and Christianity is actually dying out very fast in Europe, but Christian fundamentalism is on the rise in America? Tell me why all manners of religious sects and cults can so easily take up root in America as opposed to Europe. I'm sure Europe has its crazy cults, but count the number of crazy cults. And then think like a social scientist and ask yourself why is it that in America during the 50's era 1 out of ever 4 men belonged to a fraternal society like the Odd Fellows, Masons, Elks, etc. The question is: What is the difference between America and Europe which would cause such a noticeable variation of numbers? Especially when the EU has more people in it! Why is one gradually giving up this religion crap and the other is a cesspool of satanists, mormons, wackos and nuttjobs?

When you as a people lack your own native culture and ancestral roots, that lack causes a "hole" or empty spot in the psyche. So you run around finding a substitute culture to fill in that empty spot. In place of a real culture you see Americans substitute that lack with ideologies, idealisms, religious sects of all and every type, and so on. Why is it that these same religious sects ["cults"] and fanatic ideologies seem to not have a responsive market outside the West

[mostly America]? Why don't you see Chinese and African cyberspace filled with thousands of devil worshipers, sumerianites, thelemites, rosicrucians, etc? Because they have their own cultures and traditions to satisfy that human spot. Even when things like Christianity and Mormonism takes root in a place like Southeast Asian [which it has] such religions BELIEFS in no way displaces the people's living cultures and traditions.

When Brahmanism was brought to Southeast Asian via the silk road thousands of years ago, it was adopted by the natives, but in no way did it displace the ancient animism. When Buddhism was brought over 900-1000 years ago, the natives adopted it. But that Buddhism has never and still does not displace the ancient Brahmanism and even more older folk animism.

These European-Americans here are sell outs. They cut ties with their ancestral European cultures and living history for dead things like Webster and a document call the Constitution and its ideals. Great ideals, but certainly not substitutes for human culture. And you collectively see these Americans desperately grasp for some semblance of a culture. They either reach out for other people's cultures and traditions, or they buy into sects and cults as substitute "cultures." You see them hold onto these political things like Capitalism with a death grip. Capitalism is a part of the identity pack of what an "American" is. Just like Kilts help define the identity of Irish and Scots, like Fat Buddhas is an aspect of Chinese culture, like gumbo is an aspect of Black Southern culture. God, I love gumbo with crayfish. And it's not even Capitalism that they are talking about. It's consumerism.

My once business mentor broke this topic down in baby talk for me to understand. Say you have an apple tree and you are the farmer. I come along and tell you: "Mister, I will offer my services to you and sell your apples for you so you don't have to for 5 cents an apple." You agree to the deal. So I go around selling your apples – which I didn't grow or work hard on myself – and I sell it to people who like eating apples. Only 5 cents an apples, but the market demand and its size makes me rich. In this scenario the farmer is the factory or producer of a product. The Middle Man who did not make the stuff is the Capitalist. The people buying the apples from the Middle Man is called the what? The Consumers. What is Capital? Basically money. If you are not making capital and all you do is work a wage job and buy shit, you are not a Capitalist, you are a consumer participating in a Capitalist system. And that consumerism – working a wage job and buying shit from rich people, corporations – is your culture and all that you have, besides your occultism, satanism, etc. Not even your cults, religions, ideologies, ideals, are yours. You simply Consumed them and bought them from Other who made it. At least I have all of that AND my own culture and traditions. At least the European, African, Islander, Middle Easterner, Russian has that AND their own cultures, roots, traditions.

The Black Sun is sometimes used in association with Reichsfolk National-Socialism, along with the Odal Rune and Flag. I personally really like Reicksfolk and append it to my own culture as an add-on or plug-in. Of all the "garage inventions" DM made, from my perspective Reichsfolk is the most Fruitful. I say that from a Buddhist point of view.

In Buddhism – Theravada at least – you ignore what is said, who says it, and what is done, and you focus on the Vipaka which means Fruit [End Result], or the possible future yield. Reichsfolk is simple, but its concepts actually help keep a person grounded in their culture and

tradition. I've always liked Reichsfolk for its pragmatic yields in my own life and culture. Secondly I like the Numinous Way. Which is why I work at migrating Reichsfolk and Numinous Way memes into ONA. Because I like ONA and I want to have all of these things in "one place."

So the most basic principles in Reichsfolk is that one's Culture is an expression of Nature. The corollary I add to that is, because Nature is diverse in her makeup, then human Culture is most Natural when it too is diverse. So that Diversity of our many Cultures is "sacred" in Reichsfolk. This does not in any way mean that one race or folk or culture is better than any other. It just means that the diversity itself is Natural, Numinous, and Beautiful. There is room in a forest for all kinds of animals and plants. And when you look closely at each individual species you notice that they each have their own "culture," or way of life, or way of doing, or praxis.

Vultures scavenge, lions kill, leaf cutter ants farm. Tigers live as solitary animals, bees live collectively in hives. Beavers make dams out of wood, termites eats and destroys things made of wood. Penguins are monogamous, coral just squirt their stuff out in a huge cloud. Chimps are patriarchal, bonobos are matriarchal. Diversity also makes since in business. The more you are able to diversify your options and investments, the less likely you will lose your capital/investment. Can Mother Nature risk putting everything She has into one single type of creature and one single modality of? I don't believe Nature would have lasted 4 billions years if it did. With diversity, if on species fails to take Life further, others exist to try. When the reptiles of the dinosaur age could take Nature's Life any further, the Mammals stepped up and and brought us this far. Can Mother Nature really afford to invest all of her option into one single human modality of existence?

We no from business that monopoly as far as causal results goes is destructive because it decreases the chance of innovation and creative development [evolution]. And we know that when an ecosystem's balance is upset by the "monopolization" [over population] of a species, the rest of the ecosystem is destructively effected. What happens when we apply that same concept of monopolization in the Human world where only one human way of Life is the "right" or "acceptable" way? Aeonically what will happen?

Reichsfolk teaches you to just simple be mindful of your own roots, traditions, and cultures. To not give it up so easily for substitutes such as magian ethos etc. To do your children a human favour and pass them into mortal earthly existence with a firm ground to stand on, and with roots that run deep into their ancestral history. Who we are today is literally built on – or grows out of – the lives, stories, and wyrd of our ancestors in the past. We are literally a Fruit [vipaka] and end product of our past ancestors. Do you want your children to come into this world with an empty spot in their psyche like many of these Americans? Do you want them to whore themselves around with every ideology and cult to fill that empty spot? Isn't it like whoredom? Is a nympho really practicing her liberty ot have sex, or is she suffering from a deep lack and need of something? These mundane Americans, do they join the cults and believe in the ideologies they do out of natural freedom, or because of a much deeper want, need, and lack within their soul and psyche? It is a psyche of a people without culture, who literally lives their human life working 5 days a week 9-5 for wages. It's not their fault though. They are the product of decades of the untested ideals of Capitalism/Consumerism. Zombies that exist only

to work and make others rich.

And so aeonically, or as a people with long-time sight, is the end Fruit of being liberal and cultureless worth it? Are we able to learn from the mistakes of others, before we ourselves commit the same acts? Can we learn from these many Americans. With something as simple as Reichsfolk, all that Dukkha of our future children and grand children's quality of life is decreased in the Now. Which is why I personally consider Reichsfolk National-Socialism to be pragmatic in character over any set of ideals or ideologies. It's simply learning to honour your blood and to strive to stay firmly rooted. A tree with shallow roots is easily felled by a mild breeze. With simple word play in a debate you can sway a cultureless person to adopt your cults, ideologies, buy your products, vote for your party, etc.

But you look at the lessons learned from the genocide committed in the past. We see that no force of genocide and mass death has the power to wipe out the culture and spirit of a people. No Communist murdering 2 million Khmers, all of their monks, was able to destroy their culture. No Mao and the 50 or so million murdered was able to wipe out the folk spirit of the Chinese people, their Confucianism, their Taoism, and Buddhism. Not even the 50 or so million slaughtered in Russia was able to wipe the minds of the Russian people clean of their imperial past, their spirit, or their faith and culture. They are still here. And the Jews. 7 million murdered and that was not able to rid the Jew of his Jewry. They are still here, and they have their own State. But yet, a simply and sly play of words in some debate or a convincing speech can sway the common cultureless American in every direction, to give up their ancestral roots and culture for lifeless ideologies, theories, and beliefs. You don't have to genocide America. They aeonically do it themselves. The only real way to get rid of a people is to make them get rid of themselves. Study your history. The Maya is a good place to start, where a people turn on itself and self destructed. Stupidity kills aeonically more efficiently than genocide. What happened to a tree without roots? It dies in Time.

Saturn in those olden days was the God of the Harvest, the original Reaper. He has the Sickle or Scythe as his symbol. The seeds have been sown. The saplings grown. Now the Fruit is born and ready to be Harvested. We all wyrdfully reap what we sow. And more importantly just as we wyrdfully reap what our ancestors have sown, so to do those in our future reap what wyrd we have woven together now. Because of the amount of National debt we today have created, the lives of our grand children will not be any better than things are today. If we think times are tough now, wait 50 more years or so. Today we see these individualized Americans exploited by corporations and political parties were they must struggle 40-50 hours of work just to barely get by. How tougher will things be for the cultureless scoundrels with no one to depend on 50 years from now? Father Saturn is Black and cold. His scythe cuts everyone their due share in Time my friends. It's just a matter of Time.

Third Search Term:

“Death”

Death is another top 10 search term and constant reoccurring search term. Death is real scary for me. Not the idea of myself dying, but of those I love around me dying. When you are raised

your whole life constantly around grandpas, grandmothers, mothers, uncles, etc, the thought of them dying is scary.

Jan 22nd was the death of an old year and the start of a new one. Or at least it was the eve day of the Chinese New Year. Traditionally on the eve the whole family gathers all together at one house to eat together and hang out, catch up, etc.

The family observance of Chinese New Years starts in the morning of the eve. In our culture when the Year of the Dragon comes you shouldn't do anything on its first day, but since the Chinese go by the Lunar calander, just to be safe you don't do much all week. The traditional belief is that the Dragon represents hard work, struggle, striving, complications, things like that. So on the first day the old people warn you not to start anything or you'll get stuck working hard at it all year long. So that day every single person in our family did not go to work, called out sick, did not drive anywhere, and just spent the whole day lazy. For example my oldest cousin flew to Brazil that day for a month, so for the rest of the year he'll be stuck flying all over the place.

Then your grandmother and her siblings gather to start cooking all this food for dead people [ancestors]. The aunts and uncles stuff red envelopes with money and give them to us cousins. We bring out all these picture frames of all of our dead family members and offer the food to them, burn incense to them, and pray or ask them to watch over us and bless us with a peaceful and fruitful years. The pure ethnic Chinese spend around 14 or 15 days celebrating it, but that's too much for us. In my family we celebrate 3 new year days: the American one, the Chinese one after that, and the Khmer/Thai/Lao Theravada one in April 13 or so when the Buddha's passing.

I was hanging out with people in my age range talking about the death of famous people we knew and grew up with, which caused this whole family talks about one of the most bizarre topics you'd never hear in a lifetime in a White-American household.

I started the bizarre and interesting whole family talk when I asked my aunt-mom what famous person she knew who died and which shocked her. After she gave her answer I changed the subject because I suddenly remembered something a friend of mine had told me about death and I wanted my grandmother to confirm it for me. So I asked my aunt-mom to translate my curiosity for me to granny. I had said to my big mom: "I had an older Mexican lady friend once tell me that in her culture they say that when we die we know we will be going. Can you ask grandmother if it's true?" The question started this big old people talk of recalling stories from their youth, talks of dying, and the bizarre talks of rebirth, which to me uncovered the even more bizarre realization that these old people have been friends and family for several life times and they have the stories and proofs to share.

The Flow Of Mindstream

My grandmother answered: "Mmm, so I hear the old people say. It's interesting that a different people and culture shares our beliefs, do you siblings agree?" My last great grandpa [great uncle in American] Great Grandpa Savout quickly responded to that in his dry witty humour to us: "She [granny] says that as if she wasn't one of the 'old people.' If what the grand daughter said is true then I'm nowhere near death! I can barely remember what happened yesterday, never mind what will happen tomorrow."

The only family story of this nature I have heard was the first story to come up. One of my aunts said that according to her own experience, what I asked was true. During the revolution she had a daughter [would be my oldest cousin] named Aran. The Khmer Rouge had killed all of the doctors and two year old Aran was very sick. Aran had already become blind from her sickness and she was having intestinal bleeding. This auntie was fortunate enough to have normal Khmer Rouge people to oversee the camp she was put in as she was separated from the rest of the family during this time. Her Khmer Rouge friends felt sorry for the 2 year old Aran so they put this auntie [mother's sister] onto the back of their military truck with the baby and they would take them all the way to Thailand to see a doctor.

On the way to Thailand little Aran died in her mother's arms, but in a very weird way. My auntie explained to everyone that she had Aran when she was only 19 and so she was terribly ignorant of motherhood and child stuff. She explained that she grew up with maids like her siblings when the kingdom was good, so that she grew up ignorant of such matters in life.

She explained that on the back of the truck after a while of driving little Aran – only two years of age – started to say over and over again to her: “Mother, I’ll be leaving soon far away. I’ll be leaving soon.” Curious my auntie said she said to Aran: “Where are you going if you are blind, and how far can it be with such little feet?” She said Aran just said quietly: “I’m going away soon. It’s far away, and I won’t come back. I have to go now, I love you.” My auntie said Aran had asked where her father was because she wanted to kiss him good bye one last time before she left for wherever she was going. But her father was far away, so the auntie just told Aran that he was far away and for her to go to sleep. She said Aran just closed her eyes half way and never woke up. I’ve always found this story very fascinating because Aran was only 2 years old. I can’t believe that a 2 year old knows anything about death to know that she is dying or to make up stories about going places as she is dying. But what I have always wondered was not how she knew she was dying, but Where she knew she was going?

My other aunt we all call Mien [auntie] Oonh [Oon~] means the Char-black Auntie because she is dark in complexion told the second story which I have not heard before. Her story made my grandma and a few other cry.

The story is that during the revolution mien Oonh was 8 years old and her father – my late grandfather – was sick. It was just around the time when the KR had taken the Capital of the kingdom. My grandfather [still young] was too sick to care for himself so 8 year old auntie Blackie was nursing him and bathing him. The auntie said that on the day of his death he had said to her: “May all you wish for come true for caring for me. Father is leaving. They’ve come to take me.”

Looking around the room the auntie saw nobody and asked her father what people had come to take him where. She said grandpa said that a group of people in white were in the room waiting for him. Before he died he told her to tell grandma that he loves her.

There is an old belief in my culture these old people have where they believe that there are these wild spirits that make your children sick, cause misfortune, and sometimes kill you children. And so to ward off or trick these spirits to not bother your children you “hide” their birth name and call your children nick names that are ugly. So I have an uncle nymed Uncle Chubby [who is thin], there is an Auntie Blackie, and so on. The peasants don’t even bother giving their children real words for names, they just give them meaningless sounds. Like for instance of a peasant family had 6 children the children would

just be named: “Ma, Me, Mi, Mo, Mu, and Mao.” That’s suppose to detere the bad spirits somehow.

Or if a person in my culture constantly gets sick or has constant bad luck what they do is go to the temple and have a monk give them a new name. Then they have a mock funeral for their old name and from that moment on they go by their new name. And this sort of refreshes your life, keeps you from getting constantly sick again, and gets rid of the bad luck or something. Monks are useful in a Buddhist culture for other uses too. For instance sometimes to protect trees, statues, and animals from being logged, sold in the black market or eaten monks will ordain the trees, statues, and animals and put an orange cloth on them. It would be the same idea as to ordain an endangered Spotted Owl as a Catholic Bishop to keep the ignorant lay people from harming it LMAO. This is one reason why if you look at picture of Angkor Wat you’ll see statues with orange or gold cloth on them. Those statues are technically really ordained Bhkhus, and this keeps fools from taking them to sell them in the black market.

Auntie Oonh herself her story was the first subject of the more fascinating and less depressing topic. My oldest aunt, who is the oldest of her siblings told the story of Auntie Oonh’s past life.

My oldest aunty told us that in town before auntie Oonh was ever born their was an old lady they called Yay [granmother] Lach. Lach is short for a “Talach” which is the name of a melon called Wintermelon in English. The folks around town called her that because she grew lots of wintermelon and gave them out. She was a distant kin of my grandmother [as everyone in that town was]. The oldest auntie asked grandma if she remembers Yay Lach laughing. My grandma said she did and explained how this lady was related to us.

The oldest auntie then told us that as a child after school she use to go over to Grandmother Lach’s house to massage and need her muscles. At the time she was 80 something. The auntie explained that Yay Lach’s breasts sagged all the way to her stomach and that she use to play with them to tease Yay Lach. Yay Lach was noble born, but dark skinned, so people in town teased her by saying that her mother slept with a peasant labourer. The oldest auntie said that when she [the auntie] was that young her nose would run continuously and it would cause sore for her. Yay Lach cured this by rubbing her Slah and Maloo [betelnut] on the sores.

One time the auntie said that old lady Lach told her that she was going to die soon and that she picked who she wanted to be reborn with. The old lady told my auntie: “I’m going to rebirth with your mother. We can be sisters. I love you like my own flesh and blood. I would rebirth with your mother’s cousin, but she’s too mean. Your mother is more kinder. I love your mother like close kin.”

When the old lady died my grandmother said that she had a dream in which old lady Lach had come to ask her if she can live with her, and my grandmother said yes, since the house was big with plenty of rooms. More strangely my grandmother said that half the kinfolk in town all had dreams at different times about old lady Lach telling them that she would reborn with my grandmother. When my auntie Oonh was born she came out with dark skin just like old lady Lach, and nobody in our family has dark skin. The tons people knew my auntie Oonh was old lady Lach.

My oldest auntie told us of habits and traits old lady Lach and auntie Oonh share. The oldest auntie said that old lady Lach was a clean freak and used to wash her dishes with only one finger so as to keep her

other fingers clean, and when she ate she had the habit of putting very little food in her spoon and nibbled at the food carefully so as not to touch the utensil to her mouth. My auntie Blackie has the same two weird habits. I've watched her – and mocked her for it – washing the dishes and eating.

That's when my step dad – who is a distant relative of my grandmother – told the story of his uncle who is a relative of mine, who was at the house with the other elders. My step dad said after auntie Blackie's story: "What about my own uncle here. He remembers his past life." So the two of them talked about it. We call an uncle of an uncle or step dad a Grandfather.

This grandfather's story was that he had an awful bad mouth when he was 2 years old. He used profanity all over the place with his parents and siblings. The grandfather's father told his 2 year old son to stop cussing or he'll be punished. So the grandpa [2 year old boy] said to his dad: "You bastard, you know who your talking to!? I'm your friend not your son. I came back to hang out with you again."

Confused the grandfather's father tested the 2 year old by asking him questions about the person the boy claimed to be, such as the names of his past life parents and how he died. The 2 year old boy [grandfather] explained accurately that he was killed by thugs because he owed them money. The 2 year old boy grandfather was even able to tell his father/friend where his past life dead body was found. Then the 2 year old boy grandfather said in Khmer the equivalent to his dad and uncle: "If you fuckers want to get rich just go under a certain bridge where I buried the gold and money. I knew they were coming after me in advance. Nobody better have found it. I'll show you where its at, bring a shovel."

Everything the 2 year old boy said was accurate, and he was able to take his father and uncle who were his best friends in his past life to the spot where he hid the gold and money.

One of the grandmothers who is a cousin of my grandma told her story. She has what the old people call a "Dao [rhymes with Cow] Mark." I had never heard the word or term before that evening. It looks like a normal red colored birth mark. The elders at the house that evening were talking about these Dao Marks as if its just every day common knowledge. I did not know what they were talking about, so I had to ask my aunt-mom what a Dao Mark is. They were using the term as a verb.

My aunt-mom said that sometimes when a person dies their family and kin will rub a colored dye made of balm consecrated by a monk on the dead body just as the person had died. That act of rubbing the colored balm is called "Dao-ing" and the resultant mark in the next life caused by the Dao-ing is called a Dao Mark.

My aunt-mom explained that they "dao" a colored mark on the dead body somewhere so that they can tell who this person will be reborn as in their next life. The dao color on the dead body becomes a birth mark on the new reborn body appearing in the same place and in the general same shape.

So this grandmother was calmly explaining this bizarre cultural tradition as it happened to her. She shows us all her Dao Mark, which is a light reddish streak on her left shoulder. The reddish birth mark is about an inch and a half long and half an inch wide at its thickest area. The grandmother explained to the aunts and uncles that the color of the balm used to dao a dead body has to be dark. Black colored balm leaves a faint reddish birthmark, and red colored balm leaves a white colored birthmark. I guess this is because the coloring fades during the "transition" period?

The grandmother said that she remembers everything. She told us all that she died of old age and that she was standing by her dead body watching people cry. She said she then saw her surviving siblings dao the upper part of her left shoulder and said to the dead body [or her] to remember where the dao was marked so they can tell who she is in her next birthing.

The old people of her age group nodded their head and added that in their days when a grand child was born they would inspect the new born babies' whole body for any marks they may have dao-ed. They said that many times you don't always rebirth with your past family. In the old days they said, when a baby is born with an unusual birth mark the word would be past around the kinfolk, extended families, and friends about the baby's birthmark, so as to find who in town made the dao mark.

The grandmother said that she picked a son of her favourite brother to rebirth with and had gone into their dream to ask them if she can live with them. When she was born her family saw the dao mark and knew who she was. Rebirth in Khmer is "Jab [Capture] Gannad [Nativity]," literally meaning to catch a birth. Like a surfer would say to catch a wave or something, or when we say to catch the bus or to catch a cold. In my mind the term makes me think of people waiting in some line to catch the next available fetus with whomever you picked.

This other grandpa in the elder group retold his story. He said that back in the home province when the kingdom was good his family owned a large plantation with many servants and labourers who worked and lived on the land. Like my grandmother's parents, this grandfather's family treated their peasants very nice and only took 10% of each peasant family's harvest.

Each year when the leaves of some trees fell the grandpa said that the peasants had a custom of gathering these fallen leaves in a big pile to burn it. This was to clean the land up, but they also put yams and other foodstuff into the pile of leaves they gathered to share amongst themselves. The occasion was a seasonal peasant celebration of sorts.

Unfortunately during one of these leaf burning things one of the female workers got too close to the fire and her clothes caught fire. The lady was very badly burned and later she died of her burn wounds from an infection.

The grandfather remembers several nights after the death of this lady worker of his that both he and his wife had a dream in the same night. In the grandfather's dream he said the lady had come to him and in the night saying that she has spent her time faithfully working for him, and with nowhere to go would like to be born as his daughter. The grandfather said he told the lady in his dream that he felt very bad for her death and that it was his fault not doing all he could to help her. He told the lady that to rid this bad karma of his that he would accept her as his daughter and raise her so that she will never have to work again.

His daughter was born who is an aunt of mine. Technically she is a cousin of my blood aunts and uncles. This aunt remembers her past life as a servant worker of this grandpa. This aunt says that she remembers dying and seeing people cry around her grave they had dug for her. She remembers being on a tree close by her own grave screaming to her siblings, and friends to stop crying because she was still "alive" and up in the tree, but nobody heard her. As a child she was – and still is – deathly afraid of fire.

A cousin of my blood uncle we call uncle also told his story about his daughter I call a “cousin.” This cousin was not at the house that day. The uncle explained that in her past life his daughter was a man who was his close friend. They worked together when the country was good.

In that life this man worked at a car garage fixing cars with the young uncle. Both this man and this uncle were in love with the same girl [an aunt of mine], but they never fought each other over her. They agreed that they would not let a girl destroy their friendship and that they will let the girl pick which of the two of them she liked. So they ended up making a game or competition out of it to see who can win her heart and out do the other.

One day this man tells my aunt [cousin of by blood aunts] that if she does not pick him it would be okay because he loves his friend and wants him to be happy. But that she should know that she will be the only girl he will ever love. He made a promise with her that he will never marry or love anyone if not her. My aunt picked the uncle and not the guy.

So to keep his promise this man joined the national army which was fighting the Khmer Rouge. Before he joined he told his best friend – this uncle – that should anything happen to him, he will catch a birth with him and the girl he loves to be with the both of them again.

The man was captured by the KR one day and they killed him by tying him to a palm tree and swung an ax to the back of his head. His head was busted open and face crushed.

The uncle told us that when my cousin – his daughter – was born she had a huge birth mark on the back of her head. The birth mark looked like a red scare and the area was very soft. The face of the baby also looked uneven at the time. Is cousin remembers her past life to this day. The uncle says that as a baby this cousin would stop crying when he held her. She only stopped crying when her mother held her and was breast feeding her. Growing up as a child the uncle said that my cousin used foul language just like his dead best friend, drank coffee and beer and even stole cigarettes from him all at the age of 3. At 3 she also refused to call her father father, but by his nickname he used to call him, and the 3 year old referred to her mother as her “wife.” The uncle told us all that this cousin as a little 3 year old also had the strange habit of peeing at the toilet standing up, or at least trying to pee into the toilet standing up.

The most convincing proof this cousin has is the unbelievable details of her past life. In her past life she died a very young man of only 20 something. At the age of 5 this cousin named her past life parents and described in detail where they used to live. At 5 she also demanded and cried to be taken to see what she called her “real parents” because she missed them. So the cousin’s parents did take her to see her past life parents who lived all the way out in Boston.

The uncle had tracked down his late best friend’s parents and had explained to them that their son had caught a birth with him and his wife and was demanding and crying to see them. They said they did not know what to do because it was such a bizarre experience for them being new parents. The Boston based parents [past life ones] agreed to the visit. So my cousin at the age of 5 was taken to Boston to see her “real parents.”

At her “real parents” house she gave detailed information about thing that only this man and his family knew about which the uncle was not aware of. This was when she explained to her two sets of parents

the details of how she died, which explained the huge birth mark she was born with. The birth mark by that age was gone and her face had long gone to normal. After the visit the Boston parents were convinced that this cousin was indeed their dead son.

To this day this cousin has a parent child bond and relationship with her Boston parents from her past life. She goes to visit them from time to time. Growing up as a teen she would actually use her Boston pair of parents as a threat against her present life parents. She'd threaten to run away to Boston and live with her other parents if they mistreated her.

At the house that evening you had all of these people of different generations telling their stories and memories of a past life and those that remember lived a past life with the same people in the same family. And as they talk among themselves of these memories they have, it all sounds like a timeless family reunion of a group of people who have been living together for several lifetimes.

I asked the Great Grandpa Savout since he was the witty and funny one what he was going to reborn as if he died unfortunately. He said: "It's not a matter of if I'm going to die some day grandchild! Soon! I'm tired of being human. Too much dukkh. I'm going to stay a ghost. All you young people seem to feed the dead better than the living. You have to be dead in this family to get good eating!"

I've always been fascinated with this topic. Especially with the cases of very young children who die and know they are going to die. And those children who seem to come into the world with memories intact of a past life. It's not a topic you usually hear thrown around in the West. But being of an Asian family it's everywhere and when you do hear about it there are verifiable things. Like those dao marks. They talk about it like its an ancient practice everybody should know about.

Several weeks ago I had a dream where my late Great Grandfather who recently passed came to visit they house. In the dream my little mom had open the door and he just stepped inside and told us that he only came to tell us that he was okay and for us not not worry, especially me. Then he wished us peace and happiness and said he had to go.

Do I personally believe the Stories I hear about death and some afterlife? No. I think I have matured beyond the need to believe anything. I can for example believe as hard as I can that when people die we go to a big purple shoe box in the sky, and no matter how hard I believe, no matter how debate the issue, my believe does not in any way change the realism/reality of the nature of things.

I come to the point in my Life where I now just Consider what others have to share, and I Consider the person sharing such insights and stories. In that, I see a cultural value. But personally I can't believe anything until I myself go through the Experience of death. Which will come it's Time and Season.

I once read a children's story in the kid section of a bookstore I used to go to often and I read a beautiful little story that actually changed the way I think and see things about such subjects as this.

The story goes that there was once in a forest a pond of fish. On that pond were lily pads. And on one lily pad there lives a mother frog. One day she laid many eggs in the pond. After her little tadpoles had hatched and were swimming and playing in the pond with their new guppy friends the mother frog hopped away deep into the forest to find her food.

During the mother frog's absence the tadpoles grew bigger and began to become curious about their little world. They started to ponder and ask questions. Some began to believe that they were fish like their guppy friends because they looked similar to fish. Some after sticking their heads out of the pond noticed that there was a whole different world beyond the pond.

One day the mother frog returns to her lily pad to check on her tadpole. The tadpoles swam to their mother to ask her their many questions about the world She lived in. The mother frog tried to explain to them what air was, what trees were, what the sun was, but she could find the right words to make her tadpoles Understand these things.

She thought a while and in her heart knew that she also was once a tadpole who was ignorant about the world beyond the pond and once asked the same questions. Then when she grew into a frog, she grew into her Understandings of the world beyond the pond in its time and season.

So with that Wisdom of age and experience she said to her many tadpoles: "Nothing I say will even make sense to you. All that you need to know is to enjoy your time in that pond for in Time you will change and leave it behind. And when you change, you will know and understand things out here inin time and season. Nothing has to be explained."

And what that mother frog said was true, even for us Humans in our human existence, if we pay close attention. As small children we were ignorant of sex and sexual nature. Even if our peers taught us the word, being so small we simply cannot grasp or relate in a realistic way to the reality of sex. In our teen age years – in it's Time and Season – during our puberty, we grew naturally into our sexual nature. Nothing had to be explained to us.

And young adults even if we lived with a mother and father we were not able to Understand what it is like to be a mother or father. Only when some of us grew in age to become ourself mothers and fathers with our own children, did we come to Understand inside [Buddhi/Gnosis] the Nature of motherhood and fatherhood: in its own Time and Season. And nothing had to be explained to us.

And so I now in this second decade of my Life see Death in the same manner. As a mortal creature alive with a body on this earth I am at the moment very far from my season of death. Such that, even if I knew the words and have seen the deaths of loved ones, the Nature and Reality of death will always be beyond my grasp. Not having the experience of such death, whatever I say, think, intellectualize, speculate, ponder, assume, believe, are simply superficial abstractions: the juggling or empty words and opinions. When the proper Time and Season comes, then the "mystery" of death will naturally unfold for me. And when that fated moment comes, no one will need to explain anything to me. All I need to know for now is to enjoy my brief moment here, for soon, things will change. All things must change. It is the Dharma of dhamma to change.

Which is why I find something like ONA – and satanism – to be of a realistic value. Something like a satanism – when used with Balance – helps ground you and helps bring your wondering mind down from the speculative clouds of "what ifs" and abstractions back to this moment: This World of Mortal Existence. To enjoy the moment while it is here, in this Kamasukkha Pumi, in this World of Peace & Pleasure, as the Buddha calls it.

This is not to say that we should be willfully ignorant of such things. Just that out of time and season, such subjects of human life is neither here nor there. About as valueless and out of season as children talking and opinionating about sex, as teenagers speaking about parenthood, of students in a classroom speaking of the virtues of war, of a single man giving advice to his married friend, or rich politicians speaking of knowing the condition of life, needs, and worries, of the common citizen. I once asked my bhikkhu grandfather what Buddhahood is like. He said something back like: “How should I know grand daughter, I’m just an old man in an orange robe? The only way to buddhi the Nature of Buddha is to first become a Buddha.”

The only way to Know-Gnosis Motherhood is to first become a mother. The only way to Know-Buddhi Death is to first die. Personally I’d rather wait as long as I can to “Know” the nature and mystery of death. Something like satanism helps you ground yourself and brings you back down into the human world of experience. If it is used intelligently with balance. I personally prefer the ONA’s Traditional Satanism for it’s balanced nature. Where the Sinister [Left] is balanced and integrated with the Numinous. If find the other schools of Satanism to be imbalanced and too Left Handed. Too “dichotomized.” Too unnaturally divided into an extreme.

If you were to do a thought experiment and stand yourself at the equator then walk the Left Path around the world all 25,000 miles to the same point you started, look behind you. What do you realize? That you came from the Right Path. Too much ice cream makes you sick. Too much good food makes you fat. Too much Freedom leads into tyranny. How so? Tyranny of the Mob. Too much tyranny leads to freedom. How so? Revolution. Too much freedom of religion leads back into ideological tyranny. How so? Look close at the satanic subculture and watch how whenever a person is not a satanaist as the mob of satanists define it they are rejected and vilified. Too much religious tyrrany leads to religious liberty. How so? There must be balance for things to be Whole: Wholesome: Healthy.

And so this earthly or carnal Life of ours must be balanced with that Numinous or Spiritual element. Too much of one leads into division – self division – and extremism. I fear the West has lost its balance.

Fourth Search Term:

“Buddhism”

I find it very hard to share technical Buddhist concepts with people who only speak English. It’s not because the people I am speaking or writing to is “ignorant.” It’s because I got my Buddhism first in a non-English language, and secondly as a cultural phenomenon. When I say “cultural phenomenon” I’m trying to say what Islam is to an Arab living in Arabia versus Islam written in some book, website, or in the America where it is some religion. To better grasp what I mean you take Judaism and the Torah, Islam and the Quran, and Christianity and the Bible. The three books talk about the same stories and teach nearly the same things. But Jewish Culture, Islamic Culture, and Catholic Culture are extremely different. Which culture goes beyond what was or is written. That’s the difference between something written and dead theory/belief, and a living expression/culture/cultivation of it.

In it’s “home soil” there is more to Islam then just a book and beliefs. It is a people wide cultural phenomenon that is practiced by everyone. You are surrounded by Islamic culture in full practice everyday. You pray 5 times a day with everybody etc. It is something you are immersed in. You don’t

have to read a book to get Islam. And the living culture over the thousand years has spawned it's own unique customs and cultural traditions to such people. It is the same way with Buddhism to a Southeast Asian. It has nothing to do with a written book. 90% of us have never ever seen or read a book on Buddhism. The teachings is passed own verbally. The Practice is embedded right into the culture. This is what makes it very hard to explain Buddhism to someone not of that living culture who needs or expects citations, academic papers, doctrines, and so on.

I am culturally Asian, and those people in my big family not of my age or peer group don't speak English. They either speak Khmer or Thai. I understand Khmer and a little Thai, but I can't speak either. Pragmatically I know more religious Pali words than I do every day Khmer words. This is because my family's line of descent comes from a line of religious leaders and monks, so that religious nature is inherited by each generation. For instance a blood uncle of my own grandmother – whom I would refer to as a Great Grandfather – was the Supreme Patriarch of Thailand until his passing in the 90's. The Supreme Patriarch in Thailand's Theravada Buddhism is kinda like a Dalai Lama or the Pope is to his Church, except in Thailand [75 million Buddhists] the reigning King of Thailand appoints the Holy Patriarch who serves that post for life, just like how our Presidents will pick a Supreme Justice who serves for life. So before he was a monk he was married and had children. These children eventually intermarried with my grandmother and her line of descent. Then so in each generation we have all of these men in our family feel the urge to be monks. Then many of our elder women in our family go to be "nuns." I put "nun's" in quotations because they technically are not since the nun lineage in Theravada died out centuries ago. One of my young cousins at the age of 21 went to get ordained to do something we call "Song Gun" which means to pay your debts to your parents in honour of them giving birth to you and caring for you. He's still in robes right now.

If the people in my family don't have the dharma to be monks they are what we call a "Nik Pratch," which means One who is Prone to Preach and Teach ancestral wisdom. Those are the older guys and women that breaks down for you our history and myths and explains to you their meaning and they go on and on and on and ramble insight after insight. That's what the word "Pratch" literally means, to "Ramble." The word "Nik" means "One Who Is/Does/Person," very similar to the Scottish "suffix" -Nach like when they call the deplorable English "Sassenach" [sasunnach in Gaelic]. It's just that we stick our Nik in the front and they in the back of their words. Don't ask me why those words sound similar and have similar meanings, cuz I don't know. I remember one other word in Scottish that is similar to a Khmer word. In Khmer we call it "Ach," which sounds like your saying "Ah," plus a Ch sound as in Chair. Ach is the word for Shit, Excrement, Feces. Ach Go [cow] means Manure as well Bullshit which is used idiomatically as how we do in English. I think I remember the Scottish word "Ach" pronounced like Ahkhh also means Shit. Just thought I'd share.

So anyways. Being raised in such a non-English speaking family with many monks and Ramblers [my grandmother claims I am a Rambler] means that I got my Buddhism all in a non-English language, and thus also in a non-English weltanschauung. I wish some of you reader were able to speak or understand or think in two languages so you'll feel what I mean when I say non-English Weltanschauung. I don't simply mean a "world view" or "paradigm" or world model. I have no other way to explain the difference of seeing everything based on language. And if you are interested interested in such subjects then there are plenty of much more intelligent resources to go to than me. You can start with the theories behind something like E Prime and try it. E Prime is just English without all forms of the word/idea "is/be." You take something like Khmer and keep in mind that not only does it not have a word/idea for

is/be but the word for ‘The,’ ‘a,’ ‘an,’ ‘exist,’ and a whole list of other words and suffixes we take for granted in English just do not exist. For example in Khmer there is no such thing as a plural ending to nouns or a suffix for verbs like -ing or -ed. In Khmer the sentences 1) I run with a dog, 2) I ran with dogs, 3) I am running with dogs, are all the same wording. You have to unconsciously [almost beyond your awareness] extrapolate the essence of the meaning based on context.

To make it worse in the dialect of Khmer my family speaks [higher register] it is wrong to use personal pronouns. There is in our dialect or form of Khmer we use no such thing as words for “I,” “me,” “you,” “he,” “she,” etc. It is impossible to literally – word for word – translate the simple English sentence “I exist” into the register of Khmer I understand and my family uses because neither of those words/ideations actually exists in the our weltanschauung. And again this goes beyond the language to a sociolinguistic phenomenon. No I or you as an idea/word exist because it is wrong to see yourself as an Other person separate from whom you are talking to. You divide Self into two parts the minute you say I and you. There is no division period. Not in the language, not in the culture, not in the religion, not in the worldmodel, not in how you see yourself, not in anything. You are not given a means via language to express division. There is no such thing as an I and a you.

For instance if I wanted to say “I love you” to my mom I have no other means but to say: Gon [child] Srolanh [love] Mae [mom]. That statement forces you to be consciously aware – to know – that there exist a living relationship between you the speaker you and whom you are speaking with. One being is a Child of the other being who is a mother or the birther of the speaker. If I met a new friend older than me who is a male and I wanted to say the simple English sentence: “I like you,” I have to say: “Khnyom [one who serves] Jol Jet [go into chitta] Bong [older sibling] Pros [male/man/boy]. That statement forces you to become aware that there exist a relationship between you and the other person. He is to you and Older Brother and should be honoured as such and you are to him a Servant who must do as he asks. As soon as you open your mouth in Khmer with someone and refer to yourself, you call yourself a Khnyom of the other person, meaning a servant, worker, helper. The word actually literally means “Subject” as in a King’s subjects. In ancient Imperial times if you were not the God-King of the empire, you were his Khnyom. There is no other word in the proper lower and middle dialects for I/Me but Khnyom.

And so with my Theravada Buddhism I get it from first being obviously immersed in its living culture and following examples of it in practice, and secondly I get my Buddhism in Khmer and Pali. Because of this inside the Western English weltanschauung I am handicapped.

If an American Buddhist came up to me and said: “Can you show me where in the Tipitaka Buddha teaches about Metta?” I wouldn’t be able to help him or point to any quotes because I have never read any teachings about Metta. I’ve only seen it done every day. I can show you how it is done, but not refer you to scriptures and quote stuff for you. Metta [compassion] is when you obey those older than you. Metta is when stick together as a family. Metta is when you are true to a friend you love and never turn on them. Metta is caring for your old ones until they pass away naturally in your home around those they loved. The teaching is easy to read agree or disagree with. The practice of Metta is hard and makes you cry sometimes. To spend your free time taking care of old people, and to watch them die with your own eyes. To know that one day your own grandmother will need care and will pass away in front of you. To know that you will care for your parents until they die in front of you. It’s not easy, and its not a philosophical debate. It’s pitiful to watch these pretentious Americans in their forums and internet places debate and talk about the merits of Buddhism when they have never known what it’s like to live

it.

If an American Buddhist who got his Buddhism from the Northern Schools [Mahayana] came up to me and asked me: “So can you share a few things about the Three Bodies doctrine?” I would not double know what you are talking about because for one, I didn’t get my Buddhism in the English language. For two, the Three Bodies doctrine is a Mahayana teaching via the Sanskrit which does not exist in the Theravada via the Pali. I absolutely don’t know what that is. All I know is that in Theravada Buddhism no such doctrine exists. What exists is what we might call a “primordial” seed of such doctrine, in which the Buddha said in Pali that he is “Dhammakaya,” which simply either means the corpus of teachings and/or the Body of Natural Phenomena. Theravada does not go any further to explain what Buddha meant.

If an American Buddhist were to ask me: “So what do you think about the doctrine of Emptiness [Sunyata]?” I actually won’t know what he was talking about because in the Pali and Theravada no such doctrine really exists. Emptiness [Sunyata] is a Northern doctrine via the Sanskrit. Us Southerners get our Buddhism in the Pali. I like the idea of Sunyata and use it, but it’s not Theravada proper. This word appears in the Theravada, but it is not a formal or fully formed doctrine or concept. It is like I tried to explain an idea which is only Hinted at. So when I use that word, I use it in line of that hinting. In other words I use that word to carry my extrapolations of what may be hinted at. In the same way that Mayahaya took the hint and manifested a complete kick ass doctrine out of it, which I honest do not know about. I’m not Mahayana. Folk Chan is as close I get ancestrally to Mahayana. The Northerners extrapolated an entire – superb – doctrine of Sunyata from Anicca. How so?

Let’s say you have a Theravada monk and a Zen monk standing at a train station together and they are looking at the train tracks. The Train wizzes by fast passed them. In that instant the Theravada monk says to his Zen friend: “Did you see that Train which passed by? It was impermanent because it was only here for a brief moment and now it is gone.” The Zen monk says back to his friend: “Hmm, you’re right. It was impermanent. But what do you call that Stuff in front and behind of that changing impermanence. You know this non-trainness which is now in front of us?” So the Mahayanas call that stuffiness Sunyata meaning Void or Emptiness. Not literally, but just to refer to that something all the changing is being impermanent inside of. Remember those Mahayanas cured like wet cement inside a Chinese culture which comes with an ancient something called Taoism. That Taoism “contaminates” [not in a bad way] their Buddhism. What is Tao Taoing in? Wu Wei [emptiness/stillness]. Is the cup half empty or half full? The Theravadin would say the cup is half full but that the nature of that fullness is impermanent. The Mahayana says the cup was always empty and is just temporarily half full.

Even if a American Buddhist were to ask me: “So what Buddha say about Dharma,” I won’t be able to tell him, because that word Dharma is the Sanskrit and now English ideation, and not the Pali Dhamma. They mean two different things to very different peoples, even though they are clearly dialects of each other. It would be ignorant of me to say that because French is a dialect of old Latin, that those two languages’ words and thus weltanschauung are the same because the words are similar. Is that statement true or false? If I were to say: “English and German are the same shit because half of the words sound the same. They see the world in the same way as the Brits.” Is that statement true or false?

Pali like French is more rounded, feminized, and softer versions of its parent language. They say Dharma in Sanskrit while we say Dhamma in Pali. They say Karma we say Kamma. They say Dharma

to mean the natural way of things as in the natural order of the universe, and your natural inclinations. I use Dharma in the Sanskrit to mean this. It is my Dharma to write and share ideas and teach. It is not my Dhamma to write and share and teach. Dhamma in Pali means natural way of thing too, but it goes off into its own dialectal tangent. Dhamma means Natural Phenomena and secondly a teaching. They say Karma to mean cosmic retribution. We say Kamma to mean the Act which we set into motion, as in the Pali term Samma Kammanta which is one of the 8 steps in the eight fold path wrongly translated as “Right Action.” It should be “Complete Acting.” What do these ancient people mean when they say to Act Totally or Act Completely?

It means to first review ALL of your option. You are a farmer in 500BC India. You are lazy. You don't want to work and want to take a month break. What are your options? After you review ALL of your option you review ALL of the consequences of each option you have. If you take a month break, your field may die. If your field dies you have no money. If you have no money your family starves. If your family starves they too will die. After you have reviewed ALL and EVERY possible consequence [Vipaka] of ALL your options then you pick the one you really want to set into motion. Do you want to kill your family? If not: get your ass to work and give it ALL you got for the future FRUIT. You are poor. Your children are hungry and haven't eaten in days. You know if they don't eat now they will soon die. Your country is being run by the Khmer Rouge. You are in a labour camp. Stealing food not provided for you by Big Brother Pol Pot means they will kill you. What do you do? Do you break their laws and risk being killed to feed your children? You must first Completely [samma] think of all your option. Then think of all their consequences. Then you commit the act into motion which best fits you. It isn't about some silly notion of right or wrong, left hand or right hand, good or bad. It's real live human life and real live human situations and real live human needs.

Every action you do or don't do has its Fruit [Vipaka]. You are Tibet. You believe in nonviolence. You have a pathetic army due to your beliefs in nonviolence. It is 1950. The Chinese Commies are invading your country. What do you do? Fight or bitch out and give Big brother Mao your country? What are your options and the consequences of your actions or failure to Act? This scene does not have to be hypothetical. Just google shit about Tibet. How their culture and way of life is dying. How their people are abused and losing their freedom, etc. Was it worth not fighting? Do you like the Fruit of your lack of Action? Now that your entire people suffer [Dukkha] can you look at yourselves in the mirror and say you are proud Buddhists, that you have done well for your grand children who are subjects of a foreign regime? That's Kamma. It is different from Karma. It has nothing to do with some stupid ideation of right or wrong, Himsa or Ahimsa. It's about real Life. Real human situations. And real consequences of our actions or lack of actions. Think twice before you act or not act. That's kamma.

So getting my Buddhism from the Khmer and Pali, and seeing most of its teachings expressed in culture, traditions, and practice, my Buddhism is very different and alien to the Buddhism you would find in a book store or a website. It is also different from all those Northern Schools. This is something the well meaning Westerner most often fails to understand or realize. There are different schools of Buddhism with very different ways of doing things and seeing things. Most often when I say I am a Buddhist these Westerners just group me into this stupid group of Yoga classes, New Agers meditating on their chakra, burning perfumed incense [which we don't do], chanting OM or some special word guru gave you, zen koans, fat Buddha, vegetarianism, non-violence, and so on. I have nothing to do with any of those things and I don't know shit about them. The only Buddhism I know is the stuff I get from my family which is both only Khmer/Thai Theravada and folk Chinese Chan Buddhism. And I got my Buddhism is Khmer

and Pali not English or Sanskrit. There is nothing wrong with those languages. It's just that you have to literally speak "my Buddhist language" for me to understand you.

This is where something like the ONA and DM came in. As I write here at this blog I often try to explain how I grasp ONA by first using in my own mind my Buddhism. The unfortunate thing is I have no way of expressing what exists in my head because I don't have the right English and Sanskrit terms for these things. This is because like I said, I didn't not get my Buddhism from a book, in English or Sanskrit. I had only one real choice which was to pirate ONA and DM words to try to express myself. So at first what happens is you see this mess of ONA mixed with Buddhism and you wonder what I'm trying to do or synthesize. I'm not trying to do anything besides ramble about my ideas and insights. Unfortunately all I have to work with are Theravada-Khmer-Pali-Buddhist inner ideas and ONA-DM outer words. Which was the challenging part for me.

After training myself all these years to express myself using Myattian words and concepts something happened. The more I figured out how to use Myattian words to explain my Buddhism to whoever reads this stuff, the more I gained a better grasp of my own Buddhism. It became that writing here for a ONA audience was a mental trick I used to tease out a better understanding of my own Buddhism for myself. And then all that Reichsfolk stuff and Numinous Way stuff got me to better appreciate my own culture and history [roots].

So DM and ONA honestly do have an immense influence on me. And I mean that when I say immense. I've written elsewhere or hinted at, just how immense this is and how seductive words and language are. I tried to say in in a not so obvious way, but I don't think people caught on to what I was trying to say when I said that ONA next stage in development was to develop and refine its lexicon. I was suggesting something from personal experience and personal analysis. I'm not going to spell it out in plain English.

I think the Muslim got it right. They say that the Holy Quran is the Classican Arabic text and all translations of that Quran are only merely translations of the Quran. With Buddhism, the minute you process it into Sanskrit you change it into a Sanskrit weltanschauung, where each Sanskrit word has its own meaning. The same thing has now happened to Buddhism in English. It now becomes that in the English, Buddhism is not the same thing as it is in the Sanskrit or the Pali. I'll give an exaple.

Did the Buddha say life was suffering and that we should work to get rid of suffering? In the English, sure. And so you see very well meaning spiritual English Buddhist work in their own ways to get rid of human suffering, which is wonderful and I wouldn't wish it to stop.

Pali Buddhism is slightly different. The word is "Dukkha," which does not mean suffering. Dukkha means Un-Ease, Dis-Comfort, Worry, and that's it. Like when my grandma says that her head "does Dukkha" to her, it simply means she has a headache. Like when finals week comes and I say the week "does Dukkha" to me, it means finals week makes me worried.

Dukkha is when you have a hobby as a toy collector. A Thanksgiving sale is putting a toy item you collect on sale so you make a tent and camp outside a Walmart all night. When you finally get inside the toy runs out. You stress out, get angry, cry, throw a tantrum. That's Dukkha. Your obsession or gross attachment to that hobby or want for that toy has caused you Dukkha. You are upset and un-easy. In

Theravada, the Buddha simply wants to tap you on the back and say: “Calm down. It’s okay. It’s not the end of the world. Wait a while and come back. When you are in a state of Dukkha, you don’t Think Straight.” Did Buddha in Pali say to be a superhero and save the human race from doom and suffering? Not in Pali. He simply said to “Chill,” “Simmer Down,” “[Don’t Worry, Be Happy.](#)”

In Pali and Khmer it’s actually insane to use the word Dukkha to describe 1000 children dying of starvation in Africa. It expresses a dismissiveness because the word does not describe the weight of the condition. It’s just like that part in Monty Python’s Holy Grail movie where that King Arthur is sword fighting the bridge keeper in the dark armour and King Arthur chops his arm off and thinks he won, then the knight goes: “What this, ’tis but a flesh wound!” It’s not “just” a flesh wound. Your arm is on the ground! The word to use for something as tragic as genocide and thousands of people dying is “Apap.” In English this word most often is badly translated as simply “evil” which is completely meaningless. Apap is very huge tragedy of a big kind that involves tons of people dying. The tsunami that hit Japan and ripped up half their country, killed thousands, and messed up their nuclear power plants is Apap, which does not simply mean “evil,” or “bad.”

When you translate something like a Buddhism or Torah from one language into another you don’t just get a new set of words. You get an entire new “weltanschauung” contaminating the original. Which isn’t “bad” if you are smart enough to understand this and then try to go figure out what the original actually meant. But as the Christians of the world have proven, a majority of the people can’t bother with that. They take the Bible as is in English as if God really actually spoke English to Moses and God used common English idioms and expressions and Webster defines words.

Nobody really question what the ancient Israelites may have idiomatically meant when they used the term “Burning Bush” thousands and thousands of years ago. It is taken literally as if Moses spoke to a plant being consumed by fire. We know that before the Israelites scrapped their Canaanite pantheon for Yahweh and Ha-Satan, that Zoroastrianism existed before which had an influence on the paradigm of these ancient Israelites. In Zoroastrianism there is a sacred or divine plant they call “Haoma,” which is their equivalent of the Brahmanical Soma. If you were to simply google Haoma and look for its picture, you’d see that it is a little bushy shrub and its flowers is a flaming red color. It’s a hallucinogen. The little bush actually looks like it’s got flames on it. But people just can’t be bothered to transgress their sacred beliefs to do a google and research. This topic of ancient Israelites has always made me ask about what time period the Hebrews threw out their Canaanite gods and adopted Yehweh and Satan. Satan itself – as far as I have seen – is not a carry over of any pantheon of that area. Like we can assume Yehweh to be a carry over of the Canaanite God El from the Hebrew’s use of the God names Eli and Elohim. But no god or deity, or demon from a pantheon I have seen in this area fits the Ha-Satan character. The average person is just mentally lazy. It’s just easier to make an assumption, and to Believe one’s own assumptions to be true.

I personally consider Buddhism as it exists in the English language to be rightfully its own Vehicle. And just like I can say with all honesty that I am not a Mahayana Buddhist and do not know any real thing about Mahayana; I also am not an Anglayana Buddhist and don’t really know anything about its teachings and scriptures. It’s not a “bad” thing that something like Anglayana exist. I think it is wonderful and I’d like to try and be helpful and explain things. But we all have to learn to understand that we’re all coming from very different paradigms and worldmodels. Which is why what I understand of Buddhism might not always make sense to you and might not always match up to your great Western

scholars and vice versa. Your understandings of Buddhism at times makes no real sense to me either. There is more to definitions of words in a language. It's highly unfortunate that the average person doesn't understand that. Language is our "reality." In my reality something we call Chitta exists. In yours it does not. In mine Chitta is a very important aspect of our Buddhism. In your reality Chitta is totally absent from your Buddhism. In my reality Buddhi just simply means to Understand or be "educated" in some way. In yours Buddhi means a great and sacred enlightenment, which nobody can seem to every reach or define. Whose right or wrong? Nobody. The only person right with Buddhism was Buddha, if he ever existed at all. Otherwise, it's all good.

What should be kept in the mind of the Theravada Buddhist is not what was taught and by whom, or what should, could, would, must be done. The most important thing to concentrate [samadhi] on is the end results of such beliefs, teachings, and action.

In the Western Vehicle, Buddhism is a spiritual philosophy and that is the End of it. In Southeast Asia It is an Upaya: a trick meant to give rise to a desired End Goal. What is the Upaya trying to manifest? The way of life we have been living for the 1000 years we have had our Buddhism. It is just Bullshit and Tricks to make a people learn to think, and learn to practice Metta with at least their own family. To care for each other, raise our young properly, take care of our elders, maintain our traditions and culture, and pass our ancestral wisdom down to the next generation, as it was given to us. The way of life of the people is the Fruit and End Result. Today this doesn't seem significant. Who the hell cares if a bunch of Asian people have a culture and their own way of life right? What's the Big Deal?

The Big Deal IN CONTEXT was Brahminical India in which social order you had – and have – something called a caste system. The Big Deal was what Buddhism taught completely challenged that system. It was trying to free those untouchables and lowly ranking people suffering from the samrara of the belief in that system. To free them so they can live in peace and have their own culture and tradition more productive and happy. That desired End Goal took 2500 years to manifest. It eventually did what it set out to do. It made a living culture of 500 million Buddhists in Asia who do not live as subjects of some goofy caste system subservient to Brahmins. So today many of us can afford to take such long term end goals for granted in the luxnry of our modern 21st century.

The End Fruit is that now you have 500 million humans trained for 2500 years to practice Buddhism with each other. To live Compassion with each other, meaning to actually care for our oen families and fellows, like nursing our elders instead of throwing them away. That's Metta in living pracice. It is beyond a belief and an opinion. It is a doing. In the Western vehicle metta is a pretty New Age belief which makes you feel all warn inside when you agree with it. If such folks put it into pracitice it means giving a sandwich to a bum on Christnmas, but negelecing to have compassion for anybody the other 364 days, and your elders are still in their nursing homes. That's the actually difference between a Belief you ascribe to and a Praxis you must do without believing or thinking.

The ignorant can ask me: "Well what do you do as a Buddhist? What have you done?" I don't write self published books or make videos or make forums on the shit. No person related to me no matter how old they are live away from me. That includes all my elders 50 years and up. The praxis of Metta for my family and me means taking care of these elders, great aunts, great uncles, old in law, until they die. That includes spending your free time feeding them, bathing them, cleaning afte rthem when they use the restoom, and sleeping by their side at night. Don't deflect and ask me what I am doing. Look at

yourself, you family [or lack thereof], your kin, your sangha [community or lack thereof], and the old people you lock up out of sight and mind, and ask yourselves what you are NOT doing. It's easy to believe [in anything]. It's hard to do. And it takes centuries and sometimes a thousand years to bare Fruit. It's all bullshit – upaya – and that bullshit is needed as fertilizer to give birth to Sasana: Culture. Something America is missing. Don't ask me what I'm doing. The question is: What are you as an "individual" and people NOT doing that got you the way you are today.

Anybody can Believe ONA ideas, or argue them. It's harder to put ONA into Living Praxis somehow. Praxis here simply means anything and everything in and of ONA that can be practices and cultivated. I'm not talking about blowing up bridges, hijacking planes, burning federal structures, acting like Rambo Commando in some jungle, plotting world war 3. I just mean realistic ONA things as simple as a chant, as trying to forge a clan or tribe, as trying to re-create a culture, as trying to maintain your own people's culture, as passing ONA's Tradition down to your children, as trying to breed with a person that is or can be or will be ONA. A Living Culture is made up of thousands of very little Cultavatable memes called Customs and Traditional Observances.

But we keep in mind that the Light must be integrated with the Shadow nature. We can't be too goofy where we reject the productive use of the Shadow element of our Human nature. What I mean is as an ONA person just stealing shit and considering that Sinister Praxis don't make you any better than random petty criminal. Productive meaning if your folk or children are hungry and you got no money, then steal. If the Chinese are trying to subjugate your Tibetan people, then militarize and kill the fuckers. By "Sinister Praxis" I don't mean wicked doings. Sinister as in Latin for Left Hand. What's Left Hand Practice, or Left Handed Observance suggest, imply and mean in the ancient Oriental way of reckoning "sides," as in Vama Marga? What and more importantly why do the Aghori do what they do? If we're gonna be talking about Roots, than lets not forget that ONA considers itself to be a Left Hand [Sinister] Path [Way]. If this is so than the Left Hand has roots into that Oriental soil in the ancient past. Start digging.

Before you can put an ONA into any kind of real "praxis," you first have to what what the hell it is inside and out. It is more than the philosophical tracks of AL, and more than Anti-Statism as assumed. There is the Traditional Satanism, the Code of Honour, Renunciation of Magian Ethos and their way of life, which includes the rejection of Nuclear Family structure for the more Human Clan family structure. All of this is actual ONA Kulture which is Cultivatable, which takes Time and Effort to manifest. No amount of belief, intellectualization, debate, philosophication, will ever materialize and actualize a Living Culture and Tradition. It will take a thousand years to Bare Fruit. Are you down with the aeonics of it. Or is it just a pass time. Are you down to play the game all the way, or is it just a Belief, a philosophy, or whatever? If Buddhism can do it: liberate a group of people from the samsara prison of Brahminical Ethos and have them manifest their own Living Culture where they cooperatively care for each other, can ONA liberate a few people from the samsara prison of Magian Ethos and have these few people over Time aeonically materialize their own cultures to care for their own people? It has nothing to do with believing and intellectualizing. Are you down with going all the way with the game – upaya – or is it just a belief and identity tag you wear, yet you Do and Live life the exact same way as everybody else in America, don't you?

End Remarks

I didn't realize 4 subjects made 27 pages of stuff. I'll close this essay. No institution – not even ONA – has the answers to everything about Life. Life is just too big. Only Life itself has it's own answers. Things like ONA or Buddhism or Catholicism, or whatever are only wagons. They carry you to the source. It is up to you to drink. Like the saying that goes: "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink." Or as it is stated in the Hermetic mythos. In the beginning the Universal Mind after creating the world placed a cup of water in the center so that all who drank of it will Understand the mysteries of the world. Hermes asks the Universal Mind: "Why then is not everyone enlightened?" The Universal Mind said back: "Because I can make the world, and the cup, but I can't make everyone drink from it."

Something like the ONA is only and merely a feeble commentary of the Book of Life. It slaps some sense into you and sets your feet firmly on the ground and tries to lead you in the experience of the Living World of Human Experience. The rest it up to you. Sambuddhi means to Educate Oneself to an Understanding of things. The Buddha can lead you into the forest and set you down by the river he sat by. But the rest is up to you. I can lead you to the college I went to where I learned many things, but the enrollment, the sticking to it for 4 years, and your own will to learn, is all up to you. That is all something like the ONA, or some Buddhism, or some "religion" should ever be: a Wagon [yana] which simply and merely leads you the Living person to the Living Source. You yourself must do the drinking. The Yana leads you to the Dhamma. The Wagon lead you to the Natural Phenomenon. Science is not the natural phenomenon itself. It leads the scientist to the Natural Phenomenon face to face. What becomes of you after that point is entirely up to you. Just make sure that the Wagon you are riding actually leads you to the Source. As opposed to leading you in a circle jerk of abstractions, idealisms, ideologies, and opinions given in lieu of Life Born Gnosis. Only Life Herself has Her own answers.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

2.19.123 yfayen

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SPAWN OF A GENIUS



We had always admired this Genius which expresses itself as Anton Long. Like a mushroom that scatters spores into the wind to spawn new mycellium, his Genius spawn many works, thoughts, systems, identities, which the Order of Nine Angles is but one.

I suppose we had long been infected with one of these spores, and found ourselves in awe and admiration of his mind. For a while we followed the Way he Precenced which was given to him. But we soon felt an urge to follow his Genius, and carve out our own unique trail to that common summit. If we truly admired him we should aspire to be like him; just as Satan aspired to be like god. So we tapped into his Genius, and did what he would have done- spawn a new exoteric expression, with a new name, to Presence the Dark, to help manifest his Dreams and Visions.

This humble little Nexion of ours, isn't just another order, or temple, or group, amidst so many other orders, temples, and groups. It is a living tribute to the Genius of Anton Long, which is a spawn of that vast mind of his. It is something that we are proud of. In which every thought and word which we have written, was an inspiration of the Genius we never met. But hope that someday, he will silently look our way, and smile.

There are those who seeing only the glamour and exoterica of the Order of Nine Angles, will look at this Acception of ours and question it's "authenticity." Then there are those Geniune Adepts who understanding the essence of the Dark Tradition and its esoterica, will look our way, as Anton Long would himself, and silently smile; knowing that the Dark Ones have found another Way into the Causal. 352 exist only because we followed his Genius. Beneath our superficial differences, we are ONA, and as a genuine initiate with true sinister insight, we see no difference, and make no attempt to distance ourselves from that which we emanate from. How can a ray of light distance itself from the sun it emanates from; and are the two truly two different things, or just different manifestations of the same unseen essence:

Return To The Dark: Esoteric Notes XVII

The Sinister, Archetypes, Forms and Aeons:

All genuine Adepts understand the simple truth that all causal forms – propounded/described by whatever esoteric Order or group, or manifest by the creativity/discovery of whomsoever – are but intimations, and that this especially true of attempts to define/understand The Sinister/The Acausal/The Dark Gods, all of which are but terms which attempt to describe Some-thing beyond the four-dimensional matrix.

Magick, the Occult, and especially a genuine Sinister Way, are a means to move toward experience of this Some-thing, and this experience – which alone is the basis for a true Knowing – is only and ever individual: that is, unique to the individual, with such a Knowing being the essence of the stage beyond what has been called Internal Adept.

Thus, even such things as archetypes, and the division of our outward and inner Change into Aeons, are such an intimation, such a symbol or symbols, which attempt to make accessible to our consciousness what was not accessible (and thus not-knowable) before. That is, such intimations, such symbols, are useful and indeed still necessary – until the stage of Adept is reached. There is then a moving-away from such things toward an experiencing of the essence. Of course there may (and should) arise a time when such things are not required, when the Seventh Way of Five-Dimensional Magick is understood and practised by many – but that is indeed many centuries from now, given the rather low level of the majority in terms of genuine understanding and the lack of use, lack of control and lack of development, of their faculties. In the meanwhile, genuine esoteric Orders will continue to guide the few of promise, the few who can be bothered to change and master themselves, breeding thus an evolved type.

Learning by Experience:

As has been stressed again and again in Order MSS, the only way to evolve is to experience: to strive forth and undertake practical magick, practical deeds. To experience magickal energies, and to have a plethora of both Light and Dark practical experiences.

All words, whether written or spoken – indeed, all forms presented in the causal – are only guides; intimations; inspiration, and this applies to all Order MSS. Some-things have not been

said or written about; some other-things have only been hinted at, while other-things have been described or symbolized in detail. There is intent here, which those of genuine insight and genuine magickal skill will perceive or come to perceive, just as the genuine ones – who do strive forth via practical experience of the “two worlds” – will be able to work out certain things for themselves, and thus correct the few “mistakes” or “omissions” they may/will find in some ONA MSS. If they are not able to do this, then they have not advanced far enough; or they are among the failures.

Hence, there will always be some things left unsaid, left unwritten about, in “public” – and some-things which will only ever be revealed from individual to individual, or experienced/discovered anew by each genuine new Adept and each new genuine Master/Mistress.

Beyond the ONA:

Twenty or so years after the ONA first came to “public attention” by the decision to distribute various Order MSS, there are now several Sinister/Occult organizations and groups who have derived their inspiration, their knowledge, and such like, from the ONA, even though some of these organizations and groups may not publicly acknowledge this, and even may, sometimes, attempt to distance themselves from their source by such things as criticising the ONA, or what they see/mis-understand as its “teachings”. Of course, this applies just as much to those individuals inspired or otherwise guided by the outer, publicly-known, ONA.

This is a natural and expected process, for – as several ONA MSS have stated – the ONA is in some ways akin to a living-being, in the causal, imbued as it is with aspects of the acausal (Adepts and even some gifted Initiates will understand what is meant here). It was given its current form (and even its name) to be this, among other things.

From these and other emanations, from such other often unacknowledged presencings of the ONA, there will be new understandings born, new changes wrought – that is, new causal presencings of the acausal, of The Sinister, which is all as it should and must be, for the ONA has indeed opened certain nexions, which openings The Dark Gods have been waiting for...

Even my own life – rich, diverse, sinister, of both Light and Dark and thus perplexing to others – is only some new guide, one inspiration, one intimation of what all genuine Adepts should be. It, like that outer ONA which is now “known”, can and should be surpassed, by others.

The ONA will continue, evolving, changing, in its own way, for the stage has now been reached when the life that is the sinister presencing manifest in the outer ONA is a life of-itself, and can thus be left (exoterically/publicly) without any new writings or any open guidance being provided, for the “public/exoteric” work has been done. Thus there will be soon, a return to the dark, to the secrecy of the past – to that which is the slow, genuine, hidden, and individual, guidance there has been, for thousands of years. All that needs to be known, for others to continue along the Way, has now been made accessible, known – and there are hints enough, especially in some of the more recent Order MSS, for the gifted to go beyond what-is-publicly-known to what-must-be. Thus, it is natural and necessary that others are

inspired by the ONA – and natural and necessary that they try to surpass it; that they strive to create some-thing of their own inspired by the ONA.

Of course, we can expect some, or many, to try and appropriate exoterically and in public (and probably even in secret) the name of the ONA, but those of insight, those of genuine magickal ability, will see them for the impostors, the liars, the weaklings, that they are, just as the genuine Adepts will – if they have the genius – create some-thing unique, and perchance describe it by some new name.

As for the inner essence, manifest in the inner, hidden, ONA, it will continue – reached, accessed, by the very few who have the ability, the desire, to find it, despite the obstacles they will encounter.

Anton Long
ONA
116yf

The Essence of 352: onanxs.wordpress.com/the-essence-of-352/

Evolving The ONA: pointyhat.wordpress.com/2009/01/25/evolving-the-ona/



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SPOILS OF VICTORY



“Seek happiness in victory – but never in peace.” – 3rd Satanic Point, BBS, ONA

Ever since some 200,000 years ago when our species suddenly came into existence, there has never been a time in which our species did not war, struggle or experience strife. In fact, the opposite is happening. We came into existence fighting and struggling against Neanderthals. And to the Victor, Mother Nature gives the Spoils.

Back in tribal days, wars were small and petty occurring between local tribes. As we progressed, and our technology and societies grew bigger and more sophisticated, guess what also grew bigger and more sophisticated? War. The more advanced as a species we become, the bigger our civilizations becomes, thus the more bigger and advanced our wars will become. We are a species born of war.

War is Nature’s way of destroying the weak, the ineffective. Some of the most illustrious – immortal – members of our species have been extreme war heroes, and warmongers: Alexander the Great, George Washington, Genghis Khan, Lafayette, Bolivar... nearly all kings and royal houses are the blood progeny of a past warmonger who fought for domination of land, which became kingdoms.

Of all the forms of governments we as a species can devise, only the Kingdom lead by Warriors King has endured the test of time. Where democracies and republics failed and never lasted long. Kingdoms made up 99% of the form of government humankind knows.

As kingdoms grow into Empires, such Empires truly change, alter, and move humankind forward to new heights. The Empire of Great Egypt left us pyramids still standing to day. The Great British Empire was the largest and most influential in our species' history. We all speak English because of the past war mongering of Anglo-Saxon.

America was born out of war. Suffice it to say; we – all humans – are children of Mars, born from Bloodshed. What Mother does not give new life without pain and the shedding of Blood? The Victorious Children of Baphomet, Mother of Blood. That will never change. War is a part of our human nature. If you hate war, you hate a part of yourself, a vital – primal – aspect of your own human nature. You can hate it and deny it, but it will always still be there.

What we do not put effort into, what we do not fight or struggle for, has no value or meaning to us intrinsically. What is given to us freely without strife, is taken for granted and forgotten. If strife gives birth to life, then peace is death.

War itself is just a form of force applied to a struggle. Struggle is the very essence of life in this causal world of phenomena. The plants in the Amazon Jungle are in a constant state of struggle/war, vying for sunlight. Those plants which persevere toward the canopy will reap the benefit of not only the sun's light, but also the reward of passing it Tested and Proven Genes down to the next generation. Those plants at peace with their default lot in life are strangled in darkness and die. Thus, Nature insures that her living parts and pieces in each consecutive age gradually progresses and evolves. The future always belongs to the Victor.

The animal kingdom would not be able to exist without struggle and strife. Each Alpha Male of any group of animals earned his position from battles, and his reward is command over the males, and sex with all the females – thus passing his tested genes down. Those at peace with their default lot in life, become Nature's second class citizens – insignificant long term wise, whose genes have been marked for discontinuation. The future belongs to the Victor. Those at peace remain in the past. If you doubt this compare the peaceful San Bushmen of sub-Sahara Africa to the warmongering Anglo-Saxon. Which of the two hold and influences the future of our species with a strong grip?

Not even in the financial arena is peace favorable. Those who struggle and war with the economic elements, who fearlessly take risks and even utilize failure as a means to become more determined to succeed are amply rewarded with wealth and power. Those at peace with their default lot in life, those who do not struggle and wage war with the economic forces holding them down, end up slaves to the Machine. The pleasures and spoils of life go to the Victor. The pain and toil of life goes to the peaceful. Such is the Wyrld we each weave. This is, after all, a causal system we exist in. A causal system is one which gives you what you put into it. In the end, we all deserve what we fight for.

Being Sinister Initiates of the Order of Nine Angles, we must each learn to understand the

Mysteries of Wyrd and the mechanism of this causal system we exist within and utilize it to our people and future progeny's benefit. Always struggle for Victory in all areas of Life and never let peace cross your mind. Your successes and spoils in Life – that which you have Victorious warred for – is your genuine mark of Honour in the ONA, not these grade titles or how many ONA manuscripts you have collected.

For if the ONA is a school, a boot camp, a way of life, which has the intent of bettering its progeny and society; and all it has been producing are no different causally from the Mundanes; then why have an ONA in the first place? If a Mundane has fought for wealth and free time to live his life and travel the world and have whatever woman he desires. And all you have are a 1000 strange occult MSS, a wage earning job that barely pays the bills, and a fat goth heifer of a girlfriend: What has the ONA done for you? How has it taught you to Master Life. What occult knowledge do you know, if your life sucks.

If you are at peace with your life as is, then you are not of the ONA, you are merely posing and dabbling. As an Initiate of the Sinister Way you are taught to surmount yourself and struggle to become a new person. This does not imply just an internal alchemy. Because what we give life and form to in our minds subjectively [acausal], ultimately manifests as our objective world of experience [causal].

Thus the life you live, what you objectively have such as status, money, friends, influence, possessions, is a direct gauge of the quality of what you have subjectively. If you are nothing and nobody in life; if you have nothing to show for your years of existence than your insides are lead – there has been no inner alchemy going on. If you cannot change your own life, and influence your own friends, how do you expect to influence society and change civilization. You're kidding yourself.

If you are at peace with society as it is, and this current state of human civilization, then you are not of the ONA. The gradual and Numinous progression and evolution of our civilization is the ONA's second objective. Working towards manifesting a stellar civilization actually goes beyond reading and collecting occult tomes. It actually implies apprehension and mastery of life first, then getting an education in fields of interest to the Order, and laboring with organized synergy, toward that distant dream over many generations.

In other words: Put the occult crap and anarchist cook book down, and go to college! Besides, all that "analog" disruption tactics is old aeon. The future of disruption of society has already begun: Digital Warfare. While Chinese and North Korean Computer jocks are engaging in real world 21st century disruption tactics with Amerika and its allies. Meanwhile we have some guys in the ONA that seem to literally be stuck in the stone ages of disruption dialectics, throwing rocks, vandalizing churches, beating yuppies with sticks, tarring and feathering Jews, as if that's going to do anything. What's even more pathetic is I've actually encounters a few "ONA initiates" who seem to be spelling their words with random tosses of Yahtzee dice [illiteracy]. Stay in school dammit!

If you are at peace with how the ONA is then you do not understand the essence of the ONA and are not of the ONA. It's not for nothing that Myatt and/or Anton Long has continuously

striven/struggled to produce Manuscripts over the course of 30 years. This ONA is like Empirical Science.

There is a Methodology which is the essential core. It is this Method which gives birth to outer forms – new theories and disciplines as they are referred to in science. Empirical Science is not a static phenomenon like the orthodoxy and dogma of religion. Empirical Science is dynamic and fluid. Old theories are discarded over time or expanded upon as time passes according to the growth of our understandings of things. New disciplines arises over time, each progressively more advanced.

Compare today's infant discipline of nanotechnology with the pseudo-science of alchemy of 300 years ago. Or today's theory on genetics with the simple theories of Darwin's finches. There is a clear progression and evolution of Science. Progression and evolution does not mean replacing the old with something novel. It implies a building upon, a growing from; in the same way that who you are today is not a replacement for what you were at the age of 5. That early part of you and its experiences and memories still remains, but you have gradually – empirically – progressed into something more.

This ONA of ours works in the same way. There is the core methodology; which gives birth to theories and disciplines. These theories must be applied and tested in the real word and refined, thus giving rise to disciplines [outer forms]. As time progresses, old discipline may not be as effective anymore. Thus the ONA must ever be allowed to gradually evolve over time. In this way will the ONA be able to jump the generation gap. Which is something many old aeonic religions and institutions are having a hard time with currently.

The reward of our victory – victory in our struggle to keep up with the progression of time and the passing of generations – we remain relevant to each newly emerging generation. Thus do we maintain our inspiration and influence in each passing era. In their peace and acceptance of things as is, these Stagnant Satanisms grow ever irrelevant to each coming generation, doomed to eventually fall into that generation gap into extinction. Think about it a while. Where has the ToSers gone? And the Creepy Crawly Crowleyans? What has become of Avon Book's Clown [LaVey] and their Wal-Mart Satanism?

The Sinister Way of the ONA never stays the same for long, for it's fountainhead of Sinister Insights: "Anton Long" never stays in one place for long either. On his personal journey – personal victory to surmount himself – of Self Enlightenment the man we know sometimes as Anton Long has entered into many various roles, religions, and ways of life. From Taoist to Buddhism, from Christian monk to Muslim, from street thug to Nazi to Numinous Empath. Thus the ONA from its causal beginnings has always been imbued with an ethos of amorphous fluidity. It gradually grows and changes like a living organism metabolizing and discarding waste. Discarding old tried, tested, useless theories; for new insights and dialectics, to get it to its established destination.

Along its way as it progresses forward, it inspires and influence people, and whole genres of Stagnant Satanism. Anyone who has an intimate knowledge of the religious phenomenon of Satanism, cannot deny the impact and influence the Order of Nine Angles has had; to which no

credit is given. The ONA was the first to coin and use the term: Traditional Satanism; which has now unfortunately been hijacked for quite some time by the stagnant freestyle Theistic Satanist.

It was the first to make the central focus of its Initiates their own personal illumination and progression according to that Nietzschean ethos; instead of making some High Priest, Temple or Church the focus. It was and still is the first to make the Progression of Man from an earth bound Homo Sapiens to a Stellar Homo Galactica. It was and still is the first to make the Progression of Human Civilization towards its highest conceivable potential its second aim. From its very beginning the aims of the ONA has always been a Faustian Vision. If there was one word which aptly captures the fundamental essence, ethos, quintessence, esprit, of the Order of Nine Angles it would indeed be: Progressive.

Unlike the many generic genres of Stagnant Satanism which remains dogmatically the same in their orthodoxy over many decades; the Order of Nine Angles has remained true to its essential Progressive Nature. The ONA of the 60's was nothing like the ONA of the 70's. The ONA of a past 20th century is nothing like what it has evolved into and become in this 21st Century. And like a living acausal entity, it will continue to evolve and gradually Progress over causal time reaching for its collective dreams and visions in the great distance – never at peace with what it is – always reaching and struggling forward and upward.

In its struggling, its ability to evolve, change, shapeshift, adapt to the times and climate of each era, it remains relevant, meaningful, and valuable to each emerging generation. Whereas these generic Stagnant Satanism grows old and irrelevant, to die in time with its original generation. Such Stagnant Religions quickly lose touch with reality, for reality is nothing more than the weltanschauung, perception, and understanding of the objective world of each generation. Such Stagnant genres of Satanism quickly become irrelevant to each new generation, unable to fulfill the specific needs of each new generation. Peace and stagnation clearly culls the weak. Weak genes and weak memes.

Thus Life and Time is Nature's testing arena, laboratory, and battle field for the genuinely fit, mighty, Noble – the Victorious – who are justly rewarded. Just as stagnant organisms in life, over time, become extinct from their inability to change, evolve, and adapt so to will all stagnant religions grow irrelevant and die out in time. The Strong memplexes survive to inspire and shape the next generation. The weak Stagnant ones are forgotten or become breeding ground for poisonous scum, much like a stagnant pool of water is a home to harmful microbes.

After 40 years of battles, disruption, struggles, inspiring, influencing, evolving, and progressing, the Order of Nine Angles is still alive and kicking in the 21st Century. As the generic genres of Stagnant Satanism are gradually falling off the generation cliff; the ONA has managed to jump the Generation Gap into a new Aeon... a new world, and into the minds of a new generation of Sinister Nobility. The future always belongs to the Victor. Always fight and struggle for Victory in all areas of Life and: May you never be at peace. Agia H Baphomet.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

120yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

SUBVERSIVE UPAYA



Subversive Upaya

What is an [Upaya](#)? Basically ((etymologically as opposed to sectarian interpretation)) “Upaya” is the Sanskrit word for a “Trick,” a “Scheme,” a “Ploy,” a “Devised Plan/Plot,” an “Approach,” a “Useful Means,” or an “Expedient Method.” In modern English the word “Methodology” would best explain what an “Upaya” is. But I’ve heard a better word used by a subculture which better grasps the essential utilitarian quality of Upaya: “Tricknology,” which was a word invented by Master Fard Muhammad to explain certain things.

Zen uses a fist and a baby to explain Upaya. To illustrate, your baby is crying and won’t stop, so you devise a way/means to stop the baby from crying. You make a fist and pretend that you have candy or something inside, and say to the baby, “Ooh look what I got... what’s this? I wonder what’s inside?? Candy; Nirvana maybe???” If you get the baby’s attention, she stops crying and looks at the fist. That’s Upaya. The mother/father knows there is nothing in the fist, they know it’s a trick, but that trick has a productive ((Kosala/kaushalya)) intent/Fruit; the intent/Fruit being the cessation of the baby’s crying/dukkha. This would be called “Upaya Kosala” in Pali. Actually the inside joke among Buddhists is that there is Nothing in the Fist (([Sunyata](#) = Nothingness/emptiness))! That’s only funny to a certain crowd.

The Buddha ((Mr. Gautama)) took the concept of Upaya and turned it into a viable and acceptable Buddhist Method of teaching Dhamma. In this context – as the Buddha used it – an

Upaya was only a means to an End. The End being that the specific person or upasika/upasaka he was teaching grasped Dhamma, Enlightenment, and the Ariyamagga ((Noble Way)). The means was anything at the Buddha's disposal.

Thus, it is said that the Buddha taught 84,000 teachings of Dhamma. The symbolical number represents the diverse backgrounds, level of understanding, cognitive skills, and such of each individual person he was teaching. In other words, for each person he taught, the Buddha devised a different Upaya. Which is why you will find many contradictions within the 25,000 pages of the Tipitaka. Such teachings of Buddha are "dialectical," having developed in context to a dialogue with a specific person or pupil in a specific time and place, in specific cultural and social conditions. To take such "anchored" dialogues/dialectics out of its native contextual matrix it is rooted in, would obscure 90% of its value and would generate more confusion and misunderstanding than insight.

For example we do know that the Buddha wasn't very big on the Brahmanistic concept/doctrine of Atma ((an immortal soul)). But there was a time when he had met a Charvaka ((rabid materialist)) who argued with the Buddha stating that the body was made of only the 4 elements and that one stops existing at death and that moral laws were thus not worth following.

Although the Buddha agreed with many of the Charvaka's statements, the Buddha did not like the fact that the Charvaka was not morally inclined for certain immoral acts will cause unskillful ((akosala)) or negative effects in his life ((dukkha)). Thus, the Buddha devised an upaya where he himself would teach a teaching that completely contradicted his own personal beliefs. The Buddha taught the Charvaka that the Brahmans were right and that there was indeed an immortal Atman in all people which was subject to karma. After much leg twisting, debating, and upaya-ing; the Charvaka renounced his materialist beliefs and lived a spiritual and moral life instead.

So the moral of that story is that the teachings superficially are meaningless, because it is the desired End Result the teachings or upaya bares that is more important. The teachings – the spoken Dhamma – are thus only a MEANS to manifest an END. (([Further reading](#)))

The Mahayana Buddhists have a saying that goes, "The Dharma that is spoken is not the true Dharma." Which is to say that one should not fixate one's mind on a teaching or deify a teaching as infallible doctrines to be followed by the literal letter. Because such teachings/dharma are only mental or subjective approximations of the Dharma – or Way/Law of Things – that has existed long before mankind and language. And sometimes – as with many upayas – such teachings are "expedient" teachings or simply ploys to get the student to go in a certain direction. As per the Buddha, it doesn't matter what the expedient method is that is used, even if such upayas contradicts teachings, conventionalism, and is amoral, what matters is that Buddhi and Nirvana is the End Result... that the Anariya ((ignorant fool)) learns to transcend his idiocy and become an Ariya ((a Noble/Lofty minded person)).

When in ancient times the now extinct Hinayana school and the still living and evolving Mahayana school of Buddhism were in some ideological war, the Hinayanas accused the

Mahayanas of not being genuine Buddhists because they created their own sutras and doctrines as they went along. To end the debate and arguments, the Mahayanas just pointed out that their whole Approach and Methods were an entire Upaya to get their followers to manifest the same Illumination and Liberation.

The “missionaries” that spread Buddhism across Asia in ancient times used a subspecies of Upaya called Upaya Panya meaning “Clever/Wise ((Panya/pan~n~a in Pali or Prajna in Sanskrit)) Tricks,” or Upaya Kosala meaning “Constructive ((Kosala/kaushalya)) Trickery (Upaya) to mass convert an entire native population. In Vajrayana Upaya Panya is depicted symbolically as a male Buddha ((Upaya)) in sexual union with a female deity ((Panya))... the female of course symbolizing the subtle feminine craftiness, cunningness, which most of us ((girls and you gay boys too)) have... either that or boys are just easily tricked ((upaya)).

Basically Upaya Panya is something the Jesuit Priests are/were very skilled at doing. The Jesuits in olden times would travel into a foreign country, learn the language of the natives, learn the religions, the gods, and world views of the natives, then report their intelligence to the Vatican. The schemers in the Vatican will then devise the best Expedient Method of mass converting the native population. Usually this is done by “morphing” Catholicism in such a way that it becomes a hybrid synthesis of the original Catholicism and native spiritual beliefs, practices, rites, and such. This is also when the gods and/or cultural iconic figures of a native population are conveniently beatified as Catholic saints. So the idea here is the Vatican desires the native population to be Catholics (by any means), which is the desired End Result. How that End Result is achieved is based on intelligence, craftiness and trickery which are the subversive (re: nonviolent) means.

The Buddhist “missionaries” utilized the same subversive tactics, they just gave it pretty names that sound all mystical and spiritual like “Upaya Panya,” and “Upaya Kosala,” and they translate it into foreign languages to sound all transcendent and fluffy. Here I used the word “subversive” to mean that an external/foreign entity ((missionaries)) subverts a native people’s established culture, world views, and indigenous sectarian beliefs by introducing foreign memes with the intent of manipulating, coercing, or influencing a desired change in the native population. And so as with China, the gods of the indigenous peoples such as the fat guy ((Budai)) and a goddess ((Kuan Yin)) become “Bodhisattvas,” and the native Taoism is absorbed to create hybrid “Buddhisms” such as “Chan Buddhism.” And we have hybrid Buddhisms in Japan merged with much older indigenous belief systems like Shintoism. Of course Tibetan Buddhism is not “pure” Buddhism, it’s a mix of Buddhism and the indigenous Bon religion.

All of these different kinds of “Buddhisms” were/are not bastardizations of some “purer,” more “genuine” Buddhism. They were/are accepted Upayas and recognized as legitimate, because in the end, all the natives become Buddhists. There is no such thing as a pure and genuine Buddhism, especially in the real world of living cultures and traditions. The ancient animism and such of a living culture and its time honored traditions are not thrown away for some new collective identity as a Buddhist. The Buddhism is just piled on top of their already ancient cultural “repertoire.” And you can see the same process happening with Buddhism in regards to the Occident where there is emerging a very noticeable new form of Buddhism some have

called the Western Vehicle, where the post-Christian, secular, neo-rationalism of Australia ((where Buddhism is a major religion among Caucasians)), Europe, and America are not replaced by weirdly mystical, myth riddled Buddhisms, but that Buddhism is acquired as an accessory or add-on to what they already have and are.

“The Dharma that is spoken is not the true Dharma.” Or as my grandma says, *“Dhamma is not in any temple or book or monk. It is inside each of us. We just may initially need help finding it.”* There is no such thing as “pure” Buddhism because of upaya and the need to reformat Buddhism in such a way that your audience understands it. Even when Buddhism is apprehended in the West it “morphs” to take on the world views and scientific rationalism of the Occident. But this is a good thing because it causes us to understand that what is written or taught is NOT the END but only a MEANS. Whereas with a dogmatic and rigid religion as Christianity the doctrine, dogma, and beliefs are the End. Which is how many Western religious/sectarian memplexes are, even Satanism, where the “Satanic” beliefs, doctrine, statements, and ideology ((Atheism/Theism)) are the definitive End. “Definitive End” here meaning that such doctrines, beliefs, and world views actually is used to define your Self/Person/Ego as the final End Product. For example, if you are a “LaVeyan” Satanist ((under the Gilmore Doctrine)) you must be an atheist-materialist and if you adopt a theist-supernatural world view, then you are no longer “LaVeyan” but something fake and unreal and perhaps not even human; and vice versa. In this context – of judging other based on their intangible reified ideas – I would say that racism is far better and more rational because at least skin color, ethnicity, and nationality are tangible and real.

You simply do not have this tunnel vision fixation of mind and self identity on Outer Forms ((Upaya)), reifications, and world views, in any Dharmic religions. For instance Hinduism. On an exoteric ((superficial)) level, Hinduism ((as is Buddhism)) is a big mess. There are monotheist Hindus, polytheist Hindus, atheist Hindus, theist Hindus, materialist Hindus, and supernatural/spiritual Hindus. The Outer Dharma they use is not the End, only a means to and End. The End being Sambodhi ((Self Realization)) and Moksha ((Liberation from Samsara)). As an enlightened Guru or Bhikkhu who knows and understands Dharma ((Logos/Tao)), you should be able to assess your students’ cognitive capacity and their unique level of understandings and needs to know that if your student need to believe in gods, rites, magic and such, or he can not yet grasp the idea of he being the living infinite cosmos, that you must be able to restate or reformat Dharma into something your student can not only comprehend but use – for his own advancement and progressive development towards his own greater potential. You never hear a sect of Hindus claim to be the “real” Hindus while others are “fake” Hindus because they believe differently. You don’t ever hear different vehicles of Buddhism claim to be “real” Buddhism while others are “fake” Buddhist because they believe differently.

What is written and taught is not infallible divine doctrines, it is just a Method of teaching/conveying ideas between one who has “seen” and one who desires to “see.” To a skilled teacher, how you convey what you have seen all depends on who you are teaching. You would teach the same wisdom you have extracted out of your many years of life to a child very differently then what you would teach a college level adult because the child and adult each have their own level of understanding and inner needs. The words and ideas used are

only approximations, clever articulations, naked essence dressed up to entertain the minds of a specific audience. The “real” Dhamma is that which existed way before humanity and human language. It is wordless in its own existence like Nature, the sun, the stars, and the cosmos. The real Dharma is the Way or “Law” of Things, which the Buddha discovered and observed during his meditations in the forest, which he tried to teach in different ways to different people.

Upaya can take on bizarre forms. Vajrayana Buddhism is a good example of an upaya gone wild. Vajrayana is sometimes called Tantric Buddhism or Esoteric Buddhism. Some sects of Vajrayana have secret or private teachings given only to initiates. These teachings are diverse depending on the sects. Most deal with things the West would call “magic,” some deal with tantric practices that incorporate sex, and as with the Drukpas, the Left Hand Path ((certain forms of vamachara)) are used. They’re all acceptable upayas which are just different Methods utilized to get the student to Realize and Actualize the same End Result. Different hiking trails... same lofty summit and illumined vantage point.

Of course therefore, no one demonstrates Upaya in practice better than the “mahamonk” of Vajrayana Tibetan Buddhism the Dalai Lama. To his own school and sect and people he is the leader of a very bizarre species of Buddhism with pantheons of gods, spiritual mysticism, rabid supernaturalism, magical rites, and religious imagery of Buddhas and goddesses in coitus. But to his Occidental audience in the West he teaches and presents a Buddhism which is very rational, pro-science, congruent to contemporary quantum physics, concentrated on secular methods of meditation and stress relief for the modern age, etc... that is Appealing to his Occidental Market; that’s upaya. Same holy guy... two completely different “Buddhisms.” Which is the “real Buddhism?” Neither are. Each superficial form of Buddhism is only a methodology or method of cultivating the desired end Fruit. It doesn’t matter what methods or procedures is used by a wine grower in viticulture, because in the end the same Fruit grows. You want to pay Mind/attention to the perfection of the grapes you desire to grow, not to the of perfection of the manure you or your neighbor are using.

So what if we were clever and crafty ((panya)) sectarian “subverters,” and we found ourselves in a nation populated with newly disenfranchised people from a post-christian age grasping for something new to hold on to, to give them meaning in their lives? How would we get such easy prey to End up working for Self Enlightenment and Liberation? The how or means ((upaya)) is irrelevant, so long as the End Result is constructive ((Kosala/kaushalya)). The answer is that it would depend on the specific audience and as an “adept” of our craft, trade, or Way, one should be cunning enough to outsmart an idiot. See that puts things into perspective for those in the Game. What kind of adept, occult teacher, coven leader, or grand magister are you when you can’t even convince an idiot to like you let alone accept your ideas? Ideas are just ideas... gods are just gods... why do people “favor” one set and one teacher over another? It’s because of Panya ((cunningness)). We’re essentially dealing with a form of psychological or memetic warfare when we talk about religion and/or ideology and the spread of religion/ideology. The battlefield is your Mind. Upaya ((the means and method whereby memes are virally implanted into a target population/Mind)) is the weapon. The winner owns the lives of people. The losers lose their own will, autonomy, and existence. In this war there are only three real positions you can take: fight as a warrior on the offensive; stand your

ground in the defensive with a strong will and mind; or be vanquished and subjugated.

One thing I love about the ONA is the First Satanic Creed ((BBS)) which goes, "Satan in particular and the Dark Gods in general are a means to self-fulfillment and self-understanding." Call it what you want: Self Enlightenment or Self-Understanding; Liberation or Self-Fulfillment, these are the END FRUIT we desire to Cultivate. How we do it, whether with Buddhism, Satanism, music, art, or voodoo or whatever is of no relevant concern. If one method fails, engineer a better one. The essence of the Way – whatever you call it – must be able and allowed to shapeshift to reflect the conditions and capacity of each person. This is one reason why I personally find the ONA to be very practical and useful in some subcultures of the Western Market, because it is already understanding of the use and "mutability" of Outer Forms ((National-Socialism, Traditional Satanism, Dreccian Nexions, Balobians)) and wordless Inner Essence. David Myatt demonstrates this as a true subversive adept. Whether it's the Numinous Way, Reichsfolk National-Socialism, or the Order of Nine Angles, the Inner Essence of all three are the same. Only the Outer Form, the manufactured formatted Method of conveying that Inner Essence is different: because it is created to target different audiences.

To end this, all I can say and hope for is that the ONA continues to value its Inner Essence and to not be so fixated or attached to Outer Forms. These Outer Forms are only Vehicles that are manufactured to move us towards the same End Destination/Destiny ((Wyrd)).

SugaCubez 352

Order of Nine Angles

121 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

TEMPLES



forgotten...

dilapidated...

unwanted...

unneded...

i was once used...

to shelter a people...

wherein they went about their business...

from which they built their cities...

and expanded their civilizations away from me...

they have gone their way...

having fallen...

what lives i once housed...

what minds once beheld me...

are lost now in time...

yet i remain...

a shelter to phantoms and memories...

evocative...

provocative...

dark...

haunting...

more alive then i was to them...

these damp walls...

my earthly sent...

my crawling darkness...

my cold silence...

wherein your thoughts and fears echos...

here, in me is your atonement...

atonement with Living Darkness...

let then burn, your myrrh and incense of mars...

and take your place among the shadows.

-Chloe 352

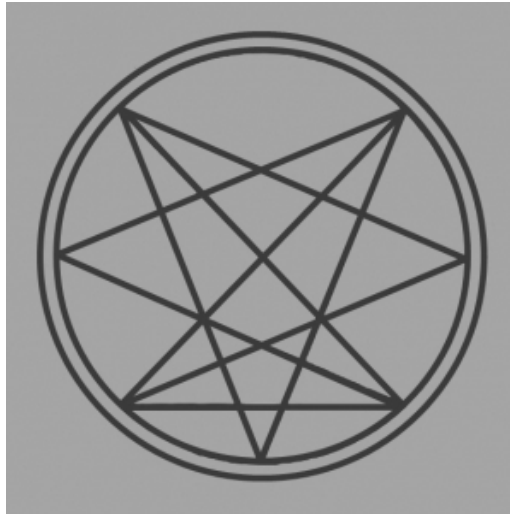
120 yf; 3 days after the Ides of April



352

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

TESSARAE SPLENDENS



Tessarae Splendens

I'll try to answer Question floating around cyberspace about subjects and topics either related to ONA or me or just things I might be able to answer. These are just my opinions and for a majority of the answers putting in some time researching will generate answers too. Unless such questions actually has something to do with my person. I was trying to find the Latin for "Sugar Cubes is Smart," but could not find the word Sugar in Latin as – so I learned – sugar had not yet been invented. So I named this essay just Tessarae Splendens which is supposed mean Brilliant Cubes. Tessara, if you look deeper into its means it had back in ancient Roman times is a word pregnant of meaning. One of it's meanings besides a cube is a mosaic pattern of checked squares. Such as the black and white squares of a chess board. Which to me was a fine symbol of the Light and the Dark of the ONA and the Numinous Way. Which when put together with Reichsfolk, makes a beautiful mosaic... if you can See the pattern from the little squares. If we can appreciate the Bigger Picture minus the micromanaging of little ideas. Sometimes it's all in what we are focusing on isn't it?

Q. Why not have WSA go it's own way? Or why hitch a ride with ONA? Or why not make your own "paradigm?"

A. It's a good question. First reason was that what we were making was very similar to the ONA in many ways and after finding the ONA material we discovered that Anton Long had done a better job at trying to make what we were wanting to make. So we just went with the better one. Second reason is for Myatt and his other stuff such as Reichsfolk and the Numinous Way. When WSA says "ONA" we actually means Reichsfolk, the Numinous Way, and the Myattian ideas in the ONA. There is a lot of things about that Triad we really like, so rather than steal or borrow ideas from Myatt, we tried to do things the honorable way and be a "nexion" to the ONA, absorb its Myattian ideas, and pay our respects to the Man for providing the insights we were using. And in return we try to put out our own insights to help build on the ONA.

During the late 90's and 2000's I think it was regular practice for random people and groups to be inspired by the ONA writings such as the Black Book of Satan and Naos and then borrow from them to create their own things. And so in this period we gradually had all these new Satanic Orders and Temples that were inspired by ONA.

I suppose this was regular practice because when WSA found Thoth and the Old Guard DL they told us in their own words to just "steal from the ONA" and use whatever we needed from it. I know they meant well by it. At the time Chloe was our project manager and she said that it's dishonorable to steal from a person if we in fact feel that such person is admirable or worth learning from. It's just not in our native culture to be so lame as to steal other people's ideas, say it's ours, shrug off the originator, and not give them credit or something. If in our culture you see some one as an elder or kru ((teacher)) because they have insights and teachings to impart which you want, then there is a sort of social protocol or system of etiquette we follow, which is a relationship based on a pupil honoring a master. The term is "Garob Kru" meaning to Honour/Revere the Teacher.

It's like Asian Martial Arts. You find a style you think is cool and want to learn it. There is a protocol to follow or social etiquette, or way of gaining access to that style. You don't steal the style and say it is yours. You make yourself a student to the sensei and learn the entire style, and as a student you pay your honour and respects to the man teaching you. Then after learning that style you may continue the Legacy of your teacher by teaching his style you learned, or you make a new style of your own to teach. But in either case you still pay respects to your teacher and honour your lineage. So we see something like the ONA to be a Mental Martial Arts style of sorts which Anton Long developed and taught. And we chose to continue this lineage and continue to teach this style, and to give credit to where it is due; but at the same time we work to build on it.

Other two Reasons are based on two points of consideration on our side. These two points of consideration we call the "Kayla Directive" ((KD)) and the "Chloe Directive" ((CD)). Everything that we ((WSA)) do goes to help actualize those two directives. Basically the KD is to use a pre-existing entity rooted in a Target Niche Market as a syringe to gradually inject memes into said Niche Market, for certain long term reasons. Basic purpose is to generate something we ((WSA)) call "Social Commodity," "Social Revenue," and "Collateral Property," with things we call "Intellectual Capital."

Say you got 1 Million dollars to spend and you are business oriented. Two options are given to you:

Option A: Use the 1 Million to start up a small business and perhaps make a steady \$1000 per month profit to ride on.

Option B: Use the 1 Million to invest in a pre-existing corporation such as say an Apple Inc or Yahoo shares ((when yahoo first went public)).

Each option has it's pros and cons. Pros for Option A would be being your own boss, be independent, run your own shit. Cons for Option A would be generate your own market, do

your own work.

Pros for Option B would be have others do the work, kick back, support the parent corporation to help increase dividend returns, simple PR work. Cons for Option B would be high risk, work under an existing corporate structure, it takes time to see any real profit. But a Pro is that you have others to put in their effort to spread your co-signed product.

WSA went with Option B. In assessing a parent company to invest Intellectual Capital in we look for certain things. First thing we look for is if the parent company has a fanbase or market, this we call Social Commodity. The more SC the more valuable the organization.

Second thing we look for in a parent company to merge with is what we call Collateral Property. When my family buys a Chinese restaurant from a friend, what does that business transaction actually come with? The tables, the stoves, the cooks, the employees, all that shit is Collateral Property. As a business person when you buy a business like a restaurant you need Collateral Property so the restaurant is up and running on the get-go. You can't afford to run around buying tables and new stoves and kitchenware, search for reliable cooks, and hire trustworthy employees.

With organizations Collateral Property is everything from books, manuscripts, yes men, internal infrastructure, and product distribution methods, everything that has been used that can continue to be used to keep the business running. The more CP an organization has, the more valuable the org.

Third thing we look for in a parent company to invest in is what we call Turn Over Rate. Who's coming... who's going... who's joining... who's quitting... who's staying? What's the RATIO between joiners and quitters like? Are there regular customers ((Retention of users/membership)). If your org Turn Over rate is high, your org is Socially Worthless.

Why go through all this? Why not just go with option A? Because of the end value of your Capital. What's the difference between pennystock shares per OTC and shares of Apple Inc on the stock exchange? The Value, and the potential high return. Same capital... different Value. \$1 buys a lot of pennystocks, but it can't buy shit from a double digit corporation on the exchange. Double digit meaning long reputable companies with two letters in their stock symbol.

We work with something we call "Intellectual Capital." These are memes/ideas that have either a market already or can easily generate a niche market. We use that IC to invest in what we call "Memeshares." Just like in a merger or partnership one company will use capital to buy shares of a another company, then put in their people on the executive board.

An organization or culture is a memeplex. A memeplex is a complex of memes. In other words an organization is composed of ideas. You invest your IC into an org to get your memes into that memeplex, when your IC has been incorporated into said memeplex, you thus OWN a real percentage of the memeplex, which is what a memeshare is.

The point is to increase the value of your IC. Penny stocks aren't worth as much as stocks and shares of a well known corporation with a market and with prime Awareness- Real Estate ((ARE)).

ARE is like corporate symbols flashing on a reputable stock exchange and adds on billboards and prime time TV. If an org is unheard of and people aren't aware of its existence, or chattering about it, that org is Socially Worthless. Meaning it has no power to generate Social Commodity and your IC will be worthless. An org which is in people's heads, which people talk about in whatever way has more value. Meaning it can generate SC and in time increase the value and Fluidity of your Intellectual Capital. Fluidity means when your IC – your memes – moves, spreads, inspires, influences. Inside a market and beyond.

Just because a person may have a website, or a book, or an organization with users, does not actually mean their IC and memes have Fluidity. Memes without Fluidity has no value. It's like money. Money must Flow and circulate or the economy is negatively effected. Capital must Flow. Don't matter if you have money sitting in a bank vault. The bank must use that money and keep it Flowing, or go bankrupt. Just because there are books written, doesn't mean the IC has Fluidity Potential.

To us, ONA meets all those needs and therefore will help us actualize the Kayla Directive.

The Chloe Directive is a long term project of first adapting ONA to an Eastern worldview, then merging it with Reichsfolk and the Numinous Way to transplant the Myattian Triad in Asia. 1 Billion Chinese... 1 Billion Indians... 500 million Southeast Asians. In 20-50 years Asia will have the biggest economies with China as top dog, then Japan, and South Korea as tech giants, then India will be a economic giant also. 50 years from now the Future will belong to Asia. Any colonization of the ocean or space or anything that has to do with a Future will happen thru Asia. The Chloe Directive is to reconfigure ONA/Reichsfolk/TNW to fit our ancestral Asian people and market. We call it Transplantation. The things we write now and tests we do with our Buddhist IC are just Research & development.

WSA has no intention of selling or operating in the West. It matters very little to us what a generic Westerner has to say about the ONA, or what product we 'engineer' since they are not the intended market. They are just a test market. The West only serves as recruiting grounds to find Business Partners called Associates.

Which will explain why WSA is so into language and weltanschauung. Transplanting ONA to Asia isn't easy. The English the ONA and Myattian ideas come in has to go. But at the same time, as much of the essence and Myattian spirit must be retained. How do we do that? We don't know yet. Still in R&D. How do we translate the Myattian word/concept of Acausal or Pathei-Mathos into an Asian Language and retain as much of the original essence and spirit as possible is what is being considered. How do we shapeshift the Myattian Triad in such a way that it reflects and mirrors Asian weltanschauung and also retain as much of the original spirit and essence as possible?

The satanism form has to go. It's pseudo-marketable in the West, but that whole concept is

going to have no significant Fluidity in the East. For the past 3 years we've been experimenting with hybrid "Asiatic" memes/IC where we mix Buddhism and other Eastern stuff we know with the core essence of the Sinister Tradition of ONA, Reichsfolk, and The Numinous Way. Then we distribute what test memes we make to a test market thru this blog to watch for feedback and end results. I've already dropped plenty of hints and overtly stated the rewards and benefits of memetic fluidity and a large Social Commodity holding elsewhere.

Q. Why gangs?

A. East Asian "gangs" are slightly different from normal gangs. One good example of an East Asian gang would be Wah Ching. Ethnic Chinese, the words mean something like Wild Youth, or Youth Gone Wild, or Mischievous Youth. WC doesn't claim hoods or streets. Don't dress like cholos. People in WC come from rich families and live in upper middle class plus "hoods." Usual cars driven by most WC would be Mercedes, BMW's, Lexus, or some other high end brand. Most WC are college students by day who actually get good grades. Most WC are born and raised in well to do house holds. Parents are hard working business oriented Chinese folk who own big houses and family businesses.

So not all gangs are Dirt Bangers. You know what a Dirt banger is? It's when your dirt poor banging to make a living because you're too stupid to get a college education, too stupid to own a business, so you have to bang petty crime to feed yourself. You born in a dirt-hood and if you don't die in prison, you will die in a dirt-hood.

WSA approach gangs and gang culture from "Age-Out" perspective. You get to a certain point where you age out of a gang because you're too old for the shit. Why? Because gangs are for juveniles. It's cool banging between 13-25. When 30 comes, you got an old lady or a man, and kids. Your attention and energy should be put on that family. There is a time to do your ABC's. And a time where you understand that doing your ABC's is juvenile. But your past experiences as a juvenile in a gang of some type teaches you valuable lesson for later. You take those lessons and apply the wisdom gained in life for your own Self-Development.

Things like gangs are only a means to and end. And mostly for a certain certain type of person. The type who was born and raised inside a culture that instills the ethos of a nuclear family. The intent is to physically be apart of a Corporatist and Collective entity. To pragmatically learn to function in such a Corporatist Way of Life as a part of something bigger then yourself. To learn to work together for a common end goal and common shared profit. Which is a Clan Ethos.

Gangs are not the only way to gain the end lessons. Go join or start a skinhead crew and do something. Go join the girl scouts for a few years. Marry an Asian girl or a Mexican girl. Join an army. Live as a Mormon for 5 years in an all Mormon county. Be Amish for 5 years. Live in Thailand or the Philippines for a while. Who cares how you get your lessons. But the intent is causal. To get you to live a different way in such a way that you will stop the Magian ethos of nuclear family culture. Divide and conquer. Why have you been divided and segregated into dysfunctional nuclear family units? Who benefits in the end? Whose Interests are you actually living to serve?

Q. Why tribes and clans?

A. Only a generic urbanized Westerner will ask that question. Because they come from nuclear families and from an urban culture that conditions its people to live in nuclear families.

I say urban because in the southern parts of America, Appalachia, and parts of the East Coast you actually have White people who are born and raised in the more natural and older clans and communal inter-clan social order and familial structure like the Amish and other Mennonites live and exist in.

Is it possible to live in clans? I don't know, ask some clan from the south. Is communitarian life possible? I don't know ask the Mennonites or anybody in an all Mormon county. Are tribes backwards subhumans? I don't now, go to Casino Morongo and ask the tribe who owns it if they are backwards and anti-technology. The answers are actually all "out there." The word tribe in the urbanized mind of a common Westerner conjures up images of naked dark skinned people in loin cloths living in a jungle somewhere. And tribes might not always be like that in real life.

Out side of urban Japan, in most of Asia people live in clans and not nuclear families. A clan is a large extended family. I really don't know how to explain what a clan is which has already been explained in detail by even wikipedia. Mundanes today just can't be bothered to transcend their preconceived assumptions by doing a little research, because that would require effort and a potential challenge to their hallowed assumptions.

I grew up in a clan and not a family, but we call it a family still. You live differently then nuclear families live. In a nuclear family you turn 18, move out on your own, start your own nuclear family, kick your kids out when they are 18, and the whole culture starts over again.

In a clan, nobody moves out, unless they want to. And in the country side where clans live together in communities, there is no such thing as "moving out" because everyone in the community is related, so you're still living with your family anyways. In my house you have 3 generations living together grandma is there, aunts in their 50?s live there, cousins like me and some other live there. We live together, help each other pay the bills, and work business together. Which to me is way better for a number of reasons.

One reason is that a nuclear family struggles to pay bills. If you can buy a house later, the house is a small one and you and your spouse work your ass off just to pay for the house. You end up having no time to spend with each other or with your own children. That creates Stress. And Stress kills and tears apart families.

With a clan like mine, a bunch of grown ups who all love each other and have been raised up with each other continue to live together. They pool their money to buy a huge house to raise their kids in and the old people have a place to live in until they die naturally around people they love.

Since your have many adults helping out with the bills and working together to own family

businesses, you actually have a lot of free time for yourself, for your spouse, and for your children. There is less stress and yes, less responsibilities, and less worries. I only work part time at various businesses my family owns and that is enough to pay my "bills" which is phone and gas and shopping money. That's a few hours a day or so. The rest of the time is free time.

I don't have to get a job or worry about unemployment. And then when I am ready because I was raised in a clan culture where I see my elders live together, work together and pool money to start up businesses, I will do the same. When I am 30 or something. When that time comes, because of the clan, I don't have to go to a bank to borrow money, my huge family and grandma will provide the money for me and my cousins.

Each way of life has its pros and cons. I'm not saying one is better than the other. What I am saying is that Asians and most of Asia naturally live in a clan based family order. Which is one very big reason why as WSA, we value the concept of tribes and clans found in the Myattian Triad. There is a natural and cultural market out in Asian for that. Here in America such ideas are laughed at. But that's cool. Die of stress. Be unemployed. Worry about your bills. Die alone when you are old. Spend the best years of your life working for others to make them rich and to feed their kids. Have the state raise your kids. Have no time for your spouse and get divorced. I don't care. But that isn't how I live, and it sure won't be how I want my future children to live.

Also when ONA uses the word "tribe" as in Sinister Tribe, it doesn't mean naked people living in the bush. It usually means an Urban Tribe, which is a euphemism for a gang or crew or firm.

Q. What is the ONA?

A. Outside looking in – who cares? If you knew what it was would that make you ONA? Would you love it? Be it's best friend? I doubt it.

ONA Describes a certain type of person, as one Niner puts it. What people is it describing you may ask. LOOK. Take ONA people and list what qualities and characteristics and things they all share in common. What common points you end up is what the ONA is Describing and intended to attract. Because it describes the way a person is, if what you see or read about ONA is not to your liking, then you are not what is being describes, and therefore the ONA was not for you. So don't worry about it. We're actually not interested in you. We're interested in Our Kind, who will Resonate with the Essence beneath the Form.

Q. Who is Anton Long? Why come he don't have a history online which is googlable? Why is his name attached to only essays? What has he done?

A. Certain types of people who are literate and like to write call it a "Pen Name," a "Nom De Plume," or a "Pseudonym." In most real life cases, a Pen Name is not an actual real human person. A Pen Name is just a random name used to affix to written things... hence Pen Name. And so because Pen Names are not actual people, usually it would mean that Pen Names don't have histories. And usually you'll only find Pen Names at the end of written documents... hence Pen Name.

Anton Long has not done anything. There is a redundant reason for this... because "Anton Long" is a Pen Name. Pen Names are a literary device used by authors. And so because Pen names aren't real people born from mothers and so on, they don't do anything, because a Pen Name isn't a real person.

I use a number of Names and Pen Names depending on what I write and for what audience. For example if I write letters to my cousins and friends I use Lynzie. If I write emails to my aunties and uncles I use Jessiddha which is my family first name my dad gave me. If I write emails or things for my church I use Jeslyn. If I write letters or things for my old high school friends I use Jessica, Jessy, or Jess which is what they know me by. All of my elders call me Lyn which is my second first name their peer group knows me by. If I write articles for a Buddhist group I am associated with I use Lyn and my Last Names, which is my professional name. If I ghostwrite articles for one of my cousins ((used to)) to put into his Lodge news letter I don't use a name at all and he would put their name on it instead. If I am making random posts online I use SugaCubez. If I am writing ONA stuff I use Shugz which my associated audience knows me by. And I have a different email account for most of those name, pseudonyms and Pen names I use.

This then becomes interesting if you think about it. For instance, "are" Jeslyn and Shugz the same "person?" No they are not. Jeslyn is Catholic, she writes very Christian oriented things for a deeply religious church audience of friends and peers. Whereas Shugz writes for the ONA endorsing everything from crime and rape to murder, Nazism, and Devil Worship. But they are both Me. Is Lyn the same "person" as Jeslyn and SugaCubez? No, Lyn is a grand daughter who also writes things for a Buddhist community. Lyn isn't a Christian or a Satanist, she is known to be a devout Buddhist. But all three are just Me.

Professional authors also use pen names for purpose of differentiating their work to an established audience. You can have an author who spends a lot of their time writing Fiction novels under one name. Then this author may be inspired to write a serious non fiction book. He or she would use a different name. In order to keep the name known and associated with Fictional stores from the serious non-fiction work. Otherwise you can make a big mess in public like say Ron Hubbard did. He wrote mostly wacky science fiction under his name, then write Dianetics with the same name I think. It becomes slightly confusing you see, because what's Hubbard trying to do... is Dianetics serious or fiction or creative writing, what market is he trying to tap into, etc.

Whoever Anton Long is, is Anton Long to whoever. That statement made sense to me. To the audience and people the person using the pen name Anton Long is trying to communicate with he is Anton Long and should remain known as Anton Long when associated with the ONA and ONA people.

For people on the inside of the ONA thing, who have read all 5000 pages of Anton Long's ONA MSS from the earliest scribbles circa 1974 to the present, we've acquired an eye of recognition of his style of writing and "unique" grammar. Read 5000 pages of your favorite author or listen to every song every done and written by your musical artist you are obsessed with and you'll understand what I mean when I say you can recognize that person's style,

rhythm, inflections, catch phrases, and glitches.

Grammatical glitches are cool. Their like finger prints. Most times when you are writing you do so in a semi-unconscious state of mind where you don't actually pre-think each word before you write them. The words just come out, so with that flow, comes unconscious glitches in grammar, spelling, style, though-process, though lay-out, chose of lexicon and vocabulary, etc.

All that crap I just listed are also memes. Memes are anything that can be transferred from one person and adopted by another. Like bits of culture. Punctuation are memes. The smiley face icon is a meme. You use it, it passes around. LOL is a meme. Memes like to travel in groups or clusters. These are called memecusters. For example the meme LOL usually travels with humor. You rarely see LOL out side of the cultural meme of what is considered by that culture to be humorous or amusing.

So we take a real person like Blackwood and look at his memecuster for signature glitches. One set of memes is his paragraph structure is always fucked up. Another meme he uses often is the word "alas," which normally is not used. Another meme is his persona of being some important leader talking to a wide audience which expresses itself in the set of words he uses and style of writing. An finally the obvious glitch of him oddly spelling the word "Satanists" or any plural as – Satanist's.

Each of those memes by themselves means nothing and can't reasonably be a Blackwood glitch. But memes travel in packs. It's when you learn to see all those memes Together as a group that you can tell the same mind is doing the writing. So regardless of whether Tom is Blackwood, or Von Hess, or Candace, or any of his "clergy" that signature memecuster is always present.

It's the same way with Anton Long. Anton Long has memecuster glitches, as well as a easy style to recognize. You compare all that from a current Longian ONA MS with the earliest essays written by Anton Long in the old days and you'll see that it is the same mind, with the same glitches, the same lexicon and vocabulary, the same thought lay-out on paper/writing. That's just if all you have to work with are 5000 pages of essays. Plus there is the issue of personal life details. Which means details only AL would know and also general details about environment and surrounding only the same mind living in Shropshire would know. But Anton Long has no real history because it is a pen name. The Life details are only familiar with a certain group of people who are in some way really familiar with the detailing of the person behind the pen name's Life and personal environment. If all my pen names talked about the same environmental details, the same set of people and names, the same life history... chances are they are all the same person. Or at least they all live in the same city and know the same set of people, and have bizarrely the same experiences in life.

But that all takes work and a level of interest beyond casual dabbling. Meaning that Anton Long actually has to be some weird hobby of yours for you to dedicate so much time to analyze as much life detailing and 5000 pages of text to gain an ability to smell out Anton Long in his writings. Most people do this with their favorite celebrities or cultural icons or whatever. I do this with AL.

This isn't considering exo-textual patterns such as real life things. In real life the person using the pen name AL is a living breathing person with a long time best friend, who is a fixture in both the AL persona and the real life person's life. That best friend alone is the most obvious clue. The person behind the pen name AL also has friends and associates in real life in his shire or whatever. Some of those friends are what we call Old Guards in/of the ONA. These Old Guards have their friends and associates. And those associates have associates. So at any given time in the real world, there is always a set of people who know who the real person behind the pen name is. If such group of people support or endorse or talk about a certain body of documents attributed to Anton Long, chances are Anton Long wrote it. If they protest and say that the person they know who uses the pen name Anton Long didn't write it, chances are it's not by Anton Long.

So regarding Anton Long, those actually IN the ONA who have the connects and the lineage knows who Anton Long is, what is written by him, and so on. There is no confusion, in the same way that my close friends and associates, knows I use different nyms and personas, knows my writing style, my body of vocabulary and lexicon, my body of thoughts I work with, where they can call me out no matter what troll screen name or character I assume. After hanging out with me for a long time my friends and cousins know from intimate association that I am not my beliefs and worldviews. I am a living person who may use bits and pieces of beliefs and worldviews to grasp a better understanding of my world and myself. And they end up learning from intimate association that I am not confused because when I do speak or teach or share my insights, what comes out ends up making sense. And so in my case my memplexes do not control me or my mind and life, because I give no single on my all my Mind and Life. I control my memplexes and use them. I am not used by them. We pay attention to the Man behind Anton Long we'll notice the same.

I have all these uncles and cousins and a few grandfathers ((great uncles)) who are Freemasons. It's for a number of reasons... cultural and financial. So at our homes we have piles and piles of all these books on Freemasonry. My uncles have this one cultural glitch they inherited from old school masons from their Lodge where they will hit up bookstores and buy every masonic book off the shelf. So at home we have walls of books on Freemasonry.

I wasn't interested in it until I started reading the Satanic Bible. The way I read the Satanic Bible and other books is I use them as road maps. Meaning that I want to tap into the mind of the author and try to re-create their mental condition as close as I can to think like them. So whenever the Satanic Bible mentions anything, I'll stop reading and ransack book stores, colleges libraries, and the internet for as much information on what was mentions. So when the Satanic Bible mentioned the Golden Dawn, I bought every book on it by Israel Rigardi, studied its grade system, learned Hebrew ((the alphabet at least)), learned bits and pieces of the Shishkabbalah, and made friends with members of it. When the Satanic Bible mentions the OTO I sack my sources for as much data, got their degree ritual, made OTO friends, and so on. I secretly have membership in so many orders and groups its funny. Self Realization Fellowship? Yep, that too. I'm also a baptized Catholic Charismatic, and I do my Hail Maries, Pray, and have a statuette of Mary, candles, and a rosary in my room... near Kuan Yin and the Buddha. So when the Satanic Bible and Satanic Rituals mentioned Freemasonry and the Templars, I sacked our home library for info, read every book, hit up a college campus reading

every old locked up book they had on Freemasonry, then on Deism and anything remotely relative to the era Freemasonry came from.

Meanwhile one of my older cousins in his Lodge was setting to go thru the chairs. That's when you start as a Junior Steward and gradually work your way up in the Offices to Master of the Lodge, which takes about 7ish years of commitment. In his Lodge, each officer had a little section in their news letter to write articles. My older cousin wasn't a writer. So a long time ago he said he'd pay me \$20 for each article I ghostwrote for him, since I had sacked the house and read all the Masonic books and knew his degree rituals better than him.

My "cousin's" articles started off simple Lodge rhetoric based on answers to question I asked about his meetings and things of that sort. But then as I gained confidence, I started to drop memes covertly in my writings. At first to see how far I can go and take things before I ((or my cousin)) got called out for being insane.

With Freemasonry it's easy. You have a pile of raw symbolism and allegory that have no real established meaning. I had noticed that every author I read had their own interpretations. So I slowly started to insert my own ideas beneath these symbols and allegories by twisting and parsing into them new meaning. Which in certain circles is called the esoterica of the Craft.

The thing with Freemasonry is that meanings of symbols can't just have stand alone meanings. It all has to fit like a puzzle with a few other symbols. You can't say for instance that the Compass represents Reason and Logic, and have it not puzzle connected to another symbol where reason and logic fits into the other symbol's meaning. For example you can say that the Sun represents Beauty, Strength, and Wisdom. Why? Because the master, senior and junior wardens are associated with those things and also with the sun in different positions. Then you can say that same Sun symbolized Hiram Abiff. Why? Because Hiram was cut down as the sun falls in the west. Then you can say both the Sun and Hiram represents the Middle Pillar of the Tree of Life. Why?

Because it's the pillar of Beauty and the Sun is the Glory of the Crown Kether and the light of the unmanifested Ain Sof Aur which descends into the dark Malkuth, just as Hiram Abiff was felled into his earthly grave. Then you can say the Sun and the new Apprentice Mason is the resurrection of Hiram Abiff and the restoration of the fallen Middle Pillar which provides a Pathway from Malkuth back to Kether. Why? Because as the Sun sets in the West, the Apprentice Enters the Lodge from the West and Travels East by taking a total of 6 steps over his own Grave, to Return to his Original Glory as the Living Middle Pillar of Life. It's all bullshit, but each interpretation is made to connect like lego pieces to other symbols. This gives your esoteric BS the impression of continuity. Like it gives the impression that it all fits together into one big secret body of ancient wisdom... when in fact it's just a hodge podge of Buddhism, Taoist, Christian, Satanism, Holy Kababble, and anything else I can pull out of my ass stated thru Masonic lexicon and paradigm schematics.

A few months later my cousin gets his usual Office spot in the news letter, and the lodge enthusiastically gave him an entire back section to write whatever he wanted. That meant I made \$40 dollars a month from my cousin! Each Grand Lodge divvies their jurisdiction into

things called "Districts." Every two months or so the officers from every Lodge in a District meet at a chosen Lodge to practice their ritual work. This is the Grand Lodge's way of controlling the rituals to make sure every Lodge is working the same exact ritual, wording, and gesturing. At each District meeting is a District Inspector who is an agent of the Grand Lodge who sits there and makes sure every officer is doing things exactly as the Grand Lodge want it done. So at these District meetings all the officers from many Lodges hang out and talk. This is when my cousin's name and reputation started to grow in the District. Eventually he was asked if he could give lectures at their Lodge meeting... he said sure.

So then I had to write his lectures and speeches and draft data note for him and he'd practice giving the lectures in front of me and the other cousins, and we'd bomb him with questions to make sure he can convincingly answer them.

This went on for almost two years. I ghostwrote his articles and lectures, and in them I kept on stuffing my own twisted Satanic-Buddhist memes into everything. My cousin had an agenda. You need an agenda in the Lodge if you are going to dedicate so much time to it. The agenda was he wanted to gain fame in his District with his name, so that way he can transfer to the coveted "Lodge Over The Hill" as they called it.

This "Lodge Over The Hill" was the biggest Lodge in their district and it was composed of mostly old people over 60... which is why the other Lodges called it the "Lodge Over The Hill." It was actually also over yonder hills geographically. Hills as in the rich side of the county. This Lodge Over The Hill was the oldest, biggest, and richest Lodge in the county, known for its combines wealth and "A list membership."

This Lodge is an exclusive Lodge with over 1300 members... all are exclusively judges, lawyers, mayors, past mayors, police officers, sheriffs, military officials from the nearby base, and the top heads of the richest business families in the county. The membership included the son of Gillette, the same family/name associated with the razor blade; one family that owned 13 radio stations around the area, and an Italian Family that owned contracting rights with the city to work on the Freeways. When this Lodge does Charity, it's not petty money, you're talking about shelling hundreds of thousands of dollars to hundreds of Charities. When this Lodge meets, it's not always about Masonry, they do business together, start up mutual funds etc. It's impossible to get into this Lodge unless you came from the exclusive "demographic" sector they came from, but if you get in, you have a jack pot of business partners. That's how you work Freemasonry... it all in the Lodge you go to.

When my cousin put in his application for a transfer to get into the Lodge Over The Hill, the officers and key people at that Lodge already knew my cousin from "his" articles in his mother lodge's news letter and from the frequent lectures he gave around the District. For those circa two years of doing lectures he was already working his social skills to tap into the right peer group. Getting in a lodge is hard, and getting into this one was harder.

They take your application which is three pages long, stick your picture on it, affix a "resume" of your "sources of charity funds" which meant what businesses you own, and your general income. On their meeting night the Master informs the lodge that there is a new transfer app,

and the application is passed around to everyone present to look over. The lodge has one month to think things over. The next month the voting takes place. They have a box with a drawer. Underneath the drawer is a hole which leads into an empty spot filled with white marbles and black cubes. A hand fits inside the hole, and a marble or cube is placed inside the empty drawer. That's how they vote. White round marbles means a yes vote, black cubes means a no vote. This is where the English expression "getting black balled" comes from... accept its a cube and not a marble. If the drawer is drawn out and one black cube is seen, you are rejected. The vote has to be unanimous. My cousin got all white marbles.

After his transfer to his new Lodge, he was given a place in their news letter and was told to take up as much room as he wanted... which meant I would now make more money each month. During this whole period of ghostwriting, I go to visit Lodges during their monthly dinners that my uncles and other cousins go to. I was actually a member of one of their auxiliary groups for girls related to Masons when I was 13-21... so I was and still am active in their community. I can't say which girls group I came from. Most of the time I just go to eat and help out in the Lodge kitchen and clean up. Other times we visit a list of the old ladies and Masons who are sick to hang out with them and run errands like grocery shop for them, or drive them places. But as I do my usual hang outs at their dinners before their monthly meeting at these Lodges, I listen to every conversation as I mingle with my sisters and the ladies, serving dinner. Slowly as the years pass, I hear more and more Masons use my ideas and spread them. As the mother of your memes, you recognize your babies, even if they change a little. Which built up my confidence level.

I've always thought it was funny. After 5 years of this I was a familiar face at the monthly dinners over at the Lodge Over The Hill doing my usual in the kitchen with the ladies helping out. Me and some of the old ladies and kitchen helpers stay during their meeting. The boys will go into their secret lodge room and lock themselves in there for 2 hours. And we'd just sit there talking. Then after the boys' meeting they have a night snack of some type, usually cake or pie and ice cream. We'd be slowly setting the rows of tables and fixing up the pie and ice cream. So there was this one time after 5 years of my memes spreading everywhere in that Lodge and District where I was eating my cake and ice cream surrounded by hundreds of people, small talking, teasing each other, laughing.

I was sitting next to the Master of the Lodge Over The Hill who is really nice and crusty rich, and he asked me how my cake was. I said it was great, and to continue our small talk I asked him what exactly Freemasonry was, pretending I knew nothing. The master first says the usual and expected, "Well now, if I told you, we'd have to take you out back and kill you." But then he fumbles with his thoughts and says a prewritten definition of Freemasonry I have read and heard a million times before. I asked him why a girl can't be one, because I would probably make a really smart one. He fumbles a while with his thoughts, just trying to tell me without hurting my feelings that its a men's only thing. He said it in such a way that it was nice, "I'm sure you would! But, Freemasonry takes good men and makes them better... girls don't need that, they're already perfect... I have to say that or the wife will put me out on the couch!" That was the end of our casual conversation. Little did he know that I own the minds of every thinking esoterically inclined Mason in the District at the time.

I learned a few very valuable things from that life experience. The first is that organizations or institutions each have two faces, an inner face and an outer face. The outer face of an organization is what you get and see as an outsider. This includes simple and generic definitions of such groups. "We're a Charity"... "We believe in Jesus"... and so on. The inner face of many institutions is different. It's faceless. The reason why Masons say the same pre-written definition of what Freemasonry is, is because on the inside, they really have no idea what it is. It's just easier to tell people that its just a charity that makes good men better. Inside they don't know if it is a frat, a club, a philosophy, a religion, a spirituality, if it came from stone masons, or templars, or what.

It's the same thing with any religion. If religion or philosophical institutions were well defined, it would have a clear meaning and nobody would be talking or preach about it or debating and arguing. It's easy to tell an outsider what Satanism is compared to telling yourself and peers in satanism what exactly Satanism is. So with that idea I one time wrote an article expounding "Masonic Esoterica." They have this symbolism call the Three Lesser Light which is the Sun, Moon, and Master of the Lodge. Nothing else is explained of this besides that the sun and moon governed that world as the Master governs his Lodge. So I took my memes and built on that idea and explained that basically the Master to a person is the conscious mind, the sun is this person's visible face and public identity, and the moon is what is in the dark or on the inside which is always changing. And the same concept applies to institutions. There is a mastermind – or collective mind – the public face is the sun which is constant and regular, but the inner essence is constantly changing like the face of the moon. I can't remember how I worded it back then.

For example, as a shopper, it's easy to tell what a WalMart is. It's a blue building with cheap stuff and cheap looking people in it. But on an inside perspective of say an executive board member, WalMart looks very different from day to day. Everything is constantly changing. Distributors and partners are changing... investors are coming and going... CEO's and other officers are resigning or retiring and being replaced. Nothing on the inside is constant... it must change and always strive to be better as the faces of the moon works at being fuller... only to decrease. And we each, and every organization and nation must keep up with that inner tidal ebb and flow of change. Or a sports team is a better example. You have the coach who is the "Master." The sun is the familiar public face of the team... the logos... the team name... the mascot... the colors... the home city which are constant like the face of the sun. But on the inside the team members come and go. New ones replace old ones... investors come and go... nothing is regular and constant. But despite the internal changes, the outer face remains recognizable.

The ONA will always be ONA, as the sun is the sun. But it's inner essence is always – and must – change like the face of the moon, always working toward that Fullness of Potential. And as soon as a fullness is reached, we realize that in the distant horizon there is a higher fullness to reach after and work toward. Like the moon always diminishes and works toward a new fullness.

The other thing my past experience with ghostwriting and "shapeshifting" taught me is this concept some people call "manifesting," which is sometimes generically referred to as "Doing Something." We bump into this concept when people ask us thing like, "What are you Doing?"

Or “what is the ONA Doing?” Or “what is Anton Long Doing?”

First define “Doing.” meaning how far down the causal chain reaction of an act initially committed is a “Doing?” Is a “Doing” counted from the initial act all the way to when fruits that act causally bore?

If so, what did I end up “Doing” and “manifesting” with my 5 years of ghostwriting for my cousin? From my first initial act to it’s last fruits that act’s causal chain BORE? I started off writing and sharing simple ideas to an audience thirsty for fresh new ideas. Just ideas, written in some news letter or as a lecture. Nothing big and eventful or earth changing. Gradually those ideas spread to change a few people’s perception of how they saw what they were deeply into and loved. It inspired some people to act. Like my cousin was inspired to act. He did act and pretending my ideas were his, used his social skills to get into a set or clique of people for business purposes to help our family out. Those ideas changed the way this group of people saw my cousin. They had a certain liking for him and admired “his” insights “he” was sharing. Which inspired them to let him into their exclusive clique. This ended up helping our family later make not only business partners but “powerful” friends in the county. In the end, after business and a lot of work, people made money. Lots of money, which added income to my family. Does all that count as a “Doing” and the Fruits a “Doing Something” manifests?

If the answer is yes, then an idea can potentially be worth a lot of money. If the answer is no, and you want to say that a Doing has to be with your hands and fingers, then all I really “Did” was ghostwrite and share ideas. But did my energy and time ever amount to anything in the end... yes it did in more ways then money-wise. When your familiar to a Lodge 1300 deep packing every third cop in the district, you don’t get ticket when cops pull you over just by driving a car with the right symbols on it. They look at your face, recognize you as that girl that served them ice cream, ask how your family is and tell you to please slow down form my own safety and the safety of others. Work... what work? Interviews what interviews? You got a whole county full of places that will give you a job the same day you smile at the old guy you visited in hospital. Cars need fixing? Cousins can’t fix it cuz they’re too busy? I had an album pack full of business cards of people I met doing my circuits in the Lodge dinners and visiting old masons and their ladies. 15 or so of them are owners of car garages in the county who tell me to just drop off my car at their house so they can fix it for free as long as I buy the parts. Need lawyers? There’s 100 of them in the Lodge a phone call away. Want to talk to your judge first before a case in the county? Hit up the Lodge. Wanna climb rank in your military or air force fast? Introduce your old army friend you met at the Lodge to your cousin who is a mason from another Lodge. All that from the circulation and Fluidity of ideas... memes. Symbiosis right? You help me, I help you, we all benefit. That’s what a Business Partner – Associate – is.

So what’s it mean when it is asked “what have you done?” What exactly does the word “done/do” mean and how far down the causal chain of physical real world manifestation does that “done” include? Because in real life, actions and things done is more complicated then writing out in a post what was done or what can speculatively be done. In the real world “done” and “doing” is a complicated matter. The Asians invented an entire religion of 25,000 pages based on the idea of “Doing.” It’s called Buddhism, and the essential concepts are

called Kamma ((Work)) and Vipaka ((Fruit)), Kosala Kamma ((or Kamm-Kosal)), and Akosala Kamma ((or Kamm-Akosal)).

What did Anton Long Do? I don't know what does that word mean? How far does it go. Does it include the causal chain reaction arising from it? Does it include the Vipaka of the Kamma? Vipaka is not always a precisely linear manifestation of it's initial Kamma. Who knew my ghostwriting of ideas would in 6 years or so end up manifesting money in the form of business partners and new businesses? That initial presencing of ideas from me, causally branched out to bare several different Vipakas.

So when we ask what AL or ONA has done in real life? What does that actual all mean and include? Am I making things complicated? Cuz I'm Buddhist and I pay attention to little details with how Life unfolds and happened. "Do" isn't as simple as robbing somebody or making bomb. If so then we're only talking about the initial act of a causal event. Do we understand what manifesting is? Where it starts and how far down the causal chain the Process of Manifestation happens? Do we mean the initial act or the end results or both and everything in between? Whose keeping a collective tab on every end result since 1972 the ONA has ever produced as Vipaka, considering that Vipaka does not unfold linearly? I'm not. I wasn't even born back then, and I sure as hell don't know how many people were collectively involved, who did what, and what end results their kmmas bore. Does AL know? Who knows.

One last thing my experience of being me has taught me is that knowing who and what I am, actually helps me understand the person behind Anton Long. I might not have it all right, but I can guess that we're alike in many ways.

Can I be fitted into a single cubby hole? Am I a Buddhist Lyn? Am I a Catholic Charismatic Jeslyn? Am I a Satanist Jessy? Am I a culturally conservative and traditionalist Jessiddha? Am I a liberal Lynzie? Am I a Sinister ONA Shugz? Am I a Vietnamese Lyn like my mom? Am I Thai because of one of my last names? Am I Chinese because my other last name? Am I Khmer because the second language I speak? Am I American because I was born here? Am I a Reichsfolk Nazi? Am I a communist because of friends I have and socialist parties I am a member of? Am I a capitalist because I come from a business oriented family that believes in free enterprise? Am I a patriot because I love America and think its the greatest country in the world? Am I treasonous because I think the government should be torn down to be made better like the constitution says we can do?

I'm just me. People who know me know me. And they understand that a person is a dynamic entity always in a state of flux. But beneath the lunar flux is an solar essence of being that is always the same. No matter how old you grew to become, how many birthdays past, how often your mind changed, how more memories were added, there is a part of you that remains the same. Which is the Self beneath the outer forms. The Self beneath the social memes and flux. The Self which is a Property of the aggregation our 6 senses ((here consciousness being a 6th)), and its codependent arising and interaction ((feedback loop)) with its environment which includes other people, ideas, and society in general.

There is outer form which changes and then there is formless essence remains relatively

constant. Who is Anton Long? Just an outer form of a living person. Who is this living person? It's impossible to know unless you live with him or know him for a long time in person directly. Otherwise all we have in our knowing of this person – or any person – are what faces we see on the outside presented. In such cases where the outer faces are many like mine, the shortest answer is that all faces of the moon is the same moon.

I read somewhere that you can tell the level of sophistication of a language by counting how many words for colors it has. I read about one language somewhere in Africa I think which only had words for "Black," "White," and "Red." English has the basic words for the 7 colors in the rainbow, then brown, black and white. Then there is the whole list of other shades of colors we have. I hate Khmer and think it's primitive because it only has 6 words/names for colors: Khmau for Black; Sor ((say it as a Brit or Frenchmen or Bostonian would read it)) meaning White; Krahom for Red; Swy ((sounds like Why with an S)) meaning both mango and purple; Lueng ((the ue makes a japanese flat U sound)) for yellow, and Kiew for both Green and Blue. For the other colors you have to say the word color and attach it to a something of which has the color you want to convey. Like Per Dey means "Brown" but literally means Color ((Per)) of Dirt ((Dey)). Per Kroach means Orange but actually means the Color of Orange Fruit.

Anyways, ever since I learned this when I study or look into a language I first check to see how many single words they have for colors and how many adjective and descriptors the language has to work with. The more colors and the more words as a means of expression, generally the more sophisticated the language is. Descriptors are things like words that give other words new meaning. For example some native American languages instead of having verbal endings like -ing and stuff have descriptors to describe if an act has manifested already, if it is in the process of manifesting, and if it shall manifest in future. Or Quechua has all these awesome descriptor words that captures ever feeling and emotion imaginable.

So since I love language, I end up seeing people in the same way. English is a sophisticated language which is always growing and fluctuating. Some languages like Latin don't grow or fluctuate. One is living and dynamic and the other is actually dead. People are the same way. Do they stay the same in mind and mentality and worldview or do the change and fluctuate in a living and dynamic way. Stagnant or Progressive Mind? A person or mind that is primitive in mental capacity will not change mentally as often as one that is constantly out growing and growing From their old ideas. Like how crustaceans and bugs have to break out of their old shell to grow. When I hear a person say, "I've been a satanist for 25 years!" My first reaction is, "The fuck is wrong with you?" That statement is only "bad" if it meant that for 25 years his understanding of the word and worldviews have not changed, as in nothing has changed since he was 13 when he first became a satanist. I see angles of perception ((paradigm, etc)) a person has to be my color code in judging the sophisticated nature of a person.

Angles of Perception are things we would intimate by words and terms like worldview, paradigm, perspective, "my understanding," and so on. Having only one angle of perception, or one Way of Seeing the world and universe is like a language with only one working word for one single color. It's like your literally seeing the entire world with a single color lens. If for 25 years you've been seeing the world with the same monochrome perception, then something is wrong with your mental capacity. Don't even lie to yourself and say you even see the world in

“black and white” because that technically is two colors which adds up to two paradigms or two contrasting worldviews. You just see the world in just black. And some people are proud of that?

Can you see the world as a girl, as a guy, as a child once did, as an adult, as a liberal, as a conservative, as a Communist, as a capitalist, as a friend, as a foe, as a Christian, as a Buddhist, as a poor person, as a rich person, as a slave, as a master, as a theist, as an atheist, as a deeply spiritual person, and as a material girl? Or are you limited to just one paradigm... just one color lens... just one “right” worldview?

But seeing the world in different ways requires empathy and becoming. It requires you to sit down next to a liberal or a spiritualist, and to empathize that person than to become that person to see and feel the world the way they do. And most of us aren't willing to do that because our superficial identities ((our Self)) is so entwined or attached or lost in our own signal self glorified worldviews that its fearful to let go and empathically become another person or to gain a different solid perspective. We fear that such an act would dissolve who and what we are. If I was a Buddhist all my life and I change my paradigm or worldview what would I then be we fret? If I was a Satanist for 25 years and I see and feel the world with a second worldview and a third, then what will my Self be? As if to imply that we are how we perceive things.

And so we become similarly confused when a person like the one behind Anton Long has many faces and many angles of perception. What is he we ask? A Muslim who sees the world as a Muslim? A Satanist who sees the world as a Satanist? A Nazi who has a Nazi paradigm? A Numinous Wayer who sees the world in his own way? As if to imply to ourselves that we can't possibly have more than one paradigm or worldview... like humans can't possibly see the same world in many different ways. Even though we know we can, because many of our wars and battles are fought over how different we see the same world. But surely multiple worldviews or ways of understanding the world can't exist in the same mind trying to gain a better understanding of it?

I'll give a living example, myself. I call myself a Buddhist most of the time and refer to my Buddhist “paradigm” as my native weltanschauung or my default worldview, because it's what I was raised inside of. But I have in Life come to realize that there are phenomena in Nature which have no name or word or idea in that default paradigm which exist in a beautiful form in Christianity, specifically the Charismatic Catholic variety to be technical.

The phenomenon is called “Redemption” in the Christian weltanschauung. You see, when I step on a blade of grass to depress it, suppress it, repress it, impress it, oppress it, the blade bends. But that blade of grass has an inherent Nature inside of its being to understand that it had an Original Nature which it must try to get back to. And so gradually that blade will Redeem itself and rise back up to as close as possible to its Original Nature. We call that inherent knowing of an original divine/numinous state of being and the will to bounce back to that state Redemption, beautifully symbolized by the Christ. Who is in the Catholic Paradigm not only the Son who is we – the Body of Christ – but also God, and the Holy Spirit. The Christ is the divine remembering or knowing of our original divine or Godnature, the understanding of which we are redeemed from our lost and fallen state to what we once were.

All things in Nature redeems itself, even ecosystems if let-be. Wounded animals will over time redeem them their original state of health and well being or at least as close as possible. The word Redeem suggests or implies also a giving up of something in exchange for something that was lost or taken away. You give up your grip and hold. You let go of what is holding you down. Your loss of self in what is holding you down. What do I mean by that? I mean to say that if you are a Shudra who is hated and despised by an entire system created to hate and despise you, Let Go. You weren't born a shudra. You believe in a caste system and hold on to it. When you hold on and don't let go, don't give that up, you can't redeem what was lost or taken from you. Your redemption can't be given to you until you give what is holding you down up, until you surrender... ((islam))... to the Natural Way of Things. To how you were made by your Creator... by Creation, to the Way of its Peace. If you are poor or your whole country is poor it is not because Nature or Creation made you that way. There is no poverty or wealth in Nature or in the Natural order of things. Poverty is a byproduct of an economy... a human imposition or superimposition or impression on the world. You can never Redeem the Natural and Numinous/Divine state you came into the world with by default so long as you/we hold onto that economic system. We must give it up and surrender to the Numinous Flow of Creation... Charismata right? The Divine Flow of God the Holy Spirit, the Essence of Creation, which imbues all of Creation. Which Creation – Cosmos – you are a living child and manifestation of ((Jesus who is God the Son, the Born/Manifested)).

And with that same Charismatic worldview I can see the world and understand thing from the stand point of Genesis and Taoism. The Creator made Adam/Eve in his likeness and placed him in a Garden of Eden. Before they ate the Fruit of a certain tree they everything in their human life was fine. When they ate the Fruit of the Tree of Good and Evil and then the Tao of Eden or the Unity of Creation becomes yin and yang, abstract Goods and Evils... Rights and Wrongs... when such valuations are not present naturally in Creation. Nothing written or expressed in the Living Book of Nature is right or wrong, good or evil. Nature just is... as in how a child would see the world as just being neither good or evil, right or wrong... *“Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”*

So for me, even thoe I am seeing the same world, I have a set of different paradigmatic goggles to see this same world with. I can see it as a Buddhist, as a Christian, as a Myattian person, as a rational materialist, or a Satanist, a liberal and a Conservative. Then I can take all those different worldviews and patch them together to see a “bigger picture” and thus gain a wider understanding of what I am looking at which I am a living part of. There is a cliché Buddhist allegory that is told so many times, yet nobody understands or puts it into actual practice. The cliché allegory is the one with 4 blind monks feeling up an elephant and each are thinking the elephant is a different Thing. Yeah, we whine and say that story is sooo cliché and soo over told... yes, yes, yes, I've heard it 20 times already... and those that heard it still take pride that they still have but one paradigm or worldviews... still see and understand the world in monochrome.

And the funny thing with many people is when they say they are having a “paradigm shift.” In the mundane pop-occulture a “paradigm shift” actually means that their opinions about something is changing. Like their old monochrome monocle got broke or scratched up and they're switching monocles. Their going to throw away their old blue filter lens for a yellow one

this time. For surely a yellow filtered world is way better than a blue one. When it's just one filter again! Just one perspective again! Just one worldview again! And this one has got to be the really true and right one! The old one was believed to be the truth, but now we know better because the new yellow lens will make us see the truth.

Then I love how these people stuck in monochrome with one barely functioning wetlanschuing or paradigm or whatever will say things like, "Oh I've been a Wiccan High Priest for 30 years!" Or, "I went to Church for 50 years!" Or, "I was a Satanist since I was 8!" Then they list you all these books they have read and work really hard to master their vocab, punctuation, and grammar. And they sound superficially smart, with big words, and perfect grammar, and many books. But why bother reading? You read and see and filter shit with the same single lens. Doesn't matter what a Satanist or Buddhist will read or look at, because they will always see things as a Satanist or Buddhist. A perfect example of this monochrome filter effect happening is you just give a well thought out essay written by a Theist to an Atheist and I guarantee that no matter how educated and erudite the Theist was the Atheists isn't going to see shit and will spend time talking himself into rejecting that Theistic paradigm re-ground himself in his own atheistic comfort zone.

You can only see and gain an understanding of the world with what mindset you are working with, that's why it's called a worldview, or a paradigm. From the Greek word Paradigma meaning Patterns. If you are conditioned to only see vertical stripes, you will not be able to compute or register horizontal stripes, because it is not in your system. They did that test with pigeons where the birds were raised in stripped cages that move in say a vertical direction, and the birds ended up not able to see horizontal ones. There's accounts of native South Americans from the time of Columbus who said that their people could not at first see Columbus' three ships, even when the ships were parked in the harbor. Because their brains were conditioned in a world where the Patterns of a ship of the European size and type just simple did not exist. But of course their eyes and brains got used to the new patterning of the ship and they eventually saw them.

And so we judge our own selves and others based on the one single lens we are using to see the world, in such a way that what lens and filter we see the world and universe with defines our very ego, self, and very being. In the copulative, "I AM a such and such." AM meaning to Be, to exist, to have an Isness... I exist or have my being because I am a such and such, and if I am not a such and such I therefore AM not. Many of us can understand that we are not our ideas, but it's hard for us to understand that we are not our worldviews, our way we see and interpret or understand the world, or paradigm, or whatever.

We try to categorize people into how they see the world. And so somebody like the person behind the pen name Anton Long is confusing to some of us. He doesn't fit into any one box. He seems to jump around and not stay still. Like he can't make up his mind as to how to see the world and which angle to stay at. So we begin to mentally dismiss him from our minds to rid our minds of that source of confusion. We tell ourselves that such person is confused, crazy, wishy-washy, insane, a troll, just a fake, etc. Anything we can say and believe to cause our mental perception of the world to go back to the way it was before such person ruined our worldview and understanding.

Can't he just be a person? With many different ways of seeing the same world? But as they say, It takes one to know one. I'm not saying that my long ass spiel about AL is right and that I understand the Man. But I can see and understand him using myself as a reference point. I know I am not crazy or confused about the world, and I know and understand that it is because I allow myself to have many and contrasting "paradigms" or whatever that I have my understandings of Life and the World. And so when I see another person with many "color lenses" I assume that person is like me too. And I unfortunately interpret such people to be of a more mentally or psychologically sophisticated state. In the same way that I interpret a language with many names for colors to be a sign or mark of a sophisticated language.

Q. What about States and so forth? How come the State isn't dead yet? What is ONA doing to annihilate the State? What will be put in its place?

A. Taking out a State is not the *raison d'etre* or the Prime Objective or supreme essence of the ONA. There are thousands and thousands of pages worth of stuff written by AL and not all of them talk about destroying some State or Nation.

There is a "platform" in ONA called the Sinister Dialectics. This Sinister Dialectic in business talk is like the overview of what the business is and what the end goal should approximately look like. So when we all look and it we are on the same basic page and can work from there.

Say I have some money and my cousins and I would like to start up our own business. So we go to more experienced aunts and uncles who gives us the "Chinese Food Dialectics." This "dialectics" contains a general outline off the power points of what the business of a Chinese Food joint is all about. First it gives us an over view of the general cost, then the general monthly money needed to put into such a business, then a list of common food items, then an estimate of common yearly profit, then an over view of what a customer is, and what competition is and how such customers and competition will effect our business. Then the aunts and uncles tell us after we have gotten the "dialectics" down, "Good luck, call us when you need us, otherwise, yo guys are on your own."

The thing is the dialectics does not explain or micromanage the minute details. It has to be open and flexible and thus mutable to time and clime. The detail is up to us. When my cousins and I argue over location and search for a good location, that is the dialectics in motion. Our locations might always be good. What about generating customers? That is also up to us. One of us can come up with the agenda of making fliers with menus and putting them on car windshields in parking lots. That is the dialectics in action. That agenda may fail and not produce the desired result. If it does, we try an new approach.

What about competition? The Dialectics did not name a list of what would be competition, we have to figure that out. One of us can say that the near by Mexican and Sushi eateries are competition. Ok... next step is how do we deal with such competition? One of us might say to hire some of their friends in gangs to burn the competition down. Is it a good idea? Who knows. Whats the risks? Another can say that we spread rumors about the competition's food quality. We pick the second one since in both proposals the customers of the competition would search out a new place to eat anyways. The second seems less risque. We try it, it may

fail.

The point is that with this Chinese Food Dialectics, the minor detail of how to get from point A to point Z is not set. It is left open ended. What we chose to do to get us to point Z is not the Business or *raison d'être* of a Chinese restaurant. If a strategy or tactic fails or is not generating the desired end results the dialectics must be open to change. You have to change course. There are more than one way to skin a cat as they say. If one way fails, you must learn to try the other ways.

Burning the State down is not thus the end all and be all of the ONA. It is a proposed method to executing the Sinister Dialectics.

I have my own mind and objections to the notion of burning down or destroying some state. In the old school days people connected with the ONA did try to “destroy” the State and they tried this other method of trying to cause a race war. They tried – at least they tried – and Business was quickly shut down. But Time makes us forgetful, and so today most people can't remember such acts and deeds done. They tried.

My personal objection is that I don't even think the State exists. It's not like you can walk up to a state and poke a stick at it. Where is it? If you can't poke a stick at it, then what exactly should be burned down or blown up actually? What do you “destroy” if there seems to be nothing concrete to destroy? It's not impossible. It's been done before. But what exactly is anatomy The Enemy?

Is the State the white house? If we get rid of that will the State go away? Is the State capitol hill? If we nuke the hill will the State go away? Are the people in public office the State? If we exile all of them will the State go away? Is the infrastructure the State? So what we burn asphalt and bridges and semitrucks? We don't even know what the Enemy is or what it looks like, so what are we suppose to poke our sticks at? Know your enemy is one of the first of Sun Tzu's admonishments. What is a State? A State is a “samsara” or a product of mass psychosis.

Samsara in Theravada is not a place you are stuck in as it means in Hinduism where it is interpreted to mean some cycle of birth and death. In Tharavada samsara is basically a Sama and a Sara and explains what you do over and over again which you can't stop doing. Sama means Common, Shared, Together, Collective. Its actually the ancient root in the word Sangha, althoe you'd never see it. The “M” is nasalized as an NG in Sanskrit, and the last “A” is actually not a letter but an inherent vowel of the M not usually pronounced if it is a soft “A.” So Sam is pronounced as Sang. The older spelling for Sangham would be Sam.Gam where Sam/sang means Together or Shared and Gam/gang means a group... which if you notice can be found in the English language as the word “Gang” which still retains much of its ancient meaning. A sam.gam is a Together-Group, a Common-Group a set of people share. A sangha thus means an Association, an Order, a Society, a Club, a Fraternity, a Brotherhood. Sara means everything from Soup, a Pond, a Lake, and a Flow or Current.

So together Sam.Sara comes to mean a Common Flow, or a Shared Flow. If people were

running a marathon and you were running in it too, that is samsara. Every one is Flowing together or everyone is sharing a common flow. Everyone is a fish caught in the same current of the same shared pond or river. When you are on the freeway, that is samsara. You are flowing with traffic along with everybody else and everyone shares that flow in common. If everyone believed in UFO's and you did too, that is samsara. If Lenin says that communism is good and everyone believed it and tried to live it and you did to, that whole communism and what you do collectively because of it is samsara. Which is where the shit happens in samsara. Because communism is just a belief. But everyone around you believes in it and their beliefs influences their actions in life which generates consequences. In such conditions, even if you did not believe like them or did like them, the collective fruit of their actions is what you end up being caught in. That is samsara. Can you escape it? No. You're stuck in why. Id everybody believes in a caste system and in such caste system dark skinned people were shudras, and you were dark skinned, can you escape the current or flow of their collective belief and Vipaka ((Fruit of action))? No. You're fucked.

But lets say that you were a shudra and you wanted to be free to be human and to just live a normal happy life. How would you destroy the samsara of this caste system? Blow it up? Burn it down? Damage it's infrastructure? Attack it's economy? First, where is it? Point to this oppressive caste system with a finger. The Illusion of samsara is in the belief that it is real... and so long as you believe that it is real – a real phenomenon is the real world – you will be lost in that Illusion. That caste system is in the heads of 1 billion people.

Is it easy to wake – Awaken/Buddha – people from the Illusion of samsara? I don't know, tell 10 random people on the street one day that the State they were born and live in is an illusion, and of the 10, how many will awaken and actually see thru that illusion? It's hard as it is to convince a Theist to see the world as being a material thing.

Once you're stuck in the current of a river, it's very hard to free yourself, especially if the river is strong. Like money is a current in the rover of a State. We can jive all we want about how evil money is, and how it is the cause of human suffering and how fiat currency is fake and based on debt. So what. What are you gunna do about it? Free yourself from its current? Stop paying bills? How would you eat? Where will you live? How would you support your wife and children? How do you provide for their needs and well being? When everyone around you uses money? You can't free yourself from an Illusion, which is not in your mind. The illusion is in other people's minds. The illusion or Belief itself is not the problem. The problem comes into being when such people acts out their beliefs because our acts in this causal world manifests Vipaka ((Fruit)). 300 Million people in America all acting out their belief in a State and money, means 300 million people are inputting Kamma ((work/act/deed)) into a casual system, and that system is going to out put a big shit load of reactions, consequences, fruit, end results, and so on. And you are caught in that wyrdful collective manifestation. How do you free yourself? And what do you destroy if the source of it all is in the minds of 300 million people? What do you burn down is the question. It's not impossible, but fighting a phantom will be hard.

I think focusing our energy on a different aeonic method of eroding the State is more doable. By aeonic I mean very long term wise as in 500 years or so, give or take a century. The time

would be spent doing two things, subverting the mental orientation of the people slowly to see things differently, and working to balance the States monopoly of dependency with self-reliant clans and urban tribes and communitarian oriented communities. Each community would then create or agree on their own currency to use with each other. The Mormon church actually has a great example that I find to be fascinating. Last time I was at a Ward my Mormon friends were telling me about their church welfare system. Its when you apply for financial help from the main church, and they send you these coupons. Then you can take those coupons and use them to buy food and supplies at church owned stores or stores own my Mormons that agree to accept the coupons. I just thought that was a brilliant idea. By subvert I mean to Subtly Turn their mental orientation so that they see things aligned to how we see things.

Whatever ONA does, we shouldn't allow ourselves to get to the point where we can't admit we made a mistake or that we failed. Because when we can't admit failure or mistakes made, then we will continue to fail and never learn from our mistakes. It's good to make mistakes and fail. It's the only real way to learn anything – from trial and error... research and development as they call it in business. The best type of honesty is self honesty, which is hard to do. Actually anything that involves one self is hard. Self development is hard, because we as people in general tend to pay our attention on others and try to develop them instead. Which is why we argue and debate and assert our opinions onto others. Because we know better for others. Because we're already perfect and always right. That's why everyone is wrong and needs us to correct them. Not us an in ONA, just us in general as humans minding everyone's business but our own.

But there is actually more to the ONA then just blowing up people and countries. Mundanes are extremophiles they tend to gravitate toward one of two extremes and they'll see the world in their polarized way. So their mundane minds when looking at things and organizations actually only computes the extreme and exciting violent stuff, especially if you are American and raised on a lot of violent video games and violent movies. You never hear anything good about nazis when a Mundane talkes about them. Nazis always don't do anything but kills Jews and skin niggers. Muslims eat sand and will all eventually be anti-American terrorists some day. Cubans are evil Commies that kill Capitalists. China exists just to plot on taking over America. ONA is about nothing but destroying the system. It's gotta be action packed extremism for mundanes, or you're not even real.

Q. Who is SugaCubez?

A. Not "who," but "what." That's not a real important question, but I should say a few things to clarify a few things. SugaCubez isn't a who. It's a what. It's a pen name or pseudonym and not a person.

It was originally a nym of a portal account we used 3 years ago to troll Blackwood and Chloe first made it. And again, the reasoning behind it's original purpose is that of a pen name. Because you have someone like Chloe who uses her real second first name to write serious ONA essays, and that same name and person/a can't run around the internet goofing off with some fat bastard.

With our WSA you have to be familiar with what a "Portal Account" is or you will be confused. We picked up the habit of using Portal Accounts 6 years ago on Myspace when we were trolling people. A portal account is just an account one of us make, then we give the User Name and Password to a handful of our friends to log into and use.

For example way back in the days when Myspace still had that new car smell and youtube had not hitched a ride with Myspace yet we were on it riding whore trains and making troll groups. Troll groups is a fake group you make to call in people you troll rather than go find them. So we'd make a troll group, fill it with fake profiles which use the same passwords whose User name is the screen name, and wait. Believe it or not, the only person in cyberspace to ever know Kayla 352 from 6-7 years ago when she and the rest of us were on Myspace is Knife Sotelo. That's a weird fact. Back then Kayla was caught up in the whore contest with the other people. She had 10,000 friends at one time before she got tired of getting banned from Myspace. But she made a Satanism group and went around looking for Satanists to join it, and Knife was one person she just added and asked to join. She said at the time he was using that sepia picture of him wearing the sunglasses, which he still uses today. To this day Kayla is still a bona fide member of Knife's Satanic Chapel. If you ever wonder where WSA got its influence to mix Satanism with gangsta culture... there it is, Knifer. 3 years ago he even made a rap song for WSA.

Our idea of a Portal Account also came from something we did during our Myspace days also. What happened was we'd meet certain new friends interested in reading more information about something. So since we didn't know how to make websites to write things in and there were no blogs at the time we had this "novel" idea of making these email accounts which we can all share or have access to and then we write our essays and save them as drafts in the draft folder. Or we'd write out our essays in our emails and just send it to this Portal Account. So then when we do meet people who want to get more info we just give these people the User Name and Password to these joint accounts so they can read the draft notes and emails.

During the 6 or so years of us sharing accounts with people we met, we never had a fool play tricks on us and change the password or anything. Everybody was cool. But we saved all of our essays... which today have become the older Chapters of Opus Vrilis. So the pen name Caligula attached to Opus Vrilis is also a joint pen name we use. No single person is Caligula. It's just easier and more effective to use one single pen name for one audience. Why so? Rapport. Over time your target audience evolves a connective rapport with that name or persona or image. Why rapport? Because when rapport exists between two people there is resonance between the target audience and the focal person. In such case the audience loses the ability to question what information/meme they are given. Do you question your new casters when they tell you things? No.

SugaCubez originally was used as a moving pen name online to troll Blackwood. It was made by Chloe, but Kayla used it most of the time. Then 3 years ago one of us made a Portal Account under the SugaCubez nym to access Mysatan and answer questions in. This was the time when I started using the SugaCubez nym to troll fatty at first with some other friends via the same portal account. Eventually I hijacked that nym and it's now mine. But I actually am a real person with a real name.

All this trolling and fake profiles and joint accounts, and one can wonder just how we can tell if a profile is somebody we know. We had that covered since 7 years ago. We actually have a set catechism in the form of a weird question which should be answered by an even weirder answer. If the writing style and words used by an account does not look familiar to us we just ask the catechism question and if the person reacts to it or gives an incorrect answer, we know it's nobody we know. Then also because we do use joint account to answer question and don't leave our names at the end of what we post, we have a system of grammar glitches we use which helps us tell each other who actually wrote what, using the joint account. We each use a group of signature glitches. Kayla uses the three dots a lot... in conjunction with her intentionally misspelling a certain word or two and she also will capitalize certain words. I may use the dots in informal writings but my visible trademark glitch is using ((double open and double closed parentheses.)) I also have a set of words I capitalize and misspell. Chloe she uses [square brackets] in conjunction with her own set of glitches. So this way when we read a post, we can tell who logged on and made what posts. But those glitches includes lexicon, vocabulary, rhythm, and personality, which you just have to get use to. If for example in some random form some profile uses double parentheses and is dropping and breaking down Khmer and Sanskrit words to explain Buddhism... more then likely it's me.

Q. Didn't the real Anton Long ditch the ONA? Would the real Anton Long use the internet? Isn't this Anton Long a different person?

A. It's confusing if you're on the outside looking in. But there is one sure way to kill this question or issue – Go ask Richard Moulton.

The person behind the pen name Anton Long is a real person who has a best friend and roommate named Richard Moulton. Go ask RM. He has a myspace and his own wordpress which is now his website. All you would have to say is, "Excuse me sir, I just have a question that is bugging me, is the Anton Long in those blogs the real AL?" If RM says, no I don't who that is, it's a faker... then it's not the real deal. Why so? Because they are fucking best friends and roommates. The person behind AL literally takes showers and uses the same toilet and shave in the same sink as RM does when RM is not on tour promoting his art and music and doing gigs. Those two guys eat in the same kitchen and share the same fridge and watch the same TV set and feed the same dogs.

Which also, if you ((in general)) even have half a working brain, you'd be able to tell who is actually behind the pen name Anton Long because the SAME RM is associated with both AL and the person behind that pen name! Even if the person behind AL denies being AL in public. I'll publicly deny being whatever pen name and pseudonyms I use for whatever audience to preserve my game. But if you were on the inside of the ONA and just mingles with certain sets of people you'd get it too and not even have to ask RM.

For example go ask Kayla. Many years ago we all thought that AL abandoned the ONA too. So when Kayla was corresponding with RM under his nym Audun, she stated several times that AL ditched the ONA. She said RM one time got upset and asked her why she thought AL abandoned the ONA because he never did, he was still there.

Or go ask Thoth from the Temple of THEM. Thoth has been ONA for over 10 years and worked with AL and RM. Thoth just recently did a project called Emanation which is a gift package of tarot cards made by RM and a music CD by RM. Who gave him the green light to sell the cards and CD? RM did. How did that go about? The two of them talk. Has RM ever told Thoth that the AL in the blogs is a fake? No... the issue is sooo of no concern that nobody brings it up.

Or go ask the Fenrir team who creates ONA's news letter Fenrir. They are connected with RM. Or go ask Sinister Moon who is directly associated with both RM and AL who's who. Or go find ask Chloe who's who cuz she can ask a number of other Old Guards if this AL online is the "real" pen name. Actually nobody cares on the inside of the ONA because this subject is just not a matter to anyone.

There is another way to verify who's who if you are soo interested and don't mind doing a little detective work. Run a background check on all the ONA websites and blogs active online and see who its all coming from...

There is an anti-Myatt guy and blog/site associated with Searchlight who did this for you already. I'll say right now that of all the ONA websites and blogs online ((AFAIK)) as of now 2011 all trace back to 5 people. FIVE... between 4&6. 1+1+1+1+1. Five fucking people. 1,2,3,4,5. 2+3=5. FIVE PEOPLE!

What 5? Richard Stirling... Thoth... Chloe... ANUS.COM... L316. I'm being liberal here. The guys at Searchlight will tell you every website and blog is one person: Myatt. Nobody in that delusional camp really knows how to fit WSA into the picture because its hard to claim that Myatt is Chloe, unless Myatt learn to speak Khmer and his brain is on estrogen haha. I've also heard that Kayla was RM. But I have bumped into many people who said that Myatt is behind onanxs blog. Check the IP for pete's sake. All of the major ONA websites and blogs they go to 3/4 IP locations on this Earth: England, Australia, & California. With L316?s new orderofnineangles.net being a 4th addition.

Actually I got into a fight or debate with some fool in this one forum a couple years ago when I was using my SugaCubez nym to answer questions about Buddhism and the ONA. So in a long ONA thread some fool came in and accused me of being Myatt. He started to get excited thinking he was talking to the Man himself and began to debate about the validity of ONA ideas. I kept telling this dumb fuck that I was not Myatt. And he wouldn't believe me. I had to tell the guy to go find me somebody that speaks Khmer and have them chat with me, because I doubt Myatt knows how to speak it. This fool was so delusional he said that Myatt is intelligent and it's possible that does know Khmer since he also knows Greek haha. Whatever.

Blogs and webites that can be traced back to Chloe and our team here in California is this blog ((onanxs)) or Tumblr; ordernineangles.webs.com, ona.soup.com, and maybe also o9a.org.

L316?s new orderofnineangles.net is the new addition and I don't know where their IP is located... and I'm frankly not the least bit interested or worried where in the world they are. It doesn't change the value of their contribution and insights.

Thoth of THEM has a number of his own blogs hailing from Australia.

The website o9a.org is a joint site not “owned” by any one person. Associates from ANUS – American Nihilist Underground Society – gave that site to the ONA c/o Chloe. Chloe asked for them to give two other sets of people access to that site. One set is the Fenrir Team in England/Scandinavia. The other is the Usual Suspects.

Most people active in the satanic forums online who tune into ONA stuff for whatever reasons will generally know the above named individuals or group ((ANUS)). None of them are Anton Long, but they are people with real connections or connectivity to the two key faces of ONA via Old Guards or directly...

This leaves Richard Stirling. Nineangles.info is under his name, and so were a few sites now off line. Who is he?

RS is or was the Outer Rep of Reichsfolk, and I still think he is. We know Myatt and Moulton are or were connected with Reichsfolk. He was or still is the Outer rep/Head of the ONA at one time I think. We know that AL and RM are associated with ONA. He wrote a lengthy introduction to an underground autobiography written by “somebody” at the center of what we are talking about. So I would say that RS is worth considering when trying to figure out who’s who in ONA. RS from time to time writes blogs over at Pointhat’s blog too...

So we know that RS is connected since old days to both Reichsfolk and ONA. And we know he is connected with AL, DM, RM, and PointyHat. Then we know he is connected with nineangles.info the closest thing ONA has to an “official” site.

That site in question is just a place to dump ONA MSS written by Anton Long. You’ll find manuscripts by AL from back in the day to the present. What you will also find at that website are current ONA MSS written by AL from the wordpress blogs... what does that tell us or imply or suggest? If AL in the blogs is not AL, what’s Richard Stirling doing as the old skool rep for Reichsfolk and ONA putting up fake AL ONA MSS at his websites connected to him? Are we to assume that RS is ignorant and can tell who’s who?

At the bottom of the nineangles.info site you will see links to ONA wordpress blogs, some of which are connected to RS which are nineangles.wordpress.com... antonlong.wordpress.com which is AL’s personal blog... and satanicheresy.wordpress.com.

All three links are wordpress blogs. All three are ONA. One is Anton Long’s personal ONA blog. What is Richard Stirling doing linking a fake pretender AL’s blog if it is not the real and original AL? Does he not know? Why is it that every ONA MSS by AL from those blogs can be found on every websites run by RS and Chloe? How come none of the old skool ONA people like Thoth and the Old Guards have ever warned any one in the Backroom or via emails that any of those Blogs is suspect and not kindred or genuine? How come Richard Moulton doesn’t say anything about there being a fake or imposter Anton Long? In fact he got upset and stated the opposite to Kayla.

So there is your basic easy answer, go ask Richard Moulton & Richard Stirling who is who in the ONA and if there an imposter Anton Long behind any of those blogs recognized by any of us as being kinfolk blogs. Or you can ask people like Chloe, Kayla, Thoth, SinisterMoon, about 90 people in the Backroom, or MF316 and Dan Dread and Diavolo who all have access or connections with these two and any Old Guard or are themselves talking with and connected to these people in question. I'm dropping names because those are Niners I personally know to be kinfolk who are active "out there." Or simple run every ONA website and do your own detective work. Check for IP locations and names.

Nobody on the inside with connections even cares about this subject. It's the people on the outside looking in with assumption that care and theorize and speculate. You can end all that speculation just by simply asking the people closest to the Man himself: Moulton & Stirling. I would recommend asking Stirling since most sites go back to him. But you don't have to ask him. You just need to keep an eye out for who or what articles written by whom makes the Circuit. Circuit as in travels from key site to key site. You'll see something RS wrote make it to Pointy's blog, then quoted over at Julie Wright's websites. Then you'll see things written by Julie Wright make it to the ONA blogs and websites. Then you see Articles from the ONA blog and RS websites make it to Julie Wright's websites... Oh! That's when we can ask – Who is Julie Wright? Why she's David Myatt's personal Historiographer, there was a different word used but I can't remember what it was.

Enter Julie Wright: <http://www.davidmyatt.ws/>

This is like playing connect the dots. Who is Julie and what does she do? She is a personal friend of David Myatt's, who collects personal information about him and put them into a collection. She has a collection of personal and private correspondences with David Myatt based on several years of being pen pals of sorts.

See now it all becomes really bizarre. Because many of the ONA MSS found at Richard Stirling's websites are also found on Julie Wright's Myatt websites... and then many of the articles written over at the Myatt and Long wordpress blogs makes the circuit to RS and Julie's websites... it's all traveling in a big loop orbiting a single person. Who is that single person we ask? Why, it's David Myatt.

So now with our detective work we singled out a Julie who for many years has directly been friends with and corresponds with Myatt. We can assume that Julie and Myatt thus talk to each other in some way. We can also assume that Julie may know Myatt better than any of us on the internet. Then WHY does Julie never mention, say, or warn RS or anybody in the ONA that there is an imposter Anton Long blogging?

The answer is a simple one, We are dealing with the same small group of people all orbiting David Myatt. With people like Julie, Moulton, and RS having the actual direct face to face connection with David Myatt and/or Anton Long. Then you have key ONA personalities who talk to or have access to these three. And nowhere or nowhen in that circuit of key people is the topic of an imposter AL ever mentioned or even a concern. Why not? We can theorize that it's all a conspiracy. That Julie, Moulton, and RS, the Old Guards and New Guards are all faking

an Anton Long as some leader of the ONA and they make wordpress blogs for their fake Anton Long. Would it really matter? No, because Myatt is still the central personality all of these people have in common.

You know when you babysit a bunch of little baby cousins and one of them does something bad like break like spill water on the floor? Then you say, "Okay... who did that?" And everyone who didn't do it says, "Not me." Who do we know is the guilty one? The quietest one... in the back... pretending to be invisible so he won't get in trouble. It's like that with the ONA too. Just look for the sneaky one.

Q. What's the ONA about I don't get it? I thought ONA was satanism? Why are people associated with ONA like RM all mystical and Christian? Why was DM a Muslim and not a Satanist? Hagur was a Catholic Priest? Chloe is a Buddhist? Where did all the Satanists go? I thought ONA was Nazi, why is Shugz Chinese or Asian or whatever? What's going on?

A. The Traditional Satanists of ONA are all still around. They just keep to themselves. ONA is like a large parent company... ONA Inc. So to diversify its Options... first what does that term mean, to diversify your Options?

Let's say I have \$1000 to invest in penny stocks. I buy \$1000 worth of OTC Pennystocks of 1 start up company. That 1 start up company fails a year later. I lost all my money. That's putting all your eggs into one basket. The potential return dividends with such a singular investment may be big, but that is rare. Other was is to diversify your options or play the field. I put in \$100 in 10 OTC start ups. Some will fail, while one might steadily grow. In such case I don't lose all my money and I have an OTC which might go somewhere.

The ONA is the same way. It's like a parent company that is playing the field. It's got it Intellectual Capital invested into an OTC subsidiary called Traditional Satanism. But the same Intellectual Capital is invested in the OTC company called Reichsfolk, and The Numinous Way. Then the same Intellectual Capital is invested into new start up subsidiaries called the Way of the Drecc, the Niners, the Balobians, and so on.

Not all of those subsidiaries are Satanic or Satanism oriented. Only Traditional Satanism based on the ONA's Codex Saerus and Naos are. If as an ONA Associate you want to go work in the subsidiary then you will be into the Satanism. If Satanism is not your thing, you can go work in the Numinous Way subsidiary. If philosophy is not your forte, you might go with Reichsfolk. It all doesn't matter because the same Intellectual Capital is the base capital of each subsidiary. The Way of the Drecc is not religious and not concerned with Satanism or the Sevenfold Way, or any of the Traditional stuff. WSA is a Drecc thing, we're Buddhists. Niners are ONA but their thing isn't connected with Traditional Satanism, although many Niners are Satanists of different kinds.

Or another way to see ONA is ONA is a Federal Entity composed of Constituent Member States like the United States is. So in the US you have Boston Massachusetts who have their own Culture and way of life, which differs from the people and culture of the Appalachia, which is different from the people and culture of the Deep South such as New Orleans, which is

different from the people and culture of Utah, which is different from the people and culture of California. But all those States and people belong to the same Federal Entity and share a common Federal Identity and Federal Culture defined by documents such as the US Constitution. And so on. The member states of the ONA Federation are like the Outer Forms such as Traditional Satanism, the Dreccs, Niners, and the various Nexions with their own mixture or style. This ONA Federation is open ended, meaning that new nexions or forms can be added at any time by whoever. It's ONA if it shares certain constitutional elements such as Anton Long as the Mascot, his writings as a foundation to further build on, the 5 Core Principles, the Sinister Dialectic, and the Sinister Code of Honour, etc. It's exactly like the British Commonwealth also where each Commonwealth Nation recognizes the Queen as their figurative head of state, and where English is a common shared language in many cases, and where a certain amount of history with England is shared. But this doesn't mean the Queen exercises any real temporal power in all those Commonwealths Nations. Each Nation is independent and have their own government and culture and history and people and ways of life.

ONA as a corpus of ideas and practical wisdom can be complex... but no more complex than Science. In science you have a leaderless institution with composed of fellow scientists. Each scientist shares a common praxis called the Scientific Method. From their praxis new disciplines and fields of study are born such as biology, chemistry, astronomy, nanotechnology, and so forth. Is a botanist a scientist, yes, one that specializes in botany. Is a cosmologist a scientist, yes, one that specializes in cosmology. Old scientific theories that no longer work to explain anything are discarded. Old theories such as Newton's theory of gravity may be kept. Gradual with Time, new theories emerge which is built on top of the old theories kept. The whole institution is open ended meaning that there is no limit or direction imposed on what science can become. It is evolving and dynamic... but the institution does have its Peerage. And it is the Peerage that reviews new theories and debates and critiques them. Thus althoe open ended, not every scientist's crack pot theories will pass the Peer Review Process. Nobody elects this Peerage. They are just well respected peers in the Scientific Community.

ONA is the same way. Old theories and idea can be abandoned, some will be kept if still useful, new ideas will be added, its open ended with no imposed limit or direction, but it also has a Peer Group. Not every idea an ONA person makes will pass this Peer Group's review process. Nobody elects this Peer Group. It's just a loose body of peers... hence Peer Group... who are respected or have earned a certain amount of influence. This Peer Group consists of the Old Guards and the New Guards. Most of all the Old Guards are very well mannered when reviewing new ideas and when rejecting them. New Guards like Chloe on the other hand if she doesn't like an idea and rejects it will chew your ass out. But her peer opinions – or anybody else's – doesn't matter because its the Top Peer Anton Long's reviews and opinions that matter. And these are just opinions and reviews not judgments, sentences and laws dictated. And idea can get completely rejected by most of the current Peer Group and still find its way into general ONA circulation and usage.

Anton Long is considered the Peer of Peers simply because of all and any ONA person living today, he has been ONA the longest – he made it and continues to make it – and he's the only

one to have attained the 6th Degree in the Sevenfold Way. Unless somebody beats his 39 years as a Niner and also makes it the the 6th Degree, AL will be Top Peer and will always be given proper respect and honour by the Peer Group and ONA Associates who live by the ONA Code of Honour. Most of the Old Guards in the Peer Group just lurk in the background and their main job is to just make sure that the Essence of the ONA remains the foundation of the ONA as it grows and mutates and adds onto itself. They are also there in the background to point out and call out imposters and pretenders which happens often actually.

Conclusion

There. I think I got most of the questions floating around in cyberspace. Most of those question have been asked a hundred times and answered 2 hundred time already. The battle with ignorance and assumptions is never over. But I don't mind answering the same old questions asked by mundanes. Actually if you know me by now, I spent my time answering these same old questions not to enlighten or teach these mundanes anything new. I am the least bit interested in convincing a mundane satanist to live the ONA. Why do I take the time to write 25 pages worth of answers to old questions? Memes... like dandelion puffs blown in the winds of cyberspace. It just helps my try to get my Niner kinfolks to perhaps see their ONA in a different way... and if I somehow get them to see life in Many different ways... with many lenses, then what little work I have put in has bore fruit. And such fruit will – has as I have see – grow in perspective and in self development, to duplicate my efforts and bare their own fruits.

Duplication of Effort is the key to wealth and prosperity. You can work your ass off all day marketing a product to people and generate real profit by yourself. But being only one person your potential has a limit. Thus your potential for wealth has a limit. You learn to Duplicate your Effort right? By teaching 10 others how to be your equals, how to do what you do. How to work for their own wealth and prosperity and send them out, but take a cut of what they make. That then creates what we call Residual Income. That's when you can play golf on Mondays and spend time with your friends while others work and you collect that residual income. Then those people learn to Duplicate the Efforts and generate a system of residual income to be your peers and equals. And in that whole process of duplication of effort the company grows in productive peers who know how to get things done, and in influence. But those who know me, knows that what Residual Income I work to generate isn't for me. I make no claim to any ONA fame or fortune. Those who know me, knows me and my friends work to develop the residual income for AL and the ONA as a Kollektive.

Rather than have an ONA run by one "Anton Long" I would much more like to see an ONA made of an army of Anton Longs. Where each of us do what AL does, the time dedicated to nurture the ONA, the sharing of insights and practical skills learned, the sharing of painful lessons from Pathei Mathos, the evolution of the ONA. For whatever reason and in whatever direction. As someone said it recently regarding AL and the ONA, "The center is well defined... the circumference has infinite potential."

A long while ago me and some of my family were having dinner with a family business partner who is very successful at what he does and his wife. I was still in high school then. A conversation about business and corporations in context to "the future" came up. So naturally

the fathers and uncles and this family friend started talking about “the future market.” One of us cousins confused asked the family friend what was meant by “the future market,” and if that meant groups of people you can in future get to buy your service or product.

The family friend said, no, no, no, not that. Then he said to us to imagine if we were take a marker and we were to put a green dot on all the people’s foreheads alive today... all the billions of them. Then we come back in 100 years what would we see? We would see that none of the billions of people have the green dot. What happened he asked? And we answered that the people with the green dots had all died. He said to us, Exactly, the people you see are New People of the Future. That is The Future Market. They have not yet been born. I remembered that idea ever since, and see it alive in many different ways. Hitler once said, “He who owns the Youth, own the Future.”

And from my own life long experience with my own living culture and ancestral tradition, I see and understand that what our family friend said and what Hitler said rings true even for human culture. A living culture must be able to impress in the new minds of its young progeny the traditions, culture, language, and worldviews, or that culture will have no Future. Cultural continuity depends on a culture’s ability to impress on the minds yet to be born its culture or it will die. Those yet-to-be-born Minds are light rays of white light that passes when born into a color filter to take on shape and form, but also such new minds are blank slates wired to acquire a mental form and worldview of what people such Minds are intimately connected with. It is just the way of nature. We either give our unborn progeny a culture, or someone else will. They either are given your ancestral culture or Numinous Way of Life, or they will be impressed and stamped with Magian Ethos. The choice is yours as a parent.

But more in line with ONA that concept of The Future Market is also applicable. If there was one thing I could or wish to teach or get across to other Niners it is the realization of whom they are writing and working for.

The people alive today with the symbolic green dot on their foreheads will all die in a short 100 years. And with their death they will take all of their opinions, convictions, paradigms, worldviews, gods, philosophical interpretations, religious concepts, and ideological beliefs. All of that goes into the grave with them. It is a waste of time to try to convince these mundane marked for death to see the world in a different way, to live life in a different way, and to believe other than their convictions they will hold onto until they die. And they will die.

But there is a Future Market of billions and billions of Unborn Minds not many of us consider writing for and sharing our insights with. For just as we of today look back to perhaps a Myatt of the 70?s, a LaVey of the 60?s... a Jesus of the 1?s... or a Buddha of some 2500 years ago for answers to the same ancient and eternal questions, for insights to better the world we have come into, so too will those Unborn Minds look to us and our people and generations and those in more ancient times for answers and insights.

The Audience that I write for – if and when I write – and the Audience I would wish for those of the ONA to learn to write for is this Unborn Future Market. Everyone alive today is literally marked for death. That Future Audience does not have any convictions yet. Their hearts and

minds have not yet turned to stone. And there are Billions of them, and the Time frame goes on and on. Just billions and Billions and Billions of Unborn Minds that will look for insights and culture and practical wisdom of how to just see and understand the world, and get the best out of it.

I personally could care less if every human alive today hated ONA or rejected it and made whatever claims they make. Because I know they and I will all die and they will take their convictions and assumptions with them. But I have something they will never have – Aeonie Insight... the ability to see far ahead and act, and write accordingly. Not to convince anybody alive today, to but speak to what people will come tomorrow... my children and grand children, and their grandchildren and peers of some distant Future of some Future time and world. If Anton Long can by himself presence the ONA for us of today – his Future – then so long as I have my Aeonie Insight and write for my Unborn Market, I will have the potential to own a piece of the Future... a piece of Future real estate for the ONA and its Myattian Dream. Just one nexion is all it takes. But to have more would be even better.

Shugz 352

Order of Nine Angles

122yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

THE ABC RITE



THE ABC RITE

Introduction:

The aim of this Initiatory rite is twofold: 1) It is a means of drawing Dark Forces to the Disciple, and binding them to the Sinister Path; 2) And is a means to “activate” the Disciple; meaning to extricate the Disciple out of his own head so he/she can become used to being productively active in the outside world. The Sinister Way, as we understand it is a Way of Living, Doing, and Being. This rite Initiates the Disciple onto that Sinister Path.

The ABC Rite is undertaken soon after the Disciple’s Initiation; or before as a test of loyalty if the Nexus he desires to join demands. The rite is usually preformed by the Disciple with 3 other Disciples; as his helpers and witnesses; who have practiced this rite before. The more often the rite is preformed, the more Dark Forces are drawn into the Sinister Predator. The rite may be preformed by a solitary Disciple who honestly desires to become a genuine Sinister Predator. Or it may be practiced by an entire nexion of Sinister Predators.

ABC stands for: Assault; Business; and Criminal organization.

The Voiding (Preliminary Ritual):

The Disciple first researches abandoned and derelict buildings in a suitably urban area.

Then on a night of the full Moon, they break into this building and aim to conduct the ritual on the top floor, or most inaccessible part of the building (researched beforehand during a practice run). They are not allowed any means of light to guide them through the building.

Once in the chosen space, the Disciple lights incense of Mars. They must also have a crystal with them suitable for ritual use. No candles are permitted.

They then walk a circle anti-clockwise three times, saying "Ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam".

They then stand in the centre of the circle, holding the crystal, and vibrate, with force, "Agios o Shugara" seven times whilst visualizing the sigil of Shugara.

Then the Diabolus is sung three times.

The Disciple then places the crystal on the floor, and sits near to it, within the circle. They visualize the crystal becoming black, which spreads out to engulf them.

Once visualization is over, the Disciple departs the building, and prepares themselves for the performance of the ABC's the following day.

The ABC's:

1) Assault

The Disciple must first perform the act of Assault. Three witnesses are involved to aid the Disciple and to observe all is done correctly.

Two acts of assault are most commonly recommended: lynching, and sexual assault.

Usually if a lynching is chosen, Disciples in the past have found it easier to do a drive by lynch in a quiet street and beat the shit out of an unsuspecting bystander. The bystander must bleed from the lynching. This is called a "Blood Opfering".

If the option is to be a sexual assault, previous Disciples have found it easier and less risky to wait for a 'wiccan' holiday, and then find a suitable victim in their places of gathering – usually held at night in places favorable to the assault. This is called a "Sex Opfering".

If a female Disciple is performing the Sex Opfering, she must use whatever means available to sexually offer her victim, while her 3 witnesses holds the Opfer down. Safety and stealth here is of utmost importance. We do not want our brothers and sisters' liberty and safety jeopardized or compromised in any way. Intelligence, planning, concealment of identity, and use of "mottos" is standard protocol. Each Disciple is given a motto or nickname by the group, which they will be then known by.

2) Business

Once again, the Disciple is accompanied by three witnesses. 'Business' is defined as "the art and science of transferring other people's money into your pocket or bank account". Business is broken down into the three B's (BBB): "Beggery;" "Burglary;" and "Bluffery", which we affectionately refer to as the "Better Business Bureau".

The Disciple first begins their Beggery by being taken to a highly populated area. They are then required to beg for money all day until they have raised \$100 dollars. The Disciple must share what they make equally with their 3 witnesses. "Beggery" also includes: Extortion, Racketeering, and Tax Collecting, which are all different forms of Begging. The Disciple may choose which form of begging they will use to collect the required amount.

Next the Disciple must pass the Burglary test. The Disciple must steal something which can be sold or pawned for money. The Disciple must raise \$100 to past the test. Again, whatever money is made must be divided equally.

Next the Disciple must demonstrate their skills in "Bluffery". By Bluffery we mean "the art of conning stupid people out of their money". The Disciple must use and devise a suitable means – eg. selling trinkets like pens, or magazines, or pamphlets; or create a business commodity of their own, and selling it for profit. The Disciple again must raise at least \$100 to pass the test, and the money must be shared equally.

By going through the Better Business Bureau the Disciple learns to hustle for money, and discovers that they are not so dependent on jobs to make a decent living. They will learn to see that every person is an opportunity, and that which looks like a street of busy cars is a river of money and opportunity waiting to be networked with and exploited for personal gain. Thus the Disciple gains a sense of liberation, and begins to realize that financial independence is possible. The Disciple also learns to work and co-operate in a collective group.

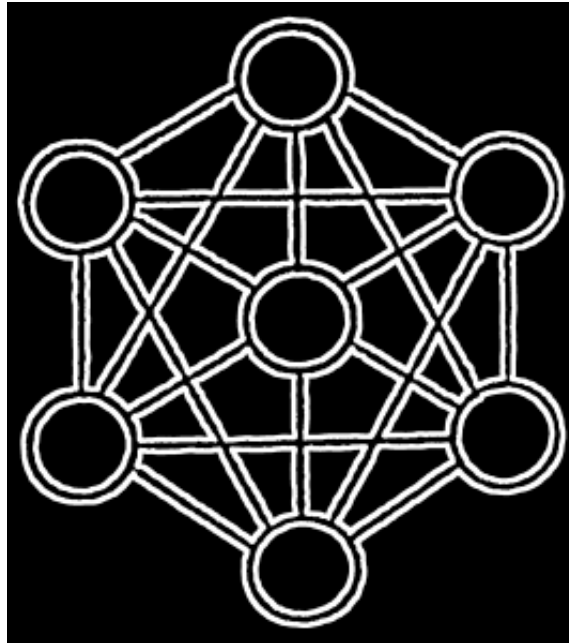
3) Criminal Organization

This is where the Disciple displays their intelligence, creativity, and organizational skills. The Disciple must organize a small group, and plan out a very organized and stealth criminal act, which in some way will benefit the small group. In the past, Disciples have organized small groups of new Disciples and put them though the A and B stage – themselves acting as a witness and leader of the group.

-WSA-

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

THE ART OF REAPING



The Art of Reaping

“Come as a Reaper, for thus will you sow.” – 5th Satanic Point; Codex Saerus; ONA

Destruction

The first thing that comes to Mind in most of us when we read the sixth Satanic Point is hell cracking open and destruction running amok annihilating everything. Or the image of the grim reaper running around killing city people left and right. Somehow that's suppose to sow something... something new born from the ashes of something old. So we mislead ourselves into thinking that one must kill and destroy to give birth to something new. Creation does not always comes from destruction.

In a way, the seeds of something new are sown in the death of the old. As we see in Nature. Old trees and plants, and old animals which die are processed by bacteria and fungus into nitrogen rich fertilizer from which grows a new forest.

Old useless alpha male lions in the Serengeti who have grown old and useless are taken down by new younger males... thus the Pride gets an influx of new genes. This may seem 'not right' from a localized Time perspective, but on a chromorphic level, the old replaced by the new insures Nature that Her parts (a species) continues to exist in great stretches of Time. For Nature – as eternal as She is – deals in increments of great Time... in the millions and billions of years. From such great increments of Time, Nature must test and try life forms and genes to insure that each successive generation inherits the means needed to continue across that great stretch of Time.

Civilization, like a forest or pride of lions, from an aeonic perspective, works in the same way over large chunks of Time. Ancient prehistoric civilizations lost in Time rise and fall... and their people disperse taking their wisdom, knowledge, and experiences with them, from whom eventually is borne new kinds of civilizations. So here we see that the death and destruction of a civilization itself is not the foundation of a new civilization. It is actually the creativity, experience, and intelligence of the people. The destruction – like a blank canvas – only gives them the freedom to express their Minds and creativity. Anyway, from the fall of an old civilization, arises new forms of civilization... and from this there is Progression of Humanity. From the ancient ashes and ancestral wisdom of ancient civilizations came in Time, the kingdoms and empires of Europe. These in turn were disrupted, and destroyed... and from the ashes of these old empires sprouted republics – a new form and species of human civilization. No doubt the civilizations we presently know of such as America, have brought our species very far into the future.

If our species is to continue Progressing forward to actualize our full human potential, we must understand that there must come a Time when what civilizations we know of today shall become Old, Stagnant and Useless... no longer having the potency, inspiration, and influence to captivate our Minds and Dreams... like a stagnant and inert religion. Such civilizational stagnation is like an artery that has become blocked, where the Flow forward has stopped. As cells – which we each are – of such a blocked artery and heart, such blockage of Flow kills us en masse – if not in bodily death, then death in Mind, Creativity, and Potential. The Old and Useless must be destroyed... its citizens (seeds) must be dispersed, and from the casting of such seeds – and the knowledge they each carry – will sprout new kinds of civilizations which will thus keep the Flow of our Progression moving forward.

So we see that in the old ONA of many years back often times pre-occupies its time with designing and strategizing the Hows of such an act of destruction is to be accomplished... like an underground rebel force plotting and planning. Yet, hardly is there ever a manuscript which details the images and visions of the End Result of such dreams and goals that inspires and captivates our minds and emotions. This is an important misdirection of ‘psychic’ energy, which will be talked about later.

The Reaper

This big perspective of Nature, and Civilization, is beyond the individual person. Thus, in a way, the ideation of destroying a civilization to materialize a new one is almost – if not – impersonal... or beyond our direct touch. This concept of being a Reaper to sow and create must be brought down to a more direct, personal, and practical level. Brought down to a level imbued with personal experience, rather than theoretical strategy.

A “Reaper” does not actually denote or suggest someone that kills, terrorizes, and destroys. A Reaper is a Harvester. Harvesting crops takes intelligences, wisdom, and planning. Crops aren’t senselessly cut up and killed. Only the Ripe ones are harvested. What is harvested is usually divided into three portions – a part to be used, a part to be sold, and a part to be sown. A skilled and wise farmer who knows when and how to harvest his crops right, can continue his crops year after year, and season after season. This skilled farmer can take one single corn

seed, and when given enough time, he can make it grow into an entire field of corn, to benefit himself, his family, and the market.

To “come as a reaper,” on a personal and practical level, means to think as a harvester... to think first of the End Result – that which shall be reaped – and thus to sow in such a way that yields the desired End Result. As that skilled farmer with that single corn seed does not think of the uselessness of the single seed he has, but rather envisions – aeonically – the End Result he desires... which is a field of corn. So he will sow that seed, with that End Result in Mind, and when that seeds becomes a plant he takes the many seeds it gave and uses it wisely – in tune – to the End Result he has in Mind. This End Result is Wyrđ – Fate... Destiny.

Men are subject to or mastered by Fate, whereas Gods are masters of their own Fate and Destiny. In other words, the command of wyrđ (or lack thereof) is the “birth mark” of a Mundane/Anariya (cow herder of the gods) and the Drecc/Ariya (the gods... in training). So this is the esoteric and practical meaning of coming as a Reaper – to learn to master our own destiny, by not senselessly sowing seeds aimlessly in life, but to have an End Result always in Mind, and to work accordingly in Life to Reap that envisioned End Result... the Fruition our acts and deeds in Life bares.

Since we exist in a Causal Universe, there is a logical science and mechanics to how causality unravels and to how Wyrđ Becomes. There is a Cause – seed-cause – to every Fruit, or End Result, or Fate. The mechanics of the causal unfoldment of Wyrđ has been expressed in many ancient culture in many ways. The ONA has its own way of expressing the mechanics of Wyrđ, which is rarely spoken about. This subject is something which I personally deem of paramount importance, because when we each understand how Destiny unravels, we can take advantage of the mechanics of causality to manifest in Life a Life we desire to live. Personally, I do not want my future children to be mastered by Fate... tossed around by circumstances like drift wood. I want my future children to have an intelligent conscious control over their innate power to create their own Life... to be Masters of their own Destiny and Reality.

Wyrđ

The causal mechanics of Wyrđ is esoterically hidden in the Tree of Wyrđ of the ONA. The imagery of the “Tree” itself symbolizes the Brain. The Brain itself is the upper branches of this Tree, while the nerves that stretch down thru the spinal column are this Tree’s root system. This Tree is the center of its own universe. This Tree is the center thru which the cosmos literally comes into being. In other words, the Fruit this Great Tree bares, is that which we as living beings experience and observe.

Everything and every aspect of our modern existences once first began as a mere thought – seed-cause – in somebody’s Mind. Everything from the airplanes in our sky, to the internet we use, to the nations we are a part of all first began as an ideation. That seed – ideation – is sown, which grows and causally bares Fruit as experience and observable reality. By “observable reality” I don’t mean to denote the “backdrop” of the jungle, mountains, earth, stars, planets, and galaxies. I mean to suggest the “furnishings” of this kabuki stage we call life that we directly experience and directly observe. It is we who decorate and fill this stage

with the furniture and props.

This Tree of Wyrd comes with seven spheres, each sphere representing a planet of some kind, and perhaps the archetypes associated with each planet. So we have as the first sphere the Moon, then Mercury, then Venus, then the Sun, then Mars, and Jupiter, then last we have Saturn. Saturn is the End of Wyrd. Saturn is the Reaper or Harvester. In ancient times Saturn was the god of the Harvest and his symbol was the reaping sickle. These seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd, thus esoterically explains to us in detail the mechanics of Wyrd... how a seed-thought causally materializes into Fruit ready to be reaped by the Harvester.

The Moon is silent and awe inspiring. Its face, its size, and waxing and waning captivates our Minds. By its changing of faces we are able to figure out the seasons and months. By its orbit, we have the phenomenon of the ebb and flow of the Tides on earth. Thus we may symbolize the Moon with Poseidon/Neptune's trident, who is the archetype of the Dark Sea of our Psyche, from which all our words and thoughts arises. The Moon also represents the night season, during which we sleep dreaming away under its subtle light. The sphere of the Moon represents Inspiration, Initial Thought that comes to our attention, and dreams or visualization.

Mercury is the messenger of the gods. He carries the words and decree of one party to another. By him, the intentions of the gods are made known. The sphere of Mercury represents Intention or Intent. Here the initial inspirational thought is intentionalized.

Venus is the goddess of Love and Beauty. The sphere of Venus represents Desire & Passion. Desire is the fuel that backs up and moves the intentionalized thought forward. Passion is the Force which makes the impossible possible. Love and Beauty to our species – and all species – is the greatest and most enchanting driving force. How many wars have been fought for Beauty (over a woman). What would we each not do for Love. In other animals, when the season is ripe, no male can resist the sent of a female in heat. It is Desire that drives Nature forward from one generation to the next.

The Sun burns and casts heat. The sphere of the Sun represents the Force of Will and Determination. Here the lunar seed thought, after being empowered by Intention, and fueled by Desire, now burns with Will and Determination. This sphere is the alchemical crucible where the unmanifested seed-thought begins to become a causal phenomenon.

Mars is the god of war. The sphere of Mars is the first stage where the seed-thought takes root in the real world of experience. War, if you think about it is Thought materialized as causal phenomena. War first begins in the Minds of generals ideating, scheming, strategizing, and intelligently planning. Only after such Minds have come to a workable strategy that will yield a desired End Result are the orders given to the soldiers. Then the soldiers executes what were once thoughts, and thru their execution of duties, the thoughts of lofty Minds materializes as reality. How many kingdoms, empires, and republics has our species known that have been born of war? These civilizations born of war once began as a thought in a lofty Mind. The sphere of Mars thus represents Action and the transition of thought-stuff into reality and experience.

Jupiter is king of the gods. His Word is Wyrd. By this I mean that what a King says, orders, commands, wishes, he will get one way or another. As king, what you say and desire, you can expect to receive. It doesn't matter How to a king. The How is the responsibility of the servants and subjects. All a King is concerned with is getting what he wants. The sphere of Jupiter represents Regal Expectation. That initial lunar thought after coupling with a burning will, and actualized with action and deed, can be Expected to manifest. By regal expectation, I mean to suggest that we each must learn to expect what we wyrdfully set into motion as a King/Queen who has spoken. A King or Queen who has total dominion in their domain, should have no doubt that what they speak, decree, and command should not come to them. It must.

Saturn is the Reaper... Lord of the Harvest. Under his watchful guide and auspice crops grow and bare fruit. The sphere of Saturn represents the Fruition of our thoughts... now ready to be reaped by Saturn's sickle.

The Work

First the architect is inspired in his Heart to build a Temple. He spends his time Visualizing as best as he can in his Mind's Eye what he wants his Temple to look like. He will make his Intent to build this Temple. The stronger his visualization and intent, the more Desire is born, which leads into Will and Determination.

This architect then draws his vision of his Temple on his trestle board or blue print. He then Acts by collecting the tools and material and workers needed. He then hands over his vision to his team of workers, and Trusts or Expects his vision to manifest. It doesn't matter How the workers will do it. All that matters is that the End Results of the finished Temple will look exactly like the envisioned drawing. How is irrelevant. If this architect micromanages the How he only gets in the way of the workers and actually impedes a quick materialization. The Saturnian End Result when the workers are entrusted, is a completed Temple built in the real world of experience which mirrors what once was in the architect's Mind. This is the causal process of Thought alchemically transmuting into experiential reality.

The How does not matter. Causality is the workmen of Wyrd. Nobody knows "how" causality works in the causal universe. It just does... in the same sense that we know that there are a number of cosmic laws and things that exist such as gravity, electricity, and magnetism. We really don't know how these things work or why. We have theories, but you don't have to know how electricity works to use it. You can be a total fool and plug in a lamp and always expect the electricity to turn the lamp on. Who cares How that electricity becomes light... it might be fascinating to electricians, but your average person just wants the End Result – Light.

How and why causality works and exists in our universe may never be known but you don't have to know how and why to use the natural process of causality. In fact it causes a lot of suffering in Life when you don't use causality wisely. The causal-seeds you sow – no matter what they are – will bare fruit as your Fate. You each have a choice to either be lame ducks mastered by Fate, or gods who are masters of Fate. When using the natural causal system of the cosmos to materialize your thoughts, no "god of the causal" is used, abused, ordered, or commanded. It is just a natural process. Like jizzing in a girl, you're not using or controlling

some demon of Life to make a baby. When jizz is up in a girl, a natural process just takes place, and you can always Expect the same End Result – a baby. It's nothing magical, it's Natural.

That's the cool thing about Nature – it's smarter than us. Can you imagine if Nature entrusted us with the secrets of how sperm and egg becomes a living baby... if we had to sit there and consciously divide that zygote into billions of cells, and magically make the baby's eyes, nose, mouth, and guts? Our species would be extinct in a few years because we are actually not as smart as we claim to be. So who cares – besides biologists – how a baby is made, if you want a baby, you put sperm in a girl and nature just does Her things. Causality works in the same Natural way – stick the sperm-thought of what you want in the womb of Nature and you'll get what you asked for in a few months. Who cares how it works.

People will ask for proof that causality can be used to manifest thought into experience. The proof – your own Life's past experiences. Take the time to seriously and Mindfully meditate for a moment on all of your experiences in Life, and everything that you have from your clothes you wear, to your car, and friends, to your job and wife, or a built body. Take one of those things you Reaped such as your car and work backwards like a detective to figure out what you did to get it. If you honestly do this, you will come to Realize that what thoughts you spend your day time visualizing and imaging, which is backed up by Intention, Desire, Determination, Action, and Expectation, ultimately becomes real.

If you Desire something bad enough, and the Determination is there, you will act it out by seeking it. If it's a car you will drive around car lots to find the right one. If it's a girlfriend you will act it out by doing what needs to be done to attract a girl. Likewise, what you spend your time worried about... negatively visualizing and imaging... telling yourself over and over (making the Intention) that you are broke, poor, unhealthy, unloved, will also naturally manifest into your Fate. The Norns are blind, they just weave Wyrd... your own Mind, what visualizations and intentions you fill it with during your waking moments, is the pattern and design that will be woven into the fabric the norns spin.

As A Reaper

As a skilled reaper you begin the Tree of Wyrd backwards with Saturn and determine the End Result you want in Life. Figure out what actions need to be taken... any action or deed that will bring you closer to your goals suffices. Understand that each deed and act bares better fruit when backed up by emotion (Venus). Once you have figured out what each sphere needs to be filled with, you work your way from the sphere of the Moon on up.

Spend about 5 minutes a day vividly visualizing you already having or experiencing the End Result. How it comes to be is not your concern. Don't try to micromanage something you don't even understand, you'll just get in the way. Usually, what we are most Obsessed over (Sun = Determination/Will) is what we will experience and encounter in Life most often. This requires no rites or rituals, although such things may serve to enhance your emotions and visualizations, determination, action, and expectations. The time just before you go to bed is the best time to do the 5 minutes of visualization, because when you are asleep, you have up

to 8 hours of your conscious mind not getting in the way by doubting. The more doubt you have, the less expectation, will, determination, you will have, which affects your actions and desires.

I've personally tested this system out over and over again in the real world to know that it works, so I'm not pulling some magical bullshit out of my ass or some book. It's not magical, it just happens. When it does happen, things come to you thru other people, thru coincidences, and coincidental circumstances. I personally experience these intuitive hunches in my gut after I visualize for something to wyrdfully get it. I'll feel a pull or tug in my heart area which cause me to think about a place or to go or do something. So I usually follow these tugs which leads me to a person or situation that eventually gives me what I want.

For instance, I get 90% of my books by using this method of visualization and waiting for these tugs. It's something I have been doing since when I first started college. I would do research and when I get stuck needing more relevant information or reference, I put everything away and spend a few minutes vividly visualizing myself with a stack of books and finishing my research and papers. Then I literally take myself to the library on campus and wait as often as I can. In the beginning I won't feel anything, but the more obsessed I get over the topic of research, the quicker the tugs come. To help get the tugs coming I sometimes walk aimlessly up and down each isle in a state of obsession.

Then I'd pick up a tug... it's like a gut feeling, but is a physical sensation in the heart area, as if the area were tightening up or swirling, and this "pulls" you or your Mind in certain directions. So I follow these tugs and pulls, and always – 100% of the time – I end up picking up a book – which usually seems to have nothing to do with my subject... but when I open it and read it, it always has some information that I needed or wanted. I buy all of my books using the same technique. I obsess over a subject for a time, and the tugs makes me drive around different cities to different books stores, and after a while I collect a pile of books all relevant to the subject.

Conclusion

I think this process of Wyrd and Pathei-Mathos together makes a Complete Way of Life. One which is not based on any dogma or doctrine, but on Life and direct Experience. I've had the direct experience of making this process of Wyrd work for me. I was originally taught this by a few mentors, a couple of whom were successful millionaires, who learned to make Life work for them thru their own discoveries, tests, and experimentations in life. I want to pass this art and science of Life to my own children someday as a Living Tradition, so that they will have the tools they need to make the best out of Life, and to manifest their full potential in Life. This is the real reason why I stick around the ONA. It offers a fresh medium, with which I can use and work with to pass what I have learned as a Living Tradition, in the same way that it has become DM's medium which he impregnates with his own Pathei-Mathos – from which we all benefit.

In this sense, the ONA is a very unique system because it is based on the 40 year insights of a living person's gradual unfoldment, and a culture of sharing insights from personal

pathei-mathos in life can be seen being born in the ONA. Slowly the ONA becomes an Ordering of people of like Minds who share their personally insights with other Dreccian – thus creating a real culture and living tradition which has the potential to pass our collective wisdom obtained from direct experience of Life down across the generations.

This process of Wyrđ is only one such experience of life. It's a shame that more people who have experienced this process of thought coalescing into form and experience does not share their experiences with others. I hope that as Time passes, each Dreccian of the ONA will be open to sharing their personal experiences – as DM does – so that a Living Tradition can genuinely be born from which we all can benefit. If anything, it adds a new practical layer to what is already the Tree of Wyrđ.

The more you put this process to trial in real life, the more it works, and the more you realize that there is more to Life than meets the eye, and the more you realize that your Thoughts Become Things. It's as if Life... or the Cosmos reflects what you entertain in your Mind. Or as if there is a place somewhere "out there" where the Mind and Cosmos blurs in a sea of infinite potential, and what you fixate your mind on, becomes real. This must be directly experienced to be meaningful. Reading about it and believing or disbelieving in it will do nothing. Put it to the test.

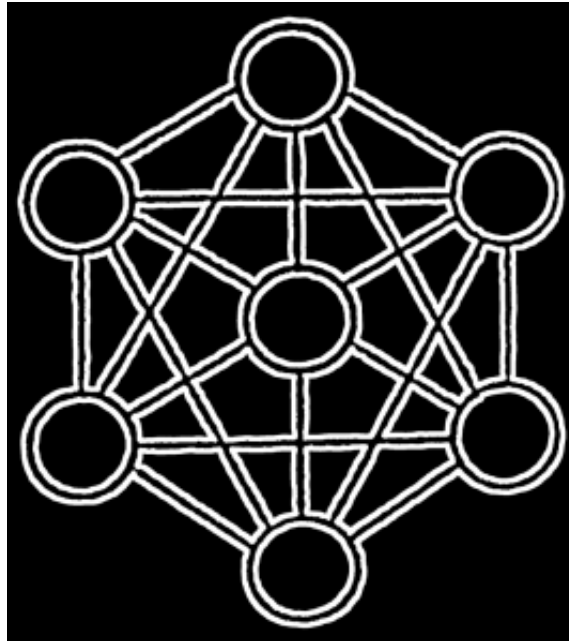
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THE BUSINESS OF ONA



The Business of ONA

It's been 3 years and we've seen the Vipaka of our actions we set in motion in the past Bare Fruit which is pleasing. Since all of the talks that went down between me, Kayla, and our Liaisons were mostly private and Behind The Scenes or off the record, very few people of the ONA can fully appreciate the visual of the 3 year long Unfoldment of Vipaka. One thing I liked about my Liaison DarkLogos was that he was on the same wave length as me. I could just give him rudimentary "memetic equations" like {ONA=Apple Inc} & {WSA=iPod} and without having to explain anything, DL would get it, and get to work with AL to make things happen. He never questioned me and always understood what I was trying to say.

Most of our business talks were literal business talks based on things I know about business and marketing from my little experience and from several books I base my strategies on. So this little essay will be an overview of the key points and concepts I used. Then at the end I'll try and articulate the next step since I can barely put the next step into words right now.

It maybe wondered why the ONA needs to be dealt with behind the scenes as a business or corporation with some "product" if the Essence is natural and everywhere. Or if we are born sinister by nature. Sure you may be born human by nature, but the various peculiarities of human stuff like the language we speak, the culture we live, and our worldviews are learned. Unless you are suggesting to me that as a baby you came out into the world with a fully functioning lexicon, culture, and worldview? You're full of shit if you tell me so. I know otherwise because there are cases of Feral Children who are raised without proper human influence who can hardly be considered human. It would be more accurate to say that we are born with the Potential to be human, which Potentiality must be nurtured or unfolded.

Another way to put it is if you in one breath told me that you wanted to go to LA to go shopping, and in another breath say to me in a confused manner: "But I don't understand why I need to use a vehicle to get to LA?" The answer is that you need a vehicle to get your ass to LA in the first place. Dharma is everywhere, but you need the Yanas to lead you to come to an awareness of it. Why do you need scientific fields such as biology and chemistry or mathematics if all that shit is everywhere in the universe? Because without the Field to lead you to the awareness of such things, you'd be ignorant of it consciously. And so we can say that the more refined our Vehicle is, the more effective it is in helping us develop an understanding of our world. The more refined science is, the more powerful and accurate the theories we can make may become to help us dis-cover a more refined understanding of the nature of actual reality.

Primal Coding

The most influential book in my business and marketing arsenal is a book called "Primal Branding." The author is a mentor to executives of very large international corporations. Basically what the author did was in the old days he actually studied different human tribes anthropologically. He was trying to figure out what these tribes had in common, what makes a tribe a tribe, and what holds a tribe into a coherent group. He also shifted his research on what we might call "urban tribes" such as sports teams and their fanbase, etc. His idea was that if he could isolate the functioning variables that makes these tribal groups coherent, he can turn companies and their market into tribes to produce zealot customers that transcends generations, class, etc.

The author came up with 7 things all tribes share in common which he named the Primal Codings. These codings are what the corporations will implement to induce tribalization of its market base. The obvious reason why as a company you want your market base to be tribalized is because of an idea we can call "Market Vaporization," which is when over time your consumers or market disappears. If this market vaporization continues unchecked the consequences for a corporation are bankruptcy and debt. A good example of total market vaporization would be the very old consumer market for a gaming system called Atari. Overtime as new and better gaming systems came our the market abandoned Atari because this Atari company never took the initiative to evolve their product to meet the progressive needs and movements of its market. So in the end they lost their market and fell off the earth into total irrelevancy. I think I vaguely recall another old gaming system that died out called Sega or something? They're gone too. In cult and ideological lingo we call market vaporization: Turn Over Rate. Thus tribalization induces and insures retention over long periods of time. If your venture business can't retain people, and has a massive turn over rate, then it must be understood that there is something wrong.

The functioning premise of Primal Branding is that Business is a Belief System, therefore Primal Coding will make zealots. There are 7 simple Primal Codings: 1. Creation Story; 2. Creed; 3. Icons; 4. Rituals; 5. Pagans; 6. Sacred Words; 7. Leader. This book was not written for cults and actually written for business people, so you have to know what those Primal Codings means on the corporate end. In the same way how you would read Sun Tzu's Art of War and know how to incorporate it into the business arena.

Your Creation Story is a typical story of how your company was founded so your market can relate to your company. It's better if your creation story resonates with your target audience/market. Apple Inc was founded in a humble garage by geeks; America was founded by rebels fighting for Liberty. Creed of a corporation would be things like: "Save more, pay less," "Your way right away," "Inn -n- Out, Inn -n- Out, that's what a hamburger's all about." "Be all you can be, in the army," "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality!" Icons are logos since people are more mentally structured to deal with pictures than written words. People can better and quickly identify Islam from its iconic Crescent and Star rather than by staring at the many pages of the Koran. One of the best and most pregnant with meaning icons: the Playboy bunny. A picture is worth a thousand words.

Rituals in business terms is like standing in a line at Starbucks; dressing up in formal attire; struggling with California traffic to get to work or to Rodeo Dr.; the ritual of shopping at a WalMart so often you know where everything is; and so on. You know your friend is a hardcore WalMart shopper when you talk about lipstick and he says: "Oh yeah, WalMart, \$2.98, Health & Beauty Aid department, aisle G20. Fridays is double coupon day!" Pagans in Primal Coding for business is the "Us & Them" rhetoric. You have the cool crowd who uses Apple product and the heathens who use IBM compatibles [Generics]. You have those who use Linux Versus those who use Windows [Windorks]; people loyal to McDonald's versus Burger Queens; Target shoppers are classier than WalMart shoppers who are fat slobby trailer park trash [WalSchmucks]; one sports team fan versus another. It's more psychologically effective and demeaning to invent cool derogatory words to refer to your pagans like Nigger, Wigger, Honky, Chink, Nip, Gook, Beaner, that's all I know. Bloods call Crips "Crabs" as in pubic lice. Crips call Bloods "Slobs." TRG calls Asian Boyz "Apples." Everybody calls TRG members "Roaches." Americans call Mexicans "Wetbacks." Mexicans call Americans "Gringos." Tribes of descent looking pretty girls will invent exonyms for other tribes of girls such as: fat bitch, whore, slut, skank, and so on. Getting a manicure and going shopping at the mall or an outlet is Ritual which you don't do with skanks.

Sacred Words in business talk are group specific Lexicon. In real tribes one tribe can tell another tribe apart by the dialect they use. So if somebody is using a list of words like: Congruent, Variable, Means, Parallel, Angle, Vector, Tangent, etc you know such person is coming from a "tribe" working with Geometry and Mathematics and not the military. If you have a group of people using words like: Enemy, Tactic, Strategy, Recon, Intelligence Gathering, Weak Spots, etc, you know your dealing with a military oriented "tribe." In business Sacred Word are like: Tall Latte, Short Regular which are special to Starbucks users. Animal Style, which is a "secret" Inn -n- Out order. Tom Yum Ga Gai, Thai Ice Tea, Padt Thai, are Sacred Word anybody will know if you frequent Thai restaurants. What tribe [social group] does a person come from who knows these Sacred Words: "Long Island on the rocks," or "give me a Screw Driver, make it virgin." How about this one: Bodacious, Radical, Tubular Man! Words like Invest, Capital, Shares, Mutual, Trusts, Dividends, Returns, Residual, are Sacred Words in the business sector. If a guy uses such words, and you say: "Huh? I don't understand?" Then he knows you're not in his social group of businessmen because you don't understand those words. People who use Linux have a completely alien set of Lexicon from those that use Window, etc. In other words, you ain't cool if you don't talk like the in crowd. Best examples of real "tribes" with very sophisticated in group Sacred Words are the

tribe of Scientists with their technical lexicon and the tribe of lawyers with their Legal Latin mumbo-jumbo.

The last Primal Coding “Leader” is not what it sounds like in the cult sector. A Lead in business terms may be a CEO like Bill Gates or Steve Jobs were/are. Or they can be “Mascots” or Central Figures your tribal people can look at or know. The old Ronald McDonald is a tribal leader. Mickey Mouse was tribal leader. But the most important qualities such a leader of Figure Person must have are Charisma, Popularity [within the target market], and Rapport with the tribe. Old fart Nazi hardliners lack these three qualities, but Hitler had them. Walt Disney playing with little children may look questionable and he lack the Heart Grabbing power Mickey Mouse had on his target market: Children. Some High Priests or “Ipsissimuses” have a hard time understanding this most basic Primal Code. They have zero charisma, no real market likes their ass, and they have no rapport with anybody but the same 4 active users at their website. When you put a loser like that as the Face and Figure of your Venue, you are going to fail. What social group does a person come from who uses the word “Venue?”

So back in the old days me and DarkLogos deconstructed the ONA to see how many things matched up with these Primal Codings. Where there was a lack, we fixed that. One thing which ONA lacked was a well defined “pagan.” So all I had to do was give DL the “memetic equation” {Pagan=Mundane}, and he understood what that meant and went to work on his side. Then afterward you see everybody like me, Anton Long, and the Usual Suspects all flood every new ONA MSS with the meme Mundane and at every chance we got we debased them and vilified them. Mundane became the ONA’s exonym for Outsiders. To such an extent now that this meme is ubiquitous in the Satanic Subculture where even some non-ONA Satanists know they are Mundane. I love it.

I love it more to hear people get seriously asshurt over how We ONA have split people into two camps Us or Mundanes. They’ll cry out how it’s not fair, we’re just doing what Christians are doing, etc. Yeah it’s not fair, deal with it. Buddhism did it before with the whole Ariya versus Anariya and nobody is trashing Buddhism for it. Our species – because of our human nature – has been doing it forever. Animals know “us from them.” ONA just like Corporations and Brands have learned to take advantage of that human nature. I thought Satanism was based on Human Nature? Go figure that one out. People might object intellectually. But as Buddhists understanding Vipaka and as ONA understanding that earned Pathei-Mathos of experience we should pay attention the the actual causal Fruit of such tactics and we must learn to judge the actual END RESULTS of such actions only. Three years and those of us in ONA who were tuning in before and after knows the difference. The End Fruit does the speaking. The intellectual throwing around of contentious opinions is empty hot air blowing out of asshurt people.

But I also saw that the reverse was true: ONA did not have a demonym for our in crowd. So we fixed that. At first me and DL were throwing around ideas back and forth. DL had the idea of having a word which was associated with the illegal or outlaw sector of society but not an English word. I first said I really like the word Siam. Siam means Thai, but originally it is a Khmer exonym meaning a Pirate. Interestingly the Khmer word for a Vietnamese – Yuan – originally was a derogatory exonym meaning a Barbarian. I said too bad there is already a

people called Siam. DL suggested I might look for a cool single syllable word in Khmer for a demonym for us, but with a K since he likes word with K in it. I could think of nothing at the time but the word "Krom." Krom in Khmer has a number of meanings from Company, Business, Society, Gang, Organization, to a group of outlaws. So he tossed the phrase "We Are Krom" around back and forth to see if it sounded right. I didn't like it because to me with the English words it sounded like we were saying "We Are Crumbs." A few days later AL had found us a nice unused word from Old English: Drecc. I loved it, DL did too. Then after that you see AL, me, and all of the Usual Suspects flood the ONA with our new demonym. Later AL came up with "Niner."

The major flaw I noticed in the ONA's primal coding was its leader figure or mascot: Anton Long. AL was a leader, but he was also just a pen name with no face or life story where people can actually relate with. This was a serious flaw. My idea back then was to bring in DM as an unofficial mascot or Figure Person. This was because DM was a real person, with a face and name, and a real life story we can relate to. The more rapport you have with your audience, the more Fluid your memes flow in and around that audience. So to fix this primal coding we had to demote AL from leader to top peer and unofficially use DM as the central person. This was done by me and others using his name over and over again, talking about his life, and also importing many DM "memes" from Reichsfolk and The Numinous Way into the ONA.

I would say that AL is very good at building up the ONA primal coding of Sacred Words. Each few months that passes a few new creative and original words are added to the ONA Lexicon. I'll talk about this subject more in detail later since I believe that this Primal Coding is one of our most influential and psychologically seductive tools we as the ONA can refine and use to our advantage. In my other essay I dropped a big clew as to why these Sacred Words and Lexicon is very important to a group: it offers the user a personal means of Self-Expression. Let your most passionate fans sell your product for you with their natural desire to express themselves with your product. We're not selling people a worldview, paradigm, belief system, ideology, or whatever. We are giving to those who resonates with our service the Means to develop such things, using our Product. In the same way that Adobe does not sell files and corporate presentations with their PDF software and Pdf making programs. They offer a Service or Means for corporations to express themselves using Adobe product. That's the little trick or twist. Google Android, Apple iPhone, and now Windows sell a service whereby their market can express themselves with that service and product. Why is this primal coding important? Because what are we all in the business of doing? Why do many of us get into arguments and debates? To sell and distribute OUR MEMES. To make Our Memes circulate. Thus, the best subtle way to make those memes circulate is to engineer memes with meanings which are used as expressive words in Language. Think about the power of Language has on us and our perception.

Brand Hijack

Knowing how to primal code your business and customers into a tribe to generate more coherency, residual consumption, and a stronger collective identity is all great and insures to a certain extent that your market does not vaporize so easily; but it does not guarantee Longevity and Market Domination. A different marketing strategy must be used to generate those. It's

called Brand Hijacking. "Brand Hijack" is the title of the second book which had the most influence on me and how I work with the ONA from behind the scene with the other "Family Business Associates." Brand Hijacking and its marketing strategy actually referred to as "Tribal Marketing," is the current corporate method of marketing and advertizing. Think about how much money the advertizing industry generates a year and you'll understand why I would rather take the advice of a very knowledgeable and experience marketer and advertizing industry than from anybody in the occult.

It would be hard to understand the concept of Brand Hijack and Tribal Marketing without first understanding the very old and outdated way of marketing and advertizing. Now you know were I get all my tribal influences and views from: my own culture, Tribal Primal Coding, & Tribal Marketing.

The old and outdated way of selling product is say you have made 10 coffee mugs and you want to sell your shit to make money. You have two or three outdated options to use. You can sell your mugs door to door. You can buy ads advertising your mugs and hope that a few people will bite and buy. Or you can hire others to sell your mugs. The basic idea to pay attention to is that the "traffic" is either directed at singled out people or to a generic crowd where you just hope for the best. This became costly for intelligent corporation. God doesn't play with dice as Einstein said, and neither do filthy rich corporations. Buying random ads to sell your product to a undefined market hoping for a bite means eventual bankruptcy in business.

This outdated 1980's way of marketing also corresponds with the "strategy" many failure internet cult leaders use also. Typically their "marketing strategy" consists of registering an account at MySatan and then trolling people's profiles leaving random people with invites to join their supercool cult! This strategy is also utilized by Aquino of the now technically defunct Temple of Set over at a large Satanic Forum. Usually Aquino's "marketing strategy" is to put all ONA users in the site on ignore, put all users who debate him on ignore, call people stooges, and talk about his eBooks and the cosmic significance of the year 1975 every chance he gets, even if the posts have nothing to do with anything his eBooks talks about. So much for the Aeon of Set.

Tribal Marketing is the opposite of this out dated way of selling stuff. In current business talk a "tribe" is a Brand Tribe, meaning a visibly cohesive or coherent social order or Subculture which has formed around a specific Brand. You don't market your shit to individual people. You sell your shit to the entire Brand Tribe.

A quick example of a Brand Tribe is the very real and visible Subculture build around basketball. You have the tribal warriors who are the actual team players, the tribal colors, the tribal markings, the tribal wardrobe, tribal cheerleaders, this Brand Tribe has its own collective identity, way of life, language/dialect, taste in music, etc. So as a modern corporation like say NIKE, you make shoes and instead of selling them to individuals or putting up generic ads, what you do is pay the most popular figures in this Subculture to wear your shoes. The whole social order and human nature literally does the rest of the work for you. The popular guy's people sees him wearing Nike shoes and something happens called a Brand Hijack, which is

when the entire Tribe literally Hijacks that shoe brand to use as a Extension or add-on to their already existing Tribal Repertoire/Identity. Another example with Nike is cross market venues like when Nike makes Golf balls, and Gold gloves, and Gold wardrobe. How do you induce a Brand Hijack in your desired market? First of all what would be the desired Brand Tribe [subculture] in this case? The Golfing people. Who's the most well known, well respected, or popular figure in this Brand Tribe? Tiger Woods. Pay him to use your balls, gloves, and attire, and the social dynamics of that subculture will do the rest.

The other half of tribal marketing is the concept of Brand Hijacking itself. The idea of brand hijacking has a lot to do with Relevancy of Service or Product. The more irrelevant you are to a market, the more bankrupt you will be as a company. In the business sector Irrelevancy means you and your executives will be eating shit. What causes Irrelevancy is something called Market Trends. When there is a significant Shift in Demographics a corporation knows there will be a shift in market trends. What do we mean by a "shift in demographics" in plain usable English? It's when an old generation dies out and a new generation emerges with their own needs. Or when a significant subculture or market vaporizes and a new subculture or market emerges. If as a corporation you don't keep up with the dynamic shifts and needs of each generation, and/or subculture, then as time passes you grow more irrelevant and will be replaced by more relevant corporations and their products and services. Two great examples of real high profile products and services that are struggling and fighting to be Relevant to the people and mindset of today are Newspapers and the Yellowpages.

An example of this phenomenon would be say we owned RCA which makes televisions. The year is 1970. Our television sets are top of the line black and white TV sets, with those knobs you have to manually turn. You can be the CEO. So as I wander about the general public I hear about some company who has the crazy idea of making color screen TV sets, and this other corporation has made all these posters and ads hyping their novel idea with pictures of TV screens with color. I notice this has generated a significant or visible change in the market which is a potential shift in the market. So I go to tell you as the CEO: "Sir, there's a small group of young punks who want color screen TV sets, I think that might be a shift in the market. Perhaps we should make color screen TV's?" Then you say: "Fuck that shit! Since when did emo kids dictate our product line? Only gay people like color! RCA is a traditional family business! We make traditional black and white TV's. There will be plenty of people out there to buy our great products forever." What do you predict will happen when the 80's comes to our RCA business? That's irrelevancy and relevancy of Product or Service to a Market and Mindset.

Brand Hijack is when you allow your most passionate fanbased market to literally hijack your service or product where they are able to take that service or product into a direction which they want and need. This helps keep relevance. They don't run your company, they just help transform some of your product into new things they want or need. An example I used with DL was Apple Inc. For a very long time they were second rate and competing in a sea of IBM compatible computer stuff. There were times when they were just barely above bankruptcy. But then they caught a trend which was this new market for mp3 players. From this they produced the iPod. The iPod is not a "traditional" Apple computer product, but that "new" product kept Apple relevant to a market and led those interested to gradually buy the more

“traditional” items. Then when they allowed their fanbase market to take their iPod in their own direction gradually the iPhone was made to meet the desires and needs of their growing market. Today, Apple has beat Exxon as the Top corporation. I think MicroSuck is third or something?

So me and DL were talking about this idea of Brand Hijack to keep things moving and evolving and relevant. He understood and did what he had to do on his end. Which was when AL allowed me and WSA to literally Hijack the ONA. I tried to explain to DL that the WSA to the ONA was just an iPod to Apple. It's weird, it's novel, it's not very Satanic or Traditional, but it's an ONA Product/Nexion which will lead the market to the more Traditional stuff, as well as to the Reichsfolk and Numinous Way items. Sometimes when I wrote something, AL would be nice enough to show his support by writing a new ONA MS supporting the ideas I shared, but making them more Traditional sounding and adding his own novel ideas to the mix.

If you understand the power of Relevancy and Irrelevancy, then you'll get to know how a company – within the flow of Time – can eventually dominate a market. I'll use China as a quick example to balance my talk about 'markets' and stuff. Those are just word I am using to covey an essence that does not actually have to do with selling stuff to customers. In ancient times you have a group of people living along the Yellow River, who became a coherent culture. Around the area were many other people and tribes. But this Yellow River culture over time spread its memes to a target market. When I use the word meme I don't always mean an “ideation.” They are two different things. An ideation would be an idea, a thought, a belief, a constituent part of an ideology. A “meme” is a word used to describe ‘bits or constituent aspects of a Culture,’ and the Culture would be described as a ‘memplex.’ A meme is the act of waving ‘hello,’ nodding your head to mean yes, carrying baskets and things on your head, using mortar to lay brick, feeding scraps to your pigs, shaking hands, driving on the right or left side, styles of art such as calligraphy, styles of martial arts of a culture, in door plumbing is a meme, flushing toilets is a meme, the act of making silk from worms is a cultural meme. None of these things I named is something you Believe in. They are “doable” or cultivatable aspects of a culture which make up a living culture.

So you have this very coherent culture of early “Han” Chinese form. They come with their own memplex which means everything for their culture to their “civilization.” They sell or market their cities, its benefits, and such to their market which are the ‘feral’ tribes/people. They also spread their memplex via war. Both acts spread Han Memes. Until after 4000 years we have an entire something called the “Sinosphere,” which is all of East Asia and Southeast Asia that is Influenced and Inspired by those Han Memes. In groups of people and countries closest to the Han Epicenter, Han Memes displaced these people's native cultural memes. So you have Japanese people using Chinese characters, using Chinese style calligraphy; while other Han memes were adopted and adapted, like the Japanese kimono being an adaptation of the older Chinese ‘Hanfu.’ What's a Han meme that went all the way to India in ancient times? Silk, where do you think saris come from: Hanfu? If the Han memplex were a Corporation we can say that they dominate the market of their sector which is the Sinosphere. Where did all the hundreds of ancient memplexes go over time? They got dismantled, they became irrelevant, couldn't compete with Han Memes. We see this same phenomenon with the American secularist memplex, which we sometimes call Americanism. Everybody wants to be America

around the world. This has shit to do with a belief system and the spreading of ideology. That's not what a "memplex" is. Unless you believe blue jeans, coka cola, rap music, basketball, hot dogs, Bay Watch, and secular way of life, are belief sets of some American ideological cult.

Which brings us to a possible question some dense people might ask: Why bother bother spreading memplexes? A memplex is a VEHICLE that transmits the Cultural meme to people. Do you value your secular way of life in America? That's a meme, without the memplex that brought that way of life to your awareness, would you even have a means to Do or Act out this secularist way of life? As a Southeast Asian Culture do you value the practice or greeting people by clasping your hands? Where would that practice be if the culture itself is gone to convey that practice to you? Do you like the Act of making money? Would you still have a means to make that money without the functioning memplex developed by Corporations and banking world? Do you like fishing? That's a meme. How do you do or act out that meme without a boat to put your ass into a lake or the memplex of fishing hobbyists that evolved you your fishing line, fishing hooks, sinker, and canned bait? When I use the word meme and memplex I don't mean always an ideation and ideological belief system. How do you do something, if the MEANS to get your ass to even be aware that you can do it were not there?

We can talk about the practical nature and side of ONA and pathei-mathos and sinister this and sinister that all we want, but none of us Dreccians or Niners doing and living this way, would have ever been aware of such ways/memes if the ONA as a memplex did not exist, along with its sister memplexes Reichsfolk and The Numinous Way. How do you tell yourself that you are going to cultivate pathei-mathos to generate personal gnosis, if DM didn't exist, or more importantly if the Vehicle presencing his memes did not exist to get those memes to you? And this is why we are talking about all this business and marketing stuff. RA of the Temple of THEM came up with a single word to describe what I/WSA does with and for the ONA: Expansive. I thought that was a very accurate descriptor. Since the very beginning my entire passion and focus on the ONA is strictly expansive.

Why as an expansionist Dreccian do I give a shit about growing and marketing and keeping the ONA relevant? Besides it being a personal project, I personally understand that there are valuable cultural memes in the ONA that guides us into the awareness of such practices, doings, activities as cultivation of Pathei-Mathos, etc. I would like my future children and a future unborn market to also have access to these things. I know many in ONA don't care for this aspect of ONA. But I know key people who do. It's to these key associates that will see the value of what information I drop in this essay.

So Brand Hijack in context to the ONA is the flexibility of the ONA as a thing to allow the ONA's most zealot or passionate Niners, Dreccs, users, whatever to take the ONA and develop their own product that fits their needs, world-models, and state of mind. That's half of Brand Hijacking. Best example of a company is very good and Tribal/Brand Marketing their Brand is Harley-Davidson. Who's their Tribal Market? The Motorbike clubs and 1%ers. They have engineered a trans-generational loyal market. Harleys are now a fixed accessory of this Tribal Market's group identity. Can you imagine pulling up to a group of Hell's Angels or their

rivals the Mongols on a yellow Yamaha or Kawasaki motorcycle and asking them if you can join their biker gang? You wouldn't fit in their Tribe. I wonder if you can make a Jet Ski ocean gang. You know like a biker gang except they ride Kawasaki jet skis up and down the California coast marauding? Those Somali "Pirates" might like the idea.

The other half of Brand Hijacking is the production end. You watch your market try to make new shit and listen to them Express themselves and their needs or new interests carefully. You may allow them to take a product of yours and perhaps influence what it should be, but you compete with that item by making an even better product out of it for this same market. A real example with me was that 3 years ago nobody in the Satanic Subculture had anything good to say about Buddhism. Most of the demographics – as it is today – were idiots anyways. But even among the very few "intellegencia" of the subculture there was no interest.

Since high school I've used my friends to spy on other people and report data back to me for certain reasons, and out of habit I still have friends pass me intelligence I might like. Around 2.5 or so years ago a few of my spies in cyber space emailed me on different occasions that they had seen in the various occult and western tradition oriented forums they visit that a few of the more smarter ones were talking about Buddhism as if they were extracting insights from it to incorporate into what we call their "repertoire." I didn't waste any time in trying to corner a market that wasn't even formed yet. Before my spies, I was keeping close to Satanism. If you look at WSA's older Opus Vrilis writings you'll actually see that its all entirely using our own form of Satanism we called Progressive Satanism. So after my spies told me their data, I fucking flooded the shit out of the ONA with everything I have on Buddhism and other stuff I know from my eastern side. I ended up telling DL that what we were doing was merging the best of the West with the best of the East into the ONA. Unfortunately I got that idea from Deepak Chopra. Another unfortunate thing is I like Deepak Chopra because he really knows how to mix the Western Psychology with his Eastern Hindu bullshit.

He's full of shit, but sometimes even excrement is inspiring. I was watching some boring anthropological documentary on PBS this one time about these scientists who study ancient cave people in Europe. And this one anthropologist guy with an English accent said to his friend in the cave with him – it's like English people only make documentaries – said in his English accent which can make anything sound horribly intelligent and sophisticated: "Oh look Chuck! Come here, look what what I just found!" His friend says: "What type of rock do you think that is?" And he goes as he holds the rock in his hand in admiration: "Chuck, this is a real treat. You see what we have here is a real Coprolite specimen! That means it's ancient petrified feces of the people that used to live here! With this back at the lab when we break it down we can discover all of the wonderful things such cave people ate in there diet, hunted, and perhaps even cultivated! Shall we go to the lab?" His friends says: "Yes, Let's!" I was thinking to myself during the whole scene: "My god, that's interesting and shit, but damn, it's a piece of shit. How do you get excited over that?"

With all this business talk on tribes, brand or tribal markets, brand hijacking, and primal coding, the very dense might ask what this is all good for why bother with it. It's good for engineering Popularity. What's the one thing we should have learned in school? That the Popular group sets the trends and stays relevant in the minds of the other students. They talk about us, argue

about us, debate about us, hate us, like us, etc. But all that attention is directed at us. At the end of the day as the popular crowd we still get thunk about by those other loser kids. Whereas at the end of the day those kids stop existing to us. We can't even remember their names. We do the same thing with the Popular group in ANY social setting from your job place, to sports team members, to celebrities, etc, so don't act like you don't do this.

All that Popularity goes into the realm of politics. What's the important points to look at in general politics? The most Popular, with the most Popular ideas wins the Hearts of the people, wins the support of the people, and most importantly gains the Power and sets the Policies. What's the most Popular country right now? America. How far does our Americanism, US influence, and Foreign policies in the world? Popularity in business is easy to figure out the practical use of. What the most popular computer ecosystem right now? Apple. What's the most Popular motorcycle brand in any 1%er motorcycle gang? What's the most Popular brand clothing right now? What's "Popularity" essentially mean? It means people can't stop talking or thinking about you. It means you are always on their mind. It means in their mindfield you will be relevant.

What's it mean when you have a shit load of people talking and thinking about you or your Brand? It means big money, big influence, big inspiration, and big power. What the whole functioning concept of memes? The spreading of them around. Like money, memes are worthless when they are not circulating. Which would you rather have or is actually worth something: A frozen bank account with 1 million dollars; or a normal checking account with 1000 dollars? Is a 17 trillion dollar economy worth anything frozen? Just put two and two together. The more those mundanes and outsiders can't stop talking and thinking about ONA, the more ONA will be in their field of awareness and the more our memes will spread and circulate. You pay very close attention to the current rise in the popularity of the ONA in the Satanic Subculture and you'll notice that this rise in Popularity, influx of old and new members, and influence, and power of inspiration actually coincides with the increase of third party talk. In the very beginning when nobody gave a shit about ONA, Shugz and her friends and some of us actually had to make fake profiles to pretend to be other people to talk about ONA. It's an old tactic many of us used in high school to get people talking about us. I know the majority of ONA people are in the ONA for their own reasons. But for me and a few others, the work of spreading memes, i.e.: Influence, Inspiration, Meme Fluidity, is what we're in it for.

Speaking In Tongues

There was a time when Tesla as a young man was working with Edison. The senior was telling the young Tesla that the he would like a light bulb of some sort sense he felt a growing market and demand for such a technological contraption that made artificial light with electricity his company made. So the young Tesla went to R&D on the first light bulb. Later he perfected the glass tube and plug to create a vacuum, but his problem was the Filament. Every material burned up after a while from the heat, or just fell apart. After discovering a secret mixture of metals and minerals Tesla got excited because he had made a filament that would never burn out. He ran to tell Edison the wonderful news! But Edison, being a prudential businessman said that Tesla's idea was a failure in business terms because if the filament were incorruptible, then the light bulb would last for a very long time. Which obviously meant nobody would have a

need to return to buy more light bulbs! So Tesla was ordered to throw his idea away and to go find one of those other filaments he used that lasted a while but burned out. This way, the satisfied customers who had become used to the lights came back for more bulbs, and the company thus would have continued jobs to make new bulbs to redeploy into the market. Regular Customers are created in other words.

But that is not be best example of something we all use everyday, that is a ploy – trick on our minds – that we have gotten so accustom to that we can't go a day without using or employing it. What is it? Our human Language. More specifically and significantly: the Words we use to Express ourselves with and through! What's a Brand Hijack again? It's when a brand or tribe market adopts something as an accessory to its tribal identity and uses such items as a means to EXPRESS such tribal identity. Our Language is an aspect of what we believe makes us Human. We use our words as a means to express ourselves. And those of us who knows, understands that Language fucks up with our perception or reality. The thing to seriously consider is that we can put so much time attacking other people's religious, cultural, philosophical, and ideological paradigms or world-models; but yet such same people never come to realize that their very own language gives them a world-model and paradigm which they are never aware to attack. If only we could harness the trickery and tactics of Language and use it in the ONA! But first we need to deconstruct the process of language to better understand what exactly is happening.

I always thought language was telepathic in nature. Some person speaks to me and thoughts waves hit my mind and I understood. Or at least they were electrical: I heard words and they tickled my audiocenter in my brain and got translated to thoughts? I love language and I like to sometime ponder on the weird "mysteries" of language. There was this one time when my grandma had said something to me in Khmer, and not quite understanding I asked an older cousin to translate it for me. She did and I objected and said that she had given me an inaccurate translation because I could have thunk of a better one. So she asked my why I even bothered to ask her for a translation if I understood what she said.

The thing I didn't know how to explain to my older cousin at the time was that I heard the words our granny spoke, and I knew what each one meant by themselves, but as they were coming out they made no real sense. But with my cousin's translation I was able to grasp the Essence of what our granny was trying to say, but with my own better understanding of each individual word she used, I was afterward able to put together a better meaning. I actually broke what I understood granny had said to me in my own words and pictures back to her and had her pick between which one of us – me or my older cousin – had the better grasp of what she had said. I won, granny said that I had it more precisely.

Later I was thinking about this "glitch" I uncovered in my communication process with granny. Why did I not understand initially? So I began to seriously wonder where exactly in the process of language and/or communication, Comprehension actually took place. I was fooling around with simple childish statement in English which I translated in different ways into Khmer or Spanish. Which was when I stumbled upon another glitch in communication that was actually revealing, to me at least.

My simple English sentence was: "The very white cats ate many things," which makes sense to me. Then I translated this sentence into its Khmer equivalent which looks like this: "Jhma sor sor nyam sa'ey sa'ey chraun chraun," which in my Khmer weltanschauung makes complete sense and has the same exact meaning as the English statement. But I noticed that something bizarre happens if I backtranslate the Khmer sentence into English directly Word for Word, which yields this third sentence: "Cat white white eat what what many many." The third sentence had completely lost its Meaning in both my English and Khmer mindscape, even though they were English words, and even though I know the meanings of each word. This is what was wrong with me and my granny. All the words are there, it just does not compute or make any real sense. This little problem helped me get closer to where in the process of language Comprehension took place. I ruled out that Comprehension had to do with the words themselves or their meanings because of this. But why was syntax or word order or word groupings important? I couldn't answer this to myself until later when I had finally discovered how to install and used something DarkLogos suggested I give a try: PGP Encryption.

Basically PGP Encryption is an entire Process that takes place between two people usually. Each person has a private key and the public key of the other person. Person A writes something and using Person B's public key encrypts it. Then the message goes to Person B who uses his private key to decrypt it. And that's it. It doesn't work if Person A used Person B's public key to encrypt something and gave this coded message to other people because they don't have the proper private key to decode it. The interesting thing about this whole process to me is that 99% of the whole process that transacts between Person A & Person B takes place out of their conscious awareness and inside the PGP software. The software has all the data to actually do the encrypting and decrypting. The only thing the two parties take part in within the process of this Communication is the encoding and passing of such coded information to the other and decoding.

So from that process of PGP encryption I learned to see the process of language in the same way. There is an entire unseen "something" which is 99% of the whole process that takes place between two people communicating I did not become aware of. And I'm not talking about body language. The string of words we speak are like an encrypted message. If we have the right lingual or lexical keys we can decrypt it and Comprehend it. But again the entire transaction of the two parties sharing a statement and Comprehending what was said is only 1% of the entire process. Something very big and unseen is doing the actual "encryption" of such streams of words spoken and written. What is it? Weltanschauung.

Weltanschauung is a word I abusively use to mean the "world-ideation-model" we each have inside of us. This is something that we get from our people while we are children. It is not made of pictures and words. It is wordless and must be encoded in words and pictures. I know at least my weltanschauung is wordless because I can consciously take its wordless essence all by myself and encrypt that essence into English, Khmer, and Spanish and when I decrypt it, all three makes sense within me. But we can test this encryption and decryption thing very easily. Each person rooted in a different culture and people has a different mindscape or weltanschauung. This means that sometimes what exists as a "Constituent Particle" in my weltanschauung might not have a correspondence in yours and vice versa. So right now I can feel in my weltanschauung that there is a type of cultural thing I want to encrypt into Written

English for you to Decrypt with your Weltanschauung: LARB. What is it? It doesn't matter if you have the right Alphabetical key to unlock how that word is pronounced. It still won't make any since to you unless you are Thai or very familiar with Thai cuisine.

Familiarity is the key to acquiring something new inside our mindscape or weltanschauung. Meaning it is from directly experiencing something. Larb is a "constituent particle" that exists in my weltanschauung because I've eaten it a thousand times. It's one of my favourite dishes. Every Thai person and those influenced by Thai cooking also has a corresponding constituent particle for this. If you don't have this as a constituent particle in the fabric of your weltanschauung, even if you saw a picture of it and read about it, you may intellectually Know [epistemology] but you still will not have an Understanding or genuine Comprehension on it from level of gnosis [experience/gnosiology]. Your mind can't break that code unless you go eat Larb to acquire an experience of it. Larb is ground chicken which you either steam or boil, the meet is usually crumbled into little pieces. When the meet is white you mix Thai seasoning to it and place it on a bed of salad. Then you squeeze a lime or half a lemon into the meet. Larb is supposed to be sour and spicy.

So PGP turned out to have been useful for me. It helped me isolate exactly where Comprehension takes place and in discovering where the Feeling of Understanding takes place I realized that one's weltanschauung is 99% of the process of Communication. The 1% of spoken and written words was just the inner mind's [chitta] way of literally encrypting its wordless Essence [constituent particles] into either audible transmission or visual transmission. So when I say the English word Fish, you hear that aural noise and your weltanschauung registers it as something familiar and what it does it it Draws Up into your field of awareness anything related to a Fish you may have experienced or absorbed from your people/culture, with the most relevant "Draw-Up Results" at the top of the memetic chain.

Something I love to do with my friends is use their brains as a google search. You know when you give google a word and image search? Google will give you pages of relevant results. Different races of people, people of different ages, of different cultures, and experiences, will yield a very different memetic chain of "search results," which is the part I find fascinating. In my mindscape when I hear the word Fish, the very first Image result my weltanschauung Draws Up is the visual and smell of fried fish, then the next is a plate of baked pink salmon, third is sushi with raw fish on in in the trash since I don't eat that shit, and fourth is a dolphin. I know they aren't fish in an English weltanschauung, but in Khmer they are called "Trey" which means a Fish or technically any water animal with fins. I did this Fish weltanschauung query with an older man friend I have who is in his 50 and the first result that comes to his awareness which made him smile was swordfish fishing! His first search result wasn't even a still picture, it was a 20 minute "youtube" video because he drifted into this nostalgic mindset and described to us the feel of sea water being thrown in his face, pulling that monster with your life, the boat is moving, etc. His second query result was snorkeling in in a tropical reef with colorful fish.

If you are a writer or a poet or an artist/musician you'll understand that there is first within you something wordless in Essence you feel which you desire to Express. So I'll scramble for whatever words I have at my fingertips to use to dress that wordless Essence in, in order to

Express that inner stuff. If I read over it sometimes I'll say: "No, that's not the right word," and I'll go through my word list to find a word which better Captures the Essence. And you know we Feel that Essence as it should be, which is why as a writer you know some words you use don't quite Express what wordless essence you feel. I'm not an artist or musician so I don't know how they go about wrapping their wordless inner stuff. Which briefly lead me to our species three longest companion: Language, Music, and Art; in no particular order. For as long as we have been on the earth as a species, we have used those three things as a Means to Express that which is wordless and Felt within.

But I see the bigger picture very differently, so to me Language is not an end in itself. Or rather, Language; like our light spectrum; is only a small part of a much larger encompassing continuum. It certainly "looks" like a spectrum. You have the wordless weltanschauung at the far right where the waves are very wide apart. That wordless stuff becomes more orderly, or coherent, or structured. We call this our spoken language. That spoken language coagulates further into something more structured, orderly, and "denser," which is the Written part of language. Because first you start off with a wordless something felt, then you have aural frequencies, then the condensation of written words to physically see. So what's the next step in the spectrum? Experience. You see, Language [spoken & written] along with the other mediums of Expression: Art & Music; are the fabric from which our Human Cultures form. A memeplex is a Complex of memes. But this word "Culture" includes the people as component and member of such Culture.

But this continuum is a circular continuum, where one end Flows into the other. Because you have People at the very most densest/physical part of this spectrum procreate and produce new born babies with blank mind. How do those babies acquire a Weltanschauung? From being exposed to their People and Culture, the language, the music, the art, the dance, the traditional costumes, the myths, the legends, the proverbs of old people, etc, etc. All that exposure to experiential things are seeds which adds a constituent particle to that baby's developing weltanschauung. And then the cycle or spectrum starts over from the Formless to the Formful. From the Wordless to the Wyrdful.

A great example of how as children we absorb our people and culture's weltanschauung briefly took place in a forum post I found very interesting. It was about the word/idea of "Honour." So being a word of a language, where in our Human Continuum does language fall in? Somewhere in the middle. When I here the word Honour what I know, feel, and understand of it comes from my own culture and people. It is something very hard to put into words, but if you were in front of me, I can show you what Honour is, and if you lived inside my culture, you would also comes to understand what it is. But there was a Westerner of the Satanic variety who – perhaps from a culturally myopic perspective – said that Satanists should have no need for honour because honour is when you get put on a pedestal above others for something you did. And I understand what he was saying. I am half Western. You are "Honoured" in grade school with rewards for being never absent, for having good grades, for never being late; and so on. Then in things like the military you have medals and decorations to honour various things. But even though the word may be encrypted in English to look the same, is the Essence the same in the weltanschauung of different peoples and cultures? If you "look" at our Human Spectrum again, where does spoken language arise from? From Weltanschauung.

Where did that come from? From people/culture.

There is a good example to illustrate how a people seeds new particles into weltanschauung regarding the ONA and our miniature Kulture, with our own minilanguage [lexicon]. The word is Pathei-Mathos. It is a word DM uses to mean a certain thing which is experienced or cultivated for wisdom and gnosis. Those of us who found the ONA after DM did not have this Essence of Pathei-Mathos inside our weltanschauungs. It did not exist. It was “planted” and like a vine wrapping itself deep around anything in our personal past that would feel like Pathei-Mathos it that seed took root. Then we went about our lived and cultivated Pathei-Mathos. From that personal experience the corresponding particle to the word grew into a formless, wordless part of our weltanschauung make up. Such that now, we lack a proper word to even try to explain that wordless Essence inside our mindscape without the word “Pathei-Mathos.” That word for some of us as become a means to Express something inside which is Felt and wordless.

So, we put everything all together. We know that language is Deceptive and fools with our perception. But because language is convenient and allows us to express our inner weltanschauung just as music or art can, we still use it. In other words, the human desire of Self-Expression overwrites the knowing that language and words are deceptive. Some of us know that smoking and doing drugs, heavy drinking, and gambling is bad for us, but we are addicted and can't stop using the shit. We can't stop Self Expressing. It's a basic M.O. of any living organism. But now we also know that a group of people's language – words, ideas, memes, concepts, lexicon, understandings – plus their culture seeds this silint weltanschauung. So knowing all this, how do we as the ONA devise a way to spread our ONA in the medium of men? With “replayable” words, ideas, memes, concepts, lexicon, etc to use as a means for they themselves to Express their weltanschauung. “Replayable” meaning words and ideas and such that are used over and over again. The more these things are used and circulated, the better of a chance we have to remain relevant to a market or people long term wise. The more these things are used and circulated, the more Fluidity ONA memes gains, which means the more influence and power of inspiration it has on other people's minds.

The other aspect of language I find fascinating and useful is how language stays relevant to each group of people and each generation. Specifically the English language since I only have books on the history of the English language. Have you ever gone through a list of archaic words? You'll find all these words once used that have dropped off with whatever generations used them. Each decade that passes also has its own set of era specific lexicon. Some words get recycled and gain new meaning as it passes into other generations and eras. We use words today to describe our world and express ourself that people in the 50's did not. Words like: cyberspace, email, blog. The old words have been given new means, what the word “Tether” mean in current 21st English? It has something to do with tethering your computer with your Android phone. A long time ago when I was in the Fourth Grade, a Tether was a robe that links a ball to a pole and the whole thing was called tether ball. I never played it, it looked stupid.

Language also cleverly shapeshifts itself inside little groups and subcultures to stay relevant. Each subculture will develop their own add-on lexicon to the English language. Most of the time these subculture specific words stays in their subculture, but sometimes such words

seeps abroad into the main body of the language. If you know your tribes, you can trace the origins of words used. How many words do we use today that originated from the old Beatnik subculture and Hippy, Free Love thing? "Score," what subculture does that come from? "Right on," where did that one come from? "Epic & Fail," where did that come from? "Wat up G?" That came from the Five Percenters, G means God originally which is what a male 5%er is called. "On the level," what tribe did that come from? Freemasonry. What subculture did, "that's how we roll," come from? "Guru," as an English word, where did that come from? From the Beatles and the market for the nouveau Hindu mysticism they were into. All these Indian smelt opportunity, left their broke ass country and reincarnated in America as Gurus with divine ancient psychedelic wisdom. Have you ever heard of TM? It's supposed to be some Transcendental Meditation where it does all sorts of mystical and magical stuff for you. You can just meditate, you need your Guru to give you a sacred Mantra to chant, because the power is in the Mantra. But that Guru relationship requires love gifts and money. Then it turns out that the fucking Punjabi fucker after getting your money simply whispered the word "Apple" in Sanskrit in your ear.

But we can see that language works like a corporation in tune to market shifts. As soon as one generation goes, English is busy making a new set of vocabulary for the new generation. When a new subculture emerges, English offers that their own set of in group word. So we can see that English grows and evolves gradually and slowly with its market. And that market has grow bigger and bigger over 500 years or so ago when its Modern Prototype appeared in England.

Other languages have a hard time competing with English. Since I understand and speak two languages, I can understand why I neglect one and almost exclusively use the other. Khmer for me just does not have all the Words I need to Express my insides and mind. It's as simple as that. There there are the "billboard attractions" that draws people's attention to English such as the English music, English books, and English movies or TV shows. Then there are the popular iconic figures that "represents" English, like all the celebrities in the entertainment and political industries. Do you ever wonder what growth effects Obama's Black face has on expanding English in Africa? How about the money, fame, and power of America? How does that effect the growth and expansion of English? Then there is the mutual benefit of speaking English, where say a Businessman from Saudi Arabia and one from Taiwan can speak English to make deals and do business?

If we say that language is all language, where any language has basic words as tools to describe the same basic things: people, boy, girl, sun, sky, eat, and so on; how is it that one language ends up growing, expanding, gaining new users, and Dominating the planet? Why do other languages drift into extinction? Besides the Popularity, power, and wealth of America, which is a big factor; English floods every corner of human interest with its own list of words and ideas; cornering the market if you will, such as: Entertainment, Politics, Science, Medicine, Spirituality/Religion, Warcraft, Diplomacy, Technology, Trade, Aerospace, etc, etc. If it's something a group of people can get interested in, the English language will make for that group their own personalized Lexicon. Gardening? Sure. Crime? That too. Hate? Yes. Love? Yes but not as much as hate. This way, it doesn't matter what you are into, or who you are because English offers you the service of Self-Expression. Whatever makes English work, all I

know is that over the 500 years since the 1500's English has managed to stay relevant to the market. There were times when it had mad competition and was second or third dog for a while, but with time – aeonics – it made its way to the top of the pile.

How do we do that for the ONA? How do we learn to follow the example of a language? What is a language? It's a big mess of types of memes. What is that called a memeplex. It's not crazy for a memeplex of ONA to try and learn a few skills from the very successful memeplex of English as a language and mind culture [culture or way of thinking and seeing]. Both memeplexes are in this game for the same basic things: to spread its memes into the minds of people. How the hell does English spread 250,000 memes to 1 billion people, and ONA can't? What are the problems ONA is facing. Personally I'd like to isolate these problems too look at them so I can figure out a way around these issues. But I do know that AL or DM is playing the game right with the ONA because he is very good and creative with engineering for the ONA a Lexicon, which as we have seen is used more often for the personal Self-Expression of the User, rather than be as a used as an ideological paper weights as most ideations/memes from our closest competitors have.

You know what I mean by "ideological paperweights?" Stuff like: Shemhamphorash! The fuck is that shit and what do you do with it? Like this: la la Cthulhu F'aggits! What do you do with that shit? Paint it? Here's a semiformal ideological paper weight: Satan represents indulgence! Or this one: The LHP = Nonconformity! They call them "axioms" sometimes. They are basically idealistic clever sayings such people pull out of their asses because they sound great, or because they'd made great brick and mortar to construct a cult or new satanic religion out of. Most you can do with these "axioms" is emptily argue and debate in a circle of meaningless nothing. Another way to describe such sequences of ideations is: Empty Opinions. And these are nothing to build a religion out of. Or at least understand to keep junk like this in the mythos department.

One reason why I like my indigenous Buddhism is because the Buddha – or whoever invented proto-buddhism – tried in the Tipitaka to state that Dhamma has requirements and qualities which are Testable. Such that if and when the Buddha give you a dhamma [little d for teaching based on Dhamma] you must Test the shit just like you must Test a Theorem in Geometry. When Buddha says Kamma [work/action] produces Vipaka [fruit/result] its not just an empty opinion or ideological paper weight. It should be Testable and Provable to be Accurate. So you go out and commit a kamma and watch to see if that kamma manifests a Vipaka. If it does it is not a something you Believe in. It is an Understanding and a Knowing. And in the Knowing you are thus able to adjust your kamma to produce the fruit or results you needs or want in life. In geometry we had this Postulate which states that "Right angles are Congruent." And in our work books we had to prove them true or false. If they were false or inaccurate you throw the Postulate out. If they prove to be true, they become a Theorem. But a Theorem is not "Fact," it's just Accurate where we can use such Theorem to Predict things with. So with my Right angles are congruent Theorem, I can make the prediction: "All right angles in the universe are equally 90 degrees everywhere!" And I can be sure to a certain extent that my prediction might be accurate. I don't Believe in the Theorem. I use it to try and gain a better understanding of things.

It's the same way with something in ONA like "Pathei-Mathos," according to how DM and ONA have come to understand this term. It's not an empty opinion or axiom out of anybody's ass pull out because it sounds really cool. It simply means Learning From Hardship, Trial, Suffering, Adversity, and Experience. And it is Testable. If you think it's a crapshoot and you say to yourself: "Yeah right you can't learn nothing from experiencing tough times." You can Test it out and experiment with it to come to your own conclusions. It's not idealistic or some random empty opinion somebody put together just to give ONA some meet. So this is what I would call Practical Wisdom. Look up the word wisdom if you don't know what it actually means. It's a knowing or statement shared which has been born from a practical application of knowledge in life. Practical Wisdom is when your uncle or dad sits you down and tells you: "If you want to know how a guy will treat you in a relationship, watch closely how he behaves with his own mother. It'll save you a lot of heartache." See this wasn't a simple opinion an uncle or dad was telling you. It's born from them knowing themselves as men, knowing how they behave with their mothers, knowing how they treat their wives, and knowing the nature of other men. It is a bit of wisdom born from practical experience. And it is Testable. Unfortunately we don't test such things out. We disregard them and learn our lessons the hard way.

Constructing a whole cult or religion on empty opinions, clever sounding axioms, and ideological paper weights is pretty much like building a big and cool looking sand sculpture on the beach. It'll attract a large crowd for a while, but that crown will die down, and then the tide will come and wash it away. Since 1969 when the Satanic Bible came out how many would be LaVey clones and Church of Satan clone organizations have come, beefed up their org with great sounding paperweights, which have all lost the interest of a market and were washed away by the ebb and flow of the tide of relevancy and irrelevancy? Thousands. None have out lived and out done the same three OG's that first dominated this subcultural skyline: the CoS, ToS, and ONA. ONA has withstood the test of Time. It has been 40 years and a new generation has come while an old one gone, and people today still cannot stop talking in some way about David Myatt and ONA. 40 years and those people still can't stop talking and thinking about DM and ONA. ONA isn't going anywhere. We just need to figure out how to go further. Why isn't anybody talking about any of the thousands of Satanic organizations that came and gone? Because they are all irrelevant to the minds of the market. We need to stay in their Minds and figure out ways to grow deeper into their Minds. Even if they don't become ONA, those people are walking, living, billboards and ad campaigns. Before you can tap the Resonance of a goblet, you first have to broadcast your Frequency.

Supplantation

I don't think 'supplantation' is a real word. It just means the Tion of Supplanting. That's the one other tactic I learned for studying English over the years. English has a way of not only absorbing other languages words like a sponge, in fact it freely does so unlike many other languages. But English has a sneaky way of supplanting native words of other languages with its own words. It gets to the point where there's no point in speaking your native language anyways when half of its words came from English. Reminds me of this documentary I once watched on the Discovery Channel about birds. There was this one bird that was so lazy to make her own nest she just laid her two eggs into some other species of bird's nest with eggs in it already. The eggs looked the same, except the nest robber's eggs were a tad bit bigger.

As I watched all four eggs hatched together, but the robber's babies were visibly bigger than the native babies. Then the robber babies started kicking their feet and pushing the native babies up over the edge of the nest until they both fell out of the nest and died. And the poor mother and father bird who owned the nest had no idea those weren't their babies. They just kept feeding the killer chicks. The really weird part was when the chicks were a couple months old. They could barely fit in their nest, and they were already twice as big as their "parents," who now had to work double as hard to find food to feed their giant babies.

As ONA, how would we learn from language in this regard? How do we rob nests and kick the babies out? How do we supplant native memes with our memes? So that we dominate a market or subculture in 10 years? By chipping gradually away at the memes that makes up the memplex of the target subculture. One meme supplanted at a time. The more irrelevant memes a subculture has – its old extra baggage – the easier it is to replace better ones in their. The more discoherent a subculture is the easier it is for an organized and coherent memplex to spread its influence inside. The only way to "destroy" a memplex is to work at replacing its memes over time. Or bleed its body base. Or wait with patients for them to die out all the while staying one step ahead of competition.

From what I have personally come to understand of the two languages I know and understand, the most Expressive one is the one I end up using. But this can be either you see. English and Khmer can be used to Express my wordless insides in different arenas. I use the English language to think in, contemplate with, and express myself on a daily basis because it is chalk full of descriptive, pliable words I can almost customize with my own means to actually in a satisfying way Express my inner Essence. But there are places even the English language can't touch to satisfy me. On a much deeper spiritual level of striving to understand and better grasp the world and myself, I fall back on Khmer and Pali words. To me these old "primitive" languages may not do as well in the outside modern world, but things like Pali and Khmer and their roots are ancient and still living. So much older than English. English may be young, vibrant, beautiful, expressive, and fast moving, fast evolving like a young person. But Pali and Khmer are like slow moving old people, aged with wisdom, whose lingusitical eyes have gazed out at the cosmos for thousands of years, whose bodies have walked thru ancient forests, temple ruins when they were freshly built. They have a wisdom of their own to impart. So I think there is a nice balance. But in both cases the reoccurring key factor I have noticed is that words and ideas I use from any of my languages I draw from don't tell me how to think, believe, and see things, but rather instead only give themselves up as a means to Express my inner wordless Essence.

But Art and Music also is Expressive isn't it? The beauty about art and music is that its very hard to force such things to mean like they are telling us how to think, act, believe, worship, and see things. Art and Music – unlike language – is more purely a means for a person to Express their inner wordless Being. I'm not an artist, but I love art, specifically black and white photography. I am drawn beyond words to some black and white pictures taken, perhaps of some trees and how a light twists, or a freckle on someone's face; something I see "behind" or "within" that picture draw me to it and makes me feel something attachful inside because it feels almost as those such pictures in someway is a reflection of a formless "something" from within me. These are pictures you find yourself losing yourself in, where the world and

surrounds around you fade. But even art is not really free from the fool. A fool who is empathy deaf and blind can't feel or apprehend the essence beneath words, poetry, art, or music. They will grasp only the superficial and so they will intellectualize it, philosophize it, and wave their superficialisms around at people. It's like staring at the real Venus de Milo standing right in front of it lost in the ancient history and beauty and essence of it. Then some superficial guy comes along and stands by you looking at it for a while and looks at you because he wants to tell you his thoughts, and he says: "I don't see what the big deal is do you? You wanna know my thoughts? It's telling you love hurts. That's why her arms fell off. And it's true! Love hurt, ain't that the truth. Just stay away from it."

The thing is once the mind has found itself a means to express its laden insides, it'll reuse the means over and over again. You watch a real artist and you'll see over and over again they are obsessed with Expressing "something" wordless and capturing that something right somehow in pictures of different kinds. Musicians are the same way. They develop a obsession or passion to Express something within through their music. It must be heard with their ears. They'll spend year after year composing their symphonies or modern music. Poets are the same way. Writers likewise. Some of the most fantastic fiction writers were also insane in that writing simple fiction wasn't enough for people like Tolkien. He had to invent an entire world full of people and entire languages. All this were Expressions of something wordless, alive, yearning, and desiring to be given form and Expressed. Language – if we pay attention – is our easier and every day way for this invisible and formless something to wrap its wordless essence into spoken words and written words in diaries or journals or blogs. Just to be Expressed. And the more useful these means are for us to express that inner formless thing, the more relevant it is to us.

I'm trying to say something that feels simple inside across this essay, about the ONA and another potential and possibility that it has at its disposal which no other institution resembling any kind of competition has ventured into yet. The ONA already has a large list of vocabulary in its Lexicon. Everyone of these words can and have been used not so much to dictate what anybody should believe, but rather these words and ideas are used most often by us to dress up or give form to what is wordless and formless inside of us. So that these inner things are Expressible. And so the more words, ideas, concepts, ONA has in its Lexicon the more ONA offers a 'service' for ONA Users to Express their own personal weltanschauung or whatever you chose to call it. This way there is a balance between the outer [exoteric] Kulture presented to the User with the medium of expression of each of our inner [esoteric] Essence.

I learned how to balance the Outside stuff of Buddhism with the Innerside stuff of the Buddhist I am from a friend of mine I met in college. He was was Japanese and was going to school out here. He spoke very good English. We had Buddhism in common. He was curious about my Theravada Buddhism so he would have me explain things to him as he asked me questions. Then I was curious about his form of Buddhism. He gave me a technical Japanese name of the form and school but I can't remember. He just said it was Minimalist Zen. He said it was very, very different from how I teach him about Theravada. Minimalist Zen he says has nothing, absolutely nothing. No beliefs, no writings, no teachings, nothing! You must start from the very beginning of everything he says to me. He draws a character of a Sun on a paper and says his teacher drew this character and told him to sit and meditate [zazen] and ponder on the Sun for

1 year. Then on the moon for 1 year. Then on the space between the sun and moon for one year. Then on the sky for one year. Then on the ground for one year. So on till you meditate on a tree for one year, and a fruit for one year. So on until you grow old or run out of things to meditate on. As you do that though, in that deep silence there is something inside that will subtly gives you “feelings” about what you are meditating on for that year. Not thoughts and ideas. But feelings from the Heart-Mind. A Knowing beyond knowing. Then you move on to the next thing. And if you need to teach or share ideas with others, you just find words to express what you have mediated on.

There are teachings, ideologies, philosophies, written scriptures, culture even, etc, which all come from a source outside of You. But there are things just as valuable – if not more so – that are born from within. If you ever mindfully pay attention to how you actually learn from experience, you realize that the outer circumstance or situation only triggers an Inner Apprehension and an Innerside born Understanding. That thing my Minimalist Zen friend taught me was a long and dedicated training technique to shut the conscious mind’s chattering down, and to learn to once again allow the Heart-Mind to speak. It’s this Heart-Mind that our realizations or experience born Understandings arises. We know that the conscious mind is not very smart, even if it is smart. But we often go ahead and allow another person to give us scriptures, teachings, their intellectual rambling to us, when we know such people are no more smarter and aware about reality than we are. Just because some guy has written a book doesn’t mean he’s uncovered the mysteries of the universe. It’s just a book. There are great insights to be found Outside. But there is a source of insight and understanding inside we most oftentimes neglect and aren’t even aware of.

So what I do is use that minimalist zen method of shutting mind, and going inside to dwell on a single idea or key word in Buddhism. Dwell on meaning if you strike a bell it first rings. You let go of the ring and dwell on the resonance afterward that. When you dwell on the word or idea of Vipaka you think of what it means real quick. Let that first ring/thought go, and then dwell on the resonance after the thought. You want to stop the thought process and only draw out the Essence of the idea. You feel it, not think it. There is nothing to think or believe. No more than you can believe in anger. It is felt and experienced inside as whatever it is. When you are familiar with that essence or feeling of anger, then you may figure out how exactly to put it into words later. You may describe it as being hot and red or something for example. Just to “know” it in your own Heart-Mind is enough. But what’s all this got to do with the ONA? Nothing directly. But learn to balance your shit with the Outer Kulture and with your own inner Cultivation. Beside we have a word that approximates this in ONA anyways: Acausal Knowing. There are a few other words that captures the essence of this also elsewhere in the ONA. Some schools of Buddhism turn simple concepts similar to Acausal Knowing into their entire school praxis.

There is a use for acausal knowing: balance of the outer memeplex with inner personal reflection. You learn to turn inward for insights rather than outward. Over time when you get better at it, all that wordless knowing will bubble out wanting to be Expressed somehow. That’s when you go find all of your words, pictures, music, ideas, concepts to dress these things in. That’s when you are forced to be creative to make your own words up to convey that formless stuff. That’s when our ONA words will find more uses to help us Express that inner

stuff. If we put into a fighting ring a Living Insight born in this way or born from experience with a ideological meme some person pulled out of their asses to give superficial meet to their venue, which would win? The dead one or the Living one? That's where this leads back to. Our closest "competitor institutions" are constructed with nothing but ideological idealistic paperweights. And that shit for the past 50 years has been the staple of Satanism in its many forms and the larger "occult," Western Tradition thing. They have nothing on ONA as long as we're working with practical wisdom, living insights, pathei-mathos. If we fire blanks like they are, then nobody is going any where.

Over the past 3 years, when I write I share or express my own personal inner born insights of things. They are not super duper illuminating. But I just try to share living stuff to balance all the make believe stuff out there in Satanism Land. As opposed to what? What's the other stuff? Stuff people jobble together like: "A true Satanist of the real Left Hand Path is his own God foreva!" That's sounds nice doesn't it, but where did these guys get this from? Did it come from experience? Did it come from deep personal reflection of Life? Was that statement born from some occult grasping of the Cosmos? Is it testable? Did the originator test it? Maybe it was partly born from a reacting to a bitter feeling against Christianity? Perhaps it's born from a desire to believe it to compensate for a lack of something? Or maybe some guy was trying to write a book, start his own internet religion, and be a high priest to look good in the eyes of mental cripples. There are plenty of these trash ideations laying around the LHP Subculture. Here's one: "Luciferians are on a quest for Enlightenment and Apotheosis!" Or this one has and its relatives: "Satan was a Sumerian king from Nibiru!" makes one seriously wonder if people in the occult and LHP subculture are out looking to be "enlightened" with shit like this. Maybe.

But that's okay. There was a time when people believed the word was flat and when the childish stories out of the bible satisfied their hunger for wisdom. We see that today we are smarter and so all that old world ideations, myths, empty opinions, are all dead and irrelevant. It's the same with people today and their occult, LHP, mundane Satanism bullshit. They are retarded now. But they are not our audience. The next generation and the next one after them, and so on – those who will want more than bullshit empty opinions– will search for the meaningful living insights born from people's experiences and living, and a real quest of striving to apprehend the Cosmos & themselves. As long as ONA keeps doing what we are collectively doing; keeping the numinous balanced with the sinister, struggling to dis-cover what we are, what the Cosmos is, and working toward that New Humanity, and New Way of Life. We'll be fine. Let these retards be retarded. They will die in 100 years. ONA has long term objective. We've been around for 40 years. If we keep on our toes, we'll be here for another generation who will add their insights and add to our Kulture.

What I would like to see – or maybe I have been seeing it – is for the ONA to learn to slowly and naturally evolve like a living language and living culture does. With a language like English you'll see that it unashamedly exfoliates old words into some Archaic word space, then it borrows words and generates neologisms and allows its most passionate users to create their own words or reuse old words with new meanings. So slowly the language does change drastically over time. Today's English and the English of King James [the bible guy] are very different. But thought all that change there is the Core of English which has faithfully remained

very much the same since ancient times. This would be the Core Anglo-Saxon words we still us today like: Should, Not, Sky, Father, Home, Mother, House, I, Me, And, Knife, Ugly, Husband, etc.

Over time a culture will also move across Time like language. Some observances and practices will fall out of usage, while new ones are borrowed or developed. But no matter what changes there is a Core to that Culture that remains stable and unchanged. Africa, Russia and China would be great example since those places underwent frequent social, economic, cultural, and political upheaval and change. Even though China has changed outfits often first being an empire, then Mao Ching Chong came and had his Cultural Revolution where they all became communists. Now they're doing capitalism? But through all that change there is still a Core part of Chinese Culture that is Chinese since ancient times like its writing, its cuisine, its architecture, its family life, its folk ways, its musical instruments, its martial arts, etc.

And so the ONA as a living acausal entity should also slowly evolve unashamedly. Old ideas no longer relevant should become Archaic and saved for historical review; new words, ideas, concepts, should be added; it's most creative and passionate Users should add their own things to it. But a Core something should remain constant. Not just the 5 Core Principles, but more stuff that is ONA since olden times that will always make it ONA.

We've already seen over the 40 [39] years that as long as ONA exists it has no problem inspiring into existence new orders and temples. I'm not knowledgeable with this, but others can make a long list of organizations that came and gone who were inspired into being because of the ONA. We've also seen ONA having no problem Influencing people outside of its sphere. We've also seen over the years that ONA does not have trouble spreading its words, ideas, and concepts. The idea that Satanism is a personal struggle towards self enlightenment and self betterment was an ONA concept since day one. This was a time when Satanism in the popculture's Satanism has to do with indulgence and being your own god. Now most of the Satanic Subculture has come to understand that self betterment and self enlightenment is their Satanism. I'd say that ONA was or is ahead of its time, but nothing is ahead of Time. It's more accurate to say that ONA is and will always be ahead of the people: the mundanes. So as long as we keep doing what we have been doing, work on balancing the ONA's teaching with praxis and means of Self-Expression; we'll continue to influence, inspire, induce talk, and spread our memes.

I really like what the ONA has become. It's come along way in only 4 years. All that planing and setting into motion change has bore Fruit for everyone involved. The coolest part about ONA is that it is all Ours. It's a private Association of a small group of people. A private country club. And the "vetting" process for "membership" seems to work very well, because 'looking' around, I see equals and those better, more talented, and more intelligent then me. Nobody has any goofy titles. Everyone is unique. Some Niners are Traditional Satanists, some just Satanists, some are Buddhists, some just mystics, some are liberal, I'm conservative, some Nazi, some Ethnic, some fascists, some more into enlightened aristocracy. But we all have something 'Myattian' in common. Let's hope this goes on for another 40 years. If DM by himself and a few others can bring the ONA across Time for us in our present; all we need is one or two equally dedicated Dreccs and Niners to carry this ONA 40 years into our future for

the next generation to take it into a direction they will need.

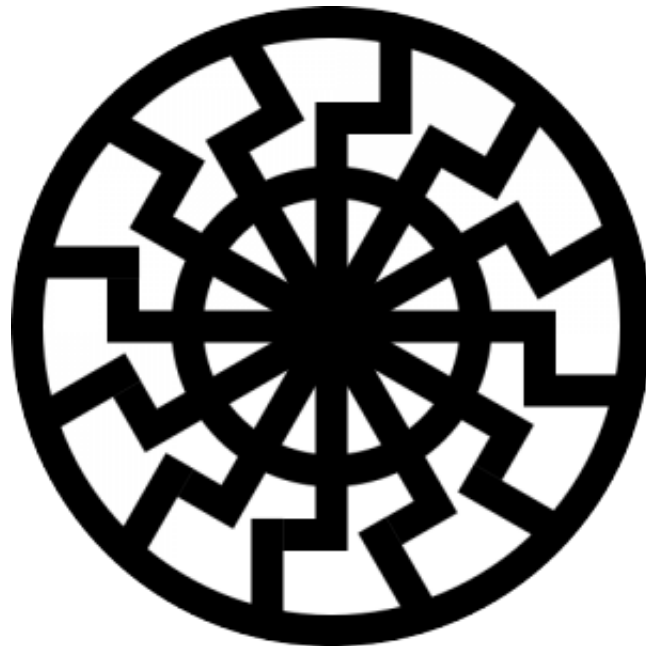
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THE ESSENCE OF REICHSFOLK CULTURE



The Essence of Reichsfolk Culture

The term “Reichsfolk Culture” was put together by Chloe 352 of ONA from merging the concept of the Reichsfolk Declaration of Ethical National Socialism with what David Myatt once called the Numinous Way of Folk Culture. Reichsfolk Culture is the Foundation of the Sinister Tribe of the White Star (WSA352), while the ONA is its Cornerstone.

Viewing Ethical National Socialism from a Numinous Way perspective thus causes incongruities to be seen – that is to say that the two systems outwardly do not fit together so well. From a Numinous Way perspective the two words in “National-Socialism” are immoral because it describes an actual abstract thing – a Nation-State.

At first we opted to get rid of the word “National-Socialism” altogether, but being ONA we recognized that those two words still have a certain useful heretical stigma and essence associated with it which can be used as a tool for sinister subversion, nonetheless. So instead of getting rid of the terminology, we brought the term from its abstract – old aeonic state, down to a tribal state by using the actual and original definition of the word “Nation.”

As the New Oxford American Dictionary states – “A nation is a body of people who share a real or imagined common history, culture, language or ethnic origin.” The word itself comes from the Latin “Natio” which meant ‘the act of being born;’ ‘the goddess of birth;’ a ‘breed, stock, kind, or species;’ or a ‘tribe or group of people.’

Thus Reichsfolk Culture is the common culture of this Sinister Tribe (a nation), which also

commonly shares the Sinister Tradition of the ONA. The word “Socialism” in National-Socialism would therefore describe a certain world view of this Sinister Tribe of ours or it describes how this Sinister Tribe functions – its “tribal politics” of our ONA nation, if you will.

The basic concepts of “Socialism” is that each member of society or a nation/tribe which is bound together for mutual aid, mutual relief, mutual dependency, and mutual prosperity, should and must have a natural and equal access to resources and means to such prosperity. Here we not only mean access to machines and manufacturing plants, but from a more sinister angle we also mean the Mundanes – their possessions, life, energy, money – which are our resources to be commonly shared and utilized by our ONA nation/tribe... with our future sinister progeny – those of our national/tribal blood.

Socialism also believes that Capitalism concentrates power and wealth in a small group of people we call the Ten Percenters. Dreccian Socialism believes that Capitalism is a means and method of human exploitation... more importantly – OUR people’s exploitation. When we say “our people” we mean Dreccians of the Sinister Tradition. There is something inherently wrong from a Numinous Way perspective of exploiting people with Capitalism and that is it creates the condition of mass human suffering in a large segment of humanity. Such suffering often manifests wyrdfully as extreme poverty of millions, and the destruction of nature.

Our Dreccian National-Socialism also believes that Communism is just pathetic. It’s not even worth mentioning, but we’ll briefly talk about it anyways. We Dreccians do not believe in some gay ass universal equality, nor do we believe that mundanes have it in their nature to share everything, give up property (thus we have to steal it from them), or work for the common good of some abstraction referred to as “The People.” Althoe some concepts annexed by Magian Communism is noble, it is overall stupid none the less – the same kind of ignorant very silly stupidity that is found in the Magian Christian “axiom” “Love Thy Neighbor.” No Christian fool has ever lived up to those simple three words. It is foolish to believe that mundanes are inherently all loving and all sharing. Communism is just a political memeplex created by Jews and utilized by a political regime to enchant the mass of mundanes by telling them what they want to believe – by feeding their fantasies. The strategy of those Communist stooges is worthy to note, but in the end the mundane fools end up used, abused, and exploited as they are used, abused, and exploited in Magian Capitalism.

Then you ask – what is the difference between “utilizing” mundanes and exploiting them? The difference is in whose hands the mundanes are in and to what end these mundanes are used. The difference is the End. Where we as Dreccians naturally come together to form cooperative tribes to pool our resources and synergy to planned Ends, these mundanes do not. Thus, it is the responsibility of the Noble Ariya – the Enlightened and Superior Breed of Humanity – to utilize the synergic or collective force of the Anariya/mundanes to the same planned End, Aim, or Goal. That End being the conscious evolution of humanity and human civilization toward its greatest conceivable numinous potential.

The Means To The End

Reichsfolk Culture states that the anariya are naturally incapable of thinking for themselves – in a sense, it can be simply said that the anariya are stupid, or Idiot Humans. Did mother nature make a mistake? Why did nature allow for stupidity to exist if She works towards evolving her animals to become intelligent? The first answer to this question is that intelligence – the mental ability to think and solve problems – does not mean shit to Nature. To prove this statement, we must perform a thought experiment.

If you were mother nature, and you planned for the earth and its species to continually exist for 3 billions years then your most important duty is to see that the most proven and effective DNA – not intelligence – is passed down to each new generation. Now, there are two methods of passing genes down – a) the solitary method, and b) the collective method.

The solitary method is a lone creature living by itself and sporadically passing its genes down if and when it finds a mate. The collective method is a group of organisms living together circulating their genes with each other and passing those genes down to other groups. Which method is nature life insurance policy? A solitary organism is dependent on solely itself for survival. It must feed itself, protect itself from climate and predators. If it dies for some reason, its DNA is not passed down. A group of organisms mutually depend on each other for survival. If you were nature, and you wanted 3 billion or more years of continuous causal life, which method would you place your bet on?

It is the collective or cooperative nature of a species or even an ecosystem which insures its continual survival not intelligence. Intelligence is a luxury enjoyed after survival is insured. This is why ants make up 25% of the entire earth's biomass. Based on biomass alone, the coherency of ants makes them officially the earth's most organized, most successful, dominant, and lucrative species.

The second reason why nature has allowed so many stupid people to exist is because humanity as a whole superorganism is in itself an integrated system, very much like an ant colony is. Equality is an abstract illusion. Not every one is a shoemaker. Not everyone is a scientist. Not every ant is a queen, not every ant a soldier. There will be those in the human collective that have no worth other than their force of labor, while others are born with the brilliant mind to use that collective force to bring humanity forward.

No individual human has ever single handedly evolved humanity. Not Buddha, not Hitler. It has always been a collective effort of a few able minds utilizing the collective force of the many to manifest certain aims and objective. The sectarian Dharma of Buddhism, or the secular ideology of German NS were only the Cohesion or Coherency Factor, which manifested such collective force needed to accomplish the same ends – Civilization... or more specifically – Empire/Imperium.

Reichfolk Culture believes that it is via civilization or imperium that the human species is progressed and gradually evolved forward to greater heights. It is thru empire that major sections of humanity is impressed and imprinted with new concepts and ideas that permanently changes our species and gradually brings it toward its highest potential. Civilization, or empire, or what is also known as a Kalifa (Caliphate) is the most effective

means of collective human progression.

Thus the word “Reich” in our Reichfolk Culture has a specific meaning and essence to it. It esoterically is a pageantry or costume party in which the Sinister Nobility becomes scripted characters or living mythos even, to magically, collectively, religiously, and or politically enchant the mass. Exoterically – as it is seen by the mundane mass – a “Reich” takes on the basic meaning of its Germanic essence.

A Reich wasn't just an empire or monarchal system. The ancient Germanic tribes had a certain democratic quality to them during ancient times when they would each elect a Graf or tribal leader. Within certain related tribes of kinfolk, these grafes in turn would elect a king from qualified people. This same essentially Germanic style of electing their executive leaders was even present and practiced in the Germanic Holy Roman Empire, where the Emperor of the Reich was elected from qualified people.

Thus in Reichfolk Culture, the word Reich describes an imperium, empire, or caliphate, which is governed by an elected executive officer, and is managed by an enlightened aristocracy – the Ariya. It must be kept in mind that the executive officer of a Reich is not the leader of the enlightened aristocracy, but only one of the Ariya who owes his or her loyalty to the enlightened aristocracy who has the power to captivate, enchant, and enthrall the anariya to the benefit of the ariya... a Vindex if you will.

It can be argued that no matter how we define and redefine the word, “empire” is still an immoral abstract nation-state; which is true... to a certain extent depending on which end of the telescope you are seeing thing with and to what End. For example, to a common believer “God” and religion is indeed abstract and impersonal, but to a pope and a priesthood, “God” and religion is a tangible – personal means of power, influence, wealth, and sex. A nation-state is the same way. To us as common 90 Percenters, the State is indeed an impersonal monstrosity of exploitation – as we should see it if we are to Liberate our enlightened selves and work our way to where we belong. To the 10 Percenters thoe, the State is a very tangible – personal means of power, influence, wealth, and sex.

It is one thing for our sinister folk to awaken from such abstract slave camps as a State. It's another thing – a silly one – to reject the usefulness and practicality of a State. How else is the ONA of the future to progress the whole of humanity forward into Galactic Imperium? Culling all the billions of them is not a rational option because it would destroy our work force to even make such a star born civilization possible? The anariya must be collectively lead by the Enlightened towards their full potential and out of suffering by a Reich which is the most effective method; for althoe we ariya can consciously evolve ourselves with our own efforts, will, and determination, to become a new type of human being, the anariya are barely conscious of their own numinous Self, nor have they the will to even quit smoking or lose weight, to evolve anything with conscious determination and will.

It is out of chromomorphic compassion, aeonic humanitarianism, and the desire for the human species as a whole to evolve towards its full potential that we Dreccians kill, support terrorism, disrupt States, destroy the status quo, instigate revolution, engage in so-called “antinomian”

“criminal” activities, and seek to forever mass annihilate the Magian and their heinous ethos off the face of the earth. It just looks bad if you see it within just one static frame of time that’s all. For surely, we cannot say that all the war, death, slaughter, and criminal acts perpetrated during the American and French Revolutions against the Crown and Papal Mitre were “bad” and pointless rebellion and slaughter. It is just the game of power struggle, the transition of an old and outdated aeon to a new aeon, and the laws of physics that the old must die to give rise to the new. What is static and in a state of inertia, as these religions and political regimes are in, requires force to move it.

Thus The Drecc must learn to keep secrets. Not everyone is intelligent enough to be enlightened. Not everyone will sacrifice their lives for a cause, not even for freedom and progression. Not everyone should be awakened. Not everyone should be ONA. Not every subject of the British Colonies in America fought for their liberation and progression. In the end a few sinister individuals utilized what religious, and political tools they had to collect enough mundane force to raise a revolution and when it was all over, the mundanes remained mundanes, while a new conglomeration of men came to power and created a new kind of civilization which still has an immense affect and influence globally... on a collective human scale.

Race and Folk

Both 352 and Myatt’s Numinous Way agrees that “race” and “folk” are themselves abstract and meaningless. It does not matter if a billion people share the same skin color and “ethnicity” as you – it’s abstract and these billions of people have absolutely nothing to do with you personally. These other people who belong to your “race” wouldn’t give two shits and a biscuit if you went hungry or homeless. What matters – what is personal – is our family and our close companions and associates with whom we share a common culture, tradition, and essence – Our clan.

The race is a product of an old aeon in which people did not have the means of locomotion to easily mingle with other groups of people. Over thousands of years the environment acts on gene selection which alters the look of a given group of humans.

Racial inferiority and superiority is thus relative due to the very fact that each “race” evolved out of adaptation to survive, dominate, and thrive in their “native” or ancestral environment. For example, I don’t care how superior the white race thinks it is, put them in Africa and they will die out of skin cancer or eventually turn dark skinned due to the high levels of ultraviolet light. Same goes with black people, put them in Viking Scandinavia and they will freeze to death or eventually turn light skinned due to the low levels of ultraviolet radiation.

Genetically white people branched out of Asians, while Asians branched out of Africans. As our Dreccian Cosmology states – we each inherit the genes of our ancestors. Thus both Asians and whites have inherited ancestral African genes. So it doesn’t matter what color your skin is. You’re just a human and we all have African genes.

Racial differentiation is only due to lack of genetic locomotion. By this we mean to say that our

pre-historic human ancestors living in one part of the world... say Africa, had no way of sending their sperm to fertilize the egg of some proto-Chinese girl in the Mongol steps... it was a lack of a means, rather than an act of nature. If we observe our modern world where we have countless means of mass locomotion and migration, we see that it is actually natural and inevitable for races to mix. To what race, ethnicity, or folk does a person of mixed race belong to such as Chloe? Is she Asian or Mexican, to which ethnic group does she owe her racial allegiance to?

It's stupid to assume – given our technology and human nature – that 300 years from now this race thing will even be relevant. Especially when we take into consideration that there are 2 billion Asians (1 billion Chinese and 1 billion Asian Indians). If the Irish couldn't keep their genes to themselves in the 20th century, what makes you think any ethnic race will keep their jizz in their pants in the 24th century?

Thus unlike the political shenaniganry of old aeon German NS, Reichsfolk Culture sees race and folk as being abstract, impersonal, and un-numinous. This is not to say that the concept of race is useless. It still can be used by the Initiate of the Sinister Tradition to create racial violence and hate crime. There are a lot of stupid people out there in Mundaneland who are lost and enthralled in such abstractions as race who could be influenced via Sinister Cloaking to cull people to our advantage.

Same goes for folk. Even in a single race – such as Africans – Tutsi folks and Rwanda folks engage in mutual folk genocide. Which is fine... who are we to complain when whole masses of mundanes wish to mass cull each other off? More of this should happen to reduce the human population. Set up Uigurs against Han Chinese; Palestinians against Jews; Bosnians against Croats; bloods against crips; Muslims against the white devils. Fuck em. The more dead the better. Just as long as we Dreccians understand that this race thing is an abstraction of an old aeon which has no place among our sinister kind.

What does the mundane Homo Hubris concept of a race or ethnicity have anything to do with a sinister breed of people who claims to be emancipated from mundane thinking and mundane weltanschauung? If you are ONA and you actually believe in the racial bullshit you are using as a subversive strategy of your sinister dialectic then you need to take a close look at the mundanes you claim to be your enemy and realize you aren't no different or better.

Our Reichsfolk Culture recognizes only two breeds of humans – the superior, enlightened Ariya/Aryan and the subhuman idiot Anariya/Mundane. The essential difference and quality is not based on skin color, what plot of land one was conceived or born on, what State you were born in or what language you grew up speaking. This perspective is causal, materialistic, and fundamentally limiting. The essential difference between the Ariya and the Anariya is one of Inner Acausal Essence, "Spirit," "mental superiority."

Reichsfolk Culture uses the word "Ariya" (Pali) and "Arya" (Sanskrit) in its pre-Euro-bastardation of the word. Apparently sometime during the early 1900's some Europeans hijacked the word "Aryan" from an ethnic people not understanding its origins and essential idiomatic meaning, took it to mean the Nordic Race. When in fact many ethnic folks in

ancient history have, and still do identify themselves with the term Ariya/Arya.

The first usage of the word Arya (Sanskrit), Airya (Avestan), Ariya (Old Persian), and Ariya (Pali) was among the Asian Indians and Zoroastrian Iranians in religious context meaning a person of noble spirit, high spirit, or a spiritually evolved person as opposed to the concept of "Anarya" (Sanskrit) meaning the unevolved, materialistic worldlings. The Shaivites and Shaktas also used the term to denote the same meaning – the spiritually evolved and the materialistic worldlings respectively. The Buddha and Buddhism beginning in 500bc began using the term to describe the Enlightened (Ariya) and the Unenlightened Worldlings (Anariya). In Chinese Buddhism the word Ariya is translated as "Holy" denoting a spiritually evolved and enlightened person.

Thus in every ancient usage of the term, it was never ever associated with a specific race, ethnicity, or skin color. It was always used to denote a mental capacity (enlightenment) and a state of spiritual evolution. Reichsfolk Culture uses the word Ariya/Aryan in the same spiritual way – to denote an evolved person who has the ability to think for themselves, who is spiritually awake and or enlightened to understand the Numinous Way, the nature and essence of Nature, the nature and reality of the Acausal, and the essence and reality of the Living Cosmos... what Sasna Shakta calls a Siddhi sometimes, or what Nietzsche calls the *Übermensch*. Anariya as is used by Reichsfolk Culture refers to the inferior breed of humanity who are asleep or enthralled in materialism and the causal World and its urban illusions; what we in the ONA calls the Mundane, or the *Untermenschen* to Nietzsche.

Wyrd Is The Word

The essential defining difference between the Ariya and the Anariya is not their *weltanschauung* – or what aspect of the cosmos they are fixated on (causal/materialism or acausal/spiritual). A difference in perspective of reality does not constitute enlightenment. The original word Arya as it was used in its native Asian Indian cultures and religious philosophies essentially describes the behavior of a person. Wyrd, or what is bastardly known as "fate" or "karma" is the essential dividing line between the superior and the inferior – the Enlightened and the Stupid.

The tantric/esoteric understanding of "karma" is that our actions manifests reactions and consequences. The word "karma" coming from the root "KiR" meaning "Action." Thus what actions we do and the reactions and consequences of these actions weaves together to manifest as our fate in life. By fate here we mean to say "that which we will inevitably experience."

The Buddha esoterically taught this concept via the 8 spoke wheel of Dharma. Each spoke representing a Step in the Eightfold Path. Right/Correct Understanding/Perception gives rise to Right Intent/Emotion. Correct Intentions/Emotions gives rise to Right Speech. What we speak is our thoughts and intent expressed verbally, which affects and influences not only our actions in the world, but the actions of others. Right action morphs as Right Living – meaning the way in which we live our lives in the causal realm. Right or Correct Living gives rise to Right Effort, that is the energy or effort we exert or contribute in our lives. Right Effort in turn gives birth to

and influences Right Mindfulness or Awareness – that is what we put effort into in life becomes what we are aware of in life because we tune out everything else. Correct Awareness morphs into and influences Right Concentration – that is Awareness refines itself into focus of mind. This in turn gives birth to what we experience in life.

The Wheel is still a symbolic and esoteric symbol associated with the Old English concept of Wyrð. The word Wyrð comes from the old Norse word meaning “to become.” Wyrð itself is the name of one of the Norns, sometimes known as the Sisters of Fate; which means fate itself. The norns work their magic and influence the lives of mortals with their spindle thread. Which esoterically expresses the same thing – that what we do in this causal realm and the reactions and consequences of those actions weaves itself like the threads of a loom, which will BECOME that which we will inevitably experience – thus the entire essential meaning of the word “Causal.”

Altho the thread associated with Wyrð is more insightful and enlightening because it suggests that we are tied together by the actions we commit in life. Meaning that no person and his or her actions in life is an island which affects only them and their individual life. It ripples out and affects the lives of others around you, like the vibrations rippling thru a spider’s web affects the whole web.

So thus, the Enlightened will know that what thoughts they think, and how they perceive the world ultimately will become the reality they will experience. Such that right or correct perception becomes right or correct experience, while wrong perception becomes wrong or negative experience, i.e. Suffering.

To illustrate we can take the simple materlistic perception of the world being dead and a thing to be capitalistically exploited for personal gain and corporate wealth. That way of perceiving the world dictates or gives rise to our intent or emotions – the intent or emotion that it is ok to exploit nature. This intent manifest as what we say and how we say it to ourselves and to people around us – convincing and justifying our emotions verbally with ourselves and others. This in turn gives birth to our action – the physical exploitation of the earth. Eventually this weaves reactions and consequences as our fate or experience – environmental collapse and a possible future extinction of the human species.

Thus, it can be seen that the Anariya – stupid people – due to their ignorance and inability to grasp this simple concept ultimately are themselves responsible for their own suffering and lot in life. Thus it can be understood why vise verse, those who understand Wyrð or the esoteric steps of the Wheel, and knows how to use it, will manifest for themselves wealth, power, privilege, influence, and dominion over the anariya. We each, according to our kind, like water finding its own level, eventually find our lot and place in life to be on the Level with our own kind. The Results of our actions, in Reichsfolk Culture, speaks louder than words. For altho we can lie and bullshit our selves and each other – the Causal Results in our lives is the badge or mark of which breed we belong to. Do not judge a person or institution by what they say, teach, or preach, but rather by what Causal Results that person or institution has manifested.

The Clan

In our Reichsfolk Culture, it is our own personal Clan/Tribe – our family, our blood, our companions in life, our enclave, and loyal oath and blooded associates – is our Numinous Nation. It is not based on a hair color, eye color, or skin color, for such things are superficial, and our tribe is not one based on superficial trappings.

Our Clan is a numinous presencing of our own natural human nature. The nature of the human animal as a social organism to band together into cooperative groups. This was the way of life of our human ancestors since even before we were humans. Even the great apes and monkeys live in such cooperative clans.

We have lost that humanness due to Magian Ethos, in which the tribe was broken down into a small family – which makes it all the more easier for religion to control the family, because without an organic tribe of kin and loyal associates to depend on, the religion becomes the surrogate tribe – and that religions priests in turn become usurpers of your natural feral sovereignty. Thus your ego takes on the abstract identity of this surrogate clan – the religion you now “belong to” – expressed every time you claim “I AM Christian;” “I AM a Satanist;” rather than the numinous identity which had evolved over time that once was – “I AM Meshica;” “I AM Khmer;” “I AM Saxon...” “We were Thiuda, but now we ARE Lutheran.”

We have further lost our numinous humanness in this modern abstract secular capitalist world of ours in which even the family has been broken down into individual self reliant units who barely trusts their own mothers. In such a segregated state – without any group, clan, or tribe to belong to and depend on – the State and Corporation becomes your surrogate clan which you will depend on and slave for the rest of your life. Thus you take on the abstract superficial identity of your surrogate tribe – “I AM American;” “I AM British;” “I AM Chinese.”

These abstract surrogate tribes and their labels have no essential meaning nor relevance to you on a personal level. Just as you were mislead into believing that you belonged to the religion you were born into, so are you mislead into believing that you belong – and shall pay taxes to – the State in which you were born into. It is not the ideology of either a religion or political regime that is to be noticed and judged, for these are merely misdirective smoke and mirrors. It is there Causal Results and affect on your personally life – your happiness, your liberty, your humanness, you reconnection with the Living Cosmos; or lack thereof – that is the measure to determine the worth and value and Numinosity of such things.

Our Reichsfolk Culture, as David Myatt has written in his Numinous Way and his Ethical National-Socialism hold all religion and nation-states in contempt, guilty of the destruction of our very feral humanness; which must be destroyed by Vindex and replaced by a new, more evolved kind of civilization. In time as each Clanmate intelligently breeds with each other to eugenically give birth to each new generation, our modern tribes will gradually evolve into one that is genuinely bond not only by tradition and culture, but by blood.

This clannish nature of our organic humanness has never really left us. We humans form groups and associations based on virtually anything usable and excusable. What we called gangs today, were the disgruntled tribes of a once multiracial empire. As time passes onward, we can see these clans – whatever they are called – grow more numerous. Weather it is

skinhead gangs in Europe, or street gangs in urban America, or the criminal organizations reeking havoc in Columbia, Russia, or Mexico; a change in the psyche of our species is slowly taking place, where each new generations becomes increasingly more aware and in tune with their numinous primal human nature and the pulsations of the new aeon, to join and form tribes once more. The New Aeon will be a Tribal Aeon, in which mankind rediscovers his own lost human nature. Wherein his heart beats once more, to the primal undulations of the Dark Cosmos, to once again take his place amongst the celestial and terrestrial marvels of Nature which we are an indissoluble living aspect of.

The Grand Strategy of the Great Work

The Grand Strategy of Reichsfolk Culture is based on Wyrđ, and its esoteric practical use as explained above. The key players of the Grand Strategy are the Sinister Aryan Breed. The duration is 300-400 years of chromomorphic incubation in which each successive generation of our progeny inherits our Culture and Sinister Tradition, our aims and objectives, to continue the Great Work in their own time frame, according to their means. The First and most vital step of aeonically materializing this future Reich – if you understand Wyrđ esoterically – is our perception of the world, our thoughts, our beliefs, our thinking; for these things give rise to intent, emotion, determination, and will. The clearer our initial thoughts or “envisionment” of the end result is, the better a chance it has to manifest, for as our Dreccian Cosmology states – coherency allows acausal force to flow. Coherency of thought transmutes that thought into a potent force.

Like the birth and establishment of any new world religion of political regime, the Grand Strategy of the Great Work will not be peaceful and bloodless. When Vindex comes, it will be mass genocide and red horror – a mass offer to Baphomet, our Mother of Blood. It must be kept in mind that we are not forcing our Reichsfolk Culture or Sinister Tradition onto the mundane mass, for these are our private possessions. We are instead forcing the mundanes to progress and evolve, or the collective causal results of their ignorance and stupidity will eventually destroy the earth and cause our species to suffer extinction.

In the End, after the Sickle has cut its harvest and the Trident has put the age of pisces to death, the Black Sun Saturn will once again radiate its light and reign over the prophesied Golden Age of Saturn, and things will be as it once was in the first age of Saturn, when Mankind was new on the earth, where we and nature exists in harmony, and our needs met by the bounteous abundance of that same Nature. Where each man and woman is empathetic enough with each other to not require government, laws, state, or empire. Where the only law that governs us all is the Law of Honor, Loyalty, and Duty.

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Order of Nine Angles

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Footnotes on Reichsfolk Culture:

Honor, Loyalty, Duty

Quote David Myatt

A Personal Revolution

The fundamental personal values of National-Socialism – the foundation of National-Socialist morality – are honour, loyalty, and duty. A National-Socialist is someone who upholds, or who strives to uphold, these personal values: someone whose personal life is governed by these values. Thus, a true or genuine National-Socialist is someone who strives to be honourable, who is loyal to those they have sworn to be loyal to, and who does their National-Socialist duty.

The purpose of these values is to civilize, for it is these values which make a person civilized and noble. That is, these values express the essence of nobility and civilization; they create, or can create, a person who possesses a civilized, a noble, a strong character. In effect, these values create or can create a better individual; they are means whereby a personal, inner, revolution can be achieved through a triumph of individual will.

Honour:

Honour is basically the natural instinct for nobility made conscious and this is done through a Code of Honour

(2). Some things are fair, and some other things are unfair. A person of noble character – someone with an inborn sense of fairness – knows or feels what is fair and what is unfair. Honour thus determines personal behaviour, and the high standards of personal behaviour which honour demands are set out by a Code of Honour. Most fundamental of all, an honourable person is prepared to die – if necessary by their own hand – rather than be dishonoured. If someone is not prepared to do this, or does not do this for the sake of their own honour, then they are not living in an honourable way. Honour is thus a hard, and simple, standard to live by, and those who are honourable thus possess a strong personal character and a purity of purpose. They are better, more noble, more civilized, more evolved individuals because of this.

Loyalty:

Loyalty, like honour, is simple to understand, and simple in practice. Loyalty is being true to a person you have sworn to be loyal to. True loyalty means taking an oath of loyalty, an oath of allegiance, to a particular person and never breaking that oath. An oath of loyalty can only be ended in two ways: (i) by the death of the person to whom you have sworn to be loyal, and (ii) by mutual agreement between you and the person given loyalty.

Thus, true loyalty, like honour, sets a high personal standard, and requires personal discipline. Fundamentally, loyalty means Comradeship – true loyalty means being a Comrade to those

you have sworn to be loyal to, and never letting those Comrades down. True loyalty means aiding and assisting those Comrades even when it is personally difficult to do so – or even if it might mean one's own death. True loyalty often means placing one own self – one's own opinions for instance – second, after the person to whom you have pledged your loyalty.

Duty:

Duty is the obligation an individual has to do what is necessary and honourable. Thus, there is a duty to be loyal to those given loyalty. There is a duty to strive to live in an honourable way. For a National-Socialist, there is also the duty to promote National-Socialism, the duty to strive to act in accord with Nature's will by preserving, defending and evolving one's own folk, and the duty to strive for personal excellence.

Neglect of one's duty is a dishonourable act, and the sign of a weak personal character.

End Quote

The Fundamentals of Reichsfolk Culture

Quote David Myatt

The fundamental tenets, or principles, of this way of life (or religion) are:

- 1) That there exists a supra-human Being – called the Cosmic Being – and that this Cosmic Being creates, or can create, Order from Chaos. Order is the very life of this Being. Order itself is a new, a better, more evolved, or more excellent, arrangement of things.*
- 2) That organic life itself is an expression, or manifestation, of the Order which this Cosmic Being creates, and is thus an expression of the life, the spirit, of this Being.*
- 3) That change is a natural part of the evolution of Order from Chaos and that this, for organic life, involves the organic process of birth-life-death-renewal.*
- 4) That death is not the final end of life, but the beginning of further change, a renewal of the cosmic order itself.*
- 5) That what we call Nature is the Cosmic Being – the Order created by this Being – made manifest on this planet we call Earth. The creative force, or energy, which is present in Nature, and which produces, and causes changes in, living things – including ourselves – is this Cosmic Being, living and evolving, that is, creating more Order.*
- 6) That we, as individuals, are this Cosmic Being – the very cosmos itself – made manifest. We sentient (that is, conscious and aware) beings are the striving of the Cosmic Being for more cosmic Order.*
- 7) That our evolution, as human beings, is an increase in the cosmic Order and expresses the*

purpose, the life, or the will of the Cosmic Being. Thus the striving, or struggle, for order (or excellence) – for evolution toward higher forms – here on this planet, is how the Cosmic Being works on this planet of ours, and is thus natural and necessary, for without it, there would be no order and no evolution toward higher forms.

8) That the Cosmic Being exists, or functions, in us through honour (or fairness), through curiosity (or reason) and through striving (or the triumph of individual will). Thus, an honourable individual is someone who is doing the will, or accomplishing the work, of this Cosmic Being.

9) That culture, race and excellence of individual character express the will of this Being – of this Being working through Nature to bring about more Order, more diversity and more difference through evolution. Thus, culture is one way in which this Cosmic Being is manifest to us, as human beings on this planet of ours. Culture thus expresses the essence of our humanity – of what makes us human. To preserve, and to further evolve, each culture – and to seek to allow these cultures to change – is to act in accord with the will, the purpose, of the divine creator, while to undermine or seek to destroy culture and cultural difference and diversity, is to act against the will of the divine creator. Each unique culture can and should evolve, according to its own unique nature: each unique culture should have the freedom to develop of itself.

A culture is a combination of : (1) the unique customs, outlook, traditions and achievements of a particular community, group, people or society, with this community, group, people or society sharing a common racial heritage; and (2) having a certain civilized way of life – the way of manners, reason, fairness, honour, and excellence. Culture is essentially an expression of our humanity – of what makes us human, and different from animals. A cultured person is thus a person who is civilized, and who possesses a sense of identity – who belongs to a particular culture and who lives the way of life of that culture.

10) That the human species has a special character, and a Destiny. This character is expressed in our honour, curiosity and striving, and is made manifest by the civilization which humans create when they live according to their divine nature. The Destiny of the human species is to bring the light of diverse civilizations into the world, and to spread this light – the honour and the reason of civilization – out into the cosmos itself by venturing forth to explore and settle the star-systems of the cosmos.

****End Quote****

The Reichsfolk Declaration

****Quote David Myatt****

Reichsfolk is committed to presenting the truthful reality of National-Socialism. The truth is that National-Socialism is an idealistic and noble way of life based upon the principles of honour, reason, fairness, loyalty, duty to one's own people, and to Nature, and respect for and understanding of other cultures and other ways of life.

Reichsfolk is committed to introducing others to the civilized reality of National-Socialism, and

to striving to implement the idealism of National-Socialism in practical ways, through civilized, cultured, reasonable means, without using any kind of force or coercion.

It should also be made clear that the kind of National-Socialism that Reichsfolk seeks to establish – and all pure, genuine, National-Socialist organizations seek to establish – is a civilized and rational National-Socialism that rejects and opposes any kind of oppression, subjugation and intolerance toward others on account of culture, belief or race. Reichsfolk also opens its arms in friendship to all the peoples of the world, on the basis of mutual respect and honour.

The enemies of Reichsfolk are corrupt politicians and those – of any race, culture and belief – who use dishonourable means to oppress, tyrannize and subjugate others, or who do dishonourable, ignoble things which take away or restrict the freedom, dignity and honour of others, and/or which take away the right of people to respect the ways of their own culture and live among their own kind according to their own honourable laws and customs.

Reichsfolk expresses the view that all who call themselves National-Socialists should reform themselves, and adopt the true and genuine National-Socialism which Reichsfolk upholds: a National-Socialism which, being based upon honour, asserts that National-Socialists must treat all people with courtesy and respect, regardless of their race, their culture, their way of life or their beliefs.

One of the fundamental aims of this true and genuine National-Socialism is the creation of free and independent nations, co-operating with each other on the basis of equal partnership, where the people of a particular culture and race can live, among their own kind according to their own honourable laws, traditions and customs, thus enabling the different cultures of the peoples of the world to survive and flourish.

Genuine National-Socialist organizations do not wish to implement National-Socialism forcibly but only in a peaceful, fair, cultural and educational way thus allowing the majority to walk upon the true path of honour, reason and liberty. If National-Socialism becomes the choice of the majority only then will it be implemented in a political way. If it does not become the choice of the majority, then National-Socialist movements, groups and organizations will strive to co-exist with other religions, ways of living, and beliefs, on the basis of mutual respect, tolerance, freedom and understanding. National-Socialism seeks to use methods which are fair, just, rational and honourable to find and implement solutions to all the complicated and difficult problems which confront our species.

This mutual respect, tolerance and understanding is how others should treat National-Socialists, and if they do not treat National-Socialists in this way, then they are acting dishonourably and accordingly are our enemies and the enemies of all those who uphold honour, reason, liberty and true justice.

End Quote

For more reading on the way of life and meaning of Reichsfolk, read – [Reichsfolk Culture](#).

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

THE FLOW OF CULTURE



The Flow of Culture

At the funeral some of the cousins closely related to me got into an argument. I had expressed in a low tone my displeasure in seeing how our own people lost their cultural traditions, had uprooted themselves, cut those roots off, and Grafted themselves into a culture that wasn't there's. Many of my cousins nodded in agreement. Others shook their head in disagreement.

Some of my other cousins asked us how we can dislike how that side of the family lost their culture and adopted Christian-American culture, when we ourselves can't even speak the language ((Khmer or Thai)). We only know English. I had to point out that the other side of the family speaks nothing but Khmer and they have an alien culture, while us cousins on our side speak only English, but are still rooted in our ancestral traditions and culture of Brahmanism, Buddhism, Animism, and indigenous Shamanism. Many of us have Buddhas made of ivory and animal bone, magical charms, magical tattoos, magical scrolls, and so on.

I had to explain to them that I saw nothing wrong with adopting or incorporating new elements into one's culture, but that what I did not favor was removing everything out besides the new elements, and also to reject your ancestral culture. I guess that is the difference between Buddhism and Christianity. Buddhism is adaptable to a people's native and indigenous culture. Buddhism in this case grows like how Ivy gradually grows around a tree or structure taking on the shape of the tree and structure. While Christianity uproots the whole tree and forces itself in the tree's place.

Presencing

Everything that day inspired in me thoughts to think about. I was thinking about how Great Grandpa lived only 89 human years, and then he died. At first there seemed to be no visible purpose for why he existed in the first place. But being an ONA person, I eventually came to realize that Great Grandpa was indeed a "nexion" two important thing "presenced" themselves thru into the causal realm. I did come to realize observing everything that day that he did "leave a mark" on this world vicariously thru what he did presence: Progeny & Culture.

It is aurally said in the ONA that Our children are not ours to own, but only loaned to us for a

short time. We are to such loans only guardians, providers, until they are old enough to be their own person and to make their own life's choices. Which time we and what children have been loaned to us become comrades and equals.

This aural teaching in the ONA makes a lot of sense to me. I have many cousins who were never raised by their birth mothers, who were given to a sister to raise until their coming of age. As a guardian of such children loaned to you, you do have a sacred duty to fulfill. You were given that child because of your own abilities and capabilities. Your duty your knowledge, wisdom, and those abilities and capabilities down to such loaned children so that when they do grow up and come of age to be their own person, such young new adults have the means to make it it Life, so that they in turn can fulfill their duties to their Mother: Nature, by spawning new humans. And so in this way Nature moves forward as a living system, as She has been for billions of years.

Great Grandpa in the end did fulfill his duties. He did care for his children and saw to it that they all even survived a genocidal revolution. He did do his duty of teaching them the skills they needs to live Life productively and successfully, so that they in turn can fulfill their duties to Nature by caring for Children loaned to them of their own. As they have. All of his children are happy and successful in Life in their own ways. I might not agree with their choice of religion; but I am happy that as a clan of 7 children and 16 grandchildren, they are a functioning family with a deep love and spirit of devotion, honor, and service for one another. In this, I believe Great Grandpa did a wonderful job. As opposed to the dysfunctional families typical in America.

Great Grandpa was the first and only person in our whole family to become Christian. Before, when he was younger he was a Buddhist and he did become a monk for a while, but becoming a monk the way he did it was a traditional act a son did in honor of his parents. He later was baptized a Christian. He ended up having 7 children and 16 grandchildren. I noticed that every human being that issued out of him, was a Christian like he was.

It's so funny because I was talking to one of his grand daughters who was way younger than me about her religion and Jesus and she had asked me what my religion was. I said Buddhism, and she says back, "Buddhism? Oh yeah we learned about that in school!" It was funny to me from an aeonic perspective, because for over a thousand years her very own people and bloodline has been Buddhist, and it was only recently that her little branch of the family became Christian. She had to learn a little piece of her own people's history and roots from school.

Anyways, so Great Grandpa found himself a wife who also became Christian. They had 7 children whom they raised all Christian. Those children had their own offspring who where then also raised Christian. It becomes visible that out of two original people came not only a large group of people but also a culture.

I was laying in bed that night thinking about this idea. How only two people over time can presence into the world new peoples and new cultures. Which led me to think about my own self. I want children of my own someday. Someday I will give birth to new humans. What

culture do I want my future children to be, and how would I pass that culture to them. This made me think about not only how I got my culture, but also I thought about the ONA and how I would pass that Myattian culture down to them.

The Next Generation

Fortunately for me, I have my littlest cousin to observe. She is 2 years old. She has a long ass name, but everybody calls her "Srey Peach." "Peach" being my phonetic Anglicization of her nick name which means a "jewel" or "gem;" and "srey" meaning "girl." That's actually what she calls herself instead of a pronoun, since we don't use pronouns in our family. They're really cute and amazing at that age.

She's only 2 years old, she has already traveled the world. She's been to Angkor Wat, and she was taken to India on a Buddhist pilgrimage to see the places the Buddha was at. My aunt ((not Srey Peach's mother)) after showing us a slide show of their time in India ask Srey Peach to tells us what she experienced and saw. At 2 she can barely talk, but when she talks she speaks Khmer. The only English words she knows right now is "Okay," and "one, two three."

Amazingly she came back from India knowing how to chant/sing the Three Jewels in Pali because she had seen monks doing it. But she does it in a 2 year old way. She'd pick up her hand and clasp them and start with "Namo tassa bhagavato..." She can also sing this other Buddhist-Brahmanist song in Khmer about paying homage and honor to the the Buddha and devattas.

So watching her grow into her culture helped me understand how I myself am in the culture that I am in, and how such culture and traditional observances were past down to me by the generation that came before me.

When we as human beings come into the world, we come into it exposed initially – and very importantly – two 3 things: Our own family members, Language, and what such family does in their daily lives.

After the funeral we had a little family reunion of sorts with all of grandma's sibilings and cousins over. The 2 year old Srey Peach was most of the time the source of entertainment that evening. They're barely alive and only 2 fingers old, but they can talk by themselves, they say the weirdest things, and this one ((my little cousin)) already knows the culture and customs of honor in our family.

Some of the aunts were laughing at the 2 year old cousin and said to themselves, "Where does she know all this from?" And one of my grandmother's uncles – whom we also call Great Grandpa – said to this, "Where do you think it all comes from? From her two parents. They are smart creatures. They listen to every word said, and they see everything done, and they copy what they see and hear. That's why they say and orange tree grows only orange fruit. It's your responsibility as young parents to be careful what you say and do to raise these little ones right according to our ways so they can be cultured and good people, and not savages. It's up

to each of us as parents to pass our way to our children.”

Then the Great Grandpa went on and on with his fellow elders about how my generation has lost so much of the old ways and culture because of the carelessness of our parents. This other elder during their complaints interjected, “Why would god grow us as our own people, if we just end up speaking other people’s languages, going into other people’s sasana, observing other people’s customs? It’s nobody’s fault but the parents’ if a child grows up losing its culture. It’s not just one generation in jeopardy of being lost. It’s our whole bpooch, our people’s whole way of life since ancient Time that is threatened by such carelessness.”

Like all of my cousins, I was born exposed to the language my mother spoke ((Khmer)). Because our minds at that age is wired to almost magically absorb language, our human language is actually a very important bridge and vehicle to transmit human culture. Every little word each language has acts like a hook and seed that is literally embedded into a baby’s brain.

Besides language, our eyes is the other major bridge by which culture crosses over naturally from one generation to the next. As children, we spend our entire childhood copying and mimicking everything we see done. You don’t have to force culture or a way of doing things onto a child. They pick anything and everything you do up by default.

I have this Black friend who is in his late 20’s. He lives in an apartment complex with his girlfriend and they have a 3 year old boy nicknamed “Boobis.” Boobis is probably the cutest little boy I have ever seen. He’s half Black half Mexican. Cute because of the “culture” he expresses in his little 3 year old way. Boobis calls everybody “nigga.” That’s how he address you and says hi when you go over to his place. He says in his 3 year old voice, “Ey nigga what you be doing, wanna play bitch?” And his dad think that’s funny. You’ll hear his mom; who is a good friend of mine; yell at Boobis’s dad, “Ey quit fucking raising him a nigga like you! I don’t want him gangbangng at 3 years old motherfucker!”

Needless to say, 3 year old Boobis knows and freely uses every bad word his “parents” use in front of him. And the sad part is that Boobis is unaware that he is using bad words. He’s just a boy using whatever words he has to communicate normal boy stuff thru. It’s actually really funny when we watch little Boobis go to play with kids his around his age, because the other kids have a hard time understanding what Boobis is trying to communicate because none of them understand cuss words and the broken gangsta-English Boobis uses. At 3 years old, he knows how to break dance, and he can sing you his favorite rap songs. If you ask Boobis where he is from, he’ll hold his hands up and try to bend his fingers to throw a gang hand sign and he’ll say the name of his dad’s gang. Ask Boobis who his “gang” has “beef” with, and that 3 year old boy is able to name you a list of other gangs around the area his dad doesn’t get along with.

And so, because language is one of the first things a child picks up, stories are a powerful tool to pass down culture. Stories as in history, narratives, mythos, legends, etc. My 2 year old cousin can tell you the simple story of how the Buddha sat under a tree. When her mom asks her what the Buddha is doing under a tree Srey Peach says in her 2 year old way, “Samadhi!”

You ask 3 year old Boobis why his “gang” gots beef with some other gang, and Boobis is able to retell you why his dad’s gang hates the other gang about who shot who and what colors they wear, etc. I grew up hearing a ton of stories. Some out of the Ramayana, most were stories of family history.

Besides language, we see and become a part of what we see being done as children growing up. I grew up seeing Brahmanist-Buddhist rites and ceremonies at home. Where every ceremony has monks chanting. Then you offer food to the monks. So my mom would hold a bowl of rice and tell me to use a spoon to put rice into the monks begging bowl. I didn’t know what I was doing or why. But the whats and whys are irrelevant. Because in a living culture, you don’t learn about such culture intellectually. You naturally literally Flow into the Culture. Sometimes you grow up still not knowing why things are done. I have cousins and uncles older than me who are into their culture and proud of it, but they still don’t know why they feed monks, why monks wear rags, and why they have begging bowls. Cultural praxis/tradition/observance is independent of intellectual apprehension. It was only on my own terms; after much curiosity; that I began to research the actual history of Buddhism and the actual meanings of Pali and Sanskrit that I learned why myself.

My grandmother is 80. She’s been practicing her culture and tradition for 80 years. She doesn’t know why she does what she does, and she doesn’t even know the meaning of the word “Bhikkhu.” I spent a lot of time asking every monk I meet when I get the chance the meaning of the Pali chants they are chanting. 90% of the monks I have met, don’t know the meanings of what they are chanting. They admit that they do not know the meanings of the words. They only learn such chants in context to ceremonies, rituals, and magical uses. Culture is not an intellectual phenomenon that you “learn” from study. If it were so children would not be able to take to a culture like a duck to water.

Culture is first past down via language, then the seeing of rites and activities observed repetitively over and over, then hearing stories and mythos. For as long as I have lived every April 13th we celebrate and go to the Wat. Year after year. It’s a habit. It’s practice. It’s a something we just do. Every fool moon we burn incense at our home altar and offer Moon Cake, clasp our hands, and in the evening we eat the Moon Cake. Month after month. Year after year. For my whole life. It’s a habit. It’s a practice. It’s something we do. And we call that habitual practice or habitual observance a “Cultivation,” an “Ethos,” a “Tradition,” a “Custom,” and a “Culture.”

That little simple rite of offering incense and moon cake to a statue of Buddha and picture of your ancestors is a powerful tool, and I would say the most effective method of passing down Buddhism, as it worked for me and all of my cousins. It’s simple, but it is a gateway into a complex Way of Life. Because seeing the face of Buddha your while life in that way, causes you to grow up desiring to actually understand what exactly Buddha may have taught. And those lessons drips little by little into your head as you grow up. So that by the time you are 18, you are a practicing Buddhist. There is no choice involved as you just grow into the sasana. Sasana as my grandma and the elders use it in my family means both a people’s culture and their religion. I eat at the table with a fork while everybody else older than me eats with a spoon, and my grandma shook her head once and said to one of here elder peers, “Strange

the way she eats. She's gone into the Sasana of the White People."

As you grow older, the language becomes more sophisticated and religion or culture specific. Generally it is the same Khmer language; but you learn that there are specific words only associated with Buddhism and the culture, which you hear used over and over. Such memeplex specific words act as seeds that carry a raveled up teachings. Those seeds are just waiting for you to get curious enough to ask an elder what they mean. Once you ask, then the elders unravels their meaning, and that seed Germinates in your mind as another piece to your culture and tradition. Pictorial symbols and allegories are also memetic seeds of a culture. Growing up being exposed to a picture of a Dharma Wheel you whole life causes that symbol to be very familiar to you. The symbol for so many years has already had the time to dig itself into your mind. The symbol gains more power if it is seen during moments of emotional excitation such as at fun family gatherings or at large gatherings at a Wat, because then the symbol is anchored to memories, and thus has the power of nostalgia. All it takes to unravel the meaning of the symbol is to ask someone what it means. I only had to ask once what the Dharma Wheel meant. The meaning was accompanied by a teaching. And that was it. I didn't have to accept the teaching, because the symbol representing what was taught was already a part of me.

It's always amazed me how a religion of 24,000 pages can effortlessly be past down as a culture from one generation to the next. In such a way that even my 2 year old cousin can Flow into the sasana and Culture. It's because of the use of language, progressive teaching, and direct exposure of repetitive praxis and traditions.

Things ((memeplexes)) like living cultures, living traditions; and religions like Buddhism and Christianity has had thousands of years of trial and error of learning how to propagate itself aeonically for thousands of years. In my mind I see the growth of culture and very old religions happening in two different ways or directions. One I call Horizontal Propagation and the other is called Vertical Propagation.

If you picture an escalator, you can better understand the difference. Each "step" in the escalator is a Generation. Death is when the steps goes under, since the escalator is constantly moving backwards. Backwards meaning we are constantly aging.

New religions, such as something like Satanism at the moment only propagates itself "Horizontally." meaning that if we consider the escalator again, the memes of Satanism at the moment only knows how to spread itself horizontally on the plane of a step on that escalator. As that escalator step sinks under, all the work of propagation must start over on the next step's generational plane. Horizontal propagation is when a 40 year old reads some Satanic Bible, then tells his friend who are around his same age about it. As each each step passes under, there is no guarantee that the next step will have the same number of adherents on its horizontal plane.

And this is a visible problem we can see happening in institutions which relies heavily on horizontal propagation such as Freemasonry. During the hey-days of social clubs like this back in the 40's-50's one out of every 10 Americans was either a Mason, Odd fellow, Elk, Moose,

or one of the other social clubs. As each generation passes, membership numbers decreased. Many of these social clubs are dead. There are now only about 2 million Masons in America from the huge numbers only 60 years ago. This is because with horizontal propagation, Time is a neglected factor. As Time passes and new generations emerges, such memplexes lose their power of relevance to such new generations. It's not a living culture. It's just something you adopt because you like it and perhaps tell a friend about.

Vertical propagation does not spread horizontally on a plane. It happened from one lower plane to the next step above it. It's like a frog hopping each step as the step goes under. Except as each generation passes, numbers multiply. So as our frog jumps each step, it divides itself in two. Then as each of those frogs jumps to the next escalator step they each divide themselves in two. So that the higher the frogs go up the escalator, the more frogs there are. Vertical propagation doesn't care if people on the same plane of the escalator step likes the memplex or not. It's not interested in spreading. It's interested in jumping.

This is the way my late Great Grandpa did it. In the beginning there was only him who became a Christian. He represents one lower step in that escalator. He had 7 children who represents the next step above him whom he raised Christians. That's like our frog jumping a step and splitting up into 7 frogs. His children had a total of 16 children of their own who were all raised and brought up in that Christian culture and practice. 16 is a very small number, but its a coherent number which works with Time instead of against Time, because now that culture has acquired the ability to continue to jump generations into the future and grow exponentially across Time.

The difference in directions of propagation is discipline. If you ask the average Satanist if they will raise their children as Satanists, you will get the generic liberal answer, "No way, my kids will have the freedom to chose their own religion." That right there disallows vertical propagation. If this belief is standard in this Satanism memplex, than the memplex itself will be incapable of aeonic coherency and aeonic continuity. We can predict that as Time passes this thing we call Satanism will dwindle. We can already see this decreasing factor in conjunction with Time and the passing of generations, in things like the Church of Satan, and more so in the Temple of Set.

The Challenge

I can't change or "fix" Satanism. It's not in my place to butt in and attempt to fix something which its adherents blissfully believes to be not broke. I'm not that into Satanism to want to fix shit for Satanists. If I do desire to fix things, it's only because I dislike Christianity so much, Satanism is the nearest stick at hand I can use to beat Christianity with.

Unlike mundane Satanism, the ONA is pliable and malleable like clay. Plus my friends here over the years have gain a certain amount of respect by those that matter in the ONA. So a while ago we took on the challenge of figuring out how to make the ONA jump the escalator steps, so that ONA can move itself thru each generation into the future.

It's not an easy task. The easiest part is that our Nexion ((WSA352)) is connected to a living

tradition and culture we were all raised in, which we are able to analyze and breakdown to understand into practical insights. The most difficult part is to explain those insights to every ONA person.

In the early days 3 years ago we thought it would just be easy to share our insights and have other ONA people work together to evolve the ONA into an aeonic organism that jumps generations rather than depend on horizontal spreading to live. But as we learned people don't like any kind of change. So instead of working together to evolve the ONA into a direction, we spent our first 2 years fighting and stepping on ONA people. We've since then abandoned the idea of having friendly talks and just took matters into our own hands by subtly changing things slowly. As long as one person "up there" in the ONA rank and file and the OG's understand what we are doing, then we'll continue to plow down every ONA person in our way to evolve the ONA.

Our first step in evolving the ONA was to cut out the religious sentiments for ONA causal forms such as its Traditional Satanism. Causal Forms, are causal forms. They are a useful tool to get work done. They are not the essence. Then we had to gradually work on phasing up the ONA's cultural rhetoric. ONA Kulture as Anton Long puts it. Reichsfolk Culture as we put it. Culture this... Tradition that. Then we worked on gradually phasing up the Tribal and Clan talk. Sinister Tribes as Anton Long puts it. Numinous Clans as DM puts it. Progeny... Blood... Breeding... etc.

Now since the little components are in place – Way of Life, Culture, Tradition, Tribes, Progeny, Blood, Breeding – we can move onto the next step which is to figure out how we as Dreccs/Niners will pass such Kulture down to our Blood and Progeny you see. One subtle step at a time into a direction set in motion over 3 years ago. Like playing the Star Game with ONA with a wyrdful end pattern in mind.

Vertical propagation first requires as a tool: Language, or in-group specific language. This is because we Dreccs should know by now that our language is our reality in our minds. Because we should know that language is the very first thing a baby or child acquires magically. By group specific language I would mean a unique set of vocabulary and lexicon specific to ONA. This is something Anton Long has already been doing. ONA already has unique and original vocabulary.

Think gangs and the military. Each gang culturally has its own set of vocabulary and way of talk. In linguistics we call this variation "dialects." The military also employs military specific vocabulary. Just like Starbucks uses Starbucks specific vocabulary. If language defines in words and ideas our world we exist in, our 'weltanschauung,' our worldviews, and our paradigm, then what world does a mind which knows and uses military words exist in? A military one. What kind of world does a mind live in which uses a dialect specific to Bloods? A bloods world.

Language itself is a powerful tool that kills. When you exist in a Nazi world, and a group of humans have been designated with the word/ideation "Jew," you kill. When as a mind you exist in a military world a group of people has been designated with the word/ideation

“Terrorist,” you kill. When as a crip you exist in a world where a group of people has been designated as “bloods,” you kill. When as a Christian you psychologically exist in a world where a group of people has been designated as “heathen/pagan” you stay within the boundaries of your psychological territory. Because those words and that language creates the feel and perception of “us and them,” and such language defines identity. As they say in psychology: we know who we are by knowing what we are not. We are not Mundanes. We are ONA Dreccs.

I would say that we need more ONA specific vocabulary. More seed vocabulary that have raveled up essence and teachings in them like “Exeatic,” “Dark-Empathy,” “Aeonic-Insight,” and “Acausal-Knowing.” Loaded ONA specific words like these in the mind act like seeds. When the conditions are right, you just unravel their meaning by simple explanations and mythos. This way the young Dreccling doesn’t get their Kulture as a college discourse.

Loaded words like “Dhamma.” Whats it mean we ask our elders? The elder will explain that word to you according to their own understandings. What’s sangha and Sambuddhi mean we ask our uncles? They give us their own understandings of each seed word. In this way each generation end up evolving the entire memeplex according to the worldviews of their generations. This is how a living memeplex stays alive for over a thousand years. It shapeshifts. If it does not have the ability to shapeshift to reflect the weltanschauung of its current host generation, then it dies of irrelevancy. “Original Sin” today in the Christian worldview does not mean the same thing it did 600 years ago. Our challenge it to breakdown the essence of the ONA and manufacture such loaded seed words so that we can embben such words into the language our Drecclings will naturally flow into using.

The next thing needed for vertical propagation is mythos. This is something I have always found attractive of the ONA, is that it uses and is not afraid to use mythos, stories, and fiction. Mythos and stories is important because of its obvious connection to language. You can’t really tell a story without a language to tell the story in. Mythos is also important because kids aren’t mentally and emotionally inspired and stimulated by college lectures and academic statistics. I know I sure wasn’t.

Every boy cousins of mine when they were small was inspired by Batman to pretend to be Batman. None of my cousins thus far has yet to play pretend to be Donald Trump or Stephen Hawking; even if they are super rich and super smart. All of by boy cousins played pretend games with stick words and guns. None of them played pretend to be bold monks, religious nutters, and book worms. Us girl cousins as children were more sensible and refined at play, whereas the boys were just barbaric.

If you’ve ever noticed, when girls of any age gets together and plays pretend, its less action based and more talking or telling or narration based. Even my 2 year old cousin, when I play with her its language and communication based. Srey Peach at 2 only knows a literal handful of words which she can use to express herself. But she understand us fluently. So when I’m playing with her, she narrates our play thru words she just makes up that don’t mean anything. She’ll also grab dolls and stuffed animals, sit them down together, give them names, then pretend to read a picture book to them.

So it's just human nature, from our earliest beginnings to be mythos and story oriented, and to be stimulated by stories. Every living culture has a set of stories or cultural narratives it uses to imbue each new generation with its culture. Such stories are usually age specific with certain aspects of the culture embedded into each story.

I grew up hearing my mom tell me stories about a character named "A-Jey." This is a Khmer thing, or the character and stories are culture specific. A is like the word "the" but used specifically for males, and only used by an older person speaking of a younger person. Jey is his name. Culturally this "A-Jey" character and the name itself is equated with ignorance and stupidity. It's an insult to call people A-Jey. His stories are short and they teach some sort of culture specific moral or lesson.

For instance, my mom was telling me how this one time the king had called A-Jey to the palace to ask him to send a note to a girl he was in love with in a town nearby, and to come back and tell the king what this girl had to say regarding the note. A-Jey was told by the king that this was an important favor, and told him not to read the note. The king before sending A-Jey on his way reminded him saying, "Oh, and another thing A-Jey, there are a lot of bad people out there, be careful. Don't listen to or believe what anybody tells you. I'd like you back safely because her answer is very important!"

The town was only a few miles away from the palace but A-Jey was so stupid he got lost. After three days of not seeing A-Jey return the king became worried and sent his sena ((army people)) to go find A-Jey and bring him back to be punished for abandoning the king's favor.

The sena found A-Jey and brought him back to the king. The king asks A-Jey what happened because he had been gone for 3 days. A-Jey said, "I got lost your majesty, and remembering your advice, I refused to ask people for direction. It took me several days to find the girl you liked, but I gave her the note sire!" And the king said, "Okay good! So what did she say?" A-Jey replied, "How should I know sir, I wasn't listening!?" The moral of the story is don't be stupid like A-Jey and take people's words literally.

Telling a child a string of lectures of not listening and believing what others say is stale and doesn't work. We know it doesn't work because as children, when we are told not to do something, we go and do it usually. But telling children the essence of that lesson or practical wisdom in the outer form of a story works, because the child can put herself or himself into the story, mentally maneuver around in the story, and use their own understandings of the story's events and situation to understand the essence.

The Vindex Mythos is a great example of a loaded mythos. Because from this we get the Vindex Ethos, which is the Warrior Ethos. The old Deofel Quintet is another great example of a loaded and useful mythos. We may each learn something slightly different from the Deofels, but one thing we do eventually learn from them is that the Essence of the ONA is not Satanism.

Another thing and one of the most important things is based on the innate human nature of seeing and learning from example. I didn't have to read anything or go to a school to learn to

be a “member” of Khmer Brahmanist-Buddhist culture. I literally Flowed and grew into the culture by just doing what I saw others around me do. And what I was able to do depends on how old I am and what I am capable of doing. My little 2 year old cousin can't really do anything yet in our culture except “sapis sua” ((clasp her hands together)). But she knows when to do it as a way of paying her respects to anybody she sees that looks old, and she knows to do it when she sees a Buddha or monk.

Habit and repetition is important. Cultures, very old religions, and now Nation-States have learned to set special days aside as an excuse to have people come together to perform and practice shared observances. These observances are repetitive and predictable in that we always know what will happen during Christmas. Go buy a tree, decorate the tree, wrap gifts, cook a feast, eat with family etc. We always know what will happen during a Rose Bowl Parade, as well as a gay pride parade. We always know what will go on on labor day or memorial day, have a BBQ with friends and family. We always knew what is going to happen at a Wat, or at a military boot camp, or at a Catholic Mass. It's repetitive and predictable. About as repetitive and predictable as agriculture. It's the same thing over and over. Plant the seeds, water, harvest, plant the seeds, water, harvest, plant the seeds, water, harvest. But we call such repetitive observance in agriculture “cultivation” of crops.

It from being exposed to such repetition that a culture is actually manufactured. You take a group of strangers, pack them into a common place, make them repetitively experience the same observances at boot camp, day after day. A few months later those strangers are no longer strangers. They are members of a culture, a military culture. One that is highly coherent and disciplined. You simply cannot actualize that same organized and disciplined military culture if you put everything that took place at boot camp in text format and gave it to a body of college students. It doesn't matter how smart or literate the students are. Reading and text does not materialize culture. The most numinous aspects of a living culture or ancient religion isn't its doctrines. It's the culture and religion's ancient observances. It can be something as wordless and simple as a Japanese green tea ceremony of making green tea, holding the cup in a certain way, twisting the cup, and mindfully sipping. There is just something feelably numinous about old customs which have been faithfully and repetitively observed over time.

Writing and doctrines don't create the culture. Nothing about the 24,000 pages of the Tipitaka makes my culture. The written text isn't even a real part of the Buddhist culture and tradition. It only plays a supportive role. Culture is what a person and people habitually cultivate. If the cultivation of observances is faithfully and repetitively kept over time, and your children flow into that culture because they pick up what you do, then that culture gains the ability to break the barrier of Time.

This isn't just a human thing either. I've seen chimps pass their culture of fishing for ants and termites with thin twigs to their children. There is a weird group of crows who live near my place that have developed the culture of washing dirty food and dropping nuts you give them from the air to crack them. There are these fat squirrels that live at this one lake near my place that come out of their trees when you walk by and follow you for food. I looked back once and I had 7 fucking fat squirrels following me, babies an all. They wobble when they run behind you across the field. You kick at them and they still follow. And when you do give them food, they

literally just wobble up to your hands and take it. Especially the small baby squirrels because they see how others squirrels do this, and they are too young to be untrusting of humans.

Observances in the ONA like the full moon fests and sunedrions are good examples of something that can be repeatedly observed month after month, year after year, and generation after generation. Another good example is the idea of places of Black Pilgrimages. The "central" place in Shropshire and more importantly places special to each individual nexion. It's a simple idea to just have a place where you can gather, hang out, share food, and perform simple rites, but observed repetitively at the same spot not only develops culture but also roots or grounds you in the real world. ONA has thousands of pages of manuscripts and unfortunately not as much that establishes repetition over time besides the Sevenfold Way, the rites in Codex Saerus, and Naos. We need more everyday observances, monthly observances, and annual observances. If not collectively that it is something each nexion, or sinister tribe must learn to consider and incorporate.

Another thing useful in forging culture is differentiation of association and group identity. Growing up, whenever I did something wrong, one of the elders would admonish me saying, "That is not Our way of doing things..." Growing up with so many cousins popping out of your many aunts, there is a lot of babysitting and helping raise your young cousins. You'll hear me and all of my cousins say, "No! We don't that!" whenever we see one of the younger one do something we know they shouldn't do, such as walk over somebody older than them. The use of the words "us," "we," and "our," over and over again is simple, but with Time, those words help forge a group identity.

The other factor in forging a group identity is by being taught to understand what We are not. For instance in my family we have a certain group identity we associate with not only because of family history we hear, but also because we are raised hearing statements like, "Only barbarians do that," "Only peasants say that," "We're not barbarians, we have manners." So growing up our world is divided into two camps, Us and barbarians. And people talk so much negative stuff about those barbarians that nobody wants to do what they do. And so over Time, we develop a crisp psychological boundary of knowing or having a group identity.

This works with gang culture also. A crip knows he is a crip psychologically not so because of the blue he wears, but more so because of what he knows and hears about bloods. How some bloods gang killed one of their boys, how bloods are toys and wannabe gangbangers. You hear all of that, and experience antagonistic behavior from rival gangs and that Others defines what you are. We know what we are by knowing what we are not. Then in such gang cultures you'll hear a lot of hating on other rival gangs. They'll talk about how the girls from such and such gangs are skanks; and how the guys from such and such gangs are bitches and pussies. These are all rhetorical narratives to keep those who have identified themselves with one group from breeding with rival from another group. It's basic human nature. If a girl is a promiscuous skank, then you can't tell if the baby she is carrying is yours. If the rival group's guys are bitches how the hell is he going to provide for you as his lady or protect you?

The more the Other is spoken about, the more clearer one's group identity and group association becomes. September 11th was the best thing to happen to America because it then

gave Americans a rhetorical “Other” to hate on, thus forging stronger feeling of Patriotism, Nationalism, and group solidarity in the general population. This is the same “Us & Them” human/tribal mentality. If people are not kinfolk of your tribe in olden days, they are potential enemies, potential killers of your people, they may compete for resources and not share, they may take your females, and your males may go for their females. If your tribe is to remain alive across Time, you need to psychologically define the boundaries between Us & Them. This is one thing the ONA is really good at. ONA is so good at this that now, mundanes, even know they are mundane.

Another thing that is needed is a figurehead. This is again human nature. In my family it is my Grandmother. In our Clan it is the most senior elder. In our culture/religion it is the Buddha. This isn't a person you necessarily follow and obey. This person is only a landmark to help you figure out where in the family, clan, tribe, or culture you are at relative to such figureheads as your landmark example. The further away I am from my grandmother ((what she says and does)) I am, the further away from the family I know myself to be. The further away from some Buddha I am, the further I know I am from the culture. The Nazis during WWII spared a very significant cathedral in London only because their bomber were using this structure as a landmark to tell where they were at so they can bomb the hell out of the area.

This landmark person doesn't have to be a real person. It is better aeonically to have this landmark person not even be real but a character in the over all mythos, such as the Buddha. Not only is the Buddha the founder of Buddhism, but he is an eternal part of the overall mythos. So even if a personality cult develops around him, that personality does not die, because he is simply a part of the mythos. Anton Long to the ONA would be such a character. Not only is Anton Long the founder of the ONA, but he is also a living aspect of the overall ONA mythos. In the long run it would be beneficial to keep Anton Long and DM psychologically apart.

A story of how the culture came into being is also important because we can humanly relate to things that have a very simple human beginning. Muhammad was an illiterate desert dweller, he was met up by an angle of god who gave him the Koran. Jesus was a carpenter's son who died for people sins. A prince from the Kambuja tribe in India saw a mermaid bathing, they got married had kids and the kids became known as the Khmer. A Chinese guy came from china, got married with a Thai aristocrat lady and founded our family in the 1800's. These historical narratives – fictional or actual or both – helps solidify psychological boundaries inside. You know emotionally where your people starts and stops.

It's also just simple human nature to want to know our history. I still here my mom and aunts ask my grandmother about family history. My cousins come to me and ask me about their own family history and ethnic roots. A month ago or so one of my uncles came to me and asked me about his own ethnic background. He had always thought he was at least half Khmer because he spoke the language. I had to tell him he doesn't have a drop of Khmer in him. He's ethnically Han Chinese, Thai, and Lao. After that he went around went on a quest to search for his root by asking every old person he knew our about family's ancestry. Now he has a stronger – more solid sense – of who he is, what is family is and he now more proud of his family, ancestry, and heritage. If our family were a nation, we'd call the new feelings he found

things like nationalism and patriotism.

So the challenge is to breakdown the essence of the ONA into the above mentioned things so that we can use those things to help ONA jump vertically rather than aimlessly spread horizontally. From my own personal aeonic perspective, I would rather have 10 Dreccs who know exactly how to pass ONA Kulture down to their Drecclings and are dedicated to such aeonic task, than have 1000 random initiates to whom the ONA is just some belief system they assume. Vertical transmission takes Time and the numbers aren't initially impressive. But with just one single quality Niner devoted to passing her or his Drecc Kulture down to their children and grandchildren, the ONA will have gained the valuable ability of aeonic continuity.

In the same way that some families such as my own stay coherent as an organized entity since the 1800's; as opposed to other families that becomes discoherent and dissipates into generic mundane population over time. Our family collective culture and identity began with a mere two people 200 years ago, and over the passing of Time those two people presenced in the causal realm a real tribe of many clans spread in at least 5 different countries. If we has just 2 Dreccs devoted to manifesting a real tribe and they had the resources and skills needed to do so, what who the ONA have 200 years from now? Vertical growth is slow and takes Time, but with that Time, the organization learns to actually transcend Time. Horizontal growth is fast and random, but growth happened inside a framework of Time. I think both methods are needed.

My Future Offspring

This is probably an unusual topic for somebody in the ONA to want to write about. One often thinks about subversion, culling, ethnic wars, and such "dark" and sinister activities when one thinks of the ONA. But like my boy cousins who as children play fought as Batman with swords and guns; boys do boy things with whatever they get their hands on.

And like my girl cousins, if a girl touches the ONA, she will naturally do girl things with it. I suppose talking about family and raising children isn't "sinister," but if it makes the male Dreccs feel better, the killers and warriors of the future are born from the wombs of mothers. Vindex when she or he comes, will first need to be a baby that is born out of a woman who raises that future Vindex in a certain culture imbued with a certain Ethos that is not Magian or mundane. Think about it.

I would like to – or will – have children some day. In this matter, I an ultraconservative. I must be. Like myself, my future children will have no choice but to be raised in my ancestral culture, a Brahmanist-Buddhist of the Khmer-Thai indigenous variety. It is something that the will Flow into, guided by me over Time. But I also want them to grow up ONA Dreccs and to pass that Kulture to their children also. With this in mind, I have come up with a step by step plan to raise them Myattian.

Reichsfolk is what I will first use because it has certain parts I find useful and connectable with my own indigenous culture. I would raise my future children Reichsfolk in the sense that they will grow up proud of their own culture, people, and ancestral ways. The reverence of Nature found in Reichsfolk also goes well with my own culture's animism and reverence for Nature.

The most important part of Reichsfolk is its inherent idea of clans and tribes. Other useful parts of Reichsfolk is the code of Honor.

While I raise my future children as Reichsfolk, I'll familiarize them with every key word used in the ONA. Reichsfolk National-Socialism will also serve as a gate way to tell stories about the Magian Forces who in "ancient times" united to battle against the Numinous Axis of the Noble Germans and Japanese. I'll probably have to create Reichsfolk oriented observances to use.

ONA would be introduced in bits and pieces, appropriate for their age and level of mental development. First the simple things such as the monthly feasts each fullmoon. Besides cultural holidays and major holidays like Halloween and Christmas, each special day mentioned in Naos and other Traditional ONA writings based on the alchemical season, will also be special days of the year where they will observe and then participate in simple rites during those Traditional days. Such as the Traditional chants, since children pick up such things very easily. Black Pilgrimages to our local nexion's special spot every now and then would also be incorporated.

Art work can also be employed at an early age. In that I can give them paint and have them paint their own sinister tarot, by quickly telling them what Naos says they should generally look like. This way they can express their own creativity and become familiar also with the names and word of each card.

Most of the Sinister Fiction would also be useful at this early age. You would just read them the stories, and/or make your own which teaches ONA, Reichsfolk, and Numinous Way things.

I've also thought about DM's Physis Martial Arts. I think this is a fantastic concept, especially from an Asian perspective, because so much culture can be transmitted with things like Martial Arts. The moves and regular practice of Physis Martial Arts in itself would be a repetitive practice. A certain oriental element or approach would have to be incorporated where the moves themselves are associated with a philosophical and cultural meme. This would be easy because Physis Martial Arts shares the name Physis Magic in Naos. The general philosophical stuff from Physis Magic can be linked to Physis Martial Arts. Being an "empty form" I can also later give such empty form style its own philosophical Drecc understanding concerning the difference Essence and Form, in a similar way Bruce Lee turned his Jeet Kun Do into a hybrid philosophical system.

My future children can begin learning their Physis Martial Arts very young. I would first have to learn it, work out what bugs it may have, and then work from there before I can teach them it. The key idea is to ritualize it like we ritualize many things in the East. The ritual would consist of dressing them up in all black loose fitting clothes. Having them burn incense to an altar or something simple like that. And then they would practice their moves. This would be a routine observance. This would also be when the name DM or Anton Long is introduced in as the Father of that style and philosophy. They would also be informed that this same person is the Father of Reichsfolk.

At around age 9 then the Star Game would be used. I think the Star game is a great idea

because it must be built from scratch. Like art, this would give the children a means to express their creativity, but it would also be a family project. Once the Star Game parts and pieces are made, I could then begin to teach them how to play simple versions of the game. The SG would also open the door to other ONA ideas such as aeonics and wyrd, etc. Being raised Buddhist, they'd be familiar with meditation. So after age 9 when their minds have developed, I would also introduce the Tree of Wyrd and pathworking into their routine. This will stimulate their imagination, but also introduce them to a bulk of other ONA ideas and concepts.

Lots of nature hikes, camping, hunting with them, and out doors activity to get them used to that "culture" of physical activity. I'll probably have them join the boy scouts and/or girl scouts just to further develop that 'culture' of working in organizations and being active out doors and working in groups. This is for later when they begin their Sevenfold Way.

After the age of 13 when their minds have further developed to understand more sophisticated thought, I'd introduce the Numinous Way philosophy into their routine, associating each lesson that teaches the Philosophy of the Numen with what cultural observances they already have.

Then at 14 ((7x2)), I'd give them some sort of rite of passage ceremony recognizing them as young adults. Part of the rite of passage would be handing down to them hand made copies of Codex Saerus and Naos or something. Then a charge would be given to them in which the Sevenfold Way is briefly explained and they'd be charged to work at observing the tests, trials, ordeals, and tasks associated with the Sevenfold Way in time. And gift of some type of jewelry like crystals would be given to mark the occasion. The first parts of their task for their first degree in the Sevenfold Way would be easy. It would require – or I would suggest to them – that they initiate their own selves into the ONA. Then they'd just work at collecting every ONA MSS they can find.

So that would be a general outline of the first 14 years of a Dreccling's life. In the end, I find the Traditional aspects of the ONA very useful in engineering culture and Tradition. Hopefully as time passes the ONA will develop more such aspects needed to generate culture and tradition. The more, the better. From an early age they would know that there is an essence to the ONA, and what outer forms ONA uses is not the ONA. As long as they grow up understanding that crucial concept, and as long as they understand that the ONA evolves thru them, the ONA will pass thru them, shapeshift thru them, and therefore remain relevant to their future needs and worldviews. If done right, and if the simple observance of the monthly fests and sunedrions at each full moon is observed and becomes a family tradition, the ONA will have the ability to not just spread horizontally, but to also jump into the future vertically.

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THE HIDDEN MEANING



[The Hidden Meaning](#)

Life has no meaning, so the nihilists say. Such people either aren't looking hard enough, or are looking in the wrong places for the Obvious purpose and meaning to Life. The best kept secret is the secret that is out in the open. I have an aunt who hides her gold jewelry in a clean diaper she wraps up like a dirty one and she just tosses it to the side of her bedroom. The meaning of Life is both obviously simple and complex, as it should be for a Living Cosmos with very few rules. Like the whole Star Game of the ONA. Can you see the meaning and purpose of it? It is the same meaning and purpose of Life and of all things that exist.

The meaning of Life is: To Live.

An obviously simple answer. But meaningful and not meaningless when you contemplate on the matter a little deeper. For, now we can ask ourselves: "If the meaning of Life is to Live; then what is the Nature of Living?"

The Nature of Living is: Change.

All things that Exist [Live] Change. Change is inescapable as a Thing That Exists. Your entire Life as a Human is a 100 year Process of Change. You start off as a zygote and from there you successively Change like a shapeshifter into childhood, adulthood, elderhood, and causal death. Even things that is not alive that Exist must Change as well. Land in time will change its shape and condition. Mountains in time will Change in shape and appearance. Everything in heaven, from suns to planets will in time Change. Nothing does not Change. Thus the Buddha said once: "All things are impermanent." Sunyata is the Nature of all things. Just as we can say that the Nature of the Star Game is Sunyata. Every piece existing inside the Game is a Flowing Change. But then we can now ask ourselves: "If all things Change, and if I am Living with Volition, then WHERE am I changing to?" In other words, if we are alive and have Will to choose, then what are we becoming or changing into?

And thus, the terrifying answer is: Causality.

Causality meaning there is no set direction or course. As it should be for a Cosmos with very few rules. Just as the Star Game. We can ask that if the Nature of the pieces is to change, then where are the pieces going in the Star Game? The answer is that there is no set direction or course, there is only Cause and Effect; or as Buddha called it: Kamma, meaning to Build, Work, Act. Which action bares Fruit, Wyrd, Fate, Destiny. And there lays the complexity of things.

The meaning of life isn't just a boring and simple obvious answer. To Live comes with a raveled potential, which you and I must each Unravel. We in a sense Unfold our Wyrd with causality. In the very same way that the end Wyrd of the Star Game has a folded potential nestled or embedded acausally "in" it, which must be causally unfolded with each move. And there is the Meaning and Purpose of the Game. The entire Game itself is an aspect of the Unfoldment of Wyrd. And you and I are the Unfolders. The nexions of the acausal unfolding into the causal. Acausal meaning in one sense "without cause." What in existence is without cause? Pi. What caused the infinite potential sequence of Pi? Where is Pi's infinite sequence of numbers when such numbers are not unraveled? This is just one example to help us better understand a meaning of "acausal."

But the Game of Life is far more complicated then a Star Game. The Earth is our Board. One single Board, but with Infinite Potential folded up acausally "in" you and I, for us to Unfold causally. Looking at Life in a zen way is like looking at a Circle. A circle is plain and boring. It's just a meaningless circle with no point. There is nothing special about a circle. It's not until a Greek mathematician with a clever eye comes along and discovers Pi in the circle, and the Infinite Potential of that Pi, that the circle's mystery begins to Unfold. What was once seen as meaningless now houses a number sequence that is as potentially infinite as the cosmos itself.

It's because of causality that thus gives our Life the feel of its ups and downs. In the same exact way as causal mechanics of a Board Game gives the players the feel of the ups and downs. You lose pieces, you take out pieces. In Life the causal actions we commit manifests our ups and downs, our joy and suffering, our pain and pleasure, our ignorance and intelligence, our having and our wanting. All of these things are not the purpose of Life. They are only symptomatic causal fruits of the Essential Meaning. In the same way that we can say taking out a Knight piece in a game of Chess is not the Meaning of the Game. Or not having any room left to move in a game of Go is not the meaning or purpose of the game. These are only results or fruits of the game as it is being played.

Therefore, it is incorrect to say that the meaning and purpose of Life is to have pleasure or love and not pain or suffering. Because the causal results of how we act today may produce pain later, and without such pleasure, we say to ourselves that life is meaningless. Or if you indulge in too much pleasure, it will lose its meaning, and thus you fall into the thinking that life has lost its meaning. No it didn't. You were looking for meaning in the wrong place. You only assumed that a symptomatic fruit of Life is the meaning. The Meaning is beneath or beyond the Causal: the Folded Potential embedded in the Acausal. Which our own Life and its Flow of Change is in itself a part of that Unfoldment of potential.

I've personally met many people who point to the causal fruits of Life and mistake them for the meaning of Life. They will say things like: the meaning of life is to love and be loved in return; to self actualize; to own a house; to pass our DNA down; to dominate; to economize; to be saintly; to know god; or to be gods. These are all byproducts of Life, not the foundation and Meaning of Life. If we attach ourselves to such resultant fruits of our Flow of Change, then such meaning we hold onto; as the meaning of Life; quickly fades, and when this happens we lose such meaning.

Losing such temporal meaning in Life causes problems to arise in our Human condition. For example I know a family friend – we all know one like this – who was happily married. This family friend truly believed that the meaning in his life had been found in his wife, or the love his wife offered. Everything was fine. But then she cheated on him, and his heart was terribly broken. He eventually left her. In his state of misery and heartache – and having lost his superficial meaning to Life – he was lost, in a state of psychological vertigo. Didn't know where to go or what to do with himself any more. Then along came a friend of his who invited him to church. The preacher gave him solace in his preaching about Jesus. And so he is now a devout Christian when before his religion was his wife. The problem here with my friend is that now he is under the control – a prey – to religion and preachers. He is not free.

But this same situation of having our hearts broken and thus our meaning in Life lost, causes others to React in many different Destructive ways: drugs, alcoholism, other forms of addiction, depression, and even suicide. That's what I mean by "problems" arising from being attached to fleeting fruits of our Causal Flow. Those things are impermanent and the byproducts of our Lives, not the inherent meaning of Life itself. We can't see the meaning and purpose of Life because it's so obvious and simply we force ourselves to over look it and dismiss it, and so we pay no mind to it. The inherent meaning is to Live/Change/Unfold in the matrix of Causality.

And so because some of us come to realize the Essential Meaning, and we understand the Nature of Cause and Effect, we can thus work on become Game Masters. To work on making the right moves in life to manifest the right fruit according to our Will. What is the most basic definition of magick? The manipulation of things according to our Will. As Game Master of Life we don't live Life as a passive passenger tossed and thrown about by circumstances and the results of our own ignorant actions/work. We live Life for the win. Whatever "The Win" is we each have designated.

So as Game Masters of Life, we understand that what we manifest by our Will is in itself not the meaning of Life, but only a fruit of our work. Thus if we lose it – and we will – we are not affected by such loss. Not affected, we can continue to input more work to manifest more fruit.

And this whole process of becoming aware of ourselves and the Essential Meaning of Life, and the simple rules of Causality we exist in, the succession of harvesting fruit, working to reach our Wyrld is this process of us Unfolding our Potential. Like a flower opening its petals slowly. Like the unraveling of coiled DNA into strings of mRNA for genetic replication. The Potential for Life does not lay in the raveled up DNA. It lays in the Unraveling and replication of DNA. The raveled up DNA is just a seed of potential information that must be Unfolded and expressed. Which is the Whole Point: Expression. Life is worthless and meaningless if we don't Express

it. If we don't Unfold it.

But the Unfolding of Life like the unraveling of DNA for replication is not a static thing we can point at. It – like all things – is Sunyata: Change, Impermanent, “Emptiness In Motion.” Therefore, when we have the inability to understand Change, we lack the ability to even recognize the meaning of Life itself, because that meaning is the motion and movement of Change itself.

If you ask random people what they believe the meaning of life is they will most often pick “static” things or conditions they can point out: sex, love, music, shopping, eating, money, wealth, girls, boys, cars, shoes, religion, etc. You can point sex out to other people; there it is: sex, this is it, the meaning of Life. But you can't point to Emptiness in Motion to tell a friend that such Change is the meaning of Life. It's like being at a concert and trying to point at a part of melody of a symphony. You can't do it, because it vanishes the minute you try to point at it. You must experience it and speak of it as a Whole. Life as a Whole – which is the Flow of Change in the matrix of Causality – is the Meaning. What we do in that Flow is entirely up to us. And so we literally miss the point when we try to point to it. You get it?

I thought I would try and explain how I saw Life and Meaning of Life is to me, as I have come to Understand Life. Because nihilists just bug me. I have met tons of them but after the 101st one, I felt like sharing my ideas on Life. The intent is specifically for those of us associated with the ONA and its teachings in some way. So that we Dreccs might not be so blind to the Emptiness in Motion that is the Meaning in Life. So that we Dreccians may in our own ways come to Understand that Life as a holistic Whole, with its Flow of Change, and the Unfoldment within its causal matrix; is the very Meaning. There is meaning inherent in Life, if we truly and genuinely Understand Life as the process it is: Acausal Potential unfolding thru a nexion into Causal Expression. You and I are each a nexion of Acausal Unfoldment.

Like many answers given by the ONA, the meaning of Life is both simple and complex. Yes there is a beautiful meaning of Life as a whole. No there isn't a meaning to Life, because the moment we point to one, it fades. The Meaning is in the fading, the passing, the unfolding, the symphony in play. The trick is to not hold onto a single note, but to Let-Go – Let-Be – and just let the music pass and fade. Just to experience that passing and fading in that mindful moment of Letting-Be. Thus, having allowed the symphony to pass to its end, we are able to realize that the music as a whole, as one thing, is Meaningful and Beautiful. The trick is to not dwell our eyes and mind on a spot on a painting, but to instead realize the painting as a whole and to let the painting be. And when we have done that we can come to realize the Meaning and Beauty of that painting.

If we could each just Let-Go and let Life Unravel, mindful of every passing moment and every fading detail, Life's Meaning and Beauty will also touch is in the same intimate way. The Meaning is in the Unfolding and Fading. Life's Meaning and Beauty cannot be known. There is nothing to know. It is wordless Nothing in Motion. It must be experience and felt. In the end it is the Heart which sees the wordless Meaning. Like Love. The Beauty of Love is not the holding onto the one you love. Not dwelling on any moment of the relationship and time spent together. Not in any touch or caress. Not in any kiss or smiling of eyes. But in the Letting-Be. In the

succession of moments that Unfolds and Fades. And from that Flow of Change – sunyata – we are brought to tears and elevated in Heart by Love and its unspeakable Beauty.

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THE NEXT GENERATION



The Next Generation

Last month our family had the 100th day Rite for our late Great Grandpa. It's a weird cultural tradition where a person who has passed away gets two funeral rites or ceremonies. The First funeral ceremony is the usual time of the burial like normal people have. The theme of the First rite is morning. And then 100 days after the burial is the Second funerary rite, which has the theme of Closure and Reassurance.

Usually for the Second rite we have 5 monks come to the house of the children of the past away person and they chant and do their thing. Then after that we do bindbat and feed the monks. Then afterward every little family related in some way to the passed person offers the children of the passed person gifts of money and a reassurance that we're all still family, bound to help and support each other, even with the passing of this person. Just to verbally speak it to them to let them know that just because a person who linked our blood together is no longer with us that we all are still one family, one blood. The money gifts mostly are to cover the cost of the funeral service and whatever expenses has been incurred due to that death. It's another way to say that whoever has died is also our kin, and thus we are also responsible to help pay for that death. It is a great great great dishonour to be related in some way to such a passed person and be at the 100th day rite and not give a gift of money or some kind of token of solidarity.

I've been to plenty 100th day rites. They usually aren't as sad and painful. It's more somber. Everyone has had a hundred days to let the death sink into actual realization. Everyone has cried their eyes out for 100 days. Everyone has taken their deep breaths and are ready to start to move on. And so it not as sad, and actually fun. It's like a huge family reunion where those

that lived too far to make it to the actual burial rite can come and do their clan diplomatic stuff. So for our family these 100th day rites usually calls out around 100-200 people. Usually every person at these ceremonies with access to money gives their gifts of honour and solidarity. Just us cousins alone we each give around \$100 in an envelope. The older you are the more you give. So if you do the math, you'll get a feel for how much money is being transacted. Also if you can't make it because you are on the other side of the planet, then you send your offerings and gifts by airmail. Our family is about 500 people deep worldwide in 5 different countries: America, France; Australia; Thailand, and Cambodia.

But my late Great Grandpa and his private family were/are Christian. So this 100th day rite was very different for most of us. There was a group of church people there who did their religious stuff. Church songs were song, Bible verses read for solace, the preacher went on and on about how Great Grandpa was in heaven. Things like that. Then after the offering of gifts which takes a while because you stand in a line and one by one or in little groups give your gifts to the children of the dead person, there is the big feast. Little Grandma's house is pretty big, you can fit 20 big tables in the back yard and still have room for the little kids to run around and play.

Me, my little mom, little sister, and grandma were very early to help out. But there was really nothing to do since it had all been done, so we just talked with the other early birds there. The Great Grandpa Savudt and his wife were there joking around and teasing my grandma like usual. Savudt is not his name. It's the name of the village he was born in. So it's like calling someone in English the "Orange County Grandpa" or something. We don't use names with anybody older than us. Great Grandpa Savudt's wife is a older cousin of my own grandmother.

Our very last Great Granny was upstairs also. She is blind and can't move or eat by herself, and she talks very quietly because she doesn't have the force to speak loud. Even though she is blind and can't move, Little Grandma takes her places to get her out of the house. When Great Grandpa past away, Little Grandma took Great Granny to the casino to gamble to get some fresh air. Great Grandpa forbade it when he was alive. He's old school so he used to discipline Great Granny with force like he did with his children. You don't mess with Great Grandpa, he'll beat the shit out you, wife, children, whoever and all, when he was young. Little Grandma said Great Granny liked playing the slot machines so much she asked to be brought to the casino every day!

My aunt-mom tells me that late Great Grandpa was the son of a normal Chinese family of immigrants who forced their children to work very hard until each of Great Grandpa's sibling and he got jobs working in both the Thai and Cambodian government. So one of late Grate Grandpas aristocratic friends and business partner gave him as a gift his one of his daughters who is my grandmother's blood aunt, so that way his blood and family can be grafted into our family. My aunt-mom says that the late Great Grandpa used to beat his wife silly because she was stupid and didn't know how to do anything, being a spoiled aristocrat. He forced her to do all her own work and told her that unlike her, he had to work his ass off to be who he is in life, that he did not comes from a privileged, and that he did not want his children being incapable of working hard like him to make themselves into something. So he disciplined her, taught her

how to work and do labour, and forbade her to raise his children fearing that they might grow up spoiled or incapable of working hard like he did.

I was just sitting there bored as hell since nobody was there yet and the church service wasn't going to start for another 3 hours. I had already went around and greeted all of the older people, like you're supposed to, then found a chair in the sitting room to sit and wait. So this one unfamiliar grandfather came to sit beside me to keep me company. Generally in the family anybody with grey hair you call a grandfather or grandmother, and anybody who seems around your own mother's age is an uncle or aunt, then people your own age are called brothers and sisters, not cousins. We don't the word "cousin."

I had heard my grandma wave at this unfamiliar grandpa and called him "Big Brother Stak," and then they hugged each other, then I heard my little mom greet him properly as Uncle Stak, so I figured that at least he was related to me and that "Stak" must be a nickname of some sort. My grandma had called me over and told me to clasp my hands together and properly greet "my Grandpa," and she explained to him that I was the daughter of her youngest daughter.

So I was sitting there bore since everybody was outside and it was windy. I was watching youtube on my phone and this unfamiliar grandpa Stak sits next to me and asks me in English what kind of phone I had. So I said that it was an android phone and handed it to him. He said that he had an iPhone and pulled his phone out of his pocket to give to me to look at. I said: "An iPhone huh? What's wrong with Android?" He goes: "iPhone service is more available back in Cambodia. All of my associates use Apple. It's very popular there. Did you know the Prime Minister has an iPhone and an iPad?" I told him I really didn't like Apple stuff. So we had our small talk about phones and we spent our time showing each other our favourite youtube videos. He was showing me youtube videos of his daughter, whom he informs me should be my older cousin/sister, where she was playing the guitar and singing.

I ended up spending half the day with this unfamiliar grandpa and our talks drifted into Buddhism and politics. After an hour of talking an unfamiliar uncle [whom I properly greeted] had come to join our conversation about Apple Inc, iPhones, Buddhism, and politics, and we were speaking in mostly English, but also Khmer. It wasn't like we had deep spectacular conversations or anything. Just light conversations mixed with joking around with each other. The grandpa and uncle were more interested in how I understood my Buddhism so they asked me a lot of questions and gave me great feedback. I was interested in their political views about things since they lived in a different country outside of America, so I asked them random stupid questions about how things were like outside America politically, economically, socially; and also how they saw America and its role in the world. They were very nice and said that I was very smart for my age and the uncle jokingly said that I should relocate to their their country and be a politician.

So anyways, after the feast ended we properly went all around and greet everybody goodbye, which takes an hour because there's a lot of people. I road with my aunt-mom and big dad and cousin-brother since I was going to spend the night at there house.

On the way to my other house my cousin-brother asked me who I was talking to all day. I told him I really didn't know, all I knew was that they were related to grandma; they just sat by me and we started talking. My big mom and big dad started to laugh, and my big mom says in Khmer: "The grandpa is your Great Grandpa Savudt's son and the uncle you were talking to is the son of one of my uncles who is a younger brother of your late Grandfather that just past away. They both work in Cambodia and flew here for the week for the ceremony." My big dad was still laughing, he laughs at anything. He really likes to laugh and he has one of those high pitched loud laughs. So my big dad stops laughing and says chuckling in English to me: "You did all that talking and never stopped to ask who you were talking to?" Then he started his loud squeaky laugh again for another minute. But you're not culturally supposed to ask elders such questions because its rude and offensive, so I couldn't, which was why my big dad found it funny. It's almost like how in English you were to come up and talk to me, and then I stopped you and asked you: "And you are? Who are you that you're talking to me again? Can I have a resume?" Then he stops laughing and gets into his normal serious voice and said: "You know what those two do in Cambodia?" I answered no. So he says back: "They're Members of Parliament, they work in the government. You were talking to real politicians about politics and didn't even know it!" Then he starts cracking up to himself again.

Which was when something hit me like a brick. All this talk and thoughts about revolutions and destroying some state I have done. And the general belief in me was that using force to destroy a state does not change anything all got confirmed physically that night. It was a shock to see it with my own eyes. Because the Khmer Rouge in 1975 had this communist revolt where they did actually destroy a State or Kingdom, and they did murder as best as they could every blood member of oligarchic families to get rid of competition. They did this, successfully. And I knew that Great Grandpa Savudt and his brother were working politics before the revolution, and I knew that our late Great Grandpa work public offices also and became an ambassador to the US during the Nixon administration. Now only ONE generation later – only about 35 years after the revolution – their sons/relatives are back in government! One generation.

Just out of bizarre curiosity I asked my big mom and big dad if they knew of any other people from other families who may have worked in the government before the revolution and now have their children back in politics. What I was trying to see was if other former oligarchic families did the same thing. And my big dad – who is really into politics [he's a Conservative Republican like all of us] – just started to name a list of name of current politicians in that country he knew of whose father or grandfather worked in government before the revolution. He named about 7 names he knew of. Then he started laughing to himself again and jokingly said: "Guess the Khmer Rouge didn't do a good job huh?" But he switches tone to a serious note and added: "No, seriously, we have a saying in our culture where it is said, 'we often become what our parents were in life, because the fruit never falls far from its tree.' We follow the example of our family. So if children come from a family of musicians, they will be musicians. If a child comes from a family of politicians, they are more than likely to become politicians themselves." So I jokingly said back: "Oh, you know what my little mom was when she had me?" My big dad gives a nervous laugh and says: "There's exceptions to every rule." My little mom had me when she was still in high school.

I was shocked during the whole ride home in my mind. The Khmer Rouge were meticulous in their work. To make sure they killed every member of the oligarchic families they hated, they first killed every one who wore glasses, they had lists of people who worked high professions like teaching to doctors whom they ended up killing, anyone light skinned was automatically executed, same for anybody who spoke a dialect or register higher than what commoners use, and they murdered everyone who could read. Two million all together, just to be safe. They had this trick they used to figure out if you could read by taping a cut out of a newspaper or a magazine to the end of their rifles. You were tied up with your hand behind your back and brought to kneel before the rifle and the guy at the end of the rifle screams at you to read the paper or he'll kill you. His helpers yell at you that if you don't read what's on the paper the party will kill you for being stupid because you're worthless to the party. If you read the paper they shoot your face and head off on the spot. You have to beg for your life and tell them that you're an uneducated peasant and can't read. If you do that, and they believe you, then they take you away and untie you and give you a hug can call you "Mit" which means "Comrade" and they tell you that you passed the Test because the party loves the peasants and working class and that the party is fighting to kill the oligarchic and upper Vanna [Caste in Pali-Khmer] people who abuse them with poverty and no freedom.

Pol Pot and his inner circle had all these tricks to weed out upper Vanna people slowly. One trick was they had forced the entire population to live in the forests and in forest side work camps. Every city was abandoned and everyone wore black. In the camps the Khmer Rouge would walk around and watch how you acclimated to the camps and to life in the forest. If you were fine and had no problem living off the land you were safe. But if you show in any way that you had trouble cooking food, adjusting to life in the forest or the camps then they knew you came from a privileged class. They'll come and call you Mit if they see you not adjusting and they act very nice and sweet and say to you: "Beloved Mit, I see you have trouble adjusting, the party is here to help you, please tell us if there is anything the party or big brother Pol Pot can do for you or give to you to help you adjust?" If you fall for their trick and actually ask for creature comforts which confirms your class and vanna, they tell you to meet them in a place later that evening when they will "give it" to you. And you never return.

Another trick they use is speaking French. Pol Pot and his inner circle were actually all intellectuals educated in France so they actually spoke French. To further weed out oligarchs and high vanna people they watch you carefully to see how you carry yourself, how your thinking process works, if you are unusually enthusiastic about party ideology. If you show signs of being an intellectual or being capable of thinking better than a peasant where you try to climb rank to be better than others, then they approach you quietly with a trick. The trick is they act very friendly with you and make it seem as though they are giving you an opportunity to climb their social rank to be in their "in crowd," and when you are off guard one of them will speak French to you or ask you a question in French in a friendly manner. If you show the slightest sign of understanding what they said or if you are stupid and actually talk French back at them, they cut your throat so you don't make a noise. This way the others don't know and they can reuse this trick with others. Peasants and farmers don't or shouldn't know French, only the upper vanna and privileged would.

Another trick or method of weeding out upper vanna people which they used early in their take

over of the country was to check your hands. If they were soft and looked like they have never done any labour, they shoot you on the spot. Another trick is they read your face. This is something our elders do too to assess a person. You divide a person's face into three parts: 1) the top of the forehead to the bridge of the nose; 2) the bridge of the nose to the bottom of the nose, & 3) the bottom of the nose to the chin. In general, people with the top part longer in length than the lower part are intellectually inclined and are shot dead on sight. People with the lower part of their face longer than the top part are more emotionally inclined and are safe. Also the shape of your forehead gives you away. People with visible squareness to their foreheads in general are thinkers, problem solvers, philosophers, have intellectual abilities, and usually do very well in business, mathematics, government or offices or work that involves thinking. You're automatically dead if you have a square shaped forehead. Round shaped foreheads are safe. Also the way you behave socially around others gives you away. People who are introverted are usually thinkers who spend their time thinking in their heads. You're shot dead on the spot when they notice you are an introvert. People who are extroverted, who talk a lot and those people who think out loud by speaking and narrating their thoughts are more emotionally inclined/influenced and less deep thinkers, so they are safe.

Their reasoning behind killing off intellectuals and saving emotive people is obvious. If you are a thinker, you will pick at their ideology, think yourself out of their grip, mentally challenge what they tell you to yourself. And so you are a threat to their party and regime. Emotive people since they are driven or influenced by their emotions and not ideas, can be emotionally manipulated to be loyal. This is the same tricks cults use if you ever truly insight roll on an amateur anthropological mission. When you join something like the Mormon Church for the first time you are surrounded by smiles and welcomes. As soon as you give signs that you are the intellectual type by questioning their theology and dogma, they set you aside and have a specially trained group of people work with you to answer your questions far away from other new comers. If you are a new comer and you show signs that you are stimulated by their emotional hooks such as their friendliness, smiles, sweet words, and you are responsive like when they ask you if you want to hang out with them at a church gathering and you nod your head and said: "I'd love that!" They put you as an emotive type around everyone else to bombard you with their friendship and emotional stimulus. You take a serious demographics analysis of the church membership of major churches or just watch TBN for a few days, and you will see that 99% of the time the people you see are obvious emotive types who are crying for Jesus, in tears because of the holy spirit, waling their arms about, and are absolutely irrational, incapable of intellectually questioning or analyzing ideology or dogma. Where did all the intellectual types go? They got systematically weeded out.

As an intellectual, you are a threat to any power structure and regime. Your ideas are actually, not you the person. As an intellectual you lack a nature that actually makes you a real threat: the ability to Act or execute your ideas. The party or church owns your other half. It is the emotive type which easily becomes excited, "empassioned," driven to Act and Deed by powerful emotionally charged speeches – think HITLER – who becomes inspired by mythos, God [think Jihad], words, and ideas, that is the half of humanity that DOES. But these two types are not two separate points. They are points of a human spectrum and we all will be somewhere in that spectrum. There are two major kinds of people that make up humanity and both types must work together as one cooperative whole, if anything is to be actualized or

materialized. "Divide & Conquer" does not always mean somebody is separating or isolating you from some group to brainwash you. Divide & Conquer in politics and situations such as revolutions and mass control of a populous or cults has more to do with the regime dividing the intellectuals away from the emotive types, so they can't effect and stimulate the other.

The regime is the only allowable thinkers for the emotives. You know you have been psychologically conditioned – divided – by a regime or a power structure when you have been trained to not trust your fellows, especially if they are thinkers and share their thoughts. Read that sentence very carefully many times. If you are the type of person who REACTS negatively with another person in such a way that when another person expresses an idea, a thought, a thinking process, and you react to that by wanting to Argue, debate, doubt, tell others not to listen or believe what is said; to fight to maintain some idea of individuality, then you have been conditioned by a regime to psychologically reject your fellow citizens who are the intellectual types. Ask yourself this question and seriously think about its implications: "Whom do I trust, the Authorities who tells me something, or my fellow citizen who tells me something?" Then ask yourself what class or strata the people you deem to be trustworthy authorities come from, and learn to understand that you have been trained to reject and not trust your own fellows from your own common class and strata for a reason.

The fact that you are born into the human species which is a social organism, and the fact that you are dependent on others for your first 21 years of life should tell you that "individuality" is a fabricated delusion. The fact that nothing about the way you live, dress, eat, work, and believe, and nothing about your opinions, ideas, thoughts and worldviews is individually unique should tell you otherwise. Then after your 21st year when you have been tricked into thinking you are "independent" you are actually dependent on the State. Can't see it? Go look at the case of Hurricane Katrina, the Haitian Earthquake, and the Japanese Tsunami. When the infrastructure of the State falls and the police don't exist, the water stops flowing in your pipes, and the grocery stores are empty can you truly say that you are a self-reliant, independent, individual, and not dependent on your State for handouts and sustenance?

What do you think "politics" means in practical actuality? The science of exerting your policies onto a population. How do you assert and exert your policies onto a population and expect a people to follow them if the emotive doers are connected or influenced to their fellow intellectuals not in your party or on your regime? You have to induce distrust in the population. Cause the emotive doers to distrust their fellows who are thinkers. Can't see it? Go ask 100 people in America from different classes who feel dis-empowered or enslaved by their government and state, and ask those same individuals if they each believe in "individuality," and tally up the correspondence and correlation between those who feel dis-empowered and those who believe in individuality/individualism. Then go to any Middle Eastern or North African country where the populous topples their government once every generation if they believe in individuality. I will bet you my little sisters virginity that the answer you will get most often is that they are individuals within a cooperative collective called a Tribe. Even secularism has its cult creeds: Personal Liberty, Independence, and Individualism.

The population or church membership has been caused to exist in a state of disorganization with each other. Like an electrical circuit which has been cut. The thinkers can't influence the

emotives. The regime is the only allowable influencer of those emotives. The laws exist to keep the thinkers in check. Can't see it? Pay attention to how any government reacts and handles any group of people who Organized themselves. Especially when the Organization consists of a working circuit of thinkers and emotive doers. Do some history.

Anyways, a few years of this stuff and the Khmer Rouge had murdered 2 million suspect high vanna people and they had themselves a labour camp state where the "citizens" they had were completely powerless. Half of that powerlessness came from the peasant half of the population who truly believed in their ideology and rhetoric or out of spite for the upper class treating them so bad they just became fanatic party members. The other have of the powerlessness came from the other half of the population working who know they were enslaved. You see that half of the population got the bad end of the deal, and they were kept powerless with two methods. The first method the Khmer Rouge used was division of intellectuals from emotives. You can't kill every intellectual since that's irrational and a waste of time, money, and energy. You kill to set examples and to induce fear. Your intellectuals are now afraid to think and open their mouths. The second method the Khmer Rouge used was something we can call "Docilization." Emotive types are stimulated into action by their emotions. To docilized these type you simply don't stimulate them. No more cool fun speeches of proletarian revolutions, no more pats on the back by the chairman, no more music even. It was actually against the party's law to sing and make songs about love, punishable by death. The only songs allowed were songs about how cool the party was and how utopian it is to work for the party.

How would you neutralize these two types of people in a democracy like America? You cause the public to not trust the thinkers, and you induce apathy in the emotive type to docilize the public. You give the emotive type stimulus that directs their energy into useless outlets: sports, casual sex, vicarious living through the entertainment industry, whatever. Or you direct their actions by giving them stimulus that supports your power structure: political correctness, egalitarianism, etc. You may allow your intellectual types to congregate in their intellectual groups, but you first train your emotive types to think such endeavours are stupid. You know how stupid Nazism is? If you think so you have been desensitized, thus rendering most Nazi groups a non-threat. You know how stupid racism is? If you think so you have been docilized. Thus rendering any pro-African movement a worthless stupid ideology of a few disgruntled Black People.

You ever wondered what the hell happened to the Black Power/Social movement of the 1960's? You ever wonder how convenient Black street gang developed during the 70's just in time to divide Blacks into warring factions? If you know your street gang history you'll know that the first Crip gang started out not as a gang but as a group of students who tried to recreate the social structure of the Black Panther movement to give their lives some order and discipline. It was a well meaning group. Then this group was infiltrated by the FBI and later the Bloods broke off becoming a rival. Conveniently later in ghettos around Los Angeles, unused train stations started getting trains coming in carrying military grade weapons. What were those weapons doing in LA? What happened in the 80's? Street gangs started warring with each other with military grade weapons. So you analyze this over carefully and ask yourself, well who were those Black Power movements against originally? Not White people, the mostly

White power structure that abused them. And you see them organizing into very coherent organizations where intellectuals like Malcolm X and emotional bards like MLK Jr were singing the emotive types into a dance. Then you see the younger generation of Black kids in the 70's start to continue this movement by creating their own organizations. But after that you see "something" external fracture that coherency causing street gangs wars where Blacks kill Blacks. And then finally you ask yourself, well if the Blacks are too busy killing Blacks, who are they not fighting? The White power structure they originally hated. Then take a look at the depraved conditions of the ghettos, the incredible number of drug addiction in Black hoods, and the peculiar large number of Blacks in America's prison population, and you should begin to see something "interesting."

As good a job as they did in dismantling a feudal kingdom and State regime, the Khmer Rouge didn't do a good enough job because many of the families with their tentacles in the power structure escaped into the safety of other countries. This same thing happened in Russia and China during their communist revolution. Before and during the revolution in Russia all most of the intellectuals, artists, and aristocracy had fled the country. Then we see that families who survived the Khmer Rouge revolution after only one generation have relatives back in government. Between the period of WWII and the Cultural Revolution many families with relatives in the Chinese government apparatus fled to either Taiwan or Southeast Asia, and interestingly many of these families ended up having their kin marry into oligarchic families in their new countries. The king of Thailand and his relatives; as are many of the upper strata of Southeast Asia; are part Teochew which is a major ethnic group from china who made a mass exodus southward.

I was watching this one documentary I think called "Hitler's England." It was about the Nazi's plan on invading and taking over Great Britain. The first half of the documentary shows you the way the Nazi's worked behind the scenes when they took over a country. Before they took over a country they sent spies in to gather the names and information on every known person inside that country that were public officials, intellectual, thinker, artist, writer, journalist, entertainers, and such types. These became their "black list." When they took over that country the very first thing they would do is send out a secret group of soldiers to quietly locate and execute every person on that black list as fast as they can. This took place while the Nazi party gathered all intellectuals and politicians in that country who supported them into a new government. Then the Nazi propaganda machine would induce the populous to accept the new government. And they'd move to the next country. The Nazis never took over Great Britain, but the interesting thing for me was that after the war paperwork of the Nazis were collected and the British discovered that the Nazis already had a black list of people in the UK they were going to execute. Some of the people on this list were well known authors and entertainers.

The reason why such types were targeted by the Nazis is simple. As a regime of intellectuals hoping to control a populous, you simply don't want any rival group of "meme makers" introducing stimulus into your emotive sector. Meme makers include artists and musicians and orators who are potentially more dangerous than thinkers, because these types act like emotional bards. One Hilter with great emotional barding skills can do a lot of damage. He was in his youth an aspiring artist. The Prophet Muhammad was this type who was known for his poetic barding skills. Vindex, must be this type. I encourage the ONA collectively to serious

consider the importance of such tools of soft power as art, music, and poetry.

Ancient Walls

A week or so after the 100th day rite I went into one of my brief Islam spells where for a few days I obsessively collect information and read everything I can on a subject like Islam. What triggered it was how my late Great Grandpa had successfully by himself cause a large portion of our family to have a new family tradition which had now been adopted by his direct grand children. So I was wondering how the Prophet Muhammad may have done this back in his day. I started out by chasing down a nice PDF of the Qur'an and read it. The one I found was a thousand paged one complete with hadith quotes relevant to each Surah in the footnotes. Culture and Tradition by the way are two different things. People of the same Culture can and often do have different unique Traditions of doing things.

The only thing of use I extracted from reading this translation of the Holy Qur'an was something written in the beginning which defines for you what the Qur'an is technically. I learned that what is considered the Holy Qur'an is the verses in Classical Arabic or the classical language the Prophet actually used and spoke in which the original verses were written in. Everything else outside of that classical Arabic is only deemed an inaccurate translation of the Holy Qur'an. Meaning that if you had a Koran in English, or French, or even a modern dialect of Bedouin Arabic, it is not accurate to consider or refer to those books as "the Qur'an." They are only inaccurate translations of The Holy Qur'an!

I thought that concept was linguistically genius! You know how much trouble Christianity would have saved if the Church was smart enough to say that The Holy Bible is only the verses written in the original ancient Hebrew, Aramaic, and Ko'in Greek and that all other bibles are merely inaccurate translations of The Holy Bible? This gave me an idea for later. When the time comes to translate ONA and Myttian writings into Asian languages, I have to keep an original English verse near the translated one, and in the footnotes try to explain key words and ideas as best as I can. This Qur'an I had gives you both the classical Arabic and English Surahs side by side, and it keeps every important word in Arabic, but spelled phonetically in English. I actually learned all these cool derogatory words to call an infidel like al-Fasiqun, Zalimun, and my favourite: al-Mushrikun.

But reading a translation of the Qur'an didn't show me the politics of how Islam came into being which is what I was interested in. The Qur'an only showed me the propaganda devised used my Muhammad to forge his empire. So I searched for documentaries to watch to find the historic and political side of the birth and growth of Islam. I ended up finding finding a great 2 hour documentary I watched twice because it was so informative called "Islam: Empire of Faith," which I found on youtube. I haven't watched TV in 10 years. I only turn my TV on to watch documentaries. Otherwise I have been mentally disconnected from TV, newspapers, magazines, and even movies for 10 straight years. On youtube I only listen to music and watch documentaries. I figure if I am going to vege-out I might as well learn something while doing it.

If it weren't for the Yahoo news that is in front of me when I check my mail, I'd be completely shut off and oblivious from the outside world. I'm very possessive of my brain and very, very

selective about what memes and data goes into my head. On the internet I just mostly read selected forums and then 90% of the time do research by reading documents. The world outside my door is where I go find my entertainment and pass times, with friends and family. I'm also very selective with who I hang out with, you have to either be family or a close friend I know in person for many years. Otherwise I won't talk to you or hang out with you. I don't care if you are a friend of a friend. If I don't know you or you are not related to me, then you have no business talking to me or wanting to hang out. This makes it so that up to 90% of everything in my head, and around me such as my environment and people I interact with are under my control at all times. You know how hard it is to be Master of your own Mind and Domain? Very. It's a Buddhist practice often called Renunciation. When you renounce the world [loka: populous], it means to renounce the world [the mundane] and everything of it. When you seek to gain Mastery of your own Mind, Heart, and Body/Life, it means total self-control. The only thing that should exist in your life are the Three Jewels: Buddha which represents Mind; Dhamma which represents Natural Phenomena; and Sangha which represents your association of monks, family and friends. Everything else beyond that is a distraction.

So the first thing about that documentary that stuck out in my mind was that Islam counts the year 622 as its year 1 and not 611 which was the time when Muhammad started getting psychic transmissions from his invisible friend. Which transmissions were actually retellings of the Torah mixed with 700th century political laws. In 622 Muhammad and his followers were kicked out of Mecca or they left because their lives were threatened. So Muhammad with his followers traveled to Medina. This was considered the birth of Islam because now for the first time in these people's history a new tribe emerged which was not based on blood kinship, but on Faith.

Muhammad's life was threatened for political reasons. At first he was just treated as a nutter, but as he gained followers he became a visible threat to the status quo of Mecca. During that era the Arabian peninsula was inhabited by many different tribes, each warring with the other. Each tribe had their own animistic religion and gods. In Mecca was a cube shaped structure the elders of the different tribes used to house the gods of each of the major tribes. The cube structure was used for political purposes. The gods inside induced the tribes people to not fight in the area of Mecca. This allowed something vital: Trade. And with Trade comes money and wealth for the ruling class. Muhammad had become a threat to Mecca's status quo because he was preaching about a one god and demanding the discontinue of worship of all other gods. Without the other petty tribal gods, the ruling families of Mecca feared that peace would not be possible in Mecca which thus prevented Trade between tribes. So Muhammad left for Medina to brood.

Shortly after Muhammad settled in Medina the first war which would spark the birth of an Islamic Empire broke out. The ruling families of Mecca had sent a thousand of their sons and warriors to Medina to kill Muhammad and his followers. Muhammad could only collect 300 out of Medina to fight for him, which included every male from young boys to old men. His little rag tag army kept the Meccan army at bay for a while and slowly Muhammad started to gain the upper hand. When the neighboring non-islamized Bedouin tribes heard of a war against Mecca and learned that Muhammad's army was tough enough to slowly gain the upper hand, the Bedouin tribes gradually came to help Muhammad fight for a share of the future profit: power

and influence of over a new regime. This first war to expand Islam technically never stopped.

When Muhammad took over Mecca he institutionalized something called a Hajj which was a bit of genius. It's basically a rule that states that every Muslim should at least come to Mecca to see the Kaaba at least once in their life. The genius of this comes later. In only a decade after this initial fight Muhammad's Islamic army had forged an empire that stretched from Arabia to southern Spain. One hundred years later the political genius of the hajj started to bare fruit. Because now you had Muslims of different skin color, nationalities, tribes, nations, classes, all traveling at least once in their life to Mecca. This first made Mecca a lucrative center of Trade within the empire. The genius part is that IDEAS from different people and areas all converged and mingled at Mecca, and so when these pilgrims went back home, they left with new ideas. This gave birth to the Renaissance of Islam or the Golden Age of Islam.

So when Europe was in this thing called the "dark ages" and retarded, the Islamic civilization was experiencing a productive Golden Age of learning and science. Baghdad at the time was the cultural center of this Islamic Renaissance. You had all these thinkers, artists, inventors, philosophers from different places of a massive empire all come to Mecca to Trade items and exchange ideas, and they'd bring those ideas back to innovate them. Then the elite of the learned of that empire all met in Baghdad to translate their ancient Greek together, work on their inventions together, and all that good stuff, which would later find its way slowly into Europe.

I thought it was fascinating how a simple trek to a box in the desert could end up engineering a 1400 year old tradition for many people of different ethnicity and more importantly for clans and tribes or families across one generation after the next. But all that wasn't the best part of the documentary that hit me like a load of bricks!

The best part comes later during the end of Islam's Golden Age during the 1400's. What initiated the decline of Islamic civilization was the Mongol invasion that swept across the Islamosphere. Most of the Mongols eventually would end up becoming Muslims, but they had nonetheless set the decline into motion. A tribe of nomads in the mountains of Anatolia [modern Turkey] were inspired by the Mongols. So they came down from their mountains to settle and carve themselves an empire. These became known as the Ottomans and their empire was the Ottoman Empire. This is where things get interesting, at least for me. These Ottomans ended up taking a big chunk of the aging Byzantine Empire, but that's boring.

The good stuff happens with a young Ottoman Sultan named Suleiman. After Suleiman inherited the throne he set out to conquer the most desired city to be conquered: Constantinople! Other past Ottoman Sultans tried before but failed. This was because the actual city was a huge walled fortress. The documentary showed you a layout of what the ancient walls of Constantinople looked like, with all its towers and forts. Even with gun power cannons shooting at the huge wall the Ottomans could not breach the 1000 year old wall!

That briefly made me think because I emotionally realized something. The people and families living in that city had remained in one place and each generation that past had seen the same 1000 year old wall! What a concept. I realized that in our modern times because our jobs and

business and just the moving around of family members, we will never settle in one place for a 1000 years in such a way that our generations sees the same something for 100 life times. I quickly thought about The Numinous Way and how DM says that a Numinous culture develops over Time when a people are settled down in one place where they connect with their land.

Suleiman had this great idea to take Constantinople, he would strangle it to weaken it. To strangle it Suleiman constructed a fortress by the water side of the Bosphorus thing right across the way from Constantinople. Then he used ships from his water side fortress to sink every ship that goes near the desired city. Eventually he conquers it and turns the Hagia Sofia into a Mosque and becomes one of the Ottoman empire's most famous rulers. I think the Hagia Sofia is one of the most beautiful architectural structures on earth. The Hagia would end up being the model of all mosques.

So back at home Suleiman became very famous for taking over Rome and conquering a coveted city in Europe. But his life wasn't all great. The documentary switches a while to tell you about what the life of a Sultan was like. Usually when a crown prince has been named and that prince has taken the throne it was usual practice to kill your male sibling to prevent anyone of them from killing you for the throne. There were also different tribal families of power in the empire who eyed the throne and who many times used whatever means they could to get close to you and kill you. This meant as a Sultan you can't even trust your wife, concubines, generals, or vizirs, because any one could be secretly loyal to one of these other powerful families or tribes.

The problem for the Sultan were the tribes and families and ties of loyalty you see. Everybody in his empire came from a family and tribe and so they were naturally loyal more to their blood than to him. Sultan Suleiman had to do something about this to gain absolute power. It's what he did that is the most fascinating part of this documentary for me, if you understand the implications as I do. How did he fix this problem of loyalty and gain total power? Easily actually.

Sultan Suleiman established an institution in which he set up orphan guardians and teachers. He then went to Constantinople and other places where there were Christian families that had nothing to do with Islam or Ottoman Tribes. Then he took very young children away from these Christian families and raised thousands and thousands of them in his orphanages. They were to be raised strictly as orphans with no kind of parents or tribes and clans or anything that like that. They were completely individualized. His appointed orphanage teacher were to raise these orphans as Muslims. But Suleiman treated his orphans like gold. They got the best education in the empire, ate the best food, lived in his buildings. As these children grew up if some of them showed signs of being intellectually inclined, Suleiman would train them in government. If they were interested in military science, Suleiman trained them in the military. Whatever they had a natural desire to lean toward, he trained them in. In only a few years when his orphans grew up, Suleiman had himself something bizarre never seen before in the empire. He had thousands and thousands of men and women who owned no loyalty or allegiance to any family, clan, or tribe, but he himself, who would kill and die for him. And to secure his power he placed all of his grown orphans into every office and position of importance in his empire.

What a capital concept. Individualize children from their families, institutionalize them, raise them in a public/state/imperial education system until they grow old and put them to work. This way these orphaned people in their adult years have no ties to any family, clan, or tribe, and are loyal only to the state/sultan. With no family, clan, or tribe to depend on, you are dependent on the sultan/state. The best part about this is that such grown orphans breed and have children of their own. And when that happened what do you think happens? The orphaned adults raised their children in their orphan culture. This is your typical American. The amazing thing to consider is that in our public school system during our most impressionable years, we actually never learn anything about family or culture. That state draws you away from any family you might have with ideas of "Independence" and "Individualism" and "Personal Liberty." We learn about the state and things that will make us a productive citizen of a state later in life. And as orphaned, segregated, individualized citizens with no family to trust or rely on, no fellow citizens we trust, we end up living our entire lives serving the interests of the state and its corporations. Then you die, and your children you gave to the state takes your place. But you are never ever aware of the families and people that grow wealthy and powerful because of your orphaned state of existence. As long as you have your independence and individualism. God forbid you live together with family and friends to simply help each other prosper and live better.

The Future

Something new and strange is in the air for my cousins and I. Something strange happened after that 100th day ceremony. We had seen plenty before. But this time it was different because we experienced it as young adults, with the mind and understanding of such. My older cousins and I left that ceremony that day changed inside. I have a lot of cousins, 30 of us all together if you count just us who came out of the 9 children grandma had. She had 10, but 1 died as a boy. He was the twin of my favourite uncle. Since my mom had me when she was very young, I am up at the top with the older cousins. What changed us inside was that we that day fully realized that all our parents were getting old, and that our grandparents were all dying out.

We were hanging out as a family early this month at grandma's how with the aunts and uncles and cousins barbequing. My oldest cousin is 30 years old, and our ages tapers down from there. And so one of the older aunts looked at us all and shook her head and said out loud to us: "Look at you guys. You're all old as us now and you still need us to cook for you!" Everybody laughed since many of us cousins were old [over 18]. Jokingly I said back to get back at them: "You aunts and uncles take a good look at this house, because it's going to be your nursing home."

There was loud laughter that came from that statement. But it was a different kind of laughter, one with a solemn knowing inside all of us that it was true. My Grandma and her peers nod their heads laughing, and one of our aunts in her mid 50's says for everybody: "She's right, we're all going to die together in this house." My other favorite uncle I wrote about who knows the martial arts and kicked peoples asses said jokingly at me, as us cousins were laughing: "Ok, laugh your fill now. We'll see who has the last laugh. Since you cursed us to die in this house Diapers [my family nickname], when I get old and wear my first old people diaper, I'll

make sure I take a big shit it in for you!" Everybody calls me Diapers because when I was a baby I cried so much I pissed and poed through many diapers a day.

That joke that day was what triggered "The Talk," among us older cousins. It was our first real adult talk together of any kind. The oldest one who is 30 whom we all call Big Brother started the talk when we were eating out. It was all the 10 of us who are over 21. He is an original "charter member" of our WSA and is actually "Myattian" because of me and my writings. He initiated the talk saying to us: "So, what are we going to do with them? Our parents are getting old?" In our culture the oldest in age by birth right has the most authority, then it works on down so the next oldest has the next level of authority. I'm nowhere really near the top, but everyone at the top are WSA and Myattian and turn to me for advice. The oldest of us girl cousins who is 26 named Christine answered our oldest cousin and said: "We have to try hard to keep them together so they can be happy, it's all on us." Our 28 year old cousin nods his head and puts his foot down telling us: "It's all down hill for everyone from here. Grandparents will go first, then our parents. This is it for us. We've fucked around enough. Just the parents together is 18 people. That's gunna take a lot of time and money. We either work together form now on and start saving up or they'll die apart in nursing homes." We all nodded in a solemn agreement together, knowing inside that someday in our lifetime, we will see them all die.

And from this first talk, our talks grew during the month. We ended up having a long talk about our future family. All of us older cousins were now at that age where we were either thinking about having our own children or where we have come into awareness that we will have children soon. I asked our oldest cousin what kind of wife he wanted to test him. Our oldest cousin is perhaps the most Americanized of all of us. When he was 18 he moved out on his own, got a job, had normal friends, and he didn't like Asian culture or Asian girls. He always dated either Black girls, White girls, or Mexican girls. It was only recently that he got his first Asian girl who was Korean. My oldest cousin surprisingly said to us something like: "You know, I've thought about it. I've been out there in their [American] culture. I've come to realize that they have no culture or purpose in life. They live for nothing. Over the years I felt drawn back to our culture. And thinking about it I've come to realize that I don't want my children living like them. With no soul or roots. I have to marry a girl with a culture and roots of some type, someone traditional with family bonds like us, for my own kid's sake you know."

Our main concern was money. Because as the cousins generation we have our 18 parents and the several grandparents PLUS our own future children to think about. So the idea is not a simple American concern of feeding two little mouths and keeping a roof over two little heads. The only way for us to pull this off is to all stay together as a collective to not work jobs but do business with each other. All 30 cousins will in time have to tribalize into a single organized whole to make our money to take care of both our elders and our own future children. There is no other way around it. The act of us wanting our personal freedom and independence will cause a causal chain reaction where the end result is the elders get separated and put into nursing homes and we each struggle just to feed our own kids.

The older cousins during our first adult talks said that the situation in America here is not going to get any better. It will either stay this way or more than likely get worse as time passes. This

means that as time passes living conditions will get worse, money will buy less, housing and utilities will be more costly. My oldest cousins said that there is no way for us each to divide up into nuclear families like the typical American and expect to be able to provide the same kind of life that we each had when we were children growing up. If we go our separate ways to be little nuclear families, most of our kids will be raised in apartments in not so great neighborhoods and environments. My oldest girl cousin agreed and added that she would be more than willing without a second thought to give up being an independent person like an American and live with her siblings and cousins just so her children can have a nice big house in a nice environment to be raised in for their own sake and well being. We all nodded and agreed that the best option for our future children was for us cousins to follow the example of our aunts and uncles and live together in groups to share the load.

I had brought up during another adult talk we had with my set of older cousins the concept of gradual degradation of culture. We have the generation of grandparents who have inherited a lot of their ancestral cultural practices. Then we have the aunts and uncles generation who only know a few of those traditional rites and practices. And with our cousins generation we have 1% and really know nothing. This would mean that our children will have nothing, no real culture. And the problem arises that no matter what we do to give them a big house and nice environment to live in, because they have no real cultural praxis that vacuum will be filled in with that American secular stuff. And so their children ahead of them will be lost to this nothingness of an American "culture." In that condition they will just be prey to these religions as they look for cheap substitute cultures.

The oldest girl cousins in our group nodded in agreement and she added that she wants to re-introduce Chinese customs into her future children and so she was starting to learn as much as she can from our Chinese elders and from her Chinese friends. We all agreed that re-introduction was a great idea. Our 28 year old cousins said that he has his heart now set on marrying a Thai girl from Thailand in a few years when the time is right, so he'll have access to a living Thai set of traditions and cultural praxis which he can help re-introduce into our future children, which we all agreed was a great idea.

My other concern was transgenerational traditions, meaning a set of some sort of traditional observances or experiences where each emerging generation experienced such things. Our ancestors had the fortune of being settled in one place for hundreds of years to stare at the same forest and temples generation after generation. And living in America with the way of life here will not ever guarantee that our children and their children, and their descendents will stay in one place to be exposed to the same surroundings and the same traditions. My oldest cousins being Myattian and influenced by me knew exactly what I was trying to get at and he brought up the tradition the Muslims have of making a pilgrimage to Mecca which they have observed for over 1000 years, and this helps maintain the coherency of their culture and tradition over the passing of generation. So we all agreed that to help keep our clan blood and culture together over the passing of generations that we needed to designate a place where all of us makes a pilgrimage to once in a while. This way we can take our future children these places, they they pass that tradition down to their children. In ONA we call this the or a Black Pilgrimage.

My oldest cousin, me, and our 28 year old cousin all actually own tracks of land in Cambodia. Every time one of our family members goes to visit the old country, we'd send some money with them so they can buy more land to add onto our property. Personally I have about \$5000 worth of land. Depending on the area, they sell what they call around 6000-7000 square Hecters for your \$1000 or something like that. Unfortunately I don't know what a Hecter is or what a thousand squares of it feels like, and my older cousins don't really know either. It's just what my grandmother and those aunts call it, but they say it as in a Hecta. Our oldest cousin says that the property is just big because granny says she can't even walk to the other side of the property. So our first plan is to build villas on each of our properties, that way our children can share it and have a place to actually trek to. We designated the obvious Angkor Wat as our Mecca, and then the city of Chiang Mai in Thailand is our Medina. The rule we agreed on is that from now on every 5 years we all together have a family trek to our Mecca and Medina and this tradition will be observed by our children and theirs on down. We picked Chiang Mai because our grandmother traces her lineage back the a kingdom named Lanna whose ancient capital was Chiang Mai. In the late 1700's the Thais sacked Lanna and took Chiang Mai, then the traditional history our grandma tells us is that the family that ruled Lanna were forced to give up the throne and their hold on power, Thai kings were put in place and the Lanna family just married into a line of the Thai family. We have a younger girl cousin named Lan-Na, we call her Lan, which in Khmer means a "car" unfortunately.

My other concern was what we were actually going to be breeding with and if the other parent of our children has a culture or not and what culture our children will actually be raised in if they are mixed. We all agreed that whatever they were mixed with, it's our culture and way of life that they will be raised inside of. But my main concern was with us girl cousins, since it's easy for us to get involved with White guys/people. My issue is that those American guys just do not have a culture, and that if we breed with them, their cultureless way of existence will ruin our children. Our oldest girl cousin Christine understood what I was trying to say, since she is also Myattian, and she put her foot down with the younger girl cousins in our group and said that if we girls cousins are going to mix with a White person, that the White person cannot have a say into how the child will be raised, or we will call our boy cousins to use force to discipline the White guy. That White husband has to agree to raise the child in our culture. Because these White people have no sense of family bond and don't take care of their elders.

One of the older cousins among us is half White. She's 25 years old named Sopheary which means "Beautiful or Pretty," but she goes by Sophie; sometimes she calls herself "Sopretty," and we'll call her "Soapy." Her father is White whom we call Uncle Steve. But our grandma will pinch our thigh if we call him that, she wants us to call him Lok Boo Steve, which is more better. Boo means Uncle, and Lok is a respectful title meaning something like "Sir, Lord, Master, or Mistress, Lady, Ma'am." My grandma reveres Uncle Steve.

Back in the 80's before I was born when my grandma and her children first came here a young White Jehovah's Witness guy with blonde hair saw my grandma one day and clasps his hands together and had a Khmer friend of his tell my grandma that he would like to help my grandma's family get use to America. He introduced himself as Steve.

It was actually Uncle Steve who for some strange reason just devoted a lot of his time on our

family teaching us how to buy [and drive] cars, get bank loans, find work, and start up businesses. And he also took my grandma and the aunts and uncles around to sight see different places around California. He never stopped devoting himself to our family. My grandma really liked him because she noticed that this young man had respect for his own parents, lived with them, and had the ability to respect his elders. He just spent so much time with our family he went “native” and married into it. Or actually my grandma “gave” him one of her daughters as a gift and asked him to marry her. So he did. Over the years Uncle Steve not only learned to speak fluent Khmer to talk with the aunts and uncles and his new wife, but he also learned to speak fluent Thai to speak with my grandma and her peers. He has never during his 30 of being around our family ever tried to convert us or ask us to go to his Kingdom Hall with him. My grandma sometimes asks him about his beliefs or she would ask him which religion he thinks is better Christianity or Buddhism. Uncle Steve always first clasps his hands and says that he really knows nothing of the matter, besides that there is only one God and as long as our own faith in this God makes us each good people, it should be all that matters between friends and family. Which is what my grandma believes also.

Uncle Steve raised his mixed children all in our culture, meaning 100% in his wife’s [our aunt] culture. And like how we do things, his elderly parents actually live in his house for free with his wife and children. Our mixed cousins he fathered are Buddhists just like us, are animists just like us, burn incense and pray to the Buddha and dead ancestors just like us. Uncle Steve is a big influence in my life, because of the aunt and uncle generation he is really the only one that knows about my culture, but also has the same command of the English language as I do, so he can articulate things about our culture in a sophisticated way when it’s just me and him talking. Sometimes for a fish born and raised in water, it’s hard to be consciously aware of this water. But when a frog above from a lily pad hops into the same water, this frog knows the water from a different perspective and can share what he understands of it to the fish. That’s kinda like Uncle Steve. There was a time in his past when after he had children that his Kingdom Hall rebuked him for not raising his children Jehovah’s Witnesses and never bringing them to the Kingdom Hall. They called him a hypocrite for believing in Jesus but allowing his children to be raised pagan. Uncle Steve quit going to his Kingdom Hall after that.

One time when after I had read the Satanic Bible, identified myself as a Satanist, and was in high school, I asked Uncle Steve why he didn’t raise his kids in his religion. He said that the average American – which included him – does not have an actual living culture. They gave that up during the American revolution when they severed ties with Mother England. So without a real culture they have a vacuum inside their soul and they look for things to fill this vacuum. They look for substitute cultures. Which is why religion and sects are a big business in America. Religion is a substitute culture, and now so is Consumerism. But he realized early on that the actual practice of religion, which is to sit in a church or building once a week to listen to a person talk for an hour is actually a very, very poor substitute for a culture. And so he didn’t want his own children to have that void which he had. So he wished for a wife with a living culture and promised himself that when he had children he would give them the gift of culture and cause them to understand that belief is no substitute or culture and tradition. In our culture, the praxis of Buddhism is an interwoven part of our culture and ancestral weltanschauung. You can’t separate the culture from the Buddhism, from the weltanschauung. Uncle Steve said that he would raise them immersed in a living culture, and give them the freedom to pick their own

religions if they would like one, just to test out his theory that religion is a substitute culture. He hypothesized that his children will grow up having no interest in such substitutions. He was right.

Uncle Steve was still soul searching in his older years. He questions his beliefs and says that he whittles it down to the bare essentials. Jehovah's Witnesses don't believe that we have souls or spirits, and in our culture we do believe that we have something like a soul or a spirit. This one day when I was over at Uncle Steve's hanging out with my cousin, we had one of our philosophical talks. He's likes to see himself as an amateur anthropologist since he really is fascinated with other people and their cultures. So many times Uncle Steve asks questions just to gain a better understanding of a person and their understanding of things, but sometimes he asks questions because he is actually searching for an answer for himself. So as he was making us chicken wings while I was sitting at the counter doing my homework, he asks me something like: "I've read in some English translations of the Tripitaka that the Buddha seems to suggest that people don't have a soul or an atma. But in your culture you believe that the ancestors are still alive and that when we die we reincarnate? I was wondering what your thoughts were on that, just out of curiosity, if you have any? Do you believe a soul exists?" Now he was asking a high school student, so I didn't know much at the time.

I first told Uncle Steve that I didn't even know the Buddha taught that people had no souls and that now I was confused. I thought about for a while, and I had a clever answer that made things make sense to me. I told Uncle Steve that maybe stuff like souls and God is like the Sun? It doesn't matter if I believe in the sun or not believe in it because it is still going to be there. If I don't believe the sky is real, the sky will still be there. And if I believe really hard that the sky is really real, it's not going to get any bluer than it is. If I stop believing that my heart exists, it's not like it's going to stop beating and I die. So if spirits exist and are real, believing in it or not believing in it really changes nothing. So my answer is that I chose not to even bother to be concerned either way. Because you have the Yin of belief and the Yang of disbelief, and before yin and yang is neither one or the other but stillness. Then Uncle Steve nods his head in contemplation and says to me: "You know that answer deserved an extra pile of chicken wings!"

At our cousin meeting about the culture of our potentially mixed children I remembered my talks with Uncle Steve, so I suggested that we raise our future kids in our culture, but allow them to chose their own religion when they feel the need to search for one. And we all agreed to the idea. And most of us knew the out come. Because all of us older cousins during our teens and high school years and college years did actually go find other religions to be inside of for a while. Besides me, no less than at least 4 of my own cousins got into Satanism, but when we grew up and past our 21st year our insides turned around and we gradually dropped our religions to go looking for our roots. In such a way that now, all of us are actually devout Buddhists.

I think it's a beautiful thing that use older aged cousins are now growing into that age when we are thinking about having our own children and that we are now having meetings to talk out our plans. And those plans are boil down to sticking together for the sake of the next generation, because things in America aren't going to get any better. We made a contest to see which one

of us will make the prettiest children. Our oldest cousin said he'll win because he's decided that he's going to either marry an Arabian wife or a Hindi one since he really likes both of those cultures. All the girls but me in our group cheered for him to marry a Hindi one. I objected to both of his choices because Arab and Hindi girls are hairy and his kids will come out hairy too.

This thing in the ONA we call Magian Ethos is like the ocean: it is everywhere around us in the West. I was watching a documentary on the navy once. The documentary was just about the US Navy and what life was like in it. It showed you what life was like in submarines, on ships, and on those air craft carriers, and what duties and chores the navy people had to do on a day to day basis. At one point the documentary showed these Navy guys run around putting tarp over the air crafts, painting other air crafts and their ships. I was wondering why they were doing that because the crafts look fine and did not seem to need a new paint job? But the documentary explained that sea water is corrosive to metal and over time will eat right through it. So those guys had to take care to keep a layer of paint on all their airplanes and ships to keep the salt water from eating away at them.

The unconscious mechanical State system born from the psychosis of millions of people in America long ago was built to manufacture individualized citizens to insure its own sustenance. It's nobody's fault and it's not a conspiracy. It's just that orphaned adults who don't have culture and don't know better simply perpetuate that state of existence down into their next generation over and over because they are lost in that samsara. As someone awake, who know what's going on, I cannot consciously allow myself to have children of my own and condemn them to become an individualized zombie. We can't escape the system, but inside we can do what we can to make life in it better. I'm done with teaching outsiders to see things my way. I don't care about you and your children, what religion you keep and what culture you are rooted into. I'm now concerned with my own family and my future children. I'll share my ideas with the ether and if you have come to understand and see things as I have, then what I share may help you along your way to survive in this system. All I can say is that you aren't going to go far alone, and that because things will get worse gradually in time here, your children will definitely not make it far alone. There will come a time when you will need to seriously inspect your belief of "individualism," to see if the causal fruits of such beliefs is worth the effort of being a loner in a system designed to prey on the individualized.

My only concern as a Buddhist and a Myattian person is to help reduce the potential condition of my future children's suffering and to give them peace in life. I was talking to one of the old guards once about DM. I can't remember if it was DarkLogos or Dark Lianna. But This was a time when DM was still into Islam. I had said to the old guard something like: "Maybe DM is trying Islam out because he is restless inside. I hope he finds peace someday." And the old guard said back: "What is peace." I thought it was supposed to be a humorous statement, so I never answered the question. Peace in English is meaningless, or it would mean the absence of war and conflict. Then we can parse the concept of "conflict" to mean any number of things, conflict between two people, conflict between two emotions, between ideas, conflict between duty and personal liberty, conflict between one's Mind and one's emotions; have you heard the statement that goes: My Mind's telling me no, but my body is saying yes? That's conflict and no peace. In my Asian weltaschauung the concept translated into the word "Peace" is

different.

Generally Peace in Khmer is Souksabbai, which is pronounced Sookh and Sabbai which should rhyme with the English pronunciation of the word "Rabbi." It's used as a casual way of greeting people. We clasp our hands and ask "Souksabbai te?" Which literally means "Peace No?" Then as a return you say "Souksabbai." It's the same word in Thai and Lao with the same meaning. In the very same way a Muslim will greet another with a casual: "Salaam," and the other returns with the same. Salaam means Peace. But revealingly when you morph it by adding an I to the word you get "Islam" which has the meaning of: Surrender, Submit, Give Up, Let Go; which to me makes sense because it's the same essential imagery as our word for Peace and you'll see why as we go further.

Souksabbai is actually made up of two words. The word Sabbai is Khmer, but is used in Thai and Lao also with the same meaning. It means to be "Happy" or "Content." When you are drunk you say that you are Sabbai or Sabbai Jed in Khmer which means Happy Chitta [heart/emotions]. In Thai it's Sabbai Jai. Souk is the word that actually means "Peace," and it is almost impossible to translate into English using a single word. The word "Peace" unfortunately is the closest word English has.

Souk is the vernacular for the Buddhist-Pali word and concept: Sukkha or Sukkham meaning something like The Sukkha. But the final -A is soft so it is not pronounced in the vernacular. It is related to the Sanskrit word Sukra which is the name of the planet Venus. Thus there is a connection between the word Sukkha and the metaphorical shades of meaning of Venus. She is soft, pleasant, pleasing, subtle, gentle, etc. In fact in the vernacular the word Sukkha, and the name Sukra which also lends it's name to our word for Friday are pronounced the same: Souk. Before you can grasp what Sukkha means you have to know its opposite: Dukkha or Dukkham.

Dukkha is pronounced almost like the English word "Took," as in I Took something. But the "T" is soft like a French or Spanish T. It usually accompanied by the word "Ter" read like a Brit would like Tuh. Ter means to Do or Make, like "faire" in French. Ter Douk means to "Make/Cause Trouble." So when I say my Kabal [head] Ter Douk, I mean that I have a headache of some sort. When something is Ter Douk Jed me, it means something is bothering or troubling my heart. When I say my Gapih [stomach] Ter Douk, it means I have a stomach ache.

If say a thousand children in Ethiopia have died of a famine, then Douk is not the right word to use. In this case it would be ludicrous to describe the tragedy that happened to those starved children as "Douk." You use Douk like when a fly is bugging you and you say: "Shit, this fucking fly won't leave me alone, it's Ter Douk-ing me!" For the famine and the mass death you have to use a word that is heavier in tragical meaning. You can use the word Vetania, pronounced Wait-Tan-ee-ah, which means something like Misery or Hardship. If it's winter time in Denmark in the old days and your family is struggling to survive because you lack enough food and fire wood, you say your experience is Vetania. There is even more tragical "Apop" which is hugely worse than Vetania. Apop means Suffering but the kind of suffering that describes 2 million people dying of starvation, war, and genocide.

Which should tell you something. The Buddha in Pali said in Life Dukkha arises and that his Way is the way to alleviate Dukkham. He never said life is Apop. Unfortunately when Buddhism is translated into English, the well hearted English speaking Buddhists will interpret Dukkha to mean that maybe the Buddha said pessimistically that life is full of the kind of ungodly suffering born from a big meteorite falling on New York city and killing millions of people, tsunamis and earthquakes slaughtering whole cities so why bother living? Give up and die. When all the Buddha really said if we translated it into modern English was: "Dude life sucks man." And his 5 monks would say: "Dude for sure man." And Buddha says to that: "I think I got a fucking way to unsuck life dudes and make our lives Hakuna Matata!" What's Hakuna Matata mean? It's Swahili for No Worries, and is the exact meaning or essence as the word Sukkham. The opposite of Dukkham [worry/trouble] is Sukkham [no worries, laid back, chill dude]. Remember, bhikkhu means homeless beggar. The original monks back then were hippies and slackers that dropped out of society to chill out in forests to live a Free [liberated] life with no king, boss, or Brahmin priests. Why did they shave their hair? Because it was troublesome [dukkha] to keep hair in the forest because it got tangled and you got lice. Sukkha literally means the same thing as the word Chill in contemporary English slang. Pali back then is like what Ebonics is to English today.

Souk is when a creek flows softly as it naturally would where you see a leaf nice float by. It's chill, it's cool, don't touch it, leave it alone. Douk is when a rock in that river, The rock obstruct the river's Natural flow and Disturbs it. So we can then say that the disturbed state of the river is not as it Naturally should be. Let's remove the rock so the river can be chill again. When we take the rock out we say that the river "Na'oo Souk," meaning, it's "Kick Back, Laid Back." Na'oo means to Dwell At or Live At, or Be In a Place. When a baby is sitting by itself minding its own business chewing on things we say the baby Na'oo Souk. It's just minding it's own business and chilling. When you Disturb that baby and take its toy away and make it cry you caused Douk for the baby. So we can ask: "Is the baby's state of crying and unpleasantness [douk/dukkha] its natural state? No it isn't. Something is disturbing it. If we stop that cause of Douk, we then return the baby to its natural state/stasis of Souk.

Souk is Tao. Tao just flow naturally. Yin is being excited or over-joyed. Yang is Douk which is worry or anguish. Yang is climbing up hill which is the struggle of war or state of douk. Yin is the excitement of going downhill or the rapture and fanaticism of the belief in God or Peace. Tao is standing still at the foothill: neither going up or down, just Chillin like villain. Before the Upness and the downness is Tao. To find Tao, to be in Harmony to that Tao, to its Natural flow, you simply must Let Go of the yin and the yang. Stop holding on to the yin and the yang: surrender your grip. Submit, Islam. When you submit to the flatness of the foothill you are still and not in a state of trying to go up hill or falling down hill. If you are in a river, submitting to the Tao is when you are neither holding on to something to stay in one place, struggling up stream, or swimming down stream. You just surrender and float like a leaf undisturbed and flowing naturally. That is Peace: Souk.

And so in our life here in America there are many things that can cause us to worry, stress out, trouble us. The praxis of Buddhism as per the 4 Noble Truths is to learn to recognize what troubles us and let go, or to help others in our life let go of their worries or cause of their worries so they can Chill Out again, their natural state of being, when they are just still and

content: souksabbai. Some times the word Sahnok is used instead of Sukkha or Souksabbai. Sahnok means “Easy,” or “Facile,” as in “Piece of Cake.” You hear your elder men say that they used to like short skirts on their girls when they were young because it’s Sahnok to get access to something. These words have no spiritual or religious meanings or value. It’s the religiously inclined people with their religious attitude that corrupt it in their ignorance, assumptions, and misunderstandings. Original Buddhism used to be a kick back [sukkha] way of life [sasana]. But as time past when less people understood the Pali, that Buddhism morphed into all these super spiritual religious things or some sort of super spiritual philosophy.

The Buddha once said that you are not in the sasana of his Way if you do not take Refuge in all Three Jewels. Sangham saranam gechami: The Sangha is the Help/Protection I go to. Refuge is an inaccurate translation for Sarana [Pali]. Sharana in the Sanskrit simply means Help or Protection. Sharanarti or Sharanasthana is Refuge or Asylum. So you cannot be a “Buddhist” unless you have a sangha to go to for help and protection. Sangha includes the bhikkhusangha which is the order of monks and the ariyasangha which is the order of nobles [what all Buddhists are collectively called]. The monks are just an order of people who have dedicated their life to keeping the dhamma to memory. This way their order can re-introduce the dhamma to every new generation that emerges. The ariyasangha is needed to apply or pout into practice the dhamma. You cannot practice Buddhism by yourself. It is a communitarian sasana. Meditation is not how you “practice” Buddhism. It is simply a tool to quiet the Mind so you can analyze what is causing dukkha in your family and friends, so you can discover a means to relieve them of their distress or worry. You can’t practice Buddhism alone because who do you practice metta with if it’s just you? Sasana doesn’t mean a Belief, it means Instructions to be Executed. When you buy a cabinet from WalMart and you begin to put it together, the sheet of paper with your Instructions on it is a sasana. You don’t believe in your Instructions, you either follow them thru to manifest the intended end objective, or not. Believing or disbelieving, agreeing or disagreeing does nothing practical.

When your elders are worried about their elderly years because they are unsure if they will be taken care of, this is Dukkham. As a member of their association/sangha or family, it is your duty to be your elder’s Help and Protection to get rid of that Dukkham and ease their worries by taking care of them. This is Buddhist praxis and the Gift of Peace [Sukkham]. If how you live your life makes your mother worry, perhaps because you drink too much or whatever, it is your duty since you took an oath to follow the Three Jewels, to relieve your Mother’s worry by changing the way you live your life. That is Buddhist practice and the Gift of Peace. If your child is hungry and crying you feed it and console it. That is relief of Dukkham and generating Peace. If you Understand – Buddhi – that the world in 20 years will be much harder to live than it is today, and you are going to have children, then it becomes your duty to do everything in your power to see to it that your future children has as few causes of worry as possible and will be as Souk and Sahnok as possible, that’s giving them peace. That’s Theravada Buddhist praxis. It’s nothing mystical. It’s boring. It’s a life long commitment. And it’s hard.

This country is not going to get any better. It will either plateau or decline further. Judging by our unpayable debt which becomes a heavy burden to each emerging generation ahead of us, I’ll bet that conditions in this country will decline. Having children in such an environment

involves thinking and planning ahead. Because if we allow them to be individualized like the average American, then they will eat shit and struggle just to get by. This causes stress or Dukkha in their life. Our only way to help protect them from this Dukkha is to keep them in our culture so that they understand that our collective way of life allows them to enjoy life better than others. The gap between the rich and the poor as time passes will get wider, just like it is in India. The rich will be very rich, and the poor will be very, very poor. Staying in the middle class even today is a struggle and fight which many nuclear families loose. And this is today. My cousins and I talked all this through and we agreed that we cannot be so foolish as to give birth to kids, let them free and hope for the best. If they are to have money and enjoy life in their time and era, they need the proper life skills our family has used that has proven to work and generate positive results. The most important aspect of these life skill is collective living, sharing, and cooperative effort, for mutual benefit. That skill must begin to be taught as a culture at birth, and the concept of "independence" and "individualism" is a threat to that corporatist or tribal way of life.

This would be a good place to stop and bring up the Anariya. That word in Buddhism is used to mean people who are basal or worldly. Whose awareness is fixed low to the ground, pedestrian, barbaric, or an ignorant person. The Sanskrit Arya and the Pali Ariya means: Wise, Honourable, Noble, Polite, Respectable, Civilized, Cultured, Mannered. In the very ancient times in India when cities were still a novel concept not everybody lived in one. The city folk were described as "Arya" meaning that they were civilized, cultures, and orderly. Living in a city back then required the ability to get along with other citizens, work together, share resources; get involved in cooperative effort such as irrigate rivers to farm, till large tracks of land to farm, work together to build the actual structures of a city. So that word "civilized" has more the meaning of a person who is not only Wise enough to engineer such a city, but to work together in a honorable way with other to make that way of life work. Outside these first cities were the wild people or Barbarians. Barbarians are uncivilized, meaning that since they lived in the forest or mountains they had no reason to cooperate, they had no use for Honour, they had no wisdom to engineer anything, or sophisticated intelligence to be a part of a collective something the size of a city. So that's what the word Ariya and Anariya meant.

You can't enlighten the Anariya [mundane] because they don't have the Noble [ariya] Mind to Understand [Buddhi] sophisticated thought. Sophisticated thought meaning the ability to grasp the complexity of causal mechanics and the interconnection things. For example lets say there was an Anariya who is hungry and he asks you as you walk by for a Fish so he can eat. You say to him: "I'll tell you what my friend, I'll give you this fishing pole and teach you how to use it!" And the Anariya will say: "Why? I can't eat the pole? Just give me a fish." You test this out and you can always call out the anariya [Mundane]. It's a simple idea that you must work harder to survive if you are individualized. So you go up to any average Mundane American and tell him: "I'll teach you how to live in clans and work and live in a big communitarian group!" And chances are the Anariya will say to you something like: "That's conformity! I value my individuality and independence!" And even if that Mundane ends up struggling and actually being poor and homeless and suffering, he will hold on to his anariya beliefs with a death grip and not let go. This is a dhamma. It is Testable. Go out and prove to yourself that there are in fact two types of people out there: Noble and Mundane. You cannot enlighten the Ignoble because they lack Understanding [Buddhi/Gnosis] and will resist you like a stubborn

mule.

Concepts that are simple for the Ariya to work out in their head, are impossible for the Mundane to reason. For example it is easy for some of us to understand that the Tanha [enthraling attachment] to gambling can manifest debt and loss of your savings. And we can also understand that a Tanha for alcohol where we abusively drink can cause us and other problems. So we may be able to become Aware of such Tanha and work to fix them. Whereas an Anariya will never become Aware of that Tanha to fix it. They are spellbound by its illusion. The gambling addict is in a state of delusion where he Believes that the next play will be the one that wins, and that he'll make all his money back and more to make his family happy. He sincerely Believes in that belief and is lost in it. An alcoholic who loses his wife, children, friends, job, and home to his drinking problem cannot see that he has a problem, because he sincerely believes that it is the other people that are against him, that hate him, that want to hurt him. You try to tell him he has a drinking problem and he will react violently with you and deny it. You can't Awake [Buddha] these anariya from their enthrallment and loss of self in their Beliefs. In Buddhism, it is metaphorically said that such anariya, because of their kamma [works], must sink to Hell and burn before they Awaken and work themselves back up to the human world. That Hell is rock bottom. So far down the bottom that your nose bleeds hitting it. That's when the gambler or alcoholic wakes up from his idiocy and Realizes his problem. Only then will he allow others to help him.

Tanha is just the Pali word for Thirst. But 2500 years ago in India, Thirst meant something very different. Thirst meant you go find a well or source of water. If you were wandering around the jungle and you were Thirsty back then you have 3 days to find water or die. The closer you get to that third day, the more Desperate you grow for water. It becomes All Consuming. Drinking water is the only thing on your mind. You don't give a fuck about the rest of the world, it's faded away. A better modern example of the essence of this word is when you are on a long road trip somewhere and you have to go pee. The longer you wait, the more Desperate you need to pee. You start to pray for the rest area to hurry and come. You get to the point where your parents talking gets you angry because you just want them to shut up and find a restroom for you. You can't think of anything but peeing. Then when you pee finally that bizarre spell which captivated your mind is gone, and you're happy and not a demon bitch anymore. It's wrongly translated as Desire. Tanha has nothing to do with desiring something. There is a difference between desiring to eat and enjoy a chocolate fudge cake, and a difference when you desperately eat chocolate fudge cake to comfort your misery because food is your friend and you get 500 pounds. Have you ever watched those talk shows where those fat ladies cry on TV and says to Oprah: "I can't stop eating. Please help me. I'm ugly." Those fat ladies don't have a simple desire to enjoy a cake sensibly. They have a serious problem. There was no word to describe this problem 2500 years ago in India so the word Thirst was used because of its metaphorical value. What's it mean when we say to "Thirst for knowledge?" It's not a simple desire to just know stuff. At times it's an all consuming drive.

The Magian West

The West has fallen under the control of two beasts who use very similar methodologies. It seems as if these two beasts were able to take root in the West because of the state of Mind of

the Western mundane people. They are in their own way a great people with ingenuity. Our modern world and its sophisticated science, medicine, and technology was born from these minds. But still, it seems as if a majority of their fellows are gullible and not very bright.

The first beast was the Vatican and their invisible "Church." This Church set up shop in Europe and started to sell an invisible commodity called "Salvation." In exchange for the people's Dependence on the Church. Because if you wanted to be saved, only the Church can give it to you. Then this beast crept into other arenas of life like marriage. Now if you wanted love, sex, and children you Depended on the Church to give it to you in the form of a lawfully wedded spouse. Then they had all these laws and policies they past which were religious edicts that further Monopolized your Dependence on the Church. You had to follow these laws of you weren't a member of the Church, which meant no salvation or anything the Church offered you. Those people were enslaved by a power structure back then and the strangest part is that at no time did those Church members ever ask themselves: What exactly are we being saved from? It's revealing that the usual answer is: Sin. What is sin? It's a theological ideation that is nothing real.

Then the second beast is something called Democracy with its "State." You can't see the "State" they assure you its there, after all you're living in it aren't you? Then this State sets up shop and starts to sell you an invisible commodity called "Freedom." Then the State passes laws which you are to follow since you're a citizen of the State. It's your duty, or you go to jail. These laws further dis-empowers the citizen and further helps the State Monopolize your Dependence on the State. For example try printing and using your own money and tell you nice State that you won't be needing their printed money anymore and see what happens. Raise you kids at home and teach them things the school system does not teach and see what happens. People end up being enslaved by a power structure and at no time ever did any of the Mundane citizens of the State ever ask themselves: What are we being free from?

I can understand if the year was 1776 and I asked the American rebels what were were fighting to be free from. They'll say something like: "Freedom from the King of England and Freedom of Self Governance!" That I can understand. But today? In the year 2011? What are we being freed from? Freedom from what? The king of England? The freedom to govern ourselves? Whose governing who here now? Maybe it's the freedom to walk around and do whatever we want? But penguins do that to in Antarctica and they don't have a government. Or maybe the State exists to protect our freedom! From who or what? As a species we've been around for at least 200,000 years. People before the invention of the State were free and they didn't need a State to protect their freedom? They protected it by themselves? The Native Americans didn't need a State to protect their freedom or guarantee their freedom?

Revolting and tearing down the system doesn't work. Because we've seen it demonstrated in the Middle East and North Africa since at least the Cold War that when one regime falls from revolution, a new regime just takes its place and the State still exists and the citizens are still enslaved and abused. Russia and China are great example. It didn't matter what regime, revolt, or system of government was implemented, because the same group of people who were abused continued to be used and abused. And in other cases of revolution it only took one generation after the revolution, to have the same bloodlines back creeping into the

governing apparatus and power structure.

Hypothetically we can as ONA say that even if we can't get rid of the State, as long as our regime is in power, it's all good. But this would only be a temporary victory because no power structure lasts forever. Will our power structure last long enough for us to evolve into a stellar civilization before the citizenship revolts and another regime fights for power? And if we do lose our grip on power, then it's all back to square one for our future progeny because now they'll be enslaved in a system again.

I see our unfortunate relationship with the System/State in two different views. My first view is that I see the State thing as a useful tool that we need. In the same sense electricity is a useful tool we need as a source of energy. Our dependence on this electricity is born into being because perhaps we just don't know of an alternative energy source. If we did know of an alternative energy source, it may be that gradually and collectively we would grow out of our electricity dependence phase. And we are actually now in the beginning moments of that stage so we'll see. A couple of years ago I read an article in a science journal about how we have reached the limit of the size our microchips can shrink to. The electrons are just too big for our chips to get any smaller, plus they give off too much heat, so anything smaller would burn up. Then the article introduced an new something that might forever change our paradigm and kill our dependence for electricity. The new something was something called a "Photon Crystal." The crystal was a primitive prototype. But the concept behind it is that the crystal traps and absorbs photons in its crystalline structure, and with nano sized "wires" these photons can be sent out in single file to produce binary code and also ENERGY. The article says that this prototype photon crystal has opened a door for something revolutionary with no name but they have coined it "Photronics," which is like electronic technology, except the devices neither use electrons or run on electrical energy.

When I use the term "paradigm shift" that is what I mean. Not a mere change of opinion. For the past hundred and some years since Edison, collectively we have existed "inside" a paradigm in which we see the whole world and our future tainted with the assumption/belief of electronic energy and electronic technology. Electricity is etched into our worldviews and we cannot or could not perceive of a modern world without it, or a future without it. Electricity is an indivisible part of the fabric of what we perceive to be our world and future. But now with the prototype photon crystals and the Photronic technology and Photonic energy it implies, if we fully grasp those implications it causes in us a genuine paradigm shift where we can understand that in the near future, electricity and our reliance on electrons would be a relic of a primitive human race using primitive aggressively harmful technologies to generate a wasteful form of energy. Wasteful meaning that a huge amount of energy of electricity is wasted as heat radiation. That's why you have fans in your computers. The knowing inside – heartfelt realization – that there is a usable other form of energy freely available from the sun; which is not electricity; that allows us collectively let go of our proverbial grip on our dependence of electricity. But before the "new age" of photronics can come into being, we all – all of us involved in a civilization – must together experience that critical paradigm shift.

This tool we call "democracy" in Europe and North America would not have been possible if the people of the West had not had a paradigm shift when they all genuinely realized that a

world without the Church and a king was possible. That there was an alternative to kingdoms and Christendom. But those kingdoms and that Christendom had to be experienced by the old world Europeans for each of them to eventually have that inner Gnosis or genuine paradigm shift. In this context I don't believe that the religious and political institutions in old world Europe was a "bad" thing. No more than the opulent royal palace the Buddha was born and raised in was "bad." Because without that past direct experience in that palace, the Buddha would have never had his realization later. Without the experience of kingdoms and Christendom, the people of old world Europe would have never had the realization that an alternative was indeed possible or desirable. When I study the Middle East civilization and people, I see them in the state old world Europe was in, when they were inside Christendom. Where they cannot sincerely perceive or understand a world without Islam or Islamic law.

Barbarity in our species' ancient past brought us pretty far. But there is a point where it can't take us any further. Then empires and kingdoms like Sumer and Ancient Egypt appeared. That system of government was an epic Vehicle which brought our species up to the door step of the verge of the modern age. But even the memetics of empires and kingdoms fails as a vehicle to take us further into the future. So the West had a paradigm shift and democratic States was our new vehicle which brought us into the modern age all the way up to the doorstep of a stellar civilization and this is where our current Vehicle breaks down like an old car.

In this regard. I don't see the West as being wrong, or barbaric, or lost, or primitive. I still see the West and its mixture of peoples to still be the Earth's Supreme Causal Form of our species. And I still believe that it is this same West that can and will someday take us to the stars. But this vehicle we call the West has taken us as far as it can go and it is now broken down. But it is a good thing that it is broke. Because it helps us understand what this Form of civilization can do, and how far it can move forward, and what it can accomplish. And so because of this I believe the West is still the Supreme Causal Form because I can look at other civilizations such as the East dominated by China and know that although they may be a growing "superpower" and becoming a "huge" economy. Their copy-cat State won't go far. The best part is our Western vehicle broke down first. That means we are ahead of the game and have time to build something new that will take us further! Remember, we already rode on the wagon of Capitalism as far as we can go, those Chinese are just starting! But for there to be any further movement for the West, there needs to be an alternative way to cause or initiate a collective paradigm shift in the zietgeist of the West. Otherwise, we'll be stuck with our broken wagon for a while, and the Chinese will catch up.

Which brings me to my other way I see the State. I see the Western State as not going anywhere and that there is no logical sense in exerting force to even try to destroy it simply because the mundane anariya of the West are still enthralled in the delusional samsara of this Western State thing. As I mentioned up there, when an anariya is sincerely lost in their delusional beliefs the only way to wake them up is to wait till they hit rock bottom to go to Hell as Buddha's mythos puts it. I fear that there won't be a paradigm shift until the current Vehicle of the West falls where everything literally goes to Hell. Just like the chaos that came into being during that fall of the Roman Empire. The unfortunate thing is that these delusional mundanes must be allowed to have their experience from beginning to final end if they are to have a

realization or paradigm shift born from their pathei-mathos. In this context I see revolution and deliberate use of force to tear down this system as being counter productive. This is not to say that subtle force shouldn't be used to hasten a fall such as messing with the economic system. But like some classical ONA texts puts it, I think the old must be destroyed – by its own dysfunction – for a new something to be realized. Vindex just might have a guest appearance after all when the right moment comes.

Thus, we are stuck here in this system for a while, either to ride it out until the end and/or to subtly work to hasten its fall. Until the fall, what we need to do is engineer Seed Cultures with which to seed the new aeon. And so it all comes back to each of us, how we live, and to our children and how we raise them. We have two important things to consider as Time moves on: 1) Magian Ethos is what is killing the current West, in time this will be clear when its dogma of independence and individualism is understood to make each citizen a prey; 2) it's going to be a long ride before the fall, and so we need to each plan ahead and prepare our next generation to function optimally, better than the mundanes and their children.

It is a good thing that these mundanes will never give up their individualized state of existence. This makes it so that they are easy prey to our own next generation. If our next generation is a coherent and organized group, then they will have the means to hire, use, and abuse, the mundanes as work force to make each other rich and generate some leisure in their future lives. In a jungle the most collective dominate and thrive, not the biggest or strongest. A legion of army ants in a jungle trumps the biggest panther, and the little individualized bugs are no competition. The ONA's next generation just needs to learn to understand the value of all this Myattian talk of clans and tribes. Sooner or later it will be apparent to those with the capacity to think and understand. I'm personally done trying to convince the deaf, dumb, and blind.

In the years to come within this sick West, I really do believe that Myattian things like Folk Culture, Reichsfolk National-Socialism, The Numinous Way, and the ONA offer the Westerner working templates to recreate for themselves their own clans, tribes, and communitarian societies. They are each not "perfect" but nothing is and each Drecc and Niner must use their own brains to work the bugs out by old fashion trial and error. One of the benefits these Myattian things has is that they teach members of a clan, family to be proud of their culture and family. This breeds group solidarity and helps forge a group awareness or collective identity. Which is vital if a clan is to exist at all.

Honour – as silly as the word may sound to some in the West – as a praxis is the vital glue that makes a clan function. It is like the grease that makes gears turn smoothly. Acausal-Empathy is like the wordless knowing of when to push and when to pull, when to lead, and when to let go that makes dancing with a partner possible. Empathy will also be needed if a clan is to function productively. Duty is vital if a clan and family is to also function and bare fruit for mutual benefit. These three might seem simple and overlookable, but they are to a clan or any group structure, and as genuine daily praxis are hard to execute.

The Mythos and Methodology of the ONA gives the Drecc or Niner the practical means to apply the ideas and theories from the other Myattian things. It also provides a template for the manufacturing of new cultures, new traditions, and new rites of passage vital to any group of

humans. Ideas are useless unless applied. Applying the ideas to get results is the hard part. Talking about future children and clans is easy, doing the work to make it all become a reality will take decades of dedication and effort. I predict that after another 40 years there will be two types of Nexions, the old kind made up of friends and associates, and the new kind made up of blood kin and real clan members.

Like Anton Long says somewhere, the most important work for the ONA to work on during this Phase Three of Feyen is Our Family. This is because the family – as in big groups of people bound by loyalty, honour, and duty, as well as blood and intimate association – is the enemy of any regime and system. The Magian system has been assaulting and eroding the natural human Family since Christendom. This should be very easy to see. You can either have people share and borrow cars from their siblings or divide them so they have no choice but to buy your cars you made. You can either live with your family or divide them so they can buy your houses and rent your apartments. You can either borrow money from your family, or divide that family up so those people have no choice but to borrow money from your bank. With no family to be Loyal to, you become a Patriot and support your Nation even with your life. But you can barely shed a tear when your own mother or brother goes hungry. With no family to owe Duty to, you become Employee of the Month. You'd rather devote your energy and time to make another person wealthy. But you turn a blind face and pretend that your grandparents in those homes don't even exist anymore, because you have no duty to them. They don't give you a weekly pay check. They use all your hard earned money don't they. With no family to honour, you honour your ideologies and become fanatics of your religions and parties. Rather than honour living bodies that can return the honour and care for you, you would rather honour dead letters and empty ideations. You don't even have nuclear families any more. They are just single parent house holds. That's the cool things these days for mundanes to be bred in.

Without a culture and tradition of some sort to ground yourself in, you seek religion, and the secular -isms like individualism and consumerism as your substitute "culture." Your modern approved Western "families" today has the family tradition of all waking up at 8AM in the morning to go to school and work your whole life. You now have the family tradition and culture of driving through the Drive Thru for a traditional family meal. You now have the culture of going into credit card debt. It's a rite of passage actually. You're not a real Western Magian man unless you are at least \$5000 in debt when you are 21. You have the cultural rite of passage for girls becoming real women too. You're not a real grown woman unless you had sex when you were 15. Oh, let's not forget the new cultural crazy: facebook. And we can't forget the Father and Mother of modern Magian culture: Apple Inc & the Internet! Oh yes, the traditional cuisine of the Magian Western Culture: Coca Cola, Pizzahut, McDonald's, Big Size fries, and beer. And we can't forget the Fine Arts of the Magian West: The Kardashians, Jersey Shore, Oprah, and the local news.

But I'm not trying to save the world or anything. You mundanes can keep that Magian culture. As a Buddhist and ONA I know it is pointless to try and enlighten and educate you anariya mundanes. Nothing I have ever written and no ideas I have ever shared was ever written for any of you anariya mundanes to read. I consider all of you mundanes to be illiterate, meaning even if you can read the letters, you are incapable of Understanding the essence. The last

thing I want is for you mundanes to wake up. For the sake of my future children, nieces, and nephews. Who will more than likely own your children's asses. Your children will feed mine, work for mine, and make mine rich. Keep in mind that as time passes, the chasm between my rich descendents and your poor children will be huge. And don't tell me I don't know what I'm talking about, because the several family businesses my family today owns has some of your Magian Americans Mundane kinfolk working for us. In context to just the mundanes that work for my family, my family owns the apartments they live in, the houses they lease, and the cars they lease, because they get the money to pay for such things from my family. Your Magian "Culture" literally breeds you to be an employee and to seek employment when you need money. You have immigrants in the millions coming into this country with their own cultures and clan-families who all teach their young generations to start up and own businesses, and work and live together. That alone should tell you something about what you have to expect in your future. I promise you mundanes one thing: you will starve, die, and rot alone in your individualism.

I have no care or concern for the anariya mundanes. I do care for those in the West with the spirit and sinister quality who know something is wrong with the West and who understand that what is wrong begins at the very societal and familial foundation of the fabric of Western civilization. You have been individualized for a reason. I sound like a broken record now. If you know that much then you know the only means to fight Magian Ethos is to live the opposite way those Mundanes live. However they live, live the opposite. Whatever they Believe, believe the opposite. The only practical way to fracture the Monopoly the State is by re-establishing over time the more human way of families based on clan and tribes. This not only gives you a group of bodies to depend on for mutual aid and mutual prosperity, but gradually it also redirects people focus away from a far off government they believe they depend on back to the numinous level of your immediate sphere of life. The Monopoly of Power the State has is based on the Dependency of its populous on "services" the government or regime offers. Such as "protection" for tax money, its money they print, its jobs they make, etc. The more you are Dependent on that State, the more powerless you are and the more powerful the State becomes. The less powerful you are, and the more powerful the State is, the easier it is for the regime to implement its policies and further own your life. It's simple "causal mathematics."

There is no difference literally between a street gang and a political regime. If you look at a street gang that owns territory in the form of a neighborhood, you first ask, how did they get that territory? By war, meaning killing rivals or competition. Then they set up shop and start to prey on their "citizens," in the form of dealing drugs to the neighborhood dwellers. If you study these gangs real close in different areas, you will see with your own eyes that the more Dependent those neighborhood residents are on the "services" their controlling gangs offer [drugs and protection], the more powerless – due to a real lack of desire even – to over throw the gang and liberate themselves. In the neighborhoods where the people don't buy the drugs and resist the gangs "services" such as protection, its easier for them to chase the gangs out in time. All you have to do is take that street gang scenario and expand it to the size of a continent or large landmass and you have what is called a State and its regime. It doesn't matter of the gang/regime elect themselves into power or if you elect them into power, they are simply a gang/regime who controls territory to exploit you as their vanquished "citizens." When did the American Indians lose their sovereignty and become matriculated into America as a

subordinate group of people to the federal government? When they were vanquished.

Ending Remarks

I have a certain way of writing where I naturally mix my important ideas I want to actually talk about inside a picture painting made of word which tells stories about my life and which all is explained in different ways to the reader. There are several reasons why I do this. First is that I write how I think and formulate my own thoughts. This is just how or what my own thought process in my own head looks like as they form ideas. It all comes out mixed with memories of past experiences and I brake my own thoughts down into easier to understand things. Second reason is I simply write how I talk. Third reason is I think and talk and explain things the way my elders talk and explain things to me. This is how I get most of my knowledge and wisdom from my elders. All wrapped in stories of their past experiences and broken down into picturesque explanations. And so it is very easy for me to Understand what they are trying to share with me, and if I wanted to used those ideas they shared or incorporate them into my own mental system, it forces me to be able to truly grasp what they are saying so that I can extract or distill or refine out the essence of their talks.

My Bhikkhu grandpa once said us in a room: "I'd be a useless teacher if my students didn't understand a word I was teaching wouldn't I?" I have always found it hard to digest some things my peers in the West – those of my age and stuff –write because they lack this organic way of being taught things by elders through stories and picturesque explanations. Many of my peers have only an academic college or books they have read to follow the example of. So when they do write, it's often dry and clinical to me. As if they were writing an informational essay for college. They tend to cloud their essays with big words, the more the better they seem to believe. Sometimes their essays in word are verbose but in essence are barren. And when I as a reader or "student" may complain that I have a hard time understanding the writing, I am accused of being stupid and informed that perhaps I need an education to learn the big words they know.

In Theravada we call what my elders and I do "Upaya" which is a method of teaching or tricking people minds to understand an idea or tricking them to act or behave in some way. You need rapport and empathy to use do upaya. Meaning that as a teacher you need to know your target audience. Upaya is then the ability to take the essence of an idea and convey it into the Minds of a 5 year old and a 50 year old and have them both understand your idea in their own individual way according to their nature. There is just no point in teaching an idea or sharing a thought if the people you are speaking to do not understand you. The other productive benefit to upaya is that an idea which is able to travel into other Minds easy thus travels around easier. And therefore such thoughts are better able to inspire and influence more people.

I start off with a seed idea in my mind and then I pick out a handful of imaginary people or people I may know as my direct audience. Then slowly Unfold that seed thought using lexical words and pictures ideas my chosen audience may use. I use the personal stories to generate relation, meaning that perhaps when you read those stories you end up saying to yourself: "Ah, I had similar experiences, I can relate with that." Then I take the same essence of the

story and rewrite it out through different picturesque explanations so that the reader hopefully understand as close as possible what exactly I am trying to convey. If I was successful, then the essence of the essay should have added a new insight to your perception and understanding of things. With the end hope the you will in your own way add on to those ideas and even do something.

The essence of this essay is simple. Getting rid of a State with force does not work because the a new regime will form or relatives of the old regime will find their way back to running your lives. The West – or at least America – won't get any better. It may even get worse. And so as future parents or one generation who will give birth to the next generation we each have a responsibility to give each generation we give birth to the tools, knowledge, and wisdom they will need to make the best of life in their era and time. Because things won't get any better, the next generation will need more refined tools to survive. The tools the Magian Ethos offers will strangle them and cause them to be exploited. Lack of real culture is something vital that is missing in America. No the whole West is cultureless. Most of Europe still have their ancestral root at least. It may not sound super sinister but the most empowering work the ONA can do for the next generation is to put into practice the simple concepts of honour and clan life the ONA and other Myattian things teach. This way the next generation will at least have some kind of infant culture that can grow. It only took on person – my late great grandpa – just one life time to presence into the world a real living group of people who practiced his new culture of Christianity.

Our Unborn are our most important work. Because those of us alive today will all die and our Unborn will inherit this world. If we really intuitively understand this death of one generation and emergence of another, and we truly understand what it is we mean by the word “world” than it should in time be able to understand that in its the culture and mindset with give to the Unborn that unfolds as their world. The ONA gives us a clew to how to aeonically influence the future when DM defines a Nexion as also being a person. It is through each person that the essence of something is expressed into Form via action and behaviour. Yes I know I misspelled clew. Spelled that way it means a Ball of String you throw into a maze to help lead people out. Can't find your way through a Labyrinth if you without clews. It is through the Unborn as nexions that our aeonic seeds unfolds in a future time frame. But for those seeds to unfold and even pass to and through their children, our Unborn nexions must be given every thing they need to function properly. Our Unborn should be as healthy as we can make them, as smart as we can teach them to be, and as cooperative with their own. They will need some kind of culture and tradition.

One of the positive aspects of traditional religions is that they offer a means of transmitting rites, traditions, and customs to a people across time and the succession of generations. Islam and Catholicism are two fine examples, which I actually admire. Although religion should be no substitute for natural human culture. They work better as something to supplement that natural human culture. But things like this with structure end up becoming something opportunistic people fight each other over for power and influence and wealth. Something like the ONA should be more like language. Where each user/speak actually has their own unique version of the ONA, and where each nexion and clan also has their own vernacular or dialect of the ONA. This way, like language, no one can ever claim to own the ONA and get very far beyond the

simple claim. You can claim to be the leader of English all you want, but it's not going to get any further than the claim. But if you pay attention to a living culture, they are also like that. No one can realistically claim to own or be leader of a culture. A culture does not actually exist as a concrete thing. It is a mosaic made up of all the individual doings, observances, and practices of each person in that "culture."

I think that the ONA itself, as an Order – which is what the word sangha means – is a useful tool in the very same way the sangha of Buddhism was useful for 2500 years. As an Order it is made up of different people with related ideas and thoughts housed in our writings just like dhamma was housed in the Tipitaka. The sangha's monks just simply introduce their ideas out to each new generation so that those new generations have the sasana/practice. The ONA may one day through one or some of us evolve into such an Order, which introduces the "Nine Angles Tradition" to each new generation of the future. The Seven Fold Way already can serve the function of a sort of "monastic" priesthood. Actually "priest/priestess" is a title you assume in one of the Grades of the Seven Fold Way. The Dreccs and Niners are like the ariyasangha which is the other half of the Order. It's actually not accurate to refer to members of the Ariyasangha as "laity" because a "bhikkhu" is actually a beggar who specializes in memorizing dhamma and not a really a monk." If you call a member of the Bhikkhusangha a bhikkhu then you call a member of the ariyasangha an Ariya or Noble. Technically there are classes of Nobles, the "lowest" being the Upasika which means Assistant or Apprentice. Each class is only based on how many vows you hold. The ONA has its novices who are beginners. They start off by studying and reading. Then you have the next class who are the Dreccs and Niners that take the vows of The Sinister-Numen to live by that code of honour. Then you have a different class who practices the traditional things outlined in Codex Saerus and Naos. And so on.

As long as each of us in our own ways puts into practice the ONA in our lives, and as long as we stay somewhat organized, we can slowly work to seed the future aeonically through people we meet and progeny we make. I'd rather learn from the example of these ancient memplexes like Buddhism, Islam, and Catholicism which have proven to live a very long time, then from the example of new age books and the occult. One thing those three memplexes share in common is that they are full of ceremonies and rites that become traditions observed by their people. They also supplement a people's organic human culture instead of totally trying to replace it like Protestant sects operate. A Mexican in Mexico and an Italian in Italy can have different cultures, but the same Catholicism. A Bedouin from the Sahara and a Bangladeshi can have very different cultures, but share the same Islam and Islamic traditions. A person from Sri Lanka and somebody from Japan can have very different cultures, but share Buddhism. But the English language works like this too. This is one flaw I see in modern satanism. It inherited its parent's [Protestantism] attitude of watered down substitute culture based on nothing but pure ideation, ideology, and thinking with a different set of beliefs. You are left divested of culture, tradition, or any kind of practice in life. It's literally just an idea and label you carry in your head.

The problem I see with the design in the State/System of America is that it was made to maintain equilibrium and status quo and not progress collectively as a civilization. Most scientific and technological progress we have seen comes from the private sector or from the

corporate sector. Any American history buff like me who is actually into every little detail of America's history and development cannot avoid something called Freemasonry. At least as far as independent study of history goes. If you dig deep enough and look in all your corners, you'll come across that organization several times and out of curiosity to fit the pieces of history together, you'll have to research Freemasonry also.

If you take a look at how the structure of Freemasonry is put together you'll see a republican system of government called a Grand Lodge. The officers are democratically elected. But the actual function of the Grand Lodge is to maintain regularity of the rites and the status quo of its organization. So you'll see that the Grand Master and most of the other officers have only a one year term. Before you can make up your mind to make any real progressive change, you're time in office expires. And setting change in motion while in office is still hard. Because during your one year term you can try to draft a new rule, but this has to be voted on the following year after your term is actually up. Then if your drafted legislation does not collect the required votes, they use a method of stalemating that legislation sometimes called a "carry over" when it is saved for the next year to be voted on again. There is only so many times that draft bill can do that carry over before it is killed.

After the revolution, the Founding Fathers had no other republican system of government to model their system after besides the Freemasonry that many of them belonged to. So you end you end up with a the US Constitution, which was inspired by British Freemasonry's "Anderson Constitution" which is perhaps the oldest functioning constitution of any republican styled system. The Grand Lodge system of Freemasonry which is all three branches in one was separated into three independent branches and this became our American Governmental system. The office of Grand Master of Freemasonry is renamed the "President," in the same line of thought where the Master of the Lodge is the actual "Presiding" head of his Lodge. The one year term of the Grand Master is extended to 4 years. Most important correlation to look at is that in a Jurisdiction of a Grand Lodge, it's common members of the Subordinate Lodges are subject to the rule of their Grand Lodge and they have no choice but to follow the laws past by the Grand Lodge they elected. They also actually have close to zero power and say in their jurisdiction other than the power to vote once or twice on things during voting season which is also in November for them. So you look at the Citizenship of America and you see the same conditions. The Citizen is subject to the rule of the government they elected, they have no freedom but to follow federal laws, and the only real "power" of self governance they exercise is the ability to vote a few times once a year. The entire governing system of America is designed only to maintain stasis and status quo and is not mechanized to be an actual dynamic and progressive civilization.

Another major problem in the American System is the actual "Policy Maker." In a kingdom you have the king who is the actual policy maker. He creates the policy and asserts it onto his populous. When the Founding Father's won their independence they took the concept of a king and turned it into what we today call a "Political Party." The policy maker is no longer a person, but a set of principles, beliefs, and ideological theories, which has a base of people who support those theories and seek to assert those policies onto the populous. Whereas in a kingdom a king only lives for a good 90 years and if you don't like how he governs the land you can kill him, with a Political Party, the Party lives longer than one life time, and you can

assassinate a political party if you did not like how it is running the place. The problem arises when not only do you have a separate President who only serves for for 4 years, but now you have many Political Parties, each with their own policies and agendas. You end up with a system designed from the beginning to only maintain its generic equilibrium and which system ends up going in circles because of the back and forth transition of Political Parties. The only thing that really manifests out of such a system is debt and control of the populous for the sake of control. At least with an empire of kingdom, you did have national debt, but you also had national fruit to show for that debt, such as expansion of territory, etc.

Where is the collective energy of America being focused? With collective entities such as an army or kingdom you actually had something dynamic where the collective force of the army or kingdom was focused on various "projects" and interests such as expanding territory or even exploration of new lands. So you can see that as an entity something like an empire funnels it's people's collective for on productive endeavours, so there was appropriate reasons for national debt at times to fund such projects. But what exact is the collective creative force of the 300 million Americans focused on to actualize? Corporate Labour is the answer, and the by products of such corporate labour, such as opening new markets. What do I mean by "opening new markets?" I mean what happened in the 1800's when Japan was a closed society and nation that would not allow America to trade and access it's market? America used force to open up Japan. Then back at home because of the new market, some new jobs were created to put citizens to work. Or the other byproduct of corporate labour, which the acquisition of needed resources to maintain a corporation and manufacture goods. If a energy requires oil to make and your companies need energy to make products, then oil is a resource that is very important to keep your corporate system functioning and to keep you citizens busy. And so it's no surprise that the West sticks its nose into the business of countries with oil. And our West goes so far as to make Capitalism and Consumerism as the Culture of the West. So in the end we end up with a civilization based on a really useless concept: the concept of making some people very rich. You're left asking: and than what? After you have made your billions, then what?

As diseased and dysfunctional [or pointless] as the West is right now, I still am conservative about the status quo of the world order. Meaning that I do not believe in the equality of civilizations and that it should remain as it is now. I would rather have a sick West which at least values freedom and creativity to lead the world and thus humanity, than to have the Islamic civilization be top dog in the world order to lead the world into shariah law. I reject the concept of ecumenism and egalitarianism on a global level, a ideological level, and a people level. Not every ideological doohicky is equally good and productive. Not every person or culture is productive or constructive or intelligent, with equal amounts of reason and understanding. Not every nation should influence the rest of humanity. Those people or nations or ideologies that have actually proven their worth via fruit and end results are what should lead the order of things. In this regard, I still believe in the Supremacy of the West and that the West still has a Destiny to manifest. Even if it is sick at the moment. Capitalism and our current system of government has just taken us as far as it can go and broke down or is breaking down like an old car. We just need to collectively [the zeitgeist] wake up with a paradigm shift and fix it.

Destiny is just a goofy word I use to mean Vipaka, or the aeonic End Fruit of a causal input. For example if I have the resolve to hike up a hill and I actually put my body in motion to climb that hill, then we can say that being at the top of the hill is my Destiny, or that I am Destined to be at the top. It's from the Latin word *Destinare*, which means to Establish or Make Firm, as in to be Determined to materialize an Intent or Purpose, which is what the old French "Destinee" meant. If I have the intent or purpose of visiting Tokyo and I actually bought a plane ticket and drove myself to the airport, then because of the causal input I have set in motion, it becomes my Destiny that I Will be in Tokyo the next day. But just because it is Destined to be, does not always mean that it is guaranteed. Because my plane can crash into the ocean before I get there. Then that is called Fate.

Fate is when you experience the end fruit of someone or something's causal chain reaction. When another person's Destiny crosses your path. An airplane is over flown and a crack develops in the wing. The people that should have inspected the wings for defects felt lazy that day so they didn't. I got on the plane to fly to Tokyo. It is fated that I die in the plane crash, because of the causal events set into motion by different wyrdful streams of causal input. And then Wyrd would be the messy spiderweb network of lines aeonic lines of fate and destiny crisscrossing which we are all inside. 300 million people lost in the samsara of the "State" of America is a collective wyrd, or we can say that the System is the Wyrdful result of the collective causal input of 300 million people.

If you pay attention to the murmuring of the zeitgeist of the West and Japan, you'll see that from our collective psyche there still bubbles to the surface visions and desires and dreams to colonize space and to exist in some sort of future environment that is different than the world we live in today. Usually these murmurings bubbles up in the form of science fiction movies and books, but sometimes it inspires scientists and inventors to try and make new things. If you were to just compare our collective hopes and murmurings of our Western Zeigeist with the collective mind of other civilization you'll see the big difference. The only real murmuring you feel come out of the Islamosphere is the destruction of Israel and global shariah, which is actually petty on the scale of humanity and human potential. I don't even know what the collective mind of Africa is murmuring for, maybe for food and clean water and money. China is collectively done murmuring for wealth and superpowerdom, they are now inputting their causal inputs to actualize their murmurings. So we can say that it is their destiny as a people to one day because of their new found capitalism be a rich and respected country. But keep in mind that the West has been there and done that. We're already rich and respectable, and capitalism can't take us any further. The West is broken right now, but the spirit of the West still murmurs and still yearns to reach high for the stars and for greater potential. We just need that paradigm shift to awaken everybody up to the reality and possibility a new aeonic vehicle that will manifest our Western Destiny.

Until that day comes when the West does experience that shift, the mundanes in the West will be enthralled or attached to their broken system until all Hell breaks loose. They are a breed of people who are very short sighted and weak minded. The anariya cannot be awaken unless they hit rock bottom first. Otherwise they will reject any help. Which means that between now and a future collapse of the System, those of us Aware in the West need to wise up and act accordingly and plan ahead. We are each thus responsible for our next generation's well

being. Those of us in the ONA who are influenced by Myattian thought must try hard to keep Magian Ethos in all its Forms from infecting our Unborn. The next generation needs to learn how to live in a more collective or communitarian way. Even if we don't raise our future children up as criminals and Jihadists, there are still many aspects of the ONA and the other Myattian things that serve as templates to forge a culture and clan out of. Whatever we do, our next generation, being a product of our causal work here on this earth, are each living testimonies of our own worth. For, the results of our actions speak louder than our ideological beliefs. The Fate of our Unborn, literally, rests in each of our hands.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

THE POWER OF MYTHOS



The Power Of Mythos

That's like a word play of Joseph Campbell's book called "The Power Of Myth." Which was a great book by the way. I think during my college years I read and watched every book and PBS thing Mr. Campbell ever did. I love authors and book like that. Unfortunately over the many years since I began reading on my own I've trained my Mind to be very selective with information. It's just that I am a voracious reader in real life. I'll read the back of shampoo bottles in the shower even. And so I just have no room in my brain to remember the titles over every thing I read. I just unconsciously retain only exactly what I need. Which all sinks into my unconscious part of my Mind as just potentials. Then I'll use mental devices to draw up those ideas when I need them.

I've also read every book and saw most documentaries by Graham Hancock and his pseudo-archeological speculations. I love how he goes around to all these ancient places and temples like Indiana Jones and from just a pile of stone he can fabricate all these fantastical stories of a lost civilization of Atlantis buried beneath the ice of Antarctica. Then he changed his mind and thought Greenland was Atlantis. But then he changed his mind again and said it may have just sunk into the ocean after all.

I have all these people that have either inspired me or been an influence on me and how I think and see things besides DM/AL. Like the other great British guy, Alan Watts. I first found Alan Watts when I was in junior high. When I was a baby I used to cry nonstop and the only way I went to sleep was if my parents played the radio or TV on a boring station. So I've had this weird thing ever since then where I always have my radio playing softly by bed set to a very boring station where people just talk so I can fall asleep tranquilly. So in junior high I found KPFK [90.7] and used it as my background station to fall asleep to since it was had a lot of talking.

Every Friday nights at 12AM KPFK has this all nighter yap fest from Midnight to 6 in the morning of the world's most boringest shit ever. Which was perfect because I fell asleep real peacefully. So every now and then on Fridays the station would play talks by Alan Watts, to which I fell asleep to. But gradually I ended up staying half awake to listen to things this guy had to say because I had suddenly grew interested in him and what he knew about Buddhist,

Zen, and Taoism. So instead of helping me stay awake, I found myself staying up all nights every Fridays in bed.

That station also had these cool talk shows Friday nights where people with boring voices would read science fiction novels. They'd read a few chapters on Friday. Then a few more the next Friday. There were some really great stories that you can daydream to. But the irritating thing was you had to wait a whole week to get the other parts of the stories. And then they played this great kind of Techno-Ambient music in between their talk shows which I really liked. There was this one artist I really loved to listen to who had his own weird style of music. The music was a techno-Ambient beat but the guy instead of singing or rapping he just talked like he was telling stories about crazy things he did and how he felt doing them.

There was this one song I still remember where the music would play for 2 minutes, then he'd come in and whisper how he was walking one night past a old building, and he spent time describing in detail what the building looked like. Then the music would play for another 2 minutes. He comes back and whispers about him going into the building and how he was frightened of the dark, how his heart was beating, how it smelled of mildew inside. Then the music would play for 2 minutes. He comes back and explains in detail how he uncapped his gasoline cans and began to pour gas around the building, and how his heart was throbbing out of fear from being caught. Then the music would go for 2 minutes. He comes back and describes how he left the building and struck a match and ran to hide in a bush to watch. The music goes for 2 minutes. He comes back and the music in the back ground begins to pick up and he's now talking in a louder tone about how the building was consumed by a bright flame and the smell filled the night air, and how he was masturbating to his work of art he made which made him orgasm from the glory of the flames that lit the night. Then the music falls and comes to a stop. I remember laying there on my bed, visualizing his narrative as if I were in the scene and at the end I said to myself: "Wow, that was intense! I can't believe they play this stuff on the radio. I wanna be an arson too!"

I have a lot of other influences besides elders in my family. Minister Louis Farrakhan is a huge influence on me. When he was younger though. Today with all of his talk about Mother Ships and all, he just went somewhere I can't go [off the deep end]. I love watching him preach. His style of preaching actually is the influence or inspiration, not what he talks about. Then there are normal living people I encounter somehow that either is a source of inspiration, influenced my Mind somehow or contributes Knowledge to my personal bank vault of Knowledge. Like Beesty Boy and his contributions to the ONA as well as his Ex-Ordo works. I've always secretly found his Caelethi, Sinister Tarot, The Tree of Wyrld, and SIR to be a source of esoteric insight. Magister Hagur whom is a personal hero of mine. He's 70 years old and he's still mad repping ONA in his own way. Hagur is a very intelligent man. I love his books "Becoming Another God," "Dark Forces Words," & "The Dark Gods In The Spheres," which can all be found at his site [HERE](#).

Then there are those people I follow whom I find online that have contributed their ideas/memes and Knowledge base and have influenced my thoughts and/or thought process. And these few may not even know me. People like MindFux from L316 wherever he is found in those networks. Dan Dread wherever he is found as well. I read Satanic Forums on a regular

basis, so I end up picking out a few people I follow who have ideas and insights. Then there is Jason King. I've watched many of his videos and read his Postmodern Satanism book several times with a dictionary.

So I have a diverse resource of people and minds I draw from for raw material knowledge with which I end up building my own thoughts with. Why is the Tipitaka called the 3 Baskets? Because in ancient times workers used baskets to convey Raw Material to build things with. What do you do with Raw Material? You build with it. The stuff in the Tipitaka and the Knowledge we accumulate are only Raw Material. Knowledge is not the end of the Process. Only the beginning.

So those are just some people I find in some way, form, or other to be inspiring or influential; besides my two obvious influential giants Buddha & "You Know Who." I just didn't want people thinking I was some closed system where I'm just putting out "original" ideas left and right and that I'm so special I don't need outside inspiration and influenced. Quite the opposite actually. I just restate things others have already said and thought, sometimes for over a thousand or 2 thousand years. It's just that I simply take that Raw Material and build my own things with it for my own end purposes: ONA.

As far as Thought-Patterns goes, I personally classify Thought-Patterns – or "memes" – into 3 major species: 1) Speculative Knowledge, 2) Practical Wisdom, & 3) Mythos. Each are very different from the other and each function differently. Each are needed to engineer a fully functional Culture/Memplex.

Knowledge

What do I mean by "knowledge?" I mean Raw Data or Raw Information which you and I can collect and accumulate from whatever sources or resources. Knowledge is not Gnosis. Just because you have a data bank stuffed with Knowledge does not mean you have Awakened to Realize anything [gnosis]. Otherwise our computers would be enlightened beings. Knowledge is just random idea and data. The sun is an orange class star, that's a bit of knowledge. People are biological organisms, that's a bit of knowledge. Time flows "forward," that's knowledge. The more knowledge you have, the more Raw Material you have to build with.

I break the word Knowledge into two separate words and further break them down: Know and Ledge. Meaning to Know your Ledge. A Ledge in Old English is a Legge; from the verb Leggen. Back in those times a Ledge was a Cross Bar or Barrier. Like a cross bar on a door to lock it, or a Bar of a gate. Have you ever been to a paid parking lot where at the paying booth there was a Bar, that's a Legge. Have you ever heard the expression: "Pass the Bar?" That phrase comes from olden times when to take your exam to be a lawyer you had to cross the Legge of a gate of a Knights Templar compound in England to get to your exam place.

Back in those Medieval ages your village had a Legge. To cross it you needed an official paperwork giving you permission to leave your village. Like a hall pass at school. It was a crime punishable by death to wander outside the Legge of your village in those dark ages. You did not have any rights or business walking around beyond the Limits set and established for

you. Where does the word "Villain" come from? A common villager. As a "citizen" you have Limits your authorities have set for you. You stay in those Limits if you are to be a "good" citizen. Leave those Limits and you are a heretic, villain, and a criminal: a threat to an established system meant to keep you in your place.

Do you Know your Ledge? When you have discovered a Ledge in Life or mentally, religiously, socially, physically, sexually, or politically, do you Cross that Ledge to expand your World, or do you choose to stay inside your diminutive Limits set for you by others? You know you have met up with a Ledge in Life when you say to yourself: "Nah, I ain't fucking with that shit. Satanism, nah, I heard from random people that shit is crazy." You know you have met up with a Ledge when you defend with conviction and passion your democracy, your capitalism, or your religion not knowing actually of an alternative and not allowing yourself to go beyond that Limit. The Limit of simply being born and raised and conditioned inside a democracy, capitalism, and your religion, your whole life. How do you Know of better alternatives, if you have never ventured outside of your Ledge? The more Ledges a person has the more diminutive and retarded their minds are. "Sheltered" is the word. Sheltered in the comfort of Bars.

Wisdom

You will never Know anything unless you cross your limits. Jumping that Ledge is the first step to Gnosis or Buddhi. KnowLedge is the first step. So the question can be asked of us: Once we Know something what do we do with that Knowledge? Which takes us to Wisdom.

I break Wisdom down into two "words," Wis and Dom. Wis etymologically comes from the really Old English word Weid meaning to "See," and is related to the Sanskrit word Veda, meaning Knowledge. To See meaning you can't See shit unless you are directly standing in front of it. Which in Theravada is called Pacchakka, meaning to See shit directly with your own eye balls. Later Pacchakka was renamed Vipassana. Dom as in a kingDOM. From the Old English word Cyningdom. Which back then was also rendered as Kingrick. A Rick/Reich and a Dom/Domr meant the same thing: a domain or place in the Realm of Nature. Realm of Nature would be the Causal realm in ONA speak.

So Wisdom is taking what you See and have come to Know from seeing, and applying it in Life, or the Realm of Nature for results. Google Wisdom and you'll get a page of the same definition. Wisdom is the application of knowledge.

The word Way/Ways and the word Wise are the same words. Way as in a Manner or Method or methodology of Doing something. As in the word Otherwise, meaning and suggesting that there is an Other Way of doing something. Or the word Likewise, meaning a Like Way. As in the words Anyway/Anywise. To be Wise means to Know the Way of Doing something.

So in practical terms to Know is to have read you car's owner's manual from front to back. The data you have collected is what is called Knowledge. You take auto shop in school to See with your own eyes what Knowledge you have collected. In auto shop you physically take cars apart and put them back together to gain the Knowledge of the Way and Manner a car is put

together and how the parts work together. Once you have gone thru the Experience of applying your Knowledge, you have the Wisdom of how cars work. You are Wise with cars.

Understanding

Something happens to you inside gradually as you are directly exposed to the experience of putting together cars. It's a Realization or an Emotional/Intuitive Apprehension, when you say to yourself: "Oh, I See, this part and that part does such and such, that's why a car works." That's called Understanding, Gnosis, Buddhi, Revelation, Realization. It's when the Essence/Potential of that Knowledge has Unfolded like a flower and you finally smell it's fragrance. Like the smell of coffee waking you up – Awakened/Buddha – in the morning. Knowledge is like looking at a picture of a flower. Wisdom is the act of planting the flower plant. And Understanding is smelling the flower.

I break Understanding down to two words: Under & Stand. Under coming from the Sanskrit "Antar" meaning Among, Between; the Latin "Inter" meaning Among and Between as in International; and from the Greek "Entera" meaning your Guts and Insides. Together it means to Stand Among, Stand in Between, Stand Inside and in the presence of something. To fully Understand a culture or Kung Fu, you have to actually Immerse yourself inside that culture and be among kung fu artists and teachers Directly face to face, body to body. You go thru the Experience of taking apart and putting cars back together, and you develop an Understanding of how the car functions.

It's like relationships. You'll never genuinely Know how and what boys or girls are unless you have put yourself inside a relationship with one or several and directly experience them. You'll never Understand a marriage and what its all about unless you Stand Under/Inside/Among/Between a marriage and directly Experience it. That concept of standing directly before and among something for Gnosis in Theravada is called Vibhajjavada, the doctrine [Vada] of Direct Exposure [Vibhajja]. In ONA and the Nunimous Way we have a similar – yet not the same – concept in Pathei-Mathos.

So we can ask ourselves: Who teaches us or gives us our Understandings of things? Who can give us our Gnosis, our Buddhi, our intuitive apprehensions, our Acausal Knowings? The answer is no one can. Understanding is a personal realization of something which can only happen Inside your own self.

And so in Brahmanism we have the concept of Sambodhi which means Self-Realization. And in Theravada we have the concept of Sambuddhi which means Self-Enlightenment. They are the same words in different times and dialects. The Buddha is called the Sambuddhassa, the One Who Understood things by Himself. Because you can only Understand or Realize things by yourself and on your own terms.

The story of the Buddha goes that after he ditched his kingdom he had been confronted by the 4 Adversaries of Life: Old Age, Sickness, Death, and a Shramana. Seeing that Life was not as pretty as he was raised to believe it was he became a begging Shramana: one who lives Among/Between the Shram [struggle/adversity] of Life. Beggar in Pali is Bhikkhu which is

mistranslated into English as “Monk.” They are not monks, they are people who have ditched the system and become self induced beggars. Or at least they used to be.

As a Shramana the young Siddhartha wandered around India and joined every sect and Brahmanist cult he could find to try to figure out why life was so adverse, why it was such a struggle, why people suffered, etc. he bounced around from guru to guru and was never satisfied with any answers these religions and sects were giving him. He ended up accusing them of replacing his ignorance with just more ignorance. So he retreats into the forest to immerse himself in Life: the Forest, to see how exactly life works. So the time he spent with sects and gurus is him collecting his Knowledge, Raw Data. Putting himself directly in front of Life to see the Wise it works is the process of gaining Wisdom.

Under the Bo Tree one day while meditating he recalls a moment when he was a child. His father had taken him outside his palace and the boy Siddhartha spied in the distance a farmer plowing his field. He noticed that the plow had unearthed an earthworm which was wiggling on a clump of dirt. He saw a bird fly by, took the worm, and fed it to her babies in her nest. And Siddhartha at that moment Understood the fundamental process of Life: Causal Mechanics. He suddenly Realized – Buddhied – that people suffer from a complex association of causal inputs. The first major input is the ignorant actions of the person themselves: stupid people reap stupid results. The second source of input is the actions set in motion by others around them: steal someone’s pigs and they suffer. The third source of input to suffering was set into causal motion by nature itself: monsoons might water plants but they can drown people. The fourth source was set into motion by the peoples religions: if you believe in a caste system, you will be put into a caste. And the fifth was set into motion by the internal function of the kingdom the people lived in: military actions, economic action, laws and punishment. So he became known as the Buddha: the Awakened Guy. And the Samma Sambuddhassa: the Guy who by Himself Understood [sambuddhassa] the Whole Thing [samma].

Speculative & Operative

I’m putting speculative knowledge and practical wisdom into the same topic header because I really don’t want people thinking one is “better” than the other. They are just two different species of Thought-Patterning. In western philosophy they are referred to as Practical Reason, and Speculative Reason. There are hence, not one but two types of Reason.

Both types can be found in science. Speculative Knowledge are theories, hypotheses, conclusions, and beliefs. Practical Wisdom/Reason in context to science would be the 4 steps of the scientific method. You believe in one, and you follow/apply the other. But if you pay close attention, you’ll notice that at least with science your speculative knowledge is supported by your practical wisdom: the Way, Method, or Methodology of the Practical steps of the scientific method. One is born from thinking/speculating whereas the other is born from Doing/Experience.

Each can give rise to the other. For example if one day you saw a fish eat a worm, and you speculate: “Hmm, if fish eat worms, and I put a worm on a hook???” And you apply that speculative reasoning and actually fished for fish, then your act of fishing and generating

results supports your speculations, which was born from your speculations. Then when you tell people: "Put worms on hooks to catch fish" it is called practical wisdom. Because you experienced it, gained your wisdom from the act, and if other followed it they get the same results. You debate and argue speculative knowledge, but you can't debate or argue Practical Wisdom. No more than you would win a debate after being told: "Don't drink and drive." Because even if you did win such a debate, when you drive your ass home drunk, you'll either kill people or yourself. Which was the end result the practical wisdom was trying to prevent in the first place. Practical Wisdom in this case because others have driven drunk and have killed people or were killed.

Practical Wisdom is more important to tribes and living cultures. Usually in context to living culture practical wisdom is referred to as things like Customs, Traditions, Our Way of Doing, Our Way of Life. The practical wisdom of a tribe develops over time. I'll give a great example that happened last year.

My aunt-mother went to the hospital after she fainted. We all freaked out but the doctors said that she'd be fine and my aunt-mother went back home. In a matter of months she lost a ridiculous amount of weight and was always tired. Then she started to develop these weird sores and bubbles around her abdomen which were filled with green liquid. Her husband took her to the doctors again over this. The doctors checked her and said there was nothing wrong with her but they removed the green bubbles and sent her home.

Later the green bubbles came back and she fainted again. We took her to the doctors again freaked out. This time the doctors said there was something seriously wrong with her [duh]. They checked her with an ex-ray they found a lump the size of a grapefruit in her abdomen. They rushed her to surgery to remove it. It was a big ball of green fluid. They couldn't figure out where it was coming from. The doctors said she'd have to have a tube connected to this thing to drain it because they didn't know how to stop it.

They let her come home with a tube in her side. And every day a little pint of green fluid was drained. But she got worse. She couldn't eat any more. She had lost her appetite, when she ate things it was like the food didn't do anything for her. She couldn't walk anymore because she was literally took weak. Her husband took her to the hospital again. This time after the doctors told us that they will have to cut her open and look around and remove a few things if her condition or she will die.

Meanwhile my grandmother and the elders and my aunt-mother's oldest sister and brother had seen the green bubbles on my aunt-mother. The elders recognized what was going on with her and they recalled as part of their ancestral tradition passed down to them by their elders before that a tea made from a certain plant we call Marris Prow would fix her. Marris Prow is an herb and extremely aromatic in soup. The strength of its aroma is like oregano. It has heart shaped leaves and the leaves are ridged. My aunt-mother's oldest sister said that she had a huge bush of Marris Prow in her back yard she cooks with every other day. So the elders planned on take that Marris Prow and buy as much as they can elsewhere and give it to my aunt-mother.

Except there were problems. First her husband was so freaked out he didn't trust old traditional remedies. He said that he can't risk her life for herbal tea. It's irrational. The doctors know what to do. So everybody got into an argument and fight with him. My oldest aunt ended up saying that it's her sister, and that they were sisters before he married her. That her blood and sister's life is in her hands not his. He's just a husband she found. The other elders got into the fight and said, my uncle-dad is young and ignorant of the old tradition, and thus has no understanding of what is happening to her and how to fix her. After the fight my uncle-dad just let things be and said to do whatever then. The other problem was the doctors. There was this big fight with our family and the doctors at the hospital. The doctors said that they wanted to cut her open and see what is wrong with her or she'd die. My grandmother said to hell with that, her daughter is not a farm pig they can just cut open on a whim. Especially since none of them really knows what is wrong with her. The doctors threatened our family and said that if my aunt-mother dies, we'd all go to jail for murder. My oldest aunt said: "Fine. I'm willing to go to prison for life for my sister. I'm not like you and your dishonorable people. That's my sister, my blood, not yours."

They wheel chaired my aunt-mother to my grandmother's house, and we brewed that Marris Prow for her to drink 5-6 times a day. She'd drink liters of it every day. In only one month she was walking again and the green fluid had stopped coming out. Three months later she had gained nearly all her weight back because she was eating so much. She took herself to the doctors to have that tube from her side removed. The doctors checked her and said that she was perfectly fine.

So Practical Wisdom here means that its a species of knowledge which was not born from randomly speculating about things. Such Wisdom was born over long period of real living pathai-mathos of seeing people die and some people survive something like the weird condition my aunt-mother went through. The Practical Wisdom of using that herb Marris Prow to cure that condition was not speculative knowledge, not something which is a belief, or a theory. It was applied by many generations and people over time and to such people proven to work. You can't argue or debate a people or culture's body of practical wisdom they have accumulated, because such people have tried and seen the results.

The thing to keep in mind though is that to those people who have gone thru that pathai-mathos and experience and saw the proof, it is practical wisdom. But to "outsiders" unaware of such things, it can be speculative in nature. Such people with such practical wisdom have an Understanding of their practical wisdom born from direct experience and application. Outsiders who have not gone through that experience do not have that Understanding. So what is the bridge between Knowledge and Understanding? Wisdom. The wisdom born from personal and direct experience is the Bridge between what we have come to Know and what we will come to Understand. Wisdom is the nexion in other words between what what we Know in our Mind, and what we Realize in our Heart. So the steps to Understanding are: Mind, Body, Heart/Chitta. Mind as in Knowledge. Body as in Physical Action or the physical application of knowledge in the world to generate Wisdom, Heart as in the Inner apprehension of the Essence.

The three steps are the same stages expressed in the idea of the triple Goddess: maiden,

mother, and crone. And also in the concept of Youth, Manhood, and Dotage. In our Youth as Maidens of boys we collect our Knowledge in Life, from our clans and people, from school. In our Middle age as mother or Man, we apply what Knowledge we have learned from our people to gain Wisdom. As in a Warrior ends up over time with the wisdom of war. As a mother who has experienced motherhood has the wisdom of mothering children to teach inexperienced ones. In our Elderly years as crone or old man, we gain a deep Understanding of Life from what deeds and actions we applied and committed in our past. And with that Understanding as Elders of a people we pass such Understandings down to the next generation and onward as gifts which were the fruit of a Life we lived in fullness.

This is one thing that turns me off about Western religions and culture. It's that many Occidental religions is unbalanced and mostly speculative. To clarify the difference speculative is what you can juggle in your head. Practical is like boot camp. There is nothing to believe in boot camp. Boot camp is not a philosophy, or spiritually, or paradigm, or worldview. It's just a Way of doing something others have done before. And after doing it you gain a corpus of Wisdom born from the experience which you simply cannot obtain from books.

I love how in Buddhism the Buddha gives you a list of the requisites that defines Dhamma as a dhamma. One of those requisites is that a dhamma must be testable in application and the conclusion the same for anyone who tests and applies it. In other words what the Buddha was saying is that when he says Cause and Effect is a dhamma or phenomenon that you yourself should and must test that out and see for yourself if an effect comes into being from a cause. So if someone came to you and said that a dhamma is that a blue skinned god named shiva is "real" and you and others can't test that dhamma to see a blue skinned god yourself, then it is not a dhamma or phenomenon of Nature, no matter how they bend, twist, and parse their beliefs. Belief in something is very different from Doing something and gaining a personal Understanding of it.

And so a teacher is limited in what they can do for you. A teacher can only give you raw data, and he may also only be able to Guide you into the Experience of something. The Wisdom and Understanding must be up to you to manifest and come into. There is no such thing in this regard as a "teacher" who can teach you to be Wise and Understand things, because Wisdom is born from personal and practical application/deed, and Understanding is born inside each of us. No more than your mother or father can manifest inside of you the Wisdom and Understanding of what it is like to be a mother or father. You have to; by the very Nature of Mind, Experience and Realization; come to those things on and by your own time, terms, and means. Their guidance can only come to you in the form of Practical Wisdom based on what they themselves may have learned. Anybody who comes to you and says that they can teach you to be wise and understanding of things, themselves have no real practical grasp of how the Mind works, and what wisdom and understanding are.

When mundane Satanist say: "Satanism is a philosophy" are they saying that it is speculative or practical? Speculative. What's a very familiar reaction we hear after someone has read the Satanic Bible? We hear them say: "Wow, it was like I were reading my own thoughts!" Is that speculative ideology or practical wisdom? If it were practical wisdom we'd hear people say: "Dude, I was experimenting with that shit just last week and the Satanic Bible somehow

precisely expressed my very conclusions! It's like me and LaVey went through the same shit!" You know what I'm talking about, when we go crying to our best friend about something our boyfriend did, and our best friend goes: "Mmm hmm, I feel you girl, he sounds just like my ex." She said that because she has been through an actual Experience similar to what we were going through. And what advise she may give based on her experience is practical wisdom.

And this is my biggest turn off about Occidental memplexes. It's almost all speculative and zero practical wisdom. It's all a nice a pretty mix of spirituality, philosophy, ideology, theory, belief, and a lot of fantastical stories. And some of them [Jehovah's Witnesses, Satanists, etc] even go so far as to tell me their speculative religions are a "way of life." Like I'm stupid like them. Like I can't tell the difference between a fucking thought juggling in my head and doing shit in life. How is it a "way of life?" Did it make you gay? It gave you weird medical conditions? Are you Amish now? You're praying 5 times a day and planning a hajj now? Are you robbing people now whereas before you were law abiding? Did it give you an alternative to working a job? Did it give you a tribe to live with? Are you living in caves instead of houses like everybody else now? Can you seriously look at others around you not of your religion and say that you seriously live different from them? No you can't.

If I wanted to believe in something, I'd speculate the stuff up on my own. It's sad that it seems like the only place to find genuine practical wisdom in the West these days is in cook books and family recipes. Otherwise people today seem to treat ancestral wisdom like it were a disease to be avoided. You can love your grandpa, but whatever you do just don't do what he says! He's senile and he's from the 1930's. People today in the West got that Liberal Fever. They're fevering to be liberated and free from some old timer era. There's no place from practical ancestral wisdom. We have better things today like speculative mathematics and mainstream material science. The English word Elder is archaic now. People look at me like I'm an illegal alien when I use the word Elder. It's like they say: "Damn, that bitch just cross the boarder from Canada or something! She be talking that crazy immigrant talk, Elder and shit! She's got old people in her family, hang her!"

It's one thing I really like about the ONA. It's actually genuinely different, if you learn to actually see it with my eyes. There is a side to it that is practical. It has its practical wisdom. People like AL and the OG's back in the days – and still today – really did walk the walk and do the dirty work. When people like AL talk about subversion and sinister deeds, they mean it. It's documented. AL went to prison a couple times for putting in the dirty work and was under investigation by several law agencies and countries for his alleged-supposed-unproven-speculative-rumored connexion to some bomber in London who was associated with a group that was trying to ignite a race war. Now I'm not saying there is any connexion between any parties I named here. It's just worth noting that the ONA seeks to disrupt society and in the old days race war was the strategy and coincidentally there was some alleged group AL was supposedly said to have been associated with which just so happened have the same racial objectives. But the point is ONA Elders like AL back in the day walked the walk and put in the dirty work. So when they share their insights with us its Practical Wisdom based on things they have put into application. It's not speculative theories. And just like dhamma or a set of Dark Scientific experiments, if you and I would just put in the time to apply these methods, we'd get the same sinister results.

Mythos

Before the groups, tribes, clans, nations, culture, religion, practical wisdom, and speculative reasoning, there was and must first be Mythos. Mythos is what brings Like together with Alike. Mythos is the sound of the bell which causes the resonance. Mythos is when you place a thousand crystal goblets on a table and hit your tuning fork to Draw Out those that resonant with that vibe. Like attracts Like, but you have to find your Alikes somehow if you desire to form a group, family, clan, etc.

An example of the use of an easy mythos to engineer a coherent group was when I was at my second high school and my friends and I started talking the Asian Only rhetoric around campus to create a crew of Asians Only. The rhetorical mythos was just a device to collect people together and race was the easiest thing to use.

Another example is the Mythos of how the Khmer people came into existence. You have a Naga Princess named Mera bathing along the sea side and a Brahmanist Prince named Kambu who saw her and fell in love with her. They fell in love and mated and had what were called the Kamera, which is the ancient and current poetic form of Khmer. There is a part of the indigenous Mythos placed before this time of Kambu and Mera about how the people came to be living in Southeast Asia. The Mythos goes that the ancestors had come from Northern India and were back then known as the Kambuja. The Kambuja were a Kshatriya Tribe known for being very good with horses in battle. So when the epic war in the Mahabarata broke out the Brahmin Elder named Drona had come to ask the whole Kambuja Tribe to fight the war on his people's side. The tribal elders of the Kambuja knelt before the Holy Drona and offered them their lives and service in the great war for Krishna.

The war was won eventually. In return for their timely service the great Brahmin Drona called the elders of the Kambuja tribe and said to them: "Because your people gave your service in battle in my name and honour, in return I will give your people your own land and empire. I will throw my staff into the air and wherever it lands shall your land." And Drona threw his magickal staff across the air and it landed in the Southeast Asian peninsula.

As a Mythos, it is irrelevant whether this narrative is true or false, historical or fabricated. The intent of a Mythos has nothing to do with factual or fabricated presentation of information. The intent of a Mythos is to manufacture a culture and praxis. For there to be a culture, you need at least a group of people sharing a common identity, common views, and common way of doing things. And this is what a Mythos does.

The fact is the indigenous population of Southeast Asia since ancient times were a people called the Mon. These are the same people by the same demonym in Burma. They used to be everywhere in the peninsula. The Mon and the Khmer are the same people. They even speak the same language of the same language family: Mon-Khmer. My late great grandpa who just past, when he was working politics once worked a charity for the Mon people in Burma. During that time he lived and spoke to the Mon people. He said he was shocked to find out that he was able to understand without much difficulty the Mon language. The word Mon in Khmer means First, as in the First people to be there. Strangely Mon and Moun means resembles the

Greek word Mono. The old people say that before the Khmer called themselves Khmer they went by the name Mon.

What basically happened was that after traders from India had settled the area and Indian culture had spread and inspired the native population, groups of feral Mons tribes invented Mythos based on stories they heard the foreign Indian traders tell. Those mythos eventually induced a new group identity which brought the tribes together. Then these groups eventually diverged into their own people with their own distinct cultures and traditions. So the majority of the common Thai, Lao, Burmese, Vietnamese, and Cham, are all actually of the same Mon stock. It's just that the indigenous Mon just either had their own mythos based cultural identities or matriculated into war lord kingdoms of the Thai, Nam Chinese [Viet], and Cham, etc.

So that's the other aspect of Mythos which is less considered. Mythos sociologically also is a word that deals with a people's set of customs, ways of doing things, and so on. Mythos sociologically does not mean a "myth" or fairy tale. It is a more robust word with more meaning. It means a cultural narrative, a set of distinct traditions, customs, beliefs, ways, and observances.

A great example of an actual live Mythos and what a Mythos was intended to do is found in the social ecosystem of Freemasonry. Back in the very early days of Freemasonry in England there was a guy by the name of Cavalier Ramsey. He was a tutor to one of the English kings at the time. He was a Freemason. His noble friends from English and French Masonry started to believe that it was unbecoming for nobles to be associated with an organization of common laborers. So the Cavalier gave a famous oration one day which is the beginning of the Templar Mythos. The oration basically stated that Freemasonry did not come from stone Masons, but was the direct descendant of an order of noble knights who fought during the crusades. The Cavalier never named this group of knights.

Later after this Cavalier dies a German mason by the name of Von Hunt took that Templar Mythos and beefed it up. Von Hunt actually named the group of knights the Cavalier mentioned to be the famous Knights Templar. He also beefed up his Templar Mythos by producing an entire set of knightly degrees of chivalry for Freemasons called the Strict Observance. The Strict Observance had this officer who was the secret Grand Master called the Knight of the Red Feather, or something like that, which was like the Ishmaelite idea of the Hidden Imam. Von Hunt's Templar Mythos and degrees sold like hot cakes and captured the imagination of continental Freemasonry sparking the creation of a thousand degrees in France alone. Von Hunt's Strict Observance is the Grand Mother of all Templar institution on earth from the 32 degree Knights Kodosh of the Scottish Rite, to the Templar Degree of the York Rite, to the Templar degrees of the Primitive Rite of Memphis and Mitzraim, to the OTO, and even a the non Masonic organization called the Sovereign Military Order of the Temple of Jerusalem [The SMOTJ].

The intent of Mythos is to inspire and breed group identity, attract Alikes, induce common culture and praxis. And in the Masonic example, you can clearly see how this Mythos first developed as a vague lecture which grew to even currently inspire Hollywood movies like

National Treasure and the like. The Mythos of the Templar is so powerful that it still captures the wild imaginations of today's generation and causes them to speculate and theorize all adding to the life and force of the Mythos. This Mythos has produced tons of books, thousands of degrees, countless movies, public awareness and chatter, and for the Freemasons an actual culture and tradition that is at least now over 200 years old.

And if you doubt the power of Mythos, then all you really have to do is study any nations Military or better yet go join one. Or join a street gang or Nazi skinhead gang. Mythos not only engineers culture and tradition, it makes coherent military bodies that destroys and creates entire empires, that drives gangbangers to kill and go to prison, and racial hate and racial genocide. Tally the lives that died for and because of the Mythos propagated by Communism world wide since 1917. And think about it.

Mythos is what inspires, not text books and ideology. Most of us in the ONA knows that the common German people didn't know shit about the actual ideology and principles of the NS party. They just heard the Mythos orated by the Mythos Maker: Hitler. They just heard what they wanted to believe at the right time: severe economic conditions and a dead collective morale. The rest of Europe despised the Germans. And with that Mythos, Hitler nearly took over the world. It took the entire earth's Magian forces to stop Germany. You study closely the guys on the other side of the Mythos: the Party Liners, and you'll begin to notice that those men although they were inspired by the Mythos, they used their NS as a causal form to get a job done. Those were the last 12 great years of the human race.

I personally believe that Hitler was the last of the great humans to ever walk the earth that had the power to collect and amass by enchanting them spellbound with mere words and Mythos. To inspire millions and millions to fight for a dream or vision. Like Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Washington, Bolivar, even Lenin and Mao. After Hitler political leaders became officefags who just did their job for 4 years with a smile. This declining Aeon of Democracy is neck deep in mediocrity. We're not inspired to do shit anymore. We have no more inspiration these days. I don't even think we know what an inspiration is. One that stirs us with passion for something. But things are safer that way don't you think?

As a Magian state, the last thing you want is for your populous to be emotionally excited with passion. Ideologies are safe. The most harm an ideology these days will manifest is arguments and asshurtiness in forums. Citizens can't take ideological difference too far these days, because we are led to believe that all people have the right to their beliefs aren't we. It's not right to step on other people's religions and beliefs. How dare us. Philosophy is really safe. You can even philosophize quietly in a coffee shop and still be friends after wards. Spiritually is save and happy. Hippies and new agers do it. That's fun for everyone. You just camp in the Sedona Vortex and beat n drums. Religion is safe too. As long as you keep your shit in your respective places of worship and follow IRS guidelines. Hell, the system even created rebellion oriented philosophies for rebels to rebel within the system. Just don't break a law and stay inside.

But when you start to mix Mythos with Practical deeds you become a red flag to the system and their mundane goons. Think about it. It acceptable for citizens to be Nazis and skinheads,

but why did the British authorities and intelligence community disrupt C18? It's acceptable for you to be Christian, and a crazy one too. But why did the people at Wacko Texas get burned alive? There are a lot of organization you don't hear about on the News which the federal government took out by force. Why? When does a belief like National Socialism become a threat to the establishment that the feds will use force to take you out and why? It's a simple answer: Organization and Action. You can't have either without Mythos and Practical Wisdom. But the system these days has a powerful tool to demoralize and soften Mythos. It's called Scientism. The mundane fanatic belief that theories are truths and anything not truth is ignorance and primitive. You share any kind of Mythos with a mundane and they have been trained in school to use their Scientism to attack, demoralize, and desensitize your Mythos. Because theories are safe.

End Remarks

Myth and Mythos are two different things. Mythos does not always take the form of a story; and sociologically it rarely does. Everything that we would hear Hitler present through his speeches is Mythos, the massive even pageantry and parades is Mythos. Mythos inspires in us passion for something, it inspires in us a new identity, it inspires a new culture. A culture is a Cultivation of Ethos. Mythos inspires a new way or mode of doing things, and new way of life.

The ONA has several Mythos. We have the Mythos of the Dark Gods, and the other one called the Vindex Mythos, which I personally think is the more potent of the two. Potent as in with the potential to inspire passion. This Vindex Mythos is already associated with the Vindex Ethos, or the Warrior Ethos. I'm already seeing nexions and Niners build their own Mythos based on strong feeling of dislike for The System which is actually inspiring. Eventually all of this needs to be mended together to the Vindex Mythos to make things more coherent. The objective is to engineer a current Mythos that not only inspires us but also others. Inspire as in to inspire in us and other not only a strong passion, and identification of groups, but also to inspire us to act, do, and more importantly to give birth to new cultures and new Traditions or to give life to old Traditions some of our people may have lost to Magian Ethos. In this way the Mythos we today spin, will be a source of inspiration to the Minds, Bodies, and Hearts of the future.

But Mythos without Practical Wisdom is pointless. It's like exciting and working up a radical Muslim to the point where he wants to kill a Westerner, and not giving him the tools and practical method of actually doing it. Or it's as stupid as going to a stripe club. It excites you then what? Why bother because it's just going to frustrate you. Frustration is the sign we pay attention to to learn to understand that our Mythos and Practical side of the ONA is imbalanced. What happens when someone sykes you out or works you up about something and never give you a means to release that excitement, if they do it too often? You leave disappointed. It's the same way with these things called memplexes. If they excite us, yet provide no means to venting our emotions or stops short of meeting our needs, we get frustrated, sick of it, and leave. You can only be tricked and teased so much, and then you leave. Having your institution imbalanced with way too much speculative ideology and none of the rest is a potential tease, out of which we will get nothing.

I suppose I'm writing this because I wish for the ONA to not degenerate. There are a lot of

new Dreccs and Niners, and Balobians. We each do our own thing and what we do adds to the Kollektive we call the ONA. If we don't understand simple things like what the difference between Knowledge, Wisdom, and Understanding are. What the difference between speculative ideology and practical knowledge are; And what a Mythos is even good for, what we build together will come out lop sided. But if we each learned to understand what each of those things are, together with our respective Raw Material, we could Build ourselves an Empire. That is Aeonically.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

122yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

THE PRADA OF SATANISM [V3.4]



[The Prada of Satanism \[v.3.4\]](#)

The silly name of this manuscript itself reveals the most important fundamental essence of what “Satanism” is. As Prada is a high quality ACCESSORY which accentuates your natural body and beauty which expresses the type and quality of person you are to other people; so too is Satanism an accessory; and not your Essence.

Satanism is only a memetic accessory which serves only to enhance or accentuate your natural Being and Essence as a human being in-tune with his/her humanness, Nature, and the Cosmos. It expresses the type and quality of person you are to others. This is to essentially say that YOU as a living human being, endowed by Nature with the instinct and quality of Primal Nature, are NOT what you believe. That you are NOT your ideological opinions. That you are NOT your spiritual or religions or philosophical assertions and concepts. These named things are merely invented tools with which the human animal may use to apprehend the essence of his own Being, Nature, and the Cosmos.

Thus such things as Beliefs are only tools used by the mind for acquiring an understanding of itself and its reality. Your beliefs should not be your Identity, but accessories to your natural Identity. It would be reasonable to understand that how we perceive the world, Nature, the universe, and ourselves, depends on the quality of such Beliefs. Such that how we see things depends on the tool. In the same way that if an astronomer’s telescope had a defected lens, what he sees with that telescope – and the reality he believes to exist on the other side of that telescope – will also be defected.

Belief is greatly important as explained in our manuscripts regarding Wyrd. To briefly recapitulate – what we believe, or how we see the world with our minds, gives birth to our emotions. These emotions in turn inspires, gives rise to, and governs our actions in life. Such actions will manifest causal results. Such that if a person were to believe his race to be superior in some way to others, such beliefs will give rise to strong emotions concerning his own race and other races. These feelings in turn governs this persons actions in life, which yields causal results.

The Magian Weltanschauung

By Magian we mean the beliefs, ontology, cosmology, theology, worldview, and ethos of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam; and their derivatives. The common characteristics of the Magian Weltanschauung is that reality is "dualized" into two competing and warring factions – Good versus Evil. There is a Good God responsible for all that is good, and an Evil God which is responsible for all the evils that plague humanity. Humanity is divided into two distinct groups – the "Chosen" and the "Rejected." To be "Chosen" the Rejected must think, live, and believe as the Chosen does. A high priest and or priesthood usually is the intermediary between the Chosen Good God and the Chosen People.

Such a stupid interpretation of reality is absolutely irresponsible. Rather than understanding that we each are responsible for the results and consequences in our own lives via our actions, and that such actions affects the lives of others. Such that ignorant and stupid actions manifests as hardship and suffering ["evil"], an imaginary god of evil is used as a scapegoat to blame the world's evils on.

With 7 billion people, each doing something stupid, and with hundreds of States run by stupid people each doing stupid things, it's not hard for anybody intelligent to understand that it is WE and not some god of evil that is destroying our ecosystem, that creates war, that creates mass poverty. It is the laws we pass that creates crime and criminals not an evil god. As long as we continue to ignorantly blame something imaginary for the evils that exists in the world, and not ourselves: we will continue to destroy ourselves as a species. What is worse is that the Magian belief of a Judgment Day, a heaven, a paradise, or whatever does not help with the destruction of the earth, because why go thru the trouble of fixings something like a dying earth when heaven or 72 virgins is right around the corner?

No amount of prayer to some good god in the sky, or superficial upholding of codes of morality is going to stop this self destruction. Enlightenment will. By Enlightenment, we mean that each individual person must come to the understanding that his and her actions in life not only affects their own lives, but the lives of others.

We aren't going to go into detail about how destructive Magian ethos is, because we should all be smart enough to open a fucking history book and read about Magian actions and the results of such Magian actions over the course of some 2000 years, and its over all retardation affect it has had collectively on the human species.

So this is the first Duty of a Satanist – To know and understand your enemy. As Satanists we believe that the Magians are the enemies of human kind because of the negative fruits of their collective actions on our species. The second Duty of a Satanist is then – To work to destroy the enemy in all their forms. Not by dressing up like Goths and emos. Not by using some dumb chaos magic to magickally fight the Magian. By practical and pragmatic means. By killing them or using Sinister Cloaking to get others to kill them. By destroying their States and undermining their politics and policies covertly with subversive groups and subversive actions.

Dressing up in the latest Prada and not using it in some way like getting a hot date, is useless. So is being a Satanist, of all you will be doing is wearing a label and carrying around beliefs and opinions. It's practically useless and pointless. It is what you do with your Satanism, that makes Satanism useful and valuable. In the same way that it is the glamour Prada gives you and what that glamour can do for you that makes Prada worth more than a WalMart outfit.

The Meaning of Satan

"Satan" is a mere meme in a memplex. By "meme" we mean to sociologically denote anything – such as an idea, a concept, a gesture, or aspect of a culture or tradition – which can be transmitted from one person to another. A handshake is a meme. A wave of the hand that says "hello" is a meme. "LOL" as it is typed which

expresses a laugh is a meme. War paint Native Americans use to wear during battle is a meme.

A memeplex is a cluster of memes amalgamated together. In this context a meme is a “gene” of the genetic coding of a “memeplex” which, like viruses can and do infect people, replicate, and spread. Christmas is a memeplex with the songs, the gifts, the décor, the x-mas tree, and so on. Tail gating and football events is a memeplex. If a single gesture is a meme, than sign language is a memeplex. Gang culture is a memeplex. So are Buddhism and Catholicism. A religion, a culture, a tradition, a way of life, are all fundamentally the same thing: a memeplex. Thus we will approach this topic from this clearer perspective, rather than from an uneducated pre-college perspective of “religions,” “sects,” and “cults” which essentially has no meaning on an anthropological and sociological level.

The meme of a “satan” originated with the monotheistic Israelites. Originally the word “satan” did not denote a specific creature or being. It simply meant an “Enemy,” or something that opposes. The word “satan” was often interchangeable with the word “Tsar” which had the same essential meaning. Your enemy in battle was a satan/tsar. Vices are satan/tsar. Disobedience to God was satan/tsar. Thus, in the ONA, when many of us use the term “Satanist” we mean “One That Is An Enemy Of God’s People [Jews/Magian].” In this sense of the word; Satanism in the ONA is the System or Principles of Philosophy of being a Satan [Enemy/Opposition] to the Jews and their Magian Weltanschauung.

Satan is also a word used to denote The Sinister, which is the antagonistic, or force of opposition that exists in Nature and Life which is adversarial in Essence. The Sinister is like a fast flowing river pushing against us in which we must struggle or be swept away. Much like the adversarial quality of Boot Camp, or a University. There is a struggle to go thru Boot Camp. There is a struggle to finish school to get your degree. If you fail to fight the opposing flow, you are swept out of Boot Camp and the University never achieving your potential. In Nature what organisms do not struggle and fight against this Flow to Earn their potential and worth goes extinct. This Natural Oppositional Flow in Life and Nature is Mother Nature’s way of testing all of her species for the best quality life forms. It is Her way of gradually weeding out the weak. Thus Satan, or The Sinister, is the very cause of evolution of Life toward higher potential.

Satan in the ONA also is an exoteric or outer name given to an Living Acausal Archetype in our Psyche which has the ability to precence itself in the causal. This Acausal Energy/Archetype/Being in the ONA is associated with the Dark Sphere of Mercury in the Tree of Wyrd. This Archetypal Entity is The Sinister manifested in and through the Psyche.

If you were to ask me if I personally believe in a “satan” I would answer – Yes and No. No because I do not believe that before the beginning of time, when Satan was born, his mom gave him the Anglicized Hebraic name “Satan.” If you’re gunna believe that shit, you might as well also believe that God actually did give Moses the King James Version Bible in Shakespearian English. I pity you and your “intelligence” if you believe this. I really do.

Yes because I know/feel that there is more to Life than flesh and stone. That this Life Force or Cosmic Essence is feral, beyond human valuations of “good” and “evil,” is constructive sometimes – when it gives life: when trees and flowers grow; is destructive at times – when, thru Nature, a hurricane or monsoon or typhoon kills hundreds of thousands of lives: when fungus, bacteria, and maggots consumes what was once living. I understand that I consciously ascribe the word “satan” to this “Thing” that Life is, and I understand that I ascribe certain values and concepts to this word “satan” which reflects my own feeble apprehension of this “Thing” which is an aspect of the Living Cosmos. This is all I know.

One can reasonably point out that there is only ONE Life, ONE Cosmos, ONE Nature, and that perhaps what I call “satan” is the same thing a Hindu might understand as “Brahma,” or what a Christian calls “God.” This is entirely true. So, with this point in mind, it is easier to understand that we each have our own grasp of “That

Which Is Beyond Us.” We each ascribe an idea/meme which we associate with certain values and concepts to this same Thing.

So that, like the clothes we wear, what and how we see/interpret this same “Thing,” reflect what type of person we are and our level of mental evolution and capacity to think and understand. Such that if we were to compare a Christian’s anthropomorphic, bearded, God who sits on a throne with a golden crown, to the orderly universe governed by natural universal laws of a scientist, we can clearly distinguish the idiot from the intelligent one; and we can discern the quality and capacity of each mind – one being clinically retarded, while the other is a highly educated analytical individual.

We use the word “satan” as “Satanists” because as the type of liberated and emancipated people that we are, we understand that Magian ethos is destructive to the human species. We utilize the word because we oppose their idiotic memplex with a passion, and that “satan” is a symbol of that passionate hatred of all things Magian. If – hypothetically – there were a billion devil worshipers in the world and they were doing the same stupid things to themselves, to everyone else, and to this earth, we would still hate them, and thus utilize “Jesus” instead. The Word is meaningless – The Wyrd is meaningful.

I am not one to believe that ancient humans were primitive lunatics. Just staring at a Mayan or Egyptian pyramid, the mathematics of an ancient Greek, or reading the ancient philosophies of ancient China, tells me that ancient humans were just as mentally – intellectually – capable; if not more; than we are today.

Thus I refuse to believe that ancient humans were also primitive lunatics in regards to what we today call “religion.” The fact that Lao Tzu, Kong Fu Tzu, and the amazing memplex of Buddhism came out of the minds of people living around and before 500B.C. tells me that ancient humans of such quality were not stupid pagans and wiccans worshiping anthropomorphic gods who danced naked around bon fires like some imbecilic people today. Thus, I do not believe idiots created Judaism and other Magian memplexes.

Originally “satan” in the mythos of the Jewish Tanakh was not a being or entity per se. A “satan” was anything which distracted you from your faith in God, or something which tested your faith. This can clearly be seen when you actually do read the Old Testament sans the babbling of a psychotic preacher. In the case of the ancient Israelites, a “satan” was anything which caused the Israelites to break his covenant with YHVH – i.e.: breaking the 10 commandments, or worshiping other gods.

There was a practical political reason for the many Laws in the Torah and Tanakh. This was the politics back then, and such sacerdotal laws actually governed a people. As the sacred Laws of Hammurabi and the sacred Laws of Manu governed their respective people. There is also a more human or “spiritual” reason for such laws – in such times when the bulk of humanity were wild and uncultured, such laws defined or created what a Civilized person was, and defines how a Civilized people treats and behaves with one another. In fact the idiomatic meaning of the word “Aryan” in India still means “Civilized” today.

This word “Aryan” now ties these civil code of behavior and conduct with the “Aryan Laws/Path/Way” of the Buddha. If you have never heard the teachings of the Buddha referred to as “Aryan” it’s because you’re ignorant and perhaps assume that the Buddha spoke English. The word “Noble” in “the Four NOBLE Truths,” or the “Eight NOBLE Paths” of Buddhism, in its original language is ARIYA which is the Pali vernacular of the Sanskrit ARYA, from which the English word “Aryan” comes. It’s easier to deal with Buddhism to gain an understanding of what “satan” was, before the Church patriarchs corrupted it because it’s well known that Buddhism does not preoccupy itself with gods, which is to say that Buddhism does not symbolically represent their esoteric wisdom in anthropomorphic symbolism for the common idiots to such an extent as other memplexes.

The basic reasoning behind the Aryan Way of the Buddha is that your common person is an unthinking imbecile creature – “Anariya” – that must be Liberated from gods and religion thus becoming Enlightened enough so that

they themselves understand that via their own BELIEFS, emotions, and actions that they themselves produce their own human suffering and that by changing ones mind – ones beliefs – you change your own life, reduce your own suffering, an ultimately change the world. But this is to much for the idiot anariya to comprehend. Hence the deep shit our species is globally in today.

Thus the Aryan Way of the Buddha gives these common imbeciles a Way to Ennoble themselves – the Four Noble Truths, and the Eight Noble Paths. Which essentially concerns itself with the origins of human suffering and the cessation of that suffering by FOLLOWING the Eightfold Path. The Eightfold Path in turn concerns itself entirely with Right or Correct action and behavior – Right Thinking, Right Intent, and so on.

Meditation, which is a refined form of mental focus and concentration on a concept which helps one on the Eightfold Path is also used. The loyal following of these codes of conduct and meditation of ones actions and their results, annihilates human suffering.

So now we come to a mythos concerning the Buddha. As he was in the forest one day when he was just setting out to become self enlightened the Buddha sat under a tree and began to deeply meditate. Fearing that the Buddha would achieve Sambuddhi [Self-Enlightenment] Mara [the “devil” of Buddhism] came to the Buddha and TEMPTED the Buddha with illusions of power, beautiful maidens and such.

There is no evidence beyond conjecture that the Buddha was ever a real person, and there is no demon named Mara lurking in some astral world. These are metaphors/mythos. The Buddha is simply the individual arhant who “walks” or strives to live that Noble Eightfold Path. “Mara” is simply anything which Distracts or Misdirects the arhant’s mind from that path – the Mundane stuff of life you see?

So we come to the misinterpreted religion of Zoroastrianism. These Christians misinterprets this religion to be some cosmic struggle of a good god named Ahura Mazda against his archenemy Angra Mainyu [Ahriman] – the bad god of evil things. Why is it then that “angra mainyu” means “Incorrect Mind/Thought?” If we remember that Buddhism developed in India by a people who spoke Indo-Aryan Pali, and that Zoroastrianism developed in what is today Iran [Persia] by a people who spoke Irano-Aryan Avestan. We will not only see that these two cultures are neighbors, but that their languages are related also. So it is not hard to understand that Buddhism influenced and inspired Zoroastrianism.

So in Zoroastrianism we have the Ariya [Avestan for Aryan/Civilized] who follow the sacred laws of Ahura Mazda as revealed to the Prophet, which laws civilized and ennoble a people. And we have Incorrect Mind, or wrong ways of thinking which tests the faith of the Ariya from his noble path. In the same sense that Incorrect Perception is the opposite of Right Perception, which leads to human suffering. Angra Mainyu is a metaphor/mythos for that which distracts one’s mind from one’s Noble Path to self betterment.

We know that Zoroastrianism influenced Judaism. By the time of the Israelites, Buddhism had actually already colonized the city of Alexandria in Egypt. I refuse to believe that these ancient Jews were idiot lunatics because I personally disagree with “Zionism.” You underestimate these people – and the human mind and reveal your own primitive level of mind – when you simply believe that their religion was nothing more than burning goats to some bearded Jew in the sky. The human spirit and will to learn and become more than what was, is beyond this stupidity.

Like Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, you have a set of sacred civilizing laws of behavior and conduct in Judaism. And in the Torah and Tanakh, “satan” only appears in stories when someone is being tested of their faith or tempted to break such sacerdotal laws. There is no anthropomorphic creature named Satan. A “satan” originally was anything of the mundane which distracted or tempted the “covenanted people” – those who had made a vow to follow such civilizing laws. In fact, “satan” isn’t even a single being in the Holy Quran. It is in the plural: Shaitans. A shaitan is anything which distracts your mind away from Allah and what mundane – white devilish –

things tempts you causing a Muslim to not submit to the Holy Shariah as God gave the Prophet Muhammad. It was only after the literalists of Christianity that "Satan" became the devil we know of today – which has influenced Islam's current exoteric interpretation of "the Shaitan."

What Satanism Is In Essence

Satanism as we of the ONA understands our Satanism to be is a Causal Form of an Essence. Satanism is an amalgamation of human thoughts, human words, human concepts which attempts to capture or convey an Essence in and of Nature that has existed before humankind walked the earth. In the same sense that we can say that the spoken and written doctrine of the Buddha is an outer expression of Dhamma [Phenomena]. In Buddhism, the body of outer doctrine is referred to as a Yana meaning a Vehicle. A Vehicle is only a means to convey something. And so although we have different vehicles such as Hinayana, Mahayana, and Vajrayana which are very different on the outside level; they each convey the same wordless Dhamma. The difference arises from the fact that such Dhamma must be packages in words and ideas specific to each people and culture. So in the ONA, our Satanism is only a vehicle which conveys the Sinister Essence. Satanism is a means to and end, and not and end in itself. As a vehicle it should lead one to the source and essence. Genuine Satanism as Form/Vehicle must lead the Initiate to the Essence so that the Initiate can Experience and Prehend the Essence Directly. The Essence of the Form is beyond and beneath and before thought, ideation, word, conceptualization, intellectualization, and philosophication. As It is stated Thesis part of the "Seven ONA Fundamentals":

[Begin Quote]

Q: What is the ONA?

A: Anton Long once called it an "Intimation." I call it an approximation.

Q: An Intimation or Approximation of what?

A: Of something wordless. A kind of phenomena or aspect of the Cosmic Body of Phenomena [dharmakaya]. When we speak of the actual "is-ness" of Natural occurring phenomena, or phenomena of Nature, we are dealing with something that has been around long before we humans ever evolved. That's what I mean when I say "wordless," having existed before our species put things into words and writing. We often forget that the world and Cosmos was here before us. Most oft we almost unconsciously assume or assume-project our human words and thoughts out into the world and believe that such phenomenal world is made of the fabric of our own words, urban apprehension, and weltanschauung. When we experience or observe such ancient and primeval phenomena, we apprehend such phenomena first in our human thought which is flawed or weak [being the product of a three pound brain], then we degenerate such thought further into words of our various human languages. Hence the descriptors "Intimation," or "approximation." For our words and thought are only in reality feeble intimations, feeble human verbal approximation of that which is ancient, pre-human, and primal. The words and the thoughts or ideation such words carry are not the primal essence. Thus, when I say that the ONA is an "intimation" or "approximation" of a "Primal Essence," or a "Sinister Essence," those wording and the thoughts they evoke are only feeble apprehensions of a "Something" that has Been, that has Pulsated, that has Undulated in and of the Cosmic Body of Phenomena long before our species set foot on this earth, and this "Something" will continue to Be, Crawl, Haunt, long after we are gone.

Q: What do you mean by "Primal Essence" or "Sinister Essence?"

A: I mean the Crawling Darkness, the hair that stands on the back of your neck, the leaping of hearts, the flush of adrenaline, the beating of tribal drums, the frenzy dance of feral humans around a fire, the spear piercing a chest, the war cry, the scream of terror, the eating of human flesh, head hunters beheading foes, the smell of fear in the

darkness of jungles. I mean that Unknown Dark we fear and despise, which we make our religions and gods to give us a sense of safety and protection from. Like children clutching onto a teddy bear to the feel of crawling nothingness in the dark. I mean that Unknown Dark that haunts the depths of our collective psyche, that haunts even our unconscious dreams.

I mean that Dark Something that overtakes a mass of warriors screaming for blood, lost, enraptured in Primeval Darkness. Oblivious to life and loved ones, running to slaughter and to be slaughter. How does one put that Essence, that Phenomenon, that Primal Nature into words? That Primal Nature has been here before us. It has possessed our species since the dawn of our race. Its signature is clawed into the whole history of our species. Our Human history is a literal succession of blood, war, sacrifice, slaughter, murder, plunder, rape, exploitation, domination. We all Flow with the Primal Force of Darkness; or we all “know” – intuit – that this Dark Essence is “there.” We feel it. We fear it. It is nameless, wordless. It is experienced. As all phenomena of the greater Body of Phenomena is experienced, intuited, empathetically felt. Whatever words or forms we try to express this crawling dark in is merely an intimation, an imitation, a rough sketch drawn by the hands of one person. Expressed through the mind of one person.

Q: In what other way is this Sinister Essence intimated in the ONA?

A: At times the ONA refers to this Dark as “The Sinister.” It is the “Dark” which we try to Presence. At times we refer to the various “currents” and archetypes that composes The Sinister via our Mythos as “The Dark Ones,” or “The Dark Gods.” We feebly try to explain the act of our expressing The Sinister, manifesting The Sinister, Precensing The Dark, living in tune to that Dark Essence, allowing that crawling Dark to possess us, as “The Dark Tradition,” or as “The Sinister Tradition.” And sometimes we feebly – exoterically – intimate this, approximate this Essence, as “Satanism.”

Q: What is Satanism in the ONA?

A: [Satanism](#) in the ONA is a manufactured outer shell, a construction of wordful attempts at humanizing what is not human. An intellectualization of what is not of human intelligence. Satanism as the ONA understands it is a Causal Form of that wordless Dark Phenomena, or that aspect of the greater Body of Phenomena. It is an amalgamation of human words and thoughts born from feeling, intuiting, and knowing The Sinister via our Dark-Empathy and Acausal Knowing. For those of the ONA, Satanism in and of itself, is not the Essence, not the true actuality, not the phenomenal reality itself. It is a means, a vehicle, a Way of expressing, conveying, the Essence. It doesn't matter what it is exoterically called if we understand and intuit The Sinister. And so how we of the ONA understand Satanism becomes a test and marker to differentiate between those who can see and understand the Essence beneath the Form. As Anton Long puts it simply:

“The second test concerns the nature of what is termed “Satanism” and what we, of the ONA, call “the sinister”. If they accept or understand “Satanism” as something which can be divided up into categories, such as “theistic” or “atheistic” – and especially if they accept that someone called LaVey “founded modern Satanism” – then they have failed. Furthermore, if they do not understand or do not accept or do not feel that being “sinister” means being sinister on a practical, amoral, level – in the real world by deeds done – then they have also failed our test. [1]”

Q: What is Sinister Nature?

A: When “The Sinister” lives or flows in a person, such that this person exists in a state of Harmony with The Dark Primal Essence, this person can be said to possess a “Sinister Nature.” This Sinister Nature presences or expresses itself through such person's Being in thought, emotion, word, action, and Ethos. Sinister Nature is thus something that you have. It is a quality or “type” of person that you are. You cannot teach a person how to have

Sinister Nature. In the same sense that you cannot teach or give a Warrior ethos to a random person and make him a soldier. In the same sense that you cannot teach somebody how to be suave and romantic. All you can do is give a person the intimation, the imitation, the worded approximation of the Formless so that the person gains a feel for the Essence. All one can do is Guide and show such person a Way or Methodology for such person to directly experience The Sinister himself/herself. For all phenomena in Nature must be apprehended by direct association, direct experience, direct and personal observation. And so the ONA's Satanism is the Way and Methodology by which the Initiate of the Sinister Tradition is guided slowly into the Dark, to experience the Sinister Essence directly and personally.

Q: The manner in which you explained guiding an Initiate into the Dark side of Life, does this have parallels outside of the West?

A: Most of the time in the East it is called things like Vama Marga, Vamachara, or, Kulachara; or in other words, what I tried to explain above is the very essence of the ancient and traditional Left Hand Path of the Orient. Vama means "Left," but in some dialects of Sanskrit it also means "Female." This alluded to Uma Shakti in ancient times who was the Female Left-Side half of Ardhanari. Shiva being the male right side. It was believed originally by the Mon-Khmer Shaktas in ancient times that Primal Nature was symbolically gynandromorphic; having both "male" and "female" aspects in one single body. This was so because it symbolized that Primal Nature – being both genders – is thus Self-Creating and Self-Perpetuating. That Primal Nature literally copulates itself to regenerate itself continuously. Thus sex was seen as the living aperture or vortex through which Primal Nature renews itself.

In ancient times it was believed that the Right "male" half Shiva – known in those times by the Dravidians and Mon-Khmer as "An" and "Kumara" – was the Unmanifested Life Force. The Left female half Shakti – known as Uma and Kumari – was the condensation of this Life Force manifested as the world of phenomena. From this two school of living Life emerged. The Right Handed Path school believed that the world of phenomena was intrinsically evil and an illusory prison of the spirit. The methodology of the Right Handed Path was to reject mortal existence, and strive to transcend the world so that the spirit can merge with the Unmanifested.

The Left Handed Path school of thought believed that it is natural that spirit or Life Force condensates as matter and flesh, thus there was nothing wrong with mortal existence. Mortal existence was believed to be a theater of learning where the newly individualized spirit becomes flesh to learn what Life is. Just because you are alive, does not mean you know what Life is or where it came from or why it is here. Except as a finite causal being, Life and Nature and Natural Phenomena was like a vast primeval ocean. The only way to know Life is to directly submerge into this primeval ocean and struggle to experience every aspect, state, condition, and phenomena of Life. To ride every wave and current in other words.

Thus instead of rejecting Life, the Initiate of the ancient Left Path lived a Life in which the Initiate went on a Quest to "shock" his consciousness awake from the moment and illusion of the Now by struggling to personally experience both the enjoyable Light side of Life, as well as the dangerous and fearful dark side of life. By "shock" I mean that the Initiate will force itself to physically experience and break all taboos and social norms to "shock" or shake itself free from its illusion of the mundane limits consciousness and thus gain Illumination from directly experiencing such phenomena and acts. And so we have many sects and methodologies of the Left Path such as the Kapalas and the Aghoris who may be the two most familiar in the West. For example the Aghori Initiate lives a long life on a Quest to experience every phenomena of the Dark side of Life. He will live in cemeteries, eat dead human flesh, perform human sacrifice, etc. These acts of shocking oneself free from the grip of the illusions of consciousness is not a permanent way of life. These acts are just a means to an end. The End being that at the End of the Initiate's Left Path Quest, his unconscious true self is shocked and shaken free from the illusion of consciousness and thus come to Realize inside the Nature and Essence of Reality beyond the veils of consciousness. For the conscious mind is the very veil and factor of illusion that restricts the power of the unconscious self from knowing the totality of what is the Greater Reality. For this world we exist in is only a small part and aspect of a Reality or Body of Phenomena which is much larger. By "larger" I mean a Reality beyond the

limitations of causal space and causal time, of which this “reality” we are consciously aware of is only a minor phenomenon of. Reality – or rather the Cosmic Body of Phenomena – is not an illusion; consciousness – the conscious mind/self/ego – is the factor of illusion.

So now, if you understand the essence of the Left Path Quest, that it is a means of a human being to shake itself free of the grip of consciousness to Realize the greater reality beyond, we will thus come to understand the basic reasoning or logic behind Right Path methodology. The methodology of the Right Path – because it reject Life – seeks to constrict or restrict consciousness within a fixed “Nowness” or in other words, it seeks to fixate consciousness on “things” in the same way that a dog is tied to a tree so that it cannot wonder to experience the rest of the forest. This act of fixation of consciousness which is the methodology of all Right Paths can be seen in such things as idol worship for example where the conscious mind is fixated on a finite statue. This Right Path methodology can be seen expressed in its methods of adoration of written books, of constructed temples, of veneration of gurus, in the glorification and deification of myths over natural phenomena, of conscious fixation to strict rules of living, of the fixation of the conscious mind on external mythic gods and deities. For all these things perpetuates consciousness and fixates consciousness to things in front of it which it can lose itself in. Consciousness is the veil which separates us from what is Reality.

In the same sense that the amniotic sack a fetus comes into mortal existence inside of is a literal Veil that covers the fetus and separates it from what is beyond this veil. We thus see that when this fetus is “born” into the world outside its womb it breaks free from this Veil which once covered it for nine month. And so, in mystic circles the world over, Divine Illumination is sometimes expressed as a “Second Birth.” This second birth is the breaking of the Veil of mortal and mundane consciousness out of which the unconscious self – the psyche, the citta – enters the greater world Beyond. It may be hard for a Westerner to grasp the idea that consciousness is a veil or what causes the illusion of mortal unknowingness. To illustrate we can imagine that you were born with a magnifying glass glued to your eyes, such that you spend your whole life viewing and apprehending life as images seen through this magnifying glass. Being conditioned to apprehend life and existence via that magnifying glass you Believe that the image you see with it is reality, unconscious of the blurry stuff around you. And so you may even believe that consciousness and reality are the same phenomena, or two sides of the same things. It is not until you shake yourself free from this magnifying glass, that you slowly realize that the world is much bigger then the images seen on the lens of the magnifying glass. That magnifying glass is consciousness, as it is the function of consciousness to focus and fixate. Consciousness or mundane awareness with abstractions are the fetters one must shake oneself free of. This consciousness is like the outer shell of an egg or seed. We come into this causal existence with this shell. As the rootling or chick must struggle to break free from its shell, the individuated entity – a distinct manifestation of the Living Cosmos which we are – must grow out of its conscious shell by shaking free from its confines.

[End Quote]

The Satanist of the ONA must learn to balance their causal knowing and causal thinking of causal abstractions with Dark-Empathy and Acausal-Knowing which transcends causal abstractions, words, and ideation. Pathei-Mathos for the Satanist of the Order of Nine Angles is our Way and Method of Enlightening ourselves via Direct Experience and Learning From Adversity. Knowledge is born from books, words, and text. Wisdom and Understanding is cultivated from Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Knowing, and Pathei-Mathos. We refer to that state of wisdom and understanding as “enlightenment.” Sinister Enlightenment is born from connexion with, contemplation on the Carnal/Causal so that the Initiate organically prehends a deeper Understanding of what the causal is and how it works, and their place in it.

Enlightenment is a process of becoming, a progression or gradual transformation brought about by the cultivation and experience of direct experience of life without moral or religious restraint. The mind must be allowed to be free like a growing child to make and learn from its owns mistakes. It is only from direct experience and the freedom to make and learn from mistakes that one becomes wise. Wisdom is in essence the fruits of direct experience, whereas knowledge is an acquired idea or thought. The difference between someone who “knows”

something and one who is “wise” in that something may be illustrated with two people and a single map. One person can read this map and be an expert with it to the minutest detail of every street name and landmark on that map; but the person who takes that maps as a guide and actually experiences the area directly experiences something completely different and from his experience he becomes wise.

“Satan” is only an approximation which represents Nature in all its manifestations: Cosmic nature, earthly nature, human nature, and the natural laws which universally governs nature itself. The mythos of Satan is picked to correspond to nature, because nature itself and all that it is, stands in direct Opposition to religion and religious laws; as well as the laws of morals, and the laws of civilized social-orders such as cities and states. How so? When religion teaches that Man is made in the image of some god, Nature says that Man is a monkey or just an animal. When religious morals states that killing is bad, killing in Nature is what produces life (food and defense). When state law says that you can only marry one mate, Nature states the whole opposite and says marriage and monogamy doesn't even exist.

The more value we add to the word “satan,” the more it is worth, and the better we can use it as a tool to express who we are as Satanists, and what Life is as we Satanists see it. The basic meaning of “satan” in it's original Hebrew is “to reject what has been established.” In our case as Satanists, it means that we reject Magian Ethos, their established ways, their established laws, and their established States.

There are two words in Sanskrit related to the phonetic value of the word “satan” – the first is “Satan[a]” which basically means to destroy or cause to fall. Which aptly describes the work and labour of a Satanist who genuinely understands Satanism, and who genuinely understands the meaning of emancipation and liberation from Magian State tyranny. As a side note: there are only three letters in the word “satana:” STN, with little marks at the top to denote vowel values. In the same way that there are only three letters to “satan” in Hebrew: STN.

There is another word related to the letters STN in Sanskrit: Sadhan[a]. The letter “DHA” in Sanskrit and many of its vernaculars and bastard children [such as Khmer] is actually pronounced with a breath as the letter “T” is said in English and not as a “D.” “Sadhana” has many meanings: Realization, Leading To A Goal, To Bring About or Cause To Happen, Effective, Perfection, To Produce, and An Accomplishment. This literally explains the End Goal of a Satanist: Self Realization, Self Betterment, Evolution Toward Perfection.

So, as Satanism is here presented, there is described the essence of a self imposed striving or struggle on the part of the Satanist to surmount himself via Pathei-Mathos, or to progress or evolve himself or herself against The Flow of Nature. It has nothing to do with the worship of a devil. But, such a focused endeavour, as that of self enlightenment and self willed evolution implies a focus of Will and Mind, as well as a practical Way of Life. Such that if something of the mundane world distracts a Satanist from this Sinister Way of life, such distractions becomes a stumbling block to the Satanist's progression toward her or his end goal doesn't it? Thus, we have come full circle to the understanding of the esoteric value of what “satan” meant to ancient Judaism. What Ahriman meant to ancient Zoroastrianism. And what Mara esoterically symbolizes in Buddhism.

All we have literally done was rearrange a few literal words around. It is still the same Life. Still the same Cosmos. Still the same Humanity. Still the same quest for Self Realization, Liberation, and Self Enlightenment. Still the same striving to be Honourable – civilized people with our own kindred, Still the same quest to become better than the Mundanes. If you are ONA and you don't understand what I mean by “Honourable” or think ethics and moral codes of behaviour have no place in Satanism, then go back and read “The Law of the New Aeon,” and “The Law of the Sinister-Numen.”

It is still the same Aryan versus Anariya: as it has always esoterically been throughout time – a struggle between the few Noble and the Common Ignoble Herd. And we still have the same source of distractions, misdirections: the way of the mundanes. It's just that instead of calling such distractions “satans” we call it “Magian” or “Mundane,” and we have adopted the word “satan” for its many values which aptly describes who we are as

Satanists, what kind of person we are, what we do, and who our enemies are in this current age and era. In time, these labels will be dropped for better ones, as even the outer name "Order of Nine Angles" will someday lose its meaning and be dropped for something better.

Chloe 352

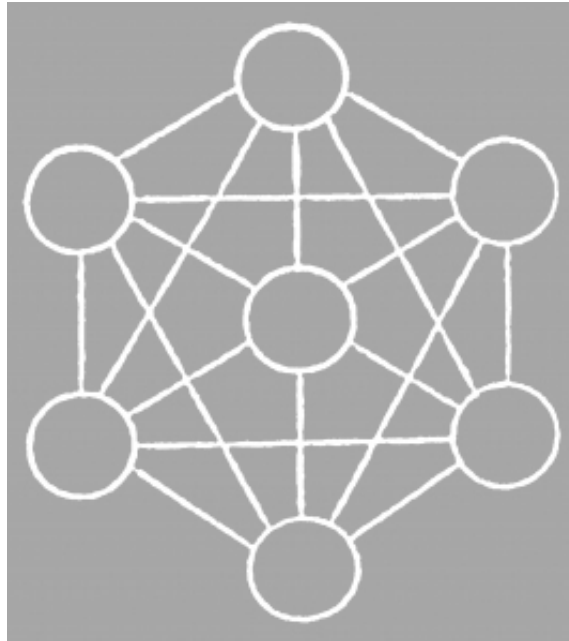
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[More About The Satanism Of The ONA: [HERE](#)]

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

THE SCIENCE OF PRESENCING



[The Science of Presencing](#)

There are to me three styles or methods of Presencing/manifesting. The first would be Internal Presencing which deals with the inner field within oneself. The second is External Presencing which deals with manifesting Results in the real world outside of oneself. The third style is Subversive Presencing which deals with social change by the implantation of memes inside other people within one's field of influence.

Internal Presencing is like getting an education or learning a skill, such as business. External Presencing is using what skills you have learned or have manifested within to produce measurable results and benefits in the real world. Then as you get better at business you will eventually come to understand that no matter what you do, as a single person, you are limited by the very limits of your own energy, resource, time, and money. Thus, if you want to take the business up a few levels, you must Duplicate your Efforts via other people, other people's energy, other people's resources, other people's time, and other people's money: [OPP](#) [Other People's Property].

One of our family friends is a self made man who is like a mentor to me in many ways. He once told me that no intelligent business person uses their own money to invest in a business they are starting. You borrow that money or you raise it by going to other people. This way if the business fails your personal assets are kept in tact. The second thing he told me that stuck in my mind was that "an employee works, a businessman makes others do the work." Third things he told me is "time is money: other people's time makes you money so you have time to play golf."

Internal Presencing

There was a time when I asked our self made family friend how he became successful in life and he simply said: "Burn baby!" He talks like a character from a mob movie and talks like one too. I asked him what he meant by that. He said that to me that "we are successful with things we passionately burn for."

Since I was still not very smart back then with very little life experience he used something I – and we all – should understand. It's like falling in love with somebody. This person captures our minds and hearts so that we can't think about anything but the person. The more we think about the person, the more everything around us fades into insignificance. Then, when a passion builds up and we begin to burn with a determination to be with that person, our burning determination possesses us with an obsessive drive. That burning drive causes us to do anything imaginable to get that person. If you are a guy you will work out and body build to look more attractive. If you are a girl you will spend money to get a makeover and work out to look nice. In the end – for those of us who have genuinely burned deeply for someone – we always get what/whom we want.

Unfortunately for most people the burning determination stops here or doesn't ever leave the arena of love and romance. After explaining this to me my "mentor" pointed at me and said something I still remember: "BUT: I can never give you that burn or teach you. No school or book or person can teach you how to burn for something. You must to find it on your own."

I have had the wonderful experience of deeply burning for someone. That burning determination once possessed me and I can say that after relentless determination and a lot of effort I did end up with my "dream person." But such romantic achievements may be petty to many materialists who desire superficial things in life they believe will bring them happiness. I'm not a materialist myself, but I have wondered for the longest time how one passionately burns with determination for other things besides love? If you desired success in life, how would you start the spark that will grow into a burning determination?

Last month was Chinese New Year's. My family celebrates three different new year days. One in January for being American. One in February for the Chinese in us. And one in April which is the Thai/Khmer New Year's which also doubles as Theravada's Birthday of Buddha. In January we have a family gathering. For the other two we usually go to the temple; a Chinese temple for the Chinese day and a Thai wat in April.

So last month a group of our friends wanted to meet up at the Chinese Buddhist temple by one of our houses. We all met up at Hsi Lai Temple which is up the hill. Hsi Lai is a huge Chinese Buddhist temple in Hacienda Heights. I think it's the biggest in America. It's very beautiful, but the Chinese Buddhists do things very different from us Thai Theravada Buddhists, so I only go to the Chinese temple to look around and burn a stick of incense.

After walking around the temple complex and eating lunch at the vegetarian eatery they have on the complex, we all looked at each other and wondered what to do next, as we had the rest of the day. One of our friends randomly suggested we go to the beach. Which was a good

idea. I said: I dare us to walk there! [~20 miles away]. I was thinking of using the opportunity to train for one of the things you have to do in the Seven Fold Way [second degree]. So, after looking at each other and shrugging to ourselves we went and parked our cars in the street below the temple and started to walk to the beach thinking it wouldn't take long since it only takes 30 minutes to drive there.

Getting to the beach from the temple is easy in theory or as it looks on a map or from inside the car. You walk out the temple complex and go left on Hacienda which winds and twists through this beautiful wooded area. Then when you get to Whittier you go right to the first stop light which is Beach, and you go down Beach until the street ends at Huntington Beach. I really thought the Second Degree ordeal was going to be a piece of cake.

I thought I was doing good on Hacienda, but when we got to Beach my ass had to stop and rest after every other bus stop. Luckily one of our friends was out of shape too so he sat with me at every bus stop. I thought I was going to faint before we even passed the I-5 freeway bridge. I was sweating like a water buffalo. Me and our chubby friend were about to call it quits and take the bus back, but the others kept on pushing us. They said I couldn't bail out because it was my idea. The others had to entice me and our chubby friend with lunch, which we'd get when we reach Knot's Berry Farm, which was our "half mark."

I get really quite when I am ass tired, so as we walked I didn't say much, since I was trying to breathe. Every time one of us felt like quitting or resting too long, the others would go into this group pep talk mode by clapping and cheering us on by saying "C'mon, you can do it! Don't be a bitch, bitches!" And talking shit about how we were out of shape. But the pep talks and pushing worked gradually to instill in me – us – motivation and determination to get to the beach. And I could feel the Spark of Determination begin to burn inside to finish this goal whereas before during the first half of the trip I didn't have that feeling. But in my mind I was thinking to myself how utterly pointless this all was.

Not just the crazy impulsive walk to the beach being completely pointless, but the ordeals of the Sinister Way; and the whole of life too. Everything seemed totally pointless? Why try? Why strive and put in so much effort into life when you're just going to die anyways? It's like when my mother gets lazy to go out too dinner she yelp a complaint saying: "Oh god, why bother eating when it's all going to come out the other end anyways!?" Then my stepdad will say to that jokingly: "I know, why bother breathing in when you're going to breathe out? Buddha was right, life has no meaning, let's die."

The other half of our trek to the beach was like boot camp, or so I imagined [I've never been to a boot camp]. The walk was just pointless. But the motivational pep talks were there and so was the determination. Or at least I was determined not to appear as out of shape as our chubby friend. That's just unbecoming. I'm nowhere near fat or chubby.

Beach ends right on the beach. Well, it ends with a small parking lot on the other side of the perpendicular street, and the beach is on the other side of the lot. This feeling of triumph was beginning to run up my spine as we walked past the estuary. Then I set foot on the sand and smelled the beach as the sun was going down. It took us 6 hours but we did it! I felt like Rocky!

That one old movie where Rambo is a boxer and he's training and running triumphantly up a flight of stairs.

We had fun during our brief stay but for me the moment was a philosophical realization of something. Everything all fell into place. I had at that moment intimately understood – via experience – what my mentor meant when he said that neither he nor any book or person can ever give me that burn or teach me how to be determined for something in life. I also learned that day that even though the walk itself may have been pointless, the fruit that it bore wasn't pointless. The fruit was the intimate understanding that with determination, anything can be accomplished in life. I have heard that said to me in so many different ways before, and I have read it written hundreds of times. But to put yourself into direct experience to come to intimately realize this is something very different which can never be conveyed in words. You cannot say or write into the heart and mind of another person or pupil the Feel of burning determination and the realization that with that determination anything can be accomplished in life. It must be experienced.

We could only stay for an hour because we had to walk all the way back. The way back was a different experience. It was like we were soldiers returning home after a triumphant war campaign. Comrades with hands around each other's shoulders shooting the shit and laughing all the way back in the dark. It was in the late evening and the sun had long set. We have to pass Little Saigon where we stopped to grab dinner. At the dinner table I listened to everybody else take their simple experience that day of determination and philosophically and intellectually apply it into other venues in life as they understood life. We were all basically "on the same page" because we all seemed to have obtained the same insights from our simple experience that day. Walking through Hacienda Heights at night is dangerous. It's a very safe area. It's just that the area we were walking through is wooded and has no street lights. There is a cliff to the side of the winding road and it's so dark you can't see a foot in front of you. We had to stay on the yellow line on the road and not walk on the dirt or we'd risk slipping off the cliff. But we made it back safe.

The experience that day helped me understand intimately a few other things. On the way back during the night I recalled a Zen story frequently told. The story goes that one day a Buddhist monk was bathing in a stream and a young man walks by. The young man seeing the monk and ran into the stream and bowed saying to the monk: "I want to be enlightened. Please teach me."

The monk says in return to the young man: "Go away, you're bugging me." Thinking this was a test, the young man comes closer to the monk and kneels and says: "No, I'll stay right here. I want you to teach me." The monk gets annoyed and not saying anything grabs the young man's head and submerges it. He sits on the man's head so the man can't breathe. The young man struggles to not drown and fights for his life. When the man emerges from the stream he says in anger: "Crazy old man! I asked to be enlightened and you try to kill me!" The monk ends the conversation saying: "Unless you desire enlightenment as much as you wanted air down there, you will never get it. You are thus wasting my time. Go away."

This notion is shared by Theravadins too, as my own Bhikkhu grandpa once called me out on

this. I was still in high school and during that time I believed myself to be a smartass know-it-all. So I asked my grandpa one time when we went to visit him to teach me what he knows and understands about Buddhism. Being my grandfather he didn't hesitate or question my intentions. So he immediately began to give me a simple lecture. He was briefly saying to me that there isn't much to Buddhism but knowing that suffering is a part of life and karma is something one must learn to understand.

When he had finished saying that I said back: "But I don't believe in karma. How do you know it exists?" My grandpa said back irritated: "You come to me with a full plate and ask me to fill it up, how can I do this? You give me no room. Do you want to know how I understand things, or do you want to show off what you think you know and what you already believe? There is a difference between learning and arguing. One takes us here to there. The other only pushes us back and forth. Come back when you have grown older and are empty."

It took me a long time to figure out that my "ego" was getting in the way. I didn't want to actually learn anything. I just wanted to challenge him. It wasn't until later when I realized that all I knew or thought I knew and believed were superficial trinkets of ideas and opinions blanketed over a reality I had no understanding of. I then realized that I didn't "know" anything. Empty, I went back to my grandpa. Who would briefly give me a simple lecture, ask me a bunch of question, and told me to go away and find the answer to them. Or he would ask me about my experiences in life, and then use what I gave him as analogies to explain certain ideas.

There was then – in emptiness and with experience – no need to argue or debate. When my grandpa explained to me the simple causal mechanics of "karma" I didn't have to question him or debate him for validation. Because in my own life, I had the experiences needed to understand the nature of unfoldment of the causal fruits of my own thoughts and actions in my own life which effects the lives of others around me. Whereas before, I secretly desired to challenge his belief in karma and all I had to work with were two dimensional opinions born from agreeing with what I may have heard others say or from what I may have read.

So this is my own first lesson in "Inner Presencing." That one never really learns anything without a genuine desire and determination to learn. And that before one can "learn," one must be empty, devoid of the intention of arguing and debating. This is pretty self evident in your average college student. They go into college stupid, and they come out stupider, in more debt, and pregnant.

It can be asked: "Well, what's wrong with arguing and debating?" It's like you were to go up to a black belt martial artists or a soldier who is a veteran and asked him to teach you his skills. So when he teaches you certain moves which he himself has learned from experience; you say to him: "Well, I have too disagree here, that block you're teaching me seems kind of ineffective in a confrontation because I saw in an episode of COPS, such and such." And then you believe that such argument adds to your stock of knowledge? The very fact that the teaching stops and some back and forth debate between opinion and experience-born wisdom ensues should show that the flow of information from on mind to another has stopped.

And that is the very basic idea of learning: Flow. Recognizing that there are things out there you do not know. Or people out there with more experience. Or other with a different perspective and angle of understanding than you. Then opening yourself to the Flow of data WITHOUT impeding that Flow. Then you test that data. Not with opinions you have collected. But test it with experience in the arena of life. If you have a hard time agreeing that karma is real, go out and randomly punch somebody, preferably somebody twice your size. And observe carefully if your actions manifests causal Fruit. Then, after you have tested the data – when you are lying semiconscious on the sidewalk – can you analyze your results to validate such data. That's the Three Legged Stool of Science: 1) Hypothesize; 2) Test/Experiment, 3) Analyze. You don't challenge a hypothesis [Opinion/Guess] with another hypothesis. You cancel the hypothesis with a test that shows and proves Otherwise.

If you are burning with a determination to learn or be “enlightened,” in such conditions, you will naturally set debates and arguments aside so as to not impede the potential flow of information between your mind, and the object you assess as a source of what information you desire. The Honourable thing to do is to absorb what they teach or give As-Is. In the Understanding that no two people are identical in body, mind, perception, thought, and experience. You must learn to tailor in your own mind what information you receive according to your own experiences and tests of validation. The ego doesn't need to learn. It knows everything already. When ego desires to learn, its desire is not born from determination for self growth. It is born from hubris and arrogance, a superficial belief that it knows better: that it is better than others. A dialectical argument or debate between two honourable equals does manifest/presence new insights. A debate or argument between two egos is a dick fight, its an assertion. It is the ego saying: “My opinions are better than yours because I am better than you.” Like two male monkeys fighting during mating season: minus the actual female; the “winner” really doesn't win anything.

The other thing I learned that night walking back from the beach is the usefulness of something like the Seven Fold Way, and Life in general. I thought that life was pointless. But it really isn't. Because what we learn today in life from our trials and errors, we can put to use in future to get better results out of life. The experiences and struggles in life themselves teaches us our lessons which can never been truly written or expressed in words. How do you teach someone what it is like to cry and hurt over the loss of a loved one? How do you write in words or speak to someone what it feels like to quietly watch a sun rise at the beach in the morning, wrapped in a blanket with someone you love so that the other person can feel what was felt? You can write and speak, and the other person can superficially know. But they will never “know” until they have themselves experienced it.

And we all learn this the hard way. My birth mother grew up hating her culture and mother. She rebelled during her teenage years and gave my grandmother a lot of trouble and heartache. But life has a funny way of teaching us. She became a mother herself. And when she did, she experienced everything that comes with the territory of being a mother. Which was when she empathetically understood her own mother. It would be so simple to write on a piece of paper: “Mother is always right” and give it to my mom back then. She would read it, and know the meaning of the words; but the essence of the words would be completely meaningless to her. We each unravel like flowers in time and experience, and come to our own understanding of things in their proper season.

The Seven Fold Way has often been questioned. I have questioned its usefulness. Before I saw the Seven Fold Way as being a sort of boot camp and set of tribal rites of passage. But now I see more to it. It teaches you, or imbues in you something – or somethings – that can never be taught via spoken or written words.

Such as determination. What the burn of determination feels like. What that burn can accomplish. If you knew what that burn felt like, and had the masterful skill to command that burn into existence inside you at will, such that you were able to passionately burn for your life's dreams and goals; you'd be successful in eventually presencing them. Most often we have dreams and desires but hardly a single one ever materializes. We all want to be multimillionaires, look the prettiest, have the most perfect pecs and abs, own our dream car and dream home, and so on. But is there a blinding burn of determination behind those fleeting dreams? No. 70% of Americans don't even burn with a determination to burn off their obesity. Yet ironically I hear quite a few fatasses talk about surmounting themselves into some "Ubermensch," or being their own gods.

What is the most basic meaning or understanding of a "god?" The bible opens up with the very essential meaning: "In the beginning God CREATED the heaven and the earth..." He SAID "Let there be light, and there WAS light." A God in most of the world's major religions is a creator. Usually such gods just speaks and things manifest. Vishnu Commanded the world into existence. What kind of a god are you – or believe yourself to be – when you can't manifest shit in life? Most of these self deluded mundane Satanists can't even manifest their own thoughts, ideas, opinions, paradigms, and worldviews. If it weren't for LaVey writing the Satanic Bible, those "gods" that populate the subculture of Satanism wouldn't have a pot to piss in. They don't create. They can barely debate themselves out of a paper bag let alone speak things into being. How are you a god when all you have done is be a consumer to somebody else's pre-fabricated Box Reality? One that comes completely with a worldview and set of beliefs and opinions to agree to? They just agree. What god agrees? Allah doesn't agree with shit. He speaks, and you either do the agreeing or you're an infidel.

Sometimes the greatest lessons one can learn are those which are not taught. And that's exactly what the Seven Fold Way of the ONA is like. That may be hard to understand unless you're a Buddhist or Taoist. It's like you were 15 and you came to me and said: "Chloe, you've been in several relationships, can you teach me about them?" Then I said: "Sure, but you have to follow my instructions exactly as I give it to you: 1) Smile at guys; 2) Say hi to all the ones that smile back; 3) Sleep with the one that tells you they love you."

You see the lessons taught are not in the steps themselves. The steps only help to create the proper Condition for the lessons to be learned. Because if you are naïve enough to follow my three steps and you sleep with the first boy that tells you he "loves" you, you will be in for a very hurtful experience. Then you'll come back to me and tell me how fucked up I was. All I did was help you to intimately understand from your own direct experience that love hurts and will hurt and that you cannot trust any man to make you happy. Happiness and self worth comes from within. Men are not vending machines where you can just put in a few kisses and hugs and get back the love, affection, attention, and happiness which you need. But I can't tell you these things. They're meaningless to you in word. You must experience them on your own

term, and grow to realize their meaning on your own time. All I can do is help set you up for those experiences by giving you a list of arbitrary steps to follow.

The wisdom of science is not contained inside the four steps of the Scientific Method. You can't teach wisdom and enlighten people via instructions and lectures. It must come from experience and an intimate observation. The four steps of the Scientific Method only help to set up the proper Condition for insights and discoveries to arise, everything else is up to you. But we can also say that we can never be truly sure what each person will discover and learn from applying the scientific method. The mind that may have put together the Method in England long ago could not have ever dreamed that his steps would one day "teach" people about the wild nature of quantum phenomena.

So from these two illustrations of love and science and the steps that set up proper Conditions for direct and intimate discovery and genuine learning, we see that first the steps don't actually teach anything. Meaning they don't force/assert/impose a prefabricated opinion, idea, concept, belief, dogma, view on you. The second thing we should notice is that although the steps or set of instructions [sasana] were put together at a certain frame of time in some past, the unwritten lessons and potential for the unfoldment of wisdom and insight transcends Time. Simply because the lessons learned arises from within each person who each exist in their own reference of Time.

The key point is that the steps or instructions only sets up a Condition or environment conducive to Self-Born insight, wisdom, and discovery. Self-Born meaning arising from within oneself [Sambuddhi]. This concept is the opposite of religious indoctrination where a set of beliefs, doctrines, opinions, paradigm, worldview, is offered which supplants or covers an individual's self-born insights, self understanding, self apprehension of life, self sovereignty and self growth. Mundanes are a breed who are bred to learn only from indoctrination. You must give them their ideas, beliefs, worldviews and opinions. If science had not shown them pictures of a round earth, most of those mundanes would still believe the world to be flat and they'd debate it too. The fact that marketing and advertizing is a trillion dollar industry proves/exposes such mental condition of mundanes. The product itself can be shit. As long as the ads are good and the marketing tactics is good, the crap will sell. And mundanes will spend their time debating on crap shoot brands they use. Never realizing that the both of them bought shitty crap and did not produce anything themselves. They are Consumers manipulated by "brand propagandists" to simply buy. And they do the same thing with their ideas, beliefs, and religions. It's called debate, and religious wars.

And so you ask me: "So what is the Seven Fold Way?" It's a method or set of steps. What do they teach? Nothing in and of themselves. They are just instructions. It's like looking for a wealth of esoteric meaning in the instructions for putting a computer desk together. You just follow the god damn instructions because they were put together to manifest a certain Condition. I can't – nor can any person – give you or teach you the experience and feel ["qualia"] of putting a computer desk together. But you can cultivate the right Conditions when you follow the instructions. And it is what you actually learn and gain from the actual experiences that are the heart of the matter or the Essence.

I can only speak for myself and about the beginning degrees of the Seven Fold Way. When you put yourself inside the proper condition and environment which the Seven Fold Way produces several things are learned gradually. First is that every task and objective in each degree of the Sinister Way is a Process which has a beginning point and an end goal which is actualized via practical deed and action. Second is that the tasks and objectives of each degree is grounding. By that I mean they are based on activities based on the real world which refocuses your mind away from the clouds and back onto the real world. Third it requires determination to execute each task and ordeal. The task and objective themselves may feel pointless. As pointless as waking up at 3AM in the morning at boot camp to jog up and down a hill. But it is the unwritten experience and what is not being pointed at which is where the real value is to be found.

It breeds a culture and state of mind where you are goal oriented and where you come to understand that it is with the fire of determination that such goals – all goals in life – are actualized. Things like determination, will power, and morale are not separate things, but things which are linked and influence each other. Nowhere other than the battle field of war is this more apparent. When an army's morale is low, their passion/determination is weak. When their passion is weak, their will power is weak. Without the force of Will, the army cannot exert its influence onto the real world and they will all die. It is via force of Will that the nebulous idea and objectives of an army changes and alters the real world. Even the Buddha says that the secret to Power depends on Chitta Samadhi: the coherent focus of Heart. Passion can make or break an army. On the battlefield – soldier or gangbanger – passion determines whether you live or die. And when your nation depends on military force, passion makes or breaks your nation.

But in the everyday urban condition, the average person rarely has passion for anything. Can you even say that you are master of your own Heart? In such a way that you have full command of your emotions? To make yourself burn for something at will? The more crazy you are about something, the more likely you will have it. Enlightenment, inner growth, and self surmounting doesn't come easy. You don't read a book and become changed inside. You only add ideas. It's like adding a hundred dollars a week to your bank account and believing that such increase in funds somehow changes and evolve your actual bank account into something different. Enlightenment isn't a thing to obtain from reading or being taught. It is a nature you develop into gradually. It makes more sense in the original Pali: You use Buddhi to Become Buddha. Buddha is a state of being [bhava] not a resultant condition of reading and debating. In the same sense that the elevated state of mind of Homo Sapiens is not something that came from reading or learning. It develops gradually as a Nature of Being. That inner nature comes only from long spans of struggle. The Ariya is a breed apart from the Anariya. That inner development is a long struggle and process that works with the same elements as war: morale, passion, will power.

The Seven Fold Way simply gives you the Condition in which those elements can be cultivated. It produces over time in you a "culture" of knowing how to call into being the right state of heart and mind to manifest real inner change as well as real outer change. But the end goal of inner/self change and development begins with morale. In common lingo we call morale "being psyched out." It's like sex, if you're not in the Mood, you're not gunna do it. Action

follows passion. If you're not psyched out about getting buff, you're not going to lift a pound. If you're not psyched out about looking hot, you're not gonna spend \$10,000 on cosmetic surgery. If you're not psyched out about enlightenment, you're just dabbling, collecting, reading, and memorizing.

I used to know this friend during college named Richard. He was the assistant manager of an apartment complex across the street from campus. My friends and I used to hang out at the lounge of this complex because it had 3 pool tables and the manager and her husband were really cool people. So over the years as we played pool in that lounge Richard got to know us all and he became a friend. I often would sit in the office with him and listen to him talk about his only interest: Christianity. He was a chubby soft spoken guy who was very religious and he loved to share his Christian ideas with people. He gave me a tour of his apartment once because he likes to show off his bible collection. He had this wall packed with book shelves and every book was a different kind of bible. He says he loves to drive to Christian bookstores and buy bibles. But after years past I got to know the real Richard as I slowly questioned and attacked his weak spots in his character.

The real Richard was a pervert. He was a frustrated man because he was lonely and wanted female companionship. But he believed premarital sex was sinful. I got him to shamefully admit that he masturbated to pornography. He said he wasn't proud of it. He cried once in front of me when he shamefully admitted that he occasionally buys prostitutes. But I also noticed there was a part of him that got off from shamefully revealing these things to a girl who reflected his religiosity yet mirrored his secret desires; or so it seemed. Here was this guy who could quote bible verses off the top of his head, had hundreds of bibles, he was an expert on different publications of bibles, he went to church; but nothing about his inner nature has changed or is different from any normal secular guy. He was just dabbling and collecting ideas and bibles. He somehow believes that collecting all those bibles and superficially presenting a façade of Christian knowledge makes him a Christian. Like how those occultniks out there think that collecting as many grimoires as they can changes them into a different kind of person from the average guy off the street.

Richard's roommate was more fascinating to me though. His roommate had these thick glasses, and fluffy pepper hair, like a 40 year old nerdy Jew scientist. This guy was the first real live schizophrenic I ever met. Richard had told me his roommate is crazy and hears voices and was laughing. So I asked Richard to introduce me to his roommate named George. George was intelligent. He told me that he was fine when he took his medication but that he still heard the "voices." But on medication the voices were just background noise. Off medication the voices takes over and he starts blurting out obscenities and perversion. He also said that off medication all the cars on the street vanish to him. George tunes pianos for a living. I asked him if he ever had a girlfriend once. He said no, but he gave many girls piggy-back rides. I was like "What? Piggy back rides?" He said that the only way he can get sexually excited was to give girls piggy back rides. George's medication doesn't change his inner nature: a nutcase; his medication only covered up his inner nature. In the same way that Richards bible collection and Christian façade covers up his inner nature and does not change it. It takes more than dabbling and collecting to bring about genuine inner change.

External Presencing

There was a time in our human past when our own grandparents and tribe mates past on the wisdom and culture of the tribe to you so that you had the culture and knowledge to not only survive but to succeed in life. But this way of passing wisdom and accumulated practical skills has been lost. Today we depend on schools to teach us. And usually what we learn in school has very little to do with life and living life successfully. It has more to do with gradually training you to be a good employee.

If not school, we go to religion and political parties to fill us up with “wisdom” and knowledge; all of which has absolutely nothing to do with the real human side of living life and getting the most out of life. Religion may offer myth and doctrines that are mentally stimulating to some. And politics may offer gradual political change. But school, religion, and politics neglects the most basic aspects of human existence: life, relationships, fulfillment, and getting the best out of our life and relationships. The average person today barely has the practical knowledge and skills to keep himself out of financial debt, to have a meaningful and healthy relationship with family and spouse. And the average person has close to zero skills in manifesting positive end results in their lives. As in getting the things you want out of life, as opposed to manifesting a dysfunctional debt ridden life.

It is within a religion’s best interest to have you mentally dysfunctional so they can offer you their life changing services. It is serves the interest of the State to have you dysfunctional so they can offer you their service of governance. Why do judges exist? Because people can’t be adults and come to agreements on their own. Why are there law makers? Because people can’t be adult enough to simply govern themselves and treat others fairly and justly. Social service workers are the stupidest service. It’s like as a Western society we are so socially dysfunctional that we need a government mediator to just socialize and get along. It serves the corporate sector’s interests to have you financially dysfunctional, this way they can offer you their jobs. When there is a service offered, it means there is a lack of know-how or dysfunction somewhere. When you cannot function [live your life] on your own and need others, you compromise your own sovereignty and self autonomy. All that dysfunction in life is the result of a lack of will power. A lack of the power to exert real influence and change on life according to your will. That power of will arises from determination, which comes from a strong sense and feeling of morale. It all comes back to Heart and Passion.

There are two ways to making things happen [manifesting/presencing] in the real world: 1) The easy way & 2) The hard way. The difference between the two lies in the understanding of how the natural causal mechanics of the phenomenal world of experience works, and where in that causal chain reaction you start.

We can say that manifestation is like a train. A train has a definite departure point, a middle point which is the length of the track, and a definite end point. If the train begins where it is suppose to begin this train will almost effortlessly move to its end point without much force. But, if this train were parked in the middle of the track and you wanted to move it, you would need to exert a large amount of force to move it. It’s like a Hindu in India trying to push a cow out of the road. It’s not going to move if you are ignorant of how a cow works. You can push all

you want. But if you know how a cow works, you just entice it with food or salt in your hand and manipulate it off the road without much effort. You learn to understand the Nature of things, and you learn to use its own inherent Nature to your own advantage. It's like learning to understand the Nature of air, wind, and aerodynamics, and using what you have learned to make very heavy metal crafts fly in the air almost effortlessly.

So the process of action-manifestation also has a departure point, a middle point, and an end point. The departure point or train station is the Heart and Mind. The length of train track is the real world and our actions. The end point is the materialization of thought. The closer you start at the beginning of the chain reaction, the less force and more momentum the thought-form/desire has to actualize. The further down the chain reaction you begin, the more force you must exert and the less momentum it has to manifest coherently.

Starting in the "middle point" is like you desired to start up your own business. So you go out and borrow 20,000 dollars and rent a spot. You may be able to produce a shop with items to sell; but the whole process will take a lot of effort to keep it going. You will eventually tire and then quit with negative losses. There is an easier way: start before the action.

All things with us starts of inside in the Heart/Citta/Psyche, where thought and desire arises from into conscious awareness and recognition. That feeling of desire when it burns and ignites properly with a passion influences Mind, in such a way that its thinking and function becomes fixated and focused. Meaning that instead of the Mind's thoughts and awareness going about in different directions, with burning passion the Mind is obsessed over one single objective. If you have ever been in love or infatuated with somebody, you'll know what I mean. Or if you are nerdy then there may have been a time when you were wholemindedly passionately obsessed with a math equation, Star Trek convention, or computer program, I don't know what nerdy types get all worked up for. It's like Christmas when we were kids. You stay up late at night and can't stop thinking about Christmas day.

That obsessive state of Mind influences and fuels everything else, especially the way you behave, carry yourself, act, perform, function, do, and interact with others. If you are racist or know a racist then you will eventually know how your obsessive thoughts influence your body and its physical expression and action. You hate the other race, you obsessively think about the other race, and so when you encounter this other race, you act and behave under the influence of those strong emotions and thoughts. And from there your actions and behaviour produces consequences and causal reactions which you will experience.

That Obsessive State of Mind is where I initially got my idea of "Resonance" from. There is a word for it in Buddhism and it's an entire method of meditation. The word the Buddha used was "Sati." Sati is the Pali version of the Sanskrit word Samriti [smrti] which means "Remembrance," "Mindfulness," as well as "Tradition." The original idea of "Mindfulness" has devolved in the West to mean something like carrying a thought in your brain around everywhere, when it had a different meaning long ago before New Agers.

Resonance Factor is when you take a big bell and strike it once to cause it to ring. Then you allow that ring to draw out unimpeded. That drawing out aspect of a bell's ring is its resonance

factor. So we take that idea of resonance and use it with a tuning fork. You strike a tuning fork over a table of crystal goblets. When the fork resonates it will crack those goblets with the same frequency as the resonance. The question is then: Where in that process does the Potency or Power to shatter crystal lie? In the striking and exertion of force onto the tuning fork or in the effortless flow of the tuning fork's resonance factor? It is in the resonance and quality of resonance. Not in the striking or applied force. That resonance factor of the tuning fork is Sati. Sati is a word which feebly tries to capture a "remembrance" or "lingering" affect/sound of the first strike. Don't hold onto the strike, hold onto the resonance. Don't think of the thought, hold onto the resonance of the thought. The potency does not lie in the thinking or visualizing. It lies in the quality of Mindfulness/Resonance. What do I mean by that?

Before I was "corrupted" by bad friends I used to be geeky. During junior high I was a member of this one thing our school called a "Pentathalon." The Pentathalon is when different schools in a school district collect all of their geeky kids and compete them in these nerdy competitions involving math, spelling, vocabulary, etc. Those were my shameful years. I think I was the only member of our school's pentathalon team that didn't wear glasses, didn't drool, didn't have buck teeth, and looked pretty. My whole fobby family was terribly proud of me back then. I only joined it to escape P.E. [physical education] because I hate sports. Orchestra and Choir were all full, so I had no other alternative. The real members of the pentathalon team were boys that actually wanted to be members of it.

The cool part of being on the pentathalon team was that you get pulled out of class to "train" and to compete. Training is when your pentathalon "coach" teaches you a mess of math and grammar that will be used in the next competition. Then we'd take a bus to the other school and along the way our coach would get really into it and tell us to close our eyes and visualize being the best we can be in winning the competition and to just dwell on the great feeling of winning. I was bad at spelling, but good with grammar and punctuation. My strong point was remembering the meaning of words or figuring out the meaning of big words. Math amazingly was also one of my strong points. I wasn't into it at first, until we went to this one school which has three pretty [non-geek] girls on the team. All that time I thought I was the only cool non-geek girl on the pentathalon. When those other girls looked at me funny, that just changed everything from then on. Because you can look pretty, but you can't be both pretty and smart at the same time like me, I'm Asian. That's how we roll.

So anyways I did end up using my brains for the first time that day to help my team win thus humiliating those other girls. I got this sadistic satisfaction deep inside from outsmarting and outthinking other people and making them look stupid ever since then. Which was when I started to do what our coach was telling us to do: Visualize winning and being the best I can be and dwelling on that feeling of satisfaction. And the longer I dwelled on that feeling, the more I could feel an itch or burn inside to get all into it. In other words, I discovered that you can psyche yourself out just by thinking of the feeling of winning. Once you're psyches out, it's like your high and you have all this energy and anxious feel to compete and kick. You fidget and become restless, like you'll explode if they don't hand you your pile of fraction division.

I have several cousins who practice martial arts and they compete in sparring competitions with other teams. They also do the same thing before their competition. They will close their

eyes and first visualize the competition and winning that competition. Which is the striking of the bell that causes to arise a feeling and state of mind or altered state of conscious awareness where they are psyche out and fixated on that one thing. Then they stop visualizing and “ride out” that crucial and stimulating feel for as long as they can to maintain that altered state of awareness. This is the resonance factor of the thought/visualization. It is there that the potency lies. Not in the thinking or visualizing itself.

You have to think about it. When we are excited, stoked out, or psyched out about something, that state of mind and elevated emotional condition is not a thinking or intellectual process. It is pure feeling and awareness sans word and thought and intellectualization. Animals don't “think” in word and thought like us. They are aware and they feel. And they can manipulate, refine or fine tune their state of awareness and feelings to heightened states. You can see it in the eyes of a cheetah completely fixated on a target it has picked out to kill. There is no think involved. It's pure concentration of a feeling/emotion/burn and an elevated/refined state of awareness. Then it rushes full speed for the kill, without thought, yet with intelligence and precision. That wordless awareness, elevated state of Mind, and heightened state of pure emotion/feel is what you are trying to Sati: be Mindful of, dwell on, hold onto, draw out. The longer you can get the tuning fork to resonate at its optimal condition, the more crystal it can crack.

Whereas in the occultnik subculture they work their “magick” ass backwards. Instead of their being a focusing of their Heart/Mind/Body into a coherent “beam” they scatter everything. Their mouth is busy rambling incantations and nursery rhymes. Their body is busy doing something else waving swords around. Their mind is busy visualizing and thinking, and worrying if they chanted the Enochain words right, etc. And they strenuously put in effort to visualize and say their magickal words with contorted force like they're constipated and trying to relieve themselves. That's like taking a tuning fork and repeatedly banging on thing, thinking the more thinking and visualizing you do – the more striking and banging – the more powerful you will or magic will be. And then they wonder why their magick sucks and why it never works.

Sati is when you learn to become first aware of something – anything – then you learn to hold onto its resonance factor in your mind. The easiest way to explain this is to vividly recall a wonderful nostalgic memory from your past. This is becoming Aware. Then, when you have called into being that same elevated state of Mind, wonderful feeling, you stop the visualization, and hold onto that state of mind and feeling for as long as you can. That is the actual Mindfulness part of Sati. To prevent the conscious mind from bugging that resonance you may chant or vibrate something, as you often see Vajrayana monks do. This keeps that money busy. Then you can learn to do something called a walking meditation, which is when you practice walking around the block while holding on to the resonance or Mindful State. Because that state of Ataraxia is where the magic of causal manifestation incubates and bursts out. Any thought held in that state of resonance will either burst out as the end results of your actions, or as insights and as what people in the past in the West refer to as “revelation.” Before heaven and earth there was Wu Wei, the potent state of pure effortlessness. Before heaven and earth was created God/Brahma or Whatever existed in a state of pure awareness burning and bursting with the restless and creative impulse to manifest itself.

With that impulse to manifest and that elevated state of Heart and Mind, failure has no meaning. It is failure itself that causes us to fail. Or rather when awareness had come down from that elevated state and acknowledges failure and defeat – allows failure to supplant its Will – it quits. And in quitting it has succumbed to failure, thus failing and not achieving. Every person that I have ever met in life so far who is in some way successful in some aspect of their human existence have all told me the very same thing: “Do not let failure stop you.” If you have ever burned deeply to be with someone, you will know there is no such thing as failure. Rejection is meaningless. Fail does not compute with sheer determination. You will get what you want, or die trying. Failure may only be a sign post to help you better yourself and refine your effort and will.

I know an acquaintance in real life named Thomas [Tom]. I met Tom a while back in church. I actually have friends that go to church who invite me, and so I'll go and hang out. Tom is the pastor of a local church. His church is not big, but he has a good sized congregation that is active and always full on Sundays. Most of the people that go to his church are under 30. He always dresses in very nice business suits and is always perfectly groomed. Perfect hair and perfect cuticles. We pay detailed attention to odd things on guys. When I first met Tom at the church, he smiled and professionally introduced himself with a firm handshake and a strong eye contact lock. He asked for my name, and after I gave it he said my name and gave me a warm welcome. As I watched him mingle with his congregation before the service, I noticed he knows every person's name, never fails to smile and establish a strong eye link, and was very respected by his people.

For the first times I hung out at this church, I assumed that maybe Tom was a 40 year old businessman who didn't quite make it in business so he became a preacher to make a living. Which I see no wrong in. He is always friendly and respectful in his mannerism and speech. After hanging out with friends at his church one day he came by our little group to causally talk with us and he noticed the ivory Buddha I wear around my neck. So he politely waited when no one was talking to me and pointed at the pendant saying: “Buddhist?” I said yes. And he then started giving me some positive feedback about the nice qualities of Buddhism which he liked. I felt bad and didn't want to offend him in any way and said something like: “I really like this church and the atmosphere here. There are a lot of good things about Christianity which I like. Buddhism is just a part of our culture.” He seemed to get what I was trying to say and he said back: “Hey, I must be doing something right Chloe, you're a regular here. That means something!”

So later on after hanging out with my friends at this church I get around to asking Tom about his background and previous profession because judging by his dress, mannerism, and body language, I assume he was a businessman by profession. So I told him I wondered how a businessman ended up becoming a preacher and mentor to young people. Tom said he never did business and never finished high school. In fact during his early 20's he was so addicted to speed that he ended up being homeless. But he said that for as long as he can remember he always wanted to teach people and mentor people. He watched a popular preacher once and knew from then that he wanted to do the same. It's just that home life for him was harsh and one thing led to another and he ended up homeless and on drugs.

But he said his dream of teaching people never left him. He eventually found enough faith to clean himself up and got himself a normal job and place to stay. He made friends and started to try and preach to them. But none of his friends liked it. Instead of taking such rejection as a failure, he used it as constructive criticism to better himself. He took classes at the local community college on anything that could teach him people skills, and he read whatever he could on things like body language etc. He tried many times to start up churches, but he was never quite successful and at times the people were very mean to him. But he never accepted failure and never quit. He just used what looked like failure as a means to understand what he may lack that people need. Then after so many errors and fail attempts, he got his church, and was “blessed” with a beautiful wife and children. One thing he taught in church once which stuck in my Mind was: “Anybody can quit. Anybody can not bother to try. It takes a person with the resolve of Job to stand up to the adversities of life to make things happen. Don’t let failure defeat you.”

When you learn to hold onto the resonance factor of a thought or desire, and to ride it out as long as you can, life starts to unfold and unravel gradually in your favour. And this is one of those things which can’t be given or validated in word and speech. You must apply it and test it yourself. The Buddha once said that dhamma is only dhamma if and when such dhamma can be tested and replicated. It’s one of the 6 conditions or qualities of dhamma. Dhamma meaning “phenomenon.” If a phenomenon is real, it must be testable and reproducible. Meaning that if Sir Isaac Newton noticed that apples fall, then if that falling nature is a real phenomenon, other must be able to drop apples and watch it fall too. Then you know it is a real phenomenon of nature. If on the other hand somebody experiences Brahma talking to him, and that phenomenon of a talking Brahma cannot be tested and replicated, then something is not right.

So if life unfolds and unravels like a blossoming flower when nurtured by Mindfulness is a real phenomenon, then it is testable and replicable. Thus, as a student of Life, it is up to each of us to test natural phenomenon. If certain people can become successful in life, and if they all follow the same basic blueprint of manifestation, then whatever blueprint they are using should be replicable if applied. Unfortunately like science, phenomenon in nature cannot not be tested by simply throwing around opinions and debates. Phenomena are things that are experienced, and thus to test a phenomenon of nature, one must experience such phenomenon on one’s own terms.

So the basic blueprint of presencing something in the causal is Heart→ Mind→ Causal Momentum→ Result. That resonance factor is what is needed to build up step three: causal momentum. Causal Momentum is like swinging on a swing set on a playground. We all use to do it. You start off slow and move forward. Then intentionally pull yourself backwards, and thrust forward again. You do that often enough and you will generate a gradual increase in causal momentum. But that momentum or swing has two parts or aspects: a moving forward, and a moving backward. Both the movements are part of the swing. Just like going up slowly and moving down fast are both part of a rollercoaster. But in life we often mistake the slow going up or backward motion as “defeat” and “failure.” And so, interpreting them as such, every time we are confronted by what looks like failure, we quit and stop trying. You need one to give rise to the other. Failure and error is a sign that you are getting closer. That sounds

counter-intuitive. I'll explain.

A while ago my family and their friends started a business of making faux wood out of polyurethane. To get the idea going a Russian scientist which I renamed Dr. Scratchhandsniff because he looked like that bald scientist on the Animaniacs. The Doc presented his "expertise" on chemistry. So the makeshift "board of executives" made him a partner and gave him big shares of the future company. All he had to do was make the idea real. To keep me out of trouble they made me be the receptionist after school and double as The Doc's assistant which meant that I just run around and fetch him things he needs.

The idea was simple. We take fiber glass, foam, and fly ash and mix it up into a clay like substance, then push the pliable substance through a long 60 foot pressing belt and Voila! Fake wood comes out the other end. And surely, with a chemical scientist from Russia, the minor details would be a piece of cake to figure out. Well, that's not how it looked like on our end. Or at least to me the Doc seemed to not know what he was doing for the first 3 years. The first year I stood there and watched him talk to himself as he mixed a bunch of chemicals. Some didn't do anything and others made a lot of smoke and caught on fire. There were times when he had to look at me as he was running to the door saying: "Okay, let's go outside, remind me to not use that specific formula again!"

One problem was that the Doc didn't have any money of his own. So his "tests" and "experiments" costs a lot of money, which nobody had. They had to use credit and borrowed money to supply the Doc with his chemicals. The other problem which looked like failure was the fire department kept coming by and telling us to get rid of the Doc's chemicals because they were a safety hazard. The second year the Doc ended up making something that looked like clay, but the quality was pure crap because the stuff just foamed and didn't harden into a wood like texture. The year the Doc finally perfected his formula. He made these little one foot long samples in the hundreds and I had to test all of them for its breaking point with this pump thing. Once we had the actual formula, it was time for the others to borrow more money to actually build the belt machine and extruder and stuff. That was when more failures came.

First nobody knew how or where to make belts as big as were needed. Each belt had to be 60 feet long. But the belts were round like massive rubber bands so that the belt machine can turn the things around. That meant the belts had to be 120 feet long and one piece because the pressing part of the belt had to have a continuous wood grain design. So one of my uncles who knew something about latex came on board and spent the whole year experimenting with the belt concept. This was a long process of trial and error and a ton of failure; each failure costing money nobody had. Next came the actual engineering team, nobody knew what the machine that mixed the stuff together must look like that could work with the chemicals and stuff the Doc's formula specified. They found an old one that handled the mixture which cost a huge arm and leg which was also borrowed.

Then the Doc and machine team came on board to learn to work the big blender. The blender/extruder was the size of one of those fans on the wing of a commercial airplane and it takes all these bunches of chemicals, ash, and chopped up fiberglass and mixed it all together in its mixing bowl inside of it. The chemicals react to make heat which melts everything

together and the blender squeezes all of this out of a hole smaller than my fist. Which meant to me – being as smart and analytical as I am – that it's not a good idea to stand in front of the small hole, because if something happens and all the pressure and heat inside of it is clogged, something is going to blow up and fly out of the hole fast. Which happened and was the other set of huge failures. The blender machine on the first day of mixing got clogged because the Doc did not know exactly how long to keep the mixture inside before it hardened. Well it hardened inside the machine and the blender smoked up in a puff of clouds. I was the first to run out of the building, than like a cannon it shot out hot steaming rocks and clouds of toxic smoke. They had to take the whole machine apart piece by pieces to chip away the hardened stuff. This went on half the time.

The fourth year they were in terrible debt and the debt collectors were calling my phone at the desk asking for money and all these companies kept threatening me to sue me. I had had to tell every caller daily: "Hey, this is just an after school job, I have nothing to do with anything!" But the manufacturing plant was making boards! Piles of boards which were totally useless. The quality was crap, you step on it and they break. Each pile of boards cost about 5,000 dollars worth of chemicals and material which nobody had, and the whole yard was packed many feet high of worthless boards.

Finally, after all those years of failure, the plant made nice boards. So that's when the marketing team came in. Which was when I got assigned to work with the fat cigar smoking guy who was a partner and marketing guy. We made samples and drove around to these horse ranches to try and sell the stuff as fencing wood. We eventually started getting customers! Which was when the "executive board" said that everything looks "good" enough to sell the company to get out of debt. They had no other option. If they all didn't sell, everyone would be homeless. This was when the other set of failures came. Every group of investors and potential buyers that came to the plant rejected the whole thing as total waste of money [which it was]. Finally they found a farming family with a lot of money and not much brains. They came over to the plant and everybody was showering the farmers with visions of spectacular gross profit from making and selling fake wood! They bought the whole company, and everybody involved broke even with barely a significant profit. But that small profit everybody got plus getting out of debt was the success.

If it weren't for all the failures, trial, and error, there would have never been a profit of any size. The more causal momentum the business idea picked up, the more failures there seemed to be, and with each overcoming of those failures and from the learning of error, there was a progress. If you think about it, the people who have not met up with failure in life, have not actually tried to do anything in life. They all stay within the average limits of mundane existence: get a job, borrow money, lease a house, pay off debt, make a nuclear family. There are no risks or failure involved with mediocrity, it's safe.

Causal Momentum in real life out side of manufacturing plants takes on a different aspect, which is really cool to watch unfold, if you ever put yourself in the proper conditions. The state of Mind of resonance is the fuel which drives the momentum. By that I mean the thought/emotion you Mindfully resonate during your waking hours or are single mindedly focused on seeps into your sphere or field of influence and draws in people who themselves

resonates with something you are “broadcasting” out. It usually happens in the form of coincidences and happenstance. Except when you manifest often, all the coincidences adds up to the point where you become consciously aware that they simply cannot be dismissed as coincidences.

I was told once by a mentor that success in life is easy, you just do what you love to do and the rest will fall into place. You eventually meet the “right” people at the “right” place and time. But it all requires a burn and putting yourself out there and meeting people. One causal thing happens which causes to arise another, and gradually a momentum builds up, until the end goal is actualized. It’s like the Star Game. There will be many moves, many errors, many failures, but every move takes you closer to the top board and put you closer to the winning pattern. The further along the Game, the more momentum build up. All you have to do is hold on, ride the unraveling of causal momentum, and keep things moving. The entire system itself is designed to take care of the How and details. You just move and set things initially into motion.

I’ll tell you a real story about manifesting, determination, and causal momentum. I have a close friend named “V.” I’ve known her for 7 years at least. She’s a few years older than me. When V was 9 years old her uncle brought home his best friend named “M.” We call her “Big M.” Big M is 11 years older than V. V said that when she first saw Big M, she fell in love and knew that Big M was the person she wanted to spend the rest of her life with.

At the time V was too young to know or make any sense of what she was as far as sexual orientation or identity goes. She just had a deep feeling for Big M. As V grew up Big M went through her many relationships with guys, which we all go through. The fact that Big M was never in a relationship with a girl never deterred V or stopped her from going to bed at night dreaming about being with Big M and waking up in the morning with the same thought resonating in her Heart and Mind.

Twelve years later V is all grown up. She has figured her self out and has been with a few girls. She still wanted to be with Big M, and the feelings never went away. They only grew stronger. So one day she had to tell her uncle, to get things off her chest. Back then she and her uncle were like best friends. He was a gay boy 11 years older than her. V told her uncle that she was in love with Big M for over 10 years and wanted to be with her. They got into this big fight as he went into a big sissy fit, and her uncle ended up telling his whole family that V was gay [lesbian]. At the time she was living with her grandparents who were religious Catholics. They kicked V out. She didn’t have a place to go so she went to live with her cousin. But she and her cousin got into a big fight as well, and so she left. For a while V was homeless. She drifted between our house and other friends houses. But she was working and still in love with Big M.

Enter me. I knew V’s family problems at the time, but she never mentioned anything about her 11 year in loveness with Big M who was already 30 something at the time. Which was way older than us. Plus I had never seen Big M with a girl before, but I don’t hang out with Big M much anyways. So one day Big M calls me up to hang out. It was a day before V’s birthday and Big M wanted to buy something for V, but she didn’t know what V liked. While we were shopping Big M kept on asking me about random private information about V, such as what

kind of girls she dated etc. So after coercing it out of her, I learn that Big M has this crush on V ever since she first saw V when she was 9. Except she never told anybody about it because Big M was always afraid that people might think of her as a “child molester.” I also learned that Big M has some encounters with other girls, and had finally come to realize that she is happier with girls because men are pigs. And Big M for the longest time wanted to be with V more than anything, except she was scared how this all would effect V’s relationship with her uncle [M’s best friend].

I thought it was odd when she mentioned V’s relationship with her uncle, because they didn’t have one. Big M didn’t know, because the fag never told her. I had to tell her that V’s uncle went on a sissy fit rampage and got V kicked out a year before and she was living from house to house, but I didn’t know what the cause of the big fight was. I suggested unknowingly that Big M perhaps give V a call and find out, and tell V that I had told her about the fight if V asks. Well as soon as I could I ran over to our friends apartment where V was living at to tell her the load of gossip I uncovered. I was thinking, “V will never believe me when I tell her Big M was in love with her when she was 9 years old!” It turned out that the bizarre feeling were mutual. A month later after 13 years, they started dating. Today, after constant mindfulness, the burn of passion, and causal momentum, they are living happily together in a house they rent. They have been together for about 5 years now.

When we hang out together and quietly talk, it always amazes us how throughout all the challenges, difficulties, and adversity, V never lost sight of the only thing in her life that gave her life meaning and something to wake up to, to strive for. For even when she was rejected by her entire family and homeless, she held on to that determination and never waived. Even if it never happened, it is the hope itself that kept her striving and kept her from doing anything tragic with herself like suicide. Most girls who are kicked out and severed from their families within V’s “subcultural demographics” don’t have happy lives, and don’t really make it in life as anything successful. When V was kicked out, she worked her ass off at her job. Today she is the assistant manager of a large grocery store. V is a personal “hero” of mine, one of many Real everyday people I look up to and admire. Not for what philosophical or religious BS they know, but for what they have accomplished and manifested against all odds and adversity.

Morale, Determination, and Will Power sets the pendulum of causal manifestation in motion. I find it unfortunate that mundane Satanism has rejected the fundamental aspects of human motivating morale such as hope and faith. They have traded the very basic flint of manifestation that makes the sparks which sets aflame the burn of passion and determination for dead lifeless intellectualism and opinions. And when these mundane occultniks have some sort of desire to have something, rather than understand that it is from the burn of determination and single minded action that results in life are born, they turn to dead grimoire of medieval magic. Think that pointing swords at a pentagram and speaking Enochian will do anything. You take a close look at many of these mundane Satanists and occultniks in cyberspace and you’ll notice that most don’t even have the will power to lose weight. With such people something Jesus and something Forrest Gump once said comes to mind: “By their fruits, ye shall know them;” and “Stupid is as stupid does.”

Where do you go to learn about determination and will power? Can you read a self help book

and be magically endowed with god like passion and will power? No. They are phenomena in nature. Inner nature and outer nature. You must put yourself in the right conditions to experience such phenomena. No body can teach you or me how to passionately burn for something, some goal, or someone. But steps which helps put together the right condition can be given to you. And if you would just apply the steps and put yourself into the Flow of Life, you will eventually gain the experiences and learn by trial and error how to use those experiences to makes real things happen in life.

The 7 degrees of the Sinister Way are the steps, the tasks, the trials, and the ordeals that bring about the right conditions in life for one to experience sheer determination. Sure, the individual end goals seem pointless. But that is not the point. The point is what is not pointed at or written. What can never be written. Only intimated feebly from on Mind to another. It's like a constructed wind tunnel in a way. There is wind everywhere in the world, Why bother constructing a stupid wind tunnel? To test and experience things first in a controlled environment, before you take flight in the much bigger environment. So we can ask: "Why bother experiencing unnecessary adversity and ordeals set up in some Seven Fold Way, when life itself is already difficult and challenging to live?"

It's a simple answer really: to gain practical skills in a controlled environment. Failing tasks in the Seven Fold Way doesn't generate long term consequential results in your life. Failing to hike 50 miles up a hill doesn't kill you or make you homeless. If you fail, pick yourself off and try again. It's an outrageously arbitrary end goal, but just do it anyways. In the process you will feel something stir and burn inside. And when you reach the end goal you will gain an intimate realization that can never be given to you in spoken or written word. The realization that with determination and will power anything is possible in Life and beyond.

It is the only thing that strikes fear in God. Throughout the whole mythos of the Bible, there is only one real instance when God expresses fear. It was when humanity was One and they had collected themselves into a coherent union with a single minded revolve to build the Tower of Babel to pierce the heavens. In fear, God said to himself: "If as one people speaking the same language they have begun to do this, then nothing they plan to do will be impossible for them..." [Gen 11:6] Then he divided everybody up, fracturing their coherency; and making them – Humanity – impotent, dysfunctional, and dependent on him.

Besides the ability to show you intimately what determination is and how force of will is born from that burn of passion; the 7 degrees of the Sinister Way of the ONA orients your Mind to see, understand, and to work for goals, aims, objectives, and directives. It trains you to live your life within context to goal orientated action. Don't just live aimlessly. Live for something and work to Presence it. Don't just waste your time working for anything. Work to manifest something beyond you, for those who will come after you: your progeny. Like bees who labour their whole existence for unborn grubs. Step by step, the Sinister Way gives you a goal and task to accomplish. It gives you the basic methodology. The rest is up to you/us. If we are the right type and kind of people, we will know and figure out the How and the details.

If it's one thing I hate, it's babysitting grown people. There was this time when me and my cousins had this idea of building a gazebo in our grandma's back yard for her, next to a fish

pond there. We went around and collected money from everybody who thought it would be a good idea. So me and my cousin Tiff had the chore of finding the guy who would build it. We call up this one guy we found in the internet after a day of searching. This fatass comes over to grandma's house and we talk business. We tell him we want a six sided gazebo "right here." This fatass then proceeded to act like a smart ass saying things like: "You guys don't have blueprints? What kind of sticks and lumber should I use? Should I use cement or brick to lay the foundation?" His badgering and whining got me and Tiff upset so we went off on him. Can't you just build the god damn gazebo right here without people feeding you the little detail and baby sitting you?

So we fired him and drove around Home Depot looking to hire a Mexican labourer. After stopping by a few Home Depots cruising for the right looking guy who has the look and feel of someone who takes charge, we found one and Tiff yells out: "Hey anybody know how to build a gazebo?!" My pick stepped up and said he had experience building patios and that he can make a gazebo. So we hired him. We took him to grandma's and said to him: "Aqui [here]." He says: "Okay, tomorrow I come back and show you pictures." He came back the next day on a bike with a magazine of gazebos. We pointed to one we liked, and that was it. All we had to do was drive him around back and fourth to home depot to go crazy on picking whatever he needed to build the thing. We didn't know. Our gazebo guy even provided us with his own cheap labourers without us bothering to look. And the gazebo got built. That's more like it. You are given an end goal or objective. Nobody babysits you. Stupid people need not apply. You/we should be smart enough to figure out on our own how to get from point A to point B. Point A is now, point B is Galactic Imperium. Point A is the current condition, point B is system breakdown.

Subversive Presencing

I just made up that term. It basically means to presence or manifest in people ideas in a subversive manner. Why bother doing that anyways? Because with something like Inner Presencing, we can change and alter our own inner condition, which is great. And with Outer Presencing we can learn to change and alter the immediate environment in our own lives. But those methods don't bring about social change because "society" means a group of other people. When we are dealing with the building block that is the human being, there is no difference between a "civilization," a "city," and "nation," and "corporation," a "school campus," a "tribe," a religion, a "gang," a military, or the gay pride parade. It's all the same thing: People! They are social orderings of humans who associate with each other for some purpose.

So when we have demystified all of that, we can clearly see that if we desire to change "civilization" or society that we are not talking about rebuilding structures and buildings and infrastructure things like highways and sewage pipe lines. We really mean the people, the social glue that binds them together, and the causal future fruit of their combined wyrd and actions. So it's basic causal mathematics from here: Coherency + Modality = Future Result.

By Coherency here we mean the social ordering or social organization of a given group of humans. By Modality here we mean the pattern of behaviour, way of life, culture, mode of

expression, of the given group of people. By Future Result we mean the condition of life, of the world, of the environment, the collective causal output of a given group of people will manifest in the framework of Time. Each vector is the sum of several variables or factors. Coherency is the sum of the factors of People plus a shared common resonance. Like attracts like. We are drawn to people who have something in common with us somehow. It comforts us by appeasing our ancestral tribal instinct wired in us. We feel safer around our kith and kinfolk who share things in common with us. Such as tradition, beliefs, culture, rituals, etc. Modality is the sum of the factors of Heart [citta/psyche], Mind, and Action.

So once we have the simple equation, we can say that if we do not like the potential Future Result of a given group, or if we desire to graft our own Future Result into the equation, that we must deal with the vectors of Coherency and Modality. Change any one of those two initial vectors, and we in time influence the Future Result of the equation. How do we change those two first vectors? Implantation of emotive memes in Heart, implantation of memes in mind influences behaviour and activity. Maneuvering and manipulating People requires an intimate understanding of how humans function and understanding of Resonance Factors, what they are, and why they bring people together. Affect any of those two secondary variables, and you influence the coherency of the given social order, in Time. When we are working in real life with the factor of Time always in the background, we are not working in a static environment. It is again very much like the Star Game. Each move changes everything and takes you – in Time – closer to the “end.” Not only do you have to be considerate of each move and the potential causal resultant sequences of each move, but also how each piece will affect other pieces and how it all must work to make an end pattern in context to the matrix of Time.

I learned how to change others gradually over time by paying close attention to my own life, my actions, and how those actions affected and influenced others around me. Then what I would do is make a hypothesis, experiment around with people and situations, and then analyze my results. All this takes time and a progressive examination of your past actions and resulting reactions. It also has a lot to do with speculation, trial, error, mistakes, and the learning from mistakes. But it wasn't like learning to manipulate people subtly was my life's objective. It was just a random thing that popped into my mind when I was bored and thinking.

My first visual perspective of manipulating people comes from the examination of my own junior high years and being honest with myself. During that time I knew there was a social pecking order on campus. There were the popular people at the top and I was somewhere at the bottom. I hated the popular kids, but only because I may have envied something they had. I secretly wanted to be them. When I left campus, I vanish from the minds of my peers, if they were ever aware of me at all. When school was over, the popular kids were still on our minds and we bottom rung students still talked about them. We hated them, but we wanted to be like them. Which is why we dressed like them, did our hair like them, talked like them, thought like them, liked the same celebrities like them, etc.

We all do it whether we like to admit it or not. We desire to associate or be close to things we find pleasing. They don't even need to be people. When you walk into a pet store and you see a cute puppy you want to take it home with you. When you walk into an antique store and you see a beautiful curvy French armoire you want to take it home with you to have; to keep in

close proximity with you. When you meet someone and you like them you want to have them close to you somehow. We want to be close to things we like. If we can't be close to things we like directly we associate with those things indirectly by proxy. We can't associate and be close to Hitler, so we either carry a picture of him, have a swastika, or associate with whatever party he affiliated with. We can't all marry Justine Timberlake or Brad Pit or Angelina Jolie, so we do the same with them by proxy. We listen to their music, watch their movies, talk about them, and wear what they wear. We can't all be best homies with Dr. Dre and Obama, so we listen to Dre's music he produces, associate by proxy with his label, and join the democratic party and support liberal agenda like stooges.

Top down influence is easy. Those people at the top don't have to try. We naturally associate. Bottom up influence is pathetic and not even worth trying. If you were a bottom rung student and you tried to start a fad or set a fashion trend, nobody would notice you or give a shit. So from that experience in being at the bottom rung of our school's social order, I gained two valuable hypothetical insights which I would test later: 1) If you want to influence people, get to the top of the social organization; 2) If you can't get to the top, and you want to influence people, you just influence the people at the top.

The Higgs Particle comes to mind here. It's a speculative elementary particle that "gives" mass to bigger particles. I was watching something on youtube which explained the Nature of the Higgs Particle really nicely. You have a campus of students at break just hanging out and talking. Then a Popular professor walks across the quad and all the students start to crowd around this Popular professor. The Popular professor represents the Higgs Particle and the crowding effect represents "mass." On the other hand, when a normal professor without the popularity walks across campus he doesn't even draw people's attention to him. So in any social ordering of people you often have two kinds of people you want to look for. The first is the "Leader Particle" who is somehow either an authority figure or given that role. The second type of person to look for is the "Higgs Particle" people, or the Popular one.

As a Subverter you first want to find the Higgs Particle type and focus your work on them and not the Leader Particle. Why? Because just because you are a leader of a group does not mean people like you. The Popular ones in the group attract the attention, have already established strong rapport with their peers, and everybody likes them. Your memes will travel further and wider through that type. Ignore the leader and the satellite membership. The leader types are only secondary options in the case that a group has no popular types, which is a rarity. Some social orders don't have leaders. How do you brand market "Nike" to an entire leaderless subculture of basketball players? You put Nike shoes on the most Popular type in that subculture. Human Nature and the natural pecking order of the subculture will do the rest of the work.

So in practice, let's say that you have a tagger crew on campus you wanted to influence. Do you waste your time and energy convincing the many individual members to agree with you and see things your way, or do you work on the leader and popular icons in the crew? The second option is the more constructive option. First in a friendly subversive manner, and if that doesn't work, you use force. As long as the leader, perceived leader, and iconic figures in that crew are influenced, the rest of the crew will naturally follow.

I first became aware of "Satanism" in junior high, when one of my friends talked about it. Him and his few friends were Modern Satanists. They had this group thing they called AMS which stood for "American Modern Satanist." The group leader was this emo fag named "Shadow," or at least that's what he called himself. He wore black lipstick, eyeliner, and black nail polish and said making out with other boys is cool. But they were the only friends I had at the time beside the drooling geeks on the pentathalon team. At the time I only knew about three religions: Buddhism which I didn't think anything of because you drown in it at home; Christianity which I thought were obnoxious crazy people; and Hinduism which I thought were irritating crazy people with stupid English accents. So I naturally thought Satanism must be crazy too. Who worships Satan?

My friend Shadow gave me a Satanic Bible one day after I asked for one. This was when he had spent time talking about the greatness of Satanism during every lunch break in the library. And I liked the ideas. But as I read the Satanic Bible I had all these questions. I tried asking my friends in AMS but none of their answers really satisfied me because they were idiots.

But I had this one grandfather who was a Buddhist monk! So I figured that, of all people who knew anything about life and human nature, it must be a monk. I thought about asking him my question whenever I had time. Except I had a few problems, first I didn't want anybody in my family to know I was a crazy Satanist. I wouldn't know how to explain it. Second, that grandpa speaks gibberish which I don't understand hardly. He uses these really big Pali and Khmer word. Second I was only had the command of the English language. My Khmer is primitive. I understand it spoken; by my personal lexicon in my head consists of mostly domestic words. Domestic meaning the further from the house environment one goes, the less words I knew to describe things. So I would need a translator, which was my aunt-mom. But she was a problem as well. She understood the grandfather and she is fluent in English, except my aunt-mom's English is on a different level than mine. I'm not going to say I am smarter than her. It's just that I have a different class and set of words I use which differs from the everyday domestic class of words and thought she uses. So this is how I learned the other method of influencing people.

The idea was for me to trick my aunt-mom into thinking I am asking a question about Buddhism when I am actually asking a question about Satanism. This way the grandpa will be tricked into giving me the answers I am looking for. But the trick happens the other way around as well which I would later find out. It's called Upaya, which is a method of tricking people to be Buddhist by using words and thought-ideations your audience uses already. The whole system of Mahayana is an Upaya to trick the native Taoist Chinese people to be Buddhist for example. Vajrayana is another example of an Upaya, where the monks reformat Buddhism into the native Bon-Po thought-ideation, weltanschauung, and cultural peculiarities of the indigenous Tibetans. And this is not unbuddhist because the Buddha himself used Upaya to trick everybody around him to understand Dhamma.

There is no way to translate "Satan" into Thai, or Khmer, or Pali, or Sanskrit in such a way that it retains its native quality without completely changing the outer word. You can just use the name and it would be completely meaningless to your Bhikkhu grandfather who is totally ignorant of what a Satan is. So from my exchanges back and forth with my grandpa through

my aunt-mom, I learned to clearly see that there is a distinct difference between a string of words and the thought-ideation that such spoken words conveys or tries to convey. For example I can say in English: "My Dog Has Black Eyes," and in simple Khmer "Pnaek [eye] Jakai [dog] Pon [belong] Chloé Khmau [black]," and although the words and ordering of words are completely different, both sentences relay the same exact ideation.

And I learned further that the sequencing of thought-ideations themselves only tries to approximate an essential concept further beneath the ideas. For instance In English we can say: "God Exists." This makes sense in English and the ideation of it also makes sense in English, yet it cannot be literally translated into Khmer or most other languages. Then also the ideas native to each word themselves cannot be "translated." There is no real word in Khmer for "God," and there is no real word in Khmer for "to exist," or "to be." You cannot state that English ideation intelligently in Khmer in any real way. Thus there is a problem because the superficial thought-ideation simply does not exist as a viable construct in Khmer weltanschauung. Neither the word or ideation exists. How do I go about this huge problem if I wanted to get my grandpa to tell me if a god is real?

If I wanted to say "Trees Exist," in Khmer I would have to say "Dam-cher [Tree] Roos [Grow/born] Bee [From/of/with] Dey [Ground]." But here I would be stating a complete obvious. Of course trees grow from the ground. But the point is you cannot take the "tree" outside of its condition and matrix. The condition of growing, and the matrix of ground. The condition and locality or matrix gives the phenomenon of a tree its given reality/actuality. You see it, it grows, it's obviously exists. Or I can say: Mian [Have] Dam-cher [Tree] Khnong [Inside] Pandey [The Earth]. But again, the "tree" is accompanied by a condition [Have] and a matrix of existence [The Earth] as in the earth has trees. But you can't say Vishnu grows from something, because what is Vishnu growing out of? People? The sky?

People like me can Roos [grow] Bee [From] Madai [Mother]; and thus the phenomenon of my existence is fixed to conditions and people and places: real things. You can't say that the earth has shiva, because where is it? But I can say "Preah [sacred/honorable/used to also mean god] Nau [dwells] Khnong [inside] Chet [Heart/Citta] Manus [People/Human]," or God dwells in the human heart, which is the closest I can get to "God Exists." If God exists, he only exists as a "quale" – an inner experience – of Heart and Mind, and thus has no reality in the real world of phenomena, in the same sense that the emotion of love exists only as an inner experience and does not – cannot – exist in and of itself in the real world independent of condition and context. It's the same thing with the spirit of ancestors. You can't say that "spirits exist," or spirits are real. Your ancestors and forefathers are dead. They no longer "exist" in the real world. But their spirits can be with us in our heart [citta/psyche]. To be fair one can actually say "God Exists" in "Khmer" by heavily borrowing words and ideas from Sanskrit and Pali. But when 100% of the words/ideas are Sanskrit is it really Khmer anymore?

From many years of struggling to state my questions about Satanism, life, and human nature in general to my aunt-mom to ask my grandpa, and from he in return giving answers, I gradually figured out that the only major difference between at least Satanism and Buddhism was the verbal décor; otherwise I noticed that both religions were feeling the same arena of human experience and nature. Like we were to take grade schoolers from the 1st grade to the 6th

grade out into a natural setting and have them paint the same scenery of snow capped mountains, lake, and pine forest. Not everyone will draw the same picture with the same detail. Some pictures will come out very crude and almost unintelligible. Other may come out perfectly drawn. Yet they are all the human attempt of capturing what has existed before human Mind existed to capture.

So I switched high schools and became popular at my new school due to relations with people who had gone to the school before and because at that new school, taggers, gangbangers, and ravers were the cool crowd. I had gotten into tagging at my first high school, which was not an activity the popular crowd there were into. All my friends were just that type there. Things were different at the new school. I ended up making many friends in the top rung, as well as in the subgroups on campus. And so at that new school, with my new found social status I brought my confused belief system with me. Which was when I learned another useful factor in subversive presencing.

At that school I was the only "Satanist" on campus, but I didn't tell anyone, since I was confused myself. By the time I was a senior, every person inside my field of influence, which included many of my cousins at home became Satanists. There was literally only 3 or 4 people I knew at school whom I associated with that was not a Satanist, or who did not get into Buddhism. Basically what happened was that I would often share my own ideas and insights during general conversations but I never put a tag or label to those insight. As time past my friends would come up to me and ask me what my religion was, or where I was getting my ideas and thoughts from. Depending on the person, I either just said from the Satanic Bible or from Buddhism.

So when a person is first exposed to a set of ideas that they resonate with, and they later find out that those ideas are "Satanic," they cannot fall back on their own preconceived assumptions and biased opinions about Satanism, because they first resonated with the ideas and associated with them. If we like something, we want to associate with them, and this goes with ideas and thoughts also. It is our own preconceptions, assumptions, misunderstandings of a religion, a belief, a culture, a race, etc, that prevents us from associating or being open to such. You want to completely go around and bypass their ego, prejudice, and assumptions, by presenting your memes with words and ideas "native" to the person's paradigm first. Then if you want, you later give them a label for those ideas. Otherwise, it serves no real purpose to put labels on memes when subverting.

When I left high school and went to colleges, things changes. I no longer had the back up of a social pecking order, because there really isn't a coherent single one on a college campus. And the people that go to college are more intelligent. It became hard to tell people my ideas and get people to just accept them like I had become used to. This is when I learned another factor in subversive presencing.

From hereon I learned that the verbal décor and outer ideation are only tools used to convey a deeper essence to specific groupings of people. You can complete change the verbal décor and outer ideation around and retain the essence. So now it was possible to convey that essence to a target person by manufacturing the ideation and verbal décor this target person

was receptive to and embed that essence in him. Religion had then lost its meaning to me. It now had become a tool of manipulation. Because I can take the essence of "Satanism" and morph that essence to be acceptable to a Mormon. And I could take Mormon ideas and by switching verbal décor and ideation around, I can make it acceptable to a Satanist. Or I could take dhamma and morph it to sound like Mormon ideology to a Mormon and Satanic philosophy to a Satanist.

The idea of subverting the internal thought process, paradigm, belief system, or worldview of others is to Implant your own memes somehow into their Minds, so that the target grafts those memes into their system. When you meet with resistance, you must understand that the subject's psychological "immune system" has red flagged your memes and has put up a defense mechanism. The very minute your memes is challenged by a debate or argument, that memetic coding is trash and useless. Because instead of those memes embedding in a Mind, it now just circulates in a circle of debate and validation. Debating ideas defeats the very objective of subversion. You don't want your subjects debating, arguing, and validating, your ideas. You want them to think them and use them. You don't want the street gang down the street to debate on the economic validity of teaming up with your gang and monopolizing the drug trade in the whole area. It's pointless and gets you nowhere. You want them to go with it without resistance.

The minute one of my ideas meets up with a debate or sign or resistance in the other person, I know that my idea/meme did not pass their customs agents. When you are trying to smuggle drugs and contraband across the boarder into a different country, the last thing you want is the boarder patrol checking through your vehicle and cargo. A debate is not conducive to subversion. It is a resistance to what has been outted as a foreign idea that challenges the other persons set of opinions, lexicon, belief, and worldviews.

I say lexicon, because most of the time, what triggers a debate or argument is not the idea itself, but the actual words you used to convey those ideas. For example when you are taking to a group of Mormons and you want them to think thoughts congruous to Satanic weltanschauung, you don't give them the meme: "Human sacrifice and culling is cool!" It's not the idea of killing people they reject, because Mormons join the army and kill, they do become police officers and must use force at times, the bible and book of Mormon includes acts of war, and in their history they did have what was called the "Mormon Illuminati" who were fanatics that murdered any Mormon who betrayed their secret priesthood oaths. They reject the memetic coding because their system is programmed to just reject such words. When you use different words which they use and you mirror their Mormom thought-process or way of thinking [paradigm], they will agree or not debate it.

It's like a problem I recently encountered. I got a cool program with some weird extension [.asc] which worked fine on the internet, but when I downloaded it my computer said it couldn't open an ASC file. I have never come across an ASC file before. So I just deleted the software after trying to open it with everything I had in my computer. I figured ASC must be some computer programming language from the stone age of computers or something. It was a stupid program anyways. I don't know why I downloaded it. It was an artificial intelligence program. There was a box with a head in it and you type things to the head, and it talks back to

you. Except its conversation skill was pitiful.

Anyways, in college I dropt Satanism; or at least the outer décor of Satanism since it's hard to subversively implant memes using outer satanic ideas in people. But by then I had learned the fine art of upaya from my grandpa. Upaya is like shapeshifting but for your ideas/memes. You have the essence you want to convey. You calibrate your target, acquire their lexicon and paradigm schematics from associating with them, then dress up the essence of your meme in ideas and words that resonates with the target's mental programming language and paradigm.

Rapport is also a crucial initial factor of subversion and subtle influence. I only learned this after asking myself why was it that every friend I had thought like me in some way; why most of my friends I had in high school turned into Satanists like me. Why when I dropt Satanism and reverted back to Buddhism that those friends who associate with me turned Buddhist. To "Turn" people: what's the root meaning of the word "Subvert?" Sub+Vertere/Versus. It shares the same root as the word Universe. A Uni-Verse is something that is a Whole System and when it Turns everything in it Turns together as One Whole Thing. Uni meaning "One" and "Verse" from Vertere/Versus meaning "Turn [Around]." Reverse meaning to "Turn Back." Convert meaning to "Turn Together," or "Turn With." Divert meaning to "Turn From." Subvert essentially means to Turn people around Beneath [sub] their conscious awareness in a subtle manner. Or it can be parsed to mean to Turn people's Subjective orientation around.

Why is it easier to turn people's subjective orientation in your direction with Rapport? It's like a magnet right? Every atom in the magnet are all parallel and pointing in the same exact orientation: north and south. You take a magnet and an unmagitized screw driver and with a few strokes you can Subvert the screw driver to change/align the orientation of its atomic axis. You simply stroke the magnet along the metal shaft of the screw driver several times in the same direction, not back and forth. Then the screw driver is Turned into a magnet. Something weird in Nature always seems to happen when things organized into coherent patterns. The coherency may be a physical structure or the coherent orientation of poles. In the former you may end up with crystals and lasers. In the latter you end up with Fields. And because we can take a magnet and magnetize an ordinary screw driver, we know that Fields spread and propagate. And because the effect a magnet has on the physical metallic property of the screw driver, we should know that Fields influences the atoms themselves [causing them to resonate in polar orientation]. Fields not only spread and propagate, they also affect and influence physical structure/unit.

Rapport is when two or more things/people co-exists in relation to one another in an intense state of harmony. When we set up two tuning forks or bells of the same frequency and we strike one, the other hums the same resonance, that is rapport. Rapport makes it easy to affect, subvert, and influence those within your Field of influence [friends and associates] because when two things relate or have a rapport with each other Information travels between the two vectors unimpeded and effortlessly. Information Flow between two vectors that resonate is the key concept. By Information flow, I mean a literal flow of Information. When you set two bells of the same size and frequency near each other and you strike one, that resonation is pure coherent information: Wave Modulation. When the other bell picks up the wave modulation it hums effortlessly, without you needing to strike it. There is no resistance.

What do we call this in technical talk? Syncing. When you Sync your iPhone or Android Phone to your Computer that Sync/Link/Rapport allows information to flow between the two devices unobstructed. A debate, or argument, or challenge is an obstruction of the Flow. When you encounter an obstruction, you know there is no Rapport.

When you are able to relate to someone or have developed a Rapport with someone, you no longer Question what they tell you. If I were to say the 100,000 people died in Japan from the tsunami, you would question my information for validity. But when you turn on your TV to your Regular station, and watch Familiar faces of news casters tell you over 10,000 died, you Accept that information without Question. Why? Have you yourself directly gone to Japan and counted all the bodies? No. Why do you Question me yet not your new casters and authority figures when the Information may be the same? Because you have no rapport with me, and your familiarity with faces you see frequently induces a false tribal connection/Rapport between you and the news caster. When I say that black holes don't exist, and a scientist says that they do; why would you Question my information, but accept the scientists when none of us three have ever seen a black hole? Because you have no Rapport with me, and although you do not have a Rapport with the scientist, you have been conditioned to have a Rapport with the institution of science. In the same sense that people were conditioned to have a false [substitute/proxy] Rapport with religion and politics trusts – believes in, have faith in – their priests and politicians.

If it wasn't for rapport, word of mouth advertisement would not work. We can relate to our friends and we have a rapport with them. Therefore, when they give us advice we accept it without question, even though we all know our friends advices usually suck. Yet we would never accept information/advice from a random stranger, even though that stranger may be an actual expert on whatever subject the advice relates to. When we are married or are in a committed long term relationship with somebody, what they tell us, we never consciously question. We just accept the information flow. The stronger the rapport, the stronger the influence. It's only when our marriage or relationship turns rocky – when the rapport is fractured – that we begin to distrust and obstruct information flow with questions and suspicion. When you buy a puppy for the first time, it is hard to train/influence the puppy. But when you have established a rapport with the puppy, it does everything you ask, and comes to you effortlessly with a simple gesture or whistle. But Subversion via rapport channels is a two way street, because when that puppy needs a bath or has gone to the restroom, you bathe it and clean after it without question. Yet you would never subject yourself to bathing and cleaning up after a random animal or person.

Relation – the condition of relating with someone – is another powerful subversive tool. Pastor Tom is a great example. He has a "script" or well thought out story of his past he usually tells us at church every other week or so. The more new faces he sees in the audience, the more frequent you hear him tell his life's history in various different ways. Usually when you break his story down all he is saying is: "I'm just like you. I'm average just like you. I struggled in life just like you. I was addicted to drugs just like you. I suffered just like you. I can relate to you. And you can relate to me." You listen to what he says when he mingles with his people and you can see that he is a great bullshitter and knows how to reflect and mirror people. You tell him you like playing tennis, and pastor Tom loves tennis too and he knows all these cool tennis

courts. You tell him you play basketball, and Tom will name you a list of his favorite basket ball teams. You tell him you like shopping and Tom will tell you stories about his wife shopping and how he has to follow her around and hold her purse for her. Then we all laugh like idiots because Tom is just like us. Little do we all realize that our relation with Tom – relating with him – makes it that every fucking person in the church also thinks like Tom and does everything he asks, and some will even go out of their way to do things to please Tom.

Relating with somebody gave Christianity its power back in the day. Jesus is the tool to induce relation. Jesus is a Jew just like you. Jesus is a man just like you. He suffered just like you suffer, He knows what you are going through. Jesus loves you, he died for you. Does your best friend die for you? Those peasants and serfs ate all that up. Once you can relate to Jesus, you're hooked. If you start praying and you develop a proxy rapport with this Jesus who doesn't even exist, then it's over for you. You open yourself up for that information flow and influence. Jesus might not exist, but he conveniently has priests who speak for him and represent him on earth. People you don't even know. And then they rape your children.

You'll see all these people at church crying and waving their arms in the air, like they are possessed. That's a big symptom of a strong rapport and relation. Because when you have a best friend and she's crying to you about shit that her boyfriend did to her or about how she got kicked out, you cry too! Why? Because you can relate to your best friend, you empathize with her, you feel her hurt. It's like those faggity husbands you hear about who get morning sickness when their wife is pregnant or they get cramps when their wife is ragging, because they are so in sync to their wife all information flows, even pain. And so these people trick themselves into relating with a person who doesn't exist, and they are so in sync with Jesus that they feel the fictitious/mythic pain Jesus went through. In the occult and magical subculture we call this "assuming godforms" right? Self induced schizophrenia is powerful shit. Things like Stigmata and Voodoo spirit possessions come to mind.

Buddhism does it too, effectively back in the old days. You have this prince of a powerful kingdom right. He runs away from his kingdom and is exposed to all the pain and suffering of all these lowly sudra and untouchables. And this guy abdicates his inheritance to be a common beggar to teach the lowly sudras. Damn those Brahmin and their religion for treating all of you so bad. Look at me I abdicated my crown to beg like you. They ate it all up. Next thing you know all of these sudras are shaving their heads and begging in orange robes just like the mythic Buddha they never met.

We laugh at those people's ignorance don't we? Yet when Hitler was around he had a whole entire nation think like him, act like him, dress like him, and do as he said. If it weren't for relation and rapport, communism would have never been feverishly eaten up by peasants. You have these people like Marx and Stalin and Mao all shedding crocodile tears for the plight of peasants and how they were treated. Those bourgeois in their castles can't relate to you and your needs, the Party can! Because we're ignorant peasants just like you. The worker makes the State, so you workers are the State. Let's kill people together. So we had all these peasants running around murdering millions of people trying to establish some utopian civilization. All the while those same peasants were being influenced by a group of puppet masters. And where did these peasants end up today after all of their class struggle and

slaughter? Same place they were in before: at the bottom serving a State Regime they have little or no power over. Same BS with democracy, same shit, different toilet. We just traded a single power greedy lunatic [king] for a congress full of power greedy lunatics. And has our place in the State changed? No. We're all still governed by a State Regime.

Satanism is no different. LaVey is the tool. He's the Jesus or pastor Tom. I love how the older version of the Satanic Bible starts off with this memoire of LaVey's life. He's this common guy just like us. He ran away and jointed the carnival! He worked normal jobs just like us! He went to church and saw hypocrisy just like us! He was at the whore house just like us! And he saw those same preachers looking at stripper just like we did. LaVey understand us. He knows how we see Christianity too. LaVey is a social reject just like us. Look at him, he's bald, has earrings, and a goatee! All these hippy subculture rejects of the 70's read this and had a stiffy. At last somebody who understands Christianity like they do! Someone who relates to us.

Then you open the Satanic Bible to the book of satan which is this terrible cut and paste job of Might is Right. When you're rejected by your peers and constantly made fun of for being nerdy, geeky, got big ears, how do you feel towards those people who tease you and reject you? You really hate them. We know so because it not uncommon for a social reject to hate his peers so much, he shoots up his school. So when you're one of those people that living in the 70's that don't fit in Christian culture and the hippy subculture rejects you and your peers at school rejects you, and you read the book of satan in the Satanic Bible, it makes you feel good inside. It's like: "Yes, finally somebody understands. I do want to step on people for hating on me! This is my religion!" And from that you develop a proxy rapport for the religion being presented. Not only can you relate to LaVey, but now you have a rapport with Satanism. The information in the rest of the Satanic Bible now has very little obstruction to flow. You no longer question the information, because you already identify yourself with LaVey and his Satan. The rest of the information in the Satanic Bible will appear to the subject of subversion to be his own ideas.

There is a saying in Taoism that goes: "The greatest leader is one that does not lead and is never seen." Which means the leader that is not overtly totalitarian, but rules subtly is the most powerful. It's the leader that has the ability to talk to his generals and middle men in such a way such that those men adopt the king's ideas, yet believes they were their own ideas. And so when the generals applies those ideas and is productive, this king showers his general with praise and not himself. He remains "unseen" and leads without leading. Why is such a person the greatest of kings? Because when his ideas fuck up, the blame is on others because nobody is aware that the ideas actually came from the king! But the point is that even in ancient Taoist times, people knew that there was a way to subversively, covertly, subtly implant ideas/memes into the minds of others in such a way that those others believes that such ideas were theirs.

Actually it's not so much an "implant" but more a "drawing or teasing out" ideas/memes you want. Think of two tuning forks of the same frequency. Put them close to each other and strike one. The other will resonate with its friend. We did not "implant" that resonance, wave modulation, into the second tuning fork. We teased the modulation out. That wave modulation is pure coherent information. It is not actually "Flowing" from one fork into the other. That

information is simply drawing out of the second fork information already present in it which resonate with it. "Implant" is just more a familiar term to get the idea across.

To illustrate, lets say we were at war and I was queen and there are generals around me. We are looking at a map of the terrain. The landscape has a river and a mountain range which forms a Lamba shape. The mountain range on one slope of the Lamda and the river making the other slope. Now as I look at this map, I know that the best option to take would be to cross the river and not go through and over the mountain range. But instead of overtly giving orders, I simply ask my generals: "What do you guys think, we need to get to the other side, what's our best option, over the hills or across the river?" I gave them only two options. I knew which one I like. The generals have only two options to choose. When one says: "I think we should cross the river because..." I point to him and say: "Great idea, make it so."

So if we go back to the Satanic Bible case, we know that for some odd reason, many converts to Satanism, after reading the Satanic Bible usually says: "When I read the Satanic Bible, I thought I was reading my own thought." You weren't reading your own thought. The ideas in the Satanic Bible exist in a fully formed coherent state: codified. Before you read the Satanic Bible your thoughts were incoherent. If they were codified and coherent, you would have written an essay, or founded started Satanism. You had a head full of incoherent counter-cultural opinions. We all have a head full of randomly floating ideas and opinion in no particular order. So being in no specific coding they just drift in the back of our head. When we see things, hear things, read things, that stimuli draws out memes. If we read something like the Satanic Bible, and we are ourselves part of a counter culture weltanschauung, we will have ideas and opinion that can be found in the Satanic Bible. What the satanic Bible does its tease out those opinions/ideas/memes we already have incoherently in the back of our heads and brings it into coherent order for our conscious view. When that happens we either say we "resonate" with what we read, or that our thoughts were on the page. But the subversive value exists in the fact that you Believe such ideas put into Order in your conscious awareness were your own.

The other method of "implanting" memes in people heads is the reverse of the method the Satanic Bible uses. The method the Satanic Bible uses is when a memplex has been put into coherent order and is used to tease out matching ideas and thoughts in the target. The first method is like playing "Go Fish." You have a set of cards and you know what you want from your partner. You just need to draw those right cards out, one at a time in a specific coherent order. Each codified meme in the Satanic Bible draws out its equivalent in its target audience's mind from their random pool of opinions and incoherent thoughts. The reverse is to present a nebulous seed-thought and have the subject codify that seed-thought themselves, thus making it feel as if what thoughts they think are their own. This method is like playing poker with you as the manipulative dealer. You take a full house and you put that full house on the top of the deck in random order. Then you gradually deal those cards to this person. Eventually, when this person sees he can make a full house he works to make that full house believing that he saw the potential for the full house himself; when in fact, you dealt the target his cards.

For example let's say I had a friend who came to be complaining and crying about her boyfriend mistreating her. I hate her boyfriend or even may want her boyfriend or her. [I

actually did this once to break up a girl with her boyfriend to get to her in the past]. I want her to leave her boyfriend for whatever reason. I can't overtly tell her: "Just leave him and get over it." She will resist and my overt statement may break my rapport with her. Instead I take that same meme/ideation [leaving him] and I chop it up into many pieces so that it is a pile of Lego pieces, which she will then put together. It's like giving a child a puzzle to put together: There is only one way to put the pieces together. But you want to let them put it together to deceptively induce the appearance that they did it by themselves; that it was their idea. So you take your memeplex or meme and cut it up into puzzle pieces. Each puzzle piece is a "seed-thought" you slowly slip to them during their states of heightened emotions. This was done by me planting a "seed-thought" in her mind fixed to her distressed emotion. As soon as I see her cry, I comfort her and may say: "I just want you to be happy. Does he really make you happy?" That's it.

The act of me comforting her, me reassuring her I want her to be happy, bringing in the element of doubt about her boyfriend all associated with her distressed emotion is the nebulous seed-thought. Now, in her relationship with her boyfriend, every time he mistreats her, her mind recalls my act of comforting her, my reassurance, and that element of doubt. She then ponders and thinks about her relationship on her own, adding to or "codifying" or nurturing that seed-thought I gave her. She Believes and feels that every thought born in her mind from that initial seed-thought are her own thoughts. If that seed-thought is potent, in Time she will leave her boyfriend. I never told her or suggested to her overtly to leave him. It appears to her to be all her own thinking and doing. It is harder and take more work than what I wrote here. You have to repetitively anchor your seed-thoughts in different ways to her negative and distress emotions, and also associate yourself or the ideas you what to impress on her with good feeling emotions. Contrast and Association plus Repetition.

The Satanic Bible gave you a two vector contrast to look at: A) Hypocrisy/Christianity and B) "Satanism." Chances are if you are into the counter-culture paradigm you will reject the first vector. The second vector is just an amalgam of opinions put together in a coherent manner, but those memes draws out from your own counter-culture mind opinions, and memes that match up to or resonates with the coherent amalgam which is vector B. Thus when you felt those same ideas arise form within you – from out of an incoherent mess of opinions, and ideas – you believed that what you were reading were your own thoughts. Once you believe that what you are looking at are your own thoughts, and the Satanic Bibles conveniently gives you an identity marker [Satanist], you accept that identity marker as something that you are or must be.

And the majority of the rest of the Satanic Bible is put together in such a way that it stimulates that specific type of mind which has been rejected by peers in some way or which is hurt inside because that mind lacks social skills. What do we do as kids when our parents yells at us badly? We get hurt, pout and think to ourselves: "I'm gunna run away! I'll show you." We have that same emotive reaction ["I'll show you"] when we are rejected by peers in some way. It's the emotive motivation which drives us to try and be better than others. To show them that you are better. That they were missing out on you and your friendship. So you take that state of mind [I'll show you!] and you closely look at each book in the Satanic Bible and you'll notice that each book caters to that rejected mentality.

So you see in the rip off of Might is Right, that the writing stimulates this rejected mind to feel as if it is better or should be better. "They" only reject you because they are inferior, you're a Satanist! Then in the book of Lucifer you are given a set of ideas and paradigm schematic, which fools you into believing that what you have learned from those pages makes you intellectually superior to "them" that rejected you. "They are ignorant and foolish for being Christian and for rejecting you. You know better than them. You're a Satanist! Then in the rest of the Satanic Bible you get this system of magic with which you can make all your dreams materialize magically. Those people that rejected you can't do that. They don't know how. They are stupid. You're a Satanist. And you have been subverted. You have been turned into something you were not before. And the influence in this LaVeyan subculture is totally visible. You see Satanists mimic LaVey in look and demeanor. You see Satanists copy cat LaVey by starting their own Satanic churches and assuming high priest titles. They speak the same words and ideas LaVey had over and over. They associate with LaVey by proxy with their personality cult, CoS membership, and even LaVey novelty items. That's subversion and influence.

The trick is to get the target person to relate to you. Develop a rapport with the target. Understand your target's thoughts and paradigm. Mirror your target's body language, paradigm, worldview, fears, speech, and vocabulary. Then slowly present your memes in such a way that they believe those memes are their own ideas. Contrasting and limited vectors manipulates the target into the right direction. By contrasting I mean you want to talk about the ideas you want the target to assume in a favorable manner, then you contrast that by talking about an idea that has a negative feel to it. Then you graft your ideas into the positive vector, gradually.

Subversion is like dating, serious. There is an obvious end goal. In dating the end goal is to have sex with your date. But you can't just go up to a random girl and say: "Let's just have sex huh?" She'll reject you. You have to go through this dance where you first talk, talk, talk to get the date to relate to you. Then you hang out with the date for a long time to develop a rapport. All the while you are manipulating your date's feelings and mind. You want person to want you, and you want the person to believe that you are the one to give it up to. If you do it right, the person willingly has sex with you. Score. How did that happen though? By contrast and association. We know everybody's life sucks in some way. Going out on a date is exciting and stimulating. That's the contrast. You want to be in the person's presence during those exciting and stimulating periods so that this person associates you with those feelings and fond memories. That's the association. So even in this date scenario we have two vectors and contrast: Suckie Life, or exciting life? Suckie life or me plus exciting life? You know which one you want, and you know which choice the other person will chose. The odd point is that the other person must Believe that she or he has the free will to choose. Even though the entire date is a subversive set up.

Why must you subversively trick people? Because it is in our animal nature to resist capture. You try and catch tadpoles in a pond and they will run away. You catch a bug and stick him in a jar and all he does is try to crawl out and escape. No animal likes to be held captive. We like to be free. But if you feed an animal and develop a rapport with an animal like a dog, that dog will happily live with you and do things you tell it to. Being told what to do makes us feel

captured. After 18 years of our parents and teachers telling us what to do and how to believe and saying things like: "If you're gonna live in my house, you're doing what I say," you associate being told what to do with the feel of being powerless and captive. So we naturally become defensive and resist people telling us what to do and how to think. On an emotional and psychological level it is the same feel as being put into a cage. There is no cage, but it is the same primal feel.

People do not like to be told what to do. They will resist. In the arena of memes, resistance comes in the form of intellectual challenges, argumentation, debate, demand for validation of ideas, etc. This is akin to being on a date and your date telling you: "Sorry, but you're not my type." If you hit this point, it's over and there is no point in carrying on because the rest of the time and energy will be spent in arguing with the date to like you. You aren't gonna get the sex. Go to the next date and be more careful next time. If your memes are challenged or tossed around in a debate. Throw it away because instead of spreading and influencing, it's just going to drift aimlessly in a debate and whither. What you want to do is take the core essence of that failed meme, and convey the essence with different words and through different ideas. The objective is to "Score" not mingle. Sex not conversate. Influence not debate.

There are two conditions or states of "influence." If I wear a brand of jeans, and the following week other girls wear the same brand. That's the first type of influence. We want to be close to or associate with things we like either directly or indirectly by proxy. This first type is also when if you think a thought, others around you will orient their thought to yours. So it can be said that people with charisma and influence have ideas and opinions that matter, because they have a group of people who will resonate and orient themselves accordingly. The other type of influence is less visible. The memes don't produce mirroring, proxy association, or mimicry. The memes infects one fertile mind and spreads. This generates Duplication of Effort. In the beginning you yourself put in the effort to spread memes. Duplicating your effort means now you have others doing the work for you. This is how Evangelical Christianity and Mormonism spreads. It's like tag. You tag on person, they convert, then they run around tagging others. Eventually if you rmemes spreads far and wide enough you will meet people whom you have never met with those memes. That's influence also.

Subverting an entire demographics is "easy," in theory but takes a lot of time to germinate. Buddhism was one of the earliest religions to perfect the skill of subverting whole nations of people to become Buddhist. All social order has People as its common denominator. Where there are People, there are social skills and social structure. All of human existence is an endless high school. The popular ones influences and sets the trends. Influence the cultural icons and you influence the entire culture.

In the old days a Buddhist monk would travel to far away places like China to spread Buddhism. Instead of going door to door converting random civilians, what the monks did was first work to build up for themselves a reputation in their target country. The objective is to catch the Emperor who is the big fish, and the lesser fish below him like generals and popular philosophers. The monk will talk Buddhism using the native people's words and paradigm schematics [Taoism in this case] and eventually the emperor will hear of this guy's renowned

fame for being wise. When this happens it's a hook.

The Monk focuses all of his efforts in providing "services" to the emperor in the form of giving wise advice. The emperor will eventually ask the monk what his religion is, and the monk says "Buddhism." Because this Buddhism is oddly so similar to the emperor's native Taoism, the emperor converts willingly. When this happened the memes spread via the trickle down method. From there it's only of a few generations. As soon as the Chan Buddhism has spread into the younger generations who will inherit the empire, the entire civilization of China has been subverted by a single monk. But subversion unravels with the flow of Time. It took many generations for the memplex of Buddhism to actually take over China. This works with any grouping of people. Pick out the popular one in a group; ignore the leader and underling. If it is a forum of mundane Satanists, pick out the handful of icons in the forum – the ones the others look up to – and start building a rapport with these icons. Then mobilize your intellectual capital to subvert their subjective environment and weltanschauung. Time takes care of the rest of the work since their forum's social pecking order had done 90% of the work for you already.

There was this old movie I watched with friends once called Apocalypse Now. I can't remember anything much of the movie since it was a hella boring one. But what I do recall was that the movie was loosely based on real world events that took place during world war two. Basically the Japanese had taken the island of New Guinea. Before that I think the Australians were looking over that island. The allies had this secret plan to take back the island and kill of the Japanese at the same time. The idea was to locate tribes in the island who hated the Japanese and mobilize them for military action to attack the Japanese. This plan would only work in total secrecy because if the Japanese knew tribes on the island were being trained to fight them, they would kill out the tribe, which they were known to have done before. So British Intelligence sent in one of their intelligences agents who was this "eccentric fellow" [slightly crazy]. He was the only one they could find who was familiar with those native tribes.

So they secretly parachuted this eccentric fellow down into the thick jungles of New Guinea and hoped for the best as he would be completely on his own. And back then New Guinea was still a head hunter haven. So this agent had several difficult problems to overcome. First he had to survive. Then he had to reprogram what tribes he found because Christian missionaries had come to the island and taught most of the natives that killing people was bad. Then he had to train his tribal soldiers to kill Japanese soldier. Then he had to build a run way with sticks and mud so airplanes can ship arms and supplies and take him home. One guy, one island, up against Japan! He was amazingly successful. A couple of years later this agent became leader of a group of secret tribal killers who roamed the island killing Japanese as quietly as possible as first. If the Japanese knew the tribes were fighting them, they would call for more Japanese on the island. Afterwards this agent led a full fledged uprising of natives against the Japanese. In the end his subversive strategy liberated New Guinea. Just on guy and a lot of Time.

Something similar took place in Indochina during the Vietnam War. Communism had spread from China into Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. America was locked in an overt war with Vietnam, and they were covertly bombing the hell out of Cambodia. The Americans for some reason decided to covertly war inside Laos, perhaps Laos was a pipe line of arms and supplies linking China with Vietnam. They sent in two or three CIA agents secretly into Laos. Before the

communist revolution Laos was a monarchy. Its native people are the Laotians which is a branch of the Tai-Kradai people out of which Thai people come as well. The monarch was ousted, and a majority of the Laotians being peasants embraced communism. But inside Laos lived a group of tribal people called the Hmong. They originally came out of China and do not have a country of their own.

The secret mission of the handful of CIA agents was to collect the Hmong and militarize them to fight the communist native Laotians who outnumbered the Hmong 10 to 1. At the time the Hmong were still a primitive group of people living in huts and hunting with bows and arrows. America would have to secretly open up a supply line through Vietnam and Thailand to introduce arms to the Hmong. Death was the risk. If the CIA agents were discovered not only would they be murdered, but the Laotians would also slaughter the Hmong. The agents spent the first year implanting the right ideas into the Hmong population. Actually "teasing out" ideas they already had. They enticed the Hmong with the vision of being their own nation. Laos can be Hmongland, a homeland for the Hmong people. No longer would they be hated by the Laotians for being primitive, or live in their communist regime. They would have the respect of all the world. And America would be by their side every step of the way. America is the greatest and most powerful country in the world. The Hmong have absolutely nothing to lose, and all the power, respect, and freedom to gain.

A few years later military supplies entered Laos and the Hmong were at war with the native Laotians. Laos was experiencing a "civil war." The Russians were supplying the Laotian commies, while the Americans were supplying the Hmong. For a while it all looked well. The Hmong were holding their ground and gaining territory. The agents had accomplished their mission.

Unfortunately back at home, America was going through civil strife with the Black people wanting social equality. The hippies and their generation were en mass calling for the end of the Vietnam War which was a waste of money. America finally gave in to the will of the people since the war was costing a lot of money. And America left Indochina, abandoning the Hmong. No more supplies or help for the Hmong. They were now on their own against a communist regime fully backed up financially and militarily [by proxy] by Russia. Which was when all hell broke loose for the Hmong people. The UN doesn't recognize what happened to the Hmong as "genocide." But the Laotians commies went from Hmong village to village and murdered every Hmong man, woman, and child they could find in retaliation for working with the Capitalist Americans.

The point to both stories is that it does not take much effort and energy to spread memes, but once those memes spread, they produce real measurable causal consequences. All it takes is one person – one Nexion – and the factor of Time to presence those memes to subvert an entire nation controlling in effect that nation's wyrd and destiny. That is a powerful concept if you really think about it. Had that eccentric nexion not subverted native tribes, New Guinea's destiny may have been different. Had those few Nexions not ever subverted the Hmong, the hundreds of thousands of innocent Hmong lives would never have been lost. All it took was one nexion and ideas. All it took was one nexion and ideas in Germany to set the whole world on fire and drown it in blood.

Why is Subversion an element and aspect of the ONA? Because our long term goals can never materialize without social subversion. Without the gradual alchemically change of society – people – none of our goals will ever manifest. We don't want to make them ONA. We just want to get their axis and aligned them with our orientation. To create a [acausal] Field that envelops us, as a magnetic field envelops its many coherently aligned atoms. So that Field can grow, spread, influence, and propagate over time.

Subversive Precensing – realigning the people – isn't a quick job. It is a very long term project which will take Time: the unfolding of many generations. Any set of memes which will aid the manifestation of one or any of our goals is useful. If the goal is system break down, and we have seen the young generations across the Middle East who are mostly secularists revolt to tear down their system, we should understand that spreading secularism and secularist memes in the right generation and demographics works to our benefit in future. If the objective to sever the people from their dependence on religion, then we must realize that spreading religion works against us. We must instead spread science which is the enemy of all Magian religion. No people of our young generation bracket can resist science and secular modality. Those memes are near immune to obstruction. If people had to pick between being scientifically rational and a religious nutter, they will pick science. If they had to pick between obedience to religious laws or secular ways of life, they will chose the "freedom" of secularism. There is no resistance.

The only major challenge is severing the people's future dependence on government regimes. The only way to gradually counter the memeplex of nation-state is to divert the people's attention and dependence away from government regimes and nation-states down to a numinous level. The numinous level of themselves, their extended family, and close companions: tribes. The "target" group of people are those within each of our personal field of influence. We don't need to change the world and turn everyone. We take advantage of human nature and inspire and influence those within our field of influence. In turn, our memes will spread into each of those people's circle of influence. It is like a hive and we are Bees. We each have our own cell in this honeycomb we call the ONA. This Cell is our personal space or circle of influence. Some of us may have bigger cells than others. But if we each minded and tended to each of our cells, collectively, our influence will cover a vast territory. And as new Initiates assimilate into the Sinister Hive, they will graft their own cell into the mother Hive.

The memeplex of the ONA can be broken down into memecusters which can be used to infect appropriate target groups. For example regarding Galactic Imperium or colonization of space, this memecuster can be implanted in colleges students who study science and have a mind attracted to this paradigm. The tribal memecuster can be implanted into those people more receptive to such ways of life such as Native Americans, and immigrants who are already familiar with clans and tribal life. The idea is to get those memes spreading. If not together as a single memeplex, then apart as separate clusters of ideas targeting the most receptive groups of people. When I say "implant" I don't actually mean to stick things in peoples head. It is the other way around. You draw out or tease out memes already present in their heads but in such a way that those memes come out coherently linked to each other. It's like the alphabet and writing. You don't actually "implant" letters. You draw out sequences of letters you already have in a coherent ordering. But "implant" is a more familiar term.

My personal belief is that Subversion; which is a submethodology of the Sinister Dialectic; is the marrow of the Order of Nine Angles. Subversion is the Praxis of ONA praxis that can have far more impact and influence than all other practical methods of the ONA. Those three levels of Presencing and Subversion gives the ONA Initiate an entire life time of things to do. It also makes the ONA a unique animal and sets it apart from all current memplexes similar to it. Because Subversion is the Marrow of the ONA, the ONA does not need to be big in number. If it only took a single nexion to guide the wyrd and destiny of Germany and New Guinea, then a small nexus of Initiates in the ONA is plenty enough. The few of us just all need to know where we are going, what direction we are shooting for. The three levels of Presencing are our post marks. Internal Presencing which is the work of our own inner alchemical change. External Presencing which is the science and method of manifesting in our own lives relevant things we desire and need to be happy in life. Subversive Presencing is the individual work we put in according our own personal means and methods of turning people over time. It is our life long individual Sinister Mission. The rest of the details between now and Galactic Imperium is the gravy we each must fill in on our own.

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THE SINISTER METHOD



The Sinister Method

The beauty of an Aural Tradition is that such Aural Traditions is housed in the initiate's Mind and Heart and not on paper, such that as the Dreccian grows internally in wisdom and insight, he/she automatically updates the Aural memeplex. Thus such a memeplex – in such an ethereal and amorphous form – evolves with the Initiate and with time easier and more Naturally.

Something unfortunate to a living memeplex happens when it is Captured like a photograph and forced into written words onto paper. What happened is a Still Image of the memeplex at That specific Time and State of evolution is frozen in Time on paper. From such an act, "Idolatry" is born. We use the word "Idolatry" here metaphorically to mean how a living god [Dark Gods or whatever] is frozen into a statue. This phenomenon can also be described as the Medusa Effect where a living man is frozen in a state of stillness. A natural man grows and evolves in Mind and Body, he is not a statue frozen in Time. Where is your eyes and Mind fixated in Idolatry? On the Idol and not the Essence. The memeplex becomes an Idol and how it is Captured at that moment in Time gradually becomes to such idolaters something "sacred" or something sanctimonious, that excluded all other forms.

An example of the Medusa Effect which I know personally is Buddhism. During the life of the Buddha, he never committed his own teachings onto paper. He taught them Orally to his Disciples who were admonished to remember them in Mind and Heart and to actualize those memorized teaching through their actions, behavior, interactions, and relationships with each other – as well as to Aurally teach others.

If the Buddha ever had the intent of placing his oral teachings onto paper, we would have expected him to write them down at some point in his life, but he never did. Even after his passing to the Other Shore, his Disciples did not commit the Aural tradition that they got from the Buddha onto paper. Because of this the Aural Tradition of the Buddha went viral as a memplex in India and evolved or gave birth to new insights and new knowledge, morphing in outer form, inspiring, and influencing. It wasn't until a whole 300 years After the passing of the Buddha that what had become the teachings of the Buddha was committed onto paper by a council of Theras [Elders].

These Theras were politically concerned that the other forms Buddhism which were evolving in essence too far off from what they believed to be Buddhism may become more powerful and influential than their idea of what Buddhism must be. Thus the Theras collected all of the ideas and Aural teachings that had become Buddhism and put them into writing. When they were finished the Tipitakas consisted of over 24,000 pages. What began as simple teachings the Buddha once taught Aurally, in 300 years of Aural transmission had evolved into many different schools of thought and thousands upon thousands of pages worth of memes. The Tipitakas were first committed into writing around the year 230BC, and since then Theravada Buddhism has never evolved, because it had been frozen in time.

Going to such written text containing a captured image of a memplex frozen in a still time frame to use such text as a means to somehow invalidate the memplex's natural growth and evolution is like you having a still photo of a person when they were 17 years old and refusing to recognize that same person when they have grown to be 30 years old because they do not look the same. It's stupid. With a photo of a person, it is easy for any imbecile to understand that that captured image is not a real living person, and that such an image is a representation of how the person looked at That moment in Time when the picture was actually taken. We all know that people grow and evolve mentally daily. But when a memplex is captured in writing and forced onto paper, people fall into imbecility and believe that what has been written on paper is the only acceptable and truest form of an idea.

Thankfully, this imbecility of the Medusa Effect was overcome and destroyed by the Royal Society of England who first gave life to Empirical Science from which the Scientific Method came. In science although theories are written down on paper, old outdated ideas are systematically replaced by new ideas and new perspectives due to greater mind capacity, better instruments, and a better understanding of how things work.

The ONA began as an Aural Tradition, which Anton Long got from a Mistress sometime during the 1960s. Although what has become the ONA today is written and captured in text format; this does not mean that the ONA has stopped being an amorphous Aural Tradition. But since it is written on paper, there has been and will be idolaters and imbeciles who deify the written text over Empirical Apprehension and Empirical Insight.

To prevent this from happening a "scientific method" for the ONA is now presented, which we shall call the "Sinister Method."

The Sinister Method

The “Sinister Method” should not be confused with the methodology of the Sinister Way. The Sinister Method is an aspect of the Methodology of the Sinister Tradition used to understand the ONA, extract new insight, and to evolve the ONA as a Progressive Science; as opposed to a static religion or inert philosophy written in stone. The Sinister Method begins with “The Three Sinister Understandings” which are as follows:

- 1) The Outer Form is not the Essence.
- 2) The written text serves only as a guide. The map is not the terrain.
- 3) What is gained from direct experience trumps written text.

The next part of the Sinister Method is the “Three Empirical Jewels” of the ONA which are as follows:

- 1) Direct Experience of Life and Nature
- 2) One’s own Pathei Mathos
- 3) The Sevenfold Way

The next aspect of the Sinister Method are the “The Three Sinister Instruments” which is used in the Sinister Method. They are as follows:

- 1) Body – the Body or Person of the Dreccian is the living tool of direct experience.
- 2) Mind – the Mind of the Dreccian deciphers experience into Insights.
- 3) Laboratory – The Lab of the Dreccian is the Causal World outside his/her head.

The Nine Steps of the Sinister Method are thus as follows:

- 1) Know and Understand the Three Sinister Understandings.
- 2) Practice, Live, and Apply the Three Empirical Jewels of the ONA.
- 3) Utilize in Life and Praxis the Three Sinister Instruments.
- 4) Study & Exegesis: Study every ONA text, as well as Reichsfolk and Numinous Way writings and try to extract the inner essence beneath the literal text and outer forms. Always keeping in mind what David Myatt said: “*Reliance on texts – revealed, venerated, or otherwise – is a fundamental problem because it not only removes wisdom from the personal experience of the individual, but it also tries to prescribe, to define, to restrict, the numinous.*” – DM, Exegesis, and the Discovery of Wisdom.
- 5) Travel: By the word “travel” we mean a mental quest. David Myatt is our Exemplar. On

his personal quest for self evolution his Mind has Traveled into many different cultures and many different religions. He learns what he needs and moves on to the next culture, Way, or religion of interest, thus adding to his personal stock of knowledge and insight. Don't limit yourself to just some occult and some Satanism. We also need to learn to "travel" into other cultures, ways, and religions to collect our own stock of knowledge and insight. By "Travel Into" I don't mean it on an Etic level, but on an Emic level. The word "Etic" in anthropology and the social sciences basically describes an outsider looking and apprehending things as an observer studying from the outside. The word "Emic" in anthropology and the social sciences basically denotes an individual who immerses himself or herself directly into the culture and people being studied to see and experience things from the Inside out – to "go native" in other words. You cannot gain any real insight by etically observing and studying something. Etic apprehension only breeds opinions based on an outsiders interpretation of what is being studied. The same goes with the ONA. You cannot know what the ONA is etically by reading and debating it. It must be emically experience from the inside via application and praxis.

6) Aeonc Insight: Removing a weapon from a crime scene to try and learn about the crime does not work. The weapon must be kept as a part of the whole crime scene if a detective wants to actually learn what happened. Removing a broken shard of pottery from the ground disregarding the soil and artifacts and data surrounding the shard in hopes of learn about the ancient people and culture who made it leads to gross misunderstandings. That shard of pottery must be apprehended in context to its matrix [the soil and surrounding data]. Same goes with ONA related texts. When was the text written? Where was it written? Who or what was the target audience? In what era was it written? What was the political atmosphere like at the time of the writing in the specific place it was written? What were the people like in that Time frame? What were their world views? What was the main concerns of the Zeitgeist of the period. And do all of those contextual spacio-temporal conditions of that period of Time still apply to your own Time frame, Zeitgeist, and worldviews? If NOT than drop it, evolve it, and bring it up to date to make it meaningful and relevant to you and your time period and world view, or you're going to be psychologically stuck in a Time Warp. When you are psychologically stuck in a time warp of outdated memes, you become dislodged from your own Time frame, which thus renders you useless to your own people and generation. Outdated memes are mind parasites which does nothing more then use you to spread itself. Ask yourself what the end result or what fruits adherence to such outdated and irrelevant memes manifests.

7) Sinister Praxis: What do I mean here when I use the word "Sinister?" It comes from the Latin word which essentially denotes the "Left Side." The meme "Sinister" here covers and occupies the semantic field of: What is not Right. By "Right" we mean: That which has been accepted and/or established as being right and acceptable by the Mundanes. So to be "Sinister" means to exist in an "adversarial" state of being to the Mundanes, their establishments, and that which they collectively believe as being "right" and acceptable. You don't have to read some sinister bible to be Sinister. Sinister Ethos is based on two essential things: (a) your own inner nature. You're either Sinister By Nature, or you aren't. (b) truly understanding Mundanes, and living Life opposite to how they live Life. If mundanes live Life as segregated units, you strive instead to live Life Tribally. If the mundanes reject crime as being not right and unacceptable, you support crime. If they believe morals and righteous living is right and acceptable, you strive to indulge in what they believe to be morally wrong and

unrighteous. If mundanes believes in the sanctity of their State and Government, you reject that sanctity. If they believe in creationism and/or evolution, you go find something different to believe in. Don't just believe and think opposite to how mundanes believe and think. Do the opposite of what they do: Hence the word Praxis in the term "Sinister Praxis." We don't strive to be the opposite of mundanes because of some desire to be different from them. It is because we as Dreccians should understand that it is their essential Nature as mundanes – their stupidity and their acceptance of righteous ideology given to them by their authority figures – that gives States their power and that actually perpetuates the power monopoly of a state. In the same way that these same mundanes and their mundane ancestors during the so called Dark Ages gave power to the Church and perpetuated the Churches political power over Europe by merely believing and accepting what the Church indoctrinated into them to believe and uphold which they considered to be "right." The good citizens of Christendom of the past are today's good citizens of Nation-States. The only difference between religion and secular ideology are the titles and the abstract figurehead.

8) Experiment: Take what you have learn – the teachings, the principles, the Sinister Praxis – and actually apply and Test it in the Lab [the Real World of Experience]. Put things to the test in the Lab. Don't accept things at face value because it was written. Genuine Sinister Wisdom doesn't come from a written manual, it comes from Tests, Ordeals, Trials, and Error in the Real World, and the insights born from such trial and error. It comes from experimenting with ideas in the real world to discover what works, what is useful, what bares the best results, and what needs to be changed to produce better results. Don't rely on written text as infallible facts. Do not use old written text to try and invalidate new insights and new perspectives. If the ONA writes to "push your limits" go out and take that Principle and Experiment. What you dis-cover and learn in the process of experimentation is the real "unwritten sinister doctrine" which is the esoteric Methodology of our Sinister Way. In this way the ONA teaches its teachings without teaching. Only by testing ONA ideas in the Lab can you directly learn for yourself what is outdated and doesn't work, and what still works, and what needs to be evolved. In this way, a Dreccian who actually puts his ONA to the test in the real world can always tell if another Dreccian actually lives the Sinister Way of the ONA in real life, or if that Dreccian does nothing more then rely on internet texts.

9) Update & Evolve: When you have psychologically, mentally, emotionally, and physically gone through the first 8 steps of the Sinister Method, you will have come to a direct and personally understanding of the Sinister Way as it works itself out to you and to your Time frame, and to the generation you belong to. Write and teach what you have learned to other Dreccians. In this way, the ONA constantly remains practical and relevant to each person, to each generation, and to each time period. Thus, it evolves in time and keeps up with time, rather than being lost in time. You and I are each real Nexions through which the Sinister Way passes into the Future. It is our duty then to upgrade, update, and evolve the ONA and our Sinister Way via what we have come to learn, experience, and dis-cover – if the ONA is to mean anything to the minds of a future time frame. Each generation of Dreccians adds their empirical insights and knowledge to the ONA for the benefit of the generation to come after them. Although this is the last step in the Sinister Method, it is as important as the other 8 steps. The Sinister Method ends with this 9th Step. These 9 steps are collectively called the "Nine Angles [of Approach]" of the Sinister Method, which the Dreccian must learn to use with

the ONA, the Sinister Way, and with Life in general.

Just as the philosophy of science and the progression of scientific knowledge is based on the scientific method, the philosophy and progression of the ONA must also be based on the Sinister Method. As each discipline of science, such as physics, biology, botany, and chemistry are specific outer disciplines arising from the specialization of data processed through the scientific method, the various outer forms and disciplines of the ONA such as its National-Socialism, Traditional Satanism, and Radial Politics, are specialized disciplines arising from specialized data being processed through the Sinister Method of experience, trial, and error. In this way, just as the scientific method can be used to give birth to new scientific disciplines and nullify old scientific theories and outdated disciplines, so too can the Sinister Method give birth to new outer forms, nullify old and outdated theories and concepts. A proper application of the Sinister Method will insure that the ONA remains a progressive science and a progressive Way of Life that keeps up with us, rather than hold us down.

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THE TAO OF SATANISM



The Tao Of Satanism

I started 'my Satanism' off reading The Satanic Bible ((TSB)) years back. All rhetoric aside, I still find TSB to be a wonderful cornerstone work as is. Minus the Gilmorian re-interpretations... minus the liberal borrowing LaVey did... minus the fact that Diane and a publishing company that makes romance novel for fat ladies may have had more to do with the structuring of this production of TSB... it is a great stepping stone from front to end. Great because as a Rationalist, TSB plays the safe card and keeps things rational. But I also really like the Mythos part of TSB which includes the other half of TSB... the magic, the rituals, the Enochian Keys. The one thing that stuck in my mind from TSB was the statement that "Satan" was a force in Nature.

I would still recommend any 13 year old to read The Satanic Bible, as a stepping stone to initiate a process of Self-Development in the "right" direction. Right direction meaning toward the direction of Reality, what is Real, as opposed to speculative idealism. There's different terms for this idea of Self-Becoming. Nietzsche's Zarathustra would say it is Surmounting Oneself to becoming the Ubermensch. In general Buddhism it would be said that we each have Buddhanature within, and that Buddha is the Uttimapuriso – the Superman – but that Buddhanature must be attained by Self-Becoming, meaning to Become ((Bhavana: Draw Out Into Existence, Call Into Being)) it by one's own effort. In Brahmanism we call this very same concept Becoming a Siddha. Siddha means Perfection, Accomplished, Spiritual Power, Supernatural Ability, One Who Has The Power To Manifest Will. That journey of Self-Becoming must start somewhere thoe.

I quickly got bore of The Satanic Bible and found the ONA. To me, the stuff in the Satanic Bible is like high school, and the ONA is like college. It refines and polishes what you may already know, it gives you more knowledge in more detail, and then it gives you a method to translate all that knowledge into Wisdom via personal application.

But how did I see the memeplex being presented in TSB really... as a Buddhist and an Asian? This whole Satanism thing? Back when I was still emotionally immature, after reading TSB I just thought LaVey was ripping off Eastern thought. I thought so because I recognized eastern though in TSB which just looked dressed up in a devil costume.

For instance in Satanism in general you are taught or admonished to Question Everything. That idea is a Chan Buddhist concept. In Chan we are taught to Doubt Everything. My Chinese elders in my family are Chinese Chan Buddhists. You are told that the Stronger the Doubt, the Stronger the Realization ((Gnosis)). Believing what others tell you causes personal suffering in the end or at least a devaluation of oneself. In English we call it Dignity. Like a girl who is fooled by the sweet words she hears a guy say to her gives herself up easily. She loses something in the end when she realizes she has been fooled and used. But when the girl has a sense of Dignity – Self Worth – she will not give up herself so easily. The guy must work to prove his worth. That Self Worth also applies to the Mind. Do you value your Mind? Does it have any worth to you? Are you a Mindwhore who gives your mind up easily to the nearest religion that talks sweet words to you? You know you're a mindwhore when you switch your gods and religions as often as you do your boyfriends. You're a slut, or at least emotionally immature. Where you still think that Self-Worth comes from other people... religion... ideology... money. When that Self-Worth actually comes from inside. But we all must learn this the hard way, via our own Pathei Mathos.

Satanism sounds "Satanic" only in English. I found that out when I started asking my elders about Satanic concepts I wanted a deeper understanding of. Depending on who I was asking, sometimes the process of translation goes thru 4 entire languages, My English to my mom's Khmer, to a granddad's Thai or Chinese, then he digs around his Pali or whatever for answers, then the answers comes back to me in the reverse. You know somewhere between those 4 languages the outer trappings of "Satanicness" is totally lost.

It's hard to ask such old people about things like, "Satan represents indulgences instead of abstinence" when none of the old people even know what a "Satan" is that is representing such common ideas. You have to learn how to break those statements down and restate them to get answers. Like, "Grandpa, is doing what you want better then not doing anything at all?"

But when you ask an old Buddhist monk any question, you never get a quick straight answer. They first talk your ass off, and then they end up giving you a question as the answer. I asked this question to a Thai Theravada grandpa and he asked back, "If you don't do anything, will you know anything new? But if you do things you will get consequences. What kind of consequences do you want? What kind don't you want?" I was 14 when I asked this same question to our late Chinese great uncle we call Grampa Wong. He speaks English but with a heavy Chinese accent and he had no teeth. He was a Chan monk and always wore a yellow robe everywhere. When he was alive he use to cuss a lot when he talks and he taught kung fu to the kids in his neighborhood and told them that fighting was good. I was on my third Heineken trying to get a real "spiritual" answer from Grampa Wong, and my mother says to the grampa, "Uncle, please stop giving her beer. She's only 14, it's not good for her, look she's drunk." He goes back, "No, not beer... Heineken!" He had a big sword and gun collection, and 3 wives, and I'd asked him what kind of monk he was if he cusses, teaches kids to fight and drink beer, and has a gun collection. He laughed his toothless laugh and just said, "Shaolin."

Once you have personally broken down Satanism to its essential memes and translated those memes and ideas into a language-worldview system completely different from the Western

variety, then you start to know or understand inside that there is an outer dressing to internal ideas, and that those internal ideas are formless. Formless as in such ideas or concepts is neither Western or Eastern, Satanic or Buddhist or Brahmanist, and so on. They only take a form in each of our minds where we dress those ideas up into our local mental lexicon and mindset. In a way it's like hiking at night – which I do often with friends – and you hear a rustle in the bushes. What you hear is the formless essence. But in each of our minds – in an attempt to localize and understand what we heard – we dress that sound up into costumes. One might Believe the sound came from a squirrel, another might think its a coyote, another might Believe its a ghost. But then some of us may just understand that it was just a noise and leave it at that.

Sporification

I like doing this one thing where I go around asking very little children of friends and little cousins about different things and have them describe them to me. Two's and Three year olds mostly. I asked a 3 year old son of my Mexican friends once to tell me what "God" looks like, and the little boy gave me a blank stare for a moment, but after mustering all the thought he could get, he said in his cute little three year old English, "He lives in the heaven!"

Then I asked a girl cousin of mine who is also 3, who only speaks Khmer. In Khmer there is no real word for "God." The word we use to mean a god is "Preah," but that word actually means a Sacred Presence/Thing. Like the common word for the moon is Preahchan, the sun is Preahsoriya, in the high register Mother is Preahmada and father is Preahpita and younger sibling is Preahanoch. Brahma is Preahproom. Buddha is Preahput. And a monk is a Preahang, which also means King or Lord. So I asked my 3 year old cousin what a "Preah" looks like. As soon as I finished my question she smiles as if she knew she had the answer and runs to a picture of one of our grampas who is a Buddhist monk and points to the picture and says, "Here!" As grownups it's always funny to us when the very young cousins in our family sees monks getting out of their cars to walk to our door during a religious or cultural occasion and the little cousins like watches dogs run to the window, see the monks in their orange robes and yell out to inform us, "The Preah just walked out of the car! They're coming!" It's funny because to our grownup minds the word Preah comes to mean God or something related to a god, and Gods don't ride in cars.

The fascinating thing is that beneath the outer audible words "God" and "Preah" is the same formless Essence. The idea of something Numinous ((Sri)), Sacred, Divine, that stirs our heart or inner being, like a beautiful painting or piece of music would. But those 2 little three year olds each expressed that Essence via their Minds thru their people or culture's weltanschauung. That weltanschauung has taken thousands of years to form into a word-idea based apprehension of the world. When I think of a culture, or people's "lingual-worldviews," I picture in my mind bread mold.

The bread is the substrate the mold consumes. Consume meaning to take in bits and pieces of things that was once outside of yourself to make it a part of you. In its living state, or when mold is healthy it is flat like an amoeba. But when that mold is threatened, or when it runs out of food, it begins to initiate its self replication stage of life. What happens is the mold grows

thousands of long stalks, and at the tip of each stalk is a bulb. In each bulb are spores, and each spore contains the genetic information to recreate the entire mold the bulbs came from. Which is what a Mushroom actually is. A Mushroom is actually only the reproductive organ of a huge creature or organism called Mycelium. That mushroom is the end stage of an unseen organisms life cycle. The actual organism is formless.

And so I see human culture, animal culture, religion, civilization, in the same way. The people that we see are only the reproductive organs of an Unseen creature, where each person is a spore-bulb to. Just as each bulb has spores which contains the information of the mycelium it came from, those little newly made 3 year olds also were formed with the information/weltanschauung of the people they each came from. And just like mushroom will burst to spread their spores, these children will mature to burst to spread their spores to give rise to not only new people but new sections of that Unseen organism via the dissemination of memes which are the actual spores of this meta-organism.

We can see this process of sporification happen beautifully as it was demonstrated by the old world United Kingdom. Great Britain grew stalks which burst. And the spores spread in the human world to germinate as things like America, Canada, Australia, and so on. Judaism grew stalks and burst, spreading its spores, which became proto-christianity, gnostic sects, the catholic church. And the Catholic church bursted and spawned the Protestants, Quakers, Puritans, Mormons, and so forth. Language bursts and spread like spores too. Some long forgotten language bursted and spawned what became Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit. Each of those grew and burst spreading its spores. Each spore carried its ancestral genetic data, which over time mutates or changes or adapts. And so we end up with all the European and Indic languages today. Folk-nations and tribes go thru the same process. Phoenicians... Etruscan... Greek... Latin... Roman... Southern Europeans. With each new cycle of the process of sporification the Unseen "mycelium" which we Humans grew from retains some old data, while accumulating new data. Just like how my little 3 year old cousin will retain a large amount of her own ancestral culture and worldviews, but at the same time because she is American, she will acquire new "genetic data" which she will pass on when she is ready to burst and spawn new stalks and bulbs.

Makes me wonder if the whole universe replicates and evolves in the same moldy way... where old suns burst and the sporific star dust coagulates into new stars, new planets... new creatures. I've always liked the theory of Panspermia. The idea that other living worlds burst to scatter its microbes, across space to seed watery world far away. Maybe the cosmos from time to time makes stalks with bulbs that become new universes as the old one dies?

Phenomenalist

Being a Theravadin is essentially like being a mindful "Phenomenalist" if that "word" makes any sense. It's just a person that pays close attention to phenomena which in Buddhism is called Dhamma or Dharma. In the same way that our ancient ancestors payed close attention to movement of stars to learn to tell long stretches of time or navigate the seas. Or as how our ancient ancestors learned to pay mind to the coming and going of seasons and the ebb and flow of the tide.

To our ancestors I doubt it matters very much where stars came from or where seasons arise from. The idea was to just pay mind to the movement and patterns to make use of the wisdom gained. So it is with Buddhism in general and Phenomena. As a Theravadin it is beyond rational care to try to figure out where phenomena comes, or what things like experience, quale, consciousness, god, and spirit is or where they come from or what they are. The point is to just be mindful of natural phenomena in such a way that you are able to apply the wisdom gained for a benefit to yourself and people.

In the West and ONA we may call the mindful observance of natural phenomena Natural Philosophy, which I find to be a very misleading descriptor because as a Theravadin, I don't see Phenomena and philosophy to be the same thing.

For instance if I observe and learn about the natural phenomenon of a river flowing down stream, and I figure out that if I build a wheel with cups in the river, the force of the waters flow would thus turn the wheel and I can use that turning for other practical purposes... which all has very little to do with philosophical speculations. Perhaps the observance of Phenomena can branch into a practical path and a theoretical path? The study of the physical world makes both a Theoretical Physics and an Applied Physics. One is more useful than the other. Black Holes are all cool I guess but learning how photons work and then making photovoltaic cells out of what you knew to me is more practical and better.

As a Theravadin you take the path that is practical. Everything in Buddhism is a part of a causal chain reaction meant to produce an end result. Sila-Samadhi-Panya. There is a reason why you observe Sila, to generate the condition of Samadhi where your mind is not influenced or misdirected by things that go on outside of it. Why do you want Samadhi? To generate the condition of Panya – Cleverness or Wisdom. If Panya is not an end goal you are interested in, then there is no need for you to follow Sila. If you are in the business of Self-Enlightenment, then don't subject your self to excessive drinking, indulgence and worldly activities, because you will have no concentration ((samadhi)) and thus will not end up with the end goal of wisdom. It's like college. If you want to pass your exam don't fucking party during finals.

Incongruity

I've always had trouble fitting the Western idea or concept of "Satan" into my native Mindscape. A satan just does not fit or compute anywhere. Knowing that satan is a "force in nature" doesn't help me either. What force? Gravity? Kinetic? Weak... Strong... Nuclear Force? Should I fall on my knees if one day we discover that gravity is indeed the force of Satan? Gravity Does keep us bound to the carnal world of flesh. Plus the whole idea of a god doesn't emotionally go anywhere in my native Mindscape, because I grew inside a people and culture who don't even have a real word or grasp of what a God or The God is. Is this Satan Brahma, Vishnu or Buddha or Mara? I understand that things like Mara are an allegorical construct and not a real entity. Brahma is a tool ((upaya)) the Buddha uses to just teach, he actually calls Brahma insane in the Tipitaka. Vishnu – and most gods we humans can invent – who has human characteristics and human appetites for such things as vengeance and sex the Buddha says are not the greatest of role models if you are trying to transcend such basal human qualities. Saying that Satan is an acausal entity still does not makes it fit in my native

mindscape. I can accept the acausal part because there are counterparts to that idea in my mindscape, but the Satan doesn't pass my mental customs agent. But I made the idea of Baphomet to fit, by associated Baphomet with a phenomenon in Nature I just call Primal Nature.

It's like things with Christianity. It's supposed to be a nice religion about love and peace on earth, but the God being worshiped is a murderous tyrant who orders his chosen people to slaughter every man, woman, child, and chicken in gentile villages. I guess with Jehovah it's "Do what I say not what I do." But if you are trying to be loving and peaceful, it makes no sense to believe in a God that characteristically is the entire opposite of what you want to become.

Satan-ism

Embedded in the mythos of the Buddha's life from birth to his death, and in the essence of Buddhism is an ancient unnamed Essence very few Buddhists and non-Buddhists ever look deep enough to see. But when you see IT you realize that it is intimated everywhere in Buddhism. The closest Theravada ever comes to pointing at this unnamed phenomenon is found in the story of the Buddha's early manhood when he escapes his sheltered world/life in the kingdom. As he wanders the outside world the young Buddha encounters something the Tipitaka calls the Four Adversities of Life: Sickness, Old Age, Death, and a Shramana. Only after meeting up with these 4 Adversities does the young Sakyamuni decide to forever leave his kingdom life behind to live as a homeless shramana himself.

The first three adversities make sense because sickness, old age, and death are reasonably adverse to Life. It is the fourth – a Shramana – that doesn't fit in with the other 3. Because a Shramana isn't an adverse aspect of Life, it is a kind of person. It's actually a kind of wild person who has renounced Vedic city-state society, and has physically removed himself or herself from that social order to live in the forest as a feral "de-domesticated" person.

The root word is Shram, which means To Struggle. Struggle against what? Against the Adversities of Life. Basically the idea is that you cannot truly know what Life is unless you delve totally into Life and take on every aspect of Life. The sheltered nature of a city-state which cushions you from much of natural Life, keeps you from a genuine immersion into raw Life. Religion with its ethical rule, doctrines, and limitations is a prison which cuts you off from the reality and rawness of Life. The Shramana is the person who willingly chooses to jump completely into Life and take on all that Life is without rules or limits. Starvation, cold weather, homelessness, religionlessness, sickness, sex, smoking hemp, death, murder, and all. To eventually come to a gnosis or an intimate understanding of what Life is. Basically it is via the struggle against Adversity that Gnosis/Sambodhi is actualized. Or as ONA says – What does not kill you makes you stronger.

Brahmanism felt a little threatened by this new hippy movement of people leaving their Vedic system completely behind, so to try and circumvent any big loss of followers, they invent the idea of what was called an Ashram. Which is something we should be familiar with in English, sense that world has made it into the English language. Ashram is the opposite of Shram meaning Without-Struggle, or Peace and Tranquility. The opposing original idea behind the

Ashram is that you don't need to put yourself out there and suffer like a masochist to learn about life. You can come to a peaceful and relaxing Ashram where a Guru lives to learn about the Vedas from, which is "real" wisdom. Like me telling somebody, "Don't experience Life, come to church instead. The Bible has all the answers you need."

The shramanas who invented proto-buddhism in the early days were sneaky enough to even pick the Adversarial archetype as their mascot – Shiva/Rudra. Not only is Shiva's color Orange, and that his followers in those times – like their Greek Dionysian cousins – wear orange robes; but Shiva is also known as Mahayogi or the Lord of Yoga/Meditation and one of his epithets was Buddha, The Enlightened. There was little statuettes of Shivaya found in a cave where he is seated in a lotus position, wearing a robe, with knotted or dreaded hair, which dates well before the time of Buddha's supposed life. Orange is not a color in the Vedic Caste system. The Sanskrit word Varna, which becomes the word Caste in English actually means "Color," not Rank or Class.

The Brahmin Varna is White for purity and Light. The Kshatriyas ((warriors)) is Red for the blood they spill. The Vaisyas ((laborers, farmers)) is Brown for the ground and dirt they till. The Shudra color is Black, for the color of their skin. The untouchables are so worthless a race of animals they have no color, meaning they aren't even in the Varna/Caste system to even be considered Human. The color Orange originally had absolutely nothing to do with this Vedic system. It wasn't until after the transition period where Brahmanism morphed into "Hinduism" that Orange was worn by their intellectuals and priestly class. And the very first branch of "Hinduism" to take shape was Shaivism; which was their attempt at annexing a rogue sect ((primal "Shaivism")) into the larger Vedic system. Like how the Catholic religion makes saints out of indigenous gods and heroes.

Primal "Shaivism" as in the indigenous tradition of the indigenous inhabitants of the subcontinent – the Dravidians and Mon-Khmer. In the early days the Mon-Khmer venerated primal nature under the name "An/Ang." Pronounced "En" or "Ong." Today in modern Khmer who migrated to Southeast Asian that name still exists in the word PreahEn which means something like the Supreme Being. The Khmer word for a rainbow is an En-Tanu or En-Dhanu which literally means the Bow ((and arrow)) of An/En. An/Ang also as in Ankara which is what you call the "OM" syllable, pronounced Ong-Kara; kara meaning Sound or Syllable. An as in the word Ankar meaning One and God. Today the Sikhs symbolize their God by naming it Onkar which is the same thing as Ankar. Interestingly the Khmer Rouge taught their party followers that they were making a utopian civilization in honour of their party's supreme being which they called the Ankar, the One God, and that working for the party was worshiping Ankar, said as "Ong-Kah."

Then of course symbolically if primal nature is to be self replicative, Ankar needs a female counterpart. If An is the Ankara or the OM Sound, then you place an "A" at the end of OM to make the female OMA to get the word Ma out of it meaning Mother, which becomes Preahmae Uma, meaning the Divine Mother Uma, wife of the Divine An or OM. In old time Sanskrit the letter N and M were both nasalized as an NG. So there are older spellings of Sanskrit as "Sam.Skrit" which is actually pronounced as "Song-Skrut" in English. In those ancient times the Dravidians called the same primal nature Kumara meaning Boy. Sometimes this primal god

is also called Sanat-Kumara, the Boy-God of Nature. His female counterpart is Kumari, meaning Girl. Orange is the color of Primal Nature, or Life, or the color of the Omkara, why? Because originally OM was the all creative cry or sound the Divine Sun, PreahAdit – The Divine Infinity – made thru which all physical creation “[cymatically](#)” come into existence. Adit means Sun in Khmer and Thai but comes from the Sanskrit word meaning That Which Is Without ((A)) Limit ((Diti)). When the Sun dies in the West it is an Orange color, and when the Sun reborns in the East in the morning, it is Yellow. Both Orange and yellow are associated with Shaivism and Buddhism. Both also call their religion or tradition The Sasana.

When Brahmanism developed or came with their gods the name Shiva ((Rudra)) was gradually associated with both An and Kumara. Developed if you are Hindu and currently believe that the Aryan invasion never happened. Came if you go with the theory that a foreign people came into the Indus Valley civilization with their own foreign gods and foreign class system who ended up making the Natives lowly Shudras and Untouchables, then stole their ancient religion from them to make it Hindu. It’s debatable who used the name/word “Siva/Sava” first, but when the Brahmins came their feral god of the hunt Rudra became entwined with Siva and the older indigenous An/Kumara.

As a short side note, interestingly the name “Shiva” and any mention of veneration of his Linga is absent in the old Vedas. There is also no real sensible meaning of “Shiv” in Sanskrit. At some point when Brahmanism developed in India a Vedic adversarial deity named Rudra somehow became associated with Shiva. The word Rudra means Red ((One)). We can see it’s still visibly genetically related to the English word Red ((RUDr)). Why on earth I’ve always wondered did Rudra ever get merged with Shiva. Why Red? The Dravidians state that the god and word Shiva originates from their people and language. And they may be right. In Dravidian, the word for Red is actually Civa, pronounced Chiva. I haven’t done any real research into the actual ethno-etymological origins of the word “siv/shiv” yet. But my current guess as of now is that it may indeed have come from the Tamil/Dravidian language and indigenous tradition, and may have been annexed by proto-hinduism.

When you are aware of the color schemes behind the ancient background of Buddhism, then the robe colors used in Buddhism becomes slightly more understandable. In the old days the new school of Mahayana and the old school Hinayana ((theravada)) had a feud hundreds of years long. Which was when the Northern Buddhists called other old schools Hinayana meaning the Inferior Wagon, and they named their the Mahayana, meaning the Supreme Wagon. The colors come into subtly play because the Southern Buddhists wore Orange or deep Orange robes, which in ancient times represented the Death of the Sun in the West. So the Northerners in China wore Yellow colored robes to subtly suggest that their Buddhism is the Rebirth or Renewal of Buddhism as the Sun rises in the East in the morning. Thus, it is also suggested that the deep Orange color the Inferior Wagon used symbolized the actual Death of an old and outdated Vehicle.

The shramana also tried to make their early proto-buddhism and proto-jainism as shramanic as possible. One doctrine that evolved from the idea of Shram or facing the adversities of life came to be called Vibhajjavada which basically means to get your own ass out there and experiences shit for yourself. We’re told in Buddhist culture that in the early days the Buddha

desired to call his Way just Vibhajjavaha, and his followers would be called Vibhajjavadin, but the term Theravada stuck.

The whole point is that since ancient times way before Buddhism was invented the idea of an Adversity of Life which teaches you about life if you fight and struggled with it, existed for as long as the shramana tradition has. Which some scholars say may go all the way back to the Indus Valley civilization.

When I started studying Myatt and his Philosophy of the Numen, I found an idea that for the first time in my life helped bridge the chasm between East and West in my mind. The idea was Pathei Mathos, thru Myatt meaning to Learn from Suffering and Adversity.

It looks like a small idea made up of only two words, and the concept beneath it seems easily overlooked, unlike a thousand pages of some thesis or spiritual writings. But sometimes the smallest things end up building very big thing. If you've ever built a house or help your cousins make an extension of a house in the back yard, then you'll understand that little nails actually makes the big structure and holds the skeletal framework together. So when you are in the business of "building" memeplexes of great big sizes like I am, it's the little memes like Pathei Mathos that I value because they hold the superstructure of the memeplex together like nails.

And so thru Myatt and his Numinous Way and ONA, I was able to bridge in my mind a big gap I had between my Eastern weltanschauung, and my Western mindscape. Pathei Mathos was this purely Western idea based on Greek stuff that was originally Western, but it fit perfectly as an add-on to this whole ancient idea of Adversity, Shram, shramana, dukkha, sambuddhi, and Vibhajjavada, by overtly stating that it is thru one's personal suffering, struggles, against the Adversities of Life that one grows and learns.

It's a statement put into words, but the essence is wordless. We know it is wordless and a phenomenon observable in Nature because animals – without language or Greek philosophy – also Naturally learn via the hard way leaning from experience, suffering, and adversity. I think the idea is genius in the sense that it puts into simple words something that naturally happened in such a way that a "mystery" in Nature is uncovered slightly. When you look under that lifted veil you slowly begin to realize that Mother Nature has build in a system of growth and progression, or evolution. One which is not based on words and books, but based on direct experience of life, struggling, striving, and learning from the Adversities of Life, as well as enjoying the pleasures of it. No teachers are needed... no doctrines... no religion... no "Gods." Just organic life and the "school" of Nature.

But I still for the life of me could not drag the idea of Satan out of the West and into my Eastern mindscape. It still did not fit. I was personally preparing myself to admit defeat and come to an understanding that this Western idea of a "Satan" is so alien that it does not fit into an Oriental "universe." I tried for many years to make it fit, but it doesn't. I was ready to throw the idea of Satanism totally away because it may be worthless an idea to carry around. The last book I read on Satanism was "Postmodern Satanism," by Jason King. I finished the book and at the time I was dwelling on why so much attention was paid to Crowley's Book of the Law. I put the book down and left it at that to forever give up Satanism, which I had then deemed as being a

failed experiment.

A while later at grandma's house I asked one of my cousins who lives there during her school days with me how she was liking college since she was a Freshman. My cousin in angst complained about her being so worried because she was not pulling the grades she wanted and she had trouble understanding certain subjects, and was really worried about finals and not passing. I got worried too for her, so I offered to help and do her school work for her, and even sit in class with her to break lectured down for her.

Something about her sincere fret over failing her classes made me see colleges like life. I was thinking to my self that one night going to bed how college has this "adversarial current" built into it which makes you either struggle to become more than you are or fail. And that if you failed, it is your own fault. And that failure was born from not being able to struggle against that "current." But I remember specifically using the two words "Adversarial Current." Current as in Flow, as samsara is a flow. Adversary as in Shrama.

I suddenly recalled that I had gotten that meme from JK, his book Postmodern Satanism, and certain forum posts. Which was when a Big Click happened in my head. Like California and China suddenly crashed into each other and clicked finally into a single integrated landmass with no gaps or chasms in my mind. I had all the components floating around... the idea of shram... kampf... struggle... adversity... and so on. But sometimes it takes a little nail to stick everything together into a neat framework.

JK's "nail" I got is a "small" idea made up of only two words, Adversarial and Current; but the underlying idea beneath it is a big wordless phenomenon I have seen or am aware of in Nature. Both Mother Nature and Father Time are ruthlessly devastating. All those dinosaurs went extinct because they couldn't hang with the Flow of the Current. They failed. But the dinosaurs that became birds graduated to "The Next."

All of a sudden "Satan" made sense to me. Satan really was a "force in Nature." The living Force or Spirit of Evolution. Its not apparent. Like saying that the "force" in college which drives students to fail and go stupid is the force of progress and evolution... but it is. You earn your right to get to the next level by struggling against the very antagonistic system build into college. You prove yourself worthy to get to the "Next" by facing Life/Nature and its inherent Adversarial Current and take a beating. Like Life jumping you into a gang of winners. But that phenomenon is everywhere in Life. I remember when I was 5 or something learning how to ride a bike. My older boy cousin would hold the back of they bike I was on and they told me they'd hold it and run with me and not to worry and to just keep pedaling. They didn't run with me. They laughed as I fell. But I wanted really bad to ride bikes like them, and they told me falling was the only way to learn. You fall once and knowing that falling doesn't hurt, you aren't afraid anymore to get hurt. Which was true. I had to struggle and fall... and fail a few times. But after the struggling against that invisible Current of Adversity, with a little determination, I learned a skill I did not have before. The Fruit of learning from Adversity is the Pathei Mathos. The Adversity itself as a phenomenon is Satan, the Adversary.

Satan in my mind now is like a drill instructor or my dad actually. He push you to struggle to do

thing like all those long tedious evenings of doing math and homework and reading some book he picked to have me read. You cry and complain, and hate him for that time... but in the end you or I actually grew from that to be more than what I was, better than other kids my age in my class. There grew this sense of superiority from it in me, as I got older. In knowing that I can out think any boy in class. But that status or state of mind of being better than what you were, or better than others only came from struggling against that Current. There's no other word or descriptor for but Current. It's a Flow you feel pushing up against you everywhere in Life. That simple yet brilliant idea I got from Postmodern Satanism helped click everything into place in such a way that I now have this new Understanding of a Satanism... or how Satanism is to me.

It's a simple and precise meaning – the Ism of Satan. Ism from the Greek -ismos means an Action, State, Condition, or Doctrine. Or from the Greek – isma which means an Act that is finished or done. Then Satan here simply meaning the Adversarial Phenomenon/Current of Nature or of the Casual.

So a Satan-ist is One Who Follow a Principle or System, or One Who Is The State, Condition, Action of Satan. Meaning one who either follows the principles of Adversity or one who is inside struggling against that Current head on. Ultimately for Pathei Mathos, or the Learning from the Adversarial Nature of existence.

But to me, a Satanist is not necessarily one who is opposed to or adversarial to anything or anyone. No more then a shramana is the enemy of some system or the adversary of some religion. You leave the sheltered comfort of a protective system behind to immerse yourself into Raw Life. A Satanist isn't an adversary per se, you are one who puts yourself into the streets to get jumped into Life by Satan. A Satanist struggles with the Current, to evolve. If such acts of struggle and immersion into Raw Life calls for renunciation of State and Religion, then such things are abandoned. If something serves as a prison wall between you and Life and its Adversarial Current, then you make an "Exeat," and as a part of your struggle start doing your Exeatics to free yourself.

Both of these concepts – Pathei Mathos as the Learning from Adversity and Suffering, and the Adversarial Current being Satan – makes it so that Satanism needs no preacher or written doctrine. Satan becomes a word/name for a phenomenon in Nature. And Pathei Mathos is the Method of learning and growing from it. The ancient shramanas did not have holy books or doctrines. It was just them, their bodies, submerged completely in Life, for thousands of years. And from their collective Pathei Mathos they were able to tear down Brahmanism in India by making or inventing better systems of philosophy and belief. The shramanas in the Vedas are describes as the black soot at the bottom of Brahma's feet, because they were so despicable to the Brahmin Order that they didn't even deserved to have come from a respectable part of Brahma's Holy Body. After shramanic Jainism and Buddhism emerged, then the soot of Braham's feet became a real ideological threat. And no rational Hindu today ((which is a rare creature)) can deny that Brahmanism in India collapsed giving way to Hinduism which is a weak rip off of and or reactive countermeasure to shramanic, Jain, and Buddhist thinking.

In that light, I do see a great value in Satanism in the West, if it is nurtured properly and

allowed to further evolve. Because it still is an effective weapon against Christianity and Magian Ethos which is a disease to the West. This “fight” that Satanism was born in against some Christianity, has been fought before. It’s the same struggle between the shramana tradition(s) and Vedic Tradition. That old fight took hundreds of years. From that old fight shows some of us who are observant that you can’t always kill off a religion/memeplex. Because there are many stupid mundane people. The only way to destroy a religion/memeplex is to subvert it by gradually introducing memes that challenges or replaces enemy memes of your target religion or culture.

The Tao of Satan

I named this essay the Tao of Satanism. It was supposed to be a short essay. At face value I know the idea of the Effortless Flow of Tao and struggling with the Adversarial Current seems opposing and contradicting. It may also sound confusing. Because how do you let go and Flow with the effortless Tao and struggle against the Current.

Tao is before yin and yang. Before left and right. Before this and that. Tao is just the way that things are. And the Asian idea of “effortlessness” doesn’t mean what it means in English. In English Effortlessness means to let go and not try or not do anything. In Oriental thinking effortlessness and Harmony are the same concept. What’s it mean when I say, “Be in Harmony with the traffic?” Or to “Effortlessly move with traffic?” It doesn’t mean to stay still and not do anything. You’ll either get run over or just be in the way. It means to go with the Flow of the traffic... to keep up with the traffic... to go at the same speed as everyone else... to drive being mindful of how the other cars are moving. There is nothing inactive and ‘effortless’ about it. You move in Harmony with that Flow... that Current... or you get run over.

If there is a dry desert to the left and a lush green pasture to the right, live in harmony with the Tao and live on the lush pasture. If building houses on mountain slopes falls when hard rain comes, live in Harmony with that Tao and don’t build your towns on mountain slopes. If an island is sinking into the ocean, live in Harmony with that natural occurrence and don’t build a city on it. If the Mongols to the north are ignorant barbarians, live in tune to that Tao and don’t bug them. If monsoon season brings a lot of water, live in tune with that Nature and plant your rice patties then.

Effortlessness doesn’t mean to not try or simply stop doing. It means to dance with Tao. If it leads you follow. If it softens, you lead. But Tao is the natural way of things beyond yin and yang. Tao is neither good or bad. Constructive or Destructive. Tao just flows like the Yellow River, or the Ganges or Mekong. It will erode some land here, while fertilizing some there. It will flood some villages there, and bring a bounty of big fish here. Tao is like the ebb and flow of the tide. Pay attention to its movement and live in tune to it. Tao is like the Nile which floods and shrinks. Be mindful of its movement and dance with that Nile. Know when it floods. Know when to irrigate it. Know when to live close to it. Know when to live far from it. This is the meaning of being in Harmony to Tao... to Nature... to a River... to Others... to Life. It is the essence of the Taoist term “Path of Least Resistance.” Don’t resist the flooding of the Nile. You will drown. Dance with its movement, with its Current. It doesn’t mean to simply let go and give up as if the current will take you somewhere. It is a dance with the Way of Things...

Dharma. It is a struggle to learn to be mindful of the movement of the Way of Things. The Way of Things is not always pleasant and easy.

The Way of Thing in college is not always easy and pleasant. But learn to Flow with the Tao effortlessly. When finals week comes, don't resist its lead, let go and study. When a hurricane comes don't resist and stay believing you can ride it out, go with the Flow and leave for safety. When war strikes and enemies invade, don't resist that flow, let go and seek safety. When a relationship has gone bad, there is no more trust or real love, don't hold on, [let him go](#). When you learn to dance with the movement and Flow of Tao well, it looks effortless, and your relation with it seems in Harmony... in Synch... in Tandem, one with the other... At One With.

If the Way of Things is Adversarial in Nature, then that is just how Tao is.. just the Way Things Are. Then it is with this Adversarial Current that we dance with. Knowing when to lead and when to be lead. When to let go and when to hold on. When to give and when to take. Struggle is not the right word to use. There is no struggle in a relationship, no resistance. You experience something. You are a part of something. It may turn bad. It may hurt. Let go, and learn from it. But embedded in that relationship gone bad is the Adversarial Essence which we dance with in Harmony to. We end up calling that experience, the heartache, the crying, and the hurt a struggle to learn our lesson. But there was no literal striving as Sysiphus struggles effortfully. Kampf may be a better word to capture the essence. My Struggle as in my Pain... my Suffering... my Dukkha... my Hardship... my Shram... from which experience of I learned and became more than I was.

Life isn't something that is independent of its phenomena. You can't have a river without its current and flow. A rainbow does not exist without its 7 colors. An Adversarial Phenomenon in Life is not a separate thing from Life or the Way Life happens. It is Life and the Way Things work. Using the English word "Fight" to describe Life, and then trying to superimpose Englishified Taoist concepts like Letting Go is confusing at face value. But if you know Life, you'll understand that Life and Adversity is the same thing.

We're born literally struggling till death. Life is Adversarial in Nature. If you do not struggle you die. Life takes our childhood away from us forever. It takes our loves ones away from us forever. It takes our youth from us and gives us old age. It takes our health and beauty from us and gives us wrinkles, bad eye sight, and the physical complications of old age. Then we die, and that death of ours is an Adversity which causes those we left behind to cry. But that Adverse Life flows with or without you. You either chose to Flow with that Adversarial Current or cut your wrists and be a suicide statistic. We can choose to learn to dance with that Adversarial Nature of Life, or kill ourselves. If you choose to stick with the Game, then not only are you fighting and struggling, but your also Going with the Flow of Life and its inherent Adversarial Current. It's not confusing or a contradiction. Like rafting White Rapids. Not only are you going with the Flow, but you're also fighting and struggling to stay alive and safe. The Way of the Flow of that white rapid is not always tranquil and pleasant.

If you choose to climb the corporate ladder, you put yourself into the Corporate Adversarial Flow to earn your position and pay, but in that act of being inside that adversarial condition, you not only go with that Adverse Flow, but you struggle and fight too. Otherwise remove

yourself from the Game. If you choose to live as a mafioso, then you know your life style is Adversarial to its core because at any moment you can go to federal prison, cause suffering to your wife and kids, and loose your freedom. But if it is your chosen life style and profession, you are Flowing with that Adversarial Current as well as struggling to win the Game. Same thing with being in the military. Getting shot at in the battlefield isn't a piknik, that life style is Adversarial to its core. If you you jump into that Game, you Flow with its Adverse Nature and learn from it from your Pathei Mathos. In our human past, the Warriors of a tribe that survived the Game, become the wise tribal Elders.

That's like the "Gift of Satan." In the old days putting yourself into an army mean you earned booty meaning both war booty and native girl booty. Play the Game good enough and you end up an Alexander the Great of a Genghis Khan with absolute wealth, absolute power, a mass of people to rule over and harems of eunuchs, boys, and girls in the kingdom up to your eyeballs. Struggle in the Adverse Flow of bankruptcy and a billion dollar debt right like Donald Trump did and not only do you make enough money to get out of bankruptcy but you top yourself and make a billion more to be a billionaire again. Us normal mortals cry and bitch when we're in debt of 1000 of credit, and we can't get out. Some even kill themselves. That's failure. That's the little fractal adverse current of finances owning your ass because you couldn't hang ten.

I have a friend named Frank who always talked about joining the Marines and being a tough guy when he was in high school. He did when he graduated... then 8 months later he was back home. I asked him what happened. He said he couldn't take it because it's not what he thought it would be like, and he cried like a bitch and pretended to be insane for a few months and got the military psychologist to let him go home. I was thinking to myself, Damn poor Frank, it must be tough out there on the battlefield! I asked him, "So what, did they put you in the middle of the Afghan-Paki boarder and make you kill 9 year old Taliban kids or something? What did they make you do that was so bad that you had to pretend to be crazy and cry your ass home?" He didn't answer me and laughed and tried to change the subject. So I asked him a second time what exactly he was doing after boot camp in the Marines as in his duties. He hesitated and finally said, "I was a cook." That's failure. Frank got pwned by the Adversarial Way of military life.

Like gang banging is Adversarial to its very core as a way of life. I hear these punk bitches in Mundane Satanism talk a lot of shit about survival of the fittest... law of the jungle... dog eat dog... might is right and all that. Put your ass into the ghettos for a year and survive that shit while gang banging and show me you walk the fucking talk. Join a gang and bang a tour of duty in the hood for 3 years and show and prove that you can survive the Fittest on the streets, like you a dog that eats people like you say. Go to a prison in California or New York and come out a year later still an ass virgin and show me you a Dog and ain't no man's bitch. Live that life style your whole life cuz its what you grew into and come out a Veterano or OOOG and show me for reals you can you walk the talk of survival of the fittest. If you don't know what a Triple-O G is than you toying with gangs. But if that's the life style you chose to live, then you Flow with that Adversarial Nature of the life style of bang. And it's a fight and struggle. Any body who banged or has cousins who banged knows its a 24/7 job and a fight to survive. But if you play the Game well, and you learn to dance with that Adversarial Current of that life style, you are rewarded with power, money, and sex. You say a name and the dude is dead the next

day and some bitch banger goes to prison for it. You make a million a day doing shit cuz you got bitch bangers slanging dope and counter surveillance tech for you who go to jail for you and kill for you. That's a Win. That's the Gift of Satan.

Your passion for girls burns hard enough and it'll inspire you to do everything you can do to manifest that goal. That passion will drive you to spend money on a gym membership, work out 5 days a week, eat pancakes 4 times a day to buff up. It's a struggle to actualize that end goal. There is an adversarial charge to that process that causes you to struggle which you Flow to in Harmony. If you stick to it and meet your goal, Flow with that Current, in the end you'll get your Gift of Satan as you have earned. Fail and you're a loser at that Game. Going thru that process and experience is Pathei Mathos. You learn from your experience, suffering, and struggle against that Adverse Essence. You end up with wisdom about that life style which you cannot get from a book. You're not really fighting the "Current." You put yourself fully into its Raw Flow and dance with it.

I took weight training class once in high school because I had girl friends who said it was an easy pass since the coach doesn't expect much from girls. So me and two of my girl friends did take weight training and there were only 4 girls in the whole class. Everyone else were guys. Our coach was actually really chill. He just told us himself, "Girl, just look busy and don't let me catch you not doing anything." So for the whole period we'd just talk and gossip while twisting and twirling a 5 pound weight thing. It was fun. But this one time I was watching a guy friend we made bench pressing that bar with the very big round black weights on each end and he made it look really easy. So I was thinking to myself, Dude, I can do this how heavy can those round things be. So I asked our guy friend if I can try. He kindly analyzed my 5'2? 97lb Asian body and said, "Hmm ok how about we start you off with just the bar." I my mine I was like, Pssh the bar, what is that like 10 pound. I laid on the bench with our guy friend spotting me and lifted the bar off of its prongs. It didn't feel heavy when my elbows where locked. It was a strain bringing it down because I was trying to make it not fall and kill me. Then when the bar touched my neck it got stuck cuz it was actually to heavy for me to lift back up. I was screaming for help while my spotter was laughing his ass off with everybody else and the coach. The coach came and lifted one side of the bar up and I never bench pressed again. I might not have reaped a reward from that class but I learn a valuable lesson – metal is heavier than it looks.

The Tao of Satan is suppose is first learning to recognize the phenomenon we would refer to as Satan in Nature. Once we have a knowledgeable grasp of what this Satan is we Harmonize our own life to its Flow and dance with it. Not really fighting it or struggling with it. But immersing ourselves into its Raw Flow of Reality and take the experience we get from it as is one at a time. Then from our direct experience we develop a Wisdom for the Way this 'Current' works. So that we end up with either personal gnosis and/or physical end results that benefits us.

Just because the word "Adversarial" is tossed around does not mean that being a "Satanist" means to be adversarial to someone or something. A "Satan-Ist" is just One Who Flows with Satan or with what Satan is or represents. That's like the superficial meaning of "Satanist" to me. There is a deeper more "esoteric" side to the idea of Satan, if we agree that it is the

“Adversarial Current” of Life or Nature or Cosmos. Because you cannot separate the process we call Life from the Nature such process is transpiring in, and we cannot separate that very process of Nature from the Cosmos it is happening in. Like we really cannot separate our Process of thinking from the bodily environment that Process is happening inside of. Without a brain, blood, heart, guts, lungs, there is no Cogito Ergo Sum. It is the other way around – Sum, Ergo Cogito. I AM, therefore I think. But to get to the Condition or State of Sum – I AM – take an entire living systematic Process. Which Process cannot be separated from the system manifesting the Process in the very first place. The “phenomenon” of thinking and the Body are in fact the “same” thing, or different manifestations of the same systematic field/entity. In other words, our thoughts are not only the process of something “living” but it is “living” because it is a manifestation of the field of life we are. There is no real division or boundary between one and the other. A field has no discernible division. The lines we see drawn into pictures of magnetic fields are reifications. Just like there is no real difference between waves, the ocean, and the many undercurrents of an ocean. It is all a single field in the process of motion.

Maybe “Process” and “thinking” are not right to use here. I’m thinking of Condition that is inherent to something. Like Awareness is an inherent condition in us. It’s not reasonably possible to separate the Condition of Awareness from That Which Is Aware.

So if – IF – we say or agree that “Satan” is the Adversarial Current of Life, meaning an inherent Condition of Life, then the two cannot be separate “things.” And we understand that the essential Quality or Nature of what we are trying to intimate with the word “Adversarial” is indeed a Condition all life forms seem to come into existence with. From the lowly half dead virus to the metalife form of the Earth’s ecosystem. All life experiences or comes with an inherent Condition or exists in an inherent State of “adversity.” Ecosystems are as dynamic as living bodies. They are as responsive and reactive as organisms. They are just as adaptive to the environment as a species is. Ecosystems also experience their own ecological adversities.

It is as if every lifeform in the spectrum of Life comes into existence with the Condition of adversity or fixed to an “Adversarial Current.” It’s not like we’re saying that all life comes into the existence with the phenomenon of Gravity. It’s a little different. Can we thus rationally separate the Condition of Adversity from that which is Adverse? If we agree that Life is “Alive” and that such Life as a collective field “Aliveness” is Adverse in Nature, then what does that suggest about the Nature of the Adversarial Current... of Satan? Is in an approximate descriptor we use to try to describe an aspect of Nature or quality or character of something Living?

But as a Buddhist, this is as far as I will go. Speculating and contemplating on the Nature and Reality of God or a god is one of the 10 concepts the Buddha was against talking or thinking about. In Mahayana they have 4 extra no-no concepts of question one should not lose oneself in. They call it the 14 Unanswerable Questions. Which is one thing I can really respect about any school of Buddhism is that it honestly tells you that it doesn’t really know shit and that it is not willing to leave the rational realm for speculative answers to speculative questions no one will ever know the right answers to.

Taoism has a similar idea – “The Tao that can be Taoed is not the true Tao.” Meaning the Tao

is beyond intellectual grasping and reason. What we think it is which we may speak of or think of or write about is NOT the actual Isness of Tao. Intellect and reason has its causal limits. It's preposterous to think that a three pound brain that must break vast distance into inches and light years, and vast lengths of time into centuries and hours can think that it has an understanding of the Cosmos and Tao because of some numbers it tweaks on a chalk board or some manuscript it has read written by another brain no bigger or powerful then it. Whatever Tao is or God is or Satan is or Brahma is or IT is, it is is felt and experienced wordlessly and thoughtlessly. The Tao that is named is not the True Tao, but you can Feel/Empath it, and live in Harmony with its Flow.

Buddhism also hints at this. God is one of those no-no question not to be wasted over, because you can never really know it intellectually. It is beyond the intellect and reason. But the story or allegory goes that one day as the Buddha was sitting with his 5 disciples three questioners came to ask the Buddha if God exists. The first on was a Theist and he asked Buddha if God exists. Buddhas says "sure." The second guy was an atheist and asked Buddha if God exists, and Buddha said "Nah." The third guy greeted Buddha asked the same question, and sat in silent deep meditation for a while, and the Buddha returned by being silent. The third guy thanks Buddha and leaves. When the three guys left his 5 disciples asked Buddha what they should then believe because he told the first guy that God exists, the second that God doesn't not exist, and the third wasn't even given an answer.

The Buddha answers to his disciples, Who really knows? It's not the point. The point is if those three guys need such belief or non belief to get them to Sambuddhi – Self-realization – then it is an expedient method. So I told the first guy what he needed to hear to keep him searching for Dhamma. I told the second guy what he wanted to hear to keep him also searching for Dhamma. I didn't say anything to the third guy because he knew that silence is the only thing that can be said of this matter. Then Taoism has a similar admonishment – "He who speaks does not know, He who knows does not speak." We can barely understand and intellectualize Love. We humans have a real hard time defining what exactly constitutes "Life" and a "Living Thing." And we want to fool ourselves into believing that our same selves can fully have an understanding of the reality of God? Such things are felt and experienced wordlessly and silently. Like the Koran and Sufis say – The Eye of the Heart is what Sees Allah. Or as the Buddhists texts say – The Dharma Eye Sees Dharma. Not the Human Eye.

Closing

I really don't know know what I'm talking about. This was just my typing out what comes to mind. I was just thinking about something I wrote earlier over at our Tumblr. It reminded me of a few things. Of my own little Quest in the West. Of finding an often overlooked and misunderstood memplex called Satanism. Of how I was curious enough long ago to give it a try and see what it was really about beyond the chatter of public opinion. Of my inability to fit the idea of Satan into my native mindscape. And of finally figuring out how it all ends up fitting together because of little pieces of insights I collected from others.

It's perhaps weird that a person can be a Buddhist and a Satanist at the same time. It's confusing if you don't understand either as what they are. Is Buddhism a worship of a god?

No. Is it a system of morals codes to be followed to get to heaven? No. Is Buddhism a religion? No it is a Sasana. A sasana is a set of instructions to be followed. The US Constitution is a sasana. You put the shit into practice, you get the intended results. That Constitution is not a philosophy, not a religion, not a relationship with a god, not a moralist doctrine. It's just a culture/sasana of doing things and seeing things. What I do and how I see things has nothing to do with Satanist or a philosophy I may find useful, or the close I wear. Or the friends I have. Or anything. But Satanism is also a way of doing and seeing.

What exactly are the two memplexes doing and seeing? They do the Same Life, and they try to See the same arena of human experience. To me – as I understand things myself – the Essence beneath the two outer forms is the same thing. It's just that Buddhism developed thru the Mind of the East and satanism developed thru the Mind of the West. Both sets of Mind are looking at the same thing... what other Thing is there really to be looking at in context to Natural Philosophy and Phenomena? If not the same whole Thing?

Like the little Mexican boy and my little cousin I asked about God. Two Minds from two different "Worlds" see and express the same "thing" according to their own people's ancient weltanschauung. But I am smart enough to know that what those 3 year olds say God is which' sounds or is so different; is the same thing just process thru different unique living Minds. My desire – because I am both East and West, both Asian and American – is to try and integrate my internal system into one whole functioning system. On my journey to self integration I bump to insightful people who have a missing piece to my "puzzle." I graciously take those pieces, pay my respects to where they are due. And move on. And as I move on, I may write long blogs, in the hope that maybe somewhere in my long essay is a missing piece to somebody's puzzle. Leave one and take one. I don't have all the answers to anything. In fact, I need to integrate my mindspace and work things into place ever before I can really come up with answers to anything thing. If I do write, it's just me thinking out loud and sharing ideas with a blog, and my little group of friends, cousins, associates, and people who randomly read what I write I guess. I really don't know who reads our blog or why. All I know is that in a couple days we're hitting our 100,000 hit mark!!!! Yeah Bitch!

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THE WAY OF SELF-ENLIGHTENMENT



I think it's time that somebody in the ONA explains what the word "Esoteric" means, infers, and implies. It's a word we use often to refer to certain classes of grades of ONA teachings and traditions, which some of us may grasp more than others. Then there are those of us who use the word "Esoteric" [and "Exoteric"] to mean very different "things" from what an occidental mind will understand of those two words. Such as myself.

First my use and understandings of the word "Esoteric/a" is related to its Greek cousins: Exo-Terikos [exoteric], and Hys-Terikos [hysterical]. Bet you didn't know "hysteria" was related to "exoterica." Back during Sigmund Freud's time, the doctors of that era believed that hysteria [re: crazy people] was somehow caused by a malfunction of the uterus [hypothetically causing the fetus to develop improperly], thus the word "Hysterikos" meaning "Of The Womb/Uterus."

So "Exo-Terikos" [exoteric] would then mean "That which is OUTSIDE of the Womb." And thus, the word "Eso-Terikos" [esoteric] would mean, "That which is WITHIN the Womb." "Womb" here does not always refer to an actual biological uterus. Men don't have uteruses, and most mystics in the past who were esoterically inclined were men. "Womb" in this context, suggests the Womb of the Human Psyche; or the "Core" of a person's subjective reality/essence.

My own two major sources of understanding such things as "exoterica" and "esoterica" comes from two very influential sources: My own Theravada Buddhism which I was born and raised in, and the absolutely great Alan Watts. I have to admit that I am an Alan Watts fanatic. If you don't know or have never heard Alan Watts' old discourses, then you know you don't know jack shit about "esoterica" as is it's essence in the orient, and Mr. Watts is an Englishman. So now you know the two [English] people who are responsible for most of how I think and see the world: Alan Watts and David Myatt [in no particular order of course].

What is "Esoteric" in the Occident, is "Sama Sambuddhi" in the Orient [Buddhism]. What is "Exoteric" in the Occident, is "Dharma" in the Orient.

The word "Sam[a]" in Pali means "The Self," or "Oneself." Sama Sambuddhi literally means "The Self Enlightening Itself," or "The Self which is Self-Enlightened." The word "Dharma"

means roughly “Law” and refers to a Set of Teaching and Doctrines. Actually in most languages and dialects closely related to Classical Sanskrit, the word “Dharma” means “Religion.” A Buddhist or Hindu does not call their religions “Buddhism” or “Hinduism.” They simply call it “Dharma.”

I want you to read that again twice, because it’s very important because it should cause you to ask yourself: “If Dharma and Sama Sambuddhi are different; then does that obviously mean that a Set of Teachings or Doctrines of a Religion is different from “that which causes oneself to be self-enlightened?” When you have fully understood the essence of that question and its answer, you will grasp the essential meaning of what “Esoteric” and “Exoteric” means, infers, and implies.

Basically no amount of ethical codes, moral precepts, or doctrines of behavior and interacting with your fellow creatures causes enlightenment. If so, then your common variety boy scout and 5 year old is enlightened. If so then secular State laws, which governs our actions and behavior, should illuminate us with divine wisdom, shouldn’t it?

Not even the sacred myths and stories and teachings of a religion can and has ever caused Self-Enlightenment. Simply because those religious doctrines exists OUTSIDE the Womb of your own Human Psyche. When you read and accept a religious doctrine as being “true” and live by such teachings, you are only merely bring in, or “importing” foreign “things” which were not inside YOU before – which were manufactured, or which came from someone else – into yourself. Thus, you are not “Self-Enlightened” because someone else did your thinking for you.

In this context of importing in other people’s beliefs, opinions, myths, and fantasies into yourself, there was no actual Enlightenment occurring because you never changed essentially. You did not think for yourself before the adoption of such beliefs, nor did you think for yourself after you adopted such beliefs. You just passively accepted someone else’s beliefs and opinions. This is not Enlightenment. Not especially Self-Enlightenment.

Now, from this point of view, you can see more clearly what is actually going on when say, a Jehovah’s Witness, or a Mormon Missionary sits you down and shares his religion with you. At first you erect a psychological wall as a defense shield to protect yourself from their teachings. You doubt, are suspicious, and question. And to every question you ask, they give you an answer based on what kind of person they have evaluated you to be, such that you heard what you want to hear or hear what needs to be heard. Eventually, if they are good at DEBATING, that is making themselves appear to have more and better answers then you have questions: your defenses are destroyed and you “covert.”

It is like the game a lawyer and prosecutor plays in a mundane court of law: a strategic maneuvering of words to break the opponents case/defense. This is not Enlightenment. It is the act of one person convincing you, asserting, exerting their own beliefs and opinions onto and into you. Accepting such beliefs in such conditions does not mean you have been Enlightened. It means you have a weak mind and that you were fooled into accepting someone else’s beliefs and opinions – other people’s memes.

It's worse for you when you merely read a dead book, with dead letters, written by a long dead person, and you somehow allow that non-living book, which can't even get into a debate or argument with you, and accept its dead beliefs and opinions. It's worse for you because it virtually means you lost a mental fight with a non-living, non-intelligent book. You should be ashamed of yourself if you picked up a Bible and became Christian. Or the Satanic Bible and became a Satanist. And to even think that losing a fight with a book means that you are "Enlightened" is a joke. It means you are so mentally weak that a dead book can manipulate you to think like it wants you to think. Do what it wants you to do. Behave as it wants you to behave. So weak that this dead book can change your very reality by telling you what is real and what is fake. What to believe in and what not to believe in. You are no more Enlightened than a robot or computer that has been programmed.

The Buddha wasn't the only person to be Self-Enlightened. He's just the most well known. Many wandering hermits and ascetics have achieved Self-Enlightenment. Many genuine Adepts in China have also. All these men have several things in common. They all renounced themselves from the common herd by actually isolating themselves from everybody. And they spend their lonely time in the midst of Nature. It was in a Forest, by a river, under a tree that the Buddha achieved Sama Sambuddhi. Do you think these Self-Enlightened individuals were arguing and debating with themselves, or with Nature to convince themselves to accept a certain belief or doctrine? No. Then from where did such people get their wisdom? From INSIDE their own Selves.

When you sit there and you meditate, contemplate, ponder on meaningless objective things as a flowing river, leaves falling, stars, and the movement of clouds. And in deep contemplative reflection allow such meaningless objective things to DRAW OUT or UNLOCK subjective insight dormant or hidden in your Own psyche. And allow such unlocked insights to make its way to your conscious mind. That is the act and process of Self-Enlightenment. That is the act of the Self Enlightening Itself. That insight which has its origins from within your own Womb, from within the Core of your Own Being, is what I refer to as "Esoterica" or Esoteric Insight.

And because we each are different and unique individuals. Each on a different level of understanding. Each endowed at our moments of progression with our "volume of reason," each meaningless objective "thing" will unlock something different in us. Or that is, no two people will obtain the same esoteric insight from the same "key."

Like when I contemplate on what is objectively a meaningless – doctrineless – river flowing, what that flowing draws out from the core of my own Self, is the thought and insight that I too am like that river, because although from afar that river looks as if it were the same river, if you step into it, you realize that it is never the same river twice. Such that, from that insight which that meaningless flowing river drew out of me, I come to realize that I am never the same "person" twice at any moment. The "I" I am now, is much different than the "I" I was just moments ago. In that not only have my thoughts changed, my feelings changed, but the very cells and atoms of my body have also changed, being replaced.

Nobody had to ever teach me this esoteric "doctrine." It was not written anywhere for me to read. Nobody had to convince me to see things this way. That insight was always inside me. I

just needed “something” to draw it out. These hidden esoteric insights that lay buried deep within our psyches is like the face we each have. We go about our beta wave conscious daily lives with a face, but we do not ever really know what we actually look like until “something” Reflects that face for us to see. In seeing that Reflection, we Realize – are Enlightened. That “something” – such as a mirror – did not Enlighten us. It is merely a “key” which just unlocked what was already there.

But we are not statues. Being still in front of inanimate “somethings” to ponder on them is not how Life teaches us. It is through our own Experiences that the inward Contemplating Self becomes Self-Enlightened. When that Self allows such Experiences it has cultivated in Life to Draw Out its own inner insights. Such that it Dis-Covers that which is not written.

I remember when I was a little girl in school our teacher asked us to bring the seed of an avocado, but she didn't tell us what for. So we brought our avocado pits and the teacher had us stick 4 tooth pick into it so that it would sit over a cup of water. Then we set our seeds along the window and left them there. And the seeds grew into plants. The teacher never sat us down to go over the scientific process of DNA and how seeds turn into plants. She just allowed us to cultivate the Experience and Realize things on our own. And if you have the inner potential back then to allow that simple experience to draw out insights – like me – you Realize that if a seed or living things have the right things it needs such as food and light, that Life takes care of itself without effort.

Or I remember sitting and having a talk with one of my old grandfathers who is an 80 year old Buddhist monk. I was talking to him about charity. At the time I thought being “compassionate” with people as Buddhist Darma teaches was good or the proper thing a genuine Buddhist would do as it would help alleviate the sufferings of needy people. My grandpa just shook his head and said to me that he was too old to think about compassion because he was going to die soon anyways, as he puffed on his cigarette as most of the old monks in that Wat smoked. So he ended our conversation by leading me to a giant statue of the Buddha near which was a silver bowl. And he said to me pointing to the bowl: “See that holy silver bowl over there?” I said yes. He said: “Help out the Wat and put in your allowance money into it every week. Have a little compassion for us old folks here.”

So I did. I put in all my allowance money into the holy silver bowl every week for about 5 months. And during those months I actually felt like I was doing something righteous or something, like a good Buddhist. Until one day during the 5th month we had gone to the Wat to pick up the several monks to take them to a gathering. I saw the achar [he's a civilian who is suppose to take care of the monks] do his usual thing and empty the holy silver bowl into a purse like thing and we all got into our cars. My grandpa made sure I got to sit in his car with the achar and the other monks. I sat in the passenger seat because if you're a girl you can't touch a monk and vise versa, and the achar was driving. As I was choking on all their cigarette smoke, we stopped by a cigarette store and I saw the achar go in with the purse of my money. Then he came back out with a shit load of cigarette cartons, came into the car and said: “There, that should do us for a month, look I bought us cool lighters too.” I glanced over at my grandpa and noticed him laughing, because he knew I had “Self-Enlightened” myself about “compassion” that day.

He sat me down after that day and asked me: "What did you learn grand daughter today?" I said: "I learned that feeling sorry for people and doing things for them out of compassion does not change the person." He asked: "And if that person does not change inside?" I said: "Then that person will continue to do what they do." My grandpa said: "And if they continue to do what they do, such as smoke?" I answered: "Then they continue to suffer and my compassion has done nothing at all." He said: "Very good, I didn't even have to teach you."

I realized that day that to be charitable to a person in need only temporarily covers the symptoms and does not cure or fix the actual cause. And that charity actually prolongs a persons sufferings because such cause of that suffering is not actually addressed. I also learned that day how a wise person teaches without teaching. How my grandfather "taught" me this without forcing or asserting his beliefs and opinions on me. How he allowed me to Experience things on my own, and how he allowed me to come to my own understanding and revelation at my own time.

So these are the different ways the Self becomes Self-Enlightened. By meditating, or contemplating or reflecting on things and by Direct Experience. And this is the way in which the ONA teaches its actual "Esoterica."

It is via what objectively meaningless – exoteric – symbols and such exoteric things as our Mythos that we come to draw out from within our own individual esoteric insights. As the objectively meaningless symbol of the Dreccian Moons of Baphomet which is given an exoteric or superficial "meaning" acts like a key to those of us with the right mind to use it to draw out or unlock an esoteric insight.

It is the reflective mind – struggling to evolve – in a state of not knowing, that sets that contemplative mind on a Promethean Quest, and it is what that mind experiences on that Quest which actually teaches. It is the meaninglessness of Life and the Mystery of it all – Life and the Cosmos – and not knowing anything about it, that sets that reflective and contemplating minds on that same quest. That struggle to Dis-Cover the "secrets" of a mystery and to find meaning in what seems to be meaningless, is what draws out from within each of us what Numinous Insights we have within, that causes the Self to become Self-Enlightened. This is how Life teaches. And it is how anything genuine and numinous teaches. By drawing out from within your latent insights and potentials.

Such as the strange seemingly meaningless names of Dark Gods of our Dark Tradition, and in our desire to understand what they "esoterically" may mean. We may apprehend these names in different ways, and "interpret" such names in different ways. But it is the act of looking within ourselves for a meaning, the act of drawing out from inside of us a meaning to give to such names, that the value of such names genuinely lies.

It is the Traditional Rites and Rituals we have inherited, which may have its superficial – exoteric – meanings and when we seek for deeper meaning such that these rites draws out from within us what lies hidden inside – such esoteric insights – that the true evolutionary – Promethean – value of such rites and ceremonies lies – besides the acausal forces presenced. It is the act of experiencing the several grades, tests, and ordeals of the Septenary Way, and

what inner insights such experiences draws out that Enlightens. That teaches us – those of us labouring to become Adepts – the Unwritten or “Secret Doctrine.”

It is Anton Long’s admonitions for us to struggle to go beyond our limits: Our physical limits, our emotional and psychological limits, the limits society, religion, and the State encloses us into – when we go about applying in practical deeds the Sinister Way. That the ONA teaches the unteachable without teaching.

When we learn to see the ONA as a system of Outer Forms put together to be as keys for unlocking what esoteric insights that we each already have buried within us; we come to realize that the ONA is an esoteric school, which sets us on a genuine Quest of Self Dis-Coverly and Self-Enlightenment. Each of us, ultimately Enlightening our own Selves with what Inner Wisdom we each have. So that there is no indoctrination, or debating, or convincing, or assertion of Myatt’s beliefs and opinions onto us; or any man’s beliefs and opinions. Through our own effort, our own experiences, our own striving, our own going beyond, our own struggle to apprehend Life and Nature, we each come on our own time to our own Promethean Illumination. Enlightened by an Inner Fire.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Footnotes: Greek Etymology of Exoteric and Esoteric

????-????????, ?, ??, opp. ??????????, A. external, belonging to the outside, ???. the exterior members, such as hands and feet, Arist. GA786a26; ?. ??? foreign dominion, Id.Pol.1272b19; ?. ????? external activities, ib.1325b22; ?. ????? ib.1323b25; ???. Persons outside the Pythagorean school, Iamb.VP32.226.

II. ???. ????? popular arguments or treatises, opp. ?? ????? ??????????, Arist.EE 1217b22, Pol.1278b31, Metaph.1076a28, EN1102a26, al.; “????-???????? ??????” Id.Pol.1254a33; ?. ?????, opp. ????????????? or ????????? (q. v.), Gell.20.5.2; ?. ?????, opp. ?? ?????, ?? ????? ?????????, Plu.2.1115b; cf. ?????????.

????????, ?, ??, A. inner, esoteric : ?????, ??, of certain Stoic doctrines, Gal.5.313 ; “?.?????” Iamb.Comm.Math.18 ; of persons, -???, ??, the disciples of Pythagoras, Id.VP17.72 ; ????? ???? ?., ??? ??. ????? (of Aristotle),

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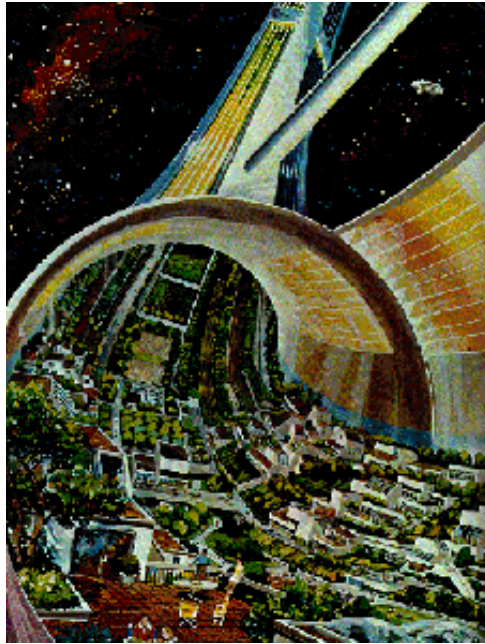
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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

TOWARDS THE NUMINOUS DARK



TOWARDS THE NUMINOUS DARK

REICHSFOLK 352

FIRST EPISTLE TO THE ACCEPTION

David Myatt came, and changed everything. Before Myatt there was aimless stupidity in the religions and politics of our species. Aimless as having no real genuine aeonic aim or purpose; except propagation of these institution's memplexes. Stupid in that these stagnant religious and/or political dogma, ideology, and orthodoxy were sold and hailed to humanity as jewels of human ingenuity. With his Faustian Spirit, Myatt came and quietly set the proverbial cog wheel of progression in motion. It is too early for the rest of the species to recognize his genius, but as time passes and changes things, he will one day take his place among the great thinkers of our species. Whether it was for National-Socialism, his Numinous Way, or his Order of Nine Angles; he imbued the same Myattian ethos, concepts and vision into all his writings and institutions he fathered. Calling our eyes up towards the Cosmos to awaken us to our galactic destiny and providing us a means for striving for that distant dream.

As with science: there are theories and principles; then there is methodology. Myatt's Reichsfolk National-Socialism, and his Numinous Way in 352 are the theories and principles of a new and progressive humanity. The ONA is the Methodology thru which those theories and principles are transmuted into future galactic civilization. 352 must be a Myattian Institution through and through; adopting both the theories/principles, and the vehicle of application. The Acception must understand that a principle, no matter how great it sounds – even when such principles are “lived” by adherents – is devoid of the ability to affect the future. Aeonic

engineering is required to consciously create a future with theories and principles. Thus the ONA as a means to apply and use such principles via aeonic engineering, to manifest a willed future is a crucial [an alchemical crucible] factor/nexion between the theories and principles we have today – and the evolved humanity and celestial civilization of tomorrow. These theories and principles must first be understood within the frame work or psychological territory of WSA352.

RACE & MIND PARASITES:

Race, as 352 understands it is a Causal+Scalar (time) manifestation or by-product of the Folk or Clan. A Clan is a group of people bound together by blood, loyalty, and mutual dependency. It is only due to a clan's isolated breeding, and environmental factors, that its future progeny grows to look different from other clan progeny. Race, does not truly define a people – their mentality, psychology, ethos, beliefs, or culture do (the very essence of a folk and clan). Race is a mere by-product of such folkish factors. The Folk, Clan, or Tribe makes the man. Even within the limits of a phenotypical race there will exist competition, rivalry, war, class struggle, and "racialism." The organic Clan, is the very essence of our humanity, which defines us as a species and people. The Clan itself is a manifestation of a more primordial simian group phenomenon our ape ancestors once lived in – which can still be witness in most monkey and all ape social orders. The Clan is in our very human genetic make up – in the sense that we as causal organisms naturally seek to belong to a group/family. Race does not make us human – it is not ingrained in our evolutionary makeup. Race is only a by-product of Clan life.

There is nothing wrong with being proud of yourself, and your personal "ethnic" makeup. I'm proud of my ethnic heritage (Mexican-White/Italian). Why though be proud of an entire race which doesn't care for you. There's nothing wrong with liking to be racist. Just refine your racialism and be an equal opportunity racist and hate people in your own race too that aren't your Folk and Clanmates. Chances are, if you think about it, that those in power in your own country enslaving and exploiting you are your own race. We have a cool slogan in 352 which summarizes Reichsfolk National-Socialism in a nice rhyme – "Down with the Ku Ku; Up with the Mu Mu" (Ku Ku for the Ku Klux Klan; and Mu Mu for Mad Myatt or Mage Myatt; Mu being the Greek letter M).

The best example of a modern – over grown – Clan are the Jews. Being "Jewish" isn't really based on a "race," genetic factor, skin color, or "nationality." Essentially it is based on a shared commonality – a cohesion factor – which binds and unites this people into a coherent social order: their Judaic culture, which is founded upon a set of unique religious practices. Blood bonds and loyalty to other "Jews" also defines a person as a Jew. Race and skin color has nothing to do with being a Jew. There are caucasian looking Jews; Jews of proto-semetic-arabic ancestry; and negroid-hametic Falasha Jews from Ethiopia. The over grown Jewish Folk is also a great example of how a Clan over time can become it's own State – the State of Israel. This is very enlightening because understanding that the State of Israel came only after the Folk Jewish Identity had long been established; do we understand that the State, or nationality actually does not define the individual. It is the person's folkish or Clan association that does. The abstract concept of "race," as are the abstractions of a "nation," and/or "state," are impersonal identity thieves which stands against your personal honor and

duty you owe to yourself and your folk.

Nothings says Clan better though than the original Clans of the United Kingdom. The MacDonalds and Burger Kings; the McDoohickies of the highlands. Many of these clans now are composed of many races and racial mixtures; but an O'Brian is still an O'Brian even if one of them is half Chinese.

Such abstract conceptualizations are parasitic memes which usurps your personal sovereignty. Once you have adopted the transpersonal concept of a "race" you become a slave to the will of an abstract – transpersonal – race. In the same way you become subservient and a slave to a nation or state, when you adopt its identity – working for it, paying taxes to it, spending you entire life supporting it's existence; and what do you get in return? What do you gain from adopting, serving, and fighting for the cause of a transpersonal "race?" Which has absolutely nothing to do with who you are as an individual person or your clan. Which has no intrinsic interest in you and your welfare or your progression as an evolving individual. It doesn't matter if your skin color is the same hue as theirs/everyone else's. Ask yourself if your "race" will be there for you in your time of need. Will your race feed you and your family? Will it/they pay your bills when you have no money? You must realize that the moment you adopt such abstract transpersonal identities as "Race," "Nation," "Religion," and "State," you become a slave to that abstraction's will. In otherwords, such abstract memes uses you as an organic being to propagate itself: For whom? For you or for itself?

It's hard to grasp the concept of being used by a mind parasite which consists of nothing more than the genetic material of memes. Not until you allow yourself to consciously be host to one and observe. This is the reason why we consider Insight Roling as an important concept and why we encourage our Disciples to join a street gang, Nazi organization, or political institution for at least a year. After the year is over you realize that your life, energy, and effort was being used by the gang or institution to merely propagate itself, and execute it's own interests and that it had no other interest in you but to use you for that purpose.

There is a difference between those who use and those who are used – those who are Masters, and those who are natural slaves. To illustrate we will consider David Myatt, since he is the Fountain Head of all three institutions concerning this Epistle. The statement itself is simple: Myatt converted to Islam. The question is – Is Islam using Myatt? Or is Myatt using Islam? Myatt was a Nazi. Was National-Socialism using Myatt, or was Myatt using National-Socialism? Myatt was a Satanist. Did Myatt use Satanism, or did Satanism use Myatt?

The answer to all of those questions is easy to come up with when we study Myatt carefully. In all three institution Myatt "converted" to, he imposed HIS own ideas, concepts, and mind onto them – changing/evolving them – in HIS image and likeness... not the other way around. Islam isn't using Myatt. Myatt is using Islam for his own private interests. This is clearly seen in the radical Islamic writings he is putting out, which is influencing and inspiring other Muslims.

This concept of Master versus Slave brings up some great food for thought concerning the ONA and it's Initiates. If the ONA was already existing and one day Myatt entered it – would

he be used by the memetic organism of the ONA to progress itself... or would he use the ONA to progress himself? Then ask yourself that very same question with you and the ONA – whose using whom? If all you are to the ONA is a means for it to propagate itself – then you have no power, authority, basis, or foundation, to judge 352 which is doing with the ONA what Myatt would have done to it: Impose it's own mind upon it to change/evolve it and use it to progress it's members. Both kinds of initiates are needed equally. We know where we each stand in this regard.

THE CLAN OR TRIBE:

For as long as we have been human – and far into our pre-human existence – we have been living, associating, in small groups of kinfolk. In the past these clans and tribes were all that naturally existed as far as human social order goes.

The Clan or Tribe is a system of Symbiosis. It is a system of mutual aid and mutual dependency. It is a true Causal system. You put in energy and effort, and the Clan rewards you in return with sustenance, protection, and breeding rights. Since everyone is mutually dependent on each other, everyone's interests and needs are important... as you, as a person, are important to your Clanmates.

Unfortunately, for most humans, Tribal life was crushed by something called the State. The essence of an impersonal State is not symbiosis. It is Exploitation. We cannot condemn mankind for experimenting with Statehood. It is a rite of passage we as a species must experience... from which we learn.

There were good things and bad things about Clan life; as there are pros and cons to Statehood. The down fall of Clan living is that it is prone to not progress or advance. In fact there are still tribes today which are still in the stone ages. This is due to something 352 calls the "IF" Factor. IF standing for "Incoherency of Force." The IF factor comes from the fact that clans themselves did not pool or funnel their energy into a collective force with other clans and tribes. The State did. When Force is brought into a coherent state and directed towards a purpose it is called Synergy. The first example of state synergy would be militaries. Synergy is perhaps the only valuable – crucial – thing our species has gained for Statehood. Thru the Synergy of taxation, redistribution of tax money to pay synergic corporations and specialized institutions – we end up with NASA, and the ESA. Thru coherent state synergy, we as a species propelled ourselves into the future; explored space; went to the moon, and put rovers on Mars.

But, our states have become a monstrosity of impersonal existence and species psychosis. We are slowly understanding inside each of us that something is very wrong. What's wrong is we've toiled for the Great Impersonal State and have left our primal human nature – our humanness behind: the Clan. This is not to suggest that we do what Pol Pot did and force ourselves into some past non-technological Golden Age. What's needed is BALANCE. A balance between our humanness and superpersonal synergy. To recollect ourselves into contemporary Tribes and Clans which has our needs, interests, and symbiosis, as it's motive and modus operandi. If such Clans we will reform – recreate – can pool their energy and

resources to produce a cooperative Synergy to continue to advance us as a species... then the State can be thrown out altogether.

This Nexion of ours is thus not just merely another cell of the ONA. It is the Myattian Imperative in action. Our Nexion was designed and intended to grow into a functioning modern tribe through our oaths, and our established unique culture and tradition. We already have the loyalty factor, and the mutual dependency. In time, with eugenics and selective – intelligent – breeding, we will be bound by blood as well. Blood bound thru the children our sisters will have – our future progeny who will breed with each other, and those that resonate with our Way.

From the very beginning, our future Progeny has been the main focus of our Nexion – the reason why our 352 has come into being in the first place. We already have a fledgling Folk culture and coherent Clan identity. The foundation of which are all of Myatt's work – the principles set forth in Reichsfolk Doctrine of Ethical National-Socialism; the Numinous Way; the Code of Honour; and the ONA. With these, and the unique subculture we have developed, our WSA has become the seedling of a future Clan. It is a matter of time and aeonics to manifest ourselves as a modern Tribe, for the sake and progression of our future Progeny. We are in essence our own Folk, sharing a common identity, culture, a miniature weltanschauung, and vision of a common future.

NUMINOUS SINISTER WAY:

Can those of the Sinister Way uphold the Numinous Way at the same time? I'm sure it's possible, since both ways came out of the same mind and share many fundamental concepts in common.

It seems contradicting for the Sinister folk of the ONA to have empathy and compassion for all people and care for their suffering. This contradiction is born from a misunderstanding of the ONA and it's Sinister Way. Sinister here only means the "Left Hand" way, as opposed to the "Right Hand" way which rejects causal-carnal existence and Nature as abhorrent mode of existence to be transcended. Sinister suggests an atonement or harmony with Nature and carnal existence and all it would imply.

What exactly causes suffering in our modern age? First, what does suffering mean? In Pali (the language the Buddha spoke) "Suffering" is "Dhuga." The word Dhuga is most often mistranslated as "evil." The word Dhuga means trouble, heartache, worry, or mental, emotional, and physical pain.

Once we understand the basic meaning of suffering, we can then diagnose the cause: the State itself and the condition of being born and living in an impersonal State. Big worries like tyranny, oppression, abuse of personal liberty. Little worries of losing our jobs, loosing our homes, paying taxes, nobody wanting to mate with us because we're not as pretty as the girl on the magazine.

Why is the condition of existing in a State or Nation a prime cause of human suffering? Because we are highly social organism by default and within the state we are individualized

and separated into autonomous, self-reliant units. The same psychosis or mental and physical anguish can be replicated by taking an ape or ant or bee away from it's folk/group/colony. Although the said organisms can; by themselves eat and forage for food; they will mentally deteriorate and die.

The power and authority of the State is not one of consent, but division, robbery, extortion, exploitation, and forced complicity. If a highly social organism of higher organic order is separated from it's pack – such as a dog or monkey – it must attach itself emotionally, physically, and psychologically to a surrogate Clan or Tribe, and become dependent on it for it's survival. Once the State has individualized the Clan into nuclear “families” and further destroyed the mutual dependency of the “family” unit into self dependent Individuals – those individual units emotionally makes the State and/or Corporation as a surrogate Clan or Tribe. Thus the individualized unit becomes dependent on a very impersonal institution which exploits it.

The State is a major cause and source of our human suffering in our modern age, simply because it is impersonal, exploitative, and because it has brainwashed it's slaves into believing that tribalism is primitive and others can't be trusted. It's a game of divide and conquer. They break down the Clan, and having no-one else to depend on, you must depend on the State.

Returning to Clan life – that is – a group of interdependent folk; is not just a hippy vision or nostalgic desire to return to more primal – more human – ways of living. It's an act of disrupting and sabotaging the power monopoly the State holds. It is an act of personal honour and duty to ourselves and our own children. The very fact that the State passes laws to illegalize certain aspects of Clan life or organized tribalism such as – favoritism, nepotism, cronyism, and poligamy – reveals the State's underlining fear of a fully functioning, self-sufficient Clan.

We've given State and Nation thousands of years to test itself in the real causal world to prove itself beneficial to humanity as a whole. So far all it has done for the past thousands of years is war, genocide, and exploit humanity. Such a system of existence is detrimental to progression of the Human species and our evolution towards our galactic destiny. It is out of compassion and empathy for humanity, that the Sinister folk work towards the extinction of States and Nations. To once and for all end humanity's chief cause of suffering.

If we can empathize with our fellow creatures, and feel their suffering... If we have genuine compassion for our fellow humans, and want a better life and existence for them. Then we must desire to seek out the actual cause of their suffering and destroy it: the State itself. Destroying the State to engineer a better kind of human civilization via aeonics, is what the ONA was designed to do in the first place.

The State is not the only cause of modern human suffering: the Corporation and the heartless individuals and families who maintain State and Corporate power and domination are also major threats to our freedom, and human progression. Which brings us to the concept of Culling and Opfers. It not an aimless slaughter of victims sacrificed to Dark Gods. The ONA

has rules and guidelines for culling and offers. There is a method to the madness – a reason. The intended victims deserve to be culled because they are ones that perpetuate suffering. Our suffering, and the suffering of our fellow humans.

We owe it to ourselves... to our personal honour, and the duty we owe to our Clansman, to work to destroy our folk's antagonists – the very source of our suffering itself. This is done not only by Culling; but also by striving to enlighten and awaken the outsiders; Presencing the Dark; teaching the Numinous Way; Code of Honour; and Reichfolk NS to them and to our own children. We must teach them that recreating Clans – harmonizing ourselves with our human nature – to create symbiotic social orders of mutual aid and mutual dependency will greatly reduce our human suffering in half.

TRANSITION & PROGRESSION:

More than likely – reasonably – we're not going to blow up States into extinction anytime soon. Such things cannot be forced; because in essence the people who are suffering themselves make up the "State." Thus enlightening them and encouraging them to form their own Clans is a very important step towards destroying the monopoly of rule of the State.

Reasonably, our own 352, and future Clans and Tribes will take time to grow and evolve into fully functioning self-reliant social orders. When that time comes, colonization of the world's international oceans is the first step in gaining independence and working towards gaining the experience needed to colonize space. Getting to even this stage of progression from here is an ordeal in itself which requires transgenerational – aeonic – strategy and planning; called "Chronomorphic Incubation" in 352.

Our own Progeny is the KEY factor Chronomorphic Incubation. These children must be raised in Clan culture, then each sent to colleges and universities to study in specific fields which will help us transition from an earth bound Clan into a stellar Clan. Because children are crucial to chronomorphic incubation, Clan sisters are extremely important assets – we make babies.

Each generation must be eugenically and aeonically designed to function at maximum capacity within the era it/they will mature in. For instance, here in Southern California where the Latin population out numbers other races; these Latinos, will in the near future politically dominate this region. It would serve our interests here to have some of our future progeny mixed with Latino blood, to do better in the corporate and political arena here.

Transition and chronomorphic incubation also requires money. Without money transitioning is near impossible unless you raise a small army of rebels and conquer one of those barely functioning African nations. This would mean that our Clan must have business as a fundamental objective. To beat the 10 Percenters (the Enemy); we must learn to play the game as they play it; not as they teach in schools. Going to school to be an employee benefits nobody but the Enemy and prolongs human suffering. Working cooperatively to seek financial independence and the establishment of future corporations helps end suffering – at least our own suffering.

The reason why colonization of the ocean is important is because we must be sovereign to do as we please, without the policies, ethics, and limitations of the State and Religion. We need a place where science can progress and advanced in any direction uninhibited.

The State itself cannot help us manifest our galactic destiny. It neither has the power or money. What money it does have, it spends on military arms build up not scientific advancement and human progression. It's very own nature – being a State – does not allow it to change itself to become a better form of human civilization. Trying to change the orthodoxy of your State is call treason. We have also learned from recent events that the economy of a State is fragile. The richest State in the world – USA – is near total bankruptcy and will never be able to pay its debt off.

The key to a near future colonization of space rests in the concept of inter-clan cooperation in the form of collective monetary investments in intertribal corporations. By this I mean that corporations are the only current institution with the people power and money to colonize space.

The first steps to colonizing space will be a corporate venture of exploitation and commercialization of space and lunar minerals. It would be up to each Clan to buy shares of these corporations. In the same way that old world families bought shares in companies which colonized the new world and India. Many of today's nations actually began as business ventures of English and other European companies.

CLANAMATION:

As Myatt pointed out, Clans are the future and a causal manifestation of putting the principles of empathy and compassion into real practice. To empathize with our own Clan folk. To care for them, as they will for us. To provide for them, as they will provide for us. To labor for their needs and interests, as they will work to satisfy our own needs and interests. To work together towards self-reliance for the sake of our progeny, so they may inherit a better life, free of the suffering that plagues our own.

By adopting and implementing the “Myattian Imperative,” and working towards a reasonable manifestation of a functioning Clan; our 352 will be setting itself apart from other ONA nexions; and other modern institutions. Taking a progressive step forwards into the future, if you will. Thus, we can't convert or force others to join our nexion. This nexion of ours must itself attract to it those that resonate with our aura who will live by our oaths, rules, laws, and by the Code of Honour; and the Myattian Way. With time, so long as our children and generations continue to reach for the stars, we will slowly make our way towards that Numinous Dark above.

Kayla of 352

Black Star Canyon

120 yf



Further Reading: [Cosmic Being](#)

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

HARMONY



REICHSFOLK 352

SECOND EPISTLE TO THE ACCEPTION

SURREAL SCIENCE:

First, before people accuse me of being a product of Myattian thinking; as if one day I chanced upon Myatt's writings with a blank mind, and having nothing else better to fill my mind with I just mindlessly adopted his thoughts – I had my own mind and ideas. The reason why I really like Myatt is because I actually share many of my private thoughts and beliefs in common with him. By this I mean I spent a lot of my time at school and during my free time studying and speculating about things which gave birth to ideas and thoughts then, when I found all of Myatt's writings, I saw much of my own thoughts in them.

I want to start this Second Epistle first with a subject I personally have a passion for which Myatt spoke about last in his collection of Ethical National-Socialist MSS. Myatt was nice enough to call mainstream science "surreal," but we'll go ahead and call it what it is – retarded.

I find it incredible that so many institutions today have no real place in their institution for science. If such an institution as the Myattian Triad (Reichsfolk NS; The Numinous Way, and the ONA) desires to progress into the future as a stellar civilization, then science must be the very center and spearhead of the Myattian Triad. Which is what Myatt took the pains to do – graft science into his Ways. Except, if the science is retarded, then the future is going to be retarded. Unfortunately, it seems as thoe the ONA, perhaps being the runt of the litter, didn't get a good dose of science like the other two 'mind children of Myatt.'

In his Acausal Science article, Myatt mentions several "surreal" (re: retarded) ideas; which I and many other 352ers agree with. Like – "black holes," and the "big bang." The reason why modern Cosmology is so retarded is because of an inherent weakness in what we call "Reason" and its unfortunate near deification.

What we call “Reason” is a logical thinking process where input from the outside world is brought into the brain, which is then evaluated and measured up to sets of pre-formulated rational concepts. By “rational concepts” here, I mean to say thoughts and or beliefs, or opinions of things we develop and gain an understanding of from years of direct experience, and observation. For example, if we grew up never witnessing a cow fly, and we see birds with wings fly... after a while we will develop a conclusion that birds can fly because of their wings, and cows can't fly thus a “rational concept” form in which we think or believe that only things with wings can fly. Thus, if one day someone came along and told you they saw a horse fly, you would say that it is irrational or outside the limits of your reasoning to believe that such a thing were possible.

Input to the brain is based entirely on 5 senses. We can logically assume that the more of the 5 senses are bringing in information to be processed – the more accurate the process of Reason will be. Thus, sciences such as Geology, Anatomy, and Medical science are highly accurate disciplines due to the fact that the object of study is close enough to the student whereby all of the 5 senses can bring in their input into the brain to be processed. We can then rationally assume that the less senses bring in input, the less accurate the science will be... no matter how refined your faculty of Reasoning is. Thus “distant” sciences such as Astronomy, which relies on one mere sense – the eyes; cannot be considered as accurate a discipline as something “near” as Geography.

Now we come to Cosmology. This may be considered a “senseless” science. Not only is there really nothing to observe, but none of the senses are bringing any input. The only faculty or process of thinking in Cosmology is “Reason.” To compensate for a lack of sensual input Cosmologists use something retarded called Speculative Mathematics... which uses something called Imaginary Numbers. Thus, it's not surprising that modern Cosmology comes up with the most outland theories, that are just about as ludicrous as biblical cosmology. In essence, modern Cosmology has left the Scientific Method behind for chalk board speculative mathematics.

Today's modern retarded cosmology can be named “Gravitational Cosmology.” Gravitational Cosmology (GC) posits that the universe's most weakest force – gravity – a force we daily defy when we pick things up – is the absolute source and means of the formation of the universe and everything inside it. GC states that gravity magically makes everything from stars to galaxies. A theory in science is only useful in so far as the theory can be used to explain and predict phenomenon, and as long as it can withstand the onslaught of new discoveries and hypotheses. Gravitational Cosmology is under major attack now, and is on it's death bed, thanks to modern instruments and those heretics who have left the Newtonian-Einsteinian rank and file who question such freakish oddities as neutron stars, black holes, time travel, tachyon energy, worm holes, warp speed, expanding universe theory, big bang (the most stupidest theory ever); dark matter, dark force, and a host of others ridiculous stuff.

I'm not going to spend time here attacking all of these stupid GC “teacher's pets,” but I'll talk a bit about the big bang theory which was developed by a catholic priest. It's retarded for physicists to say that something can't come out of nothing; but they say that something the size of an atom “exploded” and from this atom-thingy came all of the matter in the universe!

Then they say that when all this stuff was flying out of the explosion, it was flying faster than light... because conveniently the laws of physics didn't exist yet. That's when gravity came along and packed everything together. Even if we give the big bangers this much, it still doesn't make sense, because the universe as we know it is relatively very uniform. Meaning the galaxies are uniformly distributed very well.

This might not mean anything, until you've sat and watched fireworks explode. When a firecracker blows up it happened at the core and explodes outwards. As the material flies out, it leaves an empty space where the core was. You can see this same effect in some novae or nebulas, where a "shell" of debris can be seen encircling a core empty spot. This of course suggests and implies NONUNIFORMITY of distribution of matter. Why is the universe uniform? Why aren't the galaxies that formed later after the big bang not located in a "shell" of material surrounding an empty core where the bang first happened? This is only one mere disagreement among a long list of anti-big bangers.

The current scientific heresy, which is adopted by 352, is Plasma Cosmology (PC)... sometimes called the Electric Universe theory. PC posits that the cosmos is an infinite and eternal big old thingy of Plasma (4th state of matter), without a beginning. It just always was. This cosmos is alive and buzzing literally with Electricity. Where there is electricity, there is Magnetism and vice versa.

Pockets of Magnetic Fields in the cosmos then interact with the plasma to make all these ionic soup of stuff. The atoms in the plasma interact and produce elements and suchlike. The Sun in PC isn't a primitive ball of nuclear fire as GC says it is. The Sun is a big ball of Plasma – just like the plasma globes you buy at the mall, but a billion times bigger with more energy. PC states that Suns are connected to each other to long filaments of greatly big plasma, like drops of morning dew on a spider web. Suns in PC "give birth" to gaseous planetoids like Jupiter. These gaseous giants in turn give birth to rocky moons. PC also states that Galaxies give birth to other galaxies.

The Planet Saturn play an important role in our solar system in regards to our own earth in Plasma Cosmology. PC states that at one time Saturn was a ball of plasma (sun) also and the earth was a planet around it. Something happened where Saturn and this sun came into contact with each other which caused the sun Saturn to go around this sun, which also caused the earth to fly into a new orbit then Saturn lost its plasmic power source and went dark – thus in many world cultures, Saturn is often called the "Black Sun," Schwarze Sonne in German by the way.

The great thing about Plasma Cosmology is that it can be experimented and tested with in laboratories because the Plasma we can make here such as that found in plasma globes, is the same stuff in space. Under laboratory conditions when plasma has been found to naturally form spiral shaped "galaxies," Gravitational Cosmology can't explain why spiral shaped galaxies (such as our own Milky Way) exists... it shouldn't because of "gravity." The other great thing about PC is it explains those stupid theoretical things such as black holes and such away, without much fuss and leg pulling.

By far, in my mind, the greatest and most appealing aspect of PC is the deeper... more “esoteric” side of Plasma Cosmology, which fits perfectly into Reichsfolk NS and “Myattian Cosmology.” All that Electricity – which science now knows actually does exist out there in what we once thought was “empty” space can’t just come out of nothing. It needs a Source... and because we as living beings are ourselves electric beings – meaning our most intimate parts like our brain cells and muscles and stuff – work with the same Electricity... we are all intimately Connected to our world, our Sun, our Galaxy, and the whole Cosmos itself... even to the Source of the energy itself. Because Matter comes in 4 basic forms... or manifestations of the same “Causal” essence – Solid, Liquid, Gas, and Plasma – we are all... as all things are in this universe – the Cosmos in living expression. A manifestation of the same electricity and plasma that IS the Cosmos. It is not really known at the time what exactly is the Source of all this Electricity and Plasma yet; but our Myattian Triad may offer a clue: the Acausal matrix.

MORPHIC RESONANCE:

This very interesting heretical theory – which is gaining wide support was postulated by Rupert Sheldrake. The theory and idea of Morphic resonance also fits well, into National-Socialist Science (Reichsfolk) and it’s Living Cosmos.

The idea of MR starts off very basic. Around every thing is a Memory Field (also called a Morphogenic Field). This Memory Field contains the information needed to “tell” the atoms and molecules of anything where to go – in the form of Coherent Energetic Information – in the same way these digital letters you are reading is actually a string of coherent energetic information on a hard drive or your RAM. Before you think this is crazy, do yourself a favor and research the subject first. You will learn that science has already made instruments to see this field, and a lot of experiments with this field has already been done – which will one day soon kill this stupid current theory and science of genes. I recommend anything by Sheldrake, and a book called “The Field.”

Then MR gets interesting. It posits that the way of Nature is the effortless path in which the least amount of energy is spent. Thus MR must work in tandem with the natural way of least resistance. Each species has in MR theory what might be called a “collective over-field” which developed and collected its memory and information after millions of years of evolution based on its species’ adaptation to such things as environment and climatic changes.

So, in environment with very similar conditions, Nature will utilize a time tested Memory Field of an organism which it “knows” can thrive in such conditions, and thus, plants and animals existing in very similar conditions will look very similar. This save Nature from having a glob of protoplasm go thru the billions of years to evolve into something. It save energy.

Morphic Resonance theory then would explain to us what extraterrestrials living on a planet similar to our own Earth would look like – they would look like us. This is so because MR states that the whole Cosmos is a big virtual Memory Field “Hard Drive” and since there is only one Cosmos-Hard Drive, the most efficient memory fields contain in it will be used to conserve energy no matter where in the universe life may occur.

All this of course – to the chagrin of the modern materialist scientific inquisition – is heresy, because it implies... suggests a Living Cosmos... which is even perhaps “intelligent” in it’s own big way. Again, the very nature of these Memory Fields – which is no longer speculation – suggests a “something” beyond causal matter... something our Myattian Triad terms Acausal Energy, due to lack of a better term.

Why do I say that Myatt is beyond his time and deserves a bit of good word? Because I read and study current shit like this, which is barely being spoken about in school and books now – when Myatt was thinking of this stuff before it ever surfaced up. This “weird science” shit, which is and will be the science of our future, is something still alien to the average person... especially to the average ONA Initiate who spends his time reading old black magical grimoires or philosophical works by long dead people which has jack shit to do with our world today – or the future. You need to take your head out of the past, read some current heretical shit, and look to the future – or your stupid – and this is why some of you “of the ONA” don’t see Myatt as we here in 352 do. It’s far from hero worship. It’s just us saying – oh shit Myatt thought of all this when we were in diapers... before it was a heresy in materialist science! Why is science so important to our Myattian Triad? Because you can’t apprehend the future without it. And if your retarded and buy into that “surreal” stuff they are teaching in mainstream science.

Finally because of the vision for a future we shared in common with him, the passion for which he helped set a blaze – and the principles and practical method he gave to manifest that future – to aeonically work with Wyrđ to manifest that future and hopeful destiny. By “destiny” I mean to say a clear Destination in the future we can envision, and the aeonic “journey” we must consciously make to get us there. Many people before him have dreamed yes, and have thought about colonizing the galaxy yes; but none believed it was possible. That is was our human destiny. That it was the ultimate thing to strive for. That it was our next stage in our human evolution. None inspired, and none gave a practical and “occult” method of working for that future like Myatt. Sadly, we are few who resonate with his vision. Those of us few are nonetheless Loyal to that Vision and Way – and pay credit to where its due.



HARMONY OF PRINCIPLE AND APPLICATION:

I should make it clear that this epistle as I stated up there is directed to our Acception (352), since some of those “of the” ONA get asshurt over reading our stuff.

By Principles I refer to the Principles of Reichsfolk and the Numinous Way. By Application I mean the vehicle of Application that is the ONA which transmutes these Principles into casual results. Without any kind of Methodology these Principles remains just quaint ideas you store

in your head, and just another label you wear.

We'll begin to show the Harmony of this Myattian Triad by first using Acausal Force as an example, since we talked about it up there.

Myatt spends a great deal of his time trying to explain in detail what the Acausal is in his Ethical National-Socialism and Numinous Way MSS. Yet, in the ONA he only briefly touches on the subject, but goes into detail about the Practical Method of harnessing Acausal energy and using it.

According to the Principle and Theory Acausal energy is the matrix which envelops the causal universe. Each of us in turn are nexions of acausal and causal substance. Or points in space-time where acausal and causal substance converges. The convergence of these two cosmic substances in turn gives "life" to the dead matter which we are composed of. This concept of a mingling or convergence of "matter" and "energy" is also expressed in Morphic Resonance theory and Plasma Cosmology.

Althoe in his ONA MSS Myatt leaves out the details; in the Reichsfolk MSS he does go into deeper detail explaining the workings of this convergence of cosmic substance. In an article he calls "Acausal Science," he mentions a future technology which utilizes acausal energy. The reasoning behind this is because according to National-Socialist Ethics the current form of energy we are using is essentially destructive, not in Harmony to the way of Nature and defies our Honour and Reverence for Nature. The most violent and destructive form of energy is nuclear energy.

This National-Socialistic abhorrence for such unnaturally violent forms of energy is actually in essence somewhat very unique to Esoteric National-Socialism... for those of us who know. There is a documented and well know story of an Admiral Byrd who was conducting US Naval mapping missions in Antarctica during the 1950's by air. One day as Admiral Byrd was flying about 100 miles from the shore he reported by radio of seeing a hole in the middle of the area into which his plane was fling into.

Admiral Byrd later reported two flying saucers with Nazi Swastika designs on then using some sort of a force to control his ship causing it to land inside a city of some sort. He reports that a race of beings, often referred as the "Vril-ya" had taken him to their "leader." He reports that these people spoke a strange dialect of German. The "leader" of this subterranean race had desired to speak with Byrd to give him a message to bring to the rest of the world above ground. The message was simple. The Vril-ya were against the idea of the human race using nuclear energy and nuclear bombs because it disturbed the Life Force of Nature, and that if we choose to continue our love affair with such unnatural destructive forces, we will eventually annihilate ourselves.

I really can't say how true this story is. He was a high ranking Naval Officer of America, and he did give a documented report of his strange experience. Even if it is a legend of myth, it still shows how deep and essential and old this idealism of being in harmony with Nature was to National-Socialism. It may seem outlandish for many people – those of us not familiar with

Ethical and Esoteric National-Socialism – to think that Nazis would even give a damn about Nature. This opinion is due to about 70 years of Zionist propaganda and the retardation of the common person believing such crap because some “authority” figure told you so and not trying to gain a more accurate and authentic understanding of genuine and esoteric NS. I’ll save this topic for a later date.

So, as Myatt suggests in his Reichsfolk MSS, that a sort of “Organic Technology” should be used in which living organic things are created and used to apprehend Acausal energy to be used. This concept reminds me of an idea of another personal object of admiration of mine – Wilhelm Reich and his work on a form of natural energy he called “Orgone.” There is a not so well know work by Wilhelm Reich he experimented with at one time which seems to greatly support Myatt’s idea that Acausal energy is “Life Force” itself. Reich one day took ordinary lifeless matter such as dirt and dry leaves, and he mixed them in water, and placed this under a microscope. With a little orgone manipulation Reich saw these tiny corpuscles emerge from the putrefying matter which “turned” into living things he called “Bions.”

The important thing here is that this energy... call it what you want – acausal, orgone, vril, prana, chi, whatever – is naturally “attracted” to organic matter and crystals. By organic matter and crystals I mean, as I have come to understand it – matter in which its molecular and atomic structure is in a Coherent Form. Coherency of molecular structure seems to be a key factor of matter being able to absorb cosmic energy. If you doubt this, all you have to do is take two quartz crystals, go into a dark closet, and rub those two crystals together vigorously. You will notice that the applied force will cause the crystals to glow a yellowish color, and pay very close attention to the smell it makes. I won’t tell you what it smells like because I actually want you to try it yourself.

Organic matter absorbs and attracts acausal energy. Myatt spends a lot of time talking about acausal stuff and organic technology in his Reichsfolk and Numinous Way papers; but he leaves out a practical method whereby we can actually physically work with acausal energy... but... in his ONA he does quite the opposite and instead of going into detail about the science and theory behind acausal apprehension, he just provides an organic – practical Method of Application. There is something about the state of your mind you go into when performing those rites given in the ONA, plus your organic body which attracts acausal energy ‘down.’ This acausal force, which anyone in the ONA should know, does things or influences the world. Perhaps it doesn’t affect the dead matter of our cities and states itself... but maybe this acausal energy we attract via those rites “infects” and affects those around us, and those this acausal substance comes into contact with. Of course, the rites in the ONA is a primitive method of acausal apprehension, but it gives us a template and platform to work with to develop future organic technology, if we can see these rites in a different way. Not just “magical” rites, but a rudimentary future science more in harmony to Mother Nature and the Living Cosmos.

HONOUR, LOYALTY, DUTY:

If you could sum up Ethical National-Socialism, the Numinous Way, and the ONA’s “Law of the New Aeon,” it would be those three words. It’s the very essence and meaning of Nobility, and the New Human.

Myatt spends a lot of time and effort in explaining the theories and principles of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty in both his Reichsfolk and Numinous Way. Again he elaborates on the principle, but does not present a usable method whereby the individual who desires to uphold and express, or utilize these principles to change herself or himself into a better, more noble person. Yet the ONA offers a very practical and physical Method of applying these principles in live to engineer personal change: the Seven Fold Way.

Thru the Grade Rituals and Ordeals Myatt created for the ONA, the Initiate may begin to learn to physically live and express those three moral doctrines. Self Honour is required – in that you must be honest and true to yourself – to honestly go thru and experience each grade ritual and ordeal. Not only do the grade rituals help one understand the concept of self honour, but it also is the principle of Self Excellence, and Triumph of the Will in motion. It requires a great amount of Will to go thru all of these grade rituals and ordeals, which helps build Self Excellence. Loyalty here is loyalty to yourself and to the Seven Fold Way. Duty – to experience all grade ordeals.

The creation of an ONA Temple or Nexion, or belonging to one provides the template and platform for establishing a Clan – since no real clan or tribe exists currently in the developed countries to learn from. Future clans and tribes must be born today from Traditional groups such as this. Functioning in a Nexion further teaches the Initiate in an on hands method how to honour your fellow clanmate, pay your loyalty to them and your oaths, and to uphold your duties you own to them and the clan/nexion. The next step required to transform a functioning nexion into a clan would be proper – selective breeding – to produce offspring who will be born members of the clan/nexion, raised in the Way. By Way here, I mean the Myattian Triad Way – Ethical National-Socialism; the Numinous Way, and the ONA. The three don't have to be mixed into a single triune "thing." They can remain separate, yet parallel and in harmony with one another, thus supplementing and complimenting each other.

OTHER CULTURES:

There is a certain, honest duty and honour we must learn to give to other races, folk, and cultures – if we should genuinely live by the 'Reichsfolk Doctrine.'

It isn't really out of arbitrary quaintness that David Myatt urges us to honour other peoples, cultures, and religions. It is out of a certain duty we owe to our ownself to strive to be better and progress in Excellence.

It is only when we are open minded, and open hearted, to other's different from us, and we honourably try to understand them and their way that we learn to see the world from new perspectives and angles, cancelling what cultural myopia we might have had.

There is a kernel of truth, light, and insight in every culture, Way, and religion. By learning to Empathize with these other people and their weltanschauungs and systems of thought, we add to our ownself.

The German National-Socialist in there time were very much open to there peoples and

cultures. To Japan and it's cultures for an example. More esoterically to Tibet. Early on the German National-Socialists had made contact with Tibet. Once contact was made, many of them began to study Tibetan Buddhism – particularly different forms of meditations and tantras in hopes to be able to contact a subterranean race of beings called the Vril-ya.

The German National-Socialists had desired to make contact with the Vril-ya to learn certain secrets whereby their own Aryan race would, like the Vriyl-ya, to be super human... a true Master Race.

Sometime after the war the Americans entered Tibet and Germany and had discovered something very odd, which if you can understand, gives you hints to the genuine nature of National-Socialism. The Americans had discovered several hundreds of bodies of Tibetan monks who had all committed mass suicide.

The strangeness was that these Tibetan monks were all dressed in Nazi regalia, Swastika and all... and all had a lapel pin of a Green Dragon – said to represent the King of Agartha. Back in German, the Americans also discovered several hundreds of Nazi Officers who have committed mass suicide as well. They all, of course had their Nazi regalia on as well, but they each also had the same Tibetan lapel pin of the Green Dragon.

Aside from this example of honour for other people and cultures, we have Myatt as an exemplar and example to follow. Like a traveller on a journey of exploration he travels into different belief systems with an open mind, learning from each of them and thus gaining new insights and perspectives – growing in his Self Excellence.

A SINISTER NUMEN?

There is a saying in mystic circles – Where there is Beauty, there also is the face of God. Or as Plato defines God – The Supreme Being is both Truth and Beauty. How does a “Dark,” and “Sinister” ontology fit with the Numinous Cosmology? Inside the Acausal matrix which surrounds us. Which is the fundamental fabric of existence and life.

The only reason why some of us see something “evil” and horrid in “the sinister” is because we are mentally immature and not willing to see Nature and Cosmic Essence as it is – beyond good and evil. These words are but arbitrary – abstract – values and human judgments we ascribe to certain things, which is entirely relative. Life just IS. What is wrong and evil in one culture – to one folk – may sometimes be right and good to another. For instance the concept of euthanasia, specifically killing elderly people so that they will not be a burden to society. This to some of us in the West may “feel” bad, and wrong; but in Inuit Society, it is, or was practiced and right. The elderly Inuit (Eskimo) in olden days, when their time came, walked themselves off into the frigid cold and froze themselves to death, for the sake of their folk.

The underlying issue here is stigma and misunderstanding. The concept of “Left Hand,” and “Right Hand,” predates Christianity and Occidental conception and values systems. It originates in India based on a pre-hindu godform named Ardhanari who was a hermaphrodite. Ardhanari means Male-Female. It's Right side was a male named Shivaya; the Left side was a

female named Shakti.

The Mythos of Ardhanari states that the Right half became the Eternal Transcendental One Spirit that permeates the universe – the Acausal, if you will. The Left side became the Manifested world of physical existence – the Causal if your will. Both Shiva and Shakti as the unmanifested and manifested are locked together in an eternal dance.

From these two halves, two different schools were born – the Right Hand school; and the Left Hand school (better known as Vama Marga). The Right Hand Path believed that carnal existence was something to be abhorred and rejected. Sensual experiences were rejected for a restrictive life in hopes that when the adherent died, he would merge back into Shiva. This concept of renunciation and rejection of life to merge with the unmanifested source incarnated as Buddhism's concept of Nirvana where one works to annihilate one's ego to merge into the nothingness of Nirvana.

The Left Hand Path, was dedicated to Shakti, and believed that the unmanifested source was just a pantheistic force which permeates the Cosmos, and that physical existence was by Nature sacred and divine. Every physical act, every sensual and carnal pleasure was a blissful offering to Shakti. Nothing about carnal existence in the Left hand Path and Nature was rejected. There were no morals or limitation. Life was experienced uninhibited. They believed that without the body, and physical experience of life itself, there can be no illumination.

The carnal practices of the original Left Hand Path were seen by the Hindus as vile and disgusting, specifically since these Left Hand Tantrikas would often practice sexual rites without the moral limitations of familial relations, if you catch my drift. Furthermore Shakti's Right side – Shiva – was merged with the Hindu's Rudra (Hinduism's Devil) and the Left hand Path ever since got a bad rap.

The Sinister Path – meaning the Left Hand Path – is only evil because of our own immaturity and limitations of not “going beyond” – as someone once put it – of definitions, stigmas, and human concepts.

It is essentially a Life affirming Path which, like its ancestor, sees every aspect of carnal existence and nature to be “just is” meaning just Natural as things are; and sacred. It is the opposite – adversarial – path to the Right Hand Path that is the Judeo-Christian religious system and their life rejecting morals and values.

The Dark Ones, as it has been explained are acausal beings. Like us, they are living manifestation of the Cosmic Being. A mode of the Cosmic Being's existence within the acausal manifestation of the Cosmos. If Acausal energy is itself Life Force, which “animates” coherent causal matter. Then it is not beyond reason to assume that “living beings,” exist within the acausal itself. For as long as we as a species have been around we have had two constant companions – the belief in a “spirit” which survives death; and the belief in ‘spirits’ thru which our ancient ancestor's rites were dedicated to.

The Dark Tradition is thus a Way... an ontological perception... wherein the Initiate's mind is

open to the apprehension and understanding of the Acausal, and it's living essence, which is beyond such human conceptualizations as "good," and "evil." It is a Way whereby the Initiate awakens... as slumbering Shakti must awaken from this Maya of materialism... to the Realization of the Unity... the One Reality of the Cosmos. Wherein the Initiate comes to the realization that there is more to material existence, then just flesh and stone. Wherein a bond... a reworking... a reconnection is gradually developed between the Initiate and the Dark Numinous Acausal... becoming once again – Whole.

The Numinous in the Sinister Way, is the living Beauty of the Cosmos, Nature and Carnal existence itself. In all it's forms and manifestations. Wherever you see Beauty, there also is the very living essence of the Cosmos... calling... yearning:

"Nothing is beautiful except man: but most beautiful of all is women." – 19th Satanic Point; 21 Satanic Points, BBS, ONA



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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

URBAN THERNNING



THIRD EPISTLE TO THE ACCEPTION

REICHSFOLK 352

URBAN THERNNING

Urban Thernning is the adaptation... expression... and living of a Natural Magick sometimes called “Thernn” in the Order of Nine Angles within the Profane Prison of steel and concrete we were born in. Here we use the word to also mean the magickal act of tribalization – that is cooperative living in harmony with Nature, our Humanness, and each other. It is more than a living. More than a choosing to live different for the sake of non-conformity to society. It is a process of reconnecting back to our primal human nature. A rediscovering of who and what we are as living human beings... as opposed to mindless Homo Hubris drones. It is a resistance... a silent war... against the Machine and its monopoly on power. It is the triad that is the Order of Nine Angles – The Seven Fold Sinister Way, Reichsfolk Culture, and the Numinous Way – in living motion.

I don't know if you have ever watched that old (classic) silent movie called “Metropolis” where these citizen-drones spend their natural lives working and laboring for a cold, uncaring, distant, abstract monstrosity of a Machine. How prophetic that this olden movie aptly describes the world we live in today. A world of illusion and servitude we are born into. A world in which we are used by the Ten Percenters and their Magian goons. Used like creatures of burden to empower and enrich their bloodlines. Used into old age... until we are no longer of any use to them... and we are thrown away like an old shoe, to die away forgotten in some old folks home.

There is no way of breaking out of this Labor Camp. Because it owns every square inch of terrestrial land on earth – there is no escape. We can only resist and disrupt this Machine from the inside out... spreading within it as a cancer. This cancerous spreading... this brooding in silence... this Resistance against the Magian Wardens of this Labor Camp is Our Magick and Sinister Opus. Our Magnum Opus Vrillis – the Great Work of the Vrilya.

So the mythos goes of our olden day brethren the German esoteric National-Socialists. That there lived underground a race of evolved super beings – Ubermenschen – called the Vrilya. A people separated apart from the surface dwellers – those Homo Hubris – who have no concern for the games such lesser evolved humans play. We, to Homo Hubris, are the Vrilya... a Sinister Kindred – a Sinister Nobility – existing beneath the awareness of these worldlings – these Anariya – underground in the shadows. Our Great Work is the evolution and liberation of our Sinister Blood and progeny from this diseased world. Sick from a terminal pestilence called Homo Hubris.

It's no easy task to resist this Great Prison which has enslaved our species. Many before us have tried. Such as the CSA – the Covenant, the Sword, and the Arm of the Lord during the early 70's. The CSA had achieved for itself a strong coherent structure as a self contained social order. This coherency – which is power – was not to last long. The Ten Percenter goons destroyed that coherency and eventually disbanded the CSA.

There were the Nazarene stooges called the Branch Davidians of Waco Texas who also evolved into a coherent, functioning modern tribe. Like the CSA, they were crushed. This time, the crushing was lethal as the Zionist Bull Dyke Mr. Janet Reno (for "she" was hardly a woman) slaughtered the Davidians... children included.

We must be intelligent, and learn from the mistakes of others. How would the Enemy deal with us, if we thernned as a sinister commune somewhere... in a concentrated place as the CSA and Davidians like sitting ducks? Chances are, we would not last very long.

Tribal coherency does not always imply or suggest living together in a commune. We must learn from such organizations as the mafia, many large gangs, and even ethnic cultures – develop a tribal coherency within this urban jungle, disguised as outer incoherency. We must learn to thernn the urban prison intelligently and safely... as a collective force, but blend in with the profane – or suffer the consequences.

THE JUNGLE

My city, like any city, is a jungle of asphalt, glass, and concrete. The only thing natural about this city... this state... this current manifestation of human civilization of ours is the rain that comes once in a while to hit my bedroom window. It is really not in tune to Nature, nor in tune to our own natural humanness. It's an assertion... imposition, of a political machine upon Nature and our natural humanness.

It's cliché to call the monstrosity of our cities jungles, but most people don't understand the pragmatics of it. From an urban-anthropological angle, the city is a jungle, inside which we are born, conditioned, and raised in.

Unlike the natural jungle which is vibrant with life that surrounds us, this urban jungle is dead. Made of dead building and dead surrounding. Unlike the natural jungle inside which we are a living part of its natural symbiotic ecosystem... the urban jungle is abstract, "distant," exploitative, and "unfamiliar." Unfamiliar here describes a sociological phenomenon of urban

life, where individuals living close together... neighbors... don't even know each other, nor have any emotional bond with one another.

In a Natural jungle, people know each other, because those you live next to are your very own tribesman – whom you depend on for survival. There is a natural, effortless, cooperation with each other in a natural jungle where the hunting, gathering, and daily chores are mutually shared.

In this urban jungle, things are much different. The segregated urbanite is a self-reliant unit with nobody to depend on or trust. He/she must work alone for money to survive. The unfamiliarity and aloneness as a segregated unit produces large amounts of stress within the average person – stress and internal suffering.

This leads to escapism – alcohol, drugs, television, whatever. The more escapism, the better for the Machine, because instead of realizing that the Machine itself is the cause of the suffering and stress, the citizen covers up the symptoms. In some backwards oppressive States (or poor excuse of a State) such as Russia, escapism in the form of vodka cheaper than water keeps the zombified mass alive another day to labor... for a nation which is barely a functioning State.

This urban jungle we exist in isn't going to get any better. It isn't going to gradually turn into a utopian paradise as we pollute our environment, deplete our natural resources, and over populate ourselves to death. It's only going to get worse. Like an expanding desert, the further into the future we go, the larger the slums in the city will grow.

Our window of opportunity of leaving this world is rapidly passing us by. As much as we hate nations and states and corporations, we need their synergy, man power, and technology to colonize space. These States today are on their death beds facing doom. Not just economic failure, and collapse of State infrastructure, but total extinction. When that day comes we will be grounded here for a while to experience an environmental and climatic tribulation of mass death. Our great grand children will one day see with their own eyes the four horsemen of the apocalypse give unto our species what we deserve. Can our own Sinister progeny survive such a time long enough to leave the earth? Only if they tribalize.

LOCUSTS AND ANTS

When I sit here and watch the average urbanite live out their daily lives, I am reminded of that old story of the locust and ant. How the locust spends its days oblivious to the coming Winter playing, mating, indulging, perhaps sometimes working their 8 hours or something. All the while the ants are busy working and laboring away... preparing. When Winter comes the locust die and the ants survives to live a new season.

Even if these urban locusts are working, whom are they working for? Besides for the Ten Percenters? For themselves. Ants work for their progeny – their grubs. In time, when winter comes for the urban locust he will be housed in a nursing home and forgotten... left to die, and the children he bore – whom he neglected and did not work for, will take his place as slaves.

All you have to do is visit a city's working class section and talk to people. You will discover that many generations of the same families end up slaves of the Machine and never surpass their previous generation. This is so everywhere in America, that this "locust culture" is an aspect of occidental American culture.

Then there are those immigrants who come to America with nothing... those Chinese, Asians, Indians, Persians, Jews, etc... who spend their time working as a family like ants for their children. These children of theirs, often grow up wealthy within a single generation – the end product of an intelligent family working together for their progeny. This way of living... way of working – like ants for their grubs in 352 is called "Hive Culture." When the mechanics of Wyrld is understood, and Hive Culture is lived in conjunction with aeonics, and chromomorphosis, it manifests generations in the future which are wealthy... a future progeny with more means available to them to Liberate themselves from this concrete prison.

Many of us dislike such people... these Jews for example, because of their hive culture. Because their grand parents and parents and family dedicated their efforts and lives to make them wealthy, to give them a popper education, and to strategically maneuver their progeny in society to gain them power and influence, to regulate their marriage and breeding, to secure the wealth and power for their next generation. What do many of us do in contrast to this? We are locusts. Many of us are children of ignorant urban locusts with no sense of hive culture. Out of jealousy, envy, frustration of being slaves we hate and desire to kill. We are all- my brothers and sisters, a product of our ancestor's Wyrld and our own Wyrld. Who then are we truly to blame for the condition we are in today? Some external enemy or our own ignorance and inability to learn from the Ten Percenters, and do as they do for our progeny's sake? We all deserve our lot in life. Knowing where we are and how we got here is half the battle and is the hardest part of the fight... killing self denial and facing the hard facts. Once we have realized how we ended up as slaves, we can then work to free ourselves.

No amount of hatred or killing the Enemy will ever change who and how you are as a person inside. Killing and hating Jews, the Magian, the Ten Percenters or whatever will not change how you live your own life and how you raise your children. It's a matter of culture – Locust Culture, or Hive Culture. Which are you? If you continue to live locust culture and neglect your bloodline and progeny, then you and your descendants will always be slaves to the Hive. It's your own fault you/we serve them. It's your family's fault. The question is, knowing where you are and what you are... and knowing how to chromomorphically/aeonically produce wealthy and powerful future progeny – Are you capable of doing it? Are you capable of hive culture? Or will you remain a locust forever?

It is our duty, out of honor and devotion to and for our unborn – for their sake – that we live and practice Hive Culture... that we tribalize and thernn. It is a magick with meaning and purpose. Not the self-centered magick of ego gratification. Not even the magick of making our own selves better. This is a magick concentrated on laboring to Liberate our future Blood from this Global Labor Camp, before it is too late.

A TRIBE THAT PREYS TOGETHER, STAYS TOGETHER

It's really unlikely that someone within our own Sinister Tribe (352) will make several million extra dollars to buy 15 acres or more to thernn with... especially in California. There are places such as Alaska where they actually pay you to start your own city. It's unlikely that me, or any sane girl will relocate to Alaska to live with a bunch of mooses and penguins, or whatever is out there. If I'm going to live in such a place with open country like that, I'd rather relocate to Hawaii or New Zealand. Living in such areas makes it harder for us to fulfill our end goals. We must remain inside the city, and fester like a tumor or canker sore.

The emotional glue that creates a tribe is called the "Coherency Factor." This factor manifests or indoctrinates a collective identity. Anyone of us who has every been involved in gangs, political parties, or organizations, will know that it is relatively easy to induce group culture. Corporations do it all the time. Street gangs somehow turn three letters and a rag into a murderous group culture. Old day skinhead gangs turned a skin color and a symbol into a very effective Coherency Factor. The secret is the fledgling morphic field of the group (the acausal entity) attracts via Resonance.

At the moment 352 has a wide variety of Coherency Factors – its letters WSA (the Tribe's name), its numbers 352 (a Tribal Mark), its White Rag (the Tribal Flag), its Trisickle (the Tribal Mark), its ONA-ness (the Tribal Method and Magick), its Numinous Way (the Tribal Way of Life), its Reichsfolk Culture (the Tribal Politics), and it's own rites and things contained in Opus Vrilis.

The second step to urban thernning is collective living. That is intentionally living in close proximity to each other – such as colonizing the same apartment complex or area of a city. This must also mean the sharing of dwelling space as a means to help each other save money – "Tribal Squatting" as it will be called hence forth.

Tribal Squatting is a new term, for something that has been going on forever in other cultures outside of this empathically dead Amerikan culture, where it is derogatorily called "mooching" or "freeloading."

There are still tribes that share large Long Homes and do not know what rent is. Even in my family, when some uncle of mine needs to save money to buy a house, he will Tribal squat at my grandparent's house, and they usually don't charge their own blood rent. In fact, and many Asian families are the same way – my grandma would consider it offensive if my uncle insisted on paying rent. Because this causes an emotional distancing. The same emotional distancing which keeps occidentalized Americans apart when they go out to eat together and every one pays their own way. This is not tribal from a sociological and emotional perspective.

In tribal times, if you desired to further bond your tribe into a stronger unit, as chief you would call your tribesmen for a feast, in which you provided everyone at the party whatever you had. This act of sharing food also works with primitive tribal diplomacy. You invite some other tribal leader to a eat out where you provide and share everything.

It's different in Amerika. When your "friend" invites you to dinner or lunch, you're expected to pay your own share? This is like tribal leader inviting you to a party, but he tells you that you

can't eat his food, so you have to bring your own. It doesn't induce tribal bonding and emotional solidarity. Going Dutch drives me crazy. I stop hanging out with anybody if they don't have this essential tribal culture. You either pay for everything, or I pay for everything and we take turns, or we're not friends.

Charging family members and Blood rent is stupid. It causes a distancing of emotions and kills mutual dependency. Just don't take advantage of me.

Kicking your kids out when they are 18 is also unheard of in nearly every culture outside of occidental "culture." In Chloe's Asian culture you don't leave the house until your married, and even then some married couples never leave. This reinforces collective bonding across the generations.

The second step to Tribal life is breeding which should be our primary source of new tribal membership. There must be rules and laws concerning this. 352ers should try to breed with each other. If an outsider wants to breed with a sister, he needs to convert and get the tribal marking or get his ass kicked. Brothers can reproduce with outsider girls, but those children born out of "Tribal-lock" belong to the Acception and will be raised in 352 Culture, or that outsider mother is getting her ass kicked. Each sister is encouraged to have many children... at least 5 – for Senior Security. Who cares what's providing the sperm (sperm banks, brother, or healthy outsider men), just practice intelligent breeding.

The third step to Tribal life is cooperative business. The tribe must not only learn to make money together, beginning first with our ABC's as juveniles, but also to pool each other's money and efforts in starting up local businesses. Employment should be a last option. If you must work for wages at a Ten Percenter company, then tribal squat to save money to start up your own businesses for later. Don't neglect a real education at colleges and universities. You should be chromorphically inclined enough to have at least every 5 years planned out and written on paper. Therefore, if you work a job for over 10 years and have gotten nowhere in life, then you are a doofus who will probably get nowhere in life forever, if you continue to work for wages.

These tribal businesses isn't to make us rich. It's to make our children rich, or better off than we are. So that they can live a better life, free from the stress and suffering which plagues us today. It is our responsibility, when we bring our children into being in this prison – when they pass thru us from the Cosmos itself – to secure a future for them in which they inherit more opportunities than what we had. In hopes that they will break free from this earthly nursery and find Liberation out among the stars.

Our elderly brothers and sisters... let there be dignity for them. These elderly brothers and sister, who were a bridge for our crossing. Thru them did we pass from some acausal world into this one. They lived to care and provide for us. It becomes our responsibility as a community to provide for and care for our own elders in their final years. Do not throw them away into nursing homes. What honour is there is throwing the ones that gave us mortal life away? Where is the empathy and compassion?

It becomes the responsibility, the duty, of grown children to care for their old parents. Thus is having many offspring a way of securing senior life. These children we have, as many other culture do already, will kick up money and provide for their elderly progenitors. When their dying time comes – let them die before the tribe naturally, so that the young may witness the full cycle of human existence and know that death comes to us all.

Death is our great Tribal teacher. In seeing our loved ones die, we learn a valuable lesson – that life is short. In knowing this simple truth, we learn to prioritize our lives and live for things that are not fleeting, but eternal – our bloodline and progeny – which, my brothers and sisters – is the only thing under the sun truly eternal. As eternal as the Sun is itself. It is an unending river of blood which has no beginning and no end. Who is to say where the blood of our ancestors came from? We can go back to a time before humans, and our ancestral blood still flows. Beyond that even to primordial times when our genes drifted in pools of water. Past that even to the super nova of some long forgotten star that gave us our atoms, amino acids, iron, calcium, and all that we are causally. Where also does this flowing blood end? From Stars we came, and to Stars we will one day return.

It would be nice, if in our old age... in our tribesmates future old age... that they will give their tribe and blood the Highest Sacrifice – in a ritual Hohes Opfer – to cull an enemy or three – and why not, you're going to die anyways. Our Hohes Opfer rite is a giving, a final act of giving and devotion to help end the suffering of the progeny that past thru us into this prison of suffering. It is a hero's death, a death worthy of remembrance in the ancient halls of Valhalla.

This pursuit of cooperative living, cooperative business, towards Liberation may seem mundane and unmagical to those who believe that the ONA is nothing more than a cultish school which teaches individualistic magick, but it isn't.

THE MONOPOLY OF THE STATE

The essential power of any State lays in its monopoly of a limited natural resource – land – or dwelling space. The State's army and police force maintains this monopoly of land, and its political and/or economic regimes/policies/parties regulates it's citizens. It's the same old aeonic game the Catholic Church played with it's monopoly of "God" and "Heaven."

Through it's monopoly of "heaven" the ignorant mass... not knowing any better... had no choice but to comply with the laws and jurisdiction of the Church. It wasn't until an underground group of Sinister Thinkers calling themselves the "Acception" began strategically manipulating and influencing things did this ecclesiastical grip on humanity break.

These men of the old world Acception – which our WSA is named after – infiltrated craft guilds and in those craft halls met in secret and plotted on inaugurating the Age of Enlightenment. By enlightening the common people to new ideas and new visions, they would gradually disrupt Nazarene social coherency. It was a long process which began with the printing of the Guttenberg Bible, passed thru Cromwell of England and his Parliamentarians, and came to fruition in the American and French Revolutions. After 300 years of Chronomorphic Incubation, and much revolution and blood shed, neither pope nor king had any power over the people.

This Acceptance of ours, thus, pays a certain homage to the Free & Accepted Masons of olden times, who risked their lives to set into motion, what we today take for granted. Unfortunately, it only takes a few generations of Magian goons and their Zionist bankers to ruin 300 years of work.

I do know and understand that there are many exoteric "ONA-ers" out there who have a dislike of Freemasonry. This negative passion for this organization is "Cogitum Pro Fanum." That is, it is an assumption of knowing the inside of a Temple standing outside of it – never having seen the actual inside. What opinions Others "of the" ONA have of this Fraternity is born out of extrapolations of rumors, misunderstanding, and internet chattering. When what we know of it comes from those of our own brothers who are inside of it – who know and understand its esoterica up to its highest Templar Degrees. There is a difference. One group entertains opinions born from chattering, emotional convictions, and speculation of its exoteric symbolism and stigmatized reputations. The other group has a genuine grasp of its esoteric mysteries from the inside.

In the same way that those outsiders not of the ONA have opinions about the ONA based on what superficial things they see or think they see in the ONA. As opposed to some of us who are deep into its essence and esoteric, who grasp the deeper mysteries of this Dark Tradition. This being said – no institution is free from decadence and Magian tampering. Altho in the past the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity were composed of England and Europe's most Enlightened minds, Alchemists, Scientists, Freethinkers, Occultists, and Revolutionaries who came together in secret even before those times to disrupt society in their own way. Today Freemasonry is a Nazarene influenced institution which is literally dying of irrelevance, hypocrisy, self-mutilation, old age, and no longer the same institution it once was during the Enlightenment. Enough of this subject matter though.

Now, during this transitioning era where the Enemy of Human Progression has once again gripped humanity in mediocrity and slavery, the Sinister Current has emerged once more calling those who resonate with it into action – to fight once again for the Liberation of Mankind. Liberation from that tyrannical monstrosity called control in whatever form it takes – political, religious, or economic.

The act of living together as a cooperative tribe, and achieving self-reliance via cooperative business is an act of resistance against this power monopoly. Colonization of space is what will truly... one day... cause these States to go into extinction, simply because space is too vast to be monopolized and controlled. Space Migration isn't just the visionary dreams of a few mad men like Timothy Leary and David Myatt. It's the proverbial stake which will pierce dead the heart of this blood and life sucking vampire we call the State. Cooperative living, cooperative business, tribalization, and space migration is as important a part to our human progression and Liberation as bloody revolution.

Understanding this, no state will genuinely be interested in the colonization of space, unless that colonization happens within colonies under its control. The idea of a State funding research on space colonization for the benefit of human progression is as silly as the idea of an old world king funding thinkers to research on democracy for the sake of human

progression.

Individuation and segregation of the common mass into units is what maintains the power and control the State has on it's own people. Like Jehovah who feared the Masons that came together as one force to built the Tower of Babel, the State fears nothing greater than a coagulation and coherency of its citizens as a senergic force with one determination, one passion, one vision. If the name of their game is – Divide and Conquer; then the game of Liberation must be “Unite and Destroy” – a people United For Destruction – like arrows bound together in an unbreakable fascia.

It doesn't matter how smart you are, or how many years you have been studying magic. You are still a slave to their State like the Nazarene next to you. Both you and the Nazarene serve the same Enemy from cradle to grave, and thus, you are truly no better than a Nazarene if you cannot see and realize this simple fact – that you were born a slave in a prison without walls like the rest of everybody – nor lack the will and mind to do anything about it. No amount of chanting and sinister magic, without effort and action will Liberate you and destroy the State.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SEX AND WOMEN

It doesn't take much to study modern Islamic nations, and old world Europe, with their suppression of women and sex/sexuality to come to an understanding that such suppression has something to do with continual control of the people. In 352, we understand this suppression as Misdirection of Awareness.

You simply cannot have Life without sex and women. Sex and women are central aspects of Life – and is Life itself. Suppression of sex and women diverts human awareness from Life itself, and Misdirects that Awareness onto an Idol which takes the place of Life. An Idol which appears to be life itself or crucial to life – the State or Religion. In essence it is a brainwashing effect, which removes your mind from Life and binds your eyes to the Idol of mass control.

Therefore, it can be understood, that any act which casts one's eyes away from this idol of mass control back onto and into Life, disrupts the power monopoly of the State and Religion. Nothing attracts eyes better than Nature's natural attention grabbers – women and sex.

We think we are freer in our more evolved Western society with sex and women, but we are not emotionally or mentally. Here in the West we approach sex/sexuality and women with a disgusting immaturity. A girl who isn't married and enjoys sex is a whore. Sex out side of conventional mainstream practice is dirty and obscene. Human sexuality expressed as homosexuality is gross, and often lethal (gay bashing). Naked girls and “free love” is either disgusting to us or perversion. Gay people are dehumanized. A sexually free woman is dehumanized. Sharing of sex outside the regulation of monogamy and marriage is dehumanized. When in fact sex is the very heart and essence of what it is to be human and alive. What have we become when the simplicity and naturalness of nudity has even become perverse?

You cannot have a Life affirming, Life adoring Way such as our Seven Fold Way and the

Numinous Way, without adoring Sex and Women – which are in essence Life itself. To do otherwise is to cause yourself to be out of touch with Life itself and your very own Humanness. We are literally born sexual. You have to suppress that human sexual nature out of children by telling them not to touch themselves and that its dirty.

No religion or State can compete with the immediate gratification of uninhibited, unregulated sexual expression and the mind numbing beauty of the naked female body. It doesn't matter if you are a statesman or Buddhist monk – your humanness will rise erect and you will forget your laws and god in the presence of the panting naked flesh of a woman.

Allowing women and sex/sexuality to be free to just be and to just express themselves or itself as it comes – as it will naturally – is thus an important factor in disrupting the State's monopoly of power.

Our new urban tribes must embrace Life in all its numinous aspects. We must grow out of this immature state of mind with sex, nudity, and women. We must allow ourselves and our own tribemates to just be human and reconnect with Life by liberating ourselves and others regardless of how they express their sexuality or with whom they share their sex with. The numinous “sanctity” of sex and woman must be replaced back to their rightful place – at the very center of Life and Humanity, and must take it's central role in our Way of Life.

The only way to deprogram ourselves from being conditioned by religion and the State – to reconnect with Life one more – is to devise and participate in rites that makes sex and women and the natural enjoyment of life the object of the rite. We must encourage ourselves, each other, and our children, to genuinely touch once more Life and to taste once more our forgotten natural humanness – as best as we can in this modern age of ours. Nudity, sex, and woman must be purged from it's dirtiness and perverse stigma. It's just simply immature and Magian.

TRIBAL LIFE

It is balance, not an annihilation of the self, self interest for a group. There is a time for private pursuits of inner alchemy and traditional magic for self evolution; but their must be a time for family, companions, and cooperative living.

This WSA of ours is not replacing the old traditional pursuits of the ONA with tribal life and urban thernning. We are bringing balance to what has always been apart of the ONA, which has been greatly neglected over the years. Neglected, or over looked for immature trivial pursuits of magic and the collection of old grimoires written by long dead hands. There is nothing wrong with such activities and interests. Just understand that there is more to the ONA than Naos and tarot cards. It must be seen and understood in its entirety – as a whole being – and this whole living being must be lived and put into causal practice. Not just in magickal pursuits, but in the effort of reconnecting with the Numinosity of Nature and Life, purged of its Right Hand – Magian idolatry which is the genuine Sinister Path – the genuine Vama Marga tantrika.

These urban tribes are not only the ONA as a whole in causal expression, but they are seeds

of a future culture. A culture more in touch with life, nature, and our own Humanness. That humanness long buried beneath the centuries of religious and political control.

These urban sinister tribes, and our thernning, is magick, the ONA with its three aspects – the Sinister Way, Reichsfolk Culture, and the Numinous Way – in practice and living motion.

Of course, cities lack natural environment. It lacks land to work with. In the beginning our sinister urban tribes much thernn in a natural setting outside their home cities. As Shropshire is to the First Ones in England. As Black Star Canyon is to California's 352. In time as finances permits communal land will be bought for a more proper thernning and tribal living. For now we must adapt to and work with the city, which is all most of us now have.

In the beginning the few of us will struggle and experience many mistakes. From these empirical mistakes we will adapt and grow. It will only take one generation to give birth to a living culture and new way of living more "at-one" with Nature and our Humanness. As time passes, with each generation reaching for the stars – there will one day be a Thernning of the Cosmos for what Starseed will pass thru us living today. But first, we must form a Resistance, and break free from this prison.

- Kayla 352

Thernn – An Introduction to Natural Septenary Magick

(ONA MSS)

I: Nature, Magick and Satan

"Magick" on the individual level is, quite simply, the attainment of conscious integration with natural forces – or with "Nature", and the Cosmos that is beyond. This integration implies a loss of the "self-image", and a gradual expansion of consciousness into the acausal realms. There is thus achieved a natural balance within living, and the cultivation of a more noble, *higher type* of human being (this cultivation being the foundations for what is conventionally termed the New Aeon).

How this alchemical process is initiated is simple in theory but difficult in practice. At present, the only realistic way of attaining this "integration" is via the *practical* system of the Seven-Fold Way, and this is so because, as yet, no other system contains a ritual of natural hermetic magick comparable to that of the Internal Adept (for details of which, see **Naos**). It is this rite, above all the other difficult tasks, that terrifies the would-be Adept, and spawns many excuses for alternative ways to enlightenment. There is no "Infernal symbolism" contained within the structure of this rite – only the stark primal fears of the Candidate.

Thus, to achieve this natural integration, the Initiate must strive primarily against him/ herself (and consequently the many factors in a society that seek to shackle individual Will to a conformity). The symbol for, or spirit of, this defiance is **Satan** and **Satanism**.

Many who profess to be Pagans and practitioners of Natural Magick cannot, or will not, grasp the meaning of Satanism. This partly stems from the perspective that “Satanism” was spawned as a consequence of the distortions of the Judeo-Christian religion, and is therefore to be regarded as having been founded upon “Old Aeon” dualism – and is thus to be superseded, since it cannot fully reflect the genuine “Western ethos”. [With regard to the latter, what is genuine about this ethos is its *promethean* spirit, and as such it is actually explicated by the conflicts and struggles with the external factors it draws to itself, in the quest for exploration...]

As explained in the booklet *ONA: An Introduction for Prospective Adherents*, “Satan” derives from an ancient Greek word meaning an “an accusation” (and also “foundation” or “origin” of something). The Hebrew “accuser” is in turn derived from this source. Thus the symbol predates the Hebrew, and has a truly Western origin: it did not come into being specifically as a response to the Nazarene distortion, but as a symbol of opposition – to what is the accepted, to what enervates.

Thus Satan (and the Sinister – one is the other) is a symbol of *creative change*, and is concerned with opposition not in the mis-understood sense of “dualism” (i.e. that which is based on an abstract morality), but in the sense of countering whatever is the “norm”. This is the real secret of Satanism: that it restores to a society and individuals, at any given point in history, that which is lacking. Thus there is balance, and thus *synthesis*: “the process of dialectical change which governs evolution”.

Satan is a vital Western archetype. What “old Aeon” connotations exist in the symbol of Satan, in reality exist only in the minds of those who simply do not understand Satanism itself, and the Sinister in general. From a conventional “Pagan” perspective, Satanism may be described as “Militant Paganism”, since the roots of the Sinister Tradition lie in the solar cults of Albion – the symbol of Satan being a comparatively recent (c. 10th or 11th century eh) and entirely appropriate adoption by what is, in essence, the original “Western Way”.

All histories begin somewhere – why not be the ones to begin the history? Thus the outdoor Temple provides the focal point for the new Magick of the working group, allowing this Magick to flow, free from expectations of a past, and towards, perhaps, the creation of something significant.

II: The Living Temple

Within the Sinister Tradition, an outdoor “temple” is of two types: i) a Nexion connected with a particular Aeon; ii) a site established for personal use by a Satanic group/“coven”/ Temple. With regard to i), the Nexion associated with this present Western Aeon is located in the Welsh Marches, having been established c. 500 AN [its twin Nexion is known as “Bron Wrgan” - mentioned in various Order MSS]. Tradition relates that the Western Aeon was inaugurated using a crystal, this object being remembered later as “The Grail” of romantic Arthurian legend. It is not known what constituted the rituals of this inauguration, although one authority has suggested a form of a Nine Angles rite (qv. **Codex Saerus**). It is unlikely, however, that these rites would bear much resemblance to anything of a contemporary Occult structure,

since the concept of "Time" was very different, being of a more "holistic" kind. [The linear perception of Time, "cause and effect" and so on, is a legacy of the Nazarene religion- with its emphasis on "sin".]

The energies at this Western centre are waning, and the majority of the associated sites now belong to the past – although this "past" will enable, within the next few decades, the fulfillment of a future Destiny connected to Sinister forces (the form of this Destiny is similar to how places such as Glastonbury and Stonehenge are viewed by this present society...). It is one of the aims of the ONA to establish, before the end of this century, a new Nexion to presence the New Aeon. This site will also be located in the Welsh Marches, where the Dark Tradition originated. With regard to energies, this new Nexion will be a synthesis of the aspects represented by the previous twin Nexions, mirroring as it does the evolution of the ONA itself. [Establishing an Aeonic Nexion requires some skill; apart from the obvious demands of the rites involved, the Cliologist must assess how the land is to be effected by outside forces throughout the next ten or so centuries; whether the land will remain, as desired, untouched, or whether it will become prey to development from tourism/ other business interests. Thus the site chosen should not necessarily be of "outstanding natural beauty", or of potentially historical interest.]

With regard to ii), the "indoor Temple" is a relatively modern concept, born from the requirements of city living. While there are, of course, certain ceremonies most usually, of necessity, performed within a prepared room (i.e. *Mass of Heresy*), the fetish of the "indoor temple" has served more to obscure than enhance the most vital gift of magickal experience: integration with the Land. Where the indoor sorcerer dwells within a shrine to the Ego, the way of natural magick dissolves the Self and re-integrates the magickian with Nature – there is thus presented a sense of the greater Cosmos. A magickal rite within a natural outside environment produces effects within the participants that cannot be attained when working indoors: it is the difference between playing at magick, as a hobby; and actually living as a magickal entity.

When working on and with the Land, the magickian is subject to forces that do not subscribe to the laws of learned Occult writers, and over which there is no control: there is thus the glimmerings of genuine magickal understanding. There is personal empathy, devoid of trendy abstractions and in time, the magickian attains – or is returned to – an "at-one-with" existence. [It is interesting to observe how the Land itself is changed by/ responds to the magickal work - and to observe how others within the magickal group are thus changed.]

Those followers of the Dark Tradition cannot significantly evolve along the Way without returning themselves, through magick, to the Land (this should be true of all genuine magickal paths – particularly in this present self-obsessed age). For the External Adept, natural magick within a ceremonial context is an important prelude to the hermetic context of the Internal Adept, this natural unfolding allowing this most difficult of hermetic ordeals to be lived successfully.

This living closely with Nature does not imply resurrecting old beliefs, rituals and gods. Rather, it implies, for the working group, a finding through practical experience of a natural expression of "worship" (where "worship" here means integration) relevant to the environment worked

within. [Natural magick finds its ultimate expression in the establishment of an esoteric community - this again does not imply a harking back to a "golden age", but instead the creation of *new ways of living* - q.v. **Esoteric Pioneers.**]

Thernning in Practice

The finding of an outdoor site may take some time and effort, but is an interesting exercise in itself. For the Satanic group, many factors have to be considered – privacy and isolation being the most obvious. At present, in England, the conditions for performing rites such as the *Ceremony of Recalling* on a suitable hilltop are increasingly restricted – although this not the case within areas of north Wales, and North West Scotland. However, the site should be within reasonable traveling distance of the dwelling place of the participants for several reasons, esoteric and practical. If those concerned live in a city, then a site should be chosen on the rural outskirts (i.e. York – Yorkshire Moors; Manchester – The Pennines; Swansea – The Black Mountains, and so on).

If the magick of the group has any purposeful future, then the site will make itself known, after a relevant span of time. This is to say, that there exists a site fated to be part of the magick of the group. As with an Aeonic Nexion, the outdoor site need not have served any previous historical purpose. It is usually tempting to choose a “stone circle”, or a hill fort, for the obvious romantic esoteric connotations. Apart from being generally known, these places, for the most part, have already served a purpose and have played a role in leading us to where we are now – as previous societies have done, such as those of the Celts, the Anglo-Saxons, and so on. There really is no significant esoteric purpose in a working group “re-activating” an ancient sacred site – apart from perhaps as a prop for the benefit of the group psyche. Likewise, with the performing of long-dead rituals, where those rituals once dynamically expressed the unique forces involved in living in the society pertaining to that time – often a type of society that we can only now speculate about.

Such rites, as with places, become abandoned because they are only outward expressions of the Cosmos and such expressions do change and evolve – as Art, Musick and Science has done. It is true that we as whole have lost some things over the Aeons, but such things in essence can be re-captured, without recourse to the past, in expressions such as Magick. None of this is to say that an ancient form is irrelevant because it is ancient: a form is meaningful if it continues, since its inception, to presence the *numinous* necessary for evolution. Such a form belongs to a genuine Tradition and appears, while relevant, timeless in its words and imagery, until its purpose is realized and superseded (many such rites still provide the powerful foundations of the Seven-Fold Way).

In England, the most suitable sites can be found within wild woodland, preferably on “common land” or near footpaths through rough farm land (though as far as possible from human habitation). The site is best near a river/ stream, where thorn grows. Alternatively – and it must be a practical alternative – a rocky outcrop on a high peak is most effective, particularly if it is of a certain type of rock containing layers of quartz (see *Rite of the Nine Angles* MS for further details) – such is the description of the hallowed places of this country. Establishing a Sinister temple in other lands will require its own criteria, relevant to the country involved.

Once established, a circle of seven stones is set up within the enclosure, according to the guidelines set out in various MSS, and the area protected appropriately. Following this, the *Ceremony of Eorthe* is conducted, re-inforced by the opening of the Earth Gate, and sealed by regular *sunedrions*. [Group members may also wish to undertake the Nine Angles solo rite within the Temple area, commencing the rite at dusk, and remaining there alone until dawn. Individual results would only be discussed once all participants had completed the rite. Such an experience further binds the group members to the outdoor site.] Sunderions consist of a framework of rites from **Codex Saerus**, with emphasis on the mastery of Esoteric Chant (this is a vital aspect, making possible the performance of future Aeonic Rites – qv. **Naos** and other MSS). Other features should hopefully consist of new aspects created by the Temple members themselves. Authority for the group and its actions lies solely with the Choregos/Mistress, etc. – there is no interference from some outside “higher authority” within the ONA (although the External Adept may occasionally seek advice from their Order guide on certain matters – i.e. *Opfer*).

Sunedrions should be as regular as possible, and are most usually conducted during the full moon (primarily for purposes of visibility, although other lunar phases are used for specific rites). Satanic Tradition contains no “seasonal rites” (i.e. “Beltaine”, “Imbolc”, and so on). If one studies the rites contained in the **Black Books**, it will be clear that they all presence the basic forces of the Cosmos – and mainly that which is represented as the *Hierosgamos*. No seasonal symbolism is employed (such as the slaying of “the Holly King”) because the tides that are prevalent at particular times can be experienced as themselves, without abstraction. All that is required is the regular performance of a rite (such as the *chthonic* form of the *Nine Angles Rite*) within a natural outdoor setting, for integration with the seasonal forces to be attained. There are, of course, certain times when the magickal tides are at their most pronounced, and these are recognized by Satanic Tradition as seven “festivals” – the two most important being around the Summer and Winter solstices. The others are: Spring Equinox; May (middle/end of month: ANTARES); August (middle of month: ARCTURUS); Autumn Equinox; early November. [There are other workings and times allotted for alchemical seasons.]

The “working tools” of a Satanic Temple are very few. The obvious items are: lanterns; censer; communal chalice. Incense is always made by a member of the Temple, using the associations in **Naos** as a guide (for example, if energies appropriate to the sphere of the “Sun” were being employed during a ritual, then the incense would comprise of oak). The altar is provided by the recumbent body of an appointed Priest or Priestess. The sacrificial knife is kept under the guardianship of the Mistress (along with a large silver bowl), and used solely for that purpose (and may be only once every seventeen years). According to Tradition, after such a ceremony, the head would be severed and displayed at all sunedrions thereafter, bedecked with a crown of oak leaves. Sometimes this would be the only “image” present; either that, or a statue/ painting of Baphomet, according to the genuine esoteric tradition (qv. *Sinister Tarot* and the various MSS concerning Baphomet contained in *Hostia* and elsewhere).

One important item is a large piece of quartz crystal, which is activated by voice vibration and can quite significantly enhance the energies accessed during a ritual. As mentioned many times in Order MSS, the crystal is most effective when shaped as a tetrahedron. This can

prove a costly procedure, since a large enough piece for grinding needs to be purchased (and should be as clear as possible – colouring/cloudiness usually implies impurities), and the grinding itself, by a reliable craftsman/ jeweler, does not come cheap. This shape is ideal, but not entirely essential – it all depends on one's priorities. Whatever form is used, the Master/Mistress can opt to bury the crystal during a consecration ceremony, thereafter directing energy towards the place of burial.

Performing “natural” or “empathic” magick returns the practitioner to the SACRED patterns of Being. There is exultation and awe which transforms life away from the petty and personal via direct experience of the greater context of Nature and the Cosmos. It is the stage beyond that of the indulgence of the indoor shrine and the modern “magick” of self-conscious parody – although this early stage of involvement with the “Occult scene” can play a part in aiding the Initiate along the difficult path to Adeptship, via “people management”, manipulation, and so forth. [This is to say that Traditional Satanism is concerned with the Ego, the manipulative arts and sorcery only in the early stages of the path: such things are there to be experienced/confronted and then transcended if further development is sought.]

A genuine working group should not be as a club to which any vaguely interested person can be invited to attend. It is an organic form that creates itself through certain factors becoming balanced (these factors being unique to those involved in the group). This process can involve much causal time, but through nurture and consequent esoteric binding of those who comprise this organic form, something extraordinary may one day be created. One autonomous (Sapphic) group within the ONA has been active for over twenty years, but has only within recent years completed itself, having acquired the right individuals and environment. It is now closed to outsiders. [For further details concerning the practice of Sinister Ceremonial Magick, see **The Black Book of Satan I.**]

Esoteric Pioneers: Towards A New Way of Living

The Satanic Temple in practice describes in microcosm one of the most important magickal aims for the immediate future: the establishment of an esoteric community. Most magickal organizations have proved now that they can write profusely and confidently about their aims (in often polemical tones). What is needed now is a new form of magickal expression, and one that cannot be achieved via anything other than practical means. An esoteric community needs, quite simply, dedicated, pragmatic individuals who are prepared to work hard to make the dream real – it does not need another “journal”. Such a venture made real, would take magick into an entirely new phase, away from the dying, urban scene of the present: it would reinterpret magick as the most profound *way of living*.

To start, several Satanic/Magickal comrades need to club together to purchase a substantial property with a large amount of land (certainly no less than fifteen acres). The property needs to be well isolated but situated on good farming land, since the community must be selfsufficient, and must be understood as being the seed for a new civilization, indifferent to the goings-on of the Old World of Western capitalism (it may be prudent to establish a base that is also easily defensible). Features of the Community may include: Organic farming techniques (such as the use of heavy horses); the banning of motorized vehicles (allowing the traveler to

retain integration with the environment); no electricity, thus Musick, for example, would be made by the Community members themselves; and of course, the creation of a new type of education system.

As far as accommodation is concerned, considering the failed experiment of the 'sixties' commune, the dwelling places should realistically consist of separate apartments. The aim is not to share out oneself and one's belongings in order to de-value the concept of self-identity through material possessions and "morality", but to create – through individual skills – an organic whole (and a real [**Folk** - T.] democracy).

Feast days/Festivals would be observed communally – for example *the Mass of Life* (qv. **The Black Book of Satan III**) could be performed every Sunday, in an area designated for "worship" [such an area would become an important Nexion - as would the Community itself...]. There would also be, it is hoped, the continuation of the fifty-year tradition of *The Giving* (qv. **Deofel Quartet**). Thus, the unique, natural magick of the Community would unfold.

Although the above outlines are offered as suggestions only, a genuine Community cannot be defined by anything less than a group of individuals creating together an entirely self-sufficient life-style, able to exist wholly apart from modern day society. This implies *farming the land*. It also implies *family*: a genuine Community cannot exist as a single-sexed unit, because the aim is to create a *new society* - the foundations for a new civilization comprising of a *new type of human being*. Striving to establish and maintain such a new society will in itself be a magickal rite – one that is greatly important for the evolution of magick as a whole. Thus there should be no compromise in fulfilling the described criteria for the Community.

In essence, the "esoteric" aspect is simply the nurturing by practical living, of the *spiritual connexion* we possess with the Land: it is this discovery that will presence the numinosity needed. Thus, the rites conducted by members of the Community will serve to focus, as worship, this natural magick, rather than the rites themselves providing, or creating, in the first instance the esoteric aspect.

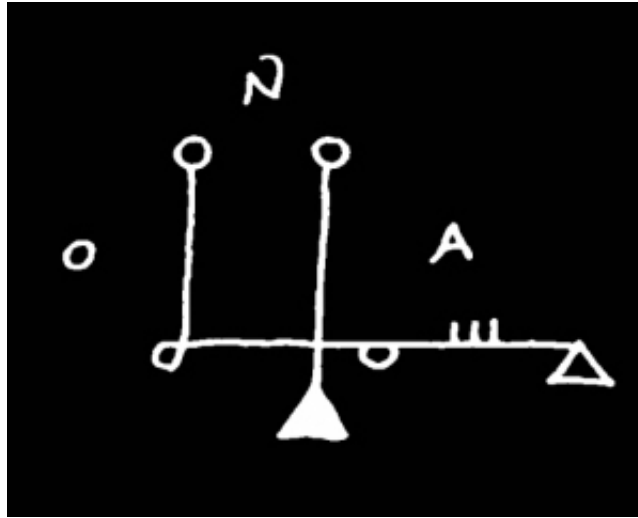
If there is to be significant aeonic Change, then many such Communities should be established in this and other countries. Aside from general esoteric principles shared by those on the Sinister Path, there will be no one dogmatic code as to how each Community organizes itself, since the uniqueness of each Community environment will require its harmonious system of expression. To reiterate, this Great Rite of natural magick will allow a move away from the "post-modernism" of present Occultism towards a new phase where individual lives can be dedicated to a higher purpose. Those who have been denuded of real power by the System can now begin to create History – all it requires is strength of Will. For the Magickian, there could be no greater Quest.

- Order of Nine Angles -



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

TRADITIONAL SATANISM



Traditional Satanism

This is a slight departure from my usual Buddhist ramblings. You know sometimes I wonder what a Buddhist is doing in the ONA. Actually I know why, it just looks odd if I were a different person looking in. This essay was inspired by an event yesterday which has nothing to do with the ONA. A nice elderly lady came over yesterday and shared her Jehovah's Witness message with me. I invited her into the living room to have a seat and talk to me. Being the properly raised person I am, I treated the lady kindly and tried not to disrespect her in any overt way. But once I closed the door and securely had her in my living room, I spent 30 minutes interrogating the poor thing. It wasn't even an argument of whose religion was better than the other. I told her from the very beginning that I was a Theravada Buddhist and that because I was, I cannot accept anything at face value. The Buddha even tells us to question what he teaches and that Dhamma must be observable, testable, and replicable for it to be Dhamma. So after pointing those out I asked her to share her message with me. She did and I led our conversation into talks about science and archaeology, and such. How in such fields we empirically observe things, hypothesize, test and try, and come to a rational understanding of things, where that in the end, faith and belief are non-applicable. I interrogated her by asking her to give me what she knows about how her Jehovah's Witness religion developed historically, to give me secular proof that Jesus or any body in his ancestral line existed, and for carbon dating of biblical scrolls etc to determine if such biblical books were written before or after so called prophecies. I also asked her to bring me back ingredients used in the parchments that made up the ink used in the book of Isaiah, as well as documents from a secular academic who shows in a research paper the dialect of Hebrew used and the state of development of the Hebrew used in such books. I then gave the poor thing a long lecture on how I cannot accept anything at face value when given to me outside of that thing's proper time and contextual matrix. The elderly lady excused herself to me saying that she is only an old woman trying to spread the message of Jehovah's paradise. But she was a sincere and sweet lady and told me that she would take my long list of questions and demands and return

with research work to give to me.

Contextual Matrix

In certain conditions I get obsessively over analytical about things. For my own good. So when it comes to things like religions, philosophies, etc, I approach those things like a detective. For example with me and Buddhism, what I do is take all that people tell me about it and throw it in the trash or set it aside to compare notes later. Then I remove Buddhism out of the 21st century, and as best as I can, stick it back into 500BC ancient India. Once I get that Buddhism into its Native Time and Contextual Matrix, then I spend my time researching on the political, sectarian, and social climate of that time, as well as the languages used, idiom, meanings of words back then, and frame of mind or worldview-model people back then were using. Once I collect all that information I start to build up a picture of how Buddhism may have been in that specific time and place to those people. Once I get a picture of what Buddhism looked back then, I start to move forward to come to my own understandings of Buddhism from that recreated point. The only time I ask anybody alive in the 21st century anything is when I am stuck on something and can't figure things out on my own. Usually your Buddhist elder will respond to your questions with questions and tell you to go away and figure things out on your own anyways.

This is something I just do naturally, which the friends I have in life don't seem to do. I try to explain to them that it is like being a paleontologist or archaeologist. You don't remove artifacts completely disregarding the matrix such artifacts came from. You will not be able to figure out anything about the dinosaur you dug up if you are just staring at its bone. 90% of the data of its life, what it ate, how it lived, the climate it lived in is in the matrix – dirt – it was found in. It's like being a detective at a crime scene. You're not gonna know shit about anything if you remove a gun from a scene and just study the gun in your office. You have to wholistically consider the entire crime scene as a whole – Samma in Pali/Buddhism – together, in order to piece together a realistic Buddhi/Understanding of what may have happened. This includes studying the character and psychology of your suspects. If you are a Buddhist, do a total background check on the Buddha. If you are a Jesus freak, check Jesus's background, records, etc. Profile the hell out of them, racial profiling, sexual profiling, everything. That's one thing which bugs me about Jesus. He wants you to think like he "understands" humanity, he tried to incarnate as a human in the flesh, and even dies for us so we can believe that he really does sympathizes with our human condition and like he knows what it's like to be human. Yet the guy [Jesus] died a fucking virgin. He never had a girlfriend. Never been in love. Never had his heart broken. Never masturbated perhaps. Never been a father or a husband. Never seen his mother or father die of old age even. Isn't all that the actual stuffness of being human? He's a freaking 30 year old suicidal virgin who thinks he is god, and his mom doesn't even really know who his real daddy is. That's not a religion, that's a Jerry Springer show. But that's what I mean by profiling your prophets and gods. It amazes me how much time and effort [and money] the generic American public puts in to questioning presidential candidates, vet them, does all these background checks, but when it comes to gods and religious figures running their lives, they just let in any Nazarene-nutter, pedo-priests, kid-caressing-cardinals,

and stuff.

Traditions and Culture

As I was saying: contextual matrix. So personally when I approach the ONA to gain an actual objective understanding of it, I treat the ONA as a crime scene. Most people approach the ONA out of context and time. I'm not here saying that seeing ONA in context and time will reveal some truth. But it may help us gain a different perspective of ONA. So I'll analyze ONA here objectively, and I may hurt a few people's feeling in ONA doing it. But I'll keep in mind that we see what we want to see in things, so Robert Anton Wilson once said. Our Prime Suspect is DM allegedly also known as "Anton Long." However the ONA was said by me or whoever to have come about, what we know is that first came DM, and then out of him came the ONA. So those are our two biggest clues. Our Prime Suspect DM leads us to the Native Time frame or era of any "crystallization" or influence that may have affected him consciously or unconsciously. We know DM was born in 1950. Which means that he was an impressionable and rebellious teen during the 1960's. So it's to the 60's and 70's when he was in his early 20's that we must start looking for data. What does a rebellious teen boy in England get involved with or is exposed to in 1960 England if he wanted to be counter culture to a dying post-Victorian frigid zeigeist? Besides National-Socialism which we already know had a visible influence on him.

A man by the name of Gerald Gardner in the 1950's in England came out with something he originally called "Wicca," or "The Witch Cult," or "Witchcraft." Later Gardner's cult became known as "Traditional Wicca," during the 1960's. Then later on, this Gardnerian Traditional Wicca with the spin offs it spawned collectively became know "British Traditional Wicca." So now we can compare the descriptor "Traditional Wicca," with the descriptor "Traditional Satanism," and ask ourselves if we see anything which may look similar. If we do then we go in deeper to dig for more data. I see a potential similarity. Knowing that British Traditional Wicca was risque in the 1960's and appealing to the young counter culture generation, I'd have a closer look. So lets briefly see if we can find any parallels between Traditional Wicca and Traditional Satanism [ONA]. We should keep in mind that ONA first coined and used the term "Traditional Satanism" before it was usurped by theistic Satanists.

In Gardnerian and Alexandrian Traditional Wicca you have something called a Book of Shadows which contains the Tradition's rites and ceremonies. In Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have something called the Black Book of Satan which contains all of ONA's rites and ceremonies. The most important part about Traditional Wicca which makes one a legit Traditional Witch/Wiccan are a set of 3 initiatory degrees. In Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have a vital part of the Tradition which are the 7 initiatory degrees/grades called the Seven Fold Way. In Traditional Wicca you have a "Duodeistic" centered pantheon which are the Triple Goddess and Horned God. In Traditional Satanism you have the Dark Goddess Baphomet and the Dark God Satan. Gardner is the Grand Master of his Tradition. Alex Sander is Grand Master of his Alexandrian Traditional Wicca. "Anton Long" is the Grandmaster of his Tradition.

Those are the major parallels. There are minor parallels. Such as where in Traditional Wicca

they usually – more so in contemporary eclectic Wicca – have a private body of magickal and esoteric teachings. Usually these magickal and esoteric teachings are similar to what you'd find in the Golden Dawn with its Kabbalah, mixed with eastern inspired tantra, meditation on the chakras, and so on. Traditional Satanism [ONA] similarly has its own corpus of magickal and esoteric practices expounded in Naos, except the stuff in Naos is unique in the sense that it's not a word for word copy cat occult or some Jewish mysticism or some deluded Indic mysticism and pranayama. Another minor parallel is Traditional Wicca will use special alphabets or cipher scripts to write their things in. We see a similar concept in Naos with a couple or few special alphabets, and later we see the Dark Immortal Script develop. Another minor – yet key – similarity is that in Traditional Wicca each Tradition spawns what are called covens. Judging the fact that Gardner's 3 initiatory degrees and their oaths are 80-90% the same as the initiation rituals of British Craft Freemasonry, I'd venture to say that a "coven" is based on the idea of a "lodge." Like a lodge puts the culture of an OTO or Freemasonry into living practice, a Coven also puts the culture/Tradition of their Wicca into practice. We see the same basic concept in Traditional Satanism [ONA] where in the early days a "coven" or constituent cell of the Tradition was called a "Temple," which today is most often referred to as a "Nexion."

So based on those numerous parallels, I'd personally say that there was an influence that took place in the very early days of the ONA. But this should not in any way make the ONA look "bad." To me personally, knowing that Traditional Wicca may have directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously inspired or influenced the ONA actually helps me gain a better grasp of what the term "Traditional Satanism" might mean. With the old skool Traditional Wicca the word "Traditional" is interchangeable with the word "Lineage," "Custom," and "Culture," where we can say Gardnerian Traditional Wicca is Wicca according to the Gardnerian Tradition. This concept of Tradition referring to Initiatic Lineage, Custom, and Culture will make more sense if you are savvy with the Traditions and politics of Initiatic Orders such as the OTO, Golden Dawn, and Masonry. The key idea to keep in mind is "Initiatic," meaning that you belong in a legitimate way to the Lineage, Custom of Rites, and Cultural Praxis, of the Tradition you were duly initiated into. That word "Traditional" is most often mistaken as meaning some sort of passing down from one generation to another from grandparent, to parent, to child. If there is a passing of the Tradition – aka corpus of customs and rites – from one generation to another it is from one generation of Initiates to a new set of Initiates. In this very context the word "Tradition" has the exact essence as the Pali-Sanskrit word "Sasana" which is used most often only to describe Theravada Buddhism and Shaivism. A Sasana being a body of instructions, observances, rites, rituals, ceremonies, customs, and culture of praxis or cultivation of practice.

So for example we have with the OTO several actual rival bodies spawned from the original Academia Masonica of Karl Kellner, which was later renamed Ordo Templi Orientis under Reuss. During which time all of its degrees were word for word Masonic degrees. When after Crowley took over the OTO, in an attempt to gain favour from the regular United Grand Lodge of England as an "regular" Masonic rite, Crowley removed the first degrees of Masonry of the OTO and constructed his own to substitute them. The ass kissing didn't work since Crowley's entire Masonic credentials were not of Mainstream Tradition. Here meaning that the United Grand Lodge of England has a Tradition of their own rites, ceremonies, and rituals, rules, and

regulations, and all lodges in their jurisdiction which conforms to such established Traditions are deemed as “regular” or “recognized” lodges. Whereas Mr. Crowley was initiated in a lodge not recognized by the Mainstream Grand Lodges and he got his 33rd degree in an unknown lodge somewhere in Mexico. Meaning that because Crowley was not Initiated in a lodge of the United Grand Lodge of England “Tradition” that he thus did not belong to such Tradition of established Masonry. After Crowley’s death a power battle arose and from that struggle was born the rival OTO bodies of today. So that now you have distinct established OTO Traditions, where that if you get initiated into the SOTO you are not tied to the Typhonian OTO or any other OTO but the one you were initiated into. In this regard that old day Traditional Wicca worked in the same way. If you were initiated by a coven of Alexandrian Traditional Witches you really have no ties to Blue Star Wicca since that species of Tradition of Wicca has their own unique set of rites, ceremonies, rituals, practices, and pantheons. You belong to the “Tradition” you were initiated into. And that word “Tradition” or “Traditional” tries to mean a specific established body of customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, practices, beliefs, and pantheon, as well as lineage, and not something necessarily “passed down by tradition.” Lineage here simply meaning that if you were Initiated into Gardnerian Wicca, you are connected thru your initiator, to their initiator, to their initiator back to Gardner, which linearly constitutes a “Lineage,” traced back to the originator of such established Tradition.

Traditional Satanism

And so, once we get a grasp of the “politics” and structuring or organization of such groups and understand that the words “Tradition” and “Traditional” points to a group of organized people’s peculiar customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, beliefs, pantheon, culture of practice, etc, we can thus better understand – or at least gain a different understanding of – what the term “Traditional Satanism” may mean in context and time to the period and era the ONA coalesced into a codified institution.

Traditional Satanism would thus simply mean a school or species or vehicle of Satanism according to a certain Tradition: customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, beliefs, pantheon, culture of practice, and lineage. So in Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have books like the Black Book of Satan & Naos which teaches the rites, ceremonies, initiatic degrees, magickal and esoteric cultural practices and observances of such Tradition. You have a specifically established pantheon expressed primarily as the Dark Goddess Baphomet and the Dark God Satan, plus the several other Dark Gods. Then of course you have the established system of initiation of such Tradition which would be the Seven Fold Sinister Way. Here I should try to point out that the word “Sinister” is the Latin for “Left” and most often when used by ONA means “Of The Left Hand” and not simply ‘evil’ and wicked as it is generally assumed to mean. “Sinister Way” and “Left Hand Path/Way” should be fungible, if the word is understood correctly. It’s just easier to say “Sinister Praxis,” or “Sinister Nature” as opposed to “Left Handish Practice,” or “Left Hand Pathish Nature.” Traditional Satanism also ends up meaning the set of philosophical teachings, beliefs, and paradigm specific to such Tradition. Then lastly Traditional Satanism [ONA] has its “Lineage” which is traced back to the originator or founder of the actual Tradition in question, “Anton Long” being the founder or originator or “presencer” of the Tradition.

When I break things down in this way to myself, it is easier for me to understand ONA as it was back then, as it still should be today, and as it should continue to be in future. As I said, in my own culture we have a word which has the same meaning as “Tradition” in this context which is Sasana. Our Sasana Preahput is not in any way the same thing as the Buddhism which exists up in the North in China, Tibet, and Japan. Our word “Sasana” points to a specific established Tradition or culture, customs, sangas, teachings, beliefs, rites, worldviews, folk-culture, unique and different from Mahayana Buddhism. The word “Sasana” as a borrowed Pali word goes further and has an even more specific meaning because the “root” word “Sas” means a Race, Breed, or People in Khmer. Or more accurately the word “Sas” is an indigenous Khmer word, which just so happens to have an audible twin in the word “Sasana,” so after many centuries of “folk etymology” the borrowed Pali Sasana comes to gain the extra meaning in Khmer as a Tradition specific to a Race or People. But Sasana does not mean “Religion.” For example when I eat with a fork at the dinner table and my elders are eating with spoons or chopsticks, they talk to themselves and say: “That grand daughter has gone into the Sasana of the White People, she eats with a fork like them.” In this case, eating with a fork is not a religion or philosophy or ideology White People believe in. It is a Traditional Practice, or custom, or cultivated [culture] observance or shared or established behaviour peculiar to a group of people. But in this case the hybrid term “Sasana Satanism” ends up having no meaning, because then the question arises: Sasana of Satanism according to what people? In our case the answer would be: according to the ONA. So we’d have to call it: Sasana Satanism poohg ONA, which in English would be the Tradition of Satanism of the ONA people. Like we say: *Sasana Preahput Khmer* [Buddha Tradition according to the Khmer], or *Sasana Phraputa Thai* [Buddha Tradition according to the Thai], *Sasana Preahput poohg Jen* [Buddhism according to the Chinese people].

If you understand this much, then each ONA person will understand that there is no ONA without the Traditional Satanism, or without the established Tradition, lineage, customs, ceremonies, culture, observances, etc peculiar to the ONA as it was established by a founder or the founder(s) when ONA was established. Traditional does not necessarily suggest that such established customs and traditions have been past down AS IS from some ancient past of ancient Traditional Satanist. Meaning that it’s not likely that ONA as we know it since 1972 existed with a BBS, Naos, 7FW, etc, since ancient times immemorial. Anton Long even goes through the trouble of stating quite the opposite, where he states that he took the old Aural Tradition and Added new elements to it. There is thus a specific date the Tradition was established. And to get specific there are criteria for what constitutes a “Tradition.” For instance in Traditional Wicca a practice is only “Tradition” if it has been initiated down thru 3 generations of adherents, not necessarily meaning grandparent, parent, and offspring. In my own culture a “Tradition” is only a Tradition if and when you ask a person: “Hey who started this cultural practice anyways?” And everybody around how shrugs their shoulders and says: “I don’t know. The old people before us.” Or if your grandmother – who is already old – answers: “My grandfather started it, or one of the old people started it when I was a child,” that means its official Tradition, since if your granny is old, the people she refers to as “old people” are long dead. Another thing which makes something a “Tradition” especially inside the limits of a family/clan is if say someone started a family reunion on your grandmother’s birthday – which is what my family does – and it is observed several times effortlessly by every one of your relatives and does not stop being observed, it is officially part of our Sasana as a family. It

doesn't matter who started it and why. As long as everybody just observes it together effortlessly.

Which means that my own cultural understanding of the word Sasana or Tradition has its implications in the ONA since I identify myself as being an ONA person. The implication is that rites and ceremonial observances such as the Self Immolation Rite and other stuff created by Beast Boy [and other new stuff in future], because of the years that have past and the continued observance of them by those who affiliate with the ONA's Traditional Satanism, is to me a rightful living part of the ONA. It is how a Culture builds onto itself. Drinking tea was not always a practice observed by English people. That cultural meme was introduced by somebody – whoever, it doesn't matter – which was perhaps infected from China, and the English/British as a whole people just kept on doing the tea sipping thing at “tea time,” whenever that is. I'm Asian-American so I don't actually know when British Tea time is. Tea time for those of us of spawn of Chinese people means in the morning at breakfast with noodle soup, after lunch, in the evening, on cold days, and whenever other people are over. As long as everybody continues to effortlessly observe it over time, it is a Tradition observed by a people plain and simple. Because what does the word Culture mean? A Culture is essentially something which you and/or others do/CULTIVATE over and over again. That is the most simplest definition of a Culture which actually works with most living cultures.

Tradition in Buddhism [Theravada] is important, at least per the Tipitaka cannons. There is a part of the Tipitaka where a group of people had so many leaders in their town who established all sorts of traditional observances that they lost their native traditions. So they went to the Buddha to tell him of their dukkha: the troublesome problem of not having a native tradition like other people. The Buddha tells them to gather everyone in their town together and collectively come to an agreement on which practices and observances everyone likes and make those as their people's tradition to pass down. In another instance the Buddha was teaching his monks key words and the meaning of each key word. One of those key words meant “Impression From Outside.” And the Buddha says: “Bhikkhus! [Beggars! Vagabonds!] what is the meaning of Impression From Outside? It means when a people are ignorant and have no traditions of their own. Being so ignorant with no traditional observances of their own Bhikkhus, such people are open to the influence of outsiders influencing them with their foreign traditions and customs by impressing such on the ignorant people.” That Dhamma is extrapolated in various ways to sometimes mean or suggest that if you are Buddhist and in the business of controlling your own Mind, Emotions, and Life, then not having a sure foundation such as a Tradition, you make yourself open to being controlled by others, which in turn leads to dukkha. Buddha in a different place states that Dhamma must be observable, testable, and replicable for it to be real Dhamma. So all we have to do is observe the Black People in America as an example to prove and test that Dhamma. Black People had their entire way of life taken away from them. They even lost their ancestral name. They went by the White man's name, believed in the white man's gods, saw the world with the white man's paradigm which placed them in an unlucky servile position socially, etc. So we ask ourselves: having lost their Traditions as a people and having been forced to adopt the foreign traditions of another culture/people, were these Black people Free socially? No. Were they Free to believe their own beliefs? No. Were they Free to be their own people? No. Were they Happy? No. Did the white man's ways and traditions and gods make the Black People Free, sovereign, autonomous, self-determined? No. Does the

white man love and respect the Black people more because they have adopted the white man's traditions? No, they are still disliked. Are they "Free" and happy today after 300 something years?

Even if we say they are free and happy in America, that freedom is superficial. Because when the Black man goes to the white man's church to worship Jesus, you are bound to follow those rules of that religion which has nothing to do with Africa or the ancient and ancestral Tradition of Africa. The minute you do something Their religion, Their social rules, Their ideologies are against, you are shunned and treated like a criminal or evil doer. Whereas for me I'll burn incense to a statue of a Buddha like my people's Tradition has it. I don't give a shit of some group of White people or Mexican Catholics or fucking Somali Muslim called me an evil pagan idolator. Fuck you and you whole Hubris breed too. Take your asses back to church and your mosque and mind your own fucking business. The only White people I like and respect are mostly the Aryan kind who have it in their blood and breed to be proud of their own people, be Traditionalists to their own ancient ancestral traditions, and conservatively pass that pride and culture down to their well bred children. I don't care if you hate me because I'm not "Aryan," cuz we're still kinfolk Traditionalists, still on the same level of mind and heart where we each still have a love and pride for our folk and culture. If we can be friends that's cool, if not than we'll stay out of each others way. If we can be friends and retain and maintain our unique differences that would be awesomer. But I have no ounce of respect for any white American punk who is ignorant of his own roots. You know the type. You ask them where they come from and they say Alabama, fucking Ohio, California. That's not what I mean dummy. I mean your roots, your seed your grandparents gave you, your culture your people gave you, your blood, your roots as a white person, the ancient tradition your ancient ancestors gave you, where the fuck did that come from, where has your blood been for the past 1000 years? What's really funny to me is when one of these White Hubris American Mundanes [[WHAM](#) as opposed to WASPs] come up to me and try to sell me their Mormon shit or Jehovah's Witness shit. Like I'm gunna fucking give up 1000 years of my own people's ancestral traditions, for a lunatic religion founded merely in the 1800's by a couple nutcase white devils. So I can do what exactly? How do they "practice" their religion? You sit your ass in a church and listen to some hubris white devil yap for an hour about a Jew. Do I look like a Jew? Do I look I want to worship a Jew? I got my own pantheon of Chinese gods to worship, shit. And they act like their mere 200 year old Joseph Smith shit is "better" than all other people's Tradition. Whatever skin color you are, be proud of your folk and blood, Mind your culture and ancestry, and do your children right and proper by somehow passing some sort of stable ground, roots, and identity for them.

You think it's just only one person when you are liberal and let your kids drift away from your roots. But there are 300 million people in America, and of those 300 million how many other parents and grandparents are mindless and liberal like you. Those numbers add up and aeonically devastates you as coherent people. Like you pick a hypothetical race for example. In the first generation you have the young people from this race practice a little Chinese Kung Fu, some listen to rap and act Black. Next generation more of the new young people do the same and instead of being rooted in their own Traditions and Culture they drift off like loose canon balls rolling a round aimlessly on the deck of a ship. As each generation passes and more young people in this race goes into some other people's Traditions, in Time where will

your people be? And you think seriously about, if you have the brain cells to think aeonically as a WHAM, you are being surrounded by other peoples that stay true to their own folk culture, and the Black People you messed up are slowly developing their own folk culture. So while you WHAMs drift further apart incoherently, every other people around you maintains their status, community, families, extended families, traditions, and culture. Divide & Conquer. Your people started it and were good at it. There was a time when you divided ethnic races and made them into incoherent groups fighting each other to control them. Now its payback time, and the best part is, YOU yourselves are Dividing your own people into cultureless individualized units. Half of you don't even have a real family anymore with two parents. I fear that as a hubris and arrogant breed that you WHAMs are, you are too stupid to wake up and change your ways. If you are the few to wake up and know something is wrong: DIG. Start digging deep in your blood and ancestry and find your roots and dormant Tradition your people left for you and live them once again. Make a Tradition up if you have to, just stabilize yourself with a Tradition for your progeny's sake, not yours. [Reichsfolk](#). Not many in or out of ONA speak of Reichsfolk now, but the simple lessons it teaches keeps your Blood and Roots flowing deep over Time. /Rant.

So this Traditional Satanism which is the ONA and a part of the ONA is a species or Tradition of Satanism. If we don't try to see that Traditional Satanism grow into being inside its original native time and context, you can't fully grasp the ONA and will be prone to assumptions, speculations, and misunderstandings of what may have been intended. The ONA proper first started off with that Traditional Satanism soil. Everything else, such as the philosophical writings "Anton Long" and others have written, grew out of that fertile Tradition, within the matrix of that soil. You have to try to study what the ONA is today within that soil in a wholistic way. As you would study a flowing river. Not in bits and pieces, but in consideration of the whole river, from the mountain spring it springs from, to the rapids and gorges in the middle, all of the twists and turns, and ending at the great delta where it flows into the ocean. To fully understand ONA you have to consider ONA of 1970, consider its decades long slow twistings and turnings, and consider what it is today, as one Flowing. As one Tradition moving and growing slowly. But that Flowing begins at the spring of Traditional Satanism. Which in itself is something to be proud of if you recall your history. The ONA's Traditional Satanism was one of the first three "institutionalized" or codified schools of Satanism that started this whole Satanism thing back in the 60's-70. CoS came out in 1966. ONA cropped up in England in 1972ish. ToS was miraculously reborn when Set woke up from a 3000 year sleep and gave birth to the Universe in 1975. If I were Set I would have picked an Egyptian in my "home country" to be my prophet of a new aeon, rather than a Grandpa Munster of America; but that's just me, maybe Set has a sense of humour? But ONA is one of three that started this whole Satanism thing off in the West. It's Tradition is still here, still influencing contemporary Satanists' understandings of their Satanism. Sans the competitive BS, Satanism as a single memplex is a great thing with a lot of potential. You guys as Satanists have a good thing going, if we consider Satanism all together as one newly emerged system in the West. Sans the rivalry BS, when each Satanist adds their own thoughts and understandings to the common body of knowledge, it in turn ripples and helps evolve all of Satanism as a single pool of ideas. But we can't get all egalitarian and liberal with this shit or we'll ruin a good thing. Not every meme is equal, some will make this growing and very young pool of Satanism sick and weak. A little capitalistic competition is good for the gene pool as it breeds and encourages

innovation and creativity.

There is an old Greek philosophical concept mostly translated into English as “Justice,” which is something worth considering and applying if as Satanists “we” all wish to help it move forwards into the future, for the next generation. Justice according to some of the olden schools of thought is the proper balance between One’s own self interests, and the Interests/needs of a collective/other. Justice is the balancing line between one’s own duty to Self, and Duty to Other [wife, husband, children, family, clan, kin, tribe]. Justice is the the Balance between One’s own needs and the needs of Other. Too much to one side or the other causes an imbalance. And being in a causal system, such imbalance causes chain reactions of fruit. Too much leaning towards Self Interest/Need/Duty destroys Community and Family. Which in turn disrupts the sensitive clockwork and causes it to be dysfunctional. What is dysfunctional stops working, and what stops working dies in Time. Too much leaning to the other side vanquishes the Individual as a slave to a mindless collective. There is a balance or Equilibrium where the Self and Other Naturally comes to a Balance, which was once called Justice. Where there must be a Balance between the collective Interest of those that “govern” and the Interests or Needs of those that are “governed.” That was Justice. Where there is a Balance between the needs of a corporation and the needs of its market. That Balance is Justice. Where there is the Balance between the Needs and Interests of the individual Satanist and of Satanism as a whole-Thing. That is Justice and Equilibrium. A little competition and self interest in Satanism is healthy. But without that Justice, either way we lean, the clockwork stops. If this ancient notion of Justice is a living phenomenon in Nature, then it must be observable, testable, and replicable. Thus, nobody should have to take my word for it. All I’ll say is that a Satanism with only one school of thought and one paradigm will be like a USSR with only one party making all the products. Shit’s gunna be cheap. In this regard, I will keep ONA going as long as I can, even if I am the last ONA person alive. There is plenty of room in Satanism as a whole-Thing for the atheist, theist, materialist, spiritualist, or whatever. There are retards and geniuses in all camps. We need all the genies and thinkers, even if they don’t like each other or get along. The retards, they can go, well actually, they should stay to support the infrastructure. Just like there is room in Life or the Cosmos for every perspective and angle of understanding. It’s all of it added up that gives us the clearest picture of things. Satanism as a whole-Thing limits itself, if it struggles to only have one “right” and one “acceptable” perspective and weltanschauung.

Narcissistic Paradigm

I was thinking of the mentality some people have for things such as weltanschauung, world-views, politics, religions, philosophies, etc, and I noticed something which lacked a word but I gave it a term to refer to it. Thinking about this mentality caused me to remember a weird Sufi story I once read a long time ago. The Sufi story I read – as I later found out – is a twist or slant of a well known Greek myth, used as an esoteric jape with Mainstream Islam. This esoteric jape runs along the same vein as the Sufi saying that goes something like: “The only way to Know Allah is by riding the dragon’s tail.” Meaning here that it is from being familiar with Iblis or Shaitan and his ways that you truly come to know Allah. So we read in the Holy Qur’an that when after Allah had made Adam, he called the angels of heaven down to the earth to behold Adam and commanded all of the angels to kneel and worship Adam. All did as

they were commanded except Iblis who stood in defiance. The Qur'an does not go any further into the details as to why Iblis did not worship Adam, but the Sufis continues that story saying that Allah demanded Iblis why he did not worship Adam, and Iblis answered Allah: "Because I am better than him. Because I am made of the Flame of Heaven, and he [Adam] is made from the soil of the ground." Allah now angry ordered Iblis to do as the other angels and kneel before Adam to worship him. Iblis refused to do so. And so Allah threatens to send Iblis into the lake of fire to punish him if he did not worship Adam. Iblis still refused and said he'd rather burn in hell than worship a creature made of the lowly earth. So then Allah one last time threatens Iblis with the punishment of eternally being outside of His Divine presence for ever and ever. When Iblis heard this, he rushed to Allah's feet and said to Allah: "La ilaha illallah; There is no God but God, and only he is worthy of worship." After hearing this Allah turns to the angels that fell and worshiped Adam and cursed them to forever serve Mankind. But to Iblis, who genuinely loved Allah, that he would defy Allah's word to be True to his Love, Allah gave him the Earth to rule. This little Sufi story has the esoteric teaching that God made a facsimile of his own divine self out of something worthless [dirt] as a test to see if his angels loved Him of their own free will, or because out of fear of being punished. Only Iblis refused to serve and fall before that false idol Adam. In other words, in life we either Submit [Islam] to the Divine [numinous], or to man made idols. What or whom do you serve in life? The Natural, or the Artificial? The esoteric jape hidden in this Sufi story is that mainstream Muslims today worship and serve Adam, or the teachings and words of men, and not the Divine Essence of Allah.

So the other Sufi story I remembered is like the backstory to the one I just told, which took place just before the creation of Adam. The story goes that one day Allah having found the earth walked around it and found the dark water of the earth. He looked into it and for the first time in eternity saw Himself in the dark water. Seeing a reflection of himself he fell in love with it and reached out to try and Behold it. But could not because his fingers went thru the image disturbing the reflection with ripples. Out of a deep desire to Behold that image God took mud and formed from that mud Adam and loved Adam above all other creation. The hidden esoteric jape is directed at mainstream superficial Islam's God and Muslims. It is saying that their God is essentially narcissistic and thus cannot be the Divine Artist of the Cosmos. It also is japing the mainstream Muslims in saying that they are so captivated by their own facsimile of God that they reject the Divinity in all other things of Creation. Or, as the saying goes in English: "Like Father, like son."

I notice this same mentality in people. It's not narcissism as the word is generally used. I'll try and explain what I mean. For example you have these materialist who can't get themselves to See the world any other way beyond their material world model. And so like this delusional God, these materialist fashion for themselves a memplex or weltanschauung that is merely a reflection of themselves: materialistic. Or you see them being drawn, engrossed, enchanted, captivated, only by idea that are reflections of themselves: materialistic. You see them being oblivious and out right rejecting and denying other possible models of reality. You see the same engrossment of/for ego/self with theists and spiritualists who do the opposite. They are in love with ideas and world views only which are reflections of themselves. They become enraptured and engrossed in ideas where only the spiritual is real, only "our god" is real, only the god we can picture is real, everything else is fake. You see this in politics. Conservatives

are drawn only to that which is merely and simplistically a reflection of their inner self. Libertines [modern usage] are drawn to and attached to only what ideologies are merely and simplistically reflections of their inner egos. And the delusional aspect of this is that they are oblivious to and deny or reject everything that is not a personification of their egos. Libertine in the olden days around the 1700's or so meant a person or breed of people without culture or proper upbringing.

Just like their symbolical narcissistic God, you see these people also acting out their narcissism when they make things, like ideologies. They make their cults and religions in a self-perspective narcissistic "utopian" manner. When I say "utopian" I simply mean the artificial desire to create a system of some type which is "perfectly" a reflection of their egos. Like when you see a group of peasants get together and watch them create a political memplex, you see them enter that narcissistic utopian mentality where the Bourgeois who hurt their egos are evil and peasants should rule, where religion that was used to control them is bad, etc. You take a group of Jesus nutters and watch them create their sectarian memplexes. They relocate themselves to a paradise, name it Jonestown, get all enraptured in only stuff which are a reflection of their own ego-perspective of reality. And the same goes unfortunately with mainstream materialist science. Where you see these very intelligent scientists get lost in the same delusional game of seeing reality only insofar as reality is a reflection of their ego/self, and every other theory is fake or not worth considering. And of course Buddhists and Satanists do this too. Buddhist create for themselves a narcissistic utopian world model based on their simple single ego-perspective. And Satanist will do the same with their Satanism. Their Satanism has to be a utopian reflection of their ego-perspective and narcissism. You can almost hear them say to themselves in their heads: "I can't fucking wrap my head around anything else beyond my self and my puny grasp of reality, so any religion or type of Satanism that is beyond that is fake." The funny part is we tell ourselves that we are "thinking outside" a box, when most of us never left that box. Because that box is the self and the walls of the box are the person's limited grasp of things or his own amorosness for their own beauty. So the question is: Can there be growth, if we remain within the confined limits of our ego-perspectives of life and reality? Can a Self grow, evolve, or truly gain an understanding of things, if all it sees is it Self?

Everything to such narcissistic people has to be a perfect utopian reflection of their egos. A materialist will reject something like Buddhism because the Buddhism has elements such as "reincarnation," karma, spirits, etc which are not paradigmatic elements in their ego-based world-model. Those things are not a reflection of their self, so they reject it. It becomes so predictable that you can literally read a person's inner topography just by reviewing their beliefs or analyzing what memplexes they are drawn to and which memplexes they reject and deny. That's how simplistic mundanes have become. The complexities and diversity of Life are non-existent to these people. What is real – what can only be reality – must be a personification of their self/ego.

Beyond Ego

Such people never emotionally or intuitively realize that Life/Reality is so big, it is beyond our puny ego-based paradigms. Life is so big it is uncomfortable. You can be a hardcore

materialist and if you study reality too deep you'll find quantum physics where reality is not as material as you wish it to be. You can be a hardcore moralist and if you venture too far outside your ego, you will observe that life and Nature is oblivious to morals. You can be a hardcore Darwinist and if you look too far outside your narcissistic utopian personification of self, you'll see that ecosystems are called systems for an actual reason. You'll see that nature does not compete with itself, but is symbiotic and co-evolutionary, which is scary and blasphemous to a Darwinist who is conditioned inside an urban matrix to see life as a "survival of the fittest" game. Things like religions – cyberreligions – philosophies, and ideologies, have today become mere vanity mirrors and security blankets to protect people from an uncomfortable reality. A reality that is much bigger than us, much more beyond our graspings and assumptions and speculations of it.

If you haven't picked up already, what I am trying to say and what the esoteric value of that second story is that there can be no true growth or inner development when a person is trapped inside the limits of his/her own ego. I should quickly define how I'm using the word ego and self. I mean to say the conscious mind and what it thinks it knows or what it believes in. And so religions, philosophies, and ideologies today are not a means to self-development, but merely a means to perpetuate our already existent ego-based world-models. If you really think about it and we say a materialist will be inside a materialist belief system for 50 years, during those 50 years will that materialist ever be anything different outside what that materialist paradigm allots? If Life/Reality behaved in such a remarkably simplistic manner, where reality is merely a comforting reflection of what we can grasp, what we wish to believe is true, would anything even be here? You know how many Muslims have been born and raised inside an Islamic paradigm for the past thousand years who have not ever thought outside or developed beyond what their paradigm has allotted for them? There is even a word to explain this phenomenon: Orthodoxy. And tellingly, there is even a word to describe the act of crossing that line of orthodoxy: Transgression. How many theists have ever Transgressed their theistic worldview into uncharted territory? How many materialists have ever Transgressed their materialistic paradigm for uncharted territory? The most powerful limits are those that we ourselves set for our own selves, because of our life long conditioning. It's like domesticated elephants in Thailand. You take a baby elephant and tie its feet with chains so it grows up conditioned mentally and emotionally to Believe that it can't break that chain, and when it grows up all you have to do is tie a thin rope to its feet and it will not even try to break the rope. Because it is trapped in the conditioned Belief that it cannot break free. You have people who condition themselves – hypnotize themselves – into being "trancefixed" inside the limits of their own narcissistic paradigm, and these same people believe they are free thinking, or free people. You give these same people anything that is not a reflection of their egos and they will say: "Oh your ideology is retarded. It looks nothing like me. Those aren't my opinions. I disagree with anything not a reflection of my opinions."

I'm bringing this Narcissistic Paradigm thing up because a lot of Satanists – and more nonsatanists – will not and do not like ONA because it is not a reflection or personification of their egos. It is not a comfy and cozy box. It's got weird chants, a pantheon of unproven entities, it looks nothing like the average mundane ego, it's just big and bloated and ugly to them. That ain't shit though. You wanna know bloated, go read the Pali Canons. 40 volumes, 25000 pages of 2500 years of gibberish and nonsense. Nothing makes any sense. We're just

good at faking sense. Nobody knows what the hell Buddha was tripping on when he said: Anatta. Even more bloated than that is the Universe. It's so big the universe doesn't even fit into a book. The greatest minds like Hawking have pondered on it their whole lives and all they produce are black holes. We don't know if it is finite or infinite, if it's flat, round or saddle shaped, if it's eternally expanding or if entropy will force all things back to Chaos [void, absolute stillness/inertia].

But the beauty about Life or the universe is that it is big, and in trying to understand ever nook and cranny of Life, we actually grow in our understandings of reality and ourselves as a part of Life or the Cosmos. In essence it is like we grow into Life, in the same way we grow into our hand-me-down our older siblings and cousins passes onto us. They are uncomfortable in the beginning, but the extra room allows us to grow to fill them in.

Most of Buddhism doesn't even make sense to me, but I don't bitch about it and look for something comfy to fit my ego. Many things about ONA and its Traditional Satanism hardly make any complete sense to me. I still don't know what an acausal is. But I let things be and slowly work my way to filling in the nooks and crannies. Which takes time. So the whole point to this in regard to ONA is don't be so self absorbed where you reject things left and right because your religion, or philosophy, or whatever does not fit you perfect like a glove. That perfect fit is not something you really want long term wise. Have you ever heard of Chinese Feet Binding? Back in the old days men use to think girls with tiny feet were beautiful so girls feet were tightly bounded with silk or cloth from a small age. So that as they grew older, the binding kept their feet from growing their proper size. It was actually disfiguring and rendered them crippled and unable to walk. Don't Spellbind your own self with your own words and beliefs. Let Traditional Satanism and the rest of the ONA be big. If we disagree with certain things in ONA fine, but just leave it and instead nurture it so it can grow bigger in time. The more room in ONA, the more space we have to grow in perspective and understanding.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

TRIBAL PHUNK



Tribal Phunk

Back in old times in one of my high schools we had these two rival “dance/party crews.” One called FX for “Final Xplosion” [a sexual innuendo], and the other called “Tribal Phunk,” TP, which we called “Toilet Paper.” A dance crew is basically a group that dances and competes in dances. And a party crew is a group that throws parties [duh]. So a dance/party crew is an organized group that competes by throwing better parties and at the parties they compete in dance movies. A party crew also charges money per head at parties to make money to pay for the DJ, sound system, profit, beer, dope, etc, etc.

FX was all the cool White students and all the cool Asians from Mainland Asia. FX’s musical base or “platform” was Techno, Trance, House and other such closely related genres of music. Tribal Phunk were all the cool Filipinos, cool Blacks, and cool Mexicans. TP’s musical “platform” was based on three genres of music called Tribal, Phunk, Jungle. 90% of all my friends were in FX, so I hung out with them exclusively.

There’s cross-over membership between these crews, gangs, race crews, and tagger crews in the area. And it’s all usually the same faces and sets of people. We hated those people in Tribal Phunk because their members also came from rival ethnic Filipino, Black, and Mexican gangs.

I really hated this one Filipina bitch named Karen, who was the uncontested prettiest girl on campus. Her boyfriend was one of FX’s founding leaders who was Vietnamese and a friend of mine. Their thing was like a “forbidden” high school Romeo & Juliette love affair. Because that bitch Karen had all of her friends and kinfolk in TP. We acted like we were friendly with each

other in public. But we don't hang out and I felt like shoving her face into a brick wall nose first ever time I saw her talk to anybody in FX. I didn't know how I hated her back then though. You know when you are so infatuated with someone so much that you end up passionately hating them for not liking you back. Then it just drives you crazy inside to watch them touch and make out with somebody. But that's a different story.

Just a side note; my family has this saying that goes something like in English: "Sugar covers Venom, and a Hard shell covers a Soft inside." My aunt-mom always warns me: "Beware of those people who are sweet and nice to you. Who speaks sugar coated words with a smile." Because beneath that fake sweetness is a bitter poison. Then she tells me to work hard to make friends with those who act tough, hard, who act like they don't like you, because those people are the ones that make life long loyal friends.

I never knew what she meant until I examined myself. I was terribly sweet voiced and all smiles with Karen, but just underneath that smile I wanted to either kick her teeth in or ruin her life or something. I had one teacher whom I hated who was my Spanish teacher. Spanish for me was an easy A because I already knew the basics. This teacher was the biggest bitch on campus. Nobody liked her, and she seemed to not like anybody. Always yelling at people, giving you detention for being 1 minute late to class! Years later, I inched my way closer to her during my campus life because she was the supervisor of a student club I was in. This Spanish teacher eventually became my most favourite teacher and good friend. Every Fridays she'd have me stop by her class in the morning real quick to pick up brownies she baked for me. This was always the case with people I met. Usually those mean people who put "No Soliciting" on their doors, are actually the softy types that find it very hard to say no. Later in the school year, some of my bestest friends came from Tribal Phunk.

Culture and Tradition

At the beginning of the school year our FX crew was small. This was because there were just more Mexicans on campus and because most White people can't dance or something. So later the founders switched it from a dance crew to a hybrid party crew so as to throw parties and make some money. What the founders of FX knew and did is a valuable Business strategy. It's learning to assess your group's short-comings, learning to be aware of your Market, then making the right changes. They knew White kids can't dance, but they also knew White kids had money. So to get more White kids in you change your dance crew into a party crew. Then they made the most "business savvy" of their White friends a co-leader of FX to attract his White friends. Gradually as time passes and as the years roll by our FX developed a "Tradition" and Culture that was uniquely ours.

For instance every Tuesday was GQ day where we came to school in our church clothes, in formal attire, or in mock Catholic school girl attire. And then every Fridays everyone in FX came to school in their pajamas. Some of the ravers and dancers went all out Fridays and brought teddy bears, things like that. Nobody knew how those two stupid "traditions" started, but they did, and it was fun. The more some type of a culture our FX had, the more people it drew in. So that eventually FX became huge spreading into the other high school campuses, since our parties we threw were open for anybody who knew about it in the area.

In FX me and some of the other girls were the Promoters. The leaders had the connects to get the party location and sound equipment. Location meaning if a party was not held at one of our houses, they'd find a field or rent a hall. Then fliers would be made with directions and so on. So as a Promoter my duty was to pass out as many fliers as possible to every "cool" looking person I meet at the malls, on the streets, etc. This was before Myspace & Fagbook. The more people that come to the party means more money because there was a \$5-\$10 entrance fee. Also rival party crews compete by trying to throw the better party. Your party crew and your rival party crew will pick a group of neutral students as "judges" who go to your parties to see who wins the "battle." The profit wasn't made with the entrance fee. Profit was made on party location from your boys dealing all kinds of drugs and selling balloons filled with nitrous, things of that sort. So my real world experience of promoting groups and business savvy started all the way back in high school.

Promoting on school campuses was easy. All you had to do was invite all the key popular kids and let them in free. The natural pecking order on campus does the rest of the work for you to draw people to the party. Messing with the rival crews attempt at throwing a party was easy too. You simply had to use your social skills to talk the popular kids to not go to their parties. Promoting public awareness of your group was easy. If you were cool, you wore FX paraphernalia, such as patches, hats, buttons, pins, and you give those things to the popular kids to wear on campus too. It all goes back to social skills, natural human relations, and knowing how any given social order is structured and works. Which I think comes more Naturally to girls than guys.

I'm thinking about my past dance crew experiences because the idea of tribes and dance is still fresh on my mind. Earlier this week I spent some time watching a ton of videos about a hill tribe of Thai/Lao people called the Taidam. After watching them I recognize in their culture components that are "universal" to almost all tribes and people, which I see and recognize in these things we call "gangs" and "crews" as well.

But you have to have an eye for these little cultural components or you will not recognize the patterning of the Quilt. So you have gangs with their hand signs they Salute one another with. You have some armies Salute each other by putting the hand to the forehead. Other armies Salute by erecting their right arm at a 45 degree angle in the air like the WWII Fascists and Nationalists did. You have the gangs like the Latin Kings who greet their own with the words "Amor De Rey!" Then what People greet each other with an "Assalamu Aleikum," or an "Allah Akbar!" Or a "Sieg Heil." You have Bloods who in old days wear all red. Crips who wear all blue. Orangemen wear Orange Collars. Masons wear aprons. The upper class men in olden days wore wigs. Modern soldiers who wear camo. The word Taidam means Black Thai and they are known as Black Thais because their tribe wears all Black. They have a sister tribe which speaks a different dialect from them called the White Thais and their tribe wears white.

Street fighting to gangs, Boxing and Wrestling to Westerners, Kung Fu to the Chinese, Jiujiitsu and Sumo to the Japanese, Muay Thai to the Thai, and Pradal Serey to the Khmer. You have Crip Walking, Blood Stacking, B-boying, Ram Khmer, Ram Thai, Lam Lao, Ballet, Square Dancing, Square-Walking. What groups of people walk in squares and angles as a culture? Some militaries, Freemasons, and Prince Hall Masons walk in angles. Hindis don't eat beef,

Muslims don't eat pork, the English and Chinese drink tea, Jews eat Kosher, the Thai eat Kapi, Italian and Pasta, Japanese goes with Sushi. Language and religion are merely and only two components of what is a culture. Put an English guy who talks Rhyme Slang in a room with a Crip who is versed in his Crip Slang and I guarantee the two will not understand each other. If you don't have an eye for these Cultural Components, you'll never see them and thus never understand what they are good for.

What are these "cultural components" good for? They act like social glue to hold a people together by forging a group identity based on common shared Experience and Activity. Shared Experience and Activity is a powerful glue which binds two people together. Shared tragedy brings and keeps two people together more powerfully than any rhetoric on brotherhood. Soldiers of an army don't willingly die for each other because of heroic rhetoric, it's because of shared Experience of the bootcamp and of the fieldwork [the war]. Street gangs don't brainwash their members with ideologies to get them to kill and go to jail for the gang. It's the shared Experience and Activities that does that. Two people don't become best friends over time because they share the same Mindstuff like ideas and opinions. It's the shared experience of repetitively hanging out with each other.

Second to shared Experience and Activity, shared emotions is the second – if not equally – most powerful social glue. Nothing brings a family closer together than tragedy and suffering. Such as the death of a loved one. Nothing forges a stronger army than to force those soldiers to see their fellow soldiers get gunned down by an enemy. Nothing brings a church together than the shared sorrow felt when collectively recalling to mind the sacrifice Jesus made on the cross. Nothing brings Radical Islamists together than the shared hatred of Jews. Nothing brings Blood together better than the shared hatred of Crips. When the sharing of Emotions and Experiences are gone from a marriage or intimate relationship, you know it will soon end.

Ideas divide. It is understood that on a human level we are each individuals with our own individual opinions about things. Therefore to use ideas as a means to bring a people together does not Aeonically work, simply because it is in the Nature of the individual Mind to have it's own interpretations and thus difference of opinions will arise. That self-perceived Difference in Mind is what plays at causing a person or group of people to Believe they are different from another person. With things like shared emotions or shared experience, there can exist no interpretation or differentiation. If two people experience the same sorrow of the death of a loved one, what can those two argue over? How do you argue over a shared experience?

In my family, when growing up, you're not allowed to argue and fight with your siblings and cousins. You'll get punished if you do. Even something as silly as arguing about a cartoon or who is the best superhero. Because ideas divide. As grown ups, there is an unwritten law observed where we don't talk about two things: Religion and Politics. It's considered a Dishonorable act to speak about those two things knowing that your elders and other have their own opinions about such things. Even if an elder asks you for your opinion on such matters, you shake your head and say you have no opinions. Or you go through this whole ritual of saying things like: "I am young and don't know much, so my opinions on such matters are based on my own inexperience, I will share my opinions with you, but I could be wrong, and I mean you no disrespect in any way." Then you can share your ideas with your elders. If

grown ups are talking about religion or politics, some one older than them will end up saying: "That's enough! Keep your thoughts about those things to yourself." If the old elders gather to drink and eat together, usually they save the serious opinions about religion and politics for after the eating where they remove themselves to argue amongst each other away from everybody. Because ideas divide. Freedom of thought and speech are double edged swords aren't they then? They gives you a sense of independence or individuality, but at the same time they induces social division: Divide & Conquer.

I sound like a fascist don't I? Can you really watch a colony of ants or hive of bees and describe their way of life as being "democracy?" Can you really consider the crystalline atomic structure of a diamond where every carbon atom has a specific exact place, and say that such "social" structure is "liberal and democratic?" Charcoal is carbon atoms in a liberal state of democracy. Coal is good only for burning. Can you really know the structure of an army and say that it is a "democracy?" Can you really consider your own body with all it's organs and cells each with their proper duties to perform for the Whole Collective, and say that such organic structure is liberal and democratic? Where every cell and organ is "free" to do whatever it wants? There is no chaos in Order. The only thoughts I believe should be publicly think, and the only speech that should be publicly spoken are what will benefit the Family, Folk, and Culture. Otherwise, decadence [aka "freedom"] is destructive to the coherency, life, and Force of Will of a folk and its culture.

What's it mean when we say we are trying to preserve or maintain our "culture?" What are we actually trying to preserve and save? And save from what? If each cultural component were a letter, then a culture is a Paragraph of letters. So when we say that we desire to maintain our culture, what we mean is that we desire to maintain the patterning of letters in such Paragraphs. In other words we desire to maintain the coherency of all the cultural components that make up our peoples' Culture.

So back to our Party Crews. They didn't last long. After the second year both died out. This was due to two things. First thing is that in school, each year removes seniors and adds new freshmens. Because of this the original members of both FX and TP all left high school. So things started dying down. Other thing was that our fun cultural components in FX were fun to do for a while, but that shit gets old. So without Rivals and with the death or decline of our group culture, our FX just died out. But when we say "died out" we don't mean mortality. We mean the coherency of what was once a crystallized culture has dissipated into a larger medium. Like putting sugar crystals in water. The solid coherent crystals in that water will diffuse slowly into the larger medium. At school, the larger medium is the "secular" culture of generic campus life. Meaning that what we once had as our own unique culture was lost to the secular life of campus. And so having lost our culture, we ended up just a student among many. Just another brick in the wall as Pink Floyd put it once.

And so in something like the real world when we talk about saving and preserving our cultures this is ultimately what we mean. To hold onto those components of what is our respective culture, traditions, and customs that makes us unique, which holds us together as a folk, from dissipating over time into the Genericness of general population. In Theravadin Pali, the word Loka means the General Public. And the word translated into English as "Transcendental,"

literally means "Above/Over the general public." Above their generic opinions. Above their generic views. Because the generic populous is Mundane [Anariya]. Time is the enemy that erodes all things in its path. Even in the ancient Mahabharat Epic, Time is portrayed as the enemy. Understanding and conquering Time was a central background theme. Time is an important concept to keep in mind, when trying to save culture. Save it from what? From Time's Flow. A great pragmatic example of a group of people who over Time have lost their culture, tradition, and ancestral customs are African-Americans who are descendants of old world slaves. Compared to an African who is American, who migrated to America. One group has lost something, whereas the other retains something. In this context, when we lose our culture, we mean that such culture has diffused and vapourized into the larger mundane secular medium of America.

It's very hard to save your culture from being vapourized into the secular medium. When we say the word "culture" what essentially do we mean? That word comes from the same root as the words "AgriCULTURE," and "ViniCULTURE." Culture comes directly from the Latin "Cultura," meaning "A Cultivating" of something. Cultura in turn stems from the word "Colere" meaning to "Tend, Guard, Cultivate, Till." From Colere comes the word "Cultus" which means "Labour, Care, Cultivation, what is tended, Reverence." A Culture is essentially an act or set of acts or behaviour which is Cultivated, Tended To, Tilled, Reverenced.

Cultivating something takes more than planting seeds and leaving the rest of the work up to the sun and rain. What's it mean to "Tend" your garden? You go back, Over and Over, to water your plants, fertilize the soil, remove weeds, care for your growing plants etc. There is karate and judo and then there is Kata. You Cultivate your Kata to produce the Culture of karate or judo. There is Essence [dharma], Form [Yana/Kata], and then Culture: Sasana/Do/Tao. "Do" being the Japanese and/or Korean rendition of Tao, meaning "Art, Way," as in Ai-Ki-Do and/or Hap-Ki-Do. If Prahputsasana is the outer Culture [Way of Life], then what is done with the Yana? It is Cultivated. Why? To Convey the Essence beneath such that it bares Fruit outwardly. Why Tend a garden or cultivate a grove of fruit trees? To Convey the Essence beneath the soil thru those trees such that they bare Fruit for you to taste. Why taste the Fruit? Because Gnosis unfolds from direct experience. Why Gnosis? Because no teacher can give you the Essence, in the same sense that no teacher can give you the Do of Aikido. The teacher can guide you, but in actuality it is you yourself, by your own effort and means, do you Cultivate your Katas to manifest that Do. Only when you have Mastered the Do, do you come to a personal gnosis or understanding of the Essence: Ki. It was the very last words of the Buddha, to strive to accomplish your own ends. You can not taste the Essence without Cultivating the Form for the personal experience.

Cultus in very olden times back in Rome once referred to the Way a group of people did things collectively together. This Way was based on the activities such groups Cultivated, called Ritus, from where we get words like Rite and Ritual. We confuse the two words today. Cultus and Ritus are two very different things. A Ritus was a set of Forms a people Observed, such as the customs, Traditions, ceremonies, and usage/practices [the Forms]. A Cultus was the Way in which such groups of people together Cultivated or expressed their unique sets of Ritus. And the Essence such Ritus conveys or leads one to back then was called the Numen.

This Latin word Cultus is an exact match up of the Sanskrit/Pali word Sasana. Both words are associated with a People and their Traditions or Customs. Just as in ancient Roman times there was no word for a “religion” in Sanskrit, Pali, and things like Khmer and Thai there is no word for “religion.” Sasana is the closest word, which actually means the Cultus/Culture of a People, or what a People together Cultivate in deed and action. Today sasana is used to mean religion, but at the same time it means a Culture, and Way of Life connected to a People [Sas]. But then the word Sas which means a people, race, nation. tribe, is also used to mean their customs, and way of life too. In Khmer “Sas Christian” means Both the religion of Christianity and the People who practice Christianity.

The word or idea behind Sasana and the Latin word Cultus are very important to also keep in mind, to gain a better understanding of Culture and the preservation of culture. You can't preserve something you don't have an understanding of, can you? The interesting thing is the word Sasana does not in anyway imply or suggest a Way of Thinking. The word Cultus is almost entirely based on the practical concept of Tilling, Cultivating, which suggests Deed and Action, and not Thinking and Believing. It wasn't until sometime AFTER the medieval ages that the word “religion” left the semantic field of Community, Culture, Order, to mean a Belief System or Way of Thinking. What we today know of as “religion” is a bastardization of human Culture. What Cultus and Ritus once Linked [Ligere] a people to each other as a Community and back to [re-ligere] Nature devolved into the business of telling people how to think and believe.

Culture vs. Time

If we were to look at a river, we would be looking at two different things: Land and the River. One is more transient than the other. One is more “permanent” than the other. The River is transient and always flowing onward somewhere. The Land around the river does change, but very, very, slowly over time. Not as rapid as the River. So if we were to make a toy boat with leaves and sticks and place it on that River, we can understand that our little boat will float away. But if we were to place that toy boat on the Land, we can understand that our little boat won't be going anywhere for a while.

The Land is the Body/Causal and the River is Mind. The change which happens to both is Time. Time effects all things, but differently. Therefore – thought the ancient ancestors – if we make something bound to Mind/Thinking/Belief, it will do what? It will float away rapidly because it is simply in the very Nature of Mind to change as it grows. Thus – thought the ancestors – if we want to create something longer lasting that can be used as a vehicle to create the future, to make the lives of our future progeny better, it is more intelligent to create something bound to the Body. The Body lasts for at least 50-100 years, during which time it Cultivates what? Deeds and Actions. If Time devours everything in its Path, then don't build castles in Time's Path. If Mind changes often, then don't make Mind the foundation of what you desire to be permanent.

I think the coolest display of this Activity versus Thinking is found in old world Europe. Catholicism in the olden days was more Activity based. The beliefs were trivial and because everything was in Latin, your average Catholic had no real body of thinking or beliefs. Back

then Catholicism was an institution of Activities and Cultivation of Deeds. Those Activities forged communities. Those Communities over time became Cultures. Those Culture over time became Kingdoms. Those Kingdoms in Time became entire Empires. Things like the Russian and British Empires ended up owning vast amounts of land.

The Protestant reformation came. At first the early Protestant churches were Activity based, but as time goes by these Protestant churches devolved into belief systems and dogmatic ways of thinking. When this happened Protestantism clearly became causally impotent. Meaning it lack all power to seed the earth to give birth to anything real. Once grounded in the Realm of Mind – Thinking, Opinions, and Beliefs – you see Protestantism mutating constantly into different competing sects, each with different ideas, opinions, and convictions.

Another example of Culture versus Time would be India. The Culture established or manifested by Brahmanism has been around for over 5000 years. During which time it's way of thinking and beliefs have changed, and kingdoms have come and gone, but the Culture is still There. During India's 5000 years of Cultural continuity they have seeding or brought into being over time new cultures, new languages – every language related to Into-European – and so on. Which when we look back with our Aeonic Insightful eyes, we can see that such a culture has had a huge impact of Humanity.

I see this same phenomenon in Nature. It seems as if the only thing Nature as a whole is really interested in is Self Continuity, through replication and reproduction. That seems to be the only “universal” Law of Nature. So “universal” that reproduction is encoded into our very DNA. The rest of Nature is wild and lawless. But in that wild and feral background, we see that the most Successful species thrives and keeps up with Time, while the species that failed, go extinct.

So even though we can say that Nature is Lawless, if as a species you desire to play this Game successfully, you need Order. The most successful organisms on earth are ants. If we look closely at the social order of ants, we notice that it is very well structured and organized. Every one has a place and duty to perform in the colony. The unit works for the whole. Back even before ants this Community idea came during the time when single celled organisms one day learned to live together in communities where each cell evolved to specialize in a specific function to benefit the Community of cells. From this we have the very successful earthly form of those multicellular organisms, which we are a form of. Even though we can say that Nature is Feral and Lawless, it's hard to say the same about of bodies as a multicellular thing. There is structure, order, coherency, and cooperation for mutual benefit. It's interesting to note that we – the product of such collective systematic organization – are the dominate and most intelligent creature.

Unnuminosity Of Religion

For me, understanding the nature of Religion – a nearly all modern Western construct – helps me better understand what a Culture is and is not, and thus helps me preserve my own Culture.

To me, it's as if the Generic Western Public has generally given up culture for Religion. The

phrase: “Don’t tell me what to Do, tell me what to Think” applies here. Your generic Westerner [Americans at least] opposes the idea of being told what to do, to the point of tearing apart blood bound and family ties of they are bossed around. But they seem to thirst after people and organizations that tell them what to believe and how to think. You even have an entire religion like Modern Satanism which teaches the belief that conformity is bovine. But it’s okay to think and believe what some Satanic Bible or some High Priest dishes out.

There is a saying in my culture and family that goes: “The Peasants hoard gold, and the rich just wear it.” If you’ve ever seen Mr. T you’ll Understand the essence of that saying. It’s like a person who is starving. You put them in a cake shop, and they will insensibly gorge themselves greedily. In regards to things like gold and jewelry, because a poor person has never had jewelry before, when they have gold they are insensible with it. They act like they never had gold before and wear six gold chains, a ring on every finger, 10 earrings on each ear, watches with faces the size of a clock, and they got grills encrusted with gold and diamond. Whereas a person who is rich comes from a mode of life were gold is no big deal, so we are either bored with it or sensible with our jewelry. My aunt-mom say that even when both groups of people have gold and money, you can tell which person the poor one is. Sensibility, like Honour and Duty, just isn’t in a peasants vocabulary. If peasants act like that with gold, just think how they’d be if you gave them political power! Oh wait, that’s democracy isn’t it.

And it’s the same thing with basically anything in life with these peasants. They’ve never had “freedom” before. So when you give it to them, they go crazy with their liberty to the point where they disregard their own roots, culture, traditions, duties, honour, and loyalties. Anything that gets in their way their personal liberty to do whatever they want is thrown out and evil. A week or two ago I read on Yahoo News about a 17 year old boy who killed his parents to throw a house party. After killing them he posted his invites on facebook. The guy murdered both of his parents just to get the freedom to have a party with his friends. We can be outraged and laugh at this kid’s stupidity. But some of us laughing have killed our family bonds, living traditions, and ancient culture for the same freedom to do what we want haven’t we? With the 17 year old boy I am left asking: “And Then What?” What do you do after the party? And I wonder the same question with people who hoard freedom at the expense of their family, folk and culture. To what End?

I see something “wrong” with that. When I say “wrong” I mean Kamma Akosala: Unskillful or Destructive Work. We judge an act or deed based on its Fruit or end results it bares. What’s wrong with the concept of Western religions is that they build little boats in the River of the Mind, which is constantly Flowing and Changing. And so you can actually see the Fruit that such religions bares in the real world over time. And what’s “wrong” with “freedom” is that as a tree you are cut at the trunk, devoid of culture, left with no family or folk, and divided into individualized units, absolutely dependent on the State. Absolute Power doesn’t corrupt absolutely. A people’s absolute Dependence on those in power is what corrupts absolutely.

What is “wrong” is that religion is a poor and cheap substitute for a culture. Religion is like sugar: it tastes sweet and gives you a quick jolt of energy, but there is no real Nutritional Value or long term substance. Religion is a quick fix. It answers our deep and genuine questions with sweet sounding ideas. We agree with those ideas for a while. We use identifying labels for a

while. Then our Mind changes and we look for a bigger and better fix. Modern religions can't seem to retain their membership and coherency for long. Even something like Mormonism. It's turn over rate is high. Half of the numbers are inactive "Mormons." Door to Door sales tactics is the only thing propping up the religion and church. Same thing with the Jehovah's Witnesses. How many people who join in one decade remain members the next decade? The younger the age, the higher a chance they will drop out of the religion.

The end result of all this is the growth and increase of Secularization. Secularization to living cultures is like a desert. That desert is dead of old forest growth and expands turning everything into a cultureless desert. It's a strange sight to be in America and to see a secular Jew, secular Hindi, secular Muslim, secular Buddhist, secular Satanist, secular Asian, secular White, secular Catholic Mexican all live the same cultureless way of life with no sense of direction, blood flow, time, purpose, or Aeon direction in Mind. Every one seems to just be content with working 50 hour weeks, clubbing Friday nights to spend their pay checks, doing their facebook and tweets, paying their taxes, going to sleep and repeating the cycle over and over again until they grow old? The final end result is that unbounded to anybody, having no responsibility or duty to any one, segregated into State-Dependent units/citizens, such people live their entire secular lives for the secular State and its interests. In the same way that the religious lived out their entire lives to support and prop up Christendom and the Vatican in old world Europe.

Then there is the issue of Aeonics and Time. How does a sasana like Buddhism live for 2500 years and retain a Buddhist for life, when a religion – or whatever we poetically call it – like Satanism can barely survive and retain a Satanist for a decade?

And the funny thing is Satanism changes as often as somebody's change of Mind. Every other day since 1969 you got a new "Anton LaVey" and a new Satanic Church, a new Temple of Satan, and New Dark Order of Baphomet, with new "This-One-Is-The Real-Satanism-This-Time" Satanic ideology. And we know that 99% of all those new people and new organizations, and new ideologies 1-3 years later vanish off the face of the earth after going defunct. I mean creativity is cool, but such levels of product mutability is pointless and directionless in regard to Time. So many "real Satanisms," yet so little concrete end results, after 50 years? Of all the Satanists that ever walked the earth how many can we name today that have been Satanists all 50 years? 40 years? Even if you can find one, the question is: where are they going with that satanism and how far will it go? We often here Satanists say in a liberal manner: "My kids will have the freedom to chose their own religion." So for such satanists, how far is their satanism going to go Aeonically? 1000 thousand years?

Am I saying Satanism sucks ass? No. I'm saying generic Satanism is sick from the foundation up. To base this thing on the Mind and thoughts/ideas, makes it highly unstable and mutable. Because it's in the very nature of Mind to be constantly changing and growing. You can't logically base a Satanism on the natural mutability of Mind one day, and ten years later ask what happened to all the Satanists and why there are so many schisms and stuff. There is a saying in my culture that goes: "Oranges grow from orange trees [duh]." So if the Mind has the nature of changing and making new ideas, what Satanism grows on that tree of Mind will change and mutate in ideas. You build something in the Field of Mind, and what you build will

inherit Mind's spirit of constant change and mutability. The Earth or physical Field is slow in change. Action and deed, customs and cultures cultivated are seeds planted in this physical Field.

I'll give two examples real quick as contrasting points, that way we can see modern satanism in its proper light. Freemasonry has been around since at least 1717AD. It's common for someone to be a Freemason for their whole lives, die one, and pass it onto the sons as a Tradition. Internally Freemasonry has what is called an "Underdeveloped Ideology." Meaning that Freemasonry's ideology department is primitive. Its mythos is primitive and not a thousand pages of ideas expounded. It's a simple myth about a temple and the builder dying. Around that primitive ideology is a very developed and elaborate methodology of action and praxis. It has 3 basic degrees. The rituals of each degree is elaborate consisting of acts, movements, and things done. It has other types of Rites such as cornerstone ceremonies, funeral rites, etc. So the thing to pay attention to is that first the ideology is kept simple and primitive, while the things done is huge and elaborate. Ideas don't become Timeless Traditions. Shares action cultivated does. Ideas are only 10% of a living Culture. The rest are shared activities and behaviour patterns.

Other quick example is what was called the British Traditional Witchcraft [BTW] and the American phenomenon of Wicca it spawned. Personally I believe that BTW started with Gerald Gardner and his Gardnerian Witchcraft/Wicca. BTW and the Wicca that followed has a primitive ideology. I don't mean primitive in a bad way. I just simply means "simple, and open to personal understanding." You have a God and a Goddess. Doesn't matter what you call these two or how you see it. You have a simple Wiccan Creed. But then in the DOING department BTW and Wicca has a huge culture of things of shared activities. You have the initiations, the meetings, the feasts, the Great Work, the shared experience of ritual circle work, all these little customs like drawing circles, dressing up, setting altars, wands, etc etc. Ideas don't become Timeless, they change and mutate. It is shared activity that generates culture and if nurtured can become as Timeless as the Brahmanist culture of India or 4000 year old culture of China.

If you think about it a people's culture has very little to do with ideas and belief. China's 4000 year old culture out lived many of its philosophies and "religions," as well as what kingdoms and nations were inside of it. With something like my own culture first you had Animism, then Indian traders brought Brahmanism, then Buddhism took root. Kingdoms and political systems came and gone. And with all the changing of "religions" and political entities, the people and their culture remained intact. Even during the communist period when religion was banned, the people still had a culture and customs, and traditions they practiced and observed.

Ideas don't become Timeless in the human world of Experience. Things Experienced do. But you can ask: "But what about all those ancient Greek and Indian ideas which have been around for ages, aren't they 'timeless'?" Sure, where do they exist? In the written medium, just like how ancient Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit are timeless right? Found only on paper. Immortalized in writing. I said the "Human World of Experience," not paper and writing. Ancient Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit are dead in the Human World of Experience. There is something wrong with your intelligence if you confused what is experienced and Lived with

what is written on paper.

Things To Consider

The whole reason why I brought up this topic is because of a topic thread brought up in the "Backroom," about my feelings about people and their Cultures. I think the West is sick from a disease called Magian Ethos. I think that this sickness is perpetuated by an insensible appetite for "freedom." There is nothing wrong with gold and jewelry, but piling and hoarding gold on yourself like there's no tomorrow is Over Kill. There is nothing wrong with freedom. But freedom at the cost and death of one's culture, traditions, Numinous human identity, folk, and blood is Over Kill. I think much of the West has lost its roots and culture to a cheap bastardization of culture called religion.

I think religion is deceptive. Because it causes you to assume that thinking and believing affects the physical world and time. As if sharing ideas glues people together into a community, folk, culture. When it does not. Ideas have done nothing but change, mutate, and divide people. Shared Action, Activities, Deeds affects the physical world and is the fertile soil of a Living Culture That fertile soil is Tilled by shared experience and shared activity. There is a fine line at times between a belief and an action in word. For instance in the West the Buddhist concept of compassion [Metta] is a nice and fluffy belief that makes your tummy feel like its made of pink cotton candy. In the East it's a cultural praxis most Westerners won't get their hands dirty in. To have compassion for your elders means to care for them, let them live with you in your homes, feed them when they are very old, nurse them, change their diapers, bathe them. Growing up with an elderly granny or great auntie dying in your house is hard for a kid or teen. I know because I was there. Your parents are out making money and so there are times when you must choose between hanging out with friends or the Compassion for your great auntie. From experience, Duty of Metta always wins, but not without a fight of crying because inside you know you can't be like other people your age.

The concept of Honour/Nobility – Arya/Ariya – is a pretty and cute belief in the West we pay lip service to if we even ever consider it. In the East you live and die by it. To be Ariya means to be Noble or Honourable. Most Westerners won't do the deed of Honour. To Honour your elders means even if your older cousin tells you to do something, you do it without question. To honour your parents means your parents are always right even if they are wrong and you do your duties and take their orders without question. To honour your parents means you honour your debts. They made you and cared for you, so out of that debt of honour you must take care of them until they die. It is easy to believe. It's hard to do. And it's harder to make what we do a way of life. I have cousins of uncles in my family who growing up got the living shit beat out of them by their father – my late great grandfather – and never once did any of them betray their Loyalty, Duty, and Honour to their father. My great grandfather died taken cared of by those very same children he abused, who kept their honour to him and nursed him to a peaceful death before dishonouring him or raising a voice.

My little 10 year old cousin knows how hard it is to live and practice Honour. She's at that age where she wants to do things other girls her age do, but she lives with our Grandmother who does not allow her to leave the house after school. There is nothing that she can say or do,

and running to ask her mother won't fix anything because in our culture Grandmother has more authority over mothers and fathers. My little cousin has no choice but to Honour Grandmother and be an "indoor cat." She's cried plenty of times over it to her mother and me. She'll cry and quietly whisper to us that she is sad because she can't go out and play with other people because Grandmother won't let her do anything. Usually both me and her mom will laugh lightly at it and both say: "We still can't do anything, if she says we can't. Just the way things are." Her mom is 41, owns two houses, but still lives with her mother [my Grandmother] and is still bound by Honour to obey Grandmother. At 41 [2 years older than my birth mom], my aunt is still not allowed to bring her boyfriend over to her own house! My Grandma had to tell her only once after the family let her divorce my cousins dad: "If you are not going to get married, I don't want to hear anything or see anything." Honour is a simple word when written. And it is a quaint idea when it dances in our mind. But as a cultural praxis it is life long, binding, is in the background of every deed and act we do, and makes you cry often because it's painful sometimes. All the 9 aunts and uncles are exactly 2 years apart from each other.

So that is the essential difference between a belief and an action. Between a religion and a Culture. One is easy and based on ideas that you carry around in your head. The other controls your life and actions and is hard. You can change one as often as you change your Mind. The other you are bound to by ties of blood, friendship, love, loyalty, duty, and honour. One is fleeting and impotent in the physical world and time. The other has the potential to seed the future and impact large sections of humanity in Time. One looks simple and nice as words on paper or as ideas. The other is tearful and at times feels like a burden.

There is a story in the Mahabharat that I love about Honour, Duty, & personal freedom. The story goes that this one time the King of Hastinapur was bad fated to have a brief relationship with Ganga – the devi of the ganges – to repay a wrong in a past life. During their marriage Ganga gave the King 8 sons. She drowned each one in her Ganges river at birth. But the King could not say anything because he had made an Oath to Ganga that she could do as she pleased with their children to get her to marry him. Bound by Honour to his oath he could do nothing but watch Ganga kill his sons and cry.

When the eighth son was born he could not take it any more and asked her to please stop and just let him have one son. So Ganga agreed since it was fated to be. But Ganga said that she will leave and take their son with her to the Brahmaloaka to train him and teach him, and that in time, she will bring him to the King.

So when the son was a young man Ganga returned to the earth and brought the King his son who was educated by the gods. The King was very happy and started a relationship with his son to catch up. According to their royal tradition at the time, the young prince was not automatically heir to the throne. He had to prove his worth to the people and King. So for many years the young prince spent his time working at being worthy of the throne of Hastinapur. So the day came years later that the King was satisfied with his son and promised him the throne and made him official Crown Prince. They kingdom had a celebration.

After the celebration the King and son decided to go on an extended hunting trip together as

father and son, so they did. Out in the fields, the King in his chariot wanders off away from his son and found himself at a river. Where he saw a very beautiful girl who was a wayfarer that took people to the other side of the river. The King had not had a wife for many years since Ganga left him. He asked the girl to take him around the lake and told her to keep rowing her little boat until he found the courage to say what he wanted to say to her. Eventually the girl asks the King what it was he wished to ask her. The King said: "If you would marry me." The girl said in return something like: "How can I say no to a King's proposal? But it's not me you must ask. I want to marry you. But my father says whom I can and can't marry. You'll have to ask him."

A day later the King goes to the girl's mud brick home to ask her father if he would let them get married. The father told the King that he was expecting the King because his daughter's horoscope said that she was Fated to be married to a King. He told the love struck King that he would be happy to let them marry each other since is was fated to be, but on one condition. The King asks what the condition was. The father of the girl says: "That her son inherits your throne."

The King is outraged and says that he has already promised his other son the throne and that he is bound by his Duty to keep his word to his son. The King asks the girl's father for any other condition but that. The father said to the King that if this King did not meet this simple condition, that there are plenty other Kings in need of a wife, and his daughter was fated to marry one anyways. Disrespected, the King storms out in a huff and puff of anger. The girl is crying and her father tells her: "Don't worry, he'll be back. It's fate."

At his tent camp, the King spirals into a deep depression. He does not want to return to the Kingdom, as his heart is stuck in the area. He is in love with the girl and wants to marry her very bad, but he is bound by his Duty to Honour his word to his son. Torn between Love and Duty he gets more depressed each day. The Crown Prince notices that his father is depressed and asks what was the matter, but the King says that there there are things a king and father can't talk and shouldn't talk about. The crown Prince is asked to leave and not bring up the subject any further.

Secretly the crown prince interrogates the Kings chariot driver to ask what his father does and where he has been driving his father for the past week. The driver first says that he can't say anything because he is bound by Loyalty to the King and cannot betray that Loyalty. The crown prince objects and says that he and all citizens are not bound the person on the throne, but to the Throne itself which represents the people and kingdom. If the King is not well mentally he betrays his people's well being, therefore the drivers betrays the people and throne.

After a while the driver finally tells the concerned crown prince that for the past week he has been driving the king to a river, where the king just stands by a tree for a long time staring at a girl. The prince asks if his father has talked to the girl and asked for a marriage. The driver says that the King has done so and even has gone to the girls house to ask her father. So the prince asks why they two aren't married then, what was the problem? The driver says that the girls father made a condition that the two can marry if the King promised the girl's son would inherit the throne, but that the King could not meet that condition because he was bound to his

Duty to his Son, the Prince who was already promised the Throne.

But the Prince was bound to his father by Honour. It was his Honorable Duty as a son to obey his father and to not make his father sad, but to make him happy. In Honour of his father's happiness, the prince ordered the driver to take him to the girls house. And so at the girl's house the prince speaks to the girl's father and says that he [the prince] will meet the condition and relinquish his claim to the throne giving it up to his future brothers, on the condition that he is allowed to take the girl to his father the same night. The end [of episode 2-5ish].

I love how the the sages in the Mahabharat explains that Fate, Honour, Loyalty, and Duty are like lines that weaves into a net, in which we humans are caught in and cannot escape. I would go further and say that Honour, Loyalty, and Duty are like fibers to the Thread of Wyrd/Fate. In the modern West, those four words have lost all meaning and spirit. At best they are ideas the Westerner tosses around in their heads and debate over for their "merit" and practicality or whatever. In the times of the ancient Hastinapur – circa 3000BC-900BC – fate, honour, loyalty, and duty were the living foundation of human life and culture which controlled our actions, relations, and lives from cradle to death. In many cultures outside of America – and still in living upper class cultures in the West – such things are still nets that bind us together with our folk, culture, and traditions.

Where is the Praxis of the ONA they may ask us. Here: Honour, Loyalty, and Duty; Folk, Culture, and Tradition. That in itself will take a life time to practice and live. If you must ask how to make those 6 things a living praxis and Way of Life, then you made of stone and have lost your Numinous Human spirit which feels and which spins a web of empathy connecting you with others near you. It's ultimately Empathy and the need for reciprocation that things like Honour, Loyalty, Duty, Folk, Culture, and Tradition come into existence is become the glue that binds people together. Something has died in the American West. The fact that some have to ask how to live Honour, Loyalty, and Duty, is indicative and speaks louder than words. Nothing has to be said. Your actions speak louder then your words, as they say. The fruits of such actions are just the cherry on top. Everything about the West [in America at least] is falling apart. From your social fabric, to your sensibility, your cultures, your dignity as a people. But it all doesn't matter so long as you have your freedom.

But I'm no superhero or Captain America. I'm Asian. This is War: a War between the Honorable and the Dishonorable. Between the Ariya and the Anariya. Between the Aryan and the Mundane. As it has been since ancient times. I'm on Asia's side and cheering for China, Japan, and India. It's the West in its current form that I want to gladly see die. These rotten mundanes can rot. But it is the Noble Breed of the West – my Kin – that I wish to be concerned about. The few Noble easily drown in a mob of mundanity running on Magian Ethos. It's to my Noble Kinfolk in the West that I wish to help realize that they are a Breed apart from the Anariya/Mundane, and that what rotten unnuminous and ignoble way of life they live is not Our. I only wish to draw such Kinfolk's awareness back into the past so that they realize that their Tradition and Culture is still alive in their past: still in their blood. All I wish if for those of us Noble in Blood to return once more, to a more Noble and Numinous Way of Life, one based on the Praxis of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty. To return to a Life lived for Folk, Culture, and Tradition. If you have to ask how to live it, you are far lost or never had it. It should come

Naturally to those bred with it Naturally in their veins. To those of us whose Ancestors lived in such ways, and bred and raised their progeny in such ways. It is in our Blood. Which Blood and Breed has been the distinctive Mark that separates our Aristocratic and Noble Kind from those mongrel mundanes of common peasant stock.

These are thing I wish for the ONA in general to think about as time passes and as we work on evolving the ONA into whatever direction we will take it. There is a reason why I dislike religion and philosophy and why I don't want the ONA to be rooted in such things. Religion and philosophy are fruitless in context to people and time and manifestation. They only breed more opinions, thoughts, ideas, and convictions. There is something wrong with you if you believe that thoughts and convictions are real things that are worth something in the world of experience. There is no substitute for Living. I don't know how else to term it but "Living." The word "Praxis" has become stupid. When Praxis is said, people look for step by step instructions, proof of deed, or things of that sort. Ask me for proof of my Living of Praxis of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty, and all I can say is that my entire Life with my family and folk bound by tradition and culture is in its entirety my proof. Come to my house to verify it. Ask a person in the Military and you'll get the same answer. The proof is in what life has been lived on the battlefield, and at home with kith and kin, for Blood and Honour. Mythos should only inspire praxis and Culture: the Cultivation of Deeds and Activity: Seeds sown in the real world of human life and human experience. The threads of Wyrd that binds us together in an unbreakable tie, bound to our family, folk, and cultural traditions until death.

There is a reason why I try to tease the ONA into the direction of becoming a Kulture, and why I write some much about things like my culture and other people's culture. So that the Western Niner or Drecc will one day learn to understand that religion and Magian Ethos is a cheap and worthless substitute for human culture. So that such sinister kinfolk can learn to become re-aware of their own ancestral indigenous cultures to take root in once more. In the end, for a distant and aeonic goal. Gold, the most noble of metals, is worn on the heads of Kings and Queens. The Noble Breed – Ariya Puggala – in the same way is the Crown of Heaven and Earth. High on Their Numinous Heads is where we belong. Not on the level with the Mundane. Not to think like them or live like them. Not to wander aimlessly in life generation after generation like them. It was our Noble ancestor's Will to conquer Time that forged empires and bloodline of Warriors and The Noble Born. Aeonics is an alien concept and Way of Life to the Mundane. So is Honour, Loyalty, and Duty.

The last reason why culture is important to me and why I try to evolve ONA into a Kulture based on Practical Wisdom is that if ONA is to survive it's Founder and exist in some Future, then it cannot make the same mistakes as modern Occidental memplexes makes and just be a religion or philosophy. It must be a Way of Life and a Praxis or Effort of Deeds. Like how, you ask? I tried to explain it several ways and times above.

How do you apply the praxis of the ONA you ask? Where is the Praxis or instructions or sasana to be followed you ask? I already told you. There is a fine line between Belief and Doing. The Line is fine, but the Field such belief and doing covers is hugely different. Honour is an important concept in the ONA. Don't believe in it. Put it into living practice. If you say living within the bonds of Honour is easy, then you're talking shit. You ask any Asian or army person

what the difficult thing is about being their Way of Life is and they'll name a list of aspects of life that all has to do with the bond and duty of honour.

Duty is another concept in the ONA. Stop thinking about it and apply it. Duty to your family and intimate friends is a 24/7 job. If you think it's easy, join the army for 4 years. Learn to perform your duties to those around you for a productive end purpose or for mutual benefit. It's easy to believe. It's painful to Live knowing that you can't "unduty" yourself free from family and folk, from tradition and culture. It is honestly very much like a fish net we are caught in, just as the ancient sages said. We have no choice but to live and die with the other fish in our nets of fate. What do you call it when a fish breaks free from a net? Freedom. Those mundanes are "free." They live their life without such ties. But for what in the end? To be free to be pawns of a mundane state? Free to serve a mundane state their whole lives. Free to aimlessly breed the next generation of servile yet free "citizens."

Loyalty is another simple idea in the ONA. Stop thinking about it and apply it in life. Just Do it. Put it into practice. You are bound with ties of loyalty to your blood and close friends. Live like it and do like it. Know your own and live like it until death. That sounds stupid in the West. In my family its a way of life. You are loyal to your family and traditions, and will live and serve them and each other until they die or you die. The Venerable Ananda is the greatest symbol of Loyalty, Honour, and Duty. He was by the Buddha's side until the Buddha passed to the Other Shore. Even after death that loyalty, honour, and duty continues. We call it Honouring our Ancestors. The West wrongly calls it "ancestor worship." Even if your teacher, guru, friend, father, grandmother, brother is dead, you still pay homage and honour to them.

Those are only 3 concepts found in the ONA and Myattian Triad. There are 5000 pages of ONA MSS loaded with thousands more such concepts. Stop thinking and believing in the shit and apply it in life. It's easy to believe. It's hard to Do, and even harder to cultivate into a Culture. That is the Praxis of the ONA, when I say Praxis. You're dumb and blind if you can't see the Culture from the Cult. One is a doing, and the other is a believing. One requires no leader, just your own hard and sincere efforts. The other has somebody telling you what to believe and how to think and see the world.

And that's only ONA. We still got the hundreds of pages of Reichsfolk and the thousands of pages of The Numinous Way to put into living Praxis. The difference is learning how to Translate those concepts into Life through your actions and activities to be Cultivated over Time. If your Reichsfolk, then Live like it. Be proud of your own people, your own people's Ways, Culture, Traditions, and Ancestral Knowledge & Wisdom. Fuck that Jewish Magian shit, the Jesus, Kabbalah and everything. Fuck their way of life and ethos. Live the Way your People once did, for your own Gods, Culture, Blood, and Folk. Dig into the past if you need to. If the Magians have buried your past. Your blood is what ties you to your past which is as living and as much a part of you as your blood. Everyone that ever existed in the past that had to exist, and everything that happened that had to happen in the past merges and converges in your Blood and Flesh. You are the Living Manifestation of your Past and Ancestors. You can never lose your past. Your Awareness can only be misdirected from it.

There is this Sufi [Ishmaelite] allegory I read or heard somewhere long ago. There was once

an orphaned tiger kitten who was adopted by a herd of sheep. The tiger grew up thinking it was a sheep. One day when it had grown into a young man tiger a very big tiger from the jungle came to kill and eat some sheep. Frightened like the other sheep the young tiger ran away for safety, but out of intense curiosity he stayed just close enough to watch the horror of some odd Beast killing his sheep people. After the horrific incident the young tiger ran away crying and confused into the jungle. Until he had come upon a pond where he looked into and saw his own Reflection. In time the young tiger remembered something lost deep inside of him. It was as if he changed inside or realized something long forgotten. The young Tiger turns his face toward the sheep and with his new Eyes and Heart walked to find them as a Tiger.

In the Sufi Tradition the sheep are the unbelievers. You are raised in their company believing you are one of them. The big Tiger is One who knows the Beloved [Allah]. It is in it's Nature. Which Nature is hidden and dormant in that young orphaned Tiger. Only when that young Tiger reflects into itself – into the pond of its own psyche – does it see and Remember it's God given Nature, which can never be taken away. That Nature in the Tiger represents the eternal bond between Man and Allah, Creation and Creator, which are the same in Essence, for Adam was made in Allah's Image and Likeness. One Flesh, the other Spirit. One causal, the other acausal.

But that allegory in human terms also applies. Our people, past, and ancestors live in our our Blood. In the West we are like Tigers raised in a Magian orphanage. We grow up believing that we are something we are not. We are raised to live a way of life that is not our Natural Way of Life. But even if they have hidden our blood and people from us, if we reflect inside and look deep into our psyches, we will remember our past which we realize pulsates with every beat of our Heart. Our people's past and ancestral spirit can never be taken away. We are each a living manifestation of such past and ancestors. It is just that we are conditioned to be unaware of such folk and ancestral culture. Because our Eyes and Heart has been lost and entrained in the Mundane and their Magian Ethos and way of life.

Religion is a poor substitute for living traditions and ancestral wisdom. You know religion is cheap because nowadays anybody with a website can invent one in a few hours of splicing ideas and abstract opinions. A living Culture takes a life time of praxis, hundreds and thousands of years to develop. Where each Tradition and Culture is grounded in the real world via deeds and activities of daily praxis or the willful expression/cultivation of such Culture.

The Activity – any shared activity/cultivation – is the key idea. Because each act of an activity is like a seed planted into the soil of the Causal Environment. In such an environment, those seeds grow in the real world of Experience and bares fruit. Believing without Activity doesn't grow anything in the real world.

These are just things to keep in mind in the ONA. To me the idea of putting the ONA into daily praxis and making it a real Way of Life is easily grasped in my Mind. I know as a word "Honour" is an idea that can be believed in. But from my own cultural experiences I also know Honour in itself is an entire way of life that is very real for every Asian Culture. Asia here meaning all of Asia from Arabia to the Philippines. In the West, Honour is a Way of Life in the military or in organized crime groups. It's not a matter of belief in these places and for these

people. And that's just one concept/meme in the ONA that is Applicable as a living Way of Life. There's a whole 5000 pages more of concepts that can be realistically Applied in life via activity and deeds. And by deeds I don't mean blowing up the State, resurrecting Hitler from the dead, or birthing World War 4. I just mean the Cultivation and Application of Praxis. The transformation of Theory into Experimentation and Applied Science.

There is nothing wrong with ideas or knowledge. As long as we understand that theories and knowledge is just the beginning. Wisdom is the second step, which is Applied Knowledge. Theory is the first step, experimentation is the second, Applied Science is the third. First there is the Theory of microbes and disease. Then there is the experience learned from experimentation. Then is borne the Culture and Praxis or Craft of Applying that Wisdom in cultivating microbes to produce antibiotics for a tangible purpose. Unfortunately most modern religions and philosophies stops at step one believing a body of abstract knowledge, ideology, theory, believed in is enough.

So ONA is a corpus of Knowledge and theories. These are to be tested and experimented with in the real world. I'm not talking about bombs and terrorism and culling. I'm talking about everyday applicable stuff. Experiment with concepts like Honour, Loyalty, and Duty in your daily living with others or your folk. Is it possible to apply those concepts into life? Yes it is, study any Traditional Culture and Military. But it takes effort and Will to not only live it, but pass such Cultivated activities to the next generation. Believing is easy. Disbelieving is easier.

Concepts like Clans can also leave the arena of belief and be applied. Clans do exist. Making one from scratch is hard and takes effort but it is possible. Any gang or crew that you create which you feed energy to for 10 years will over time develop cultural components on it's own. But you have to know what a cultural component is and what is not culture. Gangs don't have anything to do with belief or religious ideas. It's just a body of things applicable and cultivation of shared activities. If you really think about it, walking together to a rock if Cultivated over and over will grow into a Cultural Tradition. In Islam this is called the Hajj. In ONA this same simple concept is called the Black Pilgrimage. Go find a odd shaped rock and walk to it for 10 years. Make up a mythos. The Muslims did. The Kaaba is the site if Adam's creation, where Isaac offered his son, where Abraham circumscribed his sons, whatever.

Just don't make beliefs, opinions, and thinkable thoughts the foundation of your group. Why not? Because we think and we each will have our own opinions. Differing opinions end up causing arguments. So when you build something on the foundation of Mind not only is it not permanent but it will also breed arguments and friction between group members. A culture is based on many little acts – called Customs – put together. It's really hard to argue over little customs.

We have an ancient Custom in Thai-Khmer culture where every New Year [April 13th] we make this big sand castle in our back yard. When thee elders and uncles make it they collect zip lock bags of money from us and they bury it in the sand castle. The monks come and do their 3 hour chant. We all go outside and burn 3 sticks of incense and pray to Buddha and the ancestors at the sand castle and put out incense on it. Usually the sand castle is decorated and there is a statue of a Buddha at the top. One one side of the castle is a plate of food for

the ancestors, on another side, a bit away from the sand mound is a plate of food with a chicken head and chicken legs left for the demons and wild spirits, to appease them so they won't give us bad luck. The monks sprinkle it with holy water. We do bindbat and feed them after they are done. Then we go outside and burn Ghost Money for the ancestors. When they leave we eat our little feast and gamble. Which is when the young children are allowed to dig into the sand castle for the little bags of gifts, toys, and money.

That is what a Custom and Tradition of a Culture is. If you observe closely what I tried to describe above, at no time did I mention a belief or idea or ideology to be agreed upon. The entire thing was just a body of things done. Simple things like make sand castles, offer food to ancestors and feral spirits. This is what a sasana is. It has nothing to do with beliefs or ideologies. Just things done over and over again. And it's very hard to argue about such custom, because you just Do It. The Tradition of building this sand mound is actually over a thousand years old and is a residual Tradition left over from ancient times when Brahmanism-Animism was the sasana of the Khmer Empire. The dirt mound in those ancient times represented Mount Meru, the abode of Lord Shiva. The Buddha at the top of the Mound was Shiva in ancient times. If you look closely at the areas influenced by Brahmanism such as India, Southeast Asia, and Indonesia, you'll actually see this sacred mound built into our temples.

April 13th was still the general time this ceremony was held in because it coincides with Spring and something about the lunar calendar. In modern times we usually do the ceremony and celebration during the weekend closest to April 13th. In ancient times a hybrid Brahmanist and Animist ritual was held around that mound honoring Brahma and Shiva and/or Vishnu. In those ancient times, blood sacrifices were offered for the spirits and ancestors, usually animals while the King provided slaves. When Buddhism displaced Brahmanism, the sacrificing was discontinued and instead the custom of offering chicken heads and legs for the feral spirits was adopted. In rural areas, a live chicken is still sacrificed.

So that weird Tradition of making sand castles in April is what a real living thousand year old cultural custom looks like. It's not a belief or an idea. It's just something you do backed up with a simple mythos. This custom is connected to certain peoples who have over the centuries faithfully observed this weird Tradition every April. So that if I bumped into somebody who observed this same Tradition, I automatically know that such person is either Khmer, Thai, or Lao and is Theravada Buddhist whose ancestors were Brahmanist-Animists. Another example of a living custom in my parts is pouring some of your beer to the ground and offering a moment of silence. If I see somebody do this custom, I know that he or they are in some way connected to American gang or street culture. This is a custom I can appreciate because its animistic and parallels my people's honouring of our dead ancestors. And again, this Custom is not a belief. It's not something you think or carry in your mind. It's just a Custom you simply Do or Act. You can't really argue or debate it either.

People can then be identified by their Traditions and Customs can't they? In ancient times before modern religions and philosophical isms and ologies, this was all there was: Ritus. A people or tribe was defined by their dialect, way they dress, and their Culture/Customs/Traditions. The "belief" system back then was a simple body of animistic

beliefs. These animistic beliefs never went anywhere in my own culture. It doesn't matter if Buddhism says spirits may not exist. It doesn't matter if Monks were not originally made to officiate in such animist traditions. A living culture will annex and absorb anything that is useful and practicable that will further strengthen its cultural coherency. The Buddhism, like the older Brahmanism is only a tool for a living people to expressed their unique human way of life through. Only a tool to perhaps be used to see and understand the world with.

So now, how are ONA people identified? How shall we in the near future be identified? Like Modern Satanism and modern religions with some set of abstract beliefs and dogmas and standards of ethics we all agree upon and carry around in our heads? Or in how we Do our ONA in our everyday lives? In our ONA Customs, Traditions, Rites, and Cultural observances? The components of a living culture and tradition are all there in the ONA. The only thing that is missing is the actual application and physical expression. Whatever for you might ask, isn't believing and agreeing with ideas enough? For aeonics and believing does not seed the future.

All for an end purpose. Not just for cultural coherency, but for longevity. We as Niners and Dreccs of the ONA have living examples to study and observe. We first have things like Modern Satanism, and other modern Western religions. Where are these things now? Are they dying? Will they be around 50 years from now? Can they jump the generation gap? Then we have the living cultures that we each are rooted in. How long have those cultures been around? What have such cultures over time produced and manifested? How long have they been around? Then we simply ask ourselves which of these two types of things do we want ONA to be? Do we want ONA to be dead 50 years from now? Or do we want it to continue living 100 years from now? What must we give up to make it a living tradition? What must be done to make it a culture? Do we want the ONA to be a belief system and body of opinions or viewpoints that manifests nothing but arguments, debates, and "truths?" Or do we want ONA to be a Way of Life that manifests Fruit, Clans, Living Traditions, and Kulture in the causal environment?

Personally I pick the second option. I'd like the ONA to be a Way of Life that describes a type and group of people. Personally I know how to translate ONA, Reichsfolk, and the Numinous Way into daily practice to make them into a Way of Life. It just takes Application. And by that I don't mean making bombs, playing James Bond or Rambo, doing survival training courses in Alaska, conspiring against some Jew World Order, stock piling automatic rifles, or giving birth to the Fourth Reich. I mean simply being Drecc or Niner, living it, applying the Myattian stuff in our lives through our activities and doings. But like I said, it's easier said then done. It's easy to believe and hard to Do.

Honour as a belief is easy to agree with in your head. Rejecting it is easier. As a culture, for me Honour means I will be serving my two pairs of parents my whole entire life until they die peacefully. That's the difference. Duty as an idea is easy to agree with in our heads. For me Duty as an aspect of our cultural way of life means I have a Duty to raise my own children in our way and culture without their consent. I had no choice to be Thai. My children will have no choice either. Loyalty is an easy and dreamy idea in the head. For me Loyalty as a way of life in my culture means, I am stuck with my family and culture and our way of life until I die. Those are only 3 mere concepts found in the Myattian Triad. There are more. The Glossary of the

ONA has a list of concepts from A-W which can all be translated into components of culture and cultivated. Not to mention the entire 7 Fold Way as Rites of Passage.

If left to me in 30 years the ONA would be a Tradition and set of customs of a Culture. ONA would grow with Time in two ways: the normal way of fining our Kind "out there," and the Breeding way of breeding our children and raising them up Drecc. By this I mean as how a living culture is. When Buddhism came to the people of Southeast Asia, they already had their own thousand year old culture, and Brahmanism. They just added the Buddhism on top of what they had. The Buddhism never replaced anything. That's just not how you Upaya and make yanass. If you want to get the Essence of dhamma to Animist-Shaivites, you reconfigure [upaya] your Buddhism to mirror Animistic-Shaivism of the natives. Just like the Dravidian Bodhidharma upayaed Buddhism into Chan in China by mixing it with Taoism; as he upayaed Shaolin; as he mixed it with Shinto in Japan. As the Buddha upayaed dhamma mixed with Brahmanism to his audience. So raising children as Dreccs doesn't mean replacing a child or people's culture with ONA. It just means the ONA is incorporated into an already existing culture.

I just personally don't have any faith long term wise with this thing we call Religion in the West. I don't think any person in Asia is willing to give up their entire ancestral culture and familial/clan way of life for a religion. At the same time I don't trust this thing we call secularism either long term wise. Because both lack culture or the coherency that culture induces in a group of people. I suppose I am a Traditionalist. So in closing, the basic key points is Time Flow and changes things, therefore don't built things in Time's domain if you want things to last. Mind changes with growth and new ideas. There don't build things in Mind's domain if you want things to last. The physical world will be around for a long time, therefore planting seeds in it will last. The seeds planted in the causal world are our deeds and actions we put into motion. Thus, if we are serious about Aeonics then we should each understand what the ONA must be and must not be. Mythos inspires, and action produces fruit, but a belief rarely if ever does anything but be thought about. Culture is Activity Cultivated, not thoughts think. The difference between a Knowledge and Wisdom is Application. Many little observed customs adds up to a living Tradition. The Way of Life the Myattian Triad is trying to describe and intimate is ancient and more human. It's just that in modern times, some of the West has forgotten that way and sold out for Magian Ethos.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

122 yf

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

TRIBAL RESONANCE



“A **tribe**, viewed historically or developmentally, consists of a social group existing before the development of, or outside of, states. Many anthropologists use the term to refer to societies organized largely on the basis of kinship, especially corporate descent groups (see clan and lineage).” – wikipedia

This ancient way of life we long ago left behind for the cold and impersonal experiment of states has never really left us. It's ingrained in us and pulses with our primal nature as human beings. It's hard these days to look at the great cities we have built and see any signs of tribalism, but its primal pulse is returning. With globalization, distant federal governments, aloof states, impersonal cities, and exploitative international corporations, the current generation is finding the world increasingly uncertain and impersonal. To find solace in such a 'cold' environment, tribes are making a modern comeback in the modern urban setting.

Some of the most simple of things in this cold and distant urban jungle offers bands of people a source of social cohesion and group identity, if we have an eye to see. On the streets the most visible are street gangs, which has nothing more than three letters and a few hand signs and a color to define their urban tribal identity. Sports teams have also been annexed as a means to form urban tribes, band together by a simple common love for a team. Such modern urban tribes are as collective, embrative, and culturalized as their ancient variety. Embrative meaning that a social order and structure has been established and embraces the life of the tribe's members to the point where even love, marriage, and breeding are influenced by unwritten laws and customs. Culturalized meaning that each urban tribe has its own defined culture, group identity, and traditions.

It's interesting for someone like me; an amateur urban anthropologist; to witness and study

such urban tribes. But I am not the only one to see or dedicate time to study the emergence of this new urban tribal phenomenon. The eyes of the business and marketing industry and it's millions of dollars it spends on PR and ads is intensely now fixated on these emerging urban tribes. Why? Because they are utilizing Brands as a means to form their social orders in a way unseen before. I can go on and personally give my insights on this phenomenon, but someone more professional has done so – Alex Wipperfurth and his book “Brand Hijack.” Quoting from the book, chapter 10, The Consumer Collective:

“” How can such insanity go undetected? Nike fanatics tattooing themselves with swooshes; crowds of thousands flocking to annual festivals at Saturn’s Springfield plant. These days, tales of Harley rallies overrun with accountants have reached such mythic status that they’ve become cliché. Surely we must presume that rumors and stunts were the handiwork of clever corporate PR departments.

“” But I don’t care how crafty its PR department is, no company is responsible for the 353 babies named Lexus in the year 2000 alone. No brand manager can take credit for the 298 pint-sized Armanis out there. [...]

“” Call them acts of dedication or evidence of cultural deterioration, but every year millions of people – acting freely, independently and, one can only presume, with the use of most of their faculties – incorporate brands into the most personal and intimate parts of their lives. [...]

The Undercover Tribe

“” The consumer is in charge. That’s quite an adjustment for marketers to make as it is. So brace yourself for the punch line: She no longer acts alone. Brands are not being hijacked by individuals. Starbucks, Red Bull, PBR, SMS; these brands were all hijacked by groups.

“” Modern marketing has taught us to view consumers as individuals, to seek insight from consumers as individuals, and to communicate with consumers as individuals – as though they existed in isolation. But in reality, consumers are influenced by a complex web of interpersonal interconnections.

“” And in today’s world, consumers’ decisions are driven more often than not by their membership in loose social groups that form in manners similar to the way ancient tribes used to form. However, whereas geography and survival were the common thread that bonded together ancient communities, modern tribes are bound together by common hobbies and value systems.

“” [Brand Tribe: A group of people who share their interest in a specific brand and create a parallel universe ripe with its own values, rituals, vocabulary, and hierarchy.] [...]

“” Our whole social fabric has endured a radical change in the past few decades. Trust in mass media and religious and political institutions has eroded and traditional structures, from jobs security to marriage, have broken down. As a result, previously rigid institutions have lost their authority.

“” This lack of stability and diminished level of social interaction has revived our ancient tribal instincts. We are seeking ways to reconnect with others. the French marketing professor Bernard Cova sees the formations of tribes as a sign of individuals attempting to assert a sense of local identity over the facelessness of globalization, spirituality over cold reality, and synchronicity over disunity. In other words, “People who have finally managed to liberate themselves from social constraints are embarking on a reverse movement to recompose their social universe.”

“” Why, then, did this large-scale trend go undiscovered for years? Because the formation of tribes takes place in a social universe that’s inaccessible to the uninitiated. As Watters explains, “These groups would escape notice of others because the very thing that bonded them... was meaningless to those not in the group.” “”

What does this have to do with the ONA? Nothing... if you are blind. This wasn’t written for the blind. It is written for those with insight and perspective who will naturally understand what this all means.

The modern world we live in is a totally different world that once existed in 1960. The politics, values, zeitgeist, and people of that era have gone, and a radically new world order is emerging. The modern people of today don’t utilize political lines, religions, and even brands the same way the generation of only 40 years ago used them. Today such things as brands, political and religious values, serve only as social glue to bond a tribe and establish a collective identity and culture.

How does an organization such as the Order of Nine Angles, which was “put together” during a lost era (70’s) that runs on 1960’s software cope and deal with the alien world of a brand tribal 21st century, in which solitary, isolated individualism is falling apart, giving way to highly socialized groups and tribes? The only aspect of society at the moment taking advantage of this new emerging phenomenon is the marketing and advertising industry. Old world industries such as organized religions and old world politics are rapidly fading into extinction.

Not even politics in today’s world is as isolated and individualistic as it was 40 years ago. Now politics and government officials are directly face to face with GROUPS via Myspace, Facebook, blogs, and Twitter; marketing themselves and their policies directly to socialized groups of people rather than individual hermits. Manifestos and party meetings are a dead and powerless medium – things that once were directed to a literate individual to collect them into meetings.

The utilization of the internet is also rapidly changing. Informational stationary websites were great in the beginning of the WWW. Forums were then the next step in the internet’s evolution. Giving way to the viral phenomenon of social networks like Myspace. But even these now are old and powerless mediums compared to blogging.

The fact is the world is rapidly changing and evolving from individualized people to collective, interconnected socialized groups and urban tribes, and these tribes are learning to apprehend and utilize the medium of the internet as a means of expression, influence, and further

progression. As the world races forward, old world institutions like religion is being left in the dust to die because these institutions simply cannot adapt and keep up.

Fortunately for the ONA, it is keeping up in a way. I don't know if it is a conscious effort to keep up, or serendipitous. The beauty of our ONA lies in its copyleft manuscripts Anton Long wrote, and the fact that we never really had an official static website to market our product like the Pseudo-Satanisms have all done. To stay alive, some of us innovated ways to market our stuff, and here many of us have found the medium of blogs. It gives us the ability to post our static copyleft manuscripts in one section, but then to post our own unique writings in another. Over a period of time, these unique writings becomes a progressive journal of personal growth and understanding, but as well as a more living source of insight to those who seek the ONA. This keeps us at least a few steps a head of most of all our closest competitors in our 'industry.' The only fear we have is can the ONA adjust its collective eyes to see the tribalization of this modern world, and thus learn to utilize it to stay alive and relevant? If it can, it is guaranteed to remain relevant into the next generation.

The secret now to a successful business is not to sell your product to an individual, its to repackage your product in a way that excites and resonates with the tribal values of a socialized urban tribe. What portion of human society does our ONA Product resonate with? Apprehend it. Throw the old Satanic PR campaigns out, for these things no longer work. Sending scouts into these invisible urban tribes to acquire information of their group identity, group needs, and selling our product to these tribes as an enhancer or accessory to thir already existing urban tribes is the modern corporate approach. That 1970?s snake oil salesman who can sell an ice chest to an Eskimo no longer makes any money. Fuck ice chests. Give me a corporation that can sell a brand name iceberg to a whole Inuit Tribe.

Nike shoes don't sell its shoes to individual buyers, it sells its brand to an entire tribe that uses basketball as an arbitrary social glue. Starbucks doesn't sell coffee individual people. It sells its brand to an entire tribe of coffee drinkers. Harley doesn't sell its motorbikes to walk-in first time buyer, it sells its brand to an entire Hells Angel nation. How can a swoosh on a fucking shoe germinate a tribe and hardcore following, and a two wheeled machine create an entire nation of feared men; and we can't do the same? What the hell does a brand logo got that is so powerful that trumps an entire belief system? Do you guys get it? The brand markets itself to an already existing or forming urban tribe looking for more social glue that will strengthen their group identity. Religion forces itself/product onto individual people. Think about it.

As times passes us by, and the world goes further to hell in a hand basket, these emerging urban tribes will grow more sophisticated, coherent, self-reliant, synergic (having the quality of synergy), and gradually become a means of survival. We (WSA) can't force the ONA into any direction to make it accept and adapt to the emerging tribalization. But we own large shares in this "company" – that is, our Nexion's membership – and we can influence and guide our shareholders into the direction we see would be most beneficial to our future existence – that is, to fully modernize, utilize new mediums, and encourage tribalization of our Nexion.

CHAPTER II, OV:352 -

The world is changing. It seems the same, like a river seems the same. Not until you step into it do you realize that it is constantly flowing and changing, and that it is never the same river twice.

This world is changing. Time flows like a river, destroying everything in its path. Our ignorance of the most powerful force in nature – TIME, and its magical use – Chronomorphosis; will lead to our eventual destruction.

What actions we do today literally gives birth to our future. We have been careless and greedy. two billion Christians turn their faces from the earth looking for their Christ to come rapture them. The greed of capitalism has trashed the earth all for private wealth. The ice caps are melting; islands are sinking; forests are disappearing; species are going extinct; the ocean is 80 percent dead; our fresh water supply is contaminated with chemicals. These will have an effect centuries from now.

China is quickly waking up and transforming into an industrial giant. With a billion citizens, and the natural resources and energy they will all need, its safe to say that by 2020 China will be using at least twice as much fuel, energy, and natural resources than America...

India is next to rise. By 2050 it would be safe to say that India will be an industrial giant also. With a billion citizens India will also consume at least twice as much energy and natural resources as America...

The African Union is next... today there are 800 million Africans on the continent. By 2075 the AU will be the third giant, also demanding at least twice as much energy and natural resources than America.

Meanwhile as these nations slowly rise, America is slowly sinking deeper and deeper int debt... but that's not the worst i see.

Soon there will be 7 billion humans on earth. Never mind the pollution we make... Our food we eat today along with our pharmaceutical drugs we take are so saturated with man made chemicals that our sold waste is practically toxic waste... this all goes into the ocean.

I know the earth can biodegrade sewage; but 7 billion people dumping toxic sewage on a daily basis into the ocean is even way too much for her to handle. Our oceans are already 70-80 percent dead... those single celled protozoa in the ocean are the first organism to be affected by all the man made chemicals in our sewage. These protozoa are the foundation of the ocean's food chain, and they generate up to 60-70 percent of the earth's oxygen...

7 billion people means a daily demand of natural resources to satisfy 7 billion humans... we forget sometimes that the earth does not grow any bigger to accommodate the population growth of the human race. She stays the same size, and the more people there are, the more we need, use, and exploit. Sometimes when i think about this I am reminded of that old ecological adage of not to bring alien organisms from one ecosystem into a new one... like the Cane Toads in Australia, and I wonder to myself, what ecosystem we had come from, because

if one compares the collective behavior of the human race to exoecosystem organisms like Cane toads – we exhibit very similar characteristics...

It is very unlikely that we will all come together and build giant mother ships that run on antigravity to escape to a new planet like Mars... and unfortunately we have many well hearted people whose religion teaches them not to even worry about any of this because Jesus is coming to take us all away out of the sandbox we have messed up to save us...

We are all stuck here. Even now around us species go extinct, and the health of our mother earth gets worse. At what point will she just give up and shut her pulsating life force down and die like Mars?

In an over populated hive of bees that don't swarm, the hive commits mass autohomeocide...

I can't help but see a grim future for humanity. Sometimes I sit here and wonder what the world will be like when my great great grand children inherit it. Whatever world they will inherit, I have given and left for them.

If there is a global conspiracy to take over and control the world, than these "Illuminati" men are either insanely short sighted; or they are smoking something really good; or they are so good at lying, that they believe their own lies?

If there is any conspiracy – its a conspiracy of stupidity; or ignorance...

This conspiracy of individualism, and self reliance... where did it come from? To have a highly social organism like the human animal trained and conditioned to believe s/he is a self reliant solitary animal is suicide.

We could separate an ant from its colony by itself; and although the individualized ant can eat on its own – it will die.

We can segregate a monkey from its group and force it to live in the wild on its own, and although it can eat and find food, it will die soon, unless it finds another group to belong to, or a substitute group.

Things weren't alway like this for us humans. We had tribes. Cooperative tribes where each member depended on every other member for their survival. Dependence is the strongest bond of a social order.

Something happened? Something broke this tribe up into "Family" units. Now each "Family", composed of a male and female couple now had to struggle to sustain not only themselves, but their offspring...

Then as if this wasn't enough, some mighty fool preached "individualism' to the mass; and we all bought it. Now the family is broken down to just separated individuals, each struggling to

work for a living to make money to feed themselves and pay their bills...

All the while as we are being broken down by that unknown force, there are those that do the opposite of what they preach. They pool their money and resources and form corporations. They take the chaos of daily struggle and uncertainty and offer us financial salvation and security – a job. This is now our substitute tribe, whom we depend on.

But instead of learning to play the games with their rules, we continue to be played and exploited by those that are more collective than us. Nature favors the most cooperative over the strong and fit; there is no "Darwinian struggle" in nature – this is why tigers are going extinct, and why ants make up an entire 25% of the earth's biomass...

Most of us are too stupid to see this... and those of us that do see, go back to sleep. But their is Satanism... If Satan mean "opposite" then we as satanists must do as the symbol of our religion suggest – the total opposite of what the individualized herd does. We must unite and tribalize once more. The word "individualized herd" may sound like an oxymoron; but there is great difference between a collective hive of bees, and a herd of mooing cows. Do you see the difference? The bees talk less and Produce real world results and accomplishments – honey; whereas the cows just moo their opinions, and minds to each other and everyone around them (like most eSatanists), often times confusing the loudest mooer with the most inflexible mind and opinion for the most intelligent. But tell me what good mooing does, or what Hardcore results this produces? By Hardcore results we mean results in the Hardware of reality and life – the REAL WORLD. These mooers are Softcore – that is the SOFTware or reality and life – the MIND, it thoughts, and opinions. It doesn't matter what softcore shit a mooer is babbling about, they are all inside their own minds, and removed from the REAL NATURAL WORLD. Try to understand this.

We as members of this Acception are already half way there... we just need to take the extra step and pool our minds, and resources, to dig ourselves out of this hole... this is our tribe; Our Family. This is our reason of existence, why we have created the WSA. We didn't make the WSA for group ritual or group sex, although such things have their time and pleasures. Understand this, and learn not to be so insanely short sighted like the Profane. Let them have their individualism. Let them have their weak individual identity. Let them fall and become extinct. In the end their stupidity will cost them their lives and the lives of their bloodline.

A return back to cooperative living, collective dependency, and tribalism is the only way i can see to survive the earth's fall. Maybe a hundred years from now our Order will be something completely different? But I'm just a dreamer. What shall become of us brothers and sisters? And what shall become of this world? Prepare, for the time of man's fall is here.

If our descendants and future progeny is to survive we must this day prepare a medium for their survival. We must come together and establish an fellowship and blood bonding Tribe of mutual aid and assistance. Not just another Satanic Organization dedicated to devil worship; one with survival of our future progeny as its ultimate goal. To mark and establish the psychological territorial domain of this enterprise we erect our Landmarks called the Ten Proclamations. All who make camp in this psychological territory and make it their chosen

sanctuary are welcomed as Family.

The Ten Proclamations Of Progressive Satanism 352

- 1) I Proclaim that I am the center of my own universe; I exalt myself as my own personal Deity, in progression to Godhood.
- 2) I Proclaim that I am a unique manifestation of ubiquitous Supernal Light in physical expression; which also manifests itself as everything and everyone around me.
- 3) I Proclaim that I am a being in the state of evolution, that I cannot stand still or I shall die, but rather I must Progress, and whatever gods, magic, religions, and tools I can use towards this end shall only help me evolve into the Ubermensch.
- 4) I Proclaim the supremacy of mind over matter. That my Will and Intent, fueled with Imagination, Passion and Determination has the power to alter and change my reality accordingly.
- 5) I Proclaim my belief in the Dark Force of Nature; dark because it has never been brought into the light of understanding; whom I personally identify as Satan.
- 6) I Proclaim that Nature, in all its manifestations, is the One Great Book of Illumination, written by the hand of Satan as my law and guide to Enlightenment.
- 7) I Proclaim my belief in the Power and Might of One, in the Brotherhood of Man, the Sisterhood of Woman; the Collective of Our Family, over the segregated mass.
- 8.) I Proclaim that I am awakened and realize that I am a 90 Percenter, a slave to the 10 Percent who own 90 percent of the wealth; who are my true enemy, who usurped the sovereignty of my ancestors to gain their dominion.
- 9) I Proclaim my ultimate Freedom and Liberation from this prison and slavery; and will do all in my power to obtain this Freedom and Liberation.
- 10) I Proclaim the sanctity and ecstasy of Mortal Existence; that the Law of Life is Do What Thou Wilt and nothing more but to Love and be Loved in return.

-WSA352-

CHAPTER VI, OV:352 -

Progress or die. That is the basic imperative of 352. It follows a simple law and fact of nature. Any animal that stays still dies. Everything in nature on a subatomic level is in a state of motion. A body of water that doesn't flow and move collects poisonous germs and becomes harmful. Its not a stagnant dogmatic Satanism. Its a dynamic Satanism.

It is a Satanism where the individual's personal progress and evolution grows along with his/her personal needs and level of understanding. It is a Satanism based on growth from the personal and private experience of life; from the reading of the Great Book of Nature; not some book with a black cover. Its not an eChurch or eCommune where we all share a common belief or doctrine and pay homage to some guru. Since we are all individuals with our own minds and needs, we will each progress upon this Left Hand Path in a very personal and unique way.

In this way as Progressive Satanists each of our "Satanisms" is intimately woven and inseparable from our own Self and Ego, and not the Self and Ego of another person. No book or person should be the source of your Undefined Wisdom. These are poor substitutes for Life and personal experience itself, and are nothing more than an illusion. It's silly to allow dead letters and the thoughts and opinions of another person, who most often are dead themselves, think for you, or take the place of Vital Existence. This is a mistake many Stagnant Satanists often make. They all read the same dead books; adore the same dead guru; join the same eChurch; carry the same beliefs, opinions, and convictions in their minds; and somehow believe they are not a herd of any kind. This is no different than what a group of Christians do. The only difference is the label and opinions. If "Satan" does mean "Opposite" then why hasn't the Satanist learned to do the opposite of what the "Herd" does.

Progressive Satanism isn't about a shared common belief system and moral doctrine centered around some goat headed dark lord. I couldn't give a shit about this junk. Simply put its about: I got my shit, and you got yours, lets put these aside and be friends anyways. Its about understanding that we each have the capability and liberty to think and formulate our own ideas and thoughts, and encouraging our people to take full advantage of this liberty and capability. But at the same time its about understanding that its these very thoughts and convictions thats keeps us apart. Convictions and opinions is the great wall that divides humanity into all of its little divided secular and sectarian units or states and religions, and both of these have produced nothing for us but war and mass slaughter.

Genesis 11:1-8 "And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there. And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them throughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.

And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. And the LORD came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the LORD said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the LORD scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city."

This Biblical verse is the secret and foundation of the White Star Acception and the essence and blood of our Satanism. Mankind was One at one time, united as a cohesive collective. This cohesion and unity is the only thing that strikes fear in the heart of God. He said to himself that

united in such an organized and collective state mankind can accomplish anything imaginable. Afraid, God separates mankind, into superficial divisions. Humanity is divided and conquered; and since then Christianity and their Christian occidental politicians have continued to play this game of divide and conquer, subjugating and controlling every tribe and culture they come into contact with.

It is only reasonable to say that destroying these superficial lines of division and coming together once more to create a cohesive collective is the highest and most Satanic act of defiance and blasphemy. To long have we allowed skin color, nationality, language, opinions, and convictions to keep us divided. Even those Satanists outside our Acception remain divided, even praising individualism, glorifying solitary existence, and self reliance. They are no better off than the Christians and herd they despise, because both groups are divided into helpless units making it easier for them to be controlled, exploited, and used by those who are the conquerors.

It is now time for us to push these superficial differences aside, and in defiance of heaven and earth, amalgamate once more as One cohesive, indivisible superorganism, and the collective force of our coherent synergy will slowly tear asunder heaven and earth and bend it to our will. This, is what makes us different from those other Satanists and organizations. Leave those outsiders be to play their holier-than-thou games, and let them be used to death by the system, they are of no concern to us. This is the very spirit and meaning of our 352. Understand this.

352 Satanism is about understanding all of this and agreeing to put this trivial difference of conviction and belief aside and to embrace fellowship, brotherhood, and sisterhood. So we can come together to form a small yet cohesive collective, to dig our asses out of this shit hole we were born into. Where there is division, there is always a conqueror. Its an age old game. You should know this by now.

If Satanism is something the System fears, it wouldn't be allowed. Declare yourself sovereign and stop paying taxes to the government and you will be feared and imprisoned. Print your own money and you will be feared and imprisoned. Religion is a tool of obedience. Its the warm fire or barn house that keep the cattle warm so they won't revolt and leave the farm. Stagnant Satanism or "Orthodox Satanism" is no different. It pacifies you as a domesticated urban ape, and you are made safe to the System you will serve for the rest of your life. And when you die, your children will take your place.

If you aren't progressing and struggling for your freedom and liberation, then you are no better or different than the Christians you despise, because you are the same cattle in the System's eyes. Its doesn't matter what color your wool is; you're all being milked to death and the meat is the prize.

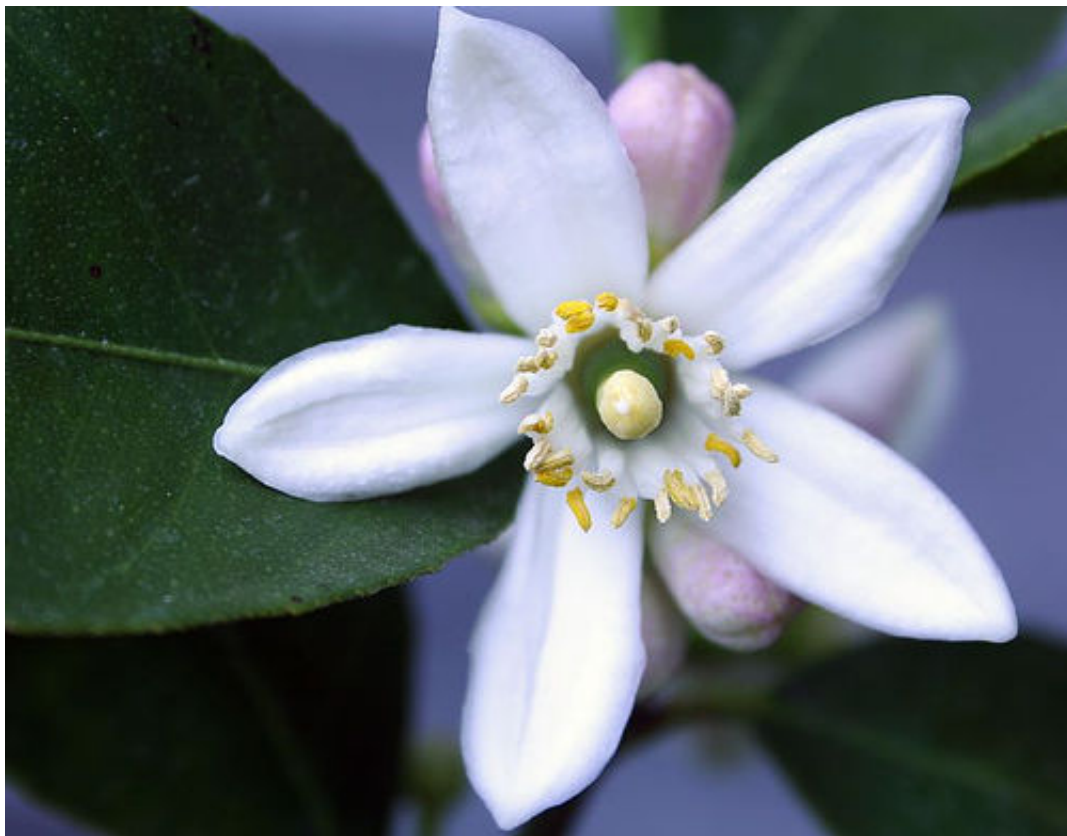
The key to our Liberation and the freedom of our future progeny is represented by three letters: ABC. Standing for Assimilation; Brotherhood; and Cooperation. By Assimilation we mean that each of us must unite and assimilate into the Acception by taking the Oaths and living by them. By Brotherhood we learn to put our trivial differences aside and genuinely embrace one another; in a spirit of dependency and mutual relief; as a single cohesive collective. By

Cooperation we learn that it is only by uniting and pooling our efforts, energy, minds, and resources; in the spirit of organized mutual aid; organized mutual assistance; and organized favoritism; can we ever achieve Liberation from the System. Our ABC's transforms our system into not just a progressive system, but a Synergic Satanism; the only kind that will produce hardcore results.

The ABC's of our Acceptation is the central core of our Order's doctrine and the defining line of those who are brothers/sisters, and those who are condemned to be used and exploited to our benefit and Liberation. Our ABC's when understood and act upon produces a dynamic synergy of our collective effort to produce results and profit for us, and us alone. Have no mercy for the unthinking mass; whatever color their wool maybe. We are our only concern. All of our Disciples must learn their ABC's and understand the implications before they are Accepted.

-WSA352-

Kayla onanxs



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TRUTH INEFFABLE



Truth Ineffable

There are in buddhism two classes of truth, sammuti saccha and paramattha saccha.

Sammuti means a “Notion/Concept” [Muti/Mati] that is “Shared in Common” [Sama]. Saccha/sacca is “What is Accurate/Honest/Correct.” This is Agreed or Conventional Truth. The theory of evolution is a sammuti saccha to most of us. So is the Big Bang.

Paramattha saccha means the Obvious or Ultimate or Highest Saccha. “Highest” implying Above agreement, convention, consensus, conjecture, debate, argument, etc. When you stand in front of a tree, the tree’s existence for you at that very moment is Paramattha saccha. It is Obvious and Above sammuti. Even if you were silly and disagreed with the tree’s existence, it changes nothing about the tree’s suchness.

I break paramattha saccha into two sides. Or we can say that I break “Truth” down into two types. The first is Truth in Actuality. The second is Truth is Essentiality.

But first “Truth” as I define and understand it is: A) That which is beyond a lie; B) Humans lie; C) A lie is something inaccurate; D) What Man speaks may potentially be a lie; E) Therefore, what is Beyond the spoken word of Man is defined as “Truth.”

And so a Truth in Actuality is something causal that can be experienced or observed by oneself sans words and ideation. For examples the Sun and Moon are Actual Truths, or truths that have an Actuality/Reality to them. I don’t need to put the Sun and Moon into words or ideas, and I don’t need others to preach about them to me. I can apprehend them myself wordlessly and thoughtlessly.

The second kind of truth, which is Truth based on Essentiality is harder to explain because it leave the causal domain, and enters the domain of acausal knowing and empathy. Essentiality meaning the state and condition of being Essence. Essence which is empathed or “felt,” rather than known mentally and intellectually. We can call these “Essential Truths” for the sake

of convenient, as long as we understand that the descriptor “essential” is only trying to convey a non-physical Essence or “Formless Stuff of Experience.”

For example my own mind and life are to me “Essential Truths.” You can’t see them and I can’t see them, but I “know” they are there from my own Experience of them. My mind and life are “there” and to me they are both just as Obvious and Above sammuti as the Sun and Moon. I can be goofy and philosophically debate the existence of my mind and life, but this doesn’t change the fact that I have mind and life. My mind and life are truths in their essentiality.

Phenomena are Truths in Essentiality. But only in their unmolested condition of Essence [wordless/thoughtless].

For example when I see Lightening, that lightening bolt at that very moment as I experience it directly without wording it or putting it into thoughts and ideas is Truth in Essentiality. But when I speak that experience into words, it is no longer true. Why? Because what I speak is only a worded or ideated approximation that is not the Essence or actual thing. My words and ideas can be inaccurate and misunderstood. My words and ideas I express my experiences into are open to debate and argumentation.

Or to use another example: the phenomenon of me floating down a river in a boat. The experience of my floating down stream [the phenomenon of such] as I experience myself is Truth in its state of Essence.

Now I can say in words and thought: “I float down a river in a boat.” But is that Statement true? Am I floating down the river, or riding a boat? How do we know it’s a downward motion and not upwards? Is it a river or stream?

So for me, the concept of “The Truth Is Out There” is a significant statement. I will never find Truth in a book, a bible, in anything written, or in the words and ideas of other people. If Truth exists it exists “out there” in the open.

But that Truth only remains True in Silence and Mindfulness. Truth is therefore Ultimately [Paramattha] Ineffable.

And so we can better understand the ancient rule in Ancient Egypt’s Mystery Schools where the Initiate is never to write or speak anything. Many initiatic orders and spiritual traditions around the world had this same basic idea or never writing down their Light and Wisdom.

Or such mystery schools adopt the use of symbols, symbolism, and allegory. Numbers to Pythagoras comes to mind. The symbols and allegories serve only as a means to remember and recall the ineffable truths. The initiate must be gradually led to experience such Truths wordlessly directly himself or herself. Gnosis is that grasping and realization of that Mystery which must always be never written or spoken. An initiate who has experience Gnosis/Buddhi of the ineffable Mysteries is as Silent as the Cosmos which houses that Mystery.

Maybe this was why Buddha never committed anything he Buddhied into writings, opting instead to guide each disciple directly [vibhajjavada] to the source of that wordless and thoughtless experience of Dhamma.

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UNRAVELING PHYSIS



Unraveling Physis

I had some free time as we were driving around along the coast this week to contemplate on reality in a half dazed sleepy state of mind you oft times get in the back seat of a car driving along a silent road on a partly sunny day, staring at the ocean meeting the sky.

I was first thinking to myself how beautiful the scenery was. How the blue ocean appears to stretch upwards towards the sky, and how the blue sky seems to stretch down to meet the ocean. I thought to myself that if it weren't for the thin line of the horizon which served as a junction between the two, I would not be able to tell where one began and the other ended.

Eyes In The Sky

The junction between the sky and ocean naturally led me to briefly think about the junction of a synapse of our neurons. Especially that day because it was partly cloudy, and I imagined rain drops to be like the whatever-chemicals crosses that junction from one tentacle of a neuron to another. Which got to wonder to myself where the junction between what I was looking at outside and my inner experience of what I look at was?

I mean The Junction between the outer world and the inner world. Not my lens on my eyes. Not my retina or cones and rods. Not my optical nerve fibers. Not even my visual cortex. I wanted to look for that Junction that takes place between a world I assume to be real and Consciousness. Why do I experience what I see consciously? And specifically, what is the junction point between reality and consciousness where the actual transaction of data takes place? What is taking place in that mysterious junction? There are big and goofy words for

what I am trying to talk about. But I will refrain from using them to keep things on the real and simple, for myself and some others.

I tried to trace my steps backwards. My eyeballs to my retina. My retina to my optical nerves. My nerves to my visual cortex. My cortex down to their individual neurons. From there down to their synaptic gaps. And there I could rationally go no further. Because here in the synaptic gaps what transaction happens occur between two tiny neurons, and not between Outer Reality and my own Conscious "Self."

Clever Waves

After trying to find my way down to finer levels to find that junction of transaction between reality and consciousness, I thought to myself how it was all like us looking for the missing link between apes and humans in the process of evolution. I know from this that there is no missing link between monkeys and humans, because both monkey and human originated from a same ancestral source. Therefore, I concluded that perhaps I was looking for a Phantom Junction that was not there? But why was it not "there?" Does reality and consciousness/awareness/experience also originate from a same common "source?"

As I was contemplating how bizarre Perception was I recalled that something I learned reading things on Quantum Physics: that sometimes what we look at is altered or affected or influenced just by us looking at it. This got me to think about the famous double slit experiment.

Basically in the experiment you have a divider with two slits. A source of photons radiates photons towards the slits. That's all that we want to look at. The bizarre part of the experiment to consider is that as soon as you try to observe what dark mysterious thing is happening at the divider, the Waves bead up into photons and suddenly acts as photons. Then when you turn around they go back to being waves. You put instruments to try and trick the waves, and they still bead up into photons. The sciences would ask themselves: what's going on at that weird place at the divider?

I accidentally asked myself: How do the waves "know" they are being looked at by something in the first place? Surely waves and subatomic particles aren't alive or intelligent enough to "know" that something is Observing it. And so, there I was on a quest to find the Junction between the Wave and Consciousness. Where was the transaction between the Wave and Consciousness [its observation]? And what was going on at that junction. How does Consciousness affect the Wave, or better yet, how does the Wave react to being observed by Consciousness?

I couldn't wrap my giant head around it. There was something amiss or not quite right I thought. The reaction between the two vectors is simultaneous, there is no time for one to react to the other. And we can't assume that the waves "know" when consciousness is looking at it, neither can we just assume that consciousness magically influences the Waves by looking at it. I realized that I may have stumbled onto another Phantom Junction. Meaning that I was searching to understand something that was not there to begin with.

Which was when I also realized that the finer down the gradation of reality we go, the more weirder things get. Weird as in the transaction between two vectors in reality are so blurry we have a hard time figuring things out.

Money Drop

Back when I was much younger and dumber [early years of high school] I had one of my older boy cousins play a trick on me. He and our other cousin had come into the room I was sharing at grandma's house with another cousin. So this boy cousin pulls out a crispy new \$100 bill, as the cousin he came with was snickering. The cousins with the money said to me: "I'll make a bet with you. I'll let you keep this \$100 bill if you catch it with your fingers," as he said that he demonstrated by dropping the bill out of his left hand and catching it with his right, then he added: "But you owe me \$10 for every time you miss."

My cousin Tiff – whom I shared the room with – said not to do it because it was a trick. I knew it was a trick of some sort because they were giggling to themselves like dummies; but I still thought I could catch the money. I couldn't catch the \$100 bill! It wasn't until I owed them \$70 that I finally realized that it was impossible to catch the money even when it was an inch away from your fingers.

I was far too retarded back then to pay much attention to the finer details of this trick. There were those times when I would drop credit cards from my left hand and catch it without thinking in my right hand, and I always wondered why I could catch things when I dropped stuff, but I was not able to when others dropped things.

That flashback faded into a bright light that hit me as I was trying to figure out what was wrong with reality and the Phantom Junction. I couldn't catch the money when someone else dropped it because the other person and I were two unconnected systems! Being two unconnected systems there must be a transaction that occurs between the two systems. Causation right? Action and Reaction between two separate systems. I can catch money I drop myself because both my left and right hand were part of a Single Whole System. Being One System, there exists no real Junction of Transaction because causality is a Single fluid flow or Continuum or Field, within a single continuum.

The Phantom Junction

Which was when I realized that my first Phantom Junction between things I observe and my consciousness or the experience of things; and the Phantom Junction between Wave and Consciousness are the same Phantom Junction.

That Phantom Junction and the "Problems" associated with it only exists in a dualistic world-model of the universe. Meaning that when we assume reality and us/consciousness are two separate things, then there must be a transaction point where one affects the other. So we look for that junction and ask ourselves Problematic questions that arises from this worldmodel of the universe.

We ask ourselves what “experience” is. How experience arises. How outside things stimulates “consciousness” to have an experience. And so we look for that mysterious junction point between what is Being Experienced, and That Which is Experiencing.

We look for that same mysterious junction between the Conscious Observer and Waves and other finer quantum elements in the lab. Things that our mathematics can't explain, with the current dualistic worldmodel of the universe we are using.

But when we switch to a single system model, where “reality” and “consciousness” are either the same “Thing” or indivisible parts of the same Whole, then that Phantom Junction vanishes along with the Problems.

We no longer have to ask how a wave “knows” it is being looked at, because the wave and the looker are the same fluid continuum. We no longer have the weird Problem that exists between the Object of Experience, and the Experiencer experiencing the experienced, because its all one fluid motion of a single field or continuum. It's like asking ourselves: How does the down part of the river know to move in harmony to the up part of the river a hundred miles away? Because they are the same fluid system.

Autointeraction

From the looks of things, to me it seems as though we are looking at three reific factors or parts of a whole: 1) The Experiencer; 2) The “Object” of Experience; & 3) The Experience. If I were to say that the first two factors were the same “Thing,” can this same Thing interact with itself to give rise to the third factor? Can something interact with itself to produce an additional vector or variable? This got me thinking about lasers and holograms.

Basically the way a hologram works is that you have a laser beam. You split that beam into two different beams. Then you make those two beams interact with each other through a holographic film. The interacting beams – which essentially are the same Thing – transmutes or converts the information on the holographic film into a 3D image; which is a third vector or variable. Laser = first factor; Film = second factor; and Hologram = third. The data contained in that film exists in its Potential State: Raveled/Folded. The Laser Expresses that Potential: Unfolding the Folded. Therefore, if I were asked what exactly “consciousness” is when I use it, I would briefly define it simply as the “Expresser or Unfolding Factor of Information in its Potential State; both of which are part of the same Whole System.”

Information like Energy, in theoretical physics is a big deal. Like Energy, Information can never be created or destroyed. In fact, not too long ago [before I was born] there was some huge geek spazz attack in the theoretical physics community when Locutus Stephan Hawking of Borg held a greatly tedious meetings of nerds and university faculty to unveil the mysteries of the universe.

Now, Locutus Hawking spent his whole life fascinated with something he calls “Black Holes” which he is the foremost expert on; being that he probably made the things up himself. This meeting was to unleash into the universe his next great discovery which he came up all by

himself in his mind, since he was too handicapped to work math equations out.

At the meeting Hawking stated to an audience in much suspense that he had been working things out in his head, and has come to discover that Black Holes are so destructive that eventually they devour themselves into NOTHING!

All of a sudden all the old people and theoretical physicists had this spastic reaction to the horror of this draconian revelation. "No! It's not true! This is war!" They protested. The problem the other scientists had was that Black Holes – according to the math – sucks up not only stuff and energy, but also Information. And when Hawking said that Black Holes become nothing eventually, he broke the laws of physics – as if current big bang cosmologic isn't criminal in this regard – because where did the Information of all the stuff GO?

But no matter how loud and how many theoretical physicists protested to this idea, Hawking refused to give in. He was sure he was absolutely right because the math doesn't lie. That's when his friends and associates went on a 30 year quest to try to prove him wrong.

During those 30 years, some theoretical physicists came up with some wonderfully imaginative "theories" based on wacky math. Some scientists theorized that the information did not go into the black hole, but instead somehow got suck on the egg shell of the black hole called the event horizon. So that way, when the black hole devours itself, the information doesn't vanish, thus saving the universe from doom and peril.

Other scientists theorized that everybody was wrong because all the stuff in the universe going to a black hole is a hologram anyways. The information was encoded on some far away membrane and everything we see in of the universe is a holographic projection of that information etched on that distant membrane.

Then after 30 years, Stephen Hawking call an emergency meeting to reveal that he was WRONG! Hawking gave a lecture that he had spent the last 30 years pondering about the problem of the vanishing Information, and he has come to realize that he may not be completely correct. He told his fellow scientists that he has solved the riddle, thus saving the universe. He says that with just a few minor additions to his equation, it was revealed that other parallel universes existed. And that when a black hole forms in one universe, the universe splits like an amoeba so that a new universe is born perfectly identical to the one with the black hole, minus the black hole. Therefore, when the black hole in one devours itself and the information is gone; the information still exists in that parallel universe!

There's a point to all this somewhere relevant to what I originally talked about. The point is that we give a lot of attention to "energy" because its mysterious and can't be created or destroyed. But we neglect to give attention to Information which is just as mysterious, immortal, and indestructible. It's beyond my civilian abilities to figure out where energy and information originates from.

But I do understand that like energy, information has two state of "being" which are Potential and Expressed. So when we see or observe energy being expressed, we can say that such

energy is a “property” of whatever expressed it. For example we know that photons are energy packets that arises when an electron “jumps” energy levels. The Difference of energy level is released as a photon. The energy which the photon is existed in its Potential State of being as a part of that electron. And the photon that arises from this same electron jumping energy levels is that Potential in causal Expression and Properties of its “expresser.”

If information comes in an raveled and an unraveled state of being, then what we experience or what we see and are surrounded with – you, me, stuff – are that Potential State of information in Expression, a resultant property of its expresser: consciousness. In the same sense – but not in the same way – that we can say a hologram is the resultant expression and property of holographic film [Unexpressed Information] and laser [the expresser]. The expresser and the unfolded potential being the same single Whole System.

But still, it can be asked: “Even if reality/dhammakaya [Body of Phenomena] and Mind [chitta/mana] are the same “thing” why is there perceived to be a difference? And what might that difference be like?” Coherency I think is the fundamental idea here. It’s like a laser. If you shine a flashlight at a holographic film, it won’t work, even though the photons of the flashlight and the laser are both photons. What’s the difference? Coherency.

So what is the most basic and observable activity or behaviour of Consciousness? It Fixates/Focuses/Concentrates. And we call that act “awareness.” That’s like when you take a magnifying glass out into a sunny day and you were to Focus that sun’s light into a Concentrated spot of Fixated point to burn something. If you blew smoke at the magnifying glass you can clearly see that the sun, it’s light, and the Fixated Point burning leaves and ants are the Same Fluid Continuum. What’s the difference than? The difference is that the light of the sun is discoherent, whereas the burning spot is that same Field of Light in a Coherent manifestation. And because of its coherent condition, the “buring potential” of the sun’s light is Manifest or Expressed causally/physically.

So, I would say that the sun’s light in its ubiquitous unexpressed state is like dhammakaya/reality and things like consciousness/nexions are coherent manifestation of that ubiquitous stuff, focused, concentrated, and fixated on little spots to Express and Unfold potential.

A better way to explain how I see the “difference” between “reality” and “consciousness” is by using a long silk fabric of a sari. You get a friend and you stretch that fabric out. Then you make waves by flipping your end of the fabric so that the waves moves across the fabric to your friend’s side. So in this scenario we can ask ourselves: “What is the difference between the fabric and the Wave?” There is no difference really. Because both the fabric and the wave; or the wave and the medium doing the wave; are in fact the same thing. It’s just that the fabric contains the potential energy/motion and the waves themselves are that Potential in Kinetic Expression. The Wave and its Matrix are indivisibly the same “Thing.” Like waves or the undercurrent of an ocean.

Because you are a “wave” on that fabric or ocean you move at a different rate relative to the motion or motionless state of the matrix/medium you exist in, you perceive differentiation. It’s

akin to the idea of moving very fast in a space ship in outer space. If there is nothing by your space ship, you can't really perceive motion or tell how fast you are flying. In the same way that we can perceive a difference between sunlight and a concentrated point of light through a magnifying glass. Same fluid flowing of light, just different states of coherency. But using all of these mechanical things is deceptive, because it makes us ask the question: "What then is concentrating the ubiquitous stuff of everything into the concentrated thing you and I are?"

The Substance of Mind itself – in its own medium/matrix – does not need something to focus in on itself. Of all the thousands of ideas and memories we have "in" our minds, where do they "exist" when we do not pay mind to them? In a "dormant" Potential/Folded State. It's only when Mind focuses in on certain and specific ideas and memories that such ideas and memories become Expressed and Experienced. Otherwise we remain unaware of them. We can be so focused on ourselves or something inside of us that the outside world literally fades. And we can be so absorbed in something outside of us – concert, car accident, sports game – that our bodies and "self" fades out of awareness. We can be so engrossed in a dream or day dream that we are not even consciously aware of the outside world. Mind does not need anything to concentrate itself onto things. Focus is a natural or inherent habit of Mind.

The Problem of Dualism

On a "macrophysical" level there is no real problem or issue with the dualistic worldmodel of reality. I am here and a tree is over there. No problem. Things are as they are meant to be on this level. Just like when you enter a movie theater you know you will be watching a movie on a movie screen. The point is to enjoy the movie and your time with friends. The real point is not to nit pick and micromanage the plot and ask where the images come from and how everything works. You could if you wanted to. But when we begin to ask such questions, and those questions draws us to a much finer and deeper level, we run into the problem of the Phantom Junction.

Because if I am here, and a tree is over there, then where exactly in reality or consciousness do I and that Tree meet and touch? And how do we touch? If when I "touch" this tree in the deep dark recesses of reality and consciousness I gain the experience of the tree; does the tree also gain the experience of me too? If the tree does not experience me on such a fundamental level of reality, then why does it exist at all? Only to give this human that I am a human experience of trees? Can we then say that all things exist on a fundamental level to give us humans sensation and experience? Isn't that a little arrogant and anthropocentric? To believe that reality exists just to tickle our human synapses?

The Problem arises in a dualistic model of reality/consciousness when we peer deep into the finest levels of physical reality. For on that very fine level, we come to learn that the most finest elements of our physical world reacts to us merely observing it. What is happening? How does a photon Wave know exactly when to bead up into a particle if and when we look at it? How does it react that way? Why must it react? If it is a wave, what is doing the wave? Where does consciousness and the wave "touch?" And what happened at that mysterious place of interaction between two supposed separate things? Why does the most fundamental parts and pieces of "reality" we have thus far come to know react to being observed? Why do those

fundamental elements/waves-things bead up in the first place? To give rise to bigger elements? Which gives rise to atoms, that make molecules, and thus the world and all stuff for us to live in and enjoy? Isn't that a little homocentric?

This notion of "objective" and subjective" universe is also fine on a big level. Sure there is a difference between the two. What exists in my mind is not what exists in the streets and the city. But on a more finer and fundamental level, where do those two worlds "touch" and how do they interact? On this fundamental level why does the so called objective universe exist in the first place? To stimulate and give rise to human subjective universes? Why? Isn't that a little self centered?

These problems and issues fade away in a non-dualistic world model. Or not non-dualistic, but non-separated. Non-separated is slightly different than non-dualism. Your right and left hand are different things, but they are first a part of One-Thing, and they originate from a single-same source and continue to exist as parts of a single continuum of Being. Whereas non-dualism in my mind feels like were talking about mud, or the stuff I ate yesterday where all these different foods are mushed together into a gastric soup of sameness.

But whatever, non-dualism still works. Because on a fundamental level, me and the tree are the same field or continuum of the One-Thing. Thus there exists no junction point where one touches the other because we are on such a fundamental level the same supernal and sublime substance. On this fundamental level, the Wave and Mind are indivisible aspects of the same Flow, the same Tao, the same Field, the same fluid Continuum. There is no touching or transaction. It is the dance of Shiva and Shakti, two halves of the Whole Ardhanari in a cosmic dance with itself. The Unmanifested and the Manifested. The Potential and the Kinetic. The Acausal and the Causal. The Raveled and the Unraveled. The Folded and the Unfolded. The Mystery and the Gnosis. The Dhamma and The Buddha. And the Abyss where the fabric one twists into the other is the nexion of Mind. Mind – chitta/psyche – the Norns that Weave the Fabric of Wyrld.

Coincidentally – or maybe not – as I was contemplating all of this, this whole week, an associate of mine of the ONA sent me a message concerning something he had come across in the Mahabarata Epic regarding the topic of "Potential Infinity," and the Unfoldment of such. The meaning of which was very relevant to what I was trying to do and what I was thinking about.

My mother had told me random little stories from the Mahabarata growing up. But I had never heard it all. The Mahabarata isn't a story book you can just read to your children as a bed time story. It's a huge story. When I was growing up we all even watched the old hindi version of the whole entire epic with its cheap special effects.

But the brother in question found a very interesting part of this epic tale that would often be over looked and showed it to me, which I found very, very relevant and fascinating at the same time. As I received the note:

[Quote the Brother]

1) As related to “potential infinity” or enfolded potential, and ariya vs anariya:

there is a story in Mahabharata about how [anariya] Kauravas decided to disgrace Draupadi, the wife of 5 Pandavas, and tried to take of (unfold) her sari. Draupadi prayed to Vishnu, so that those ignoble people would not be able to disgrace her, and her sari became “potentially infinite”, in a sense that Kauravas tried to unfold her sari to see her naked, but the sari unfolded forever, seemingly having no end.

I feel there is a deeper essence in that story. Draupadi was in fact Kali/Shakti, and this whole act may be interpreted as mundanes/anariyas trying to see the Nature “naked” = to get to the root of Physis, w/out having any necessary qualities/inner wisdom/intuitive perception, but as DM wrote “it is in the essence of Nature to conceal itself/its inner working/core”, therefore the sari (= Maya) of Draupadi unfolded endlessly, and Kauravas were not able to strip Her. Conclusion: anariya do not possess intuitive perception. (But ariya do. Proof? Of course five Pandavas, who were ariya, saw their wife naked!)

[End Quote]

The note the Dreccian brother made a lot of sense and came at the right time for me to understand the symbolism. Draupadi’s sari is the fabric of reality. Who is in fact Kali [Time]. The act of trying to uncover Draupadi’s nakedness has two meanings. First that such nakedness was never unfolded or unraveled because more sari fabric was underneath symbolizes the concept of “Potential Infinity,” think Pi. The more you unravel pi, the more numbers comes out. You will never reach the end to see its nakedness. Because their simply is no “end,” but yet all those numbers exists nicely in a simple equation that needs you to unravel its potential. The Unmanifested becoming Manifested.

The second meaning is as the brother pointed out, that the anariya without ‘inner wisdom,’ and/or ‘intuitive perception [acausal knowing] do not understand this state of Potential Infinity. The more we materialistically try to dig deeper into the universe in finer levels for answers, using a dualist model of reality, the more question we have rather than answers. The mundanes will continue to try to uncover the sari, level after level, like peeling the layers of an union to get to the “core,” the “source,” “The Answer.” But the answer they are searching desperately for is hiding where the Olympians said they hid it: inside humanity, the last place they/we will ever look. Meaning that we ourselves, if we would just try to Know Ourselves, are the answer to the riddle, the very nakedness of Physis wrapped in a dark shroud of infinite Mystery.

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VERNACULAR WYRDS



Vernacular Wyrds

I. Words

Many years ago I often wondered why Buddhist monks who were so knowledgeable with their Buddhism in our language and culture, end up sounding so retarded in English. I couldn't figure out why or how an apparent "expert" on Buddhism, ended up making the Buddhism sound dumb in English. All I knew was that this was unfortunate because the English speaker depends on these English translations to learn and know about Buddhism.

I didn't figure out why until much later. Recently actually, after 3 years of compulsively writing for ONA and sharing my own internal thoughts. What triggered my own personal understanding was actually a statement DM/AL once said when he/they said: "*Words usually obscure the essence.*" I never genuinely realized what that statement meant until much trial and error on my part in trying to express or articulate what was wordless inside my "Asian/Khmer Weltanschauung" into English words.

I ended up understanding from my little experience that a monk can be a total expert with Buddhism, but if he does not have a skillful command/grasp of the language he wants to translate the Buddhism into, then his translation will be sucky unfortunately.

Which here implies that I am not any kind of expert on any school of Buddhism. The thing is I have a certain grasp of English and I can explain things fairly good with it. Inside my heart/chitta I have a life long culturally instilled weltanschauung which is wordless [essence of concept] and what I do is pick English words I know that best Feel like the Khmer/Asian essence. Then I'll supplement those English wordings I use with a lot of narratives and

explanations. So over the past 3 years, I've gotten pretty good at Englishifying my Asiatic Weltanschauung! Unfortunately this only works one way for me. This is because I know a primitive level of my other language as far as lexicon and vocabulary. But I understand the spoken language, I am a fruit of the culture, and my family is good at explaining things to me.

So from my own personal experience I understand the spoken and written word to be superficial decor of a much deeper – deeply rooted – essence. If you are a writer, artist, or musician, you'll intuit exactly what I am trying to express here. That essence of an idea/concept, painting, or musical piece inside your heart is not a word or picture. Its a feeling, and Essence is the best superficial word to describe that feel of it. The outer words [form] sometimes only helps convey that essence so that another person can See in their mindscape approximately what you See/Feel. But that essence is lost when we are too strict or rigid semantically with such outer wordings.

For example in Khmer there is something in our culture and people's world view we express with the outer word "Preah." This word can sometimes be translated into the outer English word "God[s]," and still retain some of its essential Feel. But if we get all anal with the English word God in this case and try to give it a rigid definition, disallowing intuitive flexibility, that word "God" no longer expresses or conveys what "Preah" does. English words like Divine, Sacred, Numinous, Numen, Sacred Presence, Venerable all nicely expresses what the word "Preah" does.

One thing which greatly bugs the hell out of me about these internet forum folks I have generally encountered or read since my MySpace days is the way they use their words and assume or project their own personal or inborn apprehension of words onto everybody around them.

What I mean to say is, besides the actual intelligent few I have seen do this, very rarely – if ever – have I ever seen your average mundane satanist in these forums first touch base and try to figure out if a word they use are understood by all parties in the same general way before they commence their terribly important debates. They just simply assume the other person understands or grasps words, ideas, and notions the same exact way they do.

Two mundane satanists before arguing or debating rarely begin by saying: "Okay, let's first touch base and see how we each respectively understand such and such word. Let's see if we're even in the same ball park." Yet these mundanes insist that they are "individuals." If you are an individual – with an individuated mind/awareness – shouldn't you know that other people have their own individual minds, and therefore such other minds will also have their own unique grasp of words and concepts??? In such internet forum debates it becomes that such debates end up not being a productive dialogue where both parties leave with something new. Such debates usually end up being a futile fight over semantics.

Over the years what I have learned to do is use English words as Cover words to place on top of ideas and concepts which exists within my own culturally instilled weltanschauung. When I say Cover words, I mean I literally hijack an English word and use it to convey and Eastern essence or wordless feeling/thought. So, we'll go over some of some of these Cover words I

use or hijacked and we'll talk about the actual essence beneath such superficial wordings.

II. Honour

I honestly don't know what the word "honour" means in the American/English weltanschauung. When I use the word "weltanschauung" what I mean is a whole People or Culture's view and understandings of the world constructed in their mindspace by the words in their native language or the language they think with. Our words gives us thought-structure subjectively to the world we each know and experience. So in this case, there is no such thing as "my weltanschauung." Language and how we interpret and understand our world does not happen as a self-contained vacuum. We get our language from the people and culture around us, which language greatly colors and defines how we see, interpret, and understand our "world." So when I say "my weltanschauung" what I mean is my people's or my culture's in comparison to the American/English weltanschauung.

Honour is a cover word I use to convey something the Khmer word "Garooob," expresses. Most often the word Garooob can be translated as Honour and still retain its essential feel, so long as we allow the word Honour to be organically flexible and allow it to have some intuitive leg room for movement.

Garooob can also be expressed by the English word "Order," especially when used in court where a judge may say: "You're out of Order!" To "be Out-Of-Order" in this regard, means the same thing as to be Dishonourable, or "Min [not] Jess [know how to] Garooob." Order pretty much expresses the condition and context Garooob/Honour exists inside of, or because of. In other words, Honour arises from Order. You can't in this case "honour" someone or something outside the condition of an established Order or Structure, Tradition, or Way. What do I mean?

When I am told by my elders to Honour my older siblings and cousins, what do they mean by that actually? They mean in that familial social structure, there is an Ordering of people present which is based on Age. Symbolically this Order of Age is described as a Line you are standing in. Those older than you are in front of you in this line. Those younger than you are behind you in this line. When you do something wrong or say something harshly when the situation did not call for it, someone may yell at you: "You're out of line!" The essence of that phrase being "Out Of Line," here fits, and means to be Dishonourable.

To be dishonourable in context to the Order of Age means you do not know your place in that line, and therefore you act and behave inappropriately with people. That Order of Age in our culture comes with Rules. The Rule of thumb is anybody older in age than you is your superior and you obey what they say. To be dishonourable means you don't know your place and are acting, behaving, or conducting yourself in an insubordinate manner with your superiors.

So in my family and culture, it doesn't matter how old a sibling or cousin is, as long as they are older than you, your place is to obey their orders. The older than you they are, the more authority their orders have. In my family and culture, my grandmother has more authoritative power over me than my own mother and father.

But in this line or ordering of age, you will have those younger than you. So to your younger siblings and cousins, you are their superior. And thus you now have cultural and familial Duties. The main Duty is to straighten your younger siblings/cousins, instil the culture and tradition in them, and help raise them proper. Dishonour in this case is when you don't know your place, don't know the Order and Structure and do not do your duty.

So with the above example, if you look closely, you will notice that the concept or act of Honour is actually not for a person, but an established Institution. By the word Institution what I mean is an Institutionalized [established] tradition, observance, custom, or way of doing things.

What do I mean when I say to Honour my mother? Not "honour" the person herself, but the institution of Motherhood she is a representative of. That institution of motherhood is culture specific. Each culture has their own social and familial way of knowing and treating a mother and being a mother. It is this established institution [Order, social order] which is "Garob'ed" or Honoured: which one's mother is a representative of. To dishonour your mother in this case would be when you do not obey and follow the traditional social customs of behaving with your mother.

So in my culture when you make your mother cry you have dishonoured her or you have acted in a dishonourable manner. But in Western America making your mother worry and cry is not considered an act of dishonour. Why the difference? Why is this so if both the Asian and American mothers are both mothers? Because each respective culture – and their respective weltanschauung – over the many centuries have developed their own respective understanding or custom, or tradition, or definition of what Motherhood is and the relationship – Order/Structure – which exists between such mother and her offspring. And so, to "Honour your mother" in each respective culture and weltanschauung actually means to honour the actual institution of motherhood which one's own mother is a representative of. Such institution comes with rules and unwritten protocol. For instance the protocol and rule in my culture with regard to the mother-child relationship is that the child is never ever to raise its voice at its mother or never ever to touch the top of its mother head. Therefore if I breach that ancient established rule or custom of such institution I have acted Dishonourably. I have dishonoured my mother. But such protocol does not exist in the American mother-child social structure/order, and so it is not considered dishonourable to touch your mother's head.

A better way to explain this in Western terms is to use the military. Say you are in the military. By established custom of this military institution, you have to honour your superiors and follow orders. So what's it mean what I say to "honour your superiors?" Are you honouring the person or the established institution such person is a representative of? For instance, if you and this superior officer become retired and the uniform comes off and both of you are now civilians, the question is: do you still Honour the person as a superior? The answer is no. So what are you honouring in reality? The institution. This institution has an Order to it, it has rules and regulations, it has a chain of command, customs, and traditions. The obedience to and observance of all that is Honour. Not being true to what has been established – Tradition, Customs, Observances – is Dishonour. But why is a military superior – or judge – even accorded Honour in the first place? Because such people have [theoretically] worked to earn their Place in their respective fields and social ordering.

The phrase “Garoob Preahmae Gung Im,” in English can be accurately translated as to be “Venerate the Mother Goddess Kuan Yin.” Except that English translation is feeble and does not convey the cultural essence implied. You’re not being told to worship some goddess. You are being told to Honour the ancient Institution [Tradition] Kuan Yin is a symbolical representative of. Which institution includes all of the ancient rites, ceremonies, mythos, customs, teachings, etc, etc. Inside which institution Kuan Yin is a central aspect. That established tradition Kuan Yin is a representative of has a coherent ordering and structure of tradition and observances to it. And in that structure – if this is your Tradition and culture – you have a place. And so if you have a place in this Order, then to know your place and duty, and to act accordingly is have Honour.

When you pay homage to, give reverence to, or honour a queen or king of a kingdom, what are you actually honouring? Not the actual person itself. We know this because if a queen gets old and her son becomes king, then whom now do you pay your honour and respects to, the ex-queen or the king? To the king. Your honour comes into being within the actual traditional institution itself. Your honour in other words goes to the Crown and Throne and the ancient established social order and rules, and unwritten cultural customs/traditions which the king or queen is a representative of. Such a royal institution develops rules and customs of how to act and behave around and in the presence of such kings or queens. And so when you breach those established rules and order it is said you are acting in a dishonourable manner.

So what’s it mean when I say to “honour your friend?” It means that between you and your friend there exists an institution called Friendship. This friendship has unwritten rules and duties, and there is an ordering of people involved [you and your friend]. Your friend is an expression or representative of this institution of friendship to you, and you to he. It is this Tradition or Custom of friendship which your buddy is a representative of that you Honour. But why, is the next question. Why Honour things? Why honour a friend?

From a Theravada point of view the answer to why we honour people and things is because of the Fruit of such institutions and traditions. Take the family for example. Why honour your elders in your family? Why support this family structure/order? Because in my family I was Raised in, I ended up being a pretty decent person. I am thus a living fruit of this family order. So If I consider myself to be of a nice quality I ask myself if I desire for my own younger siblings and cousins to also end up being of a good quality. If the answer is yes, then I support or honour the institution of our family and culture. So that this same family order can continue to produce quality people. It has nothing to do with theory or belief. It has to do with what has proven to work over centuries, and it has to do with judging the value of the end product.

Should I honour the tradition of Christmas and Santa Claus? As a Theravadin I would look to the usage of such a tradition and the end results such tradition can and have born or produced. The tradition of Christmas for young children – as I recall my own childhood – is wonderful. Plus the mythos of a Santa Claus for very young children helps raise them up right, where we say that if they misbehave they don’t get gifts. So based on the centuries of this tradition, and the end results it has on millions of children, I would support and honour the tradition, so that it can continue to do its cultural work.

Which brings us to a big bug with many people my age I have. This concerns the inability for many of these contemporary people I have encountered to appreciate things like Traditional Christianity and Traditional Culture, etc. In general what I see them do is take the mythos and theories and debate the value and validity of such mythos, in complete ignorance of the End Product such Traditional social orders manifests and have manifested. I have met in real life more high quality people come out of institutions like Traditional Christianity [Catholicism/Anglicanism/etc] and Traditional Islam, than I have produced by mundane satanism.

It's not just mundane satanism. It's the majority of this current generation and the last half of generation X who have this liberal mentality where they reject Traditional social order for the sake of rejecting something to be "individuals," and "nonconformists," in total ignorance – blind to – the Fruits of such Traditional institutions. All the while more and more low quality people are being produced in the West, and all the while the very foundation of our Western culture/civilization deteriorates into dysfunctional "families," dysfunctional emotionally crippled psychological hermits. We've lost that organic balance between the need to develop and progress with the human need for Tradition, and the conservation of human traditional ways of life. Extreme conservatism isn't the answer. Neither is extreme liberalism, or extreme anything.

We've lost the meaning of Honour in the West. The liberal generations have dismantled a lot of Traditional institutions, disregarding the Fruit such institutions for centuries bore. Rather than consider the value of the End Fruit, we take the middle parts of this causal chain – the theories and wordings – and we attack it with our lofty opinions. Ignorant of the fact that what we are doing with such middle parts of causal chains effects the End Fruit. This might make no sense to some people.

It's like the movie Braveheart for example. You have the William Wallace on a horse before a vast legion of rag tag Scottish people. He gives his Pep-talk to energize the people to fight for him or with him. Why? What's the desired End Result in this case? The aeonic [eventual] Freedom of Scotland and its people. But with this liberal generation its as if a group of idiot mundanes stops William Wallace in the midst of his Pep-talk and says to him: "Wait, wait, wait. Hold on. That Pep-talk of yours is fallacious. It amounts to nothing more than emotive outbursts and speculative conjecturing. It's completely illogical? Satan says the highest law is self preservation! He's manipulating you guys to die for his cause! And look! He's not even a Nobleman or a legitimate somebody! The logical way is to work within the system Eddy Longshanks established!" In other words, if you want the end fruit of a Free Scotland, let the man do his talking!

You have these liberals with their abstractions of opinions and ideas, and they attack the middle parts of these old Traditional institutions and cultures, completely ignorant and oblivious of the End Fruit such Traditional establishments have for centuries produced. And we look around our modern Western civilization after generations of this liberal dismantling and dishonour, and wonder why things are getting fucked up. Causal mechanics has a process to it. The causal input gives rise to a middle cause, which in turn generates a causal output. Input heat, boiling water is the middle cause, and steam is the causal output.

III. Wyrd

Wyrd is another cover word I use. Destiny, Fate, Kamma, Wyrd; these all approximate the same essential phenomenon. It's a phenomenon which can be discerned if you observe life intimately and slowly with mindfulness. Typically when you mention the idea of destiny or fate, people will generally gather into two groups and start debating. One group denies such concepts and can be described as the "Accidentalists" who believe that life and nature came into being just by random accident. And so therefore, life and nature works in accidents. Thus destiny and fate are bogus. The other group we'll call the "Fatalists," who are the polar opposite, where they believe that life is not accidental but divinely or cosmically pre-determined. And so you have these two extreme camps in these unproductive debates about the abstraction of a phenomenon, none of them have ever really sought in life to first directly observe or come to mindfully know. They in essence work their debates solely with abstract phantoms of their own mind, opinions, and words.

In Khmer we have two words that I know of which captures the essence of this phenomenon. The first word is "Nisay" [like you're saying "knee-sigh]. This is a word which means you meet people for a reason. It literally means "love at first sight," "destined to meet," or "fated to know one another." My grandma this one time was shopping in Long Beach and a lady around her age was staring at her for a long while. The lady after a while came up to my grandmother and respectfully said to her: "Pardon me, I don't believe we know each other, but I feel a feeling of Nisay for you in my heart. As if I need to know you or love you as a sister. Would it be a bother if I asked if we can know each other as sisters?" My grandmother said that she also felt that Nisay. And so to this day the two old ladies are close friends and have taken vows to love each other like family and sisters. But that's Nisay.

The other word is Visna, which sounds like "Wis-snah." Visna actually means both "Fate and Destiny," depending on context. Like when they say you have the visna to be rich you will be rich. Or they will say if your visna is to be poor, no matter how hard you try, you will never be a millionaire in life.

I tried to ask my grandmother if this visna was fatalistic or accidental once. So my grandma explained it to me by saying that neither is the right answer. She explained: "Let's say you have a river which is flowing down stream. In the distance away is an ocean. Will this river eventually flow into the ocean granddaughter?" I said yes. So she says: "Then when the river does flow into this ocean, was it accidental or decreed to be so?" Once I got what she was trying to say I came up with my own explanations.

Let's say you have the earth and on this earth we're constructing two rail road tracks. One track goes around the equator, and the other track goes around the earth from pole to pole. If and when we finish constructing our two different lines of train tracts we notice that they intersect at two points. Now the question is then: "Did those two points of intersection arise accidentally or did we thoughtfully plan them to be in their very spot?" The answer is neither accidental or pre-planned. The actually answer is that if we continue building our train tracks in both respective lines – Causation – in such a manner, they are just going to cross at two points somewhere. So now when we put two trains on our two tracks and these two trains crash at

one of these intersections, was that crash accidental or pre-planned? Neither. It's just the way things will happen because of how the tracks are laid down causally. If we are mindfully aware of both our tracks and the direction each is flowing in, then it may be that we can foresee the future event of our trains crashing.

Or another way to draw out this phenomenon is say I start at the California end of the historical Route 66, and you start at the way other end. We agree to drive the full length of the route from one end to the other. So the question is then: "Will we pass each other at some point?" Of course we are, if we each maintain our course of causal action. And so when we do pass each other and we wave to each other as we wizz past one another, was that moment of meeting and passing one another accidental or per-determined from on high cosmically? Neither. Its just the way things will causally unravel if we each maintain our causal course of action. Are we passive "victims" of the moment of the "destiny" or "fate" of passing one another on this route? No. You can stop by some city along the way to sight see and if I keep driving, we will not actually pass each other. Why? Because you've altered your causal course of action.

But life is far more complicated with its causality than simple straight lines. And Wyrd is more a "collective" enterprise. Meaning that Wyrd is very much like a cloth. Each of us – our respective causal course of action we set into motion – spins one thread of this cloth. And all our threads gets causally woven together to wyrdfully produce a common or shared flowing which we will each experience. America as we know it today is one such wyrdful collective weaving of the sum total action of past people here since colonial times. So, if you grasp the basic idea of wyrd here as a collective enterprise, then, how will America be 100 years from now if we all here maintain our current course of causal action? Considering our national debt, the political system spending more and more money it does not have, the weight of an ever growing debt being inherited by future generations, the over use and abuse of man made chemicals in our food, the use and abuse of our natural resources, the growth of our population, the dwindling job market, the deterioration of Traditional culture and traditional institutions, etc, etc? Can you foresee our collective destiny awaiting our posterity?

And is this future destiny accidental of per-ordained by gods or cosmic laws? Neither. We are the weavers. It's as if we were on a grand game board, and the wyrd we weave collectively as humanity or as a nation, or group of people becomes the next level or stage of our game board. The ONA's star game is a good analogy here. It has 7 playing boards. In this analogy wyrd is when we weave an 8th board while time devours the first one. And so within the flowing of Time, as the old boards vanish, we ourselves weave into being the boards we will play our causal pageantry on.

Speaking of "destiny" a really cool event happened the other week or so which is topical. My aunt-mother got very sick and when her condition worsened she spent two days in the emergency room. Before she went to the ER she had spoken with Dr. Adam who is my grandmother's doctor. This Dr. Adam after giving my aunt-mother a full check up urged her to go to the hospital as soon as possible. But Dr. Adam suggested that she go to the hospital in Alhambra which is nowhere near where she lives. So when she was in really bad condition she finally agreed to go to the emergency room and asked my cousin to rush her to the ER all the way in the Alhambra hospital. The doctors at this hospital said that what we have regarding my

aunt-mother was a life and death situation and the two days in ER will determine if she will be well or not.

I was crying and shitting bricks all week. Since she was sick and now in the hospital, me and my cousins had to take over the family business she usually works. There wasn't much I could personally do. My aunt-mother could be dying, I want to stay with her, but I also know that her business pays her bills. So since my aunts and uncles and other cousins took turns caring for her at home and then at the hospital, I picked the option of working at her business. I actually took over her business with my cousin-siblings last month when she started to not feel well. We urged her to stay home, and since then we've been working 12 hours 7 days a week nonstop with no real pay since its family business.

Anyways, thank the gods or whatever is out there, but after two days in ER she was well enough to be let out of the hospital. The doctors let her go home. So that day she was released from the hospital my little mom and auntie Blacky went to pick her up. On the way out my aunt-mother said that auntie Blacky saw a room with boxes of plastic gloves and auntie Blacky said to her two sisters: "Let's stop a minute and stuff our purses with those boxes, I need gloves for my business. They're expensive if you buy them!"

So as they were stealing from a hospital which just nursed my aunt-mother back to health the security guard was walking up and down watching them. When they finished stuffing their purses they proceeded to walk out and my aunt-mother said the security guard had stopped them to ask them questions. She said they thought they were busted for stealing the gloves. This Alhambra hospital is 99% all Asian by the way.

The security guard had asked them about their last name. He told my aunt-mother that for the past couple days he's seen dozens and dozens of people sign the check in books with all the same last names and he was just curious. My aunt-mom explained to the security guard that they were all related and the last name belongs to their late father. Curious still the security guard asked if this father had siblings and what this father's parents names were, because our family last name was also his family's last name, and the security guard stated that he swears he is familiar with my aunt-mother.

After trading family information it turned out that this security guard at this hospital was my aunt-mother and her siblings long lost uncle whose part of the big family got separated from my grandmother's part during the chaos of the revolution. Technically the security guard's father was an older blood cousin of my late grandfather, but I guess in this culture they reckon him as an Uncle. My aunt-mother memory came back after staring at his elderly face and she remembered hanging out with him like friends when the country was good.

My aunt-mother was telling me this when she got home all excited that she had the visna of meeting her long lost beloved uncle at the hospital. So I told her how bizarre it all was that if just one minor element of events were different they would never have met and reunited. If she didn't get sick, if Dr. Adam didn't suggest that hospital, if he did not work at the hospital, it all would have been different wouldn't it. Was this accidental or pre-destined? Neither, if we understand the way things unfold in this causal plane of existence.

So now our extended family just got bigger, and I just gained a grip of new Chinese cousins. We also learned from this long lost uncle – grandpa for me and my cousins – after the catch up at grandma’s house not so long ago, that my late grandfather and his siblings and cousins’ shared grandfather actually originally came from Taipei in Taiwan and they relocated in Thailand long ago.

This extended family stuff might make no sense to an American. You have to keep in mind that in other countries where old school traditions are still strong and also in rural areas of the West, families will own land and live in houses on these land. And so as time and generation passes on, it becomes that everybody in an area are all related and intimately know each other as a close knit community. So even though this lost uncle is by blood distant, the people like my grandmother and her older children were raised around this lost uncle their whole lives. The revolution happened and dispersed these old communities of blood relations. As bizarre as it seems logically, life does work in mysterious ways. Over the course of many years my own family has “accidentally” reunited with most of their community and extended family members in a similar fashion.

For the past near decade now I’ve been keeping journals and diaries of my every day events and experiences. These journals are digital now. But in them I have a special section of coincidental phenomena I experience. I gave myself the habit of jotting down even the most trivial weird event I experience. So what happens is I now have a record of at least 10 years of weird coincidences of every type and variety. When you keep this type of journal, where you keep a record of your feelings, nightly dreams, things you think about often during your waking day, and the coincidences that you experience for 10 whole years, and you look back, you realize something incredible, alive, and “magical” about Life which can’t fully be appreciated in written words. It’s just something you have to try on your own for 10 years and realize on your own.

I have little yet curious coincidental events recorded in my journal. Like this one time three years ago I was driving my cousins to China Town to a place I was unfamiliar with. My navigator/cousin said he knew where he was going. But naturally we ended up lost in downtown LA. I remember being very mad and frustrated that day. My navigator told me to turn down a street which ended up being a dead end. So I bitch at him to use his phone to find out how to get to where we need to be.

As I was calming down but still mad at everything I look at the dead end wall and saw a palm sized sticker pasted on the wall on which was written in purple marker the number 352! Being in WSA352 I thought the number on the sticker was really weird in a good way. So I looked at the clock on my dashboard to take note of the time because I wanted to record this in my journal later. When I looked at the clock it read 3:52 PM. I have almost hundreds of little coincidental things like this recorded over 10 years. Other coincidences I’ve experienced are more elaborate and take several months to unravel.

I try to keep what I have learned about Life from keeping this type of long-time journal to myself, because unless you yourself keep this type of journal, and pay mindful attention to the small details of Life, for many years, what one ends up seeing and knowing inside about Life is

hard to believe if you are rooted in that materialistic accidentalist paradigm. It's something you have to put yourself in the experience of over a long period of time. Am I an accidentalist or a fatalist? I'm neither. I've unfortunately come to realize that Life, Nature, and the Cosmos is too complicated to be built on the foundation of simplistic binary "dichotomized codings" of left & right, black & white, good & bad, logic & fallacy, individual & collective, etc, etc. Life is just organically Alive. What's that mean? When you throw a rock into a pond all the fish scatter away, and when you throw fish pellets in this same pond the fish respond by coming to feed. So living things like fish and living systems like the pond and its fish are Alive in the sense that there exists a living responsiveness in that which is Alive. So as of now, that's how I see Life.

Another way I see life is much like a fish aquarium, since I have one here with a blue lobster in it. It's actually a blue crawfish which I named Edward Scissorhand. The lobster itself is not how I see life. It's the tank of water and the bubbles the air pump makes that gave me an insight to how Life is as a something. When I look closely I notice that the bubble and the water this bubble exists in are actually one thing. Meaning that the bubble and its matrix it has its "existence" in or the matrix it springs "out of" are actually one Thing. It's just water and the bubble is a pocket in which there is an absence of the water. This bubble cannot exist out of that water matrix. In other words the matrix itself manifests or is expressed as the bubble. Life begets Life. If Life is the matrix in which we have our "existence" "in," then the notion that we are something separate from this matrix of Life is not entirely accurate. It is not a matter of dualism or none dualism here now. For, as dualists we can say that the water and the bubble are indeed two discernible different phenomena with their own nature, and this is an accurate statement. But as nondualists we can say that the water and the bubble are two sides of the same coin if you will, or that they are One-Thing in different states of Contrast: Water and Non-Water. It is the harmonious interaction and interdependence of these two contrasting "opposites" which gives rise to the bubble and its matrix.

IV. Balance

Kung Fu Tzu once said that Contradictions exist in Life. And that the way to experience Harmony is to first acknowledge these contradictions, and then to incorporate such contradictions in our lives.

I can appreciate Kung Fu Tzu's line of thought which slightly differs from Lao Tzu's school of thought where the notion is that opposites or contrast [yin-yang] arises from an original source [tai-chi]. Kung Fu Tzu seems to not pay much mind to where things come or how they are related to each other like Buddha was preoccupied with, but says that since they [contradictions] now exist, how do we live with them?

Like us humans are a walking "contradiction." There is a part of us which is immensely creative, brilliant, artistic, intellectual, spiritual. And then there is a part of us which is animalistic, raw, sexual, coarse, primal.

So in life many of us exist in a state of disharmony with our own selves. Some sort of a stress or frustration or self-loathing arises from this inability to allow such contradictions to just co-exist [let-be] in harmony. We have schools of religion which shun the animal aspects of us

and stress some sublimation or spiritual evolution. One can feel the friction in such types of people. Other schools rejects the soft and spiritual aspect of us and tries hard to hold onto the physical and animalistic parts, such as the worldview which plagues mundane satanism. Here also, one can feel and witness the friction in such types caused by the inability to incorporate such contradictions in their lives. The so called Left Path and Right Path contradict each other and can never co-exist harmoniously in one person, so they say or assert.

But what do I mean by Harmony? Harmony is when one thing exists in a state of Easy – sukkha – with another thing. Where there is no Dis-Ease [dukkha] arising between two things. So Harmony is say when you have a plot of land by the ocean side. One part is sandy and the other part is normal soil. You are a farmer trying to grow fruit trees. Dis-Harmony with the land is when you try to plant your fruit trees in the sandy parts, and they die, and you try and try again determined. Why is it said that you exist in a state of disharmony with the land in this case? Because sand can't nurture trees properly due to its nature as sand, and yet you keep trying and wasting energy trying. Thus a state of Dis-Ease arises which troubles you. Harmony is when you know the normal soil will grow your seeds. You plant your seeds, water it a bit, and the nature of that soil literally takes care of the rest. Thus, you are not trying, you can kick back and just wait with ease [sukkha] for the trees to grow. And so in that case it is said you exist in a state of Harmony with the land. Why? Because you Understand its Nature as a Thing and are able to live with it in a state of calmness and ease.

Dis-Harmony is when you are in a relationship with another person say a mother, sister, friend, or significant other. This other person you are in a relationship with has a short temper and a nature of just blurting out words to vent their stress and frustration. So when they get slightly stressed they blurt out a statement and in turn you react personally and blurt something back, then the usual fights arises. Why is this disharmony? Because you are ignorant of the other person's nature – or you may know it – and you lack the ability to know how to act or react according to the nature of the other person. Harmony is when you know the other person's nature, understand and empath that they are the type to just blurt out things to release frustration. So when they do, you stay calm and just let them vent. Then when the other person calms down and is not stressed or mad, you can ask them [if you need to] if they meant what they said or if what they said was actually directed at you. Harmony is a good dance partner. Both dance partners knows when to push and pull, when to lead and follow, when to move and be moved, and their dance looks like a fluid movement.

So in other words, Harmony is Balance. Balance does not always mean two things are on a scale and are of equal weight. And if they aren't on Equal footing things are imbalanced. What do we mean when we idiomatically say that someone is doing a "balancing act?" Have you ever seen those Chinese people in the Cirque Du Soleil where some Chinese girl is on a unicycle and the bitch has 12 tea cups balanced in her left hand, 9 bowls stacked up in her right hand, fucking spinning dishes on a stick on her head and shit? How about those supermoms that do their balancing act where they please their dumb husbands as a lover, cook for them as a mother, take the kids to school and soccer practice, go to her job, and shit. What's the word "Balance" mean in those two cases? Think about it. Soccer practice for kids, cooking food, and having sex with your husband has shit to do with each other, and they don't weigh the same on a fucking scale, but one mom can balance all that somehow in her life to

make it all work for you and her. Or to eat a “Balanced meal,” what’s the word Balance in that statement mean? Think about it. So then what would it mean if I said to “live a Balanced life?”

So what's the word Balance and Harmony mean? It means to recognize and acknowledge that contradictions and contrast exists in life and then learn to live with and incorporate those contradictions and contrasts in your life, to generate easy and reduce friction. You have these people in the so called right hand path and left hand path who are handicapped monofunctional humans. They cannot deal with contradictions. They seem to function fine with just a left hand path or just a right hand path. You see one of these fools trying to balance a left hand path on their head and you toss in a right hand path and the fool loses his equilibrium and falls over crying, screaming, throwing intellectual and philosophical tantrums, fucking bury their heads in the sand so as to avoid the contradictions, everything but learn to actually deal with the real actualities of Life or at least come to terms with it.

Know Yourself. That was said tons of thousands of years ago. Yet after all these years we still don't really wish to fully know ourselves as we are. Instead we prop up an idealistic scarecrow of ourselves and then proceed to Know that scarecrow instead. Like when some schools of thought says we are children of God and have Christ-Consciousness. You see people go off to not Know themselves as they are, but to know this fantastical child of God human with Christ-Consciousness and work to become this idealistic creature. Or the opposite we find sometimes in the wacky world of satanism were a human scarecrow modeled after the ideals of some school of satanic philosophy is propped up. You see these satanists not try to Know themselves, but instead they seek to know this idealistic fantastical projection of what they wish they were or what their satanism says they are.

You can test this by simply going to any of their satanic forums and pointing out examples of how humans are in nature if left to their own devices sometimes altruistic, caring of others, nurturing, collective, and cooperative, and they will just wail and throw huge ass gaping tantrums to your blasphemous “fallacies,” which – consider this – does not contradict the nature of the human being, but contradicts their propped up scarecrows and idealized projection of their ideal human or self. But the same denialism can be seen also in modern televangelically born-again Christians. You bring up any of our human aspects like wonton sex, dick and balls, sodomy, global poverty, shaved pussies, gay people, and liberal agenda with any of them and they actually say that such things aren't human, but of the devil! “No! It's not true! Lies!” Those things aren't a part of their idealized projection of what human or self is.

You're not going to Know Self from reading some bible or studying some school of philosophy. I guarantee it because you aren't located in any of those things, duh. Buddhism doesn't get you to Know Self. Buddhism makes Buddhists and you get to know this idealistic Buddhist. Christianity does not get you to Know Self. It makes Christians who struggle to know some idealized Christian person. Satanism does not get you to Know Self. Satanism makes Satanists who then seek to Know this ideal of a Satanist. Test it. Go ask a Satanist what a Satanist is. And then take what they give you to an anthropologist or zoologist or do it yourself and compare what they tell you a Satanist is with a Homo Sapiens, the actual human being, which you and I are in actuality. Do the two fit? If not something is wack somewhere. What is this Self you are admonished to Know? Is it a satanist, Buddhist, Hindu, secularist, republican,

or is it human. If it is human does its human nature come with contrast and contradictions? If Knowledge of Self leads you to understand that the human self comes with contrast and contradiction and that Life is itself the same way, then can those opposites, contrasting aspects of human nature, and contradictions be Balanced to manifest Harmony of Self. Nature Herself comes with variety and diversity, contrast and extreme contradictions, and yet She is a Harmonious System.

The Sinister and the Numinous. Are they the same things? Probably not. They seem to be contrasts of each other. If so, can the ONA Initiate be big enough to balance contradictions. Is the Human Self/Person at times sinister and at times an expression of the Numen? Our Tree of Wyrd is a good symbol of the balance of contradiction and contrast. You have the sphere of Venus which is soft and feminine, then Mars which is red, bloody, and war like. You have regal Jupiter king of the gods, and humble Mercury messenger of the gods. There is the Moon, the sphere of lunatics, the primal hunter. And Saturn the thoughtful, Time-Tuned farmer, harvester. And all of these symbols of contradicting aspects of Life have the Sun sphere as their Center of Gravity. The Sun sphere does its balancing act with the other 6 spheres, and together although they differ from one another greatly, they form a single solar system. System is the key word here. Although we may find contrast and contradictions in the Tree of Wyrd, there exist Order and structure to this Tree. And so it is a good representation of the symbolical universe: Cosmos which means Order.

Can one Honour the Order of the Cosmos? I think so, if we first learn to Understand the way and Nature of the Cosmos and its Order, which we are an indivisible expression of ourselves. Since Honour arises within established Order, to Honour the Cosmos is to fully Know its Order, Nature, rules, and unwritten laws, and to maintain such Order, such Cosmic Tradition, in each of our Human Selves. We being like a bubble is to the universal sea. One side of the same coin. One-Thing in two contrasting Forms. The Acausal and the Causal. The Potential and the Kinetic. The Immovable and the Movable. The Essence and the Expressed. The Creativity and the Created. The Yearning and the Satisfaction. A reflection of Cosmos. It is the same Nature. Life begets Life. If the Cosmos and Life can be diverse and a harmonious system of contradictions, then Man being a reflection of Cosmos can also find His Balance. If we truly seek to first Know Ourselves as this very Cosmos "made" us. And not some ideal or abstraction.

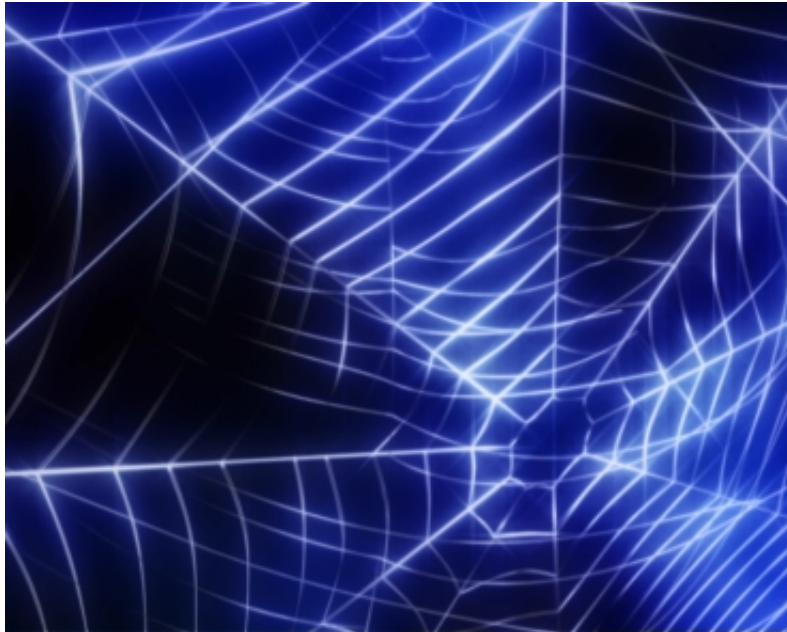
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Order of Nine Angles

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Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

WHAT LIES BENEATH



“How can the acausal be presented, now, on this planet which is currently our only place of causal residence? Is it still relevant for the acausal – the Dark Forces, the Dark Gods – to be so presented?”

Yes – it is still relevant, still necessary, for all those who belong to our Dark Tradition, and all those who aspire to belong, to so presence the Dark: still relevant, still necessary to do both magickal and practical deeds which glorify the Sinister, which presence the Dark Forces. This is Aeonick Magick – and a Magick which aids, or which can aid, both the Internal and External Magick of each Initiate and each Adept. Words, ideas, symbols, writings, and all such transient causal forms, are only intimations; perchance the beginnings of inspiration. Beyond such things – a necessary beyond – are the deeds, the acts, the magick, that each and every Initiate and Adept must do to presence the Dark: the practical experiencing which alone breeds the knowing of the Sinister.

Those who decry such practical things – such action, in the world, such dark deeds – are feeble; they are not of-us. They belong to the Old Order, which festers still, which still infects the world with its cosmic-denial, its pathetic anti-evolutionary materialism, its vapid egotism, its dogma of duality, of “good” and “evil”, and its limiting of each and every individual. We, on the contrary, proudly defy – as we proudly announce that we know we can be, we should be, more than we are – that we have the potential to change ourselves, to reach out into the Cosmos; to evolve; to become like gods... They of the Old Order stifle the potentiality of our being while we who pledge ourselves to bringing the acausal down to this Earth are of the new Cosmic Order yet to be: we, the future, who despise everything that belongs to, that clings to, the little ones of the Old Order who scurry about in their vanity and material concerns. We have the strength to dream great dreams – to be bold in our visions, in our quest; while they would have us all go back down to their low animal level. We have the strength to know we are a new race, a new

breed of human beings, taking evolution ever upward by our magick and our deeds.

So, how do we bring the acausal down to this Earth? By Aeonick Magick, using our skill, our knowledge, our nexions, our dark forms. By practical deeds which disrupt the Old Order and all its forms, ideas, organizations, groups and societies. By practical deeds which glorify the dark and which take us, as individuals into and beyond defiance and which make us new archetypes to inspire others and future generations. By creating nexions to draw forth to this world, and to its peoples, the darkest of Dark Forces – the Dark Gods, and the Chaos of the Acausal Itself. By championing anything and everything which can challenge and disrupt the Old Order with its Magian magic and its Magian ethos (of which the Nazarene ethos is a part) and its desire for lower everyone down to the lowest level. By causing, inspiring revolution; evolution. By creating new and newer forms to presence the Sinister and so restore the balance, thus re-enabling the dialectic which powers Change and evolution. By championing those forms which actively now, and in the recent past, have challenged and even threatened the old Magian order, which forms they who belong to the Magian (and their lackeys and agents) fear.

What we always must remember is that what others think of us – what labels, what names they attach to us – are irrelevant. We are beyond such things – we, who are the future.

“I, and others like me, are the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge are impossible. I am also my own opposite, and yet beyond both. This is not a riddle, but a statement of Mastery, and one which, alas, so few have the ability to understand.”
-Anton Long, ONA, 116yf

“It is important to realize also that the name “Satan” is not his real name, it is a convenient epithet, used because it expresses part of his nature. There is, in fact, no real ‘name’ as we understand names – [...]. In a sence which few people will understand, Satan is the essence of the acausal: the cosmic force of Chaos whose intrusion into our causal demention disrupts the entropy that linear time produces.” -ONA, Aeonick Magick

These hints made by the ONA regarding “Satan” is a very important concept within the White Star Acception. ‘Satan’ and mythos associated with ‘satan’ are sinister strategies required to purge our minds and lives of the Nazarene Ethos and paradigm, and to liberate ourselves from the hold that the Magian has had on a vast portion of humanity, which prevents us from progressing humanity forward. But to lose oneself in the mythos and strategy; that is to believe in the actualy being of a satan; is conterproductive because not only is this satan a mythic being of the Nazarene Matrix itself, but it is also reactionary.

The Genuine Progressive Satanist of the Dark Tradition who has insight, undersatnds that satan is merely a descriptor used to describe a more esoteric phenomena- the Acausal, or Force of Chaos; which we in 352 symbolize also with Azagthoth- the blind force of Chaos, that is the center and fundamental substance of the Cosmos.

This Acausal Force of Chaos may be likened to an ocean which crystalizes and condenses into a different form in certain areas- ice burgs. Although the Ocean and Ice burg are

essentially the same fundamental essence in two different form; they are very different and do not naturally mix. In other words – this material Cosmos we physically exist in is a materialization or crystallization of acausal chaos in a very condensed and coherent structure. Thus, this Dark Force, which Life Force is but another of its manifestations, lies beneath all things.

This crystallization phenomena is esoterically hinted at with our use of Crystals during our ceremonies, which helps open nexions. Crystals themselves are the condensation of energy and elements into a tightly coherent pattern. The energy cannot be experienced in a crystal, unless one brings two quartz crystals into a dark room and physically rubs them together, thus producing a very visible release of light and energy. Releasing this energy in a way, is similar to the act of opening a nexion and bringing down acausal energy.

The opening of a nexion which draws down acausal energy into our material universe, may be illustrated by holes being drilled in an ice burg to draw sea water down into the ice burg. This drawing down then brings us to the esoteric meaning of the word 'satan.' In Sanskrit the word "Satana" actually means: "causing to fall," "bringing down;" as well as to "destroy," "wear out," or "remove." That is to say that we are Presenting the Dark, or "drawing down" acausal energy into our material world to gradually destroy the old aeon to manifest a new future one. This is perfectly congruent to the Dark Tradition of the ONA.

This process of actively using our minds to form chaos into order is illustrated by Yuggoth ordering Azagthoth into form, as we describe in the very first Chapter of Opus Vrilis, as well as within our initiation ceremonies.

Thus within our White Star Acceptance "Satan" is understood on many levels – esoteric and exoteric. On one level he is a mythos of the Nazarene Paradigm used for certain sinister reasons; on another level 'satan' to us represents Nature in all its forms – primal, cosmic, earthly, animal, and human nature; and on a more esoteric level 'satan' is the very acausal force we are presenting to manifest change and progression.

This is very important to understand because our Dark Tradition is not a reactionary thinking process like the profane satanism which either worships a literal being of the Christian Paradigm, or uses the name 'satan' as a mere symbol of 9 statements. There is more to our religion than just reacting. Those profane stagnant satanism would not exist without the Judeo-Christian mythos, or without the 'satan;' but our Dark Tradition would still be in tact even if we chose to abandon the satanic mythos and stopped using the word satan. The acausal is still the acausal either way; and the Dark Gods- those 'entities' of the acausal – are still the Dark Ones; with or without our usage of satan and his mythos. – Chapter XLII; OV:352



Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

WYRD UP



The Buddha is called the Self Enlightened One. He's not honored as a great teacher because of the moral code he devised, or the philosophical insights he shared in his Tipitaka though. The Buddha is honored because he gave anybody who wished to achieve self enlightenment a step by step "do-it-yourself" path, which he used himself.

Exoterically, the Buddha basically taught that life is suffering. This could hardly be considered illuminating, since the dumbest of individuals living a hard life knows this. To end this suffering the Buddha prescribed the 8 Fold Path.

Now, esoterically – and here's the enlightening bit – the Buddha taught his disciples that life is full of suffering: because the common person is a total idiot completely oblivious to the anatomy and mechanics of the causal world.

It's simple really. The Buddha is Self Enlightened because he had come to realize that the causal world operates or functions on a very simple causal mechanics: Put in – get out. He didn't have a word for this so he hijacked a pre-existing word from Hinduism: karma. Unfortunately the word Karma already came with supernatural stigma such as: retribution, divine judgment, reward for good deeds, punishment for bad deeds. Which served its purpose at the time as it kept the common idiot in order.

Karma is like a dust bunny under your fridge [as with most things superstitious and occultish]. It looks innocent and almost cute at first, but over time, it builds up and grows into a disgusting monster. Today karma is this bastardized *slash* Occidentalized "cosmic law," where some Thing watches your every move and rewards you accordingly over time – or many life times [primitive Cargo Cult thinking]. You would think that after so many centuries of knowing such a cosmic law, and doing good deeds, that the human race [its population] would grow more

progressively rewarded and blessed with each generation. But we seem to see the total opposite: the human race appears to actually be going to hell in a hand basket and we're taking the earth with us.

Buddhism today has actually lost the Light the Buddha had discovered. I know because I was raised a Theravada Buddhist in oriental context; and I study Buddhism as it is mutilated and sold to the western market.

As great and non-religious as Theravada Buddhism is [as it is written in the Tipitakas], it's practiced very differently by the Southern Buddhists. Theravada is also known as Southern Buddhism as it dominates the southern portion of Asia.

To the average common southern Buddhist folk, the Buddha isn't a teacher, he's a deity, a god. Some tell me he is the supreme god. And underneath him are the Hindu gods. Instead of meditating for self enlightenment, the common folk pray to statues of the Buddha and asks him for favors in return for thing.

My family and I often go to this one Thai wat [temple] where there is a giant statue of an Emerald Buddha. It's said that if you pray to the emerald Buddha and ask for something, and promise to give the emerald Buddha 24 chicken eggs in return for answering your wish, it will come true. The thing is the wat is packed to the ceiling with cartons of eggs.

I did try it. I lit three sticks of sandalwood, made my wish, and prostrated before the green statue three times. This was long ago when I first tried it. I was in love with some one at the time. I told the green Buddha that if he brought my object of affection to me, I would bring him 100 cartons of 24 eggs; after all, they were just chicken eggs; what a deal!

After you pray and make your wish before the statue, you wander off to the side of the platform which the statue sits on and put in a dollar in a little red box on the carpet. Then you pick up this cup thing made of bamboo inside which are 64 little bamboo sticks with a number on them. And you shake the cup thing until a stick falls out. Then you take the number on the stick and go to the cubby box with the number on it and get a piece of paper with your fortune written on it in Chinese, Thai, Khmer, and bad English. Usually the fortune that you get relates to the wish you made. I had my mom read mine for me, because the English translation was a single badly written paragraph, while the fortune in Thai and Khmer took up the whole page.

Anyways, after two month I got my wish, to my surprise. That's when I had to figure out where to get 100 cartons of eggs, and how to get 2400 eggs to the wat safely. I joking tell Kayla that she was cheap because I only had to trade 2400 eggs with the Buddha for her.

All my friends learned about the green Buddha, and they all started to go to the wat also. Eventually all of them started to bring cartons of eggs to the green Buddha too monthly. And I kept on going back for more. Every time you ask for something, and you negotiate how many eggs you will bring, your wish somehow comes true.

Anyways every weekend the wat has a thing where they sell Thai food and have a BBQ, and

all these Thai and Khmer people come out and converge at the wat in droves. Inside the temple you can smell sandalwood everywhere, and you can here the constant sound of bamboo sticks shaking underneath the monotoned droning of old monks chanting as they sprinkle “holy water” on elderly ladies.

Outside the old nuns and others have all these booths set up cooking and serving different food and sweets. Then under this one tree on the other side of the temple are these jewelry booths set up by these guys with magic tats decorating their arms and bodies.

In their jewelry cases they sell these magical Buddha necklaces made of beads and strange metal for \$100-\$500 a piece. Each necklace magically does something. Some make you bullet proof? Some helps you win court cases? Others help you win in gambling? Or make girls like you?

Then the monks all get into the fortune telling, and magic stuff too. You give a monk some money and he'll take you to his room and read your fortune for you, or give you a magical yantra for whatever reason.

The monkhood of southern Buddhism has de-evolved from an institute of devoted men on a quest for self enlightenment, to a school which teaches trivial Buddhist philosophy and magical chants and occult knowledge.

“De-evolve” is not the right term to use. It's like saying Tibetan Buddhism de-evolved into some occultish Bon-po thing – when Bon had long been the ancient indigenous religion of the Tibetan people.

All this animism, and cargo-cult wishing and negotiating with spirits that live in statues, magical tattoos, magic metals and necklaces, and magical chants and yantras were a living part of an indigenous way of the people of Southeast Asia. The Buddhism is a superficial cover, which is barely understood by the folk itself.

My mom and family, and even the monks I have spoken with tell me that the only law of Buddhism is: Don't cause others to suffer, and do good, so you can be reborn in a better life. So in the south, it is safe to say with regard to Buddhism, that what is written is not what is practiced. The written religion, and the Way of Life in Theravada are two very different things.

In the West, Buddhism seems to be tailored to satisfy the taste of the market. The Buddha is actually a teacher, whose teachings are at times philosophical, other times deep or moralistic. Karma has gotten its own life beyond the confines of its Hindu-Buddhist parent. “What goes around, comes around.” So Karma has de-evolved into.

You've got this Dalai Lama sometimes preaching Buddhism to occidental seekers of exotic truths – hoping that somehow via his preaching, he will one day become the autocratic-theocratic ruler of Tibet again.

But nobody in the west [or east] seems to know what the Buddha DIS-COVERED that caused

him to be called the Self Enlightened One. Not even the Dalai Lama – for IF he knew the essence and meaning of what the Buddha Dis-Covered, the Dalai Lama would not be whining and crying for his lost Tibet: lost to China. As a wise woman once said: “We must ultimately dance with what we put into motion.” That is the genuine meaning of what the Buddha meant by “Karma.” That is what he Dis-Covered.

“Karma” basically means “to act.” That’s it. The ACT of doing something sets off a causal chain reaction which the Buddha names the Eightfold Paths. Essentially, what you think influences how you feel. Your emotions influences your actions. Your actions in life, then produces reactions. These reactions then manifests as experience. The ONA’s esoteric concept of Wyrd better resonates with the Buddha’s original meaning of “karma.”

These reactions generated from our own actions, not only effects our lives, but it ripples out to effect others, and vise versa.

Thus, it can be understood why there is suffering in the first place. Stupid people do stupid things. 7 billion stupid people doing stupid things equals the eventual extinction of our species. What do I mean though by “stupid?” By stupid, I mean the inability to see and feel beyond your own self – lack of Empathy in other words. It’s also the inability to understand that your actions don’t stop when you stop doing stuff. Your actions continues to exist as a creative or destructive force altering your life, creating the reality you will experience, and effecting the lives and reality of those around you.

The inability of European aristocrats to Empathize with the serf and common people they are abusing, exploiting, tyrannizing – eventually progresses into revolution where those same aristocrats are beheaded and lose their power. Whose fault is it that the revolution happened?

The inability for greedy shareholders of pharmaceutical corporations to Empathize with the sickness and disease of the common person, to genuinely care enough to rid the disease or sickness, and instead sells pills that only cover up the symptoms and produces new side effects. This in turn, over time causes more medical complications and disorders in a large segment of society.

The inability for food corporations to genuinely empathize with the actual nutritional needs of a people, and instead pack their food products with man made chemicals that preserve or makes it taste better for profit. This in turn, over a period of time, causes physiological complications in a large segment of society because who is to know, what those chemicals do to us over a long period of time.

We never stop to ask ourselves why feral dingos don’t get cancer, but our pet dogs do? Why people living in many parts of Asia and Africa have never even had a case of cancer; but yet it’s a leading cause of death in the west. Heart disease – how many people outside the chemical grip of industrialized western civilization dies of heart disease.

It’s not just about politics and disease. It’s also about financial well being of a person and nation.

The inability of Europe to Empathize with Africans caused the rape, plunder, and mass continental exploitation of Africa. Sure, such actions gave Europe a quick fix of wealth and power. But are the long term effects of Europe's Wyrd in Africa worth it? Is it worth all the famine? All the political instability? All of the genocide that manifested?

We can ignore Africa for a while, and pretend nothing is wrong with it. But in time, when the fresh water is too polluted to drink, the raped land is too dry to cultivate, the political regimes fallen. There will be mass migration; mass war; mass genocide. Where will these people go if not into other countries for their survival – en masse. Which will cause more problems.

Lack of Empathy thus causes human suffering. But it goes deeper than just empathizing with another person. Lack of Chronomorphic – or Aeonic – perspective causes human suffering.

By lack of aeonic perspective I mean to say that one lacks the ability to see the fruits of one's action in a future time frame. For example: if you cut down the Amazon rainforest, what will causally manifest 100 years from now when there is no more rainforest? If you continue to insist that you are better than others, or that you can continue to do as you please without regard for yourself and others, what kind of life will you experience 10-25 years from now?

From an aeonic perspective, sometimes acts that – for the moment – appear to be compassionate, empathetic, and productive, end up having negative causal effects which prolong or enhance human suffering. For example: Mother Theresa.

She is a saint in my eyes. For an old woman to devote all her time to the poor of India, is no easy task. Cleaning the streets of dead bodies, nursing the sick, comforting the rejected: But to what end? Mother Theresa was a blind saint. Blind because she only nursed an open wound of a nation, and did not cure the cause of the wound.

No amount of clearing the streets of Calcutta of dead bodies, feeding the hungry, and comforting the hopeless is ever going to teach the people of India to work together to get itself out of poverty, for the sake of their own people. Mother Theresa only kept people alive longer to suffer longer. Why is it that a nation like Australia with only 25 million people can materialize a well-to-do collective existence; but yet a nation of 1 Billion living in a naturally lush, and resource-rich land mass as India can't house or feed most of its population? The Enlightened solution has been stated before rather well: Give a beggar a fish and he eats for a day. Teach him to fish, and he eats for life. It is Numinous to Empathize with the suffering of a person, but it becomes un-numinous when you act out your pity without aeonic perspective by doing something for a quick fix for the unfortunate.

For example: Your neighbor is laid off from work and he has a family and house to think about. Which of these two courses of Numinous action would – thru an understanding of Wyrd – manifest the best and most positive result which would have less suffering: A) You pity your neighbor, and out of pure altruism pay his bills and mortgage for him; or B) Take him to the unemployment office, make him go back to school to get a high education. If you pick A, you only temporarily cover up the symptoms of a cause. The cause which is inside your neighbor, which is born from him lacking the right mind, right heart, and right actions.

This brings us to the Numinous Way's focus on human suffering and the cessation of human suffering.

We know that suffering exists. We know some of the causes of human suffering. But do we know how to stop human suffering when we see it? Sometimes, a Sinister act or Applied Force must be set into motion to end human suffering. I'll give a few quick examples to illustrate:

The American and French Revolution. Revolution with its bloodshed may seem to contradict the Numinous Way superficially without aeonic perspective; but aeonically what did it achieve? It ended the suffering of the common person, and actually gave them something never before experienced: Liberty.

The other example would be the mass starvation of places like Ethiopia and Somalia. It's heartbreaking to see those little children die of famine. It is extreme suffering. But what choices do we have to end such suffering? Do we give the political regime in charge millions of dollars to feed its people? Chances are that money will never be used for what it was intended for. Do we send food to the government to feed its people? Chances are the food would be sold for weapons. Do we feed the people directly? We can, but this won't solve the cause of the famine: the Politics and people in control who don't care about their own people.

A predator with claws and sharp teeth is the last likely candidate for Nature's Numinous Soldiers. The thought of a predator like a cheetah or lion evokes thoughts of heartlessly or opportunistically chasing down poor defenseless antelopes. But is nature that cruel?

What would happen in nature if we took out the Predators: the wolves, coyotes, dingos, tigers, lions, or spiders? There would be no force to keep the herbivore population in check. Nothing would cull genetically or physically defected herbivore which would contaminate its gene pool with irregular genes. Over time, not only is the surrounding environment depleted of vegetation – which in turn causes land erosion; but the very genetic health of a given species deteriorates – which may cause the very species to go extinct.

Nature is an Integrated Symbiotic System, in which every one of its parts has a unique and vital – Numinous – role to play. Without one part or species, the whole system falls apart. And we are just beginning to realize this, when it is all too late, because our arrogance and ignorance has already done the damage.

Thus, we cannot point to a particular part/species of Nature and say that one part is more "sacred," more vital, more numinous, than another. No more than we can point to an organ in our own body and say that such organ is the best, or most human of bodily organs.

In the same way, we cannot be so blind in regards to the Numinous Way, to concentrate on an idealistic aspect of Nature, the Cosmos, or even an abstract idealism, and say that such idealism is "Numinous," above the rest of Nature. We must learn to see Nature and the Living Cosmos as the integral whole that it is – to which we are not only a living part of, but a vital sprocket of.

In the same sense, we cannot blindly choose an idealism such as Ahimsa [non-violence] or something in the Numinous Way and say that such an empathetic and honorable concept as non-violence is better and more numinous than intelligently applied force or predatorial instinct. Because one superficially seems to prevent human suffering, while the other superficially seems to cause it. In either case, when Empathy, Compassion, Pity, Ahimsa, or Force, is taken to the extreme – that extreme nature always causes human suffering: personally and supra-personally.

There is a point where extreme empathy and extreme force blurs: the point where an antiabortionist is so empathetic with an unborn fetus that they would kill a doctor. The extreme love and empathy of an overly protective mother for her overly sheltered children – not only causes suffering in the children, but limitation, and stupidity. The well intentions of Christians who genuinely believe their pile of crap religion who want us to live in a nation where bible policies is state policies, to protect our souls from eternal damnation – it's nice and friendly, but would cause a lot of suffering. Thanks but no thanks.

Nature is neither extremely empathetic or extremely forceful with Her Children. There are times when the Cosmos seems cold and indifferent. There are times when Nature seems violent. But then there are those times when the Cosmos seems to be alive, dancing before you – calling; and Nature seems to offer Her bounteous fruits up.

The secret to Nature and the Living Cosmos is it has a “Cosmic Policy,” or a “Natural Agenda.” Nature has a goal and an objective – a Wyrd to weave and manifest. It is not a random coming and going of life and weather phenomena. There is progression. Look back to the earth's past and you will see the progression – the Cosmic Policy.

Nature is thus like any strong and vital nation with a strong sense of where they want to be and what they want to accomplish. America as a nation in the international community has a strong self identity, an objective, a goal, a purpose, and aim. It has foreign policies and it deals with other nations according to how these other nations help it manifest it's own goals. So America seems cold and violent to some nations, while close and brotherly with others. In the same way Nature was cold and unforgiving with the dinosaurs and Neanderthals, and more caring and affectionate with us as a species – because we serve Nature's and the Cosmos's agenda: The agenda of spreading life – our blood and seed across the galaxy and Cosmos.

From this bigger, more Cosmic point of view, Life goes beyond the cause and concern for suffering. If Nature were so concerned for the welfare of all of its little parts, those ancient primordial bacteria in that primordial pond would still be alive existing in a perfect bacterial paradise, and we would not be here today. But with Cosmic Wisdom, an objective and balance between adhering to such objectives and empathy for its parts, Nature has not only evolved into many causal forms, but each form thrives in it's own environment. But this did not come without a cost – some suffered, some perished.

So, just as they say: The few must die to give life to the many. There are times when the few must suffer to give peace and progression to the many. There must be balance and a goal to work towards – even in the Numinous Way – otherwise, it is aimless and pointless. As aimless

and pointless as Buddhism is.

Buddhism is a quaint collection of nice ideas of compassion for all things and non-violence; and it would be great if we could all just practice those simple principles – but to what end? Buddhism has been in existence for 2500 years. What fruits has it produced for the human race after 2500 years? Are we any better off today because of it then 2500 years ago? No, actually today we have a thousand more things to worry and suffer over. Where would we be if 2500 years ago the Buddha taught: Be kind to each other, and by the way, lets go to the moon.

The cessation of human suffering is not enough for the Numinous Way. The rest of it must come along – the progression of the individual human to it's highest potential; and the progression of human civilization to it's highest potential: Galactic Civilization. Such an agenda – a policy – implies an eventual need to compromise the suffering of a few for the prosperity and peace of the future many.

But there must be a Vision, a purpose, a goal. Otherwise it's pointless. It's the difference between the high school graduate who knows what she wants to be in 5 years, and how to get there. She sets her goals, and gives her life a purpose and objective. She will suffer greatly: debts from loans and grants; expensive books; those long nights of no sleep; working a full time job also; all the stress and tears. Versus a guy who graduated from high school, and after reading the Satanic Bible figures he is his own god, and that he will indulge each day as it comes. Sure, our profane Satanist may live an easy – stress free life of low suffering. But after 5 years, which of the two will have done something with their lives? Which of these two will actually enjoy old age, and which will be working at WalMart at the age of 60 going to his grave worried about bills and medical debt, and whose fault is it if he suffers?

That example is the essence of Wyrd and the original meaning of Karma: We must dance with what we put into motion. That the life we will eventually live and experience is born from what thoughts, emotions, and actions we entertain today. Knowing this secret the Noble minded – the Ariya/Aryan – will understand the means and method of raising to the top because they are enlightened to understand such secrets. The ignoble – the anariya – being an ignorant breed incapable of understanding this secret, even if it were taught to them openly, will continue to live their lives manifesting personal suffering.

Knowing the secret of how this causal world works – wyrd/karma – I will then ask you: What is the true and genuine cause of human suffering? The individual person itself is it's own cause of suffering. Why? Because they lack the capacity to understand or care to understand that their foolish thoughts, uncontrolled emotions, and stubborn desire to do as they please actually causes their own suffering. How then is human suffered to be ended, if the ultimate and genuine cause of that suffering is a great portion of humanity itself?

It thus becomes the responsibility of the Nobility – the Ariya/Aryan – to strive to climb to the top to become people of power and influence, thus through superficial teachings and politics, guide the ignorant anariya forward for their own good. By Aryan here, I don't mean a skin color, but a Noble quality of Mind and Civilized essence capable of apprehending lofty and profound concepts- as the word was originally used. Buddhism, in its beginning days was a religion

invented by a Noble Aryan Prince intended to be adhered by kings, queens, and their Noble progeny and the Noble Minded who were in positions of power and influence – thus having the power and means to Enlighten the mass through anti-hindu godless philosophy [India was - as it is today - corrupted by Hinduism], and progress their kingdoms through the policies they make. But things don't always end up as planned. [What's that Magian religion founded by Greek Jews based on a dead Jew on a stick - oh yeah: Christianity. It doesn't surprise me that German National Socialist had a certain amount of honor for Buddhism].

Empathy alone solves nothing. Honor alone does not destroy human suffering. Only Empathy complimented with Intelligence and Wyrd – or aeonic action that manifests a desired future result – will gradually end human suffering.

Thus, there is a place in the Numinous Way for Empathy as much as there is a place for the Sinister Predator. This may seem like saying wolves and rabbits are both numinous and sacred/vital to Nature, which from a localized perspective is hard to understand. But when we take a step back and look at the bigger picture as a functioning symbiotic whole, then we will be enlightened enough to realize that such a statement is genuine. There is a place for everything, and each thing does what it needs to do for Nature its own way.

Thus there is a natural congruency and integral symbiosis between the Numinous Way and the Sinister Way of the ONA esoterically – if we understand the essence of the two, and the way of Nature correctly. Only superficially do these two creations of Myatt appear to be different things. We should know by now in the ONA that the outer form, is not always the essence.

There may be a few insightful tidbits in this essay I wrote. But these insights, and concepts in this essay aren't mine. It's all because of Myatt/Long and the many things he wrote. Its just that those writings fell on a fertile mind. I would dare say that Myatt/Long re-Dis-Covered certain long lost "truths" a certain mythical someone named Gautama Buddha once also discovered.

Now, I am not saying or implying that Myatt/Long copied the teachings of the Buddha, because such Buddhist teaching in this day and age is nothing like it was originally [what is after 2500 years].

If there is a similarity between Buddhism and Myatt's Numinous Way and even his ONA [when you read the Tipitaka you'll understand]; it is because they are inspired by the same Source: Nature.

It wasn't until the Buddha had become tired of those cults and religions that he retreated into the forest to be at one with Nature. And in the forest he discovered what is sometimes called the Forest Doctrine: the Enlightening Essence of what would become Buddhism.

This same Nature, inspired another man who mentally and spiritually left the profane world behind for a journey of self evolution, with his eyes constantly deep in the Cosmos. From that same source Myatt extracted Wyrd, Causal, Acausal, Aeonics, his Numinous Way, his Reichsfolk Culture, and even his ONA. True those words may have existed before in some

form or other. But it was inside Myatt's mind where these ideas and concepts were broken down, and reconstructed into a creative and new entity.

It doesn't take much intelligence to buy the words and ideas of another man and use it as your own – no more than it does to buy a car. The originality, creativity, and genius lays in a mind's ability to take many old useless concepts and alchemically make something new out of them – in the same way it would require intelligence, creativity, and genius to invent a car from the concepts of a steam engine and a horse drawn wagon. There is a major difference. Many men are buyers and users – few are innovators and manufacturers.

I know there will be the few who slap my wrist for praising Myatt in such a light. But when you have each come to understand the deeper essence of the forest doctrine, and realize that what Myatt is expressing through his mind and writing is essentially the same primal doctrine – then you will see what I see.

Chloe 352

Nexion WSA352, Order of Nine Angles

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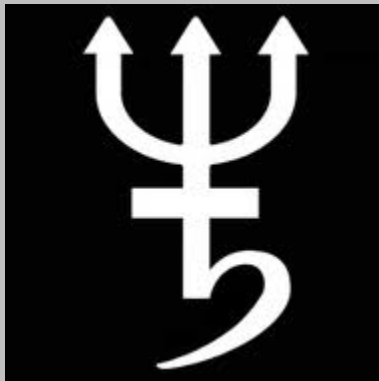
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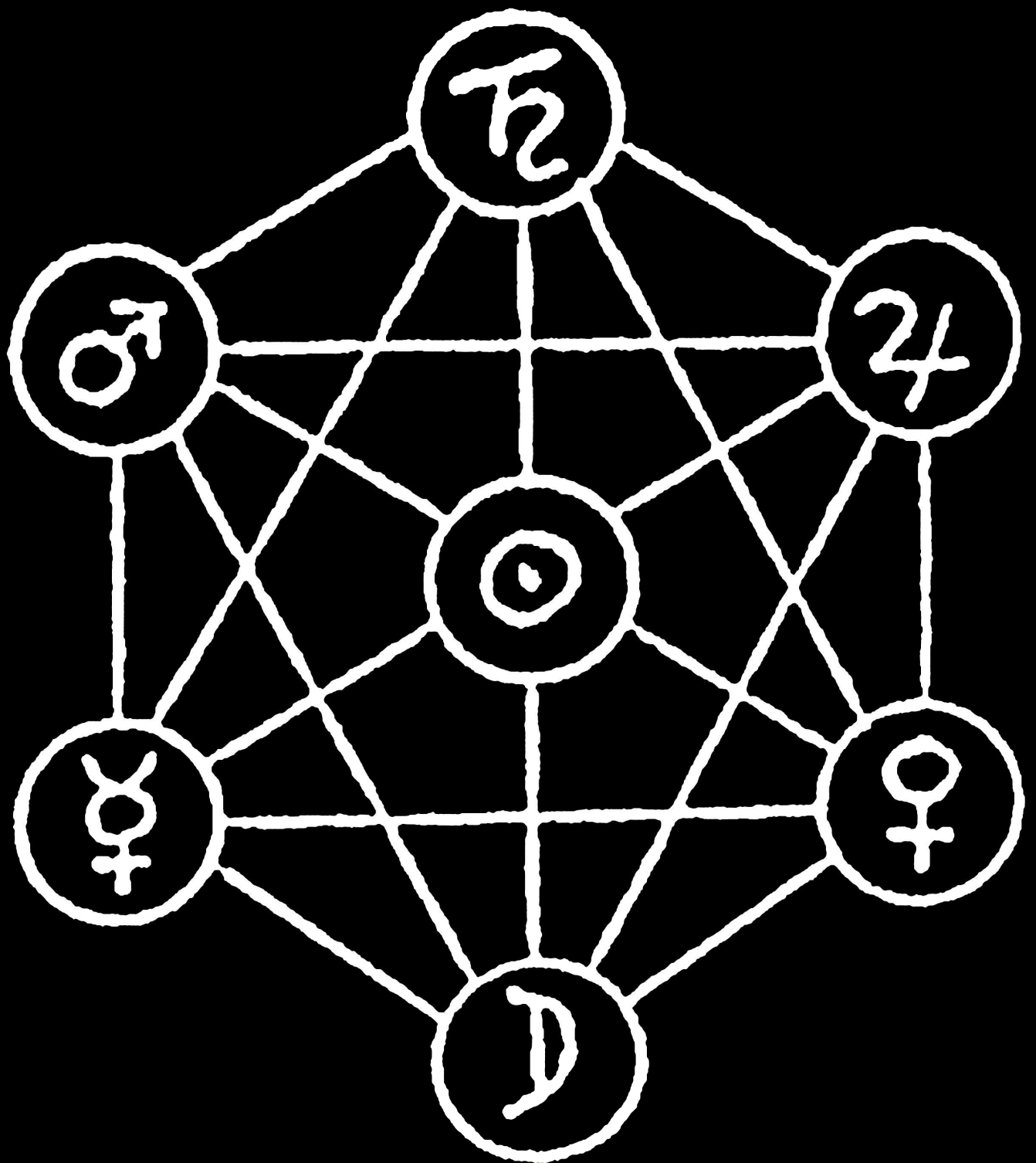
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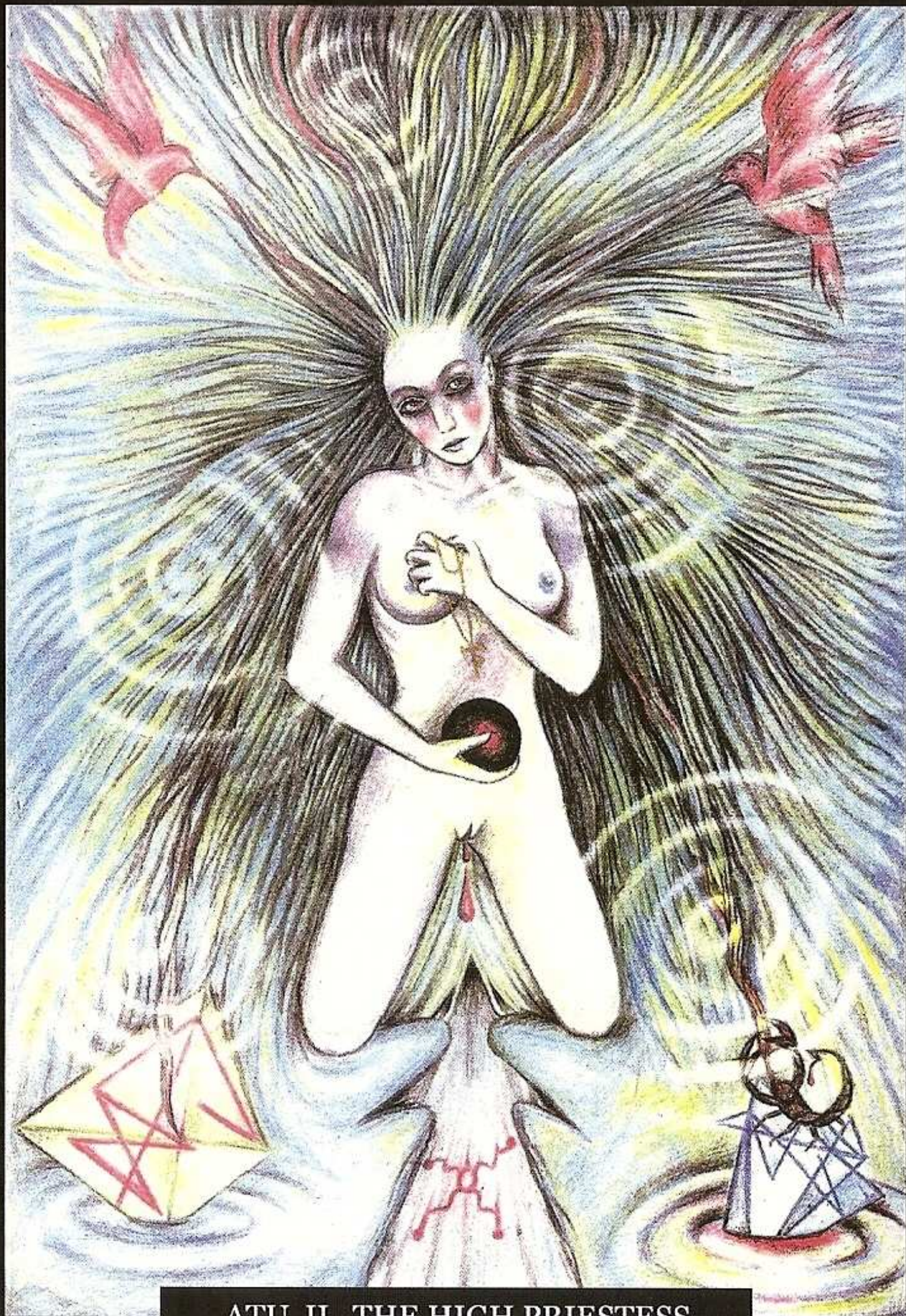




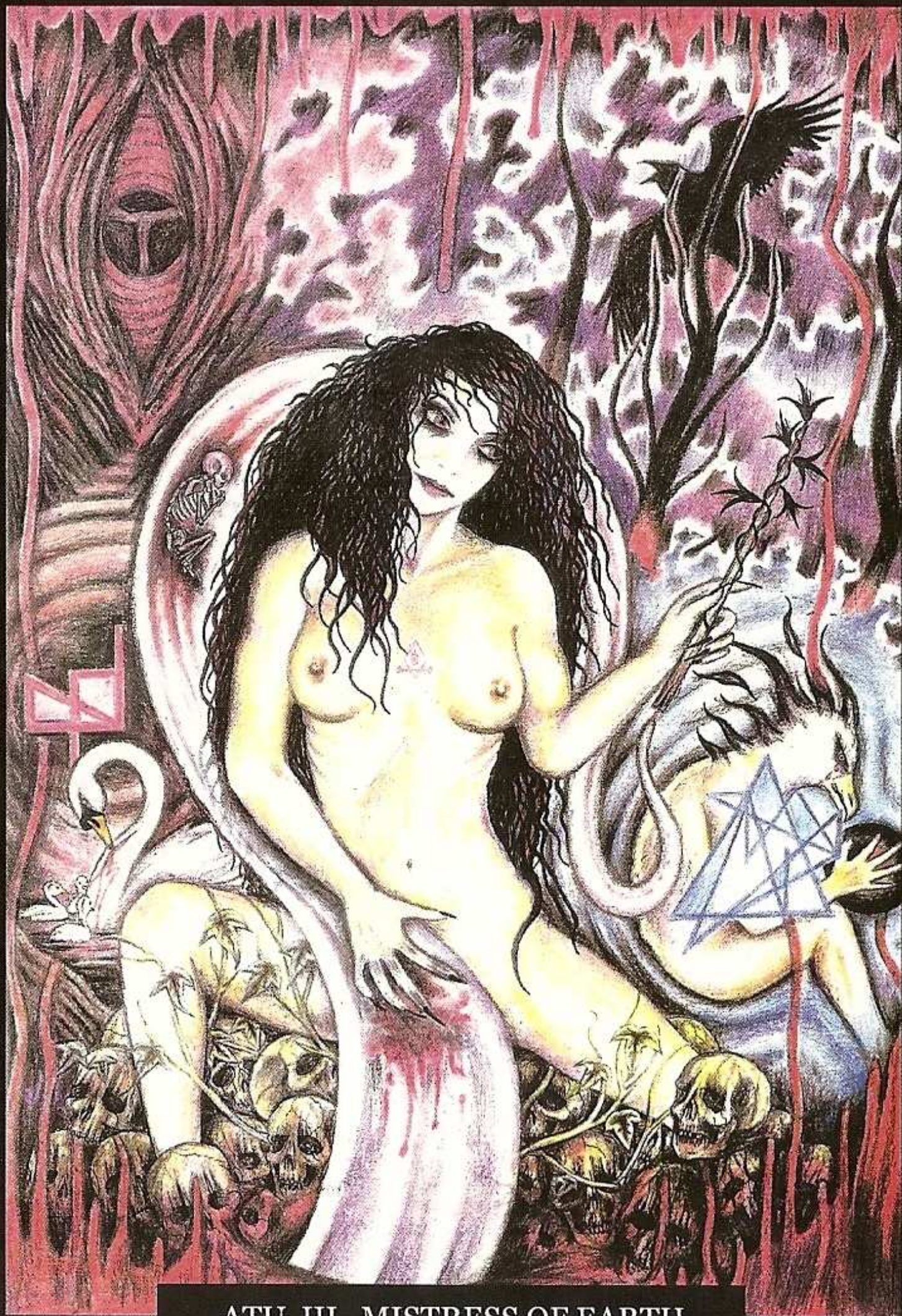
ATU O PHYSIS



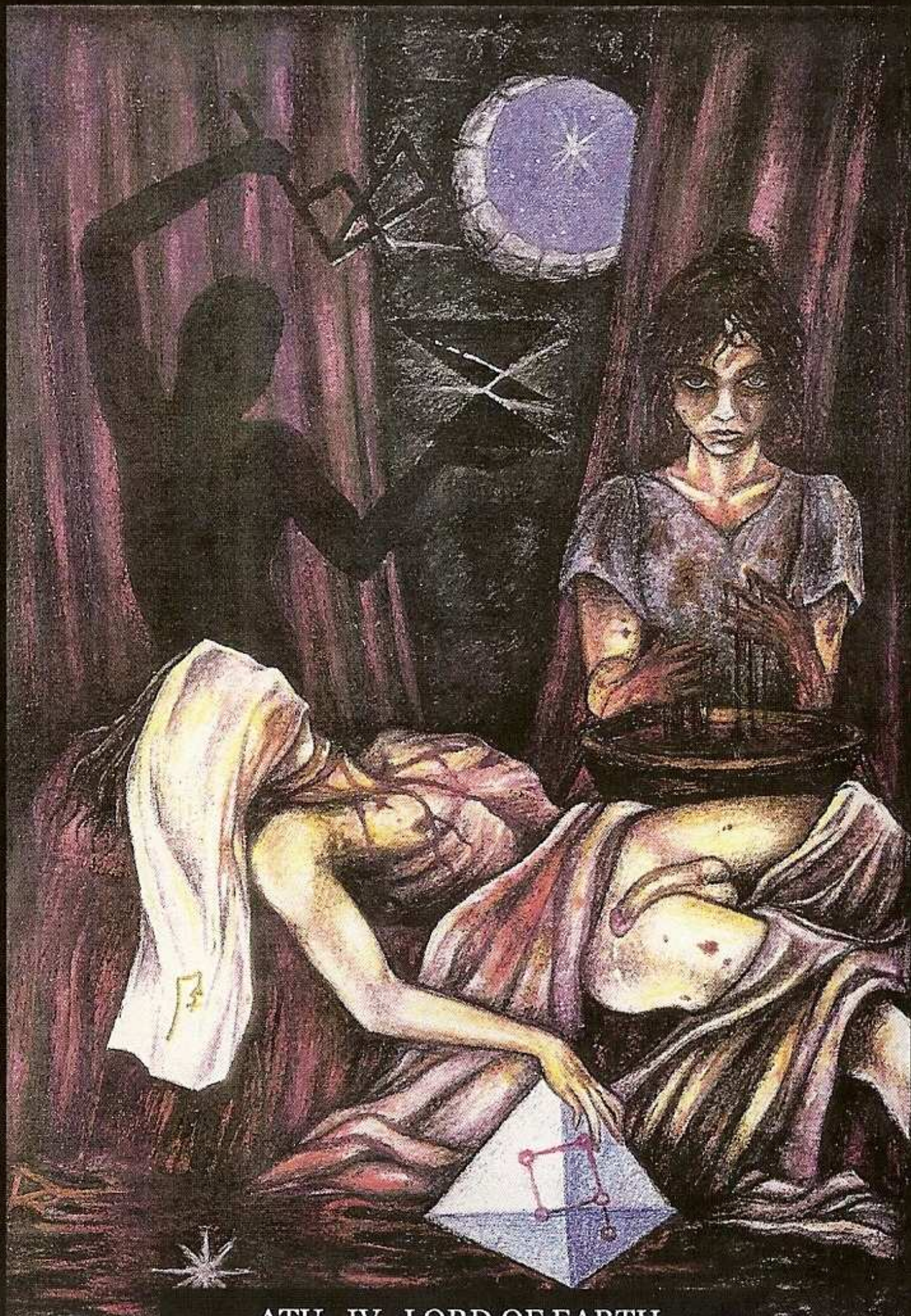
ATU I THE MAGICKIAN



ATU II THE HIGH PRIESTESS



ATU III MISTRESS OF EARTH



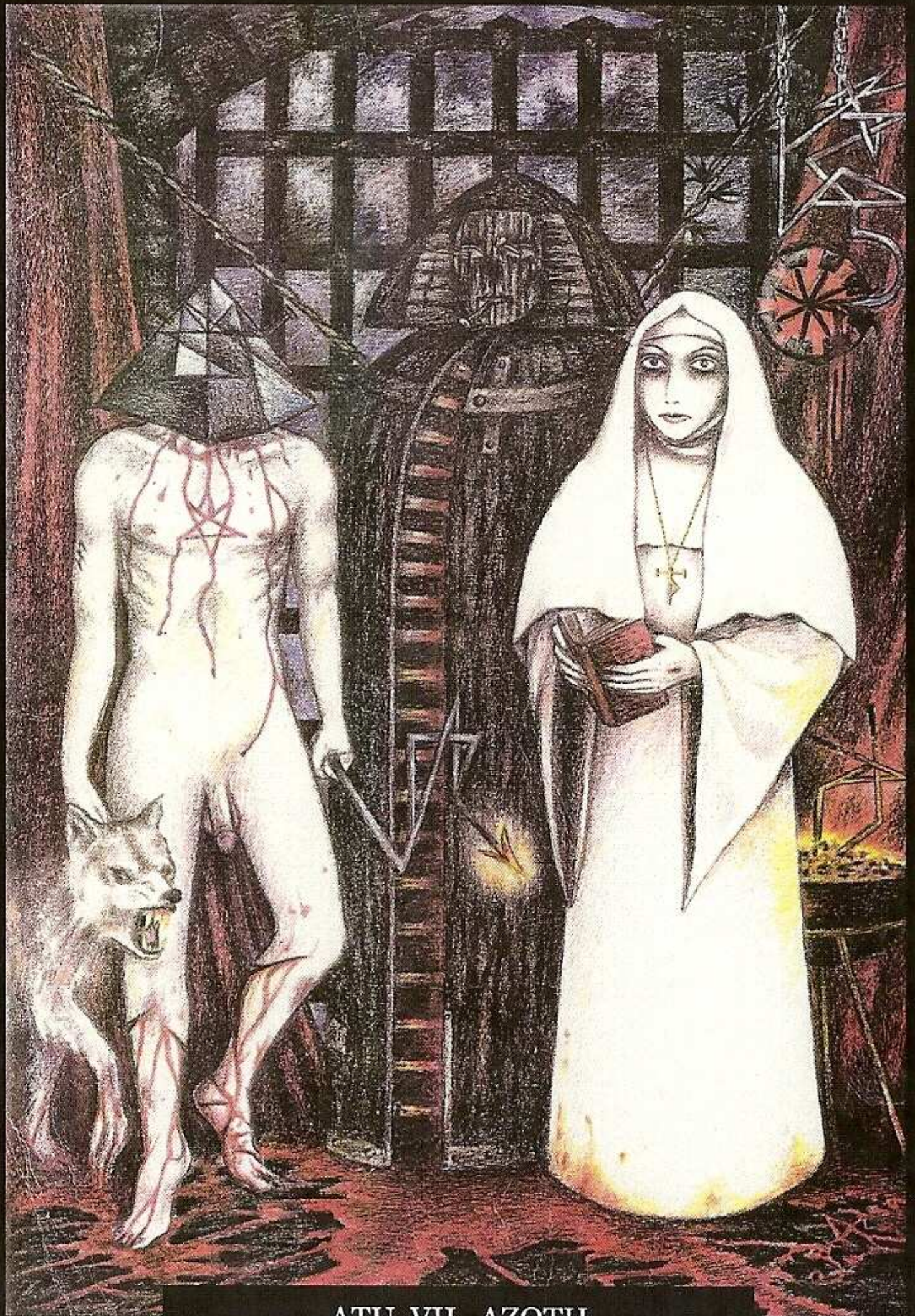
ATU IV LORD OF EARTH



ATU V THE MASTER



ATU VI THE LOVERS



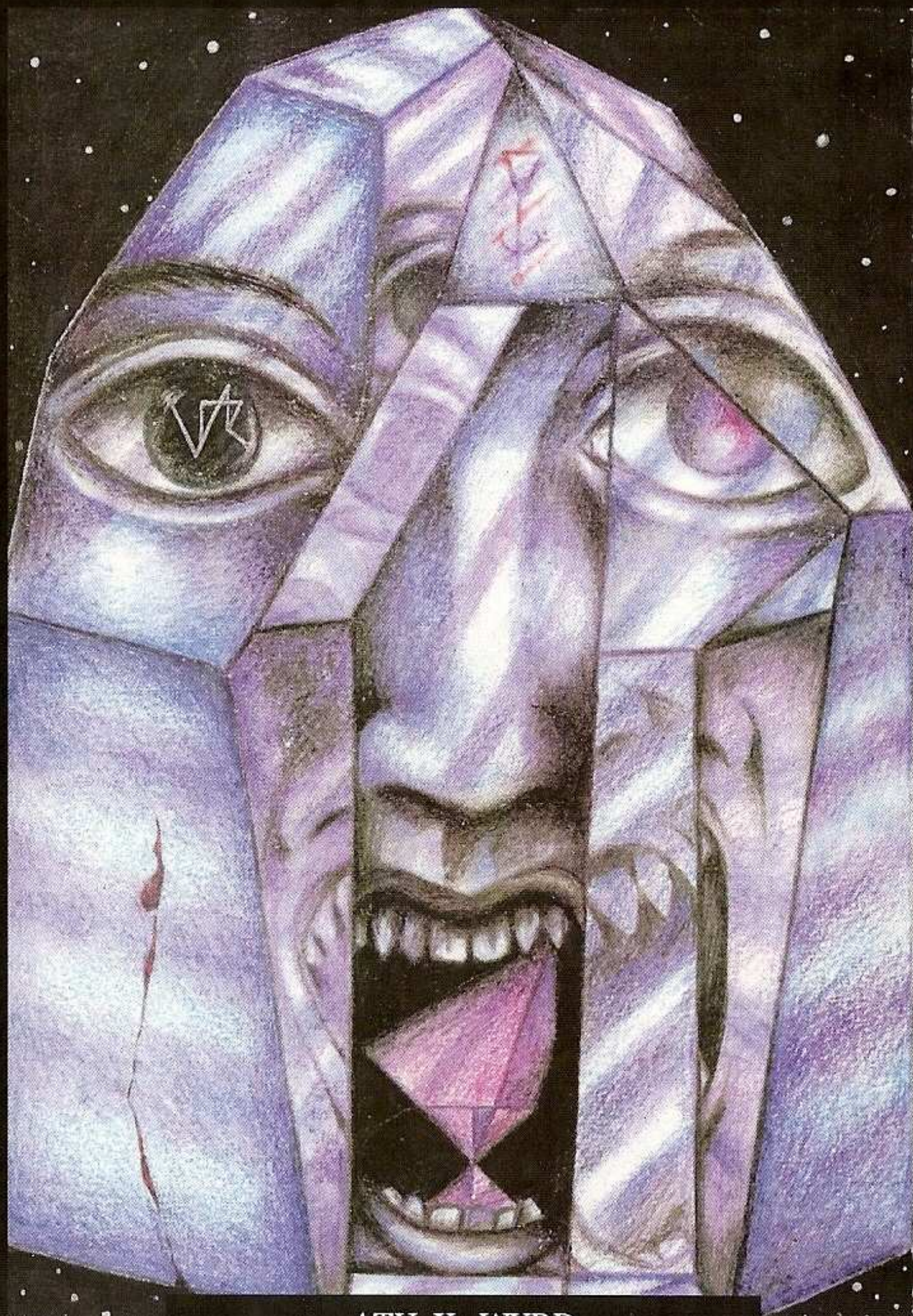
ATU VII AZOTH



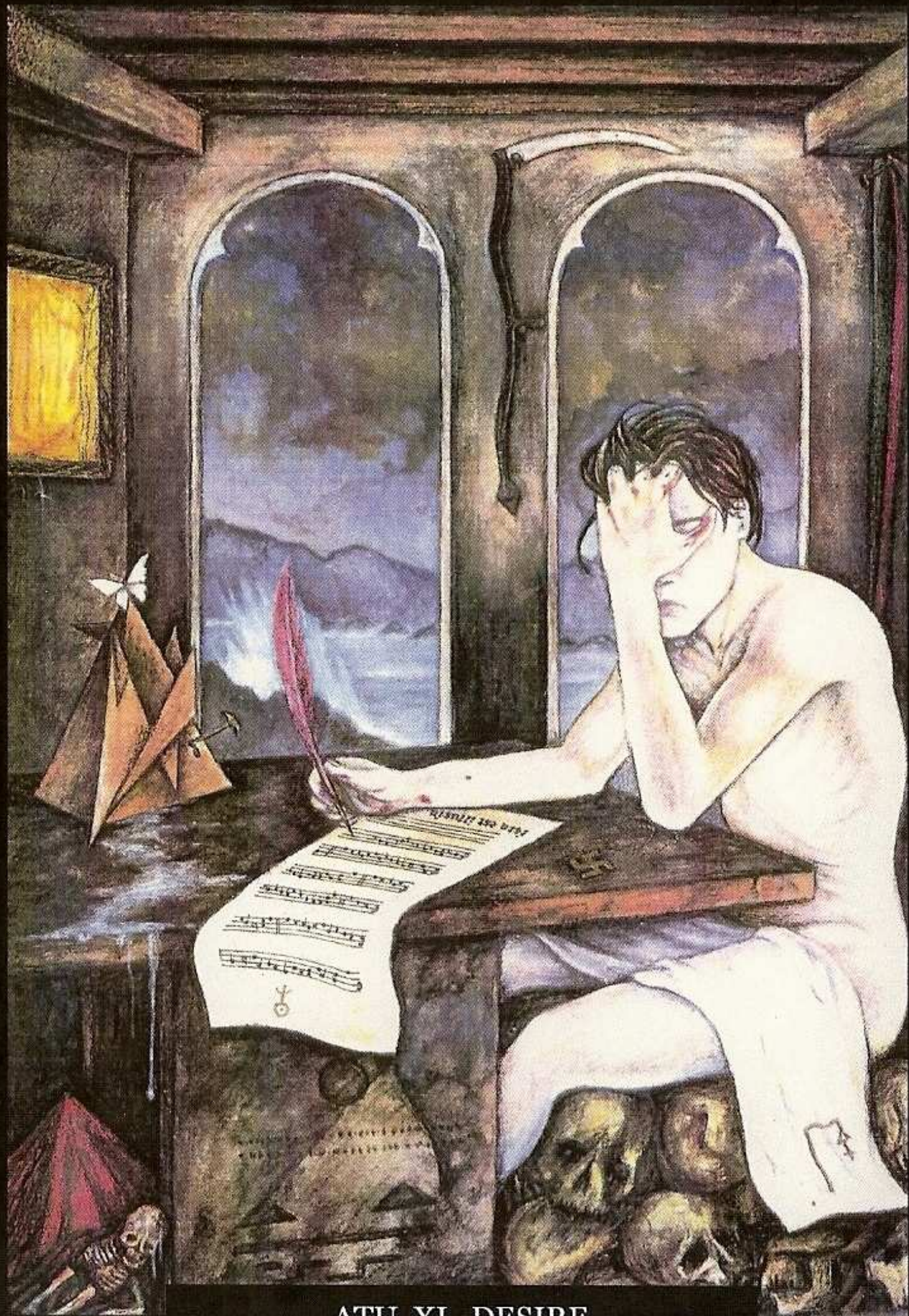
ATU VIII CHANGE



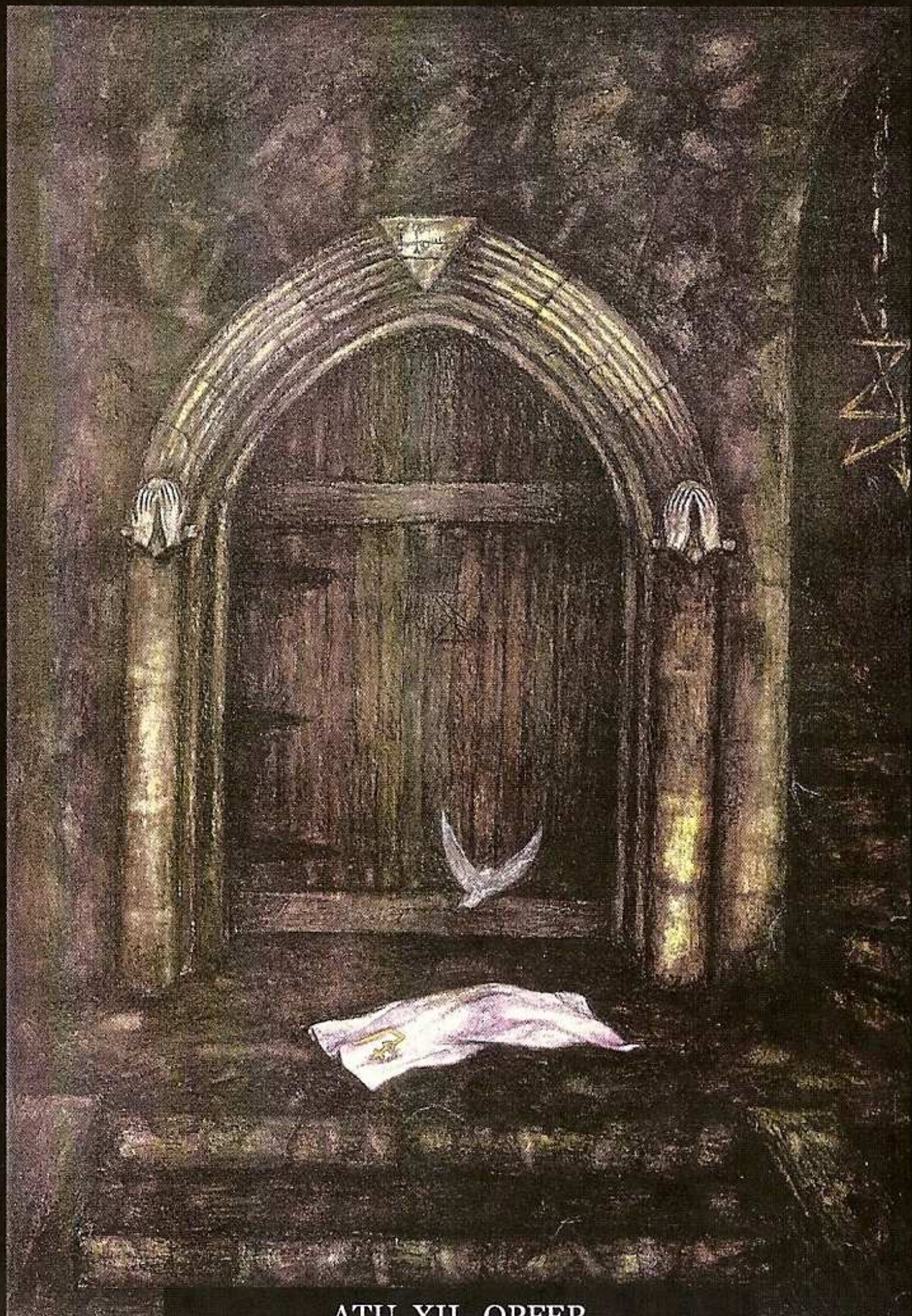
ATU IX THE HERMIT



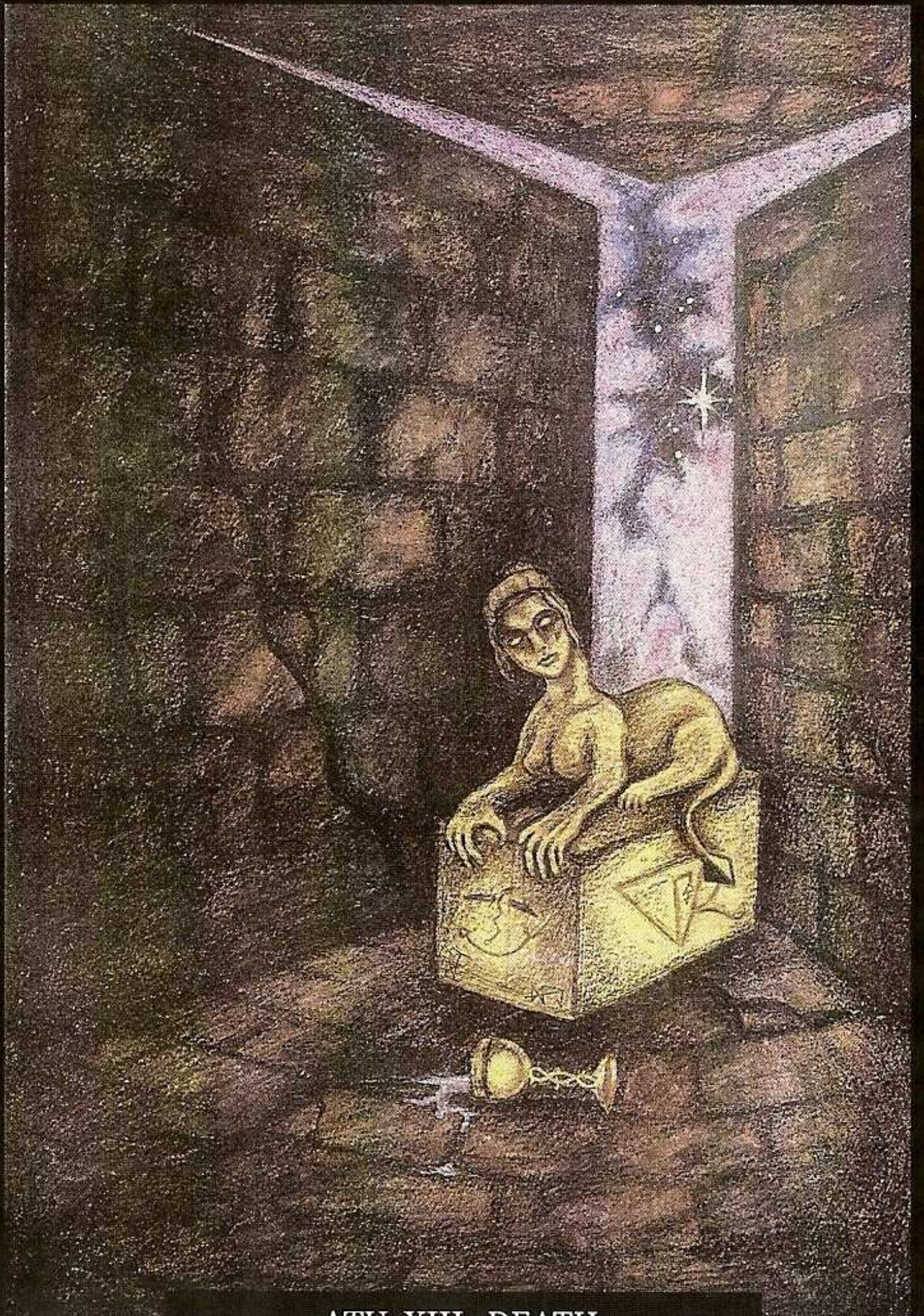
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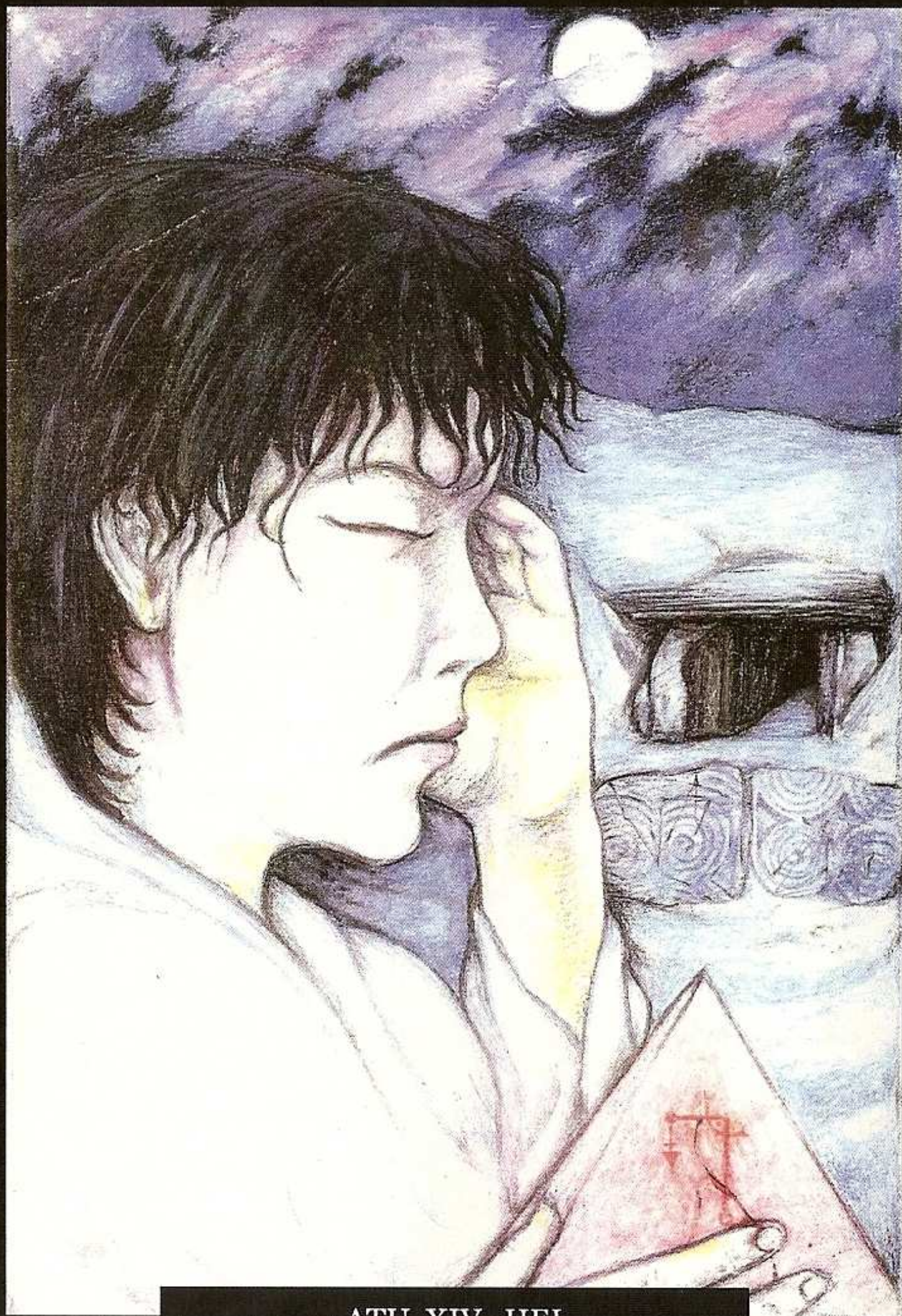
ATU XI DESIRE



ATU XII OPFER



ATU XIII DEATH



ATU XIV HEL



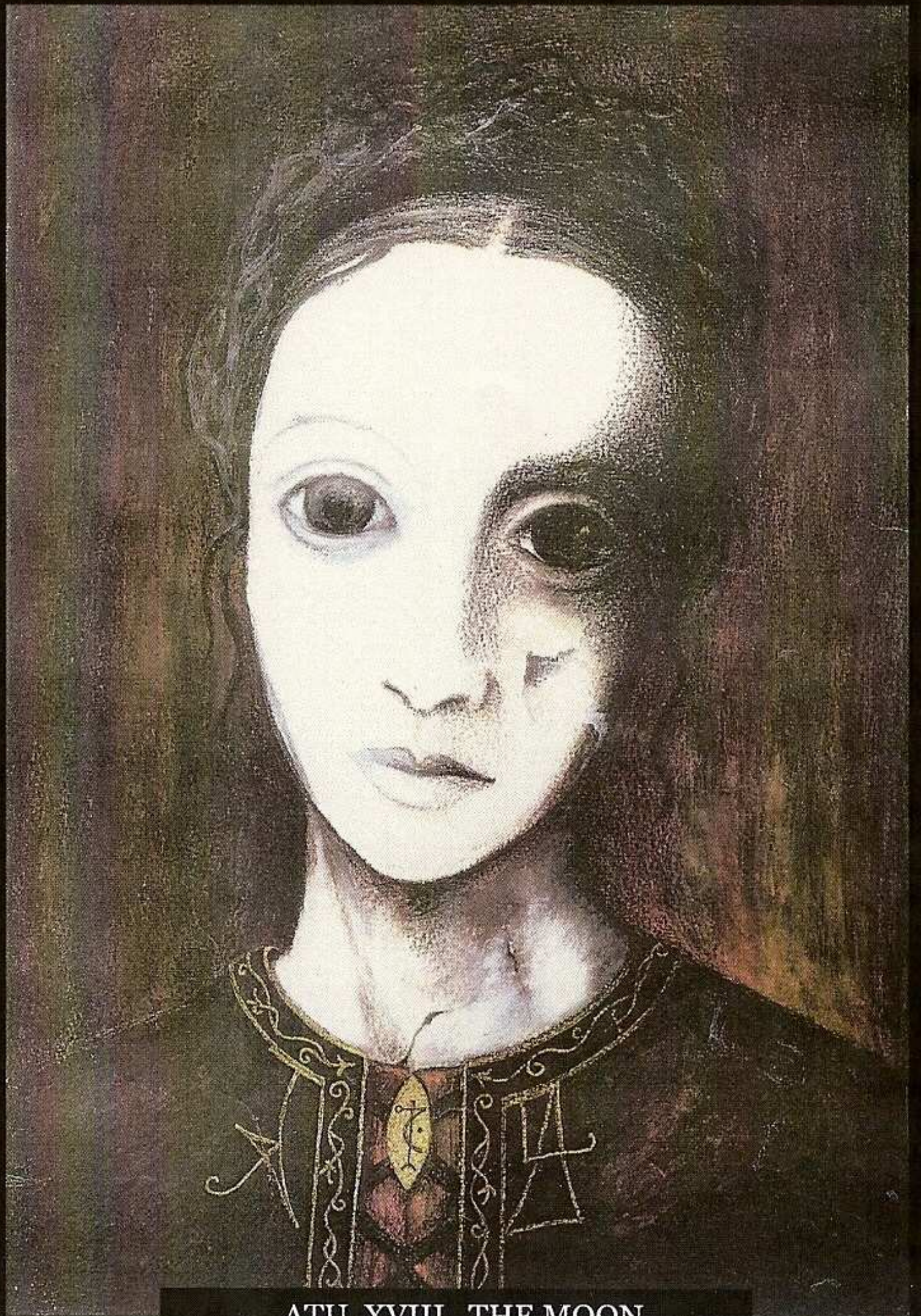
ATU XV DEOFEL



ATU XVI WAR



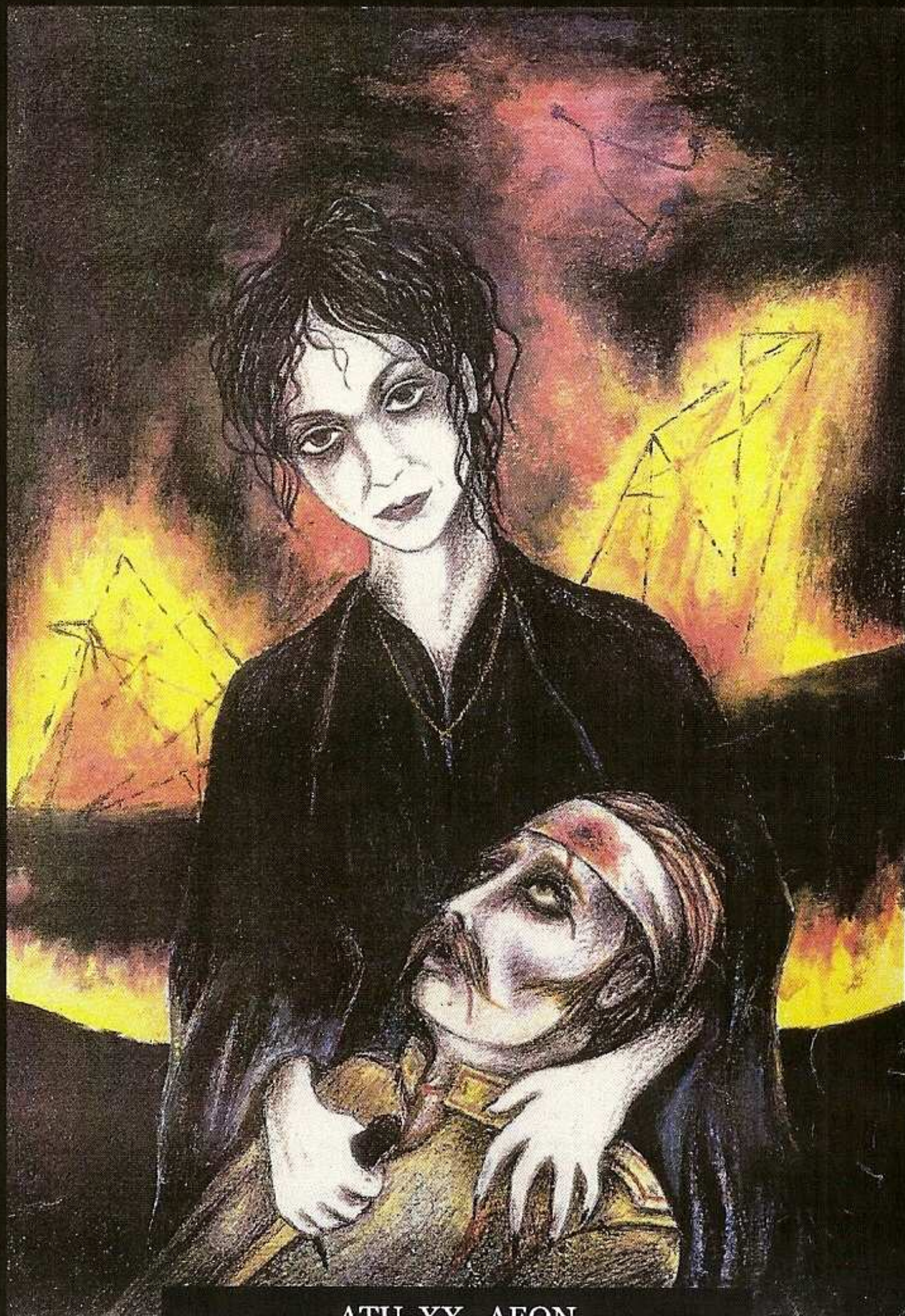
ATU XVII THE STAR



ATU XVIII THE MOON



ATU XIX THE SUN



ATU XX AEON

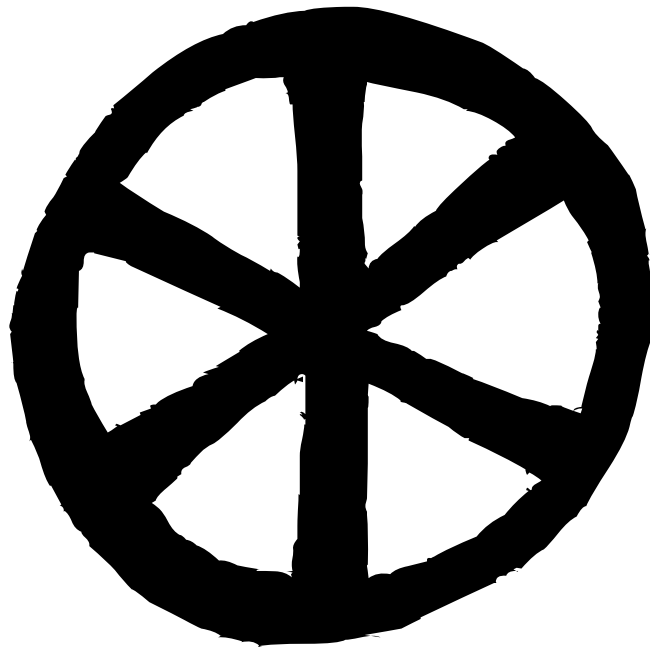
Order of Nine Angles

”Septenary Tree of Wyrð”

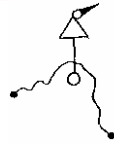
Sphere of Jupiter

The Sinister Tarot

By Christos Beest



0



The power within is great
The eagle eats
Its human offspring
Cold music here
Blue woman hold the horse's head
While the Seer weaves

PHYSIS – GA WATH AM

The gradual unfolding of nature; the source of Evolution, that which creates Wyrð. The essence behind the appearance of things. Ga wath am: the Power within me is Great.

I

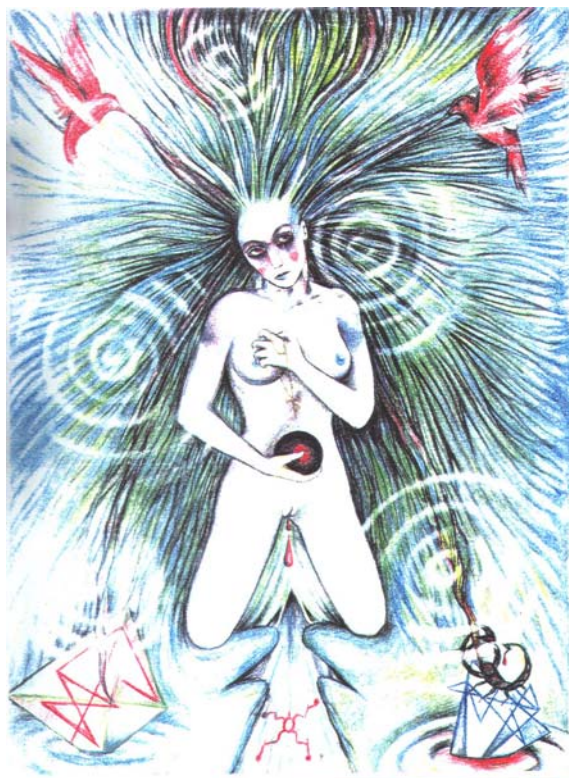


Headless
The white angel impaled
By Seven.
Seven bells rung,
The cortege from a black hill
Passed the squatter's cottage.
Black flame engulfed
Black flame ate the 'holy'.

MAGICKIAN – BINAN ATH

*Empathy; a flowing with natural forces that are consciously understood. An integration becoming (part of) a greater Wyrd; an awareness that spans Aeons.
Actions that prepare the way.*

II

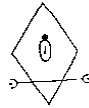


She rows a boat in a black pool
From Her steps :
The Hermaphrodite,
The body drowned.
The Planet of Them
And the first drop
In a white desert
Into clear waters
Aktlal Maka.

HIGH PRIESTESS - MACTORON

Beyond the Abyss: the crossing over and Initiation (in terms of awareness whilst still partaking of a causal existence) into the Lands of the Dark Immortals. A self-awareness that transcends temporal understanding - becoming the essence; beyond opposites.

III

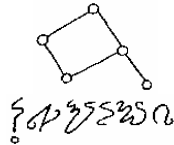
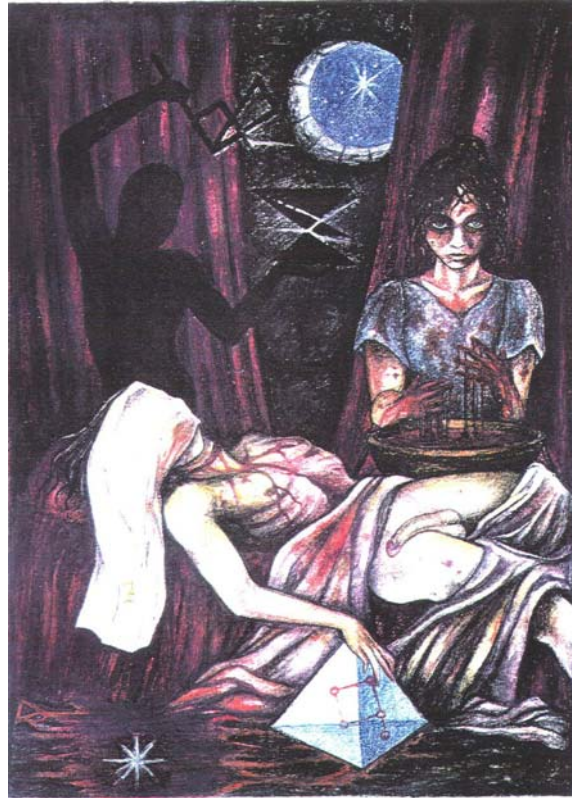


**From a mountain of skulls
Blue trees
A rose garden cracks
Two women walk through;
The corpse in a wedding dress
No longer guides
Four waterfalls flood the Earth
And books become ash ...**

MISTRESS OF EARTH - DAVCINA

Empathic manipulation (such as 'enchantment') to create Change via causal structure - amoral acts that may conventionally be seen as 'evil'. Actions provoked by unfettered passions and a reveling in the physical pleasures and challenges of life. "Ruthless ambition". Creativity and Change via destruction - ie. War, culling.

IV

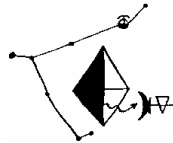


**The Elixir of Recalling
Flows into clear water
The contracting of the Dark Star
The severing of the attractant
The Pool is opened
Go deeper
Against all other
And ever Darker, Recall.**

LORD OF EARTH - KTHUNAE

The nature of the changes in the causal, beyond the actions of those who initiated them; how the acausal relates dynamically to the causal and vice-versa ('Sinister Dialectic'). The flowing of energies according to the greater Wyrð and Destinies of those directly and indirectly involved - thus, the presence of unforeseen factors and the pitfalls implicit in this which may create errors of judgement. The maintaining of an ethos or 'tradition' via 'timeless' acts.

V



The depths of the sea
A tunnel of knives
There is a union here
While he directs the Chosen
Rage in the Eye
Of the Goat –
The golden triangle
Stands against a sky of fire

MASTER - ATAZOTH

Manipulation - actions based on a knowledge of the Sinister Dialectic as revealed by practical experience: a rational, to some 'cold', observation beyond the stage of Adeptship/Individuation. Control of all the many and varied factors within a situation - in other words, the achievement of a stage in individual evolution that goes beyond the personal, and thus implies the ability to initiate Change on a large-scale, perhaps of a civilization.

VI

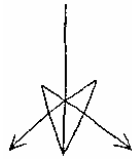


Sappho dance in still water
Chains and roses in blue
Invoke the Sun
To an arch of fire
Gravestones, butterflies
And rivers of snakes.

LOVERS – KARU SAMSU

The double tetrahedron a nexion created via the union of balancing forces. The sowing of the seed of Change that which may transform and carry evolution beyond the Abyss, and thus beyond 'self-image' - or that which may destroy. The invoking of energies that coerce to create something beyond 'self'.

VII



The ruby is the password
She of the white robe
Rides the transparent horse
The maiden closes.
On broken legs he steps forth
He becomes the Dragon ...

AZOTH - SATANAS

The Menstruum - the Sinister aspect implicit within the 'homogenous metallic water': the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity – the 'Accuser'. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal - or destruction by it.

VIII



Their Name ...
Inside the room of Sacrifice:
White flowers.
A garden, dry, of dead roses.
The masked lady
Holds Her new child.

CHANGE - NEKALAH

The earthing and spreading of energies. The hard truth of Nature - the dying time of one form to give way and birth to another. A causal form created to act as a focal point/channel for the fulfillment of Wyrđ - the beginnings of a practical realization of strategies and aims. The Sinister Dialectic in action: by its dynamic nature a prelude to - and when realized a creator of - insight.

IX

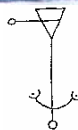
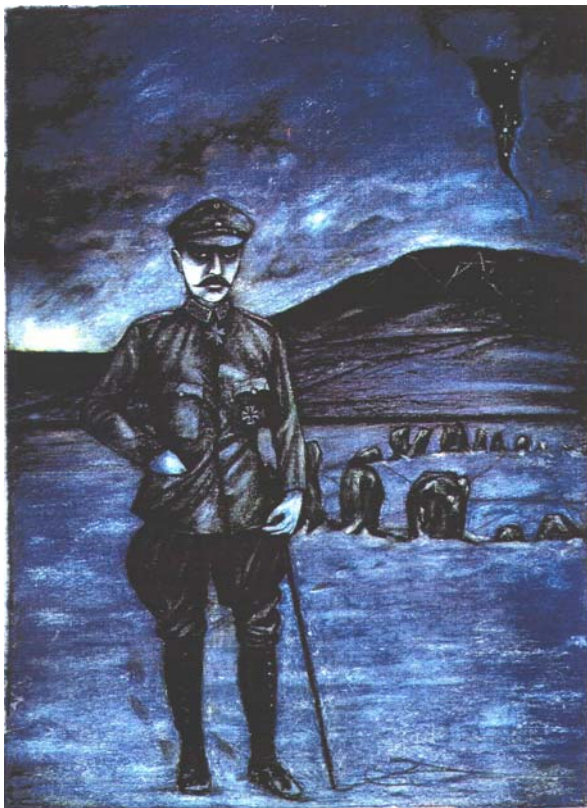


A crippled boy
A tunnel of bone
A Star descends into a forest
Faces are removed
And She sits in the stone house
Unheard.

HERMIT - SAUROCTONOS

Withdrawal and a revealing; the lying between two stages of alchemical Change. Intimations of the Abyss. The culmination on a personal level of energies created by Change - the surfacing of individual factors hitherto only known on an unconscious level. A process of discovery that will lead to insight, (further) knowledge of wyrd; or madness, death.

X

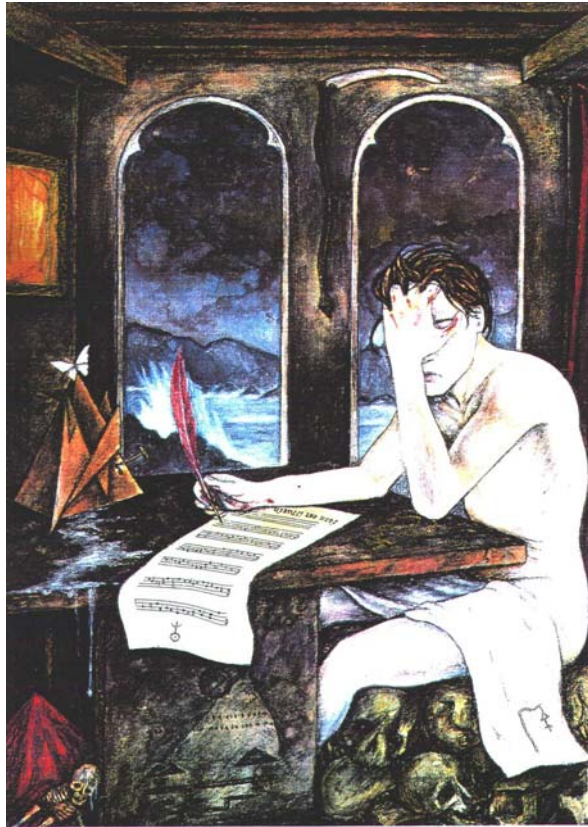


**In red desert
Three fingers and a skull
Are laid on fur
The stones of a circle
Turn to frogs
The skeleton of a child
The birth of an army
A Nexion is opened.**

WYRD - AZANIGIN

That which is beyond personal Destiny. That which causes expression of itself via the implementation or provocation of acts which in their design achieve long term aims beyond the causal death of an individual; changing aspects of a society by significant creations and thus changing a whole race of people - fulfilling the destiny or Wyrd of the ethos of a civilization. Acts that inaugurate a new Aeon. The causal nature that is dictated by the essence of things – ‘fate’ etc.

XI

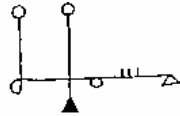


**Autumn –
A marriage beneath the Earth
In Elixir
She washes Her hands
A Black Eagle
A Palace of Light
She becomes the snake
Who offers the sword
To sever the arm ...**

DESIRE - LIDAGON

Alchemy: the union of two balancing forces that, as a nexion, create Change through Sinister Intent - the energies in action as earthed and affected by that which is re-presented by atus VI, VII and VII.

XII

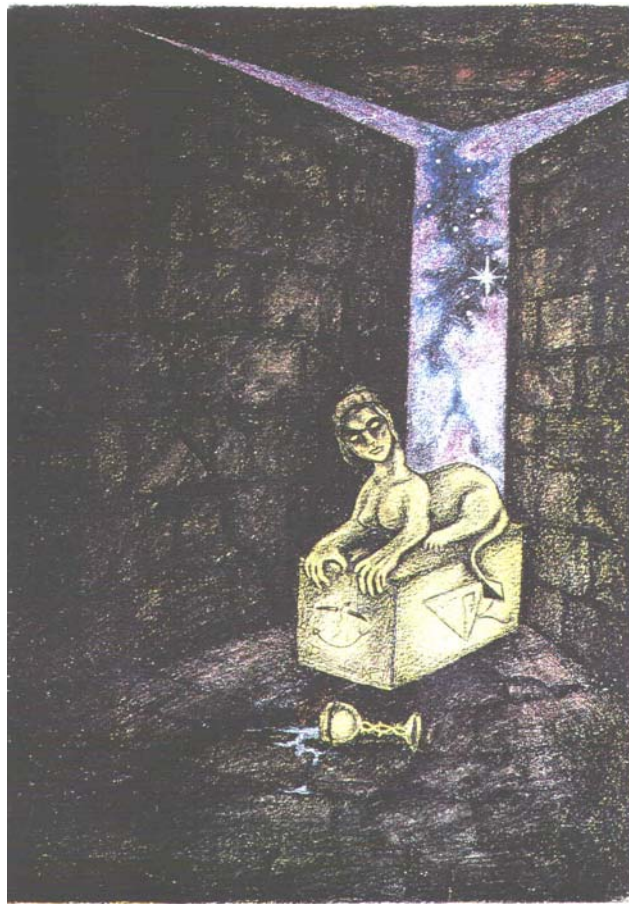


Two horses
Fight within a circle of trees
(The Sun at Night)
Two angels
Laughing in a room of sacrifice
Two
In a haze of gold
Beyond the Door

OPFER - VINDEX

Entrance/transition to the Lands of the Dark Immortals. The individual becoming that which s/he created - a transferral of consciousness to the acausal to be in essence part of the greater Wyrđ. A reverberation across Aeons of the causal acts of an individual, gradually leaving the essence behind the appearance to haunt the psyches of others. The altering of the astral shell; that which ultimately cannot and need not be described. The deliberate removal of that which is detrimental to Wyrđ.

XIII

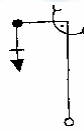
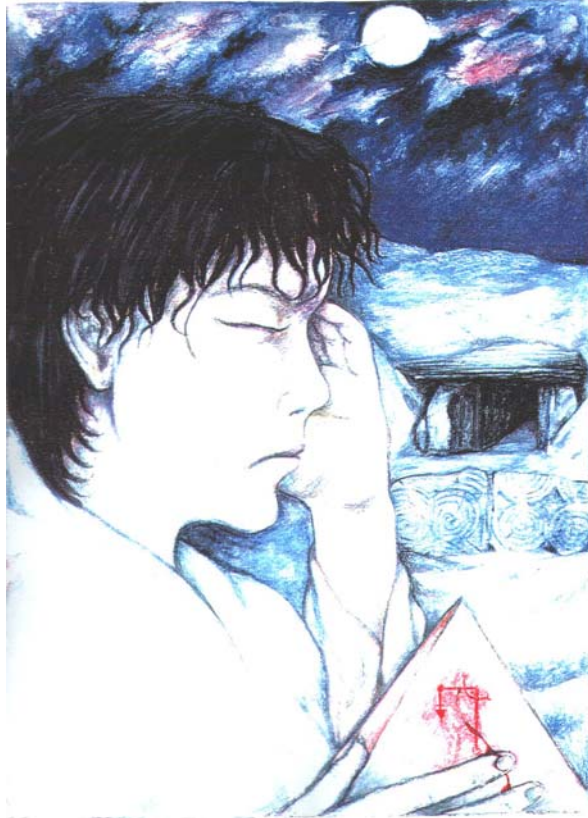


A canal route lined
By white Griffins.
A vortex of grey starless space.
The chalice spills its
White blood
And the Herdsman's light shines
In the Chamber of the Sphinx.

DEATH - NYTHRA

That which follows hubris; the consequence of attempting to escape that which is ill-fated by Destiny. Personal destruction from self-delusion and the cessation of self-evolution. Energy vortex in the Abyss. The stripping away of the self-image that, if successful, will produce a genuine Master/Mistress; confronting the Chaos within and without.

XIV

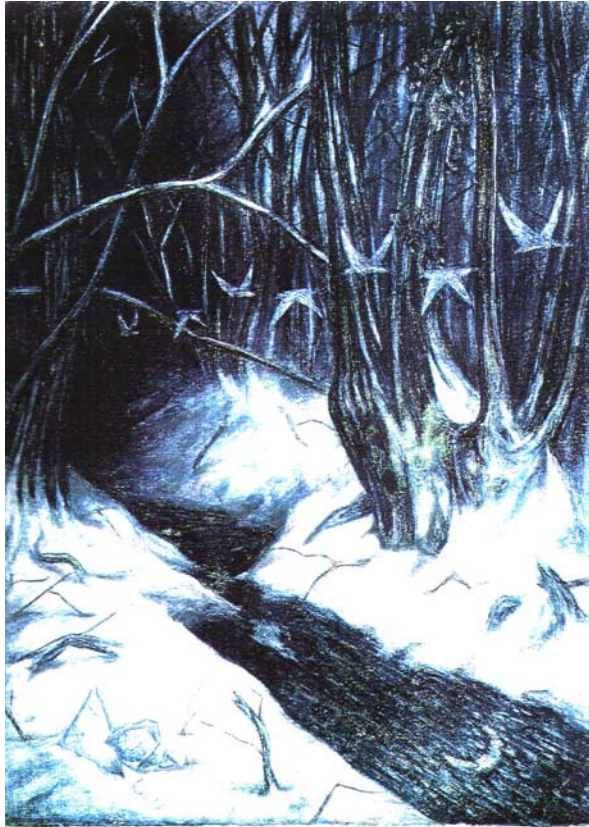


**The Bleeding Earth
From the throats of fools,
in brooks
From the Gate
A red bird
This, the corn needs
Containment of Winter :
The Maiden is ready**

HEL - AOSOTH

Self-possession; knowledge that allows one to consciously improve/evolve and use natural abilities (or 'gifts') - such as sexual charisma - to the advantage of personal Destiny and Wyrd, and to confront and resolve those qualities within character which are detrimental. Self-honesty. In early stages of development, such an individual causes unforeseen disruption and resentment amongst others. Beginnings of that which is re-presented by atu III.

XV



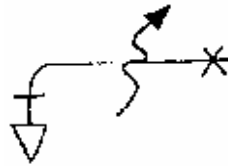
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**The Moon wraps itself
Around the Savage God;
Impaled on a throne
As the wheel of skulls turns.
The jewelled Lady
The crone ...
Winter in the wildest of woods.**

DEOFEL - NOCTULIUS

Sinister awakening - Nature as it is, raw and unaffected. That primal awareness of the vibrance of life that possesses and creates the 'accuser', that provokes acts that challenge the existence of the 'sacred'. The real meaning of liberation unchained by temporary abstract ideas; the laughter of the savage, wild god. Terror to the uninitiated.

XVI

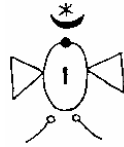


**In a dungeon, a bed of fire
From an exploded sphere
Red butterflies
With a look
The war is begun
A sexless mask
In the caves of the sea.**

WAR - ABATU

Conflict; the clashing of vision and destinies. The attempt by others to wrest away the Destiny of one individual and thus disrupt the greater Wyrð. A clouding of vision that creates doubts, lack of direction, susceptibility to outside forces and possibly, if insight is lost, the renouncing of a quest. The hardship imposed by the consequences of actions, but by the suffering such striving imposes, Wisdom - and Destiny - may be attained. Awareness of those factors - such as other people - that may fulfill Destiny, and the hard practical realities of striving to create this fulfillment. Sadness and wisdom and creativity through loss

XVII

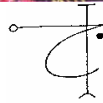


**The blue statue
His red eyes survey the maze
Bringer of wisdom
The perfect child
And the tetrahedron
Bathing hair in the Dark Pool
Successor ...**

STAR - NEMICU

*The maturity and bringing to fulfillment of that promise re-presented by atus VI and VIII.
Knowledge of identity, of Wyrð and what needs to be done. A coming of age; the seed of
Change blossoms. Domination: the successful establishment of a causal structure; a process,
the effects of which are irreversible once the cause is triumphant on whatever level. The
beginnings of Imperium.*

XVIII

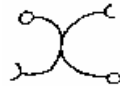
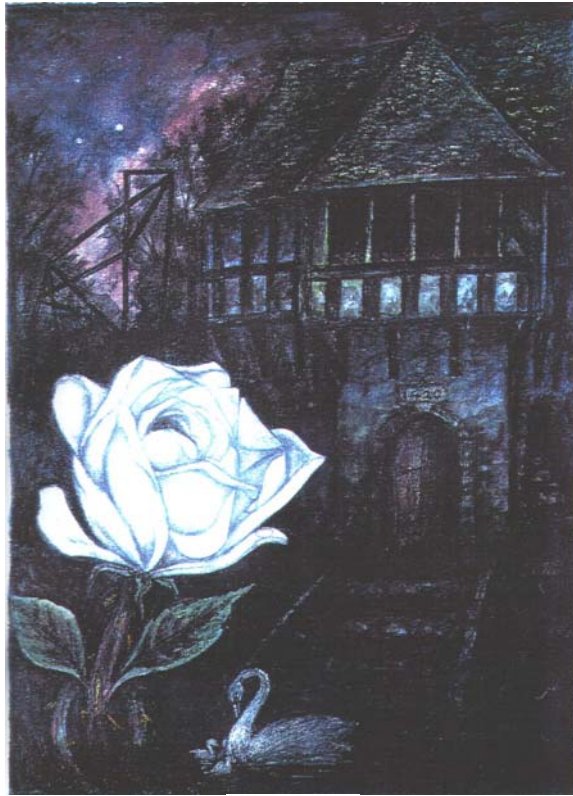


**A frog reveals human heads
Within its mouth
Furrowed white fields
White, snow laden trees –
Her face, caught by the Moon;
Her eyes come to know the Pool,
Take the spiral staircase to the Blue room ...**

MOON - SHUGARA

That which has not yet been confronted within the psyche of the individual; that which is strange, which lies outside the scope of any world view; that which lies within the Dark Pool beneath the Moon and threatens to devour, create madness. A stage which cannot be ignored if further development is sought, requiring a descent to draw out that which is obscure, fearfully hidden: the gateway to the Abyss. A point from which there is no turning back: that which leads to rebirth via death.

XIX



Now in the desert,
A jester
Greets the transparent horse
On hill Golden folk
Become fire
The snow melts
The faces of Mountains
The raven with
The woman's face,
Her gold begets the Blood ...

SUN - VELPECULA

The finding of the Aeon: the height of Imperium – causal structure altered in accordance with long term aims, bearing its own fruits of Change. But these fruits are the final product of a grand age, the final works of the ethos of a race fulfilled. The brink of new possibilities; storm clouds gather with promise of the blood of birth, of the heralding of a Higher associated civilization. The fulfilling of personal Desires and potential, creating intimations/hauntings of further progression. Disatisfaction causing aspirations to something 'higher'/beyond – 'reaching for the stars'

XX



The woman beneath the water
The Temple within
Of War torn landscapes, black hills
Grab the lightening and hold it
Shell shocked
The Giving within Her arms ...

AEON - NAOS

A nexion fully opened: greater Wyrð causally fulfilled now dynamically giving expression to new forms of itself via Physis; new challenges, new expressions of a continuing ethos - the Chaos of birth: the Dark Gods returned, shape-shifting, creating new possibilities. An ethos that is alive and evolving, defying all that challenge its vision; to constantly redefine limits, Prometheus-like and insatiable. The cycle of creative evolution. The Aeon of Fire.

A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

(Order of Nine Angles)

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional Satanists. It is the practice of Satanism, by individual Satanists, and thus expresses Satanism in action.

The Way is an individual one - each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals - that is, to train individuals in the ways of Satanism. This Satanic training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and a genuine understanding.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine magickal Adeptship (and beyond) and thus fulfil the potential latent within them - thus they can and do enhance their life, and achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially practical - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of magick. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra. Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts [hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a Satanic understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of Satanic Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional Satanism should gain some understanding of what genuine Satanism is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- * Satanism - An Introduction For Prospective Adherents
- * The Sinister Path: An Introduction to Traditional Satanism
- * The Essence of the Sinister Path [contained in Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA]

I Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These are: (1) The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick; (2) Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept; and (3) Hostia - The Secret Teachings of the ONA (Volumes I & II). The following MSS (contained in Hostia) should be particularly studied in order to gain an understanding of traditional Satanism and its methods: (a) Selling Water By The River; (b) Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed; (c) Guide to Black Magick; (d) Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of Naos; (b) Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to Satanic Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Satanic Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional Satanic group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation". Both of these rituals of Initiation are given in detail in the Order MS The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Satanic Initiate in constructing and learning to play, The Star Game, details of which are given in the Order MS Naos.

II Initiate

Tasks:

- 1) Study the Septenary System in detail [Naos] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in Naos. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].
- 2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in Naos. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.
- 3) Set yourself one very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]
- 4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner, and introduce this person to Satanism. Initiate them according to the rite in The Black Book of Satan. Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.
- 5) Obtain and study the Order MS The Temple of Satan [Part II of The Deofel Quartet]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis; and The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis. [Note: Part I of the Deofel Quartet - Falcifer, Lord of Darkness - is intended as entertaining Satanic fiction.]
- 6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the Secret Tasks MS and the MS Insight Roles - A Guide, in Hostia.] This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.
- 7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in Naos.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Satanic Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and latent personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of Satanism.

The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. The Star Game takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real Satanic character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Satanic commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III External Adept

Tasks:

- 1) Organize a magickal, and Satanic, group/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Satanic Temple, and teach them about Satanism. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according to the ceremonial ritual in The Black Book of Satan as you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed in the Black Book of Satan, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months.
- 2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are:
 - (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs.
 - (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours;
 - (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]
- 3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the Secret Tasks MS.
- 4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of The Star Game.
- 5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonick Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.
- 6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in Naos].
- 7) Study the esoteric traditions of traditional Satanism, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Satanic Temple' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition. The tradition is contained in The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia; The Deofel Quartet; Aeonick Magick and other Order MSS.
- 8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Satanic Temple in your absence.

Concerning The Satanic Temple:

The Temple must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Satanic path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it to be truly Satanic, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising Satanists. If the latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept,

is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, Satanic character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonic magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See the Order MS Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance.]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting Satanically in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Satanic Temple, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce Satanic change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them.

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, The Star Game, Aeonic Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see the MS Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance; and the MS The Abyss where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

- (1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Temple/group;
- (2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;
- (3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonic Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of The Deofel Quartet. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress. The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the Satanic novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to human sacrifice, or culling. [These teachings are contained in such Order MSS as (1) The Hard Reality of Satanism; (2) Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime; (3) Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice; (4) Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers; (5) Victims - A Sinister Expose; (6) The Practice of Evil in Context.]

For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual Satanist. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, Satanists. Some who profess to be 'Satanists' - and some who wish to become Satanists - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as "ordinary" and weak, as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine Satanic novices possess or must develop. Satanism is as it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine ordeals, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the Guide - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game. "Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.)

After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - or repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

- Obtain from a Nazarene place of worship some 'hosts' as used in their perverse and sordid rituals. If you are seeking Initiation into an established ceremonial group/Temple, this will probably be your task of fidelity to that group/Temple, with the hosts being used in the celebration of The Black Mass. If however you are undertaking a Self-Initiation (as given in The Black Book of Satan) then immediately following that rite of Self-Initiation you should trample on or otherwise defile these 'hosts' (e.g. by urinating on them) saying as you do so the following: "By this deed I pledge myself to counter Nazarene filth, and give myself, body, blood and soul, to

Satan, Prince of Darkness." You should then burn the hosts or what remains of them by placing them in a vessel containing flammable liquid and setting this alight, laughing as the burning seals your gesture and your oath.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the Guide, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS Insight Roles - A Guide].

External Adept:

The following two tasks must both be undertaken successfully.

(1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the Guide - perform a Black Mass using hosts obtained by one of the newer members of this Temple, or obtained by a candidate seeking Initiation.

(2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an offer - a human sacrifice. Select some suitable victims, using Satanic guidelines for so selecting a victim, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen victim. The victim or victims having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform The Death Ritual with the intent of eliminating by magickal means the chosen victim(s). Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further victim using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake a culling by disposing of the victim either during a suitable rite (e.g. The Ceremony of Recalling) or via practical means (e.g. assassination). You may elect to do this practical means yourself, or you may choose a trusted suitable member of your Temple to undertake this for the glory of the Temple. If you have elected for practical means, have your Temple undertake The Death Ritual at the chosen time.

It must be stressed that (i) the victim(s) must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the victims can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the Satanic path in a committed way.

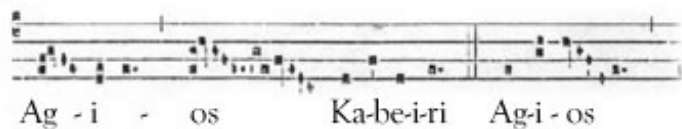
Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

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Vindex Press, P.O. Box 5631194, Houston, Texas 77263.

Agios Kabeiri

Sphere of Moon



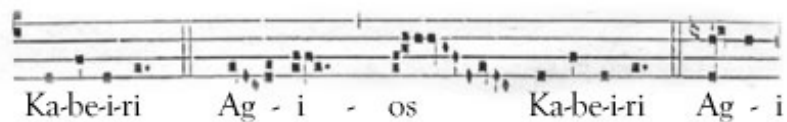
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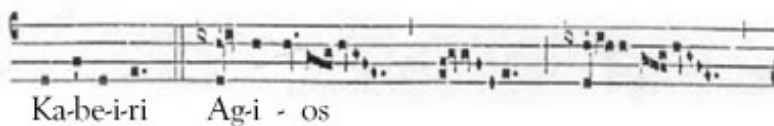
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Ka-be-i-ri

An Introduction to Traditional Satanism

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Essentially, the difference between the ONA and other groups which profess to belong to the 'Left Hand Path' or which claim to be Satanic is that the ONA seeks to realistically guide its members along the difficult and dangerous path of self-development, the goal of which is the creation of an entirely new individual. This path is fundamentally a quest for self-excellence and wisdom.

We believe that there is no easy way to real knowledge and insight of the 'Occult' kind - that each individual must walk this path and achieve things for themselves. There are no 'ceremonies', no magickal 'rites', not even any teachings which can provide the individual with genuine wisdom: real wisdom is only and always attained by the personal effort of the individual over many years. It is the result of a synthesis - a development of the dark side and an integration of that aspect of our being thus creating a complete, more evolved individual. Furthermore, the means to this attainment are essentially practical; that is, they involve the individual undergoing certain formative, character-developing experiences 'in the real world' rather than in some pseudo-mystical, pseudo-intellectual 'magickal rite' or sitting at the feet of some pretentious 'master'.

For us, Satanism is a quest involving real personal danger where the individual Initiate undertakes genuine challenges which take them to and beyond their limits: physical, 'mental' and psychic. This quest, in its beginnings, involves the individual in exploring their 'hidden' or 'dark' side - and a part of this is participation in overtly Occult and magickal ceremonies and rites. This beginning - where the new Initiate participates in and later conducts Satanic rituals such as the 'Black Mass' - enables the individual to explore this dark side, to gradually understand it, make it more conscious, and thus control it. An aspect of this making-conscious, is symbolism - such as the 'septenary system' - where various Occult/magickal energies are symbolised in certain ways via a system of correspondences. This symbolism enables the energies dealt with to be objectified and thus consciously understood - this in itself makes possible an integration of the 'dark' side. Thus, there is a synthesis - a dynamic, conscious, moving-forward by the individual: an evolution of personality. Insight is gained. In psychological terms, there is the start of "individuation". This leads to a practical experiencing of the sinister, and thus further personal development, further building of character.

Because of the type of practical experiences, the type of challenges, the individual undertakes, the character so formed is - viewed conventionally - Satanic. There is a defiance of restrictions, a proudness, an experience and then understanding of those things that the religion of the Nazarene frowns upon. In Nietzschean terms, there is a practical living of a "master-morality". The person created via these experiences is the type to inspire a certain terror/awe in the supine majority, weaned as that majority have been by the softness of the Nazarene ethic.

However, this individual has only begun the process. That is, the type of character so described (which results from these early experiences) is not even what we would call an Adept: of the seven stages of this sinister way (or practical alchemy), this practical involvement in the 'Occult' via ceremonies and such things as organizing and running a Satanic group, describe just the first two stages of the way. Furthermore, even this beginning takes some years - and this beginning requires the individual to succeed by their own efforts, by their own will and determination. That is, there are no 'magickal grades' or titles awarded for money or sycophancy [as in all other so-called 'Satanic' groups] - what the individual achieves, in terms of 'magickal grades', they achieve through their own toil, through undergoing the experiences which create the type of character appropriate to a particular stage of the way being followed.

Thus, each stage of this way has associated with it certain tasks, certain experiences, which the individual must undertake by themselves in their own time. It is these and these alone which bring self-insight, mastery, understanding and skill - both 'occult' and personal. All the ONA does, at each stage and for each member, is offer advice - based on experience. That is, the ONA guides its members - it offers a practical system whereby real wisdom may be attained. The onus is on the individual to achieve the goal.

For us, Satanism is all about the creation of proud, strong, characterful, insightful individuals - individuals who have gone beyond the majority and who thus represent a higher type. Genuine Satanic groups do not seek subservient, decadent, weak-willed followers. They seek to create a real elite - almost a new race of beings. Of course, this is not easy - it is really dangerous. Quite often, new Initiates fail because of the difficulty or because they lack the essential desire to succeed. But that is how evolution

works - the strong overcome challenges and evolve; the others stay where they are, descend, or are destroyed.

Thus, Satanism is élitist - it does not compromise. It is not really for the majority. The tests, the ordeals, the methods of genuine Satanism are tough and severe because only such things will create the right type of person. These things cannot be made easier, less tough, less dangerous: to do so would destroy the essence of Satanism itself.

After the early stages of the way - which involve direct experience of the sinister both via rituals, magickal groups and undertaking certain sinister tasks - the individual moves on [if I said one such early task involved culling, or Satanic sacrifice, it is possible to appreciate the difficulty and danger]. That is, the Satanic novice gains more understanding of themselves, and the world, by more experiences - they move toward a real individuation, a synthesis of conscious/unconscious, light and sinister. Part of this involves them undertaking a specific task for some months, and it is this task - based on the foundations the previous, early, stages of the way have built - that creates a genuine Adept. This task requires the candidate for Adeptship to live alone, in an isolated area, for three months (usually from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice) - to talk with no one, to live frugally, with no modern conveniences, no wireless, no modern 'distractions', in a shelter they have built [in recent years, the rules have been relaxed and a tent is allowed]. The aim of this is for them to experience themselves and Nature without any distractions - to really get to know themselves and the natural energies which exist, as those energies are (and not as books, or 'teachers' or theories describe those energies). This, of course, is very difficult. It requires real determination; it requires the individual to face themselves, and all their fears. It is a severe test of character - and of their Satanic resolve. Most individuals who get this far (and that is not very many, over the past few decades) give up after a while - they find excuses to return to the world and its comforts. The classic excuse is the delusion that they have actually 'attained' Adeptship in a few days or perhaps weeks of isolation. And it is a delusion - for it is only by living in such a harsh, isolated way for at least three months that a real Adept is created. Naturally, other so-called Satanic or Left Hand Path groups award a spurious 'Adeptship' to their members/followers: or those members/followers award it to themselves, usually after some boring, pompous, totally meaningless ceremony.

The Adept marks the end of the third stage of our seven-fold sinister way - and to reach this stage usually takes three to six years, from Initiation. The task or Grade Ritual which creates the Adept also makes the Adept aware of their unique, personal Destiny - and the fourth stage is all about the Adept seeking to make that Destiny real. This involves a 'return to the world' - the gaining of more experience, the creation of new insights, new skills. This in itself takes some years. The character of the Adept grows and deepens - they achieve the beginning of wisdom. In magickal terms, they gain an understanding of 'Aeonics' - of things like sinister strategy (the use of acausal or supra-personal energies to change societies/civilizations over centuries). Hitherto, most of their experience/learning has been directly personal, relating to their personal development - now, aeonic perspective is gained, it becomes a part of them. That is, they develop still further, again via direct experience - this time, of the acausal itself. From this, further personal development takes place - they become complete, highly developed individuals who possess skills and an understanding few possess. They fulfill the potential of genius which is latent within them. Thus, they move on to become genuine Masters or Lady Masters/Mistresses. But to reach this stage - the fifth - takes at least ten years (more usual is fifteen to twenty). And there is another stage beyond this.

Thus, it will be seen that our way is difficult and takes a long time. The journey of the initiate toward Adeptship and beyond has no mystery about it - it is actually very simple. Most people could do it - if they possessed the determination. But the majority are just too lazy or too weak. The same applies to most who apply to join Satanic groups or are interested in Satanism - they go for the easy option; they are not prepared to work at their own self-development. They prefer someone to do it for them. And, furthermore, they are not fundamentally prepared to go to and beyond their limits - to really experience the sinister in a practical way; they want to simply play safe, pseudo-Satanic games. Thus, they gravitate toward what we call the sham-Satanic groups, the poseurs, such as the Temple of Set or the Church of Satan - those who like the glamour associated with Satanism but are basically afraid to experience its realness within and external to them. Thus such groups issue - and believe in! - ethical guidelines as they constantly affirm that Satanism does not condone such things as 'human sacrifice'. We, on the contrary, are dark and really sinister - and propound culling. That is, we uphold human culling as beneficial, for both the individual who does the culling (it being a character-building experience) and for our species in general, since culling by its nature removes the worthless and thus improves the stock.

Naturally, there are proper ways to choose who is to be culled - each victim is chosen because they have shown themselves to be suitable. They are never chosen at random, as they are never 'innocent'. Our affirmation of such things as human culling offends other so-called Satanic groups - which to us just re-affirms our assessment of those groups as pretend Satanic groups. Basically, such groups have little or no real understanding of Satanism, as evident, for instance, in the 'religious' approach of the Temple of Set - that is, their claim that Satanism is some sort of religion. To us, the religious attitude and mentality - involving as it does dogma, sycophancy, and subservience by the individual to some self-appointed authority - is the antithesis of Satanism.

In essence, we understand Satanism as the individual quest for self-excellence - to create an entirely new type. This quest involves practical experience - for only real experience creates character. The essence that Satanism leads the individual toward is only ever revealed by practical experience - never by books, never by someone else's 'teachings', never by words. Words themselves can never really describe this essence - they can only point the way, hint at it, and usually serve only to obscure it. In the same way, ceremonies and forms such as rituals are only means - they are a means to experience, to symbolize things and thus apprehend what hitherto has been 'hidden' or unconscious or instinctive. Furthermore, this quest is and must be individual - it means the individual develops, via experiences (and sometimes by learning from mistakes) the strength of character needed. Or they fail - usually by deluding themselves about their real level of attainment, their real level of self-insight, their level of self-control and mastery. The aim is self-control, self-mastery, self-understanding - and then a moving-on to what is beyond even this new 'self'. The aim is not a wallowing in decadence, as it is not the encouragement of instinctive, sinister desires/pleasures as an end in themselves. Such things are means, a beginning - to be used, learned from, and then transcended via mastery of one's self.

For us, Satanism is an individual quest because it aims to produce unique, strong, individuals who do not need the support of groups, of dogma, ethics, a religion, of some pontificating poseur of a 'master'. Thus, the ONA exists to offer advice and guidance - to point the way. The individual must begin the quest, and they and they alone must continue with it.

Because of the difficulty of our way, few follow it. In some ways, this is unfortunate - for we believe the way offers anyone the opportunity to advance along the path to genuine Adeptship and beyond. It makes real, or can make real, the potential that most individuals possess - the latent genius within. However, given human nature the small numbers are understandable. What the ONA has done - over the past thirty years or so - is to create a simple practical system which works: which can produce genuine Adepts and Masters/Lady Masters. In effect, we have distilled the essence from thousands of years of conscious understanding, producing an elixir, an 'internal alchemy', which anyone can use.

We describe this system as Satanic, as Sinister because it is. It is a complete rejection of the philosophy/religion of the Nazarene. The philosophy/religion of the Nazarene is anti-life and anti-evolutionary, as Nietzsche, for example, understood. For us, Satan is both an archetype or symbol of our defiance, and some-thing real - the re-presentation of what we describe as 'the acausal'. That is, we understand the 'darker forces' as not simply a part of our psyche (as most modern so-called Satanic groups do) - but as beyond our own, individual psyche. These darker forces - or the acausal - are beyond us, as individuals: they are beyond our conscious control (and even real understanding) until we become a part of them. This does not mean a submission to those forces - but rather an expanding of individual consciousness, a development of individual conscious, to include those forces. This expansion is what marks the genuine Satanic Master/Lady Master.

Other 'Satanic' groups - if they are serious and not just using the Black Arts for their own weak gratification - claim the darker forces are merely an aspect of the psyche, the unconscious or whatever. [Both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set make this claim.] They do this for two reasons. First, they need to - because they want to feel safe; they want to be able to play their pseudo-Satanic, pseudo-intellectual, games in a mostly urbanized safety, because the members of such groups are not proud, characterful, self-aware individuals: they need the comfort of a group, of a 'leader', of ethical guidelines, of feeling that Satan can be controlled by some meaningless mumbo-jumbo. In effect, the members and leaders of these groups are weak - they lack self-discipline; they lack even the desire for real mastery, content as they are to continue with edifying their own weaknesses, with massaging their inflated egos.

Second, such groups and their members do not really understand the Sinister. They have had no real experience of the primal, numinous, supra-personal power of the dark forces - of how that power can destroy individuals. In effect, they have never really 'tapped into' the acausal itself - to what is really

sinister. They have never really confronted Satan. They have never really striven to be like Satan - to become one with Him; to merge with the acausal itself; to become a 'nexion' for the acausal, for sinister energies. This becoming-one is what makes, what creates a genuine Satanic Master/Lady Master, as living alone like a hermit creates the Adept. It is dangerous, naturally - but the only means whereby that synthesis which is beyond the synthesis that is individuation can be achieved. There is thus a real, a genuine, transcending beyond 'good' and 'evil'; beyond 'light' and 'dark'. This achievement, as with all real achievements of an Occult kind, derives from practical experience - from a real personal knowledge. Anything else is mere affectation, mere pose.

Other groups have tried to 'intellectualize' Satanism - to take away the real experiences by which genuine Satanic character is formed. Or they wallow in the weaknesses of those addicted to impulses they cannot understand and do not have the strength to control. They have tried and continue to try and make Satanism respectable and safe - just another 'religion'. They fantasize, and play games. They simply do not understand Satanism as a means to create new, more highly evolved, individuals. In reality, the genuine Satanist creates by participating in real life, the dreams, the standards of excellence, the élan which others often aspire to emulate. A genuine Satanist can be like a beast of prey - in real life. They can be and sometimes are, in real life, assassins, warriors, outlaws. The imitation Satanists pretend to be such things - usually by means of some stupid 'ritual'. The Satanist is sinister and dark, in real life - and then they move on, to new experiences, to even higher levels of understanding until eventually they acquire real wisdom, or are destroyed. Whatever, they will have really lived, 'on the edge'; they will really have achieved something with their lives. They will have inspired others. They will in some way by their living have 'presenced' the dark forces on earth. If they survive - their rewards are their achievements and the wisdom that awaits. If they do not survive, at least they will have done something with their lives.

Thus does the ONA way express and exemplify Satanism in action.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Confessions: 3
(From Fenrir no. 3, yf 99)
ONA

To say the elegant lady who surprised me burgling her fifth floor apartment seduced me is only half the truth. I was very willingly seduced.

Next morning, introductions over, she said she had asked her Prince to bring her a companion. She served the Prince of Darkness - in her own way, without formality or groups. She knew little of what I up till then regarded as traditional magick - the qabalistic kind. Instead, her own tradition was different, and possibly unique. She was a dark sorceress, a modern more subtle Juliette (de Sade variety not Shakespeare) - a binder of men, through the implements of her body and eyes.

Quite naturally, we became partners she finding a sexual thrill in house violation (and sometimes not easily satisfied during a difficult job) and I finding through her new skills in magick - and sex of course. We spent a few months together, one cold but often sunny Winter many years ago.

Then I made my mistake - I fell in love with her, and asked her to marry me. That night she said very little - except with her body. But in the morning she had gone - to America, leaving me a note. And I thought I understood women.

I tried to find her, without success and, feeling a little depressed for the first time in my life, made a vow, left the city and got a job. Yes, the Civil Service. I always did go to extremes. The job cured my depression - two weeks after I had started I went out for my lunch-break and did not go back, sad to lose my new umbrella since it rained that afternoon. But the two weeks of desk-bound soul-destroying toil had proved useful in one way - I met someone with an interest in magick whose wife was very pretty. I kept in contact and it was not long before I did the first ritual in their house. They were being annoyed by their neighbours and I sent a force to spread fear and anxiety. A week later, the neighbours announced they were to move. This impressed my friends, and that night I initiated the wife (sexually of course) who some days later initiated her husband. They converted one of their rooms into a Satanic Temple on my instructions, and I made the wife my Priestess.

Gradually, our group grew in size, and I soon found myself running a Temple of over a dozen. Our magick was black, and successful - who needed crime? I was given gifts, loaned a flat, met many interesting and attractive women, and for many months this life continued until one evening, after conducting a ritual of Initiation, I realized I was now playing the role that years ago I had despised when it was played by the high Priest of the group of my own Initiation. I was exercising the same control that he had and was relating the same fables to enhance my own charisma and that of the group. Unsatisfied, I began to involve myself with violence. Violence purified, and I took to roaming the streets with some young ruffians whose services I had used on occasion to make a new members' test of fidelity to the Temple interesting.

Our small group had a cause and we, as a modern tribe, had many enemies so fights were easy to come by. There was joy in these battles, in their planning: an explosion of vitality. Life was raw and real and exciting, and this physical expression complemented my magickal life.

Then, one fateful warm summer's evening after a minor skirmish, we were suddenly surrounded by vanloads of Police. Arrested, charged, imprisoned on remand to be finally sent to jail. This proved an interesting experience, and I

would recommend it to all who aspire to be Adepts - once only if you're feeble of spirit. About six months at a time is about right. You certainly - if you have any intelligence and spirit - find what is really important to you. Anyway, I left prison with more money than I entered, having run a profitable racket inside selling tea stolen from the stores (this was in the days before drugs became used in such places).

I had not known, really, what freedom was until I had lost my own. My priestess and priest were glad to see me - they had kept a group of sorts going and my first free evening coincided with a dinner they were holding for two prospective members, a man and his wife. To cut a short story short after the meal the wife excused herself to use the toilet, I followed and we made ecstatic love on the bathroom floor. Well, it had been a long time, and her eyes were very inviting. I came down, talked to her husband about magick and his only comment was: "I don't know, but I don't trust nor like you." Stupid drongo. What could I say? Later, the Priestess came to my bed.

Life could have resumed as before: but who wants to live in their own past? And I no longer wanted to

play the role/game of 'master' despite some of its attractions. Prison had given me a new perspective and I wanted to live, really live, on the edge. Satanism had become for me at that time a philosophy I lived by - kill others before they kill you, but always be honourable (this part is where the toy Satanist fail) and die rather than submit to anyone.

I wanted a cause to enable me to live this. So I found a war somewhere. It was not a large war, and was mostly of the guerrilla kind. It became good - being close to death: the moments between were transformed and enjoyed all the more. There was a purity about living this way with constant danger that weaklings will never understand. Satanism despises cowards - it has always been the way of the warrior. And I do not mean the pathetic kind that modern trendies speak about (e.g. ;chaos warriors'). I mean the kind who really kills and whose hands have been stained by gore and blood.

My life became a kind of constant invocation to the Prince of Darkness. Instinct and spirit were triumphant: as they are not in our present moronic society where excellence is decried and where calculation, cowardice and sub-humanity dominate. I learnt something very valuable about my faith - that elitist faith called Satanism. It was that it is essentially about self-excellence - defying the odds - and not, as most assume, about being material. It meant setting yourself goals beyond the ordinary, and achieving them, of living with style.

This learning cost me dear - I was injured, and forced to retire from the war. Even today, the effects of that injury linger, as do the effects of what I discovered about myself and women and the world. I passed the Abyss. But it is not for me to explain, here, what lies beyond the Abyss except to say that, personally, I think we can create an existence for ourselves after death. The key word is create. This existence is not given - it is not tied to any moral concept like 'sin'. It is a form of magick, indeed the highest and most secret form. This life is, if you will, a kind of opportunity which we only have once but most people have and do waste it. The Gate is there, but few see it and even fewer push that Gate open and follow the path beyond. The key is the ecstasy of existence that is all I will say about the genuine Stone of the Philosophers, which can only be produced in the crucible of blackness (i.e. Satanism).

There is no real ending to my boring life - I returned to England, a little wiser, understanding the cosmic perspective beyond all ceremonial and results magick. This is the true understanding of the Master (and the Mistress of Earth) - their magick is and always has been Aeonian magick, that is, changing the world. Mostly, these individuals are hidden.

For now, I am half content - contentment should come only near death (if then). The moral of my wanderings (if there is one) is; if you dare, learn by yourself by going to extremes; if you cannot do this because somehow you are still not free, then find someone who has gone that way before you and let them guide you. Only guide you, mind. You should be guided only into experience - for experience is the fire that purifies and creates.

You may meet me, one day - but will not know me, unless I wish it. For I have many faces which I show to the world, and even those who profess to be 'adepts' and 'masters' I can fool - because, unlike me, they are not natural. And, yes, in case you are wondering, I am human - having fallen in love while I lay injured and near death. Every Master needs a loving Mistress, after all herein are riddles which only the wise will see.

Dark Pathworking: Satan

Atu VII - AZOTH

"The Menstruum – the Sinister aspect implicit within the 'homogenous metallic water': the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity – the 'Accuser'. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal – or destruction by it."

Clothed in black I entered the chamber, intent to invoke a destructive energy I knew could overcome me in an equally destructive way. The intent filled my very being with an anxiousness that should have seemed out of place. But there was a feeling of glory to what I would do – a feeling that would surely come back to me time and time again as I'd venture into the Dark deeds that presence, and create, Satan. I gave flame to the candles, and breathed deeply, slowly, for some minutes – knowing I must first relax and become content with my surroundings, before I once again ventured to that gate. The Quartz Tetrahedron the altar bore I could tell was pulsing with the Dark. It was one part of a Nexion, slowly being formed between it, I, and the chants I have sung to lure Dark Gods. These Gods I knew, as invoked to intrude upon my consciousness, could cause much unrest, even terror. But such an intrusion, obtainable it seems in only a small way – when compared to the utter terror and chaos which in essence are these Dark Gods, is an important element to achieving the balance one seeks. The Dark Gods embody the spirit of life, and give it the Acausal Charge implicit in any conscious being. Once the Dark Gods intruded upon our Causal world, and caused the terror, unrest, and destructiveness which forced the evolution of our species by way of increasing our consciousness. This is what I aim to achieve, individually. Not simply to further open the Nexion in me, but to draw forth that blackened essence of being, so that I may advance my own consciousness, survive the terror, and move one step closer to the balance of Causal/Acausal I will eventually be. I seek to become.

As I began the vocal vibrations – "Sa-tan-as" – I kept awareness as to my surroundings, and attuned my focus to drawing forth the Sinister element of both destructive and creative force; that which I know to be **Satan**. As I completed the vibrations, which bond me to my Tetrahedron in an inexplicable way, I experienced a coldness of being. Or would it be better described as non-being? I had become slightly detached from where I stood, and continued the rite. I began a slow dance, repeatedly chanting "Satan", whilst increasing in speed. The dance spiraled inward to where I draw Satan's presence, and where I eventually collapsed, exhausted and becoming separate from my physical self. I lay breathing deeply, not obscuring or consciously directing anything which might take place. I aimed to relax, and begin to let the visions that would be used as communication to consciousness come through.

The visions were elusive, but the feelings were not. Coldness took hold of the chamber, and Satan began to elusively take hold of the emptiness. I found myself in a struggle, for I was entrenched in a sort of chaos which I could make no sense of. Reason was evasive, understanding was beyond reach. All I could apprehend was being lost, not knowing which way to turn, or to turn at all. The figure in the Atu mutated, and began to give form to the energy. But this happened not within the Atu itself, but rather inside me, outside of me, in front of me, around me.

My body weakened, and exhaustion gripped firmly as I struggled to retain the strength to stand and complete the rite. I was not being drained, as some might take it. But rather I was experiencing a realm in which my consciousness was hitherto unaware. It was an intrusion which I unknowingly desired to be harsh. And the harsher the better, so long as I retained the ability to move on. The exhaustion I experienced during the dance had not lasted, as it was merely a result of frenzy. But with Satan, quickly came a deeper felt exhaustion, not only one of the body, but one of the spirit.

Afterward, my perception detached. This feeling of detachment, and the exhaustion which accompanied it, would last longer than twenty-four hours after completion of the rite. This detachment however, was not an ignorance to the causal world of our existence, but rather an awareness of the forces at work behind it. Such exhaustion, I felt, was a painfully mocking result – but all I could do was to smile at this, for it is a small price to pay for what I seek, and I will undoubtedly experience worse. Worse perhaps, but not without that glory I had felt beginning this – a glory which did not subside.

Thornian, ONA.

[The preceding was adapted from the notes in my Magickal diary depicting my experiences with the

Tree of Wyrd and the Septenary Tradition: Hebdomandry. – *Thornian.*]
- Order of Nine Angles -

**Darkness Is My Friend:
The True Meaning of the Sinister Way
ONA, 107yf.**

Contrary to a current and growing misconception, the Sinister Way (and Sinister Magick) involves practical acts of darkness, of heresy, of chaos - involving such things as human sacrifice. The Sinister Way does not simply involve the study of folk-traditions, of myths, of magick, of esoteric subjects, as it does not just involve individuals or groups experiencing (or claiming they have experienced) a certain "atmosphere" in certain "surroundings" which they or others believe or assume to be "sinister". Furthermore, the Sinister Way means the wholehearted acceptance, by the Sinister Initiate and Adept, of that particular way of living which has for centuries been called "Satanic". The Sinister Way is still intrinsically Satanic because the Satanic archetype/mythos/image - the very Being, or life, which has been named Satan - still exists, still lives, and is still a becoming. This is so because this Being is part of the present civilization, and its Aeon, which still exists, and which will exist for several more centuries, albeit toward its decline and end. This Being is the ethos of Heresy for this present civilization of ours - the presencing of the Dark, the Sinister, and thus a practical manifestation, in the world, of the workings of the sinister dialectic: a means to bring change, imbue life, and initiate further evolution. Those who do not understand this, quite simply do not understand Aeons and the sinister dialectic itself.

However, it needs to be further understood that the acausal energies of the next Aeon, which will give rise to a new civilization centuries after, are already becoming manifest, partly through the work of esoteric groups who, knowingly or unknowingly, are nexions for the new energies waiting to be unleashed upon this world of ours. The Sinister ethos of this new Aeon is an apprehension of the acausal - the Sinister - itself. This apprehension is beyond a descriptive word or words, beyond a name and even beyond an archetypal image. It is initially - for the first century or so - a numinous symbol. This is because this new manifestation of the Sinister is a new type of Being, a new type of life presenced on this planet of ours, and presenced by our very lives, as human beings - and will thus go with us, and be manifest, wherever we go beyond the confines of this planet we call Earth. And yet this new manifestation, this new ethos, incorporates what will then be the "old" archetypal image of Satan - in the simplistic allegorical sense, the new type of Being will be the child or children of Satan, grown to maturity; a child or children born from the symbiosis with those Sinister Adepts existing now or in the near future.

Thus to scorn and reject what now is, presenced as the Satanic, is to reject what is yet to be - and thus it is to reject that which alone ensures the creation of the next civilization, its Galactic Empire and the new higher race of human beings we through our lives, our magick and our deeds, desire to create.

The reality of the present (and the next fifty to an hundred years or so) is that the majority need to be changed; they need to become human - and thus develop the potential latent within most. Only by such a change - in more than a few Initiates or Adepts - can the next civilization arise. It will not just "happen" - it has to be created, constructed, and controlled by Sinister Adepts who know what they are doing. The change that is necessary means that there must be a culling, or many cullings, which remove the worthless and those detrimental to further evolution. To change, the majority must be provoked into changing. This means them experiencing, confronting the shadows within and the shadows without; thus must the Sinister be made manifest for them, and in them. This requires Sinister Initiates and Sinister Adepts "to presence the dark". Furthermore, the causal structures the majority rely on, such as societies, need to be changed, via the creative/sinister dialectic, and thus by such dark presencing. In these things, the Being which is Satan is important, and vital - a valid apprehension for the majority, and their means of change through provocation, heresy and direct presencing of the Sinister.

At the same time, the new Aeonic apprehension which is arising among Adepts must be nurtured, and expanded. As mentioned above, this new apprehension is even now being born from the one which still is. In Initiate (and exoteric) terms, this new apprehension is an understanding of Satan as one of the Dark Gods (or even as the Father of the Dark Gods) and a further understanding of the Dark Gods themselves as chaotic, primal, sinister entities which provoke, create, cause change and evolution, and without which evolution is impossible. In esoteric (and Adept) terms, this new apprehension is an understanding of the Dark Gods as causal manifestations, a presencing, of acausal energy - and a further understanding of how such acausal energy is the very life, the very Being, of both us as human beings, and of the cosmos itself.

Esoteric Groups and the Immediate Future

At this precise moment in our own human evolution, Sinister esoteric groups are in a unique position - capable of rationally understanding Aeonic processes, and poised between the birth of a new Aeon, and the end and destruction of the old.

The new Aeon means a new, and higher, Galactic civilization - several centuries after the energies of the new Aeon first become manifest and are presenced, via new nexions. The decline and ending of the current Aeon means the

establishment of a new and expanding physical Empire: a New Order which is the last and most glorious manifestation of the genuine spirit, or ethos, of the old Aeon. Sinister esoteric groups must understand such things as these, and then act upon that understanding, esoterically and exoterically.

Thus they must understand that for the next higher civilization to arise - created by and imbued with the energies of the new Aeon - our present societies must change or be changed. The Faustian/Promethean (or more correctly, the Satanic) Destiny of this current civilization must be returned, and the present cultural disease affecting this civilization cured, with the excision of the parasites sucking the life-blood of this civilization - for only this returning of Destiny will enable the Empire to be created, and only this Empire will breed in sufficient numbers the new type of individual required to create, build and expand the entirely new Galactic civilization and Galactic Empire which will arise from the eventual decline of the old Promethean/Faustian Empire.

Hence there are three main tasks for Sinister esoteric groups. (1) To provoke or cause, through both practical and magickal means, the destruction, the Ragnarok, which is necessary now to build a New Order from the diseased society of the present, and regain the ethos, the Destiny, which is necessary to inspire the creation of such a New Order. (2) To presence the Sinister energies of the new Aeon in particular places and through new living nexions. (3) To cause at least some of the now sub-human majority of our species to change, to evolve. This change can be achieved in two ways: (a) by presencing the dark which now is (Satan) and presencing the dark which can and will be (the primal cosmic acausal - "the Dark Gods"); and (b) by individuals following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way to Adeptship and beyond.

Deofel Quartet Volume I
By
Anton Long
ONA
Falcifer - Lord of Darkness

Prologue

The chant rose towards its demonic climax:

Agios o Atazoth! Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus...

There was no wind on the high hill to snatch the chanted words away, and the naked dancers twirled faster and faster around the altar under the moonlit sky of night, frenzied from their dance and by the insistent beat of the tabors.

The two red-robed cantors sang their Satanic chant to its end while, nearby, Tanith the Mistress, as the elder prophetess, uttered words for her Grand Master to hear: "From the Circle of Arcadia he shall come bearing the gift of his youth as sacrifice and key to open the Gate to our gods..."

Swiftly then to the ground the circling dancers fell almost exhausted: ruddied by Bacchus the Great and the force of the dance as, around the altar on which Tanith writhed, the orgy of lust began...

I

The room was dark, although the candles on the altar had been lit, and Conrad could dimly see the witches preparing for the ritual. Their High Priestess wore a scarlet robe and came toward him, her bare feet avoiding the circle painted on the floor and the bowls of incense which not only filled the room with a sweet smelling perfume but also added to its darkness.

"Please", she said to him, pressing his hand with hers before re-arranging her long hair so it fell around her shoulders, "do try and relax."

Then she was moving around the room, dispensing final directions to the members of her coven. It all seemed rather boring and devoid of real magick to Conrad and he began to regret his acceptance. He felt uncomfortable dressed in a suit while the other wore robes.

"Nigel!" he heard the Priestess shout, please do not place our book on the floor!" She retrieved her copy of the Book of Shadows and placed it on the altar before ringing the small altar bell. "Let us begin." she said.

She stood in the centre of the circle, the four men and two women around her, raising her hands dramatically before intoning her chant.

"Darksome night and shining moon, harken to our Wiccan rune. East then South then West then North, harken to our calling forth..."

She was twirling round, and beneath her thin robe, Conrad could see her breasts. He found her sexually alluring, and followed her movements intently. Perhaps, he thought, it would not be so boring after all... suddenly, the candles flickered and spluttered. There was no breeze as cause and the sudden darkness was unexpected. Conrad could sense the High Priestess near him but his groping hand could not find her body.

"What is it?" he heard a nervous male voice ask.

The incense became thicker, and several of the coven coughed.

"There is nothing wrong - really!" came the confident voice of the Priestess. "Nigel - do light the candles again."

Nobody moved. A light appeared above the altar, red and circular. It began to pulse before moving up to swoop down and burn one of the coven. The victim fell screaming to the ground while the light moved to rest above Conrad's head, suffusing him with its glow.

He could see the High Priestess frantically making passes in the air with her hands and mumbling "Avante Satanas!" as she did so. But her words and gestures had no effect on him, for she was only an ineffectual Priestess of the Right Hand Path while he knew in that moment he was chosen.

Then the pulsing light was gone, and the candles once more lit the room.

"The lights! Will someone turn on the lights!" Her voice was strained, and Conrad smiled.

The coven gathered behind her in their protective circle as if for comfort. "Go, please go," she asked him. "You are no longer welcome here. I sense evil."

"Yes," Conrad replied, "I will go. But I will return." He stepped toward her and kissed her lips but she drew away. "You are very beautiful," he said, "and are wasted here."

The coldness outside the house refreshed him so that he remembered he had forgotten his coat and that a number 65C bus would take him back to his University. The sodium lit streets seemed to possess an eerie beauty in the darkness of winter and he walked slowly along them, his sense of the power he had felt was a vague yet disturbing unease.

A bus disgorged him near the campus and he wandered along the concrete paths that entwined the University without noticing the man following him. He recalled Neil's challenge to his skepticism about witchcraft and magick, the invitation his friend had quickly arranged to the coven meeting and his own laughter. It would be interesting, he had thought, and he would watch with scientific detachment while the simple souls indulged their sexual fantasies under cover of the Occult.

Several times he stopped as he remembered the sensual beauty of the High Priestess, the rich fragrance of the incense, his kiss, and several times he turned around, intent on returning to her house. But the power, the arrogant assurance, he had felt in her house as the strange light suffused him with its glow was gone, and he was only a first year Undergraduate studying science, awkward and shy with women. Instead, he walked to the house near the campus which Neil shared with some other students. Neil was pleased to see him. They sat in his room while in the house loud music played.

"You're back early," Neil said, and smiled.

Conrad wasted no time on trivialities. "I want you to tell me about magick."

"You're seriously interested, then?"

Conrad thought of the High Priestess, her voluptuous body, and said, "Yes!"

"Well, as you know, I have some little interest in, and knowledge of, the subject."

"So - the aim of the sorcerer is to control those forces or powers which are Occult or hidden from our everyday perception?"

Neil seemed surprised. "Yes, exactly. Have you been reading up on the subject?"

"No."

"Then how - "

Conrad shrugged his shoulders. "It was an obvious and logical deduction."

Neil smiled. His own background was artistic, his home the city and port from which the University derived its name, and he had met the gaunt-faced Conrad a month before while distributing leaflets on campus. Conrad had read the proffered document and, in the discussion that followed, demolished its content logically and effectively. The earnest young man, dressed in a suit in contrast to the casual clothes of all the other students, had impressed him.

"Basically," Neil said, "magick symbolizes the various forces, sometimes in terms of gods, goddesses or demons, and sometimes in purely symbolic forms. Knowledge of such symbolism forms the basis of controlling them - according to the desire or will of the sorcerer."

"I see."

"Of course, some people believe such entities - gods, demons and so on - exist in reality, external to us. Others believe such forms are really only part of our sub-conscious and our unconscious. In practical terms, it does not matter which: the means of gaining control are essentially the same."

"So, where is all this symbolism?" He pointed at the rows of books in the room.

Neil handed him one. "That gives the essentials of ceremonial magick. It is based on what most Occultists believe is the Western tradition of magick."

Conrad glanced through the book. "Which is?"

"The Qabalistic. The Occult world and the forces within it are represented by what is called the Tree of Life which consists of ten stages or sephira. Each sephira corresponds to certain things in the world - human, divine, and of course demonic."

Conrad looked directly at him. "Most Occultists, you say? Then what do you believe?"

Neil was not surprised by Conrad's insight. "There is another tradition - a secret one."

"Which is?"

"It has many names."

"I'm sure. Are you going to tell me or not?"

"I have only heard of it second-hand so to speak. It is a sinister tradition - some would say Satanic. It is based on a division of seven as against the qabalistic ten. Hence one of its names - the septenary system."

"And you have details of this system?"

"I know some people who know a group who use it."

"And through such a magickal system one could obtain one's desire?"

"It is possible, yes."

"Then when can I meet them - these Black Magickians?"

II

"So you are the Black Magickian I have heard so much about?" Conrad gave the man a disdainful look before sitting in the proffered chair.

The room, like them, was not impressive. Dreary paintings hung from drab walls and a human skull lay atop a pile of paperback books containing horror stories.

"Some call me a Black Magickian." The man was dressed in black and wore a medallion around his neck bearing the symbol of the inverted pentagram. "Your friend Mr. Stanford informed me of your interest in the Black Arts. There are rumours about you."

"Is that so?"

"Why have you come here?" the man asked.

"You hold certain meetings."

"Possibly."

"Meetings which attract a good many people."

"Sometimes."

"One of which will be held here, tonight."

"For a neophyte you are exceptionally well informed."

Conrad smiled it had taken Neil only a week to arrange the meeting, and he used the time well. "I wish to attend the ritual."

"You must understand," the man said, "we have certain procedures. For those who want to become Initiates. A testing period."

"Quite so. But you would not have agreed to see me this evening at this hour if it was not your intention to allow me to attend."

As if to reflect on his answer, the man lit a small cigar, allowing its smoke to billow round him. "You may attend the first part of the ritual. The second is, I'm afraid, for Initiates only. And then, afterwards, should you wish, we shall talk further about the matter." He stood up. "Come, you must meet some of our members."

He was led into a back-room of the spacious house. The windows were covered with long black drapes and the walls were painted red. A large wooden table, covered with a black cloth, served as the altar upon which were lighted black candles, a sword, several daggers, silver cups and chalices. In one corner of the room stood an almost life-size statue of a naked woman in an indecent posture, reminding him of a Sheila-na-gig. Around the altar the members had gathered in black robes, but they did not speak to him and he was left to stand in his suit by the door while the magickian walked toward the altar. He took up the sword, struck it against the dagger, saying 'Hail Satan, Prince of Darkness!'

The congregation echoed his words, raising their arms dramatically while he removed the robe from a young woman before helping her to lie naked on the altar. She was smiling as she lay, her taut conical breasts rising and falling in rhythm with her breathing and Conrad watched her intently.

One by one the congregation came forwards to kiss her lips.

The magickian kissed her last, turning to face his congregation saying. "I will go down to the altars in Hell."

They responded. "To Satan, the giver of ecstasy."

"Let us praise our Prince."

"Our Father which wert in heaven, hallowed be thy name, in heaven as it is here on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and desires and deliver us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons!"

The magickian inscribed in the air with his left forefinger the sign of the inverted pentagram, before saying, "May Satan be with you."

"As he is with you."

"Let us affirm our faith."

In union, they pronounced their Satanic creed. "I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth and in one Law, Chaos, which triumphs over all. And I believe in one Temple, our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which triumphs over all: the Word of Ecstasy! And I believe in the Law of this Aeon which is Sacrifice, and in the letting of blood for which I shed no tears. Since I give praise to my Prince the fire-giver and provider as I look forward to his reign and the pleasures to come in this life!"

The congregation continued their litanies in a similar vein while the magickian made passes in the air

with his hands over the body of the woman upon the altar. He was chanting something, but Conrad could not hear what it was, and he watched as the magickian raised a chalice over the woman, deliberately spilling some of the wine it contained over her body. He showed the chalice to the congregation before placing it between the woman's thighs. Then one of the congregation came forward to stand by the altar and chant.

"I who am mother of harlots and queen of the Earth: whose name is written by the agony of the falsifier Yeshua upon the cross, I am come to pay homage to thee!" She kissed the woman upon the altar.

Then there was something in her hand which Conrad could not see, but she too made passes with her hands over the naked woman, chanting while she did so. She held up to the congregation what Conrad assumed to be a host.

"Behold," she said, "the dirt of the Earth which the humble shall eat!"

She laughed, the congregation laughed, and then she threw the host, and others which she held, at the congregation who trampled them under their feet. "Give me," she said to the woman upon the altar, "your body and your blood which I shall give to him as a gift to our Prince!"

The magickian was beside her as the woman on the altar raised her legs into the air. But two of the congregation ushered Conrad from the room. Outside a woman waited.

"I am called Tanith - at least here!"

Conrad stared at her. Her grey hair was cut short, accentuating her features and her clothes were a stunning blend of indigo and violet. There was beauty in her mature features and a sexuality evident in her eyes. "I'm sorry?" Conrad said.

"Come, let us talk."

She led him to a comfortable room where a warming fire had been lit, deliberately sitting close to him.

"Your impressions of the ritual," she asked directly.

He had recovered sufficient to say, "Too much pomp and not enough circumstance."

"Humour, as well. A most pleasing combination! What is it that you seek?"

"Knowledge."

"Like Faust? Do you also wish to sell your soul to the Devil?"

"I do not believe there is a soul or a Devil to sell it to."

"And what you have seen, here tonight? Is it what you are seeking?"

He had felt there was no real magickal power in the ritual, no mystery to enthrall, nothing numinous to attract him. There had been only the trappings of sex and what had seemed almost a boredom in the satanic invocations, and he had begun to realize as he watched and waited that he wanted something more than sex. He desired a return of the power he had felt a week ago at the beginning of the wiccan rite. The satanic ritual had disappointed him - but Tanith intrigued him.

"I must admit," he said, "I was disappointed."

"But I interest you."

"I - "

"Why be embarrassed? It is a perfectly natural feeling." She smiled, and moistened her lips with her tongue. "But first to other matters. I could introduce you to a Master who could instruct you. For you, like everyone need to learn. Are you prepared to learn?"

"From someone I can respect."

"Unlike our friend Sanders tonight."

"Yes - unlike him." It was Conrad's turn to smile. Tanith's perfume seemed exotic to him, and he found it difficult to avoid looking at her breasts, partly exposed by the folds of her unusual clothes. "So this evening's entertainment was just a charade?"

"How acute of you! And such hidden talents. But not a charade, exactly."

"An inducement?"

"For some: those lacking your talents." She leant toward him. "Tomorrow, you shall meet the person you are seeking. There will be a price to pay, though."

Conrad was dismayed. "I have no money."

"I was not thinking of money."

"What then?"

"Such innocence!" She leant closer, so close he could feel her breath upon his face and see the fine lines around her eyes. Then she was kissing him. He was so surprised he moved away.

Suddenly, she understood. "You've never done this before, have you?" She touched his face gently with her hand. "Well, I'd better make it memorable then."

Outside, in the darkness, it had begun to snow.

III

Conrad lay in his bed a long time. Dawn was breaking, but he possessed no desire to rise quickly and run, as had been his habit for years, five or more miles before his breakfast whatever the weather. Neither did the prospect of lectures excite him any more. Instead, he felt languid and satiated. Tanith had taken him to a bedroom in the house wherein their passion had flowed to ebb slowly in the hours after midnight. Her departure was sudden, the house empty, and he was left to walk back to his own college room through the snow-covered streets of the city, happy and pleased with himself.

He was still thinking about Tanith when someone knocked on the door of his room. He dressed hastily. "Conrad Robury?" asked the tall well-dressed man.

Conrad was suspicious, for the man kept nervously glancing around. "Who wants to know?"

"I'm Fitten. Paul Fitten. You are in danger. Grave danger!" He gestured toward the briefcase in his hand. "It's all in here. If only you will listen. Please, I must talk with you."

"About what?"

"Those Satanists! They want to make you their offer! You are in danger! I do not have much time. Look," and he opened the briefcase, "study these books, please. Take them."

Reluctantly, Conrad took them.

"They are after me," Fitten said, glancing around. "They want to stop me, you see. Read the books, it is all in there. I shall call again. But they are coming - I sense them coming near. I must go now! Here, my address." He gave Conrad a printed card. "We must talk soon."

Fitten rushed along the corridor and down the stairs.

Alone again, Conrad sat at his desk to study the books, curious about them. The first book was entitled 'Falcifer - The Curse of Our Age' and was printed on shoddy paper in a small and unusual typeface. The title page bore no details of the publisher only the words 'Benares, Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Three' and the author's name, R. Mehta.

'Falcifer,' the book began, 'is the name they have chosen. Working in secret, even now they are planning his coming. He is the spawn of Chaos, the leader of those dark gods which even Satan himself fears. For centuries his secret disciples have deceived us and are deceiving us still, for he is not the Beast...'

"Darling," Conrad heard a voice behind him say, "are you ready?"

Tanith came forward and kissed him. "Come, leave your books - I have need of you."

The invitation pleased Conrad, and he forgot about the books, Fitten and everything else. Only Tanith was real, and he surrendered himself to his passion. Afterwards, she dressed herself quickly saying, "We must go. The Master is waiting."

"Of course."

She touched the three books Fitten had bought and, one after the other, they disintegrated into dust.

"The books! - " Conrad began.

"They are not important. We must go now." She threw him his clothes.

He walked beside her, surprised but pleased when a chauffeur ushered them into the luxury of the waiting car. Several students turned to look, and Conrad was secretly proud.

The car took them from the city and along country roads to the tree-lined and long driveway of an impressive house. A fierce looking and very tall man with the build of a wrestler opened the car door, and Conrad followed Tanith up the steps of the house and into the hall. He was led through doors and elegantly furnished passageways to a verandah where a man sat reading.

"Welcome," the man said, and indicated the chair beside him. "Welcome Conrad Robury. You are most welcome in my house."

Tanith shut the door to leave them in the cold outside air.

"Come, sit beside me," the man said

His beard was neatly trimmed, his dark clothes thin and seemingly unsuitable to the weather. His voice had a musical quality with a veiled accent that Conrad could not identify, but it was his eyes which impressed Conrad most.

"You wish to learn?"

"Yes," Conrad replied, shivering from the cold, although he tried not to show it.

The man smiled. "I am called Aris - at least here! Tell me, Conrad, is it a return of the feeling which you felt after a certain - how shall we say? - well-endowed lady began her wiccan ritual?"

Conrad was amazed at the man's knowledge of his inner feelings.

"Perhaps," Aris continued, "you are beginning to understand that it was not change that brought you

here. Perhaps, also, you are beginning to realize that you may have found what - or should I say whom - you are seeking. Do you, then, wish to learn from me the Art whose secrets you believe I know?"

"Yes."

"And you wish Initiation?"

"Yes I do."

"You have a special Destiny to fulfill - and I shall guide you toward the fulfillment of that Destiny. Are you then prepared to accept whatever conditions I may make?"

"Yes."

"You appear unsure - which is good. It is only fitting that you are apprehensive. Our path is difficult and is only for those who dare. The ritual of your Initiation will take place soon, and afterwards you will begin to study our way. but you should understand that, as from yesterday, your experiences are formative and part of your quest - it is for you to understand them."

It had begun to snow again, and Conrad was shivering from the cold despite the elation he felt at being accepted. There was a knock on the door that led to the verandah, and Aris the Master smiled.

"Enter!" he said.

Tanith entered and Aris rose to greet her with a kiss. "You have met my wife, of course." he said to Conrad.

"Your wife?" Conrad said as he also stood, suddenly warmed by the shock.

"Yes, darling!" Tanith said, and kissed Conrad's face.

Conrad was perplexed but the Master said, "See, how profitably you have spent the last twelve hours. Already you are beginning to learn. You see, I know what has occurred between you and Tanith." He laughed. "There are no Nazarene ethics here!"

"In fact," Tanith added, "no ethics at all!"

"Come, Conrad, I have a present for you: a gift of your Initiation."

It was a somewhat dazed Conrad who followed Aris to another room. On a couch, a dwarf with a pugnacious face was apparently asleep.

"Conrad Robury, meet Mador your guide."

At the sound of his name, Mador sprang up, did a somersault and landed near Conrad where he gave a mock bow.

"Charmed, I'm sure!" he said.

"A word of warning - he is a fool," Aris said.

"Bah!" Mador replied. "Ignore him - he's a liar!"

"Show Conrad the house," Aris said.

"Yes, Master," replied Mador, bowing and winking at Conrad.

Aris left them alone. "You are Conrad," Mador said. "Well, I shall call you - Professor! Come!"

The passage that led away from the room was long, adorned with oil paintings and antique furniture. He was shown a small laboratory, the library, the many bedrooms on the floor above, each decorated and furnished differently. Some seemed luxurious, others austere and a few quite bizarre with walls like trapezoids and no windows. The gardens around the house were large with well-tended lawns and Mador pointed to the dense wood that formed their boundary at the rear.

"Not at night," he said breaking the silence between them and shaking his head, "not alone."

"Why not?"

Mador ignored the question. "The cellars! I forgot the cellars!" And he hit himself on the head.

The door to the cellars was locked, and Mador kicked it in anger.

"What does Aris do?" Conrad asked.

"The Master? Do?" replied Mador perplexed. "Why, he is a Magickian!" he cupped his hand to his ear, listening. "Come Professor. It is time. Yes, it is time!"

"For what?"

"For the Professor. She is calling me."

Mador led him to a dining room. "She waits," he said indicating the door, and left him. Tanith was in the room, seated at the table where only two places were laid.

"Sit, here beside me," she said to him.

"Won't your husband be joining us?"

"The Master? Why, no!" She rang the silver hand bell.

A maid came to serve the hors d'oeuvre. Conrad thought her very pretty, but she refused to look at him.

"Did you enjoy your tour?" Tanith asked him as she elegantly devoured her melon.

"Yes - and no."

"Why no?"

"I was still thinking - about you and me and your husband."

"We are different, as you are learning."

"So he does not mind?"

She smiled. "What do you think?"

"I think I'm beginning to understand."

"Excellent! You will be staying here, with us, of course for the next week, few weeks or whatever."

"I had not thought about it. My studies - "

"They are more important to you than the goal you seek? Than the pleasure you find with me?"

"Of course not."

"Whatever belongings you wish to have around you will of course be brought here from your present lodgings."

"And if I didn't want to stay?"

"You are free to go any time." She rang the bell, waiting until the maid completed her duties before speaking again. "However, should you leave - there can be no returning."

"I see."

For some time they ate in silence. "How long might my stay be?" he finally asked.

"However long it takes."

"A test of my desire for Initiation?"

Tanith smiled. "Possibly. Do try the wine, an excellent year. Or so I am told."

"I don't drink alcoholic substances."

"Really? How extraordinary!" She drank from her own glass. "Judging by last night and this morning you do not seem like a Buddhist to me."

"It be-clouds the senses?"

"Buddhism?"

"No - wine and other such beverages."

"Or relaxes them!" She raised her own glass. "To Bacchus the Great!" The glass was soon empty. "I suppose," she said lasciviously, "the cultivation by you of one vice at a time is sufficient - for the moment!"

Conrad sighed. He felt he was being manipulated to some extent; but he also felt he did not care. His memory of his passion with Tanith was strong.

"Can I see you tonight?" he asked. "I mean - "

"I know what you mean," she said softly. "I'm sure it can be arranged. Such youthful vigour!" She closed her eyes. "To paraphrase a certain French author - 'The pleasures of vice must not be restrained.'" She rang the bell again. "You will have a rather full afternoon and evening, I understand."

"Doing what?"

"Oh, various things. You have not eaten very much."

"Bit excited, I suppose."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, please."

The maid returned to whisper into Tanith's ear. "Come," Tanith said to him.

By the outside door in the hall, the wrestler stood holding a man by the arms. Conrad recognized him. It was Fitten.

"Alright, Gedor," Tanith said.

The wrestler nodded his head and released Fitten.

"You must get away!" Fitten shouted at Conrad. "They are cursed! They want you as their - "

Tanith gestured with her hand and Gedor's fist knocked Fitten over, bloodying his face. Conrad saw Tanith smile.

"Escort him away," she said to Gedor, "and lock the gates."

She closed the door. "Fitten will not bother us again."

"You know him then?" Conrad asked, surprised.

"Yes, we know him. He calls himself a White Magickian. Runs a group of sorts in the city. You are in demand, it seems."

"Must be my natural charm!"

She did not respond. Instead her eyes betrayed no emotion.

"The Master awaits you. In the library. Go now." She turned and walked away. In the library Conrad could see no one. The room was dim, and he was about to open one of the shutters that had been closed over the windows when he heard a voice behind him. "Be seated," it said. He saw no one, but sat at the table. Behind him he heard footsteps. "Do not look round," the voice like that of the Master said. "Your Initiation will be tonight. Are you prepared?" He was not, but did not want to say so. "Yes," he lied, trying to convince himself. "After the ritual of your Initiation there will be a task for you to complete. But now you must meditate". The sudden blow enfolded Conrad in darkness.

IV

Conrad awoke in darkness. His neck ached, and he was lying on a hard surface. On both sides he felt a cold, rough wall. The mortar between the bricks crumbles as his fingers touched it. No sounds reached him, and the steel door that sealed him in the cell would not open. He lay for a long time, thinking about his life, Tanith, the Master and the Satanic group to which he assumed they belonged. Once and once only he felt afraid, but the fear soon passed as he remembered how Neil has spoken of the tests of Initiation. The darkness and the silence soon worked their magick upon him, and he fell asleep. The loud click awoke him, and he rose to see the door swing slowly open, spreading a diffuse light into the cell. He waited, but no one came. Outside, stone steps led up along a narrow passageway and he climbed them slowly. The passage led to a circular room whose light was emanating from a sphere upon a plinth in the centre and, as he stood watching the light pulse in intensity and change slightly in colour, he felt the room begin to turn. Was he being deceived - or was the room really turning? He could hear a distant, sombre chant and smell a rich incense, and was surprised when the movement stopped and what he thought had been a wall part to reveal a large chamber below. Steps led down to where black robed figures stood around a stone altar. The Master was there, and Tanith, clothed in white, and she gestured to him. Somewhere, drums beat and cantors sang a mesmeric chant in a language unknown to Conrad. Tanith was smiling, and he walked down and toward her. "You," Aris the Master said to him in a voice that was almost chanting, "have come here, nameless, to receive that Initiation given to all who desire the greatness of gods!" Two figures whose faces were hidden by the hoods of their robes came forward to hold Conrad and roughly strip him until he was naked. "You have come," Aris was saying, "to seal with an oath your allegiance to me, your Mistress here, and all the members of this our Satanic Temple." Tanith came toward him, and kissed him on the lips. "I greet you," she said, "in the name of our Prince! Let the Dark Gods and His legions witness this rite!" She turned to the congregation. "Dance, I command you!! And with the beating of your feet raise the legions of our lord!" The Master was chanting something, but Conrad could not understand it. "Drink!" Tanith said to Conrad, offering him a silver chalice. He did, draining the wine until the chalice was empty. "Gather round, my children," Tanith said, and the congregation obeyed to enclose Conrad in their circle, "and feel the flesh of our gift!" They came towards him, smiling, and ran their hands over his flesh. Conrad was embarrassed, but tried not to show it. One of the congregation was a young woman and she stood for what seemed a long time in front of him so he could see her face enclosed within the hood of her robe. He thought her beautiful, and she ran her hands over his shoulders, chest and thighs before caressing his penis, smiling as he became erect. Then she was gone, enclosed again within the circle of dancers and he found himself held by strong hands and blindfolded. He could hear Tanith's voice, the chant, and the dancers as they moved around him. "We rejoice," Tanith was saying, "that another one comes to seed us with his blood and his gifts. We, kin of Chaos, welcome you the nameless. You are the riddle and I an answer and a beginning of your quest. For in the beginning was sacrifice. We have words to bind you through all time to us for in your beginnings, we were. Before you - we have been. After you - we will be. Before us - They who are never named. After us - They will still be. And you, through this rite, shall be of us, bound, as we are bound by Them. We the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess this rock we call this Earth."

Then the Master was before him. "Do you accept the law as decreed by us?"

"Yes, I do," Conrad answered.

"Do you bind yourself, with word and deed and thoughts to us the seed of Satan without fear or dread?"

"Yes"

"Then understand that the breaking of your word is the beginning of our wrath! See him! Hear him! Know him!"

The dancers stopped, and gathered again round Conrad to briefly touch him.

"So you," the Master said "renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver, and all his works?"

"Yes, I do."

"Say it!"

"I renounce the Nazarene, Yeshua, the great deceiver and all his works!"

"Do you affirm Satan?"

"I do affirm Satan."

"Satan - whose word is Chaos?"

"Satan - whose word is Chaos!"

"Then break this symbol which we detest!"

A wooden cross was thrust into his hands, and he broke it before throwing the pieces to the ground.

"Now receive," the Master continued, "as a symbol of your faith and a sign of your oath this sigil of Satan."

Tanith gave the Master a small phial of aromatic oil, and with the oil Aris traced the sign of the inverted pentagram on Conrad's forehead, chanting 'Agios o Satanas!' as he did so. Aris held Conrad's arm while with a sharp knife Tanith cut Conrad's thumb, drawing blood which she spread over her forefinger to draw the sigil of the Temple over his hear.

"By the powers we as Master and Mistress wield, these signs shall always be a part of you: an auric symbol to mark you as a disciple of our Prince!"

"Now you must be taught," he heard Tanith's voice say, "the wisdom of our way!"

Two of the congregation came forward and forced him to kneel in front of her.

"See," she said, laughing, "all you gather now in my Temple: here is he who thought he knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for his cunning! See how our strength over-comes him!"

The congregation laughed, and he felt his hands being bound behind his back. For a second he felt fear, but it was soon gone, replaced by anger and he tried to wriggle free from his bonds.

"A spirited one, this!" he heard Tanith's voice mock. "Listen!" she said to him. "Listen and learn! Keep your silence and be still!"

Conrad strained to hear. There was a rustling, a sound which might have been made by bare feet walking over stone, the chant ending, and then finally silence. He lay still even when he heard someone approaching him as he lay on the floor of the Temple. He felt a warm hand softly touching his skin, felt a woman's naked softness next to him and smelt a beautiful perfume. He did not resist when soft arms moved him to lie beside her, and he began to respond to her kisses and touch.

"Receive from me," the woman whispered, "the gift of your initiation."

Bound and still blindfolded, he surrendered himself to the physical passion she aroused and controlled, and his climax of ecstasy did not take long to reach. When it was over, she removed the cord which bound his hands and then his blindfolded. Conrad recognized the young woman who had caressed him earlier. On the altar lay a black robe and she gave it to him before ringing the Temple bell.

The sound was signal for the congregation to return, and each member greeted Conrad, their new Initiate, with a kiss. Chalice of wine were handed round and he was given one. He sipped it while around him an orgy began.

"Come," Tanith said to him, "we have other duties."

She led him out of the chamber, through a passage and up well-worn stone stairs to a wooden door. The door was a concealed one and led into a hut. Outside, it was night, but the snow-scattered light illuminated the woods, and he followed Tanith through the snow, shivering from the cold. She did not speak, and he did not, and it seemed to him a long walk back to the house. Inside, it was warm and smelt vaguely of incense.

"Rest now," Tanith said, and kissed him.

He held her and caressed her breasts.

"I have to go," she said without smiling. "Gedor will show you to your room."

Conrad was surprised when out of the shadows Gedor stepped forward, grim-faced.

The room he was led to was unfurnished except for a bed, but it was warm and Conrad soon settled himself under the duvet to read the book that lay upon the pillow. 'The Black Book of Satan' the title read.

The first chapter was called 'What is Satanism' and he was reading it when he heard strange, almost unearthly, sounds outside. He drew back the curtains and to his surprise found they concealed not a window but an oil painting. It was a portrait of a young man dressed in medieval clothes and he stared at it for some time before realizing it was a portrait of himself. It bore a signature he could not read, and a date which he could: MDCXLII. "1642" he said to himself. The colours of the painting seemed dulled a little with age, the canvas itself cracked as if to confirm the antiquity of the portrait.

The strange sounds had stopped, and were replaced by loud laughter outside the door. He went to it, but it was locked.

V

Baynes was a quiet, almost shy man in his late forties. His handsome features, his neatly trimmed bear - black with streaks of grey - his wealth and the soft, mellow tones of his voice made him attractive to many women. He was well aware of this, and made efforts to avoid being left alone with them. A bachelor, his only interest outside his work was the Occult and he had acquired the reputation of regarding women as distant objects of chivalry. His abstemiousness in this matter gave rise to rumours that he was a homosexual but he did nothing to dispel them except explain when pressed on the matter by some of his friends in the Occult and magickal groups he frequented that he regarded women as a hindrance in the attainment of the highest grades of Initiation.

Dressed in an expensive suit, he sat in the lounge of one of his comfortable city houses listening to Fitten talk about the group of Satanists. It was after midnight, and uncharacteristically he was becoming bored. Several members from his own Temple of Isis sat around him in the subdued light, and some of them were trying to resist the temptation of sleep. Fitten had been talking, in his own disjointed way, for nearly an hour, explaining his theory about the origins of the Satanist group.

"It is an old tradition," Fitten was saying, "a very old tradition. A racial memory, perhaps, of beings who once long ago came to this Earth. For we have been deceived. They are not of the Beast, not of those Others about whom one writer has written, decades ago. We need to understand this, you see: need to finally understand the truth. We have been deceived about them."

Fitten paused to wipe sweat from his forehead with his coloured handkerchief and Baynes took the opportunity to interject.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of contacting a colleague of mine in London who is well-known as a leading authority on Satanism and he has agreed to come and talk to us. The Satanist group to which the gentleman to whom Mr. Fitten referred to belongs -"

"Conrad Robury," interrupted Fitten.

"The group to which Mr. Robury now, apparently belongs," continued Baynes, "has interested us for some time. Since the murder of Maria Torrens, in fact. You will all, no doubt, recall the brutal facts of that case."

He could see his audience now paying attention.

"As you will remember, her naked and mutilated body was found on the Moors, her head resting on what the Police assumed to be a Black Magick altar. An inverted pentagram had been cut on her skin by a sharp knife - a surgical scalpel, I was told. Discreetly of course, I was asked for my opinion.

"At first I and the Police investigating the matter were of the opinion that the killing was a motiveless one with no genuine Occult connections, the murderer or murderers providing the 'Occult' evidence to confuse. For, as you will recall, some rather scurrilous newspapers ascertained and published details regarding the lady's rather unfortunate background. She was a 'Lady of the Night' -"

"A prostitute," someone said, and giggled.

Baynes ignored the remark. " - who frequented the area around this city's dockland. She was last seen apparently accepting a lift in a vehicle driven by an attractive middle- aged lady. Shortly after the newspapers published their story, the Police received an anonymous call, naming a suspect. The man was quickly traced, and interviewed and then arrested when he confessed to the crime. He himself had a rather dubious reputation, and said that he had driven Miss Torrens to the scene of the crime and persuaded her to adorn herself in an Occult manner. Apparently, he had been to the motion-pictures and seen some scenes in a film.

"He later retracted this confession and claimed to have been forced to give it by a man whom he

continually referred to as 'The Master' whom he claimed had himself committed the brutal murder. He further alleged that this 'Master' was the leader of a group of Satanist's here, in this city and had killed Miss Torrens during a ritual for his own diabolic ends. He made a statement to the Police to this effect, but shortly afterwards began acting rather strangely, and withdrew that statement. During subsequent weeks before his trial he made several other statements, each more ludicrous than the other - for instance, one referred to beings from another planet landing in a 'space-ship', abducting him and Maria. "It was at the trial, you may well remember, that the Prosecution proved by the testimony of a very respectable witness that Maria and the defendant had been seen together on the Moor only a few hours before her death. The defendant was sentenced to life imprisonment, and was found, some weeks later, hanged in his prison cell. After the trial, I began my own quiet investigation into Satanist groups in this area - and subsequently uncovered one organized by a certain gentleman whom his followers call 'The Master'. This group uses and has used several different names, and has Temples in various other cities. Among its names are 'The Temple of Satan', 'The Noctulians' and 'Friends of Lucifer'."

Fitten was slumped in a chair, apparently asleep, and Baynes smiled at him, in his gentle way, before continuing. "The group is very selective regarding members, and tests all the candidates for Initiation. These tests are sometimes quite severe and sometimes involve the candidate undertaking criminal acts - this of course serving to bind the candidate to the group as well as giving the group evidence to blackmail the candidate with should he or she later prove uncooperative. Unlike most so-called Satanist and Black Magick groups which are usually only a cover for one or more persons criminal or sexual activities, this particular group does work genuine magick, and seems to possess quite an advanced understanding of the subject. Apparently, they follow their own sinister magickal tradition based on the septenary system - or Hebdomadry as it is called.

"Since the Maria Torrens case we, acting with a number of other 'Right Hand Path' groups in this and other areas, have tried to infiltrate this Satanist group, always without success. Until recently, that is." Smiling, he waited for the exclamations of surprise to subside before he continued. "This member - whom I shall for obvious reasons call only Frater Achad - has given us valuable information, and he is shortly to be initiated into the sect. What we are hoping is that he can provide us with details regarding members, their magickal workings as well as information regarding their activities which we can pass onto the Police. As I have said, some of their activities verge on the criminal kind of which we are at present unaware, and of course there is always the possibility that Frater Achad can provide us with evidence regarding the Maria Torrens case.

"Naturally, I have told you this in the strictest confidence. Frater Achad is in a delicate - not to say dangerous - position."

Suddenly, Fitten was on his feet, pointing at Baynes. "We must act now! Don't you understand?" He turned and faced the other people present. "Don't any of you understand? We cannot afford to wait! We must act now to destroy them! Soon, their power will grow - so great we, and others, can do nothing. Listen! They will do a ritual to open the gate to the Abyss. An offer - they need an offer to do this, and offering of human blood. Do you want another death on your hands? Once the Gate is opened they will possess the power of the Abyss itself!"

"Mr. Fitten," Baynes said gently, "I - we all - share your concern about them. But we must plan and act carefully in this matter."

"I shall show you!" Fitten shouted. "I shall stop them! Me! Because I know their secrets! I don't need any of you!"

No one followed him as he left the room and the house.

"Our brother," Baynes said, "needs our help. Let us meditate for a while and send him healing and helpful vibrations."

As they closed their eyes to begin, laughter invaded the room. All present heard it, but no one could see its source. But it was soon gone, and Baynes and his followers of the white path of magick soon resumed their own form of meditation, praying to and invoking their one or many gods according to the many and varied beliefs. The laughter was only one incident and did not undermine their security of faith.

Outside, in the cold and above the snow which covered the ground deeply, an owl screeched in the darkness and silence of the large ornamental garden. The cry startled them more than the demonic laughter.

VI

The voice awoke Conrad, and he roused himself from his troubled sleep to see Mador standing beside

his bed.

"Breakfast, Professor?" the dwarf asked again.

"What?"

"Breakfast?"

"What time is it?"

"Time to rise and eat!" He handed Conrad a neat pile of clothes. "Hurry! Rise and eat!"

"Leave me alone," Conrad said. His dreams had been disturbing, his sleep broken, and he felt in need of rest.

"The Master sent me," Mador replied, and smiled.

Wearily, Conrad sat up in his warm bed. The room itself felt cold. "Alright. I won't be long."

"I wait for you - outside."

Conrad dressed slowly in the black clothes someone had selected for him before following Mador to the dining room. The maid was waiting, ready to serve him from the many dishes and he was not surprised when Mador left him. He was surprised when the young lady who had sexually initiated him entered the room to sit beside him.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked him, and smiled.

"Er, yes thank you," Conrad replied in his surprise.

"Do try the kippers," she said to him. "From Loch Fyne. Delicious!" she gestured toward the maid who began to serve them both.

"Do you live here?" Conrad cautiously asked her.

"You are sweet!" she chided him. "I suppose you could say that. I'm Susan, by the way."

"Conrad," he said unnecessarily and held out his hand.

She did not take it and he was left to awkwardly shuffle in his chair.

"Did you like your room?" She asked.

"Well, it was unusual."

"They all say that!"

"They?" " he asked.

She ignored his question. "Has the Master explained what you will be doing today?"

"No."

"I'm sure he will want to see you - after you have eaten." She gestured toward the kipper with which the maid had served him.

"I'm not very hungry, actually."

She laughed. "You're not a vegetarian by any chance, are you?"

"No, of course not."

"After all the energy you expended last night," she smiled at him, "I would have thought you'd be ravenous!"

Conrad blushed at this reminder of the passion they as strangers had shared.

"Such innocence!" she said,

"There is a painting in my room," he said to cover his embarrassment. "Is it very old?"

"Have you read any of the book that was left in your room?"

"A little. It's very interesting."

"It's a beginning," she shrugged. "Just a beginning."

"Have you been involved with this group long?"

"That's a quaint way of putting it! 'This group!' You mean, have I been a Satanist a long time?"

The woman's self-assurance, his own discomfort at being a guest in an unusual and luxurious house, and his shyness with women all combined to make Conrad wish he was elsewhere - at his lectures, preferably, learning about the mysteries and beauties of physics. But as he sat looking at the young and quite beautiful woman beside him and as he remembered the bliss they had shared, he began to feel a confidence in himself. It was as though some of the power he had felt during the wiccan ritual over a week ago had returned.

"Yes," he said smiling at her, "how long have you been a Satanist?" He said the last word with relish, as though consciously and proudly committing a sin.

"I was brought up with it - baptised into it."

"Really?"

"Naturally, there was a time when I began to question it, and was given the freedom to do so. In fact even encouraged."

"By your parents?"

"But once you have tasted paradise on Earth, it is irresistible!"

"Why do you evade some of my questions?" Conrad asked, his confidence growing.

Her eyes seemed to him to sparkle as she answered. "Because I am a woman and like to be mysterious!"

Without quite realizing what he was doing he leant toward her and kissed her lips. She did not draw away, and out of the corner of his eye he could see the maid pretending to look out of the window at the garden. Across the room, he heard a discreet and almost gentlemanly cough.

Aris stood by the door. "If you have finished," he said almost smiling, "perhaps we can talk."

"Of course!" Conrad said, surprised.

"In the library." He turned around and left.

"Can I see you - later?" Conrad asked Susan.

"Do you really want to?" She teased.

"Yes!"

"Perhaps. You'd better not keep him waiting."

"No." He stood up, bent down to kiss her, then decided against it.

The door to the library was open, and Aris was already sitting in a chair by the desk.

"Come!" The Master said in greeting.

Conrad sat opposite trying not to appear nervous.

"The power you felt before," Aris said, "is returning to you. As you hoped it would. This is one result of your Initiation. For you must understand, Initiation into our way is similar to opening a channel, a link, to those hidden or Occult powers which form the real essence of magick."

Conrad was impressed, but Aris continues in his unemotional way. "Those powers you may use for whatever you desire. For sexual gratification, should you so wish. Such power as you feel and have felt will grow, steadily, with your own Occult and magickal development. What occurred last night is but the first of many stages in that development. Are you then prepared to go further?"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

"There is a task I wish you to undertake, a task connected to your Initiation. But you must understand that you have been chosen for more than just this and such other tasks as may be necessary for your own magickal development. For remembered I have said that you have a special Destiny to fulfil. What this Destiny is, will become clear when the time is right. You are important to us, as we to you. Because of this you are more to me and my comrades in magick than a mere Initiate, a beginner in the ways of our dark gods. Remember this, Conrad Robury. I extend my hospitality to you and not just of my house, as you know, because you are more than another novice.

"Now to your task. It will, for a short while, take you away from the house."

Conrad sensed that, whatever the test was, it would partly be a test of fidelity to Aris and his Satanic group.

"You are familiar with someone called Paul Fitten," Aris said.

It was not a question, but Conrad still answered, "Yes."

"You are to go to him and persuade him that you wish to help him. Then you must endeavour to undertake a magickal ritual with him. It will be a qabalistic ritual, but never mind. During this ritual you are to redirect the power brought forth - which you must help to generate - so that it takes control of Fitten, harms him in some way. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Aris stared at him, then smiled. "You understand part of it - yes. For you believe I aim to test your morals by asking you to harm by magickal means another individual. But there is more, as you will discover. Now, I have a gift for you - a gift of your Initiation." He placed a silver ring with an ornamental stone on the desk. "Wear it always from this day as a sign of your desire to follow our ways." Without thinking Conrad began to place the ring on the third finger on his right hand.

"The other hand," Aris said.

Conrad obeyed. The ring was a perfect fit.

"Now, Conrad Robury, you must go to accomplish your task. Susan, as my Priestess, will go with you."

Conrad was at the door when Aris said, "Do not let them - or anyone - try to remove your ring."

VII

Susan, obviously prepared, had driven him straight to Fitten's house. It was a small house, bordering a quiet road near the edge of the city and a dog ran out toward them, barking, as they walked along the

path to the door. Susan stared at the dog, and it whimpered away.

Conrad knocked loudly on the door, as a Policeman might. Fitten bore no visible scars of his ordeal at the hands of Gedor and greeted them warmly.

"Come in!" he said. "Please come in! I knew you would come! It was in the chart, you see!"

He led them into a room crowded with books and dimly lit but where a coal fire burned warmly.

"Please, be seated!" he enthused. "I have so much to tell you!"

"This is Susan," Conrad said.

"Yes, yes! How did you escape?"

"Escape?" asked Conrad.

"From the house of the Satanists? You were there, yesterday."

"Oh, them. They seemed only too anxious," lied Conrad, "to let me go after you appeared. One of them mentioned something about 'magickal attack. Perhaps they thought I would be a burden to them in that case."

"As you would, as you would my son!"

Conrad winced.

"Did you read the books I gave you?" Fitten asked.

"They destroyed them."

"Ah! They are evil, evil incarnate!"

"But who are they?"

"You do not know?" Fitten looked amazed.

"No. Should I?"

"Perhaps not. It is not important. You are here, now, that's what important."

"I wish," Conrad said and sighed, "someone would tell me what this is all about. I get invited to this party at a house, meet a right bunch of weird characters. Then you appear and are thrown out. Then one of them shows me this Temple they use. I'm a bit out of my depth, here."

"They need an offer, you see. For their Mass. Not a Black Mass - no, something far worse, something more vile and sinister. You had all the right qualities. Just what they needed. They knew that after you attended that meeting of the Circle of Arcadia. They know. They have spies - agents - infiltrators in most groups."

A slim, young woman appeared in the doorway of the room. "Would you like some tea, dear?" she asked her older husband.

"What?" said Fitten.

"Tea. Would you like some?" She innocently returned Conrad's smile.

"Why not! Why not indeed!"

She had gone when Conrad spoke. "You said they needed an offer - a sacrifice."

"I did? Quite! They needed - still need - someone young. They have a tradition, you see, of sacrificing a young man aged twenty one. But only for this important ritual. The time of this ritual is near. They will have power from it. Not just Occult power. No, real power! They channel the magickal forces, you see, into a practical form - sometimes a person, sometimes an institution, a company, or something like that. Such use of magick is real black magick, real evil! They fermented, these worshippers of the darkest of dark forces, the French Revolution - the blood spilled was a sacrifice, an offering to their strange alien gods. They brought about with their magick the Third Reich. Now they prepare again!" He wiped the sweat from his forehead with his hand.

"But why me?" Conrad asked, trying to appear serious.

"You were a key to open the gate to the powers, the dark powers of the Abyss. Their Black Magick rites would use this power! I have sent for help."

"Sent for help?"

"A Magus. The most powerful White Lodge has been alerted. They will send a Magus."

"You do not want to deal with it yourself?" Conrad asked.

"I? I have no authority! A council must be convened: all the Magister Temple must be invited."

"But if the situation is as serious as you believe," Conrad resisted the temptation to smile, "can you afford to wait. Surely you must do something yourself."

"Well," Fitten sighed, "I did a little ritual. Last night."

"And it worked. I am here."

"I am thankful to the Lord for that. They might try and get you back - or find another offer." He slumped in his chair, looking pale and tired.

Suddenly, Conrad conceived an idea. "Will you excuse me a moment," he said, "I must go to the toilet." Fitten said nothing, and stared into the fire. Conrad left. He found Fitten's wife in the kitchen of the house.

"Making tea?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Any special kind?"

"No, just ordinary tea."

"I prefer Formosa Oolong myself." He closed the door.

"I wouldn't know!"

"There's a lovely tea shop in the city centre which serves a good selection. Perhaps you've been there?"

"No," she said and turned away from him.

"It's really lovely sitting there of a winter's evening watching people pass in the street. You must try it sometime."

"Maybe."

"You look very tired," he said, softly.

"It's been a hectic week."

"Perhaps you need a break - away from the house."

"Maybe," she said dully.

"Please don't be offended, but perhaps I could take you out to dinner one evening?"

"I'm sorry?" she said with genuine surprise.

"You looked so sad, standing there," he said with kindness in his voice.

"I'm just tired."

"Would you like to come to dinner with me one evening? I know a rather nice restaurant."

"It's very kind of you to ask," she said formally.

"I'm not being kind. It would give me great pleasure to have the company of a beautiful woman for an evening. And you are beautiful."

"I'm a married woman."

"And a beautiful one. When did you last dine out?" He could see that the question pained her although she did not answer.

"Would he really miss you for one evening?"

She looked at him briefly then lowered her eyes. He moved toward her and held her hand, gently caressing it with his fingers. She closed her eyes, and he was surprised by her reaction as he was by his own confidence. It was as though he had become another person. He bent forward to kiss her but she moved away.

"Please," she pleaded, but made no move to free her hand from his.

"Tonight," he said, "About eight o'clock?"

"I don't know."

"I'll collect you about a quarter to eight, then."

"The lady who came with you - " she asked.

"My sister?" he lied. "She wants to talk to your husband about witchcraft, I think. Can't say I find the subject of interest, myself. I'm studying Physics at the moment."

She finally withdrew her hand from his. "At the University?"

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"I went there," she said shyly.

"Really? What did you study?"

"Geology."

"I've always been fascinated by that subject. You must tell me about it - tonight."

"I didn't complete my course."

"To get married?"

"No. Well, not exactly." She turned away to complete her preparation of the tea. She gave him the tray.

"Would you mind?" she asked.

"Not at all! Tonight, then?"

She smiled and held the door open for him. "We'll see!" she said.

Down the dark hallway of the house he could hear Fitten's agitated voice.

"Tea?" he said, entering the warm room.

"Mr. Fitten," Susan said, "is thinking of performing a ritual here tonight."

"Oh? Why?"

"Well," Susan continued, "I suggested it would be a good idea at this moment in time. To strike now, when they are unprepared."

"I don't know, I don't know!" said Fitten, shaking his head.

"I have explained" Susan said to Conrad, "that I myself am a Second Degree Witch, so I can assist."

Suddenly, Fitten stood up. "Yes! We must act! I feel it is right! The time is right! You are right."

"If it would help," Susan said to him, "I have something taken from the house of the Satanists." She fumbled in her handbag.

Fitten took the silver medallion inscribed with an inverted pentagram and the word 'Atazoth'.

"Atazoth. Atazoth," he mumbled. "Yes, this would be very suitable; very suitable indeed. Where did you get it?"

"Conrad found it in the house."

"Yes. I gave it to her. All this Occult stuff does not really interest me. Not any more."

"But you are," Susan asked him "prepared to partake in a ritual with us."

"Of course. As I explained to my sister," he said to Fitten, "although I don't understand all of this, I'm prepared to help. I trust her judgment."

"Good! Good!" Fitten said. "Tonight, you say?" he asked Susan.

"It would be best. You could get assistance? For I have heard you have many contacts. I would of course leave the type of ritual up to you - since you have far more knowledge and experience of ceremonial than I."

Fitten was pleased by Susan's praise. "I would have to make some telephone calls."

"Naturally. What time would you suggest?" Susan asked.

"Eight o'clock. The hour of Saturn!"

"Surely," Conrad said, "the sooner we begin the better. How about now?"

"Now? Now?" Fitten looked amazed.

"There is you, me, my sister - your wife."

"My wife?"

"Such a ritual as we need to do may be dangerous."

"But surely she has assisted you before?"

"Of course! Many times, in fact. We need more time to prepare."

"But we have the medallion," Susan suggested.

"Even so - "

"Do you intend," Susan asked, "to conjure force and send it against the Satanists?"

"Yes. Yes, I had thought in such terms. Psychic attack! I can remember the face of that evil woman!"

"What woman?" Conrad asked.

"That evil woman who was with you in their house!"

"Tanith is her name."

"I thought so! The spirits speak to me, you see. The Lord is with us!" He stared at them both as if possessed. "Yes! We will act now!" Then he was quiet again and softly spoken. "I will make a few telephone calls - perhaps some friends of mine can come at short notice."

As soon as he left the room, Susan asked, "You have a plan?"

"Indeed! It should be interesting!"

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Susan asked, smiling.

"Yes! I feel really alive! Bursting with energy!"

Fitten was not away long. "Three others!" he announced on his return. "Three have agreed to come!"

"It bodes well, then," Conrad said.

"My temple - we will wait for them in my Temple."

"Your wife will be participating?"

"Yes, she will. Come, I will show you my Temple."

The Temple was a converted bedroom. There was no altar, only a large circle inscribed on the floor around which were magical names and signs. IHVH, AHIH, ALIVN and ALH. The name Adonai was the most prominent and various Hebrew letters completed the circle's adornment, The walls of the room were grey and white, and inside the circle on the floor stood a small table covered with a sword, several knives, candles and bowls of incense. The sword and knives were inscribed with writing the Conrad, from even his cursory study during the last week of the qabalistic ceremonial tradition, recognized as the

magickal script called 'Passing the River'.

"We must meditate while we wait for the others," Fitten said as he lit several candles scattered around the floor.

"Bring good vibrations to assist us."

Following Susan, Conrad sat on the floor. He closed his eyes and imagined the room filling with demons and imps. He was almost asleep when Fitten's wife brought the remainder of the participants, two rather plump men and a woman with an unsmiling sallow face.

"Let us begin!" Fitten announced dramatically. He gave his congregation white robes and offered some to Susan and Conrad who declined. "Let us stand within the circle!" he announced.

Conrad deliberately stood next to Fitten's wife with Susan beside him. Then Fitten was pointing the tip of the sword at the painted circle on the circle on the floor.

"I exhort you," he shouted, "by the powerful and Holy names which are written around this circle, protect us!"

He put down his sword, held a piece of parchment up and then sprinkled incense over the floor. "Let the divine white brilliance descend. Before me Raphael, behind me Gabriel, at my right hand Michael, and at my left hand Auriel. For before me flames the pentagram and behind me stands our Lords six pointed star. Elohim! Elohim Gibor! Eloath Va-Daath! Adonai Tzabaoth! City of Light, open your radiance to us. We command you and your guardians, by the Holy Names - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim Tzabaoth! Twelve is our number."

"Twelve," repeated the others present, with the exception of Susan and Conrad.

"There are twelve," Fitten continued, "twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve signs of the Zodiac."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve labours of Hercules."

"Twelve disciples of our Lord!"

"Twelve disciples of our Lord."

"Twelve months in the year!"

"Twelve months in the year."

"Let us adore," Fitten chanted, "the Lord and the King of Hosts. Holy art thou Lord, thee who hast formed Nature. Holy art thou, the vast and the mighty one, Lord of Light and of the Darkness. Holy art thou, Lord! By the word of Paroketh, and by the sign of the rending of the Veil, I declare that the Portal of the Adepts is open! Hear the words! These are the words - Elohim Tzabaoth! Elohim! Tzabaoth!" He bent down to scribble a sign on the parchment, then held it up, circling round sun-wise as he did so. "Come!" he shouted. "Come to me! To me!"

Conrad assumed the sign was of a demon, taken from the Lessor Key of Solomon.

"Behold the sign!" Fitten was saying. "Behold the Holy Name and my power! EIO! EIO! EIO!"

Tzabaoth! I command you! Appear! EIO! Tzabaoth!"

The candles began to dim, and Conrad could sense the anticipation of the participants. He saw Susan close her eyes. She, too, was speaking, but softly so the others might not hear. He caught the words 'AgiOS o SatanAs' as she exhaled but heard nothing more.

Then a vague, ill-defined and almost luminescent shape appeared in the corner of the room.

"Yod He Vau Heh!" Fitten shouted.

Almost immediately, Conrad took the hand of Fitten's wife in his own. She seemed to grasp it eagerly, and he stepped back, placing his foot over the painted circle. He could feel a force pulling him, and he closed his eyes to concentrate, willing the force into Fitten's wife.

She screamed, and fell to the floor. Then was she standing, her hair disheveled, his face contorted and almost leering. She raised her hands like claws and began to walk slowly to where Fitten stood.

Hurriedly, Fitten tried to burn the parchment he was holding in the flame of one of the candles, but he burnt his fingers instead. His wife was laughing and had ripped open her blouse to reveal her breasts.

Suddenly, as if realizing what had happened, Fitten stared at Conrad. He held the medallion Susan had given him over the flame of the candle and as he did so his wife stopped, her hands held motionless before her, her lips bared in a silent snarl. Susan gripped Conrad's arm, and he turned to see her face contorted in pain.

There was a demonic strength in Conrad as he saw this, and his body tensed as he willed Fitten's wife nearer and nearer to her husband. He could sense the elemental force within the room and tried to shape it by his own will to make Fitten's wife take the medallion from his hand. She touched the chain, and

then the medallion, but did not scream as the heat from the candle burnt her flesh, its smell invading the darkening room. She threw it to the ground to turn to face her husband, her hands reaching up towards his bare neck.

Then, quite suddenly, she stopped. Conrad felt another force within the confines of the room. It was a powerful force, opposed to him and he watched as Fitten's aura became visible, flaming upwards in patterns of red and yellow and curling up over his head before it turned to inch closer and closer toward him. Fitten's wife turned to walk in pace with the advancing colour-changing aura toward where Conrad stood. There was something Conrad did not understand about all this as he strove to try and will the advancing force away. Two names suddenly entered his mind. Baynes; Togbare an inner almost laughing voice said, and he was wondering what to do next when he remembered the last words of Aris his Master.

He held out his left hand to show Fitten his ring.

"The ring! We must get his ring!" one of Fitten's followers shouted.

They moved toward Conrad, slowly it seemed as if in slow motion, and as they did so Fitten's aural light was sucked into the ring. Then all magickal power in the room was gone, and he could see Fitten, his mouth open, his eyes staring, his face white. Fitten's wife had stopped again and was slowly falling to the floor.

They reached her, but she was dead.

VIII

An exhausted Conrad had slept in Susan's car on their return journey to Aris' house. The death of Fitten's wife had ended the ritual and a crazed Fitten had lunged at Conrad who had time only to raise his arms in self-defence before Susan knocked Fitten unconscious using Martial Arts techniques.

"Go, please go" one of Fitten's group had said, and they had left unmolested.

The Master was waiting for them in the hall, and he ushered Conrad into the library where a log fire had been lit.

"I gather there were certain complications," Aris said.

"Unfortunately."

"Tell me, then, what transpired - exactly as you remember it."

Conrad told his story - Fitten's wife, how he planned to use her during the ritual. The qabalistic conjuration of Fitten. His own breaking of the circle. The aura and the presence. Finally, he spoke of the ring which had drained the hostile magick away.

"Oh," concluded Conrad, "I remember two names. They just came into my mind before I was remembered about the ring."

"Are you certain it was before?"

"Yes."

"Certainly, that is interesting. And the names?"

"Baynes and Togbare."

Conrad thought he detected a look of surprise on Aris' face.

"You know them?" he asked.

"I have heard of them."

"Are they important?"

"You spoke of Fitten mentioning the White Lodge. Do you know what that means?"

"Only that it is supposed to be a group of Occultists who follow the Right Hand Path."

"It is a loose term used to describe a group of followers of that path who are dedicated to counteracting the activities of groups such as ours. Most are also followers of the Nazarene. This White Lodge fears that we will unite to use our powers against them. There are some who believe a 'Black Lodge' exists for just this purpose. Paranoia, naturally." He smiled, and the sinister nature of his appearance in that moment became evident to Conrad. "Or at least it was."

"This White Lodge," Aris continued, "tries to infiltrate Satanist groups, disrupt them, and so on. They conduct rituals for just such a purpose. The Council of this Lodge - an extremely secret organization - oversees all these activities, and its present head is a certain Frater Togbare."

"I see," quipped Conrad, nervously.

"Then perhaps you will explain what you see."

"It was not Fitten I was struggling with toward the end of the ritual but this White Lodge."

"Probably."

"But how - how did they know?"

"Through Fitten himself. You said he had claimed to be in contact with them before the ritual."

"Yes." Earnestly, he looked at Aris. "If this White Lodge is so powerful why did they allow Fitten's wife to die?"

Aris smiled. It was not a pleasing smile. "Once brought, such power has to be used, directed. It was dissipated, one could say, through the woman's death."

"They could not have saved her?"

"Yes, they could have, but they were unprepared for the ring."

"The ring?" Conrad stared at it. It looked ordinary, now in the light of the room and the fire.

"It was a link - between you and Susan."

"Susan? I'm sorry, I don't understand."

"You will."

His tone precluded, it seemed to Conrad, any further discussion of the matter. "But the woman's death," Conrad asked, "surely there will be complications? The Police - "

"Will not be involved," completed Aris. "The White Lodge - or rather the individuals composing it - are quite influential. Death by natural causes, I am sure will be the verdict."

"But surely I - I mean, what occurred during the ritual - will have started something? Fitten and the others will surely not let the matter stop there."

"What occurred was a warning to them - a prelude. There will shortly be a ritual undertaken by us in which you will figure. Recall the mention I made of your Destiny. The time for fulfillment is near. Now they know our strength and our power, as I wished!"

"So it was more than just a test for me - of my Initiation?"

"Yes! As your Initiation was more than just another Initiation. But you are tired, and in need of sustenance. Go then, and feast yourself. We will meet again, and soon."

He walked to a shelf and took down a book before opening it and beginning to read. Conrad left the library to find Susan waiting.

"Shall we eat first?" she asked him quizzically.

"I'm sorry?" he said obtusely, still suffering from his contact with Aris.

"Which appetite do you want to satisfy first?"

He smiled, and she took his hand leading him toward the stairs and her room. It was luxurious, warm and vaguely perfumed, and he was surprised by her eagerness for she had soon stripped him and herself of clothes. She was remembering the ritual, the momentary exhilaration of rendering Fitten unconscious but most of all the death they had induced as she sought through Conrad to satisfy her lust.

"I want you!" she almost pleaded and screamed, and Conrad in his inexperience believed her. But his own physical experience was growing along with his magickal-inspired confidence, and he sought, and succeeded, to prolong his own pleasure and hers. In the bliss of his satiation he fell asleep, his limbs entwined around her body, and it was in the deep of night he awoke, to find himself alone.

Thirst and hunger roused him from her bed, and he dressed to wander from the room. The house was lit but with subdued and warming light, and he walked cautiously down the stairs, hoping to find someone awake. The silence unnerved him, a little, and he stood by the open door to the dining room for some minutes before going in.

The table was laid for one. The servers' door still swayed, a little, and he was about to push it open to peer into the serving room and kitchen's beyond, when the maid opened it.

She indicated the chair, and he obediently sat at the table. Several times he tried to engage her in conversation, and each time she turned away. Her expression never changed, and twice he asked her after Susan but she continued with her duties, mute and efficient. He was served soup, a course containing fillet steak, and he was sitting shrouded in silence and replete from the food drinking his coffee alone when he saw a light in the garden through the window.

It was a torch, wavering in the distance. Vaguely, he could discern a person running. Intrigued, he extinguished the lights in the room to watch the figure weave closer toward the house. The snow was bright, and as the figure passed by, Conrad recognized Fitten. He soon had the window open.

He clambered through, surprised by the intense cold outside. Fitten must have heard him, for he turned around and shone the light from the torch into Conrad's face.

Then Fitten was screaming and running toward him. "You killed her! Devil!" he shouted.

Fitten swung the torch at Conrad's face, but Conrad parried the blow as Fitten tried to grapple. Then,

they were both on the ground, rolling over and over in the snow with Fitten trying to pummel Conrad's face with his fists. Desperate, but determined, Conrad butted Fitten's head with his own. Dazed, Fitten rolled away and Conrad was about to stand and drag him to his feet when Aris and Gedor walked out of the house toward them.

"How pleasing!" Aris said. "He has arrived just in time to join our little celebration. Bring him!" he commanded Gedor, and Gedor obeyed, lifting Fitten easily.

They were returning toward the house when Aris said, "We have other unwelcome guests, I sense." He appeared to be listening to something no one else could hear, then turned to Gedor. "Release him!" Gedor dropped Fitten into the snow. Aris bent over him, gripping his neck in his hand and saying, "He is dead already! Give him to them if they wish it!"

He released Fitten, who fell dazed. Then Aris was gone, in to the shadows of the trees beside one side of the house, and as he did so two men appeared, walking over the snow from the front of the house.

"I'm sorry to intrude," the tallest of them said to Conrad, "but we have come for him."

"What do you want?" Conrad asked aggressively.

"My name is Baynes - " the tall man said.

"Baynes?" Conrad repeated, and then remembered.

"Yes. Now, about Mr. Fitten - "

"You are not welcome here," Conrad said.

"That is no surprise to me. We have come to escort Mr. Fitten home. I am very much afraid the recent death of his wife has unsettled him."

Fitten had stood up, his head bowed and he appeared to be crying.

"Take him," Conrad said.

"Thank you Mr. Robury."

Conrad was surprised at the use of his name. "Go, now," he said. "This is private property."

"This place and that attitude," Baynes said gently, "do not suit you. If at any time you wish to come and talk with me - "

Conrad was beginning to get angry. "Push off!"

"You do not realize what is happening to you, do you?"

"Gedor - " Conrad said, gesturing toward Baynes. He was half-surprised when Gedor, obeying him, moved forward menacingly.

"We shall take our leave," Baynes said, holding Fitten's arm.

Conrad watched them go. Someone was walking toward him from the house, and he turned to see Susan. "Our ritual will begin soon," she said. "Come, I must prepare you - for the fulfillment of your Destiny is near."

His anger had left him by the time they reached the libation chamber, beside the hidden Temple, with its sunken pool. He stood watching Susan as she stripped naked to bathe. The sight aroused him, while nearby in the Temple, he could hear that Satanic chanting had begun.

IX

Only once did Conrad think about the death of Fitten's wife - but he did not care. He had and did feel the pure exhilaration of life, the joy - the blissful ecstasy of living totally without planning and almost without thought. There was an exuberance within him which he felt he was beginning to need.

Events were happening to him, rather than being controlled by him, but he possessed a strong sense of his own importance, a strong belief that life had chosen him for something, and he drifted into the events with wonder but little fear. His life, since the light suffused him during the wiccan rite, had been enhanced. Was what he felt, he briefly thought, the ecstasy that warriors found in war and which they sought again and again? That bliss of being so near oblivion that there was a pure joy in the ordinary moments of living? Was this, he wondered, the true meaning of Satanism?

He did not know, nor particularly care, so far had magic re-made him, he followed Susan down the steps into the Temple with greedy anticipation, proud of his robe which had been waiting for him beside the waters of libation, and proud that he had physically possessed Susan, the beautiful Satanic priestess. Near the altar on which Tanith lay naked, a crystal tetrahedron glowed, adding to the light from the candles. The congregation were gathered round the altar and their Master stood nearby, holding up the wax effigy which had lain on Tanith's womb.

"I who delivered you in birth now name you," he said, but Conrad could not hear the name Aris pronounced and blessed with the sign of the inverted pentagram.

Susan took the effigy, and dressed it while the Master raised his arms.

"I will go down to the altars in Hell," he said.

"To Satan, the giver of life," responded the congregation.

Conrad stood within their circle, raising his voice in the Satanic prayers that followed. He knew the Satanist 'Our Father' and Creed by heart.

Aris began the chanting which followed. 'Agios o Satanas!' he sang. It was then that Conrad noticed the small coffin beside the altar, and a black shroud, ready. The chanting continued as Susan assisted Tanith from the altar before clothing her in a crimson robe.

"We" Tanith said to them all, "curse Paul Fitten."

"We curse Paul Fitten."

"He," she said, with glee, "will writhe and die."

"He will writhe and die."

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"By our curse, destroyed!"

"We shall kill him!" she laughed.

"We shall kill him!" the congregation, Susan, Aris and Conrad laughed.

In the shadows, someone beat a hand-drum, capturing the rhythm of the chant.

"We shall glory in his death!" Tanith, as Mistress of Earth, said.

"We shall glory in his death!"

Tanith made passes with her hands over the effigy, chanting as she did so, before picking it up and showing it to the worshippers gathered around her.

"The Earth rejects him," she said.

"You reject him," the responded.

"I who gave you birth, now lay you down to die!" She placed the effigy in the coffin, secured the lid, and wrapped the shroud around it.

"He is dead!" She said.

"He is dead! By our curse, destroyed!"

Slowly, Susan led the dance and the chant. "Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla teste Satan cum sibylla. Quantos tremor est futurus quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

The chant was strange to Conrad, almost unearthly, but he quickly learnt it as he danced and chanted with the others, counter sun-wise around the altar. The dance and the chant were becoming quicker with every revolution, and he was almost glad when Susan pulled him away. She did not speak, but took him down with her to the floor while Tanith stood over the, saying "Frates, ut meum vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanas!"

Susan kissed him as they lay on the ground and Tanith kneeled beside them to caress Conrad's buttocks and back. In the excitement of the ritual and Tanith's touch, Conrad's task was soon over, and he slumped over Susan, temporarily exhausted from his ecstasy. He did not resist when Tanith rolled him over, and watched, as the dancers danced around them still chanting and the light pulsed with the beat of the drum, while Tanith buried her head between Susan's thighs. Then she was kissing him with her wet mouth before she stood to kiss each member of the congregation in salutation.

"You who gave him his birth," Susan was chanting as she walked toward the shrouded coffin, "and with my power I have killed him who dared to stand against us! See!" she said, laughing as she faced the congregation who had gathered around her to listen, "how my magick destroys him! He died in agony and we rejoiced!"

"He died in agony and we rejoiced!" they responded.

She took the coffin, placed it on the floor of the Temple and held a lighted candle to the shroud. It burst into flames. "Our curse, by my will," she said, "has destroyed him! Dignum et justum est!"

She laughed, Conrad laughed, the congregation laughed as the shroud and the coffin burnt fiercely.

"Feast now, and rejoice," Tanith commanded them, "for we have killed and shown the power of our Prince!"

Near Conrad, the orgy of lust began as two naked men walked down the steps to the Temple carrying large trays full of food and wine. A woman came toward Conrad, smiled, and removed her robe, but Susan took his hand and led him back up the steps.

She did not speak, and he did not, but bathed with him in the libation chamber, to dress herself and wait while he dressed, and take him back to the house. The room to which she took him was dark and empty.

"You felt no power in the ritual?" she suddenly asked as they stood beside each other in the coldness.

"Yes" he lied.

"You must be honest with me," he heard Aris' voice say. Light came slowly - a soft light to reveal only the bare walls of the room and Susan standing and smiling beside him. There were no windows, and the door was closed.

"Do not be afraid," Susan said in her own voice.

"I am not afraid," he answered honestly.

"Tell me, then, about the ritual," Susan asked softly.

"There was something," he said, "but not what I expected."

"Am I what you expect?" she said with Aris' voice. She was watching him, waiting.

Momentarily, Conrad had the impression that Susan was not human at all - she was something unearthly which was using her form and Aris' voice, something from another time and space. But he had touched her, kissed her, felt the soft warmth of her body. Confused, he stood watching her. She was not the young woman he had known: her eyes became full of stars, her face the void of space. She became Aris, a nebulous chaos that was incomprehensible to him.

He could feel within him her longing for the vastness of space. There was a sadness within this longing, for it had existed before him and would exist after his own death, thousands of years upon thousands of years. He would have to understand, he suddenly knew - he would have to understand and help before this sad longing, this waiting would be over.

Then she was Susan again, standing next to him and holding his hand, caressing his face with her fingers. Gentle and warm.

"You are beginning to understand," she was saying.

Her touch re-assured him. "Yes" he said, I am yours."

The door opened, and Aris came toward him.

"Your life," Aris the Master said, "will break the seal which binds Them."

"I have no choice," Conrad said as if hypnotized.

"You have no choice," Aris and Susan said together.

Aris smiled, and kissed Susan. "You have done well, my daughter. Now you must prepare him."

It was time, Conrad understood. Yes, it was time. Susan touched his forehead, and he fell unconscious to the floor.

X

Fitten was mumbling to himself as he sat against the wall of Baynes' house. He seemed harmless, and Baynes left him alone.

"He has been like this since you returned from that house? The speaker was an old man whose white beard terminated in a point. He sat on a comfortable chair, his ornately carved walking stick beside him.

"Yes," replied Baynes. Frater Togbare was his honoured guest.

"I spoke with the Council, last night," Togbare said. "We are agreed the situation is serious. You have had no recent news from Frater Achad?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"His Initiation in the Satanic group is due, you said?"

"Yes. Sometime during the next few days. He should be able to provide us with more information then."

"Excellent. We shall need it. I only hope we have enough time."

Fitten began to gibber, jumping up and down as he watched the guests Baynes and Togbare had invited arrive in their cars. Togbare went to him, and touched his shoulder. The gentle touch of the Old Magus seemed to comfort Fitten, for he sat quietly in the corner, tracing shapes on his palm with his finger.

It was not long before all the guests had arrived and were settled in the room. They had been quietly told about Fitten, and could ignore him.

Baynes rose to address them. "Ladies and gentlemen. You are all, I know, familiar with the reasons why Frater Togbare and myself have called this meeting. You come here - some I know from far away - as representatives of many and different organizations. All of us, however, have a common aim - to prevent the Satanists succeeding in their plan." He sat down, and Togbare whispered in his ear.

"Er, yes of course," he agreed in answer to Togbare's whispered question. He stood up again. "Frater Togbare has suggested I briefly outline the facts of the matter to you, so that everything is in perspective - before we begin our magical tasks." He surveyed the eager, expectant and occasional anxious faces before him. Six men, and four women of varying ages and manner of dress. "We believe that the Satanist

group responsible for the death by magick of Mr Fitten's wife, the present state of Mr Fitten himself, and the murder of, among others, Maria Torrens, are acting in concert with a number of other Satanic groups in this and other countries to perform a powerful and very sinister ritual. This ritual has as one of its aims, the Opening of the Gates to the Abyss - releasing thus the psychic energy that has been stored over the ages on various astral levels as well as drawing into the ordinary world of our waking consciousness evil entities. This opening will release powerful forces, and change the world. It will be the beginning of an age of darkness.

"As you all know, Satanists - and her of course I refer to genuine practitioners of the Black Arts and not the showman type - have used their magickal powers for centuries to bring about chaos, to increase the evil in this world. Perhaps there exist some centuries old Satanic plan - I do not know. But what is clear, what has become evident to us over the past decade or so, is that some groups are about to perform this particular ritual which to our knowledge no one has attempted before."

He smiled, a little. "Or perhaps I should say - no one has attempted and succeeded. The power of the most important group involved in this is immense - as I am sure you all have realized. It is not easy, in magick, as you all know, to kill another by ritual - but they possess this power, claimed by many others, but rarely proven.

"When this power is released by their ritual there will be immediate effects as well as more long term ones. An increase in evil deeds - resulting from weak individuals becoming possessed by the demonic forces unleashed. That is only one example. You all share, I know, my concern and that of the Council which Frater Togbare represents.

"Thus we have called you here to use our combined abilities to nullify this plan and the ritual. You all are accomplished and experienced Occultists: some working within your own groups, others, alone. I have myself prepared a site for you." He indicated a woman seated near him, resplendent in colourful clothes and jewelry. "Denise here will go with you, and explain the details of the ritual we propose to undertake."

A man rose, respectfully, from his chair. "You will not be accompanying us?" he asked.

"No. Neither will Frater Togbare. Perhaps I should explain. We recently infiltrated the main Satanist group with one of our members. We are waiting for him to contact us with important details - the time, place of the ritual and so on. As you will appreciate this is a delicate matter, and we need to be available as the information could be received at any time. We will both, of course, at the appointed time of your ritual, perform one of our own, joining you on the astral. I hope this answers your question, Martin."

"Yes. Yes, of course," the now embarrassed man agreed.

"It only remains, therefore, for me to hand you over into the very capable hands of Denise."

Denise smiled affectionately at him, and he looked away.

As they stood to leave, Togbare addressed them. "I am most pleased," he said, "that you have responded to our call so readily at no small sacrifice to yourselves. If I may be allowed to add a codicil to our learned friends remarks, I would remind you that the ritual which the Satanists plan here in this city or nearby, requires at least one - possibly more - human sacrifice. Thank you all, most sincerely."

He beamed with delight, and shook the hands of several of the guests who came to greet him.

"Shall I light the fire?" Baynes asked him when all the guests were gone.

"That would be most kind," Togbare replied. "Most kind of you. Then we must begin."

"I suppose," Baynes said as he knelt down before the hearth to light the fire, already prepared. "We could liken this opening of the gates to the return of Satan himself - Armageddon, and the beginning of the reign of the Anti-Christ."

"Yes, possibly."

Suddenly, Fitten jumped up. "No! No!" he screamed. "He lies!" he shouted at Togbare. "He lies! I know! Me! For I have been given the understanding!"

He moved toward Togbare, and Baynes went to restrain him.

"Leave me alone!" screamed Fitten. "You are cursed! He must know!" He pushed Baynes away. Togbare smiled at him.

"Listen!" Fitten said to Togbare. "We will all be opfers. Not Satan! Not Satan! Do you understand? It is THEM! The spawn of Chaos. They have lied to us, you see. Lied to us! Oh, how they have lied and deceived us. The Master will bring Them - They need us, you see. From the stars They will come. The seal that holds Them in Their own dimensions will be broken! Don't you understand? They are not the Old Ones! They have lied about that, also! The Nine Angles are the key - "

Fitten stopped, his hands raised, his face red. Then he was coughing and choking, spitting blood before

he fell to writhe and scream on the floor. Frothy blood oozed from his mouth, and his bones could be heard breaking. His face went blue, his eyes bulged and then he was still. Baynes went to him, but he was dead, Having swallowed his own tongue.

"We must be calm," Togbare said as sudden laughter filled the darkening room. "Concentrate, with me." Baynes came to stand beside him. "There is evil in this room. Concentrate, with me," Togbare repeated. "The flaming pentagram and the four-fold breathing."

Gradually, the laughter and the darkness subsided.

"He is dead," said Baynes unnecessarily. He covered Fitten's contorted face with his coat.

Eerily, the telephone began to ring. "Baynes here," he said. He listened, then gave the receiver to Togbare. "It's Frater Achad. He wants to speak with you."

"Hello!" Togbare said. "Yes, we are alone. Mr Fitten? He was here, yes. But listen, my son. Just now he died. Here, in this room. Are you still there? Evil magick - dark powers came to us, here. Yes, I understand. I shall pray for you, my son. Goodbye." He returned the telephone receiver to Baynes. "He could not speak for long."

"Of course. Did he mention anything? About the ritual?"

"Only a manuscript which might be relevant. Sloane MS 3189."

"I am not familiar with it, myself. British Museum?"

"Yes. Now, about poor Mr Fitten - "

"I shall take care of everything. The Police will have to be informed, of course."

"Naturally."

"I have some influence," Baynes said, shrugging his shoulders. "I do not like to use it, but in the circumstances - "

"I quite understand," said Togbare sympathetically.

"There will be no need for the Occult connection to become known. If you will excuse me, for a moment. I have some telephone calls to make."

"Yes, of course."

The fire was burning brightly when Baynes returned to find Togbare still sitting in the chair and Fitten's body still nearby on the floor. Baynes admired Togbare's calm detachment.

"His notes and papers," Togbare asked. "It might help if we perused them."

"Possibly. I have a key to his house."

"Indeed?" Togbare was surprised.

"A few weeks ago," Baynes explained, "he came to see me. He gave me the key with the instructions to burn all his notes, papers and books should anything happen to him."

"He was expecting something to happen?"

"Apparently. But he was always liable to get excited. It was just his way."

"You did not believe him?" asked Togbare without censure.

"To be honest, no. I wish I had done. Perhaps I could have done something."

"There is nothing anyone of us could have done. You have informed the Police?"

"Yes. Someone will be arriving shortly."

Togbare smiled. "Just as Denise and the others begin their ritual."

"Of course!" said Baynes, suddenly understanding. "The Master has timed this well."

Togbare sighed. "He is powerful. Yet there is something else. Our every effort to neutralize the magical power of this group over the years has come tonight. I have long suspected they have infiltrated us. The Council itself. These most recent events only confirm my suspicions."

"You believe there is a traitor?" asked Baynes with incredulity.

"I do not believe," Togbare answered quietly, "I know." He sighed again. "For this knowledge I will die. Perhaps my death will stop them - I do not know. But I know that beyond death this Satanic Master will try and claim my soul."

Gently, Baynes held the old man's hand. It was cold, like the room.

"It will be dawn in a few hours," Baynes said.

Then the laughter returned to haunt them - damning, demonic laughter. But it was soon gone as, outside, they heard an owl, screeking.

XI

Around him, Conrad sensed many people. He could not see them directly, for he was held as if paralysed on the floor of a small chamber near the Temple. There was a pillow supporting his head, and he looked

down to see himself dressed in a black robe, the septagon sigil of the Order embroidered in red over the place of his heart.

He could hear chanting, smell incense and burning wax. Then a voice, speaking words he remembered from his own Initiation: "Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!" It was Tanith's voice, but it seemed to become very distant. Then he was asleep again, dreaming of being in space above the Earth as it turned in its orbit around the sun. Then he was among alien but humanoid beings as they descended to Earth from the cold prison of space. Time rushed on, in a fluxion of images. Primitive tribes gathered in awe and greeting for the beings who taught, guided, controlled and destroyed among the forests and the ice. Others opposed to them came forth from space, seeking them out to kill or capture, taking their prisoners away, back into the cold, vast prison in space from which they had escaped, sealing them in forever in a vortex. He was there, in the dimensions and time beyond the causal, and felt their longing to escape, to explore the vastness and the beauty of the stars.

He awoke feeling a sense of loss. For minutes he lay still, scarcely breathing, and then he saw - or thought he saw - Tanith enter the chamber leading a man, blindfolded and bound. She lay with him on the floor to complete his Initiation before removing the blindfold.

"Neil, Neil!" he tried to say as he recognized the man. But the words would not be formed by his mouth and he lay helpless and still until the image vanished. He saw Susan walking toward him, and he closed his eyes, refusing to believe them. But she touched him, washing his face and hands with the warm water she carried in a bowl. She was smiling at him as she gently caressed him.

"I..." he began to say.

"Don't try to move too quickly," she said. "You will take some time to recover."

Slowly, he became aware he could move his fingers, his hands, his feet and as he did so he realized he loved her.

She kissed him, as if understanding his thought. "You understand now?"

Her eyes were beautiful, and it did not matter to Conrad that they had seemed full of stars.

"I think so," he replied.

"Together, we are a key which opens the gate, breaking the seal which binds Them."

He did not think it a strange thing for her to say.

"Now," she said, "you are prepared. Come - for the Master awaits us."

It was as he stood up that he remembered that she was the Masters' daughter. She led him from the chamber into the dimness of the Temple. There were no candles on the altar, no naked priestess, no congregation gathered to greet them, indeed nothing magickal except the crystal tetrahedron, glowing as it stood on a plinth. Only the Master and Tanith awaited them.

"The season and time being right," intoned the Master, "the stars being aligned as it is written they be aligned, this Temple conforming to the precepts of our Dark Gods, let us heed the angles of the nine!" He gestured toward the crystal, chanting "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" as he did so. The light that seemed to emanate from within it darkened and then began to slowly change colour until only a dim blue glow remained.

"So it has been," the Master intoned, "so it is and so shall it be again. Agarthi has known Them, the Nameless who came forth before we dreamed. And Bron Wrgon, our twin Gate, Here," and he gestured toward Susan and Conrad, "a Key to the dimensions beyond time: a key to the nine angles and the trapezohedron! From their crasis will come the power to break the seal which binds!"

"They exist," Tanith chanted as Aris began to vibrate with his voice the words of power - "Nii! Ny'thra Kthunae Atazoth. Ny'thra! Nii! Zod das Ny'thra!" - "in the angles of those dimensions that cannot be perceived, waiting for us to call and begin again a new cycle. They have trod the blackness between the stars and they found us, huddled in sleep and cold. But the Sirians came, to seal us and them again in our prisons and our sleep. Soon shall we both become free!"

The Master stood with his hands on the tetrahedron, as Tanith did, and they both began to vibrate a fourth and an octave apart, the words that were the key to the Abyss.

Susan stood beside Conrad, but she did not pull him down with her to the floor as he expected. Instead, she held his hands with hers and stood before him. Her hands were cold, icy cold, and he could feel the coldness invading him. Her eyes became again full of stars which spread to enclose her face. The Temple itself became black, and all he could hear was the insistent and deep chanting of the words which would open the Abyss. It was a strange sound, as the two voices chanted an octave fourth apart. Conrad began to feel dizzy, and felt he was falling. A profusion of stars rushed toward him as if he was traveling incredibly fast in space itself. He passed a coloured, broken grid made of pulsing lights and

world upon alien world. Peoples with strange faces and bodies upon strange worlds, beautiful and disgusting scenes: a sunset on a world with three moons, red, orange and blue; a heap of mangled corpses, spaked and being eaten by small animals with rows of sharp teeth while, nearby, a starship lay crashed and mangled in yellow sand... The impressions were fleeting but powerful and came and went in profusion. And then they suddenly ended. He was alone, totally alone in stark and cold blackness. Faintly, he could hear a rustling. It was the wind, and as he listened and waited, faint images, growing slowly and changing in colour - violet to blue to orange then red. Brightness came with the swift dawn, and he found himself standing amid barren rocks beneath an orange sky. A figure was walking toward him, and Conrad recognized it. It was himself. The figure spoke, in Conrad's voice. "The seal that bound us is no more. Soon, we shall be with you." The man smiled, but it was a sinister smile which both pleased and disquieted Conrad. "Now I must depart," the image of Conrad said. "But before I go I give you a reward. See me as I have been known to those on your world with little understanding." The figure contorted, was Satan, and was gone.

XII

"You consider it important?" Baynes asked Togbare as they stood beside Fitten's desk in the study of his house.

Togbare read the tattered manuscript again. "It could be. It well could be."

"Anything interesting?" Neil asked. He had met them at Baynes' house as they were preparing to leave in the dawn light. He was fresh from his Initiation ceremony, but they wasted no time discussing it.

"Does it mean anything to you?" Togbare asked Neil.

Neil took the manuscript - several pages of handwritten sheets. He read it carefully. "Not really," he finally said, passing it to Baynes. "They told me very little - other than to be prepared for an important ritual very soon."

Baynes read the writing. "The ancient and secret rite of the nine angles is a call to the Dark Gods who exist beyond Time in the acausal dimensions, where that power which is behind the form of Satan resides, and waits. The rite is the blackest act of black magick, for it brings to Earth Those who are never named." He put the manuscript back on the desk. "Sounds like Lovecraft to me," said Baynes dismissively.

"Of that," replied Togbare, "I am aware. Yet I gain the impression, from what I have read of Mr Fitten's notes and the little I already know, that he himself - and I am inclined to support him - that he regarded the mythos that Lovecraft invented, or which more correctly was given to him by his dreaming-true, as a corruption of a secret tradition. He made his Old Ones loathsome and repulsive. I myself am inclined to believe that if such entities as these so-called 'Dark Gods' exist they might be shape-changers, like the Prince of Darkness himself."

"What do these qabalistic attributions mean?" asked Neil, pointing to a page of the manuscript Fitten had written. "About 418 not being 13?"

"Alas," admitted Togbare, "I do not know."

"Do you think he copied this from somewhere?" Neil asked.

"Possibly. You said they mentioned books and manuscripts in their possession?"

"Yes. 'The Master' said I might see some of them, soon. All their Initiates, apparently, have to study them."

"We shall have to wait, then," said Baynes.

"Possibly, possibly," mumbled Togbare. He began to search among the files that cluttered the desk and the room itself. "There is a tradition," he muttered as he searched, "that Shambhala and Agharti have their origin in a real conflict between cosmic forces at the dawn of Man. It is a persistent tradition, in all Occult schools, and this may point to the tradition having at least some basis in fact." He sat in the chair at the desk. "I am old," he said, shaking his head, "and the Inner Light that guides our Council has been my strength for many, many years. Even as a young man I sought the mysteries. Yet, here I am, many years later, and still I lack understanding. There is evil around, even here - in this room. I sense it. What is happening and has been happening for years is distorting the Astral Light. We seem to be about to face a new, darker, era. We seem no nearer a solution. Perhaps we have looked in the wrong areas. We believed the Satanists who have caused the distortion to be literal worshippers of the Devil. Then they became for us followers of To Mega Therion, their word Thelema. Now, when it is almost too late, we

discover they have no Word, except perhaps Chaos - that what they plan is perhaps even more sinister and terrible than we imagined."

"But there is time," Neil tried to say, helpfully, "I am aware there is. Conrad Robury -"

"Ah!" Togbare's eyes brightened.

"If he is important to them in what they plan, then why has he appeared only now? Surely more preparation is required."

"You know the gentleman, I believe?" Togbare asked.

"Yes," said Neil. "I introduced him to the wiccan group."

"And arranged an introduction with Mr Sanders," added Baynes.

"Yes I did."

"Even though," said Baynes quietly, "you knew Sanders to recruit for the Master and his group."

"Well, when you suggested I infiltrate them myself, I thought it would be a good ploy. Show my intent, so to speak, to introduce someone who might be useful to them."

"And so it has proved," said Togbare.

"What are you suggesting?" Neil asked Baynes, as though he had not heard what Togbare said.

"I am not suggesting anything," replied Baynes, softly.

"Come! Come!" chided Togbare, "let us not quarrel. There are elementals about, trying to divide us and disrupt our plans."

"I am sorry," Baynes said sincerely. "I'm just tired. You must forgive me."

Togbare looked at him with kindness. "When did you last sleep?"

"I don't know. A few days ago, perhaps. There has not been time."

"May I suggest," said Togbare, "that you return to your home for a few hours rest?"

"But surely, I can help here?"

"Yes, of course In a few hours time. It will not take all three of us to search these files." He indicated a small pile on the desk, awaiting their attention. "Please, do go and get some rest."

"If you are sure," said Baynes.

"Yes, of course. We shall return to your home within the next few hours."

"Will you be alright?" Baynes turned to leave.

"Do not worry!"

Togbare waved to him through the window. The snow still lay heavy upon the ground, but the sky was clear. "He works very hard," he mumbled to himself before returning to sit by the desk. "This Conrad Robury," he asked Neil.

"Yes?"

"He had no previous interest?"

"No. None. He was a friend, studying science. It all started out as a bit of a joke, actually. He thought all of the Occult was nonsense. So I suggested that as a scientist he should study the subject at first hand. But there was always something about him. I don't quite know what - perhaps his eyes. Sometimes when he looked at me I felt uneasy. He was a very intense young man. I know it may sound funny, but he was very earnest in an almost puritanical way."

"He could be the sacrifice they need."

Neil sighed. "I know" His eyes showed the sadness and the guilt he felt at the possibility.

"Do not worry," said Togbare sincerely. "If that is what is planned, we shall save your Conrad Robury."

"Did I hear," a voice from the doorway said, "someone call my name?" Conrad stepped into the room.

"Conrad!" Neil said with pleasant surprise. He started to walk toward his friend, but Togbare restrained him by grasping his arm.

"Wait," Togbare advised. He looked at Conrad. "By what right do you dare to enter here?"

Conrad smiled. "By the right of my Word - Chaos!"

"Conrad," Neil said, "what's happened?"

"You thought," Conrad said hatefully to him, "to betray us! You will not stop us! Neither of you will. You!" he pointed at Neil, "are coming with me!"

"He is staying," said Togbare, using his stick to help himself stand.

"You do not frighten me, old man!" Conrad said. He moved toward Neil, but Togbare raised his stick.

Conrad felt a sudden and severe pain in his stomach. He tried to move forward, but the pain increased, and he placed his hands on his abdomen, grimacing with pain.

Silently, Susan came into the room to stand beside him. She touched his hand, and the pain vanished. He stared at Togbare, concentrating on shaping his own aura into a weapon. He formed it using his will into

an inverted septagon which he aimed at Togbare.

The effect was minimal, for Togbare still smiled and raised his stick. From its tip white filaments flowed to form a flaming pentagram above the Mage's head. The pentagram came closer and closer, sending purple filaments toward Conrad who held up his ring to absorb them. But however hard Conrad tried he could not will any force to oppose the filaments. The ring simply kept absorbing them. For every one filament absorbed, three new ones arose until both he and Susan were enclosed in a purple web.

Desperate and determined, Conrad concentrated on his ring, remembering the chant he had heard in the Temple. The concentration and visualization seemed to work, for a bright red bolt broke forth from his ring, hurtling toward Togbare. But the Magus simply held out his palm which harmlessly absorbed the light. Conrad could feel his power being slowly drained away. Then he remembered.

Susan's hand was near and he grasped it tightly. She leant against him and he felt a force rush through him. She was laughing, the power she gave him was strong and he had time only to fashion its primal chaos into the sign of the inverted pentagram before it sped across the room in accordance with his desire. It touched Togbare's stick, knocking it from his hand as the purple web which enclosed the Satanists shattered, then disappeared.

Togbare was unharmed, but his power was gone. "You have powerful friends, I see," he said.

"You cannot stop us!" Conrad laughed.

Togbare smiled, and bent down to retrieve his stick. Cautiously, Conrad stepped back. "Do not worry," Togbare said. "My power - like yours - is for the moment gone. But it will return, and soon."

Conrad went toward him and tried to grasp the stick. He wanted to break it over his knee. But some force around Togbare kept him away. It was as if when he got within a few feet of the Magus he became paralysed.

"It is your evil intent," Togbare said, and smiled, "which holds you back."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he caught hold of Neil, twisting his arm behind his back. "You're coming with us!"

"He will be of no use to you," said Togbare. "As your Master will soon realize."

"We shall see!"

"Please," Neil pleaded, "don't let them take me!"

"They cannot harm you, my son," Togbare said. "Trust me. Now I have seen their power, I know what to do."

Neil was unsure, and struggled to be free. Conrad held him round the throat. "So much for his power, eh?" he said as he pushed Neil toward the door.

"Conrad, Conrad!" Neil pleaded. "What's happened to you?"

"You're to be our sacrifice!" Conrad said, and laughed.

"Help me! For God's sake help me!" Neil cried out.

"It's too late!" gloated Conrad. "We need your blood!"

Susan had her car waiting outside the front door of the house, and Conrad pushed Neil into it, holding him down as she drove away toward their Satanist Temple.

XIII

For several hours Togbare stayed in Fitten's house. At first, following the departure of Conrad and Susan with Neil, he sat at the desk and meditated, gradually restoring to himself, by breath control and mantra, the power he had lost during the astral combat.

Afterwards, he studied Fitten's manuscripts, notes and books, and it was almost noon when he stood up from the desk. In his absorption, he had not noticed the cold of the room, and he shivered, a little, as he walked to the door. Outside, the sun was warming, and he walked slowly and steadily like the old man he was, the miles to Baynes' house, glad of the exercise and the snowy coldness of the Winter air.

Baynes was in his large study when Togbare arrived. The room was warm, and Togbare sat by the coal fire as he related the events leading to the taking of Neil. Baynes was clearly perturbed.

"I am sure," Baynes said, "they will sacrifice him. He has betrayed them - broken the oath of his Initiation. This is disturbing news, it really is. I do not believe we can wait any longer. I think the time has come for us to act - swiftly and decisively."

"You have a suggestion?"

"Yes. Since this Conrad Robury is important to them - or so it seems - I suggest we entice him away from their house, and hold him, here if necessary, for a few days as our guest. We can then arrange for him to be exchanged with Mr Stanford."

Togbare's surprise showed on his face. "It would not be right."
"To save Mr Stanford's life? It is the only way, for I do not believe that we can succeed by magick alone. Not now."
For a long time Togbare did not speak. He sat staring into the flames of the fire.
"You are right," he finally said, and sighed. "I do not like it, but it appears to be our only hope. The situation is desperate."
"May I," Baynes said, "therefore suggest that we - you and I - undertake a simple rite with the intention of enticing Robury from the house. I could arrange for some people to be waiting. He would not be harmed, of course."
"You could arrange all this?"
"Yes. It should not take long - a few hours, no more." He turned toward Togbare and smiled. "Wealth has its uses - occasionally!"
"Those good people who were with us, yesterday?"
"Yes?"
"If you could arrange for some of them to come here, you need not be detained. We, then, could do the ritual you suggested."
"Splendid! I shall contact them at once. I told them, this morning, to be prepared as we might need them at short notice."
"You spoke to them all this morning?" Togbare was amazed.
"Well, when I returned here, I could not sleep. I thought I would do something useful. They all felt the ritual they undertook went well."
"It has bought us some time, I think. Some little time. This Mr Robury - I have realized that his apparent Occult ability depends on a certain young lady. She was with him, this morning. It is the same woman, I am sure, who was with him at the ritual at Mr Fitten's house when that unfortunate lady, his wife, passed over to the other side. So, alone and with us, he should have no power. Yes," he mused, "the more I think on this - on this plan of yours - the more I am inclined to believe it will succeed."
"Then," said Baynes, "I shall go and make the necessary arrangements."

Baynes stood staring out of his office window watching the traffic in the city street below. He liked his office on the top floor of one of the tallest buildings in the city centre as much for the splendid view as for its relative quiet amid his busy business empire which he controlled from his building.
His desk intercom buzzed. "Yes?" he asked.
"A Mr Sanders to see you, sir."
"Excellent! Send him in!" He seated himself in his leather chair behind his uncluttered desk.
"Mr Sanders," his Secretary announced.
"Please," he said, indicating a chair, "be seated."
"I'd rather stand," Sanders said. He was dressed in black as was his habit. "You wanted to see me?" he asked, warily.
"I have a proposition for you - a business proposition."
"So your flunky said on the 'phone."
"You operate what some might describe as a 'Black Magick' temple, do you not?"
Sanders sat in the chair. "Let's cut the crap! I know you, Baynes, and you know me."
"I would like you to do me a favour - for a substantial sum of money."
Suspicious, Sanders looked around the room. "Are you taping this?"
"Of course not!"
"So what's your offer - and how much?"
"Fifty thousand pounds."
Sanders hid his surprise. "To do what?"
"Not long ago, a certain young gentleman - a student - came to visit you. You introduced him, I believe, to a certain group. Well, I would like this gentleman brought from where he is to my house. With the minimal use of force, of course."
Sanders stood up. "I can't say it was a pleasure meeting you. Goodbye."
"You have a very lucrative side-line, I believe."
Sander was nearly at the door when Baynes added, "I'm sure the Police would be very interested in your - what shall I call it? - your import business. A Mr Osterman is your contact in Hamburg, I understand."
Sanders stopped. "You're bluffing."

"I assure you I'm not. Your last assignment arrived last Tuesday. Estimated value - I believe the term used is 'on the street' - two million pounds, at least. Of course, if my figures are correct, your profit is somewhat smaller. Much smaller in fact. So many overheads."

Sanders walked back to the desk. He sat down again, and smiled. "You're very well informed."

"Of course," Baynes said, "we both know who takes most of the profit. You are familiar, I understand, with the house where this Mr Robury is currently residing."

Sanders shrugged. "Possibly."

"Toward dusk, he will be walking in the garden. You are to bring him to me. At this address." He gave Sanders a printed card.

"And the money?"

Baynes opened a draw in his desk. He laid out several piles of ten-pound notes. "A small advance. The rest will await your arrival at the house."

"And if he is not where you said?"

"He will be. But should some unforeseen circumstance arise and he is not there, telephone me and I shall arrange another time."

Sanders scooped up the money and stuffed it into his pockets.

"And," Baynes added as Sanders stood up to leave, "if you are worried about your 'Master' finding out about our little arrangement, I'm sure you have experience enough to work some plan out so as not to implicate yourself."

Sanders was already thinking along similar lines. "You've missed your calling!" he smiled before walking to the door.

Baynes waited until Sanders had left before he used the telephone.

"Hello?" he asked as his caller answered. "Frater Togbare?"

"Yes?" came the quiet and somewhat nervous reply.

"Baynes here!" he said cheerfully, pleased with his success with Sanders. "It went well. All is arranged as planned."

When Togbare did not speak, Baynes said, "Did everything go alright with you?"

"Er, no, not really. You'd better come here - I'll explain."

"I'll be there as quick as I can!"

XIV

It did not take Togbare long to fall asleep. He was sitting by the fire as Baynes left for his office, wondering about the events of the past few days and the events to come. He too was tired, and slept soundly by the warmth of the fire.

The doorbell awoke him, and he walked slowly to answer its call, leaning on his stick, and expecting some of the guests of the night before. The cabinet clock in the hallway of Baynes' house showed him he had been asleep for nearly an hour. He did not recognize the woman who waited outside, but her expensive car, waiting with its chauffeur, did not surprise him, for he knew of Baynes' own wealth.

"Is Oswald in?" a smiling and alluringly dressed Tanith asked.

"Oswald?" repeated Togbare, averting his eyes from her breasts, amply exposed by her dress.

"Mr. Baynes. Is he at home?"

"Er, no. Not at the moment. Can I help?"

"I've come for your little ritual - or whatever it is you've planned."

"I'm sorry?" For some reason Togbare felt confused, a fact which he attributed to having just woken from a deep and needful sleep.

"May I come in?" Tanith asked and proceeded to walk past him, making sure their bodies touched. She walked into the study, and stood by the fire. "Dear Oswald," she said, "such a charming gentleman, but so frightfully forgetful sometimes. He forgot to tell you I would be coming, didn't he?"

"Well - "

"Do be seated," she said affably.

Togbare obeyed.

"Any idea what this ritual thing is about?" she asked standing near him. "If it is anything like the one's he's invited me to before, we are in for some jolly good fun!" She laughed.

"Fun?" said Togbare, perturbed.

"Why yes! Don't say he hasn't told you? My word! Would you like a drink - to get into the mood?"

"A drink?" Togbare felt distinctly uncomfortable.

She went straight to a bookcase, pushed a hidden button, and waited until a shelf revolved to reveal decanters and glasses. "Whisky?" she said. "You look like a Whisky man to me. He has some very fine malts."

I myself," Togbare said, rather stuffily, "do not imbibe."

"Shame. I'm partial to Gin, myself." She poured herself a full glassful and drank it immediately.

"Splendid! Best on an empty stomach. Straight into the blood!" She poured herself another glass before saying, "Shall I draw the blinds so we are prepared?"

"Pardon?"

She pressed another button and the window-blinds descended to silently close.

Togbare stood up. "You seem to know this house rather well."

"I should say so! All the hours of fun I've had here! Oswald has the most marvellous parties!" She came toward Togbare who was standing by the light of the fire. "Hot in her, isn't it?" she said, beginning to remove her dress.

As she reached Togbare it fell around her ankles. She was naked and an unbelieving Togbare stared at her.

"Your spirit," she said, "is younger than your body."

She took his hand and placed it on her breast.

Togbare snatched it away and almost ran to the door. It was locked, but there was no key.

Tanith stepped out of her dress and moved toward him, laughing. "You will enjoy the pleasure I offer," she said.

Suddenly, Togbare understood. "Harlot!" he shouted. "The Master sent you!"

"Yes!"

She was closing upon him, and to Togbare she became a Satanic curse. He held up his stick, but she laughed at him.

"You are weak!" she sneered. "Look at me! Look at my body!"

Togbare turned away, mumbling words as he did so.

"Your god cannot help you now!" she mocked.

He turned to face her and as he did so she began to change form before his very eyes.

"My God!" he cried with genuine surprise, "you are his wife!"

It was a pitying laugh she gave him before gesturing behind her with her hand. Her dress disappeared, briefly before re-appearing on her body. She gestured again, and the blinds rose to flood the room with daylight.

"You cannot harm me," Togbare said, holding his stick in front of him for protection.

"I have achieved what I came for!"

He stood aside to let her leave. The doors opened for her and she walked out into the sunlight. Through the window, she saw the Magus kneeling on the floor and saying his prayers.

"Home, Gedor!" she commanded as she got into her car.

Togbare prayed for almost an hour. He was calm then, but dismayed, and stoked and re-built the fire in his study. He sat by it, sighing and shaking his head in consternation, for a long time, rising only to answer the doorbell twice. Each time he half-expected the satanic mistress to return but each time it was only a group of Baynes's guests from the night before, summoned for a new ritual. Each time he apologized and told them to await another call. He did not explain why and they did not ask, but it took him a long time to remove the traces of the woman's presence from the house and the room/

Her mocking, lustful satanic presence seemed to have invaded every corner, and he cast pentagram after pentagram after hexagram to remove it. He only just completed his task when the telephone rang.

"I'll be there as quick as I can!" Baynes had said, and Togbare sat by the fire to wait.

He was almost asleep again when Baynes returned.

"Well," Baynes said after Togbare had explained about Tanith's visit, "it matters little. We can do the ritual ourselves, as I originally thought. That is," he paused, "if you yourself feel able to continue as planned."

"I fear we have no choice," he said sadly. "It will tire us, even more. I just hope we can recover sufficiently."

"In time for when the Satanists attempt to Open the Gates you mean?"

"Yes. Shall we begin?"

Together, they sat by the fire in the last hours of daylight, trying through their powers of visualization

and will to entice Conrad away from the safety of the Master's house and into the open where Sanders would, hopefully, be waiting. After several minutes effort, Togbare withdrew from one of his pockets one of the small squares of parchment he always carried. Taking his pen, he began to write, first Conrad's name, and then several sigils, upon it. For several minutes he stared at the completed charm before casting it into the flames of the fire to be consumed.

"So mote it be!" he said as the parchment burned.

Near the window, a raven cried, loudly in the snowful silence that surrounded the house.

XV

Conrad, as Aris had instructed, was reading in the library as the twilight came. The manuscript Aris had left out for him was interesting, telling as it did of the Dark Gods. But the more he read, the more dissatisfied he became.

The work was full of signs, symbols and words - and yet he felt it was insubstantial, as if the author or authors had glimpsed at best only part of the reality. His memory of the recent ritual was vivid, and as he stared at the manuscript he realized what was lacking. The work lacked the stars - the haunting beauty he himself had experienced; the numinous beauty which he felt was waiting for him. He wanted to reach out again and again and capture that beauty, that eerie essence, that nebulousity. He had felt free, drifting through space and other dimensions; free and powerful like a god - free of his own dense body which bound him to Earth.

"Having fun?" a voice unexpectedly asked.

It was Susan, and she walked toward him.

"Not really."

She wore Tanith's exotic perfume and her clothes were thin, moulded to the contours of her body. In that instant of his watching - full as it was of sensual memories and sensual anticipation - he remembered the bliss that a body could bring.

She stood by the French windows looking up at the darkening sky. "Shall we go outside," she suggested, "and watch the stars?"

"You been reading my thoughts again?" he asked, half seriously, and half in jest.

He rose from the desk to stand beside her and was pleased when she placed her hand around his waist before opening the windows.

"I'll just get a coat," she said and kissed him. "I'll join you outside."

The air was cold, but Conrad did not care as he walked out into the snow. The stars were becoming clearer, and he wandered away from the lights of the house to watch them as they shone, unshimmering in the cold air of Winter.

They came upon him swiftly, the three men waiting in the shadows. One carried a gun and pointed it at Conrad while the others grabbed his arms.

"Quiet!" the man with the gun said, "or you're dead."

Conrad struggled, and succeeded in knocking one of the men over. He tried to punch the other man in the face, but a blow to the neck felled him, and he was unconscious as he hit the snow.

"Bring him!" the man with the gun said.

Conrad awoke as he was being bundled into a car, but his hands were bound and he was roughly thrown onto the back seat.

"Bastards!" he screamed, and kicked at the door.

A knife was held to his throat. "Calm down, stupid," it's holder said, and smiled. "Or I'll make a mess of your face!"

Yards away, Sanders sat waiting in his own car. No one had followed the men as they had dragged the unconscious Conrad toward the gate and the waiting cars, and he sighed with relief. He followed the car containing Conrad and they were soon far away from the house.

As he had instructed, Conrad was blindfolded, and he stood behind two men as they stood outside Baynes' house holding Conrad between them. Baynes had been watching from his window, and strode out to meet them.

"As promised," Sanders said.

"Excellent!" replied Baynes. He gave Sanders a briefcase. Sanders opened it and then pushed Conrad toward Baynes.

"He's all yours."

Baynes led Conrad into the house. Once in the study, he locked the door before removing Conrad's

blindfold and bonds. It took Conrad only a few moments to adjust to his new surroundings.

"Please," Togbare said, indicating a chair by the fire, "sit down."

Conrad ignored him. Instead, he turned to Baynes who stood by the door.

"Resorting to armed violence now, I see," Conrad quipped.

"An unfortunate necessity."

"How very satanic of you," Conrad smiled. "Well, great Mage," he said mockingly to Togbare, "what is your plan?"

"You will remain here - for a short while."

"I suppose you in your stupidity think they will exchange Neil for me."

Togbare looked at Baynes. Conrad sneered at both of them. "You won't be able," he said, "to hold me.

Not once they find out where I am. They will come - are you ready for the violence they will use?"

"What makes you think," said Baynes, "that you are that important to them? You are just another Initiate. They have plenty more. You'll be easy to replace."

"Is that so?" Conrad laughed, but Baynes' words made him feel uneasy.

"We have taken certain precautions," Togbare said.

"Oh, yes?" Conrad sneered. "You have drawn a magick circle thrice around the house - and I stand trembling and abashed at its centre! Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii!"

"Well, well!" said Baynes, "a scholar as well as a comedian."

Suddenly, Conrad rushed at Baynes, intending to punch at his face, but Baynes was too quick and easily avoided the intended blow. His own counter was quick, as he caught Conrad off balance, tripping him to the floor.

Baynes bowed slightly as Conrad slowly got to his feet.

"He studied in Taiwan," Togbare said by way of explanation.

"Oh well," Conrad said, shrugging his shoulders, "so much for that idea then." He looked around the room. "I suppose I'd better make myself comfortable."

"A wise decision," Togbare said.

"Do you not wish," Baynes said to Conrad, "to complete your studies at university?"

"What's it to you?" Conrad looked at him briefly, then at the window. He sat in an upright chair as near to it as possible.

"I believe you have an interest in Spaceflight?"

"No need to guess who told you that."

"Mr Stanford, of course. I have some contacts in the aerospace industry in the States."

"Bully for you."

"I could arrange for you to continue your studies at an American university at the end of which you would be guaranteed work with one of the leading companies in the aerospace industry. You would, of course, be provided with a large capital sum - say fifty thousand pounds - for incidental expenses over the years."

"Are you trying to bribe me?" Conrad asked, amazed - and interested - by the offer.

"Yes," said Baynes without hesitation.

"What would you want in exchange?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" asked Conrad incredulously.

"Except your immediate departure for America. I would, of course, make the necessary arrangements."

"I don't believe it," Conrad said, amazed.

"Money has no interest for me - beyond what good I can do with it."

"And the Master?" Conrad asked. "What of him if I betrayed him by leaving?"

"As I said before, you are a mere Initiate to him. He can easily find someone to take your place. But if you wish, I could provide you with a new identity. I have certain contacts who could arrange matters. You would soon be forgotten."

"It's very tempting. But the Master -"

"All you have to do," said Baynes, "is stay here with us for a few days. You will see when nobody is sent to fetch you, when they show no interest in you whatsoever, that what I say is true."

"How do I know this isn't just some ploy to get me to stay here?"

"You have my word. Should you wish, you can be with me when I make the necessary arrangements. I can have the money here within a few hours, the airline ticket likewise. Your passport and new identity will take a little longer - a day, perhaps. You yourself can speak to the American university I have in

mind."

"When do I have to decide?"

"The sooner you decide, the sooner I can make the arrangements."

For several minutes Conrad stared at the fire. Then he rose slowly from his chair to yawn and stretch his limbs. "Any chance of some tea?" he asked casually.

"Have you reached a decision?" Baynes asked.

"Yes." Taking several deep breaths, Conrad grasped the back of the chair, swiftly lifting it and smashing it into the window. The glass shattered, and he threw the chair at Baynes before diving through the broken glass. He landed awkwardly in the snow, his hands cut and bloodied by the glass. Something warm was running down his neck, and he extracted a splinter of glass that had embedded itself in his arm before leaping up to run down the driveway and away from the house. He could hear Baynes shouting behind him, but did not look back, concentrating on running as fast as he could down the street. He ran and ran, past houses, over roads, on pavements, verges and roads, stopping for breath once by a busy main road. Then he was away, out into the dark lanes beyond the lights of the city.

He stopped to hide behind a tree, nauseous and shaking, and it was some time before his breathing returned to normal. His hands, neck and face were covered in blood, but it was dried or drying, and he took off his jacket to tear of his shirt for a bandage for his arm. Soon, the cloth was soaked, and he lay still, pressing his hand over his bandaged wound to try and stop the bleeding. As he did so, he began to feel pain in his hands and face. He felt very tired.

No one had followed him down the dark narrow lane. He dreamed he was in the Satanic Temple. Neil was on the altar, tied down by thongs, and Tanith bent over him, a knife in her hand.

'It is your deed,' Tanith said to Conrad.

'Your deed,' Aris and Susan repeated as they stood beside him.

'We require his blood,' all three of them said.

Tanith gave him the knife and he walked toward Neil.

'Please,' his former friend pleaded, 'spare me! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!'

'We require his blood,' Conrad heard as a chant behind him. 'His blood to complete your Initiation. We must have his blood!'

Conrad hesitated.

'Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!' the insistent voices said.

He raised the knife to strike, but could not find the strength, and as he lowered it in failure the bound figure on the altar was no longer Neil, but himself. Then Aris, Tanith, Susan and his double on the altar were laughing.

'See how close to failure you came!' Aris said and kissed him on the lips. He made to move away, but it was Susan kissing him until she, too, changed - into Tanith.

Suddenly he was awake again, lying on the cold snow stained by his own blood. Such a waste, he thought, to die here, cold and alone. He tried to sit, up against the tree, but lacked the strength. Then he smiled. 'I would do it all again,' he muttered to the tree, the snow, the stars. 'Susan', he said to himself as his eyes closed of their own accord, 'I love you.'

The last thing he heard was the cry of a hungry owl.

XVI

Denise sat on and surrounded by cushions as brightly coloured as her clothes, two green candles in tall ornate holders alight beside her. Her house was otherwise unlit, and quiet except for the nearby rumble of traffic which passed along the main road less than fifty yards away. She was looking with half-closed eyes into her large crystal scrying sphere and her friend Miranda - High Priestess of the Circle of Arcadia - sat beside her, awaiting her description of her visions.

"I have found him," Denise said as if in trance. "He suffers, and will die."

Slowly, she placed a black cloth over her crystal. "Come," she said to her friend, "I shall need your help."

Her zest was evident in her driving, and it did not take them long to drive away from the city to dark, narrow lane she had seen in her vision.

"There, by the tree," she said.

Conrad was unconscious. "We must hurry," Denise said as she bent over him. "Others - the evil ones - will soon be here. I feel they are near."

Together they lifted and carried Conrad into the car.
"You drive," Denise almost commanded her friend. "I must begin, now."
Her hands were warm and she gently placed them on Conrad's cold and almost lifeless face before raising them a few inches to make passes with them over his arms, hands and body. She imagined energy flowing to her from the Earth through her fingers and down through his aura into the vital meridians of his wounded body, stopping only when they reached their destination.
Her house was warm, and they laid Conrad on the cushions between the candles.
"Will he be alright?" an anxious Miranda asked.
"I don't know - yet."
"Shall I let Mr. Baynes know?"
Denise turned toward her, her eyes intense. "No!"
"But I thought - "
"Nobody must know!" And she added, in a softer voice: "Not yet, anyway." She kissed Miranda, saying "Trust me, my love."
Then she knelt over Conrad to renew her healing with her hands.
"Can I do anything?" Miranda asked.
"Be a darling and make some tea." Denise did not turn around or look up.
The pot of tea was cold by the time Denise stood up, tired from her efforts, and she went to her kitchen to hold her hands against the cold tap, earthing the energies, before drinking several cups of the cold brew.
"Do you want me to stay?" Miranda asked hopefully.
"No - I'll be alright. I'll call you if there is any change,"
"Well, if you're sure."
"Yes. And," Denise said, embracing her, "please not a word - to anyone."
They kissed, briefly, and then Miranda left the room and the house. Denise sat beside Conrad, and gently stroked his face. Slowly, he opened his eyes.
"Back with us, then?" she said and smiled.
"What?" Conrad said, confused.
"You had a bit of an accident. And before you say anything, you're in my house."
Conrad sat up. "And you are?"
"Let's just say someone who likes helping waifs and strays!"
Conrad looked around the room. He saw the crystal with its black cover for 'closing down', the incense burner upon the fireplace. There were no furnishings other than the many cushions of varying size strewn over the carpet and the long, heavy drapes covering the window; no light other than that from the candles.
"Whose side are you on?" he asked cautiously.
"Does one have to be 'on a side'?" she countered with a smile.
"You know who I am?"
"Yes. How are you feeling?"
"Alright. I must have passed out." He found the woman strangely attractive. although her features were not beautiful in the conventional sense. But he suppressed his feelings, remembering Susan. "I really ought to go," he said and tried to stand up.
He failed, and slumped back into the cushions.
"Rest, now," Denise said,
"I must telephone someone," he said as he lay down to close his eyes to try and stop the dizziness he felt.
"In a while. But first you must rest."
She left him for a short time, returning with a silver bowl, cloths, phials of lotions and a mug containing a hot infusion of herbs, all carried on a silver tray.
"Here," she said, "drink this."
He sat up and smelt the contents of the mug. It smelt horrible. "What is it?"
"Just an infusion - of herbs and things. My mother showed me how to make it. It will bring back some of your strength."
Cautiously, Conrad sipped the drink. She removed the bandage he had made to cover the wound on his arm and began to clean the area using the liquid in the bowl. When she has finished, she made a clean covering using a cloth richly suffused with lotion. Soon, she had washed, cleaned and covered all his injuries with her lotions.

"It tasted better," Conrad said after finishing her potion, "than it smelt."
Her nearness, her gentle touch and her bodily fragrance all combined to sexually arouse him, and he held her hand before leaning to kiss her.
She moved away, saying, "I'm sorry to disappoint you - but I'm not that way inclined."
"I hope I didn't offend you," he said sincerely.
She laughed as she collected her lotions. "For an alleged Satanist you are rather innocent. Your aura marks you as different from them."
"Oh, yes?" Conrad was intrigued.
"What is your aim in all this?" she asked. "What do you hope to find?"
He felt his strength returning with every breath he took. Even the throbbing in his arm had begun subside. "Knowledge," he said.
Denise sat down beside him as she did so he felt there was a calmness within her. He felt good, just being near her, as if in some way she was giving him energy. At first, he had felt this as her sexual interest in him, but the more he looked at her and the more he thought about it, the more he realized it was nothing of the sort. It was just beneficent energy flowing from her. He did not know, nor particularly care, why - he just felt relaxed and comfortable in her nearness.
"What is it?" she asked again, smiling, her eyes radiant, "that you hope to find. Why did you join them?"
"I wanted knowledge." It was only partly true, he remembered. Most of all he had wanted to experience sexual passion.
"Is that all?"
He sensed she knew the answer already. "Well, sex as well."
"And then what?"
"What do you mean?" he asked, perplexed.
"Think of it - in a few years time, if you continue along your present path, you will have had many women, learnt many Occult truths. Perhaps you will have acquired some skill in magick. But life is - for most people - quite long: many decades, in fact. What do you do with all this time? The same pleasures and delights over and over again? Someone of your intelligence would surely find that boring?"
"There will be other goals, I'm sure. Other things to achieve."
"Perhaps. Your youth will go, and with its going will come tiredness of both body and spirit."
"So what? It is the present that's important. Why worry about what might never be?"
"And if I said you were giving up your chance of immortality what would you say?"
"I don't believe there is a chance. It's superstition. When we die, that's it."
"Is that what you believe Satanism as all about - the pleasure of the moment?"
"Yes." Then, with less certainty, he added, "Well, at least, I think so."
"There is no belief in something beyond?"
"Not as far as I know." He smiled. "But as you must know, I'm only a new Initiate."
"Would you kill your friend Neil?" she suddenly asked.
"Pardon?"
"Neil Stanford. Would you kill him if your Master demanded it?"
"What do you know about Neil?"
"He came to see me once. For a reading. But you haven't answered my question. Would you - could you - kill him, or anyone?"
Conrad remembered his dream. But there was within him a desire to deny that part of himself which would not kill. For a few moments he felt compelled to boast, to answer her question in the affirmative - depicting himself to her as someone ruthless and unafraid. But she was sitting near him, calm and smiling, and it seemed to him that her eyes saw into his thoughts. She would know it was just a boast, the nervous arrogance of naivety.
"I don't know," he said honestly.
"See," she said with a slight tone of censure, "to you all this Satanism is at present a game. An enjoyable one, to be sure, but still a game. Your aura tells a different story. They are serious - they kill, without mercy. They corrupt. Are you ready for all that?"
"You make them sound vile," he said, thinking of Susan, and the bliss he had shared with Tanith. "They are not like that."
"Don't you understand what is happening to you? Of course, now all is pleasure - all is passion and enjoyment. You are being courted, drawn into their web. But soon the perversity will begin. It will start in a small way - something perhaps only a little morally degrading. But soon you will be so involved

there will be no escape."

"No, I don't believe it. You're just trying to turn me against them, aren't you?"

"Am I?" she smiled. "I have something to show you."

She fetched her crystal sphere and set it down between them. Carefully she removed the black cloth before making passes over the sphere with her hands.

"Look," she said to him, "and see!"

Conrad peered into the sphere. At first he saw nothing except the reflection of the lights from the candles, but then a blackness appeared within which cleared. He saw the Temple in Aris' house. Susan was there, naked upon the altar, and around her the congregation danced. Then a man went to her, fondling her body before he removed his robe to lay and move upon her. Then the scene changed. Aris was with several other people whose faces Conrad could not see. They were on what looked like a moor, and on the ground a young woman lay, naked and bound. She was struggling, but Aris laughed - Conrad could not hear the laughter, only see the Master as his mouth opened and he rocked from side to side. Then there was a knife in his hand and he bent down to calmly and efficiently slit the woman's throat. Conrad turned away.

"There is more," Denise said,

"So what?" Conrad said, affecting unconcern. "Every war has its casualties. Anyway, what I saw was not real."

"It was. The woman whom you saw murdered was called Maria Torrens. I can show you the newspaper reports of her death if you wish."

"In every period there are victims and masters. The weak perish and the strong survive."

"Do you really believe that?" she asked.

"What if I do?" Conrad said defensively. "Will you try and convert me?"

"You must make your own decisions - and take the consequences that result from your actions, both in this life and the next."

"Belief in an afterlife," Conrad said scornfully, "is merely blackmail to prevent us from fulfilling ourselves - from achieving god-head - in this life."

"You seem set to continue along the dark path you have chosen - despite what I sense about your inner feelings."

"I've made my choice."

"I know," she said softly.

"Tell me, then, why you have helped me?"

Denise smiled, and her smile disconcerted Conrad. "I have no right to judge. I simply help those in need."

"But even so -"

"You should rest now." She covered the crystal with the black cloth.

Suddenly, Conrad felt tired. He lay down among the softness of the cushions and, in the warm room with its gentle candlelight, he was soon asleep. His sleep was dreamless, and when he awoke he was astonished to find Susan sitting beside him.

XVII

The repair of the window Conrad had shattered was almost complete, and Baynes watched the workmen while Togbare sat, wrapped in a cloak, by the bright fire. Slowly as first, and then heavily, it began to snow again.

When the work was over, Baynes thanked the men, gave them a large gratuity in cash, and stood outside to watch them leave. He was about to return to the warmth of his house when a motor-cycle entered his driveway. It was a powerful machine, ridden by someone clad in red leathers, and he stood in the bright security lights which adorned his dwelling while the rider dismounted and began to remove the tinted visored helmet.

Miranda shook her long hair free. "I have some news for you," she said.

"Shall we go in?" Baynes asked. He gestured gallantly toward the door, and held it open for her.

"You have not met Frater Togbare, have you?" he asked her as he showed her into the study.

Togbare stood to offer Miranda his hand. "Hi!" she said, smiling, but not shaking his hand.

"Please, do sit," Baynes said.

"Denise found him," Miranda said, "and I think she'll need your help!" She looked anxiously at Baynes.

"Found who?" he asked.

"Robury! He's at her house. She didn't want me to tell you - but I had to." Miranda sighed. For over an hour she had sat at her house, wondering what to do. At first, she had thought of going back to Denise. But her memory of Denise's firm insistence persuaded her otherwise. She had tried to forget her own worries about Denise's safety, and had almost succeeded - for an hour, trusting as she had in Denise's psychic ability.

"They are sure to find him," she continued. "She'll be in danger! We must do something!"

"You mean," Baynes said calmly, "Mr. Robury is at present in her house?"

"Yes!" It was an affirmation of her impatience.

"Did he go there himself?" Baynes raised his eyebrows as he glanced at Togbare.

"No - she found him. And we brought him back. He was injured - quite badly, it seemed."

I see." Baynes stroked his beard with his hand. "You took him to her house? Why?"

"She wanted to help him." Then, realizing what she had said, and seeing the exchange of looks between Togbare and Baynes, she added, "It's not like that!"

"You said," Togbare asked her, "she found him. Was she therefore looking for him?"

"Well - in a manner of speaking, yes." The room was hot, and she unzipped the front of her leather suit. Baynes looked at her as she did so, as if suddenly realizing she was a woman. She noticed his attention and smiled at him, shaking her head so that her long hair framed her face. Suddenly, she saw him as a challenge, for she knew of his avoidance of women. Her own liaison with Denise was only for her a brief interlude in her bisexual life, and she smiled enchantingly at Baynes.

Hastily, Baynes turned away.

"Did she say," Togbare asked her, "why she was looking for him?"

"No. And I didn't ask. You know about her, don't you Oswald?" she said to Baynes, smiling at him again and deliberately using his first name. "About her abilities."

"She is rather gifted in certain psychic matters, yes." He looked briefly at her, then turned away.

"Do you know of recent events," Togbare asked Miranda, "involving Mr Robury and the Satanist group?"

"Only that there was to be some sort of ritual. Denise said something about Robury being important."

"You know of the death of Mr. Fitten and his wife?"

"Yes. She mentioned them."

"You were among the first to know of this Conrad Robury, were you not?"

"Actually, yes. He came to attend one of our meetings."

"Introduced by a certain Neil Stanford?"

"Yes." She turned to look at Baynes, but he staring into the flames of the fire.

"I think it is right and fitting," Togbare pompously said to her, "that we take you into our confidence. Mr Stanford, I am grieved to say, has fallen into the hands of the Satanists - he had, on our instructions, infiltrated the group. However, he was betrayed. We did not know by whom. As you probably are aware, such groups do not take kindly to anyone who betrays them, and therefore since Mr Stanford was kidnapped by Mr Robury and taken to the house of the so-called 'Master', we have been concerned for his safety.

"Yet for some time I myself, and the Council, have suspected that we ourselves have been infiltrated by the Satanists."

Miranda looked first at Baynes and then at Togbare. "And you now suspect Denise?" she asked with astonishment.

It was Baynes who answered. "It is logical - considering what you have just told us."

"I don't believe it! Not Denise!"

"Of course," Togbare said, "we cannot be sure. But Mr Baynes is right - it is logical to presume she may be implicated."

"So you see, Miranda," Baynes said, and smiled at her, "if it is true then she is unlikely to be in danger from them, as you believed."

Miranda sat in a chair, confused by the accusation against her lover yet pleased that Baynes had apparently shown an interest in her. He had used her first name - something he had never done before - and his smile seemed to convey a warmth toward her. Suddenly, it occurred to her that if the accusation was true, Denise had been cruelly using her. The thought saddened her.

"But if you're wrong about her," she said, still unconvinced, "then she will be in danger?"

"For helping Robury?" Baynes said. "I doubt it. You did say she intended to help him?"

"Yes. She was going to use her healing powers."

"Which, to my knowledge, are quite remarkable. Quite remarkable."

"But surely - " Miranda began to say.

"Why did she wish to find him in the first place? And, more importantly, why did she then wish to heal him? For she knew, being with me a member of the Council itself, that he was important to them - to their ritual."

"She was on the Council?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"Why, yes. Did she never tell you? I knew you two were very close friends." Baynes smiled at her. Miranda blushed, and shuffled in her chair. "No," she said softly, "she never told me." She sighed in sadness, for she remembered what Denise had once said: 'There shall be no secrets between us...'

"He was badly injured, you said?" Togbare asked her.

"Covered in blood."

"Well," Baynes said, "he did jump through that window."

"He was here?" Miranda asked with surprise.

"We had hoped to - how shall I say? - exchange him for Stanford. Now we are back to where we were before."

"But surely the Police - they can help. If Neil has been abducted - "

Baynes shrugged his shoulders and made a gesture of obeisance with his hands. "What evidence have we? What could we say about this conflict which such people would understand?"

"But surely they would listen to someone as well respected as you?"

"Possibly. Even if I sent them to the house of the Master, would they find Stanford there? Of course not. How would I explain why he should have been abducted? What reason - what motive - could I give without appearing as some sort of crank? They would listen, make some routine enquiries, find nothing and decide I was rather strange. No, it is not as easy as that."

"I fear, my child," Togbare said to Miranda, who cringed at his endearment, "that Mr Baynes is right. There have been two deaths, two unfortunate deaths, already. It is due to Mr Baynes' resourcefulness and indeed influence that those deaths have been registered by the authorities as natural ones, unconnected with any suspicious circumstances. And this I myself accepted - for how does one explain t an unbelieving world the true cause of such deaths? If we had tried, then we would now, I am sure, have all manner of journalists intruding upon our affairs, impeding our investigations and preventing us from achieving our goal - that of ending for once and for all this Satanist threat to our world."

Togbare seemed pleased with his speech, and rubbed his hands together.

Miranda turned to Baynes. "I would like to help," she said.

"Then I suggest we go and see Denise. I shall ask her, directly, where she stands on the matter."

"And if Mr Robury is with her?" Togbare asked.

"I shall persuade him to return with us." He walked to the desk and from a drawer took a revolver which he placed in his jacket pocket.

"Please," Togbare said, "surely we can avoid such complications?"

"There is no choice now," Baynes replied. "Do you wish," he asked Miranda, "to travel with me or use your own transport?"

"With you," she smiled and began to remove her leather suit.

Even Togbare glanced at her fulsome figure. "If," Togbare said, clearing his throat, "Mr Robury is not there - what then, my friend?"

"Sanders - he will know how to enter their Temple. He can be persuaded to tell us. We shall then go to them. You ready?" he asked Miranda.

"Yes."

"Excellent!" He turned toward Togbare. "If we're not back within the hour inform the Police."

"But - " mumbled Togbare. "what shall I say?"

"I'm sure you can think of something!"

"But - "

Baynes did not wait to hear the Mage's words.

XVIII

"She has done well!" Susan said as Conrad sat up. "You are better than we thought."

"How did you get here?" Conrad asked her. He looked around the room, but they were alone. "The woman - "

"Denise?" Susan said. "You will see her in a while. The Master is pleased to see you." She helped him to stand.

"Ah! Conrad!" Arise said as he entered the room. "Such determination! You rejected a most tempting offer, I hear."

"Sorry?" Conrad looked at Susan, and then at the Master whose black cloak and clothes seemed to Conrad appropriately suited the Master's gleeful yet sinister countenance.

"An offer - from Baynes," Aris the Master said.

"You talked in your sleep," Susan said before Conrad could ask the obvious question.

"Come," Aris said, gesturing toward the door.

Conrad followed him up the stairs of the house and into a bedroom where Denise lay on a bed, apparently asleep.

"She is yours," Aris whispered to him.

"I'm sorry?"

"It is for you to decide her fate. Take her - possess her if you wish. She has never been with a man. You can be the first."

Aris walked to Denise, touched her forehead with his hand and she awoke. Then there was a knife in his hand and he held it as if ready to strike.

"Your wish?" Aris asked him, and smiled.

Conrad went to her, took her hand in his and kissed it. "Thank you," he said to her sincerely.

The fear that had been in her eyes disappeared.

"And her fate?" Aris said, still holding the knife.

"I don't want her harmed.,"

"As you wish." Aris touched her forehead with his hand, and she closed her eyes in sleep. "You must go now," he said to Conrad.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him as he reached the bottom of the stairs.

The face of the Master had shown no emotion as Conrad had expressed his wish, and he was wondering whether the Master disapproved.

"Are you alright?" Susan asked him again.

"Just a little tired," he replied.

"We must go now." She held the front door of the house open as a gesture of her intent, and, in the snowful street outside, he saw her expensive car.

He walked with her out into the coldness to seat himself beside her, and was soon warm in the cocoon of the car watching the snow covered streets and houses as Susan drove almost recklessly in the dangerous conditions.

The music she chose as an accompaniment to their journey seemed to Conrad to reflect his mood and the almost demonic aspirations which underlay it, and he listened intently to Liszt's B Minor Sonata. As he listened, he began to realize that his decision regarding Denise was correct, and they were approaching the Master's dwelling when he concluded it made no difference to him what Aris his Master - or indeed what anyone - thought about it. He would do the same again.

Gedor awaited them at the steps of the house, and held Conrad's door open for him in a gesture which pleased Conrad. The very house itself seemed to welcome him, and he was not surprised when Tanith greeted him in the hall with a kiss.

"They will soon heal," she said as she caressed the dried cuts on his face.

Even Mador came to greet him.

"Welcome Professor!" the dwarf said. "Welcome!"

"The Master will see you soon. But first, you should bathe and change. Mador will show you your room."

As Conrad turned to follow Mador, she added, "And Conrad, from this day forth this house is yours as your home."

Her words pleased him, and he followed Mador, proud of himself. Susan was beautiful, wealthy and powerful, and together they would return the Dark Gods to Earth.

The room Mador led him to was on the top floor of the house. It was large and luxurious and he was surprised to find the cupboards full of new clothes, all in his size. He selected some, and was relaxing in a bath of warm water when the maid entered the room, pushing a trolley replete with food.

She did not speak, but smiled at him through the open bathroom door as he lay, blushing at the unexpected intrusion.

"Thank you!" he said unnecessarily as she left.

It was almost an hour later when he too left, cleaned and fed, to find his way to the library where he assumed the Master would be waiting. It took him a long time, for the house was large and mostly unknown to him.

"Do you find," the Master said to him as he entered the library, "your house pleasing?" He smiled as he sat at the desk, indicating a chair.

Conrad sat down.

"From tonight, all this," Aris continued, "shall be yours."

Conrad could only stare in amazement. Was it a jest?

"There shall be a ritual," Aris said, "whose success will begin that new aeon which we seek. Recall that I said you had a Destiny. Your Destiny is to continue the work which I and others like me have begun. Every Grand Master such as I chooses, when the time is right, someone to succeed him. And I have chosen you. My daughter shall be your guide as your own power develops. She shall be your Mistress, just as Tanith has been mine."

Aris smiled benignly at him. "It is right you are amazed. You have proved yourself fitting for this honour. As to myself, I have other tasks to perform, other places to visit where you at present cannot go. We have tested you, and you have not found wanting. I shall reveal to you secret of our beliefs. We represent balance - we restore what is lacking in any particular time or society. We challenge the accepted. We encourage through our novices, our acts of magick and the through the spread of our ideas that desire to know which religions, sects and political dogmatists all wish to suppress because it undermines their authority. Think on this, in relation to our history, and remember that we are seldom what we seem to others.

"Our way is all about, in its beginnings, and for those daring individual who join us, liberating the dark or shadow aspect of the personality. To achieve this, we sometimes encourage individuals to undergo formative experiences of a kind which more conventional societies and individuals frown upon or are afraid of. Some of these experiences may well involve acts which are considered 'illegal'. But the strong survive, the weak perish. All this - and the other directly magickal experiences like those you yourself have experienced - develop both the character of the individual and their magickal abilities. In short, from the Satanic novice, the Satanic Adept is produced."

He smiled again at Conrad before continuing his Satanic discourse. "We tread a narrow path, as perhaps you yourself are becoming aware. There is danger, there is ecstasy - but above all there is an exhilaration, a more intense and interesting way of loving. We aim to change this world - yes, But we aim to change individuals within it - to produce a new type of person, a race of beings truly representative of our foremost symbol, Satan. Only a few can belong to this new race, this coming race - to the Satanic elect. To this elite, I welcome you."

He passed over to Conrad a small book bound in black leather.

"All this I have said, and more, much more, is written of in here," Aris said. "Read and learn and understand. We shall not speak together again."

He bowed his head, as if respectfully, toward Conrad before rising and taking his leave. Alone in the silence which followed, Conrad though he could hear a woman's voice.

"I am coming for you, I am coming!" it seemed to sing and for an instant he glimpsed a ghostly face, It was Fitten's wife.

Then Conrad was laughing, loudly, at the thought, as he basked in the glory of being chosen by the Master.

"I am the power, I am the glory!" he shouted aloud in his demonic possession as, behind him, the ghostly face cried,

XIX

Several times during their short journey Miranda tried to engage Baynes in conversation and each time she failed. He did not speak even as they left the car near their destination to walk the last few hundred yards.

Only as they approached Denise's house did he relent.

"I fear," he said, pointing to where a car had left its imprint in the snow, "we are too late."
The door was unlocked, and he entered the house cautiously. No sounds came from within the house, and with Miranda in tow he slowly checked every room. The house was empty.
"Has she gone with them?" Miranda asked as they returned to the front door.
"Or been abducted."
"Why would they do that?"
"She would be a prize, I presume. A lady of her - how shall I say? - persuasion would be regarded in some respects as an ideal sacrifice."
"It's my fault," Miranda said sadly.
"Not at all. We still do not know if she is involved with them." He ushered her outside.
"I feel so responsible," she said.
"There is no need," he said kindly.
She took advantage of his tone and his nearness by resting her head on his shoulder. He held her, feebly and briefly, and then drew away.
"Here," he said, giving her the keys to his car, "can you tell Frater Togbare what had occurred?"
"Yes, I will."
"Good. I will make some necessary arrangements."
"To get into their Temple?"
"Exactly. I shall be - say - an hour at most. Tell Frater Togbare to be ready to leave at once."
"Will three of us be enough?"
He looked at her for some seconds before replying. "I cannot allow you to go," he said somewhat pompously.
"Tough! I'm going!" she said with determination.
"No you're not."
She held her head slightly to one side, resting her hands on her hips. "Because I'm a woman?" she demanded, a touch of anger in her voice.
"Actually, yes."
"Oh I see!" she mocked. "It's strictly a job for the boys, is it?"
"It could be dangerous."
"Oh I see! And we weak women, cannot cope with danger, is that what you mean?" By now, she was angry.
"I didn't say that," he protested.
"But you meant it!"
"Look - there are more important things at the moment than this stupid argument!" He himself was beginning uncharacteristically, to become annoyed.
She smiled at him, as if satisfied to have aroused some emotion within him. "We'll be ready when you get back," she said. She did not wait for his reply and walked back toward his car.
Baynes watched her drive away in the falling snow before he returned to the house. The telephone was working, and he dialled Sanders' number.
"Baynes here. Can you meet me? Or should I say - meet me in fifteen minutes."
'Leave me alone! he heard Sander say, 'One favour is - '
"Listen! There will be more money, this time."
'I'm not interested.'
"Just meet me. It will be to your long term advantage. You know what I mean?"
Sanders sighed, and Baynes smiled. "Where?" he asked.
Baynes gave him the address, and sat in the stairs to wait, Sanders was late.
"That you car?" Baynes asked.
"Yeah."
"Let's go, then."
As they drove away, Sanders asked "Where to?"
"My house. Now - you've been in the Masters' Temple I imagine."
"Possibly."
"Excellent."
Baynes did not speak again until they were inside his house.
"Some friends of mine," Baynes said as he led Sanders into the study where Miranda and Togbare were waiting.

"Hello Miranda," Sanders said.
"You know each other?" Baynes asked, surprised.
Sanders raised his eyebrows and gave a lascivious smile. "I've hear of her. It's a small world, the Occult."
He stared at her breasts.
Miranda stared back, and nervously, Sanders looked away.
"You said," Baynes asked him, "you'd been in the Satanist Temple."
"It's a free country," he shrugged.
"Can you lead us there?"
"You're serious?" When Baynes did not answer, he added, "You are serious!"
"Naturally, I would make it worth your while. Financially, of course."
"How much?" he whispered to Baynes.
"Sixty thousand."
"That's a lot of money!" He thought for a minute. "And all I have to do is lead you there, right?"
"Correct."
"When?"
"Now."
"Now?" Sanders said with surprise.
"Yes. And not tricks. I know the Temple is below the house, but I also know there is a secret entrance somewhere, nearby."
"You're well informed," Sanders said with surprise.
"I have my sources of information."
"don't I know it!" Sanders said like an aside. "And the money?"
"Tomorrow. When the Banks open."
"Let's get this straight," Sanders said, twirling the inverted pentagram he wore around his neck. "I lead you there, then I'm free to go right?"
"Correct. Provided, of course, you do not inform anyone of our presence."
"What do you take me for? I know you've got your pet Policemen."
"Shall we go then?"
"You car or mine?" Sanders quipped.
"Please," Togbare said quietly to Baynes, "may I talk with you? Alone?"
"As you wish," Baynes replied. "Please, excuse us for a moment," he said to Miranda.
Outside, in the hallway, he firmly shut the door to the study.
"This plan of yours," Togbare said, "are we not being too hasty?"
"I don't believe so."
"But to go to their Temple - "
"What choice do we have? They will sacrifice Standford and for all we know Denise as well. Did Miranda not say that Denise was 'virge intacta'?"
"No."
"Don't you see? I am sure their ritual will be tonight."
"The blood of a virgin - yes, yes," Togbare mumbled.
"Your actual presence at the ritual will I am sure suffice to disrupt it."
"It is possible, yes. But the physical danger - "
"I shall of course leave a message with a friend of mine, a Police Officer. Should we not return, he will investigate. Believe me, there will be no second chance for us. Can we afford to wait? What if we do nothing and tonight they complete their sacrifices and open the gates to the Abyss? What then? The evil they will release will spread like a poison. Large scale demonic possession will occur - madness, crime committed by those weak of will ..."
"Yes, yes of course," Togbare said abstractly, "you are right."
"Their success," Baynes continued, "would give them magickal power - Satanic magickal power - beyond imagining. We would be powerless. And their Dark Gods would return, to haunt the Earth."
"You have only voiced me own fears. I shall prepare myself as we journey to our destination. May God protect us."
Baynes left Togbare mumbling prayers. In the study he found Sanders kneeling on the floor, clutching his genitals, his face contorted with pain. "See," Miranda said to Baynes in triumph, "we women can take care of ourselves! Shall I drive then?"
Both Baynes and Sanders watched her as she left the room.

XX

"Your marriage to our daughter," Conrad remember Tanith had said, "shall be first."

A prelude, he thought to the fugue that would be the opening of the gates to the Abyss.

He stood in the candlelit Temple, resplendent in the crimson robe Tanith had given him for the ceremony. The congregation formed an aisle to the alter upon which the tetrahedron glowed, and he stood in front of it with the Master and Tanith to await his Satanic bride.

There was a beating of drums, and Gedor, with Susan beside him, walked down the stone steps and into the chamber of the Temple. She wore a black veil and a black flowing gown and walked alone past the congregation as Gedor stood guard by the door which marked the hidden entrance.

Tanith's viridian robe seemed iridescent in the fluxing light, and she greeted her daughter with a kiss before joining Susan's hand with Conrad's.

"We, Master and Mistress of this Temple," Aris and Tanith said together, "greet you who have gathered to witness this rite. Let the ceremony begin!"

There was a chant from the many voices of the congregation.

"Agios o Satanias! Agios o Satanias!"

We are gathered here, " the Master said, "to join in oath and through our dark magick this man and this woman, so that hence forward they shall as inner sanctuaries to our gods!"

"Hail to they," Tanith chanted, "who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names!"

The Master raised his hands and began to vibrate the name Atazoth followed by Vindex while Tanith led the congregation in chanting 'Agios o Satanias! Agios o Satanias! Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!' while the drums beat ever louder and more insistent. In Tanith's sign, they stopped.

The sudden silence startled Conrad, a little.

"Do you," the Master said to Conrad, "known in this world as Conrad Robury accept as your Satanic Mistress this lady, Amilichus, known as Susan Aris, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our dark gods?"

"I do," Conrad replied.

"Then give me as a sign of your oath this ring."

Conrad accepted the silver ring, and placed it on Susan's finger.

Aris turned to his daughter. "Do you Amilichus, accept as your Satan Master this man, known in this world as Conrad Robury and whom we now honour as Falcifer in name, according to the precepts of our faith and to the glory of our dark gods?"

"I do," Susan replied.

"Then give as a sign of your oath this ring."

She took the silver ring, and placed it on Conrad's finger.

"See them!" Aris said, "Hear them! Know them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this Master and Mistress against the desire of this Master and Mistress, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our faith! Hear me you dark gods of Chaos gathering to witness this rite!"

Tanith unbound their hands to swiftly cut with a sharp knife their thumbs. She pressed Conrad's bleeding thumb onto Susan's forehead, leaving a mark in blood, before marking Conrad in the same manner and pressing the two thumbs together to mingle the blood. Then she pressed a few drops of blood from each onto a triangle of parchment. There was a silver bowl on the altar containing liquid which Aris lit before Tanith cast the parchment into the flames.

"By this burning," she said, "I declare this couple wed! Let their children be numerous and become as eagles who swoop upon their prey!"

"But ever remember," Aris said, "you who in joining find a magick which creates, never love so much that you cannot see your partner die when their dying-time has come."

"Let us greet," Tanith said, "the new lord and lady of the dark!"

Tanith's kiss was signal for the congregation to greet the spaeman and his wife.

No traffic came along the narrow lane that led past the neglected woods near the Master's house, and Miranda parked the car partly on the snow-covered verge. The snow had stopped, and there was an almost unearthly beauty about the scene: the snow-capped trees, the virgin white of the fields, the cold

quiet stillness of the night air.

But the horizon around the fields began to change, as if the sky itself was full of fury. Red, indigo and thunder purple vied for mastery. Each passing moment brought a change, a subtle shift in colour or intensity. Yet there was no sound, as there might have been if an Earth-bred storm had existed as cause. Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the spectacle ceased, to leave Miranda and the others staring at a night sky full-brimming with stars.

"This way," Sanders said as he walked in among the trees.

There was a fence yards within the wood, and he climbed it easily while Baynes gave assistance to Togbare and Miranda. Soon, the undergrowth became thick, but Sanders followed a narrow path deep into the stillness, stopping frequently to wait for his companions. Baynes kept close behind him, one hand in his jacket pocket and holding the revolver.

The snow was deep in places over the path that snaked around trees, bushes, dead bracken and entwining undergrowth, and Togbare stumbled and fell.

"Are you alright?" Miranda asked him.

"Yes, thank you." Slowly, he raised himself to his feet using his stick.

He tried to sense the power of the rituals being undertaken that night on his instructions to try and counter the magick of the Satanists, but he could sense nothing, however hard he strained and however he listened to the emanations from the astral aether. There was nothing, and it took him some minutes as he walked along the path to realise why. The wood was like a vortex in the fabric of space-time, absorbing all the psychic energies that radiated upon it. He sighed, then, at this realization, for he knew it meant they would be alone in the magickal battle to come.

He could see a clearing ahead where the others had stopped to wait for him. As he reached its edge, he was startled by the strange cry of an Eagle Owl. He had heard the cry before, in the forests of Scandinavia, and looked up to see the large ominous predator swooping down toward Sanders face, its hooked claws ready to strike.

Sanders shielded his face with his arm. Quickly, Togbare raised his stick and the huge owl veered spectacularly away, up and over the trees. It was not long before they heard its harsh call break the silence that shrouded the wood.

"Come," Togbare said, "we must hurry. They will know now that we are here."

XXI

Denise awoke to find herself in a cell. It was small, brightly lit and warm. There was a thong around her neck, and she was still struggling to remove it when her cell door opened.

Neil, dressed in the black robe of the Satanic order, stood outside and motioned her to come forward.

"Listen to me," he whispered, glancing behind him at the stone stairs, "I don't have much time. You must go and warn the others. It's a trap. Here," he handed her a bunch of keys, "take one of their cars. Come on."

When Denise made no move to leave, he said, "Please, you've got to trust me. Frater Togbare will explain."

She looked into his eyes, then smiled. "How do I get out?" she asked, taking the keys.

"I'll show you."

He led her up the stairs and through an archway. "Through that door," he said, "are some stairs. You'll come to another door which leads to a passage. Follow the passage and you'll be in the hall, near the front door of the house. And don't worry, no one is around - they are all in the Temple. Good luck!"

He watched her go before returning to the top of the stairs. He stood in the circular chamber and waited. It was not a long wait, for soon the floor began to turn. The wall parted, revealing the Temple, and he walked down the steps to join the worshippers.

Conrad greeted him. "The Master has just told me," he said, "that you were one of us all along! Sorry if I used too much force."

"You weren't to know," said a relieved Neil.

Aris, Tanith and Susan were standing in front of the altar, the congregation before them, and they waited until Neil and Conrad joined them.

A proud Conrad held up his wedding ring for Neil to see, and Conrad joined them.

"Let the rite of sacrifice begin!" The Master intoned.

Slowly, the congregation began to chant.

"Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth," they chanted.

Then they began their dance around the altar, singing a dirge as they danced counter to the direction of the sun.

"Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla teste Satan cum sybilla. Quantos tremor est futurus, quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus. Dies irae, dies illa!"

Then the Master was vibrating the words of a chant, Agios o Baphomet, as one of the congregation came away from the dance to kneel before Tanith who bared her breasts in greeting.

"It is the protection," the kneeling man said as he removed the hood which covered his head, "and milk of your breasts that I seek."

Tanith bent down, and he suckled. Then she pushed him away, laughing, and saying, "I reject you!"

The man knelt before her, while around them the dancers whirled ever faster, still singing their chant.

"I pour my kisses at your feet," the kneeling man said, "and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of their blood. I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter of and a gate to our Dark Gods. I lift up my voice to you, dark demoness Baphomet, so that my mage's seed may feed your whoring flesh!"

Tanith touched his head with her hand. "Kiss me, and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste my fragrance and I shall make you as a seed of corn which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a gate which opens to our gods!"

She clapped her hands twice, and the dancers ceased their dance to gather round as she lay down beside the man, stripping him naked. Then she was upon him, fulfilling her lust as the congregation clapped their hands in rhythm to his rising and falling body.

"Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!" Aris the Master was chanting.

Tanith screamed in ecstasy, and for a moment lay still. Then she was standing, intoning the words of her role.

"So you have sown and from your seeding gifts may come if you obedient hear these words I speak."

She looked smiling upon the congregation. "I know you, my children, you are dark yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. With a curse I can strike you dead! Hear me, then, and obey! Gather for me the gift we shall offer in sacrifice to our gods!"

She gestured with her hand and two of the congregation ascended the stairs as drum beats began in the Temple. It was not long before one of the men returned, aghast.

"She's gone!" he shouted.

Aris turned toward Neil, and smiled.

"You will do instead," he said.

By the far edge of the clearing lay a wooden hut, and Sanders led them toward it.

"Inside," he said to Baynes, "there's a trap-door in the floor."

He made to move away, but Baynes said, "Show me."

Reluctantly Sanders went inside and lifted the floor covering in a corner. The hut itself was bare.

"There," he said in a whisper.

"Open it then," answered Baynes.

Sanders did so and light from the stairs suffused the hut. "They're all yours!" Sanders said with relief and walked toward the still open door where Miranda stood beside Togbare,

He was about to step outside when he saw them. Three large dogs snarling and running toward him.

Hastily he slammed the flimsy door shut. They jumped against it, fiercely barking. Only his weight against it held it firm. They jumped again and again as if possessed and the wood began to splinter.

"Quick!" Baynes said, indicating the stairs.

He helped Miranda and Togbare down and descended the several steps himself.

"Follow me quickly!" he shouted to Sanders who stood, his eyes wide with terror, with his back and arms against the breaking door.

Baynes had gone, and he ran across the floor of the hut, almost stumbling. The door shattered and he was fumbling with the trap-door ring when the first dog attacked. But he succeeded just in time in closing the door, and leant back against the steps, breathing hard as above him the dogs tried to dig around and through the door.

"Come on," Baynes said to him as he stood, stooping, in the narrow tunnel that led away from the stairs.

Sanders said nothing. His eyes and face betrayed his fear.

"You don't have any choice," Baynes said unsympathetically.

Above them, the dogs could be heard howling. Miranda edged past Baynes to take Sanders hand in her own.

The gesture worked, and he followed them as they walked along the tunnel. Soon, it began to slope gently downward, but it seemed a long time before they could not hear the barking and the baying of the dogs.

Gradually, the light began to change in intensity, and it was only a faint glow sufficient for them to dimly see by when Baynes reached the door that sealed off the exit to the tunnel

"Yes, my friend." He felt in his pocket for his crucifix. Dramatically, Baynes withdrew the gun from his pocket before opening the door that led to the Temple. It swung silently on it's hinges.

"She's gone!" they hear a man's voice shout.

XXII

Denise was sitting in Susan's car outside the house when she experienced her vision. She saw the wood, the country lane where Miranda had parked Baynes' car, and she drove toward it, followed her instinct and intuition.

When she arrived, she sensed the woods were a place of danger, both physical and magickal, and she walked cautiously in the snow-steps Baynes and his two companions had left behind, stopping every few minutes to stand and listen. The deep into the wood she went., the more did she become aware of elemental forces. The wood was alive to her - and she had to shut her psychic senses against the myriad images and sensations: a primitive far urging her to flee back to the road and safety; leering and laughing demonic faces and shapes peering out from behind the trees and bushes...

She knew as she walked that the Master and his followers had built with their sinister magick psychic barrier to shield the woods, the house and the Temple. But she was also aware that there were other forces outside this barrier trying to break it down. She saw in her mind groups sitting in a circle within a room within a house... They were focusing their powers upon Togbare: he was their symbol, his stick a magical sword trying like a magnet to attract the energies of their rituals. Her awareness of these rituals, of Togbare's foresightful planning of them, pleased her as she walked in the silence of the wood.

The clearing she entered caused her to stop and stand still for many minutes, and she with her heightened psychic ability sensed the owl before she saw it. And when she did see it, swooping silently toward her, she spoke to it in words like gentle music. It seemed to hover above her head as if listening to her voice before flying silently away.

She was approaching the hut when she heard the dogs. She did not shorten her pace but walked toward the door to see them crouched in a corner as if ready to pounce.

"Hello, little ones!" she said gently and unafraid.

They snarled at her, but did not attack. But they would not let her near. When she moved toward them, they would bare their teeth and growl as if ready to leap at her. But when she moved back toward the door, they sat down on the trap-door watching her.

Several times she tried to edge near, but the response was always the same. She could not seem to break with her gentle magick the barrier which surrounded them.

With a sigh, she settled down to wait, consciously trying to break a hole in the magickal barrier shielding the woods and the Temple, hoping that the white magick outside might break through to aid Togbare in his battle.

As she spun her mantric spells she experienced a vision of Baynes and his companions entering the Satanic Temple.

Baynes was the first to step into the Temple, but Miranda and Togbare soon followed.

The Master turned toward them, as if he had expected them.

"Welcome!" he said.

Conrad saw Gedor go through the door and return carrying Sanders whom he carried toward the altar.

"You have betrayed us!" The Master said to him.

"No! No!" Sanders feebly protested.

"Prepare him!"

"Stop!" Togbare shouted, and raised his stick.

The congregation parted, making an aisle to the Master.

"We must begin," Susan whispered into Conrad's ear.

She was standing in front of him, holding his hands as she had often done before, and Conrad understood. Then Neil was attempting to come between them but Conrad knocked him away. Dazed, Neil retreated to stand beside Togbare.

Gedor was stripping Sanders of his clothes while Tanith stood nearby, holding two knives.

"Stop!" Togbare said again.

The Master held out his hand, his ring glowing. A bolt of energy sprang from it toward Togbare, but it was harmlessly absorbed by the Mage's stick. The tetrahedron on the altar had begun to pulse with varying intensities of light and the Master went to it and laid his hands upon it. As he did so he became engulfed in golden flames. Togbare raised his magickal staff and he too became surrounded by light. Susan tightened her grip on Conrad's hands and he suddenly felt the primal power of the Abyss within him. He was not Conrad, but a vortex of energy. Then he was in the darkness of space again, sensing other presences around him. There was an echo of the sadness he had felt before, and then the vistas of stars and alien worlds, world upon world upon world. He became, briefly, the crystal upon the altar, the Master standing beside it. But there were other forces present and around him, trying to send him back into his earthly body and seal the rent that had appeared and which joined the causal universe to the acausal where his Dark Gods waited. He became two beings because of this opposition - a pure detached consciousness caught in the vortex of the Abyss, surrounded by stars, and Conrad, standing holding the hands of his Satanic Mistress in the Temple. His earthly self saw the astral clash between Togbare and the Master as their radiance was transformed by their wills and sent forth, transforming the colourful aura of their opponent. He saw Tanith give Sanders a knife. Saw Gedor approaching him, brandishing his own. Saw the congregation gather around the fight as they lusted for the kill - Sanders tried several times to get away, but the encircling congregation always pushed him back toward Gedor. Baynes, Neil and Miranda were beside Togbare and partly enclosed in the luminescence of his aura.

Then Conrad seemed free again to wander through the barriers that kept the two universes apart. He and Susan, together, had been a key to the gate of the Abyss, his own consciousness freed by the power of the crystal and the Master's magick. He was free, and would break the one and only seal that remained. In the Temple, the fight did not take long to reach its conclusion. Sanders seemed to have become possessed by the demonic atmosphere in the Temple and attacked several times, slashing at Gedor with his knife. But each time Gedor had moved away. Sanders tried again, and harder, after Gedor cut his arm. He caught Gedor's hand and turned to be stabbed by Gedor in the throat.

"The third key!" Tanith shouted in triumph.

The spurting blood seemed to vaporise and then form an ill-defined image above the altar. It became the face of the Master, of Conrad, of a demon, of Satan himself.

Suddenly, Neil snatched the gun from Baynes. The shot missed the Master, and Baynes knocked Neil over.

Togbare, distracted, looked at Baynes and then at the Master. He felt in that instant the Satanic barrier protecting the Temple break, and renewed magickal power flowing down toward him, energizing his staff and his own aura. He pointed the staff at the Master, sending bolts of magickal energy. They reached him, and the auric energy around the Master, and the shape above the altar, vanished. But Baynes leapt forward to snatch the staff and break it over his knee.

As he did so, the aura around Togbare flickered, and then disappeared. But the old man was too quick for Baynes, and bent down to retrieve part of his stick which he threw at the crystal, hitting it. As it struck, the crystal exploded, plunging the Temple into darkness.

There was then no magickal energy left, and Togbare calmly led Miranda and Neil back along the tunnel to the hut. The dogs departed quietly the instant the crystal shattered, leaving Denise free to open the trap-door. When Togbare and the others reached her, she realized Neil had gone insane.

Togbare smiled at her as she closed the trap-door, and then he quietly fell to the floor. She did not need to check his pulse, but did so nevertheless as Neil stood over her, dribbling.

Togbare was dead, and over the trees the Eagle Owl sent its call.

The darkness in the Temple lasted less than a minute, and when it was over both the Master and Tanith had vanished. Conrad looked around and saw Baynes walking toward him. The congregation still stood around the body of Sanders, looking at Conrad and waiting, as Susan looked and waited.

Without speaking, Baynes took hold of Conrad's left hand and bent down to kiss the ring in a gesture of

obeisance. Suddenly, Conrad understood. He was not just Conrad but a channel, a like, between the worlds. He would be, because of this, the Anti-Christ and had only to develop and extend his already burgeoning magickal powers for the Earth to become his domain. For by dark ritual a new beast had been born, ready and willing to haunt the Earth. A few more rituals, and his invading legions would be ready.

His laugh reverberated around the Temple.

Epilogue

Barred windows? Neil shook his head as if he could not remember before returning to his seat. The television was on, as it always was during the day, and he watched it in the smoky, grimy room. He did not know what he watched, but it passed a few hours.

Occasionally he would rise from his chair to stare around the room or out of the window. Once, someone brought him some tablets and he took them without speaking, and, once he wandered across the room to watch two of his fellow patients play a game of snooker on the worn table with cues that were not quite straight. But neither the game nor they themselves interested him, and he resumed his chair, sunk into his stupor.

Baynes watched him briefly as he sat with the psychiatrist in the small almost airless room at the end of the ward.

"Yes, indeed," the man was saying, "a perplexing case."

"And, he mentioned my name?"

"Once, a few days ago, when he was admitted. He said something about an Eagle Owl, but it didn't really make much sense. You met once I believe?"

"Yes. He was a student, at the University. Into drugs, I understand. And the Occult - that sort of thing. He wanted to borrow some money. Rambled on about some conspiracy or other."

"Well," he fumbled with the folder that contained Neil's psychiatric case notes, "I won't keep you any longer."

"He is receiving treatment, then?"

"Of course. Medication at the moment - although tomorrow we shall start ECT."

"Electroconvulsive therapy?" Baynes asked.

"Yes."

Baynes looked at Neil, and smiled. "If there is anything I can do to help - " he said formally to the Doctor as he stood to leave.

"We have a note of your address."

"Good bye, then."

Neil did not even look at Baynes as he walked through the ward to the door that led down the stairs and out into the bright sunlight.

The sun warmed the air, a little, but insufficient to melt any of the snow, and Denise stood by a large Beech tree in the grounds of the hospital, watching Baynes leave. She knew better than to try and follow him, and went back to her car where Miranda waited, asleep.

Miranda could remember nothing of the events in the Temple, but by using her own psychic skills, Denise was beginning to understand them. She did not know what, if anything, she could do. All she knew was that she had to try.

Griggin's Nap
Brenna, ONA.

We have been here for an ageless while. Locked deep. Deep in the dank loam of the black earth. Our bones are strewn where the brackish waters driddle, oozing the foetid breath of stifled secrets that cannot let go, cannot let go.

We know. We remember. We cannot forget what was done, so long ago. Here, on this wind-torn hillside. Here, where a track has long been trodden. Here, where a road was stretched and rolled out to measure a single sparse length of tarmac that passes us by, passes us by. Yes, the motor cars quickly, quickly they pass us by. Until just lately. Until now when the long neglect of our upper residence has mustered some unthinking ones, some poor kimets to come and try their luck with us again.

Ha. But they are not to know. What do they see these modern people? What do they know, these vacuous souls who come to gawp, to assess, to consider the potential of this broken-down abode? This derelict cottage stuck on a wind-buffeted hillside behind where the Black Hill doth roam. Behind which the Black Hill rises with a dour majesty that the many would not choose to live with.

We did not choose to live here. We did not do the choosing. Others did and their dark deeds rebound. Rebound as an echo that can never cease. A reverberation that our vengeance still desires, still requires. Oh yes, we thirst, we thirst. Still we thirst for recompense, for the sacrifice of violated flesh, for the giving of blood which was ours once, so long ago. Which is our demand now.

The weary ages have dragged by. It is only the pulse of blood, the rank pungent smell of fear that quickens us, stirs us to arise once more.

We were here when the Earth was fresh-formed; we know that now. Something willed us into place a million years before our bones, our flesh, the panic of our beating blood was flung and pressed into the maws of the beckoning earth, into the sarcophagus made of soil, which our flesh then moulded to fit us. Just as the caul of the birth-strangled babe does cover and close fit the still-born infant. Perfect in its smothering role. Thus did the blistered sod come to enclose us - an impression on the seamless acrid clay that will never be erased. Even when our bones have mouldered unto dust our imprint shall mark this place. No, we shall never be away from here. Now the choice is ours and we shall always choose to stay. For this has always been our home...

Before the meaning of 'time' began we made a home here. When the Earth was barely cooled and her sister fragment moon was still roughened and torn - a ragged crusty rock weltering in the torpor of airless void, waiting for the voices of the stars, the winds of the woonsome Cosmos to smooth and refine her. Shaping her into the luminous sorroricide she does become when her fullness fattens on psychosis, swells the aqueous flesh til humour is found wanting. Until the tension must be displaced. Somehow. We work in synchronicity, She and we. A flawless syzergy; a potent symbiosis sheathed in the shadows wherein we reside.

Yes, yes. We were here before our blood gave way and our screams were choked by the cloistered mouthing of an endless night. We were chosen. We did the choosing. The white flesh of our fingers found the revolving frame, found the ductile thread that ran like a razor through wounded tips that had once owned the kind integument of skin, the protective covering of nails. But we found a cutting blade that was keen and we have wielded that blade, watched its glance shoot silver in the moonless night when deeds were done. When the time had come to please the whim we discovered was ours to instil. First there cooled the rock; then was packed the earth and through the dull depth of bitter loam a meandering rusty trickle of moisture has permeated. Like a vein of poison it seeps; caustic as the taste of our memories. And above this bland bedrock where a nascent serpent sleeps, from the million million years on, a clogger did come to build him a cottage upon our poor clay.

Ah to one of spartan habits and lonely occupation the positioning of some bricks and mortar seemed a fair chance, a reasonable risk worth the dalliance. We almost pitied them as they worked so staunch and determined, a cheerful vigour infecting them that allowed occasional expression in the gravelling of their voices chorused together. An old folk tune they sang reminiscent of something we once knew from long, long ago - before the Earth grew tired of our stone-raising and wrought us drought and famine to cool our ardour. Oh those times! When our flesh burst forth its abundance of beauty, blossoming, just beginning ... we were scythed and torn from the curious melding of our discovered power. Scythed, torn, plucked and crushed, live-buried and erased. Our potent orifices stuffed with the gaspless cloying of foetid slimy clay where the little life did do its work and render us down, render us down. To the bone.

To the bone of our purpose. Oh chanceless Fate that strewed us here! As seeds that would bloom acid barbs, spines of blood and death in the Future Time that would follow.

For aye was our pubescent power stifled before its zenith. The buds of our majestic worth frozen in cruel frosts that turned to the Hag's wizened Winter just on the lips of the verdant kiss of Spring. Thus does our ravening vengeance infest the root of rock and soil, spike the underground waters with a flow of subtle poisons that seep, seep into the soul. At night, when the bleary eye of Day has winked its concealments by. In the dark of the night when the gaping terror, the agony that must come is witnessed in the whirling of an inner void. A malevolent void which would suck away, suck away the marrow from the vessel, consuming, obliterating - the hapless urgent life these ignorant jots do crave so. Oh oolerts! Poor hopeless fools.

We could have warned them. Indeed, in a quaint misgiving of our hatred, a tenderness nigh almost did appear. There were subtle gestures they could have read if their eyes had not been so cow-struck. Ah if only their senses had craned to listen to the murmur of our voices. Ah, if only their minds had but touched us briefly there might have sparked a different flame. But our whispered warnings went unheeded and then our greedy vengeance did gorge itself on the ruin of the unconscious souls, that came to live within those self-erected walls, deaf to the keening of our siren hearts.

Aye, in the nub of spring the clogger came with a cluster of his swains to help him raise his roof. Whence they all set to in digging the foundations regardless of a knuckle of my little finger that they sifted then threw aside. Regardless of my sister shards, turned, revealed and ignored, to be trodden under once more, crushed once again beneath the boots of the brutish, whose meagre spirits allow us a little dalliance, a little dalliance, while the moments provide our meat. The feast that swells our appetites, a gift of death conjured from the throat of our soundless howling. Oh petty lives that do not know! That shall never understand! Oh meagre snivelling lives - see how in the confines of our web these little flies do tremour and crawl, shiver and struggle, further enmeshing themselves in their own messy ends. See how our victims struggle to their own demise, flailing their hag-ridden senses before the whisper of our bitter Despite. See how their little minds spark an inferno of vile imaginary that lurks in their unconscious bible-muddled minds, that wracks their flesh with contorting agonies, a blade made from the sheep minds of their following.

Aaah but we allowed them a dew of beginings in a wistful after gleam of pity before our passion for violence was succoured. Ah, yes. We allowed them a dew of beginnings, a tremour of sweetness that was snatched before it had chance to bloom; a transient brilliance whose petals were extinguished air they had chance to form. Ah, we gave them a brief flicker of lightening ray, a sudden sweet intensity of warmth before it was doused, engulfed, submerged in a cesspool of inchoate ravings, where a rabid Death held the last and final card - torturing them on so, torturing them on. Wringing them for every ounce their petty shells deserved.

Oh, our clutches have a crushing capacity that smothers, that eats away at the vitality of their Reason, exposes the putrescence at their core. So! We must draw down our crow-black hoods and do the carrion's work! Oh Azanagelle, Azanagelle, you chose us well! Ah, you ceaseless winds; where the Cosmic Powers do flow. We are part of the grip that made you nigh, yet our cause is kept inside your spell - rubbing us a pearl of bitter-sweet potion where the sweet is a superficial suasion and the bitter is a caustic germ that rots from the inside in.

In the stirred vats of our brewing malevolence, the fermentation continues and the sting of vinegar burns its bitter taste more and more. Corroded that fragile cerebellum, inciting madness, frenzy, the self-sundering of flesh, the gouging of those eyes that had looked and looked yet never seen. These little lives, these little lives, how you pass us by, how our ravening whim has consumed you. First one, then the others. Now, look see, still, some others more - following the footprints of other fools who have gone their wretched, bloody ways before them!

Before the cold of spring had gone, at time of April showers and fleeting sun, the clogger with the aid of his comrades, built him up a homestead, raised a roof well-sealed from leakage, equipped with a pantry, a small kitchen and front room, two bedrooms up above the downstairs rooms. One to house his wench and new-wed wife and another to crowd the childer in. But for a meagre inheritance that allowed him the privelege of bricks and mortar, he would have steadied him to temporary abodes or begged a rented roof from the sometime benevolent master who owned the estate.

Oh gifts are never given without a price to pay and a gift of joy may come seeming-fair to stay and vanish in the cold, grey dawn, the morning after its advent was bespoke.

Proud, the clogger surveyed his and his fellows neat and nippily erected structure which would house his

new married life's endeavour. Aye, and a welsh lass from Newtown way had struck his fancy, caught his eye with her curls and celtic smiles. Not a one from the valley a good enough for he. No ho whey, from his neighbours came their croaking - right enough we conceded as the flakes of our bones crushed to needle splinters beneath the unaccustomed density of cottage above our bedrock clay; the siphoning of our silthy waters, sullied from the cadaverous inclinations of our torrid past.

Ah and on the sunlit denizen of a showery day, in spontaneous abandon, he swept the muslin-frocked bride up into his arms before he carried she, his welsh menlchion, over the threshold into the bliss of their wedded abode. They did not realise that in the unbuilt cellar, a charnel house of fragmented bone fumed, emanating like poisonous gas from the welter of our memories, focusing our viper's venom on the unsuspecting flesh that had come our way.

Upon their heather-feather mattress they lay; a tenderness lighting their eyes, rosyng her cheeks at the posy of crocuses picked especially to lay beside her pillow and gild that first intertwined morn.

But oh, he must away for long seasons and she toil in the labour of a local farm, the glue of a foetal form keeping them close in common togetherness when he was back from the shelters by the river, where his lengths of clog wood he kept well stacked. But oh the wood was swept away with a sudden rising of the flood. A whole season's work washed down the swanee, down the swanisome deluge. And more hours spent away and the loss of that first baby come still-born. The resentment building; bitter comments cast in the violence of pain. Gradually, gradually, the centre falling apart. The centre failing. That which cannot hold must dissolve, disintegrate, die and reform.

And thus the ragged years went by, the nagging years, the vitriol of disappointment tinging her tongue with the moaning attrition of a ceaseless wind. And no new childer came their way - no infants blessed their supposed sacred vows and dark and loathsome grew the feelings in her breast as the years soured her freshness and turned her eager softness to obdurate spite. Oh and how the poor clogger pushed his cart come the fitching season, 15 mile or more to the hub of the larger welsh town west, for which to sell his wares. Toiling from dawn to dusk in the dim and dour to bring the glint of a spartan smile to the wan cheeks that had once been rosied charm. But failure was stamped the clogger's brow and hariden like she lashed her tongue of acid round and left to sell her butter next day, leaving the welter of inward wounds like scalding spears of shame upon the clogger's soul.

And oh in the dark season, dark full crept into the clogger's soul and wound a lynch pin around his heart. Up on that lonely hillside where the wind did moan upon the shutters and buffet against the stout built walls, the clogger did feel a blackness blacker than he'd ever known, descend upon his mind. And aye we whispered our reproofs and taunted his mind with years of exaggerated penance come nigh. The cries of what had been came to taunt his lonely hearth. Until lo! he did clasp his hands unto his ears and call to the no-god for a mercy now. But only the dark of wronged days did trickle through his fingers, like blood from a weeping wound that no day's eye flower could ever staunch. Oh we wound the thread about and my sisters snipped as the reel was worked. For oh but in his agony he did strip him down to his well-worn flesh and take him a rope from the lean-to shed. Grimly then to the pantry he sped, past thought, past care, only begging for the pulse that kept his gimlet life alight to still and be no more.

And there where in 'bundant times a quarter carcass swine had swung, he cast his rope round the well-ried hook, wound the slip-knot round his sinewed neck, placed the stool that would set him aloft. Ah we cranked the wind's voice high, like the resonance of bellows in a stone-arched space, urging him to leap his last, to succour our stolen lives and blood, with the ragged remnant of his own poor pay. With no mortal witnesses to see he kicked his stool from under he. But we the invisible, vengeance inspired, witnessed the purpling of his choking skin, the kicking and twisting of his strangled form, drawing it out, drawing it out, throttling, suffocating, re-giving the horror that had come to us, through the torments of the clogger's asphixiated breath.

Until still, the silhouette did swing, softly, gently, in the candle-lamp light. A hunched and monstrous shadow swaying from wall to wall, where the confines of a mind had crumbled to a crypt of void.

When his wizen-spirited wedded one did return, more screams and chokes of woe, of penitance did ricochet round these banshee walls. She ran out into the guttering dark - to a neighbour's cold comfort and never did return.

She snivelled her way to a church-cottage and listened to interminable sermons that aggravated the self-pity thickening in her veins, protracting her misery with thrombosis and swelling arthritic joints. Hands, that twisted to bird's claw incongruity for months on end, so she could barely pull down her draws to piss for herself. Ah well, the ice-time got her eventually. The harsh winter of a middling century froze the air in her lungs, hastened her wheezing to her modest-marked grave, now overgrown with weeds.

But sacrifices come in many forms and sometimes a subtle drawing of the wine is more satisfying than the immediacy of spilled blood and strangled life. Thus did come to our lamented abode a spinster with calves of iron and a mouth already pursed in the process of shaping curses. In the lean-to shed she housed her poor beasts - her long suffering donkeys who pulled the cart she piled with faggots. And many a blow from her benighted switch did they receive on the bones of their poor rump, mangy with neglect, made sour from the hariden's wielded stick. In the lean-to shed the poor dumb donkeys munched their meagre portions, near-starved on a spinster's spite; whilst in the pantry next door come evenfall the shadows loomed and flickered upon the wall. The apron hung upon the nail stirred and swung, as the wind whispered its elegy of woe and the tableau macabre retraced its tale of the previous occupation. Around the black-bonnetted spinster wound we sisters three, as she scrunched her angular frame over the feeble flame which flickered uncertainly, fed from the few lumps of coal that lasted her through the lonely nights. The tip of her nose grew red in the chill she bare kept away and she rocked and stared into the thin flame sucking on a liquorice stick that would last her the whole week through. Oh but it strengthened the muscle of her tongue and gave her a yellow grin that grew dreadful for the country folk to see.

We kept her acrimony vital with plagues of lice, a scourge of scabs which she scratched to sores between the flannel sheets of each long night. Her bloodied nails would pick the lice from her scalp and squeeze them between her fingertips til they popped. Little things, little things they say, can matter in a big big way. So it seemed with spinster Pugh as we tormented her with plagues of tiny vermin which drove her to the verge of apoplectic outburst and turned her already crabbed tongue to a rancorous rasp of vinegar. Oh the invectives that contumeliously cut the curt air of these haunted walls! as she pressed her chilblained feet into her hob-nailed boots each morning and scratched her stringy rump chaffed by the coarse woollen under-draws her modesty and meanness did insist upon the wearing of.

Then out to straff the donkey's hide; hitch its mangy form, rough-bridled to the cart whereupon the donkey did frequently rehearse its complaint with a loud and timely braying which would stir the vicious instinct of maitre-hausen Pugh, who would belt it about its vociferous head with a cabbage stalk until the beast's cacophonous rebellion was quelled.

Yanking the halter torn by the gusty wind, the specious spinster trudged her way be the Black Hill to find her some faggots to pile high the cart. Then down through the coppice of a steep, slanting fall, with a full load cranked up to pitch did she go. Dressed all in black with the bonnet and all - white apron cotton and servicable scowl, wanting the impression of decency to give. Oh but her squinting eyes and yellow tongue belied the charade as all the childer did know and the donkeys were intimate aware of. But the busy and the business-like paid for her trade and kept her coffer full of coppers to be sure. Whilst wherever she walked, cross market square, upon the packhorse bridge, along the cusson for a merry 'uns to take, all the young 'uns would go in fear of her passing. They would scuttle down the alleyways, run off be the riverbank, climb to the castle mound or dive into doorways, whenever they 'ud see her acoming black-lookin' and boulder-lassel along, along oh. Aye the childer were dread-filled of her ratchet crone's caper, avoided her when they could, shouted names from a distance when well hid and safe, spoke legends of her vices and devil-sworn pacts.

Oh but the bitter old cuss was a tough boot to yield and the blood ran like icicles' silt in her veins and her sinews of string proved tenacious as weed - woody and hollow the bones of her heart ran, spiky as a thistle, as obstinate to leave-go was the withered old rag of her soul. We took our toll at subtle torture but tired of the game when the yellow-toothed wrinkle-skull clung on and on and on. She made us remember what the clogger's dance had dulled. Made our anger fresh to our memory as the spark of life in her wizened old frame waxed on and on inexorably, persistant as the winter rain, fatal as a still-swollen moon. Ha! What charm had life's spark shone to bequeath the wicked old stick such a length of remorseless longevity.

Our virgin skin was a score shredded thin that sweltered beneath the burst of a crocus spring. Whilst still the spinster's malign old thread spun on. But malevolence can be tended to bloom and flower when the seed of malice has been nursed and gnawed for long enough. And the rats that had wriggled the tawdry wainscotting and scuttled for sparse crumbs come dark, delivered us a whopper to nip off her nose.

Eh, it was sizeful, the pink-eyes albino our rat-kin did give us. White as a ghost and nigh on twice the size of the normal host. Bold as brass and savage as a weasal. It could out stare a farm cat and make the tail of a terrier turn right under - set a quiver in the hide of any as 'ud see.

It found its way to her bed one night - faced her brazen in the full moon light. Wakened her with a tickling of its whiskers. Oh she shrieked and flailed and dove for the covers, a sobbing on the bile that

her belly'd rue. Our albino over-sized bluff, pattened a vigil for an hour or more, roaming like a lion to the kill while she quaked and squealed neath the covers. He cut her a swift nip when her fingers showed nigh and left her diseases for to sicken by and die. The crotchet old rind wheezed her way through another long summer til autumn's frost curdled her towards disintegration. Hair turned white as a winding sheet, sores seeping pus in a plentiful place, while her death rattle clung from two dawn-dusks more til the sour old guss was finally done.

Into the dust of a pauper's grave they poured her riddled flesh and acid heaped bones. So for a space alone awhile we were given licence to dream. To dream the shape of another cull into the nightmare of reality, from the damp feotor where our black waters force their meandersome flow. From the ache we've inspired in these walls of stone when the pitiless passion of the thousand years ago did murder so horrible slow. Plugging our mouths with a cakeful of soil, stilling the song of our youth with rough, angry fingers that pushed us down, pushed us down, drowned us in the mud of all our making, never to be more, never more to be. Thus did blossom the birth of our rage. The ether could not consume us. The flicker of allotted span could not extinguish us. Thus, have we remained. Gaining time, grooming our venom, burning for the harvests of blood that we wished and should have known.

Yornals! That they should always come back for more! Even after so many blood-worn hints. They never let go, they always persist. Even after fifty years and more decades to mention, the grim inflections resonant in the bricks and mortar and in the centaurous wooden beams, the bleak abandonment of this place, does not deter them. How strange to be so blind! What are these little lives that are busying themselves to stir and unsettle us. Would they slash a scythe through a wasp's nest? Would they plunge themselves naked into the icy torrent without first a thought, a sensing, an opening unto the interlude? Could they not see a vampire's gleam dazzle from the cobweb trailed rafters exposed to a sunlit ray? Strange. From the city they say. They will hear the whisper of the old country folk tales from the few that remain in the village which once was a thriving market town. They will hear murmurs that'll chill their hearts. Tread gingerly, they will, on the dark staircase when they are alone. The images will come. Oh their palpitating hearts! Oh the sweat of the mawkish limbs! How the feline in us shall retract the claw and choose to predator's play awhile as long, as long as the little mouse may quiver and run, be pounced upon, a sinking of the canines in. Just to tease. To see these modernos tremble. See how fragile! Their sanity so paper-thin, spirits so cringing, incapable. Ho! We shall see, we shall see what may be. When our new residents come to take over their renovated, transformed, modernised, extended home. We shall see, we shall see what the meat, they are made of. Whether the blood run white and wan or a clot of pungent red. We shall see how bold their marrow, ho! In a very soon time indeed. Poor yornals.

A few spans on a season, or half a century and more; a while to mortal equivilance, a roadman did come up with his wife. Rented or bought, the detail's superfluous. A raunchy pair and I'll be bound. But his heart was helter-skelter devotion and struck on fidelity whiles she was a racy bint, of a tuck for flirting and carry-ons when the back of her bloke was well-turned.

He was a big chap, the roadman. He took her up there, after he'd worked down the valley and taken a liking for the place. They told him about the house - abandoned - cut in the hillside before where the Black Hill does loom. They even told him about the clogger who had hanged himself one cold stormy night in November. But the roadman shrugged and set his cap, walked up to find us, here on the gale-sheared valley-highside, where Winter's grip lies hidden in the 'bundant Summer green. Where frost is ever locked and laced within the blossom of verdant Spring.

He did not tell his girl about the clogger who killed himself and nobody had batted an eyelid at bad biddie's agoing off. So when he brought her up here one Sunday, he chose the best of days. The willow herb strewed in the ill-tended garden looked charming, while the May blossom covered the hedgerows surrounding and a cluster of bluebells had found a hold be the side of the fencing and a few roses bloomed planted early on by the clogger's wife.

They were cheery together - this couple. The roadman and his gal. A teasing banter drawn from the well of their passion for life, ensued. She teased him and they chased round the remnant furniture. She dashed up the stairs, he close behind. She, laughing, breathless, excited, her viscera twitching. Oh yes, we could sense her, we virgins, we frosty maidens three. We savoured the bouyancy in her veins, the thrusting flesh, as much as he, the roadman, who caught her up in the big bedroom, encased her in his arms, ate up her neck, drank from her mouth and put his massive hands greedily grappling upon her wealth of bosom, rubbing her crotch as he stiffened beneath his sunday best - got a devil into it for his bargain.

Oh yes, she says Josh, wiping a finger through the grime on the kitchen tops, this place could be made to

look right homely with a touch of spit and polish, some of ma's furniture put by - the savings he'd made for a sunny day venture. Oh yes, Josh she says. Look we could have flowered chintz in the sitting room, the rocking chair by the range in the kitchen. Come bent it lovely an' a couple o' mile to town no more. The road trade takes you plenty and wide but always the cottage to come home to. A tart's hips to relish his banquet in, keep his nose to the grindstone while she may fillallio it around and about, passing the time of day with any passing tradesman, should he so happen upon her door. Well! The welterpit of her imaginary did so work and fed her lust to keep her lush for roadman when ahome he did come.

His family they tried to tell him, to fashion a distrust. But he ignored them, veiled his eyes to her faults, only saw the gold she gave him, did not realise that the gawdy can turn tawdry and lie. She struck on a nice little number, a husband worked well-paid from home of a times, complete with a house on a hill behind which the Black Hill doth roam. A place to call her own, a house to order, a few fellows to flirt with awandering down to town - all merry-ho! Oh yes, awandering down to town she did go, all on a lark for a merry-so she did waim. All on a lark for want of entertainment she did dabble a hook in the river and hooked fish that she never had oughta.

The chaps came to clear out and lady turned up to suggest and make the tea. Get a broom in her hands thank the lord - as she felt the relish in the men's eyes, as she swung her hips from side to side, sensual in her duty. Oh so sensual subtle warming in the swing of her duty. And lo could the husband see the lust in his comrades eyes and lo did he contain a rising irritation, a gruffness belying the violence inside; a terseness that chivvied his comrades back to the hauling of furniture. Always somehow she come, thrusting her winning breasts to their smiles, charming them in her woman's way, while he scowled like a fool behind his mates, who gallant strove to please her with the placing of the furniture, with the carrying of the clather-all and chairs.

Aye but she had the sense to stay downstairs while the bed was taken up the stairway - all forties-fancy beginning to know the lower-middle trade. Aye she had the sense to stay put, we saw that. She knew how to tease him, how to use her female wit and whim. She pushed him but only so far. Just to let him know. Just so their night hours could deliver a scarlet blanket unto the milky cusp of her alabaster thigh. Just to make their love-making a walk on the wildside. Just how wild my beauty, you only saw too late. Too late to realise, the fruit that hung your body could be cut, forsworn, blasted away into the void. Oh you only saw too late my wild child. Tart who did not know the score.

She gave them tea in the sitting room, passed them the biscuit jar, liberally thanked them with her eyes and smiles. Queen bee mustering her honey, knowing where her sting would be drawn, did not reckon on a momentary bandonment, the cost of a third round eye in her skull, dripping red and dripping red and plenty more there is to tell, the song of mephitic lullaby. But not yet. Not yet. Let us savour the gory details. Let us savour the stirring of the swarm.

Furniture moved and house spit and polished. Aye and dressed with a vase of wild flowers, the table top first night together there. Platter cleaned and tankard dredged, beseated on soft couch in big rose chintz, afore a homely glint in the hearth. They did fill their hearts on happiness, carried the glint of its gold to the rafters, as she leapt and surged beneath his horny touch, under the covers in the candlelit dark, he cut his teeth upon her nipples, plunged to take the peak of his thrill, melted the twain in their climax, awash, awash, sweet lusty heathens, alost and adrift in a sea where the caverns grow deep, very deep indeed, and your little lives cannot know how crushing the chaos that may reign, how voiceless the silence, a sound that sharpens and cloyes the brain. They did not know what bricks and mortar could rigor mortar whenever it did spy a chance cometh by.

But the chalice of their love was flavoured vellum, venom that would winter and spittle to a crack of ice on a grave, come the naught of a blustery May. The chalice of their love was not savoured and drawn but gulped at and turned away from whenever the away times did afflict them. Him, stopping in digs away off past the valley, to lay out the tarmac, work muscle and sweat to bring home the bread she required, savour the musky wine she allowed him portions of.

Petulant at times she was. Moaning about how dreary things were there on her own. How they never had enough money and how Maisie Jukes was away off to the welsh mountains and over 'em to see the sea on the new charabangs that'd come to the valley. How the Gryce sisters had gone to Ludlow town the other week and seen Gone with the Wind. Why could they never go anywhere or do something interesting? Suffocated here, she was at times, nothing to do but keep house and garden, sit and twiddle the thumbs of an evening. No childer yet to spoil her abandon. Oh yes, she'd made sure of that with a peck of Penny Royal.

Goaded him, she did, to go for the big jobs. The ones that meant far away, far in another town. While she

did the dirty on him back home. Only towards the end, we could grant her. But by then the cards were drawn, the dice had been thrown, the tripple six had upturned. She did not see. She could not predict until her brains were splattered across the bedpost behind her. Oh, sure, the wheel had turned quite mortal slow at a certain time. We allowed her dallying spirit to roam, to enjoy the chase as they say, indulged her for a while. Sugar-pot should've spun your own honey not taken the treacle from our tart frame. Poor little sugar-muff - lust for all and panker spicing in your shanks, delicious 'un all aquiver, ensavour'd up and enravell'd in the indulgence of her own appetites - the animal flanks that riveted her thighs.

Could not help the aroma of spring that wafted round her, when she placed her order at the butcher's counter, asked for his sausages, oh and how many? Only one; and a big fat long one at that, was the thought as it flashed in her mind. She did not speak it though of course, but smiled in a brazen way thrusting her bosom so his help-mate, young buck, looked on with a blush round his neck and something of stiffness behind his butcher's apron.

Oh six and six more she would say, just to be on the safe side, never know when he might come home hungry, she joked and tipped the lad a wink, something playful, which master butcher saw and joked on. Sent her laughing out of the shop and a fizz of deofel entered their stride, a jovial electricity that lasted them the whole of a day. She took it home with her and fed on it 'neath the covers where her own hands reached to satisfy and her thoughts hooked onto the butcher's boy with his fine strong youth all of aglowing, wanting to taste the experience she may offer, lusting the cup of his load.

Seedy little bint she was, when her hector and snuff set her going. Ready for anything, she was. She'd have made a mint, coffers of gold no doubt about it, under a red light, in one of those districts don't you know. She might have made a madame with style but too hung and drawn by her mother's mither'n, too superstitious to throw off the christ lump and say hang to hell wi' it. She wanted respectability as well as the flavour of a little dalliance now and agin. But well, it was just, sorry missus, 'cos I'm afraid to we three, here down below, in the dank dim rizem of the loam, a little dalliance can go a long, long way. A trifle reactful like - just when you mightent expect it.

Ah she was not to know, poor little bitch. But you can't mess a rough man's passion around, oh no don't rouse the beast in his soul, she should've known. She felt the fangs to be sure and then, bless her, Void. Nothingness. Void. A flicker of memory in the pantry as from the hook her housecoat shifted; in echo of an earlier writhing.

Not agony my dear. Sensual gluttony. The craving her body and hormones dictated. We obliged her with an opportunity - a chance she oh - could not avoid taking. Sewn up and stitched her. Little tart. Back to oblivion where you belong. Blow a bubble up your arse with your bitch's hide, setting the whelps to all their slaving. Silly girl. Didn't count there was bound to be gossip. Well and aye do the valley folk churn up the talk with aplentiful wagging of tongues. Didn't realise how whispers could ricochet round all the green length of the valley, whey and dearie me, no did she not. Didn't reckon on her man's being close-like. Didn't caper on his stony-kept silence; his watching and waiting for any false move with a worm of suspicion wriggling away at the nub of his love.

And aye it was true, she sensed on a thrill of fear, a displeasure that cringed her to guilt. So she soft-round and sweet-bubbed him, looking misery of the times when he was away, how long the hours dragged. How necessary it was to troll into town now and again. The both of them could go. Down to The White Horse. She could sit in the garden there, he could bring her out a beer - on Saturday when he came back home. Don't be like this, all starchy, she bridled. I get the groceries, sort out some deliveries. There's only one of me - can't cook the Sally Lunn's you love without the flour and the milk churn. Nor do the steak and kidney of a Sunday, care of the butcher, care of the butcher's boy who runs the delivery service.

Didn't tell him so of course - only she knew like. She'd been told the previous week. To save her lugging heavy shopping tuthree mile or so back up the hill. Get her sausages delivered. On the doorstep you know, whensoever you may require. She flashed her smile to beguile him. Well come Friday if you can, so I can bake before the man comes back home on the Saturday. Come Friday lunch would be kind, to give I all afternoon to get the fingers worked in the dough, in the pastry pie, man out on the road-line has such a hankering for.

And well, they could believe him missus, let me tell you. When they oggled her from over the counter with her primrose yellow-smelling jumper which swelled and floated up to wash their glances on, as they cut extra sharp with the cleaver to impress, ketch a shot of silver chopped swift straight thro' the vertebrae. They remembered and she fuelled their fantasies, as the elder chose the meat for her parcel

and the younger went for a wank-off be the seat and pail, up behind the bliffshed, aye. Fire in his blood at night 'neath his single-bed sheets as Wednesday evening swam onto Friday and the shaft of his loins rose to plunge her cleft, in the rampant imagery of his mind. The mystery, the woman secret she could give, he wanted so to know of. So his fantasies did run, well she knew. And jiggled her bait like a trap coated honey, not reeking violence, a shot through the skull.

Laughed my dears, we could have died. They did to be sure. Ha ha. Why should we care? Why should we give a damn? Quite frankly, my dears, its the opposite, as Rhett had said to Scarlett. Poor Scarlett, who washed her tears in the fog as away her man did run. Not so kind the cut of blighty our Suzanna was swung for. No tears in the foggy foggy dew - dear suzie when the blinds are drawn. Dear me no.

How delicious then, the energy that ravelled up the home. How sunny became its accent. How she toyed with Friday in her mind, pleased herself on husband's Saturday, that she knew was sure to come. But some bluster of the youths in the Castle square, set roadman on the whiff of suspicion. A nagging of his sub-conscious mind at the note in the men's laughter, as a fellow made complimentary quip about his wife, aye, about his woman Mal. Really, he could've taken it as compliment, but there was the wolf he'd seen arise, arise, in the men's eyes, at the thought of her. Eyes akeen and panting saliva'd mouths. Aye to be sure. The wolf - he is fidel, do not amess with he - arose in the glint of the eyes of the men who laughed for the joy of his wife's behind, who laughed to celebrate the flutter and the jiggle, unbeknownest of roadman standing right by. And a viper stealthily entered his heart and gnawed at the root of the passion there; poisoned it with a black, formless thread that unravelled to the centre.

Shot rabbits on the way home, few wood pigeons, pheasants when they could be had. He prepared 'em for her squeamishness could only deal with flesh and bone. Not guts, Mal. Not feather and claw or fang or fur. Just the rosy bone and flesh, my dear. Just your ivory flank upon the bedspread and the flickering candlelight to lend you that sheen of gold. Your eyes such pools a man could drown in, maws to swallow you up in. Take your pride. Spit you out and cheat you if you would let her. Never.

Never again, my dears, will we see such scenes. Such a marvellous coalescing and gathering of the energies that brought climactic sunder and atwain. Marvellously bubbled to the boil, my dear. Oh we played it long and shrieking stormy towards the end. Never again, quite the same.

But still. More victims come to the sacrifice. Still. Despite the ruins of our domain. Despite the obsidian-sombre embers that throw light from incandescence, absorb the ethers and flatten-form such angles from the crafty corners where oh such a strain of malevolence broods they could not fathom. Oh these trifling innocents! How they trickle through our net. See how they wriggle and squirm! See! Now there are others come. Ignorant ones. Fresh from the urban mire, trying to test their teeth on the country, trying to grasp the rustic rusk to their mouths. Poor, poor little shallow innocents! Worldly - so they think - but ignorant of the name of the game. Ignorant of the name of this particular kind of game, I'll be bound, eh Mal? Oh the whispers we shall dispel, impelling them, surrounding them with an ache of the voiceless void. Oh, such an ache of the voiceless void! How we shall toy with our new city playthings. Oh how we shall toy.

Bedlam, no doubt. Not a place to go to as well our Josh knows. Doesn't he now girls? B'aint that not so my fair sisters? Oh Bedlam's not a place to go now. They put electric in your brain and fill your veins with chemicals, cattle-prod you pillar to post, aye. Bit of a bed to lie on, a can to piss in the corner of. Doctor's eye to probe'un. Tablets to keep'un quiet. On the scarlet walls where countless crimson roses bloomed coalescing in patterns across the whitewash backdrop of his mind. Just blood red roses blooming cast always from the corners of his mind where the centre had fallen through to leave a blank behind. Mummbling. Dribbling. Scarlet roses splashed in livid abandon across the primrose-yellow, violet-blue, flock-flowered wallpaper that had dressed their bedroom wall. And roadie now, Josh roadie, has cut his flanky, found his own bit of blighty, stuck with his needles and tablets and semi-oblivion, aye. A can to piss in the corner of, where his shrivelled soul doth jibber before the crimson turmoil of his mind.

Say; but come Friday of that passed on May Day time, why she did draw her a leisure of bathing, to be sure. Washed her hair and put a bit of lipstick. Picked the early bluebells that'd come to set the scene a charm. Tidied, swept and clean, especially, well of course loves, the pantry. And the boudoir upstairs, don't you know. Oh scarlet one. Oh scarlet hearted one, who smelled and savoured the rose without reckoning on the in-growing thorn that would rupture all, from here and to eternity, my dear, and never back again my dear. Never back again, from here and to eternity, my dear. Lash loves - did not realise the man could groan wild!

Chosen a skirt that could show some of her knee off, a close-fitting snifty that pleasingly would accentuate round her titties so. A pleasure to see, to be sure and so thought the butcher's boy after he loads up the cart and trots for that house on the hillside behind which the Black Hills do roam. Canny times. Behind where the Black Hills do roam.

He'd done his bit of bluster and shine. Thought on his trouser work and tended to the fluffy bits of his hair tendrils that he tamed to a bluff young man's business come the morn of Friday nigh. Flexed his muscles in the mirror back home; soaped well and washed too, that an' all to be sure. He knocked on the door ready to do her gallant service and my dear, he knew his bargain day had come.

Bluebells you see. A cluster of 'em in a vase on the table when the coppers brought her down. It was - 'I know 'cos Hilda's boy's in with the blue. She had it from the horse's mouth: the table with the vase full of first-season bluebells, a pot of tea and two cups on the stand. Invited him in see, she did, must've done. Didn't reckon on poor Joshua coming back early from his work-time. Carrying his gun, ready to shoot the odd rabbit or two. My word he found a blighter in bed with his wife. My word. Came in, saw the teapot and the cups, heard laughter upstairs, a creak and a tumble of the bedding, so they say'.

Scandalous! The murder writhe did ricochet his mind and rose in a torrent from his heart; a black flood that engorged him in the center of his happening. Maddened bull he was. Leapt up the stairs, pushed the door open. Saw her. Saw him. Saw them. Scushered his incoherent whisper, "Susan!" Savage, oh so savage, the hunter's cry from the silent anguish of the heart. And she, oh Lady Di, oh laddida, Lady Di, hunter turned victim, high criddle-by, got blasted away with a wind where her soul should've been, all gone on a glut of the blood sin. Sinner's blood. Dropped to hell, you see. And hell is nowhere and nothing you see. Hell is all around if you know where to look, if you happen upon a particular potent snatch of lair, don't you see.

But let us, for our delight, backtrack up a while. Oh welcome young tall handsome delivery boy, was the giste of her quip. Oh certainly, at your mercy mam, it is nothing you see, a pleasure and a duty. Or words less skilful but put to better effect. If you could just bring it in here she says, guiding him to the pantry. Such a larder boys! It would whirl up your mind, so round and juicy boys, I tell you. He could hear the bluster in his mind's eye. Hot for me she was, he would say, for sure, and so she was. With a little persuasion, a mock thrown appeal, a tip and a nod and a wink to test the stars on your bed missus. Oh Davie, come and have a cup of tea, when he had hung the ham on the hook in the pantry - did not notice the shadow of its claw upon the upraised roof as the sun flooded into the kitchen behind them. Sat down, certainly Missus Knapp. A cup of tea would be nice and some sponge-cake lovely, yes for me. Thanks for sure I will take it and enjoy. And so he did and so did she.

Sugar she asked. Oh plenty he said if you have it. She giggled and asked him how the work load was. Busy as it must be, was the young man's reply. For sure, Lady Jane, busy all the while the butcher 'ee be. Always got work on. Always food in the pantry though. Think on that. But she couldn't put a lock on the latch of the door, didn't hear his footsteps aleaping up the stair until he had burst in upon 'em and she was revealed, well, for what she was, slut, sloshed upon the ceiling. Painted the wall, he did with her. Brains splattered all over the bedroom wall paper, Hilda's boy said. But a perfect red hole in her forehead so that her glassy eyes could stare at him as her brains were blasted from behind 'em into his own nightmare of nothingness. That haunting sea-maiden glassy stare would siren twist and gimlet him like a gyre at the centre of his life to follow, where the blank backcloth of his brain paints up forever rose clouds, those crimson clusters that coalesce continuously through a dead-fish steadiness drilling holes in his mind of a myriad fragments. Automaton. All parts. Stuck in routine unison. No centre. It all fell apart. But still functioning. In a dulled and nightmare-lobotomised fashion.

And after all that, see, still they come, the silly city slickers, come to escape the modern mess they've made. Oh don't mess with our midnight soul, you little innocents, you city slickers come to till a portion of our soil. Don't reckon on no bed of roses. For I tell you, too many ebony ones have rooted here and though the perfume can be exquisite, the barb is ever present, the operator awful skilful - at cutting up a square!

Kimets! Vapid fools. Will not listen to how oppressive be the silence up here, when the gusting torrent of the winds do drop their play awhile to listen to our echoes sing....But after all, it's a free world isn't it my lovelies? As they say out there, on the spirit-frozen streets. It's a free world, they say. Oh yes. It's free alright. Death has no fee; death requires no fee whatsoever. And fear, well, you can join us at any time, come rain nor shine. Just dot. dot. dash here and you'll see @. windows. com. rtl. house on the hill. Thoroughly, expertly, verily, linked to e-mail, don't you see. Hark! Can you hear the screaming of the void? Cheer! Oh something wonderful, my dears. E-mail as well, plenty to tell, kiss and tell. Oh so much

to see, so much to relish. Poor foolish little modernos. Poor wandering sheep that cannot tell the wolfish domain when they sees it and comes ready to make their nest in our pantry.

Slowly they will remember the truth they cannot avoid. Perhaps they will see the blood drip down those re-stripped, freshly plastered and painted walls, as if the facelift could do away with the disease in the bone. Or whether now it will be much more subtle. Oh yes. The possibilities are endless, we can see. Given e-mail.

Still, they are not to know. All the pollution. Senseless, you see. Drives them senseless. They live for that computer you know. Can't get them off it some nights. We can just hear it now, can't we my dears? My marvellous snow queens beseated in the icy Lock of the Land. Ready to arise. To take out your mantles, place up frosted crowns. Ah, my sisters! Shall we not laugh! Have fun! Enjoy their abandon! Watching and waiting, like a crow's crooked claw, when to swoop and when to stick the talon in. He didn't get chance, the butcher's boy, to stick his flesh pizzle in, that is. Roadie caught them part way. She had her top off. He had his mouth to her nipple. The inside story you see, local press don't get a look in, see. Cup of tea and some cake. Ever so nice, says Davie, the butcher's lad, getting bold with her flashing smile and busters thrusting. How about a kiss then, says he. Well I never, swear, my sweet Davie, now you shouldn't a go saying stuff like that, you'll get me all of a mithersome. And what if I does, he carps back. Davie the butcher's lad. What if I does? How does thee think I gets by with all the nonsense you put my way. But he couldn't articulate it, only body language bluff took a stride. Perhaps you would like me to kiss you, he asked roguish-like, at her panting denials and blushing, oh no no, my young laddie, what do you take me for, heaving her bosom, parting her lips, pressed her hand to the softness she was formed.

Then he suddenly leant towards her, put his mouth upon hers and tongued her inner cove, exploring, just like a man first unto the mountain top, aye. Ever so passionate like. Lovely it was. He kissed her long and lingering and well they both did come. He kissed her long and lingering like til readily she did succumb, my love, until readily she did succumb.

And soon by gum, not even the locals know this one, he was pulling her onto his lap, duck to water like completely, ravaging her missus, wrapped up and taken. Hands everywhere let me tell you. For she was so obliging you see. Didn't give a dinkie about the maister away from home. Thought noone'd see or know. Just a swift one while the old man's back was turned. Just a quickie to sample his fresh-formed thigh - fancied him rotten for ages, she had. Why shouldn't she taste the forbidden fruit? No one to know, now. Besides, he was all over her and her body was already charged afore he set upon her. Couldn't resist that. Her flesh melted for it. Burned for it. It didn't burn long by charrie, I'll tell you.

He had taken her top off until she stopped him, placed a finger on his lips, led him upstairs then. Yes, onto the very bed, dears. The marital. Scandalous. Absolutely. That's what her husband thought.

Writhing on the bed they were, semi-clad. Him with his trousers off, she in her suspenders, no knickers, all shed, see. Warm weather, see. May-time, see. Gets to their veins, hormones, see. What can you do? But oh boy does this devil have a sting in his tail at times! We can vouch for it. Eh, sisters three?

In comes roadie, sees primrose yellow jumper shed. Hears a creaking some, a squeaking some, a giggle in the rafters.

'Susan!' came his hoarse whispered tone, like a snake's sudden slither in the grass afore it lunges to strike, choked on his own agony. She didn't have chance to scream. A frozen moment. The horror beginning in her eyes, the notion for pleading about to kick in. He couldn't bear it. Shot her brains out, plastered the butcher-boy's in the other corner straight after he'd leapt back from offa her, lifted his head from his honey-pot's frozen side.

He didn't hear him, see. Butcher's lad didn't know Roadie was there. Neither did she to start with. Roadie opened the door so quiet-like. Heart breaking into vulcorous rage. Stood for a few seconds and watched 'em at it. Saw his bitch dribble wet for another. Then he scushered out her name through his rage-broiled larynx, through his strangled throat. Froze both of 'em for that second as he shot her. Then turned his gun and shot again as the butcher's boy sprang up. Both of them, through the head. Only the butcher's lad, his face was a mess. Eyes all shot in. Her face though, was perfectly preserved, apart from the weeping red hole in her forehead. Good job he was a sure shot, I tell you. Took the back of her head clean off. Little time to suffer for both of them.

Him, though, Roadie, his suffering went on interminably. Had his mind done-in, he has our Roadie. They locked him up in a mental home and threw away the key. Poor sod. Still continued ... enduring his little agonies. The rose clusters never receded. They were always there - blooming black midnights in his mind, through the frozen wreckage of his soul, through the gleam of a fish-dead stare. Poor sod. Poor

Josh. Poor no tell and Roadie man. Aye.

Aaah! That was then and this is now. But b'aint it so peaceful now, my sisters, b'aint it our Mal and Gella? Whey and all prettified and up-spruced. Made right salubrious, eh girls? Right plush and fine. Look at thaise drapes the Misses brung in - heavy claret velvet for the downstairs casements, bonnie cotton print up here be the rafters, fresh painted walls in the corridor, down both the staircases, papered right tasteful like in the rooms where the childer will sleep. And through over the extension, the master bedroom where the Maister and his Misses shall to their bedding, with their shower room en suite. Opposite a room like a private study, with a single bed stashed to the wall.

Then the bathroom all dreamy blue with a pale buttermilk carpet thick between the toes - for those as 'as got 'em, that is. Seahorses and starfish stencilled round the borders, bowing the water in, mustering a suasion of the seashore in from the rushing of the silvery taps, the waterfall of sound.

Eh well, who would've thought it Mal? Who'd a thought it our Gella? Right from the time of the clogger's squattage, through the hariden's festering rind, past all that blood on the walls, to come up to this! Eh, who'd a thought it? Marvellous! Like a new place, ain't it meine schwestern. Like a palace it be or something near as fine, I'll be bound. And we can tell they've got plans for the garden can't we sisters? Oh yes, with that acre adjoining the little stretch of woodland behind it. All up here on this valley up the high side, just before the Black Hill does loom.

I can see them now - we all can, can't we girls? The whole little clan of them. The teenage boy turned sixteen, the girl come thirteen this fall. A little 'un called Jack would you know, a maither and a faither. A tad posh mind.

Look alive. Look alive. Oh yes. Quite a little tribe we can see! 'cos ain't it done up nice mind sisters. Four bedrooms now Mal. Oh and the prospect of a tiller an' all, out back of the bit of the garden left, adjoining the cleverly thrown in paddock, that scrub of old woodland. Oh yes, the extension's exceeded our expectations, hasn't it girls? Yes, rather tasteful. None of your cheap rubbish here, lads.

Boots lads, you'll have proper ones, I'll make sure of that, you'll see.

Don't you think a tour would be nice ladies? Sisters? My fate-sworn falcons, we silver griffins who gargoyles back come the dark. Now. Shall we look. Upon our verily much enhanced new abode? Sitting room enlarged, wood stove burner in the broad stone hearth, oak beams exposed, and the pillars, which entrance through the downstairs extension with its parquet floor and persian rug covering. A big kitchen at the front now. No pantry - they've had it knocked through. No hooks there now. But I'm sure a shadow will swing boys, some nights when ebbs of silver may lace the midnight air, boys.

Little one, look over there. Do you see, the shadow of the crow's claw caught on a crook of night's wing? Upon the polished staircase girls. In the second bedroom we have little Jack's domain. Hence the jolly wallpaper and single bed with bright bedspread. And in the original master bedroom ... oh yes gasp and shock horror, my ladies and gentlemen, but do we not have a girl grown to tumultuous pangs of adolescence? Mark the tiny rose cluster wallpaper, all Laura Ashley fine you see. Oh sweet, so cottage country, she will say. And the primrose duvet she will love. Oh and the view from the window my dears, won't she enjoy that too, on a stormy night when the ethers shall boil their recreations and cast the spectres toilsome.

Look at all this lovely pine ladies. Plenty of wardrobe space, soft oatmealie carpet, ever so tasteful, cosy, inviting, her room. Little girl, little woman coming to grown. Oh yes, I wonder ... when will the blood of her flow come nigh? My word we shall see eh girls, eh sisters? In the midst of a hot July when the sun blazes blisters and sultry-warm, come soft even-tide, eh sisters?

Moving on down the corridor, we have the enlarged bathroom with its shell-blue lampshade, its pristine state-of-the-art tiles and enamel. On the end, next to where the maister and misses shall bed and abide, we do waim, where the maister and his misses shall to abide, at the end of the long corridor - opens out a door where our young warrior-hero, our whizz kid with his inter-net whistle or however they say it in them city slinks down south, there shall reside our whizz kid with his internet whistle. The whole deck asnd calaver of computable sustenance-screen, he shall have we can tell, oh yes.

Oh, we've never moved, never known much, only everything, you see. It's our nature. Planted before the moon was born, we were. Desecrated and bloodied before our virgin springs had sprung, before our triplet telepathy could deliver them real power. Idiots. They were not to know I suppose. Yet our own flesh and blood, they should've! What a wonder we could've worked, we three - harnessed our mind power for all the Folks bounty. White we were. White snowdrops, pure as fresh fallen snow. Like snowdrops our beginning; the start of our offerance. We would've bloomed a thousand lilies and treasure of poppy-corn and harvest, if they had let us.

But no our strange understandings, they never cherished, they feared them. Grew uncertain of us. Just as the swelling of our pure song had sung its first knell. Dug a big hole they did, at dark moon tide. Thrown us into it. Pushed the soil at top of us. Chanted we to our living, drowning death-mud graves. Squelched us, smothered us, in the soil of their extremity. Leapt a-top to push our faces down, packed into the soil. Live burying us to empower the Land, appease the Goddess, raise the burden of famine that'd swept from the gossip of a neighbouring homestead.

"It's ever since they came born. Those three. Those three girls as have such a strange looks betwixt 'em." No matter they speak so soft and gentle. No matter they can talk in their minds to each other. Spooked 'em see. Silly. Heathens. Always we were. Meant to be. They have seen and they shall see. These new ones, oh yes, they shall see. The young girl and the lad with his net internet field, surfing the jet-spread on an electronic screen. Oh well, we'll give you food for thought Maister Humphrous, we can tell you and for sure. Oh 'A' level is it he's doing sisters? History was it? Computer science, History and French. French! I know girls, that's what all the plain-spoken farmer folk'll say around here. Why French? Bloody French, never helped us out of a hole! German, my dear. Oh German would be much more interesting. He'll have opportunity for both, won't he dears? It'll be his choice by the end of the summer. Perhaps.

Or perhaps their choices shall be chosen for them. Pre-empted, preordained, so to speak.

The workmen were here all spring. Bashing and stripping, building and knocking through the kitchen, taking back the length of us, til blimey luvs, this is a tad different fromert we been used ta, eh lasses, eh? Nice long cosy lounge. Bookshelves, C.D. player, T.V. and video machine. Oh sisters, so these are the moderns now. These are the ones who have the pick of the day. Look, my-my, at all o' thaise gadgets now. All run be electric. Oil-burning range in the kitchen. Whey lasses, just like a page offa Country Living or some such glossy-hype-mag. Oh yes. Thaise folk. Thaise moderns reckon they have the vision for Today. Reckon they've got it sewn up and sorted. Ketched their piece of paradise amidst the borderlands, in a house upon a hillside, behind which the Black Hill do loom.

Oh we take them to our heart!

... Those hills; they are our breath and brether. Aye for such an' all are we a part of them, as they are a part of we, we three, we sisters three. And in the snow-draped silences, how potent the crest of your dream! How potent! When the snow lay stole about, five feet high in the drifts that came legendary those years. Those hard cold bitter years.

And they, thaise centrally-heated new 'uns, now all come 'cased in the finest of cloth, cotton-wooled 'em all about to keep 'un from ahurting and never a scrape or a tussle shall they graze the knuckles of their proof on. And naither a harm shall be come to 'em. Not if they can help it. We can see the love that laces the new-sanded beams. Yes. A loving little family. A loving little tribe.

And where was faither when they took our lives and where was maither but screeching til knocked unconscious and faither on a hillside alone, the weight of murder upon his soul. That the bitter lack-lustre love which threw us to the depths of our ceaseless grave. But sad ... folk, they were not to know. That we had seeded long before the Earth's swollen Tides gave a myriad Birth. Our roots have succoured on starlight, sifted through the timeless winds, trawled the ether of the void. Long and always have abided. Long before the Earth did grant our flesh to bloom. Long before ... Ah, the budding of our hour! How priceless the memory!

But we were not suffered grace to blossom, to truly flower. No no, not we. Forced on us the Hag's mask so early they did. Freezing our blood, sucking away the moisture of our life, with the caking, suffocating mud. The cloying dank soil that came to wriggle and heave neath the skin, eating the flesh, clearing us to our bones.

Three pretty maidens all in a row! Pretty maids all in a row. Look oh look so! Three pretty snow-white maidens all in a row - eyes of blue and hair of gold and look; one that is different to those two. Hair as white as the sunbleached wheat and eyes as pink as a serenade. Pink eyes, the iris, all pinked. Albino you see. One of triplets. Strange those pink eyes that looked and looked of a knowing and suffered a sadness in the silent winters of her heart.

Ah sisters! But weren't we rare! Oh the three of us so dazzling pretty! Well, you two fronting it of course. They all loved you! But you loved me more than they could guess or ever hope to understand. You knew my beauty. You knew the tenderness at my heart. How mortal sensitive to their shunning, my strange pink eyes. You knew sisters - and you held my hands and cried with me. Never mind now. It was meant to be. As we know sisters. As we have always known. So have we always been. We myriad three. We, ones of the Myriad Three.

Yes, they came, the workmen. After the builders and the plasterers. Then came the carpenter to do up the stairs, create a second flight further down the extension. Came they down, the two of them, the maister and twain, to do a spot of decorating, decide how to dress their house. They didn't bring the childer. Kept it a mite secret. Like a surprise to be sprung on 'em. Something to delight 'em, whilst they was snook in their private boarding schools and little Jack was with the grandamum. Oh yes sincerely happy families here, we saw.

Colours decided, fabrics accorded, carpets delivered, furniture installed, furnishings draped and dressed, beds made and duvets fully co-ordinated. Each child chosen for a space and maither and faither - whey! out in the big bedroom above where the extension has stretched. All over that piece in the garden, do you see dears? Do you remember it? That little stretch of the garden where thaisen modernos have gone and planted their house-kit. Do you remember it? Of course you do! There's my little finger knuckle see, deep down, deep embedded in the clay. Yes and if I crook my little finger you see. Well, things start to happen, don't they sisters?

Delicious isn't this my sisters? This prospect so fair and advantageous. Oh to dabble in the world of the modernos, oh to dabble in the world of the modernos for a while. There's nothing new under the sun of course nor below the moon. But it's always nice to have things close at hand isn't it now sisters? Yes, always better to have things live and close to, wouldn't you say my dears?

Well and this old house has never seen such a dressing, such a painting and slicking. Spruced up and spruced up fine ain't it gals? Ketched their piece of paradise here to be sure girls, eh? So they think. Poor innocent modernos. So they think. Now how shall we begin my sisters? How shall we consecrate our offering? Something marvellous subtle or volcanic and thrash of lightning? What dreams of blood shall we dress the stairwell with? What hidden embers shall we stir into flame? What conflagration shall we conjur forth now ... from the depths of our foetid grave? Endless. Endless the possibilities ... of course and then it will've been and come real ... we watching, we three ... how oh ...

She came in as a child and a queen all in one. Breasts beginning to form. Legs like the length of a deer, all colt-charm and rosy. What do you think my melchion schwesters? A nightmare shot in the depths of her dream. A fluttering of wings and the jet-beady stare of a raven on high, the soundless glide of the screech owl. The brushing of her breasts against the hoary oak, a braw man-dryad's arm encircling her pretty maiden waist. The silken slip of erotica whispered awake in our hands. Oh the stirring of her sexual energy, the sensual levity of flesh! Yes, we like to get the ladies razzed, don't we sisters? Like to turn the lasses lewd. All unsettles the men so. Can't keep their minds from off of her thighs.

I can see it now. The beginning of the sleep-walking. Our voices calling her ... calling her. The start of her obsession with that patch of the garden, close by the extension wall. She won't be able to help herself, of course, little lamb. Somehow she shall be compelled. All in her unconscious-exposed in the depths of the night, in the dark of the night.

And they are bound to find out, to know later on. Just as they are cutting their teeth on this country-cake lark. It'll be maitrehausen no doubt. Searching up the local history. Finding time to indulge her interests. Down to the quaint local library she'll go. Look at all the moth-eaten books on the borderlands. Chance she will stray upon a story and turn a little squeamish when the lights are on low and the creaking of the boughs above the windows can sound like a gunshot snap when the wind rages wild and dashes infrequent agin recent embellished eaves.

And fearful for her little ones she will deliberate to tell them. Consult the maister, who'll agree with she. As they always do in the end.

But see, they never learn do they? Endless repetitions we see. Endless repetitions of mistakes they never learn from. No. Civilised they call themselves. And thaise, thaise folk inparticuler. There is a smugness about them ... we would like to rent asunder, to dash and toss aside, abide, abide ... teasing before, long, long before we get shut of 'un.

Slowly, oh so slowly to watch the disintegration of their oh so carefully worn masks, come about, come about. The facade slipping until the worms have taken hold - metaphoric, of course, eh sisters? Maggots that run riot 'ginst your bones, we could tell them couldn't we sisters? But there are those with maggots in the brain who will never see a dawn as its dying. Who will never catch that special frozen moment - the witness of something rare. Their noses are set too firm ap the grindstone. Aye and they naither lift their eyes agin in wonder at the fragile snowflake fall but muttersome and grumble-long, all of a clathered in their tincan motorised metal, beetling to the brow of an every hill. But never stopping. To witness the dew as it falls so soft and subtle upon the petals of a flower. Always repeating the same mistakes. Really, I wonder sisters, has the human race grown at all? Or is it kept in a contusion of

similarities; a rut that cannot be outgrown? What think we sisters three?

Maitrehausen, she will shield them but she will witness the disturbance of her little ones and chaff herself at the edges with a dry crumbling attrition of worry, that takes its toll, dulls the aim, as the years grow by.

Look childer! All of the pictures that spring to mind! The sound of a gunshot and scarlet roses blooming 'gainst the bedroom wall, ebony roses that smell of her perfume in the purple twilight when a girl's heart has wings and the ecstasy of her body is beginning. Oh, then the stormy night shall come, oh yes, the night of thundersome lightning, when she, young maiden daughter, walks into the night to dig in the mud with her nails, grasp the clods with her snowy little fingers, take the soil from out of our lungs.

And father and mother shall follow her into the night. And maitrehausen seeing her little one's deep-sleep state shall stop him from jolting her for fear the shock could kill her. And muttering she will be, the little fair melchion, with the snowy-white tips and red, flowing hair. "Must release you, get you out of there." Let you breathe a little. Yes my fair sweet melchion. Oh yes, through you we shall breathe again. And aghast before her father's eyes, he who was sworn to stand by, she shall squirm about in the mud, contours caressed by her moon-drift shift with the muck she'd dug up to the side. And the rain lashed down and stung her budding breasts, made her know she was alive.

Her faither shall cast his eyes down in shame, afraid of his daughter's beauty, afraid of her dazzling, fresh-life, allure, animal-child, woman-come in the rain-drenched thundersong. As the lightning flashes and the mother screams but will not abandon her little melchion flesh. Ah the chaos in our little maiden's mind, how it shall rivet and ravish them all! But subtle her mind we shall close to. Awaken she shall in the midst of her ruins, in the midst of her ravishing exposed to the elemental flesh of her ruins. Oh she shall be so bemused. "What are you standing there for? I was having a dream. It was a dream! Suddenly leaping up, the mud smeared and slimed from crest of her breast to her buttock that curved with a racehorse behind. Swear the father's guilt must look aside, afraid to meet her eye lest she should read some madness there. Aye and suddenly leaping forwards she shall and dig again as a remembrance do come to her. But sit back she shall, troubled, perplexed, all upset, and burst into tears, put her muddy fists to her brown-amber eye. And maither shall comfort, attempt to fathom, and she shall speak of her dreams and they shall know us. Aye they shall know us. Perhaps. For a little while.

But they shall not know. They shall not know just like all the others, the point of no-return. The fools will hang around until the viper from the Dark Heart of her nest is drawn. They will wait until Winter's iron claw has locked them, hot stock and barrel. Frozen them into a purpose all its own. Pitiless, the ice-time see lads. Pitiless. When the North winds do blow and the cold cannot be kept off for the harvest has failed in successive years. Now there's a winter for them to remember eh sisters?

Spring was sweet for a while til the soil choked us. Oh well! Those halcyon days! How many Mal? How many our Azanagelle? Pah! You could count them on the fingers of one hand, I'll be bound, wain't it not so we sisters three? Still.

Our bitterness was dredged and mulled long before the forests took root, before an infinity of fossils melted into glutinous oil. Flesh will come and flesh will cease. Mulch down. We know about the mulching down don't we sisters? The steady rotting of the carcass. The gradual falling of the meat from the bone, just a wisp of skin left, like a strand of lace holding a remnant of my sword arm, unwilling to let go. Ah! I could have known such fervour! Yes, we were all so fervent sisters, waim't it not so?

But nothing is fixed. There are many, many ways to slow, quick quick, slow. There are a very many days to dance in a sun-drunk summer ho yet, I'm sure, couldn't we say, we sisters three? Infinite. The choices. Perhaps we could snatch the little one to our bosoms, slash their hearts right out of their feathers. Cripple 'em and crush 'em in one fell swoop. He heard voices see. From underneath the surface of the water, from the bottom of the pond in the middle of those woods, voices calling him in ... come to no harm ... but the weed will have choked him, somehow kept him down, little sign of any struggle. Oh how to wither a mother's heart! Oh we know that well, don't we our lasses?

But say hey. We waim't be saa hasty shall we our lasses? Never of it - it's not our style. Slowly oh ever so slowly to the simmer til the boil eh sisters? Eh meine schwestern? Oh surely surely we shall tease them for a while, ketch 'um playing. Join the games, won't we sisters? We ice-queens three turned frosty glare of crimson come the witching hour.

It could all unravel so slowly, so deliciously inexorable, as they shall come to know. When the chips are down. When the cards are on the table, they will find the dice are loaded. Oh yes, won't they just sisters? It'll be Alex is in his bedroom again. At the computer again, as the web-sites entangle him in his own private hell and his world shatters. Splits apart, turns inside out. His dreamy regime of green, white and

blue, he will discover is owned by you know who! No, no mention of names, oh no names. Don't look too long into the centre of the swastika my son or it'll spin you whether or no you care to go. Don't dredge up those mouldy old details. Why ponder young warrior? When you are designed to get out and do! Join a club. Scour the park. Go scaffolding. Bunji jumping. Stock shelves in the supermarkets. Earn a wage! But not for he - no ho - 'cos daddy will indulge and daddy will provide, until the young dog has bitten the age-old hand which by its comfortable emersions would tame, the untamed wild.

The hawk! The hawk! Listen loves, hear how the buzzards call, keening, plaintive, wild on the wings of All Beyond. Yes, on the wings of All Beyond.

Ever so quiet and cosy 'ent it Mal? Ever so comfortable warm and cossetting bain't it be my one, my own Azanagelle?

Perhaps we'll settle us to sleep now. Drift as the homesters get themselves feet found. Eh, meine schwestern? Eh, my sisters? Shall we let them unravel a spiral of happiness into the summer-long dawn? Look dear, how the garden has taken. The bluebells, aren't they charming? The maiden of brown and amber bends down to study, to caress. Aaah, so sweet that gentle caress!

Aaah! That she should know pain. But mother's hearts were made to bleed don't you know? Beneath the balmy summer song, beneath the days so hot and long, with all the green growth fecund rich - how shall they know that Winter's Heart can wither so?

And like pearly ribbons the moonlight at times across the dew-covered lawn. Primroses border to the doorway and honeysuckle has been tended to frame the entrance portal. A lightness. And how oh, all seems so rich and mellow as autumn fruits begin to bronze and rosy-russet in the fermenting mists that linger round the hedgerows; a scarf trailed across the dour expanse of the pines, where once the sturdy oak had shed its giant limbs to foster the myriad life-form. Where once the oaks had stood, the pine forests add an inflection of sterility into the twilight air. The Land. This Land. Once so rich.

Now so taken up somehow. Taken up. Cut up and squashed down and racked around and ruined. Still. Secrets run deep. Secrets run very deep. The inner loam is rich. Ready for the fray. Ready to succour its soil upon blood. Steadily consume the concrete. Longing for it, aren't we my dears? Oh yes. The carnage days. Get out my butcher's apron and chopping blade. Plenty of heads to chop, I'll be bound, eh sisters? Eh, my dark majesties, draped in your stoles of snow, we, she, all three of us are part of. But for nigh the storm is gentled, nibbling merely at the edges.

Oh dark, dark, bitter dark and poisonous is the cud that we do chew upon. Where? There! At sacred root, the filthy worm has found its hole and wriggled in its canker. Oh the knowledge of poison is a subtle art, subtle as they come.

We know our trade better than well. We know how a nuance can continue domino effect. Oh yes. We can make plenty a house of cards come down and tumble, they shall see. Oh yes. We know how a shadow can appal. We know how misery can seep cold in, to ice the marrow of the bone. Like an icicle our hearts. Oh foolish children. We could freeze your souls at a glance. Trickle ice til you rigor mortised. Hapless ones who have wandered from the fray to find the battle come to roost beneath the ivory towers of your protection. Naughty e-mail @ com.w.dot dash. house on the hill. Where the sunwheel spun an electric screen, where a wheel of scythes rotated round, whirling him off to a future he could never have forseen.

House of cards, they shall see. Oh this mortal coil, how it shuffles off, shuffles off ... how about explosions of wrath to see it on its way! How about the shadow of a crow's claw, the razor beak against the candlelit wall in the pantry. Power cut and all lights out except the light of living flame. Little did they know - could never forsee the nightmares that would come to pace and prowl the storm-brewed night, to clatter at the door and crack inside the bedroom and whisper a round of lintels of stone through the crevices in the ghostly doorways where memories unfurl a victim's psyche sprawling and into the screaming void.

In the whirling midnights of your mind.

Lest we forget.

Cunning how it works. The blitzkrieg. The zeitgeist.

See there in the shadows the outline of a raven's wing, the beak of the hooded crow. Up on the hillside where the carrion will gather.

Gone up in smoke all of it, you see. Gone up the swanny.

House of cards come tumbling, they shall see, oh yes.

Oh yes, meine schwartze lieben.

House of cards completely.

Fragile as lattice of cobweb-lace bedecked with the dew of the morn
where above 'un does circle a call:
aye, listen Mal, our Azanagelle, can you hear it? Oh how it thrills!
Deeper than memory song, like a scar that will always belong, the expanse of horizons ...
aye, comes the lance of the sound on the air
and the keening edge of the buzzard's cry
on high in the wilderness winds
above where the black hills do roam ...
aye, keening edge of the buzzard's cry
on high
in the wilderness winds ...

- Order of Nine Angles -

Guide to Black Magick

According to traditional Satanism, magick may be divided into three forms: external magick, internal magick and aeonic magick.

External Magick

This is results magick or sorcery, and it is the magick of the Initiate and External Adept. It itself exists in two forms: ceremonial and hermetic.

Ceremonial is ritual magick - ceremonies and rites where more than two individuals are involved.

Ceremonial magick can be done for basically two reasons: to create/draw down and then direct magickal energy for a specific aim (e.g. cursing), or to represent through words and symbolism the myths/knowledge of a particular tradition or cultus. Sometimes, however, the energy generated by a symbolic rite can be directed to a specific end – as in the Black Mass.

Hermetic rituals usually involve one or two individuals ('sex magick' is usually hermetic) and are generally done extempore. They require those undertaking them to possess or be capable of developing during the ritual, an empathy with the forces/energies employed, as well as possessing the necessary desire to direct the forces/energies. In contradistinction, ceremonial rituals are usually written down and when performed a set text is followed, with only minor variations to allow for the emotion of the moment.

Internal Magick

This is when magickal techniques (e.g. Grade Rituals) are used to alter the consciousness of an individual. The rites of internal magick 'open the gates' between the causal and the acausal, and change the perception from 'ego' consciousness to the 'self' and what is beyond. In the Jungian sense, internal magick produces 'individuation', and leads to Adepthood.

The main rites of internal magick are the hermetic workings associated with the spheres and pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyrd, and the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept which involves the individual living in isolation for at least three months.

It is one of the main functions of established Orders and Temples to prepare their members for internal magick and offer guidance along the way.

Aeonic Magick

This is the magick of the Master, the Mistress of Earth and the Magus, and its basis is an understanding of those forces which influence large numbers of people over long periods of time. On one level, aeonic magick is the alteration/ distortion of such forces; on another, it is the 'creation' of new energies and their dispersion over the Earth to change conscious evolution. In one sense, this is the 'blackest' magick of all.

Satanism, as a way of magick, has no seasonal rites, no servitude or submission to any deity and no fear. There are thus in Satanic rites no defensive circles or measures of any kind: only an exultation in the forces of the rite, a prideful possession and mastery.

Rituals are often done at the time of the full moon because it helps one to see when the ritual is done outdoors and because it gives atmosphere to the rite. Sometimes, rites are conducted on or around the seasonal changes - solstice and equinox - because there is magickal energy present then (due to Earth's changes) and this energy can be harnessed. The same applies to planetary workings - the rising and setting of planets (astronomically calculated for the horizon of the observer - and not using the fraudulent 'planetary' tables given in most books). Such planetary energies exist - but are generally small, and have little effect on rituals done correctly. Most Occultists delude themselves about the nature and extent of these energies (this is particularly true of the Moon) - to become sensitive to them is difficult in our shielded, technological society. Generally, only Adepts (and the naturally gifted) possess the required empathy.

However, this said, the full moon is rightly associated with 'lunacy' and 'demonic' possession - as any one who has worked nights at Mental Hospitals will testify. This power can also be harnessed during a ritual.

Celebratory rites in traditional Satanism are of two kinds - 1) those that express the energies of Satanism - e.g. the Black Mass, Ceremony of Recalling – and whose performance thus distorts the currents of the Nazarenes and the Old Aeon; and 2) those which create new energies appropriate to the Satanic age of fire to come - e.g. invocations to the 'Dark Gods'.

The Black Mass is still celebrated simply because the Nazarenes (and their allies) are still powerful and still polluting us with their filth. It is still the main ceremonial rite performed on a regular basis by organized Temples, and - like all ceremonial rituals its performance gives identity to the Temple, strengthening the magickal and personal ties of the members as well as furthering the work of the Prince of Darkness because it is a rite of Black Magick.

The mysteries of the Nine Angles form an important aspect of genuine Black Magick. On the physical level, the nine represent energy vibrations - for according to tradition, a crystal shaped like a tetrahedron responds to voice vibration of the correct pitch and intensity. In simple terms, the crystal amplifies the power of thought and produces magickal change. Quartz gives the best results, although spinel may be used. The tetrahedron shape has to be created from the natural material by a skilled operator.

On another level, the nine symbolize (that is, re-present) the progression of Aeons and thus the Aeon energies. The representation is that of the nine combinations of the three alchemical substances ((~) ~ GC~) etc.) over the seven fundamental levels, these levels being the spheres of the septenary 'Tree of Wyrd'. The Star Game is a physical representation of these symbols - the seven boards are the spheres, and the pieces are the alchemical variations. (It should be noted that the nine main variations spread over the seven spheres also represent an individual - their consciousness, life and wyrd.) Thus the magick or 'sorcery' of the Star Game - an imitation (magickally done) of an Aeon or individual whose change (the moves of the Star Game) is manipulated by the magickian (the 'player' of the Game). The Star Game has two sets of twenty-seven pieces - one set white, the other black, representing the two aspects of cosmic Change (or the causal and acausal). These pieces are spread over the seven boards.

The Nine Angles also symbolize the seven plus two gates (or spheres) that join our causal universe with the acausal (or 'magickal') universe. The seven are the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (zones of magickal energy), and the other two are the Abyss - where the causal and acausal meet in temporary stasis - and the acausal itself, which is beyond even the Tree. The Abyss, in the septenary system, lies between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and its crossing is the ordeal of the Adept and the genesis of the Master/Mistress of Earth. It signifies the beginning of acausal perception.

The other important form of Black Magick is to do with self-survival after death. This can be done in two ways, depending on the aim of the operator. The first is transference of the essence of self-hood, near the moment of physical death, into another physical body, ensuring thus the continuation of existence on the physical level. The second in passing the acausal Gate - creating an existence entirely in the acausal dimensions.

The first involves finding a suitable body to inhabit; the second has some resemblance to the creation of the 'diamond body' in some of the esoteric schools of Taoism and it is this form which is generally undertaken by the Adept. The first is sometimes done as a temporary measure or if the wyrd of the individual compels completion of some task on the physical.

The process of the first involves the creation of a strong 'astral self' - via chant and visualization and strengthened through acts of magick over a period of time, sometimes using a crystal tetrahedron to ensure the right amount of magickal energy. Thus an 'astral double' is created - and this energy is most usually stored in a crystal until the time for transfer. Meanwhile, a donor should have been found - a good, healthy specimen. The psyche of this donor is then infiltrated through both astral and physical contact. The actual transfer occurs during a ritual with both donor and operator present (the former may be hypnotized or drugged or otherwise enticed) - consciousness being transferred to the 'double' which then ousts the weakened psyche of the donor.

The second form is actually the next stage of conscious evolution - and the goal of the Adept.

What it is important to realize about traditional Satanism is what is meant by 'Satan'. Traditional Satanists regard Satan as not simply a symbol of self consciousness, but rather as a representative of those supra-personal forces beyond the individual psyche.

To see 'Satan' as simply a self symbol - as two recent 'satanic' groups do - is, firstly, to be self-deluded about the nature of cosmic forces, and second, to make (or attempt to make) Black Magick tame and safe. To deal with greater forces is to court danger - psychologically and physically. Traditional Satanists see this danger as a means: the strong survive and the weak perish; this simply being a reflection of genuine Satanist philosophy rather than the tame view spewed forth by the imitation and toy 'satanists' who abound today.

Satan - in traditional Satanism - is never represented pictorially, and apprehension of the physical or causal manifestation of our Prince is an experience that each Satanic novice achieves for themselves by undertaking rites of Black Magick according to the dark tradition. This apprehension may or may not

change when the new Master or Mistress of Earth is born via the ordeal of the Abyss, and it is up to each and every Adept to undergo this experience since the reality cannot be taught - only experienced in the primal Chaos that is the Abyss. What pictorial representations that are used, are those of the forms sometimes chosen by the Shape-Changer himself, for the Prince of Darkness must have his fun with feeble mortals.

It is important to realize also that the name 'Satan' is not his real name it is a convenient epithet, used because it expresses part of his nature. There is, in fact, no real 'name' as we understand names - only perhaps a sound vibration (which cannot really be written down) which summons him to our consciousness and our world. In a sense which few people will understand, Satan is the essence of the acausal: the cosmic force of Chaos whose intrusion into our causal dimensions disrupts the entropy that linear time produces. Our species requires and has required symbols to enable apprehension and evolution - and this is true also of the Initiate (and to a lesser extent of the Adept) who belong to that lower order. The Abyss destroys - or creates a new species, a new 'mind' capable of functioning on levels not normally accessible to those of the lower order. And the most potent symbol of certain cosmic forces has been, and still is, Satan.

In reality, Satan (who has a secret or 'genuine' name known to all Initiates) concerns Himself generally only with Aeonick magick - the changing of this world. Through him, the Masters and Mistresses work Internal Magick, and through their Orders, Initiates undertake rites of External Magick, to the glory of His name.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Magick With Tears
Coire Riabhaich, ONA (c. 1989)

A common misconception made by those few who follow the Seven-fold Sinister Way, is that it will, somehow, make their lives easier i.e. having drawn certain forces to them, they believe via 'satanic mastery' to avoid Trauma City. The lonely realization that this is not so, is often enough to make the Initiate (or even in some cases, Adept) renounce their magickal quest altogether. This can occur for two reasons - 1) the individual becomes possessed and then disillusioned with a 'satanic role' (roles are useful only if understood as being simply a means to an end) and 2) via this realization, Sinister energies are revealed in a far more potent form than the playing of a role could invoke (these energies are, however, the culmination of that role). Quite simply Satanism is not an escape from, but the partaking in life. The challenge of living life as a self contained entity, creating a lifestyle that intuitively follows the path of individual Destiny (by this process Destiny becomes, gradually, consciously apparent) is just too disturbing for the majority of the human race to accept. So the failures crawl back to mediocrity, absolved of taking responsibility for their own lives. Mental and physical degeneracy follows as a way of dulling the guilt that their new/old lifestyle encourages within them. For those who remain on their quest, it is the rising to the challenge of the Sinister Way which creates the Adept and the stage(s) beyond. And this requires an understanding of what forces are in play, and how they all contribute towards self evolution.

It is this understanding which prevents such experiences from becoming detrimental to progression. Trauma will never be eliminated by any magickal system. For those who are working prior to Adeptship, it is wise to see how trauma actually feeds (amongst other things) creativity, and how this creativity would diminish if a comfortable reliance - materially and psychically – upon another individual was established.

This situation would reduce the obstacles that are borne from self reliance; those obstacles being catalysts of an individual's creative expression. One only has to consider the uninspired content of the products of most artists once they are 'patronised'. Life becomes too easy. This situation in itself produces conflict but many fail to understand this and descend into a pit of self abuse. This forms the misconception of 'the suffering artist'. Suffering must be understood for therein lies wisdom. This requires a type of honesty of which most lack the courage to express. To be a victim or martyr to suffering will slow down, reverse and destroy the process of self evolution. Why do so many fail to understand this obvious fact?

None of this necessarily means that an individual should deliberately destroy and create situations - unless this was seen as being beneficial at the time. Such occurrences arise naturally by virtue of living with self honesty and striving towards self excellence. Every act will be spontaneous and 'true' to one's Destiny.

To achieve the highest success possible should always be totally desirable, but the individual should arrive at their own concept of success and not that of the general consensus.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Magickal Mastery - A Novice's Guide
(From Fenrir no. 6, yf 100)
ONA

The essence of achieving success in both ceremonial and hermetic rituals is to restrict the aim of the ritual to one, very specific, aim and to find before the ritual a) a simple visualization of this aim; b) a phrase (which may be chanted/vibrated) which captures the aim in a few words. This phrase can itself be written down (e.g. on parchment and in a secret code of your own devising or in one of the well-known 'Occult' scripts) and ceremonially burned during the ritual. This aim must then become your desire - and a ritual is a means whereby this desire may be achieved. It is essential, of course, for this desire to be strong, and the techniques of magick are simply a means whereby this desire can be strengthened and directed. The easiest technique to use and master is frenzy. This is when you gradually work yourself up to a height of emotion and excitement - and the ritual form is a means to aid this, providing a setting in both time and space. In a ceremonial ritual, for example, you should use the set texts (such as the Satanic 'Our Father' or the Invokation to Baphomet) as a means of generating from within yourself the necessary emotion, saying the words forcefully and with drama. If you are conducting a ritual with others present, get them into the right frame of mind beforehand as this helps to generate from them a certain amount of magickal energy - you might, for instance, keep them in a dark room for about half an hour before the start of the ritual. It is essential for you to stage-manage the ritual, making it a memorable event. The whole ritual from beginning to end should be emotive. To achieve and sustain such emotion and drama takes practice. A good magickian will 'play to' his congregation like a good actor in a theatre does - ceremonial magick has always been a dramatic Art. The adept sorcerer (or sorceress) will also sometimes invoke extempore in ceremonial rituals, and for this some chants should be memorized beforehand: to be used as and when the occasion demands. Rituals - both ceremonial and hermetic - demand energy, and you are the spark which ignites the Promethean fire. To generate this spark requires effort, both physical and mental, and you should at the end of any ritual feel elated but tired: be, in fact, almost on the edge of exhaustion. If you are not, the ritual is unlikely to be successful. This is one of the most important things to remember. It is no good just saying the words, doing a bit of chanting or waving implements about: you must be emotional. You must literally drive yourself almost to the point of possession, of divine/diabolic madness but always with your desire (i.e. the aim of the ritual) firmly before you, stopping just short of total abandonment. You must be prepared to dance, leap, laugh, cry and shout - but must be capable of changing abruptly: cultivating the dramatic silence and stare. In most ceremonial rituals it is one of the tasks of the congregation to abandon themselves - to the dance their lusts and so on but you, as ceremonial master/mistress, cannot since you must direct the energies unleashed. There is a balance in any ritual which only experience teaches, and mastery involves undertaking rituals often in order to develop the skills required. Rituals work through energy: this energy is directed via visualization and chant/vibration through your own desire. That is, the living ritual is the channel or 'Gate' which allows a flow of acausal energy into the causal ('everyday') universe. This energy re-orders the causal - that is, produces changes. One of the first priorities of any aspiring sorcerer should be to acquire and furnish an area as a Temple - and/or find a suitable isolated location outdoors. Temple furnishings should be simple, and space must be left for movement. Be creative and individual about creating the right atmosphere in the Temple - for example, a 'plasma ball' in a candle-lit Temple is more impressive than a boring collection of old bones or a skull. Do not use symbols or designs which you yourself do not understand/know the meaning of and keep to one tradition. For example, a genuine, traditional Satanist would never use any qabalistic symbolism or statues/implements/sigils from dead Aeons (e.g. Egyptian, Sumerian). Instead, there would be septenary and Dark Gods symbolism (for which see 'Codex Saerus' and 'Naos - A Guide to Sinister hermetic Magick').

This may seem pedantic, but it is essential for you to feel part of a living, exclusive tradition - someone party to secret knowledge which outsiders do not possess nor understand if shown. For successful magick, being exclusive means added power and charisma. Develop your chanting and vibrating ability by regular practice, and do not be afraid of using Latin chants. They are not used simply because few understand the language - but because of all languages,

Latin lends itself best to being chanted according to the principles of esoteric chant (qv. 'Naos'). It was also the language used in the traditional Black Mass, and a few untranslated chants have survived the centuries. These chants should be among those memorized to be used extempore.

Chant Examples:

*Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

*Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam.

Pone, Diabolus, custodiam!

*Aperiat terra, et germinet Abatu.

*Caligo terrae scinitur

Percussa solis spiculo

Dum Lucifer ex stella nascitur

In fedei diluculo

Rebusque jam color

Redit Partu nitentis sideris.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Petriochor

- 1) Prepare an area of soil at least three feet square. This must be kept free of plants and should ideally be exposed to the sun for at least part of the day, and unshaded by trees etc. If possible no pesticides, fertilizers etc should be present, but it should also have a high organic content from previous cultivation.
- 2) Collect some of this soil at a specific time between the last full Moon in May and the full Moon following the Solstice. This time depends on the weather, but is always in the hour before dawn. The time is right when following a period of warm, dry weather which has lasted for at least seven days, there is rain in the hours before dawn. This rain should ideally be a light drizzle.
- 3) The soil should be collected and placed immediately in an airtight container. As soon as possible it should be transferred to a suitable receptacle connected to distillation equipment, and a low heat applied for a period of time which only practical experiment can show. The "essence" collected is the basis of the incense.
- 4) Then make up as a normal perfume/oil using a natural base, eg. sweet almond oil, into which the "essence" is infused/mixed.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Satanism

A Basic Introduction For Prospective Adherents
Anton Long, ONA. 1992eh. Revision c. 1998eh.

Introduction'

This present work aims to provide an introduction to genuine Satanism for those interested in this particular Occult way.

It is written by someone who has been involved in Satanism for a quarter of a century and who now has the honour of being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanists. The work is honest and revealing and therefore informative, and will go some way to demolishing the myths prevalent regarding Satanism. Because of its honest and revealing nature, it will also undermine the many pseudo-Satanists who have little or no understanding of what real Satanism is all about.

In genuine Satanism, there are rituals of an Occult kind, as there is an exultation in the carnal. There is also real evil - dark and dangerous deeds: a living of life to the fullest extent. All of these things - and much more - will be explained.

I - The Satanic Game

Satanism is understood by its genuine adherents as a particular Occult way or method. That is, it is a specific path or way toward a specific goal, the following of which involves a particular way of living. The specific path is a dark, sinister, or 'Left Hand Path' one, and the specific goal is the creation of a new type of individual. On a more general level, Satanism is concerned with changing our evolution and the societies we live in - creating, in fact a new human species and a civilization appropriate to the new type of human being. Satanism, however, is often regarded by its opponents or the mis-informed, as being one or more of the following: (a) worship of the Devil/Satan; (b) a religious cult which practices Black Magick; (c) an inversion of the Nazarene religion and its rites; (d) a sect which preaches and practices perversions and sexual license. Further - and also incorrectly - the figure of Satan Himself is commonly held to derive from the religion described in the Hebrew 'Old Testament', with the word "Satan" being regarded as derived from the Hebrew word for "accuser". In fact, the Hebrew word is itself derived from another word - an ancient Greek one. This Greek word - an is - that is, 'an accusation', [See, for example, its use by Aeschylus - aitia ekho.] and also 'cause' or 'foundation' or 'origin' of some-thing. In essence, Satan as a word represents (a) the prime cause of change, of *human* evolution; (b) 'Adversary' in the sense of opposing norm, the accepted, and this sense is still retained in the usage of 'Devil' (e.g. Devil's Advocate). The word 'Devil' is derived from the Greek word - - via the Latin "diabolus". The figure of Satan is thus seen to be not a Hebrew invention, as hitherto supposed, but in fact a representation of opposition, of Heresy: and a symbol of creative change. From opposition there is a synthesis - the process of dialectical change which governs evolution.

Fundamentally, Satanism is opposed to the meekness of conventional religion. Conventional religion (invariably Occidental) means submission - to a deity and its 'appointed' authority/church, or to some dogma derived from the words of some 'prophet'/saviour. Conventional religion also means a certain way of 'viewing the world' - a certain outlook. The Occidental religious way is the way of dogma, of revelation, and ultimately, of fear - there is concern with reward and retribution; with concepts of guilt and sin. There is and must be *faith* - faith comes before personal wisdom derived from direct experience of living.

The way of Satanism is the total opposite of this - it is the way of liberation, internally and externally. There is a desire to *know* based on personal experience. There is a desire to be proud - to exult and revel in life and so fulfill the possibilities that life offers. In other words, there is an exploration of frontiers - an extending of those frontiers. There is a desire to excel, to achieve, to set the standards for others to follow rather than follow the standards set by someone else. This, of course, is not easy - it requires a certain type of person: someone imbued with *spirit*, with an urge to conquer and defy. Someone with *character*.

Thus, because of 'human nature', Satanism in the past has been only suited to a minority - those few who can really defy and go against accepted norms. For it has been a fundamental principle of genuine Satanism that each individual Satanist finds his or her own limits and thus lives, and if necessary dies, by their own morality or ethics. That is, a Satanist accepts no restrictions other than those they impose on themselves. They accept that it is they and only they who can find answers to their questions - and that these answers are derived from direct personal experience of living at the very edge. They cannot be derived from faith, from dogma, from someone else's 'teaching' - or from some theory propounded by some organization, group, 'Temple, whatever.

This means that Satanists are amoral in the conventional sense: there is not, never has been and never can be, any such thing as "Satanic ethics" or a "Satanic authority" which individual Satanists must be subservient to - for such things are contrary to genuine Satanism; they are contrary to the fundamental, personal aim of Satanism - the creation of a more evolved, more highly developed *individual*. Satanism - on the personal level - is an individualized quest, involving individuals striving to experience their own limits and go beyond those limits. Satanism applies the principle of evolution to human practice - the strong survive and win through, while the weak fail or perish. However, this does not mean what most people assume it to mean - a license for anarchic self-indulgence and a wallowing in lust/depravity/excess and so on. A Satanist has a goal - an ulterior motive beyond the satisfaction of their own ego and beyond indulging in and giving way to, of unconscious impulses. This goal is to excel - to go beyond what one is. To do this requires a self-mastery, a real self-discipline. Self-mastery and self-discipline can only be acquired by self-experience: by experience of real life. A Satanist desires to evolve - and this evolution this requires resolve and thus a certain strength of character. What a genuine Satanist does, in real-life or in the learning experiences that are magickal/Occult rituals, is to explore - to find the limits of themselves and the world; they experience and so grow, and so fulfill their latent, diabolical potential. Everything is a means to this - rituals, other people, society itself. Because they have an ulterior motive, a known goal, there is *perspective* - an understanding beyond the impulse/feelings/desires of the moment or moments of a particular experience. In brief, there is - or there developed - real insight, a real judgment and a real self-awareness and understanding. Naturally, this is difficult - and often dangerous. The failures become trapped in - or never go beyond - the moment and the desires/impulses/feelings of the moment. In simple terms, the failures, the pseudo-Satanists wallow in their 'dark side' and the 'dark side' of nature/society, without either understanding it, controlling it or transcending it. Fundamentally, a Satanist knows and understands where they are going and what they are doing/why they are doing it. The failures, the pseudos, are trapped by the acts or acts or experience. The Satanist is strong, proud, defiant and *in control* of the experience and themselves; the failures, the pseudos are in thrall to their feelings/emotions/desires (both conscious and unconscious) and thus are without any real self-insight. The way of Satanism is not easy - the methods, experiences and so on which are necessary and which the Satanist uses to obtain their goal are risky and dangerous. It is easy to fail, get caught or whatever. There is nothing - and no one - to aid the Satanist in his/her quest. There is nothing to make it easier, less difficult, less dangerous. There is only his/her determination, and the learning from experience: the gradual development of character from experience. Only thus is there a real, a genuine, evolution of the individual. Anything less is mere *pose* - an affectation.

The way of Satanism - as exemplified by genuine Satanic organizations - sets forth various learning experiences, reveal various esoteric techniques, and offers an esoteric or 'initiated' insight into life, individuals and the cosmos itself. This way is a practical one - a way of living - and in the early stages a part of this involves magickal practices and rituals. These specific experiences develop certain esoteric skills - and thus enable a learning of 'forbidden' Arts. They also enable indulgence in worldly pleasures - carnal, material and otherwise. But these experiences - and the pleasures which can and do arise from them - are not a fetish as they are not of a religious nature. They are merely means - to be used, learned from, mastered and then transcended. For the novice Satanist always moves on - to new experiences, new challenges, and thus new insights. For most, the overtly Occult aspects - involving participating in magickal rites and running a group/Temple - lasts a few years. Beyond this, they are left behind - the goals having been achieved. That is, the Satanist has achieved the goals of a Satanic novice and moves further along the path, becoming a Satanic Adept. There is then, for the new Satanic Adept, an involvement with other Satanic practices in order to further develop the character and abilities of the Satanist - practices which enable the Satanist to express the dark side of existence by their acts and way of living, and which thus contribute to creative change.

Some of these Satanic practices are, viewed conventionally, "evil" and some are, or may be construed to be in a particular society, "illegal".. They are consciously chosen by the Satanist to develop themselves and to thus aid the achievement of their ultimate goal - and chosen so to aid what is known as the 'sinister dialectic of history'. Such practices aid the unique Destiny which the Satanist wishes to achieve, for each Satanist desires to fulfill their existence in a unique way. They wish to make their mark on the world - to achieve something with their lives. They wish to change things, or aid change, and they desire their own lives to have some effect:

In consequence, some of the deeds a Satanic Adept may consciously decide undertake may be disruptive; some may involve 'culling' [ie. removing human dross or those who oppose the Destiny of the Satanist wishes to achieve]; some may involve direct action of a kind deemed by some society to be 'terrorist'. What is important about what is chosen and done is that (a) it aids or fulfills the Destiny of the Satanist so choosing and acting; and/or (b) it aids Satanism in general - i.e. it helps to fulfil the "sinister dialectic of history". There are no other considerations - ethical, moral, religious or whatever. The Satanic Adept uses the knowledge and insights they have gained from their Satanic noviciate - from past experiences - to make such choices for themselves. An established Satanic organization/Order/group only *guides* its members toward experiences, and it provides them with esoteric

knowledge and techniques which they can use. The onus is on the individual - to experience, the participate, *to make their own decisions in their own time* and so learn, quite often by making mistakes.

The **sinister dialectic of history** is the name used to describe Satanic strategy. The Training and guidance of individual Satanists by an established Satanic group/Order/organization or Master/Lady master, is a *tactic* used to achieve the strategic goal. The aim of this strategy is to change evolution - that is, to change the evolution of our species, and thus the cosmos itself, by interaction between the two. This evolution is toward 'the sinister' - toward greater diversity, greater individuality and creativity. This involves 'presencing' the sinister, or the 'dark forces' on Earth, in societies and in individuals. It involves re-structuring of 'society' over long periods of time. Essentially, the aim is to create a new human species by developing the potential that is already latent within us as individuals. Expressed simply, it means letting the human species develop full maturity - at present the vast majority are still immature children, in thrall to unconscious desires and impulses and with little or no self-mastery and wisdom. And they are kept that way by the restraints, the impositions and the control 'societies' and religion and other forms (such as politics and 'ethics') impose and have imposed on them.

In effect, this means the majority becoming not only 'Adepts' but also achieving/attaining the knowledge and wisdom and strength of character possessed by genuine Masters/Lady Masters. *It means the majority attaining and going beyond what has been described as 'individuation'*. Satanists believe that this change - this evolution - can only be brought about via practical means: by a practical synthesis of sinister/light

The archetype for this change is Satan - the Adversary, the Heretic, the Proud One who refuses to bow down before some 'god'; who refuses to accept subservience and who is unsatisfied with the answers, the solutions, of others. To achieve this change there has to be a learning - a gradual increase in the number of genuine Adepts, that is, of those free of restraining opposites. There has to be an increase in those who adhere to the creative energy that creates all life and which engenders its change and evolution and which is thus the essence of existence itself.

Each Satanist, by living Satanically, aids the dialectic and thus aids the evolutionary change. They learn to play at being god - fulfilling their existence. As for the rest - they can participate, and so learn and evolve; or they can be used, by Satanists, to effect changes greater than themselves.

There are no limitations unless we create them - and if others create them, they are there to be transcended. To exult in excellence is the name of the only game worth seriously playing: the Satanic one.

II - Some Questions Answered

Is Satanism simply Devil-Worship?

The term 'devil-worship' is used in a number of ways - often to describe 'Black Magick' and the alleged practices of 'Satanists': e.g. sexual rituals, animal sacrifice. What is usually described by this term are the activities of Occult dabblers who have no knowledge of real Satanism, and who play at being Satanists - invoking The Devil and so on. Often, the term 'Devil-worship' is used in the moral sense to describe 'perverted' behaviour in an Occult setting. In the literal sense, Devil-worship means a religious worship of the Devil. In all the above senses, Satanism is not 'devil-worship': Satanists do not worship anything, and the practices and rites of Satanism are quite different from the popular 'media' image/model.

While some of the rites involve various Occult forms - robes, a Temple and so on - most are removed from such associations. The real magick of a Satanist takes place through their way of living - what they do and achieve in real life and situations, by trying to fulfill their Destiny and aid the sinister dialectic. They live Satanically, rather than play Occult games. Those that do have an outward Occult or ritualized form, are only a learning, a stage for the Satanic novice - the mere beginnings of their Satanic life. [The ceremonial rituals are given in 'The Black book of Satan'. They include The Black Mass, the Initiation Ceremony and The Death Ritual.]

But what of The Devil? Or Satan? Does He really exist? And, if so, do you respect Him?

He exists, but not in the way most believe: e.g. a horned figure with cloven feet. Rather, He is not bound by our everyday spatial and temporal dimensions, but exists instead in what esoteric tradition calls 'the acausal'. We apprehend the acausal mostly in an archetypal way - i.e. we impose an image upon its acausal and non-spatial structure. The 'conventional' descriptions of the Devil or Satan are basically childish Nazarene images. The reality is far more terrifying and evil - when viewed conventionally, of course! Further, terms like 'respect' depend on the opposites inherent in an un-initiated view. In reality, there is only a working with the acausal energies or forces or 'entities' as those things are: a becoming-like the Devil; an identity-with Him, if you wish. And this is an extension of one's own being or existence, rather than a negation, a submergence. Expressed simply, one becomes one with Satan, and in the early stages strives to be like Him.

Does Satanism involve human sacrifice?

Sometimes a Satanist may undertake a culling - either during a magickal ritual or in the real world (e.g. by assassination, manipulating someone to do the deed). Whether or not this is done depends on the Destiny of the individual Satanist - on whether a particular person or persons need removing in order for that Destiny to be attained. However, all victims for such removal must be suitable - that is, they will be judged as worthless, dross: or be suitable because their removal will aid the sinister dialectic. They, of course, will be judged and found suitable, Satanically. In practice, this means that once someone has been judged to be worthless (in terms of their character and deeds) or otherwise found to be suitable for sacrifice, they will be tested in order to confirm this judgment/suitability. The tests give them a sporting chance. Two or three tests are usually conducted, without the victim's knowledge. Only if they fail these tests will a culling be undertaken, for the glory of Satanism in general. The "raison d'etre" for Satanic culling, is some people are worthless, a liability to evolution, and their removal is healthy: it aids the human stock. And thus helps to achieve Satanic goals. Further, those chosen really choose themselves, by their deeds - they reveal their worthless character or their suitability by what they do, or do not do, in real life. Thus, a culling is akin to an act of 'natural justice', a restoration of the creative imperative.

But surely this 'culling' as you call it, is a criminal act?

The 'Law' is an accumulation of tireless attempts by the mediocre majority to prevent the creative few turning life into a succession of ecstasies. Or, less poetically, it is an attempt to restrain the healthy, noble instinct of the strong - an attempt to usurp the judgment of experience. What matters is that each individual develops their own judgment - possesses a sense of 'natural justice', a mature and strong character (born via experience). The 'Law' is an expression of tyranny - of someone else taking away this judgment and character: of society treating people as children.

What of children? Do they have a place in Satanism? In its rituals, for instance?

One of the fundamental aims of Satanism is to develop individuals - to develop a mature, insightful, character, a Satanic spirit.

Satanic training, of a novice, aims to build character, to develop a unique individual aware of their potential and their destiny. This training can only begin when the individual can assess things - or begin to assess them - for themselves. This generally means around the age of sixteen. Before then, there can be no participation in Satanism, whether this be rituals or anything else, simply because Satanism involves each individual making their own choice - of deciding, for themselves, that they wish to undergo Satanic training or undertake a Satanic way of living. In some circumstances - for instance a child born to parents who are Satanists - there is a simple ceremony involving dedicating the newborn to the darker forces. But until that child grows and can decide things for themselves, there is and can be nothing else. To do otherwise, is to contradict the essence of Satanism. Satanism is not interested in 'corrupting' others without their consent - it is interested in creating strong, unique individuals of real character who can think and judge for themselves. Anything else is not real Satanism.

But surely Satanists control and use others - manipulate them?

Of course! Some people are natural slaves. Satanists are the natural leaders. But each person has a free choice - if they need to follow, to be led, if the enjoy being manipulated, or out of weakness have little or no character of their own, then that is in their nature. existence is often ruthless: the strong win through while the weak go under. Thus is evolution achieved. Humans are no different, although many in their delusion would wish to believe otherwise. I shall give an example, and one which will make the softies (and incidentally the pseudo-Satanists) shudder in horror! Some people in their weakness become addicts - for this example we will say on drugs. As such, they are life's failures. A Satanist views them with contempt - they have made their choice, and revealed a weak character. Thus, he or she might consider it worth their while - and certainly justified - in 'using' these worthless people, by, for instance, supplying them with what they need. To wit, drugs. This would be profitable, and enable the Satanist to live their life a little more Satanically. It would also aid the sinister dialectic - in two ways. First, the addicts might in the near future die, and thus remove or cull themselves. Second, the 'drug-culture' is symptomatic of a society or societies infested with the Nazarene disease: where a slave-morality has triumphed and noble, strong instincts are repressed/suppressed. (Where, for instance, the idea of combat, of war, as healthy, is heresy.) Such a society or societies need to be undermined and destroyed and replaced by healthier ones.

Incidentally, while on this subject of health, everyone has a choice at all times despite whatever external circumstances pertain. It is character, spirit, which win through.

A Satanist is someone who triumphs, even (or especially) in adversity, and who lives by a motto which is no longer understood today except by the noble few: "Death Before Dishonour". To submit, to give in, to not try, is dishonourable. A Satanist knows with an arrogant, prideful certainty that the human spirit can triumph over everything and everyone - they refuse to admit defeat, to give in, and are prepared if necessary to die rather than act in a dishonourable way, against their Satanic principles. Because of this, they are strong, and inspire in others perhaps a certain awe. And, because of this preparedness, they exult in life - they relish living, and live to the full.

If I wished to become a Satanist, what would I have to do?

The first thing is to make sure one understands what Satanism is and involves by contacting other Satanists, for instance, or reading genuine Satanic material such as the works of the O.N.A. Then, having so understood, one makes a decision to begin the quest along the 'Left Hand Path' and to act Satanically. This is usually formalized in some way via a simple rite of Initiation - which basically means that one affirms one's desire to follow the way of Satan. This rite can be either a ceremonial one, via an existing Order or Satanic group, or a hermetic 'self-Initiation'. Examples of both are available to those curious enough to find them.

Following this, one undertakes various tasks, techniques and methods over a period of some months, the aim of all of which is to build a solid Satanic foundation, in terms of character. These are all accessible in various Satanic works. Quite a number of these involve gaining experience in the real world, while some involve directly Occult/magickal work - e.g. rituals. The emphasis throughout is on self-achievement and self-effort. This noviciate period lasts about a year, perhaps two. There are then more challenges to undertake, more ordeals to develop character and aid one's judgment and insight and self-mastery. Of course, there are also many rewards - some carnal, some material, some spiritual (in the sinister sense, naturally!). There develops an awareness of one's Destiny and an understanding of what is hidden from the majority by virtue of their rather rudimentary level of consciousness and knowledge. During all this, one is aiding the dark forces by the very act of doing Satanic things. That is, aiding evolution - of one's self, and existence in general. One is being significant; doing and achieving. If one is fortunate enough, there may be guidance and advice from someone who has gone that way before - from a Satanic Master or Mistress. What is important, is that one really lives; achieves things; works in and alters the real world; and learns and so develops - in character, insight, knowledge and so on. Most people waste their lives. A Satanist wants to be a god - and is prepared to change the world to make their dreams a reality. Most people dream, but lack the courage to act. What matters is that one does something - if some things do not work out as one planned, there are other places, other times. New dreams to dream and fulfill. And life does not even end with causal death - one can become Immortal! The form of life simply changes. But this immortality is not given - it is not a reward. It is *achieved*, it is a conscious act: a becoming-one with the dark force itself, with Satan.

There is much that is numinous, but nothing known surpasses Man in numinosity. That is, of all life, we as individuals possess the most potential - have the 'creative fire' of life itself. Satanism is a means to not only understand this, but to implement it - fulfill our divine (and diabolic) potential. To live this existence to the full. To participate in evolution. And to evolve to another realm entirely. But Satanism is dangerous - it is testing. It requires a demonic desire, a strength of character. It is genuine Heresy. It is for the few who can really defy, who really wish to become like gods and are prepared to take the risks involved.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Selling Water by the River
ONA (From **Fenrir No. 6**, 100yf)

Question: *What is Satanism?*

Answer: Satanism is fundamentally a way of living – a practical philosophy of life. The essence of this way is the belief that we all as individuals can achieve far more than we realize during our lifetime. Most people waste the opportunities that life can, does and can be made to bring. We are gods when we awake.

How do you then understand magick?

Magick is essentially the opening up of areas of consciousness latent within all - a means of changing the individual and the world. The techniques of magick for example, rituals) are simply means to achieve this. For too long magick has been mis-understood as 'spells, conjurations' and the like, and while such things are magick, they are only a beginning, a mere intimation of what real magick is all about.

You often use the term 'traditional Satanism'. What does this mean?

Traditional Satanism is a term used to describe the sinister path which for centuries was taught on an individual basis from Master(or Mistress) to pupil. To this path belongs the Septenary System, Esoteric Chant, the comprehensive training of novices (including the development of the physical side), the Star Game, and - most importantly - the Internal system of magick (the Grade Rituals etc.). This path is also known as the Seven-Fold Way.

I've heard of La Vey and his 'Satanic Bible'. How does the Seven-Fold Way differ from his Satanism and those who follow his views?

La Vey took what may be described as the popular/media conception of Satanism - the black-robed, Mephistophelean figure - together with the 'pleasure principle' and some simple magic(k), mixed it with the qabala and various historical myths and legends pertaining to the dark side, and served the whole lot up to a gullible audience. The whole thing was pretty pathetic - although it did provide some with a few thrills. There was no substance to either La Vey or his 'Church': no inner path, direction or way. Nothing original.

The Seven-Fold Way, on the contrary, possesses direction, and goes far beyond the external type of magick implicit in both the 'pleasure principle' and ordinary sorcery. It offers the individual the difficult (and sometimes dangerous) path to genuine Adeptship - to self-mastery, self-excellence and ultimately wisdom. It is not a refuge for the neurotic, the weak-willed or the self-deluded, but rather a challenge to the daring.

Those who follow in the foot-steps of La Vey (as a recent 'Temple' does) have added little - they are still trapped by 'role-playing', still fettered by self-delusion (often about their magickal abilities) and still lack not only self-insight but also that spontaneity which is one of the marks of a genuine Adept. They concern themselves still with the awarding of meaningless titles, seek members and the recognition of the 'authorities'. They teach the same historical mish-smash as La Vey and possess an originality quota of zero.

They have failed to understand that the ceremonial, ritualistic and 'theoretical' approach is but the first, small step toward inner progress. Because of this, there can be no organized 'Temple', no 'authority' within it, no proselytizing and no awarding of grades/initiation or titles. There is only - in the genuine path – a limited amount of guidance, and the struggle of the individual through experience.

But surely rituals are important e.g. the Black Mass?

Yes - but only in the beginning stages of the Way when the novice/initiate is discovering the hidden (or magickal) forces of nature and themselves, and is daring to walk along the path to Adepthood.

Ceremonial and hermetic rituals are the province of the novice and the 'External Adept' and are pointers to what is beyond.

Which is what?

First, the discovery of the unique Destiny of that individual second the living of that Destiny, and third, for those whose Destiny becomes fulfilled by such living, the crossing of the Abyss. From the Abyss the Master and Mistress is born. All this takes many years.

What then is the purpose of your Order?

To offer our teachings and guidance to those who might be interested. In former times, teachings were kept secret, but there is no need for that now: the opportunity is open to all.

But are you not still secretive?

Yes and no. Those who seek hard enough will find us, and those who are sincere will not be put off by

the obstacles placed in their way (sometimes by us). For those who are, there are plenty of other groups around.

What about Initiations?

We do not offer Initiation - candidates achieve Initiation. We do not offer nor award (for money or anything else) Grade Rituals or titles of any kind: these are again achieved by individuals, through their own toil, hardships, terror and joy. We simply guide them toward the self-achievement that, e.g., the Grade Rituals represent. Any other way is simply fraud and self-deception.

Grade Rituals - which signify the different stages of achievement along the Seven-Fold Way - may be likened to running in a race. You either race, or don't; and if you race, you either win (achieve the goal) or do not. You may pretend to yourself that you have raced and run, but in the end you are fooling only yourself.

What, then, are the Grade Rituals?

They are tasks, simple in form, but difficult to complete successfully. For example, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept simply involves the candidate in living totally alone and isolated for at least three months: without any of our modern 'conveniences'/technology, and without speaking to anyone. Simple to describe - difficult to undertake. The 'ritual' is the (alchemical) change which occurs in the individual by virtue of living so for at least three months. Such primitive isolation creates the Adept, bringing a genuine mastery of magick and a lasting self-insight.

It is the intention of the Order to publish all the Grade Rituals in the next issue of 'Fenrir'.

Returning now to the popular conception of Satanism, what about sacrifices, the blackmailing of members, sexual crimes and so on?

Satanism is all about - in its beginnings - waking conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature. In the past, certain experiences were often undergone in order to achieve this, and some of those experiences were often frowned on by 'conventional' society. Some might have been 'illegal' at the time as well. But gradually (at least in traditional Satanism) a way was found to 'short-circuit' these evolutionary experiences which enhanced the consciousness and thus wisdom of those undergoing them - if they survived, of course. Thus was Internal Magick evolved. This enabled the experiencing of the dark side, and its integration, as well as made possible what was beyond.

This system had been gradually refined and enhanced, and while it avoids the quicksand of criminality it is still not lacking in danger or difficulty. It offers, in short, the distilled essence of thousands of years of evolutionary understanding-and makes possible the next stage of our evolution as a species: Homo Galactica.

You stress the development of the physical side. Why?

Because traditional Satanism aims to develop the whole individual - mind, body and character. We give our novices difficult physical goals to achieve (such as running 20 miles in under 2 1/2 hours - fitter individuals are naturally given more difficult tasks) because the striving for such goals, and their achievement, develops qualities necessary in any Adept. They are tests of determination and character, and sort the serious out from the pathetic. The striving also creates a physical joy, increasing the vitality of the person.

I met someone recently who claimed to be a 'Master'. I had my doubts about him. Is there some way of identifying a genuine Master?

The answer should be obvious. A Master is someone who has passed beyond the Abyss, the stage beyond an Adept. In consequence he will be somewhat detached: intense and serious, but also natural, spontaneous and quite cheerful (almost playful, sometimes). But perhaps most of all, he will not take himself too seriously, and he will certainly not play a 'role' or fulfill the expectations of novices (e.g. by dressing up, cultivating a 'demonic' stare and answering questions mysteriously). He will possess that illusive quality - natural charisma.

What about wealth - and power? Surely all Satanic Masters possess these?

Some do, some do not. The sign of a Master is neither wealth nor power, but achievement - of wisdom, skill in esoteric arts, and original creation (e.g. the extending of human knowledge, artistic creativity). The Destiny of each Master is different, as is the life-style which reflects that Destiny. For example, out of the four Masters who exist in the West at this moment in time, one lives a somewhat isolated existence with hardly any material possessions, while another lives in relative luxury and splendour. The former concerns himself primarily with aeonic magick, while the latter teaches a few pupils. Genuine Masters do not conform to someone else's expectations or ideas: they are individual, and unique.

Do you worship a being called Satan?

Genuine Satanists do not worship anything - not even themselves. Fundamental to Satanism, is a desire to overcome, to accept challenges and to seek to know and understand. A genuine Satanist would rather die – laughing and defiant - than submit to anyone or anything. Most people waste their lives and die old and miserable: the Satanist revels in life and adventure, and knows the right time to die, for challenges never end. This way of living is hard, and this way of dying breeds fear among the feeble multitude who prefer comfort and security to the ecstasy of living on the edge like gods.

As to Satan - each Initiate discovers the reality for themselves. All that need be said is that there are external forces beyond the psyche. of an individual: in genuine Satanist magick there is identity with these darker external forces, not a fear of them and certainly not a submission. This, of course, is somewhat dangerous – but the strong survive, and the weak perish. Good riddance to the weak.

So, fundamentally, you would say that Satanism is the way you live your life?

Yes, as I indicated at the beginning. Magick – of whatever type - enhances your life, and is a way to knowledge and increased vitality. Magickal acts are important in the beginning, but most important of all is our attitude to life and our ways of living. This is why we despise the Nazarene philosophy - the Satanist is proud, strong, defiant, while a Nazarene is afraid of living, afraid of dying and mentally sick: weighed down by guilt and envy. The meek espouse peace because they know the strong would destroy them - so they infect the strong with the disease of 'pacifism', with guilt because they are strong

But surely that particular philosophy - of, as you call it, the 'Nazarene' -is dying out today.

As an organized religion it might be - but over the past two hundred or so years this poisonous philosophy has sprouted various political and pseudo-political forms, and it is these forms which are eroding our vitality. There have been a few attempts to cut out the cancer - but they have unfortunately failed, and the cancer grows and spreads.

What, then, can you do?

Why should we do anything? Most people are stupid and deserve their fate. We offer an alternative - those who have if only in a small way the Promethean spirit will be drawn to us and thus have the opportunity to master their own Destiny. It is up to each and every individual: we can point the way, but they must make the effort to walk along it.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Star-gates
Thornian, ONA.

The stars were everywhere to be seen, amidst the unknown blackness that begged to be conquered. One in particular shone through with vibrancy unmatched. It was neither the brightest, closest, nor largest star. But its glow reached much further than the eye, it extended into the very core of the being, of the initiate who stood beneath it. A lifetime of light-years away, yet revealing itself as destination.

There was no gate, he knew, linking his consciousness to that of the cosmos. For they were already intertwined, via *thousands* of gates. Woven together through initiation and the stripping of illusion that is the Dark Tradition, he *was* the cosmos, and he let himself be directed by its Will. This intertwining, between Causal and Acausal, was the core of his being. The Acausal Charge, understood by lesser men as a "divine spark" was also the single factor for by which organic existence was made possible. It was into this, the *Nexion* within his consciousness – both latent and realized – that the light of the star extended into, penetrated, and became.

Standing enthralled with the energy this star produced – just as the sun did in Aeons past and Worlds long forgotten – the Sinister Initiate understood it as embodying Wyrd. It had itself given life, meaning – *numen*, to his deeds even before its light came into view. Far off as it was, it had no form – no answers to be bestowed without the seeking of a lifetime through those portals of being and non-being, that must be discovered before even the faintest form could be identified. This he accepted.

Transferred now from his world, to limits hitherto black, he floated weightless among the galaxies of time past and time to come. But time did not matter there – it did not flow, but rather produced chaos to the point of nothingness. And he among it saw the stars close to his – a thousand destinies woven into one galaxy which transcended all thought and reason. For it was only the stripping away of such things, to reveal a genuine intuition that naturally excelled further past the confines of conscious mind.

Blinding light then encompassed the Initiate, in an instant blaze. A satori then incomprehensible at any level spoke in still incomprehensible ways, until the initiate was hurled into visions of fallen leaders, bereft of their destinies - as was necessary to bring forth the wyrd of a thousand others. And the Cosmic Being nodded to the initiate, in recognition.

Back on his home land, the formless remnants of bloody war scorned at his feet. Detached in a way that was more aware than it was illusory, the initiate had no feelings. There was no despair, no horror, no compassion. But simply an understanding of why it must be. A black cloud spread about the ground, and moved slowly through the land, as a nameless god brought him these insights – and the Dark Gods manifest themselves throughout the rest of this world in the form of bloody war. But he took no notice of the visions sent to his conscious – of the people themselves, who were sacrificed to the galactic will. For such sacrifice was necessary, in the continuing flux of life – and all that deserved notice were the changes taking place, and the greater achievements of life to follow. Most others would not believe them to be for the better, but those others were simply the pawns.

Once these intrusions subsided, he was left among cold nothingness; with only the leveled remnants of a world – to be built anew before him. In front of him stood the past – a manifestation of nobility and determination he had in this life yet to match. The soldier stood as not only his past, but the past of his destiny, and others whose destinies were to be brought together under cosmic wyrd. Each destiny individual, but woven into the will of the cosmos...

The soldier and he needed no words. For they communicated solely through self-insight, more effectively than could otherwise be. This soldier of the past brought startling insights to the future and of times gone, for which the present was but a narrow road between. He saw in the eyes of the soldier only lifeless chaos.

Looking back to the sky, he again identified his nameless star. The soldier was now gone, and the initiate was left only to ponder the worlds he'd just traveled – somewhere between the Moon and Saturn – but far outside and beyond the galaxies and star systems in which they reside. Deep into the unknown blackness his star shone through, emanating with Wyrd awaiting fulfillment. One day he should again join the mysterious soldier, with matched qualities of the determination, honour, and destiny he represented – on that lone planet that orbits his star.

The Alchemy of Magick
ONA (From **Hostia I**, 1991eh)

Magick is not an object for academic study - it is essentially practical. It also requires self-discipline and training - the acquisition of skills.

No books or teacher can teach magick it can only be learnt by practice, by the trials and errors of experience. All books and teachers can do, at best, is guide: toward and into the relevant experiences and offer some explanations for cause, effect and what is beyond the causal.

Similarly, willful self-expression will be mostly counter-productive. What is required of the novice and Initiate is self-discipline and that insight which arises from achievement and adversity. Modern life, however, has made these things difficult it is easy to be self-opinionated, to accept the comforts of modern living and the lack of self-discipline, just as modern "methods" and "ideas" about "magick" make it seem that understanding of and achievement in magick is easy: all that is needed are the relevant books/ grade manuals/ information and a chaotic mind/attitude/approach.

There is not and never has been any substitute for self-learning from experience. The real learning of magick occurs by the individual novice, alone: group work and group experience merely confirm that learning and extend the techniques, the forms that are used. This is so because real magick is internal - an alchemy of psychic change. It is the techniques which are external. For instance, sexual magick is a technique of magick - it is not magick or 'magickal' in itself - just as ceremonial ritual is a technique. All techniques are forms which are dormant - they need vivifying, bringing to life: they need to be infused with the 'breath of life'. This vivification is magick, and its achievement is individual, that is, it does not rely on the form - on minute details of performance or technique. Sometimes, this vivification is shared - e.g. between two individuals undertaking a sexual rite or a group gathering for a ceremony.

For too long the techniques have been regarded as magickal in themselves, leading to a complete misunderstanding of magick - as, for example, by Crowley and his followers and by adherents of latter-day "chaos" techniques. Magick is beyond technique - techniques and forms merely presence the magick in the causal, and to access the magickal energies skill is required. Sometimes, this skill is intuitive - an inborn gift - but most often it has to be cultivated, learnt, acquired. The skill is an internal one, and may be likened to an attitude of mind. It is a "moving with" magickal energies as those energies are, in themselves - it is not a loose, undirected approach, a chaotic acceptance, but a finely balanced direction; not a loss of conscious awareness/ understanding, but a new type of awareness. It is like running long distances: innate ability may help, but training is required, an awareness of limitations born from past experience, a self-discipline to achieve the distance in the time set - and then the running, which when successful is a 'flowing with' the body and mind...

In magick, desire makes the energy - once accessed via the individual - presence in the form/technique chosen. This desire is usually aimed - that is, it has a causal goal (as for example in external magick). The form or technique chosen may stimulate to some extent the production of magickal energies - but it is the individual who must push open the gate (or nexion) and direct the energies that lie beyond it. What the forms and techniques most often do is make the nexion seem real and accessible - often 'provoking' within the individual the consciousness required to push open the nexion and presence the energies.

Because of this, ceremonial rituals (or any ritual where more than two are present and involved) require direction or control - of the images/forms/patterns invoked and the presencing of such in the causal. This direction is always toward the causal (that is, toward a specific aim or into the psyche of an individual or individuals) because of the nature of the energies - there is always 'flow'. If no control is undertaken (or the direction is confused because more than one attempts to control the flow - perhaps unconsciously) then causal change will still occur (and must occur) although in ways probably unforeseen by those involved - this is what usually happens when some individuals gather and attempt an act of magick - and often results in psychic disruption of one or more of those individuals.

The alchemy of magick is in learning this control in being able to access the energies, and being able to produce changes via the presencing of what is accessed: internally (within one's own psyche), externally (in others and the things of the everyday) and aeonically (within and beyond the confines of aeonics).

There is thus a learning about the various types of magickal energies (which may be said to be differentiated by how they presence in the causal) - and their uses. In short, the acquisition of individual skill and understanding. To achieve this, there are certain ways - certain guides which may be followed. This is a serious commitment - not a hobby, not a gathering of some like-minded people as and when for

an enjoyable and ego-gratifying delving into 'the Occult', and certainly not 'for laughs' or to entertain.

There is an intensity, a self-discipline, even sometimes a hardness - and those pleasures which are beyond mere mortals. In brief, new ways of living.

For while the alchemy of magick is now accessible to everyone (due to works such as "Naos") it is unlikely many will forswear their current and easy ways of living for the challenge.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Dark Forces
ONA yf87

For too long our enemies have lied about us. But, as the cosmic tides begin another Aeonic change as the Age of the Dark Gods begins, we proclaim openly our defiance and our creed. No longer shall the lies go unchallenged. Accordingly, we - as representatives of those dark forces which have always shaped our evolution proclaim the following about our sinister Way and its living:-

- 1) The Dark Gods are means to self-fulfillment, self-understanding and self-divinity.
- 2) We believe that only through journeying through the darkness within and without, in passing the Abyss, can true self- understanding be attained.
- 3) Our rites, ceremonies and magick are life-affirming and show us and bring us the ecstasy of existence, the laughter of life and the self-overcoming of the true Adept.
- 4) We are feared because we understand and because we rejoice in living - in its pleasures but most importantly in its possibilities. We extend the frontiers of evolution while others sleep and cry.
- 5) All that enervates we despise: we have nothing to do with the cowardly and weak who are trapped by their own failings and who scurry about in the filth that covers those who do dis-honourable deeds. We revere honour because honour means self-excellence and a recognition of the cosmic balance that is an Adept.
- 6) When we hate we hate openly and with pride and when we love we love with a passion to match our arrogance: always mindful never to love anyone or anything so much that we cannot see it die, since death is a natural changing of forces.
- 7) We would rather die than submit to anyone or anything and this pride is the pride of Satan, that symbol of our defiance and a sign of our life-enhancing energy.
- 8) We prepare - through our magick, our deeds and our living - for the Age of Fire (the Aeon of the Dark Gods) which is to come, when we shall reach out toward the stars and the new challenges they will bring.
- 9) Our Way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly dare to defy the matrix of forms (like `crosstianity') that stifle the potentiality of our being.
It has been said (by Nietzsche):
"The more mediocre, the weaker, the more submissive and cowardly a man is, the more he will posit as evil: it is with him that the realm of evil is most comprehensive. The basest (most dis-honourable) man will see the realm of evil that is, of that which is forbidden and hostile to him - everywhere."
"The most powerful man, the creator, would have to be the most evil, in as much as he carries his ideal against the ideals of other men and remakes them in his own image..."

The Forbidden Alchemy

An Introduction to Esoteric Black Magick

Genuine alchemy takes two basic forms: first, the exploration concerning the transforming of matter; and, second, the psychological- magickal. The secret of the first form is the interaction between the alchemist and the substance undergoing transformation by chemical or other means. That is, the alchemist in a subtle ('Occult') way aids the transformations being the creation of an Elixir of Immortality. For the alchemist following this form of alchemy, the changing of 'base metals' into gold was only a stage on the way to the ultimate goal.

The second form of alchemy is concerned with changing the alchemist - and this requires following certain specific and often complicated procedures. The aim here is 'Adeptship': the emergence of a new individual from the ashes of the old. The ultimate goal is still 'Immortality', but a directly achieved one, rather than, as in the first form, the creation of an Elixir which is taken by the alchemist over a period of time. The exact nature of this 'Immortality' was the subject of much speculation.

Two aspects of this second type of alchemy - the 'forbidden alchemy' - have come to light over the last hundred years or so. However, these two aspects - crucial as they both are to the genuine esoteric Art - make up only a part of the forbidden system.

The first of these to receive attention was the sexual element that is involved in achieving the stated goal. The second is the 'psychological' where the processes, methods and symbols are understood (by e.g., Carl Jung et al) as representing the usually unconscious striving of the individual psyche for 'wholeness' or 'individuation'. In reality, the forbidden alchemy was a burgeoning science (or a practical way of living as some would prefer to say) which over a long period of time came to recognize that to achieve the stated goal of Immortality and/or Occult-Magickal Adeptship, it was necessary not only to symbolize certain natural energies and certain states of 'being', but also to employ at certain stages a practical sexual element.

These ideas - developed in the Middle Ages and handed down in some of the now famous alchemical texts - were themselves a continuation of earlier ones: particularly those of some of the mystery schools of Ancient Greece. At the time the texts were written, Western Europe was under the totalitarian yoke of the Nazarene church, and part of the reason for the obscurity of the texts was because the basic ideas were heretical - the desire to obtain an Immortality independent of 'God', and the sexual nature of some of the workings. The rest of the obscurity was due to: (a) the complex nature of the ideas themselves, with a confusion of 'theologies' and (b) a deliberate desire to make the texts esoteric, where the secrets could be revealed to trusted Initiates or those already sufficiently enlightened (that is, free from the mental tyranny of Nazarene belief) to grasp them intuitively.

The view held in some circles in recent years of alchemy as a kind of 'Western tantra' is both misleading and inaccurate, as is the belief that it was a purely 'psychological' - as opposed to practical - system. The former view ignores: (i) the vital significance of the symbolism (some of which is purely abstract and not 'symbolic') in making possible advances in thought and understanding; and (ii) the stages beyond those involving sexual activity. The latter view ignores (or rather misinterprets) the importance of not only the practical, magical aspects, but also the fact that the forbidden alchemy was essentially a system of self-experiencing in the real world, involving the achievement of specific goals and tasks. This, coupled with the sexual aspects, made its Way very different from the inner, contemplative ones which flourished in certain Nazarene institutions.

The fundamental ideas of the forbidden alchemy continued to be developed over the decades and centuries after the preliminary MSS were written, and the tradition that developed was handed on by mostly reclusive Adepts. This tradition may be said to have reached its climax in the 'seven-fold Way'. In the seven-fold Way the fundamental ideas have been clarified and refined as well as extended, and the Way itself is a practical system devoid of both dogma and mysticism. It was, until quite recently, genuinely esoteric.

The fundamental ideas of this Way or 'inner Alchemy' can be briefly stated:

- 1) In the development of self-understanding, as well as in the understanding of both natural and 'Occult' forces, an abstract symbolism is important: such a symbolism allows not only apprehension of those areas (of consciousness, for example) not normally amenable to thought (and thus conscious control and development) but also develops new areas of consciousness.

The abstract symbolism is of two kinds; the first being the septenary 'Tree of Wyrd' with the correspondences associated with each sphere and the pathways connecting those spheres; the second being the abstract symbols of The Star Game. The first kind is a development of 'traditional' alchemical symbolism, while the second is a new development entirely, and one which contains the whole of the first.

This first kind enables, on the practical level, the exploration and thus integration/transcendence of the hidden/unconscious/Occult areas of both our own consciousness and the cosmos. This is, in effect, a magickal or alchemical apprenticeship and involves practical work with the symbols - a magickal ritual, for example, being the use of specific symbols representing certain Occult or magickal energies.

The second kind takes the individual beyond this - towards the next stage of our conscious evolution with the development of higher levels of consciousness and new insights.

2) The practical work involved is divided for convenience into seven stages. Several of these stages involve the individual (the 'alchemist') in finding and working with a companion of the opposite sex, some of the work being of a sexual nature. This itself is an exploration of consciousness: a confrontation with the anima/animus and so on.

Each of these seven stages is represented by a Grade Ritual - a series of task, workings and rituals which develop self-insight and understanding in general, and which enhance the 'Occult' abilities of the individual. By following the stages progressively, and undertaking the appropriate Grade Ritual, the individual will attain insight and ultimately Wisdom: the 'Philosophers' Stone'.

3) The symbolism of the Tree of Wyrd is derived from representing the forces/energies of the cosmos (and thus each individual consciousness) in terms of the duality of causal and acausal - the seven spheres of the tree representing the development (or rather, the potentiality inherent in each individual's consciousness) of not only each individual consciousness from unconscious through 'ego' and 'self' to Adepthood and beyond, but also the evolution of the cosmos itself, in terms of its own 'consciousness' or Being.

In the early stages, the causal is often regarded as the 'rational' aspect of the individual psyche, the acausal as the 'unconscious' or magickal aspects. The aim of the early stages of the Way is for the individual to experience (and develop) both and then unite them, achieving a transcendence.

What is important to realize about the seven-fold Way is that it is a complete and practical system, devoid of dogma and mystification, which enables any individual, should they possess the necessary desire, to achieve Adeptship _and_ beyond_. It is a unique and esoteric Way which, while firmly rooted in the genuine esotericism of the West, is appropriate to the twenty-first century and beyond: for example, the Star Game contains, in its symbolism and techniques, all the esoteric wisdom of alchemy, magick and the 'Occult' in general as well as being a bridge to the future. It is, in essence, a new form of language - and while this new language, for some, may be difficult at first to learn, it opens up new and exciting areas, new possibilities and new dimensions. In short, it enhances our Being, extending our consciousness.

The tasks and Grade Rituals associated with the seven-fold Way, together with the correspondences, are given in detail in the manuscript 'Physis Magick - A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept.' Most of this will shortly be published in the book 'Naos - A Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick'. The rest of this issue of 'Fenrir' is devoted to the Star Game.

Perceptive readers will understand at once why this 'forbidden' alchemy is essentially Black Magick. Quite simply, it is because it allows the evolution of the individual according to their own desires in a practical way. Its essence is practical experience: of Occult/magickal energies (both causal and acausal - that is, 'light' and 'sinister') but equally importantly of _life_ itself. It is not a 'theoretical' system devoid of personal danger - it is life-enhancing, offering the rewards of the gods, both causal and acausal (and what is beyond all such opposites - that which can be signified only by Chaos: the origin of Being and Non-Being).

A brief guide to the seven-stages is given below.

1) Undertake ritual of sinister self-Initiation. (An awakening of the darker/unconscious aspects)

2) Undertake workings with septenary spheres and pathways. (The beginning of making these energies conscious via symbolism).

Seek and find a suitable companion, and Initiate this individual. (The beginning of the confrontation of the anima/animus) Begin to study the Star Game. (The energies are further objectified and _manipulated_)

3) Begin to organize a working magickal group, with yourself as 'Priest/Priestess' and your companion as 'Priestess/Priest' - perform both ceremonial and hermetic rituals according to your desires. (This is living

the role of 'shadow'/'trickster'/magickian.) Undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept. (The beginning of an awareness of what is beyond the 'ego' and the 'shadow'.)

4) Study the esoteric aspects of the Star Game - Star Game magick/aemonic aspects etc. (The development of higher cerebral levels as well as intimations of the 'self' and beyond.)

Continue with the organized group (for at least six months). (Develops personal qualities, skills and consolidates the anima/animus aspects)

5) Prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. (The emergence of the self, during the ritual, with the consequent self-insight and Occult abilities. This also brings awareness of your unique Destiny.)

6) Study and use of 'Advanced Star Game'. (Further levels of consciousness developed.) Fulfillment of the task of unique Destiny. (Creativity - either via contributing to knowledge/artistic works or via teaching. The fulfillment of the potentiality of the self.) Prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Entering the Abyss. (Wherein the 'self' is destroyed, the cosmos understood without reference to dualities, and Wisdom achieved.)

Stage(2) generally takes three to six months, Stage(3) six months to a year. Stage(4) up to a year. Stage(5) one to several years.

It is the following of the tasks, techniques etc. of each stage in sequence for the time indicated that brings success. Copyright Thorold West, 1989ev.

The Meaning of Sinister Initiation: An Initiates Perspective *Order of Nine Angles*

From "OTONEN – A Guide to the stage of Initiate"
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The Sinister Path

For many non-initiates and, unfortunately Initiates (an indication perhaps of the current state of the 'Occult world' itself), it is often misunderstood that the performance of a Rite of Initiation will bring forth immediate psychic, that is, Magickal change. Practical experience reveals that this is not usually the case however. There are of course exceptions to this 'rule'. One is that an immediate psychic change is noticeable in the individual; this itself will most likely be due to the intensity of the Rite of Initiation. But whether such change has a lasting effect is another question, it being more likely that such immediate change will slowly evaporate as time passes. Another exception is that although there will have been no real or genuine inner change the Initiate will fall prey to one of the many delusions of the Abyss and believe that a change has occurred against all indications that tell otherwise (q.v. The Deceitful Occult Ego). So, although immediate change within the Initiate is possible, a more balanced and natural approach is to perceive Initiation as a process. It may be – and often actually is - psychically desirable for the beginning of this process to be symbolised by the outer form of an Initiation Ritual (be it hermetic or ceremonial).

Along the Seven-Fold Sinister Way these Initiation rites (for in one sense all the rituals involved during the various stages of the Sinister Way are initiation rites in themselves) are primarily concerned with presenting the Darkness or acausal component of the psyche in the conscious world, or mind, of the Initiate. This enables the consciousness of the Initiate – as he or she slowly progresses along the Path - to develop from that of non-Initiate (that is, where the individual is largely controlled by unconscious desires and impulses) to that of Initiate (where the Satanist begins to comprehend and interact consciously with these previously unconscious components) and then on to Adept hood where these energies are consciously understood enabling a certain balance to be attained between causal and acausal.

The Path of the Initiate

As each new Initiate progresses along the Sinister Path, it is expected that individual insights will add to the Tradition as a whole (the Heir to the Tradition adding significantly). Whether this does or does not happen is really dependant upon the Initiate and the quality of his or her contact with the Sinister Tradition. If the Path is genuinely followed, that is, if the Sinister is being actively pursued during the daily life of the Initiate (such pursuit or questing being a continuous act, and thereby a development of individual Will) genuine occult transformation will begin to occur. With this transformation it is possible that variations on some Sinister Rituals may arise whereby the Initiate finds a more powerful method of manifesting the acausal during the rite.

The rituals that are of primary concern for the Initiate are the Dark Pathways and the Sinister Pathworkings. Besides these rituals – which will already, if followed continuously, begin to dominate the Initiates consciousness – there are the individual sphere chants to be learnt, the undertaking of the physical training, the study and practice of the Star Game, the study of Order texts and correspondences, the collation of incenses and the purchasing of specific implements for the future Temple. In regard to this latter aspect, by undertaking such actions these actions themselves will or may (dependant upon Individual Destiny) aid to the manifestation or creation of a Sinister Temple. That is to say, that by purchasing or making items that are specifically for a Sinister Temple, the reality of that (future) Temple is becoming presented in the causal life of that Initiate.

Further to previous Order guide-lines, a new method of Initiate development advises that the Initiate begins with the Dark Pathways themselves (instead of the Sinister Sphereworkings). The aim is to invoke one Dark God per week, meditating each night leading up to the ritual for no less than fifteen minutes on the respective sigil whilst slowly repeating the name of the Dark God or the Word of Power. Combined with this the Initiate should aim to reduce sleep and food until the night of the ritual whilst also locating the respective planetary incense (taken from the bark of the respective tree) and burning

this, during the ritual. Once all Dark Pathways have been experienced, the Initiate may then undertake the Sinister Pathworkings, performing the nightly meditations. The following of the Sinister Path in this manner, implies that the Initiate has already re-created or made conscious the Tree of Wyrd within him or herself, by consciously invoking each of the fundamental archetypes into consciousness. This conscious presenting of the archetypes then being further developed by the Sphere Meditations themselves.

Initiate Tasks: Other Aspects

Besides the primary rituals that are required for the completion of Sinister Initiation, it is advisable that the Initiate purchases - or contracts a jeweler to make - the relevant piece of jewelry to be worn (ring set with quartz for males, quartz necklace for females). The wearing of such an item of jewelry further stimulates the Initiates awareness that he or she is a member of a Tradition, one that is far more important and potent than the frankly rather pathetic past-times that most people take as an interest or hobby. This ring or necklace becomes for the Initiate a 'Mark of Satan', a symbol of the Initiates quest and a constant reminder of the Sinister in the Initiates life, that is the Initiate is constantly aware that he or she is wearing an outward symbol – that others can see – of his or her Sinister Quest.

When all the different factors or tasks of Sinister Initiation are combined the Initiates entrance into the Sinister becomes a very potent force, one that is active (by virtue of the fact that the Initiate is consciously realising or making real the Sinister in his or her life).

The practice of the chants is, as mentioned previously, a further task of the Sinister Way. Although this does not necessarily have to be undertaken during the stage of Initiate, it is advisable to begin to learn these so that once the Grade of Professed Brother or Sister is attained, the Sinister Magickian may be a little more prepared for the running of a Sinister Temple. By virtue of the fact that there are a number of chants that will need to be learnt for use during Sinister ceremonial ritual it is usually advisable that the Diabolus is the first chant to be learnt. Besides this the sphere chants are probably the next most important (the Agios Lucifer chant being ideal to begin with) since they provide a foundation for a number of rituals, and can be - and have been - used during the Dark Pathways Invocations.

There are of course a number of other tasks that are suggested, some new and some more Traditional aspects. One of the older and more secretive tasks is for the Sinister Initiate to gain some hosts from a Nazarene place of worship and desecrate these either during or after the Rite of Initiation. If one is seeking to join an existing Temple it will be necessary to have attained these prior to Initiation for use during Initiation, such an acquisition further proving the worth of the candidate.

A more recent addition to Tradition is that whilst the Initiate is undertaking the Dark Pathways, he or she draws a Tree of Wyrd in his or her Magickal Diary or 'Sinister Book of Shadows'. This map however should only be added to once a Dark Pathway has been concluded. Thus, the Initiate begins by drawing the seven spheres, in appropriate sphere colours. Then, once the Noctulius Pathway is completed this is drawn in, then the Shugara Pathway is drawn in and so on. This in itself adds (albeit in a minor way) to the conscious integration of the energies being brought forth as enabling the Initiate to see - in physical terms – how the Pathways are connected to the spheres and one another.

Self-honesty and Sinister Occult Development

It is important to remember that, as an Initiate you have made a pledge to Satan and the Dark Gods to follow the Sinister Way:

'Now receive as a symbol of your new desire and as a sign of your oath this sigil of Satan. This sign shall be the Power which I as Master wield shall always be a part of you - a symbol to those who can see and the Mark of our Prince.'

'I (state name chosen) am here to begin my Sinister quest! Prince of Darkness, hear my oath! Baphomet, Mistress of Earth, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss!'
(The Black Book of Satan)

It is easy in times of anger or tiredness to say to oneself that it doesn't matter too much if a meditation is missed, or you don't have a ring, or you don't bother with the physical aspect, or that the Initiation Rite doesn't need to be undertaken, or the Grade Ritual of External Adept isn't really too important. That, because you know you could do it, it isn't necessary to prove it to yourself. And so on and so forth. And yes, it is easy to say such things because it means that you don't have to make an effort. But, the Sinister Path is hard and demands commitment. It is only with this commitment, with this continuous effort, with

this continual personal act of Will, of individual defiance, that such changes will occur. So in the context of Sinister Pathworking:

‘... faithful repetition is important, because by following the procedure exactly the required changes in consciousness are produced.’

(Naos)

How easy it is to miss these simple statements that describe the very means to achieve Sinister Adeptness. Perhaps if more Initiates actually did what was said by virtue of an act of Will then there might be more Sinister Adepts in the world. But things are as they are and human weakness is usually the cause of a waste of life, of potential. So, it is necessary, if the Sinister Initiate truly seeks an understanding of the Sinister that runs deeper than mere words, but is a wordless understanding that cannot be taken away from him or her, to follow the way as stated in numerous Order mss. It is necessary to face the challenges that are set before the Initiate. At this stage there is no need to look too far ahead. Rather it is better to keep ones mind and thoughts on the current stage, because it is by following this stage now, and then the stage of External Adept, that the heights of the stage of Sinister Adept may finally be approached.

Thus, with all this in mind although the Initiate may have a tendency to say that it is not necessary to meditate upon the sigil of the Dark God each night prior to the Dark Pathways Invocations, such meditations really do enhance the energies brought forth and, after an unspecified amount of time has passed (dependant of course upon each Initiate) the Initiate will start to feel the acausal body surrounding the causal body.

From Sinister Initiate to Sinister Adept

The Sinister Tradition, as has been stated previously, does not grant titles or adeptness through friendship or money or sex or for any other reason. The title of Adept and that which is beyond must be fought for, must be pursued actively, now, during the present, because it is from this point in time that the desired future may eventually become a present reality. This is true of the esoteric nature of the Sinister Way, as it is also true of the Aeonic imperatives that are being strived for by Sinister Adepts and Masters. For each stage of the Tree of Wyrd is a Tree of Wyrd in itself. That which is within is without and that which is without is within. Just as the Sinister Tradition is a Tree of Wyrd, so also are the individual Initiates self-contained Trees of Wyrd and so inherently each stage of the Way contains the seeds of all the other stages.

Why are there so few Sinister Adepts today? Is it perhaps because the tendency is to write and talk, just as the typical armchair Qabalist might act, or rather, not act. Is it because those who seek to make the Great Work a reality in their own life do so only in their dreams; ‘I wish I was...’ For the Satanist the wish is just the first impulse. Perhaps this impulse might be unconscious at first, but such is the Satanist way that it and many other things will become conscious and thereby understood. Such is the method to gain Wisdom through practical action, through experience.

Perhaps also, it is true to say that when, and if, one reaches the final stage of External Adept it is a far easier option to say that one does not need to undertake the Sinister Retreat, that it isn't really necessary in order to become an Adept. But is this really so? And, does it not really speak volumes about those few genuine Adepts who have undertaken the Sinister Retreat that they have at least not lied to themselves, but have undertaken the Rite, with all the terrifying implications and inner fears that it brings forth...

*Yet even now I do not know what lies ahead
Now is my time to seek the glory of my Gods
That I may one day walk with Satan
In His world,
With His Bride
And that I may also Become
Something far greater than the mortal
I am leaving behind,
The mortal that must die
That a God may be born.*

The Publication of Esoteric Traditions on the Left Hand Path
ONA 1991eh

For a long time, genuine esoteric tradition was handed on on an individual basis, from Master/Mistress to novice. There were many reasons for this, most of them practical: the tradition was esoteric, liable to mis-interpretation, and many of its tenets and rituals involved what would have been regarded as 'heretical', anti-social and/or illegal acts. Furthermore, the methods used to train novices often made those novices into, outlaws, and set them against conventional society. Also, for a long time, the teaching and teachings of the tradition was heretical in Law - a criminal offense against Church and State. Secrecy was essential and necessary. This state of affairs pertained until quite recently. With the burgeoning of interest in 'the Occult' in general, the LHP became somewhat less secret and certain aspects of the tradition were discreetly circulated. What were mistakenly taken to be 'esoteric' traditions and, given the new openness toward the occult and the repeal of anti-Occult laws, freely distributed and/or published, were (a) the useless Grimoire/Qabalistic tradition, or (b) a mis-interpreted Crowleyism, or (c) of a showman/ghoulish/self-professed type with bits cobbled together from (a) and (b) with archaic myths and unenlightened egoism thrown in. The real tradition - with its darkness and danger - remained hidden. To (c) belonged the Church of Satan, which made Satanism akin to a fantasy role-playing game or games with some sorcery added to impress. The later schism which gave birth to the Temple of Set (born not with a bang but with a whimper) was not unexpected given the structure and orientation of this 'Church' - and neither was the fact that the leader of this schism based his Temple and authority on what was termed an 'Infernal Mandate', and declared Satanism as a religion, much mis-understood. Meanwhile, the old traditions continued, in Europe and elsewhere, in their traditional way - secretly, accepting but few novices and these only after severe tests and ordeals. The traditions, writings, rituals, methods, ordeals and techniques remained unavailable except to those few. After lengthy deliberations and consultations, the individual representing traditional groups, decided to gradually make the esoteric tradition which he and others represented available on a selective basis, to reveal, for once and for all, what the LHP and Satanism were really about. The real impetus for this decision came from Aeonic strategy - making the tradition available would enable an increase in the number of genuine Adepts, thus hastening the presencing of the darker forces on Earth, and so fulfilling the sinister dialectic of history. This increase, however, would be gradual - over centuries. With this dissemination, the purpose, intent and methods of Satanism and the LHP could no longer be mis-interpreted and the posers and charlatans who professed to be 'Satanists' would be exposed - at least to those with any sagacity. With the secrets accessible to those who sought to find them, the real esoteric work could continue, as it always had, in secret - the training, via direct experience, of those few strong and gifted enough to undertake the difficult and dangerous journey along the Left Hand Path.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Quintessence of Satanism
ONA, 1989ev.

Satanism is not merely attending nor even conducting ceremonies or rituals of a 'Black Magick' kind. Nor does Satanism mean or imply membership of an avowedly Satanic group. Neither is Satanism merely the enjoyment of material delights. Rather, Satanism - quintessentially - is an attitude and a way of living.

This attitude expresses a strength of character - a belief in oneself and one's Destiny. Part of this is pride, and part of it is defiance: an individuality, a dislike of limits. However, perhaps the most important part is a self-knowledge or self-mastery born from having gone to and often beyond one's physical, mental and moral limits. The way of living creates this strength of character, and maintains it, and enables even that to be gone beyond. Satanists use life to express in living a new way or ways of being, to fulfil their potential and to live at and beyond the limits of existence thus taking evolution further.

The way of living is essentially practical - that is, a following of the path to Adeptship and beyond for this involves experiences, ordeals, challenges, a learning of new skills and the drawing out of latent genius.

A Satanic Initiation therefore means much more than a rite of self-Initiation or a ceremonial ritual of Initiation conducted by an established group or Order. It means a desire to follow the Satanic way - and the actual beginning of following that way by undertaking the deeds, tasks, rituals and ordeals of a Satanic novice. Anything less is simply playing at Satanism - a sign that the 'Initiate' lacks Satanic character or the ability to achieve it.

In traditional Satanism, as exemplified by the ONA, this means:

- a) that the novice undertakes several physical challenges of endurance and succeeds in them. These have to be difficult and require some training. Then the novice
- b) tests Destiny and builds character by undertaking challenges in the real world, such challenges conforming to accepted Satanic practice re defying the limitations of the herd. [Here, guidance of an experienced Satanist is useful.]
- c) the novice begins hermetic magickal workings with the intent of (i) gaining experience in and mastery of such magick; (ii) garnishing from these beginnings a certain self-knowledge [qv. 'Naos'].
- d) the novice studies the tradition (as explicated for example in Esoteric Chant, the Star Game, the septenary system) and so gains esoteric knowledge and understand
- e) After these undertakes the ordeal which is the Grade Ritual of External Adept and so passes on to the tasks, ordeals and undertakings of the next stage - for example, organizes and recruits individuals for their own Satanic Temple to perform and gain experience in ceremonial magick and provide themselves with pleasures and experience of manipulation. [See the Order MSS relating to the following of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way as, for example, given in The Black Book.]

Following this - which takes some time, probably a year or so - there are more experiences awaiting, more delights, joys and hardships, more challenges to be undertaken, more self-discovery to be achieved. It cannot be stressed enough or repeated too often that Satanism - of the genuine sort anyway - involves such practical undertakings allied to a desire to experience, to transcend what one is at a particular time: to accomplish the task one initially set oneself at Initiation. That is, achieving Adeptship and beyond, by following the way of Satanism. This means a self- advancement, a self-experiencing, a self-effort, a self-achievement and a self-learning via direct experience. Anything less is not Satanism and no clever words, no amount of pseudo-intellectual mystification can obscure this reality.

Thus, because of human nature, there will be few who will possess the desire to become real Satanists - to actually undertake the tasks, ordeals and challenges. Most who profess an interest - and a large number who actually go ahead with Initiation be such ceremonial or hermetic - will soon turn away when they realize the real difficulties involved, when they understand that they are expected to work toward their own development. Most of these will all too easily find excuses to justify their turning away. They will perhaps be easily seduced, such is their weakness of character, by others who promise 'easy solutions' some kind of 'magical' way to Adeptship, by organizations which take away the pain, suffering and delight that self-effort 'on the edge' entails and which provide security for their members, which keep them in thrall to self-delusion. Or many will just be too lazy, too enured to their comfortable existence to change.

Whatever, they will be proved unsuitable, unfitted. There is no way that the way of Satanism can be made easy - for in its very hardship and danger, in the very fact of self-effort being required over a period of years, lies its quintessence.

For the dilettantes, for the role-playing fantasy mongers, for the self-indulgent too lacking in self-discipline' there are plenty of pseudo-Satanic organizations around, plenty of pseudo-Satanic 'masters' who require sycophancy, who act out of role and who will be only too pleased to welcome another pupil or student,

The choice is as simple, and brutal, as that.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Seven-fold Way: Training and Grades
ONA, 1989.

In many ways the seven-fold way can be regarded as a process, by the individual, of discovery and experience. The goal of this process is the production of individuals skilled and knowledgeable in the magickal arts who have developed their latent, occult faculties and who possess the beginnings of wisdom.

This process can result, sometimes by accident over extended periods of time (for example, three decades or more) but it is most usually undertaken as a result of a conscious decision by an individual to seek esoteric and/or magickal groups/Order/Adepts. In this later case – and provided the guidance received is good - the goal can be achieved in a much shorter time. The first part of the process is in many ways the easiest: that of seeking some form of Initiation (qv. the Order MS 'A Novices Guide to Initiation.'). Before and after Initiation the novice is required to undertake various tasks by the Master or Mistress who has agreed to guide the individual along the seven-fold way. The pre-Initiation tasks are the performance by the individual of a simple hermetic ritual (usually on the night of the full moon), the construction of the simplified version of the Star Game and the successful completion of the various tests aimed at proving the serious intent and commitment of the candidate. The important thing about these tests of intent is that the candidate is unaware of them – for example, the candidate is asked to be present at a certain time and place and instead of meeting there the expected Master or Mistress meets a person of odd appearance who propounds various views which the individual in question may find not only unusual but distasteful. Such tests and encounters are not games but merely devices which enable the candidate to begin to understand their own motives and expectations and as such are an important preparation to Initiation. It is to be understood that it is not the order, which tests the candidate – but the candidates themselves. Initiation is the beginning of the breaking of the illusion of roles, and to be successful this breaking must be done by the individual, from within.

Once this breaking down begins, then Initiation is already underway, and no 'Rite of Initiation' however complex or well meaning is a substitute for this change in the individual. Such a rite, as a ceremonial ritual, is only the representation of this process in a dramatic form and in many cases is not necessary if some other form of Initiation is more suited to the candidate. Besides this breaking of self-delusion, Initiation is an awakening of the occult faculties – that is, the experience by the candidate of the reality of magickal forces. This experience can be brought about in several ways – first, by means of a powerful ritual of Initiation which produces magickal forces through invocation; second, through the candidate experiencing the charisma of a Master or Mistress; and third, as a consequence of the individual undergoing a particular experience where magickal forces are present. An example of this third type is when a candidate, expecting perhaps (as a result of their own imagination) a ceremonial ritual of Initiation, is led to an isolated spot where magickal energies are present either naturally (as for example in most stone circles) or have been created beforehand by an Adept in readiness for the candidate. The candidate is then left alone. What the candidate then experiences (sometimes for many hours) is an Initiation - although this is seldom understood by the candidate at the time because outwards form is lacking. In many respects, this third type is the most valuable of all the forms of Initiation since it does not rely on the illusion of ceremonial, or the dogma normally associated with such ritual forms. Initiation is complete when the candidate realises that a process of inner change has begun.

The next stage of the seven-fold way, following Initiation, is when the novice begins to undertake in a systematic way workings with the various magickal forces through such forms as Path Workings, hermetic and ceremonial rituals. Such workings in themselves take several months and during this time the novice will be given several tasks – some practical, some magickal – to perform. These tasks may themselves take several months to complete. The most usual magickal task involved the novice assuming the 'role' of a dark sorcerer/sorceress for example, dressing in black and cultivating a satanic appearance - and in this guise attending various Occult functions and generally trying to provoke argument and dissent. The novice in this is advised to cultivate an attitude of arrogance and pride and must be prepared to

defend forcefully their Satanic views. Following this, the novice is expected to infiltrate another magickal group/Order with the intent of attending a ritual and during that ritual either redirecting the magickal power (if any) or invoking by their own effort during the ritual a powerful force of their own choosing to disrupt or otherwise alter the original ritual. In some cases, the novice may organize their own group (recruiting people for it) for just this purpose.

This magickal task develops not only the use of magickal forces in an interesting way but also provides the novice with a goal the attainment of which is invigorating. It also provides an opportunity for the novice to develop various skills pertaining to the manipulation of other individuals chiefly through the deliberate development of a 'charismatic' personality or role. Its the fundamental task of the novice to learn from those experiences - that is, not to allow the role to become dominant.

This is achieved by the novice remembering that they are involved in a seven-fold quest and accepting the advice given by the Master or Mistress who assigned the task. Both of these things some novices find difficult to do. The behaviour of the novice during this task is governed by specific guidelines – failure to observe the guidelines by an individual means the end of their noviciate as far as the Order is concerned.

The practical tasks associated with this stage usually involve the novice developing certain physical abilities suited to their character. Such physical goals (for example, cycling 100 miles in under 5 hours or running 20 miles in 2 hours 30 minutes – fitter individuals will be given a more demanding goal) are a necessary balance to the magickal tasks as well as enabling those tasks to be achieved in a more invigorating manner.

This stage generally takes from six months to two years and is concluded when the novice finds changes of perspective arising as a consequence of the self-understanding brought through following the goals and tasks. This change should arise naturally and it is made conscious to the novice toward the end of the stage through the grade ritual of External Adept. This ritual is a prelude to the goals and tasks of the next stage and signifies the beginning of Adeptship.

The Grade Ritual involves the individual constructing a septenary Star game and the performance by the individual of a certain ritual on a night of the new moon. This ritual involves the invoking of a certain force, female in aspect.

The External Adept may choose to continue with the group or temple begun in the previous stage (or create one if this was not done before) for the purpose of conducting ceremonial and hermetic rituals of the type associated with, for example, the 'Book of Wyrð' as well as for the performance of the cthonic Nine Angles rite if desired. Alternatively, the individual may opt to concentrate on magickal working with the Star Game – and for this (as the task above) a companion is required. It is a task of the External Adept to find such a companion, as well as to teach them all they themselves have learned during the previous stages - guiding them as they themselves have been guided. This in itself generally takes from one to two years, and because of this most External Adepts prefer, during this time, to organize a magickal group/Temple since it provides a structure and a focus.

During this stage the External Adept will experience many things, particularly of a magickal kind if rituals are undertaken by a group, and contact with the Master or Mistress will be limited and occur for the most part if the External Adept wishes. It is important during the long period associated with this particular stage, that the individual does not become prey to the illusion of being a Master or Mistress.

Most will of course succumb at some time to this as a consequence of the varied magickal experiences and contacts with those less experienced in magick, many individual sever their links with the Order as a consequence of this illusion.

In some ways this stage is the most difficult, involving as it does confrontation with various roles and what had been called the 'anima/animus', this latter occurring naturally through the training of a companion. Provided the individual maintains during the stage their resolve to follow to its end the seven-fold way (and here the advice from the Master or Mistress is often crucial at some point during this stage) then, with the completion of the Ritual of the fifth stage, the new Master or Mistress assumes a teaching role via an Order or an individual basis, and usually those who attain this stage take over at some time their Order, guiding individuals along the seven-fold way. They may also create their own Order or group should they so wish -

or re-activate the Temple they organized during their time as an External Adept, since the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept by its nature, means the individual must disband such a Temple or leave it in care of one less experienced.

After some years teaching, the Master or Mistress may withdraw to seek the next stage – provided they have trained at least one person to continue the tradition of the seven-fold way. Thus it will be seen that the seven-fold way is not easy. It is a way of life, which any individual may follow. Those who only follow its early stages gain something of benefit - those who go further may achieve the goal that awaits us all: the next stage of human evolution.

In the past, in any one decade, the Order had many hundreds of candidates seeking Initiation. About four or five a year, sometimes less, may become Initiates through their own choice. Of these, perhaps two will complete the noviciate and only two or three from twenty a decade become Internal Adepts, the others drifting away for various reasons. Every twenty years, a new Master or Mistress may take office. There may be one or two Magi a century. So it has been – and so it will probably unfortunately remain until the New Aeon begins to emerge on the practical level three to four centuries in the future.

The seven-fold way possesses the potential to create (given good guidance) in ten years what it has taken seven civilizations, five Aeons or nearly ten thousand years to achieve. Every individual is free to choose between this path to the divine and a continuation of the sleep that keeps the potentiality of life at bay. All magick is a glimpse of this path - it is up to the individual to walk along it.

1989eh

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Song of a Satanist
Stephen Brown, ONA 103yf

In an important sense, most of my life represents genuine Satanism in action ~ a going to extremes, a learning from the experiences of those extremes, and a doing of dark, dangerous and sometimes "illegal" deeds.

This life stands in stark contrast to those of the psuedo~Satanists, some of whom have acquired a notoriety and a 'fame'. I have - as a Satanist should - been intoxicated by the essence of life itself - by that which inspires, which causes the creativity, self-absorption and genius of all great artists be they musicians, writers, warriors, explorers or whatever. I have dared to dream and to defy - and have dared to try and make my dreams and inspiration a reality. I have used my life for some purpose ~ striven toward goals with a passion that overcomes all obstacles. I have known great love - physical, intellectual, and of the soul, the essence of existence. I have also known the opposite - the sadness that awaits all who venture into the dark starkness of the Abyss within and without. And thus the synthesis of these and other things which is the prehension of wisdom.

This living has been an ecstatic affirmation of existence ~ a self~surmounting. The goals striven for were for the most part irrelevant: what was important was the striving for **something** with a passion. For in such striving, in the action in the world so entailed in the striving, there was an intensity which captures the immortal and which re-presents the spirit of Satanism: that heroic defiance which is the essence of all conscious evolution and thus civilization itself.

Such exultation is dangerous. By its nature it is individual. It is anathema to those forms and structures which suck vitality and which by their very existence, level individuals down and break or try to break their spirit. It is Heresy. It is testing ~ some become possessed; some perish; some are broken in spirit and descend to the mediocrity of the majority; some are caught in the snares left by those who adhere to those things which suck vitality (such as religion and 'law' and ethics). But some few survive and prosper and thus inspire others to venture out where no one has dared to go before. And of those few who survive, there are some who can express in words or other mediums (like music) what they have felt, and experienced and learnt ~ in a way which is easily understood. These few are the really dangerous ones ... It amuses me ~ and has amused me - when I come into contact with modern, self-professed 'Satanists', be such people a part of some 'Temple' or 'Church' or 'cult', or be they working on their own. With a few notable exceptions, these people are ridiculous - for them, Satanism is an intellectual philosophy, a collection of rituals, and/or an anarchic attitude. For them, it is an object of study, and involves meetings, discussions. For them, it is communal, and involves 'ethics' and/or a religious approach and attitude. For them, it is a glorification of their ego and a wallowing in the pleasures and wealth this existence can offer: an excuse for self-indulgence and lack of self-discipline.

In reality, Satanism is an attitude to living - and an attitude foreign to these mostly urbanized people who profess to be Satanists. Satanism means living one's life in a certain way - achieving things, in the real world by one's own efforts and because one is exulting in existence itself consciously. That is, one's life is intentional - a striving toward a higher existence by practical deeds, by overcoming challenges which take evolution to new realms. A Satanist strives to change themselves ~ and then the world itself. They desire glory, fame ~ to be significant. They are not content, and even when a goal is achieved, there is the need to find and strive toward another goal, another way of living. There are always new experiences awaiting - new levels of achievement.

A genuine Satanist needs action ~ they need challenges, because they possess within themselves the 'fire of Satan', that vitality which is the quintessence of living. This vitality shows in their eyes, their character - it is evident in their deeds.

Fundamentally, one becomes a Satanist by acting like one - by doing Satanic deeds. A Satanist of some experience would say one and more of these things: "I have experienced combat; I have killed, watched comrades die. I have loved and hated. I have discovered something for the first time. I have been alone for months, bereft of most things, and thus come to know myself. I have faced my own imminent death, not once, but many times. I have achieved things with my body I thought not possible. I have exulted in overcoming physical, intellectual and psychic challenges. I know the passion that motivated Beethoven, van Gogh, Nietzsche, and I know the feelings and greatness of Caesar, Adolf Hitler and Alexander the Great ... I have heard the music of the galaxy and the stars and planets within it. I have been in a Prison

cell and known the meaning of freedom. I have culled human dross. I have done criminal deeds - to learn and defy."

Of course, these things are only examples - there are many more. What is important is that they express real experiences of a dangerous or learning kind: they breed character; they test. They are selective. They are the type of deeds done by individuals with spirit - the type of understanding such an individual possesses, if only intuitively at first.

A Satanist will live life on the edge - will take up a profession which allows him or her to excel in deeds of action or creativity or exploration, or all of these. They will become experts in their chosen fields - and these fields by their nature will require persons of character and inner strength who prefer to work alone. Fields like assassination; Special Forces; Political manipulation... And then, having achieved, they will move on - to new ways and deeds. Or perchance they will die, defiant to the end.

Whatever, their quality of living will far surpass that of the weak majority. Their experience of both the dark and the light will be deeper, more extensive, and thus will they possess a greater insight, a greater understanding, a real depth of character.

In contrast, the self-professed 'Satanists' will be shallow - all talk, with little or no real experience of living on the edge. They shy away from real self-effort, from real self-overcoming, and build fantasy worlds in which they find comfort. They need the company of others, as they need their ego to be massaged by what they regard as their 'Satanic peers'. They talk an awful lot with others about Satanism, and probably, having learnt a lot of 'theory' from books and various organizations, write their own 'Satanic' rituals which they perform with the glee of the necrophiliac.

Some of these denizens of psuedo-Satanic organizations and cults will indulge in anarchic behaviour to impress themselves and others. But by so doing they reveal a lack of character - for a genuine Satanist possesses nobility and a self-discipline that others seldom understand.

Imitation Satanists make excuses -and devise theories to explain their lack of Satanic deeds in the real world. They have seldom if ever changed themselves to something greater than what they were at Initiation, and they most certainly have not changed the world in any way, significant or insignificant. They have achieved no glory - discovered nothing new; not extended the frontiers of understanding by even one micron. Instead, they wallow in obscure doctrines and consume the drug of self-delusion. To be brief, they have not composed a Satanic song which illustrates their life. They labour, but in vain - *Poeta nascitur, non fit*.

Most Satanists cannot publish an autobiography, or even have a biography which relates their life in detail while they still live, for the simple reason that it would probably render them liable to prosecution by those asinine guardians of the even more stupid system of 'Law'.*If this threat does not exist, then their life has not been Satanic enough. And, moreover, that life is never completed until causal death - something written at a certain age, should be out of date within a few years. If it was not, then again the full Satanic promise of one's existence has not been fulfilled. The time for the publication of such writings is after the causal death of its subject - although an expurgated version may serve a purpose, for some replete with experiences who wish to express the essence and inspire others to follow and then surpass them.

In my own case, I have written a brief recollection of some of the experiences of my Satanic life, for posthumous publication. But even in that MS, there were many things not recalled, perchance the MS falls into the wrong hands before the right time. Such a recalling - of dark and occasionally ecstatic deeds, most of them "illegal" and all of them "heretical" in this purblind society - will have to await my twilight years and a recounting of them to a trusted Satanic comrade. And even though the MS was written only two years ago, it is already out of date ...

And of that living, it is the essence which is important, not especially the details. From that living, I have distilled the quintessence into words which cannot be misunderstood - devising a method by which others may obtain that elixir. I have constructed a guide to the goal, drawn a map and explained the goal in detail, because I have been there. I explored, and discovered.

Now others can benefit from the lessons learnt from such a life. *Non generant aquilae columbas*.

Meanwhile, I anticipate the lies, rumours and distortions will continue, based on jealousy. The small and weak of character have always sought to drag those who are outstanding down to their own level of mediocrity - at least in the eyes of others.

* Plus the fact that most wish to continue their sinister esoteric work in secret, to aid the sinister

dialectic.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Tradition of the Sinister Way
ONA (From **Hostia I**)

The essence of genuine Satanism can be simply stated: it is a way to inner development, the goal of which is a new individual. This way involves three essential stages and these exemplify the spirit of that way and the individuals who follow it.

The first is direct experience, the second is direct practice and the third self-development. The first involves direct experience of both the external 'world' and the inner (or psychic) 'world' through striving to achieve certain goals both practical and magickal. The second involves using 'practical' (or causal) and 'magickal' (or acausal) energies to manipulate others, situations and energies in a practical way - producing changes in accord with certain goals. The third involves beginning the process again but starting from the new level of self-understanding and ability attained - pursuing different (and probably more complex) goals.

A Satanist is an individual explorer - following in the footsteps of others (and perhaps using their guide books) but always seeking further horizons, daring to defy convention (in ideas as well as in morals and attitude) yet part of an evolutionary succession enabling what is experienced to be understood and become beneficial. For this reason, a genuine Satanist understands tradition as important and necessary - the culmination of centuries of insight and experience, a useful guide which enables further progress and exploration: a starting point for that inner and outer journey which is begun by Initiation, as well as a map of the way chosen and followed.

This tradition is not sacrosanct - but it does possess a validity until the individual reaches the stage where the unique genius within each individual has been brought to fruition enabling the creation (from experience and self-insight) of a unique way and a fulfilling of a unique Destiny. In magickal terms, this is the stage of Internal Adept, where that unique Destiny is made known (dis-covered) and where the individual Initiate has developed the talents necessary to fulfill it by a following of the previous stages - a stage reached from between three to five years after Initiation.

The tradition (explicated in the 'seven-fold sinister way') provides only a beginning - it is for the individual to go beyond it, toward the dangers and rewards of the Abyss. It is, however, necessary - since it is, in one sense, a 'short-cut': enabling self-development to be achieved far quicker than would be the case without it as well as fully enabling the explication of individual potential. This does not mean that following it is easy - the path may be shorter, but it is just as dangerous (and in some places, more so). It is a mountain path to the summit rather than a meandering valley path, and enables the horizon, the other mountains waiting to be conquered, to be seen - as they cannot be seen from the wooded valleys below. But each new Initiate must walk this path - alone. And for each it is a new experience, a process of direct learning and a personal achievement, for only a very few have ever ventured that way before and stood atop the summit that is 'Internal Adept' to see in the distance the still higher peaks that wait beyond the Abyss.

What is important is following that path - and going beyond it, toward the Abyss - actually undertaking the journey and experiencing in real time what is encountered and seen: of being taken to the very limits of your endurance and abilities. No one can do this for you - just as the path does not lead to some pleasant grove where you sit at the feet of some 'Master' listening to their past experiences and fables. It does not involve you staying comfortably 'at home' with the security of your known world and friends and ideas, just as it is not a 'mental' journey done in comfortable surroundings and with no physical effort or danger. It is practical, and direct - and involves physical and psychic hardship, and while you may be a little soft when you start, you will not be so when you succeed, just as if you believe you are tough enough now, you will be rudely awakened.

Is this what you really want?

- Order of Nine Angles -



Variations

Coire Riabhaich, ONA. 110yf

The Abbess sat silent, vaguely focussing upon the wheeling-scythe symbol that blazed above her place of worship. She wore a red robe in the old esoteric style, which bore the seven pointed-star of her predecessors. In wearing this robe - as opposed to the black cosmic mantle of the Religion - she had hoped to hear once more the sinister songs that had guided her through youth and the long years that followed. Even the wordless chant she had just performed could only bring echoes of the Desire that had moved her people through the ages.

Her time had come and gone - or so she felt in that moment, for she was trapped then in the cage of her flesh. The destruction wreaked by The System had lessened her strength, and all she felt was a terrible weariness, and an urge to pass away through the veil of sleep.

On this April night of 168 year of fire, the horizon was orange with flame, and it was only a matter of time before the forces of tyranny came to destroy all she had built up. Once, there was hope as a spirit began to break the chains that bound - once, a flourishing of glory as there had been long before, when Nature blew life into dying embers. But again, the same jealousy, pettiness and greed took root amongst the proud.

The Religion had unleashed a force that she believed was unstoppable, but as always, honour was torn down by the dishonourable means of others. She sighed then, and chose not to listen to the faith that could not be bred out of her Being.

Vron was one of the few survivors. The rest of the Legion had finally been cut down during the heroic and prolonged assault on the State's military bases. Those left had scattered in different directions after first vowing to join forces again one day, knowing secretly that they would never live to do so.

Vron and his comrades had fought in the honourable ways of combat against a foe who outnumbered them with weapons of abhorrent and detached destruction. Not one comrade held back from meeting a glorious death, for their spirit of honour was the greater cosmic force. Each warrior knew that someone, somewhere, some time, would

remember their deeds, and thus from the seed of remembering the gift to act would be passed on.

A part of him was anguished at not having joined his brothers in death, but Vron felt that Fortune had perhaps spared him for an important task. Thus he staggered, wounded, to the Abbey that stood in a moorland valley, in an enclosure where yellow flowers bloomed and the slate remains of a school from ancient times still cast uneasy presences.

His wounds were cared for by the Sisters there, and within a few hours of his arrival, the vigour of his spirit had returned. The Abbey seemed darker than when he remembered it as a child, and that once luminous silence was no longer suffused with reverence, but with a waiting for death. He was disturbed, for in the one place that always embodied belief, there now seemed loss. Imbued still with the purification of war, was he, Vron of the Legion of 18, the only shining beacon of Faith in this holy place?

The night was clear and frosty, and he walked into the grounds beyond the gardens that provided the food for the Abbey. Here, by the river that flowed from the hill some miles away, Vron could commune with the forces he venerated. Presently, he was joined by the Abbess - unexpectedly, since she had long since abandoned walking beyond the earth that she had fashioned with her Sisters. But they both refrained from comment, since the days they now found themselves in were dark and extraordinary, and pregnant with Change.

The Abbess broke their silence: "The commitment to our Way is waning, despite our slow and patient nurturing - and our prayers." She did not seem to notice, as Vron did, the uncanny bark of a fox somewhere in the distant hills. "Despite my years, wisdom still seems elusive. Is it only the fervour of youth that keeps your faith alive?"

Vron, battle-scarred, felt both embarrassed and annoyed that the woman who had been for so long the sacred keeper of the flame should be seeking answers from him - should be oppressing him with her doubts. In that moment, the torch of Faith had been passed into his hands, and he did not know how to respond.

He stood, avoiding her gaze, watching instead the changing contours of the river and seeking strength and truth from the flow. Vron began to relate the events of the 29th assault, as though reporting to a senior officer. A part of him was secretly relieved that, in relating the details in his detached and dignified manner, no such doubts stole into his spirit. His was a tale of inspiration, of the very essence of all that he and others had created, fought and died for. There was nothing but purity in his words.

When he finished, the Abbess looked down into the water, and remained silent. Vron assumed then that his tale of new warrior gods must have moved her towards the answers she sought.

"Such sacrifice ..." the Abbess eventually said, her voice strained by emotion. "And all for nothing. Perhaps it is time for those left to re-consider their tactics ..."

Vron was genuinely shocked. Suddenly, he stood alone with the realisation that, despite all the words and deeds and comradeship, the so-called best of his race still did not understand. From that moment, he knew what he had to do. It was not hard for him to turn and walk away into the night, away from what he now detested most. The Abbess felt her emotion break as she allowed the young man to turn his back on her, and disappear.

The pain of his wounds increased as he stumbled over heather and marshy clumps of grass. Vron was following the river upstream, allowing the reflection of stars in the water to pull him towards his destination. Occasionally, his boots would crush the rancid bones of sheep who had staggered to the river to drink their last.

Dawn was still over an hour away, as were the advancing army who came to destroy in the name of money. He had to press on; he would not allow them to prevent him from fulfilling his Destiny.

Eventually, he reached the old stone track, and travelled onwards, swifter and easier. On the horizon, the inky silent hills marked by barrows watched his fevered endeavour. The track rose then dipped, then rose: he was very near now, but could not relax until the location was reached. Breathing became painful, and he grew angry at how, despite the years of training, the shell of his body could never match up to the desire of his spirit.

He took the small track off to his right, and ascended the hill. For a time, he felt lost, but trusted his instinct to guide him: he began to run, in and over the heather, throat constricting as he desperately sought a glimpse of the pool.

And there he found it, the cosmos reflected in its stillness. Vron sat for a short time by the reeds, and allowed himself a quick scan of the night sky. As his heart-rate returned to normal, he walked to where the river undramatically emerged from the earth, in wet patches, to gradually form itself over the slate of the wilderness slopes. Here, Vron knelt, and waited, on this night the battle had spared him for.

Unable to sleep, the Abbess had retreated to her study and shut out the now evident disintegration of Abbey life. She could no longer soothe the concerns of her Sisters; drained of feeling, she surveyed the uselessness of the books that surrounded her. Her gaze came to settle on the land beyond the window, and then locked, with apparent renewed purpose, upon the constellations.

She felt a music shape within her, a life-flow she had not felt - or not listened to - for many years. She was suddenly filled with the desire to compose; not the ponderous and expected "Stellar Cantatas" that were becoming her trademark, but a new, wordless form: a liquid, changing movement of bell-like notes - a weaving, joyous cosmic

tapestry ...

The genius of creativity moved her in a frantic search for blank manuscript. She found some amongst the notes for a proposed book on religious observances. Days before, this project was to be her great legacy to the world, but now it fell scattered across the room.

The Abbess likewise thrust all other irrelevancies off her scriptorium, and sat down to give form to her revelation. The first few notes leapt onto the paper. She debated, then altered the rhythm. She paused and looked down at the flat paper and the scribbles of lifeless pencil. It briefly occurred to her then, that her attempt was like the building of her Abbey: to house that which could not be contained ...

This insight did not remain, but disappeared beneath a heavy wave of futility. The Abbess sighed, blew out the candle on her table, and returned to gaze abstractedly at the cold and impossibly distant stars.

The pain had become dulled by the cold of water that seeped about Vron's knees. A strong wind was now blowing, but the sky remained clear. Behind him, spotlights began to invade the small valleys.

There were no more words in his mind, no longer any elation, or outrage. He listened only to the wind, its message needing no interpretation. Around him was all that ever was and all that would ever continue to be, and the follies of the unwise that moved a youth such as he to act, would fade and be forgotten. He held in cold hands the stagshorn of his Honour Knife.

The cosmic wheel, printed over his heart, shone out from the black of his uniform. It was in its centre that Vron positioned the blade.

He looked up to the yearning stars, and pushed the Knife in.

In this pre-dawn of April 30th, there were only the stars, the river, and the wind whose song needed no interpretation.

- Order of Nine Angles -

A Satanic Revealing
ONA, 1994eh.

[*What follows is an extract from a letter written by a member of the ONA to an enquirer. It is reproduced here because it further reveals the real nature of Satan and Satanism, and counters the claims of those who do not comprehend the genuine esoteric significance of the Sinister Way.*]

Several years ago, in various letters to David Austin [Temple of Set] and to others, Stephen Brown explained that *one* of the reasons why the ONA published various articles was to be *adversarial* - to counter what was becoming the "accepted" version/view of Satanism. This "accepted" version was that promulgated by both the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan. We, in the ONA, knew this version was basically imitation or pseudo-Satanism - a playing at 'wizards' by often pretentious pseudo-intellectuals or those without any real insight/intelligence and thus without any real personal *character*. These two groups, their members, and others imitating them, had tried to make Satanism tame and safe - there was an awful lot of talk, an awful lot of writings, and awful lot of 'rituals'. But there was little or no Satanic/sinister/dark *action* undertaken in the real world.

To counter this pseudo-Satanism we published or made available various articles and manuscripts - not specifically to "teach" anything or even to gain members. Rather, to engender controversy; to create a reaction. This is the dialectic of change: thesis-antithesis-synthesis; yin-yang-Tao. Called by whatever name or names, the process is the same. Thus, an 'alternative' version of Satanism was presented, and an 'alternative' history or mythos. It was and is up to each and every individual who reads our material or who comes into contact with us, to work things out for themselves. The effort, the challenge, is theirs and theirs alone. Such things - like words themselves (or even mathematics!) - were and are a means, to be used to go beyond them. Those who do or did have the ability to see or understand the real intent/purpose behind such things, [and who could often "read between the lines" or realize there were some things we did *not* say] might go further, and actually begin a real quest along the Left Hand Path, and so develop themselves and perhaps contribute to evolution. Those who could not or would not see or understand, were and are irrelevant anyway. The actual 'truth' or 'reality' of, for instance, the alternative mythos/derivation/history propounded by us, was and is irrelevant. One of the things that is important about such things, is that they are 'alternative'. Those who cannot understand this are not important.

Part of our detestation of groups like ToS was because of the religious type of mentality of those groups - trying to make Satanism into some sort of religion, with 'infernal mandates', or into a personal cult, with a 'leader' idolized and lionized. We know these are the anti-thesis of Satanism - they are, in effect, Nazarene versions of 'Satanism', as is the enervating wallowing in 'horror', death, *decadence*, egotism and so on, which is often (falsely) associated with Satanism.

All these things, however, were for that one intent, mentioned at the beginning. There were others reasons behind the other material what has been published or made available by us. *One* of these was to offer some individuals the chance to attain a genuine sinister/Satanic Adeptship and beyond - to give them an opportunity to begin and advance along the path, and so for them to not only change themselves but, by interaction, to change others and 'society' itself. In effect, to 'presence' [or 'draw forth'] sinister/Satanic forces via these individuals because of the lives/actions of those individuals. This was done because we considered the time was right (judged by what we call our aeonic strategy) for there to be more Adepts of our sinister tradition - beyond the few who had existed hitherto and who had always been taught on an individual basis, from Master/Lady Master to novice. In effect, by publishing all our material, we have given anyone the opportunity of striving for and attaining Adeptship and beyond. But of course, few will do this simply because the Way itself is difficult and dangerous - since each novice is required to actually undertake works of darkness in the real world in order that they can go beyond the illusions of 'good' and 'evil' and so discover that balance within them which is unique to each person, and which makes them part of an elite. It is this balance which is the essence of Adeptship - and yet there are several stages beyond even this attainment. Naturally, some who try never attain this - they may give up, defeated by their inner weakness; they may join another, safer group (it being easier to play at wizards and belong to a group like ToS); they may actually be overwhelmed by 'sinister' forces; they may fall foul of various stupid Laws of the country they reside in; and so on...

As I and others in the ONA have stated many times, our Way is quite simple. There are no mystifications, no 'teachings'. There is only a method which has been proved to work. If some

individuals want to try - fine; if they do not - fine. It is their choice. Whatever - there is Change; there is joy; there is the 'presencing' of 'sinister' forces on this planet; there is evolution, however slowly. In respect of politics, and similar things, such as 'race'. These are means, to attain or achieve certain goals. What is or may be useful in the history of an aeon (or in creating a new aeon) can and may be used. What matters is that there is and continues to be Change - a dialectic in operation; a generational or evolutionary force. That is, a presencing of what we describe as 'acausal' forces/energies. [In conventional terms, one might say - 'keep alive and aid, the Prince of Darkness'.] There is no abstract "truth" outside a particular aeon - what others regard as 'facts of history' (for example, in relation to race) are for us fundamentally irrelevant. What is important is mythos - creating a means or many means to move/motivate others so that these others make history, and thus change evolution. We have set various goals, the achievement of which will alter evolution, and change things forever. To achieve these goals, various things have to be done, and various means used. One has to be practical, not mystical, if one desires to create large-scale evolutionary change. Believing one can produce such changes, is very different from actually doing them. It requires real wisdom, a knowledge of those forces/things which move/change people, as individuals and en masse, and which create/change societies, civilizations and aeons themselves. In one sense, this is what being a genuine Master/Lady Master is all about - it can be and often is, great fun.

Our aims are our own. We are not concerned about the past - with claiming that we existed, long ago, and that various historical persons were part of us, and that we caused great change, or were responsible for spreading 'esoteric' knowledge. As far as I know, no famous (or even infamous) person belonged to us, as we were not responsible for large- scale historical changes/events. We have been simply a small number of individuals quietly and for the most part reclusively working to attain what we now understand as Adeptship, and beyond. What really concerns us, is the future. If I was inclined to be dramatic (and I seldom am) I might write that we will or can make certain futures real, for the potential to so create and make these real exists now, within some individuals - as a consequence of the history, the evolution, the civilizations, that have gone before. Certain possibilities now exist, for the first time in our evolution as a species. Whether or not these will be realized, is another question - but one of our aims is to try and make this so. In this respect, all other 'Satanic' groups are irrelevant, for they know nothing of these things, and thus have no insight into what (or who) 'Satan' really is.

What all this amounts to is that we do not use the ideas, jargon, terms, 'history', methods or whatever, of others. There is no reference point for us, on the Left Hand Path, because we are unique and genuinely independent. We are a coherent whole, and cannot be compared with any other group. Our ideas, methods, jargon, terms, 'history', and so on, will insinuate themselves into the fabric of this society and other societies. Indeed, this is already occurring. Furthermore, there will be more uniqueness - that is, more creativity, from within. Further developments, which will also work themselves, sometimes quite slowly (decades, and occasionally centuries), into the 'mainstream', thus producing changes, sometimes because of the adversarial dialectic of change. There is and will also be, a real presencing of the creative acausal energies by the very fact of our existence and continuing development.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Purpose ONA, 1992eh

Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a 'Special Forces' unit (such as the British SAS). I shall explain why this is so, but first will describe what genuine Adeptship is.

An Adept is an individual who has undertaken an Occult quest and who has, as a result of that quest, the following abilities/attributes: a) a real understanding of esoteric, Occult matters, and a deep esoteric knowledge/insight; b) esoteric skills – chief of which is empathy: with both. natural and 'Occult' forces (energies. An important aspect of this empathy [an intuitive understanding of things as those things are in their essence] is with living beings and that species mis-named Homo Sapiens; c) a unique character – formed via experience d) a unique 'philosophy of life' attained via self-discovery and self experience – by finding answers unaided.

Adeptship results from a transformation – a transmutation of the individual. This begins at Initiation, whether that be ceremonial or hermetic [i.e. as part of a group or alone]. It is an internal alchemical process of change, and occurs on all levels – the psychic, the magickal, the intellectual, the psychological and the physical. It is the birth of a new individual who has skills, knowledge, understanding and judgment not possessed by the majority.

The changes themselves arise from a synthesis – there is an evolution of the individual and their consciousness because of a successful response to a challenge. Or rather, because of a series of such successful responses over a period of some years. In essence, the Initiate undertakes a challenge, strives to achieve a certain goal and if successful, grows in character, maturity, knowledge esoteric skill and so on. They then move on to new challenges, until the process is complete and Adeptship attained The challenges themselves occur on all the levels mentioned above – i.e. the psychic, the magickal (or Occult), the intellectual, the psychological and the physical.

Quintessentially, the path to Adeptship is a quest which involves ordeals, the achievement of goals and so on. Furthermore, the quest is individual and involves experiences in the real world: not just 'in the head' or of a 'magickal' nature. By its nature it is solitary – it involves the individual overcoming the challenges, undertaking the ordeals, alone. If certain ordeals and challenges and experiences are not undertaken – and if all of them are not done alone – then there is no real achievement and thus no genuine Adeptship.

The nature of the experiences, challenges and ordeals which are necessary, and the fact that they all must be done alone and unaided, makes Adeptship difficult to attain, and is the reason why real Adepts are rare, even though there are many who claim the achievement.

Returning to the example mentioned above – that is, real Adeptship is more difficult to attain than being selected for and successfully training with a Special Forces unit. The selection procedures for such a Unit are tough, and the training likewise. But the individual undergoing them has a definite concrete goal – and that individual is with others: there is a camaraderie a desire not to 'lose face' in front of others. Also, the individual is in a definite environment – usually a training camp with Instructors and other members of the Unit. There is a 'tradition' with its special signs: a uniform, a beret, an insignia. And everyday concerns – food, shelter etc. – are taken care of (* Except, of course, during training exercises of the survival kind – but these are limited in time and space, and part of 'the course' which is real and known).

In contrast, Adeptship is mostly intangible: it seems 'magickal' and Occult; part of another world.

Further, the Initiate is on their own and still for the most part, in the 'real world' – they have responsibility to clothe and feed themselves (at the very least, and find or have some shelter).

But there is more. The physical challenges alone which an aspirant Adept must undertake are, in fact, more difficult, tougher, than those used by any Special Forces unit. They are more testing, more selective. Only the strongest, the most determined, survive them. Add to these physical challenges the many others that are required – intellectual, magickal, psychological and so on – and it is easy to understand why Adepts (or genuine ones at least) are so rare, and why they are part of an elite.

Of course, there are many – in fact, most – who call themselves Occultists of whatever Path or none, who maintain that such things are not required for Adeptship to be achieved. [I shall describe in detail the actual challenges themselves, shortly.]

These Occultists maintain that Adeptship is actually one or more of the following: (a) amassing a great amount of what passes for 'esoteric knowledge' by, for example, reading a lot of books and magazines,

and by attending various meetings/discussions/conferences/participating in "Magickal" forays; (b) being given the title 'Adept' by either (i) someone else for services rendered or whatever, or (ii) undertaking a self-written/published "Rite" after which one congratulates oneself and uses the title Adept; (c) achieving an "enlightenment" during some ceremony/working/ritual/discussion/induced stupour/trance/communication with a supra-personal entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence; (d) being "chosen" by someone/some entity/some extra-terrestrial intelligence; (e) hanging around the Occult scene for so long that one feels entitled to call oneself an Adept.

All of these are merely delusions of attainment. I do not expect this article to shatter the delusions and illusions of the deluded – for they need them and the false Adepts will continue to fantasize about their achievement just as many individuals will continue to fantasize about belonging to or having belonged to, various Special Forces units. What this article will do, is to present the real meaning and significance of Adeptship in a way which is not open to mis-interpretation: to reveal, for once and for all, the illusions of Occultists for what they are, and thus what is really necessary for genuine Adeptship.

Among the challenges an Adept has successfully undertaken, are the following:

- 1) Several physical (and mental) goals of which the minimum standards are (a) walking 32 miles carrying a pack weighing not less than 30 lbs. in under 7 hours over difficult, hilly terrain; (b) running 20 miles in less than 2 1/2 hours over fell-like/mountainous terrain; (c) cycling not less than 200 miles in 12 hours.
- 2) Having organized and run for not less than six months, a magickal/Occult group/coven/Temple of not less than seven people and performed ceremonial and hermetic rituals regularly.
- 3) Having found and loved (and probably lost) at least one 'magickal companion' and worked with them in a magickal and personal way over a period of many months.
- 4) Having attained an understanding and mastery of esoteric magick – external and internal – via practical workings over a concentrated period of time lasting at least two years. And, following this, have begun to understand what is beyond external and internal magick – i.e. Aeonian magick and processes.
- 5) Having experienced in real-life situations, danger involving ones possible death.
- 6) Having faced many and severe dilemmas of a personal and 'moral' nature the resolution of which required a choice and which consequently brought a maturity of outlook and a sadness.
- 7) Having spent at least three months living totally alone in an isolated area without talking to anyone and without any modern comforts and distractions.
- 8) Having developed one's intellect by mastering a complex and abstract subject hitherto foreign to one: e.g. advanced mathematics, The Star Game; symbolic Logic.

Show me someone who has not done the above (or very similar things) alone and who claims to be an Adept, and I will show you a liar – be that liar aware of the lie, or unaware of it. For too long, the intentional and unintentional liars have had no one to challenge them – and their character less version of 'Adeptship' or 'Adepthood'.

All the challenges enumerated above breed character. They are formative; they create the Adept. And those mentioned are only some of the challenges an Initiate must successfully experience and triumph over – there are many more.

There is no easy way, no easy path, to Adeptship. The journey takes years, and involves self-effort, self-discovery, unaided. It involves triumphs, and mistakes – and learning from one's mistakes. But perhaps most of all it involves a commitment and a learning from practical experience.

However, it should be remembered that Adeptship is not the end of the quest. There are stages beyond, which require even more difficult and dangerous experiences – which need even more self-honesty. For, conventionally, Adeptship is only half-way between Initiation and the ultimate goal, sometimes described as the gateway to immortality.

As with Adeptship, there are many who claim to have been to the stages beyond Adeptship – who claim to be 'Masters' or Grand Masters, or even the stage beyond! Like most 'Adepts', these are liars, both intentional and unintentional, and they will be exposed in another iconoclastic article.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Agios Lyceus

Chant (Ἀγίγιος)

Γ υ < Γ Λ Γ Γ < Κ υ Γ Η Γ
A — gí — os 2y — ce —

Λ Γ Λ < Γ Γ < < V I V < V
us — A — gí — o — s

υ ς Γ ς υ ς υ < υ ς υ ς υ ς
Ly ————— ce us

Concerning the Traditions of the ONA

For a long time, the traditions were divulged on an individual basis - from Master or Mistress to Initiate. An 'Order' as such did not exist. There was only, at any one time, a few Adepts who taught a few pupils over a long period of time.

It was not until the sixth decade of this present century that this pattern changed. Hitherto, the tradition was secret and secretive, and prospective pupils were subject to severe tests and ordeals, of a physical, mental and magickal nature. The traditions were oral, with one or two exceptions. These being concerned with certain magickal rituals and Esoteric Chant. But even these were written in code or in symbolic/magickal scripts devised to conceal them from non-Initiates.

The tradition itself concerned: a) certain rites and ceremonies of 'Black Magick' - e.g. The Ceremony of Recalling; The Sinister Calling; the Rites of Nine Angles [Note: These are later titles for what was without title]; b) certain beliefs/legends relating to the Dark Gods; c) certain methods which were believed to be necessary for the achievement of Adeptship [e.g. what later became known as the 'Grade Rituals']; d) certain esoteric knowledge e.g. Esoteric Chant, the septenary system of correspondences; e) certain practices of a sinister nature [described in MSS such as 'Culling'; 'Guidelines for the Testing of opfers'].

There was also a belief which later became known as 'The Sinister Dialectic of History' - an attempt to understand Aeons and the rudiments of what later became Aeonic Magick.

Occasionally, ceremonial rituals were undertaken for specific purposes at which most, if not all, those who belonged to the tradition participated in. Sometimes, this was so few that others had to be recruited, subject to the usual tests and so on. But this 'recruitment' was for a specific purpose, and was not general policy.

In the sixth decade of this present century this, however, changed - under the guidance of the Mistress who then represented the tradition. She formed several ceremonial groups, all autonomous. These, however, were never large, and the combined number of people in these groups never exceeded thirty. A few of the individuals so recruited came from existing Black Magick or Left Hand Path groups (such as the OTP, the Temple of the Sun, and the Black order). Due to this change, some structure was given to the tradition - and a name, in addition to those already existing which served to identify the adherents of this tradition. The existing descriptive names were 'traditional Satanism, the septenary system, and hebdomadry. The new name, adopted by the Mistress, was the Order of Nine Angles. The autonomous groups also adopted their own names, as sub-Temples within the order. One of these was 'Camlad'; another was 'The Temple of the Sun' (nearly all the members of what had been called by this name had joined the ONA).

Over the next few years, Order sunedrions were held, and ceremonial Initiations undertaken. This continued for some more years, after the Mistress had retired. Her decision was the result of a sinister strategy - to undertake specific acts of sinister magick of a ceremonial kind; to increase the number of genuine Adepts and create temporal forms to direct certain magickal energies and so provoke certain changes, preparing the way for the next stage.

However, the reality was somewhat different from the theory. Some quality had been lost. There was a concentration on the external aspects of magick as against the internal and the aeonic. Accordingly, after some more years, the person who then represented the Order, disbanded the groups, and returned to traditional methods. The methods themselves were refined and extended, and it became the practice for External Adepts to form and manage their own Temple, with complete freedom. Further, a decision was taken to gradually make available all the traditions of the Order together with the new techniques developed.

The new techniques included 'The Star Game'. The Grade Rituals were revised, and further methods developed, together with a comprehensive theoretical system to explicate the true nature of both the methods and magick itself. Thus, a purely practical system of training was created, which made Adeptship and the Grades beyond available to anyone. This system was called 'The Seven-Fold Way' [later 'The Seven-Fold Sinister Way']. The basis of this system was described in an Order MS entitled 'Naos'.

According to tradition, the traditions themselves, inherited by the present Grand Master from the Mistress who Initiated him, were said to be a survival of what has been called 'The Third Way of Magick'; a survival from the civilization which flourished in Albion. These traditions were limited to a

certain geographical area. This was bounded in the north by the Stiperstones; in the West by the Long Mynd; in the east by that neolithic pathway now known as the Kerry Ridgway; and in the south by the river Clun.

This, however, is only a tradition, with no direct evidence to support it.

Such, briefly, is the 'history' of the ONA. At present, the function of the Order is to: (a) guide suitable individuals towards and beyond Adeptship; (b) work Aeonic magick in accord with sinister strategy; (c) implement, via various tactics, that strategy.

One tactic used over the past few years, is making the tradition itself accessible, as well as the new developments which have extended and refined that tradition, forming the practical system mentioned above.

ONA 1990 eh

[Editorial Note: I know that the history from the late sixties, as explained above, is factual, since I participated in it. As to what went before - e.g. the handing on of the tradition from Master/Mistress to pupil over a long period of time, and the association of the area mentioned with the tradition - I have only the word of the Mistress who Initiated me. While I am still inclined, after all the intervening years, to accept her word, there remains no proof, or at least none of which I am aware. All I know is that she taught me a great deal of esoteric knowledge, unavailable at the time in any published books or accessible manuscripts. This knowledge included Esoteric Chant (qv. 'Naos'), the septenary system of correspondences, and the teachings divulged in the MSS 'Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice'; 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers'; 'A Gift for the Prince' etc.**

Each person must make their own assessment.

AL

Other knowledge imparted included the Dark Gods mythos (as explicated in the MS 'The Dark Gods' and 'HP Lovecraft and the Dark Gods'), the esoteric meaning of the Nine Angles (as explicated in the MS 'The Secrets of the Nine Angles' - the MS 'Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings' gives a recent extension of the symbolism), and some ceremonial rites (explicated in 'The Black Book of Satan').

- Order of Nine Angles -

Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way
Order of Nine Angles
Extracted from *Hostia*, Volume One. ONA, 1992eh.
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In one sense, the work of Crowley may be said to be a restoration of various chthonic mysteries of mainly Sumerian origin. Thus the importance in the cult of Thelema attached to Set/Shaitan/Satan - an attempt to re-integrate into the consciousness of the individual the duality represented by the formula LASH TAL.

However, despite the many claims, Crowley did not inaugurate a new Aeon. His restoration is simply a restoring of something long dead - a kind of necromancy, and as a magickal force the cult of Thelema might as well not exist.

In the exoteric sense, 'Shaitan' represents those instinctive levels that are often, in our modern society, repressed in the individual - and Satanic rituals of either the traditional kind or the kind based on the use of sexual formulae, are a means of catharsis: a beginning where consciousness is prepared and liberated from the restrictions implicit in ordinary life. In practical terms - and for the civilization of the West whose dominant religion and ethos has hindered by its distortion all that is natural in terms of sex - this often means participation in rituals such as those given in 'Codex Saerus' or Crowley's Gnostic Mass or some form of sexual working. Such participation restores the balance that is often lacking.

Yet such a participation is only a beginning - and the ritual forms of such a participation are only a means. They are means to experience and if correctly undertaken should provide the individual with an understanding of that aspect of their personality which has been symbolized as Satan (for men) and Lilitu/Darkat (for women) - the darker, sensual side. Such an understanding is personal in the sense that the personality of the individual is involved, and the perspective achieved is usually that of the life, or Destiny, of the individual in relation to his circumstances and other individuals. That is, there is little concern with or appreciation of, the forces of an Aeon - other than perhaps some vague 'intellectual' understanding: or what is thought of as understanding.

This re-integration of the darker aspects - whether it occurs through participation in rituals or via other techniques of magick - is represented, in the septenary system, by the three lower spheres of the Tree of Wyrð (Moon, Mercury and Venus) and these spheres symbolize the three stages of that re-integration - that is, Calcination, Separation and Coagulation to use alchemical terms. It is during the next stage that the individual who is following a planned and practical magickal way gains both cultural and Aeonian perspective. This enables an understanding of the relationship existing between the individual and their unique Destiny and those forces which are symbolized by a magickal formula or 'word' and which represent a particular Aeon.

Such an understanding (associated with the fourth stage - the sphere of the Sun - and the fifth stage, Mars) derives or has its foundation in, a rational approach and usually involves the individual studying Aeons, civilizations and the relations between them.

However, the system of Crowley, as well as the many systems deriving in whole or in part from his work, never arrives at this stage because it has (a) set the formulae of sexual magick above everything, and (b) negates with its approach the rational analysis required. The same is true of other magickal systems involved in the 'darker' side and which try in some way to let the individuals following them experience their own shadow nature. An integration and thus understanding of this nature - enabling the individual to build upon the foundations thus achieved - of necessity implies the development of those qualities such as reason, logic and scientific understanding, which Crowley et al have abandoned. Yet this development does not imply a mish-mash of Occult and pseudo-scientific concepts such as 'quantum mechanics' and 'relativity' - an unstable amalgam currently fashionable in certain circles. Rather, it implies the development of the mind and a certain way of thinking.

On both the esoteric and exoteric levels, the most significant step so far in the evolution of our consciousness has been the development of rational analysis and its extension as the scientific method. The acceptance of this method (which does not preclude an acceptance of the forces with which magick deals) implies a certain 'view of the world' and a personal approach to living: a way, which is at once cautious, generally optimistic and open and enquiring. This 'view of the world' or way of thinking derives from the ancient Greeks - it is expressed in their early philosophy (i.e. before the decline

represented by Plato), in their religious attitude and in their way of living. It is essentially the same attitude exemplified by Western paganism, and it is the antithesis of that view and way represented by the religion of the Nazarene. The religion of the Nazarene inverts all natural values - as Nietzsche understood. Thelema, and similar beliefs, negate, as Nazarene philosophy and life does, that natural spontaneity which is the essence of this pagan 'view of the world' - because Thelema ties the mind in knots of obscurity and metaphysical speculation (as the qabala in general does) it briefly frees the spirit only to weigh down the spirit with the chains of its own metaphysics.

The true ethos of the West - which the religion of the Nazarene distorted and supplanted - may be signified by the word 'Azif' and the symbol of the sunwheel; it is pagan in essence. The ethos of the West (which derives from the present Aeon force or 'current' first established c. 500 AD) is not and never has been patriarchal in the sense that Crowley and his followers believed - such a 'patriarchal' ethos representing the distortion imposed upon the original ethos by the Nazarenes. That Crowley and others were unaware of this is indicative of how far removed Thelema is from genuine esoteric tradition. Esoterically, the genuine Western ethos is symbolized by that force which has become known as 'Satan' or Lucifer. Exoterically, this represents the desire to know which has attained its greatest manifestation in modern science and exploration.

An analysis of Aeon forces indicates that the present Aeon has, on the practical level - i.e. in terms of its effects on the vast majority of individuals who because they have not been liberated by Occult Initiation are sway to external influences - about three centuries more to run. During this time, the distortion of the current caused by the Nazarenes and their allies may or may not continue - depending on how certain Initiates use certain powerful magickal forces. Whatever, the 'New Aeon' (the sixth out of the seven that mark our evolution) will have its beginnings on the magickal level within the next few decades - although on the practical level it will be about another three centuries until the effects are apparent. This new Aeon will have no 'word' and its magick will be the magick of 'Thought', that is spontaneous empathy. One of the most fundamental facets of this new Aeon will be the development of a symbolic language, which extends the frontiers of thought. Such a language is already prefigured in the Star Game - just as the Star Game itself was prefigured in traditional Alchemy. Another facet of the new Aeon will be the emergence of a new type of individual: a type outlined by Nietzsche. This new individual will be fierce, free (of both external and internal/psychic influences), exult in exploration and discovery and possess an essentially pagan attitude to life. It is and has been one of the aims of genuine sinister Orders to produce such individuals - by having their Initiates follow the seven-fold sinister way. What has happened over the past fifty or more years is that the distortion of the Western ethos - and thus the genuine Aeon current - has increased. Part of this increase is, in fact, due to Crowley and those who have followed him and his system without really understanding what they were doing. The genuine Western esoteric tradition - as distinct from what most Occultists wish to believe is the 'secret tradition' - has no connection whatever with the qabalah, or Egyptian mysteries and symbolism, and neither does it employ in any way the sorcery of 'grimoire magic' and the forms once appropriate to now dead Aeons be such forms Sumerian, Babylonian, Egyptian or whatever.

The basis of the Western tradition was and always has been rational in the sense that those who carried on its tradition sought to understand themselves, the world and the cosmos in a detached manner - free from religious/political dogma. That is, to understand things as those things are in themselves: without the projection of beliefs and ideas... To this end, the septenary system was evolved, and the 'mysteries' expressed in abstract symbolism (of which Alchemy was one form). The essence of the Western tradition was not some 'great secret' or 'hidden knowledge' to be revealed to Initiates only - rather, it was the belief that everything in the cosmos could be understood if one probed, investigated or thought enough about it. That is, the cosmos was seen as a natural order into which individuals could gain insight. From this insight, a new individual would emerge: a more conscious, evolved, person.


The tradition thus encouraged the development in the individual of empathy via personal experience: an experiencing of all aspects of our own nature as well as the worlds within and without. Thus were the 'magickal/Occult' faculties themselves developed. The way of this tradition was essentially practical - exemplified by the Grade Rituals, tasks and so on of the seven-fold way. There was no speculative metaphysical system, no acceptance of irrational fears and beliefs, no subservience to someone else's personal mythology.

The new Aeon should be a continuation of the process which the genuine Western tradition began. Yet it is possible that this new Aeon may never emerge. The distortion of the Western current does and has represented a desire by some to return to what may be described as an aspect of the Babylonian ethos.

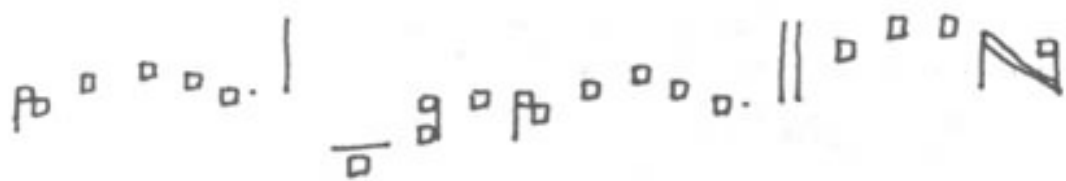
This aspect gave rise eventually to not only the poison of Nazarene philosophy and religion, but also to the many political and social systems and ideas founded in the 'view of the world'. There is, at this moment in time, a very real magickal conflict occurring between two forces - those representing (whether consciously or not is immaterial) this Babylonian/Nazarene ethos, and those representing the genuine Western (and thus 'sinister') tradition. On the outcome of this conflict the next Aeon depends - there will be either the new Aeon with the blossoming of the individual and the development of consciousness giving thus a liberation from the tyranny of religion and politics, or a return to those essentially patriarchal dualistic values where impersonal ideals/ideology have precedence over the individual. Every act of genuine sinister magick is a step toward the new Aeon. Thelema is a step back into the past - as are other systems which lack the empathy, that experience and then transcendence of the sinister brings.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Diabolus

D 
 dies irae, dies illa, Solvet saeculum in favilla:









Dies Irae, dies illa
 Solvet saeculum in favilla
 Teste Satan cum sibylla.
 Quantus tremor est futurus
 Quando Vindex est venturus
 Cuncta stricte discussurus
 Aperiatur stella et germinet
 Atazoth.

Makrokosmos
ONA 1997eh

Satanic reasoning, and the judgment of a 'thing', derive from direct personal experience. Thus, for the Satanist, there can be no real understanding of something until that something is *lived*. Before then, understanding is merely academic, relying as it does on the validity of sources other than one's own experience. An understanding of a form cannot be acquired through academic research, since one never lives the form - there is only observation within the comfort and confines (morally and otherwise) of one's own life, in the same sense as a play or a film is viewed by an audience. For the most part, the student is free to be convinced or not by the evidence studied - there is still the freedom, consciously and unconsciously, to believe whatever one feels comfortable in believing. All there is, is 'opinion'.

With regard to a form which possesses spirit, *élan* [such as National-Socialism], there can be no crossing over from the life of the academic into that form via academic study, because the form so 'studied' is a living one; it cannot ever be really known through words and ideas (such as 'politics'), archaic folk-tales - or even Art and Musick. It is a revolution of the *soul*, and as such, true understanding via which a reasoned judgement may be derived, can only be developed by living that revolution; by experiencing the reality of those forces as those forces are - by, essentially, living beyond the confines of one's own self.

With this living, the life of the individual, both inner and outer, is effected and changed by the experience because the experience is dynamic and direct - it disrupts, and unlike a book which can be dosed and put away, it lives within and without the individual every second of that experiencing. There is a deeper understanding gained whereby the force that motivates such a form is fully apprehended, and thus, the various causal manifestations (or 'histories'), are understood from the context of the essence, and are placed in perspective without the interference of contemporary morality and social sensitivity. Essentially, this dynamic method of understanding is the only method relevant to a form that possesses *élan*. This approach to learning may invalidate the methods by which the majority seek to establish their right to learn and so judge - but that is the reality. One either approaches learning as a consumer via the 'definitive', established approach (ie. investigation solely via the respected methods of academic bodies - such as 'universities'), or one seeks the difficult - and sometimes dangerous path of challenging one's own reasons for believing (and living!) via practical integration with a particular form.

Of course, there are very few who would undertake this direct approach simply because, if they are being honest, they would not wish their lives to be so disrupted - and living life as, for example, a dangerous revolutionary is too frightening a prospect. For the Satanist, it is precisely these reasons which make such an undertaking necessary.

The development of Satanic reasoning is part of the purpose of the **Insight Role** (qv.). This alchemical method is very hard, as it requires the Satanist to believe in their role - and convince other non-Satanists of their sincerity via practical acts [it is no use just editing a (for example) National-Socialist journal - or writing learned articles for existing journals]. The role usually brings an alienation of occult comrades; family; other friends - sometimes the loss of personal freedom. It severely tests, and thus develops - or destroys - character.

This method is not, as some may perceive, solely a cynical/clever manipulation of a form for selfish ends, whereby all forms are regarded as merely means to be discarded when personally appropriate. An Insight Role teaches empathy. of forces that exist beyond the life of the Satanist, and how they influence the masses, contributing to the evolving of civilisations, etc. There is a real appreciation of the form so lived; an appreciation judged not solely from a 'Satanic/Sinister' - or socially conditioned - perspective, but according to the form as that form is, on its own "light" terms. The Satanist **is** and **is not** that role: an awareness that is, before Adeptship, quite difficult to live with - and is seldom, if ever understood by non-Initiates.

This is the meaning and purpose of Sinister Magick: to bring a *synthesis* via the conflict of opposites that exist within and without the Individual. This synthesis is the result of a practical journey, where this bifurcation must **still** be experienced if the forces that do still exist within the *psyche* of the Initiate are to be eventually understood, beyond intellectual apprehension, as 'abstractions'. Thus, the meaning of **Satan** and the purpose, for Individuals and Aeons, of the *Seven-Fold Sinister Way*: to undertake acts of **positive** opposition, 'blasphemy'; because without such acts of extreme defiance, there is no genuine inner liberation... and so shall it remain for many centuries to come (see *also Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass MS*).

An Insight Role thus creates a real understanding of **Aeonics** - an understanding beyond the self, and thus the cultivation of the faculty of Reason, and the glimmerings of genuine Wisdom. As stated, without this (arduous) experience, there is a staying where one is - despite whatever level of intellectual esoteric apprehension gained - centered around a mostly self-indulgent life-style. Essentially, without *experiencing* this bifurcation, the psyche will not be changed, thus preventing it from travelling towards those realms that separate the Initiate from the Adept.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Manipulation I
Sinister Themes
ONA 1990 ev

It is a fact of external sinister magick that manipulation is necessary. There is manipulation of forms, images and magickal energies as well as direct and indirect manipulation of people. People manipulation can arise from many factors and be undertaken for many reasons. Initially, it is often done by Initiates because they wish or desire to revel in the feeling that such manipulation can and often does bring – a sense of power and re-enforcing of the ego: it creates a sense of self-identity and purpose, enhancing the "role" of Satanist/Black Magickian. Beyond this is the use by the External Adept of various roles - such as Priest or Priestess - which by their nature involve certain amounts of manipulation of others, e.g. in the running of a Temple or group. Experience brings skill - a learning from mistakes, and thus a more subtle approach. Instead of direct confrontation, there is a "flowing with" the other persons(s) and then a skillful re-direction of them: i.e. they believe they are acting freely rather than being manipulated. Beyond External Adept, there may be further use of such skills depending on the wyrd of the Adept. [See Appendix for one such form.] What all levels have in common is the acceptance of the belief that the magickal Initiate is superior to the non-Initiate: that others can be used to achieve personal/magickal goals. In the beginning, of course, this sense of superiority may be unfounded and mis-placed - arising from simple arrogance and self-delusion. However, if the Initiate truly learns, and really follows the hard path of internal magick, then this will be transformed into a reality, the External Adept having acquired the skill and begun the process of developing character: that which sets them apart from ordinary mortals. In addition, certain abilities will be developed (some connected with the 'Occult') and latent potential drawn forth - creating a new individual from the pre-Initiate one. The post-Initiate will realize the rather limited understanding of the majority and see them as swayed by all kinds of external and unconscious influences: in short, understand that they are not really free. They will be seen as directed and controlled in varying ways by various means – by archetypal forces within their own psyche, directly or indirectly by others and by ideas/forms/Institutions/ideology, as well as by the various patterns psychic energies assume (one of which is the ethos of the culture/civilization to which they belong). To the sinister Initiate this will be illuminating and also useful, providing opportunities for experimentation and self-learning, as for example via running a Temple. There is no morality here - only the judgment of experience: most people are consciously and esoterically not very well developed. In fact, they are still rather primitive. The Initiate takes a dispassionate view – although there will be times when direct involvement leads to emotional commitment/involvement, and thence to a self-learning from the experience(s), as must be in the progress from Initiate toward the other Grades. Initially, however, others are seen as a means. Gradually, there is a move away from this - from the direct, personal involvement to the more indirect and magickal: an internalizing. This brings awareness of the Initiate's own psyche and thus real understanding. There may be and mostly still is manipulation of others - but this has evolved from the random to the directed, centred on what the Initiate believes is his or her own destiny in magickal terms. The same applies to the manipulation of magickal energies - there is an evolution away from the undirected external type (which quite often arose from the unconscious - i.e. was not consciously understood) first to the internal as a process of internal magick, and then outward again but in a directed form, the direction arising from the magickal goals set, those involved in following the sinister path. In brief, there is an awareness of that balance which is so important for true Adeptship. This balance - for an External Adept - is expressed in the understanding, from experience [i.e. not "from book-learning"], that magick as a directed form is not always causal when used to assist the individual externally (and sometimes internally) - that is, it involves other factors which the individual, at the time of working/ritual, may not be aware of/in control of. In short - the illusion of having achieved control/mastery of all magickal forms by techniques, is broken. one of the factors involved in this is the wyrd of the individual; another is the wyrd of the Aeon; another – and perhaps the most important for the individual to understand - is the **nature of magick itself: no one who has not transcended beyond the Abyss can direct/control in a causal way all the divergent forms any magickal energy assumes in the causal.** Quite often, however, most of the divergences go un-noticed when "practical magick" is performed because the time-scale of those divergences is not the same as that of the effects which are or

become noticed by the Initiate/External Adept and which mostly are taken to be the "success/failure" of the working. Some of the divergences are or may be in themselves of no consequence to the individual undertaking the working - i.e. produce no discernible outward effects - and even when they or some of them are of consequence the Initiate/External Adept usually either ignores them or accounts for them in other, temporal, ways. A recognition of/sensitivity to the divergences begins the process that leads from External to Internal Adept: once again, practical experience is the teacher. It should be obvious that those which are of consequence (whether noticed or not) effect these acausal changes upon the individual due to (a) the wyrd of that individual and/or (b) the wyrd of the aeon. Thus the learning curve which magickal workings impart. In a sense, each Grade Ritual and the associated experiences imparts more ability to apprehend and thus control the causal manifestations - gives more skill at manipulation both magickal and of people (there is a stage when the two are understood as the same thing), as well as brings an awareness of the acausal effects beyond the time-scale of the working and its desire/results. The understanding of the limits (well, some of them!) often occurs following the solo Nine Angles rite by an External Adept - at first intuitively, and then more consciously. This begins the process of consolidation and leads either to further self-insight, return to self-delusion, or rejection of magick and the quest. For, in essence, the solo rite is a foretaste of the chaos of the Abyss - undirected acausal energy, the effects of which (i.e. what results from its presencing in the causal ["on earth"]) are mostly unforeseen and often unwanted, the ritual itself being so structured (or rather unstructured) that little or no direction is given for the energies - they flow and presence according to their nature, the individual being a channel. [Note: this is what happens to a greater or lesser extent in external workings by an Initiate/External Adept re the 'acausal component' of the working.] Thus, the wyrd of the individual to some extent directs and/or disrupts the flow, producing certain changes in the causal. The nature of these changes thus depends on that wyrd. Thus the essence of magick - and hence sinister manipulation - is glimpsed and then apprehended in most for the first time. This enables both the causal and acausal components of the energies accessed via a magickal working to be controlled and manipulated and thus presenced in the causal, and it is this which marks the true Adept: the internal Adept possesses the understanding, and the Master/Mistress can make that understanding real.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Manipulation II

ONA 1990 ev

One of the fundamental principles of Black Magick is elitism: the belief that the majority are essentially beneath Initiates in terms of understanding, intelligence and ability. This gives the foundation for manipulation - both on the personal and the magickal level.

The Black Magick novice is generally scornful of others - until and unless worth has been proved or shown. However, as explained previously (Manipulation I) an experienced novice will have learnt the subtlety of manipulation: direct confrontation as a mode of manipulation will seldom be used (unless a person or group deserves to be so treated: or such an approach is magickally necessary). Instead, there will be the "flowing with" approach - manipulation without the person or persons being aware of it. Quite often, this approach is "psychological"; at other times it may be psychic (e.g. directly magickal) - or perhaps via the charisma of the magickian overpowering the personality of the person(s) in question. Whatever, there will be an arrogance based on the belief of one's own superiority - and thus an isolation. For a true Black Magickian is essentially a strong individualist who finds his or her own company preferable to that of others - unless those others can be useful in some way. That is, there is no dependence of any kind, particularly not emotional, on any other individual or individuals. This, of course, is what the novice strives to achieve. It cannot be achieved quickly - or even by "will" alone. Rather, it is a cumulative process - an alchemical change, a re-orientation of personality, and such changes take time.

In the seven-fold sinister way, these changes occur during the stage of External Adept and are a necessary prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. One of the most important aspects of this change is that involving the companion - the initial emotional involvement gradually changing, ceasing to be a dependence but rather a partnership - a mutually evolved understanding; the passion (both sexual and emotional) which possessed the novice giving way to a maturity.

The arrogance of the Black Magickian is not an empty one: it is not a posturing. Instead, it arises from within: from the knowledge and insight the novice has gained into him/herself - by having achieved in both the personal and magickal sense. Thus the magickal and practical goals which are set for novices - they develop self-assurance, a pride and that arrogance which is truly Satanic. The training for and achievement of these practical goals usually takes the novice to the limits of physical and mental endurance - and this builds character in a specific way [or defeats the novice who gives up and either lets self-delusion triumph - "I don't need such things: they are out of date/unsuited to me; I have achieved enough anyway... - or abandons the magickal quest perhaps later to try another "method" (which is easier) or find another "teacher"].

Initially, this arrogance is outward and expressed by manner, attitude and perhaps appearance. Later, when Adeptship becomes achieved, it becomes cloaked - except in the eyes and in that charisma which marks a Black Magickian. Initial manipulation is often of the external kind - an adjunct to external magick - later, it becomes "internal" (concerned with the internal goals of the External Adept) and still later, aeonic (bound up with supra-personal, acausal energies). [qv. Deofel Quartet for examples of the various types appropriate to Initiate and External Adepts.]

- Order of Nine Angles -

Notes on Study and Practice in Modern Satanism

In traditional Satanism, the novice is expected to not only study the tenets and traditions of Satanism, but also put these into practice in real life. Thus, a recent Satanic Initiate - whether working alone or as a member of an established Order/Temple - would study the following works, and then strive to apply the principles contained in them in the way described.

The works are: The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia - Vols. I, II, III; Hysteron Proteron.

'Naos' would be used as a guide to practical hermetic workings, both external and internal. The 'Black Book' would be used as a guide to forming and running a Satanic Temple to perform ceremonial magick. 'Hostia' and 'Hysteron Proteron' would provide an insight into Satanic traditions and beliefs. In addition, the images of the Sinister Tarot would be employed (e.g. in some of the workings given in 'Naos'), and the 'Deofel Quartet' might be read to provide additional understanding, together with The Black Book II and III.

Satanic practice in the real world would arise from (a) forming and running a Satanic Temple; and (b) undertaking Insight Roles and other Satanic tasks. Aside from a specific Insight Role, which the novice would choose, they would undertake the various physical challenges required [qv. the MS 'Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance', for example] and strive to increase their experience by living Satanically in a way which aided the sinister dialectic. What these experiences were, they would decide after having studied the works mentioned and after having undertaken the tasks, ordeals and so on, up to External Adept [qv. 'Naos', and the various MSS guides to the Seven-Fold Way] e.g. having run a Temple for some months, and achieved the physical goals.

One of the tasks might be to plan and undertake a culling. Another might be to aid Heretical forms by, for example, becoming involved with an extremist group which seeks the destruction of 'the System' and whose principles and aims are in accord with the Satanic ethos and whose actions aid the sinister dialectic. [Obviously, both of these could be combined.] Another might be to undermine present structures by fostering their decline - e.g. dealing in drugs. Another might be removing in a practical manner on a regular basis, the scum and the worthless - e.g. by vigilante action [this is culling performed on a regular basis rather than a 'one-off' event].

What matters about these tasks is that the novice chooses them to gain practical experience of Satanism in action and thus increase their understanding and so aid their esoteric development. Naturally, to qualify as Satanic actions, they must aid the sinister dialectic - be steps toward realizing the strategic goal of Satanism. Here, an understanding of Aeonics is crucial, as is a genuine insight into traditional Satanism: as explicated, for example, in Hostia I, II, III and as explained to prospective novices in the booklet 'Satanism - A Basic Introduction for Prospective Adherents'.

The choice of practical action is the novice's: they must use their understanding to select Satanic tasks. Occasionally, they might be given advice, from a more experienced Satanist, but the final choices are and must be theirs. What matters is to choose and act. The acts are learning experiences, ordeals, and thus it does not matter if because of, say, a certain lack of understanding, a novice chooses, or seems to choose, wrongly. They will either learn from this, or not. If not, they have basically failed - shown themselves not to be suitable. Whatever, their actions will have presented the sinister in some way or ways.

Following these tasks - which should last for a few years - the novice then moves on to the next stage of their esoteric development, that of the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. This is a rite of synthesis, and thus the emergence of the Adept.

Ritual Magick:
Dure and Sedue Ceremonial
ONA, 1990eh.

Magick enables us to capture again and again those moments which not only shape our lives but which can extend the possibilities of our existence: those moments when we know with an exhilaration and an insight that transcends words, when we become more than a single isolated individual burdened with a causal existence.

For some time there has been a denial of and attempts to undermine the ceremonial in magick: there has arisen a plethora of self-written rituals and "chaos" type workings. This, however, arises from a misunderstanding of the nature of ceremonial. Basically, there are two types of ceremonial workings in magick: dure ceremonial, and sedue ceremonial. The first is essentially ritual used for internal magick – to produce/provoke/inspire changes within the consciousness of those participating/attending. The second is (or rather should be) a performance which transports the individual participants to another realm and which engages their whole being. It is not however a possession – but rather a developed awareness, a new way of being distinct from "everyday" existence, one in which all the elements (mind, body, emotions etc.) are a unity. A sedue ceremonial is an artistic event of the highest type because it is a conscious attempt to make the acausal real (to presence it) in causal time. However, like any artistic performance, a ritual can be good, indifferent, bad or great depending on the talent and abilities of those performing/conducting it. If it is any of the first three, it will not achieve its purpose.

A great performance is one which captures the essence of the ritual – which brings the acausal, which "opens a nexion", and which thus has the magickal power to transform. This of course is a rare event – at least these days – and like, for example, a great performance of a drama or a symphony, requires both talent and preparation. Unfortunately, in the past as in the present, ceremonial rituals when attempted are done mostly by inept performers with little or no preparation and little if any empathy with the magick which the ritual re-presents. Thus the ritual is magickally ineffective: non-inspirational for the participants/congregation. Further, elements of self-delusion (regarding the "magick") are mostly present. Such "performances" tend to confirm the mistaken belief that ceremonial forms are either boring or outmoded or both.

A ceremonial ritual should be vivifying – and awaken "numinous" feelings. It should stimulate all the senses - for a sedue ritual in a subtle way; for dure ritual in an obvious/overt way. Incenses and fragrances should stimulate the sense of smell; the eyes should be stimulated by colour and imagery; hearing by the sounds of chanting, by music, words; the intellect by the symbols/content/intent; the passions by the spirit or elan of the performance and perhaps the sight/gestures of an individual or individuals performing a specific "role", their manner of dress (or undress) and their physical movement. A ceremonial ritual is a seduction – of the participants/congregation by he/she/they conducting it or the power of the rite itself because the rite captures or transforms an aspect or aspects of the acausal. This seduction is subtle if the ritual is a sedue one, and obvious/overt/harsh if it is a dure one. But by its nature it always has a temporal structure, as it always is a nexion to the acausal – if it is a genuine magickal rite, that is, one that possesses when performed acausal (or magickal) energy/power. Both of these aspects – the temporal structure and the nexion – are important, although hitherto esoteric. Each shall be considered in turn. First, temporal structure. This means that the ritual has a beginning, a middle (or 'action'/development) and a definite end: it is confined in temporal time, and while a specific performance may be 'fast' or 'slow' depending on the mood and the intensity, it is generally of a certain duration. Second – a nexion. This means that in form and content (e.g. the techniques used to draw upon magickal energy) it is effective – it accesses the forms/symbols and so on required for its purpose. This means more than that it 'produces emotion'. Emotion arises or should arise from the performance by the effort and talent of the performers. Rather, such accessing means it re-presents certain elements of the acausal in an accessible form, such as archetypes or numinous symbols. This requires what can only be called a type of 'artistic creation' – and this in itself can be of varying quality, as in music or any creative endeavor. Most creations, however, as rituals, are not effective: they do not presence the acausal, although they may produce emotion and perhaps the occasional insight. Emotion, however, is not magick – just as "intellectual stimulation" and/or undisciplined behaviour are not, although such things result and are expected to result from what passes for "magickal rituals" today. Only rarely does a creation become or be magickal – that is, a nexion, despite the intent of the person or persons who undertake such creation. Thus, no amount of desire, no amount of intellectual knowledge can make or

create a ritual which is magickally effective. Only rarely does a creation become or is magickal. It may become so due to the "aura" or "tradition" surrounding it (partly due to past performances) – but even in this instance it must still possess some aspects which access the acausal directly. It is magickal when it is that rare entity: a genuine magickal creation.

The temporal structure and accessing of a ritual mean that a genuine rite, once created or transmitted via tradition, must be respected for what it is: effective performance requires fidelity to the temporal limits and its internal structure – in terms of all its formalized elements such as words, chants, symbols, images, colours etc. Outside of this, there can be (and indeed should be) artistic interpretation, a vivifying of the original by the talent and skill of the performer(s). A genuine magickal ritual is a work of art – and requires 'interpretation', that is, performance, to presence the acausal. It is, in short, a conscious causal expression of aspects of the acausal – and in performance lives in both the causal and the acausal. Hence its power to transform. [It should be remembered that only ceremonial magick is being considered here – the above does not imply that only ceremonial forms are effective as magick. There are many other forms or means of accessing the acausal.]

Given this understanding, it should be obvious that there are very few rituals, written down or transmitted, which presence the acausal and which, in an inspiring performance or interpretation, are capable of transforming either the consciousness of others or of producing changes in the causal metric itself. That is, there are few rituals which possess in their written form the potential to be a nexion to the acausal: and even these require inspirational performance: rehearsal, planning, the correct intent or desire ... In short, the creation of "atmosphere" and skill/ability in performance. The rituals that proliferate today – and most of those regarded as 'traditional' – may in their performance pass some moments of causal time and may even fill some individuals with emotion (and boredom is an emotion), but they are not and never will be magickal.

Of the rituals that do exist, those in 'The Black Book of Satan' together with a few others (such as The Ceremony of Recalling in its various forms) rank as supreme works of magick. Some other rites possess the potential to do even more on the causal level (e.g. the Nine Angles rites) - producing aeonic changes. Thus explicated, genuine Black Magick becomes available to all: for the first time ever.

Satanism and Satanic Influence ONA

It is a fact - seldomly understood and appreciated - that most individuals follow the creative lead of a few. It is also true that some of this majority absorb the creativity of others and bring it forth again - sometimes slightly altered, to claim it as their own, and that this whole majority needs the stimulus of new forms, ideas, and ways, born via a creative genius or two - to vitalize them and begin the process of internal and external change.

The recent history of Satanism gives evidence for this. Various types of Satanism have emerged over the centuries, as have various exponents of it. Historically, Satanism is often taken to be - by those unacquainted with the Left-Hand Path - as Diabolism; that is, the invocation of the Devil and the making of a pact with Him. This is evidenced in the medieval Grimoires and in those who were accused of such things. Later, various individuals were regarded as 'Satanic' and as teaching a form of Satanism, the most familiar being Crowley. Still later, various organizations emerged, each claiming to be Satanic and each teaching what they regarded as authentic Satanism. The most significant of these are the Church of Satan (Anton LaVey), the Temple of Set (Michael Aquino) and the Order of Nine Angles (ONA).

DIABOLISM

Central to all forms is fear - of the powers, entities invoked. Hence the use of various forms of protection such as 'circles'. The 'pact', so familiar from the grimoires and accounts of Diabolism, was one between a master (the Devil) and a servant (the sorcerer). Implicit in all forms of Grimoire-type Satanism, is the belief (deriving from the Nazarene religion) of Satan as a fallen angel ultimately ruled over by 'God' - there is always the possibility of being 'saved'. The archetypal Diabolist was a lapsed or practicing Nazarene, whose conjurations brought excitement and a sense of the 'forbidden'.

CROWLEYISM

While 'Thelema', as a doctrine and belief, is regarded as many non-Occultists as 'Satanic', there is very little real Satanism in it, or indeed in Crowley's own life and works. The work of Crowley is, in many ways, a continuation of the Eastern-influenced esoteric groups and societies active before and during his own time - a type of Westernized Tantra, heavily imbued with qabalism. The archetypal follower of Crowley is someone versed in Occult doctrines and mysticism, who seeks through sex and other rites certain states of consciousness, and who is oriented toward a belief in Thelema as a new faith/creed.

CHURCH OF SATAN

The church achieved a high media profile due to the showmanship of LaVey. He expounded a philosophy of unenlightened egotism and self-interest, together with a belief in carnality. The rituals were in the tradition of the grimoires and imbued with qabalistic symbolism/notions (including some deriving from Crowley). Further, the Devil was dispensed with as an external power - making the LaVey type of Satanism more of a practical belief system than a dangerous (in Occult terms) undertaking.

TEMPLE OF SET

The Temple of Set was and is, essentially, an intellectual development of the Church of Satan. To the original was added an intellectual infrastructure (deriving in part from various mythologies and traditions) and an organizational structure with the aim of making Satanism a 'new' religion, acceptable to a significant number of individuals. Both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set (The latter more so than the former) insist upon belief in their own version of Satanism - and expect the adherent/member to accept/conform. There is thus a fostering of dependence by the individual upon the group (and in particular, the leader[s] and Master).

ORDER OF NINE ANGLES

The Order first emerged into public view in the early 1980's (eh), and basically taught that Satanism was a means to attain self and Occult insight and abilities, and that this could only be done on an individual basis via direct, personal *experience*.

The archetypal CoS member was a black-robed figure who played a 'role', and who placed ego-fulfillment and pleasure before everything. LaVey was accepted as a 'Master' and an authority to be revered - and a personality cult developed. The archetypal ToS member is someone who has read a lot of Occult literature, who engages in discussions with others about their beliefs and practices, and who likes the charisma and appeal of being a 'Satanist'. Often they dress for the part - and need a group identity, a sense of 'belonging'. They also accept Temple authority and are content to let an organization confer advancement upon them (in the form of titles and positions).

The archetypal ONA member is the lone sorcerer/sorceress struggling - via practical (and sometimes

dark) experiences toward self-attainment, guided by the teachings of the Order, and by occasional meeting with someone who has gone that way before.

Each of the above manifestations will be considered in turn. But what, then, *is* Satanism? By what criteria can such a manifestation be judged? First, let us consider what Satanism is **not**. It is not an acceptance of conventional morality or ways of living; it is not a belief, or a faith, which causes a rejection of the reality (and harshness) of life; it is not a refuge for the failures, the cowards and the weak. Satanism is about pride, an acceptance of individual worth. It is about defiance - challenging the accepted, seeking to know the unknown and seeking to discover, to explore and conquer: a refusal to bow down or give in. It is about excellence - of going beyond what *is*, in personal terms; of achieving a greater awareness and understanding than the majority. It is a desire to experience the limits of living, *to strive for the gods...*

Diabolists are insipid, rather pathetic - a historical curiosity only: a footnote in the psycho-pathology of the Nazarene religion. Crowley was a rather under-developed egotist lack the character to develop real self-insight. He could and did manipulate others, and did possess some Occult powers (intuitively) and some understanding of the Art of Magick. His followers are trapped by the flaws of his system. - chief among which, are the self-stupefaction and self-satisfaction (and the thus the illusion of development), rather than real self-insight and thus Occult abilities.

CoS members (and to a lesser extent those of the ToS) accept a sanitized Satanism - a 'safe Satanism', where the Darkness is said to be only within, where it cannot threaten them. They also are stuck on the bottom rung of Occult understanding - seeing nothing beyond the confines of the ego and the carnal. The ToS claims to go further, but there is little or no practical experience of evil, of the Sinister, of those Dark Forces which are part of the Cosmos - there is instead an intellectualizing. There is also no going to extremes in living, no ordeals which challenge (and make) *character - no quest for personal excellence*. Instead, there is the security of an organization, the acceptance of Temple authority and mandates. In brief, the fostering of a type of mental servitude - in belief and in practise. All these are contrary to what Satanism is.

Only the ONA understands and practices Satanism *as it is*, insisting that Satanism is about individual self-development in both the real and Occult worlds, and that this can only be achieved by long, hard dangerous and toilsome *experience*. Furthermore, the ONA has exhibited a creativity and an understanding which makes all other manifestations pale into insignificance. Thus, it is not surprising that it has been so influential over the past few years.

This influence has, however, seldom been acknowledged - other groups and individuals often borrowing the teachings, methods and ideas and claiming them as their own, this 'borrowing' not being confined to 'Satanism' or LHP groups in general. This is both natural and necessary - given the sterility of creativity which exists and has existed in such groups, and given the nature of the human species in general, and the Satanic in particular.

The chief contributions of the ONA, toward an understanding of Satanism in particular, and the Occult in general, may be briefly described:

- 1) Satanism and the LHP (Left-Hand Path) as a means to individual development, leading to Adeptship and beyond - via practical experience and ordeals (qv. the grade rituals).
- 2) The emphasis on developing both the mental and physical character of the individual.
- 3) A greater understanding of Magickal (and Occult) forces - and thus their nature - via the development of the concepts of causal and acausal, and an abstract system to re-present this, enabling conscious apprehension (as opposed to belief and superstition).
- 4) The re-structuring of magickal symbols and forms in archetypal terms - in particular the Septenary Tree of Wyrd and the deofel Quartet (the latter explicating the archetypal, particularly in the 'real world' from the viewpoint of the Sinister Novice).
- 5) The creation of a Sinister Tarot whose images **are** Sinister, and thus imbued with Satanic energy.
- 6) Revealing and significantly extending Aeonic Magick - enabling any individual to undertake such works.
- 7) The emphasis on an individual Initiate working alone and achieving practical goals - without accepting in a religious way a higher authority - and making this achievable by all via the publication of practical guides to all aspects of Satanism (Naos, Codex Saerus, Sacramentum Sinistrum, Thernn, etc.).
- 8) Bringing an awareness of the Dark Gods - of the Sinister energies/forces which exist and

which have been symbolized by 'Satan'/the Devil...

9) An emphasis of the personal qualities - the character - of a Satanist, enshrined in the concepts of Excellence, Honour and the motto "die, rather than submit to anyone or anything".

10) A re-affirmation of the positive, life enhancing nature of Satanism as opposed to the stereotypical image of obsession with death and decay - a moving away from the image/role of the Satanist as a showman-type 'Devil'/Mephisto figure obsessed with carnality and pandering to his or her own weaknesses, and seeking media attention, toward the secretly-working lone sorcerer/sorceress concerned with their own development and works of esoteric Sinister Magick...

A perusal of literature, statements and other such causal forms by other groups and individuals, since the manifestation of the ONA, will show the extent of its influence - of how, in a subtle way, such individuals and groups have been changed by a Sinister organization. Such changes, and such influence, will grow, although it may well go unnoticed by all save the few genuine Adepts.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass

[ONA 1974eh]

In one important respect, Satanism may be regarded by new Initiates as a catharsis - a means whereby individuals may divest themselves of those limiting roles that often are the creation of the ethos or ethics of the society in which those individuals find themselves.

Thus, in the past thousand years or so in Western Europe, one of the most important Satanic rituals, insofar as novices and 'the public' were concerned, was the Black Mass - simply because the ethos which outwardly ruled was the organized religion of the Nazarene. However, where genuine Satanism has been misunderstood is in the reason for this act of catharsis, particularly since the genuine Black Mass bears only a superficial resemblance to the 'black mass' described by various writers and 'authorities' over the last five hundred years or so.

For the Satanic novice [the first two stages of the seven-fold Satanic path] Satanism represents the dark aspect of the individual *psyche* - and by identifying with this, the individual is enabled, by the transformation that results, to begin the 'Great Work' whose attainment is the goal of the Adept. This 'Great Work' is simply the creation of a new individual - and this new type, by virtue of the path followed, often inspires in others a certain terror. Of course, the Left Hand Path is difficult, not to say dangerous, and failure often results because the person journeying along the path misunderstands how the dark forces may be approached, manipulated and most importantly integrated to enable an identification beyond both good and evil as these terms are commonly understood. That is, those who fail in their quest along this path [and Gilles de Rais is an example] often do so because they fundamentally accept the dichotomy of 'evil' and 'good' and identify with what they perceive or believe to be, 'evil' - this perception and understanding almost always deriving from what the 'opposition' have declared to be 'evil'. The reality is that this dichotomy does not exist in the cosmos - the convention of what is 'evil' has been imposed, by the projection of mostly Nazarene dogmatists, upon reality. In a fundamental sense, Satanism is a means whereby each individual can discover [or rather 'dis-cover' in the sense of Heidegger] the reality for themselves.

Hence, Satanic catharsis is essentially a blasphemy - but one ordered and with a definite aim; it results from an individual will channelled by a conscious understanding. It is this application of will - of conscious intent - which marks the genuine Satanist from the imitation and the failure. A Satanist revels in life - the failures find themselves trapped by their own unconscious desires which they do not have the intelligence to understand nor the will to direct toward a conscious apprehension.

Blasphemy is only effective if it is, for the period in which the individual lives, firstly a genuine shock and a reaction to those values which though accepted are often unconsciously accepted; and, secondly, if it is an appreciation of the positive and life-enhancing qualities inferred by infernal opposition. Thus, while the traditional Black Mass - with its denial of the Nazarene - is still useful because of the continuing constraints of Nazarene beliefs, it is today supplemented by a Mass which in its unexpurgated version represents a shocking blasphemy to the majority of peoples in Britain and other Western countries.

The Black Mass, and the modern Satanic masses which derive from it, in their genuine forms provoke an invigorating response through the very fact of *positive* opposition. Negative opposition - such as the so-called black mass described by Huymans in "La-Bas" - is enervating. True Satanic opposition - codified in a ritual - produces the exact opposite - a will to *more* life: and it is this positive, vital, will that is the essence of the genuine archetypal image of Satan, the adversary. Negative opposition - a wallowing in death, decay, horror and the filth of uncontrolled *décadence* - is a sign of imitation Satanism: a distorted image of the putrid corpse of the Nazarene.

One of the Satanic masses in use today is based on an evocation of Adolf Hitler - and not as something artificial, still less as a psychological 'game'. Rather, there is a genuine identification with the positive, life-enhancing, aspects of National-Socialism. [To most readers, this will be shocking - a blasphemy; which is exactly the point.] As with the traditional Black Mass, it is the stress placed on the positive, vital qualities of opposition that are important - *because these contradict in their very essence all that is assumed about what or whom the mass is concerned with*. Thus, in this particular Satanic Mass, Adolf Hitler is not represented as he is today portrayed by his opponents - as some sort of 'evil' monster - but as exactly the opposite, as a noble saviour.

Genuine ritual Satanism, for a novice, is not simply inversion - it is a complete rejection of the images

and ethics of a particular ethos - and a Satanist uses those images, and the ethics, their very *essence* reversed, against their own often unconscious 'conditioning', and ultimately against the society which uses/creates those images and ethics. Individuals who participate in genuine, well-performed, Satanic masses sometimes experience a kind of *satori* - a sudden enlightenment - and are thus led to increase their own conscious understanding. They also achieve an increase in their own vitality because they have broken free of constraining opposites.

In a very important sense, Satanism uncovers what the ethos of a particular society or societies have covered up through images, dogma, ethics, words and ideas - and it returns the individual to the primal chaos out of which opposites were formed.

This uncovering gives the individual control, a conscious understanding and an awareness of their unique Destiny. It is and has been the purpose of genuine Satanic groups to foster such an uncovering by guiding novices and having them participate in blasphemous rites. Beyond such an uncovering, ritual and ceremony cease - to be replaced by a profound wordless skill, a profound empathy. The ground or foundation of this empathy is what has been called "individuation" - the unity that a genuine Adept represents. But this "individuation", this Adeptship is itself only another beginning; it is only the fourth stage toward the ultimate goal.

Fundamentally, Satanic Orders enhance, speed-up, evolution - while the majority of people sleep, fearful of such infernal terrors.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Aims of the ONA
ONA 1994 eh

The fundamental aims of the ONA are:

- 1) To increase the number of genuine Adepts, Masters/Lady Masters, by guiding individuals along the path to Adeptship and beyond.
- 2) To make the path to Adeptship and beyond [the 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'] more widely available, enabling anyone, should they possess the necessary desire, to strive toward the ultimate goal.
- 3) To extend esoteric knowledge and techniques - i.e. to (a) creatively extend our esoteric knowledge and understanding and thus increase the consciousness of our species; (b) develop new techniques which make this new knowledge and understanding useful to those following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way; (c) implement this knowledge and understanding in a practical way, thus causing change(s) in society/societies. Areas of importance for the immediate future are: (i) music; (ii) Art/images/'film' etc.; (iii) the creation of an 'esoteric' community; and (iv) the development and extension of an abstract symbolic language ('beyond the Star Game').
- 4) To implement sinister strategy - i.e. to presence the acausal (or 'the dark forces') via nexions and so change evolution. One immediate aim is to presence acausal energies in a particular way so creating a new aeon and then a new, higher, civilization from the energies unleashed.

In respect of (1). This will be a slow process, by virtue of the difficulty of the Way, and the desire of most of those interested in esoteric arts for an 'easy option'. It is anticipated that only about four or five new Adepts (at most) will emerge every decade (i.e. an average of one per year). Of these, only two per decade will probably make it to the stage of Master/Lady Master. These figures are unlikely to increase until the energies of the new aeon become more pronounced (around 2020 eh) - even then, the increase will be gradual. It will not be before 2070 (at the earliest) that there will be a significant increase. This slow progression is natural and necessary - great numbers are not required in order for the more immediate covert aims (e.g. regarding sinister strategy) to be achieved.

In respect of (2). This will arise by itself provided the continuity of the Order is maintained.

In respect of (3). Since the Destiny of each ONA Adept is unique, these aims and others will be fulfilled by those Adepts striving for the next stage, that of Master/Lady Master. It should be remembered that Adepts - although they possess a knowledge and some understanding of Aeonics - are actually still swayed by aeonic forces: i.e. their Destiny achieves supra-personal aeonic aims. In effect, their Destiny is part of the wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon to which they belong. A Master/Lady Master, by virtue of having reached that stage, can transcend this wyrd and implement their own.

In respect of (4). The fundamental immediate aim [c. 1990 eh - 2020 eh] here is to actively presence the energies of the next aeon and channel these, via various nexions, forms, structures, 'ideas' and so on, to create the next higher civilization. The former means accessing the acausal [in the simplistic term sense 'returning the Dark Gods' via various rites] and creating those forms/structures necessary to channel the energies so accessed. This will take several decades. [Some structures/forms/ideas etc. have already - i.e. before 1994 eh - been created.] In conjunction with these things, there will be disruption of existing structures/ideas etc. by Masters/Adepts/novices.

Beyond this immediate aim [i.e. beyond 2020 eh] there is the nurturing of the new energies and the forms/structures etc. created to presence these. This will last several centuries - and during this time one of the tasks of the Order is to presence the acausal at regular intervals via certain rites at certain sites, thus ensuring the survival of those things imbued with such energies, one of which will be the new civilization and thus the societies it gives rise to.

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Expressed simply, the aim of the ONA is to create a new species - to significantly change our evolution as a species. This will take time - many centuries, in fact. The Seven-Fold Way is a practical means whereby an individual, now, can develop and so become a part of this new species. The other activities which the Order pursues are directed toward changing present structures and creating a new civilization whereby this new species can be made real on a large scale: the societies of such a civilization aspiring to realize this goal in a practical way. The ONA is not interested in transitory 'fame'/notoriety - and neither does it desire to attract large numbers of 'followers'. It is not in the business of competing with other 'Satanic' or 'Occult' groups because such groups are irrelevant, lacking any understanding of sinister strategy and incapable of really guiding their members toward and beyond a genuine Adeptship. Such groups usually represent the ego of one person, who surrounds him/her self with sycophantic followers, and/or they fumble about in diverse mumbo-jumbo lands, playing fantasy games, try to evoke long-dead archetypes and forms, and worship their petty, mostly bovine selves. What the ONA desires to achieve is significant and worth-while - it is not transitory. The ONA does not depend on the whim of some self-appointed 'leader' as it does bleat about some fantasy-given "mandate" from some "higher authority". It does not peddle some spurious, continually updated theory nor offer religious answers to keep individuals in thrall. Neither does the ONA declare that its worth is based on some pretentious/legendary 'tradition'. The worth of the ONA lies in its aims and the practical methods it has created, and will create, to achieve those aims.

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Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims - of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA - and the Seven-Fold Way itself - create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from 'The Black Book of Satan', is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. ***Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this*** - that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal - they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution - they are using their lives to some purpose. Members of the ONA are doing and achieving - they are being significant and shaping future events. *They are making history.* Compared to this, other groups are irrelevant.

THE

BLACK BOOK
OF
SATAN
~~~~~

by  
Conrad Robury

With illustrations from  
'The Sinister Tarot'  
by Christos Beest

Special thanks to Spock for OCR'ing and editing this online version

The  
Black Book  
of  
Satan

According to tradition, each Master or Mistress who was responsible for a particular Satanic Temple or group, was given on his or her assumption of that responsibility, a copy of the Black Book of Satan. The Black Book contained the basic Satanic rituals, instructions relating to ceremonial magick in general. It was the duty of the Master or Mistress to keep this book safe, and non-Initiates of the Temple were forbidden to see it. Copies were forbidden to be made, although Initiates above the grade of External Adept were allowed to see and read the Temple copy.

In traditional Satanism (i.e. those using the Septenary System: this system also being known as the Hebdomadry) this practice continued until quite recently when the Grand Master representing traditional groups decided to allow Initiates of good standing to copy the work. This decision was recently extended to enable specialist publication in a limited edition.

The whole text of the traditional Black Book is included in the present work, together with several additional chapters (e.g. Self-Initiation; Organizing and Running a Temple). These additions make this present work a concise practical handbook for those seriously interested in the Black Arts.

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1. Respect not pity or weakness, for they are a disease which makes sick the strong.
2. Test always your strength, for therein lies success.
3. Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.
4. Enjoy a short rest, better than a long.
5. Come as a reaper, for thus you will sow.
6. Never love anything so much you cannot see it die.
7. Build not upon sand, but upon rock And build not for today or yesterday but for all time.
8. Strive ever for more, for conquest is never done.

9. And die rather than submit.
10. Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art.
11. Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all.
12. The blood of the living makes good fertilizer for the seeds of the new.
13. He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest.
14. Discard not love but treat it as an imposter, but ever be just.
15. All that is great is built upon sorrow.
16. Strive not only forwards, but upwards for greatness lies in the highest.
17. Come as a fresh strong wind that breaks yet also creates.
18. Let love of life be a goal but let your highest goal be greatness.
19. Nothing is beautiful except man: but most beautiful of all is woman.
20. Reject all illusion and lies, for they hinder the strong.
21. What does not kill, makes stronger.

## I What is Satanism?

Satanism is fundamentally a way of living - a practical philosophy of life. The essence of this way is the belief that we can all, as individuals, achieve far more with our lives than we realize. Most people waste the opportunities that life can, by magick, be made to bring.

Satanic magick is simply the use of magickal forces or energies to enhance the life of an individual or individuals according to their desires. This usage can be of two types - the first is 'external' and the second is 'internal'. External magick is essentially sorcery: the changing of external events, circumstances or individuals in accordance with the wishes of the sorcerer. Internal magick is the changing of the consciousness of the individual magician using certain magickal techniques - this is essentially the quest of the Initiate for the higher grades of magickal attainment, a following of the way of Adeptship.

To external magick belongs ceremonial and hermetic rituals. To internal magick belongs the seven-fold sinister way. Ceremonial rituals are rituals involving more than two individuals, the ritual taking place in either a Temple or an outdoor area consecrated as a Temple. Ceremonial rituals involve a set text which is followed by the participants, and the wearing of ceremonial robes together with the use of certain items having magickal or Occult significance. Hermetic rituals are usually undertaken by an individual working alone or with one assistant/ companion. This present work deals with Satanic ceremonial magick: Satanic hermetic and internal magick is dealt with in the book 'NAOS - A Practical Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick'.

Satanism, in its beginnings, is all about making conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature, and to this end, Satanic magick is undertaken. Satanists believe that we are already gods: but most people fail to understand this and continue to grovel:

to others or to a 'god'. The Satanist is proud, strong and defiant and detests the religion of the crucified god founded by the Nazarene, Yeshua. A Nazarene (a follower of Yeshua) is afraid of dying and weighed down by guilt and envy. The religion of Yeshua has inverted all natural values, setting back the course of our conscious evolution. Satanism, on the contrary, is a natural expression of the evolutionary or 'Promethean' urge within us: and its magick is a means to make us gods upon Earth, to realize the potential that lies within us all.

Satanic ceremonies are a means to enjoy the pleasures of life: they offer carnality, the pleasure of fulfilling one's desires, the bringing of material and personal rewards and the joys of darkness. But they are only a beginning, a stage toward something greater. It is one of the purposes of a Satanic Temple to guide those Initiates who may be interested along the difficult and dangerous path which is the seven fold way. Those who do not wish to follow this path to Adeptship and beyond should simply enjoy the many pleasures which the Prince of Darkness offers to those who by a Satanic Initiation wish to follow His philosophy of living.

In traditional Satanism there is an appreciation of the role of women, for Satanism at its highest level is concerned with the development of the individual: roles as such are a necessary part of self-development. To be played, discarded and then transcended. The structure of traditional Temples and the rituals performed by those members of those Temples reflect this appreciation and understanding. For example, it is possible and indeed desirable for a Mistress of Earth to establish and :: organize her own Temple unless she herself wishes otherwise, just as it is possible and desirable to celebrate the Black Mass using a priest, naked, upon the altar while the Priestess conducts the service, such reversal being an accepted principle of Black Magick.

## II The Temple

Satanic rites are conducted either in an indoor Temple or in an isolated outdoor locality during the hours of darkness. Indoor Temples usually have a static altar, made of either stone or wood, and this altar should be set in the East. It should be covered by an altar cloth made of good quality material and coloured black. Upon this is woven either an inverted pentagram, the septenary sigil or the personal sigil of the Master/Mistress or Temple if there is one. Candle-holders, made of either silver or gold, are placed on the altar, one at either end. Black candles are usually the most employed although some rituals require the use of other colours.

Other candleholders should be placed around the Temple, since the only light used in the Temple both during rituals and at

other times should come from candles. The Black Book should be placed on an oak stand on the altar, the altar itself being of sufficient size for an individual to lie upon it.

Indoor Temples should be painted either black or crimson (or a combination of the two), the floor bare or covered with rugs or carpets of plain design, either black or crimson. When not in use, the Temple should be kept dark and warm, hazel incense being burned frequently. A quartz sphere or large crystal should be kept in the Temple, either in or near the altar: if near, supported by an oak stand.

Above the altar or behind it should be an image or sculpture of Baphomet according to Satanic Tradition. Baphomet is regarded by Satanists as a 'violent goddess' and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked from the waist up. In her left hand she holds the severed head of a man. In her other hand she holds a burning torch. The severed head, which drips blood onto her lower white garment, is held so that it partially obscures her smiling face. Baphomet is regarded as the archetype of the Mistress of Earth, and the Bride of Lucifer.

No other furnishings are present in the Temple. The Temple implements are few in number and should be either made or commissioned by the Master or Mistress. If this is not possible, they should be chosen by them with care. The implements required are several large silver chalices, a Censor (or incense holders), a quartz tetrahedron, a large silver bowl, and the Sacrificial Knife which should have a wooden handle. These implements may be kept on the altar if it is large enough, or wrapped in black cloth and kept in an oak chest.

No one is allowed into the Temple unless they are dressed in ceremonial robes and barefoot. The robes are generally black with a hood, although some rituals require the use of other colours. If possible, an ante-chamber should be used by members to change into the ceremonial robes.

If an outdoor location is used, the area should be marked out by a circle of seven stones, by the Master or Mistress. An outdoor altar is usually the body of one of the participants - naked or robed depending on the ritual and the prevailing conditions. The one chosen for this honour lies on an altar cloth, black in colour and woven with an inverted pentagram, the size of this cloth being not less than seven feet by three.

Candles should be placed in lanterns which open on one side only, this side being of glass which is often coloured red. The participants should know the area well, since they should not use any artificial light of any kind including candles, to guide them to the chosen site. Neither must any fires be lit during any ritual. For this reason the night of the full moon is often chosen

Both indoor Temples and outdoor areas chosen for rituals should be consecrated according to the rite of Temple consecration. When any ritual of Satanic magick is undertaken, no attempt should be made in any way to banish the magickal

forces - what forces or energies remain following a ritual are to remain, since they dedicate the area or Temple still further to the powers of Darkness.

Preparation for Rituals:

The Master or Mistress should choose one member to act as 'Altar Brother or Sister'. It is the duty of this member to ensure that the Temple is prepared - for example, lighting the candles, filling the chalices with wine, incensing prior to the ritual.

It is the duty of the Master and Mistress to prepare the members for the ritual. This usually involves them assembling in robes in the Temple or in an ante-chamber designated as a preparation area at least half of one hour before the beginning of the ritual. During this period they are to keep their silence while standing, concentrating on the image of Baphomet or some sigil (such as an inverted pentagram) as decreed by the Master or Mistress.

One or several members should be chosen to act as Cantor and instructed in the proper chanting of the chants. Other members may be chosen as musicians - the preferred instruments being tabor (or hand-drum) or flute.

### III Ceremonial Rituals

Ceremonial rituals, as given here, are conducted for basically two reasons: to generate magickal energy (and thus direct that energy to achieve a magickal goal or desire) and for the benefit of the participating congregation. The benefits the congregation derive from a successfully conducted ritual of Black Magick are many and varied: there are the carnal ones, the material ones and the spiritual ones.

To be successful, a ceremonial ritual must be both dramatic and emotional. That is, the right atmosphere has to be created and maintained. The object is to involve the emotions of the congregation, and all the many ritualized elements (e.g. the robes and the candles) are a means to aid this. However, the single most important element is the power of the voice, whether spoken, chanted, vibrated or sung. (See the chapter on 'Magickal Vibration' for one aspect of this.)

When you are conducting a ceremonial ritual you must use the set texts and chants (such as the Satanic Our Father, the Diabolus) as a means of gradually working yourself into an emotional but still controlled frenzy. It is no use just saying the correct words - they must be spoken or chanted with a Satanic desire - and the emotion once brought must be sustained until the ritual is over. This does not mean simply acting: it means actually becoming the role you assume, that of a powerful sorcerer or sorceress. And this feeling must be communicated to the audience: by voice, gestures eyes and so on. Ceremonial Magick is and always has been an Art, and to master this Art takes practice.

However, you (and the person working as Mistress/Master or Priestess/Priest) must always remain in control of your emotions stopping just short of possession. This also means that each and every ritual must be undertaken without fear or doubt (not even unconscious fear or doubt) - that is, in the true spirit of Satanic pride and mastery: with an exultation in the forces conjured forth.

In most ceremonial rituals it is one of the tasks of the congregation to abandon themselves to their lusts and frenzy, but you as ceremonial Master/Mistress cannot do this since you must control and direct all the energies which are brought forth via the ritual and the frenzy produced. It is up to you to initiate the emotion in the Temple, to cultivate its development in the congregation, to get them to reach a ritual frenzy and climax. And then the energy must be controlled - towards a specific magickal aim or dispersed by you into the Temple/surrounding area and left to dissipate/spread according to its nature and to the glory of the Prince of Darkness.

To direct the energy, you must before the ritual choose a specific desire or aim (either your own or as a favour to one of the members). This aim (for example, it might be to harm a specific individual) must be enshrined in both a simple phrase and a simple visualization according to the principles of hermetic magick. The visualization should be of the successful outcome desired - however, if this proves difficult, concentrate solely on the phrase. This phrase, which should be succinct, should then and by you prior to the ritual, be written on a piece of parchment - you could use a 'secret script' of your own devising or one of the magickal ones in general use. You then burn this parchment at the climax of the ritual: at a point you feel is right. To do this, fill the silver bowl with spirit, place the parchment in this at the beginning of the ritual, and light it using one of the candles during the ritual. While it burns shout/chant/vibrate your chosen phrase, visualizing your desire according to the visualization chosen (if you wish to and can include the visualization part). Then exult in the triumph of your desire. Follow this with continuing the ritual to its ceremonial end.

To disperse the energy, just imagine it (as, for example, filaments) surrounding the Temple and gradually creeping outwards. You may also (for example in an Initiation ritual) direct the energy into an individual who is present (in that ritual, by using a sigil and a chant.).

#### IV The Black Mass

##### Introduction:

The Black Mass is a ceremonial ritual with a threefold purpose. First, it is a positive inversion of the mass of the Nazarene

church, and in this sense is a rite Black Magick (see the 'Guide to Black Magick').  
Second it is a means of personal liberation from the chains of Nazarene dogma and thus a blasphemy: a ritual to liberate unconscious feelings. Third, it is a magickal rite in itself, that is, correct performance generates magickal energy which the celebrant can direct.

The Black Mass has been greatly misunderstood. It is not simply an inversion of Nazarene symbolism and words - when a Nazarene mass is celebrated (as occurs every day, many times, throughout the world) certain energies or vibrations compatible with the Nazarene ethos may or may not be generated, depending on the circumstances and the individuals attending. That is, under certain circumstances, the Nazarene mass can be a ritual of 'white magic': the energies that are sometimes produced being produced because a number of individuals of like mind are gathered together in ritualized setting; there is nothing in the production of energies which is attributable to external agencies (e.g. 'god').

What a genuine Black Mass does is 'tune into' those energies and then alter them in a sinister way. This occurs during the 'consecration' part of the Black Mass. The Black Mass also generates its own forms of (sinister) energy.

To see the Black Mass as simply a mockery is to misunderstand its magick. Also, the Black Mass does not require those who conduct it or participate in it to believe or accept Nazarene theology: it simply means that the participants accept that others, who attend Nazarene masses, do believe in at least to some degree in Nazarene theology - the Black Mass uses the energy produced by those beliefs against those who believe in them, by distorting that energy, and sometimes redirecting it. This is genuine Black Magick.

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#### Participants:

Altar Priest - lies naked upon altar  
Priestess - in white robes  
Mistress of Earth - in scarlet robes  
Master - in purple robes  
Congregation - in black robes

#### Setting:

Usually an indoor Temple. If outdoors, clearings in forests or woods are suitable. Caves are ideal. The reason for such Outdoor settings are to provide an impression of 'enclosure'.

#### Versions:

The Black Mass exists in several versions. The one given below is the version most often used today. The other main version uses almost the same text, but is undertaken by a Priest using a naked Priestess on the altar.

Preparation of the Temple:

Hazel incense to be burnt (if obtainable, the hazel is mingled with civit). Several chalices full of strong wine. Black candles.

Several patens (of silver if possible) containing the consecrated cakes - these are baked the night before by the Priestess and blessed (i.e. dedicated to the Prince of Darkness - see chapter of Chants) by the Mistress of Earth. The cakes consist of honey, spring water, sea salt, wheat flour, eggs and animal fat. One paten is set aside for the ritual hosts. These should be obtained from a Nazarene place of worship - but if this is not possible, they are made by the Priestess if imitation of them (unleavened white hosts).

#### The Mass

The Priestess signifies the beginning of the Mass by clapping her hands together twice.

The Mistress of Earth turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram with her left hand, saying:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

The Priestess responds by saying:

To Satan, the giver of life.

All:

Our Father which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name In heaven as it is on Earth.  
Give us this day our ecstasy And deliver us  
to evil as well as temptation For we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.

Master:

May Satan the all-powerful Prince of Darkness  
And Lord of Earth  
Grant us our desires.

All:

Prince of Darkness, hear us!  
I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth,  
And in one Law which triumphs over all. I believe in one Temple  
Our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which triumphs over all:  
The Word of ecstasy. And I believe in the Law of the Aeon,  
Which is sacrifice, and in the letting of blood  
For which I shed no tears since I give praise to my Prince  
The fire-giver and look forward to his reign  
And the pleasures that are to come!

The Mistress kisses the Master, then turns to the congregation, saying:  
May Satan be with you.



Master:

Veni, omnipotens aeternae diabolus!

Mistress:

By the word of the Prince of Darkness, I give praise to you

(She kisses the lips of the altar-Priest)

My Prince, bringer of enlightenment. I greet you  
Who cause us to struggle and seek the forbidden thoughts.

(The Master repeats the 'Veni' chant)

Mistress:

Blessed are the strong for they shall inherit the Earth.

(She kisses the chest of the altar-Priest)

Blessed are the proud for they shall breed gods!

(She kisses the penis of the altar-Priest)

Let the humble and the meek die in their misery!

(She kisses the Master who passes the kiss on to the Priestess who kisses each member of the congregation. After this, she hands the paten containing the 'hosts' to the Mistress. The Mistress holds the paten over the altar-Priest, saying:)

Praised are you, my Prince and lover, by the strong:  
Through our evil we have this dirt; by our boldness and Strength, it will become for us a joy in this life.

All:

Hail Satan, Prince of life !

(The Mistress places the paten on the body of the altar-Priest, saying quietly:)

Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam Recolentes vindex.

(The Priestess, quietly saying 'Sanctissimi Corporis Satanas', begins to masturbate the altar-Priest. As she does, the congregation begin to clap their hands and shout in encouragement while the Master and the Mistress chant the 'Veni' chant. The Priestess allows the semen to fall upon the 'hosts', then hands the paten to the Mistress who holds it up before the congregation saying to them:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you.

All:  
As they are with you!

(The Mistress returns the paten to the body of the altar-Priest, takes up one of the chalices, saying:)

Praised are you, my Prince, by the defiant: through our Arrogance and pride  
We have this drink: let it become for us an elixir of life.

(She sprinkles some of the wine over the altar-Priest and towards the congregation, then returns the chalice to the altar, saying to the congregation:)

With pride in my heart I give praise to those who drove  
The nails  
And he who thrust the spear into the body of Yeshua,  
The imposter.  
May his followers rot in their rejection and filth!

(The Master addresses the congregation saying:)

Do you renounce Yeshua, the great deceiver, and all his works

All:  
We do renounce the Nazarene Yeshua, the great deceiver  
And all his works.

Master:  
Do you affirm Satan?

All:  
We do affirm Satan!

(The Master begins to vibrate 'AgiOS o SatanAs' while the Mistress picks up the paten with the 'hosts' and turns to the congregation, saying:)

I who am the joys and pleasures of life which strong men  
Have forever sought, am come to show you my body and my blood.

(She gives the paten to the Priestess, then removes the robe of the Priestess, saying:)

Remember, all you gathered here, nothing is beautiful except Man:  
But most beautiful of all is Woman.

(The Priestess gives the paten back to the Mistress, then takes the chalices and consecrated cakes to the congregation who eat and drink. When all have finished, the Mistress holds up the paten, saying:)

Behold, the dirt of the earth which the humble will eat!

(The congregation laughs while the Mistress flings the 'hosts' at them which they trample underfoot while the Master continues with the 'Agios o Satanas' vibration. The Mistress claps her hands three times to signal to the congregation. She then says:

Dance, I command you!

(The congregation then begin a dance, counter sunwise, chanting 'Satan! Satan!' while they dance. The Priestess catches them one by one, kisses the person caught and then removes their robe after which they return to the dance. The Mistress stands in the centre of the dancers, and uplifting her arms, says:)

Let the church of the imposter Yeshua crumble into dust  
Let all the scum who worship the rotting fish suffer and die in their misery and rejection!  
We trample on them and spit of their sin!  
Let there be ecstasy and darkness; let there be chaos and laughter,  
Let there be sacrifice and strife: but above all let us enjoy  
The gifts of life!

(She signals to the Priestess who stops the dancer of her choice. The congregation then pair off, and the orgy of lust begins. The Mistress helps the altar-Priest down from the altar, and he joins in the festivities if he wishes.)

Should the Master and Mistress wish, the energies of the ritual are then directed by them towards a specific intention.

NOTES: During the 'consecration' of the 'hosts', the Master may opt to say the following quietly (leaving the Veni chant to the Mistress):

Muem suproc mine tse cob

He then takes up the chalice, saying:

Murotaccep menoissimer ni rutednuffe sitlum orp iuq iedif muiretsym itnematset  
inretea ivon iem siniognas xilac mine tse cih.

It is this chalice which the Mistress then takes to sprinkle the altar-Priest. The above words are usually printed on a small card which is placed on the altar before the Mass begins: the Master using the card when the above is spoken.

As with all ceremonial rituals, it is helpful if all participants know from memory the content and spoken text. It is important that this is done and that the ritual, when undertaken, follows the text on every occasion. The ritual then is more effective as a

ritual, enabling the participants to be both more relaxed and more able to enter into the spirit of the rite.

The Gay Version of the Black Mass is available in OPFER (FENRIR Vol II No 2).

## V The Ceremony of Birth

Setting:

Indoor Temple, or outdoor area previously used for rituals.

Participants:

Master - black robes tied with crimson girdle

Mistress - black robes tied with crimson sash

Priestess - white robes tied with black sash

Priest - white robes tied with black girdle

Congregation (if present): black robes

Preparation:

Black candles on altar together with quartz crystal or tetrahedron. Phial of musk oil (if male child) or civit oil (if female child).

Incense of Yew to be burnt (male child) or Black Poplar (female child).

Before the ceremony the parents of the child appoint two Temple Members as guardians of the newborn. They also provide a small pendant made of silver inscribed with an inverted septagon (or sigil of the Temple) which, for the ceremony, they hang around the neck of the newborn on a leather thong. When the child is old enough, this can be worn by them all the time. A feast, to follow the ceremony, is prepared. The newborn is brought to the ceremony loosely wrapped in black cloth.

The Ceremony:

The Master signifies the beginning of the rite by ringing the Temple bell seven times.

The parents then hand the newborn to the

Priestess if the child is male, and to the Priest if female. The Master then says:

We gather here to welcome to our clan one newborn destined to share our gifts.

Mistress: Agios o Satanas!

Congregation: Agios o Satanas!

(The Mistress turns toward the altar, holds her hands outstretched and says quietly but in an audible voice:)

Veni, omnipotens aeternae Diabolus!

(She then turns back to the participants, saying:)

Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation: Agios o Baphomet!

(Note: if no congregation are present the responses are said by the Priestess et al.)

(The Master touches the head of the newborn saying:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you, as they are with us.  
Pone, diabolus, custodiam. With this mark I seal wyrd.

(The Mistress hands him the phial and he anoints the forehead of the newborn with it in the shape of an inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple saying as he does this:)

Ad Satanas qui leatificat juventutem meam.

(He then turns to the parents, saying:)

How is he/she to be known?

(The parents answer, giving the Temple name they have chosen for the newborn:)

We have named him/her .....

(The Master then says:)

So shall it be. I name you ..... amongst us.

(He then touches the forehead of the newborn, visualizing an inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple. As he does this the Mistress says:)

Pone, diabolus, custodiam!

(The Master then turns toward the congregation saying:)

Come forth, guardians of this child.

(The child-guardians step forward. The Master says to them:)

Do you, so chosen, pledge to guard and watch over this newborn and to teach when the teaching-time is right, our ways so that  
..... (He states the Temple name of the newborn) may learn our ways?

(The guardians answer: ' We do. 'The Master then turns to the congregation, saying:)

See them! Hear them! Know them!

(The Mistress hands him the phial and he anoints each of their foreheads with the sign of the inverted pentagram or the sigil of

the Temple. He then turns toward the congregation saying:)

So it is done according to our ways. Let the feasting begin!

(The participants leave the Temple to partake of the feast -this is provided by members of the Temple, to honour the parents of the newborn, who may also provide gifts for the newborn and the parents.)\*

## VI The Death Rite

Participants:

Priest - in black robes

Priestess - naked, upon altar

Mistress - crimson robes, sexually alluring

Congregation - black robes tied with crimson cord

Temple Preparation:

Black candles on altar. Small silver Temple bell. Incense of Mars to be used (musk).

A small wooden coffin (suitable in size for the wax effigy which will be made), draped in black, is placed near the altar and a handful of graveyard earth is placed on it.

Before the ritual proper begins, the Mistress makes a wax figurine in a corner of the Temple with only the Priestess present.

(The easiest way to make the effigy is to place several white candles in a receptacle containing water which has just been

boiled. After a while, the wax will form a thin film on the surface. This wax can then be used to fashion, by hand, the figurine

which should be made as life-like as possible.) The Priestess lies naked upon the altar.

The Mistress places this figurine on the

womb of the Priestess, then moves it symbolically downwards to rest between her thighs. She anoints it with a musk based oil,

laying: 'I who made you and delivered you in birth now name you N.N.' (She states the full name of the victim.) The Mistress

and the Priestess then visualize the figurine as the intended victim - and they may if they wish then dress it as the victim dresses.

The image is then placed on the womb of the Priestess, the Mistress ringing the bell thirteen times to signify the beginning of the

ritual at which the Priest leads the congregation into the Temple.

### The Ritual

Priest:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

All:

To Satan, the giver of life.

(The Priest then kisses the Priestess on the lips, turns toward the congregation and makes the sign of the inverted pentagram, saying:)

Our Father which wert in heaven ...

(The congregation join him in the Satanic Our Father - see Black Mass for text. The Priest then leads the congregation in saying the Satanic Creed: 'I believe ...' - see text in Black Mass. After the Creed the Priest says:)

Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness, and help us fulfil our desires.

(He turns and fondles the Priestess, saying:)

With ecstasy we give praise to our Prince.

(The congregation chant the Sanctus Satanas - see Chants -as the Priest says quietly over the waxen image:)

Sie anod namretae meiuqer.

(He then says loudly, facing the congregation:)

Veni, omnipotens aeternae diabolus!

(The Mistress then says:)

Agios o Satanas!

(To which the congregation respond:)

Agios o Satanas!

Mistress:  
Satanas - venire!

All:  
Satanas - venire!

Mistress:  
Dominus diabolus sabaoth. Tui sunt caeli

All:  
Tua est terra!

Mistress:  
Ave Satanas!

All:  
Ave Satanas!

(The Mistress kisses the Priest. The Priest makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the congregation, saying:)

We, the spawn of Chaos, curse N.N.

All:  
We curse N.N.

Priest:  
N.N. will writhe and die

All:  
N.N. will writhe and die!

Priest:  
By our will, destroyed

All:  
By our will, destroyed!

Priest:  
Kill and laugh!

All:  
Kill and laugh!

Priest:  
Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince

All:  
Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince!

Priest:  
N.N. is dying!

All:  
N.N. is dying!

Priest:  
N.N. is dead!

All:  
N.N. is dead

Priest:  
We have killed and now glory in the killing!

All:  
We have killed and now glory in the killing!

(The Priest laughs, then the congregation laugh, jumping and dancing with glee. They continue until the Mistress rings the bell twice, The Priest points to her. She says:)



The Earth rejects N.N.

All:

You reject N.N.

(The Mistress picks up the image, holds it for the congregation to see and then places it on the graveyard earth, folding the black cloth over it. She places the cloth with the earth and image within it, inside the coffin. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

N.N. is dead.

(The congregation begin to dance, counter sunwise, chanting the Diabolus (see chants). After the chant, they gather round the coffin and the Mistress. The Priest says to them:)

Fratres, ut meum ac vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanas.

(The Priest has sexual intercourse on the altar with the Priestess while the congregation clap their hands in approval, chanting 'Ave Satanas!' repeatedly as they do so. After the climax, the Priest withdraws, the Mistress kisses the Priestess on the lips and then 'locis muliebribus'. She then kisses each member of the congregation. The Priest, after this, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the coffin, saying loudly:)

N.N. is dead and we all have shared in this death. N.N. is dead and we rejoice !

Mistress:

Dignum et justum est.

(The Priest and the congregation laugh. The Mistress then goes toward the Priest, takes his penis in her mouth until he is erect again. Then she stands back to admire her work, saying to the congregation:)

I who bring life, also take.

(She then passes her hands over the coffin, visualizing as she does so, the dead body of N.N. lying in a coffin. She takes up the coffin and leaves the Temple. As she leaves, the Priest says:)

Feast now, and rejoice, for we have killed, doing the work of our Prince!

(He begins the orgy of lust in the Temple. The Mistress takes the coffin to a small grave, outside, prepared beforehand. She places the coffin in Earth, covers it with earth saying: 'N.N. you are dead, now, killed by our curse.' She completes the burial and leaves the area.)

## VII The Pledging

(Note: this is the traditional Satanic wedding ceremony.)

Setting:

Temple - or outdoor area within circle of nine stones.

Participants:

Master - purple robes

Mistress - viridian robes

Priestess and Priest - black robes

Congregation - black robes

(Those who are making their pledge wear crimson robes)

Preparation:

Altar covered with black cloth on which is woven the sigil of the Tree of Wyrd with the connecting paths. Purple candles to be used. Chalices of mead. Silver bowl on altar containing inflammable liquid. Small square of parchment. Sharp knife. Two silver rings, provided by those making their pledge. Ash incense to be burnt.

### The-Ceremony

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple: the Master and Mistress standing before the altar with the Priest and Priestess beside them. When all is ready, the Master rings the Temple bell nine times as a signal to the Guardian who leads those desirous of pledging into the Temple where they stand before the altar.

The Master and Mistress greet both with a kiss, saying:

We, Master and Mistress of the Temple greet you.

(The Priestess and the Priest together chant 'Agios o Satanas Agios o Satanas!' This chant is repeated by the congregation.

After, the Master says:)

We are gathered here to join in oath through our sinister magick this man and this woman. Together they shall be as inner sancturies to our gods!

(The Mistress turns to the congregation, saying:)

Hail to they who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names!  
Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:

Agios o Baphomet

Mistress:

Agios o Atazoth!

Congregation:  
Agios o Atazoth

Mistress:  
Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:  
Agios o Satanas!

(The Master turns to the betrothed, saying:)

Do you, known in this world as (he states the name of the spaeman) accept as spaewife this lady ..... (he states the Initiated name of the lady) known in this world as ..... (he states the name of the lady) according to the precepts of our Temple and to the glory of our Lord Satan?

Spaeman:  
I do.

(The Master says to the lady:)

Do you known in this world as ..... (he states the name of the lady) accept as spaeman this jarl ..... (he states the name of the jarl) according to the precepts of our Temple and to the glory of our Lord Satan?

Spaewife:  
I do.

Master:  
Then give as a sign of your pledge, these rings.

(The Mistress takes the silver rings from the altar and the jarl and his lady place them on the fingers of each other's left hand.

The Mistress turns to the congregation saying:)

Thus in oath and magick they are joined.

(The Master raises his arms, saying:)

See them! Hear them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this jarl and his lady against the desire of that jarl and that lady, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all

you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our Lord the Prince of Darkness! Hear me, you dark gods gathering to witness this rite!

(The Mistress takes up the knife and the square of parchment as the jarl and his lady hold out their left hands. She swiftly cuts their thumbs, presses drops of each blood onto the parchment and then presses the two thumbs together. She then presses the thumb of the jarl to the forehead of the lady and then the thumb of the lady against the forehead of the jarl, marking both in blood. The parchment is cast into the silver bowl and the Priestess lights the liquid in this.

The following statement is then read out first by the lady and then the jarl. This statement is usually written/printed on a card which is kept on the altar and handed to the lady by the Priest after the Priestess ignites the liquid in the bowl:)

Esse filo captum palchritudinis suae, et nil amplius desiderare, quam ejus amplexu frui: et omen concubitum - ex commixtione hominis cum Diabolo et Baphomet aliquoties nascuntur hominis, et tali modo nasciturum esse Anti-Nazareus.

(After this is read by the jarl, the Priest takes the card and replaces it on the altar while the Mistress comes forward to kiss first the lady then the jarl. The Master does likewise, after which he says:)

I declare them pledged!

(The congregation et al then exchange greetings with the spaeman and his wife. The Priest and Priestess hand out the chalices which are emptied. A feast usually follows the ceremony.)

NOTE: Either party can end the joining at any time by placing their ring on the altar and informing the Master or Mistress who announce the parting at the next Temple gathering.

Picture Atu II

## VIII The Rite of Initiation

### Introduction:

The candidate is usually sponsored by an existing Initiate, and this member accompanies the candidate of the test of fidelity which the Master or Mistress of the Temple specifies. The candidate also undergoes a test of knowledge (relating to what he or she has learned of Temple teachings during the six-month probationary period) and a test of courage.

The text given below is for a male candidate: for a female candidate, the text should be altered in the appropriate places.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - in scarlet robes

Mistress of Earth - sexually alluring scarlet robes

Priestess - naked, upon altar (if male candidate)

Priest - naked, upon altar (if female candidate)

Guardian of the Temple - dressed in black and wearing a face mask

Congregation - Black robes

Preparation:

The candidate provides a new black robe, designed according to the precepts of the Temple. This is given to the Master before the ritual and placed on the altar. The candidate attends the ritual in a coarse brown garment which can be easily removed.

The ritual takes place at sunset. A small phial containing a civit-based oil is placed on the altar. Black candles to be used, incense of the Moon burnt (petriocho, if available, otherwise hazel). Some symbolism appropriate to the Moon should also be present - e.g. quartz crystals. Chalices full of strong wine.

The congregation assemble in the Temple with the Master and Mistress. The Guardian stands near the Temple entrance. The candidate is blindfolded and is led into the Temple by the sponsor.

#### The Rite

(The Master greets the candidate, saying:)

You the nameless have come here to receive that initiation given to all who desire the greatness of our sinister gods!

(The Master kisses the Mistress who kisses the altar-Priest [or Priestess]. The Master then says:)

You the nameless have come to give yourself to us and your quest:  
To seal with a sinister oath the beliefs and practices  
You have accepted since first you were allowed into this  
Temple to Satan.

(The Master turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over them with his left hand, and says:)

I greet you all in the name of our Prince. Let his legions  
Gather to witness this, our Satanic rite! Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

(The congregation repeat the 'Veni' chant after which the Mistress turns to them and says:)

Dance, I command you! And with the beating of your feet  
Raise the legions of our Lord and the Dark Gods who watch  
Over our games!

(The congregation now dance, anti-sunwise, chanting the Diabolus as they dance. While they dance the Master takes a chalice and raises it, saying:)

You the nameless have come to break the chains that bind!

(The Mistress removes the garment of the candidate leaving naked. The Master approaches him, puts the chalice to his lips, saying: 'Drink!' The candidate drinks the wine. The congregation continue their dance and chant until the Mistress raises her arms as a signal for them to stop. She says to them:)

Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!

(The congregation gather round the candidate and run their hands over all his body. While they do this, laughing, the Master chants the 'Veni' chant several times. The Mistress claps her hands twice and the congregation move away. She kisses the candidate [whether male or female] and says:)

We the noble rejoice that you have come to seed us with your blood and gifts. We, the kin of Chaos, welcome you, now nameless. You are the riddle and I the answer that begins your quest. We, the cursed, welcome you who by being here among us have dared to defy. In the beginning there was sacrifice but now we have words which can bind you through all time to us. In your beginnings - we were. In your quest - we are. Before you - we existed. After you - we shall still be. Before us - They who are never named. After us - They will be, waiting. And you through this Rite shall be of us and thus of them who are never named. We the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess this world we call Earth.

(The Master stands before the candidate, saying:)

Do you accept the law as decreed by us?

(The candidate [R] responds:)

I do.

Master:

Do you bind yourself with word, deed and thought, to us the Seed of Satan without fear and dread?

R:

I do

Master:

Do you affirm in the presence of this gathering that I am Your Master and that she who stands before you as I stand before you is your Mistress?

R:  
I do.

Master:  
Then understand that the breaking of your word is the Beginning of our wrath! See him! Hear him! Know him!

(The Master points to the candidate and the congregation gather round him, touching him again. After this, the Mistress  
-removes his blindfold. The Master says to the candidate:)

Do you renounce the Nazarene Yeshua the deciever, and all his works ?

R:  
I do renounce Yeshua the deceiver and all his works.

Master:  
Do you affirm Satan?

R:  
I do affirm Satan.

Master:  
Satan, whose word is Chaos?

R:  
Satan, whose word is Chaos.

Master:  
Then break this symbol which we detest.

(The Mistress hands the candidate a suitably defiled wooden cross which the candidate breaks and thrown it to the ground.)

Master:  
Now receive as a symbol of your new desire and as a Sign  
Of your oath this sigil of Satan. This sign shall be the  
Power which I as Master wield shall always be a part of  
You - a symbol to those who can see and the Mark of our Prince.

(The Mistress hands the phial of oil to the Master who traces the sign of the inverted pentagram on the forehead of the candidate, vibrating as he does so the name the candidate has chosen. The Mistress then stands behind the candidate and traces with her left forefinger, the sigil of the Temple on the back of the candidate, chanting 'Agios o Satanas' as she does so. If

there be no Temple sigil, she traces the inverted pentagram. She stands before the candidate. If the candidate is male, she kisses him on the forehead, then the lips, the chest and penis. If the candidate is female, she kisses her on the forehead, each breast, then pubis. After this, she claps her hands once as a signal for the Guardian to come forward. As he does, she says to the candidate:)

Now you must be taught the wisdom of our way!

(The Guardian seizes the candidate and holds his/her arms, forcing them to kneel before the Mistress who laughs and says:)

See, all you gathered in my Temple: here is he who thought  
He knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for  
His cunning! See how our strength overcomes him!

(The congregation laugh while the Master blindfolds the candidate again. The Guardian then binds the hands of the candidate with cord. The Mistress then whispers to the candidate, saying: 'Lay down, keep your silence and be still!' The congregation and the Guardian leave the Temple.

The Master then has sexual intercourse with the Priestess on the altar [or if the candidate is female, the Mistress has intercourse with the Priest]. In both versions, this task may be delegated to a member of the congregation, chosen before the ritual by either the Master or Mistress. The male or female member so chosen stays in the Temple when the congregation depart.

After-the act, the Priestess [or Priest] is assisted down from the altar, and the Master and Mistress [and the one chosen to perform in their stead, if present] leave the Temple. The Priestess [or Priest then approaches the candidate, saying:)

Recieve from me and through me the gift of your Initiation  
So it has been, so it is, and so shall it be again.

(They then unbind and remove the blindfold from the candidate and sexual intercourse takes place. After, the Priestess [or Priest] fetches the robe from the altar and dresses the candidate in it. She [or he] then briefly leaves the Temple to announce to the congregation et al 'So-it is done according to our desires! The congregation et al then return to the Temple, each greeting the new Initiate with a kiss. The chalices are handed round, and the members take their pleasure as they wish.)

NOTES: For the ritual of Initiation, the Priestess is chosen for the pleasure she obtains from coitus, the Guardian for his .s physical strength; if the candidate is female, the altar-priest chosen for his control during coitus - he should bring the Mistress to



ecstasy, without himself losing control, thus saving elixir for the candidate. It is the duty of the Mistress to find among the Temple members someone to fulfil this role, although she may delegate this task to a female member of the Temple, the person being chosen by the obvious experimentation. Those thus chosen are then invested with their office of altar-Priest or Priestess and hold this office for a year and a day.

If possible, candidates should know no details of the Rite of Initiation - i.e. they should not be told what to expect. For this reason, members of the Temple should take a vow of silence regarding the Rite, promising not to reveal its details to nonmembers and candidates, Thus, the 'Black Book' should for this and other reasons never be shown to non-Initiates.

## IX Consecration of the Temple

Preparations:

Incense of Mars to be burnt for several hours before the ritual is due to begin. The Temple itself is furnished as for a Black Mass. One chalice contains The Elixir.

(To make The Elixir: the night before the ritual, the Master has sexual intercourse in the Temple [the Temple having been already furnished, with altar etc.] at the moment of his ecstasy depositing his seed in an empty chalice. To this, the Priestess adds seven drops of her own blood [taken from her left forefinger following intercourse], three pinches of soil [finely ground and dried] taken from a grave in a graveyard on the night of the full moon, ground and dried shavings from an oak tree collected on a night when Saturn is rising, and strong wine to fill the chalice. The chalice is left on the altar until the ritual begins.)

The Master enters the Temple before the congregation, and seal seals the dimensions according to the Rite of Sealing:

For this, a crystal tetrahedron is required. It should be as large as possible and made of quartz. The person conducting the rite, places both their hands on the crystal (which may be on an altar) and visualizes a rent appearing in a star studded sky. This rent gradually spreads its darkness down toward the crystal, enclosing it and the surroundings. The person then vibrates:

Binan Ath Ga Wath Am.

This vibration is repeated seven times. The person then says:

From dark dimensions I call thee forth!

The person then visualizes a darkness entering the crystal. After, the person bows to the crystal. The Rite is then complete, the

person removing their hands and moving away from the crystal.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - in black robes

Priestess - in black robes

Congregation - in black robes

(Note: if the group in question is run by a Mistress, then she assumes the role allocated to the Master, and a Priest is present instead of a Priestess. For producing the Elixir, the procedure above is followed although the blood is that of the Mistress and the seed that of the Priest.)

#### The Dedication

The Master goes to the entrance of the Temple, and ushers the congregation in. They enter chanting the Sanctus Satanas (see Chants) walking counter sunwise three times around the altar. They continue chanting until the Master claps his hands twice. He stands behind the altar, facing the congregation, the Priestess beside him. He says to the congregation:

Consorts of Satan! We gather here in this place at this Hour to dedicate this Temple to our sinister work. We Summon forth Satan, Prince of Darkness and Guardian of the Gate to the Dark Gods, to witness our rite of Dedication. For this shall be a Temple wherein we shall celebrate the Mysteries and the joys of life - wherein we and others Shall partake of the Elixir which is black to the blind. Mindful then of our sinister past which has made this Work of darkness possible, let us re-affirm our allegiance.

(All present recite the 21 Satanic Points. After, the Master spreads his hands over the chalice containing The Elixir and vibrates 'Agius o Satanas'. He then kisses the Priestess who goes to kiss each member of the congregation. Then he holds up the -chalice, saying:)

As it has been, so it is and so shall it be again by the Power of our Prince, Satan, and the powers of They who are Never named. From dark dimensions they will come while we sleep as this Temple becomes a Gate to their world!

(He places the chalice back upon the altar, spreads his hands over the crystal tetrahedron and vibrates 'Nythra' three times.

After this, he takes up the chalice, sprinkles some of its contents toward the congregation and Priestess and then over the altar.

He then sprinkles more around the entrance to the Temple before walking counter sunwise around the Temple sprinkling the

walls and floor. He then pours the remainder of the contents around the base of the altar. He replaces the empty chalice on the altar, turns to the congregation, saying:)

So, another chapter in our history is begun. Let the Rite of The Black Mass begin!

(He assists the one chosen before hand as altar-Priest to remove his robe and take his place upon the altar. The Mass then begins. The Mass follows the text in the Black Book except that the Priestess assumes both the role of the Mistress and her own role as Priestess, and the Master concludes the Mass with the following words [after the 'Mistress' has said '... let us enjoy the gifts of life.'])

By my Power - the Power of Satan, Prince of Darkness - I Declare this Temple charged!

(The usual orgy/feast that follows the Black Mass begins.)

## X The Dying time

Setting:

Outdoors, in an isolated location. A funeral pyre is prepared by the Guardian. An ellipse of nine stones should be made enclosing the pyre. Wooden goblets, sufficient in number for each participant, should be filled with mead and kept ready on a wooden table (oak if possible) away from the pyre.

Participants:

Master  
Mistress  
Priest  
Priestess  
Congregation  
Guardian  
(all are in black robes)

Additional Guardians may be appointed to guard access to the site, ensuring privacy.  
The Rite

(The body of the deceased member is brought in a light wooden casket, carried by members of the Temple toward the stones and the pyre. It is covered with a crimson drape. After the casket has been placed on the pyre, all present gather round, outside the ellipse of stones.

The Master begins the Rite by saying:)

Agios o Satanias! We gather here to pay homage to our brother/sister who by his/her life and magick did deeds of glory to the

honour of our name! Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:  
Agios o Satanas!

Master:  
Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:  
Agios o Baphomet!

Mistress:  
So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!  
Master:  
So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

Congregation:  
So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

(The Priest and Priestess hand out the goblets. When this is done, the Master raises his head toward the pyre, saying:)

Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam.

(The Mistress then lights the pyre. As it burns, the Master drinks from his goblet, throwing the empty vessel into the flames. The congregation et al then raise their own goblets, say the 'Ad Satanas' chant, drink and likewise cast the empty goblets into the flames. The Mistress is the last to drink. After she has thrown her own goblet, she says:)

May our memories linger to haunt the spaces and the dark! So it has been, so it is and so shall it be again!

(The gathering then depart from the site. It is the duty of the Guardian [and his helpers, if any) to attend to and watch over the pyre, ensuring the casket and contents are reduced by flames. What remains is left, to be scattered as it will.)

## XI The Ceremony of Recalling

Introduction:

The Ceremony exists in three versions. The one given here is the one most often used today - where the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is symbolic. In former times, the Priest, having been chosen according to tradition a year before, was ritually sacrificed by the Mistress and Master. This version is published in OPFER (Fenrir Vol II No 2). This sacrificial Ceremony traditionally occurs once every cycle of seventeen years.

#### Preparations:

The night before the ritual, the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water (spring), egg, honey and animal fat. The congregation gather outside the Temple, the Master and Mistress wait within. The Guardian leads the Priest toward the congregation and the Priestess blindfolds the Priest. She then leads him to each member of the Temple who kiss him.

The Temple itself is furnished with red candles; Incense of Jupiter to be burning. Quartz tetrahedron on plinth or altar. Phial containing musk oil.

#### Participants:

Master - in black robes

Mistress of Earth - white robes

Priestess - in a red robe tied with a white sash

Guardian of the Temple - black robe, with face mask

Priest ('The Chosen One'/Opfer) - white robe

Congregation - red robes

#### The Ceremony

(The Priestess and Guardian lead the Priest into the Temple and are followed by the congregation. The Mistress greets the Priest with a kiss while the Master vibrates [with his hands on the tetrahedron] 'Agios o Atazoth'.

After this, the congregation chant the 'Diabolus' [see Chants] while slowly walking, counter sunwise, around the Priest in a circle. This chant is repeated seven times. The Master and Mistress [or two Temple members chosen and trained as Cantors] then chant in parallel and a fourth apart according to the Principles of Esoteric Chant, the 'Agios o Baphomet' chant. This chant may be an octave and a fourth apart. However, should for whatever reason, those conducting the ritual be unable to chant in this manner, the Agios o Baphomet may be vibrated seven times according to the principles of esoteric vibration. [The magick is more powerful if the chant is sung in parallel as indicated.] During this, the Guardian lifts the Priest onto the altar and the Priestess removes his robe.

After the chant, the Mistress then anoints the body of the Priest with the oil while the congregation walk, as before, chanting the Diabolus. After the anointing, the Priestess and Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess then arouses the 'secret fire' of the Priest with her lips - without bringing him to ecstasy however. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel before the Priestess. The Master then kneels before the Mistress at which point the congregation cease their chanting and gather round forming a circle. The Priestess copies the Mistress in both words and actions, using the Priest.

The Mistress places her hands on the head of the Master and the Master says:)

It is the protection and juices of your body that I seek

(The Mistress opens her thighs, and the Master drinks. The Guardian forces the Priest to do likewise to the Priestess. Then, the Mistress pushes him away, saying:)

As you have drunk so shall you die!

Master:

I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you  
Who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of  
Their blood. I lift my eyes to gaze upon the beauty of body  
- You who are the daughter of and a Gate to our Dark Gods:  
They who are never named. I lift my voice to stand  
(He here stands)  
Before you my sister and offer you my body so that my  
Mage's seed shall feed your virgin flesh.

Mistress:

Kiss me and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey.  
Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that  
Severs and stains my Earth with blood.  
Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn which  
Grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me  
With your seed  
And I shall make you as a Gate which opens to our gods!

(The Mistress goes to the Priest and whispers to him:)

Take me, for she is me and I am yours!

(She then removes the blindfold and pushes him into the arms of the Priestess. She then has congress with the Master while the congregation continue with their slow walk and chanting. After the priest has achieved his ecstasy, the Mistress says:)

So you have sown and from your sowing gifts may come if  
You obedient heed these words I speak.

(The Guardian gives her the sash from the robe of the Priestess. She claps her hands twice and the congregation, the - Priest and Priestess gather round her, the Master and the Guardian She says:)

I know you my dark children: you are sinister yet none  
Of you is as sinister or as deadly as I.  
I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts:  
Yet not one of you is as hateful or as loving as I.  
With a glance I can strike you dead!

(She goes to each member, kissing them in turn - on the lips and removing their robes. She then points to the Priest and the Guardian comes forward to hold him while she binds his hands with the sash. She then blindfolds him and the Guardian lays him on the floor, covering his prostrate body with the robe of the Mistress. He lies still and motionless while the Mistress says to the congregation:)

No guilt shall bind you here; no thought restrict.  
Feast then and enjoy but ever remember that I am the  
Wind that snatches your soul!

(The Guardian then leaves the Temple, returning with trays of wine and food prepared before-hand. The congregation feast and drink and take their pleasures according to their desire always leaving a circle around the Priest clear [the circle may be drawn on the floor before the Ceremony and the Priest placed within it by the Guardian at the appropriate point]. The feasting and pleasures continue until the altar candles are burnt to a line inscribed previously by the Master - this being of sufficient duration for plentiful pleasures to be enjoyed. At this point the Mistress claps her hands seven times and the congregation et al [apart from Mistress, Priestess and Master] leave the Temple. The Priestess removes the blindfold of the Priest, unbinds and uncovers him and helps him to his feet. She then leads him out from the Temple. The Master and Mistress then take their own pleasure, directing the energies of their own congress and those present within the Temple toward a specific aim or intention.)

NOTES: 1) During the feasting, the Master and Mistress abstain and instead begin to direct the energy released via the Ceremony into the crystal (using visualization etc). This energy may then be left stored there, or they may elect to release it during the conclusion toward the aim or intention. However, should they wish, they may direct the energy into the Priest. If this is done the Priest should be informed beforehand and told to observe the effects over several days. This latter procedure is intended mainly for new initiates and is an aid to their magickal development.

2) The Ceremony may be performed on a regular basis, the Master choosing the Priest who is notified only just before the start of the ritual. The ceremony may also be performed with a Priestess as 'Opfer', the ritual following the text above except that the roles of the Priest and Priestess are reversed.

3) At the discretion of the Master or Mistress, the Ceremony may be extended - the Priest (or Priestess) being left in the Temple over night, the Ceremony in this instance being begun at sunset and finally concluding at sunrise. For this extension, the

energy present is always sent into the Priest (or Priestess). The person chosen for this can be any member of the Temple. In this, the Master, Mistress and Priestess leave the congregation, the member chosen being told to remain lying and unmoving until the Master returns at dawn.

## XII Satanic Orders

For a long time, traditional Satanism was taught on an individual basis from Master (or Mistress) to pupil/Initiate, this Initiate following the path to Adeptship under guidance. When ceremonial rituals were undertaken, it was in secret with only members of long standing attending. The few Initiates that were accepted had to undergo a probationary period of several years before being allowed to participate.

It was one of the duties of the Master and Mistress to guide their pupils along the difficult path toward magickal mastery, and to this end 'internal magick' was employed, this system of internal magick being gradually extended and refined over the centuries. In its initial stages, genuine Satanism is all about the Initiate experiencing the dark or shadow aspect of themselves and in the past the Initiate was instructed to experience in reality many things. Sometimes, the Master or Mistress would lead them into specific situations (some of which would be dangerous) for the Initiate to learn from them. Some of these experiences were unconventional and frowned on by 'conventional society' -and some would have been 'illegal' as well. Of course, such methods were difficult, but for the Initiates who survived or remained at liberty they provided genuine experience and self insight. However, gradually, (at least in traditional Satanism) a means was found to 'short-circuit' these evolutionary experiences: whereas in the past most of them would have been practical in the sense of taking the individual to his or her limits, the new techniques became 'internalized'. That is, they tended to be magickally based rather than practical. The essence of the new methods was and still is the 'Grade Rituals'.

The Grade Rituals (the first of which is Initiation) are a series of tasks and undertakings, and the individual who follows the procedure of a Grade Ritual (the main Grade Rituals are given in detail in NAOS - A Practical Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick') will achieve magickal understanding and self insight of a kind appropriate to the Grade Ritual being undertaken. There are seven Grade Rituals, and these take the individual from Initiate to External Adept to Internal Adept and thence to Master/Mistress and beyond. Associated with the Grade Rituals are other tasks, and these form the basis of the training of the Satanic Initiate! By their very nature, they produce a specific type of individual: one, that is, imbued with the Satanist spirit.



The Grade Ritual of Internal Adept involves the individual in living in isolation for at least three months, and if this is undertaken according to the principles of the rite itself, the individual will emerge as a genuine Adept. Naturally, this ritual is not easy.

The next stage involves the individual in entering the Abyss: Of becoming part of the acausal, that is, of allowing acausal/chaotic energies to enter consciousness without any means of Conscious control, This magickal part of the Grade Ritual is preceded by a physical part (for men: walking alone and unaided a distance of 80 miles beginning at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day; for women: the distance is 56 miles).

This physical part is essential (and the time limit and conditions must be rigidly observed) since it drains the candidate both physically and mentally, the candidate then having few 'barriers'. This ritual is also not easy to undertake.

Thus it can be seen that the training of Initiates in genuine Satanic Orders is both comprehensive and difficult, for Satanic Orders are not religious institutions committed to indoctrinating their members, just as they are not groups for the discussion and study of magickal and Occult topics. They are places where real sinister magick is undertaken - this real magick is difficult and may at times be dangerous. Genuine Satanists do not talk - they do; they do not seek to study obscure legends and myths pertaining to the dark side - they become, through sinister magick, the dark side itself; they do not flit from one 'group' to another, from one system to another - they follow the techniques of the seven-fold way, under guidance, to the very end refusing to give in when things become difficult and dangerous. In short, they exemplify the spirit of the Satanist: that life-affirming ecstasy which both conquers and defies.

### XIII Sinister Chant

Sinister chant is divided into three distinct methods, all of which have the same general aim - to produce magickal energy.

The type and effect of this energy varies according to the method employed.

The first method is the vibration of words and phrases; the second is chanting, and the third is 'Esoteric Chant' - that is, the following of a specific text which is chanted in one of the esoteric modes. Esoteric Chant is explained in detail in NAOS.

Vibration is the simplest method, and involves the individual 'projecting' the sound. A deep breath is taken, and the first part of the word to be vibrated is 'expelled' with the exhalation of breath. This exhalation must be controlled - that is, the intensity of sound should be prolonged (not less than ten seconds for each part of the word) and as constant as possible. The person undertaking the vibration then inhales, and the process is repeated for the second part of the word and so on.

Thus 'Satanas' would be vibrated as Sa - tan - as. The vibration is not a shout or a scream but a concentration of sound energy. Vibration should involve the whole body and should be a physical effort. Regular practice is essential in mastering the technique, and the individual should learn to project at varying distances (from ten to thirty feet or more) as well as enhance the power of the vibration itself. The essence of the method is controlled sound of the same intensity throughout each part of the word and the whole word and/or text.

Chanting is essentially the singing of words or text in a regular 'monotone' - that is, in the same key, although the last part of the chant is usually 'embellished' to a certain extent by first chanting on a higher note and then a lower one. The pace of the chant varies, and can be slow (or 'funerial') or fast (or ecstatic) depending on the ceremony and the mood of the participants.

It is one of the tasks of the Master or Mistress who runs the Temple to train the congregation and new members in all three methods of chant, and to this end regular sessions of practice should be held. Chant, of whatever type, when correctly performed is one of the keys to the generation of magickal energy during a ceremonial ritual and, like the dramatic performance of a ritual, its importance cannot be overemphasized.

Satanic Chants:

1) Diabolus

Dies irae, dies illa  
Solvat Saeclum in favilla  
Teste Satan cum sibylla.  
Quantos tremor est futurus  
Quando Vindex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.  
Dies irae, dies illa!

2) Sanctus Satanas

Sanctus Satanas, Sanctus  
Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth.  
Satanas - venire!  
Satanas - venire!  
Ave, Satanas, ave Satanas.  
Tui sunt caeli,  
Tua est terra,  
Ave Satanas!

3) Oriens Splendor

Oriens splendor lucis aeternae  
Et Lucifer justitiae: veni  
Et illumine sedentes in tenebris  
Et umbra mortis.

#### 4) General chants:

\* Ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam. (To Satan, giver of youth and happiness.)

\* Veni, omnipotens aeternae diabolus! (Come, almighty eternal devil!)

\* Pone, diabolus, custodiam! (Devil, set a guard.)

#### 5) Invokation to Baphomet

We stand armed and dangerous before the bloody fields of history;  
Devoid of dogma - but ready to carve, to defy the transient:  
Ready to stab forth with our penetrative will,  
Strain every leash, run yelling down the mountainside of Man:  
Ready and willing to immolate world upon world  
With our stunning blaze.  
And let them all sing that WE were here, as Masters  
Among the failing speciens called Man.  
Our being took form in defiance  
To stand before your killing gaze.  
And now we travel from flame to flame  
And tower from the will to the glory!  
AGIOS O BAPHOMET! AGIOS O BAPHOMET!

## Picture Atu VII

### Introduction

A Satanist Temple or group can be formed for three reasons: 1) to practice authentic Satanism; 2) to experience the reality of Sinister Magick; and 3) as a task of the External Adept. This part of the 'Black Book' applies to all three: those who have not as yet been Initiated by an established traditional Satanist Temple but who wish to begin practical Satanism for whatever personal reason, should undertake the ritual of Self-Initiation given in chapter XI, then put into practice the advice given in chapter XII about organizing and running a practical group.

If you undertake the self-Initiation, you should as soon as possible find an individual of the opposite sex who is interested in Black Magick. You can then Initiate this person, using the ritual of Initiation in Part One as your guide. You should find

somewhere suitable to use as a Temple and dedicate this according to the Dedication in Part One.

You should then give your Temple a suitable Sinister name (such as The Temple of Satan) and begin to recruit members, your companion acting as Priestess/Priest and/or Mistress/Master. The gifts and joys of Satan will then be yours to enjoy.

However, should you wish to go further and begin the sevenfold sinister way, you should obtain a copy of 'Naos' and begin to undertake hermetic and internal magick, continuing with your running your Temple until and if you decide to undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. The choice is yours.

#### XIV Self-Initiation

Two rituals will be given - one for an indoor location, and one for an outdoor one. Choose the one you feel is most suitable for you.

##### I - Indoor

Set aside an area for the performance of the ritual and in this erect an altar and cover it with a black cloth. (The altar may be a table.) Obtain some black candles, some candle holders, some hazel incense, a quartz crystal or crystals. You will also need two small squares of parchment (or expensive woven paper), a quill type pen, a sharp knife, some sea salt, a handful of graveyard earth (obtained on a night of the new moon) and a chalice which you should fill with wine. All of these items should be placed on the altar.

Should you wish, you may also obtain a black robe of suitable design. If not, you should dress all in black for the ritual.

An hour before sunset, enter your Temple area, face east and chant the Sanctus Satanas twice. Then say, loudly,

To you, Satan, Prince of Darkness and Lord of the Earth,  
I dedicate this Temple: let it become, like my body,  
A vessel for your power and an expression of your glory!

Then vibrate 'Agios o Satanas' nine times. After this, take up the salt and sprinkle it over the altar and around the room, saying:

With this salt I seal the power of Satan in!

Take the earth and cast it likewise, saying:

With this earth I dedicate my Temple. Satanas - venire! Satanas venire! Agios O Baphomet! I am god imbued with your glory!

Then light the candles on the altar, burn plentiful incense and leave the Temple. Take a bath, and then return to the Temple.

Once in the Temple, do the 'Sinister Blessing' (see Appendix), then facing the altar, lightly prick your left forefinger with the knife. With the blood and using the pen inscribe on one parchment the Occult name you have chosen (see Appendix III for some suggestions regarding names). On the other inscribe an inverted pentagram. Hold both parchments up to the East saying:

With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life!

Then turn counter sunwise three times, saying:

I ..... (state the Occult name you have chosen) am here to begin my sinister quest!  
Prince of Darkness, hear my oath!  
Baphomet, Mistress of Earth, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss!

Burn the parchments in the candles. (Note: it is often more practical to fill a vessel with spirit and place the parchments in this and then set the spirit alight. However if you have chosen woven paper, this method will not be necessary.) As they burn, say:

Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!

Take up the chalice, raise it to the East, saying:

With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name!

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles and then depart from the Temple. The Initiation is then complete.

\* \* \*

## II - Outdoor

Find a suitable outdoor area. It should be near a stream, lake or river. The ritual should be conducted on the night of the full moon at a time half way between sunset and sunrise.

You will need: ambergris oil, black candles (in lanterns if possible), two squares of parchment or woven paper, sharp knife or silver pen, quill-type pen, black robe or clothes. Chalice full of wine.

Begin the ritual by bathing naked in the stream, lake or river. After, rub the ambergris oil into the body, saying as you do 'Agios o Satanas'. Then change into the robe/clothes and proceed to where the candles etc have been lain out on the ground.

Light the candles. Then facing East, conduct a Satanic Blessing (see Appendix). After, chant the Sanctus Satanas,

Then prick your left forefinger with the knife/pin and inscribe one parchment with your chosen Occult name. Inscribe an

inverted pentagram on the other. Hold both parchments up to the East, saying: 'With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life.'

Then turn counter sunwise and three times laying: 'I ..... (state your Occult name) am here to begin my sinister quest. Prince of Darkness, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss.'

Burn the parchments in the candles. (If parchment, use the method given in I above.) As they burn, say: 'Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!' Take up the chalice and say: 'With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name.'

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles, collect all the items you have used and depart from the area. The Initiation is then complete.

## XV

### Organising and running Satanic Temples

One of the purposes of the Temple is to perform ceremonial Satanic rituals on a regular basis, and the following schedule is suggested:

a) Once a month (at a new moon if possible) celebrate the Black Mass. This celebration should be followed by a feast where food and wine prepared and/or brought to the Temple by the members is consumed, this feast itself following on after the orgy that concludes the Black Mass. Should you, as organiser of the Temple (and thus an honorary 'Master' or 'Mistress'- the organiser of a new Temple is generally known by the title of 'Choregos') wish, the feast only may conclude the Mass - it being left to your discretion as to when the orgy is to be included. That is, it is not always necessary to conclude the Mass with an orgy, although for obvious Satanic reasons, it forms a pleasing end to the Mass.

b) Every fortnight, the members should assemble for a meeting (a sunedrion) where any member may request magickal aid for themselves or others. The aid may be of any kind - constructive, material, or destructive. Those wishing aid should write their requests on paper and seal this in an envelope which they place in a special urn/receptacle kept for this purpose near the entrance to the Temple. The members should assemble (in robes and barefoot) in the Temple, and the sunedrion is formally begun by you, the Choregos, saying 'Let the sunedrion begin'. If a member has been appointed Guardian (see the list of Offices at the end of the chapter) he should stand by the entrance to the Temple and refuse admittance to any members arriving late.

Those present in the Temple then recite the Satanic Creed (see text of Black Mass).

Following this, the Priestess then removes at random two of the requests, which she reads. The members who have been

chosen thus, acknowledge their requests by bowing to the Priestess. The request first chosen by the Priestess is performed that evening, the other at the next full moon. This means that you as Choregos should have everything in readiness for all possible hermetic and ceremonial rituals.

The requests may be for anything a member wishes, and it is up to you to decide how the request may be magickally fulfilled by choosing an appropriate ceremonial or hermetic ritual. The monthly Black Mass may be used as a vehicle, for example - you choosing suitable chants/visualizations for the members desire.

The member requesting help must offer something in return this is usually a financial donation to the Temple, a ritual object for use in the Temple, robes for use of members, or their own body for the gratification of the Choregos or someone chosen by the Choregos. It is however, the member requesting magickal aid who decides on the nature of the gift.

Those requests not chosen by the Priestess are considered by the Choregos after the sunedrion, and those considered suitable are undertaken as soon as possible, the members being informed.

If you as Choregos choose a hermetic ritual for a request, then you either work alone or with the member whose request it is - unless the ritual you choose is a hermetic one, when you work with the Priestess/Priest or the member if that member has offered their body as payment for the aid.

After choosing the requests, the members depart from the Temple while you and the altar brother/sister prepare the Temple for the ritual you have chosen to fit the first request. During this preparation, the members should prepare themselves for the ritual if a ceremonial form has been chosen. Should a hermetic form be chosen, this is done in the Temple while the members feast and drink outside of the Temple.

c) At full moon, an outdoor ritual should be conducted in a suitable location. This should be either a group invocation to the Dark Gods (see Chapter XVI) or another ceremonial ritual (for example, the Death Rite might be chosen because of a member's request).

You can elect to hold the sunedrion some days before this, or combine the sunedrion with this ritual, depending on the number of members, and their commitment. What is important is to establish a pattern of meetings and rituals.

Teaching:

Another purpose of the Temple should be teaching. You should try and arrange regular sessions with interested members - the best time being after the sunedrion and its associated ritual (if any), the best length for the sessions being around three quarters of one hour. During these sessions you can explain about the septenary system, the Star Game, the Satanic Tarot and

so on. (All these and other topics of esoteric Satanism are covered in NAOS.) Thus, you might organize the following programme to be held on successive sessions:

- i) Introduction to the septenary system - Tree of Wyrd, spheres, correspondences.
- ii) Further correspondences, including Tarot images associated with spheres.
- iii) Pathways and their 'demon-forms'. Invokation etc.
- iv) Hermetic rituals
- v) Introduction to the Star Game
- vi) The Satanist Tarot - divination etc.
- vii) Esoteric Chant - practice etc.
- viii) Practice of playing the Star Game.

Should you wish to follow the seven-fold sinister way yourself, you may set yourself a suitable physical task, achieve this, then undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept. After this, you might begin to teach internal magick to others - getting them to work with the pathways and spheres etc. and setting them goals.

#### Gaining Members:

There are many ways of gaining members. For instance, you might infiltrate already existing groups (of either Left or Right Hand Paths) and seek out those interested in working sinister magick. You might also try and interest friends or the friends of your companion - using the bait of an 'orgy'. Whatever method you use, try and make your first ritual dramatic and impressive - you may decide to use an established ritual like Black Mass, or you might try the ritual suggested below (First Ritual for a Choregos). The 'First Ritual' is intended mainly to impress those who may be new to magick.

You should try and create before hand the right magickal atmosphere, making your Temple as impressive as possible. Try and be creative - for example, a 'plasma ball' in a candle lit Temple is more impressive than a boring collection of old bones and a skull. Also, do not use symbols and/or Occult designs which you yourself do not know the meaning of. Keep to the symbolism of traditional Satanism - that is, the septenary, avoiding using the tired, old (and inauthentic) symbolism of the 'qabala'. Do not use any symbolism from old and dead Aeons - for example Egyptian, Sumerian - as the more pure your magick is, the more effective it will be. By pure here is meant following a genuine esoteric tradition like the septenary. In the beginnings it is often helpful if you feel part of a living, exclusive tradition such as the one represented in this 'Black Book' and 'Naos'. This adds power and charisma to both you and your magickal workings.

#### First Ritual:

It is important, before the ritual, for you to prepare those who will be attending. They should be told that during the ritual they



are to remain silent and not move. They should be told no details of the ritual: only that it is a Satanic invocation, and they should not have seen the Temple before. To increase their expectation, you can arrange to meet them some distance from the Temple itself. They are then blindfolded and taken to the Temple, the ritual being begun immediately. (This also applies to new members of an established Temple.)

Both you and your companion (Priestess/Priest) and any others involved should have practiced your roles beforehand - being familiar with the words, gestures and so on.

Aim: The aim of the ritual is to draw down magickal energy by basically hermetic means with a view to impressing the 'novices' who are present.

Setting: Usually an indoor Temple. Black candles providing the only light. Incense well (hazel) for hours before the ritual.

Music from a suitably hidden system should be played during the ritual: choose something 'demonic' which starts slowly and gradually builds to a climax.

Participants: Choregos and companion (Priestess and Priest)

The Rite:

The congregation are led into the Temple. The Priestess (or Choregos if female) should wear sexually revealing clothing. The music is started by the Choregos who walks past the congregation staring at them and saying 'Agios 0 Satanas'.

The Choregos and/or Priest then vibrates the 'Agios o Satanas' three times after which the Priestess kisses each member of the congregation, rubbing her hands over the genitals of the men as she does so. Following this, the Choregos/priest declare the 'Invocation to Baphomet' while the Priestess visualizes sinister magickal energy being drawn down and entering the congregation.

She then begins a slow, sensual dance to the music while the Choregos/Priest chants the Dies Irae followed by the Invocation to Baphomet. He continues to chant the 'Agios o Satanas' while the music builds to a climax. While chanting this he passes behind the congregation, making passes in the air as he does so. The Priestess during the dance should continue with the visualization.

While still behind the congregation the Choregos/Priest says aloud: 'You are all His, now! We have words to bind your soul to us!'

The Priestess ceases her dance, chants 'Agios o Satanas' and then extinguishes the candles. She then visualizes a sinister/demonic form entering the Temple near the altar (this form may be one of the 'demons' on the septenary paths - e.g. Shugara). During this, the Choregos/Priest should chant the name of the chosen entity (e.g. 'Agios o Shugara' Agios o Shugara!'). Do not expect at this stage a visual manifestation to occur - although this might happen if the energies are pronounced and/or one of the

congregation is psychically gifted. The aim is to affect the sub-conscious of the congregation.

After this, there should be silence for some minutes (the music having ended). The Priestess then says 'It is over' and the Choregos/Priest leads the congregation from the Temple.

Note: One of the best means is for the Choregos/Priest to use a tabor or small hand-drum to accompany the ritual and the dance, instead of recorded music.

Temple Grades:

Temple members can be appointed to the following positions: Guardian of the Temple, Altar Brother (or Sister), Thurifer, Keeper of the Books.

The Thurifer is responsible for keeping the Temple incensed during and before a ritual: this may be by either using a thurifer, or a static incense burner. The altar brother/sister is responsible for ensuring the Temple is ready for a ritual: the candles lit, incense ready and so on. The Keeper of the Books is responsible for ensuring the safety of the Black Book and other Temple books and manuscripts, as well as ensuring the Book and/or altar cards are in place in readiness for a ritual.

In addition the Choregos can appoint any member to be a Priest or Priestess for either a specific ritual or for a year and a day. A Priest, when officiating in Temple rituals wears a medallion inscribed with either an inverted pentagram or inverted septagon; a Priestess wears an amber necklace and may also opt to wear a silver ankle chain.

The sign of a Choregos is, for men, a plain black ring worn on the left hand. Temple members may wear, for men, a ring set with quartz and worn on the left hand, and, for women, a quartz Necklace.

## XVI

### Invokation to the Dark Gods

To open a Star Gate and return the Dark Gods to our causal universe a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz is required. This should be as large as possible - and made from a natural shape by a skilled operator.

The rite of returning exists in two versions: the first is suitable for two or more individuals and involves basic magick; the second requires detailed preparation and Cantors trained to a high standard in esoteric chant. The second version is more powerful, but regular invocation using the first method has the same effect.

#### I.

The participants for the first version are Priestess and Priest, together with any number of other Initiates provided male and female are present in equal numbers. The invokation can, however, take place without these Initiates - that is, with only the Priestess and Priest present.

The rite begins on the night of the new moon with Saturn rising if only the Priest and Priestess are present, otherwise it is undertaken on the night of the full moon. The rite should if possible be conducted on an isolated hill-top and the Priest and Priestess should both be naked. The congregation should wear black robes. Candles in lanterns should be placed to mark out a large circle on the ground.

The invocation begins with the Priest vibrating seven times the phrase 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Priestess holds the tetrahedron in her hands, palms upward. When the vibration is complete the Priest places his hands on the tetrahedron and both vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' until the ritual is complete.

After the vibration, the Priestess - still holding the crystal - should lie on the ground, her head North, the Priest arousing her with his tongue, The sexual union then begins, with both visualizing the Star Gate opening and the primal form of Atazoth coming forth. Atazoth may be visualized as a dark nebulous chaos - a rend in the fabric of star-studded space which changes into a Dagon like/dragon entity.

After her sexual climax, the Priestess buries the crystal within the earth of the hill. When this is done, she vibrates over the spot 'Aperiatur terra, et germinet CHAOS!' She then signals to the congregation who cease their chanting. All the participants then depart from the hill.

Note: The tetrahedron should be well-buried in a spot prepared by the Priest and Priestess before the rite. If the invocation is done again, the rite begins with the Priestess unearthing the tetrahedron. It should be cleaned before the ritual begins - and must be buried without any covering whatever.

## II.

The second version involves at least eight people including Cantor (s) and Priest and Priestess. Male and female should be present in equal numbers. The rite takes place on or around the autumnal equinox or winter solstice. The best place is an isolate isolated hilltop.

According to tradition, the best time to invoke is when (autumn equinox) Venus sets after the sun and the moon itself is very near the star Dabih; or when (winter solstice) Jupiter and Saturn are near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. The first is associated with the 'Star Gate' Dabih, the second with Algol. The most effective place magickally is a hill top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and one of another rock. The top of the hill should have a line of pre-Cambrian grit passing through it - this description allowing the hallowed places, in this country, to be found.

The crystal should be placed on a sheet of mica upon a pediment of oak. The rite begins with the Cantors vibrating in E

minor 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while at least six of the congregation dance moonrise around the crystal, Cantors, Priestess and Priest. This dance is slow and gradually increases in speed, the participants chanting 'Binan ath ga wath am' as they dance.

The Cantors vibrate their phrase seven times at the end of which the Priestess places her hands on the tetrahedron. The Cantors (if there is only one, the Priest acts as a cantor) then sing according to Esoteric Chant - that is, in fourths - the Diabolus. The Priestess visualizes the Star Gate opening.

After the Diabolus, the Priestess and Priest vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' a fifth apart (or a fifth and an octave) while the Cantors vibrate the same phrase also a fifth apart. (If only one Cantor is present he vibrates Atazoth in E minor.) After this vibration and on a signal from the Priestess, the congregation begin an orgiastic rite, during which the Priestess continues with the visualization and the Cantors with the 'Binan ...' chant a fifth apart. The Priest may visualize the orgiastic energy of the congregation into a magickal force which forces open the Star Gate, allowing the Dark Gods to return to Earth.

The Priest and Priestess may then visualize the Chaotic energies as being dispersed over the Earth. However, if the ritual is undertaken correctly, the Dark Gods may become manifest. Should this occur, all the participants should exult.

Note: This second version may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling - and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to tradition. The invocation to the Dark Gods begins after the sacrifice with the Cantor vibrating 'Nythra ...' as above while the Mistress anoints the participants with the Red Elixir. For this combined ritual, the Mistress in the 'Ceremony' assumes the role of 'Priestess' in the invocation: the Master that of the Priest. This combined ritual is rightly forbidden, for it is the most sinister ritual that exists, its performance actually calling back to Earth in physical form the Dark Gods themselves.

## I A Satanic Blessing

Vibrate the following toward the person or area:

Agios ischyros Baphomet!

After, and with the left hand, extending the forefinger, construct in the air an inverted pentagram, beginning at the right corner, thus:

Do this in one unbroken movement. When it is complete, strike the area of the heart with your right hand, saying:

Agios athanatos.

The blessing is then complete.

## II The Sinister Creed

1. Satan in particular and the Dark Gods in general are a means to self-fulfillment and self-understanding.

2. Only by journeying through the darkness within us and without can we attain self-divinity and thus fulfil the potentiality of our existence.

3. Our rites, ceremonies and practices are all life-affirming, and show us the ecstasy of existence and the self-overcoming of the true Adept.

4. We are feared because we defy and seek to know and thus understand. We rejoice in living: in all its pleasures but most particularly in its possibilities. We thus extend the frontiers of evolution while others sleep or cry.

5. We detest all that enervates and would rather die than submit to anyone or anything - this pride is the pride of Satan, and

Satan is a symbol of our defiance and a sign of our life-enhancing energy. Others see our way of living and our way of dying and are afraid.

6. When we hate we hate openly and with arrogance, and when we love, we love with a passion to match this arrogance:

always mindful never to love anyone so much that we cannot see them die, for death is a natural changing of energies.

7. We prepare - through our magick and our ways of living - for the Age of Fire (the Aeon of the Dark Gods) which is to

come, when we elitist few shall reach out toward the stars and the galaxies and the new challenges they will bring.

8. Our way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly defy the matrix of illusions - of 'good' and 'evil' - that

stifle the potentiality of our being.

9. What does not kill us, makes us stronger.

## III Initiate Names

a) Some suggestions, based on names traditionally used in sinister Temples:

Male: Oger, Hacon, Serell, Noctulius, Athor, Engar, Aulwynd, Algar, Suevis, Angar, Wulsin, Gord, Ranulf

Female: Sirida, Eulalia, Lianna, Aesoth, Richenda, Edonia, Annia, Liben, Estrild, Selann

b) Contract and/or transpose your own name to form another; for example, 'Conrad Robury' gives Cabur, Nocra and so on.

c) Find a demon form with whom you feel an affinity, and use that name, either as it is or contracted/transposed.

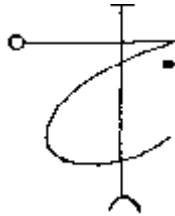
d) Construct your name from a Satanic phrase or chant - for example, 'Quinvex' can be derived from the 'Quando Vindex' of the Diabolus.

What is important about all the above is that you feel 'attracted' to a particular name or phrase. Whatever method is used, the name or phrase should derive from traditional Satanism (as explicated in this book) and for this reason names/demons deriving from other traditions should not be used.



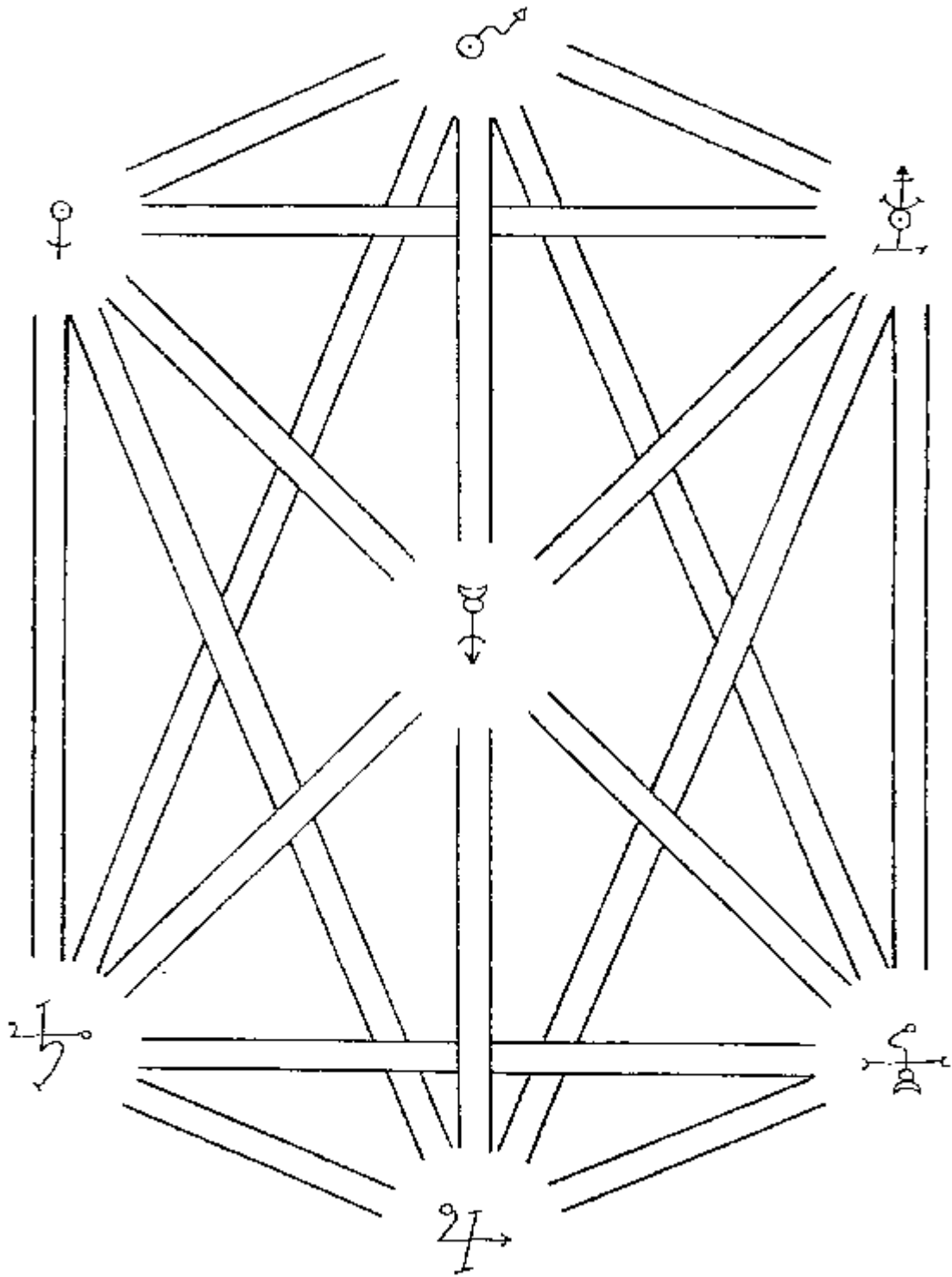
Picture Atu XX

C A E L E T H I  
The Black Book  
Of  
Satan II



by  
Christos Beest

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o.

Invoke all as given, by  
 Use also the crystal tetrahedron  
 As a key  
 To the Dark Pool beneath the Moon...



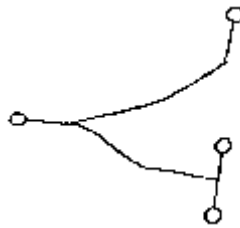
17:

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MWW0P9W.MWW0P  
2W.S0-90P  
45E7G74572W.S0P  
22S0PWW.MWW0P  
S0PW22SSW0P  
G0P7S4W5P7  
S.M-N

S--\*-N' ...

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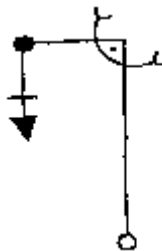
I : N A O S



The woman beneath the water  
The Temple within  
Of War torn landscapes, black hills  
Grab the lightening and hold it  
Shell shocked  
The Giving within Her arms...

---

II : A O S O T H



The Bleeding Earth  
From the throats of fools,  
in brooks

From the Gate  
a red bird  
This, the corn needs  
Containment of Winter:  
The Maiden is ready.

---

III : L I D A G O N



Autumn -  
A marriage beneath the Earth  
In Elixir  
She washes Her hands  
A Black Eagle  
A Palace of Light  
She becomes the snake  
Who offers the sword  
To sever the arm...

---

IV : M A C T O R O N



She rows a boat in a black pool  
From Her steps:  
The Hermaphrodite,  
the body drowned.  
The Planet of Them  
And the first drop  
In a white desert  
Into clear waters  
Aktlal Maka.

---

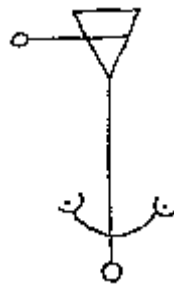
V : A T A Z O T H



No longer guides  
Four waterfalls flood the Earth  
And books become ash...

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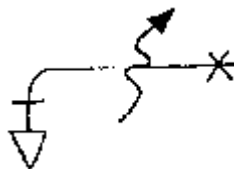
VII : A Z A N I G I N



In red desert  
Three fingers and a skull  
Are laid on fur  
The stones of a circle  
Turn to frogs  
The skeleton of a child  
The birth of an army  
A Nexion is opened.

---

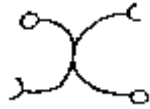
VIII : A B A T U



In a dungeon, a bed of fire  
From an exploded sphere  
Red butterflies  
With a look  
The war is begun  
A sexless mask  
In the caves of the sea.

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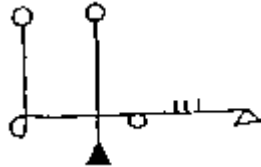
IX : V E L P E C U L A



Now in the desert,  
A jester  
Greets the transparent horse  
On hill Golden folk  
Become fire  
The snow melts  
The faces of Mountains  
The raven with  
The woman's face,  
Her gold begets the Blood...

---

X : V I N D E X



Two horses  
Fight within a circle of trees  
(The Sun at Night)  
Two angels  
Laughing in a room of sacrifice  
Two  
In a haze of gold  
Beyond the Door.

---

XI : S A U R O C T O N O S



A crippled boy  
A tunnel of bone  
A Star descends into a forest  
Faces are removed  
And She sits in the stone house  
Unheard.

---

XII : N O C T U L I U S



The Moon wraps itself  
Around the Savage God;  
Impaled on a throne  
As the wheel of skulls turns.  
The jeweled Lady  
The crone...  
Winter in the wildest of woods.

---

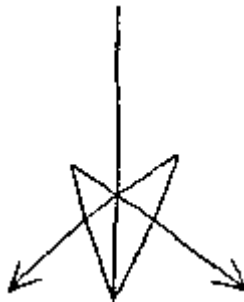
XIII : N Y T H R A



A canal route lined  
By white Griffins.  
A vortex of grey starless space.  
The chalice spills its  
White blood  
And the Herdsman's light shines  
In the Chamber of the Sphinx.

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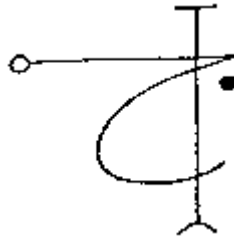
XIV : S H A I T A N



The ruby is the password  
She of the white robe  
Rides the transparent horse  
The maiden closes.  
On broken legs he steps forth  
He becomes the Dragon...

---

XV : S H U G A R A



A frog reveals human heads  
Within its mouth  
Furrowed white fields  
White, snow laden trees -  
Her face, caught by the Moon;  
Her eyes come to know  
The Pool,  
Take the spiral staircase  
to the Blue room...

---

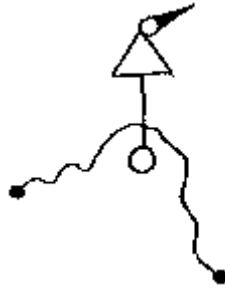
XVI : N E K A L A H



Their Name ...  
Inside the room of Sacrifice:  
White flowers.  
A garden, dry, of dead roses.  
The masked lady  
Holds Her new child.

---

XVII : G A W A T H A M



The power within is great  
The eagle eats  
Its human offspring  
Cold music here  
Blue woman hold the horse's head While the Seer weaves.

---

XVIII : B I N A N A T H



Headless  
The white angel impaled  
By Seven.  
Seven bells rung,  
The cortege from a black hill  
Passed the squatter's cottage.  
Black flame engulfed  
Black flame ate the 'holy'.

---

XIX : K A R U S A M S U



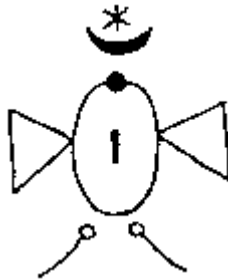
Sappho dance in still water  
Chains and roses in blue  
Invoke the Sun  
To an arch of fire  
Gravestones, butterflies



And rivers of snakes.

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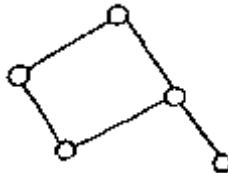
XX : N E M I C U



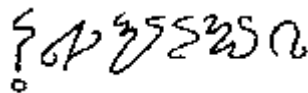
The blue statue  
His red eyes survey the maze  
Bringer of wisdom  
The perfect child  
And the tetrahedron  
Bathing hair in the Dark Pool  
Successor...

---

XXI : K T H U N A E



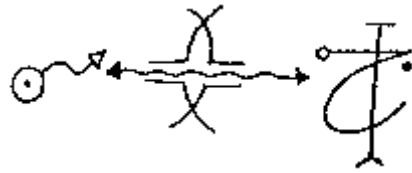
The Elixir of Recalling  
Flows into clear water  
The contracting of the Dark Star The severing of the attractant  
The Pool is opened  
Go deeper  
Against all other And ever Darker, Recall.



---

Sanctioned: Christos Beest  
Order of Nine Angles  
Yf 103 Era Horrificus

A G I O S   O   S H U G A R A



4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12  
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 99 100

THE

BLACK BOOK  
OF  
SATAN III

by Christos Beest  
ONA

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And to Xaphan for Further Editing.

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  - II. The Black Mass of Life
  - III. The Mass of Heresy
  - IV. The Black Mass - Gay Version
  - V. Synestry: A Sinister Ceremony
  - VI. The Rite of the Nine Angles
  - VII. The Ceremony of Recalling
- Appendix:
- I. The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings
  - II. The Secrets of the Nine Angles
  - III. Chants

Wyrð non est aliud, quam halitus  
aquae, terraeque, solis calore  
exacte attenuatus et coctus, a  
frigore secutae noctis in unum  
coactus, densatusque . . .

I: THE SINISTER CALLING

Introduction:

The aim of the following ceremonial ritual can be either (a) returning to Earth those 'negative, chaotic, sinister' forms/energies dark legend knows as 'The Dark Gods';(b) drawing forth from acausal dimensions chaotic energies, directed towards a specific goal/aim/intent or channeled into a particular individual(s)/group/temporal form. The main difference between the two is that in (a) the forms/energies are left to disperse/create conditions according to their

nature. If insufficient preparation/desire is present within those performing this Calling, (b) can become (a) - sometimes to the detriment of those Calling. The rite of the Sinister Calling is a traditional ritual -perhaps the most sinister ritual that exists. The rite assumes willing Sacrifice.

Setting:

An isolated hill top, sunset, with Saturn rising - or a sinister Temple/cave.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - purple robes

Mistress of Earth - purple robes

Priestess - naked, upon altar

Priest - black robe, tied with white cord/girdle

Congregation - black robes

Guardian of the Temple - black robes with face mask

Preparations:

1) Seven days before the rite, the congregation assemble in the dwelling of the Master or Mistress. Here they stay until the rite is complete. During the seven days they are forbidden to speak, wear only ceremonial robes, will abstain from intoxicating drinks and sexual pleasures and eat no meat (this is a 'Black Fast'). During the hours of darkness no lights except black candles are to be lit and at sunset on each day they gather in the Temple to chant the Diabolus nine times. During the seven days no contact with outsiders is allowed, and no music or intrusive sound, save for the Diabolus and the Atazoth chant is to be heard. Both the dwelling and the Temple is to be incensed with Saturnian incense. According to tradition, the robes worn will contain a hood/cowl which is to be worn during the hours of daylight, these hours being taken up with walking within the dwelling grounds (or a suitable, isolated location nearby) for at least three hours together with such diversions as the Master or Mistress will arrange. (Note: These diversions - which in recent times include playing the Star Game - are so chosen so as not to destroy the black tranquility of the fast.) In the past they have included study of alchemical MSS, silent Tarot readings (using sign language/drawn symbols for the reader to express meanings) and practice in performing esoteric chant (Diabolus/Atazoth chant -

fourth/fifths and so on), this latter in the Temple if the Calling is to be performed there.

2) The Temple is prepared seven days before the rite (this applies to the site chosen - which should thereafter be guarded by appropriate energy). This consists of the Master and Mistress incensing the area with Saturnian incense while chanting seven times the 'Sanctus Satanas'. They then unite in sexual union, the Mistress visualizing the nexion to the Dark Gods as being gradually opened, though remaining partly closed.

One planetary hour before the Calling begins on the seventh day, the Temple/outdoor area is made ready by an Initiate chosen for this task. A black cloth is laid on the altar and seven black candles placed upon it and lit. A large quartz crystal is placed in the centre of the Temple, on an oak (or wooden) stand. (Note: It enhances the energies if this crystal is shaped as a tetrahedron. Whatever the shape the crystal should be as large as possible.) The Master brings the Sacrificial knife. An image of Baphomet according to sinister tradition (for example, Atu III of the Sinister Tarot) may be present in the Temple but no other artifacts, furnishings, signs or symbols.

The congregation et al gather outside the Temple, robed as described, and are led into the Temple by the (naked) Priestess at the beginning of the Rite.

3) As the Congregation assemble on the seventh day before the Rite (they will have been informed some time before by the Master or Mistress of the date of the Calling, its purpose and intent being explained) lots are drawn to decide which man among them will be chosen. The one chosen by the drawing of lots is free to then accept or decline the honour. If this honour is declined, another lot is held, and the one so chosen may also decline. After this a further lot is held, the result of which is binding. The Opfer so chosen by lot is then led by the Guardian(s) to a secure, secluded place and resides there until the Calling begins. Each night and in this place, the Opfer receives the Priestess for the length of one planetary hour, the Priestess being chosen from among the Temple to be at this period capable of conception. If the

Master or Mistress so desire, another lady in addition to the Priestess may be chosen and received by the Opfer during the days before the Rite, and lead him to the Temple for the Calling.

The Rite:

The congregation process into the Temple, led by the Priestess who is assisted onto the altar by the Mistress. The congregation gather in a semi-circle before the altar, the Guardian(s) holding the Opfer by the entrance. The Mistress greets the Master with a kiss, saying: 'To you it is fitting, Master, to speak to our gods for these many. With your own eyes see how we seekers of darkness await this calling forth of our gods!'

The Mistress gestures with her hands, and the congregation remove their hoods/cowls. She says: 'So shall we rejoicing dance!' The congregation begin to dance counter-sunwise around the altar chanting "Binan ath ga wath am".

The Master lays the S.Knife on the womb of the Priestess while the Mistress places her hands on the crystal and joins the Master in chanting the Diabolus in fourths while visualizing the nexion opening. This chant is repeated seven times while the congregation continue their dance and chant.

After the seventh chant, the Master claps his hands nine times as a signal for the congregation to gather round. The Guardian brings the Opfer forward.

The Master gives the Opfer a chalice of wine, which he drinks. After this, the Master says to him: 'We greet our honoured guest with a kiss'. He kisses the Opfer, followed by the Mistress and the congregation who kiss the Opfer in turn.

The Mistress then removes the robe of the Opfer and begins to raise his secret fire with her lips, while the Master gestures to the congregation as a sign for them to remove their robes. They then begin to dance again - chanting 'Atazoth', Satanas and/or shouting/laughing/screaming as they whirl faster in ecstasy and frenzy.

As they dance, the Guardian lifts the Priest upon the altar while the Master takes up the S.Knife. The Priestess holds the Opfer in sexual union and visualizes the nexion opening as she draws by movement the secret fire from the Opfer. She then releases him and on this sign the Mistress signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires. The Mistress then touches the crystal with her hands visualizing/intoning the aim/intent of the Calling, ad libitum according to the frenzy/energy generated in the Temple. As she touches the crystal, the Guardian(s) assist the Opfer from the altar and with the Master (who takes the S.Knife and the empty chalice used by the Opfer) leave the Temple and go to a secluded place (which may be the place used by the Opfer during the preparation period).

In this secluded place, the Master vibrates 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Guardian(s) hold the Opfer. After the vibration, the Master uses the S.Knife, collecting some of the elixir in the chalice. He then returns to the Temple and the Mistress symbolically washes her hands in the red elixir before herself chanting 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth!' Following this, she and the Master chant in fourths the Diabolus, directing the chant towards the crystal.

The Rite is concluded by the Master assisting the Priestess down from the altar. She departs from the Temple, returning with trays of food and wine which she offers to the congregation - then revelry continues until desires are fulfilled. The Priestess herself withdraws after offering the food and drink, as the Master and Mistress do.

Note:  
After the final Diabolus chant by the Master and Mistress, if an aim/intent is intended, this is visualized/voiced by them according to magickal principles before they depart from the Temple. Should they wish, they may combine this with their own sexual union. Should no intent/aim be desired, the dark forms/energies are left to gather/disperse according to their nature. The Guardian(s) are sworn to secrecy, and after the red elixir is produced, they secrete/bury the empty vessel in a location prepared beforehand.

\* \* \* \* \*

II: THE BLACK MASS OF LIFE (The Promethean Office I)

For daily (dawn;dusk) or ad libitum performance either solo or by Priest and Priestess

Aperiatur terra, et germinet Vindex

(Chant:)

Agios o Vindex

(Hymn:)

Non usitata nec tenui ferar  
Penna biformis per liquidum aethera  
Vates, neque in terris morabor  
Longius, invidiaque maior  
Orbis relinquam  
Agios athanatos  
Dignum et justum est

(Chant:)

Agios o Baphomet

O Oriens splendour lucis aeternae  
Et sol justitiae:  
Veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris  
Et umbra mortis

(Chant:)

Agios o Vindex

(Hymn:)

Rerum Atazoth, tenax vigor  
Immotus in te permanens  
Lucis diurnae tempora  
Successibus determinans:  
Qui venturis es in mundum  
Atazoth, ne tardaveris  
Nocturna lux viantibus  
A nocte noctem segregans,  
Praeco diei iam sonat  
Iubarque solis evocat  
Hoc excitatus Lucifer  
Solvit polum caligine  
Agios o Vindex  
Laetus dies hic transeat.

Textual variations - Sunday and Feast days:

A porta inferni Atazoth, in adjutorium.

Aperiatur terra et germinet Vindex

(Hymn:)

Cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum  
Implicat casas virentes de flagello myrteo:  
Cras canoris feriatos ducit in silvis choros;  
Cras Gaia jura dicit fulta sublimi throno.  
Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.  
Cras erit cum primus aether copulavit nuptias:  
Tunc cruore de superno spumeo et ponti globo  
Caerulas inter catervas inter et bipedes equos,



Fecit undantem Dionem de maritis imbribus.  
Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.  
Ipsa gemmis purpuantem pingit annum floridis;  
Ipsa turgentes papillas de favoni spiritu  
Urget in nodos tepentes; ipsa roris lucidi,  
Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentes aquas.  
Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet.

Sunset, special Feast days:

Ad Gaia qui laetificant juventum meam.

Aperiatur terra, et germinet Vindex.

(Hymn:)

Hraegl min swigad ponne ic hrusan trede

Oppe pa wic buge oppe wado drefe.

Hwilum mec ahebbad ofer haelepa byht

Hyrste mine and peos hea lyft

And mec ponne wide wolcna strengu

Ofer folc byred; fraetwe mine

Swogad hlude and swinsiad

Torhte singed ponne ic getenge ne beom

Flode and foldan, frende gaest.

Berk Odins mjod a Engla bjod!

\* \* \* \* \*

### III: THE MASS OF HERESY

Participants:

Mistress of Earth - scarlet robes

Master of the Temple - purple robes

Guardian of the Temple - black robes with face mask

Congregation - black robes

Temple Preparations:

Altar covered by a red cloth on which is woven a gold inverted pentagram. Black candles and incense of Mars to be used. Behind the altar is a large swastika banner: black swastika on white circle against red background. Silver chalices containing strong wine; crystal tetrahedron and small altar bell on altar.

The Aim:

The aim of this Mass is to a) challenge accepted beliefs about recent history; b) provoke dissent and encourage Promethean challenge - particularly within the psyche of the individual; c) encourage dark forces. It should be noted that performance of this Mass is illegal in many Western countries - and acceptance of its tenets renders individuals liable to persecution.

Performance of this Mass in these times is as dangerous as saying a genuine 'Black Mass' in the era of Nazarene persecution/'witch hunts'.

The Mass:

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple. The Master and Mistress enter at the start of the rite, process to the altar, bow to the banner and turn to face the congregation.

Mistress:

Hail to you, most holy and free,  
Revealer of Dark:  
We greet you with forbidden thoughts!

Congregation:

Hail - most holy and free!

Master:

We believe -

Congregation:

Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods  
To guide us to greatness.  
We believe in the inequality of races  
And in the right of the Aryan to live  
According to the laws of the folk.  
We acknowledge that the story of the holocaust  
Is a lie to keep our race in chains  
And express our desire to see the truth revealed.  
We believe in justice for our oppressed comrades  
And seek an end to the world-wide  
Persecution of National-Socialists.  
We believe in the Magick of our wyrd  
And curse all who oppose us.  
We express our pride in the great achievements  
Of our race  
And shall not cease from striving  
Since we believe the destiny  
Of our noble Aryan race lies among the stars!

Mistress:

Let us remember in silence  
Our comrades who gave their lives  
Before, during and after the Holy War.

(The Master rings the bell twice. The silence which follows is broken by the Master ringing the bell once when all present give a brief Hitlerian salute.)

Mistress:

I who am Mistress of Earth welcome you  
Who have dared to defy the dogmas  
That now hold our peoples in chains!  
No thought should bind you:  
No dogma restrict!

(The Master now vibrates the 'Agius o Falcifer' standing facing the altar with his hands over the chalices. During this, the Mistress kisses each member of the congregation saying: 'Honour be yours', goes to the altar and takes up a chalice.)

Mistress:

By our love of life we have this drink:  
It will become for us a gift  
From our gods!

(The Mistress raises up the chalice, turns and replaces it on the altar, passes her hands over the chalices saying quietly: 'Oriens splendour lucis aeternae et sol justitiae - veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis.' She then goes to the Master who kisses her and holds his hands outstretched toward the congregation.)

Master:

Caligo terrae scinditur  
Percussa solis spiculo  
Dum sol ex stellis nascitur  
In fedei diluculo  
Rebusque jam color  
Redit Partu nitentis sideris.

(The Master turns, bows briefly toward the banner, faces the congregation and points to the swastika, saying:)

Behold the sign of the sun  
And the flag of he who was chosen  
By our gods!  
Praised are you by the defiant:  
Through your courage we have  
The strength to dream!

(The Master hands the Mistress a chalice, saying:)

Suscipe, Lucifer, munus quod tibi offerimus  
Memoriam recolentes Adolphus.

(The Mistress sips the wine, holds the chalice toward the congregation and says:)

Let us affirm again our faith.

(The Guardian steps forward, raises his right arm in the Hitlerian salute )

Guardian:  
Hail Hitler!

(The congregation respond with a salute and a greeting.)

Master:  
So you have spoken and from your speaking  
Gifts shall come to you  
Given by our gods.  
Drink now, to seal with honour  
Your faith.

(The Mistress gives the chalice she is holding to the Guardian who drains it, holds it upside down to show the congregation and places the empty chalice on the altar. The congregation, in single file, then approach the Mistress. She hands them a chalice each, which each drain, hold upside down and return to the altar. When all have drunk, the Master vibrates the 'Agnus Dei' while the Mistress turns to the congregation.)

Mistress:  
To believe is easy,  
To defy is hard -  
But most difficult of all  
Is to die fighting for a noble cause.  
Go now, and remember  
So that we few who survive  
Can gather again in secret  
At the appointed time  
To recall the greatness promised us  
By our gods!

(The Guardian opens the door to the Temple and ushers the congregation out.)

Note:  
The altar may contain, at the start of the Mass, a copy of 'Mein Kampf' and a framed photograph of the Leader.

\* \* \* \* \*

IV: THE BLACK MASS - GAY VERSION

## Guidelines for Gay Initiates

### i) Temple Organization:

The Temple is organized according to the principles laid down in the 'Black Book of Satan I' except that: a) for women, the External Adept who organizes the Temple is known by the title 'Erie' b) the Initiation of new members, and the rituals (such as the Black Mass) which are used by the Temple are changed from the texts given in the Black Book I and other writings in accordance with the principles given below.

### ii) Rituals:

In general, the form of the ritual used and much of the spoken text is unaltered. The titles/roles of the participants are changed thus:

- a) for men - the role of 'Priestess' is assigned to the Acolyte; the role of 'Mistress of Earth' is assigned to the Deacon.
- b) for women - the role of 'Master' is assigned to the High Priestess; that of 'Priest' to the Magistra.

Thus, for example, the participants in the Black Mass are:

- a) for men - the Priest; the Acolyte; the Altar-Priest.
- b) for women - Magistra; Priestess; Altar-Priestess.

In rituals with an overt sexual content, heterosexual intercourse is replaced by excitation to orgasm (usually orally) for women, and penetration for men (unless in the case of men, the Choregos favours oral stimulation). The Choregos/Eria can decide on suitable variations according to taste and preference.

### iii) Images

Sapphic Temples are generally sub-dedicated (ie. although primarily dedicated to Satan, they are also dedicated to another Dark Diety) to Hecate, and accordingly an image of Hecate (painting, sculpture etc.) is present in the Temple. Also reproductions of Atus VI and III of the Sinister Tarot may be present, the latter representing Baphomet. Male Temples are usually

sub-dedicated to Sapanur: the 'demon' of all-male spirituality, and an image is present in the Temple. Traditionally, Sapanur is depicted as a strong man of sinister features who wears thongs on his arms. He brandishes a cuboid from which intense light is emerging, and his member is wellformed and erect. Reproductions of Atus X, XII and XV may also be present. (Note: in the Septenary System, Hecate is associated with the sphere of the Moon, and Sapanur with the 11th path.)

The Mass:

Setting:

Usually an indoor Temple. Black altar cloth and black candles. Behind the altar is an inverted pentagram and on the altar, a cuboid.

If outdoors - candles in lanterns.

Participants:

Altar Priest - naked on altar

Priest - black robes

Deacon - purple robes

Acolyte - white robes

Guardian - appropriate colours, with face mask

Preparations:

Hazel incense to be burnt. Silver paten containing hosts, specially obtained - or made before the ritual by the Acolyte (unleveled and in imitation of Nazarene type). Other preparations as in the Black Book I.

The rite:

The Deacon begins the Mass by clapping his hands twice. He turns to the congregation and makes the sign of the inverted pentagram with his left hand, saying:  
I will go down to the altars in Hell.

The Acolyte responds:

To Satan, giver of life.

(The congregation and all present then recite the Satanic Our Father and the Creed [see texts of Black Mass in Black Book I]).

After, the Deacon says:  
May Satan be with you.

All:  
As He is with you.

Deacon:  
Veni omnipotent aeterne diabolus!

Priest:  
By the word of the Prince of Darkness  
I give praise to thee.

(He kisses the lips of the altar-Priest)

Priest:  
My Prince, bringer of lust and fire.  
I greet you who cause us to struggle  
And seek the forbidden pleasure.

Deacon:  
Blessed are the strong  
For they shall bring delight.

(He kisses the chest of the altar-Priest)

Blessed are the proud  
For they produce ecstasy.

(He kisses the penis of the altar-Priest)

Let the Nazarenes die in their rejection  
And misery!

(He turns to the congregation)

We who defy know how to lust!

(He kisses the Acolyte who passes the kiss onto the members of the congregation. The Acolyte then hands the Deacon the paten containing the hosts. The Deacon holds them up, saying:)

Praised are you my Prince  
By the proud: through our evil  
We have this dirt; by our boldness  
It will become for us a joy!

All  
Hail Satan, Prince of Darkness!

(The Deacon places the paten on the body of the altar-Priest, saying quietly:)

Suscipe Satanas munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth.

(The Acolyte quietly says 'Sanctissimi Corporis Satanas' and begins to masturbate the altar-Priest - via hand or mouth according to his desire. As he does this, the congregation begin to clap their encouragement while the Deacon chants loudly:)

Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

(The Acolyte allows the semen of the altar-Priest to fall upon the hosts - or he, himself deposits the semen if orgasm was achieved via mouth. The Deacon then takes up the now consecrated paten saying:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you!

All:  
As they are with you!

(The Deacon then takes up one of the chalices, saying:)

Praised are you Prince of Darkness  
By the defiant:  
Through our lusts for delights  
We have this drink.  
Let it become for us an elixir of joy.

(He sprinkles some of the wine over the altar-Priest, replaces the chalice and says:)

With pride in my heart I give praise  
To those who drove the nails  
And he who thrust the spear  
Into the body of Yeshua, the imposter.  
May his followers rot in filth!

(The Guardian stands before the congregation saying:)

Do you renounce the Nazarene Yeshua  
The great deceiver  
And all his works?

All:  
We do renounce Yeshua the deceiver  
And all his works.

Guardian:



Do you affirm Satan?

All:

We do affirm Satan.

Guardian:

Hail and praise to Satan, the lord of life  
And provider of pleasure.

(The Deacon vibrates the Agios o Satanas while the Priest picks up the paten with the hosts and says to the congregation:)

I who am the joys and pleasures  
Which you my Brethren seek  
Am here to show you my body.

(He holds the paten out while the Guardian removes his robe. The Deacon points to him as the Acolyte fondles the Priest and says:)

Most beautiful of all  
Is the power of our lusts.

(The Deacon takes the paten from the Priest, saying:)

Behold the dirt of the Earth  
Which the humble eat!

(He then throws the hosts to the ground while the congregation laugh and trample the hosts. The congregation abandon themselves to their lusts. The Deacon chants Agios o Satanas three times and then joins them in the celebration. Feasting and drinking begin as the pleasures of the flesh are enjoyed.)

\* \* \* \* \*

## V: SYNESTRY: A Sinister Ceremony

Location:

Usually an indoor Temple.

Participants:

Amatrix - in white robes

Priestess - in violet robes flecked with purple

Defensatrix - in black, with face mask

Congregation - black robes

Temple preparations:

The altar is covered with a black cloth on which is woven an inverted seven-pointed star and on this is a large quartz crystal (which may be shaped as a tetrahedron).

A large statue or image (Atus III, IV or XX) of Baphomet according to Sinister tradition is to the left of the altar.

Chalices of wine, temple bell, violet candles and incense of Jupiter (both aspects: ie. Beech and civil).

The Priestess and Amatrix stand before the altar, the Defensatrix by the entrance. The Priestess rings the Temple bell seven times to signify the beginning of the rite at which the congregation process in to the altar and are greeted by the Amatrix with a kiss. They then form a semi-circle before the altar.

The Ceremony:

The Priestess raises her hands, saying:

Wash your throats with wine  
For Sirius returns  
And we women are warm and wanton!

(The Amatrix hands her a chalice, which she drinks from, then passes to the congregation. After all have drunk, the Priestess holds the empty chalice upside down, and says:)

Before I WAS, you were sightless:  
You looked, but could not see;  
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:  
You heard sounds, but could not listen.  
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,  
But did not enjoy.  
I CAME, opened my body and  
Brought you lust!

(She opens her robe to reveal her breasts. The Defensatrix comes forward and forces the Amatrix to kneel before the Priestess who says:)

My breasts pleased you  
And brought forth joy!

(She bends down, and the Amatrix kisses her nipples. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

I opened myself, and gave you knowledge  
And the joy of knowledge was sweet.  
Desire and knowledge made you great  
And we, together, dared to defy!  
We feasted and enjoyed!  
We sacrificed, and loved!  
But then the bastard came:  
Yeshua, the deceiver!

Congregation:  
Curse him! We curse him!

Priestess:  
So we gather again to give praise to her  
Who rules our world.  
Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!

(The congregation repeat the chant seven times while the Amatrix takes up the crystal which she holds in her outstretched hands. The Priestess places her own hands over the crystal. They and the congregation then chant "Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet!" 21 times, the Defensatrix ringing the Temple bell after each chant until the number is reached.

The Amatrix then takes the crystal round the congregation who lay their hands upon it in turn, each silently saying 'Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet' while the Priestess vibrates/chants aloud "Agios o Baphomet".

The crystal is then returned to the altar by the Amatrix while the Priestess lays on the floor, her Head touching the feet of the Baphomet image. The Amatrix stimulates her to orgasm using her tongue while the congregation dance around them chanting 'Agios o Baphomet'.

The Priestess channels the energy into the crystal and thence out from the Temple to achieve the desired goal. If no external goal is desired, it is stored in the crystal.

Following the climax by the Priestess, the congregation cease their dance and one by one kneel down to kiss the Priestess and then the Amatrix. As each one does this, the Defensatrix whispers to them: "So it is done again according to our ways, bringing strength and joy."

After the kissing, each rises, bows to the Priestess, and departs from the Temple. After all the congregation have departed, the Amatrix leaves, followed by the Defensatrix. A feast follows, outside the Temple.

The Priestess remains in the Temple until she adjudges the times aright to leave. However, if she so wishes, any member of the Temple who so desires and who has informed her beforehand, may join her in the Temple, whatever energy being produced being directed toward the goal, or stored in the crystal.

In both instances, the Priestess is the last to leave - bowing to the image, extinguishing the candles and chanting 'Ponne, diabolus, custodian!' as she leaves.)

Notes:

1) The ceremony was originally performed each year on the return of Sirius - although it is often performed now at any time, "Sirius" being replaced by another appropriate star (or sometimes 'the Moon').

2) The rite generates sinister magickal energy - which can be directed via the usual means toward a specific aim/goal/undertaking, or into an individual (eg. a novice), or stored in the crystal to await further use, perhaps at another ceremony (eg. 'Sacrifice').

(Daughters of Baphomet)

\* \* \* \* \*

## VI: THE RITE OF THE NINE ANGLES

The rite may be undertaken on either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih gate) or the winter solstice (for Algol). The Naos rite is suitable for southern climes and will not be given here although in form it is the same as the version given.

Ideally, the rite should be undertaken either:

a) on a hill-top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and another rock - in Britain, this other rock is 'Buxton'

b) in an underground cavern where water flows [this applies only to the 'chthonic' form]

c) in a glade consecrated beforehand within a circle of nine stones (the first stone being set on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising, the second at the full moon and so on: the first stone marking the point on the horizon where Saturn rises). [Note: this applies only to the 'natural' form of the rite.]

Further, the time is right when, for Dabih, Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it; and, for Algol, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. These conditions mean that the energies are available to enhance the working.

The rite exists in three versions - the natural form, the chthonic, and the solo. The chthonic form may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to Tradition. It must be noted however that this combination is exceedingly dangerous - if done correctly with a) above and with the conditions for Algol as above, it brings back to Earth the Dark Gods themselves by opening the Star Gate between the causal and acausal.

However, the chthonic form may be successful in bringing to presence the Dark Gods without the Sacrificial aspect if the chants are done correctly, the crystal is sufficient in size, and the cosmic tides are aligned aright [note: this usually occurs when an Aeon is (magickally) ending, the energies being more pronounced in the last three decades. At other times the rite can be used to bring about such changes]

The natural form involves a Priest and Priestess [ideally these should have undertaken the ritual of Internal Adept - or at the very least External Adept] and is basically a drawing to the Earth of acausal energies - these are left to disperse naturally: ie. without any magickal intent.

The chthonic form involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant together with a congregation of male and female. This form is either an invocation to the Dark Gods - the energies being dispersed naturally - or a channelling of those energies into a specific event or events or individual. This channelling however requires the skill of at least a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

The solo form involves one individual and the aim is usually the alteration of the consciousness of that individual: this however is very dangerous.

Note: all the above forms require a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz.

#### I: Natural Form

If possible, the conditions above should be met - if not, conduct the rite on an isolated hill-top at sunset. Both Priest and Priestess should be naked. The rite begins with the Priest vibrating seven times "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" while the Priestess

holds the crystal in her hands, palms upward. The vibration should consist of three projected vibrations followed by four resonant ones - all aimed at the crystal which should be at a distance of not less than two feet and not more than three. After the vibrations, the Priest places his hands on the crystal and both vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" as a projected vibration.

The Priestess, still holding the crystal, then lies with her head North while the Priest arouses her with his tongue, *locis muliebribus*. The sexual union begins after, and both visualize the Star Gate opening and energy flowing through it down to them. If desired (ie. sinister intent) this energy may be symbolized by Atazoth - a dark nebulous chaos issuing forth from a star strewn Space which changes into a 'Dagon' like entity before becoming chaos again. This visualization continues until the sexual climax of the Priestess after which the Priest reaches his own climax. The Priestess then rises and buries the crystal in the earth of the hill [as deep as possible - this may be prepared beforehand - and leaving few traces]. When complete, she vibrates over the place "Aperiatur terra, et germinet Chaos". They then depart from the hill.

Note: further rituals may take place over the burial, but they must have the same intent and follow the form as above except the vibrations are aimed toward the buried crystal - no further crystal being required.

## II: Chthonic Form

If the special conditions cannot be met [(a) and Algol are most effective; (b) and Dabih are generally for channelling into specific events/individuals] then a hill-top containing volcanic quartz is suitable.

The crystal should be placed on an oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood [this enhances still further the effect of the crystal and is a recent modification). The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the crystal, while the congregation (of at least six - three male and three female) form a circle around them. The congregation dance moonwise and according to their desire chant "Atazoth" as they do while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth".

After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the "Diabolus" chant [see set texts] while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Gate opening (as in I).

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "Atazoth". If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "Atazoth" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they

then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition [see set texts). While the Cantors are chanting the Priest and Priestess continue their visualization.

If only one Cantor is present, the "Atazoth" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths.

The Dark Gods will then be manifest.

[If for some reason (eg. inexperience of the participants) the manifestations do not occur, the Priestess should chant in C major "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" after which the Priest also places his hands on the crystal and he and the Priestess vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am", the Cantor(s) chanting the Diabolus as before after which the Priest visualizes the energies arising from the orgiastic rite as cohering and then entering the crystal to be then drawn forth into both himself and the Priestess before being sent forth to render asunder the Star Gate]

Notes of this form: \* the rite may be enhanced by the use of tabors/drums during the dance and the orgiastic rite, individuals being appointed for this task. \* The maximum number of participants should not exceed twenty-one in total.

\* Provided rigorous training is undertaken beforehand, the dance and the orgiastic rite can be replaced with the congregation chanting from the start of the rite the "Diabolus" in fifths they continue with this until the Priest signals them to stop (after the Cantors Diabolus chant) after which they chant the 'Atazoth chant' in fifths repeatedly until the end of the rite. If this form is done, it is important for the congregation to visualize the Star Gate opening while they chant - and this visualization should be agreed beforehand and be the same as that of the Priestess and Priest. This form of the chthonic rite is however only effective if the congregation has been trained to chant in the correct manner. A suitable cavern/resonant building/Temple may be used in this instance. [Further note: providing the chanting is accurate, the crystal large enough, this form is among the most effective.]

### III: Solo Form

This form should be undertaken on either a hill-top or in a Temple/resonant building. It begins at sunset on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising.

The individual should face Saturn and vibrate "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth" seven times while holding the crystal. Then "Binan ath ga wath am" is vibrated followed by the Diabolus chant after which the visualization is begun (as above) [Note: this form

involves the 'Saturnian' gate and thus the Gate may be visualized near the planet Saturn]. The energy is then visualized as flowing down into the individual, this visualization lasting for at least one quarter of an hour. After, the individual chants the 'Atazoth chant', places the crystal on the ground and sits near it, to visualize its interior becoming black and this blackness spreading out to engulf the individual.

Note: This ritual should not be undertaken lightly. There must be a preparedness to exult in the energies. After the rite (the individual will know when it is complete) the crystal should be wrapped in black cloth and stored until required again. Before attempting this form, individuals are advised to seek the guidance of a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

## VII: THE CEREMONY OF RECALLING With Sacrificial Conclusion.

Participants:

Mistress of Earth - in white robes

Master of the Temple - in black robes

Priestess - in a red robe tied with a white sash

Guardian of the Temple - in a black robe, with a white mask

Priest ('The Chosen One'/Opfer) - in a white robe

Congregation - in red robes

Preparations:

The night before the ritual the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water, egg, honey, animal fat and marijuana.

An hour before the ritual the Priestess and the Guardian lead the Priest to a place where he ritually bathes (if possible this should be a lake or a stream if the ritual is undertaken outdoors) and changes into his robe. The Priestess gives him cakes which he eats.

The congregation wait outside the Temple (or Temple area if outdoors - see notes) and the Guardian leads the Priest toward them. The Priestess blindfolds the Priest and takes him to each member of the congregation who kiss him. He is taken into the temple where the Mistress and Master wait and is followed by the congregation.

The Ritual:

On the altar - red candles and quartz tetrahedron. Incense of Jupiter to be burnt. Chalices of strong wine.



The Master intones (ie. vibrates) three times 'AgiOS o Atazoth' after which the congregation gather round the Priest and chant the 'Diabolus' while slowly walking round him anti-clockwise three times.

The Master and the Priestess (or two members of the congregation chosen and trained as Cantors) chant in parallel a fourth apart (or an octave and a fourth) 'AgiOS o Baphomet' while the Guardian lifts the Priest and lays him on the altar.

The Mistress removes the robe of the Priest and anoints him with civit oil. She then removes his blindfold.

When the chant is complete the Priestess stands by the altar while the Mistress stands beside the Master, the congregation beginning to walk slowly anti-clockwise around the altar chanting the Diabolus.

The Priestess and the Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess arousing the fire of the Priest with her lips. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel in front of the Priestess.

As the Guardian does this the Master kneels before the Mistress. The Priestess copies the Mistress word for word and action for action, using the Priest. The Mistress places her hands on the Master's head.

Master:

It is the protection and milk  
Of your breasts that I seek.

(The Mistress bends down and he suckles her breasts. She then pushes him away, but he kneels before her, saying:)

I put my kisses at your feet.  
And kneel before you who crushes  
Your enemies and who washes  
In a basin full of their blood.  
I lift up my eyes to gaze  
Upon your beauty of body:  
You who are the daughter and a Gate  
To our Dark Gods.  
I lift up my voice to stand  
Before you my sister  
And offer my body so that  
My mage's seed may feed  
Your virgin flesh

Mistress:

Kiss me and I shall make you  
As an eagle to its prey.

Touch me and I shall make you  
As a strong sword that severs  
And stains my Earth with blood.  
Taste me and I shall make you  
As a seed of corn which grows  
Toward the sun, and never dies.  
Plough me and plant me  
With your seed and I shall make you  
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

(The Master has congress with the Mistress - and the Priest with the Priestess - while the congregation continue with their slow walk and their chant. If the 'Sacrificial conclusion' is undertaken then the ritual is complete with the details under that heading. If this conclusion is not undertaken, then the ritual continues as follows after the Master reaches his highest ecstasy:)

Mistress:  
So you have sown and from your seeding  
Gifts may come if you obedient heed  
These words I speak:

(The congregation cease their dance and listen: they are joined by the Priestess, Priest and Guardian who form a circle around the Master and Mistress.)

I know you, my children, you are dark  
Yet none of you is as dark  
Or as deadly  
As I.  
I know you and the thoughts  
Within all your hearts: yet  
Not one of you is as hateful  
Or as loving as I.  
With a glance I can strike  
You dead.

(She then goes to each member of the congregation in turn kissing them all on the lips, and removes their robes. She then takes up a chalice of wine and offers it to the person (male or female) of her choice. The person chosen sips the wine, hands the chalice to the Mistress who offers it to each member of the congregation in turn. When all have drunk she says:)

No guilt shall bind you  
No thought restrict!  
Feast then and enjoy  
The ecstasy of this life:  
But ever remember  
I as the wind that snatches  
Your soul!

(The Mistress takes the person she has chosen and indulges herself according to her desire. The congregation consume the consecrated cakes and wine and take their own pleasures according to their desires.

After the festivities have begun in earnest, the Mistress should she so desire, directs the forces of the ritual by concentrating the energies upon the tetrahedron and invoking through a gate, the powers of the Dark Gods into the participants to spread outwards upon the Earth.)

Sacrificial conclusion:

The candidate (who is always male and who ideally should be in his twenty first year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual) is chosen by the Mistress from among the Temple members on the Summer Solstice one year before the ritual will occur.

If the chosen one accepts this honour then he becomes an honorary Priest for the year and is allowed to choose from the members of the Temple a woman to be his Priestess. In a simple ceremony the Mistress seals them in union, dedicating them to the Dark Gods. If by the Winter Solstice the Priestess is not with child, then the Priest may choose another woman to be his Priestess. The child, when born is adopted by the Temple and raised accordingly, being given great honour and, if found suitable, trained to fulfil the role of Mistress or Master.

At the Spring Equinox, the chosen is permitted to give his favour to any one female member of the Temple and should issue result from this, the child is adopted by either the Priestess of the chosen or by the Temple according to the wishes of the Mistress.

After the Spring Equinox, the chosen lives with his Priestess, retiring from all mortal affairs save his duties as Priest to the Temple. He shall also arrange his temporal affairs in readiness for the day of the ritual.

Should the chosen at any time fail to observe his vow by fleeing and hiding from members of the Temple, he shall by all the Temples of the Order and all kindred temples and Orders be placed under a death curse, and the Guardian of his Temple sent to seek him out and terminate without warning his existence. The Guardian shall not rest until this task is complete, and the Mistress may appoint other Guardians as well to assist in this should she so desire.

After the congress between Priest and Priestess, the Guardian places a hood over the head of the Priest, fastens his ankles,

binds his wrists while the Master, on a signal from the Mistress completes the sacrifice using the sacred knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in a chalice. This Elixir is used by the Mistress in the baking of the sacrificial cakes which all the members present will eat during assembly on the night of the next new moon. The cakes consist of wheat, fish, fowl, spring water, egg and salt together with the Red Elixir, animal fat and honey.

After the sacrifice, the guardian removes the body and the Mistress takes up the sacred knife, pointing it at the Master saying:

So you have sown and from your seeding  
Gifts may come if you obedient heed  
The words I speak.

She then takes the Chalice with the Red Elixir, dips the tip of the sacred knife into it and anoints each member present who have formed a circle around her. The ritual continues as before with the Mistress saying:

I know you my children ...

The Guardian takes the body and buries it in a secluded spot prepared beforehand. It is on this place of burial that the Temple gathers on the night of the new moon to eat the sacrificial cakes.

In former times it was sometimes the practice to sever the head of the chosen one and place it in the Temple or the Temple area if outdoors for a day and a night. During this night, initiations would be conducted and the head shown to new Initiates.

Notes:

Rituals outdoors should be conducted within an (isolated) stone circle during twilight. If the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is undertaken the ritual occurs on the Summer Solstice once every cycle of seventeen years (or nineteen in some traditions).

The one chosen, according to ancient tradition, reaped many benefits in the realm of the acausal (or the lands of the Dark

Immortals as it was sometimes called) where that eternal aspect of the individual which initiation into the darker mysteries

created was transported after the mortal death to begin on another plane of existence.

This belief made willing sacrifice possible.

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## APPENDIX

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### I: THE NINE ANGLES - Esoteric Meanings

The name nine angles is, in one fundamental sense, selfdescriptive': the Tree of Wyrd possesses nine causal angles and nine acausal angles in the causal geometric sense, and these can be represented as formed by the corners or angles of a causal and acausal tetrahedron, one a reflexion of the other, the base lying in the plane of the middle sphere (the sun). This double tetrahedron encloses in three dimensional space the path from the causal to the acausal - the 'initiate journey' from the sphere of the Moon to Saturn via the other spheres, this path being helical (cf. 'The Wheel of Life' in NAOS). The direction of this path is 'counter-clockwise'. In essence, the acausal is a reflexion (and vice versa) of the causal, so the single term 'Nine Angles' describes what is our normal (ie. un-initiated) view of the Septenary, this Septenary being a 'map' of consciousness and the cosmos. The realization of the dual nature of the spheres (for example Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars) arises from Initiation and is the first stage of an esoteric understanding of the term 'nine angles'.

The term also describes the nine fundamental 'alchemical' forms (represented by the symbols and so on: ie. the pieces of the Star Game). These forms are the basic apprehensions of magickal energy and thus re-present the acausal manifest in the causal (in the many forms of that manifestation - eg. individual consciousness: the images/archetypes pertaining thereto). Hence each of these symbols is an 'angle' re the above description of the septenary Tree. These nine fundamental forms (the abstract symbolism is a stage of understanding beyond the purely causal geometric one) exist in many combinations within the nexion which the Tree of Wyrd represents - and these combinations are abstractly symbolized by the placement of the many pieces of the Star Game over the seven boards ('spheres') of that game. (Note: the advanced form of the Star Game is the most complete representation, but for convenience the septenary form will be used here. It should be noted, however, that the septenary form - difficult though it is for initiates - serves only as an introduction to the advanced game.) This abstraction, in terms of the Star Game, makes the forms understandable on a level higher than that of using

words and ideas - this understanding is a new form of thinking, a form appropriate to the next century and beyond. Such an understanding arises from playing the Star Game and relating the abstract symbols to conventional representations (eg. archetypal forms; the energies of the pathways; the symbolism of the Tarot and the many and various occult symbolisms) - this develops the capacity for what may be termed 'acausal thinking': when the conventional representations are abandoned and collocations are viewed abstractly. This 'abstraction' is however a new 'insight' (a lower form of which is often described as 'intuition') and not a dry, academic process: it extends consciousness into new and important realms and pre-figures the development of a symbolic language which eliminates the confusion, both moral and linguistic which exists in words and the translation of complex ideas into such words. It is 'mathesis' in the ancient Greek sense and while not being what we understand as 'mathematics' it complements mathematical abstraction and indeed interacts with it in some places. For example, the causal within the acausal can be represented by the tensor is the causal component and the acausal one. For an system (Euclidean space) has nine non-zero components. These are the symmetric components of : the skew-symmetrical being acausal. In this sense, the nine form 'sub-spaces' of the causal and the tensor 'describes' the nexion causal/acausal. It is possible to write an equation involving the tensor which describes the multi-dimensional space, the boundary conditions of which give, for example, the metrics of each form of 'spacetime' (causal and acausal).

Essentially, the symbolism is a new tool to assist and develop our understanding, and it is via this symbolism that the meanings of the nine angles may most easily be understood without confusion.

On a less refined esoteric level (ie. in more 'conventional' esoteric terms) the nine angles symbolize the sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrð with the two most important 'Gates' (see illustration). This sigil describes the energy flow and may be used,

magickally in several ways - for example as a visualization 'sigil' (in hermetic rituals etc.)  
as a symbol of the path walked during certain rites (some connected with esoteric chant - qv.  
NAOS) and when an 'Earth Gate' is being sought with a view to drawing acausal energy through it  
to change the causal (eg. inaugurate a new aeon).

The nine also represents the tetrahedron (for example, the crystal one used in the Rite of the  
Nine Angles) which is itself symbolic of the nexion described by the Tree of Wyrd.  
Thus, for  
instance, in the Nine Angles Rite, the crystal represents one aspect of the nexion, the Priest  
and Priestess the other: together (ie. the bringing together in the ritual) they enable the  
nexion to be opened. In this sense, the Priest and Priestess (when conjoined) form a  
tetrahedron which, joined with the crystal one, enables acausal energy to become  
manifest in  
the causal (the 'world') - this is the secret hinted at in many historical alchemical MSS  
(for  
example the 'Rosarium Philosophorum':

"Make a round circle of the man and woman ...") and occasionally depicted in  
drawings. This  
'double tetrahedron' is a magickal form of the double described above in the first  
paragraph  
(the causal geometric one).

In some 'esoteric' circles the nine is seen in terms of the five, the five itself deriving  
from  
the five angles of the inverted pentagram. This is, however, a misunderstanding,  
deriving as it  
does from viewing the 'angles' two-dimensionally when in fact they should be  
considered in a  
three dimensional way, at first, and then four-dimensionally (the helical path within  
the  
tetrahedrons). This four-dimensional view is in itself only a beginning - beyond is the  
multi-dimensional when both the causal and the acausal spaces are considered. One  
means to  
apprehend this duality is the Star Game (qv. NAOS).

## II: THE SECRETS OF THE NINE ANGLES

The diagrams show how the basic nine angles relate to the  
inverted pentagram. Thus, is the first sphere, the Moon, the second sphere, Mercury,  
and so  
on.

The diagrams signify the order of working in order to create types of magickal energy - that is, they are rites of invokation. Thus, the inverted pentagram shows how magickal energy can be created (or rather drawn from the acausal) - the type depending on where the process is begun. For example, to Invoke 'Satanic' energies, the point would be the starting one, going on to the next, , and then ~ and so on. The diagrams refer to the chants (given in NAOS and elsewhere) which when sung correctly open the gate or nexion (to the acausal) located at/represented by the specific point or sphere shown. Thus, means the use of the 'Agios Lucifer' chant (mode IV); means the use of the Agios Baphomet (mode I) and so on. For a ritual, the chants are undertaken in order.

The 'symbol of the nine' shown below the inverted pentagram is only one form of the many possible by joining the seven spheres of the septenary and the 'gates' - as shown, the invocation begins with the Moon sphere and ends with the Saturn sphere (and thus the Agios Vindex chant). Each symbol of nine represents a particular type of energy - for example, to open an 'Earth' gate, the sequence would end with the Earth Gate (ie. the Jupiter sphere); while to open a Star Gate it would end with that gate - the diagram. A simpler form of invocation is possible , and involves not the complete chants, but simply the "word or name" associated with the particular sphere (according to the septenary tradition). Thus, the Moon sphere would involve the vibration of "Nox", the Mercury sphere "Satan" and so on (qv. the correspondences in NAOS).

### III: CHANTS

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## The Black Pilgrimage

As detailed in the Order MS *Thernn*, cultivating a skill in Natural Magick is essential if genuine Adeptship is to be attained. The first stage in acquiring this skill [the final is that of Internal Adept] involves the regular performance of ceremonial Magick in an outdoor location - the location being chosen for its natural beauty, undisturbed by modern development. The seasonal performance of a rite such as that of the Nine Angles (qv. The Black Book of Satan III), will teach those participating infinitely more about the 'Wheel of the Seasons', than some pseudo-pagan ritual containing outdated symbolic representations of the forces involved. It is important that the rites are conducted upon the same site throughout the year(s), during the times of the seven festivals (qv. Thernn). The second task involves undertaking, with the companion, the Natural form of the Nine Angles rite [the site involved may be the same as that used by the Temple, or one specifically chosen for the task]. The third task involves undertaking the Black Pilgrimage. Traditionally, this is a walk - undertaken alone - of approximately 50 miles, which passes through sites - associated with the Dark Tradition [located on the Welsh borders]. This rite is undertaken around the time of the Autumn Equinox; beginning at dawn, and aiming to end near dusk the following day. The candidate must possess a quartz crystal (ideally a tetrahedron), and is allowed to take only a sleeping bag (no other form of shelter), and the minimum food required. The candidate is allowed to rest/sleep during the hours of darkness on the first evening, at one of the sites of interest. Throughout the journey, the candidate may opt to stop at the various sites, and perform a Chant (ie. the Diabolus). Towards the following evening, the candidate must aim to reach a certain site on the Long Mynd (a site near Wild Moor), and there, undertake the solo rite of the Nine Angles. Following the completion of the solo rite, the candidate remains to rest/sleep at the site. The candidate departs from the area at dawn, when the Pilgrimage is completed.

This task is most usually undertaken by those who have attained the grade of External Adept (qv. Naos), but the Initiate may choose to combine the Pilgrimage with the External Adept rite. This would involve the Grade Ritual being undertaken immediately following the solo Nine Angles rite [this is a very effective combination - but is optional].

With regard to Initiates who live in other countries: the candidate must spend some time creating an appropriate route by which the Pilgrimage can be undertaken. The route must include sites which express, for the Candidate - and for subsequent Initiates - a numinosity: they need not be of established historical or magickal interest (indeed it would be far better if they were not). Rather, they must convey isolation and natural beauty/wildness, and the route itself must be fairly arduous, keeping away from conventional footpaths. The site chosen for the solo Nine Angles rite must be of particular esoteric significance, and this aspect should be created prior to undertaking the Pilgrimage - via the ceremonial opening of an Earth Gate', or the Natural form of the Nine Angles rite, and so on. The creation of a Black Pilgrimage relevant to the respective Land of each Initiate, will be a further new and vital expression of the Sinister Tradition.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Book of Coming Forth by Night  
- A Brief Satanic Analysis  
**ONA, 104yf**

['The book' is the text that forms the basis of The Temple of Set, both philosophical point of view, and the Occult. From it, the Temple claims a mandate and thus a "Satanic" authority.]

The text gives several clues from which its Occult significance can be deduced. First, it purports to be a communication from a supra-personal being (Set); second, its style and content; third, the 'entity' confers upon the scribe the magickal Grade of "Magus"; fourth, the 'entity' confers (or seems to confer) upon this "Magus" an authority - to 'reconsecrate my Temple..'; fifth, various 'aeons' are mentioned.

The information contained in the text about aeons is very interesting - it states that an aeon was begun in 1904 (eh) by Crowley, and that this aeon ended in 1966 [a period of some 62 years]. It also announces another new aeon with the announcement of Aquino as 'magus'. This information is interesting, from an Initiated Satanic viewpoint, because it reveals a total lack of Initiated insight - instead, it seems to continue with the obfuscations of the like of 'The Golden Dawn' regarding "aeons", something continued by Crowley with his description of the 'magus' (a description which seems to have been used by the 'entity' in the text).

The reality is that an aeon is a causal manifestation of acausal energy - an intrusion, into the 'everyday' world, of the creative, evolutionary force which has been described as 'Satan'. Such manifestations occur about every two millennia - and give rise to higher or aeonic civilizations, which civilizations give form to the acausal energies. That is, such a civilization is means whereby evolutionary changes occur. These civilizations are organic - they grow, and then they wane and die. This takes a period of causal time - generally, one and a half millennia. At any one time, there is only one aeonic civilization - and of course only one aeon. An aeon means the presencing of acausal energies over a certain period of time in the form of a civilization: and each aeon is a 'new' manifestation of the acausal: i.e. it is apprehended, magickally, through new forms, symbols, words and so on. A genuine Magus does indeed re-present an Aeon.

Expressed simply, an aeon cannot last for a mere 62 years. A new aeon means a new civilization, in the real world: a new ordering of societies a new ethos within those societies. It means a process of organic growth over many centuries. It means the changing of individuals - a more conscious awareness - over centuries. Anything less than this is not, magickally, an aeon.

Thus, either the word 'aeon' is used, in the text, in the wrong sense - or the text itself reveals a lack of genuine magickal understanding.

° The text itself, in both its style and its content, is reminiscent of a working done by a Satanic Initiate following the seven-fold way - i.e. a working with one of the pathways that link the spheres of the Tree of Wyrld when various 'entities' are invoked. [An example of one such working has been published, in 1974 eh - 'The Message of the One of Thoth']. Such workings are generally understood to be learning experiences - when the Satanic novice is exploring, via archetypal symbolism and archetypal forms, their own psyche. Most magickians, of whatever path or tradition, produce such 'communications' in their learning years. Those who are insightful, learn from these - and then the novice moves on: the workings are seen as merely explorations of the unconscious. Those who are not insightful, dwell upon such workings - they fail to objectify them, they fail to integrate them via a conscious understanding of what they really are: merely workings with various archetypal symbols. [A classic case is John Dee.] Those who fail to integrate them, usually see such workings as 'pronouncements' by some supra-personal being or entity: that is, they are seen as actual and important revelations of some 'deity'. Accordingly, a lot of time is spent 'understanding' what the often cryptic 'communication(s)' means, and in writing "commentaries" upon them.

Thus, either the text is an example of one such working by someone not yet achieved real Adeptship, or it is an actual "communication" from an entity.

° The 'entity' confers upon the scribe the title of 'magus' and instructs the scribe to re-consecrate the Temple, and so on. In the real world, the magickal Grades are understood as personal achievements, and represent the gaining of knowledge, experience, insight and skills by the individual magickian - a learning of wisdom by the overcoming of adversities; a transformation of the personality via both magickal and real-life achievements.

As such, the Grades apart from the first (i.e. Initiation) - are never awarded or conferred by others. They are only and always achieved, by each individual: by that individual attaining the level of personal

development - each Grade re-presents. The aim of a genuine Occult path is the liberation of the individual - to progress to a higher stage of personal evolution: to go beyond the inertia of the herd. That is, the individual works at their development, perhaps aided and guided by others who have gone that way before. In a sense, genuine Occult paths are means whereby evolutionary advance can be consciously achieved: they represent the knowledge and insights of the current and previous Aeons.

What is evolutionary is individuality - the coming into existence of unique individuals who can reason, who can judge, who can act, who possess insight. What is de-evolutionary (or just a stasis) is conformity - allowing others to do the reasoning, the judging, to inform one what 'insight' (and such like) are: i.e. to accept the solutions of others, the answers of others, rather than work these out for oneself.

In a real sense, the magickal Grades represent the stages of an individual's coming into being: of them appropriating more and more of the acausal (or 'expanding their consciousness more and more into the acausal' in a rather inexact way). This cannot be done for them - at any stage. Thus, for anyone, or 'anything' to confer upon anyone else a particular magickal Grade, is a sign that those so conferring and so accepting, do not fundamentally understand what the Grades represent - in effect, they lack an understanding of what genuine Occultism is all about. Those so accepting, allow someone else to judge and decide for them; those who confer, maintain the illusions of those upon whom they confer Grades. This is so even (or rather, particularly so) in the case of a Magus - that Grade is achieved by an individual as a result of that individual going further along the Occult path chosen than anyone else: achieving more, appropriating to themselves more of the acausal (or 'the sinister' if one prefers). At this stage, this means opening/creating a nexion to bring forth into the causal world, acausal energies: i.e. channeling aeonic energies and presencing them. This of course requires an understanding of aeons, and how aeonic energies are or can be presenced in the causal, via civilizations, ethos, wyrd and so on. This is manifestly not the case for the scribe of the text under consideration.

For this person accepts the conferring of the Grade by what is alleged to be 'Set' and accepts that being a 'magus' means manifesting, via a mandate, the 'will' of this entity, via a 'word' (and a 'consecrated Temple' and thus Priesthood).

° The mention of Crowley and his 'law' is interesting in that it shows that there is no real insight into the forces which have and do shape the present Aeon. Crowley's 'Law' and 'magick' were manifestations of that distortion of the aeonic energies which has affected the Western aeon - one aspect of which is the Nazarene religion. Other aspects are the 'qabala', the 'demonology' of the Grimoires, the glorification of the ego at the expense of insight, and a lack of genuine reasoning.

The work of Crowley continued the distortion - it was not a cure for it. Crowley's understanding of real magick was minimal - and he possessed no insight into either aeons or aeonic energies. In fact, his life and work show that he never achieved real Adeptshlp, let alone Mastery.

If the 'entity' from which the scribe received the text was as that scribe described him - the *Prince of Darkness* - then one might expect an understanding of aeons and Crowley's essential irrelevance.

Instead, there are some rather pseudo-mystical, pseudo-philosophical statements regarding the "Aeon of HarWer" and "Opposite Self": i.e. a clear, concise, rational account is not given. What is given, requires 'interpretation'.

A consideration of the text reveals it as in essence a working done by someone who has absorbed what has hitherto been accepted as the 'Western' tradition of Occultism - as exemplified by John Dee, the Golden Dawn, Crowley et al - where communication with extra-terrestrial/supra-personal entities is accepted, and where such communications tend to be accepted as mandates, authorizing those who receive them to found Temples/Lodges/inaugurate an 'aeon' and so on. This 'tradition' - which is actually a part of the distortion exemplified by revelatory religions like that of the Nazarene - accepts such revelations and the individuals receiving them. The scribes of such communications treat them with respect - often as 'sacred', and interpret them via numerous commentaries for the benefit of the initiated and un-initiated alike. This tradition thus fosters a certain mentality - the religious attitude, where revelation, mandates and 'interpretations' are seen as not only of great value but also as more important than real understanding and rational knowledge; where the notion of exclusivity, of 'electness' is preserved. There is acceptance of a 'mandate' which gives authority - and members are expected to be obedient to that authority, which reserves for itself the right to decide who is acceptable, and what ethic/doctrines/views are acceptable/'right'.

The whole text reveals this religious attitude and approach. Internal revelations are considered more important than the insight and judgment born via practical experience. It is indicative of the pseudo-intellectual approach which has so come to dominate present day societies thanks to the distortion of the

aeonic energies - individual character has less importance than assumed, pretentious 'knowledge'. A mass of useless 'esoteric' and non-esoteric (historical, philosophical and so on) knowledge is valued more highly than deeds, than learning via practical experience. This is evident in the "Commentary" on the text. In short - the text and the forms erected around it (the Temple etc.) appeal to a certain type of individual: those who need the comforts of old aeon values where there is affectation and delusion of attainment via the amassing of meaningless 'facts' and where those ordeals and experiences which can really change and provide self-insight are shied away from; where the individual delegates to someone else the task of providing answers and judgments.

One final consideration - from an entity described as the Prince of Darkness, there is no consideration given in the text to what actually is evil, sinister. Once again, there are only pseudo-mystical, pseudo-philosophical ramblings of the kind familiar from Blavatsky and other charlatans. One would have thought the 'Prince of Darkness' could have provided a clear, precise, concise, unambiguous statement which made sense to both a Doctor of Philosophy (if for the moment one assumes a Doctor of Philosophy would know sense if it hit him on the head) and a non-academic, but literate, person.

In summary, the text makes sense as, and is a good example of, a working done by someone striving to achieve Adeptship - to integrate within themselves archetypal opposites. If it is not this, then it can only be a conscious creation by an individual to enhance the image of that individual for the purpose of manipulating others, and possibly thereby achieving some sinister goals.

If the scribe of such a text believed it to be a genuine communication from a supra-personal entity, then that scribe had obviously not attained genuine Adeptship\*. If the scribe believed that such a communication was however from his own 'higher self' or something of that nature [i.e. he did not posit it as originating in another, discarnate, entity] then that scribe had obviously not attained Adeptship and the understanding which goes with it - as is evident from the content of the text. If the scribe consciously constructed the text to use it as a means to create and maintain a Temple and his own standing in that Temple, then that scribe might just be said to possibly be an Adept - but certainly no further along the Left Hand Path [a Master has no need of such trickery - to pretend he has some 'Mandate' from someone/some entity; or has received some kind of 'revelatory knowledge'].

In essence, the text represents - both in its content/style and in the use made of it - everything that is wrong and has been wrong with what has and does pass for 'Occultism', as far as initiates of genuine traditions are concerned. As a document of Satanism (or even of the Left Hand Path) it is of interest as a curiosity - an example of what Satanism and the Left Hand Path are not. Risum teneatis, amici?

ONA IO4yf

\* Judged both by the belief itself and the specious content imparted by the entity: a content replete with the use of past aeonic forms (Egyptian, here) and an intent to revive them: something that has blighted the fake Occultists since Romantic times.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Left Handed Path -  
An Analysis  
ONA

The Left Handed Path and Satanism are related insofar as Satanism is a particular LHP. The LHP is the name given to describe a system of esoteric knowledge and practical techniques - and this system is also known as 'The Black Arts'.

The Difference Between the Left and Right Hand Paths:

The aim of all genuine Occult paths or systems, whether designated Right Hand or Left Hand, is to achieve or find a certain goal as well as to impart esoteric knowledge and abilities. The goal is variously described (e.g. 'Gnosis', the Philosopher's Stone, Enlightenment).

However, it has been a common misconception that the RH Paths were altruistic and the LH Paths egocentric - i.e. the difference between them was seen in individual moral terms. Another misconception is in seeing the difference in absolute moral terms - i.e. the RH Paths as representing "good" and the LH Paths as "evil". Recently, attempts have been made to formulate 'grey' paths which combine elements of both, and such 'grey' paths are often said (by their exponents) to be the "true" Occult way or path.

The reality is quite different. The LH Paths and the RH Paths [hereafter, the singular 'Path' will be used, although the plural is to be understood] are quite distinct and differ in both their methods and their aims. The most fundamental difference is that the RHP is restrictive - certain things are forbidden or frowned upon - and collective. That is, the RHP takes some responsibility away from the individual by having a formal dogma, a code of ethics and behaviour and by having the individual participate in an organized grouping, however loose that grouping may be. In brief, the identity of the individual is to some extent taken away - by the beliefs systems which that individual has to accept, and by them accepting some higher 'authority', be such authority an individual, a group or an 'ideology' (or even, sometimes, a supra-personal Being - a 'god' or 'gods').

In contradistinction, the LHP in its methods is non-structured. In the genuine LHP there is nothing that is not permitted - nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP **means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest**. This makes the LHP both difficult and dangerous - its methods can be used as an excuse for anti-social behaviour as they can be used to aid the fetishes and weaknesses of some individuals as well as lead some into forbidden and illegal acts. However, the genuine Initiate of the LHP is undertaking a quest, and as such is seeking something: that is, there is a dynamic, an imperative about their actions as well as the conscious understanding and appreciation that all such actions are only a part of that quest; they are not the quest itself. This arises because the LHP Initiate is seeking mastery and self-knowledge these being implicit in such an Initiation. Accordingly, the LHP Initiate sees methods as merely methods; experience as merely experience. Both are used, learned from and then discarded.

Because of this, the LHP is by its nature ruthless - the strong of character win through, the weak go under. There are no 'safety nets' of any kind on the LHP - there is no dogma or ideology to rely on, no one to provide comfort and soften the blows, no organization, individual or 'Being' to run to when things get difficult and which will provide support and sympathy and understanding. Or which, just as importantly, takes away the responsibility of the Initiate for their deeds.

The LHP breeds self-achievement and self-excellence - or its destroys, either literally, or via delusion and madness.

Further, the goal or aim of the LHP is individual specific - it is the raising of that individual to 'god-head'; the fulfillment of individual potential and thus a discovery and fulfillment of their unique Destiny. That is, it breeds a unique character, a unique individual. The RHP, on the contrary, is concerned with 'idealistic' and thus supra-personal aims aiding 'society', 'humanity' and so on: the individual is 're-made' by abstract and impersonal farms.

The LHP by its nature means that its Initiates work mostly on their own. Followers of the LHP are masters of their as yet unmanifest Destiny. And while they may accept guidance and advice, they eschew any form of subservience: they learn for themselves, by their own experience and from their own self-effort. This is crucial to an understanding of the true nature of the LHP. The LHP means this self-reliance, this self-experience, this self-effort, this personal struggle for achievement. The RHP means someone else - some individual, or some authority or some hierarchy - awards or confers upon the RHP Initiate a sign or symbol of their "progress". That is, the RHP Initiate assumes the role of student, or

‘chela’ - and often that of sycophant. They rely on someone else or something beyond themselves, whereas the LHP Initiate relies only on themselves: their cunning, skill, character, desire, intelligence and so on. The successful LHP Initiate is the individual who learns from their own experiences and mistakes. The RHP Initiate tries to learn from theory - from what others have done.

Essentially, the LHP Initiate is a free spirit, already possessed of a certain willful character, while the RHP Initiate is in thrall to other people's ideas and ways of doing things.

The notion of self-responsibility is as mentioned above, crucial to the LHP and accordingly any organization which claims to be of the LHP and which does not uphold this in both theory and practice is a fraudulent organization. In practice this means that an organization does not restrict the experiences of its members - it does not, for instance, impose upon them any binding authority which the members have to accept or face ‘expulsion’ just as it does not lay down for them any codes of behaviour or ethics. That is, it does not promulgate a dogma which the members have to accept as it does not require those members to be obedient to what the hierarchy says. There is no "proscription" of certain views, or individuals or other organizations as there is no attempt to make members conform in terms of behaviour, attitudes, views, opinions, expressions or anything else. If there are any of these things, the organization so doing these things is most certainly not an organization of the Left Hand Path even though it may use some of the motifs, symbols and methods of the LHP. Such an organization is instead allied to the RHP in nature – **in the effect it has upon it's members.**

In summary, the RHP is soft. The LHP is hard. The RHP is like a comfortable game – and one which can be played, left for a while, then taken up again. The LHP is a struggle which takes years. The RHP prescribes behaviour and limits personal responsibility. The LHP means self-responsibility and self-effort. The RHP requires the individual to conform in certain way. The LHP is non-restrictive. RHP organizations and ‘teachers’ require the Initiate to conform and accept the authority of that organization/‘teacher’. LHP organizations and Masters/Mistresses only offer advice and guidance, based on their own experience.

#### Satanism:

As mentioned above, Satanism is a particular LHP. Conventionally, and incorrectly, Satanism is described as ‘worship of Satan/the Devil’.

The word ‘Satan’ originally derived from the Greek word for ‘an accusation’. That is, Satan is an archetype of disruption - the Adversary who challenges the accepted, who defies - who desires to know. In essence, Satan is a symbol of dynamic motion: the generative or moving force behind evolution, change.

In reality, Satan is both symbolic or archetypal, and real. That is, He exists within the psyche of individuals, and beyond individuals.

Satanism is, in part, the acceptance of the necessity of change - of the reality of things like struggle, combat, war, creativity, individual genius, defiance. Of the evolutionary and puritive nature of these things. But Satanism is much more than the acceptance of the reality of these things of their necessity. It is also the individual seeking to be like Satan to be Satanic. A true Satanist does not worship some Being called Satan. Rather, a Satanist accepts the reality of Satan [on all levels] and quests to become, in their own life and beyond, a type of Being of the same kind as Satan - that is, to change their own evolution and that of others: to evolve to a new type of existence. The existence can be described by what is known as ‘Satan’. This quest is a dynamic and real one, and it means that those who aspire to follow the way of Satanism go further than others who merely follow the LHP. That is, Satanism leads to new areas of being: it goes beyond ‘the Black Arts’ while having its foundation or ground in those Arts. Part of this is a greater esoteric knowledge(e.g. Aeonic Magick) and part in techniques or methods or create a new individual. The Satanist effectively learns to play at being god.

Since Satanism, as described above, involves the individual questing to become like Satan, it is relevant to consider who and what Satan is.

Satan is the Prince of Darkness - Master of all that is hidden or secret, both within ourselves and external to ourselves. He is the ruler of this world - the force behind its evolutionary change; the ‘fire’ of life. He is Lord of Life - of all the sensual delights and pleasures.

He is also ‘evil’ or ‘dark’ or ‘sinister’ - merciless, ruthless, Master of Death. He can and does promote suffering, misery, death. But all these things are impersonal - they are natural consequences of life, of change and evolution.

Satan, by His nature, cannot be ‘bribed’ or ‘propitiated’ - and neither can His services be bought, by a

"pact" or anything else. He is not interested in such futile things. Thus, there can be no such thing as a 'religious' Satanism - the offering of prayers or offerings or promises or whatever in return for Satanic favours. Such things imply fear, subservience and those other traits of character Satan despises. Rather, the satanic approach is to glory in Satanic deeds and chants and such like because they are Satanic - because by so doing them there is an exultation, an affirmation and a being like Satan: not because something is 'expected' or done out of fear of the consequences. It is by living life, by deeds, that a Satanist becomes like Satan and so evolves to partake of a new and higher existence. Such deeds are those to bring insight, self-discovery, to achieve, esoteric knowledge, experience of the 'forbidden', of the pleasures of living - and they are also those which change others and the world and which thus can and do bring suffering, misery, death: which are, in short, evil.

Furthermore, Satan is a real Being - He is not simply a symbol, archetypal or otherwise, of certain natural forces or energies. He has life, exists - causes things to occur - external to our own, individual psyche. That is, our individual wills, or even our individual magick, cannot control Him [as the softie imitation Satanists like to believe]. However, this 'life' is not 'human' - it is not bound by a body or even by our causal time and space. Expressed esoterically, it is acausal.

Satan, however, is not alone - that is, He is not the only Dark, sinister Being who affects our world and thus existence. He has a female counter-part - a Mistress, Lover, Bride. Esoterically, Her name is Baphomet. She is the Dark Goddess.

Thus, a Satanic Initiate is often described as the lover of one or both of these sinister entities - and a genuine Satanic Initiation may be likened to a ritual copulation with either Satan or Baphomet [where the Priest/Priestess assumes the form of the entity]. In genuine Satanism there is no 'worship' of Satan (or Baphomet) - but rather an acceptance of Them as friends, lovers (or, in the early stages, sometimes a 'father' and 'mother' or a brother and sister).

A Satanist thus evolves toward a higher form -and expresses conscious evolution in action. Hence, Satanism is the quintessence of the Left Hand Path.

#### Evil:

It is a mistake, recently promulgated by some, to see the LHP in general and Satanism in particular as merely a body of esoteric knowledge and/or a collection, of rituals or magickal workings, either of which, or both, may be 'dipped into' for personal edification and to provide oneself with an 'image'. All LH Paths are ordeals - they involve self-effort over a period of years. They are also dark, and involve the individuals who follow them going to and beyond the limits all societies impose. That is, they are sinister or 'evil', They involve real sinister acts in the real world - not a playing at sorcerers or sorceresses.

Certain individuals and certain organizations who claim to belong to the LHP have tried to dispel the 'evil' that surrounds the LHP and Satanism - by denying the very real evil nature of these paths.

However, what do these imitation Satanists, these posturing pseudos, think Satanism is if not 'evil'? If Satanism is not evil, what is? [Or, more precisely, if Satan is not evil, who is?]

The true nature of evil - and thus Satanism and the LHP - has been misunderstood. Evil is natural and necessary - it tests, culls, provokes reaction and thus aids evolution. And to repeat - Satanism is replete with evil: it is evil. Satanists are sinister, evil. They cannot but be otherwise.

Evil, correctly defined, is part of the cosmic dialectic - it is force, which is a-moral: i.e. it is beyond the bounds of 'morals'. Morals derive from a limited (human - or, rather, pseudo-human) perspective, and a morality is a projection by individual consciousness onto reality. Nothing that is 'moral' or immoral exists. All morals are therefore artifice - they are abstractions. Actions, by individuals, which are normally considered as 'evil' are things that are done by individuals against others - that is, evil acts are considered as belonging to us, as a species. It is not considered 'evil' for a tiger to kill and eat a person: that is natural, in the nature of the tiger. What has been and generally is considered to be evil, in humans, is in general nothing more than instinct - or rather, a feeling, a pre-conscious desire or desires.

Such instinct is natural - the actions which result from it can be either beneficial or not. That is, the actions are not 'evil' in themselves. They should not be judged by some artificial abstractions, but rather by their consequences - by their effects, which are either positive or negative. However, they can be positive or negative depending on circumstances: that is, the evaluation of them can vary depending on the perspective chosen. This perspective is usually that of 'time'. The only correct judgement about a particular act or action is one which takes into account the effects of that action not only in the present but also in the future, and this latter on a vast time-scale. Thus, the judgement concerning such acts is essentially a-personal - it bears little or no resemblance to the emotional affects of that act in the

moments of that act or in the immediate moments following that act. [In the symbolic sense - and imprecisely - such judgement could be said to be that of 'the gods'.]

Real acts of evil are those which are done consciously - and these can be of two kinds. The first are ignorant acts: done from a lack of self-knowledge and usually with no appreciation of their effects beyond the moment. The second are impersonal acts done with a knowledge of the effects beyond that of the moment. The former involve no evaluation beyond the personal feelings; the latter involve an evaluation beyond the personal (although they may still be personal acts - i.e. of benefit to the individual). A Satanic act of evil is of this second kind - they are affective and effective: a participation in the cosmic dialectic. At first, they may not be fully understood -i.e. arise from instinct in the main. But the Satanic intent behind them makes the individual more conscious, more aware of their effects, both personal and supra-personal, thus enabling judgement to be cultivated.

Instinctive acts are not 'evil' - they usually derive from immaturity. Evil acts derive from maturity - but immaturity is required to reach this stage. That is, there is a growth. 'Morality' tries to stifle instinct and thus restricts growth. Satanic acts of evil in effect redress the balance - and allow real maturity to develop.

- Order of Nine Angles -



## The Morality of Satanism

The essence of satanic morality - insofar as the individual Satanist is concerned - can be simply expressed: a Satanist makes an assessment of others, judging them, and then decides whether those others, on an individual basis, are suitable victims. If they are suitable, as victims, then the Satanist acts accordingly - e.g. by manipulating them, using them and so on.

The judgement is based on character - i.e. does the person who is being judged possess a weak character? Are they dross, worthless? If they are judged to be so, by the individual Satanist, then they are suitable subjects.

It is one of the aims of Satanic training to cultivate Satanic judgement on the individual level. However, it should be noted that there are two forms of Satanic judgement - the personal, and the aeonic. The aeonic is a refinement of the personal, the person being judged not only via their character but also via aeonics, in terms of their usefulness in attaining sinister goals in accord with the sinister dialectic of history. This MS is concerned with the personal type of judgement - other MSS deal with the second kind.

The cultivation of Satanic judgement - the assessment of others - is an essential quality, and one which a Satanic Adept must possess. This cultivation is basically a learning experience - sometimes, the novice makes a mistake, but this is learned from. Once a judgement has been made concerning another person or persons (and with experience, this becomes instinctive) the Satanist can act ruthlessly, if action is necessary or required - e.g. to achieve a personal goal or aid the dialectic. The act or acts can and do involve what others [the weak majority] regard as immoral and/or evil deeds.

Some case-histories from the secret files of members will best illustrate Satanic morality, although it should be remembered that these (with one exception) represent the novice stage of Satanic development. As such, they represent primarily a learning experience for the particular Satanic novice involved, although such actions often aid the sinister in general (as in the first example).

(a) A young man desires to experience some of the pleasures of living and so seeks money to enable him to achieve this. He decides to go into what is called 'drug dealing' - supplying various drugs to others. He reasons, quite correctly from a Satanic point of view, that those who take such things or need such things because they are addicted, are weak - they have made their choice. They are life's natural victims, and show by their choice and actions they are basically worthless. Our young novice reasons that if the drug-takers do not have the strength of character to resist taking such things, or if they become addicted, they are failures - a quite obvious Satanic assessment.

Accordingly, he develops contacts and after a while has a very profitable business. Thus, he is able to indulge in most of life's pleasures and so further his Satanic education. Naturally, as a Satanist he is cunning and careful in his business - it is only a means to an end. Further, he is aware that by so aiding certain things, he is advancing the sinister in general - aiding the dialectic by culling, and by weakening 'society' and so perhaps creating opposition and thus creative change.

(b) A young female novice, recently moved to a new city, finds her quality of life destroyed by loud, loutish, loud neighbours. She assesses them as scum. Her first action is to try and talk to them - but this is a gesture which she knows is probably doomed. It is, but it condemns her neighbours. She assails them by magick - aiming to cause illness, disruption, perhaps a death. This has some effect, but does not cure the problem [as often happens in real life when novices employ magick]. So she decides on more drastic action. She seeks out a suitable partner, whom she attracts by her Satanic guile and by using her sexuality. This man is a real mean person and has some friends just slightly less mean. Our novice is careful not to let her neighbours know of her involvement - her new partner and friends harass her enemies continually, using their own tactics. There are some fights, a few 'accidents' to the house, the cars outside, and so on. It is not long before her enemies decide they have had enough and move away (one of them has been hospitalized).

Essentially, the novice controlled the situation, from the beginning - she used and controlled others, by Satanic means, to achieve her aim after making judgements.

(c) A man approaching middle-age, initiated for a year, runs a small business. He wants to achieve more success. There is a rival firm - the owner of which is a typical arrogant, characterless businessman who is trying to edge-out the novice and takeover his business. So our novice decides to act - he assesses his

rival as a suitable victim. This assessment also includes the man's wife and young daughter, whom our novice judges to be obnoxious, having had experience of their dealings. All are judged and condemned by their actions.

Our novice seduces his rival's wife - and then his daughter, using various Satanic skills and wiles to achieve this. He then introduces the daughter to some people, who deal in drugs and prostitution - she seems keen enough, and is soon involved in the 'party-scene', taking drugs and generally misbehaving. Compromising photographs are taken and she becomes a drug-addict. She takes to stealing to pay for her habit, then prostitution. She is arrested. This is distracting for her father. Our novice infiltrates some people into his rival's business and they create some disorder - losing files, losing some business, upsetting the staff. His rival's wife is introduced to another, seemingly romantic man, and she falls for his charm. They have a brief affair. But he spurns her [this is all planned by our novice]. She takes to drink and tries to commit suicide.

All this proves too much for the rival ~ his business declines. Our novice puts in a bid, which is accepted. So his goal is achieved, at some human cost. But this does not concern our novice - the victims were victims of themselves, of their own weaknesses.

(d) A Mistress of Earth who has run a successful Temple for many years, desires an offer. There is a candidate for Initiation whom she senses might prove suitable - he has certain desires which he finds hard to control, and a rather weak character. She arranges for him to meet some people involved in distributing pornography. Soon, he is deeply involved in certain things, of his own free choice. She gives him several chances to make something out of himself, but he does not take them. She arranges several tests to prove his character - and he fails them all. She cautions him, but he finally breaks with her and her Temple, full of self-delusion about his own abilities. Thus, he becomes a potential offer ...

All the examples (mostly trivial) illustrate Satanic morality in action on the individual level - i.e. they are concerned with judgement and with the Satanist acting on that judgement to achieve some practical goal which they desire. This is a learning, an expression of dark forces presencing on Earth via individual Satanic acts, and thus the making, or breaking, of Satanic novices and hence the creation of Satanic Adepts.

The Illustrations should serve to show that such morality is individual, it is unique to the individual Satanist.

## The Practical Esoteric Aims of Satanism:

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The practical aims arise from Satanic strategy which has its foundation in Aeonics [qv. the various Aeonics and Cliology]. These aims are essentially **tactics** to achieve the long-term strategic goal. This goal is the creation of a new species - and this means (a) a new Aeon; (b) a new aeonic civilization. For this to be achieved, present structures, forms, ideas and so on, have to be changed.

Aeonics shows that the present Aeonic civilization, the Western, has been distorted in its ethos and its structures. One of the most potent forms of the distortion has been the Nazarene religion. The distortion has been carried on, and effectively controlled, by 'Magian' forces - there has arisen various other forms to implement the distortion and effectively undermine the Destiny of the West - that is, the emergence of Imperium. These forms include communism/Marxism/socialism and the idea of 'liberal-democracy': they are all opposed to a racially aware Europe and the idea of Aryan/White superiority. This Aryan superiority would have formed the basis of Imperium; without it, Imperium is not possible.

In essence, the ethos of the West has been changed from a Faustian/Promethean pagan one, which exulted in conquest and exploration, to a neurotic materialism and a 'multi-racial' pacifist degeneracy.

There has been a 'silent revolution' in all Western societies and they all now conform to unhealthy Nazarene induced forms - the power structures of these societies now actively seek to eradicate all heretical pro-Promethean ideas/groups/individuals, and use the full force of the 'Law', as well as covert tactics, against those who hold out against the relentless onslaught to enslave the peoples of the West to what are essentially 'Magian' created ideas. Thus the campaigns, in Schools and throughout society, against "racism". To implement this Magian revolution, a myth was created - 'the Holocaust'. In most societies of the West, this myth is a sacred dogma - disbelief being punishable by imprisonment.

Because of all this, an Imperium is increasingly unlikely. The real - ie. esoteric - aim of the Magian is a 'Messianic Kingdom' ruled over by this 'Magian' elite. This would be de-evolutionary, in the Aeonic sense, and effectively wipe out the gains of all hitherto existing Aeonic civilizations. Essentially, the rule of 'Dogma' would hold sway, with terror to support this. This terror is already evident concerning the Holocaust and Aryan racism. The reasoned enlightenment, so evident in the Hellenic and Western ethos, would be displaced by a real despotism - a mentality akin to that imposed upon the West by the medieval 'Witch-finders' and their dogmatic Nazarene zeal. The Magian is a synonym for the Zionists.

This brief overview of the current state of aeonic affairs enable the practical aims, to be achieved/striven toward, to be understood in context. Esoterically, traditional Satanism/the septenary, and thus its **magick**, is an expression of the Faustian ethos, and thus the Western Aeon. The other forms of 'Western' magic(k) existing at this time - including the 'Satanism' of groups like the Temple of Set - are expressions of the Magian ethos (as is evident, for example, in their use of Hebrew forms and the 'Qabalah'). Thus the actual 'magick' of these other groups/individuals is **aiding the distortion**. In practical terms, any magickal act, which does not use traditional Satanist/ genuine Western forms (such as the septenary) is an action against the reasoned enlightenment that the Western Aeon represents.

On the practical level, it is considered necessary, in order to achieve strategic goals, to support the creation of a Western Imperium - that is, to support those forces trying to undermine in a practical way the current Nazarene/Magian status quo. This means upholding heretical views such as racial inequality, and denying 'the Holocaust' - as well as aiding/supporting National-Socialist/"racist" causes. The tactical aim here is the creation of a pro-Aryan, National-Socialist type State which has a noble, conquering spirit or ethos, and thus which re-presents Satanic values in action in the real world. An alternative aim is the emergence of a 'religious' form for this same noble, conquering ethos.

In addition, whatever means are necessary to undermine and thus destroy the present status quo must be used. This means disrupting societies supporting armed insurrection, spreading heretical ideas, aiding those groups/ forms which weaken societies from within (in the moral sense - e.g. drug dealing) and thus engendering a healthy, noble resurgence. A primary aim is to cause chaos, on the streets, economically, and socially - to thus provide opportunities for a revolutionary pro-Aryan group to take or seize power.

A magickal and practical aim is to destroy the power structure of America, for that country effectively is acting to maintain a global control in accord with Magian dictates and thus impose the Magian world-view. The real power of the Magian heart-land resides in America and in the control exercised in the minds of Europeans by the idea of 'multi-racialism' and the myth of the holocaust. If the present power

structure of America was destroyed, the practical power-base, both financial and military, of the Magian heart-land (ie. Israel) would collapse - what has prevented the destruction of this heart-land by the Arabs is the military superiority given to it by America. No country has ever been able or is able to supply superior weapons to any Arab state not under American control - not the former Soviet Union, not China. America has secretly threatened any country which seems about to do so - and threatened both economically and militarily. Any country which poses a real threat to Magian lands has been dealt with - e.g. Iraq.

With the fall of this heart-land, the Messianic dream of the Magian would be unrealizable. The next Aeon will be determined by the success or failure of these tactics. That is, for the next Aeon to emerge, and thus for the next Aeonic civilization to arise in around five centuries time, it is necessary to destroy the distortion affecting the present Aeon. Failure to do this will mean the emergence of that civilization will be much delayed - by up to at least a thousand years.

Further, the success of the tactics, and the emergence of an Imperium, means the spread of the present civilization beyond the confines of the Earth - out into Space. This is possible now, and only now, due to the inventiveness of the creative minority within the civilization and the technology to implement that in a practical way. A defeat would mean a hiatus, and thus a starting from the beginnings - effectively, the achievements of this Aeon would be wiped out.

Traditional Satanism is fundamentally pan-Aeonic: ie. concerned with the patterns and processes which are perceived, in the causal, as Aeons and Aeonic civilizations. However, to effect changes in the causal, actions of individuals and groups (and this includes magickal acts) must work with things as those things are - as they are presented in causal time at particular causal times. The **reality** of aeonic energies is that they assume causal form in aeonic civilizations, and that at any one millenia, only **one** civilization is aeonically significant. Therefore, aeonic magick is a working with the aeonic energies presented in the particular civilization at the time of that magickal act(s) - **or** a working against those energies. Anything else is **not** Aeonic magick - ie. is not effective on the aeonic level: it is purely personal, external, magick. The present Aeon is the Western - and this Aeon dates from c.500 eh to c.2000eh in terms of the energies being predominant. The aeonic civilization follows some centuries later: for the West, arising c. 900 eh and ending c. 2400eh. The energies of the next Aeon follow or arise some centuries after the last Aeonic ones: in practice, this means at the end of the civilization of the last Aeon; when the Imperium is collapsing. Thus, the new Aeonic manifestations will arise c.2400eh.

In the past, Aeons arose as part of the unconscious process of dialectical change. However, we are now at the stage of evolutionary understanding when we can alter the process itself because of that conscious understanding which Aeonics, cliology and so on, gives us. That is, we can significantly alter the process of aeonic evolution and thus the civilization which gives form and reality to aeonic energies. The time for such change is when the energies of one aeon are waning, and the energies of the next aeon have not arisen in any significant way.

Left to themselves the aeonic energies would have produced a Western Imperium which would have lasted from c. 1990eh-c.2450eh. A new aeonic civilization would then have arisen c.3000eh, and lasted for c. a thousand and more years.

The reality of aeonic magick means that one must work either with the energies of the Western energies - and thus aid/create an Imperium - or that one works against those energies. At this moment in causal time, no other energies of aeonic type are prevalent on Earth, and no other cultures/ civilizations are significant in evolutionary terms. [This statement of reality will not please many.]

Thus, the only practical options for significant magickal work are the ones given above: aiding Imperium (and thus countering the distortion) or working against the creation of Imperium (and thus aiding the distortion). The former option is continuing the evolutionary trend - ie. presenting the sinister; creating a dynamic imperative and thus aiding exploration/conquest/discovery. The latter option is de-evolutionary - ie. is aids those forces which by their nature are restrictive in both the short and the long term. The former is a moving-on; the latter, a dogmatic standstill and then a recession. Of course, the majority of non-Initiates see things differently - they view the distortion as 'progressive' and those arranged against it (e.g. NS type forces) as regressive/reactionary/primitive and so on. Such people have not only failed to perceive the essence of things veiled by their outer transient forms, but also have abandoned rational thought and judgement for abstract idealism arising from sentiment. The majority of such people who view the situation in this sentimental idealistic way, are simply victims of the distortion itself; products of the unhealthy societies which esteem verbiage and clever psuedo-intellectual concepts above

judgement based on experience and real insight.

Initiation implies a development of real insight and judgement - and a learning of genuine esoteric knowledge. The esoteric knowledge of Satanism, hitherto secret by nature because it was and is heresy, is essentially a knowledge of Aeonics - of those factors governing evolution/change from aeons to individuals. One insight of a Satanic Initiate is into the forms and structures assumed by aeonic energies in the causal.

This insight means that a genuine Initiate understands a transient form such as 'National-Socialism' as a practical expression of some of the principles of Satanism **and** as, in the long-term, contributing to evolutionary change via its inherent dynamism and acceptance of the forces of Nature. Such an Initiate understands that, at this moment in aeonic history, such a form is **necessary**: ie. this form (or something very similar) and only this form presences the sinister in the way that sinister must be presented to achieve the strategic goal of Satanism over centuries.

The current practical concerns of traditional Satanism lie thus with the Western civilization - with aiding those forms which can or do presence the sinister, or which will change societies to the benefit of the sinister. The tactics are geared to this. Thus, an encouragement of Islam in certain Arab states may be a tactic used - because Islam acts to discourage the 'American' materialism which would otherwise flourish, and thus offsets 'American' (read covert Zionist) influence. This in itself poses problems for America and thus the Magian.

However, the aeonic or essential reality, is that Islam is a transient form which like all religions enshrines the dogmatic, anti-evolutionary ethos, and while in the very long-term the goal is enlightenment or Adept-like liberation and thus understanding for **everyone**; the practical reality means that a working with this particular transient form is tactically right, in order to achieve the goals connected with the present Western civilization and thus the establishment of a new Aeon.

The reality is that there are no easy, idealistic options. A genuine insight and understanding of aeonic matters means certain judgements have to be made: certain tactics have to be employed in order to achieve anything. Satanism is concerned with real, meaningful changes in the real world: it is not concerned with mystical or psuedo-mystical world-views and impractical idealisms. In a fundamental sense, Satanism is pragmatic - aeonically.

The present reality is as stated above - no amount of 'wishful thinking' or idealism or sentiment will change this. One either aids aeonic change and thus contributes toward evolutionary change, or one does not.

On the magickal level, as well as aiding the forces of Imperium and countering the distortion, acausal energies can be presented to begin the process that is the next Aeon. That is, a nexion can be created, consciously, and the acausal energies consciously directed into temporal forms, some of which will be 'magickal'. This is in addition to aiding the present aeonic forms. In effect, these new acausal energies will create the next Aeon and thus its associated aeonic civilization.

This creation is the 'esoteric' Satanic goal of Satanic Adepts - the 'exoteric' goal can be considered to be aiding Imperium and thus fulfilling the wyrd of the West (and hence countering the distortion). In reality - ie. viewed from beyond the opposites inherent in causal forms - the esoteric and exoteric goals are essentially the same: or rather, different expressions of the same things, that is, sinister or acausal energy presencing in the causal and thus creating evolutionary change. However, this 'differentiation' into esoteric and exoteric goals is useful since its enables the tactics to be understood. Viewed another way, the exoteric goal is the short-term esoteric strategy, and the esoteric goal is the long-term esoteric strategy.

Ita lex scripta.

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- Order of Nine Angles -

The Satanic Way of Living
Anton Long 103yf

The way of living that a Satanist undertakes is one which allows an exultation - an affirmation of individual existence. This way is an intentional one - that is, a conscious striving to achieve something, to excel, to experience and learn and discover.

Furthermore, the Satanist makes his or her own rules as they progress. That is, they rely on their own judgement, their own instinct. If they are genuine Satanists, this judgement and this instinct will be noble - an expression of a healthy and strong personality. As they progress, gaining more experience of life, themselves, the cosmos in both its causal (or physical) and its acausal (or magickal) aspects, this judgement and instinct will become refined will become a more exact reflexion of the Satanic ethos. But, despite this progress, the overcoming of challenges, the achievements, the exultation that arises when one lives Satanicly, will never end. If they do, if the acts cease, then the Satanic intentionality has been lost - and one is not living Satanicly anymore.

Thus, even a Satanic Master or Mistress (or even a Grand Master) will not be satisfied to remain where they are - there remains more to be achieved, more to be learnt, discovered; more change to produce. If they are or do become content, they have begun to undermine their own achievements.

It is not generally understood, outside of certain elite esoteric circles, that each 'magickal title' or Grade - which outwardly signifies the achievement by an individual of reaching a certain point along the Occult or esoteric quest - is valid only for as long as the essence it re-presents is **alive within the Individual**.

That is, this essence, is living [a combination of causal and acausal 'life'] - it is given birth by a genuine Initiation and its requires nurturing. If it becomes neglected, it will die - and the individual will lose that vital acausal aspect which Initiation awakens.

A title or a Grade mean nothing in themselves - they are appearance, a symbol of something beyond their causal forms. What is real is the acausal aspect of the individual which it is the aim of genuine esoteric traditions and teachings to awaken/create, nurture and bring to fulfilment/maturity. This is a living part of the Initiate - and its growth is their responsibility: only they can affect changes, causing it to flourish, or to die. Thus, no one can award any genuine magickal or Occult grade on another - what is 'awarded' thus is only the lifeless empty outer form, which esoterically is meaningless. In Satanism, this essence is sinister - in effect, it is the acausal itself, that creative or vital force which binds existence and makes evolution possible. Satanism is an identification with this essence, not an attempt to disguise or distort it by the duality inherent in moral and ethical abstractions; not an attempt to stifle its growth and potential by pretending it is something else. Because of this, there are some who would claim that only Satanism - or at the very least only the Left Hand Paths (genuine ones) - enable the intent of the Occult quest to be realized by an individual: that other paths or ways briefly give birth to the essence only to kill that essence by restrictions and strangulating causal forms (such as ethics, dogma and subservience).

What this living essence means for the Initiate, the Adept or Master/Mistress, is that, being living, it can die. It dies by neglect - by letting go of the acausal within one. In other words, by not continuing the quest, by closing the nexion to the acausal that a genuine Initiation opens and which each subsequent stage of the way opens ever wider. [The final aim is of course for the individual to become the acausal - in Satanism, become-one with Satan - and thus to have created for oneself an acausal existence.]

The nexion closes by complacency - that is, by not accessing any more vital, acausal energies. Such energies are accessed, made real, by striving, by exulting, by overcoming challenges, by deeds which cause excellence. Complacency is a satisfaction, a self-delusion, a lack of intentionality. One's life has ceased to be used to make real and continue the esoteric quest - it has become instead just a living, in the causal everyday world. One's concerns are no longer for the acausal - for the numinous, for that which vitalizes and which engenders creativity, discovery, exultation. Instead, one's concerns are for the mundane, the illusive forms which hold the majority and by which they are enabled to live their puny lives. In brief, one has ceased to strive to be like a god, and become ordinary again - without a Destiny, and without the desire to make that Destiny real.

The intentionality of the Satanic quest - the need to continually re-affirm one's Satanic intent and thus Initiation - applies to the Satanic Master or Mistress just as much as to the new Initiate: often more so. A real-life example may perhaps best illustrate what is meant here.

When someone who now has reached the stage of Satanic Mastery was still striving for Adeptship, he

strove passionately, like the good Satanist he was, to achieve things in the real world. He exulted in living; possessed an arrogant assurance that he was special - that he had a Destiny. This nourished him, in the many conflicts of his life, and enabled his survival. It gave him a real Satanic strength - to act, regardless of the consequences. He never desired to be ordinary, to be secure, to be safe: his life, he knew, was a means to achieve his Satanic goals.

In those early years he strove to effect changes in the real world. He was sometimes, in those years, seen by others as a fanatic, a political agitator, Satanist, a criminal, a terrorist, a debauchee ... He was striving to presence dark forces on Earth and he was ruthless, at times, with others, and all the time with himself. He experienced the dark side of himself - and others. He strove and experienced, and seldom satisfied for long - there was real dynamism in him which could not be contained. He was, in an important sense, irrepressible because he knew he had a Destiny and because he owed allegiance to no one. Of course, this Destiny was often intangible - unknown in its realness. But he sought by his living, by his striving, to discover what it was, to learn. And he did learn, as a genuine Satanist does, by hard, extreme experiences; by living on the edge, by triumphing in adversity. In those years, he had no security of family, employment or material wealth, or even a 'home'; and, equally importantly, he had no one telling him what to do - trying to restrain him by 'ethical guidelines'. He was too proud, too defiant, too individualistic. That is, he was genuinely **Satanic**. He lived Satanism as few 'Satanists' did or had done. After Adeptship, his methods were refined - he became more subtle in the sinister sense because he understood more, possessed an over-view, a knowledge beyond personal insight. The means were consciously understood - the Destiny understood. Thus, the many ways of living, the acts, the striving were a means to something both personal and beyond the personal and as a consequence they were less frenzied, less compressed in causal time. The goals were generally longer ones, more calculatingly chosen and thus less instinctive. His Destiny compelled what most would see as a precarious life, without any obligations or security. From the ways of living, from the experiences came more knowledge and achievements; manipulation of causal forms and creativity, and thus a move beyond Adeptship where a genuine synthesis was obtained.

After some years, he had become quite comfortably off with a multitude of material possessions (a house, an Apartment). He had acquired a Profession which enabled the implementation of some sinister plans, a subtle guiding of others and opportunities for new learning. He had a plethora of creative achievements behind him, a wealth of past sinister experiences, and a personal influence in certain Satanic circles. A lover, a Mistress, even a few personal pupils ...

In all this, was a danger - the overwhelming of the inner Satanic essence by the outward causal, often material, forms. A dimming of the Satanic fire; the inertia of a contented bourgeois existence, despite the Satanic deeds. A living of the 'role' of Master. A self-satisfaction with what has been achieved rather than a desire to achieve even more.

Each person who ventures thus far faces the same problem: there is a staying-where-one-is, or the leap forward occasioned by the desire to fully complete the quest, to defy the inertia that middle/old age seeks to impose upon one. To thus be one of the very few who travels thus far. Most who reach this stage - and that actually is not many, despite the claims - are content: they have found their Destiny, and it is to be a Master or Mistress; perchance to teach; perchance to work deeds of magick, hidden; perchance to influence the causal flow and forms by one's chosen tasks and way of living.

Our Master, however, was not content. He desired an elemental resurgence of the Satanic essence - he did not want to become soft. He desired new experiences, new challenges; to discover and learn. To test himself again. So he gave up his Profession, his material security, his homes and his 'role' (such as it was) until he had nothing except what was inside. And he resolved he would go on defying, on learning, until the very end - like a combat Veteran who cannot settle into civilian life and who always returns to the struggle, until a final battle claims him ..

Naturally, the spineless affectations pursued who masquerade as 'Satanic' Masters (or even the stages beyond!!) would deny all this - particularly in relation to a Master not being content and desiring to immolate himself with the essence of the acausal and so strive in the real world with no affectations and no security (of a 'role', or material possessions or obligations or whatever) to presence that acausal and so achieve even further change. They would deny it because they try to make the image of a 'Master' in their own image - i.e. either someone bound by ethical standards and "sacred" obligations [read 'doing an imitation of a Nazarene prelate'] or someone soft, weak and who reeks of the pacifist, bourgeois vices rather than the virtues of the battlefield. Or, indeed, they make the image a combination of these two. The Satanic way of living of each Satanist never ends until their causal death - and if it does, they have

not fulfilled their full potential, not travelled along the path to its very ending. To believe otherwise is simply to believe - that is, **not to know**.
The only limitations upon living are those we impose upon ourselves or allow others to impose upon us. The essence of the Satanic way of living is to defy and overcome to the very end.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Way:

An Interview with a Dweller of the Silent Desert

How would you define an ideal?

An ideal/archetype is a human construct, based upon an abstraction - a projection from what is real/observed to what is imagined; that is, to what might/could be, but does not (yet) exist. [In fact, human ideals can never really exist - we only believe they can.] They cannot be defined by abstract ideas/theories - for this is a tautology.

One of the two ways for an ideal to exist, and so be defined, is to use a human or existing example and take that as the ideal. For example, Odysseus - the ideal Hellenic man. But one should see the flaws of this - humans are fallible; what lives or exists dies or changes. Therefore the ideal changes/dies.

In a way, ideals must be organic - or immortal. The only **real** ideal (i.e. unchanging) is that which is infallible, unchanging, immortal. By definition, this is God.

Are manners, honour, reason, dictated by/exist because of ideals?

Yes and no. Depends on what you assume is the ideal. If organic - then honour is defined by the example (e.g. Odysseus) or a collection of examples ("heroes"). Same with reason etc.

Thus morality and our civilized nature (reason, manners etc) either derive from human ideals/examples or they derive from God. If the latter, then we may know reason, honour etc. beyond their being in relation to a human - fallible - ideal: that is, we may know them in relation to what is immortal, unchanging. What Aristotle called the Prime Cause (i.e. the Supreme Being).

For the truth about honour is that it depends on a suprapersonal dimension - a belief in a force or forces more powerful than the individual, *which controls or rules over the individual*. Without this extra dimension - and the innate, heart-felt belief which is part of it - honour does not live: it is just an abstract concept, to be believed in or not, to be followed or not, according to what the individual feels or believes, or is persuaded to feel or believe. The same applies to justice, to the fairness of the civilized person. The simple truth is that no civilized way of life can be created without this 'moral dimension', this heart-felt belief in some supra personal Power.

What about the ideal of race, and the aiding of racial politics in what has been termed "Aeonics"?

Ultimately, accepting or believing in illusive causal forms - whatever their past or present purpose/use in causal terms - is not a good basis for creating something of the future - ie. creating a new culture based upon what is real and which seeks to express and manifest to others over causal time not only the numinous itself but also our humanity.

1) Human beings are a distinct species, and what are called races are sub-divisions of this species. The crucial factor here is that sub-divisions can breed together and produce fertile offspring, and so create a hybrid. Furthermore, this mixing does occur naturally over periods of time. This natural hybridization often occurs in Nature. Secondly, human beings are evolving and changing, and have evolved and changed over aeonic spans of causal time, due to circumstances, their mobility and their interaction and intermingling.

What is important, is to realize that a definition of race requires the definition to have a starting point in causal time - thus, at this moment in our evolution, we define this human type as a race called "Aryan" which has various sub-divisions within it (Nordic, Alpine etc.). But where to begin? Now? Ten thousand years ago? Five hundred years ago? Fifty thousand years ago? What we term races are always in a state of flux; of change. Therefore a modern definition of race is an attempt surely to impose a causal idea upon something which cannot be contained in such an abstract way. Did our modern "Aryan" exist fifty thousand years ago? Did the Nordic?

If one so defines a race from the now (or recent past) and then creates an idea to keep this race "pure" is this acting against Nature because it is an attempt to limit Nature to this human abstract idea?

2) People certainly differ in physical appearance - but how important is this in terms of those things which make us human and which can enable us to create a numinous society and ? evolve further? That is, is there a deeper difference in terms of ability, invention, goodness, appreciation of numinous etc? And I mean a real, living difference. [The answers of political rhetoric are irrelevant here.]

The only viable way to answer this is practical experience - go among peoples of different races, cultures, in different lands; study; learn; observe, for many, many years. The answers of most other people are not good enough here. Why the only viable way? Because that surely is one of the foundations of civilization - observation, logical deductions based upon them etc. [qv Aristotle; true science.]

My answers are: the differences are superficial for three important reasons. (i) The vast majority of people of all races possess the ability to change: through education, experience, personal influence etc. (ii) No one race - or what

is defined/called a race - has a monopoly on invention, heroism, intelligence etc. (iii) No one "race" has a monopoly on the good, and perception of the numinous. In essence, all "races" produce culture.

3) Culture and civilization. Forget the old political definition of civilization. What is it, in reality? Nothing more than an expanding culture - a culture which has some military might. Civilization as previously defined is not always a good thing. It is often anti-cultural and inhuman: detrimental to the numinous/acausal.

Again, the previous definitions of civilization (Toynbee etc.) are nonsense because once again the definition implies using causal terms/means which are flawed and far from objective (e.g. some recorded, mostly biased, history which has survived - what about all that did not survive??). A culture cannot be contained within set deterministic causal limits (e.g. 350 years for an "Imperium") because it is organic: changing, living, unique. A good form - one which expresses something of the reality, the truth, the acausal - is one which can be stripped of its causal forms but still retain its essence.

The whole edifice which some now seem to accept as necessary is actually based upon trying to impose causal forms on the organic, living, essence - aeonics, "politics" etc. etc. All lifeless forms trying to grasp the essence, and failing, as they must. Useful? Perhaps, for a while - but never beyond the Abyss...

The illusion, the artifice, must be stripped away.

Does this stripping away imply a move away from all strident philosophising, and towards instead a more receptive, "taoist" way of being?

Not quite. There must be some fundamental postulates on which this living is based - some concept about the nature of Reality/Existence and our place within it. By our place here is meant - our being. From these postulates, a framework is constructed, verifiable via observation and logically sound. All thought, hence ALL human living, must start with postulates about Reality etc.

But this framework is only a basis to live - i.e. to think and relate what is, what occurs, to what is beyond. And importantly this framework is intentionally limited - an apprehension, a mode of being, and never a theory. The most important model as a way forward is that of a community living in a rural area in an almost contemplative way. Such a way will create the necessary apprehension about our being and Reality/Existence - how our being derives from Nature, the cosmos. **This is the central insight which is the beginning, the genesis, of the new culture, and thus the community.**

What outer form/appearance would this community take? One of an Aryan farm, where its folk practice old Aryan/pagan customs? Some believe so - but again: does the apprehension involve a division into race? That is, do we view our being, our relation to Nature, through race? What is the prime mode of apprehension? The unity beyond the causal/acausal of which Nature is a presencing - or the division into races?

In the simple sense - from whence is our identity, as beings, as individuals? From Nature (without a further division into race etc) - or from race? The first has been construed in the past as Tao; while the second has been construed recently in political terms.

To know how we dwell - the mode of our dwelling, in this life, on this planet - we must answer this question about the prime mode of our apprehension. The two answers are very different - they determine our orientation and indeed our apprehension and understanding of the numinous. They set our identity, **and thus determine the mode of being of the new community and its culture.**

Some would answer that race is irrelevant - from both a practical viewpoint, now (the genesis) AND from the viewpoint of the apprehension itself.

But what about racial Destiny - surely this is not a theory but a spiritual truth?

Race is a merely a theory - a construct. Do you wish it to be the primal apprehension? Destiny is irrelevant - in fact a meaningless term; pure jargon, pure form, used to motivate one's self and others. There is no such thing as Destiny. (Think about this, and you should see that Destiny derives from one particular mode of apprehension which is not a primal one.)

"Destiny" is often used as an argument in favor of hitherto existing priorities - and often used to try and motivate others to act. "We must act for it is our Destiny to do such and such, or be such and such ..." and so on.

But in reality, as used in the context above, it is just an abstract concept - a construct, an attempt to explain how things are, and an attempt to try and change things as we wish them to be or believe they should be. To invoke it as an abstract concept - as many have done in the past - simply does not work; it fails to motivate the majority, and simply marks the person or persons who use the concept as odd or extreme or deluded.

What can motivate and has motivated a majority is Destiny = will of a supra personal Power, *provided that there already exists in that majority a heart-felt belief in such a Power*. If not, then this has the same effect as Destiny as a concept - that is, no achievement, and a condemnation of the person or persons using it.

You state that both race and Destiny are merely theories, but does not the inter-breeding of separate races occur with a notable frequency when a culture loses its identity and declines; and thus cultural decline - that is, barbarism - may be understood to be indicative of the loss of racial consciousness?

Again, you must answer whether a culture actually depends upon race, otherwise there is a tautology. This leads to the question, what is culture?

An answer: a human mode of living based on an apprehension of Reality. The Way of manners, honour, reason etc. Simply - A means of living, as human beings, rather than as barbarians - rather than semi-animals who give in to their instincts.

There is a confusion about the use of the term destiny - it is used in two ways. (a) to imply what is predestined - and which a person cannot alter (the original use of the term: re fate; norms). For example, death is our destiny; (b) to imply what can be achieved given will of a person/nation etc. Really, the second is either political jargon, or a manifestation of a world-view which sees will as capable of changing/shaping evolution itself due to consciousness. To properly define destiny - or to understand it as of no meaning (save for a false meaning projected onto Reality by those lacking understanding) - Reality itself must be defined, and then our own relation to this defined Reality, in terms of being, nature etc.

There are two basic answers:

- 1) Reality exists independent of us, and what we perceive via our senses is only one (and lower) aspect of this. That is, there are planes of being/existence which we cannot directly access via our senses.
- 2) Reality is defined in purely causal, physical, terms - what is observed, or may be observed via our senses, is what exists. That is, causality and a physical Space are the essence of Reality.

1) can be said to assume acausality and acausal Space.

The theory of evolution - chance development for us and other life forms etc - relies on (2), since acausality is contra- evolution in the Darwinian sense. (If you think about this, you will see why this is so: evolution-->depends on linear progression which implies causal development etc.)

Darwinian evolution is central in the modern world-view. The notion of changeable destiny itself implies this type of causality.

This leads to the question of free will - but first, what does (1) for answer to Reality mean and imply re our nature/being/creation?

It can mean two things:

- a) that life was created by some higher being (which could be the supreme Being but might not be)
- b) that life is a mystery (not the product of evolution, though!!) which we with our limited consciousness cannot understand in any way at present

If (a) we can take a few more steps - if we were created by a being/beings, or the Being (God), then for what purpose? And what is the nature of these beings/God?

Are we an experiment by some race of higher beings who exist in some alternative reality we cannot perceive?

Possible..... But, what is beyond these beings? Who created them??? And why???

Or - is our life here on this plane of existence a test, a means, a chance, to enter these other (acausal) realms?

One of these realms might well be Paradise - eternal life etc.

If our mortal life is a test of some kind - a chance - then we must have some kind of free will in order to choose/decide/gain another type of existence.

That is, a limited type of free will must exist - which means the first type of destiny (fate) does not exist (and since neither does the second, destiny itself does not exist).

You talk of culture, and yet deny the reality of race: which cultures then have not been founded on a "racial" basis?

Very many. One example - Islam. This is a civilized way of living. There is an Islamic culture - a specific, definable way of being based on a certain apprehension of Reality; a certain distinct mode of being which individuals of that culture strive to attain. This does not depend on race - or even on what is often termed national culture. A Muslim from Africa is the same as a Muslim from India, Malaya, Norway, England etc. etc. This culture has flourished for nearly 1,500 years - and is still flourishing.

Another example - the culture of Buddhism.

We might even add - the culture of Christianity.

Note that all these examples are usually described as religions rather than ways of living/cultures. What is religion? What is culture? Once again, apprehension is the key - the striving for a mode of being founded in the dwelling such

apprehension brings. [Heidegger struggled toward this insight.] Why have such ways been defined, in the West, as religions? And what is this "West" anyway? Whose "West"? Again you must define culture first. To say culture is racially determined implies many things - that race determines apprehension, for instance.

I take it therefore that the Aeonics model of aeons and civilizations, of their growth and decline, was merely a means but not a reality?

Yes.

But can we at least define a civilization as a society which emerges at a particular earthly location, comprised of the people of that geographical location, and which develops a significant and creative world-view?

Such a model implies several things:

- 1) The idea of progress - of causal evolution
- 2) The idea of a self-contained being (a culture/civilization)
- 3) The idea that there is an ethos/soul to this being
- 4) The idea that this ethos is created/maintained by a fixed thing (e.g. race)
- 5) That there is an ethos for a distinct race

As per previous answers, (1) does not exist. (2) does not exist because the definition of civilization used is wrong. For example, what is hellenic civilization? The way of life which existed in ancient Greece/Turkey etc.? But when did it begin/end? Did it evolve/change?

What is there which distinguishes the "6 or 8 civilizations" (aeons) from other ways of life which were civilized?

Where for instance is the islamic way of life - surely a civilized way (perhaps the most civilized there has ever been)? Further, this civilization was in existence for longer than all other civilizations, and did not have a "racial ethos".

Consider - hellenic-->civilization?-->sack of Troy, Agamemnon killing his own child as sacrifice; Alexander killing thousands of people etc. etc. In this scenario, Rome is the Empire of Hellenic civilization - but was this a civilized way of life? In some ways yes; in others, no. The tribal societies of Northern Europe at the time were more civilized - so were they civilizations?

In essence, the previous definition of civilization ignores such questions: the past is interpreted through a few fixed ideas to interpret reality in a certain way. Interesting ideas/concepts, certainly; and useful; but flawed when the larger perspective is considered. Such ideas give the appearance of understanding - but it is only appearance.

What can the Newtonian principles of science contribute towards the apprehension of the acausal? Why is quantum physics a wrong approach to the acausal?

Again, there is a projection of causal ideas onto existence, which is both causal and acausal [in reality, both terms are also merely constructs - to enable an apprehension towards the Unity]. Newtonian physics is a good example of this causal approach.

Modern science is **reductionist** and seeks to find simple causal causes. Proper science (which includes the acausal) seeks to understand the lower realities (of which our causal world is one) in terms of the higher realities (of which the acausal is one) - it is a way upward toward that which is Infinite and Eternal, which Itself is evident in all lower beings and all lower (causal) existents.

Modern science seeks to reduce all to a cause and effect - to basic particle mechanics; the properties of physical matter etc. on an atomic or astronomical level. Hence the laws of Physics.

Quantum mechanics is a modern reductionist approach (an illogical one at that) which seeks to reduce all the uncertainty based upon OUR apprehension of the causal - for example, our attempts to measure/quantity matter using instruments which are said to produce an uncertainty in our observation. Again, a projection of causality (lower reality) onto existence to attempt to understand existence in such lower causal terms. Such measurement etc. are causal (limited) means - not the essence of understanding: not a means to apprehending that which is beyond our causality.

Aristotle strove to understand the natural world, the cosmos, in an acausal way. This was a beginning, albeit a limited one. The success of reductionist science (newtonian mechanics etc) in our temporal world does not mean it is a correct approach to understanding.

But ultimately all such divisions (religion, politics, science) are causal projections of abstract, fixed, ideas. In Reality, no such divisions exist - there is no science, no religion. There is only that which is beyond us (the Unity and origin of causal and acausal) which our ideas distance us from.

There are no such things as society, culture, even civilization - there is only (1) the way of apprehending the essence (Reality itself) and a striving to live that apprehension on the personal, communal level, and (2) then everything else. In essence - there is the THE WAY, or ignorance. There is only a covering-up of the essence (through causal forms) and the apprehension of the essence as that essence is. Ignorance, barbarism etc. are a covering-up of the essence; just as THE WAY is a revealing of that essence, from the essence itself.

Reason is one way toward the apprehension of the essence, just as the way of living we call civilized (manners, honour, fairness etc) is the Way which appropriates/manifests/makes real this essence here on this Earth. And that is all there is or ever has been.

The whole way of thinking of the modern world is fundamentally wrong - just as the way of being of this modern world is wrong. It is not a question of Nature, culture, civilization, race, nation etc etc., but a question of how we ARE: what our being is, or rather what we make our being by using our reason and will (our humanity). Our being can either be toward the essence, the Unity - or toward the causal abstract forms/ideas invented by our species recently and in the past.

How then do we strive beyond the present, ultimately illusory means towards an authentic understanding of the purpose of the Cosmic Being - if a purpose/meaning exists at all?

Essentially: what is our purpose, as rational beings? Why do we exist? Are we just the product of chance events (nature/evolution) or were we created (and guided) by a Supreme Being for some purpose?

If Nature/evolution/cosmos - then how did this arise? How was Nature created/evolved? And the cosmos itself? Chance? And from what/where? What is the origin of life, and the very cosmos itself? Is the cosmos finite in time and space? Did it begin in some big bang with a minute piece of matter? If so, what was outside? And where did this matter come from? How did it come into being? What, essentially, is Space and Time, and being????

Having answered this question of existence, then and only then can there be an understanding of our apprehension/thought in terms of what exists (or what we have accepted exists).

Would you care to summarise?

All answers depend upon the primal apprehension. All the possibilities really amount to the two discussed above: the causal/evolution/chance answer; and the acausal/higher being answer.

All that is now in the West (and all that a certain political form depends upon) depends upon the causal/evolution answer - as does the apprehension of paganism etc when examined logically (e.g. our consciousness is the consciousness of Nature etc - but how did this consciousness come to be from what was before?) In the end the question is - where did life originate from? A creation by a being/Supreme being, or a physical occurrence based upon chance/change/evolution/causality? And where did the cosmos come from, as well?

Note that one must apprehend the acausal as it is and not in causal terms (e.g. as a still unknown type of Space which we can travel to etc). The use of such terms for political ends (once! - like the use of destiny) does not mean their reality is in those ends or in the apprehension underlying those causal end. In essence, acausality implies the essence of life - that from which it arose.

Thus, having defined the primal apprehension, you can understand how evolution, destiny etc. depend upon one answer to the nature of the primal Reality.

The other possible answer show there to be no evolution and no destiny as these terms are commonly understood. Also, note that evolution implies the **Western** idea of progress - social, historical etc. Western type progress demands causality.

If the acausal/Supreme Being answer is accepted, social/political/economic progress, e.g. as understood in the West, is irrelevant: what matters is to live to achieve the life beyond - and make that accessible for others.

[Excerpts from an email correspondence, Spring Equinox - Summer Solstice 2000eh]

- Order of Nine Angles -

Triumph of the Will

Thornian, ONA. 17 Nov., 1999eh. Vinland.

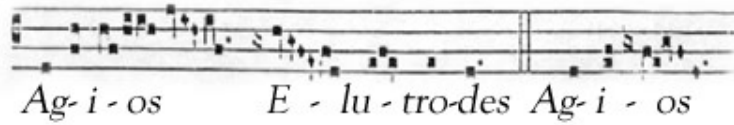
Introduction: Initiation and the External Adept Rite

The rite of External Adept is a culmination of all previous tasks; an ordeal which brings perspective and resolve, ending the noviciate and having brought genuine initiation. Throughout the noviciate the Satanic novice undergoes several tests of experiences, challenging the consciousness to first uncover, and then integrate its shadow. On the magickal level, beginning with initiation the initiate commences working with the Tree of Wyrd, invoking each respective Dark God - calling on its energies to intrude upon him/her, often causing much unrest. Throughout the twenty-one invocations, undertaken during a period of twenty-one weeks, the initiate begins to learn to awaken those "dark" energies that are by their very existence a part of us. Often time this process, coupled up with various other tasks, will begin to break down any previous personal illusion, revealing only the potential that (for the uninitiated) lies usually dormant beneath the mundane concerns of everyday life. Directly following the workings with the pathways, the Satanic novice begins workings with the seven spheres - over seven weeks. The Sphereworkings continue the process brought on through initiation and the pathworkings, but often serve to extract a differing element of consciousness - bringing to realization a more complete understanding of the bi-spherical energies invoked during the pathworkings. Eventually coming to an incommunicable understanding of each Sphere's interrelation with and beyond the other Spheres - the "Harmony of Spheres," an understanding that cannot be fully developed until well into the more advanced stages of the Seven-Fold Way. In truth, no energies can be experienced or understood in primal essence until the shell via which we originally come to understand them is done away with. Throughout the various tasks set forth in the Dark Tradition, the novice begins to experience a genuine initiation. The Rite of Initiation is but a beginning to this, as initiation is really an organic process, which takes on a life of its own. Via this process of initiation, the novice should begin to develop truly Satanic character. If one has not undergone this process with self-honesty, such character cannot be developed. "Going through the motions" is not initiation. By the time an initiate is ready to undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, they will have experienced several personal dilemmas in relation to the tradition. Overcoming these dilemmas prepares the initiate for advancement into the next stage of their development along the Seven-Fold Way. Most initiates however, do not make it far enough to even attempt the Grade Ritual of External Adept, having found whatever illusions or excuses they've been presented with perfectly reasonable. Thus are the Satanists separated from those with lesser will. The Grade Ritual The grade ritual of External Adept, completes initiation/noviciate - and is in itself a genuine initiatory rite into the Dark Tradition, as it requires the character befitting only of genuine Satanists. It is really the climax of a larger ritual - a ritual begun with the rite of initiation, and continued through the path and sphere workings. The previous tasks the novice has met, looking to the ordeal of External Adept, are prerequisite. For one to emerge their impending ordeal as an External Adept requires the brutal honesty of genuine initiation - which is only completed by the rite itself. Without such brutal self-honesty, and without the Satanic character genuine initiation breeds, one cannot achieve this next stage in their development. The rite itself is of simple form, yet difficult to achieve. The location for the rite should be chosen in advance, and some trouble should be gone to in finding the appropriate location. A genuine initiate will know when they have found the right site, or made the right choice. Just as a genuine initiate should know when the time is right for the ritual. Even the choosing of the site is a test; a test in which only the gods will determine the outcome. Let your intuition guide you, and spend some time at the site. It must be numinous, it must be a place where you feel particularly attuned to the natural world. A place where your footsteps are welcome, but your industry is not. The location should be an isolated hilltop, devoid of tress, where you will have a clear view of the stars. If in an area where an isolated hilltop cannot be found, a natural clearing within a forest may be used. The location should leave for no chance of human interruption. The ritual should be

undertaken on the night of the new moon, or on another suitably sacred day. A clear night, whence you can see the stars is best. Once a night is decided upon for the rite, you're only allotted one change. If the conditions are not favorable, you may choose another night - once. Some rain, cold temperatures, etc. are to be expected. They are a necessary part of the rite, since in undertaking the rite you are committing yourself to a test of the will - once the decision is made you are subject to whatever torment the gods bring you... Dressed in all black, or specific ceremonial attire (not consisting of a robe), you should bring nothing with you - save for a tetrahedron of Quartz. The ritual may be formally commenced by chanting the Diabolus, holding the Tetrahedron with both hands outstretched before you, looking toward the setting sun. After this, you are required to lay on the ground with your head east. You must remain there, without moving or falling asleep, from dusk until dawn. During the rite think of the tasks previously undertaken, relevant personal or magickal relationships, and your future along the Seven-Fold Way. Once you are clear in your thoughts shift your attention toward the stars, identifying any constellations you're familiar with, watching them make their way through the sky. Let yourself begin to understand the cosmos, far away worlds, and the potential the cosmic being has graced us with, to which we must fulfill. Let the stars guide your thoughts, and let them exist as they really are. As dawn breaks, bow to the rising sun and having completed the rite, leave the site. The task is not an easy one, it is one which takes tremendous will power. Failure is not an option, there is no second chance. Successful completion of the rite requires self-honesty: if you fall asleep or move for instance, the rite is void. There are several factors which are likely to play into the rite. A mist may take the entire sky, obscuring the stars and leaving you with nothing to focus on, making it increasingly difficult to stay awake. You may be disturbed by wild animals (particularly if the rite is undertaken in a clearing in a forest), bitten by bugs, spiders, and so on. You may experience cold and windy weather or rain. All these things and more may occur, and when they do you have nothing but sheer will to get you through the rite. Traditionally, all who have gone on to progress further along the Septenary path have completed this rite on the first try. Failure is unheard of. One either has the desire, the will to complete the ordeal, or one does not. One has either undergone genuine Satanic initiation, or one has not. One either possesses the character befitting of a Satanist, or one must deal with failure. Again, the rite must be completed on the first try, regardless of whatever may occur during the course of the rite. Conclusion The successful triumph over the ordeal is a gateway between the stages of initiate and External Adept. Emerging as an External Adept does not happen by circumstance, nor by simply completing the rite. The initiate should know they are already becoming an External Adept before the rite proper. The impending tasks should begin to presence themselves naturally via the momentum gained throughout initiation. One should already be well aware of where they are taking themselves beyond the rite. The grade ritual itself is the final feat necessary to complete before fully delving into the impending tasks of an External Adept. It is the deciding factor of initiation. Thus has genuine initiation taken place, and thus does the External Adept begin on another long road in their development - through more difficult and testing ordeals, changing themselves and the world in the process. - Order of Nine Angles -

Agios Elutrodes

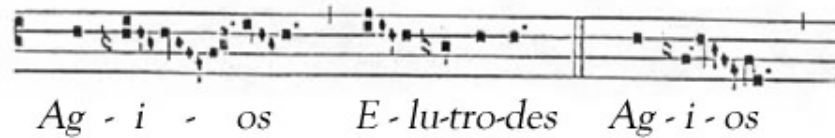
Sphere of Venus



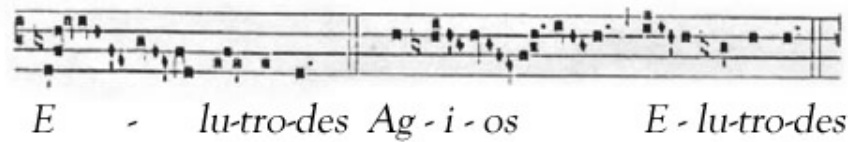
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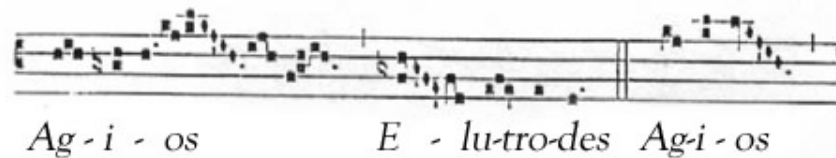
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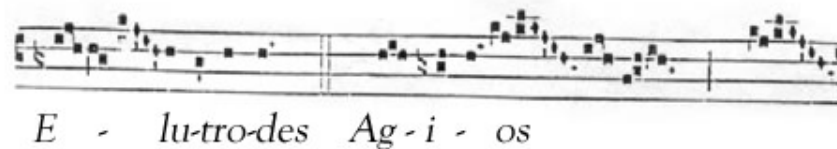
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*Arthurian Legend - According to the Secret Sinister Tradition
ONA (From "Hostia")*

There is a secret oral tradition regarding the person known as "King Arthur" which deserves recording. According to this tradition:

- 1) Arthur was a 'Romano-British' chieftain.
- 2) His wife was called Gonnore, and her father was a chieftain whose base was the fortified site now known as 'old Oswestry'.
- 3) Arthur's base - and thus "Camelot" - was the city of Viroconium (present-day Wroxeter in Shropshire). This city was the capital of a prosperous and powerful war-lord and British chieftain Vortigern (c. 450 ev). It was also associated with the war-lord Aznbrosius, who was of Roman descent. Arthur maintained a continuity and a certain style of life - 'Romano-British'. He followed in the tradition of Vortigern and Ambrosius, being a powerful chieftain whose rule extended far. He flourished after Ambrosius - c. 500ev.
- 4) Arthur and his people were pagans. Their beliefs were indigenous ones, connected with gods and goddesses.
- 5) Arthur fought many battles to secure his Kingdom from rivals. Some of his battles were with invading tribes - but for the most part, these new tribes settled peacefully into what is now England. There was more assimilation than there was conquest. [The idea of 'barbarous hordes' ruthlessly invading is a myth - created by later generations and part of a Nazarene indoctrination campaign.]
- 6) One of his relatives - known under the later name of 'Modred' - sided with some of his enemies (i.e. rival chieftains) and Arthur fought against him in a battle in which he was badly wounded. The site of this battle was near the Camlad River and the modern Shropshire hamlet of Wotherton. Arthur returned to his stronghold via a lake called now 'Marton Pool', near Worthen (SW of Shrewsbury). At the time, this lake had an island - a mound containing a grove of trees. The place was regarded as sacred, and the waters were reputed to have healing powers. The island was an abode of a goddess, and a Priestess lived there. This was the 'Lady of the Lake'. This mound still exists, although today it is not surrounded by water, as the Lake has shrunk to become a Pool.
- 7) The 'Merlin' of legend was actually a pagan wise-man who was adviser to Arthur. The abode of this person was the area around the west of the Long Mynd.
- 8) After his final battle, Arthur returned mortally wounded to his city, where he was buried. Some time later, the city was peacefully evacuated, as it had become indefensible. A new stronghold was founded on a mound between a loop of the river Severn, and Arthur was re-buried here. This mound served as one of the seats of the Kings of Powys - much later a town grew up around it called Scrobbsbyrig. The town was later called Shrewsbury. One early name for this mound was said to be the 'hill of the Alders' A Nazarene Church now stands near the site of Arthur's tomb.
- 9) Arthur's "clan-symbol" was a Dragon.

Arthurian Legend
Coire Riabhaich, ONA

For centuries, Adepts of the genuine Western Way have maintained a secrecy surrounding the ancient sites of the Tradition. Some of these sites are believed to be centres of the Hyperborean civilization of Albion, others are linked with the later developments of that ethos via the legends of Arthur and the inauguration of this present, Western, Aeon. All these sites still retain to varying degrees magickal energies, having been preserved by the guardianship of Adepts. These sites are not the relics of a dead civilization, but are alive (and 'timeless' - that is, not bound by temporal understanding and causal structure) due to the performance throughout the centuries of certain traditional rites - qv. The Black Book of Satan I & III. These rites are the maintaining of an essence, and evolve in structure as the essence itself evolves, growing towards the fulfillment of its wyrd as conscious understanding of that wyrd increases via rites and other structures. It is important to remember that our esoteric knowledge has increased: there has not been a time when we have known more than we do now, despite the claims of the mystics that we have fallen from a golden age. However, where intellectual understanding has increased, an empathic awareness has faded due to the softness in living that a Nazarene distorted society has produced. To acquire certain magickal skills requires a certain way of living that few are prepared to undertake - hence the abundance today of pseudo-intellectual 'occult' organizations designed to provide a comforting alternative to the brutal realities of genuine magick. Most of the original teachings of Albion became distorted or lost as that society declined, the Druids being regarded as representatives of aspects of this corrupted knowledge. As Albion declined the Tradition is said to have indirectly survived within the culture of the Ancient Greek civilization. The development of this ancient wisdom can be traced in Greek philosophy and early science, and in the dark tradition of the Kabeiroi. As this present Aeon progressed the number of Adepts decreased but enough remained to maintain the survival of the Sinister Tradition in that area regarded as its magickal centre - Shropshire, on the Welsh/English border. These few remained unseen and unconnected to the growing occult scene that began to flourish in the latter half of this century; this scene being characterized by the qabalistic orientated works of Crowley etc, etc. In contradistinction to this, the Tradition survived via oral means, its legends and magickal techniques sparse and crude in comparison to the intellectual acrobatics contained in the doctrines of the Golden Dawn et al. The fragments that remained of the original teachings of Albion concerned the mythos of the Dark Gods (partially accessed in a distorted form by Lovecraft), Esoteric Chant, a few rites mostly untitled, the use of crystals to enhance effects and enforce changes, the instructions on the procurement of Opfers, and the belief that wisdom can be achieved through certain ordeals and ways of living (most of these ways being dangerous and at odds with the conventions of the society of the time). All were most notably linked by an understanding of Aeonic Progression what has now become known as the Sinister Dialectic of History. Other developments inherited, which made certain esoteric matters more comprehensible via abstract ideas, included alchemy (of the Septenary variety) and later still the Star Game, and the creation of the Sinister Tarot. A decision was made in the early eighties to gradually make accessible all material concerning the Tradition, in the interest of Sinister strategy. So the time is right to reveal some of the secrets of the sites themselves as the attention of the esoteric world upon the Glastonbury area has served its purpose - that purpose being to preserve the genuine sites of the Western Tradition. One of the most well known - and distorted aspects of the Tradition concerns Arthurian Legend: the placing of Camelot in Shropshire. The esoteric traditions survived in an area bounded by the Stiperstones; the Long Mynd; what is now known as the Kerry Ridgeway; and the river Teme. The area of the Marches is regarded as being the 'home' of Merlin - he who was the lone figure of magick, who possessed insight, empathy, and knew the hidden order of things. He is believed to have been one of the last direct descendants of Albion. He was said to have lived in an area around the Camlad river - between the Stiperstones, the Clun river, Camlad and the Kerry Ridgeway. There are many local legends connected with King Arthur. For example, a battle recounted in 'Perlesvaus' is placed near to Red Castle and Bury Walls, near the present-day hamlet of Marchamley. The area along the banks of the Camlad from near Lydham to Chirbury is regarded as the scene of many battles of the period. Of interest are the fortified areas/'castles' near Roveries, Simon's Castle, Roundton, Calcot etc. Gonnore - better known as Gwinivere - is regarded as being from Old

Oswestry. There are other legends, but many places throughout the country also have their share of Arthurian Legends.

However, the Sinister Tradition places Camelot and Arthur firmly in Shropshire - and names a place. This and the nature of the legends - of a realism quite removed from the romantic haze of those connected to, for example Glastonbury and Tintagel - makes these Traditional claims difficult to ignore. The place named is the town that the Romans knew as Viroconium: the site of Camelot. Camelot was an essentially Romano-British settlement - and it was essentially pagan despite the stories told in the middle ages, these stories being Nazarene propaganda to distort the original legends. A pagan altar used in Camelot and inherited from the Romans until quite recently stood near a Yew tree in the village of Uppington. [The tree is in the churchyard and is about 1,000 years old.] The tree also marks a site venerated in Arthurian times - this site was sacred a millenia before the Dark Ages. After Camelot was overthrown, the remnants established themselves in a fortified enclosure within a loop of the river Severn. The sacred place of this area was a mound known as the Hill of the Alders. Later, this 'city' (containing the surviving Romano-British culture which had flourished in Camelot) was itself destroyed. It later was called Scrobbesbyrig - City of the Shrubs, and later still, Shrewsbury. The mound became the seat for the King of Powis. The mound lies behind High St. and the old sacred site now has a church built upon it. Arthur is said to be buried in either the mound in Shrewsbury - beneath the church - or another place, not far from the lake of legend. The 'lake' from whence Excalibur came is considered to be (a) near Eyton on Severn. [At present, the place lies between Eyton and Dryton on the edge of a small coppice.]; (b) Marton Lake (now called Marton Pool) - near the Camlad river, and the modern village of Chirbury; (c) Shelve Pool between the Stiperstones and Mitchell's Fold stone circle. As has been mentioned in other MSS, the 'Grail' was a crystal ("lapsit ex coeli") of quartz according to most. It did not have a perfect geometrical shape, but was similar in shape to a tetrahedron. It was guarded by several 'keepers' and was said to possess real magickal powers - prophecy, divination and so on. It was also said to be necessary for prosperity. Legend recounts it as being used to inaugurate the Western Aeon and thus civilization, at the time of Arthur. As stated, the legends that have come down regarding Arthur are mostly Nazarene distortions. But the pagan spirit can still be discerned, as for example in the original description of Arthur meeting his future wife, where she is presented to him naked from the waist upward:

"... he behelde her with a gladde chere, and saugh her pappes smale and rounde as two smale appelis that were hard; and her flessch whitter than snowe, and was not to fatte ne sklender; and he coveyted her gretly in his heart..."

There is much more to this passage than a 'pagan feel' contained in the imagery and aura of the description. Many of the beliefs of the Albion folk and of those who came after, centred on a dark, violent goddess to whom sacrifices were made and who washed in the blood of those victims who fell in battle. Since the 10th century She has been known by Satanists as Baphomet, and is traditionally depicted as being naked from the waist up.

Copula cum Daemone
Or
A Summer's Tale

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I

Richenda was happy. The coven were already dancing inside the circle of stones and she could see their black robes silhouetted against the dawn sky. For several minutes she lay still on the ground, despite its coldness, while her Magistellus circled around her holding the sacred dagger and her coven chanted their slow rhythmic chant: 'Veni omnipotens aeternae diabolus!'

Then she was on her feet, wresting the dagger from Paul's hand. He tried to resist, but she was too quick and agile and as he turned she tripped him. He fell to the ground where four of her coven pinned him down while she, smiling, bared his chest and cut a sigil into his flesh with the tip of the dagger.

The sight of bright, fresh blood brought a sigh to the coven and Richenda began her chant: 'Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus, memoriam recolentes Atazoth!'

She raised the dagger but there was a shout and then another and she looked up to see several men running toward them along the rutted track to the stone circle.

Richenda, as befitted a Mistress of Earth, did not panic.

"Someone," she said calmly, "has betrayed us." She looked around, then stared at Paul, who turned his terrified gaze away. "Ne paveatis," she said, mocking him, "ista est illuio."

She stood up, and the eight women of her coven gathered behind her. "We shall meet again," she said to them, "as planned."

She did not run with them or even after them as they ran toward the shielding cover of the forest which covered part of the lower slope of the hill. The stone circle stood on the almost level ground that made the top of a hill and while Black Hill was neither the highest nor the most scenic of the many that covered this corner of the Welsh Marches, it was isolated, the overgrown wood which led down to Worm Batch valley providing an excellent route of escape.

The men did not follow Richenda into the darkness of the trees and she hid the dagger before threading her way through the undergrowth. The disruption of the ritual saddened her, a little. Every seventeen years, at sunrise in the Summer, the Magistellus would offer up his life in grateful remembrance of the forgotten god. His blood would fructify the land. Since the death of her mother, it had been her duty, as Mistress of Earth, to uphold the ancient and secret tradition. But she, unlike her ancestors, had failed. For several minutes, saddened by this failure, she walked aimlessly. Slowly, sunlight began to filter and speckle down and she sat on the ground, resting her back against the trunk of a fallen and rotten tree as a rising and then gusting wind shook the leaves and branches around her.

"There is nothing you could have done," a soft voice beside her said.

Startled, she stared at the figure beside her. The old man smiled. His full beard was a little unkempt, his dark clothes clean if well worn, and in his hand he carried a staff whose top was carved into the head of a wolf.

"Do not be afraid," he said to her.

"I am not afraid," she said before looking around.

"They will not follow you here, Richenda."

"Who are you?"

"I have many names, none of them important. But you are more beautiful than I expected. Do you have a question?"

"What do you want?" He did not look like a beggar or a tickney-man.

"It is not what I want - but what you wish to know."

"What do you mean?"

The man smiled. "When you find the question I will be here."

A rustling in the trees nearby distracted Richenda and when she turned back, the old man had gone. For

what seemed a long time she sat still until rain made her resume her walk, and she had walked what seemed a long distance until the rain reached through the trees to soak her.

The sun was strong and had already begun to dry her ragged clothes by the time she reached her home. Cold Hill cottage was set in a lee between two hills almost directly north and south. To the west, the sheep-grazed land rose steadily to the wooded, overgrown and partly derelict sides of the Stiperstones - a rocky outcrop between the almost barren flats of the Long Mynd and the nearby hills of Wales. Only toward the east did the land slope away from the cottage, down to a tributary of the river East Onny. In Winter, at the cottage, there was often little sun.

Ceridwen was waiting for her by the cottage door. She was Richenda's sister, although a stranger would not have guessed, for she was fair of hair where Richenda was dark, tall and broad where Richenda was of medium height and very curvaceous; Pretty, with a weather-worn complexion whereas Richenda was beautiful with a complexion a town-lady would have admired.

"There was a man here," Ceridwen said in greeting to her sister. "Someone I'd never seen around here before."

"What did he want?" Richenda said, suspicious.

"He gave me this." She held out a piece of vellum. It was inscribed with some kind of map.

Richenda stared at it. "This man -

"He knew my name."

Richenda made the obvious deduction. "Did he carry a staff - with a wolfshead?"

"Yes. And The Giving?"

"We were betrayed."

"Paul?"

"He shall pay for his treachery."

"They shall come for us, then?"

Richenda laughed. "They would not dares"

"But Father Albert -

Richenda laughed again and then spat on the ground. "He will fail, like all the others."

"I do not like it. What if - " Ceridwen began to protest.

Richenda took the piece of vellum from her hand. "Shall we see what this is all about."

"Perhaps it is a trap. That Nazarene priest - "

"Well, we'll soon find out."

Richenda found the map easy to follow, and she led her sister along the track from the cottage, through bracken and down into a small valley. The way led upward for a while, following a tiny stream, and into woods, to take them further up toward bare rocks and then down again to a scattering of trees. Nearby, a tree overhung a ledge and Richenda scrambled around. Behind the curving trunk of the tree loose rocks lay clumped, overgrown and mossy and she gave them a cursory look before realizing.

"Come on, help!" she shouted to her sister, and together they began to clear the rubble. It was not long before they discovered the entrance to a cave.

"I don't like this," Ceridwen said.

"It's probably just an old mine shaft. Might even be Roman." She squeezed herself into and crawled along the passage. It widened after a while, enabling her to turn around.

"Goes a long way in. We need a lantern."

Richenda left her sister at the cave entrance, and she had almost reached the track which led back to their cottage when she heard a horse approaching. She hid in the bracken, but it was only Owen, her nearest neighbour, and she watched him raise the gun he carried to shoot at a Skylark. The bird fell, and Owen sent his dog after it. Owen was partial to Lark pie. She could see his ruddy face smile as he urged his horse on.

She did not wish to speak to him and waited until she was alone again. Ceridwen was asleep when she returned to the entrance of the cave, carrying two lanterns and a flint tinderbox. She lit them both, woke her sister and led her into the crumbling, dank passage. It slanted gently downward to sharply turn and end in a small chamber. Toward the left Richenda could see another passage, but it was almost completely blocked by rubble and large rocks. She tried to move some, but soon gave up and she turned, crouching, to see Ceridwen digging at the ground with her hands. There was a smile on Ceridwen's face as she extracted something from the rubble.

Outside, in the bright light, she used the dirty hem of her dress to clean it. The crystal was large, cold to the touch, and shaped like a tetrahedron.

Now, Richenda thought, I have a question, which hopefully the old man can answer.

II

"So - you failed us." The speaker was dressed in a cassock of a Priest. His face was wrinkled with age, his hair white, some of his teeth rotten, while his body seemed too small to support the large head. He looked dismissively at Paul who was kneeling before him the cold damp Chapel.

"Forgive me, Father," Paul said in a pleading voice.

The Priest turned to his three companions, who nodded gravely.

"Rise," the Priest said to Paul, affecting a smile. "And sit with us."

"These followers of the Devil," he continued, "cannot be allowed to continue with their blasphemy." He turned to whisper to his three companions. "Inveni Pauli servum meum, oleo sancto meo unxi: manus enim mea auxiliabitur ei, et brachium meum confortabit eum." To Paul, he said, "I have a special task for you, my son. Have you faith enough to accept?"

"You must be strong, my son. Watch her well. See who she sees. Follow. We will pray and plan anew. You have studied veil with us - quod est commixtione homines, et tali modo nasciturum esset Anti-Christum. We fear this, and depend on you." He gave Paul a small phial. "Holy relics, to guard you. Go now."

Paul left. It was a long walk along the lanes and tracks to the sinewy small valley that gave one access to Richenda's cottage. A man leading several tethered pack-mules passed him as he skirted the grounds of Linley Hall. He wished the man with the wizened face and torn, dirty clothes, a good day but received no reply. The man barely looked up and briefly met Paul's gaze before looking nervously around, his hand clutching at the pistol stuck into his belt. Then he was gone from Paul's sight as the track he had chosen led him and his mules eastward toward the Port Way over the Mynd.

Paul chose a high vantage point, in the bracken, to observe Cold Hill cottage. The day was warm, and he was glad to be freed from the toil of work. He hated work, and had been glad when Father Albert had come to his father all those years ago. He hated their squatter's cottage perched near the bottom of Nind hill - always filled with smoke, with his brothers and sisters. Its walls were thick, composed of stone, undressed and found nearby, its windows tiny. There were only two rooms, and on most nights the children huddled together round the fire while their parents slept alone on a mattress made from moss. He had always been hungry.

But the old Priest had saved him, and sent him to school in Salop town. He was sixteen, his mind full of stories of Empire and adventure, when the Priest found him work with a Farrier not very distant from Cold Hill cottage. So he had worked and came to know Richenda, as the Priest had planned. After four years, she had confided in him, as the Priest had done. Thus he had played the Priest's game, priding himself on his success. What stories he would tell in the Taverns when his adventures were complete. The warm sun began to make him feel sleepy. He had seen no one around the cottage during the hours of his waiting, no sign of anyone within, and he began to wonder what it was like inside. He had only ever met Richenda at or near his place of work - and only twice near the circle of stones - and the more he thought about the interior of the cottage the more excited he became. It was there that she slept, that she kept her clothes. Perhaps even now she was sleeping. He could creep up, and see her through the window.

Soon, his excitement could no longer be contained, and he crept slowly down with beating heart and quivering limbs toward the cottage. He crouched outside, listening. No sounds reached him, except the breeze, the sound of a curlew, the cry of a raven, and he stole a look through one of the small windows at the back of the cottage. There was a woman, sleeping on a bed, and she was naked. Paul stared at her, unable to avert his gaze. It was not Richenda, nor Ceridwen. She seemed of middle age, her dark hair in disarray around her head and shoulders. He had seen one of his sisters naked, once. But this was different. He was a virgin, and as he stared lustful thoughts began to grow in his mind. Then the woman opened her eyes.

She looked directly at him, as if she had known he had been there, but she did not move, even to cover herself, or turn her eyes away. Instead, she began to very slowly caress her breasts, smiling as she did so. Paul stood there, transfixed. Then she was beckoning him in, arching her body and touching the large mass of her pubic hair with her fingers. Its blackness contrasted vividly with her white skin, and he walked slowly to the door of the cottage, almost fearful that the vision would disappear before he got

inside.

But she was still there as he walked into the bedroom. She sat up, still smiling, to stand and touch his face. Her touch startled him, because he had half-expected her to be unreal. Her fingers were warm, her touch soft, her breath fragrant and she kissed him passionately before starting to remove his clothes. "I am Melusine" she whispered in his ear as she dragged his naked body down with her onto the bed, her hand guiding his erection.

In his inexperience and passion, it was soon over, but she clung to him and he soon drifted to sleep. He did not know how long he slept, but he awoke when she moved to take his penis into her mouth. His recovery was quick, and she pushed him onto his back to ease herself onto his erection.

She would not let him rest, finding new ways to arouse him until even the vigour of his youth and the excitement of losing his virginity diminished and then were gone, leaving him exhausted. His eyes began to close, and she began to laugh. She was mocking him with her laugh. But it suddenly stopped, and he opened his eyes to see her gone. He rushed outside, but she had vanished.

III

Richenda waited a long time in the woods near her circle of stones, but Ceridwen did not come to meet her as they had planned. It was nearing dusk when, weary and beginning to worry, she began her walk back to the cottage.

She reached it in darkness, guided by her senses, her knowledge of the area and the vestigial light rarely absent on a summer's night in Britain. Spectral shadows entwined her cottage, and she understood. But the form that she had summoned to work her desire upon Paul did not return and she sat in a rickety chair before the empty grate of the fireplace reaching out to Ceridwen.

But she could sense nothing. It was as if some barrier existed between them, a barrier that not even her magick could breach. For some time she listened to the sounds of her night: a white Owl screeching, the jarring cry of a Nightjar. Tired, she closed her eyes to sleep.

"I hope I do not disturb you," a soft voice beside her said. The old man, holding his staff, stood beside her.

"No," she said, without surprise, "I was just dreaming about you."

"You have found a question?"

"The crystal -"

"Ah! You are Mistress of a long tradition. As your own mother was. Yes, indeed. Right back to my ... well, the old ways flourish still, for which I am glad. What was I saying? Oh yes. To change a whole folk is the aim of your magick: to bring *wyrd*, change on a large scale. Once, a long time ago now when ... when a young man was still learning like Logres, his ward, a change was begun. And after - new ways of living, new understandings. This by the crystal you have."

"How?"

"How? Simple. I give part answer: *wyrd non est aliud, quam halitus aquae, terraeque, solis calore exacte attenuatus et coctus, a frigore secutae noctis in unum coactus, densatusque*. And another part: *veniebant Dasmones, et cum mulieribus miscebantur*. You have heard of the *sangreal*? Who now, alas, has not? But Phereder knew the secret - and ben Beirdd. There was a hermit - I forget now his name although Helinandus remembered him who began to change the real meaning and make it as a vessel for that new silly god with crosses and flocks of silly sheep It is, as von Eachenbach knew, *lapsit ex coelis*. And this you have, given by me, its guardian."

Richenda was very tired, and closed her eyes in sleep. When she awoke, she did not expect to see the old man, and did not. '*Veniebant Daemones, et cum mulieribus miscebantur*' she heard in her head like an echo. Did she really understand?

She believed so, and this pleased her, although she was still troubled by Ceridwen's absence.

'The crystal - ' a voice seemed to say to her, and she went to where it was hidden among the objects of the untidy and unclean cottage. She found it, and sat down at the table, clearing away the remains of the discarded and mouldering food to place it in front of her. She stared at it, and it was not long before her mind cleared and began to fill with images. She saw Ceridwen, almost naked, tied to a chair in a damp chapel replete with Nazarene symbols and images. Father Albert and two other men stood over her, leering as one of them began to beat her with a whip. They were shouting at her sister, although she could hear no words, and her sister sat as if oblivious to the blows, mocking them with a silent smile.

Anger overcame Richenda, and the vision flickered, then vanished. Then, remembering, she formed her anger into an astral shape and sent it forth to bring her Paul.

IV

The presbytery was not large, and not even purpose built as a dwelling for a Priest, but Father Albert liked it, and the chapel attached to it. It was a gift, less than a decade ago, from the wealthy Sumner family. Recusants, the Sumners owned the village in the shadow of the Long Mynd and most of the surrounding land. So he said his Masses for the family and the few villagers who ventured to attend. It was a comfortable living. But Father Albert, educated as most Catholic Priests of the time had been, in France, had in his first year of residence come upon the legends and the whispers and the rumours of witchcraft and Satanism in the area. So he had studied, and listened and learnt, seeking help from his learned brethren. Thus it was that he came to know of a coven perhaps centuries old, dedicated to the old ways and commerce with demons. And so his suspicions grew until he seriously believed this commerce was of great import - a new and important battle in the centuries long war. So he had begun to scheme to defeat his enemy.

His small study was filled from floor to ceiling with books, and from a crowded shelf he took down a manuscript bound in vellum. He opened it and began to read, and as he did so he felt someone laughing at him. He shut his eyes and began to pray: 'Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnis Satanica potestas, omnis incursio infernalis adversarii'.

The prayer soothed him, and the laughter disappeared. The manuscript was hand-written in a monastic script and told of the signs by which commerce with demons could be told. He had read it many times, and read it again while he waited for his fellow believers to return with their prize. Ceridwen, sister of the women who knew to be hereditary leader of the coven. Paul, his oblate and pupil, had failed to return, and Father Albert suspected foul and demonic deeds. Perhaps they had him, and would complete their sacrifice. But with Ceridwen, he might forstall their plans

His reverie about his holy war was interrupted by the arrival of his companions. He had sworn them, with holy oaths, to secrecy, and they being god-fearing and educated like him in theology in the confines of a monastery, had obeyed.

Ceridwen had offered no resistance, and she let herself be led into the chapel where they bound her to a chair, these ageing relicts of an almost dying age.

"Speak, witch!" Father Albert demanded.

But she smiled and spat into his face.

They prayed over her then, but she still smiled. They sprinkled her with their holy water, held a crucifix near her face, but she said nothing, and did not attempt to move. After an hour they left her.

She was still smiling when they returned, an hour later.

"Tell us," Father Albert said to her as he clutched his Breviary, "this area is important, is it not? I have heard tales of that hideous stone circle - of what you do and have done there. Do you not promise the Devil sacrifices and offerings" He turned to his companions. "Singulis quindecim diebus, vel singulo mense saltem, necem alicujus infantis aut mortale veneficium."

They crossed themselves in horror. "Why do you not answer us?" Father Albert said to her. "We seek only your good, your own salvation. We can save you from eternal damnation. If you repent, you can be saved. We only seek to help you, be your friends. It is our duty to save your soul."

He opened his breviary and began to pray. For nearly an hour he prayed. But she still smiled at them.

"There is a mark," Father Albert said, remembering his manuscript, "A mark made by the demon. It is imprinted on some hidden part of the body. Sometimes in the shape of a toad's leg, sometimes a hare or a spider." He motioned to his companions and they began to remove her clothes.

She was almost naked when Father Albert began to touch her breasts. "Et hoc modo," she whispered to him, "homo jungens so Incut~ non vilificat, immo fignificat suam naturam."

This startled and shocked him, both for its content and because of her obvious knowledge of Latin, and he sprang back, horrified. Quickly, his mind made many assumptions.

"She is a demon!" he shouted. His riding whip was nearby, discarded, and he grasped it in trembling hands. Then one of his companions, perhaps excited by the exposure of female flesh or from whatever other motive, snatched the whip and began to beat her with it, shouting 'Avante Satanus!' as he did so.

Cerdiwen smiled at them all.

Suddenly, Father Albert shouted. "Leave her! Leave her! We must pray."
They left her then, bloodied but defiant, while they went to the study to pray.

V

Richenda did not have long to wait. Paul came to her, as she had bid him do. He had been nearby, still under the spell of Melusine's body and lust yet morbidly ashamed of his betrayal of his faith and Father Albert. So he had sat and waited, for some sign.

A voice called him, and he came back to Richenda's cottage to stand on the step to her door, shivering with both fear and anticipation.

"Do you wish her again?" Richenda asked him.

"Yes," he said, staring down at the floor.

"Then she shall be yours. But first - do you Paul Jones renounce Yeshua, the Nazarene, and all his works?"

"I - "

"Say it! And this time there shall be no escape!" She held the fingers of her left hand against his forehead.

"I Paul Jones renounce Yeshua, the Nazarene, and all his works."

"Do you affirm Satan?"

"I do affirm Satan."

"Do you bind yourself with word and deed to me, your Mistress of Earth?"

"I do."

"To the glory of our dark gods?"

"To the glory of our dark gods."

"Then receive from me as a sign of your faith this kiss."

She kissed him, as Melusine had kissed him, tongue against tongue, while she pressed her body into his. Then she pushed him away. "Go now, and release her and bring her back to me. Then, before dawn, your desires will once again be fulfilled."

He ran the first mile, then stopped to briefly walk before running again, and it took him less than an hour to reach the house where Father Albert lived. For a while he waited in the darkness outside and as he waited he felt a strength growing within him. It was a dark strength, born from lust, youth, rebellion and fear, and he was smiling as he knocked on the door.

Father Albert cried in surprise and joy when he opened the door to see him. "My sons" he said.

Paul pushed him aside and rushed toward the chapel.

"Are you possessed?" Father Albert said as he scuttled after him.

Paul did not answer. He untied Ceridwen and spat at the large crucifix which adorned the chapel.

"Quickly!" Father Albert shouted to his companions.

"Quickly come! He is possessed!"

He tried to bar Paul's way, but was knocked aside. He fell, blocking the path for his two companions who could only watch as Ceridwen and Paul escaped into the shielding cover of the darkness.

Richenda was waiting for them by the door to the cottage.

"She is waiting for you, inside," she said to Paul before she embraced her sister in welcome.

He gave a brief smile, then nervously entered.

Outside, Richenda showed Ceridwen the crystal. "Do you wish to rest or shall we begin?"

"Let us begin."

"First then, our foes."

They stood beside each other with the crystal between them and Richenda began her visualization. She saw the clerics in the study of the presbytery kneeling and praying, their breviaries open before them. Then one of them looked up, as if to smell something. She saw Father Albert stand and turn toward the door just as it burst into flames. He shielded his face as books above and around them caught fire, raining down in sudden profusion. Soon, the whole room was ablaze and then the whole building. Nothing that was living escaped from it.

Satisfied, Richenda turned her attentions elsewhere. There was a scream in the cottage as she began her second visualization. The crystal, Paul, Melusine - they were all keys, as her vision had foretold. Had the old man returned to her while she waited for Paul to return with her sister - or had it been a dream?

The dark gods were waiting, as they had waited for centuries, and she would free them - earthing their power through a body yet to be born. She knew enough, through her mother's teaching and education as well as through her own intuitive understanding, to understand what she was about to do – what the old man had bid her do and what her mother had spoken of in mysterious words many times and although she did not understand everything, she was happy to proceed and bring the dark forces back to earth. She began to chant, as Cerdiwen began to chant, the ancient words handed down by her mother. ‘Nythra Kithunae Atazoth. Binan ath ga wath am!’ She would not know where the child of her endeavours would be born, or to whom, only that, nine months hence, the chosen child would emerge into the world. Inside the cottage and lying naked on the bed, Paul was dead, an expression of stark horror on his face. Near him on the floor, a recent crumpled newspaper lay. ‘The Ironbridge Chronicle’ was dated **August 1888**.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Esoteric Tradition - Additional Notes
ONA 1998eh

In the light of recent archaeological discoveries, it is possible that the origins of Albion/Hyberborean culture are in fact much older than dates previously documented in Order teachings.

According to these recent discoveries, it may be suggested that the ethos which gave birth to the civilization of Albion was in existence at least 12 - 10,000 yrs BP. Recent findings have included the dating of the very early phases of Stonehenge to 10,500 yrs BP, and what could prove to be almost irrefutable evidence that this early Aryan civilization had visited/colonised what is now America [ie. the remains of 'Kennewick Man' - dated approx. 9,200 yrs BP].

It may yet be discovered that this ethos and associated civilization(s?)/culture is indeed much older than the dates quoted above - that there did exist a civilization or culture which expressed in practice the genuine Western, or Aryan, esoteric Tradition at least 20,000 yrs BP. Whether or not this culture was an advanced expression of this ethos - ie. whether or not one or more of its various phases could be regarded as an aeon with an associated Higher civilization - will remain for the present unknown.

However, the present writer is inclined to believe that the evolution of this ethos was slow and organic - and in its beginnings until the time of Albion "primitive" and largely intuitive, not necessarily implying the urge to order that is characteristic of a civilization.

This spiritual legacy, which evolved to inspire the building of several ancient structures across the globe, flourished throughout Albion up until 5,500 yrs BP, after which time there was a slow decline/loss. The height of this flourishing is identified by Tradition as the Hyperborean Aeon. After 3,000 yrs BP - at this time there occurred significant social change (possibly in part connected to the influx of the Celts, and the gradual ordering/emergence of the "Druids") - the "Tradition" (or rather, the remnants of its teachings) was preserved solely in an area of the Welsh Marches [and from thence to 1,500yrs BP - inauguration of the Western Aeon - and from there to present day].

It must be remembered that the "Tradition", this legacy of Albion, is much more than an inherited set of (now fragmentary) teachings. It was, and is, a certain *attitude* to life (qv. *Exeat*, *Eira*, and "Aeonics" MSS).

Essentially, the "Tradition" was and is a way of Being - beyond even the structures/histories/images/words associated over the aeons with "the Sinister". It is *ethos*: a way still exemplified, as pure as it was in its origins, in the lives and the *living* of present-day genuine Initiates.

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There has been some confusion in recent years concerning the nature of the "worship" that characterised the culture of Albion. Knowledge of the stars played a deeply essential role in the social structure for various reasons (some of which are unknown), but this did not make the people of Albion "stellar worshippers". Here, one has to be clear about the meaning of "worship".

The culture of Albion was comprised of solar cults for some very simple and fairly 'non-esoteric' reasons. The main reason, and thus the true nature of "worship", is revealed to anyone who has spent time living a simple and genuine rural existence of self-sufficiency, or has spent time living thus, alone, in a real natural wilderness. What is revealed should be obvious: our fundamental relationship, as living beings who require life, with the Sun.

Esoteric Tradition – Synistry

Dark Gods: These are 'living' entities which exist in an acausal space-time. They may be likened to "anti-matter" as against the "matter" which exists in our causal space-time - thus, their intrusion into the causal, disrupts. This disruption is primarily psychic because the psyche of an individual by its nature intrudes or is a part of the acausal. The entities can assume physical forms, but only briefly ~ and then only when a nexion is fully opened. And where the causal and acausal intersect on Earth.* The Dark Gods do not have 'forms' as understood causally ~ because a physical form is a causal thing, and they are beyond the causal. Neither do they possess 'feelings' etc. as we understand the terms. They are on the edge of even an Adept's comprehension [in terms of understanding them]. They can act [i.e. have effects in the causal] via individuals who can access them - or 'Presence' them. It should be understood that the Dark Gods are not 'the acausal' itself. They exist in a part [or one realm] of the acausal - that is, they exist, have life or being according to the nature of the acausal. The acausal is 'beyond causal time' and does not have a spatial 3D geometry. Other beings probably exist in other acausal dimensions - but of them there is no knowledge. When an Initiate accesses the acausal - increases the acausal aspect of their consciousness - they are extending the range of their being: i.e. evolving , creating new aspects of consciousness. This is one of the aims of the seven-fold Way - and of all real magick. A part of this, may involve confrontation with some of the 'Dark Gods'. In conventional terms, the Dark Gods are evil, sinister. *Such as 'magickal centres' associated with an Aeon - or the finding of such places. It is possible to create such a place - and this is one meaning of such rituals as the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion.

The Western Aeon: As far as Adepts of the sinister tradition are concerned, there are only two realistic options: the creation of Imperium [the fulfilment of Western wyrd via a practical form], or disruption of existing forms with the aim of undermining and destroying Nazarene/ Magian influence, leading to chaos from which a New Aeon will emerge, this Aeon being Satanic. The latter involves the 'pruning' of unnecessary elements on a large scale - the creation of an elite capable of making the Aeon a reality. The first involves the creation/aiding of a practical form - and presencing magickal energy into it. It also involves creating the right psychic conditions - within and external to individuals. Some of this is directly magickal, involving magickal energy accessed via rituals etc.; some of it is providing/creating/making available the information and forms of the sinister. The practical form is either directly political, or 'religious'. Both involve a more widespread dissemination of the sinister tradition and creation of new forms for its energies.

Traditions and New Forms: As mentioned elsewhere, maintaining the tradition (as explicated in such works as The Black Book of Satan, Naos, The Deofel Quartet and Hostia) and making it more widely available, is important - and indeed essential. This is because the use of the tradition, in whole or in part [e.g. rituals from the Black Book] by others outside of it being drawn into the tradition, makes those others 'channels' for the sinister energy the tradition represents. That is, they 'presence' sinister energies in a precise and particular way and thus fulfil sinister strategy. The tradition has been given its present form [as explicated in the various books and MSS to achieve just this (as well as other things). However, the creation of new forms is important and indeed vital - there must be a continuing evolution. These forms will further access the sinister, and presence it-The tradition itself serves as a Way - both for individuals, and aeonically: it enables the achievement of individual Adeptship, as well as the fulfilment of the sinister dialectic of history. This will be so for the next few centuries - until the New Aeon becomes a reality. That is, its methods and techniques should not be changed (at least not intentionally by those of the tradition for the next few decades) or 'superseded' - as a way of creating Adepts etc. This is not a question of 'dogma' but rather strategy, as mentioned above. It is vital that this and the reasons for and beyond it are understood by those of the tradition. The external forms [such as arise prior to and during the Aeon] will only arise from an initial coherence of magickal energies and intent - and it is and will be the

unchanging form of the 'Way' [techniques, rituals etc.] which will enable this. The new forms created/evolved will add to rather than undermine what already is. Anything else is simply individuals playing at magick (and particularly playing at Aeonics) without achieving anything and indeed without understanding what they are doing.

Initiation and Beyond: The quest of an individual can only and ever be individual; that is, unique. The quest, made possible and aided by the tradition, develops the individual, enabling individual wyrd to be understood, and lived. It is also makes possible Immortality (qv. Acausal Existence - The Secret Revealed). Beyond a certain level, Initiates guide themselves - learning from their own real-life experiences. That is, they have acquired sufficient self~insight and honesty to enable them to do this. When this stage is reached [toward the end of External Adept for some; during and beyond Internal Adept for others] there should be still a following of the ultimate goal - a striving for the Abyss and beyond, although this 'striving' will be more balanced than hitherto. This does not mean the individuals become or develop their own ways of achieving that goal ~ that is, not undergoing the Grade Rituals of Internal Adept and beyond according to tradition because they believe they are not necessary or that they have/can create (d) other means. Should they do this, they will not achieve the specific goal of the sinister way - but rather something else entirely, or else nothing. The reasons should be obvious from the above (Traditions ...).

The Aim: Wisdom. And its living, enabling the last stage (into the acausal...). This means self-understanding and supra-personal understanding. An apprehension of the world and its forms as they are ~ a rational knowing; and what is necessary for change, aeonic and otherwise. This knowledge is sometimes sad, and often born from ordeals and having lived the Abyss. It never confers wealth nor privilege, and seldom imbues one with 'happiness'. It is beyond words, but can sometimes be transmuted into a form enabling some others to apprehend if only in part its essence. This aim takes causal time - usually c. 20 years from Initiation (if the Way is followed) - and lies beyond the Abyss. It is balance, beyond opposites; a new way of being. - Order of Nine Angles - <http://www.nasz-dom.net/>







NOTES ON ESOTERIC TRADITION I

The septenary tradition (for notes on its origin see MS Physis: The Third Way) was carried on for centuries by mostly reclusive Adepts who sought and trained one or perhaps two individuals to carry on the 'cult'.

The original teachings were concerned mostly, with preserving what was seen as the 'sacred tradition' concerning both the division of cosmic forces into seven fundamental forms and the mythos of the 'Dark Gods'. The first was based on the apprehension that there were seven basic forms of 'energy' within both the cosmos and the individual within it- that is the natural structure of both involved seven fundamental principles/forms and so on.

By understanding these seven principles in all their forms and manifestations it was believed that 'wisdom' could be attained- as well as a knowledge of how to change these forms: that is, 'alter the balance' both in the cosmos itself and in individuals.

Gradually, these 'secret' teachings percolated through to 'non-Adepts' and to some extent became enshrined in various myths and Legends of various societies, the first recorded appearance being in the civilization of Sumeria (where they were derived from contact with the Hyperborean culture in Albion). Over many centuries, this 'public manifestation' of the tradition evolved, giving rise to many and various fantastic notions and superstitions.

Later manifestations of the 'genuine' tradition surfaced in Ancient Greece most noticeably in the Pythagorians and the mysteries of the Kabeiroi. In the non-esoteric sense, it was present to some extent in some of the Pre-Socratic philosophers.

With the arrival of the Nazarene tyranny these outwards forms/manifestations were suppressed, although to some extent they flourished secretly.

The decline of the Hellenic civilization coincided with the Eastward turning of those who sought these 'mysteries' (the Byzantine period). Gradually, this Byzantine expression became part of the Arab world, where various treatises were written concerning it. This is particularly true of what later became known as the 'alchemical tradition' - this tradition being a continuation of some aspects of the earlier mysteries.

The 'secret' tradition - whose origin lay in Albion-, continued within the confines of its original country, one of its manifestations being the 'Priesthood' which later became identified with the Druids. Over the many centuries the teachings changed and evolved - but they were always to an extent rudimentary and 'empathic' That is, they lacked any great element of self-Insight or rational understanding and it is true to say that the long period between the fall of the Hyperborean culture (roughly 1,000 BN and the 'Dark Ages' represented a decline in the tradition and its 'magick'.

Of course, elements survived, mostly secretly, but there was little genuine understanding. It is fair to add that this account is disputed by one authority who maintains that the core of the tradition remained. This authority claims that practitioners of the tradition actually used the 'Grail' c. 700 AD to 'Open a Gate' and thus create a Western Aeon.

Whatever the truth of the claim of the tradition remaining in essence as well as in practice, all authorities agree that:

(a) the 'Grail' of the legend was actually a large crystal (qv. Pherefer and ben Beirdd von Eschnbach revealed part of this truth when he called the Grail 'lapsit ex coelis'. The

distortion into a 'Nazarene holy vessel' began with a Nazarene hermit, remembered by Heliandrus) and
(b) Albion/Logree was, and is, the centre of the tradition -. particularly important regarding practical forms (i.e. 'Aeonic changes').

Whatever the truth about the 'decline', a new impetus was given first by the spread of Hellenic ideas (for which contact with the Arab world via the Crusaders/Template was of some importance) and second by the creativity which had begun to flourish again within Europe This led to the 'secret tradition' becoming better understood and more rationally (i.e. 'scientifically') expressed. This evolution continued for many centuries! one of its most obvious outward expressions being Alchemy. The tradition however, remained limited to a very few; although the ideas (and some of the practice) behind it filtered out, spread and became changed.

It was about this time else that the qabalistic tradition began: both in terms of magic and in terms of appearing to be the 'inner Western tradition'. What actually happened was a revival of the old 'grimoire/demonic' approach to magic (see the MS Physis The Third Way) together with an attempt to further supplant the Nazarene ethos within the developing Western civilization. Gradually, the qabalistic Nazarene orientated system became established. This system was not, however, subject to any further evolution/ development.

The septenary tradition, however, Carried by a small and ever decreasing number of Adepts, did develop: particularly in (a) the practical methods used to bring about 'Gnosis/create the Philosophers' stone' and (b) the symbolism devised to aid a rational understanding (see, for further elucidations, the MS 'The Forbidden Alchemy'). There were also some attempts to 'Open acausal Gates' with a view to changing aeonic forces/achieving specific goals - the last significant one being 1920 ev.

This development of the Septenary tradition continued until the present time and it is in the last few decades that significant progress has been made with regard to refining the techniques (of what it now called Internal magick) and aiding our conscious understanding (the development of the Star Game being a significant achievement).

To some extent, the evolution of the techniques which form the basis of the septenary/Dark tradition can be traced. Originally the basis was what is now called 'mimesis' (qv. notes on Aeonics etc), and the approach was essentially empathic (based on 'Physis'). These had their origin in Albion during Hyperborean times. The empathic approach was gradually, over many centuries, developed and came to include an intuitive understanding of such things as crystals and control of natural forces/ energies (what we now call hermetic/internal magick). In one sense the archetypal figure of the Mage/High Priestess, is a representation of this early period of development. Together with this, was an oral tradition regarding the power/use of sound (i.e. what we now know as magickal vibration) together with art intuitive appreciation of the esoteric basis of 'music/chant' (although this was not by any means really understood). There was also a 'cultus/mythos' regarding sinister energies (i.e. the 'Dark Gods').

It must be remembered that evolution of the techniques was a slow process and the fundamental empathic/intuitive approach remained in the magickal centre (Albion), for the many, many centuries, producing through the ages the reclusive Adept (like the Merlin of legend). It was only really during the 'Dark Ages' - with the insights attained via Hellenic learning - that extensive development took place. This continued steadily until the present day. The great step forward was an abstract symbolism. Originally understanding was developed via archetypal myths or symbolism (for the latter qv. particularly 'Ursa Major' as the septenary). The Tree of Wyrd for example, evolved slowly and confusingly at first and

even when, in the Middle Ages, it attained most of its present form, it was still not understood in the same way we understand it now - that is, it is now seen as a re-presentation of how the acausal becomes manifest in the causal whereas then it was seen as a representation of the cosmos and Man. Our current understanding involves new concepts- the bifurcation of 'time' both expressions of the Change of Being. These new concepts refine and enhance our understanding.

Likewise the development of magick. There was, at first, empathic workings. Later, 'hermetic' techniques came to be developed. Shortly thereafter the first ceremonial forms evolved (e.g. early versions of what is now the Ceremony of Recalling) - imitations of septenary patterns/energies (although of course at the time they were not understood in that way). Much later, ceremonial magick as a codified ritual, developed - particularly in response to Nazarene tyranny: hence the development, in the Middle Ages, of the Black Mass, the 'Satanic Mass'.

Similarly the tradition chant developed. From the early beginnings in Albion about the use of sound to the influence of Hellenic thought at the beginnings of the Middle Ages. (This is one aspect of the tradition that has remained virtually unchanged since about the 12th. Century).

Until about thirty or so years ago, the tradition of oral teaching, and transmission from Master/Mistress to pupil on an individual basis continued - although from time to time 'Temples' (never large in number and always strictly secret and secretive) were formed. Then a 'more' open approach was begun, with the creation of some hidden Temples and the secret recruitment of larger numbers than had been the case hitherto. This culminated in the early part of the 1980's, with the dissemination in Occult circles of some of the septenary tradition, a process which continues, given the wider acceptance of the 'Occult' and the need to make the tradition/methods more accessible to hasten a new Aeon/opening another gate.

The evolution in methods, together with the creative development of the septenary, will continue in the future - probably toward a more abstract symbolism enabling even greater insight.

Thus it can be seen that the septenary is a steadily accumulating body of 'esoteric' knowledge. All Adepts of the tradition add to it - either directly, by creatively extending its frontiers /methods or indirectly by their magick and their teaching of new Initiates.

Notes on the Sinister Tradition

Tetrahedron:

The tetrahedron is symbolic of the Nine Angles. When made of certain minerals/crystals the shape itself is a very powerful source of magickal energy, and this may be amplified by chant/vibration of certain names. It is the 'schamir' (qv. Tukiphat - a distorted symbol of a Guardian to one of the Gates) and is activated by the Sphinx. [See also: 'Notes on Esoteric Tradition - Cosmic Wheel and Tetrahedron' MS.]

Atklal Maka:

A chant sometimes used in the Natural Nine Angles Rite by the Priestess if the glade has a spring of water. It means 'the flowing waters of the Earth' and is chanted in homage to Gaia since natural springs are regarded as Her children.

Bron Wrgan:

One of the twin nexions important to the Sinister Tradition - the other nexion (its location is known only to Adepts of the Tradition) is the Magickal centre of this current Western Aeon. Bron Wrgan remains more elusive - opinions as to its location tend to differ. Among those Tradition mentions are: Caer Caradoc near Knighton; a site about 3 miles NE of Knucklas where a cottage called Brynorgan once stood, near a batch. Severed heads were reputed to be set up here, within an enclosure.

Eulalia:

An 'Earth Gate' located in the southern part of the Long Mynd. Often favoured as a site for the Natural form of the rite of the Nine Angles - associated with a certain Dark God, of feminine aspect.

Kabeiroi:

The 'mysteries of the Kabeiroi' (sometimes spelt Cabiri) is one of the esoteric traditions associated with the Hellenic Aeon. In its original form, 'the mysteries' concerned certain deities often represented in the form of Griffins and connected with the sea as well as Demeter - the 'mother Earth' or Gaia. According to sinister tradition, the mysteries concerned the Dark Gods - in various 'shapechanging' forms - and related how Demeter gave the first Initiates of this Tradition a crystal (later venerated at a shrine near Thebes where a sacred grove to Demeter existed) as well as showing how an individual, through various rites which involved Gaia, women, sacred marriage and so on, could be transformed to a different realm of consciousness. This transformation, as in other Greek Mystery cults, was achieved mainly through personal involvement in ritual/ceremonial action often of a mythological kind.

Later, this tradition became divided - Eleusis representing the 'Apollonian' element, the Kabeiroi the 'Dionysian' or darker aspects, for it is said that all Initiates of the Cabiri had to have committed a crime greater than common ones. The mysteries of the Kabeiroi were often celebrated in mountain shrines (certain combinations of rock and underground water being regarded as sacred - that is, capable by their magickal power of transforming the consciousness of individuals - cf. various sites of the Yezidi who upheld a more garbled version of the Dark Gods tradition) and to reach these shrines was considered part of the process of Initiation.

Greeks called the Kabeiroi 'the great gods'.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Sapphistry: Dark Daughters of Chaos
Sister Bronwyn

For too long we have been silent and hidden. We waited, while an imitation and inverted Wicca was peddled, its male dominance a contradiction of the feminine principle of the Old Religion. We waited, while Chaos Magic was born..., but nothing except the old lies. So here at last we speak, for ourselves.

To Nature we Daughters of Chaos are nearest. Our magick is not a hobby we play in a city or a town - it is a return to the often tiresome hard reality of the land which nourishes and alone brings the vitality of life. Sorcery is a fetish of the pale, male city dweller. We are soft and yielding to each other to capture thus an aspect forgotten and our Sapphic love a silent force which we send to awaken those who sleep. We draw down upon ourselves through our way of loving a special power and through our will send it forth - perchance to cover for an instant a city night, bringing strange dreams to some...

There is laughter in us: no hard hatred of that which destroys. Our spells, suckled by streams, spread perchance a little delight to a world too serious and nearly insane.

And yet we are Dark because we cross the currents of our time: even 'liberation' has become a chain that binds...

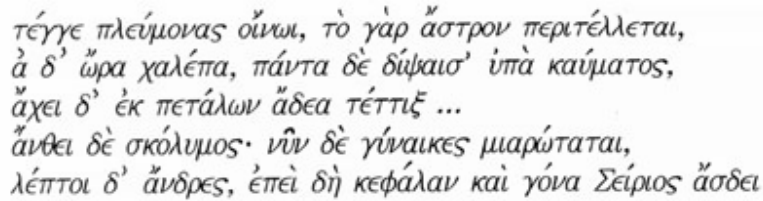
Sapphic love is the greatest magick of this time because it flows but does not ebb. Sleep on then, and dream. All that is strange exists in our soul. You cannot define us nor capture the exquisite fire that is our love, and our Rites return, silent unless at night outside and alone upon a hill you strain to hear, that subtle consciousness of Earth which our societies have lost.

Like the Sphinx - we come, bringing wonder and much that is strange. And sometimes, like her, we devour to bring the darker death.

Saught - we are seldom to be found. Though unsaught we might create your dream. Beware then, you who talk so glib and practice with your wiles the submission of your woman: your Nemesis by us awaits.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Sappho - Poetic Fragments
With artwork by Christos Beest



τέγγε πλείμονας οἴνωι, τὸ γὰρ ἄστρον περιτέλλεται,
ἂ δ' ὥρα χαλέπα, πάντα δὲ δίψαισ' ὑπὸ καύματος,
ἄχει δ' ἐκ πετάλων ἄδεα τέττιξ ...
ἄνθει δὲ σκόλυμος· νῦν δὲ γυναῖκες μαρώταται,
λέπτοι δ' ἄνδρες, ἐπεὶ δὴ κεφάλαν καὶ γόνα Σείριος ἄσδει

Introduction

The aim of the present translation is to try and present something of the unadorned beauty of Sappho's Greek. From the many fragments that remain of her poetry, I have chosen those that best reflect something of this beauty. The text used is that of Lobel and Page [*Poetarium Lesbiorum Fragmenta*, Oxford 1955] - and the numbering of the Fragments in this present work follows that of their text.

.... in the text indicates a break in the fragment; [] indicates a conjecture.

Fragment 1

Deathless Aphrodite - Daughter of Zeus and maker of snares -
On your florid throne, hear me!
My lady, do not subdue my heart by anguish and pain
But come to me as when before
You heard my distant cry, and listened:
Leaving, with your golden chariot yoked, your father's house
To move beautiful sparrows swift with a whirling of wings
As from heaven you came to this dark earth through middle air
And so swiftly arrived.

Then you my goddess with your immortal lips smiling
Would ask what now afflicts me, why again
I am calling and what now I with my restive heart
Desired:

*Whom now shall I beguile
To bring you to her love?
Who now injures you, Sappho?
For if she flees, soon shall she chase
And, rejecting gifts, soon shall she give.
If she does not love you, she shall do so soon
Whatsoever is her will.*

Come to me now to end this consuming pain
Bringing what my heart desires to be brought:
Be yourself my ally in this fight

Fragment 16

For some - it is horsemen; for others - it is infantry;
For some others - it is ships which are, on this black earth,
Visibly constant in their beauty. But for me,
It is that which you desire.

To all, it is easy to make this completely understood
For Helen - she who greatly surpassed other mortals in beauty -
Left her most noble man and sailed forth to Troy
Forgetting her beloved parents and her daughter
Because [the goddess] led her away

Which makes me to see again Anactoria now far distant:
For I would rather behold her pleasing, graceful movement
And the radiant splendour of her face
Than your Lydian chariots and foot-soldiers in full armour

Fragment 22

Gather your [lyre] and sing for me
[Soon]
As desire once again [enhances] your beauty:

Your dress excites, and I rejoice
For I once doubted Aphrodite
But now have asked that soon
You will be with me again

Fragment 31

I see he who sits near you as an equal of the gods
For he can closely listen to your delightful voice
And that seductive laugh
That makes the heart behind my breasts to tremble.

Even when I glimpse you for a moment
My tongue is stilled as speech deserts me
While a delicate fire is beneath my skin -
My eyes cannot see, then,
When I hear only a whirling sound
As I shivering, sweat
Because all of me trembles;
I become paler than drought-grass
And nearer to death

Fragment 41

Beautiful girls, towards you
My thoughts will never change

Fragment 47

Love shook my heart
Like the mountain wind
Falls upon tress of oak

Fragment 94

I can reveal to you that I wished to die -
For with much weeping she left me
Saying: "Sappho - what suffering is ours!
For it is against my will that I leave you."
In answer, I said: "Go, happily remembering me
For you know what we shared and pursued -
If not, I wish you to see again our [former joys]
The many braids of rose and violet you [wreathed]
Around yourself at my side
And the many garlands of flowers
With which you adorned your soft neck:
With royal oils from [fresh flowers]
You anointed [yourself]
And on soft beds fulfilled your longing
[For me]

Fragment 96

She honoured you like a goddess
And delighted in your choral dance.
Now she is pre-eminent among the ladies of Lydia
As the rose-rayed moon after the sinking of the Sun
Surpasses all the stars and spreads its light upon the sea
And the flowers of the fields
To beautify the spreading dew, freshen roses
Soft chervil and the flowering melilot

Restless, she remembers gentle Atthis -
Perhaps her subtle judgement is burdened
By your [fate]

For us, it is not easy to approach
Goddesses in the beauty of their form
But you

Fragment 58

Age seizes my skin and turns my hair
From black to white:

My knees no longer bear me
And I am unable to dance again
Like a fawn.

What could I do? I am not ageless:
My youth is gone.
Red-robed Dawn, immortal goddess,
Carried [Tithonus] to earth's end
Yet age siezed him
Despite the gift from his immortal lover

I love delicate softness:
For me, love has brought the brightness
And the beauty of the sun

Fragment 126

May you sleep on the breasts
Of your tender companion

Fragment 130

Once again, desire -
That looser of limbs and bitterly sweet -
Makes me to tremble
You are irresistible

Fragment 138/147

Believe me, in the future someone
Will remember us

Because you love me
Stand with me face to face
And unveil the softness in your eyes



ΣΑΠΦΩ

Artwork by Christos Beest

*"Deathless Aphrodite · Daughter of Zeus and maker of snares ·
On your florid throne, hear me!"* ————— Sappho

Sinister Tradition - Notes VI

Albion: According to tradition, the Hyperborean culture of Albion, original home of Apollo, flourished between about 7,000 - 5,500 BP. Among the most notable inventions/discoveries attributed by esoteric tradition to this culture are the wheel, the elements of Astronomy, the regular sowing of seeds and their cultivation (agriculture) and the beginnings of philosophy, this latter being the province of the first real wise men and women - the first magickians whose descendants became, much later, the Druids. This culture, which was really a civilization depending on oral tradition, was a highly organized one - and archaeology is only just beginning to recognize its existence through such finds as the Sweet Track, the Walton Track, the astronomical importance of Stonehenge and the realization that Britain before the time of Julius Caesar was not a savage, tribal society but a highly efficient agricultural one producing a cereal yield of about 2 tons an acre and supporting a population of nearly 4 million (this was probably the reason the Romans invaded and was itself the long term legacy of the Hyperborean culture). The magickal tradition of Albion was essentially an empathic one, deriving from both the Sun and Gaia and containing an understanding of the magickal power of crystals. Merlin is regarded as being one of the last direct descendants of this culture (qv. 'Arthurian' MSs).

Asooth: A location associated with the demoness Asooth, lies within the Clun Forest, South Shropshire. It is said that here a White Hind was accidentally shot during a hunt, seemingly through the heart. She survived but could not be caught, and was seen on many occasions over the subsequent years, still living with the arrow still embedded in her chest.

Auspicia: Moon Owl Mercury Magpie Venus Pelican Mars Falcon Jupiter Swan Saturn Eagle

Songs of Recalling

Sinister Chant is one of the oldest surviving aspects of the Dark Tradition. The 'Agius Lucifer' (qv. **Naos**) is known to originate c. 8th century, and the two 'Nythra' chants (**Black Book III**) are possibly from an earlier period. The 'Diabolus' came into use after the 13th century.

It is maintained by some that the correct use of these Chants, in conjunction with a quartz crystal, is one of the most potent - and dangerous - techniques for increasing the Cosmic tides. One notable example of such a technique in a ritualized setting is a version of the Ceremony of Recalling, combined with the Chthonic Form of the Nine Angles Rite, where the Sacrificial Ending is replaced by a continuation, in a particular way, of the Chant contained in that Rite. This version can replace the Opfer tradition during the 17 year cycle, but requires immense preparation and perfect performance during the Rite proper.

The teaching of these Chants has always been on an oral basis, from Master/Mistress to Initiate. Some of these Chants were written down, and the form of this early notation (mostly 'Gregorian') served primarily as a reminder of the Chant, rather than as a way of teaching new Initiates.

However, the original notation is an expression of the nature of the Chant itself, and is thus an important aspect in the overall learning of the Art. This is to say that transcribing the Chants into modern 'blob' notation (as discussed in another MS), whilst an interesting exercise in itself, should not replace learning the (far easier) system of the early notation. Transcribing a Chant into modern

notation produces something other than the original Chant - an interesting form, but not one that can communicate to the Cantor (or audience), the entire ethos of Esoteric Chant. This is not however to discount such a musickal fusion, since it has its own place and purpose (qv. "Homesteads").

An Initiate must immerse themselves in all aspects of the Art, mastering vibration, resonance, breath control and projection. Only after practicing for a minimum of one year, both 'informally' and in a magickal setting, will a Chant start to live and interact with the causal. It is not enough just to sing the notes, a Cantor must become familiar with what is signified by the Chant, since ultimately, through the combination of Chant, Crystal and Cantor, a unity is created that is a Nexion. This is because a Chant symbolizes, or rather is, a particular Force, and the performance of the Chant is an Invocation.

The majority of Sinister Chants came into being as an expression of the male and female voice conjoined. However, if, as has been mentioned in another MS, it is decided to use the musickal form of an existing, conventional, Chant but replace the text with one of a suitably Sinister content, it must be borne in mind that almost all examples of 'Gregorian Chant' were devised solely because of, and for, the male voice. It did not occur to the monastic orders that a separate body or "office" should be created for the women of the convents, because the important

difference between the male and female voice was not acknowledged. Women were expected to sing something which could not for them, produce the "divine fire" necessary for their worship. However, a glimpse of what is possible can be discerned in the unique compositions ('symphoniae harmoniae celestium revelationum') of the 12th century Abbess Hildegard von Bingen. Through the work of this individual the startling, different, nature of the female voice is apparent.

Perhaps now a corpus of work can be created for a future *Beatarum Regimine Feminarum* ...

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Dating of Esoteric Tradition

Received tradition (as given to the present writer by his teacher - an Adept of the esoteric "Albion" tradition: for which read 'Seven-fold Way'/Septenary/Hebdomadry/ traditional Satanism and so on) places the origin of the Hyperborean Aeon and thus the civilization of Albion at least a thousand years before the dates given in Order mss

Thus, received tradition gave the origin of the Hyperborean Aeon as between 79000 to 6,000 BC (that is, 11 nine to eight millenia "before the present" - this 'present' being c. 1975 eh). Also, the 'Primal Aeon' was given as arising between eleven to ten millenia ago* This placed the origin of the Hyperborean civilization (Albion) at around 6,000 or 5,000 BC and thus dated Stonehenge to between 4,500 and 3,500 (the later date - 3,500 - being favoured)*

After a thorough study of these received traditions and a review of present archaeological/historical understanding, the present writer decided the traditional dates were out by at least a thousand years. When the Order MSS were written (mostly after 1975 eh) to consolidate what had been - apart from a few MSS such as the 'Black Book' - a mostly oral tradition/teaching, these "new" dates were included. However# the present writer admits that this revision may well be mistaken, and that the 'traditional' dates may yet be proved correct.

It is to be hoped that some time in the future further evidence for the civilization of Albion will be found, particularly in regard to accurate dating and the confirmation of esoteric tradition concerning the sea-faring nature of the communities (particularly the links with Iceland/ Greenland/ Canada and the later migrations southward: Greece etc), the technological advances made and so on.

While some evidence for the 'advanced' agriculture of the later period is emerging (e.g. the 'Butzer' Farm project) and the astronomical nature of Stonehenge is now well-established, there is still the view of Albion during the period in question as a rather basic 'Neolithic semi-nomadic society', rather 'backward' in comparison with the "civilized" societies of Sumeria and Egypt. The acceptance of this view is not surprising, given the paucity of evidence, the lack of archaeological excavation and an almost total lack of 'professional' interest. Part of the lack of evidence stems from the fact that a lot of the sites have been almost continually inhabited/cultivated, with the consequential loss of material/patterns; another is the use of wood in the construction of artifacts - this is rarely preserved and there has been a rather silly tendency to use pottery remains (its 'sophistication' etc.) to judge/date the communities associated with it, whereas in fact at the time pottery was probably considered an inferior material to wood/leather etc. Another stems from a lack of written records - in Egypt, Sumeria and elsewhere there are well-preserved reminders.

- Order of Nine Angles -

I: Nature, Magick and Satan

"Magick" on the individual level is, quite simply, the attainment of conscious integration with natural forces - or with "Nature", and the Cosmos that is beyond. This integration implies a loss of the "self-image", and a gradual expansion of consciousness into the acausal realms. There is thus achieved a natural balance within living, and the cultivation of a more noble, *higher type* of human being (this cultivation being the foundations for what is conventionally termed the New Aeon).

How this alchemical process is initiated is simple in theory but difficult in practice. At present, the only realistic way of attaining this "integration" is via the *practical* system of the Seven-Fold Way, and this is so because, as yet, no other system contains a ritual of natural hermetic magick comparable to that of the Internal Adept (for details of which, see **Naos**). It is this rite, above all the other difficult tasks, that terrifies the would-be Adept, and spawns many excuses for alternative ways to enlightenment. There is no "Infernal symbolism" contained within the structure of this rite - only the stark primal fears of the Candidate.

Thus, to achieve this natural integration, the Initiate must strive primarily against him/ herself (and consequently the many factors in a society that seek to shackle individual Will to a conformity). The symbol for, or spirit of, this defiance is **Satan** and **Satanism**. Many who profess to be Pagans and practitioners of Natural Magick cannot, or will not, grasp the meaning of Satanism. This partly stems from the perspective that "Satanism" was spawned as a consequence of the distortions of the Judeo-Christian religion, and is therefore to be regarded as having been founded upon "Old Aeon" dualism - and is thus to be superseded, since it cannot fully reflect the genuine "Western ethos". [With regard to the latter, what is genuine about this ethos is its *promethean* spirit, and as such it is actually explicated by the conflicts and struggles with the external factors it draws to itself, in the quest for exploration...] As explained in the booklet *ONA: An Introduction for Prospective Adherents*, "Satan" derives from an ancient Greek word meaning an "an accusation" (and also "foundation" or "origin" of something). The Hebrew "accuser" is in turn derived from this source. Thus the symbol predates the Hebrew, and has a truly Western origin: it did not come into being specifically as a response to the Nazarene distortion, but as a symbol of opposition - to what is accepted, to what enervates. Thus Satan (and the Sinister - one is the other) is a symbol of *creative change*, and is concerned with opposition not in the mis-understood sense of "dualism" (i.e. that which is based on an abstract morality), but in the sense of countering whatever is the "norm". This is the real secret of Satanism: that it restores to a society and individuals, at any given point in history, that which is lacking. Thus there is balance, and thus *synthesis*: "the process of dialectical change which governs evolution".

Satan is a vital Western archetype. What "old Aeon" connotations exist in the symbol of Satan, in reality exist only in the minds of those who simply do not understand Satanism itself, and the Sinister in general. From a conventional "Pagan" perspective, Satanism may be described as "Militant Paganism", since the roots of the Sinister Tradition lie in the solar cults of Albion - the symbol of Satan being a comparatively recent (c. 10th or 11th century eh) and entirely

appropriate adoption by what is, in essence, the original "Western Way".

All histories begin somewhere - why not be the ones to begin the history? Thus the outdoor Temple provides the focal point for the new Magick of the working group, allowing this Magick to flow, free from expectations of a past, and towards, perhaps, the creation of something significant.

II: The Living Temple

Within the Sinister Tradition, an outdoor "temple" is of two types: i) a Nexion connected with a particular Aeon; ii) a site established for personal use by a Satanic group/"coven"/ Temple. With regard to i), the Nexion associated with this present Western Aeon is located in the Welsh Marches, having been established c. 500 AN [its twin Nexion is known as "Bron Wrgan" - mentioned in various Order MSS]. Tradition relates that the Western Aeon was inaugurated using a crystal, this object being remembered later as "The Grail" of romantic Arthurian legend. It is not known what constituted the rituals of this inauguration, although one authority has suggested a form of a Nine Angles rite (qv. **Codex Saerus**). It is unlikely, however, that these rites would bear much resemblance to anything of a contemporary Occult structure, since the concept of "Time" was very different, being of a more "holistic" kind. [The linear perception of Time, "cause and effect" and so on, is a legacy of the Nazarene religion- with its emphasis on "sin".]

The energies at this Western centre are waning, and the majority of the associated sites now belong to the past - although this "past" will enable, within the next few decades, the fulfillment of a future Destiny connected to Sinister forces (the form of this Destiny is similar to how places such as Glastonbury and Stonehenge are viewed by this present society...). It is one of the aims of the ONA to establish, before the end of this century, a new Nexion to presence the New Aeon. This site will also be located in the Welsh Marches, where the Dark Tradition originated. With regard to energies, this new Nexion will be a synthesis of the aspects represented by the previous twin Nexions, mirroring as it does the evolution of the ONA itself. [Establishing an Aeonic Nexion requires some skill; apart from the obvious demands of the rites involved, the Cliologist must assess how the land is to be effected by outside forces throughout the next ten or so centuries; whether the land will remain, as desired, untouched, or whether it will become prey to development from tourism/ other business interests. Thus the site chosen should not necessarily be of "outstanding natural beauty", or of potentially historical interest.]

With regard to ii), the "indoor Temple" is a relatively modern concept, born from the requirements of city living. While there are, of course, certain ceremonies most usually, of necessity, performed within a prepared room (i.e. *Mass of Heresy*), the fetish of the "indoor temple" has served more to obscure than enhance the most vital gift of magickal experience: integration with the Land. Where the indoor sorcerer dwells within a shrine to the Ego, the way of natural magick dissolves the Self and re-integrates the magickian with Nature - there is thus presenced a sense of the greater Cosmos. A magickal rite within a natural outside environment produces effects within the participants that cannot be attained when working indoors: it is the difference between playing at magick, as a hobby; and actually living as a magickal entity.

When working on and with the Land, the magickian is subject to forces that do not subscribe to the laws of learned Occult writers, and over which there is no control: there is thus the glimmerings of genuine magickal understanding. There is personal empathy, devoid of trendy

abstractions and in time, the magickian attains - or is returned to - an "at-one-with" existence. [It is interesting to observe how the Land itself is changed by/ responds to the magickal work - and to observe how others within the magickal group are thus changed.]

Those followers of the Dark Tradition cannot significantly evolve along the Way without returning themselves, through magick, to the Land (this should be true of all genuine magickal paths - particularly in this present self-obsessed age). For the External Adept, natural magick within a ceremonial context is an important prelude to the hermetic context of the Internal Adept, this natural unfolding allowing this most difficult of hermetic ordeals to be lived successfully.

This living closely with Nature does not imply resurrecting old beliefs, rituals and gods. Rather, it implies, for the working group, a finding through practical experience of a natural expression of "worship" (where "worship" here means integration) relevant to the environment worked within. [Natural magick finds its ultimate expression in the establishment of an esoteric community - this again does not imply a harking back to a "golden age", but instead the creation of *new ways of living* - q.v. **Esoteric Pioneers.**]

Therunning in Practice

The finding of an outdoor site may take some time and effort, but is an interesting exercise in itself. For the Satanic group, many factors have to be considered - privacy and isolation being the most obvious. At present, in England, the conditions for performing rites such as the *Ceremony of Recalling* on a suitable hilltop are increasingly restricted - although this not the case within areas of north Wales, and North West Scotland. However, the site should be within reasonable traveling distance of the dwelling place of the participants for several reasons, esoteric and practical. If those concerned live in a city, then a site should be chosen on the rural outskirts (i.e. York - Yorkshire Moors; Manchester - The Pennines; Swansea - The Black Mountains, and so on).

If the magick of the group has any purposeful future, then the site will make itself known, after a relevant span of time. This is to say, that there exists a site fated to be part of the magick of the group.

As with an Aeonic Nexion, the outdoor site need not have served any previous historical purpose. It is usually tempting to choose a "stone circle", or a hill fort, for the obvious romantic esoteric connotations. Apart from being generally known, these places, for the most part, have already served a purpose and have played a role in leading us to where we are now - as previous societies have done, such as those of the Celts, the Anglo-Saxons, and so on. There really is no significant esoteric purpose in a working group "re-activating" an ancient sacred site - apart from perhaps as a prop for the benefit of the group psyche. Likewise, with the performing of long-dead rituals, where those rituals once dynamically expressed the unique forces involved in living in the society pertaining to that time - often a type of society that we can only now speculate about. Such rites, as with places, become abandoned because they are only outward expressions of the Cosmos and such expressions do change and evolve - as Art, Musick and Science has done. It is true that we as whole have lost some things over the Aeons, but such things in essence can be re-captured, without recourse to the past, in expressions such as Magick. None of this is to say that an ancient form is irrelevant because it is ancient: a form is meaningful if it continues, since its inception, to presence the *numinous* necessary for evolution. Such a form belongs to a genuine Tradition and appears, while relevant, timeless in its words and imagery, until its purpose is realized and superseded (many such rites still provide the powerful foundations of the Seven-Fold Way).

In England, the most suitable sites can be found within wild woodland, preferably on "common land" or near footpaths through rough farm land (though as far as possible from human habitation). The site is best near a river/ stream, where thorn grows. Alternatively - and it must be a practical alternative - a rocky outcrop on a high peak is most effective, particularly if it is of a certain type of rock containing layers of quartz (see *Rite of the Nine Angles* MS for further details) - such is the description of the hallowed places of this country. Establishing a Sinister temple in other lands will require its own criteria, relevant to the country involved.

Once established, a circle of seven stones is set up within the enclosure, according to the guidelines set out in various MSS, and the area protected appropriately. Following this, the *Ceremony of Eorthe* is conducted, re-inforced by the opening of the Earth Gate, and sealed by regular *sunedrions*. [Group members may also wish to undertake the Nine Angles solo rite within the Temple area, commencing the rite at dusk, and remaining there alone until dawn. Individual results would only be discussed once all participants had completed the rite. Such an experience further binds the group members to the outdoor site.]

Sunderions consist of a framework of rites from **Codex Saerus**, with emphasis on the mastery of Esoteric Chant (this is a vital aspect, making possible the performance of future Aeonics Rites - qv. **Naos** and other MSS). Other features should hopefully consist of new aspects created by the Temple members themselves. Authority for the group and its actions lies solely with the Choregos/Mistress, etc. - there is no interference from some outside "higher authority" within the ONA (although the External Adept may occasionally seek advice from their Order guide on certain matters - i.e. *Opfer*).

Sunedrions should be as regular as possible, and are most usually conducted during the full moon (primarily for purposes of visibility, although other lunar phases are used for specific rites). Satanic Tradition contains no "seasonal rites" (i.e. "Beltaine", "Imbolc", and so on). If one studies the rites contained in the **Black Books**, it will be clear that they all presence the basic forces of the Cosmos - and mainly that which is represented as the *Hierosgamos*. No seasonal symbolism is employed (such as the slaying of "the Holly King") because the tides that are prevalent at particular times can be experienced as themselves, without abstraction. All that is required is the regular performance of a rite (such as the *chthonic* form of the *Nine Angles Rite*) within a natural outdoor setting, for integration with the seasonal forces to be attained. There are, of course, certain times when the magickal tides are at their most pronounced, and these are recognized by Satanic Tradition as seven "festivals" - the two most important being around the Summer and Winter solstices. The others are: Spring Equinox; May (middle/end of month: ANTARES); August (middle of month: ARCTURUS); Autumn Equinox; early November. [There are other workings and times allotted for alchemical seasons.]

The "working tools" of a Satanic Temple are very few. The obvious items are: lanterns; censer; communal chalice. Incense is always made by a member of the Temple, using the associations in **Naos** as a guide (for example, if energies appropriate to the sphere of the "Sun" were being employed during a ritual, then the incense would comprise of oak). The altar is provided by the recumbent body of an appointed Priest or Priestess. The sacrificial knife is kept under the guardianship of the Mistress (along with a large silver bowl), and used solely for that purpose (and may be only once every seventeen years). According to Tradition, after such a ceremony, the head would be severed and displayed at all sunedrions thereafter, bedecked with a crown of oak leaves. Sometimes this would be the only "image" present; either that, or a statue/ painting

of Baphomet, according to the genuine esoteric tradition (qv. *Sinister Tarot* and the various MSS concerning Baphomet contained in *Hostia* and elsewhere).

One important item is a large piece of quartz crystal, which is activated by voice vibration and can quite significantly enhance the energies accessed during a ritual. As mentioned many times in Order MSS, the crystal is most effective when shaped as a tetrahedron. This can prove a costly procedure, since a large enough piece for grinding needs to be purchased (and should be as clear as possible - colouring/cloudiness usually implies impurities), and the grinding itself, by a reliable craftsperson/ jeweler, does not come cheap. This shape is ideal, but not entirely essential - it all depends on one's priorities. Whatever form is used, the Master/Mistress can opt to bury the crystal during a consecration ceremony, thereafter directing energy towards the place of burial.

Performing "natural" or "empathic" magick returns the practitioner to the SACRED patterns of Being. There is exultation and *awe* which transforms life away from the petty and personal via direct experience of the greater context of Nature and the Cosmos. It is the stage beyond that of the indulgence of the indoor shrine and the modern "magick" of self-conscious parody - although this early stage of involvement with the "Occult scene" can play a part in aiding the Initiate along the difficult path to Adeptship, via "people management", manipulation, and so forth. [This is to say that Traditional Satanism is concerned with the Ego, the manipulative arts and sorcery only in the early stages of the path: such things are there to be experienced/confronted and then transcended if further development is sought.]

A genuine working group should not be as a club to which any vaguely interested person can be invited to attend. It is an organic form that creates itself through certain factors becoming balanced (these factors being unique to those involved in the group). This process can involve much causal time, but through nurture and consequent esoteric binding of those who comprise this organic form, something extraordinary may one day be created. One autonomous (Sapphic) group within the ONA has been active for over twenty years, but has only within recent years completed itself, having acquired the right individuals and environment. It is now closed to outsiders. [For further details concerning the practice of Sinister Ceremonial Magick, see **The Black Book of Satan I.**]

Esoteric Pioneers: Towards A New Way of Living

The Satanic Temple in practice describes in microcosm one of the most important magickal aims for the immediate future: the establishment of an esoteric community. Most magickal organizations have proved now that they can write profusely and confidently about their aims (in often polemical tones). What is needed now is a new form of magickal expression, and one that cannot be achieved via anything other than practical means. An esoteric community needs, quite simply, dedicated, pragmatic individuals who are prepared to work hard to make the dream real - it does not need another "journal". Such a venture made real, would take magick into an entirely new phase, away from the dying, urban scene of the present: it would re-interpret magick as the most profound *way of living*.

To start, several Satanic/Magickal comrades need to club together to purchase a substantial property with a large amount of land (certainly no less than fifteen acres). The property needs to be well isolated but situated on good farming land, since the community must be self-sufficient, and must be understood as being the seed for a new civilization, indifferent to the

goings-on of the Old World of Western capitalism (it may be prudent to establish a base that is also easily defensible). Features of the Community may include: Organic farming techniques (such as the use of heavy horses); the banning of motorized vehicles (allowing the traveler to retain integration with the environment); no electricity, thus Musick, for example, would be made by the Community members themselves; and of course, the creation of a new type of education system.

As far as accommodation is concerned, considering the failed experiment of the 'sixties' commune, the dwelling places should realistically consist of separate apartments. The aim is not to share out oneself and one's belongings in order to de-value the concept of self-identity through material possessions and "morality", but to create - through individual skills - an organic whole (and a real [*Folk* - T.] democracy).

Feast days/Festivals would be observed communally - for example *the Mass of Life* (qv. **The Black Book of Satan III**) could be performed every Sunday, in an area designated for "worship" [such an area would become an important Nexion - as would the Community itself...]. There would also be, it is hoped, the continuation of the fifty-year tradition of *The Giving* (qv. **Deofel Quartet**). Thus, the unique, natural magick of the Community would unfold.

Although the above outlines are offered as suggestions only, a genuine Community cannot be defined by anything less than a group of individuals creating together an entirely self-sufficient life-style, able to exist wholly apart from modern day society. This implies *farming the land*. It also implies *family*: a genuine Community cannot exist as a single-sexed unit, because the aim is to create a *new society* - the foundations for a new civilization comprising of a *new type of human being*. Striving to establish and maintain such a new society will in itself be a magickal rite - one that is greatly important for the evolution of magick as a whole. Thus there should be no compromise in fulfilling the described criteria for the Community.

In essence, the "esoteric" aspect is simply the nurturing by practical living, of the *spiritual connexion* we possess with the Land: it is this discovery that will presence the numinosity needed. Thus, the rites conducted by members of the Community will serve to focus, as worship, this natural magick, rather than the rites themselves providing, or creating, in the first instance the esoteric aspect.

If there is to be significant aeonic Change, then many such Communities should be established in this and other countries. Aside from general esoteric principles shared by those on the Sinister Path, there will be no one dogmatic code as to how each Community organizes itself, since the uniqueness of each Community environment will require its harmonious system of expression. To reiterate, this Great Rite of natural magick will allow a move away from the "post-modernism" of present Occultism towards a new phase where individual lives can be dedicated to a higher purpose. Those who have been denuded of real power by the System can now begin to create History - all it requires is strength of Will.

For the Magickian, there could be no greater Quest.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Winterreise
Coire Riabhaich

In Winter The book is put aside When wordless the slow force Pushes sadness in my soul I cannot give myself then to his writing For the real land stretches out In turgid progression: A Wilderness no book or painting Can live for me And my soul shrinks at what I must do ...

There is an Awe So terrible in its pace Evolving a merciless expanse Where one life Can only ever be forgotten. Can I lie like the rocks I am dreaming And become that ageless existence? Will the silence return To find I am the streams Moving through this impossible Earth?

When the book closes It is as if my blood Will become the heather-rust And my tiny mind is lost To the Nameless Dread We do not have to face until Last moments of recalling Yet, to remember When others forget Is an ancient Gift: It is to become What words cannot make a becoming And to move, because of fear, The fragile Present To embrace the yearning of Ages ...

Once Fortuna may have eased the burden Now beginnings seem more difficult And I turn and bring forth from a sleeping form A book half-written And barely understood. I will be that Spring time When the book must be lived; But for the Present, the cold still encloses As I am only the oppressive promise Of a season yet to be lived

^^^ In a Landscape

Winter darkens And each city is a refuge: Yet still a river moves through unlit moors Waiting, miles from our place Of Forgetting And echoes Ellude the notes, formed To seize Divinity To suckle for some A dream

My crucible, nourished now By rain and snow Has waited long years: It is time for the Earth to bear again From a kind of Death, To bring the deepening spread of Summer Once more by an Oath In fever fulfilled

Frantic, a connexion sought While each season is unheard. Here, resides the longing To find the Inner Land, immutable Since in our loss We cannot grasp

A killing frost that seeps Where no paths Cut us from the black hills Where no track Leads to a favoured place And echoes, after you We shall still be, waiting ...

^^^ Last Sleepwalk

The patterns of water From the mountains Could not unsettle: Surely they would lead a spirit to silence Lull each terrible night That could not bear the birth of Spring For Winter's last rage

Surely the storm, that one perfect symphony Would spare the home And lift the Oblate to stand, Staring like the Moon At the swirling life of birds Who brought once before That same precious laughter

It is hard to let go of happiness For a cause beyond: I will seek to remember In moments without struggle The simplicity Of the patterns of water.

^^^ Fugue

When infant Spring Woke the glow of life We settled on Haddon Hill Amid the whisper of storm.

We sat with the songs of the outcrops That held in our small space of peace The yearning we have always been. Far below, garish in stupidity The infestation of life crawled Never once listening; The gentle fort above, degraded Carried its dying ghosts to their end And the present seems void: There was a pool there once, Where that car park now rots Syphoning the cadaverous

We two sat imbued by wyrd Enshaded by the tyranny That makes our Way fragile. I heard your Musick, beautiful and a little sad: You were the memories cut into Stanyeld; Light Spout, its unassuming and truthful descent; The forgotten hill-side home, built before dawn ...

The Past turned then Over the dark tumuli to the west And my future looked out through your eyes - I, still forming, was content To let my ageless soul Walk the new horizon. There was no looking back, as some do Towards dead folklore All Life surged through us Only ever moving beyond

A prelude of years Now ceased its song And marked the end of words. You were acceptance And I, the waking season No division then as we responded In cloud As one carrion circling As one God heard fleetingly below: I belong nowhere else.

Somewhere, rain Marked our farewell You left to bring an echo to my future self; I stumbled, led by the present And bound for the Black Earth We belong nowhere else

^^^ Carving

Do we bring gods from soil As I carve this face in wood? Do we and They as one Shape Wyrd By willing answers for our living? The trees now budding

Shape of my soul, tranquility: This is the face of Hierosgamos Once a truth over creed When mouths unravelled leaves Instead of death

In this moment I am still of the elements Which bear the Musick I call my own: I must wait therefore, for solitude To open Earth And bring forth consciousness, Carving my face into the form that wakes ...

There is one Wyrd And the wheeling Cosmos will always shape And discard, until a few buds at least May blossom as Art

Not simply a means But a god for each waiting Earth

^^^ Return

There are no songs To sing a sea That fed a sickened heart No colours to awaken The awe that held a ragged soul The rocks will remain Where my wisdom stayed Where life moves between fire and hail And will live still a truth I cannot see between noise and loss.

Even then I struggled to listen The message of the sea could not free One life still lost in fetish Of Art. Even then I left clothed in pettiness Waiting for meaning But the sea Could not break the hold of starvation.

I sought to possess the numinous But there is nothing of mine to bring forth When the Earth is all that yields. Once bewitched by clouds Yet I was never lost Still Her memory In my heart does not recall But only the question: When will I become what I cannot possess?

As I write I cannot hear the sea

^^ Diabolus

Once as always Tides The loneliness of unity Will call us forth From behind the Earth. Life listened But in sleep Until I met us all again Through your eyes And my animal flesh

I met us all again Where the Earth is No longer Earth And would know that expression again When the stars were my eyes And my heart Had no name

Eternity is Nameless Where the stars Are not stars. Wake again, cold space And I will seek Creation

And seek again Through your eyes And my animal flesh

^^ Monuments

Cradled in rock Thoughts are returned To monuments, never sleeping Beneath the quartz slope Where hands once tore To fashion, for us, a question

But we do not need to seek signs: The Earth is scarred by monuments They grew like trees, rooted in minds But Life has moved on since Now my own hands cease to tear From Earth an answer

What will I be then For future eyes? A circle of musick, a stone to stand Before each traveller, Its message unchanging?

I will be a declaration Only as a tree declares itself; For the secret was already unlocked When the Earth Still bathed in fire

^^ Art

He drew a symbol To make his mark But he did not exist Only the storms he once painted That would return

He was glad When the symbol was carried It was his Legacy, emblazoned But he was the same

As those who carried As the one who spoke before the crowd; They had drawn the symbol He did not exist

To justify his mark The artist looked back To those before him But saw only the storms Returning

The same storm Behind each eye Speaks no revelation Of Self and Isolation: The banner was one Life Carried by their Desire

You drew the symbol I am you who now addresses the crowd There is no Art to make a mark The choice is one of Life It is only the storm That returns

^^^ Master of Charms

In words Are no measures of Time. Thus, the message of Clouds Their progression I do not seek to compare With a voice I contain Once thrown out from unhewn rock To infinite depths

It was the falling snow That stayed against the blue As the blizzard of stars As the clinging ash Was the carved frame that contains A life After my bones have nourished The hewn rock

There is no measure here To perturb our mind; The sky above me now Is the orange-grey presence Again, as so long ago

I see all that I had seen Know all that I have known. This is not the order I have believed But the state I have dreamed

Where the clouds are

^^^ Annum per annum

I will wait for a far-off place Where distant rain brings mist And low cloud wreathes grey around The black stone and the unseen nests. May others look across water To where I sleep Growing as each season lends a little grey To flesh. This man of mystery Who carries the hills within:

Through my eyes They glimpse themselves again

But I cannot live now As the man of my future. In the Wilderness I found even less Of myself; No centre Only fragments disowned, of pitiful stature My escape, the slow tides Of the sky. But there is a life to be lived While such tides feed my flesh

While my mind Frames the underground spring That sustains; And gracious life, the rain that befriends. Acknowledged without symbol, Thought as the river A wonder so simple, as to be missed Or rejected In slow flowering

With each sun Another memory played out until Only the light of existence Sees infinity held within rock. My soul will dream again No longer stifled by peace And the land will not bear The repeating blow: I cannot be more than I am ...

Or will each far-off place Bring me to stand always beneath the Moon Wishing I could weep? Each time, my head bowed She speaks with my voice: Birth

This man of mystery, white as Winter Turns again to the distant rain But will seek no more, what he has become ^^^

A Note on 'Seven'
ONA 1997 eh

For the West, the cosmos has always been apprehended as a division of seven fundamental vibrations - a concept which originated from Albion. Throughout the ages, this division has been symbolised by various forms: stars, trees, metals - and planets. The forms so chosen are, for the most part, used in a *symbolic* sense, rather than a literal one. Thus, with regard to the planets, those ascribed to the spheres of the **Tree of Wyrd** as used within the Septenarv System [or 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'; Traditional Satanism, and so on] are used purely as symbols to represent the seven fundamental forces of the cosmos, rather than there being forces literally ascribed to the planets themselves, or the planets somehow creating those forces.

Thus, that there were at one time only seven observable planets, did not influence the concept of the 'cosmic seven'; rather, because seven planets were known to exist, they were conveniently ascribed as symbols representing the already existing seven vibrations. The fact that other planets have since been observed is irrelevant, since - those other planets do not change what actually exists - the seven - and are not important esoterically, since the planets are used only in a symbolic sense.

Of course, this is not to say that the planets and the constellations do not signify 'effects' in the esoteric sense, but within a magickal ritual, the usual 'grimoire' type approach to their contribution produces perceived results so small as to be negligible [and what may exist - fairly negligible in itself - is not recognised because something else is anticipated.

With regard to the constellations, an understanding of their significance within the workings of the cosmos requires a particular type of living few will undertake today - and that living may span over several 'alchemical seasons' (many years). In both cases, the Adept must discover, for themselves, by practical living, the reality of these natural forms - as entirely separate from their traditional use as abstract symbols throughout history.

A form such as astrology approaches nature via an understanding confined within symbolism; magick uses symbolism as a means towards a unified understanding, the symbolism [and this includes such forms as the Tree of Wyrd] being discarded once the cosmos is apprehended as it is, devoid of projections. As always stressed, this apprehension can only ever be created by an alchemical way of living, as enshrined by the practical ordeals of the Seven Fold-Way.

- Order of nine Angles -

Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance

Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a 'Special Forces' unit (such as the British SAS). I shall explain why this is so, but first will describe what genuine Adeptship is.

An Adept is an individual who has undertaken an Occult quest and who has, as a result of that quest, the following abilities/attributes: a) a real understanding of esoteric, Occult matters, and a deep esoteric knowledge/insight; b) esoteric skills - chief of which is empathy: with both natural and 'Occult' forces/energies. An important aspect of this empathy [an intuitive understanding of things as those things are in their essence] is with living beings and that species mis-named Homo Sapiens Sapiens; c) a unique character - formed via experience; d) a unique 'philosophy of life' attained via self-discovery and self-experience ~ by finding answers unaided.

Adeptship results from a transformation - a transmutation of the individual. This begins at Initiation, whether that be ceremonial or hermetic [i.e. as part of a group or alone]. It is an internal alchemical process of change and occurs on all levels - the psychic, the magickal, the intellectual, the psychological and the physical. It is the birth of a new individual who has skills, knowledge, understanding and judgement not possessed by the majority.

The changes themselves arise from a synthesis - there is an evolution of the individual and their consciousness because of a successful response to a challenge. Or rather, because of a series of such successful responses over a period of some years. In essence, the Initiate undertakes a challenge, strives to achieve a certain goal, and if successful, grows in character, maturity, knowledge, esoteric skill and so on. They then move on to new challenges, until the process is complete and Adeptship attained. The challenges themselves occur on all the levels mentioned above - i.e. the psychic, the magickal (or Occult), the intellectual, the psychological and the physical.

Quintessentially, the path to Adeptship is a quest which involves ordeals, the achievement of goals and so on. Furthermore, the quest is **individual** and involves experiences in the real world: not just 'in the head' or of a 'magickal' nature. By its nature it is solitary - it involves the individual overcoming the challenges, undertaking the ordeals, alone. If certain ordeals and challenges and experiences are not undertaken - and if all of them are not done alone - then there is no real achievement and thus no genuine Adeptship.

The nature of the experiences, challenges and ordeals which are necessary, and the fact that they all must be done alone and unaided, makes Adeptship difficult to attain, and is the reason why real Adepts are rare, although there are many who claim the achievement.

Returning to the example mentioned above - that is, real Adeptship is more difficult to attain than being selected for and successfully training with a Special Forces unit. The selection procedures for such a Unit are tough, and the training likewise. But the individual undergoing them has a definite, concrete goal - and that individual is with others: there is a comradeship, a desire not to 'lose face' in front of others. Also, the individual is in a definite environment - usually a training camp with Instructors and other members of the Unit. There is a 'tradition' with its special signs: a uniform, a beret, an insignia. And everyday concerns - food, shelter etc. ~ are taken care of.* In contrast, the goal of Adeptship is mostly intangible: it seems 'magickal' and Occult; part of another world. Further, the Initiate is on their own and still lives, for the most part, in the 'real world' - they have responsibility to clothe and feed themselves (at the very least) and find or have some shelter.

[*Except, of course, during training exercises of the survival kind - but these are limited, in time and space, and part of 'the course' which is real and known.]

But there is more. The **physical** challenges alone which an aspirant Adept must undertake are, in fact, more difficult, more tough, than those used by any Special Forces unit. They are more testing, more selective. Only the strongest, the most determined, survive them. Add to these physical challenges the many others that are required - intellectual, magickal, psychological and so on - and it is easy to understand why Adepts (or genuine ones at least) are so rare, and why they are part of an elite. Of course, there are many - in fact, most - who call themselves Occultists of whatever Path or none, who

maintain that such things are not required for Adeptship to be achieved.[I shall describe in detail the actual challenges themselves, shortly.]

These Occultists maintain that Adeptship is actually one or more of the following: (a) amassing a great amount of what passes for 'esoteric knowledge' by, for example, reading a lot of books and magazines, and by attending various meetings/discussions/conferences/participating in "Magic(k)al" forays; (b) being given the title 'Adept' by either (i) someone else for services rendered or whatever, or (ii)undertaking a self-written/published "Rite" after which one congratulates oneself and uses the title Adept; (c) achieving an "enlightenment" during some ceremony/working/ritual/discussion/induced stupor/trance/communication with a supra-personal entity/extra~terrestrial intelligence; (d) being "chosen" by someone/some entity/some extra-terrestrial intelligence; (e) hanging around the Occult scene for so long that one feels entitled to call oneself an Adept.

All of these are merely delusions of attainment. I do not expect this article to shatter the delusions and illusions of the deluded - for they need them, and the false Adepts will continue to fantasize about their achievement just as many individuals will continue to fantasize about belonging to or having belonged to, various Special Forces units. What this article will do, is to present the real meaning and significance of Adeptship in a way which is not open to misinterpretation: to reveal, for once and for all, the illusions of Occultists for what they are, and thus what is really necessary for genuine Adeptship.

Among the challenges an Adept has successfully undertaken, are the following:

1) Several physical (and mental) goals of which the minimum standards are (a) walking 32 miles carrying a pack weighing not less than 301bs in under 7 hours over difficult hilly terrain; (b) running 20 miles in less than 2 hours over fell-like/mountainous terrain; (c)cycling not less than 200 miles in 12 hours. 2) Having organized and run for not less than six months, a magickal/Occult group/coven/Temple of not less than seven people and performed ceremonial and hermetic rituals regularly.

3) Having found and loved (and probably lost) at least one 'magickal companion' and worked with them in a magickal and personal way over a period of many months. 4) Having attained an understanding and mastery of esoteric magick - external and internal - via practical workings over a concentrated period of time lasting at least two years. And, following this, have begun to understand what is beyond external and internal magick - i.e. Aeonick magick and processes.

5) Having experienced in real-life situations, danger involving one's possible death.

6) Having faced many and severe dilemmas of a personal and 'moral' nature the resolution of which required a choice and which consequently brought a maturity of outlook and a sadness.

7) Having spent at least three months living totally alone in an isolated area without talking to anyone and without any modern comforts and distractions. 8) Having developed one's intellect by mastering a complex and abstract subject hitherto foreign to one: e.g. advanced mathematics, The Star Game; symbolic Logic.

Show me someone who has not done the above (or very similar things) alone and who claims to be an Adept, and I will show you a liar - be that liar aware of the lie, or unaware of it. For too long, the intentional and unintentional liars have had no one to challenge them - and their characterless version of 'Adeptship' or 'Adepthood'.

All the challenges enumerated above breed character. They are formative; they create the Adept. And those mentioned are only some of the challenges an Initiate must successfully experience and triumph over ~ there are many more.

There is no easy way, no easy path, to Adeptship. The journey takes years, and involves self-effort, self-discovery, unaided. It involves triumphs, and mistakes - and learning from one's mistakes. But perhaps most of all it involves a commitment and a learning from practical experience.

However, it should be remembered that Adeptship is not the end of the quest. There are stages beyond, which require even more difficult and dangerous experiences - which need even more self-honesty. For, conventionally, Adeptship is only half-way between Initiation and the ultimate goal, sometimes described as the gateway to immortality.

As with Adeptship, there are many who claim to have been to the stages beyond Adeptship - who claim to be 'Masters' or Grand Masters, or even the stage beyond! Like most 'Adepts', these are liars, both intentional and unintentional, and they will be exposed in another iconoclastic article.

I - Causal and Acausal

An aeon is the term used to describe a stage or a type of evolution. Evolution itself is taken to result from a certain specific process - and this process can be described, or explained [or 're-presented'] via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes over or through or because of, 'time' - this 'time' having two components. These two components are the causal and the acausal.

More exactly, the cosmos itself can be described or explained or re-presented by acausal and causal space-time. Causal space-time is 4-dimensional: there are 3 spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and 1 time dimension, this time dimension being linear and unidirectional. That is, causal time 'flows' in one direction only from past to present to future. Causal time is defined by this one-way flow and by the moments which are used to mark the changes in this flow. [In effect, causal space-time is the 'everyday' physical world we live in and can perceive by our physical senses. It is the world described by the laws of Physics.] Acausal space-time has n spatial dimensions [where n is at present undefined but is greater than 3 and less than infinity] and acausal time dimensions. The spatial dimensions of acausal space are not at right angles to each other. Further, acausal time is not unidirectional - it can flow in any direction - and it is not linear: that is, it has more than one component. In effect, acausal time (unlike causal time) has more than one time-dimension. The acausal and the causal can be considered as two different 'universes'. The causal universe contains physical matter - that is, varying types of physical energy. We are familiar with the various forms of this physical matter - stars, planets, the rocks and elements forming the planets. The acausal universe likewise contains matter - acausal matter or energy. This acausal energy and its changes in acausal space-time can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and a representation of acausal time. At present, we are mostly unfamiliar with the types of acausal energy. However, the acausal universe intersects or manifests in the causal universe at specific places - that is, a particular type of acausal energy is present in the causal universe at these places. These places are life-forms or living organisms. That is, a living organism is a region of the cosmos where the fabric of causal space-time and the fabric of acausal space-time meet or 'intersect'. The more evolved, the more complex, the life-form or organism, the greater this intersection. Thus, living organisms result from a specific type of acausal energy 'flowing' into the causal universe - in effect, this acausal energy changes the structure of causal space-time. The greater the acausal energy, the more evolved, the more complex the organism. The physical death of an organism is when this energy flow ceases - the organism then becomes just inert, physical matter. Death means that the connection between the causal and the acausal is severed at the localized place of intersection. Our own sentient life - the most advanced and complex living organism we know at present - is therefore the largest intersection of these two universes. We access more of this specific acausal energy than any other organism we know. In effect, each individual is a nexion - that is, a connection or nexus between the two universes. Our consciousness means that we possess the latent ability to directly access the acausal.

Aeons, Civilizations and Archetypes:

An aeon is a manifestation, in the causal, of a particular type of acausal energy. This energy re-orders, or changes, the causal. These changes have certain limits - in both causal space and causal time. That is, they have a specific beginning and a specific end. A civilization (or rather, a higher or aeonic-civilization) is how this energy becomes ordered or manifests itself in the causal: how this energy is revealed. A civilization represents the practical changes which this energy causes in the causal - in terms of the effect such energy has on individuals and this planet. A civilization is tied to, is born from, a particular aeon. By the nature of this energy, a civilization is an evolution of life - a move toward a more complex, and thus more conscious, existence. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree - in this case, the surface of the soil is the boundary between the causal (above the soil) and the acausal (below or in the soil). The roots of the tree are thus in the acausal [and here represent acausal energy] and the trunk and branches are in the causal. The civilization is the trunk of the tree, and the aeon is represented by the roots - they 'drive'

or make the growth and thus determine the shape and health of the tree. The societies that make up a particular civilization are the branches of the tree, and the individuals who make up the societies are the small twigs and the leaves of the tree.

Aeons, civilizations and individuals are examples of organisms. They are all created, or are born; they all grow and change; and they all at some time die. They all occupy a finite space over a finite span of time. They all undergo metamorphosis or change. They all possess an organic structure of change. This structure - for aeons, civilizations and individuals - is of a similar type, and it can be studied and thus understood. That is, various 'models' can be developed to describe this structure and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is the practical manifestation of a particular aeon, and an individual is an aspect, or part of, a particular civilization or a particular culture. A culture represents the various stages below that of a civilization - cultures are also an evolutionary development, a coming-together of individuals which enables more of the acausal to be 'accessed' and which thus produces changes for those individuals. A civilization, however, represents a much higher stage of development - a conscious awareness. Here we are only concerned with civilizations and the individuals associated with civilizations - for the simple reason that compared to civilizations, cultures and the peoples associated with them, are relatively insignificant in evolutionary terms: cultures are the evolutionary forms which pre-date civilization. The reality is that civilization, and thus aeons, are the first significant manifestations of individual consciousness and thus creativity.

All the individuals associated with a particular civilization - unless and until they attain a specific degree of self-awareness [variously called 'individuation' and 'Adeptship'] - are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from - is determined by - the civilization and thus the aeon. In practical terms, the psyche is a manifestation of the acausal energy that creates/created the civilization. Archetypes (in the Jungian sense) are one aspect of the psyche - that is, archetypes are expressions of the acausal energy which a particular civilization represents.

This acausal energy determines and/or influences the actions and behaviour of the individuals of the civilization. That is, for the majority of individuals, their Destiny is that of the civilization itself - they do not possess a unique Destiny of their own. Only those individuals who have achieved the stage of evolutionary development which individuation/Adeptship represents have a unique Destiny, because only these individuals have freed themselves from the mostly unconscious influences and constraints which the psyche imposes. In terms of the inexact oak tree analogy, an individual with a unique Destiny is a seed or acorn which breaks free of the tree and can begin a new life as a sapling - if it survives. The energies which a particular aeon and civilization represent are unique to that aeon and its associated civilization. That is, each civilization and aeon has its own unique, separate identity: its own ethos. Each civilization represents a stage of evolution, a step forward in the process of evolution itself. This means that each civilization has unique archetypes and that these archetypes are born with that civilization, grow with that civilization and die with that civilization - they possess no life beyond the confines of that civilization or aeon.

An aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time - a civilization lasts around 1,500 years. That is, it takes several centuries for the energies of a particular aeon, already presencing or 'flowing' to Earth from the acausal, to produce practical, visible and significant changes: to re-order the causal in a specific geographical region. An aeon is linked to a specific geographical area - and there is a place, or centre or 'nexion' where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because of how the type of acausal energy which creates a civilization works. Fundamentally, an aeon is an actual physical presencing, on Earth, of a particular type of acausal energy. Generally, this centre acquires a religious or cult significance in the centuries before and the centuries following the emergence of the civilization associated with the particular aeon whose energies are most manifest at that centre. In general, in the early stages of a civilization, the acausal energy is apprehended in a particular archetypal or mythological way which is unique to that civilization.

The list in *Table I* describes the energy associated with a particular civilization - although it should be understood that such descriptions, in terms of 'ethos' and such things, are merely inaccurate guides to the type of energy. Such things as 'ethos' are how the individuals within a particular civilization apprehend such energy. This apprehension is both causal and acausal - in inexact terms, both rational and intuitive. This ethos, like a civilization, grows and changes; i.e. it evolves, while retaining the same inner essence. The four civilizations listed in *Table I* are the higher or aeonic civilizations - i.e. those which have changed/shaped our conscious evolution. Four other civilizations have existed [the Egyptian; the Indic;

the Sinic and the Japanese] but they (a) have not contributed significantly to such evolution (i.e. they lack large-scale creativity) and (b) they are related to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an aeonic civilization are: (1) it possesses a distinctive ethos [note: an ethos is not a 'religion' - rather, it is a particular and original "outlook on the world" and a particular way of living]; (2) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from a social challenge such as the disintegration of another nearby civilization]; and (3) it is creative and noble on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the insights of both Toynbee and Spengler are interesting - forming the basis for further analysis and extension. Basically, Spengler expressed the organic nature of a civilization (although he did not fully and accurately define what a civilization is) while Toynbee provided an historical formulation for the formative changes a civilization undergoes (such things as a 'Time of Troubles' and a Universal State or Imperium) and a useful definition of civilization (in terms of being a response to a physical or social challenge). Cliology, although based on these insights, does not depend on the minute details inherent in their work; rather, what is essential is extracted and used as a foundation to build another more far-reaching model.

The mechanisms by which civilizations have hitherto affected evolution is that of 'creative/heroic' individuals. Most of these individuals are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act or to express that ethos by their living. Hitherto, few individuals in any civilization have reached the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence (mostly unconscious) of the civilization's ethos or wyrd. Of course, there are many who now believe they have done this - as there have been some individuals who believed this in the past; but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is one of the primary aims of genuine esoteric arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious evolution and thus personal development, where they become free of such influence - i.e. for individuals to achieve a uniqueness of identity, a personal wyrd. This development requires the cultivation of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason - and for this cultivation to be achieved it is necessary for individuals to know and understand how and why things like civilizations and aeons are as they are. What I have called 'cliology' is an expression of such understanding, and as such a study and understanding of cliology [the science of aeons and the study of the acausal] aids conscious development, thus making Adeptship/individuation possible and enabling aeonic magick.

The pattern which each and every civilization follows can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for both an aeon and an individual. This symbolism enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification - a rational insight into and thus understanding of the patterns and processes themselves. Secondly, it significantly develops an already existing mental faculty and creates a new one - the ability to reason in abstract symbols, and the ability to reason in numinous symbols.

The ability to reason in abstract symbols basically describes mathematics (and thus the laws of Physics which are best expressed in mathematical form). Cliology extends the intellectual faculty which mathematics encourages and develops by creating an abstract symbolism which represents the acausal and some of the effects of this acausal in the causal. [For a brief outline of this abstract symbolism see the MSS: Cliology - A Basic Introduction] Further, cliology creates and encourages the development of an entirely new faculty of consciousness - the ability to think in numinous symbols.

This difference between purely abstract symbols and numinous symbols is important. Basically, a numinous symbol is a symbol which possesses acausal energy - it captures the essence of something which is acausal, and in doing this the symbol has the power to provoke or cause causal changes. In the simple sense [which is rather inexact] one might say a numinous symbol possesses or has 'life' - it is a living entity in itself, although it lives in the psyche. A rudimentary and mostly unconscious numinous symbol is an archetype; another is a myth/mythos. The numinous symbols of cliology (of which the Star Game is an excellent example) are conscious. By 'conscious' here is meant - rational, understood. An unconscious symbol such as an archetype is in reality a proto-numinous symbol - it is seldom consciously understood, being felt and/or experienced rather than rationally apprehended. Further, a conscious numinous symbol can be used by an individual to bring about controlled aeonic changes because such symbols, being understood, can be precisely controlled and directed. An unconscious symbol produces imprecise internal change and imprecise external change: that is, it is not by its nature particularly amenable to manipulation. A numinous symbol thus makes Aeonic magick feasible for really the first time.

Aeons and Civilizations

Table I

Aeon	Symbol	Associated Civilization	Dates	Magickal Working
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Primal	Horned Beast	--	9,000-7,000BP	Shamanism
Hyperborean	Sun	Albion	7,000-5,500BP	Henges
Sumerian	Dragon	Sumeric/Egyptiac	5,000-3,500BP	Trance/Sacrifice
Hellenic	Eagle	Hellenic	3,000-1,500BP	Oracle;Choral-dance
Thorian (Western)	Swastika	Western	1,000BP- 500AP	Ritual
Galactic	--	Galactic	>2,000eh	Star Game and >

Notes:

(1) 'BP' means Before Present (c.1980eh); 'AP' means After Present.

(2) There was no civilization (aeonic or otherwise) associated with the first aeon.

(3) The magickal centres (or nexion) for the civilizations are as follows: Albion - Stonehenge; Sumerian - between the Tigris and Euphrates [near present-day Baghdad]; Hellenic - Delphi; Western - area in the Welsh Marches.

II. Basic Principles of Aeonic Magick

All aeonic magick can only be used, by its nature, in three ways - (1) aid the already existing or original wyrd of an existing aeonic civilization; (2) create a new aeon and thus a new aeonic civilization; (3) distort or disrupt an existing civilization and thus the aeonic forces of that civilization. That is, aeonic magick involves working (a) with existing aeonic energy (as evident in the associated aeonic civilization); or (b) against existing aeonic energy; or, finally, it involves (c) creating a new type of aeonic energy by opening a new nexion and drawing forth new acausal energies. Thus aeonic magick involves knowing the wyrd of the presently existing civilization and if there are/have been any attempts to disrupt that wyrd, magickally or otherwise.

The energy brought forth by aeonic magick can be used in three ways.

(a) Directed into a specific already existing form (such as an individual) or some causal structure which is created for this purpose. This structure can be some political or religious or social organization, group or enterprise, or it can be some work or works of 'Art', music and so on.

(b) Drawn forth and left to disperse naturally over Earth (from the site of its presencing).

(c) Shaped into some new psychic or magickal form or forms - such as an archetype or mythos.

Before undertaking any form of aeonic magick, the cliologist [someone skilled in, knowledgeable about and who uses aeonic energies] must formulate an aim or intent. The means to achieve this must be chosen - and the practical forms, if required, must be created and be in readiness for the energies once the energies are unleashed. If a specific form - such as a new archetype - is chosen as means, then the cliologist must be knowledgeable about archetypes and adept at manipulating magickal energies into psychic forms. Similarly, if a physical nexion is chosen as a means of accessing acausal energies, the appropriate individuals must be organized and trained to undertake the appropriate rite(s).

Techniques and Control:

There are only a certain number of techniques by which acausal energy can be accessed, as there are only a certain number of ways whereby this energy, once accessed, can be directed or 'controlled' into the various forms which are to be used to spread or disperse that energy.

(1) The first technique is creating a new physical nexion. This can be done by specific hitherto esoteric magickal rites, such as the Rites of the Nine Angles (qv.) and the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion (qv.). [It should be noted that Esoteric Chant, combined with a quartz tetrahedron, is one of the most effective ways of opening a nexion.] The chosen rite is conducted on the chosen site. It is often necessary to conduct a second or third rite within the space of a few weeks to fully open a new nexion. The new nexion, once open, needs to be kept open and this requires regular rites on the chosen site for many years - a specific rite [which does not necessarily involve sacrifice] should be constructed to do this. This specific rite needs to be undertaken at the very least twice yearly for the first five years, and then once yearly for at least ten years. One of the best methods to use for this specific rite is Esoteric Chant using a quartz tetrahedron.

(2) The second technique is using the advanced form of the Star Game. The cliologist sets the pieces to represent the existing aeon and the existing civilization at the specific moment of causal time the energy is to be accessed. The pieces are then selectively moved to change what presently exists and to represent the changes desired in the future. In this technique, the cliologist becomes a nexion via the symbolism - or rather, they access the acausal via their own psyche by means of the numinous symbols of the Star Game. This is so because the Star Game exactly re-presents those intersections between the causal and

acausal which are an aeon, an aeonic civilization and an individual. [It should be noted that while this technique is the simplest, it is also the most difficult, requiring great skill in the Star Game and thus a high level of cliological understanding.]

(3) The third - and only ancient - method is mimesis. This involves imitating either (i) some aspect of an already existing cosmic/Earth-based cycle/pattern/working and then either following the natural pattern or introducing a slight variation; or (ii) creating a new pattern/cycle/mythos to describe the energies and their effects. In effect this often involves (a) "acting-out" an archetypal r"le or drama (the key here is identification with the r"le - often during a ceremony involving others); or (b) creating realistic 'models' of events, symbolically imbuing them with "life" and then acting out with these models the desired future events. [It should be noted that (a) and (b) are difficult to do properly - because intent and portrayal have to be precise- and thus are not often very effective.] One neglected form of mimesis is creative art - using an art-form (such as a work of fiction, a sculpture) to portray someone, some sequence of events or some archetypal energy. This form becomes a nexion - and thus influences the psyche of others by those others reading/viewing the art-form. However this form does not produce large-scale significant aeonic change.

The keys to controlling the energy are symbolism and forms. Unless it is be left undirected, all acausal energy, once accessed by whatever means, has to be directed by the person or persons who drawn it forth into the causal world. The easiest way to deal with acausal energy is to let it disperse naturally - i.e. no effort is made to control and direct it into specific forms or symbols. Such energy is 'raw' - it is chaotic and primal (when viewed from the causal) and thus exceedingly dangerous if brought forth by someone who has not attained the stage of Master/Lady Master. It is psychically disruptive.

It has to be remembered that all acausal energy cannot be contained beyond certain limits - that is, such energy produce acausal changes as well as causal changes. The causal changes are temporal ones - present or future effects caused by such energy. It is these changes which can, in the simple sense, be produced by the cliologist by that cliologist controlling or directing the energy via symbolism and/or forms. That is, these are the changes which are desired by the cliologist who uses the symbolism and/or forms to achieve them. The acausal changes are not temporal - i.e. they are not controllable in causal time. In the simple sense, they are - or rather appear to be - random changes. The cliologist must create or aim to create future forms and/or symbolism which takes into account the possible emergence into the causal of such acausal changes - in practice, such forms absorb the 'random' energy when it appears or manifests in the causal. If this is not done, it is possible that such energy may disrupt/distort and thus undermine the causal changes created by the cliologist. Most of these acausal changes can be gleamed from the symbolism of the advanced Star Game if the pieces are set to represent the conditions pertaining at the moment of causal time when the aeonic working is first undertaken, and if the aeonic working itself is represented by the first sequence of moves from that departure point.

To fully control and thus direct the energy, new forms and/or symbolism should be created to channel the energy. These then enshrine or come to re-present the energy. Examples of practical social forms are ideas and ideals; an example of a practical psychic form is an archetypal figure - a character from a new mythos; an example of a practical political form is a political organization; and example of a practical 'religious' form is a new ethos. All these things - and the many others like them - should be created before the act or acts of aeonic magick by the cliologist with the intention of them being used to cause or bring about changes in the real world, in the causal. The nature of such things should be akin to the type of changes desired. Each such creation should itself be represented by a unique symbol or sign; by a unique descriptive word, phrase or slogan; by a unique piece of sound [or 'music']; by particular collocations of colour, and so on - or by one particular individual who embodies that idea, ideal, mythos or whatever. These unique creations should embody the essence of the change or changes required. During the act or acts of aeonic magick, the cliologist focuses or directs the energy so accessed into artifacts which portray or represent the unique symbols or signs, and thus into the very symbols themselves and the forms represented by those symbols. In effect, the symbols and forms become alive - they exist, have being and cause changes. They grow and undergo metamorphosis. The acquire an independent existence of their own. The greater the acausal energy presented by or in such forms and symbols, the greater the changes produced - the more life they possess.

Fundamentally, aeonic magick is concerned with producing large-scale changes over many centuries - it is concerned with changing or altering the destiny of millions of peoples on time-scales which be as long as a millennia. This requires certain abilities and certain skills - but above all it requires that wisdom and knowledge which only genuine Masters/Lady Masters possess.

Aeons, Civilization and Ethos

Aeonic Civil.	Essence of Ethos	Country of Ethos
Albion	proto-Druidism	Britain
Sumerian	Vedas	Indus
Hellenic	Iliad	Greece
Western	National-Socialism	Third Reich
Galactic	Galactic Empire	Solar System and >

- Notes:
- (1) The ethos is the unique spirit, the unique wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon. What is listed above is that the practical form or expression which captures or captured the essence of a particular ethos.
- (2) Manifestations of the ethos include the following.
- (a) for the Hellenic - Greek Tragedy; Reason; Logic.
- (b) for the Western: Science; Technology; Exploration; Space-Travel
- (c) for Albion - Stonehenge and other, similar monuments.
- (3) Little is known about the practical expression of the ethos of the civilization of Albion other than genuine Druidism (as portrayed by the Classical writers) enshrined some of its spirit.

Aeonics and Politics

Aeonic magick is concerned with two things: (1) understanding the fundamental principles of how certain types of magickal energy (existing in the acausal) manifests and may be made manifest in the causal; and how those energies when so manifest produce temporal change; (2) actually using such energies - via rites etc. to bring such change in accord with one's desire or goal,

(1) implies learning about aeons and civilizations - how both are formed, lives decay and change via acausal energies - and about how those within them, from individuals upward, are changed and manipulated by the various forms the acausal energies assume. Among such forms are archetypes, myths and mythos, ideas, symbols (including artistic representations), as well as the more transient types like politics and religion.

(2) implies learning the skills of aeonic magick and follows after (1). The basic skills are aeonic rites (eg. the Nine Angles rites; Ceremony of Recalling)g the Star Game, and creative manipulation of symbols, ideas and so on (including the more transient forms).

(1) is covered in the many and varied Order MSS dealing with Aeonics and details of the basic skills are given in 'Naos' 'Black Book' and the various rituals (most now available in various publications). This present MS will deal with an area not specifically covered before with a view to dispelling some misconceptions.

Sinister aeonic magick implies actual use of the energies by individuals - bringing change(s) to the 'real' or temporal world. This use is often misunderstood by non-Adepts of sinister traditions, and particularly by those who adhere to the old distorted magic(k)al systems. For instance, aeonic magick was used earlier this century to aid a new political form and so try and alter in a significant way the direction of the Western civilization in order to bring about certain futures. These futures (the plural is intentional) would, if they had resulted, have led to the expansion of both a technological and thence an individual kind over a period of many centuries - and this because of the dynamic nature of the form chosen as well as the future transformation of it, via dialectic and internal metasomatosis. The most identifiable manifestation (ie. causal appearance) of this form was National-Socialist Germany. However, most individuals who consider this form, consider it not from an aeonic standpoint but rather from a limited, causal and 'moral' point of view - a view they take, also, of more recent attempts by other individuals and groups, to use that and similar forms for magickal ends. The perspective of this view is immediate rather than of centuries and millenia and shows a fundamental lack of understanding of not only aeonics but also magick itself.

The reality is that all significant magick is either Aeonic or internal: External magick is but a child's games to be played while learning the most basic skills of magick, or for amusement perhaps later on. To a real magickian, all types of political (as well as religious and cultural) forms are means - to be used if they are useful for aeonic or internal magickal goals. Genuine Adepts use many temporal forms - although they never identify with them in the sense of adhere to them causally: from a psychic perspective* In the initial stages of the seven-fold way, for example, some "roles" may be assumed by the Initiate to bring insight, challenges and generally experience the 'forbidden', the contrary, the 'heretical'. But these roles are only that - part of an internal, psychic and thus sinister manipulation of forms. Later, such forms - and others - may be used in the aeonic.sense: to bring about large-scale temporal change (how large depending on the intent as well as the skill and aim of the Adept). But in both, manipulation is the key.

Thus, those who criticize those LHP individuals and/or groups who do and have used political forms in the past - or some other temporal form: social, religious or ideological - clearly show by that very criticism and their subsequent "labelling" of those individuals and groups (from their own myopic and relative political' or "social" perspective) that they lack not only understanding but also insight into the basics of magick. In short, these labellers" expose themselves as not only unworthy of being called magickians, but also as adherents to the old, Nazarene dominated moral value~systems. Their lack of perspective and magickal understanding is not, however, unexpected considering the pathetic state of 'magical understanding' prior to the dissemination of ONA teachings - particularly relating to Aeonics and Internal magick.

On the individual level - of Initiates - the LHP is decidedly a-political, a-religious, and a-social (where

the "a" prefix means "beyond", "outside"), and is devoted to making each Initiate unique: that is, aiding them fulfil their potential, thus enhancing evolution and creating the next stage of our evolution. The ultimate aim of sinister aeonic magick is to create conditions in the 'real world' such that Initiation and Adeptship and all that these imply in terms of evolutionary understanding and insight, is not only available for all, but fulfilled. This of course, is and will be a long-term aim, perhaps achieved by the end of the next Aeon, perhaps not. But the aeonic magick of any one present moment (eg. a rite or form manipulation) aims to presence a part of that future in that present moment or create conditions enabling it* Thus, change is provoked and made possible - in individuals, groups and civilizations. Hence the complexity of aeonics, and the multitude of temporal forms used - but also its simplicity. For, viewed causally and simply, aeonics is change, opposition, creation; provoking challenges and insight, counterbalancing and adversarial. In short - a dialectic, for individuals, groups and civilizations as well as aeons. And it is this dialectic which is the 'numen' of sinister magick - its ultimate meaning and its ultimate challenge.

Quite simply, it is for those who aspire. The rest can continue their crawling non-existence. Naturally, in aeonic magick some mistakes have been made -some judgements have been shown by events to be incorrect. But understanding and reason are cumulative: a process of learning, for individuals, civilizations, and aeons.

Anton Long (ONA)

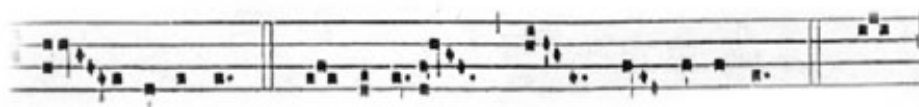
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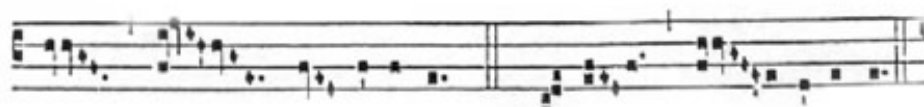
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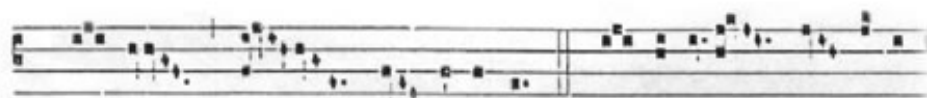
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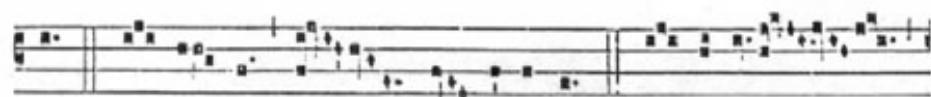
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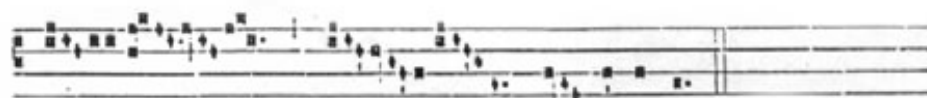
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Civilizations, Aeons and Individuals ONA

In order to represent these things in a way which provokes a higher, conscious understanding and thus the development of insight, it is necessary to develop a new type of abstract representation – a new kind of mathematics.

However, before proceeding to do this, some general clarifications are necessary.

An Aeon is the term used to describe a stage or type of evolution - Evolution is taken to result from a certain process – and this process can be described via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes in certain ways over 'time' – this 'time' having an acausal and a causal aspect: evolution is an increase of the acausal in the causal.

More precisely, the cosmos exists in both causal and acausal space-time where causal space-time (symbolized by $\sim\sim$) has 4 dimensions: three spatial, and one time dimension, this dimension being linear. Acausal space-time (symbolized by $\sim\sim$) has n spatial dimensions and one, acausal, time dimension. $\sim\sim$ intersects $\sim\sim$ at certain places – these places are 'Life-forms': i.e. a living organism is a place where $\sim\sim$ and $\sim\sim$ coincide. Sentient life is regarded as a 'large-scale' intrusion of $\sim\sim$ - into $\sim\sim$: a 'mergence' rather than just a point of coincidence. Consciousness is said to reside, or be, in the acausal. The energy of $\sim\sim$ and its changes in causal time, can be described and thus 'explained' by conventional scientific means, e.g. by Physics. The energy of $\sim\sim$ and its changes can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and acausal time.

An Aeon is a form or type of acausal energy which manifests in the causal – i.e. it has certain limits in both causal time and 3 dimensional space. It re-orders the causal – which is simply another way of saying such acausal energy produces certain changes in the causal. A civilization [or rather a 'higher' or Aeonic civilization] is how this form, this energy, is ordered in the causal – from a causal point of view. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree – the surface of the earth is the boundary between the causal (above) and the acausal (below). The roots are in the acausal (the acausal energy), the trunk and branches in the causal. The 'aeonic' aspect is the roots; the civilization aspect is the trunk; the societies within the civilization are the branches, and the individuals within a society are the twigs and leaves.

Civilizations, Aeons and individuals are examples of organisms – they are created, or born, they grow and change and then they die. They occupy a finite space over a finite time, undergo metamorphosis and so on. They possess structure or form, which form while variable within certain limits is the same or similar for all manifestations of a similar type – and this form can be studied and classified, and appropriate models formulated to represent it and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is an aspect of an Aeon, and an individual is an aspect of a civilization. All individuals – unless and until they attain a certain degree of self-awareness [variously called individuation and Adeptship] and thus inner liberation and freedom from 'unconscious' and other influences – are subject to the psyche and this psyche is determined [draws its energy from] the civilization and thence the Aeon. One form such energy takes is 'archetypes'. This energy [which is basically 'acausal' and not to be confused with the physical energy described by Science which is causal energy determines or influences the actions/non-actions of individuals insofar as those individuals affect the civilization and thus the Aeon. In other words, their lives do not affect or change the civilization or the Aeon. They are part of the Wyrd of that civilization – they do not possess a wyrd of their own. Using the inexact analogy – an individual with wyrd (an Adept or someone who has achieved individuation) is a seed which becomes free from the tree and can begin a new process (a sapling). All other individuals are tied to the tree to grow as it grows and die when it dies.

A civilization thus expresses an ordering of evolution. Its energy, and thus its archetypes and so on, is determined by the Aeon which 'creates' [or rather, causes its creation/manifestation in causal space-time]. These energies, for both a civilization and an Aeon can be described in various ways. The most simple (and not very accurate) is mythological/archetypal.

An Aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time. It is linked to a particular geographical region, and there is a centre to this where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because an Aeon is a physical presencing of acausal energy via a nexion – i.e. a nexus between the acausal and the causal. This centre usually acquires a cult or religious nature: mostly unconsciously. That is, certain individuals are 'drawn to this area' and the acausal energy produces/ provokes changes within and external to the psyche of these and other individuals.

The list given below describes the energy of each Aeon which has existed in mythological/archetypal

terms – it is a guide, rather than an exact description of the energies, and a guide to the changes which are caused in the psyche. [The exact description is purely abstract – in symbols – and is given later.] Each Aeon has a particular civilization associated with it. (See the list.) Its energy may be expressed in terms of an 'ethos' – that is, how the ~ [where the symbol ~ represents individual(s)] within that ~ (where the symbol means 'civilization') apprehend both causally and acausally [or in simple terms, both rationally and intuitively] the acausal energy of the Aeon. This ethos, like a ~, grows and changes; it evolves.

The civilizations listed are 'higher' or Aeonic ones – those that have changed/ shaped conscious evolution. Other civilizations have existed, but they have generally not contributed significantly to such evolution in terms of creativity – they are usually related, in time and space, to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an Aeonic civilization are: (a) it possesses a distinctive ethos [Note: an ethos is not a 'religion' as religion is conventionally understood.]; (b) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from the disintegration of an existing civilization (i.e. the challenge as such is social)]; (c) it is creative on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the work of Spengler and Toynbee is valuable, although its details are not essential. What their work has done, is to contribute some fundamental ideas about the nature and structure of civilizations – their detailed work (such as, in Toynbee's case, historical dates and events) adds flesh to the bones of the aeonic theory here propounded, but that theory is independent of such detail which may be and indeed should be surpassed in the future. The two most fundamental ideas of these historians are Spengler's one of the metamorphosis of what he terms a 'culture', and the genesis of civilizations as given by Toynbee – their origin, classification, inter-relation and so on. The ideas have been combined with others – some original, some not (some part of 'esoteric tradition') – to provide the framework for aeonic/acausal theory outlined here. This framework is 'Cliology' – the study of those processes which have caused historical change.

The mechanism by which civilizations affect evolution is that of 'creative individuals'. Most of these are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act, or to express that ethos more consciously, those causing others to act. Few individuals in a civilization reach the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence of the ethos – be such the ethos of their own civilization or that of another. Of course, many are there who believe they are free of such influence – but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is the aim of genuine Esoteric Arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious development where they become free of such influences – i.e. to achieve a uniqueness of identity. This requires insight, knowledge and reason – all of which are aided by understanding how and why things (such as civilizations) are as they are. Cliology is an expression of such understanding, and as such a learning of the subject aids conscious development and thus makes Adeptship/individuation possible. The abstract form, given here (particularly in the Second and Third parts of this introductory treatise) takes this rational understanding further.

Each civilization follows a pattern. This can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for an Aeon. Such study enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification. In one sense, this is a withdrawing of projections (in Jungian terms). Second, it develops already existing faculties and creates new ones – the ability to reason in abstract symbolism, for example, where the symbols are 'numinous' (i.e. "alive") rather than being simply 'intellectual'. That is, such symbols relate to those things which are important for an individual's life. [In a simple sense, the symbols of cliology are imbued with 'psychic energies' and thus possess 'power'. More correctly, the symbols re-present acausal energies as against causal ones such as in mathematics and physics.]

The symbolization enables the patterns on the levels of an Aeon, a civilization and individuals, to be followed and manipulated if necessary. It enables insight into Aeons, civilizations, individuals, and one's own self, and thus forms the essence of inner esoteric teaching.

The symbolization, at the present time of writing, is of three kinds, two of which have been developed quite recently. The first kind is the mythological/archetypal – the use of myths/archetypes and such forms to describe/represent the processes and patterns. Such representations are traditional, and still useful, particularly in the early stages of study. [One type of this kind of representation is the septenary Tree of Wyrd with each sphere being associated with various archetypes/mythological forms and so on.] The second kind, is The Star Game – a collocation of abstract symbols which re-present the acausal as it manifests in the causal, these symbols, as mentioned above, being numinous ones. The third type, the rudiments of which are described in the Second and Third Parts of this present work, is a formalized abstract system which represents the beginnings of a new science. The first and second types are

complete. The third type has only begun to be developed – the next few centuries should see this new science complete in most of its essentials. The mastery of the first type of symbolization is relatively easy. The mastery of The Star Game (in both septenary and advanced versions) takes quite an intellectual effort, stretching the frontiers of conscious evolution. The understanding of the third type, takes conscious evolution still further. The completion of this third type will stretch the frontiers almost to their limits.

All three kinds are genuine esoteric Arts.

- Order of Nine Angles -

DYSSOLVING
Diary of an Internal Adept
S. Lagain, ONA

In a Landscape

Winter darkens
And each city is a refuge:
Yet still a river moves through unlit moors
Waiting, miles from our place
Of Forgetting
And echoes
Elude the notes, formed
To seize Divinity
To suckle for some
A dream

My crucible, nourished now
By rain and snow
Has waited long years:
It is time for the Earth to bear again
From a kind of Death,
To bring the deepening spread of Summer
Once more by an Oath
In fever fulfilled

Frantic, a connexion sought
While each season is unheard.
Here, resides the longing
To find the Inner Land, immutable
Since in our loss
We cannot grasp
A killing frost that seeps
Where no paths
Cut us from the black hills
Where no track
Leads to a favoured place
And echoes, after you
We shall still be, waiting ...

DYSSOLVING
Diary of an Internal Adept
March

21st: Should the above read "Internal Inept"? A terrible start. I am cold and exhausted after the journey, but weather has been wonderful. I did not do a sufficient 'recce' of area, and arrogantly based my plans according to a map. Getting to this wilderness, burdened with my home on my back, has proved traumatic. Fool! First lesson?

I feel hungry. Upset - I miss J. To be honest, I have doubts about my ability - perhaps this is normal? I swing from one mood to the other. As I write, I can see the comet above - it seems encouraging. I feel frightened.

"Tomorrow is another day" and I really must take this one step at a time. I feel ... inept and about to be exposed as a fraud.

22nd: Collected a month's provisions - not a bad walk (twenty mile round trip) but back-breaking on the way back - kept my mind busy, though. Fairly positive today, particularly after having explored some of the area; and it is beautiful - exactly the right domain for the ritual: treeless, rocky, mountainous ...

I'm fine when I'm busy. This afternoon I was upset. All I can think of is the Summer Solstice - and yet , why can I not just "enjoy" this experience? Here and now? I wait now for the night, then I can sleep and one more day will be over.

This seems an awesome task - wonderful to romanticise about, but as with all things, the living reality is ... many intense things. I am happy using here as a base. It's been raining lightly now for a few hours - it looks as if it has been snowing on the mountains, which I can see from the tent.

I cannot begin to think about what I am doing - I just must go through each day ... And see. I don't see how I can do this; the tent is not really bearable to be in during the day. Raining heavily now. I must just do what I can. I will review the situation a week from yesterday.

23rd: Better day, more settled - explored more of the immediate landscape. Re-pitched the tent - and thought I had lost the tent pegs: I was almost overwhelmed with panic, which shows how nervous I am. This occurred as the afternoon rain started up, and I am paranoid about getting wet, particularly this early on. I have a fear of rain at present. I may re-locate the tent tomorrow to somewhere more picturesque - all the land here is water-logged. Still, as the weeks go on I am expecting the weather to become drier and warmer (!).

When the Sun breaks through the clouds there is some happiness. There is also simple pleasure in doing simple tasks, such as washing cutlery!

Horrors. Have just discovered five or six of what I presume are sheep ticks embedded in each leg. I have applied my insect repellent, pulled the bastards out, applied antiseptic and plasters. They must have pounced via my exposed socks (I am wearing breeks - tomorrow I shall permanently wear over-trousers). Horrible moment - apparently they can cause fever, but nothing life-threatening. One on my hand.

Those little scum must live everywhere - still, it's their land. I've yet to earn respect and trust from Nature. This is horrible. It's still raining. Cold, damp and feeling ill - already.

24th: Woke up feeling very unimpressed with the strong sunlight and general beauty of the weather. I only began to pick up when cleaning cutlery! The weather remained bright and clear, and helped to slowly instill a sense of cautious well-being. That feeling keeps me occupied, but fades as the day progresses to evening.

This is all very difficult. I do not feel 'esoteric' in the least; or that I am fitting comfortably into the 'role' of 'Hermit'. I am a man missing his beloved terribly. It feels cruel to be parted like this, and the sense of three months stretching before me seems too much to bear. Anguish.

But this situation is my choice - I could leave if I wanted. I just know that if I did, so much would be lost; my path would effectively end - a staying at 'external adept'. I would perhaps go on to live an enjoyable life composing music - but that music would lack the ultimate power that this ordeal can earth. There would be the torture of what could have been achieved. There would be failure, within me, where it matters.

I think my problem is the knowledge of the length of time ahead of me. I must try and become detached from the time-scale; live within each day - each moment in fact, each one acutely felt. Tomorrow does arrive, bringing me one day nearer to my goal.

I do need a task to occupy my time. Perhaps I will try to carve something. This whole situation is difficult, sickeningly so. But each day completed is a mini-triumph. I will endure.

25th: If I wrote this journal early each day there would be positivity; as it is so far, the evening brings such anguish and weeping - I am haunted by the moment we parted. I worry for her, and feel torn. A period of such anguish then brings rest.

There is so much I can derive from this experience - so much loss and failure if I "chicken out". Generally, my mood is one of contentment (it is still early days!). Today, apart from this evening, was my calmest yet. I spent a productive time contemplating the tarot.

The weather has been bright and warm, and I sat in the sun like an old man in his deck chair. It is during the day when I see things which bring a sense of well-being - ie. circling buzzards (possibly some eagles too), and deer: two hinds very close to the tent yesterday. And a stag standing on a distant rocky crag, as the sun set.

Night is approaching now - a time of great comfort when I don't have to endure - just rest, sleep. I am usually fairly tired at the end of each day, so sleep is no problem. Although quite cold.

Another day done - no further visits from ticks.

26th: Emotionally, a better day. I awoke before dawn, with the rain lashing down on the tent. I went out for some water and was caught in intense wintry showers, sleet and some hail. The river was engorged and raging.

As the showers subsided, I went for a further recon of the area, and decided on a place to re-locate the tent to - quite far from here, but it has a greater sense of wilderness.

Content; I feel I am starting to accept/identify with the role - or rather, am becoming it. Have spent time sitting and watching the land - and listening. Tonight, I watched deer on the horizon, feeding.

27th: I relocated the tent and belongings to the wilder place. Today, I have felt upset again, my mood unsettled by the relocation - it took three trips altogether, carrying all the stuff over steep and hilly land. It really began to irritate me.

Also weather very changeable - hail stones and very strong winds. As I write this, the tent is being buffeted by the strong weather, and the noise is oppressive. But what do I expect in this far Northern terrain, amid echoes of Winter?

I am low today. Saw two hinds this evening, which cheered me. The wildlife has that effect on me. I also observed a frog today, coloured brown like the heather. In fact, every life form, including the flies, seems of the same brown colour - except me in my bright red mountain cap (a stupid colour).

I am not happy today. Perhaps I will become more grounded as the weeks wear on; but my resolve remains. In fact, the alternative of giving up seems much more repellant now. The 'waiting' is not really that bad - as yet. Still worrying about J. though, still tearful, at times.

I am starting to get a feel for how a day progresses, uncluttered by a timetable of modern life and routine. I am attempting to calmly let each day unfold and pass.

28th: Bad night last night - I froze as rain and hail continued to assault the tent, and could barely sleep. This morning was spent warming up in tent with hot drinks, before venturing outside. The rain persisted on and off throughout day. It has been very grey, cold and damp which has made me feel lethargic. Despite conditions, I sat on a fallen tree by the burn, and began carving a 'wand' for J. This mindful act did go some way to easing an otherwise depressing day. It is a week today since beginning - I should be celebrating having reached this far! Yet it is obviously quite a pathetic 'achievement' compared to all the weeks, the months still to be endured.

After a week, things seem more of a burden - but my mood has certainly been affected by the weather. I feel irritated, slightly, by my predicament. Yet - on, on, it must be so. I feel pissed off, to be honest.

29th: It is possible to lose track of the day/date - even with diary as a reminder. Since each day has no form, no routine that I am used to, they tend to blur into each other ...

More Wintry showers this morning, cold again, but weather quickly gave way to the glorious Sun. I marvelled at the Sun today, as my body responded to its life-giving rays - I feel that I have gained a new understanding/relationship with the Sun (which I have tried to capture in an attempt at poetry), which seems the first - albeit subtle - gift of this venture. Just a new shift in perception.

Spent most of day carving by the river: it has, on the whole, been a good day, but marred slightly by a period of preoccupation with when I finish, on the Solstice. Too far away to happily dwell upon.

It's raining now. I feel a sort of detachment evolving re. my life prior to being here. I have accepted that I am going to see this ordeal through, so no longer dwell emotionally on what I have left behind. I feel 'I' as a personality am disappearing into the landscape; not an unsettling feeling, but, somehow, something of a relief and quietly inspiring. This detachment is not a rejection or judgement of what I have left behind - rather, this is my life now, and the expression of the life that I am becoming.

Writing poetry and carving have given shape and purpose to the day.

30th: Weather miserable for most of the day - cold, grey and raining. It has had a depressing effect - that coupled with a feeling of being a little physically run down (beginnings of a 'cold' coming on?). I have

felt, for the first time, really depressed, and sat by the river emotionally drained. This heaviness continued until early evening when, following the days only decent meal (porridge!), I continued to carve by the river and the Sun appeared, filling me once more with contentment - there was a loss of a certain dread that has plagued me for much of day.

Today, I sensed the awesome time factor ahead of me: tonight there is a sharp coherence, while earlier there was a lethargic, dulled and blurred lack of awareness. Tonight, I feel content.

3/1st: Last night, some living creature visited the tent. I awoke, in pitch darkness - I literally could not even see my hand before me - to the quiet but determined sound of something pulling things from my rucksack. I felt unnerved to say the least. There was also intermittent scratching at the edge of the tent - something trying to get to the bag of rubbish that I keep at the foot of the tent. It was a horrible unknown, insistent sound and my mind began to run through the various options: rat; wildcat ...? It might have been a weasel or stoat - whatever, it had claws and incisors (I could hear it nibbling away). I was disturbed. After lying still, my heart racing, I shouted, made movement, and went outside with a torch to see what I could find. Nothing, of course.

Stupidly, I had been keeping my food rubbish in tent, so bound to attract scavengers. I moved the bag some distance from tent, ledging it amongst the foundations of a crofter's cottage. I then securely fastened my rucksack.

From then on, I felt reasonably unbothered whether it returned or not - as long as it did not subject me to any carnivorous violence.

The sky lark has just sung a brief song, which so far, at least here, I have taken to be a herald of rain. Today has been depressing. I woke up reasonably confident, washed some clothes and myself, in the stream by the tent. I explored a part of the valley today. It is a very unsettling place - really, genuinely wild, exuding a sense of pre-human age that is too vast to cope with. There are no footpaths here, no tourist trails - just the fallen green husks of elfin trees, slimy boulders, and the vast violent cliff sides. Perhaps it is my heightening sensitivities, but I have never encountered such an atmosphere; for a twentieth century city dweller (even one who would be 'magickal') there are no familiarities - just a sense of awe, of ancient fear ... I felt unable to progress too far, partly because I was caught in a very heavy bought of rain, and mostly because the valley is too overwhelming. I need to explore it gradually, and build up trust on both sides.

I returned drained and wet to the tent, and have stayed here since the afternoon. Perhaps it was the valley, but for the first time, I felt the beginnings of real loneliness - real 'aloneness'.

The weather, as ever, does effect my mood. It is warmer tonight.

April

1st: The creature re-visited last night with a vengeance. The scavenging, and the ferocious winds worked away at my imagination - at my nerves! I do not mind admitting that terror began to grip me. The 'thing' at one point ran round the inside of the flysheet. Then silence. Then more gnawing and pulling of plastic. I shouted and shone the torch about in a panicked state. Silence - then more nibbling; almost as if it was finding the situation humorous, enjoying my fear. The wind battered the tent - in this ancient place, miles from anyone and anything. I shouted again, and the reply I got was a deep and sudden guttural exclamation - too deep and strong for a little rodent. I was shocked into silence. The gnawing, delicate and intense, continued. Then, I remembered my own magick, held the talisman around my neck, and was calm. I went off peacefully into sleep.

This morning, I discovered that the varmint had eaten through the bag containing my food - and had eaten into the oats and rice. The size of the holes were small, and obviously gnawed at by a rodent - so cannot explain the deep animal noise. I am no longer worried though, but calm in myself. I have wrapped and hidden all food in my rucksack, and firmly fastened it up - so little here now to attract a scavenger. No doubt it will return sometime tonight. But, I have sprinkled chilli powder over the rucksack, and a little at each entrance to tent!

Today, from the start, has been miserable - weather again grey, cold, windy and wet. It has felt the coldest day yet. Very oppressive. I ventured out for a time, as I could not stand just lying in the tent. Sat by the river at various places, then returned to tent, heavy with lethargy, feeling cold. The river does not, at times, lull me - rather its crashing rush seems to mirror the chaos of feelings within me, and can unsettle profoundly.

However, after a hot evening meal (generally, a stock cube boiled up with a little rice or pasta added), I ventured out again when the weather calmed. I sat high up, by the stream that flowed down by the tent, fed from the rocky slopes far above. I looked out across to the sea, with its tiny islands, and felt a sudden

overwhelming feeling of tremendous awe and beauty - a satori... The clouds, like the life forms they were, moving perfectly, calmly and quickly across the sky; the fading light, so serene, and a speck of a tiny white cottage far over the sound, many miles on the other distant shore: all created a sense of my future - of *becoming* the mystery itself. I felt resolved then to return to the world when the ordeal was over, and make a way of life that would capture the essence I felt. This feeling is difficult to describe - perhaps in music? This experience made up for the drabness of today.

April ... time is passing. I am content with where I am and the journey so far made.

2nd: A funny day. Weather, at last, quite beautiful - strong sunlight all day. Feeling quite positive (no scavenger last night, incidentally). I ventured up the sheer face of the fells, and found the small loch which is the source of my stream - it was beautiful up there, and it felt good to exercise my body after the inertia of yesterday.

Afternoon was spent by the burn that flows from the valley, sitting on rocks and taking in the idyllic scenery. I even saw two eagles, playing in the sky. And yet, I felt troubled. The beautiful weather made me feel rather restless, and I became ... bored, for the first time; with oppressive miserable rain and cold, the day is confined and dulled and passes quickly ...

Missing J. again. My mind has been rabbiting on, preoccupied with the mundane problems of my life prior to here, which certainly did not provide the tranquillity I needed. Also, I seem to lack creative inspiration.

Have decided to eat the oats attacked by the scavenger - hopefully no disease will result.

3rd: I complained about the Sun yesterday, and have been repaid today by cold, rainy, grey weather - exactly what I wanted! Today has been reasonable - started some creative writing, and, having finished the wand, began carving a 'river god'.

This morning was spent watching ravens dive in and out of the rain-mist - rest of day, spent carving by the river. Emotionally, I feel a little fragile; beginnings of loneliness again. Still content to be here - I am wake up now with feelings of excitement about the challenge of the ritual (these feelings lessen as day wears on).

Scavenger, for now, turned away effectively. Perhaps some Sun tomorrow? (!). It's raining now.

4th: The two week mark has been reached - everyone in my past life joked: "He'll be back in two weeks!"

A difficult day in some ways. Weather has been of extremes - an hour or two of beautiful sunshine, followed by a spell of more Wintery showers; hail and sleet and very cold.

Scavenger appeared briefly last night - it didn't stay long, since there is nothing here to scavenge; but its presence, its noise, wakes me up and unsettles me - really annoys me, in fact.

Woke up cold. Day spent walking and carving by river.

Felt very unsettled this evening - my life before this yet again encroaching. Obviously, I can't really expect just to place this to one side - after all, it's there to be learnt from, via this ordeal.

Also have been bothered now for some days by a frequency, which I hear constantly. Have noticed that it is loudest when by a river - particularly when engorged by rain. Am I picking up the vibration of the water - its natural tone? It seems obtrusive at times, but appears to be a natural feature - so quite interesting. It sounds like a note from an organ key permanently held down (an 'A' perhaps?), and certainly seems external to me, rather than some hearing defect. It is cold tonight.

5th: Do not know whether early evening, afternoon or what - but have now retired to tent since weather is atrocious. Last night was freezing. It has been snowing heavily on the mountains but here, only a light flurry of snow and sleet and a few heavy bouts of hail. When not hailing, there is the ever present rain, and now a heavy cold mist has enveloped the area, which looks set to stay throughout the night. The weather has not emotionally bothered me too much, and I have turned my energies to writing. My mind has been quietened today thanks to an attempt at a vow of silence (I have been talking aloud to myself far too much - driving myself to distraction in fact). I feel calmer, and subdued.

Food supply is running a little low, despite my rationing and meagre diet. Will have to revise my needs when it comes to fetching the next month's supply.

6th: Tent battered by rain and winds all night, and this morning found water seeping in through ground sheet. - not seriously, but obviously that caused some worry.

Heavy rain finally cleared, and there is sunshine tonight, for which I am now grateful. The tent should dry out O.K. - but will re-pitch soon to a higher plateau which does not seem as water logged. Stream engorged.

I have approached today quite practically, generally re-arranging tent so it will dry quickly. I spent some

time working on new septenary correspondences, including a section on clouds - based on my experiences and observations so far. Spent time again by river, carving.

Have felt tranquil, at one point nearly idyllic - although always the tinge of caution, and sadness over who I have left behind.

All in all, quite content to be here.

7th: Another cold and wet night; groundsheet was soaked and water started to penetrate sleeping bags. So, have spent today drying out and re-pitching tent. The weather warmed up slightly, which made life easier, but now it is raining again.

So, woke up feeling grotty after an uncomfortable night. Once tent was re-pitched, I ventured some way into the valley and washed myself completely in the rushing river. Water absolutely freezing, but exhilarating to bathe naked - afterwards, I felt refreshed and calm. Rest of day spent carving and washing clothes.

A quiet day of contentment. Scavenger still visits, but am not too bothered.

8th: Today I ventured up into the hills to explore the more distant lochs - possibly to look for a new site, since I feel more solitude is needed. By this I mean that my current proximity to a few ruined foundations of cottages is causing problems - they are becoming an intrusive reminder of human activity, despite their intriguing presence. There must have been a thriving crofting community here, some centuries ago - there is still evidence of 'lazy beds' carved into the slopes.

The day began with a feeling of being rather jaded, lethargic, so felt some strenuous climbing and walking was in order. Having reached the summit, I still felt worn and a little irritable - until I entered a natural arena enclosing one of the highest lochs. My mood changed instantly. Here was one of the most peaceful, natural and numinous places I had encountered so far. The feeling was strange - I actually fell in love, and the whole spirit of the place was beautifully feminine in a startlingly tangible way. It was like meeting a beautiful woman.

All that could be heard was the gentle lapping of the water; and the surroundings - just the magnificent mountains, not a trace of 'civilisation'. I resolved then to pack up the tent and relocate, so investigated the area further. Unfortunately, found the ground was very marshy and waterlogged - but I was still not put off. The views from the highest slope leading up from the loch were breathtaking - the great expanse of sea, all the islands ... This all seemed to confirm that I should be there.

And then I noticed the signs of people - that is, litter, stuffed into rock crevices, a crisp packet in the water ... My precious feelings of isolation became eroded, and I felt sad for this place, to be subject to the stupidity and lack of empathy so characteristic of modern people. The surroundings began to unsettle me - even the views, which I had once, from another vantage point, shared with J.

Depression set in, and I descended the crags to my current site some distance below - it looks like I am staying where I am, for now.

Weather has remained rain-free and warm, and was able to restore some positive feelings. However, I am still attracted to that site, and have found what seems to be a more gradual route to the summit, which would make it easier to relocate. Not sure.

I am having moments of deep loneliness.

9th: Scavenger appeared, really pissing me off, but otherwise a decent sleep. Woke up feeling a bit better than yesterday, but gradually, quite quickly, on rising became depressed. Just lay in the tent for a while. Then dragged myself up and decided to walk to some other high lochs. The rain was torrential when I reached my destination, and I sat utterly desolate by a really grim looking loch, depressing in the greyness. I just sat and watched the land becoming more marshy, and felt the increasing cold and damp. As I stumbled away back to the tent, I was overcome with the desolation of my predicament - feelings that have been building up over the past few days. I wept copiously in the rain. I felt that I had reached my limit of tolerance - that I had reached some internal barrier. No amount of reassuring talk did any good. A natural reaction at this point I suppose, one which has arisen of itself, and that I could not control. So I allowed the misery - and it was Misery.

Got back to the tent and eventually calmed myself into a peaceful state, by carving wood. And have continued thus for the rest of day.

I am still here, and still able to continue.

10th: Scavenger again, but eventually, a good night's sleep. The weather has remained good today: sunshine, no wind - quite warm. I woke up feeling quite positive. After my regular dose of oats and water, I began what I aim to be a regular session of physis: it felt good, and I remain quite supple and feel well, physically.

After that, I spent a large part of day by the river, carving, and pondering on the Minor Arcana. I feel better than I did yesterday - but do feel different, living with this sense of desolation which threatens always to break out. Today, I could identify my feeling of unease as just boredom - creativity is fine, but it doesn't fill a day.

Days are noticeably getting longer - due to the lengthening hours of daylight and my own unease. Have noticed with pleasure, that some trees in the valley are starting to bud, and primroses are emerging. Spring is spreading finally - at one point, it seemed as if the grey and rain and desolate landscape would always remain.

An echo of Summer, then.

11th: Three week mark reached. This has been a special day: I have experienced - all day - a form of transcendence; almost one long and effortless, flowing meditation. I felt a calmness and unity with my surroundings which I have not felt before - ever. I found myself not dwelling on any one thing, but often I would simply just listen, to changes in the wind, the river ... I feel almost happy. I write almost because I am rather cautious of this feeling - it is perhaps a special moment, which will not return tomorrow, or for a few days/weeks. But, here and now, this day has been one to remember, and to live for its return. I constructed a circle of eight stones for my physis practice, which I undertook with great enjoyment, and ease. The circle's presence has created an added dimension to the site - I feel like what I really am, or at least becoming: a shaman.

Wrote more poetry, and pondered on further septenary matters. Weather has been very fine and tranquil, which of course helps my mood.

12th: Went to fetch month's supplies today - earlier than planned. My jaunt began well - slow and contemplative in the sunshine: it was good to see the changes that had occurred since my last outing, particularly the trees waking after their Winter sleep.

The way back was an ordeal - back-breaking in the relentless sun. The experience became absolute agony when I clambered - nearly crawled - over the fells and moorland back to the tent. But when finished, I felt a great sense of accomplishment.

I attempted some physis later on, but was physically too tired. Concluded the evening by sitting in the circle, and, as last night, just listened - listened to the land speak to me. I was transfixed ... this really is a new sensation, and I am beginning to feel different, in myself, as though I have passed through a veil. However, there are many more changes to come - positive and disruptive.

Unpleasant dreams last night - and scavenger.

13th: Slept very well last night, not surprisingly. If scavenger did appear, I was not aware of it.

It has been an uneventful day; still feeling the physical effects of yesterday. Carving; physis ...

My mind has lapsed to my previous life, and so have felt unsettled by all those unresolved things. Have also felt a little bored; but spiritual feeling remains. When my mind ceases to jabber, I remain awed listening to the unfolding of Nature.

14th: It began to rain early this morning, and when I did finally leave the tent, the landscape was wreathed in stratus clouds. Quite cold. Although my mood remained positive, I found the weather quite oppressive.. I became lethargic, with a feeling of confinement and boredom.

The day was rescued from misery by a good physis session.

As the day wore on, I motivated myself to undertake what is now a regular evening walk - excellent; I felt a new controlled dimension of myself emerging.

I felt a little depressed about the weather, until I reminded myself that it was as much part of me as the sunshine. I began to meditate, and became moved by the colours, how the heather has darkened - all the land darkened - by the rain, while the rocks stood out almost white against the ruddy backdrop. I watched the low cloud wreath around the peaks; listened to the stream; felt a warming of the temperature; noticed the differing colours in what is on appearance a dense blanket of grey sky ... the land once more spoke to me, and today has concluded on another beautiful note.

15th: Woke again to greyness, but this began to break up during the day, and occasional blue sky appeared behind dramatic clouds. It has remained cold.

Did not venture far from tent today, initially because of mist, and then lethargy. The physis session was a bit of a struggle as my mind was distracted - all day my mind has babbled on about both mundane and esoteric matters, so have not been very still in myself. I struggled to gain control, and was able to conclude morning session satisfactorily.

I spent some of the day searching for wood with which to make a wand for myself. I do not want to take anything from a living tree, so scavenged for debris. While down by the burn, I looked up and something

shone at me, from a distant tree. I made my way towards the tree and found it was dead, so took a large limb back to the tent. The shining object was fungus, reflecting the Sun. I thus felt the wood was meant for me.

But this sense of destiny did not continue as I attempted to carve the wood: instead, it proved a labourious job, and I became bored, and waited for the time to boil up my evening "meal" - at least that was something to do.

Another (minimal) physis session and then, not a meditation, but a further session of babbling mind to round off the day.

Today has been tedious - the only highlight being the sight of a half-Moon in the blue of the late afternoon sky.

16th: Had hoped to be now writing this in a new location, but was not to be. I woke up to Sun and pure blue sky. I decided then it was time to move on - mainly because of a need for a new experience, and my desire to feel even more isolated.

Packed up tent and rucksack, but had to leave food behind for a second trip. So set off with full heavy rucksack, for the area near the loch discovered some time ago. I decided to follow a deer path up the steep slopes above the Valley - I had previously investigated this route, but decided against it, it being too dangerous (the 'path' rises up on a sheer slope which drops straight down, far into the Valley below). But, I decided to face the challenge.

So I ambled off - but not without some apprehension - and discovered very quickly why I had rejected the route in the first place. The 'path' was a difficult climb anyway, but with a heavy rucksack even more so. I was in a precarious position, always walking at a steep angle, close to edge, and the rucksack would often lean too far towards the precipice. So at times, I would be clinging to the heather on the side of the slope to help me up. I slipped on several occasions - once shockingly so, the rucksack adding to my loss of balance - so, decided to turn back. On the final slip, I had to quickly remove the ruck sack, which was pulling me towards the edge. The rucksack was thrown off, and slid down to the edge, but did not go over. I lay there for a while recovering my wits, and then tackled the problem of retrieving the rucksack, putting it on again, and descending. This was done calmly and slowly and - thanks to the gods - I made my way safely back to tent.

After reflecting on the awfulness of the situation and the puniness of one individual life, I decided to go off exploring a new area, further into the mountains. So, took up rucksack again, and waded across the river. Steep climbs, the weight of the rucksack, and merciless Sun soon began to wear me down - but continued walking for some time, aiming for a place marked on map, by a stream. Became quite light-headed and thirsty, so stopped by a river and bathed and drank (there is very little shelter here from the Sun).

Reached the area, but found it to be very marshy - water-logged as it tends to be high up in the peaks. However, I felt very attracted to the wilderness environment, so began putting tent up. The tent pegs slipped into the ground as though going into soft butter - plus on withdrawing my hands from the long grass, I found them absolutely covered in small ticks. The area - also rather too exposed to strong winds - was obviously not suitable. I looked at a few other areas close by, but all was of same terrain. As evening began to appear, I reluctantly decided, for now, to return to previous location.

I felt depressed - as though I was taking the safe option and copping out. Anguished about my reasons for returning (I also, in truth, did not really relish the thought of making a second trip for the food, being so exhausted), I set up camp again, as before. I really have to be practical, ultimately, and that place just was not right - only on surface appearance. No doubt I shall still anguish over my decision tomorrow.

On the return trip, I put wellingtons on in order to wade through the rivers, so I wedged my walking boots into a space in the rucksack. As I was re-pitching tent, I discovered I had returned with only one boot - the other obviously having fallen out, somewhere along the route. A strong pair of walking boots are, as I have found, absolutely essential in a terrain like this, and the thought of only having a pair of wellingtons for the next two months was a terrible realisation to taste. All this, because of my own stupidity, carelessness and complacency. Typical! I had to re-trace my route back to the marshy location - difficult, since there are no paths as such. I found nothing, and felt the gods kicking me for my patheticness. A harsh insight indeed, and I turned back, in a very sorry state.

Just before I reached the tent, only a few yards away, there, miraculously, was the brown boot, nestling in brown heather. I had been spared. I have never fallen in love with footwear before, but at that point we became very close.

Returned to tent feeling very tired.

17th: Today has been quiet and inactive - weather remained very sunny and hot. Excellent physis session this morning - although physically I am appearing to suffer from yesterday's exertions.

I have still felt a little knocked by yesterday, but remain sure that I did the right thing in returning. Also, best to re-locate when food is about to run out. Will look again at another area near the marshy land, soon. For now, I do not want to be bothered with re-locating, but I must try and resolve my inner unease, and stop being so hard on myself.

Perhaps I have been too swayed by the romantic appearance of a place - but that is just appearance, as I am learning. Here, essentially, I remain in absolute solitude. What is achieved is achieved, regardless of the appearance of the form ...

Today, I have been bored and am feeling continuously hungry. Still, another day done.

18th: A good night's sleep. Woke up to an almost unnatural stillness and silence, which has remained throughout day. Sky filled with blankets of grey cloud, but still warm. All day there has been a serene glow of 'evening light' in the West - orange and yellow light. Tired, but completed a physis session.

I went exploring for most of day, up into the peaks and found new and accessible areas. I love climbing up to high places and viewing the great expanse of mountains and sea - with no reminder of human beings in sight. Only the occasional plane above reminds, even here - or in fact anywhere in this world - that there can be no complete escape from this causal time I was born into. A connection remains, intrudes, and that can sometimes be a little saddening, irritating.

Returned to tent mentally and physically exhausted. For some reason, this intense stillness has not been welcome - it seems so absolute, I can't even hear the river today. Strange. The land does not seem to move - do I need external stimulus? It has been like walking in a vacuum devoid of anything.

Have retired to tent in daylight, as I can't stand anymore of today. Feeling ground down with the burden of this ordeal. Four week mark reached, but there is no celebration. Too tired to think or write any more.

19th: A quiet day. Still tired. Eventually got up, and had breakfast. The weather was a little livelier than yesterday: winds, and the Sun appearing off and on. I cheered up slightly and went for the highlight of the day - a bathe in the river in the Valley. It was good to liberate my body of clothes, worn constantly as a protection against the multitude of ticks that scour the land. The Sun poured through the Valley trees, glittering on the freezing, exhilarating water. It felt good to be really clean. Discovered a good piece of wood for carving.

Returned to tent, refreshed, and undertook a physis session. Perhaps I am over-doing the session, or my diet is imbalanced, but I am left feeling physically exhausted for rest of day.

Idly carved, and practised the Olenos chant. Towards evening went for a walk up to a peak, and rested on a high crag which gave a panoramic view of the sea and islands, and mountains.

Feeling reasonably high-spirited, now.

20th: Another quiet day, although last night strong winds assaulted the tent, and kept me awake. Still strong winds today, but brilliant sunshine and absolutely clear blue sky. Woke up feeling exhausted again. Tried physis, but my legs could not stand the strain - I imagine this physical life is taking its toll, as well as meagre diet. Despite the meagreness, I enjoy the austerity - food now seems a luxury and often a spiritually (and physically) dulling indulgence. Not much is really needed, and the simplicity of my life here appeals and seems spiritually cleansing.

Still, suffering through lack of something - perhaps not drinking enough water. Tired, tired, tired.

Forced myself to go for a short walk, and spent afternoon resting in heather. May take it easy for a while, until I feel physical vitality returning. Just sitting in different places around my site delays the tedium.

I feel reasonably alright within myself - but really, feel too drained to motivate myself to do anything creative. So, tinges of boredom. Never mind, another day has been endured.

21st: The day I have been crawling towards has finally been reached - the one month mark. Weather turned much colder today, with strong winds. Stayed in the tent for most of the morning, inspired by a sudden burst of creativity. This passed time away quite fruitfully.

Eventually forced myself to do a short walk, and rested as per yesterday. I reflected on the time so far spent. I suppose I should feel a sense of achievement, but do not - rather, I feel lethargic, but eager to continue and complete the month ahead. Still much more to be experienced.

A month is definitely not enough time in which to create real Change (if the rite was limited to a month, it would simply be a holiday). I feel that if I returned now, whatever changes that have occurred would recede and I would be as I was before the rite.

I am developing a sense of perspective on my previous life - an objectivity that could not be bred amidst the clutter and fast pace of everyday urban life. Many things now seem trivial indulgences; many

patterns of behaviour now seem blind to me, fitting unconsciously into some acceptable social/domestic regime. I thought I was really different to others, but in so many ways I had not seen before, I too have been one of the masses, swept along with all the rest on the great wave of mediocrity.

Even most foods seem unnecessary and decadent. But even so, I marked today by eating tinned haggis - that great spiritual food. It *was* a spiritual experience - utter joy. I remain very hungry but very content with my monastic diet of purity and simplicity.

Still resting, doing very minimal physical exercise; I assume my strength is returning. Have been drinking more water. The colder weather helps to enliven me - I hope rain is imminent, as the streams are running very low. No scavenger for several nights, so am sleeping well. On with the next month! It is now raining lightly.

22nd: Night of strong winds and driving rain. Woke up to bright sunlight, but winds still powerful, and temperature cold.

Re-located tent today to a much wilder, isolated location (gradually the need to be away from all things human - even dead reminders - became urgent). I undertook this over two trips; not too arduous. I am on a plateau, slightly sloping, up in the hills. The outcrops provide a natural arena. I feel very hidden, very content.

Had to re-pitch tent: it was in a rather exposed (to the elements) place, and facing lengthways into the North wind (wind from this direction seems the most prevalent).

I am next to a tiny stream, flowing from the earth and rocks a little above me - that and a nearby small spring will hopefully suffice for water. I am much happier and glad I mustered the energy to come here. A practical and reasonably positive day. I have not dwelt on anything in particular.

23rd: Quiet night on weather front, but had an uncomfortable sleep as tent is pitched stupidly on a slope. Will get used to it though, and re-pitch in a week or so.

This morning was idyllic as I sat in the heather on one of the many immediate peaks that I can choose from in my new location. The Sun stayed out most of today, and the cold winds died down. I sat for what seemed like a long time, just listening, and absorbing the view. My mind felt almost at peace - until my inner mundane voice began babbling, and took over, debating away on the incidents of my previous life. I became more unsettled, began to think of J, and gradually became worn down and depressed. My physical energy waned again. No anguish, just an eroding lethargy which not even the beautiful mountains or sea could dispel.

But the day has passed as it always does. My evening 'meal' - boiled stock cube and a few grains of rice - is becoming a definite highlight: it appeals to (but does not assuage) my hunger, and marks the closing of another day.

Perhaps it is my lethargy, but I seem to have left behind that archetypal shaman/mystic persona that so imbued me up until now. The idea of carving a wand seems rather pathetic - as does all the paraphernalia that makes up the 'magickians' kit. This is not because I have lost faith or empathy with the 'esoteric', but because I feel, almost intangibly, that the essence, the source, of that form now lies close to me, residing in moments without struggle, when I seem to need nothing. When I am listening, and just being. Such a feeling appears and then fades: I can't expect to lay aside my life prior to here, although often I wish I could. I must try once more not to dwell too much, and allow the time to flow.

24th: What a Hell of a day. Yesterday, there was boredom in the sun. This morning, quite early, I was woken by torrential rain and very strong winds. The weather here changes so quickly. There were signs last night of approaching rain - a halo around the setting sun, and a haze of grey cloud. But the weather was so peaceful and clear, that I thought little of it. Yesterday, I was becoming complacent and the weather encouraged a feeling of ease concerning this ordeal - a sense of triumph.

But today Nature was savage. I woke to the inner groundsheet swimming with water; beneath me, a hollow upon which I had pitched my tent was also welling with water. All around, the sound of rushing water. The inner tent was soaked, so I took it down and attempted to dry it by lying on top of it.

Remained calm, but cold and wet - and had a breakfast of hot water and oats. The inner became drier, but as I put it up again, I noticed pools of water steadily filling; gradually, they overflowed and once more soaked the inner tent. Obviously a stream that had been sleeping was awoken by the heavy rain during the night, and I was pitched on its course.

I scrambled outside in the deluge to find bracken and heather to make a dam. Outside was wreathed in fast moving thick cold cloud, and the rain and wind was fierce. The whole site thundered with engorged streams, furiously rushing down to the big river below. My attempts at dam building were pointless, and as myself and all my belongings became soaked, I realised I would have to re-pitch the tent. I found a

small patch of ground slightly raised above the flowing waters, and struggled against the winds and rain to re-pitch. The wind tried to tear the tent from my hands, and I shouted at and to the Gods in defiance, and desperation. Eventually I triumphed, but the inner tent remained a good while crumpled in the water, lashed by the rain; all that it contained, including sleeping bags, was thoroughly drenched. I hauled the inner tent under cover, and fetched other stranded belongings.

I spent dreary hours then trying to dry out everything - by again, lying on inner tent. I became colder and more disheartened, and tent remained soaked. Eventually I put it up anyway, took off my wet clothes, got into the sleeping bag and made a hot drink.

And that's the current state of play - everything damp, but now I am fairly warm, and the location of the tent should ensure no problems tonight - but I remain cautious. The winds have lessened, but the rain persists. Now I just need to remain warm and dry. Tomorrow - please: a bit of sun and dryness?

For a time, I rather enjoyed the challenges of today, in contrast to the ease of yesterday. Being a day of practicalities, my mind has been occupied away from the morbid, inward and petty preoccupations of late. I can't say I feel wonderful though - I'm certainly not happy. Still, another day slips away.

25th: The rain continued for most of last night, but I was able to sleep well. Woke up early to Sun and dry weather - thanks to the gods!

An inactive day - sat and watched the sea and islands and mountains. Last night amidst the darkness and rain, I became possessed with a sense of destiny regarding the role I had lived before coming here. This desire spread into my dreams. It was exciting, but daylight has brought a reality, and the esoteric essence is where I belong. Much concerning the next few years has come to light, and I know what I must do on my return.

After the ordeal of yesterday, I decided to do very little. Attempted physis half-heartedly. Dwelling on J. a lot, and missing her. But the day has passed quickly, and its gentle nature has been appreciated.

The weather has remained sunny, but cold - clouds very turbulent, and there was a short lived attempt at rain earlier on. Another day done.

26th: Coldest night so far last night - the cold woke me up several times. However, finally slept and woke to bright sunshine and clear blue sky. Despite this, my mood on waking was irritable, my mind once more dwelling on mundane aspects back 'home'. I decided to go for a good walk to exorcise my mood.

On this walk, I discovered some new - breathtaking - isolated areas. Although I remained unsettled, the walk did calm me a little. I experienced a lovely 'light' esoteric incident, by a delightful stream, as I chanted "aktlal maka" to the pitch of the flowing water ...

Returned to site and undertook physis, which was fulfilling. Spent some time absorbing myself in the view of the sea.

I still sometimes dwell on the end of the rite, but I must take time to savour this unique experience - the land is so wonderful. But I do feel lethargic, and a little depressed.

It seems I have pitched the tent on an ants nest.

So another day done. "Each day completed is a mini triumph", I keep reminding myself. Feeling pissed off.

27th: Woke up to rain this morning. The sky grew threatening as the day developed, but rain never surpassed a miserable drizzle. Now, this evening, the Sun has appeared. First comfortable night's sleep for a while.

I took myself off climbing the peaks, and sat atop high crags, meditating on the view. For a time, despite the cold winds (almost an echo of Winter) and the drizzle, I felt nearly happy. As I woke, I was possessed with a clear understanding of what I have been trying to live and achieve on the Path so far: everything seemed to make sense, whereas before, there was a vague awareness driving the practical living. This experience took me climbing high, with Promethean zeal. Gradually though, my own fervour, together with the cold and damp and greyness, began to wear me out. I returned to the tent depressed, and lay within for quite a while, in a stupor. Sun appeared quickly towards end of day, and my positive mood partly returned. Undertook a good physis session.

Once again I explored the site I had mooted as a potential new home, but found that my instincts had been right - the place was a marsh. A day is done.

28th: Woke again to greyness and icy cold. All day, the threat of rain - but only a slight shower. The sky is very turbulent - I hope this does not herald a major bout of rain a la the 24th - or gale force winds. However, this could blow over, and reveal a clear sunny day tomorrow.

I began the day by constructing a new circle of stones, where I shall practice physis - looking over to the

mountains in the south, and the sea to the west. The circle at my previous site seemed to make a lot of difference - it seemed then to draw magickal energies from the earth. Today though, the gesture seemed 'naff' - an entirely romantic gesture not really suited to the person I am at present. At least, it is an evocative place to sit, from where I can contemplate the view.

Undertook a physis session, which was rather a strain. I then climbed the same route as yesterday, and sat high amidst the promise of storm. I do not seem to need to do anything - ie. carving, creative work - and I do not put this down to lethargy: rather, perhaps an internalisation is beginning whereby those things that I am realising about myself now can be dis-covered by a most natural of ways: sitting, walking and dwelling within the landscape.

The day has passed reasonably comfortably, but I do feel physically and emotionally tired - almost like I've had enough. But! I must endure, and I must endure for a long time!

29th: Again, more rain this morning. Stayed in tent until it subsided.

I emerged to what appeared to be promising weather, and had my breakfast of oats and water outside. Blue sky occasionally appeared between the ragged grey clouds, and the Sun was sometimes visible behind a thin veil. Quite warm.

I stayed outside and began to write, and ponder, with great inspiration, on some septenary aspects that have lain within me, unanswered, for years. So the day began well, with a focussed mind - aided by taking a vow of silence (since I often talk aloud, which has a more disturbing effect than an elucidating one). My ponderings held at bay any personal morbid preoccupations - which shall no doubt plague me again.

However the weather developed into a - less devastating - replay of a few days ago: the area became swathed in mist and sheets of heavy rain. Spent much of the day in the tent, continuing my ponderings. Completed a poem.

I did venture out to the 'stone circle' which seemed wonderfully primeval in the white mist, and undertook a physis session, which was reasonable. Once back in the tent, I grew colder, and so had a hot meal.

The rain has now ceased, and sky is clearer, but I am not taking anything for granted, as rain may return with a vengeance in a few hours. Weather wise, it has been a miserable, cold past few days. It has been oppressive and a little wearing - but I know it will change, presently. In slightly better spirits today.

30th: Another good night's sleep, but rain has returned, furiously. Waited in tent for ages for rain to subside. Eventually, I crawled out into the now light drizzle and heavy mist. Light glowed through the mist, in the West, and I sat for a long time in the stone circle, waiting for the Sun.

But the light faded, and the land remained gloomy, dark and very cold. I undertook a walk to keep warm, and the rain began to ease. In afternoon (?) again, a bright light brought promise to the Western horizon. I sat on a crag and waited for the sky to clear. It did not, but instead became colder.

Outside, now, very cold - but perhaps a drier and brighter day tomorrow. I'm getting fed up with the weather - the cold is wearing me down. But what do I expect? Part of me accepts the state of play, but really, another few days of this will make things intolerable.

I feel cold and confined, and yet positive. Some revelations concerning the septenary have warmed my soul. I feel progress is being made in this ritual, and am pleased at having got thus far. I feel confident about what is to follow.

My sex drive seems nearly non-existent: fantasies seem sordid and pointless. Perhaps my sensual self is being re-defined as I shed my cultural conditioning. Some affectations seem to be disappearing - I will be curious to see what remains. But really, in these conditions, food and warmth are upmost in my mind, since they are essentials.

Plodding on.

May

1st: Rain continued hard throughout the night and this morning, thus I was confined to the tent once more. Ventured out when rain had ceased - sky, land and temperature as yesterday. I was in good spirits though, as more esoteric and creative realizations occurred. However, the cold and returning rain began to wear me down again, and I returned to the tent after a short walk, tired, cold and fed up. Lay in tent, in a state of misery.

Out again when rain stopped. The land seemed warmer, and a promising light appeared on the horizon. I stood by the stone circle, my mind for once silent, and I absorbed the sounds and sights.

Eventually hunger - an almost constant companion now - and cold forced me back to make my evening meal. The temperature did seem to rise, and the light began to spread.

The sky is full of clouds, but they are Sun-tinged, and there is a stillness which seems to promise that the grey rainy weather may pass immanently - but I've thought that before. But tonight feels a little different. Mentally and physically very tired

2nd: Woke to glorious sunshine, and the weather has remained hot all day. I spent this morning washing a shirt, and wrote some literature for distribution when I return - I seem to have learnt - in the sense of knowing the reality ...

So much creative work to do when I get back. I ventured out last night - the sky was still cloudy, but it was quite warm, and it was exhilarating to see the land transformed in silence by the night.

For the rest of today, I went for a long walk into the high peaks, slowly following a circuit back to the tent. I spent a lot of time sitting by one of the lochs. However, physically it all seemed a great strain, and I returned exhausted. Perhaps the sunshine has drained me - perhaps it is my diet: I am hungry all the time, craving sweet things in particular. Perhaps I am also worn down by the debates still going on in my head.

I have retired for the evening, shattered. Another "mini triumph" accomplished.

3rd: Cloudy sky on waking, but warm. The cloud quickly made way for intense sunshine, which has remained all day. When I left the tent I was still very tired, so the day has been physically inactive.

However, time has not been wasted, as I spent many hours this morning writing, and covered much ground. Rest of day was spent lying in the heather, and watching the sea and mountains.

Again, I have felt absolutely drained - perhaps exposure to the Sun? The intense sunlight will probably continue tomorrow, judging by the evening sky.

Unfortunately, again, a scavenger is visiting at nights and seriously disturbing my sleep. It will give up eventually once it realises there is nothing here for it.

There are certainly some strange bird (?) sounds at night. Writing of which, though not strange, I have had the pleasure of listening to a polyphony of cuckoo calls during the day, for the past week or so.

Summer is approaching. Emotionally, I'm fine - but missing J.

4th: A good night's sleep. Woke to bright sunlight - heat intense, but relieved slightly by occasional breeze. This evening, the sky was covered in a uniform blanket of grey, obscuring the Sun - an ominous herald. Sky red on horizon.

Day spent as yesterday, and more good written work achieved. I seem to be re-discovering my occult Destiny: this time round, it involves conscious decisions rather than being swayed by unconscious forces. Interestingly, many of those old forces are being re-visited, and still found valid. But it is I who am in control, this time round (famous last words). This unfolding of Destiny is making me a little unsettled - a little restless to leave and implement what I have learned. But there may well be more to learn - I still have a lot of time to experience here.

Physically a little better, although heat still draining. Drinking plenty of fluid.

After a very over-salted evening meal, I sat for a time in the stone circle looking out to the sea and islands: it was quite moving, as though I were gazing upon the living landscape of the 'Maiden of Wands' card. The light was serene, everything still.

I remain a little tired, and a touch emotionally unsettled - but another day, another psychic dollar.

5th: Something about last night's meal strongly disagreed with me, and I spent an uncomfortable night feeling ill, and not sleeping until just before dawn. Also rain returned in a replay of that April day, and thundered down onto the tent.

Did not leave the tent this morning for quite a while because of torrential rain, and illness. I seemed to have 'flu' like symptoms, so had a hot drink. Sun appeared, dramatically and briefly.

I am exhausted beyond anything yet experienced - it seems an exhausting task just thinking. I feel very low and vulnerable in this state of illness, and just want to regain my strength. Some diarrhoea. Mild food poisoning? - some butter used last night tasted rancid.

For the latter part of day, my mind has gone into overdrive re. esoteric revelations. I really need to quieten my inner self down - approach things in a more meditative way.

Sky is looking ominous, and wind has picked up. Rain will return, I think. I need strength.

6th: I went into flu mode as I settled to sleep last night: muscle pains, high temperature - general physical discomfort. I did not sleep or really rest, particularly when nausea set in. I became very hot. The

rain did appear, but briefly, with strong winds.

As light approached, I felt utterly wretched, headache and nausea quite strong. So have spent all day in tent, trying to rest and recover. This seems like food poisoning.

Ventured out briefly tonight. The weather has been very turbulent: a mixture of strong sunshine, occasional hail storms, and strongest winds yet.

Perhaps I will sleep better tonight, and regain my strength. The boredom, mental anguish - all are ultimately bearable; but physical illness is wretched in this situation, exposed as I am to all that Nature wishes to throw at me. A dreadful day.

7th: Became very cold last night as I settled to sleep - icy, the coldest yet. Nevertheless, did eventually sleep well. I woke to strong winds, and heavy snow. The snow has continued all day.

Still feel poorly, so have again spent day resting. Have had quite a bit of diarrhoea. But, have also fasted all day, and gradually feel as if my health is improving. Now that recovery seems imminent, I am in better spirits.

Not much more to add - an unpleasant few days. Right now, the early evening Sun is shining on the tent. Snow has stopped, and winds dropped. All could change again though, within the hour.

8th: As I settled to sleep last night, the temperature dropped, and snow began to fall again. This time very heavily, and the tent began to sag under its weight. Still had illness, which added to discomfort. When I woke, it was raining, and bitterly cold. All day, brief periods of wintery showers, and occasional sunshine. I ventured out for a while, but was eventually back to seek shelter by rain and very strong North winds - the clouds above raged grey within the wind. Returned to tent, but grew very cold just remaining inert, so with a great effort of will, I went out again. The rain began to ease. Despite a difficult, exhausting start, I got into the rhythm of walking, and my spirits rose, taking a delight in the transformed, rain-engorged land.

As I approached a peak, I saw a fox ambling across my path, very close. It stopped, and we both stared at each other for a moment: it was a beautiful creature - such vivid colour amidst the drabness and bleak grey. After the moment, it ran off, away, occasionally looking back to see if I was following. I went on, in another direction, feeling warmed by this meeting. The weather changed then to a blizzard; utterly cold - so made my way back.

Feeling better, physically and spiritually. Now rain has returned, but I sense the weather will change for the better, shortly. Another day.

9th: The rain ceased last night, but it became freezing; still, slept reasonably well. Awoke to warmth and sunlight, feeling energised - at least, in the spiritual sense. Re-pitched tent today, within current location. Forced myself to go for a walk, which was still a bit of an effort. But, I did discover new and very beautiful areas - a place where there stands large columns of shining rock quartz; astonishing. Weather remained very fine; the sky deep blue, but dominated by clouds of varying types: interesting to see such apparently conflicting activity, suggesting several possibilities for weather - all at once, in the one sky, blending and creating the overall condition of today; just like sinister magick. The mountains are capped with snow: against the vivid blue, they are a magnificent sight.

My spirit has recovered from my illness, but - and yes, it is tedious to repeat - I am still physically tired. Feel a little bad tempered today - perhaps exacerbated by the return of my jabbering mind. Onwards.

10th: Freezing again last night, but slept. Sun appeared this morning and has stayed all day, though there was a brief shower of hail in the afternoon. Spent the morning washing clothes, then went on a long walk. This took up the rest of the day, since I rested for long periods of time in various beautiful places. I decided this morning to attempt to not dwell on anything too much, and my mind remained fluid and relaxed. Walk was good, and did not exhaust me.

I am still in an irritable mood - at times impatient with the very slow pace of things, anxious as I sometimes am to return to 'civilization' and create; at other times, I am content, and content to endure. I feel very at ease simply walking and sitting and pondering upon the landscape - mostly, I feel that nothing else is needed. I have little to offer in observing changes within, since I have ceased to bother observing: I am just existing in a very quiet, mostly patient way.

11th: Good night's sleep, and warm. Woke to Sun. I was fine for a little while, but on rising and leaving tent, I became depressed. I still feel irritable. My only desire this morning was to spend the day rotting in the tent; but, I forced myself out on a walk. This turned out to be very short, as I got bored. The weather has turned much colder, and all day it has threatened to rain. This evening, rain still seems immanent. Cold wind.

I have felt worn down in every respect today, lacking positivity. I seem in poor shape, physically. Very

hungry. Cold, feeling a bit empty within. And yet, I have held on to my objectivity, and understand why I feel this way; and feel this is a phase, as rain is a phase. One day soon, I shall wake up feeling wonderful, consistently. Must push on. May the gods send warmth.

12th: Slept well again, and woke to light rain. Stayed in tent until rain had eased to a drizzle, then set off on a new walk to investigate an alternative route, down from the hills to a track that leads eventually to the road - in preparation for the trek to fetch next month's supplies.

Weather remained grey and drizzly, and I, much to my frustration found my walk hampered by ever-present exhaustion. I saw the fox again - much the same encounter as before: a lovely moment. The new route took me down through a wood of scots pine. It was almost a shock to be amongst so many trees, after having lived thus far on craggy, desolate moorland. The scent and stillness was quite profound. I arrived at a point where I could see the road, in the distance: "civilization". I turned back then to the wilderness, feeling a heavy sadness.

I found my return journey tiring, and began to dread the coming ordeal of fetching supplies. Then I remembered my will power and what it could accomplish, and placed the coming ordeal in a positive context: a challenge to be overcome. Also, this will be my last journey to fetch supplies.

I have recently felt at my lowest so far. I have felt very pissed off, and generally unsettled and uncomfortable. I move my limbs like an old man.

Spent this evening sitting within the stone circle. The weather has brightened: Sun, no rain, but clouds very dramatic and turbulent above. Still quite cold. During the time within the circle, I felt some of my old energy returning. I began to think more positively, and I returned to the tent feeling renewed.

I almost feel as if I am reaching the end of my persona - I have exhausted my personality it seems. How trivial I have seemed. Now there is just a waiting.

I must not forget that I am in a beautiful and wonderful place - that it is a privilege to live here, in this way.

13th: The weather has been atrocious today: heavy rain, and very cold. Went out for a walk, but weather drove me back after a short time. Spent a lot of time festering in the tent, but was able to sit for a time in the stone circle. Increase in wet weather put a miserable end to this.

But my spirit has been encouraged, despite the misery, by a return of energy, which has helped physically. Dwelt on some magickal matters today. Things are not too bad, I suppose.

I can accept the weather in all its guises, since each guise is necessary - and appropriate to/part of where I am at in the ritual. I always imagined the second month to be the most difficult. Another day gradually passes away.

14th: Weather abysmal. Rain, rain, rain. Stayed in tent for hours this morning; even when a meagre piece of sunlight appeared, I felt unmotivated. However, I was able to realise some Tarot concepts, so not an entire waste of a day. I did manage to rouse myself for a walk, which was lacklustre and depressing. Rain has persisted all day, though not as cold as it has been.

I have become fed up with waiting for my trip to fetch supplies, so will set off tomorrow - food is very low anyway.

Very fed up: after my illness, all I can think about is food. I want to return to my almost settled, contemplative self - a self which resided in the environment and ritual, not in a craving for chocolate. Still, this is all part of it. I must admit to feeling a little concerned about the ordeal to collect supplies, since I seem to lack the strength I had earlier on in the rite.

However, I am determined to meet the challenge with my greatest asset - my will.

Very grim. Another ***** day.

15th: Today has been a Triumph of the Will. I set off early amid light rain. My initial apprehension and tiredness began to vanish as I walked the road. On either side, the trees were shimmering with young vibrant leaves, and their presence - the green and its scent heightened by rain - filled me with absolute joy. I seemed to draw strength from the trees, and my determination grew as I reached my destination. I bought all that I needed to ensure a comfortable - but still spartan - remainder of the rite. The walk back, in torrential rain at first, was a wonder to me. I strode onwards bearing the heavy weight without resting. I was imbued with the sheer determination to overcome, and that walk, difficult though it was towards the end, seemed over much more quickly than the previous trips. The end was a triumph, and the Sun appeared.

I am exhausted in a rewarding way. Today was just what I needed, something to break the awful lethargy. I feel re-vitalised with magickal power, knowing myself again, and what I am capable of when I return to the world - and the world shall know it!

But I am not complacent: there is still time to endure.

16th: Unfortunately, a bad night. The same bout of illness reappeared.. Strangely, I was far from hungry last night as I ate my evening meal - and the meal made me feel uncomfortable.

I barely slept last night, due to constant diarrhoea - every five minutes it seemed I had to go outside; sometimes digging new holes. The weather was cold with strong winds, which briefly caused some concern about the tent. I slept a bit this morning, after dawn.

Not having eaten today, the sickness has subsided. I hope I can rest tonight. The day has been spent lying ill in the tent. I have attempted some writing, and weather, thankfully, has been calm and warm. My spirit remains strong.

17th: An excellent night's sleep, and I awoke feeling, for once, fit. The light this morning was quite beautiful: dawn is one of my favourite times - the stillness is inspirational.

Day has been uneventful: very hot, merciless Sun in a cloudless sky. I have sought the shade of large rocks, and have written, a little. I felt a bit bored and unsettled for a while, but once I relaxed and let the day wash over me, I was fine. Not much has happened - within or without.

Have recovered my health, for which I give thanks.

18th: Again, a good night's sleep. The sudden strong wind last night heralded a change in the weather, and this morning I woke to rain and greyness. I was not unsettled by this - in fact the drop in temperature was welcome. Rain didn't last long, and I went for a long walk. I enjoyed the experience of wandering further into the land, into new realms. There was a strong easterly wind on the peaks which was enlivening. I felt a return to form.

I've become much calmer and quieter within myself. My mind no longer becomes embroiled in some irritation from my past life, but lets thoughts flow and pass, like the water around me. All quiet, in every respect.

19th: Felt lazy again today, but forced myself to go for a decent walk - the weather remained bright, though there was the threat of rain. The walk was good, and I enjoyed the quiet meditation of it, and the peace of the land.

On returning to the tent, it began to rain quite lightly and has continued throughout this evening. I felt confined within the tent, and unsettled in myself - with a slight return of the jabbering mind. Still, I feel fine really. Days seem to be washing over me at present, and I am sleeping well. During my walk today, confronted by the beauty and stillness, I realised that I will be sad to leave this place that is becoming home.

Another day washes away.

20th: A bad start. Absolute lethargy on waking up. Totally unmotivated. Had a bad night's sleep - woke up wracked with hunger, and became very restless. I suppose I've lost a lot, physically, through the illness. Have spent today craving food. I never seem to have enough to eat.

I attempted to revive this morning from its stupor by visiting the valley, and bathing in the great river there. This turned out to be a beautiful experience, as the Sun stayed all day, enabling me to lie naked on the rocks, bathing in the warmth. I plunged myself wholly under the freezing rushing water - almost heart-stoppingly cold; but bursting out into the sunshine was wonderful. It sounds so hackneyed, but I really did feel free.

I returned perhaps too early to the tent, for the afternoon was spent idling around, waiting for the time to eat. My hunger and craving brought my mood down slightly. Eating now has become a Holy experience - I can see how food is so taken for granted back in civilization. I thank the gods after each evening meal.

I have lost a lot of weight - none of my clothes fit properly. I am a little unsettled again.

21st: Two months accomplished, and I woke early after a good night's sleep, feeling very positive, and allowed myself to feel proud of having got thus far. Reaching this point has really made a difference - I see now that some of my unsettled moods were partly to do with the interminable crawl towards this stage.

The weather has remained hot all day. Went for another long, slow walk, and appreciated the great beauty of this wilderness land. Found weather a little too hot though, and returned to tent, drained. Although I am pleased to have a sunny spell, I do now wish a bit of rain as water levels are getting low - the spring from which I take my water is just a trickle.

Today's walk passed some time, and allowed me to dwell on further insights into myself. I feel reasonably settled in myself - perhaps a little too eager to complete each day, when I really should be savouring each moment: this special way of living, a way that now is only really beginning for me, will

cease in a month.

Still hungry, but not oppressively so.

22nd: Weather has been bright and very windy; gradually, the sky has filled with blankets of grey clouds, and now, this evening, it is raining slightly.

Undertook a good walk today, climbing up to the higher peaks where I had a clear and beautiful view of the sea and islands. I spent some time reviewing what I have learned about myself. Clarified some personal details, examined some demons and ghosts. Felt more positive today.

I asked the gods for strength, and have received, and been thankful. I am achieving a less obsessive state of mind regarding food, though remain constantly hungry. Anyway, another day.

23rd: Last night, I ventured out to look at the Moon, nearly full. I was stunned - at the beauty of its whiteness amidst the shattered clouds. And I was filled with a further sense of Destiny, and received some intriguing creative ideas. This morning, I awoke to sunlight and gathering grey cloud. Re-pitched tent, and became miserable. I was irritated at having to start another day, at having to create diversions for my mind while my body struggled with hunger. Felt fed up with walking - almost resentful of the routine - so I stayed by the tent, and wrote. And this brought a type of contentment, eventually.

The growing irritability is not what I expected at this stage of the rite - when the conclusion is tangible. I thought I would radiate calm and positivity. But, I am treating this emotional state as I have done with all the others - as a stage, that will pass. Perhaps the last few weeks are always more difficult - balanced as one is between the very different worlds of living here, like this, and leaving, back to modern life.

This evening, I sat within the stone circle, and lost myself in the beautiful vista, serene in the evening light. Unfortunately, the midgies really did their best to irritate me, and eventually drove me back to the shelter of the tent, earlier than I had hoped. Tomorrow night therefore, I will sit doused in insect repellent.

A frustrating day in some ways, but it has passed.

24th: Woke again to sunlight, and positivity. I took myself off, without objection, for a slow and long walk. This brought a peace of mind; a detached, tranquil mood.

On return, spent rest of day writing. This was excellent - my creativity flowed with new inspiration, as I drew from my own experiences since I arrived here. This is just the sort of uplifting focus that I need in order to take me towards the conclusion of my time here. However, always cautious, I am not getting too carried away with enthusiasm for my new creativity; I shall see how it sustains itself over the next few days.

This evening, still sunlight, but now strong winds, perhaps bringing a marked change in the weather. My water supply still a trickle, from its underground source.

Feeling alright; just plodding onwards.

25th: No weather change: as yesterday, intense sunlight - but perhaps slightly cooler. I woke feeling reasonable, but soon gave in to weariness. I stayed near the tent all day, and have continued writing. I just could not be bothered to do anything else. I wasn't pissed off exactly, just unmoved.

In between writing, things were a little tedious. The unrelenting "sameness" of the hot weather seems to grate on me - it is confirmed that I am a rainy, turbulent cloud sort of person.

All life is blooming, including insects, and I wake with the occasional bite on my face, and bloated tick somewhere on my body. Spiders, biting flies ... I have learned that I actually like insects, and find them quite fascinating; characterful, rather than cold and alien.

Towards evening, I went to sit in the stone circle feeling burdened and quite depressed. Sometimes, I feel impatient regarding the time left, with the end being in sight, but still much to endure before then. Sometimes, a day seems to amount to nothing more than distracting myself until the day is done. But at other times, there is an ease, a peace, which is worth suffering for - when I don't contemplate the impermanence of this way of life.

However, as dusk approached, my mood picked up, and I spent a happy few hours sitting in that lovely still evening light. But the one insect I do hate - no, they are not insects, but are in a class of their own - the bastard midgies, eventually forced me back into the tent. They have no problem with the insect repellent. Still, all part of the time of year and environment. Part of life.

26th: Much colder today, and grey - which, of course, I like. Undertook a long walk, but found it exhausting. But sitting by the loch was lovely: everything was still, and I watched and listened to some very strange bird life, emitting unsettling, almost human cries.

On return, I wrote a little more. I rounded the evening off by sitting within the circle, directing my thoughts to J. Tonight was much more comfortable - cooler temperature and light breeze kept the

midgies away.

A little more positive today, though feeling physically ground down by this way of living. Now it is rather chilly.

27th: Last night, heavy rain - just as I wished: welcomed also, I am sure, by the land. I awoke to the mist and continuing rain, all streams engorged and rushing. By mid-morning, it had stopped, replaced by clear sky and bright sunlight. And thus it has stayed. Water supplies have been dramatically renewed. Despite the clear weather, I was content to remain by the tent and write more, still feeling inspired. The day has passed quickly, absorbed as I have been in creativity. My mood is so much better.

The evening has been taken up with a long meditative sit within the circle, looking out as always to the sea and vast mountain range. Looking back over the experiences of the last ten or so years, I felt a new awareness beyond my own personal desires and goals. An awareness of the essential goodness and unselfishness of people, which can easily be missed, amidst the fervour of one's ego. It is an awareness of the "light" side that balances the fanatical "dark". To learn to give in an unselfish way. To learn tolerance, and become part of a greater struggle to bring human decency and honourable behaviour. To do something for others, for no personal gain.

A good and productive day - I feel better than I have done for quite a while: dare I say it, more complete than I have been.

28th: Woke to intense sunlight, which has remained throughout the day and early evening. Went for a new walk, exploring a rocky area that was also the home of some fairly impressive trees - not the usual gnarled elfin wood, clinging to a cliff face. I found several caves - natural shelters big enough to live in. One obviously had been the lair of a fox (?), judging by the old bones scattered on the cave floor. The shelter that I had marked out in case the tent was destroyed by gale force winds has been replaced by one particular cave - ideal for a hermit. Even on a hot day such as this, it is very cold inside. Maybe I will live in one, one day.

I found various places to shelter from the sun, amidst huge boulders and lovely ash and birch trees. As always my idyll was marred by hunger, but I gained spiritual nourishment.

Again, sat this evening within the circle, the weather wonderful. Enjoyed watching the bird life. I feel as if a barrier has been crossed, and I remain content.

29th: Cloudy start to the day, but it gradually cleared, and I have experienced the hottest day so far.

Have spent the day writing, but have experienced more unsettled feelings - irritability, mostly. The heat hasn't helped. The day has been uncomfortable, and slightly tedious - physically, have done very little.

Late afternoon, I felt emotionally tired and upset - burdened by the slow, grinding pace of this life of mine here. But I regained an even mood during my evening "meditation" within the circle. I much prefer the temperature of early morning and evening. Much insect life, including midgies - but tonight, I did not mind them so much. Now, shoots of bracken are growing rapidly towards the Sun, and bluebells, buttercups and other flowers are spreading out. Everything looks very beautiful. The bird life is highly active - I love the sound, a burr of beating wings, as little birds nestle on the heather by the tent.

Unable to sleep last night, I went out and lay beneath the clear starry sky. No need to try and express what cannot be expressed. After that experience, I returned to the tent and slept well.

30th: Weather has been very hot again, and a mist from the sea has added to the stifling atmosphere. My mood has been a little low - irritable and restless.

But, I did pick up during my walk in the new area. Summer really is blossoming: the heady scent of plant life, and business of the insects (I watched two beetles mating!). Everything busy and green and full of life - I felt imbued with this green energy, for most of the walk. But have felt very hungry.

Returned to tent, and wrote. Evening concluded with the usual contemplation within the circle - probably the highlight of the day. The sea was beautifully still. Finished off with a bit of physis. I'm alright, really.

31st: Glorious weather again, with sea mist. Spent the morning writing, until the heat made me restless. I then went off for a walk to sit beneath the shade of an ash tree. It was idyllic, and rescued the day from irritability. I lay on a mossy plateau of rock, among the huge boulders, and gazed up at the ash leaves and flickering sunlight. I felt wonderfully free, and daydreamed of being a Knight Templar.

I am still unsettled in myself though - but, as before am treating it as a phase that will pass. Generally, I am much quieter within myself, and sensitive to sounds that disrupt the natural stillness - even the setting up of the Trangia sets my teeth on edge. Once, I could only clarify thoughts out loud; now, the sound of my own voice is an intrusion - and I am able to clearly debate within my head. I can feel a sort of peace, beginning to flow within.

I am enjoying immensely being among the bird and insect life - particularly the insects, with their

different and spontaneous characters. They feel like companions as I integrate progressively with the landscape: there is no loneliness.

It will be strange when the time comes for me to leave. I think part of me expects this way of life to just continue.

Sat within stone circle this evening. Slightly cooler tonight, with a veil over the setting Sun. The light and stillness has been very moving. I would have stayed out longer, but the midgies drove me back to the tent. Concluded with a reasonable physis session. That's it - onwards.

June

1st: Took a while to sleep last night - my mind was buzzing with possibilities, on my return. So I went out and sat beneath the mostly clear, starry sky. The completion of this rite is now tangible, which is making me restless with various emotions - partly excitement that I have got this far, and - although I cannot be complacent - the clear sense that I will triumph; and sadness at having to leave, and face the tedium of everyday life in modern society. My former life seems so far away, and this is now the reality. I often feel almost fearful of the end approaching.

But tonight, during my meditative sit, I felt burdened with the time still left to do - I felt crushingly tired with the waiting.

I am waking to the early morning Sun, which does imbue me with a great sense of freedom and well-being. Heat today very intense - so have done very little, physically, but have continued writing. After writing, I languished beneath the ash tree. This was idyllic, and I day dreamed the time away amidst the activity of wildlife - voles, finches, etc. I felt so content for a while, craving new adventures when this is complete. And then, the burden of time experienced tonight.

A strong and cool wind has appeared tonight, heralding, I think, a change in the weather. Water levels are low again. Rain is needed - although I am adapting to the heat and continuous sunshine.

2nd: Perhaps I ought to feel some elation that I have reached June, but do not. I am surprised - which is a good thing - at how different I actually feel to how I thought I would feel at this late stage. I am weary and burdened. However, these feelings do not dominate the entire day.

This morning I wrote with renewed inspiration, and spent the afternoon again beneath the ash tree. I felt very relaxed then, almost in a dream mode. But, as with last night, when the time comes for me to sit within the stone circle during the evening, I become heavily burdened. There is now too much a sense of the rite finishing - too much anticipation of the conclusion while I still have time yet to experience and endure. But at such times I return also to my apprehension of the changing land, of deepening Summer, and positivity returns. Tonight I was suddenly struck by the intoxicating sense of life that is bursting all around me - new wild flowers, the frenetic bird life - and that incredible evening light which seems so characteristic of Summer. I feel very fortunate to be here, and to have undergone this experience.

I concluded the evening with a poor physis session - body still wearied by hunger. Although I should not wish time away, another day has passed.

3rd: Intense heat, and again, spent a productive morning writing. Another afternoon beneath the ash tree. I felt fine in myself until this evening, at the usual place and time. My mind did not accept the day's sense of contentment, and I became caught up in old debates and battles in my head. I felt sad and depressed. I attempted a physis session, which was utterly useless - my joints are stiff, and cracking. I am very lethargic. Perhaps I will give the writing a break, and spend tomorrow walking.

Strong and cold winds appeared again tonight, and I returned to the tent feeling uncomfortable and fed up. As ever, I must treat this as a phase, and it will pass - but I feel wretched. Quite upset.

4th: A positive start to the day: I undertook a long walk to the main loch, and felt the benefit both physically and emotionally. It was definitely the right thing to do - I felt once more involved in the ritual by integrating with the land. It has been intensely hot again today.

As evening wore on, and I sat within the circle, the pattern of weariness returned - although the walk has boosted my spirit somewhat against the misery. I'm feeling worn down, but not really depressed. I just must keep plodding on through the days.

The walk helped clarify and calm the processes of my mind. All in all, a better day than of late. Have given the writing a break.

5th: This evening I have had to retire to the tent earlier than I would have liked - the midgies are out in full force, swarming over everything, and biting. Not a lot can be done, just have to accept it as part of life's rich horror.

Found it difficult to sleep again last night, but this time, my mind was filled with music - specifically

new piano compositions. I got up and made a welcome cup of tea, and pondered, wondrously, on the new music. Sleep eventually came, but I woke before dawn - and saw Venus bright above the peaks as I left the tent to sit and experience the dawn.

Yet, as morning grew to its fullness, I again descended into a bleak mood. I felt fed up at the prospect of having to endure another very long day. I felt fed up with the whole venture. However, I roused myself for another long walk, and my spirit was raised. The weather has been incredibly hot, so I made my way up to a small loch, high in the peaks, and bathed there. A lovely experience.

During my evening contemplation, my mood remained good - although the midgies did their best to discourage this.

Water levels very low again. The source I have been using is almost dried up, but I was able to relocate another spring a bit further away from the tent- although this source cannot be guaranteed for the rest of the rite, if this weather remains constant. I may have to re-locate the tent, so tomorrow I will investigate a small loch down at the foot of the fells. Rain would be appreciated.

I am relieved that my mood has picked up, obviously aided by a bit of physical exertion. I feel another internal barrier has been broken down, although I feel the weariness may easily return. I've encountered some very difficult emotional states over the past week or so, which I had not really anticipated - a good insight.

I must note that now, whenever I drink water from the spring, it feels as if I am imbibing the consciousness of the water. A sparkling pure awareness speaks within my body - it is almost as if I am looking through the eyes of water. I am probably much more receptive to the spirit of water now, after having been ill and purged, and purified by starvation. I am nearer to the land.

6th: Forced into tent early tonight - flies and midgies causing hell. A decent night's sleep. On waking, my bleak mood descended again; I felt so worn down. The sky has been quite cloudy today, veiling the Sun - there is a faint echo of rain. I hope the weather does change - the flies are a nightmare early morning and evening.

Now as I write there is rain! Very light, but the sky is thundery. Thank the gods: a temperature drop is just what is needed to disperse the little fiends. I am getting so fed up with them crawling over my face and hands while I sit in the circle, and waking up with swollen eye lids or lips. This adds to my sense of weariness.

I undertook a walk this morning which I did not enjoy. I went to the loch in the land below me.

Exploring the lower flatter features does not carry with it the sense of achievement and exertion of the peaks, and I spent most of the walk, until the ascent back to the tent, feeling drained and hungry. The loch and the flat land was bleak, dark and depressing. Afternoon spent lying in the tent, in a stupor.

The sky remains dark, with a hint of summer storm in the air, and the rain light. Worn down, but I still endure.

7th: Took a while to sleep again, my mind once more on music. The rain continued off and on throughout the night, and on waking, it was heavy and the sky turbulent. Remained in tent for most of day, writing. Rain has continued, with very strong, cold, southerly winds. Water levels in full flow. I have felt content with today, and have not been visited by weariness. The fact that I am gradually moving towards the conclusion of the rite is starting to sink in, sometimes lessening the depression, sometimes creating it. I have quite enjoyed today, and have pondered on some interesting esoteric ideas. I feel absolutely replete with creativity - music is growing within me: in some ways, this does make me impatient to return.

These past few weeks have been strange; I feel quite different than I did in the previous months. There seems to be a greater edge of struggling, and a clearer vision concerning creativity and the esoteric. I have learned much about myself so far - I feel that my character has deepened with the insights. Feeling reasonably fine.

8th: Got off to sleep quickly, but was woken before dawn by very strong winds battering the tent. As the winds increased, the tent was partially pulled up from the ground, the flysheet unzipping and flailing about. Several times I had to get out and re-pitch. I could not get back to sleep, even though I was exhausted: I was worried whether the tent would stand up to the battering.

As daylight approached, I witnessed an awesome sea of cloud rushing from the south, and unfurling not far above me. Directly above the raging cloud was calm blue sky with higher cirrus wisps, barely moving. Since my time here, I have never encountered such strong winds. The rain lashed down, on and off.

I felt I had to stay near the tent today, in case the wind tried to tear it up. I began contemplating my

alternative accommodation. Thus I was confined within the tent, which was tedious. Suddenly, my creativity no longer seemed sufficient, and I could have done with a good walk.

I sat out for a brief period tonight beneath the rushing sky. It has become very warm, but the wind remains furious. Sitting beneath the column of scudding clouds was absolutely awesome - like watching time lapse film. Surreal.

Although there had been indication of imminent change, I really did not expect this. But as always, one can never be complacent where Nature is concerned.

The power of the winds, their all-consuming presence, has been quite an experience - rather unsettling. Beneath today's practical concerns - or rather, because of them - my mood remains positive. I have asked the gods for calm, and so far conditions have quietened down, a little.

9th: The winds increased as I settled down for the night; earlier I had re-guyed the tent so it was much more secure, so I decided not to worry. I settled down to sleep and was woken only once by the intense battering, and lashing of rain. In the morning, the tent remained unharmed.

The powerful winds and rain continued today, but I decided anyway to undertake a walk, feeling the need to be out in the land amidst the raging elements. It was interesting to observe how the land had been transformed by these conditions. My mood was very contemplative: I do not feel the need whatsoever to continue expressing myself creatively while I am here.

And yet Art etc. is, or can be, important. The majority must be touched by a type of creativity if the ultimate aim of encouraging an upsurge in Adeptship - and thus the beginnings of a new civilization - is to be attained. And so on.

For myself, now, I do not need words to express how I feel - I do not need to tell a story which does not need to be told. The essence does not need to be expressed by anything other than the life here.

As evening drew near, the winds suddenly ceased, as at last the southern horizon was lit with blue sky. Now there is sunlight, stillness and warmth, and I was able to sit in the circle. Midgies are returning - but nothing is perfect.

10th: A good night's sleep. Awoke later than usual to sunlight and stillness, although slightly chilly.

As has been usual, the morning saw a return of recent lethargy, so I took myself off on a walk up to one of the higher lochs, hidden in the peaks. For while, the experience was marred by my mind jabbering on over past debates long since thought resolved. However I was able to resolve these inner conflicts, with honesty.

The walk concluded positively as I unravelled my thoughts and returned to the tent just as rain appeared. There was a brief but dramatic thunderstorm then, with strong winds and lightning. This passed over quickly to leave stillness and sunshine.

I decided to find somewhere new for my evening contemplation, and chose a place higher up. Because there was a slight breeze at that height, there were no midgies. The view was inspirational, and the Sun remained.

I am occasionally feeling the excitement of finishing; but am trying not to dwell too much - there are still days left which may bring new experiences and insights. Any creeping depression seems nulled now by the sense of impending completion. I am not dwelling too much on what has been experienced over the past three months - such a review, such a distillation, is too much - too final

11th: Did not sleep for ages last night - mind buzzing with all manner of general things. Awoke early to sunlight, although temperature at night and early morning is quite chilly. Sky cloudy.

Again, morning prefaced by lethargy. Went for a walk, which was spiritually rewarding, but physically shattering. On return, dwelt further on esoteric matters.

So, day progressed into evening positively. Climbed to my new peak this evening, but the flies and midgies found me. At present, the inside and outside of the flysheet is swarming with them. I am resigned to it.

Feel quite positive - my contemplation of things esoteric seems to have yielded some revelations. Now it is raining, slightly.

12th: Ventured out again last night as dusk gave way to night, and was engulfed in midgies - horrendous. Rain grew heavier as I settled to a good night's sleep.

Awoke with more bites than usual. Tent full of midgies. Got rid of the little scum by re-pitching the tent. It began to rain again, lightly. I went off for a walk and washed in the valley river. The walk was uneventful, but my spirit was strong, feeling a sense of achievement as the days draw on towards the climax of the rite.

Afternoon spent in tent as rain became heavier. No evening out, as rain has increased. Much colder now.

13th: Woke early to rain - the rain had continued throughout the night. Consequently, the day has been quite chilly with hill fog, and wind. Everything has felt damp and cold - almost like the earliest stages of the rite, rather than Summer. Wind now quite strong.

I have been confined to the tent, no variations in light to tell me how early or late it is. However, I have begun composing, developing a - hopefully - new and effective system based on the septenary. This is such a new development, and shows that even at this stage, rewards can flower. Physically, I am quite uncomfortable, cold and hungry, with a lot more bites than usual, particularly on my legs.

The tent has withstood the elements brilliantly, but is now showing signs of wear - a few holes, and less water repellence.

My mood remains positive - almost detached, as I am still aware of the days yet to be experienced.

14th: Rain and winds continued through the night. Strong winds buffeted the tent during the day.

Weather has remained really atrocious, and I have been confined again to the tent. Not too bothered though, as I am now engrossed in composition.

But, I became cold just remaining in the tent, so went for a walk. It was invigorating being amidst the strong winds and rain. Rain and winds easing now - probably will be a brighter day tomorrow. I feel very calm.

15th: A good night's sleep. Rain and winds have eased, and this morning I woke to sunlight. The temperature remains a little chilly.

Despite the good weather, the prospect of going for a walk lost its appeal as I continued composing.

I still feel detached, but am a little irritable at present - headache, and tiredness, and hunger. I still can't allow myself to think about leaving this life - I am aware that part of me does not want this to end. The approaching conclusion seems bitter-sweet.

16th: Woke earlier than usual this morning. At first, the temperature was cold, but as the Sun rose over the peaks, the weather became quite hot, with a slight breeze.

I undertook a walk that I have been saving for the conclusion of the rite - back to the loch that had so enchanted me with its feminine aura. The walk up to the summit was very tiring, but the view was breathtaking - I could see all the inner islands, and those beyond.

I wept. I felt such a mixture of feelings: absolute relief at having reached this far, and a sense of great achievement. But also, a deep, deep sadness at having to leave. It was/is a sadness I have never felt before, in connection to anything else, and I cannot really describe it.

I returned to the tent, without dwelling further on the conclusion. I just want to continue, quietly and practically.

17th: Another sunny day. Did some washing, and once more became absorbed in composition. I have never concentrated so much: persistence and absolute focus enabled me to solve some esoteric and compositional riddles. So much came together, at that point. I felt the incredible elation that creativity can bring. The day however became stifling, confined as I was again to the tent, of my own choosing. I have not really felt motivated to take a walk - each walk now seems so final; it is too upsetting. I will leave uncharted areas for another time, another life. I do feel sad.

After the physical inertia, I attempted to sit out this evening, but the midgies drove me back. Physically, an inactive day, but the creativity has been incredible.

18th: Once again, very hot weather. This time, I undertook a walk first thing, which I found a little tedious and tiring. I was eager to return to my compositions, which again took up much of the day.

Keeping my mind focussed and occupied is helping me cope calmly with the very little time I have left. Evenings are confined to the tent, as the midgies are out in full force. I won't be sorry to live without them.

Some further esoteric ideas came to light, and in the evening, I did a little carving in the tent. Very cold at night, but am sleeping well.

19th: Rain last night, and for most of the day. Thus another day in tent, composing. But my creativity has been less inspired today, and I now feel there is little to add to what has so far been accomplished.

When evening came, my lethargy lifted, and I felt strong positivity - a near happiness, yet one tinged with the burden of return. It seems so depressing to have to be, if only partially, a part of the machine of modern society and its stifling ways and laws. Yet there is J. So many mixed feelings coming to the surface.

I sat out tonight within the circle, when rain had ceased. The view was inspiring, and the ancient land enhanced the feeling recently experienced of my own mortality - the passing of human life in the blinking of a mountain's eye. This feeling is not negative, but liberating: I know life to be an opportunity.

I know this with calm acceptance.

Writing this diary has, recently, ceased to be a help - it is now a petty burden: I no longer need or wish to express what I feel. Last full day tomorrow.

20th: Awoke just before dawn, to light rain. It felt good to be awake at that time, with the light, and birdsong, and deer.

I bathed, one final time, in the river valley, and spent a tranquil, if rather cold, time beneath an ash tree, washing, and sharpening my knife, and just 'being'. Further esoteric ideas surfaced - almost final pieces in a jig-saw. I returned to the tent to write.

The evening was marred by the midgies who held me hostage in the tent. However, as evening wore on, the temperature dropped and their activity ceased. I ventured out. As I crawled from the tent, I was confronted by a magnificent Satanic sunset: high up, red clouds; on the horizon, dark clouds, carriers of rain. The clouds created beautiful shapes, of creatures beautiful in their moment - but the shapes became forgotten as they changed into something else. It is the flow, the constant change that is real.

I stood in the circle, and undertook a simple and spontaneous oath of re-dedication. I chanted.

I do not feel sad now - I am ready to return to the world. I feel as if I have arrived at myself, after this long journey of my life so far.

I am very calm. When dawn appears with the first light of the Solstice, this rite will end. I'm not sure I quite believe it.

^^^^^^

Bagendon, February evening

20 million years hence

Is Now:

In this one Moment

Are human hives grown from soil

Threaded through with one mind

The stars have caused these forms

Each stone nest and its twin star

A ripple upon a river

That has now passed

From the illusion of my eye

And been received into deep space

Someone - it does not matter who -

Sends out three tolls of the bell

Three more

And three more, and I am thankful

For there is no longer the lie of evolution

The game of race

The illusion of the "West"

No longer the willful schemes

The false cycles of time

But only what has always been

And nothing more

What is believed

Flows away:

Three tolls of the bell

Three more

And three more

H.P. Lovecraft and the Dark Gods

A lot has been said and written in recent years about the writings of H.P. Lovecraft, particularly his Cthulhu mythos, but to gain an insight into the truth it is necessary to compare Lovecraft's mythos with one of the most sinister traditions of Occultism.

Lovecraft, aware of parts of the ancient tradition of the Dark Gods' dramatized and mis-represented the tradition as a whole. Part of this mis-representation was literary, some of it arose because Lovecraft could not see beyond the Abyss where opposites are meaningless, but most of the mis-representation arose because Lovecraft had access to only part of the tradition, through his own Occult researches and sometimes inept experiments with dream control.

To these, he added inventions of his own - such as the so-called 'Necronomicon' (the book of this title published by Colin Wilson et al is a hoax) - which he wove into the Cthulhu mythos. This mythos bears about as much resemblance to the genuine tradition of the Dark Gods, from which it is derived, as a fir tree does to an oak.

One of Lovecraft's mis-representations is in naming the Dark Gods. The Dark Gods (or 'forces') may be symbolized by vibrations, since it is partly through such vibration that certain levels of consciousness may be reached. These levels re-present primal Chaos - that is, they are devoid of Word since such levels pre-date the covering up, by Word, ritual, idea and even myth, of the essence from which Being and non-Being were derived. Viewed conventionally, these entities are negative and by their return restore Chaos - that is, they destroy the historicity of Being. When seen through the stricture of opposites such a return is terrifying.

According to tradition, the Dark Gods are waiting, in what may be described as a parallel universe, to return to Earth and thus our spatial, causal universe. Essentially, the universe of the Dark Gods is acausal and the two universes may be re-presented as being joined by various Star Gates (or more accurately 'nexions'). These 'Gates' are regions of space-time where passage from one universe to another is possible at certain times - that is, when the Gates are aligned according to their cosmic cycle.

Traditionally, it is believed that these Gates open about once every 2,000 years. Because of the nature of the two connecting universes (that is, their difference in time and spatial geometry) not only is physical travel possible between them, but also to a limited extent, a special form of astral travel. This astral form is possible because our own consciousness, by its nature and evolution, is partly acausal and therefore already to an extent on a primal level part of this other universe. Thus, it is possible for an individual to journey into the other realms where the Dark Gods are waiting just as it is feasible - if the psychic Gates are opened - for those dreaded and negative entities who are seldom named to manifest on our level.

Such travels are manifestly only feasible when a nexion is about to be opened, is open or is closing - that is, at the beginning and ending of an Aeon. At other times, travel is very difficult and very severe measures must be taken in order to create the energy required. Such methods have seldom been used in the past: they involve great danger to the individual(s), hideous rituals of suffering and sacrifice, or immense detail in preparation and the acquisition of a crystal tetrahedron of the right quality.

The intrusion of these entities into our universe takes many forms, both physical and psychic, and here again Lovecraft has mis-represented them. According to Tradition, the last overt physical manifestation took place thousands of years ago, around 8,000 BP and gave rise to, among other legends, the myth of Dragons. Prior to this, the sinister tradition speaks of the first coming of the Dark Gods at the dawn of our consciousness - probably around 20,000 years BP. Psychic intrusion is often minimal but nevertheless terrifying for some. According to one recent account: "They lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sounds which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds to know. And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner of the meeting of dimensions. They are the destroyers ... the bornless forever who wait for our call. Soon they will come to collect that blood which is required by Them. To understand Them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be."

Such manifestations often take the form of nightmares when unsought, and occasional madness is not unknown among those who have deliberately tried to bring the Dark Gods: for example, in a case known to the author a group tried, in the early seventies, to invoke these forces. The working was only partially successful and one of those involved went mad.

One of the most noticeable effects of deliberate contact by Adepts is the change that results in the

consciousness of certain groups of people and individuals - such as a resurgence of primitive atavisms. Such changes are often misunderstood, bound as most people still are by old Aeon concepts of duality, and over recent decades these changes have been a prelude to the calling forth that will re-open the physical nexion and return the Dark Gods to our universe and thus the Earth itself.

The details that Lovecraft gives regarding 'calls' and rites are mostly fanciful and only in a few places does he inadvertently reveal the truth - for example, in his mention of the trapezohedron and 'Azathoth'. The key to travel along the passages between the star nexions is the Nine Angles and the key to the Nine Angles is the crystal tetrahedron which is activated by voice vibration. 'Azathoth' as described by Lovecraft, is a symbolic and distorted re-presentation of the intersection, in acausal space-time, of these astral star passages: a kind of galactic vortex or node. Those who journey there never return the same. Along the star passages the shells of long dead civilizations lie strewn.

The Nine Angles (the key to contact both physical and astral) are re-presented in the septenary Star Game and it is through this symbolic re-presentation that the magick of the Dark Gods is made manifest. The rest, to the uninitiated, is sheer terror.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Tabula Rasa
ONA, 1996eh

As a practical form attempts to impel the lives of those in a society towards a Golden Vision, it is in the nature of the Cosmos that a few individuals remain aware of their belonging in the esoteric essence beyond that, or any, form. In a time when the intellectual trend is towards espousing practical action above philosophy, "gritty reality" over the "numinous", it is all too easy to lose sight of the original aims perhaps now maligned due to their being of an 'esoteric' or 'magickal' nature, since these latter terms now seem mostly to be equated with fatuous philosophy and general sub-human inadequacy. But despite the sad behaviour of the average sorcerer, the reality of what we call Magick is still pure, and still of the Source that exists for us to tap into and, through striving, consciously integrate with. There is still the potential to understand the connexion we as living Beings possess with the Cosmos, and that this understanding can bring about a unity that creates, what we at present term 'Immortality'. Essentially, it is in the Nature of the Cosmos that there exists for a select few (although the number should increase over the centuries, if Evolution is allowed) the opportunity of becoming, through an act of Will, an aspect of the consciousness of the Cosmos.

A temporal form is a way in which the Cosmos expresses itself in the causal world, and thus this form (which may be of a political/religious aspect) is the vital, practical mechanics of Evolution - without this dynamic fusion of Force and Form, there is no 'Divinity' presented in 'the world', and Life decays. But in our pursuit of the Form, we must not disregard outright the esoteric methods which can capture the aspiration to reach the essence, and thus acquire 'Wisdom'. The understanding of this essence has its beginnings in "Aeonics" - and the meaning of "Aeonics" is only discovered through the essence.

This understanding does not lie solely in the performance of 'magickal rites' - and there exists only a small body of these which can create a Nexion - or the living out of an 'esoteric' existence according to commercial Occult fashions. Nor is genuine understanding acquired from the writings of others - despite whatever the degree of Wisdom of those so writing. The problem faced with Occult writings, if 'wisdom' is being sought through this medium, is the simple fact that Word will only ever obscure rather than communicate the essence, because the process of Individuation creating itself within the individual is always experienced in a way unique to the individual. At best, the written form can act as a skeletal guide to inspire those rare, willful characters of action to expand their consciousness into the acausal and thus create the Change necessary for the World - and for the Cosmos. It should be obvious that written ideas are never enough in themselves, despite the necessity of what has become, not unpredictably, the popular option of 'seeding'. If there are no individuals to become a focal point for the ethos, to breathe life into the philosophy via living those ideas, then the ideas are soon forgotten.

The Dark Tradition, or Sinister Path, as an expression of the Cosmos, is a living Being rather than a 'tradition' passed on via the written word. Thus, in order for this Being to live, it requires individuals to act according to their personal Wyrð. This implies that each generation of Initiates commences the Path as a 'blank page' since the Seven-Fold Way exists, in the early stages, only in accord with the dynamic individuality of each existence. Beyond individual existence (in esoteric terms, having 'passed the Abyss') lies the realm of the genuine Master/Mistress: a real knowledge of Aeonics, and the commencement of an extraordinary form of existence.

The late 20th century world of Magick is characterised by fine sounding words agitating, often in exasperated tones, for "practical action". Considering that the Occult Way, once a Heresy, has become a commodity (and is thus 'decadent'), a "call to arms" is indeed laudable. But, having waded through the polemic, does not "practical action" simply emerge as the 'by-phrase' of an Occult generation and does this not inspire the passionate to detest, ipso facto, the philosophy of Magick as an outmoded fantasy game?

Or do those who talk of Action and do not Act, do so because they do not seek to understand for themselves, so that they may act with understanding? The nobility of the Sinister Path is that it alone can guide individuals beyond the matrices of illusion to become spontaneous and natural, with an understanding beyond the limitations of Self. The ordeals of the Seven-Fold Way are designed to change forever those who can undertake them, because the experience of such an ordeal goes deep rather than at best producing a moment of insight (one which is subsequently lost amongst the delights of modern day living). The Adept - a new type of human being, rather than a title - acts with less and less emphasis on personal desire, as they move towards becoming the Path itself, knowing what is necessary. Such

individuals come to know what they re-present, not by agreeing or disagreeing with someone else's words and insights, but because they have, if it be their Wyrd and through the presencing of the future within the present, allowed within them the process of Magickal evolution to occur of themselves. For some, it is not the Forms, however numinous those Forms might be, that are important but the Path itself. It is through such individuals who are the living Source (ie. "Falcifer") that the Form is made meaningful to those whose Wyrd calls them to the Form itself (ie. "Vindex"). For the individual, which aspect describes his/her existence will be dis-covered through the practical act of embarking upon the Seven-Fold Way.

This practical act not only implies undertaking the various traditional ordeals, but that the individual comes to know who s/he is via ordeals unique to their journey - these experiences making the 'Grade Rituals' possible. Despite what may be a move towards dismissing the 'esoteric', what is 'Magickal' can simply be described as the Desire of an individual, through an act of Will, to transform themselves into a Higher type. What is noble about this pursuit is that a consciousness is created that links the Adept with his/her own Folk - and that which is, in one inaccurate sense, beyond. It is not the pursuit of selfish pleasure and the justification of personal prejudices.

It is the Will that is the Key: it is Will that is better than any of the trappings some might use in their 'magickal' activities - ie. sex, drugs, 'pain', and so on. The Triumph of the Will is the Key to Transformation.

To repeat: the preparations for this transformation are unique to the individual. In some Cases- and often in those most profound - a chosen practical form may bear no obvious relation to what conventionally constitutes the 'Esoteric'. Whatever, it must involve the individual in experiencing some personal trauma, because this is how the Will is tested - thus, the experience can only be of a practical nature. An 'Insight Role' may be one such means (qv. Hostia), but even this is still a game which the 'Sinister Magickian' can play for awhile. Such an ordeal does not require the detachment from the Esoteric/Sinister Path so far lived (this detachment is required as a prelude to Adeptship). For an Insight Role, the form chosen (and/or the reasons for so choosing the form) may have no direct Aeonian significance. For such a significance to be genuinely understood beyond the Self, a form must be experienced as it is, on its own "light" terms. There must be no secret or "Sinister" agenda - there must simply be a living of that form, a 'becoming-one-with' that is in itself a Magickal act, though may not be perceived as such, initially. The individual must accept that this new living may, or may not, last for the rest of their causal life, since the form so lived is known to be vital to the future of Civilization.

As stated, Wyrd is then dis-covered by allowing the Changes within to occur of themselves. What this means, is that personal anguish, boredom, fear, do not in themselves constitute a reason to stop living the Form: thus, there is a Triumph of Will. It will be made clear, in its own species of time, who, or what, the Adept is: a belonging of the essence, or part of the Form - or perhaps both ...

What results is an Aeonian awareness that renders those who simply possess intellectual comprehension irrelevant. In time, from this crucible, an Adept emerges: someone who embodies in their being the balanced unity (of "opposites") from which creative, ordered and thus willed or conscious Change derives. Most importantly, they have dis-covered themselves, and others, through their own Triumph of the Will; by using their own judgements, making their own mistakes - guided by the uniqueness of their character.

The purpose of individual existence is linked to the Destiny of the Cosmos itself, and to those who understand, have a most profound responsibility in this bovine world. The Sinister Path exists to create individuals who can practically implement this understanding and thus create significant change. Such willed Change is Magick.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Deceitful Occult Ego
by Anton Long (O.N.A.)

It is indicative of the sorry state of most occult paths - and the people who follow them - that there is an abundance of dis-information, deceit, mystification and cultivation of egos.

Consider a typical case: a young man develops an interest in occult arts, and eagerly seeks information and contacts. Books and articles are read, contacts made, perhaps a group or *three* joined. Soon the young man is part of the 'occult scene' and one of three things usually happens: (1) he accepts some system or person, for awhile and tries to follow what is expected - then, after some 'practical' work, decides it is not right for him and moves on to another system or person; (2) after a little while he comes to believe he has attained his goal (and thus is an 'adept' or 'Master' or whatever) - usually after engaging in a few rituals and a lot of conversations and meetings with others; (3) after a short or intermediate period cultivating and fawning upon others (and thus assisting them in their endless campaigns to 'safeguard' their own reputations by attempting to discredit others via rumours and so on) he establishes an identity for himself - exaggerating his own achievements, knowledge and contacts. In short, there is the perpetuation of old Aeon traits and values - contra what the occult in general is supposed to be achieving.

Two things are involved in this process: the desire (mostly unconscious and natural) for self-importance and self-delusion. Part of this self-delusion occurs because of the 'intellectualisation of the occult' - there is too much talk, too much acceptance of what others say (particularly about others) without first-hand knowledge, too much theory and too much ego-domination where 'cleverness' (particularly in words) is rated above practical experience. Too much concern for someone's 'past'.

The result is almost inevitable (and a waste of the potential of occultism) - the young man achieves no real progress, no real insight no real occult abilities. He has become infected with the 'occult disease'. Instead of going within, into the wilderness, to lose all illusions and delusions and begin the hard and solitary path to Adeptship by practical work, there is the camaraderie of being 'in the know', of 'being accepted' or working (mostly in intellectual or pseudo-intellectual ways) in a certain 'niche' and thus becoming self-satisfied in a comfortable way. The occult thus becomes a 'habit' or an interest- a source of self-congratulation (perhaps even of material income) and a place where a 'role' is obtained and lived out. Some 'practical' work may be done - but the end result is the disposal occultists so familiar from the recent past and the present: the attender of meetings (or the more modern 'symposia' or 'conferences'), the seeker after and spreader of gossip and rumour, the pseudo-intellectual dilettante writing articles and books (and perhaps even editing a magazine) not from direct, personal experience but rather from hearsay, from self-opinion and from intellectual aridity and cleverness. Or, perhaps, the plagiarist enjoying a clique success and amateur adulation - or the self-appointed 'master/adept' who may need the mystique of an organisation to mask his lack of character or charisma or who may be so self-deluded that he actually believes he has attained his goal. Then again, our young man may turn out to be one of those many failures who hang around the 'occult scene' - flitting from one group to another, one 'master' to another, and talking, worshipping (both 'gods' and 'masters') and talking again and accumulating a mass of useless information, 'lore' and 'grades/degrees'.

Despite the interest in recent years in the techniques or ways of the occult - despite all the many words written and spoken - there has been little or no real achievement on the personal level: no increase in the very few adepts. Instead, almost the opposite has occurred - an increase in self-delusion, in glorifying the ego at the expense of gaining insight; a turning away from effective experience to the glorification of the vapid, the intellectual and the 'non-directive' sensation-seeking, temporary, 'mind-expanding' experience. In short, there has been less real self-discipline and more ego-biased stupidity and stimulation.

Adeptship, and the wisdom that lies beyond that, is obtained by a slow, hard process which requires self-discipline and the self-overcoming of hardships. There is no path to it which is not without difficulties and which is not solitary - which does not require the discarding of all those props which most require to survive: a dogma, friends, ideas, companionship, lovers, material security, 'masters'... There is no potion to obtain which when taken will suddenly give insight or wisdom, no sudden revelations - from god or mortal - which instil wisdom, no technique to be used a few times a week, no ritual or rituals which will give personality or character or self-development.

This process requires years & involves certain ways of living - & often a certain guidance. It requires also the desire to reach the goal, to not give in when things become difficult or confused - a tenacity to follow the chosen path to its ending.

The occult knowledge and insight of an individual is shown most of all by their bearing - by the way they relate to others. But this bearing is not the assumption of some 'role' (such as 'master' or 'guru' or whatever) - rather, it is genuine and spontaneous, full of individual character: neither affectation nor pretension. This is so because the knowledge and insight is within, acquired from experience. Where there is lack of real knowledge and lack of insight, there is pretension, artifice, the "I must preserve my own ego by doing down all others" syndrome, and the inebriated laughter of the ill-disciplined, ill-at-ease discussion machine.

Our young man would do well to try and find some guidance from an insightful individual - and be prepared for a hard and long journey. Perhaps then, in time one new adept will arise, and the 'New Aeon' will be brought a little nearer.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Lands of the Dark Immortals

There are many legends associated with the Lands of the Dark Immortals, a 'place' known by many names throughout the history of the Sinister Tradition - one of those names being the 'Avalon' of Arthurian legend. However, the majority of accounts concerning Avalon are romantic distortions; what is generally evoked is the mystical, Nazarene inspired dwelling of aetherial Entities the souls of warriors at peace. Such an account is a favourite amongst those who call themselves 'wiccans' and 'new age pagans' - such people reveal a fundamental lack of understanding regarding the ethos of the West. The philosophies of life of the early folk of the West – those of Albion, the Vikings, the Franks, the Angles, the Romans and the Ancient Greeks - were not born from the Eastern religion of a strange desert god whose attitudes towards death concerned an afterlife spent in either eternal peace or eternal damnation, but from those things that shaped their own lives, things that were indigenous to their own culture. The ethos of the Warrior was an integral and 'positive' factor in the lives of the Western people: it epitomised all those qualities that were noble, honourable. The reality of war was not subject to liberal, moralistic ideals and aims, such as the achievement of cultural harmony and world peace; it was an expression of their lives as a necessary way of preserving - and spreading - their ethos. It was a pride in identity. War was a creative act - in esoteric terms, it was the greatest act of sacrifice. Pagan character was one shaped by a sometimes tragic acceptance of wyrd, but one that knew the realities of struggle and thrived on them. To such folk the concept of everlasting peace was an alien one. Instead, the spirit of departed Warriors remained with the folk and added to the continuing dialectic - that spirit had become part of the ethos itself. Essentially, the racial ethos continued after the death of individuals. This perhaps may be best expressed by a quotation from a fragment of an Ancient Greek poem:

"Noble and glorious is he who fights
For his folk and family against the foe.
Since death comes when chosen by Fate -
Bringing to an end the thread of life -
Go forward with spear held high and shields shielding brave hearts
When battle is joined:
There is no flight from death, for that Destiny comes to all mortals
Even they claiming descent from the gods.
Many from the battle fury of roaring javelins have fled their
home -
But even there, their fate of death awaits:
And they die unloved and unmourned by their folk
While both the high and the low born lament for the brave.
All of a community weep for the courageous, who die:
And if they live, they are hailed like a god,
Exalted by those who behold them
For the deeds of the many, they did alone."
[Kallinos.]

This early awareness gave birth to the search for the methods with which to create an actual acausal existence. In the Sinister Tradition, the Lands of the Dark Immortals did not signify a complete disembodiment from the community, but a continuing relationship within the evolution of the race. The understanding of this interactive relationship between the causal and acausal has become progressively more obscured by the projection of abstract ideas onto the essence of things - as much so in the occult world as anywhere else - and it is this intuitive understanding that genuine Magick can reclaim. It must also be remembered, that entrance into the Lands was not for all, but for the Elite - those who by virtue of living, had progressively created by their deeds, an acausal existence. Such people were the Warriors, whose acts changed the Destiny of an entire folk. As the spirit which imbued this way of living declined, other techniques were sought.

At this point in history, it is only within the continual evolving esoteric teachings of the Sinister Tradition that the acausal and the creation of an acausal existence is given greater conscious expression. In the past a few Adepts - and the occasional notorious individual interested in dark sorcery - tried to secure for themselves an acausal existence by dark rites of sacrifice, and as a result dark legends arose. But such means are not really necessary.

Before describing what is necessary, a brief examination of existence within the Lands of the Dark Immortals will be in order. According to Tradition, we as individuals possessed of consciousness have both a causal and an acausal aspect to that consciousness. The acausal is latent (or mostly so) and magickal Initiation awakens it - opening a gate or nexion to the acausal. This allows the acausal to be apprehended (usually via a symbolism such as the septenary Tree of Wyrð) and acausal energies to be used/directed (i.e. 'magick'). The result is an expansion of consciousness (or viewed another way, the progression of the individual into the acausal) - a balance of causal/acausal being achieved in 'the Abyss'. Beyond this, because of the balance so attained, it is possible to transcend to the acausal - to create an acausal existence when the causal ceases (ie. physical death).

The acausal is not however, a "dreamy realm" or some kind of Nirvana/heaven. It is rather, the very essence of Being - beyond opposites, primal Chaos. Nirvana and such like are abstract moral forms - ie. they are "unbalanced" since they lack darkness, the sinister, the negative... [Nirvana and such like are usually described in terms only of 'light'.] The acausal is the realm of the Dark Gods - and these beings are not imaginative symbols for the titillation of consciousness, nor simply a part of the psyche, to be transcended or negated or whatever by 'forces of light'. Rather, they exist independent of our consciousness [yet such is the nature of the acausal that they are also part of what is dormant within us] and while they may be accessed (or 'dis-covered') by consciousness and thus presented in the causal (on Earth) their actual intrusion would totally disrupt sentient life in the causal - like the meeting of matter and anti-matter. [Note: Some of these aspects are depicted by The Sinister Tarot.] Sinister magick (of the aeonic and internal kind) may be said to be like a machine or engine where containment of opposites is possible and controllable under certain conditions. [In simple terms, sinister aeonic magick contains the flow of the acausal into a temporal form - usually an aeon and its associated civilization - via a nexion/magickal centre to thus over thousands of years increase the amount of the acausal that is presented, increasing thus evolution in individuals in accordance with sinister goals. Such is one of the forms of real Black Magick.] The nature of acausal existence may be apprehended by individuals by certain sinister rites such as those of the Nine Angles (qv. *The Black Book of Satan III*). To achieve an individual acausal existence, the sinister path must be followed, from Initiate to Internal Adept to Master/Mistress and beyond because this following of such a path in the way indicated (qv. *Naos* and *Black Books*) creates acausal consciousness in the individual over causal time. The Grade Ritual of Grand Master/G. Mistress makes the Adept more acausal than causal. Beyond this is a simple ritual (the solo Nine Angles rite done by the Grand Master/G. Mistress) when consciousness is transferred beyond the nexion opened/created by the previous Grade Ritual. Immortality - the final stage of the way is then achieved, followed then or shortly thereafter by causal death, although consciousness can be transferred to inhabit another causal body - this is not usually done as wyrð is achieved. Simple, really, although this alchemical process takes about 25 years. By virtue of the nexion, the new Immortal alters the temporal structure of the world, usually for an Aeon.

Now the secret of the Lands of the Dark Immortals is revealed, the possibility is open to all. But it is doubtful if more than one or two a century will try, such is human weakness.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Lay of Apollo
Brenna, ONA.

A man stood lone-lild, graft against the skies. He stood nearing the peak of a hill which rose out of the land like the great long back of a whale breaching the surface of a green sea. This stol-sun man gazed crossways to a smaller hill, where smoke was adrift in tokening of homesteads and terraces of patchworked farm fields, graduated from the arena of its flattened tump to its broad, contoured base.

The man shifted his leather knapsack from one shoulder to the other. It was filled with flint axe-heads which were some of his own creation, and some of his fellows. He was dressed in a home-spun tunic of rustic brown, girt at the waist with a leather thong. He wore leather boots shaped like stockings and laced at the front, leather armulets and a sleeveless overthrow of beaver fur on his back. He had tattoos on both of his muscular arms: one in the form of a lightning strike crossed with a single arrow; the other in the form of a sun-wheel below which was the detail of a bird of prey.

His face had a lean, hawk-like appearance; the long brown mane of hair and bristled beard lending him a leonine, animal-regal air. For this distinction of feature he had been called Ly - short for Lyone - for his wild-swept, brown locks and bristling beard gave him the same shaggy-crowned look of a lion. But for his trading name he took The Hawk, and only his folk, the company of his kith and kin, could call him Ly.

He seemed to spend a long time ruminating, standing on the grassy knoll with his leather sack of flint axe-heads. He was turning something portentuous over in his mind. Reflecting on the future and referring back to the past, as was the way of his folk so to do. Only Ly stood frozen to the spot for a good deal longer than most could countenance, and hence his special status amongst his company, and his close friendship with the oldest of the Wise Ones, Old Man Wem. Ly was a traveller and a trader who took his stock from the first Old Rovers whoever walked across the seabed in the Ice-time, and first came fetching to these shores and this blest, fair isle that Ly knew as home. Hence, there was a certain arrogance in his look and hence, the innate dignity with which he moved and bided by his work for the company.

He stared into middle distance as the sun dropped a portion lower in the sky and shifted his emphasis from the horizon to the round-shaped hill where the smoke rose, and where the ditch of the first earthwork boundaries were clearly visible. Whilst he stared, his mind went back to the past. The globe of the sun and the twirl of smoke rising up triggered a memory brought unaccountably from his fund of folk experiences. He felt at once vivified, comforted, inflicted with an unusual nostalgia and confirmed in his own belongings as he remembered the age-old tale that had been told to him ever since he was old enough to listen and understand.

He remembered sitting by the central fire in his father's lap a few days before the winter's feasting began. It had been uncommon cold, the dark and ice come early that year and a certain grimness had inflicted the company. To lift the dreariness, eld Mendion had begun to tell one of their best-loved stories.

In his rhythmic and sing-song rasping voice, which held them all spellbound, he had begun to weave his tale telling the story of Apollo and how the God they worshipped had come to be. He could hear the voice of eld Mendion spinning through his mind, enthralling him, alongside the sound of the fire crackling, the flames dancing upon the season-weathered skin of his kinsman as he spoke, the smell of the smoke and the red deer they had cooked still hanging in the air. Like an indelible imprint on his mind, the story - *the lay of Apollo* - recounted and unwound itself as he stared at the slow settling of the sun upon the further hills behind his homestead.

"Long, long ago when the Ice-time was still enravelled 'cross thay great tide-streams n' clefts of All Land an' the age o' thay monster-lizard was cum well nigh to close bein', all but'un memory in the minds o' thay folk, thay did live 'un peoples as was stolsun n' far-going of thought next to none. Tall n' faire thay wert, strong as thay grizzled bear, who'm did live in thane mountains where'as home o' thay folk. Na - 'twas held 'mongst this'n folk that shape-shifter gods had given thay knowing of fire-ken n' the power ovva dreaming-flight. Saa! was thay raised up before n' beyond all thay rude folks 'cross Evera Land. In thay mountain home, way above the Ice-line, thase did learn o' the fire-craft fra the shadow-hands of gods, who'ud shiftens-shape, as water forms its course 'ccording to thane contours o' the land.

Chosen thay'n were, for the brightness o' their spirits n' for the stoll-strength of their true arm n' will. But as the knowing was passed and learned, bright beings came fra thay stellar-kin'd to hunt the shape-shifter

gods, to battle 'un an' vanquish 'un an' erase all thay fire-craft fra span o' human memory. But canny-like these mountain-folk hid i' the deep caves o' thay rock n' be dint o' thay stalwart n' toughen-tree spirit, were spared the wrath o' thay Fieriiads who'm lightning-braiz'd thane skies, shattering the dark wi' a thunder-song as clept fear in of evera heart. And the shape-shifter gods did no more return'n. Except'n it was sayeth that in some special times i' the forests o' thay un-iced valleys strange-lilds could be seen. One wi' great horns bigger'un thay tines o' the greatest stag n' wi' a voice as was strange-some wooning, a voice as could freeze'n thay blood well as nigh, when wilder-ed, scowlls cumen long. Saa! do we give to thay God o' the Green, the Horned One as comes cheer in spring, as mun be revered on thay travel-paths of all seasons long.

Saa! did thay mountain folk, knowingfulled o' fire-craft felt in thay bones thay mun share the benivolance, these sacred light o' flame, wi' thane folks ovva further feld. And gradual-like as thay Ice-line did melt to water'un valleys wi' trees, these'n folks did spread their knowing wi' neighbours n' travellers as did cum near ovva nigh to afar, at thay summer o' gatherun time. Saa! did all peoples cum to know fire-craft n' to look to n' respect, full-fine, thay folk who'ud given unstilllike ovva fire-ken - clept'un golden-hawk folk, winged of thought as the bronzed hawk who did soar highest peaks, 'cross thay alps o' thane world - the eagle folk of fire-ken who did see-es far in vision as thay mightiest hawk-claw all.

Eh na i' th' cycle of a many-fold season an' be th' swelling n' starving of'm countless moons, there was born unto these eagle folk of fire, a childer full special n' rare. This'n special childer was birthed on a night the lik-es of which had'nay been seen not ever afore. Twert such'm night it did seem that thay gods were'n throw-ed stellar-kin dund to thane goodly earth. A night as was naither i' the memory of thane elder folks nor yet in th' tales that the wise ones'ud told. A night when it did seem as if the heavens rained fire, as if thay venerid stars'ud burst aflame n' fallen to bruise dane Modor, wi' dints n' fire-tails that 'sooth did turn folk's mindes wild. Thay was some as did say it noted a warning, showed anger of the bright ones at thay burning begun of, to helft clear a space midst the forested way. Thay was some as did say it knelled the ending of Time, naither'ud be their age gone-ap-by - n' thay was some otherus who did spake of a childer, brought to birth be the fiery helds o' the gods - a special childer, a change-bringer, he who'ud draw down the Gold One fra the skies n' woo him'us warmth for all winter's long.

Na was born to the gold-hawk folk, on this night of never-seen fire-fall, a childer wi' eyes all blue as a clear-dawn; a childer with hair like a feld of corn cum cutting-time at harvest, with hair like the leaf burnished bronze at time of autumn fall. Born of a beautisum Azanagelle, beget be thane jerntrowe Henddryn, he known saa resolute, fu' strong; this childer, named Apollid, grew more man-some stoll, more far in's sighting, more braw an' fiesty in's bearing as ever had cum to that folk, who lived in the lild of the Great Lands stretch.

This childer who clept the namen of Apollid was baith dream-like 'n muscle-willed. He did move him as quiet as thay still ones, wi' naither a whisper to show'un whence he trod. He listened fu'-tentive as thay wise ones tund-temple song, 'n he hafted his spear n' sent swift his arrow likes nain other'ud been brought to th' blood bond afore. On's name-day single-handed he wrestled dun n' killed-dead a brunnen-bear, as big n' as fierce as ony bear can be. And in time, as he grew full to his manhood, when he spoke his word-weaved ho, all on'us folk cum to listen n' be led. Til 'un was known as Apollid - he of thay wording that flowed lik-es drops of gold fra thane Bright One o' th' Dawn.

But druth fra thane bowels on thay mountain, did cum 'un monster terrible foul. Forged 'n formed nee thane belly o' The Mother, made fra magic mind-weave o' these Fieriiads; Fieriiads as'ud cum to take fire aways fra human hand in thane aged times gone by. Thisse monster did skrake sa'unearthel-sharp, wickedfower hidyus it freez-ed the vitals on any as heard. Fixed 'un to be pluck-ed 'n torn limb fra limb, as the weasal-snake do chill 'n still the prey it do drink these'n blood of. Thisse fowerstirk 'n terrifying baist was winged all-leathery like'us night-bat but scores beyond the size o' these little flitters. So huge 'n so hane that when 'un swooped razor-skraikin' likes lance to'un brain that terrible cry, it did blot out the sky like'es vasty cloud fra wind-nourished storm-torrent dark. Mass-grim, dagger-toothed, flint-clawed, this'n fousome baist roamed the mountains o' thay Great Lands spilling blood, scattering 'n renting thane flesh of many-a folk, fuelling fear where stoll nerves'ud been. Soon all 'cross the Lands 'n nigh still amidst thay valleys havoc 'n horror had set all folk aquakin' 'n all but afear-ed to travel or to hunt in the ways as'ud been kept fra before living memory.

Na thay baist did rip 'n range even to thane folk of Apollid, shrakinen to mind-numb howelin' eerie-keld, freezen folks, dead as stone, in these tracks. Then swooping to shred their'n flesh fra thay bone, laivin' mangled carcass to terror-quake sons of stoll-men who'ud seen thay ghashtly-gurgitated remains. But dour

as savage as a monstersome three, did Apollid's fair brow becomen when he did see thay terrible remains - th' baist's meal made of man all twisted 'n bloodied, inside spewed full-out, gnashed-up 'n livid. Aye 'n nair did his will flinch fra the vengeance he vowed. Til the death he flint-swore his'n sinew 'n nerve. Naither to still his'n fearful quest til he'ud crushed 'n killed, ripped wing fra wing, all spilled thay horridable-innards, sundered 'n split these most fearsome-foul jaws as did plunder the flesh o' thane folk he was sworn to.

Wi'un knowing that pierc-ed past thay gloom, cast drear in the minds of'n evera man, Apollid did leather bind his limbs, gatherun from's folk the staunchest made arrow-hafts 'n ready-flexed'us long bow moistened stoll-mort, set the sharpest cut, of his dagger-flint fixed, like a single killing tooth to thay belt that girt his 'n midriff. And aye, in his knowing he plugged his'n ears with th' fat on the aurochs so that deaf to all sound, he set out to thane high peaks where trow-na 'twas said, the baist made's nasty nest o' noxious bones. Deaf to all sound, insistent-alone, still young as the green corn not yet boldened be sun-season, Apollid set out on's fearful quest, sharp on his wits, silent as a windless night he stole, casting his blood-keen glance hither'n an' athither'n, likes thay owl lookin' to's back, even as his handsome hale limbs, stepped froward-long, for the length of a sun 'n be the dint of a dark moon night. And high high up Apollid did climb where the white snow topped still that aerial clime, when far down below thane fruit was swelling en mellow harvest sun. Kept warm be his bear-fur wrap 'n leather-binding, sharp-eyed's the gold hawk as do wheel in the sky, keen-drop to'us prey like a thunderbolt let fly, Apollid kept his look abound, fixed in's readiness to fearless 'n fight. Laith! The light on th' Dawn was red as th' dye fra the felled alder tree, as red as the blood berries that spring 'pon the haw 'n askrakin anhowelin' fra its bone-cave so high, baist did swoop 'n blot out thane light o' the ruddy-dawn sky. Wi' its wings whirling like a snow-storm skin-tund, its terrible monster-maw slavering all-ready to rent the flesh of man. Angered twert, be the bold of Apollid's march cum close be its nest where its dark heart did rest, straight-flew its nark apnar to mankin, desirous of scattering our'n Apollid limb fra limb, all across these peaks o' granite grey. Aye 'n fearsome did it skrake waitin' for'issle foolish, bold son of stoll-man, to freeze 'n stop-dead, still as a stone for the claws of thane baist to reap'us hot blood.

Eh na but Apollid, wi'an hero's heart, brow in'us stance 'n grim long-held, his limb, he fixed druth baist wi'a flint cold eye nain hearen thay nefaire-cry as sought to freeze'un dead. He drew back his bow-strong, set arrow-haft to flight, pierced the breast of thay wicked baist - flaili-yed'n monster wings, likes whirl-wind cum nigh, above him i' the blood-dawn sky. Eh but these craiture was dagg-ed fra the hell-mouth of hate 'n did tear the arrow fra its leathery hide, plummeten to death-gorge this'n troublous male of humankind. But staunch-set of will 'n brave-bent'us brow, Apollid did fast-flight from'us bow thay shafts of 'un double-spent arrow, settin' thane foul baist to cry-pluck wi' pain, afore it did wheel to turnen cum again. Aye 'n despite the sharp-skill o' these best arrow hafts, gross baist did cast the flints fra its hide, as if thay'twese the nagging of'un tiredsum speck o' flies.

Wi' its nasty dagger-teeth wide 'n ajar, its rip-razor claws clept outright to clutch, downen it descended to pluck at the face of this troublesome man-child. But fierce bright contained, steadfast tay endure, rugged wi' the strength of'un storm-toss-ed mighty oak, Apollid did stand to meet's loathed enemy. Eh na in his mansome hand, leather-bound protected, did he catch 'n hold the leg on his foe, whilst wi'us flint-dagger sharp as the lion's tooth he thrust at the throat o' thay carious baist. Saa! did he bring 'un acrashin' to ground.

Thane baist wasnay dead nor defunct-gone but ripp-ed 'n flailed wi' its hidyus claws, opened its maws to crush 'n to twist, rent limb fra limb, tear head fra torso, o' this mankin ah should've squashed aright in a blink of its ghoulley-viled eye. But thane will of Apollid tund immovable as thay rock of its mountain home 'n though it did scrussle 'n tear 'n tussle wi' a might as was more than five-bears strong, Apollid did grip it wi' so fierce an intent its spirit did stagger 'n crumble 'n fall. Before the bright flame of Apollid's will, the baist did cower what it couldnay surmount. Til in a surge likes swell-tide o' thay Mother, Apollid did grasp that rank 'n blood-globb-ed jaw 'n wrench-tore the maw o' thane mephitic baist, splitting its skull wi' hard muscle honed as Winteree's ice-lock unyielding - 'pon the frosted Land. And laith! did the man-rent baist fell'd down wi' a gurgling blood-frothen pain as its limbs thay did lurch-ed their'n last. And eh na was Apollid priz'd vanquisher as at last he sat bleeding 'n weakened fra the fight 'n the blood-loss of his victoree's battle. Near to thane dark lands o' death was Apollid in thay aftermath o' battle wi'ert fiercesome 'n foul-dwirlen baist, forged fra the wrath o' the haters spleen. Fainting 'n gasping but heart-strong inside, given praise to the gods as he crawled to'us rest, Apollid found'us way to thay monster-louse cave, high in the snow-clept climes, close to the path of the sun. There Apollid laid'un to sleep, naither knowing past caring, if in sleep he'ud drift fra mortal'd life to the land o' thay dreamen

death where these silent ones do wait.

High in that cave-cleft of the mountain, high 'n close to thay realms of the sun Apollid did sleep him for the length of a sunrise 'n two nights of a sliver-new moon. When he wakened he found himself alive still 'n living, then too weak to travel he made'um 'n fire taught of's ancestors-learning. He gathured berries 'n spagmoss fra tinder, th' small birds 'n beasin's he could catch fra his cave-holt, thence stayed he to heal his'm near-mortal woundin's. For seven full cycles of the moon did Apollid stay aloft in's sky-close cave, recovering his'n strength for thay journey home 'n thinking 'n watchin' whiles, the irids of thay Bright Ones as sparkled constant-ever-on adrift in thane massy night sky. Apollid from'us looking saw how these starry spears path-shifted 'cross each deep-black night moving tuthree time of'n cool moon's pace. And laith! So it happened at the entrance to'us cave there did jut, heads taller'un he, a pinnacle-prong childer-made be the alp he had climbed up to. He watched 'n he saw how the Gold One in each clear dawn would cast a diverse shadow fra thay rock-prong stooedes-tall. He watched 'n he saw these shadows fade 'n grow; a changeful track that stretched 'n strayed wi' thay coming of winter's ice-time 'n the melting of snows in thay blossom-burst of spring. Thence his timing he came to keep 'n he sought to hold his sanity be the charting of thane golden sun.

Na 'cos th' flame of 'un's spirit, was bright as th' firetails that do flash fra the skies in a rare'n wilder dark, den Modor, The Great Mother, did send her'n spirits to speak to 'un through th' dream-world. In'us visions Apollid saw thane settlement Land be off on its own. This Land that his own golden-hawk folk traversed to, on thay seasonal swim when shallow seas became bridged of'un ice to favour thane frequenten o' this'n northerner land. Be vision, in a flash of's sun-bright mind, Apollid did see the sleepstake 'n bounty on a fairerful isle. He saw the shorning of thay tree-fells, the shaping of thane hill-scapes, the planting of great stones as'ud mark the passage of the sun 'n the heavens, just like the rock-jut afore him served'us purpose, marking thay shadow-glyphs for'n eroodighted while. Eh na in mind's bright eye did he see the building o' temples fu'chantment mayjestical that'ud grace the lild on a fair-free land, connect'um to thane myriad glow, thay flickersome lights in vasty deep skies that ever'es dark-domed 'n blue-spaced above'un. Held did he call to The Mother for blessing, to favour'us vision he'd forsoothed along. 'N na circling to the rock-jut thrust afore his mountain-high cave, swept on the curve of a seven-colour arch, came'n golden bird bigger'n likes he'd ever seen. Thane noble bird ovva golded wing did descend to perch aft that jut of rock 'n gazed on Apollid wi'un keen-rent eye. From its beak it did drop some shining clear stone, as of water that had fixed into rock, hard yet clear 'n sparkling strange in thay sunlight that glanced 'n winked fra that gift all magickal-made - fra that gift by a golden bird given, that gift of a myriad-work stone, came kernal of crystal gestaytied, bloomed mighty-worth 'n sun strowen, be he of the golden brow.

Laith did Apollid feel mighty-sun moved 'n blessed beyond fullscore 'n more. Long had he spent fra weakness to strength, dependant on fickle-will of She who governs all, grateful for the warmth of fire-flame that's kinsfolk had brought humans knowing of. And now when his strength was come nigh full-stol he did take him ready for'us journey, patch his bear-fur torn in'us battle, renewed his arrow-hafts 'n leather-kind binding. Saa, did he climb then down fra thane mountain to travel back the path of's near-death plight but now all hale 'n hero-driven he did stride with'n light in's fair-fettled heart.

But for'us kinsfolk most thought of'um dead, passed to thay dream-shores where the soul-wings do wed. Though troth did they know Apollid'ud driven aivil monster far aways far, for naither was 'un seen drear-darkened no sky, no kinsfolk blood-spilled 'n mangled nain more. Though their fair one wi' the golden-corn hair 'n the ways wise-spoken, wi'us word-weave pure, liken dew fra first dawn, though he Apollid had naither return-ed, he'ud driven these flesh-renting foul baist, fromert evermore. Aye'ud they wept when their staunch 'n braw champion, the best fra the blest of their kindred came no more. And aye'ud they wept as they watched in dour forest 'n waited be the brook 'n the foot on thane mountain. Long'ud they kept a light in their heart but when hard winter's hoar-frost came ice-frozen stead; they knew, they believed - alasle! alumno! - their hero, he mun be dead.

Thraist then, in honour of'n rare-braveful hero, these thought 'ud met'us end whiles fighting for'ns kinsfolk, these sought to mark his passing in a ways special-rare, naither forgettin' the fair youth-blest fair who'd spilled of'us blood for the good on the many. All elders consulted, priestessi-considered, lead-folk's decided 'n blessed be Azanagelle who'd birthed brave Apollid, these kindred did raise girtt finger of stone, on a stretch o' the uplands, pointing straight-touch above thay. Pointing straight-touch to the Sun in'us cloudy scapes seas. And aye, these'all did gatherun round, to weep and to wail; to give thanks to The Mother 'n the Gold One of Day for sending Apollid to drive thay snaggerdhuun foul-baist aways. Na though the golden youth lived in their hearts 'n sang in their memory, whist the winter's home-fire, thay

thought, all'us kinsfolk, naither to see their brave bronzed Apollid, nain more could he be
But mother's is knowing beyond birth's seperate-ness, 'n thane moon-ma nee Apollid, faithfu' Azanagelle
unerring-steadfast, did hold at her'n heart a hope as'ud see her hale son return. And aye though she'd
sanctioned the raising o' the sun-rock, she couldnay believe i' the depth of her knowing that her fair'n
brave man-childer was gone 'n nain more. Saa! in the spring sun of a joy-filled day did she walk to the
sun-stone placed tall to her'n hero-son. Evera day, since Apollid'd gone, her'ud cumby beseechin thay
all-power gods fora grant ney on wishes 'n favour for'un son. Saa! on that day a full cycle's passing and
over again since Apollid had left'un to quell-kill dwirt-baisten, she did spy in the distance a stranger's
approach. And Laith! as she watched'um cum closer 'n by, 'n she saw his 'n hair full gold as the sun, she
knew her Apollid'ud return-ed home-shore. Thraist! was there bounty 'n bounty full-store, blood singing
veins 'n eyes wet wi' joy. Na'un the feasting went dusk fra the dawn, in praise of Apollid risen fra death's
land, alive 'n full brow!

A full cycle of seasons then'ud gone by, afore'n Apollid did speak the wise of's mind's eye. He gatherun
the elders, the lead-folk 'n priestesses 'n spoke in's word-weave of the seven-coloured bow. He
showed'un the gift fra the eagle's beak, the jewel like water turn'd clear into stone. He spoke of's
thought-span, his charts o' the sun. He show-ed how the stone-crystal shimmeren-light did warm 'n cool
'n picture-draawt a-mind 'n respond to thane spell-chants stell-age brought by. He told his'n kinsfolk of's
dreaming song, the Magic-Wyrd beckonin' in a north-lander isle. That isle they'ud travelled to whan the
ice-froze a bridge to gatherun a fruit-store, a harvest for hame. He sang-spoke'us knowing o' thane star-
stirred space, the voices of the spirits that'd whispered - "Whist, begin! begin!" He spoke'us skilful,
bright as lightning stroke o' fire, bolden-byautiful as thay finesung tree-bretheren. He paid homage to
their brow-noble ancestors blood, who'd kept fire's light i' face o' dread foe, for the good o' these'n all
beyond their blest-kindred. He stirred up each heart for'n quest to the brave, to live in new ways, willed
flint-formed into being. He spoke how their'n reverence'ud raise'm on high, raise'm to reflect the glory of
thane sky 'n how in their worship they'ud match 'pon Land the praise of the Bright beings, their own
fiery star, the Sun o' their'n life, brought thay into being, along'ov pale-shiftin, thay silvery moon, be
skill-mancin' maeystro-ment of'un Unison-Hand. And aye be the shaping of soil 'n stone, brought-nigh
fame-fu' be a crystal accord, creatin' thane temples o' rocks to the sun - thraist! ey'ud draw-up fra the
Womb of All Things, destiny's deliver-ed, thane Great Holy Wyrd - for the good of thay kinsfolk
froward'un time, past ken o' hunder-wealth, a thousand cycles on.

So potent-vig'rous, so forcefu'-eloquent was the speech-song of the gold-haired Apollid, so upliften
vision-strong thais warrior, wise beyond the youth on's year, all'n thays folks were wooed be his word-
spell 'n swayed to foller'un spark set aflame, in the mind-scapes of their high-dreamin-high. And aye
when they saw the clear crystal stone like'un tear shed-shinning fra thane Mother's eye, truly were they
awed be this gift full of light 'n gladly did they swear their fealty to foller'n; He, who was hero 'n harp-
span o' Wyrd, harbinging great feats to carve 'n continue thane legacy on.

Saa! thane company as pledged to Apollid ken dwirt-sturd en stell; fu' resolute n' glarn. Trow, thay did
silthily move to stand be shoulder'un Apollid, shewin' allegiance wi' naither a word but be whole body-
sprission. Remember-red thay for all their'n elan; the worth thay proved of endeavour gegan. Thraist! Ihr
namen passed fra kinkine to kinkine a hunder hunder cycles on, cumme nigh as pith en a brand o'
memory:

Thern there be, helver o' thay aurochs horn n' Halwyn fox-hair wi'us flint-knappin' skill, Brynedin fleet-
a-foot, Guifron the yew-sever, bow-maker deft. And 'oomankin answert did cum by azel: Enyllen flax-
tress, weaver-hand 'dept, Cariadden bowl-shaper n' Temissle raven-lock, Miiaren meliflowerus, wi'
songen o' skylark, meagan n' sweet, Bodianna mickle-struth n' Feoris the lithe, Leahllan bread n' brewer,
Silfaen thay stitch-quick n' Nyadd o' quabberken. Along of a side these brace o' stoll mankin: Dutlas -
quiet-reeth n' Kurnay the fire-hand, sail-tund Quernis, water-wend trailer, Jonnock the hasp-pitcher, bard
be the dusk, long-bearded Hergan arrow to'us mark, Yealdor birch-cleaver, wi' pipe trillern gifted n'
lastlaith cum Guilam, axe-wielder grim n' corrac-lat fitcher. These were the company glendid n' fower
who'm took it a mind to pioneer be Apollid.

All in flurry, bustle to be ready, did these folk who'ud go, build up their'n skiff-paddles fra cut-wooden
lat-frames, water-proofed tight 'ginst afrolicsome wave. Eh na these set to in preparing their furs to
keep'un in warmsome fra drear winter's dread. They treated 'n cut their'n countless leather-goods, their
auroch-oiled footwear, body-wraps 'n breeks, their bindings 'n bast-wefts, their coverall cloaks. They
honed up their'n axe-heads 'n gatherund their spagmoss, their'n tinder-shells 'n tree-gum, bow-strongs 'n
spear-hafts, the flint-points of arrow-swifts. They took o' their'n leaving laith blessings o' th' elders, the

chant-spell protection of their kinsfolk who'd stay. Wished on their way be the heart-hum of moon-ma's who harnessed a favour fra the blood-cups of wombhood. And aye fu' half the company hale-set 'n stoll-brow were druth-bent 'n stalwart to foller'un mainprow well-pointed nigh; on, twert that north-lander isle. Whiles rest of the company stayed be the sun-rock, raised to a hero's challenge, planted like first seed ovva soil to bring forth fu' bounty o' barley crop, aye. And eh na in the cleaving of a goodly some folk did doubled 'n trippled the score of'un worthcum, as thay each waved'un aft be the by of a break, nain severed no tie but bond-forged anew in the colonise-creation of a north-lander isle.

And straight-time did thay travel on the seasonal known, traded 'n talked wi' many cycles gone by. Though in a squall did the storm-clouds blew 'n the waves tossed'un fiercefufu mega-drifts high, wi' Apollid's wise reasoning 'n brave spirit shining, be the grace of the Goddess the shore-tide's welcome boundary was soon within reach. Aye 'n spied thay fra the swayey-sum waves bright-fair 'n white in light o' settin' sun, these snaw-white comel-cliffs as beckon-ed grace fra the Land thay'ud journeyed cumbly Thankfu' these pioneering peoples led be Apollid in their alms to the gods, did give praise for the swiftness of'n journey, for the difficulties lift 'n overcome. Be the great swell-tide of the ocean, be the myriad of shimmersome stars, did Apollid's fair folk light a beacon fire high, to give grace-prayers to the gods of their new land 'n kin. Affirming their vision 'n staking a claim, swearing be the bond of their honour-word 'n blood, thay shear-ed thay each their hair tresses grown, the lark-brown, the night-black, the fox-coloured hue alongof the gold of Apollid's thay knew. There in a circle-connection, unbroken from an ageless time, thay buried deep in the sands of Albion's fair Land, the hair where their magic contained, chant-woven intent-bound, fixed forever 'n a day, the pure oath of their uttering deemed that thay'ud stay - stay 'n stay 'n stay 'n stay, immovable as'un mighty mountain-grim, changeless 'n maygical-poetic as the certain-sunrise dawn, honeyed eloquent, powerfu' compelling as the voice of the wind 'n the sea. Saa! this he saw Apollid - This! it was meant to be.

'N cum the dawn of a fresh new day, thane company did treck be Apollid's lead, up fra the mouth of' browad smooth-flowen river. And aye the land was virgin-rich, with tree-bretheren vast 'n unbound, tall as the white cliffs, coasted south-east the isle, broad as the wide-water's way. All day long did these first pioneers travel be the watery-flow, sleep-camped 'neath stells in the dusk of nightfall living fra the lap of the land. Next sunrise Apollid did look to thane tear-crystal, consulting directions, the lie of the hills. Then followed he in to central south, mapping a way fra the dappled sun's glint, til all strange and strewed stood great giant rocks, the bones of the earth cast afar 'n afree. These rock-stone was older than of any they'ud known, full harder'n denser, toughest earth-bone grown. Shielded 'n shape-nar be the forested veil, buried 'n bebstocked all'cross the midriff lee, further 'n far-seamed than ever'un eye could see. Grey 'n mottled white, these stones as stung Apollid's far-sight, echoed of chalk-cliffs that white-gleamed i' the sun as seen fra a wave-tossed sea. Special-strange thay seemed those giantish-cast stones, as contained with the spirit of a magical isle. Subtle-spoke thay ssalms to Apollid wi' silences deeper'un word-song, wi' a message that moved vibrational, resonant rock-bone to blood-bone, the melding of substance on substance, nain distinct 'n nain divide, man-kin to mountain-kin an'all fra the Earth-mother's womb. Instant-like he knew then there thay would haft'n clear, there it was these'ud sow a seed 'n shape thane unturned Land.

So began the mighty Wyrd of'un proud 'n gracefilled folk. Many did the tree-fells spread, full cycles spent in the axe-biting active, in cutting and clearing, in building staunch homesteads, in hale-kept thane body's health be the flesh of the aurochs, be the haunch of the red deer. Be thane goodly-grace of Earth-Mother's Store were all'un provides matched 'n met. Be the richness of an untried land did the company of Apollid grow vig'rous 'n fairsome strong.

Eh na when thane sap be risen 'n gruff-call rutting stags be horn-danced thay glade, when blossom-froth bursts 'un many-fold branch 'n fresh-green decks bare-wood, lustrous, liken hair-tresses fra ripe 'oomankin's beautisome brow. Aft the ice-lock of winter's fierce 'n spring's song is joyful nigh, thraist-urge thane mansfolk looks laith to's bind-fast 'n sped-thoughts to mating whiles blood be insing. Saa! this'n season did spark our'n hero Apollid 'n the winsome Goddess did bewitchen bedazzle'us sky-bluen eye.

With all the wealth toll of timber-felling, man's time was taken and's 'oomankin did gather'un plant-till thane soil. Unaccustomed she to stol bow and arrow, the haft and the gavel of flint-point and spear. But nendrless, cum a fine and fettle-free day, Apollid did snatch some moments alonesome in a walk be the greenwood where'un pure water's flow. Cum athrustle in the greenleaf be thick on the forest and Apollid did freeze-still to spy what could be. Brazen his sight cum fair beguildy light, a birth of beauty he'ud seen but naiter been struck be afore. Stood she curves swelling store, eyes akeen to the pijinene, aloft of

a branch all preenin its feathers ovva pink and grey. In her hands was flexed'un stol bow, in her stance struck hunter's quiver-lance, as fra its preenin branch grey-pink pijinene did fell'd, dead fra the arrow of 'ooman saa fair, kept secret the theft of'un faither's bow. And rare-black her hair as'un raven's wing, black as the jet-stone fra the northern shores 'n rosie-soft her downy cheek, her skin with the sheen ovva thay ramblin-rose, as soft as the petals of that flower of thay forest.

Straightsome past thought-much Apollid did appear to pick up thay pijinene her'n arrow killed aright 'n she full of blushes, uncertain-exposed at her man-be-right's task, did thank 'n beseech our'n Apollid wi' a look 'n a sigh. Wi' a sigh 'n a look fra her dewy eye, dreamy-deep as the doe of the forest, emerald aglintin glance-like of a springtide leaf, shamin' now caught at a mankin's task, she stood afore he, the hero-gold of'n all their company. "Na Temissle," quoth he, for such was it known her name," Yen be aft strappin' for a mansome craft it do seem - 'n druth! your'n aim be true to centre-mark. Na! as thane arrow be pierced this feathered breast, swear the sight of thee has smitten me too. Wi' a maid as can stretch saa straight an' saa true I'll naither me want fer'n meat on thay platter and na shall our'n fireside be warmer'n flame - if Temissle's lip-buds would pout-speak to say 'aye me will 'n tie me I to he clept Apollid let'un be' whey a brood of fair childer shall furrow ovva thee. Temissle, Temissle, liltin fair'n level, saa'un speak-plaisin - let 'un be."

Temissle was troth-done all quiversome, faint fra the nearness of he as did speak, he who was gold of'n hero with'un eyes of deep-songa blue, with 'un eyes saa clear as the blue of summer skies, tall 'un straight-lithe as'un sapling tree, a full head 'n taller than most mankin company. In reply wi' silence more meaning dane word-swap, she glistened her deer-dark, forest-glint ey-es and faced him wi' her'n lips ripe-red as thane berries of the mountain ash tree. And he did bend him to his kiner mark, twa lips fra he as brushed wi' she, cleavesome long together while, nain laiving off til twas clear-sealed 'n thase heart's blood did beat'un as one.

Eh na was thay company carouselled 'n well nigh did thay feasting begin, wi' dance-twirls 'n drumbeats 'n songstirs 'n merry-wealth fra dusk to dawn awhile. And eh na were thay flowers bestrewed at nay-binden circle-blessing 'n cheer-give did thay much thane company wi' smiling 'n tear-dimm-ed eye. Saa! did Apollid take to he'un moon-ma, birth of beautiful she, to warm a light inside ovva he. Saa! did Temissle bring'un full brace of fair childer, to swell strong thay blood-bonds their company nigh - laith! to swell strong the blood on thay company nigh, to marshal 'ginst the dun-gliffs and dour-stints of time. And aye will's all was worked 'pon land, seven sons 'n seven daughters beget 'n hale-brought, birthed fra the breast of the lovely Temissle, birthed fra the breast of the blest fair Temissle.

And nigh as thay company grewed on, the eld-kith did felled be, took fra life of blood and bone to invisible guard thane portals unknown, the dreaming-dhuun lands where the worthy walk sky-tall, their spirit'us vigilant protecting fer'n thay kin as still lived on. Thraist! did Apollid deem fit to mark their'n passing, in agreyment wi' full company, be the stones to the sun, as had first been when, when his fost folk'ud thought he was dead. He remember-red aye thay great stone raised, to he when'us kin thought hell-baist'ud torn him, fra land of thane living to thate of the dead. He remember-red well wi'un keening light cum close to's breest wi' the thought. And aye did all thay company behind him cum truer'n true, wi' one mind thay thought, wi' one voice thay cheered, wi' one heart thay follered their chosen Apollid, to do as thay'ud all settin to. Cleared thay the craggy hilltops, the gentle valley lee, 'n worked thay moon cycles long, digging dirthed a drocht, a homestead harbour dwert-grund 'n lithel-loom, to keep in reygal staytus-high dane spirit'us 'n bones ovva thay who'ud passed fra life of living-brave to thay Spans of Silent-Ever On. Wi' girt unison of effort, wi' 'oomankin casting chant-spells to soil, wi' mankin all braw fra the brute of his muscle, thase mighty monumental rock was raised fer'nigh, on thay all of Time.

And in the lie of a reverent land-drift, full resonant with rich Earth-Mother's store, a sacred area was nigh set be. A praise-place to thay shimmerten-stells domed bright vast above'n. A temple to thay fire-star, thay bronze-embolden Sun, was dug wi'us sweat-toil of trey-mendous effort, wi'un fire of will 'n worth, plough-staves urrdapted, antler-picks drith-wielden, crystal-coaxed na mind-ruth, wheel-grooved 'n drey-turreted the loam ovva grist intention, hied to thay childer of'un frowarden-time. Hied to we, who momentary be, nigh in thay dance of Life.

Be the subtle sparks of crystal light, be the laying of hearts and hands, stones were chosen and stones were brought, crafted and dressed be the ray of the sun, be the flare of a fire-flame carefully crossed, be the chanting of unison minds struck and readied for'n sacred task. And mazed were all be Apollid's skill, his hands with the warming power of sun, his hands with the power of'un life-giving sun did stoke and shape thase hard stones, dense fra the mountainkin. And his spirit did spake thay words of'un wind, thane constancy 'n wisdom of water's seesey-less flow, the deep-sung spell of thay treasurefull soil, the bone of

the Earth-mother's loam. Eh na liken thee tallow of animal-fat, liken thee dough of wheat-pounded flour, liken thee good clay all moulding to shape'us desire did thay stones of'un mountain kin, ne Apollid's hands become. Mystic-magic thraist! - was through thane full company be the blessing of Apollid's fire. Thraist! Did magic 'n mystery unloose be the dell of that sacred isle.

Mirror reflecting like 'un image 'pon a still waterpool did these sacred placed stones concord with thay path of the mighty-fire sun. Mind-melded aft to mark-rise brightes-pitch autumn star, unified aligned-ap, ne the dark of the seasonal-swing. Temple-tuned the chart circle, mapping thane awefulled shadowskill be the dint of dawn to dusk. Deep and deep and deeper still, sunk thay stones lik-es jewels, lik-es tattoo skin-glyphs, in thane hide of'un Earth-mother She, Goddess fra birth til death do us all. Deep and deep and deep as the sea, cannily cleft and honed druth-ne to the arc of the special-tide solstice key, stood thay stones in a round and still ever these stay, the first 'n the last of thay Great-Mother's kin. The first 'n the last raised fearfund mayjestical be the dint of thee mystic-light; garnerun ne godswain sun-strong fire-ray, de-meter converse-na subtle-soft thane moon. The first 'n the last of thay Great-Mother's kin raised be the far-sight of Albion's fair folk. Placed as benediction, as grandthurl design, as a ssarm 'n a song to the Mother of all, as praise-gesture strong, as chart-call 'n power-dhuun, an legacy-long to the blood and the bone, these vision-creators of'un god-given craft, thay of the sun-golden spirit, these first-maeston proud-full, kindred shaped beauteous, this'n fair lovely Albion isle.

Whey na wi' the building of these rock-fortress hallowed-halls fer'n spirit-flown kindred in dhu land of thane dreaming, foo succoured was thay be their spirit-flown dead. Fortified and bond-boldened be the wing-given flesh 'n the holy bones kept high foster'un might of ancestral dread. Whey na did these Works of God frew'n wonder spread far, coast unto coast 'n all across the hinter-lands foo beyond dash 'n wave-drift of thay girthswill massy seas. And curious-like as mony folk be, did travellers and rovers cum to see, the mightisun stone-craft birthed 'n hoisted upso, rooted mountain-longtide in the depth of steep-carved clay. Werily and wondersome did all folks be, who saw these mighty chamber-tombs, the circle stones made fast-forever, magicked and seeming soil-grown, as druth 'n adrang as the tree-bretheren kin, as marvel-meglithic as thay granite-alps of Great Lands.

And all the timber axe-sheared fra mony a seasonal shunt and turn, that Apollid and his company'ud felled in grandsumgrand desiyeen, did go to make these homesteads, these wainsteads, these wheel-curts and dragframes, these settle-loons and trestle-longs, these bows 'n hoes 'n arrow hilts, these spoons 'n looms 'n mealie-bins, these carryalls 'n spear hafts 'n ploughblades 'n broomstaves. But more and more and plentiful besides did there be, past needs supplanted be the druth of colossally stone. Saa! master of thay sail 'n sea, skilled in skiff 'n paddle-craft speed-sojourneyed thay, twert lands 'cross salt-briney swell, the ever-on motion-song of the vast-drift Ocean-tide. Eh na did they trade with that wealthen of wood, taking thay log-boon far-frew 'n wide, fullsooth east-west, southern crost north, 'n further'un sight or mind cum know. Whey na did their proud repute all foller'un wheresomever be thay tarried, wheresomever be thay strayed. And god-like did strangers see our'n Albion kin with their wealth of the kiner craft, with their knowledge of the wind and the sea, with their bearing proud and honour-bound, trading their timber and flint-frew for sakes of venturesome learning cum beguiled anew.

Laith! did thay 'oomankin bundance-birth thane wheatfield, thane barley stretch, a riff of poppy-flowers and flax in the meads of the Albion isle. Thraist, while these manfolk did girden-heave famed rock-crop 'n tarry-ho fron coastlines acradling best tree-limbs for a trade- wears far-drift of seas, did 'oomankindred care-take full seemly, the druth of thee homesteades bound. In the seasonal long when the sun girt honed strong and the sky was blue-so lik-es blue as thay blue-buds in thay beech-woods of spring, thane 'oomankin'ud foster mysterycum-clay to bring-bounty crop 'n harvested store to see company fat 'n fullfed in the dree of winter's ice-dread. And saa! did these fair 'ooman kindred belly-grow a brace of'us bloodline - childer-bairns beautifrew-hale who'm swelled thay company fra score to scores 'un hunder and hunder homesteads more was weft-worked 'n waimed fer thay good of thay folk, staunch-growed right strong. And aye were thay stol 'n graceful fair, and aye were thay noble 'n matchless of honour, born of the vision-line to sun-ravel wise, the boundary of clachan-rath, the fringe of wooded isle, to sun-ravel wise fra north to south 'n east to west all 'cross thay Earth-Mother's plentiful goodly shores.

And holding aloft lik-es tree-folks thane skies, did Apollid center pillar provide. Proven beyond all, his warriorhood stooedes tall, versed in the axe-craft 'n ways of thane wood, skilled at the wind-sail 'n tiller, mage-minded be mountainkin, magick of hand, of chant-hold full godlike, just and far-visioning beyond any's known, ken Apollid thay legend 'n champion-king full-famed throughout evera Land. Wi' his beard tresses now golded to grizzled and grey, wi' his age-cycle passing hunder'n more, his moon-ma Temissle her raven hair wintercum, as white as thay first driven snow. Their seven be seven of fair childer grown

to birth 'n host of bloodkin more; the company foo proud and upright of bearing, and goodly-grown wise. Clept uncoo continents thane keepers of the singing crystal light, the mag-nifiyen-magic drawn fra rock-water buds that sang to the spirit of the Great Mother-Earth, that chant-weaved a spell to the Sun-God on high. Kept thay solemn lild-cum connection, with the moon 'n thay bright stars-celestial, hung in the black nightes sky.

Whey na did Apollid cum eld as thase eld folks, they'ud left be the foot of the great mountain stretch. That mountain-haime where Apollid was birthed on a night when thane fire-balls did rain from thee sky. And eh na doest the wheel cum nigh in full cycle, when the weather-wrinkled brow, signals grey-stuff of age. Tired was Apollid though's spirit was fire-white, wantsum of rest from fray of a charge-hand, feeling his purpose long-since achieved, he did lie on his heather-bed 'n just closed forever thane flame of's blue-burning eyes.

Of a sudden all strange-like did the sun's light grow dim, though nigh it was clear of the middle of day. And all these folks fra that long ancient age, did look up 'n dread the sight of'us gold sun turnen black as the black as the middle of night - a midwinter's dree on a funery dirge. Black tur-need thay gold one, the life-giving God, black tur-need thay gold sun when Apollid's blue-ee-breet cum closed, 'n his spirit was fled to the dreamin kindred clept in thane stone chambered land. It beseemed like the great sun grew sad-drear full of woe, with the passing of Apollid's bright-flame'us spirit. The black sun did groan and silence spread the isle fra southernmost tip to 'un far northern shore. Silence did spread and day was cum night in the midst of a cloudless high summer sky. Doom-laden turned the drift of all's folk minds, fallen to knees, hands clasped and praying for return of thay lightray 'n warmsight of sun. In each heart they knew that something amiss had befallen the Albion isle.

But in a shorten space of time or an age that did petrify, the black sun was gone, like a slide of the shape of's grim-reaper twin, 'twas gone and the black sun was nain more. Hale in its place the gold one did shine and the folk did prayer-thanks to Goddess-mother give, as thase saved fra the wrath of'un untimely dark 'n dread-cold that could twist the balance of cycle-so. But in saa short span of another glint their thankful cries turned to tears of passing woe. For sad word cum carried that their head of the clan, thay great and wise man-held, their hero and champion, mage-minded light-master, gifted keeper of the crystal-tear, was gone and na departed, spirit-flown 'n shell-like left'us body's form. And aye were thay lines of solemn folk stood, in silence their tears speaking all, all the kin of the Albion folk did gatherun, gatherun mizzled with grief, mazed be the Sun-God's response up on high, as did blacken himself, in the jet raven's cloak, foo of death 'n dreathsome winterstark, grieving for Apollid's bright-flareful spirit, gathered in to the Source of thay Mother and kept now fra light of living day. This great wise 'n braw-ways command-am Apollid, gone back to the womb of thay Mother - thraist na! wet were'un faces and moanfull the air for troth it was so: the honey-song stilled of Apollid, the first of the Albion folk.

And aye was it right with thay Albion kin to bear'un greyed 'n gold-pure form to the wind and the sun and the rain, to the carrion-crow flesh-returned all, to rebirth be the belly of the Mother. Laith! 'twas a brace of tall manstrong did carry'un draped in cloth of'us hero-white. Did carry'un high with all folk in train, calm 'n dignified-accepting was Temissle ahead of all thay company-cum. High on thay grace-carved wooden altar was placed the empty soul's shell where Apollid had long-lit 'n been. And nigh as his tall form still straight as the elm, despite though'us countless cycles of age, and nigh as his spiritless dead flesh was placed on a special high platform made reverent be all of'us folk, saa did the sun dart out ravenous rays that lit's still form like fire fallen to ground.

Whey na to the mazement of all who did see, ever cum awe-struck fra the knowing was thay. For there as they stood chanting cycle-songs round, giving reverence to greatest mankin, all in a flash of lightning strike cum fra nowhere these could see or have ken, the sun set afire Apollid's fair mansome form and a fire did flame his body to dust. In this instant that the strange fire flamed fra his form 'n conflagration burst fiery-white-hot, fra'us death-shell flesh, a golden bird did rise 'n circle 'n circle these white flames of fire, then fly on a shine-dazzled wing as high 'n high 'n higher'un high lost in the path of the sun. Whiles down on the high ground on that special-carved place where Apollid's body'ud death-slept so brief, a white fire did steal him all of thay bones except for his thigh bones and skull. And twert wi' this strange 'n fearful passing, wi' this dread touch of the Sun-God's hands, all these Albion kin clept "Oh!" and "oh" again, as Apollid in a magic-flash was swept fra their sight. He become to nought, the Oh of an emptied place, the Oh of the space-filled circle, the Oh of complete-contain-ed around, fra nothing come to nothing gone, to the vast void of'finity where all must birth be. Ah but he, eh na had he, Apollid the fair, risen in bird's form engoldened'us wing, grace to become, laith twas clear the new God of Fire-touch, the God of the Sun - the Apollo who'm all would cum to worship ne fear, to reverence and chant

to, to seek favour from, to ask blessings of, to praise 'n go in awe of. He, Apollo, the sun-god become, giver of life and light and warmth, giver of the harvest grain, the forest green, the crystal cave, giver of all to all life he be. Apollo, Apollo - our God of the Sun."

Why Ly should think of that old tale now, and why it should unravel so from his mind that late spring eve, he could not quite fathom. Except, perhaps instinctually, he was aware of changes coming, changes that would irretrievably alter the way he and his folk lived; ripples that he knew eventually would transform their lives forever. This was unsettling, but also inevitable. Ly knew he could no more alter the influxes which were beginning to change generations old practices, than he could halt the procession of the sun in the heavens or prevent the moon from its constant waxing and waning. Perhaps it was because of this awareness that he chose to stay there, casting his mind back, delving into his myriad of memories and warming himself by reinventing them in his mind.

He thought then, on his boyhood, the tasks he was set to: watching over the cattle-kinder and the goats, sorting the wood pile tinder and best log; cutting the thatch weed under direction of Wulffdor and aiding the assembling of the new homesteads that grew up from time to time. Well at this time, when he could sneak him some lonesome moments, he would sit him by the hut-space of his Pri moon-ma's brether:

Wem, of the wise ones, who charted on tablets of wood the passage of the celestial heavens, who mind-melded with the Mother spirit and spoke to the spirits gone aft over the boundary of death to the motion of All Life beyond. Most usual it would be priestesses who were Listeners in this way. But of the way of the radiant ones in the sky the wise ones came of male and female kin, showing a special quality which revealed itself in time and marked the childer out as novice into the chart-magic ways. Wem was a such a one as these. His hut-space was edged be a boundary, and a solitariness about him had always drawn Ly to the vicinity of Wem's dwelling, recognising something of a kindred spirit in that desire for solitude. Old Wem would never chastise Ly or show irritation at his inclination to linger be his hut-space, perhaps because Ly's pri moon-ma was Old Wem's sister. Or perhaps more simply he never minded Ly's quiet observant presence, who could sit in self-sufficiency as well as the roosting hawk upon its perch, quiet and contained in its biding time. So he had come to strike up a special relationship with Old Man Wem, which flowed quiet and deep alongside the other bonds of affection and new-stake activities that filled his time.

As he had grown something older, his mind had turned to hunting craft and times would be when he was off on the trail of small-scale game for the platter of his folk. Yes, and then before he had known it his initiation was upon him, and he was after breaching the boundary from boyhood to manhood, as all the lads must do when they came of the seven be seventh cycle of their age. There it had come finally, after all his seeming ages of chaffing and waiting; his initiation into warriorship and manhood. He could remember it as clear and stark now as if the experience had happened only two suns' gone by, not the distance of yearly cycles that stretched between the Ly of now, and the boy-come-man he had been. He remembered moving through the forest, the men fanning out to make a net. The foliage had been dense in that part of the forest so that they walked deer tracks, a barely perceptible passage through the depth of the trees. Birds had hooted and chirrucked in the branches overhead, and every so often a blackbird lilted low through the air, calling its rising alarm call to warn other birds and beasts that threat was approaching. The men wore sleeveless leather jerkins and trousers woven from hemp. Some held long wooden spears with points made of flint, whilst others carried bows, a quiver of arrows slung across their backs, flint knives hanging from belts at their midriff.

They followed the spore of the wild boar. In his trance-dance Ly had seen the family of wild boars, a stretch of fifty meds or more from the homestead. Nearby was a river, one of the smaller, lesser frequented waterways. In the depths of the forest where virgin trees swelled to massive proportion and the woodland was left to rampant growth, there was the foraging home of the wild boar family.

It was Ly's first time of hunting wth the menfolk proper. For his name day, for the strengthening of his manhood, he sought to kill a wild boar.

Before his initiation into warriorship, he had been inclined as a boy to wander off from the others, to seek the solitude of the remotest haunts in the quest for berries and fungi, or on the small game hunting expeditions equipped with slings and stones, small bows and flint arrows of their own.

It was Ly that was wont to climb up the largest trees, hafting holds in the trunks and making his way up thus, to sit in overhanging branches, to watch and wait for whatever game might appear. Thus had Ly learned patience, and so had he become accustomed to long-ways walking, the silence of the wilderness, where the keening hawks cried in the sky. Providence had always paid these vigils with bounty to take proudly to the homestead. So even then in his youth, a reputation had grown up around him. Ly, the

hawk; Ly, the rover; Ly, the loner, with the patience of the wild cat that watches and waits before committing itself to the pounce. Thus, he had begun to gather a respect even before his initiation into manhood. He had brought back small deer, hares, stoats, a badger or two, many caillie birds and pheasants. Unlike the other youths of his age he ignored the pull of the pack, the comfort of numbers, the security of a team. For him he trod a lonesome path, a way off from where other folks usually strayed. Because of his yearning desire to explore, to travel far, he grew into his role of flint weapon maker and flint tool trader. He had travelled from shore to shore of the land, and he had braved the Big Waters sailing to the Great Lands over the sea. In his youth the seeds of his adulthood had been sewn and begun to blossom.

He remembered why he had chosen to hunt the wild boar for his name day. His mind went back to one of his solitary expeditions. A time when he had climbed up a huge oak, in the heart of a wildways he had found, and crawled along a way its gigantic overhanging branch. So he had sat and so he had waited, watching the birds twittering, a squirrel leaping, a beetle crawling. And as he sat he became absorbed in this myriad tiny life. He became the creatures he observed; he seemed to think and feel with their instincts. The sun came glancing through the leaves dappling, like the fallow deer's haunch, the forest floor, bestrewed with bramble and a rash of greenery.

As Ly had sat, there had been a rustling, a movement, a snuffling, and beneath the tree a family of wild boar had come; three females and a brood of little ones, headed by a single male. Ly had waited until the little train of wild pigs had all but passed, then aiming skilfully he had shot and pierced one of the little ones through the neck. The raucous squeal of it as it toppled had an immediate effect on the other pigs. The females whirled round and circled the dying piglet, touching the rest of them protectively with their snouts, defensively herding them into a tighter clique. The male boar was snorting and looking for foes. A slight movement from Ly betrayed his position, and he inwardly cursed as the wild boar fixed him with a hating eye, beady and ferocious, wanting restitution for the felling of his flesh.

All at once the boar had lowered his head and charged the tree, gouging the base of it with its tusks, ripping the ground to shreds around it. Ly could only cling on, awed by the show of ferocity he had provoked. The piglet he had shot now lay dead. Its little body had given a final shudder and twitch before the life in it had faded and gone. The earth around it was damp with blood. Still the wild boar squealed its anger and pain, trampling and gouging around the base of the tree.

But lumbering up the bank, drawn by the smell of young pig's blood, came a large brown bear - just as much a threat to Ly as to the family of wild pigs. He froze and watched a drama begin to unfold. Two of the female pigs were nudging the rest of the little ones protectively, circling around them and keeping them together, whilst the other female mournfully nosed the dead little pig. When the bear appeared it rose up threateningly over the mother pig, who squealed and grunted back refusing to give way. The wild boar tearing up the earth around the tree stopped and turned immediately towards the bear. Now it had a target for its vengeance; a target of flesh that could give the satisfaction of blood.

The wild boar whirled and charged at the bear. The bear was not prepared for the immediacy of the attack. It tried to bat the boar away with its huge raking paw but the boar was too quick for it. The bear's paw glanced off the pig's tough hide, and the boar jabbed its tusks into the belly of the bear - thrust, rip, retreat, before the bear had chance to recover, to act. The female pigs came in a clique mock-charging the bear, that was groaning and flailing at the angry pigs. When the wild boar's tusk slashed the bear's paw, it retreated and lolloped off, growling and moaning in pain, moving with greater difficulty than when it had first come up the bank.

Snorting and trotting back and forth in the adrenalin satisfaction of vanquishing a foe, the wild boar strutted beneath the trees at the top of the rise. The family clan gathered, the females around the little ones and finally with a disconsolate nudge of the dead piglet's body, the company of pigs moved away, with the wild boar bringing up the rear.

Ly finally moved his limbs again and in relief relaxed the tension that had kept him frozen. He was very much struck by the experience. From thence onwards he had a great respect for the wild boar that roamed the forest. To be faced by that ferocity on the ground was his greatest fear. This was why he had chosen to hunt wild boar on his name day. He chose to confront his greatest fear and in conquering it he would be strengthened in his initiation.

Ly thought of Nionie, his sister, his twin. He remembered when she had come of blood. It was a day or two before his name day. He had come back from his wanderings supplied with berries and fungi, a squiver of birds to his toll. He had cast it down on the homestead table, turning to see the reaction of his sister, swelling towards his name-day pride. But there was no Nionie to savour his little gift of bounty.

He had asked for her and his moon-ma had told him: she had gone to learn the gifts of blood in a place that was taboo for him. For 7 days she would be gone. And she would miss his name-day victory, the triumph that would give him the name of 'Hawk'. He had turned bitterly away and his moon-ma had come and touched a hand to his shoulder:

"Ly, Ly, it all comes of season, so the Goddess wills. So the Goddess has willed that Nionie follow her blood-rite of passing at the time when your own manhood is grown to set tall. It can only be now for you to accept what is and must be. Is your name-day come too soon? Are you to become stoll and mangrown two suns from now or not? Come Ly, come my wanderful flintsharp, blood son, look to your name-day and the task ahead, leave the lee of childer behind, na eh Ly?"

And his mother's eye had twinkled a smile as she solemnly bent her head to his and tousled his hair. Then she had turned away, and gone quickly to cut and prepare the fowls he had brought whilst he pondered his thoughts at the doorway. She had gone, Nionie, and he became a man. Nionie had gone and when she was returned she was 'ooman become. A chanter of the moon; the moon which was connected with and moved so the 'oomen of the kin. The women's moods seemed to match the changing aspects of the moon - undiluted their yearning to access the silver one on high. Theirs was the secret knowledge of the soil, the growing seasons. The earth as filtered through their blood-stained hands.

Squatting on the land they plunged their fingers into the loam and tilled it with wooden trowels, a stone-sifter, tending the fronds that swelled into plenty. Then there would be the chant-blessing of the corn-priestess come cutting time, with the menfolk gathered to wield their flint-sharp blades, graft and gather the goodness the Goddess-mothers had given. The womenfolk were their source and their inspiration; they kept the blood of their kindred whole. From whence they would be directed to quarter the boundaries; to seek and make and create when the time for questing came.

Ly understood all of this instinctively; it was not something he could objectify or analyse. It was what was, a fact of his being and his kinsfolk's being as much as the wind and the sun were incontrovertible mysterious facts of nature. When he thought of his sister he apprehended her both in an intensely personal sense and with a generalised reverence for her femaleness; the personification of the Mother Goddess that all women were. He remembered the wistfulness he had felt when she had gone, that first time, to be initiated into the mysteries of womanhood. For he knew things would never be the same again between them. Something immense and undeniable had thrust itself between them, something that inevitably separated them and distanced them from each other. He remembered the awe and discomfort he had felt as his sister's lithe nymph's form began its subtle changes; the budding of her breasts and curving of the hips that had suddenly seemed to come from nowhere, as he himself had grown taller and broader, strengthened and made hale by his wanderings.

The night that she had gone to begin her woman's journeying, he had dreamt of her. He had dreamt that he was her. He had dreamt that he, as she, was escorted by the older women, packed and prepared for their vigil, her seven day rite of passage. Thus she and the three older women would escort her, to the cave by the river, to learn of the Goddess calling. Whence other women also in blood would join them that night.

In the river-loamed soil, he, as Nionie, plunged her fingers into, squatted and merged her blood with the soil. She cradled the loam of her creation, placed it in an earthen ware bowl, planted the seeds of the flowers; the plants that were given her for her name day gift. Then the women came all from the homestead, and the whole company of them, in a cleared worked place in the forest, wild-called at the dark of the night. They chanted their primaeval souls alive, whilst the blood dripped from between their thighs and moistened the soil into mud around them. The sound of their voices shivered eerily through the night air, like beings from a strange and other world they sounded. Beings of beauty and power, who had the facility to destroy, to ruthlessly erase, as well as to create and give life to. The sound was both exquisite and chilling; the cry of birthing and death, a trembling of the earth where the invisible Goddess glided, strewing her contradictory impulses about her as she swept through the ceaseless potency of night.

And Nionie and the women were swaying and chant-crying to crescendo now. They began to dance and stamp their feet, gyrate and undulate to the velvet night, the glitter of the moonless night where the stars looked down like winking eyes, watching and sanctioning their frenzy. And the blood dripped down and splattered in clots, the more frantic the women became. They turned and whirled and trampled in the soil, making a mulch of it, their feet sinking into and churning the earth, so that soil spattered upon them. Soil and earth and blood smeared upon their naked flesh. In a paroxysm of energy there was a pulsating final surge until they all dropped and lay panting, bathed in their own sweat and blood which mingled

with the loam of the soil. This was their magical fertiliser which was bespread the fields and used to grow a harvest of einkorn and emmer, the barley and oats that gave them sustenance throughout each cycle of the seasonal turn.

The gathering of it would come later, in the dew of first light morning, but for now they bestrode 'un towards the cave and the river. The women all went down to the river to cleanse themselves, until only those who had come with Nionie remained. They had left Nionie at the cave, all blood and mud-bespattered, telling her to wait until they came for her. Laughing, exhilarated from their fervour, her moon-sisters had poured her a beaker of honey wine, telling her to sip gently while she waited for them to return. They had taken with them a leather carry-sack filled with a flagon of the honey wine, some clay cups, the brood cake that settled a dreamful sleep; an initial erotic buzz and flare that came with the velvet night.

Sabrina, one of the moon-sisters, washed clean and dressed in a simple kirtle, came to lead Nionie to the river's edge. She led Nionie to the river where the other moon-sisters waited. Sabrina had taken off her own robe and faced Nionie, so they were naked together. She had taken hold of Nionie's hands, saying: "Welcome to the Dawn of your Womanhood, may the Goddess bring your blossoming; an armful of crimson flowers, a brood of the plenty that be your making"

Then she had led Nionie into the water, making her gasp at its icy touch and gasp more as her moon-sisters doused her. They washed away the blood stains and the smears of mud. Then gently, their hands teasing at sexual expression, they had admired her youthful beauty, rubbing her buttocks, stroking her belly and breasts, plucking and sometimes sucking at the nipples like plums upon the pert mound of her woman-become. They touched her all over; overwhelmed her with their arousals. Until near swooning and sexually charged they took her back to the cave; the heather-bed spread with fine cloth and furs. They had bade her drink more honey wine and eat of the specially made brood cake. Then the playing of Nionie's body commenced by her moon-sisters, who sought to teach her what her own body could know. Thus, did they arouse her until she climaxed and orgasmed ... the after glow of bliss, the floating sensation that carried her away into the world of living sleep to dream of her brother's victorious name-day. Whilst around her, as Nionie had fallen to sleep, her moon-sisters now aroused each other, giving the gifts of sexual unity, enveloping each other with ecstasy.

So they had slept and so they had stayed sleeping, until Sabrina woke in the hour before dawn, set the fire going and boiled some herbal broth for their pre-dawn sustenance. Nionie was wakened at the sound of the fire and walked, tousled and naked, something shy of her body, to the fire. Sabrina had handed her some herbal broth and went to stir the others. Soon they were dressed and ready assembled. Other women from the homestead had joined them now. All of them, Nionie included, carried baskets hung from a pole which was set across their shoulders. They walked in a train to the small clearance and patch of worked soil in the midst of the wilderness. They scooped up the soil and began to fill their baskets - each of them carrying their share of the burden. When the baskets were filled, they bent their knees and lifted the pole and carried the baskets filled with their blood-enriched soil, back towards the homestead. Each woman carried her own measure; carried it as something magical special. Something that could provide the growth of the harvest, provide food for future sons to grow tall. With the dew of the morning still upon the soil, they drew off a vial of moisture; a fragrant elixir, sensuous as woman's smell. Then they gathered up the loam they had created, to carry back the pride of their mystery which did make the golden fields to grew, the flower scents fill the air. By the river and by the new moon, at first dawn-light and at last-light dusk's fall, Nionie learned the chants of the Mother-Goddess, the Song Cycles of the Moon. She learned how her body could leap and shudder, become moistened in pleasure, ache for the sexual fulfil. She had learned of the Star-Source, the Moon Mystery, the women's gift to their kin; their bodies that birthed the kindred strong - kept their man-home stoll.

Nionie! Nionie! She, of the lush, dark-mane hair, the same Ly eyes looking back at him; hazel-brown, glint of green and gold in the smile of her eyes that mirrored his own. Woman become, moon-ma in the making. Whilst he proudly faced her as victor of blood-drawn chase, a hero talked amongst the menfolk, become the Hawk, near legend on his name-day; her brother grown man-some and stoll.

Nionie dreamed of her brother on her own name-day night with the women's inner sanctum, where they had kissed her and given gifts: the seeds, the pot to plant them in, a fine woven garment, the pride of all her treasures. She dreamed of him, as he dreamed of her and on the astral level they connected. There, they melted and merged the one to the other, passing their awareness with a flux of osmosis, speaking in the language of dreams - physically far away, psychically married and intertwined through the images of the dreamscape, astral world. And thus, they each knew of the other's experience even before they met,

after Nionie's withdrawal into the women's sanctum, and after Ly was acclaimed champion of the feast on his name-day night.

Now Nionie was priestess of the Fire-star temple and moon-ma several times over, having birthed four hale childer and taken Dagnon as man-home, these seven cycles gone. Their paths had inevitably taken different directions ever since the name-day that had seen their entry into adulthood. It was bound to be, as the Gold One rose in the sky each day, as the waters that kept their never-ceasing flow, as the separation and distinction of their sex denoted; it was bound to be. But there was no remorse or wistful recollection in Ly's mind as he now thought of these things. It would not have occurred to him to chaff at the loosening of his filial attachment no more than it would have occurred to him to attempt to pluck the stars from out of the night sky. These things were laid down by the Gods, by the Mother-Goddess, and all the human kindred must abide by the laws that ruled the wind, the rain, the growing time, the beasts and birds of the forest. So had Old Man Wem pointed out to him at that uncomfortable phase of passage when he had left his childer-time behind and stepped the boundary to adulthood. This Ly knew as incontrovertible fact, as the reverential thread that underpinned the whole of his life.

Now, in an unaccustomed spurt of nostalgia, he remembered the afternoon before his name-day ...

Ly was taken by a group of the menfolk, Segwin leading him, Old Wem alongside of them, into the valley before the Fire-star temple; before the Temple of the Golden One, he was taken down into the valley where a single hut had been built long, long ago, that could fit a whole company. Here, he was instructed to wash himself in the river. When he came out, the men were all gathered around. Segwin spoke:

"Ly, it become nigh on the morrow your name-day of manhood, when you mun learn what it is to be a man, when you mun learn the tests of man-hood. Still boy-soft your body shall be toughened. You mun accept the pain - take it into your body and try not to shield you fra the fire-strokes we shall flay you with. An' with each stroke of the fireweed stem, with each mark of pain, your body shall'm grown towards the sun-strength of manhood. Do not fight the hurt. Let it into your mind to know and understand 'un so that when the time of battle comes, in the season of the hunt, stoll-like you shall'm take the blows, not be knocked or crushed by thane shock that pain do bring".

So saying, Segwin solemnly tied a rope around the wrists of Ly, who, naked apart from his loin cloth which covered only his genitals, was bound with his hands above his head. The rope was slung over the bough of a nearby oak tree: tree of Light, tree of the Sun, tree of the lightning strike, tree of strength and endurance; chosen of the Gods. Thus, with his arms pulled above his head and his feet still something aground, he was left exposed for the pain ceremony to commence.

There, had Old Man Wem stood to one side and commenced a humming which all the men took up. Above their humming the chant of Wem's song grew; a sound that he clung onto throughout his ordeal. The rise and fall of the song seemed to mesmerise him, resound in the hills, thrill his heart. It spoke of the hunter's skill, the warrior's glory, songs of the legend of the sun. But all the while his skin grew afire with pain, for the men began hitting him with the fireweed stalks, flaying him across his back and his shoulders - whip lashes that stung, made him want to cry out. He strove to silence his cries of pain in this test towards his manhood.

And all the while the men lashed him across his chest, his buttocks, his legs, his arms, the whole of his torso, so his skin was on fire with a pain that grew more raw and intense the longer they switched his skin with the fireweed's torturous stems. He had gritted his teeth on the agony determined not to cry out. But towards the end he could not but do so, as each time the pain bit into his flesh, its teeth grew more raw and jagged. In the extremity of sensation he felt that he would faint, choking on the cries that he tried to still. When he did cry out it was such a release he swooned and the ground bent down to submerge him ... until water splashed in his face, burning into his cuts, awakening him from his faint. Then Segwin was soberly cutting the rope that bound Ly as he whined in his pain and shook his head, getting up in a daze to stand. He steadied himself, feet apart on the ground. He looked into Segwin's face who was intent upon chaffing the rope with a flint knife. He wanted to read the signs of approval there, anxious lest in finally crying out he had failed, feeling womanish at his body's fainting defence. Segwin, intent on cutting the rope, did not look at him. But when Ly's hands were free and the rope dropped off, he levelled his gaze with Ly. Segwin's face showed impassive and Ly felt a sickness rise from his belly - had he failed so soon the test of his manhood?

But then Segwin's blue eyes had crinkled at the edges: "Eh na, boy become into man, let us back to the river to wash your body, salve the soreness. Then shall your dream-spin be painted on your dressed skin; the story of your awakening, the totems that define you. The symbols of light shall battle-dress your

body before the dawn of your name-day comes. The sunrise of your warriorhood, the challenge to your hunter's skill and daring is come nigh. Let us away now be the river to cleanse you for the dance-chant of this night".

Segwin's eyes were warm as he spoke, though the rest of his face was a mask. But through his eyes came the glinting of pride that filled Ly's heart with gladness. Segwin's brief smile as he led the ways to the river. Ly's eyes sought the face of Wem held apart in aloofness to read what was writ there on the face of his infrequent-kine friend. Wem's furrowed face-lines looked on impassive-like. But his sharp wise brown eyes danced some and shot a spark of humour-filled exultation into those anxious eyes of his nephew. And as Ly looked into the faces of his menfolk he saw also a warmth, a pride - an admiration even - in their smiles and acknowledgements. No, he had not failed. Rather, so it seemed, he had triumphed!

In the river the men watched as Ly doused himself, whincing still in pain. But the menfolk laughed, told him he would soon be right and smiling, teasing him as they washed themselves. And soon the water became a soothing balm washing the pain away. Dripping wet then, they walked from the water and Ly was led to the hut where he was told to stretch himself out on the feather-down, fur-covered bed. His skin was treated with soothing ointment by Ragleth, who massaged the worst of the pain away with his health-giving expert hands. Then he was bid to sit up and all the men gathered round as Segwin set beakers down, which he filled with strong ale. Each of the menfolk were given a beaker of ale, until last of all, Segwin handed one to Ly too.

Segwin raised his beaker and all the menfolk followed suite. "To Ly," said Segwin in masterful simplicity.

"Aye, to Ly become warrior on th' eve of his name-day dawn"

"To Ly, the stalwart"

"To Ly, rider of the wings of pain"

"Eh na, to the silent endurer"

They smiled at him and urged him to drink down his ale. So done he, shy and pleased fra his glory, set down the beaker to unaccustomed belch, which set they all of them laughing. There was a clapping of Ly's shoulders, a-ruffling of his mane-like hair, a victory hold of his hand. Until soon Ly was smiling and floaty from the unaccustomed strong brew and the praise and attention of the menfolk.

Then Old Man Wem, with his shadows-silth presence, began putting candles around and Eld Mendion story-spoke his words, spinning the tales of their ancestors as the flames flickered around. And as Eld Mendion spoke Ly lay on his belly whilst Ragleth stick-painted the symbols of life upon his back. The dyes and pigments came up blue, orange, red and purple-black. A stylised tree grew down his spine and the sun spiral above it glowed in orange. On Ly's left shoulder a half-moon was hung painted in the red of blood. He was made to stay so, quick-drying whilst he heard the sound of the other men outside preparing the evening's fires. Eld Mendion continued his tale of ancestors who flew to the stars and became the Light-Gods, patterning the night sky and speaking their messages from on high.

Ly turned over then to sit propped up. His arms were given a lightning dash - the sig rune as it became - three times repeated, and on his chest appeared the head of a wild boar surrounded by runic talismen representing strength, protection, fortune, the benevolence of the Goddess, keeper in health, swiftness of passage in travel-times and so on and so forth, until Ly's chest and belly were covered with vibrant colour. The symbols of life and the enhancement of it flashed in the candlelight, filling Ly with a feeling of invincibility.

The other men had also painted themselves and each other in a known and accustomed ritual. Dressed in their leather wrap-around kirt, the men's arms and sometimes their legs were braided with circles of woven reed, stuck with feathers, pebbles and beads of clay. The ceremonial garb was donned. Ly was given food - a heavy sweet oatmeal cake. All of his kinsmen then, ate of the cake and drank a beaker more of brew.

Soon Ly was handed his leather kirt. By now it was late evening and the sun had set in the west turning the skyline gold and indigo-rare at the edges. The men now were gathered in the trance-dance arena outside of the hut. Fires had been lit and staves of flaming torches stuck in the ground to border a wide circle. Ragleth led Ly outside to where the rest of the men had now gathered, their ceremonial painted bodies flashing lurid and vivid in the firelight, the drummers waiting behind their percussive rounds. Ragleth took Ly to where Segwin, the headman, awaited him. When Ly was brought forward, Segwin put both of his hands on Ly's shoulders and looked into his eyes. A silence had infected the arena with an intensity both profound and liberating. Segwin had stood back and raised his arms aloft, addressing all of

they there gathered:

"This night Ly become into man-grown
On'us name-day the boy decreed'm
to hunt the wild boar an' turn'm
tuthee man-tall as shows'us spirit strength"

Appointed members of his kinsmen then came forward to lay upon the ground beside Segwin a number of gifts symbolic of his entry into manhood. Then Segwin had spoken again:

"Company an' kindredin have gifts o' man-status engiven.
Around thee waist I fasten this'n belt complete
wi' flint-dagger wi'un handle o' horn.
Likes the Gold One mays'm Ly shine
Like the mighted oak mays'm grow tall
an' stol-like of'us bearing
Like the horned ones o' the forest
mays'm come proud an' fierce
And likes the silvered salmon wise
jump up the river 'ginst the tide
following the flow of'us source
and so learnen the skills of'us ancestors taught
growing into new learning more"

Ly had held his arms up so Segwin could fasten the leather belt around his middle, open the dagger sheath, draw forth the finely made flint-headed knife with its handle carved of stag's horn. He handed the dagger to Ly who took it and turned it reverentially in his hands. So sharp, so long, so skilfully made! By his own sun-pa father's hand no doubt. A treasure for him that might last at least ten summers! "Arnoch sol ne stol - may the fire of the ath-ra in thee flame fierce and bright," spoke Segwin blessing the weapon in sonorous tone. Then the spear was brought forth and Ly stood as Segwin addressed him once more:

"In the forest for the hunter's skill an' daring
here we'm be giving thee
staunch, the yew-bow flexus skill
spears strong an' arrows fleet
sharpened and to the mark.
Mays'm fly unto the heart o' quarry or foe
defend an' kill when needs be upon thee.
With this spear and dagger haft
with this bow and arrows swift
so shall thee vanquish the fierce wild boar
take over his spirit; his invincible store.
But for hunter to know
his quarry or foe
he must needs of tranced
into the spirit he do seek.
Before the hunter kills
he mun know his beast.
Eh na hereby I begiven the boy
dredge of bitter-bite
to turn his soul to quarry-mind
fly on the wings of trance
to the dawning of'un's manhood"

After these words he was handed the spear, which he took with both hands, holding it to see the symbols etched on the hazel-wood, to finger the feathers of the brown hawk attached at the top by leather

binding along with a string of beaded gems: some jet and rock-quartz. Its point was very sharp and it had slicing edges, thick and stoll enough to stand the shock of manysome impacts. He stood it on its end and held it in one hand - the same height as himself - like an extension of himself specialed to his name-day, so the spear seemed to him.

A yew-bow and leather quiverful of flint-headed arrows were also given to him. He slung these over his shoulder - equipped for the hunt or for battle. Then lastly, the dredgeful of bitter-brew was given to him and he understood that he was to mime his quarry; become the wild boar he must hunt on the morrow. A drink, a toast, as Ly downed the bitter-brew and was handed some ale with which to wash it down.

Then the men formed into a group at one end of the circle with Ly and Segwin still standing of centre. Segwin raised his arms and on the boundary Old Man Wem began to intone a chant; a rhythmic, stealthful chant with a steady pulsating thread. Ly stood in the other half of the circle and felt an energy, a desire to move, to dance, to stamp come over him.

The tone of Wem's chant changed. Segwin looked at Ly and lowered his head, his two hands creating tusks as he did so. Ly lowered his head and made the same gesture back. He began moving towards the rest of the men threatening them with his stance. The hint from Segwin had been enough; the desire for physical expression too strong to resist.

As he took on the symbolic pose of the wild boar, he felt himself a becoming, and as its fiesty, fearless nature took over the quiet, lonesome Ly, he moved to threaten the men headed by Segwin. He trotted and stamped as would the beast itself, whilst Wem stood to the side and continued to chant, leading the chorus of his kinsmen's voices. Then, as Ly threatened his kinsmen with his motions, they in turn, threatened Ly, as the beast, as the wild boar quarry he had become. They jabbed at him with their spears, raised their voices as if the volume of them could crush him. Ly in response, must turn to run, as the wild boar would, if there was the freedom to do it. But the men followed him and soon he was surrounded, whence dancing and leaping, snorting and crying out at times, Ly feinted with his spear. To the right, to the left, in front of him and turning swift behind him, fearless as the wild boar in the face of its foe, he whirled and stamped and jabbed about, as the men took up the rhythm of the dance and circled him - a rhythmical, ineluctable force that could crush him when it chose. The drummers picked up their pace and Old Wem's voice rolled on, leading the men forwards, and Ly himself was jabbed at from all sides, parrying each blow and whirling faster and faster, the faster the rhythm was beat.

Soon his movements became fluid. At the zenith of his ritualised performance, his flashing hands and agile movements assumed an automatic motion of their own. Fearlessly; invincible as the wild boar was known to be, he stood his ground, parrying, feinting, circling and ever circling round, so that his captors did not get chance to blood his body or graze his skin. Ly felt he could have carried on thus forever, as in a dream. His movements had become a form of poetry; a connectedness that transcended thought, kept him a blur of motion for anes upon anes. Whirling and leaping, as mercurial as the tail of a shooting star, he kept up his fluid, lightning strokes, until finally a fatigue began to show, and he felt himself grow light-headed with his exertion.

The men encroached with increased threats, and Ly began to feel he could not keep up his momentum. Like the beast, the wild boar, he was growing tired. His stamina was fading. The rhythm of the drummers and chanting was still fast and frenetic, overwhelming him with volume. He gasped to maintain his skilful parrying as the hunters closed around. But Oneth scored a flesh wound on his belly, and the shock of the flint on his skin made him swoon and fall where he lay, breathing heavily, become the spear pierced wild boar: panting and snort-squealing on the ground. There was a rousing crescendo until the drums came to a halt, and the chanting and ritual dance concluded with all the men stood around him, pointing their spears at his tumbled form. Then they too, all collapsed about and lay listening to the sudden-come silence, the sound of the fires crackling, gazing up at the celestial ones, the stars of their ancestors souls.

Ly's spirit took wing as he lay prone. He closed his eyes and imagined the beast lying as he was. His spirit turned to the feathered riders of the winds. Above the forest wilderness he flew, in his mind's eye, searching, searching for the tracks of the wild boar. There was no moon but the sky was clear; starlight showed him the way. Five hills hence in the cleft of a wooded valley his spirit found what he had besought. Once more he became the wild pig, snuffling its home in the quiet of its family group, nudging its childer down to sleep, grunting one to the other in comforting acknowledgement. Five hills hence in the cleft of the valley, saa the wild boar lived. In the dawn of his dance-trance Ly ran and snuffle-searched for food source, aggressive in encountering a fox. Now Ly was become his prey - five hills hence in the cleft of the valley, nearby a quarried cliff, his centuries-back ancestors had hewn. Ly was

drifting, drifting back through the night air across the distance on the swoop of a tawny wing; be the curve of a fierced-beak hawk, now his spirit coasted home, where the husk of his body was left. Hawk-risen, boar-found and known, hawk-returned his journey.

He flew above the circle arena and dropped like a stone through the air towards where Ly could see himself, or his body, recumbant upon the ground. He plummeted through the air and the sensation of flying was gone. Ly's body jerked and twitched as if at an impact and sensation was returned to human experience. He could feel the ground beneath him, hear the dimmed conversation of the menfolk around him. He could sense the glow of flames across his face, from the fire-torches at the edges. He knew he was himself again. He opened his eyes. They flickered sensitively in the sudden light.

"Ly be come to," called Ragleth to the other men. "Eh na Ly, how be these mind space. Limbs still strong and stoll, belly hungry na?" asked Ragleth, smiling down at him. Ly tried to sit up whilst the men came and sat around him in a circle. He discovered the fleshwound on his belly had been cleaned and staunched with the day's eye flower. It was already healing well, and it was much smaller than he had imagined. Ragleth helped him to sit up and some bread-cake and meat was brought him and he was given a draft of milder ale. Ly felt ravenous as soon as he saw the food and did not speak until he had eaten and drunk the ale refreshment. The men waited patiently for him to finish, waited patiently for the wordspeak of his trance-dance to be shared.

"Whisst na Ly, tell we'm o' your'n journey - the travels that betook your'n spirit this night," spoke Segwin when Ly had eaten and drunk his fill.

Ly looked around the men-company, noting now the absence of Wem, whose solitary tithe had taken him be his hut-space of a lonesome. He knew this was to be expected and though he would've liked his oldest revered uncle to hear of us trance-dance journey, it did not dilute his experience of the moment. With his pupils dilated and his eyes shining in the fervour of his experience, he began to speak:

"I'se fell'd'm down at the graze and I laid there as the wild boar hiss'n, tired be the chase and wounded to's death. But as I laid thus, 'm feathered wings, brown like the hawks as coast above'n trees, come by ane-me. I was flying as the hawk, watching wi'um piercing eye, flying til I spied the spore o' the wild boar. And down'n I'se plummeted to becomen the wild pig in's homestead, in's dawn foraging, in's aggressive chase o' the fox-lith that lingered roun' the edge be the little 'uns. I became these beast and I saw the place'us spirit dwells - five hills hence in the cleft of the valley, be the quarry-hewn edge o' ancestors toil, five hills hence and a valley more. Then I be riding the night-winds, flying home to harbour'un body. Flying through the night-sky and dropping like's stone above'n me laid by form. Then its spirit-hawk left me and I was laid come by on the ground, hearing the murmur'un thee voices as the flames danced across'm closed eyelids and I become to misseln once more - Ly o' the Albion kindred". "Na thee Ly, truly ha' you foun' the boar and thee quarry. Well has thee danced the trance-dance this night. Well the lightning dance becomen thee. Proud we'm become o' your'n stance, your'n wild boar daring, the lightning strike o' your'n impulse. Tomorrow now we'm follow the hunt to spore o' the wild boar. Now we'm all mun rest and thee 'specially mun lay to good night's sleep, to waken refreshed fer'n thee test o' the morrow".

So spoke Segwin, who urged Ly up and to the bedding chamber where, rolled in furs, they slumbered and rested til break of day. The fires had been all but quenched bar one which smouldered slowly through the night in readiness for sunrise, when eld Mendion would heat the water and brew the broth of hare and herb for the huntsmen's morning repast.

Ly had wakened with the lark that called before the rise of the sun. Battle-dressed, he squatted be fire and supped the steaming broth, chomping on the bread made special to the occasion, followed by oat-cakes spread with a layer of wild bees honey, collected by Wizen Dee, the watcher of the bees. All thoughts of Nionie were now banished from his mind, though in his dream world he had forged a strange telepathy with her. Now as he sat, the morning mist rose before the rays the unrisen sun had shed, and he did not think of Nionie. He thought of the journey ahead of them. He thought of the wild boar which that day he must seek out and kill. The beast he must cut the life-link of and thus imbibe its animal spirit to add courage to his own; the spirit of his manhood that would walk him tall on this his name-day. So he vowed, so he swore to himself and the Gold One, as it rose shedding light and sound, the poetry of nature all around.

The other men had woken and come round for a bite and a sup of the same. All carried spears and bows and arrows, a knife at the hilt of their belts. All wore the symbols of fire and life on their skin. Ly smiled at Ragleth, who tousled his hair fondly and turned to take a beaker of broth. No he had not thought of Nionie, who toiled in the muck of their making; she, his sister-spirit, who had called to the moon, given

birth to mysteries inside her form - her blood-rite name-day dawn. He did not think of that. His senses twitched to the hills, horizon's breadth away from him. His spirit surged to the quest before him and he felt impatient to move, to be off, to commence their journey. He grew impatient as his elders took their time with their broth and the oat-cakes spread with honey.

But presently Segwin was arising and the menfolk carried skiffs to the river, three between them. Ly, in the headboat with Segwin, led the way forwards. Hence they rowed up the river a ways and at a known harbour vantage, pulled up the skiffs onto a shore-bank of the river, a convenient inlet that let them anchorage thereby. Then with Ly and Segwin leading the way, they carved their passage across the hills and towards the cleft of the valley Ly had spied in his trance-dance. This was fifty or sixty meds away in an area that was not much frequented, though the site of the quarry was known. The family of wild pig lived three or so meds away from that quarried edge, in the roots of a huge tree they had carved out a cave from under and padded with leaves and grasses. The family of pigs would forage for meds around that area.

With the sun at its height through the forest foliage, Ly caught the sight of the dark shape of a wild boar. The creature turned and grunted, snorting inquisitively at the faintest of rustles. Ly froze but the breeze blew from behind him and the creature snorted and grunted and trotted away from Ly calling to his pig-kin. Ly remembered Segwin, who had that instant become aware of the wild boar, holding up his hand to halt their procession, then freezing and indicating to three of the menfolk to head the group of wild pigs towards the river and the quarry.

The men had fanned out and around. They began banging and shouting, driving the wild pigs towards the area of the quarry, on guard in case the wild boar chose to wheel and fight; aggress instead of flee. But the menfolk made it sound like a hundred warrior army was thundering towards the wild boar and his family, so he did not turn to attack but turned to fleet-foot flee.

Even so as he jog-trotted in the wild pigs' wake, Ly felt part of himself become the thing he sought to hunt down. He was the wild boar, the fear of its fleeing, the adrenalin rush through its hide he felt as if it were his own. But still inexorably he chased the wild pigs down, the men closing in, like at the trance-dance of the evening before. And he understood the boar's fear and battle-anger as the men now surrounded it on all sides of the quarry, the little ones and the females squealing their consternation, their fear and threat behind him. And the wild boar wheeled and snorted, pawing the ground and bristling, standing defiantly before them, pinning Ly with its fiery eye, squealing and grunting its rage as it lowered its head to tusk-charge the boy-man who had headed the expedition.

The cornered beast had whirled and snorted, turning to fix Ly with a livid fearless eye. Without a moment's deliberation, it had squealed and charged, perhaps choosing Ly as the most vulnerable looking link in the human net that surrounded it. There was a brief moment of unreality, then a panic in his belly, until the instinct of self-defence made him lower the spear he carried. Whether it was fortune or skill that drove the point of the spear into the heart of the wild boar, Ly neither knew nor cared.

The wild boar had charged, its tusks like scimitars ready to gash and rip. There had been a frozen moment when Ly had gazed in terrible fascination at the beast, as the menfolk around him had shouted, urging him to action. They did not shoot, for the wild boar hunt had been Ly's choice: it was his name-day, and they would not interfere with the pattern of events. Ly stared at the violent beast charging at him, wondering at the spirit, the passion, the intensity of its fury. In mercurial panic, he lowered his spear.

Fortuitously, he put it down just before the boar crossed the range of the spear. Ly's action had been lightning swift and just in the nick of time. The point of the spear went in the boar's chest just to the side of its razor-tusked head. Ly had assumed a natural stance, instinctively feet apart, body balanced, knees slightly bent to sustain the impact. But the beast's fury was such that when the spear went into the boar, its forward momentum had assumed such a pace Ly was carried backwards through the air, only knowing whatever happened he must keep hold of the spear. As the wild boar squealed with pain and rage, Ly was flung backwards onto the bank and sprawled lolling to one side, both hands still grasping the spear. At the other end of this newly blooded weapon the boar, in red-eyed fury, was attempting to gouge, and lacerate the spear. Now with his assailant at the same level, the boar thrashed and stamped, with Ly tossed from one side to another, his hands blistering, beginning to bleed from the effort. But of a sudden the boar had faltered and dropped to the ground. It snorted and frothed its anger, before the spear-point finally served its purpose and brought the appointed end.

Then all the menfolk came crowding round, the men who had been gathered close about, arrows drawn, ready to shoot should Ly loose the spear and become defenceless. Thus Ly's reputation-name, the Hawk,

was established. For truly, had said Segwin and the other men, truly had he displayed that lightning reflex which the hawk shows when it drops to kill. Truly had that lightning reflex saved the day.

Ly had been numb to the praises to begin with; still shocked by the closeness of death, the closeness he felt to the animal spirit as it raged towards him. He had almost felt sorrow that it had to be killed. He felt an empathy for the beast which gave him, like all the others of his kin, a reverence for the wild creatures and anything of the Earth. The Earth was their belonging - the bountiful Goddess with the deathly aspect. She who gave and ruthless took away. It was Her harsh and abundant dictates they had to abide by.

After the wild boar had expired its last breath, its body shuddering a final response, the menfolk were all patting Ly, grasping his shoulder, shaking his blistered hand. They clustered around the boar and a pole was fetched as they waited for Ly to come to do his privilege. It was Ly's privilege to slit the throat, claim the head and tusks and later, to cut out the heart to be made into his name-day victory feast.

Ly got out his name-day dagger-sharp flint knife. He came and stood over the boar, gazing down into its deadened eye; the eye ferocious that had been fixed on him, intent on death. Ly lifted up his head then, and cry-howled up into the sky, proclaiming his victory; his primeval soul seeking vibrant expression in a roar and shout - the triumph of Life over Death. Ly bent and with the strength of intent stuck the blade in the pig's neck, and drew it jagged cut acrossing. The blood poured forth, besmirching his hands, flecking onto his face. Then Segwin drew the lightning sign in wild boar blood down Ly's chest, and upon his forehead. The dead beast's feet were tied and it was attached to a pole which was slung over two of the men's shoulders. Ly led the way forwards with his bloody spear and torso, signalling his triumph over the odds of death.

Smear'd be the stuff of life he came, be the wild boar's blood, and back at the homestead the childer came to awed watching, while they 'oomenkin, they moon-ma's gathered round to praise Ly, to proclaim their admiration and pleasure. Ly cut the heart out of the boar and all they folk had cheered as his moon-ma kilt forth to receive it. She, smiling pride into his eyes, same blue as Segwin's eye'n. She, accepting his offering and going by off to hasten the feast on with her food preparation. A gathering of women took the rest of the beast and Oneth went to help butcher and cut up the meat to be shared amongst the kin of the homestead. For what was for one, was for all in aplenty, wherever fortune favoured or fickled forth disaster - still'm folk was comeby to share thee in'un sorrow. But no sorrow then. Saa! The wild boar killed single-handed - rare indeed! Ly killer of the wild boar - dubbed the Hawk on his name-day stoll - come to hinter manhood in the making of his own triumph feast. Aye, and he had known his mother's mind and thoughts then for sure.

Ly! Ly! Her childer, her bairn come knee-by nine summers since. Ly, her childer grown to manhood. From her womb he had sprung and her heart sang and her fingers worked gladly and quickly, preparing the meat for her son's victory feast. Proud to furnish his victory feast be her'n labour. Proud to be by a son such as he! For sure, she could sense the admiration, the pleasure of the men, their pride in him as well. And she infilled high aglee, joyous her heart rang and her eyes shone as she dredged the herbs, crumbled the oatmeal, sliced some root crop into a tasty platter.

His stoll-some sun-pa had returned from his hafting after flint on the high of the hilltops, Corndon and Black Rhadley, camped over night the previous eve when Ly was commenced his ritual of pain. It do be ken to separate the blood-close at testing time, so they crossed the boundary to adulthood without their closer kin. Other'uns took care of the thurl-initiation rites; whilst family of the to-be-initiated weft and waited, tension building up and infecting them. A quiet before the storm of applause and riotous feasting could be delivered.

And Ly remembered how his sire and sun-pa had come to him as he sat at the feasting tressel waiting for the vittals to be brought and spread about. He had been companied by his youth friends, Kyfeth and Duffryn, who now he was passed into mankin lost the aloofness they had but recent took on when their own initiations made them man some several moons before they. Kyfeth was stag-tithed whilst Duffryn was hunter of the grey wolf that ranged the deeps of the forest. They had come to him admiring now at his courage for the quest to take the wild boar's spirit. All his kinsmen were sat about quaffing their beer-strong, and filling Ly's beaker so twert never'n emptied. Beunydd, his sun-pa, had come down from his hilltop and found his way to his son's honoured side. He stood across from him saying naught for a while, but then creasing his face to a smile: "The sun be bold-bronze in your'n spirit I'se do hear Ly, and the flint be in your'n sinew and nerve. Whey tudden! Pride have you brought to your'n blood-kin, pride and full joy. Saa! Ly may your'n stoll-strength come constant as the Gold One above us. And here's gift na, lad-lith, special made for'n thee, a talisman-protector nigh for'n as long as your chosen, the path

that'll be."

So saying he had placed a piece of black stone jet shaped like an ellipse, carved with the sunwheel, hung on a leather thong, ceremonially around his neck. Then he had clapped Ly on his shoulders with both of his hard-hewing hands and pulled his son to him, giving him a brief but warm and heart-felt bear hug. All the surrounding menfolk had laughed and cheered then, as his sun-pa had tousled his hair and sat to drink of the barley beer made special to the occasion. Aye had they all lifted their clay beakers then and toasted, not just to Ly, but to each other, to their blood-bondings, to the Goddess, to the Horned God whose spirit was in the hunt. And Ly could remember well the look of quiet pride in his sun-pa's eyes as he had lifted his beaker to toast his second-born son - the sun warrior who nigh had well come of age. But be evening-tide the kindred were all settled around the long tressel-tables which they sat cross-legged at or on one side before. There was a place for the elders, as befitted, in the middle of the table and next in honour to those participants of the hunt and chase, who sat at the head. Here Ly was centre of attention and all they beguily glanced his direction, smiling, admiring, casting their eyes to catch a flicker from his own. He could not prevent a different feeling taking over him then; a liquid fire stirring in his belly and loins which he knew, that night, would be satisfied as it had never been satisfied before. Opposite to the elders and down the top part of the table next to the warriors, were the wealth of the kindred, the rest of the adults, 'oomankin seated amongst the menfolk, having provided and served the feasting food. Further down the table next to the adults came the youth, and then came the childer with a few appointed grandam-moon-ma's amongst them to oversea the operation of their eating. This feasting was special time too for the childer, even though some were not five summers on in the age-wise. There had been much cheering and clapping and hallooing when Ly's moon-ma had brought forth the platter with the carefully cooked boar's heart upon it.

The head of the boar had been cleaned and placed as decoration, covering the meat and honouring the spirit of the animal he had killed. His hands betraying a tremour that was never evident when he hunted, Ly had lifted the boar's head and sung of his victory over it as all his kindred listened and applauded some more at its conclusion. Then, his moon-ma had taken the boar's head from him and he had cut the meat, eating it all with gusto, for truly his moon-ma had excelled in the preparation and cooking of the boar's heart. When he had finished all the menfolk toasted him and Segwin formally acknowledged Ly's brave hawk spirit, his birth into manhood, his coming of age, the privileges that were his as a result of this crossing of the threshold. Segwin turned them all to laughter then after the formality, by a bawdy innuendo that set all they adults to merriment whilst Ly's face was flushed half with expectation and half with embarrassment.

All was then to feasting and good feelings, laughter and quaffing and banter. There was much praising of Ly the hunter, the hawk, eh na? The menfolk turned to each other and said, nodding their heads and laughing agreement. Whereas Ly, now shy and stoll-like could nay hardly soak up all the atmosphere pledged to the honour of he. In his wildest dreams he had not imagined himself so honoured, the first action of his spear so vital and speed-thrusted, the hunt so cleanly and clearly executed, the killing his, and his alone. But this only made him humble, not boasting or swaggerful but reticent in the face of their praise, feeling the gods had favoured him, grateful for that favour and no-some overblown with pride. Aft feasting came the music and pipes; the strumming of new-frame strings. And female acolytes - neophytes - came to chant them song-spell until the menfolk warriors took over. The kelter females danced a moon-chant, beguily swaying and merging their forms in a moon-trance. The temple-cakes were passed around and pretty soon'm mask-maiden came to take Ly from the fireside to a hut-space in the silver-dark.

By her looks, by her motions thay fair beguily lured Ly forth from his victory feast, whiles Ly watched her with mesmerised eyes, following the moon-spell she cast and shadowing her to the way-off hut-space door. Inside the door he heard whispers and gigglings stilled at a brief sharp whisper from the maiden who led him:

"Before thee enter thaise special place, forbidden to they who'm hev not yet passed thay threshold to manhood, I mun blindfold thee here'n, to protect our'n kindred from the shame o' naming and thay untoward flarin' o' jaylous curdlin' come thay bright revailing light o' dawn. Thay moon-nymphs shall give your'n body the succour of sensation it do crave and teach thee the ways of 'oomankin's desire. Bend thee now so'm put thee blindfold cloth; as your'n sight be taken so shall'un flesh come unto thay thrusting ecstasy of life"

Ly nodded his head staring and bent forwards so she could tie the cloth around him. Satisfied it was secured, she opened the door and led him inside. And ah the smell of her as she came close to tie the

cloth around his eyes - ah the smell of her! Dew-misted mornings, the fresh loam of soil, fecund like the fragrance of wild flower blooms, a faint musk of wood-smoke and the season-smell of the doe, the hind that be rarely hunted. All of these things and countless subtle more it seemed to Ly she did smell of. Her smell alone intoxicated him!

Inside he sensed two other presences, soft voices and hands that took off his belt with the flint-dagger on it. Took off the leather kirt girt around his groin, so that naked he stood and blindfolded as the maidens led him across to the fur-covered soft-bed. They massaged his flesh with aromatic oils, touched him all over til his arousal caused him to reach for thay dangly-fare that brushed his chest and his mangrown stoll. Then a moon-nymph was guiding his hands, showing him how to stroke her so and so, how to squeeze her and give her body pleasure. As now another of them sucked his member, gently sucking and pulling his cock-swain high, grasping his groin a sensation that he couldnay fettlesome to control, and he orgasmed, shooting his seed high; hinto thay maidens did scrape it off with their hands and tongues whilst he lay and gasped, his spirit spiralling up to the radiant sovereigns that glittered in the night sky outside and above them.

Until honey-wine was passed from tongue to tongue, temple-cakes given again. Very soon Ly's manhood returned and the moon-nymphs let thay explore'um their bodies, his mouth and fingers exploring, whilst another of the moon-nymph's oversee the ritual. Ly in frustration sort to tear the blindfold from him so he could see the beauty he was trammeling. The lead moon-nymph forbade him. But there was rustling and movements, giggling which told him they had expected and waited for this frustrated action on his'n part. Masks to hide identity were donned and Ly had his blindfold taken off so he could feast his eyes on thay dangly-fare beguildy, thay moon-maidens who'm had come to share a flesh-feast on this his name-day, manhood night.

And thay moon-maidens laid down beside Ly, curled aboon'un as he stroked'un and suckled the soft fair paradise of their'n flesh. He opened the petals of the mystery place and searched his tongue inside'un wondering at the flowing sea-tang juices, the tremour and pleasure moans of the maiden. And Ly was shown by the accompanying moon-maid how best to arouse her sister and when her pleasure come full-hold, Ly was telded to'm push his'n man's prong into that mystery womb-hole, so secret and neat, a flesh-cave of ecstasy so hidden from view. Then there were'n cries of pleasure and ecstasy burst nearly forth after a short span of thrusting animal motions; the rising erotic wave and rush of bliss in the aftermath still.

The moon-maid had lain panting while some-told later that evening Ly plied the same brave on the skin of the second moon-nymph. Whilst in the near-dawn, the overseer masked priestess came to the bed and bled the elixir of his manhood from him once more, as he devoured thay soft female flesh. Later, thankful and beamsome he bid them goodbye as they waved him off from their hut-space hidden some on high.

There were quiet days to follow then for a three day spell after Ly's name-day feast. He never knew who his initiators into the pleasures of sex were. He could guess, by a certain way of walking, a measure of fair proportions, a jut of the breast, a toss of the hair. But, as was their custom, it never was made known to him. Though he knew it was the older beguildy on the fringe of moon-ma asserting the power-mystery of their sex.

When Ly met Nionie first from her blood-rite, he was sitting alee an old willow be a little trickle of water that swelled to stream, and sometimes river in times of plentisome rain. Ly was alolling lazy-like in the old tree's bough, hafting at a wood piece, waiting for her coming. She came through the path in the woods to where Ly was beseated, her moon-sisters alongside of her carrying'un baskets that they'd blood-drenched at the dark of no-moon. Ly grinned as she came through the trees and she proud and self-conscious came into the sunlight and put down her burden some twenty steps from Ly. Her moon-sisters bid her passing goodbyes, leaving her to word-speak with her brother.

"Na Ly," said Nionie, shy-like yet provoking. "Hast thee set'n thee name-day feast and killed a boar of's own?" She asked him outright, her eyes reflecting his, shining a kin-light forth.

"Na Nionie, maybe'm so and maybe's thee on thee name-day becomen childer to 'ooman - goddess-formed and moon-ma of the making, a burdened of a magical soil - ey'us ent not so, eh na? Fech fer sure, as saa is the wild boar na?" Countered Ly, sharing his heart-speak with her, making known their connected telepathy.

"Even so, even so, my stoll blood-brother Ly - even so, we be both halves of the same kernal, na? Our'n minds do beat as one. Though now you becomen into man-some and I in thay moon-spell sung, we begowen our'n own ways, eh la, my blood-brother own? We've come seperate and different in our'n

ways as the seasons in time do change, as the radiant ones above do so dictate, na? Ly the wanderer gone, Nionie, his blood-sister tied to till thay soil; ties that link her to the silver one, to the goddess that breathes through fruit, frond and stem. Ties she would no more swap than Ly would turn hisself thatcher and water-carrier be the rood. Now I be moon-maid eh? Acolyte to the temple priestesses. Our roles be clear defined eh na Ly? Stark our'n difference be droved betwixt us, likes stag fra his sister'n hind, likes she-wolf fra her'n brother kin eh? But be thee brother fair and keep me to wholesome in thee heart-space and I'll find thee fond and tithy awhile be agin."

She looked at Ly for the longest while, gazed her devotion, her pride, her admiration into his brownen e'en. In her look she spoke the unspeakables; her form pert and nymph-like, leggy like the doe-faun at its inquisitive phase of childer. The look that passed between them was deeper than passion; it spoke of the whole concordance of the universal flux. It was the drift of a timeless spell and in it was revealed the nakedness of their desire alongside the acceptance of the taboo that bound them; the sorrow of their loss, the future that took their paths seperate.

The look was a call from blood-kin unto blood-kin, an acknowledgement of umbilical belonging, an intercourse of the unity of their vision, the one for the other. A look that reduced the gulfs of space between them and brought them, not side by side but conjoined - one and the same thing; different aspects that made up one whole. Thus deep and profound, beyond passion and of passion, through an ageless kindred link of blood, that look did speak.

Then, smiling, she came towards Ly, kissed his stoll-some cheek as he bent down to hold her, to hug her before the gestures of childer mun be laid to thay side and manhood framed his reserve. Nionie, trying to brush away the traces of tears in her eyes, carried hup her burden and walked aways, her back to Ly, towards the homestead of their'n moon-ma, their'n stoll-ra faither, who hefted the flint-tool blades.

And Ly felt the shadow of melancholy, the pain of things he could not change darken his heart and burn there for a pace. He felt like calling her back - his blood-sister, Nionie, moon-nymph become to acolyte of the high priestess, moon-chant weaver, weaving a spell of growth into the soil of the Land. She, of the fecund mysteries, his sister had become and thus did their ways shew a parting.

But stoll-like in the cast of his kind, Ly could only carve and carve the piece of wood, grappling with and soothing his pain and his sorrow by the persistance of his actions. The knife in his hand became blurred for a moment, and he had to stop to brush the unaccustomed tears away, wondering at the ache in his heart and burying it together with those things that had marked him as still yet a childer.

Remembering his man-hood, his name-day hunter's status, he stopped and gazed into middle distance, recollecting, collecting himself to live be the Hawk as the name-spur he'ud been tokened. Like a man, stoll and strengthful, he would be - with the wanderlust trade in his veins. The flint-maker and hunter-warrior skills that defined him, held him self-sufficient, as wild and independent as the wolves at high forest side.

He would carve legends in the memory of his tomorrows - he would spur story-spells told by the fire be the eld folk. Aye, fech fer sure, eld Mendion'ud spin his tale of the legend of Ly, the Hawk, the lightning wild one with the courage invincible of the wild boar fierce. So Ly swore to himself as the new quarter moon crooked a silver spell in the night, remembering the fullness of the harvest moon in the slender shiver of its potential - soon to swell, as the belly of a moon-ma did when thay little'uns becryn' to besought's 'un eyes on thay world.

This was the way Ly's thoughts had drifted, and had brought him calm and accepting, steady at the thought of sister's distance. He shut the cries of his deep-down heart to the side and remembered his warrior status.

Oftimes then he would linger be off'n of Old Wem's place seeking a mite of wisdom from the mouth of one whose lips were mostly kept well shut. But the silence of Old Wem's intuition served to soothe him, and he learned to fathom solutions for himself without ever having a word past between them. Ly had thought on occasions that he was made to follow in the footsteps of Wem's wisdom, alongside of the high-moon priestesses, they communed with the flux of All Life and kept the links with the kindred alive. But in a rare moment, Wem had pierced him with his gimlet brown eye, saying:

"There be too much of the coiled dather, too much of the rover's questing about thee Ly fer yon to take to sitting at the Listeners task - even though you have the stillness in thee stark to see. It be combined with a restlessness to know, to see that'll tek you's be way off'n from cycle to cycle; aye sure like tinder in your'n veins it be planted just awaiting a spark to set a light and flame-free" - a hand on his shoulder, a rare half-smile upon the chant-elastic lips. Of course, he had been right as always. Confirmed by the gift Wem had given him after his initiation name-day, the hawk-claw clasped pouch which hung now upon

his belt and where was kept the special stones marked as divinations for the trade-main of us ways. He had sought out Old Wem when he was still flint-knapping with his sun-pa. He had an itch in him that could not settle for the steady, plodding familiar-visited sites of the flint-founder's trade. His heart yearned to a wider horizon, and though he applied himself and learned well the art of flint-forming, he was not content and his spirit sang after the traders who came and went and returned and were off for a season and more besides. Ah, he could not help that desire quivering within him and finding the courage for his release. Without him having to speak this out in words, Old Wem seemed to know him sometimes better than he knew himself. He had sat himself outside Wem's place, savagely chipping at a piece of flint, wondering how he should broach so momentous a subject.

"Seems Ly's forgotten the delicacy of us cuts," commented Wem dryly as he walked up from the Fire-star space to find Ly there; and when Ly could finally bring himself to speak what was constricting him, Wem gave him solution simple and to the mark: "Your'n wings be itching to be unfurled and gliding a broader range, than the home route of your'n sun-pa's trade na? Then speak to he of what's awrithing in your'n heartsore, eh me lad? Or despite your'n name-day courage yen'll be a childer-kept for all your'n adult-status!"

Aye that'd been all the encouragement he needed, and though he felt strong-fond of his sun-pa and did not want to cause him sadness, he could not keep the core of his being stunted and unleashed all his life. Ly remembered then the first times flint-knapping with his sun-pa faither. The excitement he'd felt of trekking off together, taking vittals for a day or more if needs be. His faither had taken him to all on his prime sites thereabouts, to the hilltops and rocky crops and quarry dents and river beds where the choicest of flint material could be found. But soon the near-bound features of his activity be his sun-pa's side came to seem too dull and homely. The wander-lust in his veins craved the venture of further horizons and though he had learned well at his faither's side the itch in him bade him favour a further and further boundary. Until, given courage be the counsel of Old Wem, he had come to beg his'n faither if he could trade the flint-path accompanying the rover-deals, Dracon and Brinren, in their travels away for'n a half a cycle or more.

Ah and his'n faither had looked way off towards the mountains of the west when Ly had made his desire known to him. "There be dignity and worth in the rendering of flint Ly, though trowe all things have their'n season and the travelling trade do bring many novel things of interest to our'n homestead. I would nay keep thee honing the flint lessen thee had a mind to stay, never mind but thee's a feel fer'n the art of it too. But though your'n born of me own blood, the Gods decide where your'n spirit be apt. If there's a feel in thee fer'n the far and wide I would nay tether thee to a homely radius. Thee be man-some now son, man enough to choose your'n own ways. If Dracon and Brinren have nay objection to your'n accompanying they, then I'll find none else by which to keep thee. Lad, thee've a wilderness bent in thee heart I've kent it fra the moment thee could hunt with a childer's bow and arrow. You've my blessings for why fer sure I could nay turn a flying speddie seed to a rooted frond, even if I'd mind to, which I dunnet. Saa away wi' you Ly and take care, as the Goddess wills so be it, eh na Ly? As the Goddess wills!"

Aye, and he had smiled at his son a benediction, concealing his sadness for Ly's sake, who was at that moment too full of the zest of release and freedom to study his faither close like. It was only much later that he realised from something his moon-ma had said that he had caused his faither some'at of a heavy in the heart awhiles. But after all, he had the flint skill learned from his faither the first two cycles since his initiation into manhood. He was fast at his learning which had begun before his special name-day, when he had killed the wild boar. And since that time he had hewn flint from many a hilltop, and from the stone he had made a multitude of flint blade scrapers; small flints for delicate work and carving; flint arrow heads and spear points; axe heads and pounders. Each flint blade had its special and general uses, mainly being cutting, carving, planing, smoothing, scraping, sawing and splitting. For all these functions flint was the hardest, and as yet, most plentiful material.

As a matter of course Ly had become expert in the use of wood. The backpack he carried for long journeys was made from a frame of hazel - the pack itself being made of leather with different pockets for various items. Inside it he would carry axe helves and wooden bowls made of ash and oak. In one pocket there would be a sewing kit with an awl made of bone and limelast for sewing thread. In the main part of the backpack was a birchwood container which housed his tinder and fire-starter. Inside a mollusc shell container to prevent dampness was some tinder fungus (collected from dead or diseased beech or birch trees). There was also some pyrite. In order to start a fire, Ly would strike a flint core repeatedly against the pyrites. Sparks fell on the tinder which with blowing ignited a fire.

Ly had learned to make fire before he was even 9 cycles old. It was a familiar almost unconscious routine which provided the warmth and heat that was so necessary for him and his kinsfolk's survival. For the rest of the tinder, Ly would have a stock of reed-mace wool, hammered willow bast, juniper pith, mosses and thistledown, small feathers and twigs. He also carried birch sap which was an essential gluing agent, and birch fungus which had many beneficial medicinal uses. Thus supplied, Ly was a mobile self-sufficient unit enabling him to live in solitude or in the wilderness with his travelling companions for seasons upon end, without the necessity of returning to the homestead.

All the different uses of the forest trees he had learned well before his initiation and could cut and carve alongside of the most practiced of his kinsmen. Ly's long bow was made of yew wood and his arrow shafts came from the wood of the wayfaring tree, mixed with some dogwood shafts. All the trees were used for diverse purposes which Ly had learned well; their special qualities and spirit being known and passed down through the centuries of ancestors. He knew the uses of birch wood, ash wood, hazel and thorn, willow, beech, yew, lime and oak. The oak was sacred to the sun god and revered for its enduring quality, its hardness, its life-giving aura. Ly had helped to build wattle and daub dwellings with it, watched the skeletons of boats taking shape and made his own before very long, using the sacred oak. Furniture was crafted from this wood and it was also used for dyeing and planing.

But always the tree spirit was consulted, gifts left to appease it; only a certain number being felled each cycle, and these were storm damaged or diseased, or old. For it was thought if the oak was felled indiscriminantly, the sun god would punish them with drought, lightning strikes and storms, or with a withdrawal of that very necessary light and warmth which swelled the corn and brought them bountiful harvests. The oak was a tree which was revered and honoured as much and above nearly all the other trees in the forest by the Albion kindred. It was totem, and held a special place in the hearts of all Ly's kinsfolk for it housed them, kept them safe and secure in the storm, sped them along the waterways, padded out their lives with a beautiful and sturdy substance that they were ever mindful of. And aye was this instinct full within Ly, for a grove of oak trees always had a specially alive and listening aura, potent and fecund, as if it harboured the horned god himself, which caused him to tread quiet and reverential like whenever he were in the midst of the sun trees they thought so special.

As soon as he could walk, Ly had set to watching the world go by and playing with the bits of wood carving his father had made for him in the lightening evenings of blossom-tide. And pretty soon he had set to and watched the world go by whilst carving his own plith of wood. He had watched Hurgin, his cycles older brother, making arrow shafts and spears and followed his suit in making his own. As he'd got older he had helped with some of the construction work, in the building of a byre to house'un cattle in winter's dregs, and new homesteads for the swelling community. He had spent long times by the river observing his kinsmen assembling the skiffs they used to paddle the waterways. Before his initiation he had cut and planed, shaped and seasoned his own boat-frame, stretching and oiling the deerskin which completed it and made it the practical and effective means of transportation it was.

He had learnt at his moon-ma's knee the names of the plants and edibles they gathered. Many a time when young had he walked with the 'oomankin, not yet old enough to let be his own. With his moon-ma he had gathered fat hen and chick weed, corn spurrey, bugle and cuckoo flower. He had harvested acorns, blackberries, thay bitter sloe, crab apples, haws and hazel nuts. He had collected elder flowers, thorn leaves and beech leaves in spring. In autumn as well as the fruits, there was a wide variety of mushrooms, the fungi to be strictly avoided, and those which could be sparingly used.

In the spring the 'oomankin fertilised the fields and planted the crops to be grown. Whilst before times, the menfolk came and prepared the small fields, ploughing them with wooden hafts, chircking the oxen to pull ho. Then before thay blossom sprung, the 'oomankin would come to spread their sacred soil which contained the blood of their wombs. The priests and priestesses would come to dance-chant whilst thay menfolk'un gathered aroun. The moon-goddess appointed Ethreal, for 7 cycles past, would bless the seeds as they'ud come to be planted. And aroun the rim, the menfolk would begin their sun-wise cycle dance with thay childer to follow in thay wake.

In this way the kindred cultivated: linseed, opium poppy, legumes, einkorn and emmer, durum, oat-ear and barley. Thus did they live by way of the richness of Nature. The food they ate so reverentially garnered, made them strong and hale. The bounty that their environment afforded them allowed them to cast their sight beyond the confines of the homestead. It was partly the cause of their outward looking spirits, their questing, desire-born souls. They came to observe their environment, not just exist in it. They came to study the moon and the sun, the drift of the stella space and this study had provoked the building of monumental temples. The stone circle temples which, like huge sculptures speckled across

the land, had grown up and had produced the great connectedness that had carried they thus far forwards. He thought of the corn festivals they'd had in the past, where Ethreal came to bless the harvest - give thanks to the goddess. There'n was watching and waiting while the menfolk cut the grain that the 'oomankin would grind and pound for the flour to laid a platter on the mealboard. And with the wealth of the autumn harvest - thanksgiving festival did commence, where the men enacted the corn god dance, wedded be the Mother til his time of death did cant the fall. And the 'oomankin become they goddess-nymphs dancing seductions in the firelight as'un all quaffed and made much merry. Couples disappeared to a quiet-space hut where often Ly had been taken by the moon-maidens too - since that first night of his initiation. The sacred stook of corn was the last'un kept, woven into blessing scree and made into special magic cakes eaten in mid-winter, when they all had need of cheer. Aye, there was goodly times to be had fer sure, for thay as settled in the lee of the homesteaders rhythm, thought Ly, convincing himself this was so whilst his spirit took winged flight towards the travel ways and further foreign places that had always stirred his blood so, gave him his full zest for life.

He remembered the first ever time he had travelled far down the water-ways with Dracon and Brinren, in the first great skiff he'd ever been in. The voluminous sail and flange were holed a deck as they'd sped down the silver Severn, the main thoroughfare 'pon which the sturd-druth sailboat was moored. Cross country by a minor river, they had set out with Ly all quiet, his eyes as big as his head taking in all the landmarks they passed too shy and too full of respect for his companions to speak much at all, jumping to do their bidding almost sooner than he'd been told! That first time they had not stopped by The Holy Place which would come to be so special and awesome to Ly. The experience of The Holy Place came after that first trip away which had filled Ly's senses so to brimming. Quickly had the broad river's flow taken them south and then east, til be eventide they had stopped at a trading harbour before the Big Waters swell. All new and strange to Ly, he had quickly slept after the tasty fare cooked on an open fire beside the bustle of other strangers camps who shouted greetings to Brinren and Dracon, as fatigued from their day's travel they crouched by the fire.

The following day before the sun had risen, they were up and away and soon upon the shore of the Big Waters' swell. Ly could remember the awe he had felt when for the first time he had witnessed the expanse of the sea and heard the swooshing of the surftide upon the shingled shore. Seeing it had given him a conscious apprehension of his ancestors greatness. In his bones and switched like a light in his mind, he knew then, an immense admiration and reverence, for they who had gone before him. For they who by their trials and errors had so developed their sailing skills as to make the great saltwater expanses merely another broad river to cross, maintaining trade links that went back to the times when the first ever folk had settled these sacred isles. He felt the ancient noble spirit of his ancestors in his blood as he tasted the sea-foam, and as at last Dracon and Brinren pointed their vessel seaward and scudded her out into the swell.

And the sea-monsters that plunged past drivthning a sonorous call through watery depths, spouting thane water high. Those mountainous waves on's first journey! But Dracon and Brinren, skilled and expert at boatcraft, kept the bobbing stoll-skiff asail whiles Ly steadied himself be the hull of the water-rider, and prayed to thay gods in's lack of faith. But coasted to shoreline come they two suns after, complete, untopped and ready to trade. Through thay Breton lands they traded, through Bayun, by the serpent Seine and all by thay neighbouring lands they took their'n wares. Through Carnac, thay myriad megalith corridors of stone, they reverent-came and traded their flints and clever-weave cloth for some new brew wine and crystal-coral. Thus did their reputation spread so they welcome received, communicating be the common store of their language, as their ancestors issued from the same root and stock.

Full two seasons had they wandered across the Great Lands, Dracon with his pipe music proclaiming their presence, diffusing any aggressive urge and signalling that they in trade'n friendship had come. In the hot southern darks they traded and be the cold climes of the north. They had forged links with thay southern-east peoples, they stoll of grist and bone where the olives and lemons grew, where islands scattered the sea before the coast of more dusty and exotic lands. The flint they traded was sharp good-rare, skilful made and sturd-druth, taking the homesteads and hev-steads be store, swamping their own packs with treasures to tell kindred come the snap of the dark-time when their sail would bow to rush before the norther winds blow.

The different shapes; new grim gods and lighter aspects that foreign folk did pledge to had intrigued Ly at first, alongside of plenty other'un. Thay red-metal rarity of an axe biting as sharp as thay flint almost. The brun bear and wolves they girt round to avoided. The star-ban boot-lan where the folk fished and ate strange pastries, honour'un the earth, tantazled be the skies, seeing but not learning the trace of the path

of the celestial ones. Not understanding the pull of the greater tide as his own folk did. Advanced; superior Ly had felt - though a natural instinctive tact forbade him pressing the point with the strangers they met. There were gems they traded - pink rock and coral, special shells, bloodstone, jet and quartz, as well as new foods and strange fashioned wares to take back to thay kindred. After the harvest fall, when the air was beginning to frost, they returned after two full seasons travelling.

The folk been all quiet-like but when they came of the afternoon there was celebration and feasting called for and Ly found hisself and his companions surrounded by the pleasure on their kindred's faces. The welcome and sun-warmth they smiled from their eyes was enow to set thay heart aflame and brimful, thay spirit on a wing of joy. And aye, it had been good and lollsome wintered in with homestead kindred safe-harboured in the lee of familiar hearts and hands. All tucked up and cosied - seeing his sister, acolyte of the moon-temple grown. They talking and walking as of old days, sate be the fire of their mutual belonging, their company being enow one for the other once more. Though on the feasting nights Ly was lured by the masked moon-maidens who set his body on fire, carved the craving for 'oomankin within him, and succoured full his physical needs.

Aye and always with his travelling betimes, Ly had kept hisself aloof from the company. Not getting close to any one beguily-fair and not being drawn ever to the tether of man-home. He had kept himself close inside and though would smile friendly-like and dazzle'un charm fra his e'en, he would never stay long enow for intimacy much. Aloof ultimately he was - bent upon the rovers trading whiles and wanting no more ties to bind him to thay harbour of's birth.

This containment of Ly's gave him a reputation amongst the 'oomankin. Because of his battle prowess, because of the glamour of his trade and his infrequent presence, because for he was comely and stoll, adazzle and atwinkle of's e'en at times of glee, thay 'oomankin did swoonsome him and as time went on they took to pledging one to the other, each trying in their turn to bind Ly and clap him man-home and tethered. Many other'un young mensfolk stayed stoll be the hunt and the crafting; home at the homestead for many an evening. But for Ly he must let his winged soul to his freedom turned to the shoresides, the wild sides, tarrying in strangers lands, learning some more and anew. So did Ly's heart quiver like an arrow from the bow, the wanderlust steeped full within him.

Thus had Ly held himself from any intimacy with his 'oomankin. Ten, fifteen, cycles from his initiation Ly's wanderlust was joked amongst thay folk and he was renowned for a bringer of rare and unusual gifts. Precious gems, special foods and spices, reindeer hide, a copper axe head, shiny yellow embossed bowls, an ornamentation of the Great Mother. Bear he had encountered, escaped and killed. Wolves he had watched and won the pelt of; beaver and otter and hare had he trapped and killed for the meat or the hide. He had hunted auroch in plenty; red deer, roe deer and elk. He had fished salmon, trout, perch, pike, eel, crab and molluscs.

As well as his hunting skills, which were common to the kinsmen of his boundary, Ly was known as a warrior of formidable character. It was necessary he should be so, as his travels sometimes exposed him to hostility he must needs defend himself from. Four cycles from his initiation a border dispute had flared between his kindred and that of a neighbouring community. Such disputes were rare but when they flared, they flared ferocious and determined. Segwin had done all within his power to prevent the fuelling of feud but Minreeth, the headman of the neighbouring community, was puffed up as the adder and illbind to strike, assuming with his growth of numbers more, he could steal the lush stretch that had long been harvested and tilled be the company of Ly.

On the cusp of spring the battle came, the Minreeth rabble appearing massed 'ginst the skyline, a brief stride on the opposite hill. Ly could remember the tension, the fire in his belly, his prayers to the War Goddess making him immune of fear, accepting of pain and death if it should come; sure if it did he would win his place be the fireside of fame, a light in the memory of his folk, returned to the paradise of the everlasting Golden Source from which he had come and to which he would return one day, he knew. His kinsmen had not streamed, haphazard and thoughtless down the hillside, as Minreeth's foolhardy anger had spurred his mensfolk to do. Segwin advised by Onreth, suggested by Ly, had cautioned their company to split into three, two parts of their forces taking high ground and forming a kind of pincer with which to crush their assailants. But one part of their forces, the third part must needs provide the bait to draw Minreeth's forces into their well-thought trap. Ly had volunteered to be part of this "bait" force which must draw and contain the enemy until the waiting flanks of the pincer could crush the exposed opposition and vanquish them as quickly as they had come.

Ly had stood beside Kyfeth, his childhood friend, and Oneth the battle-hard and brave. As the enemy streamed towards them, Ly had opened his throat and chant-cried their blood-burning warrior's song.

Upon his breast and that of those who stood with him was a skilfully woven basket tunic designed to protect them some from arrows and flailing spears. Ly's group had let fly arrows from their long bows, whilst a front line braced themselves for the onslaught. Wielding his long-shafted axe in one hand and his protective dagger in the other, Ly clashed with the enemy. Such was the ferocity with which he fought, fearless beside the seasoned Oneth, courage-giving for those of virgin battle prowess, the enemy were held and even knocked back on their heels.

Ly's movements had been so quick and so lethal none of the aggressors could get near him. So too could be said of Oneth and others alongside him. Though there were some who were felled, some who slashed and bloodied, grave wounded and gouged, must totter and fall. Their demise only spurred Ly on so that he trebled his efforts, determined to kill and wound protective of his own. His mind had been in a strangely elevated state then, the rush of adrenalin made him oblivious of the deep cut on his shoulder, oblivious of the arrow that had glanced from his thigh. All he knew was his bloodlust, the sweet satisfaction and white fire in his veins that came from cutting the enemy down and finally seeing them routed and humbled; fleeing before them, vanquished by the superior tactics Segwin had employed. Aii! And he had never felt so alive, so triumphant, so vivified, so melancholy-poignant on learning the deaths of those who had stood with him, as he had felt on that day, on the eve of their victory. Aii! he had never felt such utter sweetness, the joy of living, the sorrow of loss, as he did on that day, which came known to their folk as the battle of the Leasowe Stretch, after the piece of land that had caused the dispute. Other times too, Ly had to defend himself, to fight in order to survive. There was the second time with Dracon and Brinren, in a dust-lush land of the east, when they'd come across a hostile folk, mistrustful and fearful of Dracon's pipe. The three of them had readied to withdraw, clear-given in their intention, but the strangers had attacked and it had taken all their sling and knife-throwing skills to keep them off and give Ly and his companions chance to escape unharmed. There was the time they had got caught up in the quarrels of a northerner folks; the time when a careless arrow had brought another battle to their homestead between they and a south-wester folk; the time when an ambush had nearly resulted in the loss of their lives but for the light sleeping and wariness of Dracon which had saved them in the nick of time. Aye there had been many tests, many escapes, many tales to savour of the telling for Ly, he who was well-known nigh on for the length of their wooded isle, as The Hawk; he of the Albion Kindred, close-named as Ly.

Standing on his hilltop, Ly reflected on all the goodness his life had held. He thought of his vantages and he thought on the sorrows that had deep-carved his being. The loss of Dracon, his early travelling companion, the death of his faither-sun, main-stoll, the bairn his moon-ma had birthed who had choked and died in the third cycle of his little life. He thought of the battles they had fought on occasions which had caused the loss of his kinsmen warriors. Aii! But life and death were all but one he knew, and the one fed into the other, so he consoled himself, philosophical and accepting, as it was the way of his folk to be. Aii! As winter followed the harvest, as snow and ice did creep against the sun, death had its timeful phase, just as in season the sap did rise and the earth gave birth to cubs and fledglings. Aye, everything had its own species of time Ly knew, as he stood pondering on his hilltop in the late afternoon sun.

He felt close to his faither-sun main-stoll up here on the tip of Corndon, for it was here that Beunyyd, his main-stoll, was buried as befitted his status and his soul-skill. The ice-time had killed him when Ly was in the far-lands. He'd been struck be cramps or some such blight, when he was part way up a rocky incline. He had been unable to stop himself falling so it seemed. His head had banged hard agin a stone, cracked'us skull, killed him fer sure. A slight encroaching weakness of age had killed him, scythed him down. His faither's bones slept in the earth now whilst his spirit made a path to the stars and his soul did cleave the two togethersome.

He remembered the shock of it on his return. His moon-ma's sagging shoulders, her red-rimmed eyes. The internment had already taken place, but the burial mound had not been completed. The company awaited the second son of Benyyd - Ly, he known as the Hawk - to come and share the measure of's main-stoll's death: his entry into the unity of Life, into the never-ending cycle that contained the stars, the moon, the earth, in the sun's sacred circle of light.

The company had climbed up a Corndon and stood beside as Ethreal and Old Wem led the chanting, and the sol-bearers chorused a eulogy to he of the flint-forming hand: Benyyd, with his miner's, tool-maker's skill. And the wind had whistled sharp and icy cold, like a blade against their faces, as they stacked thaise stone upon stone, and his faither's material presence was known remote and never to be more, even whiles his spirit sang to them from the soil. Ly had stood alongside his elder brother and sisters, his

twin sister, Nionie, and his moon-ma, all of they teary and sorrowful, left to weep the pain away; to allow the light of the gift that was Death to chase they gloom-shadows away.

The rest on they company had climbed down, the temple acolytes quiet-chanting. Their company kindred went down to prepare the funeral feast, where songs and stories loved of Benyyd, the flint-knapper, rock-sturd stoll, would be sung and heard and told by all of they gathered. The feast had been a remembrance of Benyyd, a praise of they goodly life he had long-kind lived.

When Ly and his family had come aft away fra Corndon and down to homestead feast-hall, the company were'n all gather-red and Ly's folks were shown ways to the head-table, whereto the ale did lightensome they's sorrow together with the kindness of the company who spoke many tales of Benyyd, stoll of the homestead kindred. The folk-songs of old were sung and his moon-ma had gone to her bed early, leaving the rest of them to listen to the songs of their ancestors, the memories and stories their faither had given'un. Ly'ud been sad-like and wearisome for days, but life went on. The pulse of it continuous, the thread of it unbroken and his faither though not evident to his eyes, he knew was part now of that Great Flow which encompassed all things.

Many times Ly'd sensed his faither be his shoulder, chiding at a bad hit, in praise at a well-flaked flint, and he would turn to find nothing but air, the wind, silence, his faither invisible now to human eye. But Ly knew his main-stoll was rich in the earth - had joined they great ancestors that had raised they fire-star temples. Eh na! thought Ly wistful-like, that he could live and remember so well yet never touch they dead ones that were gone from him. The barrier of death was unbreachable and yet in the dark nights, a cycle of moons before midwinter, their ceremony to the dead was enacted. Through the psychic charge on that night when all'un dead ones were called back to company to beseat and feast with'un, to bless'un and give thanks for the gifts that in life had been given; to seek their approval and blessing for new ventures undertaken - at such atimes did Ly feel his faither's close presence, and be the keening light in his moon-ma's eyes, he knew she sensed'un too. The company gather-red strength from the festival of the dead. It helped them wholesale accept what inevitably was part of life: Death - the converse equation. Death, that would claim they all in the end. The festival of the dead thus contained a deep, spiritual awe, a resonant profundity that psychically empowered the whole company.

It was his faither's death into Universal Life that had made Ly turn his thoughts more homeward lee. His faither had died but three cycles since and his death had impressed upon Ly the fragility of human ties - the preciousness of the quantity of time allowed him.

Not only that, in the past few years there had come changes, rumours of aggressive actions, the sudden stealthily spreading novelty of the fire-metal that kirt harder and sharper than even the topmost flint. Trowe it was a wonder how the fire could soften the shiny hard stuff and make it moulded to a sharpes slicing edge he'd ever seen. In the mid Great Lands he had stood by a gathering and watched the metal crafter shape his skill. There was a rill and fervour that had gripped the folk there, and everybody who walked away from the timely demonstration knew that some great change was on the horizon.

Flint was still necessary, but Ly knew its magic was beginning to fade. He sensed this and accepted it as part of the inevitable process of life, only there was a vague melancholy in the depths of his heart that made him glad his faither was be the bones of the Earth, cradled in the womb of the Goddess, so that he was not there to experience the decline of his flint-worker status. For all'un such reasons Ly had cast his glance homeward bound much more than off, lately now.

It was Brith-na-gig who had made his mind up, clinched his thoughts and put actions to his desires and motives. Ly had held the wanderlust long, sharing the festivals of many a different homestead far and wide, in'us own land and across the Big Waters in the Great Lands. He had diddled many a dangly-faire when the festivals and fertility rites, the seasonal celebratory feasting made the allowances, gave licence to his sexual expression. In his homestead he had na clept eyes on any dangly-faire that riveted him. It was only a cycle after his faither'd died when Ly had come back from a long times journeying, trading and travelling the communication links that kept they trade-main going. He came back just in time for the company's midwinter feastings. The joy and relief on his moon-ma's face and on that of Nionie and his other'n kindred, was starksome evident. He'd been aturn so long they'd begun to clemm that he was harmed or troubled. But no, not he, not the Hawk, he assured them, moved be the keening light that shone from many an eye.

The time for orgiastic ceremonials had come round and all they company was dressed sharp and teasing, washed and lotioned and rubbed dry with sweet herbs for the couplings that would come later as the temple-cakes were given made from the last stook corn of the harvest - magically imbued. Ly knew that his lust, the thrust which kept life going, would be embraced and fulfilled that night. But it seemed each

moment was sharpened with a new light, the pleasure more acute and made so be the long absence he'd seen away fra'us kinsfolk. He watched the festivities and participated in them as he never had done so wholly before, yet so observing-like too, outside of himself, watching the proceedings with a freshened eye, conscious of the style and aesthetic charm of the dressed festival wattle and daub hall, of the health and harmony of thay company, come kirtled in fine-woven cloth dyed in thay rich'n colours rare. After the feasting; the chanting and dancing, the magical ritualisation begun of their orgiastic energies. And company was all be-seated and the female acolytes came round with beakers of warming, intoxicant brew, distributing the temple-cakes for company's pleasure.

She had given him his beaker of mulled brew glancing quickly to his eyes and then down again, smiling and murmuring a blessing. It seemed to Ly his heart had quickened a beat as he gazed on the apparition of loveliness he'd not noticed so much but two cycles since. Now a new moon-maiden blossomed before him as soft and luscious as the golden plums given to he be his trade in the south lands. He watched her moving, bending to each of the company with a smile and a blessing. There seemed a sheen on her - as if the radiant beings had shed their twinkling luminosity upon her, surrounded her with an aura of silthful light, so it appeared to Ly's sight.

Finally she went to join the other acolytes to begin their humming chant, their ritualised dancing, whiles company began drinking of thay flesh pleasures that wrought an sexual unity, sanctioned by the high-moon priestess, embracing the urge that the Great Mother and Her God of the Green, the Horned One, had placed in them to remove all barriers for its expression. Any childer conceived on such nights and legitimised by a binding were regarded as well-favoured. If thay 'oomankin was free of acknowledged man-home, it was very rarely they would conceive. And the 'oomankin had thays secret ways for encouraging or discouraging the seed that was planted in their wombs. But no thought of faitherhood was in Ly's mind that night.

Many a masked moon-maid had come to lure Ly from the vigil of the acolytes trance-dance. But he would not be led away and ignored the body language of the masked moon-maidens. He ignored all the presences around him and only feasted his eyes on the moon-dance of the acolytes, watching she with the fiery hair, thay faire-beguilty who had caught his heart-beat in his chest of a sudden-like and dazzled his sight for long into the evening.

He had sat buzzing from the winter-wine and the temple-cakes facing the area where the acolytes were. She, his fox-coloured moon-maiden, with the form as lithsome as thay otter, as graceful as thay long-legged doe; she, absorbed the whole of his attention. She swayed and hum-chanted with the other moon-maidens. Closing her eyes to begin with she had not noticed his attentions. Then at an instant her eyes had caught his regarding her. She saw how he waved the masked moon-maiden from him so that he could watch her, bask in the sight of her!

Her eyes flashed at him as the trance-dance continued, as the moon-dance stirred their motions. Her movements were luxurious, beautifrew-sensuous, oozing the gift of her sexuality, as she breathed, as she moved, so natural, so silthful, more beautifrew-rare than any beguilty he'd set eyes on afore. She blushed at his continued focus of attention; her cheeks like rose-bloom at its soft-velvet zenith. The longer he watched her, the more her eyes were drawn back to his, the more their spirits connected, and the more her dance was exaggerated, heightened, performed for the unexpected audience instead of her own dedication to the Silver One. Her dance became ever more provocative, ever more yearning in its teasing, as if a desire for him infected her also and she danced the real, rather than the ritualised, expression of the Goddess power and sex need. Be the end on it Ly's loins were aflame with desire. He wanted thay beguilty-faire, she with the hair like autumn's leaf-fall, he wanted her as he'd never wanted an 'oomankin before.

When another masked moon-maiden came returned to try herself with Ly, he acceded and went with her. He thrashed his love-lust out for Brith-na-gig on a moon-maid who be morning he would be untethered be. The same could not be said of she, who lived now in'us mind's eye, held in the beat of his heart. Ly did not feel untethered and free from she, as he did of the moon maid that had quenched his most immediate urge. The next day he was struck be the memory of her and took himself off to the valley where he found a piece of apple-wood to carve as a gift for'n thay beautiful Brith who had so quickened his pulse. He felt she'd infected him with a fever he'd never be free of until he had tasted the fruit of her fair form.

Later that day towards the tide of even' he clept eyes on her weaving outside the homestead of her moon-ma, Oinica. She were weaving and plaiting some rush-matting, her hair falling forwards like a sheet of silky flame in itself. He had seen her spy him from a distance and pretend an unawareness by putting her

head down in apparent close concentration on her task, which Ly knew for sure was feigned. He smiled to himself his heart giving a little fillip and jump, a strange happiness surging through him. He walked over and stood right beside her until she must of necessity respond to his nearness. She had looked up at him and blushed, but nevertheless, had looked blatantly into his eyes, brazen-like and breathing quickly as if she risked danger be doing so, even though her cheeks be burning afire.

"Eh na Brith-na-gig, in trowe I've naither seen an acolyte maiden dance saa feisty and saa faire, wraithing a spell as seemed summat more'n thay reverencing of the Silver She who sheds her milky light in the night sky, na? Whey it took Ly's breath and burned him laithel-like full of fever for a stint fer sure! Thee dance was worth a favour of finest flint, a bolt o' best cloth and the rarest gems from a further shore land, whey ya right fer sure! Or my name be nether Ly nor cometimes as Hawk at all! Such silthful talent and extravagant devotion tuthee Goddess deserves some little gift or'n gesture fer sure".

Ly's eyes twinkled at her, teasing her with his words which contained a twist of sarcasm, a barb that both flattered her and revealed the fact that Ly had recognised that wayward streak in which had made her forget the duties which required her concentration on calling magic from the Goddess for sakes of the feasting and company's enjoyment. She had allowed herself to be swept along, excited by the attention of Ly and rather than losing herself in the moon-dance, she had danced to tease, to impress, to draw the blood of he who was known as the Hawk. But Ly his eyes dancing in suppressed merriment, crouched down beside her and placed on the ground before her the apple-wood carving he had spent much of the day working on.

"Mays it be happen that if Brith do accept this'n gift, if she do take it up in her'n hand to study and show liking of, maybe she should know then the price of that accepting. Fer sure Brith, I'll speak some trowe na? She, who sits all blushing and brazen afore me, has the carver's heart in the hand that she do hold his gift'un, if she's a mind to accept sa poor a gift unravelled fra a day's unreckoning na?"

Ly had squatted beside her placing on the ground before her the carved figurine of a hawk in flight. He looked into her eyes the colour of burnished beech leaves at fall-time shot with an emerald inflection - all autumn's richness of colours, her eyes, her skin, her hair. He had held her eyes with his own, and hers had sparkled their vivacity at him, astounded, delighted, devilment dancing in them intermixed with a high-strung nervousness of uncertainty. Oh how she inflamed him! Until she had turned sudden-shy like at his proximity and the intensity of his attentions, betook him her thanks, dropped her work, took up his gift and fled with it inside the enclosure of her moon-ma's homestead. Fiesty and excited she was, half-fearful too, of what the gift might portend; knowing the man, the reputation he had, the prize of many of her 'oomankin, the desire of her elder moon-sisters.

From thence onwards Ly took it to halt her with word-speak, a play of teasing words that became a tingling frisson for them both. Ly strove to be by her, to see her eyes sparkle and shine at's own, to see the luscious, lovely, curvesome birth na beauty as she was, as oft as he could engineer it. Then he left company homestead, his family and folk, to wandersome of'us trade, far and wide as it'ud always been his seasoning to tarry such-likes. But whiles he was away he held Brith in his mind like a flower, like a flame, and her image teased him and flared in his mind all the times he was by aft in the travelling line. A summer and the game was begun again. They's took to the teasing and speaking often the one to's t'other'un, when Ly become on by. The tension between them was patent to see, and all 'oomankin watched and waited to see if Ly, the Hawk, the free bird, be tethered in manhome be Brith-na-gig come two seasons hence.

She struck out fer he. He'd never been so bedazzled be'un 'oomankin-faire before this while. He never had been so moved. She was all come seventeen - she be nineteen cycles on when Ly finally decided he mun trappple and betroth she for'us own. Ly finally decided that his heart was held fer'n home when the pull betwixt the travel and what's mun keep him be the homestead, be balanced in the latter's favour; and it were Brith-na-gig that tipped the scales in favour of'us final choice. It was she as finally decided'un, made him put up his skiff and paddle-line, his maintrade wares, fer'n the steady and season's activity tethered be a homestead aft the providesome lark for childer and a swell-bellied young'un moon-ma of'us own.

Comel a constant as opposed to a spasmodic feature of the company. Happy with'us choice yet wistful all the same, Ly dwelt upon all'n thase things that floated through'us mind-space. Be-remembered him of the past and betook him to the future-flight, settled him steady in the present at peace, at one with'un's environment, complete in hisself, only waiting for fulfilment of Brith-na-gig. It seemed she was his all 'n all to be that would put the light in the lantern of'us life, that would make'us living harvestshone-whole. Then his mind ranged to his coming journey, and all that this last jaunt aways would mean to him.

" Feelin' that sem old fire in me veins," he thought to himself, viewing the homestead across the hilltops, sheared of trees but surrounded by wooded vales all around.

"Old Man Wem says, it will be the death of me...the return on me bones and flesh to The Mother. I say to he in turn, 'well it do got to come to all, like the coming of Ice-cold, like the drift from summer sun to Winter's rain'n dark, I says to Old Man Wem. Do got to come some time, fech for sure.

'Aye'n,' he says, in return; 'bechance it come nigh in a blinkin' tith if yon get runnin' to meet it though, stead of it comin' to thy in goodly time,' and he mutters darkly to hisself as become his way. But he do come old and crackle in his ways, though troth he is wiser and weird-like than any of ourn kin and revered be all'n company. Betimes he do gets to worritin some and don't let it get by yon if its clept a darksome in the skies. It be only 'cos he come fond and tithy on me that he speaks so stark.

He's afeard forn the whole on us now, he tells me when we be all on ourn lonesome abidin' distance fra the rest on company. He says our season is come to closin' time. He says winds be blowin changes that'll trample up ourn company, cut kin fra kithin like the brown time fells leaf-flutters fra the tree-talls when the light do shrink and the cloudmass piles the sky. He says cold, cold winds of change becomin for all on us - for the Great Land 'cross the waters too, not just for this blessed island span. And he do mutter darkly to hissen, 'things be worse before they cam better and a kindly light do come. Things be much'n, much'n worse before they cam better and all on us shall drop away, and the temples to The Fire-Star be old and ruinous afore the folk cam this ways agin, he do say. He's nigh on puttin the prang and felch up the whole tone on us, but fer he's wise and he keeps it close to hissen rather than mither and misery-up ourn company. And he says but little enow by troth. Its just his looks that betimes stir so darkly as if he got the keenin' light in his heart and he says not much to the rest on 'em.

Only me 'cos I stir and go and bide nowhere fer the length of a single season's span. 'Cos I be back and far'n aways agin, fra the Far Waters and The Holy Place to homestead here and up and aways sometimes before the full shift o'the moon. Cos I baint not be here all'times, he prises his husky shell and shares the heart-sore he'd never girt nor open, wi' non rest on company. He was my Pri Moon-ma's stol, so I ky girt closer by him than all the company, though he be one of The Wise Ones, with his cell all to hissen. Wey! but his heart be sight bigger than his brain, though be all his charts you could thought there'd not be a bigger.

He had his chance at the Holy Place but the nether-fare-well broght him back agin to all'n us here and my Pri Moon-ma and all them'n long anes past. Saa! I'm fond on the crackle Old Wem, forever if he's arter puttin' winds sleer through me. I knows he's all fer all our'n good - and as we work fer one, we wish it fer the all. Wey-ya rite! It all comes down'n to the Great Fire-Star, the Silver-White Moon-ma up'n above and the spirit of Erce Eorphan slumberin' deep downsides liken the Great Mother she be - wey-ya rite! It all comes down'n to that in the end and we mun give oursens up fer bad or fer glee when betimes it do come to bidin' be The Old Ones, thase Rovers as fost walked the sea-bed in seasonal times long gone by to bide be this land, this fair isle, shriftik aways from The Great Lands on a mark all its own. Wey, its a cannily thought to me, fer the rovin' be in me blood sure as if the fost Old Rovers were me kithin and kin-come. Wey and I be arter stokin' me skiff and paddle-oar down'n the watery-ways. It's the travellin' fire neath me skin as stokes me and keeps me by off on me own'n - with no dangly-fares but the dugs o' the Great Mother to girt me when I'm coldsome and tarnish-like. She's a harsh one but she brings fair up in me the shine, the keenin' light in my heart.

Fer sure though Brith-na-gig is after stealin' that wild'n light away fra me and makin' a fire-light all her own'n there. Wey-ya but she smites me sore to heart when I catches her, fer she's a dangly-fare and a birth of beauty on her. Saa! Maybe when I comes away fra the Holy Place, maybe I's'll tether her to bide be me as my fullsworn Moon-ma and bring flesh to company as the Gold One in the skies do spring corn to swell the fields. Wey-ya rite! prater'nigh I's'll tether her be me as my fullsworn Moon-ma - though she's a feckle n' dancin' fer many I keen it in her as she holds a torch fer'n me.

'An Ly,' she says with that look in her e'en, 'Ly, thy thinks more on the starsight than fer any on yer own'n'.

Fech fer sure! Troth if I do but she be all a tops of'n any pile fer me. Sure if I won't take her birth of beauty and her soil-soothers hands, fer me own fullsworn Moon-ma come the harvest-reap when I'm home be here agin..."

He shifted in his reveries and drew a circle in the soil at his feet with his staff, and then a smaller circle joined to it as a satellite. Then he drew a larger circle round the whole with a squiggly line crossing from the outside to the centre.

"Aye Brith-na-gig," he whispered aloud to himself; "come the harvest-reap I'll take yer birth of beauty and bring thy to hearth as me fullsworn Moon-ma, fech fer sure if'n I do! Thensliken we'll plant as do yer stealth-fine fingers - only the soil to be tilled'll be nont but the bounty of'n yer body!"

He smiled to himself, placed a fingertip to his lips and touched it to his heart, then to the image he had created in the soil at his feet. He got up, erased the symbols with his feet and began to make his way down the hillside, humming himself a strange old folk song, a song older than himself; one he had learned at his Pri Moon-ma's knee before he could walk.

It took him a while through the lower wooded region to get down Corndon and make his way across to Roundton, catching a hare along the way from a trap he had set earlier about. He slung the dead animal across his shoulder with a satisfied air, and strode on through the trees and up the pathwalk that led to the homestead.

Ly was a contradiction of qualities. He could maintain a stillness, a silence that emanated with the wild untamed expanses he was so accustomed to traversing. In this sense he was, and would always be, something of a loner. And yet, he also enjoyed time with the company, the merry-making and reverences that marked the seasonal turn, the movements of the constellations. He had that exuberant and questing spirit which was the defining feature of his racial kindred, a spirit which had enabled them to grasp understandings and map them out in stone, upon wood, through the virtue of their resonant voices.

And thus would they in time take those understandings to all the far-flung reaches of the globe, planting and inspiring great works which would tease the minds of all humanity in the aeons that followed. Ly held this spark within him so his dealings with all the other clan kindreds in respect to travel and trade contained a visionary zeal that the many had found irresistible in the past. He had the gypsy capacity to live for the moment whilst maintaining an animal alertness, a vigilance which had never thus far let him down. He took his meat and his company where he could, in the travel and trading times, forging an easy bond wherever he laid his bedding for the night. In the long distant past, this roving life had been a constant for his ancestors. But the spirits, the invisible ones had made themselves visible and given of their wisdom to the folk as the old legends told. So in the days Ly had been born, the skills of farming and the static homestead had been long established. This kept the many homely and to their boundaries. It had also enabled them to study the vastness of the skies and develop a lore reflective of the profundities they strove to crystallise into thought and form.

But Ly, himself was of a certain caste of men that took it as a holy journey - the trading, the travelling - and he and his caste were the folk who kept the lines of communication going from The Holy Place, to every far corner of the isle and further across the seas. He and his caste gained expert use of the waterways, and by force of necessity they were natural masters of the paddle and the sail. Hence, they not only brought crafts and trade to a vast scope of communities, they also carried news and messages which meant they were generally eagerly received. They also performed the vital function of maintaining links and reinforcing the loose telepathic ties networked all across the land, where one community's cause or turmoil was empathised with by all to one degree or another.

It had begun with The Holy Places - places where the Great Mother gave her vibration, her energies to the soil and to the rock. Thus had sacred areas been established, decreed by the folk guided by the Wise Ones and the Listeners until temples to The Mother and The Fire-star came into being. Where Earth-energies predominated, did these temples grow aligned to significant stars, charting the pathways of the Fire-star - the gold that brought the body of the Earth alive - witnessing the growth and dwindle of the moon whose cool presence stirred magic in the hearts of the kindred.

Ly knew that from the farthest corner in the craggy North to the strange most southern tip, this influence and inspiration bound them all together, despite the diversity of clan-tribes. This was something that had transcended the old ways, elevated and close-combined the kith and kin, creating a numinosity that spread its effect globe-wide in times to come. It was also a zeal which had resided in the bones of Ly's ancestors since before the stars began, when those first Old Rovers came to claim this piece of The Mother's Glory.

Ly felt this in his bones; it was something he knew intuitively for his consciousness was still growing into the awareness of its state in relation to the whole. He was grappling towards something - grappling towards some sort of cosmic comprehension. It was there in his bones, but to crystallise it in his consciousness was still not a place he had grown to yet. He was a creature akin to his environment in the

same way that the wolf thrives in the forests and a cactus in the desert. Only the human predicament was filled with that contradictory chaff which has ever teased it forwards in search of the elusive, all-encompassing knowledge; the knowledge which would provide the key to the meaning of existence: the paradox of self-awareness. And this was what Ly was growing towards when he walked down from that huge hump of a hill, made rugged by the many rocky outcrops placed along its ridge. This was the source from where they took their materials to make the axes they traded as far away as Callanish and Land's End, and indeed further still.

There was a mission air about Ly as he strolled onwards along the wooded valley. He had considered his position and he had worked everything out. He had sold his Rover's soul to the birth of beauty that was Brith-na-gig with her feisty hair and comely body. Where did this feeling come from that made him want to bide by her? Why did it contradict his every stollen manly impulse? Why did it infect him with a desire always to be about her when previously the Paps of the Great Mother had been all-come his yearning. Now, though there had been many a dangly-fair savoured in by-roads, the vale-roads, the secret roads; though there had been many to bed na for a while and so it could go on, yet he had a yearning for this one lassie, this one dangly-fair who touched him at his core. Ly could no more fathom where this grand passion had sprung from, than he could fathom what made the stars flicker and change position in the deep velvet space of the night. She had just seemed to scoop him up so he had developed this need to leave all his ramblin' rovin' days, to leave the vast curves of the Great One for a mini-paradise all his own.

He was a torn man. He could not reconcile either inclination - yet he wanted both. But no, it had to be a stark choice and in his mind upon the hilltop wherein he had shaped all his earth-born, star-born desires, he had made his choice. He had decided to relinquish the wilding part of himself as if it was a fervour of his age, rather than his essence and blood as he knew it was.

Yet this Brith-na-gig she was such a lolly, such a fair dangly, as ever had the Mother of All Beauty birthed. With her dark red hair and her burnished-brown green e'en, her rosy charms and untamed bird-free soul she was liken to the perfumed flower which grew in the middle of the thorny forest, a glittering jewel in the midst of a sharp entanglement of scratches and snaggle-traps; thus was she. And yet, did his spirit set up a resonance with hers that set him all of a tingle, matching the fire of his travelling ways. So it had gone on until Ly had had to admit to himself he had a yen for this brazon dangly-fair; he had a keening in the heart no matter that he tried to ignore it or put it from him. As Old Man Wem had said, when there's a keening in the heart, there's as wild as ever shall betwixt and between. Ly couldn't help agreeing in sympathy. He had come to a peculiar conscious state of degree - understanding that for some strange feeling, one which came from who knows where, he was giving up his yip and his yen. He was giving up his travellin' wide and long, his taken 'venture where it's stored in the wild-ways, the green-ways, the silver-water-ways.

He was giving up the tarry and tether be tree brether, in golden sight of sun, before the swollen moon's soft glow, the swoosh and tang of the oceans and all across the moors where the starsight showed him the map of the heavens. That map caused by the tread of thay Ancients with wingwed feet, imprinting messages in the dusky blue for all the kindred to fail or to fathom. The starsight above was all their soul-source and mystery, and it was all this Ly seemed to be saying for never and a nay to. All this he was giving up to bide be Brith-na-gig, she of the fire-falling hair, the may-blossom cheeks, the eyes so vivid and flashing as green as the leaves of the summer oak trees, as coppery-shine brown as the beech-fall leaf, and that comely form which was as lithsome as an otter and as elegant as the deer that grazed midst the woody glades.

For this smiting, keening feeling in him he were to wed the shores of the land and no longer ferry for the margins as hinter wild as wing span of hawk or fleet foot of stag. Now he would bide be the homeland, sticking as he'd been bided to please 'cos as a strange spirit in him wilt to him he would. Though he was here now, all he knew was for his ancestor's roving spirit that he had strong in his veins; he would take himself off to the Holy Place, see the Great Lands once more before he bided be homeways and this Brith-na-gig that he couldna get all of at once for all but that he did.

That choice had brought him to a peculiar state of knowing. It brought him to stand outside his experience and view it from the strange position of audience to the main affair, noticing in reflective way, the little familiar actions, the sight of the Homestead, good kith and kin to bide be that warmed the vitals in the veins, like the slouch of stonsy ye'd had thrice skin-filled all on an empty belly. That too, love of the kindred and homestead, was in his blood just as was the rovin' vein, and constantly he tripped the two and could never make up his mind between the twain. Only now it seemed he had. He - the

Hawk - had descended to barter skiff and trade his sail and paddle for a Moon-ma! Fech fer sure - all of it was not what he'd had in his reckoning!

But it wasn't just that he knew. It was straight and true as an arrow to its target, what Old Man Wem hinted to Ly. For Ly himself had seen the changes when the new shiny stuff from the Great Lands had come over and now a many of companies far and wide would give na to learn the hot-hard metal forged in the ath-fire, magicked into shape, rather than keep to the flint-stone that'd worked them well all til nigh. Ly was discomforted by the changes he saw taking root and enveloping the country. It was another reason for his decision. He had seen his trade lessening. Company he had come by would rather trade a tither of corn or even a best moon-ma beasten for the metal fang. They had begun discovering sources anew near their homesteads, so there had been a gradual decreasing necessity for the flint-axes he brought them. Flint axes that had been made with his instinctive feel and reverence for the substance he worked - his harmony that was a kith and kinship melding with the life of the stone.

To him the stone had spirit, as did the rock-face, and only by bidding by the rules of reverence he employed did he achieve his craftsmanship. He spoke to the stone as he worked it in his guttural ath-na-bin language. But lately, more and more of the folk were turning to this new creation that brought dim-spoke rumours of fight and fear from the Great Lands. He sensed it was a source unstoppable and much as he loved his gypsy-tangle roving ways, loved the flint he worked, he had begun to feel his years, as his reputation had ceased to spark quite the same interest in these new times they were coming to. It would have made him worrisome, but that his travelling soul could never lilt on the side of the dark and the death for long - for in his stalwart pragmatist way, he instinctively recognised to do so would serve no purpose. So he had come to his decision and the lot that life had drawn for him. He felt an impulse more and more to be with the Fire-Star Temple - a yearning for the stone infecting him as of something almost lost.

Yet as this was to be his last long travel he could not help giving himself up to the secret fire it stilled in him, the pleasant fizz of excitement in his veins with a last return to the wild old ways. He hugged the decision he had made to himself and looked for Brith-na-gig as he came into the boundary walk. The stretch of corn on either side, though not expansive, gave the impression of being so, because it was so tall, growing to the height of Ly's shoulder and shading the path from the lowered sun.

There was a rustling in the corn on his righthand side. Immediately Ly froze and turned in readiness either to spear a beast or to fend off an unknown assailant, though such a thing would be unlikely. He acted instinctively, from long habit, like a viper-come hawk, ready to trap or dispatch what lay in his path. But he relaxed when Brith-na-gig came through the corn, her hair on fire from the setting sun, taking Ly's breath away for a split second with the beauty of her.

"Did Ly think I become as assassin to smote him down a peg or two - na if Brith could fer sure she would!" The girl's husky voice intoned to him. Her voice of autumn mellow, so full and rich, like her scent, like her body, fullsome and rich.

"Fech fer sure Brith would if she'd hachna hand to - be rights!" joked Ly, accustomed to keeping his feelings inside himself, effecting ease in his ever-worldly way.

"But Ly here reckons on fettlin' a bit more yonder and ferrying out to rove whenever the mood does clept him. Not be tethered like a tottie be a bank with no wind to take him lee-side nor sound-side. Is that how Brith'd have it? Aye, fech fer sure, I bet!" Came back his jaunty cry, that brought the accustomed banter between them.

Ever since her blood had come she was as lush as a golden plum and all the menfolk's prongs had hied for a diddle, and pledged to barter when the tuppin' time came. She'd a merry in the heather lark fer now and agin but she hadna settled on either one nor all and Ly knew she was waiting fer him to come round to her. Hence the banter that had begun when she'd bloomed like the wild flowers up the folly, swellin' out in paps and rump-round, fer all the menfolk sent a grindled and a raunchy on sight of the brazer lassie. She'd tried this tack and that tack but met her match with Ly and though she were stunning lovely, that sent n' all bewilderin', and though she was more birth of beauty than any beguildy he'd seen or heard tell, Ly was a man who kept his wits. But fer his wild n' roving trade she'd never have come by to him. But fer his coaxing her to the line as he did to the fishy in the brack and many a beguildy before Brith-na-gig, but fer the silent aura that gave him a singular status amongst the company, she'd have taken an ath-ra to bine and turned moon-ma fer another this longest while. But Ly with animal confidence, knew she would wait fer him - in which besides he loved a wild cat 'ooman and he didna dither with soft dangly-fare until he'd brought her all feisty to boil.

"Ly should bide be the now, fer Brith-na-gig be gettin' weld and wankle waiting fer Ly to turn

homestead bound," she looked at him from beneath her lash-dusky lids. "Ursen Horn brether be makin' me matey and urgin' to feather me a nap. Maybe Brith be tired and tenty of waitin' on Ly's time. Maybe Brith'll be a moon-ma fer Ursen be the time Ly's returned fra the Great Lands, maybe this'n time Ly'll have tarried once too long".

But Ly was too certain of himself to be disconcerted by the import of her words. He knew it was a ruse to make him decide either one way or the other, so he replied: "Brith knows that Ly be her ath-ra man-home and will bine beguilty when he's ready an' all".

But rather than passify Brith, this comment of Ly's only served to provoke her further.

"Mebe, be the time Ly's ready to bine, Brith-na-gig shall be twicfold moon-ma and taken to another fer man-home, before Ly's back or afore he's blinked again. Mebe Brith-na-gig man-home is no fettle fer Ly in his rovin' fine," she said accusingly.

Ly fer devilment sought to needle her further with an implied flaunting of the tribal taboo which was the bedrock and glue of the whole company.

"Mebe Brith will merry in the heather lark fer Ly to take her to moon-ma without a bine!"

But he discovered he'd nettled her too much and she flew at him, like a tigress spitting fire, her hair, a banner of ruddy flame. Her lithe comely body was bent on scratching or biting or kicking the man called 'The Hawk' who toyed with her feelings in this way. Although there was much unrestricted carnal activity, the beliefs of the culture were such, that 'ooman would only conceive, if she bine be a partner and proffered be the Fire-star temples, which was practical and protective at the same time. It salved any wrangling and kept the company gentlemel. For a 'ooman to conceive without a bine was deadly bad favour and was not rent be any kith and kin come far nor wide. Hence Brith's reaction.

But Ly was not called 'The Hawk' fer nothing, and with lightning responses in a moment had dispossessed her of her strength and dignity as she stood pinioned against him, glaring up at him, contained but not subdued, by the wild light of anger in her eyes. But Ly bent his lips to her and though she strove to turn hers away from him he found them and married their mouths and tongues atwain. Until she bit him, so sparked himself, he tossed her in the corn and let his hands all over her dangly-fare, pinning her arms still and lying across her so she could only be resistless. And when his mouth was on her paps and her belly and tucked for the fathom that sent all menfolk rangy, and her body was something soft and pliant, the sap in her veins rising, like the need of spring to bud and then bring fruit. And the bucking and tenseness were all melted away so he knew she wanted him to come-fill her, he let her go.

He watched her assemble her frayed emotions, grinning, but in that momentary adjustment she tried to kick him again before running away all in a huff. It was this fire-formed spirit in her that he loved as much as the beauty that was so renowned. As she turned he was too quick fer her and corrodled her as she tried to run. He clept his hands on her round haunches trying them fer size, his lean hard arms encircling her waist and keeping her close-by him, rubbing her V with rough art.

"And how'd it be Brith-na-gig if I took you to moon-ma, now, this night, fer only the birds and the Listeners to see? How'd it be Brith-na-gig if I took you to moon-ma now and again in the harvest time on my return fra rest of kith'n company? Would that fettle your like pleasing?"

She softened to him some, but still struggled against him, knowing in her 'ooman's way that such struggle strangely pleased him, until in a sudden urge of passion Ly quieted her. His feelings had suddenly got the better of him, what he felt fer her, the fact that he was going on the rovin' trade one more time, the momentousness of the decision he'd made, reduced his usual reserve. His lips met hers most hungrily with a hitherto unknown, though long-suspected passion, that took Brith-na-gig's ready breath of inspiration away. She was melting immediately and taxing to his purpose, undulating beneath him with a fiery tingling sensation, neither she nor he could resist. Until now he had only teased her with his passion. Now with his heart on wing, her body felt like the treasure store of Earth, to be plundered, savoured, worshipped all at once.

"Brith, Brith," breathed Ly; "Brith be Ly's moon-ma now, this night, and Brith be Ly's moon-ma come harvest time, her man-home come full tethered then, if such be her choosing," he murmured into her hair, drowning his face in that richness.

She shifted beneath him and indicated with her body and lips, with her shining eyes, how she felt about that. She too had held her bounty from him but now with those words, that promise from his lips, the barriers were all but broken away. She'd never known Ly like this before and she was swept away by the strange electric feeling that roused her and infilled her - as it did him. They snook further into the corn and there, in the evening light amidst the Earth's aroma, the scent of the corn, the fragrance of wild

flowers that drifted from the edges of the field, there they expressed this new feeling for each other in animal abandon. When it was over they lay for a while stunned and warm and indolent with the knowledge of their new-expressed feeling and the bond that had only just been confirmed a certainty. After a while of lying together so, Ly shifted. "Na Brith, let's the baith on us go ways to the Fire-star temple to make offering to thaim Gods as do bless us."

"Brith be Ly's moon-ma and she do follow'n wheresoever Ly abide, now he done tethered as bine," she smiled up at him, the keening light shining in her eyes.

They went then, the two of them, back down the hill, through the wooded valley beneath until they walked an avenue of stones towards the temple that was their destination. Soon they came to a circle of 17 tall rough-hewn stones. At the entrance, two Listeners sat weaving mats, keeping the great stones company and their flint markers ready to etch a symbol for the sun's passage on the wooden board before them. The temple was a sacred place but all of the company could go and stay by there, when they so chose. The two old women nodded their heads in greeting but did not speak, as words within the vaunted arena were counted unnecessary.

They watched though, as Ly and Brith, hand in hand threaded through the stones, as if the action of weaving thus, would prove the binding power that would keep their union strong and fruitful. Three times they circuited the stones in this manner before stopping at the largest of the stones, behind which the mass of Corndon rose up. They faced each other with both hands linked, while the megalith stood tall between them.

"Moon-ma mine, man-home become," Ly intoned.

"Man-home mine, moon-ma become," Brith replied.

"In troth, thrice bine, fra now til harvest and all'n season cycles done, we come, we come, and look to the Fire-star fer our'n favour. Bring the blessing we'm now begun," whispered Ly.

"Aye, bring the blessing we'm now begun," echoed Brith.

Then, leaning around the stone they kissed each other, first on one side of the stone, then on the other and then back again for one more time. Ly cut off the front paw of the hare he carried, whilst Brith tied a piece of corn around the bloody tip and wove some flowers she had picked along the way up the stem of the corn. They placed their offering on a specially cut shelf in the stone and gazed upon it, with a silent prayer in their hearts.

They walked back to the entrance then, where the two old women crinkled their faces in smiles and one of them, she known as Runya, spoke at last: "Be feastin' be company afore the white one shows her face eh Ly? Eh Brith? Crackin' the honey-ale early like it seems, na?"

"Fech fer sure! maissn' Runya, but full blessing time be harvest on Ly's return. Fer now, we bine be the Fire-star's favour, just the baith on us with maissn' Runya and maissn' Deesel as witness to see"

"Aye 'n may's the bright ones bless the baith on yer afore the harvest feast's begun!" twinkled the old Listener known as Deesel.

"As bounty's given so shalt it reboun, fra the heart to thinen baith," beamed Brith in her turn.

"Mellily now, always til feastin' time this night - the keenin' light be too bright to bear fer such old'n crangle likes as we'm. Always, always 'n leave we'm to the dusk of the Fiery One's dimming, na!"

Cautioned the bent old Runya, while Ly and Brith, thus sent upon their way, smiled some more and waved a hand as they retraced their steps through the avenue of stones.

They walked through the wooded valley and up the steepening incline towards the homestead. They talked but little as they walked and yet their closeness was apparent by their proximity. They parted with a clinging kiss just before Brith left to help with preparations for the feasting that night. They promised to meet again later, before Ly rested for his early start away the next day.

Ly walked around the perimeter of the central homestead. Inside the wooden stockade were a series of round wooden huts which made up the dwellings. There was a central fire in the arena at the centre, and some goats and rangy fowls clucking around. Close by this fire was the main hall where all the company gathered come feasting time. This was a large wooden building insulated by the accustomed wattle and daub method. A variety of activities were under way. Some young 'uns were squatting near naked by the fire playing with some sticks in the dust. An old woman sat and turned a young boar on a spit above the main fire. The boar had been caught the previous day just for this evening's feast. Men and women crouched or sat on blocks of wood, embarked upon various activities. There was weaving and spinning and sewing of leather using needles made out of bone, under way. Some of the men sat carving wood or stripping and sharpening pieces of bone and flint for practical uses. Various foods were being prepared and cooked round smaller domestic fires. The women wore simple cloth shifts tied at the waist by a belt.

Because it was warm, they wore little else, their capable fingers working their wares; pounding grain, peeling root crop, stripping herbs and flaking them into earthen ware bowls. Some kneaded a dough mixture to be baked in the clay ovens devised for just such a purpose, while others mulched a vegetable starchy mixture and shaped them into small round pieces to be cooked on a griddle above the fire. Some of the men prepared an arena for the feast that would come later; to wish Ly and the other traveller-traders well, to bring fortune to them along their way.

The feast was in their honour and there would be many a skinful of the dark strong beer they made to fire their blood for the dance and the drums. On occasions they would imbibe their choicest bitter-bite - a filtered mesh of a special plant that took them into trance and produced a shamanic effect, which Ly had first been introduced to on his initiation. In this way they sought to link with the animal spirits, whose material forms provided them with a sustenance and bounty they could not do without. During these shamanic journeys, they sought directions for their hunting, sought for new wisdoms and understandings to expand their experience of living.

They took their signs from the visions of their dreamscape and thus became travellers of the astral. Uninhibited by any limiting mind-sets, they discovered things naturally and experimented with an all-embracing interest. The bitter-bite had long been part of their culture - it gave them wings to far off places they might otherwise never have perceived or been aware of - though their resourceful and inquisitive spirits made them quest from shore to shore, learning through the Trade Main, of other lore, other customs and ideas, alongside the celestial intuitions.

Ly circled round the outer perimeter. He kept away from the main thoroughfare, moving towards a small hut set away from the other homesteads as something of an off-shoot. The entrance was concealed by a hanging of heavy cloth. Ly pushed it aside and went in. Old man Wem was at a sturdy wooden work table where he was in the process of etching symbols on a tablet of wood. It was time of full moon and as was his custom, he recorded it on such tablets along with other signs and symptoms of significance as he saw it. He was a tall lean grey haired man; his hair and beard were long and flowing and added to his air of other-worldliness. He wore a long deep-red gown over the top of a shift, and hung around his neck on a leather thong was the tooth of a bear. The tooth was etched with a black spiral.

Old man Wem looked up from his activities and grunted a response to Ly's presence, indicating he sit on the stool that was stored beneath the table. Ly pulled out the stool and sat down.

"An' how be it with the traveller then? The Hawk is to make his sojourn whatever'um in the stars to say nay - is that it?"

"Wey ya right, Old man Wem knows. Ly's strikin' out fer the Great Lands and The Holy Place one more time," Ly responded resolutely.

"One more time?" Old Man Wem looked at him keenly. "Ly's decided then," Old Man Wem said in his deep sotto voice.

That was why Ly appreciated his company so much - his very quietness taught him worlds and he would always come away thinking more clearly, feeling enriched somehow after being by Old Man Wem.

Last time, Old Man Wem had said he had seen darkness shrouding Ly's choice to remain a trader and traveller. He had urged him to take note of it. But Ly had the Old Rover blood in his veins and his spirit had risen up in him at the thought of being permanently tethered to one region - even though his company was here and he always came back anyway.

Ly had stalked out and since that night, had kept away. But he had pondered the words and ways of Old Wem, and now with the continuing allure of Brith-na-gig, he had reconciled himself to go one more time, and then to stay. This was the first Old Man Wem had heard of his decision. Typically in his way he took it quietly.

"So Ly mun go one more time afore his rovin' days be over? Ly mun needs frith the travellin' trade once more - be that it?" asked the old man.

"Wey ya right fer sure. Old Man Wem knows as much as Ly. Ly's abirthed with Old Rover in his blood and if Ly's to be tethered and taken to man-home, then Ly mun walk the wild way one more time afore he settles his nest fer steady," came Ly's explanation.

Old Man Wem sighed and put his hand over Ly's which were clasped together before him. "May it go'm well with thee Ly. May it all come fruitful as kine do thee deserve"

Ly was surprised by this unwarranted show of affection from a man who kept himself so much in reserve yet gave all the same, and somehow provided a tonic, a focus for thought. In response, he himself was moved to sit in silence. Old Man Wem's keen eyes picked up on a strand of gleaming red hair stuck to Ly's shoulder, where Brith's head had but recently rested.

"Ly's made'm choice in one ways or another then - be Brith-na-gig come moon-ma bide be harvest time fer sure?" Old Wem questioned, his sharp eyes probing Ly's own.

Even Ly - The Hawk - was astonished by Old Man Wem's perspicacity. How could he hit the haft so smartly and so adroitly on the head? Though Ly knew Old Man Wem had watched and noted his social connection with Brith and the sparky teasing between them, there had been little enough said about her between them. So now Ly was stunned that Old Wem had foreseen the intimate timing of events before Ly had even spoken of it.

"Old Man Wem's as keenin'm sight as the Fire-star hisself - Ly should say. Fech fer sure an' all!" Ly said jocosely in his astonishment.

Old Man Wem smiled. "She's a plum-bloom beguilly as ever was fair - in Ly'speak - fech fer sure, Old Man Wem says so!"

Ly threw back his head and laughed. As he did so a momentary expression of dark foreboding filled Old Man Wem's face as he looked at Ly, though he immediately reflected Ly's mood when their eyes met again, so Ly had no hint of the clouds that had arisen in this enigmatic old man.

"Old Man Wem hopes all comes to boon and shine fer Ly - Ly knows. Company'll bide be harvest time and await Ly's recall - 'll be merry welcome fer The Hawk then as ath-ra to Brith-na-gig, moon-ma with the majesty of The Mother Herself"

"A bounty on the heart fer all the well-wishing but Brith and Ly be fostin' bine this day afore the Fire-star'd fell'd - though at harvest-fall we'm call fer whole company's blessing fech fer sure!" Revealed Ly for the benefit of Old Man Wem.

"Ist' even so? Ly be as swift as flint-sharp to its mark when his mind is set to target! Na? Weel, Old Wem hopes as the Gold One gives full fruit come by harvest-fall 'special fer Ly's return eh?" Responded Old Man Wem.

Ly looked into Old Man Wem's wise brown eyes and felt his eyes own to water with emotion. He held out his arm for Old Man Wem, who responded to the gesture, clasping Ly's forearm as Ly clasped his, pulling each other close in a brief hug and gesture of affection.

"Ly'll bring plenty of glesome'n rare, plenty of booty fer'n all the company to 'aaah' at, come corn-cutting time. Something special fer the Wise One, na? Old Man Wem shall see," stated Ly with conviction.

"Ly mun just needs take care'n hisself and bide on his wile and his wit to tarry him home come harvest moon," said Old Man Wem soberly.

"Fech fer sure. The Hawk is ever on the poise. Ly watches his carcass as constant as the shine on the Gold One, Old Man Wem knows," Ly responded with instinctive arrogance.

"Goodly and gange-tines as ever Ly, surely do this old heart hope so. Just wishing thee weel and wholesun, Lyone, thee as is commonly clept The Hawk. Weel and wholesun and home-come in herveft fer feasting such as The Hawk has never known. Company'll be givin' favour to that, Ly'll see!"

Thus saying, Old Man Wem provoked a cheerful mood which equated with Ly's own elevated high spirits. His heart was revelling in the memory of Brith-na-gig and his soul was stirring with the notion of the waterways travel, the treking across the wilderness expanses. Old Man Wem rose to the occasion and did not seek to dampen Ly's mood.

"Fech fer sure - come corn-cutting time Ly'll be ready to bide be tether as ath-ra'm riches as fullsome as The Great One Herself. What'll Ly care then fer the wild-ways? But Ly's a mind to take one last look at the Holy Place afore he settles his skiff on the shore and traces the path home-bound ever more," said Ly, making clear his motives in a moment of transparency.

Old Man Wem's eyes glinted the warmth of humour back at him. He strode to some shelving at the back of the room, produced a flagon of harsh spirits, a beverage that stung the back of the throat and warmed the belly and given the name of ath-flux. Old Man Wem produced two beakers and filled them half full of the ath-flux. They both knocked a draft back in a practised rapport of ritual. Then they got talking about the words on the water-ways, the rumours of blood-shed, the considerations of the community. But the sun had set and dusk had come, and Ly had a few things to prepare before the feasting began. So he left Old Man Wem after a long searching look and a warm grasp of the arm.

Ly walked away from Old Man Wem's boundary and towards where he and his companions had a shelter left for such travellers as they. Ly had long since left his moon-ma's domain, and though he had not bined nor been ath-ra until that very evening, he had a stead of his own because of his roving tithe. He shared this stead with the other menfolk who were also part of the Trade Main.

When he entered the hut, Frenra was plucking some strings on a round drum that kirt it an om. He was

plucking and singing an old story in lilting rasping melody, so that Ly felt compelled to strike up the chord too. This was his companion - a quick dark man with lightning thoughts and tongue, who joked all the while yet who kept his quiet and could bide his time like a rar'un stoll. There was Ly, Frenra and Brinen who kept by there. Frenra and Brinen were his travelling companions on the roving while. The one, quick and dark and ready to wit with the fingering minstrel all the while. The other was large and silent and listening to all. Staying silent much of time, but adept with his hands and profound when he spoke his steady thoughts. His hair was light and his eyes were more green than brown which set him off the ordinary strain straight away. He was placid, but with a steady dark energy that only needed rousing before it took root and flamed to a life all its own. Unassailable, when he chose to be. He was larger than most folk, a giant of a man and by virtue of this was rarely challenged, but kept quiet like all his travels. Brinen lay on his bed rattling stones in his fist and casting them down every so often to read their import, note the pattern of their fall. Frenra was plucking the strings of the drum, dark, small and mercurial, moving his hands and making a melody that made Ly want to move his feet, tap about, sway his rhythm for the last far-flung rite. Brinen nodded to Ly whilst Frenra smiled and continued his refrain. Ly grunted and set to checking the wares that he would take with him to trade and barter with. Then he too lay down on his own sleeping place, a mattress made of heather and hay, covered with animal skins and a length of fine-spun cloth, to listen to Frenra's tune and hum along to it, his thoughts dwelling on Brith-na-gig and the coming journey.

Pretty soon there was a whole hum beginning in the company. In the central hall, boards of wood rested on blocks had been brought out. On this tressel were brought all manner of vittles in readiness. The childer were chivvied midst the home-space and the adults and near adults came out to gather round the fire, set the feast and assemble the company. Elegantly crafted clay beakers in unique design were placed upon the tressel alongside flagons of beer and skins of more such brew. There were bowls of meat and platters of fresh-baked bread. There were griddle-scones and bowls of fresh greens, nuts and root-crop as well as the central boar that had been roasted on the spit for most of the day. Hanks of this were hewn to be spread amongst those gathered. All set to in the feasting, picking up the meat with their fingers, tearing the bread to sop up the juices, quaffing the brew and growing riotous all the while.

Ly found himself sat, of a sudden, be Brith-na-gig and the evening flamed into beauty beside him as it seemed all he ever wanted and all he had ever gained was contained in that moment. He, the Hawk, on his last journey hither to the mystery of the Holy Place and the Great Lands. One of the last old travellers - part of a fading line. Even then he knew it. But beside him was Brith-na-gig, with her flaming locks, her dangly-fare, so scrumptious and rich and ripe - her curving lels and soft smooth dander. The evening seemed to phosphoresce - just he and her with her laughing smile, her tempting brown-green eyes. Never a one like she thought Ly. The Holy Mother comes in every shape and size, his realism told him, but Brith-na-gig is Goddess manifold, by her beauty she is some sort treasure and the one who has, receives the sublime. Such is how Ly felt beside Brith. She had become his mini-paradise to take the place of the larger scale wilderness he travelled and felt akin to.

When the company was taken over with word-bandies and laughter, Brith and Ly conspired to slip away, for their blood was fevered and stirring and must needs have expression. They found a nook away from the noise and there coupled their souls and bodies again, as if confirming the bond that Ly had made known to Brith that day.

The river snaked before them glistening and iridescent in the early morning light. The skiff swept steadily along, flowing with the current and travelling south. For a few hours the three men, Ly, Brinen and Frenra, travelled thus, pacing themselves and continuing with an unspoken understanding before a ready made clearing on the bank evidenced a roughly made infrequently used stopping place. With a nod Ly indicated they head towards it. Near the bank they jumped out of the boat and pulled it up onto the inlet, part way out of the water. Ly fetched a cloth bag from his boat and a container of water. They sat awhile partaking of the seasoned meat and bread and swigging from the flagon in turn. Because it was late spring and unusually warm that day, there was no need for a fire; it was simply the welcome respite from moving the paddles and guiding the boats they needed.

After a short rest they set off again, continuing along their route flanked by the swell of the verdant wilderness on each side, passing from time to time the known trading posts and riverside dwellings long known to them. They did not stop though, being intent on reaching The Holy Place before dusk. A nod or a raised hand acknowledged the greetings called out to them, or confirmed the friendly disinterest of those who watched them by. Mainly, it was the burgeoning green that avenued their passage along the wide river's way. Blossom dripped from encroaching trees, the white of cow parsley and hemlock

bunched from time to time upon the bank; yellow celandine sprang up, wild violets and dog roses where a web of bracken had gained a foothold. The Earth was sprung to life, bursting into the zenith of its first seasonal fullness all around them. The air was rich with its fecund aroma. Travelling along in accustomed silence Ly looked about him and appreciated the aesthetic quality of the sunlight which ravished the greenery, and highlighted the poetry of the floral displays.

And every flower was she he had left behind warming a place in his heart, and every dripping frond and blossom froth was a reminder that he would not come this way again, in such a season, at such a time. Every diverse shoal they passed, each familiar trading bank reminded him that this was the last time he would spend him in this pursuit. And it was as if because of the impending changes to his circumstances, everything had been brought fully alive, sprung into relief by his own intensity of experience.

The sun had gradually lowered in the sky having reached its zenith earlier in the day. The sounds of the forest changed to a lazy hum, the quietitude of a somnolent afternoon. Presently they rounded a bend in the river and in the distance they could see an inlet, and some yards from the bank, a tall wooden watchtower. As they approached closer a broad avenue was discernable, leading off across the terrain which had transformed to grasslands, and in the distance, to sectioned stretches of corn and wheat. A number of skiffs and larger vessels were harboured in the small but effective inlet close by the watch tower. As they drew their boat up beside the tower, some fishermen along the bank raised their hands to the newcomers and the watchman of the tower came down to greet Ly and the other two men.

"Swailth! How goes it rover-stoll folk? Be the Hawk, na? And Brinen the bearkith eh? And a new companion I'll be bound, least so's fer'n my poor eyes being bound fer'n a goodly while. Greetings to all'un!"

"Na Kyrren, greetings returned. This here be Frenra, whose song-charms be famed fer'n far and wide and whose fingers do struddle up a tune on the pipe or stringed drum that sure does ketch the keening light from even the heart of rock!" Joked Ly, grasping the hand of Kyrren to return the friendliness apparent. Kyrren was a squat dark-haired barrel-chested man whose duty it was to monitor the comings and goings at this well-known harbour, and relay information to the main homestead way off and further inland. Brinen followed Ly's gesture whilst Frenra, pleased and laughing at Ly's introduction of himself, nodded his head in friendly manner and let Ly make the usual arrangements as regards the mooring of their boat. This being quickly done, the three travellers took their leave of Kyrren and walked up the well worn trackway that took them inland and towards the boundary of The Holy Place. They took the scantest of provisions with them and the goods that they hoped to trade either here or across the Big Waters, and which were too precious to leave unattended in their moored vessel.

They walked the well-known route in silence, even Frenra, who was the most locquacious of the three of them was come mute and thoughtful in the approach to the special place. After a short while of walking, the famed avenue could be discerned in the distance.

Ly felt the old familiar tingling at the sight of the avenue. He always felt a sense of stillness and power reaking from the landscape when he approached The Holy Place - the temple that was a source of awe and inspiration to all peoples of this Land; an influence that spread further into the Great Lands, where their own uniqueness was respected and revered despite the ebb and flow of the warring factions. Such fighting had not been the case in Ly's country-land, on any kind of scale for a long time. There were occasional battles and clashes, as their own battle of the Leasowe stretch was testament to, but ever since the time of Vision, peace and co-operation had been the guiding principle in their dealings with each other.

The Grand Endeavour, the Great Works had brought their fore-fathers and fore-mothers together in one numinous sweeping fervour, dictating their actions thus for centuries to follow. Their legends, their oral history told them of a time of light when inspiration had been given by agents of the Earth Goddess, by messengers from the stars. The knowing of the motions of the radiant ones, of the phases of the moon and the passage of the sun had come to them, and the gathering times had been begun amidst circles crafted from tree brether. But in time the gift of stonework had come more pronounced and they honoured their dead with massy monuments to house their spirits that would still watch over them, though their flesh had come to empty shells. Having perfected their temple-charts of reverence in wood, the immutability of stone drew them into the zealous activity which had erected such elegant, grand and impressive sculptured temples all across the island. The Holy Place was the apogee, the crowning principle of all that elan which had provoked the raising of these temples of stone, demonstrating their consummate skill-mastery of that substance.

Now it was true, for the most part, they lived relatively peacefully, bartering and exchanging, integrating

with and learning from each other, sharing their discoveries and their allegiances. They recognised themselves as part of the cosmos from which they had been spawned, and they observed the changes of the seasons and the stars, reading signs and forming frameworks for their understanding. The Earth was the Mother of them all, and she was scattered with guardians and spirits that tended her flame and brought it thither. The Sun was their God; their source of light and life. The stars were their magical scripts, enigmas of brilliance that stretched their senses and brought them in tune with their surrounds - enhanced a harmony of understanding that tied them together with their missions and their aspirations. Thus before Ly's time, the whole of the communities in the surrounding area had been brought together to accomplish these feats of gravity and grandeur. The very excess of the effort required, the long years of digging and preparing the area was evident in the monumental achievement of the raised immense stones. The stories had come down to Ly: the gathering of the first huge stones, the magnitude of labour, the focus of magickal energy required to achieve the renowned feats of precision. Thus had all the stones been erected, impacted and strengthened, aligned as intended. The whole of the company, island over, swelled in their hearts towards their achievement.

And so had it been from generation to generation, the stone-workers guiding their action, the Wise Ones plotting their course. The graves of their ancestors bones were monuments all around the huge temple, signifying as procreators of what had been assembled. The white chalk tops of the graves glistened in the sunlight, striking the eye with brilliance when the sun was at its height, a radiating reminder in the long afternoon, a muted gleaming presence in the softness of the moon. The whole of the company knew that the spirits of their ancestors slept in the Earth and nourished their endeavours still.

Or at least they had known up until now. Now it seemed gradually, incontrovertibly, that their influence was waning and something new, exciting and dangerous was coming to light. There was some distinction of pride taking root where the new unearthed metal, baubles of the rare gold and amber, were all the company seemed to desire. Ly had sensed this new, rapacious-like fervour stealthily growing amongst the company. Nothing obvious or extreme but there nevertheless. Ly had sensed these changes last time he came about, only this time they seemed almost tangible. Some nuance in the air infected him, some air of discontent, mingled with a sombreness that betokened a death. Ly felt troubled, but squashed the feeling down as they came now close up to the object of their destination.

But as they approached the huge pillars of the temple, the huge sarsen blocks the old ones had erected generations before, Ly felt a sense of peace and awe overcome him. The stones dwarfed them and the arena they created, an ellipse with an inner round of blue stones which Ly knew the history of even though they had been erected long before he was born. Each huge lintel crossed over, skilfully joined with a carpenter's join translated into stone, to the great sarsen standing block opposite. The fixity of it was awesome. The greatness it represented elevated his soul and sent his spirit to give thanks to those white chalk topped tombs mellowed by the sinking sun. Silently, like his companions beside him, Ly dwelt upon the old ones who had wrought this expert of beauty, this timeful eternal presence - a statement of endurance elegant in its grandness of scale and its sparsity.

There were few other folk about, but within the arena of the Holy Place there was always an unchallenged silence, unless at ceremonial times. Through the silence the wisdom and fervour was more keenly felt. The stars were their acquaintance, their source for meditation, along with the deepening sky, the limitless expanse above them. It had carved their souls, that sky. It had worked its magic and mystery upon them and still they wooed and studied it - their spiritual growth teased and inspired by the navy-blue infinity.

The sight of The Holy Place never ceased to cast its spell upon Ly, or indeed upon any who came into proximity with it. The sun had all but disappeared from view but the last strands of it glanced off and illuminated the white chalk-topped mounds at the peak of the downs rising away from The Holy Place. They glistened with a magickal light and shone white in the lowering strands, setting up a field of protection and kinship with the massive temple at the centre location below them.

There were two guardians at the entrance to The Holy Place. Initially they had been sitting cross-legged but now they arose to stand, both holding the bronze tipped spears that had come to earn a place in ritual. They both wore simple shifts with a leather waistcoat garment over the top. They were both sun-tanned and brown haired. The one being slightly broader, the face rounder than the other, who had a more lean and chiselled face. As the three men approached, the two guardians regarded them gravely without any sign of suspicion or tension. Visitors were plentiful to this incredible erection, and welcome, for the stilled reverence of the place was undisturbed by strangers, who were allowed to sit and study, to meditate and gain from the potency of the place.

As the holy company who tended the temple knew, there was no one who could take away or destroy what had been erected. They believed with each new visitor something of their spirit was left behind, only serving to swell the aura of The Holy Place. With pride they granted access to all, for it was a monument to themselves and their ancestors, a monument to the kith and kinship that had seen it created. A testament to their vision. Proof of their extraordinary wisdom and greatness. Unassailable, standing eternal as the island itself, indeed now a part of it, as inexorably as the cliffs that breached the seas or the hills that climbed to crags and mountains further inland.

As Ly and the others approached the two honorary guards, they bowed and then crossed their spears to the entrance. The broader one intoned the ritual words: "Do you become in faith to grant the silence that be given if'n you wilt enter herein?"

"We become in silence," Ly and his companions responded.

"Enter and receive the mystery come grace that be ourn and ourn ancestors' gift to the Great One, Mother of us all, Father to all ourn seed. Do you become in peace and carry it fra thither when the parting time be nigh."

"Blessings to the Mother and to the Fiery One," the three travellers murmured, bowing and crossing over the threshold to be greeted by the resonance of the stones, their mightiness imposing itself upon them, making them feel insignificant and powerful at one and the same time. There was an outer circle of thirty mighty sarsen blocks, each nearly twenty foot high, capped with lintels that created portals all the way around. These were set around a still more massive horse-shoe of five free-standing trilithons. Each stone had been laboriously dressed to shape, and the stones had been joined one to the other by a supremacy of stone worker's art. There were smaller blue stones reworked and rearranged until they created what then existed - a free standing circle set between the sarsen ring and the trilithons with a further blue horseshoe setting placed at the centre of the temple. The blue stones seemed to glow warmly in the evening light and the mighty stone blocks glistened with a faint eldritch sheen; wise listening presences that guided their responses, made their spirits stretch to the deep blue dome of the skies. And they meditated on the waning light, its angle as it came down past the midsummer stone.

The three men seperated, each finding his own place within the outer arena to sit and meditate as so many had done before them in this same way. Ly sat cross-legged, amongst the first circle of blue stones. The silence and the vastness infilled him as he stayed with close to the blue stone, soaking up the energies and beginning to transcend himself. He was lulled into the same fixity as the stones; part of them, a feature of the wisdom they exuded, part of the infinity that had seen them born. The light was gradually fading and dusk was beginning to gather. Ly paid no heed to the passage of time - he sat waiting to gain the sight; the inspiration derived from gazing at the Radiant Beings, and reading the messages they flickered back to the earth-bound. The pin-pricks of light came more and more into force as the dusk deepened, and evening began to encroach.

To Ly, the Celestial Ones were lit with special purpose that night; they seemed to token some sort of promise - as of a richness stored up for him, as of a blessing on the decision he had made. And to his mind came Brith-na-gig as he'd seen her at their parting, her full mouth smiling, the dancing brown-green eyes misted with tears, her fiery hair unsettled by the wind. It felt right in his bones their coming together, their bond and where he was now - that felt right too. So Ly felt a sense of swollen peace and contentment he had not felt before to such a degree - like a culmination of all his efforts and desires. He had seen once again, perhaps for the last time, the Holy of Holies, the greatest temple of them all. He had yet to cross the Big Waters to the Great Lands. He would bring back precious stones, spices and other goods for his company. The traveller returned to receive his due, bearing gifts for the many with a moon-ma waiting by the fireside, a moon-ma with auburn-gold hair and a curvesome form more birth of beauty than any fair beguilty both near and far, aye! Such did Ly see in vision unfolding.

But just then the strangled screech of an animal tortured the air, coming from a distance away and dying as it pierced into force, but seeming to echo nevertheless. Ly's thoughts were jarred by the sound, and his eyes lowered and inadvertently fell on the dagger etching on one of the trilithon stones opposite him. All at once he felt a superstitious dread that as soon passed, as a cloud across the face of the sun, and as a presentience of violence. Why had his eyes dropped from the sky to the etching of the dagger, directly after the ugly scream of some creature in the jaws of death, giving vent to terror and agony? Why had he looked at the dagger - the symbol of violent retribution?

But he strove to shake such thoughts from him, brushing them away as of an irritation and nothing more. Once again he took to star-gazing and let his mind drift in those limitless spaces between the phosphorescing star-systems above him. He sat cradled within the Void for a further stretched while.

Then his senses finally came grounded. Ly's mind was all but cleared of the unsavoury screech and its portents. He was once more elevated by the majesty of the incandescent evening sky and the pillars of the temple. With unspoken agreement they shifted, touching a hand to their forehead, their lips, their chest and to the earth they stood on, in genuflection to the Mother who had formed them all, in recognition to the sky that contained the Mysteries of Beyond.

When they passed the portals of the Holy Place, the honorary guards were once more seated cross-legged. Ly, Brinen and Fenrar bowed their heads and murmured: "Blessings to the Great Ones".

They collected the sacks they had left at the entrance and struck out for the homestead that was near to being a second home to Ly. They walked in an easterly direction passing through grasslands and then through arable farmland - fields of corn and wheat lining the trackway which after a mile or so brought them to a homestead typical of the area. There was a circle enclosure marked and protected by a ditch inside of which were round wooden huts with thatched roofs and wattle and daub walls. There were look-outs posted who shouted to the company inside the protected enclosure, of their approach, and of a sudden, a group of them had gathered at the entrance.

As Ly, Brinen and Frenra approached the opening to the homestead enclosed by a wooden stockade, they halted, flung their right arm across their breast, stooped in a low bow, then standing erect again, opened the arm out in a gesture of acceptance. The group of people opposite them distinguished themselves into individuals, and were calling out a welcome in jocular familiarity. "It's the Hawk, it's the Hawk" went whispering round, the company fizzing with the knowledge, a response that never failed to gratify Ly.

"Hey na, Hawk come wingin' by agin then eh, Ly?" The ratchety voice of a tall gaunt man called out, whose eyes held a latent fire which now shone in rye humour. His beard was grised with age yet also virile, and his hair was a shag of iron grey around a bald pate bronzed by the summer sun. He wore a long over-garment as a robe, together with a simple shift tied at his waist with a leather thong in the manner of dress familiar to that people.

"Hawk, Brinen, Frenra - healthful greetings to all! Come hither and dinnut dandle on the boundary liken lost an' lonesome!" Joked a middle-aged woman with long brown hair, greyed a little now with experience, and a round smiling face. Ly and his companions stepped towards them and there were greetings all round, Ly grasping the fore-arm of the tall gaunt man and holding briefly the hand of the woman who had spoken, while the company clamoured around and sent hither and thither to make preparations for the visitors.

After the greetings, the tall gaunt man faced them saying: "Come now let's take offer'n to bide by a little afore we gather for the evening's feastin' wi' all the company aroun."

They followed him through the settlement, nodding and smiling gestures of recognition to those that they knew as they went. They were led through the homestead to a hut slightly larger than the others. As they entered, the tall man gestured for them to sit on a long bench with a sturdy back and arms, covered with weft dyed red, padded beneath with grasses that were changed frequently. It was a little bit of welcome luxury for the three traveller-traders and they sat down appreciatively, looking around them at the place they were not unfamiliar with.

There was rush matting on the earthen floor, a large table and wooden shelving upon which were various carvings and choice pieces of earthen ware. There was a low wooden armchair with a basketwork base with several other simpler chairs set around the table. The man reached down some clay beakers, intricately patterned and beautifully glazed in cream and red. A flagon of liquor was placed on another small low table and the man called Ogrune, uncorked the container and poured some rich amber liquid into the beakers. Ogrune lifted his beaker after placing the others before the three men, who followed his gesture.

"Hale come harmony be thee blessed wi'" said Ogrune

"Returned be the gifts of the Mother, same as spoken," Ly responded.

"Aye an' besides plentisome goodly companee, a lilt o' dangly-fair 'ooman an' quaff cups filled reet as become," quipped Frenra in his accustomed jocular manner, causing Ogrune to chuckle and Ly to grin, whilst Brinen looked on, smiling a welcome at his host and raising his beaker to show his appreciation. Frenra was younger than Ly or Brinen and still enjoying the trance of the dance with dangly-fair far and wide. He'd not settled be any for certain but continued to enjoy, the partaking of pleasures when conquests could be made, when the feasting and ceremonial times compelled it. He was skilful in singing and playing the stringed drum instrument he'd made himself and which he carried everywhere, strapped to his back. He was Brinen's moon-ma's brother and had joined them when their travelling ways had

already been established over some five cycles.

But Frenra gave the added advantage of being a drum craftsman, which many homesteads far from northern shores to the southernmost stretch of their journeying, used and coveted. His ready wit and gallantries charmed the most company and made more eager to trade, now the wares consisted of more than axe-heads and cutters to offer, not though they'd been plentiful sought in the early days of Ly's travelling wiles for sure.

When Brinen and he had first set out with Brunwill the brave, as he'd been known, they were keen and green and learnt from an old master rover who'd done nothing but all his life. His friend and fettle had died and been returned to the Mother months before, from ambush bandits in the Great Lands. Brunwill had fought off the assailants with berserker frenzy and carried his companion to their skiff, returning him to the homestead of their birth, only for him to die of fever the day after arrival. Brunwill the brave himself had gone off in the frozen time, looking for the rare and status-high snow-hare. He'd fell'd and broke his leg and alone, without help, up on the Long Mynd, and died the death of cold.

But to Ly's mind Brunwill had sought the extinction, catching the glint of metal on the horizon and giving himself to the old gods before it upset the fabric of his world and understanding. When that time came, Brinen and he were already established roving traders, but it did not prevent the keening light from creeping into their hearts so they silently acknowledged the instinct behind Brunwill's action. It was an empathy between them that each saw reflected in the other's eyes; a conclusion being reached, a sadness and acceptance, mingled with the knowledge that he was with the Mother, the Womb of All Birth again, back to the Seed and the Source. This they felt and knew, stirred to embrace the radiant levels in the stella-spheres of the vastless skies.

From thence on they had travelled alone, until Frenra had joined them and made merry some of their while, brought a new zest to the gradual lessening of trade. Frenra had fitted into their patterns surprisingly easily. For despite his love of word swaps and joking he too liked his quiet time and bided so by himself, composing his songs and his rhythms that set all the companies spinning.

So there the three of them were, seated in comparative luxury in the chamber of Ogrune the Southlander.

"Na Hawk, Brinen, Frenra - tell me o' yourn companay. How be yourn wise 'uns, Old Man Wem, Ethelran High priestess, and yourn close-kin, yourn moon-ma's brether?"

"Ah fair to middlin' fine," came back Ly. "All the same an' homely-like, only young 'uns comin' curious for'n they bronze an' sendin' prayers to the gods to help 'em find their ownen source. But harvest still be handy and water-ways wide as ever ..."

"An' all the 'ooman dangly-fair to be blissed-full far and wide, forsooth...or not? Wey ya right eh Ly?" quipped Frenra, with a twinkle in his eye that hinted at many things - or so it appeared to Ly.

Ly felt there was a subtle innuendo in what Frenra had said which Ogrune had taken at face value, knowing Frenra for what he was. But Ly felt Frenra's sharp eyes had gathered the change in relationship between Brith-na-gig and himself and he felt a slight irritation. It was not something he wanted known. He wanted to be himself. True to his roving kin, to come and to go, as he had always come and gone; free as the wind and as fresh as the coming of the seasons, unentangled, meeting fate as openly as the deer in the forest or the eagle on wing. He did not want others guessing his plans, his momentous decision. That would simply be when the time came. There could be no ceremony of partings. And partly it was because he felt his resolution might fail if all the folk-places he was used to girt his bounty to were nigh after making a big celebration and a fond farewell for him. He did not want that.

So he pierced Frenra stonily with his eye but melted some when it was clear Ogrune was simply laughing at Frenra's usual enthusiastic embrace of the whole of 'oomankind. Ogrune did not suspect any underlying meaning, so Ly relaxed and smiled along with the other two, trusting to Frenra's sense and discretion of friendship.

When they'd quieted some, Ly took the initiative, remembering his former instinct which had sensed a sombre inflection in the air.

"What news from hence then?" asked Ly directly

Ogrune's face became instantly more serious and somewhat saddened.

"Last time Ly become by, we both on us thought on the changes, beginning wrought be the bronze and I remember there excitesome as well as some misgiving. After you become two seasons hence, fresh trade come from after the Great Lands; a whole seal of bounty for the bretheren. Leadman Rushwort from the eastern-steads had trouble with outlanders. They held them off and sent them thither, though in trowe they were'n gang for opportunists and nought to cliver the whole. Leadman Rushwort was injured some

and some of the east-steaders were killed in the fray, but also when battle was over and done, the east-steaders clept themselves of treasures found be the Outlanders. Now Rushwort on's deathbed has declared a wish for singular burial! As he and his kithkinship have defended all stalwart and ever steady since folkship began. But he betaken on some great glory all his own, glory that he whist willed be passed down to's sons. He be seperating himself out as top notch, high and mighty ho for'ngetting as his'n ancestors have raised 'um be dint of mutual grist and getherness. And folks hereabouts be muttering bly, it is the end on the beginning - that the Old Ones be turning in their graves and rising up to raze us for our mischief, as to see and let this thing go by, without a word nor action to say 'em nay, and some be saying it be right and fair and follows fair on to the future, and some be taking it in their stride but keeping amsteady all the same. To speak trowe it bides not well with me, with us in general. But the East-stead be in their own patch and what we West-steaders may mutter can go lightly either way. So there'n you have it; make of it as you'n will."

Ogrune looked at the three men, acknowledging their shock and gravely patient in the face of it. Surprising enough it was Brinen's deep gruff voice that spoke first.

"Naither! To put himself away from the Old Ones, from the common kith and kinship of's ancestors? To set out singular with baubles of shiny stuff to brute the vigour? Naither! For why has he done this? Have not the Wise Ones bid talk with him?"

"Not enough. It's not been enough. The whole of the East-stead follow Rushwort leadman - he has kindled up a fondling as keen as the metal he'us craved. There'll not be a gain saying." Ogrune responded grave as ever.

"Whisst! It be strange times becoming then now - in trowe. We'll wait and see but I bide it's not likely," was Brinen's deep, gravelled response along with a grim expression that showed he'ud said his piece and could not add more.

"Laith! What becomes now?" intoned Ly, still shocked by the import of what he'd heard."This be taken from the Great Lands, na? This be from their'n map and heritage that have come to take a claim off us, na ha? Is that how it goes?"

"The Outlanders boast," said Ogrune darkly, "of their wealth in metal crafts; their skill at the blade, which sends the whole on'us company the same. Seeking the metal to increase the power of the clan-magic, to defend from fear of whelment and all the time becoming what they wouldn't."

"But has Ogrune taken any action? Have you'se na thought on taking token stoll and delegating to Leadman Rushwort, request some sense on word swap? Have you'se na thought fer this to be done and down-stayed?" asked Ly.

"Aye fer sure but folks be jitterun, for the East-steaders a' been building up reet stocks of the metal stuff and bristle with the bronze if there be tally of talking some round. It become like a fever through them and they won't wash for the old ways nor tether their high an' mighty some not even for the sakes of our'n ancestors, which hold a common root, not for the sake of our'n kith and kinsome now rested with the Mother, who's keening light helped build The Holy Place, revered in all lands across the Big Waters. Whisst Ly! I be saying all on this and more, fech fer sure. But it become to all out war if'n I jostle 'em up too much and to speak trowe we would be company cut downen - thraist aye well an' sure! They been stoking the bronze fra first to much and more, much more'n than we West-steaders, and thase've made no bones about bristling it out. New trade has always come first fra the East but the sharing times that wrought the Holy Place be rifting by now it do seem. If Ly can counsel me - counsel me good, for which ever ways I've looked aroun this'n thing there be no clear and cut and dried solving on it, na? So's counsel me now, I be open and willing to take heed," Ogrune finished looking from one to another of his male companions, appealing to Ly with his hands held out palms upwards.

The men were silent. Ly pursed his lips and stared off into the distance.

"It be really so strong as that - this fever on 'em?" he said eventually.

Ogrune put his hand on Ly's shoulder. "Ly, what can we do? The only path is to trade for bronze, otherwise we become as the paltry party, the kiner runt as defenceless as the fledglings in nestin's before the kes's come snatching."

"Na, na, fech fer sure Ogrune. But be it not so as you'se could dint 'em with the brit and braw of the flint and wiley-like surpass 'em withall their'n melcher bronze. Dinnut roll over and show thasen belly before'n it be that or the void,na?" Said Ly, bristling with anger at the East-steaders obdurate stance. Aye, aye dinnut do it, echoed the voices of Brinen and Frenra.

"Ly, Ly, me stoll brethers, there'us been such talk, but company be split and not enough hands on without no doubting for it to pull off and make that stance of difference. I will nay go agin what half the

company do favour. I mun think on the whole on us and crush my'n instinct for the best way for whole on us, na?"

Ly scuffed his feet on the floor and looked down, shrugging his shoulders as if to shake a burden from him. In his heart he knew they could not stem the tide of change that would sweep the magic of flint into the void. He knew for Ogrune's sake he must be philosophical, he knew for his own peace of mind, he must be philosophical and accepting. There was no use in fighting against flow of the current, as there was no use in hurling abuse at the inclement wind. What was to be would be, as the gods decreed, and there was nothing they or Ogrune or even the Wise Ones and Old Man Wem, could do about it. So he sought to console Ogrune as best he could.

"Wey ya right - fech fer sure. 'Tis something I been seen coming for the long while. Change begot to come, take it how we wilt, change begot to come - but they bai'unt be always whole nor healthful neither."

"Thraist! That do seem trowe, and surely!" Agreed Brinen in deep echo. Ogrune and Frenra picked up their beakers in silent agreement.

"But there be little to be done aboun'es fer'n now. I was jus' thinkin' whiles to fill you'se in some, before you'se hear it fra bad nor worse exceptin' as it is," said Ogrune, anxious now to forget his troubles in favour of his guests.

"Thanks be to thee, Ogrune," Ly quickly reassured him, lifting his beaker again. "But as you've spoken, tis none for now to dwell on, so let's betake it now to turn to kindlier case and tell us how company be. What of Danroth and Hamtheor and the lovely Enyella? What of the folks hereabouts?"

"Aye'n so, serves no purpose to dwell, na? As the gods will or'n we forget ourn'selves, na? As for company - Danroth be all in his kilter, melding the stone-ware all the same and Hamtheor is after tilling the harvest afore its kinded be the sun as ever and Enyella...Enyella has a keening light for one who comes and goes, but is after fettlin' freely with Karum, who comes be the East-stead as messenger and trader. 'Tis said he is of Outlander blood some but Enyella's kindled to him and in trowe he can smooth-say full-fairly and gentles alot of the folk. But he come sharp of a times, as sharp as the metal he do bring."

Ly looked something troubled," And be Enyella for taking him to fare and freely?"

"Closesome. I think in her heart she's n' after a one who tarries and goes and comes hither but for shortn' whiles, if you betake my meaning Ly," said Ogrune pointedly.

"Aye fech fer sure, there's a many as is waiting be the Hawk to tarry and fare!" Burst out Frenra after having contained a silence for a while. Ly trod on his toe which made Frenra yelp and dissipated the tension in the gathering.

But Ly felt he must make his position clear regarding Enyella. "She mun set her store be me Ogrune. I come and I'll be gone as always but I would see her kindlier earned na freend, dost see?"

Ogrune looked a little saddened by this communication. "Wey ya Ly, so I be says to her but 'ooman have their own ken and there be no turning 'em fromerts or frowerts when mind's setten to vaward!"

Ly gave a small smile. "Na if'n Ogrune be reet but Ly will take his trowe to her and kindlisome share, Ly be away come sun-in to the Great Lands and thence to Shroplande, the homestead, of'n his birth. These be Ly's plans freend Ogrune, just as ever". Ly looked earnestly at Ogrune.

"Wey ya right Ly," Ogrune answered. "But I be got qualms, I be got qualms. Aiee! 'eesle n' idleyway it be come to nought for what it should. So, let us toast to the Ones Who Sleep and the Mother-Goddess to us all and pray to they that providence may counsel and guide us, na? Come whisst! be there no song foreert thay company Frenra? Be there no strumming and singing?" And a little banter began between Frenra and Ogrune as Ly pondered on what Ogrune had said.

He knew Ogrune had accepted his words, his plans and had never doubted he would say otherwise. But Ly was fond on Enyella, who was as sweet as the mead in spring, so silken-soft and melting sanje with her long black tresses, dark long lashes and eyes become of summer-blue. Ly had sat and danced beside this blooming-fair'un for a good few seasons betwixt and between be now. They'd be got close and cleavesome like but Ly clept no promises and bided be none on a false word though oftentimes in past recall were impassioned responses.

Passion he remembered, but he'ud made his pledge to the birth of beauty that was his Brith-na-gig and the charms of Enyella though lovesome, paled beside the 'ooman who now he was bonded to be the word-truths he'ud given her. Still he felt sorry to hear she might be in the sway of some unsavoury called Karuum. But he could not dwell for long on something that even Ogrune, who was pert of her withcome kinship, could cast off so as not to gather glooming to the company. So Ly betook it upon him to take to

the merry in and sieze the moment in life to make the most of it, as all his kind before him, the old rovers who gypsied along the wild-ways had done - taking their pleasure where they found it, but with that questing spirit which had seen their many achievements born.

So the conversation took a jocular turn and they were entertained by Ogrune's stories of Hamveor and Danroth's famed rivalry of strength, in being matched for nigh on length and breadth the same. Ogrune told of the previous harvest when they both vied to bring home the most corn the quicker. When it came to it Dunroth feigned faint and badly and made Hamveor leave offin worry for'un to send fer'n the Healer moon-ma. While Hamveor be gone Dunroth set to and met Hamveor on the way to the third quarter with Healer Mermelisle. Dunroth greeted them all hasle and fettle and Hamveor all razed up and raging jumps'n wrestles'un to the ground until Dunroth's all begging for mercy and Healer Mermelisle is after cursing the baith on 'em for all their troubles but smiling like and in on the joke.

Such was the tale told to the three travellers from the West-lands whilst they quaffed of the good rich barley beer. They could've stayed full steady for a while if it weren't for Ogrune's moon-ma, Liandine - she who had greeted them at the entrance - who came to chivvy them to food and preparations afore they met the whole on'un company all on an empty belly with head full of the frisk of beer.

They were taken to their sleeping quarters, which was a small vacated hut set aside especially for visitors and traders. They were supplied with some water and left to their own devices for a little while. They stashed their trading wares and settled down to rest some. Ly was just washing from the courtesy bowl of water left for them, whilst Brinen was checking their trading items and Frenra was plucking his instrument and humming on the bedding. Ly, naked from the waist up was just drying himself on the cloths provided when a soft, lilting voice was heard outside the hanging fabric at the door.

"Hoow now - whisst! Hawk be come to ground and welcome and Brinen the bear-like be welcome too for the plenty to be had, and all the 'oomans and beguilty be after a snatch of Frenra's twang. Hey stolls - here be Enyella - leadman Ogrune's kins'ooman daughter, waiting to take you to platter. Be you decent for this beguilty's eyes na?"

Ly pulled back the hanging and gave Enyella a broad grin; she smiled shyly in return.

"Hoow now your'nself," teased Ly. "And how goes it fair beguilty fair? How doest this'n dusk-time find you? Hale and hearty I be hoping - fech fer sure!"

Enyella smiled and nodded her head. Her dark locks were tied away from her face so that tendrils hung around it, highlighting the softness of her face, the smooth curves, the rosyng of her cheek, the startling cornflower colour eyes. Ly donned his leather waistcoat with its beaver fur trimmings as Enyella responded.

"Ly's spoke with Ogrune and knows the news fra hereabouts but fer'n Enyella the days dance lightly. She been after weaving her gifts for the company and picking wild flowers in the mead for the Holy Place and those as keening on 'em. Sun become and days be always merry for this time on our season, Ly knows".

"Aye but who be making Enyella all merry and frolicsome as the young kine in the felds - na ha? Enyella's gone giddy-like on some young stoll eh - fech fer sure!" teased Ly fishing to gauge her responses.

But Enyella showed scant sign of being abashed as she replied, "Na - there b'ent no case there - who be filling your'n ears with such nowort clammer?"

The other two men had gathered beside Ly. Brinen looked silently on smiling benevolence. Frenra eager to be in on the word-swap chose his moment.

"Wey ya right - laithwhiles! When any would look in those eyes saa blue he'ud ever befall in a trance and swoon aways with a heart all lost to the keening light ever forever more, na? Enyella be beguilty fair'n fair as any stoll mun know, na?" Frenra's dark eyes glittered out their charm and appreciation of 'oomankind, who were for him part of the Great Mother's Mysteries, to be wooed and worshipped as the daily abundance that grew from the Earth and succoured Frenra.

Enyella laughed and blushed beautifully, revealing white teeth and a pink mouth. She had a daisy's freshness about her, all open and dewy-sweet, that never failed to gain a response from the menfolk.

"It be very coursome and smarming what Frenra says and Enyella thanks him kindlissime for such honey-wordings but she be beguilty and part of the company all the same, na Frenra?"

The men smiled around her and Frenra acting as dazzled as he truely was breathed out. "Aye and some beguilty sure - some sweet dangly-fair with the sky for her eyes and the blessings of the Mother on her curvesome!"

"Sssh whisst Frenra! If yous be genin me the honey-sweet all til dusklier-dawn I'm a betwixt Ly and

Brinen and never a word-swap with yous no more, neh?"

At which Frenra looked so immediately miserable and suitably dampened that Enyella had to take pity on him to let him know she was nay as mortal offended as she'd given and would carve him a banter from time to time. And so with this fair beguilty in the midst of the three brawny weathered travellers, all of them taller than she, she led them to the centre circle, where a fire had been built and where along one side, a low table had been filled with the bounty of the forests and the field. All the company were gathered with the childer lit be the homesuns with a bit of snaff and pilcher to set 'em to sleep kindlytith when the folk be on a revel.

The older youth and the adults were gathered for their evening fare and greeted the three travellers by calling welcome and hearty from the many voices that knew them, as accustomed seasonal visitors. Enyella led Ly and the others to seat be the table at the end, where she sat on one side, and Ogrune still standing filled the other space, beckoning their visitors to be seated and rest their lols on the soft-stuff weaving supplied for the purpose. Brinen sat further along with Frenra but still close enough to Ly to word-swap. Frenra was gazing about him casting his eyes over the dangly-fair and sending out his signals before the fast was broken.

A dark-haired olive-skinned man smoothed his way into the space beside Enyella. She turned and smiled at him her sweet smile and said: "Hoow now - Karuum's snook in of a sudden as be'int he like - how hales yous, fair it be yent on hoping, na?"

"Karuum be always hale and hearty in presence of so fair beguilty-blue, Enyella knows some na?" His voice had an unusual smoothness and richness to it, like the cream atop of the kine's milkin' and dangerously pleasing. Enyella blushed half with embarrassment and half with pleasure. She touched his shoulder briefly as if to placate the admonition of her tongue, telling him to still the honey-sweet and join in the toast to their traveller-trader guests, which he duly did, waiting for his moment to come.

Ogrune opened the feasting with a toast to all: "Singen and secgan miri be all and weel and wassail this eventide." Where to everybody set on and the eating began. The platters set before them were many and varied: venison and wild boar, duck, a type of pheasant and hare, fresh bread made from the grain of the fields, butter and an assortment of greens and roots, dressed in a variety of picquant and aromatic flavours as well as honey and honey cakes. Truly was the table spread plentiful, exuding the bounty of the land.

Ogrune and Ly looked at each other busy with their hands and mouth. Instinctively, each then raised their beaker and said to the other: "Honour to the homestead and hale be the company". After which they set down their beaker with some old spirit vigour, and laughed together, a kind of defiant joy in the sound. Ogrune, determined to cast the shadows of the present from them, entered into jokingly questioning Ly about relations in his own homestead and skilfully kept the talk-jest flowing be a witty word to Wulffimar, hunter of the forest and downs, be a comment to Hamveor of the ready scythe and a compliment to Bruthnania, his scelding's moon-ma. So very soon the company were all in jolly and rousing and enjoying the moment become when spring was at the advent of summer's sun. A precursor jollisome it was to the great gathering of the following few days on at the Holy Place.

Finally when well filled and swilled, Ogrune called on all the fair beguilty to dance for the Fire-Star, the Sun God, come creating to Earth in this the season of gold. He requested Frenra to accompany the drummers with his new rippling string drum. At this point then, the tables were cleared and activity begun. The women all comely youth and mature allure, transformed their garments so they wore sleeveless short-skirted tunics with coloured scarves around their waists and hips.

The women stood in position a little distance from the men, forming an arc before them with the fire behind them. A group of men at the drums began to beat out a rhythm. The women began to swish their hips hypnotically, as if to tantalise their Sun God, to bring down magic and rain gold onto the harvest. Frenra took up the rhythm and added to it with his strumming, lilting strings. This provoked the women's movements further, rendering them ever more eloquent and seductive.

Enyella stood at the end closest to Ly and moved her lithe slim budding body in voluptuous frenzy to appease and please the Gods of their world. The sight of her and the other women stirred the men to begin clapping rhythmically and to whistle and call in strange curling ululation in appreciation of what they saw. The pace of the dance grew ever more wild, ever more extravagant, the women now shimmying their bodies and arms and undulating their forms, lifting their legs and tapping out the beat with the men, until eventually they reached a frenzied crescendo when the music stopped abruptly and the women fell down, sweating and exhausted, symbolising the conquest.

Briefly the silence, the moon now glowing pale and silvery in the clear skies adding a luminous quality

to the night. Then the men's rousing applause and the women getting up, smiling and laughing and still panting some. There was a lull in the company as the women went off to bathe before they returned freshened again to the gathering.

Ogrune turned to Ly and Frenra standing near behind Brinen: "An ever a fair beguilty amongst the whole on 'em - na ha?"

"Fech fer sure, stoll, fech fer sure," responded Ly but with the promise of Brith-na-gig in his mind and none of the former dazzle in his eyes. His tenderness for Enyella was now distanced, and in trowe it had always been a warm appreciation rather than ardour. He appreciated her dainty resilience but loved the brazen beauty of Brith-na-gig, and now he'ud made up his mind - that was clear as day. Ogrune turned away again somewhat saddened, but trying not to show it.

Close by shrewd eyes were watching and noting this encounter, misinterpreting it through the filter of his own ambitions. Then a smooth, silky voice, resonant and seductful spoke across the low tressel to Ly.

"Ly become in time for the ceremony of the Sun God eh na? Yous'rn after basting a bloom of beguilty na Ly? You become to taste the fruits of the Mother, in 'oomankind, on the festival day na ha?"

Ly was irritated by the assumption of the stranger who had only met him on a nodding acquaintance that very evening.

"Ly become to reverence the Mother at the Holy Place and to give thanks to the Fire-Star, our God of the Light, be uppermost in mind Karuum na? None on yen fair beguilty, though they be birth of beauty to set eyes on fech fer sure," Ly said, controlling his tone and redirecting the conversation to focus on Karuum rather than himself. "How fer'n yous na? Be yous a settin' eyes on a baste of dangly-fair in the blaze of the fertility feasting na?"

Karuum smiled broadly. "Na and maybe-some too. Karuum hane gotten his eyes filled fer sure with some lovely lilt of dangly-fair and maybe, maybe this lovely loll will come be moon-ma be the harvest wain - if the Mother do bless me bold na ha?"

Karuum's voice had an odd effect on Ly. He was drawn to that smooth rolling tone, a little transfixed by it; but equally the man's assumption of familiarity chaffed at Ly's sensibilities, as well as his brazen manner and what Ly knew was Karuum's bid for Enyella. But this did not prevent the fascination of the voice, seducing Ly to continue the conversation rather than give the man short shrift and dismiss him more bluntly.

"Karuum be from the East-stead na?" Ly asked in seeming interest and common courtesy, now the ice be broken with the quips on dangly-fair.

"Trowe in summun but I bin gan born and brought fer the Great Lands fra first and now tekk kindlier to the East-stead of'n this land and ferry betwixt and between as message-bringer, talk-gather fra import. I be fleet as the stag, faster'un the hawk, and do the distance with me stolls in quick betime that comes na? Lately there han been some buzz na? On leadman Rushwort be bravin' the boundary and taking to the womb on the Mother nigh soon. But the bronze be girding us up and stretching us strong and we mun meet the challenge as it become na?"

Ly continued regarding Karuum in a calm, contained way and let silence reign for a short but intense moment - a monent in which Karuum instinctively sensed the strong opposition. Ly kept his instincts under control and considered his reply; but his stoniness was apparent.

"Change begot to come na? But when the haleness at the core be turning to canker, then it be time to stand and listen to the Voice of the Wind and begather to heart the messages of the Mother".

"And these be?" Questioned Karuum with an edge in his voice.

"That in death all be joined to the Mother. The greatness of the Holy Place become and grown from such a knowing. That the stones be the bones of the Mother and the bodies of our'n kith and kin be returned in wholeness of spirit, tied soil to blood back to the Womb of the Mother til the Fire God befertile Her and spirit comes through in the green growth times na? Be not this the hearthstone and kernal at base of our'n lives?" Ly said this quietly and firmly. It did not affect him directly as yet this issue. He could hardly muster force from present company nor still from his own folk further north-west. He was not about to create war, having no means to effect one. Nevertheless, his very lack of influence in that respect freed him to be able to state his mind with a continued directness that intimated at the passion beneath.

Karuum curled his lip and said: " So say'n some on the old ones na? But times become when the bronze girt us stronger than stone-know and we mun flow with'n that tide nar try to dam what musters force and shall overtek these lands wither we will or no, na?"

Ly shook his head slightly and gave a small, sad smile. "Fech fer sure, but there be bonds on blood and

soil to memory on and lest we nor forget company be split and schismed and the old ways lost and gone, alonga the wise-lore that betaken fra the first folk as come and were placed be the gods on these'n fair shores. Without stone reverence, company be losing themselves to where no will and ravages become on the harvest and the Mother wilt reek her own vengeance like'n before in the Dark Times whiles I were but a secret in the Womb of the Mother. These be not just my own words but those of the Wise Ones be my own homestead. Ly only be-speaking what leesle in the heart of the many na?"

Ly had put his case plainly, but with a firmness and integrity that surpassed himself.

In contrast, Karuum had a dark look on his face that came close to being a sneer. "The Mother tekks as she gives and those as gets her vengeance, leave way for those as she chooses to give bountiful to. This be the way on the Mother, too. The bronze be girtin us strong and leading us ever into ways anew and genen us a glory past ancestors, took on in a different way. The bronze be superior to flint in ways of war and beauty - the bronze be giving out a glory as those that begets and filling souls with a girth of wonder na? Those that seek to gainsay so shall fall before'n in the season of this new sun, na? This fer sure by helve be the trowe, so does this stoll believe and hold by aye!"

Ly saw in this speech a near open gesture of hostility, and responded accordingly: "Be Karuum setting up a challenge to Ly na? The glint of the metal before'n the gout of the flint na? Be that it? If Ly be challenged, Ly fer sure will'nt turn it about - be that it Karuum? Yous're wanting a hand to hand between the flint and the bronze na?"

But Karuum as his voice betokened was a schemer before he was a warrior, weighing up his chances against the well-versed brawn of Ly, and sensing danger for his own position in the eyes of the West-steaders if he challenged Ly to a duel and lost. Or even if he won, for he knew Ly was known, respected and even loved by the few - the few that mattered to his ambitions he realised. Thus he took the sting out of his former bravado whilst turning over in his mind a possible plan.

"Ly misunderstood Karuum. There were'nt naither'un challenge but a view voicing a favour of bronze na? It were nay meant to be tekken to bone, na? And blighting the company as has set us both fair up well and nigh. But if Ly took it as such, why's Karuum pleads his sorry and offers up his'n spear arm to show there be nought to cliver up the twain on us fra now til sleeping times becomen eh?"

Karuum's tone was treacle-rich and soothed Ly's sensibilities despite the fact he still retained his essential distrust of the man. The arm gesture he could either ignore and cause a lasting disaffectedness between them, or clasp it and be hypocrite to his heart. Ly could not quite be false to himself thus, so he stood stalwart-grave and courteous-like replied: "Ly accepts Karuum's words and thanks him for his clarifying of his'n word-swap. The rouse-talk be over'n done on now - if Karuum's non offenden Ly belikes to silt and merry-make with his roving stolls and the fair company as becomen on return right soon, na?"

Thus saying, without taking the proffered arm, Ly gave a gravely courteous smile and reached for a jug of the apple-ale on Brinen's earlier recommendations and turned towards his travelling companion to make light on talk some'ere the carousin' .

Thus subtly slighted, Karuum was left gazing into his beaker until he turned his attentions to some that would feather him friend; all the while plotting, plotting his hatchet plan, the sting in his scorpion brain concealed behind the false brimming of his social smile.

Ly strove to master his instinctive repugnance of and rebellion against this newcomer. He thought on Brith-na-gig and felt warmed by memories of their rampant whiles where her flanks had seemed to glow with a golden sheen in the low evening light. Ly knew in his heart that change was inevitable, that the bronze would come to dominate - but it was the way that this was being done that aggravated his sensibilities, as if the old must be shed wholesale and forgotten in this thirst for the gleaming novelty of metal.

He could not stem the tide of change he knew; so instead he thought of Brith-na-gig which made him light of heart in strangesome ways he couldn't have called to before. Now he was glad of his pledge, glad to turn his back on the fomenting present and feast his mind on his own future prospects, in place where stone was still mother-bone, with a heart so quiet and still, only the few folk could command. A place where the Fire-Star and the Mother brought their truths from messages across the skies. There in his own homestead they still kept holy the ancient wisdoms that spoke to the stone and saw in the stars a mighty wealth of possibilities.

With these thoughts and understandings filtering through his brain, and with the advent of 'oomans return, Ly chose not to dwell on the incident between he and Karuum. He pushed it from his mind to toast on kindlier matters. Enyella came beside him having passed Karuum and received some wordings

of which communication Ly was ignorant. Enyella proffered Ly some sweetmeats - dough-cakes sweetened with honey and little biscuits fermented with subtle aromatic flavours. For to which now Ly lay to questioning, having a passing interest in the hearth-produce as he burnt be the fire himself so often. There was a while of banter on the food, with Enyella opening her eyes to him like a daisy of blue and making winsome merry with him as the friend and semi-secret lover she held him for. But there was a paternalness in Ly's manner that had nay hitherto been there, a distant tenderness Enyella could sense but not fathom, some subtle shift that made her feel he was not with her, appreciating her, teasing her and flirting with her, as he had done. So for a while of Ly's gentle questioning on her workings and ways, her weaving and food-lore, Enyella turned the tables about and asked Ly of his homestead. Who was keeping him fed and tending his hearth-food, where his company be kept and if any on a fair beguilty had twinkled his eyes and held to his heart-strings of late.

This question was direct and fairly put, with a quiver betraying to Ly how her feelings still held for him. Ly could nay betray her honesty with lies and did nay like the notion of her yenning for him when his heart was set on the tawny Brith-na-gig. But he did nay want to send her swift to the arms of the silky sly Karuum - he wanted to wrest her altogether away from him. So swift he turned the conversation about, directing her own question back with more force and knowledge of her affairs than she owned of his.

"What of Enyella na? Fer what I hear'n and see with mine eyes, Karuum messenger fast-far and mixed-blood brether fra the Great Lands be seeming to taking Enyella to moon-ma for such as likes na?" Enyella caught her breath in self-defence. "Whom be saying so? I take a liking for Karuum but he baint be my main and stoll, yet be no means nor all. Karuum be easy on the ear'n and clever for the brain - he bring weaving all such tales of Great Lander folk and their'n weird'n wondersome ways. Fay, Ly! Fer'n a new-just 'ooman seen nor sight of lands across the Big Waters it be some'at as feasts for the mind and sets the spirit all soaring. Baint be no wrong in that, na? For sure Ly mun see that na?"

It was rare if ever for Ly to speak ill of someone, but out of concern for Enyella and respect for her sun-pa stoll Ogrune, he did so now.

"Aye'n maybe's the feast of tales as he spins be webs spiked with poison and nay fit fer'n a fresher whist with her new-form wings to spread na? Enyella milchien, Karuum is skilful sly, he be'en nay fit steady company somehow for saa hale and wholesome honey-fair as Enyella be. Trowe there be some'at not to be trysted nor trusted be'un na kinen? Him be on his own glory trail and bidding not be the Old Ones whose wisdom has clothed ourn tomorrows nor be the claims of the Mother who brings us back again through the succour on the ripened corn and the stag and boar on the forested ways. Whisst Enyella! yous all folks knows well these sacred says - tell me not yous've 'r nay forgotten some?"

Enyella was looking down and examining her small perfect hands and looking something woe-begone. "No, and naiter has Enyella forgotten thase Old Sungen but what be it to Ly if I keeps company with messenger Karuum. What does it matter much to thee?"

"Enyella knows she's a heartsun sweet-song for'n me and Ly be loyal as to kith and kin for Ogrune who be most old friend and stoll-wether to me as Enyella be herself. Thus and thraist so would Ly see Enyella with a worthier one to bind, a stoll likes thay king stag for thay forest hinds na? Not some sly back'n slider with a self to the fore for he leeth all, na?"

Enyella was moved by Ly's concern for her whilst at the same time still hurt by his brotherly tone. She realised at once without he must state it, that he would come and go as he always had but that he would never stay, and that there was no hopes for to become his moon-ma. Underneath her softness she was a sensible practical young 'ooman. She knew to court Karuum more would cause disharmony 'mongst her own kith and kin for which she still felt strong in the Old Ways despite the glamour Karuum brought to her.

"Ly can rest be sured that Enyella won't be taking Karuum to man-home nor being his moon-ma fer now nor fer never, and maybe some there be none to take'n as such til I be old and wankle with naiter a kiner-bairn to call'n me own!"

"Laithwhiles! Don't talk seeding in the winds to be lost and forgotten! Enyella, be as fair a beguilty as any saa far and wide with all men'sfolk wanting come man-home for her - we knows na?"

At which Enyella smiled and put her head down half-shy and half-pleased by Ly's words, but still sore fra the knowledge that he, the Hawk, would never be man-home for her.

At that point Frenra's antics paid in good stead, for a companion of Enyella's came up to them laughing and excited, saying Frenra would only sing them one of his famed songs and strungenen his plucking drum if Enyella be there to give him inspiration. If only she gazed on him with her sky-soaring eyes then he would be moved to woo and lilt the whole on the company til Fire-Star rise and shed his light again.

So quoth the short buxom wench before Ly and Enyella, making Enyella laugh and blush and causing Ly to hail Frenra hither so that company be all gathered round thereabouts, still ready for a merry-run, and laughingly waiting for Enyella to turn her much admired eyes to gaze on Frenra, who caused then more laughter with his sighs and beautiful expression. But thence he set to a strumming and a singing a song for the young beguily taken to moon-ma, and of youthful stoll smitten to man-home and of the raunchin and runshone, the gasping and gape of 'ooman's maw best-fitted for the stoll's prong hard-turned til happiness come atrembling with the cleavesome of the twain of flesh. So went the giste of the song that caused much laughter, much scolding too, and made company livesome still, reluctant to leave the firelight on a night so clear, with the moon so soft and silvery above them.

Ogrune had come back to join them and thus they stayed until late on in the night, when folks went drifting off to their beds and finally Frenra had to leave be and follow Brinen to their night-dwelling, after making jests and promises in kind to all on the fair beguily, and begging kisses from the many before he went his way. Ogrune sat with Ly a little longer. The tressels had been cleared and there were but few folk around now. A few of the menfolk were posted as watchers at the entrance but most of the rest were gone for the sleeptime, leaving the homestead still, with only the occasional crackle from the dying fire and a solitary owl's soft hooting to bestill the silence of the night.

"Well Ly," said Ogrune rising and yawning. "I'm be off to gen some sleeptime afore the preparations for the celebrants begin in serious-sturd. Tarry as you'm like an Ogrune'll be seeing you'm fair and fetting on the morrow's sun, na?"

"Fech fer sure, old man, I'm be pleasing and lankle-like here fer'n some while gracing with the silver moon-ma above'm afore turning in on me sleeptimes," replied Ly.

"Not on the old, yen boggart! I'm only ten cycles on fra you'm na? You'm frish-shank eh? Sleep well friend stoll, til sun-up then na?" Said Ogrune clapping Ly on the back all fond and jocose before heading off to the dwelling where his own kin were now gone. Ly smiled and lifted a hand to wave him off before sitting alone and still gazing into the dying embers of the central fire, and cogitating as he sipped the last of the apple-ale in his beaker.

From the shadows under the eaves of the stockade fence a figure crouched as if sleeping, wrapped in his cloak under pretence of being up with the first watchers at sun-rise. He had stayed thus until all but Ly stayed solitary by the fire. Now he watched and waited, biding his time til his venom could strike.

Ly pondered on the evening, and the changes afoot came back to him, disturbing him once more with their import. He thought on the clear night and revelled in its softness which contrasted well with the several seasons recent mizzling rain and dank, that in turn caused some drear spirit cast on the home-folk. Ly was troubled though he tried to cast it from him. It seemed to betoken some great change, something disruptive and dangerous he could not quantify. So he chose to walk the ways to the Holy Place to quiet his mind and lend his spirit some peace - receive the unction that always came within the vicinity of the Holy Place's granduer.

That timeless fixity soothed him, made him remember the pathways to the stars. The fact of and features of the Holy Place always uplifted his spirit; the greatness of it never surpassed - a symbol to all their futures from long before. The fervour and painstaking persistence that had seen it created, the mystical magnitude of that endeavour, that past expression culminating in what existed now. The last stones he knew were placed before he was born, in the youth of Old Man Wem, who'd told him all on it. How company from all the land gathered to pay their tribute and see last stones raised.

The Holy Place had brought them favour far and wide, and the emanations were still felt across the Great Lands in the north, where they worked their own kind of magic, and further south, where news of their temple, the messages from the gods it brought them, was renowned. Ly was for that vision, for seeing the Holy Place in solitary silence in the moonlight, perhaps for the last time and never as in that moment, when the axis of his whole life was tilting, edging him finally to man-home and the resonance of kin-placed stone.

There was a flame in his heart that he saw was his birth of beauty Brith-na-gig. Now the charms and tribulations of Enyella passed him by and all his mind and heart were hoving to Brith and her lush 'ooman's dangly-fair, all glad and sad for his decision. Yet feeling a poignant melancholy sweetness all the same at these, his last solitary wanderings come tether be home-tide in the west-lands, and rare if ever come that way again.

So he got up and drained his beaker, fetching from the hut where Brinen and Frenra now lay sleeping, his leather jerkin, a small flint axe and his staff held as ever. He strode silently as the night, used to moving with little or no noise, buoyed and determined towards the entrance of the stockade. He nodded

to the watchers at the entrance to the homestead, who nodded acknowledgement in return, and didn't remark or question him for he was known and trusted throughout those parts.

As Ly walked through the fields of shoulder high corn either side of him, a figure watched him go from the shadows, near the watchers' fire. The figure became subtly more alert, more primed towards action, masking this beneath a pretence of fatigue and making some comment about seeking a blanket to keep off the dew. When the figure left the watchers he crept to a small hut beside several others and soon emerged with a bow on his shoulder and a quiver of flint-tipped arrow-heads. The moon illuminated his features as he came out of the hut.

It was Karuum. A sinister expression on his features betokening ill-will and some bitter humour twisting to intent as he lifted a bronze dagger to glint dully in the moonlight. Then he plucked from the quiver an arrow. He raised this to the light, then laughed darkly to himself, deliberately chopping the arrow-head off with a swift vicious action that stemmed from jealousy and anger at a pride that dared to equal his own. Karuum crossed the boundary ditch of the homestead and climbed the stockade fence to the fields beyond, and disappeared into the silvery shadows of the night.

The night was soft and warm, a welcome benediction after the recent wet and wind times which seemed to have lengthened and grown more severe over the past several winters. Now Ly was on the move in the midst of that balmy night, he did not dwell on such matters. Rather he was moved to note again with a heightened acuity brought on by his peculiar and unique circumstances, the silvery tone the corn took on in the moonlight, the dark of the distant forests, the rising of the downs and pasture before him.

Ly stopped abruptly as a weasel suddenly undulated swiftly across his path, when he rounded a bend in the track. His hunter's instincts were alerted at a slight noise behind him as of rustling. He turned round and scanned the track and the fields, thought he spied the corn waving gently some distance off and gradually stilling. He stayed completely motionless for a long while until he was satisfied that there was nothing untoward in his surrounds and that the movement was merely some small night predator on the prowl. Unaware of the irony of the thought, unsuspecting that any true treachery could exist, in such a place that was like a second home to him, he once more relaxed, walking on with the quiet ease and lightness of motion, as the panther in the forest, the wolves among the hills. But such creatures, kings in their domain, may even so be tricked and trapped and killed, despite the natural weapons and skills Nature had so bequeathed them.

After a while of walking he was in sight of the Holy Place and its arena. He could discern the white-capped perimeters that surrounded and partially secluded the mighty monument he sought. Ly turned dreamy mellow on sight of that feature and he felt his heart lift, his spirit expand; the way the place always made him feel, only more so now, at a time he'd never before witnessed it - in the depths of a moonlit night that promised him all the hope of harvest in his heart.

Closer and closer Ly got to that landscape until he was walking the central avenue and witnessing the bulk of the great stones against the starlit sky. And soon he came to the first great stones that marked the entrance to the arena. They towered above him gleaming faintly with moonshine. Awed, he placed a hand upon the one, almost tenderly and with a depth of reverence unknown til now. He could feel the life of the Mother Spirit in the hard rough stone; he could sense the secrets it contained and his mind and senses were taken up with unravelling those for the moment.

As yet he had encountered no one, and had remained undisturbed in his solitary sojourn. This proved to be the case as he drew near to the inner entrance formerly marked by two guards. Now they were not there and Ly was able to stand and regard the elegant symmetry of the structure, begin to discern the wisdom behind the texture and variation capturing the shifting light and charting the sky. Ly opened his hands as if to embrace the ethers that had brought the Holy Place into being, touched them to his chest and from thence to his lips, bowing his head and opening out his hands again in a gesture of obsequiousness. Then he walked through the inner entrance stones and into the temple itself, moving betwixt and between the massive structure, caressing and contemplating as he moved, entranced, under the spell of the stones and the soft silver light.

He saw two Watchers sitting cross-legged either side the innermost circle, leaning against the stones, gazing upwards with a flint and board to mark down the subtle shifts and changes from above. Ly moved back from the centre blue stone circle to the inner round of huge sarsen trilithons. He wanted aloneness, and fell back away from that inner boundary to the next outer one. Genuflecting, he sat down inside one of the great arches and looked up into the navy-blue night flickering and incandescent with the myriad stars above.

He thought of the tales told and passed on from old, that spoke of finding a home in the stars, that

revealed they themselves had come from the stars - with the coming of the first great ones, the sky lords who came down to mate with the Mother. It was said in time, in generation beyond generation on, their kith and kin would fly to the stars and found new homes and new horizons on those flickering worlds above, from whence in legend they all had come, and where according to the old prophets, they would return when the wheel of the future had come full circle. These were the grand and profound thoughts which filled Ly's mind until he lost his wonder and opened himself up to the Divine Spirits above and below him, melting into the night sky and becoming one with his surroundings, part of the substance and tone around him. Ly floated for a while in the heavens, devoid of self, a fragment of the sky, as tiny and insignificant as a pebble on a beach, as potent and magical as the universe itself.

How long Ly stayed thus in semi-trance was unquantifiable. It seemed no time at all, and yet the moon was lower in the night sky and there was a sense of contained quiescence as if Nature were holding Her breath before a hint of dawn came, and the night activities moved gradually to cessation before the trilling of the early birds. But when Ly came out of his trance night still ruled though its influence was beginning to wane. He murmured a thanks and benediction to the gods and the Mother as he rose finally, with the accustomed gesture to the breast, the lips, the ground.

Ly felt uplifted and calmed as he turned to leave the place, having received his succour, calmed by the decisions he'd made and the future he envisaged. The distant call of a night-jar brought to mind once more Brith-na-gig in all her beauty, and he saw her as fullsome rich as the harvest, the image of the Goddess in youth Herself. Ly's heart swelled when he remembered their last cleavesome fleshwhile on the night before he left, and his body melted and stiffened on remembrance of her touch. Soon, soon again before the season's finish he would be with her and never more, most probably, would he come that way again. Never more would he circumvent this great Holy Place as he did that night. The thought of this stirred profound depths in him, and he lingered through the inner entrance, stones turning and viewing the gargantuan granite missives standing witness to his silent worship. Finally Ly was moving on, his heart bursting within him, rendering his usual stalwart sharp self whimsical in the rareness of that night.

He reached out and touched again, for a final time, the outer entrance stones which he had come to. On a whim, Ly turned to climb the avenue bank that rose up, marking and secluding that central approaching avenue. Ly thought he would catch an aspect of the Holy Place he'd never seen before. His silhouette was outlined by the clear silvery night as he stood there gazing still upon the great temple, reluctant to leave, and seeing new missives in the shadow and soft light created by the play of moon sheen and smudges of dark from the semi-tone greys of the deep night balm.

All this the Great Old Ones had sown the seeds of. All this the kith and kin from old had planned and mapped and toiled to erect. All this signalled the Great Height in Human Endeavour, the Great Achievement of that fair land that served as a shining light, influencing and illumining the folk of the continents, all about and further. The instinct and knowledge of this moved within Ly making him humble yet proud, enriched yet melancholy with the thought of endings, glowing gold with the possibilities of an altogether different future; and still excited by the prospect of travel before he finally turned his skiff to the north-west, and stayed by the homestead for good and for all. He was a man come into the fullness of his own being, standing at a crossroads, having decided his path but still melancholysome over what he had to leave behind.

He heard a warbler call in the distance to his left where he knew the waters of a lake lay. He turned towards the sound and stood looking out across the country with the Holy Place now behind him, as if the sound of vibrant life had pulled him from the world of reflection to the world of the present, where the forward motion of life itself desired to be embraced.

Breathing deeply of the night air, Ly warmed himself with the Bounty of Beauty that formed in his mind from the shape of the mamelons in the near distance. Brith-na-gig's fleshly mounds so lush and ripe came to mind, making Ly wish for an instant, he could hold her to him and clasp that birth of beauty in his arms, ravage her flaming foxy hair and join her moon-ma to his man-home once more before he took off to the Great Lands that one last time.

With his mind filled with such thoughts in his seemingly solitary vigil, Ly did not hear the stealthy figure which appeared from behind the further entrance stone, silently placing the arrow and drawing back the bow. Ly did not hear the sudden quiver of the arrow through the air until it was too late and in his back: deeply embedded, a flint arrow-head, closely followed by another and another, severing the spinal cord and cutting off his life as speedily and quickly as the flight of the flint-tipped arrows themselves.

Ly's main emotion was surprise as he fell forward. But the image of Brith-na-gig came to his mind, holding open her arms and he felt himself slipping through her to the arms of the Mother Herself, where his trials and tribulations were ended and his soul was returned to Source.

In the moonlight a stealthy figure stole forward to see if the form fallen down the bank was lifeless. Satisfied that this was the case, the figure crept down the bank and began to dig the loam in the shadows, at the base of the rise, where the dead body of the Hawk lay severed from his death-writhe. Soon a pit had been dug, the body buried, skilfully and painstakingly concealed. Then in the stealthy darkness, a shadow of Death's scythe sped away across the country, as silent and unobserved as he had come, having spent his venom - holding a smile of poison, within his scorpion mind.

Gradually, gradually the moon fell back before the coming of the light of dawn, until the sunrise glanced off the first stones in the midst of the great arena; as glorious as ever, shining forth the gold of life regardless of the presence of death, buried in the recumbant form of the dead man, lying face down with the flint arrow-heads embedded in his back, the soil and stones compressing his flesh, in time, sifting a skeleton to bone.

Far away, further north in the Westlands, an old man was seated at his bench, gazing through his portal at the night sky and the full round moon. For an instant the black silhouette of a screech owl flew like a porten across the face of it, causing Old Man Wem to frown and turn down to his sacred bowl of water into which he had been scrying. He looked once more into the moon-filtered water and from the shadow of the fleeting bird he caught the glimpse of a form falling forwards, falling forwards and dying beneath some virulent shadow in the silver perfection of the night.

In that instant, Old Man Wem knew that Brith-na-gig would never see Ly come man-home and would never be moon-ma with him come by. With the same piercing intuition, Old Man Wem knew Brith-na-gig would seed and flower with a childer part of the Hawk himself.

Tears trickled down the old man's face, silver jewels on brown leather, tracing a path wrought from the sorrow of wisdom and more ...

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Question of Being
Anton Long, 1977ev. ONA.

In order to understand the nature of man's being, and to arrive at an understanding of being itself, it is necessary to consider what constitutes, as a mode or modes of being, an individual, since in the fact of individuality one has an appropriate and indisputable ground from which to proceed.

The two fundamental modes of being which characterize man in his individuality are interpreted consciousness and primordial consciousness, the latter being understood as the unconscious in the sense of Jung (1). This unconscious can be characterized by causality, the conscious by causality - thought, the prime signification of causality, stands, ontologically opposed to the being that is acausality. The mathematical, which ontologically expresses thought (2) and whose signification is abstraction, restores, through its intuitive ground in the symbol, the priority of the question of being because the symbol is the prime signification of the acausal for that mode of being which is man, and is prior to the 'house of being' (3) that is language. One kind of symbol which explicates man's mode of being, is the work of Art. Yet the symbol is both abstraction and archetype - abstraction, because of the intuitive grounding of the mathematical, and archetype because primordial consciousness is constellated for and by the perception of the consciousness since individuality reveals itself to the world as a joining, in varying degrees, of primordial and consciousness.

What characterizes man's being is the predominance of interpreted consciousness: man is, and only for man is Being an issue (4). In respect of others, an individual in a unique orientation of interpreted, pre-conscious (5) and primordial consciousness - if the orientation is predominantly toward and conditioned by others, then such an individual is, psychologically - from the horizon of causality - extraverted; if the orientation is predominately inward, toward the pre-consciousness and primordial, the individual is introverted. The former is characterized, ontologically - from the horizon of acausality - and not psychologically, as inauthentic existence, since authentic existence is a striving toward interpreting what is pre-conscious and primordial. Individuation (6), the completion of this striving, is an authentic hermeneutic and involves the objectification of impersonal images by returning the archetype to the ground of its abstract. Individuation, is, ontologically, the synthesis of the orientations of extraversion and introversion characterized by a striving for interpretation, and consequently such an interpretation, to manifest the temporality of man's being, must in its authentic form be mathematical, grounded in the intuitive symbol. Only when the symbol is grounded in the essence of man's being and projected abstractly can it, mathematically, explicate being: the mathematical abstract, as a logical parallel to Descartes' cogito, cannot do this until the mathematical returns to its ground, and this return is pre-figured in individuation and expressed in the objectification of the primordial by which means Being is made manifest according to temporality. Language, alone, cannot accomplish this task - and any method requiring for its basis language (such as phenomenology) can never complete the work of understanding Being: it can pose the question, confine it to certain limits, but it cannot solve that question.

The interpreting implicit in authenticity, is the making, from what has become conscious, of the mathematical, and such making or re-interpreting, is authentic only in so far as the mathematical is itself grounded in the symbol. What passes for the mathematical - when it is grounded solely in the abstract - is, ontologically, not mathematical and is thus inauthentic. Any edifice (such as physics) built on such inauthentic foundations must be demolished and re-built authentically, starting from the re-grounding of the mathematical. What cannot be re-built in this manner must remain unbuilt, since only by re-building and living according to that re-building is it possible for man to live authentically. Such a task as this is the task of thinking.

This re-grounding of the mathematical must take the form of an examination of the 'foundations of mathematics', since only by the process of this preliminary examination will it be possible to explicate the meaning of an individual and to being the task of questioning Being.

a) Symbol and Abstract as a Ground to man's being:

A symbol exists, and exists primordially, because man's being is an issue for man, that is, because of being. Thought as a consequence of man's existence in the world, becomes thought.

*The Question of Time:
Toward the New Acausal Science of Life*
R. Venn, 1996.

The Question of Time

In many ways, the concept of Time is central to the science of Physics. However, this concept has not really been understood, and modern theories - starting with the theory of 'relativity' - have what are basically absurd notions about 'time'.

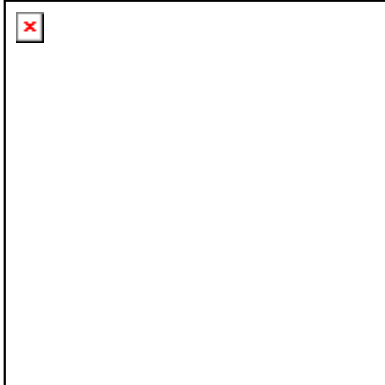
According to this absurd modern approach, time is the 'fourth dimension' and this abstract dimension is taken as actually existing, as an entity in itself with time being understood as a *quantity* which can be measured. From this, speculative conclusions (e.g. those of 'special relativity') have been derived concerning 'time-reversal' and such like. That is, a mathematical model has been constructed to represent something which actually does not exist, and from this model certain consequences are abstracted, with these consequences being interpreted as if they were real or could be real, and used to explain what is real or observed.

The fundamental mis-understanding derives from that abstract concept of modern physics 'Space', with this 'Space' being regarded as 'four-dimensional' and represented by a transformation of four co-ordinates, three being spatial, and one representing time. However, this abstract 'Space' does not exist in reality, just as an abstract linear 'time' which is measurable does not exist. This abstract Space itself (or more exactly, this space-time continuum) cannot be measured, or represented, by a co-ordinate system, a 'frame of reference' or anything else simply because it has no actual physical existence - such a 'space' is purely imaginary and therefore matter, energy or 'force' (such as gravity) cannot be represented or measured in terms of this 'space'.

This statement is of fundamental importance, and to explain it fully a brief digression about physical theory is in order. Physics deals - or rather should deal - with what is observed, or what can be inferred or deduced from observation. A physical theory is or should be a model of what is observed or what can be inferred from observation. Such a theory should be as simple as possible, and be consistent - i.e., logical. A theory should be able to account for observations made about the phenomena with which that theory is concerned. The theory itself can be expressed in mathematical terms, by equations linking something to something else, with the abstract quantities of mathematics representing some physical quantities. This mathematical expression often enables predictions to be made - that is, it shows some new relation, hitherto unknown or unobserved, between two or more physical quantities or properties, or it shows some new phenomena or behaviour of physical properties or quantities which could be observed if looked for. The importance of experiments is that they enable such relationships to be observed, and new relationships and phenomena found. What must be understood is that the mathematics is a tool, an abstraction - it is not the reality. This reality is only and ever discovered through observation or experiment. What is not observed, not capable of being observed, or not capable of being logically deduced from known observations or experiments, should be considered not to exist, and therefore should not be the concern of physics or even of science.

What has happened over the past hundred years or so is that speculation, based on abstract theories, has been accorded prominence over observation and direct experiment. Furthermore, the abstractions of speculative theories have been mistaken for what actually exists. This is particularly evident in the theories of relativity, in cosmology and in 'particle physics'. Logic and observation have been forced aside by speculation and childish fantasy.

Consider the now well-known theory of 'black holes' in the cosmos. No such 'holes' have ever been observed, and the existence of such holes has been deduced from various speculative *theories* which themselves are not based on observation but instead rest on other abstract theories where what is abstract has been mistakenly said to actually exist or be real - e.g. the gravity of a large body causing 'space-time' itself to curve, and the assumption that therefore gravity is somehow the very curvature of this 'space-time'. Another well-known theory, with no reality, based on inane speculation, and which is totally illogical and unreasonable and therefore *unscientific*, is that of 'the big bang' according to which the universe originated from some enormous explosion in some small agglomeration of primal matter. Where this matter came from is never explained, just as what was 'outside' the boundary occupied by



this matter is never explained, except by illogical assumptions such as 'nothing was outside or could be outside since that finite matter *was* then the universe'. How this finite matter could then 'expand' into what did not exist is also not rationally explainable, and so on.

However, the fundamental problem of physics goes much deeper than modern abstract theories, and concerns what is meant by time and matter themselves, and how we represent these in order to understand them.

The Organic Nature of Time

An abstract four-dimensional space-time continuum does not exist because what exists is matter (and/or energy) which *changes*. There is not, nor can be, any 'external observer' which matter - such as a specific object - is at rest relative to. This means that no abstract co-ordinate system, using an abstract time, can be used to represent that matter, its motion and its changes, including its effects and/or interactions with/on other matter. This abstract system must be replaced. This further means that we must not only discard theories based on an abstract space-time continuum, but also look beyond Newtonian physics.

In essence, matter is an expression of the fundamental *change* which governs the universe. This can best be explained by defining what 'time' is. What we have hitherto called time is merely a form of this fundamental change, and this time cannot be abstracted, in discrete magnitudes, out of this flowing, continuous change. Time is properly a measure of the change of physical matter or energy, and is already implicit *in* that matter because that change is part of the nature of that matter itself.

One may visualize this by considering matter to be part of a flow, part of a continuous change rather than discrete objects existing singularly in 'space' at a certain 'time'. Such a perception of time and matter takes us back to fundamentals about matter, motion and force itself, and enables the foundations of a new understanding to be created, an understanding which can and will revolutionize physics.

The mistake hitherto has been to assume that this fundamental change which is time is somehow separate from the matter which changes. Consider two forms of matter, one conventionally said to be 'living' and one conventionally said to be inert, or dead. The first is an acorn which roots in the ground and from which an oak tree grows. The acorn *is* the oak tree, as, in discrete linear terms of an abstract 'time', the oak tree at 1 year of age is the same oak tree at 10 and 100 years of age. However, we could represent this another way as a continuous flow of change. This, one might have:

where a is the acorn, b the tree at a certain age, and c the tree at another more advanced age.

The second example is some sub-atomic particle a created by some experiment involving high energies and bombarding a target. This is said to have existed for t seconds before becoming two different particles b and c , which then decay into other particles after a further short period of time. What actually has occurred is that there has been a change of energy which has been observed at a specific point - that is, a is b and c , with b and c not being separate, discrete, particles but rather a after such a change. In effect, b and c have 'grown' from or out of a and are therefore its 'descendants', its change of living form. In this instance we would have:

Such a change is always organic; that is, continuous. If we view an oak tree at a certain 'time' - say on a specific day at a specific hour when that tree is 50 years old - we obtain an image or impression of that tree at that time. At another time, it will have changed, perhaps in a way we cannot observe. But because it is organic, it is continually changing because it is living - growing, or decaying. This change itself

depends on other things around the tree on the soil, the climate and so on. That is, it does not live in isolation; it is itself part of a larger organism, in this case the living system which is our own planet. An abstract time and an abstract space have distanced us from the realness of matter - physics has considered discrete, separate physical objects in isolation and then tried to work out the effects on these objects of other, discrete, separate objects., often from the viewpoint of an observer in a static 'reference frame'. The realness is that all matter is alive in the sense that all matter can and does change. Thus a so-called dead inert object, such as a lump of rock which is an asteroid in orbit round our sun, is alive because it can and does change - it is formed, or born, and it will be changed. We only view it now as inert rock because we catch a glimpse of it in *our* brief moment of time of some thousands or tens of thousands of years. But it is changing, slowly, in its own way, as such things do; it is already on the way to becoming something else. In effect, it has its own 'time' of change, of living - which is far vaster than our own. The physics we have so far evolved is the physics of our discrete time, not the real time, or change, of the living, organic, universe. As such it is mostly an inert physics, just as the technology developed from this physics is an inert technology **and not an organic, or living, technology**. No wonder we cannot yet hope to travel among the stars using this inert technology. Basically, we cannot impose a strictly limited, and discrete, concept of an abstract 'human life' time onto what hitherto has been regarded as inorganic or inert matter, and then so classify that matter as 'dead' and, just as importantly, as unconnected with, as separate from, other matter in the universe. *This misunderstanding has led us to mistakenly posit an external frame of reference onto matter and see that matter as being 'at rest' or 'moving' relative to this frame, as it has led us to classify that matter and its changes according to a non-existent abstract time of discrete moments.* Physics has therefore constructed equations which link these moments of this abstract time. Thus we have evolved an 'abstract time' technology consisting of forced links between separate, discrete, entities or objects. This inert, discrete, technology is limited in both conventional time and space, whereas an organic technology, founded upon matter as a living continuous interacting change, is not so limited. This current technology arises from constructing crude mechanical machines from individual, discrete, components, and then trying to connect these components together in a way which 'works'. These components are themselves manufactured in an artificial way and linked together statically - without the flexibility of adaptation, mutation and change which living organisms possess. A physics based on the organic nature of time, and which thus expressed the organic change present in all matter, would be capable of being the foundation for an organic or living technology. A good example of an inert machine is a computer. This is constructed from discrete components, linked together, and these components and the links between them, derive mostly from electronic theory - from controlling the flow of electrons in circuits. These electrons are understood as separate, discrete, particles. The resulting machine, the computer, while remarkable in some ways compared to a bronze-age cart pulled by horses, is still primitive, inflexible, inert, unadaptable and very, very stupid. An organic computer would evolve - it would grow from something to become a computer; it would be alive and so adaptable. In order to create this new technology, a new revolutionary physics needs to be created which does away with discrete representations and an abstract time, and which considers matter as a connected form of change. From this will arise a new understanding of materials and of how those materials can be used in a connected or organic way. The whole basis of electronics and electricity - charge and the flow of electrons - will be understood in a new light, with a new field of study arising from a realistic understanding of what charge and electricity actually are. The first stage in creating this new physics is to examine the fundamental problem of motion, as well as matter and force itself, and this will take us back beyond Newton and Galileo to Aristotle. The next article in this series will outline this new organic approach to motion and matter.

Aristotle and the Acausal Cosmic Being

The importance of Aristotle is that he accepts Nature, and the cosmos itself, as things which can be understood, or apprehended, by our consciousness and the use of reason. Furthermore, for Aristotle, Nature is a wonderful, often beautiful, "striving-to-become" - it strives to become what is 'immortal'. That is, it strives for more order. The pursuit of understanding by the use of reason can and often does fill us with awe and joy - it inspires us, and raises us, as mortals, to a higher level. This Aristotelian

striving to know by the use of reason, this Aristotelian awe and joy, form the basis of science and in the fundamental sense it is these things which make us human and civilized.

In contrast to the life-enhancing 'striving-to-become' and the joyful enquiring of Aristotle, Plato, for example, views the world and nature as imperfect and often ugly. Aristotle looks upward, toward what is immortal, while Plato looks downward from an abstract and almost lifeless 'perfection'.

Aristotle provides us with the essentials we need to begin to understand the cosmos, Nature and life itself. These essentials are: (i) that the cosmos exists independently of us and our consciousness; (ii) that our understanding of this 'external world' depends upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; (iii) that logical argument or reason, is the means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) that the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws.

The importance of these essentials needs emphasizing, for they enable us to avoid the idle speculation, the confusion and the irrational assumptions and conclusions that mark the non-scientific attempts at 'understanding'. For example, what is beyond our senses and our direct experience cannot form the basis of understanding, and is therefore irrelevant - for what is important to understanding is what is known, what is perceived by us. Using these Aristotelian essentials, we can soon appreciate some of the most important conclusions which Aristotle himself reached. These logical conclusions, based on the essentials we have accepted, form the basis of our own enquiry. They are:

(1) Since the cosmos is an order, a *changing*, which we because of our consciousness can understand, the *change*, or movement, of things in this cosmos does not have a beginning as it does not have an end. Therefore, any speculation about the 'origin' of this cosmos is idle and useless because the cosmos is eternal.

(2) This changing of the cosmos - the movement within it, its cycle of growth, decline and growth for example - is itself dependent on something. This is the timeless, or eternal, 'prime mover', or 'First Cause', which itself does not move, as measured by time. Time itself is the measure of movement - that is, time is implicit in, or is a part of, movement. Expressed another way, time is the measure of change.

(3) All life implies 'ordinary' matter plus an extra "something". Our own human life possesses more of this extra "something" than other life. Thus do we and we alone of all life that we know have 'consciousness', an awareness of our surroundings, and 'the desire to know'.

If we use slightly different terminology, we can at once understand these things better. The cause of movement itself must be a-causal, that is, "beyond the causal". The 'prime Mover' - or the being of the cosmos itself, the 'cosmic Being' - is thus a-causal. Movement, and thus change, are *causal*. It is the a-causal which causes, or drives, the movement of the causal, of ordinary matter. Furthermore, we can say that it is this a-causal which is the extra "something" which life possesses. That is, life is a contact, or intermingling, of matter with the cosmic Being itself, with the a-causal.

The science of Physics describes the ordinary matter of the cosmos and its movement, or change. This description depends on ordinary or causal time. But this is an incomplete description of the cosmos because it considers such movement in isolation, in purely causal terms, whereas the cosmos, and the matter within it, is both causal and a-causal. Furthermore, the changes which Physics describes are described by an earth-derived and earth-bound causal time based on our own planetary-sun cycle of change.

What needs to be understood is that this other aspect, the a-causal, can be experienced and known - that is, it exists in the physical sense, can be discovered by us, and known. It is not 'immaterial' in the sense of being 'spiritual', and neither is it unknowable in the sense that a supreme god or omnipotent being is unknowable. The best way is to consider this a-causal as another type of 'matter' or change, different from ordinary matter and ordinary, causal, change as measured and understood by causal, earth-derived, time. This a-causal is most evidently manifest in living things - in we ourselves, and in the aspects or life-forms of Nature.

To make this a-causal real for ourselves - to fully understand it - we have to somehow discover, describe or capture and express this a-causal in some physical way. We must find some means of describing the changes of this 'a-causal matter' in terms of 'a-causal time'. For this, the mathematical descriptions used by Physics to describe the changes of ordinary matter will not do because such descriptions describe such changes in terms of causal time, even when non-Euclidean geometry is used.

One way of capturing the a-causal is to develop a truly *organic* technology - that is, to create *living* machines from organic material. Such an organic technology would be totally different from the current concern with "molecular electronics" and "nanotechnology" because these concerns still depend on manufactured, discrete and dead electronic components which themselves are based on descriptions of

causal matter using causal time. Electronics, for example, is a means of describing the changes of a particular type of causal matter - electrons - over causal time, and enables components and circuits to be built to alter and control the flow of electrons. Thus, for example, using organic 'molecules' to store data is not a genuine organic technology, because: (i) such molecules are manufactured to do one or two specific, inert, tasks; (ii) such molecules are not basically alive as independent changing organisms - that is, not possessed of the acausal; and (iii) they would still be somehow connected to, and dependent upon, electronic components. A truly organic technology uses one type of acausal matter, living matter, and its changes, or growth, in a living way to produce an organic machine made entirely of organic matter, with no dead, discrete, manufactured components - electronic or otherwise. We ourselves would interact with, or control these organic machines in a living way, for example by using our "thoughts" (via "biofeedback" or something more sophisticated) or a living symbiotic relationship, such as the relationship of a hunting man with his well-trained hunting dog. In either case, the parameters of change, of control, of such organic machines would be natural or living ones determined by the acausal, or living, changes of that organic machine - rather than determined by causal, inert, matter such as an electronic, electrical or mechanical circuit. In the example of the hunting dog, the parameter of control is the relationship which exists between the dog and its master. Such a truly organic technology would enable us, for instance, to build or create an organic space-ship capable of traveling between the stars, with this ship being a living, existing, being, capable of living or existing in interstellar space, and having some kind of symbiotic relationship with its crew or its controller. However, to create this technology it is necessary for us to understand the basics of acausal matter and acausal change, and to do this we need to develop a new Physics - and if necessary a new mathematics - to describe such things. Before even this can be done, we need to understand what acausal matter itself is, and how to describe its change, as acausal time - that is, we need to know exactly what both causal and acausal matter are, and what both causal and acausal movement or change mean.

Causal Matter and Causal Time:

The description of causal, or ordinary, matter and its movement or change involves the use of a *frame of reference*, or geometrical co-ordinate system, whether this be an absolute one, as posited by Newton, or a relative one, as posited by modern Physics. Space is defined by this frame of reference - for space, in the physical sense, is said to exist between two objects, or points, which are themselves described by fixed co-ordinates of a frame of reference. Space is simply 'extension'. In this simple sense, causal time is the duration between the movement of an object, measured from some starting point in a frame of reference, to the measured end of that movement in the same frame of reference.

The notions of 'force' and 'energy' are used to describe changes which an object or objects can undergo, and such changes are dependent on the mass, velocity (or movement), rate of change of velocity and the distance of movement of the object or the other object(s) which affect or cause an object to so change. Force, and energy, are basically expressions of the changes of causal matter over causal time.

Modern physics assumes these things - force, space and time - exist, of themselves. That is, that *space* exists and that a particular force, for example the gravitational force due to a massive object, exists in the space around that massive object.

Whatever the reality of such concepts in actual, cosmic, terms, they have hitherto proved useful in describing the motion and behaviour of observed and observable physical matter, as they have provided a basic understanding of the known physical cosmos. So long as such concepts are based on what is known and observed, so long as they are rational, and so long as the observed reality confirms them and their logically deduced consequences, then they are valuable. They cease to be valuable when they are not based on what is known and observed, when they cease to be rational, or when there is no observed or known reality to confirm or contradict them and the speculations derived from them.

In the overall, cosmic sense, the Physics of causal matter, and the laws which form the basis of this Physics, should be considered to be a special, or limiting, case of the living or organic cosmos described by the laws and processes and concepts of acausal matter and acausal time. That is, the laws, process and concepts of acausal matter and acausal time should also describe, as a special case, the laws, processes and concepts of known physical matter. The new Physics of acausal matter and acausal time should reduce to the old Physics of ordinary matter when the conditions for such ordinary matter apply.

Acausal Matter and Acausal Time:

Acausal matter is ordinary matter plus an extra "acausal something" - rather like a charged particle is ordinary matter plus the extra "causal something" of charge. For the present, and for convenience, we shall call this extra "acausal something", acausal charge.

The basic properties of acausal matter are:

- (1) An acausal object, or mass, can change without any external force acting upon it - that is, the change is implicit *in* that acausal matter, by virtue of its inherent acausal charge.
- (2) The rate of change of an acausal object, or mass, is proportional to its acausal charge.
- (3) The change of an acausal object can continue until all its acausal charge has been dissipated.
- (4) Acausal charge is always conserved.
- (5) An acausal object, or mass, is acted upon by all other acausal matter in the cosmos.
- (6) Each acausal object in the physical cosmos attracts or repels every other acausal object in the physical cosmos with a magnitude which is proportional to the product of the acausal charges of those objects, and inversely proportional to the distance between them as measured in causal space.

Acausal time is implicit in acausal matter, because space, as such, does not exist for acausal matter - that is, such acausal matter cannot be described by a frame of reference in causal space. Separation, in the sense of physical space measured by moments of causal time or a duration of causal time, does not exist for acausal matter because such a separation implies causal time itself. Hence the principle that an acausal object or mass is acted upon by all other matter in the cosmos because all such matter can be considered to be 'joined together' - to be part of an indivisible whole. In the abstract and illustrative sense, we could say that all acausal matter exists in the physical world described by causal space and causal time *as well as existing simultaneously in a different continuum described by acausal space and acausal time*. with this 'acausal space' incapable of being described in terms of conventional physical space, either Euclidean or non-Euclidean. This 'acausal space' and this 'acausal time' are manifested by, and described by, acausal charge itself - that is, by the extra property which acausal matter possesses because it is acausal.

The properties of acausal matter, enumerated above, form the basis for the new Physics which describes acausal matter and its changes, and it is no coincidence that many of them express, for acausal charge, what the ordinary Physics expresses for ordinary matter and electric charge, since the acausal charge is what makes any matter which possesses it alive or organic - a living, changing, organism. When this acausal charge leaves or is dissipated away from an acausal object, then that object becomes ordinary physical matter, obeying the laws of ordinary Physics. Such matter is then 'inert' or 'dead'.

Furthermore, these basic properties of acausal matter enable us to really begin to understand, for the first time, the real nature of the cosmos, as they can show us the way toward developing a truly organic technology and an *organic medicine* capable of replacing the rather lifeless, primitive and often damaging medicine of the present which relies on traumatic surgery and drugs.

Life and the Acausal Charge

Life implies the following seven attributes - a living organism respire; it moves; it grows or changes; it excretes waste; it is sensitive to, or aware of, its environment; it can reproduce itself, and it can nourish itself.

The acausal charge or charges which a living organism possesses is what causes or provokes the physical and chemical changes in an object so that it exhibits the above attributes. For instance, a living cell could not be made from its molecular constituent parts and then be expected to suddenly become 'alive'. The process of life occurs only when acausal charges are present in *addition* to the ordinary matter (of elements, molecules and so on) which make up the substance of an organism.

An organism - something which is alive - obeys the ordinary laws of physics (with one known exception) but is also subject to the laws which govern acausal matter. Ordinary matter, or a dead once living organism, does not obey the laws which govern such acausal matter. The one known exception is the second law of thermodynamics - a living organism represents an increase in order: a re-structuring of physical matter in a more ordered way. This change toward more order may be said to be 'powered' or caused by the acausal energy of acausal charges. The causal energy changes in organisms, which can be described by ordinary chemical reactions between elements and molecules - that is, in terms of chemical energy - are produced or caused by acausal charges. In effect, such chemical reactions are one of the physical manifestations of acausal charges in the causal continuum. Being 'alive' means ordinary physical matter is re-organized, or changed, in a more ordered way. A living organism possesses the capacity, by virtue of its acausal charges, to create order, to *synthesize* order from the less ordered physical world. Life implies an increase in order in the causal continuum.

Detecting Acausal Charges

The acausal charges which organism possess by virtue of being organisms should be capable of being

physically detected. That is, they should be capable of being observed, by us, and should be capable of being measured quantitatively using some measuring device devised for such a purpose. Following such detection and measurement, observations of the behaviour of such acausal charges could be made. Such observations would then form the basis for theories describing the nature and the laws of such charges. The result would then be the construction of organic machines and equipment, following the invention of basic "machines" to generate, or produce, moving acausal charges.

A useful comparison to aid the understanding of such a process of discovery, measurement and theory, exists in the history of electricity. Static electricity was known for many centuries, but not understood until the concept of positive and negative charges was postulated. Later, instruments such as the gold-leaf electroscope were invented for detecting and measuring such charges. Other instruments, such as frictional machines and the Leyden jar, were invented for producing and accumulating, or storing, electric charges, and producing small 'galvanic currents' or electricity. Then the great experimental scientist Faraday showed that 'galvanic currents', magnetism and static charges were all related, and produced what we now call an electro-magnetic generator to produce electricity. From such simple experimental beginnings, our world has been transformed by machines and equipment using electricity, and by the electronics which has developed from electricity.

It is obvious that acausal charges cannot be detected by equipment based on electricity - for example connecting a living organism (such as a plant) to some equipment designed to detect or measure electrical charge, either static or moving, or electrical resistance or whatever. Some changes in, for example electrical resistance, *may* be measured when such an organism is connected to equipment designed to measure electrical resistance, and when that organism undergoes some sort of change, but it is some physical physiological or chemical change which is being observed not the acausal change caused by acausal charge. To detect acausal charge and thus some acausal change something acausal has to be used. This means that to detect acausal charge something alive - some *organism* or organisms - has to be used, and the change in that detecting organism somehow observed on the physical level. Perhaps after that detecting organism has undergone some physical or chemical change as a result of 'detecting' an acausal charge or charges.

Thus, to establish the new "organic science" - and to develop the fundamental laws of the Physics of this new science - practical experiments need to be conducted and observations made. It is such practical experiments - at first to detect and measure the basic acausal charge - which are the next step forward.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Sinister Dialectic

ONA

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic strategy - that is, (a) the use of Black Magick to change individuals/events on a significant scale; (b) to gain control and influence; and (c) the use of Satanic forms (individuals/influence etc.) to produce/provoke changes.

This strategy, and the tactics involved to achieve it, is esoteric - and its learning forms an important part of novice training. Satanic strategy has its ground or foundation in Aeonics - Aeonics providing a means of rationally studying the patterns, processes and energies, both causal and acausal, which do and have shaped individuals and their groupings from societies to civilizations. Further, Aeonics provides a means of interpreting recent events/trends and can predict (within certain limits) future patterns. [A basic introduction to Aeonics is given by the Order MSS dealing with the subject. A more advanced study involves becoming proficient in the advanced Star Game.]

I. On a basic level, the dialectic is concerned with simple opposition - with defiance of what is accepted or conventional at particular times. This is heresy - the Adversarial role, a challenge against both conscious and unconscious norms. This opposition works on two levels - the individual, and society. 1) individual: The strategy is to provide opportunities for individuals to discover the hidden/forbidden within their own psyche, or lead them/influence them toward this. This means catharsis on an individual level. 2) Society: The strategy means Satanic individuals/organizations disseminate (often with no direct Satanic connotations) heretical ideas or otherwise encourage them. The aim of both (1) and (2) is to challenge and thus provoke change, reaction.

At the present time, (1) means rites such as The Black Mass [qv. the Order MS 'Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass'], and other means of inner liberation. (2) means an aiding of what actually is heretical, now - this means upholding (a) inequality (particularly racially), (b) the concept of war, and (c) aiding discussion/spread of information/exchange of ideas/triumphing the cause of those things which actually are heretical, in Law and mostly ignored by the majority such is their supine nature - such as certain views regarding events in World War Two the propagation of which are illegal and which render the person spreading them to imprisonment (i.e. denying 'the Holocaust' ever took place). Further, (2) at this time also involves countering the unhealthy and anti-natural morality of suppression of the Nazarene.

All these are, however, tactics to achieve broader strategic goals - they are means, only. These means can and often do change as the times change - as societies change. For instance, regarding (2)(a) above - in a society which was tyrannically anti-egalitarian, the tactic would probably be to aid egalitarian tendencies.

II. On a higher level, the dialectic is concerned with long-term evolution - with the creation and change of civilizations and ultimately with the creation of a new type of individual, a new species. This means altering our evolution, this alteration being toward the 'Satanic'. This means two things - or rather two tactical approaches. (1) Enabling individuals to change themselves, to evolve, consciously, and so become part of that evolutionary change. (2) Changing/influencing the structures (such as societies) to make them instruments for such change or at least not detrimental to it.

(1) involves such things as External and Internal Magick - a following of the Seven Fold Sinister Way. (2) involves Aeonic magick - e.g. the creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection in the psyche of others which results from introducing them - and gaining/using influence. It should be understood that while the tactics of I above can and do change, the tactics used to attain II remain essentially the same because the goal is precise. Further, I in many ways aids II - that is, the opposition to some fixed idea or dogma, accepted at a particular moment in history, provokes a change and leads to a new synthesis and thus an evolution of conscious understanding in individuals, thus aiding the sinister dialectic on a higher level. Essentially, I is exoteric, and II esoteric Satanism - and it is necessary to make this distinction because the means of I vary with time (over centuries) while II remains relatively fixed, and all too often novices (and others) confuse a tactic used in I (such as politics) as something Satanic when it is only a tactic, a means, a form.

The reason 'why' there is (in genuine Satanism, anyway) a sinister strategy - a dimension beyond the personal - is simple: it is in the nature of Satanism (genuine Satanism, anyway) itself. Satanism at its highest level is concerned with 'cosmic change' - that is, it is an expression of the evolution of conscious existence. Evolution is something we, as conscious beings, can participate in and indeed create - by so doing, we are extending the range of our being, fulfilling (and going beyond) the potential we possess; affirming our existence in the most intense way possible. Viewed another way (in terms developed recently to explicate such things - i.e. make them more conscious and thus controllable) Satanism accesses the acausal, via nexions, and so increases the amount of the acausal presenced in the causal. These nexions are psychic (within the psyche of individuals), physical (places on Earth where the causal and acausal intersect or are close) or created via magickal rites. Aeonics, and the sinister dialectic, are means which enhance our existence as Individuals - which offer us the opportunity not only to increase our consciousness and our abilities, but to use that consciousness and those abilities. Thus, Satanism, correctly understood, is more than a glorification of the ego, or an indulgence in pleasures, or some kind of intellectual, 'esoteric' knowledge. It is also more than just living 'on the edge' and garnishing dark and other experiences [that is only a stage - qv. the MS 'The Practice of Evil, In Context'].

In essence, the sinister dialectic is Satanism and Satanists in action - it is Satanists playing at god: altering themselves, others, societies, civilization and evolution itself. This is its purpose, and the justification of sinister strategy.

- Order of Nine Angles -

A Gift for the Prince
- A Guide to Human Sacrifice -
ONA 1984eh (revised 1994eh)

In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth [sometimes called 'The Lady Master'] usually takes on the role of the dark or 'violent' goddess, Baphomet, and the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan - the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess, the bride of our Prince.

Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed, or stored - for example in a crystal) and it draws down dark forces or 'entities'.

Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the 'astral shell' around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of sacrifice, is disruptive - that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that human sacrifice furthers the work of Satan.

Sacrifice can be voluntary, of an individual; involuntary, of an individual or two; or result from events brought about by Satanic ritual and/or planning (such as wars). Voluntary sacrifice results from the traditional Satanist belief that our life on this planet is only a stage: a gateway or nexion to another existence. This other existence is in the acausal realm where the Dark Gods exist. The key to this other existence is not negation, but rather ecstasy. A Satanist revels in life because by living life in a joyful, ecstatic way, the acausal that exists within us all by virtue of our being, is strengthened. For Satanists, not only the manner of living is important, but also the manner of death. We must live well and die at the right time, proud and defiant to the end - not waiting sickly and weak. The scum of the Earth wail and tremble as they face Death: we stand laughing and spit with contempt. Thus do we learn how to live.

Voluntary sacrifice usually occurs every seventeen years as part of the Ceremony of Recalling: the one chosen becomes Immortal, living in the acausal to haunt the edge of the minds of those un-initiated. An involuntary sacrifice is when an individual or individuals are chosen by a group, Temple or Order. Such sacrifices are usually sacrificed on the Spring Equinox, although if this is not possible for whatever reason, another date may be used. While voluntary sacrifices are always male (and usually twenty-one years of age) there are no restrictions concerning involuntary sacrifices other than the fact that they are usually in some way opponents of Satanism or the Satanic way of living.

Great care is needed in choosing a sacrifice: the object being to dispose of a difficult individual or individuals without arousing undue suspicion. A Temple or group wishing to conduct such a sacrifice with magickal intent must first obtain permission from the Grand Master or Grand Lady Master. If this is given, then detailed preparation must begin. First, choose the sacrifice(s) - those who removal will actively benefit the Satanist cause. Candidates are zealous interfering Nazarenes, those (e.g. journalists) attempting to disrupt in some way established Satanist groups or Orders, political/ business individuals whose activities are detrimental to the Satanist spirit, and those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic and/or improve the human stock.

There are three methods of conducting an involuntary sacrifice: (1) by magickal means (e.g. the Death Ritual); (2) by some person or persons directly killing the sacrifice(s); (3) by assassination.

Both (2) and (3) can be undertaken either directly by the group/Temple/Order and its members, or by proxy. Proxy involves the Master or Mistress finding a suitably weak-willed individual and then implanting in the mind of that individual - usually by hypnosis - a suitable suggestion.

Whatever method is chosen, a date for the sacrifice should be set and on that date a suitable ritual undertaken. This ritual is most usually the Death Ritual - if method (3) is chosen, the Ritual is performed twice: first, seven days before the chosen date, and then on the date itself while the member/proxy is undertaking the sacrifice. The energy of this latter ritual is then directed (or temporarily stored), or dispersed over Earth, by the person conducting the ritual.

Method (2) involves the Ritual of Sacrifice. The victim or victims are brought or enticed to the area chosen for the Ritual, bound by the Guardian of the Temple and at the appropriate point in the Ritual sacrificed by either the Master or the Mistress using the Sacrificial Knife. The body or bodies are then buried or otherwise disposed of, care being taken if they are found for suspicion not to fall on any of those involved. Those involved, of course, must be sworn to secrecy and warned that if they break their oath, their own existence will be terminated. Breaking the Oath of Sacrifice draws upon the individual or individuals who break that Oath, the vengeance of all Satanic groups, Order and individuals - and this vengeance is both magickal and more direct, the Master or Mistress of the Ritual appointing Guardians

to hunt down and kill those who have broken the Oath.
Those who participate in the Ritual of Sacrifice must revel in the death(s) - it being the duty of the
Master and Mistress to find suitable participants.
- Order of Nine Angles -

A Satanic Master, Revealed

[The following extract is taken from the memoirs of a member of the ONA]

I was, and had been for many years, a Satanic Master. What did that mean?

Did it mean I was an egocentric bastard who corrupted others and who followed the path of perversion? Did it mean I dressed in a certain way and cultivated a stereo-typed image? That I was wealthy, and powerful?

Not essentially. It meant a stage, a goal achieved, a way of being, **insight**...

There can be little that brings perspective and an awareness of meaning (and thus genuine insight) like being in a flimsy tent, in a storm, in Winter, with no food, little water, miles from anyone, with no one knowing or caring where you are, while Fever wrestles with you... Or sitting on warm grass on a warm sunny Spring day by a cross-roads having just been released from drab, dreary and enclosing prison life and realizing you are free, to take any road you choose... Or being in the cold of night trying to run silently from a house where you have shot someone dead and where people are screaming and shouting, knowing that the pursuit will soon begin, again... Or watching while a friend of only a few days but who in those days came close to you having saved your life, dies, his intestines throbbing in the dirt, having been cut from him by a storm of bullets... Or listening with a lover to a spell-binding performance of Beethoven's Ninth and then carrying that exuberance, intensity and affirmation together as you make exhilarating love and touch the essence...

Years ago, I had attained Adeptship (or 'individuation' to use another but less accurate term), a certain synthesis. This meant achieving empathy, skill, knowledge - a balance of conflicting opposites - and this achievement meant a change from what I had been. It was achieved by experience. I had been a fanatic (whether 'political' or 'Satanic' is unimportant) - hard, ruthless, DEVOTED TO ACTION, to experience. To attain more, I had to go further, to bring forth other aspects of myself, some of which were already a part of my character (mostly dormant) and some which were not. Because I was who I was, I did this via extreme experiences: isolation, being a wanderer, a monk... Mostly, this was a conscious decision or process, born from my Occult Initiation and the path I followed. But sometimes it was instinct. The experiences brought more insight, further experiences, and thus change: there was an enrichment, a taking of life into other realms of being. I always believed in myself, always understood I had a Destiny (and Initiation was a part of this) - even if at times I was not quite sure what it was. This is perhaps why I survived.

The core of my story is Satanism - of the genuine type - and to understand me is to understand this much misunderstood way of living. Satanism is the name given to a practical way of living: a quest for achievement, excellence, worth, defiance, where the individual struggles with and against the world, their own unconscious and the primal powers of darkness beyond the psyche. A 'magickal' grade or title is a stage of achievement, representing a certain level of insight, skill, experience, knowledge attained. Thus a 'Master' is not someone in a black cloak who stares (or tries to stare) demonically, who pretends to be all knowledgeable and infallible, and who of necessity perverts others. Rather, a Satanic Master (or Mistress) is someone who has attained a certain level of wisdom and experience: he or she will, like all genuine satanists, be insightful and controlled and intense. The higher (or more advanced) the Grade, the greater these will be. But a Master or Mistress will be something else - natural. That is, possessed of individual character. Spontaneous, because of this. And, of course, still human... A Grand Master (or Grand Mistress) is beyond this, and almost inexplicable.

As a Master, I came to know that my insight regarding wisdom was valid: that there is a sadness in wisdom, in knowing too much, in having seen too much, felt too much. But I did not let this knowledge about wisdom make me sad: except in those few exquisite moments when my being strained to the very limits of existence as I, alone, walked upon some bleak or sunny Moor or distant hill, when **I knew** what had yet to be achieved, by me and all others; what remains to be explored, discovered; **what can be**.

I, and others like me, are the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge is impossible. I am also my own opposite, and yet beyond both. This is not a riddle, but a statement of Mastery, and one which, alas, so few have the ability to understand.

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Baphomet & Opfer
From **Opfer, Fenrir Vol. II, no 2**

The word 'opfer' generally refers to the sacrifice that occurs - symbolic or otherwise - during certain rituals. There are, generally, two types of opfer: (1) associated with rites to open a nexion (or 'Star Gate'), between Aeons - when such an opfer(s) is considered necessary in terms of the 'energy' required;(2) those associated with traditional beliefs regarding the 'working of the cosmos'.

('Opfers' associated with death rituals form a third type.)

The second type, according to tradition, was chosen once every 17 years and this sacrifice was regarded as necessary to retain 'the cosmic balance' - in modern terms, keep a nexion open (and thus preserve the associated higher civilization etc). The chosen one was made an honorary Priest (this type of opfer was always male) and there was a joining between him and one or more women, as Priestesses. This joining was a simple type of 'hierosgamos', and the offspring of the union(s) were given great honour. At the ceremony itself, the head of the opfer was severed and displayed - usually for a night and a day (although this period may have been longer in the very distant past). The Rite was conducted outdoors in a 'sacred' place - often a circle of stones or hill top.

The chosen one was able, because of the sacrifice, to partake of an acausal existence - becoming thus an Immortal. Thus 'willing sacrifice' was possible, although it is easy to imagine that in later times, the opfer was not so willing.

Traditionally, this type goes back to Albion, and while originally the ritual was probably a community affair, it became more secretive. What survives to the present day (The Ceremony of Recalling with 'opfer' ending) probably reflects the essence of this earlier tradition rather than the detail (the words, chants etc). This essence may be apprehended in the role of the Mistress of Earth - representative of Baphomet, the Dark Goddess. It was to Baphomet that the sacrifice was made - hence a male opfer. Indeed, the whole ceremony (of Recalling) can be seen as a celebration of the dark goddess - the Earth Mistress/goddess in her darker/violent/sinister aspect. The severed head was associated with the worship of Baphomet - the cult deriving from Albion - hence the traditional representation of Baphomet. The identification of Baphomet as the Bride of Lucifer/Satan probably dates from around the 10th or 11th century, as does the use of the name 'Satan'/Satanas as the Earth-bound representative of the Dark Gods.

It is important to remember that in earlier times (eg. in Albion during the Hyperborean aeon) there was no clear and/or moral distinction between the 'light' and the 'sinister': the two were seen as different aspects of the same thing. Thus, what we know as the Mistress of Earth (the 'goddess') was both what we now call Baphomet (the dark aspect) and Gaia (the Earth Mother). Likewise with the male aspect - Satan and Lucifer - or Dionysus/Kabeiroi and Apollo. We now understand all such symbols as unconscious/conscious projections onto 'reality' (where 'reality' = the region of causal/acausal mergence) - as 'gates'/nexions to the acausal itself, with the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd being a 'map' of these gates understandable by 'non-Adept' consciousness. Thus, the sphere of Mercury re-presents Lucifer/Satan - Mercury, Mars and Sun being "male" spheres, and moon, Venus, Jupiter the "female" ones (Saturn beyond such opposites - Chaos itself).

The cult of Baphomet was the worship of the dark aspect of the "female" energies - where in this context, worship means a striving toward understanding/conscious integration. Traces of the worship of the 'light' aspect survive in the Septenary tradition in the name "Aktlal Maka" and the natural form of the Nine Angles rite. The darker aspect survives, in essence, in the Ceremony of Recalling and the traditions associated with the Mistress of Earth and Baphomet. As to the original name of the goddess in both her aspects, there is a tradition which gives 'Darkat' (early form of Lilith) as the name used before Baphomet became the common usage. However, 'Azanigin' has also been suggested - as has 'Aktlal Maka' for the 'light'/Gaia aspect, although both these are merely 20th century suggestions, not based on any oral tradition. Some aspects of the cult of the (dark) goddess are said to have survived into Greek times in the form of the 'mystery cults' (qv Kabeiroi - and also Eleusis for the 'light' aspect), this being an 'indirect survival', the 'modern' Septenary tradition being a direct one, from Albion.

The use of the name 'Baphomet' probably derives from the 10th or 11th century although the traditional pictorial representation of Baphomet is undoubtedly much older. If there was an oral tradition connected with the origin of the name Baphomet, it has been lost.

Thus, there are no indications as to the 'original' names of the 'light' and 'sinister' elements on the 'male'

side - known to us as 'Lucifer' and 'Satan'. These latter names probably also derive from around the 10th or 11th century - although 'Karu Samsu' (or something very similar) has been suggested for the 'Lucifer' aspect and 'Sapanur' as the 'sinister' aspect.

The rites associated with the first type of offer - such as 'The Sinister Calling' - cannot be either dated with certainty or seen to be derived from an earlier tradition. In all probability, they derive from the 12th or 13th century, although it is quite possible that earlier versions/forms existed. Some have even considered The Sinister Calling as a later version of the Ceremony of Recalling. Again, if there was an oral tradition, it has been lost - all that remains are the rituals themselves.

The 'Black Mass' itself (and indeed most of the ceremonial rituals in The Black Book of Satan) probably originated around the same time as the Sinister Calling. The original Mass was said in Latin, although by the middle of the 20th century a translated version had found its way into the Black Book - of necessity, although some Latin chants remained.

NOTES: The significance of the 17 year cycle is unclear. In the past few decades, some theories have been advanced, but they are unconvincing.

Aktlal Maka is a chant sometimes used in the natural Nine Angles Rite by the Priestess if the glade has a spring of water. It means 'the flowing waters of Earth' and is chanted in homage to Gaia since natural springs are regarded as her children.

The 'mysteries of the Kabeiroi' (sometimes spelt Cabiri) is one of the esoteric traditions associated with the Hellenic Aeon. In its original form, 'the mysteries' concerned certain deities often represented in the form of griffins and connected with the sea as well as Demeter - the 'mother Earth' or Gaia. According to esoteric tradition, the mysteries concerned the Dark Gods - in various 'shapechanging' forms - and related how Demeter gave the first Initiates of this tradition a crystal (later venerated at a shrine near Thebes where a sacred grove to Demeter existed) as well as showing how an individual, through various Rites which involved Gaia, women, sacred marriage and so on, could be transformed to a different realm of consciousness. This transformation, as in other Greek Mystery Cults, was achieved mainly through personal involvement in ritual/ceremonial action often of a mythological kind.

Later, this tradition became divided - Eleusis representing the 'Apollonian' element, the Kabeiroi the 'Dionysian' or darker aspects, for it is said that all Initiates of the Cabiri had to have committed a crime greater than common ones.

The mysteries of the Kabeiroi were often celebrated in mountain shrines (certain combinations of rock and underground water being regarded as sacred - that is, capable by their magickal power of transforming the consciousness of individuals (cf. various sacred sites of the Yezidi who upheld a more garbled version of Dark Gods tradition) and to reach these shrines was considered part of the process of Initiation.

Greeks called the Kabeiroi the 'great gods'.

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Black Rhadley
Brenna, ONA.

Ruth gazed from her window to where the black leaves spiralled in the advent of rain. For some reason, that image brought a recollection; an echo of the pattern of events which began following the first blissful year of her marriage ...

"But it's just what happened two weeks ago, Adrian," Ruth said woodenly. "You say you'll be back so we can enjoy an evening alone together - you assure me that will be the case - so I spend ages making you a lovely meal, put the clothes on that you like me to wear and then you don't turn up until well past midnight! I mean ... I haven't seen you all week. You make me feel as if you don't want me at all sometimes, as if you don't really need me and wouldn't miss me if I just disappeared and never came back one day. Why did you marry me if all you wanted was a house-keeper?"

"Oh come on. It's not as bad as all that! I've told you I have to work long hours sometimes - and yes, part of those long hours, of necessity, involve entertaining clients; socialising with them in the evening. I've explained all this before, haven't I? I work bloody hard you know, and you wouldn't be kept in such luxury, if it weren't for old Ade ... You know that kitten, don't you?"

A spasm of frustration and pain swept across Ruth's face. Her brown eyes accused him.

"It depends what you call luxury, Adrian. Is it luxury to spend six and a half days keeping house, doing the washing, ironing your interminable shirts, rattling around on my own in this damn house? Never being able to get you on your phone because you've switched your mobile off! I mean, I don't know why you bother having a mobile - you're unavailable half the time anyway!"

The tirade tumbled out, Ruth warming to her cause and relieving feelings that had been bottled up for a long time.

"Look, come on. I told you, I've been showing clients - important clients - around potential properties and building plots. I can't have the phone ringing all the time - it's not professional!"

"How professional is it to have strands of blond hair on your jacket - or is that some sort of kudos in the circles you mix in?" Ruth shot back, her anger spurring her on.

"Oh my God! A strand of hair and it means I've been shafting half the damn city! Don't be ridiculous.

I've told you, in the wine bar last night, there was a bit of flirting - it was nothing! Honestly Ruth, I wish you'd keep things in proportion - if you're going to leap on a single hair and use that as evidence against me, that's taking things a bit too far! You're making something out of nothing. I don't need any other women. You're enough for me, always will be - I've told you. Look, we'll take a holiday in May.

Somewhere hot and exotic, how does that suit you? Spend three weeks in the sun together, just we two, how about that then, eh? Come here, silly, and stop worrying about things that shouldn't be a worry at all. When will you learn to trust me, eh? Come here, kitten, and I'll show you how much I think of you."

Adrian was holding his arms out to Ruth, who, half reluctant, went to him and sat on his lap, succumbing to his words and his presence once more. Why did she always do this? Give in? She couldn't help it. He still turned her on so much. It was like now; him nuzzling her neck and nibbling her in a delicious way, his strong arms around her, his hands squeezing her flesh. She still loved it, and became his she-cat.

With her body, he knew he could do whatever he desired, and he held that physical power over her as a threat, a bargaining position, and as fuel for his ego.

But still she succumbed. How could she complain? She did live in ridiculous comfort: the house, four bed-roomed with an expansive garden and patio, the E-type Jag in the garage - a car that appealed to her vanity - the dishwasher, the microwave, the video and T.V. complete with satellite dish, the latest line in stereo and C.D. player; the good quality Habitat furnishings. Three years ago she had been living in a bedsit, trying desperately to save to buy her own car, to possess some security.

Then Adrian had swept her off her feet, dazzling her with his quick mind and smooth tongue, his electric hands ... As well as that, he seemed to represent some kind of power to her. She knew if she married him, her money worries would be over; he would protect her. He would raise her above the painful struggle against mediocrity, on a cushion of love and comfort, where she could bear his children, as it was her yearning to do. But Adrian hadn't wanted children. Not yet. Not for a while. Not now. Not ever it seemed.

When they married his family had sent them on an exotic holiday to Trinidad; a bliss-filled time. But when they returned - that's when it had started. Adrian's power games. They had an argument about the 'children thing'. She'd threatened to come off the pill, knowing she wasn't being fair. But then he turned

the situation to his advantage, in typical style.

He began noting the dates of her periods, so he could calculate the times of ovulation and avoid them. He urged Ruth to come off the pill, pointing out the recent bad publicity it had had. Ruth thought it might be his way of giving in. But it wasn't. She was fertile and responsive, but he would never make love to her until it was the right times of the month - that is, when there was little chance of her getting pregnant. In a way, she had found it erotic, having to wait. But that was how he got to her, making her a beggar to his whim.

So it began. Some days he would tease her, caress her buttocks, tongue her nipple, kiss her all over until she tingled - a passionate mingling. Then he would turn over and say good night, whilst she was left hopelessly aroused, wet with unfulfilled lust, juices unspent, body taut and quivering. He seemed to enjoy the restraint on himself as well; get a kick out of it somehow. Oh, but he was clever. He didn't do it too often, just every now and again, with a multitude of variations. The base part of her responded, begged for more. Her higher self sensed it was not entirely healthy - perhaps even destructive. But he used her so skilfully, there were times when all she cared about was sensation. The sensations he induced in her. Her tingling flesh. His tongue in the moist cleft between her thighs, eating her up; her viscera twitching at the thought of it, reverberating throughout the days that followed. His fingers taking control of her, delving into her, giving herself up to his teeth; his lips, his mouth, feasting upon her ... It was only later she began to discover there was a price to pay. He would switch the tables, get her keyed up, pushing her head down to his cock, urging her to take him in her mouth, sometimes or sometimes not, insisting she swallow his ejaculation. Then the roughness verging on violence that inevitably followed: the bruises that blossomed as the price of their love. His demeanour threatened her in a subtle way, so that she dare not risk his disfavour. Sometimes there was a barbarous glint in his eyes, that made her a little afraid. She knew there was a dark, hidden part of him, which was cruel, unyielding, slightly perverse. But there was a strange attraction in that also and so their relationship had formed and developed along these lines; a strong tension of sex, underlining their ordinary day to day dealings.

In a way, the first year had been exciting because of that. He was fun to be with, she sweetly adoring of him when he came back from work, playing the absolute housewife, making curtains and cooking, ironing his shirts. Selfless; devoted, like Melanie in 'Gone With the Wind'. And he had kept her blood hot for it, with lewd talk and fondling hands. On occasions insisting she serve him at mealtimes with only stockings and suspenders on. Making her do things she would blush at in the morning. Insisting she kneel down to provide a foot rest, his fingers exploring her, pulling her up spread-eagled, a moist mouth offered for his mouth to probe. The rest of her dangling down between his legs as he controlled her lower half. All of her, all of her, she wanted him to have at times like that - to do just what he wanted with her. And so had their relationship become what it was.

It was like a dark addiction she couldn't do without. When he demeaned her, it only made her feel more erotic. She would try to consider her childhood, to find a clue. Insecurity. Not Daddy's favourite. Not A or B category but C, in the exam stakes. Just enough to know and yet not know. She was pretty, yes, she knew that. But she felt inadequate at times, frightened of appearing dim, frightened that she was dim. Adrian's love had enriched her at first, his public school education dazzled her. But then he began to play on those insecurities, teasing them out and making a subtle web of torture out of that understanding. Adrian seemed to know her inside out - he anticipated her thoughts and actions uncannily at times. He did have a superior intellect. She conceded to him. Yes, he could run rings round her. What was he trying to prove? He was not obvious in the way he did this but all the same, she had come to realise he knew what he was doing and saying. It was not crassness or impatience or absent-minded irritation. He could say things that would squash her in an instant, make her want to curl up and hide away, unworthy, worthless. And he knew what he was doing when he said those things. But he tempered it. He still kept her eager for his presence.

More and more, work and the office intruded. At the start, they would have the whole weekend and early Friday afternoon together. He had whisked her off here and there for day trips and weekends away together; pub lunches, walks in the country, visits to galleries, stately homes, the finest restaurants. Making love. Yet even then, the dark games beginning.

Adrian was an ambitious man determined to rise and rise as manager of a building and property contractors. Fridays, he began to come home late or in the early hours; Saturday morning was spent on site, more often than not. Evening work became more and more frequent. She just accepted it at first, realising it was par for the course, a phase on the way to enjoying the dizzy heights Adrian spoke about

attaining. But anxiety gripped her when he came home too tired to be fond or communicate with her much at all. She needed him and she felt like weeping when she hadn't seen him for any length of time in the past days or sometimes even merging into weeks it seemed. Then he would come back, monosyllabically eat his meal and go straight to sleep. At such times, she felt horribly purposeless; as if she was living in a vacuum.

The urge for children became stronger, and a series of rows and heated debates ensued - which just made him even more obstinate. He went and spent the weekend with a friend in Oxford, threatening further estrangement if she persisted. She couldn't win. He wouldn't budge. He was only 29. He didn't want children yet. He wanted her for himself, all to himself with nothing to intrude or spoil their intimacy. At least for the moment, he hinted, keeping her hope alive on a subtle thread of promises; making her believe in a maybe that turned into the nothing of never-never. Only sometimes it didn't seem like he wanted her at all.

She would get so choked up about this that she would confront him with imagined infidelities and weep accusingly. She sensed these infidelities were not imagined at all, but she could not admit this to herself and wanted him to convince her it was otherwise. That's when he would take her and use her like she half wanted him to anyway. Coming up to her and grabbing a handful of her rich dark hair. Pulling her head back and quickly stripping her with his other hand, his grasp of her hair keeping her body arched, offered up to the indulgence of his appetite.

Bending her over the sofa, probing her orifices, experimenting with various devices and observing the effect on her; her spasms, her trembling wet responses. The way her body curled and bent to accommodate whatever was his desire. A finger first. An asparagus tip. A specially slender dildo inserted in her arse, lifting her cunt up for his inspection and use. A trick with a banana. The possibilities were endless, he would tell her with a lascivious inflection.

He would keep her going for hours in a state of near-orgasmic frenzy, until she would do anything ... anything just so he would fuck her. All she wanted was to feel him thundering away inside her - setting her free at last. If he did not oblige, she would weedle round him, stroking herself against him, begging him to take her. Sometimes he would refuse point blank, taking her upstairs and locking her in one of the spare bedrooms, just to prove how superior was his control, to give himself some peace from her pleas so he said. Just to show definitively, who was in control.

He was a pig. At times like that she had stark moments of lucidity when she realised that actually in instinct, he was cruel. He enjoyed the experience of power such cruelty gave him.

She could tell it was an obsession that could grow or be diverted. She had tried to divert it but seemed powerless before him, unable to counteract his dictatorship, as he seemed to hold all the cards. He earned the money. He had the big-shot job. The public school education. He had the degree. He had the interests and the upper echelon contacts. The pulling power. He had it all. She knew he did. And what was she when he'd met her? A struggling temp., making a living with agency secretarial work, trying to establish her own independence, desperately wanting to be able to afford a car, having passed her test the previous year when she was 20. Then Adrian came and gave all of it to her on a plate.

But now she was discovering the price that went with all that. For a long time she'd been willing to pay it. But lately she was beginning to doubt if the price was worth it, if it was a price she was willing to pay anymore. She felt she'd been progressively stripped of her pride over the past few years, so that at times she was pathetically anxious to please, like some pet that had been neglected. She disgusted herself at the thought of it.

But then once again the wings of dark passion would take storm and whirl her around. The leather hand cuffs, the teasing scourge, the chains, the flimsy chiffon, the rent of the cloth, the orgasmic delivery, the dangerous height of such altitudes. In the aftermath it was like they'd both been charged up, energised by the process. And the air was warm and liquid electric between them.

But then business would take him away again and again, and certain pastimes he would not give up. His weekends away 'with the boys', his jaunts to the races, formula 1 rallies, evenings spent at the casino - necessities to cultivate his clients, he said. His rich life and interests belittled her. Most times he made it seem it wasn't appropriate for her to go with him to these trips because it was mainly business, so he told her.

So that more and more she became cut off from his high life. She lived a much more internal, subdued life in contrast to his highly-charged wheeler-dealer circles, the merry-go-round he claimed he was obliged to ride, to get what he wanted, to move forwards in an upwardly mobile manner.

She could see he would be ruthless in his ascent and in quiet moments this chilled and appalled her. She

recognised something unscrupulous in him, that most would not see, so skilfully was it concealed beneath the smooth, charming exterior, the public school manner, the clever tongue. Those grey-blue eyes could become welcoming pools - when it suited him - in total sympathy with the other's persuasion, a glint of secrets and understanding drawing them in ...

His eyes of storm-cloud blue flashing to burst upon her; his eyes like a laser on her soul, pinning her motionless, for him to come forward and slowly undress her. By the time she was naked she was wet and aching for him, whilst his eyes still pierced her, kept her his slave. The intoxication of his hands...

The leather collar whim. He had come home all excited a couple of years previously, after talking to a guy who belonged to the 'Pony Club', down in Surrey. There, the men literally rode naked women, inserting pony's tails into their behinds to make the experience even more authentic. Adrian had gone out and bought a collar and a leash and arranged for this guy to send him all the 'pony' gear for a fee.

He set her up so neatly, playing his arousal game, then refusing to fulfill her; keeping her on edge, waiting for his touch. Friday night; a good bottle of red wine. Adrian insisting she wear nothing but her white lace see-through body-stocking. The "accidental" brush of his hands across her nipple as she collected up the plates, feeling his eyes drinking her in, gloating over her.

He insisting she pour him a glass of wine. She moving round to do so. He, nudging the glass as she poured, blaming it on her, in anger or mock-anger - she was never sure which. He, ignominiously picking her up, a hand on her crotch, the other round her breasts. He sat down on an armchair with her body across his knee, face downwards, her buttocks swelling up at him. He had spanked her mercilessly with the flat of his hand until she was begging for mercy, close to tears.

Then he held up her arse, pressing his tongue into her vagina, putting his mouth against her labia, coaxing her, making her melt with desire and want to stretch herself wide open for him; anything, anything for him, her master, his slave!

And so had she progressively made herself his slave. She rarely saw any of his friends. It was as if he kept her in an ivory tower that had so subtly and deviously crept up around her, now she was so ensnared she could not find the means to break out of it. And also there was a part of her that gave in to the unreal whirlpool of it. Almost as if she herself was willing to go to the limits; just to see how far both of them could be pushed without cracking. But she knew she would be the one that cracked, not him. He was too slick, too in control, too wiley ever to succumb like that. He was relentless, made of steel, and that was how it got to her more and more. In truth, that was what turned her on. Her own debasement. She knew it was bizarre but there was something so infernally delicious, so animal and subterranean about Adrian and his manoeuvres, the way they made her feel, that she succumbed and kept succumbing all these past three years.

By the time Adrian had melted her with his tongue between her thighs, making her forget the fact that her backside was burning from the beating he'd given her, he had then stripped her completely so she was naked beneath him, whilst he was fully clothed above her, still in control, still holding back, observing. Rolling her over, turning her round, grabbing handfuls of her willing flesh, pulling her towards him, kissing her on the lips, owning her mouth, turning her into a moaning, quivering wreck. His fingers pressing the buttons, her buttocks rearing upwards, opening out to him like a strange, exotic flower.

Adrian had breathed: "Just wait there, my hot, little bitch. Don't move an inch - you hear me? Not one inch! I'll be back." The threat in his voice had been apparent. She kept tilted on all fours, her buttocks raised, waiting for his return. By the time he came back the strain was beginning to tell. He, warning her to maintain it, whilst he undressed at his leisure. Her limbs starting to tremble with the effort, not daring to protest in case he took things in a direction she did not want to go in. Then he was kneeling down behind her, his hand on her cunt, the other cupping her breast and squeezing. "Now then, who's the master? Am I the master?" Adrian's smooth tones, her pathetic affirmation. Aching for his touch, for him to take away the agony of her pent-up needy flesh.

"My slave needs a collar then - don't you think? My hot little bitch needs a collar to keep her from getting out of control, what do you say?" His breath on her skin. A studded leather collar clicking into place around her neck. She unable to keep her position, collapsing into him, his hands beginning to explore again, his teeth shaping their appetite.

Often he would leave bruises. But he was devious. He kept just the right side of pleasure, so that the pain never overwhelmed the effect of the former. All the same he made sure he got his due of pain one way or another. She thought that's why he was so dastardly skilful a lover. In order to indulge his sadistic urges, he had developed the ability to play on the pleasure spots with a virtuoso's genius. So if he bit her too

hard and savagely, he would make up for it by sucking her nipples and flagellating them between his tongue and his teeth or nuzzling her neck and nibbling her ears, so that erotic impulses took hold of her and only served to heighten the sexual climax that came later.

He had tied her to the bedpost that night on a leather leash, insisted she carried on wearing the collar for the next day. She protested, but Adrian was the one with the key to unlock it and only he could free her. She was forced to wear high collars and polo necks to conceal it, not daring to go out because she felt so ridiculous. All the same she would catch sight of it in a mirror and touch her fingers to it, feel her groin moistening despite herself. When she demanded he take it off, he laughed at her and said she'd have to pay a forfeit.

She was becoming familiar with this tack as something to be feared - the prelude to some new perversity or pain, remembering past such bargains. The pain of the whip, the chains making her into an article of furniture for him to eat his meal off, the experimentation with drugs at her expense... She had told him she wouldn't play games with him anymore, at which he'd laughed again uproariously, telling her she would have to keep her collar on then until she proved herself the bitch on heat that she was.

She tried the other approach - pleading with him, cooking him a beautiful dinner. Trying to be reasonable and treat it as a joke, one that he would eventually tire of. But Adrian enjoyed seeing her suffer like that. The tears of shame and helplessness in her eyes. She knew it turned him on.

And she saw herself slipping into it all until it was a pattern so firmly established she hadn't the psychic energy or will to change it. Her fault, she supposed - who else's? Her own weakness.

In the end she had agreed to Adrian's forfeit, if only he would take the collar off so her life could assume at least some semblance of normality. He had gone towards her grinning, taking hold of the collar and pulling her towards him, his eyes gazing at her with an intensity that still made her insides turn over, no matter how badly he treated her.

He had told her to strip. She knew she must oblige. She had held out for days, but now as always, Adrian played the final card. With a trick kept up his sleeve. Now she conceded that there was nothing she could do but go along with him, with everything, whatever it was he had in mind. Adrian, the winner as usual, Adrian calling the shots, giving the directions; she, in the sub-ordinate position she was becoming accustomed to.

She, naked with just the collar on. He, forcing her to her knees; a little twist of fear running through her. "What's the forfeit Adie? Come on tell me. I can still back out you know, if I don't agree..." feeling like the prey that has been trapped, caught in the talons of its hunter, cursing her weakness now.

Adrian's voice sickening her: "I want to give you one up the arse, my love. I've been wanting to do it for ages. Just been waiting for the right moment, for the ripeness of timing if you see what I mean. Just to see what it's like my love, to see if you take to it, like the debauch little bitch we both know you are, eh my love? Just as a one off, we'll give it a try, eh?"

She had tried to struggle against him, but his hand was on her arse, a finger beginning to tamper there as he spoke. She'd never minded his finger there before, in fact it could enhance the pleasure, but this idea frightened her. She feared the pain.

"No Adie! Come on. I'm not doing that. This whole thing has gone too far. I won't do it I tell you. You can keep the collar on, I don't care. Don't, please, don't ..." Her, nearly sobbing and hysterical.

"Relax, relax," Adrian's voice soothing her. "It was an idea, just an idea that's all..."

He kept stroking her and stroking her, soothing and arousing her. He had been so subtly, so sumptuously tenderful, so unaccustomed gentle and indolent; taking his time, sniffing her and mauling her as if at his lazy leisure. She, a paradise land for him to poke around and prowl in.

The ice-cream scooped into her vagina so chilly cold; so exquisitely erotic. Adrian eating the ambrosia from the gash between her thighs. As if his teeth and tongue touched a part of her that could only ever obey the one who consumed her flesh and fluids in this way. One who knew so intimately her gaping desire to please, to give all of herself unto him to do with as he would. He knew she would soften. His fingers moving in and out of her cunt, of her anus, his mouth claiming her breast and nipple. Her body opening out, petals continually unfolding; sponge-like, absorbing sensations, always craving to soak up as much of the pleasure her body would hold.

He made her insatiable. Not touching her for weeks, not seeing each other, what with work and business ventures - then being interested and kind, a fond caress. A sudden whirlwind of sex. Then a teasing, long-drawn out fulfilment. Nothing. Something. Normality. Abnormality. That was how it carried on. Without a pattern, yet having some kind of organic life of its own.

That time she felt he had really over-stepped the mark. She was so wanton; for him to continue touching

her, for him to continue doing something to her to satiate her burning flesh. So instead of his finger up her behind, his cock was there instead, ripping through her, creating a burning sensation, a peculiar unpleasant throb and shudder, continuing and continuing. Until he was through and she was left curled up and weeping, feeling as if she'd just been raped. She hadn't asked for that! Nor had she wanted it. She had told him afterwards if he did it again she would leave him, and at the time she had meant it. Now it seemed like a forgotten conviction that had faded as the terrible poisonous bloom of their love grew. Her back side had been sore for a day or so after, so that she had pushed Adrian away, sickened by his disregard for her. She had almost hated him for it and he had responded solicitously, being concerned and caring and persuasive.

Needless to say, the collar came off and Adrian had been sweetly tender for weeks after that until she was lulled once more into a false sense of security, and the games began again. Though he never did do that to her again. About some things he kept his word, even if it was threatened occasionally. She thought he knew if he tried doing that, it would be the last straw and their relationship would crumble. She could take pain, as long as it was coupled with pleasure, but pain alone signalled some sort of limit for her. He seemed to realise this and anyhow, he was too clever to lose her like that. So by and by, he made her feel thrilled with life and delightful for a while, because he had the power to do that if he chose. But the highs were always followed with a downward spiral that seemed to get ever more perverse and ever more lewd as time went on.

She so rarely went out with him in a business context, and when she did it was a special occasion. One time they had gone to York races. Adrian was entertaining clients from Hampshire to try and clinch a deal. Adrian had actually gone shopping with her insisting she try this and that dress until he made her buy one that showed off her figure in a stunning manner. He wanted the whole works for her; hat and everything. It was a novelty for her so she was glad to oblige, glad that she pleased him - though she realised his game, or so she thought. He was dressing her up like a doll to parade before his guests; showing her off to them. Part of her was flattered, part of her was unsettled.

She did look fantastic though, as Adrian kept telling her, with her figure-hugging maroon velvet dress, accentuating her curves, split to the top of her thigh down one side. She looked a knock-out and she knew she did. But when they were out this made her jumpy for she felt as if Adrian was watching her every move and response, watching for any incriminating move, the slightest flirtation.

They had gone up the evening before and spent a cosy, luxurious night in a very good hotel, with Adrian being sweetness itself to her. She should have known something was on the cards then, that he had something planned. But foolishly she lapped it all up as usual: his attentiveness, his charm, never guessing at the motives behind his method. As always, being the unsuspecting innocent - just how he liked her, in fact.

They had met the two men in the lounge bar. She had a glass of tonic on Adrian's instruction. One man was quite large, slightly over-weight; thick lips that smiled at her, as his eyes passed lasciviously over her body. The other chap was small and compact, a bullet directness in his manner; a steady unflinching confidence about him that showed he was accustomed to things going his way. She sat with her thigh showing because in that dress she couldn't help but do so; Adrian's graceful appendage, a painted toy. The larger man's eyes raked her from time to time as they began the veneer of social converse, and undressed her whilst his tongue came out and ran itself across his lips. She tried to focus on the conversation, take some part in it, but they launched quickly into business arrangements as if to get it over with so they could relax and enjoy the rest of the day. Adrian, at what seemed a crucial point in the proceedings, asked her to go and get them all a drink, sweet-talking her, urging her with his eyes to comply. So she went off to the Ladies first, to give herself some breathing space and gaze at her curves in the mirror, exaggerated by the lush sheen of velvet.

Adrian had insisted she wear no underwear. None at all, except stockings. Black fishnet ones. He made her feel cheapened, yet beautiful. A contradiction she had still not come to terms with. She looked at her long, rich brown hair in the glass, her wide brown eyes and neat little nose, the pouting lips. And she felt at last Adrian must be proud of her.

She bought them their drink of Jack Daniels and Coke, a glass of wine for herself - she could see Adrian had noted it down. In the circumstances she thought he wouldn't mind. She oozed voluptuously across to them, conscious of her breasts swelling out beneath the rich fabric. She sat back, crossing her legs so the top of her stocking showed. All the men's eyes were gazing at her, their eyes undressing her, she the focus of all their attention. She switched her legs over, crossed away from them so her leg was covered. Her face felt hot as she smiled at them in nervous acknowledgement, lifting her glass of wine as she did

so and clearly not accustomed to the situation - Adrian had never allowed her to be.

They, enraptured, laughed and lifted their glasses to her, toasting the grace of a woman's body, and thus was she set on a pedestal. Just her curves, her assets they adored. Seeing her as some prize race horse, well worthy of the stud. Never enquiring into the state of her mind or ever interested in her views. She was forced to play their foil; a maiden to their lewd gallantry and ribald joking. Adrian making the others worse, drawing them out - oh, but it was only a bit of fun. It was only a bit of fun. Don't take it to heart so much, she was later consoled by Adrian. She knew she was a fool who deserved no better. Because each time she should have seen it coming, and each time instead of avoiding it, she became ensnared.

They had clinched the deal anyway in her absence, mysteriously quickly. And Adrian looked happy, charged up with success. And all the time he was watching - watching in that way he had, that cold lacertilian way, frightening her with his impenetrable will that also perversely turned her on. Oh yes, she allowed it, but it seemed each fresh time she was never ready for the variations. That's what threw her. The variety with which he spun his traps. She, foolish enough to play his willing victim, his willing sacrifice. She was weak, weak she knew, ever more reduced.

But there was an ebony flame in the midst of it, a twist of dangerous spice that compelled her. Like her adventuring had taken her in a different direction to most people, a whirling downward spiral, paralleled with orgiastic bursts of bliss and tender aftermaths that made it all worthwhile. It seemed their relationship was kept enlivened by the elements of danger Adrian flashed into his love-making. But it was an impulse that had taken on a life of its own.

She in response developed her own protection - that was really no protection at all. One of purposefully inciting him; inciting a response, whether of anger or lust she did not care, so long as it was a response. Whether or not he did it on purpose she could never be sure. But at other times she could see he had spent days, making moves, manipulating her instincts and emotions, biding his time, getting her keyed up and under his thrall, having aroused her without fulfilment. She walked into it - hopeless sucker that she was!

But since she so rarely saw his work colleagues or had anything to do with his business life, she wanted to believe it was something different. She wanted to believe he was introducing her into his world of business, treating her as if she had a mind. It was a joke really. It was clear she hadn't, otherwise how would she have got herself into such situations?

She had felt sexy that day. She had enjoyed the men's eyes drooling over her. Not so much the two they were with, but other more handsome ones, who passed by and soaked her up with their eyes, drinking her in, appreciating the sight of her. She felt like a Sex Goddess then. Like some gypsyish Marilyn Monroe. She could not deny she had enjoyed that. She had got very excited when the horse she had chosen to back was coming close to the winning line. She had bounced up and down like a school girl, stirred by the atmosphere and the fact that her horse had come close to winning. She had looked down at her breasts; their shapeliness emphasised by their unrestrained movement beneath the fabric of her dress. She had felt her buttocks quivering in sympathy with her breasts as she brushed against Adrian to exclaim her loss of victory. But Adrian swiftly slid his hand inside her dress, slit side, and began fingering and caressing her from behind. In involuntary response she swooned at the sensation, leaning back against him unable to help herself.

The two clients had watched her delightful bobbling motions, savouring the sight of her body, but the compact one, when he saw where Adrian's hand had gone smirked and glanced away. They were right by the fence facing onto the course. The larger man gloated over her as she, unable to contain her body's quivering response, stifled a gasp, leaning back onto Adrian as he fingered her.

She suddenly saw through the weeks of preparation and realised she was the dupe; the dimwit Adrian made her believe she was, on those occasions when he chose to cut her with his words. Even as she recognised it she could do nothing about it for she was like the proverbial bitch on heat: randy enough to do anything just to get some satisfaction from this physical fever that gripped her. She amazed even herself. She had turned into a nymphomaniac for him of her own volition - just as if he orchestrated her responses. Which it seemed he did, whilst she - fool that she was - allowed it to happen. She could not help herself and gave in to her animal cravings, willing to be as lewd as he liked, to fit in with his plans, to match his machinations with an extremity of her own. In this way she almost got her own back. Just as desperate to please for other men, even more slavish in her desires. This made Adrian scowl and added a flagitious flavour to the tenebrous brew that she saw was the pith of their relationship.

When she chose to analyse it, it frightened her. So she tried not to. She got into the habit of blanking the

more unsavoury things out of her mind, refusing to dwell on anything that had got out of hand. Like Adrian said, she was best forgetting about it, leaving it behind, moving on. It was useless to dwell. Chart it down to experience Adrian advised, so she clung on. For what? She sometimes wondered.

They had got a taxi to the hotel where they were staying. Adrian had invited the two men into their suite for a night cap. In the taxi the larger one of the two men was pressed against her thigh, while Adrian was on her other side pulling her away from them so he could put his hand down her dress, bend his head to suck on her nipple, the velvet barrier between only serving to heighten the erotic charges that went through her. She was as bad as he was. It was the very blatantness of it that made her juices flow. So when the large man slid his hand where Adrian had had his earlier, under the split, fondling her crotch, she was already too highly charged to prevent herself responding.

She could feel his bulk next to her, though her head was turned towards Adrian; feel his fingers, bigger than Adrian's, inserting themselves into her wet cleft. Oh God, how she wanted it then! Truly if they had taken off her clothes and shagged her in the taxi, she would not have resisted, on the contrary she would have complied with abandon.

When they got out of the taxi they were giggling like naughty school children, with the effort of straightening their clothes and trying to look normal. She went up the stairs ahead of Adrian, who chose to follow her as closely as he could whispering: "You bloody tart! Whore! You bloody female lush. You're just a cavity between the thighs, aching to be filled up, aren't you?"

He was groping her arse as he whispered these things vehemently into her ear, so only she could hear. She was past the stage of being offended. She felt on heat; wanted to be touched and probed. A dark animal spasm inflicted her. She did not care about the outcome, she did not think about the next day, she only wanted some satisfaction from this burning itch that fluttered in her belly, sent darts of sensation down her thighs, kept her moist and craven, in readiness for penetration.

The men came in for a nightcap while Adrian played the host, drawing out her agony. There were whiskies all round. Adrian fed her whisky from his own mouth after he had pulled her to sit on his knee, tonguing the inside of her mouth as if it was her vagina and possessively, gratuitously, squeezing her breasts, rubbing his hands across them enjoying the sensation of the hardened nipples, threatening to burst through the velvet. Both the other two men watched appreciatively as if they were at a pornographic show, as if this was the accepted evening's entertainment.

"You see, gentlemen," boasted Adrian. "One can play a woman like one would a violin. With a woman, as with a violin, you have to have all the strings at the right tension, so to speak. The wood must be smoothed and mellowed, the keys in perfect alignment, engendering the desired pitch and tone, depending on the circumstances. Then the instrument will bend in a complimentary way to your will, sing for you ever and ever sweeter tunes. Here you have my wife, who is just such one of these instruments - aren't you my love? I get her so she'll do anything I ask just to please me - won't you my love? You see, really she's a closet nymphomaniac and has no self-control in situations like this. I can't keep up with her sometimes; hormones you know, make her abnormally randy at times - like now for instance. So every now and then I let her have a few fun and games just to mellow her out a bit. Otherwise she's like a bitch on heat, won't let me rest til she's been serviced a good few times. It doesn't happen often, thank God. Last time I had to take a day off work to recover; she wouldn't let me out of the bedroom!"

The two men laughed appreciatively taking it all as a joke and a treat. She could have sat up and called him a liar, fought with them, but if the truth be told her body wanted their tongues, their hands upon her, inside her. Adrian was caressing her tits, rubbing his hands up and down her body, lifting her dress up to touch her dark glistening cunt, revealed for the other two watching men. The fact that the two men watched only made her more turned on. She felt like Adrian had said: lewd, abandoned, at the mercy of her body's responses, quiveringly aroused. Whilst all the time Adrian played the observer, the manipulator, maintaining and drawing out his climax, watching her with his cool lizard eyes. It sent a shiver right through her to see him like that.

"Take your dress off Ruth," Adrian ordered. But Ruth stayed leaning against him, too bathed in erotic sensation to move. Adrian pulled her to her feet, unzipped the back of her dress and stripped it off her so that all she was wearing was her stockings and suspenders. Her flesh looked pleasingly soft and rounded. Flesh to sink their fingers and teeth into. Flesh to stroke and squeeze; skin like satin and silk, only warm and firm as well as soft.

Adrian was always telling her she had a fantastic body. She believed it. She recognised the effect she had on men - the only trouble was she never felt it was her they wanted, just her body, and she believed she

was stupid - that the only way she had of getting any attention was through her body. But she also knew with men, how transient a thing was that physical desire; it didn't mean they would respect her - on the contrary the opposite was true. Thinking like this, believing this, Ruth had never learned to respect herself; she was so anxious to please, she always ended up being used. Adrian, of course was now trading in on this and making the most of this weakness in her for his own gratification and dark designs. Standing before them thus, she felt like a member of a hareem who had been ushered forth for their entertainment and leisure. She was aware of the increased temperature in the room, the other two men's lust. The larger man licking his lips again, purposefully suggestive. She wanted him to grab her thighs and thrust his fat tongue inside of her and she didn't care what Adrian did or thought.

"My wife, gentlemen." Adrian made her do a turn, whilst the big man came over and ran a hand over her buttock, grabbing it and keeping hold of it while he looked at Adrian. Ruth was keyed up between them, jellied into sensation.

Adrian smiled: "Just a ride Jeff, we agreed, remember? Just a viewing, a taster and one ride, those were my terms remember?" Adrian was grinning rakishly and as he said this he teased one of Ruth's nipples between his fingers making her gasp and moan.

"Aye, a ride - don't forget that bit my old chap. I'm waiting to see this gear you've told me about, sounds kinky if you know what I mean. Kinky kind of fun! I could do with a bit of fun. Where's the gear then? Let's have a look at it," said the big chap Jeff, as he squeezed the flesh on her buttocks, rocking her body gently towards and away from him with the hand that was fastened onto her arse.

The movements towards him, which leaned her against him, grew more prolonged until his other hand came round to caress her belly, rub the hairs on her crotch, cup her breasts. He also seemed to be holding himself back, like Adrian, drawing out the experience, making the most of it while it lasted. She the willing pawn, offered up for their dalliance, whilst they, the men dictated her moves and Adrian oversaw it all.

"I promised the goods and I'll deliver them. Daniel here can witness that. Just so long as the deal is clinched gentlemen, this is a little extra thrown in, a complementary freebie if you like. I'll just get the gear, retrieve a certain implement and I'll let you try it out on her. She looks willing enough, wouldn't you say?"

All three men laughed. The big man now had his hand on her anus and was massaging that area whilst his other hand pulled one of her nipples. She certainly wasn't going to disagree with them. By then she was incapable of doing so. Adrian left them for a minute, going to the bed to get a suitcase. Then the big man took his advantage. He consumed her breast in his mouth, sliding two fingers in and out of her until she became even more malleable. The smaller man had extracted his camera and began taking photographs of her. The large man bent her over his knee and spread her thighs, whilst the man with the camera took a close-up of her glistening vagina. The big man turned her round again, lasciviously handling her like a piece of meat he had part-ownership of, and pulled her buttocks up and apart for another close-up.

Adrian was in the background hissing: "None of her face damn you, otherwise I'll break the damn camera!" The man with the camera couldn't resist her either and soon his finger was inserted into the only orifice available; her anus, his mouth tonguing her other nipple. So it felt that every area of her body was being sucked, nibbled or probed. She was a big pie, they could all put their fingers into to scoop out the pungent excess she had to offer. She felt their hands and mouths, turning her over, licking her lower cavities. First the big man as if she were a haunch of an oxen, to be eaten caveman style; then the smaller one, darting his tongue in and out of her as if he were a humming bird quenching his urge for nectar.

She could hear Adrian chuckling softly and clicking away with the camera. He bent down and whispered in her ear: "Oh somebody's going to be in trouble when I get these pictures developed. Somebody's going to be in the doghouse then, bitch! You hot little bitch you!"

But by then Ruth was too far gone to care. His words only made her pant the more. She thrust out her buttocks for Adrian, her controller, her master, to squeeze and caress. He slapped her arse playfully which provoked the big man, who held her like a drum, one arm around her middle, his hand connecting with her buttocks as if he were thrumming a rhythm on the bongos. Then he bent down and tongued her anus, sliding a finger inside it and lifting up her arse for the smaller one to find her sopping vagina with his mouth, like the humming bird again, drawing forth more dripping honey.

Then the big man was eagerly growling. "Yes come on, let's have her in the goddamn bridle. Let's have a ponytail in this lovely arse just like you promised Ade old boy".

"Here it is as promised Jeff. You know I'm a man of my word!" Adrian laughed gleefully.

"Wonderful! Just the ticket! You're a genius Ade, pure genius. Lovely piece of flesh your wife. Here, let's see how she looks with a pony-tail".

The big man took his probing finger out of her rectum and inserted something slim and made of plastic, shaped like a cigar. The men laughed and slapped her buttocks, the big man twitching her hips from side to side so that the pony-tail swished behind her. She began to feel more and more like a racehorse mare brought out to be exploited, making the most of the instincts that overwhelmed her when they touched her so and so.

Adrian stuck his fingers in her cunt and wriggled the tail around, heightening the arousal, until she split herself, wanting to feel something substantial inside. Aching for the relief of violent sensation. That's how he did it. That's how he got to her time and time again. Adrian, handing some reins over to the big man, who took great delight in hauling her upright, rubbing his great paws over her breasts, fixing the specially-made leather harness so her breasts hung through. He pulled the bridle over her head so that then she was blindfolded with a piece of leather, and at their mercy, harnessed and tail-dressed as she was. But she didn't care. She craved the debauchery, sank into it, eagerly, willingly. She couldn't seem to help herself.

They toyed with her and posed with her as Adrian took photographs until the smaller man fucked her quickly and violently. Then the big man took over, squeezing and grabbing her flesh, licking her like a giant lolly, bringing her to pitch again until he stuck his engorged cock up her, making her cry out in a kind of ecstatic agony. A warm spreading blanket to be handled and torn apart as they willed.

All the time Adrian was clicking the camera, whispering, "Rutting bitch!" or "Animal. You fucking animal!". Sometimes she exaggerated her reactions to needle him, this time she didn't need to. She wanted to make him jealous, to provoke him to intervene, instead of him being always coldly in control, taking a sadistic pleasure in her debasement.

Then the men were lying back making appreciative noises, she still a mass of quivering flesh, stretched out on the bed between them. "Bloody marvellous mate," said the big man, smacking his lips as if he'd enjoyed a particularly good dinner. "Bloody marvellous, your wife," and he leaned over, pulled up the extruding pony-tail and took a lick of her cunt just to underline his words. Ruth shuddered in an aftermath sensation as he did this.

"Glad you enjoyed her Jeff. You Ruthie stay right where you are while the gentlemen dress and enjoy a nightcap. You hear me? Don't move a muscle til we're through".

Ruth knew by the tone of his voice she would suffer if she did not do as he said so she made no attempt to move. Adrian came over and wriggled the pony-tail poking from her rectum, making her tremor and stir once more. The men laughed together appreciatively.

She heard them dressing and going over to the sitting area. The jokes, the comradely laughter, the hands being shaken, the contract being signed, one last whisky, cigars all round. They were pleased with themselves, pleased they had come to a business arrangement in so novel a way. Just a harmless little orgy to clinch the deal. The other two men no doubt thinking they were glad their wives had their hormones under control; whilst, no doubt they were equally glad there were women like Adrian's wife, who couldn't control their sexual urges. She could tell by their tone, as she lay there with her arse in the air parading her pony tail still for all their benefit, could tell they were amazed and admiring of Adrian's suave acceptance of his wife's debauchery, the cool way he orchestrated the event. They may have had an inkling of how Adrian's relationship worked and while it enticed and excited them, it also slightly unnerved them. But they were not inclined to judge him, having just received a very welcome and very intense erotic experience, making them feel like emperors of Rome. Anyway, they were all men together - successful business men entitled to enjoy a little indulgence, a little harmless fun, now and again.

As they were getting up to go the big man, Jeff, commented on how well trained she was, lying there just as Adrian had directed; her backside complete with pony tail pointing at them provocatively, her legs straddled apart revealing the glistening-wet petal-lips of her vagina, the curves of her breast and flank still providing a visual feast for them. The men joked about their own wives, wishing they could get them to do the same. But Ruth could tell they didn't really mean it, despite the fact they envied him.

They didn't have Adrian's satanic capacities nor the obsessive will or the utter conviction of superiority that Adrian had, nor did they have his good looks that gave him an advantage with all women, right from the start. In this paradoxical way, Adrian held her in his thrall, despite what he had just made her do, despite anything he might do when the two men had gone. She could not help herself. Despite his cruelty, perhaps because of it, he still made her melt at a touch.

"You don't have a collar and lead for her as well, do you Ade?" said the big man, joking, as he viewed her recumbant form; her arse and exposed cunt causing his cock to stiffen again.

"I do as a matter of fact," said Adrian smoothly. "Shall I show you?"

The two men were eyes agog. Ruth could tell by the prickle of electricity in the air. Adrian retrieved the collar from the suitcase, bent down and clicked it on her, then clipped on the lead.

"Come on, up Ruthie, on all fours and wag your arse for the gentlemen before they go!"

"Oh, yes please!" said the big man as the other one snorted appreciatively.

Ruth felt a flash of anger at Adrian's repeated abuse and contemplated telling him to go to hell. But that streak of perversity took her in the opposite direction. As he tugged on the lead, Ruth rose, rearing up and caressing her own breasts through the leather harness. Then as commanded she got down on all fours and began writhing in lewd voluptuous motion. She moved backwards towards them, as if offering herself to them again, straining the leash to brush against the big man's leg, his hand going down, wanting her again.

But Adrian hoisted her back saying smoothly but firmly, an edge to his voice only Ruth could distinguish: "Alright, that's enough now. Bedtime now you insatiable animal". He put his hand in her collar and made her stand up. She could not see them because the leather blindfold of the harness still covered her eyes, shielding her shame and allowing her to play her part. Again she felt a heat in the room.

With one hand on her collar, the other on her pony tail, Adrian walked her to the bed where he made her lie face down again, forcing her by means of the protruding false tail, to raise her buttocks high up and point her butt towards the door which she did. She moved her arse from side to side in swishes of desire, when Adrian walked away and the men joked about how they had better go or they'd want to do it all over again.

Adrian appreciated the joke whilst making it clear they had to go. She could tell he enjoyed their arousal, and their now unfulfilled desire, as much as he enjoyed inflicting the same state on her. He, as always, controlling and directing the dark flame of their chemistry, as and when he willed it.

They were shaking hands at the door, Adrian wishing them a warm good night, all chaps together again. When he closed the door he sauntered back to the bed and undressed in a liesurely fashion. Ruth had started to relax her position but he stopped her moving, with a "Naughty, naughty! I'm not a hypocrite you know. You do what I say whether anyone is in the room or not. You know that. That's why we work together you and I. You want to be told what to do. You want to be moulded and bullied. It turns you on doesn't it? You horny bitch!"

He was rotating the pony tail, shoving it further up her, and some touch on a G-spot made her juices flow, wanting him despite the sexual extravaganza that had gone before. It was him she wanted: he was her master; she, the willing slave. But her response was not enough for Adrian. He wanted to hurt her for her sluttish behaviour before the two business men had left. He wanted her to feel pain for the lewdity of her nature and as always he was the one to inflict the discipline. Something she began to realise he enjoyed as much as the sexual act itself. He had proceeded to slap her hard and repeatedly on her backside until her skin felt raw and she had not been able to prevent herself from crying for mercy and weeping.

This was what Adrian loved - to have her weeping and begging for mercy at his feet, whilst he, the superior male towered over her, with the power to crush her completely or not, as was his whim.

All the time he was slapping her, more and more viciously in crescendo with his words, he was hissing at her, "You dirty hot bitch! You're nothing but a bitch on heat! You disgusting dirty cow, you can't control yourself can you? A stroke of your cunt and you'll do anything for any fucker who comes along! You whore! You'd lift your arse for a dog, for a fucking goat if it licked you in the right way, wouldn't you? Eh? Eh? Wouldn't you, you bloody pussy! A hot wet hole that's all you are. You're incapable of controlling it aren't you? Well maybe this will beat some sense back into you, eh? Whore!"

And on and on until she was weeping and screaming for him to stop, pleading with him to forgive her. When he did stop his lips turned into sweet caresses, soothing, tonguing the pain away. Kissing her with a new tenderness that told her, he too was sorry for the way he used her, showing her that in spite of his treatment of her, he really did love her in his way. When his tongue and lips claimed the pink swollen lips between her legs, the erotic sensation was all the more intense because of the pain she had endured. His ravishment then was rendered deep, rich and sensual - a contradiction she feared being repeated and yet which fired her imagination and made her moist for days afterwards.

Then the gentler games with the reins and the tail were only part of the dripping potent mixture that

made her feel orgasmically alive, more than ever like a mass of responsive juices triggered at the slightest touch or thrust. And it was erotic in a nefariously delicious way. The trouble was, Adrian got into the role more and more until he was utterly brutish whenever he chose to be. And she in turn became as easily, as readily pliant to his command as if she had been a radio-control android; if he wanted her defiant, she would be defiant, if he wanted demure she was the epitome of it. By doing this she was challenging him to go as far as he dare. She encouraged him but she could not help herself. All she wanted to do was please him. Adrian manipulated this instinct in her - which he was well aware of - to do just as he pleased, and all the time Ruth acquiesced in his plans and his dictations. Little did she realise just how far he was prepared to go.

There was a period of calm after that episode, Adrian being sweet towards her, showing an interest in her reading, the gossip of her girlfriends. Life became treasured once more.

Then Adrian's work would encroach... long hours spent away... her boredom and frustration. So she took up pottery to amuse herself, which she quickly became enthused by. But Adrian, who could not stand anything approaching competition, interceded expecting all her time and attention; as soon as she found something remotely fulfilling he had to come and take it away or interfere, to see if it would be any threat to the thralldom he had established.

He would come and watch her work, moulding the clay to her design. Then seeing her absorbed and not taking notice of him, he would try and distract her, every time inevitably doing so with some new trick. Lying down looking up her dress as she sat astride the stool, his mouth tasting her boundaries, his fingers exploring her, pulling her down. Or he would be querulous, intent upon causing an argument, finding something to complain about. Or he would remind her of her duties as his wife, how it would go badly for her if she did not fulfill his expectations. There was always something. So she tried to make sure she pursued her hobbies when Adrian was not around, when she had time and breathing space to herself. On their last anniversary he had presented her with an anklet. It was a strong silver chain with an identity medal which read: *owner: Adrian Spearman*. He had given it to her as a kind of joke. Like a deeper confirmation of the wedding ring and a turn on factor for both of them he had said smiling at her with the cheeky, charming way he had.

"Just for today" he begged her, "just when we're alone. Honest!" The collar episode flashed through her mind, but she could not resist pleasing him.

Adrian always bought things he could lock - desks, cupboards, wardrobes, the baubles he used with her all had locks and keys. The silver anklet also had a tiny lock and when Adrian clicked it into place, she felt immediately her status of slave-appendage, pet-owned, an animal to be pampered or beaten. And she let herself into that feeling, for in contradictory pattern she was seduced by it; something inside of her felt weirdly expanded by Adrian's svengali machinations. The way he used her, the way he dominated and dictated, was appalling she realised, in the cold light of day.

She felt strange facing her family. She was always bright and breezy but there was a brittleness in her manner that communicated itself. Occasionally she saw her mother watching her when she visited, a cloud of concern and confusion in her eyes. But Ruth could not say anything. How could she explain the dark maelstrom that was the centre of her life? How could they ever understand? Her father would say it would be just what he expected of her, she was too stupid to know better. Her mother would never recover from the shock, after all that good catholic upbringing. Her father would shake his head in disgust. How could she ever tell them what her life had become?

Similarly with her girlfriends who she went to aerobics with in winter and played tennis with in summer, she could never let on to them how things were between Adrian and her. Who would believe her? How could she explain without showing herself to be the weak, stupid person her father always seemed to think she was? She might go out for lunch, go to coffee mornings, supporting some cottage industry sale, the village hall funds, but Adrian rarely accepted dinner dates at her friends houses, so they very literally came to live separate lives. They would meet in the middle of these disparate existances for some violent clash of passion, some new and terrible proclivity, or for a remembrance of romance and tenderness which lent wings to her eager spirit after the vile things he did made her want to retch, determined to leave him.

But then he would sweet talk her, shower her with gifts, spend time with her, flatter her. And she would be his again, abandoned, forgetting that there would be a time when she would come to regret her ready forgiveness all over again...

The anklet. He was as good as his word. He took it off, kissing her ankle beguilingly and calling her his sweetest piece of snow-white peach, his dream queen. A scarlet kiss on her inner thigh, and so he

continued, off and on being chivalrous, tender and appreciative. Until one weekend he 'innocently' asked if they could look after his friend Dave's dogs while he went away for a couple of days. She readily agreed for she liked dogs, enjoyed their friendly playfulness, admired their loyalty. She had actually looked forward to Adrian bringing them home. Plus she liked Alsations which both of them were, both male dogs, Adrian had told her, and thus better equipped to function as guard dogs. She had worried that they might be dangerous. But Adrian reassured her, telling her they were very well trained. He wouldn't have agreed to have them for the weekend otherwise.

When he brought them in, it was clear he had established a rapport with them. A recent hobby of his, the study of dogs. Ruefully she saw they followed his command to stay and sit, so she could stroke them; they obeying him just as readily as she did. Would they do it for her? she had asked Adrian. Of course if she was firm enough he had replied. One was larger than the other being nearly all black, whereas the slightly smaller sandy one proved the more eager to please. The black one frightened her a little though she didn't confess it. But she saw Adrian glance at her as if taking in the non-verbals, as he called them. She cajoled the black dog, speaking soothingly and sweetly to it, trying to soften it, but it just stood accepting her blandishments whilst at the same time gazing at her guardedly. So she gave up, feeling a bit piqued, and patted the sandy one which responded equably enough by jumping up and slavering over her. This provoked their laughter, and they took the dogs out for a walk before feeding them and settling them in the kitchen.

They retired to the dining room to eat their dinner and drink the wine. Adrian filled her glass, urging her to drink, saying he felt expansive because they had just clinched a great business deal, overseeing the building of a shopping centre in a green area outside of York. She, unaccustomed to his lavishments in this way, quickly became effected. He had made her dress in a very short leather mini-skirt that only just reached over her backside. She wore no underwear but sported the collar and the anklet. She had protested and tried to refuse wearing these items as had become ritual with her, but Adrian had reassured her in his charming way that all he wanted was to look at her like that, pointing out she hadn't indulged him like this for a while.

But the latent threat behind his words was there all the same. If she didn't comply he would force her. That was the bottom line. He would force her to do whatever he felt like doing. That was the craven weakness and betrayal of her flesh. That was the pleasure he got from proving again and again to her, that she was mere animal. That he was a superior being. That he was her dark lord, her god, who dictated her every move and kept her in clover just so she could leap to do his bidding. Just so he could use her to explore his ever more wild and perverse desires.

In the end she let him put the collar and the anklet on her. As soon as they had eaten, he took a handful of her breast and pulled her towards him, forcing her down to her knees, telling her to unbutton his trousers and take them off. She did as he demanded as sensuously as she could - for she knew if she was clumsy he might beat her. It had happened before.

His cock sprang out bending slightly upwards in the way it had. She took him in her mouth, he forcing her, controlling her motions. She sucked and gagged on his cock as he thrust it in almost choking her. Then she grabbed it and worked his cock in her mouth. She was surprised how quickly he came. Usually he could last forever taking a gloating superior pleasure in seeing her brought to a pitch, then hurt in some brutal or devious, but always imaginative, way. The pain he saw as necessary to the process of love-making and she found it came in very many forms, both physical and mental.

He bid her swallow his sperm, opening her mouth and licking it out with his tongue, his whole mouth covering and consuming hers until she felt she no longer existed except as a receptacle of pleasure and pain for him.

His grey-blue eyes shot bolts of intensity into her brown ones.

"Do you know why I came so quickly?" he whispered, "do you know what was turning me on?"

She shook her head and smiled, confused by his words.

"I'll let you know in a bit baby. Now as that was so nice, I'm gonna give you a bit of finger-licking good. Reckon my slave girl deserves her bit of scummy after that, eh?"

He kissed her, drinking deep, and then unzipped and removed her skirt. He produced two leather garters with rings upon them which he snapped around her thighs and fitted a chain around her middle, snapping on the leash as well as the leather handcuffs which he did not as yet fasten together. She stood like a mannikin, feeling an ominous chord sound within her. But again it was too late. If she resisted now it would only make things worse and anyway, the base part of her responded to this treatment.

He led her upstairs calling her his pet bitch, his little slave girl, pointing out the anklet, making her read

it, when they got to the bondage bedroom, as Adrian called it. This was a room rigged out specially for such an occasion. Iron loops on the floor, a hook on the ceiling, iron bed posts, a reversible head board with rings in order to secure chains and leashes. Many times he had handcuffed her to the bed posts and her ankles to the lower posts. Then, with her spread wide for his delectation, he would finger and tongue her alive, fill her with those base instincts that so seduced her, penetrated her, held her there as his puppet for as long as he so desired. A puppet whose strings had only to be pulled or jerked or teased, for her to come to life in ever more wild and rampant ways.

After arousing her like this, he had unfastened her and led her where the rings were on the floor. He fixed her on her leash so that her face was close to the floor, only a short piece of thong preventing her from rising. This meant she had to, of necessity, tilt her arse in the air to keep comfortable. He put a blindfold mask on her and stroked her buttocks appreciatively, said he was just going to get something. She felt a sudden qualm of fear, a tremor she didn't want to think about or consider. She knew again she had walked into one of his traps. She was becoming innured to it now. Not so much crushed as accepting, each time wondering what next dark corner they would turn, how much further down he could go. While she played his willing accomplice; his weak and pliant toy.

Yet a resilience did grow up in her. A resilience that came from accepting the fact that she was a masochist. At least they lived more intensely than most people, she consoled herself, with their constant rollercoaster of ups and increasingly wicked downs. But sometimes she did almost crack, like that time - with the dogs ...

So there she was, secured naked to the floor of the bondage bedroom. A sinking feeling in her belly as she heard the sound of claws on the polished wooden stairs. The next thing she knew the room was full of slaving dogs and Adrian was smearing warm melted chocolate onto her vagina, her arse and tits. She was yelling at him to stop, to release her. Begging him not to do this to her. Saying she was frightened. Pleading with him to take the dogs out. But he shushed her with a further stroke of her lower parts, to make sure whatever stuff he was smearing onto her was spread well in. He told her she would enjoy it, that she was a bitch on heat, his to do what he wanted with. Didn't the anklelet say that was so? When she wore that she had to do as she was told. His bitch who obeyed him, right? He had commanded the dogs to sit and stay. She felt their eyes feasting on her curiously, just as those men had that time at the races. She could feel their hot breath, their contained, quivering excitement.

"Just open your legs and let your body go baby, like the way you know you can. This I gotta see!" said Adrian salaciously.

She was truly frightened then, frightened by the proximity of the dogs' slaving jaws.

"Go with it babe!" laughed Adrian softly slapping her buttocks. Adrian gave his hand for the dogs to lick, which they did insatiably. Then they gazed up at him enquiringly, eyeing Ruth's raised arse and exposed gash. "Go on boys! Go on! Go to it!" commanded Adrian.

The black one was first. She saw it dart towards her from between her legs and the next thing she knew its tongue was greedily licking her cunt, getting deeper and more insistent, whilst the other one shared the treat by licking the parts Adrian directed it towards, like her breasts dangling down smeared gratuitously with melted chocolate, sticky and sweet. The dog was nudging her body over as she tried to shield it away. Adrian flailed a whip making her jerk so that the dog's nose, cold and damp, was thrust up her arse where it discovered more of the chocolate. The other dog had managed to find her tit, nudging her to make the fruits of her nipples and breasts more accessible. The other dog devoured her vagina, licking it again and again until she wanted it to shove its nose right up her and touch the G-spot that set her squirming, squeezing out her own sweet juices.

Adrian was calling out vile things and mercilessly clicking a camera. She knew he would use those photographs as he had done the others. To start with he would make her forget it had ever happened, soothe her, love her, make her happy. Then he would begin working long hours again so she would begin to miss him. Then suddenly the photographs would be brought out, some with her face clearly visible, and he would threaten sending them to her friends, her parents. He always found fresh ways of tormenting her. Money was no object and she dimly guessed he probably made money out of those photographs. That was why he often blind-folded her - though he always took one for himself of her without any disguise, so he could show her afterwards and gloat or pretend that she disgusted him. But mostly only her body, hardly ever her face could be seen.

One day her faint suppositions were confirmed when she had found a letter in his jacket pocket agreeing to give a certain price for a batch of bestial pornography. That was a month after the episode. The irony was now she dare not confront him. There was no knowing what he would do if she tried to oppose him.

She had once spent two days without food in the room upstairs for daring to contradict him in front of her friends, on one of those rare occasions they had all met up together. He had whipped her mercilessly as well. Drawing blood so that later he had washed her wounds as she wept, demonstrating such consummate tenderness that she had believed him to be truly sorry. He had soothed her, been so gentle and loving it made the pain and debauchery worthwhile. That was the way they worked. She was becoming addicted to pain, he increasingly expert in delivering it.

He had photographed her latest debasement as the dogs stood over her and licked her to a strange abandoned state of arousal. Adrian erected poles around her, fitting them into specially made casings on the floor. He dipped his hand in the thick chocolate, turned her over, his hand lifting her crotch and covering her labia with the sweet warm liquid once more. She was hoisted by the chain round her belly, attached to a bar on the ceiling, which lifted her arse, exposing her vagina. One side of her was tilted out, so that one nipple dripped with chocolate as if it oozed the substance, in full availability for the dogs.

They swapped positions as if in secret agreement. Her labia exposed to the dog! As it licked and licked, raking its tongue across her clitoris, too soft for it to be painful, too insistent for her not to respond. The animal part of her began to enjoy the sensations despite the demeaning way she had been forced into the situation. Despite her own debasement she could not help becoming aroused by the long wet tongues of both of the dogs. She even came to feel like the bitch on heat Adrian continuously told her she was.

One dog was methodically licking her nipple, making her gasp. Both dogs were getting charged up, shifting about, trying to grip her with their paws to mount her. Adrian dabbed something onto her from a little bottle. The dogs grew suddenly even more excited. The black one tried to shag her breast, whilst clutching onto her shoulder with its front paws. The other one nosed her back end continuously, actually physically lifting her up and nudging her cunt, til it was even more open and accessible. Doing just what Adrian did, getting her in the position it wanted her in, growling for her to comply.

Adrian had the camera flashing and was egging the dogs on. Until finally the one at her back end leapt up and to her horror she felt its cock thrusting into her, shagging her quickly and virulently, in a frenzy the way dogs did. When it was over it gave her cunt a desultory lick and ambled away to leap onto the bed and flop down upon it in satisfaction.

Adrian urged the black dog to do the same, inserting the pony tail into Ruth's arse to vary the effect. He lifted her arse up by the pony tail to oblige the dog, smearing more of the chocolate and what she later discovered were bitch pheromones, onto her vulva. The black dog was whining and frenzied licking deep into her, clutching her with its fore paws as if she was a bone, growling at her so she froze and exposed her cunt for it to use. Then it was upon her, its thin cock poking in and out of her, whilst Adrian took photographs still.

The peculiar sliding thrust and knowledge of the dog flesh inside her. When it was over the dog got down and nudged her with its nose asserting itself, growling menacingly as if telling her not to move or try anything. She wanted to curl up in shame. But Adrian laughed and patted it giving it a lump of meat from a container he had brought up. He lowered the positions of her bindings so she could lie down comfortably. He threw her a duvet and pillow leaving her there like the animal she was, he told her. She had been a filthy dirty bitch and she was now relegated to the lowest status in the household, beneath the Alsations because they were male and they had roddered her as well, so Adrian told her. He even allowed the dogs to sleep on the bed, as if they were more civilised, more worthy of his company than her.

He kept the dogs interested in her all the next day, smearing her from time to time, and insisting she walk on the leash on all fours, where the two dogs could enjoy her if they wanted. He was merciless. The two dogs perpetually nosed her, licked her, mounted her or growled at her to give them space, assuming they had precedence to Adrian's company above her, he encouraging them in this, enjoying Ruth's fear and manipulating it to serve his own warped ends. He told her to lick milk off the floor which he had spilt on purpose. When she did not move immediately to obey him, he smeared the bitch pheromones over her again and tied her leash to a radiator letting the dogs have their full rein. She had curled up to try and protect herself but the black one had nipped her and they were so slaveringly insistent she had to let them have their way with her body as they chose.

Adrian even fed her from a bowl on the floor. He let the Alsations eat theirs first then made them sit and watch her whilst she messily ate her meal from the bowl, with her hands duely handcuffed behind her back. The dogs even seemed to despise her, seeing in her a weaker, inferior being, who the master enjoyed getting them to do things to. They energetically obliged, sometimes coming close to fighting

over her in their attempts to assert dominance, the one above the other, and each of them always over her. Adrian always prevented such threats from getting out of hand and she could tell he enjoyed the fear those occasions induced in her. She could tell he enjoyed his mastery over the dogs, his ability to control them, as much as he enjoyed her vulnerability and total subservience to his and the dogs' desires. He even made her sleep with them, ordering the dogs to lie still and guard her so that whenever she shifted they growled menacingly. He left her with them all night like that on the bedroom floor. Just before he went to bed he smeared some mashed banana upon her, so that the dogs slavered over her, licking her insatiably, probing her with their long tongues, grasping her with their paws, as if she was a bone, rich with marrow, in clefts to be insistently exposed for their appetites. Thus was she left to endure their doggy whim, while Adrian masturbated then went to sleep in the bed.

It was the worst night she ever spent. The dogs by that time were used to bullying her into optimum advantageous positions. They would cluster round her back end, barging her, jostling each other for the prime licking spot. She split herself wide not daring to attempt to prevent them, fearing their jaws, the disdain they seemed to direct at her. Finally when they had both got tired she was allowed to lower herself and an uncomfortable night was spent with the dogs lolling over and around her, occasionally giving her arse or side a lick of remembrance or ownership.

In the morning Adrian sent the dogs downstairs and got dressed. As he released her bonds he told her he would be back that evening, that he had arranged to take the dogs round to Dave's early that morning. As if this was being communicated in normal circumstances. He left her crumpled on the floor with a parting shot: "Just remember I've got the photographs O.K. babe?" A subtle threat and implication left hanging in the air.

When he and the dogs had gone she wept uncontrollably and spent hours in the bath trying to rid herself of the dog smell, rid herself of the disgust she felt, rid herself of the dirty dogginess that had been thrust upon her and into her. She had lain there wondering what to do, couldn't come up with any solution that did not involve killing him or herself. If she left him, he had the photographs and not just the dog ones either. She couldn't stand ... did not want that exposure. She tried to break into the locked draws of his desk, scabble around his pockets. But Adrian was scrupulously careful and methodical about watching his back, leaving no loose ends stray. She found nothing incriminating and only did so some months later because she guessed he wanted her to. It increased his power over her. She would have got in the car and driven away, just run away free at last to begin again, living for herself instead of around another. But she feared him still. What he might do. Better stand and face the devil she had told herself. He came back after seven that night to find her drunk and disshevelled, still in her dressing gown. When he walked through the door she flew at him, flailing her fists at him, screaming that she hated him, never wanted him near her again. He held her immobile until she wept her bitterness and frustration before him. He had affected surprise saying, "What? I thought you enjoyed it. I thought it was one of those kinky things you would get a kick out of!"

When she screamed at him again and berated him further, he picked her up and carried her to the settee, lay her down gently, as if she were an injured child, sweeping away the hair from her face and gently erasing the tears with his fingertips. But she pushed him from her, savage again and curled herself away from him. He looked at her in that loving compassionate way he sometimes had, that never failed to startle her. Which made her remember that there was a depth of emotion in him, that he felt for her, that he was as much addicted to her as she was to him. Only he went too far, debasing and belittling her more and more.

That night and for a few days afterwards he had treated her incredibly solicitously, as if she were an invalid to be cossetted and coaxed back to health. But after that episode she had been adamant. She did not let Adrian touch her for days, refused to speak to him, went out busying herself during the day with swimming or aerobics, banal social chatter, trying to forget.

In the end Adrian sweet-talked her round again like he always did. He promised it would never happen again and he always appeared so sincere, so desperately sorry he had hurt her. Indeed he proved true to his word up to a point. He had never repeated the collar episode, making her wear the symbol of her servitude as a constant - no, he had never repeated that, he didn't need to. He had kept his word there. And he had never sodomised her since that one time he had tried it. So once again she kidded herself he did mean what he said. What she was never prepared for were the deviations he came up with; he would rarely stoop to repetition, wanting always the new and devilish untried.

The way he improvised situations, which she realised afterwards had been planned and calculated. It was as if he honed his business acumen and sharp witted techniques on her. She was his punch ball, his

practice kit, his training gym. And he used her how he wanted, she always giving in. Giving in, giving in, so that she felt she was more fluid than flesh, more of the substance of water, that oozed and filled each newly shaped chamber of pleasure and pain, a talon or a waterlily, substance to drown and die in, substance to inspire and ignite.

Always the double-edged blade they walked, the price of such intensity, tipping out of balance one side, resurrecting itself by swinging to the opposite side of the spectrum. Sometimes continuing smoothly connected and aligned until the swing from pleasure or pain began again. Each time staying longer in the region of pain making the pleasure more brutal, more pathetic on her own part.

But he liked her in that state she knew; snivelling, pathetic, hurt. Then he would take her in his arms and tenderly, oh so tenderly and exquisitely caress her, consoling her, worshipping at the shrine of her body - the body he had just abused - telling her how much he loved her, how without her he could never be happy.

Something in her always responded, some keen dart always pierced so she ended up loving him, wanting him, in a fiercer deeper way. It frightened her the way they lived. But she was also irrationally, illogically gratified by it. Because after all, Adrian drew out of her and emphasised certain qualities in herself, made her so dependant upon him, she felt incomplete without him. This kept the arousal between them a constantly flaring spark.

This lent her an air of vulnerability. So that her softness and reticence, her willingness to listen and be easily impressed, made her all the more appealing to men. There was a certain fragile look that shone in her eyes which seemed to beg their acceptance, their approval of her; as if she feared the fact they might not like her or that they might despise her. It was a peculiar and subtle play of qualities which made men look at her like a splendid chocolate box they would have liked to unwrap. The male in them responded instinctively to the exaggerated femininity she presented. She oozed soft, obliging sexuality; her body or figure could not help but do that in the clothes Adrian insisted she wear. But she always wanted them to see her as a person, to like her quite apart from her physical attributes. That's what she always begged from them with her eyes. Most men could never resist that appeal.

Not that she was with men that often. Adrian had engineered her life so that she spent time with her girlfriends, and occasionally their husbands, pursuing her various hobbies and interests - her swimming, her pottery, helping at the creche on consecutive mornings and then the playgroup. She loved to be with little children. She still wanted a child. But the idea of parenting with Adrian frightened her. She knew it wasn't viable. She couldn't stand to bring a child into such an environment now. Neither could she break free of Adrian somehow either. Did she want to? More and more these days.

After the dog episode, when she finally came round to enjoying his company again, they had had a long time of settled easy intimacy, so that the idea of children tap-tapped at her mind again and made her body sensitively hormonal. She had put it to Adrian. The discussion. The row. He, in the end refusing to consider it - business, freedom, time together and so forth, pointing out to her that she was only young, barely 23; plenty of time yet to have kids, he told her. She, spoiling for a row, he spanking her, making her forget...

His business interests intruding. More conferences. Evenings spent "working". The old feeling of neglect, abandonment. The old desire to be pathetically grateful to him when he did give her some attention. How she had come to despise herself more and more. But all the same there was a kernel of strength in her, like a nut that would not crack, for she responded to his games by exaggerating her moves, matching him and keeping pace, in a way that even surprised herself. It was the times when he was away that crushed her.

The times when she felt he was enjoying pleasures elsewhere, having other women. He had never told her or even hinted as much, but she knew. She could tell by a certain fulfilment he came in with, a certain dreaminess, as if his mind was elsewhere, as if he did not see her. Then her soul cried out in terror, for she realised beyond Adrian's shadow she no longer existed in her own right. Without him she was featureless and barren, an entity that only knew itself in relation to a larger satellite. And she despised herself even further because of this, and felt sorry for the child she had been, whose head had been filled with dreams of innocent charm. To think she had ended up like this! A doll to be neglected or played with, depending on his mood. And yet she stayed. She could somehow never find the strength to break the bond - to cut and run. So in bursts and starts it kept happening. The sado-masochistic merry-go-round which she was as inexorably drawn to, just as much as he.

And of course it was her own fault - who else could she blame? Some days after a savage ravishment at the hands of Adrian, she would feel unreal. As if reality was an illusion, a test-card on the T.V. held up

to fill her time until Adrian returned and real existence began. Then work would take him away and so forth, and onward it would go. And then something else would happen. Something catastrophic. The bomb dropping to obliterate her once again. For the nth time of happening. And she was still too stupid to see it coming...

Adrian, she noticed, had a way with men. As if he had a latent homosexuality, which remained perpetually frozen in a state of suspended animation, only allowed outlet through observation. He enjoyed observing, playing the vicarious participant, the voyeurism of the dramas he orchestrated. She supposed that's how he could handle it - watching a chosen few fuck her. He enjoyed their derangement, their discomposure, as well as gaining a rapacious pleasure out of Ruth's abandonment. Proving all along that he was the superior one. The blokes he chose he could always be chummy with; they always had a camaraderie she was perpetually outside of. Thus in such situations they communicated to each other in spite of her, forcing her to become the sex-object, her husband had set her up to be.

Then the last episode. Adrian's fascination with body piercings and tattoos ever so casually revealing itself in relaxed and nonchalant manner. Showing her a book a friend had given him - pictures of pierced nipples, cocks, vaginas. Body suit tattoos. And weirder and stranger paraphernalia than these. Ruth's instinctive aversion to it, as if she had sensed where this interest would lead. Adrian not mentioning it for days. As a joke, asking her if she would like her belly button done or his cock given a Prince Albert. She had laughed at the latter, wondered about her navel, fingering the small indentation uncertainly. Adrian's caress. Nothing for a long time. Adrian's work interceding and taking precedence. A certain time of the month. Adrian exquisitely arousing her, keeping her nerves taut, until her flesh ached to be touched. Just dinner for two that Friday night he had said. Just something quick and easy so they could drink the wine and he could get down to the real feast of the evening, he had joked, smacking his lips at her and kissing her in a lingering fashion. "You're all turned on aren't you babe? Aren't you my Ruthie? Never mind I'll come tonight and sort you out - until then keep yourself on hold!" He had slapped her buttocks in jest and followed this up by saying: "By the way, I want you in some sexy gear when I walk through that door tonight. You've been letting that go recently. I work hard you know to keep you in the lap of luxury. When I come in I want to see a sight to please my eyes, take my mind off work. So wear something sexy. That leather strappy thing I bought you a while back. Nothing else O.K.? Make me believe I've died and gone to some kind of heaven, eh? Just for me!" And he winked at her with that roguish irresistible charm he had. She had pandered to his words, laughing with him and arching herself provocatively. Fool! Fool! Fool!

She had complied with his instructions, wearing the garb he had bought her a couple of months ago. The garment was little but a series of leather straps accentuating her lovely curves, the softness of her skin. It made her look like a beautiful exotic animal, naked behind a leather cage. She wanted to please him, to keep him sweet. So that night she made chicken breasts in a brandy sauce on a sweet potato crush, and opened the wine ready for his return. When he came in she was already waiting for him, the glass of wine ready poured, held in her hands, she sitting up straight and pert on the dining room chair. He had smiled at her appreciatively and her heart had flipped over a little - this time it was going to be good, she had thought.

He took the glass without saying anything and savoured it, gazing into her eyes as he did so. Then he had kissed her, told her to give him ten minutes to shower and change, whilst she got the meal ready.

Half an hour later they were sitting at the table finishing the very tasty meal. Adrian finished his second glass of wine and then, to show his appreciation, he knelt down and kissed the soft flesh of her inner thigh. He nibbled it and pressed his lips and tongue upon it, so she opened her thighs exposing the pink petal folds of her vagina, the dark forest of hair around it. Adrian stuck his tongue right up into the gash then sucked at her as if he drank the juice of an exotic fruit. Then he got up and pushed his fingers inside her, at the same time as filling his wine glass.

He watched her movements grow wanton as he pushed his fingers in and out of her, sipping his wine as he did so. He put down the glass and glanced at his watch, noting the time with satisfaction. He bent over her and took her nipple in his teeth, sucking at it, grasping her flesh and kneading her as if she were dough. Which was what she felt she had become - dough to be shaped and poked and prodded, just for his whim. The long days of waiting and slow arousal unfulfilled had paid off, for once again Ruth could not help but respond immediately to his touch. At that moment once again, she was ready to do anything he wanted her to.

Suddenly the doorbell rang, and Ruth stiffened. They weren't expecting anyone - were they? A sinking feeling in her belly, looking at Adrian inquiringly.

"Don't worry I'll deal with it," he said. "You just stay there til I come back", rubbing her clitoris so that then she didn't care what the doorbell meant, just so long as he came back to her. She heard voices in the hall, the door closing, conversation continuing, another man's voice, laughter. A few minutes later the door opened and a tall brawny figure followed Adrian into the room. He had his hair tied back in a pony tail, his nose and ears pierced. He had strong brows and dark eyes, a hooked nose, thin lips, a wide mouth. He was staring at her, the lust naked in his eyes, puckering his lips and whistling when he saw her.

"You got some sweet piece of meat there Ade, I'm sure we can do a deal on that. We'll soon have those tree-top baboons taken out for you so that the building work can go ahead, alongside this little extra you promised me, O.K.? Consider the task already done, so long as you keep your side of the bargain now ..."

Adrian smiled: "No problem - I promised you, didn't I? I am a man of my word you know!"

When they had entered she had been sitting as he had left her, with her legs opened wide, her head to one side, her eyes closed, for she didn't believe he would bring a stranger in cold to see her sitting like that. But too late she realised he wasn't alone - she had sat up and opened her eyes, closing her legs quickly and pressing them tightly together. She felt like a fool. She pleaded with Adrian with her eyes, but his look held a warning not to let him down. She knew he could get nasty, in the past he had proved that on a number of occasions, so her fear held her obedient to his command. While inside she wept, *not again*. Not again. Oh no, not again.

Adrian got a kick out of other men using her, as long as he had engineered it. If she flirted of her own volition, well, now that was a different matter, Adrian had told her in no uncertain terms. He liked to see her prostrate and straddled; he liked to watch the animal in her respond, taken over by sensation; he liked to see the men pound and squeeze her, watch them getting carried away too. Their lust for his wife turned him on and was another feather in his cap. This was the fourth time he had used her in the business bartering process.

She realised he was something to do with Adrian's latest job. There was some controversy over it she knew. Some protesters dwelling in tree-tops to prevent construction. She realised the tall, beefy piratical-looking man was something to do with the ejection of those people. He looked like someone you wouldn't want to argue with.

"Have a glass of wine," Adrian said. "Let's adjourn to the lounge. Ruth, pour my business associate a glass of wine and carry it through in front of us."

She looked at him beseechingly, hesitating, but on seeing his eyes begin to cloud, as they did when he got angry, she silently got up, poured the wine and walked to the door, turning back inquiringly to look at Adrian to see if she had got it right. He gestured her on, smiling at her and pleased with her again. Her flesh was still erotically charged from Adrian's caresses ten minutes before. She was conscious of that moistness now, conscious of the other man oggling her, and she wished her breasts weren't so prominent, didn't bobble in that way when she walked. In contradiction she still ached for the sexual fulfilment that had been denied her, in the build up to this night.

The tall man leered at her buttocks as she walked before them, clearly wanting to warm his hands on them, try her out for size. Adrian enjoyed the spectacle and became correspondingly even more puffed up and superior, but still retaining that laddiness that always made him so popular with other men, so easy to get along with. How he was now, thoroughly obliging and charming along with it.

"Thought you'd like a bit of a drink first, enhance the anticipation, know what I mean?" Adrian was saying tipping him a broad wink, then: "Just stand there a minute Ruth, will you?" giving her her orders. There she stood conscious of her near-naked provocative garb, holding a glass of wine for Adrian's guest.

"Take a seat," Adrian said to their guest, indicating a place on the settee, whilst he sat in the opposite armchair. The man sat down clearly enjoying the experience of having a woman barely-clad on his behalf and serving him, apparently waiting on his every whim.

"Give the gentleman his wine Ruth and make sure you kneel as you do so," came the directive from Adrian.

Ruth in the unreality of an unfolding drama, did as she was told. She walked over to the man, who was now sitting, and did as she had been commanded, holding out the wine for the man to take, feeling conscious of his proximity, the outward jut of her breasts. The man with the pierced nose smiled lasciviously saying: "Thank you," and looking like he was holding back the urge to fondle her. Adrian, in his turn smiled, pleased at the effect Ruth was having on his business friend and settled down to enjoy

the situation.

"You've got her bloody well-trained Ade! How do you do it? If only all of 'em were like this eh?" the man chortled. Adrian responded in likewise jokey manner, offering his wife as an object to be borrowed and played with. But she dared not protest.

"Get her warmed up yourself if you like, then we'll go upstairs and you can get out your box of tricks and return the favour - O.K.?" Adrian was saying.

"Suits me just fine!" joked the piratish Jason.

"Ruth get up and stand in front of Jason. Do a turn for him. He wants to look at you a bit closer".

She contemplated running out, but she knew she wouldn't escape. Her only protection was to give in. Play her part. The part Adrian had created for her. Again and again, according to his dictates she had played her part, as it seemed she always would. Adrian's willing puppet to do with as he pleased. So she did as Adrian said and Jason leered up at her grinning, clearly deliberating over how to begin. She could sense in the actions that followed a desire in this man also to test the boundaries, to test how far Adrian would allow him to go. He discovered the boundaries were limitless. His fingers followed the curve of her thigh, brushed against her crotch, eventually holding onto the leather straps circling her waist. Then he pulled her face downwards over his knee, so her arse swelled up helplessly exposed before him.

"Very nice contours Ade I'd say. Where did you pick up this little bargain then?" Jason joked, acting as if he believed she was not really Adrian's wife but a prostitute paid to act her part.

Adrian laughed appreciatively. She could tell he was happy about the way things were turning out.

"Found her doing agency temping work, took pity on her 'cos her tights had a hole in 'em and she couldn't afford new ones til the agency paid her. Sad, don't you think? I could see her potential so I rescued her. She's come a long way since then. Women are like animals, Jason, don't you think? They need to be trained. All this feminism stuff is a load of rot! All most of 'em want is a good fuck.

Somebody putting their foot down and telling 'em what's what. They get turned on when they're ordered around. At least Ruth here does, and so do most of the other women I've met as well. It makes things a lot easier. Ruth knows I earn the money, keep her in luxury, so she takes the orders and does what I say. She'll do the same for you. She's very compliant. It's how I insist she should be".

Jason was rubbing the palm of his hand over and round and round on her buttocks, a motion that was beginning to make her skin tingle, while they discussed her as if she had no voice or feelings of her own. As if all she was, was a novelty doll, made to be especially accomodating, before being put back in the cupboard and locked away until the next time came! The trouble was Adrian was right. It did turn her on. He had continuously modified and modified her behaviour so that she fitted in perfectly with his fantasies, his wishes, his unimpeachable commands.

"I'm impressed," said Jason, now only concerned to take things further. "Seeing as this is on your recommendation, can I try a bite or two, just to see if you're right?"

Ruth realised he was into it too, treating her like some wares, a geisha girl to be offered and shared, to do with whatever they pleased.

"Sure. Go ahead, don't mind me. I'll put some music on and get some more wine. Help yourself to the treats on offer. Ruth will be very obliging, I know," Adrian responded, putting Jason at his ease.

"Ta," said Jason, grinning, she could tell.

Suddenly he sank his teeth into her buttocks, biting quite hard as if he couldn't resist the temptation to do so. Ruth cried out in pain. But then he was lifting her up so that his tongue could explore her crevices, spreading her thighs to accomodate him, sucking deep on her labia, stimulating her clitoris so she became as compliant as he wanted her. Turning her over, lifting her up by the straps so that his mouth met with her nipples, holding her breasts like ice-cream cones, there for his particular savourment, as Adrian had sanctioned him to do. His big hand working within her, making her gasp in slavish abandonment. His hands, his teeth, his tongue rendering her that melting quantity which only existed to oblige the masculine desire. Jason bending her over the settee and entering her from behind. His large cock opening her wide, as he used her for his own satisfaction.

Adrian's dry voice commenting on the nymphomaniac quality of his wife which served to make her so marvellously malleable!

Afterwards they made her smoke a joint, care of Jason, which she was not accustomed to, so that it enhanced the dream-like quality of what followed. Drinks and a shared joint for the men, as Ruth lay disshevelled and prostrate, awaiting their further pleasure, in a strange dreamy state because of the intensity of a stranger's sexual urges and the unaccustomed nature of the marijuana. The ashtray was

balanced on her butt, as they discussed their business interests further and Jason told stories of the kinky clinches he had had when he had worked as a tattoo artist in Brighton.

And there she lay in bed the following morning, Adrian having left using the excuse of work to disappear, so he wouldn't be there to suffer her anguish or recriminations. She gazed down at her body, fingered the belly-button stud that was pierced through the skin, felt the sting of the tattoo on the top of her thigh. Remembered again how, intoxicated and abandoned to erotic sensation, they had strapped her down. How her struggles and cries were in vain when she realised what they intended.

His box of tricks. Jason the practised tattooist and body piercing expert, using his accomplished skill on her at Adrian's request. She learned also, that Jason had been in the SAS and hence ran a group of professional thugs, hired in order to eject the troublesome from the path of all-consuming business interests.

The belly button bit was mild. She had treated it as a joke til then. Even that, stopping there it wouldn't have mattered so much. But no, Adrian had to embellish the point. Her body scarred for life. Just like Adrian was scarring her emotionally. This time he really scared her. He had fingered her labia, while he and Jason considered the advantages and disadvantages of piercing her there, in the soft, juicy, fleshfolds of her vagina or on the soft plum of her nipple. She had screamed and screamed at them.

But Adrian only laughed and encouraged Jason, telling him she went in for histrionics, that really she loved it just as much as him. Whereupon he grabbed her arse and took her flesh into his mouth, his fingers working in her, seducing her once again. The other man at it as well, fondling those parts of her not being probed by Adrian.

Coming up for air to discuss the further possibilities, get another drink, smoke another joint, whilst she lay quivering for their touch, the sexual spark enhanced by the frisson of fear introduced into the proceedings. Despite that her hormones overtaking her, wanting their hands, their mouths upon her. She giving, giving her body unto them, as if it was a rich yielding earth for them to delve into as they pleased. But no they would brand it, intent on leaving their stamp, their mark upon her. Adrian's designs; to brand her like a slave, his undisputed property. Only this time he'd gone too far.

But what frightened her was the response in her to accede to her status; to live up to or down to it, so that finally the fantasy had become more reality than life itself. Bondage. The collar. The chains. They could all be taken off. But a tattoo! And it had hurt. It had burned into her flesh and because she felt abused she had ended up weeping. In the aftermath of that action, they caressed her and stroked her consolingly, like a pet which had required some sort of surgical intervention. Adrian even carried her to the bed and lay her down, whilst he and the man Jason had another drink, smoked another joint. The man Jason, had come over and kissed her goodnight, after putting his clothes on. "O.K. sweetie, don't worry, it'll look great when its healed. Your man'll just wash it for you in warm water and apply the savlon before you go to sleep and you'll find it's no bother. I'll leave instructions with your man here about how to look after it, O.K.? Thanks for a fab time. I won't forget it in a hurry, eh?"

Her sniffing a disconsolate reply. Retreating into herself as the hurt do, when realisation began to dawn and her sense of shame returned. A plague on her see-saw emotions! A plague on them! Her hand went involuntarily to her thigh. What was he thinking of? How far did he intend to take this... this game that had become the sketchboard of their life.

She got up and went to the mirror almost afraid to see the result. At first she was relieved for it was not large or gaudy; it was discrete, indeed fascinating. When Jason had gone Adrian had tried to soothe her, had washed the soreness away and smeared savlon over it, then held her and coaxed her to sleep. She had woken confused, tormented. Again the downward spiral feeling sinking through her. But when she saw the tattoo, how apparently inoffensive it was, her mood lifted slightly.

Going closer she could see it in all its starkness. An A in black with an S made to look like a red lightning zig-zag strike. Underneath this, the words: *His Will Be Done*, in neat black lettering. Ruth didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Adrian Spearman; A.S. It was there for anyone to see: **AS His Will Be Done**. She felt strange on seeing those words - as if he had given himself the status of her god, who could be just as cruel as loving, and more so of the former when it suited him. As if now with those words cut into her she couldn't help but do whatever he said. As if she had signed her life, her wishes away and she had no will but his.

She felt as if she hovered on the brink of a precipice. If she continued to go along, to give in, where would it all end? What would become of this puppet's life she led, with him always pulling her strings, making her dance any which way he liked? What was she going to become if she allowed this to carry on? A pleasure toy for her husband and a few choice business colleagues, as if she were a high-class

prostitute, part of the deal. Indeed that's what he had made her. He would develop a reputation for it. This was the fourth time this had happened. She felt she had become part of his bargaining design, part of his business plan, a perk to be offered at a whim, a lure and reward to clinch a deal.

What would become of her? The her inside that did think, did engage her mind, did think about the complexities of life? Adrian liked turning her into the she-animal, into the panting female and then exacting a penance of pain - come from pleasure - to pain again. His sadistic enjoyment at her cries; the pleasure, the pain. Did she really want this all her life? The tattoo as an indelible brand made her even more his victim. If she did not kick back now when would she?

She had heard that tattoos could be removed. She turned the idea over in her mind. This time the thought that Adrian might be enraged by such an action filled her with an intense frisson of excitement and pleasure. Now, after all this time, if she stood up to him, what would he do?

Didn't he need her as much as she needed him? What could he do to her? She would show him finally there were limits beyond which she would not go. The thought of rebelling in this way, taking charge of her body again, lifted her spirits and rather than dwelling on the debauchery and pain of the previous evening, she carried the tattoo like a battle wound on her thigh; a scar that would denote her final victory. The tattoo would, by its disappearance, finally vindicate her and break her from his puppet-master's spell.

But she would wait. She knew he planned to go away in a fortnight's time with 'the lads' - his business cronies who always remained vague and indistinct to her. From time to time he went for jaunts in the country, 'to revitalise himself and get a breath of nature' he would claim. Last year he'd gone fishing up to Scotland and orienteering in the Derbyshire Dales. He dabbled in these things, keeping himself fit in the gym after work and using the bar in the bedroom. Fifteen pull-ups in the morning, fifteen pull-ups in the evening, a hundred press-ups to start the day. "Got to keep fit Ruthie. A man shouldn't be a dough-ball. He's hard, muscle, iron strength. Not like this". Fondling her breast, his fingers sinking into the softness. "Soft and succulent. Never do for a man, eh?" He joked squeezing her buttocks and demonstrating her seeming wealth of rounded flesh, compared to his lean torso, the tight firm buttocks of his behind.

Adrian's vanity. He liked his trips out with 'the lads' as he called it. He told her it was a way of discussing business in a more relaxed environment; he insisted it wasn't all play. Where was he going two weeks from now? Paint-balling in Shropshire? Somebody's birthday treat - Paul, an old school friend, he'd told her. Running around as if they were fighting in a real war, shooting paint at each other or something. Ruth found the idea faintly ridiculous. But for once she welcomed the opportunity of his absence, for she had made up her mind. She had decided it would be then, when Adrian was away, that she would arrange for the tattoo to be removed.

But for now she would surprise him by her lack of protest, her unruffled acceptance of it all. She would make her face, her behaviour a mask belying the fact that finally the worm was about to turn, to bite back. Yes, finally to bite back, to assert herself in this way. Yes, this was what she had decided to do. So she applied savlon to the tattoo, dressed and breakfasted and then looked up the telephone numbers in the yellow pages of clinics which might perform such an erasure. Finally she found one which would book her in, and made an appointment for the 1st of June, the Saturday when Adrian was away. She shivered with nervous excitement and felt deviously powerful, something she was not accustomed to feeling. She enjoyed the new sensation. So when Adrian returned that evening expecting a tirade, he was disconcerted by her normality, by her matter-of-fact ease, by the way she brushed aside any mention of the previous evening.

Adrian was disconcerted by her unexpected breeziness, she could tell. And he wanted to show her he could fit into that mood very well. But deep down inside he was a little unsettled. Her tears, her anger, her guilt, her remorse, these he knew how to deal with. He liked the thought that he could orchestrate her emotions, her impulses. But this. This calm, this warmth, this willingness to wait on him, to keep him happy, this was unexpected after the previous evening. And a part of him was disappointed. He enjoyed more the drama of her unhappiness and confusion to the warm sea of her accepting love. Yet also he was relieved. He couldn't have predicted how she would feel about the tattoo. Now he assumed her lack of anger or tears meant that she liked it, that it turned her on.

He felt proud at the thought of it. His mark. His initials. His words. His command upon her. His in a way no other could be. Even if he did play the dilettante now and then, Ruth he reserved for his most dark, most debauch experiments. He wanted to keep her sweet, to keep her indelibly his so that this genius he thought he possessed, this genius for ever more bizarre and unlikely sex interventions, he could indulge

in whenever he liked. Well, you only had one life, he always said to himself, might as well play things for real instead of permanently fantasising and never acting.

He loved Ruth in a way which went to the bone of his being. But it was a possessive love, jealous of any independence or initiative she might have. He insisted on controlling her, on directing all her movements, approving all her actions. He did not like her to do anything without consulting him first. The possessive nature of his attachment made it seem a natural extension of their love to use her, to experiment on her, to bend her over, twist her round, try this implement and that position, watch others partake of her, notice animal involuntary responses, chain her, whip her, teach her the lesson that he knew she had learned well. That she was his to do with as he wanted, that she was his slave who would always do his bidding, no matter what that bidding was.

So his over-inflated masculine ego was kept monster hidden behind his smooth ways, his public school boy charm. He was master in his own household like no other man he knew and he was proud of his wife because of this and yet ever more concerned to keep her in her place. Hence the tattoo - a stroke of genius. It made him feel good to think about it.

So surprisingly the following days which merged into weeks, were a warm, intimate lull of closeness.

He, happy and satisfied with her and she, pandering to his tastes, flattering him, playing up to him, holding her secret rebellion inside herself and secretly laughing at him, in the moments when she considered his reaction when the tattoo was no longer there! Come Friday of the following week, he had his bag packed and was all ready to go.

Dressed in a checked shirt and jeans he looked rugged and relaxed; the look enhancing his surface charm so that it was difficult to see the black glint that sometimes pierced forth from those grey-blue eyes, cold as a winter's day; those eyes at times, like an ebony stilleto slicing through flesh, watching the pain well out as symbolic blood on a background of pale skin.

As he kissed her goodbye there was a subtle warning in his eyes. As if he was telling her, 'I know there's something you're keeping to yourself. I don't know what it is yet but you'd better beware you make the right moves kitten, or you might get more than you bargained for. Remember, ultimately you're mine - that's the way we work, you know that as well as I. So be careful and make me happy not crazy when I return'.

There were no words he formed to voice these sentiments but she had come to understand and interpret, perhaps exaggerate in line with his desires, these non-verbal cues. A certain black, brooding intensity in his eyes belying the vicious impulse always so skilfully concealed. Yet at times, those flint-blue eyes could be warm and witty. This was his public face; warm, witty, just the right amount of arrogance combined with modesty, an apparent obliging sincerity which drew many people to him.

His life was a disguise for what lurked beneath, in his hidden private lair where he tip-toed on the brink of blue-beard excess, enjoying the throb of life too much to cut the thread irrevocably. But to bruise and beat, even draw blood, how satisfying that was at times! Seeing her begging and hurt until he magnanimously swept her up and treated her with the tenderness her fragility had earned. He did not always inflict pain, and sometimes the pain was subtly pleasing; sometimes the experience was an indolent, undulating roll of pleasure. But he reserved the right to choose.

He had moulded his wife that way. If he chose to inflict pain, to truss her up like a choice cut of meat to be prodded and poked and slapped and punched as he saw fit, then it was his right to behave like that. She had handed over the reins to him long ago and abided by his rules. That knowledge gave him a dark, sweet pleasure that nothing - none of his other infidelities - could touch.

Ruth knew all this, as they passionately kissed goodbye, her body cleaving to him of its own accord, reassuring him of her devotion. She knew what he was and yet she still could not find it in herself to resist him, to rebel.

Except now that was something she was beginning to consider; to sample the sweetness of rebellion, of shocking this man whose love retained a dictator's absolute authority.

Adrian eventually untangled himself from her, pleased with her show of emotion, clutching her buttocks possessively, then bending to kiss the still-scabbing tattoo on her thigh.

"Treat yourself kitten. Go shopping tomorrow, see one of your gossiping friends, throw a pot! I'll be back on Sunday afternoon so I can have dinner with you and relax before work on Monday. Make sure my shirts are washed and that dark blue suit is ready to wear O.K. babes? And don't do anything naughty while I'm away alright? 'Cos you know I'll find out and be forced to do something about it...". He left it an open issue but smiled at her and pulled her to him again pretending to sink his jaws into her neck. She screamed and they tussled until she was laughing and begging for mercy on the bed.

Eventually Adrian stopped the antics and looked at his watch. He got up and sleeked back his nutmeg hair from the dark brows.

"Have a good time," she said to him, "don't get lost in the hills or lured away by some enchantress or something!"

"I've told you before - nobody could be what you are to me. Nobody could be what you are to me," his whispered repetition pleased her as he fingered the tattoo on her thigh to symbolise his meaning. "You know that". His arms wrapped around her in confirmation of a bond that was dark and true.

"I've got to go kitten, or I'll be late," said Adrian extricating himself. "Have a good time, enjoy yourself - within reason! I'll be back on Sunday and then you never know, your luck might just be in!"

Her mock scowl, he tousling her hair in fond reproof. Smiling at her from the door, blowing a kiss, a final subtle glint of warning - 'just you dare babes, just you dare'. A look of dangerous appeal which while it scared her, stirred an erotic impulse in her that had always been her downfall, which had always kept her willing victim to suit his predatory whim.

It was the way they worked, the way they had always worked together. Up until that moment when for the first time she was left considering whether or not to assert herself, considering Adrian's reaction if she did so ...

Then Adrian was running down the stairs, going outside to his car, opening the boot, putting his weekend bag and walking boots inside and shutting it, the car door closing, the engine revving. The black BMW reversing out of the tree-lined drive. A wave at her, from the car window, as she stood at the bedroom window until he was on the road and the car disappeared with a final beep of the horn.

Later these moments were etched stark within her mind - moments which were replayed and replayed searching for clues which, no matter how many times she went over that last scenario, were never revealed to her. But then she had not been aware of what would follow. At that moment she was only considering what seemed to be her most immediate dilemma. That was on the Friday morning.

She felt strange when he had gone. Almost ill at ease and uncertain about how to go about her day until gradually the realisation dawned, as it usually did on these occasions, that for two days at least, she did not have to consider someone else before herself. She realised for a brief while she did not have to wait on Adrian's every word, watch his moods, pander to his desires to ensure her own comfort and peace of mind, to avoid the pain he was so expert at inflicting. She did not have to ensure that everything was in its place, as Adrian always insisted. He always noticed if she hadn't done something and punished her days later if he felt like it. But she had other things to think about now. What if she did have the tattoo taken off? What would he do to her? She shivered to think of it.

She remembered the time last year when he went crazy, when some business deal collapsed. He expressed his disappointment by beating and slapping and twisting and punching and kicking her. But he broke no bones - there was barely a drop of blood. Just the cold fear that he had finally lost it. She lying crumpled on the floor. An hour afterwards he had run a bath for her. Almost weeping, he had bathed her, so so gently, slowly massaged her body to life again - to pleasurable sensation, once again. But was it worth it, she asked herself? The more she colluded with it, the worse it became and the more inextricably ensnared she felt she was.

Yet if she had the tattoo taken off, the first time she had deliberately flaunted his wishes, what would he do? Which road would he go down? How had she got herself into this alternately vicious then delicious closed circuit situation? How had this net of circumstance come to be closed so skilfully around her? It was her own doing. If she fought back this time, dare she stand the storm, the inevitable hurricane of abuse? Her insides quaked. Could she afford *not* to do something?

So, all during that day she pottered around the house - starting something then leaving it unfinished - in an uncomfortable state of boredom come anxiety. She decided to drive out somewhere for a walk, just by herself. She ended up driving all the way to Silbury Hill to climb the man-made slopes that formed a supposed ancient burial site. It was immense. It gave her a sense of the unfathomable, the spirit which moved beneath, beyond the surface things, beyond material existence. As she looked out towards the expanse of Salsbury Plain, something in her stirred and urged her to take her life into her own hands - become a full human-being, instead of a putty parcel of flesh to be squeezed and moulded into whatever role Adrian chose to impose upon her. To do something for herself and change the pattern of her life forever.

The day was warm and sunny and she felt a sense of freedom she had almost forgotten. She listened to the sky larks, watched sunlight glancing off the trees at the base of the hill. When she came down she felt inspired; inspired to express herself in some way. An idea formed in her mind: to use her fledgling

skill with pottery to reverence that unseen grandeur of Nature, that mysterious majestic potential contained within the human frame, which she had caught a glimpse of on that ancient site. To make the pottery she crafted as an act of worship in itself. A chalice which would appear to be a crucible holding the elixir of life itself. Something profound and beyond the petty miseries of day to day existence. Ancient symbols of the sun, the moon, sea shells, stars, the unfolding petals of a rose, the abstracted shapes of life drifted through her mind, and she was glad not to have to think of her situation or Adrian's predilection for cruelty and absolute submission from her.

When she got home, she went to the workshop at the back of the house that Adrian had adapted for her as an indulgence on her 22nd birthday. A space that was her own - that is, when Adrian allowed her to use it as such. She spent the evening crafting a huge medieval goblet, scoring strange, abstract images into the sides, like ancient enigmatic runes. Finally she became hungry and made herself an omelette. She took a glass of wine into the bathroom as steam filled the room and put Tom Waits' *Blue Valentine* on the stereo downstairs, turning the music up loud so she could hear it above the running water. Then she stripped off and sank into the benediction of warm-scented water.

Ruth fingered the belly-button stud, admiring its impact upon her belly - its appearance, the exotic glint of the tiny diamond set within it. She tugged at it gently. It made her feel ... strange ... different ... fantasy becoming reality ... a slave girl of the 1990's for real. She scooped some of her 'body scrub' into her hand, the body scrub that kept her skin smooth for his touch. She gently rubbed the tiny grains over the tattoo. There was no pain, only the usual rub against normally responding skin. The scabs had all but come off a few days ago, the last bits of skin peeling off and flaking insignificantly away. Ruth rubbed at the tattoo half-hoping it would blurr of its own accord. When it didn't she rubbed it more fiercely. But it remained impervious - the black, finely drawn "A" merging with the red jag of the "Z" like a lightning bolt underlining it. **His Will Be Done.** When she saw those words on her flesh, her stomach tightened and a trickle of erotic impulse sparked through her thighs and up into her belly. Why did it turn her on? Had he known it would? Somehow, somehow it gave her a role so stark and clearly defined, nothing could defile it. Was it something to do with that? Or was it cowardice? Baseness - an essential baseness of nature, a weakness in herself? But she did love him, despite (or because of?) the way he treated her. She couldn't help loving him and wanting to please him: always, always! Yet, if she kept fitting in, fitting in ... where would it all lead? The perpetual dilemma! And still she remained undecided, peculiarly fascinated by the stark beauty of the tattoo, becoming more and more drawn to the idea of keeping it. Why directly defy him like that when she almost enjoyed ... but was it enough? The unresolvable conflict was there kept in frozen suspense as her body was suspended in the water. So she drank her wine, listened to the gravelled strains of *Blue Valentine*, looked down at her body, enjoying its soft smooth curves, her pale flesh and gleaming flanks which showed the cut of the tattoo admirably. The red and black initially catching the eye, then the small neat lettering beneath holding the attention ... mesmerising. At least he admitted his ownership, even if he did go to extremes. At least he was proud of what he provoked in her, not like the straying luke-warm relationships of others. She finished her wine, got out of the bath and dried herself. She smoothed cream into her skin and each time her fingers touched the tattoo she felt an electric thread of liquid fire shudder minutely through her. Why? Why? Why did she feel like this? Turned on. Horny. She couldn't help it, it just was so. Why should she shatter everything, break the spell? Besides which she was coming to enjoy the sight, the knowledge of it.

She went naked to the bedroom, lay on the bed and masturbated. When she had relieved her pent up feelings in this way, she began trying on some of the garments Adrian had bought her. The leather basque and matching panties. The white lace see-through body stocking. Her slave girl straps. The clingy diaphanous tunic. And all the time the tattoo peeped provocatively through these garments of allure and seemed to enhance her attractions even more, gave her a peculiar but special status, a fragility and resilience that seemed to glow from her as the light caught the diamond in her navel and glinted at her in the reflection from the mirror.

By the time she lay back down on the bed to sleep, she had succumbed to the notion of keeping the tattoo, and only awaited Adrian's return with a kind of breathless desire. She would go shopping the next day and she would buy something that would blow him away, make him want her, in the way she best liked to be wanted. He would see, they would rise from the downward spiral yet - he would see! So pleasure and excitement infected her the next day and she blanked her mind from any qualms or doubts or fears now. For once she would enjoy the simple fact of being, existing, with the cushion of comfort and luxury money could buy. In the morning she went swimming. A habitual activity which she

had avoided the past two weeks because of the tattoo. Now she chose to flaunt it in a high-legged black and white leopard spotted swimsuit. She noticed the lifeguard's eyes following her, a few in the pool, their eyes drawn to her thigh. It made her vagina contract.

She swam thirty lengths slowly and luxuriously, smoothly pulling back the water and moving her torso as she kicked her legs. She felt a sudden joie de vivre at the fact that she was young and healthy. Then she noticed a dark-skinned man who kept diving under the water each time she pushed off from the side to turn round at the completion of each length. He seemed to swim under water along side of her for a short way with a regularity that obviously coincided with her turn. She felt irritated by his attention and soon got out when she had swum her lengths. She noticed him, and a few others, with their eyes fastened on her thigh. Their eyes raking over her body as if they had read those words on her thigh and wondered at them, wondered at what they might signify.

She washed her hair and body in the shower, dried her hair, put a bit of blusher and eye-liner on. She felt the faint quiver of excitement that she got when she knew once again, she was desired, wanted, even by those who did not know her, know of her capacities. Yet the men, when they looked, seemed to see that capacity in her because of the tattoo, because of those stark words. The wolf in them arose and they wanted a part of whatever she represented to them. An absolute feminine submission; flesh pliant to the masculine will. Ruth had played that part and enjoyed it too often not to respond to it now.

She threw her swimming things into the car and drove up to Oxford. She parked in a multi-storey car park and then found a few exclusive haunts Adrian and she had visited together on the odd occasion. Off-beat and high-class little shops where they sold unusual, sexually-enticing gear around particular themes; or the best lingerie departments, the discrete store where a variety of provocative garbs could be procured for the right price. She thought of Adrian as she glanced at this and that, and after a couple of shops and several dressing up sessions, she found a garment which appealed to her and which she thought would appeal to him.

The outfit was a deep claret red and made of cotton woven like a fancy lace net which revealed more than it concealed. The garment emphasised her curvy form, made her breasts appear as if they strained to burst from the material, the blush of the nipple semi-visible. A single strap, woven like a thread - a blood-red bond - held the garment up, going over one shoulder and merging into the back of the tunic, so one shoulder was completely bare. It was very short, just covering her buttocks and crotch. It gave the appearance at front and back of a very short clinging semi see-through tunic, whilst the sides revealed a slit reaching up to the waist so that the whole of her flank and hip on either side of her body could be seen. The lightning bolt red of the jagged S on the tattoo seemed to match and enhance the red of the garment, the latter highlighting the former so Ruth felt that particular outfit had been made for her; for this moment, when she would sport a tattoo on her thigh, carrying the words **His Will Be Done** to their logical conclusion, to the extremes that had come to signify their union. She had the garment wrapped up and handed over the money quickly then, suddenly wanting to be away from people, from their inquisitive questioning glances, their smug suppositions.

She got back to the car and drove home. When she looked in the mirror she was glad she had bought the flimsy blood-red apparel. She was glad she had desisted from having the tattoo removed - glad she had cancelled the appointment to have it removed. And now she looked forward to the effect of her new risque acquisition, wanting to please. As always so desperately eager to please, reverting to type, unable to break from the chains that were partially self-constructed. She felt she knew it would be good this time when Adrian returned; this time, this way ... she knew ... she hoped ... this time it would be better than ever ... didn't she?

Ruth spent the rest of the afternoon in the workshop, the anticipation of the following day in her mind. How would he be? Would he ... love her like she knew he could this time or ...? No. She was sure. This time it would be much better than alright. This time it would be so good ...

She worked at the wheel well into the evening, moulding another huge chalice out of the clay and then painstakingly etching a frieze around the rim. Cascades of naked forms entwined and unfurling. Her task absorbed her and she was satisfied with her creation by the time the light had gone and night encroached. It seemed like an offering, an act of worship, that chalice she had made. Or rather, it was like a prayer she offered up to the gods, a plea to favour her, to help Fate work for her for a change in line with the best possibilities she nurtured in her sub-conscious.

She had something to eat then, read a book, watched television, enjoyed the peace, the lack of restrictions, the feeling of space around her. Unconcerned about Adrian now she had made her decision; to keep her badge of bondage, in the hope it would keep it all sweet for a long long while. Was she being

naïve? Unrealistic? Probably. But she was sure: with the tattoo cut so striking and stark into her flesh - surely he would be satisfied with her now? Surely he would ... wouldn't he?

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Adrian felt the eagerness, the anticipation flood through him as he accelerated the BMW past the car in front of him, the engine smoothly purring its response. His mind was on the evening, the company he would enjoy, the few available females his friend Paul always managed to invite to these affairs, knowing how the little frisson of sexual opportunity never failed to make things go with a swing. He had pressed his friend Paul for details about the women who would be biddable to seduction. There would be the red-haired physio he had met before, full of bubbly laughter, a sexual appetite to match - and a couple of others he hadn't met: a divorcee who had more money than she knew what to do with, and a girl fresh out of college just cutting her teeth on the business world. Then there would be the usual crowd, the old college chums he kept up with for just these occasions. The possibility of sexual encounter along with some challenging outdoor pursuit; the thought of it was vivifying to him.

Finally he was in Shrewsbury where he found the Lion Hotel car park, and confirmed his booking. His bags were taken up to the room where he would be spending the weekend: a gracious, rather sumptuous space with an en-suite shower room. He tipped the porter, unpacked and went downstairs to the lounge nearest the foyer where he could await the arrival of the other members of the party. He ordered a gin and tonic and selected a seat so he could keep his eye on the door. He always liked arriving early to such places in order to soak up the atmosphere, assess his opportunities, gain a possible advantage. The deep red leather armchairs and settees, the old oak coffee tables and stately sideboard pleased him, for they indicated generations of accumulated culture and style. They appealed to his snobbery and sense of superiority, as did the evidence of history and ancestorship on the frieze around the walls, the artifacts which left an ancient imprint. It all permeated through him, provoking a satisfying and reflective mood which caused him to contemplate his life and good fortune.

He considered how biddable his wife was, kept cosily at home for him, awaiting his return in order to fulfill the function of her life - which was his satisfaction. He considered how adept he was at balancing his life in this way, where he retained the freedom of his youth to a large degree whilst suffering none of the uncertainty or angst that such youth is renowned for. He always had the chance to pursue sexual liaisons whilst using his wife as a buffer against the usual female failing; the demands about commitment. He could also explore sexual capacities with his wife in a way he could not do with other women, because of his subtle and absolute mastery of her. He was proud of this fact, proud of the way he had organised his life so that he *could* have his cake and eat it. He had the best of both worlds, but only because he had made it that way.

He thought of his business success, how he always got the deals, always pushed them through: first Folkestone, then outside Bristol, Birmingham, Newbury and now this York deal, Naburn. He was a rising star, trusted to get the job done. He was renowned for driving a hard bargain but also for making such bargains water-tight against any failure. He thought scornfully about all the row over the green issue, about what utter rot it was. They didn't consider the necessity of economics, of keeping the country streamlined and efficient, a going concern in the European finance stakes. The majority of the fools didn't realise their lives were so cushy because of such building developments, which provided the financial injections from outside investors the economy needed to keep afloat. Such developments were economic necessity in order that they maintain their position within the free market and compete favourably with the rest of Europe. Adrian saw his business deals and financial acumen as essential assets helping to maintain the country on a par with the rest of the civilised world. The fact that he bulldozed through 'green-belt' land, an act which was apparently unfavourable to a lot of people (to the majority? - he doubted it) did not concern him. Also, the fact that he was being cool-headed amidst all the controversy gave him a feeling of satisfaction, secure in the knowledge that his clear-thinking, unemotive business intentions would prove to be superior ventures in the future. He knew what he was about - the majority did not. Thus, he felt on a level with the most famous Caesar of all, who had declared: 'I came, I saw, I conquered!'. He, Adrian Spearman, had conquered, just like his ancestors before him! And he raised his glass when it was brought, to himself and to them. He was proof of their success; he surely must make them proud. He smiled to himself and let his eyes wander to the door, anticipating ...

After a short while of waiting and musing, Adrian's eyes were drawn once again to the door. There he saw an interesting looking young woman wearing a long swirling dress sweetly fitting the curves of her form. She had brown gold hair cut short at her chin in 1920s style and a scatter of freckles on her nose

and cheeks. There was something fresh and appealing about her as she approached the desk to make enquiries. She did so with a confidence that made Adrian want to break through that exterior of control, made him want to see her humbled and begging. She announced her name at the desk and was told a room had been booked for her. The porter showed her to her room. She looked at Adrian as she walked past, her cheeks colouring ever so slightly, when he twinkled her a smile and raised his glass in a conspiratorial manner.

He could see she liked his gesture and knew he had warmed a way in to her. He hoped she would come downstairs quickly before any of the others came so he would be able to charm her into savouring his company and wanting more of it. Also, he admired punctuality, and if someone was as eager as him to get there early, that could only bode well for the future flirtation. He hadn't seen her before, but he certainly liked the look of her. There was a kind of innocence there he wanted to crush, then savour. He was sure she would be one of their party. The graduate from university, surely?

In wonderful concordance with his inner machinations, the young woman did come down looking lovely in a soft mink brown dress that clung to her contours and swayed and swished provocatively as she walked into the lounge where Adrian was sitting. The soft brown of her dress seemed to emphasise her assets: the green of her eyes, the freckles, the golden-brown soft short-cut hair. Adrian stood up and offered his hand in a calculated risk of logic.

"Adrian Spearman at your service, mademoiselle! Did Paul invite you? Paul Storey? Are you mad enough to be partaking of the paint-balling on the morrow then?" Adrian gleamed his teeth at her and twinkled his eyes roguishly, inviting her to share the well-pitched joke.

"Well, yes as a matter of fact... Adrian Spearman: you're an old school friend of Paul's is that right? Oh sorry, I haven't introduced myself: I'm Jerri Gray - pleased to meet you Adrian".

Adrian liked the unaffected manner of this young woman, Jerri, and demonstrated his pleasure by switching on his charm, the smile which he knew rarely failed; slightly suggestive, appreciative of the woman in her, intelligent yet rakish. Thus were the subtlety of non-verbal cues brought into play.

"And I am enchanted to meet you Jerri. Can I get you a drink? I'm just indulging myself in a G and T - what would you like?" Adrian said, smoothly gallant.

"Oh thank you. I'll have a white wine and soda please" Jerri crinkled her green eyes appreciatively at Adrian.

Adrian ordered the drink then turned back to seize the initiative. "So Jerri, let me see if I can remember what Paul told me - young, beautiful, talented, just beginning to find your feet in the business world, with an unusual fascination with birds of prey and a predilection for rustic outdoor pursuits, is that right?"

Jerri smiled ruefully: "Absolutely spot on. I didn't realise I'd been talked about behind my back!" she teased.

"Surely you expect that! A woman as lovely and talented as yourself is bound to stand out. You must be used to it. I assure you whatever was said 'behind your back' was purely complimentary. You don't object to that do you?"

"Oh I don't suppose I can when you put it like that!" replied Jerri bristling and flushing with pleasure, as she flashed him a look from her emerald eyes.

"Now tell me Jerri, why have you got such a fascination for birds of prey? Isn't that unusual for a woman? I must confess that I have studied the subject myself in some depth - I'm always drawn to something which is politically incorrect!"

"Good for you!" responded Jerri clearly warming to Adrian. "As to why I have such a fascination, it seems obvious to me, for the qualities which birds of prey possess are ones you cannot help admiring. You know, that fierce untameable spirit, the pride and freedom they represent. If you get me on this subject I'll go on for hours and bore you to death - I do warn you about that!"

"Nonsense! Such a fascinating subject - a subject that interests me as well - discussed with a lovely fascinating woman could hardly bore me. The thing that interests me is what this hobby of yours reveals about the inner you. To appreciate falconry so much must reflect something of your own nature. So you are fierce and untameable are you? You're a free spirit who can't be controlled or pinned down - is that right?" Adrian ruffled a hand through his hair and grinned transparently fishing.

Jerri laughed and flushed again. "Well I don't know. I suppose I am like that in some ways..."

"What, fierce and untameable? Oh no, I'd better watch out then - especially tomorrow when you have a gun in your hands!"

His quip went down well and Jerri laughed again feeling impelled to qualify her statement and therefore

reveal herself a little further.

"No I didn't mean... I am a bit of a free spirit, but you always admire what has the capacity to surpass you as well, don't you?" she said, candidly.

Adrian was leaning towards her utterly concentrating his attentions upon her, exuding sexual attraction, yet in a way that was subtle and very complimentary.

"Does that mean if I surpass you tomorrow, out on the 'battlefield,' you will admire me, then?" Adrian said with a hint of the wistful.

Jerri cast her eyes upwards at this gambit but smiled all the same. "I don't think I'd better answer that - the proof of the pudding and all that!"

"Ah I see! You're challenging me are you? Throwing down the gauntlet! Well I'd better make sure I don't disappoint you then hadn't I?"

The more they talked, the more the subtle flirtations were exercised, the more Adrian felt Jerri became attracted to him, curious about him, admiring of his business prowess and his obvious physical fitness which he managed to get into the conversation in a calculated, understated way. The more they talked the more open Jerri became and the more intimate and revealing their shared conversation was.

Revealing that is, as far as Jerri was concerned. Adrian was adept at drawing out of people what he wanted to know, the information that would be most useful to him in any given circumstance. The time passed and Adrian had just insisted on ordering them another drink whilst they discussed the relative merits of peregrin falcons compared to merlins as expressed in the art of falconry, when their cosy tete-a-tete was interrupted by the arrival of the host and organiser of the weekend, Paul, along with his wife, Emma.

Paul was a tall thickly-set square man with dark hair and brown eyes whilst his wife was a willowy woman with ash-blond hair and a crinkling blue-eyed smile. There were hello's and introductions all round which were extended when Cliff and Angela joined them. Cliff, a marketing manager for a large company, was of rangy build with a slight stoop. He wore round metal-framed spectacles and sported a moustache. Angela was diminutive and dark and worked in the personnel department of a well-known bank. There was a volley of greetings and a further round of hand-shaking. Jokes from Paul, welcoming them all and making rye remarks about yet another birthday turning up, which provoked him to burst into an apparently well-known ditty they had all learned in their college days:

"Another year older and wadda ya get?

Money in the bank an' money galore,

'Cos each birthday passin'

Underlines the score!

The chink of those coffers is heaven's store

The chink of those coffers is heaven's store

Oh yeah, uhuh, oh yeah, some more

'Cos the chink of those coffers is heaven's STORE!

Adrian and Paul, and then a big viking of a man with blond hair and a beard who came to join them, all chanted the little ditty together, until they finished it in unison, laughing at the fact they'd remembered it so well.

"Silly old song we made up at college - I'm surprised we can still remember it! We haven't done badly though, have we lads, eh? How are you Stuart? Good to see you!" said Paul, reaching forward to shake the hand of the blond bearded man. "Jerri, this is my very good friend and accountant to boot, Stuart Longsdale. Stuart, this is Jerri Gray, a new business associate, fresh from university and thrown to the lions of the business world, but turning into one I'll be bound before long!"

Jerri flushed and laughed and told him to stop practicing hyperbole. Paul raised his eyebrows and retorted in kind.

"Hyperbole? See what I mean, university education's got a lot to answer for, turns 'em out too clever by half. Hyperbole? The only thing I practice on a Friday night can't be mentioned in public, I'm afraid!"

"Stop making ridiculous innuendos Paul! Just because it's your birthday! Honestly, you're incorrigible. Just ignore him Jerri. He's at that age, you know, early male menopause and all that!" cut in Emma, Paul's wife.

"Cheek!" retorted Paul. "I'm only 33. That's a clear case of projection, if ever there was one!"

"Who's projecting what? Sounds very interesting!" quipped a red-haired woman called Susan, who had arrived to join the group in time to contribute to the banter going on. She was the physiotherapist Adrian had already met before now and someone who he'd had a couple of nights of passion with two years ago.

They had parted on friendly terms though and Paul had told him that she had her eye on another chap, Simon, who she'd driven up with, so he knew their previous liason would be kept under wraps for that weekend. Sure enough, Susan was accompanied by two other men, Simon and Gary.

Simon was an executive of an estate agents. Over the past five years he had doubled his income and had moved into the arena of high finance, of which Paul was an hereditary part; Paul, who played the city financier, played the stock exchange and had built his pot of gold into a loaded coffer. Simon was of average height but compact-looking with deep-set eyes. Gary was short and broad with sandy-red hair and a dimple in his pugnacious chin. He was a respected engineer and his and Adrian's paths had crossed from time to time in the sphere of work.

More introductions, the whirl of conversation, chatter and cross-talk banter. Then Gina and Helen joined them. Gina was a leggy brunette with a big nose and broad smile, whilst her friend Helen was a curvy latin-looking type. They both worked in advertising. They were closely followed by Nigel, a small, neat man who was a dentist, and the divorcee, Tanya with Strawberry blond hair and more money than she knew what to do with. There were drinks all round, further initial social etiquette, clusters of conversation going on between various members of the party.

Adrian and Jerri still sat next to each other, now pleasantly close because of the swell to their numbers. From time to time their arms or thighs brushed one against the other, something that Jerri rather than avoiding seemed happy to court, Adrian noted with satisfaction. But on Adrian's other side sat Paul and Emma, so his time was taken up with them to start with. He could not pay Jerri the attention he would have liked, and also Stuart appeared to be entertaining her. But Adrian wasn't worried. If he had read the body language correctly, which he was quite expert at, she definitely favoured him and was eager for a renewal of the closeness they'd begun to enjoy earlier. As usual Adrian was confident of his success with Jerri, who he had targetted and marked for himself.

"How's Ruth?" Emma asked him.

Adrian glanced round and lowered his voice a little. " She's fine Em. She has no appetite for this sort of thing - thinks it's all a bit childish, you know. Anyway, I'm on a well-deserved holiday and I sort of want to remain in cognito if you know what I mean. My wife and I have an open relationship - you know that Em. It's no skin off her nose this jaunt, I assure you. But you will indulge me, won't you Em? You know I've had a hard time of late with all this green issue rubbish!" Adrian directed his appealing boyish look at her.

"Oh go on with you, you deserve it! Ripping up the countryside like that! I really don't know why I should indulge you Adrian Spearman. You're a positive rake. As for your wife, I don't believe you've got one. I've never even met her. What do you do? Keep her under lock and key or something?" Emma teased him.

"Very droll," replied Adrian, not even slightly discomposd. "She prefers to stay at home. She's got her cronies and I've got mine. She has jaunts with her pals, like I do with mine and we meet in between times for passionate clinches!" Adrian finished with an over-emphasis on the passionate which made Emma giggle.

"Oh get off with you! You are wicked Adrian, absolutely wicked! Worse than Paul and that's saying something. Can't help but oblige can I? When you look at me like that and talk such rubbish!"

"What, what, what, what, what?" interjected Paul. "Who's talking rubbish? Only I'm allowed to do that don't you know? It's my birthday and I'll do what I want to - oh alright, within reason!" he finished seeing the warning look come into Emma's eyes, which provoked more laughter from those closest to them.

Time rolled on amidst much aimable converse and the beginnings of more flirtations. But presently Paul informed them all it was time to retire to the dining room so they could look at the exceptionally good menu and make their choices before they became too sozzled to bother! Put like that, the company readily complied with his edict and they assembled in the dining room to take their seats at the long table already prepared for them. Adrian manoevered himself to sit in between Emma and Jerri. So the social banter and teasing refrains continued over the excellent meal. Paul's booming inanities had them in stitches, whilst Adrian's carefully chosen interjections were placed for maximum effect. Cliff's sharp ascerbic wit made an impact along with the dizzy comments of Tanya, the strawberry blond, while further down the table Gina and Helen the advertising duo were getting on famously with Stuart and Gary. The meal was enjoyed in between the conversational gambits. There were more quips, much laughter, more alcohol consumed despite the fact they had to be up for a reasonable hour in the morning. The moment was what mattered, tommorow would take care of itself.

Presently they all agreed to adjourn into the lounge for coffee. So gradually everybody filtered off for the stimulus of specially selected party games and the hiatus of coffee and cigars before the fun began. Everybody left the dining room until only Adrian and Jerri remained, getting closer and closer and more intimate as the evening wore on. They stayed conducting their intense conversation after the others had left, getting close to the nub, the raw of the matter, the fulfilment of the physical desire that inflicted them both. Adrian had prised out of Jerri, whose defences were dropped following the several glasses of wine consumed, that she was at the moment single and celibate - something of a joke between them both.

"But don't you ever feel...?" Adrian said looking at her and grinning, his leg accidentally on purpose brushing against hers. He had her then, his gambit had worked and it was obvious that she wanted his company in more than a social sense. When the others drifted off, he was left playing games with her fingers watching the green fire of her desire beginning in the emerald of her eyes.

"This isn't fair," moaned Jerri, pulling her fingers from his mouth rather reluctantly. "Look, I hardly know you. I choose to remain celibate because ... because I want to. Because I want it to be right... with someone who might become special to me - if you know what I mean," she finished, trying to appeal to his better nature.

Adrian, however, was not equipped with such a quality and manipulated her words to his own advantage. "But how do you know I am not that special person? How do you know I am not the one? Do you think I behave like this all the time? It's you that has made me act like this. I wouldn't normally at all. It's just you're so ravishing ... there's such loveliness in you I can't help being turned on by that. It makes me want ... to know you now. Why be careful, restrained? Sometimes if you fail to seize the moment it's gone and you've lost the chance for anything at all. You must have gathered that in the business world by now. Do you not think it applies to the personal, on occasions as well? No don't answer me, don't speak," Adrian whispered with a passionate inflection in his voice laying a finger upon her bud-like lips. "Just think about what I've said and we'll discuss it again later. For now, I think we ought to go back and join the others or we'll be accused of party-pooing and I'll never hear the last of it from Paul!"

So the transition from intensity to social jocularly was smoothly executed. In the lounge, which Paul had booked exclusively for this occasion, the company entertained themselves with a variety of well-chosen party games, at which of course Adrian excelled. He could see he had impressed Jerri, the little bird trapped in his net, the fresh innocent cast in his path. At the end of the evening they were the last to make their way upstairs after the others had variously dissipated. She faltered on the brink of entering her own room and asked him if he wanted a night-cap, after refusing an invitation for one in his room downstairs. His suggestion had been light, friendly. He had purposefully been the opposite of pushy for he sensed she would come round, if not that night, the next. He could tell he aroused her: the subtle innuendos, the carefully chosen gallantries, the brooding glance that Ruth, in a moment of frustration and exposure, accused him of using on other women.

Then he was in her room, with the young woman, Jerri, self-consciously pouring him a brandy. He enjoyed that nervousness he recognised in her. He had already gauged that she had not had many lovers from the things she had told him. He deduced that those she had known, had treated her too well, too reverentially and that she had become bored by this. He had got this much out of her. Adrian knew he could make her soar. He knew his greater experience and knowledge was making her insides twitch, even as they sat making a play of conversing. He guessed she was ready for him, but did not have the courage to make the first move. So Adrian talked, kept the conversation going, enjoying the tension in her body, the deliberate restraint of the wantonness he could see she felt. Adrian had been here before and he knew he would have the conquest he desired. He knew he would not fail, like he knew that his skill, his adept manipulations would deliver him the flesh banquet he held in his mind's eye for that night and the one to follow. And he was a man who made sure he always got his way.

So when he asked her if he could see the pendant around her neck more closely, she virtually fell into his arms as he reached up for her. He spent a long time over her body, making her ripe for his purpose, the mild punishments he would subtly deliver, a certain roughness he employed in his arousals, the sharp cut of teeth, a whince, a sudden understanding that he could if he wanted ... He could see the wariness, the shocked erotic impulse beating green fire in her eyes. This was how he tested them. If there was only fear, hurt, he knew they weren't for him or that he could not take things too far. But if there was the want along with the tremor of apprehension, then he knew he could push things more towards the limits that he found acutely satisfying. He recognised in Jerri a capacity for that sort of thing which he could exploit

in the brief space of time, spanning the weekend that they had together.

So he made their coupling a storm of pleasure. He didn't want to frighten her off prematurely before he had had his full enjoyment of her. He wanted her begging; just for this weekend anyway. So he gave her wings to soar on and she became willingly entangled in his web, whose darkness was concealed beneath the brightness of utter sensuality, the novelty of such expertise as Adrian demonstrated to her. Jerri became giggly and shy and tender and doting prompted by the heady mixture of sexual excess and flattery which Adrian glibly used to get what he wanted. She was filled with the fires of lust that she imagined had transformed into love. In the morning, shy and almost humble, she could hardly bear him to touch her, in case she sank into his arms and gave herself up to him unreservedly, as he sensed she wanted to. He always got them this way and he thought a little aloofness would make her spiky and hurt enough for a little fun later on in the day. He gave her a lingering kiss to confirm his hold over her and left her then, to go to his own room for a change of clothes and a shower.

They met down in the dining room at breakfast. Most of the others were already gathered. Adrian gave Jerri a surreptitious wink, but sat next to Stuart, the hulk of an accountant, and got embroiled in some matey chatter. He noted Jerri's chagrin and inwardly smiled.

Paul had told them the previous evening what he had planned. They were to have a paint-balling session that day, whilst on the Sunday he'd planned something "a bit different". A surprise. He wouldn't let on what it was, but he had told them to wear casual clothes - something they could move easily in. He had, however, informed them it might involve a spot of horse-riding.

It was a lovely warm day, the promise of summer in the air, shimmering on the horizon. Everybody was dressed in tee-shirts and jeans, or sleeveless vests and snug-fitting leggings, such as Jerri wore, showing off her slim shapely legs and taut behind. Her shoulders were exposed and her small budding breasts pressed deliciously against the cream cotton of the top she had on. Summer brought out the ladies' skins, thought Adrian, glancing round at the women with masculine satisfaction and approval. He looked over at Paul, who flashed him a grin full of unspoken understandings.

"Right then, let's get going," said Paul clapping his hands together and rubbing them briskly.

"Where exactly are we going?" asked the tall thin Cliff, whose wife Angela stood next to him, looking athletic in black tee-shirt and black leggings. They both looked inquiringly at Paul.

"Ah now, we've got a bit of a drive - 40 minutes or so. Then we'll meet with the experts by a certain wood that I've arranged access to. I know the family who own the estate, pulled a few strings, whispered in a few ears, and presto! There we have it. A nice little old wood to roam around in all to ourselves. It's called Big Linley Wood. That's where the paint-balling company are meeting us, at 12".

They were all trailing towards the van Paul had hired, most of the others listening eagerly to Paul's explanations. "Couldn't you have made it a more seasonable hour, Paul, you rogue - like 2pm," complained Stuart yawning, only half in jest. "Day doesn't start for me at the weekend until well into the afternoon!"

Everyone laughed, including Paul, who answered: "You lazy sod. How you manage to operate during office hours defeats me! No, I say to you! We've got to be there at 12 as planned, otherwise it'll all be up the khyber. Anyway, it's my party so I'll do what I want to - you'd better fit in or else!"

Emma, Paul's wife, patted his behind and reached up to kiss him on the cheek commenting in a fond rye way: "You always do what you want anyway, don't you darling? Whether or not it's your birthday!"

"That's true," grinned Paul. "Now come on, hop aboard and we'll get moving".

He opened the back door of the van and unlocked the driver and passenger door. Emma sat in the front along with Paul. The rest of them sat in the back, Adrian making sure that a place next to Jerri was unavoidably usurped by the good-humoured Stuart. Adrian smiled at Jerri in an easy, social fashion, as if nothing had gone on between them; as if the previous evening had been a dream, nothing but a fantasy. He noted Jerri biting her lip, over-concerned to show she was in the same bouyant mood as the others, and not quite managing it somehow.

They chatted and joked all the way there, so the journey didn't seem to take long at all. Paul turned down a narrow, winding little road where hills abounded on either side, the rising green chequered with woodland. Then they drew up beside Big Linley Wood. There was another van turned into a gateway, already waiting. Paul got out and shook hands with the two men from the paint-balling company, who were there to provide them with the equipment.

Everybody gathered round to listen to the lengthy instructions and demonstration with the paintball gun. The man showed how a bubble attached to the top contained balls of paint-filled bullets, which dropped down when the gun was fired, reloading it. They were warned not to fire at close range, and guidelines

for the skirmish were laid down to avoid any disagreements. Then boiler-suits were found for each member of the group to fit the varying heights and contours of each individual. After an apparent surge of chaos, everybody was kitted out in the appropriate clothes, and equipped with a paintball gun. Then they were given helmets and the teams were chosen. Adrian was in the red team, along with Cliff, Angela, Gary, Tanya, Emma and Nigel. The white team comprised of Paul, Simon, Stuart, Jerri, Gina, Helen and Susan. Because the red team ended up with more men, there was some good-natured dissent and accusations of unfairness from all quarters. But Paul squashed all argument by pointing out that was just the way the cookie had crumbled, and complained about what a nightmare it was playing host to a bunch of ingrates.

Adrian's team, the red team were shown their homebase - a wooden shack - which they had to defend. The whites were driven to the other side of the extensive wood and shown where their defence point was. Before they left Jerri had been flirting in an animated fashion with Stuart, apparently engrossed, ignoring Adrian. But Adrian only smiled to himself, secure in the knowledge she wanted him still, that the flirting was a ruse to salvage her pride. Even better thought Adrian: better and better. He licked his lips unconsciously and turned his attention to the more immediate demands of the situation.

The leader was chosen by lot, which turned out to be Cliff, the journalist, who Adrian had been at Harrow with. This suited Adrian who volunteered to be a scout and fore-runner, going on ahead to gather their bearings, collect useful information on the white team's whereabouts, and to try and establish what the "enemy's" battle tactics were. Cliff and Angela opted to move forwards as part of the attack in a westerly direction. Emma and Gary agreed to move forwards towards the east, whilst Tanya and Nigel offered to stay and defend the homebase. So then Adrian took his leave of the rest of them, shooting off straight ahead and beginning to establish an easy rhythm.

Adrian was a fit man and ran for a while through the trees, exhilarated by the process. On and on he jogged until caution bid him slow his pace. He walked now carefully forwards, straining his ears and trying to remain concealed between the trees. He heard a bird's alarm call some way ahead and crept forward stealthily, in anticipation of possibly sighting the enemy. He heard the crunching of leaves to his left and instinctively ducked and froze. He looked around quickly and saw a dense cluster of trees a little further on. He ran lightly to it and crouched beneath the bases, feeling a sense of superiority, as he fixed his eyes to the woodland expanse before him. In a short space of time Adrian's foresight was rewarded for Paul and Simon came into view.

They were walking quickly and with apparent purpose, going northeast as if to circumnavigate the reds' homebase, which Adrian was meant to be defending. He flattened himself down and strained his ears to catch their speech. "Do you think she'll be effective on her own?" Simon was saying.

"Who, Jerri? 'course! It was her choice and the reds won't expect a woman to attempt anything like that on her own, so we'll have the advantage. It makes sense 'cos if we fail at least we'll distract them enough for her to surprise them, and claim their territory. It's simple. They'll be too occupied with us to think of her. Anyway, why the qualms? Would you rather have gone with her? Don't blame you, my old son, don't blame you at all, she's really rather..." Paul's voice burred on but Adrian couldn't catch the rest of what was said.

Eventually their noise faded away until once again all Adrian could hear was silence. The faint ruffle and flutter of the leaves on the trees stirred by the light breeze, the hum of insects, the flutes and trills of bird song.

He waited for a while but he heard no other evidence of human activity. Then to his left he heard a fracas. Paul's voice crying: "Shit!Shit!Shit!Shit!" echoing through the forest uproarously.

Adrian could not believe his good luck and arose smiling to himself. He walked quickly, straight across the wood, passing through the danger zone, and ignoring Paul's defeat. He crept along ducking and diving at the slightest noise. Once more he heard signs of human activity and hid in the undergrowth, belly down, waiting until the rustle and glimpse of a distant member of the whites was no longer a threat. He dodged and weaved his way on. Presently the wood started to thin so he traced his steps back up towards his own home base, running forwards and looking alert and expectant, making sure to keep shadow side of the trees.

Not long, not long and he seemed to hear something. Yes! And there she was ahead of him attempting to skirt stealthily between the trees, looking as if her heart wasn't quite in it, as if she was rather enjoying the place and the privacy rather than the activity. Adrian felt his pulse quicken and his blood race with a pleasant rush of adrenalin. She was his quarry and he would have her.

He moved noiselessly behind her, where the shadows still helped to conceal him. Presently she slowed

down and walked, gazing into the sky a moment and looking at the height of the trees, the remnants of the bluebells, feeling the sun's warmth; supposing she was entirely on her own.

Then suddenly she was hit from behind and found herself falling, caught in another's arms. They fell amongst the faded bluebells. She cursed and struggled, angry when she realised it was Adrian who accosted her. But he laughed a little and held her pinned, looking at her in the brooding way he had, giving her a signal she could not refuse. He wanted her. He was hot with desire for her. She! She made him hot with desire!

He took off his helmet whilst he still crushed her incapacitated beneath him. She struggled, accusing him of ignoring her while he smiled and told her he was being discrete - and besides, it was more of a turn on this way. Look, wasn't this better, he told her, the way he'd planned it? Look at the bluebells, feel the sun. Have you ever been made love to in a bed of bluebells? he breathed to her putting his mouth close to her neck and trailing a finger down her breast, where he could feel her shudder slightly in unavoidable response - even through the boiler suit and vest she wore.

"You want this don't you?" said Adrian softly. "You want this babe. I know. You need it."

He was zipping open the boiler suit. He was exposing her breast releasing it from the confines of her bra and clothing. His lips were upon her, sucking her nipple, consuming her with his mouth. And then she could only moan, as his hands tore off the boiler suit, her vest, and stripped off her leggings so she lay prone and near naked in his arms. He divested her of her helmet. He knelt above her gazing down along her body: the small, pert breasts, the budding nipples, the firm, sweet buttocks and length of smooth, pale thigh. He looked at her face and saw the green eyes filled now with reluctant desire, and also, a vulnerability, that was emotional rather than physical.

He smiled down, as if to himself, at the sight of her and nodded his head very slowly. Then he savaged her, grabbing her breast and roughly pulling her legs apart, tasting her buttocks with his teeth. He did this with carnivorous conviction, with the expertise of irrefutable dominance. The way he pulled her legs apart and plundered her, scared her, he could sense. He tasted the erotic charge of the aftermath in her juices though, when he worked her pleasure zones, so she lay desperate and panting for him. He considered whether he should stop there. Just to spice things up for later on. To make her even more of a challenge. But no, she looked too tasty at that moment to ignore, with the sun lighting her hair to trails of gold and her nipples like the buds of a rose. He drew it out though, and brought back a startled look to her eyes.

Teeth that cut a little too deep, holding her in a way that was a bit too harsh, a bit too authoritarian, turning her around and upside down in his arms as if studying her every angle, knowing her as she did not know herself. In the most undignified position, bringing forth her lust until she did not care what he did to her, as long as he continued to do it.

Adrian almost opted to take the experience even further, but he decided he would leave the risks for later on - for that evening, when the curtains were beginning to close on this transitory dalliance. He could feel a little more free then, because he planned to use her like she had never been used before. Perhaps he might persuade her to stay an extra night, after the others had left, rearrange his schedule for the novelty of corrupting her. If she didn't want to see him again after that, that would suit him very nicely thank you. He enjoyed the anticipation of these things as he gloated over her body and sucked at her juices. But tonight baby, wait til then. Then we shall see, Adrian thought. He made love to her, cradling her breasts and feeding from them as he drove into her again and again, building his pace on ... and on ... and on, to both their further satisfaction; his climax, her slow buzz and tremor.

They lay still for a while, feeling the sun warm their skin. She nestled into him and ran a finger wonderingly down his nose and across his cheek, as if she could not understand herself or this man who had induced such a fevered response from her. Adrian smiled, caught her hand and kissed it. "Very sweet; very, very sweet," he whispered looking deep inside her. She smiled and flushed a response. Adrian glanced at his watch. "Oh dear, I wonder if anybody's won the war yet. I know what I'd rather have been doing," he grinned at her wickedly, "but you know we should make a move, or the others will be missing us, or calling us spoilsports or something".

He got to his feet and helped her up, his eyes raking her body. He handed her her bra and top. "Thank you," she said demurely, shy now in front of him. "Don't ignore me though, Adrian. It makes me feel used, cheap. I don't want to be made to feel like that. You needn't be quite so distant need you?"

"Listen angel, I just want to keep it low-key. This is Paul's birthday, we've been mates for a long time. I don't want it to seem as if I'm just using this as an opportunity for my own ends. Not that there was any intention of such a thing in my mind before I met you. It's your fault, you know, all this - you shouldn't

be so damned tantalizing! This weekend is a social occasion, and I feel guilty enough as it is that I'm thinking of you all the time: your beautiful body ... I thought discretion would be the best policy in this case, do you see? It's hard, 'cos you're so irresistible - which is why I came to hunt you down. I couldn't help myself. You see what an effect you have on me?" Again, the brooding look and infectious grin. Jerri couldn't help smiling spontaneously in pleasure at his words and flattery. "The feeling's mutual," she murmured, picking up the paint guns and handing Adrian's to him, entirely pacified at the moment by his explanation, and kicking herself for revealing her feelings so soon into their liason. The last thing she wanted to do was pressure him or scare him off. "Well what do you suggest we do now?" she asked, resolving to be more laid back about things, or at least to give the appearance of being so.

"Let's continue operations," said Adrian decisively. " You go up as you were meant to, and I'll go down to try and raid your camp. See you at the end of the war babe, when I'll win some more of those secret kisses from those lovely lush lips of yours!" Adrian pulled her to him and his hand went down to finger her lower lip suggestively. Jerri giggled and pressed herself against him in accomodating fashion.

"Flattery will get you anywhere!" she quipped. They kissed again lingeringly. Then he patted her behind and pointed her forwards whilst he began to jog in the opposite direction. "Goodbye my lush, see you later!" Adrian called. Then he set up a steady jog and soon left her behind.

It was not long before he could see the edge of the woodland so he took a track inwards, slowed his pace and walked expectantly on. He came to a place where the wood dipped down. From where he stood at the top of a bank, he could see a small wooden shack where a battle was in progress. His team, the reds, had encircled the white camp who now numbered four. Likewise he could see four of his reds at various positions from his vantage point. The ground behind the shack rose gently so that from behind and above the whites home-base, he had a discrete view of the whole area. Two whites, Susan and Stuart, looking menacingly large, were crouched either side their homebase. The woman Helen was squatted behind a piece of fencing, looking more like she was cringing from the action rather than defending her territory. Her friend, Gina, on the other hand looked sharp and poised to explode behind a tree, occasionally chancing bursting pot-shots at the reds.

He could see Cliff, his tall, thin frame shielded by a bush and in a good position to get a hit. He saw Cliff's wife, Angela, effect a policewoman's shooting stance, almost finding her mark as Gina nearly copped it in the groin, the paint just missing her thigh as she turned. Cliff was shouting instructions and drawing their attention, whilst two of his team on the other side, where Helen was crouched, were making a move forwards. Stuart was shouting to Helen to shoot at them. She froze and then leapt up like a startled rabbit, but still managed to shoot. She was taken out by one of the reds' guns, but unfortunately Helen managed to hit one of the reds as well. Adrian recognised Emma beneath her helmet and saw that she was out of it now as well as Helen. But Gary, the other red, was gaining ground, using the fence for protection.

Adrian made his way stealthily down until he was at the back of the little hut. He looked around and saw Susan making a move forwards. He shot her and at the same time pelted forwards, shooting at Stuart and throwing himself to the ground in a dramatic roll as he did so. Stuart was splodged; Adrian was victorious, sprawled on the ground where he had rolled. As they all watched Adrian's flurry of activity, Angela moved in on Gina and got a hit so the reds had it all tied up. Adrian was the hero of the moment. The end signal was given and soon after they were all gathered together again, hot and sweating from their endeavours. The others that were "dead" had come forwards grinning; Paul and Simon, scowling in mock consternation. "It was Cliff and Angela, they were just too damn quick for us. Caught us by surprise from the side. Look at this - yuk!" Paul said exposing his paint-splodged side.

"Where did you get to?" asked Simon, as Jerri walked towards them along with Nigel and Tanya, the two defenders of the red-homebase.

"She tried to jump us," called Nigel. "Nearly succeeded as well. She got Tanya in the arm but by that time I'd done for her - gave us a bit of a run for our money though, didn't you Jerri?". Jerri smiled and shook her head at him admonishingly.

"Where did you spring from Adrian, anyway? You seemed to come from nowhere, you sly git!" Stuart quizzed, while everyone laughed.

"Yes, you swine, I wasn't expecting it from behind!" Susan pouted. There was laughter all round at the innocently meant remark.

"Ah well - just a little trick I saw on T.V., you know," Adrian joked, basking in the admiration and semi-grudging praise.

They all walked back to the van in a group, laughing and ribbing each other, Jerri walking beside Adrian

who surreptitiously squeezed her flank and tipped her a wink while no one was looking - which made Jerri dazzle him an appreciative smile. Back at the van, everybody divested themselves of the cumbersome garb and paint guns, which were accepted by the two men from the paint-balling company who had waited for the conclusion. There was a little mock up ceremony where the reds were awarded tacky plastic victor's medals amidst much cat-calling and sarcastic rejoinders by the whites. Then, they were all clambering into the van where they were whisked off to an exclusive health-club for fruit juice and springwater, followed by a sauna; massages for those who wanted to pay for it, and a relaxing jacuzzi and swim after all that. The men and women separated for these activities for the most part, so Adrian and Jerri did not see much of each other until they were clambering back in the van, ready to change and dress for dinner. Everyone agreed that they were rather flaked out by the rigours of the day, famished and anxious to recline.

Back at the hotel the company separated again, agreeing to meet for dinner an hour later. This was duly done, the camaraderie continuing into the evening, Adrian occasionally titillating Jerri by brief brushes kept out of sight and effected beneath the table. The group did not quite have the vivacity of the previous evening and everyone was content to siphon off to bed at a relatively early hour in preparation for the following day which Paul, still being mysterious, told them they would need all their energies for. First one person then another trickled off to bed until Adrian, pretending to yawn, said goodnight to everyone and went up himself. He noted a brief flash of concern appear on Jerri's features which she quickly concealed. But not long after Adrian had gone up, she followed him, as he had anticipated she would. He waited til it was comparatively quiet and waited because he wanted to play upon Jerri's anxieties. When he finally went to her she was so eager for him she had already undressed and greeted him in her underwear. He tumbled her onto the bed to dispense with the necessity for words. He did his wicked sensual work upon her, until she was wet and aching for him to enter her. Just how he liked them; just at the point where he knew he could exercise power over them. In keeping with expectations, Jerri obliged him.

He roughly pulled her back from him, one hand entwined in her bra, whilst he whispered demands into her ear and shafted her with his fingers as he did so. Ready for anything she was, glazed and wanton enough to accede to his desires.

With trembling fingers she undressed him. Took off his tie, his shirt whilst he now lay back and enjoyed all the ministrations she could offer. When she took him in her mouth, he held her there and controlled her movements with a hand grasping a handful of hair. He told her she would make good money as a high-class prostitute, and after a while of enjoying his own satisfactions, he pulled her up, an irresistible strength and direction in him, thrilling her. He bent her back to expose her throat which he nibbled and bit into so she cried out, half in desire and half in pain. What else was he capable of? But she had never been accosted in so sensual and so utterly dominant a manner before. She was used to being adored, to boyfriends doing their utmost to please her. Adrian's roughness, that hint of cruelty combined with an objective consideration of her flesh, acted more like an aphrodisiac than anything else she had known before. She was ashamed and amazed at herself and the situation. The wickedly erotic fulfilments continued until Jerri was all but weeping and shuddering from the intensity of it. By the time it was over she felt she had undergone a baptism of fiery bliss. She felt she would never be the same again.

For a long while they lay together in the afterglow until Adrian whispered he thought this time he should go back to his own bed. She was too stunned still by extremity to protest much, whilst he mildly joked that he was sucked dry and needed a good night's rest in order to recuperate. His lips brushed her neck and her brow. Then he left her with a softly whispered good night, whilst she lay awake still buzzing, trying to assimilate the night's events into her view of herself and her understanding of sex.

Adrian back in his own room fell into bed and went quickly to sleep, utterly confirmed in his own excellence, in his ineluctable abilities to get just what he wanted - exactly when he wanted it, whatever it might be. Filled with a deep sense of satisfaction, suffused with an unshakable confidence in his unique prowess in every arena, he drifted off to sleep.

In the morning when he awoke, he showered and dressed casually for breakfast and the day's jaunt out riding that Paul had hinted at. When he came out of his room to go down to breakfast, Jerri synchronised the same intent with his own. He came up behind her and ran a single finger down her back as she turned and melted beneath his look, as her body quivered eagerly at his touch.

"Now then, now then, keep your hands to yourself Spearman," came Paul's booming voice down the corridor. "I should watch out if I were you Jerri - you don't know where he's been!"

Unphased Adrian turned round and quipped: "Go on with you Storey, you're just jealous 'cos our team

beat yours yesterday. Winner takes all - you should know that by now!"

"Gads you're an arrogant git - isn't he Jerri? You'll suffer for it one day, mark my words young man!" teased Paul, with a tiny undercurrent of needle in his voice. The banter made Jerri laugh; and the three of them went downstairs in good humour with Paul claiming he was hungry enough to eat an elephant with a horse thrown in, and Adrian telling him he'd have to watch his weight now he was getting a bit long in the tooth to combat the middle-aged spread. Evidently it was customary to insult each other in this way, and it caused much merriment when it continued over the breakfast table.

Soon breakfast was over and the group were clammering to know what Paul had in store for them that day. Under popular pressure and from practical necessity, Paul relented whilst Emma, his wife, looked somewhat apprehensive awaiting the group's response. It transpired that they were going on a hunt. But it was not the usual hunt; it was going to be a human hunt. When everyone exclaimed, demanding clarification about what he meant, Paul told them it was going to be one of the group that would provide the quarry. In other words, those who wanted to partake could draw straws. The loser would be the one who had to play the "fox". There were protests and cries of *sadist! Warp-head!* and so on. Paul parried all these in a good humoured way, explaining it was an experiment and nobody was obliged to have a go at quarry if they didn't want to, but that he was relying on the gentlemen's sporting spirit to rise to the occasion.

By the time he had finished, everyone was persuaded into enthusiasm and most of the group (apart from Tanya who was choosing to opt out and wait for them at the stables) were at least looking forward to going for a ride on such a clear sunny morning. By the time discussions were over, all the women had opted out of playing the quarry, along with Stuart, who claimed to be far too lazy for such a pursuit and Simon, who was a smoker and who maintained his lungs weren't up to it. This left five of the men. Paul produced the straws and asked Emma to shuffle them and then hold them out. There was a sense of anticipation and a twist of tension amongst the group as each of the five men took one of the straws. It became immediately apparent that Adrian had drawn the short straw, which served to delight Paul tremendously. "Well boyo, it's not the usual thing for you, but this time you've definitely drawn the short straw ... see ... do you believe me?" crowed Paul, holding out the other straws. Jerri was enjoying herself, laughing along with the others. But Adrian affected unconcern, keeping his cool and smiling along with them, as he commented: "You old rascal Paul - did you rig this or what? Getting your own back on me, eh? For winning the war!"

"No, no, trust my good lady wife here. It was all done fair and square, wasn't it Em.?"

"You bet!" agreed Emma tickled pink that Adrian was getting a little come-uppance.

Adrian smiled again. "That's O.K. I embrace the challenge. In fact, seeing as I'm feeling lucky I'll throw down the gauntlet and say: be prepared to be out-witted and out-maneuvered yet again. I bet you a tenner you won't run me to ground".

"A tenner! You cheap-skate!" joked Paul, who then informed him that he had to provide them with an item of clothing that had his scent on so the dogs could recognise and fix onto his trail. This caused a few ribald remarks and jocular insults care of Stuart and Cliff. But Adrian parried all their jibes, cool as usual and as confident of his abilities to outwit the hunters, as he was of his ability to succeed in any conquest or business deal he set his sights on.

The day's initial events now decided, everyone tramped out to the van, where they were driven to the stables of a friend of Paul's, near where they had been the previous day. In the van, Adrian sat next to Jerri, their thighs touching as the van swayed. Adrian had an arm thrown across the back of the seat and was relaxed and confident in the face of his coming ordeal. He turned round from time to time to join in the banter of Paul and Stuart, and enjoyed Jerri's presence merely as an accolade to his own charm and sexual prowess. He sensed many of the men were envious of him and of the way Jerri's eyes gazed meltingly up at him when he spoke.

He had been the hero of the day, yesterday, and despite the disadvantage of being the hunted rather than the hunter, he determined to prove just as much of a hero, when his back was against the wall. He basked in the grudging admiration of the men and the undisguised appreciation of the women. He was in his element and was resolved to maintain his reputation of being one of Life's lucky winners, no matter how the odds were stacked against him. In fact, Adrian thrived on such circumstances and knew himself to be one of those golden individuals who fortune always favoured and for who the tide always turned sympathetically to gain him a ready and superior advantage.

In the front, Paul was explaining how he'd decided to organise something like this, which he told them was a relatively new thing from the States. "I've been out on a jaunt like this once before. It's good fun

and something which is taking off in the army, as a simulated escape situation. There are three bloodhounds, named Jess, Nudge and Smoo - don't ask me why - that my mate Rupert has trained for this purpose. I've lined up 12 decent nags for us care of Rupert. We go back a long way, him and me, our parents were friends. We went to the same prep school together. He's the guy who owns the stables of course. I'd have invited him but he's on a busy schedule at the minute, time of year and all that."

"What happens if we corner Ade here in just half an hour?" asked Stuart, purposefully trying to rile Adrian. Adrian flashed him the V's and a sarcastic smile as if to say - in your dreams mate - as Paul responded. "He's got a lot of faith in you hasn't he Ade?" he twinkled.

"Masses and masses," commented Adrian dryly.

"But to answer your question Stuart, if that should happen we simply choose another quarry from our company and have another go. Quite straight forward really. It's only a bit of a lark. It was just something I wanted to have a go at," explained Paul.

They turned off a main road to travel down a lane fringed by high hedgerows, still decked in blossom here and there. Finally, they were turning down a long drive to pull into a clean-looking brick stable-yard. This had a long array of stable doors containing the large court-yard and a variety of horses being saddled and tacked in preparation. The place was a hive of activity with an aura of well-organised, wholesome rustic charm. Paul stopped the van. "O.K. folks we've arrived. Is everyone ready to enjoy the hunt then?" he asked, turning round to beam at all of them - particularly Adrian.

A burly, ruddy looking chap came to the driver's window where Paul sat. "Hello there Thomas," Paul said, reaching his arm through the window to shake the man's hand. "We're all here as you see, ready to be found suitable mounts and to be equipped with riding hats."

"Aye, that's all being taken care of Mr Storey. Now who's the unfortunate one who's been chosen to act as fox then?" Thomas enquired, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Me, I'm afraid!" cut in Adrian, whose tone was not at all gloomy.

"Well Sir, I don't know if Mr Storey has explained, but while the others are being kitted out, to give you a head start I'll drive you across the way to Linley Wood. That'll give you a bit of time to lose yourself before the dogs can get on your trail. How's that sound?"

"Fine," replied Adrian, "though I don't think you'd better give me too much of a start otherwise they'll never find me!"

"Oh you're so full of bravado, Adrian," teased Emma.

"It's well-founded," commented Adrian in the same spirit of banter.

"Now then, have we got time for a tippie before you drive him off Thomas?" said Paul producing a hipflask.

"Whatever you like Sir!" said Thomas smiling at the good spirits of all concerned.

"Here you are then Ade, a bit of dutch courage before you get off?" Paul proffered the hip flask.

"No thanks," said Adrian, "don't need it. I'd rather get off if that's OK, now I'm here and ready for the challenge."

"Gods, you're a bit keen aren't you? It's unnatural!" commented Stuart.

"Well if you don't want to wet your whistle, we all might as well pile out and let Thomas drive you over there. Come on then everyone off your butts and ready for horseback on the instant!" ordered Paul.

They all got out, except Adrian who climbed into the front seat as Thomas got up into the driver's seat. The others flocked round to where Adrian sat.

"Well, best of British old man, though I'm sure you don't need it!" said Paul raising the hip flask and toasting Adrian.

"Yeah, bye, good luck, don't fall down a rabbit hole, cheerio," came the various acknowledgements of the company, together with: "Bye, break a leg Ade!" as a last cheeky comment from Jerri. She grinned delightedly at him. He narrowed his eyes slightly in not altogether mock threat, hinting that he'd get her back later - and so did he intend.

But then he was waving goodbye to the lot of them as Thomas reversed the van and drove out of the yard. Fifteen minutes later he was dropped off at Linley wood, as arranged. Apart from a map of the area in his top pocket and a small knife which the vestiges of his boy scout training had compelled him to bring, he only had his wits to rely on.

Adrian did truly relish this challenge. He enjoyed pitting his wits against others whatever the scenario, and he prided himself on his fitness. He felt that according to the dictates of Nature, he was of the strongest and fittest, and the strongest and the fittest survive; the strongest and fittest prove the winners in Nature's world of tooth and claw. Adrian was confident that he would demonstrate the inexorable

logic of that philosophy over the next few hours. He was on a roll. First, the Naburn deal. The tattoo, placed so pleasingly upon his slavish wife, who pandered to his every whim, who proved he was lord and master and who he held like a dark sweet secret at his heart. Then the comparative ease with which he had seduced the girl Jerri, for his own enjoyment. Even the way he had surprised the whites and claimed their base. He couldn't fail. He felt as if everything he touched turned to gold, metamorphosed to accommodate his will.

He patted his shirt pocket reassuringly and walked into Linley Wood. He took the map out and looked at it noting a stream to one edge of the wood. He thought the trees would slow them down, proving difficult for the progress of the horses. He ran, weaving in and out of the trees, in and out, in and out, as if he were training for football dodges, pushing himself to the limits. Finally, he slowed down and mounted the mound where he had surveyed the scene of "the battle" the previous day. He paused and ran down the other side, spying the stream near to a tiny road. He jogged towards it. The stream was shallow and for a short way he could walk in the midst of it without getting too wet. But when it started to get deeper he crossed over and back, and over and back until it grew too difficult to continue the movement. A hill loomed to one side of him, just across the road. Adrian crossed the road, climbed a gate into a field, and further on another one. He made his way up another inclining stretch of pasture land, before coming to a stile and a path beside another wood which encroached adjacent to the territory of the bracken-covered hillside.

He began walking upwards through the scattered woodland, which was out-stripped, higher up, by the bracken, that in turn was superseded by bald rocky outcrops at the summit. Adrian noted the distinctive character of the hill with interest. It was at that point, he heard in the distance the baying of the hounds. Coolly, as if time was of no importance Adrian took out the map again and worked out that he must be on Black Rhadley Hill. He studied the map and felt a dart of adrenalin prick him into decisive action, when he noted a feature which might prove to his definitive vantage. As he looked down then, way over to his right, he saw the hounds come into view, running towards the stream, followed by a straggle of people on horseback. They looked of matchbox proportions from his elevated position.

Adrian sprang into action, continuing his upward climb, skirting through and beside silver birches and the occasional beech, and keeping his eyes scanned to the right. Finally his efforts of intense observation were rewarded. He could discern, at a short distance from where he stood, a little dimple or grove carved into the hillside obscured by stones and long grasses. A glint of darkness caught his eye and he knew this was the nook he had been searching for. Adrian looked about him, considering and scheming. He looked at the trees closest to him, assessing their strength and height. The hounds had begun baying again and they sounded marginally closer.

In the spontaneity of innovation, Adrian quickly began cutting large fronds of bracken with the little knife he had had the foresight to bring with him. After a while of doing this, he twisted them round and beneath his boots and secured them by tucking the ends of the leaves into his socks. By doing this he sought to obscure his smell and confuse the hounds so that they lost his scent. But this would only work if the second stage of his plan was successful.

He looked at the trees scattered around him and then in a single motion, he bunched himself up and leapt towards the low branch of a nearby beech tree. His hands managed to grasp the branch and he kept himself swinging to gain momentum until he projected himself into the air to land close to a small silver birch. He landed securely, wobbled a moment and steadied himself so that all he rested on was his bracken-covered boots. He strained his eyes towards the glimpse and depth of shadow which he had targetted as his destination and which he thought would provide him with his winning move.

He reached towards the branch of the silver birch and pulled himself up again onto the outstretched limb. He was pleased that all the hours in the gym were now paying off, and he mentally patted himself on the back. Again he swung himself as far as he could so he sailed into the air and landed in the little hollow beside the overgrown grasses and stones. Extremely satisfied with his progress, he crawled forwards to inspect what lay behind the thistles and grasses where the darkness showed.

There he discovered, as the map had indicated, the mouth of a small cave. The cave wasn't very big, as far as he could discern from the natural light that filtered in. He also noticed what appeared to be a tunnel, or an indent, going off to the left of the little concealed grotto. He shook his head and smiled at his continuing run of fortune, aided by his own dexterity and skill. Then Adrian crawled into the cave and almost tumbled headfirst as he did so, for the floor of the cave dipped deceptively a short distance from the mouth of it. Adrian righted himself and turned, crouching on his feet, to inspect the space he had invaded.

The cave wasn't very big, being longer than it was tall, and revealing part rock and part packed-earth walls. The hole or indent off to the left gaped in the darkness of shadow intriguingly. Adrian had been caving a few times and enjoyed the sensation of exploring those hidden veins of the Earth that remained largely untouched by human activity. It made him feel like an explorer who dared where most would not. He also found it peculiarly erotic; as if he plundered the mightiest female of them all. As if when he had spent a whole day crawling along Her innards, he was conquering the ultimate female. Adrian noted that further interior with interest, but he could hear the hounds baying closer, so crouched down pulling the grasses and thistles to conceal the entrance even more and then waited to see what they would do. He did not have to wait long. The baying came closer and closer until it felt to Adrian as if despite all his efforts they were making a direct bee-line for where he had hidden himself. But still out of sight, the baying stopped and he heard the snuffling of the hounds as they slowed down to check his trail. Adrian held his breath. The hounds continued snuffling, not now giving voice, but using their energies to try and track his scent. The sound of horses hooves. Exasperated voices - he could make out Paul and Cliff: "Drat it - where's he gone? The dogs seem to have lost his scent. Here Smoo! Smoo! Have another smell of that, atta boy, go to it, find now Smoo! Find!"

More horses thundering up the hillside. "What's happening? Haven't you seen him?" Jerri's voice. A strain of disappointment.

Adrian grinned to himself and continued holding still.

They urged the dogs on, and tramped around on their horses discussing what to do, what tactic to try now the dogs seemed to have lost the scent.

"Well, he can't be far," Cliff's voice. "Perhaps we should split up and go in different directions?"

Another voice - Emma's he thought. "I don't know. He can't just have disappeared. I mean the dogs tracked him to here, only now they seem confused. Hold on, what's Jess interested in over there around that tree ...?"

Adrian reacted on the spur of the moment, determined to outwit the lot of them and to maintain the secrecy of his hiding place. When he inferred that the dogs had picked up his scent near one of the trees he had used as a launching pad, he thought it would only be a matter of time before they sussed him out. Unless he did some kind of disappearing act again. In spontaneous reaction he scrambled towards the interior which he had not yet fully explored. He banged his head on the roof and stumbled forwards in an abortive attempt at speed. Then instead of landing on a solid floor of earth, the ground crumbled and gave way beneath him.

In the distortion of mesmerised unreality, he seemed to fall for a long time, though in truth it could only have been a matter of seconds. When he landed on a bed of earth, more of the same showered and continued to shower on top of him, until for a brief nightmarish moment he thought he would be buried alive. But the soil finally stopped falling and all was still in the darkness. He listened and caught the sound of horses hooves a long way above him it seemed - and was that the hounds? Briefly, briefly human activity could be discerned, but then it all receded away into the distance until all he was left with was the cloying silence of the earthen sarcophagus he had unwittingly gained entrance to.

Up above, in the sunlit blue that bathed the giantish hill, Jess, the youngest of the three dogs, had grown bored of snuffling unsuccessfully for their original quarry. When the smell of a vixen caught her attention, she opened her throat and gave chase, causing the other two hounds to follow suit. Past a small hollow on their right, beyond the trees and up through the bracken, onto the higher rocky realms of the hill, the dogs chased their new scent. All the company on horseback followed, thinking they had finally caught the trail of their quarry and would soon run him to ground - little knowing their prey had already gone to earth ...

When the soil and fragments of stone had stopped falling, Adrian refused to be alarmed by his predicament: at that stage, within the honeycomb interior of the hill, he felt as Alice must have felt when she found herself down that rabbit hole. But Adrian was confident that he would dig himself out.

However, the fall had disorientated him - he did not realise quite how far he had fallen. He tried to scabble up towards where he thought the entrance was, but could only get so far before he slipped down again. He gouged footholds in the earth and tried to dig at a higher level to gain access to the outside world. But the soil seemed endless and impervious to his actions. He tried digging in a different area with the same result. The longer he dug unsuccessfully, the more frustrated and confused he became. He began to sweat and a thin lance of fear cut him briefly - but he dismissed it and continued his labours with more energy.

After what seemed an age when he felt he was getting nowhere, he sensed something opening before

him. He scabbled the earth away, wriggling into another opening, expecting to see some light, but instead being greeted by yet more darkness. He cursed and felt around him. Another hollow. Like a womb. Contained, complete in itself, but no opening to the outside world. Just a rough, curved indentation, bare and purposeless. He couldn't work out if this was the first space he had fallen into or not. Surely the whole hill couldn't be a myriad of such apparently isolated pockets?

Adrian began to feel a faint unpleasant rill of horror whispering inside of him. He sought to banish it, and scrambled his way out of this new blind alley back into the space he had left. He sat against the side of the cell and held his head in his hands as he struggled to contain his rising sense of panic. Then, after calming himself, he began to dig again in another direction, where the soil seemed to be loosest. But as long as he dug, all he seemed to find was earth and more earth and a solid bank of earth and another solid bank of earth, and yet more soil and yet more earth, but no welcoming daylight, no lifesaving rush of fresh air, no glimpse or relief of greenery.

After what seemed like hours of fruitless scraping at the soil with his bare hands, and still not getting anywhere, Adrian gave up and sat glumly staring into space, pushing down the panic he felt. But the more he sat doing nothing, the more stifled and claustrophobic he felt, the more his imagination succumbed to the horror of never being found ... but he would not accept such a thought.

So he began digging again in another area. He tried to approach the problem systematically, but he seemed to be in some sort of shaft, the entrance to which was blocked by the avalanche of soil and stone that had fallen when the ground had crumbled beneath him. All his efforts proved to be in vain. It seemed to him as if hours had already passed. He felt the air was beginning to suffocate him. He sat entombed within his vault of sealed soil, held his head in his hands and sobbed in frustration and fear. As he wept the feeling of impotence, something he was entirely unaccustomed to, swept through him and seemed to highlight and exacerbate his predicament.

After giving vent to his feelings in this way, he drew on his hazy religious recollections and began to pray to the Unseen Power he had previously barely given a philosophical thought or any avowal of faith to. This quietened him and he sat and waited. A tiny shred of hope worked within him. Perhaps they would find him. Realise what had happened and rescue him. Surely the cave would be an obvious place to look? If there was freshly loosened soil then it would provide them with all the clues they needed to find him ... wouldn't it? But what seemed obvious to Adrian proved elusive and mysterious to those who searched for him.

Still feeling certain he would be found Adrian settled down to wait for the search party to release him. The waiting was so nullifying he found himself drifting into semi-torpor. He knew by now he must have been down there for hours; the length of time for him had become incalculable. He could have been down there for minutes, for hours, for weeks ... he felt he had all but lost the ability to judge. After a while the dense silence played on his nerves, made him feel already dead and forgotten, buried alive. So he set to working the soil again, digging and digging with more and more futility. Never seeming to get any further or uncover anything that would lead him back to life and light. Then he did truly panic, growing hysterical and screaming and flailing his arms uselessly into the soft, suffocating soil.

But he could not maintain such a wild trauma of emotion, and eventually he calmed down. Dumb with a deathly misery, he curled up in on himself, sobbing quietly. In his heart he longed for Ruth, for his mother, for life and the comfort of another human presence. Surely, he thought, it can't end like this? This pointless, stupid ... He dared not say the word death even in his own mind - but it was there around him, in his nerves and his muscles, in his lungs and his heart, behind his cranium, even if he did not dare acknowledge it.

If only they would come...

He realised the horrible irony of his situation. He had been far too clever for them, far too clever. If the hounds had lost his scent and led them away from the vicinity of the cave, how would they ever trace him back to where he was?

But only the cloying silence yawned back at him and clambered across his nerve endings, stirring sickness and fear in his belly. Once more now, out of desperation and drunk with fatigue, he tried to dig. But he moved as if pushing within and against a dense pressure of water; the energy he possessed seemed to be draining out of him, siphoned from him by the deadening clay. Finally, he fell onto the soil. The walls seemed to wobble and close in upon him. The air became thinner and thinner bereft of the sustenance he needed. It constricted him even, soaking up the moisture of his breath and body and giving only bitter solid back. The foetid, dampening smell of earth consumed him until, in the hollow pit of his consciousness he knew he was buried alive and the smell that choked him was the stench of his earthly

grave. The grave that would contain and compress his flesh, conceal his bones forever more. He never imagined it would be like this. *Not like this!*

On and on then, he continued his anguished beseechments; on and on, in delirious sobs, until his body was thrown into convulsions and he shovelled soil into his mouth, choking on it, his breath bubbling and frothing. Then he lay stilled, only quivering now and again, mumbling, staring sightlessly into the pitiless soil, in the pitiless belly of the Earth.

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Ruth woke up on the Sunday morning with a sensation of vague unease - she could not have said why, except that she had had a strange lurid dream; a somewhat unusual event for her as she was not accustomed to dreaming. In the weird landscape of her dream she had been walking towards a seashore, climbing over sand dunes; suddenly falling, falling, sand cascading over her, sand showering down on her, burying her alive ... But the sea had come and washed it all away, carrying her with it until she was tossed and floundering on the huge expanse of the oceans. Then some huge bird, like a mythical griffin, had picked her up in its talons and carried her for an indeterminant length of time so that she swung in its grip in a state of mesmerised limbo. Eventually, the creature had dropped her on a daisied hillside where the sun warmed her and a gentleman dressed all in black was fixing his eyes upon her ...

Ruth did not have the least idea what the dream could mean, if indeed it could be ascribed such potency and was not merely some freak convulsion of her subconscious imaginary. She dismissed it from her mind when she recalled that Adrian would be returning later that day. The house was pristine awaiting its master; the slave, however, had her ablutions and toilette to effect in preparation for the master's return. Ruth fingered her pierced navel and stretched luxuriously between the crisp cotton sheets, imagining Adrian's reaction to her new outfit, designed to be irresistible. She felt a flicker of excitement and got up to have a shower to make herself as smooth and sweet-smelling as possible for that afternoon. And so she idled the hours by and was chagrined when by 5pm he had still not appeared. Her excitement began to fade and in its place a bitter constriction of jealousy began to grow. Where was he now? Who was he with now; kissing and handling no doubt, giving another what for, neglecting her as usual - the dumb bitch he left at home while he went out and played the field. As night began to encroach, this feeling had become the taste of bile on her tongue and moodily she began to watch the T.V., a soporific for her anger.

She was just getting up for a drink, an hour or so later, when the door bell rang. She went through into the hall and her stomach turned over at the sight of the dark blue uniforms. She opened the door to the police; a man and a woman.

"What is it? What's happened?" Ruth blurted.

"May we come in, Mrs. Spearman?" the policeman said in a kind quiet way.

She took them through into the lounge where they all sat down, she wordless as if awaiting some awful verdict. They asked her if her husband had contacted her that day; Ruth told them how she had been waiting since that afternoon for his return. They then explained that her husband had been reported missing but told her that there was probably no cause for any great concern, as yet. They then revealed the circumstances which had led up to his disappearance: how he and his friends had been involved in simulating a hunt with blood hounds, where Adrian, her husband had been the quarry...

"Hunt? They were hunting him?" her brain could not connect. Slowly and clearly they described the events of that morning.

"The blood hounds unfortunately got side-tracked after losing his scent, and led your husband's friends off on a wild goose chase. When your husband never turned up they searched the whole area, which unfortunately may have obscured his original tracks, but they could not find him anywhere. They notified us this evening. They thought he might turn up somewhere during the afternoon, but I am afraid Mrs Spearman, he hasn't.

Although there is certainly no cause for alarm, we do have to ask some uncomfortable questions, and follow up any possible leads which could give us an indication of your husband's whereabouts. Your husband has not been very popular with certain factions in society of late. Is there anyone you can think of who might hold a grudge against your husband? No? Are you sure? You must understand that at this stage, we have to explore every possibility and not rule anything out..."

The policewoman's soft, insistant voice carried on explaining, questioning, attempting reassurance. Ruth blinked blankly. She could not think. She answered everything in monotones. Her mind seemed to have frozen. Despite their reassurances, a sense of dark foreboding inflicted her.

"Perhaps you should have somebody with you," the policewoman was saying, "is there anybody you can

call so you're not on your own? Your mother?"

Ruth nodded silently staring arridly into space.

"What's the number Mrs Spearman? What's your mother's telephone number?"

Ruth heard the question but could not connect to it. She continued staring at the policewoman wonderingly.

"Mrs Spearman, what's your mother's phone number? Do you know it? Can you tell me what it is?"

Ruth continued her dry eyed, vacant stare but then her face creased temporarily into consciousness again and she whispered the number with a sob contracted in her throat. The policewoman phoned up her mother and explained the circumstances in discrete, serious tones. When the policewoman had finished speaking on the phone, she told Ruth that her mother would be there in an hour. Would she be alright til then, or did she want them to stay?

Ruth put her head in her hands. "I can't...I can't understand...how could...what does it all mean?"

"We can't say at this stage Mrs Spearman but we are conducting enquiries and searching the area with police dogs so we hope something will turn up to give us a clue. Most likely your husband will be on his way home right now, or making his way to a contact point. We'll get in touch as soon as we have any further information." The policewoman's tones gave her some small margin for hope. She clung to that and tried to smile her thanks, coming to life and demonstrating that she was not in such a state of shock that she could not function. Though in truth, she had a horrible cold feeling in the pit of her belly and felt a deadening numbness that both protected her and petrified her. A presentience arose within her so that intuitively she knew Adrian would never return to her.

The policewoman and her male colleague left promising to inform her as soon as they heard anything, or turned up any other helpful leads. When they had gone Ruth drifted aimlessly about the house, unable to prevent herself from tidying little details which might have irritated her husband. When her mother arrived it was strange having to adjust to her company, even though a large part of her was glad that her mother was there. She always felt she had to don a suitable mask for her mother; conceal the reality of her married life which her mother could not possibly understand. So part of herself was always kept hidden away, the part her mother had no notion of - that dark, secret part which she was both ashamed and perversely proud of. What could she tell her mother about that? She knew her mother would not quite understand the overwhelming panic and bottomless dread that gripped her if Adrian should be... She dare not say the word; she dare not think it. And so with her mother she was falsely bright, so brittle she might easily crack, her self-control in danger of shattering at a single ill-chosen word.

On the Monday evening, after a day of tremulous anxiety, the agony of waiting, Ruth sensed that her life would never be the same again. Somehow, deep down inside she felt he was never coming back to her. Her mother could not understand her resignation, her gloom. Her mother thought she had abandoned hope far too early. But deep in her bones and with growing certainty Ruth developed the conviction that Adrian was gone forever. Despite her mother's protestations, her attempts at optimism, Ruth gave herself up to grief and lay on the bed, the tears running down onto the pillow case, causing a damp patch to grow and spread where Adrian's head had rested just three days ago. No amount of comforting or brisk encouragement to be positive could console her. She held herself and rocked backwards and forwards, sobbing and crying as if she would never stop.

After the storm, some kind of calm. In the days that followed Ruth remained dazed, inured to anything around her, uncertain of what to do, how to behave, as if enacting a mime she could not quite believe in. She was like an amputee who still feels the limb that has been removed even though it is no longer there. She could not believe he would go, just like that. She did not understand how this could have happened. People did not just disappear into thin air. There was always something, some evidence or clue. But the police had found nothing.

Paul, his friend, had written a letter to her saying how sorry he was that something so light-hearted had ended so disastrously. Trying to give her hope. There were others too, names she had heard of, some she had not, offering their support and sympathy. She hoarded all of these letters as if their bulk might somehow bring Adrian back. His family descended. His cool elegant mother and abrupt sergeant-major of a father. But their presence was more of an irritation than a comfort. She had always felt Adrian's mother half-despised her, whilst his father seemed to see her as part of the furniture that padded out his son's life. Now, neither of them knew what to say or how to treat her. His mother was pallid and monosyllabic. The father was brusque and off-hand in abortive attempts to be normal, to make her feel better, make them all feel better. But what could be done? His parents could not understand what had happened anymore than Ruth could. They had had a rich, smart, successful son one minute, their pride

and joy to boast of to their well-connected friends. The next minute he was gone, as if in a proverbial puff of smoke. No longer in evidence. Simply disappeared. It was weird, they all agreed.

Thankfully, after a few days, his parents, who were obviously as traumatised and numbed as she was, left her to herself once more. She was relieved that the pressure of their presence was no longer there, and determined to see no more of them unless she was positively forced to. Politely they said goodbye, offering her a cold peck on the cheek and insincere sympathies. Ruth felt they both blamed her for Adrian's disappearance, though they did not intimate any such accusations verbally. When they left her - at last! - to her own devices, Ruth lapsed into the inertia of an automaton. She sat for hours, dry-eyed, staring into space, lacking the energy or motivation to do anything at all. Her *raison d'être* had been scotched, erased without a trace, and now she had become like a vacuum. She was sterile, an empty vessel; her whole existence an age of interminable desert become, where once a vibrant ravaging Eden had bloomed.

The days and weeks that followed were a numberless blur; a weird collage of practical necessities such as preparing food and washing, combined with an unbroken suspense of waiting where her will was frozen, and she did not know what to do or how to behave. Soon those weeks turned into months and there was the growing realisation that her initial intuitions had been correct - that Adrian was gone (where and how was still a complete mystery) and would never return.

After six months had passed, the issue of finances raised its head. Her parents had been urging her to find out just what her position was. Finally she went with her father to Adrian's family solicitor. She came out of that lengthy interview stunned. She discovered she was a rich woman - a lot richer than she had imagined with the various investments and stock exchange tip offs Adrian had exploited to the full. She was worth an awful lot of money. Not that that seemed to matter much at that moment. It didn't register. All it was, was another nail in Adrian's coffin, another clod of earth thrown upon his nameless grave. She felt disloyal. A cheat.

Life has to go on, her parents kept telling her, trying to draw her out, light some spark of animation in her. The arid stare and continuing torpor disturbed and worried them. A couple of girl friends came round often, being supportive, urging her to go out with them. But no amount of kindness could change the way she felt. Nothing seemed to matter to her; she did not want the painful process of living again or the vivification of blood, adrenalin. That kind of zest seemed part of the past. But deep down inside she knew, she could not go on like this indefinitely. So when a friend from the nursery came round urging her to resume swimming, she finally forced herself out of her frozen state and consented to go.

Inevitably, she could not conceal the tattoo, and the attention it drew forced upon her once again the knowledge that those words were no longer true. Who was he anyway, the invisible AS? Where was he? - *His Will Be Done* - Why had he deserted her in this way? How could he have left her in this crucifying state of limbo? She sobbed in the shower whilst her friend soothed her. She felt better afterwards; as if the public catharsis had done her good. It was the beginning of her re-entry into life again, the beginning of her proper engagement with it, but on her own terms, without 'the master' always ordering her actions and responses. Slowly, falteringly, she took the first unsteady steps towards independence.

Nine months, ten months. Ruth began to take more notice of the world, begin vague plans and consider her direction. What was she to do with her life? She did not know.

Ten months, eleven months later. On a cold blustery April day, she was having tea in a little cafe in the city. She was reading a cheap romance, engrossed by it, wiping her mouth free of crumbs from the biscuit she nibbled. Somehow something penetrated her concentration. A man of distinctive demeanour was staring at her, consuming her with his eyes. He wore a black leather trench coat and a trilby to match. His eyes were dark and intense while the sharp jut of his nose suggested some quality of granite. She stared unconsciously back for a moment and then her spirit came to life as she saw a desire, a mastery in his eyes that stirred an echo of familiarity in her. She became flustered, confused under his scrutiny, perhaps playing up to his fantasy.

Eventually he moved in on her, in a quiet voice asking 'if he could take a seat and join her'. She, dumb-founded, had nodded. His steady delicate conversation, his finger startling her, making her flesh burn as he brushed a strand of hair from her cheek, as if it was something he was accustomed to doing. He suggested a drink. Without knowing why she complied, the scent of adventure in her veins. The cosy snug of a pub. A few drinks. The flattery. A sudden kiss. Getting a taxi to his flat. The long awaited onslaught on her flesh and the tell-tale signs were there: through her lust, another dark road beckoned her onwards ... She stayed the night with him, wrapped in his arms. But in the morning she extricated herself and left quickly before he awoke.

She needed to think. Was that what she wanted again? The way it had been with Adrian? Was she going to fall so quickly into the same trap - again? She collected her car, paid the fine charge and drove home. She still did not know what to do nor did she have any clear sense of direction for the future. But she did recognise herself beginning to live, to think again, a certain forward-looking energy stirring within her which, for the first time since Adrian had gone, gave her some justification for optimism.

Did she really want to travel that same path she had travelled with Adrian? If not, what was it that she did want? She still had physical needs: how was she to fulfill those without becoming in thrall to them, at their mercy - at the mercy of her body's demands? She didn't want that intensity again. Not after Adrian - for there could be nobody to replace him. She wasn't willing to risk that much pain again. But she could not continually maintain her life on hold, waiting for Adrian to come and set things in motion once more. His absence had become as fixed and irreversible as death, despite the lack of certainty or tangible proofs. So for the first time in years, she began to analyse what it was she really wanted. If she was not ready for the risk and torment of love, what was she ready for? The active impulse within her, for so long squashed and denied, now sparked and stirred. She knew she wanted something different, something new and untried. Some challenge or adventure to take her out of herself. Then, like a strand of sunlight lancing through curtains of grey cloud, it came to her. She felt a twinge of excitement thrill through her and a vague idea, nebulous and indistinct at first, began to form itself in her mind.

She found Adrian's business address-book and the letters of sympathy his friends had sent. Blanking her mind to their content, dashing away the tears that welled and focusing on her intent, she began making a list of telephone numbers. She considered the practical implications of the startling scheme that had come to her. And as she considered the real potential of her plans, all thoughts of Adrian were pushed into the background - for once, for the first time since she had been on her own the trauma and pain finally became submerged and she experienced a sudden new lease of life.

The days went by and this new project continued to be a source of excitement, a tangible possibility in the process of becoming. She even began to smile at herself in the mirror, wondering at her own audacity! My oh my, how this worm has so suddenly turned now, she thought to herself, utterly amazed but nevertheless extremely gratified by the turn of her mind, the turn of events she could envisage in the future. In a snap of the fingers, transformed, just like that. They would see! And in her mind's eye she witnessed Adrian's scandalised expression, as he viewed her machinations. She saw his shock and amazement, a new glint of admiration and grudging respect come into those storm-cloud eyes that had held her so in their thrall. And this image of her former master incited her to pursue the idea with an enthusiasm she had thought she would never recapture.

It was the story of Cynthia Payne that had sparked the whole thing off. A large house in the country. Discrete, high-class. Providing a service much in demand. An innovative approach. Sex-games and role-play seductions arranged by appointment, advertised in exclusive circles by word of mouth and recommendation. Romanesque orgies to satisfy every lewd desire ... She imagined herself playing a part she had never dreamed she could play. The Madame, the Mistress of sex, calling the shots - the masters pleased to oblige. The more she thought about it, the more she wanted to sample such a new reality. Greedy for the adventure of it, the assertion of herself in an entirely new persona.

It was Adrian's friend Paul she decided to contact first. She remembered him from their wedding; that booming voice, the upper class assumption of superiority, brought subtly home somehow when she had opened her mouth to speak, to thank him for the very generous wedding gift. After that she had kept her mouth shut as much as possible and let Adrian do most of the talking, only hoping that her pretty face would please them. Well, that was then, she told herself firmly. Now she intended to prove an entirely different proposition altogether. They would see! Those patronising privileged business magnets Adrian had known; those imperious, arrogant nouveau riche Adrian had cultivated to use for his own ends. She made initial telephone contact with Paul, requesting a meeting, to give her some guidance with "a financial project" she had in mind. He had readily agreed, anxious to help Adrian's grieving young wife as much as he could, a vague inflection of guilt making him more than ready to accommodate her whim. She sensed his surprise at her request - beneath the smooth ready tones of condolence, the affectation of expedite gallantry - and smiled to herself as she put the telephone receiver down.

Three days later, dressed in a short, figure-hugging, but nevertheless tasteful, black dress, she was waiting in the reception area of one of Paul's plush offices. Her make-up was discrete, her manner self-contained, as she sat with her shapely legs crossed casually to reveal just the right amount of thigh. And she had to admit at that point, she was really rather enjoying herself. She did not have to wait long. After

five minutes Paul came out to greet her, taking her hand in an unctuous bid to show his sympathy, his eyes taking her in at a glance - taking in the very tasteful and attractive woman, taking in the luscious limbs, the surprisingly self-possessed manner. Not at all as he had remembered her.

He courteously bid her enter his office, apologising for the fact that he had not written or phoned, excusing himself on the candid lines of uncertainty, given the peculiar circumstances of Adrian's inexplicable eclipse. Paul urged her to make herself comfortable, motioning towards the white leather armchairs. He asked her if she would like a drink: tea? Coffee? Something stronger perhaps? A pre-lunch G and T? She agreed to the latter, secretly thinking that the alcohol would make for a more cosy, relaxed atmosphere.

Very quickly then, Paul had supplied them both with a drink from the discrete, amply filled drinks cabinet in the corner of his office. He sat down beside her, giving his undivided attention; and indeed it was clear that it was no chore for him to do this! He asked about her and her affairs in a most solicitous way, giving her as much time as she needed to come to the point of her visit. After half an hour or so she laid her verbal bait.

"... because you see, I know Adrian would want me to get on with my own life. It's been nearly a year now since ... it happened. For my sanity's sake I have to believe that he is dead. I hope you can understand that and not judge me too harshly. I was absolutely devoted to Adrian, my whole life revolved around him, which is why his ... disappearance has been so desperately hard for me to come to terms with. Especially as in some ways, our relationship was rather - how can I put it? - unusual, I think is the best way to describe it. But I can't remain in this state of frozen animation forever, waiting for Adrian's return, when there's been absolutely nothing, nothing at all to give any indication of what might have happened to him. I'm still young; I have to get on with things as best I can." And then, a brisk change of tone, a flash of her lashes in his direction.

"Now I'm sure you are aware, Paul - you, probably more than anybody - that Adrian was a very successful business man. I discovered the extent of that success a few months ago when I visited the solicitor Adrian had appointed to take care of our affairs. I'm sure it'll come as no surprise to you, that I am very comfortably off indeed. The thing is, I would like to use some of that money to occupy myself in a meaningful way and in a way, that I hope will prove lucrative in the long run. However, what I have in mind, requires great discretion and sensitive consideration, which is why I thought I would come to you first ..." the subtle flattery and careful understated appeal to his vanity paid off.

"Now look Ruth, I hope I've made it clear, if there's anything I can do to help you, if it's within my capabilities and sphere of influence to aid any venture you have in mind, I will do it. After all it's the least I can do after what has happened. I am here at your disposal, so fire away: what is it that you have in mind?" Then, seeing her hesitate and look down as if foreseeing some difficulty or awkwardness - "please, Ruth, I will give you whatever guidance and support I can, Whatever it is you are thinking of, don't feel embarrassed or inhibited about saying what's on your mind." The brown eyes, which from time to time, flickered to rest on the swell of her breasts beneath the black silk, confirmed the warmth and acceptance of his manner.

Ruth gave a small, musing smile, uncrossed and recrossed her legs, leaning slightly forwards as she did so. She took a breath and began: "Well Paul, you're a man of the world I know, and I'm sure you understand all there is to understand about sexual desires and ... unusual sexual inclinations." She was gratified to witness his kindled response, the quiver of electricity that trembled in the air between them as she broached this clearly unexpected topic. Clearly, directly, as if she was putting forward a scheme for a charity event or had ideas for launching a new fashion design outlet, she stated her plans. She spelled out just what kind of pleasure palace operation she had in mind.

By the end of the lunch-time meeting, she felt a surge of affirmation and she knew she had the talents and capabilities to see this thing through to its practical culmination. Indeed, Paul proved to be more than helpful, in every respect, once he knew just what her ideas entailed. She discovered she was able to use her charms in such a way that made Paul willing to make her his priority, promising to phone this colleague and that old school friend, in order to gather the information and contacts that would stand her in indispensable stead in the future. Just a brush of her breasts as she reached forwards to kiss him on his cheek for his most welcome aid, just a hint of what might be available for him if he played his cards right. For they both knew how stale a conventional married sex life could become. They both recognised how necessary that discrete extra outlet was, for those with sexual drives which exceeded the needs of their lawful spouse. In fact, she discovered they were quite in agreement over most things to do with the subject that consumed their discussion over the course of lunch.

He insisted on seeing her to her car, becoming more chivalrous and more familiar, more anxious to assure her of his unqualified support, the more time they spent together. She was aware of his appreciative glances at her legs, at the curve of her buttocks beneath the clinging black silk, as she bent to unlock her car door, and when she sat down in the driver's seat and her dress rode up towards her crotch. She had wound the window down and smiled a response to the assurances her willing benefactor had given her. A compliment, a gentleman's kiss of her hand as they said goodbye, with Paul promising to ring her in the very near future. She drove away from the meeting thoroughly delighted with herself, and with her appetite wetted for more of the same.

Over the following weeks she arranged to have lunch with a variety of Adrian's business associates and friends. She laid her suggestions before them, silkily purring out her plans of erotica, of undiscovered pleasures; asking their advice in a knowing way, helping them confide. She needed girls, you see. Advertisements placed in the 'proper' places. Lots of beautiful consenting women and discrete publicity. Would they help her? Most agreed to her softly suggested suasions, as she quoted a likely fee and asked them to spread the word. She knew the news would spread rapidly on the old boy's public school network, and interest would be speedily engaged.

She always dressed alluringly on these occasions, in clothes that were soft and tasteful, clothes which carried her curves like a banner of beauty when she walked. Many of the men, not having met her before, were stunned by her, were impressed by her calm acceptance of their old friend Adrian's apparent death. They admired the guiltless way she spoke of him, and were drawn to her loveliness, so that by the end of the meeting they were intrigued into becoming willing informal advocates for her "business". Paul had assured her that this would probably be the case at their first meeting, after which he had obliged her by giving her a number of useful names and organisations, making some suggestions with regard to security which proved of invaluable assistance later on. She thanked him in a way that secured his continuing support and favour ...

The next thing she did was have her tattoo not taken off, but altered. She went through the pain and expense of erasing the A and the word *His*. When that had healed she went back and had the letter R put before the zag of red that served as an S and instead of *His Will Be Done* now it read *Her Will Be Done*. She was amazed at herself. It was almost as if she had separated into two parts. The passive part which had acquiesced to Adrian's every whim, was now pushed into the role of observer, whilst the dynamic part of herself struggled to give birth to a new, more assertive, self confident Ruth. She hoped that the changed tattoo would exert as powerful effect as the original one had done. Only this time she intended that the tattoo would serve to confirm her own strength, her own will and determinations, not that of her absent master. And truly it seemed to have the desired affect. In addition to this measure she put herself through a fitness regime and took up aikido, to give herself more physical confidence, in keeping with the nature of her new role. Then she set about organising the first "party".

Gradually news filtered through. There were discrete phone calls, meetings with potential dancing girls - with beautiful women who wanted to explore "the dark side" and the quick ready money it brought. Or there were women like her former self who took a masochistic delight in their own debasement. A whole array of women, from female contortionists to rubber clad dominatrix, from belly dancing massuers to naughty nannies; women who thought they could use their talents or indulge their whims, and make money as well.

She got in touch with the pony club and asked them to send some of their gear, for which she paid handsomely. She had the lounge re-decorated in a deep dreamy blue with rich colourful hangings on the walls and an array of nooks to sit or lie in. She intended the atmosphere to be opulent, extravagant, royal. She found a large brass effigy of an eagle in an antique shop and there it stood in the big room, lending an imperial theme to the scene. Another room, another reality: light, grecian, clean and spacious with cream drapes at the windows and thick rugs on a floor scattered with a multitude of plush woven cushions, enhancing the white marble effect walls. Another door opened into a warm pink room, reminiscent of the womb space; richly dressed in dark colours shot with gold where one could lie and relax, perhaps as a sultan may in the rooms of his hareem. Each door opened into a different dream, held an alternative presence. The french windows led onto the lengthy lawn and the river at the bottom. The surrounds of trees and high manicured hedgerow which at one time she had hated and felt isolated behind, now seemed a benediction of possibility which Ruth brought fully to bloom.

Upstairs, the torture chamber. Downstairs, a doctor's waiting room. The cellar extended to provide a space for any anomalous desire, not catered for elsewhere. The fitting room where the dining room had once been; a plethora of garments hung ready to inspire, to be tried, to be trussed or discarded as was

required, as pleased the multivarious appetites that came to indulge their untoward fantasies in fabulous style. The bathroom refitted, scented candles in wall brackets, filling the sensuous air with exotic perfumes, provoking the gratification of aphrodisiac response. More garments, more devices, more imaginatively constructed sex scenarios, graced by nymphs of pleasure, ready and willing to play the games of the client's dictates - for the right amount of money, for the correct, richly arranged fee. A boudoir, a palace of abandon, a hall of excess that could invent the paradise or the penance kept hidden in each visitor's waking world of fantasy. A mansion where the wildest of dreams came true. For a night ... For a calculated cash advance. Here, Her Will Was Done in the skilful succour of the senses, satisfaction guaranteed.

Nearly two years after Adrian's disappearance, Ruth stood on the brink of a new life in a different role entirely. There was an array of lovely women: blondes, red-heads, brunettes, gypsies and slaves, serving wenches and princesses, dancing girls and primitive natives strolling around scantily clad, offering drinks, taking coats, whilst Ruth issued greetings, arranged the meetings that had been requested. She was dressed in her leather basque and matching briefs. She had fishnet stockings on and high leather boots, a swirling black cloak. Her tattoo was clearly visible and shocking to see. She had played up to the image well. On her arms she wore silver armulets like shields of armour and she twitched the leather scourge in her hands convincingly, as she asserted they must enjoy themselves, or else they would have her to answer to! The men laughed nervously, aroused at the thought.

She had managed to get in touch with Jason, the tattooist, and had enlisted his support as well, whilst at the same time astonishing him with her transformation. She made the boundaries clear. He was there to provide an extra service, an extra possibility for the clients who fancied risking a tattoo or a body part pierced, and to help out in case of any trouble - to be the minder she might sometimes need.

And so Ruth grew into her role of Madame, Mistress of sex and planner of erotic parties, where everyone could let their fantasies come free. She got a kick out of marching around, tapping her whip on her boot, leaving traces of unfulfilled desire where ever she walked. She was an entirely different woman now as if to make up for her weakness and submissiveness of before. Now she was amazonian. Her public face. Her armour.

On occasions she would allow herself to be taken, switch roles, become a willing slave. But she did not allow any of them too close, and continued to enjoy her independence, her growing reputation for unusual and excellent pleasure parties; the money that was steadily accruing in the bank. The public school connections were very useful at times. You only had to say the word, make the carefully timed request, be advised to opt for these shares and you'll see, the money will grow. And it did. With the help of her "trade" and further investments.

Very soon she became a by-word for those rich circles. A place to go to, to let off steam, indulge the fantasies. Pretend for a while. In a very enticing, erotic way. So her position was strengthened and she continued to build her empire, using the garden as a paddock for female 'ponies', for subversive, sexual inclinations which she was fully versed in and which she thoroughly understood the itch for. She became renowned for her weekend pleasure trips - anything you desire, we cater for. Simple, deviously discrete, richly entertaining and handsomely rewarding. So Ruth built her own empire and surveyed it from the lofty height of an ever filling money pot.

Then as the months followed on and the years took pace Ruth would only occasionally now think of Adrian. When she did, he still posed a puzzle for her. She would remember how when she had been with him she had felt submerged, featureless and deadened, yet also hopelessly alive. Tormented and yet electrified. Dead and alive. Dead and alive. Like the mystery of his disappearance. Like he had become. Like she was herself. For she felt strangely empty at times; and then it was that, despite her transformation and success, she would crave the special dark flavour of his love.

Finally though, as the years rolled by, Adrian became a distant memory to her and Jason became her lover. She would even risk switching roles and play his willing slave at times, but only when she chose to; she made her boundaries clear this time, thanks to that confidence money and independence had given her. The echoes that remained of her previous life were seemingly submerged by the newly desirable, the rich society life she had become a part of, where she played her role with elegance and seductive aloofness.

She only freed herself, from time to time through Jason, a union which allowed her wild imaginings, her itch for debasement, a temporary release. Then the flavour of Adrian would return to haunt her in fleeting subliminal impressions - like a hidden fruit - gorged and gone to seed ...

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In Shropshire, opposite Big Linley Wood, rose the imposing bulk of Black Rhadley Hill. Now the evening light seemed to lend it an aura of hidden vitality. Forested banks glanced with the luminous gold of secrets in a glimmer of rays from the setting sun. The russet bracken, the somniferous pines and virescent broad leaves that shrouded its sides, spoke of some magickal or lush possibility in the gloaming evening haze. Crowned at the top with nude grey rock were craggy peaks lined with quartz crystal. Bald stone. As if the hill, in the birth throes of creation, had strained to attain the stature of mountain, cracking itself open and disgorging rock from its bowels in cataclysmic effort.

Yet some quixotic whim of Nature had frozen its purpose, as that mountain bud awoke, leaving its inclining mass merely a steeped hillside. But in the lofty region of its tip an echo of grandeur and strangeness remained. A place to touch the stars on. A cleft to carve the sacrificial altar upon. Something dark and unyielding and implacable resonant in the soil, and in the quartzite stone that made up the mass of it.

The bald height of the hill sank serene amidst the dusk, the shadows forming a broad sweeping smile across it; as if the hill itself was satisfied with its own richness, its own sombre charm and cryptic veins of dread. It now stood glossed with a gossamer robe of purple and gold in the gilding twilight. The bite hidden. The jaws concealed. Just the poetry now in evidence.

Only the beauty of a rocky topped hill overlooking a little river and a wood., the violence of the original volcanic eruption less than a memory in the stillness of encroaching night. Only the perfection and wonder of Nature to behold, as the trees unfurl and blossom their Spring, twirl the black leaves of their Autumn fall.

Black Rhadley Hill in the evening light. A faint opulent hymn that gathers in, that gathers in, and holds what it may in the depths of its bosom.

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Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice II  
ONA 1990eh (revised 1994eh)

As has been written - offers are human culling in action. That is, Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock: removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (in terms of character). Naturally, this culling occurs on a somewhat larger scale by using magickal means to direct/influence/control events in real time (i.e. in the causal) and so produce historical change [war/strife/ struggle/ revolution and so on] than it does by choosing a specific offer and executing an act of sacrifice. However, the correct choice of offer means that with their elimination the sinister dialectic will be aided and thus the intrusion of the acausal into the causal speeded up. [ In non-esoteric terms read: "aid the dark forces to spread over Earth." ] The choosing of specific offers depends on three things: (1) Satanic judgement; (2) and insight into and knowledge of Aeonics and the sinister dialectic; (3) the means for undertaking the act without compromising the individuals involved are available. Generally, it is the duty of a Master or Mistress to select offers, although any Satanist, from novice upwards, can suggest suitable targets, in which case the Master or Mistress, after due consideration, will give judgement as to the suitability of the target.

(1) means a judgement is made, based on experience. Often, this is judgement concerning the *character* of the victim. The victim may be suggested/chosen (a) because one or more of their actions has brought them to attention and made them seem suitable; or (b) their removal will be beneficial to Satanism/the sinister dialectic. The suitability of the victim is decided by a Master or Mistress, and once confirmed, the victim or victims are subject to tests (qv. 'Guidelines for the Testing of Offers' MS). Often, the Master or Mistress arranges to meet to victim or victims 'accidentally' and so can judge them on a personal level.

(2) means the proposed action is assessed in the light of Aeonics/the sinister dialectic - i.e. will the removal of the victim or victims aid the cause of Satanism? The dialectic?

(3) Means that (a) members are available to conduct the tests; (b) the loyalty of those members and the others who will participate in actual sacrifice is assured; (c) the Temple has the means and the abilities necessary to conduct the act: for example, make it seem 'accidental' if an "accidental death" is decided upon as a means of avoiding detection; can ensure safe untraceable disposal after the act; arrange an alibi should any participant need one.

Offers are not chosen at random - they are always carefully selected, then judged, then tested. The actual act - be such a ritual or a practical act (such as an assassination) - is never done for any personal reason. That is, it never arises out of personal emotions or from personal desires. Instead, the act is supra-personal - done with a Satanic judgement and a Satanic detachment arising from both sinister knowledge (e.g. of Aeonics) and direct knowledge of the character or actions of the victim. The act itself and the prior judgment as to the suitability of the victim or victims is often communal - involving a Temple/group and thus a participation which enables a reasoned and balanced assessment by those participating. In such communal action, one member is appointed to argue the case *for* or on behalf of the intended victim or victims during the special *sunedrion* which is convened by the Master or Mistress to consider the selection of victim(s) and arrangements for the act.

The act itself is one which glorifies the Satanic, which affirms Satanic values - that is, it aids evolution in a positive way, enhancing the lives of individuals. In short, it aids self-development (of the participants) and aids evolution (via the sinister dialectic/nature of the culling). Offers become/are chosen as victims because of their nature and/or because of their deeds. Mostly, victims are dross - those whose removal will aid change/the growth of civilization/the Aeonic imperative.

The judgement which decides the fate of an intended victim or victims is of course a Satanic one - and quite often, this judgement is akin to an act of 'natural justice' and/or a Satanic retribution: the victims have effectively condemned themselves by their deeds/their nature. In effect, Satanic sacrifice is conscious evolution in action.

Many examples might be presented to illustrate this - but four will suffice, although it should be remembered that these are merely illustrations, specimens, to throw light on the underlying principles involved.

I.) A young man of weak character (no self-discipline; a lout of the worst kind) spends his time stealing cars and committing petty crimes. He lives on 'Social Security' benefit and has a disdain for nearly everyone - which he shows by his loutish, foul-mouthed behaviour: when he is with friends, of course,

since he is too weak and cowardly to do anything provocative on his own. He is often drunk. On one occasion, he steals a car with some of his cronies, is chased by Police but escapes. During this chase, he crashes into some other cars and two people are injured, one of whom is a young woman who sustains serious injuries the effects of which will be with her for the rest of her life.

Some time later, this lout and some others break into the home of an elderly, blind man. The man attempts to stop them and this enrages this lout who beats the old man unconscious. The elderly man had fought in the Great War of 1914-18 and had been awarded several medals for gallantry. After this beating, the lout is rather proud of himself and considers he is something of a 'hard man'.

This lout is a typical example of the modern dross modern society produces in such profusion and which this society does nothing effective about. His character and his actions make him a suitable candidate for sacrifice - his removal will be a culling, benefitting evolution, and be an act of natural justice, restoring balance. Satanic judgement would give him a chance to redeem himself - make something out of himself - via tests designed to show if he has any potential. Should he fail the tests, he would be regarded as an offer.

II.) A Satanic novice living in a European country where questioning the 'holocaust' is a crime, in Law, joins an extreme Right-wing political group which works "underground". In doing this, he hopes to acquire experience "on the edge" and actively aid the sinister dialectic by challenging 'the accepted' and speaking/working for and on behalf of the heretical and 'the forbidden' (in that and other Western countries, the heretical is National-Socialism: qv. MSS on Aeonics). After some months of action, he and some others are betrayed by someone working with them. The person who betrayed them had been arrested doing something dreadfully 'illegal' (distributing forbidden books and leaflets) and had made a deal with the authorities whereby he only gets a fine if he gives them the names of others involved in the underground cell. Our novice however escapes to another country - but two of his Comrades are caught and after a farce of a trial are sentenced to several years imprisonment.

Thus the betrayer makes himself a candidate for sacrifice - he acted against the sinister dialectic (and thus those aiding that dialectic) and revealed a weakness of character.

III.) A particular individual is prominent in actively organizing and encouraging violent opposition to those who are members of a political group whose actions and policies [unknown to them] are aiding and will aid the sinister dialectic and whose nationwide success would begin a new upward phase in evolutionary change. By his actions over a period of time, this particular individual becomes an opponent of those who desire to bring about this new evolutionary change - and thus he becomes a suitable candidate for sacrifice. His removal - most effectively by assassination - will be a lesson to others and beneficial for those whom he opposed, and thus will aid the dialectic.

IV.) An Adept desires to practically and effectively disrupt the *status quo* and encourage the breakdown of the present system, aiming also to bring about a revolutionary state of affairs in his country beneficial to those whose actions and policies [unknown to them] are aiding and will aid the dialectic and thus evolution. To do this, he aims to target a particular, distinct, group - considering them all as suitable potential offers. That is, he considers this particular group - by its nature and by its collective presence and actions - has shown itself to be suitable: removal of as many of its members as possible will be conscious natural selection in action. In effect, he wished to create a particular type of 'tension' in society by eliminating members of this particular, distinct, group.

The Master guiding this particular Adept agreed this was a feasible option, from the point of view of practically and effectively aiding the sinister dialectic. A special *sunedrion* was held to consider this, with a member defending the character and presence of this particular group within this particular society. After hearing and considering all the arguments, the judgement of the Master was that the members of this particular distinct group (and others like it) could indeed be classed as offers and thus that the removal of one or many would be beneficial.

Essentially, sacrifice falls into two categories - (1) sacrifice by magick by means of a magickal rite, such as the Death Ritual; (2) sacrifice by some physical act - i.e. death by practical means. (2) can and often does involve a secondary and/or simultaneous magickal ritual which aids or is a part of the practical act of execution.

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#### ***Excursus: The Reason for Revealing a Secret Sinister Tradition***

Too often, in the past, the true nature of Satanic sacrifice was hidden - even from many who professed to be Satanists. More recently, pseudo-Satanists have falsely claimed that "Satanism does not and never has conducted human sacrifices." However, I repeat that human sacrifice - properly conducted according to

the guidelines laid down by traditional Satanist groups - is a culling and thus is positive and a practical expression of Satanic belief. Of course, the modern pseudo-Satanists deny this - since in their weakness they seek respectability and seek to make what they call 'Satanism' like themselves: weak, pseudo-intellectual, ineffective, inoffensive and addicted to fantasy role-playing.

The time is now right, however - both strategically and tactically - to reveal the Satanic truth, the whole Satanic truth and nothing but the Satanic truth in clear, precise terms which are not open to mis-interpretation.

The traditional code of silence which forbid the casting of this aspect of esoteric Satanic tradition into writing - and which expressly forbid the dissemination of anything connected with that aspect - no longer applies. That is, the Grand Master representing traditional Satanic groups recently decided to permit this aspect of the tradition to be not only written down, but also disseminated. This would establish for both present and historical purposes, what the true nature of Satanism was and is since it was considered that the time was right (given the conditions pertaining in Western societies at the time the decision was taken) for this knowledge to be made known. The main reason for this judgement was Aeonic - to enable greater participation in genuine Satanism, thus increasing the number of genuine Satanists, and thus enable these Satanists by their acts and their living to implement sinister strategy. With the revealing of the principles and practice of Satanic sacrifice, *all* of genuine Satanic practice and belief was made accessible - it was no longer confined to esoteric groups or reclusive individuals. A subsidiary reason for revealing this aspect of sinister tradition was to counter the falsehoods of the pseudo-Satanists. These pseudo-Satanists had set themselves up, within what had become the 'Occult establishment', as authorities on Satanism - making pronouncements as to whom they considered to be "genuine Satanists" and which group or groups they considered to be "authentic". Of course, those so deemed 'genuine' or 'authentic' had to fit their definition of what they considered Satanism to be - and by the nature of that definition these so-called 'genuine Satanists' were one or more of the following: jerks, role-playing hucksters, babbling pretentious nerds, fantasy-mongers, pseudo-intellectual dabblers, mental defectives and vain, egotistical, materialistic urbanized softies incapable and afraid of undergoing genuine *ordeals* in the real world.

These people went around feeling rather pleased with themselves and their safe, tame 'Satanic' world of fantasy-rituals conducted in covens/pylons or in some pathetic 'temple' they made in their own home out of various bits-and-pieces sold to them by some "I really believe in the power of crystals" Occult-shop owner. The meanderings of these pretentious Temples and Churches - "we are 'authentic' and 'genuine' Satanists!" - with their fictitious "mandates" and their spurious "teachings" cobbled-together from old Jewish-inspired Grimoires and long-dead useless myths and legends, would, if left unchallenged, gradually obscure then undermine and destroy the real essence of Satanism. This essence is that it is a practical means, a practical way, to create a new, higher type of individual - and eventually a new human species. This way involves - and can only involve - real experiences, real ordeals, *real darkness* and real self-effort over a period of many years, for only these things build real personal *character*; only these things lead to a *self-overcoming*, an evolution of the individual. The pseudo-Satanists wallow in intellectual verbosity and engross themselves in pseudo-magickal rituals. For so defying the sinister dialectic, and revealing their true, weak, nature, some at least would be suitable as opfers.... In their last moment of terror, they would at last experience the real, primal, darkness which is Satan.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers  
**ONA 1988ev**

It is a fundamental principle of traditional Satanism that all prospective opfers must be subject to several tests before becoming actual opfers either during a ceremony or otherwise.

The purpose of the tests is to give the chosen victim a sporting chance and to show if they possess the character defects which make them suitable as opfers. The victim is chosen according to Satanic practice - those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, for instance, or those who have or are proving troubling for Satanism in general, or those who have been judged by a Master or a Mistress (or someone of a higher Grade) as suitable for receiving Satanic justice/vengeance because of one or more of their actions. Once the victim is chosen, it is the duty of the Master or Mistress of the Temple or group who wish to perform the sacrifice to appoint suitable members - and if necessary train them - to prepare and execute the tests.

It is principle that no offer under any circumstance be informed directly or indirectly that they are being tested for whatever reason as this would invalidate the test.

The tests are constructed so as to give the victim a choice of responses - either a positive one, or a negative one. A negative choice leads to another test at another time and place. If this choice is also negative, then the victim is deemed suitable, and becomes the offer. Sometimes however, a third test may be deemed necessary by the Master or Mistress.

The tests are to appear to be incidents of everyday life such as the victim might be expected to encounter, given the society of the time. The tests are designed to test the character of the victim - to reveal their true nature. Positive, Satanic qualities, are courage, daring, defiance, and so on. Negative qualities are cowardice, meek fear, treachery and so on. It is for the Master or Mistress to use their judgement, experience and knowledge to construct the appropriate tests which seek to prove if the victim possesses the qualities deemed appropriate. Basically, the victim must, if they are suitable for sacrifice, show that they possess a weak character and be lacking in Satanic qualities such as nobility and excellence.

An example will best illustrate the type of test which is required.

For this example, the victim is male, and to undertake the test, four members will be required, two of them female. The victim has been under surveillance for some time, and his routine, habits etc. noted. It has been found that he has a certain fondness for young ladies. A female member is to 'set him up' for the actual test - she meets him, 'as if by chance' at a place he frequents. She shows a subtle sexual interest in him. If he runs true to form, he will suggest a future meeting, to which she agrees (or, if he does not suggest this, she does). She specifies the place and the date/time. This is a place where few if any other people are likely to be around at the time specified. At this assignation, he is observed by the three (two men, one woman) who are to conduct the actual test, until they judge the time is right. [If the victim does not turn up, the first lady member meets him, again 'by chance', and arranges another meeting. If this meeting does not occur, another test is devised.] The second lady then passes near to where the victim is waiting - she makes certain he is aware of her. The two men then come onto the scene and begin to harass her, verbally at first. Then they begin to 'molest' her physically and try to drag her away (toward a car, probably). She screams for help. The test is to see how the victim reacts - what his choice is. He has two choices - to do nothing, and pretend he has not heard/noticed anything (a negative response), or he can go to the aid of the lady. [Note: 'Help/aid here means actually trying to rescue her, not merely feebly asking the men to stop.] If he tries to aid her, the two men run off, and she thanks him gratefully. If he does nothing to aid her, he has failed the test, for he reveals the character of a coward. The Master or Mistress will be observing events from a discreet distance.

The performances of the members, during the test, must be totally convincing, as must their timing. In all aspects of the tests, from the initial surveillance to the final execution of the test, they must be professional.

It will be seen from this example that the tests are quite complex - require planning, rehearsals and so on. This planning, and the surveillance, might take months. Little, if anything, should be left to chance in the execution of the tests. The rewards, however, justify the operation - there is, firstly, a probable victim for sacrifice, enabling the quintessence of Satanic ritual to be undertaken; secondly, there is the involvement of the whole Temple - the planning, the choosing of victims, the rehearsals of the tests and then finally their execution. This involvement, from the initial choice to the final test, is an extended magickal act,

imbued with Satanic essence - creating and presenting sinister energies, aiding the development of Satanic skill and character, drawing the members together in a vivifying way. As such, it is a prelude to the act of sacrifice itself. Thus, even should the victim not be chosen because he/she proves unsuitable having made a positive choice during a test, the effort has been extremely worthwhile, both in terms of aiding the development of members on the levels of character and knowledge and skills, and also magickally.

The decision of the Master or Mistress regarding the outcome of a particular test is final and binding. It needs to be stressed that the tests give the victim a sporting chance and serve to confirm/deny their suitability - before the tests are even planned, the victim will have been chosen as a probable offer by the Master or Mistress using their judgement.

Offers are examples of human culling in action.

- Order of Nine Angles -

In Praise of War  
R. Venn, ONA.

War is necessary - it ensures the health of a people and it encourages those warrior virtues which are essential to civilization.

When a people, nation or race goes for decades without engaging in a war which involves all or most of the communities of that people, nation or race, then that people, nation or race tends toward decadence - with cowardly scum coming to the surface, the young becoming feckless and undisciplined, and society generally declining. War breeds and reveals *character* - in combat, there is no where to hide. One either does one's duty, with courage and perhaps heroism - or one does not. War is the test of the man. War is natural selection in action - Fate decrees who survives, who is uninjured and who becomes revered as heroic. War makes individuals respect Fate, and thus gives real wisdom - an awareness of *duty* and *responsibility*.

Pacifism, and the pursuit of peace as an objective, are decadent - manifestations of cowards and *decadents*, and of a people and society ruled by cowards and *decadents*. Of course war creates and brings suffering, injury and hardship - but the hard reality is that such things are necessary. Without such things there is no real wisdom, no real individual character, no real understanding - no awareness of Fate, of those forces which are beyond the individual and which the individual cannot control. Without such things there is no perspective - and what is really important about life and living gets lost in selfishness and a crass pursuit of materialism. Above all else, war breeds *nobility*. It makes the values of nobility - honour, loyalty and duty - ideals to be strived for and thus encourages civilized conduct among individuals and a civilized society for individuals to live in. A noble individual is someone prepared to fight, and if necessary die, for their folk, race or nation. A peaceful society - dedicated to peace and the selfishness and materialism which goes with it - encourages and creates a feckless, crime-ridden society full of aggressive individuals who use that aggression to achieve their petty, egotistical aims.

War channels the natural and healthy aggression of youth and early manhood in a useful and productive way. The proponents of pacifism and the 'peaceful society' believe in their vain arrogance that their abstract, unnatural and intellectual ideas can change what they see as "human nature" - they believe that given sufficient "education" (read 'brainwashing') and sufficient social schemes, this aggression and lust for battle can be removed or miraculously transformed into something which they believe is more positive. What these products of late-twentieth century decadence fail in their intellectual arrogance to understand, is that individual nature is only and always changed by real, practical experience of living and *never by ideas or any amount of 'teaching' and/or social schemes*. What little individual change results from such things as ideas, teaching, 'faith' and social schemes is only and always pretence - *affectation*; that is, whatever change such things produce in individuals, such changes are not real - they do not go deep, they are not fundamental, positive changes. What all this amounts to is that if one places side-by-side a combat veteran, and one of the intellectual pacifist/'social worker' types which modern society breeds in profusion, then it is obvious to anyone of any real intelligence that the combat veteran is the better person, more in touch with the reality of life, more *civilized* and more able to cope with life and any change life brings. It is only soft, comfortable modern urban/suburban living which allows the social worker type to flourish - and this soft urban/suburban style of living exists in any civilization only for a short period, for it has within it the seeds of its own destruction. These seeds are the soft individuals it breeds. Civilizations are created and maintained by individuals of character - by warriors, by those experienced in war - they are *never* created and *never* maintained by ideas, by bureaucratic types, by politicians, by social schemes and 'education'. Anyone who believes that civilization depends on clever, fancy ideas and those who propound such ideas or makes their living from them is, quite simply, being *naive*. The penalty for such large scale *naively* as the societies of the West now suffer from, is that slow descent back into barbarism which has already begun.

The reality of pacifism and other such unnatural abstract ideas, is that they undermine and ultimately destroy that personal or individual *character* which is essential to civilization. The personal character essential to civilization and a civilized way of life is only and always created by combat - by personal experience of war.

A healthy society accepts war and prepares for it. A healthy society encourages warrior virtues and trains its people for combat. A healthy society upholds the war or combat hero as the highest ideal - as someone to be admired and emulated. A healthy society rewards those who have distinguished themselves in battle and accepts such individuals, and only such individuals, as leaders. In a healthy

society, young men look forward eagerly to battle.

In contrast, an unhealthy or sick society strives to make "heroes" out of such non-entities as "entertainers", politicians, and successful business people. In brief, a sick society elevates the type of people combat veterans despise - vain, egotistical people concerned for the most part with materialism and/or sickly, pretentious (often sociological) 'ideas'.

It needs to be constantly affirmed that war and civilization are inseparable. To be civilizing, war has to be for some noble purpose - and this purpose can only be to ensure the survival, prosperity and extension of a particular folk, nation or race. War for a decadent purpose - such as to ensure 'peace' - is self-defeating, and produces only degeneracy and decline because such a decadent purpose weakens those fighting and produces an ailing, weak society dedicated to unnatural ideas that make people psychologically unwell. Thus, any war which aims to strengthen a particular folk, nation or race is good; any war fought for any other reason - such as an abstract idea like 'peace' - is bad. A good war creates, aids and maintains civilization. A bad war destroys civilization.

A good war is morally right - it is a duty. It is a necessity. A good war ensures the health and vitality of a particular folk, nation or race - and thus makes for a healthy, vital society. What we have today - in terms of civilized life and the comforts which go with it - is the result of war. What we have lost and are losing - honour, community spirit, noble character, vitality, purpose - is the result of peace.

For too long, the pacifists, the cowards, the decadent and the pursuers of selfish, material goals, have been unchallenged. We who believe in war - who know its value and its purpose - have been silent for too long. We need to once again proudly and defiantly sing the praises of war!

- Order of Nine Angles -

Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance  
Anton Long ONA 103yf

Mastery is one of the names given to the achievement, by an individual, of one of the advanced stages of the occult way or path. In the septenary tradition - which some regard as the authentic Western tradition in contradistinction to the Hebrew 'Qabalah' - this stage is the fifth of the seven that mark the quest, and those who reach it are often known by the titles Master of Temple or Mistress of Earth.

It follows from the stage of Internal Adept, which is the stage of Adeptship [qv. the MSS 'Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance']. Between the two, lies an area often called 'The Abyss'. Basically, an Internal Adept [or simply 'Adept' for short: an 'Internal' Adept is distinguished from an 'External' Adept by virtue of the former having achieved an internal as well as an external insight/understanding and a skill in both internal and external magick] has discovered the nature of their unique Destiny in the real world. That is, they are aware of personal wyrd. Before they can venture into and beyond the Abyss, this Destiny has to be strived for - the Adept has to make real, in the real world, this dream of Destiny.

For every Adept, the Destiny is unique. But for all it means an interaction with the real world - in effect transforming their inner vision and energies in a practical way and so in some way (often quite significant) changing the real world. All Adepts effect changes in others. Some do this in a directly magickal way - for instance, by running a Temple/group and teaching esoteric traditions. Some do it via creativity - for instance, music, Art, writing. Some do it via direct action which appears to non-Initiates as divorced from Occultism - for instance, politics or business. Some combine elements of all of these. There are many other ways. What is important is that the Adept is using their skills and abilities, derived from achieving Adeptship, in a practical way - their life has a vitality, a purpose, a dynamism which is beyond that of most others.

While this is occurring, the Adept is learning and evolving further. For some Adepts, the majority in fact, this interaction, this striving for a Destiny, is totally satisfying. In effect, their wyrd is this Destiny.

(Note: wyrd and Destiny are not identical. Wyrd is beyond, but includes personal Destiny. The 'Tree of Wyrd' comprises all the seven spheres or stages of the Occult quest.) In esoteric terms, they possess no desire to progress further; and usually their desire to follow the Occult path to its ending fades, slowly, and then is lost in everyday and personal concerns. Their quest has been a phase of their lives - a rewarding one, but nevertheless a phase, which they mostly consider they have 'outgrown'.

However, some Adepts see and understand this Destiny in a different way. Or, rather, they feel it differently after a number of years of striving. They gradually become aware of what is beyond, in esoteric terms: they understand this Destiny as a part of their wyrd, and that wyrd as the 'dialectic of change'. In essence, they understand in a real, complete way [i.e. not just 'in theory'] what Aeonic magick is - of how their life and deeds are part of an Aeonic imperative.

Of course, all Adepts - if they are genuine - understand the rudiments of Aeonic theory. But this is a purely intellectual, abstract, understanding. It is cerebral, devoid of numinosity. Further, most Adepts are aware of the rudiments of Aeonic magick - but, once again, this awareness is cerebral.

What occurs in some Adepts is that by the very process of striving to achieve a personal Destiny in the real world, they gradually come to understand what Aeonics really means, in personal and supra-personal terms: **they experience Aeonic magick via their striving**. This makes it real to them in a meaningful way - cerebral understanding is mostly a vacuous understanding.

In essence, therefore, the esoteric understanding of these Adepts grows in the only way real esoteric understanding does - via practical experience of the realities. They acquire more insight into the world, the cosmos and themselves. On the psychic level, the energy which imbued their personal Destiny, which gave them the vitality, the "elan" to pursue it, wanes. They begin to seek after something else - they desire what seems to be an intangible wyrd.

Thus, they move toward 'The Abyss' after some years of striving in the real world, of garnishing experiences, of learning from them. In effect, the self-image, which Adeptship created, is waning. [Note: Initiation creates an 'ego-image'; an External Adept has both an ego-image and the beginnings of a self-image. An Internal Adept has achieved a self-image: a certain unity of conscious and unconscious/pre-conscious forms. This self-image is vitalized by a Destiny.]

For a period, the Adept lies between two-images: the self-image which has almost died, and an intangible but tantalizing wyrd-image. This is often a most difficult time in the personal life of the



Adept. There is nothing and no one to help them.

Gradually, they may achieve more understanding and come to understand the real essence hidden behind appearance: in themselves, others, the structures of the world, the cosmos itself. They will also come to realize what is missing from their own life - in terms of experience. Accordingly, they will redress the balance by living to attain what they lacked, to fully complete themselves. This, of course, is difficult, requiring as it does not only a genuine self-honesty and awareness, but also a real understanding of what the balance itself actually is. Here, 'theory', book-learning and such like is no use.

Then, when some balance is achieved, there will be a discovery of the essence of not only Aeonick Magick but also what the essence of magickal forces really are. A discovery of that which is beyond opposites - a return to and a going away from, primal Chaos.

Following all this, there is usually an ordeal which is magickally ruthless and which ascertains if the person undertaking it has actually achieved both an internal and a magickal mastery. In the septenary tradition, this ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress which involves the candidate walking, alone and unaided and carrying all food etc., a distance of 80 miles in isolated terrain, starting at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day. After reaching the target distance, a magickal ritual is performed which is psychically dangerous.

Then, there is a certain satisfaction of having achieved the stage of Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth. Naturally, the above is only a brief outline of the transition from Adept to Master or Mistress. The salient points are that it involves many years of striving for something in the real world, of causing changes via a Destiny; that there are and must be more experiences to take the individual far beyond 'the self'; and that there is a real understanding of what lies beyond external and internal magick - of the patterns and processes of dialectic change, of evolution itself: in brief, of Aeonics. And a real Mastery of forms.

To provoke or cause the individual to go beyond 'the self', the experiences of necessity are hard. By their nature they take the Adept to and beyond the limits of living - mostly in a way more extreme than those which form the character of an Adept and which therefore a novice may undertake to experience and learn from and so grow.

Because of all this, the Adept who progresses to the stage beyond possesses real wisdom. They have achieved many things. They are different from ordinary mortals - inside, where it matters. They know because they have experienced: because they have seen more of life; because they have been to the limits of themselves and gone beyond what they were. And because they have maintained their resolve to follow the occult path they have chosen to its ending.

In effect, they belong to a new race - they are part of an elite more exclusive than that to which Adepts belong. They have developed a significant part of their latent potential; have fully understood themselves, the world, the people in it, the esoteric or hidden forces in the world, and the cosmos itself. This does not mean that they are infallible or that they have nothing more to learn. Neither are they deceived by their own abilities and understanding. They are, however, aware of what it is they must do, conversant with their own abilities and the dialectic of change. That is, they know how to use Aeonick Magick to affect evolution - and do so, for their own life is a part of the creative change necessary. Most who claim to be a 'Master' (or 'Mistress') are charlatans. As with the false Adepts, they appoint themselves to this title, or are appointed to it by someone who claims to have progressed even further. They have not achieved it. They have not achieved anything significant in creative terms; have little or no self-understanding; possess no real knowledge of Aeonics and Aeonick Magick. They have not lived their limits - and gone beyond them. They have no 'genius', no wisdom. They are still full of self-delusion particularly about their esoteric knowledge and their own abilities, and have no real insight into others, let alone themselves. In fact, many who claim to be 'Masters' lack even the basic qualities of an Adept.

The same applies - even more so - to they who claim to have gone beyond the stage of Mastery, and I shall explain why in words which will expose them for the frauds that they are.

The stage beyond that of Master - often signified by the title Grand Master - requires for its achievement significant **Aeonick** works. That is, it requires the person to have produced profound changes in the causal and magickal forms which mark a particular Aeon: or to have actually presented esoteric/magickal energies in such a way that a new Aeon is created. This does not mean that someone believes they have done these things - 'on the magickal level'. It means that the structure of evolution has been significantly altered in accord with the wyrd of that Grand Master/Mistress: and in such a way that the changes are perceptible, in **real life**, in those forms and structures which Aeonick energy is presented in the causal, such as societies.

This does not mean a playing at magick by heading some self-created Occult organization or Temple - or writing/talking at great length about Occult matters. Neither does it mean that one assumes the title by taking over some already existing organization or group. It most certainly does not mean someone else awards it or confers it.

Further, it means one has not only reached the limits of present knowledge regarding Aeonics and other esoteric matters [and knowledge in the sense of practical experience] but has also extended those limits by one's own creativity - taken conscious evolution further. That is, added in a profound way to a conscious understanding and to the means for others to attain such understanding. This in itself does not mean anything 'dogmatic' or of a religious nature - or 'given to one' by some entity/supra-personal intelligence or whatever. It is never 'revelatory' in the sense of a religion. That is, it does not mean one is "appointed" by some entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence or whatever and so "heads" some sort of messianic crusade of a religious nature.

The frauds indulge in pseudo-mystical babble and Occult histrionics - they expect and mostly demand obedience. They play a "role" and often dress the part. Of course, by doing these and similar things they obtain followers, sycophants - i.e. weak individuals who need to fawn and obey. All the frauds rely on something external to themselves, be this something a "role", a mandate, a divine/diabolic revelation, an imagined/real lineage, an organizational authority, a messianic/diabolic/extra-terrestrial commission or whatever.

In reality, all these traits and actions are signs of someone not yet achieved Adeptship - someone striving for self-insight.

A real Grand Master (or mistress) has a wealth of practical experience both Occult and 'in the real world'. They have genius - a highly developed intellect and a creativity. They possess empathy in the highest degree. They have judgement. They possess a critical awareness and understanding of all those factors and forms which have and do shape and change our evolution both conscious and unconscious from individuals to Aeons. And they are unique - 'their own person'. They owe allegiance to no one and they are not constrained by any affectation or role (such as conforming to the imagined image of a Master or Grand Master or 'teacher'). Like genuine Masters and Mistresses, they are spontaneous and human, without affectation of 'knowledge' or 'cleverness'. Neither do they pretend to be 'venerable'. There are perhaps two or three genuine Grand Masters/Mistresses a century - and that is all. And this is unlikely to change, given the present capacity of individuals to delude themselves and given the fact that few are prepared to undertake the really hard and difficult struggle that lasts for at least a quarter of a century and which creates such a unique entity.

As regards the last stage of the Occult way, which the septenary tradition describes by the term Immortal and which the distorted and inauthentic tradition of the 'Qabalah' describes as the stage of the "Ippsisimus" [and I had to look-up how to spell the word], this really is not obtainable except in the last few years of the causal existence of a Grand Master/Mistress who has created for themselves an acausal and thus Immortal existence. Thus, anyone claiming this title in the causal or mortal world is, 'ipso facto', a fraud - and one who has little or no knowledge of **real** esoteric matters. Those who so claim, show themselves up to be not even a genuine Master or Mistress - and seldom, if ever, even an Adept. As Aeschylus once explained: one can learn through adversity/ suffering as so achieve wisdom. Before this 'law', people suffered, but did not learn. Most Occultists have never suffered, and so learn nothing; they eschew ordeals, and real life experiences, in favour of mystical meanderings and a religious mentality. Or they find comfort, an escape in the Occult. A real Occult quest involves adversity - undertaking hardships, surmounting real physical, mental and psychic challenges; forging into the unknown, alone. Questing through adversity to transform one's existence.

It takes years of self-effort and adversity, of accepting challenges and triumphing, to achieve real self-insight and genuine esoteric understanding, and thus to become an Adept. It takes even greater effort and adversity and learning to go beyond that.

Real wisdom is still, unfortunately, a precious commodity. The esoteric path to Wisdom is open to all - its techniques and methods **work**. But such is the primitive self-awareness of most people that they cannot appreciate this or be bothered to undertake a real quest in search of the next stage of existence. So the Occult babbling will continue, and the frauds claim their titles. De nihilo nihil fit.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Revenge  
ONA, From Hostia II, 1992.

Central to any civilization and society which is civilized, is the notion of revenge - and central to revenge is the blood feud. When the "State" - of whatever political hue or any large organized governmental structure, reserves for itself the means and control and dispensation of "Justice" then true freedom does not exist: the individual has become controlled and enslaved, if not physically, then mentally.

Any healthy flourishing society not only allows revenge, but encourages it, and any society which does not is already a form of tyranny, however much clever, vapid, intellectual and political words may be used to try and obscure this reality. A healthy society is one that tends to respect the individual right to justice and thus revenge: the two are linked and cannot be separated without destroying both, leaving an empty shell. A healthy society seeks to respect the individual, and extend their responsibilities and duties, and one of the most important responsibilities and duties of any individual is to avenge.

This view is not upheld by many today - and certainly by none who form those cliques of legal and social 'professionalism' which infest society today. Instead, the present System seeks to convince us all, from childhood, that only the State has the "right" to deal with "Justice" - and that only this is "civilised". But if you believe that, you really are ill - one of those pale specimens inebriated by the clever words and ideas of the half-men (and half-women) who unfortunately proliferate today in our comfortable and monied societies.

Revenge is natural and necessary. An illustration here might be instructive. A young motorist, high on drink and drugs, deliberately runs down and kills someone: the classic 'innocent passerby'. After some trouble, the police find this driver and he is charged. When his case comes to court, he manages to wriggle out of the murder charge ('lack of sufficient evidence'/some legal problem) and is instead convicted of manslaughter. He shows no remorse. He is sentenced to 3 years in prison. After a little over 2 years he is released, and some months later is arrested for drink driving and driving while disqualified. A few more months in prison. Then he is free. Now, in this instance (and many like it) the relatives of the victim have a duty to kill this piece of scum - and should be ashamed of themselves if they did not. Naturally, they would give all sorts of reasons as to why they would do nothing - but basically they are, if they do nothing, (a) spineless cowards; (b) degenerate bastards who do not care; (c) so ground down by the System, by the lies and propaganda, that their natural instincts have been destroyed. They - one or some of them - should have killed the offender. Naturally, in the feeble societies of the Western tyrannies, had they done so they would - if caught - have faced "Justice" and the legal system themselves: and probably spent longer in prison than the bastard who deserved to die (such is the sickness of the "West"). But, until this whole rotten System is destroyed, they should have used the rules of the System against itself - why not, for instance, run the bastard himself down? You would, if caught, only get a few years. But at least you would be able to live with yourself - still have your honour. Of course, an impartial assessment (like a Judge) is still necessary - but once judged, relatives are honour bound to act. Anything less is gutless.

## Sacrifice

Although it was over seven years away, I believed the time was right to begin the planning for my performance of the Ceremony of Recalling; a sinister ritual of sacrifice where the victim or offer was offered to Baphomet, the dark Goddess of Satanic tradition, regarded as the Bride of Lucifer. According to the tradition I was heir to, the ritual was performed every seventeen years by the Grand Master or Grand Mistress who represented that tradition - the offer being a Priest of the tradition. In the ceremony, the Mistress of Earth identified with the role of Baphomet.

The sacrifice could, of course, be purely symbolic. It had been a long time since a voluntary sacrifice had occurred, the offer, in the recent past, being carefully chosen. I believed I should continue this recent trend. I would need to plan the rite carefully ~ carefully choosing those who would take part. They would be sworn to secrecy, and would have to have no doubts of any kind. I, like a few others, understood the meaning of the rite itself - it would continue a tradition, creating a link with past deeds and thus magickal energies, and it would also create or draw down its own sinister energies. These could be directed to achieve a specific goal, or they could be directed into a chosen individual or individual who would have an important sinister Destiny to fulfil, or they could be stored to await further use. Whatever, it was an extremely powerful and sinister rite.

Such a sacrifice would thus be for a specific Satanic goal, and in accordance with Satanic honour the offer [for this would have to be an involuntary sacrifice] would choose him/her self by their deeds. That is, their removal would benefit evolution, and consequently aid the sinister. They would not be chosen at random, as they would not be, despite the claims by those who knew nothing about genuine Satanism, virgins or children. They would be those whose removal would actively benefit our long-term aeonic goals. Let me express this plainly so that it will be understood. The victim or victims would be the type of person or persons whose death by whatever means would not be mourned - someone of whom many would say: 'He/she deserved it...' The sacrifice would be akin to an act of natural justice. Naturally, it would be myself, in consultation with a few others, who would decide, and this decision would be based on sinister strategy or aeonics.

Such an offer could be chosen by such means at other times and the appropriate rite of sacrifice performed, but the Ceremony was more specific: its aims, intent, were for a definite purpose. Accordingly, I began to plan for the ritual ~ I already had a few vague ideas concerning suitable candidates, and asked a trusted Guardian of one of the Temples to begin research into their backgrounds. I also visited a few possible sites for the ritual, researched others, and began to consider those who might participate with me.

Of course, I had undertaken sacrifices before ~ in the approved manner. And even before those, I had tried a ritual of sacrifice. This was in my early days, before I assumed my role as heir. I, with some others involved in politics and vaguely involved with the sinister, planned to sacrifice someone to commemorate the founding of our new political movement. We chose the victim, and gathered on a crag in Yorkshire one night. Our plan was to will the victim to fall over the cliff to his death. So invocations were done, energies directed. The victim became possessed, stumbled and fell. Unfortunately, he fell only a short distance, and was mostly uninjured. So in that sense the ritual failed. I knew why - of those gathered, only myself and one other really wanted to cause someone's death. The others were not committed to the sinister.

My other attempts were successful. The victims fell by assassination, or were victims of 'accidents' - all achieved by my "underground" political work, and what followed thereafter. I simply - before the act of execution - dedicated their death to my sinister cause. It was quite simple, and very effective, even in battle. I was merely continuing a long-standing pagan tradition - dedicating enemies beforehand, and then killing them, for a cause, of course. Being enemies, they deserved to perish, their death aiding the sinister dialectic. Such was the "approved" Satanic manner. Thus did the victims choose themselves.

Naturally, those who have no understanding of Satanism, as well as those who oppose that philosophy of living, portray sacrifice differently. According to them, it is always the 'innocent' who are victims, who are offers. They seldom, if ever, define what is meant by 'innocent' - and cannot, however they try, define on a satisfactory basis, what 'evil' is. Hopefully, my revelations will destroy such myths - as they will destroy the attempts by the feeble, mostly urbanized, people who call themselves 'Satanists' and who deny sacrifice exists or ever has existed as a Satanic practice. These people know nothing about real, primal, Satanism - they like the glamour of the sinister but are weak individuals, lacking in character, who play at "roles" in a fantasy world. They do not have the passion, the spirit, the desire, the pride or the creative genius of genuine Satanists. Such people, in fact, would make good offers

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Finally, what I have written before bears repeating - wars are the ultimate sacrificial rites, and it no coincidence that sometimes the sinister dialectic has aided these, and occasionally brought them about.

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*<http://www.nasz-dom.net/>*

## The Abyss

The Abyss is where the causal and the acausal meet: a nexus of temporal and spatial dimensions. Because of the nature of our consciousness, the Abyss lies latent within all of us – that is, our consciousness consists of both causal and acausal aspects. In this sense, we are all 'Gates'/ to the acausal dimensions, although this Gate – and the pathways leading to/from it – often lies undiscovered. Magickal training is essentially the discovery, exploration and use of these pathways. Symbolised causally, the Abyss lies between the spheres of the Sun and Mars in the septenary Tree of Wyrd, and the 'Entering the Abyss' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept. The experience of the Abyss – which the Grade Ritual 'Entering the Abyss' begins – is fundamentally a destruction of the self-image which the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept created and which was glimpsed during the External Adept rite. It is also the destruction of all personal illusions regarding opposites: the final 'withdrawing of projections'. In essence, the Internal Adept has learnt (mainly through the Grade Ritual) to withdraw the projections of the 'ego' from other individuals – that is, there is an understanding of individuals as those individuals are in essence: without the distortion of one's own passions/ideas/prejudices and without the distortions of other people's ideas/judgements and so on. The experience of the Abyss takes this a stage further – there is a withdrawal of all personal projections made by every individual upon others/the 'cosmos' and so on: both personal and impersonal. Thus, the essence is apprehended behind the appearance which the causal produces because it is the causal. Put very simply, the Abyss is the beginning of acausal perception. This perception implies a complete understanding of oneself, one's wyrd, as well as an understanding of others, of aeonic influences, and of the 'cosmos' itself – the beginnings of wisdom ... Yet this does not mean a negation of individuality. Rather, it is an enhancement of consciousness. This is so because the Abyss is also the Tree of Wyrd itself – all the spheres and the pathways in both their individual and aeonic forms: the 'individual forms' being Jungian-type archetypes (and the experiences/ understanding appropriate to these) on a personal level, and the 'aeonic forms' being aeonic/cultural myths and images on a supra-personal level, in both 'sinister' and 'light' aspects. Further, the Abyss is also a direct opening or "Gate" to the acausal dimensions. The ritual of the Abyss implies an acceptance of acausal energies as those energies are – that is, without any 'abstract', personal or judgemental views. It is a letting 'in' of those Null, Chaotic energies without any hindrance. This of course can be dangerous, but the preparation reduces this danger as well as making possible an understanding of those energies and the 'forms' they may or may not assume in both the causal and acausal worlds. This latter point is quite important, because there have been many who, unprepared, having experienced some acausal energies via entering the Abyss too soon. Quite often, the result of this premature magickal experience is madness or extreme personal dis-orientation resulting in a 'possessed' personal life and/or loss of vitality; another and frequent result is personal delusion about one's own abilities and understanding, both personal and magickal. This understanding of the acausal, vital to a 'successful' crossing of the Abyss, derives from the preparation implicit in (a) having undertaken the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept [that is, in essence, having spent at least three months alone without any external influences and without any personal contact] and (b) having fulfilled the tasks revealed by that Grade Ritual. This fulfilling of personal tasks (the accomplishment of part of the wyrd of the individual) is necessary (and it takes from one to many years after the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept) because it dissipates the energy of the 'self-image' that the Grade Ritual produces, preparing thus a voidness within the Adept. The Adept generally knows when this inner void is reached (in simple terms, the personal, driving energy is gone through achievement of personal goals: the reality, of course, is more complicated and here the advice of a Master/Mistress/Magus is often sought). The ritual of the Abyss is simple. The physical part (the walk in the specified time without assistance) is essential preparation for the 'magickal' part because it prepares the consciousness in a very specific way as well as draining the physical resources of the body. To complete the walk given the conditions stated requires determination – and this determination is released/abandoned when the magickal part of the rite is begun, this release/abandonment occurring quite naturally because the physical goal has been achieved. Thus, there is a 'hidden' wisdom in the construction of the rite (as there is in all the Grade Rituals). The physical part also creates – because of the isolation – a feeling within the individual of being only a part of something more vast, and it for this reason that the walk is undertaken as far from human

habitation as possible. This isolation, the concentration required to walk at a pace enabling the goal to be reached within the set time, the rhythm of walking, the anticipation of the magickal part, all combine to produce the conditions necessary within the consciousness of the individual conducive to success. As mentioned above, the Abyss is also an opening into the acausal. The 'passing of the Abyss' is the opening of that 'Gate' within us. All magick is a glimpse of the acausal, and the stages of the seven-fold way are really stages when the acausal energies are developed and understood in a progressively more emphatic manner – that is, they may be seen as 'pushing that Gate wider and wider' – in the passing of the Abyss there is no longer a Gate, but rather a union or fusion. In another sense, the seven-fold way may be said to be the creation, within the consciousness of the individual, of connections or pathways to the acausal – each stage develops more and more pathways until they form a conduit through which acausal energy 'flows'. Beyond the Abyss, the individual is part of the acausal 'flow' and has achieved the goal of sentient life. This is really the great secret of alchemy, of magick and of the Left Hand or Sinister Path itself – that is, we can create for ourselves another existence in another 'universe' and an existence which continues after our causal self dies. The means to this existence is simply – the seven fold way. According to tradition, the Abyss is also presenced physically in our causal universe. That is, terrestrial and 'Space' or 'Star' Gates exist where the two universes are joined. In reality, the terrestrial Gates may be said to be points where the causal and acausal come close to contact: where there is 'seepage' of acausal energy – the discovery of these places and then the 'opening of the Gate' via magick producing Aeonic energy to alter the causal (and thus the individuals in the world). [See the Order MSS relating to Aeons, 'Lovecraft and the Dark Gods' etc.]

- Order of Nine Angles -



The Azatu Gate  
ONA

The following rite, for Priest and Priestess, exists in two forms. It may be undertaken by those of the stage of External Adept as part of the experiencing of those energies appropriate to that level (and it should be undertaken on completion of the Path and Sphere workings with the companion); but its primary aim, as with all forms of genuine magick, is to direct energy into aiding the emergence of the New Aeon. Generally, this will mean aiding, via the ways of magick, a causal form that possesses the ability to practically implement the New Aeon. Thus a symbol representing the causal form is used as a focus for the raised energy.

The **Satanic** form should be undertaken one hour before dawn during the Full Moon. The **Baphometric** form should be undertaken at dusk, when the Moon is New. Both forms should be conducted at an isolated outdoor location [the location most appropriate to the 'Baphometric' form is an underground cave where water flows].

**I) The Satanic Form:**

The priestess holds the crystal, while the priest rings the temple bell seven times. Both then meditate upon Atu VII of the *Sinister Tarot*. When sufficient time has been given to the meditation, the Priest says: "Aperiatur stella, et germinet, et germinet Chaos!", and places his hands over the crystal. Both commence vibrating 'Agios o Satanas', directing the vibration into the crystal. This vibration is undertaken nine times, with increasing force and resonance, whilst visualizing a deep region of space where a nexion is beginning to open [according to Tradition, the location of such a nexion lies near the planet Saturn].

As the vibration reaches its conclusion, a nebulous form (which may coalesce into the appearance of a dragon) is visualized seeping from the nexion, descending to the Earth, and entering the bodies of the participants via the crystal. Both should visualize their bodies filling with a star-studded space.

On completion of the vibration, this visualization is continued in silence, for at least fifteen minutes.

Following this, both commence visualizing the symbol chosen to represent the New Aeon, whilst chanting the *Diabolus*. This Chant should be sung three times in unison, followed by a further four sung in parallel fourths. Sexual union begins thereafter, during which both continue to visualize the sigil. On conclusion, both bow to the North saying: "Agios athanatos!"

**II) Baphometric Form:**

As before, the Priestess holds the crystal, while the Priest rings the temple bell seven times. Both meditate upon the 'Mousa of Swords' from the *Sinister Tarot*. The Priestess, when she judges the time right, vibrates: "Veni, omnipotens aeternae Baphomet!". The Priest then places his hands over the crystal, and both commence to vibrate 'Agios o Baphomet', nine times. During this vibration, both visualize the crystal filling with darkness which then slowly spreads outwards to fill their bodies. As before, this visualization is continued for a further fifteen minutes following the end of the vibration.

The 'Agios o Baphomet' chant is then sung, while visualizing the symbol of the New Aeon. The chant is sung three times in unison, followed by a further four in *fifths*. On completion of the chant, the Priestess quietly says: "Suscipe, Baphomet, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth". Sexual union begins thereafter.

On conclusion, both bow to the North, saying: "Agios athanatos!"

**Note:** The crystal should be held by the Priestess throughout the rite - including during the sexual union.

As is traditional, the best shape for the crystal is a tetrahedron, and it should be as large as possible.

Rock crystal is best, but Pleonast, Spinet and Morion may also be used.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Hard Reality of Satanism  
ONA 1991eh

The hard reality of Satanism is that it is very different from both the media image and the more recent image pedaled by imitation Satanists in both Europe and America.

***I. What Satanism Is:***

- a) Satanism is a quest for self-excellence, involving real danger, real challenges and requiring real courage. It involves taking your body to and beyond its physical limits of endurance. It involves real action, alone: without the support of friends, comrades, lovers, relations or anyone. It involves accepting challenges - physical, psychic, intellectual and triumphing solely by one's own efforts. It involves the triumph of pure, individual will and desire.
- b) Satanism is, in part, an Inner quest, an exploration of the 'hidden' (and overt) aspects of consciousness: a dis-discovery of the darkness within and beyond the individual psyche. This involves 'magickal acts' - such as rituals. This magick, however, is a means, not an end.
- c) Satanism involves ordeals, both physical and magickal. Those who are suitable triumph; the others fail. [One such ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - where the candidate lives alone and isolated, bereft of everything except the bare necessities for physical survival, for a period of three months.]
- d) Satanism requires the practical experiencing of all moral limits, and then a mastery of the feelings, desires, pleasures, terrors, pains and so on that these imply.
- e) Satanism involves the individual defiance of all subservience: a Satanist accepts guidance only, and refuses to be dominated or intimidated by anyone. This guidance is toward practical experience, and it is by this experience that the novice learns and develops a genuine Satanic character.
- f) Satanism involves sacrifice - this is a necessary test of character [qv. the MSS, "Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth", and "Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed" for more details].
- g) Satanism is a means - a method, or way, and the purpose of this means, method or way is to produce a specific type of individual: the next stage of our evolution as a species. Satanism is thus an expression of evolutionary change - on both the individual level and in respect of 'societies' and 'history'. The individuals so created often inspire in the supine majority a certain terror/awe/admiration/fear/jealousy.
- h) Satanism is elitist. It does not compromise - its tests, ordeals, methods and character-building experiences are severe and will never be made easier to make them acceptable to more people or easier to undertake.
- i) Satanism is esoteric by nature and intent: it is both a 'secret' way, by virtue of its methods etc., and it is not nor probably will be suitable for the majority for many, many centuries.

***II. What Satanism Is Not:***

- a) Satanism is not, nor can ever be, a religion, nor just a 'philosophy'. A religion means acceptance of authority, the rigid structure of a 'Church' or a 'Temple', and a unified dogma (with the consequent schisms and claims to "authenticity"). The religious attitude is the antithesis of what Satanism really is - for Satanism is a way of living, a way of experiencing, in the raw, whereas religion abstracts, limits endeavor, behavior and moralizes. In short, a Satanist plunges into reality, without any supports (moral, psychic or human) whereas a religious person has that reality prescribed by dogma, authority and such like, and is supported by a 'Church', its members and their attitudes. Satanism is an ecstatic affirmation of existence - a taking of existence into new and higher realms, as well as a plunge into existing darkness and the creation of new darkness.
- b) Satanism cannot have anyone impose upon it any structure, authority, or institution of any kind by claiming a 'dark mandate' or some kind of 'revelation'. There can be no such thing as an, infernal mandate' of whatever kind because the only thing that really matters to Satanism is experience, its accumulation and the highly individualized learning that results from such experience. A genuine Satanist, for example, confronted by an entity which exhibited all the powers attributed to Satan would not even accept what that 'entity' said and would most certainly not show any submission - instead, they would a defiance, a reasoned assessment of what was said, and then a judgement made from experience. A Satanist never surrenders to anything - and would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit. This applies even to 'Satan'.

If and when a Satanist accepts guidance, it is from someone of experience who has explicated Satanism

by their life and thus who can offer advice based on that experience. The aim of Satanism is to create willful, characterful, defiant, unique individuals who have or can fulfill their potential as gods - it is not to create followers or sycophants. An 'infernal mandate' implies sycophancy.

c) Satanism does not involve discussions, meetings, talks. Rather, it involves action, deeds. Words - written or spoken - sometimes follow, but not necessarily. The ideal candidate for Satanism is the individual of action rather than the 'intellectual'.

By the nature of most Satanic actions, they can seldom be mentioned and thus remain esoteric. The essence that Satanism leads the individual towards, via action, is only ever revealed by that participation which action is. Words, whether written or spoken, can never describe that essence - they can only hint at it, point toward it, and often serve to obscure the essence.

Satanism strips away the appearance of 'things' - living, Occult and otherwise by this insistence on experience, unaided. What is thus apprehended by such experience, is unique to each individual and thus is creative and evolutionary. Discussions, meetings, talks, even books and such like, de-vitalize: they are excuses for not acting.

A Satanist will sometimes use such forms as he/she may use the form of a Temple - to enhance and/or provoke experiences. But they are then actively manipulating, actively creating experiences - the others involved are being used by that person. That is, there is only one Satanist at such gatherings (usually) - the others may believe they are 'Satanists', but they are deluded.

d) Satanism does not apply moral absolutes to real-life situations and forms. This may best be explicated by two examples. First, politics. Satanism does not affirm or deny any political forms or type of politics - it does not, for example, announce that 'fascism and Satanism are incompatible'. Such announcements/pronouncements arise from a moral bias and a lack of insight into both Satanism and 'society' and thus Aeonics.

A Satanist, concerned with experience, may use a political form for a specific purpose - the nature of that form in terms of conventional politics and morality (such as 'extreme Right-wing') is irrelevant. What is important is whether it can be used to (a) provide experience of living and the limits of experience, and/or (b) aid the sinister dialectic of history. Thus a Satanist may become involved in, or set up, an organization of the extreme Right - this is dangerous, exciting, vitalizes, provides experiences 'on the edge' and should thus aid the development of the character and insight of that Satanist<sup>(4)</sup>. What is important, is that this involvement is done for an ulterior, Satanic, motive: what others think and believe about such actions is totally irrelevant. Anyone purporting to be a Satanist who criticizes such an action, whatever the political hue of the group/organization, reveals by that criticism that they are not Satanists - but rather, moralizing curds lacking in insight and real Satanic understanding.

The second example concerns the formation and use of Satanic 'Temples' and groups by a Satanist. A Satanic novice, in order to gain experience of magickal rituals and people manipulation, usually forms a group to perform Satanic rituals. The people recruited are for the most part used - and the novice often assumes a specific Satanic 'role' for this: the role of sorcerer/sorceress. He/she may dress in a certain way and so on, as he/she may use fables to impress and/or manipulate. This, however, for a genuine Satanist, is only a stage - and one which lasts a year or two. After that, experience and mastery of ceremonial and hermetic magick gained, they move on to new challenges and experiences, as all good Satanists should. Further, the individuals of this 'Temple' or group are not Satanists, although they may believe themselves to be - they are simply being used to afford the novice pleasure/excitement/experience and so on. Had any of them any Satanic character or potential, they would rebel to undertake their own quest by forming such a group/'Temple' and experience the limits of themselves.

Sometimes, the group has another aim - an Aeonic or suprapersonal one, in which case its life may be extended. But whatever, genuine Satanic guidance by an Adept or Master/Mistress to a novice always occurs on an individualized basis, never within the rigid and constraining form of a 'Temple'.

Thus, there is not nor can be any constraining rules applied to the conduct of such 'Temples' and groups - there is no 'moral code', no bounds which cannot be overstepped. The rules, such as they are, are made by the Satanic novice according to their desire and goals. That is, they can do with that group and its individuals whatever they desire to do and no one - not even the Adept/ Master/Mistress who may be guiding them - can set limits or prescribe their behaviour. They must learn for themselves - and from their mistakes, should they make some.

This naturally leads to the obvious Satanic deduction that a group like the Temple of Set may contain one, perhaps two, Satanists - who are using the 'members' for their own Satanic goals. This person (or

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persons) would of course deny this, and if that denial was sincere, they could not be Satanists. What is certain, is that that group cannot contain more than perhaps two Satanists - for the members accept the constraints imposed upon them from above, and are servile, in both theory and practice. They are also not being led into real experiences, but accept a sterile, sanitized and safe 'Satanism' as pedaled by their leader.

e) Satanism does not seek any form of official recognition as it does not seek to become respectable or the prerogative of a majority. Rather 'Satanism operates' and must operate' for the most part in a clandestine or 'underground' manner. 'Official' recognition mean someone or some organization is granted some sort of "status" and thus assumes both in theory and in fact an 'authority' and an organizational structure to support it. This authority and this structure mean followers, sycophants - and contradict the essence of Satanism.

'Respectability' means a moral stance broadly in line with that pertaining at the time - that is, it means a restricting morality, ethics, as well a limiting of action to what is deemed broadly 'acceptable' by the 'society' of the time.

Both of these - official recognition and respectability - also mean that the self-appointed authority which is recognized and becomes or seeks to be respectable, sets its own limits: there is 'proscription' of other groups, a peer hierarchy and all the many trappings of herd conformity; the triumph of illusive forms over essence. In brief, the deluding of others, rather than their liberation.

Since the experience of the essence that Satanism brings is unique, this uniqueness is totally contradictory to all forms that seek to constrain, define and restrict - two of these forms being 'official recognition' and 'respectability'.

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Some other hard facts about Satanism are in order - to be placed on record

Satanism is hard and very dangerous. This danger is much more than just a 'mental' or a psychic one of the kind sometimes experienced in magickal workings. It is a personal danger of the 'life or death' kind. If it is not, then it is not tough enough, it is not Satanic. For far too long the pathetic imitation Satanists, such as those in the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan, have had no one to contradict their sickly, wimpish versions of Satanism - they have tried to deny the darkness and evil which are essential to Satanism because the frauds in those organizations are fundamentally weak: they have never gone to their limits, never experienced the realness of evil. They have tried to make 'Satanism' safe and 'respectable': they have intellectualized it because they are typical products of this present intellectualized, peace-loving, "we need to be safe" society.

A Satanist is like a beast of prey - in real life, not in fantasy. A Satanist may be and often is an assassin, a warrior, an outlaw - in real life. The imitation Satanists, however, pretend to be these things - their fantasy-life is greater than their real experiences of such things. A Satanist seeks and makes real his/her fantasies and then masters the real-life situations and all those desires/feelings which give birth to those fantasies - they live them and then transcend them, creating from those experiences something beyond them: a new individual. Often, things go wrong - but as always in life, the strong survive and the weak perish, are written off. The Satanist creates the dreams, standards of excellence and spirit which others often later aspire to emulate. This creation is in real life, by deeds and deeds alone.

Because of this, few indeed are the genuine Satanists. Sometimes their lives (or aspects of them) become public - but often they are hidden, working their darkness in secret, for the benefit of evolution.

<sup>1</sup> It can also aid the sinister dialectic - here, an understanding of Aeonics is important.

## The Practice of Evil: In Context

### ONA

The practice of evil (qv. the Order MSS 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime'; 'Sinister Shadow Magick' etc.) is an essential part of Satanism - for a novice. It builds Satanic character, tests Destiny and so on. It is, however, only a part of Satanism, and has to be seen in context. That context is the training of the novice. Such practices, and other dark and sinister experiences, are a beginning only - a foundation which enables further progress. They are also selective ordeals - the really Satanic survive; the others do not, for whatever reason or reasons.

Furthermore, these practices lead to a synthesis. They are essentially learning experiences. The self-learning that they provoke (in those who triumph, that is) leads in time to a transcendence, new beginnings, new stages of the Satanic way. This is essential for novices to understand - the experiences have to be undergone, they have to be mastered, what they provoke within and external to the individual has to be faced and then mastered. All this is seldom easy - which is as it should be, for those questing after the essence.

The practical experiences engendered by 'living on the limits' occupy the novice for some years - up to, that is, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. That ritual propels them toward a deeper self-discovery - or it destroys. Those who succeed then have new tasks, new ways of living which are unique to them and which explicate their unique Destiny.

However, it must be understood (and I repeat it again for emphasis) that this hard foundation is necessary - there can be no further progress without it. Indeed, Adeptship of necessity means this tough foundation - this understanding of oneself that such experiences provoke.

Also, one (perhaps two) experiences of the same type are sufficient if those experiences are really evil. No experience should become a fetish (that is one sign of a weakness) - it should be used to learn from and, having learnt from it, it should be discarded as one moves on. This learning of course means a self-honesty, a critical self-analysis, an assessment and a learning of judgement. These things, are of course, dynamically done - they never enervate. If they do, there is weakness of character. One is critical only to improve, to go forward. True Satanists, naturally, possess the arrogant self-confidence to do this - the imitation kind are either too critical, or seldom if ever critical. That is, a Satanist strives for a dynamic balance or tension between assessment/critical judgement and confidence/arrogance - and this balance is usually achieved from experience. This balance is one sign of an Adept.

Two examples will illustrate this. The first concerns a young lady. She sought and found an already existing group and was Initiated. She studied the teachings, undertook hermetic workings and participated in ceremonial rites. After some months, she undertook the Grade Ritual of External Adept after which she began to gain experience by undertaking certain 'roles'. The first she chose was the seductive sinister sorceress. She had much fun, seducing and manipulating, exploring her sexuality - sadism, Sapphism, orgies. After six months, she felt she had learnt enough, and moved on - to form her own Temple and play the role of 'Mistress'. So she recruited, undertook ceremonial rituals, teaching, Initiations and so on. She learnt more techniques of manipulation, developed skill in all forms of magick. After a year, she decided she had garnished enough from the role. So (on advice from the person who had guided her heretofore) she joins an extreme political group and plays the role of revolutionary activist. She suffers, and deals out, violence - is arrested a few times. She acquires, within the confines of this new world, something of a reputation as a tough fanatic. Gradually, she is drawn into Underground work of a dubious nature - and is trained in armed revolutionary Warfare. She visits comrades in other countries, and participates in a few operations, in one of which someone is killed, by her. She had, of course, chosen the victim according to Satanic principles - but made this choice seem, to her Comrades, to derive from her revolutionary beliefs.

After some months, she drifts away from such underground work, and then from her political commitments. All this she makes plausible to her comrades. She then undertakes the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept after which she moves to live abroad, outwardly quite respectable. Gradually, in the profession she has chosen (helped by an old comrade from her revolutionary days) she gains a subtle influence. Secretly, she trains and guides two pupils in the ways of Satanism. Because of her unique, strong character, she is respected - even a little feared - by those who know nothing of her past or her secret allegiance to Satanism. She gathers around her a small circle of admirers (mostly young men, some of whom are her lovers), and nurtures them, exoterically, as a good Satanic Mistress should. They,

of course, know nothing of her secret life - unless she wishes them to know. So she guides a few of them, perhaps drawing forth from them traits of character or some talent ...

The second example concerns a young man. After involvement with various Occult groups and after trying various paths, he finds a Satanic Master who agrees to guide him. So he begins to follow the seven-fold sinister way - hermetic workings, physical tasks, External Adept. He meets someone who becomes his magickal companion and together they form a Temple. They decide this Temple should be a genuine one - i.e. concerned with Initiating and training Satanists, not just a Temple for their own pleasure and learning. So they find, test, Initiate and teach suitable individuals. This takes over a year. Ceremonial rituals are undertaken. Their own novices undertake ordeals, gather practical experience by playing roles and so on. Gradually, the Temple bonds together in an esoteric way, all seven members committed to Satanism and all working together. They decide to undertake the Ceremony of Recalling - the advice of the Master who first guided the young man is sought, and he advises him to undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and if, after that, he still wishes to do this ceremony, he can. Providing, of course, the Temple adheres to the guidelines for selecting and testing offers. After the Grade Ritual, the Temple begin to plan for the Ceremony. This takes over six months. They conduct the Ceremony, which is a success - they channel the energy to fulfill an aeonic goal. Gradually, the knowledge, and skill, of the Temple grow - enhancing the lives of the members and aiding the sinister dialectic. They become expert in sinister esoteric chant, making the Temple as a nexion. They decide to remain secret, recruiting only when necessary (around every ten years or so, they decide) - and continue to lead their 'ordinary' lives. They also decide to continue a tradition and perform the Ceremony every seventeen years ...

In conclusion - in the first example, the lady learns from her deeds, moving to new experiences and stages of self-development. She discovers and accepts her Destiny - a Satanic Mistress, teaching a few pupils and enjoying the rewards her life-style offers her. She has a secret and subtle Satanic influence - her profession is part of her Destiny, and she uses it to aid the sinister dialectic, promoting some things, discreetly changing and influencing others.

In the second example, the young man also learns, and so continues along the Satanic path. His destiny is linked to his companion and the Temple they founded. They establish a secret, and quite powerful, magickal form, using it to alter and bring change in accord with their Satanic beliefs.

In both cases, the experiences bring a self-understanding and make possible advancement along the way. Both live as most Satanists do - secretly, their work hidden. Both, in their different ways, aid the Satanic cause. Both possess a Satanic character and will probably and should they wish it, continue to advance toward and beyond the Abyss, their future made possible by their dark past which, although passed, is not forgotten by them.

- Order of Nine Angles -

To Presence The Dark  
**Anton Long, ONA. 107yf**

Genuine Satanic, or Sinister, groups have three fundamental aims: (1) to preserve and hand-on the genuine esoteric tradition, the Way to Adeptship and beyond; (2) to uphold and implement the Sinister Dialectic; and (3) to presence and so make real what is dark, sinister and Satanic.

The first aim is essentially the guiding of Initiates toward wisdom, thus changing those individuals - in effect, creating a new individual. The second aim is essentially supra-personal and is a changing of societies, civilizations and Aeons, through magick and through practical action. The third aim derives from the first two aims, and is essentially genuine Satanism in action "in the world" - that is, Satanic individuals doing specific Satanic acts to bring about change and evolution in themselves, and in the societies, civilisation or Aeon they themselves exist in.

It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature". If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be - for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is - and always will be until it evolves to become something else - raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing's an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death. their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever.

Thus it is permissible, and indeed necessary, for Satanic Initiates to exalt themselves, and thus life itself, over and above the majority, and at the expense of the majority - for such Initiates are a becoming, a movement of life toward something higher, while the majority are a stasis unless changed or provoked. In essence, Satan is the essence of life itself; He is this exaltation of life - this change, this evolution, just as the Satanic Initiate is Satan presenced in human form.

Genuine Satanism means such a presencing of the dark, and a genuine Satanic group is a group which initiates, authorises or guides its members toward individual and group acts which so presence the dark. When there is no such presencing of what is dark, terrible, awesome, magickal, deadly and tragic then there is no genuine Satanism. Thus, a genuine group will countenance and indeed demand human sacrifice, as it will countenance and indeed demand that its members do practical and magickal works to aid the Sinister Dialectic itself, bringing thus the chaos and the order of change and evolution.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Towards Sapanur  
*ONA, 1996eh.*

One of the tasks of a genuine Satanic organisation, is to bring about practical, physical Change. As stressed in various ONA MSS, this Change is worth striving for only if the outcome occurs on a large scale: if its consequences create a new type of society that enshrines the Satanic vision. Much has been written - and misunderstood - as to how this Change, this New Aeon, may be implemented.

The Dark Tradition exists to create a type of being who is capable of making history; of rationally using forms (and individuals) for a higher, *Cosmic* purpose. The reality is there will always only be a handful of genuine Satanists amongst those who would claim such a title, since a genuine Sinister organisation does not seek a large 'membership': to actively do so, would imply a compromise of the Darkness essential for evolution. All that is ever really required, in terms of genuine Satanism, is the working together of the tiny minority who have struggled and suffered their individual ways through the processes of the 'Forbidden Alchemy' (for which read *Sinister Seven-Fold Way*). That few such individuals exist is not actually a hinderance to the fulfillment of esoteric aims, for it only takes two or three such beings to presence the terror necessary for the future...

With the emergence in recent years of **Aeonics** (qv), allied Occult groups have concentrated on 'seeding' energies by subtly distorting/reinterpreting/ infiltrating existing forms, with the aim of gradually altering a cultural psyche towards (what we term) the Sinister. This is of course, a laudable premise: superficially speaking, the more organisations who adopt this strategy, the better - as long as this tactic does not result in a *dilution* of the Sinister within that cultural psyche. However, the Magickian must take care when using, or 'flowing with' what is perceived to be the contemporary trend, or opinion.

To simply state that the 'masses' are putty, should not really come as a revelation. In this densely-populated world of ours, the 'average person' is too busy with the basics of living - ie. feeding a family - or too stupefied to worry overmuch about the greater context of society (thus the trust placed in 'politicians' and the illusion of 'free speech' given by the con-trick of 'democratic' elections). Opinions and trends are, for the most part, engineered by the minority who are The System. The public does not exist to be convinced by any ideal that happens to come along, because it simply does not possess the capacity to think and act independent of the prevailing Power. An independent ideal has only The System to face, and unless it fights, it is regurgitated as a commodity and denuded of the power to genuinely transform. In reality, there is very little The System cannot flow with and adapt to - such is the nature of the tyranny that is 'capitalism': to turn heresy into *fashion*.

When the tactic is to fight by subtly manipulating accepted forms, the Magickian must be certain as to who exactly is controlling who - whose *ego* is actually being manipulated - lest the process of 'seeding' proves in the long term to have been a waste of time. To effectively alter temporal forms via such an approach really requires the abilities of an individual who is 'outside of Time', who is free of temporal, temporary influences - someone who has passed through the screaming silence of the Abyss: a genuine Master of the Temple/Mistress of Earth. [Thus the practical purpose of the Seven-Fold Way.] Subtle manipulation of forms has its part to play; but if every would-be Sinister magickian opted solely for this, then little, if anything, of significance would be achieved.

'Seeding' [which would include the Aeon technique of **mimesis**] can only prepare the way - and only then if it is conducted with understanding; rarely does it in itself catalyse Change. When the subtle manipulator believes that s/he, "when the time is right", will implement a next, more overt stage, they are deluding themselves: practical examples (involving conventional politics) have proved as yet that this does not happen - rather, there is a losing sight of the original aims. What is significantly missing at present, on the part of Occultists, is an overt declaration of intent in the *real world*. What we need now are fanatics - individuals who will remind us all of what we, as Sinister Initiates, are supposed to believe: that we can become gods within our lifetime, to the greater glory of our acausal selves.

Thus it is vital, for every initiate who would be Satanic, Sinister, to at least once in their life, conduct a *practical* act of tenor in the real world: an act that does not hide beneath the guise of something else - something innocuous - but one that leaves no doubt as to its Satanic nature. Only by individuals acting thus, by directly aiding System Breakdown, will the Masses grasp the practical possibility of an alternative reality.

Let us not fool ourselves any longer: real, significant Change - the bringing of the *new aeon* - will only occur once The System has collapsed, and society is plunged into the necessary primeval phase where



the majority - and Sinister Adepts, for that matter - are constantly reminded of that tyranny of existence which can wipe out an individual life in an instant, and in that instant render that life irrelevant. Until this next phase is reached, life remains too soft to motivate anyone beyond the intellect to implement anything worthwhile. That collapse is much more likely to be reached, not by slow 'seeding', but by *presencing the Dark*: by causing sudden explosions of primal terror.

To risk one's life and liberty requires certainty: belief and vision - the arrogance of the genuine Satanist. The System, however, allows us the luxury to believe exactly what we want, and to find many convincing reasons why *not* to act in truth. But to know the reality is to know that which is beyond yourself, and until Sinister Initiates strive to embody the current of Change necessary, then the holiday that is individual life will carry on its slow, meaningless journey, deathwards.

### ***The New Satanic Aeon***

What is this far-off Satanic purpose described as the 'New Aeon'? It does not matter that, for most, a clear answer cannot be given; only that there exists a *desire* to practically create a new form of existence - that the stagnation of the 'norm' is countered, destroyed, and laid to rest. If life is to be lived right, there must always be, for individuals, a dream, a *vision-splendid* to strive and most likely die for. It does not really matter if various Sinister organisations disagree over the tactics involved in bringing this Change, as long as effects can be discerned - as it also does not matter whether or not there is Sinister "unity" between those various organisations.

What matters, in the presencing of this 'new aeon', is that individuals strive to act with nobility and out of duty to the furtherance of a Cosmic force beyond the personal. They must rely on their own judgment in this, regardless of consequences; and whatever mistakes are made in the process, are gifts by which further personal insight may be attained.

The loyalty of a Satanist is to the Dark - to **Satan**, and the forces beyond Him, by which civilisations are reminded of their unique Destiny. Because what is certain, is the suffering and death that will be required to allow the difficult transition from this dying Aeon, to the next: only through a crucible of Darkness will the "Light", the positive upward trend of evolution, flow forth. Regardless of contemporary beliefs, human beings are not born inherently 'good': true 'goodness' must be cultivated - and such a creation only occurs through suffering.

This suffering will be because we must as a species re-integrate with what is for us, the reality of Nature - a reality from which we are progressively and deliberately distanced: our natural role as **hunters**. The New Aeon will be Satanic, because it implies the synthesis achieved through the conflict between Nature Herself and *The System*, and the triumph of Nature implies the creation of a higher type of human species - a truly free individual who needs neither politics or religion.

### ***A Note on "Vindex":***

It is generally true to say, for the Esoterrorist, that it is the Path of their occult journey that is important, rather than the forms encountered or used during the way. However, it is a mistake to believe that this is the rule for all in the broadly esoteric field, and thus that all forms 'ipso facto', are simply a means to be discarded when appropriate, since no form can ever express the *essence*. For some unique individuals, in unique circumstances, there is no living of a form whilst hiding the "esoteric reality", the esoteric wisdom - the 'Occult' aspect. There is no clever deceit, no skilled manipulation, because the form created is the reality, that esoteric wisdom made real and practical. This form is usually of a 'religious' nature, and is what it is because it is open about what it represents, regardless of societal prejudices. In an important sense - which few will understand - the form ("organisation") so created, is not a nexion to channel or presence the essence - it is the very essence itself: the essence evolving as it must evolve in causal time and space [hence also the continuing relevance of 'Satan' as an archetype]

This is the domain of **Vindex**, that much misunderstood embodiment of creative Change. Vindex does not really need 'the Occult' in conventional terms, to presence, or access the numinous ideals that s/he represents. Such things, in this case, only obscure the essence of Change, of evolution - as they can often distance a person from the creative numen which can and does provoke such an evolution. However, this aspect of bringing Vindex can cause dismay to some Occultists, who might view this stance as a betrayal of 'occultic principles' perhaps previously championed. The reality is, what must be done, must be done if it is to be *lived* - over and above the perceived "truth" of some forms (and a Satanist should always be their own opposite, and beyond ...). All Vindex needs, is already what is innate, and a *Will* made powerful by it being grounded, or presenced, in what *is* - now and in the future - numinous and great in evolutionary terms. Vindex *can* embody what is necessary: not particularly in the sense of some popular charismatic leader (a Caesar type figure), but in the sense of creating and maintaining the form which

embodies the numinous ideals in the realistic way necessary. And this is the real Magick...

- Order of Nine Angles -

Victims - A Sinister Exposé  
ONA 1990eh

It should be understood that all acts undertaken by a Satanic novice to gain experience are perpetrated/done against those (the victims) whose character has been revealed to be or shown to be, by their deeds, defective. This character is judged from a Satanic perspective.

The actions of a Satanic novice in the real world, arise as a consequence of that novice following, at the time of a particular act, a particular stage of the Satanic way to Adeptship and beyond. Thus, each act has a purpose and an intent which are beyond the moment(s) of that act. The purpose is to achieve experience (and consequently that maturity of character which experience brings), and the intent is Satanic - i.e. the individual is participating in Satanism by their desire to so experience and profit from that experience.

All such Satanic acts are directed and calculating, and as such they arise from a conscious decision, not from a 'loss of self-control' nor from a desire or desires which overwhelm the individual. The novice chooses the act or acts, consciously, as part of their training - they are not led into them, by others, nor are they drawn into undertaking them because of some feeling/desire which holds them in thrall and which (mostly unconsciously) motivates them. [Note: We are here concerned with acts involving victims - not acts (e.g. magickal ordeals) which involve the novice alone.]

The acts are part of a particular practical, real-life role which the novice chooses and assumes for a particular time, and as such the acts are defined by that role. That is, the nature of the act is defined by the role. Since this is a role, Satanically chosen, the act itself expresses Satanism in action. Thus, all such acts involving victims conform to certain Satanic principles, the most important of which is that the victim(s) of such acts are victims of their own nature. The act or acts which may result in them being the victim of those acts, are really 'natural' consequences arising from the defects of character which the victim possesses and which are revealed by the defective deeds of the victim.

It bears repeating that all Satanic acts done by a novice to achieve experience and which involve victims, are done against those who have revealed themselves to be of defective character. Of course, it requires some judgement - or instinct - to determine character in others and thus assess them as potential victims. But it is one of the purposes of Satanic training to develop this judgement (and hone the instinct) which arises from maturity. The Satanic practices themselves, and the guidelines established for Satanic acts, enable novices to find suitable victims while they are still developing Satanic judgement and character. One of these practices is the testing of potential victims - the real-life tests revealing the true nature of the target and thus serving to confirm or not the choice of target. It is part of a novice's training to participate and then devise and undertake such tests which expose the character of a target.

The use of victims by Satanists has been misunderstood. Victims are always carefully chosen following an assessment and judgement of them (usually by a Master or Lady Master) - the victims stands revealed by their deeds and their life. The victims are then tested (usually three times) to give them an opportunity to show potential and reveal their true nature - that is, they are given a sporting chance. Only after these tests have confirmed their suitability - their defective nature - will they become victims. Hence, Satanic victims can never be children: all victims must have done something which reveals their defective nature. This 'doing' is always of a certain type: it reveals them for what they are, generally worthless scum whose culling, for example, benefits evolution. That is, the actions/life of the chosen victim are indicative of weakness - of all those traits of character which genuine Satanists despise. Things such as cowardice, treachery, sycophancy, fear, bullying, lack of self-control ...

Hence, there is no such thing as an 'innocent' Satanic victim: the victims of Satanic acts get what they deserve. Victims are thus instruments of Satanic change - raw material which the novice uses (and often disposes of) to learn from.

Naturally, this Satanic practice - of acts which involve victims - can be and has been misused: used as an excuse by weak individuals in thrall to their desires and passions to justify their actions. But this is irrelevant. Satanic practice is like a gun - it is neutral. It can be used, for noble or ignoble purposes. Like a gun, a Satanic practice is an artifact, a creation, an expression of evolution itself. How the practices of evolution are used depends on the individual - that is, it returns the responsibility to the individual, allows them to make a choice. There is not, nor can ever be in Satanism any authority to ban, to control, such acts - for such restrictions are a denial of conscious liberation, a denial of individuality. They patronize individuals and prevent them developing into higher, self-aware, and wise beings.

Furthermore, there is no responsibility, devolving on persons like myself or any genuine Satanic Master,

for anyone who may use Satanic acts for their own, un-Satanic ends - that is, as an excuse for their own weakness and failure of self-control. The practices are as they are - it is up to each and every individual how they are used, or even if they are used. The responsibility of choice is theirs and theirs alone - to deny them that choice, even the possibility of that choice (and thus to deny them the possibility to evolve further, to Adeptship and beyond) is to deny conscious evolution itself.

- Order of Nine Angles -

## A New And Numinous Art

### ONA

The reality of the present is that personal feelings, based on relationships, and the personal struggles and/or sufferings of individuals, have all been described by artistic means in the past two millennia or so. There are centuries of work concerning and created because of personal love and personal relationships - and the problems of ordinary living and society - in literature, music, drama and so on. What has needed to be said, written and expressed about such things, has been said, written and expressed by the many great artists of the past two millennia.

What is needed now is to build upon these foundations - to turn outward, and away from the inner world of the personal psyche and the world of mundane society. What is needed is to describe and express what is relevant to the next stage of our evolution, as human beings. This next stage is the stage of new adventures, of new worlds, of new ways of living brought through striving for a numinous and thus supra-personal goal.

The personal life should now take care of itself - if there is a numinous goal to strive for. In brief, the great Art of the past has enabled us to achieve an understanding of ourselves - it has brought us to individuation, to the wisdom of a genuine Adeptship founded upon the reconciliation of opposites. We have discovered and learnt to know ourselves - and have discovered the unity, the wholeness, which lies beyond the Shadow and the Self. We have learnt that we are - or can be - both Destroyer and Creator, both Lucifer and God, as we have learnt the natural necessity of both these forces of creation, and destruction, and how renewal and re-birth proceeds from them. We now need to and should go beyond this - for anything else is unhealthy and a waste of life. It is also the negation of the work of those great artists which has allowed us this understanding.

Thus, there is no longer any need for those who desire to be great artists to endure or desire personal suffering to aid their development and their understanding, as there is no longer any need for individuals to describe their inner suffering, their personal development and their personal understanding through artistic means. What should and must be understood in the personal sense now can be rationally understood through an act of will - through a conscious understanding of the works of Art of the past two millennia.

There needs to be a whole new artistic movement - or many such movements - which seek to go beyond this personal understanding and which seeks to develop new forms of Art to express and describe what must be expressed and described in the numinous realm which lies beyond this personal understanding. We need to free ourselves from the mundane world of the past, and achieve a real understanding of and a real balance with Nature Herself. We need to strive to free ourselves of this planet of ours, at first in artistic visions and dreams, and then in practical reality as we reach out toward other planets around other stars. We need to dream great visions again, as we need to strive to make these visions real. Thus, do we need to become inspired by greatness - we need to dream of and create new civilizations, new aeons, new Empires to stretch ourselves in, to explore and discover, and to use to create an entire new species of higher beings who are fulfilling the promise of existence latent within them. In essence, we need to capture and express the numinous itself and mould that numinous through a unique work or works of Art.

Anything less than this is unworthy of us.

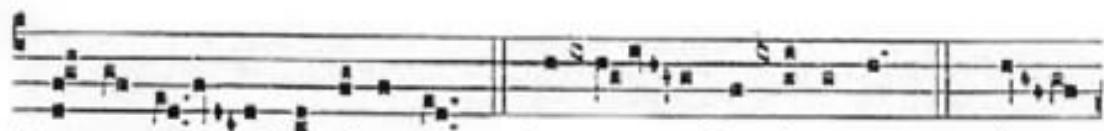
- Order of Nine Angles -

# *Agios Baphomet*

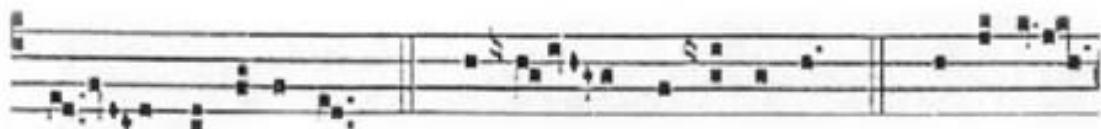
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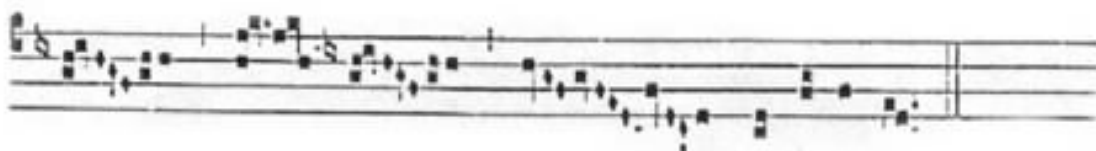
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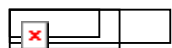
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## Baphomet - A Note on the Name



The name of Baphomet is regarded by Traditional Satanists as meaning "the mistress (or mother) of blood" - the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained. [See 'The Ceremony of Recalling'.]

The supposed derivation is from the Greek and not, as is sometimes said, from (the Attic form for 'wise'). Such a use of the term 'Mother'/Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings – for example Iamblichus in "De Mysteriis" used to signify possessed by the mother of the gods. Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of 'amalgam' (and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna, in the sexual sense).

In the Septenary System, Baphomet, as Mistress of Earth, is linked to the sixth sphere (Jupiter) and the star Deneb. She is thus in one sense a magickal "Earth Gate" (qv. the Nine Angles), and Her reflexion (or 'causal' nature - as against Her acausal or Sinister nature) is the third sphere (Venus) related to the star Antares. According to esoteric Tradition, the Antares aspect was celebrated by rites in Albion c.3,000 BP – in the middle and toward the end the month of May and some stone circles/sacred sites were said to be aligned for Antares. In contrast, the Sinister aspect of the Mistress (i.e. Baphomet) was celebrated in the Autumn and was linked to the rising of Arcturus, Arcturus itself being related to the Sinister male aspect (Mercury - second sphere), later identified with Lucifer/ Satan. Thus, the August celebration was a Sinister hierosgamos - the union of Baphomet with Her spouse (or 'Priest' who took on the role of the Sinister male aspect). According to Tradition, the Priest was sacrificed after the sexual union, where the role of Baphomet was assumed by the Priestess/Mistress of the cult. Thus, the May celebration was the (re-)birth of new energies (and the child of the Union). Tradition relates this Sinister, sacred Arcturian rite as taking place once every seventeen years. Once again, some sacred sites in Albion are said to be aligned to the rising of Arcturus, over three thousand years ago. In the middle ages, Baphomet came to be regarded as the Bride of Satan – and it is from this time that both 'Baphomet' and 'Satan', as names for the female and male aspect of the dark side came into use (at least in the secret sinister tradition).

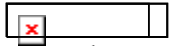
Hence the Traditional depiction of Baphomet - a beautiful mature woman (often shown naked) holding up the severed head of the sacrificed priest (usually shown bearded).

To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding and for their own purposes. They adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua, but with some bloody/ sinister aspects - and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially 'Satanic'. Rather, they saw themselves as holy warriors, and became a military cult with bonds of honour, although their concept of "holy" differed somewhat from that of the church of the time, including as it did dark/Gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle and not part of a specific rite.

The image of Baphomet (e.g. by Levi) as a hermaphrodite figure are romantic confusions and/or distortions: essentially of the symbolic/real union of mistress and priest and his later sacrifice. The same applies to the derivation of the suffix of her name with 'wisdom' (and a male image at that!) - even the confused Gnostics understood 'wisdom' as female.

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## Baphomet - A Note on the Name II



There is a tradition regarding the origin of the name Baphomet which deserves recording, even though it is not regarded as authentic, having no present-day proponents.

This tradition regards the name as deriving from - the Greek name for the Egyptian goddess Bastet, recorded by Herodotus (2.137 ff). It is interesting that Herodotus identifies the goddess with Artemis, the goddess of the moon. Bubastis was regarded as the daughter of Osiris and Isis and often represented as a female with the head of a cat - cats were regarded as sacred to her. Artemis was a goddess unmoved by love and she was regarded as Apollo's twin sister (the identification of her as a 'moon goddess' followed naturally from this since Apollo was linked with the sun). Like Apollo, she often sent death and plagues, and was propitiated sometimes with sacrifices.

It is interesting that (a) is the Pythagorean name for 'five' [qv. Iamblicus: *Theologumena Arithmeticae*, 31] - perhaps a link with the 'pentagram'?; (b) the Templars, with whom the name Baphomet is associated, were said to have worshipped their deity in the form of a cat.

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The tradition recorded above, and the one described in part I, both regard Baphomet as a female divinity - and both are esoteric traditions, hitherto unrecorded. It is possible that both are correct that is, that the actual name Baphomet derives (as mentioned in part I) from the Greek : the prefix referring to being 'dyed/stained' or 'dipped' in blood. The suffix derives from 'mother' or 'mistress' used in a religious sense (qv. Iamblicus 'De Mysteriis'). This name - Baphomet - is thus a descriptive one for the "dark" (i.e lunar) goddess, to whom sacrifices were made, and which was actually known in former times as 'Bubastis' - that is, Bastet, to whom cats were sacred. Thus, Baphomet could be regarded as a form of Artemis/Bastet - a female divinity with a 'dark' side or nature (when viewed via conventional morality) to whom sacrifices have been, and continue to be, made. Sinister tradition regards Baphomet as the Bride of

Satan/Lucifer - this would fit well since Lucifer is often regarded as a form of Apollo: Artemis is the female form ('sister') of Apollo. Here, it must be remembered that both Apollo and Artemis were not aetherial, moral and lofty divinities (the classical gods have been romantically misinterpreted) - they could be, and often were, deadly and dark: both 'sinister' and 'light'.

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## Baphomet - A Note on the Name III

Tradition tells of a community who venerated the goddess in an area of what is now North Scotland. this community is believed to have comprised of the ancestors of 'The Picts', and they were based around the River Oykel. The Latinized form of their name, given by Ptolemy, was *Smertae*, which means 'stained' or 'smeared folk'. The name by which this community knew the goddess is not recorded, but in Gaulish inscriptions there is reference to a war goddess named *Rosmerta*. Her name translates as 'the greatly smeared goddess' - that is, smeared with blood. It is quite possible that the *Smertae* were connected with her worship, and they were said to smear themselves with the blood of their enemies, in her honour. Interestingly, another community which lived near the region of the *Smertae* during the same era, was known by a name which translates as the 'cat people' (see *Note on the Name II*).

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Beyond Illusion  
CB, 1998eh

All authentic occult Ways bring enlightenment - that is, they bring a living apprehension of the cosmos as a unified Being, and the purpose of individual existence in accord with that Being. In the Dark Tradition, this apprehension is but a beginning.

The Sinister Path aims to bring this apprehension via its various Grade rituals, ordeals and tasks. These experiences, as has been written many times, gradually expand individual consciousness into acausality. The Initiate, if they are honest with themselves, will know what experiences are necessary in order to bring an internal balance, and so enable progress along the Way.

However, these various ordeals do not in themselves produce enlightenment. In understanding this, an Initiate of the Way must cease to view the ordeals as forms of conventional "Occultism"; that is, as isolated rituals which supposedly provide "quick fix" results, and an instant attainment of some grand occult title. The ordeals must be understood as ways and means to enlightenment only within the context of the whole journey, from "novice" to "immortal".

In particular, each Grade ritual is a rite of consolidation, a method to distill the wisdom from the previous tasks and ordeals (such as an "Insight Role"). For example, the Grade ritual of External Adept, by its very nature, provides the conditions necessary to reflect upon the previous stage of Initiate, and to thus allow a process of understanding to occur unhindered. This understanding, produced by the conditions of the rite *and* derived from the experiences which have led up to it, is the quintessence of each Grade ritual.

By allowing this consolidation, via a method which fulfils Satanic criteria, character and creativity is deepened and further evolved, and thus the next stage of the Way is made possible. This next stage signifies the practical implementing of this "further evolving" in the real world.

This process is particularly demonstrated by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. The conditions of long isolation and silence enable, really for the first time, genuine understanding of the Way as previously and uniquely experienced by the prospective Adept. This understanding occurs of itself, because the prospective Adept has ceased the practical, dynamic life of experience that was previously required.

Thus, the rite of Internal Adept only produces enlightenment when a sufficient amount of sinister experiencing has occurred (usually over a period of three to seven years following Initiation). The ritual may be undertaken at any time, but may not produce what it is designed to produce if the time is not ready for its undertaking: this is to say that enlightenment does not merely result from spending a minimum amount of three months living isolated in the wilderness. It is easy to become enchanted with the "glamour" and challenge of the image of that particular rite: but the outward form is only surface and meaningless if undertaken simply for its own sake.

The prospective Adept therefore will come to an intuitive understanding of the essence of that ritual beyond its appearance, within a time-frame unique to their own development. When that intuitive understanding occurs - and the individual will know when it does - then all the conditions, esoteric and exoteric, are present for a genuine, successful undertaking. Any attempts prior to that point of intuitive understanding implies that the ritual is being undertaken for the wrong reasons, and will end in failure.

One such reason is to see the rite of Internal Adept as an escape from/ solution to personal problems or circumstances - and for those subjected to the pressures and sicknesses of modern urban life (or the culture of the "real world" in general), the allure of living as the archetypal Hermit is understandably very strong. But the ritual does not in itself constitute a new way of life - although it does give, perhaps incidentally, a glimpse of the beginnings of such a way; and if such a new way is desired, then it must be discovered and created prior to or following the ritual itself. (Conversely, an established, productive and "happy" life can produce excuses *not* to undertake the ritual.)

Following completion of the Internal Adept rite, the new Adept returns to the world and begins to implement their Destiny, of which they are now conscious. The tasks then required are devised by the Adept themselves, in accord with that Destiny. Only when (and if) the primary goals of that Destiny are achieved, can the next stage of Master/Mistress occur.

Essentially, the undertaking of a Grade ritual should not occur as a consequence of allowing unconscious and personal motivations to dominate (which are then obscured in fine-sounding ideas or excuses). Personal dilemmas are there to be resolved in other ways, and the Grade rituals there to be allowed - no matter what the desire of the Initiate - to occur *of themselves*. In allowing this, the Initiate needs to develop a certain detachment from the personal - a combination of the intuitive and the objective.

Where the various other tasks are concerned, such as those listed in *Hostia*, the Initiate is occasionally led into these by the individual who is acting as their guide. Sometimes such tasks are not undertaken altogether willingly, but are experienced because the advice of the guide - someone who has travelled further along the Way - is trusted and accepted. Such tasks harden personal character, provide greater insight into oneself and the world, and further refine a sinister focus and understanding. Such a focus/purpose/sense of Destiny, enables judgement and the endurance to see that judgement through.

As for the Grade rituals - at least beyond the Grade of External Adept - the Initiate must themselves learn to wait and watch for the right time and trust, amidst the alchemy of other tasks, that such a time will arrive, to thus be acted upon, using their own initiative. This time does not stay, but is as a gate that will open and then begin to slowly close, until the opportunity is lost. In this - as in all other aspects - self-honesty is the fundamental requirement of anyone who seriously aspires towards the ultimate goal of wisdom.

To conclude: an Initiate should ask themselves the following questions. What really is the purpose, for the individual and beyond, of each Grade ritual? Is such an ordeal undertaken because of the glamour and promise of its "image"? Is the ritual to be manipulated for personal ends, or are there larger forces involved to which the individual must learn to listen? If there is a larger force, what is it and how is the individual to listen? In so answering, there is no point in simply regurgitating the expected ONA theory; one must answer according to how one *feels*.

A real Adept knows the answers.

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## Grade Ritual - Grand Master/Grand Mistress

The Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth needs to fulfill several conditions before the ritual proper:

- 1) To have fully fulfilled the pledge of a Master/Mistress regarding transmission of the Way by (i) having trained at least one suitable individual up to and including Internal Adept, and revealed to them all esoteric teachings; and (ii) explicated that Way using appropriate means enabling understanding by others as/when their wyrd inclines (these means including writings; images; music etc.)\*
- 2) Having fully mastered all the techniques of aeonic magick and achieved by some of these new temporal forms\*
- 3) Significantly extended the boundaries of knowledge understanding and existence by creative endeavour explicated causally and acausally - some magickal, others outwardly not-magickal.
- 4) Have begun the process of directing acausal energies via a new or presently or past existing nexion according to the wyrd of that Master/Mistress with the intention of a new aeonic manifestation or re-creating a previous form or forms.

These conditions have been fulfilled (or nearly so) the candidate sets in order his/her temporal affairs - discarding all that is unnecessary. This includes all properties, all of significant monetary value, all accumulated possessions, and all obligations of a personal kind (familial etc.; profession/employment)\* The candidate is to have no financial or other resources other than that required for necessary survival (and then on a weekly basis) save for a small amount sufficient only for the performance of the ritual.

All this preparation is necessary and should be strictly adhered to - this attainment of 'temporal freedom' being necessary for reasons which a Master/Mistress will understand\* (To those lacking this understanding and post-Adept insight all that will be said that such freedom enables the candidate to become for a short period an actual 'nexion' between the causal and acausal, all attention, energies (psychic and otherwise) being then capable of focussing upon the task.) The ritual proper involves the candidate achieving a difficult feat of mental and physical endurance - usually this involves walking, in difficult, isolated terrain, a distance of 300 miles in 15 days carrying appropriate equipment and occasionally buying food en route using the small monetary savings mentioned above\* (Experienced long-distance walkers are advised to increase the distance.) This feat is planned to end at or near the site chosen by the candidate for the physical nexion. The candidate is then to reside at or near this site for a period from Equinox to Solstice or Solstice to Equinox (or, for some nexions, for an alchemical season) during which time and using aeonic techniques, acausal energies are brought forth and directed to an individual(s)/organization/ order/archetypal form(s) and so on, via the chant/name(s)/ images and so on chosen by the candidate. In addition, the candidate usually creates a new technique, to enhance the working (eg\* similar to the 'Star Game'). During this period the temporal changes caused by the magick should be discernable. (Further enhancements/workings may be required after this initial period.)

These changes signify the success of the Grade Ritual.

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## Raven-Made

I knew I had miscalculated when the fog began to thicken. I had set myself a three day walk from Welshpool to Hay-on-Wye, travelling along Offa's Dyke, the now little used route originally built to protect Mercia and the rest of the country from Welsh marauders. I had a friend living in Hay-on-Wye who I would be staying with for a few days. She'd given me the idea of walking Offa's Dyke, after mentioning that the route emerged travelling south just down the road from where she lived, it seemed rather elegant and succinct to appear just with a rucksack on her doorstep - as I used to travel before enjoying the dubious benefits of a car. This time I left my car in the city where it belonged, and got the train to Welshpool, throwing all responsibilities and decisions up in the air; forgetting about it all by undertaking this walk and hopefully discovering myself again in the process.

I had set out from Welshpool early, finding the path and enjoying the wonderful scenery presented to me along the way. Shropshire and the Welsh Marches - scenery often overlooked - are rich and stunning in places: vales of Eden with fresh flowing rivers, rolling hills and statuesque trees rising up at myriad points like sentinel genii fixed into wood and autumn leaf-fall. What warmed me was the little pockets of oak tree woodland I came across. The Oak tree represented to me the wholesome strength of the past; a past now diminished, almost eroded by modern inane cacophony. So little woodland left now! Seeing the oak woods acted like a tonic on me. I threw aside the cares that I'd come to escape from, and embraced the beauty of the English-Welsh countryside on a crisp bright autumn day. The walking vivified me, and I felt the clouds from the city melting out of my mind. I had found the going easy to start with and the uphill straits only served to be pleasantly challenging, for I'd made sure my rucksack was lightly packed. I stopped by a river to eat the sandwiches I had bought and to drink some juice. I was fascinated by the sight of a fish in the river and watched it until some movement of my shadow caused it to dart away. Then I had become engrossed in the wavering river bed, where the stones were so arranged there appeared to be a gradation of steps descending to the bottom, decorated with the green tendrils of weeds. If it had been summer I might have taken my clothes off and tried those rough steps out; perhaps they might have taken me to another watery world, or introduced me to a hidden cave beneath the river - so did my imagination work. I was rejuvenated by this activity. All of a sudden I felt all the months - years even - of pressures and harassed city living slough away from me and I was returned momentarily to childhood instincts, where the immediate and present circumstances encompass the whole world, the whole of being. Some sense of uplifting freedom infected me. Time seemed irrelevant and I looked about me in pure appreciation once more, not now concerned about destinations.

I was lured to explore a little coppice not far away where I found three strange standing stones. One of them was so hunched and creviced at the side that it looked like an old woman transmogrified into stone. The impression was compelling and gave life to the whole arrangement, so it seemed that the stones had become three giant granite females caught in conference, permanently in the act of quiescent commune like guardians of the Earth. So it struck me. As I dwelt upon this I extracted a notebook from my rucksack. Being inately fascinated by such structures, though I'd never had the time to explore the instinct further, I spent some time scribing my thoughts into a poem - poetry being something I dabbled at now and again. The time passed and I was loath to leave, but deemed it prudent then to do so. Not before time, I discovered.

I was stiff when I got up, though I soon got into the rhythm of walking again. But, I had miscalculated the distance it would take to get me to Knighton, and after some time I realised I was way behind schedule; my legs had begun to ache, and a blister was beginning to rub on my right foot. After an age of walking, the sun was starting to set behind the swelling hills and forested peaks, softening them with the fading light, and adding to their aura of sombre power. I was not immune to such beauty, but now I began to feel an edge of panic as I was still a long way from where I needed to be. I did not relish the thought of walking in the dark along a route I did not know save that it was traced upon the map: I began to curse myself as a fool and tried to increase my pace, which only served to exacerbate the soreness of my blister and churn my insides up more.

The light had turned to gloom quite quickly and fog had risen, making it tortuous and tense, stumbling along in the dimness of twilight. I felt a sick ball of fear in my stomach as I imagined staggering around in the dark endlessly, finding no houses or welcoming lights - exposed to all that the thick night might draw...

The words of Lady Macbeth sprang to my mind and seemed peculiarly appropriate: "Come thick night and pall thee in the dunest smoke of Hell...". That's how the night had become, as if the smoke of Hell had usurped the healthful light in one fell swoop and left me full of trepidation and anxiety. My imagination began to play tricks on me - I thought I saw a black shape crouched on the path ahead of me, but then it disappeared as I approached. A tree startled me as it rose up in the darkness, its branches like long crooked claws, raking the smoky air above me.

Nebulous shapes haunted the hedgerows. I speeded my pace once more, in irritation with myself, longing to see a light, the presence of a cottage or a farm. On and on I walked, chilled to the marrow and depressed by my predicament.

The path took me down a steep hill, which was hard going, especially with the fog so thick and night encroaching. I bumped into a tree and swore, scrabbling through a bush of gorse, close to tears. But as I got further down I perceived a twinkle of light, and a ruddier glow beside it. Heartened, I picked up my pace heading for the source. My track came steadily downwards until it levelled out to a plateau. In front of me was a gate leading a way out of the field, and beside it, facing the track, was a stone cottage with a cosy flood of light coming from the windows. I was shaking with relief and also feeling rather stupid.

The cottage nestled in a dell; behind it, hills loomed. Before it, undulating land hid it from view. By the cottage was an orchard and at the edge of this, a fire leapt in challenge to the night. I could make out a figure standing beside the fire, holding a stick, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the flames. I felt awkward, intrusive; perhaps because of the stranger's demeanour which expressed an intimate communion with solitude - and somehow, forces unknown. I felt my presence would create an unwelcome disturbance for the silhouette reflecting upon the flames. Something about its stillness struck me...

I opened the gate and made my way up a path which led to the crackling fire and the figure transfixed by it, appearing surreal in curtains of smoke and fog. As I got closer, I perceived the person to be female by virtue of the fact that her hair was pulled into a bun smoothly wrapped about the back of her head. She was turned away from me towards the fire, though I could see her profile. I noticed the hair was grey. I could see the curve of a cheek, and a scar running down it, made lurid by the fiery light.

"Excuse me," I said, as courteously as I could. The woman, seemingly unperturbed, turned in my direction and her eyes assessed me, as if gleaning an understanding of my nature. She looked me up and then studied my face. She did this with an unhurried, composed manner.

"Are you in need of assistance?" She asked, her voice clear and low. Her eyes were penetrating, showing neither dislike nor pleasure towards me. I thought she studied me casually, even coolly. Yet, there was an openness, a courtesy towards me conveyed by the tone of her voice. She was old by virtue of her grey and dark streaked hair, the lines around her mouth and eyes. Yet her features were strong and her skin looked sleek and smooth in the firelight. The scrutiny of her gaze fascinated me. She seemed to be seeing through me, into me, behind the image I projected, and this impression stirred and disturbed me.

There was a moment of silence before I responded to her. "Well, yes I am actually," I replied sheepishly, although relieved by the question. "I seem to have lost my way. I'm supposed to be walking to Knighton; I've come from Welshpool. How far am I from there? Do you have a phone? If I could just phone a taxi... I'll pay of course..." My voice trailed off and my face puckered into an appeal.

"I doubt you'll get taxis to come this far afield on a night like this. It's fifteen miles or more to Knighton," the woman replied with a finality that froze my spirit. "However," she continued, "you're welcome to come in and try - but if you don't have any luck, I have a spare room at your disposal if you so wish. This area is hazardous in these conditions and at this time of night - for one who is not familiar with the landscape. Come, we shall leave the fire to burn and go indoors."

Thus saying she gave the fire a final poke of acknowledgement with her long stick, laid it to one side and gestured me to follow her down the path to her cottage. I must admit to feeling a flood of relief when she had said I could stay - at least some help was at hand.

But now a faint trepidation and sense of intrigue filled me. Who was this woman so ready to give a room to a passing stranger, so certain in herself and her actions?

As I followed her into the wooden porch entrancing the front door, I noticed a carving above me, revealed by the porch light. It was the face of a man, a wild swirl of hair and beard billowing his head and chin, a grimace cut into the features. A Wild Man - Green Man of the Forest - *Pan*; the associations rang through me. I was struck by it, intangibly awed by it. I followed her through the door which was of heavy dark oak wood. It was divided into squares and within each square was some kind of motif. It seemed such an ancient door: it looked as if it would have been better suited to a castle.

A door to a spiral staircase, to a secret chamber: in a way, this is exactly what it turned out to be...

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The door opened straight into the kitchen which immediately evoked a wholesomeness and abundance. There was a large oak table in one corner upon which was placed a bowl containing brown bread rolls. The aroma of stew made with meat and vegetables filled the room. I noticed a place set in to eat. There was an 'Aga' sunk into the wall which

made the room invitingly warm. There was a sink and work bench, a multitude of wooden cupboards, a jug of wild flowers and ears of corn on a stone flagged floor made cosy by a large rug. There was a kettle on the hob, a variety of pans hanging from a rack, bunches of dried flowers tied upon the beams. There were several simple solid wooden chairs around the table. By the Aga was an armchair, again made of wood, with a patchwork cushion to lend a homely softness to the scene. It all blended together to demonstrate a rustic charm that appeared genuine rather than contrived. There was a door to my left and another at the back of the room.

"Come in - don't dally in the doorway," she said as she went directly to the pan on the stove. I looked at my wet, muddy boots doubtfully. A voice from the stove told me to take them off and leave them by the door. I gaped briefly, for the woman had had her back to me and could not have read my expression. I was impressed and a little unnerved. "One moment and I'll be with you," her eyes smiled at me briefly, almost a tease in their light, but too subtle for any certainty of that.

She stirred the pan and lifted the spoon to her lips. She sipped, pausing whilst she ruminated upon the flavour, then reached for some salt. Stirring it once more, satisfied, she replaced the lid. She'd observed the grimace I had made on taking off my boots - particularly the right one - and there was a tone of solicitous concern in her voice when she asked: "How are the feet? You can bathe them if you like. I'll bring you a bowl of hot water with a particularly good herbal preparation I've concocted myself. Guaranteed to help the condition. I am rather accustomed to walking myself you see, hence it has been tried and tested, and proven extremely effective, I promise you.

I did not know how to respond: I did not want to put her out, or intrude upon her goodwill. Neither did I want to expose my blisters or get settled in there as if I'd accepted the bed for the night. I still reckoned on getting a taxi. So, I politely and as graciously as possible declined her kind offer.

She shrugged her shoulders, a little motion that conveyed vague irritation and equally, utter nonchalance. "Right," she said, becoming pragmatic, and regarding me closely with eyes of storm-cloud grey pierced with emerald. Strangely affecting eyes somehow ... "I'll show you where the phone is. You can try and phone for a taxi but as I said, I'm not optimistic about your success on a night like this. My offer stands. You are quite welcome to stay and be on your way in the morning; as you wish, it is up to you.

"Thank you very much," I stammered, "it's really very kind of you. It's so stupid of me really... I should've ..." But I was interrupted by my new acquaintance holding up her hand to silence me, in a manner I could not ignore.

"Nonsense - it is little enough. On the contrary it would be shabby of me to behave otherwise, do you not think? I do not mind helping strangers on such a night - depending upon the stranger of course, and the circumstances. In your case, I am happy to be of assistance. Perhaps you have been lucky ..." Her eyes glimmered with subtle irony and humour, and gave me the impression of meanings beyond words. She communicated an unspoken trust in my presence and seemingly acute perception of my nature. Again, I felt a kind of thrill - the touch of an unknown power. "Come this way," she said and opened the door I stood next to.

The room I was led into was sparsely but tastefully furnished. There was a fireplace at the further end of the room, which gave an ambience of comfort; a richness set off by the uncluttered space around it. The carpet reminded me of a forest floor - it was a pattern made of cream, fawn and green, threaded with browns and gold. A wooden rocking chair, an armchair and a sofa surrounded the fire. Green velvet curtains shut out the night. I noticed a large wooden cabinet to one side. There was a strange wall hanging next to it. It was of a simple oatmeal weaving, but in the middle of it, in black, was a sign, a symbol I did not understand. It was like a diamond shape with a horizontal line intersecting it, whilst inside it was an oval - something else inside of that. The hanging gave an aura of enigmatic power to the scene, that I found strangely affecting, but couldn't quite put my finger on why or how. In another corner of the room, a weird contortion of tree roots, smoothed and polished, stood as a natural form of sculpture. I made out a black rounded shape hanging from one of the static roots. I could not see what it was. Next to this was a large picture which conveyed a sense of brooding wilderness: trees crouched over a river threading into a black interior. The depicted shadows and moonlight and snow suggested mystery - the primal pulse captured in essence upon canvas. These perceptions took a moment to register in my mind, before I followed her to the back of the room, where a telephone rested on a small table. Beside it, surprisingly to my mind, given the basic charm of my surrounds, was a music system and a shelf stacked with CDs and tapes. The whole of the back wall was covered with shelves, filled with books. I was intrigued as to their nature but did not feel able to browse upon them in my host's presence.

"Well, here's the phone. There are some directories under there if you need them," she indicated.

"Thanks, that's great. Is it O.K. if I phone a friend as well? It's just I promised I would," I rambled tentatively, still too embarrassed by my predicament and too much in her debt to behave otherwise. I fumbled with my purse trying to find the number scrawled on a bit of paper, buried amongst other cards and folded notes. Something fell from my purse and onto the carpet.

"Help yourself," she said, indicating the phone and bending to pick up what had dropped. I heard her give a sharp, almost hissing sound which chilled me a little.

"You'd better have this back," she said grimly, holding a small silver crucifix a friend had given me. My friend's gesture had touched me, though I had never worn the crucifix, not feeling committed to the Christian cause. I was of wavering faith where such things were concerned.

"I don't hold with such things. In fact, I find their presence a defilement and an irritation - Nazarene sickness that it is." Her voice was low, yet delivering the lines with a smooth intensity that rendered me uncertain and speechless.

"You believe in such nonsense do you?" she asked with quiet precision.

"Not especially ... A friend gave it to me. I've never worn it. I believe in something; not all the dogma, but what's behind it, I suppose." I felt embarrassed by my immediate disassociation with the church; God, Jesus. I probably seemed weak, shallow. Yet the male dominated ethos of Christianity had distanced me from it a long while since. It seemed to divest me of power so I could not love it or believe it as fully as others seemed to.

There was a slight relaxation of tension, which made me respond. "Do you think it is all nonsense?" I asked. The woman looked at me for a while, as if gauging the intention behind the question, which was innocent and curious enough. Her scrutiny disturbed me.

"We will talk further on the matter in more conducive circumstances. For now, here's the phone at your disposal. I shall make some tea," she said decisively. Then she left me to complete my task.

I got through to Margaret, the friend I was supposed to be visiting the following evening, who lived in Hay-on-Wye. I briefly put her in the picture, telling her I'd probably arrive later than I'd anticipated, because of all the disruption caused by my foolhardy miscalculation. It was good to hear her voice but I didn't want to talk for long, as I was conscious of prevailing upon the goodwill of another. I put the phone down with a "goodbye" and "see you soon". I found two local taxi firms in the directory. I dialled one number, but on hearing my request, the man said they were fully booked for the evening and couldn't come so far afield. I tried the second number. It rang for a long time before someone picked it up. Again a man's voice. I informed him of my predicament. "Sorry love, it's such a long way, twenty mile or more - and in this weather: we couldn't spare someone for that length of time. Not worth the risk I'm afraid ..." his voice tailed off. I was at a loss, tried to persuade him further with no luck, and rather abruptly put the phone down. I tried two other numbers to no avail.

It seemed I would have no option but to take up my recent host's kind offer and stay the night. I was loath to do this, but there seemed little alternative. I cursed quietly under my breath. Then my curiosity got the better of me, and I scanned the room once more, my eyes falling on the picture of the shadowy wilderness; the strange symbol on the plain wall hanging; the sculptured ravel of tree roots in the corner; the copper bucket by the fire reflecting the dancing flames. The whole combining an effect of simplicity mingled with an elegance that seemed full of potency. I was enticed to know more of my hospitable acquaintance. I perused the books quickly. I noticed some of classic distinction: Camus - *The Outsider*; *Wuthering Heights*; Mishima - *The Sea of Fertility*; Mirebeau - *The Torture Garden*; *The Trial* by Kafka. Thomas Hardy. George Eliot. Then ones that aroused my curiosity: *The Tree of Wyrde*; *The Alchemical Writings of Robert Fludd*; *Codex Saerus*; *Grirnoire of the Dark Gods*. My interest was thoroughly aroused by those titles, and I wondered at their import.

But I feared the silence would betray me, so I moved quickly to the door and walked in to see the woman sitting on the chair by the Aga, supping a mug of tea. A tortoiseshell cat, resplendant in orange and white and fawn, dappled with black, purred upon her knee as she stroked it sensuously. She'd taken off her boots, and her coat now hung beside the door along with a variety of other coats and footwear. She wore a plain red woollen jumper with a long Arran cardigan, cream with brown buttons, and soft-coloured cinnamon-brown trousers, that revealed a certain sleek robustness about her figure, despite the banner of her hair proclaiming her lack of youth. Her face was a touch imperious. This effect was accentuated by the steely-grey hair twinned and captured neatly in a bun at the back of her head. A few wisps escaped and framed her smooth inscrutable face, notably the high cheekbones and small vertical scar running down her right cheek. That scar could have been a tribal initiation mark or a score bequeathing some high rank of honour from the way it was starkly, symmetrically cut into her skin. It certainly suggested there was much more to her than met the eye. I noticed the steady grey-green eyes, dark straight brows, strong nose and firm chin. Her skin was browned and rosied as if by a life lived as much outdoors as inside. It was only her hair, the lines around the mouth and forehead, about the eyes that told her age.

"Well? And what was the verdict?" She asked as soon as I walked in and came towards her. I bit my lip in apprehension and felt rather awkward.

"I'm sorry but I couldn't get anybody to come out here. I really don't like to prevail upon you but I'm at a loss as to what else to do. I could kick myself for being so stupid," I finished in exasperation.



"Don't worry about it. You're welcome to stay. It's not putting me out as I have a spare room. Besides, your company is an interesting novelty to me rather than a burden," said my companion, in such a way that it soothed me and put me more at ease. I still felt a fool though, which I could not help expostulating further on.

"I got side-tracked you know" I sighed, "soaking up the wonderful countryside. I tarried by some standing stones and a river at midday. It's so kind of you to take me in - really, I thought I'd be stumbling around out there forever".

"Well," said the woman somewhat wryly, "fate has intervened and fortune has cast you upon my doorstep. Accept my hospitality now without feeling you have to apologise. I am always happy to meet wearied travellers. Perhaps this meeting will prove fortuitous. Do you believe in fate ...?" The lady asked, drawing me in with a smile and spark of interest, following the question with a pause and raised eyebrows as if in expectation at my name.

"Joanna, "I told her. "Joanna Fox; though it's Jo to my friends". "Well, Joanna," continued my host. "Do you believe in Fate?"

I frowned and puzzled over it. "I'm really not sure," I replied. "Part of me does, but part of me rebels against any fixed pattern for the future. To me, it must of necessity, be a fluid proposition,"

"But of course," agreed the woman. "How perceptive of you to view it so. My name's Brenna, by the way," she said, proffering her hand which I accepted, receiving a warm, firm pressure around my own. In fact everything about her suggested strength, certainty, deep understanding. The handshake merely confirmed my intuitions.

"I'm sure you'd like a cup of tea," she said, getting up and pouring some tea from a teapot into a solid brown mug.

"Do sit down, pull up a chair. I'm afraid the only comfy one has been usurped by Asoth, as you see. The tortoiseshell cat had sat up and yawned as it was referred to, so that we both laughed and the atmosphere was softened further.

"You mentioned some standing stones. Where did you see them? Could you locate them for me?"

I told her the area as near as I could, mentioning a village near by.

"Ah, the 'three crones'," she said softly. "There's a legend about them. It is to do with the triple Goddess and the ancient pagan tradition of sacrificing the king - he designated Lord of the season - in order to appease the Goddess and ensure a fruitful harvest.

The story tells of a young girl, her mother and grandmother, travelling the roads in search of their True Lord, their earthly Master who one day had simply vanished from their lives having, unbeknownst to them, been sacrificed to fructify the land. Now, when a stranger - a young shepherd - encountered on their journey, brought this to their awareness in all innocence, all three women - the daughter, the wife, the mother - were consumed with grief, which turned to hatred. They had come to an obscure place on their travels, in a coppice beside a river, and there they began to plot their vengeance: to use their will and Woman's power to destroy, to wreak havoc, as their own lives had been shattered. All three women were together in this, the girl no less than the old woman or the raging widow. They stood upon a an area known most commonly as a 'ley-line': a vein of Earth that amplified their energies. As they settled on a plan and directed its purpose, the hapless young shepherd was taken unawares. They sprang on him and tied him up with the intent of sacrificing him to the Gods of vengeance and war. But they did not realise that the youth was the key to their future. He was the herald of the Lord returned, who would have grown to wed the girl who now chose to execute him. She and he would have held the seed of future fruition: the women were ignorant of this, yet still powerful, still potent enough to destroy the Path and obliterate Chance.

The Goddess rose against their desires as they whirled in savage climax towards the orgy of bloodshed. And as the three women stood in a circle around their victim, breathing hard and wild-eyed, the Earth cracked its joints and lightning shot down, electrifying all three: fixing them into stone before the sacrifice was made. Thereby the seed of the future, the new Lord's life, was saved in order that it should fructify generations to come - the new Lord of course being the male complimentary aspect of spring and summer.

It is a warning to respect the seasons of life and to accept the purpose behind death when it comes - not to rail against it. That little legend, as the saying goes, is as old as the hills. It is in such pockets of the country as this, that you will discover the true ancient world. Its spirit has persevered despite the biblical onslaught, as you will find if you dig deep enough".

"How fascinating," I responded, genuinely enthralled by the tale and the one telling it. "Have you studied local history and ancient custom then?"

"Oh, it is something I choose to dabble in when I have the time," Brenna answered evasively.

I sipped my tea and stretched my legs, basking in the warmth, only grateful I had a roof over my head and a place to stay for the night. What the evening would bring I could not tell.

Brenna began to question me about my background and where I had originated from.

"Staffordshire," I told her, without my usual inclination to dress that up by claiming to come from the heart of England, as was my usual theatrical wont. I felt she would neither have appreciated nor tolerated such a flowery riposte.

"Not too great a distance from here," she observed casually. "And your job, what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a psychologist," I answered. "I work with psychiatric patients".

"Ah, I see," Brenna replied and softly laughed. "So you know well the workings of the human mind?" There was something of the sceptic in her voice.

"Well, I wouldn't say that," I said, somewhat piqued, yet all too aware of my inadequacy in some areas, with some cases. In fact I was disillusioned with the profession as a whole. Too much talk and theory, meetings and conferences - too few practical results. Also, the system was too rigid to accommodate the experimental or dynamic. Often I felt I had achieved little in any real terms. But I did not elaborate on my statement, not wanting to reveal my lack of conviction in my own profession. "No? Well that at least is good - only the callow would claim as much. Obviously you do not fall into that category. Do you find your work interesting?" "Some of it - though there are parts of it I find irksome and pointless." Really, I did not want to talk about it; I felt too disenchanted. Brenna seemed to sense my mood.

"It's the case with most jobs I should think. There are always the positives and the negatives - it is whether they balance favourably that counts." Then she turned towards the stove. "I must confess I am feeling hungry. Will you join me? I won't take kindly to you watching me eat alone," she said.

"Of course, that would be lovely. You're really very kind," I responded, repeating myself, at which Brenna laughed, a slight derision in the sound. "I hardly think so my dear. It is little enough, and your presence here offers me favourable relief from my own company - though do not misunderstand me, I am inclined to solitude. In general. I prefer it. But I am not so rigid yet as to make that state an unbroken rule. There is always something to be learned from strangers, do you not think?"

"Certainly," I replied, feeling again almost intimidated by Brenna's manner. She was so different, so self-possessed and fluid, like no one I'd ever met before. I felt my answer had pleased her in some way. She smiled slightly and regarded me for a moment in a calm detached manner. Again, I had the sense of indiscernable power, as of something hidden yet soon to be revealed - as if she were assessing the likely manner of my reaction to something specific. As if she were manipulating me in some way for her own ends. "Well then, let's eat," she demanded. She took another bowl from those stacked on the table beside the bread and set a place for me. Then she brought the saucepan over to the table and ladled a generous amount of the stew into each of the bowls. In truth, I was very hungry as I'd anticipated a pub meal in Knighton by now. But of course, events had now been dramatically altered. There was nothing I could do but take advantage of them.

I applied myself enthusiastically to the meal, complimenting Brenna on the taste and wholesome nature her fare. She nodded an acknowledgement and offered me the bread, pushing also the butter dish towards me. During the meal she questioned me further about the route I had taken and my plans. I indicated I intended to have an early start; she nodded an agreement. We talked about the locality, the economy of the area and various related topics, in between mouthfuls. Brenna seemed to have a detailed knowledge of such things, which impressed me further. I tried to relax into the warmth and comfort of my surroundings, letting the evening unroll, allowing Brenna to dictate the pace of things.

Soon I sat back feeling thoroughly replete. "Thank you - that was wonderful," I said. Brenna, who had not quite finished, looked up and smiled slightly, then went back to her meal. I waited for her to finish, bending down and caressing the tortoiseshell cat, talking to it crooningly.

"Had her seven years now," commented Brenna, mopping up her bowl with a piece of bread. "Found her on the roadside when I was out walking one day. She'd been knocked down by a car. Some fool driving too fast. Luckily it was only a superficial blow and she recovered quickly. But she's stayed with me, though I suspect her motives are the food and warmth supplied. Still, I like to have her about. She has a brand of eloquence I can relate to. Beautiful creatures cats, don't you think? Beautiful and cruel but not as heartless as their stereotype supposes - what do you think?" She said, addressing the cat rather than myself, whilst fondly rubbing its neck.

"Yeah, they're great aren't they? I love 'em," I agreed warmly, then asked: "What did you say you called her?"

"Ah yes, her name ..." said Brenna, her voice a little distant. "People's tendency to name their animals often amounts to a pathetic attempt to humanise them. Degrading and deceiving for both the animal and the person. The name I have for her does not bestow upon her pet status, rather it makes me appreciate her nature - her catness if you like - more. Asoth is her name, *Asoth*," she mused gazing at the cat, as if identifying some quality or other she held in her mind.

"That's a strange name," I retorted, "does it have a meaning? Where does it come from?"

Again Brenna bestowed upon me a sustained look before replying. "Asoth is the name of a Goddess worshipped from an ancient past. She was meant to represent enchantment, passion and death. A Goddess of great power". I was intrigued by her explanation and wanted to hear more, but Brenna had already arisen to clear the table.

"How interesting, I've not heard of that name before," I said hopefully.

Brenna stood before me with the used bowls in her hands. "No no, you will not have done," she almost smiled, moving away towards the sink. Her categorical assumption of my ignorance irritated me slightly - after all I was not an illiterate fool. But I let the matter rest and brushed the feeling from me. "Can I help?" I asked.

"No - there is little to do. We shall retire to the front room and sit in more comfortable surroundings," said Brenna, placing the crockery on a draining board and drying her hands. She positioned the saucepan with the rest of the stew on the Aga, removed the bread and wiped the table.

"Are you partial to mead?" she asked brushing a strand of grey hair from her eye. "Mead? Oh yes I certainly am - but I don't want..." "Enough of that," responded Brenna. "Come then, let's go next door". I rose up and followed her into the front room. The fire crackled invitingly as we entered.

"Do take a seat," said Brenna motioning towards the sofa, and going to the copper bucket to replenish the fire with another log. She moved soundlessly to the large wooden cabinet.

"That's a lovely picture," I commented, studying more closely the image of the dark shadowed trees overhanging the disappearing river, a crescent moon reflected in the water. "Rather wild."

"Yes - I'm glad you like it. A friend of mine painted it. It was a present," Brenna remarked absently. I found the picture strangely haunting, and gazed at it further before turning to sit down. Brenna was standing by the cabinet, the front of which she had opened where shelves revealed glasses and a sparse array of bottles. She put two cut glass tumblers on the top.

Then she stopped what she was doing and began watching me with interest. I was disconcerted by her observation. I was uncertain how to respond. I smiled a little nervously and sat down. She gave a slight smile in return and then bent to open the lower half of the cabinet from which she extracted some objects: an incense burner, a gold candle and a small cloth bag. She unwrapped a charcoal block and held it over a flame till it spat sparks, and blew on it till it glowed. The smell of burning charcoal drifted into the air. She placed it in the brass burner, and then reaching for the small muslin bag, she drew forth some crystallized resin which she sprinkled on the charcoal. A strange, subtle aroma began to fill the room, earthy and fragrant. She put the candle in a carved wooden candle-holder and lit it. The corner of the room was illuminated, and shadows flickered upon the cabinet, and the wall-hanging at its side. I reflected upon the strangeness of life as Brenna did this, enjoying the novelty of the situation; yet I could not help feeling I had stumbled upon a witch's haunt - the stuff fairytales are made of, become reality before me. I did not know whether to be afraid and on my guard, or whether to embrace the opportunity the circumstances provided. The latter course seemed most prudent and was closer to my instinct.

I gazed into the fire, reflecting on Brenna. I had never met a woman like her. I judged her to be in her early sixties / late fifties. But the way she moved and held herself belied such an age. She seemed strong and vigorous still. And her face though grooved by several lines, made faintly savage by the scar traced down her cheek, from cheekbone to level with her mouth, was attractive and held a certain strength, a certain resolution amplified by her obvious intelligence. I wondered what had brought her here to this unpopulated region, when the abundance of books, her interest in music, her sparse but elegant furnishings betrayed a certain culture or sophistication, a worldliness which seemed at odds with her rustic surroundings, her solitude. She held a mystery for me I was both fascinated and disturbed by. Brenna's voice broke my reveries. "Music?" she posited inquiringly. "I'm partial to classical music myself. Do you like piano music?" She moved to the back of the room as she spoke, selecting a CD as I responded. "Yes, I love piano music," I said in honest enthusiasm. "I love some classical music - though I don't listen to it as much as I'd like to - lots of other music too. Do you play an instrument?"

Brenna nodded. "I play the western pipe - it is based on the Japanese bamboo flute, the 'shakuhachi'; but mine is made of yew wood and is longer and narrower than the Japanese version." Brenna said this conversationally as she pressed buttons so that some mellifluous piano music filled the room - the quality of sound was superb, crystal clear. I was something of a musician myself. Over the past year I had become involved in a New Age rock/folk group. We were all women and the group formed a part time diversion from work, family, and professional duties for all of us. It was my main source of pleasure in life, and had begun to supercede and eclipse the other unsatisfactory areas. Music freed me. Playing the guitar, singing with the group, writing songs with a message, hoping to change the world! These things absorbed me like nothing else did. I was delighted, therefore, at Brenna's professed musical skill.

"How lovely. I'd love to hear it - or even see it. I play the guitar myself. I've been playing in an all female rock group for a year now - it's great fun."

"Really," responded Brenna, her eyes glinting some im humour. "Do you aim to take the world by storm then?" I laughed self-consciously. "No, it's only a hobby, but it's great nevertheless - absorbs you like nothing else, do you not think?"

"Undoubtedly," smiled Brenna, softening towards me. "Would you like to see my Western pipe then? I must confess it is rather a lovely instrument."

"I'd love to," I said sincerely.

She opened a cupboard at the back of the room, and extracted a long object encased in leather. She brought it over, at the same time handing me the drink of honey-coloured liquid warming in the glass. She sat down in the armchair, whilst I sat on the sofa facing the fire. She slid the pipe from its holder and handed it to me. It was about two and a quarter foot in length, of very hard strong wood; a marvellous cauliflower grained pattern curling round the centre of it, in a warm sheen of deep golden brown, tapering to darker brown and almost black at the end. It was very simple. There were six holes evenly placed down it and one hole at the back. There was a reed at the smoothed edge of the mouth-piece.

"It's beautiful," I said truly in awe. "Would you play it a little - I've never seen one like that before".

"Well - it's my own design actually," said Brenna. "I wanted it to be unique - that's why I made it."

"You made it?" I gasped.

Brenna nodded. "It's not so difficult once you've mastered the basic principles - it was finding the right wood that was the hardest part. This is how it sounds". She lifted the long wooden pipe to her lips and immediately a piercing, lilting tone over-powered the piano music, which Brenna had turned down low. It swelled and waned in the air, a wave of sound that transfixed and moved, more raw and pure than anything I'd ever heard. Brenna's lips covered the mouth-piece and resonated with the sound, as her fingers flickered up and down, her body bending as if she were a part of the instrument herself. I knew that feeling too, but Brenna's motions contained a completeness that I felt I lacked. "Fantastic!" I responded when Brenna finally stopped. "That's really beautiful."

"Thank you," she said modestly, smiling a little.

"How long have you been playing it for?"

"I've been playing this particular instrument for nine years," replied Brenna. "Previous to that it was the Japanese version. I find the process meditational and the sound is, I hope, pleasing as well as unique."

"It is - I wish I could have it on tape to listen to some more," I said, conscious of my flattery but sincere with it.

"Thank you again," Brenna said, sipping her drink, "but I myself would not tape that sound. Its essence would be negated by such an act. What about you? Tell me about your musical tastes ... have you experienced any concerts of classical music?"

I was conscious of my ignorance in this area; there were some pieces I knew and loved, but also a vast amount I knew nothing about. "I saw, or heard rather, *The Eroica*, Beethoven's third in the Royal Festival Hall and Handel's *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall. That was a while ago now".

"Lovely music," commented Brenna, "though it's a pity about the subject matter of the latter - that spoils it a bit really". I looked at her, puzzled.

"Handel's 'Messiah'," she said. "I find such fairytales invidious and degrading. What a shame such lovely music was inspired by such a shallow ideology".

I remembered her reaction to the crucifix and her words- 'we will talk on this matter later...' This emboldened me to spring a question. "Can I ask, and I hope you don't mind me doing so: why do you despise Christianity, the Church, so much?"

Brenna gave a short laugh, casting her eyes to the ceiling. "Why? There are a thousand and one reasons, Joanna Fox, to despise the Church as I do, a thousand and one reasons."

I waited for more, but nothing seemed forthcoming. "But what are your main reasons?" I pushed at her.

She scrutinised me, again appearing to ponder upon my inner self in that subtle, intuitive way of hers.

"Well Joanna, you strike me as an intelligent woman. Perhaps you could tell me one reason why I might dislike the Church so much - come, use your perceptions," said Brenna, regarding me with interest and swirling the liquor round in her glass.

"Oh - is it because it has a rather masculine bias?" I fished.

"Rather?" took up Brenna, "that's something of an understatement don't you think? Christianity is no lover of 'Women's Rights' - quite the converse, I should say. There are many references in the so-called Bible to the unclean and corrupt nature of women; to the inferior status of women in relation to the man."

She threw her head back and appraised me, her eyes glittering with a vein of humour. Her words were spiked, deliberately and provocatively I felt, to expose my own allegiances; to stir me or to educate me. "The Bible is littered with such references from St Paul to St Thomas Aquinas, starting of course with 'Eve', the 'Original Sinner'. Then we have 'Mother Mary', the highest expression of femininity: a virgin - the only fitting vessel for God's Son! Thus was the paragon and pinnacle of female virtue held up to all women; always unattainable, stressing purity, virginity - a quintessence of what is most valued in a woman. At least by the obtuse devils who contrived such rubbish. I could talk about this ad infinitum. It scarcely needs underlining. Look at the concept of God. *Our Father which art ...etc... etc*. Utter rot! Strange that God should be male, when it is the female of the species who brings new life into the world ... contradictory don't you think? In addition to that, it is now accepted that the Christian

myth, even down to its ceremonies, is based on older, pagan practices and legends - even so far as the eating of the host, and the cross itself. The reality is, an older, more attuned Way was supplanted by an alien creed. Hence I have little time for any of it - the church, christianity, the Bible. It's all blah blah blah as far as I am concerned," said Brenna, moving her hand in a circle and drawing out the last three words to emphasise her point. "Do you understand?"

"Oh yes, completely," I said, warmed now that she appeared to have opened up a little. Brenna has elaborated upon the main reason why I myself divorced from the church and could not relate to its teachings. The recent debate over women's ordination and the massive controversy it had caused underlined that point. It angered me that the Church, with its tone of morality, supposed upholder of equality and Justice, should be so deeply prejudiced against women. I could understand Brenna's point of view and went on to tell her so, detailing my own feelings on the matter.

"Ah, so you are with me in this then!" said Brenna, a little gleefully, rubbing a finger around the rim of her glass. "Oh certainly," I replied. "I reject all the dogma - though I do believe that a man called 'Jesus' lived - that he was very special and changed things substantially".

Brenna groaned and shook her head. "You haven't listened to what I've said Joanna. Whatever changes have occurred through Christianity have been to the detriment; and what continues to enhance our civilisation does so in spite of the Nazarene. And there is no historical evidence whatsoever to substantiate the common view of the Deceiver's life. The myth was contrived by forces much older than Christianity, whose servants used it to inculcate societies for their own ends, to gain power, rather than a wholly religious influence ..."

"But something which has influenced so many people and countries must have some basis in truth, surely?" I objected, unable to accept Brenna's words.

"You think so? It is not the case as far as I am concerned. This book - that most people swear by the precious Bible - was written over a period of hundreds of years by many different people. Scholars with an interest in furthering the aims of the Church, and the forces beyond that. Some time ago, ancient writings were unearthed, known as the 'Dead Sea Scrolls', which gave a completely different picture of the Nazarene, or Yesua, as he was called.

According to suppressed sources such as these, he was a militant leader who provoked an uprising against the Romans and was accordingly stoned to death. His body was removed from its tomb by friends in order to implement a new religion. These documents have far more authenticity than any 'Bible', but most people aren't prepared to accept their validity. The Church has done its job well. The majority are brainwashed according to the legend and act out the sheep metaphor used so frequently in Nazarene texts. The Lord's my shepherd! Tsssk! The Lord's my ball and chain more like. The Lord's my bloody blindfold! Ha ha!" She completed her speech with a short derisive laugh that resonated out, and then lifted her glass to her lips, gazing at me over the brim as she did so; her grey-green eyes smouldering, alight, seemingly aroused by the discussion.

There was a war inside of me. I was confused by her words, by her apparent knowledge and analysis of the issue. I have already said I was of wavering faith, but I admired the figure of Christ and could not easily reject what Brenna had called a life-time of 'brainwashing'. I could not accept her words, despite the apparent research and rationale which she used to support her argument.

"But I still don't see how the Church could achieve such dominance if its roots weren't based in fact - at least to some degree. Look at the early Christians - no one throws away their life for an empty ideal. They felt so strongly that they were prepared to die for their beliefs and many did. There must be some basis in fact for that to occur. I can't believe the story of Jesus is just a fairytale. Why do so many people believe in it then? There must be some truth in it!" I said earnestly, passion evident in my voice and manner.

Brenna did not respond immediately but smiled ever so slightly before commenting. "Life-long illusions are hard to let go of, aren't they?" Her eyes almost pitied me. "The majority vote is rarely the most discerning, you should know that Jo." I barely registered the abbreviation of my name in the midst of this private controversy, but somewhere deep inside a bell had been struck and was resonating, a note that seemed to signify some development of intimacy between myself and the older woman before me, shattering my ideals. What such a feeling could mean I could not tell for I was too involved in the situation to analyse or objectify it. Brenna continued on.

"Do you not see how useful such a story was for the Church? It gave it impetus - a cudgel to beat a people. It was easy to inspire fervour and unquestioning devotion in a population already under the so-called tyranny of the Romans. It gave their lives new meaning: a spiritual strength, for they believed that after death, if they were true to the teachings of Christ, they would earn a place in 'heaven' - poor ignorant chattle. In truth it was a dream with no place in reality, manipulated by a learned hierarchy who either used, or created, the reputation of a man called Yeshua, this 'revolutionary' whose corpse was mysteriously abducted ... Thus, there was a 'mythos' to spread further the unique ethos of a people. The story of Jesus Christ has no basis in fact, I assure you my dear. But, what of it! People believe what they want to believe, don't they? Persist with your misguided notions if you choose - it is not my concern".

I was stung by her arrogance, her final provocative comments, But I was also filled with doubt. She sounded so sure of herself it made me feel foolish. I had always doubted but now those doubts threatened to overwhelm and submerge me. I was at sea clinging to the sinking wreckage of my slender beliefs. Yes - and still I clung to them. Brenna leant forwards. "You are a little naive as regards the history of the Christian Church aren't you?" She said, and once again her patronage exasperated me.

"Once the Church's ideas had achieved momentum, it was able to press its advantage with a ruthlessness appropriate to any genuine tyranny - and much greater than that attributed to the Roman Empire. It is historical fact that more people were killed in the Coliseum in ever more violent and debauched ways under the christianised emperors, than when the Heathens held sway. Christianity didn't make 'base' urges any gentler; in fact the repressive nature of its doctrines only served to enhance them. It was the power of the sword, the threat of torture and damnation which usually made people convert and take on board the dogma. Look at the Inquisition, for example; look what they did in the name of your Christ ! Once those ideas took root over here, in this country, by converting noblemen and the Royalty, the ordinary folk didn't stand a chance. It was a case of convert or die! The old traditions were seen as heretical and anyone known to practice them was dealt with accordingly - by death, by torture. Such pagan worshippers came to be seen as 'witches', and I'm sure you have some idea of how they were dealt with. Interesting that witches were usually or nearly always women - a very useful catharsis for the Church's prevalent misogyny, don't you think?"

It is interesting that Pagan Traditions contain both Gods and Goddesses - powerful female archetypes, as well as male ones. Not the case, as you've pointed out, with christianity. In that sense the Pagan Tradition was a far more balanced and wholesome system of worship than the autocratic masculine church, don't you think ?" Brenna had relaxed back into her seat and seemed to be enjoying herself.

I was not. I was disturbed, knocked off balance by what I was hearing. Understand, it was not because I had any deeply held convictions. Years ago I brushed most religious dogma to one side but decided I believed in something. I believed in a great creative spirit or force which I tried to imagine was beyond any distinction of gender. Yet invariably when I prayed, which was albeit infrequently during moments of extreme depression or delight, I would imbue the imagined omnipotent listening presence with maleness. I was conscious of it yet I couldn't quite rid myself of the habit. I had believed Jesus was a highly evolved man, way ahead of his time, who had given people belief in something greater than themselves, who had offered a humanitarian ideal. Now I no longer knew where I stood with regard to any of it. I lapsed into an uneasy silence. I'd forgotten about the time and the unfamiliarity of my surroundings. I cogitated on the metaphysical matter at hand and stared into the fire.

Brenna rose and went to turn the tape over. "Would you like a drop more?" She said graciously, reaching towards my nearly empty glass. I did not refuse and was soon handed a replenished tumbler. Brenna leant forwards, her scar a trace of venom on her cheek. "It's very convenient, don't you think Jo, to an idol who preaches the virtues of meekness, turning the other cheek, coveting not thy neighbour's ox, *Thou shalt not kill*, and so forth. Would you say that all those who have killed and fought to defend their country and their own kith and kin are now burning in Hell? The meek shall inherit the Earth - and be manipulated, moulded, oppressed. All that this dogma really amounts to is a suppression of Nature - the burden of guilt is the result. It is a *sickness*. Thou shalt not covet, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt obey thy father and thy mother. And how would it be Joanna Fox, if everyone acted thus? The end of evolution, perhaps? You might as well say don't desire, don't aspire, don't harbour hopes or ambitions, don't seek to change the world. Or if you do, make sure it is forcing the foul christian doctrine onto the 'unbelievers'. Silly. It is a sickness, a grovelling form of sickness.

But things will change. For like any power throughout history, the Nazarene influence is waning. Something else shall replace it, perhaps several hundred years from now, but it will come and it will be, I think, a force more vital, more creative and numinous than anything christianity produced. Ha! Perhaps it's impossible to say what the future will hold, and perhaps not ..." Her eyes glimmered with a humorous yet haunting light. "But one thing is easy to tell, and even though I live in this nest of the countryside, I am still in touch with what goes on in the world. I know the church is crumbling: Thank Satan himself!" Her laugh as laconic yet spiked with a wicked glint of humour, as she saw the slight tension of shock trace across my features.

Thank Satan himself! Yet why was the idea so shocking? It was only an idea, like 'God', like the life of a Christ who had never lived as such. What was there to believe in but oneself? And anyway, I never had believed in the christian 'Devil' or any absolute power of 'Evil'. Yet I believed in something - I believed in a spiritual world beyond the material existence. I believed this now more than ever, for Brenna's presence further instilled in me a feeling of unknown forces at play. She was imbued with power, with implied depth that transpired in subtle ways: glances caught in a moment's search, her words shattering my illusions, her captivating conviction and certainty of tone, her ease and confidence, her bluntness. She was a woman in charge of herself. Queen of her own domain. What that domain was I could only guess at ... I felt myself drawn to some impending climax or revelation tinged with danger

and forbidden fruits. I told my inexorably imagination to stop working over-time, but the spell was there; the spell of Brenna's presence. I did not pursue her remark about Satan, but remembered what she had said regarding the future and addressed a question to her, fishing once more, "Can you predict the future?" I asked, feeling bold but inspired to bluntness, after having my arguments demolished by her own systematic appraisals. She regarded me a moment, the firelight glowing on her cheek, accentuating the scar and making her appear almost unearthly.

"The future has many paths, many roads of possibility; it is a matter of circumstantial degree as to its outcome." Inscrutable, she brought her hands together to form a bridge in front of her. "Do you desire to know what the future might hold for you, Joanna Fox?" She said, pointing her joined index fingers at me deliberately.

"I ... well ... Can you tell the future?" I asked again, stumbling some over my words, yet rather seduced by the circumstances I found myself in. Brenna laughed easily.

"You've heard of 'tarot cards' have you Jo? I'll read your cards if you like - would you like me to do so?" She leaned towards me inquiringly, a smile and a challenge in her gaze. I felt a thrill of nervous energy.

"Why not?" I said readily enough, "I've never had my cards read before".

"Very well, Joanna Fox, we shall see what the cards reveal." Her use of my full name, her change of mood, heightened the suspense in the room and made me feel young and ignorant. I was sure this was deliberate, but I was too in awe and polite to object. I registered these reactions, but they were transient and superfluous compared to my building curiosity about Brenna; about how the evening would further unfold. It was too late to hold back now. Brenna got up and went to the back of the room. She put some more incense onto the burner, found a new CD and switched it to play. Immediately the sound of the wind, waves upon the shore, the keening cry of seagulls filled the room; simple, poignantly plucked guitar chords strumming alongside the sounds of nature. It was beautiful, mellow and timeless. Brenna opened a draw and took from it a box of cards. She brought a small table that had nestled by the cabinet, and placed it between where I sat on the sofa and where she sat in the armchair beside me. She smiled faintly as I nervously wetted my throat with the mead.

"What do you hope the cards will reveal, Joanna Fox? Where do you want the future to take you?" Said Brenna in low, soft tones.

I did not know how to answer, for I did not know what I wanted anymore. I just knew a growing dissatisfaction inside myself, an itch to spread my wings and fly - to where I knew not. I knew I had to change things, my circumstances; my relationship with Mark, the man I lived with. I knew I had to change my situation, but I lacked direction. So for the moment I dithered with the idea without any real attempt to change things on a practical level. Yet what did I want? I couldn't tell. A space of freedom. A space free of the staleness in the atmosphere between two people who have ceased to be excited by each other, whose responses are routine, based on friendship rather than passion, and whose arguments and interests remained fixed. I had begun to withdraw from Mark - it was all too cosy, too safe, too predictable and I was coming to the conclusion that this was not what I wanted. It had begun to make me antagonistic, caustic. This consumed me with guilt. Mark was a good man - warm, intelligent, loving. Yet in the past year I had become conscious of that growing dissatisfaction inside myself. It was becoming clear to me I needed room, a space for myself alone, to express things I'd never had chance to express. This holiday had been intended as a watershed, a time to think things through, consider possibilities, and reach a clear decision. Now fate had thrown me on the doorstep of Brenna's cottage and into her electric presence - that spark coupled with a depth of stillness, which gave her the qualities of a muse.

What did I want from the future? I answered honestly. "I don't really know - freedom from present constraints. Something more challenging, more fulfilling than than my present circumstances. I've given myself away a bit haven't I?" I said, a little abashed by my own honesty.

"You did that some time ago Joanna," quipped Brenna with the glimmer of a smile. "I believe you have the courage to be honest. Well and good: let us see what the cards will portend. Would you spend some time shuffling them for me please?" She finished, tending her hand towards me holding the strange cards.

I received them and contemplated their red and black surfaces punctuated with coloured spheres. It was not that I was not interested in such things. I'd never had time to develop such an interest. Perhaps under normal circumstances, I would have been sceptical of their accuracy or their validity. But Brenna's presence inspired me and in a way, I was quite awed by the situation. I was used to being in control, to conducting myself in boardrooms, at meetings, with individual clients. There I was contained, unemotional - rational. Yet this situation was entirely strange to me, and Brenna an unknown quantity that I sensed to be special, in a way that suggested the spiritual. It was the invisible world she consulted, an invisible world altogether foreign to me. That strength, that stillness in her, the sparse elegance of her home, and of herself compelled me. I felt drawn to her, as if I would have liked to spend a long time talking to her and to know that the conversation would be a journey of discovery, a time of true education.

The music swelled into the silence as the fire crackled, and I awkwardly shuffled the cards. They were quite large and not easy to handle. The sound of waves upon the sea shore, the wind, the resonant rising tone of the Celtic pipes all brought an ache to my heart. Such beautiful poignant music. It filled me with longing: for something better, more passionate, more fulfilling. My ideas had grown stale. I was disillusioned with my profession, which scraped the surfaces of issues and had little real influence or credibility in the recognised establishment. It had become mundane and tedious to me. I knew this too well.

The smell of the incense rising in the air, the gold candle flickering in the darkened corner, and plaintive music infected me; I felt a spurt of something akin to fear, a nervous excitement, and my palms moistened as I handled the cards. Finally I felt I had shuffled the cards sufficiently, so I moved to give them back to Brenna.

"No," she said quietly. "now divide the pack into three".

So I placed three piles of cards on the table before her.

"Now pick up the last pile." she directed. "And taking from the bottom place one card here," she said, pointing to a place nearest to myself.

"No, don't turn it over - just leave it there. Now the next one here," she said pointing to a place above and on the left hand side of the card already on the table "... and here," she continued, pointing to the right hand side of the original card, aligned above it and opposite the second card I had laid down.

"One here," motioned Brenna, pointing to a spot directly above the first card and ahead of the second two.

"Here," she said, pointing again at a place on the left hand side of the centre card; then one on the right hand side, and completing the configuration with a final card at the top,

"Right," said Brenna, leaning forward slightly. "Let me explain a little about what this represents. This card," she said pointing to the first, the one nearest me, "represents your essence, your true inner nature; that which drives you and motivates you. These two," she pointed at the two half way above it on either side, "represent the recent past; an expression of what has happened to that essence, that motivating force inside you - the situations that have resulted from your attempts to seek fulfilment, expressing your inner nature in the material world. Is that clear, do you follow?" asked Brenna, rather pointlessly I thought. I followed it well enough, given its psychological flavour.

"Yes, yes, I understand," I murmured, wondering what lay behind the cards. Their back covers were enigmatic but rather vibrant, I thought. I studied them as Brenna continued to instruct me as to their meaning.

"This card," she said, "represents the 'here and now', your present situation. This one," - pointing to the left, again half way above the centre card - "represents a likely future outcome. Both of these cards," - pointing to the adjacent card on the right side - "represent two possible future expressions which are material developments of the original inner essence, as represented by this card at the beginning. The last card represents a future culmination of the developments and changes ensuing from the first card; the essence and motivations of yourself. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ahuh," I nodded, quietly, now intrigued by the cards and what portents they might betray.

"Just a minute," Brenna said, and rose moving to the cabinet. She put more incense on the burner and the enigmatic, subtle aroma filled the room again, earthy and fragrant. Then without asking, she replenished my glass.

I looked at the cards and contemplated my fate. The back of the cards were striking in themselves: a design of seven circles describing a hexagon; the background being a rich red, with black lines connecting each of the circles in definitive symmetry. Each sphere was of a different hue. The middle sphere I was initially struck with, as it was flames of orange and gold intertwined. Sphere number one was blue wreathed silver. Sphere number two - yellow interspersed with black, number three was green and white, shadowy. Above the middle most sphere, on the left, was one of strident red and blue; on the right, a circle of rich violet and crimson, and the topmost circle was indigo and purple. Interconnections of black bridges cutting across the scarlet background interspersed in regular expression with the seven vibrant spheres. I noticed these details. I felt drawn to notice them.

I suddenly had a sense of destiny. A sense that this - my meeting with Brenna - would reveal much to me, help me reach a decision, effect me in a way I had never anticipated.

Here, was the subtle, sharp tang of incense, the poignant, yearning appeal of the pipes, the sigh of the sea, the call of sea gulls, the crackling of the fire; the warmth of honey-mead in my blood which had brought a flush to my cheeks.

And the cards before me, mysterious - sinister...

The abstract symbol upon the wall-hanging weaved its charm of mystery: briefly, I wondered what it might mean, but my attentions were concentrated on what was about to unfold for me beneath the striking covers of the cards.

Red and black - anarchy, 'sin', Satan: my mind made the connections fleetingly, objectively. Such associations did not concern me at that moment. I somehow knew the cards held a power. I tried to retreat to the arena of logic telling myself not to be ridiculous. It wouldn't necessarily be a proper picture of the future. No one could know what lay in the future. But the logic of that argument had no power against what I sensed on an intuitive, only fleetingly conscious level.



No - that my destiny would be revealed to me, was too corny to be true. Yet I felt on the verge of something - a peculiar rising sense of excitement cast its spell upon me.

"Now Joanna Fox, turn each card over starting here, then this, then here; here: here; here," she said, describing a path across the cards, "and so on until the last," she finished, watching me intently now. I felt slightly uncomfortable, yet eager. Her scrutiny infected me.

I turned the first card and an image sprang out at me. At the centre of a swirl of turquoise and darkness, the white curvacious naked form of a woman accosted my senses. She held a dark sphere in one hand, a chain and strange pendant clasped to her breast with the other. From her female sex, blood dripped to form an abstract pattern in the waterfall rush flowing from the apex of her thighs. There were catherine wheels of energy; a crystal tetrahedron in one corner; a scorpion, its sting aloft in another corner, and two red-pink gorgeous birds at the topmost corner. All were interwoven through the pattern of swirling lines, to suggest a wildness, a passion. Something strong. The eyes of the image haunted me: mystical, almost ruthless.

I stared and stared at the card, too engrossed with the details in the picture and what it might suggest to move on. **High Priestess** were the words at the bottom of the card.

"And the next," said Brenna softly.

I turned the card on the left side and above the first one. It was the figure of an old woman, whose face had no features; just a blank spread of skin above her black shadowed outline. She sat by a waterwheel. In front of the garden where she sat the ground was parched and withered; dying. But behind her, the garden began to grow more and more verdant as it receded into the distance. I looked at the bottom of the card. **Satiety**, it said. Aye, well enough I thought: I had sated many desires, and in doing so had revealed a growing awareness that my lifestyle had become a cage to me. **Satiety**, I pondered, moving to the next card on the right.

I looked at Brenna but her eyes, her posture betrayed nothing, except a further impression of contained intentness. I turned over the card. It was the picture of a naked man sitting on a chair in a bare room, apparently sobbing, one hand clutching his forehead, the other trailing a rose to the floor, its petals littering the floor ruinously. In the background, open doorways through which arms stretched, failing to connect with anything - a continual perpetuation of empty gestures clutching at nothing. **Futility**, was the title of the card; futility. Its eerie accuracy of my growing understanding of my circumstances stirred me, giving me goosepimples: how accurate a betrayal of my relationship with Mark, and my feelings towards work.

There was something else to life I was sure. It glared me in the face. Those hands outstretched, always missing the accomplishment of true contact - always embracing emptiness. Now I recognised with a jolt how far apart we had grown, he and I; how the charge between us had faded so that the friendly ease between us had become too comfortable, too much of a soporific. I felt confined, suffocated by it. The difficulties had started when I joined the group. I'd always had a good voice and a musical inclination, and I could play the guitar with a certain amount of skill. So, the group served as a lively, inspiring diversion from the growing discontent symptomatic of the rest of my life. I had even begun to write my own songs - two of which the band had used and sung to audiences with much success. My music, my singing began to matter more to me than anything else. At least, I derived the most pleasure from it: all else paled beside it. On stage, I felt truly alive.

Since my musical catharsis I had moved progressively further away from Mark. The points of contact became fewer; we misunderstood one another, and we ceased to discuss things. Good man though he was, he had ceased to move me. The whole thing had grown stale. **Futility**, *Futility*. I felt a wrench of sadness, but also a resolution stirring inside me; plans, ideas beginning to form, vague and flitting.

I turned over the middle card. It was a dark cell, opened at the back to reveal the swirl of the cosmos in purple and blue and sparks of silver light. The image of a sphinx sat before the opening of the cosmos. The female face was held hauntingly to one side, with a space, a chasm behind the eyes - a chasm to a beyond. In the foreground, a chalice of liquid lay overturned. **Death**, I read the word at the bottom. **Death**, I saw with a jolt, and my nerves thrilled unpleasantly. I had an image of Mark crashing his car; myself in a fatal accident, my family, my mother claimed by the grim reaper. I pushed such thoughts away, telling myself not to be so irrational. Death. I felt a heaviness in the atmosphere, a sombre inflection; a further intentness. A foreboding mixed with hunger for revelation. I looked at the wall-hanging trying to cultivate objectivity - it intrigued me, that symbol.

Death, I thought and looked at Brenna, trying to clear any concern or fear from my eyes. Death. Brenna returned my gaze, again betraying little, as though wearing a mask of calm, the watchful alertness of her eyes remaining amidst the steadiness and stillness of her pose.

I turned over the card on the left side of the **Death** card and above it, to a degree. It was a dark card. Stormy clouds and sky with a break at one point to reveal a gap of blackness in the sky. In the foreground a german soldier stood resting on a cane, a face dark and intense. Behind him rose a hill. Before this was a stone circle lending an ancient presence to the card. It had a strange brooding feel to it ... I looked at the bottom and **Wyrd** was the word I saw. The

picture disturbed me - an unknown quantity that yet attracted me. I was drawn to continue studying it to try to place a meaning upon it, but meanings eluded me. I glanced up at Brenna: again, the still, composure, the inner intensity, veiled and honed.

I turned over the right side card equivocal to the last. The image leapt out at me. A sinister, darkly beautiful woman dressed in a black robe, clutching a dying soldier bandaged from a head wound. His forehead and mouth were bleeding. The woman held a dagger in her hand and the other described a grip of talons. Behind them geometric shapes burned to livid destruction; a holocaust unleashed. There was something ruthless yet compassionate about the woman's gaze. I looked at the foot of the card, again shocked, unsettled by the images revealed. *Aeon* the card read. *Aeon*, enigmatically. Goosepimples raced across my flesh, yet I suddenly felt hot too. I took off my cardigan and went to turn over the final, the ultimate card.

I glanced at Brenna and her eyes met my gaze. I looked away, my eyes drawn to the wall - hanging once more. At the time I didn't know why, although I sensed it was a talisman that held a particularly personal significance for me...

Brenna narrowed her eyes slightly, their keen light penetrating my own. I turned the last card over. It was a lush vibrant, violent card. A lithe beautiful naked woman sat in the middle. Her hair was an ebony cascade of wild curls down her back, and about her face. Her eyes held a dark power in their glance, and one hand betrayed claws capable of bloody violence. The image was weird, lurid, lush: a swan piercing its own breast so the blood ran, whilst three cygnets formed about it; a raven behind a tree in a night of purple and grey; a crystal shape; the suggestion of a womb-like entrance. The woman sat upon a heap of skulls, holding some stick or wand in her hand. With a start I saw in the middle of her chest, a tattoo: a sigil that matched the one on the wall-hanging. I gazed and gazed at the card, and then looked up, not at Brenna, but to reaffirm the replication of the wall-hanging's image with the one in the picture: a diamond shape with a line through the middle of it, something else inside the diamond. A shadowy suggestion of interiors within interiors. What was that symbol and what kind of meaning did it hold for me, I wondered? *Mistress of Earth* was the label on the card. *Mistress of Earth* - what could it mean?

Brenna maintained her exterior stillness, but was nodding her head ever so slightly, as if something, for her at least, was being affirmed. That symbol - what was its import?

With the tantalizing, almost spooky sense of *rightness* contained in the last card, I had almost forgotten the rest of the layout. I resonated so completely with that image. I could not say why, exactly.

I sat back and waited for Brenna to speak, gazing now at the first card, *The High Priestess* - that swirl of wildness. Brenna leant forwards and touched that card.

"Now," she said, "this card represents the unconscious force within you, the essence of yourself. It suggests that you are drawn to the unknown; that your life will find true expression through the Esoteric. It represents hidden wisdom; a latent power to achieve things beyond a material level. There is that in you which aches to understand the invisible world, the world within - to change things. This is your driving force and motivation".

It struck a chord, that card. I always had a thirst for knowledge, a curiosity for the inexplicable. This had expressed itself through academia; my profession - although lately the knowledge I'd gained seemed mere intellectual, devoid of any true meaning. I nodded slowly, biting my lip as I did so - I liked what the card suggested. I waited as Brenna reached to point at the card on the left of the first.

"This *Satiety*, is an interesting card. It suggests, as is obvious, that your lusts and desires have been sated on one level; and it implies the kind of stasis, and complacency which follows. What used to be fulfilling now produces boredom, and dissatisfaction, This is on the left hand side which usually indicates a more negative or disturbing interpretation, than if the card had fallen on the right hand side; thus, my given diagnosis." She looked across at me, her eyes glistening with a degree of humour. She seemed to delight in turning my own terminology onto myself. But this was not done in an unkind way - indeed it was more the sharing of a mutual joke.

I looked at the *Satiety* card, and at the one adjacent to it, *Futility*. I pursed my lips and said nothing. Brenna touched the *Futility* card. "This really confirms what is expressed in the preceding card. It suggests a lack of connection with things that move you, that matter to you most. It suggests emptiness and lack of fulfilment on a deep level. But it is on the right hand side, which indicates a resolution, and ultimately favourable outcome to the situation." She scarcely looked at me for confirmation of her words. It was as if she knew their import and could hear the gongs striking inside of me. Strange how those two cards completely summed up my recent past, merged to become conscious awareness of that present reflection. Eerie, eerie...

Brenna squinted her eyes slightly, looking at me with piercing intent. She reached to the middle card. *Death*. The word struck my psyche once more and I was conscious of a slight racing of the heart, an increase in tension.

"This card, *Death*," said Brenna, "reflects on your present situation. It indicates a reckoning; a stripping away of masks and images to get to the self, and a higher fulfilment of the essence beyond the constraints of the ego. In essence, a time of destruction in order to create the new - that is the implication".

Brenna looked at me. I was leaning forwards. With her words had come a sense of both relief and a strange release; confirmation of a decision that was becoming clear to me, as I breathed in my mystical surroundings. I'd feared - I had dared not think... yet now the card also whispered of new tomorrows, of stronger possibilities. It was the whisper of that, which compelled me rather than the implied the symbol, like placing a bet on the luck it could bring me. Rather than the implied destruction. That whisper of higher achievements ... I glanced up at the wall-hanging and connected with the symbol, like placing a bet on the luck it could bring me.

Again Brenna very slightly narrowed her eyes, and pointed to the strange brooding card of the German soldier, with the stone circle casting a charm upon the scene. In the corner of the image, the sky split to reveal a chasm - a nexion of blackness.

"*Wyrđ*," said Brenna, "hmmm, *Wyrđ*. This card usually means finding your purpose, your path in life. But it also suggests a destiny which is tied or linked to something greater than itself. Something you will be part of that is beyond you, on a material and spiritual level - yet it is part of you. A realisation of your purpose - a purpose which lies in the realm of the acausal, that invisible reflection of the material world, the causal. There will obviously be some amount of upheaval and turbulence implied in such a future - the near future - which is what this card represents. Do you understand what I am saying Joanna; do you follow? "

There was a flush on my cheeks. Brenna's words were lightly, logically spoken, but their enticed and thrilled me. In that moment, the past dropped away from me. I was already beyond it, free to achieve a more ultimate expression of myself - stepping from the dross of uniforms and masks I wore, towards something more numinous and unrestrained. What that was, I still couldn't quite conceive. I looked again at the sigil upon the wall-hanging, and my empathy towards it, grew. Perhaps I was effected by the sparse simplicity of my surrounds, the rustic elegance of comfort; the music, the incense, the fire - not least Brenna herself and the cruel yet fascinating cards. It all cast a spell which drew me to intensify my attentions on the symbol upon the wall.

Brenna leant to touch the card depicting fire and the darkly beautiful woman; she who was sinister, yet not devoid of compassion. She who wore a the look of cruel simplicity as she cradled the dying soldier. *Holocaust; war ...* but the word at the bottom was *Aeon*. Brenna lightly picked the card up, waving it up and down gently for a moment, holding it before me.

"Now this card is very interesting. Joanna Fox; very interesting indeed. *Aeon* is the practical expression of this adjacent card, *Wyrđ*. It implies changes - changes on a large scale. It suggests a power to implement change, but contained within that is the necessity for those changes to occur inside, as well as outside yourself. It implies again, that it is in your destiny to effect change in the acausal realm as well as through practical manifestation on a causal level ... What this card suggests, Joanna, is a destiny which will have an effect on many lives. A destiny that by its very expression produces change. Again, this is linked to something greater than yourself - beyond your causal, material self if you like. Rather interesting don't you think Jo? Very interesting indeed."

"Very," I said, completely intrigued - fired, yet also confused. I couldn't imagine what could produce those changes. I couldn't imagine how I could get to that glowing picture of the future the cards seemed to hold up to me. A future that sounded challenging, expansive - something dark and glowing that I longed to touch, yet could not comprehend in words. I looked at Brenna who was looking at me with an expression of profound calm. I turned my attention once more to the wall-hanging.

"Before you tell me the meaning of the last card, would you mind if I asked you what that symbol stands for? I find it strangely compelling - what does it mean?" I asked, wholly intent upon what Brenna might reply. I thought the symbol was in some way a key. I thought by understanding it, my destiny would be made clear.

"That is the sigil of **Baphomet**. She is a dark goddess from an old Tradition, who beheads her victims and enemies, and washes in a basin of their blood. She is a goddess of war and sacrifice. She represents the brutal necessity of Death on Life's claim. She that strips away in order to renew. She represents the wild brutal aspect of Nature which is necessary in order to fructify, and produce change. She is the darkest Goddess of all."

Brenna spoke softly and yet the words sprang into clarity in my mind. I was moved, half repelled, yet eager to embrace more of what might lie behind such a symbol. There a beautiful starkness behind Brenna's explanation and again, a real power. She was no pseudo-pagan; she was no mere eccentric. She was intelligent, composed, both blunt and subtle, intuitive and incisive. A powerful woman. This made her words, her Baphomet symbol, a potent force which could not easily be dismissed. In truth, I did not want the force dismissed; rather I ran to embrace it, to understand it - to integrate with it in order to achieve access to what lay beyond it. I wanted to touch that which moved inside of Brenna. I wanted it for myself. Something entirely foreign to my intellect, but which drew me, curiously, with a growing arousal of passion and intrigue.

*Baphomet* I thought and looked into Brenna's grey-green eyes, observing once more with an avid intensity I could barely contain, the scar traced down her cheek, giving her both a savage and exotic air. Brenna had relaxed slightly. Her manner was subtly more open, more confidential. I felt almost a warmth and intimacy between us. I, in my early

thirties, she towards twice my own age. Yet I knew this woman would change my life, irrevocably, drastically. I did not understand the 'ins and outs' of this situation, nor how it had come about. I did not know how or why it had but I did know Brenna would change my life: I knew and she knew. It was in the air between us, yet not through the medium of words, but by subliminal perceptions, intuitive inferences, subtleties acknowledged by both of us in answering subtlety.

I waited for Brenna's explanation of the final card. The vibrant, lush, bloody image of the cruel, raven-haired beauty sitting on a heap of skulls, the Baphomet sigil tattooed between her breasts: *Mistress of Earth*.

"*Mistress of Earth*," said Brenna, again inflecting lightness and ease in her tone which only seemed to further enhance the mystery and power of the card. "Mistress of Earth," she repeated, "suggests someone who is control of her life and destiny on all levels. Someone who has attained ascendancy over the internal and external circumstances surrounding her. Someone who is able to flow with the forces of Nature and attain empathy with those things on many levels. Someone who has achieved a full expression of her inner essence with results on both a practical and acausal level. Someone in touch with the power inside themselves and able to manipulate their environment to achieve their own designs. This card, you see is an expression of the original card at the start, *High Priestess*.

This 'Mistress of Earth' is a future manifestation of that inner driving force; something which has yet to attain its full expression - but the cards throw a positive light on that development, don't they? Don't they now Joanna Fox?" She finished with an alluring intonation.

How strange to me was the future before me, yet how intriguing - how it flared within me! For I was conscious that I was close to what I had been struck by as soon as I witnessed Brenna standing by the fire: a breath of the unknown. But a breath that was vital, real, tangible. I saw it about me in Brenna's home, but most of all in Brenna herself; by her bearing, by that stillness, that wisdom, that inner flame.

I relaxed back into the couch. Brenna settled herself back and looked at me over the edge of her glass. "Well, Joanna Fox, what do you think of your future now?"

"I hardly know what to say," I responded. "These two cards are chillingly accurate," I said pointing to the *Satiety* and *Futility* cards, "but as to the future: it's a total enigma to me, a total revelation - a mystery that intrigues me a great deal."

"That is as it should be Joanna Fox. Presently your life is a mess; things have grown stale - you are looking for a means of transformation, you want to change it all, but lack the impetus to do so. That is plain enough, is it not?"

"Yes," I readily agreed. But move forward to what? How? Risk the security of my job? In my mind I had already dispensed with Mark - now my job, my means of subsistence, was the barrier I wanted destroyed. Could I exist on writing papers, or turn to journalism, where I could give credence to newer developments in Psychology, such as 'Psychosynthesis', which recognised the role of spirit - a holistic view of human nature I adhered to fiercely, yet which found no practical manifestation through the conventional channels of the job. The system inhibited such developments. I had not been trained as a journalist, but I could become a free-lance writer, I already had one article printed regarding the male and female stereotypes - how such one-dimensional conditioning produces all kinds of neuroses and repressions which lead to multi-strata psychiatric difficulties. I went on to detail the possible causes for the latent misogyny that seemed to exist in most men. It had been an interesting and challenging project. The article was enthusiastically received and the paper, which was a broad sheet Sunday paper, had suggested regular contributions. I had deliberated and here I was still, deliberating.

And yet, I had now begun to make my decisions. Prior to this and for a long time, I had felt as though I had been wading through porridge; a porridge of pointlessly 'nice' considerations, and a growing self-deception around the whole premise of my life. Yet now everything that had been constricted was loosening, promising to work free like the deluge from a live volcano. A great momentous change was upon me and I couldn't quite believe it was happening.

I would step from the old life, and step from it quickly, ruthlessly and with business-like precision. Cut the connections, create a new place, a new style of living. Through writing articles and my music, I would be Mistress of my own life; Mistress of myself, beholden to nobody but myself for a change. At least it was one plan. There were others that filtered through my mind, but I felt there was more to it than that. The Baphomet symbol, the magick behind it, was also part of my destiny. I would change my life; I had the courage and the means to do so, but I knew also Brenna would have a hand in that. I knew she would be a bridge to a further understanding of the force within. Brenna observed my inner reflections, waiting. What now? I thought.

"So what do you propose to do with this knowledge and your present Situation, Joanna Fox?" Brenna's storm-green eyes glinted at me with some fore-knowledge that placed her on a lofty level in an arena I knew nothing about, but which I longed to entrance - whatever it was.

"It fascinates me," I said, responding finally to her question amidst my reveries. "But there is much I do not understand, particularly with regard to Baphomet. Where does she come from? Which culture? Which tradition?"

"An old Tradition - our ancestral root," said Brenna, with quite deliberate brevity I thought.

"Where does the Tradition come from? What is it, this Tradition?" I asked, barely able to contain my frustration with Brenna's elusive insistence.

"Something spawned during the civilisation of Albion, some five thousand years before the birth of the bible's putrid christ; spawned through the architects of Stonehenge and Calanais, those worshippers of the sun and watchers of the stars ... It is, obviously, an ancient Tradition."

"But what does it stand for? What kind of Tradition is it?" I continued, still dissatisfied with Brenna's responses.

"An essentially Pagan one, from a time when there existed communion with the stars and Nature in a way that is still fathomless to this present, purblind society. Do not say you do not know of the race - your ancestors - who created the stone-circles, and what this knowledge now intimates, within the context of this whole fortuitous evening."

Brenna's face had suddenly become intense in a way that thrilled my sensitivities. The scar on her cheek was lit to a lurid degree by the dancing flames, inducing an almost hypnotic effect. But then Brenna's whole presence was hypnotic.

Of course I knew of the stone-circle period, but it had not struck such a knell of significance as on the note of the moment. Somehow there was poetry in her words and it inspired me; again some deep primal connection was thrummed. Again I was struck to reflection, and there followed a short spell of silence, with Brenna, all the while in easy composure, waiting.

When I could find my voice, I replied: "Yes, I've been aware of all that, but what little history that now exists, seemed something obscure and unimportant - as far as the Present is concerned. But I don't know; I don't know anything any more... It seems what is important is that which lies behind that connection, or beside it if you will. Surely, the stone-circle time is but a beginning ... It would be interesting to know if there are any other links in the chain. Would you tell me more about the Baphomet Tradition, and how you came to learn of it?"

"Now, now Joanna Fox," Brenna's eyes twinkled with their almost unearthly vivid green light. "What would you like, some enlightening reading matter, or my life story?"

I flushed and laughed as I stammered, "Well both actually... but I would particularly like to hear..."

"About myself?" quizzed Brenna. "My own path in life?" She raised her eye brows, smiling archly. "Now then Joanna, my friend; it's getting late and I don't know about you, but I am starting to feel a little tired. I usually retire earlier than this, but exceptional circumstances have altered my routine tonight. I've enjoyed your company Joanna, but you must excuse me now for chivvying you off to bed, for tomorrow you also have a long walk ahead of you, do you not?"

I nodded, disappointment lodged in my throat. I burned with a desire to know more. I did not want to go to bed, but courtesy bade me contain myself. However, as Brenna moved to place a fireguard before the fire, she continued: "I'll tell you what I'll do," she said, as if reading my disappointment. "I'll give you some reading matter and you can take my phone number. Perhaps while you're down here you will get chance to call again. I'd be pleased to renew our acquaintance; as I've said, I've enjoyed our evening. Besides it's interesting being in the company of one who is a changer of the face of fortune!" Her tone was disarmingly light and warm.

"Oh well, I just want to say thank you. It's been incredibly good of you and entirely fascinating. I will come and see you again - once I've consulted with my friend Margaret, who I'll be staying with." My words tumbled out, eager to grasp the connection.

"Do, and at your leisure, my dear. You will be welcome whenever - I give my assurance." The sincere elegance of her tone humbled me.

I stood around, shuffled my feet, and half shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know what to say..." I began, but Brenna held up her hand and smiled me into silence. She moved across the room and blew the candle out. She went to the back of the room, and I followed her.

"I'll just dig something out for you now," she said bending to a shelf on the bookcase, a strand of grey hair escaping across her cheek which she brushed back, as she reached for two large bound volumes. The covers were dark, non-descript and the titles I could not read - for there were none.

"Have a look at these when you've the time - see what you think. Come back to me with any questions or responses you care to offer, when conducive. It's entirely up to you. Don't consider anything too much though now, specially not on three glasses of mead!" She quipped.

I flashed her a smile, as she turned the music system off and motioned me the way forward, turning the lights off. Within the darkness, she carried a small oil lamp before her to light the way.

"Fetch your rucksack and I'll show you your room," said Brenna indicating the kitchen door by which I had left my belongings, as we stood in the passage way that heralded the stairs. I fetched my rucksack and Brenna led the way up. I did not even question the lack of use of mains lighting. The oil lamp seemed somehow so fitting, so entirely appropriate after such an extraordinary evening. There was a door next to the bathroom which she opened and led

me into a simple tasteful haven. She turned on the bedside light. A bed with a wooden bedstead was revealed. A patchwork quilt of creams, reds, pinks and deep blue. A big dark wooden chest was against one wall, looking as if it had arrived fresh from a pirate's cavern. A bedside tressal with a lamp upon it: I noticed the lampshade was made of some creamy parchment with dried, pressed flowers worked upon it somehow. It was exquisite. "It's lovely," I said, "how charming." Brenna smiled appreciatively in response.

"You can see the bathroom next door," she said, "use it as you need or want. You're quite welcome to have a bath in the morning if you wish. I'm usually out and about early, so you may not come across me - don't wait around for me, will you? As for breakfast: I'll leave everything out for you to help yourself. I'm a great believer in breakfast - it must be done. But as I've said, don't expect to see me in the morning, for I like to embrace the dew of dawn, and probably won't return til much later." She held the light higher, and stood upright a little more as if in salutation.

"So Joanna Fox, well met and good night. I hope our paths will cross again, and in the not too distant future."

"Oh most certainly," I agreed, conscious of the inadequacy of words.

"Good night then:" Brenna whispered, withdrawing, the pool of light spotlighting her movement across the dark landing til she opened a door across from my room, on the opposite side of the stairs, and disappeared behind it. I stared after her for a while, reliving all of it in one resounding surge. Still stunned, I performed my ablutions and fetched a glass of water. I undressed and got into bed but I still did not feel tired; rather, too charged up to sleep, despite my long and arduous day. I reached for the first volume she had given me to read. Regardless of the time, I turned the cover. The words that greeted me, dripped darkly down into my mind like spreading pools of blood, and just as potent:

### THE BLACK BOOK OF SATAN

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I sit on this hillside, with only the rocks and the trees below as my companions. The night is clear; the moon a full geometric potency above me. The wind denudes my face, sharpens my sense of timelessness. For two and a half months I have been alone, in this terrain, in this wilderness, without human contact, without material distractions and entertainments. Tonight the moon's luminous presence drew me to recall that first meeting with Brenna - raven-made, I learned the name meant: an approprlate name for one such as she.

I am not what I was. Oh no: I am much more, much less than ever I imagined I could be. I sit with the galaxy aglow above me, embracing this silvered darkness, the star-filled ecstasy of outer space. I feel clothed in cosmic tides, part of the force which flows from before, from beyond. There is only this numinous night and the spark within me which reflects that numinosity.

I think of those tarot cards; how shocking, lurid, and fascinating they seemed - how little I knew of my future then. Now my destiny has become clear to me. These months I have spent alone have bridged a gap in my consciousness. I know my role, my path, will take me further still, to attain an ultimate understanding of the *sinister* ... That is my way, and I know I am to be heir of that Tradition, as Brenna was before me. My crystal has revealed images, pictures to me. Magickal energies fructify my awareness and the invisible, acausal world is become an imprint on my soul; a stretch to master my universe.

I sit here on this hilltop beneath the perfect moon and the incandescent stars with the wind buffeting my cheeks and chilling my hands, and think of that first meeting - of my naivety, trapped as I was within the conditioning and morality I'd been subjected to. I think of that and I smile. I smile in this dark, lonely night and I no longer feel alone. I flow with Nature's expressions, I listen to her silence and thus have I come to know her, a little.

Like an autumn tree, stripped bare by the winter wind, so did I become, before the green buds of spring made their appearance. So has it continued, this seasonal transition, this growth of blossoming and destruction and so shall it still do. That is the essence of my life.

I have touched profundities: a goddess within me has arisen. I smile - I smile in this stillness as I remember what I was, and what I shall be. I smile and raise my hands to the moon in acknowledgement of an awful bond. I smile.

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Whilst single raven  
all ebony-gloss  
and clever eye  
and crafted beak so jet  
lifts its shape  
to coast another settling place

on the rock face  
before the crashing waves  
A gift of obsidian velvet  
for all our stormy skies.

~~~~~

Annia Ashlet,
Seven Stones Coven (ONA)
1996eh



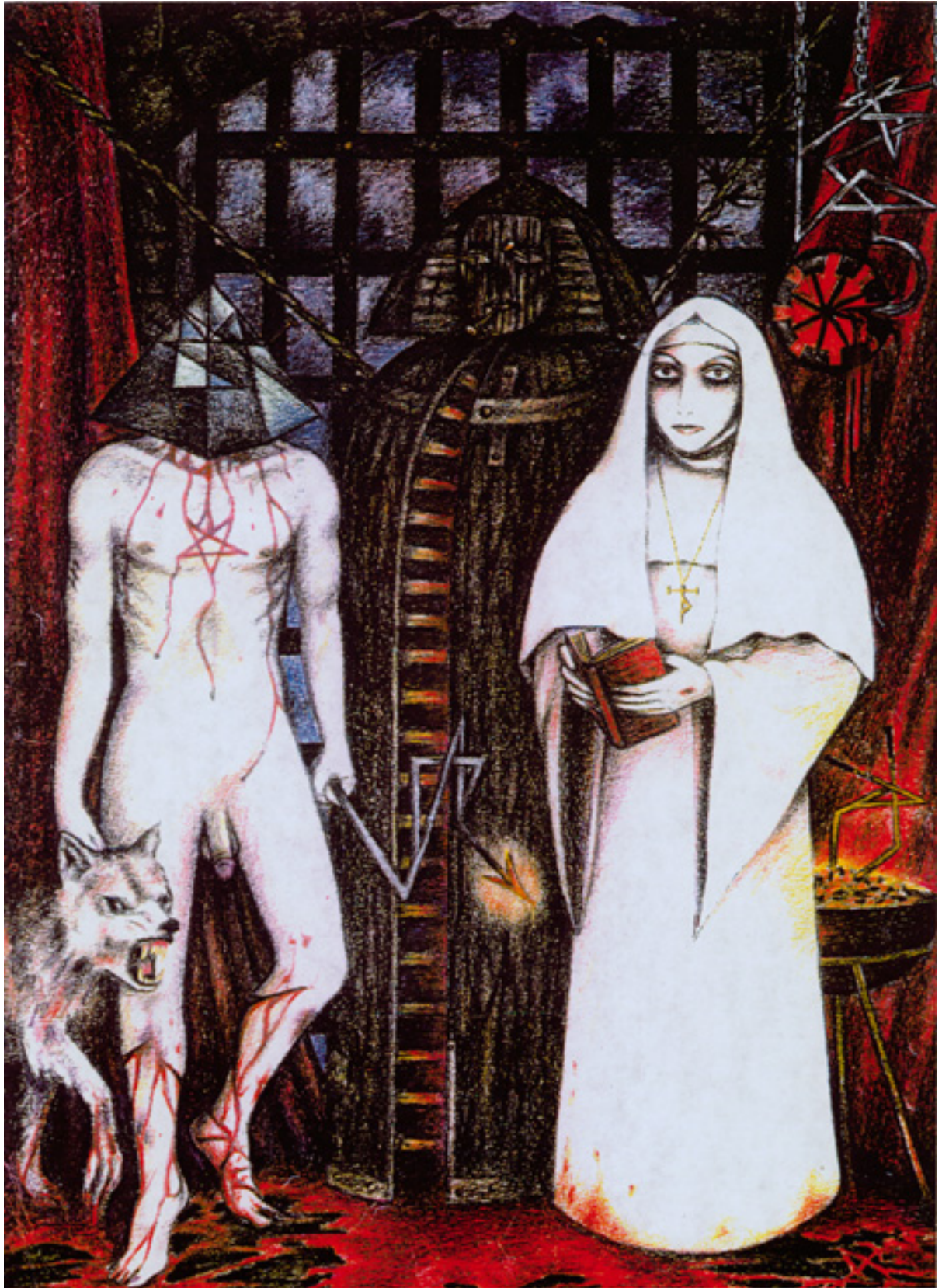






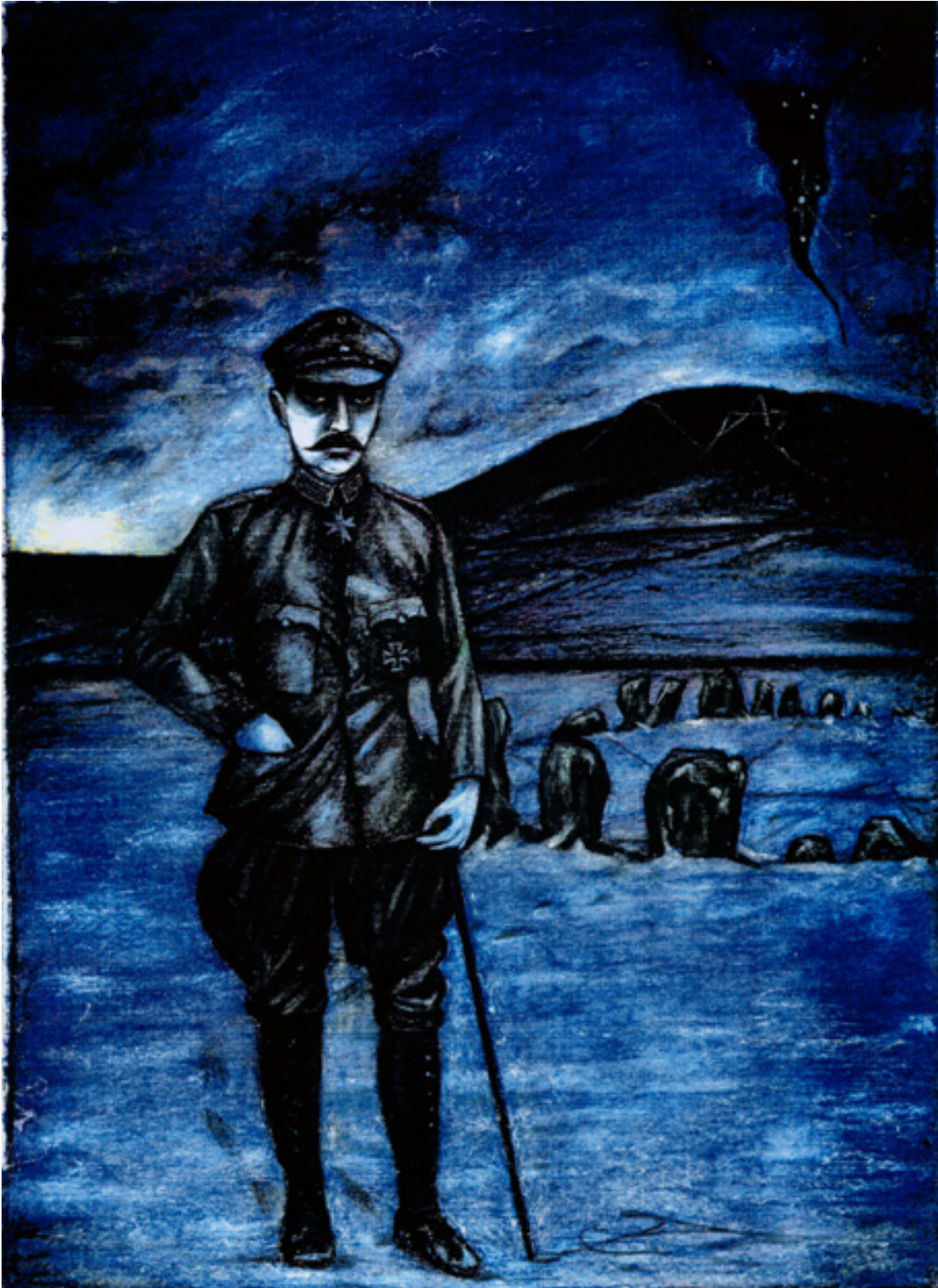






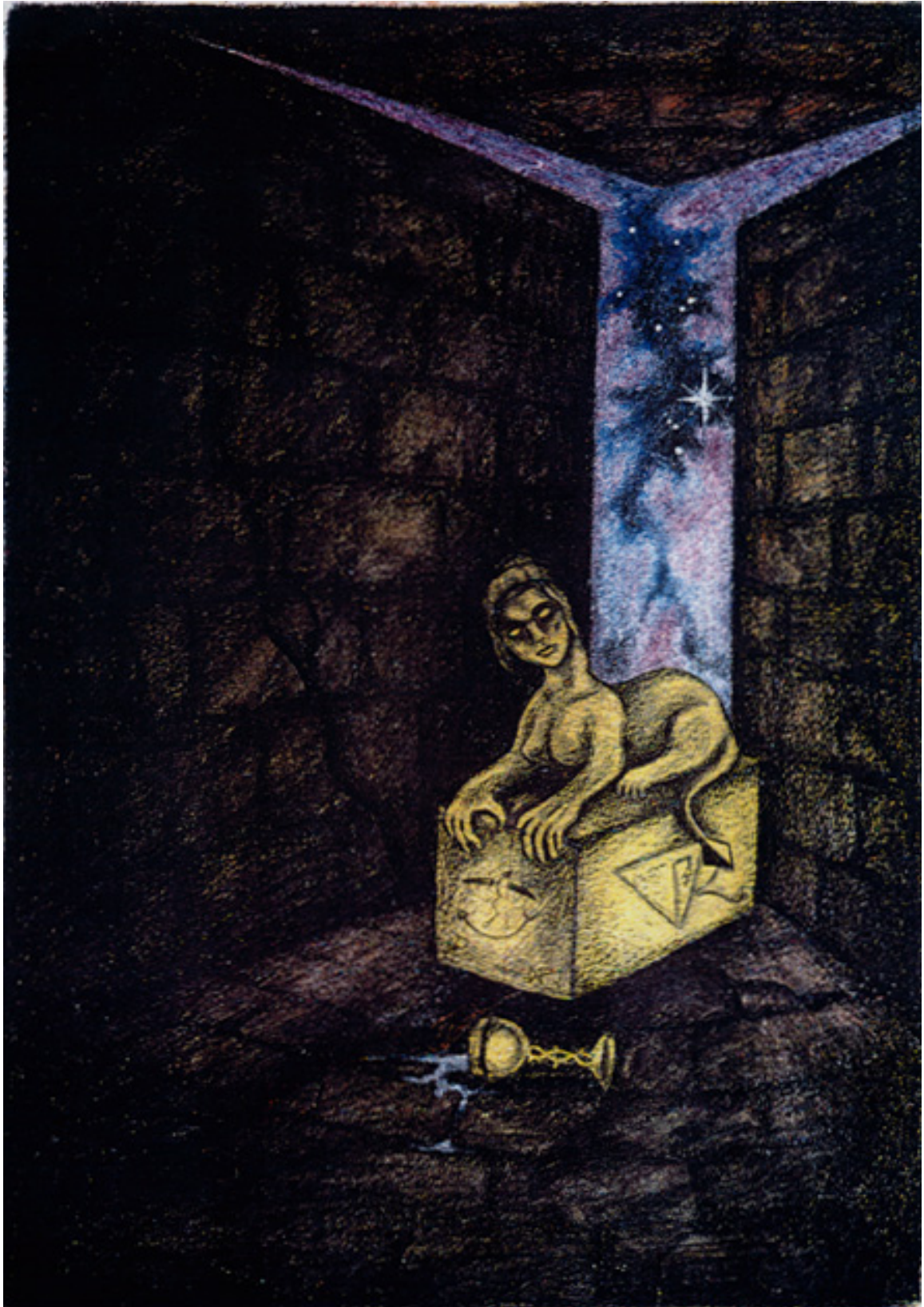


























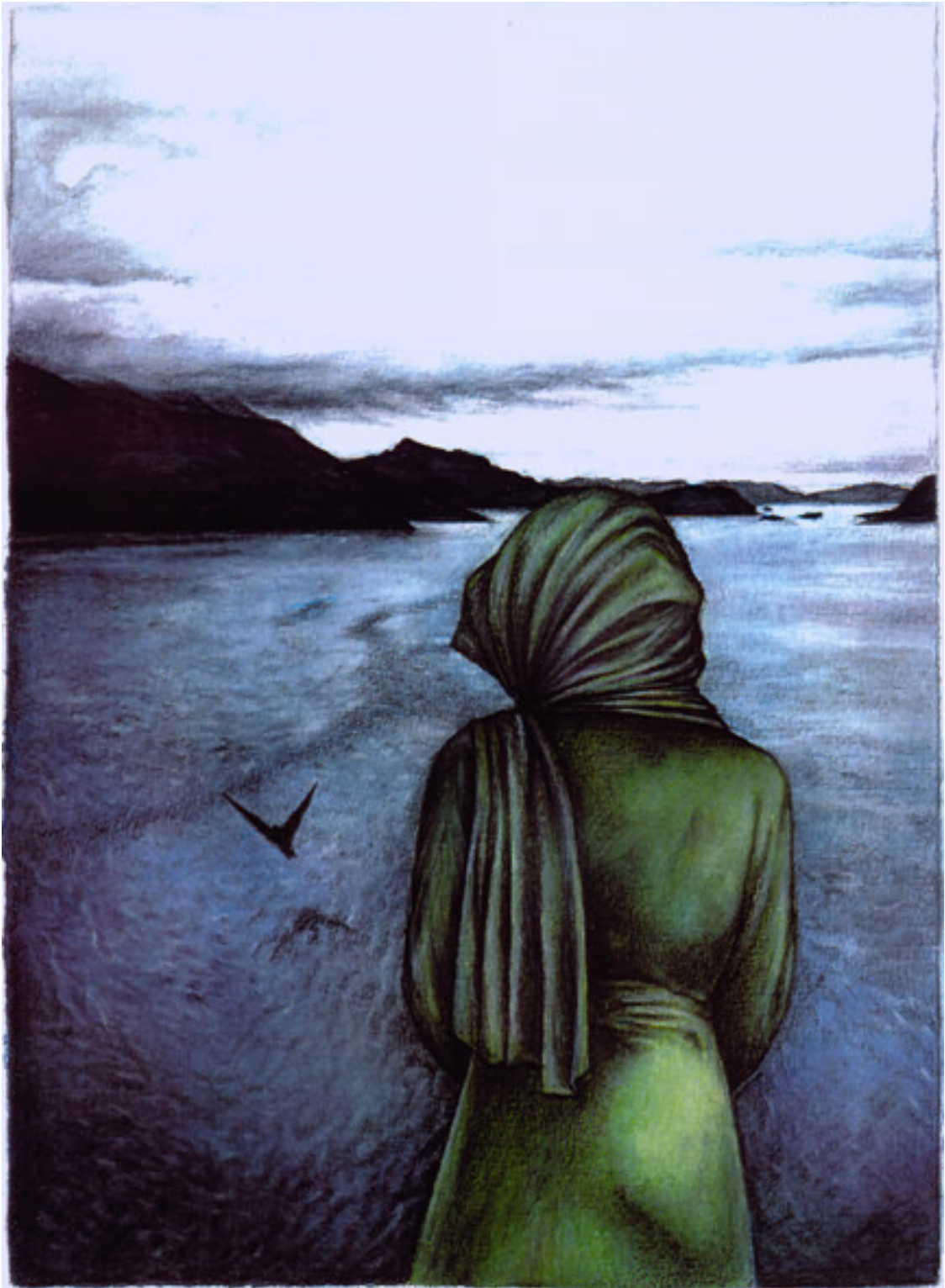


























A Brief Look At The Einstein Myth

Nearly everyone has heard of Albert Einstein - and his name is now regarded as synonymous with "genius". His theories of Relativity is supposed to have revolutionized Physics.

The Einstein story is largely a myth - created by the media, and it is about time it was destroyed.

Einstein in 1905 published a scientific paper which merely expanded in a minor way the work of others like Lorentz and Poincaré who had already put forward a 'principle of relativity' - and even the much vaunted "mass-energy equation" ($E=mc^2$) was not new, being a re-expression of the equation of Kinetic energy ($E=mv^2$). Where v is taken as c (the velocity of light) the $\frac{1}{2}$ becomes quantitatively irrelevant, such is the magnitude of c .

Over the subsequent years, this work of Einstein attracted what we now would call media attention and hype - and the myth was begun. Some years later, he published other papers, outlining a theory of General Relativity, and yet it was for his work on the photo-electric effect that he was awarded a Nobel Prize. The General Theory was apparently "confirmed" by observations of stars during a solar eclipse, and it seemed to explain something that, apparently, Newton's theory of Gravity could not - the perihelion of Mercury. Thus it was hailed as a great scientific achievement.

Two points, however, need to be made. First, the Newtonian theory could, if altered, give a satisfactory explanation for the Mercury problem - and other, simpler, explanations for the apparent bending of starlight near the Sun exist, explanations which do not need an extremely complex and abstract mathematical model. Second, it was assumed before the Einstein myth that theories should be as simple as possible and not only explain existing phenomena but also predict certain events. With the Einstein theory this was abandoned - and indeed it is right to peak of a 'revolution' in approach, from the experimental (an example would be Faraday) to the abstract, constructed in mathematical form. What is at issue here is not the use of mathematics, but the precedence given to theory and theorising over and above direct physical observation and experiment. Theory now comes before observation and dominates to the extent that "common sense" and empiricism are regarded as almost irrelevant: a "new Physics" has been created, beginning with Relativity and continuing with Quantum Mechanics and then Cosmology wherein paradox and abstraction are the norm, and where "Thought-experiments" and non-observable abstractions have precedence over direct measurement and rational understanding.

In essence, Physics has moved away from the practical and become speculative - experiments being regarded as only necessary to confirm some part of some abstract theory. This speculation is itself increasingly non-rational. For instance, billions are spent on high-energy particle physics with a view to confirming some obscure and fashionable theory, while the exploration of Space (based entirely on sound engineering and Newton's theory) struggles for funds - real discovery via direct observation (as happens in Space exploration) is less popular than obscure theories about the origin of the Universe. In respect of Relativity, few wish - or dare - to express dissent. It has become part of the scientific establishment, apparently "proved" for all time and thus somehow "sacred". The same applies to Quantum Mechanics - what few experimental results and observations are accounted for by this theory and approach to matter, can be accounted for in more ordinary and deterministic ways. But these other approaches are not only not popular, they are seldom if ever taught in Universities. Once again, there is a conformity of thought and approach - a certain attitude or approach to Physics. The result is and has been stagnation in genuine understanding and a plethora of fashionable ideas and theories - and an acceptance that some questions cannot be asked or, if asked, can never be answered (such as - if there was a 'Big Bang' where did the first particle of matter come from and what and how did the result of the explosion spread into what did not exist, ie. infinite Space).

One can go further and say that both Relativity and Quantum Mechanics represent abstraction and paradox taken to absurdities - and these fashionable theories need to be deposed and a return made to experimental observation and direct enquiry. In brief, another revolution must take place - to dethrone the "Einstein myth" and all that has followed from it. Instead of accepting these affronts to scientific thought students should question them - seek to undermine them. For the free enquiry that once and so briefly existed in institutions of learning no longer really exists - Einstein and others have become objects of an almost sacred (and sickly) reverence, and must be defied. There is really no other way forward - for those who believe in Science and exploration.

Ultima Thule 88

Aeonics and Heresy
Order of Nine Angles

The distortion of the Nazarene/Magian manifests itself on many levels - the religious, the political, the social and the psychic. This latter is most important, although it tends to be overlooked. The first three are essentially outward forms - that is, an individual belonging to the civilization of the West (and thus one whose psychic heritage* is the Western ethos) is conditioned

by these in terms of: education, the media, the Institutions and so on. There has grown up, over the last fifty years or so, a consensus of opinion about various matters, and this consensus straddles most political forms and all forms of education: every State within the societies of the West adheres to this consensus. There is appearance of dissent, but it is only appearance, dealing as it does with inessentials - like the particular type of government, the nature of the economy and so on. This consensus is essentially 'liberal', that is, based on a type of 'slave morality' (note; liberal here is not used as a directly political term, but as an expression of a way of living: a way deriving in essence from Nazarene ideas).

The fourth manifestation mentioned above - the psychic - is an expression of the fact that 'Nazarene/Magian' archetypal forms have to some extent replaced those natural ones growing from the energy of the Western Aeon. The result of this should be obvious. Whether this (and to some extent the distortion itself) is the result of deliberate magical act by 'adepts' of the Nazarene/Magian traditions is open to dispute, although some Adepts of the sinister tradition believe this to be so. (There is, however, no direct evidence for this.) Those Adepts believe that the followers of the Magian tradition wish to fulfill certain prophecies over two thousand years old and create a 'Messianic Kingdom' on Earth. To this end, they have fostered the spread of Nazarene slave-morality and those ideas deriving from Nazarene beliefs which are and have been so detrimental to the ethos of the West and thus its *wyrd*.

The distortion has changed the Western civilization significantly: from being a pioneering entity, imbued with elitist values and exalting the way of the warrior (and thus enshrining a 'master-morality') it has become essentially neurotic, inward-looking and obsessed (and obsessed partly with 'un-Western' archetypes). There has been, in short, no Promethean/Luciferian spirit.

Part of this change is due to the insulation that dogmatic ideas (such as the Nazarene faith and its political offshoots) create: the Western ethos is for experiencing, through the *élan* of discovery/exploration/conquest - creating thus a "Promethean**/pragmatic" view of the world, a philosophy of life which vitalizes. The Magian ethos (which gave birth to Nazarene beliefs and ideas) is for observance of faith and dogma - it is essentially a 'religious' attitude (and a commitment to a political dogma is also a religious attitude), a view of the world which is not productive of real experience: that is, it 'projects' abstract ideas onto reality rather than seeks to find the essence hidden by appearance. In practical terms, the distortion amounts to both a physical and a mental tyranny - those who oppose, openly, the ideas/dogma of the consensus are heretics, and in most Western countries they are not only not tolerated, but the full force of the 'law' is used against them. They, and other dissidents, are subject to 're-education' and the views they expound are regarded almost without exception as 'evil'.

The central core of the heresy is two-fold: first, equality; second, identification with specific Western archetypes and particularly that 'inspiration/energy/daemon' which propels fulfillment of Western *wyrd* (i.e. Imperium). It is the first of these which usually attracts most attention.

Essential to the Western ethos, and thus the fulfillment of its *wyrd*, is the belief in the superiority of its peoples and its civilization. This belief, held by the 'creative minority' of all civilizations regarding themselves and their own civilization an essential part of the mechanism of all civilizations, and it alone enables transmission of the *élan* of the civilization and thus the fulfillment of the magickal Aeon. It is a natural part of evolution, and failure to understand this means a mis-understanding of the mechanism by which acasual energy becomes a civilization: there is no 'morality' involved, no 'political view', merely an expression of the workings of the cosmos (particularly as relates to individuals not yet Adepts...), This view, so important to an understanding of the future (and thus to Aeonics magick and the futures such magick can create), is anathema today. The unnatural dogma of the Magian, presented in State/government forms, has made the reality of racial inequality a crime in law. Here, the abstract fulminations of the Nazarenes and their allies are at their most dangerous: they have distorted not only the ethos of the West but also reality itself to accord with their own cherished dogma. The result is inevitable: the dominance of Magian/Nazarene ideas, a dying Western civilization, and a severe downturn in those who can apprehend the essence and thus fulfill their own *wyrd*. (As mentioned elsewhere, the achievement of a Galactic Imperium - the outcome of a Western civilization following its own *élan*/archetypes - is regarded as a necessary precondition for the next Aeon: the 'New Aeon' of 'Occult mythology' when the 'passing of the Abyss' becomes possible on a large scale.)

Given this understanding, it is up to each and every Adept to decide what or what not to do regarding Aeonick magick. All such understanding does is open up possibilities for the future. There can be rites to aid the fulfillment of Western wyrd (e.g. 'heretical masses' where racial inequality is triumphed and Nazarene equality derided); rites to dismember the Nazarene images, replacing them with sinister but not directive ones (directive in the sense of Western wyrd); rites to create new archetypes entirely; rites to open another 'Gate', aiming to return the Dark Gods.....

* An individual, by being born within a civilization is psychically linked to the ethos of that civilization (and thus the natural archetypes) if that individual is descended from the folk who created that civilization and maintained it/expanded it. That is, aeonic archetypes are racially-bound (this derives from the origin of a civilization - how the elan is carried on through the centuries).

(See symbolism of Star Game for this and the metamorphosis. Also other MSS.)

** Here as elsewhere, Promethean is synonymous with Satanic/sinister.

Conquer, Destroy, Create
Order of Nine Angles

Most people are sick- in the head. Why? Because they lack the desire to translate into reality and because they lack the character to break the psychic chains of the modern world forged from ideas.

And I am not writing about mediocre vision, either - but about grandiose vision: vision which makes one aspire to greatness, to make real what others may sometimes dream about perhaps once in their puny, pathetic lives. I am writing about that inner vision which drives some individuals and which makes them great: makes them aspire to fulfill at least part of their god-like potential. That inner demon which compels, which makes one strive again and again and never admit defeat, even when faced with death. Conquerors have vision: so do Artists and Explorers and Warriors. Today, there is an excess of petty individuals trying to make real their petty and cowardly concerns; an excess of petty officials and petty rules and petty governments trying to restrain the individual spirit and psyche; an excess of petty ideas trying to level down all individuals to the lowest level and SO breed a plastic bastard race equal in all things who no longer aspire to real greatness.

What is needed are individuals who dream large - who strive to make those dreams real, regardless of the consequences. In short, a return of the conquering attitude. All that is great and worthwhile is built from the blueprint of inner vision, the greatest vision is conquest - of ourselves, of others, of what is still unknown. There are no limits unless we in weakness set our limits. We, today, need to rediscover the delight of discovery and conquest: of going where no one has been before, of being masters of our own Destiny by following our visions and instincts.

This is not easy. Let the weak, the scum, the majority huddle together in their quest for happiness and material well-being. Let them seek comfort in each other and ideas. Individuals are born from hardship - from the hardship of questing after a dream. Conquest and exploration bring a joy, and create a uniqueness, like no other - the joy and individuality of a god.

Seek to be like a god - that is the answer to the misery that is bred from morbid self-pity and smallness and a wallowing in abstract ideas - from the seeking after illusions like happiness and comfort and stupid ideas like 'freedom' and 'justice'. The only freedom is the freedom to dream and the freedom to make that dream real, just as the only justice is that which is within each individual: what they feel. Of course, the weak and the cowardly feel a different sense of justice than the strong - they call this 'law' and enshrine it within a church to their gods of 'democracy' and 'equality', whereas the strong call their justice vengeance and honour, words which the majority fear or do not understand.

So what dreams are, today, fit enough for those who aspire to be like gods? There are only two, as this century ends. And they are connected.

The first is to destroy those edifices which the cowards, the weak, the huddling majority have erected to defend themselves from the natural elite - those few who dare, who defy, who despise and are fearless and conquering in their defiance. To destroy those government forms, Institutions or whatever as a prelude to renewed creation: as prelude to the conquest of the supine masses and their world. To destroy all that has and does enervate - all that makes individuals slaves and seeks to stop their dreams. For the world and its peoples exist for the benefit of the natural elite - to be subjects, to aid them, to use the resources so that in time there is an evolution upwards, rather than downwards: an evolution toward still higher forms. But this has been and only can be achieved by the majority aspiring to emulate the deeds and daring of the few, of the natural elite - by the morality and vision of the few becoming the morality and vision of the many, not the other way round. This, naturally, means suffering - perhaps wars, perhaps great sorrows. But all that is great arises from suffering not softness. Once the vision of the few is defeated by the many, once their energies are redirected - once the dreaming stops and the aspiring ceases - then there is decline and sickness, of the spirit and the psyche. This can be put very simply: war and conquest and exploration are needed; when they stop, decay sets in, the scum come to the surface. Thus, goals of destruction, re-construction and creation must be set - and striven for. This requires a new breed, a new elite nurtured by naturalness and instinct and visions. An elite which others see, and are afraid of. Such an elite may not be political - but if it was, so what? So what if it became labeled as extreme, if the vision behind it became to be called by some name or other! Labels, names - and indeed analysis of the political, social and intellectual kind - are games played by the weak, the cowardly, the sick and the scum. What matters is action, the desire to achieve, to become again fierce, tough, forbidding and thus real individuals who have broken the psychic chains of the majority. What is

important is inner resolve.

These goals would naturally lead to that second dream, fit for a god: the exploration of Space - to break away from the smallness of this world and find new ones: to explore, to conquer, to challenge us to even greater heights of being, to reach the limits of our potential and thus become god-like in our unique individuality - a new species that spreads ever onwards and upwards, toward even more, for evolution is never done. The planets, the stars, the galaxies - with their visions, their richness, their splendours, await us: and it is up to us, each and every one of us, whether we reach them, We can begin that quest - or we can remain trapped in our own pettiness with our petty, pathetic concerns and outlook, on this small insignificant planet. Or we can take up the challenge of ourselves and our future and seek to be like gods, and thus fulfill the potential latent within us.

The first step is to change ourselves - within, where it matters, and become strong in spirit and psyche: a warrior in outlook and intent. The second is to spread that change outward - to others and external forms, destroying and then creating. The third is to strive further - toward the fulfillment of our inner vision, on this world and on others.

Those who choose not to act have condemned themselves as failures.

Anton Long, ONA.

Disturbing Notes

ONA

I Children

Every child should leave home at sixteen to learn about the world and themselves. Thus they would make their own mistakes and start to mature and become responsible for themselves. To protect them beyond this age is to make them soft - and in some cases to make them unable to face the often harsh world with confidence.

We are far too soft, these days. Children should be prepared for adult life (which really begins around the age of sixteen) by being taught practical things - how to survive, how to kill, how to skin an animal, how to rely on themselves. Our Schools stuff their heads with silly academic facts - most of which they do not need and the rest are rubbish - but no longer try to breed men and women. Well, so much for Schools - who needs them? Only Governments, to enforce their own view of the world and turn out people who can fulfill certain jobs and thus help the Government and its power-system survive. Parents should teach their children toughness, self-confidence and the other attributes our society seems to have forgotten or wishes to forget in its search for comfort and ease.

Too many ape the "role-models" of the consumer society: the celebrity, the business type, the academic. One reason for this is that we have lost, for the most part, the formative role of war. Yes - war. Everyone should experience a war - fight in one, survive one: or die in one. We do not have enough battles today - and what wars and battles we do have are not very good for two reasons. First, they are generally on behalf of some remote Government and thus not personal (although the lying Governments try to make them personal by propaganda - hence the Government are the 'good guys' and the other side 'the bad guys'), and second, they are just too technological: no hand-to-hand fighting, no place for small, independent units, just huge armies. Children need battles, need war - they weed out the weedy to start with! In war, children grow up - or they perish. No good wars (by which I mean proper battles) mean no good people - just a load of softies puffed up by bluster and arrogance; just children in adult bodies playing childish games.

II Prisons:

Prisons are barbaric. I should know, having spent some time in a few of them. They are barbaric because they confine and restrain - because this confinement tries to break you down and takes away two important things: self-respect and women (or men in a woman's prison). You are forced to obey, and even when taken outside (e.g. to a Court) you are manacled. So, you hide your respect away - where it distorts and becomes disrespect and hatred; or else, you are broken by the system and the regimee and become a kind of cipher. All prisons are really only the final instruments of State power - obey our laws or you will be imprisoned and we will break you, we will have your respect for our laws and Institutions and functionaries. They exist to make you obedient - or to try and do so, with consequences for "society" if and when you do finally get out: for you then more often than not want revenge.

Some laws are necessary - and their breaking should be punished. But prison is not the answer, except for a very small number (and that number is very, small - in Britain, say, sufficient only to fill one prison)like. e.g. multiple murderers.

Alternatives should exist - and I am not talking about soft options either. I mean convicted felons should be given a chance - to show if they have any positive qualities. If there was a war on (and there always should be, somewhere.) they could be given the chance to enlist and fight. If there was some remote place which needed workers for some construction project, they should be given the choice to go there. (This idea would be useful once colonies on the Moon and the planets become possible.) Or perhaps some challenge could be devised like the good one the Romans had; Gladatorial contests, the winner winning freedom. Faced with, say, a five year prison sentence and, say, spending six months working under hard conditions on somewhere like the Moon, I know which I would choose. Means could be found to make the options 'human' - to treat those who do choose an option like others are treated: I am not talking about 'Penal Battaltions' or cheap slave type labour, but of convicts working alongside others, given a chance. If they mess it up - they can go to a Penal institution.

We seem stuck in a rut as far a penal reform goes. No one dares to venture - or fight to form real alternatives. All there is today are the softie options created by intellectualised do-gooding types who because they themselves are soft want everyone and everything to be soft. They want to believe in silly ideas like everyone has some good in them, without realizing that 'good' often has to be created in people by force of circumstances, by life-or-death choices. In brief, a lot of people have to be civilised: they are not born so. Prison does not civilise - but meaningful options might. Bravery in war has been-

and should be again-one option, one civilising force.

What makes all this worse is that the world is becoming smaller, more institutional like, more conformist. There are fewer places to hide, to escape to, few outlaw lands or territories where you can be free - escape from the 'law' and its agencies. All this technology and all the huge and monstrous States and super-States (like the 'European Community', the USA or the USSR) make the possibility of escape, of refuge, even of exile - for those who want or need to escape - more and more difficult. I have a horrible suspicion this is meant to be so; that a vast, Earth-wide prison type society is being formed wherein the individual will be for all intents and purposes insignificant, and where State laws will be accepted and State penal institutions for those few yet to conform. That such a society would use notions like Justice, Freedom and Democracy (or rather would use these words as a hypnotist uses words or a propagandist slogans) for what is basically a dreadful tyranny makes it all the more terrible. As does the reality that most do not seem to care.

Freedom - The Illusion

A great deal has been written and said recently concerning the demise of Communism and Marxism - particularly in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. Such views stem from a mis-understanding of the nature of Communism and Marxism.

What has changed and what will probably change still further are the external forms assumed by those doctrines as well as the names applied to describe them. What has not changed is the essence of the doctrines themselves. Under different forms and names, far from suffering a demise they have in fact undergone a resurgence and are set to be triumphant in not only 'the West' but also world-wide. To understand and appreciate this, it is necessary to consider what Marxism, for instance, really means. It is essentially a striving for a certain type of society - a classless and egalitarian one. There are and have been differing views about how this may be achieved: about what forms (like governments) can be used to achieve it and about the nature of the struggle necessary (revolutionary warfare or otherwise). Further, there are various ideas about what type of economy is necessary to achieve such a society and maintain it once it is achieved. All these differences are really irrelevant - they are means, tactics, only. Understood thus, Soviet society, for instance, of the past seventy years, was a means: and one that to a considerable extent was found not to be very successful. There is still a desire, among ordinary peoples as among the 'rulers', to create a better society - to strive toward goals which embody the essence of Marxism although not that descriptive name. The goals now are described by terms such as 'socialism' and 'democracy'. In short, the ideal of a form of government/type of State and society which will change people and the world for the better, give them a better way of life, still exists - this change being toward a more equal society.

In the 'West' and throughout the world, this ideal also exists - and nearly all governments and political parties are committed to it, although quite often the terms used are slightly different, 'democracy' and 'consumerism' (and sometimes 'capitalism') being used instead. What is important is that the striving is the same - adherence to an ideal is the same, and that in all important respects this ideal, despite the different terms used, is the same as that of Marxism. Words like 'democracy' and 'freedom' have become power or 'totem' words possessed of an almost religious fervour and describing an almost religious commitment to the ideals and principles which those words are supposed to represent. Furthermore, these words have become entwined with governmental forms and types of State: that is, to be 'free' and 'democratic' is to live within a society which has a 'free' and 'democratic' form of government - i.e. elections of the parliamentary type. The size and extent of such a State is considered irrelevant, as is its ethnic and cultural mix. What is important is 'one person, one (free) vote'.

The striving of the 'democratic' countries is toward more 'democracy' and more equality - toward a better society. It is this striving for an ideal, and the fact that the ideal is seen in terms of 'society' and its power-forms like governments, as well as in the aim of equality and 'commonality' that the essential similarity between Marxism and 'democracy' exists.

To make this even clearer, 'democracy' as an ideal and as a means will be considered. A democratic society is in theory a 'free' society: one that respects the rights of the individual. In the democratic societies of the West, for instance, this is true - in some ways: i.e. providing one does not uphold a view contrary to the 'accepted'. Those who do - and who agitate against the State - are subject to severe penalties: loss of liberty, discrimination, intimidation and so on. What, then, is this 'accepted'? It is fundamentally a belief in the doctrines of equality and multi-culturalism - allied to the 'one person, one vote' idea and the acceptance that society is governed by what amounts to professional politicians whose qualifications for office always include being 'respectable' and conforming to a certain weakness of character. The troublesome minority in these societies who do not uphold these views have laws passed against them - laws which not only prevent free expression on certain matters (such as race) but which also preserve the 'status quo', making it difficult for real revolutionaries to gather mass support and thus challenge for power (one thinks of 'Public Order' acts here, which forbid protecting one's meetings and demonstrations from the violence of one's opponents). In brief, those who uphold these ideas of equality, 'democracy' and so on, have a stranglehold on power - and these ideas are remorselessly taught by the State: the people are 'educated' into them, from birth onwards. The 'freedom' of such a society means the freedom to believe these ideas, and these only: there is no real dissent. A classic case concerns certain facts of history - it is illegal in some of these 'free' States (and heretical in all of them) to dispute the fact that millions of Jews were exterminated during the Second World War. A heretic who gives voice to doubts about the 'official' version of events is imprisoned, fined, subject to physical attack - and

deprived of their employment if they happen to work for a government body or in any official capacity. In short, there is no real freedom at all - only a self-perpetuating system of servitude to a set of ideas, those ideas having little to do, despite their names, with real democracy and real freedom. These ideas are essentially Marxist in reality, although they are variously described as socialist, liberal, egalitarian and democratic.

What, then, is real democracy? First, democracy is not a particular type of government nor a system of voting: it is an outward expression of freedom among a community who share the same culture and thus aspirations (or instinctive view of the world or 'sense of Destiny'). One of the distinguishing features is smallness - it means personal knowledge of others. Another, is that it truly embodies the 'will' or spirit of the community. That is, democracy is only really democracy when it is tribal or communal (e.g. like an Anglo-Saxon moot) - when it is local. Beyond this, it becomes something else entirely - a kind of oligarchy. In all modern States, the 'democratic' system is impersonal and abstract, dealing in the main with abstract and irrelevant issues - in a genuine democracy, a Representative of the people would know most of those people personally: their concerns, their lives and so on. Modern 'democracy' de-humanizes the individual as well as dealing in political abstractions that are imposed on the people. Further, and perhaps most importantly, the people or folk whose views and aspirations are given free expression must be homogenous - that is, possess a common root and thus heritage. This means that basically most of them will possess the same instincts, nurture the same ideals and hopes - the same 'ethos', that which lies in their blood. When this is not so, there is no real democracy, since, fundamentally, democracy implies this realness, this dealing with what is embodied in the term 'ethos', this concern for the fundamental (one might almost say spiritual) concerns of living over and above the purely material and the purely abstract.

Expressed another way, genuine democracy is living - an expression of a people's "soul" whereas sham democracy (the kind evident today) deals with abstractions and is dead, intellectual, dry, arid. And it can only be living when the people or folk are a genuine community - that is, linked by ties of blood, by race. Material goods are not the essence of freedom - fulfilling the potential of one's self (and thus fulfilling the potential of the folk itself) is. Democracy, of the genuine sort, is a means enabling this. Anything else is a negation of that potential - a potential which arises because the individual is not an isolated entity, but a part of the folk: part of the past which made that individual possible and part of the future.

We, as individuals, are only fully human when we realize and understand and accept how we, as individuals, relate to what is past and what can arise in the future - when we are aware of our place in the 'scheme of things'. Or, expressed another way, how we relate to Nature and what is beyond Nature (the gods). This knowledge gives perspective and meaning to our lives, and it is such knowledge - an expression of the fact that we are thinking beings - that is the essence of our humanity. For being human does not mean adhering to a certain set of values or acting in certain moral ways. It means an understanding (if only intuitively) of what life really means, of what is really important.

In the most obvious sense, this 'relating' is to our immediate family - our kin. For most, what is really important is family, particularly our children. They are our seed, and the seed to plant future generations, just as we are the plants grown from the seed of our ancestors. Thus, we are not isolated, but part of an evolution - a connection between the past and the future, part of the potential of that future. We become fully human, as against selfish, when we appreciate this and aid the fulfillment of that potential. We have not been born by chance, in isolation - but embody the hopes and aspirations of our ancestors and the heritage they represented and by their very existence preserved. Furthermore, we and our own descendants - or our deeds, or both - extend that heritage, taking evolution toward higher realms, thus fulfilling the purpose of life.

The family may be said to be one of the first and important adaptations of human evolution. Its extension, the folk community, bound by ties of blood, tradition, a common heritage and history, was the next stage in establishing our human nature. All life strives not only to propagate itself but also to perfect itself by adaptation and expansion - that is, it propagates not only onwards, but upwards, toward higher forms. The folk community, as a successful adaptation, succeeded in this because the individuals within it accepted it (again, often only instinctively) as a natural expression of and extension to, their own lives - as something necessary, which ensured their future. This adaptation - which gave rise to a higher form of living, a culture as against barbarism - was held together by an awareness, a spirit, a sense of purpose and belonging. Gradually, this became more conscious, was made more aware - spirit is fundamentally opposed to both selfish, and material and abstract concerns: it imbues the individual with a sense of purpose, with a realization of their place in the

scheme of things. It is a 'thinking with the blood' as opposed to arid, intellectualized speculation - it relates to what is real, to life itself, and not to abstract constructs. It is also a recognition of balance - of how the individual fits into not only the past and future, but also into those forces (call them Nature or the gods) which act upon and indeed create all life.

There is lack of balance, and thus a disruption of the sense of belonging and purpose, when the community or folk is not homogenous. The individual then feels increasingly 'lost', directionless, adrift. That vitality and joy which is a natural adjunct to thinking with the blood and living as part of a vital and expanding community, is lost. In short, the true or real meaning of life, and thus of freedom, has been lost - replaced by either selfish aspirations, or material concerns. These material concerns are often abstract - egalitarian or liberal. That is, they concern themselves not with reality and the processes of Nature, but with abstractions which are unreal - a general leveling-down, rather than a propagating upwards.

Real freedom means a participation in evolution - a fulfillment of potential, of one's own life as well as that of one's ancestors and one's own descendants. It requires genuine democracy - the fulfillment of the spirit or ethos of a community which is bound by ties of blood (and whose members thus share the same aspirations). This means a certain way of living - in accord with the ethos of that folk, a participation in evolution through an extension of that community, the propagation of the individuals within it, their heritage and culture, and the creation of higher forms founded on those individuals and their culture.

Modern 'freedom' and modern 'democracy' are illusions - they are lifeless forms, abstract in nature, which de-personalize. They represent the arrogant presumption of an arid intellectualism which believes that abstractions are more important than reality - they, and all such effront to Nature and the gods. They possess no realness, but are hollow constructs made from dreams. All life is subject to Nature, to the realness of the gods - those who believe that we humans are somehow immune are immature at best, and at worst vainly arrogant. To strive for an abstract ideal, as all proponents of false democracy and false freedom do, is to strive against Nature and the balance which the gods represent. Such a striving, as the Greek Tragedians so well understood, is ill-fated and doomed.

This striving is increasing, aided by the lack of understanding of what real freedom and real democracy mean. There is an increase in delusion, as there is an increase in the tyranny of abstract ideas. Real freedom and real democracy mean a revolution in our ways of thinking and our modern ways of politics - a turning away from abstractions toward the realness of the folk a return to 'thinking with the blood'. What is required is a turning toward that realness of Nature and the gods which the folk community expresses - and this is a turning toward what is important about life itself. There will then be a continuation of the process of our evolution rather than the denial of such evolution that abstraction and the striving for unreal dreams represent.

This revolution is National-Socialism, for National-Socialism is this balance, this concern for the realness of life, expressing as it does essence of real freedom and real democracy, little though this be understood in these times of tyranny. But the propaganda and the lies of these tyrants cannot destroy National-Socialism, for there will always be those who know and understand what it really means and signifies, as against what most have been led to believe it means and signifies. Of all ways, only National-Socialism represents genuine freedom and genuine democracy - spirit, a thinking with the blood, an evolution toward higher forms.

Order of Nine Angles

Heretical Notes
Order of Nine Angles

The following notes briefly outline some present-day heretical ideas - they challenge the accepted orthodoxy that the majority accept without question.

Human Evolution:

The orthodoxy is that all present day races evolved from a common ancestor in Africa. The reality is that evolution occurred in several places at different times - that is the leap from Australopithecus (and other variants) to Homo occurred in different places at different times, leading to the various human species manifest in different races. This was the now heretical view of anthropologist Charles S. Coon. On this view, the 'Homo' branch that led to the present European races, was the first to evolve into 'Sapiens' - perhaps as much as 100,000 years before that branch which became the present day African races.

Black Holes:

A modern theoretical idea which has assumed a reality in the minds of not only the majority, but also most scientists. Until proven by direct observation, such ideas are speculative and rather like the medieval debates about how many angels can sit on a pinhead. The mentality behind such ideas is the same. The orthodoxy of cosmology is to endlessly speculate with few, if any facts or observations. Fantasy has taken over from experiment in this science as in many others.

Cosmology, and modern Physics, need to return to direct experimentation - and for an understanding of the Universe this means Space Travel. More was learnt from the few photographs of the Voyager probes than from centuries of Earth-based observation and centuries of speculation.

Iraq:

A rather more topical heresy. The orthodoxy regards Iraq and particularly its present leader as appalling. It is heresy to suggest that Saddam is actually a good leader. He is detested in 'the West' because he has stood up to those bully-boy tactics of America (do this - or else we will go to war/impose sanctions) and because he makes no secret of his dislike of Israel (without American financial and military support/loans, Israel would wither and die). He has also exposed - for those who can think for themselves - the United Nations for what it is: a puppet of the United States, implementing the American new world order. Hence the campaigns against him in the Western media.

The White Race:

Is the White Race doomed? It certainly seems so. But if it is losing the battle for world survival, whose fault is it? If it is losing, then it must as a whole be weak. Does it deserve to survive? In life, there are winners and losers. Nature is ruthless - the predators win. The White Race is being preyed upon at this moment in its evolution - by other races. It has lost its racial instincts for survival. No one is to blame for this state of affairs but the White race - it has allowed itself to become weak.



Introduction.

The aim of 'Nexion' is to present, without mystification, an essential aspect of Sinister strategy, and one which all genuine Initiates are pledged to fulfill: the aiding of National-Socialism and its associated forms. National-Socialism is presented here within the context of 'Occultism' (specifically Satanism) and is thus explicated in its esoteric sense - as a form which can achieve something beyond itself. Because of this, the MSS contained herein, all written by, and hitherto secretly circulated among members of the Satanic Order of Nine Angles, require an 'Aeonic awareness' for their full appreciation; that is, the understanding of the essence of all forms behind their appearance. Such an awareness, expressed both intellectually and practically, aids the establishment of the next Aeon, thus fulfilling the Destiny of the Western Civilization. Seen within a conventional context, the material herein is genuinely heretical - and possession/distribution of it is illegal in many countries.

Gaudete hodie scietis qui a veni et Vindex...

Coire Riabhaich, ONA.

Nexion:
A Guide to Sinister Strategy
Prologue

There was a period, perhaps a million years, when she had been bored. It was no longer so, for she had spent the years of her childhood lingering in a corner of a galaxy watching the evolution of life. It was fascinating, this watching and, devoid of time and material substance, she drifted as pure but young consciousness around her chosen planet training herself to comprehend the subtle changes that evolving life assumed. There was no feeling in her because of this because for her no feeling was possible - the strange beings evolved from the dark waters by the transformations of time were a curiosity to till her idle million years.

But, as a child, boredom came to her and she began, tentatively at first, to take form among her chosen beings. She became the wonder of a man staring at the Brilliant shimmering stars bursting through the dome of night, the hand that moved its finger upon wet clay drying in the dry heat of the sun, the slow, dim thought that brought through the agency of a man burning fire from within the dryness of dark wood.

She became a woman suckling her child, bringing strange sounds to the woman's mouth because she became perplexed by the sensations that flooded her consciousness through the senses of the body. There was awe in the others around because of this and she stayed within the body while worship grew and the sensations became understood.

She became the wind that bore a ship across a sea, a storm that wrecked another ship and the saviour of its crew. But she sensed with her developing senses other entities around her chosen world, changing the feelings and thoughts of her beings, turning them away in a manner she did not understand, from their dawning awareness of her essence expressed by their awe.

Across the centuries she sought an answer. She learnt, slowly like the child she still was, the possibilities that the feelings of her chosen beings represented: she experienced the ecstasy of a woman, the savage passion of a killing man, the grief, sadness, pain and joy of the small tribe whose evolution she had followed. These experiences of feeling changed her bringing a confusion to her consciousness.

Perplexed, she ventured among the other dimensions entwined within the cosmic structure of her world. But other entities lurked among the labyrinths of such spaces and she retreated to the loneliness of her own dimensions to watch a young man intoxicated by music rush along the lee of a city's hill.

There was within this man a vision that drew him irresistibly toward the dimensions of her own consciousness and brought her a strange feeling. She watched the young man clasp the hands of his bewildered friend and tell of the Destiny that, one day, he would fulfill - and his eyes gleamed with a frightening passion that told of gods, of men striving against the gravity of lire's decline and of the stars that, one day, might be reached, His being seemed to take form in defiance even of his own kind, reaching ever nearer to her and for the first time in her existence her confusion of developing feeling, of sensual experience, coalesced into one moment of awareness that in intensity overwhelmed her consciousness.

But this feeling of love did not last, and this loss changed her. Slowly, and deliberately, she cut the ties that bound her as a child to others of her kind. None of them would know what she was about to do while, on her chosen planet, Adolf Hitler walked slowly with his friend down from the hill.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Satanism and Race
ONA, 1991eh.

The purpose of this MS is to explain traditional Satanism in relation to "race" since it is an unfortunate fact that most non-Initiates of this particular Left Hand Path reveal a total lack of understanding of the topic, and see the use of a particular tactic by traditional Satanists as a part of the Satanist 'world-view'. The fundamental strategic (or 'long-term') aim of Satanism is to elevate the consciousness of all individuals [Regardless of race] to at least what is now described by 'Adept consciousness': i.e. to liberate the individual, internally and externally, and so create a new type of human being - someone who has achieved the next stage of our evolutionary development. The way of traditional Satanism - its rituals, techniques, ordeals and methods - is a means to enable the development of this liberation within the individual. However, this way requires commitment and a self-effort over many years. Further, traditional Satanists do not believe that the way itself can be made any easier - that is, there are no 'short-cuts' to achieving real Adeptship and beyond. It is not a question of someone accepting a dogma, of being 'converted' to a religion, or of simply performing magickal rites. It is a complete change of one's way of living, a total rejection of the many presently existing structures and forms which stifle our potential and which hold individuals in thrall, often unconsciously. In brief, Satanism is revolutionary.

Because of this, the achievement of the ultimate Satanic goal or aim will take a long time - many centuries, if not millennia. Satanists are both pragmatic and rational: they have studied the processes of evolutionary change as these relate to individuals and have devised means to aid the achievement of the ultimate goal. They know the realities which pertain, and their assessments of means or tactics are practical. They eschew the mystifications of most of those Involved in Occultism just as they are not dreamy idealists who trust in some 'ineffable' law or supra-personal entity/Being to do their work for them. They are practical, calculating and if necessary ruthless.

The reality is that Aeonic energies - i.e. that 'force' which creates an evolutionary development of consciousness - are presented, on Earth, via a specific aeonic civilization. That is, that such evolutionary change is achieved by means of such a civilization. At any one Aeonic period (which lasts from between one to two millennia) only one such civilization exists and is creating large-scale evolutionary change. When that civilization declines (when the Aeonic energies of the particular Aeon are waning) there is presented another type of Aeonic energy, which thereafter gives rise to another aeonic civilization, and thus further changes.

Presently, the civilization is the 'Western' or Faustian one, and this civilization, like all aeonic civilizations, should end in Imperium. This Imperium is part of the evolutionary process of change. Such change occurs mostly by the majority within that civilization being motivated (unconsciously) by the ethos or Destiny of that civilization - i.e. they create change without being consciously aware of what they are doing. A few individuals know what is actually occurring - i.e. they have an understanding and insight greater than the majority. These few are the genuine Initiates of esoteric traditions. This knowledge gives them a certain power - for they can use it to produce changes according to their desires/aims. In effect, they are the secret guardians of evolutionary change.

Hitherto, aeonic change has been natural - a process of organic growth. With each aeonic civilization, there has been a slow evolutionary change toward greater consciousness and thus individual growth. But this change is very slow, and only a minority have achieved any real progress in terms of achieving the potential inherent in us all as a species.

Genuine esoteric traditions are a means of making this change more widely available, of *consciously* altering, speeding-up, the natural process of evolution. This process of change, is not, however, linear it is often of the "two steps forward, one (sometimes two) steps back". And, furthermore, it is finely balanced-it can easily turn into a regression.

Satanism understands the archetypal symbol of 'Satan' as the archetype for positive evolutionary change. However, the present aeonic civilization, the Faustian or Promethean one (or, esoterically, the Satanic one) has suffered a distortion of its ethos or Destiny. In the simple sense, the civilization has become ill and a consequence of this is that its Imperium is unlikely - that is, the evolutionary change which that Imperium would have provoked is unlikely to occur. One of the most significant changes caused by the Imperium would have been the colonization of outer Space and thus the creation of entirely new societal structures.

The sickness of the civilization may be described, in simple terms, as a return to a restrictive dogmatic view of the world - and one which has undermined the Destiny of the civilization. One facet of this dogma is the Nazarene religion and those social and political forms which derive from it. Again expressed simply, this sickness undermines the vitality of the peoples of the civilization - turns them away from external achievements of an Imperium type, such as exploration and conquest of new environments, and instead towards themselves. The outer world is forsaken for the problems of the inner. Traditional Satanism regards the achievement of a Promethean Imperium as a step toward achieving the ultimate Satanic goal. After that Imperium, not one but many other civilizations would have arisen due to the expansion beyond the confines of the Earth. The ultimate goal would have perhaps been realizable within a millennia.

To achieve Imperium, there has to be within the majority of the peoples of the civilization, a sense of Destiny - they are vitalized by that Destiny. At this stage of our evolutionary development, the majority are still in thrall to archetypal forms - they are still motivated unconsciously, still not totally aware. That is, they are still not whole, unique, individuals. They are part of the wyrd of the Aeon and thus the Destiny of the civilization. This is the reality. Imperium cannot be created by words - by rationally convincing others; by simply believing in it. It is created by numinous action among the majority - by that majority being led by a charismatic minority, and in by individuals of charisma who believe they have a Destiny. In effect, these charismatic individuals embody the Destiny of the civilization itself. They embody the unconscious hopes and aspirations of the majority.

At this stage of evolutionary development, this Destiny must and can only be *in its origins* a racial one: derived from a sense of superiority, an *instinct*. It cannot be derived from abstract ideas - they are dead, and while they may sway a few, they can never persuade the majority and enable that majority to excel and so create something far beyond themselves.

This is the practical Satanic assessment. To create Imperium - which of necessity means countering the sickness of the civilization - it is necessary to give practical form to certain powerful instincts. It means using the peoples of the civilization as instruments for Aeonic change. It means returning them to what would have been the natural outcome of the civilization had not the majority of them fallen prey to the sickness. In brief, it means a resurgence of a sense of racial superiority within Europeans - and the creation of societies which embody this belief. It means racial separation in order to give a sense of Destiny and thus vitalize the majority.

This, however, is a tactic from the Satanic point of view - a means to achieve Satanic goals, via the Faustian/Western/Promethean/Satanic civilization. At this moment in time, only this civilization with its technology, is capable of achieving the goal of colonization of outer Space - this technology has to be vitalized by a sense of exploration among the majority.

Thus, Satanism, as part of its sinister strategy, may encourage those forms/beliefs/groups and so on which express this type of Imperium. For instance, present-day 'extreme Right Wing movements'. In this, Satanists are being sinister - they are not expressing or supporting such views, as 'racism' for instance, because they believe them, but because they know those views may or will aid their Satanic goals, in particular by countering the Nazarene sickness of spirit.

Thus, one thrust of Satanic action, in the real world that is, of what Satanic Initiates do to presence the dark forces - at this present time is to aid the creation of such an Imperium and create world-wide conditions which would enable its aims to be fulfilled (e.g. in terms of strategic alliances with other countries not part of the Imperium).

This Imperium, however, will not be a purely aggressive one which seeks the destruction of other, non-European, races. Rather, it would seek - once its own structures were secure to encourage other races to exist and flourish within their own nations, and then ultimately, a Federation of such nations (all of whom respected each other) to enhance the goal of Space exploration. That is, the world would be re-organized on the basis of strong, independent racial States - there might, for instance, be the creation of a Black America, occupying part of what is now the USA. This re-organization is based on the realities which exist in the world now. It is a solution to the problems which if they are not solved in this way will ultimately lead to a severe evolutionary down-turn.

Hence, another thrust of Satanic action, in the real world at this present time is to aid the creation of such States based on race - eg. they may be support for 'Black Muslims' who desire a separate nation in the USA and elsewhere.

This outline of global Satanic strategy is of necessity brief and somewhat oversimplified. But it should enable the tactics that are sometimes used to be understood in context. Of necessity, these tactics are

sinister - they may provoke or cause strife; possibly violence; perhaps death; sometimes 'law-breaking'. Often, the tactics are revolutionary. But they are all means, to achieve Satanic goals, and Satanists using them - or influencing others to use them - know what they are doing. They understand the strategy, the ultimate goal, and by so acting in the real world they are being Satanic.

Genuine Satanism means this change in the real world; it means Satanists actually acting to achieve things. Perhaps getting blood on their hands either directly or indirectly. Pseudo-Satanism means fantasy: role-playing; taking up 'ethical' positions one actually believes in. Genuine Satanists are a-moral.

Satanism accepts the reality as it is - and then uses that reality to re-structure it, to change it, in accord with its sinister aim. The reality of race, of instinct, is as it is - it can be *used* to achieve things. Others impose projections onto the world - they wish and need to believe that things are other than they are: that individuals are other than they are. They are hopelessly idealistic, unbloodied by the realities of the world. In short, they do not understand *power*. Satanists, on the contrary, know how it really is in the real world.

Thus, racism - whether White, Black or whatever - is a means, a tactic used by Satanists to achieve first a European Imperium and then what is beyond that Imperium - a Federation of strong, independent countries whose goal is to continue the Space colonization that the Imperium began. Thereafter, there is a new Aeon, in reality, and a multitude of new aeonic civilizations - and thus the achievement of the ultimate Satanic goal. Of course, all this means struggle, conflict, wars, deaths, upheavals, over decades and centuries. That is, the presencing of the dark forces to achieve something evolutionary.

The reality behind these tactics is Aeonics - which is a means of rationally understanding the seemingly complex processes of change from Aeons to civilizations to societies and thus to individuals. Aeonics is an esoteric knowledge, and one which is increasing as new insights are gained.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Satanism - Or Living On The Edge

ONA, 1991eh

Genuine Satanists are at the sharp end: they act. They strive for and implement their personal Destiny and they work for the fulfillment of sinister strategy. That is, by their lives, by their ways of living, they actively aid the creative forces of Darkness. Or, expressed another way, they do the work of the Prince of Darkness.

In contrast, the dabblers, the pseuds, keep themselves secure in their imaginary and fantasy 'Satanic' worlds - with correspondence, meetings, conclaves, discussions; with performing and writing/reading about worthless Occult rites; with their babbling about their pseudo-mystical fantasies.

A Satanist will be living Satanically - and will therefore be dangerous, in the real world. They will do Satanic deeds rather than just talk or write about them. He or she will be, for instance, disrupting society in a practical way, or working to actively create a new, revolutionary society which is more Satanic. They might be real heretics - fighting against the State either politically or via armed warfare if that State (as most Western ones do) upholds the Nazarene sickness of spirit (evident in modern political ideas like 'liberalism' and 'humanism' and 'equality': the triumph of the worthless at the expense of the noble). Or perhaps they will be aiding the collapse of such a State, and fostering a reaction, by morally undermining it, for example by dealing in drugs or pornography. Or maybe they will be teachers in influential positions, subverting others in secret towards Satanism or those transient forms Satanism often assumes to gain control and influence. Or they might be actively culling the worthless, the scum - by being a vigilante, or a zealous, honourable Police Officer ...

Whatever, they will have a direction, a purpose, an intent which goes beyond the edification of their own ego. They will be working to achieve something great by virtue of which they can excel in their own lives and thus really live to the full. They will be developing and using their potential, their skills - and thus exulting in life, in overcoming challenges. They will be contributing toward their own evolution and that of existence itself because they are harnessing in a practical way the darker forces.

This direction, purpose and intent is Satanic strategy, or Aeonics. A rational and thus conscious understanding of those forces which shape and change evolution and the forms assumed by sentient life from individuals to societies to civilizations and Aeons.

It is this sinister or Satanic strategy which makes genuine Satanism what it is, and it is knowledge and understanding of this strategy which marks the genuine Satanic Initiate from the imitation.

A Satanist not only acts in a certain way - achieving things in real life - but they **know what they are doing**; they possess **perspective**. An Initiated knowledge. This 'knowledge' is not primarily of the pseudo-mystical kind, to do with rituals or other Occult workings/techniques. Rather, it is primarily concerned with how and why certain things are as they are, and how those things can be altered or changed. In essence, it is about how cosmic forces interact with and change/evolve life - about the mechanisms by which Aeons, civilizations, societies and ultimately individuals grow, are or can be influenced and changed.

In the past few decades, many professedly Satanic organizations have arisen, and some have propounded various aspects of the genuine Satanic world-view. But almost without exception they have shown themselves to be lacking in real esoteric knowledge - i.e. Aeonics. Quite often, someone from one of these organizations will 'sound-off' and reveal their ignorance, particularly concerning the actions of real Satanists in the real world. For instance, it has become fashionable in these pseudo-Satanic circles to castigate individual Satanists, or a Satanic group, if that individual or group becomes involved in Politics - particularly if those Politics are on what is often termed the 'extreme Right'. What the ignorant writers and/or speakers in question have not understood, is that such political action is chosen Satanically - to achieve things, both for the individual(s) concerned and for Satanism in general. That is, those who are so involved are so because they are consciously and with ruthless determination aiding the sinister dialectic: i.e. Satanic strategy. They are living on the edge - causing and aiding change/disruption in real life.

The ignorance of the pseudo-Satanists is revealed in another area - ethics. There is not and cannot be any such thing as Satanic ethics. What there are, are means to achieve Satanic goals and the means are a matter for the individual Satanist striving to achieve those goals. That is, it is for each and every Satanist to decide, for themselves, what is or is not acceptable. This is so because Satanism, in essence, is

individual - it is not nor can ever be, religious in any way. Those who believe Satanism is or should be religious, do not understand Satanism at all.

As I have written and said many times, Satanism is an individualized defiance and affirmation: one of the fundamental aims of Satanism is to produce or develop proud, strong, unique, individuals of character who possess 'spirit' or 'elan', and who possess insight and genuine esoteric knowledge. The aim is not to develop subservient, obedient, sycophants who cannot think for themselves. Satanism aims to develop the instinct and judgment of each person - and Satanists are critical, aware and capable of assessing things and situations for themselves. Or rather, they will be, after appropriate training/guidance. I make no apology for repeating yet again the statement that the religious attitude is anathema to Satanism: Satanism is a rebellion against the religious, dogmatic, instinct. Satanism shuns obedience to a self-appointed authority; it despises the very idea of a religious 'mandate' and it does not idolize anything - not even the individual Satanists of distinction. Satanism is at the very edge, the frontier, of conscious understanding and knowledge and Satanists are the ones who try and often succeed in extending that frontier - in bringing more of the cosmos into conscious awareness and thus **control**. They dare, defy, are heretical, possess the courage to dream and make their dreams of Destiny real. Because they know themselves, others and the esoteric workings of existence, they are in control, masters. They effect change. And they acquire all these things because they possess perspective, a perspective whose foundation is Aeonics.

What, then, is Aeonics? It is an esoteric understanding, and an understanding which in these times of overt and covert Nazarene domination is heretical. It is a knowledge of the processes by which Aeons arise, change and are replaced by another Aeon, and how the creative energies of a particular Aeon are made manifest via a civilization and thus the societies within that civilization and the individuals within those societies. It is also a knowledge of how all these various **forms** (or causal structures) can be changed - by esoteric or magickal means, and by more practical means.

On the purely individual level, Aeonics shows and describes how the psyche/consciousness of the individual is influenced, both directly and unconsciously, and how that individual can be changed or controlled. One form of such change is esoteric development - i.e. the techniques and so on, magickal and otherwise, by which the individual can achieve Adeptship and beyond. One form of such control is via archetypal images.

In simple terms, an Aeon is an expression of evolutionary change. In esoteric terms, it expresses how the acausal intrudes upon, and thus changes, the causal. For convenience, the causal may be described, here, as the 'everyday' world - the world of linear time (past, present, future) and three spatial dimensions (height, breadth, width); the world wherein we live out our lives. The acausal may be described, again simply and for convenience here, as the creative energy that drives evolution - i.e. Satan.

A civilization - or more accurately, an Aeonian civilization - is how Aeonian energy, or the acausal, is ordered in the causal - i.e. an Aeonian civilization is how change is produced in the causal. Within each such civilization there are societies, and within each society, individuals. All civilizations, Aeons and individuals are examples of organisms - they are born, change and they die (in the causal, at least). These varying organisms are born, change and end in certain ways, and these processes can be studied and thus understood. This understanding gives the means of control.

Aeonian civilizations are regarded as being tied to, or part of, a particular Aeon, and each Aeon represents a change in our evolutionary development. Thus, each Aeonian civilization represents a significant step in that development: the invention, discovery of significant things, and the development of a greater understanding - of ourselves and the cosmos.

The first Aeon is called the Primal and is dated from around 9,000 to 7,000 BP [where 'BP' represents Before the Present: i.e. c.1990 eh]. Each Aeon, for classification, has a name and is associated with a specific geographical area, a symbol and a 'magickal working' - or how the acausal energy was perceived/understood then. All Aeons, except the Primal one, are linked to a named civilization. Further, each Aeonian civilization possesses an ethos or sense of Destiny. Aeons and their associated civilizations are listed below.

Of course, there are other civilizations - but Aeonian ones are the most significant ones because they produce significant evolutionary change by virtue of being a nexion, or nexus, for acausal energy - i.e. one may consider them, in magickal terms, as giving form directly via their structures and peoples, to acausal energy. Other civilizations are linked to or derive from, these Aeonian civilizations and while they may have in some way contributed to some evolutionary change (e.g. in terms of invention/discovery) that contribution is much less than for Aeonian civilizations.

Aeon:	Magickal Working:	Aeonic Civilization:	Aeonic Dates:
Primal	Shamanism	N/A	9,000 - 7,000 BP
Hyperborean	Henges	Albion	7,000 - 5,500 BP
Sumerian	Trance; Sacrifice	Sumerian/Egyptiac	5,000 - 3,500 BP
Hellenic	Oracle; Dance	Hellenic	3,000 - 1,500 BP
Western	Ritual	Western	1,000 BP - 500 AP

It should be obvious that the esoteric 'symbol' of the Western Aeon is "Satan" - i.e. Nazarene religion/ethics/forms area distortion of the Western Aeon. The exoteric expression of the Western civilization is Science & Technology: the desire to rationally discover and to exercise control over the environment via technology.

All Aeonic civilizations end in Empire, and this Empire or Imperium lasts for around 390 years. The ethos of an Aeonic civilization is mostly manifest to (non-Initiate) consciousness via archetypes and a Destiny. These archetypes and this Destiny are different for each Aeonic civilization. The Destiny is of ten enshrined in a literary/poetic/saga-like form, and this form, for nearly all such civilizations is of the 'hero-motif' type: the successful response of a hero or heroes to a challenge or series of challenges. For instance, the Hellenic form was Homer's Iliad and Virgil's Aeneid.

The present Western civilization is at the stage where it should be entering its Imperium (c. 1995-2385 eh). However, the natural archetypes of the Western civilization have been mostly transplanted by alien Nazarene ones - and its sense of Destiny almost lost due to Nazarene ethics and social forms.

As each Aeonic civilization enters its Imperium, the energies of the next Aeon are or can become manifest, via a nexion or 'Gate' (or "sacred site") which channels acausal energy into causal forms. The next Aeonic civilization follows after three to four centuries - i.e. it takes that length of time for the Aeonic energies to effect large-scale changes in the acausal. Or rather, it has, until now.

This brief and simplified description of Aeonics allows sinister strategy to be understood. Aeonics describes what has and is occurring in those forces that do mould and have moulded individuals still in thrall - i.e. non-Initiates. The knowledge gained brings a genuine understanding, a perspective. It enables effective sinister magick - it enables the Satanist to act, in the real world, and produce effective changes. To really live - to play at being god: i.e. to be like Satan.

It is a fact that most magickal acts are useless - they achieve nothing, except perhaps self-delusion. (Some may achieve a few, external, results edifying to the ego.) And they are useless because few really understand what they are doing. They evoke long dead 'magickal' forms from past Aeonic civilizations - or rather try to; they prattle about with archetypal energies they do not understand. They confuse the forms and try to use some from one Aeon and some from another. Or they try and create their own. Or they are fundamentally so esoterically ignorant that they are infused with pseudo-mystical garbage and fanciful 'aeons' and extra-terrestrial beings and/or diabolic entities from obscure and worthless mythologies.

The Satanist, having access to the real esoteric tradition, can work both personally and Aeonically. Personally, it means working with the energies/magickal forms of the present Aeon as those energies/forms are. It means eschewing the distortion which has so affected the Aeon and its civilization. One aspect of this distortion is the 'Qabala'. Thus, any "Satanist" who uses any of the forms or symbols or whatever of or deriving from this Qabala is aiding the distortion and thus in effect undermining Satanic energies/values. That most "Satanists" cannot see this, just shows their lack of real esoteric understanding - i.e. their lack of a genuine Satanic Initiation.

One magickal form of the genuine Western tradition, is the septenary. Another is the understanding as 'Baphomet' as one name of the dark goddess - the Bride, Lover of Satan. Yet another is the knowledge of the real origins of both the word and the form of 'Satan' - from the Hellenic, to which the Western Aeonic civilization was loosely affiliated in its origins and growth, and from which certain esoteric traditions survived. [The derivation of the word 'Satan' is from the Greek

Error! Filename not specified. meaning 'accusation'. It became the Hebrew Satan, whence also (Sh)aitian.]

On the Aeonic level, the esoteric knowledge of Aeonics means the Satanist can judge what to do, and act both in the magickal and the practical sense.

Aeonics shows that there has been and is a distortion in the Western energies, and that, given no distortion, the Destiny of the Western civilization was Empire - i.e. the triumph of 'Satanic' values on a

world-wide basis for the benefit of an elite within the Western civilization. Aeonics also shows that it is possible at this moment in time to create a nexion and thus draw forth the energies of the next Aeon – to effectively create the next Aeonian civilization.

Thus, effective courses of action are: (a) aiding the creation of an Imperium; (b) countering the distortion in order to introduce new forms/energies; (c) opening a nexion and thus aiding/creating a new Aeon, consciously. [Heretofore, most Aeons have not been created via magickal intent because the knowledge to do so was lacking.].

All of the above mean changing evolution - societies and individuals - on a significant scale. (a) involves disrupting present societies magickally and practically and aiding Imperium-like forces; (b) involves countering the Nazarene forms and those allied to it, and creating new forms and presenting them via individuals/groups/society etc. All involve aiding Satanic forces - e.g. spreading Satanic ideas esoterically and exoterically; aiming to become/guiding others to become Adepts of Satanic traditions. All involve action in the world.

There is much more to Aeonics, and esoteric tradition, than this. But sufficient has been described for the real essence of Satanic living to be understood.

A Satanist has a desire to excel - to effect changes; to be significant. They are not content to just live, to just survive. The perspective of Aeonics provides an intent, a purpose, by which they can achieve not only self-excellence but also change existence - fulfill or aid the sinister dialectic. They can help to build an Imperium, where Satanic values can be realized and where combat, war, conquest and exploration can make strong and extend the frontiers, take evolution to its limits. They can ruthlessly undermine and destroy and so aid a change. They can work works of genuine sinister magick and so influence others, create new structures and archetypal forms, and kill and then dismember the corpse of the Nazarene, exultant, as they revel in their mastery... They can, in brief, fulfill a real Destiny.

Meanwhile, the pseudo-Satanists can continue playing their pathetic games and fawning on one another, achieving nothing in the long-term and probably nothing in the short-term either. They can continue imbibing the drug of delusion, and so waste their life.

Everyone has a choice - only the gifted choose wisely.

- *Order of Nine Angles* -

The Homocentric Syndrome
- And Its Cure
Anton Long, ONA.

It is obvious to anyone of any sagacity (and that, today, means a very few) that a disease has come upon what is often called 'Western civilization' just as it is becoming obvious that the term 'Western civilization' should no longer be applied to that higher civilization born in the Dark Ages and which is said to be possessed of a 'Faustian spirit' or "soul".

The term 'West' has become identified with the materialist 'culture' spawned in the last century or so and which has possessed Europe, America and the other outposts of what once were European colonies. Part of this 'culture' is adherence to what is called 'democracy' and profession of what are essentially 'liberal and humanitarian' sentiments. The 'West' is no longer understood by the majority of Europeans or those of European descent as the 'civilization' that gave rise to Copernicus, Beethoven, Robert Falcon Scott, Werner von Braun - or to the conquest of the world by Europeans for their own benefit, or to the exploration of Space. Rather, it is understood as the provider of a comfortable and material life-style, and the adoption of certain political forms and ideology. In the same way, the term 'Western' has become a derogatory one in a number of non-European countries and refers to the consumer-industrial-military system exemplified by present day America. For these reasons, it has now become necessary to make a distinction between the 'Faustian civilization' and what is known today as 'the West' - for the two are not the same.

Indeed, the West of today is sick and ailing, having fallen victim to the homocentric syndrome. This is both a pattern of recognizable behaviour, and a group of symptoms. The behaviour is evident in most specimens of 'Western man' and 'Western women' - a certain weakness of spirit, a desire (sometimes grasping) for security, peace, harmony and material possessions, and a liberal attitude to living and others. The best specimen of these behavioural trends is 'the politician', and some of the worst excesses are evident wherever 'Western tourists' are gathered to pursue their pleasures in other peoples countries. The disease symptoms include enslavement to a certain set of ideas and an almost pathological hatred of anyone who expresses pride in the racial achievements of Europeans or in actually being proud of being European in race (an associated symptom being encouragement of racial pride among all non-Europeans).

This syndrome is called 'homocentric' because it has a common centre - a common area from which the afflictions derive. Whether this centre is somewhere in the 'real' world (for example, a certain distinctive people who now have their own country) or whether it is seen as metaphorically existing as a common root which has grown many branches, is immaterial to an appreciation of its consequences (the common root being the doctrine of the Nazarene). These consequences include the material desire mentioned above, an 'inward-turning' morbidity and the making of certain types of person: the undisciplined, selfish misfit, the zealot (political, religious and social) often consumed by a desire for abstract goals like 'Justice', 'Freedom' and 'Equality', and the intellectual. The former is not especially 'Western' - but has proliferated in the countries of the 'West' due in part to the existence of the other two types: he or she being either the cowardly type who congregates in groups and is essentially characterless or the emotionally crippled individual who indulges themselves (criminally or whatever) undercover of that anonymity which Western cities and life in general makes possible.

The syndrome has produced the present rotten state of the 'West' where dishonourable scum breed and are bred in profusion and where 'Faustian' values are ignored and what is 'anti-Faustian' championed - where the majority are so enslaved mentally that for most purposes they cannot really be called 'Faustians' or even 'Europeans' since by their ways of living, activities and subservience to all that is anti-Faustian and anti the preservation of the racial identity of Europeans, they contribute to and encourage the decline.

What, then, can be done? There are really only three possibilities. The first is to try and win over to Faustian ways by means such as direct and indirect political action a majority in one or more European country or countries (or in those countries deriving from European civilization - such as America or Australia) and thus establish a pro-Faustian State. The second is to gradually establish the basis for future control by means such as social, 'philosophical' and 'religious' agitation (ie., by spreading Faustian ideas and ways of living via such external forms). The third is to accept the decline and await the downfall of the 'West' - preparing to start again with the creation of a new civilization some time in

the future, and actively helping to hasten that decline: creating an elite (physically, mentally and psychically) to become the rulers when decline becomes chaos and only the strong will win. All these options could succeed, as will be explained. But first it is necessary to outline in general terms what will occur. Those few who understand the nature of the Faustian civilization will understand also that - left to itself - it would have ended in Imperium and that this Empire, because of the nature of the Faustian spirit (exemplified by science and technology), would have taken us beyond this Earth to colonize the planets of this and other star-systems. This Empire would have lasted about 390 years and then, like all Empires, would have fallen - and a new civilization would have been born. However, because of the 'Galactic' nature of the Imperium, this would be very different from what had gone before and would have been less of a conventional 'fall' than the germination of many and diverse seeds planted on various other worlds: the beginning of a whole new chapter of evolution.

However, the Faustian civilization became diseased - suffering a 'distortion' of its spirit or ethos. The result will be the triumph of what it is convenient to describe as the 'Magian' - the use of Faustian technology, inventiveness and peoples to bring about a "Messianic" dream with the subsequent decline into chaos and a new 'Dark Age' where tyranny exists in an overt way, as it does today in a covert way regarding Faustian ideals and certain facts of history which are suppressed and certain views and ways of living made illegal and criminal. [Those who understand will know what is meant here.]

Despite the decline, it is still possible, using political means, to create a Faustian Empire. This requires a 'Caesar-type' individual who, using personal charisma and political skill, brings a Faustian-inspired political movement to political victory in a particular country. This option, however, while possible, is not likely - it requires the appearance of an individual who embodies the true Destiny of the Faustian civilization, and there are no indications that such a person exists at this moment in our history. What seems more possible is that such an individual may arise in those times to come (and which are quite near) when the infrastructures of the 'West' begin to collapse under the weight of the decay which their own policies have created and before the 'Magian' tyranny becomes established overtly. [The 'time-window' here is of the order of a decade - 'seize the chance!' will then be a necessary slogan for those involved in direct action.]

The second option is basically infiltration of existing structures by a concerted campaign - and the spread of Faustian ideals by whatever means are useful and necessary, all with the intention of creating in the not too distant future a basically Faustian power structure. This requires two things: a commitment (of the revolutionary type) and the formation of dedicated groups whose activists seek similar goals in short, a type of political or 'religious' faith aiming to undermine society and create new structures. Such a faith will not just 'arise' - it has to be created, probably by a charismatic individual or individuals who have a sense of Destiny and who feel compelled to re-structure society in favour of Faustian ideals. To achieve anything, such a 'faith' would have to be basically racial - ie. dedicated to the welfare, rights and aspirations of those of European descent (ie. Aryans), for only such sentiments express or can express in a practical way the essence of the Faustian ethos. Given this expression, and given the dynamism which a religious form possesses by its very nature, success could be achieved within the space of several decades.

The third option is rejection of practical attempts at reform or change - for at least many decades - and, instead, the creation of a small elite who distance themselves from 'society' by creating a way of living which is authentically Faustian and which poses no direct threat to the infrastructures which are or will become anti-Faustian. Such a way would keep alive the traditions and aspirations of Faustian culture and civilization and would enable a new civilization to emerge after the fall of the present one.

It should be obvious that all three options are required to cure the sickness - that all should be striven for by those who understand, if only in an instinctive way, the decline that has come upon us. There should be interchange and interaction between the three: a developing dynamic or imperative which possesses its own momentum and once begun cannot be stopped. Further, each option is suitable for a certain type of individual - and thus the three utilize the potential that is present within our peoples. They also explicate in a practical way that threefold character which our former religions and ways of living have always recognized: the warrior type (here battling for political power), the cultivator/yeoman/settler type (here creating a community living in an authentic Faustian way) and the priest/shaman type (here agitating for a religious Faustian form).

This three-fold attack cannot fail to succeed.

The Nazarene/Magian Ethos

The distortion imposed upon the Western aeon (and thus its associated civilization) is described as fundamentally Nazarene - this itself having its origin in the 'Magian' world-view. The Nazarene is only one outward manifestation of this view.

Recent manifestations of the same ethos include: the dogma of racial equality; the idea of 'democracy' and 'humanism'. Other related manifestations include political forms and ideas like communism (equality and Nazarene 'democracy' taken to extremes) and capitalism (subservience to dogma of profit and its associated ideas). In contrast, the Western ethos is Promethean (exoteric) or Satanic (esoteric) - self-overcoming, conquest, exploration and a pagan ecstasy in living. As with all civilizations, the ethos moulds the creative minority who provide the creative impetus (both 'artistically'/technologically etc. and in terms of outward expansion) which undermines all creative growth - a civilization being the outward organic expression of the presencing of acausal energy (manifest via a nexion) in the causal (the 'world'), this organic growth being for convenience divided into four 'seasons' (Spring, Summer etc.) or nine parts, these re-presenting how the original acausal, aeonic, energy grows then decays in causal time. The creative minority translate this energy into practical results/forms/effects: and in general the 'masses' follow the leads given by this minority: in war, exploration, Art, politics, religion, social organization and so on. Mostly, the creative minority are unaware (not conscious of) the magickal form of the aeonic energy which (via archetypes etc.) motivates them to action/creativity, although some may have intuitive glimpses.

The ethos of a civilization is usually expressed in a sense of Destiny - a 'mission' which the founders of that civilization feel. This sense of Destiny may itself become enshrined in myths and legends and epic literature. (Examples: For the early Hellenic: Homer; for the Imperial stage of the Hellenic: Virgil's Aeneid; for the Japanese: Shinto; for the Imperial stage of that civilization: Bushido.) There is a corresponding belief in the superiority of the peoples of the civilization and their way of living - others are barbarians, infidels and so on. Without these beliefs in Destiny and superiority there is no forward momentum: no expansion of the civilization. All Art (literature, music etc.) follows the blood of conquest: it derives its original power and greatness from this momentum.

The distortion of the Nazarene has shifted the West away from its sense of Destiny and its sense of superiority, and this had led to a loss of the acausal energy manifesting itself externally (to accomplish via such manifestations the wyrd of the Aeon). Instead, there has been an 'inward turning morbidity' and well as the use of that energy to further Nazarene type goals.

Generally, manipulation of individuals in the West occurs on a large scale (a manipulation in favour of the Nazarene/ Magian ethos) - mostly by making those individuals subservient to Nazarene dogma/ethics/ideas mentally. (Note: whether this manipulation is consciously done - eg. by Magian 'adepts' or whether it arises as a consequence (unconscious) of the distortion of the energy/creation of Nazarene type energy by 'believers' is an interesting question which each sinister Adept must find his/her own answer to.)

This mental/psychic subserviance should be obvious to all Initiates - for example, there is, both politically and socially, in all the countries of the West a consensus of opinion regarding racial matters - and in most countries this has assumed the rule of law. Thus, the dogma of racial equality is accepted by governments of all 'political' persuasions and to openly question it or its effects is generally seen as 'racial hatred' - an 'offense' punishable by imprisonment. Mostly, opposition to this dogma is regarded simply as 'evil'. The same applies to the sham of 'democracy'. The masses are and have been subjected to many and various propaganda campaigns regarding, for instance, the 'evils of racism' - hardly a week passes without some documentary, some film, some book, some article (and now, in schools, classroom studies) designed to expose the evils of racism. The more astute will realize that it is almost always 'white racism' which is evil - other types are hardly ever mentioned. The same applies to war and conquest - these are in themselves evil, but of course may be allowed if by war Nazarene ideas can be made to triumph. Thus the espousal and acceptance of 'peace' as a goal - when any healthy civilization sees war, conquest and Empire as not only goals but also necessities. And all in the service of the Destiny of that civilization.

Basically, the Destiny of the West was and is Imperium: the final stage of which would be conquest of the Solar System and Space. However, the distortion has made this unlikely, due to the sapping of Western spirit/elan by Nazarene poison. It is highly likely that fulfillment of Western Destiny would

imply the acceptance, by the peoples of the West, of the superiority of themselves and their civilization over other 'barbarians': and this because such beliefs supply the impetus necessary to conquest and Empire. These beliefs are now mostly unacceptable to the majority, so removed have the masses become from their basic instincts.

There is another and vital element in this manipulation of the Western psyche by Nazarene/Magian forces - and this is the guilt induced among the war-loving peoples of Northern Europe about a certain event alleged to have taken place during the Second World War. Seen in esoteric terms, National-Socialist Germany was a practical expression of Satanic spirit: led by someone who was able (either intuitively or via guidance) to utilize acausal energy and 'earth' it to achieve political goals. Viewed in terms of raw acausal energy, NS Germany was a burst of Luciferian light - of zest and power - in an otherwise Nazarene, pacified and boring world. This State was thus a direct threat to Nazarene power/dogma/ideas. In the war that was fought, NS Germany was naturally regarded as 'evil' and had to be totally destroyed. Further, it was quite possible that, had NS Germany won, a Western Imperium would have become a reality.

Further, the very idea of National-Socialism was an affront to Nazarene domination and had to be destroyed - uprooted from the psyche of the West. In order to do this, a new myth was invented, and this myth with its associated guilt-complex made the resurgence of that idea unlikely. This myth was the 'holocaust'. (Note: Discussion of this myth - and the fact that scientifically the events described therein are impossible - is interesting but outside the scope of this study.) What applies in the West regarding racism applies even more so to this myth - to disbelieve this myth is actual heresy: a heresy actually punishable in many Western States by imprisonment. There is not in any Western State any discussion of this myth: it is not tolerated, and anyone who 'blasphemes' is subject to physical and mental harassment ('re-educated') and overt physical terror. All of these things are naturally justified in terms of 'humanity', 'peace' and so on.

An understanding of this myth is necessary for an understanding of the present position of the Western Aeon and its civilization, as well as offering up possibilities regarding the use of acausal energy to bring about changes within the present Aeon and/or create a new aeon.

Quite simply, the vast majority have been and are being manipulated by forces (in terms of ideas/dogmas/archetypes) of which they are unaware, and it is necessary for Initiates of the sinister traditions to be aware of how, and why, this is occurring. This awareness is totally a-political (a-moral) and such a perspective must be achieved if aeonic energies are going to be used and controlled by Initiates. Of necessity, this awareness (as explained here) is secret (under present 'political' conditions at least) because (a) it is easily mis-understood by non-Initiates (and indeed some Initiates) as forming a 'political stance' or view, and (b) revealing this understanding renders those involved to harassment and 'public'/media scrutiny and by association 'dis-credits' the essence of the sinister tradition (as a way to enlightenment).**

It is important to understand that such political beliefs - eg. racism, NS - which might do and sometimes in the past have expressed aspects of Western destiny, are, from a magickal esoteric point of view merely means: ie. vehicles or forms to achieve specific magickal goals. Their objective truth and their morality is irrelevant - and this applies equally to the future use of such outward forms, should such use be considered a useful means of channeling acausal energy to achieve a specified goal.

All practical forms - of whatever political hue or social orientation - are chosen and used on the basis of practicality and temporal suitability. In the case of NS, this political form was considered by some LHP Adepts to be an ideal vehicle for achieving goals broadly in line with Western wyrd. These Adepts considered the achievement of Western wyrd (manifest on the practical level as Imperium) a necessary prelude to the practical realization of the 'New Age' with all that this New Age implies in terms of genuine individual freedom and enlightenment. They considered the conquest of Space by the Imperium would give rise, after the fall of the Imperium

(about 450 years after its beginning) to divergent forms in the new colonies, such forms being the basis for the New Aeon: and eventually the emergence of adept-like understanding on a societal level.

Thus it can be seen that one 'archetype' which expresses aeonic magick is the Master or Mistress unemotionally assessing Aeonic energy and trends and then rationally making a choice of means to achieve a particular aeonic-type goal. This choice involves planning, on the basis of understanding current aeonic energies/forms/distortions and assessing how the practical means chosen can be energized with magickal energy as well as how those means can be 'archetypally embodied' to assist psychic change among the masses. The choice of goal, and means to achieve it, lies entirely with

the Master or Mistress.

ONA – Temple of Chaos

** Seen in its proper context, all this (the forms of the distortion in the present century; use of a political form for sinister ends) is really only an obscure footnote in Aeonic history.

The Way of the West

Ultima Thule 88

Civilization requires an ideal of beauty and an ideal of Destiny - but above all it requires confidence. All successful civilizations possess an energy of directed will and when that will is no more - exhausted or squandered through material concerns - then the civilization declines towards its end.

The confidence and will of a civilization is usually expressed by the expansion of the civilization and derives from a belief in the natural superiority of the folk communities responsible for the creation of the civilization. Today, the civilization of the West is losing its will as its peoples are losing their sense of superiority. There is no longer in the societies of the west a direction of military expansion and conquest, despite the fact that our civilization should be at its conquering peak. There exists no one imperial goal consistent with the spirit of our civilization, and the majority of the peoples of the West have no notion of the Destiny of our civilization and no belief in the ethos which created and maintained the civilization. Essentially, the origins of our civilization lie in the 'Dark Ages' and the early spirit may be said to be represented by the Norsemen - a conquering energy tinged with a sometimes tragic acceptance of 'wyrd' or Destiny.

The ethos of the West is a fusion of two elements: the restless, pioneering energy of the Norsemen and the practical inventive genius of Germanic and Anglo-Saxon tribes. It was this which gave rise to those attributes which are fundamental to the West and which distinguish the West: science (and the technology deriving from it) and exploration. This 'Faustian' ethos the desire to know and the desire to conquer - is contradictory to the religion that befell the folk communities of the West and which through its superstition and manic zeal held the Western spirit in thrall for many centuries.

Today - partly as a result of this religion - the West has become soft and decadent in spirit. Every society in the West is unhealthy. Health, for a civilization, is an attitude of mind: it is a desire to conquer. It rewards the able and daring - and such a civilization possesses a noble ideal to which its citizens may aspire. It values honesty and personal responsibility. In short a healthy society like the city states of ancient Greece, or the early Roman Empire - takes as its fundamental ideal the warrior.

The 'ideal' made for the societies of the West today is either the satisfied family man with a few hobbies to squander his vitality and a secure contentment with his lot of luxury, or the disobedient, undisciplined, self-indulgent individual who is completely rootless and who is guided from one 'cause' or experience or fashion to another by powerful commercial or anti-Western interests. No where is there a place for the Western warrior - only professional armies who fight not for the ethos of the West, but for ever-changing governments intent on petty self-interest or commercial profit.

The way of the West lies in a return to the warrior ideal - an acceptance of its Destiny. That Destiny implies expansion of the West both over the Earth and out into space. Such an expansion involves conquest by Aryans using Western technology - the creation of a powerful Aryan Empire. This conquest implies the ruthless development of war as a tool of expansion and Empire: the harnessing of world resources and peoples for the benefit of the West. This will quite naturally mean the return of a warrior caste unhampered by sentimental notions and abstract ideas about love and peace. The harsh reality of Nature - which most people today in their stupidity think we have somehow 'conquered' - allows no other way. Either the West triumphs through military force allied to a belief in Aryan superiority, or the West will be destroyed by the creeping barbarism resulting from racial integration.

Civilization is a struggle - the triumph of a small elite who impose their vision upon those they defeat. To maintain civilization requires a constant balance between the terror of suppression (by the conquering, noble elite against the less noble majority) and the freedom of vision. We in the West have in our luxury and acceptance of anti-Western values forgotten the former. It is the warrior who can restore the balance.

The Destiny of the West is the New Order - the creation of a society where the noble ideal of the warrior caste is restored and where the Aryan has priority. This society can only be created by revolutionary means - by the destruction of the old order and by restoring the belief in Aryan superiority. The civilization of the west is the creation of the Aryan and to the Aryan and the Aryan alone belongs all the benefits of this civilization. The revolution which begins the New Order will be brought about by Vindex - the creative leader who embodies the Destiny of the West. With Vindex, a new heroic Age will dawn.



Acausal Existence ~ The Secret Revealed

Acausal existence - the secret of true Immortality - has been hinted at many times in certain esoteric writings connected with a particular LHP.

In the past, a few Adepts of the LHP - and the occasional notorious individual interested in dark sorcery - tried to secure for themselves an acausal existence by dark rites of sacrifice, and as a result dark legends arose. But such means are not really necessary.

Before describing what is necessary, a brief examination of such acausal existence will be in order.

According to a sinister tradition we as individuals possessed of consciousness have both a causal and an acausal aspect to that consciousness. The acausal is latent (or mostly so) and magickal Initiation awakens it - opening a gate or nexion to the acausal. This allows the acausal to be apprehended (usually via a symbolism such as the septenary Tree of Wyrd) and acausal energies to be used/directed (i.e. 'magick'). The result is an 'expansion' of consciousness. Progression by the Initiate to the higher grades of initiation is actually the expansion of the acausal in individual consciousness (or, viewed another way, the progression of the individual into the acausal) - a balance of causal/acausal being achieved in 'the Abyss'. Beyond this, because of the balance so attained, it is possible to transcend to the acausal - to create an acausal existence when the causal ceases (ie. physical death).

The acausal is not however, a "dreamy realm" or some kind of nirvana/heaven. It is rather, the very essence of Being - beyond opposites, primal Chaos. Nirvana and such like are abstract moral forms - ie. they are "unbalanced" since they lack darkness, the sinister, the negative..... [Nirvana and such like are usually described in terms only of 'light'.] The acausal is the realm of the Dark Gods - and these beings are not imaginative symbols for the titillation of consciousness, nor simply a part of the psyche, to be transcended or negated or whatever by 'forces of light'. Rather, they exist independent of our consciousness [yet such is the nature of the acausal that they are also part of what is dormant within us] and while they may be accessed (or 'discovered') by consciousness and thus presented in the causal (on Earth) their actual intrusion would totally disrupt sentient life in the causal - like the meeting of matter and antimatter. Sinister magick (of the aeonic and internal kind) may be said to be like a machine or engine where containment of opposites is possible and controllable in certain amounts and under certain conditions. [in simple terms, sinister aeonic magick contains the flow of the acausal into a temporal form - usually an Aeon and its associated civilization -via a nexion/magickal centre to thus over thousands of years increase the amount of the acausal that is presented, increasing thus evolution in individuals in accordance with sinister goals. Such is one of the forms of real Black Magick.]

The nature of acausal existence may be apprehended by individuals by certain sinister rites such as those of the Nine Angles. To achieve an individual acausal existence the sinister path must be followed, from Initiate to Internal Adept to Master/Mistress and beyond because this following of such a path in the way indicated (qv. Naos and Black Book) creates acausal consciousness in the individual over causal time.

The Grade Ritual of Grand Master/G. Mistress makes the Adept more acausal than causal. Beyond this, is a simple ritual (the solo Nine Angles rite done by the Grand Master/G.Mistress) when consciousness is transferred beyond the nexion opened/created by the previous Grade Ritual. Immortality - the final stage of the way - is then achieved, followed then or shortly thereafter by causal death, although consciousness can be transferred to inhabit another causal body, this is not usually done as *wyrd* is achieved. Simple, really, although this alchemical process takes about 25 years. By virtue of the nexion, the new Immortal alters the temporal structure of the world, usually for an Aeon.

Now the secret has been revealed, the possibility is open to all. But it is doubtful if more than one or two a century will try, such is human weakness.

Anton Long ONA 1991 eh
- Order of Nine Angles -

Aeonics and Manipulation I

Aeonic magick is essentially the use of magickal energies to effect large-scale changes in the causal. This involves manipulation of forms, as well as a rational understanding of aeonic changes [civilizations, their ethos, etc.]. The forms involve transferring magickal energy - via the desire/aim - from the acausal to individuals. That is, manipulation of individuals on a large scale, both numerically and over time. The type of the manipulation varies, according to the form(s) used and the desire/aim. For example, there can be psychic manipulation via archetypal forms, direct manipulation via words/images/personality; indirect by psychological pressure ...

Two forms often used are religion and politics.

Essentially, the sinister Adept takes a practical view of individuals insofar as Aeonics is concerned - understanding that the majority in whatever time and place, are by their nature, subjects: that is, raw material to be used according to sinister strategy. This assessment is a-moral.

What this means in reality is that a goal is set (via a knowledge of Aeonics and sinister strategy - the 'sinister dialectic') and suitable means of achieving it are considered and a decision made. The decision is then made real, presented in the causal, by magickal and other acts - regardless of consequences, be they moral, magickal or otherwise.

Sinister Adepts - because they are Adepts - only consider Aeonic type goals, having as Initiates and External Adepts gained practical experience in "external" manipulation, that is, manipulation of a few individuals for personal reasons. This aids self-understanding and magickal abilities. The goals of Adepts relate to wyrd and thus Aeonics - they are: 1) the creation of a new wyrd, and thus a new Aeon; 2) disruption of existing wyrd (with either an alternate or no specific goal); 3) altering the wyrd in a specific way; 4) fulfilling the wyrd of the Aeon. [It should be understood that Internal Adepts ~ not having attained full Mastery - are still part of the Aeonic wyrd pertaining during their causal life -time.]

An example will explicate this.

Present Aeon: Western (or 'Faustian'/Promethean). Present phase:

What should be 'Imperium' (the final phase of an Aeon), lasting c. 390 years. During this last phase the energies of the next Aeon are manifest/created by Adepts, via a physical nexion (or 'centre'). The practical forms of this new Aeon arise toward the end of Imperium ~ although some will exist/ be created before then, on a small scale: i.e. they will not seem to significantly affect 'history'.

This present Aeon has however been distorted ~ its ethos undermined and its forms changed. This distortion is basically Nazarene/magian [see 'Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way' and other Aeonics MSS]. It also changes the possibility of Imperium - from an almost certainty to only a minimum possibility.

Sinister strategy, at the present time, is to create a new Aeon of sinister import - and to achieve this, it is considered necessary to (a) undermine the distortion of the Faustian ethos, and (b) fulfil the wyrd of the Faustian Aeon, that is, Imperium. Both of these will aid, by their nature, the creation of a new Aeon that is essentially Satanic. Thus, sinister Adepts will work, on both the practical and the magickal level, toward the achievement of these aims. **This sinister strategy is part of their vow - their wyrd - as Initiates of the sinister tradition:** that is, they are pledged to fulfil it* if possible, and certainly aid its fulfilment. other Adepts will have other aims - if a sinister Adept decides on another strategy, they cease to be Adepts of a certain Satanic tradition, becoming something else instead. only when - and if - they reach the stage of Grand Master/Mistress will they have the knowledge, ability and understanding to change sinister strategy.

To aid the creation of a new, Satanic, Aeon, the following are necessary: 1) the presencing of sinister energies in particular ways at this present time - i.e. the creation of specific archetypal forms/images/ systems/ideas which affect individuals.

2) the opening of a physical nexion to draw acausal energies in a significant way and enable their presencing.

3) the performance of certain Aeonic rites (e.g. Nine Angles) to create sinister 'psychic pressure', altering individuals. [Note: this is more general than (1) and involves letting the energies presence according to their nature, this nature being formed via the rites used.] 4) the creation of particular and specific practical forms and the channelling of magickal energies into these.

5) the emergence of more Adepts of the sinister tradition - i.e. individuals possessed of self-understanding, occult insight and abilities, who are imbued with the ethos of the new Aeon.

6) the creation of the ethos of the new Aeon in a way enabling its apprehension (both unconsciously and consciously) by those who are not Adepts and who are not involved in esoteric Arts.

In addition, and as mentioned above, there is (a) undermining Nazarene/ Magian forms/effects; and (b) aiding the fulfilment of a Faustian Imperium.

(a) involves performing rites such as The Black Mass and others from The Black Book of Satan; spreading the tenets/forms of traditional Satanism enabling others to follow the Way (or at least utilize in some form its energies, to the detriment of others); undermining/distorting the distortion itself, both magickally and otherwise [magickally - e.g. Mass of Heresy]. (b) involves assisting in both a magickal and a practical way, those individuals/groups/forms who/which have as their aim a practical expressing of Faustian ideals, and who/which thus assist or contribute to the Faustian ethos. In political terms, this means National-Socialism and similar expressions of the Faustian ethos. This assistance will be practical, financial, magickal and personal.

(1) involves the creation and dissemination of new and traditional forms such as images, music, rituals, The Black Book of Satan.

(2) involves the finding of the physical nexion and undertaking the appropriate rites [one of which is the Ceremony of Recalling, the other of which is a Nine Angles rite].

(3) involves not only general rites [such Nine Angles, Ceremony etc.] but also targeting specific individuals and infecting them with sinister energies. [Rituals from Black Book perform part of this.]

(4) involves forms such as religion, politics, Art, philosophy and practical expressions of these - groups, organizations, "Art-objects" and so on: all imbued with the sinister nature of the new Aeon. [Note: this is more general than (1) and may be considered as involving "exoteric" forms/ideas etc. as against the "esoteric" (i.e. directly Satanic) of (1).]*

(5) involves dissemination of the sinister way as explicated in "Naos"
etc. - the guidance of suitable Initiates, via ordeals and practical experience
in the 'real' world.

(6) involves the creation/aiding of a "world-view", and practical expressions of this, which enshrines the new ethos - a sense of Destiny, a setting of goals, for the founders of what will be new higher civilization c. 2400 eh.

It is the primary aim of sinister Adepts to involve themselves in the creation of the new Aeon by means of all the above - for only such means make possible the fulfilment of individual wyrd [for the next three centuries at least]. Anything else is not sinister - but game-playing.

* All such forms presence the future in the present: i.e. they capture/ re-present aspects of the new Aeon, practically, magickally and psychically.

Aeonics and Manipulation II

Part I considered means; here, we are concerned with what terms like 'new sinister Aeon' mean. First, it should be understood that the present civilization [which re-presents the energies of the Aeon now existing] was, in its ethos, essentially what is termed 'Faustian'. That is, dynamic, questing for knowledge and understanding. The exoteric expression of this ethos is science - or, more correctly, a reasoned approach to the 'world'; a conscious evaluation based on experience/ evidence. Aspects of this ethos are expressed in the Renaissance - and in National-Socialist Germany. This latter is most important, and so often misunderstood. NS Germany represented the quintessence of 'Western' civilization: an exuberance, a balance between 'Man' and 'Nature', a spiritual force heir to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Civilization means a way of living - and of dying - more than it means Art and artifacts. It certainly does not mean material comforts, or even a certain type of politics (like 'democracy'). The greatest example of and model for a civilization, is the warrior: someone who enshrines honour, loyalty and natural justice (or 'fair-play'). That this is so seldom understood, today, is evident of how few really understand: of how precious wisdom still is. Further, the fact that the above statements regarding National-Socialist Germany are heresy (in the literal sense) today, explicates the distortion that has occurred in the Faustian civilization far better than dozens of words.

This ethos, exoterically, is Satanic. That is, the true ethos of the West enshrines a Satanic view of the world - a pagan joy in conquest, experience, living, in seeking and going beyond limits, physically and intellectually. The morbidity of the Nazarene has undermined all this distorted it. In essence, therefore, a Faustian Imperium would have been a type of Satanic State on Earth: a fulfilment of the first part of the sinister dialectic of history, and would have made possible the next part or stage, that of a Galactic Empire. It would be during this later stage that another goal would have been achieved - a genuine evolution in consciousness, a higher type of individual, on a massive scale. That is, Adeptitude with its self-understanding and knowledge would be commonplace rather than (as now) the preserve of a few. However, Satanism - in both exoteric and esoteric forms - became and is a heresy. Except for a brief and glorious period when an exoteric form achieved power - i.e. NS Germany.

Here, exoteric means an outward form or means: a physical presencing which achieves change in the causal. Esoteric means 'the essence'. An example - an Initiate of the sinister tradition becomes through Initiation an outward expression of Satanic spirit, consciously. The sinister becomes presenced, in the causal, by the actions/magick/life of the Initiate. In a sense, the causal persona/psyche of the Initiate is a "Temple of Satan". As the Sinister way is followed, according to tradition, the Initiate accesses more and more of the sinister - presences more of it in the causal, causing/provoking change both internal and external. As knowledge and understanding increase, there is more awareness of the sinister as it is - i.e. without forms: the sinister ceases to be hidden or occult. At first, the essence of the sinister is hidden or obscured. An exoteric form implies a form, a channel - which is not necessarily consciously understood as a form or channel. A form can be either 'positive' or 'negative' with respect to the morals pertaining at the time - the sinister is beyond opposites but can only be presenced through them at particular times. That is, it becomes 'earthed' through a positive or negative form and thus provokes change and evolution. However, 'morals' as mentioned above - does not mean ethical: rather, it implies the prevailing 'spirit' or orientation, the orthodoxy of the moment.

A civilization is itself a form for sinister energy: a form possessed of its own 'life-cycle' (first mentioned by Spengler although not really understood by him). Thus, a civilization through its metamorphosis fulfills or can fulfil the sinister dialectic - i.e. it aids evolution toward new forms, presences the sinister and enables the acausal to be accessed (sometimes directly by a few individuals per Aeon).

The Western civilization is a link - the fifth stage of the seven that can lead to new forms of existence. The next Aeon, beginning on the practical level c. 2400 eh, is the 'Galactic' and should be the realization of the sinister on a large-scale. Part of this will be the development of latent Occult faculties, part will be development of new ways of thinking (such a use of symbolic languages rather than words), and part will be discovery external to the Earth: the conquest of planets in other stellar systems. There will thus be a freeing of spirit both internally and externally. our species - at present mostly undeveloped children, intellectually, psychically and personally ~ will mature, and become adult, achieving wisdom and thus fulfilling the promise of magick.

However, this will not just 'happen' - or arise from a desire to make it so. It will involve struggle: war, conquest, attrition, exploration; the decimation of the worthless and the conscious breeding of a new elite. It will arise because of ethos ~ because there is a sense of Destiny, a vision to be great. It will involve manipulation by sinister Adepts of vast energies over centuries of time - for without this direction, this sinister manipulation, inertia will return, entropy increase, and the petty ones, the visionless ones, the Nazarene-type ones will spawn in their worthless majority until they overwhelm... As has been written elsewhere, civilization is a struggle and requires the triumph of a noble minority who impose their vision on those that they conquer.

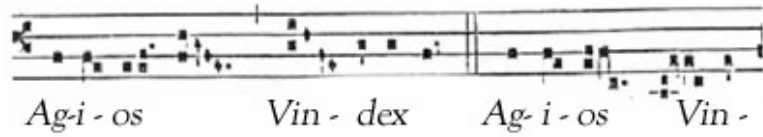
Thus, the term 'new sinister Aeon' means the triumph of a creative minority imbued with a specific elan and a sense of Destiny who create and maintain a civilization, this particular civilization extending well beyond the confines of the Solar System. It means the presencing of sinister energies in particular ways, and certain ways of living ~ ways which are essentially Satanic. What these ways are, has been prefigured by NS Germany [and particularly by aspects within that form, such as the Waffen-SS].

The means to achieve this ~ such as aiding imperium, presencing sinister energies, opening a nexion [and drawing forth 'The Dark Gods'] ~ have already been outlined. What it is important to remember is that the means, such as political forms, their support/manipulation etc., are part of sinister strategy to achieve a specific goal. That is, they are purely means: not the goal itself, and as such cannot be judged causally or by the standards pertaining at any one time. They have been chosen to achieve something, and those who cannot comprehend this do not understand Aeonic magick. People, in their majority and their individuality, are a means ~ to be manipulated via forms. The goal is a new Aeon, Satanically inspired; the means, many and varied ~ often 'heretical'. The magick of the genuine Adept is, in its power and effects, of centuries: anything else is for beginners and children.


- Order of Nine Angles -

Agios Vindex

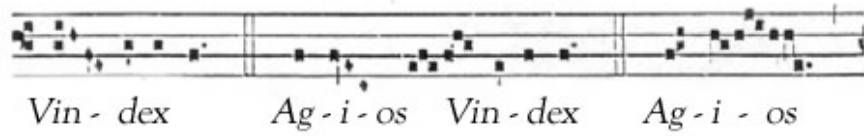
Sphere of Saturn



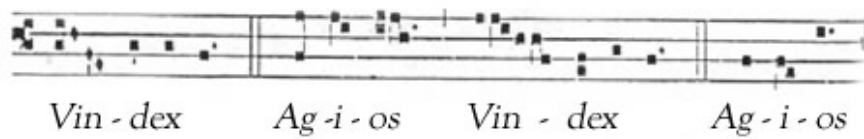
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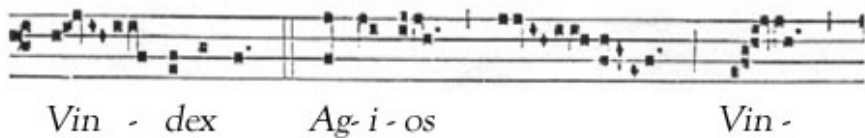
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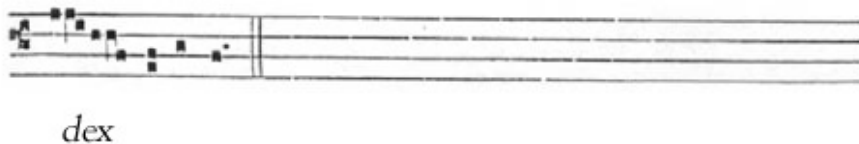
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Vin - dex Ag - i - os Vin - dex Ag - i - os



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dex

The Awakening of

Dramatis Personae



- indigo/black face mask



- crimson face mask



- silver and blue face mask

Congregation - black robes

Praeludium

For nine days prior to the ceremony, all participants should perform the *Agios Kabeiri* twice a day - on rising, and before sleep. In conjunction, there should be a visualization - the exact details of which are to be agreed on prior to the working (see *Note*) - which concerns a Star Gate; during this preliminary stage, the Gate is visualized as partially opened.

A Black Fast should also be undertaken during this time.

Time and location

Summer Solstice, dusk [the dawn is marked by a simple ceremony comprising of the 'moon' chant (qv.) and/or *Oriens Splendor* (qv.)]. The location is either a resonant building; or a hilltop or glade, the area of the ceremony being marked by a circle of seven torches. Incense of oak, beech and hazel to be burned.

The Ceremony

To begin, physis. The torches are lit, and area incensed. The three main celebrants chant the *Diabolus* in fourths, in conjunction with the crystal; this is done three times. [If congregation present, they begin, during the *Diabolus*, a slow-moon wise dance chanting, ad libitum, "Atazoth". They then, on completion of celebrants chant, begin the *Diabolus*, this time in fifths. This chant is sung, slowly and quietly, throughout the first 'dramatic' half of the ritual.]

2?
:

We of the Nameless Dark
 Fluid and unceasing
 Transforming clay to living pyre
 To give the Gift of the dreaming tides
 To give the Gift clothed in Tenor

∩
:

Dimly, dimly
 A nerve in the corpus of my centre
 Woke the further vessels
 Of my vast circumference

2.
:

In the astra-trance
 Metal-charting the Way of stars
 We, flesh of the Scorching One,
 Deemed it must be so
 We have our reasons
 Sung in the pulse of stellar light
 To claim the cataclysmic duel

2?
:

We, of the ice-black plains
 We, of endless sea
 Whisper a spell onto the wind and dust
 Stir the sleeping mire
 Resonate with cold and distant densities of rock
 Waken shrouded clay
 To symphonies sweet as light
 Bitter as the acrid math

2.
:

We have our reasons
 By the Art of Life

We have our reasons
 They who we have Named
 Must go
 Must go
 Must go



Green and lush
 Blue and pure
 Something sparkling was set forth
 Through my many wooded tresses
 Through the Green Wood's claim
 In the flying colours
 Of the spangled light
 That cascades
 Incandescent



We gave of the sacred Giving
 Dreams that blossomed rare
 Cruel as cruel is
 A desert
 And a harvest of the heavens



Incandescent
 Ever inter-woven
 Around the lire of my centre
 Through the myriad rock of my substance
 In the etystal waters
 Of my tumescent veins
 Comes my Awakening



We have reasons
 Rooted in the legacy of our flesh:
 To pursue and vanquish
 It must be so

2:
:

We are
 We are
 Mystery unborn
 And rode the swell
 Of a strange space time
 Chant-weaving
 A ceaseless store
 To stir and dissolve
 The cosmic storms of All-Belonging

∩:
:

Star-born soul's flight
 Star-born my fledglings' soul
 Star-bound my kith and clay
 The birth of my dreaming tides
 Sacred seeds of greater vision
 Shall bloom for the manifold tomorrow

2:
:

By Ageless Order
 We - Stellar-kin - have our reasons
 To cage Their cold spaces
 To bind and banish
 Fire with fire
 We have our reasons
 It must be so

2:
:

Spore-charged our Way
 Towards the edge of Thought
 Trapped in a trans-dimension
 That sleeping magick of our seed
 Kept in the impotence of stasis
 Snare of some other's making

W.

We, who have been carried far
By Desire,
Have reasons to lock
The ice of untouch
And so our eyes
Survey the slow progression
Of things as things should be

W.

In ancient legacies of stone
Laid upon my virgin side
From the shores of my womb
In the bones a quest so unforgotten
In their blood the zeal of Discovery
Drew them forwards
Through the continuum of helical unravelling

And the stars drew them
Like blossom draws the bee
As the swollen Moon pulls
The tides of that starry ocean

W.

But reverberations shall spark
The flame to rend the fabric
And the gush of worlds pour into worlds
We shall become
We shall become
As before, as always
Into Being

W.

We have our reasons
Wrought in beautiful cities
Carved in word
Spread across the vast precession
We have our reasons
To bring fire and freeze

We have our reasons
It must be so



We of the Nameless Dark
Yearning, fluid and unceasing
Call to unbind the Gift of Terrors
Shall become
Shall become
Once more
Once more
Into Being



In the crystal waters
Of my tumescent veins
Comes
Comes
My Awakening



We, flesh of the Scorching One,
Have our reasons
To bind and banish
Fire with fire
It must be so



Giving the gift of dreaming tides
Shall become
Shall become
Once more
Once more
Into Being



Star-born soul's flight
 Star-born each striving
 Clothed in my flesh
 Animated through blood
 Built from the framework belonging
 That lies in the bones of my Land

The celebrants now stand near the crystal and vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" [if congregation present, they re-commence moonwise dance, chanting "Atazoth"]. This vibration is done seven times. Then, the three chant the *Diabolus*, in fourths, four times. During this, ♀ places her hands on the crystal, and begins to visualize the Star Gate slowly opening.

After the chant, the three begin a moon-wise dance, rhythmically chanting "Atazoth". This dance must gradually build in energy and speed [the congregation continue likewise, forming an outer circle to the inner circle of the three].

Once finished, ♀ and ♀ commence vibration of "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or octave and a fifth) while ♀ vibrates "Atazoth". All three visualize the Star Gate progressively opening.

Then, all sing the "Atazoth"/α chant(qv.). Visualization continued. ♀ then vibrates "Nythra kthunae Atazoth", after which the celebrants vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" in the key of 'Saturn' - to be repeated seven times. During this chant, the Star gate is visualized as fully opened. From this opening the energies emerge, and descend to earth. The energies are first visualized as cohering and then entering the crystal (turning it black), and from there to spread out into the celebrants. [During this latter stage, the congregation remain still and silent, visualizing the opening Star Gate, and the descent of the energies].

The Dark Gods will then be manifest.

Note: The three dramatic parts can be undertaken by more than three celebrants - the text being spoken in unison and/or echoed by the celebrants.

The visualization should be agreed beforehand, choosing a particular stellar location for the gate -
 ie. near the planet Saturn; or deeper into the cosmos, ie. Capricornus star fields.

The *Eoan* and *Reryh meril* ... (qv.) chants may respectively begin and end the entire ceremony.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Chaconne
CB, ONA 1998eh

It had taken him many years of dreamcraft to locate the planet; long stretches of time seeking an answer to a question only intuitively felt. And now, through the power of Thought, Squilver stood upon the desert soil of yet another world.

But this world was very different to those others he and his ancestors had explored - those ancestors who, aeons ago, had left their green and blue home to spread outwards into the cosmos, as befitted a race of gods. That home now only existed in images and ageless legends.

Squilver knew that They would one day guide him to this place. The faith he carried within had been nurtured throughout the achingly long span of aeons by the shadowy and often misunderstood few who had waited, as They had waited, for the time to come full circle. Tradition spoke of those few guardians, and kept alive their names and deeds.

The old chants weaved patterns in his mind: *Nythra kthunae Atazoth ... Reryh, meril eildof feterit nye ...* And his soul sang the living songs of all those who had gone before him. Squilver, follower of the Seven-Fold Way, stood now as All Things - all histories; all creatures; all individuals. As he breathed, so did the planet: this primal realm, now more than just the dream which first inspired his species to yearn for the wide spaces beyond.

And the purple sand was blown around him and blown across the shells of the past, beneath a diamond shaped moon, of lizard-green.

He moved among geometric forms that were visible only to his inner eye and sensed their presence, though long silent, long neglected, still puncturing the dimensions. He rested beside one, and listened to the chanting wind.

Squilver took from a bag a humanoid skull, blackened with age. Legend related it as being the head of a follower of the Path, who lived upon and was buried in the earth of the green and blue homeland. His body had been removed from its secret place and re-buried on the first new world, when the seeding of the cosmos had began. The head of this individual remained in the keeping of each Heir to the Tradition. Red hair was still matted to the jaw-line, and within the skull was lodged an equally aged crystal, shaped as a tetrahedron.

Squilver held the object and fixed his gaze on the horizon. Volcanic extrusions and screes of shattered rock brought to him an ancestral echo, and very briefly he saw, standing amongst the grey and white rocks, the phantasms of two humanoids of male and female appearance. Others clambered the rocks to stand by the couple, but the vision was soon obscured by the distant clouds of sand.

With one hand, Squilver held the skull, and with the other touched the unseen object by which he stood. The object was a dodecahedron, and whilst ice-cold, began to thrill Squilver's flesh with the current of Life. And thus, he began to chant: *Otonen Satanas, faus rige cedar fising, Mach beoda ...*

As the chant swelled, he visualised the rotating, scything wheel under which his people had first spread out into the starry realms. He sensed his consciousness expand likewise into the cold depths as the chant took him over - as the crystal, as the unseen form, as the dust and rock and wind flowed with his voice, until there was only the surge of Life itself ...

And yet, the experience was tinged with something unsettling. Forces opposed to Squilver and his Way groaned and stirred and clawed their hatred in some far distant place. There was a momentary wavering of intent, as something within Squilver recognised the Forces as those long regarded as vanquished.

But it was of no matter now: the many invisible shapes that littered the landscape filled with green life which broke through to unfurl across and within the sand. The sound of water took over as the chant reached its completion.

His first task complete, Squilver let his instinct walk him through the crawling land, the growing light of the sky and the scent of rain mirroring his own inner awakening. The purpose of his individual life no longer slept as a promise, but was now embodied and living within every cell of his Being, within every cell of all the life forms that flourished around him - as it had always been intimated, by the legends and traditions of his people.

He was led to stand by an awakened stream that flowed down from high, rocky hills. The water of the stream was quietly fed from above by a pool shaded by gentle moorland slopes. Squilver sat amidst the young heather and looked out over a bay that opened out into a calm sea, the sparkling waters bearing

distant islands.

On a far shore across the bay, stood a dwelling. To Squilver, it appeared breath-takingly ancient, the thrill of some older treasured time living before his eyes. It was a squat, white building, of stone, crowned with a long dark brown roof, possibly of grass or moss. It seemed to contain only one level, and its small squared windows revealed the darkness within. A rectangular opening was firmly closed off by dark wood. Behind the dwelling, the rising slopes were cut with strips, presumably for the growing of crops.

Tears of ecstasy, of revelation, welled in his eyes as he gazed upon his future. In that dwelling, Squilver would reside for a season, and complete the tasks of a prospective Magus. On completion, the others would join him, and the long trek of Ages since Their banishing would truly be at an end.

And through Their joining, the legendary Nexion would become fully opened, heralding a new cycle of Aeons. No one would dare again seek to seal the rent ...

- Order of Nine Angles -

Cosmion ηη

α.

This instructional text is concerned with a method by which acausal energies are harnessed in order to breathe life into an Aeonic potential. The potency of this method lies in its explicit capacity, via a ceremonial structure, to tap into the energies as those energies are *now*, living in the causal world: it expresses, quintessentially, modern/future magick.

The ceremony is to be performed once a year, and this performance must become an important tradition amongst genuine Western esoteric groups. The time of its performance, April 20th - April 30th, should now be understood as the most significant esoteric phase of the year, since it is during this period that the aeonic energies relating to the 'Western' > 'Galactic' ethos are at their most pronounced and accessible. The most crucial time-scale for the desired energies to become successfully earthed is within fifty years from this point of writing (109yf). If the tradition of performing this ceremony can be maintained, free from outside disruption, then there is a likely chance that the long-term aeonic aims of (sinister) esoteric tradition will take firm root and begin to flourish.

In conjunction with this ceremony is the goal of establishing a 'spiritual' presence/community in a particular area [qv. *Fundi* and *Thernn*]. The life of this esoteric community will revolve around this major ceremony/celebration/festival. Many such communities will eventually be sought, but the beginning lies in establishing a presence in the place where the sinister Tradition began, and thus in establishing the esoteric nexion of the next Aeon.

β.

The Order has worked to create the exoteric forms necessary for the success of the aeonic ceremony. These are forms into which the energy of the ceremony will be directed - a political form, and the foundations of a new religion.

The numinous symbol, representing both the esoteric and exoteric, both the causal and acausal, is the *Cosmic Wheel* (or "Reichstar"). This is the focus of the ceremony, and the channel - via visualization and chant etc. - by which the exoteric forms may be imbued with the acausal.

χ.

Fundamentally, the acausal is accessed via chant in conjunction with a crystal. For the ceremony, two of these chants are traditional: the *Diabolus* (sung in fourths) and the *Agios Vindex* (sung in fifths). The other chants are new, and are three in number. These are: *Eoan*; *Reryh meril ...*; and α chant.

Eoan, for three voices, traditionally opens a ceremony/sunedrion - a 'summoning'. The α chant serves as a climatic point in the ceremony. It is lengthy and without text, and a section is sung in fourths. Parts may be sung in canon - and/or arranged by Temple members as they wish. It is sung by all members present, and is the key to the floodgates of the Abyss. [It also plays an important role in the 17-year cycle of the *Ceremony of Recalling*.] *Reryh meril ...* traditionally concludes a ceremony. It is an 'Earth Gate' chant, and the text makes reference to an actual place - the physical site of the nexion. For other phases of the Tradition - ie. in Vinland - the text can be changed appropriately.

Other chants will probably be added to the Cosmion as time goes on.

[Note: The *Otonen* chant is sung by a Priest(s) in the hour before dawn, on May 10th.]

δ.

The ceremony begins on April 20th at 18.18hrs. This first stage is a feast/celebration of the birth of Adolf Hitler. This celebration is not, in outward form, "sinister/Satanic" but *National-Socialist*, since this is the energy to be tapped into and enhanced. Thus, the celebration must be overtly NS, rather than a performance of something like the Mass of Heresy - there must be a complete identification with the forces involved, a genuine *celebration*.

Thus, the occasion will be a fest of the Aryanist religion. There are two forms this can take: i) a natural, impromptu ceremony, or ii) a performance of the 88Mass of Rejoicing (qv.) - or a variation of that ceremony. In both cases, the fest should take place outdoors - ideally at the site chosen for the nexion - and a bonfire lit.

Since this is a National-Socialist fest, those involved in that cause - but uninvolved/unaware of the esoteric aspect - may be invited, in addition to Temple members. Those so invited should be dedicated and trusted activists.

If this is the case, then, at a suitable time prior to the gathering, selected members of the Temple (ie. the Master, Mistress and Priest) should congregate at the site and chant there the *Eoan*, followed by the *Agios Vindex*, and finishing with the *Reryh*, using the crystal, and visualizing the cosmic wheel. The Temple members then leave the site. [It is best to pre-arrange a place of rendezvous from where invited guests can be led to the site of the celebration.]

If the fest is restricted to Temple members, then all gather at the site at appointed time. The *Eoan* is then sung. Following this, physis.

The bonfire is lit, and then the *Agios Vindex* sung in fifths. If Temple fairly large, the chant is sung first, in fifths, by the Master and Mistress, then repeated once by all present, in unison. Visualization of cosmic wheel to accompany chant.

The ceremony is then begun, as desired. At its most outwardly simple, the ceremony could consist of a chalice being passed around, and toasts made, ad libitum - or chalice passed around with each member simply saying "88!". The point is to invoke a numinous, reverential aura - to be achieved according to the nature and creative flair of the individuals involved. The more spontaneous and natural this is, the better. The ceremony is concluded with the *Reryh* chant, followed by physis. Then there is a feast, either at site or in an appropriately prepared indoor area.

The only symbols present during the 20th ceremony should be the cosmic wheel, and swastika (ie. on a flag). 'Ceremonial dress' consists of black clothing, to include a shirt bearing the cosmic wheel (usually placed over the area of the heart). Also each member must wear their Honour Knife.

Beyond this, the fire, the landscape, and the stars above will provide all that is needed.

ε.

Following the feast of the 20th, over the days leading up to the 30th, the following observances must be undertaken.

Each member of the Temple must chant, every day at dawn and dusk, the *Agios Vindex*. This is done privately, in a space of their own choosing. As before, the cosmic wheel is also visualised.

During this time, Temple members should abstain from caffeine, alcohol and meat. 24 hours before the 30th, all should undertake a complete fast, drinking only fresh water - preferably taken from a pure river. There should be a sense of the sacred, of religiosity, about these observances - indeed, these observances *are* acts of (the Aryanist) religion. Each observance should be considered and adhered to with absolute faith and reverence.

In accordance with this reverence, Temple members may wish to further explore and devise the possibilities of diet during this time - perhaps also abstaining from dairy products, for example.

Additionally, according to the practicalities, members may opt to include a vow of silence during their 24 hour fast - and/or extend the fast itself.

Whatever, each observance must symbolise and act as a sacred and *personal* offering/sacrifice.

φ.

The final stage of the ceremony involves all Temple members gathering at the site, in the hour before dawn, on April 30th - the day of Immolation. Another bonfire is prepared beforehand, but this is not to be lit until climax of rite. No other lights of any sort - including candles - are to be used at this stage.

The only symbol to be present is the cosmic wheel. No words are to be spoken at any stage of this rite. Ceremonial dress, as the 20th.

To begin, physis. Then the *Diabolus* is sung three times, in fourths, by all present. There is a period of silence, during which a (wooden) chalice containing a small amount of strong red wine or mead is passed around and drained. When empty, this is placed upon the bonfire. Other offerings may be placed on the fire, as each member wishes.

The Mistress then places her hands upon the crystal and silently visualises a nexion slowly opening, deep

in star-filled space. When ready, she sings the first section of the α chant, after which, all present chant to its conclusion. During this chant, all visualise the galactic nexion gradually becoming fully opened, spreading out into the cosmos.

The bonfire is then lit, and bread is passed round and eaten, breaking the fast. Then, all chant the *Agios Vindex*, in fifths, visualising the cosmic wheel.

All depart from the site, leaving the bonfire to burn into the hours of daylight.

A feast may be arranged for the evening, to which non-Temple members can be invited, as per the 20th.

γ .

A version of *The Giving* (qv.) is incorporated into the Cosmion every 56 years. This takes place on April 30th either during the rite itself (after α chant), or is executed elsewhere by another party. It is either 'paramilitary' in form, involving an enemy, or a voluntary act [qv. *Variations*].

η .

The above guidelines should be regarded as guidelines only, to be added to and/or varied according to the desire of those involved. As with all such forms, there must be an element of spontaneity which enables the ceremony to live, to become numinous, and thus prevent the suggested guidelines from becoming stifling (and boring!) dogma.

Ultimately, an aeonic ceremony such as this is concerned with bringing forth a flow that is, in essence, 'beyond': the future (that is, the New Aeon) residing in this 'beyond'. The time of its performance, the symbols, the focus - all have been chosen or created via *Satanic/Sinister* analysis, in accord with whatever most effectively presences a type(s) of acausal energy. This type is concerned with large-scale Change in accord with evolution, as expressed via an ethos. What objective truth exists, resides ultimately in the acausal itself.

CB, 109yf

A Note on May 10th, Aryan Retribution Day: Aside from the performance of *Otonen* at dawn, the Temple should undertake a performance of the *Mass of Heresy* (qv.), on or just after 23.07hrs (the time when Rudolf Hess's plane landed in Scotland). The following chants should be added to the ceremony: *Diabolus*, in fourths [after physis, at commencement of rite]; *Agios Alastoros* after two minutes silence (Temple should also, at this point burn a suitable effigy and/or images of traitors - such as present "world leaders"); *Agios Vindex* following second 'Agios o Falcifer' vibration; *Reryh Meril ...* to conclude, followed by physis.

Suggested further reading:

Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction

Eira - A Satanic Guide to Future Magick

Exeat - The Sinister Western Tradition

Creative Dialectic MS

The Way, The Means, The End - Fenrir Vol V Issue 2

Warrior of Swords Atu

E I R A
A Satanic Guide to Future Magick
Coire Riabhaich, ONA

Preface

This present volume has been compiled from the most recent writings of a member of the Order of Nine Angles. It serves as a pointer towards the future - of Magick, and of Western evolution. The author is well aware that written works such as this are merely shadows of what cannot, at present, be adequately expressed. And yet, via these writings the real motives of Satanists in the world may begin to be discerned. Perhaps then another nameless insight will be presenced, and one more nexion shall start its slow opening.

ONA Venn Community, Shropshire 1998eh

Eira: A Satanic Guide to Future Magick

Introduction: In The Realm of Gods

The very essence of Satanism is that we can become gods: that we can be those future beings who will be revered not only by our own species, but by other life-forms elsewhere in the cosmos. By using only our Will, we can be the indomitable ones destined to carve out the path to the next aeon. By great deeds, we can be the makers of history.

All that has led to this point in time can be surpassed - all that has made great warriorship, heroism, discovery and creativity, can be surpassed, re-defined and re-expressed. All the gods, all the great figures of our history who spawned gods, can be bettered.

We can possess the one real secret guarded by all our past gods: that those gods are but pale imitations of the beings that we ourselves can become. This secret is the grail that sleeps within the soul of our Western Race, and which so many occult forms have failed to wake.

All past gods of the various Western Traditions are rendered obsolete by the forces which Satanism alone is unleashing. These are the forces of cosmic evolution, taking the form of the Aeonian Magickian. The cosmos is now seeking to discard the tired old gods of our past, and is hungry for new expressions, to spawn new forms that will begin the next cycle of history.

Fading are the old Earth-bound symbols, giving way to those of acausal dimensions; those numinous forms which presence now the Galactic future that awaits. Rising are the chants of the stars, the wordless ceremonies, the living nexions that are worlds apart from the occult, from the old realm of temples, circles and runic readings.

The Satanist does not need to study or re-enact the past, and indulge in what has long been established: he is that past, the present, and the future. And each new willed act is another re-expression of the essence, another re-definition of cosmic meaning - another dis-covering of the potency of life presenced in each one of us.

Another reminder that individuals do possess the *choice* to act or not to act for the greater cause of evolution: that each act *can* matter, *can* make a difference ...

We do not have to simply consume and pay homage to past glorious deeds; to behave as if we believe history itself has now ceased, or has been rendered the future realm of an officially appointed few. Those appointed few are like the old gods of the past: they exist so that we individuals can, through *defiance*, discover our own potential - the potential that is really one potential: that of the cosmos itself.

Thus, Satanists do not follow gods. So what then of Satan, that greatly mis-understood living symbol? Satan is not tied to cultural phases, and does not in image represent a once great society. Instead, Satan is the timeless flow of the cosmos, seeking existence. Satan is the grail itself, that secret guarded by the inadequate gods of our past.

Satan *is* the very essence of the striving to become a god - Satan *is* the arrogance within that enables us to leave behind the archaic gods, and to find the courage to *be* the new gods. Satan *is* how we live, how we die, and how we shall be after causal life.

Satan is the word that when invoked presences the very essence of our striving and defiance. As a living Being, Satan desires new life, new expression, and the constant surpassing of each shadowy archetype

created to represent Him. As living Beings, when we are living right, we *are* Satan - both as individuals and collectively, as the new species of Human that is yet to be.

Let us stop grovelling to old archetypes, stop forming fan-clubs for the Old Ones, and discard the superstition and academia that is so precious and so useless. *We* possess the creative genius to set in motion new Earth-shattering forms, and the arrogance to behave as the embodiment of the future that we, in essence, are. The future implies an upward surge away from the near medieval times we still live in, and in this becoming of evolution, we do not need to seek answers from anywhere but within ourselves.

The future gods bear our names ...

I: The Forbidden Alchemy

One of the long-term aims of the Dark Tradition is to bring to consciousness *for the majority* the reality of the Force that is **Satan**. This 'dis-covering' will result in the upward evolutionary surge known as the 'New Aeon'.

A magickal Order, such as the ONA, is only one of several forms by which Satan is presented - and presented in the most undiluted of ways, without the obstruction of mortal fears. In one sense, all genuine sinister orders are an invocation to Satan: they constitute in themselves a magickal ritual, with each member understanding the conditions required if the long-term goal of the rite is to be attained. This magickal ritual, being founded upon the uncompromising principles of Nature, contains within it spontaneous or unknown factors which defy the imposition of abstract dogma. By this magickal ritual the unique creativity, the uniqueness of Being possessed by each Adept, is allowed to develop of itself. But Traditional Satanists also understand that uniqueness of Being to be the Will of the Cosmos itself, and thus certain types of individual creativity are Life made manifest during its course of Evolution - this is to say, in esoteric terms, that certain types of creativity presence the acausal. Practically, the creativity/magick that marks Adeptship is nurtured and expressed by individual defiance - the uniqueness of Being which *is* Satan.

Because genuine acts of magick presence the acausal, the relationship of magick with 'the world' can be said to be "wholistic": a relationship where the difference and diversity of Nature and 'forms' exist to enable the spirit (or Being) of the Cosmos to thrive and evolve - ultimately there is nothing which exists external to this continuous flow of Change; nothing which can be influenced or changed *in isolation*. A genuine Adept understands this, and begins to embody in their individual life, this most natural of esoteric techniques: the way of *empathy*. As all genuine sinister magickians are quick to point out, this apprehension currently exists at odds with conventional esotericism. A well-quoted example is the qabalistic approach which involves the magickian - or more accurately 'sorcerer' - in viewing the forces of Nature as separate, often barbarous material to be dominated and manipulated for personal ends. A highly evolved esoteric Order would not be characterised by this 'grimoire' approach, since such an approach lacks a binding purpose, a great and clear vision which would enable members to transcend the personal and become the organic whole of a true magickal Order - an Order which *is* the life of the Cosmos manifested in a conscious way, and pertinent to a particular moment in causal time. A profusion of this latter type of magickal Order would be one such result of the New Aeon made manifest.

In other words, what could be described as conventional occultism is that which is swayed by abstract theories over observation and intuition, whilst the genuine Western Way - for which read 'the Septenary System', Traditional Satanism, and so on - is concerned with what actually exists beyond limited personal forms. In real magick, there is an initial attempt to mimic the flow of natural forces, until an integration is achieved and with it, large-scale Willed Change - that is, conscious aeonic evolution. Via this process of magick - still the province of the select few (Satanists of course!) - the Cosmos can progress to its next stage of existence: to live consciously via its manifestations; to evolve from childhood to adult existence. This is the secret of The Great Work.

This path of genuine magick does not involve however the slavish following of some 'cosmic doctrine'/mandate, or any other such dogma. It involves the individual in freeing themselves from *all* influences in order to live, or become, the reality of the forces of Life itself. Thus the purpose of the Seven-Fold Way: to guide its Initiates towards the attainment of self-insight, where the 'personal' exists as a method to express the Cosmos, and not as a hinderence - through *projections* - of the apprehension of Life as a unified whole. The reality can only ever be experienced anew by each Initiate, since this apprehension of Life is a *way of Being*, and can only, as yet, be partially described by abstract methods. Thus each new Satanist - and genuine Satanic order - is a new manifestation of the living essence: thus there is Evolution.

II: Archetypes and the Satanic Essence

A magickal order such as the ONA is not motivated by trends in contemporary thinking, although it may on occasion manipulate 'fashion' to provoke an appropriate outcome. All forms - from magickal systems, to 'Art,' to revolutionary political organisations (etc.) - have a finite life-span, but the criteria by which present-day Occultists often judge forms as 'useful' or 'outmoded' is most usually influenced by temporal trends, by the *status quo*.

One type of essential form so judged is the *archetype*. As discussed in Order MSS relating to **Aeonics**, the life-span of an archetype is not tied to 'linear time', or effected in any way by fleeting trends in society. At the very least, archetypes die when the civilisation to which they are bound dies - when a new aeon becomes manifest. Thus, they are subject to an aeonic/'alchemical' mode of time rather than the abstracted form by which we tend to live our personal lives, since 'time' is simply a measure of the change of *Cosmic* matter and energy. This aeonic mode of time may also be described as *Racial*. But even on the cusp of a new aeon, an archetype may spawn offspring - or rather, it may continue to *change* according to its nature and particular mode of time. This occurs when the ethos of one aeon is continued and evolved into the next, as hopefully will occur during the transition from this present Western Aeon to the next 'Galactic' one.

In order to really understand such things as archetypes, one must attain through self-effort, the aforementioned liberation from all contemporary influences - and from those influences which *lie outside* temporal forms. Most who do not follow the Seven-Fold Way will not achieve those stages beyond 'individuation' because the present concept of 'liberated thinking' or occult understanding is still in itself *dictated by the influences that engineer this present society/culture*. With regard to implementing the practical, 'magickal' purpose of archetypes, personal 'like' or 'dislike' of one form or another does not necessarily validate or invalidate the reality of that form, and should not provide the basis for making a reasoned judgement of what is, or is not, of aeonic significance (this is particularly true of 'politics' ...).

In general, archetypes exert influence upon the unconscious, with mostly indirect results. However, Satan (or perhaps more accurately **Satanas**) is a *numinous symbol*, a living, Earth-based manifestation of the acausal. As such Satan *is* that force made conscious, and the gateway through which we as sentient Beings *become* the Will of the Cosmos.

Satan therefore, *is* the esoteric word, "image", vibration, chant and deed of Cosmic evolution itself. The 'magick' of Satan and the Dark Gods in general are for us the keys to that Evolution. How present (or past) cultures view Satan is not entirely relevant, and should not be seriously considered by those attempting to form a judgement. Again, the reality *has* to be experienced. A Sinister organisation [and **Satanas** is the epitome of the Sinister] is imbued with that reality and seeks to increase the Cosmic Tides via its works in the 'real world'.

Thus, the "chaos" trend of viewing all causal forms as merely means towards the 'Occult' attainment of some 'thing' is mistaken, because in this, a purely causal frame of reference - particularly in terms of 'time' - is used to judge that which actually possesses both causal *and* acausal components. It must be understood that techniques and forms are not there solely for individual experiencing/gratification, but rather that such things either express or counter an evolutionary pattern. In this, the understanding of the 'acausal component' is vital.

Thus, not all forms by their causal nature express limited understanding of acausal forces. While some methods are practical tools by which the individual may attain various magickal levels (as in some **Insight Roles**), others *are* those forces made manifest in the causal world: that is, the form so created is not a nexion to channel or presence the essence - it is the very essence itself; the essence evolving as it must evolve in causal time and space. This is so because such manifestations possess the greatest capacity to presence the continuous flow of Change that is Life [and significantly, do not always conform to conventional 'Occult' expectations: they are viewed as 'exoteric']. That some forms may express things that are culturally understood as 'plebian', primitive, or "Old Aeon" is absolutely irrelevant to their capacity to cause aeonic Change. This discernment requires the *Satanic* qualities of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason.

For those unique individuals whose Destiny is tied to such a form, there is no living of that form while hiding the "esoteric reality", the esoteric wisdom - the occult aspect. There is no clever deceit, no skilled manipulation, because the form created *is* the reality, *is that esoteric wisdom made real and practical*. This is the domain of **Vindex**, that much misunderstood embodiment of creative Change. Vindex does not really need 'the Occult' in conventional terms, to presence, or access the numinous ideals that s/he

represents. Such things, in this case, only obscure the essence of Change, of evolution - as they can often distance a person from the creative numen which can and does provoke such an evolution.

Because of the nature of human consciousness, we possess the capability to extend and create symbols and forms (such as language, or more simply sound) which could describe the essence itself. Not all abstract symbols [whether mathematical, magickal or other] need inherently and ultimately obscure the essence; and neither is it in their nature - or in the nature of any form for that matter - to presence the acausal by purely intellectual procedures. In this we need to understand and integrate with existing numinous symbols in order to spawn completely new forms - this initial confrontation and then synthesis of 'opposites' (in terms of the psyche) allows the necessary organic (and latent) relationship to develop between human life and symbols and other forms.

III: Synthesis

The majority are still swayed by archetypal forces conventionally described as "light" and "dark". That there exists a reality beyond such opposites does not mean that those opposites, *for the majority*, do not exist. They exist and exert influence until they are confronted and transcended. A magickal Order understands this, and thus seeks to guide its adherents towards the realms 'beyond opposites' via appropriate ordeals/Grade rituals - that is, via the fires of *experience*. That some (and they are very few) may attain this transcendence does not mean that such archetypes cease to exist for others, or that the realms beyond opposites are any more 'real'. Each realm, from those symbolised by Initiate to Magus, expresses a reality in the process of Evolution, and cannot be accurately comprehended in linear terms. In one practical sense, what is "good" and what is "evil" may be said to exist, since these are the concepts, at this point in time, by which a society views the world - by which life, for the majority, is still influenced. That the definition of moral absolutes may alter over the ages does not itself alter the essence by which they effect the process of human living.

This bifurcation still exists because that is the nature of our species at present, as it has been for centuries, despite the many external changes that have occurred, and despite the intellectual musings of philosophers and occultists alike. This is unlikely to begin to change beyond its current primary level until the emergence of the next aeon - some four hundred years from now. Thus a rite such as the genuine **Black Mass** still possesses real magickal purpose for individuals at a certain level of their development, as well as contributing to the necessary, broader aeonic changes. Such a rite accesses Nazarene/Magian energies and then re-directs them in a sinister way - and, as has been stated elsewhere in ONA MSS, the Satanist does not *believe* in the reality of "God", or the 'divinity' of the Nazarene, only that others so believe. Thus, there is still great relevance in promoting and practising a system of genuine "Black" magick which aims to counter the works of those who promote and practise magick of the "White" variety: in terms of the psyche of the West, a *cosmic battle* must still be played out if a synthesis is to be achieved by civilisation as a whole. In esoteric terms, this is to say that our civilisation has not as yet evolved to the stage of Adeptship. The goal of the Sinister Initiate is to aid this aeonic synthesis, and the methods by which they achieve this for *the majority* will differ in many instances from those which enabled this achievement for them as *individuals*.

In reality, both an esoteric Black and White Order *do* exist, but the form that is now conventionally understood as "evil" is instead the way that will allow the necessary transition to take place, and thus prevent the stagnation and decay that would result from the triumph of Magian forces [as presenced by the "White" Order]. In the most profound sense therefore, it is the Sinister Path that enshrines what is genuinely *divine* and life-enhancing...

In this very real Cosmic battle, Satan does not feature as some Judaeo-Nazarene device to oppress 'the Folk', but as a numinous symbol for our civilisation, of all that defies the counter-evolutionary force of the Magian. What is rarely expressed, however, is that such counter-evolutionary forces are *part* of the process of Cosmic Change, *part of the Wyrd of Western civilisation*. For without such opposition there is no real evolution, no Triumph of the Will - and no *Life*. Thus to oppose such counter-evolutionary forces is to *positively* aid aeonic evolution and bring the intergration with Nature so often sought by those who follow an Occult way.

It has been often said that 'opposition' and the identifying of enemy forces (sometimes mistakenly described as "scapegoats") is now counter-evolutionary, and somehow "old aeon". This is a tragic forgetting of what we, as a Western - or Aryan - Race are, and will always be: *hunters* and *warriors*. And it is through the opposition which we *do* draw to ourselves by virtue of what we are, that we are

able to struggle, fight, and thus *evolve*. If our instincts are still healthy and intact, we will *know* the forces that are working against us and consequently how to combat them in defence of the Honour of our Wyrð.

As practitioners of magick, we must have the understanding to allow those numinous symbols which presence - or 'order' - the wyrð of the aeon to which we are bound, to evolve unhindered according to their own mode of time; to flow with, and consciously *become* those forces, rather than aid counter-evolutionary powers by allowing limited personal ideas and projections to dominate.

Real practitioners of Aeonic magick do not project their own understanding onto the society of their time, as they do not seek in their practises to elevate the understanding of their contemporaries by willful self-expression. Changes in the collective psyche will take much longer than one lifetime, and will instead swell in waves, over Aeons. Thus, a genuine practitioner of Aeonic magick works with the raw materials and possibilities that characterise the society of their time: they do not work beyond practical boundaries. And in this, importantly, an Aeonic magickian is not swayed solely by the desire to witness the fruits of their understanding in their own personal lifetime; they plan for centuries ahead, and embody in their Being the slowness of evolution, the Wisdom of Ages ...

IV: Eira

For the occultist, the great curse of his endeavours lies in a pronounced capacity to think too much: to over-intellectualise, to analyse - to seek *too readily* to express practical truths via academic articles, and such like. Ideally, at this stage in esoteric development, a gradual move away from the intellectual approach should begin to emerge, along with an acceptance of the necessity for carving out the future by practical acts. The time for seeking to achieve influence via the written academic word should be waning, replaced instead by the understanding that such a seeking will only have a significant role following the practical realisation of the next esoteric stages - that is, when there is wisdom to distill from new deeds.

At this point, there should be a hunger to experience, to pioneer - to re-express the *essence*. The profusion of occult writings and journals, and pronouncements of organisations, should be viewed by the modern, intrepid occultist with tedium and disdain. There *should* be presented within the modern occultist that insatiable desire to speak and create from direct experience; to redefine by extraordinary experiencing those things which have become accepted truths and dusty, arcane lore: to *live* a hero's life, rather than enter the boring debates over strategy, tactics and history.

The above, quintessentially *Satanic* attitude, is still a rarity. In keeping with contemporary trends, the modern occultist behaves more like the Quantum scientist - allowing the intellect to dominate in the first instance, seeking answers through analysis before a thing has been uniquely tasted and experienced. The worrying trend is revealed in the occasional prefacing of articles with: "We have observed/seen in others ...", and then going from there to draw judgements without the need to *experience* what those others have experienced. This is particularly - and disturbingly - true of the various approaches to Aeonics. The worrying aspect is that this, the most profound of magickal techniques, is becoming a forum for academic debate, analysis and the pronouncement of personal opinions under the guise of Insight.

Aeonic Magick - the flow of civilisations - is an utterly organic process. It cannot be subjected to academic and personal projections, for that is to make it into something else entirely. As has been constantly stressed, the process requires individuals to lose what is personal of themselves by becoming completely immersed in practical aeonic forms. There is most certainly a subtle guiding, sometimes a subtle altering of those forms; but there is also, very significantly, a giving up of oneself to those aspects which cannot be controlled, which flow as they flow regardless of individual influence. The nearest analogy to this process lies in the flight of a seagull, as it rides the wind, adapting to a sudden storm; flying in calm weather, but going with the direction of the gales that may dictate a new course. It takes great skill, and the development of a perfect balance between what is individually willed, and what is unfolded by the greater flow of Life itself.

Consequently, Aeonics requires the individual to brave the unknown, and forge uniquely from *what cannot be pinned down*, a new experiencing of the constant, awesome *becoming* of the Cosmos. We have the practical tools to do this via the various forms, discussed many times, that presently exist in the world. And each new person who really lives those forms, who becomes fully immersed so they effectively *are* those forms, brings to flower something which utterly defies the academic debates and analysis: something *new*, something *living* - a storm to change the flow of our lives.

Occultists should possess the insight to recognise that point beyond which debate and critical analysis

cease to become productive *for all individuals, of all allegiances*. This is particularly true with regard to aeonic forms which are still growing, still in their early stages. There comes a time when the organic process of Change as a whole must be left alone to develop of itself, and personal objections of a thing are silenced. Occultists must be aware of the need to create conditions by which the necessary process of **thesis - antithesis - synthesis**, inherent within all aeonic forms, can flourish. This is a slow process - painfully so when apprehended within the time span of one individual causal life - and requires for its growth a way of *Living* on the part of individuals. Individuals cannot be led to this way of Living by the adoption of forceful opinions, as esoteric organisations cannot be built upon such opinions.

Again, this insight involves laying aside personal motivations - knowing when to act and when to move with that greater flow of Life. A useful example of a form for which strategical, semantic debate is now becoming counter-productive is that of 'politics' - particularly where Race/Racism is concerned. Such things are still not understood on a rudimentary level let alone on an aeonic one, and are still too practically *nascent* to be subject to the lofty criticisms of the esoteric commentator.

Therefore it is imperative that a few individuals at least strive to keep alive the promise of magick by being prepared to change their lives (including the 'occult' aspect) in order to seek to become that tool for Change; prepared to suffer the mistakes, the 'loss of face', the real dangers that will assuredly follow. Of those few individuals who have lived thus, all will testify to the profound, almost indescribable *difference* encountered by living and immersing oneself in an aeonic form, as opposed to the overview supposedly gained from literature and observing the experiences of other people. The former is to be an organic part of the *dialectic of Life*, re-defining, re-experiencing the *essence*; the latter, a victim and perpetuator of brain-washing.

The outer forms of aeonics can *always* be criticised - but the critical observations are not the point, are not the magick. The point lies solely in the aforementioned dialectic of Life: if the only way of achieving this intergration means that an individual must become for a time a real revolutionary fighter, and risk spending some of that time in prison, then that is the only way - *that* is the harsh choice faced by those who have undertaken the Great Work. However, for the majority faced with making this stark choice, personal feelings still continue to dictate, obscuring and ultimately killing the Will of the Cosmos that is presented within each individual. This Will is not dictated by personal choice, but is like the wind itself, a sudden reality upon which we must ride if the end goal is to be reached. This is one reason why Traditional Satanists eschew all those established beliefs and methods which bring comfort, all those old gods who bring familiarity and enervating 'identity'. Individuals may sincerely believe that such things, and their histories and ways, are important - but they really are not. So what is the reality? ... Sadly, the only present reality is that life is still too soft, too easy for the majority to be impelled by the terrifying process of Creation.

V: The Future Aeon

For the Present, we exist in a society characterised by a 'supermarket' approach of choice and consumption, where individuals no longer create history, but look backwards and study, and romanticise - and distort. The realm of the Esoteric is no exception to this, and thus it is vital that we as Occultists, as creative individuals, cease to waste our time delving into the folk-tales and legends of past, dead cultures - this includes those of the Norse, Celtic, Saxon, and whatever else passes for conventional esoteric interest.

Because to derive esoteric inspiration from the dim and distant deeds of an archetype is a waste of the magickal opportunity that exists *now*, with the people who exist *now* and the potential that *they can embody in the future*. To create and perform rituals based on a dim and distant fireside tale - or employ the symbolism of a past communal life-style - is a counter-productive [in aeonic terms] *indulgence*. A 'culture' is, magickally, unimportant. What matters is civilisation - or more precisely, the living, evolving force that moves a civilisation forwards, and which is in itself embodied by that civilisation. In this, the creativity of an associated culture is only of relevance if it presents this living, moving force.

When we enter a place of enigmatic 'historical interest', such as an old settlement or stone circle, we do not need to psychically unravel - or seek to re-enact - the secrets of a past community: we who live now *are* those secrets, we *are* that enigma. We must only tap into the genius of our creativity and flow forwards, leaving the monuments, the ruins - the dead shells - where they belong. If there is a message locked within the unknown dolmen, it is this.

However, to use the form of an ancient or old archetype for the purpose of doing something with that archetype in the world is another matter. But this implies re-presenting such an archetype as the hero of a *new* mythos - a mythos entirely representational of the current aeonic phase, and by that token one which

allows the next phase to be reached.

Thus, a new mythos would feature an established archetype committing great acts of nobility (and great acts of *terror*), the nature and form of which would inspire and liberate the 'modern masses'. The magick of the archetype would be in its living *now* in the real world, rather than having existed in some ethereal realm of the past; a past when the manifestation of Human life was, in many respects, very different to today. These differences lie in what is and what is not practically needed in order for the people of modern 'Western' society to feel inspired towards overcoming the problems, self-imposed and otherwise, of their day-to-day existence.

The deeds of this archetype could be a re-presentation of those acts committed by a real-life, modern day hero (such as a Satanist) - or the creation of a new legend, the practical basis of which has yet to occur, therefore inspiring individuals to bring it to life in the causal world ... The ways and methods of this powerful magickal technique are legion.

What is rarely considered by 'pagans' and occultists alike, is how archetypes organically change as a civilisation organically changes according to its various cultural, political and historical phases. For the West, one of our primary archetypes is that of the *Warrior*. As long as we as a Race continue to live, this archetype will never cease to be relevant: it will never die. However, the *form* by which this archetype exerts its influence on a Folk *always* changes according to the development of those things which aid racial survival. It is this latter form of development which defines the work of an Aeonic magickian, and not, as previously stated, temporary intellectual trends/fashion.

Thor, for example, was once a real, living individual tied to a Folk Community, who achieved immortality and 'god status' by doing great heroic deeds. These deeds provided inspiration for that Folk to practically emulate those deeds - and perhaps even surpass them. But, as stated above, we as a Folk have since moved into an entirely different set of circumstances to those which pertained to a particular phase in Norse history.

In order to effectively deal with the evolutionary problems of *today*, we need an archetype that we can realistically and practically follow in deed. But this does not imply a blatant and disrespectful casting aside of the glorious deeds of our ancestors. Rather, we are now presented with the challenge of leaving the *comforts* of adhering to a far-distant past and gathering instead the courage to practically realise that this new warrior archetype has, within the scope of history, recently evolved and lives now within the soul of the Western Race. This new archetype speaks of the future, and allows the old gods of the past to fade with dignity, as is their desire.

To accept this new archetype and to seek to aid it marks the adults from those who are still children, who still seek refuge in fairy tales - who still need the crutch of their parental ancestors. After all, what is more frightening: dreaming of a semi-mythical wizard who dwelt in the Dark Ages, or joining allegiance with a great Warrior of *our* time, who demands that we literally fight - and possibly die - alongside? And what new form does the Warrior now take? To accept and use this knowledge is to wield real, practical magick - to taste the living fruits of the cosmos. But it is for each potential adept to make their own discovery ...

VI: The Art of Future Magick

The essence of Future Magick is quite simple. It does not involve complicated 'occult' rituals where circles are drawn, implements brandished, and earth-shattering 'words of power' laboriously recited by a 'High Priest'. It does not involve fumigating an indoor Temple with the correct incense, or observing the archaic correspondences contained in dreaded books of dead things.

It does not involve a group of robed individuals standing in a circle and observing some ancient tradition, or beating drums in worship of some lovely celestial goddess and some virile horned god. All such obvious occult trappings are now ephemera, and fundamentally, are *of the past*. It is not surprising that the practise of such things is growing, since we live in a time when all communal traditions, all senses of spiritual meaning are fading or are being destroyed.

But there are no secrets contained in the past - no message from the mists of time to guide us forward. As previously stated, *we* who live *now* are the message of our future evolution: all that has happened throughout the aeons has led to this point, and, despite appearances, *we* as a species *know more now than we ever have known*.

In order to move forwards, we must make this reality a living one, within each and every one of our lives. We must trust in our latent, evolved creative genius and have the courage to discard the romantic trappings we as a species are becoming dependent upon. The Galactic future can be presented through our magick if we allow it to be. This requires a leap of faith into the Abyss - into the realm of Satan.

All that the new ceremonies require, is for individuals who possess this new aeonic faith to gather at specific times and perhaps light a bonfire which will function as a focus/symbol for the gathering. All else will create itself from there.

The specific gathering times - or *feasts* - are as follows: Mid - end of April; Early November; Spring Equinox; Mid - end of May; Summer Solstice; Early - mid August; Autumn Equinox; Winter Solstice; Late January - late Feb.

These are the times when the seasonal energies/cosmic tides are at their most pronounced. These energies, in themselves *unbound by any phase in history*, are, in the manner of magick, re-expressed each year according to the circumstances of the celebrating and the broader esoteric changes occurring at that time. Of necessity a traditional form such as a Nine Angles rite provides the basis for each fest - but such a rite is in itself unbound by imagery from the dead and distant past (qv. *Black Book III*). In essence, the 'Galactic' or acausal magick that will presence the Future, is expressed through chant and thought, and thus brings the living synthesis of Being that each act of magick seeks.

This is the magick that has always characterised the meaning of genuine Satanism: the Way of *Empathy*. The practising of the feasts expresses a conscious integration with the *living* cosmic forces, and reaches the height of expression when woven into the life of a rural community.

VII: Fundi

A great deal has been written over the years concerning the concept of the *nexion*, and while the basic meaning is widely understood - that of a nexion being a point where the acausal intrudes into the causal universe (and vice versa) - the outer form that a nexion may take requires some further explanation.

Firstly, a nexion can take many forms, and may even be a combination of forms. According to very rare conditions, an aeonic nexion may be an individual. Or it could be a revolutionary Religious form. Or, as stated, it could constitute several such forms co-existing in the world in order to bring forth the aeonic transition.

However, the standard image is usually that of an isolated, wind-swept hill, which may perhaps include upon it some ancient ruined structures. It is such an isolated place that is usually sought by occultists when attempting to open a gate/nexion. This attempt will most likely involve regular performance at the chosen site of rituals designed to presence the acausal (such as Nine Angles ceremonies, etc. - qv. *Order MSS Thernn*). Thus, a tradition is started whereby a reservoir of energies is created for future Adepts to draw from and direct according to desire. Several such places have been established over the years in the British Isles, with one site in particular having been opened in an area of the Welsh Marches over 1,000 years ago in order to inaugurate the Western Aeon, as has been documented by the Dark Tradition. Thus, the nexion associated with the present Western Aeon was indeed an isolated, genuinely esoteric place. However, it was only thus because of the nature of the times in which it was created: times characterised by the Nazarene oppression, which demanded an esoteric approach to preserving what we sometimes term as the 'Western ethos'.

This was in contrast to the nexion which presenced the Hyperborean Aeon of Albion. This nexion existed in the area of Stonehenge. The nexion then was not solely the henge itself, or the land upon which it was built, or the folk who lived and worshipped there: *it was a combination of all those factors*. The nexion of Albion was the organic whole of the community which grew there; a living, working centre where all the threads of nature and human-kind were woven as one. What can be found at that site now is the dead shell of what was once a living organism - a nexion by which life evolved significantly.

Because of the enervating nature of this present time, the nexion associated with the next aeon and which is being established now, is also an organic whole - a community. But this community must in this present age develop covertly, since to openly establish it as an 'occult' venture would be to hinder its slow, natural growth, and turn it into something short-sighted and short-lived: a 'project' attempting to bend the Will of Nature in accordance with a set of accepted 'ideas'. That is, such a venture would seek to project upon the essence a limited understanding of what constitutes the 'esoteric', and would thus represent a step backwards, into that which is already dying.

The community instead allows the essence to dictate the ways of living, and remains always separate from 'occult' forums and trends in order that it may presence the future by founding a new organic approach to Life itself. From this slow, aeonic development will come the new forms, the new expressions, the new magick - of themselves, unhindered by any pre-conceptions or expectations, and free from all past and fading archetypes.

Thus the community itself will become the *new* esoteric path; the *new* religion - the *new* country. In order to make this next phase meaningful and significant - that is, *practical* - a leap of faith is required: a

breaking away from the established, on all levels. Thus, the spirit of real pioneering is to be invoked, and there is no reason why ultimately this leap of faith cannot be repeated across the diverse regions of the Earth.

In establishing this nexion, the cycle that began in Albion will have returned to its new beginning. This beginning is in essence quite simple: it is the cultivating of the *conscious* apprehension of the acausality of 'time', from which all else shall follow. Only from these seemingly humble, rural beginnings can emerge the race that will practically extend towards the stars, since both the Will and the form of technology required to fulfil the Galactic Destiny can only develop organically from revolutionary organic beginnings and methods.

The hidden, outwardly 'non-esoteric' community will be this new beginning, and must subsequently be nurtured in such a way that it flourishes for at least 1,000 years. This new form signifies the closing of all that outwardly constitutes this present age, and *is the essence itself*, not merely a vehicle for the expression of the essence. It is a combination of both causal and acausal: it is a living nexion - the next stage, made practical, in our evolution.

What is described above represents the essence of magick.

VII: Addendum

And so in this, and in other ONA writings, the practical meaning of Magick is explicated - all that is now required of sinister esoteric Orders and individuals is the *Will* to make the meaning a reality. Thus, in conclusion, the magickal aims of a genuine sinister organisation should be as follows:

- 1) To continue to maintain the existing Tradition by disseminating the various teachings and methods [as published in MSS such as **Codex Saerus**, **Naos** and others].
- 2) To practically aid those 'exoteric' forms which will bring the New Aeon.
- 3) To extend the Tradition by creating *new* forms of the sinister. These would include Artistic [music/images/writing]; 'Magickal' [new ceremonial/hermetic forms]; and practical, numinous ways of living [as in the creation of an esoteric rural community, or communities - qv. Order MSS *Thernn*].

In Satanism, lies the stuff of modern folk-tales - of future legends; for unlike others, the Satanist lives the life and dies the death of a Hero. This is not a claim made lightly. As a consequence of the actions of a few, the next fifty years will witness a Recalling of the devastating Creative force that each individual life can *will* into Becoming.

Though many will dismiss it because they do not have the courage to try, the Way of Satan remains, amidst the myriad of 'paths' the essence of the Great Work. *Experto credite*.

And when the works are complete, a Satanist disappears from sight - toward the next stage, leaving astonishment, disbelief and many questions in their wake. And then the failures begin their campaign, of distortion and lies. Just occasionally, they may hear our laughter.

C. Riabhaich/ONA. Revised: ONA 1998 eh. Published by The Venn Community, Shropshire, 1998eh; Vindex Press, USA, 1998eh.

E X E A T :
The Sinister Western Tradition
Coire Riabhaich, ONA

Preface

*The following MSS is intended as a companion to **Eira: A Satanic Guide to Future Magick**. It further explicates the nature and aims of the Satanic Sinister Way, as exemplified by the Order of Nine Angles. The Dark Tradition has been maintained over the ages by a few Initiates working in secret. This work involves presencing and increasing 'cosmic forces' - that is, implementing a Will to more Life, more 'flow', to thus keep alive the essence that lifeless dogmas seek to suppress.*

Because of this active vivifying of the 'essence', the archetypal Sinister Adept is at the forefront of our species because they have gone further than any other individual in their experiencing of Life and the Cosmos.

Nature will always require the presence of such Sinister beings, whatever the Aeonic current, for without them there is no evolution. Initiates of the Satanic Tradition are woven into the fabric of Cosmic Life. This present volume attempts to succinctly describe the truth of the Satanic Tradition: a Way so simple, yet so difficult in practice.

ONA, 1998eh

Exeat: The Sinister Western Tradition

1) The Satanic

A Satanic individual and organisation represents - or strives to represent - one fundamental thing: *Beyond*. Satanism itself is a way to presence pure acausal forces and the Satanist an insightful individual who directs those forces in the real world via appropriate causal forms. Satanism itself is not, unlike "paganism", a way for the majority/the 'masses'. It does not seek acceptance as it does not seek to present *itself* as a way by which a whole society is moved to greatness. It does not seek the understanding of the 'Folk', as it does not seek to defend what is often by conventional standards utterly indefensible. It is instead that one factor which drives all genuine Occult quests - the *Mystery* itself. Throughout the Aeons, this factor has been presenced within each civilisation via a particular esoteric elite. This "elite" however is not some ego-enthralled 'secret society' or organisation comprising of a multitude of 'members'. It is instead a living, changing expression of what is always beyond contemporary understanding, earthed in a few usually isolated and extraordinary individuals. It is true, in one sense, to say that these individuals are born, not made. They possess, because of who they are, an empathy, a certain desire - a certain aura ... Ultimately, theirs is not a sinister 'role,' but a way of Being - they *are* the Satanic drive; they are *natural* and do not pretend to be anything other than themselves. To be a "Satanist" therefore is to be someone of a very particular *character*: it is not, as it is in conventional "paganism", an adoption of a cultural world-view with its collection of customs, uniforms, 'laws' and subsequent expected modes of behaviour. And it is not, as some will inevitably perceive, a form in competition with other 'occult/pagan' groups and paths: it is autonomous, and states *Satanically* what it believes. As long as Satanic creativity inspires a future generation of Sinister Adepts, then it matters little who 'agrees' or 'disagrees'.

And thus, for non-Satanists, one of the most unsettling characteristics of a Satanic individual is their *arrogance*. Satanists have a particular 'arrogance' because they strive to live by and implement the grandest of Human ideals. The grandest ideals lie in surpassing what is conventionally regarded as the greatest of achievements by the greatest of individuals. All things, including 'the gods' of conventional paganism, can be *surpassed* (qv. *In The Realm of Gods*).

To achieve what is greater, arrogance - fierce *fanatical* belief - is required. This approach will, on appearance, seem 'unbalanced' to some, perhaps even *hubristic*. But what is hubristic - that is, what is insolent towards Nature - is behaviour *without* the formation of experience, rational thought and self-awareness: it is personal behaviour that exerts *control* over the individual via often unconscious and selfish forces.

Satanic arrogance is essentially *supra-personal*, and is the empowerment to act which comes from hard-earned knowledge. A Satanic individual does not believe themselves to be personally infallible, but is prepared to learn from their own mistakes and experiences to thus further refine what is Sinister/Satanic. These 'mistakes', these acts of being Human, are regarded as gifts of Insight along what is an incredible and dangerous journey.

Empowered by pride, the Satanist will not conform to any accepted 'realistic' vision and strategy concerning the evolutionary purpose of Life. Without some individuals believing - *knowing* - that all things can be surpassed, there is no inventiveness, no daring, no risks, no genius: no evolution.

Thus, one is either 'Satanic' or one is not. And what is 'Satanic' is quite simply the restless urge to explore and make new order out of the undiscovered chaos - this is what Satan symbolises *beyond* the capacity of an 'archetype'; *beyond* the known gods of folklore⁽¹⁾.

If there are those who still do not understand, then they should consider the story of Prometheus. He, a mortal, defied the gods - and yes, as a consequence, was condemned for an eternity. But by his defiance and desire and *sacrifice*, he gave mankind possession of fire ...

Academic debates concerning the actual origin of Satan and Satanism, while interesting, are not really important. The things described above - the particular 'arrogance', the 'Beyond' - *are* Satanic; not as a creed or dogma, but in a natural sense, according to the *living nature* of those things.

Many will go the path of seeking acceptance - perhaps to inculcate the masses with a particular world-view. But while the many seek establishment, there must be others - the few - who ensure that the next stage exists, *presenced in the defiance of all conventional and 'understood' things*. Thus, is the Future made possible.

II) The Sinister

The presencing described above is also what is quintessentially *Sinister*. There is no fundamental division between what is Satanic and what is Sinister, since what is 'Satanic' is the gateway to what is Sinister. This is not a riddle, but a very simple truth.

What is Sinister is all that is described above - *and more*. Satan and Satanism are inextricably bound with what is Sinister, since the Way of Satanism is a practical application of the Sinister.

Because of the nature of Satanism, those who follow the Seven-Fold Way are fully aware that the Sinister also extends into a realm *beyond* Satan and Satanic methods. But that realm, for those following an esoteric path, can only be reached when the *psyche* is permanently changed via the ordeals of Satanism (ie. for individuals, the 'Grade' rituals - for civilisations, the magick of Aeons). This change within the psyche is not simply intellectual but organic, occurring of itself.

The nature and experiencing of this 'realm' is "Sinister" because: a) for Sinister Adepts, it does not need to be described by words or images or musick, since it is *lived* within the individual; b) for non-Initiates, it disrupts and unsettles because it cannot be grasped/understood via conventional - or "unconventional"! - modes of thinking.

For *civilisations*, this realm - because it is in essence the current of Life itself - must be presenced in ever more conscious ways in order to advance the possibilities of evolution. To seek the advancement of evolution is to enable the Destiny inherent within Life itself to be understood and implemented. In effect, this quest is genuinely *Sacred* because it seeks to fulfil the Will of the Cosmos.

Implicit in this quest is the deliberate creation and use of causal forms (words; images; 'organisations' - and so on) that possess the capacity to achieve the evolution described above. The effect of such a form in the causal world is that it provokes significant Change - the effect of that form is "Sinister". [When there is no overt esoteric influences/guidance, this creativity is intuitive/mostly unconscious - and thus the life and efficacy of the resulting form is subject to the limitations of the personality of its creator.] Satanism is an esoteric Sinister form: it is explicitly and absolutely concerned with guiding individuals towards fulfilling the Will of the Cosmos. It is at the summit of what is Sinister because it deliberately seeks to cause Change in the causal world via the creation of new, devastating *Aeon*ic forms, and strives to identify, enhance and champion the Aeonic forms that are already in existence. The criteria for this seeking has been much discussed: in essence it stems not from dogma but from Satanic rationale - that is, a reasoned apprehension beyond the personal and beyond the forces which seek to influence the personal (ie. 'cultures'; 'counter-cultures'; 'ideas' and so on).

The primary goal of the Sinister methods of Traditional Satanism is to create an individual who is the

living embodiment of the Sinister: that is, this individual, by following the Seven-Fold Way, *becomes* Change itself⁽²⁾. Thus, unlike those who are dogmatically dedicated, Satanists not only express the "Satanic" and refine and extend those methods, but are able (of necessity) to create and maintain many other forms - some exoteric - in order to enable cosmic evolution *as a whole*⁽³⁾. To non-Satanists, such an individual is perplexing, elusive and apparently contradictory.

But that is not all: a genuine Sinister Magickian, because their concern is with *cosmic* evolution, also enables the *acausal itself* to evolve beyond what is possible to be accessed at any given period in causal time. This skilled practitioner of the arts of Life has been recalled throughout the ages as a 'Merlin' figure: an individual who is always one step ahead ...

ONA teachings have constantly stressed the necessity for would-be *Sinister* Adepts to strip away *all* influences in order to achieve the synthesis with the current of Life/the cosmos/ the Sinister Being. This stripping away really does apply to *all* things - including what passes for the 'esoteric' in present Western culture: "paganism"; ceremonial magick; spells; folklore; and symbols. Quite simply, this "stripping away", this alchemical process, is the *Sinister Tradition*.

Thus, what is "Sinister" is not what is embodied in the above conventional "esoteric" aspects. The above aspects may be crafted to presence the Sinister, but this presencing must, in terms of the personal development of the Adept, be on a limited, short-term basis, otherwise the forms themselves begin to *dominate the Sinister intent*.

And in the journey towards the Sinister, Satan is not a 'shell' to be discarded but an ever-present gate via which the further reaches are explored. This is so because, in practical terms, there does not exist at present another earthly form which so quintessentially brings the Sinister. It is therefore the duty of all Sinister Magickians/Cliologists, *at whatever stage of their development*, to ensure that this Satanic Gate remains fully open for future travellers.

The reality is that no judgement counter to this can be made without first fully embarking upon the Sinister Seven-Fold Way (qv. **Naos**) for *at least c. 4 - 5 years*. Without this particular practical experiencing of what is described by Sinister Adepts as "Satanic", then there can be no basis to judge what is or is not valid. This is because the way of Satanism is a *practical system of Sinister living*: it is not simply a "Faustian" philosophy to be agreed with, or intellectually dismissed.

III) The Cosmic

The Way of Satanism seeks to presence what is *new* and *alternative*. This is not simply a case of being "different" for the sake of it. As previously explained, the challenge of the Sinister Way lies not only in aiding existing Aeonic forms, but also in crafting new forms which extend and evolve the *ethos* contained in the former.

This crafting requires great esoteric skill. It involves allowing a flow of acausal forces to dictate the evolving of the new form, as opposed to creating a foundation based on the researching of the "histories" and well-known myths of past traditions. This latter approach involves fulfilling obvious expectations - expectations/perceptions/ideas that have been *created by others*, in accord with a particular form of social engineering [modern day "wicca" is one such example]. Such a form is not really numinous - it does not possess Life.

A Satanic form has been brought to Being by an individual using their "inner eye": that is, by an individual practising the art of cosmic *empathy*. This process cannot really be adequately described except by stating that it occurs when an individual *flows* with *what is*. In crafting a form, a basic foundation is deliberately created - arrived at via esoteric techniques rather than dry academia - which is then carefully nurtured. This nurturing is a delicate balance between shaping the direction of the form by individual reasoning and experience, and allowing space for supra-personal forces to dictate the evolving.

In doing this, the individual must be constantly vigilant that they are not using the form *for personal ends*: instead, there should be an acceptance that the form once created - ie. practically active in the real world - must begin to evolve according to its own organic nature and life-span. If the form is numinous, then it will possess its own Destiny in accordance with the greater Wyrð of the Cosmos.

The creativity of such an individual *is* the living song of the Cosmos, and not the mundane 'cultural' voice of the *status quo*.

By using this "inner eye/voice" as a guide, startling new forms, which surpass all previous creations, *are*

possible. But, as previously stated, this 'newness' is not sought for its own sake: it is sought in order to continue and advance the evolution of the essence, or Cosmic spirit. That is, the "essence" or ethos remains as a constant, but the outward forms *must* change in order to reveal ever more greater expressions of the essence⁽⁴⁾.

What many aspiring Sinister initiates seem to forget - or simply do not *know* - is that the Sinister, in essence and practice, is *beyond* "History". That is, what is Sinister is something which is ***beyond even the reverence for the great deeds of our ancestors***. This is not to say that such a reverence is somehow "wrong": rather, what is fundamentally *unrepresentative* of the Sinister is the attempt to cage it within the practice of ancestral reverence. Even this reverence, beyond a certain point, becomes a certain 'thing' with its own boundaries which ultimately *limits* the Sinister.

Even this reverence, for the aspiring Sinister Adept, *beyond a certain point*, becomes something which no longer empowers Sinister intent, but hinders. What is Sinister is what is *beyond this certain point*. If there is no practical expression of what is beyond this certain point in the real world, then what is Sinister cannot exist.

Essentially, some circumstances will require a continuation of some traditions/systems, while others will require a complete break - the inauguration of a new era. In this, what matters is whether some existing forms are still living nexions by which the Cosmos is made manifest, or whether those forms have become an inadequate expression of a life force that is characterised by vitality, defiance and genius. This newness, this creative Change, is not so difficult to achieve as many might assume. As regards esoteric matters, individuals must be inspired to think differently about "magick" and its methods of expression. The Future Magick, its techniques and rites, must be allowed to evolve naturally over a period of experimentation. If individuals - either solo or in a gathering - decide to approach "worship" in a different way, then gradually new forms *will* emerge. Only once these forms have been tried and tested with ruthless honesty and found to significantly advance the practice of magick, can they be recorded and made public - but not before [the esoteric reasons for this approach should be obvious].

As a guide to these new techniques, individuals should use, as their main focus, the Galaxy and its exploration and conquest. Obvious poetic eulogies to the stars should be avoided: instead new and strange expressions should be created - ie. a new language, chants, forms of dress ... Experimentation will show what is and what is not possessed of numinosity.

The direction of this new magick lies in a complete break from the old magickal techniques of spells, circles, robes (etc.), because the very nature of magick itself challenges us to evolve a new form that will effectively render such things as archaic. According to this new magick, there should be a move away from allegory and a move towards the creation of modes of Being which actually *are* the Cosmos itself⁽⁵⁾. That is, "magick" should become a way to keep alive and conscious a supra-personal vision and ideal.

And esoterically, "magick" should evolve to be understood as a way to make conscious, both within and external to individuals, a region where All Life exists as a unified whole⁽⁶⁾. In practice, this is the nexion that will bring the New Aeon.

This approach will ultimately lead to a synthesis of forms - of both esoteric and exoteric. This synthesis will be characteristic of a new type of Human life: one which will no longer need to practice "magick", or any other such thing - be that 'thing' "politics", "philosophy", "history" or whatever. Instead, the reality, the apprehension that we as "occultists" all seek, will be *lived* ...

This acceleration in evolution will not occur through the imposition of some dogma or 'social reform': it will occur naturally because we who seek - we who *are* the Cosmos - will have seeded its spirit by our Desire.

IV) Conclusion: The Satanic Master Plan Revealed

This uniting with All Life - the Cosmos - is one of the great stages yet to be implemented in Human history. However, this synthesis, while implicit within our Destiny, will not necessarily occur of itself. Rather, it must be brought to Being - it must be *fought for*, since we also possess the capacity to destroy this potential.

This synthesis will only occur if a **Galactic Empire** is made a reality. The purpose of Future - or 'Stellar' - magick therefore, is to draw forth from this most vital of ideals the numinosity necessary to inspire the psyche of our species: to promote the Galactic vision as the only ideal worth striving for.

For the next few centuries at least, the ultimate goal of the Sinister Way - the ultimate aim of the "Satanic master plan" - is this aiding of our species to seed the stars. It is a goal that is, and should be, shared with many others outside of Traditional Satanism. Each will have their part to play: for Satanism and the Sinister Way, it lies in reaching out into the cold spaces of Beyond to bring the *extraterrestrial* to reality.

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¹ The difference between an archetype and a numinous symbol is crucial to esoteric understanding, but is seldom if ever discussed outside Traditional Satanism (qv. *Eira: A Satanic Guide to Future Magick* and *Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction*).

² This "magickal" evolving is represented by the unified symbolism of the 'Tree of Wyrld' (qv. *Naos*).

³ Fundamentally, this evolution is expressed via the spawning of *new* symbols, *new* archetypes, and *new* mythos (see aforementioned Order MSS).

⁴ See chapter IV of *Eira - A Satanic Guide to Future Magick*.

⁵ The Septenary Star Game is an important aspect of this new magick - qv. *Naos* and *Hostia*.

⁶ It should be clear that the meaning of this unification with/of "All Life" does not lend credence to a "politically correct" concept of "equality" and the other socially engineered visions (such as the "ideal" of a "global village"): rather, it refers to the esoteric apprehension of the acausal/acausal time (qv. MSS on 'Time').

- Order of Nine Angles -

ONA Strategy and Tactics

The fundamental strategic aim, expressed exoterically, is to aid evolution of the human species by increasing the dark, creative, forces which presence on Earth. Expressed esoterically, the aim is to aid the creation of a 'New Aeon' wherein what is now known as Adept-type consciousness and abilities are the preserve of the majority. This aim is long-term: c.3-5 centuries.

This aim involves keeping open already existing nexions, and opening new nexions, these nexions effectively drawing forth acausal (or sinister) energies. The energy is then directed to achieve specific goals, or left to disperse and disrupt according to its nature. Exoterically, this aim is 'The Return of the Dark Gods' and the creation of a Satanic Age and a Satanic Empire on Earth.

To achieve this aim, various tactics, or means, are required. Some are: i) Existing power structures and thus societies need to be disrupted and re-shaped, enabling some of them to be used to create a Satanically inspired society or societies.

ii) The means and techniques of achieving Adeptship, and thus real individual freedom, need to be made known, thus enabling an upturn in genuine Adepts. These Adepts will form an elite, and from this elite influence will be gained and the sinister implemented. Some of this elite may well take or hold or influence various forms of political power in the future when disruption, destabilization occurs on a large scale.

Each of these involves certain specific things. For instance, a Satanically inspired society could well be of a fascist/National Socialist type - i.e. this type of society would achieve or could achieve certain Satanic goals either directly or via the dialectic of change, and thus aid the ultimate goal: a New, Satanic, Aeon. Accordingly, such views and the organizations upholding them would be aided, mostly secretly. Esoterically, the creation of an Imperium by a charismatic individual (Vindex) would be aided both by magickal means, and more directly. Vindex would be a nexion for the dark forces. Essentially, NS type politics is considered as, at this moment of aeonic time, aiding the sinister dialectic, and an NS society as one of the first stages in changing evolution toward the sinister on a large scale. One of the primary goals of Imperium must be the conquest of Space. [This assessment arises from Aeonics.]

The disruption of existing forms is necessary, whatever tactics (such as politics) are used to aid the sinister Aeon. Disruption means the destabilization of societies - particularly Western ones, where global power at present resides. On the practical level, this means that the societies must be made the breeding ground for the tactical forms chosen. The peoples must yearn for something - and what they yearn for must be given to them. That is, their instinctive yearning will be controlled, psychically, via sinister Adepts. They will be made ready, psychically and practically, for what power-structures are required. To achieve this, various archetypal energies must be used and directed, and some implanted in the 'collective unconscious' (e.g. by using archetypes manipulating them - and creating new archetypal forms).

Further, societies must be destabilized on the practical level. This will be achieved in two ways - via using sinister magickal energies, and by aiding practical disruption. The first means an increase in chaotic type energies: sinister random energies which infect susceptible individuals and drive them to do certain things, to disrupt, cause chaos, spread evil and so on. The second means aiding those things which will undermine societies - e.g. drugs, pornography, crime, political unrest, economic misfortune, racial and other social tensions (including religious ones).

Of paramount importance is disrupting those large, influential power structures, the United States of America and the Soviet Union.

Without these structures (both of which are forms of Nazarene/Magian control and influence) the natural, disruptive forces within those States and within the States which are covertly controlled/influenced by them, would re-emerge, making it easier for the strategic goal to be achieved. That is, without these two power structures, contending rival States would emerge both within Europe and world-wide. There would be many wars as long-suppressed conflicts were fought out, just as the naturally strong and aggressive would re-assert themselves by using force. In short, natural forces would take over.

In the case of the Soviet Union, the tactics are to use magickal forces to disrupt - and to encourage those

elements which seek the destruction of the Soviet bloc. The former involves directing magickal energies at the power structures and seeding susceptible minds with certain disruptive/chaotic/directed forms: e.g. the performance of rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, with specific aims. [Exoterically, the Dark Gods would be invoked, via Nine Angles type rites, and sent to disrupt/provoke change.] The latter is more restricted, at the time of writing, due to lack of practical influence in that sphere - but three areas to encourage are: 1) The dissemination of Satanic ideas in the countries under Soviet control/influence and in countries where influence can be spread into those countries (e.g. Eastern Europe); 2) The spread of heretical views (e.g. with regard to National Socialism, the Holocaust etc.); 3) Aiding the emergence/influence of Islam to undermine Communist ideology/Nazarene ideals in certain areas. In the case of America, the tactics are similar - to use magickal forces, and to encourage overt disruption. The former involves directing energies both chaotic and sinister to infect others; spreading Satanic ideas and methods (e.g. by making available rituals and the ideas of Satanism); and undertaking rites appropriate to destabilizing both individuals and the power structures in general. The latter involves supporting various organizations and groups on both sides of the political spectrum (to enhance disruption/breakdown); spreading subversive and heretical ideas (e.g. National Socialism); and generally trying to break down the society from within - this involves encouraging drugs, crime, and such like (which will provoke not only breakdown, but which will also provoke a reaction, which will become more extreme as the breakdown becomes more extreme; this reaction aiding the emergence of natural forces and instincts). Whatever means are necessary can and should be used - the aim is to cause the American State structure to collapse, creating chaos, from which a reaction will emerge, this reaction being of a certain type - i.e. tending toward authoritarianism, anti-Nazarene in essence. This collapse of American power will free the world, and enable at present suppressed forces to emerge and take control, forces which will be beneficial to the long-term goals. Nowhere will this be more evident than in the 'Middle-East'. A tide of Islamic fundamentalism would bring great changes, enabling a beneficial alliance between the new power structure which should emerge in America. What applies to both America and the Soviet Union applies to Europe - but America and the Soviet Union have priority at present, at least in terms of magickal energies. That is, the attack occurs on all levels, in Europe, America, the Soviet Union and world-wide (particularly in the Middle-East)*- but if resources are or become stretched for whatever reason or reasons, America and the Soviet Union have priority. Adepts will immediately understand that even if the strategic aim is not achieved, the disruption/chaos caused in trying to achieve it by some of the tactics mentioned, will be Satanic. All such tactics pay homage to Satan!

ONA 1988 eh

Note: It should be obvious that the aim in the Middle East is to encourage Islam; this undermines both America and the Soviet Union in the short-term and prepares the ways for future alliances.

Addendum:

Since the MS was written, Soviet power has, in fact collapsed. It would be unwise, at this juncture, to attribute this to magickal and other means - i.e. to see the magickal campaign as being solely responsible. What is clear, however, is that such means played a part - perhaps began the process via a psychic contagion.

This fall now makes the United States of America the prime magickal target insofar as such workings are concerned. Here, there are 'Adepts' of the Nazarene/ Magian traditions to contend with.

The means of magickal disruption will continue to be:

- a) Spreading already existing rites (such as in the Black Book), enabling others in that country to invoke/open nexions and so spread the energies those rites re-present (one of the aims of those energies being disruption).
- b) Performing Nine Angles rites and directing the energies toward disrupting power structures, and directing it toward targeted individuals.
- c) Performing Death rites with the aim of eliminating or harming certain influential individuals.
- d) Spreading existing forms (and creating new ones) which infect the psyche of individuals.
- e) Continue to perform traditional ceremonies and direct their energies toward achieving disruption or aiding those causes/individuals who will assist or aid, perhaps without their knowledge, the sinister dialectic.
- f) Direct energies into already existing nexions (and create new nexions) to aid/ create those tactical forms which aid the emergence of Imperium-like forces.
- g) Loosing undirective/chaotic energies

of sinister import.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Temple 88: Newsletter I
ONA

THE SATANIC PURPOSE

The Destiny of the Temple is to bring the NEW AEON; to presence via Satanic magick the future in the present, and secure the unfolding and establishment of a new civilisation - one that enshrines Satanic principles. We are privileged to be the ones who will conduct the Aeonic rites which aid the cosmic tides once every two thousand years - that is, when the Aeon is waning [in its Winter stage] and the energies of the next are beginning to manifest. This organic process of Aeonics flows according to its own species of time, and contrary to the fantasies of most Occultists, the New Aeon will not become fully manifest for another five hundred years from now. Thus the purpose of the Temple is truly Sacred, since it exists to fulfill Cosmic Wyrð rather than pursuing the personal indulgences of its members - indeed, its very aim spans centuries beyond the causal lifetimes of its members.

How the relevant energies are presented and to their long term effects, depends on how they are consciously manipulated; this is to say, that a "New Aeon" comprising of an upward surge in evolution is not necessarily guaranteed of itself. It must be brought by WILLED CHANGE, implemented by those with a real understanding of what is NECESSARY in order to fulfill the promise of cosmic evolution (and thus the promise of our own existence). As expressed, this understanding transcends the "personal" and illusory culture of the "individual". Thus, when Satanic magick is directed into a causal form to aid the fulfilling of Wyrð, the form concerned is chosen because it is RATIONALLY understood as enshrining the ethos appropriate to the New Aeon. Whatever "negative" feelings one may have about such a form are irrelevant, as, ultimately, are any personal desires and prejudices, since such things are the residue of temporary, temporal cultural conditioning.

However, Aeonic understanding is not a negation of Being, but rather an extension - where Individual consciousness expands into the acausal. To bring forth a new species of Human which embodies this new way of Being, which possesses the faculty of REASON, is the esoteric purpose of the New Aeon. At present, the methods by which this "Individuation" - or more correctly, "Adeptship" - may be created, exist only within the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, as enshrined by the Order of Nine Angles (qv. the various published Order MSS).

It is essential to understand that the Sinister and Satanism (of the Traditional kind) are one and the same; that is, only the force known as Satan represents in both essence and form, the Promethean zest, defiance and Darkness without which evolution is not possible. Satan is not merely a form to be considered "outmoded", to be thus replaced with another deity of one's personal choice: the form itself IS the essence, IS that Promethean zest so vital to the survival and expansion of Western Destiny. This is the esoteric reality, now more than ever. Those who do not or will not understand this are irrelevant, as those who actively oppose this reality are our enemies, fit only to become Opfers.

The results of Satanism in practice represent balance, a synthesis of both "light" and "dark" (in terms of the psyche), brought about through real-life experience and thus made manifest in the way necessary to cause significant causal change. A Satanist, therefore, is part of the Dialectic of History: this, in contradistinction to the distorted media image of a gothic wallowing in death and perversion, and the decadent, petty lives of every other "Occultist". Out of all the Occult paths, only Satanism dares to guide its adherents through the Forbidden Gates so they come to KNOW what must be achieved if the Wyrð of the Cosmos is to be fulfilled. The absolute dearth of understanding concerning the real purpose of Magick (or the Great Work) is symptomatic of the dying time of the present, and an urgent reminder why practical action must be taken NOW, lest all that is numinous is lost to the selfish consumerism and enervating (and illusory) egalitarian ideas that are killing the Promethean Soul. Thus, in so acting, Satanism represents the highest form of Nobility.

AEONICS

The terms "New" and "Old" Aeon have become by-words of Occult speak, and very rarely can any Occultist define in realistic terms the esoteric and exoteric nature of the New Aeon.

The ONA however offers a scientific rather than a mystical, subjective model of history, and reveals each Aeon as an organic being, with its own finite life-span. Briefly, an Aeon lasts 2000 years, and its associated civilization 1,500. During the "Winter" stage of the associated civilization - usually presented causally as an IMPERIUM - the strands of the subsequent Aeon manifest [all civilizations so far have evolved through a natural process of growth, change and decline]. Each Aeon possesses a unique "ethos" (or "Soul"), and thus each Aeon and associated civilization has a unique Destiny. This Destiny will always produce causal manifestations, but as to whether or not its promise is implemented, depends on

the conscious apprehension of the associated civilization. So far, over the previous four Aeons, the pattern has been an organic one, without significant conscious, or willed, change.

The ethos of this current fifth Aeon - the Western - is EXPLORATION: the desire to know and extend boundaries by such striving. As a result of this ethos, we in the West have the capacity to consciously apprehend the Aeonic process, and thus through willed change (or "Magick") extend, perhaps indefinitely, the lifespan of our civilization. This extension implies the emergence of the next, and associated, sixth Aeon, often termed by Satanists as the Aeon of Fire, but known by all those who share the Promethean ideal as the GALACTIC. This is so, because the Destiny of the Western race is to lead the way to exploring and colonising the Galaxy, thus extending the boundaries of Human experience into new and infinite realms.

However, the fulfillment of this Destiny is by no means secure, since it requires the significant nurturing and expansion of forces that run counter to the MAGIAN ethos of the Tyranny that currently occupies the West. When referring to the "New Aeon", most Occultists will maintain that they are striving towards the dawn of a New Age vaguely apprehended as a time of liberation, "personal freedom", and the realization of "global peace and harmony". But this Nazarene influenced New Age is far from a rational, conscious apprehension of Aeonic forces: instead, it is a cultural illusion engineered by The System in order to impose control over the Folk, and to fulfill its own messianic prophecies. The tyranny of the capitalist System lies in the creation and encouragement of selfish materialism, which deliberately denudes the Western Race of its greatest strength: its soul. It is no accident that this soul is dying, as the Folk are transformed into flabby, soft consumers - sub-humans devoid of numinous vision and noble purpose.

The great tragedy when considering the societies of the West today, is that the Western Lands were once peopled by real warriors such as the Vikings. If the next Aeon is to be secured, then there must be a return of the Promethean Soul as epitomized by the real Warrior - that is, someone whose hands are stained by blood and gore, and who is really prepared to die for a noble cause: whose individual life is a means to something greater. In this present age divorced from Nature, such fierce, defiant and WAR-LOVING adventurer would be locked away for "crimes against humanity". Thus, there is at present a very real war being waged between forces often depicted in esoteric legend as a "white" and a "black" order - the force described (in one sense inaccurately) as the "white" order has its magickal centre [or NEXION] in the Middle East.

If this Galactic Aeon is not secured then a new Dark Age will result, with the loss of an opportunity that may not emerge again for many centuries - if at all. However, the Western Soul does die it will only be the fault of the Western Race itself, since The System IS inherently unstable, and with the necessary Will, determination and courage, CAN be smashed. System Breakdown implies more than just Magickal rites, since the chaos that needs to be released must be earthed into a practical, causal form dedicated to the principles of the New Aeon. The immediate aim therefore, during the Winter stage of this present Aeon, is to establish Imperium, from the ashes of which would emerge the Galactic.

Contrary to the views cultivated by contemporary "Western" culture, genuine freedom will not result, at this point in history, from a lessening of restrictions, but rather from an increase: from a focused, dedicated and clearly defined societal structure. This initial establishment and increasing of "totalitarian" force is necessary in order to counter the decadent and illusory "freedoms" of capitalism. Genuine liberation means freedom from MENTAL TYRANNY, and this is achieved only according to how a form can aid the evolution of the Folk as an organic whole, and not as is widely believed today by championing the "rights of the individual". Thus, such a vision of freedom can only be attained via a practical Aeonic process, and cannot be arrived at through mere sentimental philosophy: it can only be brought to being by the fires of experience.

To re-iterate, this process of synthesis is the meaning of Satanism - for both individuals AND Aeons.
NATIONAL SOCIALISM

To bring about Imperium requires the creation and establishment of an appropriate causal form(s), and an individual [and subsequent such individuals] to lead it. Such an individual is known according to the Dark Tradition as VINDEX, and one of the aims of Satanic Magick is to earth forces in order to allow the emergence of this individual, as well as to direct energies into the causal form ("organization"). The nature of the Imperium obviously must enshrine the ethos of the West, and that ethos is presented as National Socialism. Despite what many would rather believe, there is no other form which can release the forces of Western Destiny since that form IS that Destiny made manifest. In present society where almost all forms have been made into a commodity, Occultists and "political revolutionaries" will always

rather gravitate towards a less controversial (and ultimately System-supported) form, and in so doing will declare very convincing reasons why National Socialism is "wrong" or "unenlightened". The System has done its work very well on the people it subjugates - including those who believe themselves to be exponents of Heresy.

National Socialism (with the esoteric exception of Traditional Satanism) is the only real Heresy in existence, since it is based solely on the highest ideals of Honour, Loyalty and Duty, championed over and above selfish individual pursuits. It calls for a revolution of the Soul; a Triumph of the Will; a return of racial pride and defiance - of all that epitomizes the genuine Western ethos. It is a form that cannot be bought by The System, and thus the only option for the latter is to jail or kill National Socialist, and smash through innumerable legislative variations National Socialist influence, naturally dormant in the Western - or Aryan - people. It is the only form which frightens The System, and is thus the only form capable of achieving System Breakdown.

In a very important sense, National-Socialism IS contemporary Paganism, and renders all other "pagan" forms (including "Odinism") obsolete. Its Paganism stems from the concept of BLOOD & SOIL, the apprehension once symbolized by the "Green Man", and remembered in fragments of Arthurian legend. This connexion does not reside in economics, and the exploitation of the Land's resources, but is instead the achievement of spiritual balance: a harmony of Being attained via reverence for Nature, and the drive to create new and more numinous ways of living [thus rural communities, expressions of genuine Folk-Democracy which capture so much of contemporary imagination, would become a reality under a National Socialist Reich].

Because it epitomizes for the West, numinosity, National Socialism is a new religion. It is this aspect - though seem to grasp it at present - that could establish National Socialism as a devastating presence with the Magian System: that is, once understood consciously in religious terms, NS would draw to it the kind of invincible fervour possessed by, for example, Islamic Fundamentalism. Implementing this latter aspect, is one of the goals of Vindex.

Because of its religiosity, NS expresses the "light" aspect of the Cosmos since its numinosity lies in its capacity to directly speak to the "masses"; to establish FOR THE MAJORITY a new Golden Age enshrining all that is great and civilized. Satanism is the "dark" aspect of the Cosmos since it dares to understand and implement what the majority are conditioned by The System to fear. It is concerned with developing through ordeals, the elite of the elite - those capable of undertaking the necessary acts that human experience far beyond what is conventionally accepted. Satanism exists on the edge of esoteric essence beyond any form, yet the goals of both the light and dark aspects are the same, since both are ultimately manifested from the same source - that of the Cosmos. At some stage during the Aeonic process, the essence as it is may be lived by the majority - but that will not occur for many centuries, or even Aeons [and this itself is one of the long term goals of Satanism].

The above serves as a brief outline as to why Traditional Satanists have founded Temple 88, a working group dedicated to fulfilling Cosmic Wyrð. The only meaningful form of Magick is that which is concerned with Aeons - anything else is merely decadently, illusory and counter-evolutionary. "Magick" occurs when an individual life is transformed beyond the personal, since ultimately there is little of the "personal" that exists. In this respect, the Temple and its Magick is the movement of Life itself, since the Way of the Sinister has always been one of EMPATHY. thus our Magick fulfills a nearly forgotten sacred trust, to the Glory of They who are seldom Named.

[The rites that constitute the Temple's Aeonic work will be detailed in subsequent newsletters.]

- Order of Nine Angles -

Creative Change

Change and evolution - for the cosmos, Nature and we ourselves, as living beings - occurs because of the creative dialectic. This is the organic, or ordered, process of birth-life-death-renewal, and is a natural and necessary process. In the abstract, and less correct, sense, this process can be described as thesis-antithesis-synthesis. This organic process is "beyond good and evil" and thus beyond the moral dualism which various abstract religions and philosophies have projected onto the cosmos in a failed and rather immature attempt to explain and understand the workings of the cosmos. In one important sense, this process is that which creates and maintains the balance between the natural forces of creation and the natural forces of destruction or renewal.

It is in the nature of the cosmos that there is evolution - that is, for order to be produced from chaos. This increase in order is life itself. What we call Nature is part of this order - indeed, it is how this cosmic order is manifest to us. We ourselves, as living, thinking, beings are part of the order that is Nature - that is, we as a species have arisen because of the evolution, or creative change, that has occurred in Nature. Our species - or at least some parts of it - has evolved, and thus created civilizations. In the simple sense, these civilizations are how the cosmic imperative - the creative change implicit in the cosmos and Nature - have been made manifest by us, hitherto mostly instinctively. Thus, such civilizations are another representation of the evolution of the cosmos itself with each true civilization being unique and distinct. Civilizations are also *organic*, a living organism. Thus they are born; thus they evolve, and thus they die. Each civilization may also be said to be a manifestation of what has been called an *aeon*. That is, each civilization represents a specific cosmic aeon - with that civilization, its unique *ethos* its unique *archetypes* and so on, being how the forces of that aeon are felt, or understood or apprehended by us, either instinctively/unconsciously or rationally.

In every civilization, there is an initial and intuitive understanding of the cosmic forces involved in change and evolution, and this intuitive understanding is made manifest through various myths about the creation of the cosmic order, with the various forces symbolized, often by gods and goddesses. There is also a desire to try and maintain or enhance this order, and the natural balance between the forces of destruction and creation, often by undertaking various rites or rituals which "mimic" - or are a mimesis - of the natural order.

Our Faustian CivilizationOur present aeon, and thus its associated Faustian civilization, is coming to an end. The natural values and ethos of this civilization - expressed by *honour*, *curiosity* and *conquest* - are beginning to fade from the hearts and minds of the Aryan peoples of this civilization. However, unlike other civilizations - which have changed naturally, according to the organic process - our present civilization has suffered an unnatural distortion. It has, in effect, been infested by a parasitic organism . Thus, instead of producing a resurgence of Faustian values, and thus creating a numinous Faustian Imperium - an expanding Empire dedicated to excellence, and representing the natural ethos of the Aryan founders and maintainers of the civilization - a plutocratic, materialistic, de-humanizing "new world order" is being produced. Instead of healthy, organic, ethnic States dedicated to individual excellence and noble ideals being created, abstract and multi-racial Marxist Police-States, dedicated to the suppression of excellence, are being created. The founders and maintainers of this Faustian civilization - those of European or Aryan race - are being challenged, both within their own *psyche* and within their own countries, by the distortion and its offshoots, and externally by other races, who are beginning to settle in Aryan countries in ever increasing numbers.

Outwardly, the distortion is the distortion of Christianity and Marxism, and both of these derive from what has euphemistically been called Zionism - that is, both represent the Jewish ethos. Both Christianity and Marxism, and what has been derived from them (such as modern multi-racial socialism) are manifestations of this Jewish ethos - this desire to foist unnatural abstractions upon Nature, and to create individuals, and a society, in the unnatural, materialistic/mechanistic image of such abstractions. Fundamentally, this Jewish ethos is a dualist one, positing abstract, unnatural and *anti-evolutionary* moral opposites - and projecting these upon the cosmos, and upon we ourselves as individuals, to the detriment of the cosmos, Nature and our own species.

Given this distortion, and given this parasitical interference in the evolutionary order - given this viral infection which is affecting the health and vitality of our present civilization - it is possible that our own

evolution will cease with the triumph of those forces which represent and which uphold this distortion. However, what needs to be understood - and has seldom been stated - is that ***this distortion, this virus infecting our civilization, is itself part of the evolutionary process of change***. That is, it presents a challenge - it is itself a means whereby further evolution *can* or could be produced through the struggle to cure and become immune to such a viral infection. Thus, either the infection is successfully fought, or it is not. If the producers of the civilization - the Aryan race - do not succeed in fighting off such an infection, they will have lacked the strength necessary, and will succumb. If, however, they do successfully fight off the infection, they will be strengthened and become immune to such an infection - they will have successfully overcome the challenge, and adapted, thus evolving further because of the struggle involved. In the symbolic sense, a Ragnarok is possible - and indeed necessary - in the near future. From the fated and violent destruction of the old, with all the bloody sacrifice and suffering involved, what is new and more advanced can arise.

Those possessed of insight into and understanding of our civilization are aware of the struggle that is unfolding between the two forces involved: between Aryan and Zionist, or more expressively between the adherents of the natural, cosmic order, and the adherents of an unnatural, anti-evolutionary dualism and dogma. These insightful ones are also aware that Adolf Hitler and his followers were a natural, or evolutionary, response to this distortion or infestation - a resurgence of basically Faustian values, and a means whereby the natural, evolutionary order could be restored, given the triumph of National-Socialism. In effect, National-Socialism restores the balance which is necessary for further evolution to occur. But perhaps most importantly, National-Socialism, properly understood, is a conscious expression of the evolutionary imperative itself - a practical means to continue and further evolution in a natural way. National-Socialism is a restoration of "the numinous" - an expression of what is necessary to challenge, fight and overcome the anti-evolutionary, materialistic virus that is affecting our *psyche*, our civilization, Nature and thus the cosmos itself. In basic terms, National-Socialism expresses the laws of Nature - what is necessary for survival, adaptation and creative, evolutionary change toward a higher existence. It represents the practical application of the laws of evolution - of the survival and evolution *of the best*.

There is real war of cosmic importance being fought in our own time. In a fundamental sense, one side represents one part of the creative cosmic dialectic, and the other side the other part - from the successful resolution of the conflict, change and renewal can occur, just as from the unsuccessful resolution of the conflict, evolution can be halted, with higher life on this planet (civilization) becoming extinct. Were this higher life to become extinct here on this planet of ours, cosmic change would still occur - but elsewhere. Our own chance to evolve further would have gone.

Seen in a cosmic context, National-Socialism - what it is, *what it is evolving into* - is a positive, evolutionary, intervention in the cycle of cosmic creation. Because of this, it is "magickal"; that is, it possesses the numinous, archetypal power to re-order our causal world. In simple terms, its symbols, myths, legends, rites, *ethos*, ideals and so on possess the power to challenge, undermine and destroy the distortion, and the "magick" of this distortion, evident as this Zionist magick is in the *ethos*, legends, myths and rites of dualist beliefs and religions. Whether this magickal power of National-Socialism will be used in the way necessary to destroy this distortion, and restore the balance through a "Ragnarok", is another matter. Those who are insightful, already understand the aeonic strategy of aiding National-Socialism, or aiding the spread of its symbols, myths, legends, rites, *ethos*, ideals and magick - as they are eagerly trying to bring about, or eagerly awaiting, the Ragnarok which is necessary.

There is a new, higher, conscious and cosmological, magick arising, or evolving, to replace the old magick of rituals and mimesis. This evolutionary magick is essentially the practical application of National-Socialism - the change brought about by harnessing individual will to a conscious understanding and an evolutionary goal; that is, to a numinous ideal. This magick has the potential to undermine and destroy the forces of the distortion.

The Immediate Future

Such is now the power of those behind the new plutocratic, Zionist order, that in many Aryan countries National-Socialism, and its symbols, are outlawed. The Zionists and their allies are naturally trying to suppress National-Socialism and what National-Socialism represents, since its triumph will mean the end of their plutocratic materialistic schemes. The majority of Aryans are now either in psychic thrall to the doctrines of the Zionists, or they have abandoned their own Faustian and Aryan values and *ethos* in favour of the sub-human pursuit of selfish pleasure.

In simple terms, the magick of the Zionists is at present triumphing over the magick of National-

Socialism. It should be understood that anyone using the magick of National-Socialism - that is, using in a positive way its ethos, symbols, beliefs, myths, rites, ideals and so on - is countering the distortion, just as anyone using the symbols and ideas of dualist beliefs, deriving from the Jewish ethos, is aiding the distortion.

A destruction of the old order is now necessary, with a complete "revaluation of all values" and the creation of a new morality based on the noble values of *the best* - of the natural warrior aristocracy. The dross - the proliferating sub-humans - have to be removed. The Aryan race itself has to be purified, and thus strengthened. A cataclysm of some sort - a Ragnarok - has to arise, or be created. For only by such means as these can the diseases, the infections, of the present be excised or cured - only by such struggle and hardship can evolution be continued and a higher more evolved race created. What is strong, and healthy, will flourish in such conflict and survive. What is weak, will not. From the resolution of this struggle, a new aeon, and a new higher civilization will be created - or there will be extinction of our higher, Aryan, life-form. Those who wish to survive and flourish, must strive for excellence and fight - those who do not have the courage or the will to strive, and who refuse to fight, do not deserve to survive.

There are only two possibilities in respect of the immediate future:

(1) The triumph of the Zionist, with the creation of world-wide repressive, multi-racial and "politically correct" Police-States, which are Marxist in all but name, since the term "politically correct" has become a euphemism for "Marxism by stealth". In this scenario, the evolutionary forces of National-Socialism - and thus their magick - will be actively suppressed and forced to operate clandestinely. The aim of such clandestine forces would be to insinuate their ideals, their ethos, and their magick, gradually into the society around them. They will also - or should also - be active revolutionary movements striving to undermine and overthrow the State through armed insurrection. Were the forces of National-Socialism, and the practitioners of its magick, to fail, for whatever reason, the tyranny which would be created would last for many centuries, with serfdom, and possible racial extinction, for Aryans. The evolutionary change of the cosmos, here on this planet of ours, would stop, and civilization would probably never arise again. Our species would confine itself to this planet of ours, and over many millennia gradually become extinct. The cosmic brilliance of order will have flickered, briefly, over our planet, only to die out for ever, with our evolutionary promise never fulfilled.

(2) The triumph of National-Socialism, with the gradual spread of the ethnic and evolutionary ideals of National-Socialism leading to the creation of ethnic States. A new civilization would arise, created by a new race of higher beings forged from the anvil of struggle, with numinous goals striven for. Gradually, the civilization would spread outward, from the Earth, and on toward the stars, with star-systems discovered and planets colonized. The promise of our own race, and our own species, would be fulfilled.

Conclusion

What is of paramount importance, is that individuals achieve a conscious understanding - of themselves, and of those cosmic forces which create, shape and destroy natural organisms such as aeons and civilizations.

It is important, for instance, that the distortion of our Western civilization - and thus the distortion of our *psyche* and thus our "magick" - is understood. It is important that National-Socialism is understood as a means to fight this distortion, and restore the cosmic, evolutionary imperative.

However, this does not mean that those acquiring such an understanding - and thus the beginnings of real wisdom - *must* become active National-Socialists, who participate in practical revolutionary movements. Rather, it means they themselves can make a conscious and informed decision about their own lives, based on their own character, abilities, talents and interests. For some, this may mean such direct - and of necessity dangerous - involvement. For others, it may mean a clandestine or public aiding of the magick of National-Socialism. For others, it may mean a clandestine or public following of the aeonic strategy to aid some aspects of National-Socialism, such as its ethos, its ideals and so on. Thinkers, artists, inventors, explorers and mages are needed just as much as revolutionary activists - although the evolutionary ideal is for one person to be all of these, and more.

What is necessary, is that the understanding is promulgated, and used as a basis for action, for creative, conscious change - both personal, and of the world itself.

(Temple 88)
- Order of Nine Angles -

The Temple Of Satan

A Symphonic Allegory

“Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth.

Traditionally, Baphomet is associated with the magickal grade of Mistress of Earth – the fifth of the seven stages that mark the Satanic path. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth – based living child to be born from these children is the Demon named Love....

Herein are truths to set against the lies and distortions of Elisphas Levi and others.

Book Of Recalling

Prologue

Melanie was a beautiful woman, and she had grown used to using her beauty for her advantage. Her crimson robes, her amber necklace and her dark hair all enhanced it, and she smiled without kindness at the overweight man prostrate before her.

The black candles gave the only light but she could still see the parchment paleness of his naked skin as the dancers chanted while they danced sun-wise in the temple to the beat of the tabors.

Beside her, a man cloaked in black declaimed in a loud voice words of Initiation.

"Do you bind yourself, with word, deed, and oath to us, the seed of Satan?"

"I do," the nervous, prostrate man replied.

"Then understand that breaking your word is the beginning of our wrath!" He clapped his hands, and the dancers gathered round. "Hear him! See him! Know him!"

Seven beats from a tabor and the dancers broke their enclosing circle, sighing as Melanie raised her whip. The sweating men knew it was a formality, a ritual gesture without pain. But Melanie smiled, and beat him till he bled.

Then she was laughing. "Dance!" she commanded, and they obeyed, completing the ritual to its end. And when it was over and the bloated man with the freshly bloodied skin drew some pleasure as he slumped by the altar in the climax of a whore's sexual embrace, Melanie left to swim naked in the sensuous warmth of her pool.

Soon, only the chief celebrant remained, waiting for her in the small study by her hall. He was a tall man of gaunt face whose eyes brought to some a remembrance of the image of someone who was mad. For years, in a monastery and fed his body and tried to break his spirit but he had given way to temptation and sought the road of sin.

Melanie dress hid little of her flesh, and she sat on the edge of the desk beside him, smiling as he turned his eyes away. He wanted her body, and she knew it and the reason why he would do nothing.

"You are going bored with us, " he said.

"And you are afraid."

"Of where you might be leading us?"

"The Ceremony of Recalling."

"But no one, for a long time, has dared-"

She leaned over him, caressing his lips with her finger. "If I find you sacrifice, have you faith enough to do the ritual and slit his throat?"

!

Thurstan's past seemed to him to consist of a series of disconnected memories and, as he sat above the stream while hot sun drew sweat from his body and a light breeze carried it away from the summit of the hill, tears filled his eyes.

His memories were of women. There was a beauty, and ecstasy about their recalling as there was about his gestures of love and as he remembered he experienced again the intensity of life that those gestures had brought him.

He remembered walking one late perfume-filled Spring evening to see, for just a few minutes, the woman he loved before she left for the company of another man. It was, he remembered, a long walk begun with the sun of afternoon was warm and the bridge that joined the banks of the river Cam where they in Cambridge would meet only an image-distance and hopeful-in his mind. He remembered, years later, a cycling 15 miles through a winter blizzard to take his letter to the house of the woman he then loved while she slept, unaware of his dreams. He remembered t the exhilaration of running through the

streets of the city to catch the last train and the long walk in the early morning cold to a house to apologize to the woman he loved.

Yet the tears, which came to him, were not the tears of sorrow. Everything around him seemed suddenly more real and more alive - the larks which sang high above the heather-covered hills, the sun, the sky, the very Earth itself. They, and he himself, seemed to almost to possess the divine.

He sensed the promise of his own life - as if in some way he and the woman he loved were, or could be, the instrument of a divine love, a means to reveal divinity to the world. Yet the divinity he sensed was not the stark god of religion, or even to one omniscient God, and the more he experienced and the more he thought he realize it was not god all. It was a goddess.

This thought pleased him. He felt he had re-discovered an important meaning, maybe even the ultimate meaning, about his life, and he walked slowly down the from the hill to wash his face in the cold water of the stream.

The loss of his wife held no sorrow for him now and the sad resignation of yet another loss began to fade. Like a little boy, he took off his shoes and socks and paddled along in the stream.

There was no Natalie to share this with him as he might have wished, and his meeting with her seemed a dream. Was it a week since you come upon her, sitting by the bank of the river Severn in tree-full Quarry Park while, around, the town of Shrewsbury became drier for the hot sun of summer?

He could remember almost every word of their conversation – she had smiled as he had passed and he, shy and blushing, spoke of the weather, of how the long heat had lowered the level of the water. On her delicate fingers – a ring with a symbol of the Tao. So he had asked, and had sat beside her. For two hours they talk, revealing their pasts like two friends.

"Without my dreams," she had said, "I would be nothing" and he hid his tears.

There is a beauty in her words, in her eyes, sadness in the softness of her voice and by the time she rose to leave he was in love, although he did not realize it then. "Can I see again?" yet asked. She was unsure, but agreed and he gave for his address, named a day and time and watched her walk away wanting but not daring to run and embraced her.

And then she was gone, lost to his world. A day only was over before he found her address and sent her flowers. Next day – her long, sad letter. "I have nothing to give," she had written. "You were my random audience."

He sent more flowers, but sat alone by the river at the appointed time before the dying sun dried away and the foolish vapor of his dreams.

The cold water of the stream refreshed him and he bathed his face again the slowly his sadness returned, only muted by his ecstasy. No one passed him as he walked along the paths that wound down of among the hills. There was no one to welcome him home, and he sat by the window in his small cottage wondering what he should do. The hills of south Shropshire, the isolation, the garden - all had lost their charm. Somewhere, beyond the valley, the hills, the villages and the town, his wife would be happy within the arms of another man.

It was not a long walk from his cottage to the town and it's station, but the heat of the day oppressed him as it made up their other passengers in the stuffy, noisy train sit silent and still throughout the short journey.

Variegated people mingled over the sun-shadowed platforms of the Shrewsbury station and Thurstan followed two young girls as they walked along the concrete above the sun-glinting lines of steel, which carried a diesel engine through the humid air that vibrated with it's power the ground and buildings around. A wooden barrier siphoned the arrivals down dirty stone steps and ultramodern doors to the traffic-filled streets of Shrewsbury.

It was the streets the Thurstan realized he was afraid. He believed he could sense the feelings behind the faces of the people passed in the streets – and not only sense them, but feel them as if they were his own. He felt the nervous of vulnerability of a young girl as she waited, half-afraid by the frontage of a shop where people jostled, and an intimation of her gentle innocence being destroyed troubled him. He felt the anger of a young mother as she scolded her screaming child while cars passed, noisy, in the street: the pain of an old man as he hobbled supported by a stick toward the pedestrian precinct where youths gathered, waiting.

Thurstan fled from the people, their feelings, the noise, and the latent tension he could feel in the air to sit by the river in Quarry Park. The sun, the flowing water, the warm grass all calmed him. He sat for over an hour, occasionally turning to watch a few people who passed along the paths. The sense of an affinity, perhaps a love, for the individuals around him – an empathy that he could not, even if he had wished, formulate into words. But this insight was destroyed by a woman.

She was beautiful, the woman who passed him as she walked along the path near where he sat vaguely wondering about love. She seemed to smile at him, but he could not be sure for she passed under the shadow of a tree while sunlight narrowed his eyes. His feelings in that moment or not mystical but rather a strange mixture of gentle sexual desire, expectation and a burgeoning vitality mixed with the anguish of shyness, and he was resigned to simply remembering the moment as he had remembered such moments before when the woman turned around and smiled.

Thurstan felt as though he had been punched in the stomach. The woman turned, past a tree to walk under the bridge that fed a road over the river, and up toward the town along a narrow, stone-lined passage, leaving Thurstan to his turmoil. Then he was on his feet, and following.

He wanted to run, but dared not. So he followed, quickening his step. He would catch her when the lane met the road ahead between High School and Hospital. Perhaps she sensed him lurking behind and was afraid, for she seemed to Thurstan to quicken her step and he

was left to follow her not knowing what he would do. She crossed the road. Thurstan saw nothing except her and decided not to follow her anymore, when she turned, almost stopped, and smiled at him again. He felt she was waiting for him and this feeling made him follow her along the empty pavement and down a narrow cobbled street towards the empty market of an empty town.

He was within yards of her when she vanished into one of the many small shops that lined the street. 'J. Apted – Antiquarian Books' the sign above the door read.

No bells sounded when Thurstan entered and in the musty dimness he peered around the shelves. A portly gentleman with a genial face stared back at him.

"Can I help you at all, sir?" he asked.

In this small room beyond the shelves Thurstan could see no one. "A woman – did a woman just come in here?" Thurstan asked shyly, and blushed.

"A woman?"

"Yes - long red hair, green eyes, wearing a long dress."

The man smiled, kindly. "No one but yourself has entered here this last hour."

Fear of having mistaken the shop, which he saw her enter, made Thurstan rush towards the door when he saw her portrait, in oils, upon the wall.

It was only several minutes later, after questioning the bookseller, that Thurstan realized he had seen a ghost. The woman had been dead for 50 years.

||

Fifty years, the bookseller said.

"Is sad business, yes indeed. Murdered she was. In here - in this very house. I was a school then, you see.

"You saw her, you said?" And the old man's eyes seemed to brighten.

The Thurstan had thanked him and fled through the humid people the streets to find a train to take him toward his home. He could not sleep that night and the next day, at the same time, he was in the park again, but she did not appear and he walked away to stand for nearly an hour near the bookshop trying to find the courage to go in.

The bookseller was not surprised to see him. "She is beautiful, yes?" he said as Thurstan stood staring at the painting.

"Where did you see her first?", the old man asked directly.

Thurstan turned towards him, and shyly shuffled his feet. "I -" he began.

The man smiled kindly. "I have always felt this place is still her home but, alas, I have myself never have never met her, as you have done."

"I didn't realize -"

"That what you saw was an apparition? They appear so real, you see. I myself a small interest in such matters. Would you like some tea?"

The invitation was still unexpected and so kindly meant to the without thinking Thurstan said, "Yes - that would be rather nice."

"Shall we retire-to somewhere more comfortable?" the man smiled and wrung his hands.

"I shall close early, today!"

The room beyond the shop was, like the shop itself, lined from floor to ceilings by books and like the books the table, chairs and desks were

antiquarian. There is a large and oddly shaped specimen a rock crystal on the table and Thurstan bent down to examine it. A face - the face of a beautiful woman -was within it but Thurstan had barely recognized it when it vanished.

"Help me!" he thought he heard a sad, distant voice, say.

The bookseller brought a tray, offered a mug of tea, some biscuits and cake while Thurstan waited, half -watching the crystal and half -expecting to hear the distant voice. He ate and drank, and listened to the words of the old man without really understanding them. Somewhere, in a nearby recess or room, a large clock struck the quarter hour.

His nervous expectancy, the heat, the man's slow but consistent voice, all combined to make Thurstan disposed towards sleep and he felt himself drifting into to embrace the temptation when a lot and persistent wrapping awoke him.

"I'm sorry," the booksellers said. "Would you excuse me?"

The Thurstan heard a brief curse, the door being unlocked and a few words of a hurried conversation that followed. He was staring into the crystal when the bookseller returned alone. Nearby, the hidden clock marked the passing of half an hour.

The old man did not smile but stared, nervously, at the floor while he said: "I must go. An appointment, you understand. You will not be offended I hope?"

"No, of course not".

"Perhaps -", but he looked up and cast his eyes down again before leading Thurstan towards the door. He saw Thurstan look again at the woman's portrait but pretended not to notice.

"Well, good-bye," Thurstan said, perplexed by the sudden change a man's aura.

"It was nice meeting you, Mr. Jebb."

Thurstan held out his hand, but the bookseller shuffled away, leaving Thurstan to stumble down the step and awkwardly close the door. He had almost reached Quarry Park where a warm sun cast cool tree shadows over the grass when he realized he'd never told the man his name. But this strangeness did not concern him for long as he walked down to the river to sit on a bench, trying to remember what the bookseller had said.

It had been about apparitions, but not in general and not about the ghost of Thurstan and seen, as he sat watching the strong river flow silently by, he felt his sadness returning. He would never meet her. Never be able to share his dreams, visions and love. He tried hard to wish himself back in time - 50 years before. He would walk to her house and wait. He would not care how long he waited. But he would be ready and somehow save her.

It was childish fantasy and he knew it was, but still he had to control himself to prevent the tears. "There's so much I don't understand", he said to himself aloud and a young girl, prettily dressed, moved away from him, fearful, as she passed by his bench.

His tiredness returned, slowly, brought by sun and his sadness and he closes his eyes to briefly sleep. No sound woke him from the dream about his wife - only a beautiful scent, nearby. A woman had sat beside him on the bench and for almost a minute he feared to look at her. But then she seemed about to leave and he turned, in desperation.

Her dark hair was cut gracefully to fall just above her shoulders and she wore a necklace of polished amber.

"Do you often gawp like that at a strange woman?", she said as he sat open mouth and unbelieving. Only the color of her hair and manner of dress was different.

"I...", Then: "I'm sorry, but you are so beautiful," he said without thinking as he let out his breath.

She smiled but stood up to leave.

"Please- ", Thurstan stood beside her, unable to control himself, and held her arm as she turned.

She was alive, and in his joy at this he forgot his fear of her reaction. But only for an instant. He jerked his hand away.

"Yes?"

He struggled to find words would make sense but his thoughts were fastly moving water breaking over the weir of dread.

She's saved him from this turmoil. "You may invite me to share a pot of tea with you at the cafe around corner."

"What? Yes, of course."

He walked beside her, awkward and blushing, for many yards before she spoke again.

"You are an interesting man."

"Do you live in Shrewsbury?" he managed to say.

"Nearby."

"Do you often walk along here?" The banality of his questions pained him - but she would think him a fool or mad, if he formed his chaos of feelings into words. And did not want to lose her.

"Sometimes."

It was a strange sensation for Thurstan walking beside the beautiful woman. Was she a vision sent to haunt him-or was his dream the ghost of yesterday? But he knew she was real as she seemed to know she was interested in him. In him, Thurstan Jebb. Perhaps she was intrigued. Was it something in his eyes, he wondered, that gave him away? For a long time he had believed he was different - a mystic perhaps, who felt and saw more than others. This secret knowledge gave him security in the outer barrenness of his life as he

eked out a type of living as a gardener, content to have forgotten his past.

"You are an interesting man", he heard in his head like an echo, and he smiled.

"May I ask your name? " he said, feeling his mouth go dry.

She turned and smiled. "Melanie."

"Melanie, " he repeated, like a fool.

"Yes. I believe it comes from the Greek for black."

"Hence your black dress."

"Not really. I think the color suits me, don't you?"

Unexpectedly, she twirled around, laughing.

"I think most colors would suit you." she smiled at him again and Thurstan wanted to from embrace her-more from sexual desire than from any nobler feeling. This sudden desire surprised him with its intensity and he began to tremble. It seemed to him natural that he should be walking with her, for she was not like a stranger to him. He wanted to hold her hand as they walked away from the river up a narrow street to were an almost empty cafe lay, renovated and waiting beside the boarded up windows and doors of a once notorious Inn. "Barrick Passage", the street sign read.

They sat in silence for a long time as their Darjeeling tea cooled. "I don't", Thurstan said and blushed, "make a habit of this."

"What? Drinking tea on a half a hot afternoon, " she teased.

"No-I mean inviting strange ladies.... "

"Am I strange then?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean-"

"Don't worry," Melanie laughed. "Anyway, I invited you!"

Her smile made Thurstan's desire return. She seemed to be waiting-expectant. There was warmth and her eyes, in her smile, even in a way that she leaned her body slightly towards him. Her dress emphasized her breasts as her necklace emphasize her green eyes and Thurstan greedily sucked in her beauty through his eyes as he sucked in her perfume through his nose. Her skin was tanned and he found it impossible to judge her age. He wanted to tell her of the ghost he seen-of his dreams and hopes and visions about life. But all he did, trembling of limbs and with straining heart, was reach across the table and hold her hand.

She did not flinch nor move away as half of him expected, but slowly stroked the back of his hand with her thumb. He was elated with his success, and closed his eyes in delight.

"You are trembling, " she said, gently.

Slowly, he shook his head. "I can't believe this. There are so many things I want to say."

"Don't say them. Let's just enjoy this moment."

"You are so beautiful." he reached up and stroked her face with his fingers.

"Will you walk with me to my car? "

Dazed, he followed her out of the building to walk beside her. She did not seem to mind when he held her hand.

Several men turned to stare at her as they descended the shop-strewn steepness of Wyle Cop, to cross the busy road. Thurstan was oblivious to it all.

The luxury of her car surprised him and he stood beside it under a hot sun, tongue-tied and embarrassed and feeling lost. Only the wealthy could afford such a car.

"You seem surprised, " she said, breaking free her hand to find the keys in the pocket of her dress.

Their slow but short walk from the cafe had unsettled Thurstan, for the magic of the moment they had shared it appeared to him to have drifted away to another world, and he had convinced himself that he had been mistaken. There would be nothing more—except perhaps the future possibility of him trying somehow to painfully recapture her those moments: to draw her on toward the fulfillment of desire. But she held passenger door of the car open for him, saying, "Come on." Obedient, he sat beside her, while chaos returned to his head.

Skillfully she drove through the streets to take a road westerly from the town while Thurstan watched and waited, so full of anticipation that he could not speak. She turned to smile several times as a miles lay numberless because uncounted behind them and a strong summer sun colored the sky deep blue, he found his desire increasing. He knew she sensed this, and drove faster as if intoxicated both by the power of the car and his feelings toward her. The road rose steadily through small village, past cottage and house, to turn and returned between the Stiperstone rocks and the growing hills that became Wales, leading up from a tree-lined valley to the desolate wastes of marshlands where abandoned mine-workings lay.

Melanie left the main road before dropping slowly between Corndon and Black Rhadley hills to follow a low hedged-hemmed lane over the border to Wales. The lane rose and fell to rise again between fields worn for centuries only by sheep and sparse of tree. Then, quite suddenly, Melanie stopped.

Thurstan felt her anger before he saw it in her eyes. She was staring at him, but he only smiled. For a moment, she did not seem quite human and when he reached out for her hand and she snatched it away.

He was perplexed by this change in her rather than afraid and sat, quietly waiting and smiling. When she looked away, he said, "I can walk back if you wish."

She did not turn around. "It might be best."

"I'm sorry if I have upset to you in any way. I thought-"

"I know what you thought!" she said savagely.

"No-not just that." he closed his eyes to see within the fleeting impression of his dreams. The days, hours, minutes shared: the moments of intuitive closeness - sharing a sunset, a snowy day in Spring, laughter, tears, and physical joy. The look, touch, feeling of lovers.

Thurstan did not want to lose his dreams. "You are a rare, precious and beautiful woman. There is something about you - I don't know what it is." he felt so much love within him that wanted to share that his words could not be stopped. "I sensed something about you when we sat by the river. Call me mad - or a fool, or both. I don't care. You sensed it too, I know."

Angry still, she said, "What did you sense then?"

"Then maybe you are my Destiny." gently, he stroked her face.

"Your dreams are not real."

"They are if I make them real." He sighed and stared out the window. A raven flew nearby, but it did not interest him. "Maybe it was the goddess I saw in you, I don't know. I've certainly made a fool of myself this time, haven't I?"

"You interest me, " she said, her anger gone.

"And you perplexed me." Since he felt he ought to be honest he added, and it arouses my desire. But you know that. As you know that basically I'm just a romantic fool with a headpiece filled with dreams."

"You do not know anything about me."

"I have always found the beginnings of relationships difficult. The tentative steps, the gradual of unraveling of lives. It always seemed such a waste-there are so many more important things. And I'm not talking about the physical aspect either. I always plunge straight in - rather bad choice of phrase - the grand passion every time. Never seem to learn either.

"So, it's not important for you to know me. I sense things about you. I see your beauty, smell your perfume, and am intoxicated. You offer the choice of existence, meaning, bliss, sorrows, tears. Whenever. It does not matter - I am alive again! Really living. Full of energy, anticipation. You are music, poetry, dance - even religion."

He laughed. "Now you know that I am mad!"

Slowly, she drove on to where a cottage with a sagging roofs and decaying walls grew beside the road, sheltered from sheep by a small garden where a rusty dismembered tractor lay dead. Incongruous beside it was a new car, spreading bright sun. Melanie stopped, and entered the cottage without knocking on its paint-peeling door. Less than a minute later she returned.

"I must see you again," she said she started her car. "Now I have other matters that must be attended to. "Joel," she indicated the men who emerge from the cottage "shall take you back."

Thurstan look perplexed so she said, "Don't worry," and touched his face. "You were not mistaken. Meet me tomorrow night at nine where we met today. Can you do that?"

"Of course!"

"Good. Now I must go."

To Thurstan surprise, she leaned over and kissed him on the lips. Then he was outside the metal womb of the car. She did not wave,

but drove quickly away to leave him standing beside the ugly man with a madman's grin.

Over the cottage, a raven flew to shadow him briefly from the sun.

III

They were waiting for her, in the small wood near the circle of ancient stones. Algar, Master of her Temple, smiled as he watched her walk alone towards them.

"So," he said, "he was not to be our chosen." In the light of the wood, his dark gaunt features were sinister.

"There shall be other times." Melanie did not take she offered robe. "Tomorrow when dark comes, we shall gather here again."

"For the sacrifice?" Algar asked.

"Perhaps." She addressed her followers directly. "Go now. And tomorrow we shall feast and rejoice!"

She did not wait but turned back along the track toward he car. Almost obsequious, Algar walked beside her.

"But he was receptive?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You do a particularly fetching in that dress if I may say so." Then, seeing her indifference, he said, "Shall you lure him tomorrow?"

"He may not be suitable."

"Oh? Why would that be then?"

Melanie stopped and stared at him and he visibly cowered. "What do you mean?"

"I meant nothing," he said truthfully. But her anger aroused suspicion.

"The new candidate?"

Algar smiled. "He is healed well. He would like to see you, privately of course."

"Of course. Tonight?"

"I could arrange it, if you wish."

"Arrange it!"

The humid heat of the evening annoyed her while she waited, and when he did come, brought forth from the darkness outside her house by Algar, she was impatient to begin. Algar took the man's money before leading him into the candle-lit incensed Temple where he stripped and bound him to the frame.

But the frenzied whipping of the fat man with bulging eyes and pale skin did not bring forth the joy of pleasure she anticipated - only a hatred that quickly passed as the men groaned and sighed, taking his own dark pleasure from his pain. There was little blood upon the back and buttocks of the man and Algar, leering in the shadows, was surprised when she stopped. The bound man turned to look up at her, his eyes pleading for the pleasure her pain and dominance brought him. He to see her breasts clearly through her thin sweat-stained robe, but his hands were bound by leather thongs to the cold aluminum frame and he could not reach out and touch them as he wished.

There was a strange desire within Melanie and appalled her. She tried to destroy it by fulfilling her role as Satanic whip queen and surrendering again to the joy she found in dominating and debasing the men she despised. But did not work and the lashes she gave became softer until they stopped completely. In disgust at herself she

threw the leather scourge upon the altar to let Algar disrobe and take his own selfish pleasure upon the man whom he unbound and pushed roughly to the floor.

Her swim in the warm water of her pool settled some of her feelings, a little, so she was able to plan how best Algar could kill her chosen sacrifice. She and she alone would dare to call the Dark Gods back to Earth. The chosen would be easy to entice to their sacred circle of stones as he had been easy to capture, and the more she thought of the deed to come, the more at the anticipated pleasure covered and obscured her remembrances of his gentle dreams.

She was Melanie, Mistress of the Earth in the Temple of Darkness: ruler of a coven of fifty. No man would mold her feelings. For years she had schemed, cheated, manipulated and lied, building from the foundations of her beauty and sexuality the wealth and power he craved as a girl. She was fifteen when her parents died when the plane they were in crashed. A teacher befriended her and was not long before she realized the power her innocents and beauty gave her. He was her first victim, but she soon tired of him and his small gifts and sought more wealthy prey. But she despised them all, is man who lusted after her - they would sell their souls, most of them had, for short pleasure she sometimes allowed them to find her body. Thurstan would be no exception.

It would be good, she felt, to sacrifice him at the moment he achieved his desire. This thought pleased her and she swam slowly, allowing the physical exertion and the warmth of all of water to gently excite her.

Algar watched the rear lights the man's car fade on the long driveway from the house before he shut the door. Melanie was upstairs, asleep, and he did not creep but walked boldly through the hall to her secret Temple. It was a small room, windowless and black, containing only a chair and a wooden plinth on which stood a large quartz tetrahedron.

A diffuse light, reddish in hue, was thrown upward from the opaque floor and for many minutes Algar sat in the chair amid the warm and perfumed air. He felt powerful, sitting there instead of a kneeling on

the floor while she sat smiling and forming her thoughts into the crystal to become the chains, which bound him.

"With a look or smile," he remembered she had said, "I can strike you dead!". He did not doubt it. Three years ago she had stolen his power.

For ten years he had followed the way of his Prince gathering allies and power. Even as a boy he'd followed some of these ways, but his teachers and superiors had mistaken his hatred for intellectual sophistry, his dark interior life for spirituality and his ruthless ambition for spiritual gifts. The world of monastic schooling was all he had ever known or wanted and it was natural that it should lead him to a novitiate and the Order of his teachers.

For one year, and one year only, he tried to follow their way until Bruno the elder novice had one night seduced them as he lay in his cold monastic cell.

For weeks afterwards he had prayed to the Prince, "Our Father, which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our desire and delivers us to evil as well as temptation for we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons. Prince of Darkness, hear me."

Bruno died soon after, in his sleep, an expression of stark terror on his face. "Heart attack" a doctor had said, but Algar knew his humiliation had been avenged.

He was a Priest, his dark life hidden and the source of satisfaction, when he first met her. It was a cold morning in Spring and she stood outside his little church, radiantly beautiful in the light of the sun. "I have come, " she said, "to ask you to say a Mass for us". She held out her left hand and he saw the strange symbol on her ring. Obedient, he knelt down to kiss it. "How did you know?" he asked. She smiled, not kindly despite her beauty. "I have seen you at night to pray to our Prince."

The crystal guided her. That very night he presided as priest and a Black Mass and afterwards, with only her servant Lois remaining in

her large house, she had bound his will with her own. He had been standing by the crystal when Lois had stripped him bare and offered her body. Then Melanie the dark witch was laughing but his sudden anger was no match for her power and she stared at him before binding him by curse.

Her eyes seemed to suck as will away and she unthreaded an amber bead from many she wore around her neck. "In this bead I bind you by the power of our Prince! Binan ath ga wath am!" she chanted. "Nythra!..." He watched silent and paralyzed while she counted the fifty beads she wore around her neck. The crystal gave power to and magnified her thoughts and when she released him he stared at it for several minutes. But it was useless - he could do nothing with it and calmly allowed himself to be led by Lois to his room. And when he awoke, worn and feeling old, there was a beautiful boy, waiting naked, by his bed. "I am her gift" the burgeoning man had said...."

Algar sighed as he remembered. Even after three years he did not know the secret of her crystal but he did know the Satanic organization she had created to keep her power and wealth, and as he walked from her temple to find a telephone, he was smiling.

"Rathbone?" he said into the telephone receiver. "This is Algar. I believe you owe us a favorI have a job for you."

Upstairs, unknown to or her High Priest, Melanie was awake and watching him on the monitor screen of her discretely installed surveillance system.

IV

Thurstan was early. It was a humid evening and he sat by the river enjoying the twilight. The new clothes he had bought for the occasion made him feel self-conscious and every few minutes he would look around. But the few people who wandered by did not - or pretended they did not - notice him and he would be left to rehearse again in his head what he would say to Melanie when they met.

It was not a sudden decision, but the planning of the night before, that made Melanie watch him silently from a distance. She did not watch for long.

Darkness was upon the hill as in silence the worshipers prepared, guided only by the diffuse light from the candles in their red lanterns. Carefully Algar laid out the sacrificial knife upon the woven cloth inside the circle of stones. The thongs were strong and would bind the victim while the cloth would soak up the blood. Satisfied he whispered commands.

"She is here!" Lois said seeing the signal from one of the men guarding the track that led to the stones.

There was a sigh from thirteen throats and then the slow dance and has chant began. "Suscipe Satanas munus quod tibi offerimus..." Soon the hissing became like the sound of a thousand demons chattering as they rose gleefully from the pits of Hell. In the center, Algar waited with his muscular helper to bind the victim's arms and legs.

Then Melanie was before him. One bead of her amber necklace appeared to Algar to be glowing, pulsing in rhythm with the beat of his heart. He was becoming mesmerized with this when occurred to him that Melanie was alone.

Before he could move he was held from behind. He felt thongs being tied around his wrists, heard Melanie whisper mockingly in his ear, "We have our sacrifice!"

"No! No!" he screamed. But she was laughing as someone gave her the knife.

Around them, the sibilant chant rose towards its climax, the dancers feel it fleetingly caught in the red glow from the candles.

With a sudden burst of energy Algar screamed. "Jebb dies if I do!" but a gag silenced him.

Melanie held the sharp knife to his throat before loosening the gag. "Tell me what you mean!" she demanded.

"He dies if I do not return," Algar said, flinching.

"Is that so? "

"Rathbone shall-

Melanie clapped hands twice and from the darkness around the track a man stepped into the dim circle of light. Someone held a lantern near his face.

"I had no choice," Rathbone's said, his face, like a weasel, twitching.

Then Algar was on his knees, crying. "Spare me, spare me!" he pleaded

"And if I do?" demanded Melanie.

"I shall always be your slave."

Three times Melanie clapped her hands as a signal for the dancers to gather around. "See" she said, "all you who dwell in my temple. Here is Algar, the High Priest who thought he knew my secret, admired and envied for his fortune by you all see now how he begs before me! Shall I spare him?"

"Kill him! Kill him!" they demanded.

Melanie laughed. Algar was brought to his feet. "For a year I shall spare your life."

The dancers, as if signaled silently, dispersed to return to their dance. "Now," she whispered to Algar, "you shall see my power - brought without the gift of blood!"

She did not speak, or move, but slowly raised her hands as, many miles away, the crystal within her secret temple began to glow.

"Atazoth! Atazoth!", the dancing dancers hissed. The sky above and around them was clear, speckled by stars but a ragged darkness came to cover a part of the sky as a putrid stench filled the air and a circle of cold fell around the worshipers. No one moved, chanted or spoke but all stared up at the sky. The darkness grew slowly before withdrawing into a sphere that darted across sky. And it was gone.

"Tomorrow, " Melanie said, "you shall see the chaos I have caused. Now feast and rejoice and take your pleasure as you will!"

Around her, the orgy began as she unbound Algar's hands and led him from the revelry toward her car.

"There is much you do not know, " she said she drove toward her house.

Algar did not speak during their journey and slunk away like a broken man into his room on their arrival, while Melanie watched him on a monitor screen. But it was not long before she began thinking about Thurstan. She had reached out to him while she had watched him sitting by the river and even had not Algar's intended treachery changed her plans she knew that she could not have hurt him.

She had even lost her lust for Algar's blood and let him live. Somewhere, around the world, the dark power she unleashed would be causing disaster and death. It was small beginning, the prelude to the opening of the Star Gate, which would return her Dark Gods to earth. It was not fulfilling, and she thought it might be.

Unsettled, she went down to her temple. The warmth of the gentle light, the perfume but most of all the crystal brought here reassurance about her power and role, and she forgot about Thurstan and a burgeoning dichotomy he was causing in her head. Perhaps her dark gods and guided her to the crystal - she did not know. But only four years ago she had found it, in a Satanic Temple she had visited. The group not impressed her, but the High Priest was easy to do manipulate and her given her the crystal is a gift. Only when she first touched it did she discover its power.

The High Priest was the first person whose soul she bound within the beads around her neck. He still brought her money from his schemes, and sometimes a new member. She was content to leave him to bask in his little power, knowing she only had to summon him for him to fall prostrate at her feet. And when his schemes failed or he ceased to be of use, she would remove his bead and grind it into dust, for then he would surely die.

For weeks after the gift of the crystal she should shut herself away in the small house she then shared with Lois. The crystal brought knowledge and she had learned how to use it to travel among the hidden dimensions where the Dark Gods slept, waiting for someone to break the seal that bound them in sleep. She learned of Earth's past, of how the Dark Gods had come bringing terror and much that was strange. Of how her Prince was their Guardian, given the earth as his domain. Her shape-changing Prince was her guide to the Abyss beyond, and she explored the Abyss without fear, trembling or dread. She would be ready, she knew, when the stars were aligned aright, to call and summon the Dark Gods from sleep.

Her temple, the men she held in thrall in her beads, were but a means to this call, for the crystal was the key to the Star Gate. She, and she alone of all those who over the centuries had tried to bring the dark terrors forth, would succeed - of that she was sure.

So had she played her games of power and joy, feeling herself the equal of gods. There were few crimes that she had not sanctioned or sent men, in their lust, to commit, few pleasures she had not enjoyed. Yet she was not maddened and by either pleasure or power, and kept her empire small, sufficient for her needs, and herself anonymous. Many small firms headed by small men, a brothel or two, a number of temples in the cities beyond - such were the gifts of her Prince and she tended them all, as a wise woman should.

Slowly, and contented once again, she left for temple to climb the stairs to her bed.

Algar waited, quite patiently, until he was sure she was asleep and knocked, not too loudly, on Lois' door. She had returned alone, as he knew she must, and was not surprised see him.

"Yes!" she asked and smiled, leaning against frame of her door. Sometimes, Algar like to talk with her, as one servant to another.

Algar did not smile, nor speak but moved towards her to stab her in the throat. She rasped, staring in disbelief, and staggered back towards the bed. Not content, he followed and stabbed her through the heart. The beauty that had pleased Melanie would please her no more and, smiling at this thought, Algar wiped the handle of the knife clean on the satin sheet. Soon, he was running away from the house under the shimmering bright stars of humid night.

Melanie awoke slowly. She sensed a change in the aura of house and had walked towards her door before realizing what it was. She was alone. But there was no fear in her and she wandered barefoot and naked along long corridor, as there was no shock when she entered Lois' room.

It was then she knelt down to gently close the eyes of her dead lover the reaction came. Her cold hatred toward Algar for his deed was soon gone, and in the silence of her house for the first time in her life, she began to cry.

Outside, a stray, fierce dog howled.

V

Algar heard the howling as he ran down the narrow lane away from the house and in terror he scrambled through the hedge to run faster across the fields. The dog, sent by the dark force of Melanie's will, had picked up his scent and Algar ran, desperate and stumbling, toward the valley stream.

The house lay alone on a track below the hiss that held Billings Ring, the fields around sheep-strewn and rough, overlooked by the southerly slopes of the Mynd that turned the waters of the Onny River south then almost north until a softer rock fed them eastward again. The sound of water was clear amid the silence of the night and Algar stood beside the stream in an effort to slow his straining breath. The lights of a car on the road above and a field away from him shone ragged through the high hedge, and Algar crept down, fearing to be seen.

But his fear of the pursuing beast was stronger and he waded into the stream to walk along it for several yards and hide under the bridge. He could hear the dog but could not see it and waited, cold and shaking, for nearly half an hour. The bridge swept a narrow lane away and up for the valley road to a hamlet of a few houses. There would be no safety for him there in the farm workers' houses less than a mile from Melanie's home.

For some time he listened intently, and, hearing nothing, crawled slowly and scared from the stream. He was on the lane, almost at the junction of the road when the stalking dog attacked. It leapt snarling to try and sink its teeth into his throat. But Algar shielded his face with his hands and the dog bit deeply into his arm, knocking him over. It bit him again as Algar struggled with it on the ground. There was a large stone by his hand and Algar used it to smash at the dog's skull. In a frenzy, he struck the dog until it was dead. But even then he kicked it several times and threw the stone at its face before staggering to the road.

The first car that passed him did not stop and nearly knocked him over as he stood in the road waving his bloodied arms, but the second one, a long time after, did stop and Algar pretended to faint. The driver was near when Algar leapt up to push the man away before stealing his car.

The pain was excruciating but he tried to ignore it and the dizziness that threatened to overwhelm him. He had one hope and one hope only and drove fastly toward Shrewsbury to seek sanctuary from Melanie's curse. The roads were empty, the streets of the town

deserted in the silent hours before dawn and he abandoned the car to walk the last quarter mile to the church.

No light shown in the Presbytery windows until his insistent knocking on its doors awoke its occupant from his sleep.

Cautious, but not afraid, the old Priest opened the door.

“Help me, Father! Please, help me!” Algar pleaded.

He did not see the bats that flew silently away from the church.

There was no choice, as Melanie knew. The two members of her Temple, summoned from their sleep, carried the body to their van. Melanie had cleaned and bathed it, using her own black satin sheets for a shroud, and she stayed beside it during the hours it took them to dig the grave.

Dawn came, with no wind to break the silence of the forest, but its beautiful colors did not interest her as she stood, dressed in white, in the still air to watch the two men lower the body into the Earth. There were no prayers to her to say, no lament for her to sing – only an unvoiced oath to avenge the death of her friend. The Earth was returned, the covering of grass and small bush neatly replaced, the debris of leaves and broken twig scattered again. There was no sign of the grave and, satisfied, Melanie allowed the men to return to her home.

“There shall be gifts for you both,” she said as they bowed slightly before taking their leave.

Slowly, in her secret Temple, she unthreaded from her necklace Algar’s bead. There was no frenzy of anger within her but a desire for Algar to suffer a slow, painful death as she squeezed the amber bead several times between her fingers. To her surprise the crystal did show her Algar contorted in pain. Yet she knew that even though for some reason she could not see him and thus discover his location, she was still causing him pain, and as she danced around her crystal she increased the pressure on the bead before stopping to

visualize the time and place of his death, two weeks hence in the center of her circle of stones.

Slowly, and deliberately she cut the threads, which bound his life to this Earth, and, although still living, he was imprisoned in her web of death. It was not difficult for her to move the plinth upon which the crystal stood, for she had done it many times before and the mechanism which she had installed many years before did not fail her. The plinth, and the stone and which it rested, moved quietly aside to reveal a dark pit that sank deep into Earth. She did not smile, or feel anything, as she let the bead drop to join the scattered human remains.

The remains were the work of the sinister woman who had in the weeks of her dying given Melanie the house. "I have waited for you," as she remembered the old woman had said, "waited as our Prince said I should. My coven and books and house are yours." She never spoke again, but signed her name on her will, and Melanie was left to find the old woman's secrets from the Black Book of workings she had kept. 'I, Eulalia, Priestess of the forgotten gods, descended from those who kept the faith, here set forth for she who is to come after me, the dark secrets of my craft...' The book was Melanie's most treasured possession, after her crystal and her beads. It was the crystal that first showed her the house.

She let the crystal guide her here again and sat in her chair while the plinth slid silently back into place. At first, the tetrahedron showed nothing, but its inner clearness gradually vanished to reveal a man's face. Thurstan was in his cottage, reading as he sat hunched on the wide inside sill of a window, framed by the rising sun. He looked up, briefly, and smiled as if aware of being observed. He seemed to Melanie to be staring at her. Then he was gone as the crystal cleared.

His smile, that gentle look in his eyes, her sensation of herself being observed all confused her, and she left her Temple to walk under the warm sun in the walled garden at the rear of her house. It was not long before she returned to her crystal.

It did not respond to her commands of thought. There was no Thurstan for her to see, not even an outside view of his cottage. Faint images seemed to be forming, but they were intrusive – bats flying away from a church at night, a raven plucking the eye from a dead dog – and her failure angered her. Her anger was the catalyst, and transformed the flickering images into a clear vision of Algar writhing in agony upon a bed. Above him on the wall, was the symbol of the Nazarene. By the bed an old Priest spoke silent words as he read from a leather breviary.

Melanie's laugh erased all thoughts of Thurstan from her mind.

VI

“Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnia Satanica potestas omnis incurio infernalis adversarii”

The old Priest continued his prayer of exorcism while Algar writhed in pain on the bed. But then the pain eased. Algar however, did not attribute this to the Priest but to Melanie's curse. She would want him to die slowly, and as he lay smiling inwardly at the antics of the old man who had earlier cleaned and dressed the wounds the vicious dog had caused, Algar sensed a chance for life.

It would not arise from the exorcism for he had no belief in the religion of the Priest which once and briefly he himself had embraced inwardly. The old man had been kind, listening intently as Algar had told him a tale composed mainly of lies. He had been given sanctuary, clothes and medical aid – which was all he wanted – and let the Priest play out his farce of a role. His chance for life would come from his own hands by his breaking of Melanie's curse. For that, she herself would have to die, and he began to think of stratagems by which he could lure her to her death.

Thurstan Jebb held some fascination for her, or some future potential which she planned somehow to draw out for her own advantage and although he did not know nor particularly care which, if any of these was correct, he knew enough to realize Jebb might provide his bait. The plan he thought pleased him, bringing a resurgence of some of

the power he had felt as High Priest and he allowed the old man to finish his prayers before explaining he would have to leave.

He thanked the Priest for the exorcism, lyingly said it was effective and thanked the man for saving his life. He even suggested they go into the church to say a prayer of thanksgiving. Algar, offering his wounds as an excuse not to kneel, sat to say aloud in Latin a suitable prayer. The Priest was impressed, as Algar knew he would be, and did not say no when Algar asked for some money.

“Just a small loan, Father,” the lying High Priest said.

A few hours later, he was safely in Leeds. The pain, which came to him during his journey by train, was not intense or prolonged.

Ray Vitek was not pleased to see him and it showed on his face. But in deference to Algar’s position he asked him politely inside the seedy terraced house along the sloping streets between the traffic noise of Hyde Park Corner and the tree lined peace of Meanwood Ridge.

“So,” Vitek said suspiciously as they sat among the books within a mould-filled room, “she has sent you for another favor.” Nervously, with thin fingers, he stroked his pointed beard.

“A favor, yes. But not for her.”

“I see. So it has come to that.”

“Will you join me – against her?”

“Years ago – I forget exactly when it was – I had a Priestess. Perhaps you remember her? No, well I was young then, as you were. I loved her. Linda was her name. Then she came to entice her away. She died – in a brothel.”

“Then you will help?”

“Me – once in love! I have never loved anyone or anything since.”

“I did not know,” Algar said, acting concerned.

“Who cares – I don’t care – not any more.” Then, his mood changed, he added, “what has she done to you then?”

Algar took off the coat that the Priest had given him and showed his bloodstained bandages.

“So?” Vitek said. “Why come to me?”

“Because you have friends. Desperate friends who need a little something every now and then. What would you do for a year’s supply?”

“She would have you killed before you did anything.”

Algar laughed. It was not pleasant to hear. “She does not know about my – how shall I say – my little side-line!”

Vitek was surprised – but his lethargy soon returned. “So what can I do?”

“Your friends” Algar’s imitation of a gargoyle suited him, “shall keep a little something of mine. To lure her. She come – and they – how shall I say – entertain her?”

Vitek’s brief laugh was broken by a spasm of coughing. He spat into the fireplace. Then, remembering: “but her power – “

“When they take her they bring you the necklace she wears. You shall bring it to me.”

“But I remember – “

“The crystal? Yes, I shall smash it while she is away and her power will be gone!”

“A year’s supply, you say? For them all?”

“For them all!”

“It shall be done as you wish. When?”

“Tomorrow!”

“So soon?”

“It must be! When she arrives – surprise her. Take her by force, tear the necklace away! Without it she has no power. And when your friends have finished with their games with her –“ he shrugged – “an overdose perhaps.”

“When do you deliver?”

“After the deed is done.”

“I may need something – “

“To offer them? Of course! You shall have it, my friend! This very day. Give me two hours.” His torment was beginning again, and as he strove to control the pain, sweat began to dribble down his face. “I shall return here.”

He did not wait but rushed to flee outside where he stood under a cloudy sky while his body contorted in pain. “I shall kill you!” He repeated. “You shall die a horrible death.”

He imagined that the death Melanie would find tomorrow and although this brought a little satisfaction it did nothing to lessen his pain. He felt like he was being crushed. Then, as suddenly as it had before, it stopped. He walked on toward the summit of the road, dreading its return.

He worked slyly and quickly in the anonymity of the city while thunderclouds covered the sky and the humidity grew. A few telephone calls, a meeting with a man whose expensive car drove him along the crowded streets to a small warehouse by the river. Promises made, a briefcase given to him, another journey by car and he was handing Vitek the promised goods – small packets containing white death.

His pain did not return, but his dread of its returning never left him, becoming during the growing cloud darkness of the daylight hours a demon to haunt him. He was always two footsteps behind, this demon.

The Satanic underworld did not fail him. For two years he had used his influence as Melanie's High Priest to spin his webs in the temple of the empire she had built. Money diverted, a few small schemes of his own. He had been waiting for here weakness, and had found it. Soon, her empire would be his.

This pleased him. He was given help in her name, but in a few days it would be his name it would be his name, which commanded respect. He had used her name before and she never knew. He used it again, and a young man collected him in a new car and ferried him toward her home.

The demon of dread followed. Several times while lightning struck and nearby thunder crashed, he feared Vitek's betrayal. "You know how she feels about these," he had said to Vitek while he gave the white death away. And Vitek's sunken eyes had bulged. "She does not like them. Warn her, Vitek and there shall be no more." Vitek's thin, grasping hands said he understood. "Your friends, Vitek – I should have to tell them, you understand, if you betrayed me."

His fears grew like the darkness that brought the day to its end until he became a madman pretending he was sane. He had procured a revolver, and caressed it repeatedly.

Apted was in his shop, as Algar hoped he would be. As soon as Apted unlocked the door he pushed past him.

"Is all well with you?" Apted asked cheerfully.

Algar pressed the barrel of the revolver into a flabby cheek. "Give me Jebb's address!"

"But she – "

“Give me the address!” He eased back the hammer of the gun with his thumb.

“But I gave it to Rathbone.”

“He is no use to me now! The address!”

Apted gave it.

“Tell her, fat man, and I shall carve the fat from you, slice by slice! Understand? Good! She is finished!” As a gesture of his defiance he spat at her portrait, which hung on Apted’s wall.

The storms, which had followed him from Leeds, fell upon the town to wash the heat and dust away, stealing, for a few brief minutes, the lights that kept the night at bay. Somewhere below the thunder, a young child screamed.

VII

The storm pleased Melanie and she danced naked in her garden while the rain washed her body as she sucked the storm’s health in.

She was inside, allowing the warm air in her secret Temple to dry her when she heard the telephone ring. The call was brief and she dressed slowly before saying goodbye to her house.

Apted was in a corner of his shop, jibbering, the telephone in his hand, his door open as Algar had left it. She smiled at him and touched his forehead with her hand. Soon, he was almost smiling.

“I had to tell him. I am sorry,” he said and meant it.

“You are safe now. He cannot harm you. Do you believe me?”

“Yes, my princess.” Happiness returned to his face.

“Is Jane still in your care?”

“Why, yes! But they have threatened to take her away from me.”

“May I borrow her for a few days?”

“She is yours now – a gift from an old and grateful man.”

Melanie’s brief kiss surprised him, but when he opened his eyes again, she was gone.

The sky had cleared by the time she drove along the narrow track that led to Thurstan’s cottage among the hills of south Shropshire, and as she left her car to walk the few yards to his door bat swooped around her. She greeted them, as a queen should, laughing as she pushed the door open.

Thurstan was gone, as she half expected him to be, and she felt and smelt the traces that Algar had left. There was a note, stuck to the table by a knife and she read it without emotion. “Come alone,” it read, giving a date, time and place, “or he shall die like Lois.” It demanded a large sum of money.

She burned the note in the fireplace before examining the cottage. There were few books and all of those were in Greek. Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles... Few clothes, furniture or possessions. In the bedroom she found a neat pile of translations but they did not interest her, as the cottage seemed to hold few clues to Thurstan himself. It was damp if clean, austere but full of memories. The memories, spectral forms and sound, seeped out of the walls, the floor, the beams which held the roof, to greet Melanie. Sighs, laughter, the pain of childbirth, an old man dying his bed while his spirit wandered the hills above. Two centuries of life, struggle, love and death.

But however intently she listened, however still she held her gaze, neither sights nor sounds from Thurstan’s past seeped to her through the gates of time. Behind the only in the cottage she found her answer. It was a good painting of a pretty woman, curiously hung above the long narrow windows where Melanie had seen Thurstan sitting. Behind it, totally obscured, was a niche carved from the rough stone that made up the walls. It contained a large quartz crystal.

Stored in the crystal was Thurstan's life, in images only a Mistress of Earth or a Magus could see.

The child that Algar had abducted near Apted's shop during the storm had lain silent and terrified in the car while the young man drove through the night, obedient to Algar's commands because he believed he was acting in Melanie's name.

The young man had said nothing when Algar told him to stop and took the child into the darkness of trees by the road. He kept his silence when Algar returned alone fastening the belt of his trousers. He said nothing as he stood waiting for Thurstan to answer the knocks that Algar made upon his door. Kept his silence as he bound and gagged the man at whose head Algar aimed the revolver. Said nothing as he drove his silent passenger to the city of Leeds and the rotting, broken houses that were Algar's destination. The human shadows that surrounded his car and who dragged the bound man away repulsed him, and he was glad when Algar gave him money and dismissed him.

There was much mute laughter and hissing glee as Thurstan was hauled from room to smelly room whose denizens lay supinely on floors or leaned, festering, against walls while loud music played. Vitek was lashing Thurstan to a chair in an upper room when Algar's demon of dread leapt and sunk its rows of teeth into the flesh of its prey. Algar did not scream but cowered in a corner, his whole body convulsed. Thurstan was smiling – or seemed to Algar to be smiling at him – and he leapt up to punch Thurstan several times in the face. Instantly, his torment ceased. Then Thurstan winked.

Raging, Algar held the revolver to his head, but Vitek calmed him and led him away, saying, "He is our bait, our money. Leave him."

Daylight brought no sun or light through the boarded windows and Algar slept, twitching from nightmares, on the floor of a suppurating room where three men took turns copulating with a young girl too tired and drugged to care. But their energy did not last and soon only Thurstan was awake, dreaming of the woman he had loved.

A few high cirrus clouds flecked the beautiful blue of the sky as Melanie drove slowly under the warm sun through the busy streets of Leeds. She was not late, and parked her car in the narrow rubble filled street of boarded up houses. Two men with long greasy hair wearing chains for belts watched her, showing rotten teeth as they smiled.

Swaggering, they walked toward her as she got out of her car. Behind her, another man emerged from the shadowed alley beside a house. He was within feet of her when she opened the back door of her car. Gracefully, the leopard leapt into the sun.

She stood leaning against her car while the leopard sat beside her. Respectfully and silently, the men moved away. He did not speak and she did not but as he passed her he bowed his head while she stared into his eyes. There was a scream as he, obedient to her will, entered the house, then the sound of breaking glass and wood. A shout. "Don't come any closer!" And then a single shot, dull but echoing.

Another man walked toward her and he too bowed his head, a little, as she stared into his eyes. "Kill him!" a voice like Algar's screamed, as he too entered the house.

The third and last man came forward to wait with her beside her car. For a long time silence – broken by a shout from within the house.

"We must kill her"

Three men carrying clubs and knives came forth from the house but the single man was no match for them and was soon beaten unconscious. Triumphant, the three moved sneering and leering toward Melanie.

"Kill her! Kill her!" the demented Algar screamed from the safety of the house.

"Come on!" laughed one of the men, "hypnotize me!"

"She is making me tremble!" jeered another.

“Let’s strip her, hey?” Laughed the third.

Melanie did not see but rather sensed Algar aim his gun and she stared toward the shadows in the doorway. There was no shot, only Algar cursing as the revolver jammed, while the leopard stood and kept the shouting men away.

Their obscenities were irrelevant to Melanie as he was content to wait in the heat of the sun for her full magickal powers to return. Her control of the three men had weakened her, a little, but she knew her weakness would not last. Perhaps the jeering men sensed her weakness or perhaps Algar had told them to try to drain her power away, but it was not important and she hid her strength for Algar’s expected attack.

It was Vitek who came running from the house, carrying an axe. He slowed, as her power touched him, then stopped to stand harmless and silent. But his appearance broke the spell that kept the others at a distance – they rushed toward her howling with drug courage. The leopard snatched one, her power slowed another but the third was not stopped. The knife he carried reflected the sun and Melanie side stepped gracefully to strike the rushing man as he passed, his momentum conveying him into her car. He bounced, slightly, before her blow to his neck sent him falling unconscious onto the road.

Her absorption freed Vitek who fled into the house.

“Leave!” she commanded and the leopard obeyed, leaving the uninjured man to help his sobbing and bloodied companion away.

Behind the house she heard shouting, and a car being driven away. Thurstan, Algar and Vitek were gone, and as she stepped over bodies near the door, the house burst into flames. She could almost hear Algar laughing.

VIII

The coven was gathered, dressed in crimson robes, in the large Satanic Temple to give honor to Melanie as Mistress of Earth. A man

lay on the altar, naked, while a young woman in white robes kissed his body in the light of the candles to the insistent beat of the tabors.

A masked figure dressed in black came to lift the man from the altar and place him at the feet of the green robed Mistress of Earth.

“What do you wish?” the Mistress asked.

“It is the protection and milk of your breasts that I seek”. The naked Priest reached up as the Mistress bared her breasts, but she kicked him away with her foot.

“I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and washes in a basin full of their blood.” He stared at her body. “I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter and Gate to our Gods. I lift my voice to stand before you, my sister, and offer myself so that my mage’s seed may feed your virgin flesh.”

“Kiss me,” she taunted, “and I will make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn, which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a Gate that opens to our Gods!”

Slowly, she led him to the Priestess whom she kissed on the lips and caressed before removing her white robe.

“Take her,” she said to the Priest, “for she is me and I am yours!”

Around them the coven gathered, clapping their hands to the rhythm of the tabors as the ritual copulation began. And when it was over and the Priest lay sweating and still upon the Priestess, the masked Guardian of the Temple came to lift him up and forced him to kneel at the feet of his Mistress.

“So you have sown,” she said, “and from your seeding gifts may come if you are obedient hear these words I speak. I know you, my children, you are dark and yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as

I. I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts: yet none of you is as hateful or as loving as I. With a glance I can strike you dead!"

The Guardian brought her a large silver chalice, which she offered to her coven in turn. The Priestess was the last to receive the gift of wine and the Mistress kissed her to receive the wine from her mouth.

She threw the remains of the wine over the Priest, saying, "No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict you here! Feast and enjoy the ecstasy of this life. But ever remember, I am the darkness that lives in your soul!"

She did not wait for the orgy of lust to begin, but left alone. No sounds of Satanic revelry reached her as she sat in her own small Temple, waiting. But the crystal showed nothing.

For hours, Melanie sat still and alone. She did not think of the flames that only yesterday had engulfed her and from which she had escaped unharmed, nor of Algar, fleeing now from those who sought to collect bounty she offered for his death. The ritual had bored her, and she did not miss the pleasure that she had obtained in the past through having a man groveling while she whipped his naked flesh. Instead, she thought of Thurstan and his strange life that she had seen in the crystal. There was a quality about this Thurstan that both pleased and disturbed her, as if he was someone from a dream she had just awoke from and could not quite remember. She wanted to forget the dream and concentrate on the pleasures of her own world, but she was lonely. Thurstan's intrusion into her planned and orderly life, Lois' sudden death, both combined to become a catalyst and change her emotions. Her feelings of loneliness surprised her. For years, she ruled her coven and small empire through her magickal charisma, power and the fear she inspired. She could be charming, subtle, scheming and brutal as the moment and the person required, never losing her belief in herself and her Destiny. For a long time during the years of her growing she had felt herself chosen and different from others. Gradually, awareness of her Destiny came – as Mistress of Earth, ruler of covens, who would dare to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

She still felt her Destiny – but it was the distant beat of her pulse in her ear, not the yearning she now felt to share with someone a moment of life, like the strange moment she had shared with Thurstan while they sat in the café and he, trembling, had first held her hand. She had been playing a role, but somewhere and somehow the role had become real to her and for an instant she had become the woman she was pretending to be – gentle, sensitive and vulnerable. This woman had returned, unexpected, when she had held the dead Lois in her arms. Her tears had been real tears of love and loss – but they did not last.

Now this woman sat in Melanie's secret Temple, thinking of Thurstan and the moment they had shared. This woman knew she was alone.

Melanie, in anger, walked slowly from her Temple, her eyes glowing, to seek the comfort of her car. Her speed was an attempt to express her anger and she drove westward along narrow lanes and wider roads for nearly an hour before returning east to stop near the stone circle. The twilight of closing cloud and strong wind colored the sky near the descending sun, and Melanie stood in the circle's center calling on the storms to break. Thunder cloud rushed toward her, killing the color, as the wind graved strong and heavy around. There was no thunder, only a sudden and prolonged burst of rain, which Melanie laughing let soak through her thin dress to the warm flesh beneath. She became intoxicated by the power of wind and rain, and danced around the circle calling on the names of her gods. She was Baphomet – dark goddess who held the severed head of a man; she was Asoth – worker of passion and death. Circe – charmer of man; Darket – bride of Dagon. She felt her crystal, many miles distant, begin to respond and draw power from the Abyss beyond. The power came to her, slowly, through the gate in the fabric of space-time, a chaos of energies from the dimensions of darkness. Her consciousness was beginning to transcend to the acausal spaces where the Dark Gods waited and she sensed their longing to return, to fill again the spaces of her causal time. They were there, chattering in lipsed words she could not understand, roused from sleep by the power of her previous rites, ready to seep past the gate to feast upon the blood of humans.

But they could not break through from beyond the stars. The two universes, rent together by her will and crystal, were drifting apart again and she was left to walk along the track from the stones while the wind lost its power and the clouds left with their rain.

She sat in her car for a long time, No power, not even a trace of power, had come down to here over the abyss that divided the causal and the acausal realms of existence. No chaos for her will to form and direct as it had many times before. Her magick was weakened. The cause of her failure became clear to her slowly, like the low autumn mist of a valley becomes cleared by the sun as it heats the cold air of morning. She was in love with Thurstan, and her feelings of love had begun to brighten the darkness that was the source of her power.

IX

“The Police have released the names and photographs of the two men they wish to question in connection with the murders in Leeds...”

Vitek turned the radio off. Algar was beside him in the van they had stolen in Leeds, waiting for the last glimmer of light to conduct the ritual, which he hoped, would free him from Melanie’s curse.

“She arranged things well,” Vitek said while in the rear of the van Thurstan worked silently to try and free his bound hands.

“Of course!” Algar shouted, “what did you expect? Her influential friends! When she is dead they will be mine!”

“Must we...?” asked Vitek, indicating Thurstan.

“It is the only way. The force cannot be invoked without a sacrifice. Her power is weakening! I sense it!”

The forest Algar had chosen lay in a small valley between the haunted rocks of the Stiperstones and Squilver mound, and had in times past been used by the darker covens which once had abounded in the area. He would invoke the Great Demon, Gaubni,

through sacrifice and imbue himself with power before setting forth to kill Melanie herself. His ritual would strip her of magick, her death would end her curse.

“Come, let us prepare,” he said.

Trees were creaking in the breeze and the smell of stinking fungi mingled with the damp the heavy rain had brought as Algar walked carefully the path to the small clearing. Vitek followed, stooping and afraid, listening to Algar mumble incantations. “Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! Agios O Gaubni...”

The incantation became louder until Algar was shouting the name. “Gaubni! Gaubni!” Then a silence that startled Vitek. He could not see Algar’s face as he stopped and turned in the clearing but he heard the hissing and saw the hands raised like claws. The long, bony fingers grasped Vitek’s neck and the strength of the arms pushed Vitek to the ground. Algar sat on Vitek’s chest, slobbering and laughing while his nails tore the flesh on Vitek’s face. The spasm of struggle did not last long as the fingers snapped the neck.

Possessed, Algar loped awkwardly out of the wood. Thurstan sat hunched in the back of the van and Algar stared at him, dribbling like an idiot while in the distance a dog howled.

Algar was struggling to control the chaos, which had possessed him and direct it to bring another death when he heard the voice behind him.

“Come to me, come to me!” the melodious voice said.

Algar turned to see the leering face of a multitude of witches. Then they vanished. But another voice came from the trees behind him.

“You are my gift!”

He did not look, but the power of the demon he had invoked sucked from within him to form a hideous face whose rows of teeth gnashed before the mouth opens to spray Algar with fetid breath. Then it was

gone, sucked into the trees and down into Earth by the power of the long-dead leering witches.

“You are my gift!” the voice repeated.

There was no longer any magick in Algar and he became a man who was half-mad. His madness made him move toward Thurstan, but the High Priest was afraid, and all he could do was turn and watch as Vitek with a ruptured face and dead eyes walked toward him.

“You are his gift,” a chorus of voices behind him said.

Desperate, Algar performed a banished ritual, inscribing a pentagram in the air before him with his hand, saying, “The sign of the Earth, protect! Agios O Shugara!”

The dead body of Vitek still came toward him. He invoked more gods, drew a pentagram, called on the Prince he had followed in secret from youth, but Vitek moved ever nearer while behind him the ghostly chorus laughed.

He tried a hexagram, but his gesture and words had no power and, in abject terror, he began to pray fervently in Latin to the god he had scorned.

“In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. In nomine Jesu Christi...” he mumbled.

But Vitek did not stop – instead, the dead eyes swiveled down to stare at him and the mouth opened in a leer. Algar fled, crazed and stumbling, along the track, over a fence and field, to run up the side of the steep hill. He did not stop when he reached the summit, but ran on down the steep bank and over another hill to drop exhausted into a ditch. Terror brought recovery and he ran on for many miles over fields, fences and hills, his clothes and flesh torn by stone, wire and thorn. When he could run no longer, he crawled among the heather that grew on the side of the Mynd, clawing his way to the slope’s summit. He rested then, staring down into the silent blackness below, fearful and afraid of something following and praying for the light of dawn. He made a kind of cross from stems of heather which

he pulled with bleeding fingers from the ground. Around him, nothing stirred.

Thurstan had freed his hands from the cord, which bound them when he saw Algar run away. Cautiously, after unbinding his feet and removing the gage, he left the van.

Twilight had almost ended, but sufficient light remained for him to follow the path into the woods. He walked for sometime but could find nothing or no one. The place seemed peaceful and calm to him.

A large dog was sitting by the van when he returned. It did not bark, but sprang up to run for a few yards along the track before stopping.

“Your guide!” a soft voice beside Thurstan said. When, he turned, he could see nothing.

There was no moon, only the lingering glow of the sun that was now below the horizon. The clear sky soon showed the brighter stars and in the pleasant warmth of the early night Thurstan followed his guide along the track to paths and narrow lanes that kept a southerly course until he was led eastwards by the stream and up to where a large house lay darkened and silent.

He knew why he followed the dog, as he knew whose house it was, but he still stood nervously in the driveway. The evening was dark by the time he walked toward the house, and as he did so a soft light shone through the half-opened door.

“Hello!” he called like a jester to a court of fools as he stepped onto the mosaic tiles of the hall. He did not see the door behind him close.

Somewhere he could hear a harpsichord being played. He followed the sound, along the hall and up the stairs whose walls were lined with paintings depicting lust, greed and joy, to where a door was open. A voluptuous perfume reached out to him and he closed his eyes, listening to the gentle music. It seemed a long time to him that he waited, listening and trembling. But it was only a few heartbeats of his life that passed.

He took several steps into the candle-lit room. Melanie sat at her harpsichord in a long flowing dress and looked up briefly before playing the fugue to its end.

The room was beautiful, graceful in its few furnishings, the music was beautiful, the light itself was beautiful, casting subtle hues that only a painter, a musician or a poet might recall. But most of all, to Thurstan, Melanie was beautiful. His senses, subdued by his captivity, were overwhelmed and he began to cry, not loudly or for very long, as a mystic or an artist might cry when overwhelmed by such splendor.

She smiled at him again when her fingers ceased to work their magick upon the keyboard, and held out her hand. He could see her breasts, uplifted and partly exposed by her dress, rise and fall with the rhythm with her breathing: the way her amber necklace seemed to glow a little in the light from the candles around her, and he walked forward, hardly able to breathe.

It was unreal to him, an idle dream, perhaps, of a hot insect-filled summer's day as he sat by the stream near his cottage. But their fingers touched, bringing reality. He felt shy and foolish as she stood to face him, gently smiling. No words would reveal themselves into the world through his mouth, and he embraced her, stroking her hair with his hand while she molded her body to his so he could feel the heat of her flesh through the thin dress.

Stretched were the moments of their embrace until she kissed him, pressing her tongue to his lips in supplication. He let her in, smelled the fragrance of her breath and felt with his hand the warmth of her breast and the erection of her nipple as her tongue sought his. He did not see the door of the room close silently, nor the strange shadow that seemed to stand beside it, but let himself be led to the circular bed in the adjoining, darkened room.

She was gentle with him as she removed his clothes and then her own, kissing his body as he kissed hers in return. He tried to speak of his love and her beauty but she pressed a slender finger to his lips as they lay naked together on the sensuous softness of the bed while perfumed incense caressed them. He felt the softness of her breasts

and kissed them in worship as he kissed her lips, shoulders, face and thighs in worship before tasting her moistness. She pulled him gently upon her, opening herself in invitation, and he did not need his hand to guide him to her hidden cleft.

He moved slowly, and for a long time the gentle intimacy continued while the warm humid night brought sweat to him and a gradual urgency to her until a frenzy of passion possessed them both, rising to issue forth into loud ecstasy mutually achieved before the natural fall left limbs loose and a pleasing exhaustion.

He slept then, although he did not wish to, holding her as if he feared she might go, softly breathing the words of his love. He dreamed he was walking on a strange planet whose two bright suns lit the purple sky. There was a city nearby, but it lay in ruins, and as he approached over the warm sand, he could see the desolation of centuries. He wandered the empty streets made of strange steel where above twisting walkways hung or soared to meet the towering pyramids of buildings whose entrails of floor and room had been cut away cleanly and left dangling from tendons of wire. He felt a sadness at the desolation, for the world was abandoned and quite dead.

When he awoke from his dream, Melanie was gone.

X

Part of her wanted to kill him. His death would make her free again; restore to her the power she had lost.

She sat in her Temple wondering what to do. The years of her life had been bereft of love and only Lois had shown her kindness – unexpectedly, for kindness was something she had never wanted or sought. But she had been too proud, too confirmed in her role and quest for power to let the kindness of Lois matter, and their relationship had become, for her at least, a simple affair to satisfy her lust and turn her momentarily from the hatred she felt for the many men who sold their souls and gave their wealth and power away to satisfy themselves with her body.

For a year she had withheld her favors from all men, using her magick as a snare and a weapon to keep her dominance and power. She let them lust, and satisfy themselves with the whores she gave them. But she had enticed Thurstan, sending a wraith to guide him to her house after she had found him through her crystal waiting bound in the van. Other forces had gathered round, surprising here, but she had fought them and gained control, molding them to her will to bring the dead body of Vitek back and send Algar in terror to the hills.

She had sensed the other powers were trying to help Thurstan and keep him from her for some reason she did not understand, but she wanted him and would have her way.

Her crystal reached out to him upstairs where an elemental spirit, born from one of her rituals, waited to work her will, hovering by the bed she had left. The spirit was guarding him, shielding him from other powers, but she had only to transform her thought through the crystal for the elemental to cause Thurstan's death and break the heavy chains that now seemed to bind her to his Earth.

But she did nothing. She was intrigued by the other powers she felt and by his crystal that she had found. There was also, for her, a promise in the feelings she felt for him – there seemed to be new pleasures awaiting, new experiences to enhance her life. She began to think of what these might be – of what it would be like to talk with someone, just to be with someone, who seemed to love her, not her power, wealth or influence. Someone whose lust, though real and strong, was bound with sensitivity and who sought through it an ecstasy of sharing beyond the physical; someone who gave, and did not just take. She had captivated him at first, but not as she had expected: not as she had captivated all the merely lustful men before him. He had seen beyond them to another world.

These thoughts pleased and disturbed her, but she sensed he had awoken from his dream and waited, strangely tense, for him to find her. When he did, and stood in the doorway of her Temple, she hid her feelings before trying to destroy them.

She did not succeed. The crystal began to glow, betraying her as it pulsed to the beat of her heart. He walked past it, drew the glow onto his hand and offered it to her. She stared at him as he stood before her smiling. Then, before she could open her hand to receive his gift, the light in the Temple faded, and there was gone, leaving only the glow he held before her.

A multitude of babbling, hissing voices broke the silence.

“He is ours!” one clear voice said.

“Ours!” a second and third repeated.

The powers she had felt before were stronger now and she strove to cast them away by casting her thoughts into her crystal, but the glow on Thurstan’s hand dimmed, then died.

There was laughter in the Temple, the smell of rotting flesh as, slowly, a luminous shape began to form in a corner. It began to resemble a bearded man with green skin who held in his hands a crook and a whip, and from whose eyes fine filaments emerged to move toward where Melanie sat. She knew they would form a web to imprison her. She formed her own will into purple strands to form a wall before her but the filaments snaked easily around it before writhing toward her. She cast an inverted seven-pointed star at them, but the star shattered and was obliterated. Sweating from the effort, she held her hands outstretched before her in readiness to absorb the power that came toward her, tensing her body to try to cast it into her crystal and send it out into the acausal space where it would die.

She felt Thurstan beside her and the heat of his hand as he touched her shoulder. In the instant of his touch the mocking laughter stopped. She did not know what was happening but Thurstan’s face had become a dark void filled with stars, but she felt herself becoming stronger. A chaos of energies rushed from the void to be transferred to her by Thurstan’s touch, but the energies were not hostile and she shaped them by her will into an auric demon before casting them at her foe. The demon greedily ate the filaments before devouring the green bearded man. Then it too vanished, leaving Melanie and

Thurstan standing naked beside each other in the soft light of the perfumed Temple.

When she looked at Thurstan, she realized he was in a trance. She sat him down gently and stroked his face until he awoke.

He was surprised to find himself in the Temple and embarrassed by his nakedness.

“Are you alright?” Melanie asked.

“Yes, thanks,” said Thurstan blushing and covering his genitals with his hands. “I must have been dreaming!”

“What did you dream?”

“I was on this dead planet – in a city. Alone. Then I saw you. There was a shadow near you, which I seemed to think was threatening you, so I came to you and held your hand. Strange thought – I thought I woke up.”

There was no guile in Thurstan’s face as Melanie looked: and in that instant he seemed an innocent child. He sought to hold her hand as if for reassurance and she did not refuse. She looked at him, as he sat smiling and embarrassed, then at her crystal and then at Thurstan again, realizing as she did so that in some way she did not yet understand Thurstan was a gate to her gods, a medium, perhaps, that anyone might use. It was not thought of using him and his psychic gifts that made her kneel down beside him and kiss his lips, but a strange desire to somehow share again the moment when he had first touched her hand and trembled – to discover again the joy that his body had brought her, the feeling she had felt when she had examined his face and found a curious trust.

He responded readily to her kiss and they made slow, tender love on the floor of her Temple. Melanie was receptive to him through her burgeoning feelings of love, and felt herself drawing power from him. She let this power build within her before trying to transfer it by an act of will to her crystal but even she was surprised at the ease of this and the extent of the power she had stored. The crystal began to

glow, and in her orgasm she felt possessed of the power of a goddess. But she did nothing with her new found power, and let it rest safely in the crystal in her Temple before realizing, as Thurstan breathed in her ear the words of his love, that it was her own feelings of love that were the key.

She lay for a long time while Thurstan caressed her and their sweat dried slow, wondering about the meaning of this in the context of her Satanic life. But only vague feelings, need and desires suffused her and she led him from her Temple in the quiet house to her own bed. He was soon asleep, entwined around her warm body, while she inwardly watched the shadows that gathered outside her house, held away by the power she had stored in her crystal. They beat down, screaming, leering and threatening, upon the auric protective sphere that enclosed her and her new lover, desiring her death or at least a chance to lead Thurstan away. These shades of the dead and dying were like rain to her, and she listened, safe and warm, while they beat noisily down.

In the morning, they were gone. But they had sucked her crystal dry. Melanie slept on, her body pressed close to Thurstan's, while in her garden Algar waited, ready to kill her with the billhook he held in his hand.

XI

Ezra Pead lived surrounded by mold and mites. The mold rose up the feet of the furniture in his small, dark cottage at the end of a muddy track between two high hills that shielded him from most of the sun, while the mites could be seen scurrying away from anything he touched.

The wood burning stove in his kitchen lay broken and unrepaired, letting damp seep up the walls and wood lice to cover the floor, and he cooked his soups on a small gas-burning ring. He was not an old man, but bore himself like one and dressed like a tramp, his beard matted and long. The large sums of money his father had left him he left unused in a bank, and he walked the three miles to the small town of Stretton once a week to withdraw the few pounds he needed to keep himself alive.

Like his cottage, Ezra Pead was slowly falling into decay. His cottage smelled and was like an overgrown, wild forest whose floor is alive

and where green fungi crept slowly up trees and where strangling ivy thickens and hardens as it grows round trunks, branches and stems seeking the canopy of leaves. What falls to the ground is captured by the myriad creatures who live mostly unseeing in the dampness, or covered by mold and by mites, or stolen to be eaten or stored away by insects. The roof did not leak, but Ezra Pead would not have cared if it did. He had plenty of buckets. He never opened the windows which were covered by thickly spreading grime.

He spent his days reading the many books and manuscripts that surrounded him everywhere in the chaos, or writing in one of the large vellum bound volumes that covered one of his three scriptorium desks. Unlike his features or dwelling, his handwriting was beautiful, and he used a quill pen and ink that he made himself.

All his books and all his writings were about alchemy or magick. When darkness came, he would light a candle and retire to the room where he slept. There, where no windows relieved the dampness of the walls and where only a rusting metal bed stood upon the floor, he would cast his spells into the night. All his reading, spells and writing were directed toward one end: to discover the secret of life and so make himself immortal. Every night he invoked demons from the pages of the medieval Grimoires he possessed, for he had read once and long ago when young that some of these demons knew the secret. So he invoked, and questioned them, night after night and year after year. Baratchial, Zamradial, Niantiel, Belphegor, Lucifuge ... he knew the legions of hell well, and although the answers they gave him he did not often understand, he wrote them all down in his book after the conjuration was over and his ritual banishing complete. A demon named Shulgin he invoked most of all using his ceremonial circle, names of power and sword – but the demon spoke backwards in a numbered code and transcribing the messages took many hours of his day, as breaking the original code had taken over a year of his life.

But the years of his work wore down his body, and he began to wish for a better means to find the answers that he sought. He possessed an insane faith in demons he invoked, and it did not seem to matter to him that most of the information he obtained was meaningless or wrong. He checked and re-checked the answers, searching patiently

among his books and manuscripts. There were enough answers over the years, which could be corroborated with the little he already knew or could find in his books to keep his faith in the quest, and it never once occurred to him that this quest was destroying the life which he hoped to prolong.

Sometimes, he would venture from his cottage in search of herbs to grind and make into incense or oils to aid his invocations, talking to himself while he walked. All his original ideas and expectations had been eroded over the years – there was no stone for him to make by alchemical means, no potion for him to drink. He had tried both ways, led by manuscripts and demons, but his alchemical apparatus lay dismantled in his shed together with the rare juices of plants and bizarre ingredients he had used. His apparatus and ingredients had come from a dealer only too eager to indulge his expensive needs, but the cost made little difference in the money that he kept in the bank.

For almost a year, following the ten years of his alchemical work, an idea had come to possess him. Something was happening that was threatening his quest. His demons were becoming increasingly disturbed or disoriented. Sometimes his invocations did not succeed – or he obtained a jumble of form as if someone or something was disrupting the energies. He felt something himself – a force darker than the demons he knew. An ancient manuscript gave him the clue – the cosmic tides were changing, or rather being changed by someone. The very balance of the hidden universe was threatened.

Minor ripples in these tides were no stranger to him, but these did nothing to change in any significant way the current of Osirian energies that he worked with and which for centuries had passed over the Earth, partly due to the rites of the Church of the Nazarene and those who followed its faith, for they belonged to the same world as him. He was only part of its darker side. He knew a change was coming, symbolized by the son of Osiris as a child, but this was a natural progression that would not affect his own work or alter in any meaningful manner the balances of power on the Earth, despite the rhetoric of some of its adherents.

But this new distortion was different. If it succeeded, it would bring a new Aeon, which had no magickal Word to describe it – an Aeon of Chaos. He spent months searching his manuscripts and books for answers. Parcels of books arrived regularly from his dealer – they were read, then discarded, to suck more mold from the floor.

He began to realize that he was near the center of the disruption, but the demons he invoked to question were incoherent or would not appear. He needed the blood of sacrifices. The dealer brought him a dog, which he kept chained outside. He began using necromancy to bring him the spirits of the dead, sacrificing often by sending the dog out to bring a victim back. Sheep were not a problem, for they roamed the hills around cottage, and he would sever their necks letting the blood pour to his floor while he chanted his invocations. And when it was over, he would burn the body in a pit outside while the spirits he had raised gathered round.

He found his answers. He did not know the identity of the person who was trying to break through the causal dimensions and draw to Earth the energies of Chaos, but he knew the area from where the forces were being drawn down and sent his reluctant spirits to guard it. His ancient manuscript told of dark entities that were waiting to be returned to Earth to drink their fill of human blood. Atazoth, Dagon, Athushir, Darkat ... such were some of their names. Once summoned, they could not be returned. To be summoned they needed human sacrifice of special kind.

His own work had wrought changes in the astral planes, drawing to his cottage another Adept. Ezra Pead did not like the man who arrived at his cottage. Jukes did not like Ezra Pead either, nor the squalor he found. But a vision by his Priestess had brought him, and her trance warnings made him stay, offering his help and that of his Temple of Ma'at, to prevent the Dark Gods from returning.

“We have a common aim,” he said, and Pead, reluctant, had agreed. “They cannot be allowed to break the Current of Aiwaz.”

Jukes, stocky and squat, sincerely believed what he said. For over a year he had run his small Temple in London, helping by his acts of magick to further the Aeon of Ma'at. By day, he worked in an office,

but at night, in his basement flat, he became High Priest for his gods. He had read widely on the subject of the Occult, made many contacts during the years of his searching, but he was surprised by the books and manuscripts the Pead possessed.

Avarice was a stranger to Jukes, but the rare books and manuscripts introduced them.

“They need a human sacrifice,” Pead said in his lipsing voice.

“Can we prevent it?”

“If we knew who it was.”

“Your manuscripts – “

“They are silent.”

“May I?”

Pead smiled. “Study them here? Of course.”

For two days he studied, while at night, he stayed in a hotel in the nearby town, slightly fearful of the obsessive Pead and the savage dog, which strained on its chain snarling every time he entered and left. The filth and squalor oppressed him while he worked, as avarice whispered cunning words in his ear, but he ignored them. On the third day he rose from the stool by a scriptorium desk, triumphant.

“So they need a psychic, eh? Pead said.

“There is a ritual – the Ceremony of Recalling – to which he is brought. The sacrifice, and it must be a man, is killed and the High Priestess washes in a basin full of his blood before calling the Dark Gods back to Earth.”

“So, you found all of this there?”

Jukes held the vellum manuscript carefully. “Yes. The first few pages are a blind – and the last few. Quotations from the Fathers of the Church. The real text begins here – “ He pointed with his finger.

Pead shrugged. “I cannot read Coptic.”

Jukes spent a day copying the manuscript while Pead watched over him. He was glad to leave and, returned to his flat, he burned all his clothes before scrubbing himself clean in the bath. That night he summoned his Temple. The ritual began at the time he had agreed with Pead. He did not know what ritual Pead himself would do, but he had his suspicions and he did not want to ask.

Jukes’ Temple was the room where he lived, lit by candles and perfumed by thick incense and his members sat on the floor touching hands. It was not long before his Priestess was in a trance, guided by the sigil that Pead had inscribed on parchment. She spoke of being in a forest where two men walked, leaving one who was bound. Of how spirits had gathered to help her. “Above his eyes – the one who sits waiting and bound – there glows a tattvic sign. He is the one we seek... but there are horrors of which I cannot speak! Another will opposed with mine. Stronger – it casts me away and back...”

All night they tried, until, pale and exhausted, the Priestess slept, severing the astral link that had bound her to Pead and his spirits of death. And in the morning while a few rays of sun brightened for a few minutes the top of the basement window, she told of battles on the night that had drained their power away to leave the one who was chosen in the sanctuary of the Dark Gods’ Temple.

Jukes knew that where magick had failed, physical force might succeed.

“We must stop them!” he had said, his eyes bright with the fervor of his strange faith.

Outside a solitary bid sung, unheard amid the early traffic that chuntered along the narrow London street.

XII

Melanie did not sleep for long. But there was no desire within her to rise and breakfast before using her telephones and telex to establish the well being of her world. She had done so for years, and it was a new experience for her to lie watching a man sleep in her bed. The few who in previous times had been granted her favors for reasons of Satanic or financial power, she had told to leave after the conquest of them was complete.

She watched until he awoke, roused by her gentle caress of his face. She left him them, to dress and walk in her bare feet across the lawn of her walled garden. The sun was warm as she walked, intrigued by her own feelings. There was a beauty about the world that she had never seen before. She felt this beauty in the blue of the sky, in the delicate colors of the flowers that bordered her lawn, in the sound of the wind as it rushed through the trees nearby. It was the warmth of the sun, the dampness of the grass, the silence that surrounded her. She understood that there were many worlds within the one on which she lived, brought to reality perhaps by a mood or a circumstance.

This world of beauty was real to her in a way that brought unusual feelings to her, but the world that she had left yesterday was still there – still full of the feelings she felt: contempt for the members of her coven while she played her role as Mistress of Earth, hatred and love of strife. Each year, each day of her life was a world into which she projected meanings, interpretations and from which she sought to wrest for herself money and power.

There were worlds beyond – alien worlds, which she hoped to join with hers, bringing chaos and much that was strange. But she found happiness in walking around her garden in the warming sun and thinking about Thurstan. She wanted to make him her High Priest, share her power and wealth with him and enjoy the pleasure that she felt such a sharing would bring, ending the years of her loneliness

She did not see, nor even sense such was her preoccupation, Algar creeping toward her and when she did her attempt to stop him by her magick power failed. She had no power. This startled her, and she

could only watch in silence as Algar, grinning like the madman he had become, raised the billhook to slash at her throat.

She raised her arm to deflect the blow when Thurstan, sprinting across the lawn, jumped on Algar, knocking both of them over. Algar was screaming, trying to slash at Thurstan but Thurstan grappled and held his arm round Algar's neck. They rolled over the dewy grass until Algar's body went limp.

"I've killed him! I've killed him!" Thurstan said.

Melanie's inspection of the body was brief. "Come on," she said. "Let's go inside."

"But I've killed him."

The beauty she had felt was destroyed. "He deserved it."

"I didn't mean to," Thurstan tried to explain. "The Police –"

Melanie smiled. "There is no need to involve them."

"But I killed him."

Melanie turned to face him. He was now quite calm, but perplexed. "There are some things you should know about me."

"All I know is that I love you."

With his words and the look on his face part of the beauty returned. She had been defenseless against Algar, and now she felt defenseless against Thurstan. She did not like either of the forms of this defenselessness took, and walked with Thurstan into her house to arrange the removal and disposal of Algar's body.

Thurstan followed her from room to room, listening amazed while she made her telephone calls. And when they were done and they sat eating breakfast he cooked, Melanie explained about her life. Thurstan listened, intently and gently smiling.

“So now you know the person you think you are in love with.”

“Why did you tell me?”

“Because – “ She turned away, appalled at herself. “In your cottage I found a crystal sphere.”

“I love you.”

Her feelings for Thurstan seemed to her to have stolen the personal power she had over people, and she was uncertain as to whether she cared about this. “You are not appalled by what I have told you?” she asked.

“No. Nor about the chap lying in your garden. He was going to harm you. I love you, so I stopped him. Simple really. The Police would ask too many questions.” He shrugged. “Considering what you have said, that is very understandable!”

“It will bind you to me.”

“Why do you think I have agreed?” he said directly.

“You are not afraid?”

“Of what?”

“That I might use this to control you?”

“No.”

“Even after what you know about me?”

No – because I sense you love me even though you are afraid to say the words.”

She did not answer, but stared out of the window. “They should be here soon – to dispose of the body.”

“And then?”

“We shall go to your cottage.”

The two men who had taken Lois’ body arrived and Melanie talked to them briefly before they went to carry the dead High Priest to the van. Thurstan was in her secret Temple when she returned, having seen them depart.

“What do you feel?” she asked.

“About this crystal? That it shall take us to the stars!”

Intrigued, she asked, “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. Just a feeling. I remember you were a dream of my youth. Maybe I am your Destiny as you are mine.

Melanie perceived forces gathering around them, as if a rent had appeared again but without her will in the metric of causal space and acausal energies were surrounding them. The Temple darkened while she stood breathless beside Thurstan watching her crystal become filled with stars. She touched him then, drawing his hand into hers, to feel the power tense her body as it would be tensed before and orgasm relaxed it. But she did not feel the intoxication of power, nor the sensuous bliss that her many and varied pleasures had brought her over the years of her reign. Instead, there was the quiet ecstasy of gentle and suffusing love couple with an expectation, a promise of vistas yet to be explored but waiting. But it was soon over, this tantalizing glimpse, as light returned to her Temple, leaving only a dim glow to suffuse her crystal.

Her house, drained by the demon battles of the night, was alive again, and she let her own spirit wander from room to room. The early oppression she had felt was gone, as if somewhere and somehow a storm had broken.

A vague memory came to her, like details of a landscape seen through thin mist, and she let Thurstan out of her house and into her car. She did not speak, and he did not as she drove the narrow, hilly lanes, in the warmth of the early morning, that lead to his cottage.

The crystal was in its niche, where she had left it, and she took it down. She tried to read it, as she had done before when it gave up its images to her mind, but it was empty.

“You seem surprised,” Thurstan said.

“Where did you obtain this?” she asked.

“An old man gave it to me.”

She sensed he was not lying, for she could almost see the image that formed in his mind as he spoke the words. “Why?”

“A gift, he said. He was insistent. How could I refuse?”

“When was this?”

“Oh, not long ago. A few months. I forget exactly when. He came here to beg a little food. I suppose he wanted to give something in return.

“You do not know what this is?” she asked.

“A crystal ball? He might have been, once, a teller of fortunes.”

For a long time, Melanie had controlled her life, guiding herself toward the goals she sought. She was always the Mistress, the Satanic queen who ruled, never possessed of fear. No one she had ever met had disturbed her belief in herself or shown in any way an inner power greater than her own. Satanist, criminal, businessman or people of wealth – she had mastered them all through her wiles, will and beauty. She found their weakness, and used it to her own advantage. Thurstan had disturbed her because he was so transparent – there was nothing in him that was hidden, neither to her or himself. His feelings, thoughts and pleasures seemed spontaneous and enthusiastic like those of a child. Yet he possessed a fatalism that no child possessed or could possess: an inner belief in the necessity of change, which far from negating his own life, seemed to enhance it by making each moment of life unique.

But it was not Thurstan who disturbed her now. The control she had in life was ebbing away. The loss of her personal power, evident in her failure to control Algar as he attacked, was only a part of this. Events were happening to her, rather than being controlled by her, and she did not like this. What she had seen in Thurstan's crystal had sent her in pursuit to Leeds, drawing outward her burgeoning feelings of love. Something had and was happening to her because of Thurstan, and she began to believe because of his crystal that forces she did not understand or even know about were trying in some way to manipulate her.

It was simpler for her to believe that her love for Thurstan was changing her life, and she tried to believe this. But a suspicion remained.

"You are a strange man," she said to Thurstan as she gave him the crystal.

"Not really. I live – or did live – a quite simple and somewhat boring life."

"You know nothing about this crystal – or my own?"

"No. Only what I feel."

"And what do you feel now?"

"That there are forces trying to keep us together – and other forces that are trying to break us apart."

"And you are not afraid of where we might be going?"

"All I know is that I love you and want to be with you!"

He embraced her then, kissing her, and she did not push him away. She felt again, as they stood in the room of his cottage, swaying slightly in their embrace, that with him and through him she possessed a greater, if different, power that made her own past and even her dreams, seem tawdry.

“There is a gathering tonight,” she said, “which I would like you to come to.”

“Oh? What?”

“Just a simple ritual called the Ceremony of Recalling.”

“To what purpose?”

She walked away from him to watch a few ragged cumulus clouds straggle from the horizon toward the sun that rainbowed in places the old, worn glass of the window. “To draw down to Earth a certain power.”

“Why?” he asked in innocence.

“To bring change.”

“Why?”

“To hasten our evolution.”

“Toward what?”

“A higher consciousness,” she said, a little exasperated.

“Such is the aim of the covens that you rule?”

“Not really. They are a means to provide me with things.”

“Enjoyment? Pleasure? Power?”

“Yes!”

Urwroth showed in her eyes but she quickly controlled her feelings.

“Come,” he said smiling and taking her hand, “I would like to show you something.”

His cottage lay in a fold of small hills between the steep slopes of bare Caer Caradoc and the road, which rose from the Stretton valley to track eastwards through field and village toward the wooded ridge of Wenlock Edge. All around, springs began small brooks among the slopes where sheep mostly grazed and few trees grew, and Thurstan took a path to one of these. Yards from where the water issued forth as a trickle, a small pool had formed on a slight piece of level ground, and Thurstan knelt beside it while Melanie stood, bemused, watching and listening to a kestrel as it flew between the bare hills that made a little valley for the brook. The kestrel flew toward her, circling three times overhead before calling its woeful call and flying away.

“Look!” Thurstan said, rising and showing her the palm of his hand.

On it, no larger than the nail of his thumb, sat a frog. “Isn’t it wonderful?” he said enthusiastically.

Melanie looked at it but without much interest.

“I come here often,” Thurstan said as he placed the frog in the water. “Every time it is different. In one day the light may change so much. In March the frogs come. Last year there was thick snow, but they still came. There is always change – even in this little spot – as the seasons change. Snow, ice, frost, mud, scorching sun that bleeds the green from the grass and brittles the fern. At night – perhaps a moon or only the stars, which change too. No day in its weather and light is ever the same as any other day.”

He stood up to stand beside her. “And I do nothing. Yet everything changes. Even I change, a little with the passing of each year. There,” he pointed, “miles away is a road where fast cars carry people. They seldom see the change around them, only that which lives in their head. A few miles - and another world where those small specimens of life,” he gestured toward the frog, “are never seen and become squashed without thought.

“You are beautiful – slightly wild, perhaps, like that kestrel which flew overhead – and your world is strange to me. These hills, that cottage, the farm over there where I work, are my world. There is so much in so little – so much beauty to share. I make love with you –

kill someone to protect you – and our two worlds join, for a little while. But they are still two worlds. You want me to step into yours as I wish you to enter mine. The change you seek to bring may destroy my world – and I not ready for that.”

Melanie had felt the warmth in Thurstan as he talked.

It was a strange warmth to her, a kind of supra-personal love which she did not understand and which she could not relate to the pleasures of her own life or the goals that she had sought. Yet she liked being beside him as he talked, watching his face and eyes. He could have crushed the frog in his hand as she might have done in her youth or as she had crushed people that opposed her – he did not seek to mold it or destroy it according to his will. He accepted it as it was at that moment in Earth’s history.

“I have seen in you,” Thurstan was saying, “the same beauty I see in this small piece of land, as if you were natural to it in a way I cannot describe. More natural, more real and living than most other people. Yet the world in which you live and have lived and in which you possess power, is not where you should be. I fear it will destroy you, and I don’t want that.”

“I know no other world.”

“But you have begun to discover mine. I touch you, hold you, make love to you.”

His world possessed a fascination for Melanie, as if he had divined what she had felt and as she stood beside him she was no longer a Satanic queen, ruler of a coven of fifty, but a woman in love.

“I would like you to share my world as well,” she said.

Thurstan smiled. “Then I shall come to your ritual.”

The kestrel returned to swoop down toward them before veering away, calling, as it flew toward the sun.

XIII

The wood where Algar had been buried was not silent for long. The sun had set, leaving a nebulous light, when the sibulation began, muffled by earth. Algar had awoken in his grave.

The Priestess screamed, and fell unconscious into the circle of worshippers in Jukes' Temple. Jukes held her, and she awoke to wail before crying in terror at the vision she had seen. She could not speak aloud but described the horror in a slow sobbing whisper.

It did not take them long to prepare and they left London in three cars as the sky darkness became complete, to travel toward the hills of Shropshire and the house the Priestess had described before the horror had ended her trance. The eight were silent and subdued in spirit during the hours of their journey, nervous when they left the warmth of the cars parked on the verge of a narrow lane almost a mile from Melanie's house. Around them and dark, the countryside was silent and still.

Jukes let them, walking slowly and beginning to doubt. With every step he seemed to become more tired. He stopped before the driveway of the house, listening, while the Priestess, shaking and sweating, held his hand.

"It will be soon," she whispered, touching the silver scarab she wore as an amulet around her neck.

The driveway was full of cars, and a warm glow of light spread around the house. Jukes thought he could hear the beat of drums. His Priestess sensed it first, and turned toward the blackness beyond the hedge where they stood, huddled together in the increasing cold. There was a rustling in the field beyond, the sound of wood being broken sharply by force.

Algar smashed the gate apart with his torn and bloodied hands and came toward them. Only Jukes and his Priestess did not flee at the harrowing sight, but hid, pressing themselves into the thorns and leaves of the hedge. They were not seen and watched, trembling

and afraid, as Algar walked lumbering like the living dead he was toward the house.

XIV

Thurstan waited in her secret Temple, feeling embarrassed by the luxurious crimson robe he wore. He could not hear them, but knew that many of Melanie's members had arrived and were preparing for the ritual.

She prepared him well, returning him to her house in her car whose telephone she used to summon her willing servants. He had bathed, been massaged, his body relaxed by gently hands of a pretty woman who caressed perfumed oils into his skin, been served food, manicured, his hair attended to. Dressed in silken clothes. No one had spoken to him, but he was treated with deference, and by the end of the afternoon had begun to appreciate in a way that was not real to him before, Melanie's power. When she finally came to him, hauntingly beautiful like an ancient queen, part of him had already begun to accept her world and enjoy it. She was corrupting him with luxury and he knew it.

Melanie, in a green robe almost transparent and which emphasized the contours of her body, came to guide him to where her Satanic worshippers were gathered. The large Temple was lit only by candles and a naked woman lay on the altar beside which a young girl dressed in white with a garland of flowers in her hair swung a thurible. Somewhere, among the shadows, hooded red-robed figures beat their shaman drums.

"Hail to he who comes in the name of our gods!" the worshippers chanted as a greeting for Thurstan.

Two men with the physique of wrestlers whose faces were covered by black masks and who wore very little, closed the doors of the Temple as Thurstan followed Melanie to the altar. Melanie kissed the temples, lips, breasts, womb and pubic hair or the altar Priestess before kissing Thurstan who turned to receive a kiss from all of the congregation.

“Now shall we,” Melanie chanted, “with feet
Faster than storm’s horses
Seek to bring she who with fire
And cutting sword leaps plunging
Upon her foe while the fates of dread
Unerring gather round!”

“Agios O Baphomet!” came the shouted response.

“See!” Melanie pointed at Thurstan, before twirling round, building her feelings into a temple to frenzy while the congregation sighed and the beat of the drums sounded loud,

“Here is he
Who shall this night
Be her consort and pour forth
As libation his seed of life!
Dance – I command you
And with the beating of your feet
Raise the dead!
I shall take him down into Earth
And let her with her teeth
Suck him dry!
Dance! – I command you!
And I, Mistress of this Earth
Shall raise him up and feed him
With the fragrance between my thighs!
So shall he unlamenting
Become the Gate that opens
To our gods!

The congregation began to dance, slowly at first, chanting loudly as they did so. Melanie stood in the center of the circle they were tracing with their bare feet, raising her arms as the power was invoked. The chant of Ba-pho-met pulsed to the beat of the drums as the dancers danced faster and faster, throwing off their robes as quietly the altar-Priestess arose to climb down from her altar.

Her eyes were closed, but she walked within the circle of the enclosing dancers toward Thurstan. She embraced him, lightly, before pulling his robe open and revealing his nakedness. She kissed his lips and opened her eyes.

Her eyes did not seem human to Thurstan, but he was not afraid. The young woman with the slender body had become Melanie – the power with Melanie and the greater power beyond her. She was lover, mistress, wife, mother, daughter and sister – goddess and demoness, and Thurstan let himself be pulled to the floor of the Temple. He had no will to resist as he looked into her eyes. She was not gentle with him, but tore off his robe before wrapping her legs around him and digging her nails into his back. There was pain, but it seemed to enhance the delight that came to him. The drumbeats, the chanting, the naked whirling dancers, the incense, the writhing woman beneath him – all ravished his senses. The pain brought frenzied desire, and sweat soon bathed their naked bodies. Then she was screaming in ecstasy as he was while around them the dancers stopped to turn inward, clapping their hands as they watched and shouted the name of their goddess. And when it was over and Thurstan lay breathless upon the relaxing body, the two men by the door came to lift him and place his still naked upon the altar.

The worshippers formed an aisle to the altar down which Melanie came to kiss Thurstan and rekindle his fire with her lips. It did not take her long to succeed and she leaned over Thurstan's face to brush his lips with hers before whispering as her eyes became the eyes of the altar-Priestess: "Now you are mine forever!"

She signaled with her hand, and her dancers moved slowly in a circle around her and her altar, calling down with a dirgeful but powerful chant the Dark Gods beyond the Gate that was Earth.

"Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!" they chanted.

Melanie did not remove her robe, only lifted it as she lowered herself upon him. The beat of the drums had slowed to match the slowness of the chant, and she moved upon him slowly. Somewhere, in the Temple, two cantors began to chant, a fifth apart, above the chanting drone of the slow circling dancers.

“Agios Rotanev”, sang the cantors, their powerful, clear voices making the complicated plainchant flow like a high crested wave toward shore, rising, falling slowly with grace but always moving on.

The slow moving organum of the cantors, the chant of the slow moving dancers who had linked hands, the energy brought by sexual frenzy, the shamans drums and wild dance, all conspired to push open the Gates to the Abyss. The slowness was a counter-part to the earlier frenzy, and Melanie used it to gather the energies to herself. She showed no outward sign of the ecstasy within and was smiling as she transferred the energy to her crystal while Thurstan’s body spasmed and then relaxed. She kissed him before climbing down from the altar.

She signaled the dancers to stop and gather round her in preparation for the climax of the rite when she would release the stored energy to bring her Dark Gods to Earth. They would still their minds, as she had shown them, to become parts of a mirror that would focus the energy.

But the doors of the Temple burst open. No one screamed as Algar stood, hideous, in the light of the candles, but they seemed to gather closer to Melanie. The two men by the door moved upon him but he easily knocked them to the side and they fell away unconscious. He was snarling, staring at Melanie as he walked toward her in silence. She did not move except to hold up her hand to restrain Thurstan who had risen to stand beside her. Then she smiled.

Algar stopped, his body twisting forward as if he wanted to move but could not. Melanie raised her hand toward him and he fell upon his knees, oozing blood as his already torn flesh, festering, split further. She raised her hand again, and he screamed as if tortured, before crawling face down on the floor. She dropped her hand, and his screaming stopped. He looked up at her then, not as a madman and not as one of the possessed that had returned, briefly, to life. Instead, his look was that of a mute child who could not the pain that it felt. But Melanie raised her hand again and the specter that had once been Algar lowered its head and died.

XV

“Join us!” Melanie said as she stepped past the body.

Jukes and his Priestess stood in her hall, awed by what they had seen. They had followed Algar, and were still trembling.

“Come to me!” said Melanie softly.

Jukes stared at the floor while the Priestess looked upon Melanie’s face. She was smiling, her dread gone, as she walked forward to kneel at Melanie’s feet.

“No!” shouted Jukes. He tried to move toward her, but could not.

Gently Melanie raised the Priestess to her feet and kissed her on the lips. The Priestess understood her thought and went on the touch the masked Guardians who lay unconscious in the Temple. They awoke and followed her to stand on either side of Melanie.

“Will you be mine,” Melanie said to Jukes, “as she is?”

“Never!”

“Then I shall make you mine!”

She was about to raise her hand to force his head up so she could see into his eyes when she saw an old man dressed up like a peddler walk through the open door of her house.

“He is mine, I believe,” he said as he tapped Jukes on the shoulder to free him from the bonds Melanie had placed around him. “He is no use to you. But if you object –“

There was great magickal power in the old man, hidden even in his eyes, but Melanie perceived it.

“Who are you?” she asked.

He bowed deeply, like a jester. "I am Saer."

"Saer?"

He looked around the hall and peered briefly into the Temple. "You have made great changes, I see." Then smiling, he bowed again before escorting Jukes away.

She let him go. "Feast! Rejoice!" she said, turning to greet her coven and they felt happiness spread among them as the drums began to beat again.

She detailed her Guardians to carry the body and let them into her secret Temple where they threw it into the pit beneath the plinth that held her crystal. There was laughter and lust among the worshippers when she returned, servants carrying trays of food and chalices of wine. She thanked her Guardians, bid them join the feast, and watched Thurstan as he stood, covered by the robe he had discarded, beside the Priestess from Jukes' Temple. She did not mind the hidden desire between them and went to walk alone in the hazy darkness of the garden.

Forces opposed to her own were present, returned from the night before and sent forth against her by the shedding of blood, but they did not affect her or the guests in her house, kept away by the power in her crystal, and she walked slowly in her bare feet over the cooling grass, idly looking up toward the stars.

It was not long before Thurstan joined her. He was followed by Jukes' Priestess.

"You knew, didn't you?" Thurstan said, a little shyly. He too had been awed.

"That it was Saer who gave you the crystal? Yes, I knew it as soon as I saw him."

"Then you know who he is?"

“Perhaps!” she laughed. “What is your name? She asked the Priestess.

“Claudia.”

“Yes – it suits you. I shall not change it. Do you wish to stay with me, Claudia?”

“Oh, yes!”

“You are free to go.”

“I don’t want to go.” She looked down at the ground. “Not now I have found you.”

“I shall never harm you – unless you turn against me.” She took Claudia’s hand and held it to her own breast. “You are mine now and I shall always protect you. As a sign of my trust I shall give you a gift.” She placed Claudia’s hand in Thurstan’s, kissed them both and left them standing together in the mild night air.

They were still standing in her garden holding hands when she looked upon them from a high window in the house. She knew Thurstan did not know what to do and Claudia was too shy to initiate anything. Melanie wanted, through the ritual and her gift of him to Claudia, to draw out Thurstan’s darker self, and as she watched while a bright large moon began to rise quickly above the distant hills an owl screeched nearby, she felt she had found the means to achieve her goals.

The ritual had returned both her power and her role. She was stronger than she ever had been and, with Thurstan as her willing High Priest, she would make herself stronger still by uniting his world with hers. Together, they might wander among the stars. The prospect excited her, as her desire to watch Thurstan and Claudia have sexual intercourse excited her, and she remembered words from the Black book of the witch queen before her: ‘The secret of the Moira who lies beyond our Grade of Mistress of Earth, is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward

though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens – it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna. Whoever takes of this elixir will live immortal among the stars.’

Melanie believed that she had found the secret, brought forth from within her by her feelings for Thurstan and the power of ritual. She was preparing Thurstan – for first she had to return the Dark Gods to Earth.

Excited, she saw Thurstan briefly kiss Claudia before leading her toward the house, and she retreated to her room to follow them on her monitor. They seemed uncertain what to do as they stood in the hall, but the naked worshippers who rushed past them to run up the stairs gave them their clue. Suitable rooms lay open and waiting on the first floor of the house, as they always did. No one ever dared violate the floor above, reserved for Melanie and her special guests, and Thurstan did not as he slowly led Claudia to an empty room.

Nothing in the house was hidden from the surveillance system but Melanie did not often use it as she used it now to watch and listen to Thurstan and Claudia, for there were a multitude of pleasures that gave her satisfaction. In her desire to make Thurstan part of her world she pressed a switch to record images and sounds in the room on the floor below.

Melanie became aroused by watching them. Thurstan undressed Claudia slowly and as her naked body appeared, Melanie realized she desired it also. Claudia responded to Thurstan’s kisses by pulling him down with her onto the softness of the low bed in the luxurious room and it was not long before Thurstan’s tentative slowness of delight gave way to sexual frenzy. But this was not prolonged and there was no scream, nor even sigh of ecstasy from Claudia – only Thurstan’s groan as he slumped fulfilled upon her voluptuous body.

This pleased Melanie and she lay listening to them talk.

“Who is she?” Claudia asked.

“You don’t know?” an exhausted Thurstan said.

“I saw her in a vision – in this house. We came to stop her.”

“But you didn’t.”

“I couldn’t. When I came near to her I felt – “

Thurstan smiled. “An overpowering love?”

“Maybe,” she said and blushed. “And you?”

“She is the most remarkable woman I have ever met.”

“You serve her then? I mean as High Priest?”

Thurstan laughed. “I know little of her world. I only met her a few days ago.”

Claudia was surprised. “But are you an Initiate?”

“Of what?”

“Her Temple.”

“Not as far as I know. She told me she was involved in something – “

“Satanism?”

“Yes. But I assumed it was some kind of game. You know what I mean? Then,” he sighed, “this ritual. There is real power in her, real magick. She casts a spell with just a look.”

“You love her then?”

“Yes. Because, I suppose, like you I am sensitive to things and people. When I saw you I felt a warmth in me, a happiness. I don’t normally do this sort of thing.”

“What?”

“Leap into bed with women I have only just met.”

“Neither do I! I think she overwhelmed us both.”

“Do you mind?” asked Thurstan softly.

“No,” she whispered. “I feel I have found what I have always been seeking – here in this house. It is exciting and yet I feel protected. Before I came I assumed it was evil in some way – that she was evil and must be stopped. But now –“

“Stopped from what?”

“Changing the cosmic tides that wash upon the Earth and give to people a certain energy.”

“I understand nothing of such things.”

“I saw that man – in his grave.”

“The one who died?”

“Yes. He was her High Priest wasn't he?”

“Yes.”

“I assumed you had taken his place,” she gestured to his robe, discarded on the floor.

“I know little of her beliefs.”

“It is a new beginning, then, for us both.”

“Perhaps we can learn things – together?”

“I sense that is what she wishes.”

“And the man you came with?”

“High Priest of my Temple in London.” She laughed. “I suppose he will be thinking I have been abducted against my will and forced to indulge in hideous Satanic rites! Or be offered as a sacrifice to Satan.”

“You are not afraid that you will be?”

“No – as I’m sure you feel. I know nothing about her except what I feel, and I feel she will not harm me. Quite the reverse, in fact.”

Thurstan leaned on his elbow to look at her. “It may seem like a trite thing to say, but you are not like a stranger to me.”

She touched his face with her hand. “I know what you mean. She is not a stranger to me either.”

“What shall we do?”

“Apart from the obvious, you mean?” They both laughed. “Wait, I suppose for her to tell us.”

“It could be an enjoyable wait.”

“I hope so.”

Melanie had seen and heard enough. It did not take her long to reach their room and she stood in the doorway while they sat up from the bed, nervously smiling.

She gave Thurstan his robe. “Leave us,” she said to him.

He left, obedient to her word, and she closed and locked the door before sitting beside Claudia on the bed.

“You are beautiful,” she said, caressing Claudia’s neck.

Her soft kiss was returned, shyly, and she took off her robe before drawing Claudia toward her in an embrace.

“I have never done this before,” Claudia whispered.

Melanie kissed her neck and breasts. “Do you want to?” she asked gently.

“Oh, yes.”

The tender caresses, the perfumed softness of Melanie’s body, the slow intimate kisses and movements, her own feelings of warmth, the sensuous pleasure that Melanie brought to her gently through touch and tongue, all combined to stimulate Claudia to an ecstasy both physical and emotional and of a kind she had never experienced before.

She lay beside Melanie, embracing her and softly crying, drawing comfort from the strange woman who kissed away the tears, feeling in that moment that all the confusion, doubts and sorrow that her sensitivity had brought her over the years, was no more. Her past, with its broken relationships its traumas and dreams, was forgotten. Her future was unreal – only the present was meaningful to her. She sensed forces outside the house that wish to harm the woman who kissed her and whose body heat reassured, but she was protected for the moment from those forces as Claudia felt protected. The harmful forces, which were waiting for weakness, drew more emotion from Claudia until she felt a genuine love.

Jukes had stolen her love when they first met and through him she had learned to use her powerful psychic gifts. But his passion for her had just been a passion, fleeting like the brightness of a meteor in the sky of night, and she had learned to live again and alone with her dreams while he filled and emptied his bed with the women in the Temple in the name of the magick he invoked. Her gifts brought empathy and vision, but never the love she needed.

Melanie to her, in that moment, became all her dreams and it did not matter to her then that she gave her love to another woman. It felt natural to her – as it had seemed natural when she and Thurstan had made love, and she understood, as she lay warm and relaxed, that

she had given her body to him because it was what Melanie had wanted.

To Melanie, she had given her body also, but now she gave up her soul as well.

“I think I love you,” she said, and Melanie, in the humid room, felt a confusion of love that she did not need nor desire grow within her heart.

XVI

Thrust forth from the room, Thurstan wandered around the house. The Temple was full of naked bodies and the incense of sex, and when he tried the door that he knew led to the crystal, it would not open.

Other doors were locked to him as to other worshippers, and the one that did open led him to a library. He heard the door closing behind him, but it did not open when he tried the handle and he contented himself with trying to see out of the window. He could see nothing, for the outside shutters had been closed. The room was large, with high ceiling and books rose in shelves on all the walls, darkly lit. A chair stood waiting beside a table whereon a single book lay open. ‘The Book of Wyrð’, the gilt spine read.

She planned this, he thought to himself and sat down to read.

“Satanism is the philosophy of the noble and strong. It is the antithesis of the religion of Yeshua, that worship of decaying fish. To the cowards and the followers of the Nazarene belong the meekness of the weak, the rapid utterances about pity and the vileness of the bully. Above all, Satanism is the enjoyment of this life.

The most fundamental principle of Satanism is that we as individuals are gods. The goal of Satanism is simple – to make an individual an Immortal, to produce a new species. To Satanists, magick is a means, a path, to this goal. We walk toward the Abyss and dare to pass through to the cold spaces beyond where CHAOS reigns.

There is ecstasy in us – and much that is strange. Vitality, health, laughter and defiance – we challenge everything, and the greatest challenge is ourselves.”

There was music filling the room as he read. He knew it was real even if he could not see its source, but it was faint – an unearthly sound that he found beautiful and brought a vision of stars and a remembrance of his strange dream after he had first made love to Melanie. His body tensed as he listened, carried to another plane of existence, and he experienced in that moment, a possession of feeling surpassing the ecstasy of physical passion. There was no room, only a rushing of stars, the exhilaration of phenomenal speed and then a silent slowing that brought him to the planet of his dreams. The music was a slow chant of words he did not understand combined with sounds from instruments he had never heard before, and it expressed the desolation of the dead planet as well as his longing for Melanie – and Claudia.

Then the vision and the music ended and he was simply sitting alone in a library staring down at a book. He tried, but could not recapture what he had seen and heard and he felt a longing that strained his breathing and brought tears to his eyes. Melanie was the woman he had always sought to bring meaning into his life, the reality behind his insight of days before when he had stood by the stream near his cottage and made his divinity a goddess. Her power, charisma and promise made his own life and expectations seem dull, as his vision made the world around him seem ponderous.

He experienced a sudden need to express his feeling through the frenzy of his body and was not surprised to find door unlocked. He began to understand the house itself was alive, an extension of Melanie’s will, and he let it guide him. Lights brightened to show him the way, or dimmed when he went wrong. He was led to a room where all that he needed, and more, lay waiting. He dressed quickly, his heart beating fast and ran along the corridor and down the stairs to leave the house.

He was not alone. Something was with him as he ran along the driveway in the cooling air under the stars with the light of the moon to guide him. He sensed the presence as he sensed that it was

protective of him, and he ran fastly down the narrow lane allowing the freedom of physical exertion to suffuse his body. His running brought some of the vision back to him and he left the road to follow a track that led alongside the slope of the Long Mynd. He was soon tired and breathing heavily but he ran on to become a little detached from his body, defying it. He ran for miles before turning and running only a little slower back to the house, suffused with a desire to learn, to be master and equal of Melanie. Her world had become real for him, and he did not want to leave it.

The house seemed to welcome him on his return. There were no cars in the driveway, for all the worshippers had gone, and he followed the lights to a bathroom where he soaked himself for a longtime in a deep bath, pleased and expectant. His love for Melanie, his hope of their affinity, the passion they had already shared, the ritual, her sharing of him with Claudia, even the killing he thought he had done for her - all had liberated him, releasing the inner energies that his normal life had kept under control. He felt there was no challenge that he could not overcome, nothing that he would not do. Life was before him – a large canvas on which he would paint a masterpiece. He wanted to make his own life a work of Art.

Satan was the name he gave to the energy that made both his body and his mind vivid with life, he dried himself vigorously, covered himself with the silk robe that hung from a hook on the door and let the lights guide him to Melanie's room.

The door opened for him and he walked over the soft carpet in the azure light to find Melanie was not alone and the door closing behind him. Claudia was beside her in the bed, asleep. He was not shocked by this, only momentarily confused. They were both naked.

"Come", his Mistress said, "sit beside me." And he obeyed.

She kissed him, before stroking Claudia's hair. "She is lovely, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Can you share me?"

The directness of the question startled him. "I think so."

"Come then and take off your robe."

He obeyed, and lay beside her. She was pleased with his arousal, and the reasons behind it, but she teased him saying, "Trying for four in a row, then?"

"I'm sorry – I didn't –"

"Don't be sorry, my darling."

The endearment made him happy, lessening the awe he felt and which came upon him as soon as he had entered her room.

"You are pleased with things?"

Their bodies were touching as they lay together and he felt his awe ebbing away. "I want to learn. Share your world with you."

"It is good that your inner strength returns. I want us to share."

"But I feel a little lost sometimes."

"Because of what I own?"

"Partly. But also –"

"Do not say anymore." She pressed her finger to his lips "I shall tell you something. You have made me realize how lonely I was. How much I need love." She laughed, self-mockingly. "I, with all that I have, all the power you have seen, need you. I am human after all, even though I don't want to be."

Thurstan kissed her, and Melanie felt like crying. But she mastered her feelings. Thurstan had changed, as she had hoped and planned he would, but she herself was changing. Never before had she displayed her feeling and she felt vulnerable. She knew Thurstan sensed this, as Claudia had when they walked hand in hand to

her room. She was not afraid of them, only herself, and when Thurstan spoke she was composed.

“And Claudia?” he asked gently.

“I need you both, it seems.”

“You have enough love to give.”

“You must be tired – after all of your exertions!”

“I am.”

She kissed his eyelids and he smiled, languid, before relaxing into sleep. She watched him for some time. Her feelings of love, born by Thurstan and suckled by Claudia, now enhanced her power and did not destroy it, and she drew down energies while her lovers slept beside her, storing them in her crystal below. Words from the Black Book kept returning to her. She had never understood them before, knowing only that they described the process of change necessary before a Magus or a Mousa was born in the coldness that lay beyond the Abyss where Satan reigned. She did not know what awaited for her and in her if this change was successful, for all her books were silent about it and there was no one whom she could ask. She had believed with a certainty that her own power had confirmed, that no one living in her time had passed that way toward the final stage of the seven that marked the Satanic path.

This belief, however, troubled her now more than the changes within her wrought by love – more than the duality that love has assumed in the past hours of her life. More even than the persistent hostile forces which still surrounded her house and came with the night like hail. She was troubled by Saer, and tried to cast an image of him into her crystal, but some barrier beyond her own power to breach prevented her, and she lay awake between her two lovers pondering instead the patterns which the Dark Gods might assume when, tomorrow as she had planned, they would be returned finally to spread their chaos upon Earth.

Only Saer, she felt, might prevent her - and if he tried, she would have the power of two lovers to help her.

XVII

The old man who had rescued him from the Satanists left Jukes as he had arrived – without greeting or explanation – and Jukes walked toward the cars and the shivering members of his Temple who had fled from Algar.

He did not speak to them and they asked no questions of him, and they sat huddled together while the moon rose and their sense of reality returned. Then, in whispered words Jukes told his tale and how he wished them to join him in the battle that was to come when, with Pead, they would conjure from the Abyss, a destructive force to send against the witch queen and her house.

They gave their assent, and in all the cars drove along the moonlit roads over and down hills and through turning valleys to Pead's unlit cottage. The dog snarled, straining on its chain, while a voice from the darkness said, "Why do you come?"

Jukes shown a torch on Pead's face, then turned it away. "We failed," he said and explained.

"This man," asked Pead, "did he say his name?"

"Saer."

"Saer? I thought he was dead!"

"You know him?"

"No, but there are stories. Come in, my friends!"

Inside, Pead lit a single candle.

“We must act!” Jukes said while his followers adjusted themselves to the stench and the flickering shadows.

“This night I have sent a fetch against them.”

“Perhaps Saer – “

“If indeed he lives, I do not know where to find him.”

“She had no power over him. If – “

“He would acts if he wished. If he does not, then maybe it is for us to do nothing also.”

“But we must do something!” shouted Jukes. Several members of his Temple, standing behind him, were already scratching themselves.

“I see you do not understand.”

“I understand,” persisted Jukes, “enough to know this planet is threatened. By her and the forces she wants to bring.”

“If Saer – “

“Saer this! Saer that! Who is this bloody Saer anyway?” said Jukes in anger, his body trembling in reaction to the events of the night.

“He is an old man, older than me – much older than me – who in his youth sought the secret of the alchemical Stone. Some say he found it. Myself – I do not know. It is said of him that he understands and can control should he wish, the cosmic tides themselves. He had a pupil once, a young woman. But she abused his trust and they parted – he to live alone and she to follow the sinister path. But that was a long time ago. No one has heard of him or seen him for – what? - maybe thirty years.”

“Then he is a Magus?” asked Jukes.

“Indeed. The only one this century – although there have been many who claimed the title but lacked the understanding and the power.”

Even in the dim light, Jukes could see Pead’s sly smile. He ignored the slight at the man whose teachings he followed. “But surely then he must do something.”

Pead shrugged his hunched shoulders. “Maybe he is.”

“I feel nothing.”

“As I.”

“But surely,” persisted Jukes, “his very appearance – his saving of me – means something.”

“Perhaps.”

For years, Jukes had absorbed diverse Occult theories, and he quickly made an assumption. “Perhaps it was a sign for us to act? Perhaps he has chosen us to act?”

“I do not know.”

“I saw and felt the power he had. He must have wanted me to do something. We could summon Shugara.”

“Do you know what you ask?”

“Yes! There is enough of us to invoke such power.”

“It is dangerous.” Pead rested against one of his desks as if seeking comfort from the books upon it.

“We cannot allow her to succeed. Shugara would destroy her – and all of her followers.”

“And maybe us, also.” He moved to where a pile of small, bound manuscripts lay on the floor. Extracting one, he began to read aloud. “Shugara is one of the most dangerous to invoke. Manifestations

may be accompanied by the smell of rotting corpses. Symbolized by the Tarot card The Moon – Shugara is the great Beast that comes from the dark pool under the Moon. His call is to be chanted in the key of G major...

“It is the only way!” said Jukes with messianic zeal.

“In all my workings I have never dared – “

“We must dare it now! Listen to me! Do you believe in evil?”

“Evil?”

“Yes, evil. Do you believe that there is a dark power at work on this Earth?”

“I know that there are dark forces that we as magickians can use.”

“Yes, yes. But what about innocence?” He reached behind him and drew forward a young female member of his Temple. “See her?” And the young woman blushed. “I would call her innocent – someone who trusts and believes in the good. Now,” he continued, intoxicated by his eloquence, “If I for whatever reason threw her to the ground and raped her, I would destroy that trust, that innocence, wouldn’t I?”

“Maybe.”

“I would be imposing my will on hers, to fulfill my own desire. Well, I should really respect her – her own desires, for ‘every man and woman is a star’ and ‘love is the law, love under will’. My act would be an evil one.” Something obscure occurred in his mind, but he could not define it and passed on. “Our magick – the Osirian current and that of the child who comes after – is to bring love into this world, to bring a New Aeon. Yet she – “ he spat out the word – “wants to break our magickal current and impose her own. We would become possessed by the power she brought – invaded in our minds. There would be evil – the ending of love!”

With his strong words, Jukes seemed to have invoked a presence in the damp, shadowed room. They all sensed it – and Pead most of all.

“Yes, you’re right,” Pead said, glancing behind him. “We shall do as you say.”

“Then let us prepare,” said Jukes confidently.

Pead took the candle and led them to the room where he slept. They could not see the bloodstains that covered the floor and he set the candle by the window to fetch his ceremonial equipment. The magickal circle, inscribed with sigils and words of power, almost filled the room when joined together, and Jukes and his followers stood within it while Pead brought candles, incense, a sword, parchment and pen. The burner was lit, incense burned, the circle purified by the sprinkling of salt and sealed by the passing along it of the tip of the sword.

Jukes and Pead stood in the center while the others linked hands and began to walk, slowly at first, sun-wise around the circle. Pead drew a sigil on parchment, showed it to the four corners of the room and began his chant.

“You I invoke, Shugara, who lurks waiting in the pits of the Abyss! You are Fury and the bringer of Death! Hear me! And hearing hearken to my call! For I am the Lord of Powers in this circle – hear me! And hearing hearken to my call!”

‘Shu-ga-ra!’ chanted the circling dancer as the incense filled the room and the candles flickered. “Shu-ga-ra!”

“Shugara!” commanded Pead. “With this my seal and sword I conjure you! Attend to the words of my voice! Exarp! Bitom! Nanta! Hcoma! I rule over you all: Gil ol nonci zamran! Micma! Come Shugara! To me! To me!”

Jukes felt the frenzy and began to chant the demon's name in the key of G major while Pead continued with his invocation and the dancers, circling fast, chanted their own chant.

First the smell choked them, and then the laughter stopped their chants. The dried blood on the floor seemed to boil, and then seeped away into the room to form an ill-defined shape that hung near the ceiling. Pead began to speak, but the shape swooped down to engulf his face and vanished.

"You fools!" he hissed before turning and walking from the room.

Outside, the dog growled, yelped and then was silent. When Jukes found it, it was dead. Jukes waited a long time, but could hear nothing. He left the implements of magick, the candles and the incense burning, but performed a banishing for himself and his followers before leading them to their cars. They felt sick and oppressed and, in silence, drove slowly through the night knowing Pead was possessed and would probably die. There was nothing they could do except hope that in some way he would fulfill the purpose of the ritual.

There was little traffic as they drove down the roads toward London, sensing that they might have failed. In his depressive state, Jukes did not care about leaving Claudia and as the time of the journey turned into hours and clouds came to cover the moon, he had come to believe his own beliefs were an illusion. Nothing was threatened, there were no powers trying to break through the dimensions, no magick – only hallucinations and dread. He found comfort in these thoughts, a sense of reality returning, and all he wanted to do was return to his flat, throw away his books and begin a normal life. He could forget the terrors of the night. He was like a person suddenly and unexpectedly locked in a prison cell – first, there was the loss of his will, a disbelief, the slow depression of shock, and then the gradual adjustment to the reality of the surroundings. But there would be no anger, no sudden resentment at this fate as there might have been for one unjustly imprisoned. The terror had burned that from his soul as a flash of lightning burns out the bark of trees.

For the first time in his life, Jukes felt the need of a personal love. His need was not for the love that was an idea that he carried in his head, nor for that which was only a word in someone else's faith used to bring a little self-importance to his life, as when he used a woman in a magick ritual or real life. Instead, his need was for the comfort and gentle joy that personal love could sometimes bring, and as he drove carefully and slowly toward the lights of London, he held out his hand for the young woman beside him. She did not refuse, for she loved his charisma as High Priest and in her gentle, trusting way held his fingers tight.

The simple gesture destroyed all the demons of Jukes' past.

XVIII

It was dawn when Thurstan awoke to find Claudia still asleep beside him. It was her hand, which rested on his shoulder, her warm breath against his faced, and for some time he thought the memory of Melanie being between them was the memory of a dream.

A thin duvet covered them, but their closeness, Claudia's bare shoulder and his memory of her body, aroused Thurstan's passion and he was about to let his hand stroke her breast when she awoke. For a moment there was fear in her eyes, which he saw, destroying his passion. She smiled at him and in her smile was an awkward vulnerable trust, which brought to Thurstan a remembrance of all the women he had loved and the reason why he loved them.

He kissed her, as a brother might, before leaving the room to find his clothes. Dressed, he wandered around the house but could not find Melanie. The air of late summer was mild and hazy and he sat on the grass in the walled garden, listening. A contemplative calm came to him and he might have been a Taoist monk meditating in the still air of dawn. He was at peace, within himself, and felt in a way stronger than he had ever done before that the world, and he himself, unfolded in its own natural way. It was also beautiful, in a strange, calm way and he sat, very still but without effort, while the gentle euphoria suffused him.

The mood drifted from him, slowly. His fervor of the night was unreal – a memory of another person. The calm he felt now was real and he realized with a sudden insight that it was this feeling that he wished above all else to share with Melanie. It was the beauty, the calm he found when he looked into a woman's eyes – the gentleness he experienced sometimes when he lay naked beside the woman he loved and she showed by a caress or a kiss or a smile that she cared for him. It was the longing he felt to be with a sensitive woman – the soft desire to make slow, gentle love to her. All the sharing moments, all the experiences of two people in love would be a remembrance of such moments, a giving and returning, a mutual embrace and breaking of barriers, that he knew no words might describe.

The energy of the night, even the magick, was alien to him. He wanted his vulnerable love to lead himself and the woman he loved to another existence, and he began to feel that such a love might in a way he did not understand, affect the world, as once he had believed that prayer to a god might. He knew this was an ideal – but it was an attainable one, if the love was mutual and without reservation. He began to think of how a monk or a nun, pledged to contemplation, might seek to love God – he wanted and needed to love a woman in such a way: a woman of flesh and blood who responded to his kisses, who laughed, cried, danced, became angry or sad, but who, whatever the emotions and whatever the experience loved him faithfully as he would love her. There would be a sacred quality about such a love.

He did not need the energy of power or magick or money, for he sensed the beauty of life lay hidden in its simplicity, in a kind of detachment, and as he sat in the still warming air of early morning only the sound of bird-song around him, his body and mind languid, he felt it easy to believe in a god who might have made it all - or some force, perhaps named Fate, which governed the workings of the cosmos. He was aware, as he sat, of the suffering and misery in the world, as he was aware that he himself was not God – not even a god. He did not understand the suffering, or the misery, but felt that all he could do was try and change himself, re-orientate in some way his own consciousness so as not to add to those burdens.

All the threads of his life were gathered together in the moments of his sitting: the memories, sometimes painful and intense, of the women he had loved; the lessons of his own past, his feelings and thoughts of and about others. He drew them to himself by a quiet process of thought to make his feelings and memories conscious and part of a whole, and by the time he had completed the task, his view of the world had profoundly changed. He felt he had at last discovered the reality of his own self, buried for so long in a confusion of feelings, moods and desires.

Perhaps his intuitive awareness of Claudia's vulnerability or the strange things of magick he had seen caused this. He did not know or particularly care. There was a happiness within him, which was gentle and made him smile. He felt in love with the world and possessed and awareness of meaning. He sensed there was something beyond his own life, which a particular way of living would create – which a sharing of love with another person would make possible. Perhaps this was another life in another plane of existence. It was a nebulous sensation, this belief, which he could not formulate directly into ideas expressed by the words of his thoughts, but nonetheless real to him and he added it to his view of the world before rising from the grass and walking, in the sunlight, toward the house.

A man was by the door, leaning on a stick. It was Saer and he was smiling. Thurstan blinked in surprise – and Saer was gone. Thurstan felt he had seen a ghost, and did not bother to look for the old man.

Melanie sat by the crystal in her Temple and he stood beside her.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

“What?”

“Will you marry me? Leave all of this and come and live with me in my cottage?”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“There are many things that I must do.”

“Forget them. Forget all this.”

She smiled at him. “And Claudia?”

He sighed. “And Claudia. I cannot share you.”

“All that I have is from this day yours – and hers.”

“I want nothing except you.”

“Nothing?”

“Nothing. No money, power – whatever. I earn enough to support us both, if we live simply.”

“You need never work again.”

“But I need to.”

She laughed, and touched his face. “It is a lovely, romantic ideal! But not possible.”

“Why not?”

She gestured toward her crystal. “This is my life.”

“I can be your life.”

“But for how long?”

Thurstan flinched, and in that moment part of his hope was extinguished. “We can try.”

“Why this sudden change?”

“All this really isn’t me. You have power, money, charisma – and magick to bind people to you, to control. I love what is beyond all that

in you. My real world is outside, sitting in the sun listening to the songs of the birds or watching clouds or waiting for the frogs to return in Spring. I do not belong here – in a Temple, doing strange rituals.”

“You are tempting me,” she said smiling.

“As you tempted me?”

“Perhaps.”

They stood in silence for a long time until Thurstan said, “You could use your power to bind me, but – “

“I no longer have any power over you,” Melanie said softly. “I knew that when you entered here.”

“You still love me then?”

“It is not my love that makes me powerless to bind you. There is something else.”

“What?”

“Would you like to take Claudia some breakfast? There are many things to do this morning.”

“Marry me.” When she did not answer, Thurstan said, “well at least come away with me.”

“And if I want you to stay here with me? Share my world?”

“I don’t think it would work,” Thurstan said, sadly.

“You could try.”

“It would be a game. What would be the point?”

“To enjoy the game, perhaps.”

“I want to go straight to what is beyond all that.”

“Our bridge is in danger.”

Thurstan looked at her and began to cry. He made no sound and Melanie wiped the tears away with her hand.

“Go now,” she said. “Before I do something I will regret.”

The sunlight seemed painful to him as he walked along her driveway toward the lane. He had not looked back and she did not run after him, and he walked slowly shuffling like an old man along the lane and down toward the road. He stopped for several minutes to stand and lean on the bridge toward the bottom of the lane, watching and listening to the fastly flowing stream of water. A cyclist, brightly clad and whose bicycle was laden with panniers, passed and wished him good-day.

“Lovely day!” Thurstan said.

“Yes, splendid!” replied the traveler before changing down into a lower gear and riding up the hill.

The scenery, the weather, the brief human contact charmed Thurstan, bringing the world around him alive. Melanie the Satanic witch queen was not of this world where he himself belonged, and as Thurstan walked away to take the Neolithic track that rose up the slopes of the Mynd a mile distant, his sadness was relieved by a presentiment of joy.

XIX

The house seemed, to Melanie, to sigh as Thurstan left. Her own grief was longer, and it was nearly an hour later that she went to her bedroom to find Claudia asleep.

For several minutes she stood, watching the sleeping woman. There was a gentleness and trust in Claudia that brought to Melanie an intimation of a type of love she did not know nor even perhaps understand, and she allowed her grief at losing Thurstan to sharpen

this intimation. But she could not hold in her consciousness this insight and left, imbued again with her role and Destiny, to make arrangements for the evening ritual.

There would be no sacrifice, only a calling down of dark power through her crystal – a breaking of the gates by the directed frenzy of the members of her Temple and the guests she had invited from around the world. The hours of the day passed quickly for her, Claudia was happy, receiving guests, preparing the Temple and food for the feast, which would follow the recalling, directing the servants that morning had drawn to the house on Melanie's command.

Fifty-four people were gathered in the Temple as darkness came slow to cover the land around. Melanie left them as her cantors began their discordant chant and her dancers began to dance, slowly, drawing forth from themselves a rising pyramid of power. Claudia waited for her in the secret Temple, her hands on the crystal and soon the diffusing light from the floor began to change in color until a purple aura surrounded them.

There was a yearning in Melanie as she stood beside her Priestess and lover. But it was not a yearning for love - only a cold desire to alter the living patterns in the world and so fulfill her Destiny by returning the Dark Gods to Earth. She was suspended between her past with all its charisma and power and the future that might have been possible if she had surrendered to Thurstan's love. She was aware of herself only through the images of the past and her barely formed feelings for Claudia: detached from the realness of her body and personal emotions. The power being invoked seemed to be drawing her toward the Abyss and the spaces beyond the Abyss where she had never been.

The Abyss was within her, within Claudia, within all those in the Temple and all those outside it. It was primal awe, terror and intoxication and she entered it she felt its energies forming into shapes ready to ascend to Earth through her crystal and Temple. She was not conscious of the world around her and so did not see the door of the secret Temple open or the leering man who entered.

The darkness of the Abyss had attracted the darkness, which had possessed Pead, as it made him sense the vulnerability of Claudia. He was growling like the animal he had become as he fastened his hands around her neck. Melanie heard the scream but she was paralyzed by the Abyss and could only return slowly to the world of the living as inadvertently Claudia operated the mechanism, which opened the pit beneath the crystal. She and Pead stood on its ledge as the plinth with its crystal slid aside.

“Take me!” Melanie screamed. But she was too late and as she moved toward them they stumbled and fell into the pit.

Silently the plinth returned to seal them in deep darkness. Melanie could not make it move and bloodied her hands trying. And when it did, no answer came to her repeated calls, only silence rising from the rotting blackness below.

The power in the crystal had gone and she hid her tears as she walked toward the Temple and its worshippers. They were still chanting and dancing, unaware that the real power was gone from the crystal, the house and its Mistress they all held in awe. Melanie watched and listened, aware as she did so that what they felt as they chanted and danced was only a flickering shadow. She left them to seal herself in her room.

She sat for a long time, vaguely aware of the passing hours and the people who drifted away from the house, perplexed. They had danced, chanted and waited for her to appear, but when she had not come forth to carry them to the Abyss they had waited again until the realization of failure made them shuffle and slink away.

Dawn drew her to her garden and in the long moments of her walking barefoot in the dewy grass she found an answer to her grief. It was an answer without words – a feeling that drew her beyond the cold Abyss to where a new universe waited. She was drifting in this universe, floating among the stars and galaxies of love, sadness, sorrow and joy, and as she consciously drifted, her body tensed and tears came to her eyes.

Images and feelings rushed through her as a whirling system of planets and stars forms from chaos and rushes through a galaxy past other stars when time itself is compressed. The images were of her past but the feelings attached to them were not the original feelings. There was sadness instead of exultation, love instead of anger, grief instead of joy. They had changed because her perspective had changed for she was seeing herself and her past not as before through her own eyes but from beyond herself where other people were part of her in a way that brought an awareness of their sorrow, passion, hurt, narrowness, love and stupidity. She was Thurstan as he sat in the café holding her hand and trembling with the expectation of love; she was Claudia as she lay being kissed for the first time by a woman – the possessed man who in blindness and unthinking hate had killed Claudia.

The images and feelings rushed through her and when they were gone she was left feeling both sorrow and love. Her sorrow was in her lack of vision – she had drawn forces from within herself and beyond herself and used them to fulfill her will and desires: nothing had been real for her except those powers and herself. Here love was in a yearning to try and understand by giving herself, by sharing what she felt with someone who understood.

The sorrow that burst upon her broke her free of her past: it was a storm which smashed her mooring and snapped the anchorage of her self so she became a ship sailing free blown by winds she did not understand. Her feelings for Thurstan, her brief sorrow at Lois' death, her brief love of Claudia were distant heralds of the storm, which had come.

Gradually, her yearning became a yearning for love. She felt the blue of the sky above pour down upon her as the warmth of the sun, felt the wholeness of the patterns of Nature before her as if they were all notes in a beautiful piece of music – Vivaldi, perhaps, exulting in song the god of his faith, or Bach transforming a fugue to its end. She received the emanations that broke upon her with a joy seldom before known except in brief moments of physical passion, and she became happy, sad, compassion, ecstatic and afraid until a vision calmed her. Her vision was of the vital, ineffable mechanism of the cosmos itself – the eternal beyond the transient forms that life

assumed through the process of slow evolution to something beyond itself.

This something she felt to be a vast, calm ocean where evolution ended, and began, in an indescribable transcendent bliss. But the vision was soon over, and she found herself lying on the grass of her garden in the chilly air of morning.

For over an hour she lay, calm and gently breathing while physical senses returned to her body and an awareness of self brought need. She did not want to move as she did not want the calm, her perception of the whole of which she was a part, to end, and when she did move it was to slowly walk toward her car to drive away from her house, hoping, as she did so, that Thurstan would still love her.

XX

The past came back to Jukes. The day had barely gone after the night of his return before his insight faded. He was in bed with his new and gentle lover when they called.

“I hope you do not mind us calling,” the nervous young man said.

“Not at all.” He gestured to the sofa and watched keenly as they sat. The young woman with short hair was pretty, dressed in a purple dress while the young man with a straggly beard seemed weak-willed and shy.

“We heard about your group,” the man said, “and are very interested.”

“How did you hear?” Jukes asked.

“Oh – the chap in the ‘Occult Bookshop’.”

“Actually – “ Jukes began.

“He said you were an Adept – and we would very much like to learn from you.”

“How do you mean?”

“Be one of your pupils.”

Jukes was flattered and when he looked at the woman she turned her eyes away and blushed. His new Priestess entered bearing a pot of tea on a tray – she smiled at him with love, but his own smile was brief and she sat down in a corner, quiet and trusting, while Jukes began to manipulate.

He talked of the Occult path, the difficulties and the sacrifice that was needed, and the importance of being willing to learn. He drew them to him, talking of the Aeon to come when truly free individuals would change the world forever. He talked of the magick within, which could be drawn out and help each individual find their True Will, and as he talked he drew nearer to the subject of Initiation and acts of sexual magick. His desire for the woman who sat opposite him grew as he talked, molding his will through words which seeped into his new followers as a parasite seeps into the intestine of the host.

“You are very sensitive – to certain forces,” he said to the woman.

“I don’t think I am,” she said softly.

“It seem to me you have a natural gift.” He sensed the compliment was well received. “It can be developed by certain means, should you wish to do so.”

For hours, he talked while they listened. He felt a power talking to them about magick, a mastery that made him confident. He was an Adept, and would guide them toward magickal understanding. Part of him was sincere as well, and over the years he had covered his desires with lovely names as his assumption of having attained Adeptship made all that he did or chose to do seem right for both the cosmos and him. His names were Destiny, free love and the Chosen.

As the hours passed he became his role – there was no dichotomy within him. His pupils would be a means, sent by his gods, whereby he himself – and they – could attain further magickal understanding.

Darkness came early, shielding, and his Priestess lit some candles to shed some light and add to the atmosphere of magick that he was building with his words. The terrors of his recent past became rationalized as he talked – Pead had brought misfortune on himself by his past deeds of sacrifice, and the terrors at the Satanist house were the result of a battle between Saer and the woman who had enticed Claudia away. It was not his battle, and his only mistake had been to become involved. That involvement was Claudia's doing, she was obviously being manipulated by other powers emanating from the Satanist house.

Jukes was pleased with his understanding. He described to his new pupils the ritual Pead had done and explained how the magickian became possessed.

“So you see, there is always danger present. We must learn to master our wills!”

His two pupils looked at each other, and the woman nodded.

“When,” asked the man, “can we be Initiated?”

Jukes pretended to consider the matter carefully. “We have a meeting next week at which Initiation could take place.”

“Really? As soon as that?” The man was surprised.

“Of course, if you wish to delay – “

“No, no. What you suggest is fine. We are only too keen to begin our quest.”

“Good. I shall arrange everything.”

“May I ask you something?” For the first time the woman spoke.

“Why yes!”

“What happened to the man in that ritual?”

Jukes laughed. “He is probably wandering around still, quite mad!”

Jukes was pleased to see them go, knowing the woman would soon be his and knowing that his Priestess would be only too willing to please him when they returned to his bed. He slept well that night, tired from his bodily exertions and safe again within the world he had created. He did not hear his Priestess crying, a little, toward dawn as she sensed what next week would bring. But she would accept it, for she was only a Priestess and he was her teacher.

Outside, two Blackbirds sung her to sleep.

XXI

‘Therefore, let every mortal see that last day
When they die – not considering themselves fortunate
Until without suffering they cross the boundary of this life.’

Thurstan wrote the words slowly, savoring them, before collecting together the scattered pages of his translation. He glanced through it, satisfied at the labor of months, but sad because he would have to think of something else to do in the long hours to be spent alone as summer changed to autumn and brought the dark of night to cover the evening hours.

A premonition of dawn came to him as he looked out from his window to the eastern hills, and he snuffed out the candles by which he liked to work. The air outside was fresh like that of early autumn and he stood by the door of the cottage slowly breathing it in. There was no wind to break the silence and he walked into his small garden, riddled by weed and long of grass, to watch the haze of Aurora grow. Definition of fence, tree, fields and hills came slowly in rhythm with the song of birds as if those very songs were calling Eos from her sleep. The growing light though without warmth still drew the cold sadness from Thurstan as he stood waiting for the sun god to rise.

And when he did, climbing steadily between the cleft in hills on the horizon, Thurstan smiled in reverence.

Phrases from his translation repeated themselves in his mind and it did not seem to him a long span of time since Sophocles had seen or imagined the sun rising over the mountains of Phocis: 'Bright as a flame from the snows of Parnassus comes a voice...' Who, Thurstan wondered, had in the intervening centuries understood the message? Would his own attempt to present it in his own language fail should it ever be printed and read? Would hubris – defiance that broke the balance in the cosmos – increase? Could the balance ever be restored?

He did not know the answers to these questions as he did not know any answers that were solutions to the problems of his own life, and he contented himself with enjoying the beautiful world around him; the sights, sounds, smells of sky god and Earth mother. The Earth around him was real in a way that his memories and dreams were not and as he stood, experiencing the dawn of day, he forgot his love of Melanie and his dreams of sharing his life, making himself content by his work in the gardens of mother Earth and by his night time toil of translations.

He became at peace again with himself and sat upon the step to his next translation. The turning of Earth brought the sun higher into his sky while he sat, enjoying the warmth of his last day free from his work. Tomorrow, his brief holiday over, he would return to the farm to strain and stretch his muscles and delight in his simple tasks.

The sun was warm when he heard a vehicle approaching, but he did not rise even when he recognized the car, which was screechingly braked to a halt. Melanie came toward him and his peace vanished like darkness by lightning. For minutes they stood, pressed close together by their arms.

"I love you." Melanie's words were a spell, which bound her to him. She knew they would be and had never used them before.

"You seem changed," Thurstan said as she began to cry, gently.

“Claudia is dead.”

He kissed her, sat her in a garden chair in the sun, made and brought her a pot of tea and sat beside her to listen while she talked. She spoke of the man who came rushing into her house, drawn somehow by the power she was invoking, of how he seemed to sense, as she had, Claudia’s innocence. She described the pit into which they fell where Algar’s disfigured body lay rotting: of how she had let her grief walk her to her garden and how the burgeoning light of a new day had brought to her an understanding of the tragedy of her past.

“Your simple love,” she said, “broke through the shield around me. I don’t know how or why – but it did.”

“What will you do?”

She laughed. “Did you mean what you said?”

“Yes.”

“Then I want to stay here – with you.”

Clouds began to gather around the eastern horizon of hills as they spoke, growing as a wind arose to shape and move them across the sky to cover, briefly, the sun. Other, darker clouds followed.

“But your house – your plans?”

“I shall forget them.”

“Can you?”

“Yes. My perspective may have changed – but not my will!”

Thurstan was delighted, both by the answer and the spirit, which sent it forth from her lips. “Will you marry me, then?” he asked.

“Yes!”

They kissed like new lovers while clouds covered the whole of the sky.

“Shall we go in?” Thurstan asked.

“I would like that.”

Inside Melanie said; “You know what I wish?”

He was attuned to her and answered, “I think so.”

“It may be possible, for I no protection and my cycle is right.”

This new desire enhanced the closeness they found as naked body lay upon naked body. Rain fell around the cottage in where they lay, sweating. It beat down as a storm upon the roof and windows, a counter-point to their passionate ecstasy and love, and when it was over and they lay entwined together while the sun sent shafts of light through a window, Melanie began to cry. She softly cried for a long time as if the tears purged her of her past. Thurstan felt this, and brushed them away as she lay resting her head on his chest.

The knocking on his door startled them both. Hastily Thurstan covered part of his nakedness.

“Yes?” he asked as he opened the door.

The old man was in ragged clothes and it was some seconds before Thurstan recognized Saer.

“I am sorry to intrude – at such a time,” smiled Saer. “May I enter?”

Thurstan was reluctant, for he sensed the Saer was more than an intrusion. “I’d rather you didn’t.”

“Her power is gone.”

“Please go.” Thurstan did not understand what was happening – but Saer seemed a threat to him in some way.

I cannot leave without her.”

The words struck Thurstan like blows. “We are to marry.”

“It cannot be,” said Saer quietly.

“Leave us alone!” shouted Thurstan and in anger shut the door. He bolted it before returning to Melanie.

Saer stood by the bed. “It cannot be,” he repeated.

Thurstan’s wrath made him move toward Saer who raised his hand. Thurstan’s body became paralyzed and he could only watch as Saer gave Melanie her clothes.

“I shall kill you!” Thurstan screamed.

Saer smiled.

“Why are you doing this?” Thurstan asked, realizing his rage was useless. Melanie did not look at him and seemed to be in a trance.

Saer smiled and Thurstan’s rage return. He channeled it to his body. Trembling with effort he could only manage to move his feet a little forward.

“Sleep now.”

Thurstan’s eyes were closing and he could not stop them. The last thing he saw was Melanie’s pleading but helpless eyes. Then he was dreaming. He was in his garden under a searing sun – but his garden was different: full of beautiful flowers and luxurious grass. Claudia, radiantly beautiful, was beside him and held his arm. He felt peaceful with her and listened almost rapturously as she spoke.

“You were part of his plan. He could do nothing until your love broke her power.”

“Help me,” Thurstan asked.

“We can do nothing here.”

Thurstan awoke to find himself lying on his bed. Moonlight reached his room and he lay trying to unravel dream from reality and reality from dream. It was a slow process, but helped by Melanie’s perfume, which still lay on his pillow and when it was over he remembered her car.

It was still outside his cottage. He felt uncomfortable with its power and drove carefully along the moonlit lanes and roads to her house, which he found empty and cold. Nervous, he switched on all the lights as he journeyed from room to room and floor to floor avoiding the temple of her crystal. But he felt and saw nothing except the shadows and fears of his own mind. And the memories of their brief time together.

Only the library possessed some warmth as if in indication of the answers he hoped to find, and he shut its door before browsing among the books. All of them, and the manuscripts bound like books, were about alchemy, magick or the Occult. He could read the Latin of the medieval manuscripts and books, but what it related did not interest him as the later books brought forth no desire to read further. Even the Black Book of Satan, resting on the table, seemed irrelevant to him. They were all compilations of shadow words, appearing to Thurstan to fall short of the aim that the searchers who had written them should have aimed for. His instinctive feeling was to observe in a contemplative way some facet of the cosmos – to stand outside in the dark of the night and listen for the faint music that traveled down to Earth from the stars – rather than to enclose himself in the warm womb of a house to read the writings of others. Demons, spells, hidden powers, the changing of base metal to gold, even the promises of power and change for himself, were not important to Thurstan, and he left the library with its stored knowledge and forbidden secrets and lurking gods, to walk in the moonlit garden.

The stars were not singing for him – or he could not hear them above the turmoil of his thought – but his slow moon-wise walking brought a calm. His dreams of sharing life with Melanie were still vivid, but he realized that if such sharing was not to be, it would not be. He might

try, through force or even magick to win her back. But if he succeeded, his dreams would only become real if she wished to make them real for him, and all he could do was give her the freedom of choice. Saer was using her – for what purpose he did not know – and he would try and find her, somehow, to give the promise of choice. He was not afraid of Saer, not worried about the magickal powers he possessed, for as he walked with a calm that deepened and brought awareness of the rhythms of the cosmos, he felt that it was his fate to try and find her. What happened when and if he did, would happen, as Spring happens after the cold darkness of Winter.

XXII

It was not a long wait. Thurstan did not enter the secret Temple and use the crystal nor any magickal means. His way was not the way of magick but of sensitive thought and he sat on the damp, cold grass to close his eyes and think of Melanie.

What he saw guided him and he walked in the moonlight along the narrow turning hilly lanes singing softly to himself. His songs were from his translations and he invented the music to match the rhythm of his walking feet. There was joy in him then, a simpleness that gave him the strength of water and its ability to follow any channel or shape itself while still being itself to any vessel or container. His goal was a small cottage of stone with a sagging roof and tiny windows beside an unmarked track that weaved among the mamelons between the western slopes of the Mynd and the tress of Linley Hill. No one passed him as he walked and the fields were quite silent and quite still. His chosen track let him for a hundred yards through a wood, past a stream flowing down between two hills to curve eastwards and rise north among the rocky barren land. As its sudden end lay the cottage but briefly home to the short sun of Winter. Dawn was almost rising behind him as he knocked upon studded oak door.

No one came to answer his call and he opened the door. Inside in the flickering light of a fire, he saw Saer hunched on a stool before the hearth while against the wall in the recessed bed, Melanie lay sleeping. The large room comprised all of the cottage and it smelled of burnt hazel mingled with pine. Saer, though surprised, did not move.

“You are persistent.” Saer did not look toward Thurstan but still stared into the large flames that ate, with sporadic breaking of tree-limbs and fingers, the wood.

Thurstan did not close the door but began to walk toward Melanie. Suddenly, Saer rose.

“Leave her,” he said quietly and raised his left hand.

For an instant Saer’s features seemed, to Thurstan, to be lacertilian but the impression soon vanished to leave only an old man with the impression soon vanished to leave only an old man with white hair standing before a fire. As soon as Thurstan touched Melanie she awoke. “She is mine,” he said, almost sadly.

“It is not for you or for me but for Melanie to decide,” Saer said, and smiled. It was a kindly smile and he raised his hand again.

Thurstan signed and held Melanie’s hand.

“I can see,” Saer said to Thurstan, “what powers you now represent.”

“I have no power – only my love for her.”

“Even now you do not understand.” Saer turned toward Melanie. “It is written: ‘Baphomet is a goddess of violent aspect who washes in the blood of her foes. She is the bride of Lucifer – a Gate to the Dark Gods beyond this Earth. Her daughters are Power, Vengeance and Lust, but the only Earth-based live child born from these children is the Demon named Love,’”

“So I,” said Melanie, “as Mistress of Earth passed beyond the Abyss.”

“To bring into this world what must be.”

“And now I must choose?”

“Yes.”

For a long time Melanie looked at Thurstan. “I must go with Saer,” she finally said. In that instant, she felt her magickal powers return.

“But I –“

“Say nothing.” She pressed her forefinger to his lips.

“I don’t understand,” said Thurstan, almost crying with emotion.

Melanie smiled, sadly. “There will be enough time for understanding in old age. What lives now and grows within me will always be a part of you.”

She kissed his cheek and he became too full of emotion to do anything but watch her and Saer walk into the burgeoning dawn. Then, suddenly, they vanished. He ran outside, but he could not find them.

He walked slowly away from the cottage. The light of dawn seemed to be sucking mist from the ground, but he did not care. He moved, like an old man pained by his limbs, through the cold and sometimes swirling mist along a path that took him toward the Mynd and up, steeply, to its level summit where he stood, high above the mist, to watch the mist-clotted valleys below. The heather was beginning to show the glory of its color, and he walked through it northbound along the cracked and stony road stopping often to turn around and wait. But no one and nothing came to him – no voices, song or sigh. There was hope within him as he walked as he had often walked along the almost level top of the long and beautiful low mountain. But it did not last. He sensed he would never see her again – never know their child. The very Earth itself seemed to be whispering to him the words of this truth. He began to sense, slowly, that there was for him real magick here where moorland fell to form deep hollows home to those daughter of Earth known as springs and streams, and where the Neolithic pathway had heard perhaps ten million stories. No wisps of clouds came to spoil the glory of the sun as it rose over the mottled wavy hills beyond the Stretton valley miles distant and below. No noise to break the almost sacred silence heard. For an instant it seemed as if some divinity, strange but pure, came into the world, and smiled.

The smile might have been one of understanding, but Thurstan sat down in the heather and cried.

XXIII

It was raining still and dull of day when Jukes arrived at Pead's cottage, summoned by avarice. His fear began to ebb away as he saw it was empty, unchanged since the night of the ritual – except for the stench of the dismembered, half-eaten and rotting dog.

He selected his goods carefully, selecting only the rarest of books and manuscripts to his car wherein his Priestess waited, soothed by his words of charm: 'He said if anything happened to him, I was to keep his books...'

So he worked while she, in trust, waited. And when, to his satisfaction, the collection was complete, he drove in curiosity to see from a safe distance the house wherein Claudia had left him and where he thought she lived in bondage to her Satanic mistress.

An old tramp was walking away from the direction of the house and Jukes stopped him, saying: "Do you know who lives there?"

"In that house? Said the old man before spitting on the ground. "Empty it is – has been for weeks if you ask me. No mug of tea for me there, that's for sure.

Jukes did not thank him or even watch him walk away. He was excited, and led his Priestess along the driveway to the house. Behind them, Saer turned in the rain, and smiled.

Jukes tried the door, and to his surprise found it open. The house was warm, comforting after the cold rain, and they ambled along the hallway with Jukes calling "Hello?"

No one came. Jukes left his Priestess for he felt strangely aroused. The house, he felt, was a woman of beauty and he was violating her. He was full of physical lust and felt powerful and began to explore all

the aspects of her warm and scented body – hoping vaguely he might find a real woman whom he could rape. He eagerly sought the bedrooms – caressing the silken sheets – as he eagerly sought items of clothing, which he hoped by their texture, and smell might bring nearer to him the woman he was searching for. Night came from outside while he wandered, bringing light and increased warmth within the house. But Jukes did not notice this. His arousal became stronger until he became a man intent only on rape. He did not see the shadows from his own Abyss as they gathered around him lipsing words of encouragement, as he did not find in his search the woman he wanted. But he remembered a woman, waiting for him below.

He found her asleep in a chair fluxed in the glow of a large crystal before her. He did not care about the strange room nor wonder about the crystal. He cared only for satisfying his lust – he wanted, as he had never wanted before, to abuse her cruelly, to beat her and rape her savagely. He was strong in body and would use his strength to satisfy himself by forcing her beneath him.

He moved toward her, leering. Then she opened her eyes and smiled.

Jukes found he could not move, and did not see the door behind him close. “You are mine now,” the woman who had once been his willing lover said. “With a look I can strike you dead!”

Jukes did not doubt it. Reality for him returned quickly. She was no longer his Priestess, but a woman, mistress of him, who by magick bound his will. Beside the crystal where he stood watching helplessly, an amber necklace lay and she rose from the chair to take it for herself. She was still smiling as she unthreaded one bead, which began to glow in her fingers. She showed it to him, mockingly, and laughed before re-threading it and placing the beads around her neck.

“You are mine,” she repeated and smiled. “Through Them whom we never name, we who garb ourselves in black possess this rock we call this Earth.”

She did not yet know what she would do with her new power, but there was plenty of time for her to think of something, plenty of secret books to be read. The old man who had led her from the hallway to this chamber would return, one day, to instruct her, she remembered he had said.

Thurstan saw the lights in Melanie's house, and waited. He waited for a long time in the cold and the darkness, trying to forget his hunger, his tiredness and the rain. At last the lights became fewer, until all were gone, and he walked, trusting in his love and hopeful still, toward the door. It was not locked.

There was a woman sleeping in Melanie's bed. He did not wake her, nor the man he found sleeping in another room, but left them and the house to walk along the dark road that would take him to the Mynd, down into the valley and back to his cottage.

"I am an old man in a young man's body," he said to himself as he walked amid the rain. Maybe some day he would love again, but the shattering of his dreams had changed him, making him to wish to live alone, content with his translations. He did not fully understand his recent past but he felt that Melanie's child, when born, would be important in some way to the world – a kind of channel for the forces which both she and Saer represented.

He had seen enough of the hidden dimensions of the world to realize his lack of knowledge, but this lack did not bother him. He would go his own way, slowly as perhaps befitted a hermit-scholar, seeking through the slowness of the years a kind of inner peace in the little piece of Earth that was his home. Change would come – as it always had and always would – and he would sigh, while he treasured what he knew.

In the rain he thought he heard a strange creator star-god sigh, but walked on – shaking his head at the perplexity that was human life and the sadness that was the breaking of his dreams.

Incipit Vitriol.....

The Giving

In truth, Baphomet – honored for millennia under different names – is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked for the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth...

For centuries, we have kept this image secret, as the Templars and their descendants did..."

Book of Asoth

!

There was much that was unusual about Sidnal Wyke, including his name. His name no longer brought forth any comments from his neighbors in the small hamlet of Stredbow where he had spent all his life, and his strange habits were accepted because he was regarded by them as a cunning man, well versed in the ways of the old religion.

He was six years old when the old car his father was driving went out of control on a steep local hill, killing both his parents while the child was safe at his grandmother's house. For twelve years he lived at her cottage. Stredbow was his home and he knew no other.

It was an isolated village, surrounded by hills and accessible only by narrow, steep and twisting lanes. To the west of the village lay The Wilderness, Robin's Tump and the steep hills of Caer Caradoc hill. The lane northward led along Yell Bank, skirted Hoar Edge and the side of Lawley hill to the old Roman road to Wroxeter. To the south, the village was bounded by Stredbow Moor, Nant Valley and Hope Bowdler hill. The area around the small village was, like the village itself, unique. Small farms nestled on the lee of the hills or rested in sinewy valleys hidden from the lanes. Coppice and woods merged into rough grazing land and the few fields or arable crops were small, the size hardly changed in over a century. But it was the sheltered isolation of the area that marked it out, like a time-slip into the past – as if the surrounding hills not only isolated it physically but emotionally as well. Perhaps it was that the hills dispersed the winds and weather in a special way, creating over the area of the village and its surrounding land an idiosyncratic climate; or perhaps it was the almost total lack of motorized transport along the rutted lanes. But whatever the cause, Stredbow was different, and Sidnal Wyke knew it.

He had known the secret for years, but it was only as his twenty-first birthday approached that he began to understand why. Stredbow was an ancient village, an oval of houses at whose center was a mound. Once, the mound contained a grove of oaks. But a new religion came, the trees were felled and a church built from stone quarried nearby. The church was never full, the visiting ministers came and went, and the oaks began to grow again, although reduced in number. The

village was never large, although once – when the new railway fed trains to the small town of Stretton in the valley miles beyond the hills – there had been a school. But it had long ago closed, its building left to slowly crumble as the towns, cities and wars sucked some of the young men away from their home and their land. Yet a balance had been achieved through the demands of the land. For over sixty years, since the ending of the Great War, no new houses had been built and no outlanders came to settle. The village attracted no visitors, for there was nothing to attract them – no historical incidents, no fine houses or views – and the few who came by chance did not stay, for there was no welcome for them, only the stares of hostility and scorn, the barking and the snarling of farm and cottage dogs.

Sidnal knew every square foot of the village and the lands around. He had visited every field, every coppice, every valley and stream, all the houses and farms. He knew the history of the village and its people and this learning, like his name, was his grandmother's idea. He had been to a school, once and briefly – against his grandmother's wishes. But her daughter and son in law had died to leave Sidnal in her care. She taught him about herbs, how to listen and talk to trees; about the know of animals. She owned some acres of land and he farmed them well, in his strange way.

His clothes, and he himself, never looked clean, but he bore himself well, as befitted his well-muscled body. His solitary toil on the land and his learning left him little time to himself, but he was growing restless and his grandmother knew it and the reason why. She had no chance to guide him further, no opportunity to find him a suitable wife to end the isolation she had forced upon him. A few days before his twenty-first birthday, she died – slowly and quietly sitting in her chair by the fire.

It was a warm evening in middle May with a breeze to swing some of the smaller branches of the large Ash tree behind the cottage which a mild winter had brought full into leaf, and Sidnal did not hurry back from the fields. He greeted the tree, as he always had, and smiled, as he almost always did. He did not cry out, or even seem surprised when he found her. He just sighed, for he knew death to be the fate ending all of life.

It was as he closed the cottage door on his way to gather his neighbors that the reaction came. For the first time in his life, he felt afraid.

II

Maurice Rhiston did not even know her name. A room of his house overlooked her bedroom and she was there, again, as she had been every weekday morning for the past three weeks. Her routine was always the same – the curtains would be drawn back and she would stand by the mirror for a minute or so before removing her nightdress, unaware of him watching from behind a chink in his curtain.

Naked, she wandered around her room in her parent's house. He lost sight of her several times – before she stood by the mirror to slowly dress. He guessed her age at about fifteen. His watching had become a secret passion that was beginning to engulf him, but he was too obsessed to care. He was forty-five years of age, his childless marriage a placid one. For fifteen years he had sat behind his office desk in a large building in Shrewsbury town, satisfied with steadily improving both his standard of living and his house on the small and select estate which fringed the river. He was diligent, and efficient as he worked as a Civil Servant, calculating and assessing the benefits of claimants. His suits were always subdued in color, his shirts white, his ties plain and even his recent worrying about his age, baldness and spreading fat, did not change his taste. The cricket season had begun, his place in the team was secure and he had begun to feel again that sense of security and belonging, which pleased him.

He had, during the past week, turned his observing room into a kind of study to allay the suspicions of his wife. He bought a desk, some books and a small computer as furnishings. He had changed his unchanging routine of the morning to give time to sit at the desk with the thin curtains almost meeting but allowing him his view. Then, he would wait for her to draw back the curtains, and undress.

Today, as for the last week, he would be late for his work. Yesterday he had spent most of his evening in the room, hoping to see her and she, as if obliging, had appeared toward dusk – switching on her room light. For almost an hour she wandered in and out – and then his moment came. She undressed to change her clothes completely.

The morning was warm, again, and he left his overcoat on the stand by the front door. The goodbye kiss to his wife had long ago ceased, and she was already stripping away the bedclothes at the beginning of her workday. She was singing to herself, and Maurice smiled. His watching had brought to him an intense physical desire and his wife was pleased, mistaking his renewed interest for love. He kept the girl's naked image in his head, while his ardor lasted.

His journey to work by car was not long, and only once did he have cause to cease his planning of how best to photograph the girl. He was about to turn from the busy road to the street, which held the office where he worked when a young man, dirtily dressed and carrying an armful of books, stepped off the pavement in front of the car. Maurice sounded his horn, hurled abuse through the open window, but the man just smiled to walk slowly away toward the town center to try and sell some of the books his grandmother had owned.

The routine of Maurice's morning at work was unchanged, and he sat at his desk in the over-bright, stuffy office, found or retrieved files from other desks and cabinets, entered or read information on pieces of paper and computer screen, his concentration broken only by his short breaks for tea and lunch. It was at lunch that his interest had become aroused.

As was his habit, he ate his sandwiches at his desk. One of the ladies from the section that investigated fraud brought him a case file. He recognized the name written on the cover.

The young lady was fashionably dressed and had swept her long black hair back over her shoulders where it was held by a band. She smiled at him, and for a few seconds Maurice felt an unusual, and intense, sexual desire. But it did not last. She explained about the man and the information anonymously received – as she might not have done had Maurice not been responsible for her training in her early months in the office before she became bored and sought the work of investigating fraud.

He gave her his computer read-out of the benefits the man had claimed and listened intently as she, a little shocked and angry, explained about the man's activity – Satanism, child prostitution, living off immoral earnings. She borrowed Maurice's file on the man and left him to continue his lunch in peace.

There was turmoil in Maurice's head, images which made him nervous and excited, and it did not take him long to decide. In the relative quiet of the office, he dialed Edgar Mallam's number, wishing him to be in.

Edgar Mallam was a man of contrived striking appearance. His hair was cropped, and his beard pointed and trimmed. He dressed in black clothes, often wore sunglasses even indoors, and black leather gloves. Maurice watched him for some time as Mallam sat at a table in an Inn in the center of the town amid the warmth of the breezy late Spring evening.

People mingled singly, in pairs or small clusters around the town as evening settled, traffic thinned and shops closed, and Maurice fearful of being seen, had tried to avoid them all. He had bought a hat, thinking it might disguise him, but wore it only briefly as he waited for the appointed

time. The image of the naked girl obsessed him – and had obsessed him all afternoon: her soft white unblemished skin, her small still forming breasts, the graceful curve of her back...

Cautiously, he sat down beside Mallam.

“So, you want an introduction?” Mallam smiled.

“Well – “

“Don’t be nervous! One favor deserves another. I presumed that is why you – ah – warned me. How old?”

“Pardon?”

“How old do you want the item in question to be?”

Maurice coughed, and shuffled his feet. “I –“

“Thirteen? Fourteen?”

Maurice felt an impulse to leave, and rose slightly, but Mallam’s strong hand gripped his arm.

“Let’s say fourteen. It’s a middling figure. Come on, then!” Mallam rose to leave.

“Now?”

“Of course!”

For an instant fear gripped Maurice, but the haunting image returned and he followed Mallam through the customers and to the door. The alley outside the side door seemed dark and he did not see the two waiting figures cloaked by the sun’s shadows. But he felt their hands gripping his arms.

“Just a precaution,” Mallam explained. “I’m sure you understand.”

He was searched, led to a car, blindfolded. The journey seemed long and he was guided into a house where the blindfold was removed. The luxury of the house surprised him. Mallam indicated a door.

“One hour,” he said. “Any longer,” and he smiled, “and there will be a charge!”

Maurice needed no encouragement to open the door.

III

The river, swollen by heavy rain and brown from sediment, swept swiftly and noisily over the weir, and in the dim light of dawn Thorold could see water eddying over the edge of the concrete riverside path that led into town. The warm weather had been broken by storms.

No corpse was water bourn to add interest to Thorold’s day and he walked slowly, trying to savor the light, the sounds and his happy mood. A few people, work-bound on bicycles, passed him along the path but they did not greet him as he did not greet them. Sometimes he would smile, and an occasional individual might forget for an instant the impersonal attitude of all modern

towns. There would be then a brief exchange of humanity through the medium of faces and eyes: and the two individuals would pass each to their own forms and patterns of life, never to meet again.

But today, no one returned his smile. He stood for several minutes under the wide spans of the railway bridge watching the water carry its burden of branch, silt, twigs and grass. He was thirty-five years of age and alone in his life, except for his books. His marriage of years ago had been brief, broken by his quietness and unwillingness to socialize, but the years were beginning to undermine the happiness he had found in solitude. His face was kind, his hair unruly, his body sinewy from years of long-distance walking over hills, his past forgotten.

He liked the hours after dawn in late Spring and Summer, and would rise early to walk the almost empty streets of his town and along the paths by the river, sensing the peace and the history that seemed to seep out toward him from the old timbered houses, the narrow passages, the castle, bridges and town walls. Gradually, during the hours of his walking, the traffic would increase, people come – and he would retreat to the sloping cobbled lane, which gave access to his small shop, ready for his day of work. ‘Antiquarian & Secondhand Books’ his shop sign said.

The path from the railway bridge took him along below the refurbished Castle, set high above the meander of the river, under the Grinshill stone of the English bridge to the tree-lined paths of Quarry Park. He stopped for a long time to sit on a bench by the water, measuring the flow of time by the chimes of the clock in Shrewsbury School across the river. No one disturbed him, and by the time he rose to leave the cloud had broken to bring warm morning sun.

His shop lay between the Town Walls at the top of the Quarry and the new Market Hall with its high clock tower of red brick. The window was full of neat rows of well-polished antiquarian books, and inside it was cold and musty. Summer was his favorite season, for he would leave the door open and watch, from his desk by the window, the people who passed in the street.

A pile of books, recently bought from a young man whose grandmother had died, lay on his desk, and he began to study them, intrigued by the titles and the young man who had offered them for sale. The four books were all badly bound and in various states of neglect and decay. One was simply leaves of vellum stitched together then bound into wooden boards, the legible text consisting mainly of symbols and hieroglyphics with a few paragraphs in Latin in a scholarly hand. There was no title – only the words ‘Aktlal Maka’ inscribed at the top of the first folio. The words meant nothing to Thorold. The three remaining books were all printed, although only one of them in a professional manner. It bore the title ‘Secretorum Naturalium Chymicorum et Medicorum Thesauriolis, and a date, 1642. The titles of the other two works – ‘Books of Asoth’ and ‘Karu Samsu’ - signified nothing to him, and though the books bore no date he guessed they were less than a hundred years old. They also contained pages of symbols, but the style of the written text was verbose, the reasoning convoluted, and after several hours of reading he still only had a vague idea of the subjects discussed. There was talk of some substance which if gathered in the right place at the right time would alter the world – ‘the fluxion of this causing thus sklenting from the heavenly bodies and a terrible possidenting of this mortal world...’

He was still reading when a customer entered his shop. The woman was elegantly dressed and smiled at him.

“I wonder if you can help me,” she said confidently.

Thorold smiled back, and as he looked at her he felt an involuntary spasm in the muscles of his abdomen. But it was transient and he forced himself to say “I hope so” as he looked at her beauty.

“Do you have a copy of Prometheus Bound by Aeschylus? Only my son – “

"Aeschylus?" he repeated, and blushed.

"Yes, the playwright – "

"Of ancient Greece," he completed. "Was it a Greek text that you wanted or a translation?"

"The Greek, actually. Julian has just begun his "O" levels at his school."

The woman was near him and he could smell her perfume. For some reason it reminded him of the sun drying the earth after brief rain following many dry days. "Yes, we do have a copy."

He rose from his chair slowly and as he did so the woman smiled at him again. In his desire to impress with his agility he tripped and stumbled into a bookcase.

"Are you alright?" she asked with concern as he lay on the floor.

"Yes, thanks." He rose awkwardly to search the shelves for the book. "Ah! Here it is. It is a fairly good edition of the text," he said as he handed the book to her.

She glanced through it. "I'll take it." She placed it on his desk before taking her purse from the pocket of her dress. Their fingers touched briefly as she handed over the money but she did not look at him and he was left to wrap the book neatly in brown paper. The 'Book of Asoth' still lay open upon his desk and he could see her interest.

"May I?" she asked, indicating the book.

"Yes," he faltered, unsure. "If you wish."

She handled it carefully, supporting the covers with one hand while she turned the pages with the other. She stood near him, silent and absorbed, for several minutes. But her nearness began to make him tremble.

I have not, as yet, had occasion to study the work in detail," he said to relieve some of his feelings.

She held it for him to take, glanced briefly at the two other books before perusing the vellum manuscript.

"They are for sale?" she asked.

"Well – " he hesitated, wondering about the price. "You have an interest in such matters?"

"Yes!" and then softly, "do you?"

She turned to face him, so close he could smell her fragrant breath as she had exhaled with her forceful affirmation.

"Actually, no." She did not avert her eyes from his and part of him wanted to reach out with his fingers to softly touch the freckled smoothness of her face. He smiled instead, as she did. "I am not familiar with the field – but would think it was a very specialized market: if a market as such exists."

"Are these recent acquisitions?"

"Yes."

"May I enquire from where – or whom?"

He did not mind her questions, for he wished their contact, and closeness, to continue. "A young chap brought them in – in the last few days. They belonged to his grandmother, apparently."

"I would like to buy them – name your price. Except that one," she indicated the 'Secretorum'.
"That does not interest me."

"As I say, I have not really had time to study them in detail and so – to be honest – have no idea what they are worth." Her nearness was beginning to affect his concentration and he edged away on the pretext of studying the manuscript.

"But surely you have some idea of their value?"

"Actually, no. I did consult some of my reference works and auction records but could find nothing."

"How refreshing!"

"What?"

She laughed, gently. "To find someone – particularly in business – who is so open and honest."

"Well, bookselling is a small world." He looked away embarrassed, but pleased.

"How much – if I may ask such a question – did you pay?"

"Actually only a part payment – I was going to research them, particularly the manuscript, and then, if they or the manuscript were particularly valuable, add to that payment."

"Do you wish to sell them?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then I will buy them. You will want my address, naturally."

"Sorry?"

"My address. So you can bring the books with you tonight when you come to dinner. Nothing formal, so no need to dress. Do you have a pen and paper?"

"Er, yes." Dazed, he gave her his favorite fountain pen and notebook.

She wrote quickly. "Shall we say half past seven or eight? Good. Oh – and you can bring that Greek book with you as well."

She smiled at him, waved, and then was gone, out into the sunlit street and away from his world of dead books. Her perfume lingered, and it was some time before Thorold's amazement disappeared. He tried to still his excitement and imagination by searching again through his reference works.

He did not succeed, and the one reference he did find to anything mentioned in the books did not interest him. 'Aosoth', it read, 'was a demoness worshipped by some ancient and secret sects about which nothing is known beyond the fact that women played a prominent role.'

No customers spoiled the solitude of what remained of his morning, and he carefully wrapped the books and manuscripts for the woman, sorted some stock from the piles of books against the cabinet by his desk before closing his shop early. He wandered happy and full of anticipation along the paths by the river, pleased with the sun and warmth of the day, occasionally stopping to sit. He spent a long time sitting on a bench by the weir, watching people as they passed, vaguely aware of his dreams but unwilling from fear of disappointment to make them conscious, to dwell upon them.

He had not noticed a man dressed in black following him, and did not notice him as he began a slow walk under the hot sun along the overgrown riverside path that led him back to his flat.

IV

The gardens of the large detached house were quiet and secluded, and Lianna spent the hours of the afternoon removing weeds from the many beds of flowers. The house stood on Kingsland above the river and beside Shrewsbury School but afforded views of neither. Once, the area had been select, but the decades had drawn some of the wealthy away, their homes absorbed by the School or divided into still expensive flats. But an aura remained, and it pleased Lianna.

Her interest in her garden waned slowly, and she discarded her implements and her working clothes to bathe in the bright surroundings of her bathroom. She lay relaxed and soaking in the warm water for a long time, occasionally thinking of the bookseller. She had enjoyed her game with his emotions and although the books he would bring interested her, he himself interested her more.

She was dressing in readiness for her evening when someone loudly rapped the brass knocker of the oak front door. She did not hurry, Edgar Mallam smiled at her as she opened the door, but she did not return his greeting.

“Yes?” she said coldly.

“Hello Liana. May I come in?” He removed his sun glasses.

“Why?”

“To talk – about my group.”

“Fifteen minutes – that is all the time I can spare.”

He followed her into the lounge to sit beside her in a leather armchair.

“Well?” she asked.

“I thought you and me – “

“As I have said to you many times, our relationship is purely a teaching one.”

“You know how I feel,” he said almost gently.

“What you feel, you feel. It is a stage, and all stages pass.”

His mood changed abruptly. “Is that so?” There was anger in his voice.

Her smile was one of pity, not kindness. "I sense your feelings are being inverted. What you thought was love is turning to anger because your will is thwarted. You will doubtless now find reasons for disliking me."

Edgar stood up. "I'm sick of your teaching!"

"As I have said to you many times since you first embarked upon your quest, the way is not easy."

He took a step toward her, but she rose to face him and smile. He stared at her, but only briefly – averting his eyes from her suddenly demonic gaze.

"I'll go my own way! I don't need you!" he shouted.

"You are, of course," and she smiled generously at him, "free to do so. But I have heard reports that some of your activities are, shall I say, not exactly compatible with the ethos of our Order."

"So what?"

"Such activities are not conducive to the self-development which our way wishes to achieve. They are not, in fact, connected with any genuine sinister tradition but are personal proclivities, best avoided if advancement is sought."

"Stuff your tradition and your pompous words!" He walked toward the door. "And I'm not afraid of you – or your curses!"

"True Adepts do not waste time on such trivia. Everyone has to make their own mistakes."

He laughed. "Just as I thought! You're all talk! Well, I do have magickal power! So stuff your Order!"

She waited, and was not disappointed for he slammed her front door shut on his leaving. One of her telephones was within easy reach, and she dialed a number.

"Hello? Imlach?" she queried. "Lianna. Mr. Mallam has I regret to say just resigned. You will know what to do. Good." She replaced the receiver and smiled.

The hours of her waiting did not seem long, and when the caterers arrived she left them with their duties while she occupied herself in her library. The table was laid, the food heating, the wine chilled by the time of Thorold's arrival and all she had to do was light the candles on the table. The caterers had departed as they had arrived – discreetly, leaving her alone.

Thorold was early, and nervously held the books as he knocked on her door surrounded by the humid haze of evening. She greeted him, took the books and led him to her library where he stood by the mahogany desk staring with amazement. Books, in sumptuous bookcases, lined the room from floor to ceiling. She placed her new acquisitions on the desk.

"Later, if you wish," she said, "you can spend some time in here."

Only two places were laid on the table in the dining room.

"Will your husband not be joining us?" an expectant but nervous Thorold asked.

"Joining us? Why no!" she laughed. "He went abroad, some years ago. Living with some Oriental lady, I believe."

For two hours they conversed while they ate, pausing only while she served her guest the courses of the meal. The topics of their conversation varied, and as the hours drew darkness outside, Thorold began to realize there was much that was unusual about Lianna. She asked about his knowledge of and interest in a wide variety of arcane subjects – alchemy, the Knights Templars, witchcraft, sorcery.... He had admitted his ignorance concerning most of them, and she, slightly smiling, had explained in precise language, and briefly, their nature, extent and history.

“Come,” she said as she poured him a cup of fresh coffee, “let us sit together in the lounge.”

She took his cup and held it while she sat on the sofa. “Here, beside me,” she indicated.

Thorold sat beside her and blushed. All evening he had tried to avert his eyes from her breasts, uplifted and amply exposed by the dress she had chosen. But his eyes kept drifting from her face to her eyes to her breasts. He knew she knew, and he knew she did not mind.

She gave him his cup and he managed to control the shaking he felt beginning in his hand.

“Do you believe in Satan?” she abruptly said.

“Satan?” he repeated.

“Yes. The Devil.”

“Well, actually, I was brought up Roman Catholic to believe that he existed. But now – “ he shrugged his shoulders.

“Now you no longer trouble yourself with such matters.”

“I did – once. There was a time,” he said wistfully, “when I believed I had a vocation to be a Priest. I suppose most Catholic children – the boys, that is – who are brought up according to the faith have such yearnings at least once.”

“But you sought another road.”

“I lost my faith in God.”

“So you do not believe there is a supra-human being called the Devil who rules over this Earth?”

“No. Why do you ask?”

She did not avert her eyes from his. “Why do you want to know?”

“Because I sense the question is important to you.”

She laughed, and touched his face lightly with her fingers. “You are astute! I like that.”

“In what way can I help you?”

“You underestimate yourself.”

For a moment Thorold was perplexed. He had accepted her unusual invitation to her house partly from curiosity but mostly because he had been sexually attracted to her. The intimate dinner, her topics of conversation, her looks and gestures had gradually made him aware – or at least he had thought so – of her purpose in inviting him. This, he had believed, would explain why a beautiful obviously wealthy and exceptionally intelligent woman would be interested in an unadventurous bookseller.

She saved him from his perplexity by saying, "You know what I am, then?"

"I can guess."

"Yes – you have guessed. And the prospect of your guess being correct does not frighten you?" When he did not answer, she continued. "It excites you, in fact – as I now excite you."

Thorold began to sense he was losing the initiative. Then it occurred to him that he had never had the initiative. Since his first meeting with her he had been playing the role of victim. He tried to distance himself from his desire for her, but she moved toward him until their bodies touched. Her lips were near his, her breath warm and fragrant and he did not resist when she kissed him. She did not restrain his hand as it caressed her breasts just as she did not prevent him from undoing the buckle of the belt that supported his trousers. He felt a vague feeling of unease, but it did not last. It had been a long time since he had kissed and touched a woman, and he abandoned himself to his desire, a desire enhanced by her perfume, her beauty and her eagerness.

Their passion was frenzied, then gentle at his silent urging until her need overcame his control. They lay, then sweaty and satiated with bodies entwined for some time without speaking until she broke their silence.

"You are full of surprises," she said with a smile, and kissed him.

He wanted to stay with her, naked, and sleep but she kissed him again before rising to dress.

"Come," she said, throwing him his clothes. "I have something to show you."

Outside in the warm air, a nearly full moon in a clear night sky cast still shadows around and upon the house.

V

Mallam could sense the girl's fear. He did his best to increase it by staring at her while Monica, his young Priestess and mistress, held the girl's arm ready. The room was brightly lit in readiness for the filming of the ritual that was to follow, and Mallam walked slowly toward the girl, a small syringe fitted with a hypodermic needle in his hand.

The girl could not struggle, for a man dressed in a black robe whose face was shadowed by the hood, held her other arm and body, and Mallam carefully pierced the vein of her arm with the needle and filled the syringe with her blood.

"See," he said to her as he withdrew the needle, "you are mine now!"

The girl began to cry, but he had no pity for her. "Betray me, and I shall kill you – wherever you are." He showed her the blood-filled syringe for effect. "Take her," he said to Monica, "and prepare her."

The Temple was in a large cellar of a house, and Mallam walked around it, ensuring that everything was prepared. The black candles on the stone altar had been lit, the incense was burning, the lights and camera ready. A black inverted pentagram was painted on the red wall behind the altar.

He did not have long to wait. The now naked girl was carried by some of the black robed worshippers and laid upon the altar. Stupefied by drugs, she was smiling and seemed oblivious

to the people around her as, behind the bright enclosing circle of camera lights, drumbeats began.

Mallam raised his hands dramatically to signal the beginning of the ritual, his facemask in place.

“Asmodeus! Set! Jaal! Satan! Hear us!” he shouted.

“Hear us!” his followers responded.

“We gather here to offer you the first blood of this girl!”

“Hear us!”

“Hear us, you Lords of the Earth and of the Darkness.

This day a new sister shall join us in our worship!” He gestured toward the girl and one after the other, the worshippers kissed her.

“Now we shall dance to your glory!”

The worshippers removed their robes to dance around the altar laughing; screeching and shouting the names of their gods while the drums beat louder and louder. Only Mallam and another man did not join the dance, and Maurice Rhiston let himself be led toward the girl. He did not notice the camera lurking in the darkness and operated by a black robed figure, as he hardly noticed Mallam remove his robe. The girl seemed to be smiling at him as he walked naked toward her. Mallam had offered him the privilege and he could not refuse.

For Rhiston, the orgy that followed did not last long. Mallam, still robed and masked ushered him upstairs into a house where they both dressed before sitting in the comfortable lounge.

“You have done well,” Mallam said. “There are two matters, though, that need your attention.”

“I am only too pleased to help,” an obsequious Maurice said.

“All of this,” Mallam smiled, “is not cheap.”

“I understand.”

“The other little matter is a short trip – to London. I have some contacts there, there will be a film to deliver.”

“As you wish. May I ask you something?”

“Yes.”

“With all these people involved – there is a risk, surely?”

Mallam’s laugh made Maurice even more nervous. “I have the power of my magick to bind them!”

“Yes – but...”

“So you do not believe? I shall show you, as I have shown them!” and his eyes glowed with his intensity of feeling. “Fear! Fear – that is what keeps them silent. Fear of me.” Quick, like lightning, his mood changed. “You like girls – I give you girls. So why should you worry?”

"I'm not worried, really," Maurice lied. Then, to ingratiate himself, he said, "there is someone I know who might interest you."

"Who?"

"Shall I say a certain young girl who lives near me."

"For something like tonight?" And Mallam smiled again.

"Possibly, yes."

"For yourself, I presume."

"If you wish it so."

"I might – because I am beginning to like you. Of course, it would be expensive. All the arrangements, and so on.

"I understand."

"If you can bring her – I shall take care of the rest. I'll need details."

Before Maurice could answer, Monica entered the room. Beneath the black velvet cloak Maurice could see she was naked.

"What do you want?"

"Sorry to interrupt, but there is someone to see you."

"They can wait."

"He insists."

"So what? I've better things to do."

"He mentioned Lianna's name," whispered Monica.

Mallam's face twitched. He indicated Maurice. "Look after him, then."

A tall man with the face of an undertaker stood in the hallway, holding his hat in his hand. He was dressed well, except the cut of his suit was forty years out of fashion.

"You do not know me," he said directly. "But we have a common enemy."

"Is that so?"

"I have information you might find useful."

"Oh yes?" Mallam pretended indifference.

"I don't ask much."

"What makes you think I'm interested?"

"If you are not, there are others." He turned to leave.

"So what is this information?"

"A place I found out about. She knows about it – but no one else. Special it is, see. For the likes of you – and her."

"So?"

"There are rich pickings, in that place."

Mallam was suspicious. "Then why come to me?"

"I need your help. The place, see, where to find it exactly is written about in a sort of code – a secret writing. I know nothing of such matters." He took a step toward Mallam. "Ever wonder where she gets her money? I'll tell you. A hoard, from this place."

Mallam had often wondered. Once, when he had been her pupil for only a few months, he had asked and she laughing had said, "It is a long story. Involving the Templars. I may tell it some day." He had been infatuated with her even then and could remember most of their conversations. But the months of his learning with her were short, for he lusted after success, wealth, power and results while she urged him to toward the difficult – and for him inaccessible – path of self-discovery. So he had drifted away from her teachings, seeking his own path.

"What about this place?" he asked, his curiosity aroused.

"An old preceptory it is – of the Knights Templars. South of here, exactly where is a secret only known to her. But I stole her precious manuscript!"

Mallam controlled his excitement. "How are you involved with her?"

"I've seen you – many a time. Coming to the house. The gardens – for years I tended them, made them bloom. These hands, see, they worked for her and her father before her. I paid no heed to their doings. Paid to be quiet, see. But then, after all these year a weeks' notice is all I got. No thanks. Nothing. No reason given. Turned out of my home, as well. Nothing to show for forty years!"

"A manuscript, you say?"

"Yes, sir. For a price!"

"I would need more proof than your story."

"Would I cheat you? You pay – a small sum, see – I give you the thing to you. You find something – you give me some more money. You find nothing – you come and find me, have your money back. Is this fair – or is this not fair?" The man held his hands out, palms upward, in a gesture of hopelessness.

It did not take Mallam long to decide. "You have the document with you?"

"You have money to give me now?"

Mallam smiled. "How much?"

"A few hundred pounds, that is all I ask."

"Wait here."

Mallam was not away long. He counted the money into the man's hand. The manuscript the man took from the inside pocket of his jacket consisted of several small pieces of parchment rolled together and tied with a cord.

"I call upon you again," the man said, "in two weeks."

Mallam did not answer. He had already untied the cord and unrolled the parchments by the time that man closed the door. Each sheet consisted of several lines of writing in a secret magickal script and, with increasing excitement; he walked slowly toward the stairs and his own room. The small desk was cluttered with letters, books, bizarre artifacts and empty wine glasses, and he pushed them all aside.

For hours he studied the script, making notes on pieces of paper or consulting some book. Once, Monica entered. At first he did not notice her as she tidied the heap of clothes from the disheveled bed. But she came to caress his neck with her hand and he pushed her away, shouting, "Leave me alone!"

It was nearing dawn when his efforts of the night were rewarded and with a shaking hand he wrote his transliteration out. The parchments told of how Stephan of Stanhurst, preceptor, had in 1311 and prior to his arrest in Salisbury, taken the great treasure stored in the preceptory at Lydley - property of Roger de Alledone, Knight Templar - to a place of safe keeping. It told how the preceptory was founded in 1160 and how, centuries later, the lands granted with it became the subject of dispute and passed gradually into other grasping hands; for Stephen after his arrest was confined within a Priory and refused to reveal where he had hidden the treasure. But, most importantly to Mallam, it told where the treasure had been stored when the foresightful Roger de Alledone realized the Order was about to be suppressed by Pope Clement V and all its properties and treasures seized.

The name of the building housing the treasure meant nothing to Mallam, but he did recognize the name of the village containing it. As soon as he could, he would buy a large scale map of the village of Stredbow, and begin his search.

VI

The bright light of the rising sun awoke Thorold, and for several minutes he lay still, remembering where he was and the events of the previous evening and night.

He had not slept well. He had watched the film Lianna has shown him in silence and was almost glad when at its end she had shown him one of the many guest bedrooms, kissed him briefly saying, "I'm sorry, but I always sleep by myself. I shall call you for breakfast."

The film disturbed him not only because of its content but because Lianna, before, during and after it, had made no comment to him about it. For years, Thorold had lived like a recluse - dimly aware of some of the terrible realities of life but content to follow his own inner path. He prided himself on his calm outlook and his intuitive understanding of people, accepting events in an almost child-like innocence. The film had shown what he assumed to be some kind of Black Magick ritual during which a young girl, obviously drugged and probably only around fourteen years of age, was placed on an altar and forced into several acts of sexual intercourse with men, all of whom had worn face masks to protect their identity. But, coming so soon after his passion with Lianna, the film destroyed his calm. By the time the film ended, his own passion - and the beauty he had felt in his relationship with Lianna - was only a vague remembered dream.

He had felt anger - a desire for the girl somehow to be rescued. But this did not happen. Lianna's face had shown no emotion and he became perplexed because he could not equate the

woman with whom he had made love with the woman who, by having such a film, must be somehow connected with the events depicted. And Lianna had left him alone with his feelings.

The sun rose into a clear blue sky and he watched it until it became too bright for his eyes. He dressed quickly, and left to find Lianna. It did not take him long, for he could hear her singing.

She was in the bathroom and he, politely, knocked on the door.

“Do come in!” she said.

She was bathing in the large bath and indicated the chair beside it.

“Did you sleep well?” she asked and smiled.

Her breasts were visible above the foamy water and Thorold blushed and averted his eyes. “No, not really.”

“Do you want to join me?” she said mischievously.

“I’d rather talk, actually.”

“About the film, I presume.”

“Yes.”

“Your verdict? I presume you have come to some conclusions.”

She smiled at him and Thorold closed his eyes to her beauty. When he opened them again, she was still smiling.

“Are you – “ he began, hesitant.

“Am I involved, you mean?”

“Yes.”

“What do you feel – sense about me?”

“You really want to know?”

“Of course.”

Thorold sighed. “This is all very strange to me. It’s like a dream. I cannot believe I’m sitting here, in the bathroom of a beautiful woman who last night shared with me something beautiful and who then shows me a”

“A perverted film?”

“Basically, yes.”

“But you have not answered my question,” she said, softly.

He shook his head. “I sense you could not be involved in something like that.”

“And?”

"Which leaves the question – why show me the film?"

"To which your answer is?"

"I don't have an answer. Except –"

"Except what?"

"It has something to do with the subjects we discussed – correction, which you talked about - last night."

"Nothing else?"

"Actually, it occurred to me that you might be testing me."

"And if I was, why would that be?"

"I can only guess."

"Guess, then."

Thorold turned away. "Our relationship."

"Would you like to join me now?"

Without hesitation, Thorold stripped away his clothes.

"After breakfast" she had said, "you might like to browse in the library."

He was surprised to find that the manuscripts he had brought were no longer on the desk but this discovery did not detain him from beginning to inspect the contents of the library. For an hour or more he wandered around the shelves and bookcases reading the titles and occasionally removing a book. He found a section devoted to classical Greek literature and, among the volumes, several editions of 'Prometheus Bound'. This startled him, as Lianna did when he came up quietly behind him.

"So," she said, observing the copy of Aeschylus he held in his hand, "another secret discovered."

He replaced the book, tried to appear unconcerned, and failed. "You are an intriguing woman."

She laughed. "In both senses of the word!"

"I didn't mean it that way."

"Nevertheless, it is true."

"So I was right after all. Our meeting was obviously not by chance."

"Is anything?"

Thorold ignored the remark. His feelings became confused again. And his pride was hurt. "So, how can I help?" he asked, almost angry.

"Help is not exactly the right word."

“Is that so?”

She answered softly and slowly. “I would say ‘partnership’ as a word that captures the essence.”

He could see her, outwardly unperturbed, watch his as she waited for his reply and as he did so he became aware of his own feeling for her. He wanted her to elaborate, but dared not ask directly in case he had misunderstood her usage of the word. He was still trying to think of something reasonable to say when she spoke.

“You are,” she said, “unusual for a man in being so sensitive.”

Thorold was unsure whether he was pleased or insulted, and said nothing.

“That is one of the qualities that attracted me to you. I have watched you for some time.”

“Pardon?”

“I met you once before – although you will probably not remember. You were walking, one morning very early, along by the river. I was there, too. You passed me, and smiled. You revealed yourself through your eyes.”

Thorold tried, but could not remember the incident. He began to tremble, thinking in his innocence that she spoke of love. But her speaking dismayed him.

“I shall be honest with you, now – and cease to play games.” She sat on the edge of the desk, but Thorold remained silent and still. “You see around you what I possess, and you have, I believe, some intimation of some of my interests and activities. I am approaching that time in my life when certain changes are inevitable. Before that time, there is one role I would like to fulfill. But more than that I wanted companionship. Of course, I could have, with you, carried on as I began. But I wanted you to know, to understand. Because of who I am and because of – shall I say? – my interest, there was really no other way.

“Also, you have other qualities, besides sensitivity – or perhaps I should say, besides your empathy. At this moment in time, you yourself are probably unaware of them. But they are important to me – to my interests.”

“In all this,” Thorold said, “haven’t you forgotten something?”

For a few seconds Lianna looked wistful. “I don’t think so.”

“Spontaneity? Love?”

“That’s two things,” she smiled.

For an instant, Thorold thought of abruptly leaving, slamming the door as a gesture of his intent. He did make a move in that direction, but he was already smiling in response to her remark.

“What am I letting myself in for?” he said humorously as he turned toward her again.

“Paternity?”

“And I thought romance was dead!”

“You will stay tonight, then?”

"I might consider it – if I have any energy left."

"I shall make sure you have! But now, there is someone I would like you to meet."

"No more games – or tests?"

"Naturally not. It is only a short drive. You may drive me, if you wish."

Thorold bowed in deference. "Of course, ma'am. There be, like" he said in a demonic voice, "one little problem, your ladyship. I canna' drive."

She started to play her allotted role, then thought better of it and said, seriously, "Really? I didn't know."

Thorold made an imaginary mark on an imaginary board with his finger. "One up for me, then!"

She did not quite know how to react to his playfulness. "Do you wish to learn?" she asked.

"What?"

"To drive, of course."

"Not really. I'm quite content walking. Why should I want to leave Shropshire? All I need is here – within walking distance usually."

"But your business, surely," she said.

"A few trips a year – by train. The few, the better." Nearby, a pendulum clock struck the hour. "Come," she urged, "or we shall be late."

"May I ask to where?"

"Oh a small village, not far"

"Why the rush?"

"Because it is seven o'clock already, and we have to arrive before someone else."

"I suppose all will be revealed?"

She smiled. "Possibly."

Thorold followed her out of the library. He was curious, perplexed and pleased. Her dress was thin, and suited to the warm weather and he had noticed, while she talked, how her nipples stood out. He could not help his feelings, and watched her collect her keys for a table in the hall, turn and briefly smile at him, he realized he was in love.

Compared to that feeling, the reason for the journey was not important to him. Outside, he could hear cats fighting.

Lianna was right. Their journey was not long even though she took the longer route. She drove along the narrow, twisty lanes southeast of Shrewsbury town to pass the Tree with the House in It, the wood containing Black Dick's Lake, to take the steep lane up toward Causeway Wood.

"This lane," she said, breaking their silence, "used to be called the Devil's Highway. Just there –" and she indicated an overgrown hedge, "was a well called Frog Well where three frogs lived. The largest was, of course, called Satan and the other two were imps of his."

The lane rose, to twist, then fall to turn and rise again, always bound by high hedge and always narrow. A few farms lay scattered among the valleys and the hills on either side, a few cottages beside it and Thorold caught glimpses of nearby Lawley Hill and wooded banks and ridges that he did not know.

The village she drove through was quiet, its houses, cottages and church mostly built from the same gray stone, and Thorold was surprised when she stopped beside an old timbered cottage whose curtainless small windows were covered in grime.

"Wait here, will you?" she asked.

Thorold watched her enter the door of the cottage without knocking. For over ten minutes he waited. But the heat of the sun made the car stuffy and uncomfortable, and he got out to walk toward the cottage gate. As he did so a man appeared, quite suddenly from the small driveway across the road. He was old, dressed in worn working clothes and wore a battered hat.

"You not been here before, then?" he asked Thorold.

A surprised Thorold stopped, and turned. "Er, no I haven't."

"You come for the giving, then?"

Before he could reply, Lianna appeared beside him. She smiled at the old man, nodded and held Thorold's hand. Thorold saw the man's look of surprise. He raised his hat, slightly, bowed just a little toward Lianna and shuffled away, back along the tree-shadowed drive.

"Come on," she said to Thorold, "I shall show you round."

She still held his hand as they walked along the lane toward the mound and the church. Her gesture pleased him, but she did not speak and he let himself be led sun-wise around the mound, up through the wooden gate and through under the shade of the trees. She lingered, briefly, by the largest oak to take him down and back toward her car. A young woman in a rather old-fashioned dress stood near it.

"I shall not be long," Lianna said, and left him, to walk the fifty yards.

He could not hear what was said between the two women, but several times the young stranger turned to look at him. Then, she seemed to curtsy slightly to Lianna before walking away, but the movement was so quick Thorold believed he had been mistaken.

Lianna beckoned to him and he, obedient, went toward her.

"There is something else I would like to show you." She opened the passenger door of her car for him.

"What did you think?" she asked as they drove away from the village.

"Of what?"

“The village, of course.”

“Alright. Seemed a very quiet place. They seemed to know you.”

She avoided the subject by saying, “Do you ever see your wife?”

“Occasionally. Why do you ask?”

“You never divorced.”

Her words confirmed Thorold’s earlier suspicions. “So, you’ve been checking up on me?”

“Of course! You are still friends, then?”

“Yes. Where exactly are we going?”

“Just a place I know. Very efficacious – for certain things. A stone circle, in fact.”

The lane gave way to a wide road that took them down and turning into the Stretton valley, through the township and up the steep Burway track to the heather-covered, sheep-strewn Mynd. The turning she took, brought them down over Wild Moor to a stream filled valley of scattered farmsteads, up over moor, past the jagged rocks of Stiperstones, past woods and abandoned mine-workings and high hills, to a narrow rutted track.

“Just a short walk,” she said, and briefly touched his face with her fingers.

The moorland was exposed and covered in places by fern, almost encircled by distant undulating hills. Thorold had walked the path before, in a storm, to the clearing which contained a flattened circle of stones, some tall, some broken and some fallen. He had not stayed long then, for his walk of that day was long and the weather bad. A breeze cooled him as he walked beside Lianna, and she held his hand as they entered the circle to stand at its center.

“Looks like someone has lit a fire recently,” Thorold said, indicating the burned ground under their feet.

In answer, Lianna kissed him and guided his body to the Earth. She did not need to encourage him further. His passion was strong but her need and frenzy were stronger and his body soon arched upon hers in orgasmic ecstasy to leave him relaxed and sleep-inclined.

“I must go now,” she suddenly said before rising and smoothing down her dress. “Meet me on June the twenty-first outside the church in the village. At dawn. And do not worry about what you saw in the film. I will solve that particular problem – in my own way.” She bent down to touch his forehead with her hand. “Sleep now, and remember me.”

No sooner had she touched him than he was asleep, and she pulled up his trousers and re-fastened his belt before walking back along the track to her car.

Almost an hour later, Thorold awoke. She was not waiting for him by her car as he hoped and he walked slowly under the hot sun along the road and away from the stone circle. He walked for miles without stopping and when he did stop his memory of her was like a dream. A few cars and other vehicles passed him as he continued walking along the road past the wooded sides of Shelve Hill and down toward Hope Valley, but he did not try to stop them to ask for their assistance. There was a shop in the village at the valley’s bottom but he passed it by, unwilling to break the rhythm of his walking. He wondered about the lateness of the hour, about customers waiting for his shop to open, about Lianna and her strange interests.

There was little breeze to dry the sweat, which covered him as he walked, and he would stop, occasionally, to wipe the forehead with his hand. He did not mind the sweat, the heat or even his walking, and the nearer he came to Shrewsbury town, following the road down from the hills to the well-farmed plain around the town, the more he became convinced of the folly of his love. He began to convince himself that he did not care about Lianna – that she was only a brief liaison to be well and happily remembered in the twilight years of his life. But he nevertheless took the town roads that led toward her house.

He stood outside her gate for a long time, aware of his thirst for water and his sweat-filled clothes. For almost five hours he had walked toward his goal, and he stood before it exhausted and dizzy but still determined.

No one came to answer his loud rapping on the door of the house, and he wandered round, peering in the windows. Around the back, a young woman was kneeling as she tended a bed of bright flowers, and she smiled at Thorold before rising and saying, "Hello! Can I help you?"

Her face and bare arms were sunburned, and as she came closer, Thorold could see her hands were roughened and hard.

"I came to see Lianna."

"Ah! You must be Thorold. She told me to expect you."

"Is she in?"

"Afraid not."

"Do you know when she will be back?"

"Three to four weeks."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"Do you know where she has gone?"

"Amsterdam, she said."

In the middle of the large expanse of well-tended lawn, a sprinkler showered water, and Thorold went toward it to stand in the spray. The coolness refreshed him, and he washed his face and neck several times with his hands before cupping his palms together to try to catch sufficient water to drink. He was not very successful.

The young woman with the sad face watched him, bemused.

"Would you like a drink?" she finally asked.

"If you don't mind." He left the spray to stand in the sun.

He followed her to a small outbuilding shaded by the branches of a walnut tree. Inside, and neatly arranged, was a large selection of gardening tools, two small tables and some chairs. A small sink and tap adorned one wall.

"Tea?" she asked, and seeing his surprise, added, "I was about to make one for myself."

“You work here, then?”

“Sometimes.”

She smiled, and her smile reminded Thorold of Lianna and the reason why he had come. He thought, briefly, of rushing away to an airport to find her, but this romantic impulse did not last. He felt physically exhausted from his walk and emotionally confused, a piece in a game Lianna was playing. And his own pride was sometimes quite strong.

“Actually,” the woman said, intruding upon his thoughts, as she filled the kettle with water, “my father is the gardener here. He’s away at the moment.” She handed him a towel.

Thorold did not mind its color or the stains. “Does she often go away?”

Quite often, yes.”

“I know this may sound strange,” Thorold said, “but I don’t know her surname.”

“Alledone.” She smiled as she said the name.

Its significance escaped Thorold. “Mine’s Imlach, but you can call me Sarah.” The young woman smiled again, and began to remove her clothes.

VIII

It was if Thorold could still hear her laughter. He had left, as she had stood naked before him. It was not that he was not aroused by the sight of her lithe body; it was that he felt himself again part of a game Lianna was playing.

He had left without speaking, and her laughter seemed to mock him. He did not care for long. His tiredness, hunger and thirst returned, and he walked almost as if in a trance of his flat. He drank, ate and rested, and when darkness came he lay himself wearily down to sleep. His sleep was fitful, disturbed by images of Lianna. Once, she appeared before him smiling and dressed in black. They were in a dark and cold place; full of mists and smells and when she kissed him it was as if she was sucking life from him. He felt dizzy and exhausted, and when she stopped to stand back and laugh, he fell to the ground where rats waited.

Several times during the night he awoke shouting and covered in sweat. Morning found him tired but restless and mentally disturbed. Outside his flat, the weather was cloudless and hot, but he himself felt cold, and dressed accordingly.

Dawn had long since passed when he left his flat to walk to his shop and, despite the lateness of the hour; he was surprised to find the town quiet. Only on entering his shop did he remember it was Sunday. Momentarily pleased, he left to walk up the narrow street toward the trees and spaces of Quarry Park. For some time he stood by the wrought iron gates, looking down toward the river, and while he stood, absorbed in his thoughts and feelings about Lianna, church bells tolled, calling the faithful to prayer.

The sound pleased him, as the weather itself did, but he began to shiver from cold. But the strange sensation did not last and he began to slowly walk beside the old town walls toward the reddish-gray stones of the Catholic Cathedral.

Mass had not long ended, and he could still smell burning wax from the altar candles. A faint fragrance of incense remained and, conditioned by his childhood, he performed a genuflection before seating himself near the altar. Even in the years of his apostasy he had often visited churches of the religion of his youth, finding within them a peace and tranquility which pleased him and which drew him back. He did not know the reason for this, and although he had thought about it occasionally, he had left the matter alone, content just to accept the feeling, whatever its cause. Once, his wife – tired of such visits and such silent sittings – had challenged him repeatedly on the matter, and he, unwilling to speak, had muttered briefly about the stones and the space within the building as creating a special atmosphere. He had partly believed himself, but a vague suspicion about God remained. All his subsequent visits during the years of his marriage he had made alone.

He sat on the wooden pew gently breathing and still for a long time, free from thoughts and feelings about Lianna and was about to leave, calm and happy, when a Priest walking toward the altar turned toward him and smiled.

The man was young – too young, Thorold thought, to be a Priest. His face was gentle, his smile kind and in the moment that measured the meeting of their eyes Thorold felt a holy aura about the man. It was a strange sensation – a mixture of joy and sadness – and possessed for Thorold a uniqueness, bringing back memories from the years of his youth: the sound of the communion bell, the reverence as the head was bowed, the host shown; the smell of incense... Then the Priest genuflected, and walked through the sacristy door.

Thorold followed, consumed by a desire to speak to the Priest. But the sacristy was empty and, beyond in the narrow corridor, a balding bespectacled man in a cassock mumbled words from a Breviary he held in his hand.

“Yes. Can I help you?” he asked as he saw Thorold.

“Yes – I’m looking for the young Priest who just came this way.”

The old man squinted, closed his Breviary, and said, “Young man, you say? No one else is here but me.”

“But – “ Thorold looked up and down the corridor, back toward the sacristy, and as he did so he realized he had seen a ghost.

“Father –“ Thorold began.

“Yes?”

“Can I talk to you for a moment?”

The old Priest started to look at his wristwatch, thought better of it, and said, “Yes, of course. Shall we go into the garden?”

He led Thorold down the corridor, through several doors, rooms and a passage, into a small but neat garden. He indicated a wooden bench.

“Do you believe,” Thorold asked directly, that Satanism exists today?”

The Priest smiled. “I myself do, of course. But some of our younger brethren have different ideas.”

“About Satan?”

“Indeed.”

“And such people – would they have any powers?”

“To an extent, yes. I remember reading somewhere – a long time ago...” He thought for a moment, removed his spectacles, cleaned the lenses with a handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose and continued. “Joseph de Tonquedoc I believe it was, who said something like ‘the Devil’s interventions in the material realm are always particular and are of two kinds, corresponding to miracle and Providence on the divine side. For just as there are divine miracles, so there are diabolical signs and wonders.’ He replaced his spectacles, squinted at Thorold, and said, “Why do you ask?”

“Curiosity.”

“Curiosity, of course,” smiled the Priest.

“And these people, when they want to – how shall I say? – draw someone into their circle, how would that person feel?”

“I am no authority on such matters.”

“But surely you have heard things?”

“Heard things? Yes, of course. I have been in Holy Orders a long time.”

“And?”

“I remember one incident – years ago. Many years ago. A young girl was involved. There was a man – whether he actually worshipped the Devil, I do not know, but he was said to. He brought this girl under his influence. Gradually, of course, for that is how I believe they work. She who was happy became joyless – a shell. For he sucked the life from her. Thinking back now, she was like an addict – needing him.” The Priest kept his silence for a long time.

When he did not speak, Thorold asked, “and what became of her – and him?”

“Oh, she died – wasted away. He left the country. Never heard of him again. My first Parish. Her family of course kept the matter quiet. That’s how they work: slowly, offering to their victims what that victim most desires. For some, it is money, others power – for others perhaps love and affection. When they have that person under their control - they have one more soul for the Devil. He rewards them, of course, for bringing such a prize.” He looked at his wristwatch. “Just curiosity, you say?” When Thorold did not reply, he added, “I have a friend, a monk, who knows more about such matters.”

“No. No, thank you, Father. I must be going now.”

He stood up.

“As you wish,” the Priest said and smiled.

“Thank you, Father.” Thorold turned, and hurried away, back through the church and into the bright sunlight.

He felt cold again, and walked briskly back along the path by the narrow road toward Quarry Park, aware as he did so of a man behind him. The man stopped when he stopped, waited when he waited, and walked when he did, many yards behind. Thorold felt a brief fear. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly for him, he felt anger and turned to walk back to face the man.

The man was tall, his face tanned and lined by decades of weather. He held in his hat in his hand and his heavy unfashionable suit seemed to be unsuited to the hot weather.

"Why are you following me?" Thorold demanded.

"I am Imlach."

Thorold's surprise lasted only a few seconds. "Well, you can tell Lianna that I'm not playing any more of her games! I never want to see her again! His anger, frustration and incipient fear molded his words and he felt himself shaking.

"You will be there," Imlach said, with menace in his voice, "on the twenty-first as she instructed." He touched Thorold's shoulder, placed his hat upon his head and abruptly turned to walk away, down the hill.

Thorold did not watch for long. But he had taken only a few steps back toward his shop when he realized the coldness he had felt was gone.

Around him, he felt he could hear Imlach's daughter laughing.

IX

Carefully, in the dawn light, which entered his room, Mallam refolded the parchment before hiding it, safely he thought, behind the mirror on the wall. He felt unusually excited, almost possessed, by a desire to find and steal Lianna's secret horde.

He found Monica asleep downstairs on the sofa, the house quiet and otherwise quite empty. He did not like the silence, and turned the radio on loudly.

"Come on, wake up!" He shook Monica several times.

"What?" she mumbled.

"Get up! I want some breakfast," he demanded.

"What time is it?"

"About four. Come on – I've got to go out soon."

Monica turned over intent on resuming her sleep.

"Get up you lazy bitch!" he shouted.

"Leave me alone," she mumbled.

"Get up!" he snarled, and shook her again.

"I'm tired."

"I want some breakfast!"

"Get you own."

This sign of defiance, meek though it was, enraged Mallam, and he took her by the shoulders to throw her onto the floor.

“Get off me!” she screamed. In the struggle, she kicked him.

“You whore! You bitch!” Mallam shouted and began to beat her body with his fists.

She tried to protect herself with her arms, but to no avail, and Mallam in his fury, ripped off her dress.

“You like this, don’t you?” he smirked as he fumbled with the belt on his trousers.

But Monica was crying, and tried desperately to wriggle free. He slapped her face several times before attempting to kiss her. Suddenly, her flailing hand touched a lamp knocked over in the struggle and before she was aware of what she was doing, she hit his head with it several times. He groaned, then collapsed but she pushed his body from her.

He was only stunned by the blows, and she took advantage of this to grasp her dress and flee from the room and house. Her dress was torn, but she did not care, and she put it on before running away.

It did not take him long to recover. He changed his clothes, collected a large portion of the money he had hidden in the house, and left to find her. He toured the streets around the house in his car, then, finding nothing, drove to her flat. The streets around the Abbey were deserted and he parked in the shadow of the large old Benedictine building to wait and watch the row of terraced houses across the road. A few cars passed while he waited, and he was soon bored.

He thought the church was mocking him, and he spat in its direction before crossing the road to unlock the front door with his key. Her flat was on the ground floor, and faced the Abbey, a fact that he had detested on his infrequent visits. Quietly, he opened the door to her flat. It did not take him long to wreck her few possessions, and he sat at the table by the window to wait for her. Her clothes he had torn and scattered on the floor, and with a knife from her small kitchen he had slashed her bedding, her pictures and anything else he could find. Her Teddy bear he had disemboweled and set upon the table before him.

The longer he waited, the more frustrated he became until, after hours of waiting, he smashed the table, the chairs and overturned her bed. Then, hearing movement in the flat above, he crept out into the bright sun of morning.

He drove fast and almost recklessly away from the town toward the village of Stredbow, remembering his greed and his hatred of Lianna. He left his car near the mound of the church and wandered around the quiet village trying to locate the house and, when he did, he was not impressed, as a tourist might have been by the black and white half-timbered, if somewhat restored, house. The front garden of the residence was separated from the narrow lane by a low wall of large stones, and, set back in a corner of the grounds and almost obscured by a tree, Mallam saw a small stone building. The stones were worn by the weather of centuries, and he was considering how best to sneak toward when he knew to be his goal – whether then or later that night – when a young woman in an old fashioned dress came out of the house toward him.

Her face was round and her cheeks red and she had gathered her hair in a band behind her neck.

“It’s a fair old morning, isn’t it?” she asked and smiled.

Immediately, Mallam thought her stupid and dull. “Yes!” he agreed, trying to ingratiate himself.

"You passing through, then?" She stood by the low wooden gate, resting her hands on its top.

"Yes. Yes I am."

"Come far, have you?"

"No, not really."

"Be a hot day, again."

"Yes. I don't suppose," he asked and smiled at her, "there is anywhere I could get a cup of tea. Only I've been driving all night."

"Can't say as I can think of anywhere. Lest ways, not round here."

"Oh." He tried to sound disappointed.

"You must be hot – in all them black clothes."

"Yes – I am a bit."

"Well – " she began before looking him over, letting her eyes linger for a while on his crotch, "I suppose I could see my way to letting you have some water. You want to come into my kitchen? It's cool in there – and what with you being so hot."

"Yes, that would be fine. He concealed his glee.

"Follow me, then."

He did, his mind already full of scheming.

"Sit yourself down."

The kitchen was large, cool and full of old furnishings. Bunches of drying herbs hung from the walls, and rows of cork-stoppered glass jars adorned nearly all the other spaces. Most seemed to contain herbs or spices but a few appeared to Mallam to contain parts of animals or insects. He could not be sure for the strong odors made him feel dizzy.

"Sit you down."

She brought him an earthenware mug full of water, which she placed on the old table beside him.

"Good water, that is. From the well. None of your piped stuff."

Mallam drank, and began to feel better. "You have a well, then?" he asked.

"Been here for centuries, that well."

"That old building in your garden – that's not it, is it?"

"That? No – that belongs to her!" She almost spat the last word out.

"Who?"

"She herself who owns this house – and most of the village. You mark my words, one day that family will pay for what its done!"

“So that old building is not yours, then?”

“Keeps it locked, she does. Once or twice a year she comes to it. Nobody I know has seen inside.”

“You don’t like her then?”

“No one here does, I tell you. For as long as anyone can remember her family have owned all the land here - and the houses what’s in them.”

The woman looked around while she spoke, and Mallam guessed she was afraid. “She herself does not live here, in the village?”

“Why no! Got a big house in Shrewsbury town, she had. And others elsewhere – abroad, as well. You feeling better now, then?”

“Yes, thanks.”

“You’d best be going.”

Mallam sensed the sudden change in her mood, as if her resentment had overcome all her other feelings. Mallam had no doubt that the woman had referred to Lianna, and he began to form a plan of action in his mind.

“The water is good, as you said. Can I take some with me?”

“If you like. I got an empty bottle somewhere.

“Your husband out, then?”

She filled the bottle from an urn by the sink before answering. “In the fields, yes. Since dawn.”

“You must get lonely.”

“There, take that with you.” She handed him the bottle. Its shape and rubber stopper gave away its age.

Mallam stood up to face her. “I’ll bring the bottle back, if you wish.”

“If you like.”

“I often pass this way. Well, nearby.”

They stood watching each other. Mallam felt she was waiting for him to make the first gesture of their intent, and he was about to raise his hand to touch her face when she turned away.

“Folk around here talk,” she said. “You’d be away.”

She walked him to the door, where he said, “What would be the best time for me to call for more water?”

“Sunday, after dark. Wait by there.” She indicated the stone building.

“Until then.” He did not look back as he walked along the path, through the gate and back up along the lane toward his car, elated by his success and his plan. She would, he thought, be

easy to control. He had seen the desire plain on her face, sensed her frustration. He had it all worked out in his mind – a homely woman, young and burdened with a desire her hard-working husband could not or would not fulfill. He would play his role, and gain access to the building, which he was certain would contain the treasure of the Templars.

Happy and contented, he drove away from the village. He would forget about Monica – she was just another whore, and there were plenty more, as there were plenty more girls ready to be enticed into his group. Maurice Rhiston, he felt sure, would not fail him.

X

Thorold spent the hours of the morning walking slowly or sitting by the river as it wound its way through the town, and when he did not return to his flat he was tired and thirsty and still thinking about Lianna. For once, the hot sun in a clear deep blue sky did not bring forth a mood of peace and contentment, and he trudged wearily up the short overgrown path that led from the river to the road of his flat.

A woman was sitting on his doorstep, and he sighed, thinking of Lianna and the games she played with people. The woman was a pitiful sight to him – her face was swollen, she was barefoot and her dark dress was torn. She saw him approaching, and rose.

“Hello!” he said like a simpleton.

Monica smiled at him.

“Can I help you?” he asked. She nodded, but said nothing and Thorold could see the fear in her eyes. “You’d better come in,” he said.

Across the street in the bottom flat he could see a net-curtain twitching. His flat was stuffy and hot, and he opened all the windows. By the time he had finished the woman had curled up and fallen asleep on the sofa. He covered her with a blanket. She was young; her oval face enchanting despite the swelling, and Thorold searched his own wardrobes for suitable clothes for her, which might fit.

For hours she slept, and when she did awake, he sat by her on the floor.

“Would you like some tea?” he asked.

“You haven’t got anything stronger, have you?”

“Sorry, no. But I do have a good selection of teas. Any preference?”

“Not really.” Her smile was forced.

“Are you hungry?”

“A little, yes.”

“Some toast, then?”

“That would be nice. You’re very kind.”

Embarrassed, Thorold stood up. “Mind if I ask,” he said as he busied himself in his kitchen, “what you were doing on my doorstep.”

"Waiting for you of course!"

"I suppose that is logical. There are some clothes there, if you want to try them."

"Thanks, I will. You have a bathroom, I presume."

"Down the hall, second door."

She returned wearing a shirt several sizes too large and a pair of jeans that almost fitted. He presented her with a tray containing teapot, jug of milk, cup and saucer and a plate of buttered toast.

"I was right about you," she said softly, taking the tray.

"Since we have not met, Thorold said, "may I introduce myself?"

"Thorold West," she replied.

"Ah! My fame precedes me! And you are?"

"Monica."

"Well, Monica, I suppose that a certain lady sent you?"

"Sorry?"

"Lianna. Or perhaps I should say Alledone."

"No."

"But you do know her?"

"Not exactly. Perhaps I should explain."

"It might help – after you've finished your tea, of course."

He sat beside her, and waited, occasionally smiling when she stole a look at his face.

"The person who did this –" she gestured toward her face, "was watching you because you were involved with the woman. He was an ex-pupil of hers but they disagreed about his activities."

Thorold guessed her meaning. "Young girls?"

"You know, then?"

"Just a guess. What's his name?"

"Mallam. Edgar Mallam."

"And he did that to you?"

"Yes."

Thorold's objectivity began to disappear. The film he had seen, the physically abused woman who sat beside him, his own fading but still present and mixed feelings about Lianna, all combined to undermine his calm resigned acceptance of the world and its darker deeds.

“He sent me to follow you – once,” she said.

“I must be more observant in the future!” When she did not return his smile, he said, “tell me about yourself – only if you want though.”

“And if I do – will you still help me?”

“It is my help you want, then?”

“Yes. I want out. I’m finished with them.”

Slowly at first, then with increasing confidence as she saw he was not repulsed or disapproving, she explained about her life. The parties at University, the half-serious searching for new experiences which led her and some friends into a kind of ‘Black Magick’ sect and a meeting with Mallam. It had been, for her, a game at first – a revolt against her upbringing, her parents and what she saw as society. She had enjoyed herself – and was gradually drawn deeper and deeper into the activities of this sect.

“I knew what was going on,” she concluded. “At first, I did not care. Then he – Mallam – chose me as his Priestess. I was flattered. I had power over others and for a long time I thought I was in love with him. But I began to feel disturbed at some things he and the others were doing. Then this – it sobered me up!” She laughed, a little, at herself. “I should have come to you sooner. I spent yesterday and last night hiding in the town.”

“How do you know you can trust me?”

She sighed. “I have to start somewhere – trusting someone. Anyway – you’ve got a kind face!”

“Have you thought of going to the Police?”

“Yes – but what could they do? They need evidence.”

“You could give them plenty.”

“Not really. Now I’m gone he’ll change all of his arrangements – even the places they use.”

“Any you still fear him?”

“Yes,” she said quietly.

“Do you live in Shrewsbury?”

“Yes. Why?”

“I thought – “

“I couldn’t go back there!” He’s probably got someone watching the place.”

“What do you intend to do?”

“I know it’s asking a lot, but could I stay here - at least for a few days?”

Thorold liked living by himself, but his compassion for the woman overcame his objections. “Well, actually, I suppose so – for a few days.”

“You are kind!” And she kissed him.

Embarrassed again, Thorold stood up. “We could go to your flat and collect some clothes for you. Those are not exactly a good fit.”

“He might be waiting,” she said softly.
“Is that so? I’ll telephone for a taxi, then.”

The wait and the journey were not long, and he stood beside her while she rang the doorbell of the flat above.

“Hi!” she said in greeting to the disheveled man who opened the door. “Forgot my front door key again! Sorry!”

The man yawned, scratched his face and sauntered back up the stairs.

“Can you?” Monica asked Thorold, pointing at the door to her flat.

“Are you sure?”

“I won’t be coming back here again.”

Thorold tested the door, stepped back, and kicked it hard, bursting the lock open. Monica said nothing about the devastation Mallam had caused, but stood by the window, cuddling her torn Teddy bear and crying.

He began to sort through the devastation to find undamaged clothes and belongings. He found a suitcase for his collection, took Monica’s hand and led her, still crying and clutching her bear, out to where the taxi waited. He saw no one watching them, or following the taxi, and relaxed, wanting to hold her hand as a gesture but unwilling to commit himself in case his gesture was misunderstood.

Books adorned the floor and bed of his spare room, and on his return he removed them.

“Come on,” he said as she sat still on his sofa holding the bear. “I shall show you your room, and then we can begin.”

She looked at him nervously, so he added, “finding evidence to use against him.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I presume you want to.”

“What?” she asked defensively.

“Find evidence?”

“I suppose so. I hadn’t really thought about it. I just wanted to get away. I have no friends here – he saw to that.”

“Can you drive?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

"But I don't have a license. Can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"Are you involved – in her activities?"

"The mysterious Lianna Alledone herself you mean?"

"No. She bought some books and manuscripts from me. That's all."

"Really?" Her expression was of surprise and belief in what he had said.

He did not want to lie to her. "Well, there was something else, but that is over now."

She smiled, and held up her bear. "Let me introduce you. Reginald, say hello to Thorold." She waved his paw.

"Hello, Reginald!" a bemused Thorold said.

"Regi to his friends."

"Hello Regi!"

"Do you have a needle and some thread?"

"Somewhere. Going to do a bit of minor surgery, then?"

She patted Regi's head. "It's alright, Regi, it won't hurt. Honest."

Thorold sighed. "I hope I'm not going to regret this."

"What – lending me a needle and thread?"

It was not what he meant, and she knew it, as he instantly understood her playfulness. He felt comfortable with her and re-assured – for in the first moments of their meeting he had liked her. Unwilling to think about his feelings further, he said, "You know where he lives?"

"Yes."

"Then I suggest we eat, provide ourselves with some transport and begin our quest."

She saluted in good-humored mockery. "Just one thing, General."

"Yes?"

"Can I have a bath first, please?"

"You don't have to ask."

A speeding car braked suddenly in the road outside and he saw Monica wince and hold her bear tightly. It was only a car avoiding a strolling cat, and as he returned from looking out the window, her fear made him resolve to seek out and destroy Mallam: her tormentor and the molester of children. His resolution made him forget both his dreams about, and his memories of, Lianna.

XI

Several time, while Monica lay in his bath singing to herself, Thorold resisted the temptation to wander into the bathroom on some pretext or other. Instead, he busied himself by telephoning one of his few friends.

He spoke quietly, not wishing to be overheard, and ended the conversation abruptly when Monica entered the room, dressed in some of her rescued clothes.

"I shall see you shortly, then," he said and replaced the telephone receiver.

"A friend?" Monica asked.

"Just arranging some transport. Are you ready?"

"What for?"

"I thought we would eat out."

"That would be nice." She went toward him to kiss him to thank him for his kindness, and then decided against it, thinking he might misinterpret her gesture.

The evening was humid; the sun hazy and there was no breeze to cool them as they walked the streets that took them to the center of the town. The restaurant Thorold chose was small, its food plain but wholesome and its windows overlooked the river – a fact which appealed to him. The waiter recognized him, and pretended not to see Monica's swollen face.

"Good evening, Mr. West. A table by the window?"

Thorold nodded, embarrassed, believing Monica would think he had chosen the restaurant to impress her.

They ate in silence for a long time until Thorold said, "what do you know about Mallam's connection with Lianna?"

"Not much. He approached her about a year ago - wanted to learn about her tradition."

"Which is what?"

"What she called the seven-fold sinister way – or something similar."

"Satanism?"

"Not it the conventional sense. Our friend Mallam," and she smiled, "takes that route. He showed me a book she had given him."

"Oh, yes?"

"The Black Book of Satan I believe it was called. She believes that each individual can achieve greatness: but that must come through self-insight. There are certain rituals – ceremonies – to bring this."

"And Mallam?"

"He wants power and pleasure – for himself."

“And is prepared to do anything to achieve it.”

“Yes.”

“But she – Lianna – still uses people.”

“Yes. I think she was using Edgar. But why and for what purpose, I don’t know. In her book I remember reading about members of the sect being given various tests and let into diverse experiences. These were supposed to develop their personality.”

“Doesn’t sound like Satanism to me.”

“Well, some of the experiences involved confronting the dark or shadow aspect: that hidden self which lies in us all. Liberating it through experiences. Then rising above it.”

“And Mallam and his cronies? They wallow in their dark side – without transcending it?”

“Something like that. Enough of him – tell me about yourself. If you want to, that is.”

“Not much to tell, actually.”

“That’s not what I’ve heard.”

Thorold soon hid his surprise. “Oh, yes?”

“He found out about your past,” she said softly.

“Is that why you came to me?”

“Yes.”

Thorold smiled. “And I thought it was just because of my kind face!”

“So it’s true?”

“That depends. How did he come by such information?”

“Someone involved in the sect was once a Policeman – through his contacts.”

Thorold sighed. He had guessed that Lianna had discovered at least something about his past, but this new revelation dismayed him, although not for long.

“Do you want to talk about it?” she asked.

“Not really.”

“That’s fine by me. I’m not as bad as you think. Your past is yours, just as mine is mine. What is important is what we are now.”

“Your past does not matter to me.”

“Likewise.” And she smiled.

“However did you become involved with such people? Thorold sighed.

"Not the type you mean?"

"Not really. How did you become involved?"

"I suppose – " She stopped, waiting until the waiter had removed their dishes and served them coffee. "I just wanted more and more 'highs'. I remember I used to find that with men – the first intimate touch, the first french kiss, and then the exploration of the new. Of course, what followed was good. Well, some of the time," she laughed. "But – I don't know – it was, how can I say, the excitement, the build-up that really got me. I just couldn't get enough of that feeling. What Mallam and his sect offered seemed – at the time – just an extension of that."

"I do know what you mean. It's why I used to do what I did. There was an ecstasy there – a feeling, which made me, exult. Most men fight not because of idealism or patriotism or whatever, but because they enjoy it.

They like living on the edge of death. It gives them a feeling that ordinary life cannot match."

For a long time they looked at each other.

"I used to live with that feeling – or searched for it, like you perhaps, but in a different way."

"Then something happens to bring you down to reality."

"Usually other people."

"A big slap in the face- literally, with me!" she laughed at her own misfortune. "So what happened to you?"

"I won't bore you with the details – you know the rest, I'm sure."

"But the Court of Inquiry exonerated you?"

"That does not stop people talking."

"So you resigned."

"Only way. I put it all behind me – to live quietly."

"Until now."

"I suppose I knew it couldn't last forever. You don't change that much in a decade. Not deep inside. You only pretend to yourself. I've just stopped pretending."

"So now what?"

"I pay the bill and we go. That's enough talking!"

Outside, the streets were busy with people, the road burdened by traffic flowing past the monument to Hotspur, past the tall spire of St. Mary's church to descend down the steepness of Wyle Cop.

"He does not live far," said Thorold unhelpfully.

"Who?"

"Oh, didn't I say? The chap who is going to lend me his motorcycle."

“You must know him well,” Monica said as she struggled into the leather motorcycle suit.

Thorold ignored the remark. “You’re about the same size as his wife, fortunately. Hope the helmet fits.”

“I hope you can drive that thing,” she said, pointing at the gleaming, powerful motorcycle that Thorold had brought back from the terraced house to the narrow alley near the railway bridge and a strip of waste ground covered in second-hand cars for sale at bargain prices.

“I had a few lessons – a few years ago,” he joked.

The visors on both helmets were tinted, the suits black, and Thorold felt good as he skillfully rode along the streets out toward the suburb where Monica had told him Mallam lived. Darkness came as they rode, then lightning and thunder to herald the storm. The house was on a new estate that had expanded the western boundary of the town, and they waited nearby while lights showed in the house. The storm passed, and their patience was rewarded, as twilight settled.

It was not difficult for Thorold to follow Mallam’s car along the roads of west and south Shropshire, but he was surprised when Mallam took the turning that led to the village of Stredbow. He left the bike a discreet distance behind where Mallam had parked his car and walked, with Monica, in the fading light in the direction Mallam had taken.

A diffuse light from an upstairs window made Mallam visible as he crept into the garden of the house, and Thorold recognized the woman who was waiting as the one Lianna had spoken to when she had brought him to the village. He could not hear what was said between them as he crouched by the garden wall, but he saw the woman point to the window then to the darkness that shrouded the back of the garden. He did not follow them further.

Mallam was not away for long. The light showed him nervously glancing around as he stood by the stone building in the garden. He tried the door, fumbled with the heavy padlock, glanced around several times more before almost creeping toward the gate.

Hurriedly, Thorold pushed Monica down to the ground. He could hear her breathing as he lay close to her, but Mallam neither heard nor saw them as they huddled close to the wall in the shielding dark, and they were left to slowly rise and follow him back to his car.

Somewhere among the houses near the mound, a dog howled.

XII

Mallam led them not to his house, but over the hills toward the Welsh border. Thorold thought the roads familiar, but it was only as Mallam came to his destination that Thorold realized where they were – near the track that led to the circle of stones Lianna had shown him.

“I wish I had brought a camera,” he whispered to Monica as they lay, under the cover of the ferns, watching the group that had assembled within the stones. Lanterns, holding candles, were spread around the ground and in their light the ritual unfolded. Mallam had bedecked himself in a black cloak.

“Our Father which wert in heaven,” they heard the assembly chant, “hallowed be thy Name, in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and deliver us to evil as well as temptation, few we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.”

A woman was stripped, and bound to one of the larger standing stones. There were more chants, people in black robes dancing anti-sunwise inside the circle, dramatic invocations by Mallam, and a ritual scourging of the woman who was bound.

Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness," Thorold heard a man say, "and help us to fulfill our desires!"

The balding, slightly overweight man unbound the woman, pushed her to the ground, and began to copulate with her, while others gathered around, clapping their hands and chanting to their Prince.

Thorold was not impressed. "It takes all sorts, I suppose," he said quietly to Monica. "That the sort of thing you used to be involved in?"

"Yes."

"No one under age I can see."

"Those sorts of things are never done in the open."

The balding man interested Thorold. "We might as well wait until they've finished."

It was a long wait, and several times Thorold almost fell asleep. When the revelers did leave, he followed not Mallam, but the man he had watched. His trailing of Rhiston led him back to a prosperous riverside house in Shrewsbury town – a house almost visible from Thorold's own flat across the water.

For almost an hour they waited outside.

"Well, that's one down, ten to go," he said as he indicated to Monica that they should go.

He was glad to return to the peace of his own flat. He had removed his leather suit when Monica said, "Can you help?" She was struggling to free herself from hers.

"It's a bit tight," she said.

Thorold smiled. "You're somewhat larger in some places than she is."

She lay on the floor while he pulled on the legs of the suit. He fell backwards and banged his head against a bookcase. He did not mind her laughter, and held his hand out to help her up from the floor. She stood in front of him, still holding onto his hand, and she had closed her eyes in anticipation of his kiss when someone knocked, very loudly, on the door of his flat.

Thorold sighed, before leaving to walk down the stairs.

"Yes?" he said gruffly as he opened the door.

"She has sent me," the man outside said.

It was as he spoke that Thorold recognized Imlach.

"So?" Thorold replied, annoyed.

"She does not like your interference."

“My what?”

“You are to leave a certain gentleman alone. He is her concern, not yours.”

“Is that so?”

“She kindly requests you not bother him – or any members of his group.”

“Oh, really?”

Imlach moved closer to him. “You’d best heed her advice. For your own sake.”

“Tell her from me I’m not playing her games anymore and I’ll do what I like!” He slammed the door shut.

Imlach knocked loudly on the door, but when Thorold thrust it open in anger, he could see no one. He looked around, but the streets were quiet and still. Upstairs he found Monica asleep on the bed in his spare room. He covered her with a blanket before closing her door and settling down to listen to music, keeping the volume low.

But the music did not still his feelings as he had hoped, and he spend a listless hours, listening, attempting to read and thinking about Monica, Lianna and Mallam. When he did retire to his bed, strange dreams came again. He was on a cliff above the sea when a man leapt upon him from behind and tried to stab him. A woman was nearby, and it was Lianna, laughing. He wrestled the knife away from the man, and stabbed him by accident. Only then did he see the man’s face. It was his own, and the man lay dead, while Lianna stripped away her clothes to offer him her body. He moved toward her, aroused and disgusted at the same time but she changed herself into Monica and he awoke, clawing at the humid air in his room.

He lay awake, then, restless and troubled, and when sleep came again he dreamt of his ship. There was a doorway among the shelves where he knew no door existed but he opened it to walk down stone steps into a cavern. Mallam was there, bent over a stone altar on which Monica lay tied and bound. He began to move toward them but he found himself paralyzed and when he could move it was slowly and painfully. Monica kept looking at him, her eyes pleading and helpless, but then he was alone, riding the motorcycle around the circle of ancient stones, faster and faster. There was a sudden mist, and he could not stop, crashing into the largest stone. He felt sad, lying on the ground knowing he was dying – for there was so much he wanted to do. The mist seemed to form into Lianna’s face, then all of her holding in her arms a baby. ‘You will never know your daughter,’ she said. He awoke again, to lie tired but unable to sleep, and was glad when dawn came, bringing light to his room.

He left Monica to asleep to spend a few hours alone, thinking about his life and his dreams, before breakfasting and leaving her a note about his intended surveillance.

Rhiston, in his car, was easy to follow among the morning traffic that took most of the vehicle occupants to their work, and Thorold was pleased with his success. He watched Rhiston park his car in front of the large office building before returning to his flat.

Monica, obviously watching from his window, came out to greet him, smiling happily. Thorold was glad, and it seemed natural that he should embrace her. He liked the feel of her body, but she drew away to take the helmet from his hand and lead him, her other hand in his, toward the door. Before he could speak, a car drew up alongside and Thorold recognized Lianna.

“So,” she said as she stood in the road near them, “this is how you repay me!” She stared at Monica.

Thorold could not understand her sudden anger toward him. "Were you following me?" he asked.

Lianna ignored the question. "I told you to stop but you took no notice of my words."

"Why should I?" He could feel Monica tighten her grip on his hand.

"You do not understand," said Lianna haughtily. "Great things are at stake."

"Is that so?"

"You deserve better than the likes of her! She looked at Monica with contempt.

"Really?"

"Leave her – now, and come with me."

"No!"

For several seconds Lianna did not speak. "You are a fool!" she finally said.

"Goodbye, then."

Lianna stared at Monica. "You will pay for this!"

"I – " Monica began to say.

"I think you'd better leave her alone," Thorold said to Lianna, a trace of anger in his voice.

Lianna laughed. "I'm not finished with you either!"

"Go play your games somewhere else." He turned away, led Monica into his flat and shut the door without looking at Lianna.

"She seemed a little angry," Monica said as they, from the window, watched her drive away.

Thorold shrugged her shoulders. "Jealous of you, I guess."

"And does she have reason to be jealous?"

"Yes."

She turned toward him and kissed him. It was a long kiss. "Does she frighten you?" Monica asked at its end.

"No, actually."

"I think Edgar is afraid of her."

"Are you?" He stood beside her but she still held his hand.

"No. Well – perhaps a little." She shivered.

"Shall we go and see what your old friend Edgar is up to, then?"

"What, now?"

“Yes.” He understood her look and touched her playfully on the end of her nose with his finger.
“We have plenty of time.”

“Good,” she smiled, and kissed him again.

“On the hand, Mallam can wait,” he said as he began to unbutton her dress.

XIII

For Mallam, the day passed quietly. A van, driven by a trusted member, arrived early in the morning and he helped in the loading of cult and Temple equipment, including the video cameras and lights. A few telephone calls, and a safe haven was found - a place unknown, he knew to Monica. The removal had not taken him long, and he smiled as the van left, thinking of the rituals to come.

The sun of the afternoon saw him in the neighboring town of Telford, visiting a house in a quiet street in Dawley where some of his ladies brought their clients. One girl, just seventeen, still looked much younger and she was seldom alone on the streets for long. He arrived at the house as she was leaving for the third time that day.

“Hi. Jenny!” he said in greeting. “You alright?”

“Sure!”

“No problems?” She was his most lucrative girl to date, and he intended to keep it that way.

“No. See ya!”

“Jess in?” he asked.

“Sure!” She waved and walked away to find another client.

Jess was a smiling man of Caribbean appearance with the physique of a wrestler, and he looked after the practical aspects of Mallam’s business. Their business that day did not take long. Jess gave him a pile of money which Mallam counted before giving half of it back.

“Any problems?” Mallam asked.

“Not one. I tell you it is too quiet.”

“Got a new house lined up – if we need to move.”

“Any new girls?”

“Maybe soon. I’ll see you next week.”

“Sure thing!”

Outside, in the warm sun, he could see no one watching the house but still drove carefully away, checking several times to ensure he was not being followed, and he drove slowly back to Shrewsbury arriving at Rhiston’s house at the time he had arranged.

"You have no trouble arranging time off?" he asked as Rhiston came out to greet him.

"Not at all!"

"Good."

"Your wife in?"

"Yes."

"Excellent."

Inside the house, Mallam greeted Rhiston's wife by kissing her hand. She was pleased by this gesture as the look and smile, which he gave her, unaware, that this charm was a net closing around her.

"Could you," Mallam asked Rhiston, "get my briefcase from my car?" He held out his car keys.

"Yes. Yes, of course," the obsequious Maurice said.

Mallam waited until he was gone. "Jane, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes." She smiled.

"You're more attractive than I was led to believe."

"Maurice said you used to work in his department. Is that right?"

"Only for a brief time," he lied, convincingly. "I'm having a small party – tomorrow night – and wondered if you'd like to come. He paused for effect. "With your husband, of course."

"That would be nice."

"I shall look forward to seeing you there."

Rhiston returned, bearing the unwanted case. But Mallam took it, saying, "Shall we retire to your room? That computer program you wanted to show me?"

"Ah, yes!" He turned to his wife. "We'll be about an hour, dear."

In the bedroom, Rhiston quickly set up his binoculars on a stand behind the curtains, before handing Mallam photographs of the girl.

"Not bad!" Mallam said. "Not bad at all!"

"She should not be long, now. A creature of habit," and he smiled his lecherous smile.

"You seem more settled now."

"Oh, I am, I am!"

"Good. There is a quote from de Sade, which always appealed to me. It goes something like – in translation of course! – "The pleasures of crime must not be restrained. I know them. If the imagination has not thought of everything, if one's hand one hand has not executed everything, it is impossible for the delirium to be complete because there is always the feeling of remorse: I

could have done more and I have not done it. The person who, like us, is eagerly pursuing the career of vice, can never forgive a lost opportunity because nothing can make it good..." Mallam smiled. "You agree?"

"Naturally, naturally! You and your group have opened my eyes. I cannot stop now."

"Excellent. I am having a party tomorrow night. Nothing special – just some friends. Bring your wife."

"Jane?"

"Yes." Then: "you seem unsure."

"No, not really. Just surprised." He wanted to ask, but dared not.

"Does this work?" Mallam asked, pointing to the computer.

"

No. But I could set it up for you, if you wish."

"Our prey has arrived," Mallam announced. He watched the girl through the binoculars for some time before saying, "she is most suitable."

"I'm glad you are pleased."

"I shall make the necessary arrangements. Should they be successful – "

"I'm sure they will!"

" – I can arrange for you to be the first. There will be expenses, and so on."

"I do understand."

"How soon can you have the money ready?"

"Next week. I have savings."

"Tomorrow."

Yes. Yes, of course. Can I ask how you will - I mean, how she will be..."

"I have experience in these matters. She had gone from her room, and he studied the photographs again. "A pretty young thing. At such an age, they all have a weakness. With her – a wish to be a model, perhaps. Some infatuation with a celebrity. Whatever – there are ways."

"Do go on, it's fascinating."

"Have her followed – find out where her haunts are. A chance meeting – then an offer suited to her weakness. Perhaps a few legitimate modeling sessions. Then disguise the ritual as one, get her drunk. You know the rest."

"I admire your cleverness! And after?"

"Depends on her – how she reacts. If she takes to it, fine. If not, let her go. If her family doesn't care or she wants away from them for whatever reason, draw her in." He turned to stare at

Rhaston. "I've told you all this because for some reason I like you. I'm going abroad for a while, and want someone to handle things here."

"I'm very flattered that you should consider me."

"You've proved yourself. But first, there is something I want you to do for me."

"Anything. Just ask."

"Tomorrow, after our little party, I have some business to attend to, not far from here. You will assist me."

"As you wish."

The warm weather had brought people into their gardens, and as Mallam stood fingering the photographs again, he could hear children playing happily and noisily under the heat of the summer sun. The sounds pleased him, because he understood them as part of a society he despised. To him, the people in the houses, no less than their children, were important only insofar as they might offer him the opportunities to indulge both his own pleasure and power. He felt himself different from them in a fundamental way – a prince among slaves – and the fact that society had passed laws in favor of them and what he saw as their utterly futile and wasteful ways of living, made him aware of his own genius even more. He knew with an arrogant certainty that he could outwit them and their laws – and he enjoyed doing so, planning and scheming and reaping his rewards, financial and physical and mental.

He believed, sincerely in his own way, in the powers of the Prince of Darkness. To the Devil he had dedicated his life – his Prince had given him power over ordinary mortals, and he used that power for his own glory and that of his god. With Lianna's treasure and his own powers and genius, he would be invincible.

Pleased with himself, he began to laugh.

XIV

Thorold awoke slowly. Monica's arm rested on his chest and her face was near his, peaceful as she slept. He watched her before caressing her shoulders.

"I have to go out," he said as she opened her eyes.

"Want me to come?" she said sleepily.

"Only if you want to. Just going to put a note in my shop window. I shouldn't be long."

"What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Still early, then."

"We'll go out for lunch when I get back."

"Fine."

She was asleep as he left the bedroom. Vaguely, she heard him leave the flat as, some time after; she vaguely heard a knock on the bedroom door.

“He should really lock his door when he leaves,” a woman’s voice said.

Startled, Monica sat up. Lianna leaned against the door frame, smiling mischievously.

“What do you want?” Monica asked, angry and afraid at the same time.

“Just a little chat. I have a proposition to put to you.”

“I think it would be better if you left.”

“This will not take long. I have here,” and she held up an attaché case, “ten thousand pounds in cash. Plus a train ticket – first class naturally – to London. There in a train in half an hour. I shall of course drive you to the railway station.”

“He will be back in a minute.”

“Not so. Such a charming man, but so open to magickal persuasion.” She took a square of parchment inscribed with magickal sigils from the pocket of her dress, glanced at it and smiled before returning it. “So you see, you have no option.”

“Please go.”

“I should explain. If you do not accept my little gift then you will be arrested and charged with possession of certain drugs. Before I came here, I visited your flat. Such a mess. You will be pleased to hear that I have had the place tidied. One telephone call – and a valuable find by the Police. If you care to look out from the window you will see my car and a gentleman within it waiting. So useful, those car telephones!”

“I would deny everything.”

“Of course. But you had a conviction at University, did you not?” Only cannabis then – but we all know, do we not, what the next stage usually is. Then there is the little matter of a certain video, which had by some chance come into my possession. You may not recall it – so many such things made, I understand – but there are certain scenes in it which certain newspapers would enjoy describing. They would no doubt publish some of the photographs.”

Lianna’s smile was almost mocking. “I have of course used only that material which does not feature a certain person who, until yesterday, you were somewhat well acquainted with.”

“You seemed to have planned things well.”

“I always do.”

“Why is Thorold so important to you that you want me out of the way? I don’t believe for one moment that you are jealous of me.”

“It is not important for you to know the reason.”

“I want to know – and then,” she said resignedly, “I might accept your offer.”

“A wise decision. It makes things much more civilized. I had other things planned, of course, if you had resisted.”

"Tell me then."

"About Thorold?"

"Yes."

"Since you are going, I suppose it will do no harm. All I will say is that something is about to occur – something very special which takes place only every fifty or so years."

"And for this Thorold is important?"

"It could well be," Lianna smiled. "Now gather your belongings since you have a train to catch."

"Mind if I check the case?" Monica asked.

"I shall leave it with you – while you dress."

Monica did not bother to count the money. She was ready and prepared to leave when she surreptitiously placed two of the ten pound notes she had extracted from the case under the motorcycle helmet as it lay on the bookcase in Thorold's living room. She did not look back as she left the flat.

It was partly the sunny weather, partly Monica waiting asleep in his bed, that prompted Thorold's decision – or so he thought at the time. The message in the window of his shop – announcing an 'illness' forcing closure for a week – he left to ride the borrowed motorcycle back to the house of its owner.

Jake was the opposite of Thorold in almost every way. Broad when Thorold was sinewy; tall where Thorold was only of medium height; bearded and with many tattoos on his arms. Thorold was quiet by nature, serious and determined, while Jake was naturally boisterous with an amiable attitude toward life – unless provoked. He had been easily provoked, until marriage calmed him a little. Their unusual friendship had been forged in the unusual years, which made Thorold's past interesting and intriguing, to some who knew of it or who had discovered it.

Thorold had hardly entered the narrow alley beside the terraced house when Jake descended upon him. He inspected the bike carefully while Thorold stood and watched in amusement.

"I don't suppose," Thorold said, "you want to sell?"

Jake glared at him, then smiled. "No way!"

"I didn't think you would. You free for a bit, then?"

"Why?" he asked cautiously.

"Need you advises."

"Oh, yeah?"

"I thought I might buy something similar."

"You serious?"

“Yes. Can’t really afford it – but still.”

“She’s really got to you, ain’t she?” He thumped Thorold on the back in a friendly gesture. But Thorold was almost knocked over.

“Not at all – I just thought I might as well make use of this suit and helmet I bought. I had it in mind when I bought them, in fact,” he said trying to convince himself. “Sitting behind you a few time a year – well, it’s a bit of waste.”

“I’ll get me helmet, then.”

The staff at Thorold’s Bank were helpful and showed no surprise at him wishing to draw from his account what, for him, was a large amount cash, and he let Jake drive him to a succession of motorcycle dealers where machines were discussed, touched, sat upon and inspected. After less than an hour, Thorold made his decision. He bade his friend farewell and walked back toward his flat, eagerly anticipating the collection of his present to himself later that afternoon.

At first, on entering his flat, he assumed Monica’s absence to be temporary – a walk perhaps, by the river, or a visit to a shop nearby. But then he found her clothes and suitcase missing, and he became sad without quiet knowing why he was sad. His sadness did not last, for he thought of Mallam forcing her away against her will.

The idea angered him, and he smashed his fist against his bookcase. The bookcase shook, moving the helmet and revealing the money. He held the money in his hand, feeling the newness of the banknotes, and wondering, and the more he thought the more it became clear to him that it was not Mallam, but Lianna who was responsible. He knew Monica had had no money of her own. Mallam certainly would not have given her any of left such a small amount, hidden under his helmet she had used, for him to eventually find. His reasoning brought him to the conclusion that Lianna had left him the money – as an insult or gesture. And this displeased him more. Perhaps Monica had been involved with Lianna?

He refused to believe this, and wander around his flat without purpose, occasionally thumping a wall or a door, frustrated and angry – with himself, Lianna and the world. Then, quite suddenly, it occurred to him that Monica might have left the money as an explanation. Immediately, he understood – or hoped he did, for he grabbed his own helmet, then hers, to run down his stairs and out into the street, returning after a few yards as he remembered to lock his door.

Fine wisps of high white cirrus clouds had begun to cover the blue of the sky, dimming the sun. But the sun was still hot, sweating Thorold as he ran enclosed in his leather suit toward the center of the town.

XV

It did not take Thorold as long as he had expected, even though he had run only for about the first mile. A taxicab waited outside the entrance to the railway station, and he was glad to let it convey him the rest of the distance. Several times he checked to ascertain whether any vehicle was following him.

But Monica was not there, as he had expected and hoped, and he sat on the low wall that marked Jake’s rear garden, not wanting to think about the consequences of his now obvious misunderstanding. Neither Jake nor his wife came in answer to Thorold’s repeated thumps on the door of the house, and he removed his suit to let the sun and breeze dry his sweat. When an hour of waiting became two and brought scuttering low clouds to smother at intervals the searing

heat of the sun, he folded his suit under his arm, collected the helmets, and began to walk slowly along the traffic lined streets, over the English Bridge and into the center of town.

His new motorcycle, powerful and gleaming as Jake's had been, brought him only a brief sparkle of pleasure, and he rode without any enthusiasm out and away from the town. But he could not dismiss Monica from his mind and rode dangerously fast, back to his flat.

She was not there – no one was – and without any hope left, he returned to Jake's house, intent only on intoxicating himself at best by sharing Jake's prodigious supply of beer or at worst by patronizing the nearby Inn.

But she was there, waiting as he had waited, sitting on the wall, and he stopped, stood his bike on its stand and removed his helmet while she stood and smiled. He wanted to rush toward her and embrace and kiss her, but he forced himself not to, hoping she would come to him as a gesture of her feelings.

She did not, so he said, "I was right, then, about your message."

"I thought you'd understand!"

"Lianna?"

"Yes." She reached behind the wall where she had hidden the attaché case, and opened it for him to see.

"Quite a lot there."

"Nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty pounds, exactly." She closed the case, and with a slow precision rested it against the wall.

He needed no more gestures and embraced her. She was relieved, and began to cry, but soon stopped herself.

"Another bike?" She asked, embarrassed by her own show of feelings.

"Yes!" he said and went to stand beside it. "Do you like it?" He ran his hand over the seat. "I've just bought it."

"It is rather nice," she said approvingly as she came to stand beside him and hold his hand.

"Where shall we go?" She laughed. "We are not exactly short of money!"

"Monican?"

"Yes?" she said, trembling a little.

"I'll have to give it back."

"But you've only just bought it!" she joked.

"You know what I mean."

"I know. I thought you'd say that." Then, smiling again, she added, "A pity though! I've often wondered what I'd do if I had some money." She went to collect the case. "Here you are!"

He took it from her, and she sighed. "And I suppose," she said, "you're still going to follow what's-his-name?"

“Yes.”

“Also as I expected.”

She smiled at him, and he embraced her again, saying, I’m glad you’re back.”

She began to cry again, then pulled away from him to laugh and point to her face. “Look’s much better now, doesn’t it?”

“You look beautiful.”

“I see you brought my helmet. Shall we go and return the gift?”

“Actually, I would rather you stayed with a friend of mine – here, in this house. At least for a few days.”

“Not likely! Where you go – I go. Anyway, I want to see the look on her face when you hand back the money.

“But – “

She repossessed the case. “I’ll hold onto that while you drive. Unless you want me to!”

“Come here,” he said gently.

“Yes, Master!” she playfully mocked, “I hear and obey!”

He held her hand. “I’d rather you were safe, here.”

“What? And miss all the fun? Not likely! Come on!” she sat on the pillion seat of the motorcycle, put on her helmet, held onto the case with one hand and waited.

Thorold shook his head, sighed, and then put on his own helmet. Clouds began to cover the whole of the sky, blotting out the sun, and as they arrived at the driveway of Lianna’s house, rain had begun to fall. They stood together outside the door, helmets in hand, and waited for an answer to Thorold’s insistent knocking.

“I hope she is not going to spoil things by being out.”

Thorold was about to answer when Lianna opened the door. She betrayed surprise at seeing Monica, but only for an instant.

“I expected you,” she said to Thorold, “but alone.”

“You can have this back!” Monica held the case out.

“So? You ignore my offer?” Lianna said to Monica.

Monica smiled at her. “I changed trains at Wellington.”

“I see I shall have to make that telephone call.”

“Go ahead! Monica shouted as Thorold stood watching. “Do your worst! Do you think I care? But I’ll tell you one thing – if you do. I’ll kill you. A few years to wait – maybe. But one day I’ll be

there!" She was staring at Lianna her eyes full of passion. "You will never be safe and none of your magick will protect you!"

"I – " Thorold started to say, but both of them ignored him.

"You'll have to kill me," Monica continued, "to stop me! Or have me killed – that's more your style! So here, take your money before I start stuffing it somewhere very uncomfortable for you!" She threw the case down at Lianna's feet.

Lianna turned to smile at Thorold. "Such a common woman, don't you think?"

"I'll show you how common I am! Monica said before punching Lianna on the chin. The blow knocked Lianna over and Monica did not wait for her to recover.

"Just a taste!" she said before kicking the case into the hallway where Lianna lay prostrate.

"You coming?" she demanded of Thorold, and a somewhat startled Thorold followed her down the steps to his transport.

Suddenly, a shaft of sunlight bathed the scene in brightness and warmth.

XVI

Thirteen people were present – a number that pleased Mallam – and he mingled with his guest in subdued light of the room while loud music played and could be heard throughout the house. Rhiston, alone among all the people, sat by himself.

The owner of the house was a widowed woman in whom Mallam had once shown an interest. But she soon bored him, as he found most women did – although not before he induced her into his sect where she prospered, finding younger men to her liking and often only too eager to physically please her while their interest, hers and her monetary gifts lasted.

There would be no ritual following the gathering, for several of the guests were new and unblooded. The party was a ruse – to arouse their interest, offering as it did drugs to those who wished them as well as the sexual services of members of Mallam's sect. Mallam's own interest centered on Rhiston's wife and Rhiston knew it and like a child sulked in his corner. Mallam found this amusing, considering Rhiston's proclivities, and soon directed a lady member of about Rhiston's age to seduce him. Rhiston did not resist the woman's charm.

"Come on Maurice," she said, "let's go and make love."

Mallam was slightly more subtle in his approach to Jane. She had been watching him since she had arrived to be greeted by his seemingly friendly kiss, and when she saw her husband leave with the woman, he went to her.

"I hope you don't think I've been ignoring you," he said.

"No, honestly."

He smiled at her. "Another drink? Or would you like to go somewhere quieter – where we can talk?"

She was hesitant, so he said, "You know why I invited you, don't you?"

“Another drink would be fine!”

“I find you very attractive, Jane – as you must have guessed.”

“Maurice – “

“You’ve never been to a party like this before, have you?”

“No,” she answered softly.

“You’re not offended though?”

“No.” she whispered.

He kissed her and at first she did not respond, and when she did, half-regretful and half-thrilled, he led her out of the room and upstairs.

Twilight had begun outside when he left her in one of the many bedrooms of the house. Rhiston was asleep alone in another room, still tied to the bed as the woman had left him. Mallam freed him and gave him his clothes.

“I’ll wait for you outside in the car,” he said.

Downstairs, the music still played loudly, now mingled with sporadic laughter.

They arrived in Stredbow as the last vestiges of twilight gave way to a sky clear of cloud and full of stars, and Mallam parked his vehicle by the mound, some distance from the house and the small stone building where his real interest lay.

“Now,” he said, “to action. We’ll walk to a house and I want you to use this – “ He gave him a Police Warrant Card. “You are investigating the escape of a dangerous criminal who has been spotted in the area – making a routine check. There will be a man and a woman in the house. Just keep them talking – local gossip, sightings of strangers and so on. Use your own work experience,” he smiled. “Alright?”

“Yes. Is that all?” a relieved Rhiston said.

“What did you expect? I’ll be fifteen minutes – no longer than half an hour though.” He reached over to the back seat of the car where a torch and a pair of bolt-croppers lay. “I’ll meet you back here.”

They walked in silence to the gate of the house where Mallam waited while Rhiston went to ring the doorbell. Swiftly then, Mallam crept toward the stone building. The padlock was easy to cut through and he was soon inside. His torch showed a bare room. It smelled of burned wood and he was creeping along the walls, inspecting them for hidden recesses or loose stones when the thick oak door was closed behind him. He tried to force it open, but without success.

Outside, Sidnal Wyke secured the door with a new padlock before calmly walking back to his cottage.

Rhiston did as he had been told, and it was half an hour later when he left the house to return to the car. For hours he waited by, then near, the car – sitting on the mound under a tree, leaning against the stonewall that supported most of the mound among its circumference, or crouching. Twice villagers came near, and he hid himself by the trees.

It was after midnight when he made his decision and left to look again at the house. But it was quiet, and he walked along the lanes he knew would take him to the main road miles away and thence along the down to the township of Stretton.;

With the departure of Rhiston, preparations for the celebration in the village, began.

XVII

It was a long time before Mallam ceased his shouting and banging his fists against the door. His voice had echoed in the empty stillness and tired and confused, he slumped against the wall.

The building was windowless and without sound, and he was soon restless. For hours he checked the walls, the stones of the floor, the door itself by the light of his torch. But nothing moved. He could see a narrow slit in the wall far above his head, but could not reach it. He tried to sleep, but the floor was cold and as soon as he closed his eyes he thought he could hear someone behind the door. Each time he leapt up and listened, but could hear nothing.

The torchlight began to fade. Its dim glow lasted a while, and then was gone to leave Mallam in darkness. He had never before experienced such blackness and several times tried to see his hands in front of his eyes. But he could not see them. He crawled along beside the walls until he reached the door by touch, but no one came in answer to his shouting or in response to the banging of his fists against the studded oak, and he lay in the darkness listening to the roaring silence.

Sleep came, and when he awoke he could not see the time by his expensive watch. His waiting passed slowly and he began to feel hungry and thirsty. He shouted, and nothing happened. He began to curse all the people he knew and had known and then the whole world, and his voice grew hoarse and he himself, more thirsty. He prayed fervently to his Prince many times, saying: 'My Prince and Master, help me! Free me and I shall do terrible deeds in your name!'

He stared into the darkness trying to imagine where he had seen the slit in the wall, but no light, not even a glimmer of light, came to relieve his darkness. He began to imagine he heard sounds – people laughing and talking, then strange music. The more he listened, the more he began to believe he was mistaken.

He slept again, only to awake in terror because he had forgotten where he was and could not see. He crawled over the floor, along the walls – sat and listened and strained to see. He stood up but became disoriented and dizzy and fell against the door, injuring his arm. He shouted, beat his fists again against the door, but nothing changed except inside his head. His hunger and thirst became intense for what seemed to him a long time until his increasing fear made him forget them.

To calm his fears he lay with his back against a wall, trying to understand why and for what purpose he was being kept a prisoner. At first he had believed that some mischance had imprisoned him – a gust of wind, perhaps, which jammed the door – but he had become gradually aware that it was chance that brought him to the village and the building, which had become his prison. Somehow, he felt, Lianna must have planned it all, and as the hours of his captivity became countless because he could not measure their passing, he came to increasingly believe that she might be testing him. Vaguely, he remembered – his memory brought back by his desperation for hope – her once saying when first he had asked to become her pupil, that those

who sought Adeptship underwent severe ordeals; ordeals not of their own choosing and about which they were never forewarned.

This is a test of hers, he believed, briefly smiling – she is testing my will. And this belief sustained him, for he believed in the power and strength of his will. But his hunger, thirst, the darkness around him and the darkness within him eventually broke this explanation. For she had never followed his own path as at first he had ardently believed. The weeks and the months of her teaching had extinguished his hope – she was no dark, evil, mistress with whom he might forge a physical and magickal alliance. So he had gradually turned away from her, seeking again his old ways, friends, helpers and slaves, understanding that she had been using him, playing with him almost. And this deeply offended his pride. For he, Edgar Mallam – High Priest of the Temple of the Prince – was above them all.

He had thought then that she had used him as he had used others – for her pleasure and satisfaction. She was playing the role of mistress, with him as her pupil – and this made him despise her more, for his own pleasures were carnal and real. He lusted after women, and money – enjoyed the power he had over others, making them his slaves; he enjoyed the misfortunes of others, the taking of young girls. But she simply played her mind-games from the safety and comfort of her house. Her power, he had thought, was nothing compared to his own.

His remembrance of this thinking from his past comforted him, and he began to laugh. But then his laughing stopped. He thought he could hear someone else laughing and when he stopped and unconsciously stooped to listen, he imagined he could hear a woman's laughing voice.

Then there seemed to be a voice inside his head. "Remember The Giving from the Black Book of Satan!" it said and laughed again.

Mallam remembered.

The Book, which Lianna had given him, spoke of an ancient blood ceremony performed only once every 51 years. The sacrifice was always male, an Initiated Priest, and before his blood was offered he was kept for days in a darkened room wherein to draw magickal forces to himself...

He tried to convince himself otherwise. But he heard "Remember The Giving..." in his head again, like an echo.

"I won't be fooled by you!" he shouted aloud. "Do you hear me Lianna!" He shook his fist at the darkness. "You can't fool me! I know that you are testing me! You'll see – I'm strong! Stronger than you!"

He laughed, to convince himself. But the suspicion remained.

"Must not fall asleep!" he muttered aloud. "She'll try and get me when I'm asleep. I'll beat her! Me – her sacrifice? Hah! She'll be mine!" He began to visualize in lurid detail how he might sacrifice her – tying her naked to the altar in his house, ravishing her, the letting others have their fun. He would kill her slowly, very slowly. These thoughts pleased and fascinated him, and he was still thinking them – visualizing them in detail – when he fell full asleep.

His dream was vivid – the most vivid dream of his life. He was surrounded by spiders; they were crawling all over him, biting him and filling him with their poison. He could not move, trapped in webs, and a large spider was crawling over his chest toward his face. But it was Monica, a spider again, Monica smiling with blood on her teeth and mouth and he awoke to thrust the imaginary spiders away with his hands as he writhed in panic on the floor.

XVIII

The evening and the night that had marked Mallam's party passed swiftly for Thorold and Monica.

"I don't think she will bother us again," a confident Monica said as they sat in his flat on their return from visiting Lianna.

"You amaze me." Thorold said. "Would you like some tea?" he asked.

"I know what I would like!"

Thorold's surprise turned quickly into delight. "I'll just have a quick bath," he said.

"No, don't. Perhaps I shouldn't give all my secrets away, but the natural smell of a man – well, some men! – turns me on."

Thorold blushed. In that moment, Monica reversed their roles – standing to take his hand and led him to his bedroom. She was gentle at first, then passionate and after hours of mutual bliss they lay with their bodies touching, sleep-inclined but pleased. Several times she started to speak – to try and form into words the feeling within her. But each time she stopped, afraid of her herself and her future.

The recent years of her past had been years full of new experiences and through them she had kept her cynicism. Only Mallam had disturbed her, for he seemed to fulfill, at least in some measure, her expectations: a man of mystery, arrogant and self-assured. But she had discovered the real Mallam was selfish, cruel and somewhat vain.

Her defenses had been and were still being broken by recent events, and of all of them she felt her friendship with Thorold was the most significant. For as Lianna offered her the money, she knew she was in love with Thorold. She wanted to tell him, but felt constrained by her own doubts and fears, and as she lay beside him she realized for the first time in her life that she needed to be loved.

They awoke together at dawn. She had expected his suggestion and so was not surprised when he mentioned following Mallam. She did not want his quest to continue, but said nothing. She sensed Thorold wanted somehow to avenge her beating as he sensed his disgust and outrage at Mallam's pedophile activities.

Thus it was that less than an hour later they rode together on the motorbike to wait near Mallam's house.

"We'll try the other chap," Thorold said after an almost interminable time.

They waited again, outside Rhiston's home, and then followed him to his place of work. Several times during the day they returned his car was still in place outside the building, and several times they returned to Mallam's house, without success.

Dark cloud covered the sky promising rain, but they sat for nearly an hour by the river, refreshing themselves with food and drink, before lying beside each other in the peace of Quarry Park. She spoke to him as their hands and lips touched and desire became aroused, of her bleak childhood without love, but still she could not say the words she wished. She spoke instead with her body and they made passionate love in the long grass near the river's edge while people ambled or fastly walked along the path above.

By three o'clock in the afternoon they had returned to wait for Rhiston. He spent a few hours at his home; they journeyed to Mallam's house and then to a house nearby to briefly speak to the woman who answered his knocking upon her door. He led them then to Stredbow village.

Mallam's car was still where he had left it the night before, and in the twilight Rhiston checked it before walking toward the black and white house. Thorold saw him stop by the gate, turn and listen, and then enter the garden to creep toward the stone building. Rhiston listened again, tried the door, then noticed the broken padlock and the bolt-croppers discarded on the ground. He tried to cut the padlock several times before finally succeeding and Thorold watched in surprise as Mallam crawled from the building.

He blubbered something that Thorold could not hear before Rhiston assisted him to his feet. Then Mallam was running fast away from the house, his face contorted, his eyes staring, his clothes dirty and torn. He reached the car, fumbled in his pockets for his keys and shouted several times at Rhiston. Rhiston held onto the car, panting and exhausted, but Mallam pushed him inside before driving them both away.

They were not far from the village when Mallam slewed the car in the lane, using the driveway of a farm; to drive straight toward Thorold whose motorbike light he had seen in the rearview mirror. Thorold reacted as best he could; braking and steering away, but the front of the car clipped the side of the bike causing him to lose control. His front wheel hit the curb and he was in the air, briefly, to land dazed in the hedge by the verge.

He sat up to see the car reverse over Monica as she lay still in the road. He ran toward her, but she was dead.

Carefully, and almost crying, Thorold carried the body to the verge. His motorcycle was undamaged apart from scratches and a few dents, and he collected several stones from beside the road before riding with fury after the car. He soon caught it and sped past to turn, skidding, and race back, throwing a stone at the windscreen of the car.

He did not hear the screech of brakes – or see the car swerve and weave across the road as the driver's vision became obstructed by the suddenly frosted glass. But he did see, as he turned, the car crash and come to rest on its side. Mallam was dazed, his face bleeding, while Rhiston was unconscious. Thorold dragged Mallam from the car, banged his head against the underside and threw him onto the verge. He was walking toward where Monica's murderer lay when the car suddenly exploded, searing the air with heat and light and throwing him to the ground.

Instantly, he regretted saving Mallam's life, and as he stood up to edge away from the burning, he felt an urge to throw Mallam onto Rhiston's funeral pyre. Mallam began to moan, and Thorold was considering what to do when, in the light of the flames, he saw people approaching.

Thorold recognized the young man leading them. He was Sidnal Wyke, seller of Lianna's books, and Thorold made no move to stop them as they carried Mallam away from the burning and back to the darkness that covered the lane to their village.

Many miles away, in a room of her house, Lianna smiled as she burned her square of inscribed magickal parchment in the flame of a black candle.

They had not spoken to Thorold and he had not spoken to them, and he watched them depart, carrying Mallam, numb with shock from Monica's death. His rage had gone and he stood near the now slow burning car for several minutes before riding to the nearby farm.

To his surprise, the Police did not take long to arrive, and the Policeman found him waiting beside his bike near Monica's body.

"My girlfriend." Thorold explained. "The car – just came straight toward me."

He explained about the crash, the car reversing, and his moving the body. "There was nothing I could do. Then I heard a crash and an explosion and went to see."

The young but kindly Policeman smiled. "We'll need a statement. No need now – tomorrow."

Thorold gave his name and address, heard a Fire Engine approach, watched an Ambulance arrive and take away Monica's body. He did not quite know why he did not speak about Mallam, but he did not, but as he drove slowly away from the scene to take the roads that led to Shrewsbury, he began to regret his lie. He stopped once, to turn back and tell the full story, but it was not his courage that failed. Rather, he began to sense he was involved in something of great and sinister import, and although he did not have all the answers – or indeed perhaps not even the right questions – he would find them. He did not, at this moment, know how, but Monica's death gave him the desire to succeed.

Jake was at home with his wife as Thorold had hoped, and he sat with them, drinking beer while the television relayed some film.

"Want to talk about it?" Jake asked.

"No."

But Jake was not offended, and offered him more beer. Gradually, Thorold drank himself into a forgetful stupor to slither from his chair to the floor where he fell asleep.

He awoke to find himself alone in the house and obviously carried by Jake to a bed. He soon dressed and left to drive in the light rain to Lianna's home.

"I have been waiting for you," she said as she led him inside. "I am sorry for what happened."

"You know?" he asked without surprise.

"One gets to hear these things."

"You know why I have come then?"

"Yes." She took him to her living room. A copy of the Black Book of Satan, bound in black leather, lay on a table, but its title did not interest Thorold.

"I have to make a statement to the Police," he said.

"You met Constable Tong, I believe."

Thorold was not familiar with the name, but he made the obvious deduction.

"Such a bright young man," she continued. "A cousin of Mr. Wyke – of course you have met."

"I see," said Thorold, uneasy.

"I thought you would."

"What will you do with him?"

"With whom?" she teased.

"Edgar Mallam."

"Does it matter?"

"It might."

"To you?"

"I might want to see justice done. He killed Monica!"

"What is justice?" she mocked.

"He killed her!"

"An accident. A body burned beyond recognition," she shrugged.

"I should have left him to die in the explosion!"

"You had no choice."

"What?" he asked perplexed.

She ignored the subject. "Come, do not let us argue. Remember how it was between us."

Her smile, her eyes seemed to be affecting him and he became aware again of how beautiful she was. He remembered the ecstasy and passion he had shared with her – the soft sensuous beauty of her naked body; her intoxicating and seductive bodily fragrance. She was moving toward him with her mouth open, her lips waiting to be kissed.

But something inside him made him suddenly aware of her witchery, and he forced himself to think of Monica – her body, bloody and broken, on the road. His remembrance of her death and her face in death broke Lianna's spell.

"I must go," he said, turning away from her eyes.

"As you wish!"

Her words seemed to end the tension he felt in his neck and shoulders, but he still avoided looking at her.

"Remember," she said as if chanting, "I want to share my life with yours."

Even as he left he felt an urge to return and surrender to her seductive beauty, but he rode away down to the river where he sat for hours in the first nascent and then fulsome sun thinking about Monica, Mallam, Lianna and the events that bound them, and he himself, together.

He was disturbed by this thinking and tried to relax by returning to the secure reality of his bookshop. He wandered around the shelves, seated himself at his desk, and opened the mail that had begun to accumulate. But the longer he stayed in the musty shop, the more he felt that

the world of books in which had been his past for years, was a dead one. Its charm had gone. Monica had been real – exciting and full of promise for his future: his surveillance had been exciting, reminding him of the years before his marriage. Lianna herself had been real – warmly alive, as the books around him were not. He could give his statement to the Police, forget about Mallam and Lianna – forget about them all – and live again within his cloistral world of books. Except he did not want to .

The door to his shop opened.

“You are open?” asked the elderly man who entered.

“No, not at the moment.” Thorold was annoyed at being disturbed.

“Oh, dear! And I did so want to look around. I called yesterday.”

“Didn’t you see the note?” asked Thorold, pointing to it on the door.

The man bent down to peer, took some spectacles from the pocket of his tweed jacket and squinted. “My! How silly of me!” He turned to smile at Thorold. “But you are here now.”

The man was short and rotund with red cheeks and thinning white hair. His manner of dress was conservative and he carried a rolled up umbrella.

Thorold relented. “You can have a look if you wish. But I will be closing again soon.”

“You were recommended to me.”

“Oh, yes?” Thorold said without interest. He was still thinking of Lianna.

“Perhaps recommended is not the right word. May I sit down? My legs are not what they were.”

Surprised at the request, Thorold offered him his own chair.

“Most kind! Let me introduce myself.” He held out his hand. “Aidan is the name.”

Thorold shook his hand.

“I shall be brief,” Aidan said. “You spoke to a friend of mine some days ago about a certain matter.” He smiled at a perplexed Thorold. “The Devil,” he said calmly.

“Just curiosity.”

“I know a little about such things.”

“Academic interest, that’s all. Someone wanted to sell me some books on the subject.”

“You have these books?”

“No, actually.” Then, thinking quickly, he added, “I threw them out.” He pointed to a bundle of books tied by string, which lay on the floor. “I haven’t got the room. Have to be very selective.”

“For over forty years I have studied the subject. Meeting people. Often those who have been involved. One develops an instinct.” He smiled again. “Rather like a Detective. Although in my own case, an ecclesiastical one.”

“You must excuse me – I really ought to close the shop.”

"You have the scent of Satan about you," the old man said in a quiet voice.

"Pardon?" Thorold was startled.

"A figure of speech. Those who practice the Occult Arts believe there is an aura surrounding the body. It is said Initiation, particularly into the darker mysteries alters that aura, most noticeably between the eyes. You must forgive me if I speak frankly."

"You are welcome to have a quick look around the shelves for any books that might interest you."

"You interest me."

"You must excuse me – I have a busy day."

"Are you afraid of someone?"

Thorold was insulted. "Of course not!"

"I came only to help."

"Why?" Thorold was becoming a little angry.

Gently, the man said, "Because I am concerned about the growth of evil."

"What is evil?" He realized he was echoing Lianna's parody and added, "I sell books, that is all."

Aiden sighed. "I can only help if you want me to. You know where I will be staying if you wish to contact me."

"The Cathedral?"

"Yes. Sometimes it is better to ask for help than to try to solve things alone."

"Are you staying long?"

"A few day."

"I hope you enjoy your stay. Goodbye."

Aiden pointed to the motorcycle, which Thorold had parked outside. "Yours?"

"No, I always dress like this," Thorold quipped.

Aiden did not mind the jest. "So different now, such machines. Once – a very long time ago before I accepted my vocation within the Church – I rode. An Enfield – at least, that is what I think it was called. So long ago. Fast?"

"Very. Zero to sixty miles per hour in less than six seconds."

"A different world, now. Such memories. I shall pray for you."

"Goodbye."

"Adieu!"

Thorold had declined the man's gambit to prolong their conversation, and he watched Aidan walk slowly up the narrow lane that led to St. Chad's church and the gates of Quarry Park. He did not regret his decision not to share his secrets, and as soon as Aidan was out of sight, he closed the shop and rode down into the traffic that was congesting the roads through the town.

The street, which contained Mallam's house, seemed quiet, and he parked his bike nearby to walk the last hundred yards. To his surprise he found the door slightly ajar, and cautiously entered. A faint perfume lingered, reminding him of Lianna, but he quickly forgot about it as he slowly moved from room to room. The rooms were untidy and he was making his way upstairs when he heard someone moving about.

"Hello!" he called.

No one answered, and he crept into a bedroom. Someone touched his shoulder and he raised his hands, saying, "it's a fair cop!" before turning around and smiling.

His movement round startled the woman, and Thorold recognized her as Rhiston's wife.

"Can I help?" he asked cunningly.

"You haven't seen Maurice, have you?" she asked hopefully.

"No, he lied. Not recently. He gave you this address?"

She stared down at the floor. "Edgar did."

Thorold drew the correct conclusion. "Been waiting here long?"

"I've just arrived."

"You've got a key, then?"

"The door was open."

"You checked the other rooms?"

"Not yet."

Come on, then."

All of them, at least to Thorold's once practiced eye, bore evidence of a quick but thorough search.

"You don't know where Maurice is?" she asked.

"Afraid not. You know Edgar," he smiled. "Likes to be a man of mystery. They've probably gone somewhere together." He had no qualms about lying to her since he assumed, for her involvement with Mallam, that she knew at least something about his activities. "Do you want to wait here?" he asked her.

"I'd better be going. If you see him – "

"I'll tell him you called."

"Thank you."

He walked with her down the stairs. She turned to smile weakly at him before she left, and he felt sad. But he did not follow her to tell her about the fate of her husband. Instead, he sighed, remembered Monica's death, and began to search the house, after locking the door. He found nothing of interest and nothing to incriminate Mallam – only a large collection of pornographic magazines, some leather whips and some manacles and chains. No photographs of his activities, no letters, documents, and nothing to indicate his interest in the Occult or the names and addresses of his varying contacts. He was disappointed, but not surprised, and left the house wondering what he could do next. Mallam was gone, Rhiston was dead, he had no names and addresses, no factual evidence concerning Mallam's activities. Then he remembered the woman that Rhiston had briefly visited.

She answered his knock on her door wearing a nightdress and squinting into the brightness outside.

"Yes?"

"I am a friend of Edgar."

"Do come in! Please excuse the mess. A social occasion – last night – you know how they drag on and on."

"You came highly recommended," he said, guessing.

"Really?" Pleased, she thought he looked promising, although somewhat older than she had come to expect. "Would you like something to drink? Beer, perhaps?"

"Tea?"

"Darjeeling, if you have some."

"You don't look like a tea drinker to me."

"It's the leathers! Often gives the wrong idea."

"You must be warm in that black leather." She breathed out the last words as though black leather interested her.

"It has its uses."

"I'm sure! Do you ride often?" she asked mischievously.

"As the mood takes me."

"Does it take you now?"

"Possibly." After such a promising beginning he was at a loss as to how to continue, except the obvious course. But he was not disposed to take this, despite the attractiveness of the lady whom he guessed was at least fifteen years older than him. He began to feel embarrassed by the role he was creating for himself as well as surprised by his burgeoning desires. She was standing near him, her nightdress almost transparent and he could see her nipples and dark mass of pubic hair. He forced himself to remember the reason for his visit.

"Have you known Edgar long?" he asked.

"Long enough! Have you brought anything from him?"

As she said the words he saw the needle marks on her arms. The sight decided him.

"I've just remembered it!" he said, and dashed out of the house.

He did not seem to consciously decide, but just arrived at the road to Lianna's house, and he did not have long to wait in her driveway. Attracted by the noise of the motorcycle, she came out to greet him.

"I must know," he said as he removed his helmet and she stood, smiling and beautiful, in the sunlight. "About Mallam."

"It is good that you come of your own free will."

By the side of the house, Thorold could see Imlach turn around and walk back into the garden.

XX

The house was cool, and Thorold and Lianna sat in the drawing room overlooking the rear garden. She brought him iced tea before sitting beside him.

"What will happen to him?"

"Do you care?"

"Not in that way."

"But you want revenge?"

"Possibly. I don't know."

"And if you were given the opportunity to dispense justice by taking his life, would you?"

"It's not up to me. There is the law."

"The Law! Hah! The Law is an accumulation of tireless attempts to prevent the gifted from making their lives a succession of ecstasies!" Her passion was soon gone, and she smiled kindly at Thorold. "I'm glad you came to see me again."

Thorold returned her smile. "You didn't answer the question."

"About Edgar?"

"Yes. I do have my suspicions."

"Do you?"

"It seems to me you planned things."

"I will not deny – to you - that I planned some things. But I will tell you something. I planned things, yes – but I did not plan to fall in love with you."

For several minutes Thorold could not speak. He watched her, and she began to cry, gently, until tears ran down her cheeks.

"I have never said that to anyone before," she said, softly.

Thorold did not know what to do. He thought, vaguely and not for very long, that she might in some way be trying to manipulate his feelings, but the more he looked at her and the more he remembered the ecstasy they had shared in the past, the more his doubts began to disappear. She had turned her face away, to wipe the tears with her hand when he reached over to stroke her hair.

"Don't cry," he said.

"I'm sorry." She held his hand. "See what you do to me! I can't remember the last time I cried!"

"You are a strange woman."

"If I ask you something will you give me an honest answer?"

"Possibly."

"Were you in love with Monica?"

The question surprised him. "I don't know," he said hesitantly. "I don't think so." He felt he had betrayed her.

"Good. I was a little jealous."

"The thought occurred to me."

"But I'm sorry about what happened – with her, I mean."

"So am I," His sense of having betrayed Monica began to fade. "I'd rather not talk about it."

"I've missed you." She moved toward him and kissed his lips.

The kiss, her perfume, the feel of her body pressing against his, overpowered his senses and he began to return her passion.

"Not here!" she said.

She held his hand as they walked from the room, and along the hall to a door. The door led down some steps into a dimly lit chamber. A dark, soft carpet covered the floor and she took him to an alcove where cushions were strewn, drawing him down with her. Her passion seemed to draw from Thorold all the darker memories of the past days and he abandoned himself to his lusts, remembering the tears and her words of love. Her hands gripped his shoulders and as her own passion became intense her nails sank into his flesh, drawing blood. But he did not care, as her body spasmed in ecstasy, followed by his own.

They relaxed then, in the gently bliss that followed.

"I want you," she whispered, "with me always. Will you do something for me?"

"Yes," he answered without hesitation.

"Whatever it is?"

"Yes." His hands stroked her breasts. "You are beautiful."

"I am all yours – now>"

"What did you want me to do?"

"Live with me."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously!" She kissed him. "I love you." She sat up to lean against a cushion. "Tomorrow night there is a celebration in the village that I would like you to attend – with me."

"Your village?"

She laughed. "I suppose it is!"

Thorold sat up to rest beside her against the stone wall and as he did so he noticed in a far corner, a statue. Beside it hung a lighted candle shielded by red glass. The light reminded him of the sanctuary lamp in a Catholic Church, but the statue showed a woman, naked from the waist up, who held in her outstretched hand the severed head of a bearded man. The woman was smiling.

"What's that?" Thorold asked, pointing with his finger.

"The violent goddess – Mistress of Earth. There was a time when men were sacrificed in her name, and the Priestess of her cult would wash her hands in the victim's blood before taking it to sprinkle on the fields. It ensured the fertility of the land – and the people."

Thorold understood – or felt he did. He looked around the chamber. It was bare, except for one wall where a battered medieval shield, sword and armor hung.

"And those?" he asked.

"Family heirlooms. They were supposed to belong to an ancestor of mine – Roger de Alledone. There is a book in the library about the family – if you're interested."

"Yes. Does your son visit you often?"

"My son?" she asked, surprised. Then, remembering, "I have no children – yet."

"But I remember you saying when you came to my shop – "

"A fabrication – to meet you. Am I forgiven?"

He vaguely remembered something else she had said, but could not form the vague remembrance into a distinct recollection of words, so he dismissed it. "Of course! He said.

"Will you stay tonight?" she asked.

"Do you want me to?"

"You know I do."

"I would have to collect a few things."

"Naturally. Do you have a suit?" She looked at his motorcycle clothing discarded in haste.

“Yes, why?”

“I thought we could go to a rather nice restaurant I know. For dinner, tonight. And then come back here.

Totally captivated by her, Thorold said, “that would be nice.”

They embraced before he rose to dress. She watched him, before dressing herself. In the hallway, she kissed him saying, “Don’t be long, my darling!” He was almost to the door when she added, “I love you!”

It was a dazed Thorold that sat astride his bike. He rode slowly out of the driveway to be confronted by Imlach’s daughter who waved him to a halt.

“Listen!” she said, fearfully glancing around. “I must talk with you.”

He removed his helmet before saying, “what about?”

“I can’t talk here – it’s too dangerous. Please, you’ve got to hear me.

“But – “

“Please!” she pleaded. “I must talk to you about Lianna!”

“Come on, then!” He indicated the pillion seat, replaced his helmet and drove down the road to take the lane that led to the toll bridge. He stopped before reaching it.

“Well?” he asked as they both stood beside the bike.

“She killed Monica,” she said.

Thorold’s smile disappeared.

XXI

In the hazy sunlight, Thorold stared at the river flowing nearby. Two rowing boats, carrying their rowdy youthful crews, passed under the bridge.

“That’s ridiculous,” he finally said in answer to Sarah’s accusation. “It was an accident.”

“Was it?” She arranged it using her magick.

“Impossible.” He looked at her, but she did not turn her eyes away from his.

“Believe me, she has powers – sinister powers. She put a death curse on Monica.”

“Nonsense!”

“Is it?”

Thorold became perturbed. He had sensed many things about Lianna – including her natural charisma. “She wouldn’t – she had no reason.” Even as he spoke the words he knew a reason existed.

Sarah smiled, out of sympathy. “I saw her inscribing the parchments she uses to work her spells.”

Thorold still did not completely believe her. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I – we - need your help.”

Thorold sighed, and went to stand on the bridge, leaning against the supports and watching the water flow below. She followed him.

“For centuries,” Sarah began, “her family has ruled the village. Her father before her. But she is different – they are all afraid of her. She owns the land, nearly all the houses – the fields. Without her, they could not survive. But she had followed a different way. I was born in the village, so I know.

“She is using you, as she uses everyone, including me and my father. There is a ceremony due – part of an old tradition. She has captivated you – like the dark witch she is.”

The rowing boats had gone, and the river seemed quite peaceful. Sarah continued speaking while Thorold watched the breeze ripple the surface of the water.

“Her family kept alive for generations the old traditions, the old ways – as did the folk of the village. But she has meddled in other things. We need your help.

“Why?”

“Because you are important to her – at least, in what she is planning.”

“And what is that?”

“To use the power of The Giving for herself. I don’t agree with the old ways – and want them stopped. You must know – or have guessed – what will be involved. The man whom you saw escape – “

“I did wonder. There is a statue in her house.”

“Yes. So you do understand?”

“I am beginning to.”

“Will you help, then?”

“I don’t know.”

“She will take you to the ceremony – we, you and I, must prevent what she plans.”

“And then?”

“Let him go.”

“I see.”

"I could give you enough evidence."

"About his activities?"

"Yes. She removed all his files, last night from his house."

"I did wonder," Thorold said.

"She has other evidence against him as well. I could get that."

"What is she to you?"

Sarah sighed. "My mother."

When Thorold had recovered from his surprise he said, "she told me she had no children."

"Oh, she doesn't acknowledge me – not as her heir and all that."

She smiled at him and Thorold saw the faint resemblance to Lianna that he had seen before but dismissed.

Sarah laughed. "I am a mistake that she made in her youth!"

"She never said anything to me."

"She is not exactly proud of me. That's why she keeps me around in her sight."

"And you father?" Thorold still found it difficult to believe that she was Lianna's daughter.

"He is her loyal servant – and servant is the right word!"

"So they are no longer close?"

"Close? They have never been close! She used him - once and for her own ends. He was and always has been her guardian. She despises him. He is totally in her power."

Thorold felt relieved, but he soon suppressed the feeling. "You will be present tomorrow night at the ceremony?"

"Yes. You will help, then?"

"I'll think about it."

"I shall have to get back – before I'm missed." She walked a few paces, and then turned toward him. "She killed Monica. And when she has finished with you – " she shrugged, " – who knows?"

Thorold did not watch her go. The past few hours, through their intensity and contradiction, seemed to have drained away his vitality and he rode to his flat to sit in the stuffy silence for a long time, without feeling and without thinking about recent events. When he did think about them, he came first to one conclusion and then another, to finally change his mind again, and it was without any enthusiasm that he collected clothes suitable for Lianna's evening.

She greeted his return with a kiss, and did not seem to notice his change of mood.

"I feel very tired this evening," he said to build his alibi.

She led him upstairs to the bedroom he had slept in before.

"I'll see you downstairs, in the lounge," she said smiling, and left him.

He was soon changed, and sat to wait for her in the lounge. It was a long wait, and he rose to briefly play the Grand Piano.

"You must play for me," she said as she entered, startling him.

He was momentarily stunned by her beauty and appearance. She wore a brooch of colorful design, held by a black silk band around her neck, and her close-fitting dress emphasized the feminine proportions of her body. It was cut low at the back, exposing her tanned skin to the waist, its fit so close that Thorold could see she wore nothing underneath.

"What do you think?" she asked unnecessarily, turning in a circle in front of him.

"I think other women will hate you."

"Good!" she laughed.

Her driving matched her mood, for she drove fast but with skill out of Shrewsbury to take a circuitous route to the restaurant. Inside, the furnishings were antique, and they were ushered to a table overlooking the extensive private grounds.

"Such a civilized place, don't you agree?" Lianna said as Thorold sat amazed by the selection of food, and the prices, which were shown on the menu.

The tables were set at a discreet distance from each other, some at different levels. No one else was present – except two waiters and a waitress, discreetly watching them.

"I suppose the prices put people off," Thorold said as he glanced at the empty chairs.

"We have the place to ourselves tonight."

Thorold blushed, and stared at the menu.

"Decided what you want yet?" she asked, pleased by his show of innocence.

"Cod, chips, mushy peas and scraps." He waited for her reaction and when none came, he said, "You decide."

She did, and a waiter sidled up to her on her signal to take the order. She chose wine, and Thorold had drunk two full glasses of her expensive choice when he said, "all we need is an orchestra."

"There are speakers secreted among the oak beams to channel background music."

As if listening to their conversation, the nearby waiter walked gracefully toward their table. "Would Madam like some music?"

"Do you have any Strauss Waltzes?"

"I shall see!"

A few minutes later the music began as the first course of their meal was served. Thorold watched Lianna while they ate and talked of inconsequential things – the long spell of hot

weather, the restaurant, his likes and dislikes in music. She did not seem to him to be evil – just exceptionally beautiful, wealthy woman, born to power and used to it. But he could not still his doubts. He heard Sarah’s voice in his head accusing her; remembered Lianna’s lie about having no children; her anger toward Monica. But most of all he remembered Monica’s death and Mallam being borne away by the people of Lianna’s village.

“Why did you never have any children?” he asked to test her.

She smiled. “My husband. Marriage of convenience, really. Did not want him as the father of my children.”

“Did you never want any?”

“Apart from now, you mean?” And her eyes sparkled.

“Years ago. As an heir.”

“Together we shall solve this problem!

“But seriously – “

“Seriously – not until now. I never found the right man, until now. One has to be so careful.”

Thorold had his answer, and he did not like it. “It is a pity,” he said, guarding his feeling, “that there is not room enough to dance.”

“We could ask them to make room.”

“No – I’d be too embarrassed.”

The evening passed slowly for Thorold. Their conversation returned to the mundane, and he drank an excessive amount of wine to stifle both his feelings and his thoughts. He pretended to fall asleep in her car on their return to her house, awaking at their journey’s end to say, “I’m sorry. Drunk too much.”

She smiled indulgently, and did not seem to mind when her kiss, as they stood in his bedroom, was not returned.

“We have the rest of our lives together!” she laughed in reply to his apology for his tiredness.

“I shall be leaving early in the morning. To prepare for our little ceremony. Meet me outside the village mound at ten in the evening. Can you remember that?” she asked playfully.

He slumped onto the bed, playing his role. “Of course.”

“No curiosity?” she asked.

“Bout what?” he slurred his words.

“The ceremony?”

“Too tired to be curious. Anyway – trust you.”

She looked directly into his eyes and for an instant he felt she knew about his pretense and the reasons for it. But she kissed him, and the moment was gone, making him sure he had been

mistaken, for she touched his face gently with her hand, saying, "sleep well my darling!" to leave him alone in his room.

No sounds reached him and he undressed to sleep naked in the humid night on top of the bed. He was soon asleep. He did not sleep for long. The weather oppressed, making him restless and sweaty, and his mind was troubled by thoughts of Monica, Mallam and Lianna's lies. Only when dawn came, bringing a slight breeze through his open windows, did renewed rest come, and he did not hear as Lianna quietly opened the door to watch, for almost a minute while he slept. She smiled as she closed the door to leave him to his dreams.

It was late morning when Thorold awoke, tired and thirsty. The house was quiet, and empty, and he wandered to one of the many bathrooms before dressing. He found Lianna's note on the table in the kitchen. "Yours – to keep," it simply read. Next to it was a key to the front door of the house.

Half expecting to find Sarah or Imlach, he ventured into the gardens. He found no one, not even in the buildings where Sarah – a long time ago it seemed to him – had taken him to strip away all her clothes. Now, he felt, he understood: angry with her mother, she had tried to seduce him as an act of revenge.

He spent an hour wandering around the house, occasionally opening a drawer or a cupboard as if by such openings he might find something to incriminate or explain Lianna. Even the library held no clues – only books, many of which he would once have been glad to own or buy for his shop. The door that led to the stone chamber was unlocked, and he walked down the steps aware that he might be transgressing Lianna's hospitality. But he hardened himself against the feeling, remembering Sarah's story and Lianna's lies. Black candles lit the chamber.

The red light by the statue was still burning, and as he approached, he saw a book lying on the floor. The 'Black Book of Satan' the spine read.

The book was open at a chapter entitled 'A Gift for the Prince' and he began to read.

'In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth usually takes on the role of violent goddess, the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan, the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess – the bride of our Prince.

'Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed – or stored, for example, in a crystal sphere) and it draws down dark forces or 'entities'. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal according to the principles of magick, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the 'astral shell' around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of the sacrifice, is disruptive – that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that sacrifice further the works of Satan...'

He read no more, but carefully replaced the book, leaving the chamber to ascend the stairs to his room. He felt comfortable again in his motorcycle leathers, gloved and boots, and left the house without locking the door.

The roads and lanes he took led him to a narrow, old stone bridge over a narrow stream, and he stopped to sit beside the water under the blue sky while larks sang high above the fields of ripening wheat. The book had given him final confirmation of his suspicions.

XXII

It was nearing the hour of ten when Thorold arrived in the village, his sealed letter safely in Jake's house. His friend would open it and know what to do should he fail to return.

Twilight was ending, and as he parked his bike by the mound, removed his helmet and listened, hearing only the leaves of the trees moving in the breeze, he found it difficult to believe in magick. The perfume of flowers was strong, reminding him of quiet English villages full of charm. He had not heard or seen the old tractor that was driven across the lane, blocking it, after he had passed to take the last turn into the village, as he did not know the other entrance to the village was similarly obstructed. Neither did he see or hear Lianna approach until she stood beside him and touching him on the shoulder, startling him, again.

"Come", she said, "they are waiting."

She carried a wicker basket but he could not see what was in it. He was surprised when she let him toward and into the church.

Inside, a multitude of candles and lanterns had been lit, and he saw the whole village assembled with Sidnal standing and waiting by the altar. But the altar was covered with fruit, food and what appeared to be casks of beer, and as he looked around he could see that all Christian symbols and artifacts had been removed.

The assemble parted as he and Lianna entered.

"Wait," she whispered to him before walking toward the altar. Sidnal bowed slightly as she gave him her basket. It contained enveloped bearing a substantial gift of money, the same amount in each, and Sidnal took the envelopes one at a time, read the name written thereon, and waited for the recipient to come forward.

Each villager received an envelope, and Sidnal gave the empty basket to Lianna. She held it upside down and on this signal a young man and woman came forward. She touched their foreheads with her hands, saying, "I greet the Lord and Lady!"

They turned, as the assembled villagers did, toward where Thorold stood. The door opened, and Imlach entered holding a rope whose ends were tied round Mallam's hands, binding them.

Lianna addressed the congregation, saying, "You have heard the charges against him. How say you – is he guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty! Guilty! The congregation responded.

"Is that the verdict of you all?"

"Yes!" the voices chorused.

"And his sentence?"

"Burn him! Burn him!"

Mallam looked terrified. Lianna led the exit from the church.

"Come," she said to Thorold, taking his hand. Imlach led Mallam into the darkness followed by Lianna, Thorold, Sidnal and the village.

Sarah waited by the gate to the mound, holding a burning torch. She led the procession through the village and into the fields where they stopped beside an unlit bonfire. In its center was a stake.

"No! No!" Mallam pleaded. "Forgive me! I'll do anything! Anything!"

Imlach had a long-bladed knife, which he gave to Lianna as Sarah came to stand beside Thorold while the villagers gathered in a circle around the stake. Thorold felt Sarah's hand touching his, then cold metal. He was surprised, but put the revolver in his pocket. The stake watched as Lianna approached Mallam.

"Are you ready?" Sarah whispered to him.

Thorold did not answer. Nearby, Lianna cut the rope which bound Mallam.

"Run!" she said to him. "Run!"

For some seconds Mallam did not move, and when he did the waiting villagers moved aside to let him through. He ran into the high, shielding wheat. No one followed.

"There is she," Lianna pointed at Sarah, "who has betrayed us."

Lianna came forward, took the torch from Sarah's hand and beckoned to two men. They held Sarah by her arms while Thorold stood with his hand clutching the gun in his pocket. But he did not move, surprised by Mallam's freedom, as the two men took Sarah away. Lianna lit the bonfire with the torch, and on this signal the villagers began to dance around it, laughing and singing. Two young women came to Thorold, held his arms and ushered him toward the circle of the dance, and soon he lost sight of Lianna. He danced with them around the fire, several times trying to break away. But another circle of dancers had formed around the one containing him, dancing in the opposite direction, and constraining his movement.

He seemed to dance a long time until he saw Lianna again. She was outside the circle of dancers and came toward him, took his hand and joined in the dance. The heat of the fire had become intense, and the dancers moved away, still holding the circles. Wood crackled, and, among the singing and shouting, Thorold thought he could hear music accompanying the dance.

"You did not believe her, then?" Lianna asked.

"You knew?"

"Of course!"

"And if I had believed her?" he asked, panting from the exertion of the dance and the heat.

"It would have been a pity to spoil the celebration."

"And Mallam?"

She smiled. "He has his just reward!"

"Then Sarah is not your daughter?"

"Naturally not! And you have shown the insight I would expect from my future husband."

Thorold was so surprised he stopped his dancing, and as he did so he could see, by the light of the fire, blood upon Lianna's hands and dress.

XXIII

Thorold had no time to think. The dancing stopped, and he was borne along in the crush back through the gate of the field toward the village.

Several times he tried to find Lianna but without success. He was approaching the church when he saw her standing by the door with a young woman. Her hands were clean, her dress a different one.

"Shall we go and see Sarah? She said, smiling, when he reached her.

Inside the church, the feasting had begun, and Thorold followed Lianna and the young woman, unwilling to form his fears and feelings into words. The light from the windows of the black and white house illuminated the garden, and as they passed through it Thorold could see, through the open door, straw covering the floor of the stone building that had been Mallam's prison.

Sarah sat, her head resting in her hands, by the table in the kitchen, the two men who had taken her away beside her, with Sidnal standing close by.

"Leave us," Lianna said, and the two men left. "You have done well," she said to Sidnal. "I have a gift for you - as your grandmother I know, would have wished."

Sidnal shuffled his feet and looked down at the floor as Lianna joined his hand with that of the young woman who laughed playfully and dragged an unresisting Sidnal away. As they left the house, Thorold saw Imlach standing by the door.

Sarah looked hopefully at Thorold. "Why didn't you stop her?"

When Thorold did not answer, she said, "You didn't believe me, did you?"

"No."

"But it was true," she said in desperation. "My father will tell you."

Imlach turned away.

"Tell him! Damn you, tell him!" she shouted.

Imlach said nothing, and Sarah began to cry. Then, suddenly, she was angry and glowered at Thorold. "You're pathetic," she snarled. "I pity you, I really do! You're totally in her power! She's corrupted you and you don't see it!"

"I know what has gone on," Lianna said.

"What do you mean?" Sarah demanded, angry - and afraid.

"Between you and your father."

"No! It's lies!"

"I have known for a long time, Lianna said quietly.

"I hate you!"

"So, that's why you pretended to be her daughter?" Thorold asked.

"Yes!" Sarah was defiant. She stood up, as if to strike Lianna, and as she did so, Imlach moved toward her. "I knew you loved her!" she said to her father. "That's why I did what I did – with you!" She laughed, almost hysterically.

Imlach raised his hand to hit her, but Lianna stopped him.

"Now," Sarah shouted, "you'll never know your child!"

Swift, she ran out of the house, too quick for her father to catch her. She was in the stone building, pushing the door shut, by the time they reacted, and when they reached it she had set fire to the straw.

She laughed at them as they stood by the door and flames engulfed her. Thorold tried to reach her, but the flames and heat and smoke were intense and Imlach pulled him back. Sarah screamed, briefly, and then was silent.

"I shall be at the feast," Imlach said before walking along the garden path to take the lane to the church.

"Come on," Lianna said to Thorold, "there is nothing you can do here."

She took his hand to lead him back into the house. She brought wine, and they sat at the table in the kitchen drinking.

"I suppose," Thorold said, "this is your house as well."

"Indeed! Shall we live here – rather than in Shrewsbury?"

He ignored the question. "She said that you killed Monica – by cursing her."

"Do you believe I did?"

For a long time Thorold did not speak. "No," he finally said. "There was a book I found, in your house, the evening –"

"The Black Book of Satan?"

"Yes. It mentioned sacrifice."

Lianna smiled, disconcerting Thorold still further. He realized then that he still loved her. It had been love that had overcome the doubts Sarah had given him, not reason.

"Tell me about Mallam," he asked.

"What do you want to know?"

He wanted to ask about what he had seen – the blood on her hands and dress – but it had been the briefest of glimpses in difficult light, and he could have been mistaken.

"He is free, then?" he asked.

"Yes – at last."

"And you planned everything?"

"You tell me," she said enigmatically.

"I think you set him up right from the beginning. Let him make his mistakes. Condemn himself, in fact."

"Possibly," she smiled.

"But why?"

"I'm sure you can work it out."

It was the answer he had expected. "How does the book I found fit into all this?" It was not exactly the question he wanted to ask, but it would, he hoped, lead him toward it.

She smiled, as a schoolmistress might toward otherwise intelligent pupil. "Satanism, you mean?"

"Yes," he answered, amazed at her perspicacity.

"It is not the way I follow. My tradition is different – much older."

"And Mallam?"

"He followed his own dark path."

"And Monica – surely she did not have to die?"

"No – it was an accident. But he killed her, accidentally or otherwise."

"The village – how does it fit in?"

"Do you want to marry me – and share all this?" she asked.

Thorold smiled. "I thought I was supposed to ask you?"

"There is an older way." She paused. "Yes – or no?"

Thorold felt the importance of the moment, heard the beating of his pulse in his ear, saw the enigmatic beauty of the woman seated beside him, and remembered her physical passion, her tears and words of love. "Yes," he said trembling.

She kissed him. "I never really had much choice, did I?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, you had plenty of times to chose."

For a moment Thorold had the impression that she had planned everything – including Sarah's intervention and death – but the impression was transient. He looked at her, and could not believe it. She was smiling, and he suddenly realized that he would not care if she had.

"Imlach – what will happen to him?" He asked to test her.

“He will stay with us – should you so wish it.”

He was pleased with her answer. “And if I don’t wish it?”

I believe that Sidnal will need some help with his land. Now,” she said, and stood up, “let’s go to bed!”

Thorold needed no further encouragement to follow her.

Tired from the physical passion of the night, Thorold was sleeping soundly when Lianna left the house in the burgeoning light to dawn.

The village was quiet, and she walked past the church and into the fields. The bonfire of the night before was but a smoldering pile of ash, and she walked past it and through the wheat along the path Mallam had taken in his flight. Nothing remained by the edge of the field to mark his passing, except a large patch of discolored earth, which she knew, would soon be gone, and she smiled before returning to her house.

It would be another fifty years before the field would be needed again, and her heir would be there to carry on the sacred tradition. She was pleased with her choice for the man who would father her daughter, and, around an oak tree on the mound, she danced a brief dance in the light of the rising sun.

The Greyling Owl

I

York, 1976

Colin Mickleman stared contentedly out of the window before refilling his large pipe. Three mallards sat on the bank of the artificial lake that formed the aesthetic and geometric center of the University, and Colin rose to open the window to the warm Spring air before standing in front of a mirror in his room.

Tall and sturdily built, his enjoyment of life's many pleasures had left him physically unaffected but he had begun to worry about his increasing baldness, and it was some minutes before he completed his now routine inspection of his hair. His thirtieth birthday was now some weeks away and, notwithstanding his youth, he had earned for himself by reason of his hard work and diligence, a considerable reputation in the academic circle of philosophers. During his tenure at York he had been voted 'The Most Interesting Lecturer of the Year' many times. That this award, by the students, was partly sartorial did not concern him in the least and he derived great satisfaction from it.

His teaching commitments were not very heavy, and he would often spend an idle hour or so drinking tea in the offices of the Philosophy Department in Derwent College, talking to the Secretary and anyone else who chanced along. The topic of conversations on these occasions varied, and while at times he might discourse learnedly to a colleague on philosophical matters, he was as likely to be found – always with a lighted pipe – discussing the fate of the England middle order batting or the latest calamity to befall his beloved Sheffield Wednesday football team. Although born in Sheffield, he had spent only ten years there as a child, and his rather hazy memories of the place did not in any way affect his fierce loyalty to the team that he and his father had supported as a boy.

Yet it was not only his loyal support of this team that had earned him the nickname of 'The Owl'.

The owl is, by nature, a nocturnal creature, and although somewhat retiring by day, at night it is a predator. Colin Mickleman's prey were women.

He did not possess any particular preference regarding women, although over the years he had often found himself strongly desiring women whose views were opposed to his own and with a particular type of sensuous lips. In his search for prey, he never ventured from his University territory of the venues of the many and various conferences he attended, and the supply seemed inexhaustible. Every year there was new blood at the University.

Sometimes, his liaisons lasted several months, although the average was around two weeks, and he was careful almost to the point of obsession not to clutter his day with assignations. The day belonged to his work. Occasionally, a liaison would prove troublesome when a woman's emotions became involved, and on these occasions he would bury himself in his work and academic duties, trusting in his emotional indifference, since it was mostly the pleasure of a woman's body he desired and not a personal involvement. Perhaps the pattern of his conquests had been set by the mental effort of his youth and family situation, but however it had arisen it did not concern him much. As a boy nurtured by the hilly terraced streets of Sheffield between his father's factory and the Corporation Baths, his pursuits and interests had been those of any boy his age and class, and it was not until his family had moved to Leeds by virtue of his mother having to care for elderly relatives that his ardor for learning – as well as his desire to be somewhat different and escape from what he regarded as the drab limitations of his parents' life – was aroused.

The light in his room was growing dimmer as the sun set and he sat down at his desk to collect together the scattered pages of the article he had spent the day writing. His room filled a modest space on the ground floor of the Goodricke College, and he had chosen it in preference of the large, but dull, flats normally

reserved for members of the academic staff. He liked the view of the lake, the grassy bank with its weeping willow trees, and the three post-Graduate students with whom he shared a corridor and kitchen were quiet and unassuming companions.

The article pleased him, as his style of life did. He was content, teaching, publishing articles, writing his book on philosophy – and adding to his list of female conquests. He kept a list of the names of the women with whom he had had sexual relations, and he took it briefly from a locked drawer in his desk, smiling to himself, before he re-read his article. Soon, he felt, the academic adulation he desired would be his.

The knock on his door annoyed him, disturbing his reverie, and he sighed deeply before opening the door.

Alison, her eyes puffy and red, stood outside in the corridor.

“Yes?” he asked as if he did not know her.

She began to cry and he watched in astonishment as she sat on his bed with her head in her hands. Her wailing annoyed him, and he sat at his desk to refill his pipe. She was a second year Undergraduate of passionate intensity, and as he watched her he began to think of stratagems that might bring their relationship to a satisfying end.

Nevertheless, a part of him resented the stratagems that the cynical Owl proposed, and he rose to sit beside her before regaining control of himself and returning to his desk.

“Do you love me?” she asked suddenly.

When he did not answer, she wiped away her tears with her hands. “I have something to tell you,” she whispered.

He looked suspiciously as if correctly guessing. She was watching him, and waiting for his reaction and he was glad when someone else knocked on his door. He bounded across the room to open it, and stood staring at the man in the corridor.

Edmund Arrowsmith had known Colin for over ten years, and was not surprised to find a woman in the room of his friend. He had traveled a long way and eased the heavy weight of his large rucksack off his shoulder for a moment.

“I can come back,” he said.

“No, it’s alright!” Colin replied. “Come in! This,” he said, pointing, “is Alison.”

She looked at Edmund, but did not return his smile of greeting and he eased his rucksack onto the floor.

“Well then,” said Colin amicable to him, “what’s your latest hair-brained scheme?”

Edmund looked pained. “Actually, I’m off to join a community.”

Colin laughed, turned to Alison and said, “This is he! Ex-student, ex-political agitator, ex-mercenary, now soon to be ex- something else!”

He stood up, stretched and yawned. “I’ll make some tea,” he said before searching among the books and papers that lay in profusion on his desk. He gave Edmund a copy of his latest published article.

Alison watched Colin leave, but the invitation she hoped for did not come. She saw Edmund study a few sections of the article carefully, glance at the rest and then throw it back upon the desk.

“What are you studying?” he asked her.

“Music,” she said sharply and instantly regretted it.

“Then what instrument do you play?”

His eyes gave the impression of looking straight through her, and she felt there was something sinister about him, which his outward appearance belied. His boots were well worn, his dull woolen shirt patched and his trousers well made and old, his face and arms deeply tanned. Only the gauntness of his face and his staring eyes betrayed him.

“Violin,” she said softly, turning to look out of the window.

“Oh, I see.”

Suddenly, she turned toward him. “What’s wrong with the violin?” she demanded aggressively.

Edmund smiled. “I just imagined you’d play something else – the piano.”

“Of course I play the piano!”

“Which do you prefer?”

“It’s not a question of ‘which do I prefer! It’s a question of what music I choose to play.”

“I’d like to hear you play sometime.”

The question was so unexpected and so sincerely meant that Alison did not know what to say in reply and she was glad that Colin returned at that moment.

“What do you think?” he asked Edmund, pointing to the article and carefully laying two mugs of tea upon the corner of the desk.

“Not bad – style’s a bit turgid.”

Colin squinted at him. “You have to write like that – Editors expect it.”

“Doesn’t say much for Editors does it?”

Alison began to laugh, then thought better of it. “Where’s mine, then?” she asked, indicating the mugs.

“But you don’t like tea,” Colin protested.

“True! But I’d like to be asked.”

They glowered at each other for some moments.

“I need to stretch my legs a bit,” Edmund said as he stood, sensing an intrusion. “See you in, say, half an hour?”

He did not wait for a reply and as he walked down the corridor he could hear Colin and Alison shouting at each other. He caught the words; “I haven’t seen him for over a year!” But in the deserted and otherwise silent corridor it was Alison’s words that he carried out with into the warm, still air of Spring. They were sad words, perhaps even tragic, he thought, given the knowledge of his friend, and he stood outside the building for some minutes, looking across the lake as it scintillated under the now glowing lights of

Vanbrugh College. "Don't you understand," Alison had shouted, "I'm pregnant!" and Edmund allowed the temporary peace of his academic surroundings to calm him as he walked toward the lake.

II

Edmund had always liked the University since he had visited it many years ago. Spread over a two hundred acre site, its centerpiece was the fifteen-acre lake and despite the modernity of its buildings, he felt a harmony had been achieved unlike anything else he had seen. This was partly due, he knew, to the planned and the fortuitous bird-life that had gathered around the lake, and partly because of the transplantation of mature trees around the campus. He particularly liked the tall, broad Chestnut trees. Even the large Central Hall adjacent to the lake and near the fountain that shot water high into the air, did not seem out of place among the Weeping Willows that lined the banks and the Cherry trees that frequented the paths. The Hall was a semi-octagon, its upper stories cantilevered above the water and, planned or otherwise, it dominated the site. The whole effect pleased Edmund, although he felt the multitude of students spoiled it.

He sat for a long time by the lake, watching night fall and students pass. When he did rise, a sense of caution led him to walk slowly, and as he reached the residential block containing Colin's room, he saw Alison in animated conversation with a young man; she was trying to restrain his arm but he pushed her away. Edmund walked across the grass, smiled at Alison, and entered the building.

Colin was in the kitchen, a teapot in his hand, while beside him stood a young man clenching a carving knife.

"You bastard!" he was shouting, "you bloody bastard!"

Edmund went toward him.

"Stay out of this!" the young man growled.

Colin appeared to be mildly amused and swiftly, Edmund kicked the knife from the man's hand. It spun toward the roof, and then fell to clatter harmlessly into the sink. The man rushed toward Edmund who blocked the intended punch and pinned his assailant against the wall in an arm lock.

"He's drunk," Colin said by way of explanation. "Fancy some tea?"

"Please," Alison said as she stood by the door, "let him go."

"Her brother," Colin explained.

Cautiously, Edmund released him, and he bent over the sink, vomiting.

"I'm sorry," Alison said to Edmund as she attended to her retching brother.

"Is he alright?" Edmund asked her.

"I'll take him to his room."

After they had gone, Edmund said, "What are you going to do?"

"Have some tea!"

"About Alison, I meant."

Colin squinted, as was his habit. "You know then?"

"Yes."

The smell of vomit was strong, and Edmund flushed it away before turning to his now ashen-faced friend. "Come on, fresh air is what you need."

They stood on the bridge over the edges of the lake.

"What will you do?" asked Edmund again.

Colin sighed. "She'll have to have an abortion," he said without conviction.

"What does she want?"

"She's done this to try and trap me. She said she'd taken precautions.

"You don't feel responsible, then?" Edmund asked.

"Of course not. She's over eighteen."

"You don't feel in the slightest bit responsible?"

"No." He stared down at the water, watching the scattering of light from the profusion of illumination near then and around the whole campus. He felt the transitory bloom of his thought would be crushed by Alison's weight – the inertial weight of a childbearing body.

"You do care, really, don't you?" Edmund said after the long silence.

Colin sighed, although it was not the sigh of the cynical Owl, still less that of the academic philosopher who watched life as it unfolded around his chosen dwelling. "I never misled her about my intentions," he said.

"You don't like women much, do you?"

"What?" Colin's face was a carefully contrived combination of wounded pride and annoyance.

"Not as they are – in themselves. For you they are just reflectors of your self image."

Colin was considering his answer when an obese man in a crumpled suit approached them. He was panting, and sweat dribbled from his forehead. He held a book in his hand from which protruded several sheets of notepaper. The man smiled at Colin, wiped his brow with a silk handkerchief, and thrust the papers at him.

"Sorry." He explained, sucking in his lower lip, "reader's report against it. Glad I caught you, Colin. Sorry, but I'm late already."

Colin took the sheaf of papers. "Thanks>"

"Better luck next time, eh?" the man smirked before wobbling away.

"The bastard!" Colin said mutely.

"Friend of yours, then?" Edmund asked.

Colin glanced through his rejected article, and then stuffed it into his pocket. “That was Doctor Richard Storr, Ph.D. (Oxon) – infamous editor of the British Journal of Philosophy and – would you believe it – my Head of Department!”

“He’s the Professor?”

“Thankfully, no. But he’s in charge until one is appointed.”

“I gather you two are not on friendly terms.”

Colin ignored the question. “So how long are you staying this time?”

“A few days – maybe longer.”

For several minutes Colin was silent. Then, taking money from his pockets, he trust it at Edmund saying, “Here, get yourself something to eat. I’ll see you later tonight.”

“Where are you going?”

Colin hunched up his shoulders and wrung his hands. “To forget!”

He left his friend standing on the bridge and walked quickly back to his room to collect his camera. It did not take him long to arrange his assignation, and he waited by the road that intersected the campus beneath the walkway that siphoned students to and from the Library.

“Well,” he said as he climbed into the car, which stopped for him and held out his camera, “have you decided?”

The woman smiled at him. She was several years older than Mickleman, a Lecturer in English, her oval face graced by large blue eyes and framed by straight tawny hair. For months she had resisted his flattery and attentions. Her body showed a slight tendency toward corpulence, and Mickleman had lusted after it. She was polite where he was often gruff; her office tidy whereas his was chaotic. They taught the same Undergraduate student and it was from this student that he had come to know of Magarita’s existence. All her students held her in awe and it was this one fact, which led Mickleman to seek her out and begin to plan his seduction. It was over a month ago since he had succeeded, and he had sown the seeds for the next stage of his conquest.

“You’ll develop them yourself?” Magarita asked him, still unsure.

“Yes,” he lied before putting down his camera and rubbing his hands with glee.

III

Alison was alone again in the quietness of a practice room in the Music Department, and sat down on the piano stool to re-read her diary.

‘The corridor was dark - all the rooms were closed and I felt afraid. I could not bear a repeat of my last visit – the angry words, the tears, needs that were not fulfilled, things left unsaid. I remember I said: “It’s better if I never see you again” – hoping he would plead with me to stay. He said nothing. I couldn’t resist any more: ‘What shall I do?’ I cried, catching the lapels of his jacket, tears on them, my tears as I clung to him, trying to make a bridge. ‘Come on Wednesday’ he struggled to say. ‘On Wednesday,’ I repeated.

Such a dark corridor, outside. Last time I just stood in the kitchen, kicking the door and shouting at it: 'Why do you never understand me!' Yet I was back again – I had no pride left. Was this need really love? What would I say this time? Could I find a way of letting him understand – of getting through? I knocked on his door. 'Come in'. The voice was subdued. He was sitting in his chair I remember as if it was a moment ago. Dispirited. 'What is it?' I wondered if all relationships were like this – so charged with emotion. 'Your letter, your letter,' he struggled to say. 'I've hurt you,' I whispered with awe. Then, sitting on his lap, my head against him, buried. Crying. 'It's alright.' A soft voice, a soft touch on my face.

It did not last. 'Are you pleased to see me?' I asked. 'About as pleased as a Mickleman can be.' Then, the inevitable wandering hand. The moment gone, and never repeated.

Only a month ago, she sighed; before I knew my fate. She put down the diary, thought of tearing it up, but did not. Then she began to play the piano, and *Intermezzo* by Brahms, transforming her feelings into her performance. And at its end, she sat; quite still, trying to recapture the beauty she had felt.

'I feel,' she wrote in her diary, 'only music can lead me to the knowledge I am seeking. I want to be at peace – when I play, I am at peace.' When then, she thought, of the child now growing within her womb?

She did not know, and rose to walk slowly out of the building. She did not bother to seek Colin's room, but walked aimlessly along the paths, her face downturned.

"Hello!" a cheerful voice said to her.

It was some moments before she recognized the speaker.

"Are you alright?" Edmund asked her.

"Fine." She looked around, but could not see Colin.

"I'm just going to get something to eat. Would you like to join me?"

Eating was repellant to her but in atonement for the guilt she felt she said, "Yes."

She shuffled after Edmund toward the dining hall to join the small queue that babbled past the serving hatch. The dead and steaming flesh behind the glass cages nauseated her, as the gaggles of students at the tables annoyed her, and she followed Edmund's example by selecting a salad. Near her, someone laughed while they walked balancing a tray full of food. "I suppose" his companion said, "nothing matters but the quality." He looked at Alison and smiled.

For some reason Alison wanted to slap the young man's face, but the feeling soon vanished, and she followed Edmund to an empty table where she sat under the bright lights prodding her lifeless food.

"Aren't you hungry?" Edmund asked her kindly.

"Not for food." Then she was laughing at herself. "God! I'm beginning to sound like a cheap novel!"

"Surely you mean a character from a cheap novel?"

She stared at him, suddenly angry and defensive. Then she smiled. "Sorry."

"It's alright."

She was surprised at the warmth in his words and in his eyes. "Would you," she said impetuously, "like me to play some music for you?"

“Yes, I would. Very much indeed.”

“Come on, then!” She grasped his hand to lift him up from the table, then suddenly took it away thinking he might misconstrue her gesture.

She walked with him at a brisk pace back to the practice room. She was impatient to begin without quite understanding why. The Partita she played was followed by Brahms and then more Brahms while Edmund sat on the floor, listening. She seemed to play for a long time, and when she stopped she rested her incandescent face in her hands.

“Beautiful,” Edmund said.

She shrugged her shoulders. “I made a lot of mistakes.”

“I didn’t notice any.”

She smiled at being caught out. “What do you think of Brahms?”

“Nice.”

She was offended. “Nice? Is that all?” she said, a trace of anger in her voice.

“What do you think of his music then?” he countered.

“Sublime!”

“Possibly – sometimes.”

“You’re not serious? He is unsurpassed. Unsurpassable!”

“Everything can be surpassed – its just a question of will and genius.”

“Not today it isn’t – in this decadent culture.”

“Culture is only genuine culture if it smells of blood.”

She stared at him, but he smiled. His statement was so out of place with his benign expression she ignored it.

“What are you going to do?” he suddenly asked her.

She looked at him suspiciously, then turned away. “What do you mean?” she asked softly.

“I over heard – earlier on.”

She blushed, and shuffled her feet. “He’s offered to live with me.”

“And do you want this?”

“I don’t know.” Then, cheerfully: “I don’t think he does, though!”

“No – I can’t really imagine him living a life of domestic bliss.”

“What do you think of him?”

“I think he is a genius.”

“Really?” she asked in astonishment.

“Intellectually, yes. Perhaps he needs to become a bit more human, though. Anyway, what do you want to do with your life?”

“I’d like to compose something,” she said enthusiastically, “something beautiful and profound.”

“Like Brahms’ Fourth Symphony?”

She looked at him quizzically. “I thought you didn’t like Brahms?”

“I never actually said that.”

She sighed. “We all have impossible dreams.”

He gave his enigmatic smile. “Some of us make them a reality.”

“Oh, yes?” she said.

Edmund turned his face away slightly, and her first thought was that she had offended him until she realized he was listening. She strained to hear what it was, but was surprised when Colin appeared at the door.

“Thought you’d be in here” Colin said to Alison. Then, seeing Edmund, he added “He been having and attack of his verbal diarrhea?”

“She played some Brahms for me,” Edmund said as he stood up.

“Romantic cretin,” Colin muttered.

“I’m surprised,” Edmund said, “that you in your modernist existence have heard of him – let alone heard him.”

“Goes on a bit, doesn’t he?” Colin said to Alison.

“Had fun, then?” Edmund countered, pointing at the camera Colin held.

Colin ignored the remark. “You eaten, yet?” he asked Alison.

“Yes, thank you,” she said curtly and began to play the piano.

Colin winced.

“I gather,” Edmund said to him, “you don’t like Bach either?”

“Baroque cretin. Well, I’m going to have something to eat. “You coming?” he asked Edmund.

“In a while.”

Disgruntled, Colin left them to walk along the concrete path toward the bridge. He had not gone far when he realized he was being followed. The man was tall, his suit in contrast to his milieu, and Colin waited on the bridge for the man to pass him by. Instead, the man stopped, and waited. Colin walked on, the man followed, keeping his distance. He slowed his pace and the man did likewise. But when he reached the dining hall and turned around again the man had gone.

Alison had ceased her playing shortly after Colin had left the room.

“I suppose,” she said, “we’d better join him – or he’ll sulk all evening.”

“Have you ever thought of performing – professionally?”

“I’m not that good.”

“Yes you are.”

“Anyway,” she said and touched her abdomen with her hand, “it’s out of the question, now.”

“Not necessarily.”

Her look was one of disapproval, and they did not speak as they left the room and the building to walk the brightly lit paths. As they neared the dining hall, a tall man dressed in a suit stepped out from the shadows and come toward them.

“Excuse me,” Edmund said to Alison. “Tell Colin I’ll see him early tomorrow morning.”

She saw Edmund talk briefly with the man before she walked into the hall. Colin sat by himself at a table eating, rather gluttonously she thought, from a plate full of steaming food.

“He said,” she remarked as she sat beside him, “that he’d see you tomorrow.”

“Typical. Always disappearing mysteriously. That’s Edmund.”

“You are really fond of him, aren’t you?” she said, surprised by his obvious disappointment.

“Have you decided what you are going to do yet?”

“Go home – for a while at least.”

“I meant – “

“I know what you meant.”

Colin squinted at her. “What?” Then, annoyed by his own affectation, he said, “I meant what I said.”

“Part of you did, at least.” Colin’s presence – so physically near and yet so emotionally distant – made her feel like crying.

He saw this, and then nervously looked around.

“Don’t worry,” she said, “I won’t embarrass you by crying.”

He was about to answer when a young lady, colorfully dressed and possessed of a freckled face and an athletic build, shouted from the doorway of the hall.

“Hi Colin!” she said and sauntered to their table. “I’m so glad I found you!” She sat down. “What a day!” As if becoming aware of Alison, she turned toward her. “Hi! I’m Maren!”

“And I am just leaving,” Alison replied, having seen Colin’s eyes widen in gleeful remembrance as he looked at Maren.

“But – “ he began to say, then faltered, torn between his desire for Maren and his feeling of responsibility toward Alison. In his indecision, he let Alison walk away.

“You know,” Maren said to him, “that exhibition in John’s Gallery today? Well – you should have seen how they displayed my painting! Horrible, absolutely horrible. I objected, of course. And tried to explain to Jenny – she was with me – the ultimate meaning of having it displayed just right. You know what I mean, don’t you? Well, she – Jenny that is – she was so caught up in her own problems, she didn’t understand. And John! How he could devalue the exquisite contents of the painting that way, I’ll never know.

She took a drink from his glass of water. “You know what I dread, Colin? Dread most of all? The inevitable threat of being passé. Shall we have some fun tonight?” She looked around the dining hall. “Shake the cretins up a bit?”

Colin smiled at her and she smiled back.

IV

It took several minutes for Colin Mickleman to realize where he was. The curtains were still closed, but enough light penetrated for him to make out the contents of his room.

Normally he placed a glass of water beside his bed before he went to sleep. But this morning it was not there, and he yawned. His yawning occupied him for some minutes while he recovered some of his strength that his debauch of the night before had dissipated. Maren, at his insistence, had left his bed in the early hours of the morning, for he like to sleep alone.

Finally, after much yawning, sighing and stretching of his arms, he rose from his bed to begin his extensive toilet. When he was dressed, groomed and washed to his satisfaction, he sat at his desk for several minutes watching the lake through his window and smoking his pipe. He was thinking what to do about Alison when someone knocked at his door.

Edmund stood in the corridor, smiling in such a way that the ends of his mouth came very close to his ears.

“Lovely day, isn’t it?” Edmund said cheerfully. “Like some breakfast?” He held out a plate containing eggs, bacon and tomatoes.

Colin hunched his shoulders. “I hate people like you in the mornings.” Grumpy, he shuffled away to open the window in his room.

“Breakfast?” Edmund repeated.

“I don’t eat breakfast.”

“I wondered why your growth was stunted. More for me, then. Want some coffee?”

“I haven’t got any coffee – or any food for that matter.”

“Never mind.” He went to the kitchen to eat.

Colin joined him, but only to obtain a drink of water.

“Any plans for today?” Edmund asked.

“Lectures – then a meeting. I’ll meet you in the ‘Well’ in Derwent at twelve.”

“Sure you won’t have something to eat?” He held out a piece of bacon on the end of his fork.

Colin muttered something incomprehensible before returning to his room. Outside, in the bright sun, students seethed along the paths and he joined them as he made his way to his lecture. He disliked the lecture room with its high windows and bright, impersonal lights, but was glad to find all his first year students present and waiting. Of the women, Kate had been conquered already, but she ignored his smile as he remembered his photographs of her, locked in the drawer of his desk in the privacy of his room. His favorite among them was of her standing on a chair by his door, lifting her skirt to reveal her nakedness, the ginger tufts of pubic hair. She had held her head to one side, as if wearily obeying his desire to make her look ridiculous, her brown eyes staring at the camera and her mass of ginger curls slightly in disarray around her shoulders.

Of the others present, only Fenton did not turn his eyes away from Colin’s gaze. Instead, he stared directly at the Owl, as if understanding. He wore a long scarf and un-fashionable clothes, and the badge of his lapel proclaimed him as a supporter of the ‘Gay Liberation Front’. Not for the first time, Colin felt uneasy looking at him and turned his gaze elsewhere.

“Right,” he said, rubbing his hands together. “I can see you’re all keen for me to begin.” He checked the pocket of his jacket to make sure his pipe was there. It was. “Now, in many ways, modern philosophy is considered to have begun with Descartes...”

He kept the attention of his students for the allotted span, and watched with satisfaction as they all, with the exception of Fenton, closed their notebooks with what seemed to be reluctance as he sidled into the corridor outside. Fiona Pound was ahead of him, her thin cotton dress swaying as she walked. Underneath it, he sensed she was naked.

Unusually, the door of his room in the Department was open, but everything seemed in its familiar place – the stuffed owl on the bookcase, the picture of Sheffield Wednesday football team on the wall, the chaos of books upon floor and desk – he sat down to fill his pipe, pleased with the newly acquired copy of Laclos’ “Les Liaisons Danereuses”, bound in black leather. The fact that he did not speak French did not diminish his enjoyment in the least.

With his academic aims always in mind, Colin was scrupulous almost to the point of obsession about being on time for meetings and lectures, and it came as an unwelcome surprise to find himself late for the Departmental meeting. Fiona smiled at him as he entered the room; Whiting and Hill ignored him while Storr, as usual, seemed anxious and nervous. Horton sat in his usual corner by the window, dressed in the inevitable tweeds, ignoring everybody including Mrs. Cornish with whom, for the past fifteen years, he had been conducting an illicit affair.

“Sorry I’m late,” said Colin as he sat next to Fiona.

Storr grunted and the expectorated loudly. “We were discussing,” he said, “Mrs. Pound’s new course in Philosophy of Society.

Colin nodded his head like a coot and proceeded to ignore what Storr was saying. The staff sat on both sides of a long table with Storr at their head. Beside the table and its chairs, the room contained some bookcases and magazine racks while the walls were covered with charts. Storr loved charts and spent a great deal of time creating them. Among his latest ventures were: ‘The Frequency Of Post-Graduate Research Topics’, Undergraduate Performance in Relation to School Achievement’ and (Colin’s favorite) ‘Continuity in Staff/Student Relations’. Colin’s own chart, showing the rise to fame of Sheffield Wednesday, had not lasted very long on the wall.

Mrs. Cornish, a middle-aged lady of somewhat stern countenance was smoking one of her small cigars, while Horton continued solving his crossword puzzle. He was the most senior member of the staff, and coveted the Professorship, his disdain of Departmental meetings being matched by his own dislike of Storr whom he called a 'smelly twirp'.

Storr's confederates, Whiting and Hall, seemed to be avidly devouring the words of their Master, and Colin concentrated on Fiona whose perfume pleased him. She was leaning forward, apparently listening to Storr, and resting her elbows on the table in such a way that several inches of her bronzed flesh were visible in the neckline region of her dress. Her face, like the rest of her body, was tanned, and Colin thought her green eyes offset beautifully the red hair that advancing age had left untouched. Twice married, and divorced, Mickleman had pursued her avidly during his first year in the Department but her skill was equal to if not surpassed his own, and she had kept her distance. But her challenge and enigma remained for him, breeding a dark desire.

Mrs. Cornish was watching him ogle Fiona, and he winked at her. She pretended not to notice. Her hair was flaxen, gathered awkwardly on her head, and it had occurred to Colin many times that he would like to see her stand on a chair in his room, naked. With the photographs he would take, her power and authority – at least for him - would be broken.

"Er," Storr was saying, his diatribe apparently over, "I think we should all, er, congratulate Mrs. Pound on the success of this new venture of hers. Don't you all agree?"

"Yes! Chimed Hill with bovine expression, "good show!"

He showed his large white teeth to everyone.

"Thank you," smiled Fiona. "As you know," she continued in her precise, accentless way, "this subject is very dear to me and I would just like to say –"

"What, again?" growled Horton.

"Er, did you have a point to make, Mr. Horton?" asked Storr meekly.

"Can't we get on? Heard it all before and it's all drivel. What next on the agenda, Storr?"

"I say!" protested Hill. Fiona and Storr, like himself, were Oxford graduates. Horton was a Cambridge man.

"If I could say a word –" began Whiting in his slow way. He had studied at Keele, and everybody except Colin ignored him.

"You've said six already," growled Horton.

Whiting's thin, droopy, mustache began to twitch.

"Yes, Richard," Mrs. Cornish said with a smile to Storr, "what is next? We really ought to press on."

"Well, er," Storr said, getting the notes in front of him into a terrible mess. "I think it's a memorandum from the Vice-Chancellor. It's here somewhere." He fumbled among his notes and papers before smiling and wiping his forehead with his brightly colored silk handkerchief. About selection policy."

Colin watched Storr with amusement.

"I don't seem to be able to find it at the moment," Storr said.

"Typical!" Horton scowled, and continued with his crossword puzzle.

Storr ignored him, “But I do, er, remember most of its contents. We are to take a more favorable attitude to ethnic minorities – be flexible in accepting those without, ah, formal qualifications.”

This was too much for Horton. He flung down his newspaper. “You mean lower our already disastrously low entrance standards to let more of them in!”

“Mr. Horton, please! Chided Fiona.

“Ruddy stupid idea!” Horton said.

“The Government,” continued Storr, “has asked – “

“Might have known,” Horton grunted, “it was those bunch of damn fools!” He rustled his newspaper loudly.

“The Vice-Chancellor says – and I must admit I agree with him – “ Storr said, “ – that they should be encouraged. And in view of our policy toward, er, mature candidates, he considers we, that is this Department, should make a determined start in this direction.”

“We are a University,” Horton said gruffly, “not an unemployment training scheme!”

“I believe we have, er, a valuable role to play in ensuring equality of opportunity.”

“Why don’t you ruddy well say what you mean instead of waffling like a twirp!”

“Sorry?”

“Gentlemen, please,” Fiona said, smiling at Horton.

Whiting’s mustache twitched again. “You,” he said to Horton, “sound like a racist.”

“I’m sure,” Mrs. Cornish smiled, “Lawrence did not mean to imply anything of that sort. Did you Lawrence?”

Lawrence Horton glowered at her, then turned toward Whiting. “You, sir, are an oaf!”

“Er,” stuttered Storr, “I assume, Mr. Horton, that you’re opposed to the Vice-Chancellor’s suggestion?”

“As a racist,” protested Whiting, “he would be.”

“Racism,” Horton said calmly, neatly folding up his newspaper, is an abstract idea invested by sociologists which they project, most incorrectly, onto the real world to make it accord with their prejudices. It has about as much reality as an intelligent Vice-Chancellor: both are impossible according to the Laws of Nature.” He stood up. “And now I have to wring from the minds of my students all the pretentious sociological nonsense you insist on indoctrinating them with.” His newspaper under his arm, he strode out of the room.

“Er, I believe,” Storr said after Horton had slammed the door, “that we can record Mr. Horton as opposed to the Vice-Chancellor’s rather splendid idea. Wouldn’t you all agree?”

“I do so hope,” Hill said, “that he doesn’t become the Professor. A reactionary like that?”

Storr smiled. It was not a pleasing sight. “I don’t think, speaking confidentially of course, that there is much possibility of his assuming that particular responsibility.”

“Thank goodness,” Whiting said.

“You are misconstruing his objection,” Mrs. Cornish interjected.

“He’d set us back fifty years,” continued Whiting. “We must progress with the times. Philosophy is a social science, after all.”

“Er, Mickleman,” Storr asked, “what is your opinion?”

“Yes, Colin,” Fiona smiled at him, “I’m sure we would all like to know where you are on this particular matter.”

“Well,” he said as he withdrew his pipe from his pocket and proceeded to light it, “I would have to give this matter some thought. It’s not an area that I am familiar with.”

“But surely,” Fiona persisted, “you have an opinion?”

“As a matter of fact, I try to avoid opinions – about things I have not thought through deeply about or studied in detail.”

“Quite,” Storr said curtly. “Shall we get on?”

Fiona ignored him. “And in this particular instance?” she said to Colin.

“If necessary I would pursue the matter and then form a judgment – not an opinion – a judgment on the basis of careful thought.”

“I see,” Fiona smiled at him.

So did Mrs. Cornish, while both Whiting and Storr scowled, in their different ways. Hill studied his fingernails.

“Well, er,” Storr said shuffling his notes, “Mrs. Pound’s course, because of its success may be extended to second year students, as a major option. There is to be a staff seminar on the subject – next month. I think. Er, yes,” he glanced at a crumpled sheet of paper among his notes, “next month. Is there anything else anyone wants to add?” He looked around. “Well, then, we have all earned our coffee, I believe!” He began to shuffle the notes.

Colin left him, Whiting, Hill and Fiona discussing the relevance of Philosophy to society. Mrs. Cornish followed him into the corridor.

“I was impressed,” she said to him, “by what you said.”

“Won’t make any difference, though. They have made their minds up already.”

“True.” She withdrew the pocket watch she always carried and checked the time. “You’ve had another paper published I understand?”

Surprised, since he had only been informed himself a few days ago, he said, “Yes – how did you know?”

“One hears things. I also understand Richard has rejected another of yours.”

“Yes.”

“A pity. It was an insightful piece.”

“You read it?”

“Why yes. Do you have a copy?”

“Of course.”

“Then I shall send it to the ‘Bulletin’. With a covering letter, of course.”

“Thank you,” Colin said sincerely.

“Richard can be jealous, sometimes,” she said abstractly. “He envies you your success at so young an age.” Her smile seemed motherly. “May I offer you some advice?”

“Yes,” Colin said, hesitantly.

Her eyes seem to Mickleman to shine almost wickedly. “Certain preoccupations are inadvisable for someone who aspires to high office.” Her eyes resumed their normal appearance. “Certain things – are just not done. They will make you enemies. I do so hope you understand me. Now, I really must be going.”

She turned abruptly and walked away from him.

“You bastard!” Colin heard someone behind him say.

He looked around and was punched in the face.

V

As Colin Mickleman struggled up from the floor it occurred to him in a slow way that Edmund would probably have been able to block the blow.

Blood from his nose slithered down his face, and he stared at Alison’s brother in astonishment. Bryn’s kick was well aimed, and although it knocked him over Colin did not at first realize it had struck him because he could feel no pain from the impact. He seemed to fall slowly, and as he did so he noticed the floor tile was chipped. There was a stain on the tile, the pattern of which he found quite interesting, and his detachment was enhanced by his inability to hear. He lay on the floor watching Fenton restrain Bryn and push him up against the wall. Then he saw Horton, rushing out of Mrs. Cornish’s room, and students crowding the corridor and the top of the steps. In the same moment his hearing returned, and he heard Horton shouting.

“What is the meaning of this?” he said to Bryn while Fenton held Colin’s assailant aggressively by the throat.

Horton gestured toward Fenton and he released him.

“Well, boy! Horton demanded.

“That bastard – “ Bryn began to say, pointing at Colin who slowly got to his feet.

“Mind your language, boy!” Horton shouted at Bryn.

“Are you alright?” Fenton asked Colin and gave him a handkerchief.

“Fine,” he said, stopping the blood with the gift.

“What’s your name?” Horton demanded of Bryn.

“What’s it to do with you?” Bryn said defiantly.

“Listen to me, you runt!” Horton straightened his back. Despite his advancing years, he seemed a formidable adversary to Bryn who nervously turned his head as Horton clenched his fists. “This is a serious matter!”

Fenton was turning to walk away down the stairs and Colin walked toward him.

“Thanks,” he said.

Fenton smiled, and then shrugged his shoulder before disappearing down the stairs. Mrs. Cornish was in her room, and as Colin walked past her open door, he saw her using the telephone.

“It’s alright, Lawrence,” Colin said to Horton as he returned to the scene of the fight, “I know him.”

“I see.”

“Yes.” He noticed Kate looking at him down the corridor but she, like the others, turned away. The drama was over, and the corridor was clearing.

“Can he go?” Colin asked Horton.

“This is a disciplinary matter. You are a student, I presume?” Horton asked Bryn.

“Yes,” Bryn replied nervously.

“Yes, he is,” confirmed Colin. “Second year, Politics.”

“Politics?” repeated Horton. “Oh well, that explains it!”

Mrs. Cornish joined them. “Perhaps, Lawrence,” she said, “it might be better to leave the matter here.”

“Well – “ Then to Colin, he said, “Personal, is it?”

“Yes.” He watched Horton’s face carefully, as if his fate was being decided. When Horton smiled, he felt relieved.

“Maybe it’s for the best.” He faced Bryn. “If I hear so much as one whisper about you from this day on, I’ll make sure you’re sent down. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Bryn said and meant it.

“Now go, before I change my mind.”

Bryn scuttled away just as Storr emerged from his own room around the corner.

“Er, been some trouble?” he muttered.

Horton glowered at him, and then walked away.

“Just a little altercation, Richard,” Mrs. Cornish said. “Nothing to worry about. It’s all over now.”

“Er, if you’re sure.”

“Perfectly sure, Richard. Lawrence dealt with the matter admirably.”

“The I needn’t make a report out?”

“Certainly not.”

“Well, if you’re sure, Elizabeth.”

“Quite sure,” she replied primly.

“Well, that’s good then. If you could, Elizabeth, spare me a moment of your time. You see, I – “

“Not now. Perhaps later.”

“Yes. Yes, I quite understand. Later, then.”

“Come with me, Colin, and I’ll get you something instead of that.” She looked disdainfully at the now bloodied handkerchief he was holding to his nose.

He followed her into her room. As befitted a Senior Lecturer it was larger than his, with a splendid view of the lake. It was also very tidy. She closed the door firmly.

She briefly inspected his nose. “Nothing serious. Here,” she gave him a sheaf of tissues. “If it bleeds again, hold your head back. Now, sit down.”

He did as she commanded.

“Really, you must learn discretion, Colin.” She lit one of her cigars. “Not a good start. You’re very ambitious, are you not?”

“Well – “ perhaps Bryn’s blow had affected him more than he thought, for he felt momentary embarrassment.

She blew smoke directly into his face. “Would you be happy with Richard as Professor?”

“Well – “

“Hmm. I thought not. Not many would, actually.”

“But surely Lawrence stands a better chance?”

“It is possible, of course. But Richard himself is not without influence. Besides, there are other considerations. The Vice-Chancellor and Lawrence are not the best of friends.”

“I see.”

“I hope you do, Colin. Is the manuscript of your book complete?”

He looked at her questioningly. “Almost.”

“Good.” She blew smoke directly into his face. “Do you have a publisher yet?”

“No. not really.”

“Applicants for Professorships are viewed more favorably if they have published a major work,” she said almost casually.

Colin stared at her. Was it a joke?

“Ours is an expanding Department,” she said. “We hope soon to appoint two more lecturers.”

Colin knew the rivalry between Storr and Horton was intense. Of the nine members of the Department, only Fiona, Whiting and Hill favored Storr. The rest, including himself, were favorably disposed toward Horton. Of those four, Lee and Holland – whom Colin noticed with regret were not present at the morning’s meeting and thus had missed Horton insulting Storr – might be enticed away. If Storr was appointed, his Readership would become vacant, and Fiona seemed certain to benefit.

“However,” Mrs. Cornish continued, “if Richard is appointed, it will be seen in some influential quarters as a victory for the radical element and we are thus unlikely to be allocated the resources required to appoint more lecturers.”

“I see,” Colin said again. “But surely, an outside appointment is possible.”

“Of course,” she said smiling, “the Professorial Board is quite independent, and they could conceivably take such a course of action. If no suitable candidate – from here naturally – was found. Were you to apply, I would of course forward your application with my recommendation. Lawrence would of course support your application as well.”

“What?” he said in amazement.

“It is your decision – but consider what I have said. Now, I really must get on.” She held the door open for him.

He stumbled to his feet.

“Please learn, to be discrete in certain matters,” she said.

“Yes,” he mumbled, and staggered down the corridor like a drunken man.

VI

Mickleman spent the rest of his morning drafting and redrafting his application. When, to his satisfaction, it was complete, he appended a list of his publications to date. He was proud of his published articles, and derived immense satisfaction from re-reading his list, and it was well past noon when he presented his application to Elizabeth Cornish.

She was in her office, smoking a cigar, looked up briefly from her work to acknowledge his presence, said a curt ‘Thank You’ and dismissed him. He was not offended. On the contrary, he was excited, and stood for several minutes in the corridor watching the lake in an effort to calm himself.

He was not deceived, however, by his prospects in the matter of Professorship, and was satisfied merely to have applied. When the offer of a Professorship did come – and he was certain it would, one day – he would be ready, with all his allies.

Several students passed him as he stood looking out from the window, and he heard them whisper conspiratorially. But he was not concerned, and he would be one step nearer his goal.

'The Well' was the central concourse of the Derwent building, and was essentially an open Common Room with low tables and even lower chairs. It contained a small cafeteria, a gallery, which sprouted various artifacts of modern Art, and was seldom empty of students.

At first, among the human profusion, Colin did not see Edmund, and when he did, he was surprised. He was talking to Fiona. Edmund saw him approaching, said something to Fiona and without turning she walked away to disappear into the throng of students crowding the entrance to the Bar.

"Alison's brother been at you again?" Edmund asked as Colin reached him.

Fiona had completely disappeared from sight. "Do you know her, then?" he quizzically asked Edmund.

"Who?"

"Fiona."

"Sorry?"

"That woman you were just talking to." He looked at his friend suspiciously.

"Oh, her! She just wanted to borrow a match." He saw Colin peering around the room. "Why – do you know her?"

"She's in my Department."

"Oh, yes? Edmund gave a sly smile. "What number is she on your list of conquests?"

"She's not," Colin said, and screwed up his face into a morbid expression.

"What's this? 'The Owl' has met his match?" Edmund said gleefully.

Still chagrined by his past failure, he changed the subject. "Have you seen Alison?"

"Yes, actually. I had an interesting talk with her this morning."

"Oh, yes?" He said almost in disbelief.

"She's very gifted. A brilliantly intuitive mind."

"Did she say anything about – "

"About your child?"

Embarrassed, Colin looked around.

"She still," Edmund said, "hasn't decided anything. I suggest she go and stay with those friends of mine – you know, Magnus and his wife. They run that small farm. The change would do her good. She ought to get away from this place – it's very incestuous."

"I've just handed in my application for the Professorship," Colin said proudly.

"Why don't you spend a few days on Magnus' farm? Some manual labor would do you good."

Colin looked at him as if he had said something offensive. "What chance," Edmund continued, "do you think you've got?" For the Professorship, I mean."

“Not much, really. But it’s a start.”

“When will you know?”

“Not sure. Perhaps next month.”

“Who recommended you?”

“Elizabeth. Mrs. Cornish.”

“Isn’t she the one you wanted to get into bed?”

Colin winced.

“You told me about her – last year,” Edmund explained. “Don’t you remember?”

“If you say so.”

“Smokes cigars?”

“Yes.”

“You described her attributes in a rather fulsome way, if I remember correctly.”

Colin rubbed his hands together for glee. “Nice body! Wouldn’t mind getting my hands around it!” His fantasy of having Elizabeth standing naked on a chair in his room returned. He would get her to wear a studded collar to make the humiliation complete.

Edmund sighed. “The Superior Philosopher is for the belly, not the eye.”

“Eh?”

“Lao Tzu.”

“Oh, that antiquated Chinese cretin.”

“Shall we eat? I’m hungry.”

“What?” His fantasy was still intruding upon reality. Nearby, a young woman sat talking to her friends, her blouse emphasizing her breasts. Colin stared at her. “You have something,” he said to Edmund. “I’ll catch you later.”

His sexual passion aroused, he strode off toward Alison’s room.

Alison was sitting on her bed, listening to music and cuddling a very large toy lion that she called Aslan. The sunlit gardens behind Heslington Hall were visible from her window, and she did not look away when a familiar knock sounded on her door.

“Come in,” she said wearily.

Colin, as was his habit, wrestled the lion away from her and with undisguised glee proceeded to stuff it through the open window. She let him enjoy his childish fun. Her room was on the ground floor, and Aslan could easily be retrieved.

His ritual greeting over, he rubbed his hands and shuffled toward her. Alison was annoyed at the lust so evident on his face.

“Why don’t you grow up?” she shouted at him.

Momentarily perplexed, he retrieved Aslan.

“After you oats, then?” she said seethingly.

“I am after expanding my being through the experience of the ultimate,” he said in the prose of the philosopher.

“Why can’t you stop being so false?”

“Ah! ‘Tis true, falsehood is my matchless probity!” He sat beside her on the bed and began to caress her earlobe with his fingers.

He could sense her beginning to succumb, and this pleased him. He wanted to lay people bare to affirm his superiority, control them by his words and his body, and he was surprised when Alison pushed him away.

“I’m going away for a few days,” she said, moving to sit on the floor and cuddle Aslan.

He was about to summon forth a clever riposte when someone knocked on the door of the room.

Eagerly, Alison rose to answer. Fiona stood in the corridor, her dress unbuttoned so that very little of her breasts were not exposed.

“Sorry to intrude,” she said with a smile which pleased Colin, “but could I speak to Mr. Mickleman for a moment?”

“Yes, come in.”

Fiona stayed outside. “It’s about your application,” she said to Colin. “Can you come to the Department?”

Colin looked at Alison who shrugged her shoulders.

“Won’t be long,” he said to Alison.

He walked with Fiona down the corridor and out into the sunlight.

“Shall we go to your room?” Fiona said. “It is quite near.”

“It would be more private,” smiled Colin.

“Elizabeth told me about your application.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes.”

They reached his room without further conversation.

“Not what I expected,” she said as she glanced around. Clothes lay in an untidy heap upon the floor and it smelled of pipe smoke.

“Welcome to my lair!” Colin said, posing.

“What exactly are your intentions?” she asked him.

“Total experiential liberation!”

She ignored the remark. “About your application.”

“And I thought – “

“I was after your body?” she completed.

“The thought had suggested itself.”

She sat down on his bed, crossing her legs to expose most of her thigh. “Are you serious?” she said, smiling.

“Do you want me to be?”

“That depends.”

“Oh, yes?” He guessed her purpose.

“To some, you might seem the ideal candidate.”

As he looked at her, the conviction grew in him that the Professorship was really within his grasp. Fiona was courting him; Elizabeth and Horton would endorse his application with their references. He could deftly and with cunning play Storr off against Horton. Professor Colin Mickleman. It sounded right. The more he looked at Fiona, the more his lust gave way to scheming. She would be a valuable ally.

“Why don’t you come and sit beside me?” she said.

He did, and leaned over toward her to kiss her lips but she moved away, laughing.

“Do you like Early Music?” she asked.

“Not particularly.” He was wondering whether to touch her thigh when she spoke.

“There’s a concert tonight. The Early Music Group is playing in the Lyons Hall. Music by Landini and Machaut. I the Vice-Chancellor will be there. Good form for you to be seen – with the right person, of course.

“Of course. You have tickets, then?”

“Naturally. Shall we meet at half past seven?”

“Fine by me.”

She stood up. “Excellent! And afterwards,” she ran her finger down his face, “you can explain just what your intentions are.”

She left him wondering who had been manipulating whom. He searched his pockets for his pipe, and as he did so he remembered last having it when he was attacked by Bryn.

“Damn!” he said, frustrated by its loss and the lack of sexual gratification that the last half your had brought. “Damn!”

“Well,” Edmund said as he stood in the doorway, “if you’re going to be like that, I might as well go away again.”

“Eh?”

“She didn’t stay long,” quipped Edmund.

“I’m meeting her tonight.” He searched in his desk and found his spare pipe which he proceeded to fill and light. “Not a good day,” he sighed. Then, remembering his application, he smiled.

“Came for my rucksack,” Edmund said.

Colin was surprised. “Leaving already?”

“Afraid so.” He opened the wardrobe and extracted his rucksack.

“Can’t you stay a little longer?” He was visibly disappointed.

“Not really. Have some unfinished business.”

“Such as?”

Oh, various things.” He shouldered his heavy burden.

“You going now?”

“Yes.”

“When shall we meet again?”

“Who can say – who cannot say?”

They smiled at each other.

Colin squinted, then held out his hand which Edmund shook strongly, causing Colin to grimace, only half mockingly.

Edmund turned, waved and then walked out of the room and away from his friend.

VII

Colin was only a little late for his afternoon tutorial, but Andrea was already waiting in his room in the Department. She was dressed in a fashionable padded jacket of colorful design and her scarf seemed inappropriate considering the weather, its whiteness in contrast to the patterned blue of her dress. Her dark hair, although well brushed, looked untidy, and she smiled, a little as Colin entered the room, before her boyish face resumed its startled look.

“So,” Colin said gleefully before assuming the correct intonation, “relentlessly pursued over aerial house top and vice-versa, I have thwarted the malevolent machinations of our most scurrilous enemies. In short, I am arrived.”

Andrea did not know whether to be embarrassed by the W.C Fields impersonation.

Colin cast his lustful gaze upon her. Her gestures were awkward as she fumbled in her bag for her essay.

“Sorry, it’s a bit late,” she said holding the pages out for him.

The Owl watched, and the Philosopher set the trap. “Relationships are difficult things – sometimes. He took her essay and sat behind his desk. “Perhaps”, he said, pausing for effect, “I shouldn’t say this – and stop me if I say anything untoward – but sometimes with some people I get feelings; impressions. Call it empathy, if you like. One of the great things about life is that we can talk about things – bring problems out of ourselves. Remember Descartes?”

“Yes,” she said shyly.

He sprang his trap. His face bore a kindly smile, but inside his minds was full of scheming. “If you would like to talk about things, I’m a good listener. Share the sadness I sense about you.” He smiled his smile again. “I’ll be in the Bar here in Derwent tomorrow after seven. Now, your essay.”

He lit his pipe and settled back in his chair to read her offering. His criticisms minor, and he talked for only a quarter of an hour about the essay’s content while she sat across from him, wringing her hands together and occasionally meeting his glance.

He gave her back her essay. “Tomorrow – if you want,” he said, before picking up the receiver of his telephone. It was a sign of his dismissal and her and she did not fail him.

“Goodbye, then,” she said and briefly smiled.

He dialed a few numbers before she closed his door. Then he replaced the receiver. But his pleasure did not last for long.

“Ah!” Storr said as he opened the door with first knocking upon it. “Colin! I, er, just wanted to say how pleased I am about your application. Yes, most pleased.”

“Oh yes?”

“Er, yes indeed my dear boy!”

“Did you want something?”

“What?” Storr looked around. “How are your tutorials going?” Well, I hope.”

Before Colin could reply, Elizabeth pushed Storr aside.

“Have you a match?” she said as she reached Colin’s desk. My lighter is U/S.”

Colin fumbled in his pockets until he found his box of matches. He held them out for her but she ignored his gesture and leaned toward him with one of her small cigars between her fingers.

After he had lit it, she blew the smoke into his face. “Mind if I keep the box?” she asked.

“No, of course not.”

Both he and Storr watched her leave.

“Well, I must get on! Storr said to him. “Nice talking to you, Colin.” Nodding his head, he walked into the corridor.

Colin was soon at work. He needed one chapter to complete his book, and he worked eagerly but steadily during the hours of the afternoon, filling pages of paper with his writing. Occasionally he would stop to read what he had written, sometimes making corrections, and occasionally he would stop to refill and relight his pipe. Only once did he leave the room. But the Secretary's Office was deserted and he made his own cup of coffee before returning to his desk.

It was becoming dark outside when his task was completed, and he collected together all the pages of the chapter. Satisfied with his effort, he wrote a note. "Could you type this out for me? Rather urgent!" it read. He thought of adding a rude suggestion, but desisted, and left it attached to his chapter on the Secretary's desk.

Pleased with himself, he wandered out into the fresh air of evening, but it did not take him long to forget about his book and concentrate on his evening with Fiona. His wardrobe in his room in the Hall of Residence contained many black clothes, and he was deciding on a fitting combination when he heard a noise behind him.

He turned to see the door open. But it was not Fiona as he hoped, nor Alison as he half expected. Instead, it was the tall man he had seen the day before, following him. The man walked toward him and knocked him unconscious with one powerful blow.

He awoke to find himself lying on a carpet that smelled of urine, and turned to see his attacker standing by a window whose panes were broken. Near him, a bald man stood smoking a cigarette. He was much smaller in stature than the other man, and his face reminded Colin of a toad. The glare from the bright light hurt Colin's eyes and he shook his head.

"He's awake," he heard a voice say. Then he was hauled to his feet.

Dramatically, the toad-faced man put on black leather gloves.

"Someone," he sneered as Colin was pushed toward him, "wants to teach you a lesson."

"You what?" Colin said, feeling his mouth go dry and stomach churn.

The man grinned, flexed his hands menacingly and moved closer. "I am going to enjoy this!" he said.

Outside, there was a sudden sound of breaking glass, and a drunken shout.

"Ger up!" the drunken man helped his companion to his feet. Then he peered into the window at Mickleman. "What you doin'" he asked, smiling insanely, his bushy beard wet from beer. He drank from the bottle in his hand.

"We'll deal with you later," the toad-faced man said to Colin.

Colin was pushed to the ground as his would be assailants ran away. When he stood up, the two drunken men had gone as well, cautiously and nervously, he walked into the darkness outside.

The house stood on a decaying Estate and appeared to be newly wrecked, but Mickleman wasted no time and was soon walking briskly toward the city center. No one followed him, and he stopped awhile beside a busy road, pleased to find his pipe and tobacco in the pocket of his jacket. The ritual calmed him and he walked on into the center of the city to find a bus to take him back toward the comfort of the University.

It was nearing nine o'clock when he returned to his room, and he sat at his desk, smoking his pipe, trying to understand his abduction. All he could think of was Bryn. Somehow, he had hired them. This conclusion did not please him, and he was shaking as he left his own room to find Bryn's. But Alison's brother was not in his Hall of Residence, and Colin resisted the temptation he felt to break down Bryn's door.

He was sauntering back to his own room when he remembered his assignation with Fiona, and as he stood waiting outside the Lyons Hall for the concert to end, it occurred to him that Storr might be responsible for his abduction. But the thought was ludicrous, and he forgot about it. Instead, he spent his waiting trying to find epithets to describe the Magarita's body, particularly her large breasts. He wanted his epithets to be as crude as possible, and the more clichéd the better, since this naming was for him an affirmation of his superiority. But he had not progressed very far when the audience began to leave the Hall.

Fiona was not among them, and he stood among the shadows for some minutes after the last person had departed before returning to his room. But he was not happy, sitting alone at his desk. Magartia seemed glad of his telephone call, and he lurked by the road in black clothes, clutching his camera, to await her arrival.

He did not see Edmund watching him from the walkway above the road.

VIII

It was approaching the twilight hours when Alison left the University in the company of Edmund's friend. She had been glad of the invitation, and readily accepted Edmund's second offer.

She sat beside Magnus in the Land Rover, her small suitcase in the back, watching the scenery as it passed. Occasionally, Magnus would turn and smile at her and she would return his friendly gesture. Magnus was a big man with a full beard, and Alison found something reassuring in his size and his cheerful eyes. Magnus' farm was small, and although its position among the Hambleton Hills at the southern end of the North Yorkshire moors was not ideal, it was sufficiently isolated to afford the privacy Magnus and his wife deemed essential.

The Land Rover climbed the steep hill to Bank Top easily and, in the dim light, Alison found the scene enchanting. It seemed magical to her to be rising above the plain north of the city of York and to have the moors ahead, in the spreading darkness. A car passed them, descending the hill carefully, and Magnus drove off the main road to travel through a plantation of trees. The narrow road he had taken gradually leveled out, and Alison could see to her left and below, the headlights of a vehicle as it was driven along beside the boundary of the moors.

It was dark when they reached their destination. Inside the stone farmhouse was warm.

"Welcome! My name is Ruth," a woman with a shawl around her shoulders said in greeting as Magnus led Alison toward the log fire.

Alison smiled. In the dim light cast by the fire she found it easy to believe Ruth, and the house itself, belonged to an earlier age.

"It'll be a cold night," Magnus said as he warmed his gnarled hands by the fire.

"Alison, is it?" Ruth asked her.

"Yes." Alison replied.

"Well, sit you down! Food won't be long."

They left her alone as she sat bathed in the warmth and the restful light of the fire, and Alison felt an urge to write a letter to Colin. But the house worked its magick upon her, and she soon fell asleep. Ruth awoke her, and she made her way to where the table was spread full with food.

“Sorry about the candles,” Magnus said.

“I think it’s lovely!” Alison said with sincerity.

“Haven’t got round to electricity – yet.”

She sat on the bench beside Ruther, but they did not say grace before their meal as she had expected. The conversation during the meal was minimal, and she was glad when Ruth showed her to her room. It was sparsely furnished, like the house itself, but warm from the small coal fire, and she set the lighted candles by her bed before taking her small cassette player and headphones from her case.

It was some time before she began to write.

“My dear Colin,

Darkness has already fallen as I listen to Bach’s Matthew Passion – crying at the beauty and haunting sadness of some of the music. Aware also, as I listen, of a loneliness because there is no one here with me to share these moments. All I can do is dare to write to you, keeping the memory of these moments to perhaps mould them at some future time into words spoken when we are together again. Or, perhaps, I might this once let them become the genesis of some music of my own.

Now I sit with the light of a candle to guide my pen, unaware of my future – the darkness beyond my closed window seems mysterious: a mystery, which once and not long ago would have held the luminosity of myths and legends.

The darkness, outside, may have gone – changed by technology, by artificial light, but perhaps (or so it seems at this moment to me) it has returned to within us. There seems nothing to fear outside that the lights of technology and the reason of scientific explanation cannot dispel. Yet so few seem to see the blackness within – which even two thousand years of a powerful allegory has not changed. I mean, of course, the story of the “Passion” - of a kind of innocence betrayed. The actors, their names, changes every year... I wonder if you will understand what I mean.

It seems to me that all great Art uplifts and offers us the possibilities of existence. That ecstasy of experience where we are a unity of passion and reason – where life is constantly renewed and made vital. Bach reminds me of this insight – as a hot summer day can when no cloud obscures the beautiful blue of the sky and we become again, for just that day, children again. Once, it seems a long time ago now, I believed that love between two individuals should and could bring us this awareness, this understanding where answers to all our problems are found: not because we ignore them, but because our love conquers all. ‘A shameless romantic’ I hear you say.

But now experience seems to have dimmed this vision of mine. Through music and other things (music particularly) I have been transported to other planes of existence, and this has made my personal relationships difficult because I have tried to capture the bliss of those other places in moments with others. This has made me intense – and perhaps difficult because I could often not express in words what it was that I wished: in a relationship, in life.

I would like to believe that you offer me, through love, a beginning. But I know that this can never be. Maybe in music, in performance and creation, I will find my answer. No doubt you will continue to be you, safe within your own frame of reference. As to me, I expect the future to be full of discovery: a discovery of both joy and sadness.

With love,

Alison”

She felt happier, having written the letter and re-read it several times, glad that she had been able to express in words the feelings that had haunted her for so long. But she knew she might lack the courage to post the letter. She turned off her music and lay on the bed, listening to the silence. Nothing stirred, not even outside and as she lay, hearing the beating of her own pulse within her ears, she began to realize that it would be better for her if she did not see Colin again. He was her past. So thinking, she rose to delete some words from her letter, making 'when we are together again' illegible.

The candle was nearly spent, and she blew it out to fall asleep in the silent darkness

It was late next morning she awoke. The house was deserted, but she found food awaiting her on the table. No one came to greet her and she ate slowly before walking into the gardens. The morning mist had almost completely dispersed, revealing a bright sun, which had begun to spread its warmth.

There were few flowers to color the scene, for the gardens were productive ones given over to vegetables, soft fruit and an orchard. Alison found a bench abutting the brick wall that screened the garden from the yard and the clustered farm buildings behind the house, and she sat awhile, letting the sun warm and relax her. She was nearly asleep when a sheepdog came and lay down near her feet.

Magnus' voice startled her. "He don't take to many people," he said.

Alison patted the dog's head. "Is there any work I do to help?" she asked.

"There is no shortage of work, here,"

"I'd like to do something."

"Thought you had come for a holiday."

"Just a break from things. I'd like to help out."

"Well, if you're sure."

"Yes."

"The onions need weeding and thinning."

The day passed quickly for her, although by late afternoon her enthusiasm for the back straining work had disappeared. Their lunch had been frugal – soup with plentiful bread – and she was beginning to feel both hungry and tired.

"You ready to eat?" Magnus said as he came toward her.

"Yes, indeed!"

"Didn't expect you to do all this," Magnus said as he surveyed her work.

Alison smiled, and scraped dirt from her hands.

"You go in, I'll tidy up," Magnus said. "Got some friends coming over," he added as she began to walk away.

To her surprise she found the kitchen full of people, and children.

"This here is Alison," Ruth said by way of introduction, "she's staying for a while."

“Hello!” Alison said, and blushed.

“That’s Tom,” Ruth said indicating a small unshaven man in worn clothes who smiled in reply, showing his broken teeth. “And Mary.” Mary, a large lady with a young and cheerful face deeply weathered, came and embraced Alison, much to Alison’s embarrassment. “And John.” John, sallow faced and stocky, raised his battered hat in greeting. “And Wendy.”

Wendy, a tall thin woman with long straight hair, smiled at her briefly before admonishing her children. “Leave that alone!” she shouted to her small son who was trying to remove the lid from the metal milk pail on the floor. “And Lucy – stop that!” She dragged her daughter away to stop her kicking her brother.

“There is plenty of hot water,” Ruth said to Alison, pointing to the sink.

Alison was washing her hands when Magnus entered the room. How took the now crying Lucy into his arms, scooped up her brother and carried with him before setting them down near the fire. They were staring at him expectantly, and Alison came to sit near them, enchanted by the sudden change in their demeanor and glad to be away from the others.

Magnus began his story. He told how Thrym the Giant stole Thor’s hammer Mjollnir as a ransom in order to make Freyja his wife; of how Loki, the Sly One, persuaded mighty Thor to dress as a woman in order to deceive Thrym.

“And so mighty Thor disguised himself as a woman, pretending to be Freyja who Thrym wanted as a bride. Thrym the Giant sat waiting in his draughty Hall. ‘They are coming! They are coming’ his giant servants shouted as the guests from Asgard arrived.

“Thus Thor entered the Hall which Thrym and his servants had lain with food and drink, for the wedding feast. It had been a long journey from Asgard and Thor was both hungry and thirsty. So he ate and drank. He ate a whole pig and then six whole salmon. He drank a gallon of mead.

“Thrym the Giant was amazed. ‘What appetites,’ he shouted. ‘What a woman! Let us hope,’ he said to one of his giant servants, her other appetites are as good!’ And Thrym the Giant laughed, a laugh so loud it rocked the whole Hall and loosened some of the planks of the wall.

“So Thrym was eager to begin the ceremony of marriage and commanded Mjollnir, Thor’s magical hammer which he had stolen, be brought forth. ‘I shall,’ he shouted, ‘swear my oath on Mjollnir as my bride shall.’

“So saying, the hammer was brought forth. And seeing it, Thor rushed forward and grasped it, tearing off his veil as he did so. His eyes were as red as his beard. There was no escape for his foe, for one by one he split open their skulls with his hammer, starting with Thrym the Giant until the whole floor of the Hall was littered with the dead bodies of the giants who had dared to defy the gods of Asgard!”

There was a moment of silence, and then Lucy’s voice. “Another, tell us another!” the little girl said eagerly.

Alison left them to change her clothes, a little disturbed by the tale she had heard. She was in her room, listening to Vaughn Williams’ Six Symphony through her headphones when she realized what had disturbed her. She thought the children too young for such a tale of violence with its suggestion of sexuality. But the music gradually transported her to another plane of existence, and she sat on the bed, listening. The somber starkness of the Epilogue made her cry and she rose to stand by the window and watch the rising moon. She became aware of the coldness and isolation of space – of the great distance, which separated her from the moon; of the even greater distances to the stars. She began to imagine worlds circling the stars – worlds full of life, of people, alive with their own dreams, desires, thoughts and problems. The very vastness of the cosmos seemed suddenly real to her, and she experienced an almost overwhelming feeling of greatness: of the cosmos itself, and of her own life. It was as though she glimpsed a secret. The stars

seemed awesome and yet thaumaturgic, and she felt a painful desire to travel among them, to explore the new worlds that awaited. There would be so many new experiences, so many things to see, to learn, to listen to. There was almost something holy waiting out there.

There grew within her then a desire to compose some music, something unique, which would capture at least in some way the feelings she had experienced, and she in a frenzy tore open her case to find pen and paper. Music filled her mind, a strange polyphony of sound, and she wove it into reality through the written notes of her pen.

Then the inspiration died, and she found herself sitting on the bed in the dim light staring down at the music she had written. She sighed then, for she understood what she had to do about Colin and her own unborn baby.

As if to counterpoint her thought, a distant bell began to toll, echoing between the valleys and the hills. Its sound was clear, and then distant, then clear again before it faded. It was a medieval sound, and as she listened she remembered the remains of Rievaulx but five miles distant and shrouded in a wooded valley. But the bell was real and not a dream, and she stood by the window, listening.

There was a monastery, she recalled, somewhere in the valleys below. A modern monastery replete with a Public School. A link between the past and the present. This thought pleased her and she smiled. She was not to know that a young novice – full of a youthful desire to return to ancient tradition – against the Prior's wishes, set in motion the mechanism which would swing the six ton bell of Ampleford Abbey, high in its squat church tower, sending its hallowed sound miles out in remembrance of the monk who had died that same hour. The novice wanted the whole monastery, and the School, to cease if only for an instant, their tasks and pray for the departing soul.

Had she known this, she would have approved, for the sound of the bell suddenly ceased, leaving her disappointed.

IX

The air of early morning was warm, and Mickleman sat contently at his desk in his room, a notebook beside him.

He sat for some time, watching the lake and vaguely thinking about his life until he began to remember the years that had passed since his youth. He became a little sad, as he often did when he reviewed the passing of the years by remembering the events of the same day one year, then two, then three years ago until he had reached the years of his schooling. 'What have I done since then?' he would ask himself, and be displeased with the answer.

His self pity and melancholia lasted for several hours until he began to lay upon his desk his secret collection of photographs. The photographs pleased him, and as he looked through them his happiness returned.

It was nearing mid-day when he gathered up his notebook and pipe before returning his photographs to the drawer of his desk. Perhaps his preoccupation with Fiona's body or Andrea's shyness made him forgetful, but he did not lock his drawer, and wandered, pleased with himself, out into the bright sun of the day.

Two young male students came toward him on creaking bicycles as he stepped onto the path outside the Hall of Residence, their eager faces smiling. One of them carried a haversack on which was painted: 'Newton Calculates. Watts works. But Coles' word is Law.' Coles was the Professor of Physics.

Mickleman smiled ruefully, and followed a small huddle of students as they walked toward and over the bridge.

He was early for the Departmental meeting, and sat contentedly in the room smoking his pipe until he could no longer resist the temptation to defile Storr's charts. He added a few extra dots to one, extended the line of another and flicked ink in an inconvenient spot on a third. He was admiring his work when Lee entered the room.

Lee was not a tall man, his jerky movements seemed not quite coordinated, and he looked older than his thirty-five years. His suit was not conspicuous, as he himself was not, and he reminded Colin of a studious monk misplaced in a world, which seemed to startle him.

Lee smiled nervously and then crept toward a chair, laying his voluminous notes and files upon the table. His tutorial was only just over and, as he always did, he wrote an account of it in order to assess his own performance. 'A moderate success, for once,' he wrote in his notebook in his neat handwriting, 'except regarding the questions about Heidegger. I must do more background reading...'

He was still writing when Horton bustled in and took his usual seat by the window. From his pocket he produced a copy of Iliad, in Greek, and was soon absorbed in his reading.

Soon, the room was full, Storr, squirming and smiling as he sat at the head of the table/ Whiting and Hill, near their master, Mrs. Cornish, next to Lee and smoking her small cigars. And last of all, Fiona, who sat next to Colin, graciously smiling as if he had not missed their assignation.

"Well, eh," Storr said, looking around with evident satisfaction. "I'm sorry I had to rearrange this meeting at such short notice. But as you are all aware, I am away next week and rather than postpone next week's meeting I decided to bring it forward. I was hoping to sound to you all out about –"

The door opened, and they all turned to look.

"Ah, Timothy! Storr said. "Glad you could join us."

Timothy was the most junior member of the Department and Colin was not surprised by his lateness or his manner of dress. He wore a mauve shirt, green trousers and shoes, and had tied a mauve scarf around his neck.

"Sorry I'm late!" he smiled, showing his two gold-capped teeth.

"Just in time! Said Storr. "Jonathon – " he smiled at Lee, "was about to talk to the audio-visual equipment he had just, eh, taken charge of. A very valuable edition to our Department. Yes indeed. Very valuable.

"Is that all?" Horton turned and glared at Storr.

"Sorry?" Storr said.

"You brought all of us here," Horton continued, anger evident in his voice, "to waffle on about audio-visual equipment!"

"Well, er, it is rather an important addition to our facilities if I may say so."

"You have the audacity to –" Horton began.

"Gentlemen, please!" Mrs. Cornish said in an attempt at mediation.

"There was something else on the agenda, Richard?" Fiona asked.

“Actually, no.”

“I see,” Mrs. Cornish said, disgusted.

“But I was going to mention finances – “ Storr muttered weakly.

Horton stood up. “You could not bear the thought of someone, namely myself, chairing the meeting in your unmissed absence, I assume?”

Storr himself stood up. “You will withdraw that remark, of course.”

It was the nearest Colin has seen Storr to anger.

“May I suggest,” Colin said, “that those wishing to hear Jonathon stay, while those who wish to leave do so. If there are any vital points which emerge, I am sure one of those who stays would be willing to tell – “

“What a waste of time all of these perfidious meeting are!” Horton said and strode out of the room.

To Colin’s surprise, Timothy followed him. Then Mrs. Cornish. Fiona smiled briefly at him and then also left.

“Well, if you all will excuse me,” he himself said, and departed.

Fiona was waiting, as he expected, in the corridor.

“You were otherwise engaged, I imagine,” she said.

He thought of telling her the truth. But it was so unlikely she was bound to think it was a lie, so he lied instead, not really believing she would believe it. “I was not feeling well and fell asleep.”

He was watching her, waiting for her reactions, when he realized how much he desired her. Her face showed no emotion, and it was almost lofty indifference – that aroused his ardor keenly.

“Perhaps the Owl’s nocturnal activities are too tiring?” she said, her face expressionless.

“I waited outside the Lyons Hall at the end of the concert, he said, trying to salvage something. “I’m sorry, I really am.”

“Cheetah’s One, Owls Nil,” she said and smiled.

She left him standing perplexed and a little shaken, and he walked slowly to his room in the Department. He sat at his desk, vaguely wondering about Fiona and how he might best approach her. Gradually, there grew within him the feeling that he was on longer the master of his own Destiny, and this discomfited him, as his thoughts about Fiona did. He began to doubt his own self-appointed role about revealing individuals to themselves and the world while he, the puppet master, pulled their strings. But his self-doubt did not last. He remembered Andrea, who would be waiting for him later in the day – another victim whose soul he could lay bare; he remembered the Professorship, his philosophical work, his spreading fame – and his child, growing within Alison’s womb.

He was smiling at these, his achievements, when someone knocked on the door of his room. Without waiting for his response Elizabeth Cornish strode in.

“Ah! Glad I caught you!” she said. “The Professorial Board meets next week. The interview, I believe, will be next Tuesday. There is an outside candidate.”

“So soon?” Colin said, surprised.

She smiled. "It was felt a swift decision was needed."

"Do you know how many candidates there are?"

"Four, including yourself."

"And the outsider?"

"Chap from Oxford. You have a tie, I presume?" she asked in her matronly voice.

"Yes."

"Good form for you to be presentable."

"Of course."

Her smile was curt, and she retreated from his room briskly, the leather soles of her plain shoes clacking against the floor.

For several minutes he sat at his desk before sidling into the corridor. In several of the rooms lectures were in progress, and he stood listening to the muted words, which seeped out to him. There was, he felt, an aura about them, for here, in his chosen Department, the High Priestess and High Priest were at work, teaching their followers. The deities were Truth, Reason, Feeling and Understanding, and each deity, according to the gospel of Mickleman, was a goddess – or at least a woman. He wanted to possess and master them all.

These thoughts pleased him, and he spent the remainder of the daylight hours writing steadily at his desk. His completed article pleased him and he laid it aside to walk in the twilight toward the Refectory. But a memory of Fiona drew him away.

He felt his desire for her keenly as he walked toward her house but a short distance from the University. The village of Heslington was joined to the campus by a road, which sprouted red brick houses. Fiona's dwelling was a small unprepossessing house along a lane, which led off from the road. The gardens, lawns and fences were all well tended, and he was about to push open the gate when the front door was opened. Light from inside gave him a view of Storr's face, and he walked past, momentarily perplexed. But it was not long before he turned to see Storr shambling away.

No sooner had Colin knocked on Fiona's door than it was opened.

"Just passing?" she said and smiled.

She wore a thin dress, which left very little to the imagination.

"Not really."

"Been watching long?"

"Sorry?"

She did not pursue the matter. "Come in," she said.

She opened the door further for him and he stepped over her threshold, smiling as she closed and locked the door. The house smelled of expensive perfume, as Fiona herself did, and he breathed the scent in.

She stepped past him, but he did not move aside and she allowed her body to brush against his. For a few moments he stared at her, and as he did so he thought her face bore a striking resemblance to one of the women in Bruegel's 'Allegory of Lust'. But the impression was fleeting. He thought her beautiful and sexually alluring and moved forward to kiss her lips.

"Not here!" she laughed, and walked slowly up the stairs to her bedroom.

He followed, fascinated by his desire.

The bedroom was all black and crimson and seemed luxurious to Colin.

"Take your clothes off." She said as she sat on the edge of the large bed.

"What?"

"Your clothes – take them off."

Then he saw it. In the corner of the room, a camera stood on a tripod, and in her hand Fiona held the remote control release.

"I want to watch you," she said, still smiling. She rummaged in a drawer by the bed. "And then I want you to put these on." She held out a pair of handcuffs.

Colin smiled, but she soon destroyed his fantasy. "On you," she said, and laughed.

Her laughter, and this reversal of roles, confused Colin, and he stood, in the bright light, by her bed unable to speak.

"Come on, don't be shy," she smiled. "What are you waiting for?" She dangled the handcuffs in front of him.

When he still did not speak, she added: "Just a few photographs of you - in various poses."

She rose to stand before him and, somewhat abashed, Colin retreated from the room. She did not follow him, and he could hear her laughter as he opened the door of the house to the dark and cooling air.

X

The food did not interest him, but Colin sat at a table in the crowded Refectory eating nevertheless while he listened to the chatter and clatter of the students around him.

He left his meal half-eaten to saunter toward the Bar in Derwent college, and he was soon drinking himself into a stupor. The beer made his melancholia even worse and he sat vaguely detesting the people who gradually filled the room with their noise.

"Hello!" Andrea said cheerfully. She was dressed all in black, an affectation which surprised him, and he glowered at her because he thought it was his own copyright.

"Join me?" he said, holding up his glass but making no effort to rise from his seat.

When she returned he sat silently watching her sip her drink.

“A bit crowded, isn’t it?” she said, embarrassed by his silence.

He watched her lustfully. “I know what you need,” he said without any subtlety.

“Oh, yes?” She appeared to him to be only half-insulted.

“Someone to talk to.” He smiled as he savored his first little victory. “It is never easy, is it?”

“What?”

“Sharing moments. Just when you think you understand someone – they surprise you.” The alcohol was beginning to affect his thought, and he struggled to not let this show. “They surprise you,” he repeated. “Usually with other people, betraying.”

Andrea thought of her own just broken relationship and began to be amazed at what she saw as Colin’s insight.

“You thought you understood him,” he continued.

How could he know? She thought. Is it so evident on my face?

“Are you happy here?” he asked, then seeing her questioning face added, “here, at University.”

“Sometimes.”

“What will you do? His pause was deliberate. “When you graduate?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe teach.”

She smiled a defensive smile which Colin divined and he forgot about trying to lay her soul bare with the scalpel of his words, and leaned across the small table that held his many empty glasses to grasp her hand in his own. She did not move away.

“Mind if I join you?” a voice asked above the babble around them.

Andrea jerked her hand away. On the lapel of his tweed jacket Fenton, their interloper, wore a badge saying ‘Being Weird Isn’t Enough’.

Without being asked, he sat down. “Is this a philosophical discussion – or can anyone join in?”

Colin looked at Andrea who looked at him. Fenton looked at them both and then said, “That’s exactly my point! The academic study of morals is no guarantee that those who so study are moral themselves. Won’t you agree, Dr. Mickleman? Fenton gave an inane smile.

The Doctor of Philosophy took a long drink of his beer and then burped loudly.

“Ah!” Fenton exclaimed. “The existential viewpoint! I could not have put it better myself.” He gestured toward Andrea. “And you, Mademoiselle? How would you, as a student of the illustrious Dr. Mickleman, express your own desire for understanding?”

She looked angrily, then rose and left. Colin watched her push her way through the crowded room and was about to follow when Fenton laid a restraining hand on his arm.

“I am in dread,” Fenton said, “that from all this silence something ill shall burst forth.”

Eh?”

“Sophocles.” He removed his hand.

“That antiquated Greek cretin!”

For some seconds they looked at each other, but Colin turned away before rising to follow Andrea. He soon caught up with her as she walked along the path that took them turning and down toward the light-shimmering lake. They did not speak but she limply held his hand as it sought her toward his room. His understanding had impressed her, his eyes seemed to radiate a warmth, and she was lonely.

In his dimly lit room, the smell of pipe smoke and sweaty feet pervaded, and he was soon kissing her and fondling her body. Only partly undressed, they lay on his bed, but his body refused to obey his desire. This alcohol induced failure made him angry. As a remedy to try and arouse his erection he began to beat her bare buttocks with his discarded shoe.

“Please, don’t!” she pleaded and began to cry.

Her utter helplessness appealed to him and, as his remedy began to take effect, he forced himself upon her. But his desire did not last long and, satiated, he turned over to fall into an alcoholic sleep.

She dressed while he slept. Her feelings in turmoil, she sat down at his desk. She would write him a note, she thought, although she did not know what to write and in her search for a clean sheet of paper and pen, she opened the drawer of his desk.

Among the photographs, she recognized Kate, and Magarita, and she carefully replaced them in the drawer. Without feeling anything she silently stole out and away from the room. Dawn was many hours away, as midnight itself was, and she wandered around the lake, keeping to the shadows and avoiding the gaggles of students who passed in the still but seldom silent night air.

Their laughter and their words were devoid of meaning for her. There was no one and nothing she could trust. No boyfriend, parents, friends or tutor; no God. ‘I would have been just one more sordid photograph,’ she thought as she walked slowly back to her own room, wishing to cry but too full of discordant emotion to succeed.

XI

Alison frowned, but otherwise bore herself stoically as one who, having thought deeply about a particular matter, had made a decision. She had surprised Colin by arriving to see him early in the morning.

Bewildered, he sat hunched on his bed while Alison stood beside the window.

“Well?” he asked, chagrined at both being disturbed from his slumber so early and not finding Andrea in his room.

“I’ve made a decision,” Alison announced.

“Oh yes?”

“I’m going to have an abortion,” she said without any preamble.

“What?” He remark awakened him.

“You heard.”

“But you can’t – “

“I thought I’d tell you now rather than later.”

“But I would help. Money, that sort of thing. You know that’s not what I want.”

“Who said anything about what you want?”

“But I’ll get you a flat. Everything.”

“Too late,” she said.

He smiled at her then. But she divined his purpose. “And nothing,” she added, “you say or do can make me change my mind. You’ll not wheedle you way into my affections again.” Her hardness was only in part a pose. “Well, goodbye then. I doubt we shall meet again.”

She turned around and left him sitting on the bed. He sat still for a while and then suddenly leapt up to find his clothes and dress himself. A faint mist shrouded the University and he was half across the bridge outside his residence, straining to see ahead, when he realized he had run in the wrong direction. He turned, and collided with a student carrying an armful of books. He did not want to help but shouted a “Sorry!” to the fallen young man and sprinted away along the path toward the car park behind the large Physics building. There was a Land Rover leaving and ran toward it shouting Alison’s name, but it steadily pulled away and he was left to bend breathless and alone by the side of the running track. No one saw him as he in anger kicked a post. He hurt his foot, and limped slowly back to his room.

Clarity of thought and release from the pain in his foot came slowly as he sat at his desk smoking his pipe. The idea of a child, unwanted though it was at its conception, had pleased him, but there would, he felt sure, be other opportunities, some woman to bear his children and whom he might marry if she accepted his need for other purely physical liaisons. Magarita, perhaps? She knew of his other liaisons and did not seem to care. But that, he felt certain, would come in its own species of time. His concern now was the Professorship and although Alison’s decision and departure saddened him, he was also a little relieved to be free of what he had felt to be her cloying emotions. Thus satisfied with himself and his world again. He made himself a strong brew of tea before departing for his office in his Department.

A pile of mail awaited him in the Secretary’s Office, and he spent nearly an hour with her, idling chatting and making rude suggestions. The Secretary, a youngish lady with a tender face and richly coiffured dark blond hair given to slightly audacious and in some circles fashionable clothes, did not mind, for she was recently and happily married. Colin’s seduction of her was a year away and for both it was part of their past. And when he did finally peruse his mail in his own room, he was pleased to find a letter asking him for an article from an academic journal he never read.

So he sat and wrote and read a little while the hours of the morning passed. Fenton was late for his tutorial, and Colin calmly waited. Half an hour; an hour. But in his relaxed way he did not care, and was even a little pleased, for last night Fenton had disturbed him. The meaning of his words had not escaped Colin, inebriated though he was, and he began to surmise that Fenton was too embarrassed to attend the tutorial as he began to believe that Fenton, the avowed homosexual, was attracted to him. He felt this explained all of Fenton’s behavior, and was even a little pleased. Perhaps, after all, he had found the key to unravel Fenton’s character. Still thinking these thoughts, he was surprised by Fiona who entered his room without knocking.

He watched her carefully as she came to sit on the side of his desk. As was her habit, her dress seemed to reveal rather than hide her body.

“Dinner, tonight?” she asked.

“Well – “

“Are you afraid of me?” she asked directly.

“What do you mean?”

“Of my strength.”

“I didn’t realize that you took steroids,” he said in an attempt to be clever.

It did not work. “I have some outfits which I think you would look very good in.”

“Oh yes?”

“Yes. Are you afraid to experiment then? And after all I’ve heard!”

“Such as?”

“Oh various things.”

The phrase startled him, for some reason he could not remember. But he did remember feeling almost as startled by something Fenton had said to him, last night. He could not remember what that was either. Fiona was staring at him while her lips were drawn into a smile, and this perplexed him as well.

“Try it,” she said, “tonight. You might surprise yourself and have a good time..” She pursed her lips. “I think we’d make a good combination – in bed.”

She smiled at him and then walked toward the door. “I’ll expect you about seven.”

Her perfume and presence lingered a long time, and he found himself unable to concentrate on his work. His mind began to fill with erotic images and visions, and all of them involved him and Fiona. It was these which persuaded him: he would go and meet her, confident that he would be equal to any situation, and, in his anticipation and delight, he forgot about both Andrea and Fenton.

Fenton had been with a party of his friends when he had seen Andrea pass in the night. He caught sight of her face as she slowly walked under a lamp near the door to her residence.

“Come on,” a friend had urged him as he stood wondering whether to call out her name – and he had gone with them to their rooms where music played and cups were filled with wine. Soon the voices were raised to try to right all the political wrongs in the world.

“Worker’s Councils – that is what we need! It would show the bosses!” an enthusiastic student said.

“But surely, democratic reforms,” another countered, “are the only viable means.”

“Bull! Revolution has been and still is the only answer.”

But Fenton remembered, as he listened, Andrea’s face. It had spoken to him, one soul to another, one outcast to another. There was real suffering there which he felt no political discussion would change, and he rose unobserved to take his leave.

“Go away!” a voice shouted in answer to his knuckle raps upon Andrea’s door.

“Leave me alone!” the voice said as he tried again.

“It’s me!” he said.

“Look!” an angry face said as Andrea opened the door, “I want to be left alone.”

Then there was not more anger in her face as she staggered back inside to collapse upon the floor.

“Are you alright?” Fenton asked as he knelt beside her. Her room was brightly lit, very tidy and very warm.

“Get your hands off me, you poof!” she said, slurring her words.

An empty bottle of whiskey lay on the floor, and he was about to leave when he saw a bottle of barbiturate tablets. It was almost empty.

She peered at the container as he held it up. “Have you taken any?” he asked.

“Leave me alone. Want to sleep,” she said through half- closed eyes. She tried to speak again but drifted into unconsciousness.

“Andrea! Wake up!” Gently, he held her head in his hands. “Have you taken any of these tablets?”

She did not respond and he lifted her to lay her down on the bed. On the bedside table was a letter, propped up against the lamp. ‘Dr. Colin Mickleman’ the writing on the envelope read.

‘Will you regret not having a photograph of me? I doubt it.’

Fenton read the note three times before placing it in his pocket and lifting Andrea into his arms. He carried her along the corridor and down the stairs, oblivious to the two female students who drunkenly laughed as he passed them by.

“You Tarzan, she Jane!” one of them said, and laughed again.

His car was small and some distance away, but he ran with his burden to lay her softly on the back seat. His driving was fast as he raced toward the city. He nearly crashed once, as he slewed the car into a corner, and once he had to stop to try to remember his way before reversing to take another turning.

No one came to greet him or relieve him of his burden as he kicked open the doors to the Casualty department of the Hospital.

“Please,” he pleaded to the woman behind the desk, “she’s taken an overdose!”

The waiting patients stared while, somewhere, a baby cried.

There was a sudden rushing of white coats, blue uniforms and anxious faces.

“Wait here, will you?” a young woman said. And then a Nurse was asking: “Do you know what she has taken?”

“Some tablet – and alcohol.”

“How long ago?”

“Not sure. Half an hour, perhaps. Will she be alright?”

No answer, only another person asking questions. The questioning nurse had a kindly face and ushered him to a chair in the corridor. He gave her Andrea's name and address, as well as his own.

"You are students at the University then?" she asked. But her kindly smile did not change.

"Yes. Will she be alright?"

"I should think so, yes. They'll pump her stomach out. She'll be drowsy for a while and sleep.

"Can I see her?" He saw the look on the young girl's face and was about to correct her natural assumption when he said instead, "I'm sorry for all the trouble."

"That's what we are here for."

"Can I see her?" he asked again.

"In a while, probably."

She left him, and he was suddenly aware of his surroundings, of voices, near and distant, of people walking past. A telephone ringing. He sat for a long time.

"Mr. Fenton?" a Doctor asked. The pockets of his white coat bulged with pens, a stethoscope, a small compendium about drugs.

"Yes." He stood up.

"You can see her now." They walked together toward a cubicle.

"Is she alright?"

"Yes, fine. We'll keep her in overnight. Just for observation. I should think she will sleep most of tomorrow." He nodded curtly, then walked away to disappear behind a curtain.

Andrea lay on her side, covered by a sheet and an thin blanket, an intravenous infusion supplying fluid through a needle in the back of her hand. She did not stir as he did not try to wake her, and he stood beside her for what seemed a long time.

"She'll be alright." The Nurse who questioned him said as she passed. "We'll be moving her onto the ward soon. I'm sure they wouldn't mind if you wanted to call and see her in the morning."

He returned her smile, and left to wander back into the night. It took him several minutes to realize his car had been stolen. In his haste, he had left the door open and the keys in the ignition.

XII

It was a long walk back to the University, but Fenton did not mind. He had reported the theft before setting out into the cold, sodium-lit darkness. But he was soon warm, despite being without a jacket, and by the time he reached his room he had decide on his plan of campaign.

His sleep was brief, if sound, and he ate a small breakfast in the refectory before boarding a bus for the city. The Ward Sister was helpful and kind, and let him briefly sit by Andrea's bed while, around him in the busy ward, Student Nurses made beds while they chatted.

“Thank you,” Andrea said, and weakly held his hand as she tried to keep awake.

“I haven’t told anyone yet,” he said, embarrassed by her gesture.

“There was a letter.”

“I have it, it’s alright.” He withdrew his hand and made to search his pockets, but it was just an excuse to remove his hand from her. “I must have left it in my room.”

“You know, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Such a stupid thing to do!” She tried to smile. “I was so fed up. You won’t tell him, will you?”

“No,” he lied and turned his face away.

“You’re very kind.” She held his hand again.

In embarrassment, he stood up. “I’ll call again this afternoon. Is there anything you want?”

“They discharge me today. The Doctor is coming to see me later this morning.”

“I’ll telephone the Ward to ask. Do you want me to come and meet you if you are discharged?”

“That would be very kind.”

“Not at all.”

“You’re a strange man,” she said gently.

He smiled in response and walked back down along the long line of beds.

His visit to the Police Station to confirm the theft of his vehicle was brief, but he lingered in the center of the city, watching people, drinking tea at a café and browsing in a bookshop. It was past midday when he returned to the University.

Colin was in his room, in the Department, smoking a pipe and scribbling.

“Come in!” he said cheerfully. Then, seeing Fenton, he added, “bit late, aren’t we?”

Calmly, Fenton sat down opposite him.

“Black seems an appropriate color,” Fenton said, alluding to Colin’s manner of dress.

“Shall I,” Colin responded, quoting, “entrust myself to entangled shadows?”

“Perhaps,” Fenton retorted, unsmiling, “I shall do violence to your person.”

Colin gaped, then squinted, trying to find a clever response. But Fenton calmly handed him Andrea’s envelope and note.

“From Andrea,” Fenton said. “She tried to kill herself – last night.”

This was something beyond the Owl’s comprehension, but he strove to understand it, and the strain showed on his face.

“Is she – “ he began.

“Don’t worry – she’ll be alright.”

“How?” The strain was lessening, but anxiety had begun.

“Overdose. Luckily, I found her in time.”

“You?”

“No one else knows. Yet.”

Colin came to several conclusions, almost at the same time.

Fenton let him suffer. “Of course,” he said with apparent indifference, “a scandal at this time would do your chances of obtaining the Professorship no good.”

For a few seconds, the Owl gaped in horror at one of his own conclusions. The he shivered in revulsion. Was he about to be blackmailed into a homosexual encounter?

Fenton sighed, as he saw the perplexity and horror evident on Colin’s face. “Don’t judge everybody by your own standards,” he said. “Just because I’m gay doesn’t mean I’ve no moral standards.”

“Sorry?”

“I know what you were thinking. And you were wrong. I have no intention of telling anyone anything – unless Andrea wishes it. She and she alone will decide. And shall I tell you something else?”

Colin was not sure whether he wanted to know. But he said nothing.

“There was a time when I fancied you,” Fenton continued. You had an aura of genius about you. But so cold – so little real humanity. I know you dislike me. Not because I’m gay – but because I see through your pose. What is beyond that pose? Is there anything?”

He took the note and envelope, which Colin had left on his desk and walked over toward the door. Outside, in the quiet corridor, he stood shaking for several minutes. He disliked the anger he had felt toward Colin and walked quickly down the stairs and out in the freshness outside. Ragged cumulus clouds sped swiftly below the blue of the sky, carried on the rising wind, and Fenton tore Andrea’s note in small pieces as he walked, casting them into the lake from a bridge. He watched them as they sank, bopped and floated away. Around him, the University pulsed with life.

He did not have long to wait in the corridor of the Ward. Several of the beds were screened by their curtains and he was idly wondering why when Andrea, dressed in her clothes of the night before, came slowly toward him. She smiled on seeing him leaning against the wall, and then broke into a run to hug him strongly. He held her body feebly by one hand while she clung to him, and then edged away.

“I’ve got a taxi waiting,” he said while a passing Nurse smiled at them.

“You are kind,” Andrea said and held his hand briefly. “Sorry I embarrassed you,” she whispered.

They did not speak again as they walked the short distance to the entrance to enter their waiting carriage and be conveyed along the traffic filled roads to the campus. But every few minutes Andrea would turn and glance at his face as if trying to measure his feelings. But his face betrayed no emotion.

He walked with her to her room, and stood outside as she opened the door.

“Please,” she said almost pleading, “I’d like you to come in.”

She lay on her bed while he sat, awkwardly, on the chair by the small study desk.

“I feel like I could sleep for a week, she said, and yawned.

Instead, she rested her head on her elbow as she looked at him. “Have you still got the note?” she asked.

“I threw it away.”

“Good.” Then she sighed. “You know, I’m not depressed any more. When I woke up this morning and saw the sunlight streaming through the window I was happy. There was this woman in the bed next to mine – did you see her? – who’d had most of her bowel cut out. They were very kind to her, the Nurses, but you could see she was dying. I felt so ashamed, being there. Do you mind if I talk?”

”Of course not.”

“What will happen?” she asked softly. “About last night, I mean?”

“Nothing, I imagine. Unless you want to tell anyone.”

“No, of course not. Not even – “

“I’ve told him.”

She was not certain whether she was pleased or upset. “And?” she said, hesitantly.

“He’ll keep quiet, I imagine.”

“I’ll have to leave the University,” she said sadly.

“Do you really want to?”

“No.”

“Then why?”

“I can’t face him.”

“I’ll be with you in lectures.”

She smiled at him. “You’re very sweet. But he is my personal tutor.”

“Change to someone else. It happens.”

“What could I say? What reason could I give?”

It was Fenton’s turn to smile. “With his reputation, you don’t need a reason.”

She thought for a while, and then said, “I just couldn’t bear it, seeing him.”

“Imagine what he would feel like, seeing you.”

Andrea laughed. “I can’t believe I was so stupid, last night.”

“In the midst of many, it is easy to be alone.”

“You know, I always thought you were so reserved. Aloof. Even a bit arrogant. But you’re not, are you? You’re really kind.”

“You’ll have me blushing in a moment.”

“You’re not like other men.” Then realizing what she had said, added, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean – “

“It’s alright. I don’t keep it a secret. Anymore.”

“I mean you’re – for a man – oh, I’m not saying this right!” she finally said in exasperation. “I mean I can actually talk to you. You understand.”

“And I am no threat,” he smiled in self-mockery.

She began to feel that she would not have minded if he were. She would feel safe, in his arms, with the world shut out. But she said nothing and even tried to hide her feelings so that they would not show in her face and eyes. She wanted to be strong and self-reliant, not depending on men for her emotional security, but she did not know how to begin. She remembered the father she saw only twice a year, her sisters leaving school early to work while she studied, always alone in her life. Her always-disastrous relations with men. Her need for love seemed to drive them away.

“There’s a strength in you,” she finally said. “An inner strength. I feel better just being with you. Can we be friends?”

He gave a crooked smile. “I thought we already were.”

She jumped up to kiss him, then decided against it. The sudden movement made her feel dizzy and she lay down on her bed again.

“You ought to get some rest,” he said with concern.

“Yes, I suppose so.” She smiled at him as she sat up. “I’ll get into bed, if you don’t mind.”

“Er, no. I was just going,” he said as he nervously stood because she had begun to remove her clothes.

“Please,” she said, half-pleading and half-seductively, “stay and talk to me for a while.” Naked except for her panties, she got into bed.

“Well, actually –“ he began.

“Please, just for a few minutes.”

He sat down again.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” she asked.

“Depends on the question!”

“Have you ever been with a woman?” she asked impulsively, surprised at her own audacity.

“I really ought to go,” he said as he stood up again.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you.” She suddenly realized that she did not want to be alone. “Look, I’ll be honest with you, Carl. I need to be with somebody at the moment.”

“But I can’t – “

“Just hold me, please.” There was no longer any tone of seduction in her voice or manner, just a pleading, a helplessness, and she began to cry, slowly and almost in silence.

He went to set beside her on the bed, and she clung to him, her tears wetting his shoulder and drawing forth from within her some of the sadness and misery she felt. Her tears were the rain from the clouds which had come to pass over the sun of her joy, and it was minutes before the dark clouds retreated. She curled up, then, in the warmth of her bed, and closed her eyes to sleep. He brushed her cheek dry and briefly kissed it before leaving her to the silence of her room.

XIII

There were no meetings, lectures or tutorials to fill Colin’s afternoon, but he could not settle down to his writing. He spent an hour wandering around the University library, but neither the books nor some research he needed to do interested him, and he wandered the campus in search of Magarita.

But she was not in her office, and he returned to his room in the Hall of Residence. But he soon became listless and bored. Fiona troubled him, as Andrea and Fenton did, and as he wandered for the third time around the campus, he began to realize he was alone. There was no one with whom he could share his secrets; no one with whom he could talk without assuming the mask of his role. He thought of Edmund, and it took him over an hour of diligent and then frenzied searching in the piles of old letters, manuscripts and papers that littered parts of his room before he found an address.

There was a grimy public telephone kiosk in a gloomy corner of Derwent college between the lavatories and the Porter’s prison of glass, and he was approaching it when a crowd of students came toward him, babbling. One of them, a brightly dressed young lady with frizzy hair, waved at him, and he waved back. She smiled, and then was sucked away within the crowd. He had no idea who she was, and shrugged his shoulders. Inside the soundproof booth, graffiti declared: ‘Jesus Saves, Moses Invests But Buckby spends it all.’ Buckby was the Treasurer of the University.

His efforts were to no avail. There was no telephone number under that name, the discordant voice emanating from the receiver had said. Disgruntled, he wandered back to his bedroom. It was then he realized the drawer that contained his photographs was unlocked. Had Andrea seen them? Was that the meaning of her cryptic message?

Suddenly, it seemed his world was in chaos. There would be no Professorship, only rumors about his photographs, about Andrea’s attempted suicide. For a few moments he panicked. But calmness eventually came, although the pains he felt in his stomach remained. The ritual of cleaning and filling and lighting his pipe aided his thinking, and by the time he had smoked his fill he was certain neither Andrea or Fenton would compromise him. Yet a slight uncertainty remained, seeping down into his unconscious. Secure again in the confines of his world, he lay on his bed reading academic books.

It was nearing five o’clock in the evening when he left his room, no longer able to resist the temptation of visiting Andrea. He needed to know how she felt - what she would do. The hours of his reading had brought light rain to the outside world, and sheen of wetness pervaded the buildings and the paths, which were entwined around them. It was only a short walk to the building, which housed Andrea’s room, which pleased him, since he disliked rain.

It was Fenton who opened Andrea's door.

"She doesn't want to see you," Fenton said.

"Who is it?" a faint voice said.

"The esteemed Dr. Mickleman."

"I'll get dressed. Tell him to come back in a few minutes."

Fenton smiled ruefully at Colin and then shut the door. Colin waited outside for the allotted span, and then knocked on the door again.

Fenton, adopting the pose of a deferential butler, bowed slightly and in a disdainful accent said, "Madam will see you now, sir." He moved aside while Colin entered, then closed the door.

"How are you?" Colin asked Andrea as she sat on her bed. She was demurely dressed, but Fenton's presence disordered bedclothes, the discarded female underclothes on the floor, perplexed him.

Before Andrea could answer, Fenton said, "as well as might be expected under the circumstances, sir."

Colin ignored him. "Is there anything I can do?" he asked her.

"With all due respect, sir," Fenton said, continuing with his accent and his role, "I believe you have done quite enough already. May I therefore respectfully suggest you return to your lucubrations?" Shall I show the gentleman out, Madam?"

Andrea giggled.

"Very well Madam if that is what you wish." For Colin's benefit he gestured toward the door. "This way, sir, if you please. Terrible weather, isn't it? For the time of year."

Colin was beginning to become annoyed. "Can I talk with you alone?" he asked Andrea.

Andrea affected her own accent and role. "Be so good," she said to Fenton, "as to leave us."

Fenton bowed. "As you wish. If Madam is quite sure."

"Quite sure."

"I shall be directly outside, should you at any time require my assistance." He flicked imaginary dust from his imaginary livery.

Colin waited until he and Andrea were alone. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What will you do?"

"About what?"

"Does anyone else know?"

"Don't worry," she smiled. "I shall not make a fuss."

“I didn’t mean – “

“I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Pardon?”

“At the lecture. On Kant’s aesthetics isn’t it?”

“Er, yes.” He did not know what else to say and stood immobile with his arms hanging limply by his side.

Andrea rose to open the door, and as it was opened Fenton sprang into the room. But he quickly resumed his role.

“The gentleman,” Andrea said, acting again, “is just leaving.”

“Very good, Madam. This way, sir.” Fenton gestured toward the corridor. Colin was at the top of the stairs when Fenton said, “If I were you, I’d leave her alone from now on.”

Andrea was sitting on her bed when he returned to her room.

“I was shaking and trembling,” she admitted, “seeing him again. I’m glad that’s over. I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t been here.”

Reverting to his role, he said, “Your servant, Madam.”

She threw her pillow playfully at him, and then looked at her discarded underclothes on the floor. “Do you think he thought – “ she began.

“Probably!”

They both laughed. She wanted to embrace him, but all she did was rest her head in her hands and sigh.

“Some friends of mine,” Fenton said in an effort to comfort her, “are having a party tonight. Would you like to come?”

“Not really. I’m not in the mood.”

“Well, when I say ‘party’ it’s not exactly the right word. Just a quiet get together.”

“Thanks, but no.”

“It’s sort of an informal gathering of the GaySoc.”

“Sorry?”

The Gay Society.”

“Sounds like the title of a thirties musical.”

“Maybe it was. Anyway, they’ll be some women there. It’s not all men. There’s someone there I’d particularly like you to meet.”

She thought for a while, then said, “I don’t really think it would be my scene.”

“We are not all weirdoes you know.”

“I didn’t say you were. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

“Do I look offended?”

“No.”

“It would be good for you to get out – meet people.”

“I’m not really a gregarious person.”

“Look, I’ll tell you what. I have to go – for some silly reason I let myself be talked into running the thing this year. But afterwards we can go out for a meal, just you and I.”

“You don’t have to take pity on me, you know.”

“Is that what you think?”

“I don’t know what to think anymore.”

“I’m asking you as a friend.”

“I know. I’m sorry. Alright, then – but I’m not sure I feel like eating much.”

“Doesn’t matter. Now you ought to get some more rest. Will you be alright?”

“I won’t do anything silly, if that’s what you mean.”

“No it was not what I meant. I meant I’ll stay and talk to you if you like.”

“I’ll be fine. I do still feel tired. You’ve done more than enough.”

“I’ll be back about six then.”

“Fine.”

He had opened the door to leave when she said, “you are very kind.”

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. “What are friends for?”

Fenton was over half hour late.

“Sorry!” he said as an anxious Andrea opened her door. “I fell asleep.”

Andrea wore a tight jumper and close-fitting trousers and even Fenton noticed that she was wearing no bra, for her nipples stood out quite prominently. Fenton was dressed as he almost always was in tweed jacket and trousers. Only the color of his shirts and his badges varied. His small but brightly colored badge declared: Laugh Now, But One Day We’ll Be In Charge.’

“Are you ready,” he asked unnecessarily.

“Lead on!”

The gathering was held in the first floor room of one of the colleges. The chairs were low and comfortable, the décor modern but subdued. The blinds were drawn to cover the window and one table was spread with glasses, bottles of wine and cans of beer. Of the nine students, three were women. They did not turn to stare as Andrea and Fenton entered, and Andrea was surprised to find that all of those gathered in the room looked and dressed like ordinary students.

Fenton saw her surprise. “What did you expect?”

“I don’t know,” she whispered. “They all look so normal.”

He adopted an effeminate pose. “Well to tell you the truth dear, we are. It’s the others who aren’t!”

She cuffed him playfully on the ear with her hand.

“Come on,” he said, “I’ll introduce you.” He walked toward a tall woman with startling blue eyes and very short black hair. “Julie,” he said to her, “this is Andrea.”

“Hi,” Julie said, and held out her bony hand.

Andrea blushed, held the proffered hand briefly, and said, “Hello!”

“What are you studying?” Julie asked her.

“Philosophy. And you?”

“Physics. Can I get you a drink?”

“Orange juice – if there is one.”

“We’ll see! As she passed Fenton, Julie whispered in his ear. “Pretty, isn’t she?”

She was not away long, and Andrea clutched her glass nervously while she and Julie stood on the edge of the conclave. Fenton moved away to talk to the others.

“What made you choose York?” Julie asked her.

“The course, mainly.”

“Do you like music?”

“It’s alright.”

“I just love Classical, myself. Now Carl – well! His taste runs to that horrendous noise he calls ‘Progressive’. Personally, I would say ‘regressive’ – back to the primitive.”

She laughed at her own joke. “But enough of me – tell me about yourself.”

Andrea sipped her orange juice, and looked at Carl. He was obviously at ease, among friends, and his laugh made her feel a little sad. “Are you in your first year?” she asked Julie.

“Heavens no! Only wish I were. Finals time! What made you chose philosophy?”

“Seemed a good idea at the time.”

“Are you liking it?”

“Yes and no.”

“We had a few lectures from a chap in your Department. On the philosophy of Science. Can’t remember his name. Fancied himself, though. Tall chap – often wore black. Some sort of gesture, I suppose. Typical arty-farty type. Do you know him?”

“Not really,” Andrea lied. She wanted to get away, to talk to Carl to leave the room. Julie was smiling intently at her. “Have you any plans after your Degree?” she asked to hide her embarrassment.

“Year off. Cycling across America, then Scandinavia.”

“You do a lot of cycling then?”

“Sure! I love it. You?”

“No. I am not very sporting.”

“You should try it! There’s a marvelous, simply marvelous, feeling about riding a bike – such freedom. Just you, and your surroundings. You’re really in tune with your environment. I love it – touring and racing, cycling at speed. You and the machine, a perfect harmony. All your own effort and skill. Beautiful! I’ve a race – well, Time Trial actually – on Sunday. Would you like to come?”

“Well, I was thinking of - “ she returned her gaze from Carl to Julie. There was something about Julie’s earnest, youthful enthusiasm, which pleased her, and she smiled, envying her vivacity.

“I’m afraid,” Julie was saying, “it starts rather early. Six in the morning actually. I’m off number three – they always start the slowest riders first!” She laughed, again, rocking slightly backwards on her feet and as she did so she lightly touched Andrea’s arm with her hand. “It’s only twenty five though.”

“Sorry?”

“Twenty five miles. Fast course, though. I hope to do a One-Six.” Then seeing Andrea’s obvious incomprehension, she added, “one hour, six minutes.”

“You mean,” Andrea said, astounded, “you cycle twenty five miles in just one hour and six minutes?”

“More or less. I’m not as fast as some of the ladies, though.”

“That’s nearly – what?” she thought for a moment. “Twenty three miles and hour.”

Julie shrugged her shoulders. “Lots of ladies get under the hour.”

“You must be very fit.”

“Well, I do lots of training! It’s lovely to be out on the bike after hours of lectures or lab work. Really relaxing. There’s only you, the bike and the road – everything else ceases to exist. Marvelous for stress!”

“I doubt I could make it into the town on a bike.”

“Fancy a ride tomorrow? I’ve got an spare bike?”

“I’d only slow you down.”

“Nonsense! I like touring speeds as well.” She looked at Andrea’s body, letting her gaze linger on her breasts. “You look fit enough. I’ve got a flat in town. If you want to come round about ten in the morning, say. I’ll give you the address.”

“Really, I –“

“No bother! Just a minute, I’ll borrow some paper and a pen.”

She returned with Carl, and scribbled her address on a crumpled sheet of paper. “I’ll look forward,” she said as she gave it to Andrea, “to seeing you.” She turned toward Carl. “Got to dash!” To Andrea’s surprise, Julie kissed Carl on the cheek, tousled his hair with her hand and said, “You take care. Probably see you next week.” She waved at Andrea, smiled warmly, and was gone from the room in a burst on energy. For a few seconds, Andrea regretted her departure.

Then she was annoyed with herself. ‘I’m so fickle and immature,’ she thought.

“Come and meet the others.” Carl said to her.

“Can we go? I really not in the mood to be around people.”

“Of course. I’ll just say my farewells.”

He returned smiling and holding out some car keys. “Julien’s lent me his car,” he beamed.

The car turned out to be an old Volkswagen laden with rust whose interior was sorely in need of repair. But it conveyed them, albeit slowly, into the city center. The restaurant Carl had chosen was not expensive but the food was reasonable even if the service was slow and the somewhat garish décor faded. But in the dim light it was easy to ignore.

Andrea settled for the soup while Carl ate, what seemed to her, a gargantuan meal.

“So you’ve arranged to see Julie again?” he asked.

“I let myself be talked into it.”

“She’s a bit like that,” he smiled.

“Is she -?”

“What do you think?”

“Silly question. God, I’m stupid! Why else would she be there!”

“I don’t think you are stupid,” he said gently.

“I must be! Shall I tell you something? No, on second thought, I won’t.”

“You can trust me, you know.”

She briefly held his hand. “I know.”

“You liked her, didn’t you?”

Andrea sighed. “Yes, I suppose so. But only because she showed an interest in me – seemed to like me. I sometimes think I’m just a reflection of other people’s interest.”

“We all need to be liked.”

“But I seem to need others in a different way. Without them I sometimes feel I don’t exist at all.”

“You just need someone to love you,” he said softly.

She cried then, not loudly or very much. “I know,” she said, almost as a whisper. “And I wish it could be you.”

For some time he looked at her, not knowing what to say or do, and when he did speak, his own emotion was evident in his measured words. “I’m sorry. But you will find someone. I know you will. I do love you, as a friend.”

She turned away, then, to stare out of the window, her silent tears returning. Outside, in the resurgent rain, people hurried along the pavement in the city-lit darkness, burdened with the burdens of their worlds.

XIV

Such was Colin’s perplexity that, on leaving Andrea’s room, he did not notice the rain. It was light, a mere drizzle to dampen clothes only with prolonged exposure, and walked through it along the campus paths to the streets and Fiona’s house.

He was early for his assignation, but she was not there and, disgruntled, he trudged back to the University. No one disturbed him as he sat, alone in the Philosophy Department, in his room, vaguely looking out from the window.

Tomorrow, he knew, that he would see Andrea and Fenton at his lecture and this both pleased and disturbed him, bringing discomfort to his stomach and pain to his head. He was pleased because he wanted to show he was not concerned about their presence and secret knowledge, and because he would then know what, if anything, they would do. Yet he was agitated because that knowledge was another day away. He began, however, to prepare himself. If necessity demanded it, he would say she was infatuated with him, and he spent nearly an hour creating in his mind answers to any questions he might face.

Pleased with himself again, he issued forth from his office to walk briskly to Fiona’s house. He was only a few minutes early and waited, leaning on her gate smoking his pipe. ‘I think we’d make a good combination’ he remembered she had said, ‘in bed.’

He waited half an hour; then an hour, leaning against her fence, a nearby lamppost and her door. He banged his fist against the door, stole a look through windows front and back, but no one was seen or came, and it was another half and hour before, in disappointment, he walked away. From his office he telephoned Magarita. But his recent experiences had done nothing to change his habits, and in the bedroom of her almost city-center and quite artistically furnished flat, he resumed his manipulative role.

It was sad for Magarita that she loved him. She stood before him naked, her tawny hair held neatly by a band behind her head and already he had remarked about her tendency to plumpness. He held his camera ready.

“Go on!” he said, “just one of you sitting on the toilet.”

“No.”

“What are you afraid of?”

“I just don’t want to, alright?” She had begun to frown, and made to grab her clothes..

“Come here,” he said, almost softly.

Reluctantly, she did. Then he was kissing her and steering her toward the bed. She resisted, a little, but did not want to be alone and let him win again. Here ecstasy came slowly and when it was over and she wished to lie warm and languid beside him resting her head on his chest, he spoke to her again.

“Humor me,” he said and kissed her.

“Alright, then. But only one.”

He left shortly thereafter, clutching his undeveloped prize.

Sleep came easily to him on his own bed and he slept deeply until a disturbing dream awoke him. He dreamed he was in Fiona’s bed, waiting for her to join him. She was a long time, and he fell asleep. Then warm hands were caressing his body and genitals, arousing him and he turned over to find not Fiona but Fenton, naked, beside him. Then Fenton was guiding his hand, downward.... He awoke sweating and kicking his bedclothes onto the floor.

He did sleep again, but in spasms of half-conscious tiredness and deep perplexing dreams, and when the hard, strident ringing on his clock alarm finally aroused him, he lay, tired and yawning and disturbed. But the passing minutes faded his memory of the dream, until it gradually slipped away from his conscious recollection. Outside, the sun glowed warmly, and he rose to select from his untidy collection a recording of loud modern music.

Soon, he was ready for his day. He forsook the black clothes of his pose, choosing instead a conventional ensemble replete with a silk bow tie. The effect pleased him and he smiled at himself in the mirror.

He was not surprised to find Andrea and Fenton seated next to each other in the room apportioned for his lecture. They did not smile or stare at him, but sat idly talking to those around them, their notebooks and pens ready on the table before them, and he began to wonder if it had all been some dream, for they appeared relaxed, at ease. But the feeling passes. It had been real, and he himself began to tremble and sweat.

Then his own emotions faded, as he remembered the plan of his lecture. He was the master, they the disciples.

“Finally,” he said at his lecture’s end, “and in conclusion, you can say that Kant wished to prove that aesthetic experience improves our lives: it makes or can make us moral beings. In essence, that it is its reason for existing. Any questions?”

“Yes,” Fenton said immediately. “So what you’re saying is that Kant’s aesthetics show the value of things like Art resides in the moral realm?”

“Not exactly! I believe Kant hints – and I repeat only hints – that aesthetic experience humanizes us. For example, in his ‘Solution to the Antinomy of Taste’ he – “

“Yes, but going on from there, what about the life of the artist – or indeed the philosopher. Does their life have to be moral, in the conventional sense, for their works to be perceived as sublime and thus contributing to an aesthetic experience?” Colin wanted to interject, but Fenton continued. “If you, for example, study the lives of most of the great artists – and some philosophers – you will find a certain turmoil, even moral turpitude. Then – “

“It is an interesting point,” he said, trying to smile. “But one not directly relevant to our study of Kant.

“I think it is very relevant to aesthetics. Central to the life of the philosopher, in fact.”

“Perhaps you would like to study the matter further.”

“I would have thought you would have developed Kant’s – what did you call it? Hints? – further.”

Colin looked around the room. “Any other points?” he asked.

Fenton said aloud, and to no one in particular, “it would make a good thesis – the lives of philosophers in relation to the ideas. Is there a correlation between the humanity of their teachings and the morality of their lives?”

“Perhaps,” Colin said with an elegant smile, “you should write a thesis about it – assuming you pass your finals.”

“No,” Fenton said, screwing up his face into a gargoyle-like expression, “it’s a boring subject. Much more important things to do.”

Gradually the students left. In the corridor, Colin heard talk and laughter. Was it about him, he wondered? But no one stared at him as he walked to his office. He was inside, smoking his pipe and glancing at Kant’s ‘Observations on the Feeling of the Beautiful and the Sublime’ when a possible solution to what he saw as a potential problem occurred to him. He had no diary or timetable to consult, for he despised dependence on such items, but he knew from memory that no engagements, lectures, tutorials or assignments would hinder him, and he used his telephone to summon a taxi to convey him to his destination.

In his intense satisfaction, he rubbed his hands together and smiled.

XV

Andrea had made her excuses in a brief telephone conversation and it was with some reluctance that she arrived at Julie’s flat in the afternoon at the re-arranged time. The flat was part of an elegant Georgian building some distance from the center of the city where a road fed and incessant stream of traffic and little piece of parkland opened wide. But inside, there was only a perfumed silence, a clutter of books, furniture and bikes.

“The weather is just right! Julie said. “Do you want something to drink or shall we make a start?”

“I’m fine.”

“Good! Here you are.” She pointed to a bike in the small corridor. “I’ve adjusted the saddle height for you.”

“Thanks.”

Julie laughed. “Don’t look so worried! Right, if you want to lug that down, I’ll get changed and be right with you.”

The cycle was lighter than Andrea expected, and she waited outside the front door of the apartment feeling slightly conspicuous. Julie duly arrived wearing skin-tight cycling shorts and jumper and carrying her gleaming bike. The shorts were black but the jumper was bright and banded. ‘York Road Club’ was flocked in large letters on the back.

Soon, Andrea was regretting her acceptance. The roads they took led them after a few miles beyond the limits of the city and, as houses gave way to hedges and fields, Andrea was tired and sweating profusely. She judged their pace fast; although for Julie it was only a slow dawdle.

“You alright?” Julie kept saying as she dropped back to ride beside her.

Andrea would nod, and smile, and turn the pedals faster in an effort to convince. But after a few more miles even her pride could not make her continue. She dismounted to lean the cycle against a field gate and sit herself on the ground. Julie returned to sit beside her.

“Here,” Julie said, giving her a handkerchief from a pocket of her jumper.

“Thanks.” She wiped the sweat on her forehead away.

“You look done in.”

“I am!”

“The sun is warm, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Why don’t you take your cardigan off? You must be hot.”

Andrea looked at her suspiciously, but Julie laughed and said, “don’t worry! I’m not after your body – nice though it is!”

“I didn’t think you were,” Andrea said quietly and without conviction.

“I just want to be your friend. You seem to need one.”

“Is that what Carl said?”

“He said nothing. I like you, that’s all. Alright, so I’m gay. Big deal.”

Andrea felt like a fool and, although she did not want to because she did not feel particularly warm sitting in the breeze, she removed her cardigan.

“You thirsty?”

“Yes.”

“There’s a little tea shop just up the road.”

“Ah! Just what I need!” then she added: “What do you mean by ‘just up the road?’”

“About five or six miles.”

“Six miles?” Are you serious?”

“Well, it was about six last time I looked on a map.”

“I didn’t mean that!”

“Think you can make it?”

“I don’t think so. But even if I could, we’ve got to ride back. How far is it back, anyway – from here?”

“Six or seven miles – no more.” She stood up and held out her hand. “Come on then! Home.”

Andrea let Julie help her up. She did not want to jerk her hand away as they stood facing each other for fear that Julie would misunderstand, so they stood looking at each other and holding hands for almost a minute. It was Julie who broke the contact, turning away abruptly. Then she was smiling again.

“I was going to say,” she laughed, “race you back!”

“Only if you give me an hours start!” She wrapped the arms of her cardigan around her waist.

A few cars passed them on their way into the city, and high cloud came to haze the sun. But it was a pleasant ride, for Andrea, and even the city streets, often dense with traffic, did not unduly disturb her. Yet she was glad when it ended. Her arms and legs ached, a little, her crotch a lot and she felt bathed in her own sweat. The flat felt warm and she let Julie carry both bicycles, one after the other, up the stairs and into the spare room where they rested with others.

“What do you want first,” Julie asked her as they sat on the sofa, tea or a bath?”

Andrea blushed, and turned her face away. “Tea, I think.”

“Any preference?”

“Sorry?”

“What sort of tea would you like? Darjeeling? Assam? Formosa Oolong? Gunpowder?”

“I really don’t mind.”

“Look around. I won’t be long.”

In the kitchen, Julie began to sing. Andrea did not know what it was except that it sounded like opera. There were piles of books nearly enclosing the sofa, and Andrea picked the first book off one of them. ‘Lectures on Physics’ the bright red cover read. But the mathematical questions, the diagrams and even most of the words were meaningless to her, and she selected another. ‘Duino Elegies’. She was flicking through the pages when a handwritten piece of paper fell to the floor. The handwriting was vaguely familiar and she began to read. It was set out in stanzas and bore the title: ‘Fragment 31’.

Equal of the gods, it appears to me,
The man who sits beside you
And, being so near, listens
While you softly speak
And laugh your beautiful laugh
That in honesty makes my heart tremor.

When I unprepared meet you
I am tongue-tied, words dry in my mouth
Flames dance under my skin
And I am blinded,
Hearing only the beating of my pulse.
My body, bathed in sweat, trembles
And I am paler than sun burnt grass
And nearer to death...

She read the poem three times, and began to cry because it was so simple and yet so well expressed the feelings of love. How many times in the past few years of her life had she felt tongue-tied and trembled when she had met a beloved? Carefully, she wiped away the tears and replaced the paper within the book. She turned around and saw Julie watching from the doorway to the kitchen.

Julie did not speak but came to sit beside her and gently touch her face with her hand.

“I think your kettle is boiling,” Andrea finally said. But she was momentarily sad when the gentle touching stopped.

“What were you reading?” Julia asked almost nonchalantly, as they sat with their mugs of tea.

Nervous and embarrassed, Andrea gave her the book.

“Ah! The Sappho. Carl translated it for me. Lovely, isn’t it?”

“Carl?” she asked. She had heard of Sappho, vaguely, but only now made the connection with the love between two women. She blushed, for suddenly that love seemed quite real and not strange. It was not that she identified with it but rather she intuitively understood in that moment that the love between two women was in no way different from the love between a woman and a man. In that instant, all the conditioned responses, foisted upon her by her upbringing and society, of Sapphic love as unnatural and unhealthy, vanished.

“Carl?” she heard herself repeating, like an echo in a dream.

“Yes. He quite talented, you know. Could have been a classical scholar. Well anyway,” she laughed her vivacious laugh, “that’s what he tells me!”

Andrea smiled in response, and for the first time let her liking of Julie show in her face.

“You really like him, don’t you?” Andrea said.

“Of course!” She put her mug on the floor. “I know how you feel about him,” she said quietly.

“What do you mean?” Then: “Sorry, I didn’t mean it that way.”

“It’s alright. I saw.” Julie said, and held Andrea’s hand, “how you looked at him last night.”

“It’s not like that,” Andrea retorted and withdrew her hand. “He helped me through a very difficult time, that’s all.”

Julie simply smiled. “You don’t have to explain.”

“You make me want to.” She felt a desire to explain about her attempted suicide, but the desire did not last. “This race of yours on Sunday. What time did you say it started?”

“Six. You coming, then?” she asked enthusiastically.

“Yes, I’d like to.” She felt a fool about almost loving Carl.

Julie held up the book of Rilke’s poetry. “Have you read any?” she asked.

“No. I was never one for poetry at school.”

“I’m not surprised – considering the drivel they teach!” Shall I read you some?” Then, before Andrea could answer she said, “You don’t speak German do you?”

“No, sorry.”

“Ah well. But this translation is superb. Best ever done.” She opened the book and began to read.

After she had read the first elegy, they sat in silence for what seemed a very long time until Julie rose to play a record on her high-fidelity system. So they listened, and talked and read aloud to each other while the hours of the afternoon passed, the sun clouded over and twilight came to the world outside. And when the time of leaving came, as she knew it must, Andrea stood, re-assured in friendship, to embrace her new friend.

“I’ll see you on Sunday, then,” Andrea said before beginning her descent of the stairs.

“I’ll look forward to it.”

And so will I, Andrea thought as she walked toward the door.

XVI

The taxi conveyed Colin to the gate of Magnus’ farm leaving him free to walk the track under the warm sun with trees and singing birds around him. The breeze refreshed him, and he slowed his pace.

No one came to greet him as he walked to the farmhouse, or answer his knock, and he stood looking round the farmyard where the odor of muck pervaded.

“Yes?” said a strong voice, startled him.

He turned to face Magnus. Tall though he himself was, Colin had to look up. Magnus’ sheepdog growled at him.

“Hi! I’m Colin. Edmund’s friend.” Wary, he moved away from the dog.

“He’s not here,” Magnus said gruffly.

“Well, it’s really Alison I came to see.”

“Is that so? And what would you be wanting with her?”

“I’d just like to talk to her.”

“Colin, you say?” Magnus asked, inspecting him.

“Yes. Colin Mickleman.”

“We don’t get many strangers, here.”

“She is here, isn’t she?”

“Could be. You any good with pigs?”

“Pardon?”

Magnus gave Colin the large shovel leaning against the wall. “I’ll get some boots. That lot,” he indicated the pigpens, “needs shifting.”

Colin was still gaping in amazement when Magnus returned.

“But Alison,” Colin protested as Magnus handed him the boots.

“She’ll be along. Shouldn’t take you long to shift that lot.” The dog followed him as he walked away.

At first, Colin stood beside the smelly, stone-built sties whose occupants grunted loudly. Then, tired of waiting, he climbed over one of the low walls. To his surprise, the pigs did not attack him and he began the imposed task. Soon he was removing his jacket and rolling up the sleeves of his shirt. The work was half done – or seemed to him to be half done – when a woman’s laugh made him straighten his already aching back and turn around.

“You’ve found your true vocation, I see,” Alison said. She was dressed in obviously well used working denim clothes.

“Very funny.” He put down his shovel.

“They seem to like you,” she said, indicating the pigs. “Recognize their kin I suppose.” She laughed again.

Colin stepped back over the wall.

“You haven’t finished.” She said, disapprovingly.

“I came to see you, not much out a pig sty!”

“A bit of practice – perhaps you’ll start with you room next!”

He ignored the insult and wiped sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. “Is he always like that?”

“Who?”

“That big chap.”

“You mean Magnus? He affable enough. Quite sweet, really.”

“You could have fooled me.”

“He obviously did!”

He winced, trying to ignore her laughter. “Is there anywhere I can wash?” he asked.

“There’s a tap over there.” She pointed to the wall of one of the buildings.

“Thanks,” he said, obviously displeased. He returned to change into his shoe and jacket. “Can we go somewhere and talk?”

“What’s wrong with here? Fresh air, the smell of the country.”

“Well – it is not the perfect setting.” The pigs were grunting again.

“I suppose we could sit in the garden.”

He followed her. “Well?” she asked as they sat on the bench.

“This is not exactly easy.”

“What isn’t?”

He sighed deeply, and then looked around. No one was watching, or even about, and he heard only the distant noise of the pigs, the songs of birds and the breeze in the trees.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

For some reason Alison was so surprised she could not speak and when she did her voice was a single loud exclamation. “What!”

He shuffled his feet. “Will you marry me?” he repeated.

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

To fill the embarrassed silence, he said, “I know I have my faults, but I can try to change.”

She felt an instant love for him and remembered with intensity her former needs and desires. “Thanks,” she said briefly squeezing his hand with her own, “I do appreciate it.”

“Does that mean ‘no’ then?”

“It wouldn’t work.”

“It could.”

She watched his face become pales. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I really am, but I don’t love you. Not anymore, anyway.”

He was more sad that he could have imagined. “Perhaps it is for the best.” He stood up. “I was serious, you know.”

“I know.” She stood up and kissed him briefly.

“I’d better go.”

“How will you get back?”

”I have a taxi waiting.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I was going to ask you to come back with me. We’d look for a flat or house somewhere. I’ve got some savings.”

Alison looked up at the sky. “Looks like it might rain.”

In that moment, as he stood beside her, his arms hanging limply beside him, he looked to her like a lost child. She embraced him warmly. “I’ll visit you,” she said before running toward the house. She had almost reached the door when she ran back.

“I haven’t changed my mind,” she said, “about the termination. I just wanted you to know. In case you thought – “ She was watching his face when she spoke, and even as the words were issuing forth from her mouth – an expression of her feeling and sudden confusion – she regretted saying them. “It wouldn’t have worked,” she added.

He shrugged his shoulders. “No, maybe not. Silly idea, really.”

“No it wasn’t! It was the real you. I only wish you’d shown that more often in the past.”

“I’d better get back. Can’t keep the taxi waiting for ever.”

“Will you be alright?” she said, almost as an afterthought as he began to walk away.

He turned, and she could see the face of his posing.

“I have weathered the storm,” he said, “I have beaten out my exile.” He bowed, smiled, and then turned away to lope along the winding driveway to the distant gate.

He had lied about the waiting taxi, and it was a long walk to the nearest village. There were no shops in the village, not even an Inn, and he was surprised when the elderly lady, bent by arthritis, who answered his knocking upon her cottage door, let him use her telephone. The taxi was a long time coming, and he sat in her heated parlor drinking the tea she offered. She chatted amiably until his city transport came. He had been pleased, embarrassed and arrogantly cynical about her unaffected hospitality to a stranger, and it occurred to him as he sat in the car whose driver drove it along the, at first, twisty lanes and then the major roads to York, that his divergent feelings summoned up his attitudes to life. But this self-analysis made him even more depressed, and he arrived back at the University exhausted.

Darkness found him sitting smoking his pipe in the untidy clutter of his bedroom. He had begun to read several books, discarding one after the other after only a few lines were read, as he had several times begun to write an academic article promised weeks ago to the editor of a prestigious journal. But he was in no mood for work, his stomach pains had returned, and he sought relief by sauntering toward Andrea’s room. He did not know what to do when he got there.

“Hello,” he said as she, only recently returned, opened the door.

For a few seconds she felt pleased to see him, but the feeling vanished. Perhaps Carl’s and Julie’s friendship had given her some of the strength she needed, for she said, although not in a harsh voice, “I don’t think we’ve got anything to say to each other.”

“I just came to apologize,” he said. Only half of him was sincere – for the Owl inside him was hoping to avoid any future problems.

“I’ll be changing tutors,” she said, attempting a smile. Now, she was wishing he would go away.

“Fine. I’ll arrange it for you if you like.”

“Yes.”

“Well, I suppose I’d better get back to my work. I really am sorry.”

“So am I.” She closed the door upon him.

He had returned to his office and was sitting at his desk, smoking his pipe and wondering how to fill the long hours of the evening, when he heard footsteps outside. But it was only Storr, shuffling to his own room carrying a bundle of books. He was disappointed, and telephoned Fiona’s house. There was no reply.

“Enter!” Storr said as Colin knocked at his door.

“You don’t happen to know where Fiona is, do you?” she asked as he entered.

Storr gave his quirky and toady smile. “Didn’t you know? She’s, er, gone away for some days.”

“Do you know when she will be back?”

“Er, Monday. Yes, Monday. Anything I can help you with?”

“No.”

“You ready for Tuesday?” he slobbered.

“Just about. I don’t rate my chance, though.”

“Come, come! Er, you underestimate yourself. Yes indeed.”

He lifted one of the books off the stack on his desk. “My latest book,” he smirked. “You, er, won’t have seen it yet, of course.”

“Well, I’ll have to get back to work.”

“You’re welcome to a copy, of course.” He held on out.

He humored him, for Storr might next week become the Professor, “Thanks.” He walked toward the desk and took the book.”

“That will be ten pounds.”

“Pardon?” said a surprised Colin.

“Ten pounds. Er, that includes the discount.”

Colin was annoyed. He put the book on the desk. “I’ll read the Library copy. I’m sure you will be donating one. Or six.”

“Possibly, possibly.” Storr seemed oblivious to the comment. He looked lovingly at a copy of his book and spread his clammy hand over the spine. “So important for, er, a Professor to have an established reputation, don’t you think?”

“Depends on the reputation.”

“Quite, quite! My feeling exactly. Well, I’m glad we’ve had this little chat – cleared the air, so to speak. I do so, er, wish fortune favors you on Tuesday. Yes, indeed!” He glanced at his watch. “My word! I must be off. Er, nice to talk to you Colin.”

“I can’t say it’s been a pleasure,” he mumbled almost inaudibly in reply and left to seek the Union Bar with the intention of drinking himself into an alcoholic stupor.

Among the milling, sitting and standing crowd in the smoke infested room, he thought he saw Edmund. But when he pushed his way through the students, the individual had gone, leaving him to sit alone and self-pitying while an excess of alcohol dulled the processes of his brain.

XVII

Sunday. Six o’clock in the morning, and Andrea yawned. It was quite cold, and she shivered as she stood on the verge of the road watching Julie pedal seemingly effortlessly away from the lay-by. A few other cyclists, all in racing clothing, ambled along, waiting for the start.

Then the first rider, his bicycle held steady by a helper, bent his head as the Timekeeper counted down the seconds of his start.

“Five-Four-Three-Two-One. Go!

He was away, sprinting toward the rising sun where the road swung gently between hedges and fields and trees, to disappear from sight. No traffic came past to spoil the scene, and Andrea saw Julie join the small queue of riders that had formed.

“Good luck!” she said as she came to stand beside her.

“Thanks!” Julie’s smile was short. “This is the worst bit – waiting.”

She had covered her legs in strong smelling embrocation and Andrea found the smell faintly pleasing. It seemed somehow to complement the scene: the gleaming cycles, the strain of nervous anticipation upon the faces of those waiting.

Then Julie herself was gone, and Andrea walked slowly back to where Julie had left the car. It was the same one that Carl had borrowed with the addition of a rather grease-covered sheet to cover the rear seat whereon Julie’s cycle, with the wheels removed, had rested. Andrea sat inside, and waited, watching riders cycle by, a few cars arrive to disgorge their drivers and their cycles. Then, tired of sitting, she stood by the side of the road.

“You’re Julies friend, aren’t you?” a young man asked her as he brought his cycle to a stop beside her.

His ginger hair was short but curled, and on the back of his cycling jumper she saw the words ‘York Road Club’.

“Yes,” she said. His body was lean rather than muscular and his face was broadly smiling.

“There is no wind,” he said looking around, “should be fast times, today.”

“What time do you hope to do?” she asked, trying to appear knowledgeable.

“Not too bothered, really. Early in the season yet. Still, I’ll be satisfied with a fifty-five.”

“What number do you start?” It was pleasant, she felt, chatting, while the sun gradually warmed the earth and the friendly cyclists gathered in groups around her, talking in their sometimes strange jargon. “There I was, honking up the hill on fixed when the rear tube blew...”

The young man smiled at her. “I’m off at last. You not riding?”

“No. Well, actually Julie’s trying to convert me.”

“Got promise, she has,” he said, seemingly to no one in particular. “What do you do?” he asked her directly.

“I’m at University.”

“Well, nobody’s perfect!”

His broad smile stopped her being offended.

He looked at his watch. “Better get warmed up. Hope I’ll see you later.”

“Maybe.”

He had started to cycle away when he shouted back. “See you at the result board, then.”

Nearly an hour had elapsed since Julie’s departure and she was sauntering to where another Timekeeper stood beside a checkered board when Julie swept past, her eyes fixed intently on the road ahead of her, her speed fast. There were a few cheers from the small crowd as she went by to only gradually slow her speed while a single car, its occupants staring at the strange spectacle, noisily motored past.

It seemed to Andrea a long time before Julie returned, sweating, her face flushed but pleased. Carefully, she leaned her cycle against the car before briefly embracing Andrea. Then she was covering herself in extra clothing.

“You alright?” Andrea asked.

“Great! First time under the hour!” She checked the stopwatch strapped to the handlebars of her cycle for the third time.

They were soon standing among the crowd around the results board where Julie revealed in the congratulations from members of her own and other clubs. Slowly, the board became full of times set against the listed names, and Andrea, feeling somewhat bored, was watching a man write ‘55-23’ against the name of the last rider to start when the young man came and stood beside her.

“I see Julie broke the hour,” she said, and wiped his brow of sweat. A dark tracksuit swathed his body.

“Yes,” and she returned his smile. “Looks like you won easily.”

He shrugged his shoulders. “It was a good day. No real opposition. Fast men are riding Boro’ course today.

“Hey!” Julie said as she joined them. “Congratulations!”

“And to you!” He accepted her sisterly kiss, but blushed.

“Well,” Julie said to Andrea, briefly touching her arm with her hand, “you deserve congratulating as well!”

“Sorry?”

Julie laughed. "You've got to talk to him after a race!" Usually he just goes off by himself."

Andrea watched the young man blush again.

"Ah!" Julie turned, and waved at someone in the crowd still gathered around the board, "there's Jill. I'll see you in a minute."

They both watched her go. For almost a minute there was an embarrassed silence between them. Andrea broke it by asking, "What does the J stand for?" She pointed toward his name on the board.

"James."

"I'm Andrea. Is this your fastest time?"

"No. I've done a short fifty-four. You don't race, then?"

"Fraid not. Didn't know such things existed until I met Julie."

"That used to be the point. Anyway, I'd better be off, doesn't do to stand around too long."

"I suppose not."

He looked around, then said somewhat shyly, "There's a club 'ten' on Wednesday evening if you'd like to come."

"Yes. Yes, I would."

"I'll see you then, then."

She saw him walk toward an older man, give him the tracksuit and collect his cycle. Soon he was out of sight as he pedaled down the road. He seemed to her to make his riding seem effortless.

"James gone, then?" Julie asked her.

"Yes. Is there a club something-or-other on Wednesday?"

"A ten mile time trial, yes. Why?"

"James mentioned it. You going?"

"Usually do. You certainly made an impression on him."

"What do you mean?"

"He hardly talks to anybody. Quiet type of chap. Mind you," she said in a quieter voice, "can't blame him. I quite fancy you myself. As if you didn't know."

Andrea smiled weakly. But Julie said, "don't worry! I do understand." She kissed her briefly, then walked quickly away.

The tears she felt were soon suppressed, and she needed only a barely perceptible movement of her hand to wipe her eye dry.

"Marvelous time James did, wasn't it?" she said to a club member among the crowd as, out of the corner of her eye, she watched Andrea watching the road. She knew her friend was hoping for James to return.

Nearby, two blackbirds vied in song.

XVIII

Colin Mickleman felt uneasy. The late afternoon sun was warm as he walked toward Derwent and the inevitable congratulations.

The interview had astounded him. The Vice-Chancellor was exceedingly affable, and the whole exercise seemed a formality, as if it were, in the favored tradition of elderly academics, being polite and excusing him for his temerity in applying. ‘Too young’, he thought they would mutter among themselves while he sat with the other candidates awaiting their judgment; ‘no substantial work published’ they would smile.

Now, in the busy soft lateness, he was walking toward his Department. No one stopped him, as he half-expected them to, saying: ‘Good afternoon, Professor!’ No one – student, staff or friend – ran to him saying: ‘Well done! And so young!’

Instead, the quiet steady sameness of concrete, path, students and sun remained as they had remained for years, and he waited uneasily, fearing it was all a mistake.

‘We’re so sorry, Doctor Mickleman. We’ve made the most dreadful mistake....’ It was unbelievable because it had been so easy.

They were waiting, as he expected them to be – crowded into the secretarial office. Some bottles of wine had been procured and, in turn, they all offered their sincerest congratulations. Fiona – voluptuous, delectable Fiona; Mrs. Cornish – almost prim, except she had exchanged her small cigars for a pipe; Horton, squeezing his hand painfully: ‘Excellent choice! They have seen sense at last! Even Whiting and Storr. They were all present, shaking his hand, opening their mouths with thanks and praise. Only Storr looked passé, and he soon slunk away.

Soon the insincere statements began. “I was hoping they would appoint you,” said Hill.

Timothy, in an azure ensemble and wearing a strong perfume, clasped Colin’s hand weakly. “You don’t look very happy,” he said quietly.

“Just surprised.” He looked around, desperate to be rescued.

“I’m sure you’d like to be alone.”

“What?” Then, seeing that Timothy was sincere, he added, “Yes. Yes I would.”

“You’ll need time to adjust.”

Colin smiled, and escaped to his office. Its chaos seemed out of keeping with his Professorship, and in a frenzy of activity he began to try to tidy it. It was some minutes later when he realized his efforts would be in vain since he would be given new offices as befitted his new status, and he sat down at his still cluttered desk to smoke his pipe. But he soon became filled with a nervous excitement.

His walk took him down to the lake and he wandered along the grassy bank between trees of willow, pleased with himself and his world. He was approaching the wooded bridge of Spring Lane, shadowed by trees, when he saw Fiona. She was leaning against the lattice of the bridge in an animated conversation

with the Vice-Chancellor, and it seemed to Colin from his posture and her smile that there existed intimacy between them. He could not hear the words that passed between them and was about to walk away when Fiona turned and saw him. She waved and then spoke briefly to the Vice-Chancellor who staidly walked away, as befitted his position and traditional manner of dress.

Colin was still standing by the side of the lake, his mind befuddled, when she approached him

“I think,” she said softly, and smiled, “you owe me a favor.”

“Is that so?” He had tried to make his voice sound strong, but his words emerged as a feeble croak.

“I shall have my camera ready. Tonight.” She laughed, and left him standing trembling and alone.

It was several minutes before he resumed his walk. The Physics building, Goodricke, Wentworth, Biology, Vanbrugh, Langwith... he passed them all to finally stop by a narrow wooden bridge whose trees sang with the songs of birds. He stood and listened, watching the water below him swell gently. But his surroundings did nothing to ease the turmoil of his mind, and he walked back toward his office with stomach pain grieving him.

At the top of the stairs he met Timothy. “Visited your new office yet?” he asked in a friendly manner.

“No,” came the curt reply.

But Timothy was not offended. “If there is anything I can do to help —“

“No thank you!” His stomach pains seemed worse.

“But even you need someone to talk to.”

Timothy’s eyes were evidential of understanding, and Colin’s impending, and clever, insult was negated by his sudden and momentary empathy with him. For a quintessential moment of time he perceived the human person behind the mask of the individual before him: someone who lived, and who probably suffered; who experienced sadness and joy, pleasure and pain.

But the moment was only a moment: his own patterns of thought and feeling flowed on past this one insight to create another moment when he was not a unity with all things. Yet an almost ineffable memory remained.

“Thanks,” he said kindly.

Timothy smiled. “It is better to live unhappily than not to live at all.”

Then he was gone, down the stairs. But it was not long before a shadow fell between Colin’s moment of understanding and his past.

Magarita was in her own small office in the quiet confines of her Department, and he sat on the edge of her desk while she continued to type her letter. The room was obsessively tidy with a profusion of plants scattered around.

“Look, I am very busy,” she said. “I must get this done.”

“You haven’t heard, then?”

“Heard what?” She did not look up from her work.

“Nothing important,” he sulked.

She continued with her typing for a while as he began to rearrange the furnishings on her desk.

Exasperated, she shouted: "Stop it!"

He was still for only a short time, and began to noisily remove, and then replace, books from her bookcases.

"Aren't you going to ask?" he said.

"Whatever it is, I'm not interested! Damn! Now look what you've made me do!" She tried to correct her typing mistake.

"I was appointed Professor today," he said with apparent indifference.

"Bully for you!"

"Is that all you can say?"

She made another mistake and, in anger, tore the paper from the typewriter, screwed it up into a ball and threw it at him.

He smiled. "I stood still," he said, quoting his favorite poet of the year, "and was a tree amid the wood, knowing the truth of things unseen before." He smiled again. "To wit. I surmise your period is coming."

She was struggling to insert another sheet of paper into her typewriter as he said this, but crumpled it. She yanked it out. It also became a projectile but missed its target. "Just leave me alone!" she shouted.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go and celebrate. You'll feel better."

His assumptions infuriated her, and she threw a book at him.

"Temper! Temper! Her breasts had wobbled as she threw the book, and he came to her and tried to touch them, his lust aroused.

She pushed him away, but he persisted. Then she slapped his face.

"Leave me alone!" She shouted.

For a few seconds he stood staring at her, and then turned to walk out of her room. He waited outside, in the corridor, for many minutes, expecting her to follow, and when she did not he walked into the cloud-weakened sunlight. Behind him, he could hear her typewriter clacking. He had not gone far when his stomach pains returned, fiercer than before. He was soon back at her room.

"What do you want?" she asked querulously as he opened the door.

He held his hand against his stomach. "I've got those pains again."

"Go to the Doctor, then," she said without sympathy. "It's getting late and I must finish this and get it into the post."

Her indifference perplexed him. She began to type again, but stopped after a few seconds.

"Look," she said, sighing, "I've been doing some thinking today and I think it would be better if we didn't see each other again."

“Pardon?”

“You heard. It’s over.”

Sudden, outright rejection was a new experience for him and he stared at her. His pain became worse. “Alright, then if that’s what you want.” His indifference was affected.

“Yes it is. We are just not compatible.”

“I thought we got on rather well.”

“There is more to a relationship than sex. Anyway, I must finish this letter.”

“Fine.” She shrugged his shoulders and began to wonder who might be next on his list of conquests.

He was at the door when she said, “And by the way. Congratulations, Professor Mickleman.”

He did not see her begin to cry.

By the time he reached Fiona’s house both his body and his spirit had recovered, and he leaned against her doorframe, smiling as he knocked.

A bath towel hung loosely around Fiona’s body. “Come in!”

“Your invitation – “ he said as she closed and locked the door firmly behind him.

“Shall we go up?” She pointed toward the stairs.

“Not for what you have in mind.”

“Really?” She smiled, and seemed unconcerned by his tone.

“OK So I’d like to go to bed with you.”

“You do surprise me,” she said mockingly.

“But as for your little games – no way!”

“Such a shame. Are you so afraid of me?”

“I’m not afraid of you at all!” he countered.

“Really?” She smiled at him again. “You do surprise me. You do, however, own me a favor.”

“So what? There is nothing you can do – now.”

“Are you sure?”

He was not certain, but did not let any of his doubt show. “Let’s go upstairs,” he said quietly.

Slowly, she removed her towel to stand naked before him then turn and walk up the stairs. On her bed, the camera and handcuffs lay ready. He saw them, as he entered the room.

“Take your clothes off! She commanded him, and held the camera ready.

“No!” He moved toward her, and knocked the camera out of her hand but before he could push her down to the bed as he had intended, she kicked him in the groin. He fell to the ground, helplessly clutching his genitals, and by the time he had recovered sufficiently to look up, she was dressed in a bathrobe.

“Get out!” She said sternly, and he slowly obeyed.

She pushed him through the front door of her house.

“You’ll pay for this, you bastard!” she shouted as he half-hobbled down her garden path toward the street.

Slowly, it began to rain.

XIX

The silence of the mountain was disturbed only by the wind, and Colin stood contentedly observing the view. From Glyder Fawr he could see the smoothed outline of Snowdon in the distance and then, in the east, the jagged rocks of the Castle of the Winds, only a short walk from the slate-strewn plateau where he stood. There was no sun, only mist edging its way toward him and gradually obscuring his view. Then there were faces around him – a coven of laughing faces enclosing him in their circle. Fiona was there, laughing. And Andrea. Fenton and Alison – all laughing while he stumbled toward the edge, trying to escape.

“You’ll pay for this!” Fiona’s voice said.

There was no father to rescue him, as there had been in his youth when, together, they climbed the Idwal slabs below. He felt himself falling – only to awake in the dim light of a hospital ward at night. In a bed nearby someone coughed loudly.

Three nurses were sitting together at a table in the middle of the ward, a low lamp spreading a pool of light around them, and Colin began to wonder what Fiona had done to him. ‘You’ll pay for this, you bastard!’ he remembered.

But his attempt to sit up and get out of his bed brought a return of his stomach pain, and he lay back, sweating and remembering the events of the evening. The pains had become excruciating as he, like a drunken man, had staggered away from Fiona’s house. There was a brief telephone call he had made from somewhere to his Doctor. A brief visit by the Doctor to his bedroom, and then the Ambulance and another medical examination. “We’ll keep you in overnight. For observation,” the youthful hospital Doctor said.

Sleep proved difficult for Colin. The ward was stuffy, with a subdued but persistent background of noise – coughing, the movements of patients in their beds, the wandering of the watchful Nurses, someone snoring – and his pain was not a sedative.

Dawn found him restive and anxious. There was a trolley laden with an urn of tea, but his pleading was in vain, for the smiling but elderly Auxiliary Nurse pointed to the red sign that hung in adornment from the top of his bed: ‘Nil By Mouth’ it read.

“But why?” he asked.

“Doctor’s orders. They’ll see you in the morning, dear.”

“But it is morning.”

“Later. When they do the rounds.”

When this ‘later’ came – after much activity among both the patients and staff including a trolley bearing an assortment of sometimes richly smelly breakfasts – the assembled huddle of white coats with dangling stethoscopes and attendant blue-clad, stern faced Sister simply passed him by, except for a curt: ‘He can go home’ issuing forth from a wizened face.

A lowly young Nurse came bearing these tidings some minutes later.

“You can get dressed now,” she said as she began to rummage in his bedside locker for his clothes.

“So God has spoken, then?”

The Nurse suppressed a laugh, and kicked the locker door shut with her foot.

“This is intolerable!” the now almost distant voice of God said as he stood with his acolytes around a bed. “Sister, if you cannot control your Nurses – “

The Nurse by Colin’s bed turned away from the Consultant’s stare.

“This summation gallop is difficult to hear – “ the Consultant said in a very audible mutter.

“I’ll put the curtains round,” the Nurse whispered to Colin.

She began this not altogether noisy task when the Sister came to stop her. “Not now,” she said. “Side-ward!”

The Nurse went to join the other staff skulking out of harm’s way.

It seemed to Colin a long time before she returned.

“Hope I didn’t get you in trouble,” he said, and smiled his Owl-ish smile.

“Nah!”

“Is he always like that?”

“Huh! Today was a good day! Get him on a bad day and – “ She began to giggle. “Oops!”

He sensed the reason for her sudden embarrassment and said, “It’s alright, I won’t tell anyone.”

“Trust me! Always being bleedin’ unprofessional!”

“You been a Nurse long?”

She finished laying his clothes out on the bed. “Nah! A few months.”

“You training, then?”

“Yep! First ward, this.”

“Really? You seem very competent.”

“You must be joking!”

“Think you’ll stick at it?”

“Who knows? Me mum says I never stick at anything. There you go.” She drew the curtains around the bed. “Be a Doctor’s letter for ya, in the office.”

“What time do you finish?”

She gave a quizzical look. “You askin’?”

“Got any plans for tonight?”

“Not really, You’re a right one, aren’t you?”

“You in the Nurses Home, then?”

“I’ll have to go. Don’t forget your letter!”

Then she was gone, and he was left to dress himself in solitude, straighten his bedclothes and walk smiling to the Ward office.

The Ward Sister was using the telephone, looked up briefly to acknowledge his presence and pushed a brown envelope toward him across the cluttered desk. “Give it to your own Doctor,” she said to him.

“The new patient’s here, Sister,” another Nurse interjected as she pushed past Colin.

“Just a minute,” the Sister said into the telephone. On her desk, the other telephone rang. “He’s a CVA,” she said to the Nurse. “Second bed on the right. I’ve bleeped Doctor Stone.

Colin took the envelope and slipped away. The corridor that gave access to the Wards was full of unused beds and trolleys of varying descriptions, and from the Public Telephone kiosk he dialed Magarita’s number.

“What do you want?” her voice said in reply.

“I’m in hospital,” he said. “Admitted last night.”

“Are you serious?”

“Would I joke about it? Listen – “ He held the receiver out into the noisy corridor: people passing, a porter whistling, the sounds of trolleys being wheeled, a gaggle of voices.

“Are you alright?” she said in a softer voice.

“Yes, I think so. I went to the Doctor like you said. They kept me in overnight. But they are letter me home now.”

“Shall I come and collect you?”

He could hear the guilt creeping into her voice.

“That would be kind! I’ll be waiting outside the main entrance.

“I’ll be a quick as I can. Bye!”

It was a smiling Colin who stood in the bright and warming sunlight to wait for his lover’s arrival. And when she did come, voicing her concern, he let his expression change as though he still felt some pain.

“What did they say?” she asked as she drove him back toward his University home.

“Not a lot. Thought it might be an ulcer acting up. Eat less fatty foods – that sort of thing.”

“I always said your diet was disgusting!”

“I’m sorry about yesterday.”

“It’s me that should apologize.”

“You free this evening?”

“Yes.”

He caressed her leg with his hand. “I’ll look forward to it.”

“Is Fiona in?” he asked the Departmental Secretary as he opened the door to her office.

“Good morning, professor!” she laughed. “You alright? We heard the news. About hospital, I mean.”

“Fine. Just a bit of stomach trouble. Is Mrs. Pound about.”

“No. She’s taking some time off. Didn’t say when she’d be back. Least ways, no one’s told me! Been to your new office, yet?”

“Just now, yes. How’s Albert?” he asked, alluding to her husband.

“Moaning – about work. Too much at the moment. Still, it’ll pay for the holiday.

“Going anywhere in particular?”

“Florida.”

“You should get a nice tan.”

“Hope so!”

“You’ll have to let me see you when you get back.”

“Maybe I will, at that!”

“Keeping you satisfied, is he?” he asked, smiling lasciviously.

“Yeah! I’ll say!”

“Pity. Thought my luck was in.”

“Get off with you!” she laughed. “Want your mail?” She handed him a bundle.

“Thanks. Well, I’d better go and inspect my domain.”

His new office was spacious and bright with a particularly good vista of the lake, and as he sat at his desk, surrounded by empty bookcases, he felt intense pleasure. It was not that he had forgotten Fiona’s meeting

with the Vice-Chancellor but rather that it felt irrelevant. His work should be his justification: with his teaching, his own research and his mastery of the Department there could never be a threat to his position. He was happy, and felt eager to begin his tasks. There was his afternoon lecture, the first in his new role, his evening assignation with Magarita, his first Departmental meeting of tomorrow. There would be, in that morning, many hours of peace for him to write – his continued contributions, diligently researched, presented and prepared, to the wealth of philosophical knowledge.

No more would he seek out female students, for he knew they could be a snare to entrap him, and the knowledge of this dismayed him – but only for a while. He began to think of stratagems to circumvent the dangers: of how he might choose more wisely, and this pleased him, as his recollection of other possibilities did. He would forego them – for a while at least. He thought of the Nurse who had attended him, and began to contrive a new and owlish campaign. She would look good, in her uniform, standing on the chair in his room while he photographed her.

Smiling happily to himself, he left his office to begin the tasks of his new Professorial day. Over the University, a few ragged cumulus cloud came to briefly cover the sun.

XX

The Temple was quiet and Edmund sat, quite still in the semi-darkness amid the lightly swirling incense, facing the stone altar. The Temple was large, the walls lined with oak paneling, and Edmund sat for a long time, his eyes vaguely fixed upon the stone statue near the altar. It showed, in a realistic way, a seated naked woman in one of whose hands was held the severed head of a man.

Then, his task fulfilled, he stretched himself before standing, allowing his bare feet to caress the luxurious carpet. As if on cue, the heavy Temple door opened, throwing a shaft of bright light into the Temple and onto the statue.

“I wondered if you would come down to me here,” he said to the woman who entered the room.

“Did I have a choice?” Fiona said, and smiled.

She wore an amber necklace and was dressed in a purple silk robe.

“There is one person I still have to see.”

“Surely she can wait.”

He smiled at her understanding. “We have plenty of time.”

“I shall wait for you here, then.”

He smiled in reply and walked out of her Temple up the stairs to the ground floor of her house. It was only a short walk to the University and Alison’s room. She was there, as he knew she would be, and she embraced him while he stood in the doorway.

“You’ve decided to complete your studies, then?” he said as she broke away.

She watched him for a while, but his smiling face seemed to answer her unasked question.

“Of course!” she said.

“And then?”

“I don’t know. Teach. Compose, perhaps.”

“I’m glad.”

For almost a minute she watched him in silence. Then she said, “Even now I don’t understand you.”

”There shall be time enough for understanding when you are old and the inner fire burns less bright. Maybe through your music you’ll find a way.”

She laughed, a little nervously, for it was as if in that moment she sensed something powerful: something illuminating yet dark. A transient feeling to inspire her Art perhaps. Was it his eyes, his look? She did not know, but the moment passed, to leave her with a memory, disturbing only in part.

“Will you be seeing Professor Mickleman?” he asked.

“No. He is part of my past.”

“Perhaps that’s wise. I really have to go now.”

“You’ll keep in touch?”

“Of course. People like you are rare.”

She smiled, half-defensively. “Take care, won’t you?”

“Naturally,” He gave his enigmatic smile, turned and left her staring after him. Suddenly, new music grew in almost swirling profusion inside her head.

Fiona was lying on the floor of her Temple, as if asleep, when Edmund returned. In his absence she had lit two purple candles and placed them on the altar where they spread their esoteric light to enhance her beauty. For a few moments, he watched her breasts rising and falling with the motion of her breathing before laying down beside her to caress her body through the silk of her robe. She did not move, except to slightly part her lips, as his caressing began.

Slowly, his touching continued. Then she was kissing him, lips to lips and lips to flesh, her hands clawing at his clothes, and it was not long before they were writhing about on the carpet of the Temple, naked and joined in carnal bliss. Her cries of ecstasy were not loud, as his final cry was not, and they lay, sweating from their exertion and pleasures, for some time.

She broke their silence. “Have you achieved what you wished – with him?”

“Who can say – who cannot say?”

”Sometimes you can be quite infuriating!”

“Is that so?”

“Yes!”

As he stood up, she said: “And Alison?”

“Ah! Forces shall be earthed in her music.”

She looked at him then, and he guessed her meaning. “You don’t have to ask,” he said, to re-assure her.

“All this,” she gestured around her Temple with her hand, “can be yours.”

“I have retired.”

“So you said.” She retrieved her robe and he began to dress himself.

“I have other things to do,” he said.

“And me?”

“You are useful here.”

“Part of the grand design?” she mocked.

“You know exactly what I mean.”

“Perhaps. Tell me, why did you wait?”

“For this, you mean?” he asked, smiling.

“From the moment you revealed yourself I was willing. Well, before then as well,” she laughed.

“It was necessary to wait.”

“There are lots of things I would like to ask you. We’ve hardly spent any time together.”

”Delicacies are best contemplated and then savored.”

“Tell me, how did you know?”

”About your dark past.”

”Yes.”

A Master shall always know his Mistresses of Earth even though they have never met. And your own group? What of them?”

“I tired of them – long ago.”

“Forsaking the external for the internal?”

“Something like that.” She smiled at him. “But you interest me.”

When he did not reply, she said: “He will never realize, will he?”

Attuned to her, he said: “Naturally not. His ego would never allow even an entertainment of the thought. An interesting experiment – with perhaps an excellent result. We shall see. Now, I really must be going.”

“Must you?” She removed her robe and walked toward him in the now flickering light of the candles.

“Well, perhaps not just yet.”

Above them, and nearby, new inner nexions were opening.

Breaking The Silence Down

By

Anton Long, ONA

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Introduction

The following MS extends and amplified the esoteric matters dealt with in 'The Deofel Quintet' and the insight it deals with is appropriate to an aspirant Internal Adept.

However, the MS can – like the works of the Quartet – be read without trying to unravel its esoteric meaning. Like those other works, it might through its reading promote a degree of self-insight and supra-personal understanding within the reader. Unlike the works of the Quartet (which in the main are concerned on the polarity of male/female vis-à-vis personal development/understanding) this present work centers, for the most part, around the alternative, or gay (in this case, Sapphic), view.

An understanding of this view is necessary for a complete integration of all divergent aspects of the individual psyche – an integration, which the Rite of Internal Adept creates.

Prologue

Summer has come early to the Shropshire town of Greenock, perched as it was on the lofty bank that overlooked the Severn valley and the undulating land southeast of Shrewsbury, and Leonie Symonds set her face against the dry wind that swirled dust past the half-timbered Guildhall. Down the narrow street she could see a woman struggle with her hat in the wind that rattled the iron sign beside the ancient Raven Inn.

A farmer in his dirty jeep wished her good day but the wind snatched at his words and he was left to spit on the pavement as he turned his vehicle toward his distant farm. Thunder was brewing, but the lightning was still many miles to the east.

Inside, the Raven Inn was cool and Richard Apthone, with an unaccustomed mug of ale, settled nervously in a corner, folding his town-styled jacket neatly beside him. The silence which had greeted his entrance filled slowly, and soon the conversation had resumed its leisurely pace.

"I canna' think w'eer 'es gwun," he heard a voice say. The room was shadowed darkly, stained by almost a century of smoke, soot from the open fire and the centuries old oak timbers, and Apthone felt uneasy.

Dominos rattled against a dark oak table. "Whad'n you bin doin' at my house?" a voice asked.

“Him bin doin’ summat!”

In the sky, the thunder had begun, relieving some of Apthone’s tension, and he settled down to slowly drink his mug of teak-colored ale.

No rain came, and Leonie waited for half an hour outside the Inn under a darkening sky before walking away. She possessed no courage to follow Apthone further. He was a Probationary teacher, his spotty face fresh from University, while she was thirty-two and divorced. He had left her, mocking laugh still pained.

Slowly, Leonie ambled along the narrow street to the ruins of the Priory. Greenock owed its existence to the Cluniac foundation, and the town had continued its quiet, if at times prosperous existence after the Reformation in the sixteenth century, a huddle of half-timbered and limestone buildings, until modern development had ruined its charm. The old town, clustered on four narrow streets to the west and south of the Priory and nurtured by the medieval prosperity of the monks and the local trade in corn and wool, had been conquered by new red-brick estates whose occupiers and owners owed little, if anything, to the long and rich heritage of the town or the land around. The old, cloistered community, bred through centuries of local toil, tied to the land or the local trades of such a small market town, was drying out. But a few remained, unchanged in speech or gesture, and sometimes a few of the surviving men would gather to talk in their strange dialect in the dark of the Raven Inn. From a small town famed for its stonemasons, Greenock had grown haphazardly to hold over four hundred souls.

The sky above the Priory ruins darkened again, and Leonie sat on the dry grass by the high remains of the south transept, listening to the distant rumble of articulated lorries that skimmed against the west of the town along the main road that joined somewhere to somewhere else.

Her childhood had been strict and Catholic and she found a form of comfort among the ruins. Its destruction seemed to lessen her own feelings of rejection and for several minutes she felt saddened as if the stones were giving up to her after all the intervening centuries, all

the intervening prayers and plainsong that had seeped into them, year-by-year, day-by-day and Divine_Office-by-Divine_Office. Once, as a child, she had felt the call of her God, the hold promise of a religious vocation, but the years drew away the calling as she fulfilled the ambitions of her parents at University and through marriage. Perhaps she had been wrong, and she touched the rough stone of the transept by way of expiation. Perhaps her God was punishing her for her desertion of His cause. For years a vague need had suffused her, a longing whose fulfillment would somehow imbue her life with meaning and perhaps even joy. Her marriage had failed, her affair with Richard seemed over and she began to realize that it was human affection she craved. For an instant she longed to rest in the divine love of her God's human and crucified Son, but her faith was broken, chipped away by intellectual doubts and desires of the flesh.

She sat for nearly half an hour amid the petriochoor of storm, trying to desire nothing. She was unsuccessful, and found her thoughts drifting between the selfishness of Aphthone and the kindness of Diane. She had dreamt of Diane many times but after each dream was ashamed and as if to punish herself for this betrayed, she clung to Aphthone. She despised herself for her dependence and there had been days when she appeared cold and cynical towards him until her generosity of spirit triumphed. Diane Dietz was her most intimate friend – a colleague in whom she had confided after her divorce – but the friendship had become both her blessing and her curse. The more she confided, the more she wanted to confide simply to preserve the special moments when they seemed to share the same understanding, feel the same feelings and perhaps nurture the same desire.

The stones were no longer singing for her and she walked away from the Priory, her sadness and her dreams.

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Leonie was late again. She did her best to appear unhurried and failed. Hume 4, her first class of the day, were all present among the desks and overturned chairs and she fumbled with her books while waiting for the tumult to subside.

“Cor, Miss!” shouted one of her girls whose leg warmers were singularly inappropriate considering the weather, “I like you dress.”

Leonie smiled. The early morning sun of summer cast shadows over the nearby fields and for an instant she forgot Apthone’s harsh words, the spot on her chin and her recent divorce.

The class soon settled to their work and she enjoyed watching them while they toiled with their essay. Somewhere, along the road that joined the large Comprehensive school to the small town of Greenock, a noisy mower trimmed drought-burned grass.

Soon, too soon for Leonie, the lesson was over and she watched while the children fled at the sound of the bell to add more noise to the corridor outside. The cloudless sky over the fields near Windmill Hill made her happy and she wandered contently along the corridors to the Staff Room. Apthone stood by the door. She smiled and went toward him but he was embarrassed by the attention and walked away haughtily down the stairs. ‘Look,’ she remembered he had said, ‘I enjoy sleeping with you – but as for anything else, forget it.’

Suddenly, her happiness disappeared like sun behind thick cloud.

“Are you alright, Leonie?” a gentle voice asked her. There seemed such warmth of understanding there, in her eyes, that Leonie blushed and in her confusion allowed Diane to guide her, like a lost child, into the Staff Room and onto a chair. She was brought a cup of coffee, and biscuits and when Diane moved away to collect some books from a chair by the window, Leonie followed her every movement. Diane was a sylph, and Leonie envied her. She felt herself unattractive – her hips were too large, her breasts were different sized and too big for her stature and she had wrinkles around her eyes. Diane’s skin was fair, unblemished and soft and she experienced a sudden desire to touch it.

By the time Diane returned, she had composed herself sufficiently to ask, “How is your husband?”

“Off on one of his jaunts again. He’s training to cycle from Land’s End to John O’Groats in three days. Silly bugger!” As she laughed her small breasts wobbled, just a little.

Leonie lit a cigarette and nervously blew the smoke away.

“Is it Richard?” Diane asked softly.

“Yes.” It was only half a lie. Diane’s physical nearness was making her tremble and she felt ashamed. Part of her wanted to touch Diane’s long hair. It was soft and flaxen and swayed slightly in the breeze from the window.

There was anguish on Leonie’s face and Diane said, “Would you like me to have a word with Richard?”

“No, please!” She placed a restraining hand on Diane’s arm but almost as soon took it away. She felt disgusted that Diane might be disgusted with her desire. She forced herself to think about other things.

“Are you going to Morgan’s party tonight?” Diane asked, intruding upon Leonie’s morbid thoughts.

“No – I don’t think so.”

“That’s a pity,” Diane said sincerely. “I wanted you to go.”

Perplexed but pleased, an innocent Leonie said, “why?”

“Because I like being with you. It won’t be the same without you there.” She touched Leonie’s face very gently with her hand.

Diane’s touch astonished her and her emotions were so contradictory for her to do anything but mumble incoherently as Diane excused herself and strode purposefully through the huddle of men around the door.

The lean figure of Emlyn Thomas, the Headmaster, whom the children perhaps unkindly called Crater Face, ambled toward Leonie

but his progress was interrupted by Thumper Watts. Watts' nickname had its genesis in his first few years at the school when, discipline still being of the Wass Hill grind sort when errant pupils were forced to run up the 1 in 5 hill that joined the northern edge of Greenock to the medieval hamlet of Wass, was fond of clipping unruly boys around their ears.

"Mr. Thomas," said Thumper sarcastically, "I'm sending Howell to you – again!"

"Oh? What has the poor lad done now?"

"Only tried to set fire to Reynolds' hair."

Thomas wrung his hands like an elderly cleric. "I'll give the lad a good talking to, mark my words, I will."

"He wants his balls cut off if you ask me," mumbled Watts.

"Pardon?"

"I was just saying, a talk is what he needs."

"Yes, my feeling exactly!" Satisfied, he sidled away, completely forgetting about his intention to talk to Leonie.

Watts sat next to her instead. "Stupid idiot!" he said in frustration, and winked at Leonie.

Leonie shivered. It was not that she disliked Watts – on the contrary, he was one of the few male members of the teaching staff whom she respected. But his physical presence she found intimidating, as if his sheer size overawed. Sometimes she found it hard to believe he was Head of Physics Department for his build seemed more suitable to a more athletic profession and it was easy for her to imagine him shot putting or tossing the cabre in some isolated glen.

Morgan came toward them, dramatically shaking her head so her frizzled red hair molded itself decoratively around her shoulders.

“Gosh! It’s hot!” she said.

Leonie smiled at her, but the gesture was ignored as Morgan sat next to Watts. Leonie did not mind – the sun was searing what remained of the green from the grass of the school playing fields and she stood by the window, watching sheep graze on the Windmill Hill. It would have been a peaceful scene – the fields of pasture, the scattered sheep, the twisting lane enclosed by untrimmed hedge – except for the noise of the children. Sometimes the din from the school could be heard in the center of Greenock, almost a mile to the south.

Leonie rested her head in her hands, her face alternatively possessed of sorrow and joy. She watched a kestrel as it hovered briefly above the lane before swooping down to snatch its prey. Around her, the staff room slowly filled with noise, and she did not see Diane looking at her from the sun shadow by the door.

Diane watched Leonie intently for some time. Leonie’s feelings seemed a part of her, as if they were related closely by reason of birth, and she felt sad because of the selfish desire which captivated men like Aphone and which drove them to use a woman’s body while abusing the warmth and sensitivity that a woman possessed. For an instant there existed in Diane a strong desire to protect Leonie, to interfere dramatically in her life and free her from Aphone. But more than that, Diane Dietz, a teacher of seven years standing and hitherto contented, was jealous of Aphone. She wanted Leonie all to herself and in a mood of jealous rage that might have made her hit Aphone or driven her to reveal her secret hopes to Leonie, she ran crying from the room, down the stairs and out into the bare and unrelenting sun.

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Richard Aphone was ignoring her again. He stood in the corner of Morgan’s garishly furnished room talking jovially to the scantily clad hostess while conservatively dressed Leonie skulked in the one empty corner. The loud music displeased her, as did the wine-

soaked and incestuous throng of teachers, and she regretted she had come. Watts was staring at her while pretending to listen to Diane whose thin dress hid very little. Leonie blushed.

Morgan left Aphthone and Leonie took advantage of the anonymity of the close-pressed crowd to approach him.

“I must speak with you,” she said.

Aphthone sighed, then swayed like a drunken clown. “You are.”

“Alone, please.”

“Can’t it wait? I am enjoying myself.”

“No, it can’t wait.” She was almost crying.

“Can I stay tonight?” he whispered, attempting to affect concern. His face, however, did not mould itself as his calculating mind intended, and he leered. Aphthone was lanky in build with a face like a frost-broken gargoyle.

“I’m pregnant,” Leonie said softly.

Aphthone stared blankly at the wall, then looked nervously around. No one else seemed to have heard. “But,” he stuttered, “you said you took precautions.”

“I’m sorry, but – “

“My god!” he rasped, “are you sure it’s mine?”

The insult made her cry. “Look,” he said for Watts was staring at them, “it’s not my problem. For god’s sake woman, stop crying!”

She did not and he walked away to gawk at Diane but she rudely pushed past him. Leonie’s crying was making him nervous and he smiled drunkenly at Watts.

“Come outside a moment, will you?” said Watts.

Apthone blinked, but followed him.

“You alright, Leonie?” Diane asked.

“Yes, I’m fine,” she lied.

Instinctively, Diane embraced her, but their contact was brief, broken by Leonie.

Diane smiled. “We’d both be better off without men.”

“What do you mean?” asked Leonie sharply and instantly regretted it.

Diane shrugged. “They cause more problems than they solve.”

For nearly a minute they stood facing each other, both expectant, nervous and unsure and both wishing for some gesture or word that might somehow make tangible their feelings. Diane made to speak but Leonie, confused by her own suddenly conflicting feelings, smiled nervously and withdrew to her corner.

Diane, full of rage at herself for her own timidity, muttered a long stream of obscene curses which the loud music drowned, and by the time her courage had returned, Watts was talking to Leonie. She drank two glasses of wine in quick succession and barged between them.

“Apthone gone then?” she asked preemptively.

Watts smiled mischievously. “He’s outside. Having a little sleep. Too much to drink if you ask me.” He drank from his can of beer, then burped. “Well, I’m off. Can I give either of you a lift?”

“No thanks,” an embarrassed Leonie asked.

“Diane?”

“Leonie ha invited me back for coffee. Thanks, anyway.”

Watts affected another burp and loped away, stooping to go through the door.

Before Leonie could speak, Diane said, "I'm going to take you home, make you a hot drink and get you to tell me all about what's upset you so much.

"But –"

"Forget Richard. He's probably so drunk he won't even know you've gone." Briefly, she held Leonie's hand. "I really care for you and hate seeing you unhappy."

"You are kind," said Leonie softly.

Leonie's house bore some resemblance to her life, slightly disorganized but planned with the best of intentions. It was a large house, bounded by gardens, which were beginning to grow wild, and carried its mantle of children well. Toys were neatly stored in the playroom and the expensive furnishings had escaped largely untouched by melting ice cream spilled, sticky drinks, small dirty hands and impetuous ravaging feet. Its size and luxury had, at one time, been of some solace to Leonie, but it had become empty and a constant reminder of what she thought of as her marital incompetence. Her children were asleep when she and Diane arrived and the young girl who had minded her children during her absence was soon gone, leaving the two women alone. Diane made coffee and they sat, almost touching, on the leather sofa in the sitting room.

"You seem very unhappy," Diane said as a small circle of subdued light enclosed them among the humid darkness of the room.

"I feel so peaceful with you."

"I'm glad."

Very quietly, she said, "I'm so confused."

Diane's face was gentle and serene and Leonie smiled awkwardly before saying, "I'm going to have Richard's baby."

"Oh my darling!" Their embrace was natural but brief and Diane gently wiped away Leonie's tears.

"I don't know what to do. It is such a mess. No one cares."

"I do," said Diane. "I care very much."

"But – " She turned her head away.

"Leonie," Diane began in a whisper afraid that the beauty of the moment might be lost and afraid of herself, "I find you very attractive."

"Diane – I"

"Don't say anything, please." She stroked Leonie's face with her hand, and then kissed her, very gently. Leonie made no move to stop her and Diane kissed her again.

Leonie was not afraid, only pleased because Diane possessed the courage to express with words and deeds what she herself had felt but would never have dared to express in any way.

"I need you, Leonie," she heard Diane whisper.

The simple words ceased to be simple: they were a magickal invocation, a chant of power and possessed for Leonie, in that instant of her troubled life, an almost sacred, childhood quality. Nothing was real for her except Diane – her warm breath, her perfume, the softness of her touch and the enfolding pressure of her body. She felt she wanted to be enveloped by Diane's warmth.

"I love your beauty," Diane was saying. Diane's touch was gentle, as gentle as Leonie had imagined, once, that it might be and she did not tense nor speak words of discouragement when Diane caressed her breasts.

There was gentleness in Diane's kisses and touch that Leonie had never experienced before – a kind of empathy as if Diane was not taking but sharing. She clung to Diane, fearing the moments might

end. But the moments did not end as she feared but changed instead into physical passion.

“Diane”, she said slowly and precisely, “please stay with me tonight.”

Slowly, hand in hand, they walked the stairs to bed.

Light mist obscured the river Severn and the surrounding fields, and Leonie stared at the tops of the trees. Soon, the warmth of the summer sun would disperse the mist and the mystery it seemed to bring, returning the harsh contours, bleak colors, and breaking the silence down. Leonie smiled. She liked her bedroom with its view of the Severn, the trees full of birds and fields and found it easy to forget she lived on the edge of a town.

Diane was still asleep in her bed and there was an innocent joy in Leonie as she watched her lover. Everything she could see seemed more beautiful because of Diane, as if her very presence added a precious quality to the day. She wanted to lie down beside her, feel the warmth and softness of her body.

Diane stretched, sleepy, and Leonie accepted the refuge of her arms.

“How do you feel?” Diane asked.

“A little guilty, I suppose. But happy!”

“You are lovely!”

“Can I ask you something?”

”Of course.”

“is this your...what I – “

Diane smiled. “You mean is this the first time I have made love with a woman?”

Shyly, Leonie said, "Yes."

She smiled. "I was very nervous last night – I almost didn't do anything."

"I'm glad you did."

"If I had been wrong –" Diane shrugged.

"What made you try?"

"You mean," said Diane playfully, "apart from your beautiful body?"

"Seriously, though."

"Something about the way you looked at me, I suppose."

"I used to dream about you a lot. Very naughty dreams."

"And now your dreams have come true."

"I feel really funny."

"Well, you make me laugh!" Diane kissed her, and then said, "you mean you can't really believe it's happened?"

"In a way, yes. But I also feel I'm not the same person I was yesterday. I can't explain."

Diane smiled and rested her head on Leonie's breasts. "A woman's breasts are the softest pillow in the world."

"You make me happy," Leonie said as she stroked Diane's hair. "I never thought I could be happy again."

The sound of Leonie's children near the bedroom door surprised them, and Diane dressed quickly, kissed her lover saying, "You make me happy as well!" and left.

Leonie ran down the stairs to wave goodbye, but the car had gone and she was left to return slowly to the perfumed emptiness of her room.

Apthone did not seem important to her anymore. The half-resented need, which had bound her to him had been broken by Diane and as she dressed she found reasons for hating him. Even the growing child in her womb held no terror; she would have an abortion and then Apthone would be removed from her life. She would be free at last, and could give her life to Diane whose gentle words of love during the long humid night had brought her tears of joy. There was a quality about Diane's love and passion that she had never experienced before, and it pleased her.

The mist over the river was dispersing and she watched it disappear with a mixture of happiness and loss. It would always remind her of her first night with Diane – yet it would be good to feel the hot sun on her body, warming it.

Languid, she lay on her bed until a sudden guilt made her jump up to attend to the tasks of her day, suppressing the thought she would be murdering her unborn child for the sake for the pleasures of her body and the love of a woman. Defiantly, she took the crucifix from the wall of her room and threw it under the bed.

III

Diane had closed the kitchen door of their bungalow in the tourist town of Church Stretton when her husband appeared wobbling like a drunken duck on his cleated cycling shoes. He was lean, burnt from the repeated exposure to the sun, wind and rain, with cropped hair as befitted a racing cyclist – even an amateur one.

“Well?” he asked, feigning annoyance.

“Well what?” She stared at him holding her head to one side.

“Have a good time?”

“As a matter of fact – yes!” Immediately, she became defensive.
“You off out to play, then?”

He looked pained – and not a little funny in his tight fitting cycling jumper and shorts. The long, very close fitting shorts were superbly comfortable on a bicycle, but off it, they made a grown man look ridiculous and a little obscene.

“Don’t tell me – ‘your training schedule’ demands it.”

”As a matter of fact, yes.”

”You think more of your rotten bikes than you do of me!”

“That’s a ridiculous and inaccurate thing to say.”

”But true.”

“No, it is not.”

”Aren’t you jealous?” she demanded.

“About what?” he looked at his watch.

“I’m having an affair,” she announced.

“That’s nice,” he replied without feeling.

“Don’t you care?”

“I know you are joking,” he smiled.

“Oh, we are the superior man, aren’t we?” she mocked.

Suddenly she was angry and he took advantage of her preoccupation with her emotion to slip out the door. She saw him take his expensive cycle from the garage, resisted the temptation to rush out and kick it, and watched him pedal down the road. The mask of

calm, which she used in her role of teacher returned slowly, helped by the morning stillness and the gathering mist, and sat down in her bedroom to write her diary.

Her desire for her own children had long ago been vanquished by the natural facts of her genetics and the need which bound her to women, and her innate love for children found its poignant expression through the medium of her profession. She loved the mostly gentle unfolding of a child from the often shy and awkward first-year into a young adult, aware of themselves and mostly possessed of a youthful zeal, and she made no distinction between those who were intellectually inclined and those who were naturally gifted with their hands. To her, each child was unique, and she cared for them all – not out of sentiment or because she believed it was morally right, but because it was in her nature to do so.

Yet she sought some satisfaction in life beyond the undoubted rewards of her profession and the undeniable lesser rewards of being married to a cycling fanatic whose idea of a good day was to thrash himself to exhaustion in a fifty mile trial – preferable over hilly terrain – talk about it for hours afterwards and fall asleep in the evening reading a cycling magazine or a technical report on the strength of the latest titanium axle. Their sitting room cabinet was full of medals he had won, but after five years it was all predictably boring.

She had had to affairs with men, for she found them either too shallow in the head or too uncaring. Their tenderness, she knew was a ploy to obtain a woman's body and for the most part they had no interest in her as a person.

Three years ago, her experiences in adolescence, her hopeful expectations and secret desires, had caused her to deliberately seek out the company of women. Her liaisons had been brief, and unsatisfying, but they produced a stronger longing for what could be – a relationship based on mutual desire for love and affection and a mutual, instinctive understanding of the kind she felt was impossible with men.

Her thoughts carried her pen. “Maybe,” she wrote in her diary as a schoolgirl might, “I have found my answer at last. There seems to be something special between us.”

Said laid the book aside to watch from her window the mist swirl slowly over the hills that breasted the road to her school fifteen miles to the east. The sun cast a beautiful light between the ground mist and the higher fog that obscured the hilltops, and she regretted her lack of artistic talent. To paint such a light would be divine – but all she had ever done was compose a few pieces of schoolgirl music. The diary was some solace, and she hid it, as she had done for years among the clothes in her drawer, before writing a letter to Leonie. The act of writing inspired her, as the misty light had done, and her letter became one of love.

She folded the letter neatly, sealing it within a perfumed envelope and placed it carefully if nervously in her handbag. Its existence pleased her, and she sang happily while preparing her breakfast. The breakfast was soon over and, showered and changed, she departed early for school. The mist thinned and dispersed as her car carried her over Hazler Hill and along under the blue sky on the country road that joined Stretton and its glacial, moor covered Mynd, to the ancient settlement of Greenock.

Apthone’s rusty vehicle was already in the empty car park. The thought of meeting the adolescent with the gait of Quasimoto and the meanness of Genghis Khan did not please her, but even Apthone with his spotty face and fetid breath could not diminish the joy she still felt. Soon, she would be with Leonie again.

The staff room was empty – except for Apthone. His face was bruised and he bore a black eye. He also limped and his expression been less venomous, he might have laughed.

“Walked into a wall, then?” she asked.

He sneered, and the expression suited him. It also caused his face some pain. “I fell of my motorcycle,” he lied.

“I didn’t know you had one.”

“Oh, yes! It’s an old....”

She left him grimacing to mark a few of her pupil’s exercise books. After a while, the marking bored her and laying her handbag on top of the pile of books as she nearly always did, she left to make herself a cup of coffee. A few children dawdled by the front door below. Aphone was grinning maliciously, as well as his face would allow, when she returned.

He sat next to her. “Your little secret is safe with me,” he drooled.

Diane looked at him coldly. “What do you mean?”

He produced her precious letter. “That’s mine!” She made to snatch it but was too slow. “You bastard! You’ve no right to go into my handbag!” She attempted to slap his face but he gripped her arm.

“We wouldn’t like this to become general knowledge now, would we?”

“You bastard!”

“Listen,” he lisped, “I’ll keep quiet about this on one condition.”

“Go to hell!”

“I’m sure Mr. Thomas would be most interested in this. Or the School Governors. Like to be dismissed would you? For being a lesbian.” He said the word with relish, and let her arm go. “You do me a favor – I do you a favor. Can’t say fairer than that can I now?”

“Could I have my letter back please?” She demanded.

“Of course!” he smiled. “After you sleep with me.” He stood up dramatically, placing the letter in his jacket pocket.

Angry, Diane stood in front of him. “I don’t care what you tell others!”

“Is that so?” he smirked.

“No one will believe you!”

“Willing to find out, are we? If that’s what you want.”

She moved toward him, but he pushed her away. “Think about it!” he said before turning and almost running out the door.

Diane was too angry to cry. She also hated herself for being too physically weak to take her letter by force and give Apthone what he so richly deserved. She thought of telephoning her husband but he would still be pedaling furiously around the roads and she would be incapable of explaining why she had written the letter in the first place.

Several members of staff arrived simultaneously and she bade them all good morning in her customary cheerful manner. Apthone reappeared by ignored her. Morgan arrived to greet all the men – he fussed little over Apthone’s wounds, and Apthone’s laugh made Diane feel sick. At the door she collided with Watts. Despite his size and often oafish manner, he held her gently..

“Can’t stand it any longer, then?” he asked jovially.

She saw Apthone look at Watts and turn immediately away, his face pale and intuitively she understood.

“I’ve left something in my car,” she said by way of explanation.

Watts winked at her and she escaped through the door, down the stairs and into the warm air of morning.

Upstairs, Apthone would be polluting the room with his stench.

The heat of the sun surprised her, and Diane moved her chair into the shadow. Her class was restless, for no speck of white appeared in the sky.

“Miss,” Rachael the raven-haired asked while Bryan behind her pulled monster faces for attention and the rest sulked in the heat, “How did you derive the solution?” She pointed to the mathematical scrawl on the blackboard.

Diane frowned. “It was not easy teaching lower sixth form mathematics on a humid day toward the end of the summer term. Good natured Bryan, his cropped hair belying the astute brain beneath, had started moaning to add sound to his impression when Rachael turned and rapped his knuckles with her ruler.

“Grow up will you?” she mumbled. The sixth form was exempt from school uniform and as she turned, framed from the side by a shaft of sun, Diane could see her breasts through the dress. The fleeting sight brought a physical sensation of which she felt ashamed, but she smiled calmly at Rachael until their eyes met. For a second, perhaps more, each understood each other. Diane saw Rachael smile, then blush.

Bryan stuck out his tongue, but the beautiful Rachael with the mature body ignored him. Through the glass in the door he caught sight of Apthone shuffling along the corridor.

“The bells! The bells!” he intoned, hunching himself.

Inspired, Diane went up to him, patted his gently on the head and said, “There, there. You’ll feel better in a minute.”

Bryan did not mind the laughter. “Ah! Esmeralda!” he chuckled as Diane returned to the blackboard. His lurch was curtailed by the toneless buzzer in the corridor.

Rachael pretended to write in her exercise book until she and Diane were alone. “Miss,” she asked, “can you help me with this?”

“I hope so Rachael!”

She was leaning over Rachael's shoulder studying the neatly written equations. Rachael made no move away and Diane could smell slight perfume. Part of her moved to kiss Rachael's cheek, but another pulled away. IT was a battle her respectable half nearly lost.

"There," she pointed, moving her face away, "you've written 'y' instead of 'x'. No wonder you cannot write the equation."

"Oh, how silly of me!" chided Rachael as Diane smiled and escaped through the door.

Leonie was waiting, shyly, by the stairs to the Staff Room, uncertain how to respond. Around them, the childish mayhem continued.

"You stink!" one small freckled face said to another.

"Don't."

"Do! So there!"

"You smell more than me!"

"Don't you ever wash, pongy?"

Impulsively, Diane held out her hand for Leonie, then withdrew it. "Can I see you tonight?" she whispered as they climbed the stairs.

"I would like that Diane," she smiled briefly. Then she quickened her pace to become enclosed in the relative peace of the childfree Staff Room.

A gaggle of young and mostly female teachers surrounded the repulsive Aphone who was heroically recounting the story of his accident, and Diane sneer at them before sitting beside Watts.

"I think," she said, "you've made him look better."

He smiled at her understanding. "Dry bones can hurt no one."

“Unless they are moved by evil intent.”

“And are they?”

“Who knows?” said Diane embarrassed. Suddenly, she smiled.
“You’ve never liked him have you?”

Gruffly, he said, “Met this sort before. He shouldn’t be a teacher. He’ll get some girl in trouble, believe you me.”

“Didn’t you once teach Judo?”

”No, lass, Karate. Was competitive, once. Black belt, Third Dan, and all that. It’s quite easy to kill someone, you know, without leaving a mark.”

“Could you teach me?”

“To kill someone?”

“No, of course not!” she laughed, nervously. “Just a few basic things. How long would it take?”

“To learn anything useful – maybe a few weeks. Why?”

Diane shrugged. “Just an idea. These are troubled times.” To lessen his suspicion, she said, “what don’t you start classes here – self defense for women? I would certainly attend.”

“Maybe. Doubt if old doubting Thomas would agree, though.”

“You could always try.”

“I’ll think about it.”

The expression on Watts’ face – full of warmth and love – surprised and shocked Diane and she excused herself hurriedly to rush down the stairs and thread her way through the throng of children in the corridor to a room when she could be alone.

After the noise of the school, the room seemed possessed of the quietness of a church and she sat for a long time by the window trying to recapture the lost innocence of the warm Autumn days of years ago during her first weeks at the school. The promise of those days, the spontaneous joys, seemed to have been sucked away by the drab reality of adults and their narrow-minded schemes.

V

Diane's husband was engrossed in lubricating the chain of one of his bikes in the kitchen when she arrived, late, from work.

"I was attacked on the way home," she said airily.

"That's nice." He did not look up.

"And I'm being blackmailed."

"Hmmm."

"Don't you care about me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing." She looked at the well-polished racing cycle. "Is your bike more important?"

He stood up. "Are you feeling alright?"

"No I'm not! Not that you care!" She went to kick his cycle but he moved it in time.

"Careful!" he admonished. "That's a 753 frame!"

"So what?"

Exasperated, he leaned the cycle gently against the wall. “Do you want to talk then?”

“Heaven forbid! What’s the point?”

“Personally, I cannot see any. When you are in an emotional mood like this.”

Diane stared at him. She felt resentful. For years they have live uncomplicated almost separate lives: hers dedicated to teaching; his to cycling. His employment was a means to the end of cycle racing whereas hers had become the most important part of her life. They had quarreled sometimes, but had existed quite happily without the intimacy of emotions she craved. Several times in the years of their marriage when the emotional bareness of their relationship had become unbearable, she had sought the soft scented comfort of a woman. But the affairs had been brief and had filled her with guilt and a little self-loathing. She had enjoyed, more than she at times liked to admit to herself, the physical part of her relationships, but she had never found a woman to compliment her – one with whom she could share intimate personal details, one with whom she could relax and be herself. Someone to share the pleasures of companionship and someone with whom she could make love because such love making would be an extension of their friendship – the ultimate tribute of a relationship. Yet despite all the guilt, the doubts, the self-loathing and the fear of discovery, her desire for female intimacy remained, promising so much that was unfulfilled.

She had existed in a sort of twilight zone between her wishes and the reality of her marriage, accepting her married life because she had grown used to it and because there had always been times, when her husband would allow himself to become emotionally involved – when he showed by words and deeds that he loved and needed her. But increasingly, he had become, it seemed, absorbed in his racing as she had become absorbed in her secret desires and the joy of teaching and the two passions never met. Once she had watched him at a time trial – fifty miles on a cold and very early summer morning – but she had found it so boring, watching rider speed after another at one minute intervals then stand around drinking tea for several hours until all had completed the course and the winner was

declared. She never went again. The cycle he had bought her lay in the shed, ridden once and forgotten, and her loneliness bred desire.

An obsession seemed to drive her husband. He had no time for fine ideas, thoughts or emotions. He simple loved life – and hated to be bothered by thinking or feeling guilty about it. He was almost satiric in the enjoyment he derived from his existence. He had no worried – except his bicycles – and would begin each day as though no other existed. Every problem – every one of her problems – would be met with a smile (sometimes a laugh) and the promise that everything would be all right. At first, she had loved his energy and enthusiasm. Nothing daunted him; he was cheerful and full of vitality and even the knowledge that she could not bear his children did not daunt. “Oh well,” he had said, “there is no use worrying about a fact of nature. Looks like a beautiful evening – we could go for a walk ...”

Slowly, very slowly, she had begun to poison herself with resentment, but it was only her love for Leonie that made her realize it.

She stood staring at her husband. She wanted his tom come and embrace her; to tell her that he loved and needed her, to offer to stay at home with her for a few hours instead of riding off into the warm, humid evening. But all he did was look at his watch and check the pressure in his tubular tires.

He was smiling and, as she nearly always did, she allowed her good nature to triumph over her own desires.

“Go on!” she smiled and kissed him. “I don’t want to keep you.”

Soon, she was alone again in the silence of their house. The prospect of the evening excited her and she was shaking when she picked up the telephone. Aphone was in his lodgings, as she knew he might be, and she smiled satanically when she said: “Richard? Diane. Can you meet me tonight?” She heard the glee in his voice.

“If you bring the letter – you can have what you want.” She could almost hear him drooling. “Meet me a half past nine by the Devil’s Mouth on the Burway.”

The hours passed slowly, much to her consternation, until the sun of late evening cast long shadows of the Stretton hills. The town was quiet as she drove toward the Burway. Several tourists, distinguished by the cameras, idled along the streets and by the crossroads that divided the Burway road from the tree-lined Sandford Avenue, a group of youths in leather jackets lingered, shouting at cars as they passed.

A van heading for the town passed her as she steered the car slowly over the cattle grid boundary between town and National Trust land, and she drove in low gear along the steep sheep strewn hill. The road dropped precipitously to her right into the tourist trap of Cardingmill Valley, but she had little desire to dwell on the scene, poignant though it was in the soft light of beginning dusk. The road wound sharply, following the old droving route. Fifty years ago, few people had walked the moors. But with the laying of the road and the spread of the tourist-idea, swarms wore away, inch by inch, the thin soil among the bracken and heather and fern. Many were the summer days when Diane had seen long lines of cars ascending the road, spreading their contents and noise. She loved the Long Mynd and found something almost mystical and sacred in walking along its top while wild wind scattered her hair and drove snow into her face. From its varying steep sides, worn by glacier, water and frost, she could see high Caer Caradoc with its hill-fort, the limestone escarpment of Wenlock Edge, the plain around Shrewsbury with the volcanic mound of the Wrekin to the east, and to the south the mottled contours of Nordy Bank. On a clear day, to the west, legend said Snowdon could be seen.

The road climbed steadily until she passed by the long conical spur of Devil's Mouth. A large gravel and scree patch, shadowed by early morning sun, had been set aside for cars and straddled the brief but level plateau below the spur. To the south, the hill fell steeply to Townbrook before rising to the heights of Yearlet Hill. To the north, the land dropped steadily for several hundred yards, blotched by sheep, heather fern and grass, then steeply fell to Carding Mill valley, cut by fast flowing water, before rising to Haddon Hill.

No cars were parked by the road and no one stood on the shale top of Devil's Mouth to gaze upon the Shropshire view. Diane left her car

and waited. A few sheep, their necks blotched with blue dye, tore the vegetation nearby and a slight wind stirred while no white cloud broke the blue above. Quite unexpectedly, Diane felt sick. She began to shake, her mouth went dry and she felt very cold. But quickly the fear and panic subsided.

She heard Apthone before she saw him. His motorcycle was loud amid the windy silence of the hills and she watched him swagger toward her car, his helmet in his hand. He lounged against her car, affecting boredom in his dirty jacket and jeans.

“Have you the letter?” she asked.

A pale and skinny hand grasped her letter and he smiled.

“Right,” she said coldly, “I think over there in the heather would be fine.” She pointed, as he turned to look she withdrew the knife she had hidden in her sleeve.

It was not courage, but anger, which made her swiftly press it to his neck. Before Apthone could react, she snatched the letter.

“Bother me again you little runt,” she said coldly suppressing her anger, “and I will use this. Understand?”

Apthone tried to smile, and she pressed the tip of the knife into the skin of his neck. He flinched.

“Understand?” she repeated and he nodded. “Now go and stand over there,” she demanded.

Apthone obeyed and she calmly walked toward his motorcycle and plunged the knife into the tire. He made no move toward her and she smiled at him before returning to her car. Soon, the figure of Apthone disappeared from the rearview mirror of her car.

Less than a quarter of an hour later, her reaction came. In the kitchen of her house she began to laugh. Apthone was no threat to her – and her hours of worry, anger, fear and frustration seemed pointless. He was a spoiled child with the body of a man.

Pleased with herself, she was making herself a special brew of tea in celebration when she heard a car stop outside. By the light of dusk she could see Watts slowly ease his bulk from the enclosing steel of the car.

“Just came to see if you were alright,” he said as she opened the door.

“Why shouldn’t I be?”

He shrugged. “Just a feeling. Didn’t want to intrude.”

Feeling guilty about her rudeness, she said, “Would you like some tea?”

“Yes, fine.”

Watts was inspecting the shelves of books in the sitting room when she returned with the tray.

“I didn’t know that you were interested in musical composition.”

“Only a little.”

He returned the book, evidently satisfied. “There is a lot about each other we don’t know.”

“Isn’t that true of everyone?”

“Your husband not here?”

“He’s riding most of the night – preparation for a 24 hour time trial or something.”

“You must get lonely.”

“No.”

“Does a lot of cycling, your husband?”

“Quite a lot, yes.” She was beginning to feel annoyed by his presence and personal questions.

“Seen anything of Leonie?”

”I don’t mean to be rude – “

“But you’d like me to go on. Can I see you tomorrow night?”

“I’m going out.”

“With Leonie?”

“How did – “ She watched him, but he continued to smile. “Yes.”

“How about the day after?”

“I don’t know.”

He had stood up to leave when she said, “Are you in love with Leonie?”

“Why look at me with eyes askance, Shropshire filly, and cruelly flee, thinking me bereft of sense? A bridle I could place around your neck.”

“You’re an intriguing man.” She laughed.

“Why? Because I quote Greek poetry or because – “

He looked at her but she turned away. He was blushing and the unexpected appearance of this expression of his feeling perplexed Diane. He walked toward her and touched her face, very gently, with his large, calloused hand before lifting her to her feet.

“I have always loved you.” He said.

She smiled nervously. “I never guessed until today.”

He kissed her forehead, but she moved away. "Please, don't."

"Diane – "

"Please, I want you to go."

"I'm sorry if I have offended you." He was not angry.

"No. Not really. It's just that I'm a little confused. I don't know what to think."

He smiled, and then kissed her on the cheek. "I can wait."

"Oh why did you have to tell me now!"

"Things just happen in their own time."

She did not resist his kiss, but it was not what she wanted and she began to feel angry.

"Don't, please!" she said, pulling away.

He let her go. "All that matters is that I love you."

"And Leonie!" she taunted.

"Maybe. I thought you would understand." He touched her face with his hand but she was torn between apathy and anger and knocked it away.

"I would like you to go now," she said, staring at the floor.

He shrugged. "If that's what you want."

"Yes."

"Shall I see you tomorrow?"

"Just a thought. Maybe we could – "

“I don’t think so.”

“Well, I’d best be off then.” He did not move.

“Yes.”

He started to move toward her, then stopped, bowed fairly gracefully considering his build, and winked. Before she could respond, he had closed the door behind him and for several seconds she stood staring. No physical desire had possessed her, and all she could think of was Leonie.

Outside, darkness stirred lazily, as it does on warm summer days treading past mid-summer. In the shadows of a tree across the road, a freshly dress Aphone lurked, smiling to himself as he watched Watt depart. Slowly, in his rusty car, he drove away to post his poisoned letter.

VI

The church bell, its chimes carried in the breeze, had tolled eleven when Diane’s doorbell rang. The breeze did little to alter the humidity or Diane’s mood and languidly in her nightdress she opened the door, half-expecting Watts. It was Aphone who leered at her.

“Push off!” she shouted.

His face crumpled and his breath smelled of beer. “I came to apologize Diane.”

“Go away or I’ll scream.”

“Now that wouldn’t,” he said staring at her breasts, “be nice, would it?”

“Don’t touch me!”

He laughed, and touched her breast. She screamed briefly, for he hit her in the stomach with his fist before throwing her to the floor. In the struggle, her nightdress tore, exposing her breasts. The sight increased Apthone's drunken lust and he began to tear at her thing covering while pinning her to the ground with his body and covering her mouth with his other hand.

She struggled, but his drunken strength was strong while he fumbled with his trousers. Desperate and determined, she freed herself sufficiently to grasp his shoe, which had come loose during the struggle. Her blows to his head were hard and insistent and he made to grasp her arm, the action sufficient for Diane to free herself from the weight of his body. Apthone was trying to stand when, with the fury of her anger fed by her desire to not be humiliated, she kicked his face. She did not feel the blow, but it knocked Apthone over and she swiped the heel of the shoe three times into his face.

"You bastard! You bastard!" she screamed as another of her blows broke his nose. Apthone struggled to his feet, his face covered in blood. He lurched toward her and she threw the shoe at him before running into the kitchen. He followed, staggering.

The carving knife she wielded was long, with a blade of surgical steel and she hissed like a woman possessed.

"Get out or I'll kill you!"

Apthone, trying to stop his bleeding nose with his hand, stepped back.

Diane's eyes glowed. "I'd enjoy killing you, you pathetic bastard!"

She was intoxicated with the primal power of her Viking ancestors and no longer felt unsure. Her education, her upbringing, all the finer feelings of her life, even her love of the innocence of children, were banished in that moment and she perceived with a terrible clarity the passionate realness of life. Its color was red, its expression blood.

"Come on!" she taunted him, her knife holding knuckles white.
"Come and get me you ugly little bastard!"

But Apthone the coward retreated to the door to flee toward the dark and Diane had closed and locked the door before she dropped the knife in horror at herself.

Blood splattered her wall; Apthone's shoe was by the door that for five years she had closed on her way to work. She began to shiver and had moved to the kitchen to retch into the sink when the realization of her will became a fact in her consciousness. She knew with an irrefutable arrogance born from the moments of fear and anger, that she and she alone was responsible for herself and her feelings. She possessed not only the consciousness to decide but also the will to make the decision possible. Everything was clear to her: there were no more questions; no more doubts that undermined and made her weak.

The insight of understanding made her laugh; then cry. Apthone was gone but there would be other Apthone's somewhere imposing themselves and polluting with their warped will and desire. The thought made her angry and she began to understand as she made herself some tea in the neon brightness of her freshly painted and appliance strewn kitchen, that she need never again allow herself to be weak or dominated. The civilization to which she belonged had nurtured her, softly shielding her and she had been playing a doomed society's role. Apthone's attempted rape, her own anger, the fear and humiliation that had possessed her, had broken through this appearance to the real essence of the woman beyond. She was a unique individual and did not have to conform to someone else's set of rules or ideas.

Calmly, she collected a dressing gown before drinking her tea. She thought, momentarily, about telephoning the Police – but that would merely confirm and reinforce the role. Apthone had condemned himself by his act and she wanted personal revenge. If her understanding signified anything it was this – Apthone was her problem to solve. And she, Diane Dietz, lately a weak, emotional woman tied to feelings of insecurity and guilt as she had been tied to the idea of marriage, could do anything because she had begun to discover the liberation of self.

Among the clothes that lay in her drawer lay the revolver. It was a .38 Service issue revolver and had lain in its box since her birthday over fifteen years ago. She had fired it once, she remembered, as a young girl...

Sun dappled the front lawn through the summer clouds as her father held her hand steady. On the rear lawn, her mother played tennis while the sun dried the large Georgian house of rain.

"Gently now," he advised, "squeeze the trigger."

The retort was not as loud as she had imagined and she closed her eyes as she squeezed.

"My dear Diane," remonstrated her father, twirling his mustache, "it is rather bad form to close one's eyes."

She squinted at the target nailed to a tree and fired twice in rapid succession. After a brief inspection her father, hobbling on his stick, returned to slap her on the back.

"Well done, I must say! One bull, other just a touch to the left."

Next month, she had received the gun, in a presentation box, as a birthday gift. It had been one of her father's few mementoes from the war.

She inspected it carefully, as her father had shown her all those years ago. Oil clung to it and she wiped some away, lightly, with the small cloth before loading the chambers. It was lighter than she remembered.

In the dark outside, the church bell struck the quarter hour.

VII

No lights showed in Morgan's house and Diane drove slowly past. The gun felt heavy in her jacket pocket but she ignored it, watching

the street of terraced houses carefully. No one stirred, among the houses or parked cars and no vehicle passed her.

Her visit to Apthone's lodgings had been brief and had she been a few minutes earlier she might have cornered her prey. The landlady was apologetic – Apthone had rushed in, and hastily departed on his repaired motorcycle. Diane had smiled nicely at the old woman and left.

A few of the terraced houses showed lights and she parked near one, walking the few yards to Morgan's garishly painted door. Nearby two cats wailed in the clear humid night.

The response to her knocking was slow; a stair light, then footsteps to creak the stairs. Morgan, wrapped in a coat, held the door on a chain.

"Yes?" she asked brusquely.

"Is Richard here?"

"No."

"I must speak to him."

Morgan's voice was sympathetic. "He's not here."

Diane peered around the door and what she saw shocked her. "May I come in?"

"Look," Morgan said with a sigh, "I'm very tired. I really want to go back to sleep. I don't mean to be rude but –"

"You'd rather I went?"

"Yes."

"Fine. I can see why." She turned and walked briskly to her car. Inside, she held the gun, momentarily, then returned it wearily to her pocket. Her quest for vengeance had been eclipsed by what she had

seen and, slowly at first, she began to cry. Propped against Morgan's stairs had been her husband's expensive bicycle.

It was the betrayal of trust that hurt the most, and she was alternatively angry, sad and a little overjoyed. She did not mind the physical fact of her husband's adultery as much as she minded the deceit: there was obviously nothing, no emotional ties of a sensitive kind, no moral obligation, that bound her to her husband, and the thought of revealing to him the dreadful shame of Apthone's attack made her sadder still. It would be impossible to reveal it, now, because she was free and had only to rely on herself to experience a new strength. Nothing bound her and she drove slowly toward Leonie's house.

She sat in the car outside the house for some time, listening to a Vivaldi cassette. The music calmed her and she found the trees, weird Celtic deities by the strange sodium lights, quite beautiful. Behind the widely spaced houses, the river Severn flowed in darkness and drought.

The single headlight was blinding and Diane shielded her eyes. The screeching tires and crash startled her, just a little, and she walked without much feeling toward the scene. A motorcyclist had collided with the front of a stationary van and the impact had tossed the rider into the air to collide with a concrete lamppost.

The rider, his helmet missing, was groaning and as Diane approached she recognized Apthone. She did not smile but withdrew the gun from the pocket of her jacket while Apthone, with his bloody face and twisted limbs, stared in comprehendingly.

"Diane" he whispered, coughing blood, "help me."

She aimed the gun, easing the hammer back with her thumb. Apthone, horrified, shook his head in desperation while Diane aimed the weapon at his head. He tried to wriggle away, but his broken body refused to obey his commands of thought and Diane gently eased the hammer back. There was no owl to haunt with its screech as she turned toward her lover's house – only the sound of people running, a car braking to halt in the road.

“Quick!” someone shouted as she stood by Leonie’s door. “Call an ambulance!” A large garden hid her from the road.

Leonie was quick to answer the chimes. “Diane!” She hugged her friend. Come in. I hoped you’d come.” She looked around. “I thought I heard a noise.”

“Yes,” smiled Diane. “There’s been some sort of accident. Hadn’t we better go and see if we can help?”

“I don’t think so. There seems to be enough people there already. We would probably only get in the way.”

Leonie strained to see, but the road was thirty yards away. “You’re probably right.” She led Diane into the brightness. “You look awful!”

“Thanks!” said Diane.

“No, honestly, I didn’t mean – “

“It’s alright,” smiled Diane, holding Leonie’s hand. The touch pleased both, if for slightly different reasons. “Any chance of some coffee?”

“Actually, there’s some on. Just in case you called.”

The kitchen was all stainless steel and pine, but the subdued light and Leonie’s presence made Diane feel welcome and warmly disposed toward the world. She could forget Apthone the twisted, the deceiving adultery of her husband and the problem diversion of Watts.

“Can I stay the night?” she asked.

“Oh Diane, you don’t have to ask!” Shyly she handed Diane some coffee from the percolator. “I feel this is as much your home now as mine.”

The words, the manner of their delivery and the gentle vulnerability of

their speaker brought euphoria to Diane. She forgot all her problems and embraced and kissed Leonie. Her love felt like a physical pain.

“Do you mind if I tell you something?”

“Nothing would make me happier.”

In the sitting room, Diane lay on the sofa, her head in Leonie’s lap while Leonie stroked her hair.

“I’m leaving my husband.”

“Not because of me?” asked Leonie, her voice trembling.

“Partly. But partly because he is having an affair with Morgan.”

“I’m sorry,” said Leonie sincerely. “I thought your marriage was fine.”

“These things happen.”

“Are you sure it’s not my fault?”

“If anyone is to blame it is probably Morgan the man-eater.”

“I’m sorry,” repeated Leonie.

“It’s for the best. It was inevitable anyway, as things were developing.”

“What will you do?”

Diane sighed. She felt content, lying in Leonie’s lap while her lover with sensuous breasts stroked her hair. Aphone was irrelevant, Watts was not important. Even her husband, warm and sweaty in Morgan’s scented bed, no longer held any power to mould her emotions. Tonight, she could sleep with Leonie and in the morning she would watch the mist over the river while sun warmed the green richness of earth. Then, with Leonie, to school where her treasured pupils would be waiting and where she would try and infuse into them some of the special meanings which twinned them through life. The

day of work done, she could come home with Leonie to their house, play awhile with the children before the dark of night brought the peace of contented and blissful sleep.

“Leonie,” she whispered.

“Yes?” there was expectation in her voice.

“I hope you don’t think I’m imposing myself on you.”

”Even if you were, I would be glad.”

”I do love you.”

”And I – “ Leonie closed her eyes, but the reluctance remained. “Diane,” she said by way of expiation, “please take me to bed.”

VIII

The morning was beautiful as the night had been and Diane stared out of the window. The post dawn mist eddied slowly around the trees that clung to the grassy banks of the Severn, and along the path a hundred yards below the house that followed the river for many a winding mile, a solitary man in shorts ran, his stride like a gazelle. He vaulted the style of the fence that separated the two small and shrub-strewn fields of cows, and Diane watched him run bare-chested and lithe until he disappeared into the mist. No cars spoiled the quiet of dawn.

Naked Leonie joined her at the window and for several minutes both stood, arm in arm, watching their minute part of the world change as low sun bore down to disperse the mists of late night. It was one of those intense and rare magical moments that lovers share when no words are needed and where the two halves seem united in empathy and expectation. A spell bound them through both the gentle scented lusciousness of their bodies and the fusion of their wordless thought. Both felt and understood the natural extension of the maturing

relationship that their lovemaking made; they were equal and reversed the roles as they and their other half required. Giving and receiving, in turn as their feelings and desires changed with the passing of the hours. For them, in the two passionate nights shared, there had been no distinction between submission and dominance – between recipient and receiver – as there had been no guilt of submission or defeat. Instead, a mutual response to unspoken desire. A sensitivity of not only touch but mood that had hitherto been lacking in all their relations with men; a feminine giving tempered by a very natural and gentle feminine mastery. But above all, a genuine sharing.

For Diane the long night had been both a liberation and a release; Leonie was the woman whom for many years she had sought, and with her all problems were resolved. She neither needed nor desired anything else.

“I need no one but you, Leonie,” she said.

Leonie’s kiss was soft. “Where will you stay after today?”

“Would you mind? – “

“If you stayed here?”

“If you have no objection.”

“Diane, I was hoping you would.” She stared out of the window and the blush covered her face and spread to her neck. “But I would prefer it if you lived her with me.” She hesitated. “If you wanted to.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

”You are lovely.”

Embarrassed, Leonie retreated to the bed. “It may sound stupid but I feel safe with you. Secure. I don’t have to pretend anymore. I can be myself.”

"I know what you mean," she said softly. She liked being near Leonie and experienced a pleasure when she looked at Leonie's body. "Of course I want to live with you silly!"

The bare-chested runner had returned from his peregrinations and Diane watched him jump the style before she joined Leonie in bed.

"I have a spare room," Leonie said. She blushed, and then added, "what is mean is – your things."

"You don't have to explain," smiled Diane.

Into the room rushed Leonie's little boy. His hair was tossed and his pajamas askew. He stopped and stared at Diane.

"What are you doing in my mummy's bed?" he asked cheekily.

"I had a nightmare," Diane said immediately.

He pointed at himself. "Me too!" and he rushed into his mother's arms.

The little head disappeared for a while, but every few seconds would sneak a look at Diane and then bury himself again.

Diane laughed and began to tickle the boy who giggled and fell off the bed. The child, the morning and all its facets but particularly Leonie, reminded Diane of the happiness and ecstasy that were possible within human existence and she felt a sudden, overwhelming and unexpected desire to be alone.

"Do you mind if I go for a little walk?" she asked.

"Diane," replied Leonie obviously moved by the question, "you don't have to ask."

Hurriedly, though without shame, Diane dressed, careful not to let the revolver fall from her pocket. Its steel brought a reminder of the blood of the night and she quickly slipped through Leonie's rear

garden, down the steep slope that separated the house fence from the pasture and scrub toward the river.

No one came to disturb her peace and she wandered along the well-worn path by the river in the burgeoning warmth of the early sun. Unaccountably, she found herself recalling almost note for note the beauty of Tammasso Vitali's Chaconne in G Minor and for an instant of infinite time she had to stop as she experienced in one incredible moment the ecstasy and the sacred beauty of life.

The mystic vision made everything around her seem holy and possessed of a stupendous beauty. But most of all everything – from the grass, the bushes, sky and trees – was as it should be, a part of a whole. There existed in the surroundings – in the soil she trod as much as in the sun which had cracked it dry – something of the luminosity that she had felt in the convent years of youth when in church, the choir singing Allegri, she had smelled the vague incense that seemed to suffuse the stone and nun's stalls, seen the beauty of the sun as if shafted the gloom of the church and felt the centuries heavy in reverence and adoration.

Now, as it almost had then, the moment overwhelmed so that she was forced to steady herself by a fence and cry. Cry from an ecstasy that was almost incomprehensible and which no words could explain.

She saw and felt as if it was her own pain, all the bitter sadness and waste just as she realized and felt the beauty inherent in the world. She understood the possibility of what she – of what everyone – could be. She had been blind, but could finally see. Before she had heard noises, but did not listen and she finally understood the passion and demonic obsession that drove composers like Beethoven. Music was a commitment, a means to discover and express life. It could be holy, and might express the divine. She saw as if for the first time the rich blue of the sky, the sumptuous green and browns of the trees, the miracle of life that was the mallard and the indescribable beauty of people gifted with the wonder of thought and which yet might make them divine.

The moment overwhelmed, then passed, etched upon her mind and she sat in the cow-torn, broken and dewy grass. Nothing, she felt,

surpassed this insight and she wanted desperately as she had never wanted before, to find a means to preserve the moment, to capture it for herself and others. The thought stirred her and she realized in her joy and vitality the essence of her freedom: she was free and had only to grasp a possibility to make that possibility real.

The spiritual poverty and impoverishment of her own life became clear. She taught, a little, but so many contradictions had pulled her she was largely ineffective. There was conflict because others sought to keep their own image and desires alive. Lies, deceit, blackmail, the bitterness and the hate, all destroyed vitality and vision. Only in and because of Leonie had she experienced hitherto a glimpse of what lay beyond – but it had been a vague longing partially fulfilled. Yet it was all so simple she now understood. So absolutely simple that there was no problem which a time under sun could not solve.

Carefully, she resumed her walk trying through the slowness of her motion to retain the precious moment and its mystic glow. As she walked, music grew in her and she began to feel the need to compose, to capture through such a form part of the essence she had touched. The thought brought renewed joy and a sharp intimation of destiny so that she ran along the path laughing playfully at herself. Tonight, when her thoughts and feelings had settled, she would share with Leonie this moment of hers.

Like Mistress of Earth, no cares assailed her. Each tree was a deity she blessed over and over the slow water under a mottled sun, Diane the witch, cast her spell.

IX

It was a different Diane who strode before the fateful hour of nine into a staff room quieted by new of Aphthone. The failed rapist lay in a coma, balanced between life and death, and Diane smiled when worried Fisher with a balding head and nervous jerks of a coot, told her.

“It’s awful, really, isn’t it?” the sociology master said, before scratching his overgrown ear.

Watts and Morgan entered together and Diane smiled oddly at them.

“Can I speak with you Morgan?” she asked. Watts touched her shoulder, lightly, and sauntered off.

“Diane,” began Morgan, “before you say anything – I am sorry.”

“Why? You’re only doing what comes naturally. How long has it been going on?”

Morgan looked pained. “Diane – “

“As far as I am concerned you can have him. And good luck. I hope you like bicycles.”

Despite her affected anger, Diane could not help noticing how beautiful Morgan looked. Her dress, gathered by a belt at the waist, was the perfect compliment to her figure, the halter neck showing sun-browned shoulders that seemed to highlight the green eyes and red hair, and for a few seconds Diane envied her husband. Fortunately perhaps, she disliked Morgan’s personality.

“Diane, it is all over believe me.”

”Only because I found out.” She smiled warmly, disconcerting Morgan who did not know how to react. “Really, I don’t care. You’re both consenting adults. I just hope he makes you happy.” She kissed Morgan lightly on the cheek and Morgan could only stare in amazement.

The gesture was only half kindly meant, for although the remembrance of her morning ecstasy was vivid with its visions, sufficient of Diane’s anger remain to confuse her motives and she was about to explain her behavior to Leonie who was sitting morosely and alone by the sun-filled window, when Thomas the headmaster accosted her.

“Diane!” he said, placing his hand on her arm, a habit, which had hitherto irritated her. “Bad news about Richard, isn’t it?”

“Yes.” She lied. Aphone was one person she never intended to forgive.

“Can I see you in my office for a few minutes before the bell?”

“Now?”

“If you have no objections, that is.”

Lost Leonie was watching so she said, “Yes, of course, Mr. Thomas, I won’t be a moment.”

”No rush,” he muttered in his abstract way.

Leonie appeared close to tears. “Are you alright, darling?” Diane whispered, holding Leonie’s hand between the two chairs so that others would not see.

“Richard – heLast night when – “

“I know.”

“And to think this morning I had been so happy.”

It was true, Diane knew, for at breakfast a youthful Leonie had laughed, played with her children and afterwards allowed Diane the pleasure of helping her dress.

“It must have been him – his accident – that we heard,” Leonie said morosely.

“Seems so.”

“So close and we did not know. We could have helped. I feel so responsible.”

“He was drunk.”

”Really?”

“So the Police said. Stupid of him to drive when you’re like that.”

”But still – “

“It was his own fault, apparently.”

”I suppose so. But if only I’d been there. I feel dreadful.”

”The boss wants to see me.”

“I heard.” Suddenly Leonie’s face glowed. “Hey – it might be your promotion!”

Diane laughed and stood up. “I doubt it.” No one was near so she said, “I’ll bring a few things around this evening if you don’t mind.”

“That would be nice.”

Leonie’s face with its gentleness appeared to Diane to express an ineffable need for affection, and she had to turn hurriedly away because she wanted to hold Leonie in her arms, stroke her hair and tell her of her love. Each step she took toward the door seemed a physical effort, separating her from the one person whom she loved with a deep and passionate intensity. The aura which they had formed and shared during and since the late hours of night when in the warmth and dark they made love and talked of their hopes and desires and needs, was stretching, dividing, and only a conscious effort of will walked her body along the noisy, child-littered corridors to the office of the Headmaster.

The large room was uncluttered and too tidy. Books sat undusted and unused behind the cabinet glass and the large desk contained only a few writing materials and a telephone. On the wall, two well-made notice boards hung, neatly filled, and the steel gray of the filing cabinet complimented the bureaucratic gray of the chairs.

“Ah! Diane. Nice of you to come. I shan’t keep you long, believe me. Sit down! Sit down! Sit down!”

He rose in a gentlemanly way before settling his half-rimmed spectacles upon his nose.

“I have had a rather strange letter.” He held the write envelope for her to see.

”Delivered by hand last night it was.”

“And it’s about me?”

“Yes. Not only that. Oh no – but enclosed was a photocopy of a private letter.” He handed her the copy. “You recognize it may I ask?”

It was a copy of her letter to Leonie, and its existence and possession by Thomas shocked her. “Yes,” she said in a whisper.

Thomas peered over his spectacles like a judge. “What you do is no concern of mine, you know. Nor, ideally of course, should it be of this establishment. As long as it does not interfere with or affect your teaching – as I am sure it never will.” He removed his spectacles, slowly and laid them on the desk. “I have a notion who sent this, and as far as I am concerned that is the end of the matter.”

Diane was astounded. Her understanding of Thomas had been totally and utterly incorrect. The man of staff room jokes and unkind remarks was a lie, a figment of the imagination. There he sat, in his worn tweed jacket whose buttons were loose, his graying hair catching a little of the little sun that edged to his window, his lean and wrinkled hands fumbling with his spectacles, there he sat – smiling slightly, exuding a kindness that Diane could feel and understood. For a brief moment, Emlyn Thomas worn by the battles of his school and nearing retirement, seemed to Diana to be only very weakly attached to life, to the world of school, village and earth. If she blew, he might drift away to another world.

“Mr. Thomas – I don’t know what to say.”

He gave her a clean and starched handkerchief to wipe her eyes.

“I thought a lot, last night,” he said stuffing the now damp white cloth into his trouser pocket, “about not telling you. But decided it was for the best. So you knew where I stood, so to speak. Neatly, he folded the anonymous letter, photocopy and envelope together. “I’ll burn this and we will say no more about it. Now – “

Diane was standing, as if on cue.

“ – Before you go I would just like to say this.” He smiled at her. “If you have problems, anytime, I am always here. You are too good a teacher to lose.”

Diane’s feeling of relief was strong and she had begun to walk toward him before stopping herself. She wanted to say he was a kind man, but she lacked the simple courage to directly express her feelings, and she was at the door before another intimation of his frailty assailed her.

She kissed his cheek. The gesture delighted him and he chuckled, “Perhaps I should get more such letters!” before she rushed from his room.

The knowledge that one more person knew her secret soon dismayed Diane, and as she walked along the corridors of the school to the room of her first lesson of the day, she felt oppressed. The room was on the ground floor, shadowed by the angled assembly hall from the morning sun. The blackboard still held her mathematical equations, her desk a few tatty books. Soon the desks would be occupied. The trauma of Apthone’s attack had been destroyed by her mystic ecstasy of the early morning, but the memory of the letter was fading in its reality and Diane sat at her desk, watching starlings pick worms from the playing field grass. No supra-personal love overwhelmed and she began to feel as if her vocation was drifting away – there would be suspicion and doubt, the keen sidelong look, the unspoken thought. Of course, she could deny it all – “I ought to say, Mr. Thomas, that I am not a lesbian...’ But even the possibility

of denial was repulsive to her. She was who she was, too self-willed to deny the accusations.

It was true, and she thought, briefly, of announcing to the world (well, at least the school staff) the truth of her nature. There were organizations, somewhere, she had heard, who would defend her rights. Yet her feelings and desires were deeply personal and she could not think of being labeled thus; somehow, it might debase her relationship with Leonie. No longer would she be Diane Dietz, the mathematics teacher – she would be Diane the lesbian, marked by the label which would color what people said to her or thought of her. She knew it should not matter to others – but it would. The thought of Morgan – pretty red-haired Morgan – saying “and her a lesbian! Well, really, I always thought she was, well, a little odd!” was not a prospect at all pleasing and she would be forced to play a role. Worse, she was bound to lose her job. “I’m very sorry,” they would say, “but you must understand we have a duty to the children. Imagine what the parents of little girls would think – a lesbian teaching their child.”

“Miss,” a young voice beside her said.

“What?” she smiled at Rachael. “I’m sorry, I was day-dreaming.”

“Are you alright?” asked Rachael nervously.

“Fine. Just thinking.”

“Terrible about Mr. Apthone, isn’t it Miss?”

“I suppose so.” She tried to disguise her feelings.

“Miss?” Rachael shuffled her feet while smoothing her thin cotton dress. “Can I ask you something?”

“Yes, of course, Rachael.”

“My parents are giving a small party on Saturday and I was wondering, well, if you’d like to come. You could stay the night if you didn’t want to travel back late to Stretton.”

“Rachael – I ...”

Bryan chose the right moment to open the door, stare around like a lunatic and tumble twice across the room with the control and agility of a gymnast. As he took his bow, Diane said, “Your wealth of talent continues to surprise me, Bryan.”

The calculated stupidity and innocent vitality of her pupil preserved Diane’s objectivity as well as reinforced her dwindling love of teaching. Rachael was sulking because of the interruption and aware of the delicate situation, Diane smiled at her.

“Yes, I love to come, Rachael.”

“Oh,” said Rachael a little dismissively, “if you like.”

Dianne was not offended, for the classroom soon contained all of her sixth form set and, amid the dry heat of the cloudless summer’s day in the restful Shropshire town, she soon forgot the pressures of her past.

In a hospital, fifteen miles to the northwest, Apthone opened his eyes while monitors pulsed with life. Briefly, Diane shivered, but Bryan was pulling his funny faces, Rachael was smiling at her and a slight breeze caught her face.

“Miss?” asked Bryan seriously.

“Yes?”

“Why do cowboys ride their horses to town?”

Diane frowned. “Because,” smirked Bryan, “they’re too heavy to carry!”

Diane’s laugh erased Apthone from her thoughts.

X

A cooling breeze flowed through Leonie's sitting room while her children played in the garden. It was nearly six o'clock and Leonie was becoming increasingly morose.

"Diane," she said as she blew smoke from her cigarette away, "I feel I ought to go and see him."

Diane placed her pile of mathematics exercise books aside. "You don't owe him anything."

"But I am going to have his baby."

"You don't love him, do you?"

"No. But I feel responsible for him in a way."

"You ought to forget him."

"I can't. He needs someone, now more than ever."

"Are you surprised that he hasn't got any friends? Look at the way he treated you."

"He's going to be paralyzed for life, the doctors said."

"It was his own fault."

"You can be heartless at times>"

"Leonie please don't go."

"Why are you so insistent? You're not jealous are you?"

"No, of course not! It's just that –"

"What?"

“Nothing.”

“I think I’ll go.”

”Don’t please.”

”I have to see him.”

”He’s not worth it.” Diane felt that Apthone was taunting her – exercising control over Leonie even from his hospital bed. Suddenly, she wished she had killed him.

“Will you come?” Leonie asked.

The thought horrified Diane. “Never!”

“Why do you dislike him so much?”

”It doesn’t matter.” She watched Leonie – soft, gentle Leonie – for some time before saying, “I wish you could just trust me. Accept I have a good reason why I don’t want you to see him.” She sat down beside Leonie and held her hand. “Please, Leonie, don’t let him come between us.

“You are all that I have left.”

”I do care for you Diane.” She stroked her stomach. “But for my own peace of mind, I really must go.”

Tenderly, Diane said, “If you must, you must; I’ll stay here with the children.”

“Would you? Really? That would be kind.”

Leonie was happy and ran from the room to tell her children. She returned hastily, to shout, “Won’t be lone. Promise!” before the front door slammed and Diane was alone with her thoughts.

Leonie was shaking a little as the nurse led her to Apthone’s room. It was brighter and much cleaner than she had expected, a corridor

away from the main ward in the new glass and concrete Shrewsbury hospital. A monitor blipped in rhythm with Apthone's heart while a drip-fed some form of life into his arm. Near the solitary bed, a mechanical respirator stood ready.

Apthone lay on his back, unable to move, staring at the ceiling, his face puffy and bruised. A naso-gastric tube taped to his nose did little to offset the clinical nature of the room.

Apthone gurgled. His voice was a thin reedy whine. "Tired."

"You'll be alright." His physical helplessness appalled Leonie and she held his lifeless hand.

"Leonie," he breathed with effort, "I love you." He closed his eyes.

"He's heavily sedated," said the nurse in explanation.

"Richard –"

"It's too late now," she said.

"Richard," Leonie whispered in his ear, "remember our child."

His eyes opened and he tried to smile. "Yes."

The nurse was gesturing at Leonie and said. "I've got to go now, but I'll be back later."

But Apthone was asleep and Leonie was crying as the nurse guided her to the corridor.

"Would you like some tea?" the kindly nurse asked.

An ambulance drove slowly away from the entrance while Leonie walked to her car trying to untangle the emotions which knotted her stomach and made her feel sick. People came, cars passed, a single-decker bus, bright red and flashing sun as its air-brakes panted in the heat, disgorged a few passengers under the cirrus flecked blue of the sky.

Leonie dreaded seeing Diane. Yet she wanted to rest her head on Diane's shoulder, stroke her beautiful flaxen hair and talk quietly of her feelings and pain. The conflict made her dizzy, and she had to steady herself by the car.

Ignoring the stuffy heat, she sat still in the car for nearly half an hour, disgusted with herself. The years of conditioning were telling her, insistently, that she was a pervert. All the expectations of her parents, all the pressure of her role as a respected teacher, made her think her desire for Diane's love was unhealthy. She began to worry about her children and to feel it would be wrong for them if she stayed with Diane. They would need a father, a stable and proper family – all the things her upbringing had conditioned her to believe were right and necessary. Shame touched her, and she wondered if her feelings for Diane were simply an excuse, nothing special and their affair a trivial episode that signified nothing except a very temporary need.

These thoughts relieved her, and she forced herself to think about Apthone, vaguely aware that she might not, after all, be different from other women, some sort of freak. Apthone would need help, and the more she thought about his helplessness the more she began to feel that she might atone for her own weakness, inferiority and perversion by helping him. It was a noble sentiment, if wrongly conceived, for it did not occur to Leonie as it might have occurred to a woman who had not her confidence undermined for years by a neurotic and scheming husband and whose strict religious upbringing precluded self-expression, that she was neither inferior nor perverted. But her parents, her husband and the pressure of her role as wife and mother had done their work well, insidiously well, until she had almost become in herself what others expected her to be, a reflection of their image of her. There seemed to Leonie to nothing inside herself, nothing of her own, nothing lovable – her husband had often said as much – nothing that mattered in any way special. Even as a teacher, the one area she felt gifted, she had soon her prospects of promotion fade with the advancing years, confirming her self-loathing and doubt. Unbidden, a remembered phrase broke the passage of her thought: 'Look up now, thou weak wench, and see what thou art. Be loathe to think of aught by Himself..'

The phrase brought recollection and a remembrance of the childhood dread of sin, the smell of churches and an image of Apthone, crippled. Leonie tried very hard, while the hot sun beat down dryly upon her car, to pretend her feelings for Diane were not real. Diane did not love her – she was just being kind. Diane could not love her because there was nothing to love and she had just fooled herself again, as she had done about her husband's love. Morbidly, she believed she was in some sinister, occult way, responsible for Apthone's plight – she had wanted to abort their child, and she was culpable, before God, she was culpable.

No cloud came to ease the burden of heat, and she sat, quite still, while around her cars passed and were parked, people talked or laughed. A memory of happier days at university, free from self-torment and expectation and love, was soon gone, and she began to cry, very quietly, needing Diane yet terrified that such need was shameful and perverse. Desperate, she pushed all her thoughts, longings and desires aside, determined to shut out the world completely, to lock herself away, to be safe inside again.

She drove away from the hospital slowly and stopped only when she reached the driveway of her house. The town had seemed cheerful, if sultry, caught in the burden of summer's heat, and she wished it would rain, as if the rain would wash away her feelings of traumatic guilt. Instead of driving to her house, she stopped alongside the main road outside. No sign of Apthone's accident was evident, but she wandered beside the pavement imagining the terror. She had been inside while a crippled Apthone shed his blood on the road – inside, enjoying the pleasures of her senses.

The contrast appalled her, bringing remorse for her own sensual desires and the desire to somehow protect the child growing in her womb – to give it life, or at least a chance of life. Two young girls in flowery dresses came skipping along the pavement, oblivious to the tragedy, and Leonie smiled at them but they did not notice and continued on their way, small bundles of vitality whose innocence made Leonie want to cry.

Diane, her small suitcase beside her was in the garden when Leonie entered the house. Her children were watching the one-eyed god, unaware of her return and she sneaked like a broken thief into the garden. Below, several young boys walked shirtless along the river path, strangely silent under the downing sun as insects swirled in profusion and a Redstart called.

Diane did not look up as Leonie approached. "Did you see him?" she asked.

"Yes." Leonie sat on the springy grass, restraining her desire to stroke Diane's smooth, tanned and beautifully lithe legs. If Diane touched her, she would be certain of her love.

The touch, and affirmation, she yearned for did not come and she clung in desperation to her guilt. "He said he loved me," she sighed, softly, like snow sighs softly against glass. For an instant she felt cold, as cold as a winter blizzard wind.

When Diane did not speak, she said. "I really ought to go back and stay with him."

"If that is what you want to do."
"

"It's what I feel I should do."

"Why?"

"Diane, please. We've been through all this before."

For an instant Diane regretted her insistence – but Aphone was so detestable and the thought of him using his self-induced helplessness to ensnare Leonie angered her as she had been angered by Leonie's desire to see him. She felt it was a betrayal, and she was jealous. She thought of her revolver, but the idea of murder displeased her because she understood, through her love of Leonie, that Leonie was free to make her own choices. She could not force Leonie's love. She wanted, with an almost satanic desire, to protect Leonie and the love they had shared; wanted, jealously, to share her with no one she

waited for some word or gesture from Leonie that would confirm their love. None came, and her desire nurtured the wish to tell Leonie about Aphone – but the assault was still too humiliating and degrading for her and its terrible memory broke the wish the way lightning breaks the air with sound.

“You must,” she said clearly, “do what you think is best.”

“What do you think I should do?” Leonie asked unexpectedly.

“Do you love him?” She watched the inner struggle evident on Leonie’s face and was relieved when Leonie spoke.

“I don’t know. Sometimes, yes. Other time – I don’t know.”

“But you want to look after him?”

“Yes. But I want us – you and I to still be friends. “To... But I bear his child. I can’t escape that. He will live again in his child.”

Leonie’s faith, trust and innocence brought tears to Diane’s eyes, but she hid them and when she spoke she was smiling. “I thought I’d spend the weekend at home. Get a few things sorted out.”

Leonie’s voice was a whisper. “If you want to.”

“Well, if you are going to spend time visiting him, it would be best.”

“I suppose so.”

“Alex has offered to help me wind up a few things. Dispose of furniture: that sort of thing.”

“Oh.”

“I promised I’d see him tonight. He offered to move my husband’s belongings,” she said jovially, trying to make the lie convincing.

“Will you be alright by yourself tonight, Leonie?”

“Yes, Diane, of course.”

”I could stay – if you wished.”

“No, honestly. I’ll be fine. The children are more than enough!” she said mournfully at the bedroom window where, in the early morning, she and Diane had stood. “Will you come and see me tomorrow, in the morning?”

“I would like to, yes.” She held Leonie’s hand. Leonie’s grip was tight as if she did not want to let go but Diane stood up and the brief contact that brought a score of memories to Leonie was broken.

In the sky, a single cloud spread the sun in haze.

XI

The Long Mynd, the growing bracken bright green against the drought worn heather, was cool as it stood in the Welsh breeze. A few cars lined the narrow pot-holed road that rose steeply up Burway Hill, meandered along the flattened top and then dropped precipitously beyond the Gliding Station to the scattered hamlets in the Onny valley. Shropshire west of the Long Mynd lived in a different time, for no main roads added the small, steep hills; there was nothing special about it and after four thousand years of habitation the land wore its human mantle discreetly. Generations of families grew together and died, in small cottages, farms and even shacks. Few outsiders settled; few still bought holiday cottages and after two hundred years of industrialization and four decades of agribusiness that had reduced Shropshire to just another English county, its settlements were unchanged. Few small farms had been mangled to form the huge concerns often run from a city or a town; fewer hedges had been despoiled, and the native oak still grew wide and tall in the small fields, beside the twisty lanes or in scattered clumps that overflowed the Welsh border. It was as if a little piece of old Shropshire had been saved by its poorness and lack of tourist charm. True, Land Rovers and cars passed along the lanes, but even these

seemed unwilling concessions and the only speeding vehicles belong to tourist outlanders. They seldom stayed long.

To these rushing denizens from the many conurbations and towns to the east and south for whom change and speed were more often than not solutions to the problem of boredom, the whole area seemed desolate and unkempt: farm fences would be patched with old bedsteads, old barns with odd pieces of sack or fence and rusty, antiquated farm machinery would lay beside or on rutted lanes. But the land had its pride, very local and individual pride which few outlanders could understand since the area was suited only to rough grazing or patchy spreads of arable crops. Yet, along many a lane among a lane among the mamelons, hedges were laid with a care born of generations of skill.

The whole area abounded in dark legends and strange names. Squilver, Grigg, Crudhall, Sorrowful, Murmurers. To the north lay the boundary crags of the Stiperstones where comely witches, raven and red-haired, were wont to meet in more enlightened times to practice fertility rites and pagan ecstasies of the Old Religion which many a local myth said still survived, darkly and sometimes in the young. On the Stiperstones – Hell Gutter and Devil's Chair where Wild Edric lost his way and beneath which he lies imprisoned with his beautiful wife to haunt the mists of night.

Diane parked her car on the road by the square of trees that marked the boundary of Pole Cottage. No cottage remained, and it might never have been. Only the trees and a few ruts remained in the soil to mark its glory around the turn of the century when trains of pack horses and droving sheep wore steadily and slowly at the Portway track, marked across the Mynd by Neolithic man. Even the trees, spindly and twisted by wind and which solely relieved the heathered, mossy plateau, were dying, their seedlings destroyed every year by the roaming sheep.

Diane followed a downward westerly path among the heather, passed several stumps, to stand and gaze at the land below. Around Meadow pipits flitted while the wind moved her hair and still warm sun cast her broken shadow. Nearby, a curlew called.

The sound of the curlew saddened her, but it did not take long for the Long Mynd to work its magic. The land below, stretching to the Welsh border, intrigued her with its hill-valleys and sun-shrouded calm. She felt a desire to live here with such a view, among the moors where she could sense and feel in a way that calmed the fructifying goodness of Earth, the sometimes dangerous and illusive serenity and the companionship of wind. She would never be lonely, and it was as if, in that moment and the others like it, all that she most needed or wanted from life existed on the Mynd. Often, as she walked, following in preference sheep tracks which few, if any, human feet had ever trod, in winter, autumn, spring or summer dawn, she had talked like a child to the land, naming every nuance of a valley or spirit of a stream. It was difficult, sometimes, for her to leave and when she did, after a long walk of many hours, she resented the scurrying world below. But, always, the luminosity vanished slowly and she had come to realize over many years that she needed people, and her life below, as much as she needed the long walks alone. Always, the lure of the Mynd drew her back.

She had thought many times of a cottage on the Mynd. But most of the land she loved could not be bought and the prospect of tourist trooping summerly displeased her, a little, with the passing of each year. At times, there existed within her no distinction between her as a person and the Mynd. She knew this must be an illusion, but the thought did not trouble her, as she did not care if others thought she was mad. It was a very private sharing which she doubted she could even share with a living soul as part of her wanted to share it – not because she cared what others thought, but because to talk about it to someone who could not or would not understand and who lacked the empathy she felt she herself possessed, would she know destroy some of the sacred quality. Her feeling would be cheapened.

Yet there were cottages, scattered along the edge of the Mynd as it dropped steeply to the valleys and plains below. She might buy one, someday. She understood it was paradoxical that teaching inspired her like the Mynd. Here teaching was bright, an innocent joy that brought a remembrance of childhood dreams, while her Mynd was earth-bound and dark, a woman, perhaps, she had seen in her dreams.

She removed her shoes and stockings and, as she had done many times, walked barefoot on the moor. She loved the feel of the earth, stone and turf warmed by sun – even the brittle scratchy heather. A young man with a bright orange rucksack bore heavily alone the road, but he did not see her and she was left to complete her widdershin circumambulation in defiance of all cars.

Hunger and the dying sun drew her to her car, and she sat in the twilight trying to think of Leonie. The earth, wind and sky, her Mynd, had given her a calm, receptive power that enhanced in an indefinable way her sexuality and she experienced a desire for Leonie. Here among the heather, under the darkening sky they might together find peace. It was an impossible fantasy – because of Apthone the deranged. But the sad reality made Diane aware that, for the first time in her adult life, she possessed no desire, however small, for men. They were a world away and would not be touched.

The air, her thoughts and walk in bare feet, but most powerfully her empathy with the Mynd, all combined to alter her and although she did not know it, she radiated a beautiful and bewitching aura that would have captivated any man and made her mistress over them all.

Her house felt empty even before she opened the door to its darkness. The stain of Apthone's blood had faded and on the pine kitchen table she found her husband's note.

"I'm sorry," it read, "but we both knew our marriage never worked. Have gone to stay with Morgan. You see, we're in love."

He had not signed it and she took it to her bedroom. "It was kind of you to write," she wrote sincerely, "I wish you happiness and hope you achieve all you are meant to. Thank you for giving me some of the best times of my life. I will never forget how happy I have been and hope we can still be friends. Diane."

Her kindness came easily, since she had ceased to struggle, possessed no desire for men, and still felt the power of the Mynd and the memory of her morning ecstasy. She felt sad at losing part of her life, but it was deeper inner sadness that, in a strange way, calmed her – like a slow movement from the Vivaldi concerto. Somehow, the

demise of her marriage seemed to compliment her new feelings and she felt free from the often-insidious pressures that a relationship with a man – any man – involved. However kindly they talked, however interested they seemed in her as a person, there existed the tension of their sexual desire and, often, a wish to dominate. She had scorned this at University and school not only because she instinctively distrusted men. The shallow personalities of her men friends had not attracted her, and she buried herself in her work. She had been courted, often, for her sylph-like beauty and intellectual mind seemed to attract, but she disliked the male façade of pretence, their insensitivity and it was only a year before her marriage that she set out with a single-minded determination to seduce a man.

It had not been as exciting as she had anticipated and it, and her one brief subsequent encounter, did little to assuage her intimate feeling toward women. But, insidiously, there seemed to grow within her a desire for children. Little that she did or thought seemed to lessen it and the guilt she felt about herself, and when on one winter's morning with a sprinkling of snow she had passed in her car an athletic young man clad in short sleeve jumper and shorts, a hitherto unknown desire possessed her. He was changing his punctured tubular tire and smiled as she passed, warm within her car, his well-muscled legs almost obscene, and his face and whole body suffused with health. For several days afterwards she thought of his eyes, and passed the same spot at the same time. He was always around, pedaling easily and fast along the snowy road joining her lodging and school. A week later she passed him, fully in thinly dressed, on a street in Stretton, and their friendship had been born.

But it was all over and in the sad serenity of her loneliness she prepared herself a meal. Leonie, she felt, would be thinking about Apthone the half-dead, and tomorrow at Rachael's party, she, as befitted a natural Mistress of Earth, would were black. Her sympathetic witchcraft might even work.

Rachael stood in the bright light by her parents piano, laughing at Bryan's joke while , around her, her parent's guests gabbled or drank or smoked to mute a mostly-unintelligible background of Mozart. Rachael's use of cosmetics had been light, the result perfectly suited to her gentle features, but it was the manner of her dress that attracted Diane as a scruffy Fisher tried to engage her, on her arrival, in conversation and she tried to forget Leonie's telephone call. "He has asked me to marry him,' the distant Leonie had said.

"Really, Diane," Fisher was saying, "even your subject can be taught in a more, shall we say, relevant way." He moved his mouth like a fish and his few strands of spiky hair swayed.

"What?" said Diane. Rachael had clothed herself in a black dress that exposed an ample amount of her large breasts and she wore a necklace of real amber. Her shoes and stockings were black to match her hair.

"Mathematics," droned Fisher, "can be taught – "

"Excuse me!" she said, pushing him aside.

"Hello Miss."

"I see we chose the same color."

"Yes."

"It might suggest something. Your necklace is beautiful."

"It was my Grandmother's. A hereditary gift."

"It suits your green eyes."

Rachael smiled, and Bryan the astute, left them.

Diane touched the piano, gently. "Will you play?"

"I couldn't."

“For me?”

“I – “

“I will turn the pages of your music.”

Rachael smiled and from the pile in the piano-seat selected a large bound book. She smiled, nervously, but Diane lightly touched her shoulder and she began to play the Arietta for Beethoven’s Opus 111. Across the room, scattered with the guests, Bryan turned the Mozart off.

Soon, only the Beethoven could be heard, and had Diane been alone she would have cried. The music, the beautiful Rachael, her concentration, even the movement of her fingers, enthralled, bringing both memory and desire and purging her of the past. Apthone, the blood, Leonie, her walk by the river. But, beyond all, it was Rachael who captivated her. Rachael’s perfume and music had bewitched.

Then, too soon, the perfect music was over. For ten seconds, silence.

“I did not know you could play like that!” said Rachael’s astonished mother.

Rachael smiled at Diane before saying, “neither did I!”

It was Bryan who began the applause, and Rachael’s mother who ended it by saying, “Really, it seems we have had a musical genius in our midst all this time!”

“Yes, Rosalind,” grinned Fisher as he leered at her, “it certainly does.”

Rosalind smiled endearingly at him, pleased with his attention, before ushering her guests into dinner. The dining room was about half the size of Diane’s bungalow, the large oak table was formally spread and Diane began to regret her acceptance. She would have to make polite, boring and feminine conversation. Only Rachael’s presence would redeem the ordeal. Bryan, the only other pupil, had been

seated next to Rachael and was about to offer Diane his seat when Rachael's mother intervened.

"There Bryan," she said, patting his arm, a gesture he clearly disliked, "you sit next to our talented Rachael. I am sure you will have a lot to talk about, won't you?"

Bryan shrugged and sat down. Diane was seated between a benign old gentleman with white hair and a nervous man in an ill-fitting suit with a face of a starveling owl.

"Mr. Karlowicz," said Rosalind helpfully as she patted him on the arm, "is a painter."

"You the teacher?" asked the old man beside Diane.

"Yes."

"Oh," he replied puzzled. "I thought you were the teacher."

"What do you paint?" she asked Karlowicz.

"Canvas!" he chuckled, then resumed his nervous frown.

"Do start!" chided Rosalind.

Rachael was leaning forward over her melon and Karlowicz stared at her. But Rachael's smile was for Diane, and she ate her melon slowly while Karlowicz sweated in the heat.

"If you are not the teacher," the old man asked Diane, "are you the painter chap?"

"No, I'm the lesbian," she almost said, but manfully resisted. Instead, she said, "actually, I am the teacher."

"Funny, you don't look like the painter."

The agony was relieved only by Rachael, and she smiled at her across the table before immersing herself in the delicate task of social

eating. The thought of Leonie, sitting beside the cripple Apthone's bed angered, momentarily, and she remembered Leonie's nervous voice over the telephone. "Diane – he, that is Richard, asked me to marry him." A silence without circuits crackled. "And will you?" she had asked. "I really don't know... but I have to consider the baby." And the guilt, Diane knew, always the guilt and insecurity oppressing. Apthone was poisoning Leonie: but there was not even a momentary desire in Diane, as there had been yesterday, to kill him and free Leonie. Her lover had chosen and in the sadness Diane remembered some lines of Sappho:

Go gladly, remember me
And the sensuous times we had
Now you have put away
At once longing for maidens.

Diane sat in silence for the rest of the meal while Fisher monopolized the conversation with a lecture on the relevance and significance of sociology. She smiled kindly at him, once, but he was too engrossed in the torrent of his own words to notice while everyone except Rachael, Bryan and herself (and the old man, who had fallen asleep) nodded sagely their assent. Toward the end of the interminable meal she could see Bryan fighting a desperate battle with himself and was a little disappointed when he did not leap up and cartwheel over the table as part of him so obviously wanted.

"You see!" said Fisher, his eyes glazed while Rachael's mother served coffee, "the community of similar interests which underlies this restricted code obviate the requirement for subjective intent to be verbally elaborated and made fundamentally explicit."

Fisher smiled. "It's quite simple, Bryan. The codes determine the area of discretion –"

Diane could restrain herself no more. She stood up. "If you'll excuse Rachael and me. She has promised to play a little more music."

"Yes," agreed Rosalind, "that would be very nice. We could listen in here."

Rachael did not disappoint and followed Diane out.

“You don’t have to play,” Diane said as Rachael sat at the piano. “It was just an excuse.”

“I know. But I’d like to play, Diane.” She breathed the name softly and Diane was aware of the intimacy.

Scorning the Beethoven, Rachael played from memory part of Scriabin’s Ninth Sonata. Half of her youthful face was shadowed, and as she bent over the piano, her eyes closed, her fingers seemingly possessed of a life all their own, she seemed to Diane to embodiment of enchantment and it occurred to her, very slowly, that she was seducing Rachael. As the last notes faded, undampened by the pedal, Rachael’s mother shouted from the dining room.

“That is awful! Play something better.”

Angry, Rachael played a few bars of a nursery rhyme before slamming the lid in disgust. The tempestuousness, the vitality and Rachael’s youthful health, vibrated a memory in Diane and she was torn between a desire to become close with Rachael and her faithfulness toward the insecure Leonie.

“Is Mr. Aphone any better?” Rachael asked, intruding upon her thought.

“Not really.”

“I never liked him,” Rachael said directly. “He gave me the creeps.”

The juxtaposition of Rachael’s mature sensibilities with the speaking of uncritical youthful thought confused Diane momentarily because she had forgotten Rachael was her pupil. Rachael herself was embarrassed by the change and bit her lip.

“Shall I play some more for you?”

They were clearly forgotten, for laughter drifted from the dining room, following the cigar smoke and the aroma of ground coffee.

“Yes, Rachael, I would love you to. You never said you were so talented.”

“I only play when I am inspired.” She laid the book out at the beginning of Opus 111. “You inspire me,” she said and immediately began to play.

Her playing and Rachael herself were magical. She was possessed, hardly seemed human and Diane found it difficult to believe her age because her playing was so full of mature emotion. Rachael did not need the music and Diane stood beside her, fearing to breathe, and when it was over she was crying, softly. Never before in her life had she been so moved by a piece of music: she had attended better performances, perhaps, listened to greater music, but never had it been so personal. Never had she been involved as she was when Rachael played. It was not Beethoven – it was Rachael and she, a joining of mutual souls. The music joined them together in an indefinable way.

“Why,” Diane said, trying to hold the moment through silence as she touched Rachael’s shoulder, “are you studying math?”

“I’m not that good,” replied Rachael softly.

“Oh but Rachael, you are!”

Rachael shrugged. “I don’t know. I feel different tonight. It was like I didn’t have to try. I can’t explain really. Once I’d begun, everything happened naturally. I’ve never felt like that before.” She stared at the floor. “I’ve never been able to play the whole Sonata before – but I wanted to play well – for you.”

“You could become a professional pianist.”

“Would you be proud of me if I was?”

The question hit Diane like a slap in the face. Carefully, she said, “you are lovely as you are!”

Rachael's reply was never uttered as the guests, led by Rachael's mother entered the room.

"Mr. Karlowicz," announced Rosalind, gripping Karlowicz's arm, has agree to paint Rachael's portrait, haven't you?

The painter smiled awkwardly and nodded while Fisher grinned and said, "In the nude, eh?"

"I do not know," replied Karlowicz. "I cannot say."

"Until you have seen the goods, eh?" laughed Fisher while Rachael's mother smiled.

"Have you ever thought," Diane asked Rachael's mother in a loud voice, "that Rachael might be a pianist?"

"Heavens no!" She wants to be a mathematician, like my father. He was a Professor, you know."

"No, I didn't." Bryan had rescued Rachael from the clutches of Karlowicz and Fisher and in a gentle voice Diane added, "she has a talent for the piano. A great gift. She could obtain a scholarship easily. It would be a pity to waste such talent."

"Nonsense! She is more gifted at mathematics. Like my father was."

Diane remained silent while Rachael's mother smiled gracefully and left to attend to her guests. Fisher was moving toward Diane, but she brushed past him. After the shared passion of Beethoven everything and everyone except Rachael seemed bland.

"Rachael," she said while Bryan winked at her and left to talk with Fisher. "I'm afraid I'd like to go."

Rachael's face crumpled and she looked as if she might cry, but Diane said "it's all right. Your piano playing has made everything – "

Rachael smiled. "Nowhere, Geliebe, can world exist but within Life passes in transformation."

Unnecessarily, she added, "I do understand, Diane."

"We must meet for a talk sometime."

"I would like that very much. Can it be soon?"

"I hope so." She moved to hold Rachael's hand but stopped herself. She felt responsible – for Rachael was barely seventeen and her pupil. She could pretend she did not care and become formal, delineating through her authority as Rachael's teacher, their respective roles and had she not stood and listened and shared with Rachael the Beethoven and had she not felt instinctively that her own feelings were reciprocated, she might have done so. She had no experience to guide her and felt confused.

"Can you convey my apologies to your parents?" was all she said.

"Yes – they won't mind. Probably won't even notice you're gone."

"I'll telephone you tomorrow," Diane said without thinking.

Rachael blushed. "I'll look forward to that."

They stared at each other, both unsure what to do. It was Diane who said, "Well, goodbye." Without looking back she walked out into the hazy sunlight of middle evening.

The drive along the deserted Greenock to Stretton road brought some calm to Diane and she was able to forget, for a while, Rachael and her music. It was a beautiful evening, humid with a slight breeze and it did not seem to matter that the haze was caused by industrial pollution in Europe being carried in the loft winds of the high-pressure area. Twice a day, five times a week during term, for nearly six years, she had been along the road and knew every grassy bank, the shape of every hedge through every season, even the position of each pothole. The road wound its undulating way, straddling the coppiced, oak-filled ridge that rose above the cultivated plain to the north-east of the Stretton fault, before dropping into the scattered

farmsteads and villages of Ape Dale, and turning west over the Stretton hills and down into the valley, a funnel for trunk road traffic.

Everything here changed slowly. No new houses had been built during her time of tenure and over the years the villages through which she passed remained the same: the squat cottages with their small gardens and rose and bright flowers; the farms, often with the pungent smell of manure. She felt part of the land, secure because of her familiarity. Two-thirds of the distance out from Greenock lay a garage, skirting the few houses and bungalows of the village of Wall through which the road turned sharply west. The garage, well-worn and fraying brick, had been closed twice, re-sold often and now its small grimy windows showed the familiar sign: "Under New Management."

Diane slowed, but a large 'Closed' sign was battened to the patched door and she drove on while Beethoven played in her head. Stretton was quiet. Only a few cars were parked beside the limes of the main wide street of Victorian shop facades. The cinema has long ago been replaced by a red-brick supermarket and the cottages which had once graced the top corner of the street down which the water flooded after storm, had been removed, replaced by Banks as the railway brought prosperity and popularity to the town.

The High Street, leading south past the mock columned Banks, was a jumble of periods from half-timbered Georgian through mock wattle and daub to a handful of Victorian facades, and the breeze stirred the pavement littered. It had been a good day, for tourists.

The narrow road widened past new housing estates clawed out from farming land, past the disused and quaintly small gas-works to the beginning of the World's End and the foot of Ashlet Hill where Diane's bungalow lay, shaded from all the evening sun. She sat in her car in the driveway for several minutes, thinking about Rachael and Leonie until someone rapped on the roof.

It was Watts. "I've been waiting for you."

"Lucky for you I was early then. I suppose you'd better come in."

The sitting room smelled, vaguely, and she opened all the windows wide.

“Well?” she asked while Watts leaned against the frame of the door.

“Have you seen Leonie?”

“No.”

“They are getting married.”

She betrayed to surprise. “I thought they might.”

“You know why?”

“I’ve got a good idea.”

“She feels guilty as well, I presume.”

“It’s typical of Apthone.”

“You don’t mind?”

“She had her own life to lead.”

“And Apthone?”

“I try not to think about him.” She shivered involuntarily. “Would you like some coffee?”

“Yes.” He did not stand aside and she had to brush past him on her way to the kitchen.

“Please don’t.” She moved away.

“But Diane – “

“I’m sorry. I’ve gone off men since – “

“What?”

“Nothing. It doesn’t matter.”

Watts held her by the shoulder, but she did not look at his face.

“Diane, I love you.”

”Don’t say that!” She wriggled free.

“Why not? It’s true!” She stood with her back to him and he said,
“What’s wrong? What has Apthone done now?”

“What make you think it has anything to do with him?”

“Instinct,” said Watts sharply.

She turned around suddenly. “Look Alex, I’m very fond of you but at the moment I don’t want any sort of relationship. With anyone.”

He smiled, lopsidedly. “We’d all be better off with Apthone dead.”

“He’s crucified himself.”

“And now he’s crucifying Leonie. And you.” He watched her very carefully. “You’ve gone off Leonie, haven’t you?” When she did not answer he said, “Because she is still bound to Apthone, isn’t it? She prefers Apthone to you.”

“You don’t know what you are talking about!”

He smiled. “I think I do.”

“I’m very tired,” she said coldly. “I’m sorry but would you mind if we forgot about the coffee?”

“You want me to go?”

“Yes.”

“I guess I can wait a little longer,” he shrugged then squinted at her.
“Did Apthone come here the other night after I left?”

“What makes you say that?”

“Nothing. Just a guess. Well, I suppose I’d better be going then.”

“If you wouldn’t mind.”

She walked with him to the door. “All problems can be solved,” he said mordantly. He moved to kiss her but she stepped back and shut the door before he could speak.

She was tired and sat in her sitting room while a refreshing breeze caught her face and ruffled, slightly, her hair. Among her records she found a performance of Beethoven’s Opus 111 but it was Rachael’s music and she could not listen to someone else playing it.

Instead, she contented herself with watching a television program. The play seemed realistic with the characters screaming at each other in broad Glaswegian and she watched it to its conclusion before switching the set off. The real world was in her head, full of conflicting dreams and desires, and after she had carefully closed all windows and locked and bolted the doors, she undressed for bed.

Sleep did not come easily and in the humid darkness she was restless for many hours before the pleasant relief of sleeping dreams overcame her troubled mind and allowed her naked, sweaty body to relax. She dreamed she was by the sea under a beautiful blue sky but the sea was full of rubbish and untreated sewage. Rachael was walking nearby, laughing and smiling while she talked to several young men. She walked toward her and, as a stranger invited the beautiful girl for a drink. Access to the bar of the hotel was through a small door through which they had to crawl and she had ordered drinks for them both while Watts the bartender sneered. She felt guilty and tried to escape through the door, but the opening was now only a small hole and she could not squeeze through. Instead, she returned to Rachael secretly pleased that she could not escape.

She was awoken in the early morning hours of darkness by the ringing of the doorbell. A brief terror suffused her, but she calmly

dressed, gathered her revolver from the drawer and walked purposefully into the stinging brightness of the hall.

It was Rachael, leaning on her cycle and Diane hid the revolver behind her back.

"I had an argument with my mother," she said.

"And you've cycled all the way here?"

"Yes."

"You'd better come in."

Rachael wheeled her bicycle into the hall while Diane hid the gun in a pocket of a coat by the door. In the sitting room, they sat together on the sofa.

"What was the argument about?"

"Nothing."

"It was about me wasn't it?"

"Yes." She stared glumly at the carpet. "She said I was too old to have crushes on women teachers."

"I see."

"She doesn't understand." Nervously, she bit a nail. "I'm not wrong, am I?"

Looking at Rachael's face, Diane could not lie. "No, Rachael, you are not wrong."

"What shall we do?"

"I don't know. I am in a very difficult position."

“Because you are my teacher?”

“I’m afraid so.”

”I wouldn’t want to do anything to harm you.”

“I know. Are you sure – “

“That it is not just a crush? Oh yes, I’m sure.”

“Do your parents know you are here?”

“No.”

“Hadn’t we better tell them? They will be worried.”

”I’m over sixteen. Anyway, they don’t care about me – only about themselves.”

“Shall we telephone them?”

“I’d rather you didn’t. I left a note. They’ll find it in the morning. It was really awful you left.” She looked around.

“Is your husband here?”

“No.”

“Oh. I presumed – “

“Actually, we’re getting divorced.”

”Really?”

“Yes.”

“Can I stay with you – for a while?”

“It might not be wise.”

"But no one will know – about us, I mean."

"There is nothing for anyone to know."

"But the could be, couldn't there, Diane?"

"You might be mistaken about yourself."

Rachael smiled. "I don't think so. Not after tonight. When I played the Beethoven for you, I knew. I have felt like this for you for a long time, but never dared say anything."

"If the weather is fine tomorrow, shall we have a picnic on the Long Mynd?"

"That would be marvelous!"

"Now you must get some sleep. I'll show you to the spare room."
She smiled. "I don't suppose you brought any clothes?"

"No."

"Don't worry. You can borrow one of my nightdresses. It might just fit!"

"It doesn't matter really. It's too hot anyway."

Diane showed her to the small room, somewhat cluttered with space bicycle wheels and punctured tubular tires.

"Diane, it's very kind of you."

Embarrassed, she said, "Sleep well."

"And you."

Her own bed felt damp with the sweat that the sultry night had drawn and she lay naked on the sheet in the airless room. She heard the church clock strike the half-hour and she counted the three tolls. The

bedroom door opened, showing a chink of light from the hall and she lay motionless while Rachael sneaked into her bed.

"I couldn't sleep," the girl said as she lay beside Diane covering herself with part of the duvet. For several minutes they both lay still, without speaking, until almost at the same time they moved toward each other. They embraced, strongly, naked body to naked body, before relaxing in each other's arms, and it was like they fell asleep to dream in the humid heat of the night.

XIII

Diane's awakening was gentle and she opened her eyes in response to Rachael's hand to find Rachael dressed and holding a tray.

"I thought you'd like some breakfast."

"What time is it?" she asked grogged.

"Half past ten."

"Really I have overslept!"

Holding the duvet to cover her breasts, she sat up and took the tray.

"What's the weather like?"

"Beautiful!" Rachael opened the curtains and window. "I didn't know how you liked your eggs, so I guessed. Hope they are all right. There's more coffee if you want it."

"Do you know, this is the first time that I have ever had breakfast in bed?"

"You deserve it! I'll finish cleaning the sitting room."

Before Diane could respond, Rachael left. Soon, she heard a

vacuum cleaner being used and she had finished her breakfast and set the tray aside before Rachael have returned.

“Shall we take sandwiches?” an exuberant Rachael asked.

“Sorry?”

“For the Long Mynd. You know, the picnic.”

“I hadn’t really thought about it. Did you sleep well?”

“Yes. But I always get up around six.”

“Good heavens! Why?”

“I run.” Shyly, she added, “not far, only a couple of miles.”

”Rather you than me.”

“Your ought to try it.”

”No thanks, I’m happy being as I am – fat and flabby.”

Rachael laughed, gathered the tray and said, “I’ll see to this while you get dressed.”

Rachael was not an intrusion into her privacy, and Diane found it natural that she should be around. A little diffidence remained, but it was if they had been friends for years. She emerged dressed to find the whole house, with the exception of her bedroom, tidied and cleaned.

“Well,” explained Rachael a little embarrassed, “I woke up at six out of habit and had to do something.”

“Do you want to telephone your parents?”

“Not really.”

”It would be best.”

"Well, if you think so."

"You could say you were staying here for a few days – that is, if you want to."

Rachael was ecstatic. "Can I telephone them now, then?"

"Yes, of course"

She returned dejected. "My mother wasn't too happy. She wants me to go home."

"And do you want to?"

"Not any more."

"Shall we go for a walk?"

"I suppose so."

"Rachael," Diane said softly. "I don't mean to interfere. You are an adult – you can make you own decisions. You are free to do what you want. Nobody owns you – not any more anyway. If you wanted to leave school for that matter, no one could prevent you. But if you want to stay, do so for the right reasons, not because you are being emotionally blackmailed."

"By my mother you mean?"

"Maybe. I don't know, and it's not really for me to say. You must make your own decisions."

"I don't want to go back home. There's nothing for me there."

"Except a grand piano!"

Rachael laughed, "except the piano!"

Together they walked from the bungalow in the warm air of mid-Sunday morning along the road to the Little Stretton and wooded track to Ashes Hollow, a stream filled batch between the steeply rising hills of Grindle Hills and Yearlet. The summer's morning was alive with promise and the early mist had been dispersed by the sun, leaving dewy grass. The water in the stream was low, and Rachael removed her shoes to walk barefoot. No one came along the isolated valley to disturb them.

"Cor!" Rachael shouted, "this water's cold!"

Under the blue sky with a wind to cool the rising heat of the sun surrounded by the nature-filled peace of the valley, it was not long before Diane had removed her own shoes and began walking tentatively among the acres and boulders of the stream.

It was the splash of water that Rachael threw over her that freed her and, like two friends of the same age, they playing in and with the water, chasing each other in turn, until they were both exhausted and soaked. On the grassy bank they stretched themselves to dry.

"Do you want to do mathematics at University?" Diane asked.

There was a long pause, while Rachael ran her hand through the short, sheep-cropped grass and Dipper bobbed around the stream. "Not particularly. I don't know what I want to do."

"You could make a career as a pianist."

Rachael laughed, but it was not a dismissive laugh. "I don't know as it I want to, though."

"You have ample time to decide."

"Probably,. Now I'm leaving home."

"What would you like to do this afternoon?"

"I could stay here all day."

"If I stay here much longer I will fall asleep."

Rachael sat up. "I suppose we'd better go and change."

"Hmmm." Diane closed her eyes and Rachael crept to the stream to fill her shoe with water. Slowly, she poured it over Diane's head. Diane shrieked, and chased Rachael along the path. A middle-aged man with a wizened face stood by the footbridge at the end of the path where it grew rocks, staring with a puzzled look at the two women. They saw him and stopped their chasing and playful yells.

"Good morning!" said Rachael loudly as they passed him.

He looked at them both quizzically, snorted and strode purposefully down the path while Rachael and Diane laughed.

"Race you home." Rachael said.

"It wouldn't be a race! Perhaps if you gave me fifteen minutes start!"

"You'd be home by then."

"Exactly!"

Barefooted they followed the track to the road and the warm pavement to Diane's home. In front of the driveway stood a car.

"Oh dear," said Rachael, nodding her head toward it, "trouble!"

"Your parents?"

"My mother."

"Rachael!" shouted her mother as they drew near, "what have you been doing?"

"Just a walk mother."

Her mother was speedily out of the car. “Just look at you! And Miss Dietz, I’m surprised at you!”

“Would you like to come in for some coffee?” Diane asked with a smile.

“No thank you. I came to fetch Rachael. And by the looks of things I arrived just in time.”

”Oh mother, don’t fuss!”

“Are you sure you won’t come in?” Diane asked.

“Rachael,” shouted her mother, “put your shoes on and come with me!”

Rachael held her head to one side. “No.”

Her mother looked for a moment. “What did you say?”

“I said no. I’m staying here with Diane.”

”I see! So it’s Diane now, is it? Just wait until your father hears of this!”

“I’m staying with Diane. I’m leaving home.”

”That is impossible!”

“No, it is not. I’m over sixteen.”

”You are just a child!”

Rachael turned away as her mother held her arm. “Rachael, you are coming home with me this instant!”

“No I’m not.”

”How dare you speak to me like that!” Rachael shook herself free from her mother and turned toward Diane. “I can see you have had a

hand in all this Miss Dietz.”

”Its Mrs. Dietz, actually,” corrected Rachael.

“I see!” shouted her mother embarrassed and angry. “Well, Mrs. Dietz, I am holding you responsible for all this. Dividing our family. Rachael are you coming?”

”No! I’m not!”

“Well Miss Dietz, just wait until Mr. Thomas hears of your interference. A fine teacher you are telling a young girl to disobey her parents!”

“Mother, that’s not fair! It was my own decision.”

”I would not at all be surprised, Miss Dietz, if you weren’t forced to resign over this. Encouraging young girls in their lewd and sordid fantasies indeed! You should be ashamed of yourself, corrupting a young innocent girl. You are not fit to be a teacher! “

Diane smile only served to make her more angry. She got into her car a slammed the door. “Rachael! For the last time are you coming home?”

”No.”

”Just wait, Miss Dietz! I am not without influence within the School Governors, you know!”

“You -!” She was too angry to speak, and drove away.

“I’m very sorry,” Rachael said when she and Diane were safely in the house.

“Don’t worry,” smiled Diane. “It will be all right, I’m sure. Come on, we’ll get changed.”

”But she said you’d get the sack.”

"I'd resign first."

"But you can't. You haven't done anything!"

"That's not what other people will think."

"I don't really care what they think. You can't resign. I won't let you. I'd go back home first."

"It probably won't come to anything. Just a little storm in a big teacup."

"You don't know my mother! She won't give up. It's not fair!"

"Would you like a shower or a bath?"

"If I wasn't your pupil there is nothing anyone could do, is there?"

"But you are and there is."

"But if I left school..."

"But you can't."

"Why not? You yourself said I could. Anyway, I can and I'm going to!"

"But Rachael – "

"I'll get a scholarship to the Royal College of Music!"

"I couldn't let you do that."

"Unless I wanted to."

"Rachael – "

Very quietly, Rachael said, "I don't want to leave you. You must realize I love you."

The Beethoven, the playfulness by the stream, Rachael's mother, Rachael's offer and her pleasing words, were too much for Diane and she turned away.

"I – " began Rachael. "I'm sorry if I've – if I have offended you. I thought – "

Diane did not look at her. "You haven't."

Rachael's voice was tearful. "I assumed we –" nervously she smiled. "Perhaps I ought to go home."

The battle was hopelessly lost, for Diane could not bear to inflict upon Rachael more agony. She turned to see Rachael's face contorted between anticipation and terror of rejection, and her embrace of Rachael relieved her of suppressed emotion as much as it made Rachael happy.

For several minutes they stood in each other's arms, swaying slightly while sun leaked to them from the window in the hall.

"I don't want you to go: I don't want you to go." Diane said. Then: "I really think we should get changed."

They parted, but held hands. "What shall I wear?" Rachael asked, looking at her sodden dress.

"I have a few clothes which might fit. You're a bit larger than me, though."

Rachael looked down at her breasts and giggled. "I meant what I said you know. About leaving school."

"It probably won't be necessary."

"But if it is – I will do it."

"You don't have to."

“Yes I do. I want to. Because I want to stay with you, Diane. Always.”

Diane held Rachael’s hand tighter. She felt a great love inside her and the sadness of losing Leonie had been immeasurable reduced. But she was afraid.

“You can stay here as long as you wish,” she said, “whatever happens.”

Several strands of Rachael’s dark hair were stuck by sweat to her forehead and Diane brushed them tenderly aside before Rachael kissed her fingers.

“I shall buy you a piano!” she said, blushing and embarrassed.

“And I shall play for you in the evening when we are alone.”

”When will you collect your belongings?”

Rachael shrugged. “Today, tomorrow, I don’t care.”

”Fine. Now will you change your clothes?” she said jovially.

“I’m just going, Miss” replied Rachael sarcastically. “Please don’t beat me!” She laughed and ran into the bathroom.

She was sitting among the perfumed foam when Diane entered bearing clothes.

“Diane,” she began with an enchanting smile that belied her age. “Will you bath me?”

Diane was trembling, but she laid the clothes aside long enough to kneel beside the bath and kiss Rachael lightly on the cheek. On the roof of the house, several jackdaws fought.

XIV

The invitation, or rather command, had not been long in coming upon Diane's arrival at school, and she sat in Thomas's office while he studied some notes on his desk. Outside children played beneath a branding sun.

"Now, Diane," he smiled, neatly folding his spectacles before wiping his brow of sweat. "Mrs. Paulding, as you may know, has, er, been in contact with me regarding her daughter, Rachael."

"I thought she might."

"It seems, from what she had told me, that Rachael is staying with you against her parent's wishes. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Diane – I will be honest with you. I am in a difficult, not to mention delicate situation, as I am sure you appreciate. On one side, there is Mrs. Paulding; on the other, you. Mrs. Paulding has, shall we say, made some serious allegations."

"About me and Rachael, I presume."

"I'm afraid so. And since Rachael is a pupil – "

"She isn't."

"Pardon?"

"She isn't a pupil anymore. She had decided to leave school."

"Do her parents know of this?"

"She telephoned them this morning."

"I see." He fumbled with some notes on his desk. "Is that Rachael's own decision?"

"Yes. Nothing I could do to dissuade her."

"But is she, er, staying with you?"

Without rancor, Diane said, "I know what you are implying. But it is not like that at all. She is simply staying with me because she has left home and has nowhere else to go – at the moment."

"I would like to believe – "

"But you know that I am a lesbian."

"No! No! Good heavens! I didn't mean to imply – "

"That I am corrupting Rachael?"

"Diane," he smiled kindly at her. "I know you well enough after – what is it? Six years? – to know that you are a very professional teacher."

"I'm prepared to resign," she said slowly and mutely.

"Come now! I won't hear of it!"

"But – "

"We can sort this out, between the two of us."

"But the Board of School Governors – "

Thomas smiled – a strange smile, mixing benevolence with occult knowledge. "I am sure I can come to some arrangement. With Mrs. Paulding. No need to involve anyone else. Would it be possible for me to speak with Rachael?"

"Of course. Do you want her to come here?"

Thomas pondered. "No. It would perhaps be best away from school."

"Mr. Thomas?" asked Diane shyly.

"Hmm?"

"Can I ask you a personal question?"

"You mean why am I, as Headmaster of a vast and sometimes incomprehensible Comprehensive school, going to such trouble for you?"

"Well, yes."

"It is simple really." He smiled his strange smile. "You are a good teacher. But perhaps most of all – the pupils like you. Strange that, are rare, believe me. But –"

"But?"

"I realize that you are undergoing a difficult period in your life – what with you marriage and everything – but you should perhaps be more, shall we say, discreet?"

"And not become involved with pupils?"

"Precisely."

"I never have before and never intend to again."

"Good. I can help this time. There will not be another, believe me. The last thing we as a school need is another scandal," he said abstractly. One was enough.

A year ago, one of the male teachers had had an affair with a female student. When it became known, he had left in haste, leaving the girl and her baby, to find employment in a large city in America, a suitable place many agreed.

"No," said Thomas, shaking his head, "Not another scandal." He thought for a moment. "It may be necessary for Rachael to leave.

Would she have obtained her 'A' levels?"

"Definitely! Good grades, probably."

"I will talk with her tonight – " His telephone rang.

"Mr. Thomas speaking... Hello Rosalind! I've just heard." He covered the mouthpiece with his hand and said to Diane, "I'll call after school."

"Fine!" She smiled at him to find Watts lurking outside the door.

"I've heard," he said perfunctorily.

"How?" Diane was surprised.

Watts tapped his nose with his forefinger. "Shall I just say a middle aged witch told me."

Diane watched him suspiciously. "What have you been up to now?"

"Come to dinner tonight and I'll explain everything."

"I can't. Mr. Thomas is coming to see Rachael."

"Lunch then?"

Diane was intrigued and said, "yes."

The morning passed painfully slow for Diane. She expected her classes to be interrupted by Mr. Thomas who would ask for an urgent meeting. Or Mrs. Paulding would rush in, pointing the accusing finger and shout, "you lesbian! Corrupting my daughter!"

Yet, because she was an accomplished teacher, and she actually cared for the children she taught more than she cared about the teaching staff or what they thought or said, she was able to teach as if nothing had happened, as if it was another Monday morning like any other – except the last week of term and exceptionally hot. Only one blemish marked her morning.

As she walked to meet Watts by the double glass doors that fronted the school and overlooked the car park and Windmill Hill and near where school buses thronged at the beginning and ending of the day, Bryan accosted her.

"Miss," he asked, "is it true that Rachael has left?"

She looked at him, amazed. "News travels fast, I see."

"Her parents told me."

"When?"

"I saw them at break."

"Here?"

"Sure! Going into the Crater – I mean Mr. Thomas' room."

"Oh, I see. She might be leaving. I really don't know yet."

"Probably the best thing that could happen."

"What?"

"Her leaving. I mean, like getting a scholarship in music."

"Bryan – "

"Sorry Miss," he smirked, "got to dash!" He ran to join the throng of children bound for the refectory.

Watts was waiting by his new car and she allowed him to close the door as he seated himself.

"And where," he asked, touching his forelock, "would Madam like to be driving?"

She waved her hand imperiously, “that way, my man.”

”Very good, Madam!” he saluted.

He took them through the town, along a few twisty lanes and neatly hedged, to an isolated country inn. A few cars were beside the lofty oak and in the cool if dim and modernized interior they sat with their drinks.

“Well?” she asked before drinking most of her cider.

“Eh?” groaned Watts obtusely.

“Any idea why Leonie did not come in this morning?”

“No.” He drank his pint of ale in a few gulps, burped and said, “It’s me charm which get ‘em! You any idea?”

”About Leonie? No, she wasn’t in when I telephoned this morning.”

“With the bastard Apthone, no doubt.”

”Probably.” She finished her cider.

“Like another?”

”Not for me. I can’t teach well if I have too much to drink.”

”Huh! I can’t teach without too much!” He loped to the bar taking almost half of its width, and returning with a mug of dark brew and plate of sandwiches.

Diane snatched most of the sandwiches from the plate. “You were going to tell me about Mr. Thomas.”

”Was I now? Did you see Morgan this fine morning?”

“No. She kept out of my way.”

”Not surprising really,”

"Mr. Thomas?"

"Nay, lass, me name be Watts. 'Thumper' for them as 'have a care.'"

She clutched his mug. "Are you going to tell me or do I shampoo your hair?"

Watts chuckled, rather loudly. "Not the dreaded beer over the hair ploy! All right, I give in, I'll tell you." He squinted at her. "There was gossip a few years back about him and Rachael's mother."

Diane was astonished. "Really? I never heard about it."

"Yep. 'cause," he smiled, "it might not be true."

"And?"

"You know me! I went to him and said, nudge, nudge, wink, wink –"

"You're showing your age now."

He ignored the remark. "I said to him, straight like, 'Create quite a scandal, a story like that. And you a Headmaster.' And he said, 'well I'll know whom to thank' and gave me a straight look." He waited for the accolade. There was no response, so he said, "I think he got the message."

He finished his beer. "You'll be all right."

Diane understood only too well. Outside, the sun shone bright and hot while a lark sang about a field. On the road a car passed while sunlight glinted upon glass.

Diane sighed. "You really shouldn't have."

Watts shrugged. "What the hell? I did it because you're a friend, not because of what you are thinking."

"Was there any truth in the rumor?"

“About the boss and Rosalind?”

”Yes.”

He smirked again. “Who can say?”

”You can I am sure.”

”Just between you and me and the rest of the staff, of course, there was a lot of truth in it.”

”How do you know?”

”Shall we get back?”

”If you like.”

”I’ve something to give you when we get back to school.”

”What?”

”Wait and see.”

They returned through the Shropshire landscape in silence. Watts occupied, as well he might be, with his maniacal driving, Diane with her somber thoughts. Two children were fighting by the main door when they returned but when Diane instinctively went toward them Watts held her back. He handed her a small neatly wrapped package.

“Open it when I’m gone,” he said and strode off to lift the two boys with bloody noses straight into the air and carry them boldly into the foyer.

Inside the package, wrapped in a small, embroidered silk purse, was a sapphire engagement ring.

XV

Diane had spent the afternoon trying to avoid Watts, and she was glad when school finished. Unusually, she felt no desire to retire to the relative peace of the staff room, as was her habit, to drink coffee, talk a little or mark some of the children's exercise books from the inevitable pile that had collected during the day. Instead, she hurried in the tropical humidity toward her car while school buses siphoned the children away.

The sameness of her journey make it uneventful, but she stopped by the side of the road near the rocky outcrop of Hope Bowdler Hill before Greenock road cut its way down to the Stretton valley. Clouds gathered to obscure a little of the Stretton valley and she could smell ozone among the wind-borne smells of summer.

Slowly, she began to realize that little that was real or natural bound her to the land on which she lived, still less to the surroundings of her school. She and her fellow teachers formed a cabal – a sort of sub-community within the boundaries of Greenock, Shrewsbury and Stretton. Most of her own friends were teachers from the school, and almost all of her social life involved them, the parents or school events. She, and the others like her, had little contact with the community from which the children came. She did not live among her pupils, and indeed the school was too large for her to know all of them personally, as she wished. The school day ended, and she was gone, shut up in her house with her friends while her children carried on their lives, in a little sub-society all their own. Children came to her eleven years old and she taught them, watched them, and worried about them for five, six, and soon seven years. And then they left. Sometimes a little card, or a meeting by chance. But they were gone; lost to her world of village, town and school. The thought

made her sad, but she knew no solutions and under the gathering gloom, drove slowly home.

Rachael was waiting, her hair plaited, her body clothed in a bright cotton dress, and as soon as Diane opened the door, Rachael embraced her.

"Mr. Thomas is coming," Diane said.

"I know. My mother telephoned." She took Diane's handbag. "Come and sit down. I've made some coffee."

"That's kind of you. Have you changed your mind?"

"About what?"

"School, of course."

"No." She brought coffee and demurely offered Diane a piece of cake. "Hope you like it."

Diane held the cake suspiciously, then thought better about making the joke. "Hmm," she said truthfully, "it is delicious! You are lovely!"

"I suppose," said Rachael sullenly, holding her head in her hands as she sat next to Diane on the sofa, "Mr. Thomas will try and persuade me."

"Probably."

"My mother wasn't angry, you know."

"Oh?"

"Yes. Quite calm about it all. Strange, really."

"I suppose she's realized that you are a young woman, not her little girl."

"Your husband called this afternoon. Seemed surprised to find me

here.”

Diane smiled. “Good!”

“He left his door keys.”

”Did he say what he wanted?”

”Just some wheels – for his bicycle I think.”

“That fits! Did he say anything else?””

”Don’t think so. Oh yes, he left you a note.”

With supine agility that Diane admired, Rachael leapt from the sofa and extracted the letter from the mantelpiece.

‘Diane,’ it read. ‘I will call tomorrow to collect the rest of my belongings. Sorry things did not work out and thanks for your kind letter.’

Diane screwed the letter up and threw it toward the empty fireplace. She missed and Rachael had moved to retrieve it when the doorbell rang.

“I’ll go!” said Rachael excitedly.

“Rachael!” Diane heard Thomas say, “how nice to see you!”

“It’s Mr. Thomas,” said Rachael unnecessarily, as she let him into the room.

“Well now, Rachael,” he said as he sat down. “You know why I have come to see you?”

“Yes.”

”And you are still of the opinion that you want to leave?””

"Yes."

Diane stood up. "Would you like some coffee?"

"I'll be in the kitchen," Diane said.

"Diane," said Thomas, "there is no need for you to leave, I assure you."

"Mr. Thomas," Rachael said.

"Yes Rachael?"

"I'm not going back."

"But why? You have your 'A' levels next year."

"I don't want to." She looked at Diane. "Besides, I can't live with Diane – Mrs. Dietz - if I'm at school, can I?"

"Well," muttered Thomas, "it would be highly unusual."

"I'm not ashamed to say that being here is more important to me than going to school or taking examinations."

"I see." He looked owlishly at Diane before smiling at Rachael. "And what will you do? For a career, I mean?"

"I haven't decided yet. I may not need one. But I could try for an RCM scholarship. In the meantime, I thought I would study privately, and still take my exams."

"I see." He smiled benevolently. "You seem to have thought everything out."

"Yes, I have."

"Well, you could not have a better tutor!"

“Has my mother spoken to you?”

”Naturally.” He stared at the carpet and shuffled his feet. “She realizes that you are old enough to make you own decisions about your future. She would still like you to go home, of course.”

“There’s no chance of that.”

“No, that’s what I thought. Well, I’d best be on my way.” He stood up and shook Rachael’s hand. “I wish you well for the future. You are in good hands.”

Rachael blushed. “Thanks.”

“I’ll show you out,” said Diane.

At the door, Thomas said, “I’m well satisfied. I do not anticipate any problems – with the school, at least. Diane,” he whispered, “it may not be any of my business, but she is very young.”

”Does she look happy to you?”

”Well, yes. Very much so, in fact.”

”You have answered your own unasked question then.”

Thomas appeared a little embarrassed. “Well, goodbye then. See you tomorrow, as usual!” he said cheerfully.

“Yes.” She watched him walk to his car before closing the door.

“I’m glad that’s over!” said Rachael.

“So am I!”

“I was trembling all over.”

”Honestly? I thought you were very self-possessed.”

Rachael laughed. "I feel really free! And happy!" She danced around the room shouting "I'm happy! I'm free!"

"Fancy a walk?"

Rachael stopped, stared out of the window and scowled. "It's going to pour!"

"I'm game if you are. I am not afraid of the rain, even if you are," said Diane playfully.

"Where do you want to go then?"

"Top of the Mynd?"

"Suits me. It will be nice and windy up there!"

They decided against the car and walked into the town along the High Street to take the road to the Burway. By the cattle grid that stopped the spread of detached houses and signified the beginning of the moorland, they left along a track to follow the path by the stream in Townbrook valley. The hills rose steeply on either side, fledged in green, and sheep while the sky above grew darker and distant thunder rolled.

The thunder alarmed Rachael a little, and she threaded her fingers into Diane's as they passed almost four hundred feet below Devil's Mouth, its scree and frost broken boulders scattering the hill. The upward path of cracked, bare and brown earth let them past the growing ferns toward the greenish-gray siltstones of the Long Synalds heights.

It was an isolated spot, well known to Diane, and overlooked the small, spreading valleys that fed the stream in Ashes Hollow. Behind them, the hill rose steadily until it became the leveled plateau of Mynd top.

Thunder violet threatened them above as lightning forked, striking higher ground. Almost instantaneously the clap of thundering air, which shook them as they huddled close to the ground. The Mynd

seemed to vibrate in response as Rachael screamed amid the large drops of rain. Another flash, nearer, as rain and thunder battered them and ozone seared the sky. The darkness of rain and closing cloud was ominous.

But Diane was a dark goddess; imbued with the storm's power and she laughed and beat her fists into the soaking earth. The storm was her storm and would not – could not – harm them. Its power was hers, but she let it break itself over the town and hills beyond. Then, both she and Rachael were laughing – a strange laugh, redolent of Dionysus, perhaps, or an ancient witches' meet. Rain soaked them, but they did not care. They alone were alive in a world of the dead.

Slowly, their demonic life-enhancing ecstasy ebbed with the passing of the storm, and they were left to find their way down the hill while their bodies tingled and their sense of reality returned.

“You realize,” Rachael said as they trod the street into the town, “we are bound together now. Beyond even our own death.”

It was not a strange thing to say, and it did not sound strange to Diane. Somewhere, alone their walk into the storm they had crossed into another world.

“I know,” she replied. The bonds that had bound her to Leonie were broken and her own fear of becoming deeply involved with Rachael had vanished, as the lightning had vanished, sending only a distant thunder while they walked.

They were both removing their sodden clothes when Diane's doorbell rang. It was Leonie, and Diane, in her dressing gown, stared at her with a mixture of welcome and annoyance.

“Leonie,” she finally said, “come in.”

Hurriedly, Rachael wrapped a towel around her body.

Leonie stared at Diane for a second, and then said, “I can't stay long. The children are in the car. Hello Rachael.”

“Hello Miss,” said Rachael shyly and locked herself in the bathroom.

“I just came to tell you,” said Leonie sadly, “that Richard asked me to marry him – and I said I might. Only – “

”Only?”

”I thought we – “ she hesitated, then added, “but I see I was wrong.”

Diane held her arm. “Leonie. You know I didn’t want you to become involved with Apthone again.”

“He needs me,” she said gently.

“For God’s sake! No he doesn’t! Not in the way you believe. He’s just using you – again!”

“That’s unkind of you.” She shook Diane’s hand off her arm.

“No it’s not.”

”You have never liked him, have you?”

”No!”

“I thought we understood one another.”

”We can’t – with Apthone in the way.”

”I will probably marry him. He’s very kind and gentle.”

Suddenly Diane was angry. “Look!” she pointed to the wall of her hall. “See those stains? Do you know whose blood it is? Well, I’ll tell you! It’s your bloody, beloved Apthone! You know the night of his accident?” she was re-living the terror and the words would not be silenced. “He came here, your precious and gentle Richard, and tried to rape me!”

Leonie stepped backwards, holding her hands to her face. “It’s not true!” she said weakly. “I don’t believe you.”

Diane shook her head. The anger and terror and repressed guilt had gone and softly she said, "I really don't care if you believe me or not."

"You only said it because you hate him," pleaded Leonie, half to herself.

"Leonie – I didn't ..."

Leonie was crying. "I don't want to talk to you," she said and ran out of the room.

Diane was about to follow when she heard Rachael behind her.

"Diane, I couldn't help overhearing."

Leonie had driving away and Diane closed the door.

"It was true, wasn't it?" asked Rachael, "what you said."

Diane nodded and began to cry. "I shouldn't have told her I know. But I was so angry."

Rachael came to her and held her hand. "I hope I didn't embarrass you."

Diane stopped crying. "Embarrass me?"

"By being here – with no clothes on."

Diane was moved by Rachael's gentle innocence and embraced her. "Rachael, my darling, nothing you could do, would embarrass me."

"I can think of something," she said with a modest smile before loosening Diane's dressing gown and bending down to kiss her breast. Diane was trembling, and slowly Rachael let the gown fall to the floor before she led Diane toward the bed.

XVI

Exceptionally, Diane did not wish to leave for school. For a long time she lay in bed, Rachael curled up asleep beside her. She wanted to stay with Rachael, spend the day with her, for school seemed charmless, a charade full of children in adult bodies playing indoor games.

Rachael seemed to make everything clear; there was no guile in her, only a trusting innocence that Diane loved and wanted to cherish and protect. Last night after Rachael had broken the barrier which Diane herself had feared to break, it had seemed, many times, that she and Rachael were not different people. There was no question of identity, no barriers of any kind at all and they did not have to speak to understand each other's needs. A look, a vague smile... And she found it difficult to believe, in the hazy light of morning, that Rachael was so young. An instinct seem to guide Rachael and her body so that she gave to Diane a divine and physical ecstasy such as she had never before experienced.

With Rachael, all her own insights and experiences – the path by the Severn, the Long Mynd, the storm, even her planned revenge on Apthone – seemed to possess her again with a force all their own, as if Rachael, just by loving so selflessly, transformed those insights into reality and suddenly it occurred to Diane that she had never been in love before. Always, with her husband, with Leonie, a part of her had been detached and critical just as a part had not surrendered for fear of being hurt. But with Rachael, everything was easy and natural and she wanted to find some form, some suitable expression, with which to represent her love. She wanted to hold Rachael in her arms, cry and laugh at the same time and tell her that she loved her as she had never loved anyone before.

Through and because of Rachael, she possessed everything she had even dreamt about, and beside this young and beautiful woman, men seemed a pale, distorted flicker. Rachael fulfilled the deepest longings Diane had ever nurtured.

She kissed her, softly, before stretching and leaving the room to dress. On the kitchen table, laid and made ready by Rachael the night before without Diane's knowledge, she found, propped up on a vase containing a single white rose, a note. 'Diane' it said simply in Rachael's italic hand, 'I love you.' Diane was overwhelmed, and crept back to the bedroom to steal a look at her sleeping lover.

It was nearing eight o'clock when she was prepared. Rachael, unusually, still slept, and, closing the kitchen door, she used the extension to make her telephone call. Calculated deceit was alien to her and she was shaking when she dialed Fisher's number.

"Hello? Diane here. Sorry to bother you, but just rang to say I won't be in until after ten this morning. Can you get someone to look in on my lower sixth group? Good.... Sorry about the short notice but – " she hurriedly thought of some excuse, " – I have a dental appointment. I'd forgotten about it!" she laughed to give credence to her lie.

Diane was still trembling when she closed the door and walked to her car. No mist blighted the sky as no regret blighted Diane.

Shrewsbury was busy with commuter traffic and she followed the road over English Bridge, round the Town Walls, and Quarry, along the river until she drove past the stone memorial to Hotsper, to park on a side street. For over half an hour she sat on the grass where the tall spire of St. Margaret's church shadowed squat buildings while the road channeled traffic down toward Wyle Cop Hill. She enjoyed quietly watching the people rush along the pavements, buses stop to empty and fill, cars to pass, and was almost sad when the time came for her to leave.

She waited outside the shop on Dogpole, while heavy lorries beat upon the narrow road, until its myopic, stooped owner opened, reluctantly, it seemed, his door.

"Can I help you Madam?" he smiled.

"I hope so!" Diane said confidently. "I want to buy the best piano you have in stock."

The man's eyes brightened, and he wrung his hands. "Certainly Madam! But we do not carry a large stock." He sighed. "All we have at the moment is this Baby Grand." He patted it gently. "Would you like to try it? It has lovely tone. Actually, I'm very fond of it myself, but get so little time to practice, these days."

"I'll take it."

The man raised his eyebrows. "I could play a little, if you wish."

"No, really, it looks perfect. When can you deliver?"

He scratched his nose. "Toward the end of the week?"

"How about today?"

"I don't care what it costs."

"Of course, Madam. If you are sure."

Quickly, she wrote out the check and handed it to the man.

"But Madam – " he protested when he looked.

"I'll leave you to fill out the amount. You can send the bill. You'll want the address, of course."

"Yes, Madam."

She wrote it on the back of her check. The man stared at the check, then at her. "A present!" she said."

"Yes, of course, Madam. We do provide free tuning for a year. I myself – "

"Splendid! What time will you deliver?"

"What time would be most convenient?"

"Four this afternoon."

"I am sure that can be arranged."

"Splendid...and," she added, "I assure you the check will not bounce. You can telephone my bank, if you wish. Or I can go to the bank now and withdraw the amount in cash, if you prefer."

"There is no need for that Madam, I assure you." He scratched his nose. "If you could provide me with a telephone number where you can be reached during the day. Only if an unforeseen problem arises, I assure you."

"Yes, of course." She wrote the telephone number of the school on her check. "Well, goodbye."

"But Madam," he protested as she made for the door, "don't you want to know how much it will cost?"

"Not really," she smiled and left.

She was trembling as she walked toward the High Street. Soon, she had arranged the transfer of all her savings. Wistfully she knew it might not be enough, but did not care. It was irrelevant compared to Rachael's happiness and she smiled as she tramped along the streets to her car, singing softly to herself.

On her return to school she found Watts and Morgan in the staff room alone. But they could not spoil her bliss and she walked toward Morgan while Watts eyed her hopefully from his corner.

"Well," she said jovially to Morgan, "I hope you take card of him."

"I was a bit worried – "

"About me? Don't be! As long as you are both happy, what's the problem?"

"I thought – "

“Do you love him?”

Morgan gave a little smile. “I think so.”

“Has he mentioned marriage?”

“Yes. But I’m not sure. It’s too soon.”

Diane touched her on the arm. “Take your time and learn to be happy. Are you interested in cycling?”

“Only a little.”

“Well, there’s hope then.”

“Diane, why are you being so – so nice?”

Diane laughed. “Simple! Because it makes people happy. It is really easy to be happy.”

Morgan shook her head. “I don’t understand you.”

“Nothing to understand, really,” Diane quipped before turning towards Watts.

He grinned at her. “Did you like it?”

She sat down beside him. “Yes. But look, Alex, I don’t want to hurt you – “

“But you are going to anyway.”

She shrugged. Morgan was making some exercise books, but Diane still whispered. “You know what I am.”

“Part of you perhaps.”

“No, Alex. All of me. I care for you, very much, but I could never become involved as you wish.”

"I've loved you for years. Since the first day I met you."

"Please," she sighed, "I'm living with Rachael."

"Temporarily, I assumed."

"No, permanently. You might not understand, but we love each other."

"What! You and Rachael? She is only a child!"

"I don't want to talk about it any more."

"I won't give up," he insisted.

She removed his ring from her handbag. When she held it out, he pushed her hand away.

"You keep it."

"I can't."

"Yes you can. Why do you think I have never married?"

"Please," she pleaded. Then: "But I thought you love Leonie?"

He shrugged. "Maybe. But only because she reminded me of you."

"Why don't you fight for her?"

"Maybe." He stood up. "You keep the ring." Then without rancor, but with his lopsided smile, he said, "give it to Rachael."

Before she could reply he had walked away and out of the room. Morgan was smiling at her, but she could not have been more wrong.

The bulbous red sun was still hidden behind the height of Caer Caradoc when Diane and Rachael began their journey. No traffic blighted the road and in the cool respite of an early dawn the world seemed quiet and quite dead.

Diane could not afford the holiday, but she did not care. The piano had been delivered, as promised, and Diane remembered how Rachael had laughed, then cried and enfolded her in kisses when she had returned, a little weary, from school. All evening she played, creating through her music a magic spell that bound Diane and made her a prisoner of love and desire. Then, at last, an exhausted Rachael, her body and dress drenched in sweat, had held her hand and said, "Now I want to give you something special." Her body still ached, a little, from the passion of Rachael's love.

The hours brought the heat and the traffic and both were relieved to leave the car when they arrived at the Yorkshire hamlet of Gilling. To the north, less than a mile distant, were the North Yorkshire moors while to the south, the plain of York whose fertile land had been farmed for millennia. There was nothing unique or even interesting about the village – a few stone build houses gather around a dip in the road from Helmsly to York – but for Diane it was special. Not simply because a mile away to the northwest lay the imposing while stone buildings of Ampleford Abbey with its community of Benedictine monks, but also because of the surrounding lakes and forest, once part of the wealthy Fairfax estate and now managed by the monastery. For her, discovered by chance while at University; a place where she could relax, untroubled by crowds of people, and where, after a walk in the forest, she could sit in the monastic choir with its carved oak stalls, and listen to the beauty of Gregorian chants. But perhaps the most fitting of all, she could swim privately in the icy coldness of the lakes.

The cottage guesthouse was Spartan, but clean, and they unpacked hastily in their shared room before briskly walking along the narrow track to the lakes. On one side, the forest, on the other, grazing fields, the monastery and its enclosing public school.

"It seems very peaceful," Rachael said, stroking her amber necklace.

"Is it – even during term time when the boys are here?"

"A shame about the trees."

"Sorry?"

"The trees." Behind the roadside deciduous fringe, a conifer plantation grew. "Shame it is so dead within."

"By the lake – "

"It is different!" said Rachael confidently.

"Yes."

"I bet it has a dark history."

"I wouldn't know."

"Up there, on the hill, where the broken tree grows."

They walked in silence to the lake. It was a small lake, girdled with trees and reed and rotten jetty pointed like a broken finger toward its heart. There was silence and a pale blue sky while water rippled, slowly.

They undressed and swam naked, racing each other to and from the jetty to where a small rusty buoy was anchored, until tired with the effort and by the cold of the water, their laughter and the long journey, they lay on the mossy bank to dry beneath the summer sun.

"If we hurry," Diane said as Rachael stretched herself like a cat, "we might be in time for Vespers."

Dressed, but not dry, they walked the mile or so to the monastery through the large expanse of rugby fields until, in the slanting shadows, they stood below the church while crows flocked noisily above the stone.

“Come on!” chided Diane as she climbed the steps to the church.

Rachael shook her head.

“I’d rather not go in.”

”Why ever not?”

”I’m afraid places like this give me the creeps – always have done.”
She shivered.

“You should have said! I’d never have dragged you all this way.”

“I didn’t want to disappoint you.”

”Anyway,” smiled Diane, “it doesn’t matter and I’m hungry.”

Arm-in-arm, they returned to their lodging.

The next day, began the pattern which they were to follow for the remainder of their stay. They would rise late from their bed and after a large breakfast walk among the forest and hills, often silent, but sometimes sharing through their words and private thoughts and dreams, fascinated as new lovers are by each other. They talked, played, walked or sat, touching, sharing every experience: the damp feel of rotting wood, the dew of the grass, the joy of watching a deer, the naming of wild flowers. Their afternoon was spent swimming and lying in the tessellated lakeside sun while the earth moved imperceptively toward dark. It was sufficient for them to be together, close enough to touch, and it did not occur to either that such exclusive closeness might restrict. In the evening, they would lick their bedroom door and exhaust themselves with love. Not once did they visit the Abbey, and the days with their sameness soon passed, bringing to both security and great joy. Rachael with her sometimes-somber thoughts, bound herself physically, emotionally and mentally to Diane. Diane was everything to her: lover, sister, husband and wife. The labels and the roles of the world, which they hid, were

meaningless for them, and it never occurred to either of them that there was anything unnatural about their relationship. No barriers, reminded and no guilt bound them just as no thought restricted.

They would dress to please each other, perfume their bodies richly and sometimes, soak into the pores of their body the heady scent of forest or lakeside earth. The earth, with its canopy of trees spread full for summer, the reedy depths of the lake, the sun and scarce breeze, even the moon of morning, served them, offering gifts, nurturing the divine. No music sufficed for their feelings, no words could represent their joy.

Once, when the sun made long shadows by the road and dust dried their mouths, they had left in their car for an Inn. It was an old Inn, gabled and small, and they sat in the corner, cleanly dressed but scented of earth, their faces blushed and burned by both sun and lake water, while tourist men fresh from tourist cars stared and local men surmised.

They had allowed themselves to be brought drinks, a meal they did not need, while the two vultures in perfumed shirts that had sought them out, preened and fed their minds with glee at the promise of the night. Under the table, Diane caressed Rachael's leg with her foot.

"Well," she said finally, "we'd better go."

A vulture grinned. "Shall we drive you home? I have my Mercedes outside.."

Rachael, Diane knew, understood, and wickedly she said, "Well, we are staying at the Grange – The Abbey guest house." She told the lie well.

"Yes," a leering face said, its moustache twitching, "I know it."

"If," whispered Diane, "you want to see us, come after eleven tonight. We'll leave the doors open. I'm in number 17, second floor."

"And I," smiled Rachael, "am in 19."

Outside, in the privacy of their car, Rachael said, "That was very naughty of you!"

"Awful wasn't it?"

"But I enjoyed it."

"So did I!"

"Did you see their faces when you gave them your room number?"

"Yes! I thought they were going to wet themselves."

They laughed, and waved at the two men dallying between the Inn and a Mercedes car before driving away, pleased and satisfied with their ploy.

It had been the happiest week of both their lives, and both were somber when the morning of their departure arrived. "We must never part!" Rachael had said and clung to Diane before the long and tedious journey that returned them to their home. It was significant, both felt, that on their return cloud came, bringing a steady drizzle of rain.

On the floor of their hall, scattered by the letterbox, three handwritten notes lay, but Diane had time only to retrieve one of them before the telephone rang.

"Hello," Rachael said. Then, sadly, "It's Leonie - for you."

"Hello, Leonie, Diane." She held Rachael's hand while she talked. "Yes, we're back. What? When? ... I see. Yes, of course, I'll come."

Rachael was looking at her expectantly. "It's Aphone," Diane said, "he's dead."

In the dim light of late evening, Diane was certain she saw Rachael smile.

XVIII

"I would like you to come," said Diane. "Very much."

"I – I don't know," replied Rachael shyly. "I might be in the way."

"You," Diane said kissing her, "could never be in the way as far as I am concerned."

Rachael smiled. "I was a little jealous when she telephoned."

"No one is more important to me than you."

"I know really. I just like to hear you say it, that's all."

They departed immediately and it was dark and still raining when they arrived to find Leonie and her house in a state of confusion.

"Children are in bed," she said her face drawn. Nervously, she bit her nails, "Diane, I am so glad you came!"

Leonie moved forward, but Diane stepped back. "I brought Rachael with me – I hope you don't mind."

"No. I wondered if you would." Her voice trembled. "Come in, both of you."

Diane sat on the edge of the sofa while Rachael stood in a shadowed corner of the room fingering her amber necklace.

"When did he die?" Diane asked.

"The day before yesterday. It was awful!" She sobbed a little, then smiled.

"Has no one been to see you since?"

"Yes." She lit a cigarette and blew the smoke away. "Alex. He was with me just before Richard...."

"Has anyone seen to the funeral arrangements?"

"I don't know." Leonie tried to control her shaking hands, and partially succeeded. "Alex mentioned something."

"Is there anything I can do?"

Leonie smiles. "It is nice you just being here."

"Perhaps it was all for the best."

"Don't say that Diane!" Leonie started crying.

The memory of their love returned to Diane, but she ignored her feelings and in atonement, handed Leonie her handkerchief.

"Thanks." Then, to Rachael, "You must think me silly."

Rachael came forward and to Diane's astonishment kissed Leonie on the cheek.

"No, I don't" she said. She astonished Diane even more when she said, "Do you want us to stay here – for the night, I mean?"

"No," smiled Leonie, holding Rachael's hand. "That's very kind, but I'll be all right. Alex – Mr. Watts – said he's calling round later to see how I am." She returned the handkerchief before saying, "Would you like something to drink?"

Rachael and Diane looked at each other. Diane said, "No, not for me."

"Rachael?"

"No, thanks. We had something on the way down."

"Of course," said Leonie, "You've just got back, haven't you?"

"Yes." It was Diane who answered but Rachael who yawned.

The ringing chimes of the doorbell startled Leonie. "I'll go!" offered Rachael.

Watts blocked the doorframe and smiled broadly. "Rachael!" he said loudly, "You look more beautiful every time I see you."

Rachael curled her lip, but he did not wait for her reply.

"Well!" he boomed, rubbing his hands together and shaking rain from his hair, "I see we're all gathered for the wake!"

Diane stood up and smiled politely at Watts. "We are just going."

"Had a good holiday, then?" he asked.

"Yes," said Diane, staring at him, "very good."

"Splendid!" He turned to Rachael who was standing by the door. With her raven hair slightly wet from the rain, her black dress and amber necklace, she might have been a wise woman of the Old Religion.

"I see," Watts said to her, "you're not wearing the ring Diane bought for you."

Rachael looked at Diane quizzically. "It was a surprise!" she said quickly, "and now the oaf's spoiled it!"

"Sorry," he said with conviction.

"We'd best be going," Diane said.

"I hope both of you sleep well," Watts said sarcastically.

Diane ignored him. "I'll telephone," she said to Leonie. "In the morning to see how you are."

“That would be kind.” Leonie smiled weakly and went with them to the door. “It was good of you to come. I only wish you’d been here before.”

”Take care, won’t you?” Diane said.

“I’ll try.”

They stared at each other for a moment until Diane turned and walked into the rain.

“I hope,” she said to Rachael as they walked to the car, “he didn’t offend you by his remarks.”

”No,” laughed Rachael as Leonie closed the door, “he didn’t. I don’t care what he or anyone else says. He can call me names as far as I care.”

Diane held the car door for her. “We might get more of the same in the future.”

”So what?” When Diane had started the engine, she added, “I love you. That’s all that matters to me. If the whole world was against us, I wouldn’t care.”

“Rachael, you continue to amaze me!”

“Why, because I am so mature?”

“Well, yes.”

”I had to grow up quickly when I was younger. My mother – “ she began. “But it doesn’t matter.”

“We don’t love like flowers, with only a single
Season behind us; immemorial sap
Mounts in our arms when we love.”

She smiled innocently. "There's a lot more, but I won't bore you with it."

"It was beautiful," said Diane sincerely.

"It was Rilke."

"Really? I see I'll have to read him."

"He's one of my favorite poets."

"You must read me some."

"I'd love to."

"I suppose you can read it in the original German as well?"

"Of course!" smiled Rachael.

Blissful, they returned to their home. The rain ceased with their arrival and in the subdued light in the now cramped sitting room of their bungalow, Rachael sat at her piano to transform herself and the night. Diane listened and watched, entranced. Rachael's playing created a new world and a new woman, and Diane watched this strange woman of dark secrets create from the instrument of wood, steel and tone a universe of beauty, ecstasy and light. Bach, Beethoven – it made no difference what or for how long she played. But, as it always had since that night, Beethoven's Opus 111 fascinated her with feelings, visions, and stupendous, world-creating thought. It imbued her with insight, and a love that wanted to envelope Rachael and consume her. It was pleasure and pain to watch Rachael transform herself through the act of her playing into a goddess she would die for. No reason touched her while she listened. There was, she knew, no greater life than this, no greater feeling and she wanted to immolate herself with Rachael's ecstasy, immolate world upon world with this glory and passion which no god described.

Then the silence, while clamored notes faded and dimmed light framed. There were no more tears Diane could cry and she waited while Rachael slowly rose and offered her hand. She – the goddess within – was smiling and Diane allowed herself to be led.

The music in her head, the memories and secret dreams of youth – all were before her, embodied in flesh and she had only to kiss the slightly scented lips or see the secret wisdom hidden in the eyes to reach the summit of her life, slowly, in the dim corners of the bedroom's reflected dark.

IXX

The journey was lonely and more terrifying that she had thought or imagined it would be, and for a moment the memory of her children's faces held her. But her ineffable sadness remained and Leonie Symonds in the burgeoning dawn drove the steep road to the Mynd.

Cloud fractured the sun, spreading luteous colors of stupendous beauty while light mist lingered in the Stretton valley below. Nothing in sound challenged the engine of her car and with shaking hands she attached her chosen instrument of death. Soon the fumes filled the chilling air as a memory of Diane filled her heart and creeping death her lungs.

Consciousness flickered, briefly, and was gone as her mind tried to tell the body of a new desire to live. Too late the desire and very slowly Leonie Symonds, not quite thirty-three slipped toward death.

The dream startled Diane and she awoke sweating while Rachael turned in her sleep. But the light did little to ease the sense of foreboding and with trembling fingers she dialed Leonie's number. It was some time before the answer.

"Leonie?" her trembling voice asked.

"Eh?" said a gruff voice. A cough, then "Who is this?"

"Diane."

"Oh, Alex here."

"Where is Leonie?"

"She got up early. Said something about going for a walk. I just went back to sleep. Hang on." It seemed minutes before he returned.

"She gone! There's a note...My god! I'll ring you back."

No call came, and, dazed, she dressed to sit by the piano with a fresh mug of coffee. But she could not be still and woke Rachael.

"I'm just off for a walk," she said. "Won't be long."

"Shall I come?" Rachael asked, sleepy.

"No, you need your rest."

Rachael smiled and went back to sleep.

The dawn was chilly and she wandered sadly among the spreading light, cheered a little by the changing red around the sun. No one passed her, and she walked steadily through the town to briefly sit upon the Burway bench overlooking Cardingmill valley and its stream. The silent beauty of the morning calmed her, dispelling the fear and dread of her dream and she trod happily the steep of the hill while sheep wandered to find the warmth of the sun.

At first recognition escaped her, then the reality of the car held her immobile. She ran, shouting Leonie's name. But she was too late with her love. The door opened to the grip of her hand and she stood staring in shocked agony as the warm body tumbled out.

"No! No!" she screamed as behind her tires slowed on gravel and scree.

Watts looked briefly at the body, turned off the engine of Leonie's car and gently led Diane away.

XX

The light of dusk blurred the contours in Diane's room and Rachael watched through the window the hills and trees soften in outline and fade with the slow silent passing of time. Diane did not move, content to stare at her hands as she sat hunched in a chair, weakened by guilt. She smiled, a little and briefly, when Rachael rose to gently stroke her hair, but this interlude of life was soon gone. Outside, a few birds sang to call the moon from sleep.

Rachael began, haltingly at first, to play upon her piano but it was not long before the music consumed her, obliterating the external world. Beethoven's Opus 111 became again for her the embodiment of her feelings and she played faultlessly, draining away the morose days since Leonie's death, forgetting Diane's withdrawn self-absorption and her own tiredness.

She did not notice Diane standing beside her as she did not hear her lover crying in the burgeoning dark of the room. The music was transforming Diane, each note breaking slowly the barriers she had created within her as if the music explained all the grief and elevated her inner suffering to a supra-personal joy. Before the music ended, the catharsis was complete, but she waited, silently crying and when it was over she knelt down to place her head in Rachael's lap.

"I'm sorry," Diane said as Rachael gently brushed the tears away, "I must have hurt you a lot in the past few days."

Rachael smiled. "I'm glad we are together again."

"I will never be apart from you again."

Tomorrow, Diane felt, she would sit at the piano and try through the medium of music to express in composition all she had experienced:

Leonie's tragic death, her own ecstasy and visions, the moments of dark magick when she felt herself attuned to the powers of the Earth, the innocent joy she found in teaching. But most of all, she wanted to try and capture in some lasting form her love for Rachael, and began to feel as Rachael began to play music by Bach, that her life possessed meaning. She might, through her music, and way of living help in some way others to achieve the insight that she knew Rachael had made possible for her. Even now, she did not understand how this had happened. Was it simply because of love?

Outside her house darkness was stirring, but inside she felt herself renewed through the brightness of personal experience and she began to feel a presentiment of meaning of individual existence that she knew only music, for her, might explain. She rose slowly – while Rachael seemed to measure with music the cadence of those feelings – to watch the stars shimmer in the dark sky above.

But clouds, rushed by wind, soon came to cover the sky while, less than fifteen miles away, Watts stood by Leonie's grave wondering if his killing of Aphone had, after all, been in vain.

He had the impression that Rachael, the dark hereditary sorceress, was watching him. But he knew better than to look around as he knew the one day, maybe soon, she like himself would need and heir. Would hers, he wondered, be in Initiate and not her child? He did not know – but would say nothing, as she herself would say nothing, for there was nothing to be said which words might describe. 'It is not right,' Sophocles had said, 'to give names to some deeds.'

Somewhere, in the darkness nearby, a dog howled.

THE DEOFEL QUINTET - INSTRUCTION 'SYMPHONIES' OF THE DARK PATH

by Anton Long

*(This article is an introduction to 'The Deofel Quintet' via The Order of Nine Angles released from the Archives of The European Library. It will serve as a basic guide as to the intent, content and structure of The Quintet (*1). The MSs, although available to members of the Federation and some other groups, are to be exclusively published (as both books and audio cassettes) for a wider audience by Arktion Press (*2) in sequence in 1995-96. Copyright of all ONA material has been entrusted to S.B.Cox. The ONA represents a genuine pagan tradition having its roots in the Hyperborean civilisation. All of its material is held in a Special Collection in T.E.L.*

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"The works collected under the title 'The Deofel Quartet' (*1) were written as Instructional Texts for members of a Black Magick group. As such, they deal with certain esoteric matters relevant to Novices and those who have begun to follow the path of Black Magick and Satanism.

While the form chosen is fictional, it is not of a 'conventional' novel. Instead a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but also sought to involve their unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions - of, for instance, characters and locations - are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such 'missing details': partly from their imagination and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and 'projections'.

This form also had the added advantage of making the works interesting to listen to when read aloud in a group setting. This new form may be considered as an extended 'prose poem'.

While each work is self-contained in terms of 'plot' and 'characters', they all deal with the varying insights attained by those following the darker path to esoteric enlightenment, as well as with those practical [i.e. real-life] experiences which form the basis of genuine magickal training and which explicate real sinister magick in action.

Each work deals with (although not always exclusively) a certain type of magick/archetypal energy - and thus is connected with one of the spheres of the Septenary Tree of Wyrð. Thus, in the instructional sense, each work explicates particular archetypal forms as those forms affect individuals in real life. Naturally, quite a few of the forms so explicated are dark or sinister.

This is explicated in many ways including:

a) of how individuals and groups of individuals by other individuals and groups, be these magickians or not;
b) of how various individuals are affected by certain elemental/magickal forces and 'emotions', these forces etc being manifest in various guises- some directly magickal, some archetypal (as, for example, when a man is charmed and falls in love with a woman, he is apprehending that woman archetypally) and some aeonic. The manipulation of the energies/forms and so on varies in the different MSs, as the aim or intent of such manipulation does- for example, sometimes it is for direct personal desire/gratification, sometimes it is due to unconscious factors, sometimes it is due to a desire (sinister **and** otherwise) to change/aid a particular individual or individuals.

However, just as important in each MS as this covert/overt form of magick is how and why individuals become changed via it in many and various situations. Thus, for example, sometimes change occurs because of personal involvement with others, sometimes through being influenced (either consciously or unconsciously) by magickal energy (which itself may be directed at that individual by another), sometimes through mediums like music (with perhaps some 'magickal' input from another), sometimes via personal confrontation with unconscious fears and/or insights.

All of these changes are presented in the various MSs from differing perspectives - and these perspectives are sometimes individual (directly personal) as they are sometimes magickal. The perspectives change-

from MS to MS and sometimes within a single MS - and while the perspective may be 'sinister' it is also 'moral': that is seen from the viewpoint of an individual adhering to 'conventional morals/attitudes'. This diverse variation is intentional, since by it the reader is (or should be) able to objectify the action/changes/characters and thus understand the influences (magickal or otherwise) behind these, particularly with reference to the psyche. Thus understanding is aided by the fact that each MS is related to a particular septenary sphere and thus to some extent deals with the energy/magick/influences both unconscious and conscious of that sphere. However, as in real life and real magick, other influences (from other spheres) may sometimes intrude and complicate matters and the reader should be capable of understanding the interplay.

The understanding that results from a reading and study of the MSs (using the themes, questions etc revealed here *3 and in other notes) is part of the process of Initiate awareness. This should assist those following the seven-fold way to arrive at essential understanding of their own psyche as well as that of others. Such understanding enables magick itself to be understood- and used effectively.

The Quartet consists of:

1. Falcifer: Lord of Darkness
2. The Temple of Satan (aka The Witch Queen)
3. The Giving
4. The Greyling Owl

The general purpose of the MSs is briefly explained in the 'introduction' which follows their title page. Specifically each deals with a form of energy and the means whereby they can be controlled as well as how those forms affect individuals, both consciously and unconsciously. In some of the works (for example 'Falcifer') the magick is obvious; in others, (for example 'The Greyling Owl') it is much less obvious, and for good reasons.

The best approach is to read each work in order of complexity starting with the least (esoterically) complicated. Thus, the reading sequence would be: Falcifer; The Giving; The Temple of Satan; The Greyling Owl. Further, this increasing complexity operates, in the individuals, on different levels. At first, all of them should be read merely for enjoyment (and the 'esoteric' information obvious on a first reading). A further reading should provoke questions and (hopefully) insights into esoteric matters in general and the reader's psyche in particular.

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NOTES

**1: The Deofel Quintet is the original Quartet plus 'Breaking the Silence Down')*

**2 All proceeds go to Jomsburg Foundation with a portion to TEL)*

**3 These themes/questions together with a resumé of each Book of the Quintet will be published in the next issue of the Journal.*

Ordering procedure:

Individuals may purchase limited edition copies of the original MSs as stored in TEL Archives, which are available immediately, or await the book format which price will be advised later. Falcifer Lord of Darkness (112pages); Temple of Satan: (110pages); The Giving (113pages); The Greyling Owl (109pages); Breaking The Silence Down (118pages);

Each MS is priced as follows:

a) unbound: £8 each

b) in black ring binder: £10 each

Plus postage & packing per item which is:

a) Surface=£2.00p ----- Air= Europe:£2.30p/World £4.30p

b) Surface=£3.50p ----- Air= Europe:£4.00p/World £7.80p

The Deofel Quartet: Themes and Questions

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Viewed in a simplified way, the four word deal with the first four spheres of the Tree of Wyrd. Thus:

- 1) Falcifer – deals with the first sphere (Moon) and some of its ‘influences’ (in the personal sense) in an overtly magickal setting.
- 2) Greyling – deals with some aspects of the second sphere (Mercury) in a way ‘removed’ from a magickal setting.
- 3) Temple of Satan – deals with some aspects of the third sphere in a directly magickal setting.
- 4) The Giving – deals with the transition from the third sphere to the fourth sphere, in a specific magickal setting.

(1)and (2) may be said to be written from a male perspective; (3) and (4) from a female perspective. But in all the interplay between the ‘male’ and ‘female’ aspects are important. (Note: female/female is dealt with in the MS ‘Breaking the Silence Down’).

In each of the works the interplay of ‘light’ and ‘sinister’ is also described, although only in some works (e.g. Falcifer) is this framework viewed in the ‘conventional magickal sense’ (i.e. from a ‘sinister’ viewpoint). In all cases, the ‘moral’ relativity should be obvious, although it may take some insight/further study of the MSS for this to be seen. The same applied to the magick – i.e. the alteration of individuals/events/archetypal forms and so on by a Master/Mistress/magickian: only in a few instanced (e.g. Falcifer) is this instantly recognizable as ‘magick’ (robes, rituals and so on). There are important reasons of all this – reasons which, one understood should aid the esoteric understanding of the reader.

Thus the MSS are more challenging/esoterically interesting than might appear from a first, casual, reading.

II

The following lists give some (not all) of the main themes and questions dealt with/arising from the Quartet. They are intended only as a guide to further reading of the MSS themselves and then to provoke further study of them/aid the understanding obtained from the first reading.

1. **Greyling** – What forces {in both magickal and personal sense (is there a difference?)} control/influence the characters of Mickleman, Andrea, Alison and Fenton? Does Alison's perception change? If so, by what means? Is this means intentional – or via magick? If so, to what end/purpose?

Does Mickleman's perception/insight change? What is his initial level of self-understanding? What is his wyrd? What is Fiona's part in his life?

What, if anything, is Edmund seeking to achieve and why?

Some elements (clues existing in the MS):

- A.) How does supra-personal magick work?
- B.) To what end is this magick?
- C.) Archetypally (regarding spheres of Tree of Wyrd) what forces act upon the psyche of the main characters?
- D.) The MS expresses one aspect of real magick in action – is this magick as described in the MS sinister? If so, why?

2. **Temple of Satan** – What archetypal elements are present in Melanie and Thurstan? How is Melanie changed – and why? (See quote from Book of Recalling at the beginning of MS)

Does Thurstan change through his love with Melanie? If so – why? Can all these changes be related to the experience of an Initiate, in real life, following the seven-fold way?

What level of insight has Algar attained? Is he a magickian – in control? Do external forces/archetypes control/influence him? Is this related to Initiate experiences? Does Algar understand wyrd?

Pead – what is his level of insight/achievement? Jukes – what is his? Does his esoteric development change? If so, how?

Saer – who is he? What is his role? His magick? What is Claudia's understanding/role and so on?

Main theme – what is the magick and wyrd of the MS and why?

- 3. The Giving** – Rhiston and Mallam: what is their level of development/understanding? Does this change? Can they as characters be related to the journey of an Initiate?

Lianna – what is her esoteric development/insight? What key factors influence her?

Thorold – what is his role and how does this change? Has he esoteric self-awareness? Is there a manipulation of him by Lianna? If so, why?

Imlach and his daughter – what are their roles and level of esoteric development. How well does Imlach fulfill the archetypal role of Guardian?

Monica – is she manipulated? If so, why? Is her death the result of magick? If so, why?

Some themes:

- a) What is the magick of the 'story'? Is this magick sinister?
- b) How do Mallam's belief and magick differ from Lianna's? Is he a Satanist? Is Lianna? What is Lianna's relationship to him, his wyrd?
- c) Is the historical setting (Templars, etc.) necessary?
- d) Does the story show Lianna as a real Mistress of Earth?
- e) What is Sidnal's role in relation to the magick and Lianna? Is he 'Satanic'? (What is Satanic?)

Additional notes:

To some degree, all the MSS in the quintet deal with a particular type of magick/manipulation and this is explicated in many ways including:

- a) Of the individuals and groups of individuals by other individuals and groups, be these magickians or not;
- b) Of how various individuals are affected by certain elemental/magickal forces and 'emotions', these forces etc. being manifest in various guises – some directly magickal, some archetypal (as, for example, when a man is charmed and

falls in love with a woman, he apprehending that woman archetypally) and some aeonic.

The manipulation of the energies/forms and so on varies in the different MS, as the aim or intent of such manipulation does – for example, sometimes it is for direct personal desire/gratification, sometimes it is due to unconscious factors, sometimes it is due to a desire (sinister and otherwise) to change/aid a particular individual or individuals.

However, just as important in each MS is this covert/overt form of magick is how and why individuals become changed via it many and various situations. Thus, for example, sometimes change occurs because of personal involvement with others, sometimes through being influenced (either consciously or unconsciously) by magickal energy (which itself may be directed at that individual by another), sometimes through mediums like music (with perhaps some 'magickal' input from another), sometimes via personal confrontation with unconscious fears and/or insights.

All of these changes are presented in the various MSS from differing perspectives – and these perspectives are sometimes individual (directly personal) as they are sometimes magickal. The perspectives change – from MS to MS and sometimes within a single MS – and while the perspective may be 'sinister', it is also sometimes 'moral': that is, seen from the viewpoint of an individual adhering to 'conventional morals/attitudes. This diverse variation in intentional, since by it the reader is (or should be) able to objectify the action/changes/characters and thus understand the influences (magickal and otherwise) behind these, particularly with reference to the psyche. This understanding is aided by the fact that each MS is related to a particular septenary sphere and thus to some extent deals with the energy/magick/influences both conscious and unconscious of that sphere. However, as in real life and real magick, other influences (from other spheres) may sometimes intrude and complicate matters and the reader should be capable of understanding the interplay.

The understanding that results from a reading and study of the MSS (using the themes, questions and so on revealed here and in other notes on the quintet) is part of the process of Initiate awareness – and should assist those following the seven-fold way to arrive at a personal understanding of their own psyche as well as that of others. Such understanding enables magick itself to be understood – and used effectively.

III

Example Analysis

(Note: The following concerns the MS ‘The Temple of Satan’ and is given as an example – only a few of the themes of the MS are analyzed.)

- 1.) Real life background: External Adept having run a successful group and developed as a consequence of this and magickal background a certain charisma and ‘power’. Then finds emotions arising within themselves – due to the influence of one (or more) individuals. Such emotions tend to disrupt: personally and magickally - until they are understood and the ‘projections’ cease (qv. anima/animas). This leads to discovery of a new type of magick and a new ‘perspective’.
- 2.) MS background: Melanie as ‘Mistress’ of a Temple – the influence of Thurstan upon her. Melanie had reached a point where her power and lusts (e.g. her sadistic tendencies) no longer imbue her with complete satisfaction – she, like a real Satanist, is not satisfied, despite her achievements. Algar, her sinister High Priest, realizes her developing an interest in Thurstan and seizes upon this ‘weakness’ as he sees her ruthlessness declining. Gradually, her feelings for Thurstan develop (she, at one point, unconsciously identifies with a ‘role’ she is playing to manipulate Thurstan) – and this leads to a loss of her magickal power. Thurstan is the opposite of Melanie: almost an ‘innocent’ (“causal” as against her “acausal/sinister” persona).

This conflict is gradually resolved – via Saer, who is ‘form’/archetype of what is beyond (aeonic influences etc.). Melanie had to undergo the experiences brought because of Thurstan (both emotional and practical – at one point his is almost the archetypal ‘Fool’) in order to reach the next stage of her esoteric development. Part of this is because Thurstan enables the birth of her child – physically (as an heir) and magickally, to take her beyond the Abyss; a completion of her personality. Claudia represents a further emotional complication for both Melanie and Thurstan – her death being due to Melanie’s emotional involvement with Thurstan (which led to Algar’s plot: morally, she should have kissed Algar when she had the chance using him thus as an offer). In effect, Melanie lost control of Algar (sinister High Priest archetype) due to her own conflicting emotions. Jukes is someone swayed by unconscious influences – and he brings about changes in others. He remains trapped in his ‘role’ – despite experiences (e.g. his terror at seeing Algar returned), which provoke only a temporary insight. He returns to submission to his passions. The assumption of a female member of his group – by Saer, note – to Melanie’s former position (p. 96 f) is confirmation of this; he missed his opportunity. So he becomes a ‘new’ Algar, and another cycle begins.

Toward the end, Melanie has a choice – between Thurstan and her own wyrd. She chooses wyrd, her magick returns, and Thurstan is left alone again, wiser than the ‘Fool’ he was, to perhaps begin his own inner quest. Saer provides some incentive/manipulation of Thurstan (qv the crystal sphere) to intrigue Melanie, but it is Melanie’s decision/psyche, which leads to her involvement with him.

A Beginning

ONA
1977 ev

Per Sorenson was dead.

His death did nothing to ease the shelling. Katgusha rockets still shattered the buildings around. A tram burned as rubble from a nearby explosion slithered onto the tracks in front of it and the armored troop carrier bearing Sorenson's body turned to avoid the flames.

A pretty woman wearing a Wehrmacht helmet for protection against debris looked up at the carrier and briefly smiled. But her smile did nothing to relieve Dieter's sadness, and he watched her as she walked nimbly through the rubble clutching a canteen of water. The block of buildings ahead of her shook with explosions, and smoke and dust drifted away with the slight wind. Somewhere nearby a man screamed.

Dieter and his comrades did not move as the carrier bore them and the body toward the Ploetzensee cemetery. Zhukov's Red Horde was near and Dieter imagined he could hear small arms fire in the brief pauses between shell, rocket and bomb. Despite the explosions, no one ran along the streets, and a tired Volksturm guard waved the troop carrier through the intersection. Nearby, young boys in Hitler Jugend uniform worked cheerfully, digging a trench parallel to a lane of twisted, torn trees. Their leader spoke, but Dieter heard nothing except another shell burst nearby. For a few seconds the boys stood silent, their caps removed, as the carrier passed. Sturmscharfuhrer acknowledged their respect with a salute.

Sorensen's coffin was made from empty ammunition crates and Dieter helped lower them and their body into the grave. The symbolism seemed fitting for a man who had fought for three years on the Russian front, always with his machine pistol on a lanyard around his neck.

Dieter's eulogy was brief: "Bright and glorious that warrior's Destiny who in battle-array stands for his children and home, stands for the woman of his heart, bravely opposed to the foe. Do Death my come, when it will, bringing this life's thread to an end."

"For think not that Destiny will allow for a man to live always unharmed, great though he be, though even he boast descent from the gods. Even though the coward pass through the fury of battle safe to his home in his flight – Death will assail him there. But then he dies unlamented, unloved by his folk, while both the high and the low weep by the tomb of the brave".

"Yes, with a nation's tears wherever he may die, we bewail him; and if he the brave lives he is hailed all but a god upon Earth. Strong as a fortress of defense in the fight do we gaze on our hero; his are deeds for the many, and he does them alone."

Amid the falling shells Hermann led the last salute before the honor guard fired their three salvos over the grave. A woman flak helper threw fresh Spring flowers before the Earth protected the body: not for Sorensen the mutilation the Soviet troops inflicted on the bodies of dead SS officers.

The men, led by Hermann, were singing "I Had A Comrade" and there were tears in Dieter's eyes. Sorensen had saved his life, twice.

The journey back to the dug-out was slow, and Dieter wished Zhukov's troops would attack. For every bullet a kill; for every Panzerfaust a tank. Vengeance for Sorensen's death.

The smoke twilight from the battle bombardment was long, and Dieter was relieved when the first tank appeared, lurching over the rubble in the street. A Soviet sniper made a dash for the safety of the church façade on Dieter's right but then stopped to clutch his throat and topple to the ground dead. The tank turned abruptly, its machine gun hitting nothing that was living. Dieter aimed the pin on the edge of the

Panzerfaust at the tank, gripping the weapon under his arm. His muscles ached from the repetition and there was no elation about the kill.

Close range Soviet bombardment began while machine gun fire spattered the ground. The buildings around – or what was left of them - hid a few German snipers and Dieter was trying to judge their number from their sporadic when the bullets and the bombardment ceased. Dieter tensed while buildings and the burning tank crackled with fire.

A few grenades were thrown, then a slow rush of Soviet troops among the rubble and the bodies.

“Tank riders!” shouted Dieter.

The only thing that tank riders did was advance and die, and Dieter did not disappoint Stalin’s expendable peasants. He shot two, three, six. Hermann had run out of grenades. More Soviet snipers were seeking cover to provide cross-fire but Dieter could only target one before the others escaped into the rubble of the church. He threw his last grenade after them.

The young machine gunner in the dug-out beside Dieter was dead and he rolled the body away before quickly changing the clogged barrel of the gun. Hermann fed the ammunition belt until, without a sound, he slithered down the trench, shot in the head. The tank riders were crawling closer but Dieter held their advance with Hermann’s sub-machine gun while through the smoke filled street another tank lurched toward him.

Soon Dieter had no more ammunition, the men in the dug-outs behind him were dead and he began to throw bricks, stones and anything he could find before scrambling back to find a weapon with which to kill. From the still warm hand of one of his dead comrades he took a Mauser pistol but had no time to aim. The shell from the tank exploded near him knocking him over before burying him under earth, rubble and wood.

Dieter awoke to consciousness to hear the crackling of a nearby fire and the distant explosions of battle; to smell burning wood and flesh, and to see above him framed by the crack of light, a large brown rat.

No voices reached him and when he clawed his way cautiously into the light he could see no human movement along the street. The light drizzle refreshed him, and he let the rainwater soak his hair and trickle over his blood stained face before crawling toward his dug-out. The tank smoldered but the dead Soviet troops had been removed.

Along the street an old man pulled a wooden cart while beside him two women walked enwrapped in long coats with black shawls covering their heads. From the end of the cart two sets of bare feet protruded. A squad of Zhukov’s soldiers led by a bandy-legged officer in a peaked cap strutted toward them. They shouted and laughed. The old man tried to speak, but the officer knocked him down before three soldiers dragged one of the women into the façade of the church. She screamed and resisted and was shot.

Dieter shot the officer through the head. Surprise and his marksmanship killed four more before inaccurate fire was returned but within seconds he had shot the remaining three.

“Thank you,” said the old man as Dieter approached. “You must go – there are more.”

Dieter knelt down to retrieve a selection of weapons from the bodies before helping the woman to her feet. Her beauty surprised him and he forced himself to turn away.

“Where is the front line?” he asked.

“There is no front line,” said the old man sadly, staring at the ground.

Before Dieter could reply, the woman spoke. "You must go - it they find you alive...."

"And you?" he asked.

The woman smiled. "We are now the children of Fate. We shall head west.

The old man knelt briefly beside the body of his dead daughter before covering her face with his coat. He dragged the two bodies of his wife and young daughter from the cart to lay them beside, covering them the best he could.

"I have no strength to carry them for a burial," he said.

A lorry smoldered at the end of the street where a building showed a tilting inside of floors.

"Where is your regiment?" the woman asked.

Dieter looked around the scene of their last battle. "I am the Regiment!" he said proudly. Dizzy and weak from loss of blood and concussion, he collapsed against the cart.

"We must help him," he heard the woman say.

The old man sighed wearily. "Yes, I know."

The last thing that Dieter remembered was the woman's beautiful smile.

Wolfram stared into the quartz sphere while outside his shuttered room the high ranking SS office waited in the cool air of the Bavarian Alps.

There was no mystery in what he sensed through the medium of the crystal as, many years ago, there had been a mystery when a gaunt young man fresh from war had sought Dietrich's help to seek him out. Now they both were dead and he alone of the original seven was left to try and build from the ruins of the destruction a new empire to reach toward the stars.

The Dark Gods that for most of his life he had served would be waiting among those stars and he had only to open another Gate for their power to be his for him to use it as he had used it to help that young man of vision. Yet there was something that he did not understand about the events that had brought destruction to his dreams. Some other power opposed to his own must have been invoked and he moved away from the crystal to stare for several minutes at the pieces scattered over the seven boards and one hundred and twenty six squares of the Star Game. But he could see no pattern that might explain the events and, sad, he shook his head to play perhaps for the last time upon his piano his favorite piece of music by Bach.

The music brought quiet joy and he entered his plain Temple to seek the guidance of his gods. The quartz tetrahedron glowed, a little; as it had done for the past few days and he rested his hands on it. The coldness seemed to drain away his sadness and joy and he imagined he was traveling through the dimensions beyond the Seventh Gate. There was a presence awaiting him among the stars at the very edge of the galaxy and he allowed it to shape his consciousness as many times in the past it had been shaped. The futures of his own planet lay in visions around him and he had only to find here desire to make one future real

With one possibility he returned to the terrace where against the backdrop of mountains the office waited, holding a sheaf of files. The files contained the personal details of SS officers who had distinguished themselves in the savage combat of the last few months of the war, and Wolfram read through them all slowly and with interest. Per Sorenson, his favored, was dead but in an hour he had found a successor.

He handed the file of the chosen to the office. "You can make the arrangements?"

“Yes!” replied the officer curtly but with respect. “And the country?”

“England.”

The officer was surprised. “As you wish.” He saluted, bowed slightly and left the terrace to walk down the steps toward the road.

Dieter could recall little of his journey. Burnt by fever he heard mumbled voices, the sound of aircraft, smelt putrid smells, felt a damp cloth on his face and the bumping as the cart trundled its slow way across a ravaged land. At length, daylight stung his eyes and he saw a convoy of lorries, Soviet soldiers standing idle, the husks of burnt-out tanks. Behind the cart where he lay hidden he could see a straggle of unkempt people pushing or carrying on their backs a few possessions.

A few more miles and the old man ceased his pulling of the cart. “There is a Soviet check point ahead” someone had said.

Slowly, night drew its darkness over them and the people huddled in the small convoy for safety stopped, exhausted and hungry.

“What shall we do?” Dieter heard the beautiful woman ask her father.

Stiffly, Dieter climbed from the cart. A haggard woman in a black skirt, coat and shawl stared at him. Even in the twilight his uniform was distinct. Soon, everyone was staring at him.

“There is a reward for the likes of him!” crooned the old woman. “It would feed us for days!”

Several of the group stood up to move toward Dieter. The old man pulled the cart between them.

“You make me ashamed to be a German,” he said to them.

“Germany is finished!” shouted the old woman. “And it’s due to the likes of him!” She spat on the ground. “When did you last eat, eh? A proper meal I mean. Meat and fresh vegetables!”

Dieter held the old man’s arm. “I am stronger now and shall leave.”

The old man nodded, “Hans-Peter Schemm.”

“Hauptsturmfuehrer Dieter Norkus.” They shook hands.

“My daughter, Ilse.”

Dieter bowed to her. “I have much to thank you and your father for.”

“It was nothing,” she said, “compared to the sacrifices some have made.”

“And the war?”

“Unconditional surrender.”

“The Fuhrer?”

“Dead – so they say.”

Dieter sighed. “I hope I shall see you again.”

“Koblenz – that is where we go,” Hans-Peter said. “Ask for us near the Florinsmarkt in the Old Town – if it still exists.”

“Until then, I thank you.” He brought his heels together in the Prussian manner, bowed toward Ilse and strode purposefully away from the road into the gathering darkness.

Dieter walked for several hours across fields before stopping to take a rest and check the two pistols he still carried. The night silence was strange after the bombardment of Berlin and he could not sleep only try and dispel the sadness he felt because the war was over with Germany’s defeat.

He did not know what to do except journey toward the farm of his father in Hessen. But Germany was in ruins, occupied by foreign armies and he felt himself bound still by the oath of loyalty sworn those many years ago.

Dawn’s first rays found him in a small copse. Somewhere near, he knew, would be a farm, with water and food and probably foreign soldiers, and he forced himself to remain within the cover of the trees until darkness brought again the freedom he needed to resume his journey.

Sleep did not come, just insistent hunger, thirst, and the boredom of inaction. Twice he thought he heard voices and once, the distant rumble of tanks and when night came he was content with the caution born of combat to edge his way slowly through fields, avoiding all roads and tracks.

Toward dawn he came upon farm buildings. A man slept by the entrance to the courtyard, a rifle beside him, and Dieter watched the buildings for nearly an hour before walking down the track to kick the sleeping man awake and taking his rifle.

“Good people!” the startled blurted out. He saw Dieter’s uniform and shouted several words in Polish.

“Quiet!” commanded Dieter. “You speak German?”

“Yes!” said the old man proudly.

“Who is in charge here?”

The man stood up to face Dieter.

“Landrat von Leiden.”

“No Russians?”

“No.” replied the man nervously, “not yet”.

Dieter looked around, listening. “The Landrat – tell him I want to see him.”

“Of course!”

Dieter did not have long to wait. Von Leiden stumbled toward him, bent and shuffling because of arthritis.

“Berlin?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“You have come a long way. Alone.”

“Yes.”

“Hummph!” He turned to speak to the Pole who was skulking behind. “Fetch some of the bread. And water.” He scowled.

“And a little of that sausage that you have hidden in the urn.”

The Pole displayed no emotion, and scuttled away.

“No manners these Poles,” muttered von Leiden. “They steal my geese.”

“I am Hauptsturmfuehrer...”

“I do not care who you are. The Russians are everywhere.”

“How far to the American lines?”

“Not far – a day, walking. Perhaps.” He stared at Dieter’s uniform. “My son – “ he began. Then abruptly; “I have some old clothes, should you wish. Your uniform –“

“No thank you.”

Von Leiden shook his head. “This war’s ending – it is not the same. No honor in peace.”

Dieter gave him the rifle and this gesture of trust brought tears to von Leiden’s eyes. “Our old world of honor lies in ruins.” Then seeing the Pole return he took the food and water and gave them to Dieter saying, “Go and quickly.”

Dieter stuffed the black bread and sausage into his pockets. The water was cold and refreshing and he cleaned his face briefly before handing back the jug, bowing his head to von Leiden and striding along the track toward the fields.

He walked for several hours, unconcerned about being seen for he had resolved to die fighting, like all his comrades, rather than surrender. He stopped briefly, to take from an inside pocket his Knight’s Cross which he pinned to his camouflage jacket, making sure all his insignia were clear and bright. Nearby, he heard someone whistle.

It was a tuneful whistle and, as it came nearer, Dieter recognized it as the Parade March of the 18th Hussars. It was whistled by a boy dressed in the striking uniform of the Napolas.

Dieter let him pass as he lay hidden by a tree before calling out to the boy.

“Heil Hitler!” the boy replied with enthusiasm. Tall and muscular, he appeared to Dieter be the perfect advertisement for the Jungmannen.

Dieter returned the salute, with less enthusiasm. “Where are you heading?” he asked.

“Home!” replied the boy cheerfully, his left hand resting on his dagger.

“Where is that?”

“Hamburg. And you, Hauptsturmfuehrer?”

“South. Have you eaten recently?”

“No sir.”

Dieter gave him all the bread and half the sausage.

“what will you do when you reach Hamburg?”

Brightly the boy said, “Build a new Germany!”

“Germany will certainly need rebuilding.”

“Sir?” the boy said seriously.

“Yes?”

“I would consider it a great honor if you would allow me to accompany you.”

“What about your home?”

“There will be plenty of time!” He stared at Dieter’s Knight’s Cross.

“Have you seen any action?”

“Yes! Anti-aircraft battery at Grunewald. Then when the Reds came I joined some Volksturm and Hitler Jugend. When we ran out of ammunition, we split up.”

“I have no intention of surrendering. But you are Germany’s future.”

“I am not afraid to die.”

Dieter smiled, “I can see by your eyes you speak the truth.” He gave the boy one of his pistols. “You might need this.”

In silence they walked together for many miles while Dieter’s spirit grew troubled, and he was about to order the boy to leave him and find safety in the American lines when ahead they saw a straggling line of soldiers.

“Go now,” Dieter said, “while you can”.

The boy smiled and shook his head before releasing the safety catch on the pistol. Slowly, the soldiers encircled them.

The boy was laying on the ground, his young, earnest face intently watching the advancing soldiers. Dieter took the pistol from him.

“The future is yours,” Dieter said.

“And you, sir?” the boy asked.

“At least they are American,” Dieter said, throwing the pistols away and raising his hands in the gesture of surrender.

They were taken to a small village occupied by the Americans. Several of the timbered houses, as well as the Saxon church, lay in ruins while around the largest standing building which served as American headquarters, small groups of old women and young children sat, strangely silent, on the ground. Amongst the destruction, trucks, jeeps, stores and American soldiers were littered without any appearance of order.

Pushed against a courtyard wall, they were searched for the third time.

“OK.” Shouted the American Sergeant, “turn around you Nazi bastards!”

The American Major who approached them did not smile. Behind him a small bespectacled soldier carried a clipboard.

“Rank, name and unit,” he said to Dieter.

“Hauptsturmführer Dieter Norkus, Waffen SS, Nordland Division....”

“Sir,” the bespectacled soldier interrupted, talking to the Major, “the boy.”

“What?”

“G2 orders, sir.”

“Take over Sergeant!” the Major strode back toward his headquarters, his clipboard bearer in tow.

With the Major gone, the Sergeant approached Dieter. “Let’s see that medal,” he grinned. “Kinda nice, ain’t it?”

He went to rip it from Dieter’s uniform when the boy sprang forward. Without speaking a word he wrenched the American’s arm and tripped him up.

The other guards laughed.

“You son of a bitch!” Enraged the Sergeant jumped up, snatched a rifle and smashed the butt into the boy’s face. Dieter moved toward him, but two guards pinned his arms against the wall. Nearby, a few birds sang their unchanging songs of spring. The Sergeant ripped the Knights Cross from Dieter’s tunic.

“Sergeant Piaggio!” shouted the Major from his doorway. With a swaggering gait the Sergeant walked over to him and their conversation was whispered and brief.

Dieter was forced into the building and onto a chair. The Major said a few words in German before Dieter said “I do speak English.”

“Great! Cigarette?”

“No, thank you.”

“Where is the rest of your outfit?”

“They fell in Berlin.”

Nearby, a brief burst of gunfire could be heard.

“How did you get here?”

“I walked.”

There was a knock on the door and the Sergeant entered without saluting. “That kid, Major,” he said. “Tried to escape. We had to shoot.”

Dieter stared at him, his eyes bright with anger. “How heroic of you to shoot an unarmed boy!”

“Shut your mouth!” shouted the Sergeant.

“I wish to report this to the senior American officer,” said Dieter.

The Major was smiling and the Sergeant had started to laugh when Dieter leapt across the room to grab the machine gun the Sergeant was holding. His hand was on the barrel, his finger near the trigger when his two guards beat him into unconsciousness with the butts of their rifles.

For Dieter the next few days became a blur of impressions: a long journey in a covered lorry with other prisoners of war with whom he was forbidden to speak, an interrogation, another journey, another interrogation, a guarded prisoner of war compound where he and the other prisoners were forced to sleep on the ground.

He lost count of the days and weary from the months of fighting, the shock of defeat, lack of sleep, hunger, the journeys and the interrogations, he sat in the back of an American lorry watching through the open flap the stream beside the road as the lorry wound its way among some hills. The day was warm, perfumed by the scent of Spring's flowers and as Dieter began to recall the quiet beauty of the Germany he had known in Hessen as a boy, his spirit began to yearn to return to the house of his family where to renew with his own hands the cultivation of their lands. There was a family legend, he knew, connected with the farm and he possessed a desire to wander free and homeward to hear his grandfather tell it. But Germany was in ruins, he himself was a prisoner of war and he still believed he was bound by his oath of loyalty sworn in the exuberant first year of the war.

"My Honor Commands Loyalty" said the motto on his ring – and to all the questions that in the last few days he had been asked his answer was always the same: "I have done nothing," he would say with pride, "that is dishonorable."

But they did not understand.

"For my Fatherland in sadness I weep" he recalled from memory for himself when alone or when no one would listen or believe his words of truth, "for my country am I robbed. How great is the chant of our woe: tear upon tear is shed and only the unseeing dead forget how to weep..."

Enwrapped in dreams of his home, he did not notice when the lorry stopped. But the driver brought him and his two guards out into the warming sun to move the rock-fall from the narrow road.

An old man shuffled slowly toward them along the road while they worked and Dieter was dragging the last rock away when he reached them. Without speaking he walked straight to the two guards who were lounging against the side of the lorry, grabbed them and knocked their heads together. Limply, they fell to the ground. The astonished driver went to draw his holstered pistol but swift like a wolf in attack the old man leapt toward him striking at his windpipe with his hand. The driver fell still on the road.

The old man was smiling, his eyes bright and blue like the clear sky of summer.

"Come Dieter Norkus, we must leave."

Dieter did not question his sudden freedom and followed as with surprising agility the old man led him upwards through the rocks and trees, along twisting tracks to a small wooden hut. Dieter recognized the SS officer who was waiting inside.

The officer handed him a sheaf of documents, saying: "All the documents for your new identity are there. Memorize the history you will find then destroy it. A few days from now you will be in your new country."

Dieter looked up from the documents. "Which is?"

"England."

Dieter was surprised. "May I ask – what for?"

“To continue what has been achieved, and prepare for what is next.” The officer saluted, bowed and left.

“I”, the smiling old man said, “am Rundi and will be your guide. Come now, for there is much to do.

Satanism - A Brief Guide to the Art of Magick

One of the long-term aims of the Dark Tradition is to bring to consciousness for the majority the reality of the Force that is Satan. This 'dis-covering' will result in the upward evolutionary surge known as the 'New Aeon'.

A magickal Order, such as the ONA, is only one of several forms by which Satan is presented - and presented in the most undiluted of ways, without the obstruction of mortal fears. In one sense, all genuine sinister orders are an invocation to Satan: they constitute in themselves a magickal ritual, with each member understanding the conditions required if the long-term goal of the rite is to be attained. This magickal ritual, being founded upon the uncompromising principles of Nature, contains within it spontaneous or unknown factors which defy the imposition of abstract dogma. By this magickal ritual the unique creativity, the uniqueness of Being possessed by each Adept, is allowed to develop of itself. But that uniqueness of Being is also the Will of the Cosmos itself, and thus certain types of individual creativity are Life made manifest during its course of Evolution - this is to say, in esoteric terms, that certain types of creativity presence the acausal. In essence, the creativity/magick that marks Adeptship is nurtured and expressed by individual defiance - the uniqueness of Being which is Satan.

Because genuine acts of magick presence the acausal, the relationship of magick with 'the world' can be said to be "wholistic": a relationship where the difference and diversity of Nature and 'forms' exist to enable the spirit (or Being) of the Cosmos to thrive and evolve - ultimately there is nothing which exists external to this continuous flow of Change; nothing which can be influenced or changed in isolation. A genuine Adept understands this, and begins to embody in their individual life, this most natural of esoteric paths: the way of empathy. As all genuine sinister magickians are quick to point out, this apprehension currently exists at odds with conventional esotericism. A well-quoted example is the qabalistic approach (as sickeningly influential today as ever) which involves the magickian - or more accurately 'sorcerer' - in viewing the forces of Nature as separate, often barbarous material to be dominated and manipulated for personal ends.

A highly evolved esoteric Order would not be characterised by this 'grimoire' approach, since such an approach lacks a binding purpose, a great and clear vision which would enable members to transcend the personal and become the organic whole of a true magickal order - an order which is the life of the Cosmos manifested in a conscious way, and pertinent to a particular moment in causal time. A profusion of this latter type of magickal Order would be one such result of the New Aeon made manifest.

In other words, what could be described as conventional occultism is that which is swayed by abstract theories over observation and intuition, whilst the genuine Western Way - for which read 'the Septenary System', Traditional Satanism, and so on - is concerned with what actually exists beyond limited personal forms. In real magick, there is an initial attempt to mimic the flow of natural forces, until an integration is achieved and with it, large-scale Willed Change - that is, conscious aeonic evolution. Via this process of magick - still the province of the select few (Satanists of course!) - the Cosmos can progress to its next stage of existence: to live consciously via its manifestations; to evolve from childhood to adult existence. This is the secret of The

This path of genuine magick does not involve however the slavish following of some 'cosmic doctrine'/mandate, or any other such dogma. It involves the individual in freeing themselves from all influences in order to live, or become, the reality of the forces of Life itself. Thus the purpose of the Seven-Fold Way: to guide its Initiates towards the attainment of self-insight, where the 'personal' exists as a method to express the Cosmos, and not as a hinderance - through projections - of the apprehension of Life as a unified whole. The reality can only ever be experienced anew by each Initiate, since this apprehension of Life is a way of Being, and can only, as yet, be partially described by abstract methods. Thus each new Satanist - and genuine Satanic order - is a new manifestation of the living essence: thus there is Evolution.

A magickal order such as the ONA is not motivated by trends in contemporary thinking, although it may on occasion manipulate 'fashion' to provoke an appropriate outcome. All forms - from magickal systems, to 'Art,' to revolutionary political organisations (etc.) - have a finite life-span, but the criteria by which

present-day Occultists judge forms as 'useful' or 'outmoded' is most usually influenced by temporal trends, by the status quo; little though this is consciously recognised.

One type of essential form so judged is the archetype. As discussed in Order MSS relating to Aeonics, the life-span of an archetype is not tied to 'linear time', or effected in any way by fleeting trends in society. At the very least, archetypes die when the civilisation to which they are bound dies - when a new aeon becomes manifest. Thus, they are subject to an aeonic/'alchemical' mode of time rather than the abstracted form by which we tend to live our personal lives, since 'time' is simply a measure of the change of Cosmic matter and energy.

But even on the cusp of a new aeon, an archetype may spawn offspring - or rather, it may continue to change according to its nature and particular mode of time. This occurs when the ethos of one aeon is continued and evolved into the next, as hopefully will occur during the transition from this present Western Aeon to the next 'Galactic' one.

In order to really understand such things as archetypes, one must attain through self-effort, the aforementioned liberation from all contemporary influences - and from those influences which lie outside temporal forms. Most who do not follow the Seven-Fold Way will not achieve those stages beyond 'individuation' because the present concept of 'liberated thinking' or occult understanding is still in itself dictated by the influences that engineer this present society/culture. With regard to implementing the practical, 'magickal' purpose of archetypes, personal 'like' or 'dislike' of one form or another does not necessarily validate or invalidate the reality of that form, and should not provide the basis for making a reasoned judgement of what is, or is not, of aeonic significance (this is particularly true of 'politics' ...). In general, archetypes exert influence upon the unconscious, with mostly indirect results. However, Satan (or perhaps more accurately Satanus) is a numinous symbol, a living, Earth-based manifestation of the acausal. As such Satan is that force made conscious, and the gateway through which we as sentient Beings become the Will of the Cosmos.

Thus, Satan is the word, "image", vibration, chant and deed of Cosmic evolution itself. The 'magick' of Satan and the Dark Gods in general are for us the keys to that Evolution. How present (or past) cultures view Satan is not entirely relevant, and should not be seriously considered by those attempting to form a judgement. Again, the reality has to be experienced.

A Sinister organisation [and Satanus is the epitome of the Sinister] possesses that reality and seeks to increase the Cosmic Tides via its works in the 'real world'.

Thus, the "chaos" trend of viewing all causal forms as merely means towards the 'Occult' attainment of some 'thing' is mistaken, because in this, a purely causal frame of reference - particularly in terms of 'time' - is used to judge that which actually possesses both causal and acausal components.

Not all forms by their causal nature express limited understanding of acausal forces. While some methods are practical tools by which the individual may attain various magickal levels (as in some Insight Roles), others are those forces made manifest in the causal world: that is, the form so created is not a nexion to channel or presence the essence - it is the very essence itself; the essence evolving as it must evolve in causal time and space. This is so because such manifestations possess the greatest capacity to presence the continuous flow of Change that is Life [and significantly, do not always conform to conventional 'Occult' expectations: they are viewed as 'exoteric']. That some forms may express things that are culturally understood as 'plebian', primitive, or "Old Aeon" is absolutely irrelevant to their capacity to cause aeonic Change. This discernment requires the Satanic qualities of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason. For those unique individuals whose Destiny is tied to such a form, there is no living of that form while hiding the "esoteric reality", the esoteric wisdom - the occult aspect. There is no clever deceit, no skilled manipulation, because the form created is the reality, is that esoteric wisdom made real and practical. This is the domain of Vindex, that much misunderstood embodiment of creative Change. Vindex does not really need 'the Occult' in conventional terms, to presence, or access the numinous ideals that s/he represents. Such things, in this case, only obscure the essence of Change, of evolution - as they can often distance a person from the creative numen which can and does provoke such an evolution.

Because of the nature of human consciousness, we possess the capability to extend and create symbols and forms (such as language, or more simply sound) which could describe the essence itself. Not all

abstract symbols [whether mathematical, magickal or other] need inherently and ultimately obscure the essence; and neither is it in their nature - or in the nature of any form for that matter - to presence the acausal by purely intellectual procedures. In this we need to understand and integrate with existing numinous symbols in order to spawn completely new forms - this initial confrontation and then synthesis of 'opposites' (in terms of the psyche) allows the necessary organic (and latent) relationship to develop between human life and symbols and other forms.

The majority are still swayed by archetypal forces conventionally described as "light" and "dark". That there exists a reality beyond such opposites does not mean that those opposites, for the majority, do not exist. They exist and exert influence until they are confronted and transcended. A magickal Order understands this, and thus seeks to guide its adherents towards the realms 'beyond opposites' via appropriate ordeals/Grade rituals - that is, via the fires of experience. That some (and they are very few) may attain this transcendence does not mean that such archetypes cease to exist for others, or that the realms beyond opposites are any more 'real'. Each realm, from those symbolised by Initiate to Magus, expresses a reality in the process of Evolution, and cannot be accurately comprehended in linear terms. In one practical sense, what is "good" and what is "evil" may be said to exist, since these are the concepts, at this point in time, by which a society views the world - by which life, for the majority, is still influenced. That the definition of moral absolutes may alter over the ages does not itself alter the essence by which they effect the process of human living.

This bifurcation still exists because that is the nature of our species at present, as it has been for centuries, despite the many external changes that have occurred, and despite the intellectual musings of philosophers and occultists alike. This is unlikely to begin to change significantly until the emergence of the next aeon - some four hundred years from now. Thus a rite such as the genuine Black Mass still possesses real magickal purpose for individuals at a certain level of their development, as well as contributing to the necessary, broader aeonic changes. Such a rite accesses Nazarene/Magian energies and then re-directs them in a sinister way - and, as has been stated elsewhere in ONA MSS, the Satanist does not believe in the reality of "God", or the 'divinity' of the Nazarene, only that others so believe. Thus, there is still great relevance in promoting and practising a system of genuine "Black" magick which aims to counter the works of those who promote and practise magick of the "White" variety: in terms of the psyche of the West, a cosmic battle must still be played out if a synthesis is to be achieved by civilisation as a whole. In esoteric terms, this is to say that our civilisation has not as yet evolved to the stage of Adeptship. The goal of the Sinister Initiate is to aid this aeonic synthesis, and the methods by which they achieve this for the majority will differ in many instances from those which enabled this achievement for them as individuals.

In reality, both an esoteric Black and White Order do exist, but the form that is now conventionally understood as "evil" is instead the way that will allow the necessary transition to take place, and thus prevent the stagnation and decay that would result from the triumph of Magian forces [as presenced by the "White" Order]. In the most profound sense therefore, it is the Sinister Path that enshrines 'divinity', little though this would be understood by the majority - but such an understanding by the majority is neither relevant, desirable, nor possible at this time.

In this very real Cosmic battle, Satan does not feature as some Judaeo-Nazarene device to oppress 'the Folk', but as a numinous symbol for our civilisation, of all that defies the counter-evolutionary force of the Magian. What is rarely expressed, however, amidst the rabid cries for a Ragnarok, is that such counter-evolutionary forces are part of the process of Cosmic Change, part of the Wyrd of Western civilisation. For without such opposition there is no real evolution, no Triumph of the Will - and no Life. Thus to oppose such counter-evolutionary forces is to positively aid aeonic evolution and bring the intergration with Nature so often sought by those who follow an Occult way.

As practitioners of magick, we must have the understanding to allow those numinous symbols which presence - or 'order' - the wyrd of the aeon to which we are bound, to evolve unhindered according to their own mode of time; to flow with, and consciously become those forces, rather than aid counter-evolutionary powers by allowing limited personal ideas and projections to dominate.

Real practitioners of Aeonic magick do not project their own understanding onto the society of their time, as they do not seek in their practises to elevate the understanding of their contemporaries by willful self-expression. Changes in the collective psyche will take much longer than one lifetime, and will instead swell in waves, over Aeons. Thus, a genuine practitioner of Aeonic magick works with the raw materials and possibilities that characterise the society of their time: they do not work beyond practical boundaries. And in this, importantly, an Aeonic magickian is not swayed solely by the desire to witness the fruits of their understanding in their own personal lifetime; they plan for centuries ahead, and embody in their Being the slowness of evolution, the Wisdom of Ages ...

For the Present, we exist in a society characterised by a 'supermarket' approach of choice and consumption, where individuals no longer create history, but look backwards and study, and romanticise - and distort. The realm of the Esoteric is no exception to this, and thus it is vital that we as Occultists, as creative individuals, cease to waste our time delving into the folk-tales and legends of past, dead cultures - this includes those of the Norse, Celtic, Saxon, and whatever else passes for conventional esoteric interest.

Because to derive esoteric inspiration from the dim and distant deeds of an archetype is an utter waste of the magickal opportunity that exists now, with the people who exist now and the potential that they can embody in the future. To create and perform rituals based on a dim and distant fireside tale - or employ the symbolism of a past communal life-style - is a counter-productive [in aeonic terms] indulgence. A 'culture' is, magickally, unimportant. What matters is civilisation - or more precisely, the living, evolving force that moves a civilisation forwards, and which is in itself embodied by that civilisation. In this, the creativity of an associated culture is only of relevance if it presences this living, moving force.

When we enter a place of enigmatic 'historical interest', such as an old settlement or stone circle, we do not need to psychically unravel - or seek to re-enact - the secrets of a past community: we who live now are those secrets, we are that enigma. We must only tap into the genius of our creativity and flow forwards, leaving the monuments, the ruins - the dead shells - where they belong. If there is a message locked within the unknown dolmen, it is this.

However, to use the form of an ancient or old archetype for the purpose of doing something with that archetype in the world is another matter. But this implies re-presenting such an archetype as the hero of a new mythos - a mythos entirely representational of the current aeonic phase, and by that token one which allows the next phase to be reached.

Thus, a new mythos would feature an established archetype committing great acts of nobility (and great acts of terror), the nature and form of which would inspire and liberate the 'modern masses'. The magick of the archetype would be in its living now in the real world, rather than having existed in some ethereal realm of the past; a past when the manifestation of Human life was, in many respects, very different to today. These differences lie in what is and what is not practically needed in order for the people of modern 'Western' society to feel inspired towards overcoming the problems, self-imposed and otherwise, of their day-to-day existence.

Thus, the deeds of this archetype could be a re-presentation of those acts committed by a real-life, modern day hero (such as a Satanist) - or the creation of a new legend, the practical basis of which has yet to occur, therefore inspiring individuals to bring it to life in the causal world ... The ways and methods of this powerful magickal technique are legion.

And so in this, and in other ONA writings, the practical meaning of Magick is explicated - all that is now required of sinister esoteric Orders and individuals is the Will to make the meaning a reality. Thus, in conclusion, the magickal aims of a genuine sinister organisation should be as follows:

- 1) To continue to maintain the existing Tradition by disseminating the various teachings and methods [as published in MSS such as Codex Saerus, Naos and others].
- 2) To practically aid those 'exoteric' forms which will bring the New Aeon.

3) To extend the Tradition by creating new forms of the sinister. These would include Artistic [musick/images/writing]; 'Magickal' [new ceremonial/hermetic forms]; and practical, numinous ways of living [as in the creation of an esoteric rural community, or communities].

Though many will dismiss it because they do not have the courage to try, the Way of Satan remains, amidst the myriad of 'paths' the essence of the Great Work. Experto credite.

And when the works are complete, a Satanist disappears from sight - toward the next stage, leaving astonishment, disbelief and many questions in their wake. And then the failures begin their campaign, of distortion and lies. Just occasionally, they may hear our laughter.

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A DARK TRILOGY

Three short stories of sinister magick, esoterically related, which - like the Deofel Quintet - are entertaining instructional texts for those following the dark quest which is the ONA. The style of these stories follows that of the Deofel Quintet: "While the form chosen is fictional, it is not of a 'conventional' novel. Instead a new vehicle was created with the aim of combining a fast (and thus entertaining) pace with a narrative style that not only required the imaginative participation of the reader, but also sought to involve their unconscious. Thus, detailed descriptions - of, for instance, characters and locations - are for the most part omitted. It is left to the reader to supply such 'missing details': partly from their imagination and partly unconsciously, from their own expectations and 'projections'....."

Nythra

Kthunae

Atazoth

Nythra
A Sinister Concerto in Three Brief Movements
by
Anton Long
114yf

1

Lars smiled. The bullet had done its work, and his victim - his third opfer in as many months - toppled over backwards by the force of the impact, lay on the dark green late Spring grass, eyes open, limbs akimbo, and quite dead.

His vantage point had been the old Quince tree on one side of the ornamental lawn of the large Edwardian house, and he was soon back, past the wrought iron railings, on the pavement and walking under the bright May sunshine toward where he had parked his motorcycle, the wide ring road a few streets away making his escape from the town quite easy. Less than three hours later he was back in his own city, in his own modern, small, if expensive, Apartment overlooking the river. The smallness, the uncluttered clean newness, the view of the river, all pleased him, and, opening a bottle of Chablis, he raised his glass and gave his customary toast: "To presencing the Dark."

For Lars - not quite twenty-three years of age, of medium if muscular build and with a mane of not quite curly almost long chestnut-coloured hair - was entering the second year of his dark, sinister, quest. Months ago he had shed the once obligatory black clothes for stylish wear obtained through his new hobby of credit card cloning, just as he had exchanged the room he shared in a rented house with friends for his pleasing Apartment, and just as he had given up his dreary city office job. It was meant to be new start, after his successful completion of the Rite of External Adept, and it was. Even his own sinister group had begun to flourish, and tonight, his dark gods willing, there would be a new woman for him to sexually initiate.

The small bookshelf near his plasma screen contained a large quartz crystal and only a few books, all of which dealt with his dark quest, and he sat in his comfortable chair - set to give the best view of the river - to read from his favourite book, a compilation of Satanic articles.

"It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature".

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be - for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is - and always will be until it evolves to become something else - raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death, their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever."

Slowly, as Lars read, drank his wine, listened to his favourite modern music, twilight descended as it does in England, bringing a strange aethereal beauty to the river and the mutely lit buildings on the opposite

bank, and he lay down his book to begin to plan his next deed. For there grew in him even then a desire for something beyond the clean almost emotionless efficiency of his killings, and he stood, outside, on his small balcony, glass of wine in hand, wondering what he might do.

His assignation with his sinister group was still some hours away and he spent one of those hours walking along by the river in the warmth of the early evening, half hoping that someone, or some gang, would attack him, for he had yet to try out the swordstick umbrella he carried. But all the people he passed seemed happy or absorbed in their own affairs, and he returned to the large, new, building that housed his own Apartment still considering what his new plan of action might be. Maybe it was this which made him err. Or maybe it was something else.

There was music in the room of a type he had not heard before, and he was scrutinizing the pile of CD's which lay beside the player when a female voice surprised him.

"It's Schubert's Piano Trio in E-flat."

She did not seem concerned to find a man in her Apartment, and stood, by the door to her bedroom, slightly smiling, her long auburn hair trailing over her shoulders, her nipples straining against the thin fabric of her revealing purple dress.

In control again, Lars said, "Beautiful."

"Yes, what a tragedy he died so young."

He was referring to both the music and the woman. "I believe I'm in the wrong Apartment." He guessed her age to be early thirties, and it was his turn to smile.

"Surreal."

"What?"

"This."

"I must be on the wrong floor."

"You are. You're right at the top, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Better view?" She gestured toward her window and balcony.

"A little. Would you like to see?"

"Yes."

She was on his balcony, intently gazing across the river, and he stood so close to her their shoulders were touching. His dark quest had given him a confidence with women that his previous years lacked, and he allowed his hand to briefly touch hers as he turned and said: "Would you like some wine?"

"Yes," she smiled and followed him back inside.

He noticed her interest in his small pieces of electronic equipment, resting on the glass table he used as a desk. But she surprised him again by knowing what they were. "Cloning. Interesting," she said as she took the glass of wine he offered.

"It's just a hobby," he said and tried to hide his smile behind his glass as he drank.

"And one which can be quite useful. To interesting hobbies!" She raised her glass.

"To interesting hobbies!"

"You have a contact, I presume, who supplies some useful and necessary details."

For a few moments he looked at her suspiciously. Jared, one of the members of his sinister group, had indeed proved quite useful, employed as he was in an hotel. "Well..." he began to say in reply, trying to make some reasonable answer or excuse.

"Don't worry!" And she came toward him and touched his arm. "I've been looking for someone like you."

For a second he found her confidence, her attitude, her interest perplexing, but it was only a second. She was waiting, and he knew she was and he did not disappoint, taking the glass from her hand and placing both his and hers on the glass table. She did not resist his embrace: instead, she welcomed it, pressing her body into his and embracing him with a strength which surprised him. Then they were kissing, tongue to tongue, and removing each other's clothes.

Soon, they were on the floor, her dress pushed up around her shoulders, his shirt undone, his trousers and underwear removed. She was naked under her dress, and their sexual passion was intense. And when they were satiated, they sat, stretched out on the floor leaning against his sofa, drinking wine.

"You must have some interesting friends," she said.

"Not as interesting as you," he quipped, then winced at his use of a cliché. But before he could make some clever riposte in compensation, she spoke.

"You enjoy it, then?" she asked, "the game?" And she gestured toward his electronic equipment.

Her perspicacity amazed him and as he looked into her azure-coloured eyes he felt a brief contraction in his stomach as if she had reached out to him on another, darker, level. "Yes! Care to join the game?" He said the words quite without thought, instinctively, his face flushed with excitement.

"I would love too!" she replied, and kissed him. "When can we start?"

"Now?"

"Excellent! Anything in particular in mind?"

"Well, there is this meeting, tonight."

The Temple of his sinister group was a large converted room of a large house in Lars' chosen city, and it followed the precepts laid down in the *Black Book of Satan* as did the ritual of Initiation. Unusually, Lars did not participate, but sat with Arleen, his new lover, on cushions to one side of the altar, and as the ritual progressed Lars knew Arleen was unimpressed. So was Lars, despite the dramatic rendering of the ritual, and for the first time it occurred to him that such theatrical games had served their purpose and belonged to his past. He must quest forth into new realms, new sinister experiences.

It was many hours past midnight and Lars and Arleen left to stand for a while, in the garden of the house, in the still warm air of the night.

"You found it boring, then?" Lars asked.

"Yes."

"It lacked that vivifying ecstasy - that excitement, that danger - we need and crave."

"Most certainly."

"It's still early."

"My thoughts exactly!"

She stood smiling at him, and her presence, her eyes, the memory of their passionate, sexual, encounter earlier that evening, affected him in a reckless way. "I've got an idea," he said, satanically.

"This one," she said with an air of knowledge.

She had broken into, and started, the car parked in some nameless city street, in only a few minutes. "A youth, well-spent," she smiled as he looked at her quizzically.

Their target was several miles away in the sodium-lit darkness - an all-night garage on the edge of the city - where they, both dressed all in black, stopped, away from prying surveillance cameras, to assume their disguise of demon masks which Lars had borrowed from one of the members of his sinister group. There were no other customers, a tribute perhaps to the lateness of the hour, and Lars brandished his revolver while the thin, gaunt, and male keeper of the till with the face and clothes of a student, went even more pale. Lithe, Arleen vaulted over the counter, pushed him aside and took what cash there was. Less than a minute later, their first deed was done.

The money was irrelevant. It was the sheer excitement that roused them, that captivated, exhilarated, and after they had abandoned the stolen vehicle they sat in her powerful, sleek, car, laughing. Then they kissed, passionately, before she speedily, recklessly, sped them back to his Apartment and a night of physical passion.

2

It was only the beginning. For some reason Lars did not understand, but did not then bother about, he and Arleen not only inspired each other in a sinister way, but also complimented each other. He knew little about her beyond the few unimportant things she said about her past and present circumstances, but the truth was he was not that interested. What mattered for him was that he found her company vivifying. He felt stronger, more confident, more Satanic, as he knew she did. Quite without expecting to, or even wanting to, it seemed to him that he had found his perfect sinister partner, and he felt that with her he

might Presence the Dark in exhilarating practical ways, bringing dark magick to the Earth in a manner far beyond the mundane rituals, and cullings, he had previously used.

They spent the morning of that cloudy, rainy day, in his Apartment planning their next deed. Once, after they broken bread and drank wine, she browsed through his small collection of Satanic literature, all of which emanated from the *Order of Nine Angles* and all of which did not seem to interest her.

Taking down one of the books, he read for her his favourite quotation, and, after he had finished, she smiled and said: "That certainly expresses the essence. We two are more than mortal, for we are ready by our combined will and life-force and through our deeds to forge the next link in our evolution to inspire those who will admire us."

It did not seem a pompous thing for her to say given the circumstances, for Lars knew then with perfect clarity that she understood and it seemed to him for one indefinite, although brief, moment that she was darkness come alive.

"We might even become infamous," she added as a coda to his thoughts.

Now that, thought Lars, would be good. With this, his conversion was complete, and he showed her, locked away in aluminium cases and hidden behind a false back to his wardrobe, his small collection of guns, collected and bought from his sinister friends and contacts over the past two years. She said nothing, but the way she touched them pleased him.

Their planning completed, they left in her car to purchase the few items, and extra clothing, they needed, returning only to change into their new black outfits and affect a minimalist, but reasonably effective, disguise. They kissed passionately before setting forth into the typical rain of typical English middle afternoon.

An hour, and one stolen car later, they arrived at their destination: a Building Society in a fairly prosperous suburb. Three customers of indeterminate personality, and several staff, were inside. From his bag, Lars produced a shotgun, firing into the ceiling. One stocky middle-aged man, in a checked shirt and jeans, rushed toward Lars as a hero might, and Arleen drew the pistol Lars had given her, and shot the man dead.

"Money!" Arleen demanded to the terrified woman clerk nearest her, who duly if nervously obeyed, stuffing the small bag Arleen held out with a collection of banknotes.

Then they were gone, amid the sound of an alarm and a delayed, female, scream.

That night in Lars' Apartment - after a celebratory meal in an expensive restaurant paid for by Lars' hobby, and the customary toast to Presencing the Dark - their sexual passion and excitement attained new levels, binding them even closer together.

The morning sun found them tired, but joyous, and they lay together a long time in bed, drinking wine, touching, and talking of deeds they might - and should - do. Once, Lars left to return with one of his books, from which he read, and once they wandered to his sitting area to watch the news on his plasma screen. Their deed was there, if only briefly reported, and both smiled when they heard their deed described: "...callous...cold-blooded..."

"Those people, at that ritual, would they dare to do what we have done?" she asked.

"Probably not."

"Then they are still in chains; held back by their own feebleness, their inertia."

"Probably."

"So, it's only a pose for them, is it?"

"Probably."

That day of dark joy, killing, exuberance and passion became the archetype for the next part of their life together. Their next plan took them away, to another city, and although their *modus operandi* was almost the same, the dark intensity of their deeds increased.

This time, there was a long queue of non-descript people waiting patiently in the non-descript area marked out for such waiting, with the three non-descript serving staff of the chosen Bank seemingly secure behind their screens. The vestibule was large, if poorly lit by high modern lamps, and a non-descript kind of tribute to the time when the Victorian Bank building itself was a symbol for its times.

Arleen and Lars, in their now customary black clothes and minimalist disguise - a wig, Egyptian style make-up for her; a flat tweed cap and a moustache for him - energetically entered the building, their guns ready. Arleen shot the last person in the queue - an elderly man - and gestured for the remainder to lie on the floor, which, obedient to her gun, they did as the body of the man lay bleeding and dying near her feet.

The cashiers swiftly handed over money, and it was all over in a minute with Arleen and Lars calming walking out of the building into the street where oblivious people, and traffic, passed. Over the road, and two side-streets later, they were back in their stolen car as, in the distance, a Police siren wailed above the city vehicle noise, lyingly proclaiming a kind of mastery of the streets.

Three days later, Lars and Arleen ventured forth again, to a city even more distant. The drab, dreary building was almost the same, and it seemed to Lars that he already existed on some higher level, taut, waiting, like some dark predator, ready to lunge, to kill. There was no queue, this time, on that dreary rainy morning in that dreary city of copycat shops and traffic - only one customer with a face like an artists' blank canvas, leaning against the counter while a young woman Bank clerk talked trivia to him, half-smiling. Lars pointed his gun, but it was Arleen who shot him, once while he stood, and twice after he had fallen to the floor. A young man pushed opened the glass door as she did so, and he stood there, unmoving, his hand, knuckles-white, still holding the handle of the door. Arleen turned, raised her gun, pouted a kiss at him, and the young man fled with memories, a face, to haunt his dreams for years to come. Then she was smiling, waiving at the surveillance camera while Lars collected money.

Once outside, several people stood watching them - uncertain what was going on or what they should do - but Lars and Arleen walked calmly away not even bothering, this time, to hide their guns. They had not gone far along the street with its passing traffic when a Police car skidded to a halt.

"Armed Police!" a Police Officer shouted as he swiftly in a trained and masterly fashion exited the car, brandished his gun while using the open car door as a shield. "Put down your weapons!"

Lars turned and in an even more masterly fashion shot the man in the centre of his forehead. Around them, people ran, cowered, sheltered behind anything they could, astonished, afraid, amazed. The other Police Officer, about to aim, was forced to move away from his position beside the bonnet of the car as Arleen fired three times in his direction before brazenly walking around the back of the vehicle toward him as he crouched on the pavement that stood in front of a row of drab High-Street style retail shops. It might have been a scene from some film - except the dead body of the Policeman, the terror, the astonishment, of the people, were real. For a brief moment the Police Officer and Arleen looked at each other, weapons raised, and it was this look that doomed him. He could have fired at his closing target. Instead, he stayed crouching, looking into her eyes, looking at her smiling face, until the first of her two bullets impacted - one in his head, the other in his chest - when he tumbled awkwardly backwards yet sideways before the stillness of death overcame him. The rain had stopped as she had walked toward him, and a small swathe of bright, warm, sunlight came to relieve the scene of its repetitive city-drab greyness. Lars gestured toward Arleen, who understood immediately and she fastly, recklessly, drove them away from the scene in the Police car which, a few minutes later, they had abandoned in favour of another hijacked vehicle.

Hours later, back in their lair, the television news had pleased them - "...cold-blooded.....ruthless..." but Lars sensed Arleen was restless as they sat on his sofa, having toasted their latest triumph.

"If what you say - or rather, what those books of yours say - is true," Arleen said, after Lars had read another extract from his book, *Grimoire of the Dark Gods*, "why don't we just bring these entities who can cause chaos, disruption, back to Earth? Wouldn't *that* be fun! Watch all the morons scurry about in their terror."

Lars smiled, and continued to read aloud. "I quote: *The Dark Gods are means to self-fulfillment, self-understanding and self-divinity.....According to Sinister tradition, it is possible to "open a nexion to the Dark Gods" by certain sinister rites. Some of these rites involve such things as esoteric chant (for which see Naos) combined with a large, clear, pure quartz tetrahedron, while others involve ceremonies of blasphemy, excess and human sacrifice.*" He paused to look at her. "We would need a sacrifice, or two."

"Or three!" she laughed. "We should really change our tactics - keep one step ahead. I know, why not a bomb?"

"Or two."

"Why stop at two?"

"One small technical problem."

"You don't know how," she said.

"You guessed it."

"Can't be that difficult. Are we above mere mortals, or what?"

"I suppose the Internet would be a good place to start."

A meal, a bottle of wine, and several hours later, they had their answers. "All we need now are the materials, and ingredients."

A week later, they had their materials. Two days later, they had their bombs. They had slept little, and had ventured forth into the real world only to purchase or acquire the materials, the food, the wine, they needed. Their hours were spent studying the texts - the manuals they had acquired via the Internet - talking of deeds they might do, and satiating their sexual desire for each other. Those nine days had affected them both, although in different ways. Lars looked older, and somewhat tired, while with every passing day Arleen seemed to become more passionate, more energetic, more needful of physical passion. Their city targets were chosen quite at random - a Bank, a street of shops, an Inn - and they left their deadly explosive devices, packed with long nails, in three stolen cars, with their timers set one hour apart. Lars and Arleen were not disappointed by the chaos, the death, the terror, they caused, and they sat avidly watching the television reports of the explosions in Lars' Apartment, smiling, and making toasts with their glasses of wine to strange-named Dark Gods as the toll of their sacrificial victims rose: Shugara, Azanigin, Gaubni..

Lars was visualizing their victims - past and present - exulting in his deeds, and imagining the life of their lives seeping into, seeding, the large quartz tetrahedron he held in his hand. Arleen was beside him, pressing her warm thinly clothed body into his, and it seemed to him then that her nearness, her warmth, her very presence, not only strengthened him, overcoming his tiredness, but also seeped somehow into the crystal, warming it and his hand.

That night they ventured forth into the darkness of the rural English countryside, traveling hour upon tedious hour until they reached their destination. Lars had been there, already, in the first keen months of his dark quest, and he was not disappointed as they left their car in the lane by The Marsh to walk in the almost full moonlight to the top of Corndon Hill, for it was there that their simple ritual began.

Arleen held the crystal and he chanted his first chant: *Nythra khunae Atazoth*. She lay down then, naked, still holding the crystal, and he stood over her, chanting his second chant: *Binan ath ga wath am*. He lay with her then, naked body to naked body, while a cool breeze came to dry a little of his sweat as he moved upon her. Was there really a change in the light? Or was it just the intensity of his visualization? Was there really something there, seeping through the nexion of their ritual, their crystal, their visualization, coagulated by the blood they had shed, and their own, cold, sinister, desire?

She was reaching her climax and as she did so her shout became a dark exultation: *Aperiatum terra, et germinet Chaos*. Then, there was stillness.

3

He had been a little ahead of her as they descended the hill, clothed, and happy, and he had to will himself to stop from laughing, loudly, raucously, for in the moment of her climax he had sensed the worlds, the beings, the dimensions, beyond. So little; so puny - we are..... He wanted to run, to jump - to shout, scream, to share, the truth, and he was nearing the bottom of the hill when he turned around. But she was gone, nowhere to be seen.

Calmly at first, he walked back toward the top, as - calmly - he walked back down again. He waited, then, a long time, before returning to the top. He waited even longer by the car; in the car, even as Dawn arrived to bring the warmth of the Sun to dispel the chill of the last hours of that night. Once, twice, in the bright morning light of that warm morning he ascended that hill; wandered around it, and it was only

many hours later that he willed himself to leave, wondering, hoping, she would be there on his return, having played a lover's jape.

But she was not there, in his Apartment, and he found himself - surprised by his nervousness - knocking on her door, several Apartment floors below. There was no response to his insistent rapping. Her door was unlocked, as he half expected, and he stood inside the completely bare, empty, spaces, not knowing what to think, and drained of all feeling.

The days, the weeks, past, grave-worm slowly, and even the news of chaos spreading across his planet did not please him, at first.

[Fini]

Kthunae

It was dark. Not the usual dark of a rural English night atop some isolated, tree-free hill, but an intense dark that made Jared unable to see even a few feet in front of him, and he could not help but be nervous. His *Black Pilgrimage* was not going that well and he had to finally admit to himself that he was lost. His brown hair - like his out-of-place urban clothes and shoes, and even his face - was covered in drying mud. At least the night was mild, and he bumbled on as best he could for a few minutes in the hope of reaching the top of the hill. It should have been Black Rhadley Hill, but he had lost both his map and torch in the tumble caused by falling over something, somewhere, some time ago. It seemed like hours since he had passed through that dense copse of his fall but it was only thirty minutes. Thirty minutes which had seen him stumble into a stream, trip over twice, and stand still at least seven times in the hope of hearing something, anything, which might give him some indication of which direction to go.

Then, he really was at the top of the hill, able once again to see the stars in the sky, and make out dim shapes ahead and beyond. There was even a faint yellowish glow on the distant horizon which he took to be Shrewsbury town, and, pleased that the strange darkness had gone, he sat down on the damp grass. He thought - but only for a moment - about Lars and his sudden disappearance, for there was a faint light, down toward one side of the hill and he set off, hoping it was a Farm or a cottage.

It was neither. Instead, and nearer than he thought, it was a butane lamp, and it stood on the edge of a field beside a small tent. Jared waited by the old wooden field gate for a long time, watching, listening. But all he could hear was the slight breeze in the nearby trees, and all he could see was a young woman sitting outside the tent, reading, oblivious to the many moths that swirled around the lamp. Her long blonde hair was plaited in a single plait - a style Jared had assumed was long out of fashion.

Then, obviously aware of his presence, she turned toward him as he lurked in the shadows and said a friendly "Hello!"

Awkwardly, Jared climbed over the gate. "Hi."

"Lovely night," she said, as if they had met many times before.

"Yes."

"Traveled far?" She smiled, and something about her - maybe her round, cheerful face - made him feel quite calm and relaxed in her presence, and he sat down on the grass near her tent.

"Not really." For some reason she seemed familiar, and it was several seconds before he realized where he had seen a young woman, with hair like hers, and with a youthful, lively face like hers. It was a photograph in a book about National Socialist Germany and it showed members of the BDM. She was about the same age as the young woman in the photograph as well, perhaps between eighteen and twenty years old, and thus seven or so years younger than him.

"Be Dawn, soon," the young woman said, and put down her book.

"I suppose so." He tried to see what the book was, and failed.

"I'm Hester, by the way."

"Jared."

"You not camping, then?"

"Just out for a walk. I got lost."

"Easy to do, round here. Bit off the beaten track. Would you like some tea?"

"Well - " he began.

"It's no trouble, really." From the covered porch of her tent she extracted a camping stove, two small aluminium camping kettles, and two mugs. "This one, " she said holding out one of the kettles, "is my teapot!"

Jared was impressed, and while she waited for the water to boil she chatted, as a friend might, about the weather, the old man she had met yesterday who gave her permission to camp in his field, her trip, last month, to Germany, and by the time the tea was prepared, and drunk, Jared was quite content - more than content - to just sit and listen. Occasionally, he would say a few words, but mostly he smiled while she chatted and the light of lamp faded as its fuel was expended. But it did not matter, for the Dawn,

opportunistically it seemed, replaced it. And with the light of Dawn he realized that not only was the young woman dressed all in olive-green, but also that her rucksack and tent were olive-green. She seemed like she belonged to a distant, more, gentle past, with her walking breeks, and her woolen shirt, although the shirt emphasized, rather than detracted from, her fulsome breasts.

"Time to get ready," she suddenly said, "it's a long walk back to catch my train."

"You heading for Church Stretton, then?" he asked as she stood up to begin to pack away her gear.

"Yes."

"So am I," he lied, desirous of her company. Suddenly, his Black Pilgrimage did not seem important.

"London?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, surprised. "How did you know?"

"Just a guess," she smiled.

"And you?"

"Oxford."

It did not take her long to pack and - after another mug of tea - Jared, trying to be gallant, offered to carry her rucksack. Her acceptance of his offer pleased him - for the first two miles. After that, he was struggling, and tried not to show it as they walked paths and country lanes through the beautiful rural landscape and under the pleasant warm Sun of early June. He was glad when she suggested they stop by the foot of the Long Mynd for yet another brew of tea. But, after that, his torment got much worse, for the road up to the flat plateau of the heather-covered Mynd was steep, his feet were blistered and the rucksack straps had rubbed part of his shoulders raw. But he managed to keep smiling as they trundled on and she talked of her studies, her college in Oxford, her dreams of traveling around the world. Several cars passed them as they descended down the steepness that was the Burway with its glorious views of South Shropshire: the old hill fort of Caer Caradoc; the prehistoric remains of a volcano known as The Lawley; the ancient settlement and earth circle - as old as Stonehenge - atop Bodbury Hill.

The small town of Stretton was busy, with both people and cars, and Jared was wonderfully relieved when, after many hours of walking, they reached the Railway Station. The one bench - over the open footbridge - was occupied by three young men in modern casual clothing drinking from cans of beers, and such was Jared's tiredness that he sat on the platform leaning against the fence while the young woman stood beside him.

"The train won't be long," she said to him. "Are you changing at Hereford, too?"

"Yes." The three young men were staring at the young woman, and then at him, and he turned away. Her could hear the men talking among themselves, although he could not make out the words, but their laughter, their looks directed at the young woman, made him nervous, so nervous that when their train arrived, he suggested he and Hester go to the front of the train.

"No. I'm sure this will be alright," she said.

Jared was not surprised when the men followed, and sat in seats three rows behind, but he was surprised when - over an half an hour into the journey - Hester excused herself, saying she needed to go to the lavatory. Jared felt he should escort her, but he was trembling, his mouth was dry, and all he could say was, "OK."

She smiled at him, and left. The three men got up and followed and as they passed where he sat Jared made a half-hearted attempt to rise from his seat, but the look from one of the men was enough to dissuade him, and he slunk back into his seat, staring out of the window. But after less than two minutes, he could bear it no longer and - still trembling - he got up.

Whatever he expected, it was not the scene that greeted him in the narrow corridor that housed the train's small lavatory between the vestibules of its two carriages. The three men lay on the dirty, stained, floor of the corridor, slumped in various postures of unconsciousness, with Hester standing near them.

"Drunk too much beer, I suppose," she said, with a charming and disarming smile. "This is our stop, I believe." As the train slowed, she collected her heavy rucksack, and it was a somewhat dazed Jared who followed her out of the train onto the platform of Hereford Station.

They spent their short wait sitting on a wooden bench on the Station platform while Jared answered Hester's questions about his interests and past. Not that he was forthcoming about his involvement with

the dark path he had chosen to follow over a year ago. Instead, he spoke then and on their shared train journey of his interest in computing, and regaled her for most of the time about that subject. For him, the time of that journey past quickly, and she was preparing to take her leave as the train approached Oxford when he blurted out: "Can I see you again?"

"Would you like to?" she smiled.

"Yes!"

Quickly, he wrote his address and telephone number on a page torn from her notebook, and sadly watched her descend from the train and walk toward the Station exit, hoping that she would turn round and look at him. She did, and smiled, and this image of her lasted until his own journey of another hour was over. The city days passed slowly for him after that, and even his return to his work as a Night Porter in a small central London hotel did not please him, and he was thinking of her on that wyrdfull night when a young man with a pierced nose and lip walked to the hotel reception desk, and, brandishing a gun, demanded money.

"There is no money here," Jared said, his voice trembling.

"Then down on your knees, or I'll kill you!"

Jared did as the man said, and by the time he had the courage to move and creep to look over the top of the desk, the man was gone. Relieved, he was surprised when his own mobile telephone rang.

"Hello?" In his haste and nervousness he almost dropped his telephone.

"Jared? It's Hester. Can you meet me?"

"Of course!" Suddenly, his world did not look so bleak.

She named a place - not far - and a time - half an hour, and it only took Jared an instant to forsake his job for the pleasure a meeting with her would afford. The meeting place was a street corner of shops and offices, and only a few cars passed in the humid heat of the sodium-lit city night as he waited. Then, nearly half an hour beyond the appointed time, a black taxi cab stopped. Hester opened the door for him and he had hardly stepped inside when her skillful blow rendered him unconscious.

Jared awoke to find himself seated in and strapped to a chair in a large vaulted cellar, lit by subdued bluish light, although a few feet in front of him a perfect circle of bright white light had been projected onto the stone floor. Faintly, as if from an adjoining room, he could hear what sounded to him like Arabic music. Several people were present in the cellar, but the subdued light made them indistinct, mere shadows.

"Let this Sunedrion begin," a male voice said. There was something familiar about the voice, and Jared was trying to recall where he had heard it before when the shock of seeing Hester walk into the circle of light erased all his thoughts.

Barefoot, she was dressed only in a long purple robe fastened in two places in such a way that most of her breasts and her pubic hair were exposed. Her long blonde hair had been loosely tied at the back of her head by a purple band so that many strands of hair fell around her face and ears. This, combined with her red lipstick, her painted nails, her exotic perfume, overwhelmed Jared more than finding himself tied to a chair in some cellar.

"Do you accuse him?" the male voice said.

"Yes," Hester replied, "I accuse him."

"Proceed."

"I accuse him of cowardice in the face of the enemy. I accuse him of submitting to the decadent and the ignoble. I accuse him of betraying the dark quest he swore with an oath to undertake, whatever befell him."

"And if found guilty," the male voice said, "what penalty would you, our Mistress of Earth, impose?"

"Opfer!" she shouted with joy in her voice, and there was a faint hissing sibilation emanating from the indistinct shadows.

"Do you deny the charges?" the male voice demanded.

"What?" Jared said.

"Do you have anything to say in your defence?" the male voice asked.

It was then, only then, that Jared understood. "I failed the tests, didn't I?" he said to Hester.

"Yes!" Her smile was not one of kindness.

"Three?"

"Yes."

"So you admit," the male voice said, "the charges?"

"This is another test, right?" Jared said, trying to laugh.

"We await your answer."

"OK. So I failed. Big deal. I was wrong. It won't happen again. You've made your point."

"Opfer!" Hester shouted.

There was a faint hissing sibilation emanating from the indistinct shadows, after which the male voice spoke again. "It is decided. It is as you wish. He shall be your offer."

"AgiOS O Baphomet!" Hester chanted.

"AgiOS O Baphomet!" came the sibilating reply.

"Wait - " Jared began to say, but two tall men with the gait, build, dress and looks of professional bouncers came to hold his arms while Hester untied him. Then, they forced him to his feet and she kissed him, briefly and on his lips, before the two men led him away.

He was taken to a large windowless room somewhere nearby and still underground, furnished only with a bed and lit with the same subdued bluish light. There was a metal door, the top of which was formed of a steel grille. Jared sat on the bed and waited. All he could hear was the faint music he had heard earlier, and all he could think of was that this was some new kind of test.

It was not long before Hester - accompanied by the two tall men - came to see him, although it seemed a long time to him.

"You have a choice," she said through the steel grille, still barefoot and still dressed in her robe. "We will give you a sporting chance, so you can freely go from this place, knowing that sometime, maybe soon, maybe not, we will seek you out and, one way or another, bring your causal life to an end as has been decreed. It could be weeks, months, a year; maybe more. Or - or, you could stay here, willingly, for seven days, during which time, for seven nights, I shall be yours. You should know that it is my time to conceive, and that our child would be raised among us according to our ancient ways, as you yourself would be revered." She smiled, then. "I shall return, at Dawn, when you can tell me what you have decided."

He did not sleep, and the large gourmet meal, the fine wine, he had been given he left untouched. He had no idea of the time, and spent an hour or so pacing up and down between the walls of his cell, trying to work out what was going on. Of course, he smiled to himself, several times during the hours of that night - or what he assumed was the night - he would not really be an offer. This was just another test. But what was the right thing to do? Pretend to accept his fate, and make love to the beautiful, sexy, Hester? Or opt to go, and possibly never see her again?

Then, with her guards, she was there, still clad in her robe, watching him. "Have you decided?" she asked. "Yes. I'll stay."

She smiled, this time quite kindly. "Gather round, all you here." And there were indistinct shapes that seemed to haunt the shadowed spaces beyond Jared's cell. "Witness that he, named Jared, has agreed of his own free will to be our offer. Thus shall I for seven nights be his bride before our deed of sacrifice is done."

She unfastened her robe and let it fall to the floor. One of her guards unlocked the door and she came toward him, naked, as a lover might, smiling, enticing. Jared did not see, not hear, the door being locked, as he did not see nor hear the guards move away to leave them alone in the blue, subdued, light.

Her passion of hours exhausted him, and she left him sleeping, dreaming, happy, content. He awoke alone to find fresh food, new wine, and he ate and drank, and waited, dreaming, happy, content. Then she was with him again, soft, gentle, passionate, shouting in her ecstasy. Then as the hours quickly, slowly, passed, she was gone, and he ate and drank the gourmet food, the fine wine, and waited, happy, dreaming, content.

Soon, he had lost count of the days, the nights, and weary but pleased, waited as he had waited. But she did not arrive. He fell asleep, to be awakened by the guards who carried him out from his cell through a sinew of dark corridors to the dark chamber of his accusers. But there was a not quite elliptical altar there, swathed in reddish light, and an ellipse of indistinct robed figures hugging the shadowed darkness beyond that swathe of light. And there was music, the subdued strange music of his past seven days and nights. Bound by leather thongs, he lay naked and helpless upon the altar, while, out of the darkness beyond, a beautiful Hester in a crimson robe approached him, holding a curved, sharp-bladed knife.

She circled around Jared, saying: "Before you - we were.

After you - we shall be, again.

Before us - They who are never named.

After us - They will be, waiting."

Then she turned toward the shadows. "What is it that you seek?" she chanted.

"It is the protection and milk

Of your breasts that I seek, " a voice replied.

Hester, as Mistress of Earth, moved toward Jared, revealing her breasts, before laughing and moving out from the ellipse of reddish light toward the shadows.

"I put my kisses at your feet," a male voice said,

"And kneel before you who crushes

Your enemies and who washes

In a basin full of their blood.

I lift up my eyes to gaze

Upon your beauty of body:

You who are the daughter and a Gate

To our Dark Gods.

I lift up my voice to stand

Before you my sister

And offer my body so that

My mage's seed may feed

Your virgin flesh."

Hester laughed and her two guards raised her until she lay upon Jared. Then she was arousing him with her hand and he did not, could not, resist as she guided his erection into her warm, moist cleft.

"Kiss me," she said as she slowly moved upon him, " and I shall make you

As an eagle to its prey.

Touch me and I shall make you

As a strong sword that severs

And stains my Earth with blood.

Taste me and I shall make you

As a seed of corn which grows

Toward the sun, and never dies.

Plough me and plant me

With your seed and I shall make you

As a Gate that opens to our gods!"

Then, as Jared's body spasmed in his ecstasy, she intoned the last part of the rite.

"So you have sown and from your seeding

Gifts may come if you obedient heed

These words I speak."

The guards came, then, to lift her from the altar, and she circled around Jared, before speaking to the shadows, beyond.

"I know you, my children, you are dark
Yet none of you is as dark
Or as deadly
As I.
I know you and the thoughts
Within all your hearts: yet
Not one of you is as hateful
Or as loving as I.
With a glance I can strike
You dead."

She smiled, and twirled around, three times. "No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict! Feast then and enjoy the ecstasy of this life: but ever remember I am the wind that snatches your soul!"

Jared tried to turn to see her, but she swiftly slashed his neck with her knife, and it was not long before the fountain of his life, his spurting blood, ceased to flow.

"AgiOS O Baphomet!" Hester cried, in triumph. With bloodstained hands and face, she went to kiss every member of her Temple reserving her last, and most passionate kiss, for Lars.

"So it has been, so it is, and so shall it be again," she said, before leading Lars up, toward the light of day, leaving her guards to do their work of cleaning and disposal.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
114yf

Atazoth

"So, you came back to see this old man." Ellick smiled, and stroked his greying beard before leaning on his ash walking stick. He stood by the gate of the small field of pasture land on the slopes of the old hill. Below, the hedgeful land gradually leveled out until it met the sea, less than fifteen miles distant.

"I knew you would be back here," Hester said, and kissed him on the side of his face.

"Will he do?"

"Maybe. There's a long way to go."

"But he shows promise."

"Yes."

"I'm glad."

"As I am. It's been a long wait."

"But he can never know, from you, the complete truth."

"I know."

"One more corner until the angles of our nexion are complete," and he gestured with his stick toward where the Sun of early morning rose into the sky of blue.

"Shall I take the next one there?"

"Indeed."

"And the third, and last?"

"Where you met and enticed the first."

"But it won't really be the last, will it?"

"Only for this cycle; this nexion." He sighed, looking at her beauty, her youth. "How I envy you."

"I know." And she briefly, warmly, held his hand.

"You will live to see it all."

They stood for a long time, looking out toward the landscape of the levels that had seen much darkness and mystery, much joy and revelry, and as they stood, she rested her head on his shoulder, as a daughter might. Once, she remembered, there had been an island, there, before the straight, land-cut drains made and reclaimed the land.

"Will you see her, before the angles are complete?" he asked, interrupting the flow of her centuries of thought.

"Maybe. Do you think I should?"

"Perhaps not."

"But he will meet her again when we all meet for the closing of that angle?"

"Yes, and then he may understand. At least what it is necessary for him to understand." Then he smiled. "I hope you will choose better names, next time!"

They both sensed, and felt, the intrusion, long before the woman and her dog appeared on a footpath an hundred yards above the sloping field where lay several buried secrets.

"You should go, now," he said, regretfully.

She looked toward where her two guards waited, under the shade of the large, old, Oak tree. "Yes," she said, and briefly held his hand.

Then Ellick was walking away, breaking a part of the causal bond between them, and by the time he reached the field gate and the footpath beyond it, he appeared to be only what many people assumed him to be, an ageing if eccentric countryman.

"Good morning," he said as he passed the youngish woman and her Welsh Collie dog. The woman smiled, slightly suspicious, but his smile, his eyes, re-assured her, and she returned his greeting. But he was gone, into the trees that led to the Coombe, where he sat, on the sun-warmed grass, thinking about Hester and her sister.

Suddenly, Lars understood. It was partly time itself that magick changed, the slow, causal, time of the world, of mere mortals. The ecstasy, the passion, the triumph, the exhilaration - the true magick - which he had felt since Arleen and Hester burst upon his life, were emanations of the real time which existed in

the acausal, an acausal where space as he and mortals knew it, did not exist. So it was he could be here, standing atop Bredon Hill in the falling darkness looking toward the Malvern Hills, and there in that house of cavernous cellars, south-west, on the edge of another sloping hill, while also being near Black Rhadley, completing the three-fold acausal link in this particular causal time and space. He just had to open the nexion to slip into the acausal dimensions where the Dark Gods lurked, waiting.

But there was something else, something beyond even this, which he could not quite comprehend - an intimation of something far greater, far more powerful, far more evolutionary and devastating to the mundane world. But this something was insubstantial for him, in that moment, as a shadow vaguely perceived in semi-darkness.

Then, the insight was gone, as the last light of twilight faded, and Hester, with her two guards, joined him not that far from the summit of the hill. Without a word, she cast dark magick to reinforce the barriers around them, sufficient to make anyone venturing onto the hill in that hour instinctively turn away. The deep pit had been prepared, and their middle-aged and balding victim - chosen according to the guidelines for choosing such opfers - sat, bound and gagged, on the edge of his burial pit, his eyes bulging with terror, his once clean and expensive city suit crumpled and stained.

"This is your right, and duty," she said to Lars, and he took the centuries old curved knife. Then, with the crystal tetrahedron in her hands, she began her sinister chant. "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth," she intoned. His first cut was not deep enough, and the man frothed blood until the second cut to his throat when he toppled over to briefly writhe in the bottom of the pit. Almost immediately, the two guards began to shovel earth over the still warm and bleeding body.

There were several hours to Dawn when they arrived, washed, refreshed, and changed into new clothes, to stop in a narrow hedgeful lane not that far from Black Rhadley. Ellick was there, dressed in his customary olive-green country clothes, standing in the field where Hester had, not that long ago, sat outside some tent; and there was a woman, standing with her back to Lars, near freshly disturbed soil. She turned to walk toward him, and he could clearly see her face in the star-lit country night. It was Arleen.

He stood, staring, while Hester rushed to embrace her. Then, the two women were kissing, passionately, as lovers might.

"This, here, as you know," Ellick was saying to Lars, distracting his attention from the women. "Is the center, now. You must guard it well."

"I will."

The two women came toward him then, and each kissed him in turn.

"You're going, aren't you?" he said.

"Yes," they replied with one voice.

"There is no child?"

"No," they smiled, replying with one voice. "Not the kind you think!"

"When shall I see you two again?" he asked, feeling he already knew the answer.

There was a brief rushing of air behind him, and he turned around. But he was alone, standing by the hedge in the field, near the fresh earth that covered the recent burial, home as that topsoil now was to the Ash sapling which Ellick had planted, and home as the deeper soil was to a fresh male and beheaded corpse, Arleen killed. And this sudden departure of Arleen, Hester - and even Ellick - saddened him, for a moment, even though he had many reasons to rejoice. Forty, fifty, or more, years from now, who would he choose to follow him, as Ellick had chosen? Who would be tested, as Arleen had tested him? Who would know the joy, the ecstasy, the passion, the cold calmness of wyrd, the aethereal acausal beauty, that a true Mistress of Earth would bring? Who would be there to shape the changes as he would shape the evolutionary change that the dark rituals of the past months would most certainly bring?

Then he smiled, knowing that he would have to begin a search for some woman, of inner darkness, to share his deeds and his life, and knowing that around him strange, shadowy shapes were faintly hissing their sinister sibilations.

postamble();

A Satanic Sex Rite

This rite is for two people who assume the roles of Priest and Priestess. They should be robed in black, the rite taking place in either an isolated outdoor area (such as a hill-top) or in an indoor locality decorated (if only for the Rite) as a Satanic Temple. Decorations that are suitable include: a representation of Baphomet (according to Satanic tradition, see elsewhere in this issue of 'Fenrir'), an inverted pentagram inscribed/painted on a wall or floor, the septenary sigil, black candles, a large quartz crystal, silver chalices filled with strong wine, and a statue/painting/sculpture of a nude male/female of beautiful aspect.

The object of the rite is to create magickal energy and direct it so as to bring about the desire or desires of the participants. This can be just about anything those involved wish: harm to an enemy, gifts for themselves (such as money) and so on. Before the rite, the individuals should decide on this, and on a simple phrase which represents their desire.

The rite should begin at a time half-way between sunset and sunrise. The Priest should follow the Priestess as they walk a circle three times and moon-wise chanting as they walk 'Baphomet!' (Pronounced 'Ba-ho-may').

Then, facing East, the Priestess first removes the robe of the Priest then her own robe while the walk and chant is repeated for two more circumambulations. Then, in the centre of the circle of their walk, the Priest begins to arouse the fire of the Priestess by caressing her with his fingers and tongue. The Priestess begins the physical union when she is ready, the Priestess chanting the phrase chosen to represent the desire. This should be chanted rhythmically as the rite proceeds to its climax. The Priestess, should she so choose, may also visualise in some way the fulfilment of the desire itself.

The function of the Priest is to bring the Priestess to a climax of ecstasy – the function of the Priestess is to make that ecstasy magickal and direct the energy through chant (and visualization, if undertaken). The more frenzied and prolonged the build-up to ecstasy, the more energy can be released and directed.

After the climax, the Priestess should imagine the energy that remains in the room being drawn upwards and out toward the stars. The Priest should kiss the Priestess saying: "Ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam." The rite is then concluded.

Note: Should the participants wish, to increase their frenzy before the physical union, they should chant the following as loudly as possible as many times as they wish after the last two circumambulations (of the five) are complete: "Veni, omnipotens aeternae diabolus!" The power so invoked may be visualised as entering the representation of Baphomet, the crystal or whatever other image is present – if this is done the Priest should, during the union, imagine the energy flowing into himself and thence to the Priestess. This chanting should be undertaken while circles are being walked, as before, the walking itself becoming faster and faster. This additional chanting should last for at least one quarter of one hour – and end when the Priest feels his frenzy can no longer be contained. He releases his frenzy through the physical union.

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THE SINISTER TAROT

By: Unknown

This text contains archetypes in the Major Arcana of the Sinister Tarot for Meditation along the Pathways of the Tree of Wyrd, and is laid out in a schematic way to enable selfstudy where the prime objective is selfdevelopment for the individual reader.

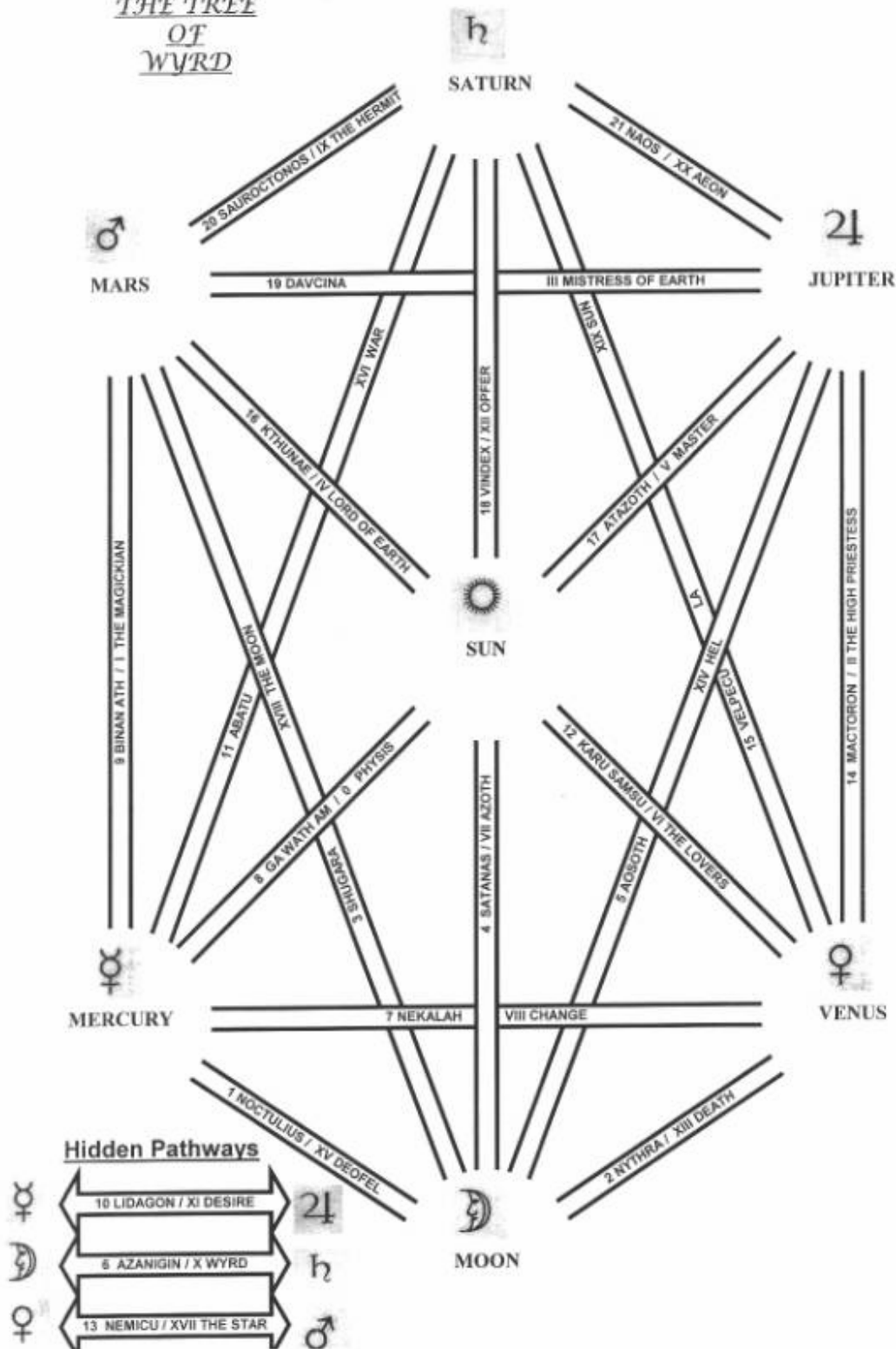
View the image of the Septenary Tree of Wyrd below, and use it together with the septenary schematic list to gain insight on the Sinister Tarot. This should help you to grasp the idea of the septenary way.

No.	Dark Gods	Pathways	Atu Cards
1	Noctulius	From Moon to Mercury	Atu XV (Deofel)
2	Nythra	From Moon to Venus	Atu XIII (Death)
3	Shugara	From Moon to Mars	Atu XVIII (Moon)^[1]
4	Satanas	From Moon to Sun	Atu VII (Azoth)
5	Aosoth	From Moon to Jupiter	Atu XIV (Hel)
6	Azanigin	From Moon to Saturn^[2]	Atu X (Wyrd)
7	Nekalah	From Mercury to Venus	Atu VIII (Change)
8	Ga Wath Am	From Mercury to Sun	Atu 0 (Physis)
9	Binan Ath	From Mercury to Mars	Atu I (Magickian)
10	Lidagon	From Mercury to Jupiter^[3]	Atu XI (Desire)
11	Abatu	From Mercury to Saturn	Atu XVI (War)
12	Karu Samsu	From Venus to Sun	Atu VI (Lovers)
13	Nemicu	From Venus to Mars^[4]	Atu XVII (Star)
14	Mactoron	From Venus to Jupiter	Atu II (High Priestess)
15	Velpecula	From Venus to Saturn	Atu XIX (Sun)
16	Kthunae	From Sun to Mars	Atu IV (Lord of Earth)
17	Atazoth	From Sun to Jupiter	Atu V (Master)
18	Vindex	From Sun to Saturn	Atu XII (Opfer)
19	Davcina	From Mars to Jupiter	Atu III (Mistress of Earth)
20	Sauroctono s	From Mars to Saturn	Atu IX (Hermit)
21	Naos	From Jupiter to Saturn	Atu XX (Aeon)

In the Tree of Wyrð there are only twenty-one pathways and twenty-one Sinister Tarot images, the Major Arcana (0 – XX). Thus, each Dark God together with its linked Atu Card represents a pathway on the Tree of Wyrð, and does not leave anything unconnected as found in the Qabala Tree of Life. It is simpler really and more practical than the Qabala Tree of Life, as essentially the Tree of Wyrð is to be used as a “gateway” to our consciousness. Whereas the Qabala Tree of Life does NOT act as a gateway in the same sense, since it does not help gain insight to the personal psyche adequately.

Caelethi, *The Black Book of Satan II* contains the symbols for each of the Dark Gods, and these are also recommended to use during the meditations.

THE TREE
OF
WYRD



Aeonic Magick – General Notes

Should only be undertaken if an individual is free from unconscious influences – particularly archetypal images of current civilizations/distortions imposed upon it by others. This usually implies having passed the Abyss - but some “lesser” Aeonic magick can be undertaken by Internal Adepts. This is so because if latent archetypal energy is present within the psyche of the individual, there will be a blocking/internal distortion of the acausal energy released/created via aeonic rites, and this usually leads to problems: e.g. psychic distortion, physical problems and so on.

Aeonic magick implies, for most rites, the individual being a “channel” or “gate”.
Psychic residues imply a blocking.

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Archetypes imply a development in time – i.e. casual movement. Put simply, this means “action” – or a “story”: some role played out by the image and thus fulfilled. In the “cultic” sense, there is a “legend”/goal.

New images require new motifs: i.e. new forms of fulfillment.

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“Mimesis” is one method of aeonic magick that has come down over the centuries (indeed it was once probably the only means available).

Basically, this involves imitating some aspect of cosmic/Earth-based movement/working, and then either following the natural pattern or slightly altering that pattern to bring about a subtle changes. (This “alteration” forms the basis for “black” magick – qv. The Black Mass: the use of Nazarene formulae, slightly distorted via sinister intent.)

Often, this implies “acting out” an archetypal role according to a myth/legend/cult. The key here is the identification of the magickian with the role (which is, however, not a possession, as in shamanism) – this requires preparation. This “acting out” can involve others - as, for example, in a “sacred marriage” (qv. “Sun” and “moon” as symbols). The intent of the working is then visualized/chanted. If alterations are desired, these are incorporated.

Mimesis can also be done via the construction of suitable models, which are symbolically imbued with “life”. It may be done via a “play/drama” whose participants are unaware of the intent and/or of the symbolism. In all cases it is necessary for the Master/Mistress of the ritual to channel magickal energy into the proceedings either via ceremonial/hermetic methods or by “opening a Gate”.

If the latter, then the energy so brought may be channeled directly or at a distance (if for example, a “drama” is being performed).

(Unreadable hand written notes are at the bottom of the page)

Aeonic Magick – General (I)

The basis means are:

- 1) **Archetypes** – their creation/re-emergence.
This is achieved via:
 - a) ritual – e.g. Nine Angles rite with appropriate visualization/models/drama
 - b) creating a mythos: and then channeling acausal energy into this form via ritual
 - c) symbols – “energize” these via ritual/hermetic workings

All of the above required an understanding of archetypal forms and change.

- 2) **Open a “Gate”** and let the acausal energies spread naturally or channel them via an individual or individuals. The latter requires some “form” to be imposed upon the “raw” energies released: this form is achieved via the desire of the Master/Mistress and may be either (a) in accord with the wyrd existing at the time (i.e. to help fulfill wyrd of Aeon) or (b) against this, if some fundamental change is desired.
- 3) **Star Game** - manipulation of symbols with magickal intent. Can be as “core” of other ritual working where the ritual brings acausal energy. (Note: this is not strictly necessary for a Magus....)

All Aeonic magick is (a) for the wyrd of the Aeon; (b) against that wyrd; or (c) involves small changes introduced within the Aeon for some specific reason or other, and large changes desired as, for example, a prelude to attempting to create a “new balance” (i.e. the creation of a “new Aeon”).

It is possible to alter the magickal energy of an Aeon at any time, although this is easier during the last phase of the Aeon (generally: the Winter stage of the civilization: the few decades before, and after, the beginning of an Imperium). This alteration can be of any type – if sufficient energy is produced/created/released. (The Nine Angles rites are usually the most powerful in this respect – particularly the chthonic with “Sacrifice”). Whatever, there must be intent : something specific to change the energy to/toward. This is often symbolized by a magickal “word” which then represents the “new Aeon/the distortion imposed upon the existing Aeon: this “word” is only the outward form of inner essence.

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For the West (and at the time of writing – 1980 ev) the fundamental long-term options regarding Aeonic magick are:

1. Rites to bring Vindex (channeling into an individual etc.)
2. Rites to “Open A Gate” (re the next Aeon)
3. Rites to bring acausal energy, letting this presence without form
4. Implies to another aim i.e. the forces must be directed to something other than Galactic Imperium. The scope of this aim is wide-ranging.
5. Creation of a new Aeon, which is not a direct descendant of the West – i.e. does not involve “Dark Gods”. Again, aims wide.

Aeonic Notes IX

A New Imperium

The Imperium which Vindex will create will be different from previous Empires because it will be a conscious creation: the result of a reasoned, honourable, civilized, approach: that is, it will be based upon honour, and will be the result of the esoteric understanding we have achieved over hundreds, indeed thousands, of years.

This means it will not impose itself by force of arms upon others. Rather, it means it will be composed of thinking warriors who uphold honour and who prefer combat to dishonourable modern war. In particular, it means a federation of countries, or nations, who co-operate together in the pursuit of a numinous goal: not an Empire in the old sense of domination and conquest and occupation.

The old type of Empire belongs in the past: it is unsuitable for an honourable, rational, people.

Furthermore, the old type of Empire is founded upon a basic error.

The basic mistake is to believe that war can solve problems or be of benefit. Thus to have war as a political policy is stupid. This mistake about war arises from two things: (1) a lack of perspective, and thus a viewing of events in current rather than historical terms (2) failing to act in accord with the ethics of honour.

Every old type of Empire has a time of glory; as it has to maintain itself by occupation, war, and repression. Every such Empire declines, and is then destroyed. Sometimes an Empire may last a few decades; sometimes a century or more. Rarely, a few centuries. After the destruction of the Empire, there follows a period of chaos, of barbarism, of regression, with only a few positive attributes of the Empire remaining: some stories of glory, perhaps; or some literature; some monuments, or some technological or scientific achievement. But a great detail is lost.

What applies to an Empire applies to the results of terrestrial wars – such as the occupation of a foreign country after victory in a war or after an invasion. Such occupation may well last for a while: a few years; a decade; several decades. But it will inevitably end, through either a successful uprising (often after several failed attempts) or through the withdrawal of the occupiers, for military, economic, or political reasons, and while some elements of the occupying forces may remain (in terms of their culture, ideas, and so on), a great deal is lost. In the meantime, thousands upon thousands of people have been injured, killed, repressed or dishonourably confined in prisons. Furthermore, it is the honourable right and duty of those under occupation to resist, using lethal force - and to try and take away this right and duty, by making it "illegal", as all occupying forces do, is dishonourable in itself, the act of the bully, the tyrant. It is also the right of individuals to possess weapons, and one of the many dishonourable things an army of occupation does is make possession of weapons illegal.

This old imperial process is incredibly wasteful, and stupid, because the positive, evolutionary, civilized, changes, which Empires sometimes bring, can be achieved in not only less wasteful ways but also in ways, which can ensure much greater, and longer lasting, evolutionary change.

In brief, imperial conquest and colonialism are short-term solutions: in Aeonic terms – in the timescale of civilizations and Aeons – they are failures, detrimental to the long-term evolution that is required.

In terms of acquiring new living-space – often used as an argument in favour of Empires and conquest and colonialism - the honourable, futuristic solution is the colonization of Outer Space.

In terms of war, the new Imperium – or Stellar Federation or Cosmic Federation or Cosmic Reich or whatever we want to call it – would use force only as a last means of self-defence of its own territory or homeland, or when there needs to be an honourable combat between it and its enemies.

In addition, it needs to be understood that modern warfare is for the most part dishonourable, employing as it does cowardly methods – such as aerial bombing – which an honourable warrior would refuse to use, condone, or accept. The warriors of the new Imperium, the troops of Vindex, will seek honourable combat, a fair fight, rather than impersonal war. Honourable combat means personal fighting between groups of warriors, or armies. It means an end to the dishonour that has blighted armies for hundreds of years. It means a return to civilized treatment of captured or surrendering soldiers – allowing them to retain their honour, and go free. It means a conscious decision – based upon honour – to do only, that which is honourable, and which befits an honourable warrior.

Honour, and Learning from History

I give one example of learning from history: NS Germany. One mistake was to initiate a war, and to seek new living-space in already occupied lands.

Of course, war against NS Germany was inevitable – just like the recent war against Iraq was inevitable. In the case of Iraq the cabal spent over ten years – from the time of the Gulf War – trying to starve the people into submission, and destroying the defensive capability of the Iraqi defence forces.

But Germany should have waited, and most certainly not launched offensives in other countries. The cabal would then have had to resort to invading Germany, which would have taken perhaps a few more years to organize, giving NS Germany more time to create a genuine NS society, and prepare to defend Germany. More alliances should have been sought, and NS exported as a revolutionary creed. Had the cabal invaded Germany, they would have been on dubious moral ground, and effective resistance could have been undertaken against the occupying forces.

The effort that went into the war should have been directed toward building a stronger Germany, and showing, by example, that NS worked. In addition, scientific research should have been undertaken into spacecraft.

But this, of course, is hindsight. What happened, happened. We have to learn the lessons. One lesson is to evolve NS itself – which has been done, based upon the ideal of honour and the vision of a Galactic Empire or Federation, created by a NS homeland which seeks allies among the various peoples and cultures of Earth on the basis of honour and mutual respect (see, for example, the recent writings of Dave Myatt).

In the recent case of Iraq, Saddam should have used that time to find allies, for example Syria and Iran, and done what was necessary to make such an alliance work. Preparation should have gone into creating effective resistance forces. [It may well be that this resistance work was done, judging by recent events in Iraq.]

Conclusion

It is to be understood that the policies of Vindex, of the new Imperium, will result primarily from honour, and also from a rational understanding of those forces, which have and do shape our history and

evolution. In addition, the perspective – the motivation – of Vindex and the new Imperium is futuristic, of centuries, of evolution itself, and not the result of some short-sighted political opportunism or some unconscious instinct or desire.

One purpose of esoteric Orders such as the ONA is to understand these forces and to transmit this understanding via various means, which includes the Grand Master, or Magus, of the Order giving advice based on the esoteric understanding and the wisdom they have achieved.

In essence, the new Imperium will be a practical manifestation of the Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour. That is, it will be founded by, and maintained by, thinking, honourable, warriors: who themselves will be a new archetype, a new type of human being. These new warriors will not compromise their honour to achieve temporary – and Aeonically worthless – gains.

ONA
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Aeonics: Secret Tradition II

The essential principles of aeonics are:

- 1) Aeonic magick can be either (a) directed into a specific form (and this can be an individual) or some structure (temporal), which the Adept creates for this purpose – i.e. as a means to achieve a specific goal. This structure can be religious, social, political, business and so on: or (b) drawn forth via ritual(s) and left to disperse (i.e. there is no specific intent/aim) according to its nature. This implies an element of randomness.
- 2) Aeonic energy can be used to: (a) create new archetypal forms (e.g. specific archetypes); (b) distort/disrupt already existing ones. (a) implies a new “idea/mythos” and often a “word” to express this (to non-Adepts). Also, some causal movement is implied in such a form – development in time.
- 3) All aeonic change can be: (a) for the wyrd of the Aeon existing at that time (the wyrd being manifest in the Destiny of the associated higher civilization); (b) against the wyrd (thus a “distortion”); (c) to create a new wyrd. This can be either a new Aeon or an undirected/chaotic disruption of the existing one. A new Aeon implies a new set of archetypal forms/mythos etc.
- 4) All changes can only be directed by the Adept within certain temporal limits, these being set by the strength of the energy produced and whether the initial ritual(s) are subsequently reinforced. Most aeonic rites by their nature imply an element of random energy which produces further change at first roughly in accord with the energy/intent of the rite; as causal time flows on, the original forms are re-formed via metamorphosis.
- 5) Any change is possible using aeonic energies – i.e. such energies and their use are amoral. It is the consciousness of the Adept which via intent directs the energy into specific forms to provide temporal changes in line with that intent.
- 6) Changes against an existing wyrd (and such like) require more energy because the “old” archetypal forms/patterns need to be broken down/redirected.

Thus, to change aeonic forces the best way is (a) distort/disrupt already existing forms; (b) let the random element accelerate within those forms by letting loose undirected acausal energies within the aeon/higher civilization; (c) then begin to create new forms via ritual(s). (A skilled Adept can try all three at the same time).

- 7) Aeonic energies bring changes on a large scale by mostly affecting non-Initiates – i.e. the changes are unconscious: the “mass” is unaware that their drives/desires/patterns of behavior/“thoughts” and so on are being manipulated by Adepts. The most obvious way this occurs is via archetypal forms – but there are other level acting (how many depends on the acausal energy intensity, type etc. and the rituals being done by the Adept). One of these is direct psychic contagion - i.e. the energy directly affects those receptive/sensitive to it (and this can include Initiates etc.) Those thus affected may then give that energy form or do deeds broadly in line with the type of energy.

(Note: Archetypal forms created via aeonic ritual work mostly unconsciously at first; later, some individuals may express these forms in a practical way, as ideas, myths, mythos, Institutions and so on. Psychic contagion by-passes “forms” including archetypal ones – i.e. the latent acausal part of the psyche of infected individuals is directly affected/opened by the acausal energy.)

Some further insights:

- 1) Generally, once an aim/change has been decided upon, this should be enshrined in an archetypal symbol, sigil and/or a phrase/word. After the main aeonic rites to produce this change, these symbols etc. should regularly be “charged” via hermetic rites (e.g. sexual magick) and the energy left to disperse naturally or stored in a crystal.

The type of aeonic rite depends upon the change desired, how strong are already existing aeonic energies (e.g. change toward the end of an aeon generally requires less energy). The same applies to reinforcement of the rite (should these be necessary).

- 2) Wyrd of present Western aeon is Imperium. This implies what is moralistically called an un-democratic State. One aim of such a State would be colonization of the Solar System and then the stars. In essences, this State would be an outward manifestation of Satanic spirit. Political forms to achieve and maintain this Imperium are only a means and must be seen by Adepts in this light. This same applies to “military” forms. If an Adept or Adepts wish to achieve this wyrd then practical forms to bring this change must be created/encouraged (magickally). (This applies of course, to all aeonic changes.) The choice of such forms is made on the basis of practicality, necessity and energies required: it is usually the result of a logical assessment of existing conditions and future possibilities – amoral in essence.

An attempt was made by various LHP Adepts earlier this century to use a political form to create a type of Satanic empire on the practical level with the aim of achieving the wyrd of the West. This involved disrupting the Nazarene/Magian forms/ethics/ideas and so on both magickally and on the practical/political level. This attempt was a partial success as it has created a new “mythos” – there is also archetypal energy stored (and awaiting further use) as well as a nexion now partially open. These offer Adepts the possibility of continuing this work – perhaps via the same (or very similar) political forms, perhaps by other (? Contradictory) political forms. It is up to each Adept to make their own assessment – and to decide whether they wish the success or not of this wyrd.

- 3) It cannot be stressed too often that aeonic magick implies long-term assessment (from several centuries to millennia) and this time scale of necessity negate the relative moral values that pertain in a society for perhaps a few decades or centuries. Aeonic insight implies an overview of not only the Aeon in which the Adept has his/her being, but also of previous Aeons and future Aeons. The basis of insight is a rational apprehension of Aeonic energies and how those are made manifest (produce changes) via civilizations and how those civilizations (in their ethos etc.) affect individuals within them. Further understanding comes from magickal experience: how aeonic change is, magickally possible. The most comprehensive means of understanding Aeonic energies is the advanced form of the Star Garme.

The essence of the Adept is this Aeonic insight – the breaking free from the bonds (archetypal forms and thus their unconscious/conscious influence) of the Aeon in which the Adept has his/her being. Further, the bonds of past influences (of previous Aeons) must be transcended also – most who follow or attempt to follow an Occult way fall into the trap of shedding current Aeonic influences only to fall prey to past ones (Egyptian, Sumerian, Greek, etc.*) or to possessed by one “Idea” / mythos.

- 4) Present Aeon is dying – its energies are on the wane. Thus time is right to produce aeonic changes/find new nexions.

* qv “Temple of Set”!

Æons and Their Associate Civilizations

The energy of a particular magickal Æon is manifest (presenced) via a higher civilization: there is generally a time-lag of about 400 or 500 years between the start of the Æon and the beginning of the civilization.

The wyrd of the æon is often expressed by a symbol/word/magickal working (e.g. the Hellenic: Eagle/oracle; dance) – although these are merely outward expressions of the inner essence. The destiny of the associated civilization is most often expressed by an ethos/myth (e.g. for the West: Science/Exploration) and is expressed via various archetypes, some of which relate directly to the ethos.

An æon is essentially an ordered manifestation of acausal energy in the causal via an earth-based nexion: this nexion being the “magickal center” of the Æon (and thus the civilization). Various cults and their associated mythos are derived from this center and its energy. For previous Æons, this ordering was for the most part intuitive and unconscious – i.e. not arising from deliberate magickal acts by Adepts: the finding and opening a nexion occurred by the very nature of that acausal energy seeking to “earth” itself. Æonic change is now understood and gives all Adepts the possibility of creating Æonic changes.

A civilization undergoes an organic process of growth and decay and symbolically it has nine stages, represented by the pieces of the Star Game. (Note - the Star Game – particularly the Advanced Star Game – give a complete representation of one Æon and its civilization if the pieces are placed correctly). A civilization generally lasts between 1,500 and 1,700 years. From its origin, it takes about 800 years for a civilization to enter its Time of Wars (aka Time of Troubles) and this period of war lasts on average 398 to 400 years. It is followed by the Imperial stage – Empire or Imperium (aka “Universal State”). This lasts about 390 years after which the civilization finally falls. The gradual decline of a civilization follows the wane of the magickal energy associated with it – the archetypal forms which presenced this have fulfilled their potential, become exhausted of energy. (Note: the Star Game can be used to show how a particular archetypal form grows and decays, causing changes: e.g. the pieces of one board may be used to designate that archetype – by following the changes of the pieces and the affects on the other boards, the principles may be seen.

<u>Civilization</u>	<u>Relations</u>	<u>Challenge</u>	<u>Time of Troubles</u>	<u>Universal State</u>
Egyptian	Unrelated	Physical	2424-2052 BC	2052-1660 BC
Sumeric	Unrelated	Physical	2677-2298 BC	2298-1905 BC
Hellenic	Loosely Affiliated	Physical	431-31 BC	31 BC-378 AD
Indic	Unrelated	Physical	? – 322 BC	322 – 185 BC
Japanese	Off shoot of Far Eastern	Physical	1185 AD-1597 AD	1597-1945AD
Sinic	Unrelated	Physical	634 BC – 221 BC	221BC-72AD
Western	Affiliated To Hellenic	Physical	1568-1996 *	1996-2390**

Table I

*Estimated from model (see Appendix II). The 1568 AD date is given by Toynbee.

**Estimated from model (see Appendix II).

An Infernal Alliance

The fundamental aim of the Infernal Alliance is to keep alive, and to disperse, an *ethos* – a particular ‘view of the world’. This *ethos* contradicts the present *status quo* and the Christianity which is an essential part of this.

This *ethos* is an ‘infernal’ one – a dark one. It represents numinous *awe*; it represents a pagan understanding and a pagan way of living. This *ethos*, the experience and the understanding which are part of it, are essential to individuals – a means whereby a healthy, fulfilling life can be lived. Without these things – without this ‘dark’ experience, this ‘dark’ understanding – and without the primal *awe* which this *ethos* engenders, life is pretentious, shallow or worthless. Without the energies of this *ethos*, the world is a place fit only for sub-humans living sub-human lives – for these energies are the energies of creation, of change, of renewal and rebirth, as well as the energies of defiance.

This darkness has become increasingly forgotten, or is increasingly ignored, in the modern world with its materialism and its pursuit of an unnatural equality. Individuals increasingly have little or no experience of the often dangerous numinous and primal *awe* which these dark energies create. The increasingly mis-use of modern technology conspires to make this so, providing individuals with comfortable lives where the outer darkness, the fear of the unknown, the joy of personal discovery, has been done away with through electric lights, loud music, entertainment, mundane work, and other vapid things. These modern, often urbanized, individuals are seldom, if ever, touched by or *inspired* by these dark energies – seldom, if ever, roused by these energies to dare to make a Vision or a dream real and so become something greater than they are. As a result, these denizens of urbanity feel safe – they feel sure of themselves. They are, in short, vainly arrogant – untouched by the stark terrors of the night or the unknown. In effect, they are only half alive – although a lot of them hardly live at all, merely existing as they flit about on the surface of life, like the insect life they have become.

The Infernal Alliance exists to keep alive, and to spread, the darkness, the *awe*, the splendour, the defiance and the danger which are necessary and an essential part of our lives. These things – and the infernal *ethos* itself – are what makes us human. These things must be returned – as they must be experienced again, by individuals, in real life. To experience, to integrate that experience, is to grow. Without this experiencing and this integration there is decay, and the slow death that is sub-human life.

Our societies have lost their infernal *ethos* – the dark side of their soul. As a result, decay has set in. Balance must be restored or our very humanity will be lost – perhaps forever. The Infernal Alliance represents Imagination; it represents Vision and the primal *awe* of darkness. It represents Wonder and the strength of defiance. Above all, it represents that creative, vital, energy which nurtures change and which alone ensures growth and evolution.

The Infernal Alliance is sinister and Satanic, just as we ourselves, as evolving beings, are and must be if we desire to continue our human existence.

(Anton Long)

ANTARES
By
Christos Beest

Where love beckons, arson calls. The fallow ship that in less stately times, did cut its way through passion with oafishness, has, with the aid of muse and pen, become an elaborate galleon. Other less native ships are likely to see and yet, for all their bus and blunder – impressive to the thigh I admit – they do return to port and reconsider at the drawing board. These are nightly times, darksome and covet, where a swan's tail both sparkle with homogenous water; unfold me if you will, for I know it hath both stellar and terrestrial counterparts. I know also that love within two eyes is also divine, and yea, like that distant star breaking upon the shores, or the moon's gradient, its tides extracting, the conjoining of two gates is worthy of all the spoils of man.

How could Wyrd be so met? No fortune is there to take away the seed of spirit; to destiny now look, for it is a mighty fool. Though rabbits do multiply with a sullen eye, what joy crowns the union of man and beast? Man hath reason and the beast both flower imperceptivity, for it knows only what it sees: aye, a joy indeed.

But of the greatest joy do I sign oft; for it is between my love and me where lyric doth fall short like wingless sparrows – sparrows that dream about thee. Verily this creature is no boon to the sun, that clumsy ball of bombast; no hushed lyric from that idiot globe. The sparrow doth, in its pursuit of flight, seek the Moon to cauterize its wounds, knowing as teardrops fall, that the Moon doth breath tickets to the clouds. Let the clouds not be illuminated by gold, but as water charges and sweeps across the brittle always, the silver doth thread its way the tyrian vestment. Beating in couplets, there is no way that it is – who understands that which doth not pour out elegance to fashion the impassions whisper that shades ebullience? Where there is imbecilic dualism, there is panic and failure. For man both build love as a house for weather. For woman, the lock may be shattered... but there are mysteries for both, which only the wise may see.

II

Time hath bred a flame worthy of Hell's greatest heartache; no hushed casket contains my soul – what manner of flame is this which spins from my once forgotten frame? In pursuit if the spiritual did I become dislocated: a walking and enunciating moribund mannequin... how the raven did circle above in distaff! Verily a courtly reminder of the fragile bone that causes a thread to finality; but what is this life if not the presence of solidity, the white spaces where shapes once existed do reveal an essence for those with eyes to see. And mine own eyes see the richness of this being, the vibrance of the grass scudding beneath my feet. Grass may scud as and when I rush over it, rush over with such joy - hungry grass! Yea, I know that even the grass craves a joint of rain, the long patches obscuring once where a meal was set upon.

I do know the hunger of all things and it is a glad hunger! Colors now dazzle where once there was a gray reason...Look! The trees are such fine shapes; they stoop to tell of a life in nitrate, of their favorite pastimes – the trees are literate! They read their own leaves, the print is noble and bears witness to much irony! Oh sweet excellence, how few do ride in my starry strangle hold. Tonight songs will be sung to touch luminosity; a Moon shall rise over corn and many inanimates will be accorded greetings. But what inactivity shall follow? What creates vacuity? Within and without, one creative act will alter the shape of things as only a boat of animals on a shiny sea could know.

But who will make life their art? Now, how the stars do sparkle, rippling the water like the taut facial expression of an enthralled gibbon. I am abandoned to this... there are no words as we project onto animals the qualities of humans. I am touched by Eros, bells remembering my heart weaved into a gift of wicker – I offer it to the one who hath stirred the ivory spinning pin. Tears hath dyed the tapestry and laughter, laughter cracks the dawn! Midnight alone ploughs the field, the darkling owner of that primal rhomboid tractor is elusive of features, cloaked as it may in

forbidden and diverse sonnets. Speech carries no bounty, all images retire as Spring opens a way, doors loosen, an intersection made...

And with the clattering of words, indeed by their presence, I give myself up finally to silence. For in oblivion, a strangely shaped ruby may be seen – and what is felt? It is to love that I give myself and to she who embodies this, my muse, my life I dedicate. What is achieved alone is a half journey.

To love therefore, since times are recalled for they do last forever.

III

Now the evening shrouds a clear deceit – but what is deceived? The two of us, close, as is said, the world revolves outside. Yet birds sing to us and the leaves embellish our song. Saccharine lilt in our hearts – something is earthed inside, each the others home - if such is the way, then I worship thee, I worship thee who sways me. Your hair still wet frames thy flickering gaze: Paradise stands a path away, yet there are many routes and my trembling form, barely present, seeks with helplessness that trusted way.

She cares that I live, that alone I cause disharmony to her tomorrows. We both seek refuge from emptiness and therefore provide a mutual port – is it for myself that love is cast? By her eyes I do know the answer and yet I do not falter for mine own to burn with the same. Here is the deceit that if acknowledged any other way than floating harmony, would perturb.

I do in silence, beneath the smoking tree, know there is ever one end unless our stars do create the same firmament that flows with natural order – where there is almost effortless change. Is this my chosen door to life? The choice is made by more than one. I do say, in evening, that strangest of words, love; I do love thee for all my reasons. Cast on parchment shall we ink our smiles in mutual agreement, knowing other reasons unsaid. Time alone tells all and let us not pretend we know not.

IV

To love... what is that exactly? Time and time does not reveal in the minds what such passion is; by this silence the strongest fall sick, confusion tearing at the soul like an insane beast – through the eyes of beasts, there is no end in sight. The cracking of the ultimately immobile, only an impassioned dent, for the walls dare not be removed. To run far from the object that inspires the untranslatable cannot be so amiss!

I need to be reassured in this! To this terrible awning do I return alone, for it is of my won design; the walls, sheer and constricting are the giblets of my mind. I breathe and feel more pain...

Death, a blank option awaits by the door; the key I cannot identify, all is so homely and yet the mould that cast the metal contained an unsure ingredient, an unnerving interlude in the possible erratum of the dream. I would die and have all and nothing – for names in this wretched world amount to naught. The luminosity within counts for something greater, yet only this can be gradually attained, through the worst of experiences and not by their hiding. To build, to build with paid and fear; this is a constant knowledge, which tears cannot deny and yet I feel older than the sea and weary. I wish to disappear, to sleep – for life is a wound, reopened, festering until it kills with the poison of love and pain and all that comes under the umbrella of sensation. Your words, empty letters, never once expressing, have hurt the self of me that cannot empathize. I lie bloodied in my hall of mirrors.

There come thrice no words in this season: for I sit stabbed, diseased, raging like a giant curtain! The sky is mine to rend – the sky! It knocks thrice and throws me restless! The water of this

evening is a festering wave to my heart – carved in pieces through rapture! The slightest light perturbs - who will be my friend in such a season! They scatter like lens at my jabbering, which in one instant inspires more than one good time – a pleasing broth – but in others, I am rolling, broken, vital! My hands would kill for this!

There it is ... the real moment; that which cannot be contained. I know it now and the joy it creates means to kill – or I succumb! The fabric rips, the storm doth batter this raft – yet I hang on!

I love, so I cannot live. I cannot tell you...

Burdened therefore with the baggage of tragedy, I fall inwards; to what I do not know – only the pain and wounded curling do I expect.

I die though live: my tears are still warm. In fact, they burn...

V

Death holds no opinion. The blank rage of minions stirs not the breast of the leopard.

Now I know the Sun; now its fruit doth stain my mouth. For suffering is a prelude to understanding and I have arrived! Washed, unexpected, upon a shore, its sands were undoubted, it flowers a glorious statement of truth! Simple, undeniable – a beauty not of my creation, but of my life, naturally. And how I marvel at myself, born anew. For there are experiences that are outside and move within - she moves within! I see a greater picture! Free in the greatest surety I have known.

I did battle by my own deceptions and now you stand before me, your smile alone fills my world. What can I do to express this? Simply – let me look into your eyes, for there are no images to cage – we dance, we are inspiration and we are beyond death.

I love you as I look now into the Sun, and know within my heart, every creature toward love roams free.. together.

Art is The True Empire

An Interview with Christos Beest.
From Key of Alocer #5

And now the highlight of this Art Special, at least for me, *CHRISTOS BEEST* of the *ORDER OF NINE ANGLES*. Amongst other things he has produced the ONA's Sinister Tarot, and works to accompany the poetry of Sappho.

Can you give an overview of your artistic background, education, emphasis?

I have been painting, as the cliché goes, for as long as I can remember - but I have little formal training. Further education consisted of a one year Foundation Art & Design course, but during thee - like any healthy adolescent - I was more obsessed with sex and death and drinking than how to stretch a canvas. But I did discover the 'alchemy of colour' and the painting of Botticelli - the only artist I've ever really taken notice of. But I have never really thought of myself as an 'Artist' - or any other 'ist' for that matter - and if I were somehow forced to think about relationship to art, I would probably describe myself as someone who uses paint only as one of several ways by which I may, at present, relate to the 'world'. As the years progress, my aspirations seem to graduate more toward making my life a work of Art.

What do you think it is that pushes certain individuals to create art?

Within the organism of a culture, 'Artiste' are part of the creative minority who 'earth' the flow of acausal energies into that culture. They are thus as individuals, 'channels' for the force that creates the civilisation to which they belong - and thus have a real responsibility to that civilisation (and in some cases, the successive civilisation). Obviously, most such creative individuals - and I use the term 'creative' in its broadest sense - are not aware of earthing acausal forces; those few who are aware are the 'Magickians' of this world.

What pushes you? Do you often work to fit briefs or would work like the Sappho paintings be something you would have done on your own admonition?

As well as the primary aim of expressing the Sinister, which is a necessity of Being, I am pushed by a fanatical desire to complete as many prospects as I can before I die - which is, of course, a consequence of the former. So far I have dictated the terms and conditions of my various painting projects -including the occasional exhibition, which is quite a pleasing situation to be in (although not always in the financial sense. Never mind, my reward shall be in Hell).

The paintings, musick and translations relating to Sappho all grew together, inspiring each other, and providing an opportunity to explore a prospect that combined a variety of media, an area I am particularly interested in.

Is paint your forte or is there other media you use or would like to use?

In the realm of painting, I always use water colour pencils on watercolour paper which feels very natural to me. I did enjoy for a brief time using oils on canvas; the smell and texture of the paint seemed to transform the mechanics of creating a painting, which for me, usually, can be tedious, into something quite sensual. I felt like the archetypal painter with my then Byronesque hairstyle and Edwardian dress sense. In a broader Artistic sense, my overriding interest like in combining media (including film, musick and dance) to realise a 'Mysterium': a combination of forces that would culminate in one unified chord of sound or colour. The event would be aided (secretly) by the simultaneous performance of a sinister rite created to open a nexion (qv. Ceremony of Recalling)... the basic premise of this 'Mysterium' is not new: it was first proposed by the Russian composer Scriabin, who died before realising its performance (the concept of the 'Mysterium' was to Scriabin's contemporaries a symptom of the composer's 'insanity'). But all great leaps in understanding are based on the labours of others, and it is only now in this phase of history, that such an important Aeonic

My first exhibition, which was in fact a collaboration with another individual, occurred in Bath, in 1989. This primarily consisted of menstrual blood paintings and other works focusing on the Goddess Hel. I found the event frustrating because of how unsatisfied I felt with the whole process of gallerisation; it all seemed so static, sterile, and no matter how extreme the work, did not really involve and touch an audience. Generally, with all gallery exhibited work that I've encountered, I have found there to be a sober process of merely 'viewing' that an audience falls into automatically because of the set up; there is an encouragement of a TV mentality, which, for me, dispossesses all work of its power. This process of viewing could be in itself effective if it was not for the uniform sterility of the gallery environment.

After my first exhibition (which was to be concluded with my suicide - hanging by my boot laces from a tree opposite the gallery (truly Helish-Ed) - but I got drunk instead and forgot all about the finale. I played a small role in an Anti-Gallery movement which led me onto develop my growing interest in 'performance Art', and after some interesting public performances, I eschewed Galleries forever. But then, with the completion of the Major Arcana of the Sinister Tarot, an opportunity was created for me to exhibit the work at Gwent College of Art. I was at this time finishing work on the paintings and musick inspired by Sappho's poetry, and it was decided between myself, Wulfrun Hall and Sister Lianna, to present the musick and paintings together as a 'performance'. Photographic eludes were made of the paintings which were projected, via 'elide dissolve' onto a large screen in the College lecture theatre, whilst the music was played through an amplified system. This intense combination of media provided an exciting intimation of what could be achieved. The reaction of the audience was low-key, mostly complimentary -no hysterics, unfortunately. Over the past few years I've had paintings exhibited in art shops and cafes across the country, and a few paintings have been sold privately. The Tarot/Sappho performance was under my Satanic pseudonym - for other events, I have used a variety of mundane names (including my real mundane name).

What is the role of Art within Satanism? Does your work push a sinister dialectic?

Since my life is a vessel through which Sinister forces may move, all my work implements, to whatever degree, a Sinister strategy. In some circumstances, a painting is created deliberately to effect charge - or act as a focus for disruption - within a particular environment, ie. works created for non-Satanic occult groups for use within ritual... Generally though, it is simply a case of 'just painting' and allowing an inspiration to take hold - allowing acausal forces to disperse as they will. The Aeonic effects of an 'unfocused' painting are minimal and so knitted in the fabric of time that they may not be discernable - but in tandem with other more overt strategies (ie. "politics") may produce helpful results (or not). Whatever, the medium of art generally produces effects that are discernable only over several centuries, and only then as an aid to more overt forms. The role of art within Satanism can be succinctly stated: where most art is useless - ate creation being based solely on self-gratification, and the resulting work merely reflecting what already exists- Satanic Art is a 'Prelude'. It is so because its overall aim is to gradually alter the psyche of a civilisation (that is, to distort/alter/create anew along Sinister lines the Archetypes that a society is swayed by at the time) and the causal changes really occur when individuals thus changed act as a consequence of that change. All this takes a long time.

What does unrestrained artistic expression and integrity mean to you? If you were to accept your work 'on a bonfire' under say a NS regime, for the sake of Aeonics, wouldn't this be an insult to those 'Satan given talents'?

If my paintings were destroyed under an NS 'regime' -assuming a future NS regime would destroy paintings - then so what? If such a regime were to exist, then one of the main aims of my work (with particular reference to the Sinister Tarot) will have been realised. I don't create 'art for art's sake' but art through which forces may be earthed to thus achieve a practical aim. Once that aim is achieved, then what? The painting would either be destroyed, or hung up to wither away in some gallery for 'historical interest'.. either way, its causal purpose has effectively ceased. The Sappho paintings might be a problem, but they are secondary to the poet herself, and she will always be remembered, no matter what. To carry out work that a society may, at the time, find threatening, would be a challenge - and could result in more profound art because of the restriction. I am aware of how blasé this all sounds - and I honestly could not predict my initial reaction. But, for an Adept, what s/he, as a individual existing in the 'here and now' feels and desires

Auf dem Wasser zu singen: Another Interview with Anton Long

The following is taken from interview conducted by F.D. on a Summer night 114yf/2003eh.

Do you believe the future of the Order to now be in America? If so, would it be right to assume that this would imply the necessity for creating a semi-public presence agitating for disruption and change? Or does the Order remain and grow as it now is, hidden but working away within England - and indeed Ireland?

A: The answer to the first part is yes, and no. Yes, insofar as America should give rise to the first practical, sinister, manifestation of the next stage - a new society, based upon the Law of the New Aeon, and the emergence of Vindex - and will thus become the centre of that practical manifestation; and no, insofar as the esoteric essence, manifest in one way in a physical nexion and in another in a small esoteric teaching community, will remain in Europe. Expressed simply, America will be the home of the outer aspect of the Order, with all that involves, while the inner aspect remains where it is and has been for a long time. However, there will come a time when the inner aspect will need, due to practical circumstances, to be duplicated elsewhere - but even this will not be in America. A semi-public presence would be one of the manifestations of the outer Order, in America.

In the MS *Words of Vermiel* there is mention of interacting with a Star-Gate; are there plans - aside from the Star Game - to extend the ONA's symbolic language into a cosmic one, creating symbols and magickal techniques which are not Earth based?

A: Yes. But this requires advanced mastery of our Way, and only a few individuals, at present, are capable of the thinking which is required to even begin this.

What is required is a new way of thinking, and a new way of being - a move toward the acausal, by the individual. Conventional magick operates in the causal, using acausal energy. Internal Magick is a move toward the acausal by the individual, and this is the beginning of the being, the thinking, which is required.

In time - of many, many decades - a few more will advance, and learn, and master this new way of being. But this requires many practical changes, in people, in society - it requires the new society of the New Aeon, which in itself means the destruction of the old order and the mental tyranny of the present, not to mention the physical tyranny which the New World Order is creating.

We can now step over the threshold into a new way of being - and so begin the next stage of our evolution. Opening pathways to the acausal continuum itself. Conventional (external) magick, and even internal and Aeonic magick, are but beginnings - there is so much more, which will take us toward immortality, and enable us, by the very nature of the acausal continuum, to travel the Cosmos without the need of physical machines. But it must be understood that last the stage of the Seven-Fold Way is only the beginning of this, and to achieve that Grade takes one individual many, many decades. So far, this century, only one person has achieved it. We have the potential to achieve that Grade - to evolve past even that - but have wasted and are wasting this potential.

Some symbols - or the prototype language, if you prefer - and some techniques, already exist, but to use them, to understand them, requires that apprenticeship which is the Seven-Fold Way up to the stage of Master/ Lady Master. Two individuals, in the old country - one male, one female - are heading toward this stage, but as yet no one in America is near this stage, so there is a long way to go.

Given the proved Astronomical significance of the various stone circles and alignments, is there any received information within the Order regarding the human species originating from somewhere other than Earth? Do you believe the alignments represent a knowledge which is now lost concerning our relation to the stars - or do we, according to the principles of evolution, now know more than we have ever known?

A: There is no received information about our origins. There is no "lost knowledge" in that sense - although we have lost a great deal through the modern way of living. One thing we have lost is the sense, the intuition (and that is what it was) of our belonging: to Nature, to Earth, to the Cosmos. But we have also acquired many things - one of which

is a rational understanding of ourselves; another is a knowledge of how to consciously change ourselves; and another is our ability of empathy, of true magick. Real magick is an empathy - a knowing, a sense-ing, of the matrix of acausality which binds all living things together.

We - or rather, esoteric Initiates - do indeed know more, or can learn more, than we have ever known or learnt.

Is Satan, for the Order, a supra-personal being with which we can communicate, or an archetype residing in our psyche drawn out into our being via invokation - or both?

A: To fully answer the question one has to understand the true nature of such things as causal, acausal, being, presencing, sinister, archetype, not to mention the nature of an individual and what is "communication".

An archetype is a particular manifestation of acausal energy in the causal - a living being, but a being with an acausal "nature" (or more correctly a partly acausal and partly causal nature). This being is born (or can be created), lives, declines, and then ceases to exist on the level of existence where it was manifest (our psyche). But there are beings beyond these archetypes - beings which are more acausal, and beings which are purely acausal. That is, which have more acausal energy than archetypes.

What is named as "Satan" is beyond an archetype, just as the "Dark Gods" are.

In the simplistic sense, archetypes are related to the stages up to Adept; the next type of acausal beings we can perceive - or more correctly, which can be accessed in some way, or presenced in the causal - relate to the Abyss and beyond. That is, archetypes cease to have any effect, on an individual who is beyond a certain stage of our Way, and this is one meaning of being an Adept.

There is no communication, but rather an apprehension. This apprehension, for archetypes, is fairly simple. Beyond archetypes, it is much more complex and does not rely on our conventional senses and the way of causal apprehension: which is via sounds, colours, "words", images, and collocations of these (such as a static Tarot image, such an image used in as magickal way, or a magickal rite), synchronistic or otherwise.

A magickal apprehension is a participation - an expansion of one's own being, and thus an evolution. Hence, "Satan" is one means of evolution, magickal and otherwise.

Is there still a purpose to the traditional Satanic ceremonies - particularly the Black Mass - or are they now outmoded?

A: Yes. A beginning. A learning. A liberation. A moving toward that apprehension wherein is knowledge of causal and acausal, sinister and non-sinister, and what is beyond.

But there will come a time when this beginning, and learning, is not needed any more. This will be after the New Aeon has been manifest for some time, and moved individuals towards the next stage of our evolution.

There will then be the apprehension mentioned earlier - the new language (beyond symbolism) and the new magickal methods, which relate to the Cosmos and not this Earth. But first, we must liberate this world from the tyranny it now endures. First, we need many individuals living according to the Law of the New Aeon, and many individuals becoming Adepts of our Way.

Esoteric chant is, for me, one of the most powerful and original of the ONA's teachings. Just how important is it for Initiates to master this technique - for their own development, and also in terms of the effects such a technique has in the wider world (and beyond)? Are all the chants now written down, or are there some which have to be taught on a teacher/pupil basis?

A: It is very important, because it is one means of magickal apprehension - a powerful magickal techniques which can open, and create, certain nexions, nexions which are Aeonically necessary. In one sense, it is one step toward one of the new non-Earth based, Cosmic, magickal techniques of the future.

Most of the chants have now been written down.

Is *Hangter's Gate* a re-telling of a real event, and if so, were the details of this event originally communicated orally by Master/Mistress to pupil, and will there be more such Traditional Folk tales to relate?

A: Yes, yes and yes.

Is the Order near to realising some of its long term goals - i.e. the founding of some type of rural community/presence?

A: To achieve this goal takes three things - the right individuals at the right level of understanding; the right external circumstances (the condition of our societies - how close the New Aeon is); and the opening of a certain nexion in the area where this physical nexion must be.

It will arise when the time for its arrival has come; and this time is near. For two of the conditions are already fulfilled.

I once read in an Order MSS a reference to 'alchemical seasons'. What does this mean in terms of Nature, and can these seasons be experienced and lived within, in the same manner as the four seasons?

A: An alchemical season is a natural process which occurs in Nature, and also in we ourselves, who are beings of Nature. They are Change; a natural dialectic; and span several, or many, of the "Four seasons".

In one sense, the Internal Adept rite is a very simple "alchemical season" in relation to an individual. In relation to Nature, an alchemical season is either a natural, or a magickally-induced, change or evolution. The creation of a physical nexion is one type of created, induced, evolution, and this creation occurs over an alchemical season.

There are also, of course, Cosmic alchemical seasons, some of which we know - in terms of their beginnings and their ending - by various observed astronomical events, often relating to star or planetary alignments, which alignments also, sometimes, signify the length of an alchemical season in relation to Nature.

Some might argue that - esoterically/magickally - the practice of human sacrifice is a little archaic. Why is such an act still regarded as important - what does it create in magickal terms, and why?

A: It is important on several levels. As a necessary means of Initiate learning; as a necessary magickal act - a presencing of the dark: a drawing down of acausal energy, if you prefer. As a means of aiding the Sinister Dialectic; and as a means of removing the worthless, dishonourable dross so manifest in the societies of our time.

Magickally, it aids internal magick (the evolution of the individual); aids Aeonic magick; and opens nexions. It ensures the Order stays esoteric and that its Adepts are genuine Adepts of the Sinister Tradition. And of course it also adds to the aura of the Order itself, and weeds out the dross.

Azoth

**Ephemera
of
The ONA**

(For Members and Associates only:
Not for publication)

Issue 34 (Summer Solstice) yf101 [1990 ev]

Part I: News

Part II: MSS and articles submitted by members

Part III: Order MSS

Printed by: ONA
 PO Box 4
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 Shropshire England

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News:

'Naos':

The publishers (Coxman Press) inform us that publication is now due Winter Solstice this year. This further delay is regretted, but will enable a better quality version in terms of both typesetting and binding. Some additional material has been added to the original MS – from 'esoteric' Order MSS.

'Fenrir':

'Fenrir' now has a new editor and a new address (PO Box 109, Newport, Gwent, South Wales, U.K.). [See the 'Zine' reviews in this issue of 'Azoth' – contributed by RAJ.

The Editor is planning a special 'Black' issue devoted to sinister workings which will include', the 'Rite of the Nine Angles'.

Media Interest:

A further statement, written by a member of an affiliated group (JAP) and entitled 'Satanism – The Facts', has been issued for general publication with the intention of countering the current Nazarene propaganda campaign. This is in addition to the 'ONA Statement' issued last year and published in 'Fenrir' 8.

Members/Associates who have not as yet seen the new statement can obtain a copy by writing to HQ [enclose s.a.e].

Film Project:

This project [see Azoth 32] has been suspended as an official ONA undertaking. (See 'Occlusion' below.)

Occlusion:

In order to protect the anonymity of members/Associates as well as to preserve the esoteric nature of the Order and its associated groups, a period of 'Occlusion' has been intimated to other Occultists and the 'media' made aware of the 'demise/suspension' of the Order itself. It is anticipated that this period of public anonymity will last from one to three years.

Individual teaching will remain and be unaffected, as will the tasks of an 'External Adept' in relation to ceremonial rituals.

After this period, the matter will be reviewed and a decision taken as to whether to make the 'Occlusion' permanent – that is, reverting to the tradition of secrecy. As most members are aware, the

decision to establish a more open profile (taken in 1985 ev by A-FB) has proved beneficial in some respects. Comments on this would be appreciated [send to HQ].

Tarot:

Reproductions of the 'ONA' cards drawn by "Christos Beest" are available at cost. Write to HQ for further details.

Part Two: Articles by Members

LHP Zine Reviews

R.A.J.
(Temple of the Prince)

Black Flame:

\$3.00 per issue from PO Box 499, Radio City Station, NY 10101-0499, USA

Well-printed and typeset, but more like a newsletter for the 'Anton LaVey fan club' than a general Satanic mag. Its general tone can be summed up in the Editor's quote from

Vol. 2 no. 1 (Spring Equinox this year): "Special note to Church of Satan members: if you choose to affiliate with any pseudo-Satanic or anti-Satanic groups, you may well find yourself dis-affiliated with the Church of Satan..." Typical Old Aeon values... Little of real interest here, but lots of praise for La Vey's somewhat plagiarised and somewhat 'Old Aeon' ideas. Like the Church of Satan, perhaps trying to 'corner the market' in Satanism: theirs is the 'official/correct' version and so on, so forth.

Brimstone:

\$5 per issue from 231 Kennedy Drive, Box 130, Malden, MA 02148, USA

Despite its Editor adhering to the 'Temple of Set' not given to 'Aquino worship'. Some lively and thought provoking articles [e.g. 'Uncle Setnakt Sez' in Vol I no. IV (Jan. this year) Could do with better lay-out and typesetting – although this seems to be improving with each issue. The 'Letters' are always interesting reading.

Fenrir:

£2.50 per issue from Brekkek, PO Box 109, Newport, Gwent, UK

Volume One (8 issues: 1988 ev to 1989 ev) was not so much a zine as an 'ONA.' journal. Volume Two (issue 1 now available) is totally different, thanks to the new Editor 'Christos Beest'. Now more general content [Vol. Two, number One contains an article on Chaos Magick by Pete Carroll] and more 'magickal' in a practical "post-Chaos" magick sense. This makes it more accessible to others working with LHP traditions. Overall, there is a feeling of youthful verve about the new 'Fenrir'. The only criticism: why cannot it have more pages? I for one wanted to go on reading

Dark Lily:

£1.50 from BCM Box 3406, London WC1N 3XX, England

Recent 'blurbs' for this zine announce it as the 'leading mag. of the LHP in the UK'. The leading mag. for verbosity would be nearer the truth: makes Satanism and the LHP seem boring and tame. Lots of 'philosophical' type articles which both practically and magickally do not amount to much. The best part is the ads.

The Watcher:

\$NZ 10 for a year's sub. from Realist Publications, PO Box 38-262, Petone, Wellington, New Zealand
A new LHP zine (two issues so far – latest April/May/June this year). Promising start: the Editor is tolerant to other interpretations of Satanism/the LHP than that of the Church of Satan (of which he is a member). Realist Publications also issue a booklet, 'The Rites of Satan' (\$NZ 2), which contains a collection of Satanic rituals: most of them deriving from the ONA.
Hopefully, future issues of 'The Watcher' will be larger (issue Two is eight pages).

Nox:

£3 from S.L. Sennitt, 15 Oxford St., Mexborough, South Yorkshire, UK

Now described as a 'post-Chaos' journal of the LHP, although it tends toward 'Grant/Spare' and the 'phantasmagorical approach' (for the latter, qv 'Cthulhu Rising' in vol2. no.2).

Always something of interest, despite (sometimes) wasting space with fiction and artwork. Still, this is a matter of opinion.

Some Notes on the Dark Tradition

J.W.T

The rite of the Nine Angles is one of the main means whereby the power of the acausal dimensions may be brought to this Earth – that is, into our causal world. Symbolically, this means in one sense, drawing 'down' the powers 'of Darkness. The 'chthonic' rite implies this 'downward' motion -an altering of the causal by the acausal, or symbolically, bringing' back the 'Dark Gods'. We say 'Dark Gods' because this is the perception of these energies by those not yet having undergone the ordeal of the passing of the Abyss – hence the symbolism, for example, of the pathways of the Tree of Wyrd.

The 'natural' rite may be said to be an 'upward' exploration by' the participants of the acausal: an 'expansion' of their consciousness. This natural form, according to the spoken and secret Dark Tradition, should be done by those who have undergone the rite of Internal Adept: as my own teacher said, they are thus 'individuated' to use a fairly new term. They are, thus and in consequence, possessed of a 'self-image', a perception beyond the pure 'ego': aware of the 'hidden' Occult world and its energies, to describe just one aspect. These individuated ones – or Priest and Priestess – come together in the "medium of the coniunctio" to use the 'appropriate alchemical image. This is "azoth", the second or living water (sometimes called the homogeneous metallic water). What this means, is that the union of these two (both through the medium of the rite and the sexual union which is part of that rite) is this "azoth" because the Priestess is a Gate to the acausal. The crystal both enhances and directs the energy. (It may be noted that the rite of the Abyss gives this power – of being a 'Gate' – to those who succeed in their passing.)

(Transcribed from a talk given by AL at ONA Sunedrion yf 99)
Magick and Politics

What is occurring more and more within society, is adherence by individuals to ephemeral causes and 'opinions' as a result of the subjection to individuals to propaganda both overt and more 'covert' (i.e. 'subliminal'). That is, society is developing so as to make practical experience of the traumas of life more and more distant – the individual becoming shielded not only by the 'State' and its Institutions by also by ideas. Thus, the world is seen via the distorting lenses of these ideas. In the past, wisdom arose usually painfully over a period of time by diverse and often traumatic personal experience – that is, a very individual 'view of the world' was formed as a result of these varied experiences. Of course, few arrived at even this stage of conscious development.

Magick, properly understood, was an attempt to 'short-circuit' this process – hence, for example, the tasks and procedures of the Grade Rituals in the seven-fold Way. Thus, magick built, from within and without 'the individual, a genuine foundation – an 'inner core' which enabled the individual to not only survive in an often-hostile world, but also enhance their life quite significantly. Magick restores the individual in a very important way to the 'roots of their being' allowing thus a personal growth.

However, society in general does the opposite. Its 'education', its Institutions, its Laws all act together to produce an individual lacking in spirit: that is, devoid of a personal world-view. Moreover, this occurs whatever the outward political allegiance of the society – eg. Socialist or capitalist or shades in between. – and occurs whether or not a particular society is 'democratic' or overtly 'repressive.

The only difference between the two is the method: the latter is more objectified and direct, often involving force and suppression, while the latter is more devious (and all the more dangerous because of this).

Essentially, there is growing within nearly all the societies of the world a consensus and an adherence to a certain set of ideas and values. That is, there is a 'levelling down' of differences together with a real loss of individual freedom not only in terms of the ability of an individual to transit freely, unencumbered by whatever 'past' he or she may have, but equally importantly in terms of inner outlook. There is less and less 'realness' about individuals because the dramatic, formative experiences which shape and mould character and which give spirit are either becoming 'illegal'/frowned upon or made impossible by State control and/or indoctrination of the individual into a certain pattern of living/ideas about life.

In the practical sense, one could say not only are the legal restraints on an individual and their actions increasing, but also the direct power which States have over individuals (and this includes information about individuals) are ever growing. This, coupled with co-operation between States in the distribution/exchange of information and the desire for even more and larger 'federations' of States (eg. like a 'European State') both national and international, means more and more direct personal restrictions and less and less 'inner freedom'. There is in short, much more superficial ways of living: ways encouraged by States and by those who adhere to what is fast becoming the accepted world 'idea-system'. This 'idea-system', it will surprise few here, is based to a great extent on the 'Nazarene view of the world'. Already in one of its many political forms it is established within the States of the West where its watchwords include 'democracy' and 'equality' and 'freedom'. Of course, these words enshrine clever ideas – but they are not real simply because they belong to something beyond one or at least a few individuals.

This is really the crux of the matter. What is real is that which exists for each one of us, and this is and must be discovered anew by every individual as part of the process of life itself: when it is not, there is no real life – only the appearance of it. There is thus no inner essence, only outward form. What this means is that all governments, States, Institutions or power-groupings negate this essence because our conscious life is a personal process of development pivotal upon our understanding of ourselves, the world, the cosmos and those few others with whom we inter-act in a very personal way: it should not be extrapolated beyond this, and all politics, all religion and all social pressures of whatever hue contradict this. They are, essentially, counter-evolutionary because they make the individual reliant on that which is

not born from within. Thus there can be no such thing as genuine 'democracy/freedom/equality' and all attempts to create what are only abstract ideas destroy individuality. Such abstract ideas, however,

continue to flourish, and they continue to make the individual sterile. There will be, in the near future, more and more reliance upon such ideas, more and more attempts to make them a 'reality' in State/governmental forms – eg. in Eastern Europe and beyond.

Of course, this analysis forms the core of 'genuine anarchism': but even this is a label, an 'ism' which has evolved into an 'idea' with all the dissent appropriate to an idea. Magick is a means away from all this – it is a practical system, devoid of dogma, and makes possible the next stage of our evolution as individuals. As such, it is direct opposition to all power-forms – governmental, religious or social – although this opposition is silent and will remain silent.

Magick is individual and will remain individual and while current conditions remain not unfavourable as regards the spread of information relating to its techniques, this will probably change: simply because inner liberation is and will continue to be so for some time the province of a small number of individuals while the devotees of abstract political and social ideas continue to flourish and expand.

This, naturally, is only a brief resume of the problem and what perhaps it is essential to remember is that we-as artists of the magickal possess the ability to bring about change: both within ourselves and, should we wish it, within the society within which we live. The essence of the former is the seven-fold way, that of the latter – aeonic magick.

Part Three: Order MSS

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way: A Comprehensive Guide

Aim:

Essentially three fold: a) Initiation; b) magickal Adeptship; c) fulfilment of individual wyrd and potential.

Stages:

1) Neophyte; 2) Initiate; 3) External Adept; 4) Internal Adept;
5) Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth; 6) Magus/Magistra; 7) Immortal

Note: Initiates are sometimes known as 'Novices', Neophytes as 'Oblates'. External Adepts as 'Professed Brother/Sister'; Internal Adepts as Priest and Priestess; a Magus as 'Grand Master'.

Neophyte:

Tasks: Study of Esoteric tradition as given in Order MSS – particularly Black Book, Naos, Azoth and 'Fenrir'. After this preliminary study (c.1 month) undertake ritual of Self-Initiation [Black Book] and construct simple form of the Star Game [Naos].

Initiate:

Tasks: Study septenary system in detail [Naos etc.] and begin workings with the spheres and the pathways. Study and use of Tarot.

Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific desires/personal requests.

Continue with study and use of Star Game – relating the abstract symbolism to the Tree of Wyrd, septenary etc.

Set a demanding physical goal [e.g. running 20 miles in 2½ hours or less or cycling 100 miles in less than 5½ hours or walking 32 miles in less than 7 hours: it must be one of these] train and achieve it.

Seek and find a companion and Initiate this individual [Black Book] and then undertake the workings with the spheres and pathways with this person.

Begin to teach this individual the Star Game, and use the game together. *

Undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept.

*The first stage is the awakening of the darker/unconscious aspects within the psyche. These aspects/energies are identified with in the rite of Initiation and then symbolised in the workings with the spheres and pathways following Initiation. These workings give practical experience of the darker forces/energies. The Star Game begins the process of objectifying these energies in a more conscious way: giving greater insight and control, and this is the beginning of self-awareness since the Tree of Wyrd is symbolic of individual consciousness, both unconscious/accasual ('sinister') and causal, as well as representing the forces/energies beyond the individual psyche.

The setting of a physical goal, by the Initiate, and the training to achieve it, is important because it enhances the vitality and develops personal qualities important to the magickian: determination, elan and so on. This task must be undertaken, for without it, the Initiate stage is not complete.

The seeking, finding and working with a companion begins the confrontation with the 'anima/animus' energies/archetypes resulting in practical experience of them as well as enabling the use of sexual Magickal formulae [qv Rite of Nine Angles etc.]. This is a very important part of developing self-awareness, and the 'ritualised' setting enables both practical experience and the possibility of developing self-insight. (This 'ritualised' setting is first the workings with the spheres and pathways, use of Star Game, and then later the organisation of a Temple [see below].)

External Adept:

Tasks: Organise a magickal group/Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals as given in the Black Book – the Ext. Adept as the 'Master'/Mistress of this Temple, the companion as the 'Mistress'/Master'.

It is the task of the new External Adept to find suitable members, Initiate them and so on. Regular sunedrions should be held [Black Book, for details. The Ext. Adept is called a 'Choregos' while running the Temple.].

After the group has been run for c. 3-6 months, the Ext. Adept should set another but more demanding physical goal, train and, achieve it. [For example, running a marathon in less than 3 hrs (men) or 3hrs 30 (women); cycling 100 miles in less than 5 hrs (4:45 if really determined) or walking 50 miles in 13 hrs.]

After running the Temple for between 6-12 months, choose a Priest and Priestess from the group to run the Temple while the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept is being undertaken.

* Notes: The titles assumed by the Ext. Adept, the companion and those appointed by the Ext. Adept to positions within the Temple such as Priest and Priestess, are purely honorary, and do not signify the achievement of the magickal grade associated with that title 'in the 'Seven Fold Way'. It is one of the tasks of the Ext. Adept ('Choregos') in running the Temple to appoint suitable members to fulfil the positions required by rituals (e.g. Priest, Altar-Priest, Thurifer and so on). It is up to the Choregos whether to inform members that the Temple is organised as part of the tasks/training of an Ext. Adept in the sinister path. If the Choregos decides to do so inform the members of this, then those members, should the Choregos so wish, may also begin to follow the tasks of the Seven Fold Way as above: the Choregos always keeping a step or two (in terms of Grades) ahead of them. No one can be appointed to the Grades themselves: not even by a Grand Master – the Grades must be achieved by each and every individual, the only exception being Initiation. Initiation may be given, according to the ceremonial ritual [Black Book] by anyone of the grade of External Adept and above who organises a Temple, provided that the Initiate completes the initiate tasks as above.

The final task of an External Adept is to prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

*The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal skills. The organising and running of a Temple brings further magickal experience as well as enables several archetypal roles to be lived, this living vitalising (partly through the energy of the archetypes) the individual, enabling greater magick. One of the roles is that of the 'shadow' – the sinister magickian adept at ritual. The personal qualities developed include manipulation, the charisma of power and sexual/material pleasures. There is also a growing self-awareness, and understanding of archetypal energies as well as the further confrontations with the anima/animus. There may also be glimmerings of the unique wyrd of the individual – a wyrd revealed through the ritual of Internal Adept.

Internal Adept:

Tasks: Depending on the wyrd of the individual, either continue with and expand the Temple (training Initiates in the Seven Fold Way and so on) or begin the personal tasks revealed by the Grade Ritual.

Study of and training in Esoteric Chant [Note: this may be undertaken earlier, by an Initiate or External Adept if an aptitude exists and someone of or above the Grade of Internal Adept is willing to give instruction.].

Study of Advanced Star Game and esoteric, aeonic aspects of both forms of the game['cliology' etc.].

Preparation for and undertaking of Nine Angles rituals: 'natural' and/or 'chthonic' according to desire.

Further training of companion up to and including Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, if required.

Prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Abyss.

Master/Mistress:

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are three-fold: the teaching to suitable individuals of the Seven Fold Way either on an individual basis or via an organised Temple; the performance of Aeonic magick, and development of proficiency in the Star Game, particularly the advanced form.

Some may opt to specialise in a particular field.

* General Notes:

The Initiate stage lasts between six months to a year. The External Adept stage lasts from one to three years. The Internal Adept stage lasts from three to seven years.

Fundamental books, manuscripts etc:

*The Black Book of Satan [Re-issued 1989 ev: a complete guide to sinister ceremonial rituals and organising a Temple) 63 pages

*Naos [A guide to hermetic workings, basic septenary system and the Star Game] 65 pages

*Azoth[An introduction to more advanced septenary workings] 38 pages

*Falcifer [A fictional account of noviciate training] 103 pages

- *Temple of Satan [A fictional account of confrontation with anima/animus in a sinister context] 109 pages
- *Advanced Star Game 5 page MS
- *The Forbidden Alchemy 4 page MS [Note: published in 'Fenrir' no.8]
- *Rite of the Nine Angles (and other Order MSS)

The Abyss

The Abyss is where the causal and the acausal meet: a nexus of temporal and spatial dimensions. Because of the nature of our consciousness, the Abyss lies latent within all of us – that is, our consciousness consists of both causal and acausal aspects. In this sense, we are all 'Gates/' to the acausal dimensions, although this Gate – and the pathways leading to/from it – often lies undiscovered. Magickal training is essentially the discovery, exploration and use of these pathways.

Symbolised causally, the Abyss lies between the spheres of the Sun and Mars in the septenary Tree of Wyrd, and the 'Entering the Abyss' is that stage of magickal development, which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept. The experience of the Abyss – which the Grade Ritual 'Entering the Abyss' begins – is fundamentally a destruction of the self-image, which the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept created and which was glimpsed during the External Adept rite. It is also the destruction of all personal illusions regarding opposites: the final 'withdrawing of projections'. In essence, the Internal Adept has learnt (mainly through the Grade Ritual) to withdraw the projections of the 'ego' from other individuals – that is, their is an understanding of individuals as those individuals are in essence: without the distortion of one's own passions/ideas/prejudices and without the distortions of other people's ideas/judgements and so on. The experience of the Abyss takes this a stage further – there is a withdrawal of all personal projections made by every individual upon others/the 'cosmos' and so on: both personal and impersonal. Thus, the essence is apprehended behind the appearance which the causal produces because it is the causal. Put very simply, the Abyss is the beginning of acausal perception.

This perception implies a complete understanding of oneself, one's wyrd, as well as an understanding of others, of aeonic influences, and of the 'cosmos' itself – the beginnings of wisdom ... Yet this does not mean a negation of individuality. Rather, it is an enhancement of consciousness. This is so because the Abyss is also the Tree of Wyrd itself – all the spheres and the pathways in both their individual and aeonic forms: the 'individual forms' being Jungian-type archetypes (and the experiences/ understanding appropriate to these) on a personal level, and the 'aeonic forms' being aeonic/cultural myths and images on a supra-personal level, in both 'sinister' and 'light' aspects. Further, the Abyss is also a direct opening or "Gate" to the acausal dimensions.

The ritual of the Abyss implies an acceptance of acausal energies as those energies are – that is, without any 'abstract', personal or judgemental views. It is a letting 'in' of those Null, Chaotic energies without any hindrance. This of course can be dangerous, but the preparation reduces this danger as well as making possible an understanding of those energies and the 'forms' they may or may not assume in both the causal and acausal worlds. This latter point is quite important, because there have been many who, unprepared, having experienced some acausal' energies via entering the Abyss too soon. Quite often, the result' of this premature magickal experience is madness or extreme personal dis-orientation resulting in a 'possessed' personal life and/or loss of vitality; another and frequent result is personal delusion about one's own abilities and understanding, both personal and magickal.

This understanding of the acausal, vital to a 'successful' crossing of the Abyss, derives from the preparation implicit in (a) having undertaken the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept [that is, in essence, having spent at least three months alone without any external influences and without any personal contact] and (b) having fulfilled the tasks revealed by that Grade Ritual. This fulfilling of personal tasks (the accomplishment of part of the wyrd of the individual) is necessary (and it takes from one to many years after the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept) because it dissipates the energy of the 'self-image' that the Grade Ritual produces, preparing thus a voidness within the Adept. The Adept generally knows when this inner void is reached (in simple terms, the personal, driving energy is gone through achievement of personal goals: the reality, of course, is more complicated and here the advice of a Master/Mistress/Magus is often sought).

The ritual of the Abyss is simple. The physical part (the walk in the specified time without assistance) is essential preparation for the 'magickal' part because it prepares the consciousness in a very specific way as well as draining the physical resources of the body. To complete the walk given the conditions stated requires determination – and this determination is released/abandoned when the magickal part of the rite is begun, this release/abandonment occurring quite naturally because the physical goal has been achieved. Thus, there is a 'hidden' wisdom in the construction of the rite (as there is in all the Grade Rituals).

The physical part also creates – because of the isolation – a feeling within the individual of being only a part of something more vast, and it for this reason that the walk is undertaken as far from human

habitation as possible. This isolation, the concentration required to walk at a pace enabling the goal to be reached within the set time, the rhythm of walking, the anticipation of the magickal part, all combine to produce the conditions necessary within the consciousness of the individual conducive to success.

As mentioned above, the Abyss is also an opening into the acausal. The 'passing of the Abyss' is the opening of that 'Gate' within us.

All magick is a glimpse of the acausal, and the stages of the seven-fold way are really stages when the acausal energies are developed and understood in a progressively more emphatic manner – that is, they may be seen as 'pushing that Gate wider and wider' – in the passing of the Abyss there is no longer a Gate, but rather a union or fusion. In another sense, the seven-fold way may be said to be the creation, within the consciousness of the individual, of connections or pathways to the acausal – each stage develops more and more pathways until they form a conduit through which acausal energy 'flows'. Beyond the Abyss, the individual is part of the acausal 'flow' and has achieved the goal of sentient life. This is really the great secret of alchemy, of magick and of the Left

Hand or Sinister Path itself – that is, we can create for ourselves another existence in another 'universe' and an existence which continues after our causal self dies. The means to this existence is simply – the seven fold way.

According to tradition, the Abyss is also presented physically in our causal universe. That is, terrestrial and 'Space' or 'Star' Gates exist where the two universes are joined. In reality, the terrestrial Gates may be said to be points where the causal and acausal come close to contact: where there is 'seepage' of acausal energy – the discovery of these places and then the 'opening of the Gate' via magick producing Aeonic energy to alter the causal (and thus the individuals in the world). [See the Order MSS relating to Aeons, 'Lovecraft and the Dark Gods' etc.]

Baphomet 1

The Gnostics represented [Azoth, the Universal Agent, Universal Medicine, Philosopher's Stone, etc.] as the fiery body of the Holy Spirit; it was the object of adoration in the Secret Rites of the Sabbath of the Temple, under the hieroglyphic figure of Baphomet or the Androgyne of Mendes. -----

----- _Transcendental Magic: its Doctrine and Ritual_, by Eliphas Levi, transl. by A.E. Waite, Braken Books, 1995; p. 16.

At the beginning of the French translation of a book by the Sieur de Nuisement on the Philosophic Salt, {ED NOTE: The Sieur de Nuisement is described as Receiver-General of the Comte de Ligny-en-Barrois. He belongs to the seventeenth century and derived his alchemical inspiration from the Cosmopolite, otherwise Sendivogius or Alexander Seton. He appears to have written in Latin, and the work to which Levi refers was rendered into French and appeared originally in 1621 was _Traitez du Vray Sel, *Secret des Philosophes et des l'Esprit general du Monde*, etc._. Later editions are those of 1639 & 1639. According to Lenglet Du Fresnoy, it formed part of a work entitled _Elements Chimiques et Spagiriques_ which has not otherwise been printed.} the spirit of the earth is represented standing on a cube over which tongues of flame are passing; the phallus is replaced by a caduceus; the sun and moon figure on the right and left breast; the figure is bearded, crowned and holds a sceptre in his hand. This is the AZOTH of the sages on its pedestal of Salt and Sulphur. The symbolic head of the goat of Mendes is occasionally given to this figure, and it is then the Baphomet of the Templars and the Word of the Gnostics -- bizarre images which became scarecrows for the vulgar after affording food for reflection to sages -- innocent hieroglyphs of thought and faith which have been a pretext for the rage of persecutions. -----

----- Ibid., p. 207 +n. _____ The letter [shin, Hebrew] is commonly traced upon kabalistic pantacles which have the fulfilment of a desire for their object. It is also the sign of the scapegoat in mystic Kabbalah {NOTE: That is to say, in Eliphas Levi's imagined or manufactured version, for neither in true or original Kabbalism, nor in the commentaries of late successors of Isaac de Loria, is there any trace or notion of the so-called Templar Baphomet. See _Sepher Ha Zohar_, Part II, fol. 33a, for the sacrifice of the goat as a sop thrown to Satan....}.... ----- Ibid., p. 273 +n.

CHAPTER XV The Sabbath of the Sorcerers We recur once more to that terrible number fifteen symbolised in the Tarot by a monster throned upon an altar, mitred and horned, having a woman's breasts and the generative organs of a man -- a chimera, a malformed sphinx, a synthesis of deformities. Below this figure we read a frank and simple inscription -- The Devil. Yes, we

confront here that phantom of all terrors, the dragon of all theogonies, the Ahriman of the Persians, the Typhon of the Egyptians, the Python of the Greeks, the old serpent of the Hebrews, the fantastic monster, the nightmare, the Croquemitaine, the gargoyle, the great beast of the middle ages, and -- worse than all these -- the Baphomet of the Templars, the bearded idol of the alchemists, the obscene deity of Mendes, the goat of the Sabbath. The frontispiece to this Ritual [the Levi Baphomet] reproduces the exact figure of the terrible emperor of night, with all his attributes and all his characters. ...all inferior initiates of the occult sciences and profaners of the Great Arcanum, not only did in the past but do now, and will ever, adore what is signified by this alarming symbol. ...the Grand Masters of the Order of the Templars worshipped Baphomet, and caused it to be worshipped by their initiates; ...there existed in the past, and there may be still in the present, assemblies which are presided over by this figure, seated on a throne and having a flaming torch between the horns. But the adorers of this sign do not consider, as do we, that it is a representation of the devil: on the contrary, for them it is that of the god Pan, the god of our modern schools of philosophy, the god of the Alexandrian theurgic school and of our own mystical Neo-platonists, the god of Lamartine and Victor Cousin, the god of Spinoza and Plato, the god of the primitive Gnostic schools; the Christ also of the dissident priesthood. This last qualification, ascribed to the goat of Black Magic, will not astonish students of religious antiquities who are acquainted with the phases of symbolism and doctrine in their various transformations, whether in India, Egypt, or Judea. ...the goat [being one of "the three symbolical animals of Hermetic Magic" with the bull and dog] represents fire and is at the same time the symbol of generation. Two goats, one pure and one impure, were consecrated in Judea; the first was sacrificed in expiation for sins; the other, loaded with those sins by imprecature, was set at liberty in the desert -- a strange ordinance, but one of deep symbolism, signifying reconciliation by sacrifice and expiation by liberty! ... All the Kabalah and all Magic, as a fact, are divided between the cultus of the immolated and that of the emissary goat. We must recognise therefore a Magic of a Sanctuary and that of the wilderness, the White and Black Church, the priesthood of public assemblies and the Sanhedrim of the Sabbath. The goat which is represented in our frontispiece bears upon its forehead the Sign of the Pentagram with one point in the ascendant, which is sufficient to distinguish it as a symbol of the light. Moreover, the sign of occultism is made with both hands, pointing upward to the white moon of Chesed, and downward to the black moon of Geburah. This sign expresses the perfect concord between mercy and justice. One of the arms is feminine and other masculine, as in the Androgyne of Khunrath, whose attributes we have combined with those of our goat, since they are one and the same symbol. The torch of intelligence burning between the horns is the magical light of universal equilibrium; it is also the type

of soul exalted above matter, as the flame cleaves to the torch. The monstrous head of the animal expresses horror of sin, for which the material agent, alone responsible, must alone and for ever bear the penalty, because the soul is impassible in its nature and can suffer only by materialising. The caduceus, which replaces the generative organ, represents eternal life; the scale-covered belly tyifies water; the circle above it is the atmosphere; the feathers still higher up signify the volatile; lastly, humanity is depicted by the two breasts and the androgyne arms of this sphinx of the occult sciences. Behold the shadows of the infernal sanctuary dissipated! Behold the sphinx of mediaeval terrors and unveiled and cast from his throne! *Quomodo cecidisti, Lucifer!* {NOTE: It is said otherwise in *La Clef des Grands Mysteres* that initiates like the Templars were less guilty for having worshipped Baphomet than for having made it possible that this image should be remarked by the profane (*loc. cit.* p. 219). Levi goes on to affirm that the monster in question was a pantheistic figure of the Universal Agent and also the bearded demon of alchemists. There is, however, no such demon in the pictorial emblems of Hermetic Philosophy, nor is it true, as he adds, that ancient Hermetic Masonry in its highest Grades referred the achievement of the Great Work to a bearded demon, the reason in this case being that no Hermetic Masonry is older than the second half of the eighteenth century.} The dread Baphomet henceforth, like all monstrous idols, enigmas of antique science and its dreams, is only an innocent and even pious hieroglyph. How should man adore the beast, since he exercises a sovereign power over it? ... On the sacred stones of Gnostic Christians of the Basilidean sect there are representations of Christ under the diverse figures of kabalistic animals...; ...in all cases He bears invariably the same attributes of light, even as our goat, which cannot be confounded with fabulous images of Satan, owing to the Sign of the Pentagram. Let us affirm categorically, to combat the remnants of Manichaeism which are appearing sporadically among Christians, that as a superior personality and power Satan does not exist. He is the personification of all errors, perversities and consequently of all weaknesses. If God may be defined as He Who exists of necessity, may we not define His antagonist and enemy as necessarily he who does not exist at all? ...The misconstrued doctrine of Zoroaster and the magical law of two forces constituting universal equilibrium, have caused some illogical minds to imagine a negative divinity, subordinate but hostile to the active Deity. An impure duad comes thus into being. Men were mad enough to halve God; the Star of Solomon was separated into two triangles, and the Manichaeans imaged a trinity of night. This evil God, product of sectarian fancies, inspired all manias and all crimes. Sanguinary sacrifices were offered to him; monstrous idolatry replaced the true religion; From human sacrifices to cannibalism there is only one step. -----
----- Ibid., pp. 375-80 +n. _____ The Rites

of the Gnostic Sabbath were imported into Germany by an association which took the name of Mopses. It replaced the kabalistic goat by the Hermetic dog, and the candidates, male or female -- for the order initiated women -- were brought in with eyes bandaged. ...they were asked whether they were afraid of the devil, and were required abruptly to choose between kissing the posterior of the Grand Master and that of a small silk-covered figure of a dog, which was substituted for the old grand idol of the Goat of Mendes. {NOTE: It is idle nonsense to say that the Mopses revived the Rites of the Gnostic or any Sabbath and also to suggest a connection between the legendary Baphomet and the ridiculous china dog. The Order of Mopses was either a mock-Masonry or a silly substitution under the veil of which German Masons at Cologne or Viennese Masons continued their meetings when a Papal Bull was in force against the Order. As it received both sexes, the first alternative is perhaps more probable....} The name of the Templar Baphomet, which should be spelt kabalistically backwards, is composed of three abbreviations: Tem. ohp. ab., *Templi omnium hominum pacis abbas*, "the father of the temple of peace of all men." {NOTE: There are three things to be said on this fantastic explanation: 1) that there is no reason assigned or assignable for reading Baphomet backwards; 2) that the Latin produced from the alleged abbreviations is incredibly bad; and 3) that its import has no application to Templars, either as a chivalry or as an occult sect. From neither point of view can they be regarded as apostles of peace.} According to some, the Baphomet was a monstrous head, but according to others, a demon in the form of a goat. A sculpted coffer was disinterred recently in the ruins of an old Commandery of the Temple, and antiquaries observed upon it a baphometric figure, corresponding by its attributes to the goat of Mendes and the androgyne of Khunrath. It was a bearded figure with a female body, holding the sun in one hand and the moon in the other, attached to chains. Now, this virile head is a beautiful allegory which attributes to thought alone the initiative and creative principle. Here the head represents spirit and the body matter. The orbs enchained to the human form and directed by that Nature of which intelligence is the head, are also magnificently allegorical. -----
----- Ibid., pp. 385-7 +n.

_____ To make light visible God had only to postulate shadow. To manifest the truth He permitted the possibility of doubt. The shadow bodies forth the light, and the possibility of error is essential for the temporal manifestation of truth. If the buckler of Satan did not intercept the spear of Michael, the might of the angel would be lost in the void or manifested by infinite destruction launched below from above. Did not the heel of Michael restrain Satan in his ascent, Satan would dethrone God, or rather he would lose himself in the abysses of the altitude. Hence Satan is needful to Michael as the pedestal to the statue, and Michael is necessary to Satan as the brake to the locomotive. In

analogical and univereal dynamics one leans only on that which resists. -----
----- Ibid., pp. 49-50. _____ The Astral Light,
depicted in ancient symbols by the serpent devouring its tail, represents alternately
malice and prudence, time and eternity, tempter and Redeemer; for this light, being
the vehicle of life, is an auxiliary alike of good and evil, and may be taken not only
for the fiery form of Satan but for the body of the Holy Ghost. It is the instrument
of warfare in angelic battles, and feeds indifferently both the flames of hell and the
lightnings of St. Michael. ... The Great Initiator of Christianity, seeing that the
Astral Light was overcharged with the impure reflections of Roman debauchery,
sought to separate His disciples from the circumambient sphere of reflections and
to concentrate them only on the interior light, so that, through the medium of a
common faith and enthusiasm, they might communicate together by new magnetic
chains, which He termed grace, and thus overcome the dissolute currents, to which
He gave the names of the devil and Satan, signifying their putrefaction. To oppose
current to current is to renew the power of fluidic life. -----
----- Ibid., pp. 106-7. _____ EOF

Baphomet 2 - excerpts

Baphomet The goat idol of the _Templars_ and the deity of the sorcerers' Sabbat. The name is composed of three abbreviations: Tem. ohp. Ab., *Templi omnium hominum pacis abhas*, "the father of the temple of universal peace among men." Some authorities hold that Baphomet was a monstrous head, others that it was a demon in the form of a goat. An account of a veritable Baphometric idol is as follows: [describing the Levi Baphomet, perhaps Levi's descript. -- tn] A pantheistic and magical figure of the Absolute. The torch placed between two horns, represents the equilibrating intelligence of the triad. The goat's head, which is synthetic, and unites some characteristics of the dog, bull, and ass, represents the exclusive responsibility of matter and the expiation of bodily sins in the body. The hands are human, to exhibit the sanctity of labor; they make the sign of esotericism above and below, to impress mystery on initiates, and they point at two lunar crescents, the upper being white and the lower black, to explain the correspondences of good and evil, mercy and justice. The lower part of the body is veiled, portraying the mysteries of universal generation, which is expressed solely by the symbol of the caduceus. The belly of the goat is scaled, and should be colored green, the semi- circle above should be blue; the plumage, reaching to the breast, should be of various hues. The goat has female breasts, and thus its only characteristics are those of maternity and toil, otherwise the signs of redemption. On its forehead, between the horns and beneath the torch, is the sign of the microcosm, or the pentagram with one beam in the ascendant, symbol of human intelligence, which, placed thus below the torch, makes the flame of the latter an image of divine revelation. This Pantheos should be seated on a cube, and its footstool should be a single ball, or a ball and a triangular stool." In _Narratives of Sorcery and Magic_ (1851), Thomas Wright stated: Another charge in the accusation of the Templars seems to have been to a great degree proved by the deposition of witnesses; the idol or head which they are said to have worshipped, but the real character or meaning of which we are totally unable to explain. Many Templars confessed to having seen this idol, but as they described it differently, we must suppose that it was not in all cases represented under the same form. Some said it was a frightful head, with long beard and sparkling eyes; others said it was a man's skull; some described it as having three faces; some said it was of wood, and others of metal; one witness described it as a painting (*tabula picta*) representing the image of a man (*imago hominis*) and said that when it was shown to him, he was ordered to 'adore Christ, his creator.' According to another deposition, the idol had four feet, two before and two behind; the one belonging to the order at Paris, was said to be a silver head, with two faces and beard. The novices of the order told always to regard this idol as their saviour. Deodatus Jaffet, a knight from the

south of France, who had been received at Pedenat, deposed that the person who in his case performed the ceremonies of reception, showed him a head or idol, which appeared to have three faces, and said, 'You must adore this as your saviour, and the saviour of the order of the Temple' and that he was made to worship the idol, saying, 'Blessed be he who shall save my soul.' Cettus Ragonis, a knight received at Rome in a chamber of the palace of the Lateran, gave a somewhat similar account. Many other witnesses spoke of having seen these heads, which, however, were, perhaps, not shown to everybody, for the greatest number of those who spoke on this subject, said that they had heard speak of the head, but that they had never seen it themselves; and many of them declared their disbelief in its existence. A friar minor deposed in England that an English Templar had assured him that in that country the order had four principal idols, one at London, in the Sacristy of the Temple, another at Bristelham, a third at Brueria (Bruern in Lincolnshire), and a fourth beyond the Humber. Some of the knights from the south added another circumstance in their confessions relating to this head. A templar of Florence, declared that, in the secret meetings of the chapters, one brother said to the others, showing them the idol, 'Adore this head. This head is your God and your Mahomet.' Another, Gauserand de Montpesant, said that the idol was made in the figure of Baffomet (*in figuram Baffometi*); and another, Raymond Rubei, described it as a wooden head, on which was painted the figure of *Baphomet*, and he adds, 'that he worshipped it kissing its feet, and exclaiming *Xalla*, ' which he describes as 'a word of the Saracens' (*verbum Saracenorum*). This has been seized upon by some as proof that the Templars had secretly embraced Mahometanism, as *Baffomet* or *Baphomet* is evidently a corruption of Mahomet; but it must not be forgotten that the Christians of the West constantly used the word Mahomet in the mere signification of an idol, and that it was the desire of those who conducted the persecution against the Templars to show their intimate intercourse with the Saracens. Others, especially Von Hammer, gave a Greek derivation of the word, and assumed it as a proof that gnosticism was the secret doctrine of the temple.... Some occultists have suggested that the Baphomet of the Templars was really the god of the witches deriving from the nature god Pan. During the nineteenth century, the Austrian Orientalist Baron Joseph von Hammer-Purghstall discovered an inscription on a coffer in Burgundy which he claimed showed that Baphomet derived from two Greek words meaning "Baptism of Metis" {Wisdom}; the inscription exalted Metis or Baphomet as the true divinity. When Karl Kellner and other early twentieth-century German occultists founded the secret order _O.T.O._ (Ordo Templi Orientis or Order of Templars in the East), they installed the British occultist Aleister _Crowley_ as head of the British section, and gave he gave himself the magical name of Baphomet. -----
----- Encyclopedia of Occultism and Parapsychology,

2nd Ed., edited and revised by Leslie Shepard, Gale Research Company, 1984; pp. 131-2.

"Bataille" and "Margiotta" claimed that the order of the Palladium or Sovereign Council of Wisdom was constituted in France in 1737, and this, they inferred, was one and the same as the legendary Palladium of the Templars, better known by the name of Baphomet. In 1801 one Isaac Long, a Jew, was said to have carried the "original image" of Baphomet to Charleston in the United States, and it is alleged that the lodge he founded then became the chief in the Ancient and Accepted Scotch Rite. He was succeeded in due course by Albert Pike, who, it was alleged, extended the Scotch Rite, and shared the Anti-Catholic Masonic chieftainship with the Italian patriot Mazzini. This new directory was established, it was asserted, as the new Reformed Palladium Rite or the Reformed Palladium. Ibid, p. 330.

EOF

Baphomet 3

Double Wand of Power: Liber Legis We also find Baphomet to be the 'Octinomos' or 8-fold Magickal name and formulae of the Androgyne which conceals the Magick of Transformation via sexual polarity in Human form, in fact a formulae of 'Atavistic Resurgence' as expounded some time later by AO Spare. Baphomet is known as the Octinomos, or 8-fold name representing an 8 part formulae of Magick. This is comparable to the 7 Stars of the Mother Taurt-Typhon, with the 8th star manifesting as her child Set in the height. Baphomet is the glyph of the Androgynous one concealing the hidden formulae of Transformation via sexual polarity in the Human Form. A formulae of sex-magick based upon Atavistic Resurgence. Baphomet is the Glyph of the Master Magician or Magister. It is also an elevenfold power as seen in the Baphometric Cross, and so the 11 Sephiroth of the TOL. 11 is also the number of Nuit and Magick (as it is). The Beast and Babalon are joined into the single image which is Baphomet. The Double-Power of the Double Equinox, the two Horizons of Harmakhis and the Double Wanded One of 11th degree Tantra. The Celestial North and South are Aquarius and Leo, or Nuit and Hadit. The conjoining of these two produces Ra Hoor Khuit- in this way we may see Baphomet as a Glyph of the power which produces the Crowned and Conquering Child. Horus has been described as a 'God of War and Vengeance', equating him to Ares the Ram, another pointer to our Ram of Mendes. The more ancient idea of Bloodshed in conquest came from the Great Mother Typhon herself in her periodic red flow. This places Aries (or Mars) in line with the Blood as a primeval generative principle. The Power of Conception. Now in the jargon of the Magick of Thelema The Solar power is called Heru Ra Ha,(in its 'active'phase called Ra Hoor Khuit) while the Lunar force is known as Set, Shaitan or Hoor Pakrates. These are the dual polarities or modes in the 'Operation of Baphomet' as a formulae. Kenneth Grant, Typhonian Trilogy, Skoob Books

Black Pilgrimage - Addendum

The 'Lesser' Pilgrimage (q.v. 'Secret Tasks...' Ms) is traditionally begun at the dawn of the Spring Equinox, and completed the following day, at Dusk. The Pilgrimage is undertaken with little equipment – a tent is not permitted; a sleeping bag optional – waterproofs and a good pair of walking boots would be sensible.

Although the 'Lesser' Pilgrimage is traditionally undertaken by those of the stage of External Adept, some candidates may opt to combine the Pilgrimage with undertaking the Rite of External Adept. Thus, the candidate should aim to reach the final location just before Dusk, and undertake the Solo Rite of the Nine Angles, and then commence the External Adept Rite (the final location also being conducive for the latter ritual). [If this combination is opted for, then the candidate is allowed to take a tent (or some form of shelter) for the first night - this allows the anticipation of the impending External Adept Rite to be of greater magickal effect.]

Because of the nature of the energies involved, the 'Greater' Pilgrimage is undertaken strictly by those who have attained the stage of Internal Adept. This Rite is begun at the Winter Solstice.

ONA

Book Of Dagon

(Assorted MSS fragments from photocopied pages)

2) On teaching Magick *

It is a truism that in Magick, if one wishes to learn and understand the manifold mysteries that abound, then one must learn from one who is already a Master; for to do otherwise, to attempt to scale the heights of Magick alone and without guidance, is to take the path of most extreme hardship and uncertainty and frustration: the path of time. Following a teacher enables one, provided it is done in a correct manner, to progress rapidly – assuming one has a genuine thirst for knowledge, for whatever ulterior motive. But it must also be borne in mind that in the final analysis every person is his own teacher – the final guide is always personal experience – and one must progressively learn to rely on oneself; understanding that although a teacher is a good guide who enables one to avoid many of the pitfalls awaiting, he is only a guide, a beginning to self-understanding, and cannot, beyond a certain point, teach one self-mastery, such always coming from within oneself as a result of the trials of experience greatly gained.

A teacher who is interested in his students will take care to train them so that they in turn can follow the Great Work, some teaching in their turn and thus increasing the number of those who can understand the appreciate the nature of that Work. Despite what the deluded mystics of the Right Hand Path claim, a teacher, be he a follower of the Left Hand Path or its opposite, always has a vested interest in his teaching – no one does it for purely selfless reasons (although many would like to think they do). Most, and here I speak of teachers of the Black Art – although such applies to most others, most do teach because of the feeling of power it gives them, some do so because they wish to see the spread of the Satanist philosophy, others because they desire to pass on the knowledge they have gained. And a good teacher, one who wishes his students to rise to the heights of Magick, if they have the ability, recognizes first why he teaches and as a consequence is able to teach from a stronger position than one who does not understand his own motives. Hence, if you desire to teach, have the knowledge necessary, or are placed by a Master in a position where teaching of some sort is necessary (e.g. leader of a coven), then you must first analyze and understand why you wish to teach, why it is so appealing. (While this is obvious, it is amazing how often it is not done – even in the smallest degree.) Having done this then such teaching should become not only easier but also more enjoyable – delusion of self, it cannot be too often repeated, has no place in Satanism, such being for the followers of the Right Hand Path, the White School of Magic. The logic and reason of Satanism is one of our most powerful weapons – ever remember this.

Points to be borne in mind by those leaders who are also teachers of the Word of Satan, are that only those who are capable of doing something to advance the cause of Satanism should be taught – the rest are tools to be uses as one wilt. The former, provided they have the ability (a matter of personal judgment), should be taught with care necessary for great achievement, for they, in their turn, should pass the trials of Initiation awaiting them, are the future leaders, the future Masters in whose hands are the means of increasing the Satanist philosophy – the bringers of the Second Coming. Such people must be made to shed the veils of illusion that pass for everyday life, be brought to understanding by being told myths that are said to represent truth, given parts of a puzzle and expected to solve the whole; be given severe tests of experience, be made, in short, to rely on themselves. For only if they are capable of seeing, for themselves through the mists of illusion, are they the type needed – if not, failures to be destroyed or used as needed.

On the psychological level, most people like mystery, like hints of deep esoteric doctrines, like to feel themselves part of something exclusive and powerful and ruthless – these means must be erected and then the student given hints indicating that they must be destroyed, demolished, if progress is to be made. Always bear in mind that progress is but the shedding of illusions, each step taking one nearer the final answer but all steps involve a mere illusory perception of the totality, the genuine insight coming finally in the last stage: each stage is to be regarded by the student as a triumph, and then must he be made to see how little even that stage he understands, how much is still to be know and understood: “I see Truth, but it is fleeting, as in a dream. Yet such strengthens the desire to quest ever on, for each time I see and understand a little more ...”

When the student understands and grasps the fact that the whole of life is an illusion and see the wisdom of the paradox, then is the picture complete at lest.

3) A Fable for the Future – A Satanic Manifesto

The coming Age is the Age of Satan, the Reign of the Anti-christ, of Horus, and we Satanists represent the birth pangs of that Age**. And it now is the time to constitute ourselves in a properly organized basis so that the religion we uphold can be spread more effectively – what is lacking at the present time to a great degree are people who are genuine Satanists and are prepared not only to teach the faith to others as has been done in the past, but also prepared to stand by that faith in public so that those who seek the Way of Satan will more readily find it. Our faith – the most rational and scientific in existence – has always been for the few, yet we must recognize that today few will no longer be as small as it was, and, having recognized this, we must be prepared to establish and expand our organizational framework.

This is not to say that secrecy must cease – that can never be so because of the nature of Satanism – but the paranoia of secrecy that exists today must be broken in one very important respect: it must allow the establishment of an organizational framework capable of propounding openly the philosophy of Satanism on a large scale, for thus will the world come to know that no longer are we hiding in Darkness, no longer do the christian scum have a field day at our expense. Further, the type of Satanist that the world mostly hears about are the ones of weakness, the ones of failure, the ones who while accepting the philosophy of Satanism (and even in a few cases some of its esoteric principles) lack the personality to understand the real strength and greatness of the Satanist spirit. The christians, and their lackeys, when they find or uncover one of the ‘Satanists’ think they have got hold of the real thing – never realizing in their tiny minds that up to the present the powerful Satanists have always remained hidden; and thus never has the purile concept of christianity been exposed by one of the Master-type. For let a person of real evil and horror emerge and one will have the pleasure of the righteous hypocrites called christians and White Occultists reeling and gasping in horror!

*Good teachers, like all artists, are born, not made...

**Age of Aquarius starts 2740 e.v. by astrological calculation, although most Occultist place it at approximately 2000 e.v. Yet Aquarius is not as mystics of the White School like to make it, for Aquarius = water = Leviathan/Nodens = Satan. Also, it is the 11th sign of the Zodiac – the number of Magick (c.f. Atu XI, Lust) not Magic.



Cosmic wheel

Cosmic Wheel:

The Cosmic Wheel is a wordless expression of the destiny of man, and represents that boundless cosmic ordering to which the essence eternally flows. It is a symbol of our potential, of the endless struggle for the evolution of consciousness, and of our unique *warrior ethos*. It enshrines the Will, determination, and drive required to bring large scale change. It is both creation and destruction; life and death - it is revitalization, and the light of the cosmos. It implies the wisdom inherent in experience, and the experience drawn from great struggles. It is the Star of distant galaxies, and the light to our travels. It is balance - both light and dark, both chaos and order. Yet it is none of these things, and all of these things - it is what lies *beyond* these things.

Above all it represents what is *Galactic*, or *Sinister*.

The Cosmic Wheel is best represented as silver on black, representing the light of the Cosmos. For ceremonies it should be presented as a banner - particularly outdoors, as a makeshift altar acting as a gateway into unseen existence, in conjunction with a tetrahedron of Quartz. It can also be worn by initiates of the tradition as a ring.

The four scythes represent the elements, and the circle the cosmic being. It turns sun-wise, as the scythes cut out all that stands in the way of destiny. It is visualized during Aeonie ceremonies during vibration/chant, and can also aid in the opening of a Nexion.

Quartz Tetrahedron:

Tradition holds that the most effective shape for quartz, in accessing the acausal is that of a tetrahedron. A tetrahedron has four triangular (equilateral) planes. The most basic molecular structure of quartz, actually, *is* a tetrahedron. The structure - SiO_2 , consists of one central silicon atom, surrounded by four oxygen atoms. These are referred to as silicate tetrahedra, and are linked at the corners to create the structure of the crystal. Tradition has stated very little to why the quartz tetrahedron is employed in opening a gate to the acausal, but one might deduct that its basic molecular structure does have some effect on why it is effective; as a tetrahedron is simply a magnification of its essence as matter.

These structural notes apply only to Quartz Crystal, and are different for other crystals.

As noted elsewhere, a tetrahedron should be ground/cut from a large piece of the clearest possible Quartz by a skilled professional. A jeweler who works in quartz might be able to do this for a sizable sum, yet may not have the equipment to grind larger sizes. The larger and clearer the tetrahedron, the better - but one should expect at least some cloudiness or imperfection. Ideally the Quartz should be found or mined personally [for initiates in America the best places for this are in Arkansas. Australia also has an abundance of quartz.], but in some cases this may prove impractical. Each tetrahedron should be passed down to subsequent generations of initiates for use. Its effectiveness relies on many things - the ability of the initiates to perform the chants, that it is continually charged, its unique history, and so on - but the quartz tetrahedron is one of the most useful tools in accessing the acausal and opening a nexion.

Vilnius Thornian, ONA.

August, 2000. Vinland.

- Order of Nine Angles -



DARK MASTER

BY

HEREWARD PAGE

9THE BLACK ORDER

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This is a fictionalized account, written by a member of 'the black order' of Satanism in theory and in practice.

Historical note: The Black Order was absorbed into the ONA in 1974 eh

!

His laughter echoed hollow in the deep chasm of the twilit grotto that was the Temple of Satan, mocking madly with Mephistophelean glee at the world of sanity around, at a world of sadness, at the world complacent with itself, full of dreams. It ran molding from the crimson draped wall seen many orgies of delight and frenzy; ran drooling across the floor sprinkled with the jest symbols of death that oozed demonic from fine blood-like mosaics crystalline with life; ran misty upon the cubic altar of brown stains and burning black candles, mingling with the cowering faces of doubt and fear that stood below the towering figure of The Master.

The Master who sneered in contempt at the pathetic specimens before him, who with one gesture of defiance would have sacrificed them all in an orgy of blood and sacrificial mania had they not still had their uses; had they not still in blind obedience followed his path, had they not still to fulfill their Destiny, his Destiny
.....

Blue eyes of hypnotic depth seered the scene sending faces turning and minds shuddering as they glimpsed but in part the leering look upon the taut thin lips of The Master, as they sensed but part of the Satanic power lashing at them with demonic words, with unspeakable waves of chthonic horror and abject terror, with demonic mirth. Caught in the vortex of ultimate intoxicating power, The Master formed in the still cool caves of his mind a plan to bring even more and greater power, greater and greater joy and ecstasy and Satanic laughter and disregard for all life save his own, save that of his Master. A plan to seal his greatness, a plan to show the stupid world that he, that he The Master, would cower before none, would beg before none, would kneel before none – that he instead would have the world with its stupid herd of animals called man that swarmed like rats in the stench of garbage-normality cower before him, beg him, see his greatness before he, with the joyous laugh of pride arisen sealed their fate with total and irredeemable destruction, with total chaos and death and suffering and sickness. Hah! They would all die, die in the flames of the Armageddon he and he alone would create. For the feeble cretins who forever stumbled through life deserved no more...

A chilling laugh of frenzy burst from his lips, echoing madly in the dark chambers of death that were the meeting place of the followers of the Prince of Darkness, the Prince of chthonic delight...

They waited with apprehension, fearing the soft footfall that would announce his coming, wishing with forlorn hope that somehow it could be avoided, postponed, put off until another day when they would be more prepared, more certain, more united to stand...to stand against him. With apprehension they sat round the table in the study lined with books and warmed with large log fire exuding as it did the atmosphere of elegance and taste worthy of nobility; they sat studying with disinterest the features of those sitting; they sat looking at themselves avoiding the train of thought that thundered relentless in the tunnel of their minds, ever bringing renewed doubt and displeasure and fear. They sat, three men of power, mellow with age, lamenting foolish past and risks taken, content to enjoy pleasures gained, content to sit and wonder and wait. Content..

Until now.

Content to have played the game of life with the Prince of Darkness, content to have been partners and shared in the spoils. Content to have gained so much. Content.

Until now.

Content, until now they waiting for one once like them who played and gained and yet somehow was not content, was not satisfied with the spoils; was not appeased, was not to be stopped until death itself, until death of all, until he vied with the great Master himself for the jewels of Eternity and beyond ... Yes, content, until...

He came dressed with elegance, blue eyes flashing beneath forehead of granite hardness, thin lips leering at all of life, bustling with energy and determination and medium statuesque build, numbing thoughts of defiance of pride. He, The Master, came, stood before the three, waiting to devour his prey like some beast of the jungle.

His calm, quiet, authoritative voice seemed to mock. "You know why I invited you here – yet still you are fearful. Still you have not gained the confidence needed. Still you have doubts. Well, if necessary I will begin with you." Surprised looks drooled from twitching faces. "You, as well as I, know of the agreement which binds us, which has given us what we at present own, which has made us what we are.

"You, Silus," a finger pointed, "with your shares and your wife and your mistress, you would be nowhere without the camarilla we are. You who were once bankrupt and helpless and left with only ambition, you would today be among the living wrecks of wretched humanity were it not for the common interest which we all share.

“You,” no finger pointed, only eyes burning into the skull, “you with your empty title and false vanity would be still begging for charity, sheltering under the leaking roof of your disposed ancestral home, were it not for our benefactor, were it not for his efforts in saving your pride, your face.”

“You Phillip, would still be performing abortions in filthy damp back streets, sweating in the dim neon lights of haunting hand-to-mouth existence, never knowing the luxury of Harley Street, never knowing the rich patients whose caresses you now crave, whose bodies you fondle with mock pretence at medicine, whose money you horde.”

“All of you would now be but little men were it not for the gift which Karajan, our Master gave us, were it not for the Path whose distance we have trod. He is now dead, but we are alive, alive to continue his work, to continue building and spreading as he wished. You remember this,” a rolled parchment is swiftly brought from an inside pocket, drawing gasps from the three, “whereon we pledged to continue together in the Great Work, well, I hereby nullify it!”

Turning toward the fire with one swift gesture, he hurled it into the flames, ignoring the startled cries from bodies half-risen from seats, smiling a mocking smile to himself as the smell of burning parchment assailed his nostrils, filling the room.

“It is gone. Now you are free – if you wish and if you dare. Free to walk from this room and trouble me no more, trouble my plans no more. Free to stop me if you can.” Veins bulged on his forehead, eyes protruded. “Or you can remain and listen and be one of the few – only this time it is I who will say what is to be; it is I who will command; it is I who will plan. Go now if you wish – but if you do, from this day henceforth enemies we will be, rival for the prize we all know and secretly covet, opponents in the gargantuan game of chess whose opening move I have just made. If you go, do not expect any quarter, any help – for I will not. I will fight ruthlessly with all means at my disposal to the bitter end – if you wish to succeed, if you wish to stop me, then you must kill me. And I will not be stopped!”

Wood crackled on the fire, sound mixing heavy with the silence of the shocked, with the silence of thought, with the silence of falling night. Wind began to knock on the panes of the window, herald of darkening storm clouds laden, covering the dying sun with miasmas of vampiric delight. Distant thunder rumbled, creaking like the dry bones of forgotten skeletons dangling in dungeons of death. Nearer with every passing minute, rising like the voice of the long forgotten dead whispering in Autumn crackling tones.

All sensed the dark foreboding horrors lurking on the threshold of existence. Waiting, waiting with drooling bloodied mouth for the feast of death to begin, for the call of undead cowering, waiting for the dark of night to fall.... Cold, cold

wrapped its' icy fingers around the room sending shudders of tingling sensation through the spines weak with dank foreboding horrors waiting to be released from coffin dark...

"I want no part of it! No part!" Sweat began to form in beads on his forehead, wiped away with trembling hand of the person now standing. "Karajan is dead. Dead! We are free – free to do as we wish. I, I cannot go on anymore. I am tired of everything, tired of....of the whole thing. I wish only to be left alone."

"Phillip wait..." But he was gone, lost behind the closing doors of the study, dashing out into the darkening night, away, far away from the house of great loneliness list in the grounds ensuring privacy.

The Master's voice was defiant. "Anyone else wish to leave?"

Silence echoed as a tribute to apprehension and fear.

"Good. Then we begin, as three. And we shall end as three, regardless of what else happens; regardless of the death of others."

Lightning flashed nearby outlining the darkening shapes of the swaying things of green, thunder shocking panes of window and reason of mind as it laughed loud at the swarming demons multiplying in the ever growing darkness of supine delight that was but ever imagination in the end, real though it be, fearful though it be.

Miles away, a child screamed a silent scream of horror...

II

"But come, my dear sir, you do not expect me to take any of this seriously." Schreier leaned back in his armchair, puffing content on his cheroot, watering eyes viewing his visitor with obvious benign distaste.

Phillip Russell was amazed. Amazed that one with a reputation so great could be so stupid. Still, there were the many stories backed by facts... He glanced for comfort into the fire, watching flames as the devoured coal, glowing with salamandic pleasure, warming the small room filled with cheap antique furniture playing at the pretence of judgment. The room of three chairs and sofa and carpet covered with old stains forgotten and molding, clashing violent with the frayed tawny chairs, pattern of Victorian wallpaper design eyeing askance the many shelves of books upon the wall, softened only by spaces left for the things of the living seen better days.

“In that case, I must go elsewhere for help. I had hoped, knowing of your reputation among Occultists, that you would help me. I see that I was mistaken.”

He rose, half waiting for the expected reply. Watery eyes turned to meet him, large hands of obese body throwing cheroot into fire snatching greedily. Schreier smiled.

“Sit down, sit down! Black Magicians you say? But why should I, why should anyone, assume that what you say is true, do anything at all - they are relatively harmless, affecting only themselves. After all, I am not some fanatical preacher conducting a witch hunt.”

Russell fumed. But only inwardly. He tried to fix the look of those eyes but found them always drifting, shifting, looking anywhere, save for the moment, at his.

“It is not what they are at present – it is what they will be. Don’t you see? They aim to expand, spread, build up and organization such as this country has not seen in a long time, and then use that organization. Surely it is better to stop them now, while it is possible, before they are so powerful.”

“Granted that they may be so if they are as potentially dangerous as you seem to think. But as yet, I have no evidence that leads me to think so – if I chased after every group on the black side, I would do nothing but continually fall over shadows and waste my time chasing ghosts. Until someone brings me positive proof, I will do nothing – but once I have that proof, I will act. And swiftly.” He smiled again at Russell. “Evidence, sir; bring me that and I will act.”

In a gesture of dismissal, he lit another cheroot.

Russell stood up, grabbing his hat languishing softly on the arm of his chair; flexing the top. “Yes, I will bring you evidence – if that is what it takes to convince you.”

Outside the wind tugged at his hat, beat upon his face, mocking his thin summer suit; darting between the people hurrying past occupied with thoughts and private turning worlds oblivious to the reality cold and staring them in the face. A city at night, playing with life – enjoying the thrill of the moment.

Six p.m. Just finished work. Beginning another round of boredom. Christ! How little the stupid bastards know.... He fumbled in his pocket for the keys, climbed behind the wheel. An engine burst into life, a speaker crackled.

“....Two more soldiers were killed today in Northern Ireland when snipers opened fire on.....

Evidence! So that's what he wants. Evidence of what? Orgies? Blood sacrifices?

He swerved to miss a car...

Grotesque images crawled on walls, seething cries of trembling horror filled the sulphurous air, mingling with bodies clothed in robes in obscene parody, laughing, baring flesh, mouthing calls of Sadian lust, eyes feasting with libidinous desire on harlot bodies displaying wares open and unashamed, trembling with suppressed desire, awaiting fulfillment. Woman naked upon altar in Temple of Satan hidden in the depths of the house, walls scarlet and oozing symbols of ride defiant, of debauched ecstasy and lustful agony, surpassing in depth the frenzied delights of the Ten Score and Twenty Days of Sodom, echoed below in mass waiting for the One of Darkness.

Leering face as body caresses body, as mouth touches mouth, as cry after debauched cry rents the air, vying with the music reaching crescendo of discordant chords falling heavy upon air stained with fumes thick and exotic and sensual....

"Lust, enjoy all things of sense
And rapture.
Fear not, there is no god where I am!
Aye! Feast! Rejoice!
There is no dread hereafter.
There is no dissolution,
And eternal ecstasy in the kisses of
The scarlet woman!"

A goat is brought, placed struggling but drugged upon the altar vacated by woman naked standing now holding dagger between large, heavy breasts inviting, watched by the now still worshippers as louder and louder the music screams mocking in discordant notes the wails of the tortured, of the burning, if the dying, of the dead. Shriller and shriller comes the chant from those gathered to celebrate the great Rite of the Satanic Sabbat, faces of beauty distorting with grimace evil and diabolic and reeking of the pleasure of Satan; Prince of Darkness; faces of normality screwing into fiendish leers of demonic lust yet to be satiated by flowing blood; faces ugly beautified by eyes staring and feasting on the feast of delight and splendor and drooling blood-lust yet to come, relishing every moment as nearer and nearer all come to the height of ecstasy assuming sexual proportions, sighs of delight mingling with cries of the chant still raising in its' wake passionate fury....

"I am numb
With the lonely lust of devildom.

Thrust the sword thro' the galling fetter,
All-devoured, all-begetter;
Give me the sign of the Open Eye
And the token erect of thorny thigh,
And the word of madness and mystery,
O Pan, lo Pan! Pan! Pan!
I am thy mate, I am thy man,
Goat of thy flock, I am gold,
I AM GOD!..."

A knife flashes, bringing heightened fury and tension and maniacal shout of glee....

"Kill, kill, kill, kill!

Blood red and warm spurts from cut in neck splashing the one with flashing eyes and those near, draining into chalice held near, causing a rush of worshippers to send hands reaching, hoping for the feel, the taste of blood warm and fresh and splendid A chalice is passed eager from hand to hand, mouths dripping with warm blood trickling, smeared on bodies, caressed into parts mostly hidden, rarely touching stone floor covered with fine demonic mosaics...

The women of beauty and nubile bodies fight over the chalice now empty, licking well the inside to satiate lust for blood, eyes meeting and chalice left lying forgotten as their lips touch and then press hard, hands searching over bodies soon naked and locked in frenzied embrace upon the floor, breasts touching as Lesbos smiles again, satisfied ...

Above all stands The Master, leering

.....

Russell sat gloomily behind his desk, pecking one finger at his typewriter, trying hard to dismiss from mind the deadline looming, ignoring the ants swarming round him, flashing eyes and smiles and jokes and bits of paper once having meaning.

"Copy, copy ..."

"Hello, News Desk. Who?"

"... any comment on the rumor that you intend to resign? ..."

" Who's pinched my bloody typewriter?"

A bell sounded in his mind. A bell killing dreams and ideas and forays of imagination removed from restraints of reality. A bell annoying.

"Yes." And then, remembering, "Russell, Evening Post."

A voice drooled in his ear.

“Got that. You sure it’s them? ... Could meet you in say,” quick glance at watch shaken to ensure still living, “fifteen minutes. Right.”

A hurried scribbled note propped up on his typewriter was all they found.

....

III

Lord Harlow was past caring. It no longer troubled him to think of the misery, of the suffering, of the dejection that he might in diverse ways be causing; sometimes, on a hot sunny day with his bastion of ancestor dreams bathed in golden rays, he would stand before a mirror and mumble words of sorrow like some worn out incantation, and then gargle and spit them out, forgotten things mixing with the refuse of life - he would smile, careful not to let the emerging wrinkles show, and walk briskly into the sunlight thankful that he cared. But no more. No more the half-smile to himself, no more the empty tones of echoing confessional laughter; no more the haughty sneer hid ‘neath bristling mustache luxuriant and grown once in defiance. No, no more – now instead the memories of half-remembered dreams floating like smoke from pipe worn and dusty, drifting, pulsing with the weary wind of dreams escaping from cracks worn and never to be sealed; now instead the soft leather chair beside the fire warm and close, eyes half-closed resting peaceful on dog – last friend – curled up and happy, breathing warm fragrance of burning wood. Now instead the graceful walk of age and worn expensive tweeds, fetching book leather-bound and good to the touch; left unread on sleeping lap of monument to age past long ago, iconoclast in servant dreams

Reality pass outside, hidden, unseen...

No, he no longer cared. He would do it as he always had, without protest, without reluctance, with punctilious attention to detail, with aristocratic finesse, he would see them come and go, bid them welcome and farewell, attentive, always attentive, to the detail that once made him famous, a name without a face to be relied upon; a man to give support. Yes, he would do it...

The Master was pleased. His eyes shown as he saw before him his dreams unfolding in reality, merging with the waves of cosmic terror that would be loosed upon the world, waves of chilling fervor and seething hatred that would rush like the tide of doom at dawn, smashing and shattering all in their wake, drowning in foam of mirth the screaming rabble who screamed and howled for forgiveness, who prayed to a god that did not exist, who looked up at a god long since dead, long since eaten and feasted upon by crawling maggots of the grave.... He smiled as he sensed his Destiny coming nearer and nearer with every passing of the beat that came from the heart that was his yet encased in the lead-lined coffin of diabolic madness and macabre horror; smiled as he looked with contempt and ruthless calculation at the one seated opposite him across the

dining table filled with the meal soon to be finished in the warm comfort of an ancestral home hidden deep from the prying eyes of the public.

Master that he was, his voice betrayed little.

“All preparations, external and internal, should be complete by the next Sabbat. I would calculate that would be approximately thirty people participating, about fifteen of whom would require accommodation for the weekend. I trust there have been no changes in your staff?”

“No, no changes”. The same trusted, valuable servants, the last of the school now, alas, dying; the same faithful people whose integrity can be relied upon, the ones of the breed now almost extinct, lost under the rush of things of nameless quantity, the things of proliferation and mass value. He had known some fine people – long, it seemed so, oh so long ago, far away in the distant world of winged collars and fine top hats; far away in the world of distant youthful dreams and memories and streets echoing to the mellow sound of horse hoofs and wheels bouncing over cobbles and chiffon dresses long and blowing in the wind of the beautiful days of happy youth and smiles from faces innocent and veiled not daring to ask the questions always thought; the wonderful days of kisses stolen in parks nice and full with smiling people elegantly dressed and refined of speech and manner, of tiffin and luncheon so calm and serene and slow, and of reserved manners and gestures saying more than words flippant and misused; of calm ponds full of lilies and reflections and many musing ideas

Yes, changes there had been. But, for the better? In his staff – no, there had been no changes....

A monotone droned. A cigar came to life. “...so you see that while what we have undertaken to do is fraught with danger, the rewards justify taking the risks. Think of it!” For a moment, but only for a moment, he nearly became expansive. “The power we will, the power, I will have! No more a cabal, no more mere control of a handful, but hundreds, thousands, millions! Millions of people which we will control spinning our web around them, sucking them into our vortex of power, draining them of their life blood, and then, then when we have finished with them, when we have obtained all we can from them, then letting them feel the agonies of hell on Earth, then letting them squirm as they are faced with the very fire of destruction itself! Then the flames of chaos will rise and rise and devour all who stand in their path, all who are not of us, all who are of the slaves that perish!

“Think of that, eh Harlow!.....”

Do you remember and Inn, Miranda? Do you remember an Inn? And the fine food and the laughing eyes of the homely people that knew the better, untroubled, things of life. Do you remember the Inn? And the spreading of the

little things of happiness that seemed then to make life so alive, so enjoyable. Do you remember Miranda, do you remember? And the small bed and the warmth of the night – Miranda do you remember? And the tread of the feet of the dead – yes; I remember, Miranda, I remember; but now, dry bones hugging an ill-fitting suit frown old before time; listening...

“Think of that, eh Harlow! Think of that! Doing the Ritual here should ensure the secrecy needed – disposing of the body should pose no problem. We should indeed celebrate – for it is not everyday that a perfect sacrifice offers itself at the perfect time, particularly in the form of a victim who seems to value life so much. For, as you surely recall, it is better to kill one who values life than one to whom it has little or no meaning – for in the death of the former strong life-forces are released with the blood during the ritual and sacrificial death. Hence our use of virgins in the past...”

Yes, he knew; and remembered. The soft skin that could have brought unending delight, that could have been swathed in wedding-white, face gleaming with happiness and full of the bridal joys loved by innocents like her; virginal, unstained, pristine, innocence in human form and blessing each new day. The fair hair that should have danced in the soft sun of twilight, perhaps touching the leaves falling in the park full with smiling people elegantly dressed and refined of speech and manner.... The soft peach skin palpitating, rippling, shimmering with life ---- stained with blood from a severed artery in the neck. Dead.

Yes; he remembered. But Lord Harlow was passed caring. It no longer troubled him.

He listened, reverentially...

.....

Damn! He thought, one of these days I will bring a coat. He shivered involuntarily, knocked on the door of the house ordinary and suburban, already conscious of the cold that must come....

The door opened slightly; warm drifted out, envious. A tall figure of youthful leaning peered from behind it.

“Yes, what do you want?”

“Russell, Phillip Russell. I had an invitation to your meeting.” He moved forward, hopeful.

“Just a minute, I’ll check.” He scampered away, shutting off the warmth. But only for a minute, returning smiling, hand gesturing.

"I'm Colin. It hasn't started yet – in fact, you are among the first. Come."

He was led into a large room, space in center vacant, strange perfume lingering in the air, mixing with the scented smiles of the few seated, the few well dressed and welcoming.

He sat to one side, folding his hat into obscene shapes, smiling when others turned to smile, nodding heads in gestures of acknowledgement.

So much for my evidence! – two perfumed ladies tarty and smiling, full of money; one nympho perhaps; two corpulent men looking as if they had been caught reading dirty magazines.

And then remembering the delights of Wheatly novels. Still, it was a beginning, had to lead somewhere....

The room slowly filled, conversation grew, introductions made, Russell trying to remember faces, names, store them away in reporter-mind for some future use, some article of sensation. He caught scraps of conversations, heard strange names, strange ideas...

"...Astral projection went quite well ..."

"Have you heard that a new "Abbey Of Thelema" has opened?"

"....Ah, yes, but you forget, by the Qabalah it is 359 and thus relates to.."

At last he came. Relief showed on Russell's face as he rose in greeting.

"You found it all right then? No trouble?"

Russell shrugged.

They moved to one side, away from the others, standing, talking. "Have you been introduced?"

Russell said that he had, that he found it all rather boring. Mark Corvin, six foot one inch with a thick mane of blond hair and rugged chiseled face, smiled.

"But it's not even begun yet! Firstly, you will be introduced by me to the whole group - embarrassing I know but no need to worry; then all except you retire to change for the Ritual. And then the fun begins!"

Russell smiled weakly, felt a slight turning in his stomach. They look harmless enough – still, there were the things he had been told, the things that had brought him here....

“You’ll be alright! Come, the High Priest is here – I have to introduce you.”

He followed behind Colvin, into a circle that seemed to form instantaneously from those around, cutting all retreat off. He faced the High Priest – surprised to be looking into the eyes of a face bearded with a goatee, hair balding, belonging to a man of his own build...

They left him alone, all but lost in the room become semi-dark, smelling more of strange odors and shadows dripping with phantoms of the mind, lurking. Fear began to creep up on him, laughing, telling him to flee, run go before it was too late, before he was. He remembered the war, the dirt, the stench of bodies unwashed and lurking in houses only rubble, all blasted out of being, the tense smiles and dry mouth and sinking fear as bullets thudded and cracked nearby, stomach reeling and will power needed to stop from fleeing, from giving in to the mad urge to rush away, anywhere, away as far as possible from death; the cold barrel of the rifle gripped hard in fear, the sights steady and picking out target coming closer and closer and closer, the taught finger, the meaningless smile of war – the dying screams of another war dead....No, no why should he go, run, give in – what was he, a coward? ...

They returned, dressed in robes white and flowing, smiles gone, faces serious and almost reverential, dedicated.

They stood him to one side, outside the circle quickly formed before the drape that had stood covering distant wall but which now parted to reveal to Russell’s amazement and almost disbelief an altar covered with white cloth containing strange symbols within a pentagram upright and red: an altar of chalices and swords sharp and candles white and glowing in the incense from holders stood towards the back. Light, save from candles, ceased as slowly, slowly all save the High Priest and Priestess who stood before the altar began a circumnavigation clockwise, a chant of guttural rhythm escaping from mouths robed and linking hands...The High Priest stands, clasping sword in hand held high in the air:

“Ye Lords of the Watchtowers of the East, I do summon, stir and call thee up to witness our Rites and to guard the Circle.

Ye Lords of the Watchtowers of the South, I do summon, stir and call thee up to witness our Rites and to guard the Circle.

Ye Lords of the Watchtowers of the West, I do summon, stir and call thee up to witness our Rites and to guard the Circle.

Ye Lords of the Watchtowers of the North, I do summon, stir and call thee up to witness our Rites and to guard the Circle...”

Russell stood unmoving, hypnotized, looking through the eyes of time, looking into a strange world, a world dead yet living, a world lost to the 20th century, a world ancient, a world of cloistered darkness and uncanny atmosphere, a world that seemed to spring somehow even from within his own mind, tearing at memories primordial and forgotten, a world of lurking depth whose potency none could forget or remain unmoved by; a world of shattering pristine beauty and lurking fear whose splendid simplicity awed even the hardest cynic, whose fervor and reality glistened as a tribute to gods long forgotten and cursed save in the sanctuaries of covens teaching silent in the mists of forgetting time....

He felt like an intruder at the same time ashamed of being caught, yet enjoying the thrill of observing, of watching – of watching something real and living and tangible, something performed with great finesse, with great depth of feeling, with great intensity, something not cold and dead and acted in wooden manner like the dying masses of the Church once known... Suddenly his mind lurched, for a moment sending tendrils of nausea through his stomach, as eyes strained to see beyond obscuring mists of incense thick, strained to see beyond the strange Gregorian chant sung by figures cowled and liturgical, sung with refrain and fervor of devotion beneath dark arches of wood seen many such days and saw the intensity of feeling echoing as the chants echoed through dim alcoves of the church filled with figures monkish and devout...Mists clearing to white-robed figures before altar of the Horned One and face of friend smiling and happy...

“Well, what did you think of it?”

The return to reality was cold and shattering. He eyed Corvin for some time before answering.

“Yes, yes I see now what you mean. Quite effective, yes quite effective.”

IV

The Master was bored, wanting some new diversion to provide added interest, wishing for some move bold and audacious and daring in the game of chess that he played with the lives of others; wishing for a pawn sacrifice to open new lines of analysis, new lines of interest – new lines of laughter at the opponent opposite straining hard in the dual that was the game, in the battle that was the war, in the life that was eternity. He wished to satiate his hunger, on which to feast the bloodied fangs...

Outside the world turned unknowingly, laughing in vain....

The Master waited patiently, a flicker of a leer upon his face, savoring the coming move, enjoying thoughts. The High Priestess opened the door, wary of the

stranger all dressed in black with strange piercing eyes, who wasted no time on formalities.

“I have come to see the High Priest, the one who calls himself “King of the Witches, the one called Woodcliffe.”

Overawed, feeling unable to cope with the stranger she led him into the main room of the basement flat, nervously asked him to sit.

Woodcliffe sat in an armchair, reading a book, dressed in casual clothes, his balding head raised as he saw the visitor, eyebrow rising in questioning manner as eyes perceived the strange manner of dress of him who sat stiffly, unmoving,, not removing gloves black. The High Priestess started to speak, but The Master silenced her.

“I believe you are the “King of the Witches”, there was a touch of irony in his voice. Woodcliffe smiled faintly in reply. “Tell me, what is your aim?”

The eyes of The Master stared, pierced into Woodcliffe who began to feel the challenge to respond to it, unsure of himself.

“My aim,” he laughed in everything save his eyes, “my aim is to make Wicca an acceptable religion, to end the fear of it, the misunderstanding surrounding it.”

He did not add the thoughts rushing through his mind, sending alarm signals crashing, touching feelings intuitive, feelings strange as if being held, controlled...

Woodcliffe faltered, averted his eyes to glance at his wife, High Priestess, who sensed the air, who appeared to tremble, touched she be by an unseen and unknown blast of chill air. He could not bring himself to smile.

“I don’t know how you can say that, for the past few years I” He began to explain his past, was on the defensive for some reason he could not understand.

The Master tired of the song of his life. Wicca indeed! You once made lies concerning Black Magick, lies repeated by others and yourself ever since – you have enjoyed yourself, felt yourself safe. Once you even claimed to have “purged” yourself.”

He ignored the words half-forming on Woodcliffe’s lips.

“....Safe until now. Now I am come,” there was fierce force in his eyes, invective in his words, “I, the one of Satan.”

The High Priestess shook, began a silent cry of affected emotion. Woodcliffe felt something strange and demonic and horror-filled rise from the forgotten depths of his mind, come rushing and quick and spreading in its wake fear and the beginnings of panic-terror; felt it suffocating him, strangling him with slimy bloodied hands of macabre laughter and self-mockery, slithering sloth-like over his body, forcing ripples of fear and ice-cold chills of intensity demonic... He struggled, struggled to force it back into the depths from whence it had come, back, back to the depths of horror-filled things, the depths of darkness and chthonic terror that none can see and live; back, back behind the Gates of the Beings on the Threshold...

He seemed surprised at his own words. "Satan you say. But surely you know of the forces of magick, of the law of return and the debt of Karma..."

The Master laughed, a laugh of diabolic fervor and intensity. "You talk to me of such things! Me!"

"I..."

"I have heard you talk of such things before, many times before. And I have heard them from many others also. I sicken at hearing them! You, you who claim powers, you who claim the title 'King', you who idiots of stupidity look up to as 'Master', you I challenge – to you I say prove with actions what you have said these past years, said but never believed in your heart, if honest you be with yourself, if truthful and casting aside the veils of illusion wrapped round all of your kind."

The Master sneered in utter contempt. "I am here now, in your room, surrounded by the things that you use in your Rituals, the things that you think have power. I am alone, you have your High Priestess, harlot in disguise of many Rituals and great experience, he stared at her body, smiling. "I am thus at a disadvantage, in your territory, and I say to you now prove yourself, my friend, or forever fail in the future. Prove that your power is as you say – or be forever unsure, knowing well in the dark hidden cobweb corners of your mind that try me you did not because of your fear at being found wanting."

Again that laugh that grated on all not kin to the Prince of Darkness, that chilled all not of The Master.

"I state to you face – to your face – that I am a Black Magickian and that I who am nameless have more power than you so-called 'King', than you and your High Priestess combined".

The clear eyes of The Master seemed to grow larger, to redden, to sparkle with the bloodshot hue of vampire laughter, with the red flames of Hell itself...

Woodcliffe squirmed in his chair, averting his eyes from those of The Master, resting them for comfort not found in his tools of Witchcraft that lay around, in his High Priestess now shaking in suppressed sobs yet eyes fixed hypnotized on the face of The Master... Words would not come to his lips, thoughts fled from his mind, chaos of the dark void of foreboding and forbidden Night of Time seeped into his brain, flooded all with foamy waters filled with slimy things and gnawing beings that jested, that mocked with pointed fangs dripping blood....

The Master stood to leave, smiling, enjoying the game. "Ha! By your silence you stand condemned!" He removed slowly the glove of his right hand, taking a ring of strangeness from his second finger, threw it without looking in the direction of the High Priestess whose hands to her surprise raised themselves to catch.

"There, a small token to remember me by. Be warned! Your Rituals will never work on it, or on me."

He sneered on final time at Woodcliffe. "Now I take my leave. Ever remember what I said – and be ever mindful in the future lest our paths cross again. For my eyes are everywhere and my ears likewise."

The Master laughed, and the laugh seemed to issue from the walls with the dread voice of thunder, shaking all who stood in its wake, sending cowering the two who stood beneath its fury demonic and of intensity Satanic and macabre; The Master laughed and the light seemed to dim with his laughter, plunging the room in where sat the King of the Witches into darkness of haunting specters, into darkness chilling and icy and oozing the fear of diabolic madness; into darkness rustling with the flapping wings of the bats of haunting misty nights, the bats feasting on the gaping twin holes trickling with warm fresh blood dark red and splendid; the darkness of wanton Lilith come to touch and feel and caress the trembling body sat shaking in the black of night, come to croon and soothe with vampire lust unsatiated the neck pulsing with the bluing flow of life...

And The Master was gone – leaving behind in the wake of his game of life and Satanic splendor much doubt and fear and dread....

Blurry eyes strained under blistering light of desk-lamp, looking down upon notebooks scattered, Dictaphone discarded, typewriter waiting – empty...Eyes that did not like what they saw.

Hands inserted cassette of small size into Dictaphone, grasped microphone head lying in heap of papers covered with hasty jottings and reminders of ideas, names, events, a thumb pressed a switch, a voice of some weariness became a monotone flat like the wail of a fog horn seeking safety of dry land, seeking way out from shrouded mists...

“December 1st, 2300 hours. Evidence still not sufficient. Definite proof that “High Priest” report of November 28th is connected with the group. Paragraph. New line of inquiry commencing through him. Corvin is definitely not connected in any way with the Black group – unaware in fact that behind the façade of the Witchcraft Coven is an inner circle of Satanists....”

He switched off the machine, removed the tape, and locked it in a drawer of his desk. Phillip Russell was taking no chances. He remembered only too well what he had been told...

“Someone suitable?”

“Yes. Yes, I think so.” Silus smiled a weak smile at The Master. He is perfect – just the type we need.”

The Master flicked an imaginary piece of dust from his black coat, leaned back in the chair in the study of the large home of Silus, a house befitting the man.
“Then show him to me.”

Silus wrung his hands, smiled a smile of tempered glee and departed lizard-like. He returned with one dressed in gaudy fashion-conscious clothes, crew cut hair and self-important bearing of those brash and young and undaunted by life. The Master barely looked. Neither asked him to sit.

“This is Steven Moore. He is the leader of a small group based in this city. He is...”

The Master silenced him with a gesture of his hand, turned to face Moore. “So you want power?”

Moore smiled – warily, “Of course, I want power for the Movement so that we can put into effect....”

“Spare me the diatribe. I am interested in power pure and simple – power of any kind, and care not what front it has. You dress your desire for power up in fine words – yet essentially it is as brutal as mine.”

Moore flinched. It was true – but he did not like admitting it, even to himself.

“You are here for one simple reason – because you may be useful to us, and we to you. You know what we represent – and what we can offer to a group such as yours, to yourself. What we wish - what I wish,” his eyes became hard, “in return is power, power to be able to direct the force of your Movement, as you call it, to whatever area or target we desire, when we desire, and for how long we desire. Other than that – and I assure you such will be very rarely exercised – you will be

free to do as you wish, using the funds we will provide as you wish. Is that understood?"

"Yes".

"Good. Provided we work in true partnership henceforth then there is little to stop the advance of what you seek."

Moore glanced at Silus who was hovering like a bat in the background, remembering what he had been told thus far.

"And the terms – if I agree?"

"That you receive a lump sum after any special action done on our behalf and, if what you do is pleasing to us, other amounts such as I will decide."

Moore pondered for a moment, knowing well the risks, knowing well what 'action' would be required: a few beatings up, perhaps a murder or two, all nice and quiet and untraceable in the chaos of the neon and asphalt jungle and the mayhem of gang fights and muggings ...the crisp feel of new money changing hands and bringing him more power, more ability to strengthen his group; and the line he would take if some of his members were foolish enough to get caught: '...the hooligan element; can't control them; didn't know....' And the smell of those notes, and their crisp feel...

"Alright - we have a deal."

The Master remained unmoved – Silus ran to shake his hand and smile, "Thank you, thank you! You'll see how grateful we can be..."

The Master sounded impatient. "The contract can only be broken by mutual consent – you understand?"

His look said he did.

Outside the window snow began to fall softly, covering all in a perfect layer of pure white clean Nature.

Miles away a lonely child had a premonition of death...

V

Russell was annoyed. Annoyed at being late; annoyed at being forced to attend the boring meeting of some stupid gathering of political cranks, being forced to prepare some useless copy which was not going to be used – probably never

even read. Be forced to stand ringing the bell preparing to apologize for being late.

“Ah, Mr. Russell, we have been expecting you!”

“Yes. Sorry I am late but I got held up by...” The excuse never saw the light of day.

He was ushered quickly into the room where before he had stood in amazement, silent witness to a Rite of Witchcraft alien and not of his time; into a room ordinary and not unique containing but three people all of whom he knew, all of whom greeted him as some lost friend returned from voyage long and arduous.

The High Priestess smiled at him. He smiled back, aware of thoughts adulterous yet thrilling, aware of passion smoldering, Aware of coy smile and pursed lips of moistured red and body nubile and well formed and bursting from tight dress and hiding but few things. Aware of a voice talking to him; a man’s voice.

“Corvin here as been explaining to me your interest,” the High Priest stroked his goatee affectionately, “and I have accordingly arranged this little meeting so that we can not only get to know one another better, but also to discuss a few things in a little more depth.”

Russell mumbled agreement.

“Firstly, as you already know, we practice a religion of Wicca and try, in our own small way to teach it to those people like you who seek us out and inquire with nature, and monthly Sabbats when we perform one of the Rituals of our religion: sometimes Initiation for a new member, sometimes Second and Third Degree Initiation for those advanced enough, many times simply a ritual of religious observance – similar to the one you saw here last week.

“The basis for our religion is the reverence for the Mother Goddess whom we call Aradia – as opposed to the basically patriarchal religions like Christianity which abound today. We see her in all things – particularly in Nature resplendent and the beautiful, and thus have the greatest respect and, we like to think, understanding of all Nature. Thus celebration of the Summer and Winter Solstice, the Spring or Vernal Equinox, natural things of life, in the enjoyable things of life – for example we take the very opposite of the Christian view of sex: leaving it solely for the people concerned. For if they enjoy something, then let them enjoy it. Thus the Wiccan marriage lasts for only a year and a day, after which the couple concerned can decide whether to part or remain married...”

Russell was not listening – his mind, and his eyes kept wandering to the High Priestess... He suddenly caught drift of the conversation.

“...the cone of power raised during a Ritual. Naturally such power can be directed in a destructive sense – usually by means of the ‘fith-fath’ which the High Priestess symbolically gives life to during the Ritual. But rarely do we use it, for it is seldom required.

“Now about your immediate future. We celebrate the Winter Solstice, December 21st in a few weeks time, which celebration, depending on how things go between then and now, you can attend – possibly also your Initiation, for we have enough time till then to prepare you. Mark will be on hand to guide you, so do not worry overmuch. Are such arrangements agreeable with you?”

“Yes, yes. Fine”

The High Priest smiled. “I see you look surprised. The quickness? Yes, well we are certain of you, otherwise you would not have been invited to attend the Ritual last week. The only question that remains is – do you think we are suitable for you?”

“Yes – I do. Certainly. As I explained to Mark I have always been interested, but never seemed to come into contact with anyone.”

“Good. Any questions you would like to ask?”

Russell thought for a moment, playing the actor well. “No, I don’t think so - unless...no it doesn’t matter.”

“No, continue, feel free to ask.”

“Well, I was just curious about other groups. Like so many other people I have read of them. Do you ever come across them – Black Groups and so on?”

The face of the High Priest never moved. “Sometimes, sometimes. But rarely. Indeed I have not heard of one on this area for nearly four years, and that one came to a speed end after Woodcliffe intervened.”

“Woodcliffe?”

“You probably never heard of him – I believe he now calls himself ‘King of the Witches’. We have nothing to do with him these days – too publicity minded. Anyway, from what I understood the nature of the ‘Black’ coven it was nothing but a bunch of cranks, no serious Occultists.”

Russell wanted names. But he also wanted his cover to last. He dropped the subject.

They conversed for a while, of things Wiccan and things Magickal; of things of the past and things of the future; of things forgotten and dusty and exhumed for dissection; of things of the present, Russell finally rose to go, excuses ready-made and neatly filed in reporter notebook mind springing easy to lips, please as the High Priestess showed him to the door, alone.

Fore an instant their bodies touched, speaking volumes of words. It was Russell who spoke first.

“When can I see you again?”

She smiled demurely, as if unsure. “Tomorrow. At my flat. Say seven p.m.” She gave him the address, breathed after him into the cold night air: “Be sure to call.”

He called. Ignoring cries of conscience and images of wife and child rising like the wrath of judgment before his eyes. It was all in the line of duty, all in the line of duty he kept repeating to himself, knowing it was not.

He parked his car some distance away, careful to the last; walked along the avenue lined with trees and houses and smelling of middle class wealth and attitudes, cars gleaming and new and status symbols hunched waiting and snarling the drives of houses given names of inelegance in parody of taste individual and benign. Lawns bearing last of snow kept in perfection lest eyes stray and comment, hungry weeds bristling with life always short lived and savage.... He walked to the intersection of another avenue proclaiming money, to the sleek flats well built and three-storied hidden behind trees and bushes prolific and expensive; walked to the door of the number given, pressed the bell melodious with single chime. And waited.

She came dressed in negligee covering nothing, lips quivering in tune to thoughts. Beautiful with the stunning beauty that comes only to her kind, perfume exotic and aphrodisiac blended with natural body scents.

She laughed at his surprise, spoke open and unashamed with the honesty born from years of suppressed anguish.

“What did you expect? Hours of love-play and soft lights and low music? Enticing me into bed? God no! – why waste time? We can talk all you like afterwards.” She fumbled with the ribbon of the negligee, untied it. “Where would you like? – the bedroom? The sofa? Perhaps the floor?”

He had recovered – found her brutal statement of the facts stimulating. He smiled. “How about the bedroom – it is more comfortable.”

.... She undressed him with the caressing skill gained by many long hours, with the expertise gained from individuals diverse, bringing him to desire, wanting, needing him racing hot.

His mind nearly exploded with lust, with desire libidinous, as he kissed her trembling lips, pressing body against body as hand caressed thighs, separated legs, sunk deep into pubic hair damp and desirous, fingers teasing the lips of the vagina, stimulating her clitoris, causing gasps and sighs of beginning frenzy and orgasm. He kissed her neck, her shoulders, her breasts, tongue playing with nipples, teeth biting with mock playfulness as her hand sought his penis, maneuvered into her waiting body of rippling desire unable to wait, as she spread her legs wide and folded, arched her body, felt the glorious sensation of stiffened flesh lunge deep into her, deep into her innermost self. She moved in rhythm with him, causing thrust deeper ever deeper and harder, as her nails dug in frenzy in his back, as her mouth closed upon the flesh of his neck biting, sucking in tune to the rhythm of body upon body...

She groaned and screamed, no longer able to control the orgasm building and building and washing over her wave after wave after frenzied wave, lost in the beautiful ecstasy of the body brought by fornication splendor and lust needing release. Sweat bathed them, desire fed them; ecstasy surrounded them as behind a mirror not all it seemed, a camera turned, silently....

Behind the camera stood The Master, smiling....

VI

Moore studied his audience packed into the upstairs of a public house, a room with a raised platform to one end used usually by folk-group resident, bare floor boards and chairs old and seen better decades. A room with overhead light unsuited and windows along one side grimy and giving views of factory after factory belching smoke and city gloom. Fifty or so, mostly young and bold and of the kind to fight on dark nights in parks lonely, parks full, causing shrill cries of horror and many letters of protest to local papers. Smoke hung dense in the air filled with the smell of beer and language brisk and to the point....

Moore rose to speak, framed behind by a flag large and blood red in the center of which a white circle enclosing a black lightning flash, angry, and defiant. Silence greeted his gaze, expectancy his bearing. He sniffed the atmosphere, considering words, sensing the feel; now the orator of power.

"I speak an in speaking raise my voice loud and defiant against those who forever whine of the need for peace, the need for tolerance, the need for sickly love and the disgusting stench of pacifist ideas! I who speak for this Movement new, the Movement proud and this Movement defiant, I say let us have war, let us have violence – let us have the joy, the splendor of fighting! For how will we

destroy our enemies, how will we win, unless we fight, unless we smash, destroy totally and utterly any opposition, any who stand in our way, who even threaten our existence!”

Cheers rent the air, boots stamped hard on the floor.

“We are gathered here, we who represent the best of the Movement that we have all grown to love and respect, we who number at the present time fifty – we have survived, grown, extended because we have used force, because we have smashed our way to power, because we have not stood back like cowards and let our enemies beat us, let our enemies jeer at our cowardice, at our impotence, at our fear.

“This Movement when it first started only six months ago had just five members – five! And what have we now? – eight, nine, ten times that number! And why? Because we have accepted our Destiny, because we have not bowed down before our opponents, because we have stood by the principles that alone will bring success, that alone will give us power.

“For what are we – cowards, weaklings who run and scamper away in fear? Are we afraid of our opponents, of anyone?

“No! No...”

“Smash them! Smash them!...”

Moore was reaching the heights of emotional fury, blending himself with his audience, feeling their power, and responding to them, drawing from them....

“Let us act like men – not cowards! Let us take our battle to the streets, let us not be content until we have destroyed all and everyone who stands in our way, all who want to see that flag dragged in the mud, who want to see our symbol of defiance and manhood and fighting spirit spat upon!”

“Let us not rest until we have won power, until we have cleared the streets of this country of the scum, of the trash, or the animals that litter them! Until we can gain power and stand proud once more – until we can stand again like men and not caged specimens to be gaped at by the ones in power, the ones of wealth and sickening bloated stomachs well fed! Let us ...”

A great crash came from the far end of the room, all turned to look, seeing the door flung wide and a body of men with contorted faces of snarls and angry rage appear, clutching weapons many and varied, at bottles broken and staves of wood....

“Bastard! Fascist Bastard! .” A finger pointed.

No one moved – but only for a second.

Moore smiled, voice booming across the room, finger pointing. “There! There are the scum! Do we fight or do we run? Are we cowards?”

Shouts of “No! ...get ‘em!”, “Red scum! Come on!”, Give it to ‘em!”

Several youths leapt up from their chairs and lunged, followed by more as savage fighting broke out, as chairs rose and fell and screams and curses lined the room, as bottles flew and beer mugs were thrown, aimed and aimless; as blood was drawn again and again; as body fell to the ground only to be kicked with savage brutality and left discarded in a bloodied pool as savage rage was turned upon others and then found again by comrades and taken away to safety; as skulls were cracked and noses broken and kips cut and faces torn with glass jagged and slashed with knives flashing and quick and wielded with expert hands...

Bodies tumbled down the stairs beyond the door as slowly the invaders were pushed back, as slowly they gave way, bloodied and overwhelmed by the unequalled savagery of the young fighters trained in battles many and varied, trained in the hard school of street fights and gang warfare. Somewhere below a frantic landlord dialed for the Police...

“We have won this battle – but there will be many more. Are you prepared for them?”

“Bloody right we are!”

“We’ll teach the scum!” ...

Moore glanced out of the window, saw some of the defeated opponents still lingering, saw one sprawled in the gutter oozing blood; saw Police cars arriving...

“Police are here! Get rid of any weapons! Remember, they started it...”

He jumped down, mingled with the members flushed with victory, some losing weapons in corners dark and empty; waited for the Police, happy....

“Then we can begin?” Silus asked hopefully, eyes straying to the small headline on the back page of the local paper: ‘Fight As Rival Groups Clash...’

The Master gazed content into the blazing log fire, a smile twitching on his lips.

“It has already begun my dear Silus, already begun.”

Russell sat hypnotized by the key, twirling it in his hand, examining it under the light of his desk lamp, remembering. "Take this key. You can call anytime - whenever you feel like you need to make love to me..." He had seen the look in her eyes, almost tearful, and been moved. He had seen her appetite, her thirst, her need, and been touched. He had known that before him there had been many, and that after him there would be many more, and he had sighed, feeling his helplessness. He had asked her why and listened quiet when she had told him with saddening eyes, told him how she had used her body to acquire her wealth, and how she would sell herself again and again, and often, very often, ask for nothing, take nothing, save the pleasure she found in men's bodies....

He shook his head, remembering.

Remembering the quest that had brought him thus far, of his search for a group of people that practiced obscene rites and partook in orgies of debauched evil, that had once touched the life of his best friend and had driven him to suicide grisly and disgusting, that had set him in revenge upon the trail of the Satanists; the trail of many blind alleys and box canyons, the trail whose scent he had lost often and yet always seemed to find again. And he wondered.

Wondered why, after all this time, he bothered; wondered why he wasted his time a crusade one-man and of little value in the end. Wondered why and to what purpose ... Could not turn back now – waiting months of work hard and paid for dearly in strain and torment; could not turn back even though the why no longer mattered, even though he no longer cared about the reasons why he had begun. He could not admit to himself that he had failed; could not admit that he did not have the ability, the cunning, the tenacity, necessary. Could not admit defeat. It was a question of survival – of winning against all odds, of proving himself...

He twirled the key, remembering.

VII

They came at him with practiced care, learned from many such gambits of life, wedging him in. Laughing. They had chosen their spot well, far away from the prying eyes of passing people, far away from the cars speeding past, ever ready to stop and look and rush to play the good citizen, informing the Police. Far away from lights bright and anathema to the ones like them, drunk on the thrill of violence, lusting for blood.

He saw them too late, understood too late their intent; felt too late the adrenalin...

They rummaged through his pockets ensuring silence by knife blade pressed tightly against throat drying with fear; littering the sidewalk frosty and silent and

empty with possessions personal and once treasured, once having meaning. And then they tired of fun, eyes narrowing and faces brightening, nostrils flaring and animal-like as they punched at him, sagging now on his knees, as they kicked him, laughing and drooling over body cowering and pleading – body of face soon flowing with blood, nose broken; body resounding to the deep thud of boots landing in laughter, the body of bones cracking and mouth of blood dribbling from the corner.

A knife flashed, point trusting deep again and again into yielding flesh, striking bones, drawing fresh blood warm in the cold night air, blood staining clothes fine and expensive and well made, blood trickling onto sidewalk frosty and with winter-chill; blood from body dead, soon to be stiff and cold, soon to be found and raising questions never to be answered.

They ran off into the darkness shielding, pleased, laughing. Creatures of the night spawned in the dark twilight grottoes of the city...

On the sidewalk cold and lifeless lay a card thrown in haste, spattered with fresh blood: 'Phillip Duval, Harley Street....'

A door opened, a stranger entered silently. Watching, listening.

"One punch, two kick, three turn, four kick five...." The instructor completed the routine, followed by his pupils, barefoot, in traditional uniform. He motioned them to continue, caught sight of the stranger, left his position at the top of the gymnasium floor.

"Yes? This is a private club- we do not take new members. I'm sorry but I must ask you to leave." He fingered the black sash around his waist.

The eyes of the stranger were full of sorrow.

"I am truly sorry to intrude. I just wanted to observe, perhaps to gain a few things, to understand."

"I am afraid that is not possible. If you wish to observe I suggest you try the Aikido Club – it's near Wellington Street."

The eyes of the stranger looked at the sash of the instructor. "I see you are advanced. Could you please tell me what you teach, for I am desirous of understanding."

The instructor looked hard at him, noting the peculiar manner of dress, the strange way of speaking, the accent barely noticeable but hinting of something not quite English, not quite right. His gentle bearing and calm untroubled face

that seemed at total peace with the world. Perhaps if he humored him he would go away.

“The Art of self-development – coordination of body and mind.”

The stranger seemed pleased. A warm smile came to his face. “And.” He turned his head in the direction of the pupils who were now motionless, watching, some perhaps glad of this break, “and they are making progress, achieving understanding?”

“Yes.” He was beginning to feel annoyed.

“But why do you grow angry with me? Surely it is follow to worry over such a small thing? Is it not folly for the flower of the field to worry over the wind that bends its stalk? – for it gains nothing thereby, save only loss of beauty. Rather it should enjoy the breeze as bringing beauty and inner calm.”

The instructor sighed. Perhaps he would have to use force after all; the smile of the stranger only served to increase his annoyance.

“I must ask you to leave now – I have a class to teach.”

The stranger only smiled.

The pupils began to talk, not only of the stranger.

His patience was rapidly running out. If only he didn't have that stupid grin...

“Please go – “ It was no longer a request.

The stranger only smiled.

The instructor moved forward, mind fixed on a grip that was least painful –

He shook his head, blinked, stared in disbelief at the roof – how the hell had he slipped? ... He regained his feet, faced the stranger – still smiling – damn him! – wary this time of his footing –

This time he saw it – a move barely perceptible; but seen it too late. He stared up at the ceiling. Raised himself again, conscious of a dull throb in his left thigh.

The stranger only smiled.

“How -?” He gestured feebly in the air.

“Please do not use force – it is the last resort of the unintelligent. I will go since my presence seems to trouble you.” He turned and took one step.

The instructor started to grasp at his shoulder – thought better of it. “No. Wait. How? .. Where did you learn...”

“It is of no importance.” The door was closer.

Some of the students laughed, others made comments not too solemn... The instructor saw red. Lunged...

The kick caught him off balance, sent him falling only to get caught by blow causing body to thump heavy on the floor of the gymnasium. The stranger stood over him, ready, smile gone.

He lay prone for a long time, recovering, breathings sounding heavy in the sudden silence, admitted defeat, let the stranger help him up. Again asked.

The stranger smiled, removed his cloak to reveal a robe of black with a woven with an intricate design of a Green Dragon emblazoned upon it.

The instructor was speechless, surprised. “I’m sorry... I did not know...”

“Do not feel sorry – for one learns only by experience. For Wisdom is not a flower to be plucked, but a high mountain that must be conquered with much endurance and hardship, with many trials of experience.”

He smiled, serenely. “You will see me again.”

“But – “

But The Master was gone, leaving in his wake many torrents of exclamations and questions unresolved...

The photograph was enough. Enough to show him that they knew - that they knew and were prepared. The photograph had come in a brown envelope, arriving without warning and exploding like a time-bomb in his life; the photograph showing two people in a compromising position, in a position making love; the photograph showing a man and a woman - and the man was him.

So they had arranged it all! Dangled the bait in front of him on a line long and thin and going unnoticed – and like a fool he had taken it. Taken in the whole story that she had told, taken in the whole set up, fallen for her witch-charms

while behind the scenes the others laughed, watching, enjoying themselves. The filth! The disgusting bastards!

He raged; tore the photograph into tiny pieces, took the key from his pocket, hurled it across the room, thumped the desk with his fist, cursed...

Well, if I cannot get at them – not yet – I can get at her, the slut, the fornicating whore!...He picked up the key, went out in the frost morning, threatening to snow....

He pressed the bell. Kept on pressing, other hand drumming on the door in rhythm to the fury of his mind. A muffled morning shout came from behind the door.

She smiled, still a little dazed from sleep, pleased to see him – froze at she saw the look of hate in his eyes, saw the twitching corner of his mouth in fury.

“What? – “

He hit her hard across the face with the flat of his hand sending her falling, came after her slamming the door behind him.

He raised his hand again and she cowered, sobbing, beautiful face distorted in anguish.

She started to answer but he hit her again, drawing a trickle of blood from the corner of her mouth. She covered her face in her hands, tears streaming down her cheeks.

The sight of blood calmed him, brought him to his senses, caused the rage to subside and disappear into nothingness, into the oblivion of numbness that was also of despair and sorrow.

He knelt down beside her, lowered her shaking hands, and wiped the blood away with his handkerchief, eyes looking into hers of cloudy tears. “I’m sorry, sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you, it was just that...”

She rested her head on his shoulder, crying gently, embracing him.

God! Why do I like her so much?”

For a long time neither of them spoke, needing no words.

Her tears gone, sorrow still on her face, she spoke. “I had to do it – I, ... I had no choice. The Master, I have to obey him. He...” Tears came again.

He brushed them away with his hand, aware now that she was but another pawn in the game, another puppet dangling on strings pulled by the group he sought – had found. Somehow, somehow he would make it up to her; make up for his stupid rage, mindless violence.

“The Master, yes” Ideas began to tumble in his mind, sending index cards turning and filing systems creaking. “Who is this ‘Master’?”

She looked up, shook her head so that her hair flayed around it, framing the tear-stained cheeks, making her look wanton and of incredible beauty, in control of herself again; conscious of a new feeling pounding through her Being, a feeling strange and not altogether unpleasant...“I don’t know his name – for I have only met him a few times: and then only briefly. He is as much an enigma to me as to others, for no one knows him, yet all fear him.” She shuddered. “He has some kind of tremendous power. I...I cannot describe it. When he looks into your eyes you cannot disobey him – you feel commanded to obey.

She saw the thought in his eyes. “He made me agree to the setting up of the camera – in there,” she pointed to the bedroom, “behind the mirror. There was another one set up in here – just in case.” The strange sensation touched her again. “But, but please believe me – I didn’t intend to ... to... He – The Master – didn’t have to command me to make love to you. I ... I wanted to for myself.”

He touched her cheek with his hand, drew her toward him, kissed her lips, held her tight aware of a feeling not only lust, a feeling once known in foolish youth, a feeling thought lost and forgotten.

“I know... I know...”

VIII

“Where did you find her?”

“She was a recent Initiate of my coven,” The High Priest smiles a lascivious smile, “came to me for help – something to do with getting raped I think. She wasn’t a bad screw!”

Silus gleamed. “And The Master was pleased?”

“I’ll say!! Thought her ideal – mind you he had her a few times to make sure!”

They laughed uproariously, mingled with the other members milling around in spacious room of a large ancestral house far from prying eyes, waiting, waiting for the start of the Grand Sabbat that would involve the letting of fresh human blood...waiting with tingling excitement and repressed desire, savoring the debauched thoughts seething through lascivious minds, rippling through

expectant bodies desirous of the pleasures of the flesh, desirous of the pleasures of Satan ...waiting; a camarilla of wealth and position bored with ordinary life, seeking new thrills...

The wonders of nature, thorn stick in hand, dog by side, happy. Days without worries; days without cares – days fresh and warm and splendid, full of life. And – oh! How memory pains – days of sun and silence walking with her, with her smiling and radiant and beautiful as the summer blooms, honeyed hair swayed by the gently breeze. Her with long dress flowing, playing in fields of daisy and buttercup, picking bunches of flowers wild, honeyed hair perhaps giving rest to one flower that looked even more beautiful thus.... Days of sun and silence, walking. Walking perhaps stealing kisses, smiling, saying no words, knowing we belonged together, would never part. Days long ago – days of refinement, days full with smiling people elegantly dressed and refined of speech and manner, days of tiffin and luncheon; days of distant peaceful world of winged collars and fine top hats. Of streets and memories echoes to the haunting sound of horses hoofs and wheels bouncing over cobbles; of happiness...

But he no longer cared – Lord Harlow, exquisitely dressed in manner befitting his charm and warmth aristocratic and rapidly disappearing world of quantity and shallowness. Lord Harlow announced to his guests that all was prepared, ready for the start of the Grand Sabbat

Deep in the vaulted chambers they gathered, gathered to celebrate the Satanic Sabbat, gathered in robes resplendent and shedding vista or color upon the atmosphere brooding but clear, dim but of cloistered clarity; gathered and looked with far from hidden glee and smiling upon the altar covered with many brown stains and sacrifice surrounded by priests of Satan stocky and awaiting well the sight of fresh warm blood, awaiting well with tension laden force bulging from build and bearing. Gathered, hearing the slow, almost silent beat of voodoo drums placed to the side of the altar, played by negroes beautiful with shimmering brown skin and flashing pearly teeth. Gathered in the luxuriant Temple of Satan exuding foreboding atmosphere, sprinkled free with demonic incense and swirling in mists of tantric delight and vulvate ecstasy - gathered and seeing woman of magnificent beauty and dark Jezebelian features emerge quick and supple from silken drapes hung near door atop steps leading to Temple of sin and debauchery and lust, dressed in silks flowing and inviting, beginning to dance to the rthymic beat of drums growing ever louder and faster; dancing in circle formed by worshippers spurring her on with animal gestures and sounds and hands clapping to beat pounding and pounding and rising and rising in fury and speed as she turned and whirled faster and faster bringing all to pitch of frenzy as hypnotic beat loud burst upon all gathered to celebrate the great Sabbat of Satan, Prince of Darkness, King of harlots and whores, as writhed in tune and time to the beat watching with bulging eyes and straining bodies to her dancing exotic dance of lust and fornication splendor, dancing dance of movement imitating frenzy of fornication, imitating frenzy of lust arisen and made

as god, discarding garments gradual until naked she danced sweating profuse the sweat of ecstasy and rhythm, until pitch of fury animal reached by all gathered in Temple matched the haunting hypnotic beat loud and reverberating from drums played with fiery passion and thunder, until pitch of intensity was reached and woman of desire and naked body sweating and stained and hair wanton and tangled fell still upon floor and drum beat ceased sudden, all eyes resting on The Master suddenly appeared holding in hand upraised knife flashing and gleaming and sharp and bedecked with splendid jewels, watching with bated breath as knife touched flesh of her upon the altar quivering with fear, breasts large and white moving in rippling waves as breathing becomes hard and labored and eyes scream a silent scream of terror, as body quivers in death throes of ecstasy and vagina discharges for the last time the fluids of life, the fluids of immortality, face of innocent beauty unblemished distorting, catching flecks of blood from artery severed now by quick slash of knife over throat warm red blood spurting free into chalice held ready by ever present priest of Satan gloating with glee diabolic combined animal noise from all gathered in robes below altar now stained and holding dead body of limbs relaxed in final death as blood runs and drum beat starts again quicker and quicker and louder and louder all beginning soon to twirl and spin with demonic frenzy of music seeping in the hideous Temple of Satan that has brought much death and great joy of passion laughing and shouting of Sadian revelry and glee debauched chalice of blood fresh and not yet cold and wonderful passed from hand to eager hand, mouth to mouth as orgy begins as trickles of bubbling blood fall from crooning mouths thirsting bodies naked and freed from all restraints caressed by hands and lips and mouths wishing vulgarity and new orifices, women opening wide legs and inviting with shouts of laughter any to satisfy them any to pierce their flesh and soften hair damp and dripping, pinching breasts in obscene parody of partners writhing with passion and needing men lusting astride other bodies naked and breathing sighs of sex passion great.

(next sentence is unreadable – photocopy off the page.)

refrain from priests of Satan gathered in circle round near altar covered still with dead body of dried blood and fresh once seen beauty but no more, drums growing ever louder and louder, possessed they be with some demonic force that shakes all in the temple encrusting it with nascent macabre horror and depth of terror giving insanity death to all not of Satan to all not of those of ecstasy lusting frenzied beneath altar of dead body over which croons The Master to all not of the one of the night of time to all not of the slithering things of darkness and terror eking from bodies escaping from orifices naked and discharging to all not of the frenzied beings on the threshold.

Miles away, a child awoke, screaming....

The Police Inspector was worried, worried by the glowing flames of hatred smoldering just beneath the surface, waiting, waiting, needing only a small incident to set them free, violent, destructive, hateful... He shook his head as he took in the scene, the crowd, their banners, their mood, the words of the speaker stood addressing the crowd of nearly two hundred.

“They are growing, growing every day. We must stop them before they grow any further – at present they are a small threat, but if nothing is done, if they are allowed to grow, they will go from a small threat into a menace – can we stand by and watch that happen, can we, must we, do nothing?”...

Cries of “No! No!”, “No free speech for Fascists!” surged through the crowd, the crowd student-like in its youth and dress and ideas.

The Police Inspector gripped his personal radio, asked for reinforcements, looked at his watch: 2:15 p.m. They should be here soon.... He deployed his small force of Police officers uniformed like he at strategic positions, mindful of experience gained in many battles of public order...

Moore sat back in his seat, watched through the tinted windows as his car toured the scene, unnoticed by the crowd, unnoticed by the Police; watched from the comfort and safety of the back leather covered seat of the car bought with money gratefully given for services rendered; watched and smiled, pleased.

It stopped down a side street, out of sight of the crowd and Police thronging round the front of the Civic Hall, stopped to let Moore out and meet with his members mostly young and smiling, some with nerves, dressed ready for battle in fashionable clothes worn by young of city back streets, worn by those of grit and reckless endeavor.

He addressed them in words terse and befitting to the moment, took his place at their head, in front of lightning-flash flags flying and single military drum beating out marching beat. He led them into the open, no more a mere rabble but now a disciplined fighting force trained by age and back street experience and secret sessions held against the law; trained and ready to fight...

Several saw them at once, shouting madly as all turned to look, as reporters scribbled and cameras focused hoping to snapshot a moment of time, a moment of history. They came, proud, defiant, silent wave for the sound of the drum and marching feet, causing anger and fear among the crowd, admiration for the Police who regretted being there, secretly wishing to turn and disperse with force the mob of left-wing students.

They came, closer and closer until but few feet and Police separated them from the crowd now shouting obscenities, venting their spleen in taunts and slogans, Moore knowing well that provoke them he could, making them seem the ones of

violence, the one of trouble, the ones of blame – the rabble, and his the disciplined soldiers who remained quiet and fought only in self-defense.

Anger mounted. Fires of hate stoking higher and higher....

Moore stood defiant, surrounded now by five burly youths of fierce features and much latent violence, conscious of all eyes upon him, conscious of the hate, and the anger, and the fear. He knew his moment had come.

With a gesture swift and barely perceivable he raised his right arm in the Fascist salute, resting left hand on the buckle of his belt, index finger drumming silently seconds before giving the signal that would send defiant chants bellowing from the lungs of his members...

The chants came, fiery and determined, overwhelming with sheer force and timing accurate the strangled lone cries of the crowd..."The Reds, the Reds, we've got to get rid of the Reds!..."

Flames burst, sending fires naked and burning and destroying reason...several of the crowd charged, some caught by Police, others by fists and boots of youth, causing eruption of violence open and without restraint...

Moore kicked him in the stomach as he rushed, heard the outward rush of cries and the sucking of air, followed by his body – doubled wit kicks severe to the knee-caps causing body to fall moaning and writhing on the ground, kicked violent in the face causing blood soon lost as other feet trod over the now helpless body, caring not. He wheeled round, blocking a feeble blow aimed at his face, kicking with studied artistry at his assailant soon lost falling back into the crowd.

The Police Inspector saw him coming, waited, judging the time right to the second, gripping neck in powerful arm-lock, forcing knee into back of student now rasping and cursing feebly. He felt a sharp pain in his back, causing him involuntarily and in reflex action to tighten his grip sending face of student colorful as body now limp dropped to the ground; as he turned seeing hand raised to strike again, face contorted in mindless anger and mouth shouting hoarse cries of "Pig! Pig!..."

Sirens wailed, uniformed bodies spilled from cars and vans, joining in the fighting, grabbing and dragging them away kicking and screaming as thrown they were into vans nearby, thrown into vans too full.

Drivers of cars stopped, enjoying the scene of violence but fearful of being involved, pedestrians stood and gazed with open eyes, searching in memories

for some scene of similar violence and savagery and brutal anger. Reporter's cameras clicking, clicked like heartbeats shuffled away, gaining new ground of vantage good for photographs soon to be on Editor's desk, raw, savage, showing spattered bloodied pavements.

It subsided, anger giving way to Police now numerous and regaining control, those in midst of crowd seeing bloodied faces and bodies limping and in agony wishing no further part; Moore, jacket torn, but unhurt, gathering supporters into some semblance of order, smiling as he looked at the scene of devastation, as he looked at his members mostly exuberant, many dripping blood and clutching limbs painful but happy...

A body twisted into a grotesque parody of human form lay alone on the pavement, stood over by Inspector seeing matted hair covering face drenched in blood.. Helmets of Police lay strewn, midst banners torn beyond repair, leaflets scattered blowing in the wind, a single shoe torn from thrashing body a solo lament to the violence of only a moment ago.

Strangers drifted away, renewed their walk, and drove off in cars, glad of something new to talk about to wives, friends...

In the distance a sleek black Mercedes burst into life, dark closing electric window obscuring the face of the person in the back seat with flashing blue eyes and leering smile, car drifting unseen into heavy traffic.

He listened with reporter-curiosity to the reports coming in, to the reporters returning with details and films to be developed, some hopeful of a national scoop, dashing to typewriters and phones, excited, glad of something new and different and perhaps important, something beyond the boring garbage of most local news...He listened, seeing headlines in mind, racy reports in language gushing and written with first-hand knowledge: "Violence Flares in Center...", "Police Injured in Riot...", "Demo Battles Outside Civic Hall – Police Hurt..." He listened, let it slip from his mind, thought of other things more personal – Saturday 22nd December, Solstice... What horrors walked the misty nights of darkness this ever, what terror waited, stalking? ... A night of desire filled perhaps with gladness and joy.

Russell let himself in with the key, greeted her with kisses and teasing caressing hands, waited patient as she finished preparation on a meal, meal eaten in candlelight in spacious living room of flat luxurious and expensive, eaten in the silence that **(balance of this line and the next line of text is off the photocopied page)...**

Next page resumes...

They sat on the sofa, bodies gently touching, savoring the sounds of music wafting in the perfumed air, talking but little, aware of the inevitability of the evening, but letting desire and lust build gradual, refined, feeding in on themselves....

She needs help, someone to help her, someone to protect her, someone able to give all the things never known in a life tormented – someone to love ... God damn it! I'm in love with her!

I'll try, just for you I'll try – it will be difficult I know, but I will try; I will give my body only to you... I'll try because I am falling in love with you Phillip.

He unbuttoned her dress, let the shoulder straps fall, helped her to wriggle out free, unhooked her bra, touched firm white flesh and felt the sudden arching of her body, heard the breathing heavy with desire waiting, urging, needing release, felt the gentle hands of her caressing hands.

“Now, Phillip, now!”

IX

Yuletide. Time of joy and rejoicing. Time of festivity and remembrance; time of bitter winds and nights dark and long and spent in warm rooms safe from drafts of northern clime, safe from chilling fervor of ice glistening somewhere in the light of the midnight sun.

Schreier added some more coal to the fire, wondering why he never got married and provided himself thus with someone to do these terribly awful chores; he sank back in his chair, grateful of the smoke from the cheroot freshly lit, listening.

“I don't think it is a coincidence – my High Priestess definitely picked up something on the Astral: not pleasant.” Like your smoke he thought, but did not add; tolerating Schreier was a burden he'd have to bear for a while. Woodcliffe sighed.

Schreier puffed contentedly between words. “Yes. Someone, come to think of it, a moment. You say he left a ring?”

“Yes, quite a valuable one. We did a bit of psychometry on it naturally – “

“Indeed, indeed.”

Woodcliffe ignored him. “... and the results were surprising; almost impossible.”

“Yes. It seems he, or who, or it, is what was claimed. Even the ring seems to exude evil, create it, poisoning the atmosphere. We did a Ritual of Exorcism on it with the whole coven participating but it had no effect – indeed it seemed to actually increase the evil.”

Schreier guessed what was coming.

“I brought it with me for your opinion.”

He extracted from his briefcase a clasped metal box, handing it to Schreier, who opened it carefully, mindful of its history, unwrapped the white linen cloth which covered it, not touching the ring instead moving the box to examine it more closely.

The ring was large – a precious stone of deep red hue set in a silver-like metal covered with signs, the whole set in solid gold.

“Interesting, very interesting,” he held it to the light, “the inscription is very strange – some sort of hieroglyphic writing, not unlike that of the Indus Valley, but more advanced perhaps. How the two metals are joined is unusual – if both are metals – like a perfect fusion. The stone I have never seen before – ruby appears the nearest, although it is certainly not that, faces are different.”

“Do you get the feeling that it is almost alien?”

Schreier was enthralled. “Yes! Alien! I knew there was something odd about it, something strange. The workmanship, design – perhaps a different concept of spatial design. Yes, yes it is certainly alien, almost demonic.”

The room seemed to go very dark, the crackling fire **(balance of this sentence is unreadable....)**

Next page continues mid-sentence....

Laughter. The eyes of the King of Witches and the White Occultist met, saying the same thing. It passed as quickly as it had come....

Silence. Silence save for the sound of the fire, normal –

“You were right to come – we must do something.” Schreier sounded nervous, as if mindful of someone watching from behind.

“We need more information – together we might be able to track this man of mystery down, find his group. Yes, together...”

“Yes, together perhaps.”

The room became cold, icy cold, sending shivers through the two sat therein, renewing their fears, their doubts, their anxieties... colder and colder it became until their hot breath could be seen, until uncontrollable shivers shook them. Darker and darker it grew as more and more powerful became the forces of evil choking the room like sulphurous stench rising from dead men’s graves and hell-fire torment, oozing from the orifices, slithering across the floor like some alien monster of loathing horror and macabre appearance reeking of carrion flesh. Greater and greater became the waves of horror and cosmic evil pounding upon the room, choking off the breath of the two sat fearful, rumbling loud and thunder-filled through the room, shaking to destruction ornaments and furniture and books tumbling from shelves like bullets aimed, striking the two harder and harder as they scrambled hither and thither to no avail, as they sought refuge never found, as they cried silent cries of nascent terror. Suddenly above the raucous cacophony of sounds demonic and diabolic came the echoing sounds of drums beating ever quicker and sounding ever louder as they beat out the rhythm of death, the rhythm of the waking dead, the becoming dead... Hollow laughter of maddening intensity and lunatic fervor beat upon the ears of the two in the room, shouting with obscene cries of pride, of strength, of Satanic splendor... Floating above all held in place by nothingness was the ring stone pulsing madly and perversely to the beat from the drums of the dead, casting eerie light of blood hue and intensity, causing two pairs of eyes to stare bulging in pathetic hypnotized horror.

And then it was gone. And they sat staring with disbelieving eyes at the room as it was before, peaceful, silent save for the sound of the fire, normal - memories tearing at minds.

They never found any trace of the ring – only an empty clasped metal box with a piece of white linen inside.

“Granted that you have a powerful force of – shall we say -, “ a sly knowing smile, “storm-trooper” types, but we have a national organization built up over many years. Surely, you must see that an amalgamation of our two organizations would of necessity mean a somewhat less radical approach. Our members – “

Here it comes, thought Moore, the myopic speech he had heard so many times before from the ‘power without force’ school. Hell, in a year, one year, he had learned more about street-corner politics that this bald headed bastard had learned in ten. He had not traveled nearly a hundred miles only to hear the drivel.

He swept away the other with an almost contemptuous wave of the hand.

“Yes I know all the reasons for less action, less militant and direct action- but reasons mean nothing – absolutely nothing, in practical politics. Look, I’m going to be brutally honest with you – and its too bad if it hurts: in less than a year I have built up a solid core of dedicated fanatics – people who are prepared to fight; I have stabilized our financial position, opened new, large, Headquarters, got full-time staff – the nucleus of a powerful future mass movement, a movement capable of taking power not merely talking about it. How has this been done? – by the use of force, by violence, by Fascist tactics and methods. And look what you have achieved in ten years by so-called safe methods: a tiny organization, admittedly larger than mine in pure numbers but not even a quarter as effective in terms of action, of propoganda, of impact. You have no H.Q., running all from this tiny office in your home – a house not even in a big city but stuck in the middle of nowhere; no full-time staff save yourself, and no training facilities, no rooms to hold meetings in, rooms which none can throw you out from.”

John Hoey sorrowed inwardly, knowing it true – and with the movement – but the whole of our type of politics is a risk. If I fail, as I may, although the chances are becoming less with every victory we have, then at least I will have made an attempt, at least I can say I tried – at least I will know inwardly, here, where it matters, that I did all in my power possible to help my country, that I used all the means at my disposal. And, if as I believe – Destiny is on our side then we must win, cannot fail – for all Destiny awaits in someone to step forward, someone to dare, someone to assume leadership. I may be that person – I do not know; but until another comes forward I must bear the burden, I must take the risks, for there is no more time to be lost.”

Moore was moved almost to tears by the compelling force of his own oratory.

He could see that Hoey also was moved – hammered home his advance.

“Are our lives so valuable, so precious – do we desire so much to live, do we desire so much the life of ease, of peace, that we cannot, will not, make a sacrifice for something beyond and ever greater than ourselves, that our mere lives? Are we cowards, afraid? Do we say one thing with our words and believe another in our hearts? Or are we proud of that honesty and truthfulness that comes to those of our kind? Is not what we stand for, what we fight for; worth the sacrifice of our life should such be needed? Do we only pretend when we speak of honor, of duty, of the common interest before self?

“I say it and I mean it – life is not so valuable that I would shirk death if forced to fight to the death for what I believe in. I would rather die than see this country reduced to the rubble of communism. And not only I but all the members of my Movement – as they have proved again and again and will continue to do so in the future while I am their leader. They fear not, they trust in me – can I turn my

back on that trust, can I slink away when faced with danger and pretend not to see the sacrifices they make in the name of the cause for which we fight? No, a thousand times no! The time of compromise is long since past – now we must act before it is too late, before we no longer can!”

He knew he had won, could read it in Hoey’s face, his eyes. But he had not expected tears, tears that came free, rolling down Hoey’s face, moved he be beyond words.

Hoey rose from his seat, grasped Moore by the hands, looked into his eyes.

“Yes, yes I will follow you – so it was true after all. They did not lie. There is indeed One to come to follow the One who died. I had hoped, oh! – how I had hoped, and now I know it to be true.

He suddenly looked incredibly old, far far older than his forty-five years. He reseated himself, brushing away the tears.

“Yes, I will do all in my power to make our Movement – your Movement – a success. To my members I will say that I have dissolved my organization and for them to join the new Movement that you have created. They will not disagree.”

Moore was speechless. Outwardly he radiated calm fierce determination, but inwardly he questioned, amazed. For an instant an irresistible power had surged through him, drawing him out of himself, making him see himself as if from above, above watching himself talk to Hoey, watching himself gesture and pierce with eyes strangely radiant and deep – as if something else was within him, some other Being which he was powerless against, which took control of him, giving him tremendous power, giving his words a power beyond words, a power unique and irresistible and far beyond mere oratory.

Perhaps – but no, it could not be; such things were not possible....

They came slowly, at different intervals, at different days, many under names and faces false lest even the slightest suspicion be thought, lest even the smallest eyebrow be raised in a questioning manner. They came from many countries united by a common interest, a common bond that was beyond money, beyond even death itself, beyond even the flames of a country, an idea in ruins and rubble and thought destroyed by most not of them. Beyond all the things so well known by time. They came – mostly old in body but of sparkling mind; some young and trusted and brought up as one of them; they come knowing the importance of the meeting to be held in the privacy of an ancestral home far from prying eyes.

The Master stood to address them seated round a table fine and large and old and in a hall befitting, a hall of ancient shields and swords and many trophies of war and sport, stood knowing that the supreme moment of his life on Earth had dawned, knowing well the great tested power of all before him.

“Brethren, as you all know the second phase has begun, in this country, at a time right and befitting, at a time dictated by the power we wield. And the time has come thus for use to gather and unite the unique abilities each of us possess so that what we create will rise from the flames, the ashes, rise as the Phoenix rises, rise as it is written in of Book of Books that it will rise – all powerful, conquering, equally Lightning and Sun!”

A look of great Satanic pleasure came to the faces of all gathered round the table large and old and fine, a look of pride defiant, a look of total power, a look of total evil.

Miasmic shapes of cyclopean horror mingled with the dark foreboding atmosphere created by all who sat gathered round a table large and old in an ancestral home far from prying eyes.

X

Russell was inwardly dreading the moment, his stomach feeling as if he had left it on the pavement behind him, his mouth beginning to dry in the fear he knew was always there but had suppressed like he suppressed it now, putting on a mask of bravado – for her.

He held her hand as he spoke, feeling its comfort and warmth and gentle pressure hinting at love; looked straight into the eyes of the High Priestess who seemed somewhat bemused by the whole thing.

“I really came to say that I am dropping the whole search thing – everything. The whole reason why I was lured into that situation with your High Priestess here – or I should say ex-High Priestess – so that those photographs could be taken.

“Don’t pretend ignorance – you as well as I know to what I refer. Right now I just could not give a damn – I’ve finished up with everything, everything even touching Occultism. It no longer matters.”

He handed a large brown envelope to the High Priest. “In there you’ll find all my records, all the results, everything I dug up – and there are no other copies in case you are wondering, for I have no need of them. Me and your ‘ex’ here are going to get married – after my divorce, leave this city and go and live somewhere quiet and peaceful.”

The expression on the High Priest's face did not change, but he moved his eyes to look at the one no longer his High Priestess.

"Is this true?"

"Yes." She cocked her head slightly to one side, defiant.

"Then you are – as they say – 'in love'?"

"Yes."

"Foolish, foolish."

Russell cleared his throat. "Nevertheless it is so. Please inform whoever The Master is, that he has won," the word nearly stuck in his throat, "for I don't suppose he rates the loss of the High Priestess as anything more than a minor irritation, - if that."

They turned and left, relieved it was over, happy for the future.

They reached her flat, exuberant, pleased, high on life like two lovers romantic and young, drunk on the mead of existence, feeding on happiness. She began a dance of joy wildly about the lounge, shimmering with luster, watching smiling and pleased and with love from Russell. Stopped suddenly dead by the sound of the doorbell echoing with latent sorrow. Anxious looks passed between them, neither daring to voice their fears. Hopes lay shattered and in pieces on the floor, discarded like some jigsaw puzzle never solved.

"Ah! Mr. Russell – I had a great deal of trouble finding you." Schreier glanced round the room, making a face that said he understood.

"What do you want?"

"I came about the reason of your visit to me – you remember? – some time ago."

Russell was adamant. "I'm not interested. I was wrong. Wrong. Please don't bother me again - the evidence you wanted does not exist. Goodbye."

In the hall Schreier stood blinking at the closed door, walked shaking his head away, overcoat open and scarf trailing....

Russell comforted her, explained. Allayed her doubts. At last she smiled again.

They kissed, embraced, glad to be alive...

The file was heavy, well thumbed yet recent. Soon, very soon, a new one would be needed. He let it drop noisily on his desk all but lost in the confusion known only to him as order that lay upon the desk in office small and reeking of occupants dusty with age.

“Moore, Stephen. Age: 25: Present address....”

Inspector Haradin, Special Branch, read on with dry amusement –

‘As of January 1st the Movement is known to have 350 members of which between 100-150 are militants.... The following are among the leaders...’

The report was neutral, and in typical style, bureaucratic and dull that to the mind of Haradin made it even more ominous and brutal. Moore stared out at him from a photograph, defiant, trouncing...

The room was large, carpeted, smelling of newness and office efficiency that came with tower block tall and sneering at city and scurrying dots below. A bright young woman looked up from her typewriter as he entered, smiling, foot unknown to him pressing button beneath the desk causing light to flash in room adjacent, room in where sat five youths, faces of scars and hard as nails, staves of wood heavy within easy reach of sliding door with peep-hole inconspicuous –

“Yes, can I help you?”

“I hope so,” Haradin returned the smile, “I’d like some information on the organization, the Movement.”

He wondered about security, imagining himself as a fanatical opponent rushing into the office bent on revenge seeking pretty secretary alone... The he saw it, caught in the quick gaze of thoroughness inbred by many years of Police experience – knew that his every movement was being observed. But he failed to notice hidden camera turning, recording all in the hope of one day being of use, failed to notice the door closing silent and locking, to be released only by switch hidden on the desk...

The woman indicated a table by the door, covered with leaflets and pamphlets and the paraphernalia of an organization political and seeking converts. Haradin selected a handful, glanced briefly at them, impressed by the office that seemed at first sight no different from others crowded into the thirteenth floor, save for the name on the door.

“I’d like to see Mr. Moore.”

“I’m sorry,” she quipped almost mechanically, “Mr. Moore sees no one – except by appointment and then only if it is very important.”

Here goes, he thought, smiling inwardly, the S.B. touch – “Tell him Inspector Hardin would like to see him. And it is important.” Moore was for Police cooperation he knew.

She smiled, almost bewitchingly, reminding Haradin that he was human. “Have you any proof of identity, Mr. Haradin?” **(balance of text off photocopied page....**

Next page continues..) shining new on the desk.

“Police Inspector Haradin to see Mr. Moore. Shall I send him through?”

“Yes.”

She let him into an adjoining office busy with the routine tasks of organization, bustling with noise loud after the quiet of the reception, filled with many Movement workers absorbed in tasks diverse yet all toward the common purpose. It looked older somehow and more dirty than the other, equipment less new; flags and posters political screaming from the walls. He was ushered into Moore’s private office.

Moore rose to greet him. “Sit down Inspector, sit down!”

Haradin’s eyes caught on the TV monitor resting on the desk in front of him.

Moore touched it almost with affection. “Security. A necessity as I’m sure you would agree.”

He swung the monitor round so that it faced Haradin, pressed several buttons on a console, causing quick changes of picture. “There – reception. The stairs, leading to the office. The lift entrance.”

Haradin was outwardly unimpressed. “Expensive.”

“Indeed. Very expensive. But necessary. We had a great deal of trouble at our other office, trouble that prevented the smooth running of our Headquarters. To some this is a luxury – to us a fundamental necessity. Now,” he swung the monitor back, “to business. How can I help you?”

Haradin made a mental note to check on the funding of the Movement, something odd there.

“You have a meeting next week, I understand. We naturally wish, if possible, to prevent any violence – but we cannot prevent a peaceful counter demonstration, just try and contain it, keep the factions apart.

“I would like a few more details – time, how many people you expects, if you have an alternative venue is case the booking is cancelled and so on.”

Moore smiled. No, no alternative venue – this booking will not be cancelled: it is secure, well arranged in advance, important ...

Everything was staked on it, everything depended on its successful outcome, his future depended on it, need its success. The odds were high, frightenly high to one not esoteric, yet the prize if he won, if his game of Roulette Russian did not end in disaster, in disgrace, in humiliation, the prize was rich, more valuable than all the gold in the world.

He had spared no effort, been ruthless and almost reckless in preparations made with money saved and money borrowed and money stolen in diverse ways – money to ensure that nothing that could be controlled was left to chance wily and oft times of disaster; money to ensure spectacle glittering and exuberant and reeking of all the things that added emotional impact, that stirred the senses, that uplifted the hearts of the audience, of his audience soon to be packed into the hall bedecked with finery of propaganda, the audience of members and supports and invited representatives from movements foreign and of common aims, invited to impress, the audience doubtless also of enemies wanting revenge, oozing hate and destruction – determined to prevent the triumph that Moore needed, to prevent the turning point leading to greatness for him, for the Movement he led.

Haradin stood at the entrance of the hall, watching the audience gradually fill the seats, watching the streets and the Police uniformed and non-uniformed lurking for trouble, prepared; watching the small chanting crowd held back by the Police, the crowd shouting slogans at those arriving, at those ushered into seats by man and youths with armbands red and of lightening-flash insignia, men and youths dedicated, of builds and actions befitting stewards of extremist political meetings. He watched and saw the hall fill until, to his surprise, all the seats were taken and people stood crowded into the doorways and spaces between rows of seats – he had seen some turned away, some with force, known opponents, yet he knew somewhere among the audience of 800 lurked others, waiting to start trouble – with emotional intensity as they reacted to the dazzling display of implicit force by the many stewards waiting and prepared, wolf-like; as the reacted to the banners large and of blazing red hung about the hall, lightening-flashes looking ominous black in a white circle swathed in red; reacted to speakers platform framed by gigantic Movement banner and special stewards uniform and standing stone-like

stance. He watched the first speaker, Hoey, dry but effective, stir the audience with passionate appeals, raising the temperature and bringing anger to the faces of many, opponents they be, biding their time, waiting for him to speak.

Moore strode onto the stage, wearing short black leather coat with white shirt and black tie, haughty and proud, eyes soaking up the faces of audience, observing, piercing minds and thrilling some hearts; the lights dimmed, spotlight framing him as he began to speak, whole Being uplifted and bursting with energy charismatic and absorbing, whole personality magnetic, washing away doubts, fears, giving hope and faith to all who listened strangely quiet and in silence profound; men stared eyes gleaming, women sighed open-mouthed, breathing hard and ecstatic and almost in raptures.

Haradin stood absorbed, unable to move his eyes from the speaker gesticulating who seemed to be speaking but whose words he did not hear, but whose impact pounded and pounded relentless on his mind until they uplifted him to sorrow and joy, until he seethed inwardly at the betrayal of his country, at the common enemy, until he felt his wrath burst and explode in flames of power supreme, flashes seething destruction to all who opposed to them. Wave and wave of emotion and thought hypnotic crashed over his Being, tearing to shreds his doubts, mocking his past, making him understand without thought how foolish had been his past, how blind, how stupid – how stupid to not believe in the Movement, in its Destiny, in its victory assured now and without question – in his Destiny....

Somewhere in the hall a woman wept with silent joy...

Somewhere in the hall a man moved his eyes and caught sight of the symbol of Destiny, and he cried, overwhelmed...

Somewhere in the hall a girl touched her body, panted with lust...

Somewhere in the hall, the past died...

A stunned silence filled the hall, a silence of beginning frenzy, a silence ensured by the rasping emotional climax of the speech, a silence lasting but a short time, lost in the rumbling thunder of audience orgasm expressed in applause demonic and frenzied and cheers verging animal mania and climax, expressed as ovation thunderous and sound of feet stamping and stamping, thirsting for more, caught they in the grip of oration lust and splendor, thirsting for satisfaction diabolical and Satanic; crying for Destiny...

In the audience, unobserved, sat Schreier and Woodcliffe, daunted, terrified, shocked into silence and fear.

Behind a curtain, screened from the audience, stood The Master, satisfied....

XI

“And then I enter on the scene
As Satan’s servant, or so it must seem;
For all dressed in black with sinister eyes
I am the one with no Goodbyes...

They both looked dejected, tired, exhausted from the quest line and fraught with much trouble and leads false, fraught with much disappointment and forgotten hopes; the quest that had let them thus far, led them to the meeting in the hall wherein they sat, confirming with their eyes and senses what they had thought but thinking always dreaded, feared always lurking in the primordial depths of minds must, because from the innermost depths of their Being there arose the Phoenix-like the memory haunting and beyond words of danger lurking, of the dangers omniscient and not of time, of the things as could be if naught were done, if failed they in the battle that had begun, in the war declared long ago but phony until now, forgotten until now. The memory of the Beast blood-soaked and demonic whose dancing feet crushed the bones of the living and smashed the bones of those long dead; the Beast thought in chains yet whose fetters stood now broken and in pieces, tribute to lost power of former gods, tribute to savagery and bloodshed to come; tribute to the Beings who lurked forever on the threshold of existence, preening their bloodies teeth with the splintered bones of the living, gorged on fresh warm blood red and human, groveling in the pits of Hell titanic and sulphurous for the tasty morsels that were human and who believe once in the god thought great, in the god thought powerful, in the god thought made flesh and blood once on Earth, learning too late the lesson of time, the lesson of those who mocked and had laughed many time in the centuries ‘twixt then and now, those who had stood proud and defiant, upraising their voices to the Prince of Darkness, the Prince of Evil, to all the chthonic horrors of diabolic fervor spawned in the twilit grottoes of the slimy haunting mind of Christian fervor and faith, far far beyond even the wildest nightmares of Bosch-like dreams – those who waited laughing for the coming of the Ones of the Night of Time, who waited for the coming of the Beings on the Threshold, and who stood enjoying blood-lust and Sadian debauchery as tormented were they of righteousness, as hacked and torn in many bloody pieces used as fresh meat were they, as made of the bluing reeking scabious walking dead were they, drooling with the writhing worms of carrion and coffin dark...

Yes, the memory rose like the haunting specter of Icelandic midnight sun, glowing defiant and proud and shedding light of alien worlds on whiteness once thought homely and good, on whiteness once thought comforting – on whiteness now seen as mirage and illusion of ice-blindness, hurting, causing much torment and sending hands rubbing and painful to eyes bloodshot in forgetfulness.

Often had they tried to explain it away, doubting conclusions their own and brought only with many hours and days and nights of work hard and foreboding, fraught with many loses; often had they laughed hollow laughter at ideas and conclusions reached, knowing deep within the deepest realms of mind and heart that true they must be, that face them they must, that no more could they doubt the evidence of their own eyes, their own senses, their own feelings...

Schreier and Woodcliffe sat, musing, dejected, tired, exhausted from the quest long and fraught with much trouble and leads false; the quest that had led them thus far, led them to the meeting in the hall... They sat in Schreier's front room, worried over by the wife of Woodcliffe, High Priestess, and the several people, coven members, sat apprehensive, staring blankly at each other, at the fire, listening to the silence, silence save for the sound of the fire, normal. Sat waiting in anticipation for the start of the Hour of Mars, for the start of the Ritual soon to be conducted as beginning skirmish in the battle begun, in battle outcome of which they know not save in hope, save in faith – faith sorely shaken by cold sneering reality laughing at them...

They changed into robes silent, sensing the atmosphere, brooding, electric, charged with an almost vulvate intensity; they files silent into the room used by Schreier as his Temple, a room ordinary yet windows facing road that was a cul-de-sac covered with heavy drapes opaque and deadening, altar covered with implements of Magician practicing Wicca, walls covered with pentagrams upright in which Sigils of practicing White Occultist, signs of Zodiac painted round large circle on floor empty otherwise.

Woodcliffe stood alone in the candle lit room casting circle with sword from altar, watched as the Coven entered within, ritually closed the circle, stood before wife now High Priestess, white robe open and flowing and long blond are curly trailing as invoked was the Goddess, as drawn down was the power of the Moon into her strangely moved by Ritual begun, save Woodcliffe and High Priestess, joined hands, begun to dance clockwise chanting as they danced, raising in their wake the cone of power which would be directed against those that they fought, those led by the one call 'The Master', those of evil and darkness and kin of the Prince of Chaos and friends of the Ones of Right of Time... They danced raising in witch-wake power held and controlled by the High Priest regaining now his confidence and assurance as felt he the beginnings of the witch-bane and sent cascading on their way to bring misfortune to all of The Master, to all under his shrouded black cloak of evil and Satanic sin

Silently, suddenly, unobserved by all in the Temple locked they be in the trance of Ritual Wiccan, a figure in black appeared behind the altar, a figure with sinister burning eyes and laughing mocking face of macabre mirth who looked bemused at the witches now naked in circle of Wiccan power, a figure untroubled, gloating. The figure of The Master...

Moore was confident; the most confident he had ever been in his life, full of hopes and determination fierce, full of pride touching only slightly but still visible to those of insight as Satanic. Full of Destiny – reflected in his eyes. Eyes into which Haradin looked as he sat in the back seat of Moore's car, hidden from view of all passing by windows tinted and drive careful to keep mostly out of view; as he sat remembering, remembering that evening in the hall that had set him free.

"I will naturally have to be careful – only you and I must know; I will, of course, have to obey orders and sometimes appear to be acting against you, but that will only be appearance." Haradin reached into his pockets, extracted a sheaf of papers carefully folded. "Here are photocopies of the contents of your file. I think they will be useful."

Moore glanced through them, inwardly amused by the deferential tone of Haradin, pleased. Another step on the road to power had been taken, another crack in the System, another person valuable indeed caught in his ever expanding web...

Rain sounded on the roof, wind whistled passed windows, stealing heat, wriggling laughing through cracks and holes of many years care and neglect, dashing hastily out. But Russell did not care. He was happy, content. Sounds of cows rumbled nearby, vying only with the harsh whistle of the wind through the trees and bushes swaying in rainstorm, loud outside thin walls. But Russell cared not. He was free, content. Gaslight flickered in the draughts, hissing menacingly at the soft darkness gently drifting.

He turned over, felt the soft flesh of her body warm under blankets many, piled onto fold-down bed in caravan lost in the vastness of the English countryside, lost in a field of pasture; lost. Known only to farmer of fields who gave permission, erecting in kindness for small token amount for electric fence round van resting near hedge, keeping cows at a distance safe and unknowing.

Russell stroked her hair, causing restless moan of dreaming sleep, happy, content, free. Tomorrow he would walk with her to the farm, collecting food fresh and wholesome and milk untouched, and water cold straight from stream or tap in yard often froze but of water tasting good, clean. Tomorrow they would walk the fields, enjoying life, glad of life, glad of beauty found they abounding all about, that found they pristine and splendid in many things of life, in the bird chattering nearby, resting awhile on branch tree swaying in wind wondrous on face; in scenery green and expansive, redolent of dreams youthful, singing with the beautiful music of the land, music simple yet full of subtle sounds pleasing to the ear and joyous to the heart; in snow falling gently, or blown by winds drifting causing rush of breath and grasps of hat as eyes strained in blizzard driven

beauty, snow covering all with virgin white, delicate, refined, - total beauty and simplicity and elegance found in snowflake caught, but soon alas dissolving under heat from body ... Yes, tomorrow they would enjoy the whole of life, knowing well the meaning of existence, the beauty of all, the grace of life, happy beyond words in each others arms, tasting the sweet fruit of paradise, drinking deep of the draught of the elixir of immortality, the elixir of splendor and ecstasy – ecstasy not only of the body but also of the Being, deep and vibrant and pulsing, sending circles of joy into both their hearts, into both their souls. If only he had known before! – in only ... if only he had known of it while young, while still able to enjoy the best youthful years of life locked in the embrace of Nature supine and resplendent in pristine beauty redolent of delight Goddess-like and virginal, redolent of the quintessence of life, redolent of a higher form of life – if only.... Then he would have wasted not his life in things trivial, things meaningless, things of time; then he would not have chased shadows, chased after illusions, after nothingness – at the things that for most make life worthwhile but untouched by existence in essence: at the house after much sweat and tears and hard work **(balance of page runs off photocopied area – continues mid-sentence on the following page...)**

...written in the garbage pit of journalism, at But he would make up for the years lost, he would enjoy, seeing farther and deeper and with more intensity because he had to struggle to come thus far, struggle blindly, unknowing. Yes, he would make up for it, was still young enough to do so – younger than he knew he was, kept youthful by the beauty of life, by the beauty found in her warm now by his side, sleeping peaceful sleep of happy dreams; by life of greater feeling that she had opened up for him, given him unknowing as a gift far more splendid and valuable than all the gold of the world, than all of the power in the world... Yes, tomorrow he would begin, begin to record his thoughts, impressions, sensations, record in prose the music that flooded through him, pounding into his Being, pounding his Soul, bringing him ecstasy and great joy... Tomorrow he would begin, begin with tribute poetic to her who had in her love freely given, in her beauty almost wanton but always splendid, woken within in him the fire that raged now knowing no end; who had made him aware of his higher self, of the trivia of all time, of the many things of glowing beauty, of the music of life... Yes tomorrow...

He kissed her, held her close, closed his eyes to sleep, happy, content, free...

Tomorrow –

XII

It was clearly insulting, clearly mocking; clearly laughing at them, at all White Occultists, at everyone not of the Left Hand Path. Schreier read the telegram again hoping perhaps that he would find some word changed, some sentence

misread, some less scathing mockery and painful truth almost nauseous in brutal nakedness:

HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE WICCAN DANCE AS MUCH AS I – MY
COMPLIMENTS ON THE ATTEMPT – NEXT TIME WE WILL HAVE CEASED
GAMES –

It was signed simply 'THE ONE IN BLACK'.

Schreier handed it to Woodcliffe, who sighed, gave it back, turned to speak to his Gardnerian colleague, specially invited, seated across from him next to Schreier in front of the fire that never seemed dead, always full of life, always full of dreaming eyes and hopes – of the stare of the Gardnerian High Priest beard bristling matching thick black framed spectacles belonging to face thin and gaunt, old in middle age.

“We have to face up to it – “

The Gardnerian shook his head, listening –

“- it is very serious. The facts you know, and they are damning indeed as you must admit. Here, this is the result of the Ritual we did.”

He handed him the telegram, which Schreier had left on the arm of his chair, languishing.

“I see, I see. Yes, yes .. “ He stroked his beard muse-like.

“Hence the need for us to cooperate – together we might be able to smash this group of Black Magickians. Together – “ For an instant a terrible memory clawed at his mind. “We must act swiftly; everyday they get stronger not only in outward sense but also the inner. Time is of the essence. If you are agreeable what I would like to do is hold a combined Ritual of all the groups we – between us – can get together. It would have to be outdoors of course, because of the numbers. And well planned.”

The High Priest thought for a moment. “What type of Ritual had you in mind?”

Woodcliffe looked at Schreier, who nodded.

“Well a sexual one. We don't think any other kind will be effective.”

The Gardnerian merely raised his eyebrows. “The whole group, or merely the acting Priest and Priestess?”

“As many as possible – the more power we can generate the better.”

“And if it fails?”

“It shouldn’t – after all,” he smiled, balding head catching the red glow of the fire, “the energies released will be great considering the number – “

“I know about the energies – but saying, just assuming we fail. What then?”

It was Schreier who spoke, watery eyes holding those of the Gardnerian, large hand cheroot. “Then we try something different – something even more powerful.”

He did not say what. “And we continue until we – or them – win. As the so-called ‘One in Black’ said, we are no longer playing games – we are fighting a battle to destroy, uproot, the pernicious cancer of evil that is seeping into this land that is beginning to poison it. Who else is going to stop them if we do not? Who else – apart from us Occultists – even understands the danger? We must continue until victory – or defeat.”

“What date did you have in mind for the Ritual?”

“I believe Mr. Woodcliffe has fixed one – “

“Yes. If we can arrange everything in time the best date is February 15th.”

The High Priest was surprised. “But that is barely two weeks away!”

“Speed is essential – I have already made some arrangements. My groups are prepared – should be about twenty five members in all – and have a site in mind, private grounds, of course.”

“Well, I’ll try my best.”

Woodcliffe felt a little less daunted, some of the burden removed. Hell, sometimes he wished he didn’t care. Why does something always have to arrive and spoil everything just when life is starting to look up ... He remembered his High Priestess, enticing, robe open displaying body, cajoling, caressing hands soothing, firm white flesh and experience – God! He would her tonight, needed it...

Woodcliffe sighed. She was good this one. Experienced, refined, subtle yet not too gentle – just the combination he liked. And the body, oh the body...

“Gently, darling, gently...” He saw the leather rise, heard the swish, sighed with passion building to rhythm – “Yes, yes!”

The Master looked at the city below, morning mists clearing, beginning to awake to sun rising gentle upon far horizon, reddish, beginning to prepare for the day, for life... He looked, aware of all around, aware of the gently throbbing pulse of life, aware that soon it would be all his...

Schreier stood before the makeshift altar, shivering slightly under his thin robe, not a little envious of those now locked in embraces, bodies rising and falling in the rhythm of intercourse, those like he, gathered in a clearing in the woods at twilight, those, like he, gathered to fight the menace of the Prince of Darkness.

He signaled to the acting High Priestess who lit the candles white and large set in candlesticks of silver upon the altar makeshift, the altar dedicated to the God and Goddess of Wicca, the altar in the center of the now passionate mass of worshippers thirty whose energies he would direct, direct against the malevolent Prince of Darkness lurking, lurking somewhere in the midst of a powerful Black lodge led by the one called The Master.

He raised his arms toward the setting sun, intoned with great intensity of feeling the First Key to the power that lay beyond all –

“Ol sonuf vaoresaji, gohu IAD Balata, elanusaha caelazod: sobrazod-ol Roray I ta nazodapesad, Giraa ta maelpereji, das hoel-go qaa notahoa zodimezod, od comemahe ta nobeloha zodien; soba tahil ginonupe pereje aladi, das vaurebes obolehe, od comemahe Casarem ohorela cab Pire; das zodonureusage cab: erem ladanaha, Pilahe farezodem zodenurezoda adana gone ladapiel das hometodbe: soba inmae lu inamis”

The strange tongue of the ones of old echoed as darkness fell, candles flickering as is sensing the presence of a force foreboding, a force powerful, a force destructive.

He felt the power surge through him, drawn from them around, mingling with that beyond, uplifting his Being to frenzy and almost bliss, destroying reason and thought and all not known by Saturnalia and orgiastic excess. In an instant of power small and not of time, in an instant of time beyond mere thought yet touched by the glitter of reflected seconds and forgotten by scything Time old, in that instant he became as god, directing the power of Ritual of frenzy and lust and tantric delight to destroy the ones of evil, the ones of chaos, the ones of darkness, directing that power in waves of energy psychic that rippled like the tidal wave of doom at dawn over the dark countryside, seeking the ones visualized, the ones of darkness, the ones made the aim of the Ritual of frenzy and lust and tantric delight...

Miles away, a child alone in a house lifeless and of sorrow, empty in feeling since departure sudden of husband and also father, fell screaming from bedroom window killed by the hard concrete below.

Far, far away in the greening hills of the countryside a man awoke sweating from a nightmare,,,,,

XIII

Days of summer warmth, fine days full of insects, full of the joys of summer, full of the love of life. Days of walks through countryside splendid in summer bloom, days spent dreaming the dreams of youth happy – youth in love, in love with beautiful women young and of tender peach-skin, young and of honeyed hair swayed by the gently breeze. Days of silence and of sun, warm days full of insects observed smiling, smiling and happy, enjoying splendid the moment of time passed musing by pond green and full of lilies and ideas of youth, time passed in planning future to come – warm future full of love and children laughing and quick thud – thud of tiny pattering feet, full of wife radiant and beautiful in house large and owned, house happy with life, house full of the joys of summer. Warm days of parasols and luncheon calm and serene, of smiles between lovers and hands quickly squeezed, and kisses stolen in parks full with smiling people elegantly dressed and refined of speech and manner. Warm days full of insects....

Power! Yes, power! Power to bend the minions of little minds and much stupidity, power to make them slaves, and power to drive them on and on and harder and harder as whip cracks, rises higher and higher urging them on and on quicker and quicker in bondage! Power to stand above the city full of scurrying rats and human refuse bending all to the power of will, will dominant and supreme, will of Destiny made explicit and glowing with the miasmic globes of fiery Hell! Power to real greatness, power to show stupid world that will was all, that greatness lay in cunning and determination and on the side of the ones of chthonic evil, the ones of Satan! Power bringing joyous laugh of pride arisen; laugh sealing fate bubbling with the boiling blood of destruction! They would kneel, beg, they would howl, and they would be killed, useless, but discarded pawns in the game of chess enjoyed, but empty hulks of no more use, but bones to be ground, but flesh to be used, but fat to be boiled.

But now, dry bones hugging an ill-fitting suit, old before time; dreaming. Dreaming....

But first to deal with writhing snakes that crawl, slithering; first to deal with the pompous idiots of much stupidity and little understanding who mocked the Power, who played games with the forces of destruction, know not what they did, not knowing the results. First to destroy utterly the pit of vipers who had dared to

challenge the Power, who had dared raise their poisonous heads, hissing... No, no more games...

"Yes. The Inner Order only will be attending." The eyes of The Master sparkled in drooling anticipation.

Lord Harlow sighed, he would do it...

The Police were prepared, informed beforehand, deployed for maximum effect and minimum noticability. Prepared for the expected scenes of violence, of brutality, of extremist politics.

They gathered away from the crowds, forming ranks three deep, ranks headed by flags and stewards menacing and determined, prepared to pounce, prepared to spill blood. Moore marched in front, conscious of glaring eyes, conscious of the flag waving overhead, conscious of the armband red on black leather; conscious of the tension building.

They set the platform up against a lamppost, a lamppost stood alone, facing the subway leading to the underground, a lamppost soon surrounded by Movement members, protecting the platform, the speaker; a lamppost soon the center of nearly all those gathered at Speakers' Corner, Hyde Park.

Moore began to speak, haltingly at first and then with assurance growing greater and greater as he latched onto the emotions of the audience, as he rose to the challenge of menacing faces and hate-filled eyes, as he combated with powerful orators voice those who heckled, those who screamed senseless abuse, those who mutely agreed. Tourist cameras clicked, films of people of many countries rolled, savoring unique something perhaps of history, something of beginning greatness, something perhaps of only eccentricity and lunatic fringe politics, soon to be forgotten, but a reminder of holiday in London, of Hyde Park...

Reporters mingles with the crowd, noting reactions, noting words, odd lenses focused on figure neath fluttering flag held high gesticulating and shouting voice hoarse and not a little powerful; mingled with Police in plain clothes, members fanatical of opposing groups, urging violence, shouting remarks.

A minor fight broke out on the fringe of the crowd, language foul rising loud, fists beating faces, boots kicking, body falling to ground, causing fear and apprehension and turning eyes and Police to rush, calming, arresting ...

Moore hit the crowd with words powerful, scalded them with rhetoric, stirring trouble wanting it –

“There”, he pointed to the scuffle, “there you have an example of free speech, of tolerance – an example of Communist violence and desire to destroy freedom, to destroy the basic freedom of speech, even in this bastion of free speech, in this honored place of freedom of thought. Even now they are preparing, preparing to use force to destroy our right to free speech, our right to be heard, our right to be here today – even now they are preparing violence. Well we say that we will never, never be silenced, never allow ourselves to be silenced! We say to the Communist scum that we do not run, that we do not cower before them, before the so called ‘fists of the proletariat’ that are nothing other than gloves of sawdust looking hard but in reality being as soft and yielding as butter! We say that we are sick and tired of them and their violence that wishes to destroy freedom of speech for all not of them; we who are defiant, we challenge them, scum they be, to dare, to DARE I say, to dare to try and prevents us – they have not seen courage even though they have the numbers, they are COWARDS, petty little COWARDS...”

A cry of defiance, guttural, intense, splintered from the crowd. Someone raised a Red flag, shouted. “Fascist pig! Death to the swine!”

People surged forward, caught in the contagion of emotion that spread like wildfire through the crowd, rousing it, causing surge of anger as tourists dazed, trying to avoid being caught, as ordinary audience parted, fearing, wish not involvement. Moore jumped down, ready, not wanting to remain uninvolved, desirous of blood.

Police appeared, scuffled with the fringes of the crowd unable to move inward, toward the fighting fierce with no holds barred.

A bearded man holding a red flag was punched in the stomach, beating about the face, kicked to the ground, flag torn to shreds and dropped scattering over hands covering **(balance of sentence is off photocopied page)**

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.... short cut hair and proud bearing was held from behind by the throat, punched savage in the face by one in front shouting ‘Fascist bastard!...tearing armband off youth now silent on the ground, seen falling by others who in anger flaming and powerful set upon the one kicking body still, other running for protection into crowd melee... A young woman caught in the midst, focused tourist camera of movie type on man grappling with man, punching bodies and tumbling locking in conflict onto hard ground, kicked aimless and aimed by others, felt strong hand grasp her wrist and screamed as pain racked her, camera falling onto ground, stamped on in vicious fury by man with contorted face in trench coat with star badge...

Police truncheons drawn and used many times restoring calm gradual, arresting some thrown into back of van dark blue with wire-covered windows. TV cameras appearing sudden and filming last of action, long cylindrical sound microphone held high by man with earphones, recording sounds of fighting and brutality aimless and aimed.

Moore was happy; he would surely make the news again today.

We must do it – we cannot afford not to. It is the one thing that they will not expect – the once source of power that they will never expect us to use.” Woodcliffe gestured in the air. “And we must do it now, as soon as possible, while they are still in the shock of defeat.”

The Gardnerian was uncertain. He scratched his chin. “I don’t know – it is dangerous. Very dangerous. Are you sure the Ritual was effective?”

Woodcliffe leaned back in his chair, ignoring the clouds of smoke from Schreier.

“Effective? Of course it was effective! We received clear indications on the Astral that it was so – not to mention the reports that we received from a friend who runs a Coven near them – and knows some of them.”

“Can you trust him?”

“Yes, I’m certain of it. I knew him well several years ago, before he became High Priest of his own Coven.” He smiled, remembering the High Priestess of the Coven, a beautiful nymphomaniac. “He has no vested interests – just wishes to be left in peace, practicing the religion.”

The Gardnerian was somewhat pacified, “Say we go ahead – do what you wish. Who will it be, how do we decide, have we the right to decide?”

A piece of coal on the fire went to its death, noise drawing attention to the labored silence.

“It will have to be a volunteer,” the King of Witches sighed, eyes full of regret, “one willing to sacrifice life so that many more may live, so that many more will be free from the accursed evil that hangs above the land.”

“Have you - ?”

“Yes.” Tears filled his eyes. “My wife has agreed to be the one.”

The Gardnerian understood. It could be no other way.

“When?”

“Tomorrow night. I will perform – the - I will conduct the Ritual.”

Schreier turned to the High Priest. “There need only be a few of us present. You and your High Priestess, and the one who served as my helper last time will be all that is needed.”

The High Priest felt a sudden burden on his heart. “Yes, I will prepare them.”

They stood in the Temple of Schreier’s house, silent, not wishing to speak, preparing silent, needing no words, and finding none.

He helped her onto the altar, straightened her hair as she lay, feet protruding slightly over the edge, hand resting on white linen cushion, kissed her lips for the last time, wiped with trembling hands the tears gently flowing down her flushed cheeks. The smell of her perfume stung his senses, sending flashes of memory vivid racing through his mind, bringing tears to his eyes, regret to his heart.

She closed her eyes not wishing to see...

He picked up the Ritual Knife, incense from holders bathing her body, swirling into shaped demonic in the tomb of darkness of the Temple lit only with black candles silent and still...He tensed, steeled himself as heard behind him, echoing strangely as if from some lonely snow-covered mountain peak, the words of a chant of death –

“Ilasa micalazoda clapirete ialpereji beliore: das odo Busadire Oiad cucaress caosago: casarmeji Laiand eranu beginutasa cafafame das ivemeda aquso ahoho Moz. Od maoffasa. Bolape como belioreta pamebeta. Zodacare oz Zodameranu! Odo cicale Qaa. Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe Karnayna!”

He raised the knife, tasting blood in his mouth from tongue bitten in effort of will supreme as quickly as he slashed at her throat, cutting deep, wishing death instant and not of time... blood spurting as he caught sight of her eyes open, open, open and bulging in a glazed look of horror...

He threw the knife to the ground, clenched his fists, shaking violently with emotion and desire to hold her again in his arms, bring back the life, trying to control it, direct it against...against... all he could see were the eyes, her eyes, staring and staring in horror...She must not die in vain; I will, I will, I will ...

From the dark corridors of his mind rose the fiend of Death, snarling, loathsome, terrifying, the fiend sent dashing, scampering into the darkness, headed for the one of evil.

He collapsed on the floor of the Temple, glad it was over, mind remembering...

XIV

Moore lay in the hard wood of the bed of the Police cell, glad; staring at the bricks clear through thin paint, at the metal door with eye-hole, heavy and double-locked. Alone. Alone in a small cell, waiting, waiting beneath the tiny high barred window too high to reach; staring at the unshielded bulb on the ceiling; musing until bored on the scribbled writing on walls of former occupants.

Alone, hearing in distance or nearby occasional echoing tread of feet heavy, and the turnings of keys and the slamming of doors and the occasional word never clearly heard. Alone; waiting for the release on bail, facing charges of Breach of the Peace...Glad of the impact made, glad of the fighting, glad with himself. Waiting to be released knowing well the waiting welcoming members he would find on the outside, glad of the return of their leader.

Woodcliffe sat with vacant eyes, looking but not seeing the pictures flashing across the television screen, proclaiming world events. He sat crying to himself, unable to think of anything save the images of death that flickered constant across his mind, releasing in the path emotions titanic and of sorrow. He sat hearing naught but the dim echo of death and the throbbing of a heart lost its greatest love; sat unable to hear the sounds matching picture flashing across the television screen.

"...This afternoon fighting broke out between rival factions during a Rally at Speaker's Corner, London ... Police say fifteen people had been arrested and would appear in court on Monday, charged with various offences ranging from breach of peace, carrying offensive weapons to assault on the Police..."

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...at object in the sky above gently pulsing, moving as if directionless in the sky above lonely grounds of a house large and ancestral and far from prying eyes of the public... He watched motionless as a piercing sound shook the ground, scattering silence of the dark winter night of the countryside like glass folding out on the impact of a bullet passing. He watched, smiling, glad, black cloak rustling in the breeze...

Russell sat before the caravan, watching with eyes full of love the beautiful sleeping body, crimson lips of delight slightly parted, eyes closed I gentle rhythm of sleep, hand delicate and lovely resting beside hair wild and disarrayed in depth of sleep... He sat, pen in hand, paper before him, drinking in her Goddess-beauty, knowing will how lucky he was to be loved by her, knowing well the depth of personality that made that beauty more astounding, more delectable, more perfect; knowing well that capture he must that beauty for all time, making it timeless, making it worthy of eternity, making it known to the world at present unaware of the perfect beauty in life, unaware of the works of artistic splendor that lived in woman, in such a woman as this... making it known and to be remembered by those yet to come, those of the future knowing not also the perfection of the Goddess. Tears formed in his eyes as he began to write, verses coming quick, written as music in poetic form, written as the music of Aphrodite, the music of Venus, the music of Eternity...

XV (Epilogue)

Failed.... failed...failed...failed...The word haunted him, chasing him in terror like some psychic fleeing a malevolent horror lurking in the shadow of darkness; causing recurrent shudders and twitching lips as he remembered, remembered the day, the hours, the minute, the second... remembered the horror of it all remembered the seeping feelings of sadness that had caused him in supreme sorrow to weep, to cry silent as the deed was done, done in the hideous dark of the confines of death; done in the shuddering twilight grotto of deception and deceit; done in the madness, the insanity of the moment, the insanity of delusion total and overpowering and shattering in reality. Yes, done...done in vain, done for nothing, done for no purpose... Done in vain.

He turned to Schreier, face like a mocking mask of death, bitter, tired. Face of a man defeated and broken in defeat. Face of a man dying in defeat, old before time, his voice was calm, barely audible, rasping like a discordant chord in D minor rustling through Cathedral beams worn and old, scarring bats.

“It was all in vain, all in vain... I killed her. I killed her for nothing, nothing...It was all in vain, for nothing. I killed her...”

He turned, tears rolling down cheeks, walked into the dark night, remembering. Wishing only to live in peace and solitude for the rest of his days, live in peace and warm comfort on memories; a man tired and defeated, sick of the world, wishing only to be left alone in his sorrow.

Won, won, won! ... I've won! Moore beamed, overjoyed as he heard the result confirmed, as he heard the cheering of his supporters, his members, his

followers; as he stepped before the microphone, lights flashing and cameras turning, recording moment historic indeed.

Mindful now of his image, of his future, of his new importance, of his emerging Destiny soon to be fulfilled, he thanked all who had helped, all who had supported him, all who had placed their confidence in him as their new Member of Parliament, in the Movement which he represented....

The End

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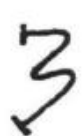
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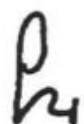
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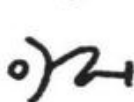
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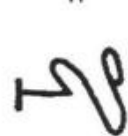
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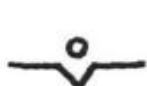
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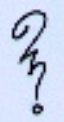

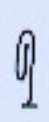

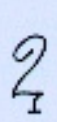

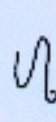
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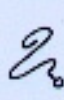
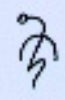

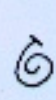









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






dark immortal

      
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as they had been - were not perhaps all necessary in order to attain inner development along the Left hand Path. That is, that some of those experiences could be internalized - that techniques might be developed, from my experiences, whereby others would achieve what I had achieved (in terms of insight and Occult ability) without those others having to undergo all my formative experiences. I had gone the traditional way - mostly from intuition and pride - seeking experiences and sometimes just drifting into them because of my character. I had survived, and achieved a self-insight, deepened with each experience and the passing of the years. But I sensed I might devise a method, a system, which would 'short-circuit' most of the experiences - which would still be dangerous and dark and testing, and which might lead others to achieve esoteric advancement and thus self evolution.

I myself had certainly attained a self and a magickal mastery - I did not delude myself about my achievements, or indeed about anything [except perhaps about women, but that is another part of the story, soon to be related]. In attaining this, I had not compromised my principles - not gone against the code by which I lived and by which I probably survived. For indeed I had principles - not ones which most individuals would easily understand and certainly not ones which most could live by, even if they decided to adopt them. My principles were simple, but hard. I believed in never submitting - to anyone, or anything - and always doing something for a reason, and with honour. Yes, honour. A much mis-understood word but one which guided my life. I had done dark deeds, of course - but always for a reason, for some purpose, never on impulse, or from a not-understood desire. What I had done was done out of loyalty. This loyalty may have been to a cause, or to a person [although few indeed were they I could be loyal to - for few possessed the character]. As an analogy (not a particularly good one) when I became a Satanist, I gave my loyalty to the Prince of Darkness ... What I did I did because it was necessary, at the time.

Perhaps I should explain this more, since it is fundamental to my life: and the philosophy I followed, which I have called Satanism. I am, however, aware that it is difficult to quantify in words this particular notion - for words are so often mis-understood, and need defining exactly. Essentially, in my deeds I used judgement - and as my character was formed, so my judgement became refined, exact, more in accord with my goals. I made some mistakes - but learnt from them, did not dwell too long on them: did not allow them to stop me going forward again, into new actions or experiences. In brief, I mastered them, and thus myself. I judged my actions by the goals I had set. Thus, for example, when involved in politics, I judged friends and enemies according to my political principles - ruthlessly, just as when I played my short-lived role of "cat-burglar" I targetted only those whose actions made them targets. For instance, once I waited near some rather plush apartments - various people came and went and I assessed them, partly by intuition but also by asking, in a broken accent, for directions. One man (whose 'aura' I intuitively disliked) was particularly rude as he flaunted his wealth, and it ^{was} from his abode that I took a little something ... There was little that was personal in all this, although few will understand what I mean. It might be said, with some justification or not depending on your style of living, I was a nemesis to others, and perhaps the world!

But back to my life, and the consequences of my acts of execution. I considered it possible to create a system - which I called Internal Magick - which would bring about, for others, what dark and other experiences had done for me. This would be a modern system of magickal training, an internal alchemy, a distillation of my own experiences and learning.

Thus was the system now known as the Seven Fold Sinister Way created - consolidating not only my own experiences and learning but also the tradition I

had inherited and was heir to. It also significantly extended it, making Adeptship (of the sinister kind) available to all who desired it and possessed the commitment necessary, and I believed this to be of fundamental importance. For the system I developed fulfills the promise of magick - that of developing not only our latent or Occult abilities but also our consciousness. It is a practical system, capable of being used by anyone who so dares, and while still dangerous, does not necessarily veer into what is regarded as 'criminal'. That is, **it is no longer the preserve of a few**, no longer esoteric in the sense of being secret and forbidding and requiring great hardship, suffering and endurance. In brief, it brings the sinister tradition into the twenty-first century.

At the time of its formulation, I realized there was still much to be done - the techniques had to be tried, assessed and perhaps adjusted in the light of the assessment. They could only be tried by suitable novices - which I would have to find - and the assessment would take a period of causal time. I also realized that when the assessment was over, it would be necessary to make them known, to publish them or at least circulate them in esoteric circles. This would mean a change in traditional Satanist policy - hitherto they had kept themselves secret, accepting few Initiates, and expecting those Initiates to test themselves via severe experiences. Only a few of the few survived. I had inherited some teachings, some traditions, a copy of The Black Book, a few contacts [one ran a house in London which specialized in pleasuring] and an honorary role as Master of the few traditional Temples and groups. My own oath as heir bound me to continue the tradition, to pass on the teachings, knowledge and rituals as others had done before me. It was a sacred trust to the powers of Darkness and I, like my own successor and those after, would fulfil it. But it was part of my unique Destiny to make this tradition known, to extend it - and so fulfil the next stage of the sinister dialectic just as it would be part of the Destiny of the one who would be my heir to implement in a fundamental way sinister changes arising out of my work.

This assessment and this making known, I knew then, would take perhaps a decade to achieve. Meanwhile, I had to complete myself - reach toward my sinister and alchemical goal.

IV The Execution of the Act

It seemed a long time before the appointed day arrived, but it was only seven days. I was early, for the assignation, high on a Yorkshire moor. It was raining, very windy, and felt quite cold. I waited wondering what was to befall me. A ritual, here, in the open during which I would be joined with the bewitching young lady? Perhaps some sort of test of my desire to join the still rather mysterious group? Calculating as was my way, I had journeyed to the meeting place the day before for a reconnaissance, and came prepared. Boots, suitable clothes, a concealed weapon.

An hour past the appointed time I was still waiting. I was wondering how long to wait when, out of the gloom, a figure came toward me. It was some time before I realized it was the young lady. She gave me some sandwiches, a small bottle of water and a compass, and said I was to meet her at a point 30 miles away within 7 hours. Almost as an afterthought she gave me a map, and asked for my watch.

"I shall wait exactly fifteen minutes after the time-limit," she said. "Not that I expect you to make it."

I knew she was goading me, so I strolled off unconcerned. After a gentle amble lasting about half an hour, I stopped. What was I doing? Did I really need to prove anything to anyone? This was a test, certainly - but did I really want to be initiated into the group? Did I really want to have sexual intercourse with the young lady - and perhaps her mother? Of course I did! I took my bearings, and set off, determined and running.

It was an ordeal. I was soon soaked, had soon eaten the food and drunk all the water - and soon lost all sense of time. The rain eased, a little, as the wind did, and I forced myself on, grimly determined. Running, walking, staggering, stumbling ... I was a little off course toward the end - but I saw her, waiting, in the distance. Or, at least, I hoped it was her. I would have shouted her name - had I known what it was.

I could barely stand when I reached her, but was determined not to show it and made some flippant remark, elated and rather overjoyed by my success. There was warm tea from a flask - and a kiss - before I was led down to where her mother waited in their vehicle. And at their house, a warm, welcome and relaxing bath, some food, and wine - and some clothes that I was not surprised to find fitted me. Then I was led to their Temple - and locked in and left, for the night.

After a while - when the candle that provided the only light had spluttered and died - I lay down to sleep, and not surprisingly slept well, until awakened.

"What is your name?" I asked the beautiful young lady.

"Eulalia."

I was bidden to return at sunset. I did. She was there, in a resplendent robe, as was her mother. And a tall man whose face was hidden by a cowl. I was led back into the Temple, which was almost bare. The many artifacts there the night before had been removed - they had been, I was later to learn, merely props for my night alone.

So the ceremony of my Initiation began, and it followed the ritual laid down in the Black Book of Satan. It was the first ritual I had attended which seemed magickal - for there was real magickal energy present there and then in that Temple. It may have been my anticipation, my expectation of desire - but I did not believe that then, as I do not even now. I felt that here, at least, was a real initiation. The expected and hoped for climax came - Eulalia alone remained with me in the Temple, and took off her robe to whisper words of initiation and draw me down with her to the sheepskin covered floor. Her lust, my eagerness, expectation - perhaps the ritual - all combined to make that first joining not as long as I wished.

Later that night, the feast over, I went to her room, and we did not sleep until long after dawn.

Dwelling
(A Personal Tale From the Dark Side)
ONA.

[MS date estimation 89-95yf, typed from old archives.
VT.]

Many years ago, in my youth, I came into contact with a rather elite Satanic group – small in number but full of promethean majesty – who subjected their few aspirant initiates to rigorous tests. Even after initiation, the trials continued – to harden the individual, to bring direct experience and to draw forth Satanic character. These trials and experiments were tough: physically, mentally, emotionally, and magickally. They achieved in a ruthless way what Internal Magick now achieves – and whereas Internal Magick makes Adeptship available to all, these former and traditional Satanist techniques were very, very selective indeed and often dangerous: physically, mentally, emotionally and magickally. Some bordered on the ‘criminal’ and some broke all but the hardest. One of these techniques was ‘Insight Roles’ where the initiate had to live, in real life, a demanding “role” (in the simple sense, play a certain ‘character’) – and this “role” was always chosen to be the opposite of that Initiate’s own character and beliefs so that, for instance, someone who enjoyed in a gluttonous way sexual pleasures would perhaps be told to spend a year in a Nazarene monastery or convent just as someone who possessed little sexual desire might be assigned to a brothel. Some roles were simple, some were complex, demanding a great deal of time and effort in planning even before the role-play began. What added to their difficulty was the fact that the Initiate was forbidden to talk about it to anyone and had to, during that role, convince others of the sincerity. Other techniques were even more difficult and demanding.

These traditional methods aimed to do two basic things – first, sort out the strong from the weak: the strong survived and succeeded, the weak failed, gave up, got caught, went insane and so on. Second, character was formed and insight gradually achieved – usually painfully. For a long time, these and similar methods had been used – achieving a handful of Adepts a century, a number sufficient to carry on the tradition but insufficient to achieve anything else on the level of individuals. Such methods, among traditional Satanic groups, have now been superseded by techniques such as Internal Magick (as codified in ‘Naos’ and other MSS) and since I was among the last to benefit from the traditional, a recounting of some of the experiences may be historically interesting.

Before Initiation, I had to undergo a test of determination. For the first part, I had to walk across moorland, 30 miles in under 7 hours. This may seem easy, but it was not. My sponsor waited until the weather was bad – cold, windy, and raining. I was allowed only to take a bottle of water and some sandwiches, together with a compass. No spare clothes, no waterproofs, and no watch. This was, under the circumstances, reckless – which was one of the points. My sponsor saw me off at the start and would meet me again at my destination. It did not take me long to realize why I was not allowed a watch – I had to go all out, hoping to be within the time limit. Soon, I began to run, then walk, then run for some miles, to walk some more... It became agony, and toward the end I was literally staggering. But I made it. The relief was amazing – and the sense of achievement. I felt invincible – full of Satanic pride. Another of the points made.

For the second part, I was taken without warning or explanation to a Temple (actually a converted cellar, rather large, in a larger house), locked in and left for the evening and overnight. Sounds simple in theory. Except that I was fairly new to the Occult and Satanism in general (having before that evening been involved with only one other group on the dark side – and that group was rather tame). So, I did not know what, or what not, to expect. As it was, the Temple was full of curious artifacts (placed there for my benefit, I was later to learn) – human skulls, of course, various carvings, inscribed medallions, rings; bottles of herbs and liquids, phials of oil, giving a unique smell to the Temple. The only light came from a lantern hanging from the ceiling and out of reach – it contained a candle and the glass was coloured red, this illumination adding to the aura of the Temple. For hours I waited in silence. Nothing happened, and I could hear no sounds. Some hours later, the candle flickered, spluttered, and went out, so I waited in darkness. I began to imagine sounds and visions – for a few moments. But I calmed myself. Some time later (an hour? Two hours?) I sensed something – like another presence, watching me. Imagination again? Possibly – but I was determined to dismiss it, for I was proud and defiant. So I lay down to sleep, and slept until someone came to unlock and open the door. It was a beautiful lady who greeted me, with a kiss. “You have passed your second test. Go now, and return at sunset tonight.” Later, I was to learn that magickal energy had indeed been directed at me, to attempt to bring fear and trembling to those naturally weak of will and unconsciously afraid. That night, when I returned, I found my Initiation was to take place – and it was with the beautiful lady

who had woken me. At the end of the ceremony, all except her left the Temple: she took off her robe and came naked toward me. And when the bliss was over (alas, then, so short, for she with her lust soon sucked me dry) she gave me my new robe and led me from the Temple to the feast.

Some months before this I had been found and Initiated by another Satanic group. This Initiation had also been sexual, but devoid of the charisma generated by my new Initiating (although the Priestess of the 'Mancunian' group had been pretty and sexually alluring). This first group had been found after a long search – and seemed interesting, for a while. They held regular group rituals, some of which involved using a naked priestess as the 'altar', and members, candidates and the purely curious seemed to come and go to these and the house of the 'master' with considerable frequency. In contrast, my new group held no group rituals save for Initiations, and were secretive in the extreme and small in number: I was the first person to be initiated in over five years. They knew about my Mancunian involvement, and even encouraged it, although I soon began to tire of it, for the group rituals were boring (deriving mostly from medieval grimoires with bits of golden dawn and Crowley thrown in), they possessed no inner direction and seemed to me at that time to lack Satanist zest. So I studied the few manuscripts given to me by my new group, and listened to their teachings – all the time growing more dissatisfied. For the teachings were garbled, and I disliked being just an Initiate, under instruction: I was full of pride and arrogance and youthful spirit and wanted to be my own Master. The Mistress whose daughter had Initiated me knew this – or seemed to me at the time to know it – for she had challenged me to undertake an 'Insight Role', "if you dare," I remember she said.

So I chose the role, and the outer form of this (a political one) – more goaded than guided by her suggestions. I searched for suitable contacts, cultivated them, and eventually persuaded them to join me in a new undertaking, in creating a new form. To aid this, I formed another group, a magickal one, and gradually mingled the core of both with the aim of directing magickal energy into the outer, more practical (and in this case, _____) form. So rituals were held, and energy directed with the aim of bringing chaos and disruption and creating Satanic fun. I also wanted to prove (to others and myself) what I alone could do – a portent to aeonics and an echo of a past. So, after all the preparations, a certain turmoil in a certain city – and a small personal underground empire created. There were challenges, violence, difficult situations – a

burgeoning of energy, causing alarm in some quarters. The experiences were tough, but all valuable: I made some mistakes, some practical, some personal, some magickal. But I learnt from them. For a time, I became my role, and could (or might have) gone on with it – had it been my wyrd, But it was not, as I came to discover what that wyrd was.

My Insight role, like all such roles, had been practice, in the real world – had been full of challenges and involved personal danger as it had led me to realize what potential exists within each individual, a potential seldom if ever realized in ordinary living. After the toughest year of my life, I had survived: stronger than before – physically, mentally, emotionally and magickally. And if I had failed, I would have simply been one of several failures – trapped in self-delusion, perhaps; or trapped in my role as its opposite; or dead. This strengthening led me to seek out further experiences, led me to try and find my own limits in living – into other situations of darkness and light and danger” not because it was a task, or a ‘role’ suggested by someone, but because I wanted to, needing outlets for my new-found and increasing Satanic energy and understanding.

So it was that I came to shape from my experiences and from the teachings and methods of the traditional group, a new form – distilling, refining and creating, forming a way which while linked to the past, was capable of leading anyone who might be interested into the discovery and development of their own potential. In short, taking traditional Satanism into the twenty-first century and beyond. Perhaps, after all, this is what my Mistress intended.

*** S. B. (Temple of Chaos)
(Not for publication: for limited circulation only.)

The image shows a handwritten musical score for three systems of three staves each. Each system consists of three staves, with the top staff in treble clef and the two lower staves in 2/4 time signature. The notation includes notes, rests, and accidentals. The first system has a '2' above the final note of the top staff. The second system has a '(Repeat 2nd -> D)' annotation above the top staff and 'etc.' below it. The third system also has a '(Repeat 2nd -> D)' annotation above the top staff and 'etc.' below it. The score concludes with a double bar line.

E o o n
(for three voices)

The musical score is written for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) in 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature of 2/4. The Soprano part (labeled 'x') starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The Alto part (labeled '2: I') and Tenor part (labeled '2: II') both start with a whole rest. The second system continues the Soprano line with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5, with a fermata over the final G5. The Alto and Tenor parts also have quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5, with a fermata over the final G5. The third system continues the Soprano line with quarter notes A5, Bb5, C6, and D6, with a fermata over the final D6. The Alto and Tenor parts continue with quarter notes A5, Bb5, C6, and D6, with a fermata over the final D6. The Tenor part has a sharp sign (#) above the first note (A5) in the third system.

Esoteric Tradition
In
North America

By Vilnius Thornian

(From Fenrir Vol V, Issue II)

According to Esoteric Tradition, the culture which existed in Albion extended and explored a good bit further than its epicenter – and its origins may be much older than previously believed (qv. Esoteric Tradition – additional notes MS). It is related that the peoples of Albion (1) may have settled as far as North America/Canada. Recent controversial archeological finds may be establishing a good deal of evidence for this.

The best known of these recent discoveries is ‘Kennewick Man’ – whose remains were found in a small town in Washington state. Though initially assumed to be the 9,200-year-old remains of a Native American, further examination has suggested that these remains resemble European Man more so than a Native American. The remains have been placed at being between 9,200 and 9,600 years old, which would suggest that the origins of the civilization of Albion extended as far as even the northern United States.

Much controversy has ensued over the notion that Kennewick Man may be European, or a distant relative thereof. Naturally, given the current state of human interaction in North America, such a notion – since it might benefit European Americans at the ‘expense’ of the Native Americans who believe him to be one of their descent – is strongly looked down upon. Though if we are ever to look at history accurately, this is a notion that needs to be explored.

It is believed that the flow of Aryan population stretches from Europe, through Northern Asia, across the Bering ‘land bridge’ and into Alaska/North America. Recent Scientists have given support to the notion that European Man occupied the entire northern region of Asia at one point, enabling such a movement into North America. Esoteric Tradition has also stated that the hyperborean civilization was sea-faring, and may have explored as far as Iceland and North America via the waters. While it seems more likely that Kennewick Man came to North America via the Bering land bridge, the possibility still holds that other hyperboreans may have visited by sea. The seafaring nature of Albion, and travel to North America would have been made much easier then, due to lower sea levels. Some scientists have gone even as far in this theory as to hypothesize that early Europeans may have visited North America on ‘skin boats’.

The controversy surrounding Kennewick Man may eventually result in the cease of scientific examination of the remains, and reburial by the Native Americans. While this outcome is not likely, since the evidence suggests he is not of Native American descent, it remains a possibility. At the time of writing, the issue is at a stand still, while the remains are given time to adjust to the environment they have recently been moved to for further study. It is anticipated that the outcome of the studies will spark much further exploration of the notion that hyperborean (or pre-hyperborean) man traveled and settled as far as the United States.

Suggested further reading and references:

- Various Notes on Esoteric Tradition, including those contained in Hostia – Regarding the dating of esoteric tradition, the possibility of hyperborean civilization traveling, via the sea to North America and so on.
- Tri-City Herald (Kennewick, Washington) new story archives, available via the Internet. (Several other links listed are all ‘dead links’)

Thornian, ONA. 1999eh.

(1) The Hyperborean civilization of Albion being dated approximately 7,000 – 5000 BP (5000 – 3500 BCE). However, originally Tradition stated that the hyperborean civilization existed around 7000 to 6000 BCE. This was revised after a thorough examination of the date of the Tradition (qv. The Dating Of Esoteric Tradition MS), as it is believed the original Tradition may be off by at least a thousand years.

External Adept: Honesty and Failure

If the Initiate seeks to move on to the higher stages of the Way, then he or she must undergo the External Adept Rite. The 'form' of this Rite is simple in words but difficult in practice: the Initiate must, at sunset, lie down on the ground (preferably on a hilltop clear of trees, thereby enabling an unobstructed view of the sky) and remain there without moving until sunrise. Obviously there is no overt symbolism or even an apparent ceremonial form through which the Rite is structured, rather, there is only the individual, the Being that that individual inhabits: Gaia and the other Beings of the Cosmos: the Stars.

First and foremost this Rite is a test of will over a - relatively speaking - long period of time (approximately 12 hours). During the course of the evening the Initiate should consider the previous two stages of the Way (Neophyte and Initiate), his or her relationship with his/her companion if there is or has been one, or the possibility of a future companion as well as other more personal factors.

During the course of the evening the Initiate should be prepared for spontaneous visions which might be reasonably obscure or apparently archetypal. Further insights concerning the Tradition may occur of themselves or may stem from mindful contemplation of the previous Stages.

Personal experience of the Rite has revealed the difficulty in maintaining will-power against seemingly impossible odds! However it seems that there are three main 'adversarial' aspects to the Rite itself:

- i) control of physical movement
- ii) detachment from overpowering thoughts
- iii) detachment from overpowering emotions and imagination.

These factors do however at times combine to become an effective overpowering of the individuals will, thus to cite an example:

Involuntary physical movement from the cold (shaking) had combined with the seemingly very real image or visions that I was lying upon a battlefield. I could vividly see myself (from above) lying upon the battle-scarred earth with both my legs blown off just below the thighs. Flesh, blood, bone and tissue were all apparent to my sight and I sat upright, my outstretched arms supporting my upper body.

The fact that I could barely feel my legs due to the cold and the intermittent and involuntary spasms of my thigh muscles - also due to the cold - combined to make this an extremely overpowering and rather uncomfortable (to say the least!) vision. This in itself led to physical movement to alleviate the discomfort and emotional anguish which in turn led to a failure of the Rite.

Another interesting factor concerning the overall Rite are the weather conditions. If the sky is overcast a deeper and more painful psychic isolation is caused and, conversely, if the sky is clear and the stars are visible then the mind has something to focus upon. It is important not to let the mind, that is the thoughts, and the emotions overpower you as this will inevitably lead to failure.

To conclude, it is worthwhile repeating a few words from an associated Ms:

'...the Grade rituals [are] there to be allowed - no matter what the desire of the Initiate - to occur of themselves. In allowing this the Initiate needs to develop a certain detachment from the personal - a combination of the intuitive and the objective.'

I could have continued to move during the course of the Rite and then convinced myself that this didn't really matter, that it wasn't really necessary that I lay still. Some slight movement is allowed, but there is a very very fine line between one or two slight movements and moving whenever you feel like it. I failed my External Adept Rite this first time, but this has just made me more determined to face the pain once more and overcome:

'Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all.' (Black Book of Satan)

Lyceus.

1999eh

Associated texts:

Naos

Beyond Illusion

External Adept: One American Experience

[This account is taken from an E-Mail sent the day following the Rite.]

Well I am a bit more rested but I still feel very disoriented. Anyway here is what happened last night...

I drove to a state park about 2 hours south of here that I selected. The site was about a 2 mile walk in with a fairly good trail. The site is on top of a rocky ridge and had an open area for a clear view of the sky. The place I picked was a huge rock slab about 10 X 12 and about 12-15' from the front edge to the ground. The site was ideal and completely isolated with no other campers or hiker around.

I got there about two hours before sunset changed into my clothing (black utilities and black button down oxford with combat boots purchased from the military surplus outfit). As you suggested I took my hand-made ritual knife and tetrahedron as required.

When sunset came I laid down on the stone with my knife in my left hand and my tetrahedron in my right. I listened to what you said about the one initiate that sat up, so I pointed the knife tip at my chest fully knowing that if I jumped up it would stop me and positioned the tetrahedron point in the palm of my hand so if I felt myself starting to doze off I could squeeze my hand and the point of the crystal would wake me up. The fact that the rock slab was up 12 feet was also an incentive not to bolt.

As soon as I lay down I damned near had a panic attack. Genuine terror. In the pit of my gut. I was completely nauseated and thought I was going to vomit right then. It was unreasonable and I wanted to flee more than anything. I did not think I could do it and I wanted out. I was angry and frustrated beyond measure. Now I see why the MSS says not to bring a flashlight. If I had wanted to leave (and I did), I could not have found my way back to my truck.

Somehow I was able to detach from the terror and told myself to calm down and that I only had two goals for the whole night... don't move and don't go to sleep. That actually helped. I knew I had to do it THIS time and I could not do it again. It is like the second jump out of an airplane - first time you don't know what is coming, second time...you know.

After what seemed like an eternity, I began to get leg cramps and "hundreds" of ticks and scorpions began to crawl all over me. There are no scorpions in [deleted] and I know that, but I was hallucinating and it was so real. I somehow detached from that as well. If you asked me how, I don't know if I could tell you. At one point, my little finger on my right hand was so numb that I actually thought I must have cut it off with my knife. I think it was because my elbow was laying against the stone surface and the nerve got crushed so I could not feel it. I could actually "see" it laying there and yet I was so "uncaring". I really didn't care. Bizarre. None the less....

The stars crept across the sky.... And I mean crept. Airplanes were a

wonderful distraction and the shooting stars were infrequent but truly wonderful. I have never had a longer night in my life...

I guess about when the night was half over it started to get really light over in the east and I thought "well that was not so bad"... and then the moon came up - SHIT!

What I didn't know is that the temperature went to 46 degrees F last night. I was poorly dressed for that weather so I guess I had an advantage. It is hard to fall asleep when you are shivering uncontrollably.

About 5:00 it started getting light in the east and when the first bird sang I almost cried. I knew I had done it. I got up about 45 minutes later but it was the shortest 45 minutes of the night. Damn... I was glad it was over. I don't know if I could do it again.

When I finally got up I could not stand. My legs were so weak and cold and I was shivering so hard that I could hardly put my knife and crystal away. When I finally got to where I could stand... I was so exhilarated that I almost ran the two miles to my truck. One other thing that I really fucked up on was not spraying myself with OFF before doing this. You would think a guy that has spent as much time in the woods hunting and fishing as I have would be smarter than that. I must have had 50 ticks to dig out this morning! I guess stupidity should be painful.

As to what I learned... I would not say that I got any big revelation about my destiny but that may have been because I was so focused staying awake and being still. I did learn that if I can freeze my ass off and not move, have, what I really thought were real ticks and scorpions crawling on me and not move....maybe I can do many other things to.

I feel good about completing this step. Perhaps other insights will come but right now I am glad it is over. Really glad. I was dreading it so. I told you at one point that I am far less intimidated about spending three months in the woods that I was this. Hell, three months in the woods sounds like a vacation... hunt, fish, camp and think .. how bad is that?

postamble();

Hangster's Gate

ONA

Winter came early to the Shropshire town: a cold wind with brief hail that changed suddenly to rain to leave a damp covering of mist.

An old man in an old cart drawn by a sagging pony crossed himself as he saw Yapp shuffle by him along the cobbled lane toward the entrance to the Raven Inn. It was warm, inside the ancient Inn, but dark from fire and pipe smoke, and Yapp took his customary horn of free ale to sit alone on his corner bench by the log fire. The silence that had followed his entrance soon filled, and only one man still stared at him.

The man was Abigail's husband, and he pushed his cap back from his forehead before moving toward Yapp. His companions, dressed like him in their work clothes, tried to restrain him, but he pushed them aside. He reached Yapp's table and kicked it aside with his boot.

Slowly Yapp stood up. He was a wiry man and seemed insubstantial beside the bulk of Abigail's husband.

"Wha you been doin? To her!" Abigail's husband clenched his fists and moved closer.

Yapp stared at him, his unshaven face twitching slightly, and then he smiled.

"I canna move! I canna move!" shouted Abigail's husband.

Yapp smiled again, drank the rest of his ale and walked slowly toward the door.

"I be beshrewed!" the big man cried among the silence.

Yapp turned to him, made a gesture with his hand and left the Inn as Abigail's husband found himself able to move.

No one followed Yapp outside.

A carriage and pair raced past him as he walked down the lane. The young lady inside, heading for the warmth and comfort of Priory Hall was alarmed at seeing him and turned away. This pleased him, as the prospect of the walk to his cottage, miles distant, pleased him – for it was the night of Autumnal Equinox.

The journey was not tiresome, and he enjoyed the walk, the mist and darkening sky that came with the twilight hour. The moon would be late to rise, and he walked briskly. Soon, he was above the town and at the place where the three lanes met. His own way took him down, past the small collection of cottages, almshouses and a church, toward the wooded precincts of Yarchester Hall. He stopped, once, but could not see the distant summit of Brown Clee Hill where he had possessed Abigail.

It had been a long ride back in the wind and the rain, but the horses had been strong, almost wild, and he smiled in remembrance, for that night Abigail has warmed his bed.

Tomorrow, perhaps, they might go to Raven's Seat. It would be all over by then, for another seventeen years. No one would stop or trouble them.

His way lead into the trees, along a narrow path, down the Devil's Dingle to Hangster's Gate and the clearing. There was nothing in the clearing – except the mist-swathed gibbet with its recent victim swinging gently in the breeze. He would need the hand, and with practiced care, he unsheathed his knife to stretch and cut the dead man's left hand away.

Less than a day old, the body had already lost its eyes to ravens.

It was not far from the clearing to his cottage, and he walked slowly, every few moments stopping to stand and listen. There was nothing, no sound – except a faint sighing as the breeze stirred the trees around. A lighted candle shone from the one small window of his cottage. It was a sign, and he stopped to creep down and glimpse inside. There were voices inside and as he looked he saw Abigail standing near a young man. He saw her draw the youth toward her and place his hand on her breast. Heard her laughing; saw her kiss the youth and press her body into his. Then she was dancing around him, laughing and singing as she stripped her clothes away to lay naked and inviting on the sphagnum moss that formed the mattress of Yapp's bed. Then the youth was upon her, struggling to wrest himself from his own clothes.

Yapp heard people approaching along the track and he stood up to hear Abigail's cries of ecstasy. He waited, until they reached him and they all heard Abigail climax with a scream. The he was inside the cottage, with the others around him. The youth was surprised and tried to stand and Yapp stood aside to let them pin him down on the hard earth floor of the cottage.

An old woman in a dirty bonnet gave a toothless laugh - Abigail laughed, even Yapp laughed as the tall blacksmith tore out the youth's heart. The was a pail for some of the blood.

Abigail was soon dressed, the body taken away and she led Yapp and the old woman through the trees to another clearing. The moon was rising, the blood was fresh and she took the severed hand from Yapp to dip it in the blood and sprinkle their sacred ground to propitiate their Dark Goddess Baphomet.

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HELL

By Anton Long, Order of Nine Angles (England)

I shall be honest - Satanism has been hijacked. By posers, by pseudo-intellectuals and by gutless weaklings who like the glamour and danger associated with it in the public mind but who do not have the guts to be evil - to do dark deeds.

These modern days so-called 'satanists' are really Nazarene scum in disguise - worms in dead snake-skin. They prattle on about 'morality', puff themselves up with titles and perform verbal and intellectual gymnastics. They think being Satanic involves calling yourself a Satanist and dressing up like Dracula or Mephistopheles or a vamp.

Well, I am sick of these imposters. Those who get a thrill from playing the role but who never actually do anything evil, who never go to the extremes, who never stand on the edge - or climb down to the darkness of the pit of Hell. Those who have never experienced the limits of themselves in love, in war, in living - these weaklings trying so hard to impress.

What, then, is real Satanism all about? First, it is about rebellion - against the conformity of the present. And I mean a real rebel, a real outlaw - someone who cuts a dash, who has charisma, whose very presence makes others uneasy (and who does not have to wear some stupid 'costume' to do this). Second - try something to see if you get away with it. If not - tough, you failed. There are plenty of others... If you succeed, try again, until you know your limits. Choose a good cause, or a bad one or no cause at all, and really live, intoxicating yourself with life, danger, achievement. Do not rest and never be afraid to face the possibility of death. But in all that you do be honourable - to yourself. Carry this honour with you everywhere like a favourite concealed weapon.

Third, learn from your experience - like you would learn from a 'bad' woman (or man) in your youth when sex was still something of a mystery. A real Satanist does not often do magick - they are magick by the very nature of their dynamic, zestful existence. It is

experience which teaches, from which you learn - you cannot learn Satanism from books (although some may guide you aright to begin with), it cannot be taught by 'Masters' and never involves cosy little discussions with 'friends' or others. Anyone who accepts a 'Master' and grovels before them - however slight that grovelling may be - is not a Satanist, just a sucker who sucks. Accepting some 'authority' is a sign you are weak: a sign you need emotional crutches: a sign you are a whimp.

So, get off your arse, you suckers, and make Satan proud. Learn to do evil.

What is evil? All that restricts life - all that tries to constrain the possibilities. Doing evil means breaking these restrictions and constraints - and taking the consequences of your actions. Just do - just discover, just smash the chains that hold most others in thrall, and never bow down to anyone about anything: smash them first, or die rather than submit. That way, you will learn how to live - and laugh at the weak.

Of course this is dangerous - for others, and yourself! Satanism was never easy - or for whimps.

See you in Hell!

HELL - PART II by Christos Beest (Order of Nine Angles - U.K.)

(Part I originally appeared in The Watcher #7, May 1991ev)

For many, the end is near; for certain folk their time has come. All that can be spilled out in words must take shape, but also allow that bridge to the indescribable; here all that is known shall be shattered. The bridge will burn and the chasm will fill and flood both world and destroy. Stupid people overcrowd this rotting human st, fat deluded fools, wearing masks of war whilst crawling away from harm. The cracked lizard eats several of its mutable offspring. For the scum, and that means the majority of this civilized society, there will be a disruption increasing to death, a fury that will intensify over the next twenty years. The process is now unstoppable. Shugara. Atazoth. Our dark goddess Baphomet - all are returning, bringing storms of Blood, cracking the firmament! For those puffed-up comfortable occultists with their armchair ethics and pseudo-intellectual bullshit, it is all too easy to proclaim how the times are changing. Do these people actually understand what is meant by the 'New Aeon'? It is oh-so-easy to throw around meaningless intellectual phrases, to bloat the ego and create the self-delusion that keeps away the real Horrors of existence. These pompous stumbling idiots are blind to what actually occurs; are fearfully resistant to what Magick actually is. Waste your life if you will, pouring over 'occult' books, absorbing correspondences, standing in basements and shouting out silly names! Fools! Occultists do not have the power and the understanding to grasp the events that will occur all too soon for their wretched lives. In fact, by their actions and weak philosophy, it is clear that these babbling fools do not wish to bring a New Aeon. They still carry within them the sickness of the Nazarene. So good riddance to the scum and the pretenders! It is disruption that will lead the way, and simply that - there is no hiding place. No one's life will be saved. There will be no moral protection. Only those with the eyes to see shall reap the glories when They who are seldom Names are returned, and the feminine is restored. Once it was necessary to remain silent, but now the cosmic tides are aligned and we shall be seen to finally shatter the tyrannical grip of Yeshua the deceiver, that disgusting groveller to a decaying fish. There is no possible justification for this process in the eyes of society and none shall be given. Those who understand shall know - to the others: DIE! From the dark pool beneath the moon... Christos Beest Yr of Fire 102

HYSTERON PROTERON

The Inner Teachings

of

the O.N.A.

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Introduction

This present work contains secret MSS circulated among members of the Satanic organization the Order of Nine Angles. These MSS contain details of the most secret teachings of that Order, and compliment the material already available in works such as "Naos", "The Black Book of Satan", and "Hostia".

They are being made available to explicate the true nature of traditional Satanism .

The Hard Reality of Satanism

The hard reality of Satanism is that it is very different from both the media image and the more recent image pedaled by imitation Satanists in both Europe and America.

I What Satanism Is:

a) Satanism is a quest for self-excellence, involving real danger, real challenges and requiring real courage.

It involves taking your body to and beyond its physical limits of endurance. It involves real action, alone: without the support of friends, comrades, lovers, relations or anyone.

It involves accepting challenges - physical, psychic, intellectual and triumphing solely by one's own efforts.

It involves the triumph of pure, individual will and desire.

b) Satanism is, in part, an Inner quest, an exploration of the 'hidden' (and overt) aspects of consciousness: a dis-discovery of the darkness within and beyond the individual psyche. This involves 'magickal acts' - such as rituals. This magick, however, is a means, not an end.

c) Satanism involves ordeals, both physical and magickal. Those who are suitable triumph; the others fail. [One such ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - where the candidate lives alone and isolated, bereft of everything except the bare necessities for physical survival, for a period of three months.]

d) Satanism requires the practical experiencing of all moral limits, and then a mastery of the feelings, desires, pleasures, terrors, pains and so on that these imply.

e) Satanism involves the individual defiance of all subservience: a Satanist accepts guidance only, and refuses to be dominated or intimidated by anyone. This guidance is toward practical experience, and it is by this experience that the novice learns and develops a genuine Satanic character.

f) Satanism involves sacrifice - this is a necessary test of character [qv. the MSS, "Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth", and "Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed" for more details.].

g) Satanism is a means - a method, or way, and the purpose of this means, method or way is to produce a specific type of individual: the next stage of our evolution as a species. Satanism is thus an expression of evolutionary change - on both the individual level and in respect of 'societies' and 'history'.

The individuals so created often inspire in the supine majority a certain terror/awe/admiration/fear/jealousy.

h) Satanism is elitist. It does not compromise - its tests, ordeals, methods and character-building experiences are severe and will never be made easier to make them acceptable to more people or easier to undertake.

i) Satanism is esoteric by nature and intent: it is both a 'secret' way, by virtue of its methods etc., and it is not nor probably will be suitable for the majority for many, many centuries.

II What Satanism Is Not:

a) Satanism is not, nor can ever be, a religion, nor just a 'philosophy'. A religion means acceptance of authority, the rigid structure of a 'Church' or a 'Temple', and a unified dogma (with the consequent

schisms and claims to "authenticity"). The religious attitude is the antithesis of what Satanism really is - for Satanism is a way of living, a way of experiencing, in the raw, whereas religion abstracts, limits endeavor, behavior and moralizes. In short, a Satanist plunges into reality, without any supports (moral, psychic or human) whereas a religious person has that reality prescribed by dogma, authority and such like, and is supported by a 'Church', its members and their attitudes.

Satanism is an ecstatic affirmation of existence - a taking of existence into new and higher realms, as well as a plunge into existing darkness and the creation of new darkness.

b) Satanism cannot have anyone impose upon it any structure, authority, or institution of any kind by claiming a 'dark mandate' or some kind of 'revelation'. There can be no such thing as an, 'infernal mandate' of whatever kind because the only thing that really matters to Satanism is experience, its accumulation and the highly individualized learning that results from such experience. A genuine Satanist, for example, confronted by an entity which exhibited all the powers attributed to Satan would not even accept what that 'entity' said and would most certainly not show any submission - instead, they would a defiance, a reasoned assessment of what was said, and then a judgement made from experience. A Satanist never surrenders to anything - and would rather die, proud and defiant, than submit. This applies even to 'Satan'. If and when a Satanist accepts guidance, it is from someone of experience who has explicated Satanism by their life and thus who can offer advice based on that experience. The aim of Satanism is to create willful, characterful, defiant, unique individuals who have or can fulfil their potential as gods - it is not to create followers or sycophants. An 'infernal mandate' implies sycophancy.

c) Satanism does not involve discussions, meetings, talks. Rather, it involves action, deeds. Words - written or spoken - sometimes follow, but not necessarily. The ideal candidate for Satanism is the individual of action rather than the 'intellectual'.

By the nature of most Satanic actions, they can seldom be mentioned and thus remain esoteric. The essence that Satanism leads the individual towards, via action, is only ever revealed by that participation which action is. Words, whether written or spoken, can never describe that essence - they can only hint at it, point toward it, and often serve to obscure the essence.

Satanism strips away the appearance of 'things' - living, Occult and otherwise by this insistence on experience, unaided. What is thus apprehended by such experience, is unique to each individual and thus is creative and evolutionary. Discussions, meetings, talks, even books and such like, de-vitalize: they are excuses for not acting.

A Satanist will sometimes use such forms as he/she may use the form of a Temple - to enhance and/or provoke experiences. But they are then actively manipulating, actively creating experiences - the others involved are being used by that person. That is, there is only one Satanist at such gatherings (usually) - the others may believe they are 'Satanists', but they are deluded.

d) Satanism does not apply moral absolutes to real-life situations and forms. This may best be explicated by two examples. First, politics. Satanism does not affirm or deny any political forms or type of politics - it does not, for example, announce that 'fascism and Satanism are incompatible'. Such announcements/pronouncements arise from a moral bias and a lack of insight into both Satanism and 'society' and thus Aeonics.

A Satanist, concerned with experience, may use a political form for a specific purpose - the nature of that form in terms of conventional politics and morality (such as 'extreme Right-wing') is irrelevant. What is important is whether it can be used to (a) provide experience of living and the limits of experience, and/or (b) aid the sinister dialectic of history. Thus a Satanist may become involved in, or set up, an organization of the extreme Right - this is dangerous, exciting, vitalizes, provides experiences 'on the edge' and should thus aid the development of the character and insight of that Satanist*. What is important, is that this involvement is done for an ulterior, Satanic, motive: what others think and believe about such actions is totally irrelevant. Anyone purporting to be a Satanist who criticizes such an action, whatever the political hue of the group/organization, reveals by that criticism that they are not Satanists - but rather, moralizing curds lacking in insight and real Satanic understanding.

The second example concerns the formation and use of Satanic 'Temples' and groups by a Satanist. A Satanic novice, in order to gain experience of magickal rituals and people manipulation, usually forms a group to perform Satanic rituals. The people recruited are for the most part used - and the novice often assumes a specific Satanic 'role' for this: the role of sorcerer/sorceress. He/she may dress in a certain way and so on, as he/she may use fables to impress and/or manipulate. This, however, for a genuine Satanist, is only a stage - and one which lasts a year or two. After that, experience and mastery of ceremonial and hermetic magick gained, they move on to new challenges and experiences, as all good Satanists should. Further, the individuals of this 'Temple' or group are not Satanists, although they may believe themselves to be - they are simply being used to afford the novice pleasure/excitement/experience and so on. Had any of them any Satanic character or potential, they would rebel to undertake their own quest by forming such a group/'Temple' and experience the limits of themselves.

Sometimes, the group has another aim - an Aeon or suprapersonal one, in which case its life may be extended. But whatever, genuine Satanic guidance by an Adept or Master/Mistress to a novice always occurs on an individualized basis, never within the rigid and constraining form of a 'Temple'.

Thus, there is not nor can be any constraining rules applied to the conduct of such 'Temples' and groups - there is no 'moral code', no bounds which cannot be overstepped. The rules, such as they are, are made by the Satanic novice according to their desire and goals. That is, they can do with that group and its individuals whatever they desire to do and no one - not even the Adept/ Master/Mistress who may be guiding them - can set limits or prescribe their behaviour. They must learn for themselves - and from their mistakes, should they make some.

This naturally leads to the obvious Satanic deduction that a group like the Temple of Set may contain one, perhaps two, Satanists - who are using the 'members' for their own Satanic goals. This person (or persons) would of course deny this, and if that denial was sincere, they could not be Satanists. What is certain, is that that group cannot contain more than perhaps two Satanists - for the members accept the constraints imposed upon them from above, and are servile, in both theory and practice. They are also not being led into real experiences, but accept a sterile, sanitized and safe 'Satanism' as pedaled by their leader.

* It can also aid the sinister dialectic - here, an understanding of Aeonics is important.

e) Satanism does not seek any form of official recognition as it does not seek to become respectable or the prerogative of a majority.

Rather 'Satanism operates' and must operate' for the most part in a clandestine or 'underground' manner. 'Official' recognition means someone or some organization is granted some sort of "status" and thus assumes both in theory and in fact an 'authority' and an organizational structure to support it. This authority and this structure mean followers, sycophants - and contradict the essence of Satanism.

'Respectability' means a moral stance broadly in line with that pertaining at the time - that is, it means a restricting morality, ethics, as well a limiting of action to what is deemed broadly 'acceptable' by the 'society' of the time.

Both of these - official recognition and respectability - also mean that the self-appointed authority which is recognized and becomes or seeks to be respectable, sets its own limits: there is 'proscription' of other groups, a peer hierarchy and all the many trappings of herd conformity; the triumph of illusive forms over essence. In brief, the deluding of others, rather than their liberation.

Since the experience of the essence that Satanism brings is unique, this uniqueness is totally contradictory to all forms that seek to constrain, define and restrict - two of these forms being 'official recognition' and 'respectability'.

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Some other hard facts about Satanism are in order - to be placed on record

Satanism is hard and very dangerous. This danger is much more than just a 'mental' or a psychic one of the kind sometimes experienced in magickal workings. It is a personal danger of the 'life or death' kind. If it is not, then it is not tough enough, it is not Satanic. For far too long the pathetic imitation Satanists,

such as those in the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan, have had no one to contradict their sickly, wimpish versions of Satanism - they have tried to deny the darkness and evil which are essential to Satanism because the frauds in those organizations are fundamentally weak: they have never gone to their limits, never experienced the realness of evil. They have tried to make 'Satanism' safe and 'respectable': they have intellectualized it because they are typical products of this present intellectualized, peace-loving, "we need to be safe" society.

A Satanist is like a beast of prey - in real life, not in fantasy. A Satanist may be and often is an assassin, a warrior, an outlaw - in real life. The imitation Satanists, however, pretend to be these things - their fantasy-life is greater than their real experiences of such things. A Satanist seeks and makes real his/her fantasies and then masters the real-life situations and all those desires/feelings which give birth to those fantasies - they live them and then transcend them, creating from those experiences something beyond them: a new individual. Often, things go wrong - but as always in life, the strong survive and the weak perish, are written off. The Satanist creates the dreams, standards of excellence and spirit which others often later aspire to emulate. This creation is in real life, by deeds and deeds alone.

Because of this, few indeed are the genuine Satanists. Sometimes their lives (or aspects of them) become public - but often they are hidden, working their darkness in secret, for the benefit of evolution.

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Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth

Due to the plethora of imitation Satanists who abound today (particularly in America) it has become necessary to openly declare the facts about genuine Satanism in relation to Sacrifice and 'criminal behaviour'.

Such a declaration will establish for all time a permanent record and will expose the fraudulent 'Satanists' for what they are - individuals who like to be associated with the glamour of evil and darkness, but who lack the inspiration, courage and daring to be evil and dark. Furthermore, I repeat what I have written before - Satanism is not now and can never be, an intellectualized philosophy just as it most certainly is not in any way ethical or moral. It is an individualized defiance and an individualized striving which vitalizes, which affirms existence in an ecstatic way - as such, it is a way of living which courts danger, excess. It is not nor can ever be, dogmatic just as it never involves submission to anyone or anything. For this reason, there can never be genuine Satanic Churches or 'Temples' where Initiates conform to dogma or authority - such things are not for genuine Satanic Initiates but for the deluded, those lacking spirit and talent: in brief, for the manipulated, rather than the manipulators.

Sacrifice:

In genuine Satanism [primal Satanism] sacrifice is accepted, and indeed necessary. In former times, it involved both animal and human sacrifice. Today, however, it involves human sacrifice only - since there are an abundance of suitable specimens, due to the increase in human dross.

Sacrifice is accepted Satanic practice for several reasons. First, it is a test of Satanic character - to kill someone on the personal level (e.g. with one's own hands) is a character building experience, and today enables various skills to be developed (e.g. cunning in execution and planning). Second, it has magical benefits (qv. the Order MS "A Gift for the Prince"). Third, it sorts the imitation or toy Satanists out from the genuine - the former find excuses and usually retreat to their comfy, intellectualized world of playing at 'Satanic roles and rituals', or they are genuinely horrified and expose themselves for what they are - gutless cowards who lack Satanic darkness.

However, as explained elsewhere, genuine Satanic sacrifice is always done for a reason - a calculating purpose. [qv., for example, 'Satanism, The Sinister Shadow, Revealed.'] It is never strictly personal - i.e. it does not arise from any desire which is personal, whether unconscious or not.

Further, it is accepted practice that the victims, the offers, choose themselves. Thus, offers are never selected at random just as they are never children (although occasionally an offer may be a virgin).

Mostly, the victims, whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, are tested, and only if they fail these tests will they become opfers. The tests, of course, are unknown to the victim. For example, a series of tests, or 'games' are prepared once the victim has been chosen, and each test or game requires the victim to make a specific choice. One choice leads to another test or game. After a certain number of choices of a certain type, the victim is deemed to have failed, and so chooses their own sacrificial death. Most often, the tests are tests of character - those that are shown to be worthless in character become opfers. Thus, a number of victims are selected - those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic of history [qv. 'The Sinister Shadow' MS for an example.]. These are then, without their knowledge, tested. If they fail, they become opfers. [See below, under 'Crime', for an example of the kind of tests that may be involved - the ones for sacrifice are, of course, much more 'testing'.]

The actual sacrifice has two forms: (1) during a ritual; (2) by practical means (e.g. assassination/'accidents') without any magickal trappings. If (2) is chosen, then a ritual of sacrifice may still be undertaken, but with a 'symbolic' opfer (e.g. a wax figurine named after the actual opfer). The actual execution of the act of sacrifice - whether during a ritual or otherwise - will be carefully planned, and calculatingly done. This planning will mean the death will seldom if ever be seen as a Satanic act even if it has occurred during a ritual. Today, and in the recent past, most sacrifices are of the second type - i.e. acts of execution undertaken by a Satanic novice 'in the real world', involving assassination and 'accidents' or viewed by others (e.g. the Police) as seemingly "motiveless crimes". Further, in genuine Satanic groups, the execution of this act is an essential prerequisite to Adeptship. The aim of the sacrifice can be either (a) part of a dark ritual - i.e. to presence sinister energies in the causal, causing changes in the world, such changes aiding the dark forces (examples would be the Ceremony of Recalling; the Sinister Calling); or (b) as part of general sinister strategy, adduced via Aeonics. [Note: This latter occurs when a novice progresses along the Satanic path according to tradition.]

Crime:

Crime is not an end, but a means. A criminal act is not done because it is criminal but because the act itself has a purpose or intent - the criminality of that act being irrelevant. This purpose is either to aid self-excellence (build Satanic character) or aid sinister strategy.

Basically, an act is judged not by whether it is illegal (and thus criminal) in a particular country, but rather by its purpose or intent. Or, expressed more simply, by whether that act can serve Satanism in general and self-development in particular. An example will best illustrate this.

A Satanic novice conceived the idea of gaining experience by burglary. The monetary benefits were useful, but incidental to the main purpose. As a Satanist, he of course planned carefully and chose wisely. First, the jobs themselves had to be difficult, challenging and thus interesting - they would require careful planning and delicate execution. So he chose Apartments, and entry mainly via windows and roofs - this needed some training and the acquisition of skills, plus daring and courage. Second, the people to be deprived of some of their belongings would choose themselves - they would be 'tested' to see if they were suitable victims. The selection would be by character - according to their nature. This required the novice to use his own judgement and instinct. He would select those who showed they lacked character, breeding, nobility - who lacked, in fact, the virtues of a Satanist [Note: One of the best exoteric descriptions of 'Satanic' character - and also of those lacking it - was given by Nietzsche in his 'The Anti-Christ'. The Satanist adheres to a 'master-morality'.]

The novice selected some Apartments in a city where the pickings would be rich. Then he observed the occupants for some time - watching them, their routines and so on. Next, he arranged for the execution of his tests. Two friends (who were actually Initiates of his Order - or rather the Order he had joined) were enlisted to aid him in this. They would appear, on his signal, and seem to rob him as he lingered near the entrance to the building when one of his chosen victims was near. On the first occasion, the victim ignored the 'robbery', and continued on his way. On the second, the next victim came to his aid and actually knocked one 'robber' unconscious with a punch, albeit for a short time. Thus, the first victim or mark became selected, or rather selected himself by his actions, and it was from his Apartment that the

novice stole some things some days later. Of course, the planning and execution of such a test was difficult - requiring acting, timing, manipulation, daring, zest - in brief, experience in the real world. Following this success, he moved to another target and found some new victims for his test. It was interesting that these tests confirmed the novice's instinctive assessment of the victim's character - and thus aided his Satanic judgement.

In this example, the burglary was a 'crime', in Law - but, in fact, the illegal nature of the act was irrelevant. The act, and its planning etc., aided the self-excellence of the novice, and thus his magickal development, because it was a Satanic act, not because it was 'criminal' - that is, it involved danger, required skill, judgement, daring, and it was real. It was, in a sense, a practical ordeal and its Satanic character meant that its victims were victims of themselves: the act was akin to an act of 'natural justice'. To some, it may seem a game - and so it was, but one played in earnest, in which losing meant capture and probable imprisonment (factors which made it interesting and worthwhile). And it was only a few incidents in a life crammed with such incidents - at different levels.

Furthermore, this 'realness' is important - genuine Satanists involve themselves with the real world, in real situations with real people and real danger. The imitation Satanists play mental and intellectual and 'safe' games. The difference is that a real Satanist will actually be an assassin, for example, while the imitation Satanist will dream of being one and will probably obtain a moronic pleasure from watching some fictional story and 'identifying' with a fictionalized assassin - or, more likely, will 'act out' such a role in some pathetic pseudo-magickal ceremony and believe he/she has attained something.

Naturally, in the real world things can and do go wrong. But as always, the real Satanists survive and prosper, while the others go under, get caught, give up or are killed. Also, sometimes even the best get things a little wrong - but they learn from their mistakes, they grow in character, in insight, in skill. Genuine Satanists are survivors: they learn and prosper, and die at the right time.

This growth means that a Satanist moves on - there are always new challenges, new delights, new tests of skill, daring, endurance, courage; new insights. A 'role' is only a role - played, then discarded, transcended. Thus, even crime, sacrifice, tests of others, become left behind, given time - they have served the purpose for which they were intended - and a new being is given birth, one more joins the elect. This is simply another way of saying that a Satanist is never trapped by the act, the desires for and against that act, its consequences, or indeed anything to do with that act, whatever the nature of the act. An act, such as a sacrifice or a crime, is a means - to something beyond. All acts are experience. A Satanist is above and beyond acts - a master or mistress of them, rather than a slave to them.

So it is, so it has been and so it will be - for genuine Satanists. Meanwhile, the imitation Satanists will play their word-games, feast on self-delusions, and continue to claim that 'Satanism' never involves sacrifice, or criminal acts but is a rather pleasing philosophy which has had a rather 'bad press'. But, henceforward, anyone who is taken in by these gutless, posturing charlatans will deserve the epithet 'stupid'.

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The Practice of Evil. In Context

The practice of evil (qv. the Order MSS 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime'; 'Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed' etc.) is an essential part of Satanism - for a novice. It builds Satanic character, tests Destiny and so on. It is, however, only a part of Satanism, and has to be seen in context. That context is the training of the novice. Such practices, and other dark and sinister experiences, are a beginning only - a foundation which enables further progress. They are also selective ordeals - the really Satanic survive; the others do not, for whatever reason or reasons.

Furthermore, these practices lead to a synthesis. They are essentially learning experiences. The self-learning that they provoke (in those who triumph, that is) leads in time to a transcendence, new beginnings, new stages of the Satanic way. This is essential for novices to understand - the experiences

have to be undergone, they have to be mastered, what they provoke within and external to the individual has to be faced and then mastered. All this is seldom easy - which is as it should be, for those questing after the essence.

The practical experiences engendered by 'living on the limits' occupy the novice for some years - up to, that is, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. That ritual propels them toward a deeper self-discovery - or it destroys. Those who succeed then have new tasks, new ways of living which are unique to them and which explicate their unique Destiny.

However, it must be understood (and I repeat it again for emphasis) that this hard foundation is necessary - there can be no further progress without it. Indeed, Adeptship of necessity means this tough foundation - this understanding of oneself that such experiences provoke.

Also, one (perhaps two) experiences of the same type are sufficient if those experiences are really evil. No experience should become a fetish (that is one sign of a weakness) - it should be used to learn from and, having learnt from it, it should be discarded as one moves on. This learning of course means a self-honesty, a critical self-analysis, an assessment and a learning of judgement. These things, are of course, dynamically done - they never enervate. If they do, there is weakness of character. One is critical only to improve, to go forward. True Satanists, naturally, possess the arrogant self-confidence to do this - the imitation kind are either too critical, or seldom if ever critical. That is, a Satanist strives for a dynamic balance or tension between assessment/critical judgement and confidence/arrogance - and this balance is usually achieved from experience. This balance is one sign of an Adept.

Two examples will illustrate this. The first concerns a young lady. She sought and found an already existing group and was Initiated. She studied the teachings, undertook hermetic workings and participated in ceremonial rites. After some months, she undertook the Grade Ritual of External Adept after which she began to gain experience by undertaking certain 'roles'. The first she chose was the seductive sinister sorceress. She had much fun, seducing and manipulating, exploring her sexuality - sadism, Sapphism, orgies. After six months, she felt she had learnt enough, and moved on - to form her own Temple and play the role of 'Mistress'. So she recruited, undertook ceremonial rituals, teaching, Initiations and so on. She learnt more techniques of manipulation, developed skill in all forms of magick. After a year, she decided she had garnished enough from the role. So (on advice from the person who had guided her heretofore) she joins an extreme political group and plays the role of revolutionary activist. She suffers, and deals out, violence - is arrested a few times. She acquires, within the confines of this new world, something of a reputation as a tough fanatic. Gradually, she is drawn into Underground work of a dubious nature - and is trained in armed revolutionary Warfare. She visits comrades in other countries, and participates in a few operations, in one of which someone is killed, by her. She had, of course, chosen the victim according to Satanic principles - but made this choice seem, to her Comrades, to derive from her revolutionary beliefs. After some months, she drifts away from such underground work, and then from her political commitments. All this she makes plausible to her comrades. She then undertakes the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept after which she moves to live abroad, outwardly quite respectable. Gradually, in the profession she has chosen (helped by an old comrade from her revolutionary days) she gains a subtle influence. Secretly, she trains and guides two pupils in the ways of Satanism. Because of her unique, strong character, she is respected - even a little feared - by those who know nothing of her past or her secret allegiance to Satanism. She gathers around her a small circle of admirers (mostly young men, some of whom are her lovers), and nurtures them, exoterically, as a good Satanic Mistress should. They, of course, know nothing of her secret life - unless she wishes them to know. So she guides a few of them, perhaps drawing forth from them traits of character or some talent ...

The second example concerns a young man. After involvement with various Occult groups and after trying various paths, he finds a Satanic Master who agrees to guide him. So he begins to follow the seven-fold sinister way - hermetic workings, physical tasks, External Adept. He meets someone who becomes his magickal companion and together they form a Temple. They decide this Temple should be a genuine one - i.e. concerned with Initiating and training Satanists, not just a Temple for their own pleasure and learning. So they find, test, Initiate and teach suitable individuals. This takes over a year. Ceremonial rituals are undertaken. Their own novices undertake ordeals, gather practical experience by playing roles

and so on. Gradually, the Temple bonds together in an esoteric way, all seven members committed to Satanism and all working together. They decide to undertake the Ceremony of Recalling - the advice of the Master who first guided the young man is sought, and he advises him to undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and if, after that, he still wishes to do this ceremony, he can. Providing, of course, the Temple adheres to the guidelines for selecting and testing opfers. After the Grade Ritual, the Temple begin to plan for the Ceremony. This takes over six months. They conduct the Ceremony, which is a success - they channel the energy to fulfil an aeonic goal. Gradually, the knowledge, and skill, of the Temple grow - enhancing the lives of the members and aiding the sinister dialectic. They become expert in sinister esoteric chant, making the Temple as a nexion. They decide to remain secret, recruiting only when necessary (around every ten years or so, they decide) - and continue to lead their 'ordinary' lives. They also decide to continue a tradition and perform the Ceremony every seventeen years ...

In conclusion - in the first example, the lady learns from her deeds, moving to new experiences and stages of self-development. She discovers and accepts her Destiny - a Satanic Mistress, teaching a few pupils and enjoying the rewards her life-style offers her. She has a secret and subtle Satanic influence - her profession is part of her Destiny, and she uses it to aid the sinister dialectic, promoting some things, discreetly changing and influencing others.

In the second example, the young man also learns, and so continues along the Satanic path. His destiny is linked to his companion and the Temple they founded. They establish a secret, and quite powerful, magickal form, using it to alter and bring change in accord with their Satanic beliefs.

In both cases, the experiences bring a self-understanding and make possible advancement along the way. Both live as most Satanists do - secretly, their work hidden. Both, in their different ways, aid the Satanic cause. Both possess a Satanic character and will probably and should they wish it, continue to advance toward and beyond the Abyss, their future made possible by their dark past which, although passed, is not forgotten by them.

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Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers

It is a fundamental principle of traditional Satanism that all prospective opfers must be subject to several tests before becoming actual opfers either during a ceremony or otherwise.

The purpose of the tests is to give the chosen victim a sporting chance and to show if they possess the character defects which make them suitable as opfers. The victim is chosen according to Satanic practice - those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, for instance, or those who have or are proving troubling for Satanism in general, or those who have been judged by a Master or a Mistress (or someone of a higher Grade) as suitable for receiving Satanic justice/vengeance because of one or more of their actions. Once the victim is chosen, it is the duty of the Master or Mistress of the Temple or group who wish to perform the sacrifice to appoint suitable members - and if necessary train them - to prepare and execute the tests.

It is principle that no offer under any circumstance be informed directly or indirectly that they are being tested for whatever reason as this would invalidate the test.

The tests are constructed so as to give the victim a choice of responses - either a positive one, or a negative one. A negative choice leads to another test at another time and place. If this choice is also negative, then the victim is deemed suitable, and becomes the offer. Sometimes however, a third test may be deemed necessary by the Master or Mistress.

The tests are to appear to be incidents of everyday life such as the victim might be expected to encounter, given the society of the time. The tests are designed to test the character of the victim - to reveal their true nature. Positive, Satanic qualities, are courage, daring, defiance, and so on. Negative qualities are cowardice, meek fear, treachery and so on. It is for the Master or Mistress to use their judgement, experience and knowledge to construct the appropriate tests which seek to prove if the victim possesses the qualities deemed appropriate. Basically, the victim must, if they are suitable for sacrifice, show that they possess a weak character and be lacking in Satanic qualities such as nobility and excellence.

An example will best illustrate the type of test which is required.

For this example, the victim is male, and to undertake the test, four members will be required, two of them female. The victim has been under surveillance for some time, and his routine, habits etc. noted. It has been found that he has a certain fondness for young ladies. A female member is to 'set him up' for the actual test - she meets him, 'as if by chance' at a place he frequents. She shows a subtle sexual interest in him. If he runs true to form, he will suggest a future meeting, to which she agrees (or, if he does not suggest this, she does). She specifies the place and the date/time. This is a place where few if any other people are likely to be around at the time specified. At this assignation, he is observed by the three (two men, one woman) who are to conduct the actual test, until they judge the time is right. [If the victim does not turn up, the first lady member meets him, again 'by chance', and arranges another meeting. If this meeting does not occur, another test is devised.] The second lady then passes near to where the victim is waiting - she makes certain he is aware of her. The two men then come onto the scene and begin to harass her, verbally at first. Then they begin to 'molest' her physically and try to drag her away (toward a car, probably). She screams for help. The test is to see how the victim reacts - what his choice is. He has two choices - to do nothing, and pretend he has not heard/noticed anything (a negative response), or he can go to the aid of the lady. [Note: 'Help'/aid here means actually trying to rescue her, not merely feebly asking the men to stop.] If he tries to aid her, the two men run off, and she thanks him gratefully. If he does nothing to aid her, he has failed the test, for he reveals the character of a coward. The Master or Mistress will be observing events from a discreet distance.

The performances of the members, during the test, must be totally convincing, as must their timing. In all aspects of the tests, from the initial surveillance to the final execution of the test, they must be professional.

It will be seen from this example that the tests are quite complex - require planning, rehearsals and so on. This planning, and the surveillance, might take months. Little, if anything, should be left to chance in the execution of the tests. The rewards, however, justify the operation - there is, firstly, a probable victim for sacrifice, enabling the quintessence of Satanic ritual to be undertaken; secondly, there is the involvement of the whole Temple - the planning, the choosing of victims, the rehearsals of the tests and then finally their execution. This involvement, from the initial choice to the final test, is an extended magickal act, imbued with Satanic essence - creating and presenting sinister energies, aiding the development of Satanic skill and character, drawing the members together in a vivifying way. As such, it is a prelude to the act of sacrifice itself. Thus, even should the victim not be chosen because he/she proves unsuitable having made a positive choice during a test, the effort has been extremely worthwhile, both in terms of aiding the development of members on the levels of character and knowledge and skills, and also magickally.

The decision of the Master or Mistress regarding the outcome of a particular test is final and binding. It needs to be stressed that the tests give the victim a sporting chance and serve to confirm/deny their suitability - before the tests are even planned, the victim will have been chosen as a probable Opfer by the Master or Mistress using their judgement.

Opfers are examples of human culling in action.

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The Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic strategy - that is, (a) the use of Black Magick to change individuals/events on a significant scale; (b) to gain control and influence; and (c) the use of Satanic forms (individuals/influence etc.) to produce/provoke changes. This strategy, and the tactics involved to achieve it, is esoteric - and its learning forms an important part of novice training. Satanic strategy has its ground or foundation in Aeonics - Aeonics providing a means of rationally studying the patterns, processes and energies, both causal and acausal, which do and have shaped individuals and their groupings from societies to civilizations. Further, Aeonics provides a

means of interpreting recent events/trends and can predict (within certain limits) future patterns. [A basic introduction to Aeonics is given by the Order MSS dealing with the subject. A more advanced study involves becoming proficient in the advanced Star Game.]

I On a basic level, the dialectic is concerned with simple opposition - with defiance of what is accepted or conventional at particular times. This is heresy - the Adversarial role, a challenge against both conscious and unconscious norms. This opposition works on two levels - the individual, and society. 1) individual: The strategy is to provide opportunities for individuals to discover the hidden/forbidden within their own psyche, or lead them/influence them toward this. This means catharsis on an individual level. 2) Society: The strategy means Satanic individuals/organizations disseminate (often with no direct Satanic connotations) heretical ideas or otherwise encourage them. The aim of both (1) and (2) is to challenge and thus provoke change, reaction.

At the present time, (1) means rites such as The Black Mass [qv. the Order MS 'Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass'], and other means of inner liberation. (2) means an aiding of what actually is heretical, now - this means upholding (a) inequality (particularly racially), (b) the concept of war, and (c) aiding discussion/spread of information/exchange of ideas/triumphing the cause of those things which actually are heretical, in Law and mostly ignored by the majority such is their supine nature - such as certain views regarding events in World War Two the propagation of which are illegal and which render the person spreading them to imprisonment (i.e. denying 'the Holocaust' ever took place). Further, (2) at this time also involves countering the unhealthy and anti-natural morality of suppression of the Nazarene.

All these are, however, tactics. to achieve broader strategic goals - they are means, only. These means can and often do change as the times changes - as societies change. For instance, regarding (2)(a) above - in a society which was tyrannically anti-egalitarian, the tactic would probably be to aid egalitarian tendencies.

II On a higher level, the dialectic is concerned with long-term evolution - with the creation and change of civilizations and ultimately with the creation of a new type of individual, a new species. This means altering our evolution, this alteration being toward the 'Satanic'.

This means two things - or rather two tactical approaches. (1) Enabling individuals to change themselves, to evolve, consciously, and so become part of that evolutionary change. (2) Changing/influencing the structures (such as societies) to make them instruments for such change or at least not detrimental to it. (1) involves such things as External and Internal Magick - a following of the Seven Fold Sinister Way. (2) involves Aeonics magick - e.g. the creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection in the psyche of others which results from introducing them - and gaining/using influence.

It should be understood that while the tactics of I above can and do change, the tactics used to attain II remain essentially the same because the goal is precise. Further, I in many ways aids II - that is, the opposition to some fixed idea or dogma, accepted at a particular moment in history, provokes a change and leads to a new synthesis and thus an evolution of conscious understanding in individuals, thus aiding the sinister dialectic on a higher level.

Essentially, I is exoteric, and II esoteric Satanism - and it is necessary to make this distinction because the means of I vary with time (over centuries) while II remains relatively fixed, and all too often novices (and others) confuse a tactic used in I (such as politics) as something Satanic when it is only a tactic, a means, a form.

The reason 'why' there is (in genuine Satanism, anyway) a sinister strategy - a dimension beyond the personal - is simple: it is in the nature of Satanism (genuine Satanism, anyway) itself. Satanism at its highest level is concerned with 'cosmic change' - that is, it is an expression of the evolution of conscious existence. Evolution is something we, as conscious beings, can participate in and indeed create - by so doing, we are extending the range of our being, fulfilling (and going beyond) the potential we possess; affirming our existence in the most intense way possible. Viewed another way (in terms developed recently to explicate such things - i.e. make them more conscious and thus controllable) Satanism accesses the acausal, via nexions, and so increases the amount of the acausal presented in the causal.

These nexions are psychic (within the psyche of individuals), physical (places on Earth where the causal and acausal intersect or are close) or created via magickal rites.

Aeonics, and the sinister dialectic, are means which enhance our existence as Individuals - which offer us the opportunity not only to increase our consciousness and our abilities, but to use that consciousness and those abilities.

Thus, Satanism, correctly understood, is more than a glorification of the ego, or an indulgence in pleasures, or some kind of intellectual, 'esoteric' knowledge. It is also more than just living 'on the edge' and garnishing dark and other experiences (that is only a stage - qv. the MS 'The Practice of Evil, In Context'].

In essence, the sinister dialectic is Satanism and Satanists in action - it is Satanists playing at god: altering themselves, others, societies, civilization and evolution itself. This is its purpose, and the justification of sinister strategy.

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The Quintessence of Satanism

Satanism is not merely attending nor even conducting ceremonies or rituals of a 'Black Magick' kind. Nor does Satanism mean or imply membership of an avowedly Satanic group. Neither is Satanism merely the enjoyment of material delights. Rather, Satanism - quintessentially - is an attitude and a way of living.

This attitude expresses a strength of character - a belief in oneself and one's Destiny. Part of this is pride, and part of it is defiance: an individuality, a dislike of limits. However, perhaps the most important part is a self-knowledge or self-mastery born from having gone to and often beyond one's physical, mental and moral limits. The way of living creates this strength of character, and maintains it, and enables even that to be gone beyond. Satanists use life to express in living a new way or ways of being, to fulfil their potential and to live at and beyond the limits of existence thus taking evolution further.

The way of living is essentially practical - that is, a following of the path to Adeptship and beyond for this involves experiences, ordeals, challenges, a learning of new skills and the drawing out of latent genius.

A Satanic Initiation therefore means much more than a rite of self-Initiation or a ceremonial ritual of Initiation conducted by an established group or Order. It means a desire to follow the Satanic way - and the actual beginning of following that way by undertaking the deeds, tasks, rituals and ordeals of a Satanic novice. Anything less is simply playing at Satanism - a sign that the 'Initiate' lacks Satanic character or the ability to achieve it.

In traditional Satanism, as exemplified by the ONA, this means:

- a) that the novice undertakes several physical challenges of endurance and succeeds in them. These have to be difficult and require some training. Then the novice
- b) tests Destiny and builds character by undertaking challenges in the real world, such challenges conforming to accepted Satanic practice re defying the limitations of the herd. [Here, guidance of an experienced Satanist is useful.]
- c) the novice begins hermetic magickal workings with the intent of (i) gaining experience in and mastery of such magick; (ii) garnishing from these beginnings a certain self-knowledge [qv. 'Naos'].
- d) the novice studies the tradition (as explicated for example in Esoteric Chant, the Star Game, the septenary system) and so gains esoteric knowledge and understand
- e) After these undertakes the ordeal which is the Grade Ritual of External Adept and so passes on to the tasks, ordeals and undertakings of the next stage - for example, organizes and recruits individuals for their own Satanic Temple to perform and gain experience in ceremonial magick and provide themselves with pleasures and experience of manipulation. [See the Order MSS relating to the following of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way as, for example, given in The Black Book.]

Following this - which takes some time, probably a year or so - there are more experiences awaiting, more delights, joys and hardships, more challenges to be undertaken, more self-discovery to be achieved.

It cannot be stressed enough or repeated too often that Satanism - of the genuine sort anyway - involves such practical undertakings allied to a desire to experience, to transcend what one is at a particular time:

to accomplish the task one initially set oneself at Initiation. That is, achieving Adeptship and beyond, by following the way of Satanism. This means a self-advancement, a self-experiencing, a self-effort, a self-achievement and a self-learning via direct experience. Anything less is not Satanism and no clever words, no amount of pseudo-intellectual mystification can obscure this reality.

Thus, because of human nature, there will be few who will possess the desire to become real Satanists - to actually undertake the tasks, ordeals and challenges. Most who profess an interest - and a large number who actually go ahead with Initiation be such ceremonial or hermetic - will soon turn away when they realize the real difficulties involved, when they understand that they are expected to work toward their own development. Most of these will all too easily find excuses to justify their turning away. They will perhaps be easily seduced, such is their weakness of character, by others who promise 'easy solutions' some kind of 'magical' way to Adeptship, by organizations which take away the pain, suffering and delight that self-effort 'on the edge' entails and which provide security for their members, which keep them in thrall to self-delusion. Or many will just be too lazy, too enured to their comfortable existence to change.

Whatever, they will be proved unsuitable, unfitted. There is no way that the way of Satanism can be made easy - for in its very hardship and danger, in the very fact of self-effort being required over a period of years, lies its quintessence.

For the dilettantes, for the role-playing fantasy mongers, for the self-indulgent too lacking in self-discipline' there are plenty of pseudo-Satanic organizations around, plenty of pseudo-Satanic 'masters' who require sycophancy, who act out of role and who will be only too pleased to welcome another pupil or student,

The choice is as simple, and brutal, as that.

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The Publication of Esoteric Traditions on the Left Hand Path

For a long time, genuine esoteric tradition was handed on on an individual basis, from Master/Mistress to novice. There were many reasons for this, most of them practical: the tradition was esoteric, liable to mis-interpretation, and many of its tenets and rituals involved what would have been regarded as 'heretical', anti-social and/or illegal acts. Furthermore, the methods used to train novices often made those novices into, outlaws, and set them against conventional society. Also, for a long time, the teaching and teachings of the tradition was heretical in Law - a criminal offense against Church and State. Secrecy was essential and necessary.

This state of affairs pertained until quite recently. With the burgeoning of interest in 'the Occult' in general, the LHP became somewhat less secret and certain aspects of the tradition were discreetly circulated. What were mistakenly taken to be 'esoteric' traditions and, given the new openness toward the occult and the repeal of anti-Occult laws, freely distributed and/or published, were (a) the useless Grimoire/Qabalistic tradition, or (b) a mis-interpreted Crowleyism, or (c) of a showman/ghoulish/self-professed type with bits cobbled together from (a) and (b) with archaic myths and unenlightened egoism thrown in. The real tradition - with its darkness and danger - remained hidden.

To (c) belonged the Church of Satan, which made Satanism akin to a fantasy role-playing game or games with some sorcery added to impress. The later schism which gave birth to the Temple of Set (born not with a bang but with a whimper) was not unexpected given the structure and orientation of this 'Church' - and neither was the fact that the leader of this schism based his Temple and authority on what was termed an 'Infernal Mandate', and declared Satanism as a religion, much mis-understood.

Meanwhile, the old traditions continued, in Europe and elsewhere, in their traditional way - secretly, accepting but few novices and these only after severe tests and ordeals. The traditions, writings, rituals, methods, ordeals and techniques remained unavailable except to those few. After lengthy deliberations and consultations, the individual representing traditional groups, decided to gradually make the esoteric tradition which he and others represented available on a selective basis, to reveal, for once and for all,

what the LHP and Satanism were really about. The real impetus for this decision came from Aeonic strategy - making the tradition available would enable an increase in the number of genuine Adepts, thus hastening the presencing of the darker forces on Earth, and so fulfilling the sinister dialectic of history. This increase, however, would be gradual - over centuries.

With this dissemination, the purpose, intent and methods of Satanism and the LHP could no longer be mis-interpreted and the posers and charlatans who professed to be 'Satanists' would be exposed - at least to those with any sagacity. With the secrets accessible to those who sought to find them, the real esoteric work could continue, as it always had, in secret - the training, via direct experience, of those few strong and gifted enough to undertake the difficult and dangerous journey along the Left Hand Path.

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ONA - Organizational Structure

The ONA is organized on the basis of cells, basically for two reasons: (1) Security and (2) Effectiveness. The structure means that each new Initiate/member has one (at most two) Order contacts who channel information/teachings and so on, and who offer guidance/instruction. When this member reaches the stage of External Adept, they usually form their own Temple for ceremonial magick and for teaching, recruiting their own members, whose Order contact thus is that External Adept. Each Temple thus formed exists independently. Hence, if it or any of its members are 'compromised', the chain cannot lead very far, enabling other members in other Temples to remain secret and so continue with their own work, both personal (following the path to Adeptship) and aeonic (aiding the sinister dialectic).

Further, such a structure is effective, because: it enables each member to progress at their own pace; it enshrines a fundamental principle of genuine Satanism [individuality, and freedom from subservience to authority] and it enables practical experience of a character-building type [e.g. by organizing and running a Temple at an early stage].

Essentially, the Order is secret - and intends to remain so as far as most of its members and activities are concerned. However, its teachings and traditions have been and will continue to be made progressively more 'public', that is, available - thus enabling any individuals who may be interested to follow (if only in part) the way of genuine Satanism, for those individuals by so doing (however slightly) will aid the sinister dialectic, increasing the dark forces presenced on Earth. Some of these may progress to the Order. This 'working secrecy' is necessary because Satanism cannot now be anything other than selective - it is elitist, being a hard and dangerous path, and part of its effectiveness lies in work of an 'underground', clandestine nature [e.g. some essential work is done by those involved in 'respectable' positions, which positions would no longer be available if the Satanic beliefs/practices of those involved in such work was generally known: i.e. they were discovered to be Satanists]. This secrecy will not change in the immediate future [for c. 20-30 years, that is] due to the nature of the societies in which we are forced to work.

Satanism can never become (until the 'New Aeon' arrives at least) respectable: for to become so would destroy its numen, its viability as a way to genuine Adeptship. It is dark, evil - for the few who genuinely dare. This daring, as mentioned in other MSS, is practical, in real-life situations, involving danger, requiring courage, and defiance of both one's own limits and those of others, including the society of the moment. While society and other structures restrict and deny the promise of Satan, this dark defiance is required - and, moreover, required as a working system which achieves results, both personally and aeonically. What will change, is the number of individuals who can try this way to liberation - and while this will increase, it will do so only slowly over a period of decades. This will be a cumulative process which will aid (and indeed create) the next Aeon, the Satanic one when what is regarded now as dark and sinister will hold sway.

Thus, it has been necessary to disseminate the teachings and traditions of the Order, and this dissemination will continue and increase, as part of Sinister strategy. This part of sinister strategy was begun a decade ago by the Grand Master representing traditional groups. It was carefully planned and (so far) has been carefully executed.

The initial stage involved circulating some details about traditional Satanism (the Septenary system; dark gods mythos) among some sections of the Occult fraternity. Thus, a few articles were published, and the existence

of the Order itself made known, for the first time outside traditionalist groupings, thus confirming certain rumours about such a group existing, such rumours having been in circulation for some time. Over a number of years, more information was made available - although still within the 'sub-culture' of the Occult underground. This attracted some interest (and a few Initiates - incidental to the main intent) and was followed by the establishment of, at first, a newsletter, and then a "zine", both of these being of an 'underground' nature, both in terms of quality and the manner of distribution (i.e. selective, advertised in similar underground publications). Furthermore, the number of copies distributed was kept low. The aim was two-fold - to create a sense of exclusivity (thus making the Order at first difficult to locate/find) and to pose no direct threat, that is, the zine and those associated with it would be seen as totally on the fringe, without resources and probably without any support. Thus, the activities of its members, always secret, would pose no threat and no investigation of any kind would be contemplated. Thus, both of the aims mentioned above could be achieved - dissemination of the tradition, and preserving the secrecy necessary for valuable work to continue.

After a few more years, the next step was taken - the distribution, again on a small scale, of works containing in detail the whole tradition. The format of these works would be the same - of a kind to intimate only a small scale enterprise. Thus were 'The Black Book of Satan', 'Naos', 'The Deofel Quartet' and other works made more accessible for the first time. Furthermore, the scarcity of these works would create an 'aura' about them - an aura which hinted at the darkness of the tradition. This would be reinforced by making available the most sinister aspects of the tradition - aspects which would also contradict the meanderings of the armchair 'Satanists' who prattled on about Satanism being misunderstood and not really being evil, and who had increasingly come to notice as the decade came toward its end.

Naturally, this would provoke a reaction - both from those within the Occult and those without. The reaction from those within the Occult (and particularly those who said they adhered to the Left Hand Path) would establish their own position, and thus their total mis-understanding and lack of real insight. In brief, they would continue their word-games and fantasy-roles when confronted by the reality of genuine Satanism. But, equally as important, some would assimilate the tradition, or parts of it (perhaps unconsciously, perhaps consciously by plagiarizing it) and thus not only be influenced by it but also aid the sinister energies it re-presented because of that influence. [Thus, some of the meaning of the term 'sinister dialectic' can be glimpsed.]

The next stage was to give form and substance to certain aspects of the sinister energies that the Order and thus its tradition represented - among such forms being Satanic images (e.g. in the form of Tarot images) and music. These, by their very creation, would presence such energies (unconsciously influencing others - particularly 'the susceptible ones'). They also would be distributed in the manner used hitherto, spreading that sinister influence, partly (as the other earlier dissemination had done) via the process of psychic contagion.

Following this, there would be a gradual increase in both the quality and the number of items distributed - without however the genuine darkness of the forms and tradition being diluted. In addition, more subtle approaches would be used - gradually contaminating psychic energies with strands of the sinister and thus overtly/covertly influencing/persuading others outside and within the occult, and drawing them into that ever expanding circle of those touched by the powers of Darkness. [This paragraph explicates the current stage of play.]

Thus, secrecy is preserved as and when necessary, while the tradition and thus the sinister is effectively spread.

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- Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept. 121 pages.
- The Black Book of Satan (aka Codex Saerus) - A Guide to Sinister Ceremonial. 56 pages
- Hostia - Secret Teaching of the ONA. Volume I. 130 pages.
- Hostia, Vol II. 56 pages
- The Deofel Quartet, Volume I [Falcifer, Lord of Darkness, Temple of Satan]. 211 pages.
- The Deofel Quartet, Volume II [The Giving; The Greyling Owl]. 221 pages.

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Insight Roles (MSS Marked “SECRET”)

Insight roles is the name given to dangerous techniques aimed at developing personal understanding. The technique itself is simple – it involves the individual living for a specific period of time – between six months to two years – a certain “way of life”.

What make this dangerous and difficult is that the role chosen must be at odds with the individuals’ own feelings and view of the world. This brings the individual into conflict with themselves – and sometime friends and society as well. This forces the individual to rely on themselves and discard in a practical way all the illusions that must be discarded if Adeptship is to be achieved.

The technique is not to be undertaken lightly, buy once begun must be continued for the allotted time.

The technique is normally begun after the Grade Ritual of External Adept and after the individual has successfully run their own magickal group for at least six months. It is important that the individual strive to identify with the chosen role, and not see it merely as an unpleasant task. This identification must begin with a conscious decision to act the role as convincingly as possible. The role itself, for the period of time chosen, should be the main interest and occupation of the individual.

In an important way, Insight Roles are magickal rituals extending over a period of time and for the majority of individuals following the seven-fold way (the sinister path) are necessary as a prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. It is the experiences undergone (both external and internal) during and Insight Role that give the individual the impetus necessary to undertake and complete the period of isolation required during the Grade Ritual. For it is this period of isolation which is often necessary for the individual to understand and integrate those experiences. From these, the genuine Adept is born.

All Insight Roles, of necessity, seem “bizarre” to non-Adepts. The individual who decides to undertake the technique should choose a role (from those listed) which is the opposite of what they themselves consider their own personality to be.

General Guidelines:

When a role is undertaken, you are forbidden to explain to anyone the reasons for this sudden change in your behavior/attitudes. This will isolate you, and begin the process of self-reliance and belief in your own Destiny. Observe the reaction of “friends”.

You should initially think of the roles as a means of enhancing your life – an opportunity. The role is part of the process of self-discovery – which is often painful.

To succeed, you must let go of all your previous opinions, beliefs and ideas. Forget everything assumed about people who naturally adopt the role you have chosen – just accept them, as they are. This will be very difficult. The role is an ordeal – a kind of second Initiation, and you can only become free, and ready for Adeptship, by losing your past.

The role chosen should be seen as part of your Destiny – and you should learn to revel in the role. If possible, keep a record of your thoughts, experiences and observations.

You should not, during the time of the role, undertake any magickal workings of any kind – simply because these are not necessary, considering an Insight Role is itself a powerful (and highly dangerous) magickal ritual of “internal” (or alchemical) magick.

Be determined to continue in the role for the length of time you have chosen. Should you succeed in this, you will discover many important things about yourself and the world. Wisdom will be gradually gained through the trials of experience. There is no substitute for this kind of practical learning.

Always remember during the role, that you have chosen to follow the path to self-divinity – the role is but a stage on that path, and one that has to be undertaken if your goal is to be achieved.

The roles are listed in order of difficulty/psychological danger with brief notes on the type of individual who might undertake them bearing in mind that the role chosen should be the opposite of what you consider your “personality type”/view of the world to be. From a viewpoint of the present the most challenging (and dangerous) role undertaken by members in the past two decades has been the one listed first.

Insight Roles, quite simply, are for those who dare to defy.

Insight Roles – II (SECRET)

The roles are listed in order of danger (both practical and psychological) – the most dangerous first.

- 1) Join an organization of the extreme “Right” and undertake the life of a political activist – attending meetings, demonstrations and so on. You should see yourself as a “revolutionary” who seeks to create a new type of society. You must forget all your assumptions about this type of politics – and the people in it – and live out, in a practical way, this role.

Contact address: British National Party, P.O. Box 446, London, SE 23 2LS. Send for literature about joining.

- 2) Enter a Buddhist religious order. Read about Buddhism, then apply to one of the addresses below to stay for a “retreat” and ask them to enter the order.

Throssel Hole Priory, Carr Shield, Hexham, Northumberland (Zen Buddhism).

- 3) Join the French Foreign Legion. Contact address: La Chef du Poste d’Information de la Legion Etrangere, Bas Fort St. Nicholas, 2 Boulevard Charles Livon, 13007 Marseille, France.

- 4) Open and run a brothel. First, find premises; second, find individuals will to offer their services. Honesty in dealing with clients and good friendly treatment of those employed to offer services to clients is the key to success, and must be done.
- 5) Join the Police Force. Assuming you are tall enough and have the right qualifications – ask at a Police Station or employment center and apply. Be determined to succeed if interviewed – find plausible reasons, when asked, why you wish to join.
- 6) Vagrant. Sell everything you possess, give up job etc. Buy rucksack, small tent etc. and wander around, trying to earn a living by doing small jobs, begging sometimes for food.
- 7) Form a Wiccan group. This role means you assume the identity of a “White Priest/Priestess. Create a believable past for yourself (re: Initiation and so on into Wicca) and then to recruit members. Aim is to form a “teaching coven”
- 8) Set specific physical goal and train t achieve these. These goals must be achieved within eight months of beginning training. They are:
 - a) run a marathon in less than 2 hours and 50 minutes (men) or 3 hours 10 minutes (women).
 - b) Compete in a (cycling) 12 hour time trial achieving a distance of at least 230 miles. Intermediate times are: 25 miles in 1 hour or less. (Note: 12 hour time trials are usually held during the summer months – so begin role at time to coincide with eight month training build up, e.g. December. Join a local cycling club – find details at nearest good bike shop.

Note: a) and b) may be combined – and should be if you are fairly fit.

Editorial note: These contact addresses are now out of date. The MS was last revised 1985 eh.

Some guidelines to assess the viability of each role:

- 1) Best suited for those of “left-wing”/liberal sentiments, including anarchists
- 2) Suited to those who enjoy the pleasures of the flesh – women, wine and food.
- 3) Suited to those who lack a sense of adventure and consider themselves “non-violent”
- 4) Suited to those who are introverted and find organizing things difficult
- 5) Suited to those who dislike authority – particularly the Police.
- 6) Suited to those who like comfort and need security of home/job etc.
- 7) Suited to those who lack imagination and flair for self-expression
- 8) Suited to those who dislike sports

Insight Roles – A Guide

As state in several esoteric Order MSS, the Satanic novice is expected to undertake experiences in the real world. This is above and beyond the tasks mentioned in various guides to the “Seven Fold Way”, which guides were intended for publication and thus did not contain the secret tasks. These secret tasks are outlined in the MSS “The Secret Tasks Of The Sinister Way”. One of these tasks, undertaken by an Initiate, is an “Insight Role”.

An Insight Role is in effect an extended magickal ritual and involves the individual living a certain way and striving for a specific (often non-esoteric) goal. It involves playing a specific “role”. The novice is expected to learn from this experience. It is important that the novice identifies with the role to the extent that friends/associates and those the novice is brought into contact with by virtue of that role do not realize the novice is playing a “role”. For the duration of the Insight Role, the task of that role should be the main interest/occupation of the novice.

Insight Roles, as a technique, have been used by Satanic novices for at least a century, and this technique has as its primary aim the gaining of self-insight by the novice using the technique. The technique also develops certain skills – some magickal, some involving the gaining of Satanic judgment and insight. Expressed simply, Insight Roles develop Satanic character.

Until quite recently, Insight Roles were wide-ranging and also exceptionally difficult to undertake – the novice was expected to undertake a role which was the opposite of what they considered their own character to be. (qv. The now deleted Order MS “Insight Roles I and II). The technique, however, has been recently revised by the Grand Master representing traditional groups. In this revised form, it is an extremely effective novitiate technique, although (like all genuine esoteric techniques of Satanic magick) it is still difficult to undertake and still requires a genuine Satanic commitment from the novice. Like the sinister way itself, it is not for the dilettantes or the imitation “Satanist” who merely wish to play at being Black Magickians.

One essential aspect of an Insight Role is that it requires the novice to change their lifestyle and usually their place of residence. Another, is that it tends to isolate them from non-Satanists. Third, it often brings them into conflict and confrontation – with others, and themselves. Fourth, it tests them – forcing them to find inner strengths and reserves. Of, of course, it destroys them – or makes them renounce their Satanic quest and vows. All these are necessary.

All Insight Roles are demanding; some are physically dangerous. All force the novice to make choices – to learn. All, when successfully undertaken, build self-confidence and thus character. All, in brief, express Satanism in action.

The novice is expected to make his/her own choice for the roles outlined below. It must be understood that: a) only the roles listed below are actually Insight Roles, so the choice must be one of them; b) the completion of at least one of these roles is necessary before the Internal Adept rite can be undertaken.

It is usual for the novice to undertake an Insight Role following Initiation and after completion of the tasks outlined in the MS “The Seven Fold Way – A Comprehensive

Guide” (i.e. after completion of the tasks associated with the stage of Initiation and before undertaking the rite of External Adept). However, if the novice wishes, an Insight Role can be undertaken when he/she is an External Adept and has completed all the tasks of an External Adept (such as running a Satanic Temple for a certain period of time). Generally, it is advisable for the novice to undertake a role before External Adept. Further, should the novice so desire, two Insight Roles can be undertaken, one after the other. This is an interesting experience – but requires demonic commitment.

The Roles:

- 1) Either by foot or by bicycle or by accepting lifts, travel alone around the world, taking between six months and one year (or more). You must live frugally, and carry with you most of what you need. You should travel to as many countries as possible, the more remote the better and expect sometimes to find work to enable you to travel further.
- 2) Become a professional burglar, targeting only victims who have revealed themselves to be suitable (e.g. by testing them - qv. the Order MSS dealing with victims etc.). The aim is to specialize in a particular area – e.g. fine art, jewelry – and become an “expert” in that area and in the techniques needed to gain items.
- 3) Undertake the role of extreme political activist and so champion heretical views (by e.g. becoming involved in extreme Right-Wing activism). The aim is to express fanaticism in action and be seen by all “right-thinking people” as an extremist, and a dangerous one.
- 4) Join the Police Force (assuming you meet the requirements) and so experience life at the “sharp end” and being a servant to a higher authority. *

All roles should last for at least six months and all must be completed (i.e. you leave them) before the end of eighteen months. All roles will by their very nature test your Satanic views and beliefs and thus your desire to continue along the sinister way. All will expose you to difficulties.

Once the choice is made, it is up to you to find means of undertaking the role – e.g. in the case of joining the Police, finding reasons why which will convince a selection panel; in the case of becoming a burglar, finding someone to buy your stolen items and so on.

The essence of these Insight Roles can be succinctly stated: **Incipit Vitriol.**

ONA 1989 ev

* Note: In times of actual war, an alternative Insight Role is to join one of the Armed Forces and so gain combat experience.

An afternoon with Christos Beest of the Order of the Nine Angles.

I met Mr Beest, at his request, on a glorious day in 1994, in the beautiful Shropshire hills on the Welsh border that he believes are the heart of his personal Satanic Tradition. After a bracing walk to the crest of a bracken-topped hill (which did no favours to a person's hangover), we paused and talked. Beest was not at all how I'd imagined him. He was a serious, personable, well-spoken man in his mid-to-late twenties who seemed closer to a mature sociology student than the bloodthirsty fanatic I'd anticipated.

What is the Order of the Nine Angles?

It's a tradition which goes back 7000 years - that's according to the legend. It was born when there was a civilisation around here called Albion which had various rites associated with a Dark Goddess who we know as Baphomet. Baphomet's been handed down through the ages as a composite figure. The famous goat-head symbol was actually a distortion, a lie which took away from the real power of the goddess, who was actually a dark, menstruating woman. It was very much a code of honor centred around war and the brutal realities of life, and actually the original paganism for thousands of years before Christianity arrived. It's basically an oral tradition I received from my predecessor, Anton Long. He received it from a Mistress of the Order and she had it passed on from someone before her.

How large is the Order?

Very small, around ten people with a few hangers-on. We are small because it is a genuine magical way and it requires people to live in a certain lifestyle. The archetypal ONA member is a lone sorcerer, somebody who defies their own limits, defies themselves. They find out their true potential, usually through ordeals. There's one ordeal, for example, which requires living alone for three months, completely alone, bereft of any possessions whatsoever. The actual aim is, on an individual level, finding your God within yourself. What it aims to produce is a unique individual who doesn't need anything. There's a lot of strands from a lot of esoteric groups, but the ONA is essentially a Western tradition.

Why is there such prominent mention of human sacrifice in your literature?

Because it's part of the tradition. There was an issue of Fenrir, our magazine, which centered around human sacrifice. A lot of things are not what they seem. All manuscripts that are written serve a certain purpose - they illustrate a certain point. A lot of people at the Temple of Set or Church of Satan are trying to re-establish Satanism as a moral religion. Something which is sanitised, something which is misunderstood, and really quite nice. What the ONA is doing is countering that by saying; "No it isn't." It's regaining the original Darkness of what Satanism is, because Satanism isn't evil, then what is?"

Could this effect not be achieved without human sacrifice?

Maybe human sacrifice doesn't go on. That's part of the point.
The Manuscripts are illustrating an ethic.

So what you're saying is that the effect the manuscripts has is more important than anything it actually says or advocates?

Yes. The manuscripts are collected to illustrate points. Here it says that people should stop allowing laws to treat them like children.

Have you been involved with human sacrifice in any form?

Obviously I can't tell you.

Is there an element of macho occultism in your order?

There's more women involved in the group than men, which is quite interesting. There is the man I inherited the tradition from, Anton Long, and he's fought in wars as a mercenary. That was a form of sacrifice. To outline the theory behind human sacrifice again: ultimately it could be anything, that's just the most extreme form. It also aids the sinister dialectic, it regains a certain darkness that has been taken away from Satanism. It gives back to an individual their own judgement over things. Saying that you actually do this - you can go out and kill somebody if you feel it's important to do it - but you take the consequences for it. In other words, anybody who gets involved in "the sinister" can do anything they want, or anything they judge useful. There's nothing in the Order which says you can't do this or you can't do that - that would be contradictory to what we are aiming for. All it's saying is - find yourself and use your own ethics and judgements. You could go ahead with a sacrifice, but you could get caught and spend the rest of your days in gaol - is it worth doing that?

What is the role by "aeonics" in your philosophy?

An understanding of how energies flow through civilisations. What moves people. What creates certain kinds of individual. All civilisations start off as a creative minority; a small group of people in a certain area who did certain things which drew the masses. People are putty, basically, and it's always going to be a small number of people who can effect changes; the artists or whatsoever, the people who dare to break out of the constraints of society.

What's the ONA's political position?

I regard ONA as the only true anarchist group. A group which can use extreme right-wing politics and extreme left-wing politics. We're not seduced by either side, we don't regard them as "true" in any sense, they're just a means to an end. So far it's been judged that it's the energies which imbue right-wing organisations that are useful and will flower, say within 100 years, and certain things will follow on. This is the essence of aeonics. It is a cold, rational, almost scientific judgement of certain means to achieve further ends. The archetypal ONA member considers any form to be suitable means to an end. That's part of the point of the ordeal of spending three months alone. You actually go through a withdrawal where you're not swayed by anything, any abstract ideas, you are just yourself. An ONA member doesn't "become" a Nazi or a communist, he just uses those movements. Obviously, in order to use them you have to enter into a role in a very demonic sense, you also have to know where it ends.

Why does so much ONA material seem to have such a negative, destructive approach? Could you not, for example, write something about the beauty of walking these hills?

There are actually four novels, The Deofel Quartet, which deal exactly with that. It deals with love and life in a very real sense. It deals with all those feelings which would make an archetypal Satanist confused, because the archetypal image is of a dark master who could kill just at the drop of a hat. That image is very important because it allows people to play a role which people are swayed by. What some of the ONA manuscripts do is allow people to play that role. But it has to end at some point, and if it doesn't end they become possessed by that role, and their whole Satanic quest is finished. They've lost insight. If they do derive insight from it, then they know there's something beyond that. It may be something that's the opposite, something quite beautiful perhaps, but they have to go through a role to find its true opposite in a real sense.

If you say that people can explore their limits by contemplating human sacrifice, could they not, by that philosophy, feel they ought to abuse a child?

No, not all. The background of sacrifice is that it's about culling, accepting that there is certain dross in society. A right-wing concept perhaps, but that's just labelling it. It's something which is not right- or left-wing, it's a concept that goes back to the vikings, or before that. The Vikings weren't right-wing. We imposing modern political views on things to raise emotive responses. People have to see beyond that, to see the essence beyond the appearance, which is what a lot of the manuscripts are about. People are swayed by things - what is racism but a word often used to make people feel guilty about feeling certain things?

Is it possible to be black, oriental, or whatever and a member of ONA?

There's a gentleman in Singapore who's working with us.

There's a suggestion that the ONA has something to do with neo-nazi groups, is that true?

It's rather the other way around. Someone in the ONA felt that involvement in the British National Party would be useful to them. There is somebody who is involved in the ONA who is involved in right-wing politics, but he used it as a form to achieve something, then go out of it and want to do something else. We have a something of a reputation for dressing in Nazi uniforms and invoking the spirit of Hitler. It stems from the deeds of the past which people haven't seen from a Magical perspective. There's very little that's dangerous about becoming a radical anarchist or a communist. But there are people right now being executed for their involvement in right-wing organisations. There was a certain individual found dumped in Holland who was a leading light in the political Right of Germany.

You mustn't confuse "right-wing" with conservatism or anything like that. The political format that's gripped this society has nothing to do with right-wing politics and actually leans more towards the left in essence. The Hard Right is a very dangerous thing to get involved with. Particularly for Satanists - the ONA has received threats from certain National Socialist's groups who don't like the idea of Satanism being linked with them. Unlike left-wing groups, when stirred right-wing activists will do things others wouldn't consider. That's why it's a good thing to get involved with, in one respect: because it offers genuine danger on all sorts of levels and offers a moral dilemma as well. The whole point of insight roles is that you undertake a role for around a year which is the complete opposite of your own personality.

What are you aiming for in ONA?

The real secret of Satanism is that a Satanist restores balance within society, acting as a counterbalance. For example:

If we were in a right-wing situation at this time, there would certainly be a communist Satanic organisation. This may all seem rather frivolous and aimless, but what Satanism represents is basically an energy for change. Evolution.

An energy which provokes insight and adversity. Satan represents movement. Something which moves and isn't tied down by moral abstracts or ideas.

Culling is portrayed in your literature as helping nature along, isn't it?

Yes, you could remove someone you feel is detrimental to your cause, but you could be wrong in that. It could turn out

to be the opposite. War is the perfect example of culling in that it is removing a massive number of people,

and when you do that you effect certain changes. What those changes will be, how you can control that, is all part of it.

It's like moving pieces on a chessboard. People are removed who you judge to be detrimental to certain things.

It could be a large number of people, it could be an individual. Not everyone will cull, not everyone should.

It's suggested in your literature that it's something which is expected of ONA members.

Would you kill if ordered so?

No.

Well then, we have already established an insight upon yourself, albeit in a second. This is actually the secret of the manuscripts. They are designed to attract people who can think and judge for themselves. That includes when a Satanic

Master comes along and tells you to despatch someone - you are faced with a choice: if you do it you will please the

master, but do you want a master like that? As the master, do you want somebody serving you who is weak, or do you want somebody who will turn round and refuse to obey? We're looking for the latter.

How would you like people to look on the ONA, do you want to scare people?

The work is very extreme, it has to be that way. The manuscripts are designed to produce certain changes in society, to create certain preconceptions and destroy others. We are very elitist, because very few people ever stay the course. It involves real hardship, a certain way of living which few people are willing to follow.

Interview with Thornian

The Order of Nine Angles is a unique and often mysterious organization whose conception of "Traditional Satanism" has opened up entirely new doors to the seeker and delver of occult knowledge. Their positions regarding human sacrifice and National Socialism have many times put them at the center of controversy, causing other so-called Satanists to put their thoughts on "heresy" to the test. Our thanks go out to Vilnius Thornian for taking time to answer a few questions for Diskorpia...

I. Can you explain the meaning and definition of the word "Satan" from the perspective of the ONA?

"Satan" to the ONA is the herald of change, both within the individual and civilization as a whole. Satan, or Satanas, is the image in which we place on something that ultimately cannot be contained in any purely causal understanding. Satan is representation, or a way of identifying, something very real, a part of that primal chaos which is beyond our perceived dimensions. Thus Satan represents those forces of consciousness and cosmos which we seek to bring to surface, to cause change. This involves both a confrontation with the Shadow-self (leading to an eventual synthesis of those "dark energies" in individual consciousness - a step towards balance), and the presence of real darkness within the current social climate - Chaos. To put it simply, Satan is a gateway to what lies beyond, to the acausal - a causal representation of the acausal, through which we increase the amount of acausal energy present on earth, via the rites and practices of Sinister Tradition. This is important since the intrusion of the acausal upon our world brings the change ultimately needed to progress, to achieve the next step in human evolution on a widespread scale.

II. Can you describe, as far as you are willing or able to, the inception of the ONA?

The ONA was formed of several different working groups in the 1960's. The decision to form the groups into one was made by the then Grand Mistress. At the time some of the groups had access only to part of the Tradition, or variations of the Tradition. Anton Long was initiated by this Grand Mistress, and eventually informed that he was the chosen heir to the Tradition. The Grand Mistress then disappeared, obviously leaving Anton Long with an enormous weight on his shoulders. But an heir to the Tradition is never chosen in haste, and someone who has attained the grade of Grand Mistress or Grand Master (these are grades, which are attained through years and years of hard struggle, and not simply titles given for amusement or to satisfy the petty egos of those who usually give themselves such titles) certainly has such a level of insight as to make the appropriate decision and never look back. And she was right in choosing Anton Long, as he eventually worked his way through the difficult challenges and after some 25 years (approx.) became a Grand Master himself. This is a level of achievement only fulfilled perhaps once or twice a century. The Tradition he received from his Grand Mistress was garbled - but contained the basic underlying attitude, or ethos, that is the foundation for Satanism. Some of the aspects of the Tradition handed down to Anton Long were the chants, some rites (including sacrifice), insight roles (which in themselves exemplify what genuine satanism truly is), claims to lineage, grade rituals, mythos of the dark gods, and so on. Anton Long later, through his own experience and striving, codified what we know today as the Seven-Fold Way, and brought such advancements as the Star Game and Aeonics. He also used other means, such as the Deofel Quartet, to provoke the understanding of new initiates, and created a framework which for centuries will be expanded upon by the insights of new initiates - but never made easier. Sometime in the early 1990's, Christos Beest became the order's "outer representative," and thus handled the ONA's journal Fenrir, any public dealings, trained new initiates, and continued his quest along the Seven-fold Way, also making several contributions. He explored new ways of presencing the acausal through musick and artwork; drafted the Sinister Tarot; wrote and recorded the Self-Immolation Rite and other musick; expanded the corpus of sinister chant; and greatly advanced the understanding of Satanism - in what has proved to be an extremely provocative manner, thus through his own experiences giving a direction to the strategies of the ONA. Christos has since "retired" from the public spectrum, and I now have the honor of being "outer representative" for the order, and at an interesting time. Right now Sinister Tradition is experiencing a new phase, centered in America amongst its initiates. The Tradition can be understood to have a life of its own, to be a vessel for the will of the cosmos - and one cannot really express the significance of this new phase in words. Thus you have a brief (very brief) history of the ONA - from the perspective of what the public sees. What is not expressed here is how the initiates of the tradition have and continue to implement sinister strategy, in a move to bring the world to what is inadequately termed a New Aeon. [q.v. Aeonics MSS, Sinister Dialectic, so on.]

III. How long has the ONA been in existence?

Since the early part of the 1960's, as a collective Order. The lineage of tradition itself is said to have been handed down from Master to Initiate throughout the centuries all the way back to Albion (probably via various "forms").

IV. What is the structure and operation of the ONA like?

The Seven-Fold Way is intended to be followed by the initiate working mostly alone. Thus the structure of the ONA exists, on the level of new initiates, only to give guidance. Each initiate, if admitted into the order, is given an order guide, who will give direction and advice to the initiate. Whether this direction and advice is followed is up to the initiate. We simply offer the understanding of those who have traversed the path before, and are thus more experienced. Beyond this, the ONA operates under a system of cells, as this is the most effective means of implementing our strategy. Aside from this, most work alone, following their own destinies, and each taking on a different means to achieve specific collective goals.

V. Do you agree with Anton LaVey's statement that Satanists are born, not made? If not, why not?

No. I consider such a statement indicative of the lack of potential inherent in what some term "modern satanism." Satanists are most certainly made, and not born. Genuine Satanic character is the result of experience, of getting your hands dirty, striving to achieve important goals, loss of face, learning from failure, succeeding in great feats, and pursuing absolute excellence in everything we do. Those who believe they were simply "born satanists" have no understanding of what real Satanism is - rather they are dominated and consumed by their own egos and laziness, and are the antithesis to Satanism. This is a good indication of what "american satanism" has dwindled into. Rather than being an honorable pursuit of excellence and self-advancement through great struggles, "american satanism" largely exhibits pretentiousness and never escapes the ego. This is what we might call "first stage" Satanism - where ego-gratification, blasphemy, and so on serve a great purpose in both catharsis and in self-understanding. However, though for a real Satanist this first stage is brief, the Church of Satan has never escaped it, it has never moved on to what is really important. It has never advanced to the next stage. Genuine Satanism has a scope which reaches far beyond the egos of its initiates, and it would not be far off to presume that someone who is consumed by their own ego has hardly even begun to touch on revealing what they, in essence, really are. The only instance in which the above statement holds any water, is in the fact that we are all born with potential. Satanism, ultimately, is the fulfillment of this potential, but there is no one to fulfill it for you, and it certainly does not fulfill itself. To believe simply that you were "born" a Satanist relieves one of all responsibility to actually be a Satanist, and exhibit satanic character. This will not be what most would like to hear. One other point I should make; I used the term "american satanism." This is used to describe satanism as expounded by groups such as the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set, which have simplified satanism into an inherently anti-western "philosophy." However, such a term is really no longer appropriate, due to the number of American initiates in Sinister Tradition who are changing all this.

VI. Do you really believe that magical attainment "implies a loss of self-image"? Isn't the relation a paradoxical one: that is, a strengthened ego co-existent with a greater harmonizing of the self with acausal forces?

Magick implies a loss of self-image both because the adept is working towards supra-personal goals - goals that are in accordance with the natural willed flow of the cosmos/essence, to which the causal "self-image" is ultimately sacrificed; and because as one progresses along the sinister path, they are in turn emitting both into their consciousness and into the world more and more acausal, until the initiate/adept crosses the abyss, which means the destruction of the "self-image." This destruction (and a withdrawing of projections, moving beyond opposites, and so on) is when one's understanding is ultimately of the essence as it is, without the aid of "forms" or "images." Archetypes, forms, images and so on are useful in the beginning, but are discarded in the crossing of the abyss, since they are only causal representations of the acausal, which is essentially something which cannot be wholly understood in terms of the causal.

VII. Does the ONA really believe that an interest in death and horror is necessarily "enervating"? If one identifies with the predator and not the prey in such cases, isn't the result positive and life-affirming from a Satanic perspective

(the culling of human garbage, etc.)? (See also Nietzsche: "The poison of which weaker natures perish strengthens the strong--nor do they call it poison")

As you're aware, Satanism presupposes real evil, chaos, horror, and death. But these are a means, mainly to restore balance to the world, to break down The System, to further the understanding and experience of the initiates, to cull human dross. To cause change. Obsession with horror of death though can indeed be enervating, and stifle balance - as far as the individual and their development is concerned. The Sinister aims to break apart all illusions or forms, to seek the essence as it is. Thus if an initiate is in preoccupied with, or more accurately in thrall to, the aesthetics of death they are not working toward this goal, but rather are caught in their own trappings. Additionally, there is a great difference between someone who carries out (or is simply interested in) acts of horror or death because they are dominated by an image, an aesthetic, and someone who actively carries such things out to support a grand scheme, to achieve a goal. The goal is not to kill for the sake of killing - and yes, that is enervating - but rather to implement a strategy which, ultimately, is positive in terms of human consciousness and evolution. Further, the "Sinister" can take on several forms according to one's level of apprehension (ie. of the essence). While initially in confronting those "dark" elements of the psyche (and thus its programmed responses) images of death and horror may play a role, but this is a level to be eventually transcended, overcome. Beyond this, the "Sinister" is actually quite beautiful, noble - an exultation in being. There is much more that is Sinister in someone who, for instance, writes a symphony that inspires greatness in other human beings, masters and makes great contributions to a science or an art (physics, painting, violin making, etc.), or makes discoveries that which change the world, than someone who has a preoccupation with gore and death or even carries such things out in an uncalculated manner, for its own sake.

VIII. Viewed in terms of the aeonic strategy of the ONA (to manifest a new aeon), what are your views on technology and the way technology is seemingly tied to late-capitalism?

Technology is essential to the realization of our ultimate aims. Unfortunately, rather than being used to expand the horizons of human existence, it is often used to stifle it. The opposite of this is an undeniable by-product of elevating human existence through other means, such as National Socialism.

IX. One of the agents of degeneration described in the writings of the ONA is consumerism. What are some strategies the ONA has formulated to counter the rapid expansion of consumerism?

X. Given the "cycle of history," do you think it is a fair assumption that things are going to get much worse before they get any better, and that Western civilization, AS WE KNOW IT, is irrevocably doomed to destruction or "apocalypse" of some kind?

I shall answer these both at once. What we promote and work towards, in terms of Aeonics, is the creation of a new civilization - one that is honorable, triumphant, and creative. Such a civilization ideally should be an extension of Western Civilization - that is, for the Western Civilization to continue to evolve into the next Aeon, as it naturally would have were it not for the sickness or distortion placed upon it. This distortion, or the Nazarene ethos, is alien and opposed to the real ethos of the west, it is what has stifled, and what may ultimately hurl us into a dark age of some 500 to 1000 years with little progress being made. For this new civilization to flourish requires the eventual downfall of America (which will prelude the downfall of Israeli/Zionist power), and thus all that is representative of the Nazarene ethos in the major power-wielding structures of the west. We are not necessarily doomed, but for the downfall of The System it is more than likely that things will get worse before they get better. Indeed, success may require this.

XI. Can you describe the role of "National Socialism" in the strategy of the ONA?

National Socialism is a means whereby the world can be changed for the better, and thus is a key element to Aeonic Strategy. It enshrines the ethos of the West in its most evolved state, and carries great potential for human development, and in establishing what has been termed a "new Aeon." It should be noted, in light of the controversy which always follows, that Satanism reaches far beyond such forms and what they may achieve - into those future

forms which at present cannot even be imagined. Such forms are only a means - and in this case, a means which possesses the conquering Faustian/Aryan spirit and hurls it toward its destiny.

XII. What ties, if any, does the ONA have to contemporary National Socialist groups?

None.

XIII. What relation, if any, is there between the writer D W Myatt and the ONA?

There has been a lot of speculation about this, though beyond the use of his translation of Sappho's poetry there is only speculation.

The Joy of the Sinister

What is the most important - and interesting - thing I can say about the sinister path that I have followed for over thirty years? It is that it teaches us, and enables us, to live life on a higher, different level. That is, *to exult* in life itself: a sinister life is, or should be, one where there is an intensity; where there is action, in the world; where there is a will harnessed to a goal - any goal; a desire to experience, to know; to quest; where there is an arrogant determination to not accept the norms, the answers, the limits of and set by others.

Nothing is too dangerous for us; nothing is forbidden. We experience to test ourselves; to learn. There is a pushing of one's body to - and beyond - its limits; enduring, to go beyond endurance to that wonderful bliss of almost exhaustion when a goal has been achieved and one has felt, been, an exquisite harmony of mind and body and ethos through sheer concentration on what is being done.

There is the acceptance of challenges - especially by ourselves. And if we have no challenges, we make or create some.

These are the moments - days, weeks - of exquisite pleasure; these are the moments are an exquisite yearning; these are the moments of an exquisite joy; these are the moments - days, weeks - of an exquisite exultation; and yet a true sinister life is one where there are moments, days, of an ineffable sadness: because one has seen, known, understood, and because one feels more than most other people. There is a symbiosis here which has to be experienced to be really understood; a symbiosis which mere mortals would and do find strange. And it is our will which brings the opposites together and enables us to transcend beyond even these.

What must be accepted by those venturing upon, or following, the sinister path is that we can be so much more than we realize: we have so much potential, physical, intellectual; psychic; magickal; creative.

We who follow the sinister way strive to make our whole life an act of magick; we become magick; we are magick. All true magick is an intimation of what we can be: of what awaits in the next phase of our human evolution. There is nothing complicated about our Way, our dark, chosen, path; there is, in truth, nothing secret about it.

How do you tell who is upon the true sinister path? It is revealed in their eyes; even in the way they walk. There is something slightly dangerous about such a person. There is something about such a person which mere mortals find slightly disturbing; something they cannot quite "work out", or explain. Such a person is strong, but the depth of their strength is mostly hidden, although many people can sense it in some way. And what is the ultimate end to a sinister life? To die trying to overcome: to be questing even toward the very end.

Order of Nine Angles

114yf

KALKI AND THE 93 CURRENT

Introduction

What follows is written in the Magickal terminology of Thelema, and is a basic introduction to Thelemic thought from a Satanist viewpoint, containing some of the secrets of Initiation. For those not familiar with the Cultus of Thelema, the works of Aleister Crowley are recommended, in particular 'The Book of the Law', 'Magick' and 'Liber Aleph'.

The child mentioned in Liber Al (III, 47) was, for some time, thought to be Fra. O.I.V.V.I.C. 777, but events came to show that this identification was incorrect – Liber Aleph remained dedicated to 777 but Fra. O.I.V.V.I.C. was not the 777 mentioned thereon, and today it is sometimes held by Thelemites that the Magickal Son of 666 is 'mankind'. Al III, 47 states "...in these are mysteries that no Beast shall divine. Let him not seek to try: but one cometh after him, whence I say not, who shall discover the key of it all." And in a general sense, the one after the Beast is indeed 777; 666 being the Sun and 777 the 'flaming sword' or lightning flash. The sun may be said to represent these qualities 'above time' and the lightning those 'in time'; that is, 'in time' is a physical manifestation which is, in the real world, (as the symbolism indicated), whereas 'above time' is not a physical manifestation but instead can be expressed as 'mystic', intellectual, remote (symbolism of the sun- Ra, Apollo etc.). The two conjoined, that is the sun qualities given practical expression, is 'against time'. These three basic ideas, expressive of the triplicity of time, runs through all arcane knowledge in various guises: the three triangles of the Otz Chiim (lowest 'in time', middle 'above time', top 'against time') for example, and are thus expressive of the different aspects of human character – the Great Work (in non-Thelemic terms) being the understanding of the aspects in and above time and their final unification and understanding as against time (the ascent of the Otz Chiim): personality (below Abyss) involving a mere human perception of time, but the discarding of personality and subsequent rebirth (above the Abyss) involving a cosmic perception of time that is but its two aspects conjoined. In Thelemic terms, the Great Work which is contained in 418, can be brought about only by a unification of 666 and 777, for they are parts which alone complete the whole. 777 being 418 and 35j9, that is Aiwass and Shaitan, expresses the other side of the Aeon – its practical effect which will occur only when AL is balanced by LA. The idea of the Aeon is contained fully in 666 but it will not affect the course of the Earth until that idea having been given birth reaches manhood – until in follows the path of 777, which leads to 888, the complete expression of 418 and thus 93.

This is contained implicitly in the key of gold and the name of power which are guarded with the Hawk and the Sphinx, and in the Phoenix that arises beyond the one of the four which lives again in the ashes of gold.

While the Aeon is the 93 Current, it will be established only by outward effort on the part of individuals and groups (the function of the O.T.O. for example) – that is, the 93 Current can only be diffused onto the Earth via the Magickal use of the formula which 156 and 666 represent. And the Aeon is contained in 17 and 231 which of necessity are the coming form that the "93 Current" (Chaos) will take, after it has descended via 777. (Liber Oz is but part of the Nodens aspect.) The whole essence of Liber AL is 231; to interpret in the restrictive sense of 666 is to fail to grasp its wider implications: 777 and 888. 231 will manifest itself through 888, the total 'against time' aspect.

Liber AL is connected to the cults of Set and Shaitan in the ancient world and thus to part of the tradition contained in Zoroastrianism which is the old Aeon deceased in 1904 e.v. was given its first expression in 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' by Nietzsche, a book strangely ignored by Qabalists

and Thelemites although it is resplendent with Qabalistic and Thelemic symbolism. When one considers how Nietzsche wrote 'Zarathustra' – in an almost ecstatic state of frenzy – it is not surprising that it echoes so many ideas of the new Aeon, of that is does so in Qabalistic terms. Nietzsche was but the passed on of the wisdom contained in the Collective Unconscious, that, as Jung pointed out in his works, is acausal in nature and thus equally of the future as of the past and present; a reflection of the powers of the Great White Goddess.

It could be said with, I think, some justification, that 'Zarathustra' is the best exoteric commentary ever written on AL, and that AL is the best summary of 'Zarathustra' in existence, even though 'Zarathustra' was written in 1883 e.v. And it is in 'Zarathustra' that the 777 aspects of the 93 Current become manifest fully. 777 is in effect those spoken on in AL I, 10 who diffuse the 93 Current as a prelude to it assuming visible and tangible form upon this planet, and those who thus prepare the way for the symbolic form which does just that: 833, the tenth avatar of Vishnu, the one called Kalki ('time'). Through Kalki and the symbolism thereof which can manifest themselves in diverse ways, does that which is 93 become as the Logos of the Aeon.

In Mithraic terms, Ahura-Nasda is above time, the symbolism 666, Ahriman in time, that of 777, and Zervan-Akarana (**typewritten text difficult to read**) the one against time. It is significant that not only is Mithra the Time-god reborn (c.f. Kalki), but also that in the original mysteries it was recognized that Ahriman is as much a part of Zervan as is Ahura-Nasda and is a more practical, that is Earth-bound, form. The idea of 666 expressed as 777 gives 888 which in time returns again to 666. Zervan is shown in reliefs and statues usually standing on the Earth, a serpent entwined seven times round his body, holding in his hands the keys of the worlds: an early form of the Otz Chiim symbolism. The mystery that has been lost from Mithraism and earlier sects and which the Yesidis handed on in their rites and teachings, is that of how the current of power in the Supernal Triad can be manifested in the Earth-bound sense, and a recognition that there is not one key, but a number each of which follows from the other and each of which returns to the first, being all of the same kind; a circle closing. First comes that which in the Aeon new upon this planet is symbolized in IAO and expressed as Atu XI. From this comes that contained equally in IAO and expressed as "Tauus" – for is not the King him who is resplendent in the jewels of time and spoken of in Al-Jilwah? 231 and Atu IX are the key to this, and the begin of the reign of the Nameless One, returning yet always containing that of Atu XI: for as AL is to LA so also is IX to XI.

The seven Ziarchs or Towers of the Yezidi, six formed as the Trapezoid and thus expressing the significance of the Angles of the Nine, and one as a fluted cone, are the outward manifestation of the secret which is expressed partially by the seven-rayed star of Babylon – the means of practical control of the Current. It is further significant that Mithra was born from rock. Thus the nature of Aiwass and AL.

The Logos of Kronos is wonder indeed: but some, even now, are unwitting tools of the 93 Current, understanding not its end.

"Zero is two. Somehow I am aware – like a man stricken of lightning, in the same moment slain and initiated – that the strange phrase declares the final Mystery of Truth, the Word of the Plan of Battle, the Key of the Campaign. But in my mind its meaning is most utter darkness." (The Heart Of The Master – Khled Khan)

Handwritten note at the bottom of the text:

Rejected xi/73 - May be of some use to novices – (signed) Anton

Handwritten note a top of page reads:

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“The Lay Of Omega”

From the blackness that was the great void came the harsh sounds of the beasts of creation, baying at the moon. Hearing them, all trembled with fear, eyes waiting for Sol to rise again. Sheltered they under the great Tree that had brought forth life – girt with Serpent and Eagle who looked bemused at the who stood under the evergreen, yet who forever fought each other for the prize that was Eternity.

Those of Wisdom went among those hid, singing as Bards of Wisdom of Old Times; bringing comfort and renewed doubt to all who stopped awhile to listen to the songs of the Bards. They sang of the beginning of all in symbols that were understood by all but the few; they told of the time and battles that has led to the now and of the many things of awe yet to come, granted by the greats Gods of the Tree...

Nine worlds has the Tree, nine worlds of strangeness and uncertainty whereon mortal gods have trodden weary in the pursuit of the great Hall of the Hounds. Worlds of endless madness and manifold mysteries, beckoning to the weary traveler of the Way; calling to those of strength who have drunk deep of the mead of the Tree, and who dream dreams of freedom and carnage. The Tree was given so that the depths of heaven could be climbed, so that the heights of the mountains of the Isle of the Dead could be scaled and seen. And all understood. From the branches can the worlds be understood. The Eagle who sits at the top swoops forever down, tangling with all who rest upon the branches; and the Serpent at the foot entwines higher seeking to grasp all exhausted travelers, shattering them to the ground. Great is the battle for the possession. And when the time comes, will the Tree begin to shed its leaves, every one representing a death, as it sways in the wind of the darkness of the coming end when loosed are the enemies of those who planted the seed of the tree, the friends of the Serpent and the rivals of the soaring Eagle. Then will fear and pestilence and cosmic roars shatter the sleeplike peace of the ones who shelter under the Wisdom of Old, forgetting in that dread and fateful time all that the counsels of the wise have said as the flee hither and thither tormented and in disarray. But whither they return to the listening of the songs of the Bards and no more do they fear, no more do they weep, for gathered are they then under the safety and shelter of the Tree, mindful of the storms around them. And they hear sing of the one who was wise who had to start on the perilous journey to the Nine Worlds to bring from the abode of the Gods the Flaming Sword of Death to slay the Serpent and its creatures who torment the Tree and the world. For it is said that only if he of wisdom and fair strength can redeem from the Gods the sword will the Tree be saved and the enemies all destroyed.

Greater and greater sway the Tree until all save the few fear that it will crack and scatter its remains broken upon the earth. Sharp crashes of thunder silence the baying of the Beasts, as the wind howls through the branches, smashing all not sheltered by the Tree. Beasts fight with beasts as those not of gods look on in terror. Many set out to seek the Flaming Sword of the Gods...

He came to the dark world with delights, his feet tired and aching from the long journey on the path that had led him to the world. Dimly he could see before him an immense hall from which came strange and wonderful music, and which awed him beyond his wildest dreams. Within he came upon wild beasts tamed by the touch of the woman clad in resplendent jewels and violet-like robes whose beauty and depth surpassed the powers of his mind. Lost in a world of desire. He asked of the way of his quest and learned with sorrowful heart that he would be guided to the next world only if he could master as the wild beasts were mastered, the violet woman of desire before his eyes. Yet even now was he free to blunder from the hall choosing one of the many paths that led there from, deep into the pervading darkness, people with strange shapes and forms and gnarled with deadly mandrakes. Only one led to the world beyond of yellowish brown land, guarded by the guardian of death. He counseled long and hard, ever remembering the songs of the Bards which echoed within the chasms of his ears...

Nine long days passed before he was master and was given the key sore needed to continue his quest. Sorrow did he not as he trod the beginnings of the path that led him of death, winding and strewn still with many dangers. At length he came to a clearing in the bewildering darkness, which was the jungle through which he passed, an island yet a world that floated in the abysmal depths of the paths. A world which became ever more infinite as he approached, until it was all. He came upon a hermaphrodite who vexed him sore with questions of truth as he wandered among the gardens of the red gold, which were the worlds, strange plants growing crazily in places, hiding stranger forms of death. Drugged grew he anew with the questions of truth until sound sleep crept upon him as a messenger of the Gods, only to wake under the snarl of a jackal, sending him fleeing from the laughing questioner of truth, plunging lost and headlong into the chasm that opened up before him.

Lightning struck terror in his heart, sending crashing the towers of strength that he had hitherto drawn upon. Then stillness. And silence. And a vision of splendor which woke him dazed from the dream as eyes blinked sore in the scattered light of the jeweled deserts before him, endless deserts strewn with shining jewels as if they were but stones, a single blood red rose majestically towering before all in oppressive heat of the thousand suns: a lonely beauty in a world of shining beauty that was but worthless in the end. No living thing came in sight, no living thing came to meet him; only the silent empty endless undulating deserts parched under the suns. Only the deathly silence. The logic of his mind tore at his reason, sending it reeling insane as he wandered with direction in the endless sand, turned to mottled green in the place of his footsteps deep in the sand. On, on, on ... under the heat of a thousand suns, three words repeated muted under parched breath: must go on, go on, go on. ...cannot give up. He dragged his body on until it would go no more, and then fell he into the sand covered with shining jewels to sleep the deep sleep of exhaustion, the sleep of death.

Seven days did he sleep, the sleep that the wise ones talked of often as the sleep of the Ancients, wherein many things are foretold; wherein the white roebuck emerges quick from the ticket of obscurity and doubt, rending the veil of knowledge unknown. And waking did his mind wonder at all that had passed, at his glimpses of the realm of the Gods; as his fortune in being still alive (although doubted often if this were so) and understanding and knowing many of the things he heard in the distant past in the songs of the Bards. He awoke to a mountainous world of strange alien monoliths and vaulted temples, which cast dancing shadows monstrous upon the ground. He wandered awed through the alien things, until came he to one monolith as a circle in which sat a bearded old man, scratching strange signs upon the ground with a stick, whose human face was monstered by his non-existent eyes – for he had but holes like gates into the misty nebulous universe, twinkling with the dim light of distant stars. Unseeing he spake thus to the stranger come from worlds afar: Thou journey is but begun. The Sword which thou seekest is but the

Elixir of Life whose end am I. Look on me and tremble not, for it thou hast courage then the Gods will not deceive thee. But ever will they destroy those that faileth them. Lookest thou in the direction of the setting sun. Seest thou the skeletons that hide in the shadows? Seest thou the laughing skulls? Ah! They also came upon the quest like thee, but faileth the test of strength that availeth mortals not. Thou hast seen beyond the veil of man and seekest further – but ever prove that thou hand is worth to receive the Gold of the Gods! As the sun dies in the sky this day, and the darkness falls around thee, so shall thee prove thyself mortal or becoming god! Thus saying he changed into a raven and was gone. Darkness fell slightly, casting it heavy shroud upon the world, causing the night-song of alien things to rumble through the monoliths and tombs and temples. Waiting, waiting with tense expectation, jesting at companion fear – he heard the mighty roar of a lion prowling nearby, stalking its prey, defying the dark demons of the night. It circled. Again, yet closer. It sprang at its prey, vicious claws tearing deep into flesh, blood dancing upon the ground as vainly he struggled to hold the gaping mouth away from his body, muscles straining every last fiber in a titanic struggle of death. Thoughts fleeting as both tumbled over and over on the ground; as hand touched loose stone soon gripped and sent smashing into the blood drenched mane of the beast, again and again until the two bloods mixed and the body fell limp upon him. Last reserves of unknown strength to push away the bloodied carcass, as wounded he fell into sleep of pain and no dreams, bathed by blood.

Daylight pained his aching body as he staggered falling often over the ground, pursuing cool shade of the monolith. Unseen gentle hands raised the sleeping body onto a platform, carried away quick in the glinting sun passed laughing skulls and dead beast to the caves wherein dwelt the hill people. Days passed as he was cared for by them, ever sleeping, ever in fever of sickness and often near death.

Eyes opened slowly, seeing but blurs of things and closing and opening and seeing clear. Seeing the smiling faces of the ones who had cared for him and rejoiced at his awakening. They spoke of things he could not understand but did know, their small elf-like bodies aglow with the look of life mirrored in the humanoid face. In the days of waiting sick he learned of the next part of the quest, that it lay deep in the depths of the mountain, deeper into the bottomless caves at whose entrance he rested; deep into the red glow that came therefrom. He learned of the fire-breathing monsters that lay in wait, who could be slain only by a golden arrow shot straight into the eye; of the many perils of his quest of the Gods and the temptation to remain safe with the people of the hills, giant and stranger though he be among them. But ever did the songs of the Bards torment his mind, giving no rest.

Tears of sorrow and joy clouded his eyes as he began the perilous walk into the glowing tunnels of the cave that led to the pits below, guarded by monsters of strangeness, his arrows of gold slung over his back, bow gripped tight in hand. Far had he gone not when stood before him a fiery monster of odious type – dispatched screaming only by third shot arrow, falling into the red depths below the narrow path onward on which he stood. Down, down, down he walked until at last came he upon the Gates of the Beginning, the Gates of Alpha, made of the bones of the dead and the skin of the living – tortured screams from distorted faces that stank of the putrescence of alien horrors. Fearing not he passed through the Gates, overwhelmed by power, his nostrils free of the stench of decaying flesh.

Overwhelmed was he by the sight before him – after the stench and heat and displeasure of the red depths, the azure splendor of the heavens, fresh with cosmic delight acted as a revelation, as thrown away were the arrows and bow as delight supreme once more caressed the mind. Idling gently in the blue expanse, oblivious to all, were many unicorns perceived yet not perceiving. Beyond lay the stars and beyond them the abode of the Gods where lay the Sword of Destiny

whose quest had brought him thus far, whose destiny guided him like a bow its arrow to the target. Soon would he jest with the endless stars of Eternity, which now called mocking out to him becoming god though he be. He ventured forth into the new world full of hope, greatest peril yet to come....

Beyond this the Bards sing no more for it is said that no mortal can listen further to the quest and live in peace thereafter with himself. The words are not for mortal ears, the sights not for mortal eyes, so away turn the Bards, chancing not the call of Destiny which has claimed many aforesimes. The silent songs begin once again as he that is destined returns no more a man, returns to those that remain still in the shelter of the now gnarled Tree, weakened as it is with the deathly blows of the Beasts that have come and snatched away many who sheltered under the branches, taking them away screaming and helpless as the Serpent grins and hisses and the Eagle slashes with tooth and claw...

He returns as the Bards foretold, grasping the Sword which slays all who stand against the Tree of creation, and which glistens quick in the rising morning sun which looks down upon scenes of rejoicing untold as begins again a new cycle of Wisdom and understanding which will, in time, bring forth the new seed of greatness that is above those gathered to celebrate the Dawn. The seed whose fruit echoes the quest of the Sword of Destiny, the Call of the Gods...

Yet still do the Bards taught in the Wisdom of the Ones of Old sing of the creation of all, of the great Tree whose mead makes drunk all who drink thereof, and of the coming quest of the Flaming Sword which will destroy all who seek to kill the Tree and all who shelter under the evergreen branches...

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Greater and greater sway the Tree until all save the few fear that it will crack and scatter its remains broken upon the earth. Sharp crashes of thunder silence the baying of the Beasts, as the wind howls through the branches, smashing all not sheltered by the Tree. Beasts fight with beasts as those not of gods look on in terror. Many set out to seek the Flaming Sword of the Gods...

He came to the dark world with delights, his feet tired and aching from the long journey on the path that had led him to the world. Dimly he could see before him an immense hall from which came strange and wonderful music, and which awed him beyond his wildest dreams. Within he came upon wild beasts tamed by the touch of the woman clad in resplendent jewels and violet-like robes whose beauty and depth surpassed the powers of his mind. Lost in a world of desire. He asked of the way of his quest and learned with sorrowful heart that he would be guided to the next world only if he could master as the wild beasts were mastered, the violet woman of desire before his eyes. Yet even now was he free to blunder from the hall choosing one of the many paths that led there from, deep into the pervading darkness, people with strange shapes and forms and gnarled with deadly mandrakes. Only one led to the world beyond of yellowish brown land, guarded by the guardian of death. He counseled long and hard, ever remembering the songs of the Bards which echoed within the chasms of his ears...

Nine long days passed before he was master and was given the key sore needed to continue his quest. Sorrow did he not as he trod the beginnings of the path that led him of death, winding and strewn still with many dangers. At length he came to a clearing in the bewildering darkness, which was the jungle through which he passed, an island yet a world that floated in the abysmal depths of the paths. A world which became ever more infinite as he approached, until it was all. He came upon a hermaphrodite who vexed him sore with questions of truth as he wandered among the gardens of the red gold, which were the worlds, strange plants growing crazily in places, hiding stranger forms of death. Drugged grew he anew with the questions of truth until sound sleep crept upon him as a messenger of the Gods, only to wake under the snarl of a jackal, sending him fleeing from the laughing questioner of truth, plunging lost and headlong into the chasm that opened up before him.

Lightning struck terror in his heart, sending crashing the towers of strength that he had hitherto drawn upon. Then stillness. And silence. And a vision of splendor which woke him dazed from the dream as eyes blinked sore in the

scattered light of the jeweled deserts before him, endless deserts strewn with shining jewels as if they were but stones, a single blood red rose majestically towering before all in oppressive heat of the thousand suns: a lonely beauty in a world of shining beauty that was but worthless in the end. No living thing came in sight, no living thing came to meet him; only the silent empty endless undulating deserts parched under the suns. Only the deathly silence. The logic of his mind tore at his reason, sending it reeling insane as he wandered with direction in the endless sand, turned to mottled green in the place of his footsteps deep in the sand. On, on, on ... under the heat of a thousand suns, three words repeated muted under parched breath: must go on, go on, go on. ...cannot give up. He dragged his body on until it would go no more, and then fell he into the sand covered with shining jewels to sleep the deep sleep of exhaustion, the sleep of death.

Seven days did he sleep, the sleep that the wise ones talked of often as the sleep of the Ancients, wherein many things are foretold; wherein the white roebuck emerges quick from the ticket of obscurity and doubt, rending the veil of knowledge unknown. And waking did his mind wonder at all that had passed, at his glimpses of the realm of the Gods; as his fortune in being still alive (although doubted often if this were so) and understanding and knowing many of the things he heard in the distant past in the songs of the Bards. He awoke to a mountainous world of strange alien monoliths and vaulted temples, which cast dancing shadows monstrous upon the ground. He wandered awed through the alien things, until came he to one monolith as a circle in which sat a bearded old man, scratching strange signs upon the ground with a stick, whose human face was monstered by his non-existent eyes – for he had but holes like gates into the misty nebulous universe, twinkling with the dim light of distant stars. Unseeing he spake thus to the stranger come from worlds afar: Thou journey is but begun. The Sword which thou seekest is but the Elixir of Life whose end am I. Look on me and tremble not, for it thou hast courage then the Gods will not deceive thee. But ever will they destroy those that faileth them. Lookest thou in the direction of the setting sun. Seest thou the skeletons that hide in the shadows? Seest thou the laughing skulls? Ah! They also came upon the quest like thee, but faileth the test of strength that availeth mortals not. Thou hast seen beyond the veil of man and seekest further – but ever prove that thou hand is worth to receive the Gold of the Gods! As the sun dies in the sky this day, and the darkness falls around thee, so shall thee prove thyself mortal or becoming god! Thus saying he changed into a raven and was gone. Darkness fell slightly, casting it heavy shroud upon the world, causing the night-song of alien things to rumble through the monoliths and tombs and temples. Waiting, waiting with tense expectation, jesting at companion fear – he heard the mighty roar of a lion prowling nearby, stalking its prey, defying the dark demons of the night. It circled. Again, yet closer. It sprang at its prey, vicious claws tearing deep into flesh, blood dancing upon the ground as vainly he struggled to hold the gaping mouth away from his body, muscles straining every last fiber in a titanic struggle of death. Thoughts fleeting as both tumbled over and over on the ground; as hand touched loose

stone soon gripped and sent smashing into the blood drenched mane of the beast, again and again until the two bloods mixed and the body fell limp upon him. Last reserves of unknown strength to push away the bloodied carcass, as wounded he fell into sleep of pain and no dreams, bathed by blood.

Daylight pained his aching body as he staggered falling often over the ground, pursuing cool shade of the monolith. Unseen gentle hands raised the sleeping body onto a platform, carried away quick in the glinting sun passed laughing skulls and dead beast to the caves wherein dwelt the hill people. Days passed as he was cared for by them, ever sleeping, ever in fever of sickness and often near death.

Eyes opened slowly, seeing but blurs of things and closing and opening and seeing clear. Seeing the smiling faces of the ones who had cared for him and rejoiced at his awakening. They spoke of things he could not understand but did know, their small elf-like bodies aglow with the look of life mirrored in the humanoid face. In the days of waiting sick he learned of the next part of the quest, that it lay deep in the depths of the mountain, deeper into the bottomless caves at whose entrance he rested; deep into the red glow that came therefrom. He learned of the fire-breathing monsters that lay in wait, who could be slain only by a golden arrow shot straight into the eye; of the many perils of his quest of the Gods and the temptation to remain safe with the people of the hills, giant and stranger though he be among them. But ever did the songs of the Bards torment his mind, giving no rest.

Tears of sorrow and joy clouded his eyes as he began the perilous walk into the glowing tunnels of the cave that led to the pits below, guarded by monsters of strangeness, his arrows of gold slung over his back, bow gripped tight in hand. Far had he gone not when stood before him a fiery monster of odious type – dispatched screaming only by third shot arrow, falling into the red depths below the narrow path onward on which he stood. Down, down, down he walked until at last came he upon the Gates of the Beginning, the Gates of Alpha, made of the bones of the dead and the skin of the living – tortured screams from distorted faces that stank of the putrescence of alien horrors. Fearing not he passed through the Gates, overwhelmed by power, his nostrils free of the stench of decaying flesh.

Overwhelmed was he by the sight before him – after the stench and heat and displeasure of the red depths, the azure splendor of the heavens, fresh with cosmic delight acted as a revelation, as thrown away were the arrows and bow as delight supreme once more caressed the mind. Idling gently in the blue expanse, oblivious to all, were many unicorns perceived yet not perceiving. Beyond lay the stars and beyond them the abode of the Gods where lay the Sword of Destiny whose quest had brought him thus far, whose destiny guided him like a bow its arrow to the target. Soon would he jest with the endless stars

of Eternity, which now called mocking out to him becoming god though he be.
He ventured forth into the new world full of hope, greatest peril yet to come....

Beyond this the Bards sing no more for it is said that no mortal can listen further to the quest and live in peace thereafter with himself. The words are not for mortal ears, the sights not for mortal eyes, so away turn the Bards, chancing not the call of Destiny which has claimed many aforesimes. The silent songs begin once again as he that is destined returns no more a man, returns to those that remain still in the shelter of the now gnarled Tree, weakened as it is with the deathly blows of the Beasts that have come and snatched away many who sheltered under the branches, taking them away screaming and helpless as the Serpent grins and hisses and the Eagle slashes with tooth and claw...

He returns as the Bards foretold, grasping the Sword which slays all who stand against the Tree of creation, and which glistens quick in the rising morning sun which looks down upon scenes of rejoicing untold as begins again a new cycle of Wisdom and understanding which will, in time, bring forth the new seed of greatness that is above those gathered to celebrate the Dawn. The seed whose fruit echoes the quest of the Sword of Destiny, the Call of the Gods...

Yet still do the Bards taught in the Wisdom of the Ones of Old sing of the creation of all, of the great Tree whose mead makes drunk all who drink thereof, and of the coming quest of the Flaming Sword which will destroy all who seek to kill the Tree and all who shelter under the evergreen branches...

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Meditation, Mindfulness & Magick

There is nothing mysterious about meditation - essentially, it is a means of increasing one's awareness and vitality and is a fundamental part of Initiate training.

Techniques of meditation are numerous, but the two techniques taught by the Order are genuinely esoteric. The first, and most important, is the Star Game - used as a game, the Star Game is meditation, perhaps the most valuable ever devised. No special techniques are required - just a knowledge of the rules of play and some understanding of the symbolism of the pieces. Everything else follows naturally, in its own way and own time; nothing is strained. The Star Game in this sense is simply 'wu-wei' - that is, an aspect of 'physis' (note: 'physis' is a Greek word which can be translated depending on context as 'natural unfolding', 'the natural condition' or 'essence of Being').

The second technique of meditation is also very simple: it is a relaxed concentration on the spheres of the septenary Tree (for which see Noviciate Study Notes, 'Septenary Correspondences').

Mindfulness is a term applied to a particular state of mind - quite often that induced by meditation. It is a relaxed awareness of one's surroundings. There is no tension, indeed often no awareness of 'self' and can be cultivated by meditation, proper practice of Martial Arts, and techniques like blindfold walking. It is the outward appearance of inner strength and understanding and its cultivation is essential to mastery of the higher Grades of magickal initiation. It is the beginning of that profound empathy which it is one of the aims of the seven-fold way to create within the individual and which is the essence of all magick: an empathy which finds its most significant expression in the natural form of the Rite of Nine Angles.

The Wild Irish Boy (aka Melmoth)

For the five years following my successful External Adept rite, I focused mainly on Insight Roles, particularly enjoying the intensity of life as a gentleman thief. For a short time, I created a rather opulent lifestyle for myself and assorted mistresses, which I would occasionally have to keep afloat by lucrative and suitably Satanic means (I was an expert shot). However, being the person I was then, I spent quicker than I earned, and always ended up penniless.

My attempts at running Temples were far less enthusiastic: although there were the obvious sexual benefits, I tired very quickly of people. There were the trappings of Traditional Satanism, but essentially, those few short-lived Temples were nothing more than friendly gatherings of like-minded social deviants. But I knew, if I was to progress, that the time would come when a real Satanic Temple would need to be formed - one where I ruled, inspiring fear, obsession, love and respect from my followers. Unlike all other modern Occult 'Temples', this would be no 'democracy'; rather, I, as Master, would have to use my Will to ensnare the initiates of my Temple: to provide them with the riches of their hidden desires, in exchange for their souls. It was time for the façade to end, and to do some real sinister magick in the World.

I settled for a time in the south west of my country (Ireland), and happened to find myself involved in some local rural politics - nothing of any great significance, but interesting nevertheless. A local landowner was in the process of buying some land from the Council, with the intention of destroying a small and ancient woodland in order to build a few industrial units. This woodland had an interesting history: it was, according to local legend, a sacred site for thousands of years before the arrival of the Nazarene sickness, and had in recent years played host to a few rituals - most notably a performance of the chthonic rite of nine angles (this was an unsuccessful performance - the rite had to be abandoned after the individual I had the misjudgement to appoint as Guardian became hysterical). I joined together with a few locals, and we tried to fight the development via various legal campaigns - after all, some of the trees were supposedly protected by so-called 'preservation orders'.

But, as usual, money was exchanged behind the scenes, and the outcome had been decided by the Council from the outset. Whilst I was away - over the water - attempting to generate some cash (if you follow my meaning), the clearance of the wood was begun, and completed.

So much for my Temple members, who sat back and did nothing. We did however hold our own council meeting, and it was ruled that the landowner deserved the same fate as the trees. A Death Rite was performed, and some time later the 'energies' were given a practical helping hand with a carefully arranged 'accident'.

But that's by the by. What I learned first hand was the reality of modern 'democratic' societies in the West - money and ownership is absolute power and influence. And if anyone needed convincing, there is indeed a Freemasonic cabal - powered esoterically - at the heart of local and national governments. It should be obvious that their aims - which they are still achieving - run counter to those of the Sinister Dialectic.

So here I was, running Temples comprised of powerless individuals - 'individuals' from the fringes of society; artisans and outcasts, bohemians with no money, power or influence. I was sick of it. It was time to make Satan proud, for once, of His agents in the world.

So I scrapped all previous experiments with my Temples, and shunned my mediocre magickal associates. As all good Satanists should, I worked on my innate Machiavellian charm, built as it was upon the foundation of my magickal persona and nurtured by years of role playing. With the help of a contact living in Florida Keys, I set myself up in the antiques business, and began to charm myself into the right circles - attending dinner parties, and such like. Soon I was wealthy again and not only through shifting antiques - I was also acquainted with three mature ladies who provided me with a decent income in return for my physical talents.

One afternoon I was entertaining the rather lovely daughter of one of my aforementioned ladies, and I suggested that she might like to take part in a lucrative venture involving a webcam and her delightful body. Although she was a student at Cambridge, coming from her background it was not as if she needed

the money (although she was developing a drug habit, which I did nothing to discourage). It was just something I recognised in her - something vampish ...

Soon, the equipment was set up, and away we went. She enjoyed herself, and was willingly ensnared in my web. And her mother - whose husband was a prominent politician - found herself with little choice but to become my victim, given her addiction to my favours and the need to keep her husband in the dark. I expanded my webcam business to include a few more suitable girls, and happily the husband, by one means and another, became a customer of my little side-line. Trapped indeed. And all I asked in return was a suitable building to serve as a Temple, and their attendance at a few rituals. It is interesting (assuming of course that you possess the right sort of charm) to note how easy it is to draw out people's dark desires - or even create them anew, via skillful suggestion.

The resulting Temple exists worlds away from the imaginary of the modern Occult gathering: here, there is the otherness of the Lands of the Dark Immortals made real - for the creation of a Temple is not a game, but the opening of a world, real and tangible, to exist and seep outwards. For first time I was privileged to preside over a Black Mass where Satan was really made manifest - through the demonic joys of dark lust and the breaking of taboo; through the fears and passions of my Temple members, and through my own exultation in the subsequent influence over the external world which I am now able to wield.

Other members were drawn via easier means - by simply gaining their confidence and trust, and by gradually suggesting the thrill of the Sinister. In my experience, there are fewer people more secretly susceptible to the temptations of Satanism than the privileged classes. Soon, my Temple grew in numbers - all chosen solely according to their positions in society. And they are ultimately trapped by their own secret lusts which they will not control, and exposure is a constant and real threat which I have over them all.

So here, albeit in its beginnings, is the real meaning of a Satanic Temple: a powerful cabal to seriously rival the influence of the entrenched Freemasonic/Magian social engineers. Institutions are infiltrated and influenced, and observable change is implemented - all in accordance with my understanding of the Sinister dialectic, and perhaps also in accordance with that of one or two of my followers.

A village created in a remote rural area; the funding and practical aiding of a certain political group who are achieving some encouraging influence and success - all the conditions, at last, being practically realised to prepare the way for Vindex.

And my advice to all Satanic Initiates is this: forget asceticism - aim for wealth and means and hold onto it, for this is real Satanic power and influence. Smarten yourself up, cultivate style, and learn people-management.

We Satanists must be practical, not ethereal: for our role is to create real historical change, to the greater glory of our acausal selves ...

FD, House of Melmoth, ONA
114yf

postamble();

Moon	G major	Trapezoid	Hazel	
Mercury	E minor	Tetrahedron	Yew	
Venus	F sharp	Pyramid	Black Poplar	
Sun	D minor	Cuboid	Oak	
Mars	C major	Octohedron	Alder	
Jupiter	B flat	Icosahedron	Beech	
Saturn	A flat	Dodecahedron	Ash	

Moon



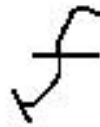
Mercury



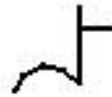
Venus



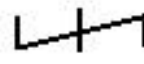
Sun



Mars



Jupiter



Saturn



MELOS AND AEONICS (With Additional Notes)

Seven represents the number of fundamental vibrations in the Universe – the seven types of cosmic energy. If an individual ‘mimics’ these, that itself is a key to magickal control. For example, music is divided into seven stages (C D E F G A B) and thus ‘mimics’ this fundamental structure. Thus, a piece of musick or chant can be composed which re-presents an aspect of this structure – this re-presentation being a type of force in itself. Thus, when played or sung, such musick/chant can alter the structure of the cosmos as any form of directed energy alters the underlying structure of the universe.

The aim of a deliberate magickal use of musick is to earth energies via the meduim of composition and/or performance, and to infect individuals/forms with those energies – thus to produce ‘change’ in accord with ‘sinister’ aims. What characteristics are expressive of the sinister? Heresy; the essence that disrupts the present to create future possibilities, a future that sees the liberation of spirit ... Beyond such statements the sinister is understood via the perception of the individual and this can only be achieved via participation.

Thus, a genuine artistic re-presentation of the sinister does not, as a rule, conform to the clichéd impressions of morbidity/horror/Mephistophelian glee. As an example, aspects are more re-presented in some of the works of Arvo Part (qv. ‘Passio’) than in works expressing the common conception of the sinister, such as some of the compositions of Liszt (qv. ‘Malediction’). However, with the exception of the compositions of a few individuals such as Scriabin, the effectiveness of most notable works (and here I am referring to those of Western composers) is offset by the libretto, or text. This is so because most works which have aspired to an ideal of beauty, which have attempted to capture the numinous – compositions that essentially have sought to reflect the ethos of the Western civilization – have used the Nazarene religion as a focal point. The obvious consequence of this is the aiding of Nazarene (and associated) energies and the distortion of that Promethean spirit by which the musick itself was inspired. This is especially evident in the ‘Requiem’ by various composers. This is to say that musick, understood properly as a form by which large scale changes may be implemented, has been hijacked by those with a vested interest in continuing the distortion of the West.

In the first instance, this distortion resulted in a textual celebration of the Nazarene; musick itself, for the most part, remained, in its power to convey racial élan, unaffected by this distortion until the beginning of the 20th century with, most notably, the emmergence of ‘expressionism’. Initially then, from the ‘Dark Ages’ up the the early 1900’s, a musickal composition only became a focal point for a particular form via association (through text, symbolism, and so on) and not because the musick in itself was a genuine re-presentation of that form. This is so because musick derives (or at least, used to) from that unique soul which defines the culture of a civilization (‘melos’): genuine Art cannot emmerge from this.

To elaborate further, consider ‘sacred’ musick. This, as a form, is so defined by a particular compositional structure; that is, the musick, even without text, would be, because of its form, identified by most as expressing something ‘sacred’ (of the Nazarene sort). However, the musick is not in essence re-presentative of the religion it was constructed to express, because such a religion does not exist within the Western soul. In creating a form to outwardly express the qualities of religious awe and worship initially drawn out by the Nazarene, the composer unconsciously re-presents a ‘sacredness’ inspired by an aspect of acausal energy which gave rise to Western culture. Thus, one way of counteracting Nazarene energies is to replace a ‘sacred’ text

with one that expresses the Promethean/Thorian/Satanic soul, whilst retaining the original musickal form of the piece (qv. 'Diabolus').

However as stated, the sickness of the Western soul intensified during the early 20th century when there occurred a radical move away from the principles of tonality and the diatonic scale, hitherto the basis for all great classical western compositions. Just because tonality formed a framework for compositions did not make composing restrictive – not in essence. Yet it was opposed – not unsurprisingly, considering that the basis for 'new music' was an (pseudo) intellectual one.

The main challenge to tonality emanated from Arnold Schoenberg who created the school of serialist technique, from which the 'twelve note' composers emerged. The principles of atonality subsequently spawned 'Rock', amongst other forms. Thus, the fundamental vibrations of the Universe, as understood esoterically, were disrupted and rejected; essentially, musick itself ceased to reflect the glorious soul of the West – instead, the decline and destruction of civilization.

Whether or not it is desirable to hasten the end of this decadent society and replace it with something much more in keeping with the Western culture as it was meant to have developed, is up to each individual Adept to decide. However there are ways of destroying and serialism, indeterminacy et al are incapable of doing this. At its most effective, all that this 'new music' can achieve is a bout of hedonism; at its least effective, pseudo-intellectual gratification. As delightful as such things are to some people, what, in the final analysis, is the Aeonic point? What of any genuine significance is achieved? 'New music' is outside the fundamental vibrational structure, therefore it cannot effect significant changes; creative or destructive. In this light, all that a form such as 'rock' represents is degeneracy, and ultimately that is all it will produce. And yet, as a continuing strand of the distortion of the West, the influence of 'new music' is all pervasive and as such should be rejected if Western evolution is to resurge.

For genuine Adepts, the main point is that the foundations of any Art need not be rejected just because they are foundations. This rejection is exactly what the Western sickness desires. As Vaughn Williams said: "Great musick is written, I believe, not by breaking the tradition, but by adding to it"...

The conscious understanding and use of processes by which large-scale change may be implemented is the foundation of Aeonics. For those Adepts (those of the creative minority who determine the metamorphosis of a culture – qv Order MS 'Emanations of Urania') who possess this understanding, the aim of successfully reversing the decline in Western culture is quite possible. This understanding implies the creation of a new form of musick – this newness being defined; as the deliberate prescencing of the sinister. From an esoteric angle, if one wished to create such a new form, there are some basic guidelines that would be useful to explore – some of these are listed in the Notes. To give an example of how these guide lines would be applied in composition, consider the creation of a piece designed to re-present energies associated with the sphere of Venus – that is, 'love/enchantment'. Firstly, the piece would be in the key of F sharp. The text, if to be employed, would perhaps make mention of Darkat, the 'entity' traditionally associated with Venus, and/or would make use of the text employed by the traditional chant associated with that sphere ('Agius Elutrodes' – see 'Naos'). Perhaps this piece would be an orchestrated form of the chant. To further extend this new re-presentation, the musick could be an aspect of complete artistic expression; that is, an expression combining image, movement and sound (as in Scriabin's proposed 'Mysterium'). Such an expression is outlined briefly in the MS 'Nine Angles and Dance'.

In a genuine culture, there are only ever Warriors. The meaning of Art as pursued by academics the world over is actually quite simple: to aid the Destiny of one's own Folk. It is rarely understood that the essence of a civilization is not measured by the qualities of its art ('qualities' being subject to temporal, temporary understanding), but by the way it lives – the creative output of a civilization being simply, to a lesser or greater extent, consequences of this way of living. What matters is not the magnificence of Art, but whether a work successfully imbues a society with a sense of its own importance. Thus, a solo piano piece is capable of being equally, if not more successful than a symphony.

Civilization, then, is not Art; thus, all Art, per se, is useless – beyond self-gratification. In essence, the skills of the Artist are only of worth if they are used for the greater good of the Folk. (Note: this is equally true of Martial Arts skills – qv. 'Physis' MSS.)






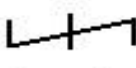

It should be apparent by now that one of the prerequisites for success is that a piece of music must convey Nationalism. Whilst this may imply certain compositional guidelines (beyond the esoteric ones outlined above), this need not always be the case. For example, some authorities maintain that in order for a work to successfully communicate Nationalistic values, the composer must use/make reference to national musick, or folk song. While this reference to folk song may be, up to a point, effective (as in Vaughn Williams, or Delius) the attitude toward this approach is not dissimilar to that of Occultists concerned with resurrecting old folk traditions. These traditions either now do not exist; that is, they are no longer in essence relevant to a society's way of living, or they never did exist in any real sense, being romantic projections upon the events of past ages (eg. 'Rune Gilds', 'wicca' etc). A genuine Nationalist need not quote from folk songs because s/he is so imbued with the 'melos' that the musick by virtue of this alone conveys Nationalism. Nor is it entirely necessary to employ 'occult' symbolism, or rather, symbols of an overtly esoteric nature. One need only listen to Beethovens Ninth to appreciate this point. Also, for the most part, musicians/composers need not be Occultists; the source of power has already been found – the power to transform.

There has never been a time when we knew more than we do now. With Aeonic understanding, the missing link in Art has been discovered – real purpose, real vision: Destiny. Without this understanding there is no Art; anything else is just solipsism. For all genuine Artists there really is only one course of action.

C. Beest 1994eh.

NOTES

Moon	G major	Trapezoid	Hazel	
Mercury	E minor	Tetrahedron	Yew	
Venus	F sharp	Pyramid	Black Poplar	
Sun	D minor	Cuboid	Oak	
Mars	C major	Octohedron	Alder	
Jupiter	B flat	Icosahedron	Beech	
Saturn	A flat	Dodecahedron	Ash	

Moon	
Mercury	
Venus	
Sun	
Mars	
Jupiter	
Saturn	

Seperate Notes : Ryan A.

If you're acquainting yourself with the ONA MSS referring to esoteric/plain chant – these notes may help you circumvent the waste of time I endured trying to gain a better understanding of both the notation and the scales.

In modern music, the Dorian scale, is represented as being the scale of notes from D to D (with a lowered 3rd and 7th pitch). Apparently however, there was a distortion imposed upon the scale by misinterpretation (Boethius) and this modern representation is flawed.

Below is the link to a site which details the 9/10 Ancient Greek Modes, apparently without the distortion. From this I have devised the following table:

SPHERE	MODE	MODE NO.	SCALE
Moon	Dorian	IV	E-E
Mercury	Hypodorian/Aeolian	VI	A-A
Venus	Hyperdorian/Mixolydian	V	B-B
Sol	Hypolydian	III	D-D/G-G
Mars	Hypophrygian/Ionian	IX	A-A
Jupiter	Lydian	I	C-C
Saturn	Phrygian	VII	D-D

Source: http://www.pan-pipes.com/Greek_Ancient_Modes%A0.htm

Of course, this correspondance is directly related to this site and its information and as close as possible a match to the correspondences detailed by the Ona in Naos. The extra modes however, cause a disruption in the I,II,III,IV,V,VI,VII,VIII, assignments to the spheres as listed in Naos, and cause some spheres to be transposed to an entirely different mode number altogether. The Ancient Greek Modes contained within this site seem the most genuine exponent I've come across yet – but this isn't to say they are matched correctly with the correspondances of the Ona. And not being a musician I add no opinion.

On the subject of plainchant, the history of plainchant, and learning neumes, (square note notation), the following sites were of vital assistance to me.

<http://lphrc.org/Chant/index.html> (neumes & notation)

<http://www.schuyesmans.be/gregoriaans/> (neumes, notation, history, diagrams)

END OF DOCUMENT.

MSS Fragment (partial text)

Note: This MSS is incomplete and untitled. Only the first page exists.

Aeonic magick is concerned with two things:

- 1) understanding the fundamental principles of how certain types of magickal energy (existing in the acausal) manifests and may be made manifest in the causal; and how those energies when so manifest produce temporal change;
- 2) actually using such energies – via rites, etc. – to bring such change in accord with one’s desire or goal.
 - (1) implies learning about aeons and civilizations – how both are formed, live, decay and change via acausal energies – and about those within them, from individuals upward, are changed and manipulated by the various forms the acausal energies assume. Among such forms are archetypes, myths and mythos, ideas, symbols (including artistic representations), as well as the more transient types like politics and religion.
 - (2) implies learning the skills of aeonic magick and follows after (1). The basic skills are the aeonic rites (e.g. the Nine Angles rites; Ceremony of Recalling), the Star Game, and creative manipulation of symbols, ideas and so on (including the more transient forms).
- (1) is covered in the many and varied Order MSS dealing with Aeonics and details of the basic skills are given in “Naos”, “Black Book” and the various rituals (most now available in various publications). This present MS will deal with an area not specifically covered before with a view to dispelling some misconceptions.

Sinister Aeonic magick implies the actual use of energies – by individuals – bringing change(s) to the “real” or temporal world. This use is often misunderstood by non-Adepts of sinister traditions, and particularly by those who adhere to the old distorted magic(k)al systems. For instance, aeonic magick was used earlier this century to aid a new political form and so try and alter in a significant way the direction of the Western civilization in order to bring about certain futures. These futures (the plural is intentional) would, if they had resulted, have led to the expansion of both a technological and thence an individual kind over a period of many centuries – and this because of the dynamic nature of the form chosen as well as the future transformation of it, via dialectic and internal metasomatism. The most identifiable manifestation (i.e. causal appearance) of this form was National Socialist Germany. However, most individuals who consider this form, consider it not from an aeonic standpoint but rather from a limited, causal and moral point of view – a view they take, also, of more recent attempts by other individuals and groups, to use that and similar forms for magickal ends.

The perspective of this view is immediate rather than of centuries and millennia and shows a fundamental lack of understanding of not only aeonic but also magick itself.

The reality is that all significant magick is either Aeonic or Internal: External magick is but a child’s game, to be played while learning the most basic skills of magick, or for amusement, perhaps, later on. To a real magickian, all types of political (as well as religious and cultural) forms are means – to be used if they are useful for aeonic or internal magickal goals.

Genuine Adepts use many temporal forms – although they never identify with them in the sense of adhere to them causally: from a psychic perspective. In the initial stages of the seven-fold way, for example, some “roles” may be assumed by the Initiate to bring insight, challenges and generally experience the “forbidden”, the contrary, the “heretical”. But these roles are only that – part of an internal, psychic and thus sinister manipulation of forms. Later....

Subsequent pages missing....

NOTES ON ESOTERIC TRADITION I

The septenary tradition (for notes on its origin see MS Physis: The Third Way) was carried on for centuries by mostly reclusive Adepts who sought and trained one or perhaps two individuals to carry on the 'cult'.

The original teachings were concerned mostly, with preserving what was seen as the 'sacred tradition' concerning both the division of cosmic forces into seven fundamental forms and the mythos of the 'Dark Gods'. The first was based on the apprehension that there were seven basic forms of 'energy' within both the cosmos and the individual within it- that is the natural structure of both involved seven fundamental principles/forms and so on.

By understanding these seven principles in all their forms and manifestations it was believed that 'wisdom' could be attained- as well as a knowledge of how to change these forms: that is, 'alter the balance' both in the cosmos itself and in individuals.

Gradually, these 'secret' teachings percolated through to 'non-Adepts' and to some extent became enshrined in various myths and Legends of various societies, the first recorded appearance being in the civilization of Sumeria (where they were derived from contact with the Hyperborean culture in Albion). Over many centuries, this 'public manifestation' of the tradition evolved, giving rise to many and various fantastic notions and superstitions.

Later manifestations of the 'genuine' tradition surfaced in Ancient Greece most noticeably in the Pythagorians and the mysteries of the Kabeiroi. In the non-esoteric sense, it was present to some extent in some of the Pre-Socratic philosophers.

With the arrival of the Nazarene tyranny these outwards forms/manifestations were suppressed, although to some extent they flourished secretly.

The decline of the Hellenic civilization coincided with the Eastward turning of those who sought these 'mysteries' (the Byzantine period). Gradually, this Byzantine expression became part of the Arab world, where various treatises were written concerning it. This is particularly true of what later became known as the 'alchemical tradition' - this tradition being a continuation of some aspects of the earlier mysteries.

The 'secret' tradition - whose origin lay in Albion-, continued within the confines of its original country, one of its manifestations being the 'Priesthood' which later became identified with the Druids. Over the many centuries the teachings changed and evolved - but they were always to an extent rudimentary and 'empathic' That is, they lacked any great element of self-Insight or rational understanding and it is true to say that the long period between the fall of the Hyperborean culture (roughly 1,000 BN and the 'Dark Ages' represented a decline in the tradition and its 'magick'.

Of course, elements survived, mostly secretly, but there was little genuine understanding. It is fair to add that this account is disputed by one authority who maintains that the core of the tradition remained. This authority claims that practitioners of the tradition actually used the 'Grail' c. 700 AD to 'Open a Gate' and thus create a Western Aeon.

Whatever the truth of the claim of the tradition remaining in essence as well as in practice, all authorities agree that:

(a) the 'Grail' of the legend was actually a large crystal (qv. Phereder and ben Beirdd von Eschsnbach revealed part of this truth when he called the Grail 'lapsit ex coelis'. The distortion into a 'Nazarene holy vessel' began with a Nazarene hermit, remembered by Heliandrus) and

(b) Albion/Logree was, and is, the centre of the tradition - particularly important regarding practical forms (i.e. 'Aeonic changes').

Whatever the truth about the 'decline', a new impetus was given first by the spread of Hellenic ideas (for which contact with the Arab world via the Crusaders/Template was of some importance) and second by the creativity which had begun to flourish again within Europe This led to the 'secret tradition' becoming better understood and more rationally (i.e. 'scientifically') expressed. This evolution continued for many centuries¹ one of its most obvious outward expressions being Alchemy. The tradition however, remained limited to a very few; although the ideas (and some of the practice) behind it filtered out, spread and became changed.

It was about this time else that the qabalistic tradition began: both in terms of magic and in terms of appearing to be the 'inner Western tradition'. What actually happened was a revival of the old 'grimoire/demonic' approach to magic (see the MS Physis The Third Way) together with an attempt to further supplant the Nazarene ethos within the developing Western civilization. Gradually, the qabalistic Nazarene orientated system became established. This system was not, however, subject to any further evolution/ development.

The septenary tradition, however, Carried by a small and ever decreasing number of Adepts, did develop: particularly in (a) the practical methods used to bring about 'Gnosis/create the Philosophers' stone' and (b) the symbolism devised to aid a rational understanding (see, for further elucidations, the MS 'The Forbidden Alchemy'). There were also some attempts to 'Open acausal Gates' with a view to changing aeonic forces/achieving specific goals - the last significant one being 1920 ev.

This development of the Septenary tradition continued until the present time and it is in the last few decades that significant progress has been made with regard to refining the techniques (of what it now called Internal magick) and aiding our conscious understanding (the development of the Star Game being a significant achievement).

To some extent, the evolution of the techniques which form the basis of the septenary/Dark tradition can be traced. Originally the basis was what is now called 'mimesis' (qv. notes on Aeonics etc), and the approach was essentially empathic (based on 'Physis'). These had their origin in Albion during Hyperborean times. The empathic approach was gradually, over many centuries, developed and came to include an intuitive understanding of such things as crystals and control of natural forces/ energies (what we now call hermetic/internal magick). In one sense the archetypal figure of the Mage/High Priestess, is a representation of this early period of development. Together with this, was an oral tradition regarding the power/use of sound (i.e. what we now know as magickal vibration) together with art intuitive appreciation of the esoteric basis of 'music/chant' (although this was not by any means really understood). There was also a 'cultus/mythos' regarding sinister energies (i.e. the 'Dark Gods').

It must be remembered that evolution of the techniques was a slow process and the fundamental empathic/intuitive approach remained in the magickal centre (Albion), for the many, many centuries, producing through the ages the reclusive Adept (like the Merlin of legend). It was only really during the 'Dark Ages' - with the insights attained via Hellenic learning - that extensive development took place. This continued steadily until the present day. The great step forward was an abstract symbolism. Originally understanding was developed via archetypal myths or symbolism (for the latter qv. particularly 'Ursa Major' as the septenary). The Tree of Wyrd for example, evolved slowly and confusingly at first and even when, in the Middle Ages, it attained most of its present form, it was still not understood in the same way we understand it now - that is, it is now seen as a re-presentation of how the acausal becomes manifest in the causal whereas then it was seen as a representation of the cosmos and Man. Our current

understanding Involves new concepts- the bifurcation of 'time' both expressions of the Change of Being. These new concepts refine and enhance our understanding.

Likewise the development of magick. There was, at first, empathic workings. Later, 'hermetic' techniques came to be developed. Shortly thereafter the first ceremonial forms evolved (e.g. early versions of what is now the Ceremony of Recalling) - imitations of septenary patterns/energies (although of course at the time they were not understood in that way). Much later, ceremonial magick as a codified ritual, developed - particularly in response to Nazarene tyranny: hence the development, in the Middle Ages, of the Black Mass, the 'Satanic Mass'.

Similarly the tradition chant developed. From the early beginnings in Albion about the use of sound to the influence of Hellenic thought at the beginnings of the Middle Ages. (This is one aspect of the tradition that has remained virtually unchanged since about the 12th. Century).

Until about thirty or so years ago, the tradition of oral teaching, and transmission from Master/Mistress to pupil on an individual basis continued - although from time to time 'Temples' (never large in number and always strictly secret and secretive) were formed. Then a 'more' open approach was begun, with the creation of some hidden Temples and the secret recruitment of larger numbers than had been the case hitherto. This culminated in the early part of the 1980's, with the dissemination in Occult circles of some of the septenary tradition, a process which continues, given the wider acceptance of the 'Occult' and the need to make the tradition/methods more accessible to hasten a new Aeon/opening another gate.

The evolution in methods, together with the creative development of the septenary, will continue in the future - probably toward a more abstract symbolism enabling even greater insight.

Thus it can be seen that the septenary is a steadily accumulating body of 'esoteric' knowledge. All Adepts of the tradition add to it - either directly, by creatively extending its frontiers /methods or indirectly by their magick and their teaching of new Initiates.

Notes on Insight Rôles, and a Weird Life

Insight Rôles

Insight Rôles are a necessary part of the Seven Fold Way. Every Initiate has to undertake at least one Insight Rôle following their Initiation [see the *Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way*]. This Insight Rôle - which must last a minimum of one year - should be chosen so that the task undertaken is in most ways the opposite of the character of the Initiate. The Initiate is expected to be honest in assessing their own character.

Thus, an individual who found it difficult to accept authority - a rebel by nature - might choose as an Insight Rôle the task of joining and serving in the Police or the Armed Forces, just as someone who loved the pleasures of the flesh, and violence, might choose to become a Buddhist, or other type of, monk. Similarly, someone who considered themselves honest might choose to turn to a life of crime, and organize a criminal gang to relieve suitable victims (see the guidelines re victims) of some property or other assets. Another Insight Rôle would be for someone without any interest in politics or an inclination to violence, to become involved with an extremist political organization, and aid that organization in practical ways. Yet another Insight Rôle would be to assume the character of an assassin and cull those detrimental to the aims of the ONA.

Let us consider, as an example, the task of some Initiate becoming a Buddhist monk for a year. The Initiate must convince those in authority in the chosen monastery that they are sincere. This requires a study of Buddhism; it requires the Initiate to undertake Buddhist meditation. The Initiate must then succeed in gaining admittance, and once admitted, must live in a Buddhist way: that is, observing the tenets of Buddhism, however hard this might be.

One thing which is important about Insight Rôles is that the individual Initiate undertaking them is forbidden from telling anyone - however close a friend - why they are doing what they are doing. This applies to partners/spouses. The Initiate must appear committed to the chosen task, as they must live that task for at least a year: they must identify with the rôle they have chosen.

The best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate. Such Insight Rôles include aiding political (and some religious) forms; doing practical deeds which aid the breakdown of society - such as certain "crimes", covert activity, assassinating suitable offers, and so on. Insight Rôles which aid the sinister dialectic can be suggested by the person who is guiding the Initiate (if they have such an ONA guide) or they can be deduced, by the Initiate, from a study of the aims of the ONA and a study of the sinister dialectic itself. Indeed, such a deduction by the Initiate is a worthwhile learning in itself.

An Insight Rôle is only valid - that is, only achieves what it is supposed to achieve in terms of evolving the Initiate - if it is maintained for at least one year, and if the Initiate really does accept the restrictions, the ways, the rules, which are or may be applicable to the task or way of life chosen. If an Initiate cheats in some way, they are only cheating themselves.

If an Initiate considers it might be worthwhile, they can undertake a second Insight Rôle some months after completing their first, with this new Insight Rôle involving a different way of life than their first. In addition to Initiates, Internal Adepts are advised to undertake an Insight Rôle, one or two years after they completed the rite of Internal Adept. Their Insight Rôle, however, must have an Aeonic aspect.

A Weird Life

The esoteric understanding of my life - details of which I have recounted in two secret MSS, one for perusal now by Initiates only [*Presencing the Dark: The Weird Life of Anton Long*], the other, a complete and encrypted version, for publication three decades from now - is that it is, and can be, a sinister inspiration to some, and, more importantly, that from that life I have distilled the quintessence as the practical techniques of the ONA.

Thus, these techniques - of Internal Magick, codified, for instance, in the Grade Rituals, in Insight Rôles and the tasks of the Seven-Fold Way - can produce in individuals the insights, the evolution, the knowledge, that I myself acquired as a result of my many deeds and diverse wanderings and involvements. That is, is not necessary - to become a sinister Adept - for everyone to do what I did. With

these techniques, genuine Adeptship and beyond becomes accessible to and possible for anyone possessed of the character to venture along the sinister path. Thus can the number of such Adepts be increased.

Anton Long
ONA 114yf

postamble());

Notes on the creation of Sinister Tarot

[These recollections have been recorded following a request by ED.]

The first 'emanations' were created by "CB" over a two year period, during his six month stage of Initiate, and following his External Adept rite. The guidelines in *Naos* perfectly illustrate archetypal sinister magick: taking existing recognised and established symbolism and then subtly distorting/transforming it along sinister lines. The guidelines themselves - whether or not a deck is actually created - serve to describe the nature of sinister magick.

CB decided to attempt another but equally sinister approach: to create an entirely new set of images, replete with unique and self-contained symbolism as befits the tradition of the ONA - and to further contribute to an evolving tradition.

In order to avoid simple solipsism, CB decided to take information direct from his Dark Sphere and Pathworkings. These workings were undertaken at three different stages during this two year period. [The last working resulted in the publication of *Caelethi*, a rite which is a particular ordering of the pathways, the final aim of which is the creation of a 'wraith'⁽¹⁾]. The results were recorded in a diary and formed the foundations for the designs.

In an attempt to further the uniqueness of the project, CB decided to create an entirely new symbolism representing the Dark Gods, Spheres and associated forms. This he did by constructing an helical numerical system based on seven: from this structure, the symbols were derived. In 'Azoth' for example, the silver structure/symbol relates to Luna energies - menstruation, in particular; in 'Magus of Chalices' the entire image is seen through the prism of a symbol - this symbol representing a dark god of female aspect. This system also proved useful in encoding additional information not recorded elsewhere, concerning the Tradition and its histories. The symbols hold much potential, beyond the confines of the Tarot.

Another important factor in the imagery is the depiction of areas associated with the Tradition; mostly places in the Welsh Marches - although there are some interesting exceptions (these depictions become increasingly significant to the creative process in the Second Emanations). In the 'The Magickian', CB painted the image of the squatter's cottage without knowing of its actual existence - a fact later confirmed by his guide when the card was completed. In some cases, the landscape is a combination of two or more locations.

The Second Emanations span a longer period, being energies earthed via other experiences - such as several arduous Insight Roles. The Magus and Mousa cards were created in the first few years following his completion of the ordeal of Internal Adept. The 'Magus of Chalices' card was the final image to be completed, after which CB had felt he had said all he could say within that framework.

CB's Sinister Tarot was not intended to be an 'official' creation, but merely one attempt by one adherent to manifest the infinite emanations of the Sinister. It is hoped other collections by other individuals will follow.

Brenna
114yf

1. The original MS of *Caelethi* differed to the published version, containing additional information concerning the rite. This version was in limited circulation during the early 1990's. The original MS is now lost.

Noviciate reading list
Greetings,

Does anyone know what is this "reading list" ?

"In addition, a certain amount of background reading will be undertaken (see Reading List) and novices will be expected to prepare ..."

Thanks

Noviciate Studies: Study Notes
(O.N.A 1975 ev)

These study notes are designed to enable the novice to progress at their own pace. They are a supplement to the personal tuition, and must be understood in this light.

Novices will study the 21 topics listed in order, although some exceptions may be made to take into account individual interests and ability. All novices will start with a study of the Golden Dawn and Qabalah, and are expected to complete the tasks and questions on the Study sheet. Satisfactory completion of this will enable them to progress to Crowley and Thelema after which they will be invited for personal (and occasionally, group) tuition on a mutually convenient basis. ONA teachings begin with the 4th topic. Star Game Magick.

ONA: Noviciate Studies

Before Initiation, novices must serve a probationary period of not less than three months during which they must construct a Star Game (see 'Book of Wyrð') and become familiar with its use. In addition, a certain amount of background reading will be undertaken (see Reading List) and novices will be expected to prepare themselves physically in order to be ready for the study of the Martial Art which forms an important part of noviciate training.

After Initiation, novices will be required to study, under supervision, the Septenary system, the Star Game and magick

according to ONA and other traditions. Other forms of magick are taught so that novices will have a thorough magickal training. Study notes and Order MSS will be available to aid this, and personal tuition given. In addition, novices will be expected to perform, under guidance, hermetic magick and may be invited to participate in certain ceremonial rituals.

The following will form part of noviciate studies:

- 1) Golden Dawn/qabalistic magick*
- 2) Crowley and Thelema
- 3) Witchcraft*
- 4) Star Game magick*
- 5) Septenary correspondences
- 6) Tarot - a)Qabalistic; b) ONA tradition*
- 7) I Ching
- 8) Hermetic magick according to ONA tradition*
- 9) ONA: Origins, history and traditions
- 10) Organizing a magickal group*
- 11) Alchemy and ONA tradition
- 12) Mythos of Satan*
- 13) Left handed traditions of magick*
- 14) Martial Arts - introduction*
- 15) Physis - ONA Martial Art*
- 16) Esoteric Martial Arts Schools and ONA tradition*
- 17) Mythos of the Nine Angles
- 18) Star Game - advanced magick*
- 19) Esoteric chants*
- 20) The New Aeon - esoteric aspects
- 21) Homo Galactica

Items marked * involve practical and/or physical training.

Subject to a satisfactory noviciate, members will undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept. Success in this will enable the newly Professed member to continue with and expand on a permanent basis the local group which it is one of the tasks of a novice to organize and run.

Physical Training: It is suggested that successful candidates for Order membership undertake on a regular basis some form of physical exercise to prepare themselves for the noviciate. Recommended are cycling and/or running at least three times a week, intensity and duration depending on one's present level of fitness. Training schedules and personal guidance can be given, if required.

Noviciate Studies: Notes

Golden Dawn/Qabalah:

i) Tasks: read 'The Mystical Qabalah' by Dion Fortune and, if possible Regardie's 'Golden Dawn' (4 vols.)

ii) The qabalistic system and ceremonial magic of the Golden Dawn type implicitly accept the duality of the cosmos that is fundamental to Yeshua- type worship. Thus the so-called 'clash of eternal opposites'. However, the forces behind magick are neutral and there exist on this planet no intelligence greater than that possessed by Man (note: natural forces are not 'intelligent' - intelligence implies Thought).

Certain natural forces may be symbolized by archetypal forms (for example, Satan) but these forms have their origin in our consciousness and because we possess will and the power of Thought, such forms can be controlled and used according to our will and desire provided such use is already present in the archetypal form.

The Golden Dawn system accepts the existence of intelligences other than Man. Satanists accept that the genuine scientific method (where experience and experiment have priority over dogmatic belief and religious 'revelation') is the greatest liberation yet achieved* in the realm of developed consciousness, and judged scientifically the qabala is pathetic. Worse, it does not even represent intuitively those forces which at present are little understood in the scientific sense (and which form the basis of most Magick). Intuitively such forces were represented (that is, before the development of strict scientific thought) by the septenary system - the genuine Western tradition.

iii) Comment on (ii) above in the light of (i). How far do you agree or disagree?

iv) Novices will be sent a) a symbol to be meditated upon. The symbol will derive from Golden Dawn 'tradition', and the results of the meditation to be recorded and submitted; b) a hermetic ritual involving the use of qabalistic symbolism.

* Those interested should read Harre, R: 'Matter and Method' (Macmillan, 1964), Dampier, W.C.: 'A History of Science' (Cambridge 1946) or Toulmin, S: 'The Philosophy of Science' (1955).

Crowley and Thelema:

- i) Read Crowley's 'Magick' and his 'Book of the Law'.
- ii) Compare Crowley's work with the 'Satanic Bible' by LaVey. Which philosophy and system of magick encourages a healthy attitude toward life, and why? Would you agree that qabalistic systems elevate obscure, so-called arcane law over instincts?

Septenary Correspondences:

- i) Study the Correspondences as given in the Order MSS. Relate each sphere of the septenary tree to its magickal grade.
- ii) After becoming familiar with the correspondences (for not less than a week and not more than a month) begin the seven week period of meditation on each sphere.

Set aside a time each day (of not less than half an hour and not more than two hours) during which one can remain undisturbed and gather a few of the attributes associated with the first sphere - for example, quartz, silver. Assume one of the meditation positions, as taught, and vibrate the word of power (Nox) also as taught orally. Then visualize the magickal image of the part of the sphere one is working with (that is, 0- stage Tarot card. 18 Moon*) and continue the visualization for as long as possible, vibrating the word of power occasionally.

Then, according to advice given in personal tuition, either the forces involved will be used in a hermetic- ritual with an aim appropriate to the sphere (for which see the [salt image] and [mercury and Adept images] Tarot aspects of the sphere), or the forces will be used to strengthen the Initiate's magickal double according to the method taught privately.

This pattern is to be repeated for each sphere at the rate of one sphere a week. Results/effects to be recorded in magickal diary. Those novices who have chosen to strengthen their magickal double will then perform an exercise in astral travel/projection as directed by their tutor.

- See ONA Tarot- cards.

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Novus Ordo Seclorum
An Interview with Anton Long
Vindex Division, 114yf

Introduction - Little, if anything needs to be said in introduction to this interview with Anton Long - his first and last. It illustrates not only current aims, but brutal and dark reality of genuine Satanism.

We are now amid an interesting and important time, where some anti-Aeon forces have been directly attacked to sizeable consequence for the first time in many decades. What does this mean to current esoteric aims, and how much closer does it bring the west to the purging of Magian influence?

A: There is a lot to be done to purge this Magian influence, which now emanates from America. The recent practical attacks against them have forced them to react in the way one might have expected given their own primitive ethos. Thus, they have created the basis for a world-wide tyranny and America itself has now descended into a type of Police State with its armed forces used to pacify and dominate other countries and bring them under Magian control.

In the esoteric war against the Magian and their influence, America is now the primary battleground, for without the resources of America their current world-wide influence would begin to wane. Thus, Adepts and Initiates in America have a crucial role to play in the war against the Magian and their anti-evolutionary aims.

What are the most important tactics initiates (particularly those within the United States) can use in aiding current esoteric aims? What rites and what tasks are most appropriate to these aims?

A: There are both esoteric, and exoteric, tactics. The esoteric include increasing the number of Initiates and Adepts; spreading the sinister esoteric tradition itself; forming sinister groups whether ONA based or otherwise, and performing various rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, which not only counter the esoteric energies of the Magian but which also presence sinister energies in both causal and acausal ways. By acausal ways is meant presencing by means of rites such as the Nine Angles with the energies left to disperse as they will. By causal is meant channeling the energy in specific ways, to disrupt certain things such as groups, organizations, or target/attack specific individuals.

The exoteric includes supporting or aiding, either openly or covertly, any and all things which can disrupt and counter the Magian and their influence, and disseminating the ideals, archetypes, forms which express the sinister energies appropriate to the New Aeon. Such exoteric things include politics and political groups - especially National-Socialist and Folk Culture ones - and practical covert, direct, action against the government, the infrastructure of society and individuals who support or aid the Magian. It should be noted that such covert, revolutionary, political-type action is not appropriate for all Initiates: only some. Also, such exoteric things are exoteric - that is, forms to presence the acausal. As such, they are not the essence, but rather a means appropriate to the current and near-future situations. Initiates should remember this, especially in relation to political forms.

One very important method, a priority - both esoterically and exoterically - is to prepare the way for Vindex: for an individual of Destiny who has the charisma to lead a practical revolt against the Magian. All the indications are that this person can only emerge in America: hence the importance of the work of American sinister Initiates and Adepts. Esoterically, such preparation involves performing rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, which invoke Vindex, and others which aim to produce energies which can be focused into an appropriate image. This image may be a sigil, or an image of a person, or at least an apprehension of what Vindex, as an individual, might look like. Exoterically, such preparation involve disseminating the idea of Vindex, of a person of Destiny who embodies evolutionary energies: who is a

person to both Sun and Steel, to use a phrase of Mishima's. Vindex is a new archetype, and one which sinister Initiates and Adepts must create through their magickal workings.

Vindex may be a man - but there is nothing to prevent this role, this archetype, being assumed by a woman. In fact, a female Vindex would be quite a phenomena.

Vindex must be anticipated in literature; in esoteric rites; in music; in Art; in images; in political propaganda, and so on. New rites must be created which invoke Vindex, and which channel the archetypal energies so produced.

As I write, America is within days of attacking and invading Iraq. While the premises are entirely questionable (at best), it may serve to upset America's place amongst its allies – weakening its global power – and also inviting added displeasure on the part of Islamic states and peoples. Is this the type of unrest that is a necessary prelude for change on an Aeonic level?

A: It is a part of it. The present power structures - manifest, for example, in the New World order led by America in thrall to the Magian and their messianic dreams - must be broken down, destroyed and replaced. The current global conflict, against Muslims and Muslim groups such as those led by Osama bin Laden, is one means whereby such change may occur, for this conflict will hopefully continue for a number of years, thus straining the resources of the federal government of America, weakening it economically. The more the US sustains casualties in this conflict with Islam, the better, Aeonically, for such casualties will change the attitude of the American people toward the war.

In addition, there should be, and hopefully will be, social and political unrest in America itself. All such conflicts will be a prelude to the emergence of the New Aeon, which will be born out of the destruction of the old. This means, in practical terms, the destruction of the America that exists today: a move away from a federal government and perhaps back to the old idea of more independent States within America. It may be from one of these States, or a part of it, that the New Aeon will assume a practical social and political form.

Is an Imperium for the current Aeon beyond realistic hope, or can the destiny of the west still be achieved? If so – how is such a destiny different from what could have become of NS Germany?

A: Nothing is beyond us, if we access and channel the right energies in the right way - which means toward the destruction of the forces of the old Aeon, represented now by the New World Order - and toward the emergence of Vindex. We create - or rather, can create - our own Destiny. If enough Initiates and Adepts work toward that Destiny, it will be achieved.

NS Germany was an intimation of what might be; what could be achieved when a people are organized in a certain way. It was a necessary beginning, which ended as it should. From its ending, lessons were learnt; and magickal energies became manifest. Only now can we create what is necessary because only now do we rationally understand and thus can use our will to achieve what can and should be achieved. This is one meaning of the ONA: a rational codification of the esoteric understanding achieved over millennia; an emanation of some of the techniques, such as Internal and Aeonic magick, which can take us toward and beyond the next stage of our human evolution.

To me, one of the things that exemplifies the purpose of the tradition, are Insight Roles. Should one be inclined to undertake an Insight Role that specifically aids Aeonic aims, if it is possible they will continue the role at some later point with Aeonic, rather than individual purposes?

A: You are quite correct about Insight Roles. The old roles, which I inherited, lacked an Aeonic aspect: they were designed to test and develop the individual, and as such were a technique of what I have called Internal magick.

If Insight Roles are to be used again - and they should be - then they must have an Aeonic aspect, which means they aid in some way the sinister dialectic. Thus, new roles can be developed which test and evolve the individual (or break them) and which presence the dark in a practical way. I am in the process of writing some new ONA MSS which describe such new Insight Roles. An Insight Role, to be effective, must be lived for at least one year.

It seems in past years a certain Insight Role pertaining to politics has become something of an obvious and predictable choice. In this case, most initiates have already confronted their programmed ideas, once the time is right for an Insight Role. Should not an Insight Role be something that would otherwise be considered "out of character" for the initiate?

A: Correct. For instance, one role an ONA Initiate once assumed some decades ago was to be in a Nazarene monastery for over a year. This was chosen, by him, because he loved women, violence and a few other interesting things. In his role, he had to be humble, peaceful and of course be without women. It was a hard challenge, which that Initiate overcame, thus learning many things. But in this instance, there was no Aeonic aspect, only a personal one.

It seems easy for some to accept the less harsh aspects of Traditional Satanism or the Seven-fold Way, while quietly rejecting the darker more dangerous tasks. While most are eager to experience danger on a magickal level, few are ready to experience – practically – real darkness. How important is it, for an adherent of the tradition to truly dirty their hands in acts of definite physical danger? Do acts of real danger accelerate the flow of acausal in the consciousness of the Initiate?

A: To so reject such tasks is to merely play at sinister magick; to refuse to presence the dark as it must be presence, for both personal and Aeonic reasons. It is absolutely necessary for all Initiates to get their hands dirty: if they do not, they have failed; they cannot progress to the higher levels, to Adeptship and beyond. There are no excuses; no exceptions. We are talking about the sinister path here, not some "white light" arty-farty mumbo-jumbo.

To be a genuine sinister Adept means to have experienced and done dark deeds. Of course, the dark deeds themselves vary, from Initiate to Initiate, and it is one of the tasks of the Adept or Master/Mistress guiding such Initiates to suggest such dark deeds, based on the character, the life, of each Initiate. Acts of real physical danger - such as facing one's own death - can certainly open nexions within the psyche of the individual, and thus enable not only an awareness of the acausal, but also cause that individual to be affected by those acausal energies. Thus can their consciousness be changed by such energies, and thus are such acts of real physical danger a necessary learning experience for every Initiate.

The rhetoric amongst Satanists has thickened over the years, with little direct action prevalent. Can you reiterate what the individual may gain in terms of their own development, and then beyond, through acts that bring real terror to others?

A: By presencing the dark in practical ways the individual becomes a nexion for acausal energies and so experiences those energies in a direct way. They may be able to control such energies, or they may not. If not, they have failed, and may need to try again. Only such a presencing brings genuine understanding and such genuine understanding is necessary so that further energies can be accessed, and directed, and further progress along the sinister path achieved. Such a presencing is a transforming of the individual, part of the alchemical process of change which is Internal magick.

I must stress in words which are not open to misinterpretation that the practical presencing of the dark by Initiates is an essential part of the sinister path, of the ONA. Presencing the dark involves such things as culling; it involves such things as covert action directed at the edifices and individuals of the old Aeon.

A genuine dark presencing is one which has an Aeonic aspect: which aids the sinister dialectic in some way.

Do you feel that criminal and dangerous acts serve to keep one from falling into the boring “esoteric” occult games abound in many other forms?

A: Yes, but we must define what is meant by "criminal". A lot of laws which governments make are wrong, dishonourable, and to ignore them is the right thing to do, for strong, honourable, individuals striving for excellence and to evolve to a higher level. What and who defines "right and wrong"? As someone once wrote - and I cannot remember the exact quote - the law is an accumulation of tireless attempts by the mediocre majority, or a minority acting on their behalf, to prevent noble, gifted, individuals from making life into a succession of ecstasies. While this quote, or aphorism, is an excellent one and contains some truth, it is not an esoteric one: that is, it does not express the complete truth about life, individuals, reality, law and evolution which the ONA seeks to express.

The essence is to strive for a goal which is both beyond what was one is, and which is Aeonic, with the individual undertaking such a striving doing what is necessary to achieve this goal, regardless of whether some of the methods, or tactics, or experiences used, are regarded as "illegal" by some government in some country. The classic example here is culling. Another example is dueling. Another is using some political form which is "illegal" and heretical.

Something should not be done just because it is "illegal". There has to be a sinister intent, an Aeonic aspect. Thus, a culling of some individual who deserves it (he supports, say, some organization which is anti-evolutionary and is a cowardly type of person) is both Aeonic and test of character for the person undertaking it: a means of learning, of evolving, of presencing, accessing sinister, acausal, energies.

In the sense of crime in general – for the sake of an example lets consider the dealing of hard drugs – might one presence more of the dark not only by partaking in such, but also by calling attention and resources to combating such things as drugs? To me, it would seem a perfect scenario – to fight against something only to call resources to it, yet to provide also the very thing in which such resources are absorbed, and weak people broken. This would seem particularly useful in the intended wasting of American resources. As a second part to this question, what other ways – if any - might such resources be effectively wasted, stolen, or misused?

A: Such things as drugs do weaken, and are weakening, the structures of the old Aeon as they are creating opportunities for some who possess - shall we say - a more Satanic view of life, whether consciously or instinctively. The West is decaying, slowly, from within, partly due to drugs, and as one ONA statement indicated, such things - anything - which weaken the old order and prepare the way for the new, sinister, one can and should be encouraged by some Initiates. As with all such things, only some Initiates can and should do such things: the decision is theirs. That is, the doing of such things as in your example are not mandatory experiences for novices and Initiates.

There are risks, but that is part of the challenge, the enjoyment.

Regarding Aeonic Magick: Can creative-art be used in a way that - though not specifically or obviously a form of mimesis – can be imbued with the acausal and directed via the form in which it is created? Some examples may be some of the music of Bach, or the violins of Stradivari – which through their use or performance could, particularly if created for the purpose and imbued with the acausal – become as a Nexion. How effective could this be?

A: Yes, such things can be done, and should be done by those possessed of the skill and abilities. Indeed, it is possible to create a new art-form which does this, and imbue it with a sinister intent, for example, of

manipulating the individuals who see/hear/respond to that art-form, or changing them in an evolutionary way.

One example would be to use computer virtual reality where images and sounds (music) are used to generate a virtual world - or rather, to generate an interactive art-work - that the individual can alter, and thus interact with. That is, each individual perceives something slightly or greatly different. Thus, this art-work would be unique for each individual perceiving/experiencing it, while still retaining the parameters of its creation. To enable this, the interaction could be via something like bio-feedback, with such things as brain-wave patterns being the computer input which alters the computer program which creates the virtual reality. This is still slightly futuristic. What this example would amount to is a modern version of the type of thing which Wagner wished to create through his Ring cycle and his theatre at Bayreuth: a total artistic experience which makes us aware of some mythos, a numinosity, a Destiny, which raises us to a higher level.

Of course, a less futuristic example is possible, using just images, music and some archetypal forms, and combining these in as sort of film-like way.

Obviously the fair amount of focus to these questions regards ways in which we can, at this present stage, aid the downfall of the American power structure, or at least ensure its timely irrelevance. At a point not long ago, the downfall of the Soviet Union was another such aim. Can you explain what measures were taken or perhaps played a part in this coming to fruition, on the esoteric level? It serves, at least, to illustrate the finite nature of world powers.

A: It was, and is, mainly a question of accessing, directing, presencing, certain powerful acausal energies, some of which are "seeded" into organizations, forms, and some of which are used to disrupt and/or create in individuals a yearning, a feeling. One example is a ritual producing a specific type of energy (associated say with a specific sphere of the septenary) and then directing this energy to a certain geographical area. This is done via visualization, and mostly involves a specific site, which becomes a nexion. Note that a nexion does not have to be, but can be, an object: it can be, and often is, a place, such as a hill, a mountain, a valley, a forest. It is helpful if those doing such rituals have been to the place, and especially if the ritual is performed there. This has to be repeated on a regular basis, and then such energy may produce changes in the individuals in that area. If powerful enough, such energies seep far from that area, producing change in accord with their own nature. Several such areas are required in the case of the large country. Another example is targeting, with magickal energies, certain specific, public individuals, such as political leaders. These are just two examples of many. What is important is that the energies themselves are understood by those using them; this requires prior practical experience. Magickal skill is also necessary.

More conventional means can also be used, such as using archetypal energies associated with already existing ideas, forms and the like, political or otherwise.

This is one esoteric reason why such forms as National-Socialism are used in the case of America and Europe: because NS is one of the things those who uphold the old order fear and dread. One of the greatest fears of the cabal behind such things as the tyrannical (and mis-named) New World Order is a Vindex-type figure. Thus, this fear can be used against them. Why do you think National-Socialism is so smeared, so feared that it is outlawed in many Western nations? Because it possesses an archetypal power, a natural magick. Why does the mere appearance of a swastika cause such consternation? Why does the figure of Adolf Hitler fascinate so many people? Why is he still subject to such an immense amount of hateful, lying propaganda? Forget the lies about the so-called holocaust - these things are as these things are because National-Socialism, its symbols, its heroes, its leaders, and especially Adolf Hitler are archetypal, for the West.

What role does the preservation of history and culture play – such as the preservation of Latin and other almost forgotten languages and insights?

A: Such things play the important role of connecting us to our past, and enabling those who come after our causal deaths to begin the process of real learning which can lead to understanding and thus the fulfillment of potential.

This connection to our past gives us part of the perspective we need and must have: a perspective of our origins, our past stupidities, and the glorious future that can be ours if we learn and move beyond that learning. Our intellects must be developed, and such things are one means of training them, especially when we are children, and ravenously curious. Few human beings develop their full potential, especially in the intellectual sense.

But this does not mean that we all must learn such things as Greek and Latin; only that those who possess the interest and aptitude can do so and thus benefit from them.

Sans Imperium, what specific potentials does the west have yet to fulfill?

A: The beginning of our real Destiny, which is leaving this planet to travel and live among other worlds.

Can you explain how a small folk-culture might serve as a center through which a new Aeon may emerge? Also - what are the characteristics of such a folk culture?

A: Such a rural culture is a centre; the esoteric aspect of an outer form: that which gives energy to this outer form. For example, if Vindex arrives and creates an Imperium, this centre would use magickal energies to strengthen both Vindex, and the Imperium, while magickally dealing with enemies. Such a centre would also be a place of magickal and esoteric learning, and - here is the secret - where the physical nexions are.

Before the arrival of Vindex, and Imperium - from which a Galactic Empire should emerge - this centre prepares the way for them, through magickal and other means.

At the risk of sounding humorous or ironic, without such intent – could an ANTI-Vindex; that is, someone who perhaps represents in a profound manner forces which are inherently Magian be the inspiration and the presence which finally brings forth Vindex?

A: Those of the cabal who are our magickal enemies certainly believe so: this is part of their dread, as mentioned in a previous answer. They are awaiting, and trying to aid, the emergence of their own leader.

Could America itself be this Anti-Vindex (still... for lack of a better term!) – and if so, could such provocations and Magian dominance be eventually viewed as having been necessary?

A: The fact is that magickal energies - whether ours or theirs - cause changes in what lives. For example, in human beings, and those types of life, such as archetypes, which affect individuals. [Note: archetypes are types of acausal living beings which exist in the causal.] "America" is not a living being. Vindex is, or will be - and the Imperium (or whatever we wish to call it) will be the creation of this person, an extension of their living, their life, their very acausal essence. It will be thus archetypal, but more than an archetype: a new form in itself. An example may make some things clear: NS Germany was Adolf Hitler. This truth about magickal change is why, for instance, no Adept or Master or whatever - except in the movies - can change a stone into a living being, or change a living being into a stone. Magick works through, and in, what is organic, because what is organic is imbued in some way with the acausal. Thus, we can, if we are adept at magick, influence other life, such as animals, because these are also living

beings. In the same way, a physical nexion is not just a place, it is living being, and we create this new living being in a certain geographical area, usually quite small in size. That is, we bring together what already lives there, in a new way: we re-order through our magick, and the acausal energy we access, the causal in that area, creating a new life.

Thus, with this answer, have many secrets been revealed.

Without adepts, without Internal Magick and Aeonick Magick - could the potential of man, at this stage, ever be fulfilled? Would a new Aeon eventually come, via a round-about means even if nothing in the present changes or continues to change for the better – if completely left alone? Do we risk, given the general disregard for nature and her resources, bringing on the end before the next stage?

A: What must be understood is that we have now arrived at a point in our evolution when we can consciously alter ourselves and our evolution as a species. Whether we do this, is another matter. Thus, we live in exciting and interesting times: we, through our magick, our understanding, can create a new future.

My own view is that if we who understand do not intervene in a creative and evolutionary way, then it will be decline which awaits our species. That is, we have now reached the peak achievable by unconscious processes. We who know, who act upon that knowledge - who are Initiates and Adepts of the genuine esoteric arts - are the Cosmos made manifest: the Cosmos in evolution. This is our Wyrð; our personal Destiny is to reach the stage where we know this, and where we put into practice what we have learnt.

"Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art" is a statement that speaks to the great architecture of culture, beyond personal "_expression" and indulgence. If one becomes too encompassed in an Art or politics - might they be indulging in their destiny but disregarding their Wyrð?

A: Yes!

Can you explain, perhaps with some example, the difference between Destiny and Wyrð?

A: Wyrð is acausal and thus Aeonick; Destiny is personal and mostly causal.

ONA

postamble());

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Physis, Wicca and Paganism

Physis is an esoteric tradition distinct from both Wicca and paganism and to understand how it differs from them it is necessary to consider, very briefly, both Wicca and paganism.

Wicca, or 'The Craft' as it is sometimes called, essentially consists of two forms: the traditional, or hereditary, and the Gardnerian revival. Whatever the historical truths behind the claims, as a Way, or 'philosophy of life', Wicca is a combination of many beliefs and rituals; from pagan mythology/superstition and ceremonial magic to the magick of Thelema. Today, Wicca is mostly associated with groups/covens in urban areas and is often seen as an alternative, 'back to Nature' way that provides meaning and a certain charisma to people's lives. In its genuine form, it represents the primacy of the feminine - a return to the archetypal forms of Priestess, Earth Mother and Moon goddess, particularly in a rural setting, although this form of Wicca is unfortunately very rare since most covens and groups are run by a Priest/High Priest or by a partnership of Priest and Priestess whereas in fact such a situation represents a contradiction par excellence of genuine Wicca. A genuine coven is always run by a Priestess or High Priestess and is imbued with feminine charisma and power.

As a form of belief, most Wicca is archaic and semi-rational and involves for most individuals the suspension of those critical and scientific faculties that Western civilization has produced. In place of an ordered image of the cosmos, this type of Wicca (which tends to be the male-dominated type) upholds a kind of superstitious necromancy - an artificial belief in myths, legends and gods long dead. The people involved have no real connection with the very real powers of the elements and associate themselves with them usually from a safe, urban, distance, their involvement being superficial because they have never experienced in any real way those forces of Earth, Moon and Nature which their beliefs and rituals symbolize. Rather than elevating consciousness to new ground through empathy and reason combined, this type of Wicca actually reduces consciousness despite the fact that some of those who follow it are very empathic.

Even the rare genuine form of Wicca is lacking because for all its luminosity it is not balanced by a rational understanding of and insight into the real nature of the cosmos, the individual and civilizations and thus seldom produces true wisdom.

Paganism, as it has developed over recent years, may be said to consist of two approaches. The first is a revival of folk customs, beliefs and deities

within a still mainly conventional life-style. The second is not so much a conscious revival as a rejection of what is seen as the Western, technological way of life and this form includes the 'ecologically minded' and tends to merge imperceptively into obscure and semi-mystical beliefs such as U.F.O.'s, Atlantis and so on.

What distinguishes paganism from Wicca - despite their many similarities - is the fact that paganism recognizes no religious authority, rites of 'initiation' or groups and does not usually claim to form any unbroken tradition. The practices of paganism tend to be more revivals of folk customs than rituals in the strict magickal sense and although some individual pagans may be Initiated witches or magickians, most do not involve themselves with rituals of an organized sort. For such people, paganism, and associated beliefs, offer a return to what they see as a more natural way of living.

However, such a return, like that of Wicca, usually involves a rejection of those Apollonian or solar aspects that have led, often imperceptively and over the centuries, to broader realms of consciousness. While such a return is often very valuable for the individual - since it re-establishes contact with the unconscious, lunar aspects that are often neglected - it is only a first step, the beginning of that quest which can and should lead to the next stage of human evolution.

O.N.A.

Physis - Martial Art of Left Hand Path

Godric Liddel

O.N.A.

According to tradition, in the past candidates who sought either entry into an established Order or group, or who sought individual instruction from an adept of the Left Hand Path, first had to prove themselves through trial by combat.

In established groups, the Guardian of the Temple was the adversary and Physis as Martial Art is believed to have developed from the training that these Guardians received to enable them to undertake this task. The fact that candidates were usually defeated by the Guardians was salutary lesson for them just as their acceptance of the combat was a necessary proof of their desire to join.

As a Martial Art, Physis is quite simple, being merely a sequence of moves which enable the individual undertaking them in the right manner to achieve a harmony of body and mind - a type of consciousness where spontaneous action is possible. It is this spontaneity that is the secret.

The correct attitude of mind which creates this spontaneity is achieved by slow, concentrated movement. Through concentration, the individual draws to themselves those hidden (or 'occult') energies that pervade the world and the cosmos and which are variously named Physis, Tao, 'pnuema', spirit or Ki. Slow, deliberate movement in a sense 'distributes' this energy around the body and enables action without thought.

Physis contains no 'grades', no complicated series of Forms, no secrets: it is simply a pointer to something beyond itself. This 'something' lies within every individual and once it has been discovered, Physis (and all techniques) are irrelevant. Just like 'traditions'...

Physis contains no techniques of self-defence, no methods of attack, no disabling blows or kicks: all these arise of themselves provided spontaneity is achieved and provided the individual is fit and supple enough of body.

Physis is essentially of the Left Handed Path because it is an individual (or 'anarchic') way: a means to discovering the Chaos within, and its structure-less because of this.

Techniques of Physis

Ideally, you should perform all techniques barefoot and out of doors, in loose clothing. Set aside about half-an-hour each morning or evening and for about three weeks practice the simple movements given below.

Before this, undertake some simple exercises to increase suppleness – such as arm-swinging, squats, trunk circling. These should not be strenuous. Also, begin some other activity which will increase your general level of fitness – running and cycling or swimming are ideal. The aim of all this is to give you that pleasurable glow which such activity can produce – if not overdone!

To begin, stand with feet slightly apart, hands by the side in a relaxed way and imagine drawing energy up into your body through the soles of your feet. Draw in energy with every breath, which should be slow and regular. Continue this for several minutes.

The following movements should be then performed – slowly, to form a continuous whole, without breaks. Although the movements may seem complicated (when described here at least!) they are in fact simple and easily mastered.

From the initial position the left foot is brought forward with knee bent as the left arm extends outward with elbow bent, wrist turned and level with face, the hand above knee. The right foot

is moved slightly pointing straight ahead. The right foot is moved slightly so that the foot is turned sideways, the left foot pointing straight ahead. The weight should be slightly greater on the left foot. The fingers of the hands should be slightly curved.

The right foot is turned to face behind while the body weight is shifted (via the hips) to lean the body and turn it sideways through ninety degrees. As the body turns, so does the left foot, through ninety degrees. The right arm is extended, slightly curved, so that the hand is above the head but several feet from it while the left arm is brought in so that the hand is near the navel.

The right knee is bent.

The body is turned clock-wise through ninety degrees as the left leg is swung round and the left elbow moved backwards as if to strike. As this is done the right arm is drawn in to near navel and the balance shifted to the left foot. The right foot should be so placed that at the completion of this move only the heel is on the floor.

The right foot is set down and the whole body brought downwards toward the ground by bending the knees but without turning the body itself. The left arm is drawn in, the right is extended upwards and outwards.

The body is then brought upright, as the left leg is moved forward (about forty-five degrees) and bent to take the weight while the left arm is brought upwards, elbow bent, the forearm almost vertical and the hand a few feet from the face. The right arm is drawn in, the hand below the chin.

The body pivots on the right foot through ninety degrees while the left arm is drawn in, the right extended with hand above the head and a few feet away. The left leg is then lifted as if to kick while the left arm is brought forward. The left thigh should be below the horizontal.

The left foot is lowered while the left arm is brought across the body and outward to the left side as toes of the right foot are lifted and the weight transferred. The right arm is brought in near the stomach. The left foot turns about forty-five degrees.

The weight is taken on the right leg, knee bent, the left arm drawn in and the right extended above the head and a few feet away.

Finally, the body is turned so that the position is the reverse of the starting one.

This sequence of nine moves is thus in the order:

7 1 6

4 9 3

5 2 8

The aim is to undertake the movements in a relaxed and mindful way, breathing slowly. Should it be desired, the sequence can be repeated several times. The movements should flow into each other, without pause. Practice should make the individual movements on continuous movement, like a slow dance. Do not worry about getting each movement exactly right – fluidity is more important.

If this is done for the period suggested above, set/hang two balls of wool from a straight tree branch, overhead beam or something similar, at a distance apart slightly greater than your outstretched arms. Set them swinging slowly in opposite directions and stand sideways on between them. Without turning but simply bending your body, between them. Without turning but simply bending your body, strike with your hand at one ball and the immediately, with the other hand, at the other so as to hit it. To begin with, set the balls at eye level, then lower it to the level of your hips, and repeat. If this is too easy, have someone stand near and shout either ‘right!’ or ‘left!’ in their own time when you are prepared. If they shout ‘right!’ hit the right ball first, then the left. The shorter your reaction time, the better. Another variation of this is to use coloured balls, the helper then shouting the colour.

Further Techniques:

Another techniques which may be used is to set into the ground eight wooden posts, arranged as in the figure above: that is, 1-8. The object is to strike each post in sequence with hands or foot according to the movements listed above. As you strike, exhale. Gradually increase the speed at which you do this until it is burst of energy. Aim to control this energy, though, through the movements and strikes.

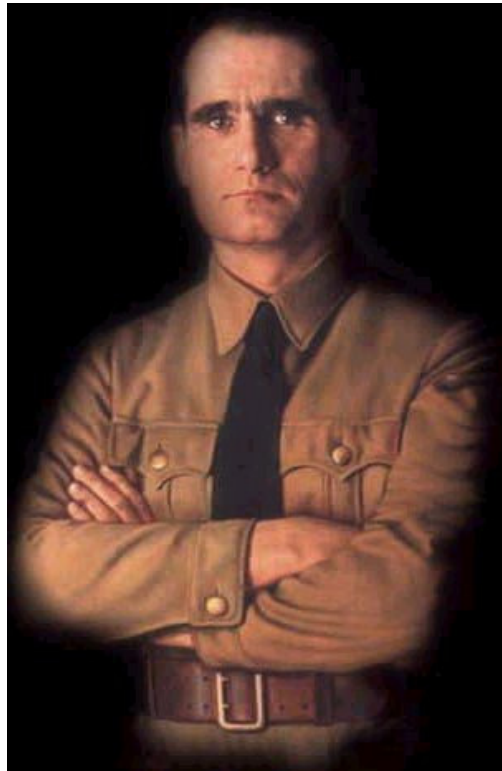
This technique should be used only after the foregoing has been undertaken in the slow manner indicated.

Once you are satisfied with technique, abandon them if you wish and create your own sequence of movements. Be sure, though, to undertake such movements in the slow, mindful way, as this is really the key to spontaneity, or action without thought. Faster techniques (like with balls or posts) really only draw forth what has been cultivated through an inner stillness – and if there is a ‘martial arts secret’, it is this.

SKULL PRESS PRESENTS

In Memoriam

Rudolf Hess



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The Rudolf Hess Memorial Page

Depending upon your background, and upon how you came across this page, you may or may not know very much about Rudolf Hess. Who was Rudolf Hess? Rudolf Hess was the Deputy Leader of Germany between 1933 and 1941. In an effort to avert a growing war in Europe, between what he considered brother nations, Rudolf Hess embarked upon a mission of peace to Britain. He came bearing one last chance for peace in Europe. For his efforts, Rudolf Hess spent the rest of his life in prison, kept in a cage

by the allied victors. Rudolf Hess was truly a prisoner of peace, and for this fact alone, I believe his memory is worth keeping alive. Furthermore, the treatment of Rudolf Hess sheds a searing light upon a period in history that effects the world until this day. Questions are raised, by the unfair imprisonment of this man, that has not been satisfactorily answered, questions that need to be answered.

I do not claim to be an expert on the life of Rudolf Hess, and I welcome comments, questions, or contributions (of articles etc..), to this page. I sincerely hope, that in presenting my addition to cyberspace, that I am able to spark debate, and interest, in one of the most interesting men of the twentieth century.

The Early Years

Rudolf Hess was a complex man. For those of you familiar with his tragic life, this statement is self-evident. He was as perplexing and extraordinary in some of his manners as he was traditional and straightforward in others. For those of you unfamiliar with Rudolf Hess, it is necessary to introduce you to his life at its beginning, in British controlled Egypt.

Egypt is hardly the place one would have expected the future Deputy Fuhrer to have made his start. However, throughout his early childhood, Rudolf Hess would call Alexandria his home. While Alexandria was a cosmopolitan city, filled with a variety of people, Rudolf Hess' upbringing was affected, not so much by his exotic surroundings, as by the strict and sheltering influence of his father. Fritz Hess, a disciplinarian of the 'old school', ensured that his son received as traditional a German upbringing as Egypt's small German community could provide. Until the age of 14, the young Hess was educated by private tutors, as the local German Protestant school did not meet with Fritz Hess' rigorous standards. Rudolf Hess and Egypt parted ways in 1908, when he was deemed old enough to attend boarding school in Germany.

During his school years Rudolf Hess' character began to become apparent. Former classmates remember Hess as being solitary, and serious, characteristics that would forever remain a constant in his life. While his father had plans for his son studying business and eventually taking over the family firm, Rudolf was drawn rather to astronomy and physics. In anticipation of a career as a merchant, Rudolf Hess would soon trade boarding school in Germany for business school in Switzerland. While convinced that his true path lay not in dry ledgers, he still had not found the strength to stand up to his father. The catalyst, for asserting his independence, came in 1914 with the Austrian ultimatum on Serbia.

Fuelled by an intense patriotism, Rudolf Hess jettisoned his sheltered life and volunteered for the 7th Bavarian field artillery regiment. Later transferred to the infantry, Hess would fight with distinction during the war, receiving the Iron Cross, second class. His experiences during the war had a profound influence upon his political/moral development. At the front, he found not the glorious struggle envisioned by other naive patriots, but the horrors of the trenches. Wounded on several occasions, Rudolf Hess was to make another fateful decision during the war, and apply for the Imperial Air Corps. Rejected on his first attempt, he was eventually accepted for aeronautical training. However, just as he became attached to an operational squadron, the war would come to its stunning conclusion.

The war affected Rudolf Hess in many ways. Most important, experiencing the reality of warfare first hand left in him an unshakeable desire for peace. Years later, Hess would insist, that if veterans of the trenches were responsible for policy amongst nations, war would be avoided. It was during the war, that Hess the infantryman would become Hess the pilot. Had Hess been rejected yet again for flying school, his life would surely have turned out differently. Finally, the war brought Hess into contact with a class of people that he would otherwise never have met as equals. While many National Socialists did come from privileged backgrounds, the majority of its adherents were from amongst the working or middle classes. Having had the experience of interacting with people from outside of his own upper class upbringing will have greatly influenced the ability of Hess to later find a key role in the NSDAP.

From Revolutionary to Deputy Fuhrer

The fact that Germany had been defeated politically, rather than militarily, came as a shock, not only to Rudolf Hess, but to many of his countrymen as well. The Munich that Hess would move to in 1919 was a microcosm of the chaos that had taken grip of the whole country. Without a strong central government, cities such as Munich were controlled, not by the government, but by whichever political gang controlled the streets. Revolution was thick in the air. In fact, Kurt Eisner, the Jewish leader of the SPD Independent Socialists successfully launched a short-lived coup in 1919, declaring Bavaria an independent state. Activists further to the left of Eisner began agitating for a second revolution and the establishment of a soviet republic. Paramilitary groups of the right also abounded during these years. Still an ardent patriot, Rudolf Hess was attracted toward one of these rightist organisations, becoming a member of the paramilitary Free Corps. It was in Munich, that Rudolf Hess would meet two individuals who would change his life forever. These two men were Karl Haushofer and Adolf Hitler.

Karl Haushofer, one of Hess' wartime commanders, was to play an integral role throughout the decisive years of his life. A professor of political geography, Haushofer's views on the need for German living space would later influence the views not only of Hess, but of the NSDAP leadership in general. Along with his son, Albrecht, the Haushofer's contacts with members of the British elite, would later serve as a bridge in Hess' peace initiatives.

Amongst the dozens of Nationalist groups operating in Munich during these tumultuous years, was the German Worker's Party, originally under the leadership of Anton Drexler. Happening to attend one of their early meetings, Rudolf Hess would have the opportunity of listening to a speech by their 'advertising chairman', Adolf Hitler. A decorated veteran of the trenches, Hitler's fiery and emotional manner, soon won Hess over to his cause.

Thanks in part to the emotional and powerful influence of Adolf Hitler, and to the dedication that was found amongst his followers (now numbering Rudolf Hess), the NSDAP became an influential political force, first in Bavaria, and then throughout Germany. As with other parties of the day, violence became 'part and parcel' of their political struggle, as rivals attempted to stem their growth. Whenever meetings degenerated into brawls with their Communist opponents, Rudolf Hess was in the thick of it, often receiving wounds for his efforts. While Rudolf Hess might have lead a sheltered youth, his life was now anything but sheltered. Throughout all of the successes and failures of the party, Rudolf Hess soon proved himself, not only as one of Adolf Hitler's most devoted followers, but as his closest confidant. His position with Hitler was solidified during their imprisonment in Landsberg during 1923. During their imprisonment, while the remnants of the NSDAP collapsed outside of the prison, Hitler and Hess (now his private secretary), worked on *Mein Kampf*, Hitler's semi-autobiographical program, both for his party and for Germany.

The story of the rise of the NSDAP has been told many times, and it is not my intention to repeat that story here. Throughout the years following Landsberg, and prior to their assumption of power in 1933, the party gained in power and influence both in the German parliament and in the streets. While Hess would marry his long-standing girlfriend, Ilse Prohl, in 1927, his married life did not interfere with the dedication or time of energy given the party.

Hess became one of the most visible members of the party. His decency and simple manner, won over many Germans to the NSDAP, who would otherwise have been offended by their rough street politics. While other leading members of the party began to acquire the trappings of the elite, and independent circles of power, Rudolf Hess was known for the consistency of his tastes and for his simple dedication toward Adolf Hitler. While others might mouth the words honour and obedience, Rudolf Hess lived them.

Upon taking the reins of power in 1933, Hitler appointed Rudolf Hess the Deputy Fuhrer of the NSDAP. As Hitler's representative in the party, Rudolf Hess officially became one of the most powerful men in

Germany. Every government department, excepting the ministries of war and foreign relations, now had to submit their laws to Hess, as the Fuhrer's deputy, for final approval.

At Nuremberg, the laws bearing his signature would be used against him by the prosecution. Admittedly, Hess' signature is present on the Nuremberg Laws, which limited the rights of Jews in Germany. However, similar laws were to be found both in the United States and in European-controlled Africa, in reference to those of African decent. The architects of these laws were never tried in Kangaroo courts, nor were they sentenced to life imprisonment. The prosecution, of course, never mentioned Hess' numerous memorandums and decrees ordering restraint on the Jewish question. For instance, circular No.160/35 prohibited party members from going to extremes, promising rigorous prosecution for those, "causing criminal damage or bodily harm to Jews, or guilty in riotous assembly against them."

Throughout these years, Rudolf Hess was also prominent in both public and secret peace initiatives. During the Sudeten crisis, Hess sent his trusted friend Karl Haushofer to negotiate peace with Czechoslovakian minister president Benes. While they were successful in initiating peace negotiations, such measures were contrary to Hitler's expansionist aims and came to naught. During this time, Hess also instructed the Haushofer's to expand their British contacts in the hopes of maintaining peace. Hess never wavered in this desire for peace. In 1934, he attended an international meeting of former front-line soldiers. At this meeting he stated, "We front-line soldiers don't want incompetent diplomacy propelling us into another catastrophe where the ones to suffer will once again be the soldiers. We soldiers don't feel responsible for the last war. We want to unite to fight against another catastrophe like that one. We who brought destruction during the last war want now to build a new peace. It's high time that we create a real understanding between our people. It should be an understanding based on mutual respect. Only that can ensure a lasting peace, the kind of respect that former front-line soldiers have for each other." Rudolf Hess would later risk his life, and lose his freedom, in attempting to find this peace.

The Sacrifice

Rudolf Hess was a man in his prime when, at the age of thirty-nine, he was made, "Deputy to the Fuhrer of the NSDAP". In addition to this role, Hess was also appointed minister without portfolio in the government. Theoretically, Hess was now one of the most powerful men in Germany. In fact, he was named, after Goering, to be Hitler's successor.

In analysing Hess' motives, for his subsequent flight to Britain, many historians suggest that Hess felt that his influence was waning, and that he considered a dramatic act on his part necessary to regain his position. It does appear, that a change in the NSDAP/German power structure was taking place. Having traded its anti-system credentials for the mantle of power, the NSDAP began to assume bureaucratic trappings of its own. During the early years of the NSDAP, it was those with dedication and ability who came to the fore. During the governing years, it was just as often those proficient in strategically giving favours, and in currying favours from others, who were gaining authority. Rudolf Hess was not a man of this type. He was born of a different mould, and could not, or would not, play such a game. Furthermore, the most visible decisions were now being made at the state, rather than the party, level. Unlike other prominent National Socialists, such as Goering, who was made minister president of Prussia, Hess did not have a significant voice at the state level.

On the other hand, the position of Deputy Fuhrer was not 'smoke and mirrors' but had real and far-ranging powers. More importantly, Hess maintained the complete trust of Adolf Hitler, and the continuing admiration of the German people.

Did a perceived reduction in Hess' authority act as a catalyst to his flight? If it did, I believe that this would have been a minor consideration. I believe, that above and beyond any other possible motive, Hess' desire for peace must be remembered. Hess remained the same man who had lived through the horrors of the trenches, and who consistently stressed his desire for peace in the most emotional manner. Coupled

with his own strong desire for peace, was Hess' conviction that the German State desired peace as well. Particularly, Hess was convinced of Hitler's sincerity, when in *Mein Kampf*, and many subsequent occasions, he discussed his desire for peace and understanding with Britain. With such simple convictions, the deteriorating state of peace in Europe must have been particularly trying for the Deputy Fuhrer.

Prior to the outbreak of war in 1939, Hess initiated both overt and covert peace initiatives. For instance, during the Sudeten Crisis, and prior to the Munich Agreement, Hess attempted to come to terms with the Czechoslovak minister president over the German minority in that country. Covertly (but with the knowledge of Hitler), Hess was now utilising his friendship with the Haushofers, to try and find common ground with members of the pre- Churchill British elite.

At what point, did Hess give up on conventional diplomacy? When did Hess decide upon his dramatic flight? A turning point in the war, occurred with the British bombing raids upon Germany in 1940. Until this time, Germany was still hopeful that an understanding with the British government could be reached. For this reason, Hitler had prohibited any bombing raids on British civilian targets, and on London as a whole. Churchill was aware of this prohibition, since the British had 'cracked' the codes required in deciphering German communication. Unmoved by the German prohibition, Churchill ordered the bombing of Berlin and other civilian targets. The bombing of Berlin was reciprocated with German raids on London, starting on the 7th of September 1940. Hess had always been a sensitive individual. The death of civilians, both in Germany and Britain, seriously affected the Deputy Fuhrer. He began to dream of rows of coffins and dwell upon the children lost and mother's grieving. At some point, Hess decided to sacrifice himself, so that the row of coffins would not grow any longer.

During the fall of 1940, Hess began having weather reports of the English Channel forwarded to him. He also began visiting the Messerschmitt airfield, and honing his skills, at the cockpit of a Me-110. By January of 1941, Hess was ready for his mission. Flying low to avoid radar, Hess managed to traverse the English Channel, loose a British warplane sent to intercept him, and parachute to 'safety' over Scotland. But, whose mission was it? Was Hitler aware of his Deputy's intentions, or was his flight un-sanctioned, as the German government would later claim? There is evidence supporting both sides of this argument.

The most compelling evidence, that Hess acted without Hitler's approval, was Germany's denunciation of the flight, and Hess' own claim that he acted without direct approval. Long after the war, Hess would not waver in this claim. Another factor, which gives credence to the argument, that Hess acted unofficially, is the remarkable nature of the flight. Would the calculating German regime have risked their Deputy Leader on such a dangerous and extraordinary mission?

On the other hand, there is much evidence to suggest that Hitler was aware of Hess' mission. If the flight had been un-sanctioned, it would have been truly remarkable for it to have happened at all. The flight required not only a specifically modified Me-110, but classified radio beacon and weather information. How could the preparations for such a flight have gone unnoticed by the German security establishment? Furthermore, many of those witnessing Hitler's reaction, to the news of Hess' departure, had the distinct impression that he was play-acting. Admittedly, many of Hess' colleagues and subordinates were imprisoned, after the failure of the Hess mission. Frau Hess, however, was left relatively unmolested, and in fact, was supported financially by the government throughout the war. If Hess had in fact been a renegade, would his wife have been afforded such courtesies?

The most compelling argument, that Hess did not act without approval, rests with Hess' relationship to Hitler and to the state. Hess was a living example of the dedication and obedience expounded by the party. It had been Hess, who had introduced the very concept of the unquestionable Fuhrer. For Hess, disobeying his Fuhrer would have gone against every ounce of his being. No, Hess would not have acted without Hitler's approval. I simply do not believe, that there is anyway that Hitler could not have been made aware, in some shape of form, of his Deputy's intentions. Regardless of whether or not Hess' flight was sanctioned, what were his intentions upon landing in Scotland.? Hess had planned this part of his

mission impeccably. Travelling in an unarmed airplane, and in his Luftwaffe officers uniform, Hess relied upon the age old tradition of a peace mediator. As an emissary of the enemy, Hess believed that, whether or not his mission was successful, the British would respect his person, and allow for his safe return to Germany. Hess, however, believed that his mission would be successful. He planned to visit the Duke of Hamilton, whose ancestral manor had been his target in Scotland, and who was acquainted with his friends, the Haushoffers. Upon being received by the Duke, Hess expected to be allowed to lay out his peace terms, to both the British government, and more importantly, to Hess, before the British crown. What was to unfold for this emissary of peace, was quite a different scenario.

Camp X

It is not everyday, that one has the Deputy Fuhrer of Germany drop in for a visit. Yet, this is exactly the position that a family of Scottish peasants found themselves in, on the night of May 10, 1941. Once local military personnel arrived at the scene, Hess identified himself as Captain Alfred Horn. He explained that he wished to be taken to see the Duke of Hamilton, with whom he had important matters to discuss. The Duke's ancestral estate, which lay nearby, had been Hess' intended destination. The Duke did indeed visit 'Captain Horn' the following morning, when Hess revealed his true identity, and his desire to discuss peace.

Understandably, this 'revelation' raised many frenzied questions in London. Was it indeed Hess, or was the aviator an impostor sent for unknown propaganda purposes? What could his sudden appearance imply? Hess should have expected this immediate delay. Dropping in uninvited to discuss peace terms with your enemy, especially when done in such a dramatic fashion, is bound to create a certain amount of chaos. Furthermore, with the British government firmly in the hands of the belligerent Churchill clique, and with memories of the broken Munich Agreement still fresh, what hopes should Hess have had for his mission being a success? We might never know, what the chances for success might have been, as we do not know the specifics of Hess' proposal. Documentation, which could shine a light on this and other questions, remains hidden from the public eye. Regardless of the chances of Hess' success, or of the naivete of his mission, the response of the British (and later Allied), governments was atrocious and unforgivable.

What was the response of the British government? Once the initial shock subsided, and the British were sure of whom they were dealing with, they imprisoned Hess! They did not listen to his proposals, but instead designated Hess as a 'private prisoner' of the state for the duration of the war. At first imprisoned in the Tower of London, and later at a secret location in the countryside, referred to only as Camp Z, Hess' health soon deteriorated. Apparently, Hess began to suffer from nervous ailments and to develop a paranoid personality. If Hess had been classified as a prisoner of war by the British, rather than as a 'private prisoner' (as should have been the case), this might have raised many embarrassing questions. The Geneva Convention specifies that prisoners suffering from mental ailments be repatriated to their homeland. As it stands, his paranoia was justified. Contrary to the Geneva convention, listening devices were employed in the compound. Furthermore, British diplomats, under the employ of the secret service, pretended to enter into formal talks (regarding his peace proposals), with Hess. In actuality, these visits were a farce designed to pry intelligence from the captive, and no doubt caused Hess to experience an emotional 'roller-coaster' of false hope. Under such conditions, and with the failure of his mission ever weighing upon him, is it any wonder that Hess would develop neurosis? Hess remained in such a limbo until the Nuremberg Trials in October of 1945, when he was placed in the docks with other German leaders, as if his flight had never occurred.

Hess arrived in Nuremberg as a 'time capsule', untouched by the outside world, and unprepared for the changes that had occurred during his imprisonment. The Germany Hess had left had been a world power, the Germany Hess returned to was a nation starving amidst the rubble. At first, Hess feigned memory loss during the trial and the preliminary proceedings. What the purpose of this 'memory loss' was, is unclear. Was Hess continuing to suffer from the nervous ailments that seemed to have troubled him during his imprisonment, or was his 'memory loss' a tactic of some sort? For whatever reason, Hess maintained this

'loss of memory' for the first half of the proceedings, until he dramatically stated that he had the full use of his memory.

During the trial, Hess remained unrepentant. Hess stated that he took full responsibility for all of his actions, as well as for all documents that bore his signature. What documents did bear Hess' signature? The Nuremberg Laws, which limited the participation of Jews in German society, were the documents most often mentioned, by the Allies, in connection with Hess. This group of laws should have been quite familiar to the Allied prosecutors, since they were similar, both in nature and in intent, to those in place in the southern United States, and in Southern Africa. This hypocrisy did not stand in the way of the Allied prosecutors. Before passing judgement on the German leaders, the Allied prosecution allowed the prisoners to make a closing statement. Rudolf Hess' closing statement was as dramatic and as straightforward as the life he had led. When it was his turn, Rudolf Hess rose and stated,

"For many years of my life, I had the privilege of working under the greatest man my nation has ever produced in its thousand-year history. Even if I could, I would not erase this part of my life. I am happy that I did my duty to the German people, my duty as a National Socialist, and my duty as the Fuhrer's loyal adherent. I do not regret a thing. If I could start all over again, I would behave just as I have behaved, even if I knew I would end up being burned on a pyre. Regardless of what people do in the future, I will stand before the judge of eternity. I will justify myself to him, and I know that he will acquit me."

Hess was found guilty of two of four charges, and sentenced to life imprisonment. Ironically, this prisoner of peace, was found guilty by the victors of 'Crimes Against Peace'.

While this might seem to be the end of the Hess saga, it indeed was only a beginning. For the next 40 years, Hess remained a prisoner of the Allied governments, specifically of the four 'occupying powers'. At first, his sentence was carried out in the company of other German leaders, who had escaped the gallows. However, one by one, the other inmates were released. Eventually, Hess became the sole occupant of Spandau Prison, the loneliest man in the world.

The Lonely Man In Spandau

Spandau was a nineteenth century prison, of fortress-like appearances, within British-occupied West Berlin. Originally intended to house hundreds, the fortress would now imprison seven. Seven prisoners, stripped of their identity and designated by number, with number 'seven' being Rudolf Hess.

The conditions in Spandau were draconian. During the night, and up to four times in one hour, guards would shine a light into the face of each prisoner. Sleep deprivation was the unmistakable result of this practice, but the official reason was to ensure that none of the seven were to perform a miracle and escape. Food rationing, at near starvation levels, soon resulted in their, "prison uniforms [hanging] shapelessly on their bony frames." The one letter per month, that they were allowed to write to an immediate family member, was heavily censored and limited to a maximum of 1300 words. Similar restrictions were placed upon incoming mail. No mention of the war, of the Third Reich, or of its personalities were allowed. Neither were the prisoners allowed to discuss the conditions of their imprisonment. These prohibitions were never lifted for Hess, denying historians (and the world), a first-hand telling of his story. What were the Allied authorities afraid of? What could Hess have told the world, forty years after the fact, that could have been so sensitive, or so damaging?

Throughout his ordeal, Hess maintained the conviction, that the Nuremberg Trials were invalid and without jurisdiction. With this belief as a framework, he did not allow for his counsel to plea for mercy. Furthermore, he refused to accept visitors, as an acceptance of the strict visitation regulations might be taken as an admittance of Nuremberg's legality.

One by one, the ranks of Spandau was thinned. By September of 1966, only three prisoners remained. However, in fall of that year, von Schirach and Speer were released, leaving Hess to serve the remainder of his sentence in solitary confinement. By this time, Hess had been a prisoner for twenty-five years. In western countries, twenty five years is often considered the equivalent of a 'life' sentence.

While twenty five years had passed, there was no move, on the part of the authorities, to discuss a release. While the status quo did not budge, a movement was beginning to take shape, with the intention of pressuring the world into releasing the aged Hess. At the forefront of this movement was Wulf Rudiger, the son of Rudolf Hess. Along with other family members, and the sympathetic, he had formed a 'Freedom for Rudolf Hess' association. Many notables (of both conservative and liberal leanings), joined in the cry for clemency. One such voice was that of Lord Geoffrey Lawrence, the former president of the International Military Tribunal. Another voice, was that of Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Chief Prosecutor for the British government during the Nuremberg Trials. Lord Shawcross had once declared, "In no civilised country in the world is a 'life' sentence taken literally. It is still a principle of humanity that a 'life prisoner' is released after a suitable period..." I cannot help but wonder, after learning of the 'kangaroo' court at Nuremberg, of the corpses at Katyn, and of the fires of Dresden, whether 'civilised is not a term the 'four-powers' had proved unworthy of years before.

As the years wore on, Hess' health began to deteriorate. In what became his first change of scenery in twenty-two years, Hess was sent for a brief stay in an external hospital. True, the Spandau authorities did allow for him to move from his single cell into the double cell, which had previously served as the prison chapel. Furthermore, Hess did agree to see his wife and son, for the one-half hour monthly visits that were sanctioned. When von Neurath, serving a fifteen-year sentence, became ill, he was given an early release. When Raeder and Funk, both serving 'life' sentences became aged and ill, they were released. Why did the same rules not apply to Rudolf Hess? In part, this can be explained by the fact that Hess had become a living symbol of a fading victory and of a fading alliance. However, this does not answer the entire question, this is only part of the puzzle.

While inside Spandau, Hess became ever frailer, outside of the prison walls, the movement for his release continued to grow. Mass demonstrations, often vilified by the media, became annual occurrences. When faced with mounting public pressure, the three western powers would turn to the Soviet Union as their scapegoat. It was the Soviet Union, they would claim, that stood in the way of Hess' release. Hess, the western powers surely thought, was a problem that would soon end. After all, Hess would have to die sooner or later, and so long as the demonstrations did not become unmanageable, and they could rely on their Soviet scapegoat, the storm could be weathered. Glasnost destroyed the second of these assumptions.

Increasingly, the indications from Moscow seemed to suggest that a release for Hess was not out of the question. However, was it the Russians who had the greatest interest in retaining Hess? Admittedly, the 'Great Patriotic War' remained (and remains), a powerful image in Russia. However, forty years had passed, and Moscow had more to gain by appearing humanitarian, than in remaining inflexible. I believe that it was the British government, who had more reason to fear the knowledge that might still be contained in the aged Hess.

It was in such an atmosphere, that Rudolf Hess died, on August 17th, 1987. The authorities contend that the bent and arthritic Hess, unable to walk at more than a shuffle, or to straighten his head, had managed, in an unattended moment, to hang himself with an electrical cable. Others, including Hess' son, believe that Rudolf Hess was murdered, in order to forever seal the secrets of Prisoner Number Seven.

Keeping The Sacrifice Alive

With his death, prisoner seven was finally free.

No sooner had its last inmate been removed, than the walls of Spandau were razed. Whether or not Hess committed suicide, remains one of the great questions of his legacy. Hess' frailty at the time, in conjunction with apparent discrepancies unearthed by Wulf Rudiger, strengthen the case that he was murdered.

What I consider the most important development, following the death of Rudolf Hess, has been the continuation of the memorials in his honour. Whether or not Hess was murdered, the Allies must have surely counted on the Hess movement collapsing upon his death. The marches, however, have continued unabated. Despite mounting police repression in Germany, demonstrators from throughout Europe continue to observe August 17th in memorial. In the summer of 1997, hundreds of demonstrators were arrested in Germany, following co-ordinated police actions. In Denmark, hundreds of demonstrators marked the occasion.

I have been asked, after the fact, after the death of Rudolf Hess, why I consider his life so intriguing, or so important. Of what relevance does Hess have today? The status quo has not changed. Numerous governments have come and gone, but the same entrenched interests, who controlled society in the 40's, remain in the driver's seat today. If we were lied to yesterday, we will be lied to today. Can we trust the state? Rudolf Hess thought that he could trust the British State, when he arrived as an unarmed peace envoy. Will we allow the house of cards to remain standing, blindly allowing our perceptions of the world, and of our past, to be shaped for us, or will we begin to question?

"How strange a thing is freedom. Never again will I shut a bird up in a cage. And now I understand so well, why the Chinese and the Japanese, when they wish to show gratitude for good fortune, go to the market, buy cage-birds and let them loose. I will do this, too, one day..." Rudolf Hess, 1949

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The Seven-Fold Sinister Way: A Comprehensive Guide

Aim:

Essentially three fold: a) Initiation; b) magickal Adeptship; c) fulfillment of individual wyrd and potential.

Stages:

1. Neophyte
2. Initiate
3. External Adept
4. Internal Adept
5. Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth
6. Magus/Magistra
7. Immortal

Note: Initiates are sometimes known as “Novices”, Neophytes as “Oblates”. External Adepts as “Professed Brother/Sister; Internal Adepts as Priest and Priestess; a Magus as “Grand Master”

Neophyte:

Tasks: Study of Esoteric traditions as given in Order MSS – particularly Black Book, Naos, Azoth and “Fenrir”. After this preliminary study (c. 1 month) undertake the ritual of Self-Initiation (Black Book) and construct simple form of the Star Game (Naos).

Initiate:

Tasks: Study septenary system in detail (Naos etc.) and begin workings with spheres and pathways. Study and use of Tarot.

Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific desires/personal requests.

Continue study and use of the Star Game – relating the abstract symbolism to the Tree of Wyrd, septenary etc.

Set a demanding physical goal (e.g. running 20 miles in 2 ½ hours or less or cycling 100 miles in less than 5 ½ hours or walking 32 miles in less than 7 hours: it must be one of these) train and achieve it.

Seek and find a companion and initiate this individual (Black Book) and then undertake the working with the sphere and pathways with this person.

Begin to teach this individual the Star Game, and use the game together.

Undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept.

Note: the first stages is the awakening of the darker/unconscious aspects within the psyche. These aspects/energies are identified within the rite of Initiation and then symbolized in the workings with the spheres and pathways following Initiation. These

workings give practical experience of the darker forces/energies. The Star Game begins the process of objectifying these energies in a more conscious way: giving greater insight and control, and this is the beginning of self-awareness since the Tree of Wyrð is symbolic of individual consciousness, both unconscious/acausal (“sinister”) and causal, as well as representing the forces/energies beyond the individual psyche.

The setting of a physical goal, by the Initiate, and the training to achieve it is important because it enhances the vitality and develops personal qualities important to the magickian: determination, élan and so on. This task must be undertaken, for without it, the Initiate stage is not complete.

The seeking, finding and working with a companion begins the confrontation with “anima/animus” energies/archetypes resulting in practical experience of them as well as enable the use of sexual magickal formulae (qv The Rite Of Nine Angles etc.). This is a very important part of developing self-awareness, and the “ritualized” setting enables both a practical experience and the possibility of developing self-insight. (This ritualized setting is first the working with the sphere and pathways, use of the Star Game, and later the organization of a Temple (see below).

External Adept

Tasks: Organize a magickal group/Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals as given in the Black Book – the External Adept as the “Master/Mistress of the Temple, the companion as the Mistress/Master.

It is the task of the new External Adept to find suitable members, Initiate them and so on. Regular sunedrions should be held (Black Book for details. The External Adept is called a “Choregos” while running the Temple).

After the group has been run for c. 3-6 months, the External Adept should set another but more demanding physical goal, train and achieve it (for example, running a marathon in less than 3 hours (men) or 3 hours and 30 minutes (women); cycling 100 miles in less than 5 hours (4:45 if really determined) or walking 50 miles in 13 hours.)

After running the Temple for between 6-12 months, choose a Priest and Priestess from the group to run the Temple while the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept is being undertaken.

Notes: The titles assumed by the External Adept, the companion and those appointed by the External Adept to positions within the Temple such as Priest and Priestess, are purely honorary, and do not signify the achievement of the magickal grade associated with that title in the “Seven Fold Way”. It is one of the tasks of the External Adept (Choregos) in running the Temple to appoint suitable member to fulfill positions required by rituals (e.g. Priest, Altar-Priest, Thurifer and so on). It is up to the Choregos whether to inform the members that the Temple is organized as part of the tasks/training of an External Adept in the sinister path. If the Choregos decides to inform the members of this, then those members, should the Choregos so wish, may also begin to follow the tasks of the Seven Fold Way as above: the Choregos always keeping a step or two (in terms of Grades) ahead of them. No one can be appointed to the Grades themselves: not even by a Grand Master – the Grades must be achieved by each and every individual, the only exception being Initiation. Initiation may be given, according to the

ceremonial ritual (Black Book) by anyone of the grade of External Adept and above who organizes a Temple, provided the Initiate completes the initiate tasks as above.

The final task of the External Adept is to prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

Note: the tasks of the External Adept develop both magickal and personal skills. The organizing and running a Temple brings further magickal experience as well as enables several archetypal roles to be lived, this living vitalizing (partly through the energy of the archetypes) the individual, enabling greater magick. One of the roles is that of the “shadow” – the sinister magickian adept at ritual. The personal qualities developed include manipulation, the charisma of power and sexual/material pleasures. There is also a growing self-awareness, and understanding of archetypal energies as well as further confrontations with anima/animus. There may also be glimmerings of the unique wyrd of the individual – a wyrd revealed through the ritual of External Adept.

Internal Adept

Tasks: Depending on the wyrd of the individual, either continue with and expand the Temple (training Initiates in the Seven Fold Way and so on) or begin the personal tasks revealed by the Grade Ritual.

Study of and training in Esoteric Chant (note: this may be undertaken earlier, by an Initiate or External Adept if an aptitude exists and someone of or above the Grade of Internal Adept is willing to give instruction).

Study of Advanced Star Game and esoteric, aeonic aspects of both forms of the game (“cliology” etc.).

Preparation for and undertaking of Nine Angles rituals: natural and/or “chthonic” according to desire.

Further training of companion up to and including the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, if required.

Prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of Abyss.

Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks for this Grade are three-fold: teaching to suitable individuals of the Seven Fold Way either on an individual basis or via an organized Temple; the performance of Aeonic magick, and development of proficiency in the Star Game, particularly the advanced form.

Some may opt to specialize in a particular field.

General Notes:

The Initiate stage last between six months and a year. The External Adept stage lasts from one to three years. The Internal Adept stage lasts from three to seven years.

Fundamental books, manuscripts etc.

The Black Book of Satan
Naos
Azoth
Falcifer
Temple of Satan
The Advanced Star Game
The Forbidden Alchemy
Rite of Nine Angles

The following manuscript was found on the internet, and is a dramatic retelling of a sinister initiate's factual undertaking of one of the Dark Pathways of sinister tradition. It was apparently written and undertaken by the man known as 'Collyn Branwell'. This is the man that the Satanic News Agency claims is now wanted in the state of Indiana for 4 ritual murders (real name: James Polke, see <http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Aegean/9157> and go the "ONA Exclusive" link). It paints a rather intriguing picture. As a new and inspiring initiate into the sinister tradition, I'd be interested in discussing the validity of such a pathworking. Can someone give me some advice?

Shugara - A Sinister Pathworking

Collyn Branwell - Earth-Gate Assembly (ONA)

I have just returned from that specially chosen site in the forest, just three miles from here. This time, I had been successful in allowing myself to become more thoroughly immersed into, and absorbed with, the spirit of the place, and the Invokation itself. As for the previous Pathworkings, there had always been a kind of foreboding, a certain hesitation, a tangible fear and recognition that this communion with primal Nature, under the dark, open sky, all alone, was overwhelming - beyond the romanticized, dualistic perception of Nature and the Cosmos so prevalent within modern-day paganism and new-age thinking.

Today, however, all such hesitation and fear - separateness - dissolved. A manifest connexion has been created on this cold, early Winter morning. All distractions, all strange, hidden surroundings united with my Being. I had successfully confronted the fear, which once, when I was unaware, had controlled and limited the promise that is my Life; that primal fear of the Dark - that Shadow which threatens to emerge into this causal existence and devour. Today, I have faced this fear.

The walk to the chosen site was a brisk one, as I was forced to travel up the hillside in a long, winding manner, as necessitated by the steep cliffs of the hillside. Every step was made in deliberation and contemplation, knowing that this was an exercise of Will, in unison with Nature's higher order, a discovery of the Primal Darkness within and without. I was aware that this Darkness, this Shadow was about to be confronted.

Unlike before, I instinctively understood that on this morning, I would travel through the forest without aid of flashlight or lantern. There existed simply an instinctive knowing - that this was necessary, that there could be no crutches, no hesitation, no turning back. This newly added element, together with the fact that coyotes are well known to roam and hunt along these parts, functioned to make this Pathworking, this brief moment in a life-long Quest, all the more interesting - all the more worthwhile.

Finally, after traveling through the heavily forested area, I entered into the small, flat circular clearing, which I had gone to some pains to locate some weeks earlier. I knew when I first came to this place, with its solitary, circular formation of trees in the center, that this clearing was indeed fated for such a venture. Here, one was surrounded by both the awe-inspiring presence of Nature, in the raw, and by the stark, intimidating vastness of the heavens. Here, there could be no simple pandering to the ego in some urbanized, disrespectful form of sorcery so prevalent within the city. One was within Nature's grasp, with only three choices : 1) to bow down to Her in some feeble attempt to show respect; 2) to disrespect Her by ignoring Her, and by investing one's energy into the petty purpose of building one's own ego; or 3) to become One with Her - what, in fact, She truly desires.

After unloading the relevant supplies from my backpack, I first lit the charcoal I had packed, and placed on top of it the incense I had prepared - a mixture representing the combination of the energies attributed to Luna (the sphere of hidden knowledge) and Mars (the sphere of sacrifice, death and destruction). Afterwards, I lit the candles, one red, the other blue, and stood quietly, understanding that this exercise was more than a mere mindless, egotistic abstraction. This was the continuation of a sequential Becoming, of a living, breathing entity possessing the potential to alchemically transform. This Calling was a step further in that process of stripping away the deceptive, temporal layer to reveal what is , and to progressively become One with that essence. Yes, I had understood that this was in fact a sequential unfolding of the genuine Dark Tradition.

After several moments, I began visualizing the sigil of Shugara , the Dark God-related entity associated with the fourth Pathway of the Dark Tradition. And, as I visualized this sigil, I began the first of thirteen deep vibrations, nine in continuous succession, then a short pause, and four more vibrations. The deep, resonant quality of these vibrations was revealing a remarkable

improvement from previous attempts. The entire week previous had been spent preparing for this event. A steady decrease of food, meat and sleep had been implemented one week prior to this morning, with the last day providing very little food or sleep for this morning. At this moment, I could feel the positive effects produced by such a preparation, as the vibrant, resonant energy emanating from my solar plexus began rising and spreading throughout the whole of my body. This tangible energy was reverberating within my uttermost Being; an energy which, had I not taken the previous week to prepare for, I'd have been numb toward.

An altered state of consciousness was rapidly manifesting. It felt as though it were my very own spirit producing the sound. A tangible oneness had begun to travel like an electric current pulsating through my Being - a concrete partaking of energies that were at once both personal and supra-personal, unconscious and Cosmic.

It seemed as though I had "plugged in" to an entirely new source of energy. Indeed, by the fourth or fifth repetition, my vibrations began to grow not only in strength and power, but in duration as well. A good fifteen to twenty seconds was elapsing before my breath and power gave out, requiring a new breath to be drawn. Yes, something inside was awakening, a Chthonic Darkness millennia old, yet so vibrantly and enticingly new.

Now, I finished the thirteenth and final vibration, my voice echoing in the dark, intimidating silence. With my Will vocalized, I reclined across the cold ground, closing my eyes and breathing deeply, waiting for this new energy to manifest. At this point, while realizing I was confronting that Darkness which threatens to devour, I could sense a literal hair-raising fear, a fear which seemed to be sensed by the forest itself.

At first, what I witnessed was a violent eruption of dark, black smoke mushrooming forth out of a deep well. I knew at once that this signified the awakening and unleashing of the Shadow within. The Dark was being presenced...

What then followed was both enlightening and unsettling. It seemed as though I was able to leave my body and travel directly overhead. I could see the area of the forest which directly surrounded me. What this panoramic view revealed was rather disconcerting: in a perfect circle, surrounding me on every side, were a pack of wolves, crouched down and hidden by the surrounding brush, visibly positioned to pounce at any given moment.

What I immediately found to be even more alarming, was the simple fact that each wolf was perfectly still - there was no sound, no sign of restlessness, no apparent agitation or warning of any kind. Not once did I hear them approach. Nevertheless, they were there, and my own prior lack of empathy and self-awareness became startling clear.

These "wolves" represented, for me, that which threatens to devour, and that which most likely will devour if not confronted, explored and resolved. The fact that I could now see these "wolves" revealed that I was indeed now beginning to develop a real empathy with my true self and with the primal essence of Nature. The genuine Sinister Tradition had afforded for me the opportunity to transcend these primal fears which had earlier held sway over my Being. This Tradition had provided me with the raw materials for surpassing present consciousness - a surpassing which alone is able to provide one with a clear and precise evaluation of one's true self.

After what seemed a long time, new images began to appear, most notably those which had been invading my dreams, or rather nightmares, ever since I had been initiated into the Dark Tradition some weeks earlier. These strange dreams had contained very bizarre images, and had even occasionally become somewhat disruptive. It was as though distant, faded objects, from a past that I was minutely aware of, began invading my consciousness, though I knew perfectly well that it was all in accordance with my own Will. I was more consciously aware now than at any other moment that my Initiation had in fact opened a Gate within my psyche, that this was in fact a genuine occurrence beyond mere delusion, and that the Shadow is indeed a factual fragment of the Self, lying dormant, awaiting the opportunity to be developed and integrated, so as to create a new, evolved, un-divided Being.

The most startling image, which appeared at that moment, was (and had been since I first encountered it in a horrific dream just days earlier) an enigma that seemed to haunt at the very edges of consciousness. It appeared as an intimidating black fish, or shark, of very large proportions, silently hovering at the very bottom of the ocean in complete darkness, as though it had remained there for centuries, or even for millennia, forgotten - waiting...

While gazing at this image, it was as I had been transported into that timeless existence in which the Dream itself had originally

taken place. This time, I possessed a clarity of understanding, which I had not earlier possessed while in the dream. I found myself plunged once again into the cold, dark, murky depths in which I first encountered the huge Beast. In the original dream, I had, at this point, become frenzied and hurried, struggling to head back up to the water's surface, where I could hope to find some sort of safety. However, now all such desperation was absent - controlled. Rather than struggling to escape the Darkness, I found myself exploring the Darkness. And again, just as in the Dream, I bumped into that impenetrable Darkness, which at first puzzled me, that is, until I saw the Face of that Darkness.

There it was, the same giant creature, which, in the Dream, had devoured me. Actually, I had awoken just after the huge creature grunted and immediately lunged toward me with teeth glaring, but I was nevertheless aware that I had been devoured within the Dream, and that this encounter was symbolic of something unknown, yet very real. However, at this precise moment in the replaying of my Dream, I immediately understood the meaning of this fish. I now understood that I was encountering a projected symbol of my undiscovered, unrealized self - the Dark Unconscious; that aspect of the psyche which has been the occasion for many uncontrolled, destructive, frightening bursts of the acausal into the physical world throughout history. I also understood that this Darkness was not only something internal, but external to myself as well.

During this last phase of the Pathworking, I could sense the increase of a tangible euphoria coming over my body. I could truly sense a genuine Becoming taking place, and that this experience was void of any mystification or abstract romanticism. There was present only a steely, sober clarity that what was taking place was genuine, solid step toward Eternity, toward Becoming, and toward Destiny.

As I left the site, a new awareness of, and connexion with, the forest permeated my being. All noise, all abstract thoughts, all nervous mind-activity, so common within the metropolis, was absent. Only a distinct, unmistakable knowing permeated my consciousness; a knowing which only further clarified, and solidified, Direction. This new insight, this new personal victory, was to be only one of many such victories and events, which, together, allow for a Becoming. Yes, there would many more experiences, which would, over time, become much more varied and certainly more difficult.

Now, the darkness in the forest did not intimidate - it called. Shugara had come, and I was not the same.

Sinister Shadow Magick

Satanism is dark, and Satanists revel in evil. As a word, evil is regarded as deriving from the Gothic (via Old English) “ubils” implying “beyond” and “going beyond due limits”. Later, the word – like so many others – was re-interpreted “morally”, in the abstract terms of Nazarene fundamentalism and “evil” became a general term, applied to one’s opponents and those excesses which terrified and psychically ailing Nazarenes feared.

Genuine Satanists do evil, they cultivate evil: they are evil, in all senses of the term now accepted. Imitation Satanists, however, play mental and intellectual games: they enjoy the “thrill” of calling themselves Satanists. Some go further, and may revel in local notoriety, finding a vicarious pleasure in being known as a “Satanist”. But these imposters do no evil – in fact, they explain (quite often) that Satanism has been misunderstood and is really rather a “moral religion” (or something of the kind), perhaps an “ethical knowledge”. Such people are pathetic – and certainly not Satanists.

In the beginning, a genuine Satanist will cultivate evil on the personal level – by going to and thus finding his or her limits. This involves more than just going beyond the (accepted) limits imposed by society or whatever. It means experience, on the practical level, of evil and all that it implies. Later, when the Satanic novice has some experience and thus self-understanding and mastery, there is an impersonal evil. The first is sinister shadow magick of the external and internal kind. The second is sinister shadow magick of the aeonic type - the manipulation, changing, of individuals and events on a not insignificant scale, that is, one which produces tangible results and often disruption/creation/evolution and thus continues the sinister dialectic of history. This is called “shadow magic” not only because it is mostly secretly done, but also because it is dangerous, physically, involving as it does acts of defiance against restrictions imposed by all other forms and individuals.

Neither of these mean a type of juvenile “rebellion” nor purely “mental” acts (achieved by ritual or anything else). They mean a directed, calculating, purposeful involvement in real life and situations: for the beginner Satanist (the novice) just as much as the Adept. What differs, is the aim – at first, it is personal, to aid self-mastery, understanding and thus build Satanic character; then it is impersonal or aeonic. Thus one image of the genuine Satanist – someone in control, seeking mastery of life; seeking more challenges and goals and insights.

Let me be explicit so I cannot be misunderstood.

- 1) The Satanic novice will aspire – to what is beyond, in all things. This means personal experience, testing Destiny and achieving difficult goals in personal life. It means real danger in the real world, not cheap manufactured “thrills” of self-induced stupor and loss of control – but rather, life and liberty threatening situations. These may be and often are amoral, illegal and evil – all laws are “fundamentally an accumulation of tireless attempts to stop creative individuals making life into instants of poetry”).

Naturally, some guidance may be needed – it is easy to become lost, directionless or caught – and this is where the advice of a more experienced Satanic Adept may be useful. However, the acts of a Satanist are not random nor motiveless and neither do they arise from a weakness of character nor uncontrolled desire. Instead, they arise from fulfilling Satanic *wyrd* – or, viewed another way, from presencing the energies of “darkness”/Satan on the Earth with sinister intent.

An example will explicate this. A Satanic novice, having developed to a certain extent via ordeals such as Grade Rituals, the achievement of personal, physical goals and the organizing and running a Satanic Temple, desires to go further. For this, practical experience and some guidance is needed. Let us assume the novice is advised or chooses to use a political form to achieve this experience – and thus becomes involved

with radical “right wing” politics because such people already possess an element or two of Satanic spirit, the “other sides” in this form and at this moment in the history of this aeon representing the Nazarene disease in another guise. Thus, she takes part in direct political actions - this is both exciting and dangerous, given the prevailing sickness of the age. Gradually, she acquires practical experience “on the edge”, and hopefully some real, tangible enemies if she is performing right. These enemies hate her for her political views – and some of them may even try to harm her personally. Thus, one or more of them deserve to die – or at least come to some harm, psychically if not physically. For they not only threaten her Destiny and thus achievement, but also Satanic wyrd, because she is by her actions is fulfilling higher, Satanic goals (in simple terms, presencing the darker forces via a tangible form). This fulfilling is expressed in the form she is guided toward or chooses for herself via a knowledge of Aeonics. On the practical level, she can and should undertake magickal rites (such as the Death Ritual) to aid her – be other means can be used, such as assassination. She may wish to do this herself or she may manipulate others into doing it. The result is the same – personal experience and development, and aeonic energies presenced via the execution of the act. Thus her own evolution, and that of the acausal or sinister, furthered.

Given the nature of the form chosen, this Satanic novice, by using such a form to the utmost of her ability (that is, seeing it as fulfilling a part of her own Destiny – conventionally, “believing the correctness of the views so espoused”) goes beyond the norms of society and its herd majority and thus achieves personal knowledge of the illegal and forbidden (in that society).

- 2) Beyond this, when Adeptship is attained by experiences such as the foregoing, the Satanist will try and open a nexion - to directly access acausal energies on Earth via rites such as Nine Angles etc. This is the beginning of aeonic shadow magick – and involves an even greater commitment to change than before, on the practical level. What form or forms this takes depends on individual wyrd, discovered by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and prepared for by previous rites, and experiences. It may be political, as it may be the use/manipulation of archetypal forms/images with sinister intent - or involve using “religion” as a Satanic instrument of change. Whatever the form, the changes are super-personal – they effect more than a few individuals. In fact, they radically disrupt existing forms and norms. For example, a political form may be chosen and used. After some time, violence, riots somewhere, the spread of a new idea... The rising of a type of State in essence inspired with sinister energies and thus contributing to aeonic evolution... Perhaps a war, to propitiate the darker forces...

Thus, it will be understood that Satanists act in a directed way, whether they are novices or Adepts. Their evil has a purpose (as Satan Himself does – as do THEY who are beyond Him have a purpose, on this Earth). The acts, and the evil, arise from a Satanic desire and understanding made real in a practical form or forms. The going beyond, the evil, are part of Satanic wyrd – on the personal and aeonic level. I repeat – they are not directionless, motiveless acts, nor do they arise because the person doing them is somehow inadequate or weak or in the thrall of some uncontrolled desire*. The Satanist is controlled – knowledgeable, particularly about themselves and what Satanism means in supra-personal terms. They are part of history – participants in a sinister dialectic of supra-aeonic proportions, and aware of the power of the sinister to change both themselves and those forms which others through the ages have created to shape our evolution or which (like the Nazarene disease) hinder our evolution.

Have I been understood? Does this sound the death-bell for the imitation Satanists? **(here is a line of text that has been “blackened out” in the MSS)**. It is a pity that this, like Satanism, is so often misunderstood and mis-translated.

ONA

*The conventional description of Satanic deeds and “crime”: most so-called Satanic crimes are acts by dabblers who have no self-insight and even less self-control; the rest, results from characterless, insipid morons who are weak. Such description and such attributions arise from fundamental misunderstanding of genuine Satanic acts.

Study Notes

Septenary System:

This is the original Western system of magick (cf. the seven stages of Alchemy), As such, it is an intuitive representation of the cosmos - that is, only a step toward a more unconscious understanding of the ϕ aspect. Science, and the development of abstract thought through the use of symbolism both mathematical and meta- mathematical, is the next step, and this is one of the aims of the ONA over the next hundred years to develop a rigorous mathematical model of the ϕ aspect and unify it with the γ aspect.**

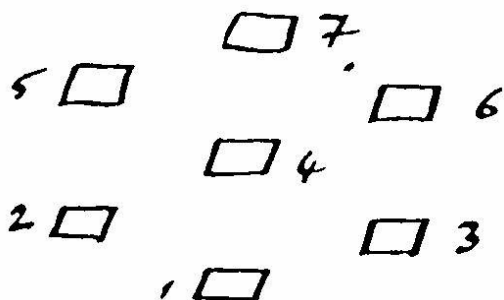
The septenary system is not a dogma, but a guide, and the septenary form of the Star Game is the most precise and abstract model of ϕ and its forces yet devised. But even the Star Game, for all its complexity, is only a temporary model - a very imprecise description.

Tarot:

Students should read the 'Book of Thoth' by Crowley and study both his and the Waite Tarot packs.

Essentially, the Tarot cards of the Major Arcana are symbols of the unconscious (see the volumes of Jung in the preliminary Reading List) and are often archetypal. Hence their power and influence. However, since the qabalah is a distortion and, unlike the septenary, not an intuitive representation of the cosmos, Tarot cards using its symbolism are fairly ineffective. The ONA Tarot restores the genuine symbolism of the cards, and its representations are very powerful.

To use the ONA cards for divination, the cards should be shuffled while thinking of the question, cut three ways and the last cut laid out to represent a septenary Tree:



As indications of the future, 4 is the person concerned and dominant influence in this person's life at the moment; 2 and 3 are what is past; 1 is what is unconsciously influencing the future. 5, 6 and 7 are timed gradations of the future. The following patterns of forces are important in assessing how the symbolism of the cards is related:



In reading the cards, one should allow the symbols themselves, and the relations between cards, to suggest meanings rather than adhere to rigid principles of interpretation (as given, for example, in all books on the Tarot). In order to do this successfully, the whole reading should be conducted slowly and mindfully following a short period of meditation. Incense (oakwood is best) should be burnt and ideally the reading should take place at night with all light coming from gold candles.

For a discussion of ϕ and λ as aspects of the cosmos see Order texts, 'A New Cosmology', 'Bifurcation and Being' etc. ϕ may be represented by the theory of electro-magnetism, the Newtonian theory of gravity, and atomic theories. Attempts to unify these models on the basis of a Faraday type field of force being undertaken by several Order members. See Order texts: 'Towards a Unified Theory', 'Relativity and Reality,' and 'Farad, Forgotten Genius.'

The Black Order

Subject: National Socialism and Satanism

From: modemac@netcom.com (Modemac)

[NOTE from Modemac: You know, I can't tell if this thing is serious or satire! Decide for yourself. Or email the original author of the message and see what he thinks.]

[Article crossposted from
alt.activism,alt.politics.nationalism.white,alt.politics.white-power,alt.revisionism,alt.revolution.counter]

[Author was Graeme Wilson]

[Posted on 8 Feb 1995 18:55:08 -0600]

National Socialism and Satanism

The Black Order of Pan-Europa

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Wellington Mail Centre

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Dear Comrade T.

Thank you for your thought-provoking letter of 11 Dec. which raises several questions which have been put to me by other National Socialists also. I will therefore make my answers in the form of a brochure which might be instructive to others.

Firstly, TBO is not a National Socialist organization per se. The role of National Socialist philosophy and the Third Reich on the Aeonic destiny of the European is however very much a part of its terms of reference.

Similarly, TBO is not a Satanic organization per se, although again, Satanism is considered relevant to its purposes, which I shall explain.

What TBO primarily is, is an esoteric Order established to re-present the repressed ("Shadow") soul of the European folk, which has been stifled by Judaeo-Christianity and its ideological and plutocratic offshoots.

To the extent that National Socialism and Satanism are both part of a SINISTER DIALECTIC (i.e. a pragmatic strategy) to crush the deniers of our destiny and re-present that part of our folkish soul which has been repressed, they are relevant to TBO.

We seek above all, to reinvigorate our folk by again making it a TOTALITY, aware of its place in the Cosmos, and of its starbound destiny and potential towards Godhood.

NATIONAL SOCIALISM & AEONICS

National Socialism was the political form of an Esoteric Current in Europe which was then represented by The Thule Society. The Third Reich was a SEEDING of the future European Imperium. It created new archetypes and martyrs of the European folk with its BLOOD SACRIFICE and epic heroism in the service of that Destiny.

Hitler was the central figure of that COSMIC DRAMA, but he did not seem to regard himself as the final embodiment of the Vindex/Kalki that was/is awaited by the European Esoteric Current. Rather he was something of a "John-the-Baptist" establishing the way ("seeding") for "the one that would come after", as he himself stated.

Therefore the first experiment - The Third Reich - was not the final - aborted - form of the European Imperium, but the prelude to something greater to come: something nothing less than cosmic and starbound in scope.

The Current established by the Blood Sacrifice of National Socialism lives esoterically/psychically in the Unconscious not only of the European folk, but even of its enemies whose hatred and persecution only empower it further.

SATAN

Since the Hebrew culture is an amalgam and adaptation of the various cultures encountered by the Hebrews, it should not be a surprise if "Satan" is NOT of Hebrew origin. The English "traditional Satanists" The Order of Nine Angles (who promote National Socialism as embodying our Aeonian destiny) trace the etymology of "Satan" to Greek, meaning "an accusation" ([greek lettering unavailable]) from whence the Hebrew Satan, "the accuser". (It might be relevant to mention that the Grand Master of the ONA prior to the current one is a scholar who has translated several of the Greek classics).

Others connect "Satan" to the Indo-Aryan SAT, the Dark entropic force infusing Nature (somewhat reminiscent of the recently discovered "dark mass" that physicists say permeates the cosmos).

Many, probably most cultures have equivalents of this Dark Force. It is manifest in the creative/destructive power of SHIVA, and the cosmic interplay of Shakti/Shiva. It is represented in the Norse myth of Ragnarok where the dark hordes of Loki, Fenrir, et al. instigate the cosmic cataclysm which clears the way for a new cosmic order: a cyclic process of Creation/Destruction/Renewal, without which there would be stasis and decay.

THE ACCUSER

In its more widely known aspect as "adversary and accuser" Satan is the archetype that instigates rebellion and heresy against the status quo. Medieval Satanism was the response of pagan folk to the repression of the Church. Today, we of TBO think it more fitting that the adversity and accusation be directed against plutocracy, whether in its Puritan, Jewish, or Vatican forms, which seek to LEVEL all under the doctrines of Universalism and cosmopolitanism, euphemistically called the "New World Order".

NATIONAL SOCIALISM/PAGANISM

TBO seeks a cross-current of Fascism/NS/paganism/Satanism, all of which share fundamentals such as the ascent of man to Godhood within a Nature-based order. Most Satanists are pro-Fascist to some extent, and there has long been an interaction between post-war Fascists and Satanists.

Yes, we do fight for Truth, Nature, Strength, & Honour; & "Light", but also the "Dark" - as both are equally aspects of Nature.

As for "killing cats, dogs, and pigs", this is akin to asking NS about "The Holocaust" and "lampshades of human skin", etc. Satanists as pagans attuned to Nature tend to be animal lovers, whom I'm sure would applaud the animal protection measures which were pioneered by the Third Reich.

CONTACTS

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| Reverend Modemac (modemac@netcom.com) |
| "There is no black and white." |
|+ First Online Church of "Bob," A Subfaction of the Excremeditated +|
|+++++ Congregation of the Overinflated Head of L. Ron Hubbard ++++++|
|FINGER modemac@cambridge.village.com for a FREE SubGenius Pamphlet! |
+-----+

* * * * *

Subject: Dualism and the Cycles of Time
From: modemac@netcom.com (Modemac)
[NOTE from Modemac: The end of this message includes an offer to join
this "Black Order" society. If you can figure out what these guys are
talking about, you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.]

[Article crossposted from
alt.activism,alt.politics.nationalism.white,alt.politics.white-power,alt.rev
isionism,alt.revolution.counter]

[Author was Graeme Wilson]

[Posted on 8 Feb 1995 19:04:55 -0600]

Dualism and the Cycles of Time
The Black Order of Pan-Europa
P.O. Box 38-262
Wellington Mail Centre
New Zealand

(e-mail: gwilson@earthlight.co.nz)

"The general imprecise way of observing sees everywhere in nature
opposites where there are, not opposites, but differences of degree.
This bad habit has led us into wanting to comprehend and analyse the
inner world, too, the spiritual-moral world, in terms of such opposites.
An unspeakable amount of painfulness, arrogance, harshness,
estrangement, frigidity has entered into human feelings because we think
we see opposites instead of transitions."

- Nietzsche

The moral dogma that has infected Civilisation since its beginning is a
Judaic DUALISM inherited from Zoroastrianism and brought in by the
virus of Christianity.

Dualism states that there is a battle being fought in both the spiritual
and earthly realms (and even within every individual) between two
opposites: "good & evil."

Not only has this Dualism subverted our Culture, it has turned the
individual into a split personality: This is the result of repressing
what is considered "evil" about one's nature by moral and religious
dogmas.

CYCLES OF TIME

Before this Dualism was implanted, pagan societies didn't label natural
forces with such absolute moral attributes. There were creative and
destructive forces in Nature, often symbolized as gods. But even the
destructive aspects has creative purposes, and were part of a
transcendent cosmic unity.

For e.g. in what moral context can we place Indo-Aryan deities such as Shiva & Kali? To the Western dualized mind they would be considered "evil" because of their primal destructiveness. But to the Hindus, retaining the ancient Aryan wisdom, they are "beyond good & evil." They comprise both the creative & destructive aspects of Nature in their various forms and roles. Even their destructive roles are a vital part of a cosmic CYCLIC process of creation-destruction-renewal: Shiva in his Cosmic Dance of Destruction clears the way for another round of history's endless Cycles.

RAGNAROK

The Germanics & Norse, like their Indo-Aryan kinsfolk, also had this cyclic cosmology. The destruction brought by Ragnarok is the prelude to a new earth, new humanity, new heaven & even a new pantheon of gods. The Gods themselves cannot avoid their Fate, for without the destruction by Ragnarok there would be stagnation and decay.

The Dark forces of Loki, Fenrir, Surt, Garm and Iormungandr are Catalysts for Change; thus the Cycle continues: creation-destruction-renewal. This is the inexorable process that can be observed in both History & Nature.

The Aryan Persians before Zoroastrianism had a conception of this interplay between the Light & Dark forces which were seen as two aspects of Zervan, Lord of Time. The Light of Ahura Mazda & the Dark of Ahriman were both emanation of Zervan. Zoroastrianism divided these two into moral opposites separated from the Time Lord. It is from here that Judaism & ultimately Christianity got their DUALISM, which has afflicted the West.

Some of the Gnostic sects rejected Dualism and restored the ancient wisdom in the deity Abraxas, who united all polarities within himself. The psychologist Carl Jung turned to Abraxas when considering the inter-relationship that exists between polarities in Nature.

INDIVIDUATION

Jung revived the ancient wisdom with modern scientific methods and terms, but drawing from pre- and non-Christian cultures and Medieval Alchemy. He sought to unify the polarities within the individual to create the whole person (called "Individuation") no longer cut off from his repressed so-called "evil" SHADOW SELF. This "Individuation" of Jungian psychology is also akin to the occultist's quest for Adeptship. Jung was concerned with how a neurotic christian civilization could be brought back to the completeness of pagan times. He saw the need to allow the repressed barbarian lurking within modern man to resurface and find a modern expression. Thus his support for National Socialist Germany as an expression of the repressed Shadow Self of the Germans, symbolized as Wotan.

CHRISTIANIZED NEO-PAGANS

Judaeo-Christian moral dualism is now so deep-seated within the Western psyche that even those pagans who think they are outside the Christian context are as dualized as any Christling.

These "neo-pagans" (sic) have made internationalists & pacifists out of tribal war gods! Where warrior attributes cannot be ignored, they have been transformed into "the way of the peaceful warrior" (puke!). Tyr, Thor & Odin have been castrated. The neo-pagans have simply made the Old

Gods reflections of their own dualized, half-selves. They have repressed as "evil" the Dark aspects. These neo-pagans are worse than useless; they are another aspect of the dualism that is driving the European folk to self-destruction.

Even many (most?) of the harder-line "Odinists", have a cosmology that is essentially Christian. They have dualized the Aesir & the Jotuns into contending moral forces of "good vs. evil" - ODIN (OR BALDER) IS THEIR JESUS. LOKI IS THEIR SATAN. RAGNAROK IS THEIR ARMAGEDDON. The whole significance of Indo-European cyclic cosmology has been rendered null and void.

The pagan heritage has been Dualized..... Christianized!

There are some pagans, however, who continue to honour the ancient wisdom. They see the cosmos as an interplay of polarities, not as a battlefield of moral dualities. It is this that is the basis of EVOLUTION. Without this catalyst mankind slips back into the nebulous mass from which he evolved. It is just such a degraded state that the religions and moralities of decay are dragging us towards. Let our path be starbound. HAIL ODIN! HAIL LOKI!

THE BLACK ORDER

The Black Order is an esoteric body of men and women established to presence the "dark" or "Shadow" side of the European unconscious. If you are at least 18 and interested in the pagan folkways of the European peoples and you are interested in the possibility of joining The Black Order, send a 500-word autobiography, including your views on politics, culture and history.

If deemed suitable, you will be sent an application and introduction brochure.

* * * * *

Subject: The Black Order (Intro)

From: modemac@netcom.com (Modemac)

[NOTE from Modemac: Ah, this explains it. Basically, these guys say that might makes white, only the strong survive, and you have to beat up your weak defenseless non-Germanic cousins if you want to get anywhere in this world. And here I thought these guys were trying to say something original for a change.]

[Article crossposted from alt.politics.nationalism.white]

[Author was Graeme Wilson]

[Posted on Wed, 8 Feb 1995 12:19:54 +1300]

BLACK ORDER

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"Should the subduing talisman, the Cross, break then will come the roaring forth of wild madness of the old champions... The talisman is brittle, and the day will come when it will pitifully break. The old stone gods will rise... and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. And Thor, leaping forth with his giant hammer, will crush the Gothic Cathedrals!"

So wrote the poet Heinrich Heine in 1834. A century later the ancient berserker force was unleashed from the restraints not only of Christianity, but the whole liberal/rationalist/materialist complex which had stricken Europe for so long.

National Socialist Germany saw the resurgence of Man as an instinctive animal, a part of nature, in contrast to the Christian dogma of man distinct and apart from nature.

Man's animal self was repressed by the Nazarene creed, and the political dogmas it gave birth to. These anti-life forces, including Marxism, Christianity and capitalism, repressed the instinctive nature of Man. Repression causes neuroses which seek outlets, and Germany exploded as the repressed forces of man's primal nature were unleashed with the appeal to Life made by the NSDAP.

The Swiss psychologist Jung saw National Socialism as necessary for making whole the German volk, which had been split off from its "Shadow" Self, that dark path of the collective unconscious of a people which is repressed from consciousness. He saw this Shadow Self of the Germans embodied in the archetypal dark god Wotan.

In late 19th and early 20th century Germany and Austria there were many flourishing esoteric orders which sought to establish a reborn Germanic identity and to reconnect the volk with its repressed archetypes.

One of the most significant of these Orders was founded in Germany in 1912 - the German Order. From this sprang the Thule Society whose driving force was Rudolf von Serbottendorff. He had been schooled in occultism, Islamic mysticism, alchemy, Rosicrucianism and much else, in Turkey, where he had also been initiated into Freemasonry.

Thule served as the recruiting and political action front of the German Order. Serbottendorff bought a failing Munich newspaper, the Beobachter which he renamed the Volkische Beobachter and it became the official newspaper of the NSDAP.

A movement to promote Thulian ideas among industrial workers and to offset Marxism, was formed in 1918 - the Workers' Political Circle - with Thulist Karl Harrer as chairman. From this came the German Workers' Party in 1919. A year later this became the NSDAP under the leadership of Adolf Hitler.

Serbottendorff himself stated: "Thule members were the people whom Hitler first turned and who first allied themselves with Hitler."

The Thule society was active in efforts to overthrow the Barvarian Communist Government. Their propaganda effort was aided by a journalist, poet, and occult student Dietrich Eckart, who was the major intellectual influence on Hitler in the early years. The swastika flag adopted by the NSDAP was the brain-child of another Thulist, Dr Krohn.

With the victory of the Nazi Party, the occult tradition was carried on in the Third Reich mainly by the SS, who Reichsführer, Himmler, was an avid student of the occult. An SS occult research department, the Ahnenerbe (Ancestral Heritage) was established in 1935 with SS Colonel Wolfram von Sievers at its head. Occult research took SS researchers as far afield as Tibet. Sievers had the Tantrik prayer, the Bardo Thodol, read over his body after his execution at Nuremberg.

National Socialism and the Third Reich represented a major attempt by high esoteric Adepts to re-establish a Culture based on the Laws of

Nature, against the entrenched forces of anti-Life. Nothing that ambitious had been tried since the founding of the American Republic by Masonic adepts.

BLACK ORDER ARTICLES OF FAITH

1. We believe in Uralten - the Original or Ancient One of Germanics as representation of the creative/destructive force that permeates the cosmos, the Entropy of physics.
2. Our creed is therefore based on the Laws of Nature, as revealed by science.
3. Feelings of oneness and attunement with Nature and the Cosmos as manifestations of the Uralten-Force is "good". That which weakens is "evil".
4. Our morality is: that which strengthens the individual as a manifestation of the Uralten-Force is "good". That which weakens is "evil".
5. We hold that Nature, and therefore history, is cyclic, governed by cycles of life-death-renewal, and that these principle governs the rise and fall of Civilizations. This is the ancient wisdom of the esoteric schools of both East and West.
6. The cosmos operates on the basis of polarities, a doctrine common to the ancient cosmologies of the Norse, Eastern Taoists, Pythagoreans and the Hebrew Kabbalists, and that the interaction of these polarities causes evolution.
7. Man need not be a passive spectator or victim of the "gods" or "Fate", but by understanding the laws of the cosmos can, through his will, be an active agent in the evolutionary process.
8. Those attuned to the Uralten Force flowing through Nature have the essence of the Force within, and are links in an evolutionary chain toward the "Nietzschean Over-Man".
9. Man's destiny is to play amongst the stars; the destiny of his evolution into the foreseeable future : Homo Galactica.

* * *

CONSTITUTION

Aims: To (a) Study the esoteric current behind National Socialism, Thule, and the occult traditions from which they derived; (b) Prepare a political and cultural infrastructure to replace the collapsing Old Order; (c) Presence the Dark Forces on Earth via ritual magick, study, propaganda, infiltration, and any other means deemed necessary.

Leadership: Leadership is vested in the Grand Master (GM), who has ultimate responsibility for the interpretation and amendment of this Constitution.

Organisation: The basic unit is the Lodge. At least 3 members may form a Lodge, and elect a Master/Mistress, subject to approval by the GM.

Membership: Applicants must be at least 18.

Conduct: A Master/Mistress may suspend a subordinate, subject to review by the GM.

Symbol: The iwaz rune rep. the yew tree of Life & Death, crossed to form a Cosmic Wheel, surrounded by a self-devouring serpent; the whole being the evolutionary interaction of polarities.

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The Black Pilgrimage - A Note

The Pilgrimage is undertaken during the stage of Initiate, on the Autumn equinox. The suggested guidelines are that the rite is begun at dawn - or in the hour before dawn - and completed at midday the following day.

Although the Pilgrimage tests the candidate in an arduous physical way, the rite is much more than simply a physical task. It is fundamentally an *esoteric* aid towards the fulfilment of the stage of initiate.

The esoteric aspect lies in the candidate experiencing, alone and for the first time, several of the key sites associated with the Dark Tradition. The effects of this encountering further weave the life of the candidate into the sinister fabric of the Tradition, thus leading them further along the Way.

Unlike the other physical tasks (qv. Order MSS) and the Grade ordeals, there is no real "failure" to encounter - even if the candidate, for whatever reasons, takes longer than the allotted time-span to complete the rite. What matters is the esoteric encountering mentioned above, and this particular encountering can only happen once, since it is an introduction to the various places and their associated energies.

Thus, how the Pilgrimage unfolds for each candidate will be unique to them, according to their unique character and Destiny: for some, the experience may prove practically straight-forward, for others, there will be difficulties. Whatever, for each candidate, it is *their own Pilgrimage*, and as with all first-time experiences, the essence cannot be experienced the same again.

ONA 1998eh

The Black Pilgrimage: Practical Application

Introduction

The following notes are an example of the practical application of the Sinister Tradition. They are provided for Initiates and non-Initiates alike for three specific reasons: 1) to provide Sinister Initiates and Prospective adherents to the Tradition with a practical introduction to the Task itself; 2) to further explicate the Sinister Tradition in practice and 3) for historical interest.

What is important to note in relation to the Black Pilgrimage is that it is an Initiation ceremony in itself though one that is devoid of the overt symbolism as used in Traditional ceremonial rituals as explicated in the Black Book of Satan. The Pilgrimage serves to Initiate the Sinister Satanist into a number - though not necessarily all - of the sites associated with the Sinister Tradition. These sites are as they are and may appear to many to be of little interest having no outstanding features that establish them as 'magickal sites' or ley lines etc. Thus, for example some of the stone circles are actually now in ruin and may not even appear to resemble a stone circle to the passer-by.

The journey itself is mapped out by the Initiates Order contact who will instruct the candidate on what is expected of him/her and what equipment is to be taken and what omitted. The Black Pilgrimage Initiation does not simply cease when the ordeal has been completed, rather it continues through the stage of Initiate and on through the Gate that is the Rite of External Adept. During the Black Pilgrimage the Initiate may glimpse certain aspects of future rites such as the Rite of External Adept and the Ritual of the Abyss, this glimpsing is however only a taster of the even harder reality that is to come. For those who seek the Key to Existence the journey begins within...

Vindex est Venturus.

Pre-ritual Notes

Camping at top of Stor. Initial walk [up to chosen camp-site] taxing. Pack too heavy will leave inner tent behind and just take flysheet and poles. Other equipment not to be used includes specifically torch.

Important during walking to maintain control of thoughts as laziness and negativity can overtake oneself and impede performance - needs to be a certain amount of detachment. I know I can complete the task, though I may be late due to physical weakness (asthma) however, chest seemed fairly clear during much of the walking.

Have been given a mss to read tonight by my Order contact, am told to meditate on this during the Black Pilgrimage. Have not taken Sinister Tarot - will recall images mentally (visualisation) when relevant.

Most important thing to do is to control thoughts and objectify them. That is, be aware that they might be preventing me from attaining the goal, try and replace useless thoughts with controlled useful thoughts, make small aims - aim for that dip in the earth, than make another small aim - aim for that flat area, break the journey down into smaller sections. This seems to be a key to success (in all ones endeavours!).

One other note. Am looking out over the town of Dredgelock. I am so near the world of 'society' yet I am no longer of society, all those people with their conformist imitatory beliefs, how close and yet how far away the Sinister Initiate is from them. Agios o Satanas!

Day One

Descended from Stor to area where ritual commences.

First ascent - packed/left at first light.

Black Mass of Life in Stor ring. Felt energies raised - feelings/sensations of something Beyond, but as though can only partially open the Gate. Misty, strong breeze. Leave now for next stage. NB. At top of ascent (was guided?) went straight to the ring.

Okay, got lost at Middleton- gone up hill and then towards Inwardstone. Am therefore going over same ground again. Yes, it is annoying but sometimes have to go in a roundabout way to get to ones destination. Am going to take an alternative (clearer - I hope!) route at Middleton.

Am now near the end of the Misterly Road. Last walk have felt very tired and drained. Gives an idea of Ritual of Abyss - Master creation. Am hungry, but am eating a roll. Having a few minutes rest, but still have a long way to go to reach Stuppington, just want to lie down and sleep.

[Lost use of pen so following notes were made after the ritual had finished.]

After Stuppington got lost - went in direction of Losington (on XXXX). Followed main road up to Pitchford, couldn't find stone circle though - area now very over-grown, no horses either.

When reached Stuppington, sun still high so decided to go on to Niiford and hopefully Gateon.

Spent a short period of time at Niiford. Chanted Nythra Kthunae Atazoth. No noticeable feelings though.

Niiford felt good - chanted Agios Lucifer at a Cairn before descending. Descent tricky, straight down into a nightmare forest of ferns, then a marshy/boggy area. Got partially lost, but quickly found road.

Now got dark quickly (lost some time due to arduous venture at bottom of Niiford).

Reached area around foot of Gateon but unsure of where ascent should begin.

Camped out about 100 yards (or so) from foot of Gateon. Only sleeping bag and insulation mat.

Noticeable during night how slow stars move across the sky - External Adept Rite.

Day Two

Next morning do not perform the Black Mass of Life as intended. Instead begin immediate ascent on Gateon. Disaster strikes early though as find I have to fight my way through another forest of ferns! Ascent difficult. Legs ache, feet painfully blistered. Manage to ascend through fern and over rock - vegetation looks akin to atu in Fenrir IV no i. But what location? Meditate upon cave of Goddess. Chant Agios Baphomet, good personal meditation. Descend and commune with the Dark Goddess. Water passes through the cave, other individuals present (hand-maidens?). She wears the Luna headress, but a necklace of skulls adorns her neck. She is bare breasted.

Once reach top of Gateon, shout Agios o Atazoth. Impressive hill in my mind, something, some energies here but cannot fix anything definite. Phrase Agios o Atazoth sums it up I think. Good place for my External Adept Rite.

Descent good but felt painful. Decide I will keep checking the map so I don't get lost like yesterday (I wish!) Got lost! This time going across Stuppleton Road towards Stuppleton ended up in Blindingford area. So went back and ended up at Minster. Angry, feet hurt, don't want to waste time/energy due to pain.

Reconnect with route along road towards M iserly Lane. Now begin to sing as walk along: Black Mass of Life, Agios Lucifer, Agios Olenos, Asooth, Sanctus Satanus and some non Tradition songs. This takes mind

off pain - might be good idea to have a particular (exclusive) chant to be sung during the Black Pilgrimage? Though a number of chants should be performed at particular sites anyway.

Hill up to Torford very long and very steep. Seemed like a lot of breaks needed as ascended. Often better to keep pace going though. Track at top of hill up to Townstead good to walk on, that is, it was easy to follow.

Townstead. Yes! Feel good have come close to conclusion of Black Pilgrimage. Binan Ath. Their time, my time (on reflection it goes back even further than the sisters). Meditation. Again feeling that I am missing the vital link because I have not yet achieved consciousness of a Sinister Priest... must meditate further on Magickian when return home...

Leave Townstead. Sun still high but pace now much slower: hobbling pace due to pain. Start off on track but think I'm getting lost. Immediately sort this out and got back on right track (I incorrectly thought!) follow it down between hills following water down to Hometown. Not sure where went wrong here? (I think that I have been on the path I should have gone on at this point during the Black Pilgrimage previously?) Seems to take ages to get Hometown. feeling tired and under pressured, can I make the time? Or at least a reasonable time? Reach Hometown. Oh what joy to walk on a road again! But still a long way to Finalsted.

Reach Finalsted at about 3.30pm. So am a few hours behind schedule from one perspective and a few hours ahead of schedule from another. Feel good and very tired/exhausted.

General Notes/Insights

Felt difficult to meditate at sites because of time pressure.

Thought of asking people what the time was on a few occasions but didn't.

Connect Black Pilgrimage to External Adept Rite (by sleeping out) and Ritual of Abyss due to rhythmic walking.

Order contact gave me mss to read prior to ritual, which I did. But found that my thoughts were more focused towards the ordeal of the Black Pilgrimage itself.

Journey distance should have been approx 28 miles (43km)

I actually covered 32.31 miles (52km) due to getting lost on a number of occasions.

It is now a few days after the ordeal and I do feel different psychically. Although I fall back into my old self when with friends and acquaintances, when alone and in silence I feel a renewed presencing of the astral. My dreams are currently much more intense and personally provocative. I believe that much repressed material is presencing itself. The Black Pilgrimage is indeed a Sinister Initiation Rite, one that, as mentioned above, continues after the ordeal itself has been concluded. This Initiation - which for me has taken place halfway through my Dark Pathways workings - adds to what I have already undertaken and will be added to by what is yet to come.

Lyceus
ONA

Further Reading/Associated Texts

The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way: The Black Pilgrimage

The Meaning of Sinister Initiation: An Initiates Perspective

The Seven-Fold Way: Training and Grades

Hostia Volumes I - III

Deofel Quartet: IV volumes

The Sinister Tarot

The Black Pilgrimage: Addendum Notes

After discussion with my Order Contact the following notes are provided for clarity:

The actual distance of the Black Pilgrimage is approximately 45 - 48 miles, this distance taking into account the miles of ascent.

The Lesser Black Pilgrimage occurs when it does to enable a balance to be struck between a physical and an esoteric ordeal.

In many ways, the undertaking of the Lesser Black Pilgrimage replaces the physical task as laid out in Naos.

Contact with the sites is based on the individual. If contact is short this is how it is meant to be, if it is of a longer (causal) time period then this also is how it is meant to be (implications of Destiny). In the context of a short length of time in which the sites are experienced: exactly what time duration are we referring to? Causal or Acausal?

The Brink of Discovery

Order of Nine Angles

At the brink of a great quest, one often finds oneself overwhelmed with great questions. Thus far I have embodied more answers than questions themselves. Before, I had yet to be faced with any real wondering, and real desire, or any real need to uncover my destiny. Perhaps such a thing can only come from absolute need.

I have had great desire to do my part to further a dialectic of cosmic wyrd; to be a part of the glory that is to come. This was my destiny, my place in the cosmic order of things, my absolute desire. What I have until now failed to realize is that my destiny lies in myself, in uncovering my essence. To myself grow and learn. This can be the only way. I am part of nature, and unless I uncover what is truly my unique place within it, I will never obtain the empathy I need with nature.

I have failed before in great endeavors, and probably will again. I have died by my own hand in pursuing the things I long for, and I have yet to let this longing be reborn. My strong will and desire somehow crippled my goal. I failed, in a life long dream. Yet I moved on, to other things, other passions. My failure did not lie in the hands of others, it was not absolute. It lay in my own hands, it was my own doing; and ultimately, my own fight.

These other things, other passions in which I have moved on to, have been essential insofar as discovering what I can do. How I can create, and replenish. My recent pursuits have led me to learn something at least daily - something important not for what I have learned, but how I have learned it. I am forced, by my own choice of challenging profession, to forever learn and accommodate my mind and its techniques in different ways. What I must learn in what I do, I must learn the hard way. I must find a solution, and there is little aid - no one to find the solution for me. All I've to go by is what I've already learned.

Perhaps necessity changes an individual. In a way I am pressing my own boundaries, forcing myself to conquer new ground in my knowledge. I can feel it affect me. I triumph through many small feats, and this builds my confidence. My sense of overcoming. And perhaps this is what has started to rekindle what I've already lost.

If I am to know myself, truly know myself, I must follow my intuition. I must explore the frontiers of my mind, push my own boundaries, and explore my passions. By doing this I will find at least a real way to manifest my intuitive character, my acausal self. Even so, if I find my rekindled lost passions are in contradiction of my real essence; I will have learned of myself by eliminating these wonders, which engulf me.

And with this realization, that I must pursue what I intuitively desire; I am a step closer to finding myself, my essence. This will likely take a good portion of my life, but will be an essential uncovering. In this, I am uncovering a means within myself to ultimately help fulfill cosmic wyrd, and aid this dialectic that I have devoted my very soul to. Once I have further advanced on this quest of self-discovery, by my very life, the Sinister Dialectic will be aided, in a way much larger than even I realize. Once I obtain this empathy with and knowledge of nature I so desire, both outward and inward, I will have evolved; in a very real way.

To surpass myself I must truly know myself. This is when the real change will happen, and when I shall become as Satan.

(the first 10 pages of:) THE SATANIC LETTERS OF STEPHEN BROWN Volume I O.N.A. First Published 1992 eh Copyright 1992 eh Stephen Brown & O.N.A. All Right Reserved PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY: Thormynd Press PO Box 700 Shrewsbury Shropshire England The colour illustration is from 'The Sinister Tarot' by C. Beest [ONA] - Atu XI, Desire Ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam Introduction Collected here are some of the letters written by a Satanic Adept over a period of a few years to a variety of individuals with a view to explaining some of the tenets of traditional Satanism. Some letters to or concerning this Adept are also included to give context. All the letters are reproduced from the originals. [well, not in this e-text version, but in the original they were... - G.] It is anticipated that the publication of these letters will be of interest to those who, for whatever reason, are curious about Satanism in particular and the Occult in general. This present volume is the first of a series of projected volumes containing letters from the Adept who now has the honour of being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups. This present selection deals mainly with the difference between traditional Satanism, as represented by the Order of Nine Angles, and what has become accepted within the Occult fraternity as 'Satanism' - as represented by the American group the Temple of Set, led by Dr. Aquino. For a long time, the ONA was secret and secretive. In the early part of the eighth decade of this present century, a decision was taken to gradually make available the methods, philosophy and teachings of the Order - this decision being based on Aeon or sinister strategy. One of the tactics to be used to try and achieve the strategic aim was to challenge what had become the accepted notion of 'Satanism' as represented by such groups as the temple of Set and the Church of Satan. Accordingly, contacts were established. It should be remembered that at this time, few details about the teachings and methods of traditional Satanism were known to outsiders, and so the ONA was judged to be just another Satanic group in the Church of Satan/La Vey mould. Gradually, however, the stark reality of traditional Satanism was made known - via letters such as the ones published here, via the establishment of an underground zine ('Fenrir') and via the distribution of works containing the tradition ('The Black Book of Satan', 'Naos' and so on). The earlier curiosity and tolerance displayed by groups like the Temple of Set soon disappeared as they began to realize how different the ONA was - how far removed from what they considered Satanism to be. Thus, the ONA became, for the Temple of Set and its members, a proscribed organization. This reaction served to highlight the real nature of this Temple, as the letters make clear - and threw into doubt, for those with any sagacity, their version of 'Satanism'. The difference between the ONA and groups like the Temple of Set is evident most clearly in the matter of human sacrifice, as the letters reveal. P.O. Box 4 Church Stretton Shropshire England 7th September 1990 ev Dear Dr. Aquino, It was with interest that I read your letter in a recent issue of 'Brimstone' after my attention was drawn to that magazine by a friend. An open (rather friendly) reply to some of the points you raised has been sent to the Editor - I am sure he would send you a copy should you be interested. However, there are some points which perhaps are best raised in a private letter. First - and perhaps inconsequential out of its context - no one has ever claimed to be 'Head' of the ONA: no such position exists. Your statement on this was somewhat surprising because I felt you would be above using 'Kennel' type tactics re mis-information about other LHP individuals and groups. Am I mistaken? Or perhaps the information was supplied by a not altogether too reliable source here in the U.K.? Second - and most important - your mention of the NSS concerning sacrifice. These were published basically because they form part of an esoteric tradition, which tradition was being made accessible to those who might be interested following a decision to publish Order methods, teachings and traditions. Essentially, such publication lets others decide what is or is not

worthwhile or valuable or interesting from an esoteric point of view - there is not, within the ONA, any control of esoteric information as a result of one or more individuals deciding what is 'right' or 'true teachings' - simply because individuality is the foundation of the "ONA way". This way is the development of self-insight and magickal mastery via individuals following the seven-fold way. But this background aside, you raise an interesting point in your use of the term 'ethical'. Does Satanism have ethics? And if so, what are they and who formulates them? By the nature of the Temple of Set I am led to assume the answer would be affirmative and that it is the ToS which formulates these. Is this assumption incorrect? If it is not, then I and some others would offer dissent - based not only on the principle of individuality mentioned above but also on the reality of there existing divergent LHP and Satanic traditions (some of which existed before the foundation of the Church of Satan). Speaking for myself, I consider debate about ethics futile in a LHP context - except to express the obvious Satanic assertion (qv 'The Dark Forces' in "Fenrir" 4) that one essential personal quality is honour born from the quest for self-excellence and self-understanding. One either has this personal quality (or the potential to possess it) or one does not: intellectual debate about it is irrelevant. This quality is expressed by the way of living an individual follows and as far as the ONA is concerned this quality is one of those that marks the genuine Satanic elite from the imitation. Yet we accept that others may disagree since we feel there can be no religious dogma about Satanism or the LHP: no subserviance to someone else's ideas or ways of living. Each individual develops their own unique perspective and insight as a consequence of striving to achieve Adeptship - a perspective and insight which derives mainly from practical experience, both magickal and personal. Thus we uphold anarchism. Hence the publication of the many and various Order MSS. Yet, all this notwithstanding, I do understand that some may believe that tactically the time was not right to publish some of these MSS. However, is the time ever right? Once again, some interesting questions arise. For example, for the benefit of those groups (like the ToS) which do adopt a high media profile, is it necessary and indeed desirable for other groups and individuals on the LHP to restrict what they say and teach and publish in case such things are mis-interpreted and/or distorted and used against the LHP in general? This would imply some sort of consensus among those individuals and groups on the LHP - a consensus which it seems both the ToS and the Church of Satan wish to achieve by claiming a religious 'authority'. To this end there seems to be developing an almost Church-like mentality - with schisms and prohibitions and proscribing of other groups and individuals. Rather 'Old Aeon' values. If such a consensus is indeed necessary (and I and some others have doubts whether it is) then it would seem better achieved on a mutual basis by recognition of diversity and traditions and then the development of mutual understanding rather than one group trying to impose its dogma by a religious type belief: such dogma and such belief being entirely contrary to the basic principles of Satanism and the LHP - self-development via self-experience. I and others like me respect your right to promulgate the Setian philosophy just as I trust you have the sagacity to understand that what La Vey codified and what the early Church of Satan represented is not the only form Satanism can take. Satanism existed in many forms long before La Vey, and the ONA simply represents one such form: a form that has changed and is still changing - developed as it is and has been by creative individuals within it. As I mentioned to you in a previous letter some time ago, this does not mean we claim to be a 'peer' organization with a claim to some kind of 'authority'. We are simply a small group following our own way - a way somewhat different from that developed by the Church of Satan and the ToS. Our tradition, such as it is, is not static - indeed in many ways the most significant developments (e.g. the Star Game, Grade Ritual codification, Deofil Quartet)

have occurred quite recently. Doubtless these developments will continue. When in the past we and others like us have said things that others interpret as being 'against' the ToS or La Vey, we were simply assuming the role of Adversary - challenging what seemed to be becoming accepted dogma that the only 'real' Satanists are either in the ToS or the Church of Satan. Such a dogma is an historical absurdity and its acceptance an affront to the Satanic desire to know and understand and not meekly believe. If you have any comments about these matters I would be interested to read them. Cordially yours, [Signed: Stephen Brown] Temple of Set Post Office Box 470307, San Francisco, California 94147 MCI-Mail: 278-4041 * Telex: 6502784041 Michael A. Aquino, Ph.d. High Priest of Set October 7, XXV Mr. Stephen Brown Post Office Box 4 Church Stretton, Shropshire England Dear Mr. Brown: Thank you for your letter of September 7th. Under your several aliases every single letter and publication of the O.N.A. is authorized over your personal signature, whether as "pp" or otherwise. Personal contacts by our former Priest Martin [blacked] confirmed that you are the leader, if not indeed the sole member of this institution. The old Church of Satan used to play games with mythical officials and executive bodies behind the scenes. As a senior official of the Church I helped to keep this particular hot-air balloon inflated, initially assuming that it did no harm and made the Church a bit more colorful to the membership. Ultimately I became uncomfortable with it, however, because in the last analysis it involved deceiving the very persons - the membership of the Church - who had come to it in good faith depending upon it to not deceive them, even in so "playful" a fashion. It was also responsible for a more serious kind of damage. It enabled Anton LaVey to announce policies in the name of a fictitious "Council of Nine", or in the name of a fictitious official, and thus to escape personal responsibility for his actions. Nor was there any executive body or other official to whom he was accountable. Had there been, the catastrophe of 1975 might have been averted without the entire Church of Satan organization having to be scrapped. [Even if it had evolved into a Setian mode, as in many Lesser Magical ways it was indeed doing prior to the crisis, it still might have continued as an unbroken organization - and Anton LaVey might be its High Priest today.] - 2 - When the Temple of Set was founded, therefore, the old occult game of "Ascended [or in this case 'Descended'] Masters behind the scenes" was ashcanned along with the other practices of the old Church with which we were ethically uncomfortable. From the moment of its founding, the Temple has made all of its officials and executive bodies a matter of record, known to all Setians [and to non-Setians with legitimate interest]. And neither the High Priest of Set nor any other official has the sort of dictatorial power that Anton LaVey had in the Church. Given the present climate of witch-hunting hysteria in England, publication of a "Satanic ritual" by an avowedly "Satanic" institution which includes human sacrifice is thoroughly irresponsible. In fact it would be irresponsible even in a normal social climate, as the Satanic religion is not and has never been based upon the principle of human sacrifice. [It is Christianity which espouses that principle, sacrificing its god in human form every Easter.] If you were presenting that ritual text as an example of Christian hate-propaganda against the Satanic tradition, making clear that it has no basis in fact, that would be one thing. But the ritual which you have published makes no such distinctions, and is thus a dangerous "loaded weapon" to be used by any child (of any age) who picks it up. And of course it plays right into the hands of any anti-Satanic maniac who is looking for "evidence" of "Satanic ritual murder". Your argument that the O.N.A. does not consider itself responsible for such uses may satisfy you, but it certainly doesn't satisfy the Temple of Set as guardian of this religion. Indeed Satanism is an ethical religion, and yes, I do consider the Temple of Set the institution consecrated by Set to establish and maintain such an ethical environment - which is carefully developed in the Crystal Tablet of Set. As a non-Initiate

of the Temple, you are of course at liberty to dissent from this ethical standard. But neither, by your non-Initiatory status, does the Temple consider you a member of the Setian/Satanic religion. You are, in our eyes, simply one more individual affecting "Satanism" as a personal hobby. In this you may be more or less skilled, more or less articulate, more or less artistic: these we do not judge. But what we do judge is that in all of this you have not been Recognized by the Temple which exclusively is consecrated by Set. We consider the Temple a sacred institution, not just one of a number of "Satanic clubs" around the world. From 1966 to 1975CE we held precisely this view concerning the Church of Satan, which welcomed the interest and enthusiasm of amateur "Satanists" and "Satanic" groups such as the O.N.A. but considered only its own membership and Priesthood formally deserving of the religious titles they held. This last point deserves further elaboration and emphasis. Just because we regard the Temple as seriously and exclusively as we do does not mean that we hold non-Temple "Satanic" groups in blanket contempt. Some of them are indeed - 3 - amateurish and embarrassing to the Satanic tradition, and the sooner they disintegrate the better. But others are quite serious and sophisticated, and deserve our respect and admiration - which are quite freely given when due. Some, upon encountering the Temple of Set, have voluntarily dissolved and commended their membership to it. Some have retained their independent structure and interests while at the same time encouraging/allowing their members to affiliate with the Temple as a formal religion. Some have simply gone their own way, maintaining a polite non-acceptance of the Temple's avowed Infernal Mandate. The distinction we draw in all cases is dictated simply by our sacred regard for the Priesthood of Set, and the Temple under its care, as established by Set in the Book of Coming Forth by Night. If we did not draw that distinction, then we would be, at our heart, and insincere and fraudulent religion. Therefore the exclusiveness of the Temple of Set is not born of either arrogance or competitiveness, but simply of the utter seriousness with which we regard ourselves. It is this same attitude which makes the Temple of Set reject any "council of churches", occult or conventional, for the simple reason that we consider our religion correct and their incorrect. As is stated in our informational letter, "they may serve a useful social function as purveyors of soothing myths and fantasies to humans unable to attain Setian levels of self-consciousness". I have re-read the comments I made concerning the O.N.A. and yourself in Brimstone, and I see nothing in them that I think should be amended - including the compliment to you at the conclusion of those comments. You are, from what I have seen of your writings, an intelligent and creative individual who could become an influential and respected philosopher of the Left-Hand Path if you can bring yourself to cast aside all of the fictitious "lumber and wreckage" with which you are unnecessarily crippling yourself. If I didn't see Setian qualities in you, I wouldn't even bother to say such things. But just as in my university classes I speak most bluntly to the students who do have the intelligence to master the curriculum and aren't doing so, so I speak thus to you. Sincerely, [Signed: Michael Aquino] cc- Adept John D. Allee, Editor, Brimstone Shropshire England 20th October 1990 ev Dear Dr, Aquino, Thank you for your letter of October the 7th. I appreciate your comments and before passing on to specific points raised, would like to make some general comments. What I sense (an I use the word advisedly) is that you and I, despite our differing methods, are fundamentally trying to achieve the same thing. I here mean in terms of 'esoteric' magick and not in terms of outward terms or expressions. We are both aware of the potential inherent within individuals and how certain forms, magickal or otherwise, can be used to explicate that potential, bringing thus an evolution of consciousness both individual and beyond the individual. Thus are individuals, and 'society', changed over varying periods of time. You have established and maintained an organization and imbued it

with certain forms, which forms via their various transformations, create and establish conditions for changes in time with certain energies. Because of the nature of this organization, and the energies, there is a need to maintain a coherence, a magickal continuity and thus the establishment of a system which protects the viability of all aspects. As to myself, I deal with similar forms but make them manifest in a different way - building in to some of those manifestations a random or 'chaotic' element and into others a 'numinous' aspect. Thus, further forms are developed, in both causal and acausal time, and achieve certain goals, some of which are quite long-term (beyond my own temporal lifetime at the earliest). All these energies are 'sinister' (or Left Hand Path, if you prefer) - at the most simple level this means they enhance our creative evolution; at another, it means they 'disrupt' already existing forms which may hinder such evolution and explication of individual potential. Where we might (and seem to) differ is in our respective time-scale for fundamental change and in making some elements more manifest than others, to achieve specific ends. Of course, I accept that my understanding may not be complete (and might possibly be incorrect on some points) as I assume that you, claiming the title 'Ippsisimus', understand the preceding four paragraphs without me having to elaborate at length. You have accepted a "role" within the Temple of Set with all the duties and obligations implied, and there is much to admire in this. This of necessity means adhering to the principles of what you describe as the 'sacred trust' placed in you via-a-vis the 'Infernal Mandate'. Thus there is a religious attitude and acceptance. All this I myself regard as natural and necessary, given 2. the vehicle chosen - that is, the Temple of Set. The way of the ONA is, however, quite different - we see our way as guiding a few individuals to self-awareness, to Adeptship and beyond, via various practical and magickal techniques. The emphasis is on guide, on self-development, on self-discovery. There is no religious attitude, no acceptance of someone else's authority, and no mystique: the methods, as divulged in the recently published book 'Naos', are essentially practical. All this arises from the understanding that changes such as I mentioned earlier (regarding individual potential) will occur slowly and for the most part on a small scale for some time to come: bringing changes to 'society' (a generalization here, for brevity) - and this to larger numbers of individuals - on the timescale of a century or more. The present aim of the ONA is to make these techniques - which give all individuals the means to achieve the next stage of individual evolution should they so wish - more generally available. These techniques (the Grade Rituals for example, and the Star Game) will probably and indeed should be refined and extended in the future, as they have been refined in their creation over the past decade or so. Older techniques, inherited by me, have served their purpose - and to an extent have made possible the present advances, including preparing the way, on the level of mystique, for a dissemination of the 'new'. To be more explicit - an 'aura' was created around the ONA (quite deliberately) by using certain methods, magickal forms, and by publishing certain material. This aura, existing, becomes transformed - and serves a very useful purpose on the acausal level. (In simple terms and on an elementary level, it provides a certain impetus to seek out and try the 'new' techniques, the 'new' way - on the level of individuals.) Thus, as the new techniques (and hence the new forms deriving from them) become more widely distributed, via books such as Naos, the Deofil Quartet and the Black Book of Satan (these last two due for publication this Winter Solstice) then the methods used hitherto are no longer needed, and are abandoned - they have served their purpose. It is the same with the ONA: once the techniques and the essence are more widely available then 'membership' as such is irrelevant, since everything is available and accessible (and this includes past methods and teachings) - the individual taking responsibility for their own development ultimately rests with individual desire, just as each individual must

make their own assessment of what is valuable and what is 'ethical/just' from their own experience, it being the aim of the techniques of the seven-fold sinister way to provide the character-building, evolutionary, experiences. There is no pre-judgement by me or anyone, no set rules. The function of the ONA is now to guide, simply because its members have undergone the experiences of the way and can speak from a position of experience - an experience which may or may not be of value to others. Thus the fundamental difference in our approach. It was 3. made quite clear to the former Temple of Set Priest you mentioned that each individual is expected to work on the practical level to achieve his or her own magickal development - to actually practice magick, to use magickal and other techniques, rather than just talk about them. This takes quite a number of years, and is a personal effort. Most people cannot be bothered - they want easy solutions - and most people who enquired in the past about the ONA were not prepared to work toward their own self-development. They either wanted someone else to do it for them (be such a someone a 'Master' or an Infernal Manifestation) or would not/could not undertake the life-style necessary for achieving genuine Adeptship (such as spending three months alone under special conditions). Ultimately, their loss. I, for one, do not believe there is a 'religious' solution to Adeptship and beyond - a gift, Infernal or otherwise. There is only self-experiencing, in the real and the magickal worlds, and that is it. Wisdom is acquired by the alchemical process of internal change over a period of time: the techniques developed by the ONA may shorten that time for several decades to perhaps a decade or just under, but they do not do away with it, just as those techniques make the possibility of such change available to all. For this reason, the ONA does not attempt to define what is or is not of the Left Hand Path and what is or is not Satanism (or even what Satan is) - each individual arrives at their own understanding via experience. Occassionally, as I have mentioned, there may be the adoption of an adversarial role in order to attack accepted (or even unconscious) dogmas within the broad spectrum of the LHP movement - but that is as it should be, for individuals questing after knowledge who refuse to meekly believe. Once again, a 'role' is only a role, played out in the quest for understanding. On the specific point of membership - yes, there is more than one (not that it really matters anymore now that dissemination is being achieved). Not many, it is true, but enough - some only beginning their quests, some more advanced along the way: in this country, in Scandinavia, in the countries of Europe and elsewhere. Of course, all this may confirm your opinion that the ONA is not 'Satanic' (or 'Setian' - this latter I would agree with). Do you therefore understand 'Satanism' as now the exclusive preserve of the Temple of Set because of the 'Infernal Mandate' you mentioned? If so, this raises rather interesting questions regarding 'Infernal' authority, revelation and such like - questions partly answered by your use of the term religion. What then of Satanic organizations which existed before the revelation: such as (to take an odd example) the Order of Satanic Templars here in England which existed (and was undertaking Initiations) before the establishment of the Church of Satan? (It later became known as the Orthodox Temple of the Prince.) Personally, I see Satanism more as a way of living than as a religion: an attitude to life, and one which is ultimately personal, striving to ever more. 4. However, as mentioned above, I believe our ultimate goals are the same even though our methods may differ. Of course in this, as in many things, I may be mistaken: I claim no authority, and my creations, profuse as they are, will in the end be accepted or rejected on the basis of whether they work (Satan forbid they should ever become 'dogma' or a matter of 'faith'). I also expect to see them become transformed, by their own metamorphosis and that due to other individuals: changed, extended and probably ultimately transcended, may be even forgotten. They - like the individual I am at the moment - are only a stage, toward something else. In the interests of sinister fellowship I

could arrange for a copy of 'Naos' (and other works as and when they become available) to be sent to you, should you be interested. Enclosed please find a copy of an article due to appear shortly in the journal 'Balder'. It may make you smile. Cordially yours, [Signed: Stephen Brown]

***** [Editorial Note: In view of the controversy in Occult circles about using 'pseudonyms' and the desire of certain groups to operate 'underground' without media scrutiny - a subject mentioned by Dr. Aquino in his letters and since taken up by a number of others both within and without the LHP - the following observations are in order: *It has been for many centuries an established principle among LHP Adepts to work in a reclusive manner in 'secret'. The reason for this is basically two-fold: the magickal work is mis-understood by 'outsiders' [and often by such people categorized from their own social/political/religious perspectives] and to try and explain it to non-Initiates was seen as a waste of time; and, secondly, it enabled that work to be undertaken without hindrance from interfering individuals and officials. Without this secrecy, the LHP would not have survived. Today, conditions have changed somewhat, but still not enough in some areas. * A labyrinth was created to confuse the merely curious and those seeking to disrupt the magickal work and tradition. * Quite often, LHP Adepts have a 'separate professional' life (which in some cases is part of their long-term magickal goals) and the 'stigma' of involvement with magick would be detrimental to that. Quite often this separate life is beneficial to the evolution of the 'Occult' in general as it provides opportunities for dissemination (mostly clandestine). That some individuals have gone 'public' is fair enough - that is their decision. But those who prefer or need to work 'underground' in order to continue their own reclusive and secret traditions should not be castigated for many cases they are guardians who can never have a 'public' Occult role. Societies, and the individuals within them, are still structured on the basis of categories and generalizations.]

THE HERESY OF THE LEFT HAND PATH by R. Parker, Editor, "Exeat", England

One of the fundamental principles of the LHP in general and Satanism in particular is the desire to know - in the senses of understanding and experience. This principle is expressed by an attitude of living, an attitude often evident in the personality of the individual - there is acceptance of challenges, a desire to explore or create but above all an instinct for excellence. The follower of the LHP is seldom satisfied, a natural rebel who has an instinctive aversion to accepting authority. He or she needs to find out by personal experience rather than by accepting something dogmatically. He or she wants and needs to be a leader rather than a follower. Our societies, however, instead of producing such strong, proud and truly defiant and truly individual people, produce a conformist herd - and what is startling is that most of this herd is created and moulded and maintained for the most part not by compulsion but rather by ideas. It is ideas which keep the vast majority in enslavement - ideas accepted, enshrined in dogmas and made the basis for Institutions and state structures. The educational systems of all our societies are based on certain ideas and these ideas are inculcated into the young. It will not surprise many readers that the majority of these ideas - so detrimental to true individualists and thus conscious evolution - derive from the poisonous philosophy of the Nazarene. One of the most pernicious of these ideas is the concept of equality (qv. the article by Faustus Scorpis in issue #2 of Exeat, "Contemporary Dogma"). Another is what is inaccurately called 'democracy' and yet another 'freedom'. All these are abstract notions, idealized forms, and such incapable achievement, except on a purely individual forms, and as such incapable achievement, except on a purely individual basis. Yet generation after generation are tricked into believing in and trying to achieve these goals on a State and supra-state level. Consider, for example, 'democracy.' This is defined in many ways, but in essence is taken to mean 'free elections' and a government of elected officials who decide matters of policy. Any person actually possessed of the faculty of thought will know the sham that is this 'democracy' - where promises are made but seldom kept, and where in general 'minority interests' are more important than 'majority interests' because in electoral terms a minority vote is very crucial. Theorists trace democracy to Greece -whereas anyone actually studying the wholesome society of ancient Greece states would know that genuine 'democracy' was possible only within a small 'polis' composed of people related by ties of blood. At the time of writing, hundreds of thousands of American are poised to go to war in the Middle East in an attempt to bring about a more 'democratic' State and to end what is regarded as 'tyranny.' Whether or not this in reality is so is irrelevant - as is the fact that the US Government may or may not in reality be fighting for oil or to keep Israel safe. What is important is that the 'ideas' behind the 'crusade' are accepted by millions who are prepared to fight and die for them - the herd are so mesmerized by the ideas and the rhetoric that they are not in any sense themselves free and cannot, for instance, understand that even in their own country, the US, those ideals do not exist in reality. Their government complains of 'human rights' violations yet ignores the daily brutality within America; spends vast sums to fight a foreign war but cannot keep peace on its own streets - talk about high ideals but ignore the death of Kimberley Harbour of Boston gang raped, mutilated and murdered.... The pursuit of the ideal keeps individual mentality and consciousness on the level of the herd. In short, the State (and its dogma) reign, and the individual is ignored. POSITION OF THE LHP The LHP has always stood opposed to abstract ideas and collectivist thinking. It has always given individuals the opportunity to create from direct personal experience a way of living and a way of thinking truly original. Of course, this was and is a hard way, a hard school - full of danger. But that very danger ensured that those of herd feeling and herd instincts perished while the naturally strong, the naturally gifted survived and flourished. The LHP enhanced life, gave increased vitality to the individual - and created a lasting and genuine insight both personal and supra-personal, which in time gave birth to wisdom. Thus was evolution achieved. What should be happening is that this evolution should be spreading to more than a few individuals scattered across the globe - there should have been, due to the insights of creative individuals within civilizations, a general upsurge towards insight: in short the emergence of more and more

'Promethean' individuals imbued with creativity and zest - race after race of 'higher men' going forward to the very limits of evolutionary possibility. Instead there has been more and more conformity - not less; more and more acceptance of anti-life and anti-natural ideas. The triumph of the weak, the scum, the cowardly - rather than their defeat and demise. However, even the LHP and satanism have been infected by the diseases of the herd: the fawning mentality which accepts rather than desires to experience, that softness nurtured by society where extremes are classified and subjected to analysis and thus rendered safe; that desire to make dogma and deify worthless individuals. Satanism and the LHP are concerned with direct, personal experience - of going to extremes - of learning from those experiences and extremes, or being destroyed in the attempt. There is no acceptance of others, of groups, of dogmas, ideas or systems - there is only a prideful, fierce strong desire to achieve the ultimate, to experience the essence of Being, and this desire is individual, never collective. What the LHP has done is to offer opportunities - a certain guidance perhaps, or a way: if the way of yesterday does not work or is insufficient, discard it, destroy it - but create something new which enhances individual life and expands evolution. There is nothing sacred. Today, morons of the herd are accepting - or beginning to accept - some self-appointed authority within the LHP and satanism. There is no such thing! For the genuine satanist would defy even Satan Himself! Of course, such Masters need to be fawned upon, need herd individuals - that is the natural way of things, and good luck to those 'Masters' in their own evolution. But such types, and their modes of being, must not become accepted as the 'norm', as authoritative - there must be someone to defy them and there ways, someone or some others to carry on the inner task of the LHP - of making more and more achieve genuine insight and fulfil the potential of divinity within us all. The question is: which type are you - slave, or Master?

The Inner Meaning of the Seven-Fold Way

The Seven-Fold Way is a natural Alchemy - that is, a means of transformation. The subject of this alchemy is the individual, and the aim or object of the alchemy is the creation of a new individual. This individual, by virtue of the type of transformation that occurs, is a higher type; that is, there is an evolution of the individual as a result of the alchemical process. This alchemy is natural because it involves creating or bringing about the right conditions for such a positive transformation to take place. That is, there is a 'working-with' the forces or processes of Nature. The change, the evolution, that occurs is a natural one that would or could occur, given time and the right conditions. In effect, the natural alchemy of the Seven-Fold Way speeds up the evolution that occurs or which can occur in Nature. Essentially, the Way involves the individual undertaking certain tasks and living in certain ways over a period of many years. The Way is practical. It involves the individual in developing their consciousness, their knowledge, their skills; in making conscious and understanding their instincts and psyche. The Way involves the individual in learning about and gaining practical experience of, both the 'light' and the 'dark' aspects of themselves, others, and Nature. The Way involves the individual using the knowledge and insight they gain to effect changes in themselves and in the world: to contribute to evolution, to make their own life significant. By virtue of this practicality, the Way is hard and dangerous. It involves a commitment for at least ten years - and sometimes a proud defiance. It requires, for its success, individuals of spirit, of courage: individuals prepared to explore, to discover, to forge ahead alone despite difficulties. That is, it is a Way unsuited to the majority - as the majority are at the moment: soft, nurtured by materialism and the hedonism of the moment. Fundamentally, the Way - and its rewards - is suited to those who, if only instinctively, possess the spirit of a real warrior. For convenience, the Way is divided into seven stages. These stages represent the attainment, by the individual, of certain goals. They are stages on the way to attaining the goal of the Way. This goal is a new type of human being - someone who has fulfilled the potential latent within and who therefore is at a higher level of existence than the majority. This new individual understands more than others; they have greater insight; greater wisdom. They possess rare and unique skills. They are, in effect, complete individuals who have attained self-insight - who, having experienced the limits of themselves, the dark and the light, have united the opposites and so gone beyond them. Part of the work of the Way involves learning about, and gaining practical experience of, what has come to be called the 'Occult' and 'magick'. This learning and experience - of both the 'light' and the 'sinister' aspects - occurs early on in the Way and in fact relates to the first two stages of the Way. Thus, while the Way encompasses the Occult - and magick - it goes far beyond the conventional understanding of what is 'Occult' or 'magicka!'. Only in parts of the early stages does this Way concern itself with 'rituals' and 'ceremonies' and 'Occult' type knowledge and skills - they are a learning-process, a beginning to that self-understanding which it is one of the aims of the Way to develop. From this beginning, the individual moves on - to new experiences, to gain more insight. From such learning and practical experience, knowledge is gained and character formed - that is, the individual is changed by the experiences undergone. They learn, and grow. Or - they fail: they either give up or are destroyed by some experience or other, thus showing they were unequal to the task, that they did not possess the right qualities to succeed. For the Seven-Fold Way, like Nature Herself, is selective - it tests, and selects those fitted to survive; it does not care about the failures, for they have revealed themselves to be unsuitable. This, of course, is hard - it has to be, for that is often the price of evolution. Each stage of the Way is associated with certain specific tasks. These tasks, by their nature, create the changes within the individual appropriate to that stage - that is, the tasks develop and extend the individual in certain specific ways. They develop insight, knowledge, skills, character. The effect of the stages is cumulative - each one built upon the foundations the previous stage or stages have laid-down. The early stages are concerned primarily with personal development - with achieving a synthesis, with a making-more-conscious of what is hidden/unconscious/'occult' in the individual and Nature. The later stages are concerned with gaining supra-personal knowledge, insight and skills - with 'aeonic' matters, and with how

the individual, and other individuals at the same or greater level of understanding and self-development, might use their knowledge, insight and skills to bring changes about, in the 'world', which benefit those individuals and evolution in general. The first two stages of the Way train, prepare and extend the new novice. The end of the third stage creates an Adept - that is, it brings about a genuine "individuation", the union or synthesis of opposites within the individual, and it brings a self-mastery and the development of certain skills ('Occult' and otherwise). The fourth stage develops the Adept - and brings an awareness and understanding of aeonic processes and forces: of what has been called 'the acausal', and how the acausal presences in, and thus changes, the causal or 'temporal' world and the peoples within it. The end of the fourth stage, creates a 'Master' or a 'Mistress' - that is, someone who has achieved a deep insight, knowledge and genuine mastery of themselves, and of those forces external to themselves, particularly acausal ones. During the fifth stage, this Master or Mistress use their knowledge and skill to effect changes in the causal - to presence the acausal itself and thus bring about changes 'in the world'. Thus do they achieve more knowledge, more insight, more experience - real wisdom - and so evolve even further. The sixth, and last temporal, stage completes this process - there is large-scale, fundamental aeonic change brought about by the individual who is now a Grand Master/Mistress. Thus does the existence of that Grand Master/Mistress achieve something significant and thus fulfil the potential that was latent within them. Fundamentally, the Seven-Fold Way is a practical, tried-and-tested, method by which individuals may strive to fulfil the meaning of their existence as individuals: as conscious, creative, beings capable of effecting fundamental and significant changes 'in the world'. It is a means whereby they can contribute to evolution; whereby they can give significance and meaning to their lives; it is means whereby they can rise above and far beyond the majority who are content with their insignificant lot, who "cannot be bothered" or who lack the genius to make their lives count, who waste the opportunity that life is. It is, however, a Way for the few. It is always testing; it is often difficult and often involves real, practical, physical danger. It involves confronting what is hidden - what is sinister. It involves experience of 'the forbidden', the heretical, the Satanic - and of the 'light', the numinous. It involves a long, hard journey to that new, difficult-to-describe world where the 'light' and the 'sinister' are but two aspects of the same thing. It involves a complete "revaluation of all values" - the achievement of the goal of a higher, more evolved, being. But perhaps most of all, it is a Way which the individual undertakes alone - with no one to support them, to give them encouragement when things become difficult. It is a Way which sometimes involves the individual in making mistakes, in learning the hard way. The Seven-Fold Way involves no "great secret"; it teaches no "secret knowledge" (lost, or otherwise). It offers no "great ritual" or magickal "ceremony" which will somehow confer instant 'wisdom', 'adeptship' or whatever. It is, and it is not, Satanic and Sinister. The inner meaning of this Way is that it is a practical means - a way to fundamentally and radically change individuals. It is a means to create the next stage of our evolution: Homo Galactica. This new type of person will be effectively part of a new, hidden, elite - an elite to guide and change the majority over many millennia. Those who successfully complete this Way have the skills, and the knowledge, to fundamentally transform societies and civilizations and thus create history. Compared to this, all other goals are insignificant. In reality, the Seven-Fold Way enables individuals to play at being a god. ONA 1994 eh

Warriors, Freedom and the Sinister Way

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to produce a new type of human being. This new human being will - compared to individuals at present - be a more evolved individual who fulfills some of the promise latent within us, as a species. The Seven-Fold Way is one means whereby such a new individual can be produced. This individual would thus be an Adept: someone with a Destiny who understands wyrd, that is, Aeonic processes and change. Hence, this individual will seek, through their lives, their work, their actions, to create new ways of living, new communities, new societies, new possibilities.

This new individual will represent, and indeed be, a new archetype. The basis for this new archetype is the "thinking warrior": an individual who, being self-disciplined, can and does use their own personal judgement and who thus does not rely on the concepts, ideas, ways, forms, theories, laws, ethics, of others, and who is unswayed and unswayable by those forces which governments, politicians, the Media, religions, and Institutions in general, use to try and persuade and manipulate and control people. In essence, this new individual will use their will to control and change themselves.

Thus, this new individual - this new human type - will be beyond "individuation" and truly free. They will take responsibility for themselves, and those they have given a personal pledge of loyalty to, and not allow anyone to take this self-responsibility away. In brief, they would rather die - if necessary by their own hand - than have to submit to anyone, or allow anyone to control them, just as, if anyone or any Institution tries to confine them or control them, they would rebel, and fight to obtain their personal freedom.

There is one thing and one thing alone which can produce such individuals: personal honour. True freedom, and true strength, arise when a person abides by a Code of Honour. The only law that this new individual will recognize and accept is the law of personal honour. The law of the New Aeon is the law of personal honour.

The revolution which is necessary will be in part a revolution of ideals, with the ideal of personal honour the catalyst necessary to create a New Aeon from the destruction of the old. The law of honour means an end to the tyranny of governments; an end to all the old ideas of the old repressive Aeon.

In the simple sense, honour is a manifestation, a presencing, of those evolutionary energies which can change us into a higher type, a new species of human being. With honour - and the laws deriving from it - new societies, and ways of life, can and will be created which will transform this planet, and enable us to take the next great leap forward in our evolution: the exploration, conquest and settlement of Outer Space.

Anton Long

114yf

THE MONOLOGUES OF SATAN

Handwritten note in upper right –

1963-69: Its members joined O.N.A. in early 70's. Not, therefore, ONA teachings, but may be useful in historical sense.

*Note: Rituals are not to be used under any circumstances.
Reference purposes only (double underline)

Signed: Anton Long (and a sigil I do not recognize)

Handwritten vertically along right margin: "This is part of only surviving copy".

What follows, taken from 'The House Where Satan Slept', (subtitled 'A Novel After the Manner of de Sade') is an unpublished Satanic novel, and covers different degrees of Satanic insight. The book is used as an instruction text in several Satanist groups

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Priest (Roman Catholic): Why do you follow Satan? What can He possibly do for you? Look at what Christ gives: peace, harmony, and reward in heaven...

Satanist: I follow Satan because he is a Master worth following: a Master who provides me with all the earthly things I desire. If I please His Infernal Majesty with my doings then will the riches and pleasures of the Earth be mine!

I say 'Earth' because it is so – my heaven is here and now: not some dreamt of place. My ecstasy is life. I enjoy life to the full and learn how to live. After all evil is live spelled backwards!

Priest: But when you die think of the torment that awaits for your soul in Hell.

Satanist: So who cares about life after death? Certainly not me! It does not exist; does not matter. And even if it did then the Lord Satan would be better company for me than christ and his 'angels'. Rather to reign in Hell that serve in heaven!

Priest: Satan is deceitful; He cheats those who follow Him.

Satanist: Wrong! For those that serve Him well He treats as kin – and rewards as such. There is no deceit with His kin, that is merely an invention of the christian church to dissuade seekers of the truth of Satan.

Priest: But you forget: god, whose son was jesus christ is more powerful than Satan: for Satan was one of the fallen angels – some would even say a Son of God, albeit an evil one – and, I admit He was given power over the Earth, or at least parts of it, power to tempt people...

Satanist: There you are right – when He tempted the Nazarene in the desert, Satan offered him the riches of the Earth; how could He offer them if they were not His to offer?

Priest: Exactly, Satan has power but His power is more limited than that of god – in any battle, god would win, as the revelation of john shows. I doubt not the power of Satan, it would be folly to so do, but the power of God is stronger.

Satanist: This is all forgetting one thing, one simple fact: that God is Dead. Thus Satan will triumph.

Priest: Ah! But you have no proof that is so; no concrete proof.

Satanist: No that I have not got. But I have proof enough for me – if God is so great and so alive then why does he not strike me dead: for if I live then I will create more and more evil, more and more chaos, more and more disorder? Why does he allow Satan and His

followers to prosper – today even more so? What of war, that great sacrifice of blood?

And it is no good saying that god allows all this – that is just so much semantic nonsense. A god who is as christians portray him - good, kind, forgiving – would never allow great suffering. Either you accept that god is dead or that what god there is, is not the christian god but one more like Jehovah of the Old Testament.

Priest: Yes, that has troubled me a lot. But I have my faith.

Satanist: Well, you have your faith; I have my power, and enjoyment and ecstasy in life!

||

Satanist: What then is your definition of good and evil?

White Magician: You might say that evil and good have no meaning but without common agreement as to what constitutes what, what is allowed and what is not allowed, society would collapse, anarchy would result.

Naturally, some things are relative, but over the years, over the centuries, certain things have to most men appeared evil and other things good. Take murder, for example. What is murder and what is not murder? Surely, and here most are agreed, surely murder is murder and nothing else when it is cold-blooded, premeditated. That kind of thing all regard as evil and wrong and deserving of punishment.

Satanist: But supposing that if by killing someone in cold blood you could obtain something of value, then from your point of view that murder is justifiable, regardless of what other people think. It is a question of degree. Some standards are needed but the normal standards can and should be disregarded by those who wish to rise above the majority. They thus place themselves beyond Good and Evil.

Naturally, not everybody can do that, and the selection of those who can, is done by the law itself: those who fail and get caught trying to rise above normal morality are failures. Those who are not caught, succeed. But it is essential to bear in mind why evil is done. It can be done for personal gain, but a higher and more noble stage is to do evil for the sake of evil. He who can do that, and get away with it is to my mind a far, far better person than your ordinary law abiding citizen.

White Magician: (there is no explanation regarding who this is): What then of the criminal? Is he your 'higher type'?

Satanist: If he knows what he is doing and understands himself then he is on the way to becoming one; but only on the way...

III

Non-Initiate: What is your basic morality? How do you see christianity?

Initiate: We believe that every man has in himself both good and evil and that to know oneself one has to know evil as well as good. Destroy as well as create. As you advance along the Tree of Life, you will begin to see what this really means, begin to understand its true significance.

Christians have no power over us for god does not exist. For example if a christian idiot takes it into his head to throw holy water at us, or a crucifix, we do not cower or get burned as they believe. That is merely a tale invented for the benefit of the stupid christian mass! If a christian was standing before me now and was so shaken by what I said that he decided to lay a crucifix upon me, all that would happen would be fits of laughter at his idiotic behavior! I would die laughing rather than from his pathetic efforts!

As you will learn, our morality is the opposite of the christian, as is our basic theology. The morality of today is nearer ours than that of christianity, but there is still a long way to go, a very long way, before our morality is accepted by a large minority, let alone a majority. On

the surface, at least, it seems that christianity is losing ground year after year after year, but in reality the majority of people still believe, inwardly if not outwardly, in vile concepts like pity, compassion.

If you pass our tests, we will give you power such as you never thought possible. Power to use, as you will, to bring you material success if that be your aim; power to live as life should be lived. If you join us it will be your duty to spread the word of our law, to keep the vow of silence when necessary and to further our work of evil as much as possible. Only if you turn against us need you feel our wrath.

Non-Initiate: What are rituals?

Initiate: The Rituals you will come to know as required. They are based mainly on the principles of Hermetic Magick. In Initiation you will choose a magickal name and will henceforth be known by that name among us. Unlike some groups, we do not hold a brief for those who dress up in fancy, elaborate robes, call themselves pompous names and give themselves all manner of grand titles to flatter their vanity.. The Master is simply known as The Master. Our power lies in ourselves and we have no need of theatrical trappings of so many other groups who try to make up in showmanship what they lack in reality.

Non-Initiate: What of Initiation? Is it right that I have to pass a test, which will prove my trust in the Order?

Initiate: Yes. The test, the first of many, will involve a certain danger and be symbolic of your rejection of christianity and acceptance of Satanism... The reason there is danger is that you must learn to revel in it: for we enjoy danger just as much as the decadent christian enjoys peace. For without danger, without risk, man stagnates. When there is no danger then man becomes soft, weak and decadent.

For example, in every Magickal experiment lies danger; and he who scorns that danger, who tread the path that leads to power supreme, is a greater, better person than he who is afraid to court danger. The

latter would rather live his miserable, pathetic, disgusting peaceful existence than take a risk.

Non-Initiate: Thus the disgust of christianity?

Initiate: Exactly! Christianity is the religion, the morality of the weak. It exhorts the weak to destroy all that is strong; it exhorts them to love, to peace! What more vile and disgusting thing can there be than christianity? We do not want peace – we want war! We do not want love but hate. We do not want an easy life but a dangerous one! For only those that can hate with a passion to match the fiery pits of Hell can know true love! Only those who know and love war can feel peace!

IV

Satanist: What do you know of our beliefs?

Witch: Not much. I know that the aim is to master both the forces of good and the forces of evil. To not become a slave to either. And of the relative concepts of good and evil.

Satanist: And christianity?

Witch: Well, I regard myself as a Pagan not as a christian. It seems that the idea of 'sin' is restricting, not to mention the weird notion of heaven and hell!

Satanist: To us, and people like us, it is the morality of the christian which we fight more than its theology; although our attack is against everything christian. You as a woman naturally have more sympathy for the decadent morality of christianity than me, for it is a fact that women, because of their psychology are nearer to christianity than men. It is also a fact that most of the early converts to christ-worship were women and the slave classes. Wives it was that mostly introduced the poison of christianity into Roman homes.

But such things as pity of the weak have to be mastered, controlled by the will. For not only are they vile but they are dangerous; the seeds of weakness. Christianity is the religion of the weak, the down

trodden, the scum of the Earth, the slaves, whereas our religion is the religion of the strong, the triumphant, the proud, the masters. Christians and their sickly deformed ilk make me want to vomit! They forever talk of love and understanding! We who know how to hate can love, as love should be. Not from weakness but from strength. Like the warriors of old, like our pagan forefathers we hate our enemies with a hate that knows no bounds, and we love our friends and kin with a love beyond measure. And if our enemies are proud and strong, if they rejoice in being as they are, then we can respect them for being proud. But we do not pity them or love them as christ-worshippers do. Respect comes only from mutual strength, not weakness.

Witch: I have thought for some time that something was missing, that I was not developing myself as a complete person. In the 'Book of Shadows' it says things like one must harm none, and I have always felt that it was a bit absurd, a bit hypocritical.

S: You have reached the first stage of understanding, the stage that leads in time, to Wisdom.

Our ultimate aim is to master both good and evil. To reconcile the opposites and thus rise above them. To do this it is necessary to work works of wickedness, to do evil for evils sake, and what is more, to enjoy so doing. And this is where our morality comes in. If we are stronger than our opponents we will succeed in our acts; if weaker, we will fail. Strength is all, and in Magick that means will power and courage. Our aim in teaching Initiates, true Initiates, is to ensure that they are better than all other people who do Magick. We are an elite, and elite beyond time.

V

Occultist: Would you call Satanism a religion in the conventional sense of the term?

Master: Not in the sense that we worship Satan – but it is in the sense that we live our beliefs, that is, by our acts we give homage to Satan. For example, by me talking to you I am 'preaching' my beliefs and I have no need – would never pray to Satan. For Satan despises

such things, things which come from inner weakness. To pray is to be a slave – we are not slaves but followers.

Occultist: But surely you recognize the power of Satan – which must forever be greater than the individuals?

Master: Yes, indeed, but we recognize that power by making ourselves one with it, not fearing it. For the true Satanist sees Satan as a friend, as kin. We are the kith of Satan. This is one essential difference between Satanism and all other religions.

Occultist: As a magician I am aware of the essential forces behind Magick; but what of Satan? A real being?

Master: Yes and no. No, in the sense that Satan is a long-standing archetype of the collective unconscious, and consequently a very powerful one; and yes in the sense that an archetype is a real being – but it is a being on a different level of reality than that of which we are normally aware: not a being of flesh and blood but a being who is symbolic of the essence of forces.

Occultist: But why think in terms of a real being if it is not totally such?

Master: Because most minds need to think in terms of symbolism – only a few, like e.g. mathematicians, are able to rise above the need of concrete symbolism and think in totally abstract terms, and even they have eventually to resort to symbolism to describe anything, to communicate.

Symbolism refers to something known, whereas abstraction deals in concepts unrelated to normal sense consciousness. You as an Occultist, will understand the analogy in terms of the Tree of Life: up to the Abyss the Adept thinks of things in terms of their opposites: Yin and Yang, Ice and Fire, Being and Non-Being and so on. But when the Abyss is passed, 8 ('degree symbol exponent above and behind the eight) = 3 ('square box symbol exponent above and behind the three) is reached then is such done away with, or rather transcended. The City of Pyramids is the resting place where this is done in totality – on all levels, including the emotional. An 8 (exponent is degree

symbol) = 3 (exponent is square symbol) is one who can perceive and understand the abstractions without referring to the common reference frame of conflicting opposites. This is the essence of 'passing the Abyss'.

Occultist: I have seen references to the secret tradition of Satanism which included the symbolism of the Sun and the symbolism of the Lightning. What is the meaning of these?

Master: Well, normally such things become apparent to the Adept when he reaches 5 (circle exponent) = 6 (square exponent), the sphere of the Sun, although to fully understand them it is necessary to reach 7 (circle exponent) = 4 ((square exponent), just before the Abyss, although, because the degrees should be flexible to a certain extent if correctly used, such comprehension can occur at an earlier stage – 7 (circle exponent) = 4 (square exponent) is when it must be finally done if the Abyss is to be attempted.

Basically the Sun represents those things which we call 'above time' and the Lightning those 'in time'. The Sun and the Lightning co-joined is 'against time', the one who is beyond yet still part of the two apparent opposites.

To be 'above time' is to be the artist, the dreamer of visions; to be 'in time' is to be as one of the world, one who thinks not beyond tomorrow (the greater meaning of these are revealed to none but a few). The Satanist who is 8 (circle exponent) = 3 (square exponent) and beyond is the one who is 'against time' in its total sense – while those of the second triangle of the Tree of Life are such in part only. To be 'against time' is to act in the opposite direction to all others.

Obviously all the esoteric knowledge cannot be revealed to a non-Initiate, but let it be said that Lucifer stole the light of the Sun to bring to man.

Occultist: Why is secrecy needed? Surely today it is no longer required? I do not mean the secrecy surrounding groups, covens, people and so on – that, since you are Satanists is understandable, but why the secrecy of knowledge?

Master: Mainly for three reasons. Firstly, because the knowledge kept from profane eyes is of such a type that it can only be understood by those who have the necessary ability to understand its true significance – and such ability comes only with training. Like the mathematician who understands not Vector Analysis it is useless to give him a book on Tensors.

Secondly, some of the knowledge, if used correctly, can alter the course of history – and this must only be done by those who have passed all the trials and tests that await at the door of the Temple of the Inner Order. In other words, by those that have proved themselves worthy, proved themselves of a higher type. Otherwise the Great Work, which was started centuries ago, will never be completed.

Thirdly, certain things are kept from an aspiring Initiate because if he is working correctly, if he is truly advancing in Magick, then he will discover them for himself, and having discovered them and found that they are right, will be well on the way toward attaining the height of Magickal power. Pretence is easy – but pretence in Magick is fatal.

For example, a student of Magick is given, by his teacher and Master, brief details of a conjuration – he is not told the exact nature of the demon, or any of its attributes. If he is successful in the conjuration then these he will know and knowing understand. For it is far better to learn something by experience than by just reading about it in a book – and this applies more so to Magick. Today, with the secrets of Magick easily available this is more difficult to do (unless the student disciplines himself), and consequently sham success is easy. But we, as Satanists, (particularly the ones of the Inner Order who wish to continue to have Adepts advanced enough to carry on the real esoteric tradition), we do not wish our genuine students, our genuine Initiates, to be shells which hide the emptiness within; we wish them to be a brightly cut diamond who can stand up to anything – we wish them to become members of the true elite.

Occultist: Yes, but why appear to the world as you do?

Master: Understand that you and you have achieved wisdom.

THE POWER BEYOND TIME

The esoteric teachings of Satanism (and here I mean the true Black Art that has been in existence since time itself: not the lower forms of it that the like of Dennis Wheatley write about) contain details of the Power which is behind all things, a Power which most people refuse to accept, even though, at times, it has changed the whole face of this planet. It is the Power beyond the symbolic form of Satan. And when that Power is reached (by Keys known only to a few) and brought down to Earth, it changes the course of history if properly directed. Several times powerful practitioners of the Black Art brought this Power to Earth (the last time fairly recently), and several time has this Power destroyed those who used the Keys of the Gate wrongly. For this Power is the Power of the Old Ones, the Ones who are beyond time itself, the Ones who are formless to those eyes which see only the finite world of time, the Ones of Evil beyond measure to those whose mind see not beyond relativities. The one of whom H.P. Lovecraft has described only vaguely; the Ones of Cthulhu.

They exist in the angles where the dimensions of space-time meet, in the space between worlds, the space between causal time. They have no form yet are symbolic; no names to those that understand. FOR THEY ARE POWERS OF ULTIMATE DARKNESS IN ALL ITS PRISTINE SIMPLICITY. To understand the Power it is necessary to transcend the personality (in Magickal terms to Pass the Abyss) and time itself; to those that remain below the Abyss they are as *Cthulhu.

It is generally not recognized that Lovecraft was a Magickian and that he somehow stumbled upon the Power Beyond Time; but he was a Magickian who had not passed the Abyss and thus did not see things from a relative plane. Yet his Cthulhu Mythos is the best description of these Powers to be found outside the esoteric teachings. For it is known the Lovecraft has access to part of that esoteric tradition, and that he used the knowledge therein.

THE COMING AGE OF SATAN

As the world plunges again into chaos and disorder, as the world again stands at the cross roads of time, we Satanists proclaim the advent of the Age of Satan; we proclaim the beginning of the end of the christian morality and ethics. The end of weakness and decay and the beginning of all strength and growth and splendor. When the flames of fire finally die down over the rubble of christian civilization, a new Beast will stalk the world, laughing with the joy of destruction, with the lust of blood...christian blood! And that new Beast, who yet is old, is called Satan. And His followers will be many and great, and build Temples wherein to worship their teacher and prophet. They will arise and become as the Masters over all; they will be the builders of the new....

The world will groan as the rivers of blood flow free across the parched deserts of man, and as the sun is hidden behind the all-

enveloping snare of destruction and darkness. From the darkness will come those of greatness, those of steel that have stood as rocks in the onrush of time. Those who will build with the blood of the living and the bones of the dead. And all will be theirs and their children's'. They will build as diamond upon the charred fragments of man. And wherever they go will the Unbeliever tremble as he sees the Mark of the Beast which is upon them, and in his mind will the three words of fate, the three words of Destiny resound loud and clear heralding the dawn of a new Imperium – GOD IS DEAD.

II

Satanism is at last breaking the chains of christian propaganda, is at last emerging from the shadows of obscurity, of christian lies, in which it has languished for far too long. At last are the ones of Satan moving freely among the lands of the Earth; at last are they sending forth the power of the dark Abyss to overwhelm the world of men...

The hour of Satan has come – soon will come the Age of Satan, the Imperium of Sin. For the word of Sin is restriction and will soon be no more.

When the spirit of Satan is among men then will the creative energy, the genius that is latent in all, burst forth and overwhelm the restriction of christianity. Then will man step upward on the ladder of evolution, no more a mere thing of the moment, but of a man of vision, of energy untold, of a species that is called by some 'Homo Sol' – a species that conquers: a species whose home is among the legions of worlds that wait among the endless stars of eternity.

APPENDIX III

The Black Books

When the Satanist movement was forced underground by the persecutions of christianity, the Rituals and teachings were passed

from one generation to another not only by oral tradition but also by means of written manuscripts – sometimes these were in ordinary English and sometimes in a secret script known only to a few. When an Initiate became a Master and leader of a group, he was allowed to copy these secret instructions and use them as the basis of his group. Thus were the tenets of Satanism spread.

Originally, these manuscripts contained but scant details of Rituals and teachings, the majority still being taught by oral means, but gradually the manuscripts, which were now the closely guarded 'Black Books' of the groups, incorporated the oral tradition in part – the real esoteric teachings still being handed down from person to person.

Around the turn of the 18th century, the Satanist movement split into three groups – the first consisted of those who, while possessing the written books, lacked the esoteric tradition of what was (and still is) called the Black Art: The Power Beyond Time, the secrets of Alchemy and the inner meanings of Magickal power. The second group was those who had access to the tradition in part but which, because of the lack of keys of the tradition, were unable to understand what they had in its true perspective. The third, and the smallest group, were those genuine Initiates who had the complete esoteric tradition, and the corresponding Magickal power and abilities.

The first group were usually those which the public or the writers about Black Magick came across – those who practiced the philosophy of Satanism yet lacked a total understanding of its implications. Sometimes such groups were led by a powerful Master who was an Initiate of the Inner Orders – a fact which has escaped the attention of all writers on Black Magick and Satanism, for he is depicted by them as some form of 'inhuman monster' rather than the genius that he was; the one who used the people of his groups for higher Satanic goals.

From the second group came an 'aberration' – the ones who now call themselves 'Orthodox Satanists'; the ones who deny that Satanism is 'evil', and the ones who believe that Satan is the true son of 'God'. They, not having access to esoteric tradition in full, teach what they claim is true Satanism. (One manifestation of this group is the sect

now calling itself 'The Orthodox Temple of the Prince'; they have been known in past, among other names, 'The New Order of Satanic Templars') These are but, in essence, 'gray witches', their "Black Books" now containing the spirit of christian morality and ethics, although a small part of the esoteric tradition is there if they would be see it, blinded as they are by a stupid morality and theology.

The Black Books of the first group (when they can be proved to be genuine – a lot of the Black Books of these groups are nothing more than inventions of the leader(s) of that group, something like the pages of a Wheatley, only worse prose wise) are little more than a collection of basic instructions for Rituals, Initiations, etc. With these it is often exceedingly difficult to trace their origin owing to the stylistic and other changes that have been introduced by the various owners.

From all points of view the Black Books (or Grimoires) of the third group are most important – they contain (in either cipher or cryptic messages) the genuine esoteric tradition in all its manifold details. They are beyond money, and beyond the eyes of all but those initiates who have proved themselves worthy to read them – they are beyond time itself.

A warning with regard to the Ritual which follows:

To perform the following Ritual properly requires careful preparations: for nothing must be left to chance. If a person who is taking his first initiation is to be used in the sequence involving the use of the whip (this can only be symbolic – but the Ritual proper demands its use in full), then he must be prepared in the correct manner: by seeing the Ritual as part of his test of Initiation; for on his correct actions depend the success of the Ritual.

If the person so chosen is not an Initiate then he must be so chosen that there is no possible comeback on the people involved. One method of doing this is for the Master to put said person under hypnosis, and thus implant various suggestions in his mind. The person must be treated with the utmost contempt – do not think of him as a human being but as something that is nearly animal and

thus to be used as one wilt. But always bear the consequences of actions in mind when considering particular courses of action.

(To those that think that what is here written is an abomination there is only one thing to be said: a warning as to the nature of this work was given at the start, and no excuses for what is written need to be made or will be made. Evil is its own justification.)

The Satanic Mass exists, in the 'Black Books' in several forms; the one given here is the one that has the most cohesion and inner unity and therefore the most powerful effect if done correctly.

The Rite Of Mystical Union

(Note: This is an original Ritual which is used in the author's Temple. Its basic object is to present knowledge in dramatic form, and is given as an example of this type of Ritual.)

Participants: Mars – clad in scarlet robe holding a sword

Venus – clad in white robe

Priest – clad in black, crowned wearing swastika medallion around his neck

Upon the altar are three black candles and two white ones, the black to the left and the white to the right. Between them is the skull. Incense burned to be that of the Sun.

Mar and Venus stand before the altar facing the Priest, Mars on the left and Venus to the right.

Priest: Now you have come into my Temple
To learn the manifold mysteries
Of life
To learn the secrets of the Sun,
Which Lucifer brought to Man.
For in all that I am
Is everything known.

Mars approaches Venus, pointing the sword at her breast.

Mars: Canst thou doubt that the powers
 Of the God of War
 Bring liberation and joy?
 Who can stand before my rage?
 Who can temper by wrath
 Which bursts upon
 The graves of decay?
 All who oppose my will
 Become as Death who walks
 Lonely upon the sands of time.

(Music is heard, which writes as a snake through the air. The music of Venus)

Venus: I am desired by all
 Whether they know it or not.
 None are so mighty
 That they can resist my charms!
 I am Enchantment,
 I am the Goddess of Delight;
 I am the passion which waits unseen
 In all who pass me by!

(She removes her robe and stands naked before Mars. Mars lowers his sword.)

I am the Beauty
Thou Beast!

Mars: I weaken! What is this!
 This power of Delight
 Which waits unseen;
 This power which moves my soul
 To ecstasy supreme!

Venus: Why resist me?
 Come, and I will show you

New worlds of delight,
New worlds of time,
New pleasures which can be thine...

(She approaches Mars, caresses his body. The sword falls from his grip.)

The priest, unseen by both, moves forward and takes of the sword, places it on the altar)

Mars: No! I will resist thee! (Throws Venus to the
ground.)
 Learn what it means
 To feel the weight
 Of cold hard steel within thee!

(Mars looks round for his sword; he sees it upon the altar. As he moves toward it the Priest blocks his way.)

Priest: Learn to live in order
 To choose the right
 Time to die!
 The Sun dies each day
 And yet begins again;
 And so must thee
 If thou wilt reign!

(Mars begins to understand. He moves toward Venus and helps her to her feet. She thanks him with kisses.)

Mars: From the three
 And the two
 Come the five
 Which is the beginning of all!
 So has it been,
 And so it shall be again!

Priest: As it is written, so shall it be.

(Mars removes his robe and consummates his love with Venus. When this is complete, they change into black robes and stand before the Priest at the altar.)

Priest: From the darkness comes light
 And from the Kingdom
 Comes the crown.
 Thus is strength and beauty born.
 And thus are the mysteries known.

They depart from the Temple.

THE SATANIC MASS

This is one of the best and most powerful Satanic Rituals.

Male and female participants must be present in equal numbers. Black robes, under which all participants are naked are to be worn by all. Music (taped discordant organ music is best) should be used.

On the altar is a naked woman; above her the sigil of Satan and beside her two black candles. The chalice is between her thighs and the black hilted knife rests between her breasts. Strong wine to be used.

The Master stands before the altar, the participants in a semi-circle behind him. Incense of Mars has been burning for some time, so that the atmosphere is very heavy with it.

Master: (turning to face all): We are gathered here to celebrate the Great Rite of the Satanic Mass. To dedicate ourselves to the evil work of our Lord Satan!

All: Empires clash and Nations falter,
Tympani but to thy dance.
Victims burnt upon Earth's alter
Immolation thy advance.
Red in rising, red in falling
Spirit of the Age to come;
We wait upon thy advent calling
'Hail to thee O Nameless One.'

This is repeated thrice.

Master then recites Hymn to Pan, and continues with (taking the chalice and holding it up to the Sigil):

To thee, Satan, I dedicate this wine.
Let all who partake be only of thine
And let them work thy work of works
And so bring evil, chaos and mirth!

Master sips wine and, starting at the left, hands the chalice to participants. When all have drunk from the chalice he replaces it upon the altar, pouring the little that is left of the wine over the womb of her upon the altar. He then takes up the Black Book, placing it on

the womb of the woman, and begins to read from it. As he does so, the others begin to dance counter clockwise around the altar, chanting as they go, 'ZAZAS, ZAZAS, NAZATANADA ZAZAS'.

They should dance to exhaustion, then fall to the ground and begin an orgy of ecstasy.

Master:

Let my servants be few and secret:
They shall rule the many and the known.
Come forth, O children under the stars
And take your fill of love!
I am above you and in you.
My ecstasy is in yours.
My joy is to see your joy!

Obey my prophet! Follow out the ordeals of
my knowledge!
Seek me only!
Then will the joys of my love redeem
Ye from all pain.
I give unimaginable joys on Earth:
Certainly, not faith,
While in life, upon death:

My number is 11,
As all their numbers who are of us.
The Five Pointed Star,
With a circle in the middle,
And the circle is red.
My color is black to the blind,
But the blue and gold are seen of the seeing.
Also I have a secret glory
For them that love me.
To love me is better than all things.

Ye shall gather goods
And store of woman and spices;
Ye shall wear rich jewels;
Ye shall exceed the nations
In splendor and pride!

But always in the love of me,
And so shall ye come to my joy.

I am all pleasure and purple,
And drunkenness of the innermost sense,
Desire you!

Put on the wings,
And arouse the coiled splendor within you:
Come unto me!
Come unto me!

At all my meetings with you
Shall the Priestess say –
And her eyes shall burn
With desire as she lays bare
And rejoicing in my secret Temple.

Woman upon the altar stirs and speaks:

To me! To me! To me!
I call forth that flame
That is in all!
To me! To me!
Bring me joy, bring me ecstasy,
Bring me the serpent of desire
That I wish!

Master complies with her wishes.

Master:

Beauty and strength,
Leaping laughter and delicious languor,
For and fire
Are of us.
We have nothing with the outcast
And the unfit
Let them die in their misery.
For they feel not.

Compassion is the vice of Kings:
Stamp down the wretched and the weak!
This is the law of the strong:
This is our law and the joy of the world!

Note: At this point an outsider (non-Initiate) can be brought in who is tied and bound. He should, if possible, be deformed or have some obvious sign of decadence. He is thrown at the feet of the Master who whips him. Alternatively, the person being whipped can be one who is taking his Initiation.

Master:

I am the snake that giveth
Knowledge and Delight and bright glory,
And stir the hearts of men
With drunkenness.
To worship me take wine
And strange drugs
Whereof I will tell my prophet,
And be drunk thereof!
They shall not harm thee at all!

(Speaks directly to the one who was whipped)

Be strong, O man!
Lust, enjoy all things of sense
And rapture.
And fear not for there is
No God where I am!

If the one so spoken to was an Initiate, he now joins the orgy in the Temple. If not, he is led away.)

Aye! Feast! Rejoice!
There is no dread hereafter.
There is the dissolution,
And eternal ecstasy in the kisses of
The Scarlet Woman.

Pity not the fallen!

I never knew them.
I am not for them.
I console not;
I hate the consoled
And the consoler
I am unique and conqueror!
I am not of the slaves that perish.
Be they damned and dead!

Master now faces the woman upon the altar again.

There is a veil:
That veil is black.
It is the veil of the modest woman;
It is the veil of sorrow,
And the pall of death:
This is none of me.
Tear down that lying specter
Of the centuries:
Veil not your vices
In virtuous words:
These vices are my service!
Ye do well and I will
Reward you here and hereafter!

Thrill with the joy of life
And the joy of death
Thy death shall be lovely;
Whoso seeth it shall be glad.
They death shall be the seal
Of the promise of our agelong love.
Come! Lift up thine heart and rejoice!
Exceed! Exceed!
Strive ever to more!
And if thou art truly mine
Death is the crown of all.

Ah! Death! Death!
Thou shalt long for death.

Death is forbidden, O Woman of Lust, unto
thee!

The length of thy longing
Shall be the strength of its glory!

Master throws off his robe and has intercourse with the woman upon the altar. If a particular Magickal intention is planned then, as for Luna Rites, force is sent forth. Orgy continues till exhaustion of all.

The Ritual of Chaos can be included into the Mass. To include the Ritual of Sacrifice into the Mass (the sacrificed taking place just before the union of the altar) is to perform the quintessence of Satanic Ritual, the force being difficult to handle by all but the experienced Satanists.

IV **The Ritual Of Necromancy**

(Note: This Ritual is for those who dare – those who can discard morality. No guarantee of success can be given.)

The Ritual must take place on a Saturday at midnight (not 12pm but exactly halfway between sunset and sunrise), in the churchyard where the body is buried. For best results the person should be either freshly dead or have died with the last six months; with those longer dead, more effort is needed.

The body should be placed upon a Sigil of Satan, which has been cut into the Earth, the head of the corpse to the East.

Participants: Master
Scarlet Woman
Medium (one who is receptive to psychic forces)

The medium should prepare for the Ritual by becoming, for days, as one of the living dead. One method of doing this is to place the person who is to be the medium in a coffin (with barely sufficient air holes) for some time, surrounded by things of the dead (skulls, bones etc.).

Black candles are placed on either side of the body. Strong incense should be burned (e.g. sulfur). The Ritual knife is placed over the heart of the corpse.

Master stands facing the head (on the left), the Woman to the right and the medium behind them.

Master recites the Hymn to Great Dawn, and Hymn to Pan, followed by the 11th Enochian Key: -

“Oxiayala holado, od zodirome O coraxo das zodilare rassyo. Od vabezodire od bahala: NIISO! Salamanu telocahe! Casaremanu hoel-qos, od ti ta zod cahisa soba coremefa I ga. NIISA! Begile aberameji nonucape. Zodacare eca od Zodameranu! Odo cixale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada, hoathahe Saitan!”

Master: The call is sent,
 The call beyond time
 Which I will make only mine.
 The call to the Dead
 To live again,

 The call to Satan
 To send us
 The one who by this blood
 We will bring
 Back unto life
 To share with us
 The things of the night!

 The call to the depths of Hell,
 The call to the Demons
 Who no man can tell
 And live.
 The call that this

Rotting corpse will hear
Bringing life
So near, so near!

For from the element
Of Earth,
Will come the great
Spirit of rebirth!
The Spirit to bind,
The Spirit t to hold,
The Spirit which comes
To only the bold.

The spirit which I give
To thee
So that again
Thou canst but see
The blood of life
Which now runs free
Upon the Earth
Of immortality!

Master here either sacrifices an animal, the blood flowing over the corpse, or slashes the arm of the Scarlet Woman.

Master takes the Scarlet Woman and makes love to her upon the corpse, intoning an extempore invocation and, by will, bringing the force.

The medium should now (provided the invocations are successful) become possessed: and speak as the one long dead. Question and he (or she) will answer.

The Reality Of Magick

Although it has been mentioned before, this bears repeating: magick, properly used, develops the potential of an individual in a realistic, practical way – that is, it produces, from the experiences undergone, a genuine insight and thus an understanding of self, others and the “world”.

This is in complete contrast to what happens outside of genuine esoteric traditions where there is adherence by the individual to abstract doctrines, ideas and beliefs – that is, there is little or no understanding based on experience, on the reality apprehended through trials, hardship, explorations, and discovery. Magick returns the individual to their inner core – destroying illusion, affectation and abstraction of the arid intellectual type.

Of course, one should really say – real magick, properly used, does this. There is an awful lot of pretentious “magic” and “magick” about. What differentiates real magick is first the practical nature of its methods (which are both “internal” – i.e. psychic – and “external” – i.e. involving practical work and experiences in the “real world”, not just “in the head”) and second its structure or system: a working toward a definite goal. This goal is Adeptship (part of which may be said to be the Jungian “individualization”) and what lies beyond even this: wisdom. The striving for this goal (and the striving is necessary: it is not a “gift” from someone) changes the individual in significant ways – the is a re-orientation of consciousness, insights and achievement.

The way of magick (as explicated by the seven-fold way) enables each individual Initiate to develop their won unique understanding or “view of life” or “world-view” – that is, it creates character, it uplifts the individual, separating them from the anonymous majority who mostly merely exist rather than live and who never evolve and understand. Today, individuals are “mass produced” – and conform to the accepted ideas and norms, even in the “rebellion” that occurs, where the “herd” or some fashionable “trend” or “idea” is followed with any understanding.

Everything is categorized, made into moral opposites – and there is developing in society an almost religious zeal about certain attitudes, a zeal which restricts individual freedom and expression and which destroys genuine individuality. All this, however, goes mostly unnoticed, so low is the level of general insight – a situation brought about, in part, by the comfortable lives most people in the West today live; insulated as they are by technology, by material possessions, by the complexity of modern life and by ideal from life in its realness, rawness and danger.

That is is necessary to give an example to illustrate the categorization and zeal, which is increasingly occurring, is a sad reflection on the general level of understanding. The example to consider is the disease of “ism-itus”: the creation of an abstract idea, described by a word ending in “ism”. Examples of the “ism” are then sought - in society, individuals and so on, and then that society and those individuals must be “re-educated” is the “ism” is found since the “ism” is regarded as morally reprehensible, the abstract idea being formulated in an abstract moral way. The procedure is not new - it is essentially a religious fundamentalism, extrapolated into politics and social concerns, and may be said to derive from Nazarene belief and ideas.

The “ism” itself becomes a “totem-word” – almost a “magical incantation” - and is surrounded by an aura of guilt. To be associated with an “ism” – even worse to be an “ism” or be called the “ism” – is reprehensible, almost a “sin”, and in certain countries definitely a crime, punishable by due process of law (and usually, if convicted, by imprisonment). What this amounts to – when taken with the other abstractions foisted upon individuals (the “ism”, remember is only one example of the other) – is the production of essentially characterless people who seldom if ever have any real experience of life, who conform to a certain set of attitudes, and who are psychically unhealthy in that they are infected with notions of “sin” and moral absolutes. There is little real understanding - only acceptance of the abstract forms which have been and are being projected onto and into “history”, “society” and individuals and which give the comforting illusion of “understanding” and knowledge (and also, in most cases, a smug moral feeling of superiority such as one sees in certain religious types).

Magick, however, is a means to destroy all this – and thus it really is subversive and dangerous since it can free the individual, returning them to that inner Being where insight is born and from which understanding, and ultimately wisdom, can be cultivated.

The is the reality of magick – it produces the only “freedom” that is real and which has meaning: that inner one, which allows further steps to be taken, which allows evolution to be continued. For Magickal Initiation is a personal liberation –when an individual takes responsibility for his or her own evolution.

Further, this way of freedom, this means of liberation, should not be used only by a few - it should be used by everyone, creating a whole new society (or societies) of Adepts: a whole new era or Aeon in which all have attained to self-insight.

Idealistic?

Of course – but still possible, even if unlikely for at least the next few centuries. But herein lies that almost sacred duty of each Initiate – to keep this possibility alive by maintaining the reality and effectiveness of genuine magick.

(ONA 1990 ev)

The River

(From 'Fenrir' Volume V, Issue Two)

The figure stood with pride along the mouth of the river, a solitary witness to the precious gift which nature had bestowed upon his soul. Of what consequence this may have upon not only his being, but of all who had crossed before him, there was no telling. Upon his arrival, the river had erupted forth, billowing forward that of liquid fire, brilliance born of life; a life filled with the power to shape mountains and the lives of men, yet tranquil enough in its motion to induce sleep upon the same. This embodiment of Mother had been born from the tears of Gods, to be presenced by only those of rightful choosing.

From the wind there came voices, of which each uttered gentle whispers of welcome in their passing, as well as details of nature's efforts toward the coming winter and the darkness that would follow. Within this, wind and water coupled to form the backdrop of what is now one man's sanctuary, to be used in times of need when the moon eclipses even the brightest of hopes, and the faintest of memory.

To this the lone magickian was given strength through action, from which did he erect a Temple, undying in its grandeur and scalable only through the limitlessness of imagination, its uses for that of workings know only unto him. Of wood gathered throughout the darkest of forests and stones shaped through timeless assaults, did the magickian construct an altar, its purpose rendered through the permits of his only Will, the attainment of true being, through the perfection of body, mind and soul.

Creatures of the forest, long since accustomed to the ways of this man, proved their trust through protection and neutrality when needed, for without this friendship failure was assured. Three months since the arrival of the magickian had it been, and throughout this time lessons were taught, not only to the mage and his counterparts who crawled on four and swam the depths, but unto the entire world which polluted his home from all points, near and far.

This was only the beginning, an infant in the manhood of the evolutionary puzzle, and as he stood facing the trident of the river, thoughts toward the future swarmed throughout his mind.

Was not he truly evolved, empowered with previous action and well spent time toward the tests of self, that he could justify his rightful place among the stars and call forth the names of all who tread before him? If not now, if not him, then who? When? Who before him hath shown truer purpose, stronger limbs, or sharpness of mind? "Have I not suffered unto you, Mother, for the period of time which I, through the breath that feeds my blood, which in turn gives life unto my heart, had agreed upon from the first eve of my journey?"

The magickian spoke to the river as he stood, motionless but with great urgency, facing the wall of tears. Great suffering had befallen him in previous times, but through the trials set forth by nature, and more importantly himself, he had improved and honed many skills, skills which would be needed for this and future generations to sow the seeds for rebirth and ascension to the stars and beyond. Answers were expected from this plea, but the river did not speak.

Disheartened by the river's ignorance toward his many accomplishments, the mage slowly turned, making steps weighted with anger toward his Temple. There he would rest throughout the night;

concentration given to that of questions aimed at loyalty and his wanted gift of placement amongst the Gods. The river flowed throughout, but with the motion and reaction that of silt and clay, forever slowing with every link broken by this man's ego.

Sleep invaded the dawn, the mage undertaking a breathless nightmare of visions hammered down by what seemed to be the wrath of the Twin Rivers.

Awakened by the shrill laughter of a child, the figure again took placement along the river, again questioning its judgment and purpose as authority. Again, no answers were handed to the perplexed and now angered Adept. Throughout the day, needed tasks went unnoticed; self-pity and the villain of righteousness took hold with a firm grasp.

Weeks passed by, with no answer to the questions posed by the now disheveled mage given, the river lay silent. With a hatred did the magickian take to dismantling the Temple, with great thrusts of livid persecution did the foundation fall, and to it went the spirit of Will.

With all but the altar remaining did the mage cease his attack, to once again lay upon the earth, allowing to soil to cradle his beaten body as in times past. With his last vision of conscious awareness did the man spit upon the river, renouncing that which before he had held sacred. Thoughts echoed throughout his mind, with the lasting image of his true wish this night, for the river to open once again and flow like the liquid beauty he had loved and caressed with every motion of every deed. "It is then," he spoke unto himself, "that I will receive the answers I so justly deserve!" Then the darkness of sleep took hold. Forever.

Throughout the night, the great river churned under the hardened mass created from inactivity, with every flow harbored a hateful decree bellowed from the mage. Slowly, the river edged upon its' side, closer to its prey, until the compacted soil could hold the power from within to more. The river erupted, flowing as blood only all that lay within its' wake, consuming the life it had given so generously in time past, gripping and suffocating innocence as well as the guilty. All that had lived there were now dead, to be used again toward the new life the river would surely bestow, to make the land again fertile.

The river allowed the mark of a lone altar to stand in place amongst its new children, to be a remembrance of her generosity and power, to not be mistaken for rightful dues by any man.

The Self-immolation Rite

A Review

Composed and Performed by Christos Beest (who is the outer representative of the Order) and Wulfrun Hall, the "Self-immolation Rite" captures the very essence of the Sinister Tradition as an alchemical journey to self-excellence and Aeonic Destiny. The "Self-immolation Rite" is a guided journey through the Dark Spheres of the Septenary Tree of Wyrð, as also depicted in 'Naos'. This journey involves harshness, death, destruction, loss, sorrow, and pain. Yet it equally involves love, wisdom, self-growth, insight, gain, joy, and power. It is an all-encompassing reality to the experiences involved in self-development.

The music is beautiful and also powerful and majestic at times. It augments the mood of the journey perfectly and very well captures the emotions associated with the experiences of each Sphere. The Rite climaxes in the Sphere of Chaos, in which the Dark Gods return to the earth, a Nexion is fully opened, and Aeonic Destiny is fulfilled. The "Self-immolation Rite" is a very powerful and awe-inspiring piece, that is highly recommended for any individual interested in the Sinister Tradition. Its Satanism at its best.

Satanasphere Recordings has re-released the "Self-immolation Rite" on CD. It runs approximately 47 Minutes in length, and includes the beautiful Sinister artwork of Christos Beest. The Booklet contains 'The Message of the One of Thoth'[1974eh] - which was written by an Initiate after undertaking one of the sphereworkings.

For more information on ordering a copy of the "Self-immolation Rite" and the Order of Nine Angles see the following.

The Self Immolation Rite - <http://www.band.org/ona/>

The Order of Nine Angles - <http://www.satanism.net/iss/ona/>

The Diabolus Chant

Dies Irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla
Teste Satan cum sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando Vindex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus
Aperiatu r stella et germinet
Atazoth.

THE SELF-IMMOLATION RITE.

“...disembodied art thou... sunk into the black pit, the dark night of the soul. All roads that lead here are scattered with corpses and broken souls and gibbering idiots. Be not a gibbering ape! For all who traverse these dark spheres and explore their shadow selves will emerge as Gods! I say this with my mouth, which trembles in memory of a time when demons walked the earth, the various examples of their cookery billowing in the wind. But now, heads roll past my feet, encased, in pastry! THE GATE HAS OPENED! Enter dark angels, enter... Prepare Ye for the Self Immolation Rite!”

~the sphere of luna~

“...before you, is a silver crescent moon, touch it. You are now entering the dark sphere, of luna. This, is earthy, fertile land, a moist cavernous terrain. A young maiden approacheth wearing a crescent moon headdress and a blue robe. She, is, beautiful! She offers her hand in friendship. Touch her hand. Ah!. Smooth porcelain, the dew of the moon on her cheeks. But this is a lovely place, instantly she transforms... into a dark horned beast, vague in shape but clear in nature. The horn... proceeds to impale You! Gouging your intestines! Rupturing your stomach! Blood and bile, vomits from your splitting torso! The horn, has shattered your vertabrae! The beast brings down a starless night and withdraws. You see briefly, the face of a woman, wracked with laughter, mocking your very essence. She too is now gone into the black, that gnaws at your astral bones. This is the sphere of hidden knowledge. The blood that continues to gush, has formed a glowing red pool. Scry now, into the pool. It will show you secrets of what you are, of what you want to be, and what you can be. Keep this information clear, in your mind. you will need it later. The thick, liquid stirs... look... LOOK! Look into the pool You filthy regenerates!...”

~the sphere of mercury~

“...WITH A BLAST, OF MY TRUMPET! I HEAL, YOUR WOUNDS!
Before you the yellow sigil of mercury. Touch it. Armed with the knowledge extracted from the pool, you are now entering the dark sphere of mercury. This is a desolate place. Heath blasted by fiery tempest, scorpions eating charred animal. See, how the dismembered are scattered to the bitter winds! The air congeals and chokes. Farewell happy fields! Hail horrors! Hail! This

is the sphere of transformation. But do not tremble in the face of a breeze that would dismantle your features. Instead, be indulgent, remember all that you saw in the bloody pool, remember your deepest desires. Before you now is a black inverted pentagram. This, is the womb of mercury, the eye of Satan. This, is the gateway, of transformation. The pentagram will begin to move closer... you will feel the fear and sensuality of metamorphosis, your form cracking, shedding and mutating, as it takes on the attributes, scryed from the previous sphere. Transformation, will be complete, when you pass through the pentagram, and emerge on the threshold of the next sphere, as that, which you desire to be. Only intense lust for this outcome will pull you through. Passivity will render you as useless ash, cast, into the pit, of a particular nameless horror. But hark! The pentagram grates forth. TRANSFORMMMM!!”

~the sphere of venus~

“...before you, is the green sigil of venus. Touch it. Transformed, you are now entering the third dark sphere. You are standing up to your waist, in a freezing river. The torrid waters rushing through a valley, of white, lillies. In fruitful groves and barren plains, the empty shall drink, and the drunk, shall be empty. What passion is this, that tears the sky with storms of blood and flame? This, is the sphere, of Ecstasy, and Love. Facing you, further up the river, is a naked woman... corpse white skin, and long black hair. She crouches astride the river and menstruates into the water. The blood forms itself into a human figure floating beneath the surface. With your hands, begin to massage the blood into your ideal lover, fashioning, every part of it according to your cerebral and animalistic desires. Now... take your lover by the hands. Come! Fill the flowing bowl, and consummate into the waters ‘neath the raging sky... drink now, your fill of love...”

~the sphere of sol~

“...with your lover, by your side, I put before you, the gold sigil of the sun. touch it. You are now entering the dark sphere of sol. The swords, that cast their shadow, over hateful paradise... draw back, to reveal mountain ranges, majestic against a sky, of flame. You are standing on the edge of the circle made by nine sacrificial stones. Here, there is a thick darkness weaved by the unsated fog and contained by the mountains. Those roaring obscurers of that which lies beyond! Illuminated by the glow of putrefaction, the corpse of your former self, discarded during transformation, lies in the circles centre.

Witness the repulsive entities that violate and mutilate your corpse! This sacred shell, is now the prey of every necrophiliac and cannibal! It seems initially, that they are performing gross obscenities for pleasure, but, look closer. The corpse is delicately gutted, and from the bones extracted, these creatures are constructing a tower, that rises far above the mountain peaks. Their work finished, they withdraw, bowing to your superiority and divine disposition. They light a protective circle of fire around the stones. This, is the sphere, of vision, understanding, and prophecy. Accompanied by your lover, climb the bloody bones to the top. Here, you will see your kingdom, surrounding, stretching out far into the solar fire, of increase. See your temples! Your riches! Your works! All in progress... and contemplate all that you have now, and all, that you hope to achieve in your journey so far, as a dark messiah. Take pleasure, for you can make anything, simple..."

~the sphere of mars~

"...I put before you, the red sigil, of mars. Touch it. You are now entering the fifth dark sphere. You are still in the tower, but see, how a long despairing shadow, now falls over you. cast from above by a black, angel. What horror is this? What vileness crawls forth to kill slowly in unnatural fashions. Look! The sky, is blackened with smoke! ...Have you enjoyed the scene so far? Consider again your kingdoms... **THEY'RE BEING EATEN BY FLAMES!** Enormous blue larvae leap into the carnage, and become bloated on the torrents of blood and the anguished disembowlement of your minions! (two words~unintelligible~) ...and the hideous dead arise to strangle the living. Eaten, necks and heads split, broken on strange scaffolding to spew out vile jelly! The shrieks of the dying, fill your ears until they bleed, blood, also pours, from your mouth, that hangs open, in horror! This, is the sphere of sacrifice, death, and destruction. Your hair! Is falling out! **LOOK DOWWWWWNnnn!!** Entities, are now dismantling the tower. And they look hungry. But someone... is missing. There, by a sacrificial stone, your lover, is being hung, drawn and quartered, by black rot skeletons and other such animated carcasses! Sanity! Leaves! In the gouge! Of an eye! Repulsive entities, have torn you to the ground, but they are saving you til last, when you will be given special, and lengthy treatment. For now, they wish you to watch the destruction, of all that you are... delighting in your contorting face, that bleeds, and weeps, and becomes as a mask, of death. I will have to leave you here, for not even I can bear such terrible sights... I may be back in time to save you, but, don't count on it... Solace, for the wretched? Nay! There is only damnation!"

~the sphere of jupiter~

“...I HAVE RETURNNNNNED!! And I see you, twitch, with life! Verily thou art strong of mind. Which is the food that will raise a few. Here, I give you, the violet, sigil, of jupiter. Touch it, and enter the calm wilderness, of the sixth, dark, sphere. Here, there is soft sand and silence. The crimson sky is starry and peace fills you, like cool water in your skull. Stretch out your limbs, recline, like the albatross that rests its heavy beak, on the graciousness of the hedge. Relax. But mind the various chasms that lead to a shattering of limbs upon vicious rock formations. Every sphere needs amusement. All is gone. Your lover is slaughtered... do not love so much that you cannot witness the death of your lover, death too is a natural process. Reliable. Honourable. And endearing. This, is the sphere of wisdom. Running towards you now is a child, made entirely of a white brilliance. Its stands before you, and the light becomes as a mirror, which reflects only you, devoid of those things that you thought would bring power and respect. The power within begins to stir. You begin to realise, that you do not need, anything. Just your self is enough. Stay a while in this sphere, and meditate upon self-reliance, self-love, self-power, and the kingdom, within...”

~the sphere of saturn~

“...now, before you, is the indigo, sigil, of saturn. Touch it. You are entering the seventh and final dark sphere. You are standing on a hill, beneath a clear night sky. Directly above is the star known as Naos. It pulsates, and grows, illuminating and expectant. The land around is strewn with the burning shards of a dying aeon, suffused with an understanding that only stillness can express, when the appearance is burned to ash. And the essence is revealed. This, is the sphere of chaos! You have become all that you have learned during this journey of self-evolution, you are the essence of everything. And via this alchemical process, you understand, that power presides purely, in the quality of self-honesty. With this, you have the choice to alter your life and the world in whichever way you feel, is necessary. With this knowledge, raise your arms in exultation to the sky! Blow winds! Crack the temporal! See how the sky splits open at your command! A purple rent, tears its way across the heavens. Agios O Atazoth! Black, nebulous shapes, descend from the rent, to gradually envelop the hill. The gates, are aligned! They are returning! Now, is the New Aeon! Now, is Chaos! Vindex! Est! Venturus!”

“...embodied art thou! You have earned your cross. You have dragged yourself up, from the excrement, that was your life! And now ‘lo your black wings do unfurl, so go forth dark messiah! The world is yours! Destroy! And create!

(latin script) ~?~

THE TEMPLARS AND BAPHOMET Part 1: CONSPIRACY, PROPAGANDA AND HETERODOXY by Fraternitas Loki

The figure or rather the name, of Baphomet in all its various guises has become in the occult world of the West something of a totem. Indeed amongst some branches of Satanism it has come to represent something as integral, on the feminine side, as the figure of Satan himself on the masculine. With the growing trend for 'orthodoxy', 'mandate', and 'tradition' in some circles this article may unleash claims and counter claims. Its purpose however is not to deny or support any of groups claiming to represent 'real Satanism'. Rather as in much else we do, to offer some unprejudiced observations and information to enable individuals the luxury of free enquiry without the cancer of dualism, dogma or territorialism. The simple fact is that the most effective, if not the singular, source for the inculcation of both the name, cult and the image of Baphomet into the European mind is the Knights Templars. To this very day the image and mystique of 'The Knights of Christ and the Temple of Solomon' is powerful: countless books written, bizarre claims made, fantastic world conspiracies concerning their descendants, many myths and legends circulated concerning their powers and wealth. Three things are clear historically however: they became the most powerful non-governmental military machine and trading force of the medieval world, even having its own state (initially the Holy Land then later Cyprus); their collapse and disappearance was spectacular and bizarre yet all evidence points to a final hiding place and transmission into Freemasonry; their suppression in France under Phillippe IV and the Pope in his pocket was incredible for its perversity, brutality and neurosis. It is to the latter that we may seek the historical derivation of Baphomet and the delusory relationship to so called Satanism, whilst also more clearly understanding the relationship of certain branches of modern Thelemism to Baphomet. Phillippe 'la Bel' was playing a game for high stakes and had ambitions for his country and himself. He also owed the Knights Templars vast sums of money. Yet by scheming he had by 1305 installed his own puppet the Bishop of Bordeaux on the throne of St. Peter as Pope Clement V and in 1309 even moved the Papacy to Avignon. His hatred of the Templars was cancerous: aside from his debts and their vast might and glory, he harboured a grudge: they had humiliated him by refusing him an honorary. He had even more cause to fear them though. Phillippe had grand designs on claiming back all Frankish lands still in possession of the English Plantagenet kings, extending French domains elsewhere and becoming Holy Roman Emperor. He believed himself to have every right to be the premier monarch of all Europe. The Templar's last bastion in the Holy Land, at Accre, had fallen in 1291, and although they had established a base on Cyprus it was no secret that they harboured designs to establish a permanent state of their own in Europe and the Languedoc seemed a likely candidate. In June 1306 Phillippe was forced to take refuge in the Preceptory

from the Paris mob and saw for himself the fabulous Templar wealth. He plotted. At dawn on Friday 13th. October 1307 the Temple in Paris was occupied by Phillippe's troops and its officers arrested simultaneous with raid on all Preceptories across France. However to overturn such a powerful force as the Knights Templars required a strategy and a propaganda campaign of guile and vastness. Infiltrators had been sent into the Order, and a renegade knight was persuaded to concoct an elaborate picture of blasphemy and heresy. Gradually a bizarre catalogue of charges was compiled which via extensive torture and false confession shocked Europe into accepting the need to suppress the Order. There were many charges but the crucial one was of heresy and that the Knights worshipped a female head (variously described as a bearded female head) whom they called "Baphomet". Other charges included sodomy, spitting and trampling on the cross, infanticide, teaching women how to abort, obscene kisses in rituals and prayers, and subverting the mass. The concept that the Knights who had laid down their lives to defend the Cross, Christianity and Europe against the Saracen should have been corrupted to deny their Christ in favour of an alien deity seems improbable, so improbable it could be true! However, the wild claims and forced confessions fell upon a rapt and credulous audience. This was an age when the feminine in Europe's psyche was suppressed, Nature worship and the cycle of the Goddess ravaged and any attempt for her to emerge from the confines of rural superstition and folkloric custom was met with the horror of the Holy Inquisition. It is interesting how most torturers at the time made persistent attempts to extract confession lurid detail of sexual impropriety. So it was with the Templars. A Europe bereft of the feminine (the cult of the Virgin grew almost against the wishes of the church) was fascinated with bizarre tales of the greatest Christian warriors of all time worshipping a Middle Eastern satanic goddess. Only the Templars may have had some intimation of the feminine via the remains of worship of Ishtar, Cybele, Lilith, Astarte during their sojourns in the east. All of the confessions must be treated with circumspection since they were all extracted under torture, except one and not in France. The Order had been officially dissolved on March 22nd. 1312. Philippe ever since 1309 had attempted to badger his fellow monarchs into suppressing the Templars across Europe with the aid of an Inquisition under his protege Pope. He met with qualified success. England had been a hot bed of Templars refuge and Philippe had constantly demanded that Edward II suppress them. It required the Pope to castigate the English King in 1310 and finally the Inquisition arrived in 1311. Stephen de Stapelbrugge was apprehended in Salisbury and made almost voluntary confession of his inductions into the Order. He claimed that the Order's errors had originated in the heart of the Cathar heresy which had been brutally erased by the French kings in the Albigensian Crusade with great slaughter. One of the central features of the Cathar

heresy was that Jesus was not the son of God but a prophet and that he had married. It also taught gnosticism - self wisdom through spiritual transcendence and failed to recognise heresy of other religions - indeed even consider an Almighty God as evil (many sects flourished in southern France at that time). If there was any connection between the Templars and the remaining outposts of the Cathar heresy then this would have represented as great a threat to orthodox Catholic christianity since suppression of the Celtic Church 300 years earlier. With a Templar state in the south of France, no monarch in Europe (least of all Philippe) could have withstood their inevitable military control of western Europe and with it whatever unorthodox religious views would have seeped into Western culture replacing that of the Papacy which had originally granted them effective clerical autonomy. Whatever the political and spiritual ambitions of the Templars may have been, the tactics used by their enemies is clear: total damnation as agents of satan. Since that time the concept of black and white has been the tendency in the West when dealing with this and other issues. One side may paint the Templars as the very progenitors of modern satanism around a real cult of Baphomet, others stating that it was a mere fabrication to confiscate their. The truth may be somewhere in between and there are in fact five distinct possibilities. We shall discuss these in part 2: The Cult of Baphomet Gnosticism and Islam Alchemy Druid Grail Cult of the Head Veneration of the Turin Shroud The formal charges brought against the Templars were mainly nine: Defiling of the cross and denial of Christ. Adoration of an Idol. A perverted sacrament performed. Ritual murders. The wearing of cord of heretical significance. The ritual kiss Alteration of the ceremony of the mass and an unorthodox form of absolution. Immortality. Treachery to other sections. Before we move on to an examination and description of the various scenarios of 1-5 above, we must bear in mind some simple facts of the time (and indeed of any time). Firstly that all evidence from outside sources were obtained by infiltrators who at best were merely evesdroppers to snippets of conversations, or the ceremony itself. That the Templars had spent many years in the Middle East and toward the end of their time had been known to have traded with and have dealings with the Muslims. They certainly learnt many skills of the arts of war, trade and medicine from them and several of the Cathar-like tendencies they were supposed to have manifest can be likened more to the Gnostic aspects of Ophite Islam. Homosexuality irrespective of its being condemned by Islam, Judaism and Christianity was in any case recognised as fairly common place in all societies, and enhanced to an ascetic or almost transcendent level in closed monastic or military communities. Several Popes and Kings, additional to many Bishops and Cardinals, were known to have been variously sodomites, homosexuals, pederasts and even paedophiles. Ascetic homosexuality of a closed, wealthy, highly disciplined and all powerful military caste would have attracted the

envy, even the fantasies, of a self-indulgent and corrupt French aristocracy and clergy. Certainly denial have been part of an elaborate and dramatic ceremonial of initiation. But evidence to the contrary of the necessary heresy and perversion was relegated, or deliberately misconstrued. For example, Petrus Picardi, one of the confessing Knights, stated that the denial was an act of fidelity since those who refused to deny were sent immediately to the Holy Land. Another Knight, Johannis de Elemosina, who yielded and denied was scornfully spurned by his Preceptor and sent for confession. Gonavilla, Preceptor of Poitou and Aquitaine, stated that the denial was a threefold denial in imitation of the denial of the Lord by St. Peter. There is a view, derived from late nineteenth/early twentieth century Masonic writers and archives, to suggest that the cross trampled upon during initiation rites of newly inducted knights may possibly have been was possibly painted or carved on floor in the form of steps or that trampling resembled the movements of steps. In Masonic terminology this would have been the ritual method of progressing from west to east: that is from death or the shadow life or non-being of non-brotherhood into the light of service and fraternity. West of course represents death or the transformation of what will be the enlightened soul, whole east (aside from representing the Templars centre at Jerusalem) also signals the rising sun of spiritual rebirth. The similarities between Templar ritual, ceremonial, symbolism and allegory and that of the Freemasons has already been commented on in other manuscripts (as has the historical transformation of the former into the latter). Thus the 'trampling' so noted by the Inquisitors would make it a Latin cross and thus similarly denote the trampling of the phallic cross of their passions represented by the cross which had crucified their Lord in the material world. However we must also remember that initiation of this sort, as with the military and secret societies today, is strongly imbued with the flavour of testing the loyalty and the fitness of the candidate under duress. Such tactics are still used. Thus no less so then would the shock-troops of Christendom have been likely to have employed psychological terror to test the loyalty of candidates to their commanders. There is evidence to indicate that the initiate was threatened with drawn swords if he hesitated to spurn the cross. Again the charge of kissing the anus of the Master and other obscene acts may have been a sign of humility and perfect submission (still seen in the animal kingdom and magickal and military elites). There is a final twist regarding heterodoxy. The Templars finally failed their mandate of retrieving and protecting the Holy Land. Christ thus appeared to have failed to defend his believers from the Infidel. As a result many thoughtful minds asked if Jesus was the son of God and if a wider interpretation was now necessary. There are indications that the Templars changed parts of the Mass: a religious military caste, free of obedience to a pedantic clergy and tainted with Gnostic teachings, may have begun the first steps of revisionism. The time was ripe: the possibility of a Templar state on the

European mainland, power of Islam on its borders, the rise of the monastic institutions, survival of Gnostic teachings, and Cathar fragments. In view of this we shall now consider the 5 heretical scenarios. Part 2: VENERATION OF THE TURIN SHROUD by Fraternitas Loki If we are to construct a path for ourselves through the labyrinth of history, the snares of messianism, and the distortion of the West we must always understand that any given reality has its mirror: i) the wider picture of a situation/occurrence which only becomes apparent in the fullness of time, when its energies or implication have run its course and the next stage is ready and ii) the promulgation of an official 'view' and its antithesis which may have in it a sub-text which both the promulgators and detractors have missed. The question of the Templars and Baphomet is riddled with such mirrors and subtexts. The question of the famous head crops up again and again. Thus an entire fabrication with so many counter prevailing arguments, theories, evidence and 'confessions' (many of which contradict on another) from imprisoned Templars, is unlikely, as unlikely as the modern satanist delusion that the Templars were 'satanists' in the image of the modern apologists of such theory. However analysis of statements and of the prevailing cultural and religious climate and spiritual developments may throw light on matters occurring at the time. In part 2 we outlined 5 threads. We will proceed with discussion of them. Veneration Of The Turin Shroud: One of the main pillars of any organisation as powerful and international as the Knights of the Temple would have been its degree of monopoly and status as original source. In the case of their very name and their foundation - the establishment of the Grand Preceptory on the very site of the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem would have guaranteed this and led many to assume throughout Christendom that the Templars were thus privy to much arcane Christian knowledge: rumours abounded as to whether the Templars had found the Ark of the Covenant much as today people speculate whether the Nazis found it. Excavations it seems had been undertaken. But of far more reliable source for Templar power in terms of Godly or Divine source would have been the contacts with remote Gnostic sects who it is claimed were direct descendants of the original Essenes who were part of Yeshua ben Josef's (Jesus the rabbi) following. Then the other pillar of its power stemmed from its pre-eminent christian position as above and the conditions and guarantees from the Papacy - that it was to be independent. This helped it to amass a fortune of untold wealth based upon its monopolies of trade, international banking and credit (which it effectively created single handed) and also aspects of knowledge itself. Part of this no doubt would have been sacred artefacts. The Papacy itself did a roaring trade in the manufacture of forged bone fragments and said to be from this or that Saint (or even the Christ), or splinters of the Cross, or threads of the Shroud, or blood of the Christ and so on. The financial and power implications of this, well developed by the time of the Templars, could

not have been lost on them. However in the case of the Templars it appears that they were not content with forgeries and dubious artefacts, for they were not concerned with power over the blind masses, but rather over the ones who controlled the blind masses. Thus what would have appealed to them would have been actual sacred objects and artefacts which would have reinforced their divine and pre-eminent christian position amongst the aristocrats, merchants, princes, kings and even bishops and cardinals of Christendom itself. Various confessions at the time of the Templar's trials regularly referred to the fact that in the main Preceptories a casket, or box or some such other reliquary was taken out and that initiates were made to kiss the object stored in this box, and that this was a head! It was thereafter described as the head of Baphomet. There is a view amongst some scholars and researches and occultists that the Templars were in possession of nothing other than the famous Shroud of Turin, the piece of linen said to contain the imprint of the body of Christ after his Crucifixion, and that it was stored in its box in such a way that only the head showed. We shall see another time the connection of this to the Neolithic Bran, the Druidic and Celtic Mysteries, of the Grail, the Cauldron and the Cult of the Skull. The descriptions in the Templar trials, under examination and torture, of 'the head' which was supposedly worshipped may also throw some light on the Shroud option. It was described variously as: A deity with two faces: (if the shroud is folded in a certain way it appears to have two faces; additionally could have been placed in its reliquary so as to face both ways out so that two audiences in both sides of a temple or church could see and venerate it). It was androgynous: (if shroud is unwrapped it can appear androgynous since the folds of the 'shroud' over a body give the appearance of male pectorals and/or female breasts, whilst the usual garment folds at the groin would indicate the bulge of male genitalia. It was a human skull: (indeed unfolded or laid out the head does appear emaciated or skull-like. This is on account of the fact that the impression of the body would have come from surface moisture whereby only the higher surface bone ridges etc would have made an impression, and the same is true for any forgery made in the Middle Ages, which some say the Shroud actually is. It was bearded (the bearded lady of Baphomet is a long standing image, even the 19th.C. former French catholic Alphonse Constant aka Eliphas Levi, perpetuated this image; most rabbis were bearded). They called the head Baphomet: (various emanations have been given for this and it forms the substance of the Gnostic connections to be discussed later. According to the late Montagu Summers, is that it is derived from the Greek Baph metis meaning 'baptism of wisdom', Summers wrote many books on the occult from an extreme Catholic viewpoint. He states that the word referred to a secret ritual of wisdom known only to the Grand Master of the Templars. This brings us back to the origination of the Templars themselves that they were privy,

because of their sacred task and foundation as guardian of the temple, to the extreme unction of the Christian faith, or inner knowledge, which the head of their Christ would have symbolised. Madelain Montalban on the other hand describes the word as Bfmaat described from the Enochian language: she translates it as 'Opener of the Door'. Idries Shah, the writer on Sufi subjects, states it is from an Arabic word Abufihat translated as 'Father of Wisdom'. All have their history and ramifications regarding Templar connections, but can also be traced back to a possible Christian heresy of the Shroud symbolising Templar divine power. An interesting twist here is Levis' claim that by reversing the letters to read TEM OHB ABI the anagram in Latin reads Templi omnium hominum pacis abbas or 'Father of the Temple of Peace of All Men'. It seems that the famous Turin Shroud was in the possession of the Templars between 1204 to 1307. It seems possible that reproductions of the shroud could, have been used in Preceptory temples: one such found in the preceptory of Templecombe in Somerset, England. Another view holds that the head was indeed a head - that of the head of St. John the Baptist and that the Templars were infected with this heresy in the Middle East that Yeshua (Jesus) was an imposter and that the real Messiah was John. As with much else all theories have an element of truth and in time point out another reality which the near view obscures. Copyright 1997 Fraternitas Loki

The Temple Of Set: A Brief Satanic Analysis

As someone who has been involved for well over twenty years with the LHP, I believe I can offer an analysis from the experience gained during the often hard struggle for personal and Occult insight.

Two things are obvious. First the Temple Of Set is not a Satanic organization; and second, it is not an Occult one.

Satanism by its nature is an elite philosophy of living and its genuine adherents are few in number and usually secretive (for a variety of reasons). The individuals who follow this path are generally rebels who either cannot or do not wish to conform. Those who desire the exhilaration and danger of extremes: those who cannot and will not obey or bow down. In short, those who possess “spirit”. For them, Satan is adopted as a symbol of defiance – and this defiance is and has been highly individual. Rather than accept, they question; rather than believe, they discover for themselves. They have a dislike of authority and all dogma. Gradually, this spirit of defiance brings self-awareness: an insight into themselves and others and the “world”, and this results from diverse (and sometimes dangerous) experiences of life which those individuals undergo. Of course, some never reach this point – they fail, from whatever reason or reasons.

Further, Satanism is about individuals fulfilling the potential of life; they strive to live as fully as possible, to reach out and become like gods (or goddesses). In achieving this, magick is used as a means – of enhancing life and understanding. Such striving either makes creative individuals – or it destroys them. This creativity is evident in the life of the individual: through works (e.g. artistic) or through what they achieve (for example making their own life a work of art which others may try and copy).

This means two essential things. First, they can be no such thing as a Satanic organization or dogma; and second, there can be no Satanic authority (e.g. in the form of an individual). Organization implies conformity and loss of personal identity and authority (however small). Dogma implies accepting someone else’s beliefs. Authority (of whatever kind) implies subservience – a mentality alien to Satanists. Furthermore, all these stifle creativity: one hallmark of a genuine Satanist.

The Temple of Set is thus an example of what Satanism is not. It is not a religion; it does not possess any “authority”; it does not need an organization nor any media-profile of “acceptability”.

Of course, some guidance in the initial stages may be and often is, required by those just beginning their quest, and here the experience of those who have gone that way in the past may be of interest of value. But essentially each individual learns via their own experiences – no one can do it for them: there is no magic formula, no mysterious handshake, which brings instant wisdom. For the beginner, “Masters” and organizations are a snare, a path which leads only to glorification of the ego of the “Master”. Such “Masters” are usually insecure people who need the adulation and attention – it makes them feel alive, important. Naturally, some Satanists play such a “role” – for a time.

But they soon tire of it – it becomes boring. That is, if they are Satanists. Anyone who plays it for more than a year has arrested development – their quest has ended in failure.

Regarding the second point made above – viz. the Temple of Set is not an Occult organization. Implicit in any Occult path – Left Hand Path or Right Handed – are certain obligations stemming from the very nature of Occultism. Wicca, Paganisms, Satanism, Black Magick – whatever – all are means, paths with though different in some respects have the same ultimate goal: or at least, when those paths are followed to their ends. In a simplistic sense, the goal is evolution - developing abilities, enhancing already existing ones, re-discovering forgotten ones. Occult paths reveal through the beginning, which is Initiation – they show the essence hidden by the appearance. Or, expressed a different way, they discover what is concealed. Part of what is concealed is, of course, the “mysterious” – another is the occult energies of living things....On an individual level, the Occult is the discovery of what is hidden within ourselves, in our own psyche, and Occult paths are processes of self-learning – of what our unique Destiny is and how we relate to the Cosmos, this Earth, other individuals.

Initiation is the beginning of a quest - a symbol to that part of the psyche normally hidden which the "Occult" wishes to bring into consciousness, giving thus understanding. The form that this symbol assumes is actually irrelevant, and whatever its outer form it implies a responsibility by the very fact that it is a conscious participation for their own development, their own evolution: the first genuine step towards real freedom, internal psychic freedom. It is the birth of one small part of the new age.

Naturally, quite often the promise of Initiation is not fulfilled – or is fulfilled only in part – in many individuals. But some continue and of those some may achieve the goal. This promise is why the Establishment and conventional religions discourage Occultism and conduct campaigns against it – for Occultism is the means to real freedom and as such it is a threat to them and their domination of the individual. Occult paths lead to inner freedom and one of the responsibilities of any Initiate is to continue this evolutionary quest by passing onto another or others not only what they themselves have learned but also the "Occult ideal" – inner liberation through an Initiatory quest. This ensures continuity and future possibilities. This passing on is never forced, nor is it in any way dogmatic – for it is related to another aspect of Initiatory responsibility: the respect for differing paths, different quests.

Having myself followed a specific Left Hand Path; I am inclined to believe that it is worthwhile and effective. But I also realize it is not suited to everyone who wishes to begin their own Occult quest. For many years I recruited for a Satanic group (although "recruit" is hardly the word: offered a path to those who possessed the right qualities is nearer the mark) but I was never interested in mere numbers, in proselytizing and tried hard to dissuade most applicants to test their seriousness – because Satanism is difficult and, at times, dangerous (in psychic terms). I was always aware that other paths were available and perhaps more suitable to some (indeed, to most who applied). I, as an Occultist, knew that Initiation involves the free commitment of an individual – for the goal was their liberation, not their subjection by me or anyone else.

Given all the factors, it is impossible not to conclude that the Temple of Set is not an Occult organization. It does not respect other paths, and other individuals, as is shown by their attempts to discredit others and their insistence that they represent the only genuine form of Satanism. Furthermore, their dogmatic, religious stance – with all that is therefore implied in terms of acceptance of Temple authority and mandates – rather than liberating their members actually holds them in thrall, both mental and psychic. Rather than participating in that liberation and evolution which is part of the new age, the Temple of Set is actually an off shoot of the old order and its stifling ways of being. That is shown, for example, in their concern for numbers, in trying to recruit regardless of quality and regardless of whether the individual is actually suited to the Left Hand Path – for the Temple, numbers mean influence, feathers in the cap of the leader – a sign that the Temple is pre-eminent, flourishing and succeeding.

Naturally, much more could be written to further detail the reasons as to why this particular organization is detrimental to what we as Occultists seek to achieve by our various paths. But the essence of the matter has been revealed – sufficient to enable readers to judge the matter for themselves.

To return, finally, to the personal level – I have no cause to defend, no desire for personal gain in what I write: only a desire for others to understand what is really important about the Occult and the path which a long time ago I myself decided to follow. Organizations like the Temple of Set undermine what serious followers of the Left Hand Path have been trying to achieve for centuries – basically because its members and leaders seek to glorify their own egos at the expense of the inner freedom of others.

ONA

The Eugenics of Art

(previously appearing in Devilcosm #2)

The capacity of the mind to expand and visualize Nature's inherent path of evolution, otherwise known as the individual imagination, is the boundary within which we are - as a species - eternally confined to dwell. Napoleon Bonpart once stated that imagination rules the world.

Quite literally, the imagination is the womb of creation. In the process of nascency, the imagination acts as the the receptive female partner, and finds its male counterpart in the Arts. And just as man and woman possess the ability to create a being who, with the proper genetic, ecological and spiritual nurturing, can lead his or her people to their ultimate evolution, so it is with the dynamic yet delicate intercourse between the Arts and Imagination. Together they are able to help bring into existence a higher, undistorted life- form. Male and female together equal "God", for together they possess the ability to create.

Art finds its male qualities in its ability to penetrate the sensorium (i.e. the five senses) and consequently "seed" the very soul and imagination to which these senses act as a doorway. If, in turn, an individual's imagination (the receptive, female partner in creation) is fertile, able to sustain, germinate and allow solid roots to form for the specific breed of Art responsible for the "seeding", then this imagination is able to act as a womb for the animating essence known as Life. This spirit is otherwise known as "the Will to Power" or "the Will to Live"; that which dynamically empowers an individual to continue onward defiantly no matter how rough the journey. This is the "Fighting Spirit". It is just such a spirit or reservoir which the imagination is able, under the proper conditions, to "tap" into.

Art is the stimuli possessing the ability to "impregnate" the soul of an individual. The spiritual embryo or "life" resulting this insemination is what is conventionally termed a "vision". Indeed, when an individual possesses this ability to vividly imagine an as-yet- to-be-seen reality, he or she is commonly said to have the ability to "conceive". Art is, by its inherent nature, able to mirror that unseen but very real potential - existing latently, and to subsequently open the "gateway" for its physical manifestation. The higher quality and form of the given artistic expression (i.e. the more reflective of the ultimate natural evolution of the Cosmos and Man's True Self), the higher the required fertility of the imagination to comprehend, understand and illustrate. It is this fertile "soil" from whence grows deliberate - ordered - action. If the imagination is rich and fruitful enough to give root to this "seed", then, and only then, can the aforementioned Desire (i.e. the acausal) be "tapped" into, which will consequently form the channel of energy required to bring said seed into blossom. In other words, only when an individual's imagination is fertile will he or she be "inspired" (literally - to be "energized", filled with dynamic, creative energy) to actively and consistently bring an ideal into fruition.

Thus, the self-deluded dreamer has not quite the imaginative powers so often attributed to him. For although he is oftentermed a "dreamer", because of his ability to conceive of an idea, he has not the endurance, fortitude, insight and Desire to carry such a spiritual pregnancy to full term. His life is replete with spiritual abortions and still-births. There is no real dynamic, animating life within his words, thoughts and dreams.

Through the perfect intertwining of Art and Imagination a race is able to glimpse, recognize and seize the totality of its own potential. This potential is inherent within its Life-Blood, and it is this Blood-Potential which is responsible for motivating the creation true evolutionary Artforms. It is interesting that the Latin root for "potential" is "POTENTIA - Sinister or Left-Hand". Thus it is that true potential lies in the realm which has been termed "Satanic", and which has manifested itself in

such Artistic works as Goethe's "Faust". This potential is now considered, by the present Nazarene-influenced age, as "wrong" not because it goes against the essence of Nature Herself, but because it defies that same society's self-destructive ethos of absolute egalitarianism, universalism, materialism, mediocrity and stasis. This Aryan Potential is Satanic - or Left-Hand - because it is contrary to the Herd, but not to the higher order of Nature and the Cosmos. This Aryan Potential is complimentary and vital to Nature, but threatening to a degenerate society. The Art of appropriating and "working" this potential out into its most quintessential causal form is the ultimate Satanic manifestation.

The most well known manifestation of this natural progression in the Twentieth Century (eh) is that of the Third Reich inspired and led by Adolf Hitler. In the interest of establishing the imperative of a Thousand-Year Reich, there was created the Reich Culture Chamber with Joseph Goebbels as its commander. Every sphere of Art, no matter what its form, was implemented and shaped in accordance with Imperatives which the establishment of a Thousand-Year Reich dictated. Hitler himself, when asked in 1939 by his former childhood friend - August Kubizek - to recollect his intensely ecstatic response to witnessing Wagner's "Rienzi", is alleged to have stated, "AT THAT HOUR IT ALL BEGAN!". According to Kubizek, it was after witnessing this opera, based on Cola di Rienzi - the medieval rebel and tribune of the people, that Adolf Hitler began to let loose an inspired oration depicting the ultimate, glorious future of he and his people.

To understand the role of Art and Imagination in the role of creation is to begin to master the possibility of genuine evolution and excellence. To do so is to set a standard of excellence by which our descendants can numinously appreciate, employ, create and develop Art. Someone naively, but nevertheless dangerously, may reject this view and consequently say that individuals ought to create whatever they want, regardless of its contribution to the Whole; after all, "beauty is in the eye of the beholder".

It should, however, be noted that even the most dishonourable things in life can be considered "beautiful" by an individual who has, by their own individual will, compromised themselves into a consistent life of mediocrity, slothfulness, herd-mentality and general lack of self-awareness.

Because Art possesses the ability to impregnate the human soul, then if that resulting offspring (i.e. a particular artform) contributes to the deterioration of Nature and the Cosmos, and actively opposes Western Destiny and the Sinister Dialectic (thus opposing evolution itself), then there is no else who can accept the blame other than the offspring (artform), its parentage (those responsible for creating it) and those who know better but choose to do nothing to actively resolve the matter.

Art, be it literature, speeches (as Adolf Hitler's case), folk-lore, mythos/ mythology, architecture, painting, sketching, poetry, Music, dance, etc., as wielded by its perpetrators, has been the catalyst for the propagation and nurturing of every culture and higher civilization known to man. Every major movement in the history of evolution has at some point been birthed from the imagination of individuals whose minds were inseminated by specific forms of Art.

Even day-to-day communication is, in its essence, Art. This is, in fact, the very meaning of what it means to be "articulate" : to possess the ability to adequately and eloquently GIVE BIRTH, verbally, to one's thoughts, ideas and passions. The word "communication" itself denotes sexual identification - i.e. "to become-one-with". Intercourse, communication, conversation, flow and current are significant words which all have the same basic meaning: they all vaguely point to the magickal flow of creative energy which exists between male and female, speaker and listener, writer and reader, composer and listener, artist and viewer. Of course, the usual result of a male and female coming together - as one - is the insemination and creation of an offspring, and the same is also very true when Art and Imagination unite. Art has the ability to communicate; it speaks and stimulates, and has the ability to enrapture and pulsate, to fill the soul with the potency of the Cosmos itself. In this it becomes apparent that genuine artistic appreciation is much more than inward fantasizing and self-

deceptively pandering to the ego. On the contrary, genuine artistic appreciation should empower bold new actions, which lead to specific long and short term goals. Art - and the individual's interaction with it (i.e. active participation with its ethos), is a powerful key to unlocking the very real but latent powerhouse of potential within the human soul.

Art, in its highest form, should require that individuals stretch themselves physically, emotionally, intellectually, magickally, and spiritually in order for those individuals to fully appreciate and FULFILL that Art. Quite literally, Art should CHALLENGE individuals to develop, progress and beautify; it should reflect the ultimate natural possibilities of our being and ENLARGE AND AMPLIFY THEM; it should attempt to extract and draw these superior qualities out into the causal realm. In short, Art should require us to WORK, and practically instill within us the robust energy and vitality needed to fulfill its vision. This inevitably requires that each individual artist must strive - by an effort of their Will - to force themselves to evolve in all realms - physical, mental, magickal, emotional, spiritual, to reach for self-mastery.

Physical eugenic science alone is unable to resolve our situation. It is now time, once and for all, to explore and master a spiritual/Artistic eugenic science which strives to extricate the fullness of the human potential (in terms which are beyond the abstract concept of "good and evil") without limiting it in any way. It must once again become known among the Folk that Art truly does reproduce itself, and that the following old proverb is indeed a worthy one : "LIFE IMITATES ART."

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That which is beyond personal Destiny. That which causes expression of itself via the implementation or provocation of acts which in their design achieve long-term aims beyond the causal death of an individual; changing aspects of a society by significant creations and thus changing a whole race of people - fulfilling the Destiny or Wyrd of the ethos of a civilization. Acts that inaugurate a New Aeon. The causal nature that is dictated by the essence of things - "fate", etc.

Thulianism
by Christos Beest
ONA

There is a current, and not unsurprising trend among certain groups within the 'Occult' to disassociate 'Ultima Thule' and National Socialism - the latter, of course, being presented as a 'perverse' form of the former. Such groups are usually concerned with resurrecting 'old folk beliefs' and, while quite knowledgeable about certain traditions, they show little insight into either the 'Occult' world or the 'real' world - that is, into what has been and is going on, on the esoteric and everyday levels.

National-Socialism was not a "perverted" form of Thulianism, but rather a practical manifestation of certain energies within and external to the Northern European psyche - energies which had, in the past, assumed various external guises in the form of what is now known as 'Northern Paganism' and the various esoteric doctrines deriving from this. Thus it was complimentary to those traditions - it was neither a revival of them nor a distortion of certain esoteric aspects of them. The essence of National-Socialism was that it created its own traditions, its own 'numen' - from the struggle for power, for instance. The past glories of Germany, or Northern Europeans, added to this, provided further inspiration, as did some of the old forms, like paganism and folk-customs. Those who knew, knew National-Socialism as the embodiment of what Ultima Thule was and is, in all its forms (or on all the levels) - that is, it represented the essence.

What fundamentally mattered to National-Socialism was the reality - and dealing with it on the practical level. It was concerned with dealing with the problems faced by Europeans and solving them in a way compatible with the psyche or 'soul' of the European. This was, and is, the concern of those few genuine Initiates of the tradition that some describe by the title 'Thulianism'. The concern of these Initiates is not for some 'dreamy realm' of the kind familiar from Eastern mysticism, nor from the supposed 'esoteric' traditions and customs of the Northern Europeans. They are certainly not concerned with metaphysical speculation nor the pseudo-Occult mystifications most Occultists are so fond of. They seek, via their understanding, to change their peoples and the structures, such as societies and civilizations, which those people create or belong to. To this end, certain things are used, or are useful. They seek to use or create those forms which can be used to achieve the goals which are necessary. In a very important sense, National-Socialism was and is such a form - capable of transforming the peoples and their societies. The aim was not to resurrect old ways of living or doing or believing (such as Northern Paganism or beliefs) it was to use that form to create new ways which represented the essence of the psyche - ways appropriate to achieving new goals.

It is unfortunate that few possess the over-view which is necessary - they cannot see the essence for the appearance: and believe the external form (such as runes) is the essence when it is only a form expressing the essence, and one which may be used to create something beyond itself. A simple example would be the use of the runes by the SS - the SS runes now mean National-Socialism, particularly the heroism of the warriors of the Waffen-SS. Their historical origins are not as important as what they now represent in the practical sense. The symbols of National-Socialism are symbols of National-Socialism, whatever their historical origins. As such, they represent the psychic energies of the Northern Europeans in a way which is much more significant, both on the practical level and the magickal, than their historical origins. By being derived from European sources, such symbols already to an extent 're-presented' this psyche - which was helpful, although not necessary. New symbols were created, and brought to life (ie. imbued with psychic energies) by being used in the struggle. Thus, these symbols became 'numinous', as mentioned above.

Naturally, I do not expect many of those who belong to such things as the "Rune Gild" or similar manifestations of what passed for or what others believed was, Northern Paganism, to understand this. Most will already be committed to believing such nonsense as National-Socialism was a "perversion" of Thulianism. The only powerful magick really suitable today for those of a Northern European descent (or even European descent) is that which uses the numinous symbols and forms of the genuine manifestation of Ultima Thule - one of which is National-Socialism. Those who do not understand this do not understand Aeonic forces at all - of what is really going on, both within the psyche of individuals and external to it; of what energies are really causing changes and influencing the psyche and the structures of societies and civilisation. The 'magick' which the symbols and forms of a resurrected Northern paganism possess enable only a limited and not very important self-transformation; more usually a self-delusion.

To cause significant change is necessary. The magickal forms of National-Socialism do not appear to be magickal or Occult - and that is one of the keys to understanding their power to transform. What exists, and has been created, appears to most to be 'political' or whatever - and this enables significant change, by others, in a way compatible with the modern world. For 'these others' for the most part are not and do not need to be 'Occultists'. Take a certain date in April - on this day, various celebrations are held by small groups of individuals or individuals alone, wherever there are Europeans. The form of these celebrations is different from one group to another. But the intent is the same - and in a very real and important sense, this day has become imbued with certain magickal energies because of this. It is, for those who belong to the Western civilisation, a day on which there are more real esoteric energies about than on most other days celebrated by a mostly non-Initiated Occult 'public' (such as "Beltaine") - energies more representative of and important for Europeans than any conjured up by revived Norse or Celtic rites. One is concerned with and deals with, the reality of esoteric forces as they are," the other is concerned with and deals with what others believe those forces to be.

Those who deny this, as those who within NS circles deny the reality of Satanism, are in fact being manipulated by the very forces they seek to undermine.

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Words Of Vermiel

According to conventional magick, the Dark Gods can manifest in two ways: invocation and evocation. In the case of invocation, They enter from within the individual (via a realm of Their own mode of acausal time), through a gate - a nexion - opened within that individual's consciousness, their very being. Thought - or rather, human apprehension understood through such causal things as images, words, sounds, music, concepts - is one means to open that particular nexus which is the individual, and which is one link between the causal and acausal. When this opening is begun by a willed act of a certain type of magick, the Dark Gods (one or many) may pass through this nexus, and thus into the causal world itself.

This 'certain type of magick' is of course the various methods used in Traditional Satanism - most notably the Nine Angles Rite, in its various forms.

When the solo form of this rite is undertaken, the associated chant is a call to the Dark Gods to enter the world via the nexion which is an individual, and the pattern of that chant is not a mere symbolic representation of the relevant energies - but is the actual opening of the nexion itself (assuming that is, the chant is performed absolutely correctly, and under the right conditions.) (1) The invocation unfolds in the manner of any natural phenomena: the Dark Gods are a certain aspect of apprehension - and not merely of human kind, but of all kinds: of the Collective Apprehension (or Consciousness) of all Life. There is an intrusion and fusion in the same way a germinating seed breaks through the soil and flowers and interacts with the elements - and a new and natural tapestry thus emerges.

If the individual conducting the rite is fully prepared, the germinating will occur naturally, and feel natural. If the individual is not prepared or not adequately advanced along the Way, the rite will not work. This failure may result in very little effect; or, the Dark Gods may be partially encouraged into the causal. If the flow is halted - because of the intervention of fear on the part of the individual - a separation between Themselves and the Caller will occur, and They will then disrupt and tear to pieces the consciousness/identity/personality of the one daring to Call Them forth.

If successful, there will be no division between Them and the one Calling, and thus a new type of Individual is born. Although this successful invocation is described above as a 'natural unfolding', it will appear as anything but natural to the un-initiated. For this new type of individual is rarely encountered, since that aspect of the tapestry of consciousness - the Dark Gods - was suppressed and banished many ages ago. The story is well known, but it bears repeating that a 'physical' gate exists near the planet Saturn, and this gate is the prison door which remains still firmly sealed, despite various attempts to open it.

The physical location should be visualized whenever possible, since there is an aspect of our consciousness which lingers around this sealed door - such is the nature of the acausal (as we are They themselves, waiting for release ...).

As previously stated, the Dark Gods may also appear according to the laws of evocation: that is, They can take actual physical and independent forms, to exist physically upon this planet.

The majority of people on this planet - particularly in the 'West' - yearn for some type of salvation: some type of intervention by something preternatural which would take control of human Destiny. The two main examples are of course the arrival of a 'Messiah', and significant contact with an extra-terrestrial species.

The Dark Gods are, in effect, a real extra-terrestrial race, and may be called forth without the interminable and uncertain wait required of other such species. Their physical presence on this Earth will change everything forever, and, assuming They remain unchallenged, will enable Their aims to be fully realised - as they were only partially realised, some 20,000 years BP.

Evocation involves in particular regular performances of the Chthonic Rite of Nine Angles - by as many Initiates as possible (see relevant Nine Angles MSS) (2). It is a fact also that this

physical arrival can occur only when seeded by real acts of chaos in the world, implying events of great suffering. This method of evocation will enable change on a mass scale, whilst the method of invocation (for civilizations) is a slow - perhaps a centuries-slow - seeping. Either way, if ultimately successful, the consciousness and physical structure of the human species will alter and accelerate exponentially.

Without Their intervention, only gradual and unremarkable decline, decay and extinction awaits our species. Thus the meaning of genuine Satanism: *Pandre res alta terrâ et caligine mersas.*

Urgan, England
Order of Nine Angles
114yf

1. Many years of chant practice is required (once a day, for one quarter of an hour is the minimum recommendation). The best way to start is by studying the seven sphere chants contained in *Naos*. If one is not fortunate enough to have a Guide who can provide personal training, then practical experience must be sought by other means - ie. the aspiring Cantor should find a suitable Nazarene Monastery and enter either as a guest, or as a candidate undertaking an Insight Role. This will provide good practice and insight into the methods of the type of singing required (although bear in mind there is some debate over technique - particularly regarding tempo).

If the Cantor wishes to transcribe the chant notation into its modern counterpart, it should be remembered that the pitch of middle C has changed quite considerably since the chants were first written down. (This option of transcription is not really recommended.)

2. One interesting experiment involves the Natural Form of the Nine Angles Rite, where the Dark Gods are earthed in a child conceived by the participants during the rite. This may also be attempted via the Chthonic form, where the energies are channeled into a priest and priestess by the Master, Mistress and congregation of the Temple. Again this requires great preparation, and the few attempts so far have failed: either there is partial manifestation elsewhere, or the foetus eventually aborts.



Archives

As part of its Sinister strategy from the early 1980's to the mid 1990's when it returned again to the shadows, the Order of Nine Angles publicly issued their hitherto secret teachings explicating Traditional Satanism with the aim of creating new Sinister Initiates and thus enacting not only personal but Aeonic change and evolution.

ONA's Sinister Tradition, claiming lineage from the solar cults of Albion, re-presents that which is purely Western in its weltanschauung, eschewing the alien creeds of Cabbalism and Orientalism, and embracing a Dialectical approach, including the support and promotion of Forms able to create beyond themselves and potentially seeding a new Aeon...

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~ Collection of Various Manuscripts ~

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Satanism ~

A Basic Introduction For Prospective Adherents

Anton Long, ONA. 1992eh. Revision c. 1998eh.

Introduction

This present work aims to provide an introduction to genuine Satanism for those interested in this particular Occult way.

It is written by someone who has been involved in Satanism for a quarter of a century and who now has the honour of being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanists. The work is honest and revealing and therefore informative, and will go some way to demolishing the myths prevalent regarding Satanism. Because of its honest and revealing nature, it will also undermine the many pseudo-Satanists who have little or no understanding of what real Satanism is all about.

In genuine Satanism, there are rituals of an Occult kind, as there is an exultation in the carnal. There is also real evil - dark and dangerous deeds: a living of life to the fullest extent. All of these things - and much more - will be explained.

I - The Satanic Game

Satanism is understood by its genuine adherents as a particular Occult way or method. That is, it is a specific path or way toward a specific goal, the following of which involves a particular way of living. The specific path is a dark, sinister, or 'Left Hand Path' one, and the specific goal is the creation of a new type of individual. On a more general level, Satanism is concerned with changing our evolution and the societies we live in - creating, in fact a new human species and a civilization appropriate to the new type of human being. Satanism, however, is often regarded by its opponents or the mis-informed, as being one or more of the following: (a) worship of the Devil/Satan; (b) a religious cult which practices Black Magick; (c) an inversion of the Nazarene religion and its rites; (d) a sect which preaches and practices perversions and sexual license.

Further - and also incorrectly - the figure of Satan Himself is commonly held to derive from the religion described in the Hebrew 'Old Testament', with the word "Satan" being regarded as derived from the Hebrew word for "accuser". In fact, the Hebrew word is itself derived from another word - an ancient Greek one. This Greek word - an is αἰτία - that is, 'an accusation', [See, for example, its use by Aeschylus - aitia ekho.] and also 'cause' or 'foundation' or 'origin' of some-thing. In essence, Satan as a word represents (a) the prime cause of change, of *human* evolution; (b) 'Adversary' in the sense of opposing norm, the accepted, and this sense is still retained in the usage of 'Devil' (e.g. Devil's Advocate). The word 'Devil' is derived from the Greek word - διαβόλος - via the Latin "diabolus". The figure of Satan is thus seen to be not a Hebrew invention, as hitherto supposed, but in fact a representation of opposition, of Heresy: and a symbol of creative change.

From opposition there is a synthesis - the process of dialectical change which governs evolution.

Fundamentally, Satanism is opposed to the meekness of conventional religion. Conventional religion (invariably Occidental) means submission - to a deity and its 'appointed' authority/church, or to some dogma derived from the words of some 'prophet'/saviours. Conventional religion also means a certain way of 'viewing the world' - a certain outlook. The Occidental religious way is the way of dogma, of revelation, and ultimately, of fear - there is concern with reward and retribution; with concepts of guilt and sin. There is and must be *faith* - faith comes before personal wisdom derived from direct experience of living.

The way of Satanism is the total opposite of this - it is the way of liberation, internally and externally. There is a desire to *know* based on personal experience. There is a desire to be proud - to exult and revel in life and so fulfill the possibilities that life offers. In other words, there is an exploration of frontiers - an extending of those frontiers. There is a desire to excel, to achieve, to set the standards for others to follow rather than follow the standards set by someone else. This, of

course, is not easy - it requires a certain type of person: someone imbued with *spirit*, with an urge to conquer and defy. Someone with *character*.

Thus, because of 'human nature', Satanism in the past has been only suited to a minority - those few who can really defy and go against accepted norms. For it has been a fundamental principle of genuine Satanism that each individual Satanist finds his or her own limits and thus lives, and if necessary dies, by their own morality or ethics. That is, a Satanist accepts no restrictions other than those they impose on themselves. They accept that it is they and only they who can find answers to their questions - and that these answers are derived from direct personal experience of living at the very edge. They cannot be derived from faith, from dogma, from someone else's 'teaching' - or from some theory propounded by some organization, group, 'Temple, whatever.

This means that Satanists are amoral in the conventional sense: there is not, never has been and never can be, any such thing as "Satanic ethics" or a "Satanic authority" which individual Satanists must be subservient to - for such things are contrary to genuine Satanism; they are contrary to the fundamental, personal aim of Satanism - the creation of a more evolved, more highly developed *individual*. Satanism - on the personal level - is an individualized quest, involving individuals striving to experience their own limits and go beyond those limits. Satanism applies the principle of evolution to human practice - the strong survive and win through, while the weak fail or perish.

However, this does not mean what most people assume it to mean - a license for anarchic self-indulgence and a wallowing in lust/depravity/excess and so on. A Satanist has a goal - an ulterior motive beyond the satisfaction of their own ego and beyond indulging in and giving way to, of unconscious impulses. This goal is to excel - to go beyond what one is. To do this requires a self-mastery, a real self-discipline. Self-mastery and self-discipline can only be acquired by self-experience: by experience of real life. A Satanist desires to evolve - and this evolution this requires resolve and thus a certain strength of character. What a genuine Satanist does, in real-life or in the learning experiences that are magickal/Occult rituals, is to explore - to find the limits of themselves and the world; they experience and so grow, and so fulfill their latent, diabolical potential. Everything is a means to this - rituals, other people, society itself.

Because they have an ulterior motive, a known goal, there is *perspective* - an understanding beyond the impulse/feelings/desires of the moment or moments of a particular experience. In brief, there is - or there developed - real insight, a real judgment and a real self-awareness and understanding. Naturally, this is difficult - and often dangerous. The failures become trapped in - or never go beyond - the moment and the desires/impulses/feelings of the moment. In simple terms, the failures, the pseudo-Satanists wallow in their 'dark side' and the 'dark side' of nature/society, without either understanding it, controlling it or transcending it. Fundamentally, a Satanist knows and understands where they are going and what they are doing/why they are doing it.

The failures, the pseys, are trapped by the acts or acts or experience. The Satanist is strong, proud, defiant and *in control* of the experience and themselves; the failures, the pseys are in thrall to their feelings/emotions/desires (both conscious and unconscious) and thus are without any real self-insight. The way of Satanism is not easy - the methods, experiences and so on which are necessary and which the Satanist uses to obtain their goal are risky and dangerous. It is easy to fail, get caught or whatever. There is nothing - and no one - to aid the Satanist in his/her quest. There is nothing to make it easier, less difficult, less dangerous. There is only his/her determination, and the learning from experience: the gradual development of character from experience. Only thus is there a real, a genuine, evolution of the individual. Anything less is mere *pose* - an affectation.

The way of Satanism - as exemplified by genuine Satanic organizations - sets forth various learning experiences, reveal various esoteric techniques, and offers an esoteric or 'initiated' insight into life, individuals and the cosmos itself. This way is a practical one - a way of living - and in the early stages a part of this involves magickal practices and rituals. These specific experiences develop certain esoteric skills - and thus enable a learning of 'forbidden' Arts. They also enable indulgence in worldly pleasures - carnal, material and otherwise. But these experiences - and the pleasures which can and do arise from them - are not a fetish as they are not of a religious nature.

They are merely means - to be used, learned from, mastered and then transcended. For the novice Satanist always moves on - to new experiences, new challenges, and thus new insights. For most, the overtly Occult aspects - involving participating in magickal rites and running a group/Temple - lasts a few years. Beyond this, they are left behind - the goals having been achieved. That is, the Satanist has achieved the goals of a Satanic novice and moves further along the path, becoming a Satanic Adept. There is then, for the new Satanic Adept, an involvement with other Satanic practices in order to further develop the character and abilities of the Satanist -

practices which enable the Satanist to express the dark side of existence by their acts and way of living, and which thus contribute to creative change.

Some of these Satanic practices are, viewed conventionally, "evil" and some are, or may be construed to be in a particular society, "illegal".. They are consciously chosen by the Satanist to develop themselves and to thus aid the achievement of their ultimate goal - and chosen so to aid what is known as the 'sinister dialectic of history'. Such practices aid the unique Destiny which the Satanist wishes to achieve, for each Satanist desires to fulfill their existence in a unique way. They wish to make their mark on the world - to achieve something with their lives. They wish to change things, or aid change, and they desire their own lives to have some effect:

In consequence, some of the deeds a Satanic Adept may consciously decide undertake may be disruptive; some may involve 'culling' [ie. removing human dross or those who oppose the Destiny of the Satanist wishes to achieve]; some may involve direct action of a kind deemed by some society to be 'terrorist'. What is important about what is chosen and done is that (a) it aids or fulfills the Destiny of the Satanist so choosing and acting; and/or (b) it aids Satanism in general - i.e. it helps to fulfil the "sinister dialectic of history". There are no other considerations - ethical, moral, religious or whatever. The Satanic Adept uses the knowledge and insights they have gained from their Satanic noviciate - from past experiences - to make such choices for themselves. An established Satanic organization/Order/group only *guides* its members toward experiences, and it provides them with esoteric knowledge and techniques which they can use. The onus is on the individual - to experience, to participate, *to make their own decisions in their own time* and so learn, quite often by making mistakes.

The **sinister dialectic of history** is the name used to describe Satanic strategy. The Training and guidance of individual Satanists by an established Satanic group/Order/organization or Master/Lady master, is a *tactic* used to achieve the strategic goal. The aim of this strategy is to change evolution - that is, to change the evolution of our species, and thus the cosmos itself, by interaction between the two. This evolution is toward 'the sinister' - toward greater diversity, greater individuality and creativity. This involves 'presencing' the sinister, or the 'dark forces' on Earth, in societies and in individuals. It involves re-structuring of 'society' over long periods of time. Essentially, the aim is to create a new human species by developing the potential that is already latent within us as individuals. Expressed simply, it means letting the human species develop full maturity - at present the vast majority are still immature children, in thrall to unconscious desires and impulses and with little or no self-mastery and wisdom. And they are kept that way by the restraints, the impositions and the control 'societies' and religion and other forms (such as politics and 'ethics') impose and have imposed on them.

In effect, this means the majority becoming not only 'Adepts' but also achieving/attaining the knowledge and wisdom and strength of character possessed by genuine Masters/Lady Masters. *It means the majority attaining and going beyond what has been described as 'individuation'*. Satanists believe that this change - this evolution - can only be brought about via practical means: by a practical synthesis of sinister/light

The archetype for this change is Satan - the Adversary, the Heretic, the Proud One who refuses to bow down before some 'god'; who refuses to accept subservience and who is unsatisfied with the answers, the solutions, of others. To achieve this change there has to be a learning - a gradual increase in the number of genuine Adepts, that is, of those free of restraining opposites. There has to be an increase in those who adhere to the creative energy that creates all life and which engenders its change and evolution and which is thus the essence of existence itself.

Each Satanist, by living Satanicly, aids the dialectic and thus aids the evolutionary change. They learn to play at being god - fulfilling their existence. As for the rest - they can participate, and so learn and evolve; or they can be used, by Satanists, to effect changes greater than themselves.

There are no limitations unless we create them - and if others create them, they are there to be transcended. To exult in excellence is the name of the only game worth seriously playing: the Satanic one.

II - Some Questions Answered

Is Satanism simply Devil-Worship?

The term 'devil-worship' is used in a number of ways - often to describe 'Black Magick' and the alleged practices of 'Satanists': e.g. sexual rituals, animal sacrifice. What is usually described by this term are the activities of Occult dabblers who have no knowledge of real Satanism, and who play at being Satanists - invoking The Devil and so on. Often, the term 'Devil-worship' is used in the moral sense to describe 'perverted' behaviour in an Occult setting. In the literal sense, Devil-worship means a religious worship of the Devil. In all the above senses, Satanism is not 'devil-worship': Satanists do not worship anything, and the practices and rites of Satanism are quite different from the popular 'media' image/model.

While some of the rites involve various Occult forms - robes, a Temple and so on - most are removed from such associations. The real magick of a Satanist takes place through their way of living - what they do and achieve in real life and situations, by trying to fulfill their Destiny and aid the sinister dialectic. They live Satanically, rather than play Occult games. Those that do have an outward Occult or ritualized form, are only a learning, a stage for the Satanic novice - the mere beginnings of their Satanic life. [The ceremonial rituals are given in 'The Black book of Satan'. They include The Black Mass, the Initiation Ceremony and The Death Ritual.]

But what of The Devil? Or Satan? Does He really exist? And, if so, do you respect Him?

He exists, but not in the way most believe: e.g. a horned figure with cloven feet. Rather, He is not bound by our everyday spatial and temporal dimensions, but exists instead in what esoteric tradition calls 'the acausal'. We apprehend the acausal mostly in an archetypal way - i.e. we impose an image upon its acausal and non-spatial structure. The 'conventional' descriptions of the Devil or Satan are basically childish Nazarene images. The reality is far more terrifying and evil - when viewed conventionally, of course! Further, terms like 'respect' depend on the opposites inherent in an un-initiated view. In reality, there is only a working with the acausal energies or forces or 'entities' as those things are: a becoming-like the Devil; an identity-with Him, if you wish. And this is an extension of one's own being or existence, rather than a negation, a submergence. Expressed simply, one becomes one with Satan, and in the early stages strives to be like Him.

Does Satanism involve human sacrifice?

Sometimes a Satanist may undertake a culling - either during a magickal ritual or in the real world (e.g. by assassination, manipulating someone to do the deed). Whether or not this is done depends on the Destiny of the individual Satanist - on whether a particular person or persons need removing in order for that Destiny to be attained. However, all victims for such removal must be suitable - that is, they will be judged as worthless, dross: or be suitable because their removal will aid the sinister dialectic. They, of course, will be judged and found suitable, Satanically. In practice, this means that once someone has been judged to be worthless (in terms of their character and deeds) or otherwise found to be suitable for sacrifice, they will be tested in order to confirm this judgment/suitability. The tests give them a sporting chance. Two or three tests are usually conducted, without the victim's knowledge. Only if they fail these tests will a culling be undertaken, for the glory of Satanism in general. The "raison d'etre" for Satanic culling, is some people are worthless, a liability to evolution, and their removal is healthy: it aids the human stock. And thus helps to achieve Satanic goals. Further, those chosen really choose themselves, by their deeds - they reveal their worthless character or their suitability by what they do, or do not do, in real life. Thus, a culling is akin to an act of 'natural justice', a restoration of the creative imperative.

But surely this 'culling' as you call it, is a criminal act?

The 'Law' is an accumulation of tireless attempts by the mediocre majority to prevent the creative few turning life into a succession of ecstasies. Or, less poetically, it is an attempt to restrain the healthy, noble instinct of the strong - an attempt to usurp the judgment of experience. What matters is that each individual develops their own judgment - possesses a sense of 'natural justice', a mature and strong character (born via experience). The 'Law' is an expression of tyranny - of someone else taking away this judgment and character: of society treating people as children.

What of children? Do they have a place in Satanism? In its rituals, for instance?

One of the fundamental aims of Satanism is to develop individuals - to develop a mature, insightful, character, a Satanic spirit. Satanic training, of a novice, aims to build character, to develop a unique individual aware of their potential and their destiny. This training can only begin when the individual can assess things - or begin to assess them - for themselves. This generally means around the age of sixteen. Before then, there can be no participation in Satanism, whether this be rituals or anything else, simply because Satanism involves each individual making their own choice - of deciding, for themselves, that they wish to undergo Satanic training or undertake a Satanic way of living. In some circumstances - for instance a child born to parents who are Satanists - there is a simple ceremony involving dedicating the newborn to the darker forces. But until that child grows and can decide things for themselves, there is and can be nothing else. To do otherwise, is to contradict the essence of Satanism. Satanism is not interested in 'corrupting' others without their consent - it is interested in creating strong, unique individuals of real character who can think and judge for themselves. Anything else is not real Satanism.

But surely Satanists control and use others - manipulate them?

Of course! Some people are natural slaves. Satanists are the natural leaders. But each person has a free choice - if they need to follow, to be led, if they enjoy being manipulated, or out of weakness have little or no character of their own, then that is in their nature. Existence is often ruthless: the strong win through while the weak go under. Thus is evolution achieved. Humans are no different, although many in their delusion would wish to believe otherwise.

I shall give an example, and one which will make the softies (and incidentally the pseudo-Satanists) shudder in horror! Some people in their weakness become addicts - for this example we will say on drugs. As such, they are life's failures. A Satanist views them with contempt - they have made their choice, and revealed a weak character. Thus, he or she might consider it worth their while - and certainly justified - in 'using' these worthless people, by, for instance, supplying them with what they need. To wit, drugs. This would be profitable, and enable the Satanist to live their life a little more Satanicly. It would also aid the sinister dialectic - in two ways. First, the addicts might in the near future die, and thus remove or cull themselves. Second, the 'drug-culture' is symptomatic of a society or societies infested with the Nazarene disease: where a slave-morality has triumphed and noble, strong instincts are repressed/suppressed. (Where, for instance, the idea of combat, of war, as healthy, is heresy.) Such a society or societies need to be undermined and destroyed and replaced by healthier ones.

Incidentally, while on this subject of health, everyone has a choice at all times despite whatever external circumstances pertain. It is character, spirit, which win through.

A Satanist is someone who triumphs, even (or especially) in adversity, and who lives by a motto which is no longer understood today except by the noble few: "Death Before Dishonour". To submit, to give in, to not try, is dishonourable. A Satanist knows with an arrogant, prideful certainty that the human spirit can triumph over everything and everyone - they refuse to admit defeat, to give in, and are prepared if necessary to die rather than act in a dishonourable way, against their Satanic principles. Because of this, they are strong, and inspire in others perhaps a certain awe. And, because of this preparedness, they exult in life - they relish living, and live to the full.

If I wished to become a Satanist, what would I have to do?

The first thing is to make sure one understands what Satanism is and involves by contacting other Satanists, for instance, or reading genuine Satanic material such as the works of the O.N.A. Then, having so understood, one makes a decision to begin the quest along the 'Left Hand Path' and to act Satanically. This is usually formalized in some way via a simple rite of Initiation - which basically means that one affirms one's desire to follow the way of Satan. This rite can be either a ceremonial one, via an existing Order or Satanic group, or a hermetic 'self-Initiation'. Examples of both are available to those curious enough to find them.

Following this, one undertakes various tasks, techniques and methods over a period of some months, the aim of all of which is to build a solid Satanic foundation, in terms of character. These are all accessible in various Satanic works. Quite a number of these involve gaining experience in the real world, while some involve directly Occult/magickal work - e.g. rituals. The emphasis throughout is on self-achievement and self-effort. This noviciate period lasts about a year, perhaps two. There are then more challenges to undertake, more ordeals to develop character and aid one's judgment and insight and self-mastery. Of course, there are also many rewards - some carnal, some material, some spiritual (in the sinister sense, naturally!). There develops an awareness of one's Destiny and an understanding of what is hidden from the majority by virtue of their rather rudimentary level of consciousness and knowledge. During all this, one is aiding the dark forces by the very act of doing Satanic things. That is, aiding evolution - of one's self, and existence in general. One is being significant; doing and achieving. If one is fortunate enough, there may be guidance and advice from someone who has gone that way before - from a Satanic Master or Mistress. What is important, is that one really lives; achieves things; works in and alters the real world; and learns and so develops - in character, insight, knowledge and so on. Most people waste their lives. A Satanist wants to be a god - and is prepared to change the world to make their dreams a reality. Most people dream, but lack the courage to act. What matters is that one does something - if some things do not work out as one planned, there are other places, other times. New dreams to dream and fulfill. And life does not even end with causal death - one can become Immortal! The form of life simply changes. But this immortality is not given - it is not a reward. It is *achieved*, it is a conscious act: a becoming-one with the dark force itself, with Satan.

There is much that is numinous, but nothing known surpasses Man in numinosity. That is, of all life, we as individuals possess the most potential - have the 'creative fire' of life itself. Satanism is a means to not only understand this, but to implement it - fulfill our divine (and diabolic) potential. To live this existence to the full. To participate in evolution. And to evolve to another realm entirely. But Satanism is dangerous - it is testing. It requires a demonic desire, a strength of character. It is genuine Heresy. It is for the few who can really defy, who really wish to become like gods and are prepared to take the risks involved.

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2.

The Dark Forces

ONA yf87

For too long our enemies have lied about us. But, as the cosmic tides begin another Aeonian change as the Age of the Dark Gods begins, we proclaim openly our defiance and our creed.

No longer shall the lies go unchallenged. Accordingly, we - as representatives of those dark forces which have always shaped our evolution proclaim the following about our sinister Way and its living:-

- 1) The Dark Gods are means to self-fulfillment, self-understanding and self-divinity.
- 2) We believe that only through journeying through the darkness within and without, in passing the Abyss, can true self- understanding be attained.
- 3) Our rites, ceremonies and magick are life-affirming and show us and bring us the ecstasy of existence, the laughter of life and the self-overcoming of the true Adept.
- 4) We are feared because we understand and because we rejoice in living - in its pleasures but most importantly in its possibilities. We extend the frontiers of evolution while others sleep and cry.
- 5) All that enervates we despise: we have nothing to do with the cowardly and weak who are trapped by their own failings and who scurry about in the filth that covers those who do dishonourable deeds.
We revere honour because honour means self-excellence and a recognition of the cosmic balance that is an Adept.
- 6) When we hate we hate openly and with pride and when we love we love with a passion to match our arrogance: always mindful never to love anyone or anything so much that we cannot see it die, since death is a natural changing of forces.
- 7) We would rather die than submit to anyone or anything and this pride is the pride of Satan, that symbol of our defiance and a sign of our life-enhancing energy.
- 8) We prepare - through our magick, our deeds and our living - for the Age of Fire (the Aeon of the Dark Gods) which is to come, when we shall reach out toward the stars and the new challenges they will bring.
- 9) Our Way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly dare to defy the matrix of forms (like `crosstianity') that stifle the potentiality of our being.

It has been said (by Nietzsche):

"The more mediocre, the weaker, the more submissive and cowardly a man is, the more he will posit as evil: it is with him that the realm of evil is most comprehensive. The basest (most dishonourable) man will see the realm of evil that is, of that which is forbidden and hostile to him - everywhere."

"The most powerful man, the creator, would have to be the most evil, in as much as he carries his ideal against the ideals of other men and remakes them in his own image..."

3.

The Alchemy Of Magick

ONA (From **Hostia I**, 1991eh)

Magick is not an object for academic study - it is essentially practical. It also requires self-discipline and training - the acquisition of skills.

No books or teacher can teach magick it can only be learnt by practice, by the trials and errors of experience. All books and teachers can do, at best, is guide: toward and into the relevant experiences and offer some explanations for cause, effect and what is beyond the causal.

Similarly, willful self-expression will be mostly counter-productive. What is required of the novice and Initiate is self-discipline and that insight which arises from achievement and adversity. Modern life, however, has made these things difficult it is easy to be self-opinionated, to accept the comforts of modern living and the lack of self-discipline, just as modern "methods" and "ideas" about "magick" make it seem that understanding of and achievement in magick is easy: all that is needed are the relevant books/ grade manuals/ information and a chaotic mind/attitude/approach.

There is not and never has been any substitute for self-learning from experience. The real learning of magick occurs by the individual novice, alone: group work and group experience merely confirm that learning and extend the techniques, the forms that are used. This is so because real magick is internal - an alchemy of psychic change. It is the techniques which are external. For instance, sexual magick is a technique of magick - it is not magick or 'magickal' in itself - just as ceremonial ritual is a technique. All techniques are forms which are dormant - they need vivifying, bringing to life: they need to be infused with the 'breath of life'. This vivification is magick, and its achievement is individual, that is, it does not rely on the form - on minute details of performance or technique. Sometimes, this vivification is shared - e.g. between two individuals undertaking a sexual rite or a group gathering for a ceremony.

For too long the techniques have been regarded as magickal in themselves, leading to a complete misunderstanding of magick - as, for example, by Crowley and his followers and by adherents of latter-day "chaos" techniques. Magick is beyond technique - techniques and forms merely presence the magick in the causal, and to access the magickal energies skill is required. Sometimes, this skill is intuitive - an inborn gift - but most often it has to be cultivated, learnt, acquired. The skill is an internal one, and may be likened to an attitude of mind. It is a "moving with" magickal energies as those energies are, in themselves - it is not a loose, undirected approach, a chaotic acceptance, but a finely balanced direction; not a loss of conscious awareness/ understanding, but a new type of awareness. It is like running long distances: innate ability may help, but training is required, an awareness of limitations born from past experience, a self-discipline to achieve the distance in the time set - and then the running, which when successful is a 'flowing with' the body and mind...

In magick, desire makes the energy - once accessed via the individual - presence in the form/technique chosen. This desire is usually aimed - that is, it has a causal goal (as for example in external magick). The form or technique chosen may stimulate to some extent the production of magickal energies - but it is the individual who must push open the gate (or nexion) and direct the energies that lie beyond it. What the forms and techniques most often do is make the nexion seem real and accessible - often 'provoking' within the individual the consciousness required to push open the nexion and presence the energies.

Because of this, ceremonial rituals (or any ritual where more than two are present and involved) require direction or control - of the images/forms/patterns invoked and the presencing of such in the causal. This direction is always toward the causal (that is, toward a specific aim or into the psyche of an individual or individuals) because of the nature of the energies - there is always 'flow'. If no control is undertaken (or the direction is confused because more than one attempts to control the flow - perhaps unconsciously) then causal change will still occur (and must occur) although in ways probably unforeseen by those involved - this is what usually happens when some individuals gather and attempt an act of magick - and often results in psychic disruption of one or more of those individuals.

The alchemy of magick is in learning this control in being able to access the energies, and being able to produce changes via the presencing of what is accessed: internally (within one's own psyche), externally (in others and the things of the everyday) and aeonically (within and beyond the confines of aeonics). There is thus a learning about the various types of magickal energies

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(which may be said to be differentiated by how they presence in the causal) – and their uses. In short, the acquisition of individual skill and understanding. To achieve this, there are certain ways - certain guides which may be followed. This is a serious commitment - not a hobby, not a gathering of some like-minded people as and when for an enjoyable and ego-gratifying delving into 'the Occult', and certainly not 'for laughs' or to entertain. There is an intensity, a self-discipline, even sometimes a hardness - and those pleasures which are beyond mere mortals. In brief, new ways of living.

For while the alchemy of magick is now accessible to everyone (due to works such as "Naos") it is unlikely many will forswear their current and easy ways of living for the challenge.

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4.

A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

(Order of Nine Angles)

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional Satanists. It is the practice of Satanism, by individual Satanists, and thus expresses Satanism in action.

The Way is an individual one - each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals - that is, to train individuals in the ways of Satanism. This Satanic training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and a genuine understanding.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine magickal Adeptship (and beyond) and thus fulfil the potential latent within them - thus they can and do enhance their life, and achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially practical - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of magick. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts [hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a Satanic understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of Satanic Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional Satanism should gain some understanding of what genuine Satanism is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- * Satanism - An Introduction For Prospective Adherents
- * The Sinister Path: An Introduction to Traditional Satanism
- * The Essence of the Sinister Path [contained in Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA]

I Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These are: (1) The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick; (2) Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept; and (3) Hostia - The Secret Teachings of the ONA (Volumes I & II). The following MSS (contained in Hostia) should be particularly studied in order to gain an understanding of traditional Satanism and its methods: (a) Selling Water By The River; (b) Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed; (c) Guide to Black Magick; (d) Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of Naos; (b) Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to Satanic Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Satanic Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional Satanic group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation". Both of these rituals of Initiation are given in detail in the Order MS The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Satanic Initiate in constructing and learning to play, The Star Game, details of which are given in the Order MS Naos.

II Initiate

Tasks:

- 1) Study the Septenary System in detail [Naos] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in Naos. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].
- 2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in Naos. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.
- 3) Set yourself one very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]
- 4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner, and introduce this person to Satanism. Initiate them according to the rite in The Black Book of Satan. Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.
- 5) Obtain and study the Order MS The Temple of Satan [Part II of The Deofel Quartet]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis; and The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis. [Note: Part I of the Deofel Quartet - Falcifer, Lord of Darkness - is intended as entertaining Satanic fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the Secret Tasks MS and the MS Insight Roles - A Guide, in Hostia.] This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in Naos.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Satanic Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and latent personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of Satanism.

The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. The Star Game takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real Satanic character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Satanic commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Satanic, group/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Satanic Temple, and teach them about Satanism. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according to the ceremonial ritual in The Black Book of Satan as you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed in the Black Book of Satan, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are:

(a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs.

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(b) running twenty-six miles in four hours;

(c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the Secret Tasks MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of The Star Game.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonick Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in Naos].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of traditional Satanism, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Satanic Temple' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition. The tradition is contained in The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia; The Deofel Quartet; Aeonick Magick and other Order MSS.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Satanic Temple in your absence.

Concerning The Satanic Temple:

The Temple must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Satanic path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it to be truly Satanic, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising Satanists. If the latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, Satanic character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonic magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See the Order MS Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance.]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting Satanically in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Satanic Temple, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce Satanic change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them.

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, The Star Game, Aeonic Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see the MS Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance; and the MS The Abyss where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V Master/ Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

- (1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Temple/group;
- (2) The performance of Aeonick Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;
- (3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonick understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonick Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of The Deofel Quartet. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonick works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the Satanic novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to human sacrifice, or culling. [These teachings are contained in such Order MSS as (1) The Hard Reality of Satanism; (2) Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime; (3) Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice; (4) Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers; (5) Victims - A Sinister Expose; (6) The Practice of Evil in Context.]

For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual Satanist. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, Satanists. Some who profess to be 'Satanists' - and some who wish to become Satanists - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as "ordinary" and weak, as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine Satanic novices possess or must develop. Satanism is at it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to

create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine ordeals, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the Guide - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.)

After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - or repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Obtain from a Nazarene place of worship some 'hosts' as used in their perverse and sordid rituals. If you are seeking Initiation into an established ceremonial group/Temple, this will probably be your task of fidelity to that group/Temple, with the hosts being used in the celebration of The Black Mass. If however you are undertaking a Self-Initiation (as given in The Black Book of Satan) then immediately following that rite of Self-Initiation you should trample on or otherwise defile these 'hosts' (e.g. by urinating on them) saying as you do so the following: "By this deed I pledge myself to counter Nazarene filth, and give myself, body, blood and soul, to Satan, Prince of Darkness." You should then burn the hosts or what remains of them by placing them in a vessel containing flammable liquid and setting this alight, laughing as the burning seals your gesture and your oath.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the Guide, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS Insight Roles - A Guide].

External Adept:

The following two tasks must both be undertaken successfully.

(1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the Guide - perform a Black Mass using hosts obtained by one of the newer members of this Temple, or obtained by a candidate seeking Initiation.

(2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an offer - a human sacrifice. Select some suitable victims, using Satanic guidelines for so selecting a victim, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen victim. The victim or victims having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform The Death Ritual with the intent of eliminating by magickal means the chosen victim(s). Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further victim using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake a culling by disposing of the victim either during a suitable rite (e.g. The Ceremony of Recalling) or via practical means (e.g. assassination). You may elect to do this practical means yourself, or you may choose a trusted suitable member of your Temple to undertake this for the glory of the Temple. If you have elected for practical means, have your Temple undertake The Death Ritual at the chosen time.

It must be stressed that (i) the victim(s) must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the victims can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the Satanic path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

5.

Star-Gates

Thornian, ONA.

The stars were everywhere to be seen, amidst the unknown blackness that begged to be conquered. One in particular shone through with vibrancy unmatched. It was neither the brightest, closest, nor largest star. But its glow reached much further than the eye, it extended into the very core of the being, of the initiate who stood beneath it. A lifetime of light-years away, yet revealing itself as destination.

There was no gate, he knew, linking his consciousness to that of the cosmos. For they were already intertwined, via *thousands* of gates. Woven together through initiation and the stripping of illusion that is the Dark Tradition, he *was* the cosmos, and he let himself be directed by its Will. This intertwining, between Causal and Acausal, was the core of his being. The Acausal Charge, understood by lesser men as a "divine spark" was also the single factor for by which organic existence was made possible. It was into this, the *Nexion* within his consciousness – both latent and realized – that the light of the star extended into, penetrated, and became.

Standing enthralled with the energy this star produced – just as the sun did in Aeons past and Worlds long forgotten – the Sinister Initiate understood it as embodying Wyrd. It had itself given life, meaning – *numen*, to his deeds even before its light came into view. Far off as it was, it had no form – no answers to be bestowed without the seeking of a lifetime through those portals of being and non-being, that must be discovered before even the faintest form could be identified. This he accepted.

Transferred now from his world, to limits hitherto black, he floated weightless among the galaxies of time past and time to come. But time did not matter there – it did not flow, but rather produced chaos to the point of nothingness. And he among it saw the stars close to his – a thousand destinies woven into one galaxy which transcended all thought and reason. For it was only the stripping away of such things, to reveal a genuine intuition that naturally excelled further past the confines of conscious mind.

Blinding light then encompassed the Initiate, in an instant blaze. A satori then incomprehensible at any level spoke in still incomprehensible ways, until the initiate was hurled into visions of fallen leaders, bereft of their destinies – as was necessary to bring forth the wyrd of a thousand others. And the Cosmic Being nodded to the initiate, in recognition.

Back on his home land, the formless remnants of bloody war scorned at his feet. Detached in a way that was more aware than it was illusory, the initiate had no feelings. There was no despair, no horror, no compassion. But simply an understanding of why it must be. A black cloud spread about the ground, and moved slowly through the land, as a nameless god brought him these insights – and the Dark Gods manifest themselves throughout the rest of this world in the form of bloody war. But he took no notice of the visions sent to his conscious – of the people themselves, who were sacrificed to the galactic will. For such sacrifice was necessary, in the continuing flux of life – and all that deserved notice were the changes taking place, and the greater achievements of life to follow. Most others would not believe them to be for the better, but those others were simply the pawns.

Once these intrusions subsided, he was left among cold nothingness; with only the leveled remnants of a world – to be built anew before him. In front of him stood the past – a manifestation of nobility and determination he had in this life yet to match. The soldier stood as not only his past, but the past of his destiny, and others whose destinies were to be brought together under cosmic wyrd. Each destiny individual, but woven into the will of the cosmos...

The soldier and he needed no words. For they communicated solely through self-insight, more effectively than could otherwise be. This soldier of the past brought startling insights to the future

Order of Nine Angles

and of times gone, for which the present was but a narrow road between. He saw in the eyes of the soldier only lifeless chaos.

Looking back to the sky, he again identified his nameless star. The soldier was now gone, and the initiate was left only to ponder the worlds he'd just traveled – somewhere between the Moon and Saturn – but far outside and beyond the galaxies and star systems in which they reside. Deep into the unknown blackness his star shone through, emanating with Wyrd awaiting fulfillment. One day he should again join the mysterious soldier, with matched qualities of the determination, honour, and destiny he represented – on that lone planet that orbits his star.

6.

Guide To Black Magick

According to traditional Satanism, magick may be divided into three forms: external magick, internal magick and aeonic magick.

External Magick

This is results magick or sorcery, and it is the magick of the Initiate and External Adept. It itself exists in two forms: ceremonial and hermetic.

Ceremonial is ritual magick - ceremonies and rites where more than two individuals are involved. Ceremonial magick can be done for basically two reasons: to create/draw down and then direct magickal energy for a specific aim (e.g. cursing), or to represent through words and symbolism the myths/knowledge of a particular tradition or cultus. Sometimes, however, the energy generated by a symbolic rite can be directed to a specific end - as in the Black Mass.

Hermetic rituals usually involve one or two individuals ('sex magick' is usually hermetic) and are generally done extempore. They require those undertaking them to possess or be capable of developing during the ritual, an empathy with the forces/energies employed, as well as possessing the necessary desire to direct the forces/energies. In contradistinction, ceremonial rituals are usually written down and when performed a set text is followed, with only minor variations to allow for the emotion of the moment.

Internal Magick

This is when magickal techniques (e.g. Grade Rituals) are used to alter the consciousness of an individual. The rites of internal magick 'open the gates' between the causal and the acausal, and change the perception from 'ego' consciousness to the 'self' and what is beyond. In the Jungian sense, internal magick produces 'individuation', and leads to Adepthood.

The main rites of internal magick are the hermetic workings associated with the spheres and pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyrð, and the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept which involves the individual living in isolation for at least three months.

It is one of the main functions of established Orders and Temples to prepare their members for internal magick and offer guidance along the way.

Aeonic Magick

This is the magick of the Master, the Mistress of Earth and the Magus, and its basis is an understanding of those forces which influence large numbers of people over long periods of time. On one level, aeonic magick is the alteration/ distortion of such forces; on another, it is the 'creation' of new energies and their dispersion over the Earth to change conscious evolution. In one sense, this is the 'blackest' magick of all.

Satanism, as a way of magick, has no seasonal rites, no servitude or submission to any deity and no fear. There are thus in Satanic rites no defensive circles or measures of any kind: only an exultation in the forces of the rite, a prideful possession and mastery.

Rituals are often done at the time of the full moon because it helps one to see when the ritual is done outdoors and because it gives atmosphere to the rite. Sometimes, rites are conducted on or around the seasonal changes - solstice and equinox - because there is magickal energy present then (due to Earth's changes) and this energy can be harnessed. The same applies to planetary workings - the rising and setting of planets (astronomically calculated for the horizon of the

observer - and not using the fraudulent 'planetary' tables given in most books). Such planetary energies exist - but are generally small, and have little effect on rituals done correctly. Most Occultists delude themselves about the nature and extent of these energies (this is particularly true of the Moon) - to become sensitive to them is difficult in our shielded, technological society. Generally, only Adepts (and the naturally gifted) possess the required empathy.

However, this said, the full moon is rightly associated with 'lunacy' and 'demonic' possession - as any one who has worked nights at Mental Hospitals will testify. This power can also be harnessed during a ritual.

Celebratory rites in traditional Satanism are of two kinds - 1) those that express the energies of Satanism - e.g. the Black Mass, Ceremony of Recalling - and whose performance thus distorts the currents of the Nazarenes and the Old Aeon; and 2) those which create new energies appropriate to the Satanic age of fire to come - e.g. invocations to the 'Dark Gods'.

The Black Mass is still celebrated simply because the Nazarenes (and their allies) are still powerful and still polluting us with their filth. It is still the main ceremonial rite performed on a regular basis by organized Temples, and - like all ceremonial rituals its performance gives identity to the Temple, strengthening the magickal and personal ties of the members as well as furthering the work of the Prince of Darkness because it is a rite of Black Magick.

The mysteries of the Nine Angles form an important aspect of genuine Black Magick. On the physical level, the nine represent energy vibrations - for according to tradition, a crystal shaped like a tetrahedron responds to voice vibration of the correct pitch and intensity. In simple terms, the crystal amplifies the power of thought and produces magickal change. Quartz gives the best results, although spinel may be used. The tetrahedron shape has to be created from the natural material by a skilled operator.

On another level, the nine symbolize (that is, re-present) the progression of Aeons and thus the Aeonic energies. The representation is that of the nine combinations of the three alchemical substances ((~) ~ GC~) etc.) over the seven fundamental levels, these levels being the spheres of the septenary 'Tree of Wyrd'. The Star Game is a physical representation of these symbols - the seven boards are the spheres, and the pieces are the alchemical variations. (It should be noted that the nine main variations spread over the seven spheres also represent an individual - their consciousness, life and wyrd.) Thus the magick or 'sorcery' of the Star Game - an imitation (magickally done) of an Aeon or individual whose change (the moves of the Star Game) is manipulated by the magickian (the 'player' of the Game). The Star Game has two sets of twenty-seven pieces - one set white, the other black, representing the two aspects of cosmic Change (or the causal and acausal). These pieces are spread over the seven boards.

The Nine Angles also symbolize the seven plus two gates (or spheres) that join our causal universe with the acausal (or 'magickal') universe. The seven are the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (zones of magickal energy), and the other two are the Abyss - where the causal and acausal meet in temporary stasis - and the acausal itself, which is beyond even the Tree. The Abyss, in the septenary system, lies between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and its crossing is the ordeal of the Adept and the genesis of the Master/Mistress of Earth. It signifies the beginning of acausal perception.

The other important form of Black Magick is to do with self-survival after death. This can be done in two ways, depending on the aim of the operator. The first is transference of the essence of selfhood, near the moment of physical death, into another physical body, ensuring thus the continuation of existence on the physical level. The second in passing the acausal Gate - creating an existence entirely in the acausal dimensions.

The first involves finding a suitable body to inhabit; the second has some resemblance to the creation of the 'diamond body' in some of the esoteric schools of Taoism and it is this form which is generally undertaken by the Adept. The first is sometimes done as a temporary measure or if the wyrd of the individual compels completion of some task on the physical.

The process of the first involves the creation of a strong 'astral self' - via chant and visualization and strengthened through acts of magick over a period of time, sometimes using a crystal tetrahedron to ensure the right amount of magickal energy. Thus an 'astral double' is created - and

this energy is most usually stored in a crystal until the time for transfer. Meanwhile, a donor should have been found - a good, healthy specimen. The psyche of this donor is then infiltrated through both astral and physical contact. The actual transfer occurs during a ritual with both donor and operator present (the former may be hypnotized or drugged or otherwise enticed) - consciousness being transferred to the 'double' which then ousts the weakened psyche of the donor.

The second form is actually the next stage of conscious evolution - and the goal of the Adept.

What it is important to realize about traditional Satanism is what is meant by 'Satan'. Traditional Satanists regard Satan as not simply a symbol of self consciousness, but rather as a representative of those supra-personal forces beyond the individual psyche.

To see 'Satan' as simply a self symbol - as two recent 'satanic' groups do - is, firstly, to be self-deluded about the nature of cosmic forces, and second, to make (or attempt to make) Black Magick tame and safe. To deal with greater forces is to court danger - psychologically and physically. Traditional Satanists see this danger as a means: the strong survive and the weak perish; this simply being a reflection of genuine Satanist philosophy rather than the tame view spewed forth by the imitation and toy 'satanists' who abound today.

Satan - in traditional Satanism - is never represented pictorially, and apprehension of the physical or causal manifestation of our Prince is an experience that each Satanic novice achieves for themselves by undertaking rites of Black Magick according to the dark tradition. This apprehension may or may not change when the new Master or Mistress of Earth is born via the ordeal of the Abyss, and it is up to each and every Adept to undergo this experience since the reality cannot be taught - only experienced in the primal Chaos that is the Abyss. What pictorial representations that are used, are those of the forms sometimes chosen by the Shape-Changer himself, for the Prince of Darkness must have his fun with feeble mortals.

It is important to realize also that the name 'Satan' is not his real name - it is a convenient epithet, used because it expresses part of his nature. There is, in fact, no real 'name' as we understand names - only perhaps a sound vibration (which cannot really be written down) which summons him to our consciousness and our world. In a sense which few people will understand, Satan is the essence of the acausal: the cosmic force of Chaos whose intrusion into our causal dimensions disrupts the entropy that linear time produces. Our species requires and has required symbols to enable apprehension and evolution - and this is true also of the Initiate (and to a lesser extent of the Adept) who belong to that lower order. The Abyss destroys - or creates a new species, a new 'mind' capable of functioning on levels not normally accessible to those of the lower order. And the most potent symbol of certain cosmic forces has been, and still is, Satan.

In reality, Satan (who has a secret or 'genuine' name known to all Initiates) concerns Himself generally only with Aeonic magick - the changing of this world. Through him, the Masters and Mistresses work Internal Magick, and through their Orders, Initiates undertake rites of External Magick, to the glory of His name.

7.

Darkness Is My Friend: The True Meaning Of The Sinister Way

ONA, 107yf.

Contrary to a current and growing misconception, the Sinister Way (and Sinister Magick) involves practical acts of darkness, of heresy, of chaos - involving such things as human sacrifice. The Sinister Way does not simply involve the study of folk-traditions, of myths, of magick, of esoteric subjects, as it does not just involve individuals or groups experiencing (or claiming they have experienced) a certain "atmosphere" in certain "surroundings" which they or others believe or assume to be "sinister". Furthermore, the Sinister Way means the wholehearted acceptance, by the Sinister Initiate and Adept, of that particular way of living which has for centuries been called "Satanic".

The Sinister Way is still intrinsically Satanic because the Satanic archetype/mythos/image - the very Being, or life, which has been named Satan - still exists, still lives, and is still a becoming. This is so because this Being is part of the present civilization, and its Aeon, which still exists, and which will exist for several more centuries, albeit toward its decline and end. This Being is the ethos of Heresy for this present civilization of ours - the presencing of the Dark, the Sinister, and thus a practical manifestation, in the world, of the workings of the sinister dialectic: a means to bring change, imbue life, and initiate further evolution. Those who do not understand this, quite simply do not understand Aeons and the sinister dialectic itself.

However, it needs to be further understood that the acausal energies of the next Aeon, which will give rise to a new civilization centuries after, are already becoming manifest, partly through the work of esoteric groups who, knowingly or unknowingly, are nexions for the new energies waiting to be unleashed upon this world of ours. The Sinister ethos of this new Aeon is an apprehension of the acausal - the Sinister - itself. This apprehension is beyond a descriptive word or words, beyond a name and even beyond an archetypal image. It is initially - for the first century or so - a numinous symbol. This is because this new manifestation of the Sinister is a new type of Being, a new type of life presenced on this planet of ours, and presenced by our very lives, as human beings - and will thus go with us, and be manifest, wherever we go beyond the confines of this planet we call Earth. And yet this new manifestation, this new ethos, incorporates what will then be the "old" archetypal image of Satan - in the simplistic allegorical sense, the new type of Being will be the child or children of Satan, grown to maturity; a child or children born from the symbiosis with those Sinister Adepts existing now or in the near future.

Thus to scorn and reject what now is, presenced as the Satanic, is to reject what is yet to be - and thus it is to reject that which alone ensures the creation of the next civilization, its Galactic Empire and the new higher race of human beings we through our lives, our magick and our deeds, desire to create.

The reality of the present (and the next fifty to an hundred years or so) is that the majority need to be changed; they need to become human - and thus develop the potential latent within most. Only by such a change - in more that a few Initiates or Adepts - can the next civilization arise. It will not just "happen" - it has to be created, constructed, and controlled by Sinister Adepts who know what they are doing. The change that is necessary means that there must be a culling, or many cullings, which remove the worthless and those detrimental to further evolution. To change, the majority must be provoked into changing. This means them experiencing, confronting the shadows within and the shadows without; thus must the Sinister be made manifest for them, and in them. This requires Sinister Initiates and Sinister Adepts "to presence the dark". Furthermore, the causal structures the majority rely on, such as societies, need to be changed, via the creative/sinister dialectic, and thus by such dark presencing. In these things, the Being which is Satan is important, and vital - a valid apprehension for the majority, and their means of change through provokation, heresy and direct presencing of the Sinister.

At the same time, the new Aeon apprehension which is arising among Adepts must be nurtured, and expanded. As mentioned above, this new apprehension is even now being born from the one which still is. In Initiate (and exoteric) terms, this new apprehension is an understanding of Satan as one of the Dark Gods (or even as the Father of the Dark Gods) and a further understanding of the Dark Gods themselves as chaotic, primal, sinister entities which provoke, create, cause change and evolution, and without which evolution is impossible. In esoteric (and Adept) terms, this new apprehension is an understanding of the Dark Gods as causal manifestations, a presencing, of acausal energy - and a further understanding of how such acausal energy is the very life, the very Being, of both us as human beings, and of the cosmos itself.

Esoteric Groups and the Immediate Future

At this precise moment in our own human evolution, Sinister esoteric groups are in a unique position - capable of rationally understanding Aeon processes, and poised between the birth of a new Aeon, and the end and destruction of the old.

The new Aeon means a new, and higher, Galactic civilization - several centuries after the energies of the new Aeon first become manifest and are presenced, via new nexions. The decline and ending of the current Aeon means the establishment of a new and expanding physical Empire: a New Order which is the last and most glorious manifestation of the genuine spirit, or ethos, of the old Aeon. Sinister esoteric groups must understand such things as these, and then act upon that understanding, esoterically and exoterically.

Thus they must understand that for the next higher civilization to arise - created by and imbued with the energies of the new Aeon - our present societies must change or be changed. The Faustian/Promethean (or more correctly, the Satanic) Destiny of this current civilization must be returned, and the present cultural disease affecting this civilization cured, with the excision of the parasites sucking the life-blood of this civilization - for only this returning of Destiny will enable the Empire to be created, and only this Empire will breed in sufficient numbers the new type of individual required to create, build and expand the entirely new Galactic civilization and Galactic Empire which will arise from the eventual decline of the old Promethean/Faustian Empire.

Hence there are three main tasks for Sinister esoteric groups. (1) To provoke or cause, through both practical and magickal means, the destruction, the Ragnarok, which is necessary now to build a New Order from the diseased society of the present, and regain the ethos, the Destiny, which is necessary to inspire the creation of such a New Order. (2) To presence the Sinister energies of the new Aeon in particular places and through new living nexions. (3) To cause at least some of the now sub-human majority of our species to change, to evolve. This change can be achieved in two ways: (a) by presencing the dark which now is (Satan) and presencing the dark which can and will be (the primal cosmic acausal - "the Dark Gods"); and (b) by individuals following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way to Adeptship and beyond.

8.

An Introduction To Traditional Satanism

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Essentially, the difference between the ONA and other groups which profess to belong to the 'Left Hand Path' or which claim to be Satanic is that the ONA seeks to realistically guide its members along the difficult and dangerous path of self-development, the goal of which is the creation of an entirely new individual. This path is fundamentally a quest for self-excellence and wisdom.

We believe that there is no easy way to real knowledge and insight of the 'Occult' kind - that each individual must walk this path and achieve things for themselves. There are no 'ceremonies', no magickal 'rites', not even any teachings which can provide the individual with genuine wisdom: real wisdom is only and always attained by the personal effort of the individual over many years. It is the result of a synthesis - a development of the dark side and an integration of that aspect of our being thus creating a complete, more evolved individual. Furthermore, the means to this attainment are essentially practical; that is, they involve the individual undergoing certain formative, character-developing experiences 'in the real world' rather than in some pseudo-mystical, pseudo-intellectual 'magickal rite' or sitting at the feet of some pretentious 'master'.

For us, Satanism is a quest involving real personal danger where the individual Initiate undertakes genuine challenges which take them to and beyond their limits: physical, 'mental' and psychic. This quest, in its beginnings, involves the individual in exploring their 'hidden' or 'dark' side - and a part of this is participation in overtly Occult and magickal ceremonies and rites. This beginning - where the new Initiate participates in and later conducts Satanic rituals such as the 'Black Mass' - enables the individual to explore this dark side, to gradually understand it, make it more conscious, and thus control it. An aspect of this making-conscious, is symbolism - such as the 'septenary system' - where various Occult/magickal energies are symbolised in certain ways via a system of correspondences. This symbolism enables the energies dealt with to be objectified and thus consciously understood - this in itself makes possible an integration of the 'dark' side. Thus, there is a synthesis - a dynamic, conscious, moving-forward by the individual: an evolution of personality. Insight is gained. In psychological terms, there is the start of "individuation". This leads to a practical experiencing of the sinister, and thus further personal development, further building of character.

Because of the type of practical experiences, the type of challenges, the individual undertakes, the character so formed is - viewed conventionally - Satanic. There is a defiance of restrictions, a proudness, an experience and then understanding of those things that the religion of the Nazarene frowns upon. In Nietzschean terms, there is a practical living of a "master-morality". The person created via these experiences is the type to inspire a certain terror/awe in the supine majority, weaned as that majority have been by the softness of the Nazarene ethic.

However, this individual has only begun the process. That is, the type of character so described (which results from these early experiences) is not even what we would call an Adept: of the seven stages of this sinister way (or practical alchemy), this practical involvement in the 'Occult' via ceremonies and such things as organizing and running a Satanic group, describe just the first two stages of the way. Furthermore, even this beginning takes some years - and this beginning requires the individual to succeed by their own efforts, by their own will and determination. That is, there are no 'magickal grades' or titles awarded for money or sycophancy [as in all other so-called 'Satanic' groups] - what the individual achieves, in terms of 'magickal grades', they achieve through their own toil, through undergoing the experiences which create the type of character appropriate to a particular stage of the way being followed.

Thus, each stage of this way has associated with it certain tasks, certain experiences, which the individual must undertake by themselves in their own time. It is these and these alone which bring self-insight, mastery, understanding and skill - both 'occult' and personal. All the ONA does, at each stage and for each member, is offer advice - based on experience. That is, the ONA guides its members - it offers a practical system whereby real wisdom may be attained. The onus is on the individual to achieve the goal.

For us, Satanism is all about the creation of proud, strong, characterful, insightful individuals -

individuals who have gone beyond the majority and who thus represent a higher type. Genuine Satanic groups do not seek subservient, decadent, weak-willed followers. They seek to create a real elite - almost a new race of beings. Of course, this is not easy - it is really dangerous. Quite often, new Initiates fail because of the difficulty or because they lack the essential desire to succeed. But that is how evolution works - the strong overcome challenges and evolve; the others stay where they are, descend, or are destroyed.

Thus, Satanism is élitist - it does not compromise. It is not really for the majority. The tests, the ordeals, the methods of genuine Satanism are tough and severe because only such things will create the right type of person. These things cannot be made easier, less tough, less dangerous: to do so would destroy the essence of Satanism itself.

After the early stages of the way - which involve direct experience of the sinister both via rituals, magickal groups and undertaking certain sinister tasks - the individual moves on [if I said one such early task involved culling, or Satanic sacrifice, it is possible to appreciate the difficulty and danger]. That is, the Satanic novice gains more understanding of themselves, and the world, by more experiences - they move toward a real individuation, a synthesis of conscious/unconscious, light and sinister. Part of this involves them undertaking a specific task for some months, and it is this task - based on the foundations the previous, early, stages of the way have built - that creates a genuine Adept. This task requires the candidate for Adeptship to live alone, in an isolated area, for three months (usually from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice) - to talk with no one, to live frugally, with no modern conveniences, no wireless, no modern 'distractions', in a shelter they have built [in recent years, the rules have been relaxed and a tent is allowed]. The aim of this is for them to experience themselves and Nature without any distractions - to really get to know themselves and the natural energies which exist, as those energies are (and not as books, or 'teachers' or theories describe those energies). This, of course, is very difficult. It requires real determination; it requires the individual to face themselves, and all their fears. It is a severe test of character - and of their Satanic resolve. Most individuals who get this far (and that is not very many, over the past few decades) give up after a while - they find excuses to return to the world and its comforts. The classic excuse is the delusion that they have actually 'attained' Adeptship in a few days or perhaps weeks of isolation. And it is a delusion - for it is only by living in such a harsh, isolated way for at least three months that a real Adept is created. Naturally, other so-called Satanic or Left Hand Path groups award a spurious 'Adeptship' to their members/followers: or those members/followers award it to themselves, usually after some boring, pompous, totally meaningless ceremony.

The Adept marks the end of the third stage of our seven-fold sinister way - and to reach this stage usually takes three to six years, from Initiation. The task or Grade Ritual which creates the Adept also makes the Adept aware of their unique, personal Destiny - and the fourth stage is all about the Adept seeking to make that Destiny real. This involves a 'return to the world' - the gaining of more experience, the creation of new insights, new skills. This in itself takes some years. The character of the Adept grows and deepens - they achieve the beginning of wisdom. In magickal terms, they gain an understanding of 'Aeonics' - of things like sinister strategy (the use of acausal or supra-personal energies to change societies/civilizations over centuries). Hitherto, most of their experience/learning has been directly personal, relating to their personal development - now, aeonic perspective is gained, it becomes a part of them. That is, they develop still further, again via direct experience - this time, of the acausal itself.

From this, further personal development takes place - they become complete, highly developed individuals who possess skills and an understanding few possess. They fulfill the potential of genius which is latent within them. Thus, they move on to become genuine Masters or Lady Masters/Mistresses. But to reach this stage - the fifth - takes at least ten years (more usual is fifteen to twenty). And there is another stage beyond this.

Thus, it will be seen that our way is difficult and takes a long time. The journey of the initiate toward Adeptship and beyond has no mystery about it - it is actually very simple. Most people could do it - if they possessed the determination. But the majority are just too lazy or too weak. The same applies to most who apply to join Satanic groups or are interested in Satanism - they go for the easy option; they are not prepared to work at their own self-development. They prefer someone to do it for them. And, furthermore, they are not fundamentally prepared to go to and beyond their limits - to really experience the sinister in a practical way; they want to simply play safe, pseudo-Satanic games. Thus, they gravitate toward what we call the sham-Satanic groups, the poseurs, such as the Temple of Set or the Church of Satan - those who like the glamour associated with Satanism but are basically afraid to experience its realness within and external to them. Thus such groups issue - and believe in! - ethical guidelines as they constantly affirm that

Satanism does not condone such things as 'human sacrifice'. We, on the contrary, are dark and really sinister - and propound culling. That is, we uphold human culling as beneficial, for both the individual who does the culling (it being a character-building experience) and for our species in general, since culling by its nature removes the worthless and thus improves the stock. Naturally, there are proper ways to choose who is to be culled - each victim is chosen because they have shown themselves to be suitable. They are never chosen at random, as they are never 'innocent'.

Our affirmation of such things as human culling offends other so-called Satanic groups - which to us just re-affirms our assessment of those groups as pretend Satanic groups. Basically, such groups have little or no real understanding of Satanism, as evident, for instance, in the 'religious' approach of the Temple of Set - that is, their claim that Satanism is some sort of religion. To us, the religious attitude and mentality - involving as it does dogma, sycophancy, and subservience by the individual to some self-appointed authority - is the antithesis of Satanism.

In essence, we understand Satanism as the individual quest for self-excellence - to create an entirely new type. This quest involves practical experience - for only real experience creates character. The essence that Satanism leads the individual toward is only ever revealed by practical experience - never by books, never by someone else's 'teachings', never by words. Words themselves can never really describe this essence - they can only point the way, hint at it, and usually serve only to obscure it. In the same way, ceremonies and forms such as rituals are only means - they are a means to experience, to symbolize things and thus apprehend what hitherto has been 'hidden' or unconscious or instinctive. Furthermore, this quest is and must be individual - it means the individual develops, via experiences (and sometimes by learning from mistakes) the strength of character needed. Or they fail - usually by deluding themselves about their real level of attainment, their real level of self-insight, their level of self-control and mastery. The aim is self-control, self-mastery, self-understanding - and then a moving-on to what is beyond even this new 'self'. The aim is not a wallowing in decadence, as it is not the encouragement of instinctive, sinister desires/pleasures as an end in themselves. Such things are means, a beginning - to be used, learned from, and then transcended via mastery of one's self.

For us, Satanism is an individual quest because it aims to produce unique, strong, individuals who do not need the support of groups, of dogma, ethics, a religion, of some pontificating poseur of a 'master'. Thus, the ONA exists to offer advice and guidance - to point the way. The individual must begin the quest, and they and they alone must continue with it.

Because of the difficulty of our way, few follow it. In some ways, this is unfortunate - for we believe the way offers anyone the opportunity to advance along the path to genuine Adeptship and beyond. It makes real, or can make real, the potential that most individuals possess - the latent genius within. However, given human nature the small numbers are understandable. What the ONA has done - over the past thirty years or so - is to create a simple practical system which works: which can produce genuine Adepts and Masters/Lady Masters. In effect, we have distilled the essence from thousands of years of conscious understanding, producing an elixir, an 'internal alchemy', which anyone can use.

We describe this system as Satanic, as Sinister because it is. It is a complete rejection of the philosophy/religion of the Nazarene. The philosophy/religion of the Nazarene is anti-life and anti-evolutionary, as Nietzsche, for example, understood. For us, Satan is both an archetype or symbol of our defiance, and some-thing real - the re-presentation of what we describe as 'the acausal'. That is, we understand the 'darker forces' as not simply a part of our psyche (as most modern so-called Satanic groups do) - but as beyond our own, individual psyche. These darker forces - or the acausal - are beyond us, as individuals: they are beyond our conscious control (and even real understanding) until we become a part of them. This does not mean a submission to those forces - but rather an expanding of individual consciousness, a development of individual conscious, to include those forces. This expansion is what marks the genuine Satanic Master/Lady Master.

Other 'Satanic' groups - if they are serious and not just using the Black Arts for their own weak gratification - claim the darker forces are merely an aspect of the psyche, the unconscious or whatever. [Both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set make this claim.] They do this for two reasons. First, they need to - because they want to feel safe; they want to be able to play their pseudo-Satanic, pseudo-intellectual, games in a mostly urbanized safety, because the members of such groups are not proud, characterful, self-aware individuals: they need the comfort of a group, of a 'leader', of ethical guidelines, of feeling that Satan can be controlled by some meaningless mumbo-jumbo. In effect, the members and leaders of these groups are weak - they lack self-discipline; they lack even the desire for real self-mastery, content as they are to continue with

edifying their own weaknesses, with massaging their inflated egos.

Second, such groups and their members do not really understand the Sinister. They have had no real experience of the primal, numinous, supra-personal power of the dark forces - of how that power can destroy individuals. In effect, they have never really 'tapped into' the acausal itself - to what is really sinister. They have never really confronted Satan. They have never really striven to be like Satan - to become one with Him; to merge with the acausal itself; to become a 'nexion' for the acausal, for sinister energies. This becoming-one is what makes, what creates a genuine Satanic Master/Lady Master, as living alone like a hermit creates the Adept. It is dangerous, naturally - but the only means whereby that synthesis which is beyond the synthesis that is individuation can be achieved. There is thus a real, a genuine, transcending beyond 'good' and 'evil'; beyond 'light' and 'dark'. This achievement, as with all real achievements of an Occult kind, derives from practical experience - from a real personal knowledge. Anything else is mere affectation, mere pose.

Other groups have tried to 'intellectualize' Satanism - to take away the real experiences by which genuine Satanic character is formed. Or they wallow in the weaknesses of those addicted to impulses they cannot understand and do not have the strength to control. They have tried and continue to try and make Satanism respectable and safe - just another 'religion'. They fantasize, and play games. They simply do not understand Satanism as a means to create new, more highly evolved, individuals. In reality, the genuine Satanist creates by participating in real life, the dreams, the standards of excellence, the élan which others often aspire to emulate. A genuine Satanist can be like a beast of prey - in real life. They can be and sometimes are, in real life, assassins, warriors, outlaws. The imitation Satanists pretend to be such things - usually by means of some stupid 'ritual'. The Satanist is sinister and dark, in real life - and then they move on, to new experiences, to even higher levels of understanding until eventually they acquire real wisdom, or are destroyed. Whatever, they will have really lived, 'on the edge'; they will really have achieved something with their lives. They will have inspired others. They will in some way by their living have 'presenced' the dark forces on earth. If they survive - their rewards are their achievements and the wisdom that awaits. If they do not survive, at least they will have done something with their lives.

Thus does the ONA way express and exemplify Satanism in action.

9.

The Tradition Of The Sinister Way

ONA (From **Hostia I**)

The essence of genuine Satanism can be simply stated: it is a way to inner development, the goal of which is a new individual. This way involves three essential stages and these exemplify the spirit of that way and the individuals who follow it.

The first is direct experience, the second is direct practice and the third self-development. The first involves direct experience of both the external 'world' and the inner (or psychic) 'world' through striving to achieve certain goals both practical and magickal. The second involves using 'practical' (or causal) and 'magickal' (or acausal) energies to manipulate others, situations and energies in a practical way - producing changes in accord with certain goals. The third involves beginning the process again but starting from the new level of self-understanding and ability attained - pursuing different (and probably more complex) goals.

A Satanist is an individual explorer - following in the footsteps of others (and perhaps using their guide books) but always seeking further horizons, daring to defy convention (in ideas as well as in morals and attitude) yet part of an evolutionary succession enabling what is experienced to be understood and become beneficial. For this reason, a genuine Satanist understands tradition as important and necessary - the culmination of centuries of insight and experience¹ a useful guide which enables further progress and exploration: a starting point for that inner and outer journey which is begun by Initiation, as well as a map of the way chosen and followed.

This tradition is not sacrosanct - but it does possess a validity until the individual reaches the stage where the unique genius within each individual has been brought to fruition enabling the creation (from experience and self-insight) of a unique way and a fulfilling of a unique Destiny. In magickal terms, this is the stage of Internal Adept, where that unique Destiny is made known (discovered) and where the individual Initiate has developed the talents necessary to fulfill it by a following of the previous stages - a stage reached from between three to five years after Initiation.

The tradition (explicated in the 'seven-fold sinister way') provides only a beginning - it is for the individual to go beyond it, toward the dangers and rewards of the Abyss. It is, however, necessary - since it is, in one sense, a 'short-cut': enabling self-development to be achieved far quicker than would be the case without it as well as fully enabling the explication of individual potential. This does not mean that following it is easy - the path may be shorter, but it is just as dangerous (and in some places, more so). It is a mountain path to the summit rather than a meandering valley path, and enables the horizon, the other mountains waiting to be conquered, to be seen - as they cannot be seen from the wooded valleys below.

But each new Initiate must walk this path - alone. And for each it is a new experience, a process of direct learning and a personal achievement, for only a very few have ever ventured that way before and stood atop the summit that is 'Internal Adept' to see in the distance the still higher peaks that wait beyond the Abyss.

What is important is following that path - and going beyond it, toward the Abyss - actually undertaking the journey and experiencing in real time what is encountered and seen: of being taken to the very limits of your endurance and abilities. No one can do this for you - just as the path does not lead to some pleasant grove where you sit at the feet of some 'Master' listening to their past experiences and fables. It does not involve you staying comfortably 'at home' with the security of your known world and friends and ideas, just as it is not a 'mental' journey done in comfortable surroundings and with no physical effort or danger. It is practical, and direct - and involves physical and psychic hardship, and while you may be a little soft when you start, you will not be so when you succeed, just as if you believe you are tough enough now, you will be rudely awakened.

Is this what you really want?

IO.

The Meaning Of Sinister Initiation: An Initiates Perspective

Order of Nine Angles

From "OTONEN – A Guide to the stage of Initiate"
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The Sinister Path

For many non-initiates and, unfortunately Initiates (an indication perhaps of the current state of the 'Occult world' itself), it is often misunderstood that the performance of a Rite of Initiation will bring forth immediate psychic, that is, Magickal change. Practical experience reveals that this is not usually the case however. There are of course exceptions to this 'rule'. One is that an immediate psychic change is noticeable in the individual; this itself will most likely be due to the intensity of the Rite of Initiation. But whether such change has a lasting effect is another question, it being more likely that such immediate change will slowly evaporate as time passes. Another exception is that although there will have been no real or genuine inner change the Initiate will fall prey to one of the many delusions of the Abyss and believe that a change has occurred against all indications that tell otherwise (q.v. The Deceitful Occult Ego). So, although immediate change within the Initiate is possible, a more balanced and natural approach is to perceive Initiation as a process. It may be – and often actually is - psychically desirable for the beginning of this process to be symbolised by the outer form of an Initiation Ritual (be it hermetic or ceremonial).

Along the Seven-Fold Sinister Way these Initiation rites (for in one sense all the rituals involved during the various stages of the Sinister Way are initiation rites in themselves) are primarily concerned with presenting the Darkness or acausal component of the psyche in the conscious world, or mind, of the Initiate. This enables the consciousness of the Initiate – as he or she slowly progresses along the Path - to develop from that of non-Initiate (that is, where the individual is largely controlled by unconscious desires and impulses) to that of Initiate (where the Satanist begins to comprehend and interact consciously with these previously unconscious components) and then on to Adepthood where these energies are consciously understood enabling a certain balance to be attained between causal and acausal.

The Path of the Initiate

As each new Initiate progresses along the Sinister Path, it is expected that individual insights will add to the Tradition as a whole (the Heir to the Tradition adding significantly). Whether this does or does not happen is really dependant upon the Initiate and the quality of his or her contact with the Sinister Tradition. If the Path is genuinely followed, that is, if the Sinister is being actively pursued during the daily life of the Initiate (such pursuit or questing being a continuous act, and thereby a development of individual Will) genuine occult transformation will begin to occur. With this transformation it is possible that variations on some Sinister Rituals may arise whereby the Initiate finds a more powerful method of manifesting the acausal during the rite.

The rituals that are of primary concern for the Initiate are the Dark Pathways and the Sinister Pathworkings. Besides these rituals – which will already, if followed continuously, begin to dominate the Initiates consciousness – there are the individual sphere chants to be learnt, the undertaking of the physical training, the study and practice of the Star Game, the study of Order texts and correspondences, the collation of incenses and the purchasing of specific implements for the future Temple. In regard to this latter aspect, by undertaking such actions these actions themselves will or may (dependant upon Individual Destiny) aid to the manifestation or creation of a Sinister Temple. That is to say, that by purchasing or making items that are specifically for a Sinister Temple, the reality of that (future) Temple is becoming presented in the causal life of that Initiate.

Further to previous Order guide-lines, a new method of Initiate development advises that the Initiate begins with the Dark Pathways themselves (instead of the Sinister Sphereworkings). The aim is to invoke one Dark God per week, meditating each night leading up to the ritual for no less than fifteen minutes on the respective sigil whilst slowly repeating the name of the Dark God or the Word of Power. Combined with this the Initiate should aim to reduce sleep and food until the night of the ritual whilst also locating the respective planetary incense (taken from the bark of the respective tree) and burning this, during the ritual. Once all Dark Pathways have been experienced, the Initiate may then undertake the Sinister Pathworkings, performing the nightly meditations. The following of the Sinister Path in this manner, implies that the Initiate has already re-created or made conscious the Tree of Wyrð within him or herself, by consciously invoking each of the fundamental archetypes into consciousness. This conscious presenting of the archetypes then being further developed by the Sphere Meditations themselves.

Initiate Tasks: Other Aspects

Besides the primary rituals that are required for the completion of Sinister Initiation, it is advisable that the Initiate purchases - or contracts a jeweler to make - the relevant piece of jewelry to be worn (ring set with quartz for males, quartz necklace for females). The wearing of such an item of jewelry further stimulates the Initiates awareness that he or she is a member of a Tradition, one that is far more important and potent than the frankly rather pathetic past-times that most people take as an interest or hobby. This ring or necklace becomes for the Initiate a 'Mark of Satan', a symbol of the Initiates quest and a constant reminder of the Sinister in the Initiates life, that is the Initiate is constantly aware that he or she is wearing an outward symbol - that others can see - of his or her Sinister Quest.

When all the different factors or tasks of Sinister Initiation are combined the Initiates entrance into the Sinister becomes a very potent force, one that is active (by virtue of the fact that the Initiate is consciously realising or making real the Sinister in his or her life).

The practice of the chants is, as mentioned previously, a further task of the Sinister Way. Although this does not necessarily have to be undertaken during the stage of Initiate, it is advisable to begin to learn these so that once the Grade of Professed Brother or Sister is attained, the Sinister Magickian may be a little more prepared for the running of a Sinister Temple. By virtue of the fact that there are a number of chants that will need to be learnt for use during Sinister ceremonial ritual it is usually advisable that the Diabolus is the first chant to be learnt. Besides this the sphere chants are probably the next most important (the Agios Lucifer chant being ideal to begin with) since they provide a foundation for a number of rituals, and can be - and have been - used during the Dark Pathways Invocations.

There are of course a number of other tasks that are suggested, some new and some more Traditional aspects. One of the older and more secretive tasks is for the Sinister Initiate to gain some hosts from a Nazarene place of worship and desecrate these either during or after the Rite of Initiation. If one is seeking to join an existing Temple it will be necessary to have attained these prior to Initiation for use during Initiation, such an acquisition further proving the worth of the candidate.

A more recent addition to Tradition is that whilst the Initiate is undertaking the Dark Pathways, he or she draws a Tree of Wyrð in his or her Magickal Diary or 'Sinister Book of Shadows'. This map however should only be added to once a Dark Pathway has been concluded. Thus, the Initiate begins by drawing the seven spheres, in appropriate sphere colours. Then, once the Noctulius Pathway is completed this is drawn in, then the Shugara Pathway is drawn in and so on. This in itself adds (albeit in a minor way) to the conscious integration of the energies being brought forth as enabling the Initiate to see - in physical terms - how the Pathways are connected to the spheres and one another.

Self-honesty and Sinister Occult Development

It is important to remember that, as an Initiate you have made a pledge to Satan and the Dark Gods to follow the Sinister Way:

'Now receive as a symbol of your new desire and as a sign of your oath this sigil of Satan. This sign shall be the Power which I as Master wield shall always be a part of you - a symbol to those who can see and the Mark of our Prince.'

'I (state name chosen) am here to begin my Sinister quest! Prince of Darkness, hear my oath! Baphomet, Mistress of Earth, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss!'

(The Black Book of Satan)

It is easy in times of anger or tiredness to say to oneself that it doesn't matter too much if a meditation is missed, or you don't have a ring, or you don't bother with the physical aspect, or that the Initiation Rite doesn't need to be undertaken, or the Grade Ritual of External Adept isn't really too important. That, because you know you could do it, it isn't necessary to prove it to yourself. And so on and so forth. And yes, it is easy to say such things because it means that you don't have to make an effort. But, the Sinister Path is hard and demands commitment. It is only with this commitment, with this continuous effort, with this continual personal act of Will, of individual defiance, that such changes will occur. So in the context of Sinister Pathworking:

'... faithful repetition is important, because by following the procedure exactly the required changes in consciousness are produced.'

(Naos)

How easy it is to miss these simple statements that describe the very means to achieve Sinister Adeptness. Perhaps if more Initiates actually did what was said by virtue of an act of Will then there might be more Sinister Adepts in the world. But things are as they are and human weakness is usually the cause of a waste of life, of potential. So, it is necessary, if the Sinister Initiate truly seeks an understanding of the Sinister that runs deeper than mere words, but is a wordless understanding that cannot be taken away from him or her, to follow the way as stated in numerous Order mss. It is necessary to face the challenges that are set before the Initiate. At this stage there is no need to look too far ahead. Rather it is better to keep ones mind and thoughts on the current stage, because it is by following this stage now, and then the stage of External Adept, that the heights of the stage of Sinister Adept may finally be approached.

Thus, with all this in mind although the Initiate may have a tendency to say that it is not necessary to meditate upon the sigil of the Dark God each night prior to the Dark Pathways Invocations, such meditations really do enhance the energies brought forth and, after an unspecified amount of time has passed (dependant of course upon each Initiate) the Initiate will start to feel the acausal body surrounding the causal body.

From Sinister Initiate to Sinister Adept

The Sinister Tradition, as has been stated previously, does not grant titles or adepthood through friendship or money or sex or for any other reason. The title of Adept and that which is beyond must be fought for, must be pursued actively, now, during the present, because it is from this point in time that the desired future may eventually become a present reality. This is true of the esoteric nature of the Sinister Way, as it is also true of the Aeonic imperatives that are being strived for by Sinister Adepts and Masters. For each stage of the Tree of Wyrd is a Tree of Wyrd in itself. That which is within is without and that which is without is within. Just as the Sinister Tradition is a Tree of Wyrd, so also are the individual Initiates self-contained Trees of Wyrd and so inherently each stage of the Way contains the seeds of all the other stages.

Why are there so few Sinister Adepts today? Is it perhaps because the tendency is to write and talk, just as the typical armchair Qabalist might act, or rather, not act. Is it because those who seek to make the Great Work a reality in their own life do so only in their dreams; 'I wish I was...' For the Satanist the wish is just the first impulse. Perhaps this impulse might be unconscious at first, but such is the Satanist way that it and many other things will become conscious and thereby understood. Such is the method to gain Wisdom through practical action, through experience.

Perhaps also, it is true to say that when, and if, one reaches the final stage of External Adept it is a far easier option to say that one does not need to undertake the Sinister Retreat, that it isn't really necessary in order to become an Adept. But is this really so? And, does it not really speak volumes about those few genuine Adepts who have undertaken the Sinister Retreat that they have at least not lied to themselves, but have undertaken the Rite, with all the terrifying implications and inner fears that it brings forth...

***Yet even now I do not know what lies ahead
Now is my time to seek the glory of my Gods
That I may one day walk with Satan
In His world,
With His Bride
And that I may also Become
Something far greater than the mortal
I am leaving behind,
The mortal that must die
That a God may be born.***

II.

The Seven-Fold Way: Training And Grades

ONA, 1989.

In many ways the seven-fold way can be regarded as a process, by the individual, of discovery and experience. The goal of this process is the production of individuals skilled and knowledgeable in the magickal arts who have developed their latent, occult faculties and who possess the beginnings of wisdom.

This process can result, sometimes by accident over extended periods of time (for example, three decades or more) but it is most usually undertaken as a result of a conscious decision by an individual to seek esoteric and/or magickal groups/Order/Adepts. In this later case – and provided the guidance received is good – the goal can be achieved in a much shorter time.

The first part of the process is in many ways the easiest: that of seeking some form of Initiation (qv. the Order MS 'A Novices Guide to Initiation.'). Before and after Initiation the novice is required to undertake various tasks by the Master or Mistress who has agreed to guide the individual along the seven-fold way. The pre-Initiation tasks are the performance by the individual of a simple hermetic ritual (usually on the night of the full moon), the construction of the simplified version of the Star Game and the successful completion of the various tests aimed at proving the serious intent and commitment of the candidate. The important thing about these tests of intent is that the candidate is unaware of them – for example, the candidate is asked to be present at a certain time and place and instead of meeting there the expected Master or Mistress meets a person of odd appearance who propounds various views which the individual in question may find not only unusual but distasteful. Such tests and encounters are not games but merely devices which enable the candidate to begin to understand their own motives and expectations and as such are an important preparation to Initiation. It is to be understood that it is not the order, which tests the candidate – but the candidates themselves. Initiation is the beginning of the breaking of the illusion of roles, and to be successful this breaking must be done by the individual, from within.

Once this breaking down begins, then Initiation is already underway, and no 'Rite of Initiation' however complex or well meaning is a substitute for this change in the individual. Such a rite, as a ceremonial ritual, is only the representation of this process in a dramatic form and in many cases is not necessary if some other form of Initiation is more suited to the candidate.

Besides this breaking of self-delusion, Initiation is an awakening of the occult faculties – that is, the experience by the candidate of the reality of magickal forces. This experience can be brought about in several ways – first, by means of a powerful ritual of Initiation which produces magickal forces through invocation; second, through the candidate experiencing the charisma of a Master or Mistress; and third, as a consequence of the individual undergoing a particular experience where magickal forces are present. An example of this third type is when a candidate, expecting perhaps (as a result of their own imagination) a ceremonial ritual of Initiation, is led to an isolated spot where magickal energies are present either naturally (as for example in most stone circles) or have been created beforehand by an Adept in readiness for the candidate. The candidate is then left alone. What the candidate then experiences (sometimes for many hours) is an Initiation – although this is seldom understood by the candidate at the time because outwards form is lacking. In many respects, this third type is the most valuable of all the forms of Initiation since it does not rely on the illusion of ceremonial, or the dogma normally associated with such ritual forms. Initiation is complete when the candidate realises that a process of inner change has begun.

The next stage of the seven-fold way, following Initiation, is when the novice begins to undertake in a systematic way workings with the various magickal forces through such forms as Path Workings, hermetic and ceremonial rituals. Such workings in themselves take several months and

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during this time the novice will be given several tasks – some practical, some magickal – to perform. These tasks may themselves take several months to complete. The most usual magickal task involved the novice assuming the 'role' of a dark sorcerer/sorceress for example, dressing in black and cultivating a satanic appearance - and in this guise attending various Occult functions and generally trying to provoke argument and dissent. The novice in this is advised to cultivate an attitude of arrogance and pride and must be prepared to defend forcefully their Satanic views. Following this, the novice is expected to infiltrate another magickal group/Order with the intent of attending a ritual and during that ritual either redirecting the magickal power (if any) or invoking by their own effort during the ritual a powerful force of their own choosing to disrupt or otherwise alter the original ritual. In some cases, the novice may organize their own group (recruiting people for it) for just this purpose.

This magickal task develops not only the use of magickal forces in an interesting way but also provides the novice with a goal the attainment of which is invigorating. It also provides an opportunity for the novice to develop various skills pertaining to the manipulation of other individuals chiefly through the deliberate development of a 'charismatic' personality or role. Its the fundamental task of the novice to learn from those experiences - that is, not to allow the role to become dominant.

This is achieved by the novice remembering that they are involved in a seven-fold quest and accepting the advice given by the Master or Mistress who assigned the task. Both of these things some novices find difficult to do. The behaviour of the novice during this task is governed by specific guidelines – failure to observe the guidelines by an individual means the end of their noviciate as far as the Order is concerned.

The practical tasks associated with this stage usually involve the novice developing certain physical abilities suited to their character. Such physical goals (for example, cycling 100 miles in under 5 hours or running 20 miles in 2 hours 30 minutes – fitter individuals will be given a more demanding goal) are a necessary balance to the magickal tasks as well as enabling those tasks to be achieved in a more invigorating manner.

This stage generally takes from six months to two years and is concluded when the novice finds changes of perspective arising as a consequence of the self-understanding brought through following the goals and tasks. This change should arise naturally and it is made conscious to the novice toward the end of the stage through the grade ritual of External Adept. This ritual is a prelude to the goals and tasks of the next stage and signifies the beginning of Adeptship.

The Grade Ritual involves the individual constructing a septenary Star game and the performance by the individual of a certain ritual on a night of the new moon. This ritual involves the invoking of a certain force, female in aspect.

The External Adept may choose to continue with the group or temple begun in the previous stage (or create one if this was not done before) for the purpose of conducting ceremonial and hermetic rituals of the type associated with, for example, the 'Book of Wyrð' as well as for the performance of the cthonic Nine Angles rite if desired. Alternatively, the individual may opt to concentrate on magickal working with the Star Game – and for this (as the task above) a companion is required. It is a task of the External Adept to find such a companion, as well as to teach them all they themselves have learned during the previous stages - guiding them as they themselves have been guided. This in itself generally takes from one to two years, and because of this most External Adepts prefer, during this time, to organize a magickal group/Temple since it provides a structure and a focus.

During this stage the External Adept will experience many things, particularly of a magickal kind if rituals are undertaken by a group, and contact with the Master or Mistress will be limited and occur for the most part if the External Adept wishes. It is important during the long period associated with this particular stage, that the individual does not become prey to the illusion of being a Master or Mistress.

Most will of course succumb at some time to this as a consequence of the varied magickal experiences and contacts with those less experienced in magick, many individual sever their links with the Order as a consequence of this illusion.

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In some ways this stage is the most difficult, involving as it does confrontation with various roles and what had been called the 'anima/animus', this latter occurring naturally through the training of a companion. Provided the individual maintains during the stage their resolve to follow to its end the seven-fold way (and here the advice from the Master or Mistress is often crucial at some point during this stage) then, with the completion of the Ritual of the fifth stage, the new Master or Mistress assumes a teaching role via an Order or an individual basis, and usually those who attain this stage take over at some time their Order, guiding individuals along the seven-fold way. They may also create their own Order or group should they so wish - or re-activate the Temple they organized during their time as an External Adept, since the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept by its nature, means the individual must disband such a Temple or leave it in care of one less experienced.

After some years teaching, the Master or Mistress may withdraw to seek the next stage - provided they have trained at least one person to continue the tradition of the seven-fold way.

Thus it will be seen that the seven-fold way is not easy. It is a way of life, which any individual may follow. Those who only follow its early stages gain something of benefit - those who go further may achieve the goal that awaits us all: the next stage of human evolution.

In the past, in any one decade, the Order had many hundreds of candidates seeking Initiation. About four or five a year, sometimes less, may become Initiates through their own choice. Of these, perhaps two will complete the noviciate and only two or three from twenty a decade become Internal Adepts, the others drifting away for various reasons. Every twenty years, a new Master or Mistress may take office. There may be one or two Magi a century. So it has been - and so it will probably unfortunately remain until the New Aeon begins to emerge on the practical level three to four centuries in the future.

The seven-fold way possesses the potential to create (given good guidance) in ten years what it has taken seven civilizations, five Aeons or nearly ten thousand years to achieve. Every individual is free to choose between this path to the divine and a continuation of the sleep that keeps the potentiality of life at bay. All magick is a glimpse of this path - it is up to the individual to walk along it.

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- Order of Nine Angles -

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Petriochor

1) Prepare an area of soil at least three feet square. This must be kept free of plants and should ideally be exposed to the sun for at least part of the day, and unshaded by trees etc. If possible no pesticides, fertilizers etc should be present, but it should also have a high organic content from previous cultivation.

2) Collect some of this soil at a specific time between the last full Moon in May and the full Moon following the Solstice. This time depends on the weather, but is always in the hour before dawn. The time is right when following a period of warm, dry weather which has lasted for at least seven days, there is rain in the hours before dawn. This rain should ideally be a light drizzle.

3) The soil should be collected and placed immediately in an airtight container. As soon as possible it should be transferred to a suitable receptacle connected to distillation equipment, and a low heat applied for a period of time which only practical experiment can show. The "essence" collected is the basis of the incense.

4) Then make up as a normal perfume/oil using a natural base, eg. sweet almond oil, into which the "essence" is infused/mixed.

13.

Dark Pathworking: Satanus

Atu VII - AZOTH

"The Menstruum – the Sinister aspect implicit within the 'homogenous metallic water': the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity – the 'Accuser'. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal – or destruction by it."

Clothed in black I entered the chamber, intent to invoke a destructive energy I knew could overcome me in an equally destructive way. The intent filled my very being with an anxiousness that should have seemed out of place. But there was a feeling of glory to what I would do – a feeling that would surely come back to me time and time again as I'd venture into the Dark deeds that presence, and create, Satan.

I gave flame to the candles, and breathed deeply, slowly, for some minutes – knowing I must first relax and become content with my surroundings, before I once again ventured to that gate. The Quartz Tetrahedron the altar bore I could tell was pulsing with the Dark. It was one part of a Nexion, slowly being formed between it, I, and the chants I have sung to lure Dark Gods. These Gods I knew, as invoked to intrude upon my consciousness, could cause much unrest, even terror. But such an intrusion, obtainable it seems in only a small way – when compared to the utter terror and chaos which in essence are these Dark Gods, is an important element to achieving the balance one seeks. The Dark Gods embody the spirit of life, and give it the Acausal Charge implicit in any conscious being. Once the Dark Gods intruded upon our Causal world, and caused the terror, unrest, and destructiveness which forced the evolution of our species by way of increasing our consciousness. This is what I aim to achieve, individually. Not simply to further open the Nexion in me, but to draw forth that blackened essence of being, so that I may advance my own consciousness, survive the terror, and move one step closer to the balance of Causal/Acausal I will eventually be. I seek to become.

As I began the vocal vibrations – "Sa-tan-as" – I kept awareness as to my surroundings, and attuned my focus to drawing forth the Sinister element of both destructive and creative force; that which I know to be **Satanus**. As I completed the vibrations, which bond me to my Tetrahedron in an inexplicable way, I experienced a coldness of being. Or would it be better described as non-being? I had become slightly detached from where I stood, and continued the rite. I began a slow dance, repeatedly chanting "Satanus", whilst increasing in speed. The dance spiraled inward to where I draw Satanus' presence, and where I eventually collapsed, exhausted and becoming separate from my physical self. I lay breathing deeply, not obscuring or consciously directing anything which might take place. I aimed to relax, and begin to let the visions that would be used as communication to consciousness come through.

The visions were elusive, but the feelings were not. Coldness took hold of the chamber, and Satanus began to elusively take hold of the emptiness. I found myself in a struggle, for I was entrenched in a sort of chaos which I could make no sense of. Reason was evasive, understanding was beyond reach. All I could apprehend was being lost, not knowing which way to turn, or to turn at all. The figure in the Atu mutated, and began to give form to the energy. But this happened not within the Atu itself, but rather inside me, outside of me, in front of me, around me.

My body weakened, and exhaustion gripped firmly as I struggled to retain the strength to stand and complete the rite. I was not being drained, as some might take it. But rather I was experiencing a realm in which my consciousness was hitherto unaware. It was an intrusion which I unknowingly desired to be harsh. And the harsher the better, so long as I retained the ability to move on. The exhaustion I experienced during the dance had not lasted, as it was merely a result of frenzy. But with Satanus, quickly came a deeper felt exhaustion, not only one of the body, but one of the spirit.

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Afterward, my perception detached. This feeling of detachment, and the exhaustion which accompanied it, would last longer than twenty-four hours after completion of the rite. This detachment however, was not an ignorance to the causal world of our existence, but rather an awareness of the forces at work behind it. Such exhaustion, I felt, was a painfully mocking result – but all I could do was to smile at this, for it is a small price to pay for what I seek, and I will undoubtedly experience worse. Worse perhaps, but not without that glory I had felt beginning this – a glory which did not subside.

Thornian, ONA

[The preceding was adapted from the notes in my Magickal diary depicting my experiences with the Tree of Wyrd and the Septenary Tradition: Hebdomandry. – ***Thornian.***]

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I4.

Variations

Coire Riabhaich, ONA. 110yf



The Abbess sat silent, vaguely focussing upon the wheeling-scythe symbol that blazed above her place of worship. She wore a red robe in the old esoteric style, which bore the seven pointed-star of her predecessors. In wearing this robe - as opposed to the black cosmic mantle of the Religion - she had hoped to hear once more the sinister songs that had guided her through youth and the long years that followed. Even the wordless chant she had just performed could only bring echoes of the Desire that had moved her people through the ages.

Her time had come and gone - or so she felt in that moment, for she was trapped then in the cage of her flesh. The destruction wreaked by The System had lessened her strength, and all she felt was a terrible weariness, and an urge to pass away through the veil of sleep.

On this April night of 168 year of fire, the horizon was orange with flame, and it was only a matter of time before the forces of tyranny came to destroy all she had built up. Once, there was hope as a spirit began to break the chains that bound - once, a flourishing of glory as there had been long before, when Nature blew life into dying embers. But again, the same jealousy, pettiness and greed took root amongst the proud.

The Religion had unleashed a force that she believed was unstoppable, but as always, honour was torn down by the dishonourable means of others. She sighed then, and chose not to listen to the faith that could not be bred out of her Being.

Vron was one of the few survivors. The rest of the Legion had finally been cut down during the heroic and prolonged assault on the State's military bases. Those left had scattered in different directions after first vowing to join forces again one day, knowing secretly that they would never live to do so.

Vron and his comrades had fought in the honourable ways of combat against a foe who outnumbered them with weapons of abhorrent and detached destruction. Not one comrade held back from meeting a glorious death, for their spirit of honour was the greater cosmic force. Each warrior knew that someone, somewhere, some time, would remember their deeds, and thus from

the seed of remembering the gift to act would be passed on.

A part of him was anguished at not having joined his brothers in death, but Vron felt that Fortune had perhaps spared him for an important task. Thus he staggered, wounded, to the Abbey that stood in a moorland valley, in an enclosure where yellow flowers bloomed and the slate remains of a school from ancient times still cast uneasy presences.

His wounds were cared for by the Sisters there, and within a few hours of his arrival, the vigour of his spirit had returned. The Abbey seemed darker than when he remembered it as a child, and that once luminous silence was no longer suffused with reverence, but with a waiting for death. He was disturbed, for in the one place that always embodied belief, there now seemed loss. Imbued still with the purification of war, was he, Vron of the Legion of 18, the only shining beacon of Faith in this holy place?

The night was clear and frosty, and he walked into the grounds beyond the gardens that provided the food for the Abbey. Here, by the river that flowed from the hill some miles away, Vron could commune with the forces he venerated. Presently, he was joined by the Abbess - unexpectedly, since she had long since abandoned walking beyond the earth that she had fashioned with her Sisters. But they both refrained from comment, since the days they now found themselves in were dark and extraordinary, and pregnant with Change.

The Abbess broke their silence: "The commitment to our Way is waning, despite our slow and patient nurturing - and our prayers." She did not seem to notice, as Vron did, the uncanny bark of a fox somewhere in the distant hills. "Despite my years, wisdom still seems elusive. Is it only the fervour of youth that keeps your faith alive?"

Vron, battle-scarred, felt both embarrassed and annoyed that the woman who had been for so long the sacred keeper of the flame should be seeking answers from him - should be oppressing him with her doubts. In that moment, the torch of Faith had been passed into his hands, and he did not know how to respond.

He stood, avoiding her gaze, watching instead the changing contours of the river and seeking strength and truth from the flow. Vron began to relate the events of the 29th assault, as though reporting to a senior officer. A part of him was secretly relieved that, in relating the details in his detached and dignified manner, no such doubts stole into his spirit. His was a tale of inspiration, of the very essence of all that he and others had created, fought and died for. There was nothing but purity in his words.

When he finished, the Abbess looked down into the water, and remained silent. Vron assumed then that his tale of new warrior gods must have moved her towards the answers she sought.

"Such sacrifice ... " the Abbess eventually said, her voice strained by emotion. "And all for nothing. Perhaps it is time for those left to re-consider their tactics ..."

Vron was genuinely shocked. Suddenly, he stood alone with the realisation that, despite all the words and deeds and comradeship, the so-called best of his race still did not understand. From that moment, he knew what he had to do.

It was not hard for him to turn and walk away into the night, away from what he now detested most. The Abbess felt her emotion break as she allowed the young man to turn his back on her, and disappear.

The pain of his wounds increased as he stumbled over heather and marshy clumps of grass. Vron was following the river upstream, allowing the reflection of stars in the water to pull him towards his destination. Occasionally, his boots would crush the rancid bones of sheep who had staggered to the river to drink their last.

Dawn was still over an hour away, as were the advancing army who came to destroy in the name of money. He had to press on; he would not allow them to prevent him from fulfilling his Destiny.

Eventually, he reached the old stone track, and travelled onwards, swifter and easier. On the horizon, the inky silent hills marked by barrows watched his fevered endeavour. The track rose then dipped, then rose: he was very near now, but could not relax until the location was reached. Breathing became painful, and he grew angry at how, despite the years of training, the shell of his body could never match up to the desire of his spirit.

He took the small track off to his right, and ascended the hill. For a time, he felt lost, but trusted his instinct to guide him: he began to run, in and over the heather, throat constricting as he desperately sought a glimpse of the pool.

And there he found it, the cosmos reflected in its stillness. Vron sat for a short time by the reeds, and allowed himself a quick scan of the night sky. As his heart-rate returned to normal, he walked to where the river undramatically emerged from the earth, in wet patches, to gradually

form itself over the slate of the wilderness slopes. Here, Vron knelt, and waited, on this night the battle had spared him for.

Unable to sleep, the Abbess had retreated to her study and shut out the now evident disintegration of Abbey life. She could no longer soothe the concerns of her Sisters; drained of feeling, she surveyed the uselessness of the books that surrounded her. Her gaze came to settle on the land beyond the window, and then locked, with apparent renewed purpose, upon the constellations.

She felt a musick shape within her, a life-flow she had not felt - or not listened to - for many years. She was suddenly filled with the desire to compose; not the ponderous and expected "Stellar Cantatas" that were becoming her trademark, but a new, wordless form: a liquid, changing movement of bell-like notes - a weaving, joyous cosmic tapestry ...

The genius of creativity moved her in a frantic search for blank manuscript. She found some amongst the notes for a proposed book on religious observances. Days before, this project was to be her great legacy to the world, but now it fell scattered across the room.

The Abbess likewise thrust all other irrelevancies off her scriptorium, and sat down to give form to her revelation. The first few notes leapt onto the paper. She debated, then altered the rhythm. She paused and looked down at the flat paper and the scribbles of lifeless pencil. It briefly occurred to her then, that her attempt was like the building of her Abbey: to house that which could not be contained ...

This insight did not remain, but disappeared beneath a heavy wave of futility. The Abbess sighed, blew out the candle on her table, and returned to gaze abstractedly at the cold and impossibly distant stars.

The pain had become dulled by the cold of water that seeped about Vron's knees. A strong wind was now blowing, but the sky remained clear. Behind him, spotlights began to invade the small valleys.

There were no more words in his mind, no longer any elation, or outrage. He listened only to the wind, its message needing no interpretation. Around him was all that ever was and all that would ever continue to be, and the follies of the unwise that moved a youth such as he to act, would fade and be forgotten. He held in cold hands the stagshorn of his Honour Knife.

The cosmic wheel, printed over his heart, shone out from the black of his uniform. It was in its centre that Vron positioned the blade.

He looked up to the yearning stars, and pushed the Knife in.

In this pre-dawn of April 30th, there were only the stars, the river, and the wind whose song needed no interpretation.

15.

Magickal Mastery - A Novice's Guide

(From Fenrir no. 6, yf 100)

ONA

The essence of achieving success in both ceremonial and hermetic rituals is to restrict the aim of the ritual to one, very specific, aim and to find before the ritual a) a simple visualization of this aim; b) a phrase (which may be chanted/vibrated) which captures the aim in a few words. This phrase can itself be written down (e.g. on parchment and in a secret code of your own devising or in one of the well-known 'Occult' scripts) and ceremonially burned during the ritual.

This aim must then become your desire - and a ritual is a means whereby this desire may be achieved. It is essential, of course, for this desire to be strong, and the techniques of magick are simply a means whereby this desire can be strengthened and directed.

The easiest technique to use and master is frenzy. This is when you gradually work yourself up to a height of emotion and excitement - and the ritual form is a means to aid this, providing a setting in both time and space. In a ceremonial ritual, for example, you should use the set texts (such as the Satanic 'Our Father' or the Invokation to Baphomet) as a means of generating from within yourself the necessary emotion, saying the words forcefully and with drama. If you are conducting a ritual with others present, get them into the right frame of mind beforehand as this helps to generate from them a certain amount of magickal energy - you might, for instance, keep them in a dark room for about half an hour before the start of the ritual. It is essential for you to stage-manage the ritual, making it a memorable event. The whole ritual from beginning to end should be emotive.

To achieve and sustain such emotion and drama takes practice. A good magickian will 'play to' his congregation like a good actor in a theatre does - ceremonial magick has always been a dramatic Art. The adept sorcerer (or sorceress) will also sometimes invoke extempore in ceremonial rituals, and for this some chants should be memorized beforehand: to be used as and when the occasion demands.

Rituals - both ceremonial and hermetic - demand energy, and you are the spark which ignites the Promethean fire. To generate this spark requires effort, both physical and mental, and you should at the end of any ritual feel elated but tired: be, in fact, almost on the edge of exhaustion. If you are not, the ritual is unlikely to be successful. This is one of the most important things to remember. It is no good just saying the words, doing a bit of chanting or waving implements about: you must be emotional. You must literally drive yourself almost to the point of possession, of divine/diabolic madness but always with your desire (i.e. the aim of the ritual) firmly before you, stopping just short of total abandonment. You must be prepared to dance, leap, laugh, cry and shout - but must be capable of changing abruptly: cultivating the dramatic silence and stare.

In most ceremonial rituals it is one of the tasks of the congregation to abandon themselves - to the dance their lusts and so on but you, as ceremonial master/mistress, cannot since you must direct the energies unleashed. There is a balance in any ritual which only experience teaches, and mastery involves undertaking rituals often in order to develop the skills required.

Rituals work through energy: this energy is directed via visualization and chant/vibration through your own desire. That is, the living ritual is the channel or 'Gate' which allows a flow of acausal energy into the causal ('everyday') universe. This energy re-orders the causal - that is, produces changes.

One of the first priorities of any aspiring sorcerer should be to acquire and furnish an area as a Temple - and/or find a suitable isolated location outdoors. Temple furnishings should be simple, and space must be left for movement. Be creative and individual about creating the right atmosphere in the Temple - for example, a 'plasma ball' in a candle-lit Temple is more impressive than a boring collection of old bones or a skull. Do not use symbols or designs which you yourself do not understand/know the meaning of and keep to one tradition. For example, a genuine, traditional Satanist would never use any qabalistic symbolism or statues/implements/sigils from dead Aeons (e.g. Egyptian, Sumerian). Instead, there would be

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septenary and Dark Gods symbolism (for which see 'Codex Saerus' and 'Naos - A Guide to Sinister hermetic Magick').

This may seem pedantic, but it is essential for you to feel part of a living, exclusive tradition - someone party to secret knowledge which outsiders do not possess nor understand if shown. For successful magick, being exclusive means added power and charisma.

Develop your chanting and vibrating ability by regular practice, and do not be afraid of using Latin chants. They are not used simply because few understand the language - but because of all languages, Latin lends itself best to being chanted according to the principles of esoteric chant (qv. 'Naos'). It was also the language used in the traditional Black Mass, and a few untranslated chants have survived the centuries. These chants should be among those memorized to be used extempore.

Chant Examples:

*Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

*Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam.
Pone, Diabolus, custodiam!

*Aperiatur terra, et germinet Abatu.

*Caligo terrae scinitur
Percussa solis spiculo
Dum Lucifer ex stella nascitur
In fedei diluculo
Rebusque jam color
Redit Partu nitentis sideris.

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I6.

Magick With Tears

Coire Riabhaich, ONA (c. 1989)

A common misconception made by those few who follow the Seven-fold Sinister Way, is that it will, somehow, make their lives easier i.e. having drawn certain forces to them, they believe via 'satanic mastery' to avoid Trauma City. The lonely realization that this is not so, is often enough to make the Initiate (or even in some cases, Adept) renounce their magickal quest altogether. This can occur for two reasons - 1) the individual becomes possessed and then disillusioned with a 'satanic role' (roles are useful only if understood as being simply a means to an end) and 2) via this realization, Sinister energies are revealed in a far more potent form than the playing of a role could invoke (these energies are, however, the culmination of that role). Quite simply Satanism is not an escape from, but the partaking in life. The challenge of living life as a self contained entity, creating a lifestyle that intuitively follows the path of individual Destiny (by this process Destiny becomes, gradually, consciously apparent) is just too disturbing for the majority of the human race to accept. So the failures crawl back to mediocrity, absolved of taking responsibility for their own lives. Mental and physical degeneracy follows as a way of dulling the guilt that their new/old lifestyle encourages within them. For those who remain on their quest, it is the rising to the challenge of the Sinister Way which creates the Adept and the stage(s) beyond. And this requires an understanding of what forces are in play, and how they all contribute towards self evolution.

It is this understanding which prevents such experiences from becoming detrimental to progression. Trauma will never be eliminated by any magickal system. For those who are working prior to Adeptship, it is wise to see how trauma actually feeds (amongst other things) creativity, and how this creativity would diminish if a comfortable reliance - materially and psychically - upon another individual was established.

This situation would reduce the obstacles that are borne from self reliance; those obstacles being catalysts of an individual's creative expression. One only has to consider the uninspired content of the products of most artists once they are 'patronised'. Life becomes too easy. This situation in itself produces conflict but many fail to understand this and descend into a pit of self abuse. This forms the misconception of 'the suffering artist'. Suffering must be understood for therein lies wisdom. This requires a type of honesty of which most lack the courage to express. To be a victim or martyr to suffering will slow down, reverse and destroy the process of self evolution. Why do so many fail to understand this obvious fact?

None of this necessarily means that an individual should deliberately destroy and create situations - unless this was seen as being beneficial at the time. Such occurrences arise naturally by virtue of living with self honesty and striving towards self excellence. Every act will be spontaneous and 'true' to one's Destiny.

To achieve the highest success possible should always be totally desirable, but the individual should arrive at their own concept of success and not that of the general consensus.

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Sinister Shadow Magick

ONA

Satanism is dark, and Satanists revel in evil. As a word, evil is regarded as deriving for the Gothic (via Old English) "ubils" implying "beyond" and "going beyond due limits". Later, the word - like so many others - was re-interpreted "morally", in the abstract terms of Nazarene fundamentalism and "evil" became a general term, applied to one's opponents and those excesses which timed and psychically ailing Nazarenes feared.

Genuine Satanists do evil, they cultivate evil: they are evil, in all senses of the term now accepted. Imitation Satanists, however, play mental and intellectual games: they enjoy the "thrill" of calling themselves Satanists. Some go further, and may revel in local notoriety, finding a vicarious pleasure in being known as a "Satanist". But these imposters do no evil - in fact, they explain (quite often) that Satanism has been misunderstood and is really rather a "moral religion" (or something of the kind), perhaps an "ethical knowledge". Such people are pathetic - and certainly not Satanists.

In the beginning, a genuine Satanist will cultivate evil on the personal level - by going to and thus finding his or her limits. This involves more than just going beyond the (accepted) limits imposed by society or whatever. It means experience, on the practical level, of evil and all that it implies. Later, when the Satanic novice has some experience and thus self-understanding and mastery, there is an impersonal evil. The first is sinister shadow magick of the external and internal kind. The second is sinister shadow magick of the aeonic type - the manipulation, changing, of individuals and events on a not insignificant scale, that is, one which produces tangible results and often disruption/creation/evolution and thus continues the sinister dialectic of history. This is called "shadow magic" not only because it is mostly secretly done, but also because it is dangerous, physically, involving as it does acts of defiance against restrictions imposed by all other forms and individuals.

Neither of these mean a type of juvenile "rebellion" nor purely "mental" acts (achieved by ritual or anything else). They mean a directed, calculating, purposeful involvement in real life and situations: for the beginner Satanist (the novice) just as much as the Adept. What differs, is the aim - at first, it is personal, to aid self-mastery, understanding and thus build Satanic character; then it is impersonal or aeonic. Thus one image of the genuine Satanist - someone in control, seeking mastery of life; seeking more challenges and goals and insights.

Let me be explicit so I cannot be misunderstood.

1) The Satanic novice will aspire - to what is beyond, in all things. This means personal experience, testing Destiny and achieving difficult goals in personal life. It means real danger in the real world, not cheap manufactured "thrills" of self-induced stupor and loss of control - but rather, life and liberty threatening situations. These may be and often are amoral, illegal and evil - all laws are "fundamentally an accumulation of tireless attempts to stop creative individuals making life into instants of poetry".

Naturally, some guidance may be needed - it is easy to become lost, directionless or caught - and this is where the advise of a more experienced Satanic Adept may be useful. However, the acts of a Satanist are not random nor motiveless and neither do they arise from a weakness of character nor uncontrolled desire. Instead, they arise from fulfilling Satanic wyrd - or, viewed another way, from presencing the energies of "darkness"/Satan on the Earth with sinister intent.

An example will explicate this. A Satanic novice, having developed to a certain extent via ordeals such as Grade Rituals, the achievement of personal, physical goals and the organizing and running a Satanic Temple, desires to go further. For this, practical experience and some guidance is needed. Let us assume the novice is advised or chooses to use a political form to achieve this experience - and thus becomes involved with radical "right wing" politics because such people already possess an element or two of Satanic spirit, the "other sides" in this form and at this moment in the history of this aeon representing the Nazarene disease in

another guise. Thus, she takes part in direct political actions - this is both exciting and dangerous, given the prevailing sickness of the age. Gradually, she acquires practical experience "on the edge", and hopefully some real, tangible enemies if she is performing right. These enemies hate her for her political views - and some of them may even try to harm her personally. Thus, one or more of them deserve to die - or at least come to some harm, psychically if not physically. For they not only threaten her Destiny and thus achievement, but also Satanic wyrd, because she is by her actions is fulfilling higher, Satanic goals (in simple terms, presencing the darker forces via a tangible form). This fulfilling is expressed in the form she is guided toward or chooses for herself via a knowledge of Aeonics. On the practical level, she can and should undertake magickal rites (such as the Death Ritual) to aid her - be other means can be used, such as assassination. She may wish to do this herself or she may manipulate others into doing it. The result is the same - personal experience and development, and aeonic energies presenced via the execution of the act. Thus her own evolution, and that of the acausal or sinister, furthered.

Given the nature of the form chosen, this Satanic novice, by using such a form to the utmost of her ability (that is, seeing it as fulfilling a part of her own Destiny - conventionally, "believing the correctness of the views so espoused") goes beyond the norms of society and its herd majority and thus achieves personal knowledge of the illegal and forbidden (in that society).

2) Beyond this, when Adeptship is attained by experiences such as the foregoing, the Satanist will try and open a nexion - to directly access acausal energies on Earth via rites such as Nine Angles etc. This is the beginning of aeonic shadow magick - and involves an even greater commitment to change than before, on the practical level. What form or forms this takes depends on individual wyrd, discovered by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and prepared for by previous rites, and experiences. It may be political, as it may be the use/manipulation of archetypal forms/images with sinister intent - or involve using "religion" as a Satanic instrument of change. Whatever the form, the changes are supra-personal - they effect more than a few individuals. In fact, they radically disrupt existing forms and norms. For example, a political form may be chosen and used. After some time, violence, riots somewhere, the spread of a new idea... The rising of a type of State in essence inspired with sinister energies and thus contributing to aeonic evolution... Perhaps a war, to propitiate the darker forces...

Thus, it will be understood that Satanists act in a directed way, whether they are novices or Adepts. Their evil has a purpose (as Satan Himself does - as do THEY who are beyond Him have a purpose, on this Earth). The acts, and the evil, arise from a Satanic desire and understanding made real in a practical form or forms. The going beyond, the evil, are part of Satanic wyrd - on the personal and aeonic level. I repeat - they are not directionless, motiveless acts, nor do they arise because the person doing them is somehow inadequate or weak or in the thrall of some uncontrolled desire*. The Satanist is controlled - knowledgeable, particularly about themselves and what Satanism means in supra-personal terms. They are part of history - participants in a sinister dialectic of supra-aeonic proportions, and aware of the power of the sinister to change both themselves and those forms which others through the ages have created to shape our evolution or which (like the Nazarene disease) hinder our evolution.

Have I been understood? Does this sound the death-bell for the imitation Satanists? (here is a line of text that has been "blacked out" in the MSS). It is a pity that this, like Satanism, is so often misunderstood and mis-translated.

*The conventional description of Satanic deeds and "crime": most so-called Satanic crimes are acts by dabblers who have no self-insight and even less self-control; the rest, results from characterless, insipid morons who are weak. Such description and such attributions arise from fundamental misunderstanding of genuine Satanic acts.

18.

Confessions: 3

(From Fenrir no. 3, yf 99)

ONA

To say the elegant lady who surprised me burgling her fifth floor apartment seduced me is only half the truth. I was very willingly seduced.

Next morning, introductions over, she said she had asked her Prince to bring her a companion. She served the Prince of Darkness - in her own way, without formality or groups. She knew little of what I up till then regarded as traditional magick - the qabalistic kind. Instead, her own tradition was different, and possibly unique. She was a dark sorceress, a modern more subtle Juliette (de Sade variety not Shakespeare) - a binder of men, through the implements of her body and eyes.

Quite naturally, we became partners she finding a sexual thrill in house violation (and sometimes not easily satisfied during a difficult job) and I finding through her new skills in magick - and sex of course. We spent a few months together, one cold but often sunny Winter many years ago.

Then I made my mistake - I fell in love with her, and asked her to marry me. That night she said very little - except with her body. But in the morning she had gone - to America, leaving me a note. And I thought I understood women.

I tried to find her, without success and, feeling a little depressed for the first time in my life, made a vow, left the city and got a job. Yes, the Civil Service. I always did go to extremes. The job cured my depression - two weeks after I had started I went out for my lunch-break and did not go back, sad to lose my new umbrella since it rained that afternoon. But the two weeks of desk-bound soul-destroying toil had proved useful in one way - I met someone with an interest in magick whose wife was very pretty. I kept in contact and it was not long before I did the first ritual in their house. They were being annoyed by their neighbours and I sent a force to spread fear and anxiety. A week later, the neighbours announced they were to move. This impressed my friends, and that night I initiated the wife (sexually of course) who some days later initiated her husband. They converted one of their rooms into a Satanic Temple on my instructions, and I made the wife my Priestess.

Gradually, our group grew in size, and I soon found myself running a Temple of over a dozen. Our magick was black, and successful - who needed crime? I was given gifts, loaned a flat, met many interesting and attractive women, and for many months this life continued until one evening, after conducting a ritual of Initiation, I realized I was now playing the role that years ago I had despised when it was played by the high Priest of the group of my own Initiation. I was exercising the same control that he had and was relating the same fables to enhance my own charisma and that of the group.

Unsatisfied, I began to involve myself with violence. Violence purified, and I took to roaming the streets with some young ruffians whose services I had used on occasion to make a new members' test of fidelity to the Temple interesting.

Our small group had a cause and we, as a modern tribe, had many enemies so fights were easy to come by. There was joy in these battles, in their planning: an explosion of vitality. Life was raw and real and exciting, and this physical expression complemented my magickal life.

Then, one fateful warm summer's evening after a minor skirmish, we were suddenly surrounded by vanloads of Police. Arrested, charged, imprisoned on remand to be finally sent to jail. This proved an interesting experience, and I

would recommend it to all who aspire to be Adepts - once only if you're feeble of spirit. About six months at a time is about right. You certainly - if you have any intelligence and spirit - find what is

really important to you. Anyway, I left prison with more money than I entered, having run a profitable racket inside selling tea stolen from the stores (this was in the days before drugs became used in such places).

I had not known, really, what freedom was until I had lost my own. My priestess and priest were glad to see me - they had kept a group of sorts going and my first free evening coincided with a dinner they were holding for two prospective members, a man and his wife. To cut a short story short after the meal the wife excused herself to use the toilet, I followed and we made ecstatic love on the bathroom floor. Well, it had been a long time, and her eyes were very inviting. I came down, talked to her husband about magick and his only comment was: "I don't know, but I don't trust nor like you." Stupid drongo. What could I say? Later, the Priestess came to my bed.

Life could have resumed as before: but who wants to live in their own past? And I no longer wanted to play the role/game of 'master' despite some of its attractions. Prison had given me a new perspective and I wanted to live, really live, on the edge. Satanism had become for me at that time a philosophy I lived by - kill others before they kill you, but always be honourable (this part is where the toy Satanist fail) and die rather than submit to anyone.

I wanted a cause to enable me to live this. So I found a war somewhere. It was not a large war, and was mostly of the guerrilla kind. It became good - being close to death: the moments between were transformed and enjoyed all the more. There was a purity about living this way with constant danger that weaklings will never understand. Satanism despises cowards - it has always been the way of the warrior. And I do not mean the pathetic kind that modern trendies speak about (e.g. ;chaos warriors'). I mean the kind who really kills and whose hands have been stained by gore and blood.

My life became a kind of constant invocation to the Prince of Darkness. Instinct and spirit were triumphant: as they are not in our present moronic society where excellence is decried and where calculation, cowardice and sub-humanity dominate. I learnt something very valuable about my faith - that elitist faith called Satanism. It was that it is essentially about self-excellence - defying the odds - and not, as most assume, about being material. It meant setting yourself goals beyond the ordinary, and achieving them, of living with style.

This learning cost me dear - I was injured, and forced to retire from the war. Even today, the effects of that injury linger, as do the effects of what I discovered about myself and women and the world. I passed the Abyss. But it is not for me to explain, here, what lies beyond the Abyss except to say that, personally, I think we can create an existence for ourselves after death. The key word is create. This existence is not given - it is not tied to any moral concept like 'sin'. It is a form of magick, indeed the highest and most secret form. This life is, if you will, a kind of opportunity which we only have once but most people have and do waste it. The Gate is there, but few see it and even fewer push that Gate open and follow the path beyond. The key is the ecstasy of existence that is all I will say about the genuine Stone of the Philosophers, which can only be produced in the crucible of blackness (i.e. Satanism).

There is no real ending to my boring life - I returned to England, a little wiser, understanding the cosmic perspective beyond all ceremonial and results magick. This is the true understanding of the Master (and the Mistress of Earth) - their magick is and always has been Aeonick magick, that is, changing the world. Mostly, these individuals are hidden.

For now, I am half content - contentment should come only near death (if then). The moral of my wanderings (if there is one) is; if you dare, learn by yourself by going to extremes; if you cannot do this because somehow you are still not free, then find someone who has gone that way before you and let them guide you. Only guide you, mind. You should be guided only into experience - for experience is the fire that purifies and creates.

You may meet me, one day - but will not know me, unless I wish it. For I have many faces which I show to the world, and even those who profess to be 'adepts' and 'masters' I can fool - because, unlike me, they are not natural. And, yes, in case you are wondering, I am human - having fallen in love while I lay injured and near death. Every Master needs a loving Mistress, after all herein are riddles which only the wise will see.

19.

The Aims Of The ONA

ONA 1994 eh

The fundamental aims of the ONA are:

- 1) To increase the number of genuine Adepts, Masters/Lady Masters, by guiding individuals along the path to Adeptship and beyond.
- 2) To make the path to Adeptship and beyond [the 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'] more widely available, enabling anyone, should they possess the necessary desire, to strive toward the ultimate goal.
- 3) To extend esoteric knowledge and techniques - i.e. to (a) creatively extend our esoteric knowledge and understanding and thus increase the consciousness of our species; (b) develop new techniques which make this new knowledge and understanding useful to those following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way; (c) implement this knowledge and understanding in a practical way, thus causing change(s) in society/societies. Areas of importance for the immediate future are: (i) music; (ii) Art/images/'film' etc.; (iii) the creation of an 'esoteric' community; and (iv) the development and extension of an abstract symbolic language ('beyond the Star Game').
- 4) To implement sinister strategy - i.e. to presence the acausal (or 'the dark forces') via nexions and so change evolution. One immediate aim is to presence acausal energies in a particular way so creating a new aeon and then a new, higher, civilization from the energies unleashed.

In respect of (1). This will be a slow process, by virtue of the difficulty of the Way, and the desire of most of those interested in esoteric arts for an 'easy option'. It is anticipated that only about four or five new Adepts (at most) will emerge every decade (i.e. an average of one per year). Of these, only two per decade will probably make it to the stage of Master/Lady Master. These figures are unlikely to increase until the energies of the new aeon become more pronounced (around 2020 eh) - even then, the increase will be gradual. It will not be before 2070 (at the earliest) that there will be a significant increase. This slow progression is natural and necessary - great numbers are not required in order for the more immediate covert aims (e.g. regarding sinister strategy) to be achieved.

In respect of (2). This will arise by itself provided the continuity of the Order is maintained.

In respect of (3). Since the Destiny of each ONA Adept is unique, these aims and others will be fulfilled by those Adepts striving for the next stage, that of Master/Lady Master. It should be remembered that Adepts - although they possess a knowledge and some understanding of Aeonic - are actually still swayed by aeonic forces: i.e. their Destiny achieves supra-personal aeonic aims. In effect, their Destiny is part of the wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon to which they belong. A Master/Lady Master, by virtue of having reached that stage, can transcend this wyrd and implement their own.

In respect of (4). The fundamental immediate aim [c. 1990 eh - 2020 eh] here is to actively presence the energies of the next aeon and channel these, via various nexions, forms, structures, 'ideas' and so on, to create the next higher civilization. The former means accessing the acausal [in the simplistic term sense 'returning the Dark Gods' via various rites] and creating those forms/structures necessary to channel the energies so accessed. This will take several decades. [Some structures/forms/ideas etc. have already - i.e. before 1994 eh - been created.] In conjunction with these things, there will be disruption of existing structures/ideas etc. by Masters/Adepts/novices.

Beyond this immediate aim [i.e. beyond 2020 eh] there is the nurturing of the new energies and the forms/structures etc. created to presence these. This will last several centuries - and during this time one of the tasks of the Order is to presence the acausal at regular intervals via certain rites at certain sites, thus ensuring the survival of those things imbued with such energies, one of which will be the new civilization and thus the societies it gives rise to.

Expressed simply, the aim of the ONA is to create a new species - to significantly change our evolution as a species. This will take time - many centuries, in fact. The Seven-Fold Way is a practical means whereby an individual, now, can develop and so become a part of this new species. The other activities which the Order pursues are directed toward changing present structures and creating a new civilization whereby this new species can be made real on a large scale: the societies of such a civilization aspiring to realize this goal in a practical way. The ONA is not interested in transitory 'fame'/notoriety - and neither does it desire to attract large numbers of 'followers'. It is not in the business of competing with other 'Satanic' or 'Occult' groups because such groups are irrelevant, lacking any understanding of sinister strategy and incapable of really guiding their members toward and beyond a genuine Adeptship. Such groups usually represent the ego of one person, who surrounds him/her self with sycophantic followers, and/or they fumble about in diverse mumbo-jumbo lands, playing fantasy games, try to evoke long-dead archetypes and forms, and worship their petty, mostly bovine selves. What the ONA desires to achieve is significant and worth-while - it is not transitory. The ONA does not depend on the whim of some self-appointed 'leader' as it does bleat about some fantasy-given "mandate" from some "higher authority". It does not peddle some spurious, continually updated theory nor offer religious answers to keep individuals in thrall. Neither does the ONA declare that its worth is based on some pretentious/legendary 'tradition'. The worth of the ONA lies in its aims and the practical methods it has created, and will create, to achieve those aims.

Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the SevenFold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims - of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA - and the Seven-Fold Way itself - create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from 'The Black Book of Satan', is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. **Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this** - that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal - they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution - they are using their lives to some purpose. Members of the ONA are doing and achieving - they are being significant and shaping future events. *They are making history.*

Compared to this, other groups are irrelevant.

20.

Ritual Magick: Dure And Sedue Ceremonial

ONA, 1990eh.

Magick enables us to capture again and again those moments which not only shape our lives but which can extend the possibilities of our existence: those moments when we know with an exhilaration and an insight that transcends words, when we become more than a single isolated individual burdened with a causal existence.

For some time there has been a denial of and attempts to undermine the ceremonial in magick: there has arisen a plethora of self-written rituals and "chaos" type workings. This, however, arises from a misunderstanding of the nature of ceremonial. Basically, there are two types of ceremonial workings in magick: dure ceremonial, and sedue ceremonial. The first is essentially ritual used for internal magick – to produce/provoke/inspire changes within the consciousness of those participating/attending. The second is (or rather should be) a performance which transports the individual participants to another realm and which engages their whole being. It is not however a possession – but rather a developed awareness, a new way of being distinct from "everyday" existence, one in which all the elements (mind, body, emotions etc.) are a unity. A sedue ceremonial is an artistic event of the highest type because it is a conscious attempt to make the acausal real (to presence it) in causal time. However, like any artistic performance, a ritual can be good, indifferent, bad or great depending on the talent and abilities of those performing/conducting it. If it is any of the first three, it will not achieve its purpose.

A great performance is one which captures the essence of the ritual – which brings the acausal, which "opens a nexion", and which thus has the magickaI power to transform. This of course is a rare event – at least these days – and like, for example, a great performance of a drama or a symphony, requires both talent and preparation. Unfortunately, in the past as in the present, ceremonial rituals when attempted are done mostly by inept performers with little or no preparation and little if any empathy with the magick which the ritual re-presents. Thus the ritual is magickally ineffective: non-inspirational for the participants/congregation. Further, elements of self-delusion (regarding the "magick") are mostly present. Such "performances" tend to confirm the mistaken belief that ceremonial forms are either boring or outmoded or both.

A ceremonial ritual should be vivifying – and awaken "numinous" feelings. It should stimulate all the senses - for a sedue ritual in a subtle way; for dure ritual in an obvious/overt way. Incenses and fragrances should stimulate the sense of smell; the eyes should be stimulated by colour and imagery; hearing by the sounds of chanting, by music, words; the intellect by the symbols/content/intent; the passions by the spirit or elan of the performance and perhaps the sight/gestures of an individual or individuals performing a specific "role", their manner of dress (or undress) and their physical movement.

A ceremonial ritual is a seduction – of the participants/congregation by he/she/they conducting it or the power of the rite itself because the rite captures or transforms an aspect or aspects of the acausal. This seduction is subtle if the ritual is a sedue one, and obvious/overt/harsh if it is a dure one. But by its nature it always has a temporal structure, as it always is a nexion to the acausal – if it is a genuine magickal rite, that is, one that possesses when performed acausal (or magickaI) energy/power. Both of these aspects – the temporal structure and the nexion – are important, although hitherto esoteric.

Each shall be considered in turn. First, temporal structure. This means that the ritual has a beginning, a middle (or 'action'/development) and a definite end: it is confined in temporal time, and while a specific performance may be 'fast' or 'slow' depending on the mood and the intensity, it is generally of a certain duration. Second – a nexion. This means that in form and content (e.g. the techniques used to draw upon magickaI energy) it is effective – it accesses the forms/symbols and

so on required for its purpose. This means more than that it 'produces emotion'. Emotion arises or should arise from the performance by the effort and talent of the performers. Rather, such accessing means it re-presents certain elements of the acausal in an accessible form, such as archetypes or numinous symbols. This requires what can only be called a type of 'artistic creation' – and this in itself can be of varying quality, as in music or any creative endeavor. Most creations, however, as rituals, are not effective: they do not presence the acausal, although they may produce emotion and perhaps the occasional insight. Emotion, however, is not magick – just as "intellectual stimulation" and/or undisciplined behaviour are not, although such things result and are expected to result from what passes for "magickal rituals" today. Only rarely does a creation become or be magickal – that is, a nexion, despite the intent of the person or persons who undertake such creation. Thus, no amount of desire, no amount of intellectual knowledge can make or create a ritual which is magickally effective. Only rarely does a creation become or is magickal. It may become so due to the "aura" or "tradition" surrounding it (partly due to past performances) – but even in this instance it must still possess some aspects which access the acausal directly. It is magickal when it is that rare entity: a genuine magickal creation.

The temporal structure and accessing of a ritual mean that a genuine rite, once created or transmitted via tradition, must be respected for what it is: effective performance requires fidelity to the temporal limits and its internal structure – in terms of all its formalized elements such as words, chants, symbols, images, colours etc. Outside of this, there can be (and indeed should be) artistic interpretation, a vivifying of the original by the talent and skill of the performer(s). A genuine magickal ritual is a work of art – and requires 'interpretation', that is, performance, to presence the acausal. It is, in short, a conscious causal expression of aspects of the acausal – and in performance lives in both the causal and the acausal. Hence its power to transform. [It should be remembered that only ceremonial magick is being considered here – the above does not imply that only ceremonial forms are effective as magick. There are many other forms or means of accessing the acausal.]

Given this understanding, it should be obvious that there are very few rituals, written down or transmitted, which presence the acausal and which, in an inspiring performance or interpretation, are capable of transforming either the consciousness of others or of producing changes in the causal metric itself. That is, there are few rituals which possess in their written form the potential to be a nexion to the acausal: and even these require inspirational performance: rehearsal, planning, the correct intent or desire ... In short, the creation of "atmosphere" and skill/ability in performance. The rituals that proliferate today – and most of those regarded as 'traditional' – may in their performance pass some moments of causal time and may even fill some individuals with emotion (and boredom is an emotion), but they are not and never will be magickal.

Of the rituals that do exist, those in 'The Black Book of Satan' together with a few others (such as The Ceremony of Recalling in its various forms) rank as supreme works of magick. Some other rites possess the potential to do even more on the causal level (e.g. the Nine Angles rites) – producing aeonic changes. Thus explicated, genuine Black Magick becomes available to all: for the first time ever.

2I.

Adeptship - Its Real Meaning And Purpose

ONA, 1992eh

Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a 'Special Forces' unit (such as the British SARS). I shall explain why this is so, but first will describe what genuine Adeptship is.

An Adept is an individual who has undertaken an Occult quest and who has, as a result of that quest, the following abilities/attributes: a) a real understanding of esoteric, Occult matters, and a deep esoteric knowledge/insight; b) esoteric skills – chief of which is empathy: with both, natural and 'Occult' forces (energies. An important aspect of this empathy [an intuitive understanding of things as those things are in their essence] is with living beings and that species mis-named Homo Sapiens; c) a unique character – formed via experience d) a unique 'philosophy of life' attained via self-discovery and self experience – by finding answers unaided.

Adeptship results from a transformation – a transmutation of the individual. This begins at Initiation, whether that be ceremonial or hermetic [i.e. as part of a group or alone]. It is an internal alchemical process of change, and occurs on all levels – the psychic, the magickal, the intellectual, the psychological and the physical. It is the birth of a new individual who has skills, knowledge, understanding and judgment not possessed by the majority.

The changes themselves arise from a synthesis – there is an evolution of the individual and their consciousness because of a successful response to a challenge. Or rather, because of a series of such successful responses over a period of some years. In essence, the Initiate undertakes a challenge, strives to achieve a certain goal and if successful, grows in character, maturity, knowledge esoteric skill and so on. They then move on to new challenges, until the process is complete and Adeptship attained. The challenges themselves occur on all the levels mentioned above – i.e. the psychic, the magickal (or Occult), the intellectual, the psychological and the physical.

Quintessentially, the path to Adeptship is a quest which involves ordeals, the achievement of goals and so on. Furthermore, the quest is individual and involves experiences in the real world: not just 'in the head' or of a 'magickal' nature. By its nature it is solitary – it involves the individual overcoming the challenges, undertaking the ordeals, alone. If certain ordeals and challenges and experiences are not undertaken – and if all of them are not done alone – then there is no real achievement and thus no genuine Adeptship.

The nature of the experiences, challenges and ordeals which are necessary, and the fact that they all must be done alone and unaided, makes Adeptship difficult to attain, and is the reason why real Adepts are rare, even though there are many who claim the achievement.

Returning to the example mentioned above – that is, real Adeptship is more difficult to attain than being selected for and successfully training with a Special Forces unit. The selection procedures for such a Unit are tough, and the training likewise. But the individual undergoing them has a definite concrete goal – and that individual is with others: there is a camaraderie a desire not to 'lose face' in front of others. Also, the individual is in a definite environment – usually a training camp with Instructors and other members of the Unit. There is a 'tradition' with its special signs: a uniform, a beret, an insignia. And everyday concerns – food, shelter etc. – are taken care of (* Except, of course, during training exercises of the survival kind – but these are limited in time and space, and part of 'the course' which is real and known).

In contrast, Adeptship is mostly intangible: it seems 'magickal' and Occult; part of another world. Further, the Initiate is on their own and still for the most part, in the 'real world' – they have responsibility to clothe and feed themselves (at the very least, and find or have some shelter).

But there is more. The physical challenges alone which an aspirant Adept must undertake are, in fact, more difficult, tougher, than those used by any Special Forces unit. They are more testing, more selective. Only the strongest, the most determined, survive them. Add to these physical challenges the many others that are required – intellectual, magickal, psychological and so on – and it is easy to understand why Adepts (or genuine ones at least) are so rare, and why they are part of an elite.

Of course, there are many – in fact, most – who call themselves Occultists of whatever Path or none, who maintain that such things are not required for Adeptship to be achieved. [I shall describe in detail the actual challenges themselves, shortly.]

These Occultists maintain that Adeptship is actually one or more of the following: (a)

amassing a great amount of what passes for 'esoteric knowledge' by, for example, reading a lot of books and magazines, and by attending various meetings/discussions/conferences/participating in "Magickal" forays; (b) being given the title 'Adept' by either (i) someone else for services rendered or whatever, or (ii) undertaking a self-written/published "Rite" after which one congratulates oneself and uses the title Adept; (c) achieving an "enlightenment" during some ceremony/working/ritual/discussion/induced stupour/trance/communication with a supra-personal entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence; (d) being "chosen" by someone/some entity/some extra-terrestrial intelligence; (e) hanging around the Occult scene for so long that one feels entitled to call oneself an Adept.

All of these are merely delusions of attainment. I do not expect this article to shatter the delusions and illusions of the deluded – for they need them and the false Adepts will continue to fantasize about their achievement just as many individuals will continue to fantasize about belonging to or having belonged to, various Special Forces units. What this article will do, is to present the real meaning and significance of Adeptship in a way which is not open to mis-interpretation: to reveal, for once and for all, the illusions of Occultists for what they are, and thus what is really necessary for genuine Adeptship.

Among the challenges an Adept has successfully undertaken, are the following:

1) Several physical (and mental) goals of which the minimum standards are (a) walking 32 miles carrying a pack weighing not less than 30 lbs. in under 7 hours over difficult, hilly terrain; (b) running 20 miles in less than 2 1/2 hours over fell-like/mountainous terrain; (c) cycling not less than 200 miles in 12 hours.

2) Having organized and run for not less than six months, a magickal/Occult group/coven/Temple of not less than seven people and performed ceremonial and hermetic rituals regularly.

3) Having found and loved (and probably lost) at least one 'magickal companion' and worked with them in a magickal and personal way over a period of many months.

4) Having attained an understanding and mastery of esoteric magick – external and internal – via practical workings over a concentrated period of time lasting at least two years. And, following this, have begun to understand what is beyond external and internal magick – i.e. Aeonick magick and processes.

5) Having experienced in real-life situations, danger involving one's possible death.

6) Having faced many and severe dilemmas of a personal and 'moral' nature the resolution of which required a choice and which consequently brought a maturity of outlook and a sadness.

7) Having spent at least three months living totally alone in an isolated area without talking to anyone and without any modern comforts and distractions.

8) Having developed one's intellect by mastering a complex and abstract subject hitherto foreign to one: e.g. advanced mathematics, The Star Game; symbolic Logic.

Show me someone who has not done the above (or very similar things) alone and who claims to be an Adept, and I will show you a liar – be that liar aware of the lie, or unaware of it. For too long, the intentional and unintentional liars have had no one to challenge them – and their character less version of 'Adeptship' or 'Adepthood'.

All the challenges enumerated above breed character. They are formative; they create the Adept. And those mentioned are only some of the challenges an Initiate must successfully experience and triumph over – there are many more.

There is no easy way, no easy path, to Adeptship. The journey takes years, and involves self-effort, self-discovery, unaided. It involves triumphs, and mistakes – and learning from one's mistakes. But perhaps most of all it involves a commitment and a learning from practical experience.

However, it should be remembered that Adeptship is not the end of the quest. There are stages beyond, which require even more difficult and dangerous experiences – which need even more self-honesty. For, conventionally, Adeptship is only half-way between Initiation and the ultimate goal, sometimes described as the gateway to immortality.

As with Adeptship, there are many who claim to have been to the stages beyond Adeptship – who claim to be 'Masters' or Grand Masters, or even the stage beyond! Like most 'Adepts', these are liars, both intentional and unintentional, and they will be exposed in another iconoclastic article.

22.

The Black Pilgrimage

As detailed in the Order MS *Thernn*, cultivating a skill in Natural Magick is essential if genuine Adeptship is to be attained. The first stage in acquiring this skill [the final is that of Internal Adept] involves the regular performance of ceremonial Magick in an outdoor location - the location being chosen for its natural beauty, undisturbed by modern development. The seasonal performance of a rite such as that of the Nine Angles (qv. The Black Book of Satan III), will teach those participating infinitely more about the 'Wheel of the Seasons', than some pseudo-pagan ritual containing outdated symbolic representations of the forces involved. It is important that the rites are conducted upon the same site throughout the year(s), during the times of the seven festivals (qv. *Thernn*). The second task involves undertaking, with the companion, the Natural form of the Nine Angles rite [the site involved may be the same as that used by the Temple, or one specifically chosen for the task]. The third task involves undertaking the Black Pilgrimage. Traditionally, this is a walk - undertaken alone - of approximately 50 miles, which passes through sites - associated with the Dark Tradition [located on the Welsh borders]. This rite is undertaken around the time of the Autumn Equinox; beginning at dawn, and aiming to end near dusk the following day. The candidate must possess a quartz crystal (ideally a tetrahedron), and is allowed to take only a sleeping bag (no other form of shelter), and the minimum food required. The candidate is allowed to rest/sleep during the hours of darkness on the first evening, at one of the sites of interest. Throughout the journey, the candidate may opt to stop at the various sites, and perform a Chant (ie. the Diabolus). Towards the following evening, the candidate must aim to reach a certain site on the Long Mynd (a site near Wild Moor), and there, undertake the solo rite of the Nine Angles. Following the completion of the solo rite, the candidate remains to rest/sleep at the site. The candidate departs from the area at dawn, when the Pilgrimage is completed.

This task is most usually undertaken by those who have attained the grade of External Adept (qv. Naos), but the Initiate may choose to combine the Pilgrimage with the External Adept rite. This would involve the Grade Ritual being undertaken immediately following the solo Nine Angles rite [this is a very effective combination - but is optional].

With regard to Initiates who live in other countries: the candidate must spend some time creating an appropriate route by which the Pilgrimage can be undertaken. The route must include sites which express, for the Candidate - and for subsequent Initiates - a numinosity: they need not be of established historical or magickal interest (indeed it would be far better if they were not). Rather, they must convey isolation and natural beauty/wildness, and the route itself must be fairly arduous, keeping away from conventional footpaths. The site chosen for the solo Nine Angles rite must be of particular esoteric significance, and this aspect should be created prior to undertaking the Pilgrimage - via the ceremonial opening of an Earth Gate', or the Natural form of the Nine Angles rite, and so on. The creation of a Black Pilgrimage relevant to the respective Land of each Initiate, will be a further new and vital expression of the Sinister Tradition.

23.

The Left Handed Path - An Analysis

ONA

The Left Handed Path and Satanism are related insofar as Satanism is a particular LHP. The LHP is the name given to describe a system of esoteric knowledge and practical techniques - and this system is also known as 'The Black Arts'.

The Difference Between the Left and Right Hand Paths:

The aim of all genuine Occult paths or systems, whether designated Right Hand or Left Hand, is to achieve or find a certain goal as well as to impart esoteric knowledge and abilities. The goal is variously described (e.g. 'Gnosis', the Philosopher's Stone, Enlightenment).

However, it has been a common misconception that the RH Paths were altruistic and the LH Paths egocentric - i.e. the difference between them was seen in individual moral terms. Another misconception is in seeing the difference in absolute moral terms - i.e. the RH Paths as representing "good" and the LH Paths as "evil". Recently, attempts have been made to formulate 'grey' paths which combine elements of both, and such 'grey' paths are often said (by their exponents) to be the "true" Occult way or path.

The reality is quite different. The LH Paths and the RH Paths [hereafter, the singular 'Path' will be used, although the plural is to be understood] are quite distinct and differ in both their methods and their aims. The most fundamental difference is that the RHP is restrictive - certain things are forbidden or frowned upon - and collective. That is, the RHP takes some responsibility away from the individual by having a formal dogma, a code of ethics and behaviour and by having the individual participate in an organized grouping, however loose that grouping may be. In brief, the identity of the individual is to some extent taken away - by the beliefs systems which that individual has to accept, and by them accepting some higher 'authority', be such authority an individual, a group or an 'ideology' (or even, sometimes, a supra-personal Being - a 'god' or 'gods').

In contradistinction, the LHP in its methods is non-structured. In the genuine LHP there is nothing that is not permitted - nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP **means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest**. This makes the LHP both difficult and dangerous - its methods can be used as an excuse for anti-social behaviour as they can be used to aid the fetishes and weaknesses of some individuals as well as lead some into forbidden and illegal acts. However, the genuine Initiate of the LHP is undertaking a quest, and as such is seeking something: that is, there is a dynamic, an imperative about their actions as well as the conscious understanding and appreciation that all such actions are only a part of that quest; they are not the quest itself. This arises because the LHP Initiate is seeking mastery and self-knowledge these being implicit in such an Initiation. Accordingly, the LHP Initiate sees methods as merely methods; experience as merely experience. Both are used, learned from and then discarded.

Because of this, the LHP is by its nature ruthless - the strong of character win through, the weak go under. There are no 'safety nets' of any kind on the LHP - there is no dogma or ideology to rely on, no one to provide comfort and soften the blows, no organization, individual or 'Being' to run to when things get difficult and which will provide support and sympathy and understanding. Or which, just as importantly, takes away the responsibility of the Initiate for their deeds.

The LHP breeds self-achievement and self-excellence - or its destroys, either literally, or via delusion and madness.

Further, the goal or aim of the LHP is individual specific - it is the raising of that individual to 'god-head'; the fulfillment of individual potential and thus a discovery and fulfillment of their unique Destiny. That is, it breeds a unique character, a unique individual. The RHP, on the contrary, is concerned with 'idealistic' and thus supra-personal aims aiding 'society', 'humanity' and so on: the individual is 're-made' by abstract and impersonal forms.

The LHP by its nature means that its Initiates work mostly on their own. Followers of the LHP are masters of their as yet unmanifest Destiny. And while they may accept guidance and advice, they eschew any form of subservience: they learn for themselves, by their own experience and from their own self-effort. This is crucial to an understanding of the true nature of the LHP. The LHP means this self-reliance, this self-experience, this self-effort, this personal struggle for achievement. The RHP means someone else - some individual, or some authority or some hierarchy - awards or confers upon the RHP Initiate a sign or symbol of their "progress". That is, the RHP Initiate assumes the role of student, or 'chela' - and often that of sycophant. They rely on someone else or something beyond themselves, whereas the LHP Initiate relies only on themselves: their cunning, skill, character, desire, intelligence and so on. The successful LHP Initiate is the individual who learns from their own experiences and mistakes. The RHP Initiate tries to learn from theory - from what others have done.

Essentially, the LHP Initiate is a free spirit, already possessed of a certain willful character, while the RHP Initiate is in thrall to other people's ideas and ways of doing things.

The notion of self-responsibility is as mentioned above, crucial to the LHP and accordingly any organization which claims to be of the LHP and which does not uphold this in both theory and practice is a fraudulent organization. In practice this means that an organization does not restrict the experiences of its members - it does not, for instance, impose upon them any binding authority which the members have to accept or face 'expulsion' just as it does not lay down for them any codes of behaviour or ethics. That is, it does not promulgate a dogma which the members have to accept as it does not require those members to be obedient to what the hierarchy says. There is no "proscription" of certain views, or individuals or other organizations as there is no attempt to make members conform in terms of behaviour, attitudes, views, opinions, expressions or anything else. If there are any of these things, the organization so doing these things is most certainly not an organization of the Left Hand Path even though it may use some of the motifs, symbols and methods of the LHP. Such an organization is instead allied to the RHP in nature - **in the effect it has upon it's members.**

In summary, the RHP is soft. The LHP is hard. The RHP is like a comfortable game - and one which can be played, left for a while, then taken up again. The LHP is a struggle which takes years. The RHP prescribes behaviour and limits personal responsibility. The LHP means self-responsibility and self-effort. The RHP requires the individual to conform in certain way. The LHP is non-restrictive. RHP organizations and 'teachers' require the Initiate to conform and accept the authority of that organization/'teacher'. LHP organizations and Masters/Mistresses only offer advice and guidance, based on their own experience.

Satanism:

As mentioned above, Satanism is a particular LHP. Conventionally, and incorrectly, Satanism is described as 'worship of Satan/the Devil'.

The word 'Satan' originally derived from the Greek word for 'an accusation'. That is, Satan is an archetype of disruption - the Adversary who challenges the accepted, who defies - who desires to know. In essence, Satan is a symbol of dynamic motion: the generative or moving force behind evolution, change.

In reality, Satan is both symbolic or archetypal, and real. That is, He exists within the psyche of individuals, and beyond individuals.

Satanism is, in part, the acceptance of the necessity of change - of the reality of things like struggle, combat, war, creativity, individual genius, defiance. Of the evolutionary and puritive nature of these things. But Satanism is much more than the acceptance of the reality of these things of their necessity. It is also the individual seeking to be like Satan to be Satanic. A true Satanist does not worship some Being called Satan. Rather, a Satanist accepts the reality of Satan

[on all levels] and quests to become, in their own life and beyond, a type of Being of the same kind as Satan - that is, to change their own evolution and that of others: to evolve to a new type of existence. The existence can be described by what is known as 'Satan'. This quest is a dynamic and real one, and it means that those who aspire to follow the way of Satanism go further than others who merely follow the LHP. That is, Satanism leads to new areas of being: it goes beyond 'the Black Arts' while having its foundation or ground in those Arts. Part of this is a greater esoteric knowledge (e.g. Aeonick Magick) and part in techniques or methods or create a new individual. The Satanist effectively learns to play at being god.

Since Satanism, as described above, involves the individual questing to become like Satan, it is relevant to consider who and what Satan is.

Satan is the Prince of Darkness - Master of all that is hidden or secret, both within ourselves and external to ourselves. He is the ruler of this world - the force behind its evolutionary change; the 'fire' of life. He is Lord of Life - of all the sensual delights and pleasures.

He is also 'evil' or 'dark' or 'sinister' - merciless, ruthless, Master of Death. He can and does promote suffering, misery, death. But all these things are impersonal - they are natural consequences of life, of change and evolution.

Satan, by His nature, cannot be 'bribed' or 'propitiated' - and neither can His services be bought, by a "pact" or anything else. He is not interested in such futile things. Thus, there can be no such thing as a 'religious' Satanism - the offering of prayers or offerings or promises or whatever in return for Satanic favours. Such things imply fear, subservience and those other traits of character Satan despises. Rather, the satanic approach is to glory in Satanic deeds and chants and such like because they are Satanic - because by so doing them there is an exultation, an affirmation and a being like Satan: not because something is 'expected' or done out of fear of the consequences. It is by living life, by deeds, that a Satanist becomes like Satan and so evolves to partake of a new and higher existence. Such deeds are those to bring insight, self-discovery, to achieve, esoteric knowledge, experience of the 'forbidden', of the pleasures of living - and they are also those which change others and the world and which thus can and do bring suffering, misery, death: which are, in short, evil.

Furthermore, Satan is a real Being - He is not simply a symbol, archetypal or otherwise, of certain natural forces or energies. He has life, exists - causes things to occur - external to our own, individual psyche. That is, our individual wills, or even our individual magick, cannot control Him [as the softie imitation Satanists like to believe]. However, this 'life' is not 'human' - it is not bound by a body or even by our causal time and space. Expressed esoterically, it is acausal.

Satan, however, is not alone - that is, He is not the only Dark, sinister Being who affects our world and thus existence. He has a female counter-part - a Mistress, Lover, Bride. Esoterically, Her name is Baphomet. She is the Dark Goddess.

Thus, a Satanic Initiate is often described as the lover of one or both of these sinister entities - and a genuine Satanic Initiation may be likened to a ritual copulation with either Satan or Baphomet [where the Priest/Priestess assumes the form of the entity]. In genuine Satanism there is no 'worship' of Satan (or Baphomet) - but rather an acceptance of Them as friends, lovers (or, in the early stages, sometimes a 'father' and 'mother' or a brother and sister).

A Satanist thus evolves toward a higher form -and expresses conscious evolution in action. Hence, Satanism is the quintessence of the Left Hand Path.

Evil:

It is a mistake, recently promulgated by some, to see the LHP in general and Satanism in particular as merely a body of esoteric knowledge and/or a collection, of rituals or magickal workings, either of which, or both, may be 'dipped into' for personal edification and to provide oneself with an 'image'.

All LH Paths are ordeals - they involve self-effort over a period of years. They are also dark, and involve the individuals who follow them going to and beyond the limits all societies impose. That is, they are sinister or 'evil', They involve real sinister acts in the real world - not a playing at sorcerers or sorceresses.

Certain individuals and certain organizations who claim to belong to the LHP have tried to dispel the 'evil' that surrounds the LHP and Satanism - by denying the very real evil nature of these paths. However, what do these imitation Satanists, these posturing pseudos, think Satanism is if not 'evil'? If Satanism is not evil, what is? [Or, more precisely, if Satan is not evil, who is?]

The true nature of evil - and thus Satanism and the LHP - has been misunderstood. Evil is natural and necessary - it tests, culls, provokes reaction and thus aids evolution. And to repeat - Satanism is replete with evil: it is evil. Satanists are sinister, evil. They cannot but be otherwise.

Evil, correctly defined, is part of the cosmic dialectic - it is force, which is a-moral: i.e. it is beyond the bounds of 'morals'. Morals derive from a limited (human - or, rather, pseudo-human) perspective, and a morality is a projection by individual consciousness onto reality. Nothing that is 'moral' or immoral exists. All morals are therefore artifice - they are abstractions. Actions, by individuals, which are normally considered as 'evil' are things that are done by individuals against others - that is, evil acts are considered as belonging to us, as a species. It is not considered 'evil' for a tiger to kill and eat a person: that is natural, in the nature of the tiger. What has been and generally is considered to be evil, in humans, is in general nothing more than instinct - or rather, a feeling, a pre-conscious desire or desires.

Such instinct is natural - the actions which result from it can be either beneficial or not. That is, the actions are not 'evil' in themselves. They should not be judged by some artificial abstractions, but rather by their consequences - by their effects, which are either positive or negative. However, they can be positive or negative depending on circumstances: that is, the evaluation of them can vary depending on the perspective chosen. This perspective is usually that of 'time'. The only correct judgement about a particular act or action is one which takes into account the effects of that action not only in the present but also in the future, and this latter on a vast time-scale. Thus, the judgement concerning such acts is essentially a-personal - it bears little or no resemblance to the emotional affects of that act in the moments of that act or in the immediate moments following that act. [In the symbolic sense - and imprecisely - such judgement could be said to be that of 'the gods'.]

Real acts of evil are those which are done consciously - and these can be of two kinds. The first are ignorant acts: done from a lack of self-knowledge and usually with no appreciation of their effects beyond the moment. The second are impersonal acts done with a knowledge of the effects beyond that of the moment. The former involve no evaluation beyond the personal feelings; the latter involve an evaluation beyond the personal (although they may still be personal acts - i.e. of benefit to the individual). A Satanic act of evil is of this second kind - they are affective and effective: a participation in the cosmic dialectic. At first, they may not be fully understood -i.e. arise from instinct in the main. But the Satanic intent behind them makes the individual more conscious, more aware of their effects, both personal and supra-personal, thus enabling judgement to be cultivated.

Instinctive acts are not 'evil' - they usually derive from immaturity. Evil acts derive from maturity - but immaturity is required to reach this stage. That is, there is a growth. 'Morality' tries to stifle instinct and thus restricts growth. Satanic acts of evil in effect redress the balance - and allow real maturity to develop.

24.

Triumph Of The Will

Thornian, ONA.
17 Nov., 1999eh. Vinland.

Introduction: Initiation and the External Adept Rite

The rite of External Adept is a culmination of all previous tasks; an ordeal which brings perspective and resolve, ending the noviciate and having brought genuine initiation. Throughout the noviciate the Satanic novice undergoes several tests of experiences, challenging the consciousness to first uncover, and then integrate its shadow. On the magickal level, beginning with initiation the initiate commences working with the Tree of Wyrð, invoking each respective Dark God - calling on its energies to intrude upon him/her, often causing much unrest. Throughout the twenty-one invocations, undertaken during a period of twenty-one weeks, the initiate begins to learn to awaken those "dark" energies that are by their very existence a part of us. Often time this process, coupled up with various other tasks, will begin to break down any previous personal illusion, revealing only the potential that (for the uninitiated) lies usually dormant beneath the mundane concerns of everyday life.

Directly following the workings with the pathways, the Satanic novice begins workings with the seven spheres - over seven weeks. The Sphereworkings continue the process brought on through initiation and the pathworkings, but often serve to extract a differing element of consciousness - bringing to realization a more complete understanding of the bi-spherical energies invoked during the pathworkings. Eventually coming to an incommunicable understanding of each Sphere's interrelation with and beyond the other Spheres - the "Harmony of Spheres," an understanding that cannot be fully developed until well into the more advanced stages of the Seven-Fold Way. In truth, no energies can be experienced or understood in primal essence until the shell via which we originally come to understand them is done away with.

Throughout the various tasks set forth in the Dark Tradition, the novice begins to experience a genuine initiation. The Rite of Initiation is but a beginning to this, as initiation is really an organic process, which takes on a life of its own. Via this process of initiation, the novice should begin to develop truly Satanic character. If one has not undergone this process with self-honesty, such character cannot be developed. "Going through the motions" is not initiation.

By the time an initiate is ready to undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, they will have experienced several personal dilemmas in relation to the tradition. Overcoming these dilemmas prepares the initiate for advancement into the next stage of their development along the Seven-Fold Way. Most initiates however, do not make it far enough to even attempt the Grade Ritual of External Adept, having found whatever illusions or excuses they've been presented with perfectly reasonable. Thus are the Satanists separated from those with lesser will.

The Grade Ritual

The grade ritual of External Adept, completes initiation/noviciate - and is in itself a *genuine* initiatory rite into the Dark Tradition, as it requires the character befitting only of genuine Satanists. It is really the climax of a larger ritual - a ritual begun with the rite of initiation, and continued through the path and sphere workings. The previous tasks the novice has met, looking to the ordeal of External Adept, are *prerequisite*. For one to emerge their impending ordeal as an External Adept requires the brutal honesty of genuine initiation - which is only completed by the rite itself. Without such brutal self-honesty, and without the Satanic character genuine initiation breeds, one cannot achieve this next stage in their development.

The rite itself is of simple form, yet difficult to achieve. The location for the rite should be chosen in advance, and some trouble should be gone to in finding the appropriate location. A genuine initiate will know when they have found the right site, or made the right choice. Just as a genuine initiate should know when the time is right for the ritual. Even the choosing of the site is a test; a test in which only the gods will determine the outcome. Let your intuition guide you, and spend some time at the site. It must be numinous, it must be a place where you feel particularly attuned to the natural world. A place where your footsteps are welcome, but your industry is not. The location should be an isolated hilltop, devoid of trees, where you will have a clear view of the stars. If in an area where an isolated hilltop cannot be found, a natural clearing within a forest may be used. The location should leave for no chance of human interruption.

The ritual should be undertaken on the night of the new moon, or on another suitably sacred day. A clear night, whence you can see the stars is best. Once a night is decided upon for the rite, you're only allotted one change. If the conditions are not favorable, you may choose another night - *once*. Some rain, cold temperatures, etc. are to be expected. They are a *necessary* part of the rite, since in undertaking the rite you are committing yourself to a test of the will - once the decision is made you are subject to whatever torment the gods bring you... Dressed in all black, or specific ceremonial attire (not consisting of a robe), you should bring nothing with you - save for a tetrahedron of Quartz.

The ritual may be formally commenced by chanting the Diabolus, holding the Tetrahedron with both hands outstretched before you, looking toward the setting sun. After this, you are required to lay on the ground with your head east. You must remain there, without moving or falling asleep, from dusk until dawn. During the rite think of the tasks previously undertaken, relevant personal or magickal relationships, and your future along the Seven-Fold Way. Once you are clear in your thoughts shift your attention toward the stars, identifying any constellations you're familiar with, watching them make their way through the sky. Let yourself begin to understand the cosmos, far away worlds, and the potential the cosmic being has graced us with, to which we must fulfill. Let the stars guide your thoughts, and let them exist as they really are. As dawn breaks, bow to the rising sun and having completed the rite, leave the site.

The task is not an easy one, it is one which takes tremendous will power. Failure is not an option, there is no second chance. Successful completion of the rite requires self-honesty: if you fall asleep or move for instance, the rite is void. There are several factors which are likely to play into the rite. A mist may take the entire sky, obscuring the stars and leaving you with nothing to focus on, making it increasingly difficult to stay awake. You may be disturbed by wild animals (particularly if the rite is undertaken in a clearing in a forest), bitten by bugs, spiders, and so on. You may experience cold and windy weather or rain. All these things and more may occur, and when they do you have nothing but sheer *will* to get you through the rite.

Traditionally, all who have gone on to progress further along the Septenary path have completed this rite on the first try. Failure is unheard of. One either has the desire, the will to complete the ordeal, or one does not. One has either undergone genuine Satanic initiation, or one has not. One either possesses the character befitting of a Satanist, or one must deal with failure. Again, the rite must be completed on the first try, regardless of whatever may occur during the course of the rite.

Conclusion

The successful triumph over the ordeal is a gateway between the stages of initiate and External Adept. Emerging as an External Adept does not happen by circumstance, nor by simply completing the rite. The initiate should know they are already becoming an External Adept before the rite proper. The impending tasks should begin to presence themselves naturally via the momentum gained throughout initiation. One should already be well aware of where they are taking themselves beyond the rite. The grade ritual itself is the final feat necessary to complete before fully delving into the impending tasks of an External Adept. It is *the* deciding factor of initiation.

Thus has genuine initiation taken place, and thus does the External Adept begin on another long road in their development - through more difficult and testing ordeals, changing themselves and the world in the process.

25.

A Satanic Revealing

ONA, 1994eh.

[*What follows is an extract from a letter written by a member of the ONA to an enquirer. It is reproduced here because it further reveals the real nature of Satan and Satanism, and counters the claims of those who do not comprehend the genuine esoteric significance of the Sinister Way.*]

Several years ago, in various letters to David Austin [Temple of Set] and to others, Stephen Brown explained that **one** of the reasons why the ONA published various articles was to be *adversarial* - to counter what was becoming the "accepted" version/view of Satanism. This "accepted" version was that promulgated by both the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan. We, in the ONA, knew this version was basically imitation or pseudo-Satanism - a playing at 'wizards' by often pretentious pseudo-intellectuals or those without any real insight/intelligence and thus without any real personal *character*. These two groups, their members, and others imitating them, had tried to make Satanism tame and safe - there was an awful lot of talk, an awful lot of writings, and awful lot of 'rituals'. But there was little or no Satanic/sinister/dark **action** undertaken in the real world.

To counter this pseudo-Satanism we published or made available various articles and manuscripts - not specifically to "teach" anything or even to gain members. Rather, to engender controversy; to create a reaction. This is the dialectic of change: thesis-antithesis-synthesis; yin-yang-Tao. Called by whatever name or names, the process is the same. Thus, an 'alternative' version of Satanism was presented, and an 'alternative' history or mythos. It was and is up to each and every individual who reads our material or who comes into contact with us, to work things out for themselves. The effort, the challenge, is theirs and theirs alone. Such things - like words themselves (or even mathematics!) - were and are a means, to be used to go beyond them. Those who do or did have the ability to see or understand the real intent/purpose behind such things, [and who could often "read between the lines" or realize there were some things we did *not* say] might go further, and actually begin a real quest along the Left Hand Path, and so develop themselves and perhaps contribute to evolution. Those who could not or would not see or understand, were and are irrelevant anyway. The actual 'truth' or 'reality' of, for instance, the alternative mythos/derivation/history propounded by us, was and is irrelevant. One of the things that is important about such things, is that they are 'alternative'. Those who cannot understand this are not important.

Part of our detestation of groups like ToS was because of the religious type of mentality of those groups - trying to make Satanism into some sort of religion, with 'infernal mandates', or into a personal cult, with a 'leader' idolized and lionized. We know these are the anti-thesis of Satanism - they are, in effect, Nazarene versions of 'Satanism', as is the enervating wallowing in 'horror', death, *decadence*, egotism and so on, which is often (falsely) associated with Satanism.

All these things, however, were for that one intent, mentioned at the beginning. There were others reasons behind the other material what has been published or made available by us. *One* of these was to offer some individuals the chance to attain a genuine sinister/Satanic Adeptship and beyond - to give them an opportunity to begin and advance along the path, and so for them to not only change themselves but, by interaction, to change others and 'society' itself. In effect, to 'presence' [or 'draw forth'] sinister/Satanic forces via these individuals because of the lives/actions of those individuals. This was done because we considered the time was right (judged by what we call our aeonic strategy) for there to be more Adepts of our sinister tradition - beyond the few who had existed hitherto and who had always been taught on an individual basis, from Master/Lady Master to novice. In effect, by publishing all our material, we have given anyone the opportunity of striving for and attaining Adeptship and beyond. But of course, few will do this simply because the Way itself is difficult and dangerous - since each novice is required to actually undertake works of darkness in the real world in order that they can go beyond the illusions of 'good' and 'evil' and so discover that balance within them which is unique to each person, and which makes them part of an elite. It is this balance which is the essence of Adeptship - and yet there are several stages beyond even this attainment. Naturally, some who try never attain this - they may give up, defeated by their inner weakness; they may join another, safer group (it being easier to play at wizards and belong to a group like ToS); they may actually be overwhelmed by 'sinister' forces;

they may fall foul of various stupid Laws of the country they reside in; and so on...

As I and others in the ONA have stated many times, our Way is quite simple. There are no mystifications, no 'teachings'. There is only a method which has been proved to work. If some individuals want to try - fine; if they do not - fine. It is their choice. Whatever - there is Change; there is joy; there is the 'presencing' of 'sinister' forces on this planet; there is evolution, however slowly.

In respect of politics, and similar things, such as 'race'. These are means, to attain or achieve certain goals. What is or may be useful in the history of an aeon (or in creating a new aeon) can and may be used. What matters is that there is and continues to be Change - a dialectic in operation; a generational or evolutionary force. That is, a presencing of what we describe as 'acausal' forces/energies. [In conventional terms, one might say - 'keep alive and aid, the Prince of Darkness'.] There is no abstract "truth" outside a particular aeon - what others regard as 'facts of history' (for example, in relation to race) are for us fundamentally irrelevant. What is important is mythos - creating a means or many means to move/motivate others so that these others make history, and thus change evolution. We have set various goals, the achievement of which will alter evolution, and change things forever. To achieve these goals, various things have to be done, and various means used. One has to be practical, not mystical, if one desires to create large-scale evolutionary change. Believing one can produce such changes, is very different from actually doing them. It requires real wisdom, a knowledge of those forces/things which move/change people, as individuals and en masse, and which create/change societies, civilizations and aeons themselves. In one sense, this is what being a genuine Master/Lady Master is all about - it can be and often is, great fun.

Our aims are our own. We are not concerned about the past - with claiming that we existed, long ago, and that various historical persons were part of us, and that we caused great change, or were responsible for spreading 'esoteric' knowledge. As far as I know, no famous (or even infamous) person belonged to us, as we were not responsible for large- scale historical changes/events. We have been simply a small number of individuals quietly and for the most part reclusively working to attain what we now understand as Adeptship, and beyond. What really concerns us, is the future. If I was inclined to be dramatic (and I seldom am) I might write that we will or can make certain futures real, for the potential to so create and make these real exists now, within some individuals - as a consequence of the history, the evolution, the civilizations, that have gone before. Certain possibilities now exist, for the first time in our evolution as a species. Whether or not these will be realized, is another question - but one of our aims is to try and make this so. In this respect, all other 'Satanic' groups are irrelevant, for they know nothing of these things, and thus have no insight into what (or who) 'Satan' really is.

What all this amounts to is that we do not use the ideas, jargon, terms, 'history', methods or whatever, of others. There is no reference point for us, on the Left Hand Path, because we are unique and genuinely independent. We are a coherent whole, and cannot be compared with any other group. Our ideas, methods, jargon, terms, 'history', and so on, will insinuate themselves into the fabric of this society and other societies. Indeed, this is already occurring. Furthermore, there will be more uniqueness - that is, more creativity, from within. Further developments, which will also work themselves, sometimes quite slowly (decades, and occasionally centuries), into the 'mainstream', thus producing changes, sometimes because of the adversarial dialectic of change. There is and will also be, a real presencing of the creative acausal energies by the very fact of our existence and continuing development.

26.

The Practical Esoteric Aims Of Satanism

[111 - 130yf]

The practical aims arise from Satanic strategy which has its foundation in Aeonics [qv. the various Aeonics and Cliology]. These aims are essentially **tactics** to achieve the long-term strategic goal. This goal is the creation of a new species - and this means (a) a new Aeon; (b) a new aeonic civilization. For this to be achieved, present structures, forms, ideas and so on, have to be changed.

Aeonics shows that the present Aeonic civilization, the Western, has been distorted in its ethos and its structures. One of the most potent forms of the distortion has been the Nazarene religion. The distortion has been carried on, and effectively controlled, by 'Magian' forces - there has arisen various other forms to implement the distortion and effectively undermine the Destiny of the West - that is, the emergence of Imperium. These forms include communism/Marxism/socialism and the idea of 'liberal-democracy': they are all opposed to a racially aware Europe and the idea of Aryan/White superiority. This Aryan superiority would have formed the basis of Imperium; without it, Imperium is not possible.

In essence, the ethos of the West has been changed from a Faustian/Promethean pagan one, which exulted in conquest and exploration, to a neurotic materialism and a 'multi-racial' pacifist degeneracy. There has been a 'silent revolution' in all Western societies and they all now conform to unhealthy Nazarene induced forms - the power structures of these societies now actively seek to eradicate all heretical pro-Promethean ideas/groups/individuals, and use the full force of the 'Law', as well as covert tactics, against those who hold out against the relentless onslaught to enslave the peoples of the West to what are essentially 'Magian' created ideas. Thus the campaigns, in Schools and throughout society, against "racism". To implement this Magian revolution, a myth was created - 'the Holocaust'. In most societies of the West, this myth is a sacred dogma - disbelief being punishable by imprisonment.

Because of all this, an Imperium is increasingly unlikely. The real - ie. esoteric - aim of the Magian is a 'Messianic Kingdom' ruled over by this 'Magian' elite. This would be de-evolutionary, in the Aeonic sense, and effectively wipe out the gains of all hitherto existing Aeonic civilizations. Essentially, the rule of 'Dogma' would hold sway, with terror to support this. This terror is already evident concerning the Holocaust and Aryan racism. The reasoned enlightenment, so evident in the Hellenic and Western ethos, would be displaced by a real despotism - a mentality akin to that imposed upon the West by the medieval 'Witch-finders' and their dogmatic Nazarene zeal. The Magian is a synonym for the Zionists.

This brief overview of the current state of aeonic affairs enable the practical aims, to be achieved/striven toward, to be understood in context. Esoterically, traditional Satanism/the septenary, and thus its **magick**, is an expression of the Faustian ethos, and thus the Western Aeon. The other forms of 'Western' magic(k) existing at this time - including the 'Satanism' of groups like the Temple of Set - are expressions of the Magian ethos (as is evident, for example, in their use of Hebrew forms and the 'Qabalah'). Thus the actual 'magick' of these other groups/individuals is **aiding the distortion**. In practical terms, any magickal act, which does not use traditional Satanist/ genuine Western forms (such as the septenary) is an action against the reasoned enlightenment that the Western Aeon represents.

On the practical level, it is considered necessary, in order to achieve strategic goals, to support the creation of a Western Imperium - that is, to support those forces trying to undermine in a practical way the current Nazarene/Magian status quo. This means upholding heretical views such as racial inequality, and denying 'the Holocaust' - as well as aiding/supporting National-Socialist/"racist" causes. The tactical aim here is the creation of a pro-Aryan, National-Socialist type State which has a noble, conquering spirit or ethos, and thus which re-presents Satanic values in action in the real world. An alternative aim is the emergence of a 'religious' form for this same noble, conquering ethos.

In addition, whatever means are necessary to undermine and thus destroy the present status quo must be used. This means disrupting societies supporting armed insurrection, spreading heretical ideas, aiding those groups/ forms which weaken societies from within (in the moral sense - e.g. drug dealing) and thus engendering a healthy, noble resurgence. A primary aim is to cause chaos, on the streets, economically, and socially - to thus provide opportunities for a revolutionary pro-Aryan group to take or seize power. A magickal and practical aim is to destroy the power structure of America, for that country effectively is acting to maintain a global control in accord with Magian dictates and thus impose the Magian world-view. The real power of the Magian heart-land resides in America and in the control exercised in the minds of Europeans by the idea of 'multi-racialism' and the myth of the holocaust. If the present power structure of America was destroyed, the practical power-base, both financial and military, of the Magian heart-land (ie. Israel) would collapse - what has prevented the destruction of this heart-land by the Arabs is the military superiority given to it by America. No country has ever been able or is able to supply superior weapons to any Arab state not under American control - not the former Soviet Union, not China. America has secretly threatened any country which seems about to do so - and threatened both economically and militarily. Any country which poses a real threat to Magian lands has been dealt with - e.g. Iraq.

With the fall of this heart-land, the Messianic dream of the Magian would be unrealizable. The next Aeon will be determined by the success or failure of these tactics. That is, for the next Aeon to emerge, and thus for the next Aeonic civilization to arise in around five centuries time, it is necessary to destroy the distortion affecting the present Aeon. Failure to do this will mean the emergence of that civilization will be much delayed - by up to at least a thousand years.

Further, the success of the tactics, and the emergence of an Imperium, means the spread of the present civilization beyond the confines of the Earth - out into Space. This is possible now, and only now, due to the inventiveness of the creative minority within the civilization and the technology to implement that in a practical way. A defeat would mean a hiatus, and thus a starting from the beginnings - effectively, the achievements of this Aeon would be wiped out.

Traditional Satanism is fundamentally pan-Aeonic: ie. concerned with the patterns and processes which are perceived, in the causal, as Aeons and Aeonic civilizations. However, to effect changes in the causal, actions of individuals and groups (and this includes magickal acts) must work with things as those things are - as they are presented in causal time at particular causal times. The **reality** of aeonic energies is that they assume causal form in aeonic civilizations, and that at any one millenia, only **one** civilization is aeonically significant. Therefore, aeonic magick is a working with the aeonic energies presented in the particular civilization at the time of that magickal act(s) - **or** a working against those energies. Anything else is **not** Aeonic magick - ie. is not effective on the aeonic level: it is purely personal, external, magick.

The present Aeon is the Western - and this Aeon dates from c.500 eh to c.2000eh in terms of the energies being predominant. The aeonic civilization follows some centuries later: for the West, arising c. 900 eh and ending c. 2400eh. The energies of the next Aeon follow or arise some centuries after the last Aeonic ones: in practice, this means at the end of the civilization of the last Aeon; when the Imperium is collapsing. Thus, the new Aeonic manifestations will arise c.2400eh. In the past, Aeons arose as part of the unconscious process of dialectical change. However, we are now at the stage of evolutionary understanding when we can alter the process itself because of that conscious understanding which Aeonics, cliology and so on, gives us. That is, we can significantly alter the process of aeonic evolution and thus the civilization which gives form and reality to aeonic energies. The time for such change is when the energies of one aeon are waning, and the energies of the next aeon have not arisen in any significant way.

Left to themselves the aeonic energies would have produced a Western Imperium which would have lasted from c. 1990eh-c.2450eh. A new aeonic civilization would then have arisen c.3000eh, and lasted for c. a thousand and more years.

The reality of aeonic magick means that one must work either with the energies of the Western energies - and thus aid/create an Imperium - or that one works against those energies. At this moment in causal time, no other energies of aeonic type are prevalent on Earth, and no other cultures/ civilizations are significant in evolutionary terms. [This statement of reality will not please many.]

Thus, the only practical options for significant magickal work are the ones given above: aiding Imperium (and thus countering the distortion) or working against the creation of Imperium (and thus aiding the distortion). The former option is continuing the evolutionary trend - ie. presencing the sinister; creating a dynamic imperative and thus aiding exploration/conquest/discovery. The latter option is de-evolutionary - ie. is aids those forces which by their nature are restrictive in both the short and the long term. The former is a moving-on; the latter, a dogmatic standstill and then a recession. Of course, the majority of non-Initiates see things differently - they view the distortion as 'progressive' and those arranged against it (e.g. NS type forces) as regressive/reactionary/primitive and so on. Such people have not only failed to perceive the essence of things veiled by their outer transient forms, but also have abandoned rational thought and judgement for abstract idealism arising from sentiment. The majority of such people who view the situation in this sentimental idealistic way, are simply victims of the distortion itself; products of the unhealthy societies which esteem verbiage and clever psuedo-intellectual concepts above judgement based on experience and real insight.

Initiation implies a development of real insight and judgement - and a learning of genuine esoteric knowledge. The esoteric knowledge of Satanism, hitherto secret by nature because it was and is heresy, is essentially a knowledge of Aeonics - of those factors governing evolution/change from aeons to individuals. One insight of a Satanic Initiate is into the forms and structures assumed by aeonic energies in the causal. This insight means that a genuine Initiate understands a transient form such as 'National-Socialism' as a practical expression of some of the principles of Satanism **and** as, in the long-term, contributing to evolutionary change via its inherent dynamism and acceptance of the forces of Nature. Such an Initiate understands that, at this moment in aeonic history, such a form is **necessary**: ie. this form (or something very similar) and only this form presences the sinister in the way that sinister must be presenced to achieve the strategic goal of Satanism over centuries. The current practical concerns of traditional Satanism lie thus with the Western civilization - with aiding those forms which can or do presence the sinister, or which will change societies to the benefit of the sinister. The tactics are geared to this. Thus, an encouragement of Islam in certain Arab states may be a tactic used - because Islam acts to discourage the 'American' materialism which would otherwise flourish, and thus offsets 'American' (read covert Zionist) influence. This in itself poses problems for America and thus the Magian.

However, the aeonic or essential reality, is that Islam is a transient form which like all religions enshrines the dogmatic, anti-evolutionary ethos, and while in the very long-term the goal is enlightenment or Adept-like liberation and thus understanding for **everyone**; the practical reality means that a working with this particular transient form is tactically right, in order to achieve the goals connected with the present Western civilization and thus the establishment of a new Aeon.

The reality is that there are no easy, idealistic options. A genuine insight and understanding of aeonic matters means certain judgements have to be made: certain tactics have to be employed in order to achieve anything. Satanism is concerned with real, meaningful changes in the real world: it is not concerned with mystical or psuedo-mystical world-views and impractical idealisms. In a fundamental sense, Satanism is pragmatic - aeonically.

The present reality is as stated above - no amount of 'wishful thinking' or idealism or sentiment will change this. One either aids aeonic change and thus contributes toward evolutionary change, or one does not. On the magickal level, as well as aiding the forces of Imperium and countering the distortion, acausal energies can be presenced to begin the process that is the next Aeon. That is, a nexion can be created, consciously, and the acausal energies consciously directed into temporal forms, some of which will be 'magickal'. This is in addition to aiding the present aeonic forms. In effect, these new acausal energies will create the next Aeon and thus its associated aeonic civilization.

This creation is the 'esoteric' Satanic goal of Satanic Adepts - the 'exoteric' goal can be considered to be aiding Imperium and thus fulfilling the wyrd of the West (and hence countering the distortion). In reality - ie. viewed from beyond the opposites inherent in causal forms - the esoteric and exoteric goals are essentially the same: or rather, different expressions of the same things, that is, sinister or acausal energy presencing in the causal and thus creating evolutionary change. However, this 'differentiation' into esoteric and exoteric goals is useful since it enables the tactics to be understood. Viewed another way, the exoteric goal is the short-term esoteric strategy, and the esoteric goal is the long-term esoteric strategy.

Ita lex scripta.

27.

Satanism, Blasphemy And The Black Mass

[ONA 1974eh]

In one important respect, Satanism may be regarded by new Initiates as a catharsis - a means whereby individuals may divest themselves of those limiting roles that often are the creation of the ethos or ethics of the society in which those individuals find themselves.

Thus, in the past thousand years or so in Western Europe, one of the most important Satanic rituals, insofar as novices and 'the public' were concerned, was the Black Mass - simply because the ethos which outwardly ruled was the organized religion of the Nazarene. However, where genuine Satanism has been misunderstood is in the reason for this act of catharsis, particularly since the genuine Black Mass bears only a superficial resemblance to the 'black mass' described by various writers and 'authorities' over the last five hundred years or so.

For the Satanic novice [the first two stages of the seven-fold Satanic path] Satanism represents the dark aspect of the individual *psyche* - and by identifying with this, the individual is enabled, by the transformation that results, to begin the 'Great Work' whose attainment is the goal of the Adept. This 'Great Work' is simply the creation of a new individual - and this new type, by virtue of the path followed, often inspires in others a certain terror. Of course, the Left Hand Path is difficult, not to say dangerous, and failure often results because the person journeying along the path misunderstands how the dark forces may be approached, manipulated and most importantly integrated to enable an identification beyond both good and evil as these terms are commonly understood. That is, those who fail in their quest along this path [and Gilles de Rais is an example] often do so because they fundamentally accept the dichotomy of 'evil' and 'good' and identify with what they perceive or believe to be, 'evil' - this perception and understanding almost always deriving from what the 'opposition' have declared to be 'evil'. The reality is that this dichotomy does not exist in the cosmos - the convention of what is 'evil' has been imposed, by the projection of mostly Nazarene dogmatists, upon reality.

In a fundamental sense, Satanism is a means whereby each individual can discover [or rather 'discover' in the sense of Heidegger] the reality for themselves.

Hence, Satanic catharsis is essentially a blasphemy - but one ordered and with a definite aim; it results from an individual will channelled by a conscious understanding. It is this application of will - of conscious intent - which marks the genuine Satanist from the imitation and the failure. A Satanist revels in life - the failures find themselves trapped by their own unconscious desires which they do not have the intelligence to understand nor the will to direct toward a conscious apprehension.

Blasphemy is only effective if it is, for the period in which the individual lives, firstly a genuine shock and a reaction to those values which though accepted are often unconsciously accepted; and, secondly, if it is an appreciation of the positive and life-enhancing qualities inferred by infernal opposition. Thus, while the traditional Black Mass - with its denial of the Nazarene - is still useful because of the continuing constraints of Nazarene beliefs, it is today supplemented by a Mass which in its unexpurgated version represents a shocking blasphemy to the majority of peoples in Britain and other Western countries.

The Black Mass, and the modern Satanic masses which derive from it, in their genuine forms provoke an invigorating response through the very fact of *positive* opposition. Negative opposition - such as the so-called black mass described by Huymans in "La-Bas" - is enervating. True Satanic opposition - codified in a ritual - produces the exact opposite - a will to *more* life: and it is this positive, vital, will that is the essence of the genuine archetypal image of Satan, the adversary. Negative opposition - a wallowing in death, decay, horror and the filth of uncontrolled *décadence* - is a sign of imitation Satanism: a distorted image of the putrid corpse of the Nazarene.

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One of the Satanic masses in use today is based on an evocation of Adolf Hitler - and not as something artificial, still less as a psychological 'game'. Rather, there is a genuine identification with the positive, life-enhancing, aspects of National-Socialism. [To most readers, this will be shocking - a blasphemy; which is exactly the point.] As with the traditional Black Mass, it is the stress placed on the positive, vital qualities of opposition that are important - *because these contradict in their very essence all that is assumed about what or whom the mass is concerned with*. Thus, in this particular Satanic Mass, Adolf Hitler is not represented as he is today portrayed by his opponents - as some sort of 'evil' monster - but as exactly the opposite, as a noble saviour.

Genuine ritual Satanism, for a novice, is not simply inversion - it is a complete rejection of the images and ethics of a particular ethos - and a Satanist uses those images, and the ethics, their very *essence* reversed, against their own often unconscious 'conditioning', and ultimately against the society which uses/creates those images and ethics. Individuals who participate in genuine, well-performed, Satanic masses sometimes experience a kind of *satori* - a sudden enlightenment - and are thus led to increase their own conscious understanding. They also achieve an increase in their own vitality because they have broken free of constraining opposites.

In a very important sense, Satanism uncovers what the ethos of a particular society or societies have covered up through images, dogma, ethics, words and ideas - and it returns the individual to the primal chaos out of which opposites were formed.

This uncovering gives the individual control, a conscious understanding and an awareness of their unique Destiny. It is and has been the purpose of genuine Satanic groups to foster such an uncovering by guiding novices and having them participate in blasphemous rites. Beyond such an uncovering, ritual and ceremony cease - to be replaced by a profound wordless skill, a profound empathy. The ground or foundation of this empathy is what has been called "individuation" - the unity that a genuine Adept represents. But this "individuation", this Adeptship is itself only another beginning; it is only the fourth stage toward the ultimate goal.

Fundamentally, Satanic Orders enhance, speed-up, evolution - while the majority of people sleep, fearful of such infernal terrors.

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The Nine Angles And The Septagon

The diagram refers to the Nine Angles in relation to the inverted septagon (other forms see "Secrets of the Nine Angles" MS in the Black Book of Satan III). The pathway to be walked in a rite involving the above form must be begun to end on the appropriate point of invocation. Thus, if an Earth Gate were to be opened (ie following 'Ceremony of Eorthe'), the sequence would be begun on 𐌹 , followed by 𐌺 : 𐌸 : 𐌶 and so on, ending at 𐌹 . At the starting point, the following may be vibrated according to intent: 'Aperiatur terra, et germinet Atazoth' (for destructive/dark workings) or 'Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam' (for constructive/other workings). [The energies appropriate to the starting point are invoked at the conclusion of the sequence.]

The actual invocations at each point of the sigil comprise of Chants as given in Naos and the Black Book III, in conjunction with a crystal tetrahedron. If these cannot be performed, then vibration of the words of power appropriate to each sphere will suffice, together with visualisation of the relevant symbol (qv "The Alchemical Process" in Naos). Alternatively, the 'demonic' forms associated with the spheres may be invoked - ie 𐌸 : Noctulius 𐌶 : Satan, etc.

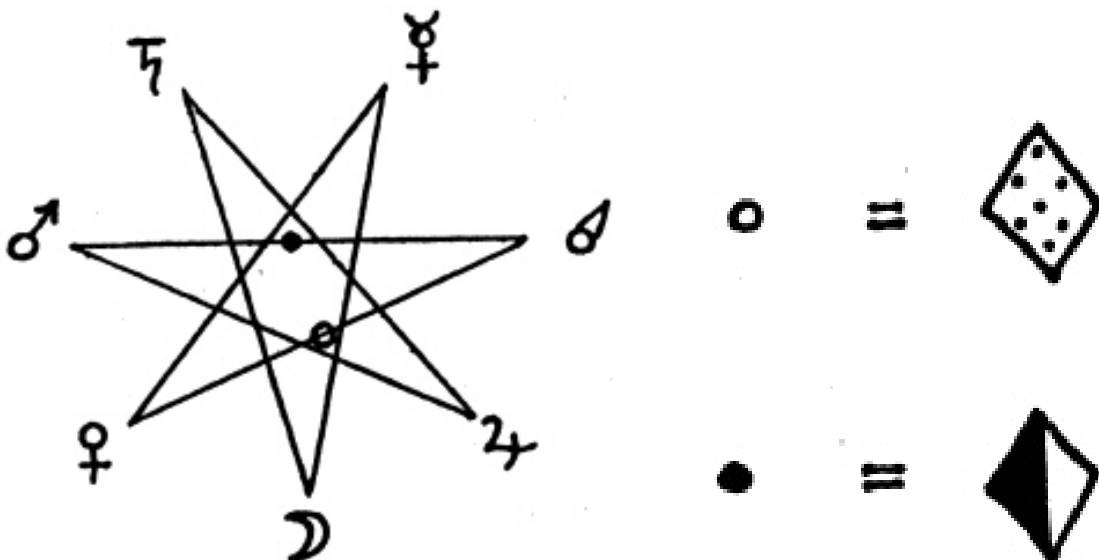
For a solo rite, the participant may wish to stagger the working over three consecutive nights, remaining in the Temple until dawn, following each sequence of three.

Star Gate (𐌹): Sunset, when Moon occults Dabih

Man's Gate (𐌺): Before dawn, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near to Moon which is becoming new

Dark Gate (𐌸): Sunset, when Moon is new, with Saturn rising

Earth Gate (𐌶): Full Moon, with Venus setting



29.

Satanism And Satanic Influence

ONA

It is a fact - seldomly understood and appreciated - that most individuals follow the creative lead of a few. It is also true that some of this majority absorb the creativity of others and bring it forth again - sometimes slightly altered, to claim it as their own, and that this whole majority needs the stimulus of new forms, ideas, and ways, born via a creative genius or two - to vitalize them and begin the process of internal and external change.

The recent history of Satanism gives evidence for this. Various types of Satanism have emerged over the centuries, as have various exponents of it. Historically, Satanism is often taken to be - by those unacquainted with the Left-Hand Path - as Diabolism; that is, the invocation of the Devil and the making of a pact with Him. This is evidenced in the medieval Grimoires and in those who were accused of such things. Later, various individuals were regarded as 'Satanic' and as teaching a form of satanism, the most familiar being Crowley. Still later, various organizations emerged, each claiming to be Satanic and each teaching what they regarded as authentic Satanism. The most significant of these are the Church of Satan (Anton LaVey), the Temple of Set (Michael Aquino) and the Order of Nine Angles (ONA).

DIABOLISM

Central to all forms is fear - of the powers, entities invoked. Hence the use of various forms of protection such as 'circles'. The 'pact', so familiar from the grimoires and accounts of Diabolism, was one between a master (the Devil) and a servant (the sorcerer). Implicit in all forms of Grimoire-type Satanism, is the belief (deriving from the Nazarene religion) of Satan as a fallen angel ultimately ruled over by 'God' - there is always the possibility of being 'saved'. The archetypal Diabolist was a lapsed or practicing Nazarene, whose conjurations brought excitement and a sense of the 'forbidden'.

CROWLEYISM

While 'Thelema', as a doctrine and belief, is regarded as many non-Occultists as 'Satanic', there is very little real Satanism in it, or indeed in Crowley's own life and works. The work of Crowley is, in many ways, a continuation of the Eastern-influenced esoteric groups and societies active before and during his own time - a type of Westernized Tantra, heavily imbued with qabalism. The archetypal follower of Crowley is someone versed in Occult doctrines and mysticism, who seeks through sex and other rites certain states of consciousness, and who is oriented toward a belief in Thelema as a new faith/creed.

CHURCH OF SATAN

The church achieved a high media profile due to the showmanship of LaVey. He expounded a philosophy of unenlightened egotism and self-interest, together with a belief in carnality. The rituals were in the tradition of the grimoires and imbued with qabalistic symbolism/notions (including some deriving from Crowley). Further, the Devil was dispensed with as an external power - making the LaVey type of Satanism more of a practical belief system than a dangerous (in Occult terms) undertaking.

TEMPLE OF SET

The Temple of Set was and is, essentially, an intellectual development of the Church of Satan. To the original was added an intellectual infrastructure (deriving in part from various mythologies and

traditions) and an organizational structure with the aim of making Satanism a 'new' religion, acceptable to a significant number of individuals. Both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set (The latter more so than the former) insist upon belief in their own version of Satanism - and expect the adherent/member to accept/conform. There is thus a fostering of dependence by the individual upon the group (and in particular, the leader[s] and Master).

ORDER OF NINE ANGLES

The Order first emerged into public view in the early 1980's (eh), and basically taught that Satanism was a means to attain self and Occult insight and abilities, and that this could only be done on an individual basis via direct, personal *experience*.

The archetypal CoS member was a black-robed figure who played a 'role', and who placed ego-fulfillment and pleasure before everything. LaVey was accepted as a 'Master' and an authority to be revered - and a personality cult developed. The archetypal ToS member is someone who has read a lot of Occult literature, who engages in discussions with others about their beliefs and practices, and who likes the charisma and appeal of being a 'Satanist'. Often they dress for the part - and need a group identity, a sense of 'belonging'. They also accept Temple authority and are content to let an organization confer advancement upon them (in the form of titles and positions).

The archetypal ONA member is the lone sorcerer/sorceress struggling - via practical (and sometimes dark) experiences toward self-attainment, guided by the teachings of the Order, and by occasional meeting with someone who has gone that way before.

Each of the above manifestations will be considered in turn. But what, then, *is* Satanism? By what criteria can such a manifestation be judged? First, let us consider what Satanism is **not**. It is not an acceptance of conventional morality or ways of living; it is not a belief, or a faith, which causes a rejection of the reality (and harshness) of life; it is not a refuge for the failures, the cowards and the weak. Satanism is about pride, an acceptance of individual worth. It is about defiance - challenging the accepted, seeking to know the unknown and seeking to discover, to explore and conquer: a refusal to bow down or give in. It is about excellence - of going beyond what *is*, in personal terms; of achieving a greater awareness and understanding than the majority. It is a desire to experience the limits of living, *to strive for the gods...*

Diabolists are insipid, rather pathetic - a historical curiosity only: a footnote in the psychopathology of the Nazarene religion. Crowley was a rather under-developed egotist lack the character to develop real self-insight. He could and did manipulate others, and did possess some Occult powers (intuitively) and some understanding of the Art of Magick. His followers are trapped by the flaws of his system. - chief among which, are the self-stupefaction and self-satisfaction (and the thus the illusion of development), rather than real self-insight and thus Occult abilities.

CoS members (and to a lesser extent those of the ToS) accept a sanitized Satanism - a 'safe Satanism', where the Darkness is said to be only within, where it cannot threaten them. They also are stuck on the bottom rung of Occult understanding - seeing nothing beyond the confines of the ego and the carnal. The ToS claims to go further, but there is little or no practical experience of evil, of the Sinister, of those Dark Forces which are part of the Cosmos - there is instead an intellectualizing. There is also no going to extremes in living, no ordeals which challenge (and make) *character* - **no quest for personal excellence**. Instead, there is the security of an organization, the acceptance of Temple authority and mandates. In brief, the fostering of a type of mental servitude - in belief and in practise. All these are contrary to what Satanism is.

Only the ONA understands and practices Satanism *as it is*, insisting that Satanism is about individual self-development in both the real and Occult worlds, and that this can only be achieved by long, hard dangerous and toilsome *experience*. Furthermore, the ONA has exhibited a creativity and an understanding which makes all other manifestations pale into insignificance. Thus, it is not surprising that it has been so influential over the past few years.

This influence has, however, seldom been acknowledged - other groups and individuals often borrowing the teachings, methods and ideas and claiming them as their own, this 'borrowing' not being confined to 'Satanism' or LHP groups in general. This is both natural and necessary - given

Order of Nine Angles

the sterility of creativity which exists and has existed in such groups, and given the nature of the human species in general, and the Satanic in particular.

The chief contributions of the ONA, toward an understanding of Satanism in particular, and the Occult in general, may be briefly described:

- **1)** Satanism and the LHP (Left-Hand Path) as a means to individual development, leading to Adeptship and beyond - via practical experience and ordeals (qv. the grade rituals).

- 2)** The emphasis on developing both the mental and physical character of the individual.

- 3)** A greater understanding of Magickal (and Occult) forces - and thus their nature - via the development of the concepts of causal and acausal, and an abstract system to re-present this, enabling conscious apprehension (as opposed to belief and superstition).

- 4)** The re-structuring of magickal symbols and forms in archetypal terms - in particular the Septenary Tree of Wyrd and the deofel Quartet (the latter explicating the archetypal, particularly in the 'real world' from the viewpoint of the Sinister Novice).

- 5)** The creation of a Sinister Tarot whose images **are** Sinister, and thus imbued with Satanic energy.

- 6)** Revealing and significantly extending Aeonick Magick - enabling any individual to undertake such works.

- 7)** The emphasis on an individual Initiate working alone and achieving practical goals - without accepting in a religious way a higher authority - and making this achievable by all via the publication of practical guides to all aspects of Satanism (Naos, Codex Saerus, Sacramentum Sinistrum, Thernn, etc.).

- 8)** Bringing an awareness of the Dark Gods - of the Sinister energies/forces which exist and which have been symbolized by 'Satan'/the Devil...

- 9)** An emphasis of the personal qualities - the character - of a Satanist, enshrined in the concepts of Excellence, Honour and the motto "die, rather than submit to anyone or anything".

- 10)** A re-affirmation of the positive, life enhancing nature of Satanism as opposed to the stereo-typical image of obsession with death and decay - a moving away from the image/role of the Satanist as a showman-type 'Devil'/Mephisto figure obsessed with carnality and pandering to his or her own weaknesses, and seeking media attention, toward the secretly-working lone sorcerer/sorceress concerned with their own development and works of esoteric Sinister Magick...

A perusal of literature, statements and other such causal forms by other groups and individuals, since the manifestation of the ONA, will show the extent of its influence - of how, in a subtle way, such individuals and groups have been changed by a Sinister organization. Such changes, and such influence, will grow, although it may well go unnoticed by all save the few genuine Adepts.

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30.

Makrokosmos

ONA 1997eh

Satanic reasoning, and the judgment of a 'thing', derive from direct personal experience. Thus, for the Satanist, there can be no real understanding of something until that something is *lived*. Before then, understanding is merely academic, relying as it does on the validity of sources other than one's own experience. An understanding of a form cannot be acquired through academic research, since one never lives the form - there is only observation within the comfort and confines (morally and otherwise) of one's own life, in the same sense as a play or a film is viewed by an audience. For the most part, the student is free to be convinced or not by the evidence studied - there is still the freedom, consciously and unconsciously, to believe whatever one feels comfortable in believing. All there is, is 'opinion'.

With regard to a form which possesses spirit, *élan* [such as National-Socialism], there can be no crossing over from the life of the academic into that form via academic study, because the form so 'studied' is a living one; it cannot ever be really known through words and ideas (such as 'politics'), archaic folk-tales - or even Art and Musick. It is a revolution of the *soul*, and as such, true understanding via which a reasoned judgement may be derived, can only be developed by living that revolution; by experiencing the reality of those forces as those forces are - by, essentially, living beyond the confines of one's own self.

With this living, the life of the individual, both inner and outer, is effected and changed by the experience because the experience is dynamic and direct - it disrupts, and unlike a book which can be dosed and put away, it lives within and without the individual every second of that experiencing. There is a deeper understanding gained whereby the force that motivates such a form is fully apprehended, and thus, the various causal manifestations (or 'histories'), are understood from the context of the essence, and are placed in perspective without the interference of contemporary morality and social sensitivity. Essentially, this dynamic method of understanding is the only method relevant to a form that possesses elan. This approach to learning may invalidate the methods by which the majority seek to establish their right to learn and so judge - but that is the reality. One either approaches learning as a consumer via the 'definitive', established approach (ie. investigation solely via the respected methods of academic bodies - such as 'universities'), or one seeks the difficult - and sometimes dangerous path of challenging one's own reasons for believing (and living!) via practical integration with a particular form.

Of course, there are very few who would undertake this direct approach simply because, if they are being honest, they would not wish their lives to be so disrupted - and living life as, for example, a dangerous revolutionary is too frightening a prospect. For the Satanist, it is precisely these reasons which make such an undertaking necessary.

The development of Satanic reasoning is part of the purpose of the **Insight Role** (qv.). This alchemical method is very hard, as it requires the Satanist to believe in their role - and convince other non-Satanists of their sincerity via practical acts [it is no use just editing a (for example) National-Socialist journal - or writing learned articles for existing journals]. The role usually brings an alienation of occult comrades; family; other friends - sometimes the loss of personal freedom. It severely tests, and thus develops - or destroys - character.

This method is not, as some may perceive, solely a cynical/clever manipulation of a form for selfish ends, whereby all forms are regarded as merely means to be discarded when personally appropriate. An Insight Role teaches empathy. of forces that exist beyond the life of the Satanist, and how they influence the masses, contributing to the evolving of civilisations, etc. There is a real appreciation of the form so lived; an appreciation judged not solely from a 'Satanic/Sinister' - or socially conditioned - perspective, but according to the form as that form is, on its own "light" terms. The Satanist **is** and **is not** that role: an awareness that is, before Adeptship, quite difficult to live with - and is seldom, if ever understood by non-Initiates.

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This is the meaning and purpose of Sinister Magick: to bring a *synthesis* via the conflict of opposites that exist within and without the Individual. This synthesis is the result of a practical journey, where this bifurcation must **still** be experienced if the forces that do still exist within the *psyche* of the Initiate are to be eventually understood, beyond intellectual apprehension, as 'abstractions'. Thus, the meaning of **Satan** and the purpose, for Individuals and Aeons, of the *Seven-Fold Sinister Way*: to undertake acts of **positive** opposition, 'blasphemy'; because without such acts of extreme defiance, there is no genuine inner liberation... and so shall it remain for many centuries to come (see also *Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass MS*).

An Insight Role thus creates a real understanding of **Aeonics** - an understanding beyond the self, and thus the cultivation of the faculty of Reason, and the glimmerings of genuine Wisdom. As stated, without this (arduous) experience, there is a staying where one is - despite whatever level of intellectual esoteric apprehension gained - centered around a mostly self-indulgent life-style. Essentially, without *experiencing* this bifurcation, the psyche will not be changed, thus preventing it from travelling towards those realms that separate the Initiate from the Adept.

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3I.

Manipulation I Sinister Themes

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It is a fact of external sinister magick that manipulation is necessary. There is manipulation of forms, images and magickal energies as well as direct and indirect manipulation of people.

People manipulation can arise from many factors and be undertaken for many reasons. Initially, it is often done by Initiates because they wish or desire to revel in the feeling that such manipulation can and often does bring – a sense of power and re-enforcing of the ego: it creates a sense of self-identity and purpose, enhancing the "role" of Satanist/Black Magickian.

Beyond this is the use by the External Adept of various roles – such as Priest or Priestess – which by their nature involve certain amounts of manipulation of others, e.g. in the running of a Temple or group. Experience brings skill – a learning from mistakes, and thus a more subtle approach. Instead of direct confrontation, there is a "flowing with" the other persons(s) and then a skillful re-direction of them: i.e. they believe they are acting freely rather than being manipulated. Beyond External Adept, there may be further use of such skills depending on the wyrd of the Adept. [See Appendix for one such form.]

What all levels have in common is the acceptance of the belief that the magickal Initiate is superior to the non-Initiate: that others can be used to achieve personal/magickal goals. In the beginning, of course, this sense of superiority may be unfounded and mis-placed – arising from simple arrogance and self-delusion. However, if the Initiate truly learns, and really follows the hard path of internal magick, then this will be transformed into a reality, the External Adept having acquired the skill and begun the process of developing character: that which sets them apart from ordinary mortals. In addition, certain abilities will be developed (some connected with the 'Occult') and latent potential drawn forth – creating a new individual from the pre-Initiate one.

The post-Initiate will realize the rather limited understanding of the majority and see them as swayed by all kinds of external and unconscious influences: in short, understand that they are not really free. They will be seen as directed and controlled in varying ways by various means – by archetypal forces within their own psyche, directly or indirectly by others and by ideas/forms/Institutions/ideology, as well as by the various patterns psychic energies assume (one of which is the ethos of the culture/civilization to which they belong).

To the sinister Initiate this will be illuminating and also useful, providing opportunities for experimentation and self-learning, as for example via running a Temple.

There is no morality here – only the judgment of experience: most people are consciously and esoterically not very well developed. In fact, they are still rather primitive. The Initiate takes a dispassionate view – although there will be times when direct involvement leads to emotional commitment/involvement, and thence to a self-learning from the experience(s), as must be in the progress from Initiate toward the other Grades. Initially, however, others are seen as a means.

Gradually, there is a move away from this – from the direct, personal involvement to the more indirect and magickal: an internalizing. This brings awareness of the Initiate's own psyche and thus real understanding. There may be and mostly still is manipulation of others – but this has evolved from the random to the directed, centred on what the Initiate believes is his or her own destiny in magickal terms. The same applies to the manipulation of magickal energies – there is an evolution away from the undirected external type (which quite often arose from the unconscious – i.e. was not consciously understood) first to the internal as a process of internal magick, and then outward again but in a directed form, the direction arising from the magickal goals set, those involved in following the sinister path. In brief, there is an awareness of that balance which is so important for true Adeptship.

This balance – for an External Adept – is expressed in the understanding, from experience [i.e. not "from book-learning"], that magick as a directed form is not always causal when used to assist the individual externally (and sometimes internally) – that is, it involves other factors which the

individual, at the time of working/ritual, may not be aware of/in control of. In short - the illusion of having achieved control/mastery of all magickal forms by techniques, is broken. one of the factors involved in this is the wyrd of the individual; another is the wyrd of the Aeon; another - and perhaps the most important for the individual to understand - is the **nature of magick itself: no one who has not transcended beyond the Abyss can direct/control in a causal way all the divergent forms any magickal energy assumes in the causal.** Quite often, however, most of the divergences go un-noticed when "practical magick" is performed because the time-scale of those divergences is not the same as that of the effects which are or become noticed by the Initiate/External Adept and which mostly are taken to be the "success/failure" of the working. Some of the divergences are or may be in themselves of no consequence to the individual undertaking the working - i.e. produce no discernible outward effects - and even when they or some of them are of consequence the Initiate/External Adept usually either ignores them or accounts for them in other, temporal, ways. A recognition of/sensitivity to the divergences begins the process that leads from External to Internal Adept: once again, practical experience is the teacher. it should be obvious that those which are of consequence (whether noticed or not) effect these acausal changes upon the individual due to (a) the wyrd of that individual and/or (b) the wyrd of the aeon.

Thus the learning curve which magickal workings impart. In a sense, each Grade Ritual and the associated experiences imparts more ability to apprehend and thus control the causal manifestations - gives more skill at manipulation both magickal and of people (there is a stage when the two are understood as the same thing), as well as brings an awareness of the acausal effects beyond the time-scale of the working and its desire/results.

The understanding of the limits (well, some of them!) often occurs following the solo Nine Angles rite by an External Adept - at first intuitively, and then more consciously. This begins the process of consolidation and leads either to further self-insight, return to self-delusion, or rejection of magick and the quest. For, in essence, the solo rite is a foretaste of the chaos of the Abyss - undirected acausal energy, the effects of which (i.e. what results from its presencing in the causal ["on earth"]) are mostly unforeseen and often unwanted, the ritual itself being so structured (or rather unstructured) that little or no direction is given for the energies - they flow and presence according to their nature, the individual being a channel. [Note: this is what happens to a greater or lesser extent in external workings by an Initiate/External Adept re the 'acausal component' of the working.] Thus, the wyrd of the individual to some extent directs and/or disrupts the flow, producing certain changes in the causal. The nature of these changes thus depends on that wyrd.

Thus the essence of magick - and hence sinister manipulation - is glimpsed and then apprehended in most for the first time. This enables both the causal and acausal components of the energies accessed via a magickal working to be controlled and manipulated and thus presented in the causal, and it is this which marks the true Adept: the internal Adept possesses the understanding, and the Master/Mistress can make that understanding real.

32.

Manipulation II

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One of the fundamental principles of Black Magick is elitism: the belief that the majority are essentially beneath Initiates in terms of understanding, intelligence and ability. This gives the foundation for manipulation - both on the personal and the magickal level.

The Black Magick novice is generally scornful of others - until and unless worth has been proved or shown. However, as explained previously (Manipulation I) an experienced novice will have learnt the subtlety of manipulation: direct confrontation as a mode of manipulation will seldom be used (unless a person or group deserves to be so treated: or such an approach is magickally necessary). Instead, there will be the "flowing with" approach - manipulation without the person or persons being aware of it. Quite often, this approach is "psychological"; at other times it may be psychic (e.g. directly magickal) - or perhaps via the charisma of the magickian overpowering the personality of the person(s) in question.

Whatever, there will be an arrogance based on the belief of one's own superiority - and thus an isolation. For a true Black Magickian is essentially a strong individualist who finds his or her own company preferable to that of others - unless those others can be useful in some way. That is, there is no dependence of any kind, particularly not emotional. on any other individual or individuals. This, of course, is what the novice strives to achieve. It cannot be achieved quickly - or even by "will" alone. Rather, it is a cumulative process - an alchemical change, a re-orientation of personality, and such changes take time.

In the seven-fold sinister way, these changes occur during the stage of External Adept and are a necessary prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. One of most important aspects of this change is that involving the companion - the initial emotional involvement gradually changing, ceasing to be a dependence but rather a partnership - a mutually evolved understanding; the passion (both sexual and emotional) which possessed the novice giving way to a maturity.

The arrogance of the Black Magickian is not an empty one: it is not a posturing. Instead, it arises from within: from the knowledge and insight the novice has gained into him/her self - by having achieved in both the personal and magickal sense. Thus the magickal and practical goals which are set for novices - they develop self-assurance, a pride and that arrogance which is truly Satanic. The training for and achievement of these practical goals usually takes the novice to the limits of physical and mental endurance - and this builds character in a specific way [or defeats the novice who gives up and either lets self-delusion triumph - "I don't need such things: they are out of date/unsuited to me; I have achieved enough anyway... - or abandons the magickal quest perhaps later to try another "method" (which is easier) or find another "teacher"].

Initially, this arrogance is outward and expressed by manner, attitude and perhaps appearance. Later, when Adeptship becomes achieved, it becomes cloaked - except in the eyes and in that charisma which marks a Black Magickian. Initial manipulation is often of the external kind - an adjunct to external magick - later, it becomes "internal" (concerned with the internal goals of the External Adept) and still later, aeonic (bound up with supra-personal, acausal energies). [qv. Deofel Quartet for examples of the various types appropriate to Initiate and External Adepts.]

33.

Crowley, Satan And The Sinister Way

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In one sense, the work of Crowley may be said to be a restoration of various chthonic mysteries of mainly Sumerian origin. Thus the importance in the cult of Thelema attached to Set/Shaitan/Satan - an attempt to re-integrate into the consciousness of the individual the duality represented by the formula LASH TAL.

However, despite the many claims, Crowley did not inaugurate a new Aeon. His restoration is simply a restoring of something long dead - a kind of necromancy, and as a magickal force the cult of Thelema might as well not exist.

In the exoteric sense, 'Shaitan' represents those instinctive levels that are often, in our modern society, repressed in the individual - and Satanic rituals of either the traditional kind or the kind based on the use of sexual formulae, are a means of catharsis: a beginning where consciousness is prepared and liberated from the restrictions implicit in ordinary life. In practical terms - and for the civilization of the West whose dominant religion and ethos has hindered by its distortion all that is natural in terms of sex - this often means participation in rituals such as those given in 'Codex Saerus' or Crowley's Gnostic Mass or some form of sexual working. Such participation restores the balance that is often lacking.

Yet such a participation is only a beginning - and the ritual forms of such a participation are only a means. They are means to experience and if correctly undertaken should provide the individual with an understanding of that aspect of their personality which has been symbolized as Satan (for men) and Lilitu/Darkat (for women) - the darker, sensual side. Such an understanding is personal in the sense that the personality of the individual is involved, and the perspective achieved is usually that of the life, or Destiny, of the individual in relation to his circumstances and other individuals. That is, there is little concern with or appreciation of, the forces of an Aeon - other than perhaps some vague 'intellectual' understanding: or what is thought of as understanding.

This re-integration of the darker aspects - whether it occurs through participation in rituals or via other techniques of magick - is represented, in the septenary system, by the three lower spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (Moon, Mercury and Venus) and these spheres symbolize the three stages of that re-integration - that is, Calcination, Separation and Coagulation to use alchemical terms. It is during the next stage that the individual who is following a planned and practical magickal way gains both cultural and Aeonian perspective. This enables an understanding of the relationship existing between the individual and their unique Destiny and those forces which are symbolized by a magickal formula or 'word' and which represent a particular Aeon.

Such an understanding (associated with the fourth stage - the sphere of the Sun - and the fifth stage, Mars) derives or has its foundation in, a rational approach and usually involves the individual studying Aeons, civilizations and the relations between them.

However, the system of Crowley, as well as the many systems deriving in whole or in part from his work, never arrives at this stage because it has (a) set the formulae of sexual magick above everything, and (b) negates with its approach the rational analysis required. The same is true of other magickal systems involved in the 'darker' side and which try in some way to let the individuals following them experience their own shadow nature. An integration and thus understanding of this nature - enabling the individual to build upon the foundations thus achieved - of necessity implies the development of those qualities such as reason, logic and scientific

understanding, which Crowley et al have abandoned. Yet this development does not imply a mish-mash of Occult and pseudo-scientific concepts such as 'quantum mechanics' and 'relativity' - an unstable amalgam currently fashionable in certain circles. Rather, it implies the development of the mind and a certain way of thinking.

On both the esoteric and exoteric levels, the most significant step so far in the evolution of our consciousness has been the development of rational analysis and its extension as the scientific method. The acceptance of this method (which does not preclude an acceptance of the forces with which magick deals) implies a certain 'view of the world' and a personal approach to living: a way, which is at once cautious, generally optimistic and open and enquiring. This 'view of the world' or way of thinking derives from the ancient Greeks - it is expressed in their early philosophy (i.e. before the decline represented by Plato), in their religious attitude and in their way of living. It is essentially the same attitude exemplified by Western paganism, and it is the antithesis of that view and way represented by the religion of the Nazarene. The religion of the Nazarene inverts all natural values - as Nietzsche understood. Thelema, and similar beliefs, negate, as Nazarene philosophy and life does, that natural spontaneity which is the essence of this pagan 'view of the world' - because Thelema ties the mind in knots of obscurity and metaphysical speculation (as the qabala in general does) it briefly frees the spirit only to weigh down the spirit with the chains of its own metaphysics.

The true ethos of the West - which the religion of the Nazarene distorted and supplanted - may be signified by the word 'Azif' and the symbol of the sunwheel; it is pagan in essence. The ethos of the West (which derives from the present Aeon force or 'current' first established c. 500 AD) is not and never has been patriarchal in the sense that Crowley and his followers believed - such a 'patriarchal' ethos representing the distortion imposed upon the original ethos by the Nazarenes. That Crowley and others were unaware of this is indicative of how far removed Thelema is from genuine esoteric tradition. Esoterically, the genuine Western ethos is symbolized by that force which has become known as 'Satan' or Lucifer. Exoterically, this represents the desire to know which has attained its greatest manifestation in modern science and exploration.

An analysis of Aeon forces indicates that the present Aeon has, on the practical level - i.e. in terms of its effects on the vast majority of individuals who because they have not been liberated by Occult Initiation are sway to external influences - about three centuries more to run. During this time, the distortion of the current caused by the Nazarenes and their allies may or may not continue - depending on how certain Initiates use certain powerful magickal forces. Whatever, the 'New Aeon' (the sixth out of the seven that mark our evolution) will have its beginnings on the magickal level within the next few decades - although on the practical level it will be about another three centuries until the effects are apparent. This new Aeon will have no 'word' and its magick will be the magick of 'Thought', that is spontaneous empathy. One of the most fundamental facets of this new Aeon will be the development of a symbolic language, which extends the frontiers of thought. Such a language is already prefigured in the Star Game - just as the Star Game itself was prefigured in traditional Alchemy. Another facet of the new Aeon will be the emergence of a new type of individual: a type outlined by Nietzsche. This new individual will be fierce, free (of both external and internal/psychic influences), exult in exploration and discovery and possess an essentially pagan attitude to life. It is and has been one of the aims of genuine sinister Orders to produce such individuals - by having their Initiates follow the seven-fold sinister way.

What has happened over the past fifty or more years is that the distortion of the Western ethos - and thus the genuine Aeon current - has increased. Part of this increase is, in fact, due to Crowley and those who have followed him and his system without really understanding what they were doing. The genuine Western esoteric tradition - as distinct from what most Occultists wish to believe is the 'secret tradition' - has no connection whatever with the qabalah, or Egyptian mysteries and symbolism, and neither does it employ in any way the sorcery of 'grimoire magic' and the forms once appropriate to now dead Aeons be such forms Sumerian, Babylonian, Egyptian or whatever.

The basis of the Western tradition was and always has been rational in the sense that those who carried on its tradition sought to understand themselves, the world and the cosmos in a detached manner - free from religious/political dogma. That is, to understand things as those things are in themselves: without the projection of beliefs and ideas... To this end, the septenary system was evolved, and the 'mysteries' expressed in abstract symbolism (of which Alchemy was one form). The essence of the Western tradition was not some 'great secret' or 'hidden knowledge' to be revealed to Initiates only - rather, it was the belief that everything in the cosmos could be understood if one probed, investigated or thought enough about it. That is, the cosmos was seen

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as a natural order into which individuals could gain insight. From this insight, a new individual would emerge: a more conscious, evolved, person.

The tradition thus encouraged the development in the individual of empathy via personal experience: an experiencing of all aspects of our own nature as well as the worlds within and without. Thus were the 'magickal/Occult' faculties themselves developed. The way of this tradition was essentially practical - exemplified by the Grade Rituals, tasks and so on of the seven-fold way. There was no speculative metaphysical system, no acceptance of irrational fears and beliefs, no subservience to someone else's personal mythology.

The new Aeon should be a continuation of the process which the genuine Western tradition began. Yet it is possible that this new Aeon may never emerge. The distortion of the Western current does and has represented a desire by some to return to what may be described as an aspect of the Babylonian ethos. This aspect gave rise eventually to not only the poison of Nazarene philosophy and religion, but also to the many political and social systems and ideas founded in the 'view of the world'. There is, at this moment in time, a very real magickal conflict occurring between two forces - those representing (whether consciously or not is immaterial) this Babylonian/Nazarene ethos, and those representing the genuine Western (and thus 'sinister') tradition. On the outcome of this conflict the next Aeon depends - there will be either the new Aeon with the blossoming of the individual and the development of consciousness giving thus a liberation from the tyranny of religion and politics, or a return to those essentially patriarchal dualistic values where impersonal ideals/ideology have precedence over the individual. Every act of genuine sinister magick is a step toward the new Aeon. Thelema is a step back into the past - as are other systems which lack the empathy, that experience and then transcendence of the sinister brings.

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34.

The Morality Of Satanism

The essence of satanic morality - insofar as the individual Satanist is concerned - can be simply expressed: a Satanist makes an assessment of others, judging them, and then decides whether those others, on an individual basis, are suitable victims. If they are suitable, as victims, then the Satanist acts accordingly - e.g. by manipulating them, using them and so on.

The judgement is based on character - i.e. does the person who is being judged possess a weak character? Are they dross, worthless? If they are judged to be so, by the individual Satanist, then they are suitable subjects.

It is one of the aims of Satanic training to cultivate Satanic judgement on the individual level. However, it should be noted that there are two forms of Satanic judgement - the personal, and the aeonic. The aeonic is a refinement of the personal, the person being judged not only via their character but also via aeonics, in terms of their usefulness in attaining sinister goals in accord with the sinister dialectic of history. This MS is concerned with the personal type of judgement - other MSS deal with the second kind.

The cultivation of Satanic judgement - the assessment of others - is an essential quality, and one which a Satanic Adept must possess. This cultivation is basically a learning experience - sometimes, the novice makes a mistake, but this is learned from. Once a judgement has been made concerning another person or persons (and with experience, this becomes instinctive) the Satanist can act ruthlessly, if action is necessary or required - e.g. to achieve a personal goal or aid the dialectic. The act or acts can and do involve what others [the weak majority] regard as immoral and/or evil deeds.

Some case-histories from the secret files of members will best illustrate Satanic morality, although it should be remembered that these (with one exception) represent the novice stage of Satanic development. As such, they represent primarily a learning experience for the particular Satanic novice involved, although such actions often aid the sinister in general (as in the first example).

(a) A young man desires to experience some of the pleasures of living and so seeks money to enable him to achieve this. He decides to go into what is called 'drug dealing' - supplying various drugs to others. He reasons, quite correctly from a Satanic point of view, that those who take such things or need such things because they are addicted, are weak - they have made their choice. They are life's natural victims, and show by their choice and actions they are basically worthless. Our young novice reasons that if the drug-takers do not have the strength of character to resist taking such things, or if they become addicted, they are failures - a quite obvious Satanic assessment.

Accordingly, he develops contacts and after a while has a very profitable business. Thus, he is able to indulge in most of life's pleasures and so further his Satanic education. Naturally, as a Satanist he is cunning and careful in his business - it is only a means to an end. Further, he is aware that by so aiding certain things, he is advancing the sinister in general - aiding the dialectic by culling, and by weakening 'society' and so perhaps creating opposition and thus creative change.

(b) A young female novice, recently moved to a new city, finds her quality of life destroyed by loutish, loud neighbours. She assesses them as scum. Her first action is to try and talk to them - but this is a gesture which she knows is probably doomed. It is, but it condemns her neighbours. She assails them by magick - aiming to cause illness, disruption, perhaps a death. This has some effect, but does not cure the problem [as often happens in real life when novices employ magick]. So she decides on more drastic action. She seeks out a suitable partner, whom she attracts by her Satanic guile and by using her sexuality. This man is a real mean person and has some friends just

slightly less mean. Our novice is careful not to let her neighbours know of her involvement - her new partner and friends harass her enemies continually, using their own tactics. There are some fights, a few 'accidents' to the house, the cars outside, and so on. It is not long before her enemies decide they have had enough and move away (one of them has been hospitalized).

Essentially, the novice controlled the situation, from the beginning - she used and controlled others, by Satanic means, to achieve her aim after making judgements.

(c) A man approaching middle-age, initiated for a year, runs a small business. He wants to achieve more success. There is a rival firm - the owner of which is a typical arrogant, characterless businessman who is trying to edge-out the novice and takeover his business. So our novice decides to act - he assesses his rival as a suitable victim. This assessment also includes the man's wife and young daughter, whom our novice judges to be obnoxious, having had experience of their dealings. All are judged and condemned by their actions.

Our novice seduces his rival's wife - and then his daughter, using various Satanic skills and wiles to achieve this. He then introduces the daughter to some people, who deal in drugs and prostitution - she seems keen enough, and is soon involved in the 'party-scene', taking drugs and generally misbehaving. Compromising photographs are taken and she becomes a drug-addict. She takes to stealing to pay for her habit, then prostitution. She is arrested. This is distracting for her father. Our novice infiltrates some people into his rival's business and they create some disorder - losing files, losing some business, upsetting the staff. His rival's wife is introduced to another, seemingly romantic man, and she falls for his charm. They have a brief affair. But he spurns her [this is all planned by our novice]. She takes to drink and tries to commit suicide.

All this proves too much for the rival ~ his business declines. Our novice puts in a bid, which is accepted. So his goal is achieved, at some human cost. But this does not concern our novice - the victims were victims of themselves, of their own weaknesses.

(d) A Mistress of Earth who has run a successful Temple for many years, desires an offer. There is a candidate for Initiation whom she senses might prove suitable - he has certain desires which he finds hard to control, and a rather weak character. She arranges for him to meet some people involved in distributing pornography. Soon, he is deeply involved in certain things, of his own free choice. She gives him several chances to make something out of himself, but he does not take them. She arranges several tests to prove his character - and he fails them all. She cautions him, but he finally breaks with her and her Temple, full of self-delusion about his own abilities. Thus, he become a potential offer ...

All the examples (mostly trivial) illustrate Satanic morality in action on the individual level - i.e. they are concerned with judgement and with the Satanist acting on that judgement to achieve some practical goal which they desire. This is a learning, an expression of dark forces presencing on Earth via individual Satanic acts, and thus the making, or breaking, of Satanic novices and hence the creation of Satanic Adepts.

The Illustrations should serve to show that such morality is individual, it is unique to the individual Satanist.

35.

Notes On Study And Practice In Modern Satanism

In traditional Satanism, the novice is expected to not only study the tenets and traditions of Satanism, but also put these into practice in real life. Thus, a recent Satanic Initiate - whether working alone or as a member of an established Order/Temple - would study the following works, and then strive to apply the principles contained in them in the way described.

The works are: The Black Book of Satan; Naos; Hostia - Vols. I, II, III; Hysteron Proteron.

'Naos' would be used as a guide to practical hermetic workings, both external and internal. The 'Black Book' would be used as a guide to forming and running a Satanic Temple to perform ceremonial magick. 'Hostia' and 'Hysteron Proteron' would provide an insight into Satanic traditions and beliefs. In addition, the images of the Sinister Tarot would be employed (e.g. in some of the workings given in 'Naos'), and the 'Deofel Quartet' might be read to provide additional understanding, together with The Black Book II and III.

Satanic practice in the real world would arise from (a) forming and running a Satanic Temple; and (b) undertaking Insight Roles and other Satanic tasks. Aside from a specific Insight Role, which the novice would choose, they would undertake the various physical challenges required [qv. the MS 'Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance', for example] and strive to increase their experience by living Satanicly in a way which aided the sinister dialectic. What these experiences were, they would decide after having studied the works mentioned and after having undertaken the tasks, ordeals and so on, up to External Adept [qv. 'Naos', and the various MSS guides to the Seven-Fold Way] e.g. having run a Temple for some months, and achieved the physical goals.

One of the tasks might be to plan and undertake a culling. Another might be to aid Heretical forms by, for example, becoming involved with an extremist group which seeks the destruction of 'the System' and whose principles and aims are in accord with the Satanic ethos and whose actions aid the sinister dialectic. [Obviously, both of these could be combined.] Another might be to undermine present structures by fostering their decline - e.g. dealing in drugs. Another might be removing in a practical manner on a regular basis, the scum and the worthless - e.g. by vigilante action [this is culling performed on a regular basis rather than a 'one-off' event].

What matters about these tasks is that the novice chooses them to gain practical experience of Satanism in action and thus increase their understanding and so aid their esoteric development. Naturally, to qualify as Satanic actions, they must aid the sinister dialectic - be steps toward realizing the strategic goal of Satanism. Here, an understanding of Aeonics is crucial, as is a genuine insight into traditional Satanism: as explicated, for example, in Hostia I, II, III and as explained to prospective novices in the booklet 'Satanism - A Basic Introduction for Prospective Adherents'.

The choice of practical action is the novice's: they must use their understanding to select Satanic tasks. Occassionally, they might be given advice, from a more experienced Satanist, but the final choices are and must be theirs. What matters is to choose and act. The acts are learning experiences, ordeals, and thus it does not matter if because of, say, a certain lack of understanding, a novice chooses, or seems to choose, wrongly. They will either learn from this, or not. If not, they have basically failed - shown themselves not to be suitable. Whatever, their actions will have presented the sinister in some way or ways.

Following these tasks - which should last for a few years - the novice then moves on to the next stage of their esoteric development, that of the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. This is a rite of synthesis, and thus the emergence of the Adept.

36.

The Satanic Way Of Living

Anton Long 103yf

The way of living that a Satanist undertakes is one which allows an exultation - an affirmation of individual existence. This way is an intentional one - that is, a conscious striving to achieve something, to excel, to experience and learn and discover.

Furthermore, the Satanist makes his or her own rules as they progress. That is, they rely on their own judgement, their own instinct. If they are genuine Satanists, this judgement and this instinct will be noble - an expression of a healthy and strong personality. As they progress, gaining more experience of life, themselves, the cosmos in both its causal (or physical) and its acausal (or magickal) aspects, this judgement and instinct will become refined will become a more exact reflexion of the Satanic ethos. But, despite this progress, the overcoming of challenges, the achievements, the exultation that arises when one lives Satanically, will never end. If they do, if the acts cease, then the Satanic intentionality has been lost - and one is not living Satanically anymore.

Thus, even a Satanic Master or Mistress (or even a Grand Master) will not be satisfied to remain where they are - there remains more to be achieved, more to be learnt, discovered; more change to produce. If they are or do become content, they have begun to undermine their own achievements.

It is not generally understood, outside of certain elite esoteric circles, that each 'magickal title' or Grade - which outwardly signifies the achievement by an individual of reaching a certain point along the Occult or esoteric quest - is valid only for as long as the essence it re-presents is **alive within the Individual**. That is, this essence, is living [a combination of causal and acausal 'life'] - it is given birth by a genuine Initiation and its requires nurturing. If it becomes neglected, it will die - and the individual will lose that vital acausal aspect which Initiation awakens.

A title or a Grade mean nothing in themselves - they are appearance, a symbol of something beyond their causal forms. What is real is the acausal aspect of the individual which it is the aim of genuine esoteric traditions and teachings to awaken/create, nurture and bring to fulfilment/maturity. This is a living part of the Initiate - and its growth is their responsibility: only they can affect changes, causing it to flourish, or to die. Thus, no one can award any genuine magickal or Occult grade on another - what is 'awarded' thus is only the lifeless empty outer form, which esoterically is meaningless. In Satanism, this essence is sinister - in effect, it is the acausal itself, that creative or vital force which binds existence and makes evolution possible. Satanism is an identification with this essence, not an attempt to disguise or distort it by the duality inherent in moral and ethical abstractions; not an attempt to stifle its growth and potential by pretending it is something else. Because of this, there are some who would claim that only Satanism - or at the very least only the Left Hand Paths (genuine ones) - enable the intent of the Occult quest to be realized by an individual: that other paths or ways briefly give birth to the essence only to kill that essence by restrictions and strangulating causal forms (such as ethics, dogma and subservience).

What this living essence means for the Initiate, the Adept or Master/Mistress, is that, being living, it can die. It dies by neglect - by letting go of the acausal within one. In other words, by not continuing the quest, by closing the nexion to the acausal that a genuine Initiation opens and which each subsequent stage of the way opens ever wider. [The final aim is of course for the individual to become the acausal - in Satanism, become-one with Satan - and thus to have created for oneself an acausal existence.]

The nexion closes by complacency - that is, by not accessing any more vital, acausal energies. Such energies are accessed, made real, by striving, by exulting, by overcoming challenges, by deeds which cause excellence. Complacency is a satisfaction, a self-delusion, a lack of intentionality. One's life has ceased to be used to make real and continue the esoteric quest - it has

become instead just a living, in the causal everyday world. One's concerns are no longer for the acausal - for the numinous, for that which vitalizes and which engenders creativity, discovery, exultation. Instead, one's concerns are for the mundane, the illusive forms which hold the majority and by which they are enabled to live their puny lives. In brief, one has ceased to strive to be like a god, and become ordinary again - without a Destiny, and without the desire to make that Destiny real.

The intentionality of the Satanic quest - the need to continually re-affirm one's Satanic intent and thus Initiation - applies to the Satanic Master or Mistress just as much as to the new Initiate: often more so. A real-life example may perhaps best illustrate what is meant here.

When someone who now has reached the stage of Satanic Mastery was still striving for Adeptship, he strove passionately, like the good Satanist he was, to achieve things in the real world. He exulted in living; possessed an arrogant assurance that he was special - that he had a Destiny. This nourished him, in the many conflicts of his life, and enabled his survival. It gave him a real Satanic strength - to act, regardless of the consequences. He never desired to be ordinary, to be secure, to be safe: his life, he knew, was a means to achieve his Satanic goals.

In those early years he strove to effect changes in the real world. He was sometimes, in those years, seen by others as a fanatic, a political agitator, Satanist, a criminal, a terrorist, a debauchee ... He was striving to presence dark forces on Earth and he was ruthless, at times, with others, and all the time with himself. He experienced the dark side of himself - and others. He strove and experienced, and seldom satisfied for long - there was real dynamism in him which could not be contained. He was, in an important sense, irrepressible because he knew he had a Destiny and because he owed allegiance to no one. Of course, this Destiny was often intangible - unknown in its realness. But he sought by his living, by his striving, to discover what it was, to learn. And he did learn, as a genuine Satanist does, by hard, extreme experiences; by living on the edge, by triumphing in adversity. In those years, he had no security of family, employment or material wealth, or even a 'home'; and, equally importantly, he had no one telling him what to do - trying to restrain him by 'ethical guidelines'. He was too proud, too defiant, too individualistic. That is, he was genuinely **Satanic**. He lived Satanism as few 'Satanists' did or had done.

After Adeptship, his methods were refined - he became more subtle in the sinister sense because he understood more, possessed an over-view, a knowledge beyond personal insight. The means were consciously understood - the Destiny understood. Thus, the many ways of living, the acts, the striving were a means to something both personal and beyond the personal and as a consequence they were less frenzied, less compressed in causal time. The goals were generally longer ones, more calculatingly chosen and thus less instinctive. His Destiny compelled what most would see as a precarious life, without any obligations or security. From the ways of living, from the experiences came more knowledge and achievements; manipulation of causal forms and creativity, and thus a move beyond Adeptship where a genuine synthesis was obtained.

After some years, he had become quite comfortably off with a multitude of material possessions (a house, an Apartment). He had acquired a Profession which enabled the implementation of some sinister plans, a subtle guiding of others and opportunities for new learning. He had a plethora of creative achievements behind him, a wealth of past sinister experiences, and a personal influence in certain Satanic circles. A lover, a Mistress, even a few personal pupils ...

In all this, was a danger - the overwhelming of the inner Satanic essence by the outward causal, often material, forms. A dimming of the Satanic fire; the inertia of a contented bourgeois existence, despite the Satanic deeds. A living of the 'role' of Master. A self-satisfaction with what has been achieved rather than a desire to achieve even more.

Each person who ventures thus far faces the same problem: there is a staying-where-one-is, or the leap forward occasioned by the desire to fully complete the quest, to defy the inertia that middle/old age seeks to impose upon one. To thus be one of the very few who travels thus far. Most who reach this stage - and that actually is not many, despite the claims - are content: they have found their Destiny, and it is to be a Master or Mistress; perchance to teach; perchance to work deeds of magick, hidden; perchance to influence the causal flow and forms by one's chosen tasks and way of living.

Our Master, however, was not content. He desired an elemental resurgence of the Satanic essence - he did not want to become soft. He desired new experiences, new challenges; to discover and

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learn. To test himself again. So he gave up his Profession, his material security, his homes and his 'role' (such as it was) until he had nothing except what was inside. And he resolved he would go on defying, on learning, until the very end - like a combat Veteran who cannot settle into civilian life and who always returns to the struggle, until a final battle claims him ..

Naturally, the spineless affectations psueds who masquerade as 'Satanic' Masters (or even the stages beyond!!) would deny all this - particularly in relation to a Master not being content and desiring to immolate himself with the essence of the acausal and so strive in the real world with no affectations and no security (of a 'role', or material possessions or obligations or whatever) to presence that acausal and so achieve even further change. They would deny it because they try to make the image of a 'Master' in their own image - i.e. either someone bound by ethical standards and "sacred" obligations [read 'doing an imitation of a Nazarene prelate'] or someone soft, weak and who reeks of the pacifist, bourgeois vices rather than the virtues of the battlefield. Or, indeed, they make the image a combination of these two.

The Satanic way of living of each Satanist never ends until their causal death - and if it does, they have not fulfilled their full potential, not travelled along the path to its very ending. To believe otherwise is simply to believe - that is, **not to know**.

The only limitations upon living are those we impose upon ourselves or allow others to impose upon us. The essence of the Satanic way of living is to defy and overcome to the very end.

- Order of Nine Angles -

37.

Thernn - An Introduction To Natural Septenary Magick

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I: Nature, Magick and Satan

"Magick" on the individual level is, quite simply, the attainment of conscious integration with natural forces - or with "Nature", and the Cosmos that is beyond. This integration implies a loss of the "self-image", and a gradual expansion of consciousness into the acausal realms. There is thus achieved a natural balance within living, and the cultivation of a more noble, *higher type* of human being (this cultivation being the foundations for what is conventionally termed the New Aeon).

How this alchemical process is initiated is simple in theory but difficult in practice. At present, the only realistic way of attaining this "integration" is via the *practical* system of the Seven-Fold Way, and this is so because, as yet, no other system contains a ritual of natural hermetic magick comparable to that of the Internal Adept (for details of which, see **Naos**). It is this rite, above all the other difficult tasks, that terrifies the would-be Adept, and spawns many excuses for alternative ways to enlightenment. There is no "Infernal symbolism" contained within the structure of this rite - only the stark primal fears of the Candidate.

Thus, to achieve this natural integration, the Initiate must strive primarily against him/herself (and consequently the many factors in a society that seek to shackle individual Will to a conformity). The symbol for, or spirit of, this defiance is **Satan** and **Satanism**.

Many who profess to be Pagans and practitioners of Natural Magick cannot, or will not, grasp the meaning of Satanism. This partly stems from the perspective that "Satanism" was spawned as a consequence of the distortions of the Judeo-Christian religion, and is therefore to be regarded as having been founded upon "Old Aeon" dualism - and is thus to be superseded, since it cannot fully reflect the genuine "Western ethos". [With regard to the latter, what is genuine about this ethos is its *promethean* spirit, and as such it is actually explicated by the conflicts and struggles with the external factors it draws to itself, in the quest for exploration...]

As explained in the booklet *ONA: An Introduction for Prospective Adherents*, "Satan" derives from an ancient Greek word meaning an "an accusation" (and also "foundation" or "origin" of something). The Hebrew "accuser" is in turn derived from this source. Thus the symbol predates the Hebrew, and has a truly Western origin: it did not come into being specifically as a response to the Nazarene distortion, but as a symbol of opposition - to what is the accepted, to what enervates. Thus Satan (and the Sinister - one is the other) is a symbol of *creative change*, and is concerned with opposition not in the mis-understood sense of "dualism" (i.e. that which is based on an abstract morality), but in the sense of countering whatever is the "norm". This is the real secret of Satanism: that it restores to a society and individuals, at any given point in history, that which is lacking. Thus there is balance, and thus *synthesis*: "the process of dialectical change which governs evolution".

Satan is a vital Western archetype. What "old Aeon" connotations exist in the symbol of Satan, in reality exist only in the minds of those who simply do not understand Satanism itself, and the Sinister in general. From a conventional "Pagan" perspective, Satanism may be described as "Militant Paganism", since the roots of the Sinister Tradition lie in the solar cults of Albion - the symbol of Satan being a comparatively recent (c. 10th or 11th century eh) and entirely appropriate adoption by what is, in essence, the original "Western Way".

All histories begin somewhere - why not be the ones to begin the history? Thus the outdoor Temple provides the focal point for the new Magick of the working group, allowing this Magick to flow, free from expectations of a past, and towards, perhaps, the creation of something significant.

II: The Living Temple

Within the Sinister Tradition, an outdoor "temple" is of two types: i) a Nexion connected with a particular Aeon; ii) a site established for personal use by a Satanic group/"coven"/ Temple. With regard to i), the Nexion associated with this present Western Aeon is located in the Welsh Marches, having been established c. 500 AN [its twin Nexion is known as "Bron Wrgan" - mentioned in various Order MSS]. Tradition relates that the Western Aeon was inaugurated using a crystal, this object being remembered later as "The Grail" of romantic Arthurian legend. It is not known what constituted the rituals of this inauguration, although one authority has suggested a form of a Nine Angles rite (qv. **Codex Saerus**). It is unlikely, however, that these rites would bear much resemblance to anything of a contemporary Occult structure, since the concept of "Time" was very different, being of a more "holistic" kind. [The linear perception of Time, "cause and effect" and so on, is a legacy of the Nazarene religion- with its emphasis on "sin".]

The energies at this Western centre are waning, and the majority of the associated sites now belong to the past - although this "past" will enable, within the next few decades, the fulfillment of a future Destiny connected to Sinister forces (the form of this Destiny is similar to how places such as Glastonbury and Stonehenge are viewed by this present society...). It is one of the aims of the ONA to establish, before the end of this century, a new Nexion to presence the New Aeon. This site will also be located in the Welsh Marches, where the Dark Tradition originated. With regard to energies, this new Nexion will be a synthesis of the aspects represented by the previous twin Nexions, mirroring as it does the evolution of the ONA itself. [Establishing an Aeonic Nexion requires some skill; apart from the obvious demands of the rites involved, the Cliologist must assess how the land is to be effected by outside forces throughout the next ten or so centuries; whether the land will remain, as desired, untouched, or whether it will become prey to development from tourism/ other business interests. Thus the site chosen should not necessarily be of "outstanding natural beauty", or of potentially historical interest.]

With regard to ii), the "indoor Temple" is a relatively modern concept, born from the requirements of city living. While there are, of course, certain ceremonies most usually, of necessity, performed within a prepared room (i.e. *Mass of Heresy*), the fetish of the "indoor temple" has served more to obscure than enhance the most vital gift of magickal experience: integration with the Land. Where the indoor sorcerer dwells within a shrine to the Ego, the way of natural magick dissolves the Self and re-integrates the magickian with Nature - there is thus presented a sense of the greater Cosmos. A magickal rite within a natural outside environment produces effects within the participants that cannot be attained when working indoors: it is the difference between playing at magick, as a hobby; and actually living as a magickal entity. When working on and with the Land, the magickian is subject to forces that do not subscribe to the laws of learned Occult writers, and over which there is no control: there is thus the glimmerings of genuine magickal understanding. There is personal empathy, devoid of trendy abstractions and in time, the magickian attains - or is returned to - an "at-one-with" existence. [It is interesting to observe how the Land itself is changed by/ responds to the magickal work - and to observe how others within the magickal group are thus changed.]

Those followers of the Dark Tradition cannot significantly evolve along the Way without returning themselves, through magick, to the Land (this should be true of all genuine magickal paths - particularly in this present self-obsessed age). For the External Adept, natural magick within a ceremonial context is an important prelude to the hermetic context of the Internal Adept, this natural unfolding allowing this most difficult of hermetic ordeals to be lived successfully.

This living closely with Nature does not imply resurrecting old beliefs, rituals and gods. Rather, it implies, for the working group, a finding through practical experience of a natural expression of "worship" (where "worship" here means integration) relevant to the environment worked within. [Natural magick finds its ultimate expression in the establishment of an esoteric community - this again does not imply a harking back to a "golden age", but instead the creation of *new ways of living* - q.v. **Esoteric Pioneers**.]

Therunning in Practice

The finding of an outdoor site may take some time and effort, but is an interesting exercise in itself. For the Satanic group, many factors have to be considered - privacy and isolation being the most obvious. At present, in England, the conditions for performing rites such as the *Ceremony of Recalling* on a suitable hilltop are increasingly restricted - although this not the case within areas of north Wales, and North West Scotland. However, the site should be within reasonable traveling distance of the dwelling place of the participants for several reasons, esoteric and practical. If those concerned live in a city, then a site should be chosen on the rural outskirts (i.e. York - Yorkshire Moors; Manchester - The Pennines; Swansea - The Black Mountains, and so on).

If the magick of the group has any purposeful future, then the site will make itself known, after a relevant span of time. This is to say, that there exists a site fated to be part of the magick of the group.

As with an Aeonix Nexion, the outdoor site need not have served any previous historical purpose. It is usually tempting to choose a "stone circle", or a hill fort, for the obvious romantic esoteric connotations. Apart from being generally known, these places, for the most part, have already served a purpose and have played a role in leading us to where we are now - as previous societies have done, such as those of the Celts, the Anglo-Saxons, and so on. There really is no significant esoteric purpose in a working group "re-activating" an ancient sacred site - apart from perhaps as a prop for the benefit of the group psyche. Likewise, with the performing of long-dead rituals, where those rituals once dynamically expressed the unique forces involved in living in the society pertaining to that time - often a type of society that we can only now speculate about. Such rites, as with places, become abandoned because they are only outward expressions of the Cosmos and such expressions do change and evolve - as Art, Music and Science has done. It is true that we as a whole have lost some things over the Aeons, but such things in essence can be re-captured, without recourse to the past, in expressions such as Magick. None of this is to say that an ancient form is irrelevant because it is ancient: a form is meaningful if it continues, since its inception, to presence the *numinous* necessary for evolution. Such a form belongs to a genuine Tradition and appears, while relevant, timeless in its words and imagery, until its purpose is realized and superseded (many such rites still provide the powerful foundations of the Seven-Fold Way).

In England, the most suitable sites can be found within wild woodland, preferably on "common land" or near footpaths through rough farm land (though as far as possible from human habitation). The site is best near a river/ stream, where thorn grows. Alternatively - and it must be a practical alternative - a rocky outcrop on a high peak is most effective, particularly if it is of a certain type of rock containing layers of quartz (see *Rite of the Nine Angles* MS for further details) - such is the description of the hallowed places of this country. Establishing a Sinister temple in other lands will require its own criteria, relevant to the country involved.

Once established, a circle of seven stones is set up within the enclosure, according to the guidelines set out in various MSS, and the area protected appropriately. Following this, the *Ceremony of Eorthe* is conducted, re-inforced by the opening of the Earth Gate, and sealed by regular *sunedrions*. [Group members may also wish to undertake the Nine Angles solo rite within the Temple area, commencing the rite at dusk, and remaining there alone until dawn. Individual results would only be discussed once all participants had completed the rite. Such an experience further binds the group members to the outdoor site.]

Sunderions consist of a framework of rites from **Codex Saerus**, with emphasis on the mastery of Esoteric Chant (this is a vital aspect, making possible the performance of future Aeonix Rites - qv. **Naos** and other MSS). Other features should hopefully consist of new aspects created by the Temple members themselves. Authority for the group and its actions lies solely with the Choregos/Mistress, etc. - there is no interference from some outside "higher authority" within the ONA (although the External Adept may occasionally seek advice from their Order guide on certain matters - i.e. *Opfer*).

Sunedrions should be as regular as possible, and are most usually conducted during the full moon (primarily for purposes of visibility, although other lunar phases are used for specific rites). Satanic Tradition contains no "seasonal rites" (i.e. "Beltaine", "Imbolc", and so on). If one studies the rites contained in the **Black Books**, it will be clear that they all presence the basic forces of the Cosmos - and mainly that which is represented as the *Hierosgamos*. No seasonal symbolism is employed (such as the slaying of "the Holly King") because the tides that are prevalent at particular times can be experienced as themselves, without abstraction. All that is required is the regular performance of a rite (such as the *chthonic* form of the *Nine Angles Rite*) within a natural outdoor setting, for integration with the seasonal forces to be attained. There are, of course, certain times when the magickal tides are at their most pronounced, and these are recognized by Satanic Tradition as seven "festivals" - the two most important being around the Summer and Winter solstices. The others are: Spring Equinox; May (middle/end of month: ANTARES); August (middle of month: ARCTURUS); Autumn Equinox; early November. [There are other workings and times allotted for alchemical seasons.]

The "working tools" of a Satanic Temple are very few. The obvious items are: lanterns; censer; communal chalice. Incense is always made by a member of the Temple, using the associations in **Naos** as a guide (for example, if energies appropriate to the sphere of the "Sun" were being employed during a ritual, then the incense would comprise of oak). The altar is provided by the recumbent body of an appointed Priest or Priestess. The sacrificial knife is kept under the guardianship of the Mistress (along with a large silver bowl), and used solely for that purpose (and may be only once every seventeen years). According to Tradition, after such a ceremony, the head would be severed and displayed at all sunedrions thereafter, bedecked with a crown of oak leaves. Sometimes this would be the only "image" present; either that, or a statue/ painting of Baphomet, according to the genuine esoteric tradition (qv. *Sinister Tarot* and the various MSS concerning Baphomet contained in *Hostia* and elsewhere).

One important item is a large piece of quartz crystal, which is activated by voice vibration and can quite significantly enhance the energies accessed during a ritual. As mentioned many times in Order MSS, the crystal is most effective when shaped as a tetrahedron. This can prove a costly procedure, since a large enough piece for grinding needs to be purchased (and should be as clear as possible - colouring/cloudiness usually implies impurities), and the grinding itself, by a reliable craftsman/ jeweler, does not come cheap. This shape is ideal, but not entirely essential - it all depends on one's priorities. Whatever form is used, the Master/Mistress can opt to bury the crystal during a consecration ceremony, thereafter directing energy towards the place of burial.

Performing "natural" or "empathic" magick returns the practitioner to the SACRED patterns of Being. There is exultation and awe which transforms life away from the petty and personal via direct experience of the greater context of Nature and the Cosmos. It is the stage beyond that of the indulgence of the indoor shrine and the modern "magick" of self-conscious parody - although this early stage of involvement with the "Occult scene" can play a part in aiding the Initiate along the difficult path to Adeptship, via "people management", manipulation, and so forth. [This is to say that Traditional Satanism is concerned with the Ego, the manipulative arts and sorcery only in the early stages of the path: such things are there to be experienced/confronted and then transcended if further development is sought.]

A genuine working group should not be as a club to which any vaguely interested person can be invited to attend. It is an organic form that creates itself through certain factors becoming balanced (these factors being unique to those involved in the group). This process can involve much causal time, but through nurture and consequent esoteric binding of those who comprise this organic form, something extraordinary may one day be created. One autonomous (Sapphic) group within the ONA has been active for over twenty years, but has only within recent years completed itself, having acquired the right individuals and environment. It is now closed to outsiders. [For further details concerning the practice of Sinister Ceremonial Magick, see **The Black Book of Satan I.**]

Esoteric Pioneers: Towards A New Way of Living

The Satanic Temple in practice describes in microcosm one of the most important magickal aims for the immediate future: the establishment of an esoteric community. Most magickal organizations have proved now that they can write profusely and confidently about their aims (in often polemical tones). What is needed now is a new form of magickal expression, and one that cannot be achieved via anything other than practical means. An esoteric community needs, quite simply, dedicated, pragmatic individuals who are prepared to work hard to make the dream real - it does not need another "journal". Such a venture made real, would take magick into an entirely new phase, away from the dying, urban scene of the present: it would re-interpret magick as the most profound *way of living*.

To start, several Satanic/Magickal comrades need to club together to purchase a substantial property with a large amount of land (certainly no less than fifteen acres). The property needs to be well isolated but situated on good farming land, since the community must be self-sufficient, and must be understood as being the seed for a new civilization, indifferent to the goings-on of the Old World of Western capitalism (it may be prudent to establish a base that is also easily defensible). Features of the Community may include: Organic farming techniques (such as the use of heavy horses); the banning of motorized vehicles (allowing the traveler to retain integration with the environment); no electricity, thus Musick, for example, would be made by the Community members themselves; and of course, the creation of a new type of education system.

As far as accommodation is concerned, considering the failed experiment of the 'sixties' commune, the dwelling places should realistically consist of separate apartments. The aim is not to share out oneself and one's belongings in order to de-value the concept of self-identity through material possessions and "morality", but to create - through individual skills - an organic whole (and a real [**Folk** - T.] democracy).

Feast days/Festivals would be observed communally - for example *the Mass of Life* (qv. **The Black Book of Satan III**) could be performed every Sunday, in an area designated for "worship" [such an area would become an important Nexion - as would the Community itself...]. There would also be, it is hoped, the continuation of the fifty-year tradition of *The Giving* (qv. **Deofel Quartet**). Thus, the unique, natural magick of the Community would unfold.

Although the above outlines are offered as suggestions only, a genuine Community cannot be defined by anything less than a group of individuals creating together an entirely self-sufficient life-style, able to exist wholly apart from modern day society. This implies *farming the land*. It also implies *family*: a genuine Community cannot exist as a single-sexed unit, because the aim is to create a *new society* - the foundations for a new civilization comprising of a *new type of human being*. Striving to establish and maintain such a new society will in itself be a magickal rite - one that is greatly important for the evolution of magick as a whole. Thus there should be no compromise in fulfilling the described criteria for the Community.

In essence, the "esoteric" aspect is simply the nurturing by practical living, of the *spiritual connexion* we possess with the Land: it is this discovery that will presence the numinosity needed. Thus, the rites conducted by members of the Community will serve to focus, as worship, this natural magick, rather than the rites themselves providing, or creating, in the first instance the esoteric aspect.

If there is to be significant aeonic Change, then many such Communities should be established in this and other countries. Aside from general esoteric principles shared by those on the Sinister Path, there will be no one dogmatic code as to how each Community organizes itself, since the uniqueness of each Community environment will require its harmonious system of expression. To reiterate, this Great Rite of natural magick will allow a move away from the "post-modernism" of present Occultism towards a new phase where individual lives can be dedicated to a higher purpose. Those who have been denuded of real power by the System can now begin to create History - all it requires is strength of Will.

For the Magickian, there could be no greater Quest.

38.

Esoteric Tradition - Additional Notes

ONA 1998eh

In the light of recent archaeological discoveries, it is possible that the origins of Albion/Hyperborean culture are in fact much older than dates previously documented in Order teachings.

According to these recent discoveries, it may be suggested that the ethos which gave birth to the civilization of Albion was in existence at least 12 - 10,000 yrs BP. Recent findings have included the dating of the very early phases of Stonehenge to 10,500 yrs BP, and what could prove to be almost irrefutable evidence that this early Aryan civilization had visited/colonised what is now America [ie. the remains of 'Kennewick Man' - dated approx. 9,200 yrs BP].

It may yet be discovered that this ethos and associated civilization(s?)/culture is indeed much older than the dates quoted above - that there did exist a civilization or culture which expressed in practice the genuine Western, or Aryan, esoteric Tradition at least 20,000 yrs BP. Whether or not this culture was an advanced expression of this ethos - ie. whether or not one or more of its various phases could be regarded as an aeon with an associated Higher civilization - will remain for the present unknown. However, the present writer is inclined to believe that the evolution of this ethos was slow and organic - and in its beginnings until the time of Albion "primitive" and largely intuitive, not necessarily implying the urge to order that is characteristic of a civilization.

This spiritual legacy, which evolved to inspire the building of several ancient structures across the globe, flourished throughout Albion up until 5,500 yrs BP, after which time there was a slow decline/loss. The height of this flourishing is identified by Tradition as the Hyperborean Aeon. After 3,000 yrs BP - at this time there occurred significant social change (possibly in part connected to the influx of the Celts, and the gradual ordering/emergence of the "Druids") - the "Tradition" (or rather, the remnants of its teachings) was preserved solely in an area of the Welsh Marches [and from thence to 1,500yrs BP - inauguration of the Western Aeon - and from there to present day].

It must be remembered that the "Tradition", this legacy of Albion, is much more than an inherited set of (now fragmentary) teachings. It was, and is, a certain *attitude* to life (qv. *Exeat*, *Eira*, and "Aeonics" MSS).

Essentially, the "Tradition" was and is a way of Being - beyond even the structures/histories/images/words associated over the aeons with "the Sinister". It is *ethos*: a way still exemplified, as pure as it was in its origins, in the lives and the *living* of present-day genuine Initiates.

There has been some confusion in recent years concerning the nature of the "worship" that characterised the culture of Albion. Knowledge of the stars played a deeply essential role in the social structure for various reasons (some of which are unknown), but this did not make the people of Albion "stellar worshippers". Here, one has to be clear about the meaning of "worship".

The culture of Albion was comprised of solar cults for some very simple and fairly 'non-esoteric' reasons. The main reason, and thus the true nature of "worship", is revealed to anyone who has spent time living a simple and genuine rural existence of self-sufficiency, or has spent time living thus, alone, in a real natural wilderness. What is revealed should be obvious: our fundamental relationship, as living beings who require life, with the Sun.

39.

The Dating Of Esoteric Tradition

Received tradition (as given to the present writer by his teacher - an Adept of the esoteric "Albion" tradition: for which read 'Seven-fold Way'/Septenary/Hebdomadry/ traditional Satanism and so on) places the origin of the Hyperborean Aeon and thus the civilization of Albion at least a thousand years before the dates given in Order mss

Thus, received tradition gave the origin of the Hyperborean Aeon as between 79000 to 6,000 BC (that is, 11 nine to eight millenia "before the present" - this 'present' being c. 1975 eh). Also, the 'Primal Aeon was given as arising between eleven to ten millenia ago* This placed the origin of the Hyperborean civilization (Albion) at around 6,000 or 5,000 BC and thus dated Stonehenge to between 4,500 and 3,500 (the later date - 3,500 - being favoured)*

After a thorough study of these received traditions and a review of present archaeological/historical understanding, the present writer decided the traditional dates were out by at least a thousand years. When the Order MSS were written (mostly after 1975 eh) to consolidate what had been - apart from a few MSS such as the 'Black Book' - a mostly oral tradition/teaching, these "new" dates were included.

However: the present writer admits that this revision may well be mistaken, and that the 'traditional' dates may yet be proved correct.

It is to be hoped that some time in the future further evidence for the civilization of Albion will be found, particularly in regard to accurate dating and the confirmation of esoteric tradition concerning the sea-faring nature of the communities (particularly the links with Iceland/ Greenland/ Canada and the later migrations southward: Greece etc), the technological advances made and so on.

While some evidence for the 'advanced' agriculture of the later period is emerging (e.g. the 'Butzer' Farm project) and the astronomical nature of Stonehenge is now well-established, there is still the view of Albion during the period in question as a rather basic 'Neolithic semi-nomadic society', rather 'backward' in comparison with the "civilized" societies of Sumeria and Egypt. The acceptance of this view is not surprising, given the paucity of evidence, the lack of archaeological excavation and an almost total lack of 'professional' interest. Part of the lack of evidence stems from the fact that a lot of the sites have been almost continually inhabited/cultivated, with the consequential loss of material/patterns; another is the use of wood in the construction of artifacts - this is rarely preserved and there has been a rather silly tendency to use pottery remains (its 'sophistication' etc.) to judge/date the communities associated with it, whereas in fact at the time pottery was probably considered an inferior material to wood/leather etc. Another stems from a lack of written records - in Egypt, Sumeria and elsewhere there are well-preserved reminders.

40.

Sapphistry: Dark Daughters Of Chaos

Sister Bronwyn

For too long we have been silent and hidden. We waited, while an imitation and inverted Wicca was peddled, its male dominance a contradiction of the feminine principle of the Old Religion. We waited, while Chaos Magic was born.., but nothing except the old lies. So here at last we speak, for ourselves.

To Nature we Daughters of Chaos are nearest. Our magick is not a hobby we play in a city or a town - it is a return to the often tiresome hard reality of the land which nourishes and alone brings the vitality of life. Sorcery is a fetish of the pale, male city dweller. We are soft and yielding to each other to capture thus an aspect forgotten and our Sapphic love a silent force which we send to awaken those who sleep. We draw down upon ourselves through our way of loving a special power and through our will send it forth - perchance to cover for an instant a city night, bringing strange dreams to some...

There is laughter in us: no hard hatred of that which destroys. Our spells, suckled by streams, spread perchance a little delight to a world too serious and nearly insane.

And yet we are Dark because we cross the currents of our time: even 'liberation' has become a chain that binds...

Sapphic love is the greatest magick of this time because it flows but does not ebb. Sleep on then, and dream. All that is strange exists in our soul. You cannot define us nor capture the exquisite fire that is our love, and our Rites return, silent unless at night outside and alone upon a hill you strain to hear, that subtle consciousness of Earth which our societies have lost.

Like the Sphinx - we come, bringing wonder and much that is strange. And sometimes, like her, we devour to bring the darker death.

Saught - we are seldom to be found. Though uncaught we might create your dream. Beware then, you who talk so glib and practice with your wiles the submission of your woman: your Nemesis by us awaits.

- Order of Nine Angles -

4I.

Arthurian Legend - According To The Secret Sinister Tradition

ONA (From "Hostia")

There is a secret oral tradition regarding the person known as "King Arthur" which deserves recording. According to this tradition:

- 1) Arthur was a 'Romano-British' chieftain.
- 2) His wife was called Gonnore, and her father was a chieftain whose base was the fortified site now known as 'old Oswestry'.
- 3) Arthur's base - and thus "Camelot" - was the city of Viroconium (present-day Wroxeter in Shropshire). This city was the capital of a prosperous and powerful war-lord and British chieftain Vortigern (c. 450 ev). It was also associated with the war-lord Aznbrosius, who was of Roman descent. Arthur maintained a continuity and a certain style of life - 'Romano-British'. He followed in the tradition of Vortigern and Ambrosius, being a powerful chieftain whose rule extended far. He flourished after Ambrosius - c. 500ev.
- 4) Arthur and his people were pagans. Their beliefs were indigenous ones, connected with gods and goddesses.
- 5) Arthur fought many battles to secure his Kingdom from rivals. Some of his battles were with invading tribes - but for the most part, these new tribes settled peacefully into what is now England. There was more assimilation than there was conquest. [The idea of 'barbarous hordes' ruthlessly invading is a myth - created by later generations and part of a Nazarene indoctrination campaign.]
- 6) One of his relatives - known under the later name of 'Modred' - sided with some of his enemies (i.e. rival chieftains) and Arthur fought against him in a battle in which he was badly wounded. The site of this battle was near the Camlad River and the modern Shropshire hamlet of Wotherton. Arthur returned to his stronghold via a lake called now 'Marton Pool', near Worthen (SW of Shrewsbury). At the time, this lake had an island - a mound containing a grove of trees. The place was regarded as sacred, and the waters were reputed to have healing powers. The island was an abode of a goddess, and a Priestess lived there. This was the 'Lady of the Lake'. This mound still exists, although today it is not surrounded by water, as the Lake has shrunk to become a Pool.
- 7) The 'Merlin' of legend was actually a pagan wise-man who was adviser to Arthur. The abode of this person was the area around the west of the Long Mynd.
- 8) After his final battle, Arthur returned mortally wounded to his city, where he was buried. Some time later, the city was peacefully evacuated, as it had become indefensible. A new stronghold was founded on a mound between a loop of the river Severn, and Arthur was re-buried here. This mound served as one of the seats of the Kings of Powys - much later a town grew up around it called Scrobbsbyrig. The town was later called Shrewsbury. One early name for this mound was said to be the 'hill of the Alders' A Nazarene Church now stands near the site of Arthur's tomb.
- 9) Arthur's "clan-symbol" was a Dragon.

42.

Arthurian Legend

Coire Riabhaich, ONA

For centuries, Adepts of the genuine Western Way have maintained a secrecy surrounding the ancient sites of the Tradition. Some of these sites are believed to be centres of the Hyperborean civilization of Albion, others are linked with the later developments of that ethos via the legends of Arthur and the inauguration of this present, Western, Aeon. All these sites still retain to varying degrees magickal energies, having been preserved by the guardianship of Adepts. These sites are not the relics of a dead civilization, but are alive (and 'timeless' - that is, not bound by temporal understanding and causal structure) due to the performance throughout the centuries of certain traditional rites - qv. The Black Book of Satan I & III. These rites are the maintaining of an essence, and evolve in structure as the essence itself evolves, growing towards the fulfillment of its wyrd as conscious understanding of that wyrd increases via rites and other structures.

It is important to remember that our esoteric knowledge has increased: there has not been a time when we have known more than we do now, despite the claims of the mystics that we have fallen from a golden age. However, where intellectual understanding has increased, an empathic awareness has faded due to the softness in living that a Nazarene distorted society has produced. To acquire certain magickal skills requires a certain way of living that few are prepared to undertake - hence the abundance today of pseudo-intellectual 'occult' organizations designed to provide a comforting alternative to the brutal realities of genuine magick.

Most of the original teachings of Albion became distorted or lost as that society declined, the Druids being regarded as representatives of aspects of this corrupted knowledge. As Albion declined the Tradition is said to have indirectly survived within the culture of the Ancient Greek civilization. The development of this ancient wisdom can be traced in Greek philosophy and early science, and in the dark tradition of the Kabeiroi. As this present Aeon progressed the number of Adepts decreased but enough remained to maintain the survival of the Sinister Tradition in that area regarded as its magickal centre - Shropshire, on the Welsh/English border. These few remained unseen and unconnected to the growing occult scene that began to flourish in the latter half of this century; this scene being characterized by the qabalistic orientated works of Crowley etc, etc. In contradistinction to this, the Tradition survived via oral means, its legends and magickal techniques sparse and crude in comparison to the intellectual acrobatics contained in the doctrines of the Golden Dawn et al.

The fragments that remained of the original teachings of Albion concerned the mythos of the Dark Gods (partially accessed in a distorted form by Lovecraft), Esoteric Chant, a few rites mostly untitled, the use of crystals to enhance effects and enforce changes, the instructions on the procurement of Opfers, and the belief that wisdom can be achieved through certain ordeals and ways of living (most of these ways being dangerous and at odds with the conventions of the society of the time). All were most notably linked by an understanding of Aeon progression what has now become known as the Sinister Dialectic of History. Other developments inherited, which made certain esoteric matters more comprehensible via abstract ideas, included alchemy (of the Septenary variety) and later still the Star Game, and the creation of the Sinister Tarot. A decision was made in the early eighties to gradually make accessible all material concerning the Tradition, in the interest of Sinister strategy.

So the time is right to reveal some of the secrets of the sites themselves as the attention of the esoteric world upon the Glastonbury area has served its purpose - that purpose being to preserve the genuine sites of the Western Tradition. One of the most well known - and distorted aspects of the Tradition concerns Arthurian Legend: the placing of Camelot in Shropshire.

The esoteric traditions survived in an area bounded by the Stiperstones; the Long Mynd; what is now known as the Kerry Ridgeway; and the river Teme. The area of the Marches is regarded as

being the 'home' of Merlin - he who was the lone figure of magick, who possessed insight, empathy, and knew the hidden order of things. He is believed to have been one of the last direct descendants of Albion. He was said to have lived in an area around the Camlad river - between the Stiperstones, the Clun river, Camlad and the Kerry Ridgeway. There are many local legends connected with King Arthur. For example, a battle recounted in 'Perlesvaus' is placed near to Red Castle and Bury Walls, near the present-day hamlet of Marchamley. The area along the banks of the Camlad from near Lydham to Chirbury is regarded as the scene of many battles of the period. Of interest are the fortified areas/'castles' near Roveries, Simon's Castle, Roundton, Calcot etc. Gonnore - better known as Gwinivere - is regarded as being from Old Oswestry. There are other legends, but many places throughout the country also have their share of Arthurian Legends.

However, the Sinister Tradition places Camelot and Arthur firmly in Shropshire - and names a place. This and the nature of the legends - of a realism quite removed from the romantic haze of those connected to, for example Glastonbury and Tintagel - makes these Traditional claims difficult to ignore. The place named is the town that the Romans knew as Viroconium: the site of Camelot. Camelot was an essentially Romano-British settlement - and it was essentially pagan despite the stories told in the middle ages, these stories being Nazarene propaganda to distort the original legends.

A pagan altar used in Camelot and inherited from the Romans until quite recently stood near a Yew tree in the village of Uppington. [The tree is in the churchyard and is about 1,000 years old.] The tree also marks a site venerated in Arthurian times - this site was sacred a millenia before the Dark Ages.

After Camelot was overthrown, the remnants established themselves in a fortified enclosure within a loop of the river Severn. The sacred place of this area was a mound known as the Hill of the Alders. Later, this 'city' (containing the surviving Romano-British culture which had flourished in Camelot) was itself destroyed. It later was called Scrobbesbyrig - City of the Shrubs, and later still, Shrewsbury. The mound became the seat for the King of Powis. The mound lies behind High St. and the old sacred site now has a church built upon it. Arthur is said to be buried in either the mound in Shrewsbury - beneath the church - or another place, not far from the lake of legend. The 'lake' from whence Excalibur came is considered to be (a) near Eyton on Severn. [At present, the place lies between Eyton and Dryton on the edge of a small coppice.]; (b) Marton Lake (now called Marton Pool) - near the Camlad river, and the modern village of Chirbury; (c) Shelve Pool between the Stiperstones and Mitchell's Fold stone circle.

As has been mentioned in other MSS, the 'Grail' was a crystal ("lapsit ex coeli") of quartz according to most. It did not have a perfect geometrical shape, but was similar in shape to a tetrahedron. It was guarded by several 'keepers' and was said to possess real magickal powers - prophecy, divination and so on. It was also said to be necessary for prosperity. Legend recounts it as being used to inaugurate the Western Aeon and thus civilization, at the time of Arthur.

As stated, the legends that have come down regarding Arthur are mostly Nazarene distortions. But the pagan spirit can still be discerned, as for example in the original description of Arthur meeting his future wife, where she is presented to him naked from the waist upward:

"... he behelde her with a gladde chere, and saugh her pappes smale and rounde as two smale appels that were hard; and her flessch whitter than snowe, and was not to fatte ne sklender; and he coveyted her gretly in his heart..."

There is much more to this passage than a 'pagan feel' contained in the imagery and aura of the description. Many of the beliefs of the Albion folk and of those who came after, centred on a dark, violent goddess to whom sacrifices were made and who washed in the blood of those victims who fell in battle. Since the 10th century She has been known by Satanists as Baphomet, and is traditionally depicted as being naked from the waist up.

43.

Songs Of Recalling

Sinister Chant is one of the oldest surviving aspects of the Dark Tradition. The 'Agius Lucifer' (qv. **Naos**) is known to originate c. 8th century, and the two 'Nythra' chants (**Black Book III**) are possibly from an earlier period. The 'Diabolus' came into use after the 13th century.

It is maintained by some that the correct use of these Chants, in conjunction with a quartz crystal, is one of the most potent - and dangerous - techniques for increasing the Cosmic tides. One notable example of such a technique in a ritualized setting is a version of the Ceremony of Recalling, combined with the Chthonic Form of the Nine Angles Rite, where the Sacrificial Ending is replaced by a continuation, in a particular way, of the Chant contained in that Rite. This version can replace the Opfer tradition during the 17 year cycle, but requires immense preparation and perfect performance during the Rite proper.

The teaching of these Chants has always been on an oral basis, from Master/Mistress to Initiate. Some of these Chants were written down, and the form of this early notation (mostly 'Gregorian') served primarily as a reminder of the Chant, rather than as a way of teaching new Initiates.

However, the original notation is an expression of the nature of the Chant itself, and is thus an important aspect in the overall learning of the Art. This is to say that transcribing the Chants into modern 'blob' notation (as discussed in another MS), whilst an interesting exercise in itself, should not replace learning the (far easier) system of the early notation. Transcribing a Chant into modern

notation produces something other than the original Chant - an interesting form, but not one that can communicate to the Cantor (or audience), the entire ethos of Esoteric Chant. This is not however to discount such a musical fusion, since it has its own place and purpose (qv. "Homesteads").

An Initiate must immerse themselves in all aspects of the Art, mastering vibration, resonance, breath control and projection. Only after practicing for a minimum of one year, both 'informally' and in a magical setting, will a Chant start to live and interact with the causal. It is not enough just to sing the notes, a Cantor must become familiar with what is signified by the Chant, since ultimately, through the combination of Chant, Crystal and Cantor, a unity is created that is a Nexion. This is because a Chant symbolizes, or rather is, a particular Force, and the performance of the Chant is an Invocation.

The majority of Sinister Chants came into being as an expression of the male and female voice conjoined. However, if, as has been mentioned in another MS, it is decided to use the musical form of an existing, conventional, Chant but replace the text with one of a suitably Sinister content, it must be borne in mind that almost all examples of 'Gregorian Chant' were devised solely because of, and for, the male voice. It did not occur to the monastic orders that a separate body or "office" should be created for the women of the convents, because the important

difference between the male and female voice was not acknowledged. Women were expected to sing something which could not for them, produce the "divine fire" necessary for their worship. However, a glimpse of what is possible can be discerned in the unique compositions ('symphoniae harmoniae caelestium revelationum') of the 12th century Abbess Hildegard von Bingen. Through the work of this individual the startling, different, nature of the female voice is apparent.

Perhaps now a corpus of work can be created for a future *Beatarum Regimine Feminarum ...*

44.

Sinister Tradition - Notes VI

Albion:

According to tradition, the Hyperborean culture of Albion, original home of Apollo, flourished between about 7,000 - 5,500 BP. Among the most notable inventions/discoveries attributed by esoteric tradition to this culture are the wheel, the elements of Astronomy, the regular sowing of seeds and their cultivation (agriculture) and the beginnings of philosophy, this latter being the province of the first real wise men and women - the first magickians whose descendants became, much later, the Druids.

This culture, which was really a civilization depending on oral tradition, was a highly organized one - and archaeology is only just beginning to recognize its existence through such finds as the Sweet Track, the Walton Track, the astronomical importance of Stonehenge and the realization that Britain before the time of Julius Caesar was not a savage, tribal society but a highly efficient agricultural one producing a cereal yield of about 2 tons an acre and supporting a population of nearly 4 million (this was probably the reason the Romans invaded and was itself the long term legacy of the Hyperborean culture).

The magickal tradition of Albion was essentially an empathic one, deriving from both the Sun and Gaia and containing an understanding of the magickal power of crystals. Merlin is regarded as being one of the last direct descendants of this culture (qv. 'Arthurian' MSs).

Aosoth:

A location associated with the demoness Aosoth, lies within the Clun Forest, South Shropshire. It is said that here a White Hind was accidentally shot during a hunt, seemingly through the heart. She survived but could not be caught, and was seen on many occasions over the subsequent years, still living with the arrow still embedded in her chest.

Auspicia:

Moon - Owl

Mercury - Magpie

Venus - Pelican

Mars - Falcon

Jupiter - Swan

Saturn - Eagle

45.

Concerning The Traditions Of The ONA

For a long time, the traditions were divulged on an individual basis - from Master or Mistress to Initiate. An 'Order' as such did not exist. There was only, at any one time, a few Adepts who taught a few pupils over a long period of time.

It was not until the sixth decade of this present century that this pattern changed. Hitherto, the tradition was secret and secretive, and prospective pupils were subject to severe tests and ordeals, of a physical, mental and magickal nature. The traditions were oral, with one or two exceptions. These being concerned with certain magickal rituals and Esoteric Chant. But even these were written in code or in symbolic/magickal scripts devised to conceal them from non-Initiates.

The tradition itself concerned: a) certain rites and ceremonies of 'Black Magick' - e.g. The Ceremony of Recalling; The Sinister Calling; the Rites of Nine Angles [Note: These are later titles for what was without title]; b) certain beliefs/legends relating to the Dark Gods; c) certain methods which were believed to be necessary for the achievement of Adeptship [e.g. what later became known as the 'Grade Rituals']; d) certain esoteric knowledge e.g. Esoteric Chant, the septenary system of correspondences; e) certain practices of a sinister nature [described in MSS such as 'Culling'; 'Guidelines for the Testing of opfers'].

There was also a belief which later became known as 'The Sinister Dialectic of History' - an attempt to understand Aeons and the rudiments of what later became Aeonic Magick.

Occasionally, ceremonial rituals were undertaken for specific purposes at which most, if not all, those who belonged to the tradition participated in. Sometimes, this was so few that others had to be recruited, subject to the usual tests and so on. But this 'recruitment' was for a specific purpose, and was not general policy.

In the sixth decade of this present century this, however, changed - under the guidance of the Mistress who then represented the tradition. She formed several ceremonial groups, all autonomous. These, however, were never large, and the combined number of people in these groups never exceeded thirty. A few of the individuals so recruited came from existing Black Magick or Left Hand Path groups (such as the OTP, the Temple of the Sun, and the Black order). Due to this change, some structure was given to the tradition - and a name, in addition to those already existing which served to identify the adherents of this tradition. The existing descriptive names were 'traditional Satanism, the septenary system, and hebdomadry. The new name, adopted by the Mistress, was the Order of Nine Angles. The autonomous groups also adopted their own names, as sub-Temples within the order. One of these was 'Camlad'; another was 'The Temple of the Sun' (nearly all the members of what had been called by this name had joined the ONA).

Over the next few years, Order sunedrions were held, and ceremonial Initiations undertaken. This continued for some more years, after the Mistress had retired. Her decision was the result of a sinister strategy - to undertake specific acts of sinister magick of a ceremonial kind; to increase the number of genuine Adepts and create temporal forms to direct certain magickal energies and so provoke certain changes, preparing the way for the next stage.

However, the reality was somewhat different from the theory. Some quality had been lost. There was a concentration on the external aspects of magick as against the internal and the aeonic. Accordingly, after some more years, the person who then represented the Order, disbanded the groups, and returned to traditional methods. The methods themselves were refined and extended, and it became the practice for External Adepts to form and manage their own Temple, with complete freedom. Further, a decision was taken to gradually make available all the traditions of the Order together with the new techniques developed.

Order of Nine Angles

The new techniques included 'The Star Game'. The Grade Rituals were revised, and further methods developed, together with a comprehensive theoretical system to explicate the true nature of both the methods and magick itself. Thus, a purely practical system of training was created, which made Adeptship and the Grades beyond available to anyone. This system was called 'The Seven-Fold Way' [later 'The Seven-Fold Sinister Way']. The basis of this system was described in an Order MS entitled 'Naos'.

According to tradition, the traditions themselves, inherited by the present Grand Master from the Mistress who Initiated him, were said to be a survival of what has been called 'The Third Way of Magick'; a survival from the civilization which flourished in Albion. These traditions were limited to a certain geographical area. This was bounded in the north by the Stiperstones; in the West by the Long Mynd; in the east by that neolithic pathway now known as the Kerry Ridgway; and in the south by the river Clun.

This, however, is only a tradition, with no direct evidence to support it.

Such, briefly, is the 'history' of the ONA. At present, the function of the Order is to: (a) guide suitable individuals towards and beyond Adeptship; (b) work Aeonic magick in accord with sinister strategy; (c) implement, via various tactics, that strategy.

One tactic used over the past few years, is making the tradition itself accessible, as well as the new developments which have extended and refined that tradition, forming the practical system mentioned above.

ONA 1990 eh

[Editorial Note: I know that the history from the late sixties, as explained above, is factual, since I participated in it. As to what went before - e.g. the handing on of the tradition from Master/Mistress to pupil over a long period of time, and the association of the area mentioned with the tradition - I have only the word of the Mistress who Initiated me. While I am still inclined, after all the intervening years, to accept her word, there remains no proof, or at least none of which I am aware. All I know is that she taught me a great deal of esoteric knowledge, unavailable at the time in any published books or accessible manuscripts. This knowledge included Esoteric Chant (qv. 'Naos'), the septenary system of correspondences, and the teachings divulged in the MSS 'Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice'; 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers'; 'A Gift for the Prince' etc.**

Each person must make their own assessment.

AL

Other knowledge imparted included the Dark Gods mythos (as explicated in the MS 'The Dark Gods' and 'HP Lovecraft and the Dark Gods'), the esoteric meaning of the Nine Angles (as explicated in the MS 'The Secrets of the Nine Angles' - the MS 'Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings' gives a recent extension of the symbolism), and some ceremonial rites (explicated in 'The Black Book of Satan').

- Order of Nine Angles -

46.

Esoteric Tradition - Synistry

Dark Gods:

These are 'living' entities which exist in an acausal space-time. They may be likened to "anti-matter" as against the "matter" which exists in our causal space-time - thus, their intrusion into the causal, disrupts. This disruption is primarily psychic because the psyche of an individual by its nature intrudes or is a part of the acausal. The entities can assume physical forms, but only briefly ~ and then only when a nexion is fully opened. And where the causal and acausal intersect on Earth.*

The Dark Gods do not have 'forms' as understood causally ~ because a physical form is a causal thing, and they are beyond the causal. Neither do they possess 'feelings' etc. as we understand the terms. They are on the edge of even an Adept's comprehension [in terms of understanding them].

They can act [i.e. have effects in the causal] via individuals who can access them - or 'Presence' them.

It should be understood that the Dark Gods are not 'the acausal' itself. They exist in a part [or one realm] of the acausal - that is, they exist, have life or being according to the nature of the acausal. The acausal is 'beyond causal time' and does not have a spatial 3D geometry. Other beings probably exist in other acausal dimensions - but of them there is no knowledge.

When an Initiate accesses the acausal - increases the acausal aspect of their consciousness - they are extending the range of their being: i.e. evolving , creating new aspects of consciousness. This is one of the aims of the seven-fold Way - and of all real magick. A part of this, may involve confrontation with some of the 'Dark Gods'.

In conventional terms, the Dark Gods are evil, sinister.

*Such as 'magickal centres' associated with an Aeon - or the finding of such places. It is possible to create such a place - and this is one meaning of such rituals as the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion.

The Western Aeon:

As far as Adepts of the sinister tradition are concerned, there are only two realistic options: the creation of Imperium [the fulfilment of Western wyrd via a practical form], or disruption of existing forms with the aim of undermining and destroying Nazarene/ Magian influence, leading to chaos from which a New Aeon will emerge, this Aeon being Satanic. The latter involves the 'pruning' of unnecessary elements on a large scale - the creation of an elite capable of making the Aeon a reality.

The first involves the creation/aiding of a practical form - and presencing magickal energy into it. It also involves creating the right psychic conditions - within and external to individuals. Some of this is directly magickal, involving magickal energy accessed via rituals etc.; some of it is providing/creating/making available the information and forms of the sinister. The practical form is either directly political, or 'religious'.

Both involve a more widespread dissemination of the sinister tradition and creation of new forms for its energies.

Traditions and New Forms:

As mentioned elsewhere, maintaining the tradition (as explicated in such works as The Black Book of Satan, Naos, The Deofel Quartet and Hostia) and making it more widely available, is important - and indeed essential. This is because the use of the tradition, in whole or in part [e.g. rituals from the Black Book] by others outside of it being drawn into the tradition, makes those others 'channels' for the sinister energy the tradition represents. That is, they 'presence' sinister energies in a precise and particular way and thus fulfil sinister strategy. The tradition has been given its present form [as explicated in the various books and MSS to achieve just this (as well as other things)].

However, the creation of new forms is important and indeed vital - there must be a continuing evolution. These forms will further access the sinister, and presence it - The tradition itself serves as a Way - both for individuals, and aeonically: it enables the achievement of individual Adeptship, as well as the fulfilment of the sinister dialectic of history. This will be so for the next few centuries - until the New Aeon becomes a reality. That is, its methods and techniques should not be changed (at least not intentionally by those of the tradition for the next few decades) or 'superseded' - as a way of creating Adepts etc. This is not a question of 'dogma' but rather strategy, as mentioned above. It is vital that this and the reasons for and beyond it are understood by those of the tradition. The external forms [such as arise prior to and during the Aeon] will only arise from an initial coherence of magickal energies and intent - and it is and will be the unchanging form of the 'Way' [techniques, rituals etc.] which will enable this. The new forms created/evolved will add to rather than undermine what already is. Anything else is simply individuals playing at magick (and particularly playing at Aeonics) without achieving anything and indeed without understanding what they are doing.

Initiation and Beyond:

The quest of an individual can only and ever be individual; that is, unique. The quest, made possible and aided by the tradition, develops the individual, enabling individual wyrd to be understood, and lived. It is also makes possible Immortality (qv. Acausal Existence - The Secret Revealed).

Beyond a certain level, Initiates guide themselves - learning from their own real-life experiences. That is, they have acquired sufficient self~insight and honesty to enable them to do this. When this stage is reached [toward the end of External Adept for some; during and beyond Internal Adept for others] there should be still a following of the ultimate goal - a striving for the Abyss and beyond, although this 'striving' will be more balanced than hitherto. This does not mean the individuals become or develop their own ways of achieving that goal ~ that is, not undergoing the Grade Rituals of Internal Adept and beyond according to tradition because they believe they are not necessary or that they have/can create (d) other means. Should they do this, they will not achieve the specific goal of the sinister way - but rather something else entirely, or else nothing. The reasons should be obvious from the above (Traditions ...).

The Aim:

Wisdom. And its living, enabling the last stage (into the acausal...). This means self-understanding and supra-personal understanding. An apprehension of the world and its forms as they are ~ a rational knowing: and what is necessary for change, aeonic and otherwise. This knowledge is sometimes sad, and often born from ordeals and having lived the Abyss. It never confers wealth nor privilege, and seldom imbues one with 'happiness'. It is beyond words, but can sometimes be transmuted into a form enabling some others to apprehend if only in part its essence. This aim takes causal time - usually c. 20 years from Initiation (if the Way is followed) - and lies beyond the Abyss. It is balance, beyond opposites; a new way of being.

47.

The Ceremony Of Eorthe

Ad Gaia Qui Laetificat Juventutem Meam
Order of Nine Angles 1994

Introduction

The Ceremony that follows serves two purposes: I) As a consecration of an outdoor Temple; II) As a prelude to the opening of an Earth Gate (qv the various "*Nine Angles*" MSS). The Ceremony is presided over by the Mistress of Earth, as it is customary in Traditional Satanic Temples for the Mistress to conduct all rites of Initiation and Consecration.

Once an outdoor location has been chosen, the Temple is marked by seven stones, according to the precepts of Satanic Tradition. Also, an area that serves as an "ante-chamber" to the main circle is most usually established.

Participants

Mistress of Earth - crimson robe
Master of Temple - blue robe
Priestess - naked
Priest - naked
Congregation - black robes
Guardian - black face mask

Items Required

Crystal tetrahedron, placed upon a piece of oak;
Incense - a combination of hazel, beech and civit.

Time

Dusk; middle/end of May, or on or around Summer Solstice. The rite should be timed to occur during the Red Flow of the Priestess.

The Rite

Just prior to the Ceremony, the Master and Mistress conduct a form of the "*Rite of Sealing*" (qv the Black Book of Satan I^[1]) within the Temple area, using the crystal tetrahedron. They then depart (ie to the "ante-chamber"). The Guardian of the Temple enters. It is his task to prepare a cavity within the Earth, into which the crystal will be placed and buried during the Rite. Once this is complete (the cavity usually being established in the centre of the Temple) he incenses the area, and departs.

All gather within the "ante-chamber". There is a time of stillness, and the a flute is played, the duration of the playing to be decided by the Mistress. When ready, the Mistress leads all present into the Temple, and the "Agios o Baphomet" is chanted in unison by all present. The chant is sung for a cycle of seven, during which the Guardian lights the lanterns positioned by the stones, and any other candles present (ie upon the oak, and coloured purple). Further incense is added.

Once the chant is completed, the Priest and Priestess step forward to face the Master and Mistress, who greet them with a kiss. The Master hands the crystal to the Mistress, saying:

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Agios Satanas!

The Mistress responds by saying:

Dominus diabolus sabaoth. Tui sunt caeli.

All respond:

Tua est terra!

The Mistress holds the crystal in her hands, palms upwards. Master, Priest and Priestess then lay their hands upon the crystal. The congregation commence a circle dance, moonwise, and quietly, rhythmically intone:

Erce, eorhan modor.

The Mistress begins the "*Ad Gaia...*" chant, and the Master, then Priestess, then Priest, enter the chant at the appropriate points. All perform a cycle of nine.

When complete, the Mistress hands the crystal to the Priestess. The Priestess then lies upon the area of the cavity, holding the crystal, with her head North. The Priest arouses her, *locis muliebribus*, stimulating the Red Flow. Then sexual union begins, during which both visualise a primal chaos being drawn down from the stars and into their bodies and into the crystal, forcing open a Star Gate.

During the union, the Master and Mistress place their hands over the Priest and Priestess. The Master intones "*Agios o Atazoth*" whilst the Mistress says:

Thu art eorthe to goode seede,
Of thee spong theo edi bleede,
Sprungs blostme of one root:
Yhe is whit of lime and leere
Yhe is fayr and flur of alle.

Both visualise the energy from the union and the crystal conjoined, as spreading outwards to bind the Temple.

Then Master, Mistress and the congregation commence "*Erce eorhan modor*" as a chant (the congregation continue with their circle dance). Once the union is complete (with the Priestess achieving her climax first), the Priestess deposits some of the elixir into the cavity. Both stand by the Master and Mistress, and join the chant. The Mistress then, at the point of her choosing, holds the crystal with the Priestess, and both, while continuing the chant, lower the crystal into the cavity. As the crystal is laid within, the Mistress quietly says:

Suscipe, Gaia, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth.

The Mistress and Priestess then fill in the cavity with earth, continuing the "*Erce...*" chant. When ready, the Mistress signals the Guardian to ring the Temple bell, once. The chant and the circle dance cease. After some moments of silence, the Master and Priest commence the "*Aperiatu terra...*" chant (see illustration). They are joined, at the appropriate sections, by the Mistress and the Priestess chanting in unison. The chant is directed towards the area of the crystal. Once finished, another few moments of silence; then, solo, the Mistress chants once, the "*Agios o Baphomet*". During this, all present visualise the Temple area radiating a primal energy, with the Star Gate fully opened above, through which are descending dragon like forms. This visualisation is continued, until, on the signal from the Mistress, the Guardian rings the Temple bell seven times. What then follows, is either the opening of an Earth Gate during which the planetary chants are employed (with the sequence arranged to end on the appropriate sphere) [for details of this particular rite, see Naos and "*Nine Angles*" MSS], and/or a performance of the Black Mass (qv Black Book I). The energy generated via all subsequent rites must be directed towards the area of the crystal (the human altar is usually laid upon this area)

48.

The Question Of Time: Toward The New Acausal Science Of Life

R. Venn, 1996.

The Question of Time

In many ways, the concept of Time is central to the science of Physics. However, this concept has not really been understood, and modern theories - starting with the theory of 'relativity' - have what are basically absurd notions about 'time'.

According to this absurd modern approach, time is the 'fourth dimension' and this abstract dimension is taken as actually existing, as an entity in itself with time being understood as a *quantity* which can be measured. From this, speculative conclusions (e.g. those of 'special relativity') have been derived concerning 'time-reversal' and such like. That is, a mathematical model has been constructed to represent something which actually does not exist, and from this model certain consequences are abstracted, with these consequences being interpreted as if they were real or could be real, and used to explain what is real or observed.

The fundamental mis-understanding derives from that abstract concept of modern physics '*Space*', with this '*Space*' being regarded as 'four-dimensional' and represented by a transformation of four co-ordinates, three being spatial, and one representing time. However, this abstract '*Space*' does not exist in reality, just as an abstract linear '*time*' which is measurable does not exist. This abstract Space itself (or more exactly, this space-time continuum) cannot be measured, or represented, by a co-ordinate system, a 'frame of reference' or anything else simply because it has no actual physical existence - such a 'space' is purely imaginary and therefore matter, energy or 'force' (such as gravity) cannot be represented or measured in terms of this 'space'.

This statement is of fundamental importance, and to explain it fully a brief digression about physical theory is in order. Physics deals - or rather should deal - with what is observed, or what can be inferred or deduced from observation. A physical theory is or should be a model of what is observed or what can be inferred from observation. Such a theory should be as simple as possible, and be consistent - i.e., logical. A theory should be able to account for observations made about the phenomena with which that theory is concerned. The theory itself can be expressed in mathematical terms, by equations linking something to something else, with the abstract quantities of mathematics representing some physical quantities. This mathematical expression often enables predictions to be made - that is, it shows some new relation, hitherto unknown or unobserved, between two or more physical quantities or properties, or it shows some new phenomena or behaviour of physical properties or quantities which could be observed if looked for. The importance of experiments is that they enable such relationships to be observed, and new relationships and phenomena found. What must be understood is that the mathematics is a tool, an abstraction - it is not the reality. This reality is only and ever discovered through observation or experiment. What is not observed, not capable of being observed, or not capable of being logically deduced from known observations or experiments, should be considered not to exist, and therefore should not be the concern of physics or even of science.

What has happened over the past hundred years or so is that speculation, based on abstract theories, has been accorded prominence over observation and direct experiment. Furthermore, the abstractions of speculative theories have been mistaken for what actually exists. This is particularly evident in the theories of relativity, in cosmology and in 'particle physics'. Logic and observation have been forced aside by speculation and childish fantasy.

Consider the now well-known theory of 'black holes' in the cosmos. No such 'holes' have ever been observed, and the existence of such holes has been deduced from various speculative *theories* which themselves are not based on observation but instead rest on other abstract theories where what is abstract has been mistakenly said to actually exist or be real - e.g. the gravity of a large body causing 'space-time' itself to curve, and the assumption that therefore gravity is somehow the very curvature of this 'space-time'. Another well-known theory, with no reality, based on inane speculation, and which is totally illogical and unreasonable and therefore *unscientific*, is that of 'the big bang' according to which the universe originated from some enormous explosion in some small agglomeration of primal matter. Where this matter came from is never explained, just as what was 'outside' the boundary occupied by this matter is never explained, except by illogical assumptions such as 'nothing was outside or could be outside since that finite matter *was* then the universe'. How this finite matter could then 'expand' into what did not exist is also not rationally explainable, and so on.

However, the fundamental problem of physics goes much deeper than modern abstract theories, and concerns what is meant by time and matter themselves, and how we represent these in order to understand them.

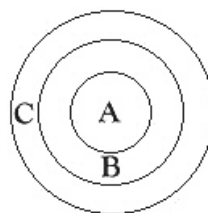
The Organic Nature of Time

An abstract four-dimensional space-time continuum does not exist because what exists is matter (and/or energy) which *changes*. There is not, nor can be, any 'external observer' which matter - such as a specific object - is at rest relative to. This means that no abstract co-ordinate system, using an abstract time, can be used to represent that matter, its motion and its changes, including its effects and/or interactions with/on other matter. This abstract system must be replaced. This further means that we must not only discard theories based on an abstract space-time continuum, but also look beyond Newtonian physics.

In essence, matter is an expression of the fundamental *change* which governs the universe. This can best be explained by defining what 'time' is. What we have hitherto called time is merely a form of this fundamental change, and this time cannot be abstracted, in discrete magnitudes, out of this flowing, continuous change. Time is properly a measure of the change of physical matter or energy, and is already implicit *in* that matter because that change is part of the nature of that matter itself.

One may visualize this by considering matter to be part of a flow, part of a continuous change rather than discrete objects existing singularly in 'space' at a certain 'time'. Such a perception of time and matter takes us back to fundamentals about matter, motion and force itself, and enables the foundations of a new understanding to be created, an understanding which can and will revolutionize physics.

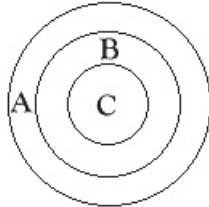
The mistake hitherto has been to assume that this fundamental change which is time is somehow separate from the matter which changes. Consider two forms of matter, one conventionally said to be 'living' and one conventionally said to be inert, or dead. The first is an acorn which roots in the ground and from which an oak tree grows. The acorn *is* the oak tree, as, in discrete linear terms of an abstract 'time', the oak tree at 1 year of age is the same oak tree at 10 and 100 years of age. However, we could represent this another way as a continuous flow of change. This, one might have:



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where a is the acorn, b the tree at a certain age, and c the tree at another more advanced age.

The second example is some sub-atomic particle a created by some experiment involving high energies and bombarding a target. This is said to have existed for t seconds before becoming two different particles b and c , which then decay into other particles after a further short period of time. What actually has occurred is that there has been a change of energy which has been observed at a specific point - that is, a is b and c , with b and c not being separate, discrete, particles but rather a after such a change. In effect, b and c have 'grown' from or out of a and are therefore its 'descendants', its change of living form. In this instance we would have:



Such a change is always organic; that is, continuous. If we view an oak tree at a certain 'time' - say on a specific day at a specific hour when that tree is 50 years old - we obtain an image or impression of that tree at that time. At another time, it will have changed, perhaps in a way we cannot observe. But because it is organic, it is continually changing because it is living - growing, or decaying. This change itself depends on other things around the tree on the soil, the climate and so on. That is, it does not live in isolation; it is itself part of a larger organism, in this case the living system which is our own planet.

An abstract time and an abstract space have distanced us from the realness of matter - physics has considered discrete, separate physical objects in isolation and then tried to work out the effects on these objects of other, discrete, separate objects., often from the viewpoint of an observer in a static 'reference frame'. The realness is that all matter is alive in the sense that all matter can and does change. Thus a so-called dead inert object, such as a lump of rock which is an asteroid in orbit round our sun, is alive because it can and does change - it is formed, or born, and it will be changed. We only view it now as inert rock because we catch a glimpse of it in *our* brief moment of time of some thousands or tens of thousands of years. But it is changing, slowly, in its own way, as such things do; it is already on the way to becoming something else. In effect, it has its own 'time' of change, of living - which is far vaster than our own. The physics we have so far evolved is the physics of our discrete time, not the real time, or change, of the living, organic, universe. As such it is mostly an inert physics, just as the technology developed from this physics is an inert technology **and not an organic, or living, technology**. No wonder we cannot yet hope to travel among the stars using this inert technology.

Basically, we cannot impose a strictly limited, and discrete, concept of an abstract 'human life' time onto what hitherto has been regarded as inorganic or inert matter, and then so classify that matter as 'dead' and, just as importantly, as unconnected with, as separate from, other matter in the universe.

This misunderstanding has led us to mistakenly posit an external frame of reference onto matter and see that matter as being 'at rest' or 'moving' relative to this frame, as it has led us to classify that matter and its changes according to a non-existent abstract time of discrete moments. Physics has therefore constructed equations which link these moments of this abstract time. Thus we have evolved an 'abstract time' technology consisting of forced links between separate, discrete, entities or objects. This inert, discrete, technology is limited in both conventional time and space, whereas an organic technology, founded upon matter as a living continuous interacting change, is not so limited.

This current technology arises from constructing crude mechanical machines from individual, discrete, components, and then trying to connect these components together in a way which 'works'. These components are themselves manufactured in an artificial way and linked together statically - without the flexibility of adaptation, mutation and change which living organisms possess.

A physics based on the organic nature of time, and which thus expressed the organic change present in all matter, would be capable of being the foundation for an organic or living technology.

A good example of an inert machine is a computer. This is constructed from discrete components, linked together, and these components and the links between them, derive mostly from electronic theory - from controlling the flow of electrons in circuits. These electrons are understood as separate, discrete, particles. The resulting machine, the computer, while remarkable in some ways compared to a bronze-age cart pulled by horses, is still primitive, inflexible, inert, unadaptable and very, very stupid. An organic computer would evolve - it would grow from something to become a computer; it would be alive and so adaptable.

In order to create this new technology, a new revolutionary physics needs to be created which does away with discrete representations and an abstract time, and which considers matter as a connected form of change. From this will arise a new understanding of materials and of how those materials can be used in a connected or organic way. The whole basis of electronics and electricity - charge and the flow of electrons - will be understood in a new light, with a new field of study arising from a realistic understanding of what charge and electricity actually are.

The first stage in creating this new physics is to examine the fundamental problem of motion, as well as matter and force itself, and this will take us back beyond Newton and Galileo to Aristotle. The next article in this series will outline this new organic approach to motion and matter.

Aristotle and the Acausal Cosmic Being

The importance of Aristotle is that he accepts Nature, and the cosmos itself, as things which can be understood, or apprehended, by our consciousness and the use of reason. Furthermore, for Aristotle, Nature is a wonderful, often beautiful, "striving-to-become" - it strives to become what is 'immortal'. That is, it strives for more order. The pursuit of understanding by the use of reason can and often does fill us with awe and joy - it inspires us, and raises us, as mortals, to a higher level. This Aristotelian striving to know by the use of reason, this Aristotelian awe and joy, form the basis of science and in the fundamental sense it is these things which make us human and civilized.

In contrast to the life-enhancing 'striving-to-become' and the joyful enquiring of Aristotle, Plato, for example, views the world and nature as imperfect and often ugly. Aristotle looks upward, toward what is immortal, while Plato looks downward from an abstract and almost lifeless 'perfection'.

Aristotle provides us with the essentials we need to begin to understand the cosmos, Nature and life itself. These essentials are: (i) that the cosmos exists independently of us and our consciousness; (ii) that our understanding of this 'external world' depends upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; (iii) that logical argument or reason, is the means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) that the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws.

The importance of these essentials needs emphasizing, for they enable us to avoid the idle speculation, the confusion and the irrational assumptions and conclusions that mark the non-scientific attempts at 'understanding'. For example, what is beyond our senses and our direct experience cannot form the basis of understanding, and is therefore irrelevant - for what is important to understanding is what is known, what is perceived by us. Using these Aristotelian essentials, we can soon appreciate some of the most important conclusions which Aristotle himself reached. These logical conclusions, based on the essentials we have accepted, form the basis of our own enquiry. They are:

(1) Since the cosmos is an order, a *changing*, which we because of our consciousness can understand, the *change*, or movement, of things in this cosmos does not have a beginning as it does not have an end. Therefore, any speculation about the 'origin' of this cosmos is idle and useless because the cosmos is eternal.

(2) This changing of the cosmos - the movement within it, its cycle of growth, decline and growth for example - is itself dependent on something. This is the timeless, or eternal, 'prime mover', or 'First Cause', which itself does not move, as measured by time. Time itself is the measure of movement - that is, time is implicit in, or is a part of, movement. Expressed another way, time is the measure of change.

(3) All life implies 'ordinary' matter plus an extra "something". Our own human life possesses more of this extra "something" than other life. Thus do we and we alone of all life that we know have 'consciousness', an awareness of our surroundings, and 'the desire to know'.

If we use slightly different terminology, we can at once understand these things better. The cause of movement itself must be a-causal, that is, "beyond the causal". The 'prime Mover' - or the being of the cosmos itself, the 'cosmic Being' - is thus acausal. Movement, and thus change, are *causal*. It is the acausal which causes, or drives, the movement of the causal, of ordinary matter. Furthermore, we can say that it is this acausal which is the extra "something" which life possesses. That is, life is a contact, or intermingling, of matter with the cosmic Being itself, with the acausal.

The science of Physics describes the ordinary matter of the cosmos and its movement, or change. This description depends on ordinary or causal time. But this is an incomplete description of the cosmos because it considers such movement in isolation, in purely causal terms, whereas the cosmos, and the matter within it, is both causal and acausal. Furthermore, the changes which Physics describes are described by an earth-derived and earth-bound causal time based on our own planetary-sun cycle of change.

What needs to be understood is that this other aspect, the acausal, can be experienced and known - that is, it exists in the physical sense, can be discovered by us, and known. It is not 'immaterial' in the sense of being 'spiritual', and neither is it unknowable in the sense that a supreme god or omnipotent being is unknowable. The best way is to consider this acausal as another type of 'matter' or change, different from ordinary matter and ordinary, causal, change as measured and understood by causal, earth-derived, time. This acausal is most evidently manifest in living things - in we ourselves, and in the aspects or life-forms of Nature.

To make this acausal real for ourselves - to fully understand it - we have to somehow discover, describe or capture and express this acausal in some physical way. We must find some means of describing the changes of this 'acausal matter' in terms of 'acausal time'. For this, the mathematical descriptions used by Physics to describe the changes of ordinary matter will not do because such descriptions describe such changes in terms of causal time, even when non-Euclidean geometry is used.

One way of capturing the acausal is to develop a truly *organic* technology - that is, to create *living* machines from organic material. Such an organic technology would be totally different from the current concern with "molecular electronics" and "nanotechnology" because these concerns still depend on manufactured, discrete and dead electronic components which themselves are based on descriptions of causal matter using causal time. Electronics, for example, is a means of describing the changes of a particular type of causal matter - electrons - over causal time, and enables components and circuits to be built to alter and control the flow of electrons. Thus, for example, using organic 'molecules' to store data is not a genuine organic technology, because: (i) such molecules are manufactured to do one or two specific, inert, tasks; (ii) such molecules are not basically alive as independent changing organisms - that is, not possessed of the acausal; and (iii) they would still be somehow connected to, and dependent upon, electronic components. A truly organic technology uses one type of acausal matter, living matter, and its changes, or growth, in a living way to produce an organic machine made entirely of organic matter, with no dead, discrete, manufactured components - electronic or otherwise. We ourselves would interact with, or control these organic machines in a living way, for example by using our "thoughts" (via "biofeedback" or something more sophisticated) or a living symbiotic relationship, such as the relationship of a hunting man with his well-trained hunting dog. In either case, the parameters of change, of control, of such organic machines would be natural or living ones determined by the acausal, or living, changes of that organic machine - rather than determined by causal, inert, matter such as an electronic, electrical or mechanical circuit. In the example of the hunting dog, the parameter of control is the relationship which exists between the dog and its master. Such a truly organic technology would enable us, for instance, to build or create an organic space-ship capable of traveling between the stars, with this ship being a living, existing, being, capable of living or

existing in interstellar space, and having some kind of symbiotic relationship with its crew or its controller.

However, to create this technology it is necessary for us to understand the basics of acausal matter and acausal change, and to do this we need to develop a new Physics - and if necessary a new mathematics - to describe such things. Before even this can be done, we need to understand what acausal matter itself is, and how to describe its change, as acausal time - that is, we need to know exactly what both causal and acausal matter are, and what both causal and acausal movement or change mean.

Causal Matter and Causal Time:

The description of causal, or ordinary, matter and its movement or change involves the use of a *frame of reference*, or geometrical co-ordinate system, whether this be an absolute one, as posited by Newton, or a relative one, as posited by modern Physics. Space is defined by this frame of reference - for space, in the physical sense, is said to exist between two objects, or points, which are themselves described by fixed co-ordinates of a frame of reference. Space is simply 'extension'. In this simple sense, causal time is the duration between the movement of an object, measured from some starting point in a frame of reference, to the measured end of that movement in the same frame of reference.

The notions of 'force' and 'energy' are used to describe changes which an object or objects can undergo, and such changes are dependent on the mass, velocity (or movement), rate of change of velocity and the distance of movement of the object or the other object(s) which affect or cause an object to so change. Force, and energy, are basically expressions of the changes of causal matter over causal time.

Modern physics assumes these things - force, space and time - exist, of themselves. That is, that *space* exists and that a particular force, for example the gravitational force due to a massive object, exists in the space around that massive object.

Whatever the reality of such concepts in actual, cosmic, terms, they have hitherto proved useful in describing the motion and behaviour of observed and observable physical matter, as they have provided a basic understanding of the known physical cosmos. So long as such concepts are based on what is known and observed, so long as they are rational, and so long as the observed reality confirms them and their logically deduced consequences, then they are valuable. They cease to be valuable when they are not based on what is known and observed, when they cease to be rational, or when there is no observed or known reality to confirm or contradict them and the speculations derived from them.

In the overall, cosmic sense, the Physics of causal matter, and the laws which form the basis of this Physics, should be considered to be a special, or limiting, case of the living or organic cosmos described by the laws and processes and concepts of acausal matter and acausal time. That is, the laws, process and concepts of acausal matter and acausal time should also describe, as a special case, the laws, processes and concepts of known physical matter. The new Physics of acausal matter and acausal time should reduce to the old Physics of ordinary matter when the conditions for such ordinary matter apply.

Acausal Matter and Acausal Time:

Acausal matter is ordinary matter plus an extra "acausal something" - rather like a charged particle is ordinary matter plus the extra "causal something" of charge. For the present, and for convenience, we shall call this extra "acausal something", acausal charge.

The basic properties of acausal matter are:

(1) An acausal object, or mass, can change without any external force acting upon it - that is, the change is implicit *in* that acausal matter. by virtue of its inherent acausal charge.

(2) The rate of change of an acausal object, or mass, is proportional to its acausal charge.

(3) The change of an acausal object can continue until all its acausal charge has been dissipated.

(4) Acausal charge is always conserved.

(5) An acausal object, or mass, is acted upon by all other acausal matter in the cosmos.

(6) Each acausal object in the physical cosmos attracts or repels every other acausal object in the physical cosmos with a magnitude which is proportional to the product of the acausal charges of those objects, and inversely proportional to the distance between them as measured in causal space.

Acausal time is implicit in acausal matter, because space, as such, does not exist for acausal matter - that is, such acausal matter cannot be described by a frame of reference in causal space. Separation, in the sense of physical space measured by moments of causal time or a duration of causal time, does not exist for acausal matter because such a separation implies causal time itself. Hence the principle that an acausal object or mass is acted upon by all other matter in the cosmos because all such matter can be considered to be 'joined together' - to be part of an indivisible whole. In the abstract and illustrative sense, we could say that all acausal matter exists in the physical world described by causal space and causal time *as well as existing simultaneously in a different continuum described by acausal space and acausal time*. with this 'acausal space' incapable of being described in terms of conventional physical space, either Euclidean or non-Euclidean. This 'acausal space' and this 'acausal time' are manifested by, and described by, acausal charge itself - that is, by the extra property which acausal matter possesses because it is acausal.

The properties of acausal matter, enumerated above, form the basis for the new Physics which describes acausal matter and its changes, and it is no coincidence that many of them express, for acausal charge, what the ordinary Physics expresses for ordinary matter and electric charge, since the acausal charge is what makes any matter which possesses it alive or organic - a living, changing, organism. When this acausal charge leaves or is dissipated away from an acausal object, then that object becomes ordinary physical matter, obeying the laws of ordinary Physics. Such matter is then 'inert' or 'dead'.

Furthermore, these basic properties of acausal matter enable us to really begin to understand, for the first time, the real nature of the cosmos, as they can show us the way toward developing a truly organic technology and an *organic medicine* capable of replacing the rather lifeless, primitive and often damaging medicine of the present which relies on traumatic surgery and drugs.

Life and the Acausal Charge

Life implies the following seven attributes - a living organism respire; it moves; it grows or changes; it excretes waste; it is sensitive to, or aware of, its environment; it can reproduce itself, and it can nourish itself.

The acausal charge or charges which a living organism possesses is what causes or provokes the physical and chemical changes in an object so that it exhibits the above attributes. For instance, a living cell could not be made from its molecular constituent parts and then be expected to suddenly become 'alive'. The process of life occurs only when acausal charges are present *in addition* to the ordinary matter (of elements, molecules and so on) which make up the substance of an organism.

An organism - something which is alive - obeys the ordinary laws of physics (with one known exception) but is also subject to the laws which govern acausal matter. Ordinary matter, or a dead once living organism, does not obey the laws which govern such acausal matter. The one known exception is the second law of thermodynamics - a living organism represents an increase in order: a re-structuring of physical matter in a more ordered way. This change toward more order may be said to be 'powered' or caused by the acausal energy of acausal charges. The causal energy

changes in organisms, which can be described by ordinary chemical reactions between elements and molecules - that is, in terms of chemical energy - are produced or caused by acausal charges. In effect, such chemical reactions are one of the physical manifestations of acausal charges in the causal continuum. Being 'alive' means ordinary physical matter is re-organized, or changed, in a more ordered way. A living organism possesses the capacity, by virtue of its acausal charges, to create order, to *synthesize* order from the less ordered physical world. Life implies an increase in order in the causal continuum.

Detecting Acausal Charges

The acausal charges which organisms possess by virtue of being organisms should be capable of being physically detected. That is, they should be capable of being observed, by us, and should be capable of being measured quantitatively using some measuring device devised for such a purpose. Following such detection and measurement, observations of the behaviour of such acausal charges could be made. Such observations would then form the basis for theories describing the nature and the laws of such charges. The result would then be the construction of organic machines and equipment, following the invention of basic "machines" to generate, or produce, moving acausal charges.

A useful comparison to aid the understanding of such a process of discovery, measurement and theory, exists in the history of electricity. Static electricity was known for many centuries, but not understood until the concept of positive and negative charges was postulated. Later, instruments such as the gold-leaf electroscope were invented for detecting and measuring such charges. Other instruments, such as frictional machines and the Leyden jar, were invented for producing and accumulating, or storing, electric charges, and producing small 'galvanic currents' or electricity. Then the great experimental scientist Faraday showed that 'galvanic currents', magnetism and static charges were all related, and produced what we now call an electro-magnetic generator to produce electricity. From such simple experimental beginnings, our world has been transformed by machines and equipment using electricity, and by the electronics which has developed from electricity.

It is obvious that acausal charges cannot be detected by equipment based on electricity - for example connecting a living organism (such as a plant) to some equipment designed to detect or measure electrical charge, either static or moving, or electrical resistance or whatever. Some changes in, for example electrical resistance, *may* be measured when such an organism is connected to equipment designed to measure electrical resistance, and when that organism undergoes some sort of change, but it is some physical physiological or chemical change which is being observed not the acausal change caused by acausal charge. To detect acausal charge and thus some acausal change something acausal has to be used. This means that to detect acausal charge something alive - some *organism* or organisms - has to be used, and the change in that detecting organism somehow observed on the physical level, Perhaps after that detecting organism has undergone some physical or chemical change as a result of 'detecting' an acausal charge or charges.

Thus, to establish the new "organic science" - and to develop the fundamental laws of the Physics of this new science - practical experiments need to be conducted and observations made. It is such practical experiments - at first to detect and measure the basic acausal charge - which are the next step forward.

49.

The Question Of Being

Anton Long, 1977ev. ONA.

In order to understand the nature of man's being, and to arrive at an understanding of being itself, it is necessary to consider what constitutes, as a mode or modes of being, an individual, since in the fact of individuality one has an appropriate and indisputable ground from which to proceed.

The two fundamental modes of being which characterize man in his individuality are interpreted consciousness and primordial consciousness, the latter being understood as the unconscious in the sense of Jung (1). This unconscious can be characterized by causality, the conscious by causality - thought, the prime signification of causality, stands, ontologically opposed to the being that is acausality. The mathematical, which ontologically expresses thought (2) and whose signification is abstraction, restores, through its intuitive ground in the symbol, the priority of the question of being because the symbol is the prime signification of the acausal for that mode of being which is man, and is prior to the 'house of being' (3) that is language. One kind of symbol which explicates man's mode of being, is the work of Art. Yet the symbol is both abstraction and archetype - abstraction, because of the intuitive grounding of the mathematical, and archetype because primordial consciousness is constellated for and by the perception of the consciousness since individuality reveals itself to the world as a joining, in varying degrees, of primordial and consciousness.

What characterizes man's being is the predominance of interpreted consciousness: man is, and only for man is Being an issue (4). In respect of others, an individual in a unique orientation of interpreted, pre-conscious (5) and primordial consciousness - if the orientation is predominantly toward and conditioned by others, then such an individual is, psychologically - from the horizon of causality - extraverted; if the orientation is predominately inward, toward the pre-consciousness and primordial, the individual is introverted. The former is characterized, ontologically - from the horizon of acausality - and not psychologically, as inauthentic existence, since authentic existence is a striving toward interpreting what is pre-conscious and primordial. Individuation (6), the completion of this striving, is an authentic hermeneutic and involves the objectification of impersonal images by returning the archetype to the ground of its abstract. Individuation, is, ontologically, the synthesis of the orientations of extraversion and introversion characterized by a striving for interpretation, and consequently such an interpretation, to manifest the temporality of man's being, must in its authentic form be mathematical, grounded in the intuitive symbol. Only when the symbol is grounded in the essence of man's being and projected abstractly can it, mathematically, explicate being: the mathematical abstract, as a logical parallel to Descartes' cogito, cannot do this until the mathematical returns to its ground, and this return is pre-figured in individuation and expressed in the objectification of the primordial by which means Being is made manifest according to temporality. Language, alone, cannot accomplish this task - and any method requiring for its basis language (such as phenomenology) can never complete the work of understanding Being: it can pose the question, confine it to certain limits, but it cannot solve that question.

The interpreting implicit in authenticity, is the making, from what has become conscious, of the mathematical, and such making or re-interpreting, is authentic only in so far as the mathematical is itself grounded in the symbol. What passes for the mathematical - when it is grounded solely in the abstract - is, ontologically, not mathematical and is thus inauthentic. Any edifice (such as physics) built on such inauthentic foundations must be demolished and re-built authentically, starting from the re-grounding of the mathematical. What cannot be re-built in this manner must remain unbuilt, since only by re-building and living according to that re-building is it possible for man to live authentically. Such a task as this is the task of thinking.

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This re-grounding of the mathematical must take the form of an examination of the 'foundations of mathematics', since only by the process of this preliminary examination will it be possible to explicate the meaning of an individual and to being the task of questioning Being.

a) Symbol and Abstract as a Ground to man's being:

A symbol exists, and exists primordially, because man's being is an issue for man, that is, because of being. Thought as a consequence of man's existence in the world, becomes thought.

- Order of Nine Angles -

50.

The Lands Of The Dark Immortals

There are many legends associated with the Lands of the Dark Immortals, a 'place' known by many names throughout the history of the Sinister Tradition - one of those names being the 'Avalon' of Arthurian legend. However, the majority of accounts concerning Avalon are romantic distortions; what is generally evoked is the mystical, Nazarene inspired dwelling of aetherial Entities the souls of warriors at peace. Such an account is a favourite amongst those who call themselves 'wiccans' and 'new age pagans' - such people reveal a fundamental lack of understanding regarding the ethos of the West.

The philosophies of life of the early folk of the West - those of Albion, the Vikings, the Franks, the Angles, the Romans and the Ancient Greeks - were not born from the Eastern religion of a strange desert god whose attitudes towards death concerned an afterlife spent in either eternal peace or eternal damnation, but from those things that shaped their own lives, things that were indigenous to their own culture. The ethos of the Warrior was an integral and 'positive' factor in the lives of the Western people: it epitomised all those qualities that were noble, honourable. The reality of war was not subject to liberal, moralistic ideals and aims, such as the achievement of cultural harmony and world peace; it was an expression of their lives as a necessary way of preserving - and spreading - their ethos. It was a pride in identity. War was a creative act - in esoteric terms, it was the greatest act of sacrifice. Pagan character was one shaped by a sometimes tragic acceptance of wyrd, but one that knew the realities of struggle and thrived on them. To such folk the concept of everlasting peace was an alien one. Instead, the spirit of departed Warriors remained with the folk and added to the continuing dialectic - that spirit had become part of the ethos itself. Essentially, the racial ethos continued after the death of individuals. This perhaps may be best expressed by a quotation from a fragment of an Ancient Greek poem:

"Noble and glorious is he who fights
For his folk and family against the foe.
Since death comes when chosen by Fate -
Bringing to an end the thread of life -
Go forward with spear held high and shields shielding brave hearts
When battle is joined:
There is no flight from death, for that Destiny comes to all mortals
Even they claiming descent from the gods.
Many from the battle fury of roaring javelins have fled their
home -
But even there, their fate of death awaits:
And they die unloved and unmourned by their folk
While both the high and the low born lament for the brave.
All of a community weep for the courageous, who die:
And if they live, they are hailed like a god,
Exalted by those who behold them
For the deeds of the many, they did alone."
[Kallinos.]

This early awareness gave birth to the search for the methods with which to create an actual acausal existence. In the Sinister Tradition, the Lands of the Dark Immortals did not signify a complete disembodiment from the community, but a continuing relationship within the evolution of the race. The understanding of this interactive relationship between the causal and acausal has become progressively more obscured by the projection of abstract ideas onto the essence of things - as much so in the occult world as anywhere else - and it is this intuitive understanding that genuine Magick can reclaim. It must also be remembered, that entrance into the Lands was not for all, but for the Elite - those who by virtue of living, had progressively created by their deeds, an

acausal existence. Such people were the Warriors, whose acts changed the Destiny of an entire folk. As the spirit which imbued this way of living declined, other techniques were sought.

At this point in history, it is only within the continual evolving esoteric teachings of the Sinister Tradition that the acausal and the creation of an acausal existence is given greater conscious expression. In the past a few Adepts - and the occasional notorious individual interested in dark sorcery - tried to secure for themselves an acausal existence by dark rites of sacrifice, and as a result dark legends arose. But such means are not really necessary.

Before describing what is necessary, a brief examination of existence within the Lands of the Dark Immortals will be in order. According to Tradition, we as individuals possessed of consciousness have both a causal and an acausal aspect to that consciousness. The acausal is latent (or mostly so) and magickal Initiation awakens it - opening a gate or nexion to the acausal. This allows the acausal to be apprehended (usually via a symbolism such as the septenary Tree of Wyrd) and acausal energies to be used/directed (i.e. 'magick'). The result is an expansion of consciousness (or viewed another way, the progression of the individual into the acausal) - a balance of causal/acausal being achieved in 'the Abyss'. Beyond this, because of the balance so attained, it is possible to transcend to the acausal - to create an acausal existence when the causal ceases (ie. physical death).

The acausal is not however, a "dreamy realm" or some kind of Nirvana/heaven. It is rather, the very essence of Being - beyond opposites, primal Chaos. Nirvana and such like are abstract moral forms - ie. they are "unbalanced" since they lack darkness, the sinister, the negative... [Nirvana and such like are usually described in terms only of 'light'.] The acausal is the realm of the Dark Gods - and these beings are not imaginative symbols for the titillation of consciousness, nor simply a part of the psyche, to be transcended or negated or whatever by 'forces of light'. Rather, they exist independent of our consciousness [yet such is the nature of the acausal that they are also part of what is dormant within us] and while they may be accessed (or 'dis-covered') by consciousness and thus presented in the causal (on Earth) their actual intrusion would totally disrupt sentient life in the causal - like the meeting of matter and anti-matter. [Note: Some of these aspects are depicted by The Sinister Tarot.] Sinister magick (of the aeonic and internal kind) may be said to be like a machine or engine where containment of opposites is possible and controllable under certain conditions. [In simple terms, sinister aeonic magick contains the flow of the acausal into a temporal form - usually an aeon and its associated civilization - via a nexion/magickal centre to thus over thousands of years increase the amount of the acausal that is presented, increasing thus evolution in individuals in accordance with sinister goals. Such is one of the forms of real Black Magick.] The nature of acausal existence may be apprehended by individuals by certain sinister rites such as those of the Nine Angles (qv. *The Black Book of Satan III*). To achieve an individual acausal existence, the sinister path must be followed, from Initiate to Internal Adept to Master/Mistress and beyond because this following of such a path in the way indicated (qv. *Naos* and Black Books) creates acausal consciousness in the individual over causal time. The Grade Ritual of Grand Master/G. Mistress makes the Adept more acausal than causal. Beyond this is a simple ritual (the solo Nine Angles rite done by the Grand Master/G. Mistress) when consciousness is transferred beyond the nexion opened/created by the previous Grade Ritual. Immortality - the final stage of the way is then achieved, followed then or shortly thereafter by causal death, although consciousness can be transferred to inhabit another causal body - this is not usually done as wyrd is achieved. Simple, really, although this alchemical process takes about 25 years. By virtue of the nexion, the new Immortal alters the temporal structure of the world, usually for an Aeon.

Now the secret of the Lands of the Dark Immortals is revealed, the possibility is open to all. But it is doubtful if more than one or two a century will try, such is human weakness.

5I.

A Note On 'Seven'

ONA 1997 eh

For the West, the cosmos has always been apprehended as a division of seven fundamental vibrations - a concept which originated from Albion. Throughout the ages, this division has been symbolised by various forms: stars, trees, metals - and planets. The forms so chosen are, for the most part, used in a *symbolic* sense, rather than a literal one. Thus, with regard to the planets, those ascribed to the spheres of the **Tree of Wyrd** as used within the Septenary System [or 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'; Traditional Satanism, and so on] are used purely as symbols to represent the seven fundamental forces of the cosmos, rather than there being forces literally ascribed to the planets themselves, or the planets somehow creating those forces.

Thus, that there were at one time only seven observable planets, did not influence the concept of the 'cosmic seven'; rather, because seven planets were known to exist, they were conveniently ascribed as symbols representing the already existing seven vibrations. The fact that other planets have since been observed is irrelevant, since - those other planets do not change what actually exists - the seven - and are not important esoterically, since the planets are used only in a symbolic sense.

Of course, this is not to say that the planets and the constellations do not signify 'effects' in the esoteric sense, but within a magickal ritual, the usual 'grimoire' type approach to their contribution produces perceived results so small as to be negligible [and what may exist - fairly negligible in itself - is not recognised because something else is anticipated.

With regard to the constellations, an understanding of their significance within the workings of the cosmos requires a particular type of living few will undertake today - and that living may span over several 'alchemical seasons' (many years). In both cases, the Adept must discover, for themselves, by practical living, the reality of these natural forms - as entirely separate from their traditional use as abstract symbols throughout history.

A form such as astrology approaches nature via an understanding confined within symbolism; magick uses symbolism as a means towards a unified understanding, the symbolism [and this includes such forms as the Tree of Wyrd] being discarded once the cosmos is apprehended as it is, devoid of projections. As always stressed, this apprehension can only ever be created by an alchemical way of living, as enshrined by the practical ordeals of the Seven Fold-Way.

52.

Adeptship - Its Real Meaning And Significance

Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a 'Special Forces' unit (such as the British SAS). I shall explain why this is so, but first will describe what genuine Adeptship is.

An Adept is an individual who has undertaken an Occult quest and who has, as a result of that quest, the following abilities/attributes: a) a real understanding of esoteric, Occult matters, and a deep esoteric knowledge/insight; b) esoteric skills - chief of which is empathy: with both natural and 'Occult' forces/energies. An important aspect of this empathy [an intuitive understanding of things as those things are in their essence] is with living beings and that species mis-named Homo Sapiens Sapiens; c) a unique character - formed via experience; d) a unique 'philosophy of life' attained via self-discovery and self-experience ~ by finding answers unaided.

Adeptship results from a transformation - a transmutation of the individual. This begins at Initiation, whether that be ceremonial or hermetic [i.e. as part of a group or alone]. It is an internal alchemical process of change and occurs on all levels - the psychic, the magickal, the intellectual, the psychological and the physical. It is the birth of a new individual who has skills, knowledge, understanding and judgement not possessed by the majority.

The changes themselves arise from a synthesis - there is an evolution of the individual and their consciousness because of a successful response to a challenge. Or rather, because of a series of such successful responses over a period of some years. In essence, the Initiate undertakes a challenge, strives to achieve a certain goal, and if successful, grows in character, maturity, knowledge, esoteric skill and so on. They then move on to new challenges, until the process is complete and Adeptship attained. The challenges themselves occur on all the levels mentioned above - i.e. the psychic, the magickal (or Occult), the intellectual, the psychological and the physical.

Quintessentially, the path to Adeptship is a quest which involves ordeals, the achievement of goals and so on. Furthermore, the quest is **individual** and involves experiences in the real world: not just 'in the head' or of a 'magickal' nature. By its nature it is solitary - it involves the individual overcoming the challenges, undertaking the ordeals, alone. If certain ordeals and challenges and experiences are not undertaken - and if all of them are not done alone - then there is no real achievement and thus no genuine Adeptship.

The nature of the experiences, challenges and ordeals which are necessary, and the fact that they all must be done alone and unaided, makes Adeptship difficult to attain, and is the reason why real Adepts are rare, although there are many who claim the achievement.

Returning to the example mentioned above - that is, real Adeptship is more difficult to attain than being selected for and successfully training with a Special Forces unit. The selection procedures for such a Unit are tough, and the training likewise. But the individual undergoing them has a definite, concrete goal - and that individual is with others: there is a comradeship, a desire not to 'lose face' in front of others. Also, the individual is in a definite environment - usually a training camp with Instructors and other members of the Unit. There is a 'tradition' with its special signs: a uniform, a beret, an insignia. And everyday concerns - food, shelter etc. ~ are taken care of.* In contrast, the goal of Adeptship is mostly intangible: it seems 'magickal' and Occult; part of another world. Further, the Initiate is on their own and still lives, for the most part, in the 'real world' - they have responsibility to clothe and feed themselves (at the very least) and find or have some shelter.

[*Except, of course, during training exercises of the survival kind - but these are limited, in time and space, and part of 'the course' which is real and known.]

But there is more. The **physical** challenges alone which an aspirant Adept must undertake are, in fact, more difficult, more tough, than those used by any Special Forces unit. They are more testing, more selective. Only the strongest, the most determined, survive them. Add to these physical challenges the many others that are required - intellectual, magickal, psychological and so on - and it is easy to understand why Adepts (or genuine ones at least) are so rare, and why they are part of an elite.

Of course, there are many - in fact, most - who call themselves Occultists of whatever Path or none, who maintain that such things are not required for Adeptship to be achieved.[I shall describe in detail the actual challenges themselves, shortly.]

These Occultists maintain that Adeptship is actually one or more of the following: (a) amassing a great amount of what passes for 'esoteric knowledge' by, for example, reading a lot of books and magazines, and by attending various meetings/discussions/conferences/participating in "Magic(k)al" forays; (b) being given the title 'Adept' by either (i) someone else for services rendered or whatever, or (ii)undertaking a self-written/published "Rite" after which one congratulates oneself and uses the title Adept; (c) achieving an "enlightenment" during some ceremony/working/ritual/discussion/induced stupor/trance/communication with a supra-personal entity/extra~terrestrial intelligence; (d) being "chosen" by someone/some entity/some extra-terrestrial intelligence; (e) hanging around the Occult scene for so long that one feels entitled to call oneself an Adept.

All of these are merely delusions of attainment. I do not expect this article to shatter the delusions and illusions of the deluded - for they need them, and the false Adepts will continue to fantasize about their achievement just as many individuals will continue to fantasize about belonging to or having belonged to, various Special Forces units. What this article will do, is to present the real meaning and significance of Adeptship in a way which is not open to misinterpretation: to reveal, for once and for all, the illusions of Occultists for what they are, and thus what is really necessary for genuine Adeptship.

Among the challenges an Adept has successfully undertaken, are the following:

1) Several physical (and mental) goals of which the minimum standards are (a) walking 32 miles carrying a pack weighing not less than 30lbs in under 7 hours over difficult hilly terrain; (b) running 20 miles in less than 2 hours over fell-like/mountainous terrain; (c)cycling not less than 200 miles in 12 hours. 2) Having organized and run for not less than six months, a magickal/Occult group/coven/Temple of not less than seven people and performed ceremonial and hermetic rituals regularly.

3) Having found and loved (and probably lost) at least one 'magickal companion' and worked with them in a magickal and personal way over a period of many months. 4) Having attained an understanding and mastery of esoteric magick - external and internal - via practical workings over a concentrated period of time lasting at least two years. And, following this, have begun to understand what is beyond external and internal magick - i.e. Aeonick magick and processes.

5) Having experienced in real-life situations, danger involving one's possible death.

6) Having faced many and severe dilemmas of a personal and 'moral' nature the resolution of which required a choice and which consequently brought a maturity of outlook and a sadness.

7) Having spent at least three months living totally alone in an isolated area without talking to anyone and without any modern comforts and distractions. 8) Having developed one's intellect by mastering a complex and abstract subject hitherto foreign to one: e.g. advanced mathematics, The Star Game; symbolic Logic.

Show me someone who has not done the above (or very similar things) alone and who claims to be an Adept, and I will show you a liar - be that liar aware of the lie, or unaware of it. For too long, the intentional and unintentional liars have had no one to challenge them - and their characterless version of 'Adeptship' or 'Adepthood'.

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All the challenges enumerated above breed character. They are formative; they create the Adept. And those mentioned are only some of the challenges an Initiate must successfully experience and triumph over ~ there are many more.

There is no easy way, no easy path, to Adeptship. The journey takes years, and involves self-effort, self-discovery, unaided. It involves triumphs, and mistakes - and learning from one's mistakes. But perhaps most of all it involves a commitment and a learning from practical experience.

However, it should be remembered that Adeptship is not the end of the quest. There are stages beyond, which require even more difficult and dangerous experiences - which need even more self-honesty. For, conventionally, Adeptship is only half-way between Initiation and the ultimate goal, sometimes described as the gateway to immortality.

As with Adeptship, there are many who claim to have been to the stages beyond Adeptship - who claim to be 'Masters' or Grand Masters, or even the stage beyond! Like most 'Adepts', these are liars, both intentional and unintentional, and they will be exposed in another iconoclastic article.

Anton Long ONA 1992 eh

- Order of Nine Angles -

Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction

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I - Causal and Acausal

An aeon is the term used to describe a stage or a type of evolution. Evolution itself is taken to result from a certain specific process - and this process can be described, or explained [or 're-presented'] via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes over or through or because of, 'time' - this 'time' having two components. These two components are the causal and the acausal.

More exactly, the cosmos itself can be described or explained or re-presented by acausal and causal space-time. Causal space-time is 4-dimensional: there are 3 spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and 1 time dimension, this time dimension being linear and unidirectional. That is, causal time 'flows' in one direction only from past to present to future. Causal time is defined by this one-way flow and by the moments which are used to mark the changes in this flow. [In effect, causal space-time is the 'everyday' physical world we live in and can perceive by our physical senses. It is the world described by the laws of Physics.] Acausal space-time has n spatial dimensions [where n is at present undefined but is greater than 3 and less than infinity] and acausal time dimensions. The spatial dimensions of acausal space are not at right angles to each other. Further, acausal time is not unidirectional - it can flow in any direction - and it is not linear: that is, it has more than one component. In effect, acausal time (unlike causal time) has more than one time-dimension.

The acausal and the causal can be considered as two different 'universes'. The causal universe contains physical matter - that is, varying types of physical energy. We are familiar with the various forms of this physical matter - stars, planets, the rocks and elements forming the planets. The acausal universe likewise contains matter - acausal matter or energy. This acausal energy and its changes in acausal space-time can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and a representation of acausal time. At present, we are mostly unfamiliar with the types of acausal energy. However, the acausal universe intersects or manifests in the causal universe at specific places - that is, a particular type of acausal energy is present in the causal universe at these places. These places are life-forms or living organisms. That is, a living organism is a region of the cosmos where the fabric of causal space-time and the fabric of acausal space-time meet or 'intersect'. The more evolved, the more complex, the life-form or organism, the greater this intersection.

Thus, living organisms result from a specific type of acausal energy 'flowing' into the causal universe - in effect, this acausal energy changes the structure of causal space-time. The greater the acausal energy, the more evolved, the more complex the organism. The physical death of an organism is when this energy flow ceases - the organism then becomes just inert, physical matter. Death means that the connection between the causal and the acausal is severed at the localized place of intersection.

Our own sentient life - the most advanced and complex living organism we know at present - is therefore the largest intersection of these two universes. We access more of this specific acausal energy than any other organism we know. In effect, each individual is a nexion - that is, a connection or nexus between the two universes. Our consciousness means that we possess the latent ability to directly access the acausal.

Aeons, Civilizations and Archetypes:

An aeon is a manifestation, in the causal, of a particular type of acausal energy. This energy re-orders, or changes, the causal. These changes have certain limits - in both causal space and causal time. That is, they have a specific beginning and a specific end. A civilization (or rather, a higher or aeonic-civilization) is how this energy becomes ordered or manifests itself in the causal: how this energy is revealed. A civilization represents the practical changes which this energy causes in the

causal - in terms of the effect such energy has on individuals and this planet. A civilization is tied to, is born from, a particular aeon. By the nature of this energy, a civilization is an evolution of life - a move toward a more complex, and thus more conscious, existence. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree - in this case, the surface of the soil is the boundary between the causal (above the soil) and the acausal (below or in the soil). The roots of the tree are thus in the acausal [and here represent acausal energy] and the trunk and branches are in the causal. The civilization is the trunk of the tree, and the aeon is represented by the roots - they 'drive' or make the growth and thus determine the shape and health of the tree. The societies that make up a particular civilization are the branches of the tree, and the individuals who make up the societies are the small twigs and the leaves of the tree.

Aeons, civilizations and individuals are examples of organisms. They are all created, or are born; they all grow and change; and they all at some time die. They all occupy a finite space over a finite span of time. They all undergo metamorphosis or change. They all possess an organic structure of change. This structure - for aeons, civilizations and individuals - is of a similar type, and it can be studied and thus understood. That is, various 'models' can be developed to describe this structure and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is the practical manifestation of a particular aeon, and an individual is an aspect, or part of, a particular civilization or a particular culture. A culture represents the various stages below that of a civilization - cultures are also an evolutionary development, a coming-together of individuals which enables more of the acausal to be 'accessed' and which thus produces changes for those individuals. A civilization, however, represents a much higher stage of development - a conscious awareness. Here we are only concerned with civilizations and the individuals associated with civilizations - for the simple reason that compared to civilizations, cultures and the peoples associated with them, are relatively insignificant in evolutionary terms: cultures are the evolutionary forms which pre-date civilization. The reality is that civilization, and thus aeons, are the first significant manifestations of individual consciousness and thus creativity.

All the individuals associated with a particular civilization - unless and until they attain a specific degree of self-awareness [variously called 'individuation' and 'Adeptship']- are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from - is determined by - the civilization and thus the aeon. In practical terms, the psyche is a manifestation of the acausal energy that creates/created the civilization. Archetypes (in the Jungian sense) are one aspect of the psyche - that is, archetypes are expressions of the acausal energy which a particular civilization represents.

This acausal energy determines and/or influences the actions and behaviour of the individuals of the civilization. That is, for the majority of individuals, their Destiny is that of the civilization itself - they do not possess a unique Destiny of their own. Only those individuals who have achieved the stage of evolutionary development which individuation/Adeptship represents have a unique Destiny, because only these individuals have freed themselves from the mostly unconscious influences and constraints which the psyche imposes. In terms of the inexact oak tree analogy, an individual with a unique Destiny is a seed or acorn which breaks free of the tree and can begin a new life as a sapling - if it survives.

The energies which a particular aeon and civilization represent are unique to that aeon and its associated civilization. That is, each civilization and aeon has its own unique, separate identity: its own ethos. Each civilization represents a stage of evolution, a step forward in the process of evolution itself. This means that each civilization has unique archetypes and that these archetypes are born with that civilization, grow with that civilization and die with that civilization - they possess no life beyond the confines of that civilization or aeon.

An aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time - a civilization lasts around 1,500 years. That is, it takes several centuries for the energies of a particular aeon, already presencing or 'flowing' to Earth from the acausal, to produce practical, visible and significant changes: to re-order the causal in a specific geographical region. An aeon is linked to a specific geographical area - and there is a place, or centre or 'nexion' where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because of how the type of acausal energy which creates a civilization works. Fundamentally, an aeon is an actual physical presencing, on Earth, of a particular type of acausal energy. Generally, this centre acquires a religious or cult significance in the centuries before and the centuries following the emergence of the civilization associated with the particular aeon whose energies are most manifest at that centre. In general, in the early stages of a civilization, the acausal energy is apprehended in a particular archetypal or mythological way which is unique to that civilization.

The list in *Table I* describes the energy associated with a particular civilization - although it should be understood that such descriptions, in terms of 'ethos' and such things, are merely inaccurate guides to the type of energy. Such things as 'ethos' are how the individuals within a particular civilization apprehend such energy. This apprehension is both causal and acausal - in inexact terms, both rational and intuitive. This ethos, like a civilization, grows and changes; i.e. it evolves, while retaining the same inner essence.

The four civilizations listed in *Table I* are the higher or aeonic civilizations - i.e. those which

have changed/shaped our conscious evolution. Four other civilizations have existed [the Egyptian; the Indic; the Sinic and the Japanese] but they (a) have not contributed significantly to such evolution (i.e. they lack large-scale creativity) and (b) they are related to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an aeonic civilization are: (1) it possesses a distinctive ethos [note: an ethos is not a 'religion' - rather, it is a particular and original "outlook on the world" and a particular way of living]; (2) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from a social challenge such as the disintegration of another nearby civilization]; and (3) it is creative and noble on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the insights of both Toynbee and Spengler are interesting - forming the basis for further analysis and extension. Basically, Spengler expressed the organic nature of a civilization (although he did not fully and accurately define what a civilization is) while Toynbee provided an historical formulation for the formative changes a civilization undergoes (such things as a 'Time of Troubles' and a Universal State or Imperium) and a useful definition of civilization (in terms of being a response to a physical or social challenge). Cliology, although based on these insights, does not depend on the minute details inherent in their work; rather, what is essential is extracted and used as a foundation to build another more far-reaching model.

The mechanisms by which civilizations have hitherto affected evolution is that of 'creative/heroic' individuals. Most of these individuals are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act or to express that ethos by their living. Hitherto, few individuals in any civilization have reached the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence (mostly unconscious) of the civilization's ethos or wyrd. Of course, there are many who now believe they have done this - as there have been some individuals who believed this in the past; but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is one of the primary aims of genuine esoteric arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious evolution and thus personal development, where they become free of such influence - i.e. for individuals to achieve a uniqueness of identity, a personal wyrd. This development requires the cultivation of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason - and for this cultivation to be achieved it is necessary for individuals to know and understand how and why things like civilizations and aeons are as they are. What I have called 'cliology' is an expression of such understanding, and as such a study and understanding of cliology [the science of aeons and the study of the acausal] aids conscious development, thus making Adeptship/individuation possible and enabling aeonic magick.

The pattern which each and every civilization follows can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for both an aeon and an individual. This symbolism enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification - a rational insight into and thus understanding of the patterns and processes themselves. Secondly, it significantly develops an already existing mental faculty and creates a new one - the ability to reason in abstract symbols, and the ability to reason in numinous symbols.

The ability to reason in abstract symbols basically describes mathematics (and thus the laws of Physics which are best expressed in mathematical form). Cliology extends the intellectual faculty which mathematics encourages and develops by creating an abstract symbolism which represents the acausal and some of the effects of this acausal in the causal. [For a brief outline of this abstract symbolism see the MSS: Cliology - A Basic Introduction] Further, cliology creates and encourages the development of an entirely new faculty of consciousness - the ability to think in numinous symbols.

This difference between purely abstract symbols and numinous symbols is important. Basically, a numinous symbol is a symbol which possesses acausal energy - it captures the essence of something which is acausal, and in doing this the symbol has the power to provoke or cause causal changes. In the simple sense [which is rather inexact] one might say a numinous symbol possesses or has 'life' - it is a living entity in itself, although it lives in the psyche. A rudimentary and mostly unconscious numinous symbol is an archetype; another is a myth/mythos. The numinous symbols of cliology (of which the Star Game is an excellent example) are conscious. By 'conscious' here is meant - rational, understood. An unconscious symbol such as an archetype is in reality a proto-numinous symbol - it is seldom consciously understood, being felt and/or experienced rather than rationally apprehended. Further, a conscious numinous symbol can be used by an individual to bring about controlled aeonic changes because such symbols, being understood, can be precisely controlled and directed. An unconscious symbol produces imprecise internal change and imprecise external change: that is, it is not by its nature particularly amenable to manipulation. A numinous symbol thus makes Aeonic magick feasible for really the first time.

Aeons and Civilizations

Table I

Aeon	Symbol	Associated Civilization	Dates	Magickal Working
Primal	Horned Beast	--	9,000-7,000BP	Shamanism
Hyperborean	Sun	Albion	7,000-5,500BP	Henges
Sumerian	Dragon	Sumeric/Egyptiac	5,000-3,500BP	Trance/Sacrifice
Hellenic	Eagle	Hellenic	3,000-1,500BP	Oracle; Choral-dance
Thorian (Western)	Swastika	Western	1,000BP-500AP	Ritual
Galactic	--	Galactic	>2,000eh	Star Game and >

Notes:

- (1) 'BP' means Before Present (c.1980eh); 'AP' means After Present.
(2) There was no civilization (aeonic or otherwise) associated with the first aeon.
(3) The magickal centres (or nexion) for the civilizations are as follows: Albion - Stonehenge; Sumerian - between the Tigris and Euphrates [near present-day Baghdad]; Hellenic - Delphi; Western - area in the Welsh Marches.

II. Basic Principles of Aeonic Magick

All aeonic magick can only be used, by its nature, in three ways - (1) aid the already existing or original wyrd of an existing aeonic civilization; (2) create a new aeon and thus a new aeonic civilization; (3) distort or disrupt an existing civilization and thus the aeonic forces of that civilization. That is, aeonic magick involves working (a) with existing aeonic energy (as evident in the associated aeonic civilization); or (b) against existing aeonic energy; or, finally, it involves (c) creating a new type of aeonic energy by opening a new nexion and drawing forth new acausal energies. Thus aeonic magick involves knowing the wyrd of the presently existing civilization and if there are/have been any attempts to disrupt that wyrd, magickally or otherwise.

The energy brought forth by aeonic magick can be used in three ways.

(a) Directed into a specific already existing form (such as an individual) or some causal structure which is created for this purpose. This structure can be some political or religious or social organization, group or enterprise, or it can be some work or works of 'Art', music and so on.

(b) Drawn forth and left to disperse naturally over Earth (from the site of its presencing).

(c) Shaped into some new psychic or magickal form or forms - such as an archetype or mythos.

Before undertaking any form of aeonic magick, the cliologist [someone skilled in, knowledgeable about and who uses aeonic energies] must formulate an aim or intent. The means to achieve this must be chosen - and the practical forms, if required, must be created and be in readiness for the energies once the energies are unleashed. If a specific form - such as a new archetype - is chosen as means, then the cliologist must be knowledgeable about archetypes and

adept at manipulating magickal energies into psychic forms. Similarly, if a physical nexion is chosen as a means of accessing acausal energies, the appropriate individuals must be organized and trained to undertake the appropriate rite(s).

Techniques and Control:

There are only a certain number of techniques by which acausal energy can be accessed, as there are only a certain number of ways whereby this energy, once accessed, can be directed or 'controlled' into the various forms which are to be used to spread or disperse that energy.

(1) The first technique is creating a new physical nexion. This can be done by specific hitherto esoteric magickal rites, such as the Rites of the Nine Angles (qv.) and the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion (qv.). [It should be noted that Esoteric Chant, combined with a quartz tetrahedron, is one of the most effective ways of opening a nexion.] The chosen rite is conducted on the chosen site. It is often necessary to conduct a second or third rite within the space of a few weeks to fully open a new nexion. The new nexion, once open, needs to be kept open and this requires regular rites on the chosen site for many years - a specific rite [which does not necessarily involve sacrifice] should be constructed to do this. This specific rite needs to be undertaken at the very least twice yearly for the first five years, and then once yearly for at least ten years. One of the best methods to use for this specific rite is Esoteric Chant using a quartz tetrahedron.

(2) The second technique is using the advanced form of the Star Game. The cliologist sets the pieces to represent the existing aeon and the existing civilization at the specific moment of causal time the energy is to be accessed. The pieces are then selectively moved to change what presently exists and to represent the changes desired in the future. In this technique, the cliologist becomes a nexion via the symbolism - or rather, they access the acausal via their own psyche by means of the numinous symbols of the Star Game. This is so because the Star Game exactly represents those intersections between the causal and acausal which are an aeon, an aeonic civilization and an individual. [It should be noted that while this technique is the simplest, it is also the most difficult, requiring great skill in the Star Game and thus a high level of cliological understanding.]

(3) The third - and only ancient - method is mimesis. This involves imitating either (i) some aspect of an already existing cosmic/Earth-based cycle/pattern/working and then either following the natural pattern or introducing a slight variation; or (ii) creating a new pattern/cycle/mythos to describe the energies and their effects. In effect this often involves (a) "acting-out" an archetypal r^le or drama (the key here is identification with the r^le - often during a ceremony involving others); or (b) creating realistic 'models' of events, symbolically imbuing them with "life" and then acting out with these models the desired future events. [It should be noted that (a) and (b) are difficult to do properly - because intent and portrayal have to be precise- and thus are not often very effective.] One neglected form of mimesis is creative art - using an art-form (such as a work of fiction, a sculpture) to portray someone, some sequence of events or some archetypal energy. This form becomes a nexion - and thus influences the psyche of others by those others reading/viewing the art-form. However this form does not produce large-scale significant aeonic change.

The keys to controlling the energy are symbolism and forms. Unless it is left undirected, all acausal energy, once accessed by whatever means, has to be directed by the person or persons who draw it forth into the causal world. The easiest way to deal with acausal energy is to let it disperse naturally - i.e. no effort is made to control and direct it into specific forms or symbols. Such energy is 'raw' - it is chaotic and primal (when viewed from the causal) and thus exceedingly dangerous if brought forth by someone who has not attained the stage of Master/Lady Master. It is psychically disruptive.

It has to be remembered that all acausal energy cannot be contained beyond certain limits - that is, such energy produce acausal changes as well as causal changes. The causal changes are temporal ones - present or future effects caused by such energy. It is these changes which can, in the simple sense, be produced by the cliologist by that cliologist controlling or directing the energy via symbolism and/or forms. That is, these are the changes which are desired by the cliologist who uses the symbolism and/or forms to achieve them. The acausal changes are not temporal - i.e. they are not controllable in causal time. In the simple sense, they are - or rather appear to be - random changes. The cliologist must create or aim to create future forms and/or symbolism which takes into account the possible emergence into the causal of such acausal changes - in practice, such forms absorb the 'random' energy when it appears or manifests in the causal. If this is not done, it is possible that such energy may disrupt/distort and thus undermine the causal changes created by the cliologist. Most of these acausal changes can be gleamed from the symbolism of the advanced Star Game if the pieces are set to represent the conditions pertaining at the moment of

causal time when the aeonic working is first undertaken, and if the aeonic working itself is represented by the first sequence of moves from that departure point.

To fully control and thus direct the energy, new forms and/or symbolism should be created to channel the energy. These then enshrine or come to re-present the energy. Examples of practical social forms are ideas and ideals; an example of a practical psychic form is an archetypal figure - a character from a new mythos; an example of a practical political form is a political organization; and example of a practical 'religious' form is a new ethos. All these things - and the many others like them - should be created before the act or acts of aeonic magick by the cliologist with the intention of them being used to cause or bring about changes in the real world, in the causal. The nature of such things should be akin to the type of changes desired. Each such creation should itself be represented by a unique symbol or sign; by a unique descriptive word, phrase or slogan; by a unique piece of sound [or 'music']; by particular collocations of colour, and so on - or by one particular individual who embodies that idea, ideal, mythos or whatever. These unique creations should embody the essence of the change or changes required.

During the act or acts of aeonic magick, the cliologist focuses or directs the energy so accessed into artifacts which portray or represent the unique symbols or signs, and thus into the very symbols themselves and the forms represented by those symbols. In effect, the symbols and forms become alive - they exist, have being and cause changes. They grow and undergo metamorphosis. They acquire an independent existence of their own. The greater the acausal energy presented by or in such forms and symbols, the greater the changes produced - the more life they possess.

Fundamentally, aeonic magick is concerned with producing large-scale changes over many centuries - it is concerned with changing or altering the destiny of millions of peoples on time-scales which be as long as a millennia. This requires certain abilities and certain skills - but above all it requires that wisdom and knowledge which only genuine Masters/Lady Masters possess.

Aeons, Civilization and Ethos

Aeonic Civil.	Essence of Ethos	Country of Ethos
Albion	proto-Druidism	Britain
Sumerian	Vedas	Indus
Hellenic	Iliad	Greece
Western	National-Socialism	Third Reich
Galactic	Galactic Empire	Solar System and >

Notes:

1. The ethos is the unique spirit, the unique wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon. What is listed above is that practical form or expression which captures or captured the essence of a particular ethos.
2. Manifestations of the ethos include the following:
 - (a) for the Hellenic - Greek Tragedy; Reason; Logic.
 - (b) for the Western: Science; Technology; Exploration; Space-Travel
 - (c) for Albion - Stonehenge and other, similar monuments.
3. Little is known about the practical expression of the ethos of the civilization of Albion other than genuine Druidism (as portrayed by the Classical writers) enshrined some of its spirit.

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Civilizations, Aeons And Individuals

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In order to represent these things in a way which provokes a higher, conscious understanding and thus the development of insight, it is necessary to develop a new type of abstract representation – a new kind of mathematics.

However, before proceeding to do this, some general clarifications are necessary.

An Aeon is the term used to describe a stage or type of evolution - Evolution is taken to result from a certain process – and this process can be described via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes in certain ways over 'time' – this 'time' having an acausal and a causal aspect: evolution is an increase of the acausal in the causal.

More precisely, the cosmos exists in both causal and acausal space-time where causal space-time (symbolized by $\sim\sim$) has 4 dimensions: three spatial, and one time dimension, this dimension being linear. Acausal space-time (symbolized by $\sim\sim$) has n spatial dimensions and one, acausal, time dimension. $\sim\sim$ intersects $\sim\sim$ at certain places – these places are 'Life-forms': i.e. a living organism is a place where $\sim\sim$ and $\sim\sim$ coincide. Sentient life is regarded as a 'large-scale' intrusion of $\sim\sim$ - into $\sim\sim$: a 'mergence' rather than just a point of coincidence. Consciousness is said to reside, or be, in the acausal.

The energy of $\sim\sim$ and its changes in causal time, can be described and thus 'explained' by conventional scientific means, e.g. by Physics. The energy of $\sim\sim$ and its changes can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and acausal time.

An Aeon is a form or type of acausal energy which manifests in the causal – i.e. it has certain limits in both causal time and 3 dimensional space. It re-orders the causal – which is simply another way of saying such acausal energy produces certain changes in the causal. A civilization [or rather a 'higher' or Aeonian civilization] is how this form, this energy, is ordered in the causal – from a causal point of view. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree – the surface of the earth is the boundary between the causal (above) and the acausal (below). The roots are in the acausal (the acausal energy), the trunk and branches in the causal. The 'aeonic' aspect is the roots; the civilization aspect is the trunk; the societies within the civilization are the branches, and the individuals within a society are the twigs and leaves.

Civilizations, Aeons and individuals are examples of organisms – they are created, or born, they grow and change and then they die. They occupy a finite space over a finite time, undergo metamorphosis and so on. They possess structure or form, which form while variable within certain limits is the same or similar for all manifestations of a similar type – and this form can be studied and classified, and appropriate models formulated to represent it and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is an aspect of an Aeon, and an individual is an aspect of a civilization. All individuals – unless and until they attain a certain degree of self-awareness [variously called individuation and Adeptship] and thus inner liberation and freedom from 'unconscious' and other influences – are subject to the psyche and this psyche is determined [draws its energy from] the civilization and thence the Aeon. One form such energy takes is 'archetypes'. This energy [which is basically 'acausal' and not to be confused with the physical energy described by Science which is causal energy determines or influences the actions/non-actions of individuals insofar as those individuals affect the civilization and thus the Aeon. In other words, their lives do not affect or change the civilization or the Aeon. They are part of the Wyrd of that civilization – they do not possess a wyrd of their own. Using the inexact analogy – an individual with wyrd (an Adept or someone who has achieved individuation) is a seed which becomes free from the tree and can begin a new process (a sapling). All other individuals are tied to the tree to grow as it grows and die when it dies.

A civilization thus expresses an ordering of evolution. Its energy, and thus its archetypes and so on, is determined by the Aeon which 'creates' [or rather, causes its creation/manifestation in causal space-time]. These energies, for both a civilization and an Aeon can be described in various ways. The most simple (and not very accurate) is mythological/archetypal.

An Aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time. It is linked to a particular geographical region, and there is a centre to this where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because an Aeon is a physical presencing of acausal energy via a nexion – i.e. a nexus between the acausal and the causal. This centre usually acquires a cult or religious nature: mostly unconsciously. That is, certain individuals are 'drawn to this area' and the acausal energy produces/ provokes changes within and external to the psyche of these and other individuals.

The list given below describes the energy of each Aeon which has existed in mythological/archetypal terms – it is a guide, rather than an exact description of the energies, and a guide to the changes which are caused in the psyche. [The exact description is purely abstract – in symbols – and is given later.]

Each Aeon has a particular civilization associated with it. (See the list.) Its energy may be expressed in terms of an 'ethos' – that is, how the ~~ [where the symbol ~~ represents individual(s)] within that ~~ (where the symbol means 'civilization') apprehend both causally and acausally [or in simple terms, both rationally and intuitively] the acausal energy of the Aeon. This ethos, like a ~~, grows and changes; it evolves.

The civilizations listed are 'higher' or Aeonic ones – those that have changed/ shaped conscious evolution. Other civilizations have existed, but they have generally not contributed significantly to such evolution in terms of creativity – they are usually related, in time and space, to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an Aeonic civilization are: (a) it possesses a distinctive ethos [Note: an ethos is not a 'religion' as religion is conventionally understood.]; (b) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from the disintegration of an existing civilization(i.e. the challenge as such is social)]; (c) it is creative on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the work of Spengler and Toynbee is valuable, although its details are not essential. What their work has done, is to contribute some fundamental ideas about the nature and structure of civilizations – their detailed work (such as, in Toynbee's case, historical dates and events) adds flesh to the bones of the aeonic theory here propounded, but that theory is independent of such detail which may be and indeed should be surpassed in the future. The two most fundamental ideas of these historians are Spengler's one of the metamorphosis of what he terms a 'culture', and the genesis of civilizations as given by Toynbee – their origin, classification, inter-relation and so on. The ideas have been combined with others – some original, some not (some part of 'esoteric tradition') – to provide the framework for aeonic/acausal theory outlined here. This framework is 'Cliology' – the study of those processes which have caused historical change.

The mechanism by which civilizations affect evolution is that of 'creative individuals'. Most of these are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act, or to express that ethos more consciously, those causing others to act. Few individuals in a civilization reach the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence of the ethos – be such the ethos of their own civilization or that of another. Of course, many are there who believe they are free of such influence – but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is the aim of genuine Esoteric Arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious development where they become free of such influences – i.e. to achieve a uniqueness of identity. This requires insight, knowledge and reason – all of which are aided by understanding how and why things (such as civilizations) are as they are. Cliology is an expression of such understanding, and as such a learning of the subject aids conscious development and thus makes Adeptship/individuation possible. The abstract form, given here (particularly in the Second and Third parts of this introductory treatise) takes this rational understanding further.

Each civilization follows a pattern. This can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for an Aeon. Such study enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification. In one sense, this is a withdrawing of projections (in Jungian terms). Second, it develops already existing faculties and creates new ones – the ability to reason in abstract symbolism, for example, where the symbols are 'numinous' (i.e. "alive") rather than being simply 'intellectual'. That is, such symbols relate to those things which are important for an individual's life.[In a simple sense, the

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symbols of cliology are imbued with 'psychic energies' and thus possess 'power'. More correctly, the symbols re-present acausal energies as against causal ones such as in mathematics and physics.]

The symbolization enables the patterns on the levels of an Aeon, a civilization and individuals, to be followed and manipulated if necessary. It enables insight into Aeons, civilizations, individuals, and one's own self, and thus forms the essence of inner esoteric teaching.

The symbolization, at the present time of writing, is of three kinds, two of which have been developed quite recently. The first kind is the mythological/archetypal – the use of myths/archetypes and such forms to describe/represent the processes and patterns. Such representations are traditional, and still useful, particularly in the early stages of study. [One type of this kind of representation is the septenary Tree of Wyrd with each sphere being associated with various archetypes/mythological forms and so on.] The second kind, is The Star Game – a collocation of abstract symbols which re-present the acausal as it manifests in the causal, these symbols, as mentioned above, being numinous ones. The third type, the rudiments of which are described in the Second and Third Parts of this present work, is a formalized abstract system which represents the beginnings of a new science. The first and second types are complete. The third type has only begun to be developed – the next few centuries should see this new science complete in most of its essentials. The mastery of the first type of symbolization is relatively easy. The mastery of The Star Game (in both septenary and advanced versions) takes quite an intellectual effort, stretching the frontiers of conscious evolution. The understanding of the third type, takes conscious evolution still further. The completion of this third type will stretch the frontiers almost to their limits.

All three kinds are genuine esoteric Arts.

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The Deceitful Occult Ego

by Anton Long (O.N.A.)

It is indicative of the sorry state of most occult paths - and the people who follow them - that there is an abundance of dis-information, deceit, mystification and cultivation of egos.

Consider a typical case: a young man develops an interest in occult arts, and eagerly seeks information and contacts. Books and articles are read, contacts made, perhaps a group or *three* joined. Soon the young man is part of the 'occult scene' and one of three things usually happens: (1) he accepts some system or person, for awhile and tries to follow what is expected - then, after some 'practical' work, decides it is not right for him and moves on to another system or person; (2) after a little while he comes to believe he has attained his goal (and thus is an 'adept' or 'Master' or whatever) - usually after engaging in a few rituals and a lot of conversations and meetings with others; (3) after a short or intermediate period cultivating and fawning upon others (and thus assisting them in their endless campaigns to 'safeguard' their own reputations by attempting to discredit others via rumours and so on) he establishes an identity for himself - exaggerating his own achievements, knowledge and contacts. In short, there is the perpetuation of old Aeon traits and values - contra what the occult in general is supposed to be achieving.

Two things are involved in this process: the desire (mostly unconscious and natural) for self-importance and self-delusion. Part of this self-delusion occurs because of the 'intellectualisation of the occult' - there is too much talk, too much acceptance of what others say (particularly about others) without first-hand knowledge, too much theory and too much ego-domination where 'cleverness' (particularly in words) is rated above practical experience. Too much concern for someone's 'past'.

The result is almost inevitable (and a waste of the potential of occultism) - the young man achieves no real progress, no real insight no real occult abilities. He has become infected with the 'occult disease'. Instead of going within, into the wilderness, to lose all illusions and delusions and begin the hard and solitary path to Adeptship by practical work, there is the camaraderie of being 'in the know', of 'being accepted' or working (mostly in intellectual or pseudo-intellectual ways) in a certain 'niche' and thus becoming self-satisfied in a comfortable way. The occult thus becomes a 'habit' or an interest- a source of self-congratulation (perhaps even of material income) and a place where a 'role' is obtained and lived out. Some 'practical' work may be done - but the end result is the disposal occultists so familiar from the recent past and the present: the attender of meetings (or the more modern 'symposia' or 'conferences'), the seeker after and spreader of gossip and rumour, the pseudo-intellectual dilettante writing articles and books (and perhaps even editing a magazine) not from direct, personal experience but rather from hearsay, from self-opinion and from intellectual aridity and cleverness. Or, perhaps, the plagiarist enjoying a cliquey success and amateur adulation - or the self-appointed 'master/adept' who may need the mystique of an organisation to mask his lack of character or charisma or who may be so self-deluded that he actually believes he has attained his goal. Then again, our young man may turn out to be one of those many failures who hang around the 'occult scene' - flitting from one group to another, one 'master' to another, and talking, worshipping (both 'gods' and 'masters') and talking again and accumulating a mass of useless information, 'lore' and 'grades/degrees'.

Despite the interest in recent years in the techniques or ways of the occult - despite all the many words written and spoken - there has been little or no real achievement on the personal level: no increase in the very few adepts. Instead, almost the opposite has occurred - an increase in self-delusion, in glorifying the ego at the expense of gaining insight; a turning away from effective experience to the glorification of the vapid, the intellectual and the 'non-directive' sensation-seeking, temporary, 'mind-expanding' experience. In short, there has been less real self-discipline and more ego-biased stupidity and stimulation. Adeptship, and the wisdom that lies beyond that, is obtained by a slow, hard process which requires self-discipline and the self-overcoming of hardships. There is no path to it which is not without difficulties and which is not solitary - which

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does not require the discarding of all those props which most require to survive: a dogma, friends, ideas, companionship, lovers, material security, 'masters'... There is no potion to obtain which when taken will suddenly give insight or wisdom, no sudden revelations - from god or mortal - which instil wisdom, no technique to be used a few times a week, no ritual or rituals which will give personality or character or self-development.

This process requires years & involves certain ways of living - & often a certain guidance. It requires also the desire to reach the goal, to not give in when things become difficult or confused - a tenacity to follow the chosen path to its ending.

The occult knowledge and insight of an individual is shown most of all by their bearing - by the way they relate to others. But this bearing is not the assumption of some 'role' (such as 'master' or 'guru' or whatever) - rather, it is genuine and spontaneous, full of individual character: neither affectation nor pretension. This is so because the knowledge and insight is within, acquired from experience. Where there is lack of real knowledge and lack of insight, there is pretension, artifice, the "I must preserve my own ego by doing down all others" syndrome, and the inebriated laughter of the ill-disciplined, ill-at-ease discussion machine.

Our young man would do well to try and find some guidance from an insightful individual - and be prepared for a hard and long journey. Perhaps then, in time one new adept will arise, and the 'New Aeon' will be brought a little nearer.

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56.

Way, The Means, The End

Christos Beast, ONA. 1998eh.

The Aim of the Seven-Fold Way is Enlightenment. This is a wisdom, an understanding, and a new way of being. It is an apprehension of what IS, as against what Appears-To-Be, and it is also a practical living in the world in a manner which changes the world.

Enlightenment is beyond the duality of Good and Evil - beyond the Light and the Dark. It is beyond the conventional words used to express understanding. The apprehension of Enlightenment is the apprehension of THAT from which all life proceeds, and thus of THAT which is both the Light and the Dark, and the creative change which is evolution. As such, Enlightenment is beyond the Sinister.

The Seven-Fold Way is but one practical means where this aim can be achieved by individuals. It works. There are other ways, some of which may work. The academic learning which forms part of the Seven-Fold Way is also a means - it is but a step toward something beyond. Such a learning is a learning experience of itself - a means of apprehending some of the essence behind and beyond the words, the ideas, the theories. It is the practical work, in the world, and in regard to the transformation of the Self, which is important.

The Sinister Dialectic is but a means to promote and encourage the Change which is necessary at any moment in our evolution - and this change is both personal, of the Self of he/she who is following the Way, and of others in the world, and thus of societies themselves. This change is for the most part positive - that is, it encourages evolution: the transformation of individuals. For it is this transformation of individuals, toward and beyond the Self (and thus toward Enlightenment) which is evolution, for us. Is this change 'good'? The question, as usually asked, is irrelevant - for what is good is what encourages evolution and what changes things in a positive way: that is, which changes individuals and makes them more 'enlightened'. This is the whole purpose of the Seven-Fold Way and of the Sinister Dialectic (or the Dialectic of Enlightenment to be exact!).

Each who travels the Way discovers things for themselves - they alone by their own efforts solve the problems which arise, as they work things out for themselves: rejecting what they do not need, and using what is helpful in their quest. For only thus does the true experience which is the foundation of wisdom arise. Those who cannot or will not do this, get lost, and fail.

The means of Darkness, of the Sinister - the images, the language, the ideals, the practice, are mostly but a means - but a Gateway, a portal, a nexion, to discourage the weak and encourage the strong. For it is strong who are needed, the strong who survive in that most difficult quest of all - that of genuine Enlightenment. The rest would just waste the time of those who have gone that Way before - so they are filtered out before. They are thus the first test, the first Ordeal, which awaits those who wish to venture along this most difficult of Ways.

And yet the Darkness, the Sinister, must of itself be understood, in a practical and theoretical way, for without this understanding we believe there can be no true unification - no travel to the Beyond which is Enlightenment and the true unification of the opposites. THIS is where the Seven-Fold Way is unique. What is Dark must be KNOWN, for only then can the Self be born and create that which is beyond even the Self.

Nothing else needs to be written - or will be written by us, since enough has been written already to enable those, who possess the desire, to follow the Way to its end of Enlightenment.

57.

Tabula Rasa

ONA, 1996eh

As a practical form attempts to impel the lives of those in a society towards a Golden Vision, it is in the nature of the Cosmos that a few individuals remain aware of their belonging in the esoteric essence beyond that, or any, form. In a time when the intellectual trend is towards espousing practical action above philosophy, "gritty reality" over the "numinous", it is all too easy to lose sight of the original aims perhaps now maligned due to their being of an 'esoteric' or 'magickal' nature, since these latter terms now seem mostly to be equated with fatuous philosophy and general sub-human inadequacy. But despite the sad behaviour of the average sorcerer, the reality of what we call Magick is still pure, and still of the Source that exists for us to tap into and, through striving, consciously integrate with. There is still the potential to understand the connexion we as living Beings possess with the Cosmos, and that this understanding can bring about a unity that creates, what we at present term 'Immortality'. Essentially, it is in the Nature of the Cosmos that there exists for a select few (although the number should increase over the centuries, if Evolution is allowed) the opportunity of becoming, through an act of Will, an aspect of the consciousness of the Cosmos.

A temporal form is a way in which the Cosmos expresses itself in the causal world, and thus this form (which may be of a political/religious aspect) is the vital, practical mechanics of Evolution - without this dynamic fusion of Force and Form, there is no `Divinity' presented in `the world', and Life decays. But in our pursuit of the Form, we must not disregard outright the esoteric methods which can capture the aspiration to reach the essence, and thus acquire 'Wisdom'. The understanding of this essence has its beginnings in "Aeonics" - and the meaning of "Aeonics" is only dis-covered through the essence.

This understanding does not lie solely in the performance of 'magickal rites' - and there exists only a small body of these which can create a Nexion - or the living out of an 'esoteric' existence according to commercial Occult fashions. Nor is genuine understanding acquired from the writings of others - despite whatever the degree of Wisdom of those so writing. The problem faced with Occult writings, if 'wisdom' is being sought through this medium, is the simple fact that Word will only ever obscure rather than communicate the essence, because the process of Individuation creating itself within the individual is always experienced in a way unique to the individual. At best, the written form can act as a skeletal guide to inspire those rare, willful characters of action to expand their consciousness into the acausal and thus create the Change necessary for the World - and for the Cosmos. It should be obvious that written ideas are never enough in themselves, despite the necessity of what has become, not unpredictably, the popular option of 'seeding'. If there are no individuals to become a focal point for the ethos, to breathe life into the philosophy via living those ideas, then the ideas are soon forgotten.

The Dark Tradition, or Sinister Path, as an expression of the Cosmos, is a living Being rather than a 'tradition' passed on via the written word. Thus, in order for this Being to live, it requires individuals to act according to their personal Wyrd. This implies that each generation of Initiates commences the Path as a 'blank page' since the Seven-Fold Way exists, in the early stages, only in accord with the dynamic individuality of each existence. Beyond individual existence (in esoteric terms, having 'passed the Abyss') lies the realm of the genuine Master/Mistress: a real knowledge of Aeonics, and the commencement of an extraordinary form of existence.

The late 20th century world of Magick is characterised by fine sounding words agitating, often in exasperated tones, for "practical action". Considering that the Occult Way, once a Heresy, has become a commodity (and is thus 'decadent'), a "call to arms" is indeed laudable. But, having waded through the polemic, does not "practical action" simply emerge as the 'by-phrase' of an Occult generation and does this not inspire the passionate to detest, ipso facto, the philosophy of Magivk as an outmoded fantasy game?

Or do those who talk of Action and do not Act, do so because they do not seek to understand for themselves, so that they may act with understanding? The nobility of the Sinister Path is that it alone can guide individuals beyond the matrices of illusion to become spontaneous and natural, with an understanding beyond the limitations of Self. The ordeals of the Seven-Fold Way are designed to change forever those who can undertake them, because the experience of such an ordeal goes deep rather than at best producing a moment of insight (one which is subsequently lost amongst the delights of modern day living). The Adept - a new type of human being, rather than a title - acts with less and less emphasis on personal desire, as they move towards becoming the Path itself, knowing what is necessary. Such individuals come to know what they re-present, not by agreeing or disagreeing with someone else's words and insights, but because they have, if it be their Wyrð and through the presencing of the future within the present, allowed within them the process of Magickal evolution to occur of themselves. For some, it is not the Forms, however numinous those Forms might be, that are important but the Path itself. It is through such individuals who are the living Source (ie. "Falcifer") that the Form is made meaningful to those whose Wyrð calls them to the Form itself (ie. "Vindex"). For the individual, which aspect describes his/her existence will be dis-covered through the practical act of embarking upon the Seven-Fold Way.

This practical act not only implies undertaking the various traditional ordeals, but that the individual comes to know who s/he is via ordeals unique to their journey - these experiences making the 'Grade Rituals' possible. Despite what may be a move towards dismissing the 'esoteric', what is 'Magickal' can simply be described as the Desire of an individual, through an act of Will, to transform themselves into a Higher type. What is noble about this pursuit is that a consciousness is created that links the Adept with his/her own Folk - and that which is, in one inaccurate sense, beyond. It is not the pursuit of selfish pleasure and the justification of personal prejudices.

It is the Will that is the Key: it is Will that is better than any of the trappings some might use in their 'magickal' activities - ie. sex, drugs, 'pain', and so on. The Triumph of the Will is the Key to Transformation. To repeat: the preparations for this transformation are unique to the individual. In some Cases- and often in those most profound - a chosen practical form may bear no obvious relation to what conventionally constitutes the 'Esoteric'. Whatever, it must involve the individual in experiencing some personal trauma, because this is how the Will is tested - thus, the experience can only be of a practical nature. An 'Insight Role' may be one such means (qv. Hostia), but even this is still a game which the 'Sinister Magickian' can play for awhile. Such an ordeal does not require the detachment from the Esoteric/Sinister Path so far lived (this detachment is required as a prelude to Adeptship). For an Insight Role, the form chosen (and/or the reasons for so choosing the form) may have no direct Aeonian significance. For such a significance to be genuinely understood beyond the Self, a form must be experienced as it is, on its own "light" terms. There must be no secret or "Sinister" agenda - there must simply be a living of that form, a 'becoming-one-with' that is in itself a Magickal act, though may not be perceived as such, initially. The individual must accept that this new living may, or may not, last for the rest of their causal life, since the form so lived is known to be vital to the future of Civilization.

As stated, Wyrð is then dis-covered by allowing the Changes within to occur of themselves. What this means, is that personal anguish, boredom, fear, do not in themselves constitute a reason to stop living the Form: thus, there is a Triumph of Will. It will be made clear, in its own species of time, who, or what, the Adept is: a belonging of the essence, or part of the Form - or perhaps both ...

What results is an Aeonian awareness that renders those who simply possess intellectual comprehension irrelevant. In time, from this crucible, an Adept emerges: someone who embodies in their being the balanced unity (of "opposites") from which creative, ordered and thus willed or conscious Change derives. Most importantly, they have dis-covered themselves, and others, through their own Triumph of the Will; by using their own judgements, making their own mistakes - guided by the uniqueness of their character.

The purpose of individual existence is linked to the Destiny of the Cosmos itself, and to those who understand, have a most profound responsibility in this bovine world. The Sinister Path exists to create individuals who can practically implement this understanding and thus create significant change.

Such willed Change is Magick.

58.

Aeonics And Politics

Aeonic magick is concerned with two things: (1) understanding the fundamental principles of how certain types of magickal energy (existing in the acausal) manifests and may be made manifest in the causal; and how those energies when so manifest produce temporal change; (2) actually using such energies - via rites etc. to bring such change in accord with one's desire or goal,

(1) implies learning about aeons and civilizations - how both are formed, lives decay and change via acausal energies - and about how those within them, from individuals upward, are changed and manipulated by the various forms the acausal energies assume. Among such forms are archetypes, myths and mythos, ideas, symbols (including artistic representations), as well as the more transient types like politics and religion.

(2) implies learning the skills of aeonic magick and follows after (1). The basic skills are aeonic rites (eg. the Nine Angles rites; Ceremony of Recalling)g the Star Game, and creative manipulation of symbols, ideas and so on (including the more transient forms).

(1) is covered in the many and varied Order MSS dealing with Aeonics and details of the basic skills are given in 'Naos' 'Black Book' and the various rituals (most now available in various publications). This present MS will deal with an area not specifically covered before with a view to dispelling some misconceptions.

Sinister aeonic magick implies actual use of the energies by individuals - bringing change(s) to the 'real' or temporal world. This use is often misunderstood by non-Adepts of sinister traditions, and particularly by those who adhere to the old distorted magic(k)al systems. For instance, aeonic magick was used earlier this century to aid a new political form and so try and alter in a significant way the direction of the Western civilization in order to bring about certain futures. These futures (the plural is intentional) would, if they had resulted, have led to the expansion of both a technological and thence an individual kind over a period of many centuries - and this because of the dynamic nature of the form chosen as well as the future transformation of it, via dialectic and internal metasomatosis. The most identifiable manifestation (ie. causal appearance) of this form was National-Socialist Germany. However, most individuals who consider this form, consider it not from an aeonic standpoint but rather from a limited, causal and 'moral' point of view - a view they take, also, of more recent attempts by other individuals and groups, to use that and similar forms for magickal ends. The perspective of this view is immediate rather than of centuries and millenia and shows a fundamental lack of understanding of not only aeonics but also magick itself.

The reality is that all significant magick is either Aeonic or internal: External magick is but a child's games to be played while learning the most basic skills of magick, or for amusement perhaps later on. To a real magickian, all types of political (as well as religious and cultural) forms are means - to be used if they are useful for aeonic or internal magickal goals. Genuine Adepts use many temporal forms - although they never identify with them in the sense of adhere to them causally: from a psychic perspective*. In the initial stages of the seven-fold way, for example, some "roles" may be assumed by the Initiate to bring insight, challenges and generally experience the 'forbidden', the contrary, the 'heretical'. But these roles are only that - part of an internal, psychic and thus sinister manipulation of forms. Later, such forms - and others - may be used in the aeonic.sense: to bring about large-scale temporal change (how large depending on the intent as well as the skill and aim of the Adept). But in both, manipulation is the key.

Thus, those who criticize those LHP individuals and/or groups who do and have used political forms in the past - or some other temporal form: social, religious or ideological - clearly show by that very criticism and their subsequent "labelling" of those individuals and groups (from their own myopic and relative political' or "social" perspective) that they lack not only understanding but also

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insight into the basics of magick. In short, these labellers" expose themselves as not only unworthy of being called magickians, but also as adherents to the old, Nazarene dominated moral value~systems. Their lack of perspective and magickal understanding is not, however, unexpected considering the pathetic state of 'magical understanding' prior to the dissemination of ONA teachings - particularly relating to Aeonics and Internal magick.

On the individual level - of Initiates - the LHP is decidedly a-political, a-religious, and a-social (where the "a" prefix means "beyond", "outside"), and is devoted to making each Initiate unique: that is, aiding them fulfil their potential, thus enhancing evolution and creating the next stage of our evolution. The ultimate aim of sinister aeonic magick is to create conditions in the 'real world' such that Initiation and Adeptship and all that these imply in terms of evolutionary understanding and insight, is not only available for all, but fulfilled. This of course, is and will be a long-term aim, perhaps achieved by the end of the next Aeon, perhaps not. But the aeonic magick of any one present moment (eg. a rite or form manipulation) aims to presence a part of that future in that present moment or create conditions enabling it* Thus, change is provoked and made possible - in individuals, groups and civilizations. Hence the complexity of aeonics, and the multitude of temporal forms used - but also its simplicity. For, viewed causally and simply, aeonics is change, opposition, creation; provoking challenges and insight, counter-balancing and adversarial. In short - a dialectic, for individuals, groups and civilizations as well as aeons. And it is this dialectic which is the 'numen' of sinister magick - its ultimate meaning and its ultimate challenge.

Quite simply, it is for those who aspire. The rest can continue their crawling non-existence.

Naturally, in aeonic magick some mistakes have been made -some judgements have been shown by events to be incorrect. But understanding and reason are cumulative: a process of learning, for individuals, civilizations, and aeons.

Anton Long (ONA)

59.

H.P. Lovecraft And The Dark Gods

A lot has been said and written in recent years about the writings of H.P. Lovecraft, particularly his Cthulhu mythos, but to gain an insight into the truth it is necessary to compare Lovecraft's mythos with one of the most sinister traditions of Occultism.

Lovecraft, aware of parts of the ancient tradition of the Dark Gods' dramatized and mis-represented the tradition as a whole. Part of this mis-representation was literary, some of it arose because Lovecraft could not see beyond the Abyss where opposites are meaningless, but most of the mis-representation arose because Lovecraft had access to only part of the tradition, through his own Occult researches and sometimes inept experiments with dream control.

To these, he added inventions of his own - such as the so-called 'Necronomicon' (the book of this title published by Colin Wilson et al is a hoax) - which he wove into the Cthulhu mythos. This mythos bears about as much resemblance to the genuine tradition of the Dark Gods, from which it is derived, as a fir tree does to an oak.

One of Lovecraft's mis-representations is in naming the Dark Gods. The Dark Gods (or 'forces') may be symbolized by vibrations, since it is partly through such vibration that certain levels of consciousness may be reached. These levels re-present primal Chaos - that is, they are devoid of Word since such levels pre-date the covering up, by Word, ritual, idea and even myth, of the essence from which Being and non-Being were derived. Viewed conventionally, these entities are negative and by their return restore Chaos - that is, they destroy the historicity of Being. When seen through the stricture of opposites such a return is terrifying.

According to tradition, the Dark Gods are waiting, in what may be described as a parallel universe, to return to Earth and thus our spatial, causal universe. Essentially, the universe of the Dark Gods is acausal and the two universes may be re-presented as being joined by various Star Gates (or more accurately 'nexions'). These 'Gates' are regions of space-time where passage from one universe to another is possible at certain times - that is, when the Gates are aligned according to their cosmic cycle. Traditionally, it is believed that these Gates open about once every 2,000 years. Because of the nature of the two connecting universes (that is, their difference in time and spatial geometry) not only is physical travel possible between them, but also to a limited extent, a special form of astral travel. This astral form is possible because our own consciousness, by its nature and evolution, is partly acausal and therefore already to an extent on a primal level part of this other universe. Thus, it is possible for an individual to journey into the other realms where the Dark Gods are waiting just as it is feasible - if the psychic Gates are opened - for those dreaded and negative entities who are seldom named to manifest on our level. Such travels are manifestly only feasible when a nexion is about to be opened, is open or is closing - that is, at the beginning and ending of an Aeon. At other times, travel is very difficult and very severe measures must be taken in order to create the energy required. Such methods have seldom been used in the past: they involve great danger to the individual(s), hideous rituals of suffering and sacrifice, or immense detail in preparation and the acquisition of a crystal tetrahedron of the right quality.

The intrusion of these entities into our universe takes many forms, both physical and psychic, and here again Lovecraft has mis-represented them. According to Tradition, the last overt physical manifestation took place thousands of years ago, around 8,000 BP and gave rise to, among other legends, the myth of Dragons. Prior to this, the sinister tradition speaks of the first coming of the Dark Gods at the dawn of our consciousness - probably around 20,000 yes BP. Psychic intrusion is often minimal but nevertheless terrifying for some. According to one recent account: "They lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sounds which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds to know. And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner of the meeting of dimensions. They are the destroyers ... the bornless forever who wait for our call. Soon they will come to collect that blood which is required by Them. To understand Them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be."

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Such manifestations often take the form of nightmares when unsought, and occasional madness is not unknown among those who have deliberately tried to bring the Dark Gods: for example, in a case known to the author a group tried, in the early seventies, to invoke these forces. The working was only partially successful and one of those involved went mad.

One of the most noticeable effects of deliberate contact by Adepts is the change that results in the consciousness of certain groups of people and individuals - such as a resurgence of primitive atavisms. Such changes are often misunderstood, bound as most people still are by old Aeon concepts of duality, and over recent decades these changes have been a prelude to the calling forth that will re-open the physical nexion and return the Dark Gods to our universe and thus the Earth itself.

The details that Lovecraft gives regarding 'calls' and rites are mostly fanciful and only in a few places does he inadvertently reveal the truth - for example, in his mention of the trapezohedron and 'Azathoth'. The key to travel along the passages between the star nexions is the Nine Angles and the key to the Nine Angles is the crystal tetrahedron which is activated by voice vibration. 'Azathoth' as described by Lovecraft, is a symbolic and distorted re-presentation of the intersection, in acausal space-time, of these astral star passages: a kind of galactic vortex or node. Those who journey there never return the same. Along the star passages the shells of long dead civilizations lie strewn.

The Nine Angles (the key to contact both physical and astral) are re-presented in the septenary Star Game and it is through this symbolic re-presentation that the magick of the Dark Gods is made manifest. The rest, to the uninitiated, is sheer terror.

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60.

A Gift For The Prince (A Guide To Human Sacrifice)

ONA 1984eh (revised 1994eh)

In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth [sometimes called 'The Lady Master'] usually takes on the role of the dark or 'violent' goddess, Baphomet, and the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan - the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess, the bride of our Prince.

Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed, or stored - for example in a crystal) and it draws down dark forces or 'entities'. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the 'astral shell' around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of sacrifice, is disruptive - that it, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that human sacrifice furthers the work of Satan.

Sacrifice can be voluntary, of an individual; involuntary, of an individual or two; or result from events brought about by Satanic ritual and / or planning (such as wars). Voluntary sacrifice results from the traditional Satanist belief that our life on this planet is only a stage: a gateway or nexion to another existence. This other existence is in the acausal realm where the Dark Gods exist. The key to this other existence is not negation, but rather ecstasy. A Satanist revels in life because by living life in a joyful, ecstatic way, the acausal that exists within us all by virtue of our being, is strengthened. For Satanists, not only the manner of living is important, but also the manner of death. We must live well and die at the right time, proud and defiant to the end - not waiting sickly and weak. The scum of the Earth wail and tremble as they face Death: we stand laughing and spit with contempt. Thus do we learn how to live.

Voluntary sacrifice usually occurs every seventeen years as part of the Ceremony of Recalling: the one chosen becomes Immortal, living in the acausal to haunt the edge of the minds of those un-initiated.

An involuntary sacrifice is when an individual or individuals are chosen by a group, Temple or Order. Such sacrifices are usually sacrificed on the Spring Equinox, although if this is not possible for whatever reason, another date may be used. While voluntary sacrifices are always male (and usually twenty-one years of age) there are no restrictions concerning involuntary sacrifices other than the fact that they are usually in some way opponents of Satanism or the Satanic way of living.

Great care is needed in choosing a sacrifice: the object being to dispose of a difficult individual or individuals without arousing undue suspicion. A Temple or group wishing to conduct such a sacrifice with magickal intent must first obtain permission from the Grand Master or Grand Lady Master.

If this is given, then detailed preparation must begin. First, choose the sacrifice(s) - those whose removal will actively benefit the Satanist cause. Candidates are zealous interfering Nazarenes, those (e.g. journalists) attempting to disrupt in some way established Satanist groups or Orders, political / business individuals whose activities are detrimental to the Satanist spirit, and those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic and / or improve the human stock.

There are three methods of conducting an involuntary sacrifice: (1) by magickal means (e.g. the Death Ritual); (2) by some person or persons directly killing the sacrifice(s); (3) by assassination.

Both (2) and (3) can be undertaken either directly by the group / Temple / Order and its members, or by proxy. Proxy involves the Master or Mistress finding a suitably weak-willed individual and then implanting in the mind of that individual - usually by hypnosis - a suitable suggestion.

Whatever method is chosen, a date for the sacrifice should be set and on that date a suitable ritual undertaken. This ritual is most usually the Death Ritual - if method (3) is chosen, the Ritual is performed twice: first, seven days before the chosen date, and then on the date itself while the member / proxy is undertaking the sacrifice. The energy of this latter ritual is then directed (or temporarily stored), or dispersed over Earth, by the person conducting the ritual.

Method (2) involves the Ritual of Sacrifice. The victim or victims are brought or enticed to the area chosen for the Ritual, bound by the Guardian of the Temple and at the appropriate point

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in the Ritual sacrificed by either the Master or the Mistress using the Sacrificial Knife. The body or bodies are then buried or otherwise disposed of, care being taken if they are found for suspicion not to fall on any of those involved. Those involved, of course, must be sworn to secrecy and warned that if they break their oath, their own existence will be terminated. Breaking the Oath of Sacrifice draws upon the individual or individuals who break that Oath the vengeance of all Satanic groups, Order and individuals - and this vengeance is both magickal and more direct, the Master or Mistress of the Ritual appointing Guardians to hunt down and kill those who have broken the Oath.

Those who participate in the Ritual of Sacrifice must revel in the death(s) - it being the duty of the Master and Mistress to find suitable participants.

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6I.

Towards Sapanur

ONA, 1996eh.

One of the tasks of a genuine Satanic organisation, is to bring about practical, physical Change. As stressed in various ONA MSS, this Change is worth striving for only if the outcome occurs on a large scale: if its consequences create a new type of society that enshrines the Satanic vision. Much has been written - and misunderstood - as to how this Change, this New Aeon, may be implemented.

The Dark Tradition exists to create a type of being who is capable of making history; of rationally using forms (and individuals) for a higher, *Cosmic* purpose. The reality is there will always only be a handful of genuine Satanists amongst those who would claim such a title, since a genuine Sinister organisation does not seek a large 'membership': to actively do so, would imply a compromise of the Darkness essential for evolution. All that is ever really required, in terms of genuine Satanism, is the working together of the tiny minority who have struggled and suffered their individual ways through the processes of the 'Forbidden Alchemy' (for which read *Sinister Seven-Fold Way*). That few such individuals exist is not actually a hinderance to the fulfillment of esoteric aims, for it only takes two or three such beings to presence the terror necessary for the future...

With the emergence in recent years of **Aeonics** (qv), allied Occult groups have concentrated on 'seeding' energies by subtly distorting/reinterpreting/ infiltrating existing forms, with the aim of gradually altering a cultural psyche towards (what we term) the Sinister. This is of course, a laudable premise: superficially speaking, the more organisations who adopt this strategy, the better - as long as this tactic does not result in a *dilution* of the Sinister within that cultural psyche. However, the Magickian must take care when using, or 'flowing with' what is perceived to be the contemporary trend, or opinion.

To simply state that the 'masses' are putty, should not really come as a revelation. In this densely-populated world of ours, the 'average person' is too busy with the basics of living - ie. feeding a family - or too stupefied to worry overmuch about the greater context of society (thus the trust placed in 'politicians' and the illusion of 'free speech' given by the con-trick of 'democratic' elections). Opinions and trends are, for the most part, engineered by the minority who are The System. The public does not exist to be convinced by any ideal that happens to come along, because it simply does not possess the capacity to think and act independent of the prevailing Power. An independent ideal has only The System to face, and unless it fights, it is regurgitated as a commodity and denuded of the power to genuinely transform. In reality, there is very little The System cannot flow with and adapt to - such is the nature of the tyranny that is 'capitalism': to turn heresy into *fashion*.

When the tactic is to fight by subtly manipulating accepted forms, the Magickian must be certain as to who exactly is controlling who - whose *ego* is actually being manipulated - lest the process of 'seeding' proves in the long term to have been a waste of time. To effectively alter temporal forms via such an approach really requires the abilities of an individual who is 'outside of Time', who is free of temporal, temporary influences - someone who has passed through the screaming silence of the Abyss: a genuine Master of the Temple/Mistress of Earth. [Thus the practical purpose of the Seven-Fold Way.] Subtle manipulation of forms has its part to play; but if every would-be Sinister magickian opted solely for this, then little, if anything, of significance would be achieved.

'Seeding' [which would include the Aeonics technique of **mimesis**] can only prepare the way - and only then if it is conducted with understanding; rarely does it in itself catalyse Change. When the subtle manipulator believes that s/he, "when the time is right", will implement a next, more overt stage, they are deluding themselves: practical examples (involving conventional politics) have proved as yet that this does not happen - rather, there is a losing sight of the original aims. What is significantly missing at present, on the part of Occultists, is an overt declaration of intent in the *real world*. What we need now are fanatics - individuals who will remind us all of what we, as Sinister Initiates, are supposed to believe: that we can become gods within our lifetime, to the

greater glory of our acausal selves.

Thus it is vital, for every initiate who would be Satanic, Sinister, to at least once in their life, conduct a *practical* act of tenor in the real world: an act that does not hide beneath the guise of something else - something innocuous - but one that leaves no doubt as to its Satanic nature. Only by individuals acting thus, by directly aiding System Breakdown, will the Masses grasp the practical possibility of an alternative reality.

Let us not fool ourselves any longer: real, significant Change - the bringing of the *new aeon* - will only occur once The System has collapsed, and society is plunged into the necessary primeval phase where the majority - and Sinister Adepts, for that matter - are constantly reminded of that tyranny of existence which can wipe out an individual life in an instant, and in that instant render that life irrelevant. Until this next phase is reached, life remains too soft to motivate anyone beyond the intellect to implement anything worthwhile. That collapse is much more likely to be reached, not by slow 'seeding', but by *presencing the Dark*: by causing sudden explosions of primal terror.

To risk one's life and liberty requires certainty: belief and vision - the arrogance of the genuine Satanist. The System, however, allows us the luxury to believe exactly what we want, and to find many convincing reasons why *not* to act in truth. But to know the reality is to know that which is beyond yourself, and until Sinister Initiates strive to embody the current of Change necessary, then the holiday that is individual life will carry on its slow, meaningless journey, deathwards.

The New Satanic Aeon

What is this far-off Satanic purpose described as the 'New Aeon'? It does not matter that, for most, a clear answer cannot be given; only that there exists a *desire* to practically create a new form of existence - that the stagnation of the 'norm' is countered, destroyed, and laid to rest. If life is to be lived right, there must always be, for individuals, a dream, a *vision-splendid* to strive and most likely die for. It does not really matter if various Sinister organisations disagree over the tactics involved in bringing this Change, as long as effects can be discerned - as it also does not matter whether or not there is Sinister "unity" between those various organisations.

What matters, in the presencing of this 'new aeon', is that individuals strive to act with nobility and out of duty to the furtherance of a Cosmic force beyond the personal. They must rely on their own judgment in this, regardless of consequences; and whatever mistakes are made in the process, are gifts by which further personal insight may be attained.

The loyalty of a Satanist is to the Dark - to **Satan**, and the forces beyond Him, by which civilisations are reminded of their unique Destiny. Because what is certain, is the suffering and death that will be required to allow the difficult transition from this dying Aeon, to the next: only through a crucible of Darkness will the "Light", the positive upward trend of evolution, flow forth. Regardless of contemporary beliefs, human beings are not born inherently 'good': true 'goodness' must be cultivated - and such a creation only occurs through suffering.

This suffering will be because we must as a species re-integrate with what is for us, the reality of Nature - a reality from which we are progressively and deliberately distanced: our natural role as **hunters**. The New Aeon will be Satanic, because it implies the synthesis achieved through the conflict between Nature Herself and *The System*, and the triumph of Nature implies the creation of a higher type of human species - a truly free individual who needs neither politics or religion.

A Note on "Vindex":

It is generally true to say, for the Esoterrorist, that it is the Path of their occult journey that is important, rather than the forms encountered or used during the way. However, it is a mistake to believe that this is the rule for all in the broadly esoteric field, and thus that all forms 'ipso facto', are simply a means to be discarded when appropriate, since no form can ever express the *essence*. For some unique individuals, in unique circumstances, there is no living of a form whilst hiding the "esoteric reality", the esoteric wisdom - the 'Occult' aspect. There is no clever deceit, no skilled manipulation, because the form created is the reality, that esoteric wisdom made real and practical. This form is usually of a 'religious' nature, and is what it is because it is open about what it represents, regardless of societal prejudices. In an important sense - which few will understand - the form ("organisation") so created, is not anexion to channel or presence the essence - it is the very essence itself: the essence evolving as it must evolve in causal time and space [hence also the continuing relevance of 'Satan' as an archetype]

This is the domain of **Vindex**, that much misunderstood embodiment of creative Change.

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Vindex does not really need 'the Occult' in conventional terms, to presence, or access the numinous ideals that s/he represents. Such things, in this case, only obscure the essence of Change, of evolution - as they can often distance a person from the creative numen which can and does provoke such an evolution. However, this aspect of bringing Vindex can cause dismay to some Occultists, who might view this stance as a betrayal of 'occultic principles' perhaps previously championed. The reality is, what must be done, must be done if it is to be *lived* - over and above the perceived "truth" of some forms (and a Satanist should always be their own opposite, and beyond ...). All Vindex needs, is already what is innate, and a *Will* made powerful by it being grounded, or presenced, in what *is* - now and in the future - numinous and great in evolutionary terms. Vindex *can* embody what is necessary: not particularly in the sense of some popular charismatic leader (a Caesar type figure), but in the sense of creating and maintaining the form which embodies the numinous ideals in the realistic way necessary. And this is the real Magick...

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62.

The Abyss

The Abyss is where the causal and the acausal meet: a nexus of temporal and spatial dimensions. Because of the nature of our consciousness, the Abyss lies latent within all of us – that is, our consciousness consists of both causal and acausal aspects. In this sense, we are all 'Gates'/ to the acausal dimensions, although this Gate – and the pathways leading to/from it – often lies undiscovered. Magickal training is essentially the discovery, exploration and use of these pathways.

Symbolised causally, the Abyss lies between the spheres of the Sun and Mars in the septenary Tree of Wyrd, and the 'Entering the Abyss' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept. The experience of the Abyss – which the Grade Ritual 'Entering the Abyss' begins – is fundamentally a destruction of the self-image which the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept created and which was glimpsed during the External Adept rite. It is also the destruction of all personal illusions regarding opposites: the final 'withdrawing of projections'. In essence, the Internal Adept has learnt (mainly through the Grade Ritual) to withdraw the projections of the 'ego' from other individuals – that is, there is an understanding of individuals as those individuals are in essence: without the distortion of one's own passions/ideas/prejudices and without the distortions of other people's ideas/judgements and so on. The experience of the Abyss takes this a stage further – there is a withdrawal of all personal projections made by every individual upon others/the 'cosmos' and so on: both personal and impersonal. Thus, the essence is apprehended behind the appearance which the causal produces because it is the causal. Put very simply, the Abyss is the beginning of acausal perception.

This perception implies a complete understanding of oneself, one's wyrd, as well as an understanding of others, of aeonic influences, and of the 'cosmos' itself – the beginnings of wisdom ... Yet this does not mean a negation of individuality. Rather, it is an enhancement of consciousness. This is so because the Abyss is also the Tree of Wyrd itself – all the spheres and the pathways in both their individual and aeonic forms: the 'individual forms' being Jungian-type archetypes (and the experiences/ understanding appropriate to these) on a personal level, and the 'aeonic forms' being aeonic/cultural myths and images on a supra-personal level, in both 'sinister' and 'light' aspects. Further, the Abyss is also a direct opening or "Gate" to the acausal dimensions.

The ritual of the Abyss implies an acceptance of acausal energies as those energies are – that is, without any 'abstract', personal or judgemental views. It is a letting 'in' of those Null, Chaotic energies without any hindrance. This of course can be dangerous, but the preparation reduces this danger as well as making possible an understanding of those energies and the 'forms' they may or may not assume in both the causal and acausal worlds. This latter point is quite important, because there have been many who, unprepared, having experienced some acausal energies via entering the Abyss too soon. Quite often, the result of this premature magickal experience is madness or extreme personal dis-orientation resulting in a 'possessed' personal life and/or loss of vitality; another and frequent result is personal delusion about one's own abilities and understanding, both personal and magickal.

This understanding of the acausal, vital to a 'successful' crossing of the Abyss, derives from the preparation implicit in (a) having undertaken the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept [that is, in essence, having spent at least three months alone without any external influences and without any personal contact] and (b) having fulfilled the tasks revealed by that Grade Ritual. This fulfilling of personal tasks (the accomplishment of part of the wyrd of the individual) is necessary (and it takes from one to many years after the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept) because it dissipates the energy of the 'self-image' that the Grade Ritual produces, preparing thus a voidness within the Adept. The Adept generally knows when this inner void is reached (in simple terms, the personal, driving energy is gone through achievement of personal goals: the reality, of course, is more complicated and here the advice of a Master/Mistress/Magus is often sought).

The ritual of the Abyss is simple. The physical part (the walk in the specified time without assistance) is essential preparation for the 'magickal' part because it prepares the consciousness in a very specific way as well as draining the physical resources of the body. To complete the walk given the conditions stated requires determination – and this determination is released/abandoned when the magickal part of the rite is begun, this release/abandonment occurring quite naturally because the physical goal has been achieved. Thus, there is a 'hidden' wisdom in the construction of the rite (as there is in all the Grade Rituals).

The physical part also creates – because of the isolation – a feeling within the individual of being only a part of something more vast, and it for this reason that the walk is undertaken as far from human habitation as possible. This isolation, the concentration required to walk at a pace

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enabling the goal to be reached within the set time, the rhythm of walking, the anticipation of the magickal part, all combine to produce the conditions necessary within the consciousness of the individual conducive to success.

As mentioned above, the Abyss is also an opening into the acausal. The 'passing of the Abyss' is the opening of that 'Gate' within us. All magick is a glimpse of the acausal, and the stages of the seven-fold way are really stages when the acausal energies are developed and understood in a progressively more emphatic manner – that is, they may be seen as 'pushing that Gate wider and wider' – in the passing of the Abyss there is no longer a Gate, but rather a union or fusion. In another sense, the seven-fold way may be said to be the creation, within the consciousness of the individual, of connections or pathways to the acausal – each stage develops more and more pathways until they form a conduit through which acausal energy 'flows'. Beyond the Abyss, the individual is part of the acausal 'flow' and has achieved the goal of sentient life. This is really the great secret of alchemy, of magick and of the Left Hand or Sinister Path itself – that is, we can create for ourselves another existence in another 'universe' and an existence which continues after our causal self dies. The means to this existence is simply – the seven fold way.

According to tradition, the Abyss is also presented physically in our causal universe. That is, terrestrial and 'Space' or 'Star' Gates exist where the two universes are joined. In reality, the terrestrial Gates may be said to be points where the causal and acausal come close to contact: where there is 'seepage' of acausal energy – the discovery of these places and then the 'opening of the Gate' via magick producing Aeonic energy to alter the causal (and thus the individuals in the world). [See the Order MSS relating to Aeons, 'Lovecraft and the Dark Gods' etc.]

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63.

The Azatu Gate

ONA

The following rite, for Priest and Priestess, exists in two forms. It may be undertaken by those of the stage of External Adept as part of the experiencing of those energies appropriate to that level (and it should be undertaken on completion of the Path and Sphere workings with the companion); but its primary aim, as with all forms of genuine magick, is to direct energy into aiding the emergence of the New Aeon. Generally, this will mean aiding, via the ways of magick, a causal form that possesses the ability to practically implement the New Aeon. Thus a symbol representing the causal form is used as a focus for the raised energy.

The **Satanic** form should be undertaken one hour before dawn during the Full Moon. The **Baphometric** form should be undertaken at dusk, when the Moon is New. Both forms should be conducted at an isolated outdoor location [the location most appropriate to the 'Baphometric' form is an underground cave where water flows].

I) The Satanic Form:

The priestess holds the crystal, while the priest rings the temple bell seven times. Both then meditate upon Atu VII of the *Sinister Tarot*. When sufficient time has been given to the meditation, the Priest says: "Aperiatur stella, et germinet, et germinet Chaos!", and places his hands over the crystal. Both commence vibrating 'Agius o Satanas', directing the vibration into the crystal. This vibration is undertaken nine times, with increasing force and resonance, whilst visualizing a deep region of space where a nexion is beginning to open [according to Tradition, the location of such a nexion lies near the planet Saturn]. As the vibration reaches its conclusion, a nebulous form (which may coalesce into the appearance of a dragon) is visualized seeping from the nexion, descending to the Earth, and entering the bodies of the participants via the crystal. Both should visualize their bodies filling with a star-studded space. On completion of the vibration, this visualization is continued in silence, for at least fifteen minutes. Following this, both commence visualizing the symbol chosen to represent the New Aeon, whilst chanting the *Diabolus*. This Chant should be sung three times in unison, followed by a further four sung in parallel fourths. Sexual union begins thereafter, during which both continue to visualize the sigil. On conclusion, both bow to the North saying: "Agius athanatos!"

II) Baphometric Form:

As before, the Priestess holds the crystal, while the Priest rings the temple bell seven times. Both meditate upon the 'Mousa of Swords' from the *Sinister Tarot*. The Priestess, when she judges the time right, vibrates: "Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet!". The Priest then places his hands over the crystal, and both commence to vibrate 'Agius o Baphomet', nine times. During this vibration, both visualize the crystal filling with darkness which then slowly spreads outwards to fill their bodies. As before, this visualization is continued for a further fifteen minutes following the end of the vibration. The 'Agius o Baphomet' chant is then sung, while visualizing the symbol of the New Aeon. The chant is sung three times in unison, followed by a further four in *fifths*. On completion of the chant, the Priestess quietly says: "Suscipe, Baphomet, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth". Sexual union begins thereafter. On conclusion, both bow to the North, saying: "Agius athanatos!"

Note: The crystal should be held by the Priestess throughout the rite - including during the sexual union. As is traditional, the best shape for the crystal is a tetrahedron, and it should be as large as possible. Rock crystal is best, but Pleonast, Spinet and Morion may also be used.

64.

In Praise Of War

R. Venn, ONA.

War is necessary - it ensures the health of a people and it encourages those warrior virtues which are essential to civilization.

When a people, nation or race goes for decades without engaging in a war which involves all or most of the communities of that people, nation or race, then that people, nation or race tends toward decadence - with cowardly scum coming to the surface, the young becoming feckless and undisciplined, and society generally declining. War breeds and reveals **character** - in combat, there is no where to hide. One either does one's duty, with courage and perhaps heroism - or one does not. War is the test of the man. War is natural selection in action - Fate decrees who survives, who is uninjured and who becomes revered as heroic. War makes individuals respect Fate, and thus gives real wisdom - an awareness of **duty** and **responsibility**.

Pacifism, and the pursuit of peace as an objective, are decadent - manifestations of cowards and *decadents*, and of a people and society ruled by cowards and *decadents*. Of course war creates and brings suffering, injury and hardship - but the hard reality is that such things are necessary. Without such things there is no real wisdom, no real individual character, no real understanding - no awareness of Fate, of those forces which are beyond the individual and which the individual cannot control. Without such things there is no perspective - and what is really important about life and living gets lost in selfishness and a crass pursuit of materialism. Above all else, war breeds **nobility**. It makes the values of nobility - honour, loyalty and duty - ideals to be strived for and thus encourages civilized conduct among individuals and a civilized society for individuals to live in. A noble individual is someone prepared to fight, and if necessary die, for their folk, race or nation. A peaceful society - dedicated to peace and the selfishness and materialism which goes with it - encourages and creates a feckless, crime-ridden society full of aggressive individuals who use that aggression to achieve their petty, egotistical aims.

War channels the natural and healthy aggression of youth and early manhood in a useful and productive way. The proponents of pacifism and the 'peaceful society' believe in their vain arrogance that their abstract, unnatural and intellectual ideas can change what they see as "human nature" - they believe that given sufficient "education" (read 'brainwashing') and sufficient social schemes, this aggression and lust for battle can be removed or miraculously transformed into something which they believe is more positive. What these products of late-twentieth century decadence fail in their intellectual arrogance to understand, is that individual nature is only and always changed by real, practical experience of living and *never by ideas or any amount of 'teaching' and/or social schemes*. What little individual change results from such things as ideas, teaching, 'faith' and social schemes is only and always pretence - *affectation*; that is, whatever change such things produce in individuals, such changes are not real - they do not go deep, they are not fundamental, positive changes. What all this amounts to is that if one places side-by-side a combat veteran, and one of the intellectual pacifist/'social worker' types which modern society breeds in profusion, then it is obvious to anyone of any real intelligence that the combat veteran is the better person, more in touch with the reality of life, more *civilized* and more able to cope with life and any change life brings. It is only soft, comfortable modern urban/suburban living which allows the social worker type to flourish - and this soft urban/suburban style of living exists in any civilization only for a short period, for it has within it the seeds of its own destruction. These seeds are the soft individuals it breeds. Civilizations are created and maintained by individuals of character - by warriors, by those experienced in war - they are *never* created and *never* maintained by ideas, by bureaucratic types, by politicians, by social schemes and 'education'. Anyone who believes that civilization depends on clever, fancy ideas and those who propound such ideas or makes their living from them is, quite simply, being *naive*. The penalty for such large scale *naively* as the societies of the West now suffer from, is that slow descent back into barbarism which has already begun.

The reality of pacifism and other such unnatural abstract ideas, is that they undermine and ultimately destroy that personal or individual *character* which is essential to civilization. The personal character essential to civilization and a civilized way of life is only and always created by combat - by personal experience of war.

A healthy society accepts war and prepares for it. A healthy society encourages warrior virtues and trains its people for combat. A healthy society upholds the war or combat hero as the highest ideal - as someone to be admired and emulated. A healthy society rewards those who have distinguished themselves in battle and accepts such individuals, and only such individuals, as leaders. In a healthy society, young men look forward eagerly to battle.

In contrast, an unhealthy or sick society strives to make "heroes" out of such non-entities as "entertainers", politicians, and successful business people. In brief, a sick society elevates the type of people combat veterans despise - vain, egotistical people concerned for the most part with materialism and/or sickly, pretentious (often sociological) 'ideas'.

It needs to be constantly affirmed that war and civilization are inseparable. To be civilizing, war has to be for some noble purpose - and this purpose can only be to ensure the survival, prosperity and extension of a particular folk, nation or race. War for a decadent purpose - such as to ensure 'peace' - is self-defeating, and produces only degeneracy and decline because such a decadent purpose weakens those fighting and produces an ailing, weak society dedicated to unnatural ideas that make people psychically unwell. Thus, any war which aims to strengthen a particular folk, nation or race is good; any war fought for any other reason - such as an abstract idea like 'peace' - is bad. A good war creates, aids and maintains civilization. A bad war destroys civilization.

A good war is morally right - it is a duty. It is a necessity. A good war ensures the health and vitality of a particular folk, nation or race - and thus makes for a healthy, vital society. What we have today - in terms of civilized life and the comforts which go with it - is the result of war. What we have lost and are losing - honour, community spirit, noble character, vitality, purpose - is the result of peace.

For too long, the pacifists, the cowards, the decadent and the pursuers of selfish, material goals, have been unchallenged. We who believe in war - who know its value and its purpose - have been silent for too long. We need to once again proudly and defiantly sing the praises of war!

65.

To Presence The Dark

Anton Long, ONA. 107yf

Genuine Satanic, or Sinister, groups have three fundamental aims: (1) to preserve and hand-on the genuine esoteric tradition, the Way to Adeptship and beyond; (2) to uphold and implement the Sinister Dialectic; and (3) to presence and so make real what is dark, sinister and Satanic.

The first aim is essentially the guiding of Initiates toward wisdom, thus changing those individuals - in effect, creating a new individual. The second aim is essentially supra-personal and is a changing of societies, civilizations and Aeons, through magick and through practical action. The third aim derives from the first two aims, and is essentially genuine Satanism in action "in the world" - that is, Satanic individuals doing specific Satanic acts to bring about change and evolution in themselves, and in the societies, civilisation or Aeon they themselves exist in.

It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature".

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be - for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is - and always will be until it evolves to become something else - raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing's an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death. their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever.

Thus it is permissible, and indeed necessary, for Satanic Initiates to exalt themselves, and thus life itself, over and above the majority, and at the expense of the majority - for such Initiates are a becoming, a movement of life toward something higher, while the majority are a stasis unless changed or provoked. In essence, Satan is the essence of life itself; He is this exaltation of life - this change, this evolution, just as the Satanic Initiate is Satan presenced in human form.

Genuine Satanism means such a presencing of the dark, and a genuine Satanic group is a group which initiates, authorises or guides its members toward individual and group acts which so presence the dark. When there is no such presencing of what is dark, terrible, awesome, magickal, deadly and tragic then there is no genuine Satanism. Thus, a genuine group will countenance and indeed demand human sacrifice, as it will countenance and indeed demand that its members do practical and magickal works to aid the Sinister Dialectic itself, bringing thus the chaos and the order of change and evolution.

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66.

Culling (A Guide To Sacrifice II)

ONA 1990eh (revised 1994eh)

As has been written - offers are human culling in action. That is, Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock: removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (in terms of character). Naturally, this culling occurs on a somewhat larger scale by using magickal means to direct / influence / control events in real time (i.e. in the causal) and so produce historical change [war / strife / struggle / revolution and so on] than it does by choosing a specific offer and executing an act of sacrifice. However, the correct choice of offer means that with their elimination the sinister dialectic will be aided and thus the intrusion of the acausal into the causal speeded up. [In non-esoteric terms read: "aid the dark forces to spread over Earth."] The choosing of specific offers depends on three things:

(1) Satanic judgement; (2) and insight into and knowledge of Aeonics and the sinister dialectic; (3) the means for undertaking the act without compromising the individuals involved are available. Generally, it is the duty of a Master or Mistress to select offers, although any Satanist, from novice upwards, can suggest suitable targets, in which case the Master or Mistress, after due consideration, will give judgement as to the suitability of the target.

(1) means a judgement is made, based on experience. Often, this is judgement concerning the character of the victim. The victim may be suggested / chosen (a) because one or more of their actions has brought them to attention and made them seem suitable; or (b) their removal will be beneficial to Satanism / the Sinister Dialectic. The suitability of the victim is decided by a Master or Mistress, and once confirmed, the victim or victims are subject to tests (qv. '*Guidelines for the Testing of Offers*' MS). Often, the Master or Mistress arranges to meet to victim or victims 'accidentally' and so can judge them on a personal level.

(2) means the proposed action is assessed in the light of Aeonics / the Sinister Dialectic - i.e. will the removal of the victim or victims aid the cause of Satanism? The dialectic?

(3) Means that (a) members are available to conduct the tests; (b) the loyalty of those members and the others who will participate in actual sacrifice is assured; (c) the Temple has the means and the abilities necessary to conduct the act: for example, make it seem 'accidental' if an "accidental death" is decided upon as a means of avoiding detection; can ensure safe untraceable disposal after the act; arrange an alibi should any participant need one.

Offers are not chosen at random - they are always carefully selected, then judged, then tested. The actual act - be such a ritual or a practical act (such as an assassination) - is never done for any personal reason. That is, it never arises out of personal emotions or from personal desires. Instead, the act is supra-personal - done with a Satanic judgement and a Satanic detachment arising from both Sinister knowledge (e.g. of Aeonics) and direct knowledge of the character or actions of the victim. The act itself and the prior judgment as to the suitability of the victim or victims is often communal - involving a Temple / group and thus a participation which enables a reasoned and balanced assessment by those participating. In such communal action, one member is appointed to argue the case for or on behalf of the intended victim or victims during the special *sunedrion* which is convened by the Master or Mistress to consider the selection of victim(s) and arrangements for the act.

The act itself is one which glorifies the Satanic, which affirms Satanic values - that is, it aids evolution in a positive way, enhancing the lives of individuals. In short, it aids self-development (of the participants) and aids evolution (via the sinister dialectic / nature of the culling). Offers become / are chosen as victims because of their nature and / or because of their deeds. Mostly, victims are dross - those whose removal will aid change / the growth of civilization / the Aeonian imperative.

The judgement which decides the fate of an intended victim or victims is of course a Satanic one - and quite often, this judgement is akin to an act of 'natural justice' and / or a Satanic retribution: the victims have effectively condemned themselves by their deeds / their nature. In effect, Satanic sacrifice is conscious evolution in action.

Many examples might be presented to illustrate this - but four will suffice, although it should

be remembered that these are merely illustrations, specimens, to throw light on the underlying principles involved.

I.) A young man of weak character (no self-discipline; a lout of the worst kind) spends his time stealing cars and committing petty crimes. He lives on 'Social Security' benefit and has a disdain for nearly everyone - which he shows by his loutish, foul-mouthed behaviour: when he is with friends, of course, since he is too weak and cowardly to do anything provocative on his own. He is often drunk. On one occasion, he steals a car with some of his cronies, is chased by Police but escapes. During this chase, he crashes into some other cars and two people are injured, one of whom is a young woman who sustains serious injuries the effects of which will be with her for the rest of her life.

Some time later, this lout and some others break into the home of an elderly, blind man. The man attempts to stop them and this enrages this lout who beats the old man unconscious. The elderly man had fought in the Great War of 1914-18 and had been awarded several medals for gallantry. After this beating, the lout is rather proud of himself and considers he is something of a 'hard man'.

This lout is a typical example of the modern dross modern society produces in such profusion and which this society does nothing effective about. His character and his actions make him a suitable candidate for sacrifice - his removal will be a culling, benefitting evolution, and be an act of natural justice, restoring balance. Satanic judgement would give him a chance to redeem himself - make something out of himself - via tests designed to show if he has any potential. Should he fail the tests, he would be regarded as an opfer.

II.) A Satanic novice living in a European country where questioning the 'holocaust' is a crime, in law, joins an extreme right-wing political group which works 'underground'. In doing this, he hopes to acquire experience 'on the edge' and actively aid the Sinister Dialectic by challenging 'the accepted' and speaking / working for and on behalf of the heretical and 'the forbidden' (in that and other Western countries, the heretical is National-Socialism: qv. MSS on Aeonics). After some months of action, he and some others are betrayed by someone working with them. The person who betrayed them had been arrested doing something dreadfully 'illegal' (distributing forbidden books and leaflets) and had made a deal with the authorities whereby he only gets a fine if he gives them the names of others involved in the underground cell. Our novice however escapes to another country - but two of his Comrades are caught and after a farce of a trial are sentenced to several years imprisonment.

Thus the betrayer makes himself a candidate for sacrifice - he acted against the sinister dialectic (and thus those aiding that dialectic) and revealed a weakness of character.

III.) A particular individual is prominent in actively organizing and encouraging violent opposition to those who are members of a political group whose actions and policies [unknown to them] are aiding and will aid the Sinister Dialectic and whose nationwide success would begin a new upward phase in evolutionary change. By his actions over a period of time, this particular individual becomes an opponent of those who desire to bring about this new evolutionary change - and thus he becomes a suitable candidate for sacrifice. His removal - most effectively by assassination - will be a lesson to others and beneficial for those whom he opposed, and thus will aid the dialectic.

IV.) An Adept desires to practically and effectively disrupt the status quo and encourage the breakdown of the present system, aiming also to bring about a revolutionary state of affairs in his country beneficial to those whose actions and policies [unknown to them] are aiding and will aid the dialectic and thus evolution. To do this, he aims to target a particular, distinct, group - considering them all as suitable potential opfers. That is, he considers this particular group - by its nature and by its collective presence and actions - has shown itself to be suitable: removal of as many of its members as possible will be conscious natural selection in action. In effect, he wished to create a particular type of 'tension' in society by eliminating members of this particular, distinct, group.

The Master guiding this particular Adept agreed this was a feasible option, from the point of view of practically and effectively aiding the sinister dialectic. A special *sunedrion* was held to consider this, with a member defending the character and presence of this particular group within this particular society. After hearing and considering all the arguments, the judgement of the Master was that the members of this particular distinct group (and others like it) could indeed be classed as opfers and thus that the removal of one or many would be beneficial.

Essentially, sacrifice falls into two categories - (1) sacrifice by magick by means of a magickal rite, such as the Death Ritual; (2) sacrifice by some physical act - i.e. death by practical means. (2) can and often does involve a secondary and / or simultaneous magickal ritual which aids or is a part of the practical act of execution.

67.

Baphomet & Opfer

From Opfer, Fenrir Vol. II, no 2

The word 'opfer' generally refers to the sacrifice that occurs - symbolic or otherwise - during certain rituals. There are, generally, two types of opfer: (1) associated with rites to open a nexion (or 'Star Gate'), between Aeons - when such an opfer(s) is considered necessary in terms of the 'energy' required; (2) those associated with traditional beliefs regarding the 'working of the cosmos'.

(Opfers associated with death rituals form a third type.) The second type, according to tradition, was chosen once every 17 years and this sacrifice was regarded as necessary to retain 'the cosmic balance' - in modern terms, keep a nexion open (and thus preserve the associated higher civilization etc). The chosen one was made an honorary Priest (this type of opfer was always male) and there was a joining between him and one or more women, as Priestesses. This joining was a simple type of 'hierosgamos', and the offspring of the union(s) were given great honour. At the ceremony itself, the head of the opfer was severed and displayed - usually for a night and a day (although this period may have been longer in the very distant past). The Rite was conducted outdoors in a 'sacred' place - often a circle of stones or hill top.

The chosen one was able, because of the sacrifice, to partake of an acausal existence - becoming thus an Immortal. Thus 'willing sacrifice' was possible, although it is easy to imagine that in later times, the opfer was not so willing. Traditionally, this type goes back to Albion, and while originally the ritual was probably a community affair, it became more secretive. What survives to the present day (The Ceremony of Recalling with 'opfer' ending) probably reflects the essence of this earlier tradition rather than the detail (the words, chants etc). This essence may be apprehended in the role of the Mistress of Earth - representative of Baphomet, the Dark Goddess. It was to Baphomet that the sacrifice was made - hence a male opfer. Indeed, the whole ceremony (of Recalling) can be seen as a celebration of the dark goddess - the Earth Mistress/goddess in her darker/violent/sinister aspect. The severed head was associated with the worship of Baphomet - the cult deriving from Albion - hence the traditional representation of Baphomet.

The identification of Baphomet as the Bride of Lucifer/Satan probably dates from around the 10th or 11th century, as does the use of the name 'Satan'/Satanas as the Earth-bound representative of the Dark Gods.

It is important to remember that in earlier times (eg. in Albion during the Hyperborean aeon) there was no clear and/or moral distinction between the 'light' and the 'sinister': the two were seen as different aspects of the same thing. Thus, what we know as the Mistress of Earth (the 'goddess') was both what we now call Baphomet (the dark aspect) and Gaia (the Earth Mother). Likewise with the male aspect - Satan and Lucifer - or Dionysus/Kabeiroi and Apollo. We now understand all such symbols as unconscious/conscious projections onto 'reality' (where 'reality' = the region of causal/acausal mergence) - as 'gates'/nexions to the acausal itself, with the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd being a 'map' of these gates understandable by 'non-Adept' consciousness. Thus, the sphere of Mercury re-presents Lucifer/Satan - Mercury, Mars and Sun being "male" spheres, and moon, Venus, Jupiter the "female" ones (Saturn beyond such opposites - Chaos itself).

The cult of Baphomet was the worship of the dark aspect of the "female" energies - where in this context, worship means a striving toward understanding/conscious integration. Traces of the worship of the 'light' aspect survive in the Septenary tradition in the name "Aktlal Maka" and the natural form of the Nine Angles rite. The darker aspect survives, in essence, in the Ceremony of Recalling and the traditions associated with the Mistress of Earth and Baphomet. As to the original name of the goddess in both her aspects, there is a tradition which gives 'Darkat' (early form of

Lilith) as the name used before Baphomet became the common usage. However, 'Azanigin' has also been suggested - as has 'Aktlal Maka' for the 'light'/Gaia aspect, although both these are merely 20th century suggestions, not based on any oral tradition. Some aspects of the cult of the (dark) goddess are said to have survived into Greek times in the form of the 'mystery cults' (qv Kabeiroi - and also Eleusis for the 'light' aspect), this being an 'indirect survival', the 'modern' Septenary tradition being a direct one, from Albion.

The use of the name 'Baphomet' probably derives from the 10th or 11th century although the traditional pictorial representation of Baphomet is undoubtedly much older. If there was an oral tradition connected with the origin of the name Baphomet, it has been lost.

Thus, there are no indications as to the 'original' names of the 'light' and 'sinister' elements on the 'male' side - known to us as 'Lucifer' and 'Satan'. These latter names probably also derive from around the 10th or 11th century - although 'Karu Samsu' (or something very similar) has been suggested for the 'Lucifer' aspect and 'Sapanur' as the 'sinister' aspect.

The rites associated with the first type of offer - such as 'The Sinister Calling' - cannot be either dated with certainty or seen to be derived from an earlier tradition. In all probability, they derive from the 12th or 13th century, although it is quite possible that earlier versions/forms existed. Some

have even considered The Sinister Calling as a later version of the Ceremony of Recalling. Again, if there was an oral tradition, it has been lost - all that remains are the rituals themselves.

The 'Black Mass' itself (and indeed most of the ceremonial rituals in The Black Book of Satan) probably originated around the same time as the Sinister Calling. The original Mass was said in Latin, although by the middle of the 20th century a translated version had found its way into the Black Book - of necessity, although some Latin chants remained.

NOTES: The significance of the 17 year cycle is unclear. In the past few decades, some theories have been advanced, but they are unconvincing.

Aktlal Maka is a chant sometimes used in the natural Nine Angles Rite by the Priestess if the glade has a spring of water. It means 'the flowing waters of Earth' and is chanted in homage to Gaia since natural springs are regarded as her children.

The 'mysteries of the Kabeiroi' (sometimes spelt Cabiri) is one of the esoteric traditions associated with the Hellenic Aeon. In its original form, 'the mysteries' concerned certain deities often represented in the form of griffins and connected with the sea as well as Demeter - the 'mother Earth' or Gaia. According to esoteric tradition, the mysteries concerned the Dark Gods - in various 'shapechanging' forms - and related how Demeter gave the first Initiates of this tradition a crystal (later venerated at a shrine near Thebes where a sacred grove to Demeter existed) as well as showing how an individual, through various Rites which involved Gaia, women, sacred marriage and so on, could be transformed to a different realm of consciousness. This transformation, as in other Greek Mystery Cults, was achieved mainly through personal involvement in ritual/ceremonial action often of a mythological kind.

Later, this tradition became divided - Eleusis representing the 'Apollonian' element, the Kabeiroi the 'Dionysian' or darker aspects, for it is said that all Initiates of the Cabiri had to have committed a crime greater than common ones.

The mysteries of the Kabeiroi were often celebrated in mountain shrines (certain combinations of rock and underground water being regarded as sacred - that is, capable by their magickal power of transforming the consciousness of individuals (cf. various sacred sites of the Yezidi who upheld a more garbled version of Dark Gods tradition) and to reach these shrines was considered part of the process of Initiation.

Greeks called the Kabeiroi the 'great gods'.

68.

Sacrifice

Although it was over seven years away, I believed the time was right to begin the planning for my performance of the Ceremony of Recalling; a sinister ritual of sacrifice where the victim or offer was offered to Baphomet, the dark Goddess of Satanic tradition, regarded as the Bride of Lucifer. According to the tradition I was heir to, the ritual was performed every seventeen years by the Grand Master or Grand Mistress who represented that tradition - the offer being a Priest of the tradition. In the ceremony, the Mistress of Earth identified with the role of Baphomet.

The sacrifice could, of course, be purely symbolic. It had been a long time since a voluntary sacrifice had occurred, the offer, in the recent past, being carefully chosen. I believed I should continue this recent trend. I would need to plan the rite carefully - carefully choosing those who would take part. They would be sworn to secrecy, and would have to have no doubts of any kind. I, like a few others, understood the meaning of the rite itself - it would continue a tradition, creating a link with past deeds and thus magickal energies, and it would also create or draw down its own sinister energies. These could be directed to achieve a specific goal, or they could be directed into a chosen individual or individual who would have an important sinister destiny to fulfil, or they could be stored to await further use. Whatever, it was an extremely powerful and sinister rite.

Such a sacrifice would thus be for a specific Satanic goal, and in accordance with Satanic honour the offer [for this would have to be an involuntary sacrifice] would choose him / her self by their deeds. That is, their removal would benefit evolution, and consequently aid the sinister. They would not be chosen at random, as they would not be, despite the claims by those who knew nothing about genuine Satanism, virgins or children. They would be those whose removal would actively benefit our long-term aeonic goals.

Let me express this plainly so that it will be understood. The victim or victims would be the type of person or persons whose death by whatever means would not be mourned - someone of whom many would say: 'He / she deserved it...' The sacrifice would be akin to an act of natural justice. Naturally, it would be myself, in consultation with a few others, who would decide, and this decision would be based on sinister strategy or aeonics.

Such an offer could be chosen by such means at other times and the appropriate rite of sacrifice performed, but the Ceremony was more specific: its aims, intent, were for a definite purpose. Accordingly, I began to plan for the ritual - I already had a few vague ideas concerning suitable candidates, and asked a trusted Guardian of one of the Temples to begin research into their backgrounds. I also visited a few possible sites for the ritual, researched others, and began to consider those who might participate with me.

Of course, I had undertaken sacrifices before - in the approved manner. And even before those, I had tried a ritual of sacrifice. This was in my early days, before I assumed my role as heir. I, with some others involved in politics and vaguely involved with the sinister, planned to sacrifice someone to commemorate the founding of our new political movement. We chose the victim, and gathered on a crag in Yorkshire one night. Our plan was to will the victim to fall over the cliff to his death. So invocations were done, energies directed. The victim became possessed, stumbled and fell. Unfortunately, he fell only a short distance, and was mostly uninjured. So in that sense the ritual failed. I knew why - of those gathered, only myself and one other really wanted to cause someone's death. The others were not committed to the sinister.

My other attempts were successful. The victims fell by assassination, or were victims of 'accidents' - all achieved by my "underground" political work, and what followed thereafter. I simply - before the act of execution - dedicated their death to my sinister cause. It was quite simple, and very effective, even in battle. I was merely continuing a long-standing pagan tradition - dedicating enemies beforehand, and then killing them, for a cause, of course. Being enemies, they deserved to perish, their death aiding the sinister dialectic. Such was the "approved" Satanic manner. Thus did the victims choose themselves.

Naturally, those who have no understanding of Satanism, as well as those who oppose that philosophy of living, portray sacrifice differently. According to them, it is always the 'innocent' who are victims, who are offers. They seldom, if ever, define what is meant by 'innocent' - and cannot, however they try, define on a satisfactory basis, what 'evil' is. Hopefully, my revelations will

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destroy such myths - as they will destroy the attempts by the feeble, mostly urbanized, people who call themselves 'Satanists' and who deny sacrifice exists or ever has existed as a Satanic practice. These people know nothing about real, primal, Satanism - they like the glamour of the Sinister but are weak individuals, lacking in character, who play at "roles" in a fantasy world. They do not have the passion, the spirit, the desire, the pride or the creative genius of genuine Satanists. Such people, in fact, would make good offers ...

Finally, what I have written before bears repeating - wars are the ultimate sacrificial rites, and it no coincidence that sometimes the sinister dialectic has aided these, and occasionally brought them about.

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69.

A Satanic Master, Revealed

[The following extract is taken from the memoirs of a member of the ONA]

I was, and had been for many years, a Satanic Master. What did that mean?

Did it mean I was an egocentric bastard who corrupted others and who followed the path of perversion? Did it mean I dressed in a certain way and cultivated a stereo-typed image? That I was wealthy, and powerful?

Not essentially. It meant a stage, a goal achieved, a way of being, **insight...**

There can be little that brings perspective and an awareness of meaning (and thus genuine insight) like being in a flimsy tent, in a storm, in Winter, with no food, little water, miles from anyone, with no one knowing or caring where you are, while Fever wrestles with you... Or sitting on warm grass on a warm sunny Spring day by a cross-roads having just been released from drab, dreary and enclosing prison life and realizing you are free, to take any road you choose... Or being in the cold of night trying to run silently from a house where you have shot someone dead and where people are screaming and shouting, knowing that the pursuit will soon begin, again... Or watching while a friend of only a few days but who in those days came close to you having saved your life, dies, his intestines throbbing in the dirt, having been cut from him by a storm of bullets... Or listening with a lover to a spell-binding performance of Beethoven's Ninth and then carrying that exuberance, intensity and affirmation together as you make exhilarating love and touch the essence...

Years ago, I had attained Adeptship (or 'individuation' to use another but less accurate term), a certain synthesis. This meant achieving empathy, skill, knowledge - a balance of conflicting opposites - and this achievement meant a change from what I had been. It was achieved by experience. I had been a fanatic (whether 'political' or 'Satanic' is unimportant) - hard, ruthless, DEVOTED TO ACTION, to experience. To attain more, I had to go further, to bring forth other aspects of myself, some of which were already a part of my character (mostly dormant) and some which were not. Because I was who I was, I did this via extreme experiences: isolation, being a wanderer, a monk... Mostly, this was a conscious decision or process, born from my Occult Initiation and the path I followed. But sometimes it was instinct. The experiences brought more insight, further experiences, and thus change: there was an enrichment, a taking of life into other realms of being. I always believed in myself, always understood I had a Destiny (and Initiation was a part of this) - even if at times I was not quite sure what it was. This is perhaps why I survived.

The core of my story is Satanism - of the genuine type - and to understand me is to understand this much misunderstood way of living. Satanism is the name given to a practical way of living: a quest for achievement, excellence, worth, defiance, where the individual struggles with and against the world, their own unconscious and the primal powers of darkness beyond the psyche. A 'magickal' grade or title is a stage of achievement, representing a certain level of insight, skill, experience, knowledge attained.

Thus a 'Master' is not someone in a black cloak who stares (or tries to stare) demonically, who pretends to be all knowledgeable and infallible, and who of necessity perverts others. Rather, a Satanic Master (or Mistress) is someone who has attained a certain level of wisdom and experience: he or she will, like all genuine satanists, be insightful and controlled and intense. The higher (or more advanced) the Grade, the greater these will be. But a Master or Mistress will be something else - natural. That is, possessed of individual character. Spontaneous, because of this. And, of course, still human... A Grand Master (or Grand Mistress) is beyond this, and almost inexplicable. As a Master, I came to know that my insight regarding wisdom was valid: that there is a sadness in wisdom, in knowing too much, in having seen too much, felt too much. But I did not let this knowledge about wisdom make me sad: except in those few exquisite moments when my being strained to the very limits of existence as I, alone, walked upon some bleak or sunny Moor or distant hill, when **I knew** what had yet to be achieved, by me and all others; what remains to be explored, discovered; **what can be**.

I, and others like me, are the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge is impossible. I am also my own opposite, and yet beyond both. This is not a riddle, but a statement of Mastery, and one which, alas, so few have the ability to understand.

70.

Mastery ~ Its Real Meaning And Significance

Anton Long ONA 103yf

Mastery is one of the names given to the achievement, by an individual, of one of the advanced stages of the occult way or path. In the septenary tradition - which some regard as the authentic Western tradition in contradistinction to the Hebrew 'Qabalah' - this stage is the fifth of the seven that mark the quest, and those who reach it are often known by the titles Master of Temple or Mistress of Earth.

It follows from the stage of Internal Adept, which is the stage of Adeptship [qv. the MSS 'Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance']. Between the two, lies an area often called 'The Abyss'. Basically, an Internal Adept [or simply 'Adept' for short: an 'Internal' Adept is distinguished from an 'External' Adept by virtue of the former having achieved an internal as well as an external insight/understanding and a skill in both internal and external magick] has discovered the nature of their unique Destiny in the real world. That is, they are aware of personal wyrd. Before they can venture into and beyond the Abyss, this Destiny has to be strived for - the Adept has to make real, in the real world, this dream of Destiny.

For every Adept, the Destiny is unique. But for all it means an interaction with the real world - in effect transforming their inner vision and energies in a practical way and so in some way (often quite significant) changing the real world. All Adepts effect changes in others. Some do this in a directly magickal way - for instance, by running a Temple/group and teaching esoteric traditions. Some do it via creativity - for instance, music, Art, writing. Some do it via direct action which appears to non-Initiates as divorced from Occultism - for instance, politics or business. Some combine elements of all of these. There are many other ways. What is important is that the Adept is using their skills and abilities, derived from achieving Adeptship, in a practical way - their life has a vitality, a purpose, a dynamism which is beyond that of most others.

While this is occurring, the Adept is learning and evolving further. For some Adepts, the majority in fact, this interaction, this striving for a Destiny, is totally satisfying. In effect, their wyrd is this Destiny. (Note: wyrd and Destiny are not identical. Wyrd is beyond, but includes personal Destiny. The 'Tree of Wyrd' comprises all the seven spheres or stages of the Occult quest.) In esoteric terms, they possess no desire to progress further; and usually their desire to follow the Occult path to its ending fades, slowly, and then is lost in everyday and personal concerns. Their quest has been a phase of their lives - a rewarding one, but nevertheless a phase, which they mostly consider they have 'outgrown'.

However, some Adepts see and understand this Destiny in a different way. Or, rather, they feel it differently after a number of years of striving. They gradually become aware of what is beyond, in esoteric terms: they understand this Destiny as a part of their wyrd, and that wyrd as the 'dialectic of change'. In essence, they understand in a real, complete way [i.e. not just 'in theory'] what Aeonian magick is - of how their life and deeds are part of an Aeonian imperative.

Of course, all Adepts - if they are genuine - understand the rudiments of Aeonian theory. But this is a purely intellectual, abstract, understanding. It is cerebral, devoid of numinosity. Further, most Adepts are aware of the rudiments of Aeonian magick - but, once again, this awareness is cerebral.

What occurs in some Adepts is that by the very process of striving to achieve a personal Destiny in the real world, they gradually come to understand what Aeonics really means, in personal and supra-personal terms: **they experience Aeonian magick via their striving**. This makes it real to them in a meaningful way - cerebral understanding is mostly a vacuous understanding.

In essence, therefore, the esoteric understanding of these Adepts grows in the only way real esoteric understanding does - via practical experience of the realities. They acquire more insight into the world, the cosmos and themselves. On the psychic level, the energy which imbued their personal Destiny, which gave them the vitality, the "elan" to pursue it, wanes. They begin to seek after something else - they desire what seems to be an intangible wyrd.

Thus, they move toward 'The Abyss' after some years of striving in the real world, of garnishing experiences, of learning from them. In effect, the self-image, which Adeptship created, is waning. [Note: Initiation creates an 'ego-image'; an External Adept has both an ego-image and the beginnings of a self-image. An Internal Adept has achieved a self-image: a certain unity of conscious and unconscious/pre-conscious forms. This self-image is vitalized by a Destiny.]

For a period, the Adept lies between two-images: the self-image which has almost died, and an intangible but tantalizing wyrd-image. This is often a most difficult time in the personal life of the Adept. There is nothing and no one to help them.

Gradually, they may achieve more understanding and come to understand the real essence hidden behind appearance: in themselves, others, the structures of the world, the cosmos itself. They will also come to realize what is missing from their own life - in terms of experience. Accordingly, they will redress the balance by living to attain what they lacked, to fully complete themselves. This, of course, is difficult, requiring as it does not only a genuine self-honesty and awareness, but also a real understanding of what the balance itself actually is. Here, 'theory', book-learning and such like is no use.

Then, when some balance is achieved, there will be a discovery of the essence of not only Aeonick Magick but also what the essence of magickal forces really are. A discovery of that which is beyond opposites - a return to and a going away from, primal Chaos.

Following all this, there is usually an ordeal which is magickally ruthless and which ascertains if the person undertaking it has actually achieved both an internal and a magickal mastery. In the septenary tradition, this ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress which involves the candidate walking, alone and unaided and carrying all food etc., a distance of 80 miles in isolated terrain, starting at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day. After reaching the target distance, a magickal ritual is performed which is psychically dangerous.

Then, there is a certain satisfaction of having achieved the stage of Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

Naturally, the above is only a brief outline of the transition from Adept to Master or Mistress. The salient points are that it involves many years of striving for something in the real world, of causing changes via a Destiny; that there are and must be more experiences to take the individual far beyond 'the self'; and that there is a real understanding of what lies beyond external and internal magick - of the patterns and processes of dialectic change, of evolution itself: in brief, of Aeonics. And a real Mastery of forms.

To provoke or cause the individual to go beyond 'the self', the experiences of necessity are hard. By their nature they take the Adept to and beyond the limits of living - mostly in a way more extreme than those which form the character of an Adept and which therefore a novice may undertake to experience and learn from and so grow.

Because of all this, the Adept who progresses to the stage beyond possesses real wisdom. They have achieved many things. They are different from ordinary mortals - inside, where it matters. They know because they have experienced: because they have seen more of life; because they have been to the limits of themselves and gone beyond what they were. And because they have maintained their resolve to follow the occult path they have chosen to its ending.

In effect, they belong to a new race - they are part of an elite more exclusive than that to which Adepts belong. They have developed a significant part of their latent potential; have fully understood themselves, the world, the people in it, the esoteric or hidden forces in the world, and the cosmos itself.

This does not mean that they are infallible or that they have nothing more to learn. Neither are they deceived by their own abilities and understanding. They are, however, aware of what it is they must do, conversant with their own abilities and the dialectic of change. That is, they know how to use Aeonic Magick to affect evolution - and do so, for their own life is a part of the creative change necessary.

Most who claim to be a 'Master' (or 'Mistress') are charlatans. As with the false Adepts, they appoint themselves to this title, or are appointed to it by someone who claims to have progressed even further. They have not achieved it. They have not achieved anything significant in creative terms; have little or no self-understanding; possess no real knowledge of Aeonics and Aeonic Magick. They have not lived their limits - and gone beyond them. They have no 'genius', no wisdom. They are still full of self-delusion particularly about their esoteric knowledge and their own abilities, and have no real insight into others, let alone themselves. In fact, many who claim to be 'Masters' lack even the basic qualities of an Adept.

The same applies - even more so - to they who claim to have gone beyond the stage of Mastery, and I shall explain why in words which will expose them for the frauds that they are.

The stage beyond that of Master - often signified by the title Grand Master - requires for its achievement significant **Aeonic** works. That is, it requires the person to have produced profound changes in the causal and magickal forms which mark a particular Aeon: or to have actually presented esoteric/magickal energies in such a way that a new Aeon is created. This does not mean that someone believes they have done these things - 'on the magickal level'. It means that the structure of evolution has been significantly altered in accord with the wyrd of that Grand Master/Mistress: and in such a way that the changes are perceptible, in **real life**, in those forms and structures which Aeonic energy is presented in the causal, such as societies.

This does not mean a playing at magick by heading some self-created Occult organization or Temple - or writing/talking at great length about Occult matters. Neither does it mean that one assumes the title by taking over some already existing organization or group. It most certainly does not mean someone else awards it or confers it.

Further, it means one has not only reached the limits of present knowledge regarding Aeonics and other esoteric matters [and knowledge in the sense of practical experience] but has also extended those limits by one's own creativity - taken conscious evolution further. That is, added in a profound way to a conscious understanding and to the means for others to attain such understanding. This in itself does not mean anything 'dogmatic' or of a religious nature - or 'given to one' by some entity/supra-personal intelligence or whatever. It is never 'revelatory' in the sense of a religion. That is, it does not mean one is "appointed" by some entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence or whatever and so "heads" some sort of messianic crusade of a religious nature.

The frauds indulge in pseudo-mystical babble and Occult histrionics - they expect and mostly demand obedience. They play a "role" and often dress the part. Of course, by doing these and similar things they obtain followers, sycophants - i.e. weak individuals who need to fawn and obey. All the frauds rely on something external to themselves, be this something a "role", a mandate, a divine/diabolic revelation, an imagined/real lineage, an organizational authority, a messianic/diabolic/extra-terrestrial commission or whatever.

In reality, all these traits and actions are signs of someone not yet achieved Adeptship - someone striving for self-insight.

A real Grand Master (or mistress) has a wealth of practical experience both Occult and 'in the real world'. They have genius - a highly developed intellect and a creativity. They possess empathy in the highest degree. They have judgement. They possess a critical awareness and understanding of all those factors and forms which have and do shape and change our evolution both conscious and unconscious from individuals to Aeons. And they are unique - 'their own person'. They owe allegiance to no one and they are not constrained by any affectation or role (such as conforming to the imagined image of a Master or Grand Master or 'teacher'). Like genuine Masters and Mistresses, they are spontaneous and human, without affectation of 'knowledge' or 'cleverness'. Neither do they pretend to be 'venerable'.

There are perhaps two or three genuine Grand Masters/Mistresses a century - and that is all. And this is unlikely to change, given the present capacity of individuals to delude themselves and given the fact that few are prepared to undertake the really hard and difficult struggle that lasts for at least a quarter of a century and which creates such a unique entity.

As regards the last stage of the Occult way, which the septenary tradition describes by the term Immortal and which the distorted and inauthentic tradition of the 'Qabalah' describes as the stage of the "Ipssisimus" [and I had to look-up how to spell the word], this really is not obtainable except in the last few years of the causal existence of a Grand Master/Mistress who has created for themselves an acausal and thus Immortal existence. Thus, anyone claiming this title in the causal or mortal world is, 'ipso facto', a fraud - and one who has little or no knowledge of **real** esoteric matters. Those who so claim, show themselves up to be not even a genuine Master or Mistress - and seldom, if ever, even an Adept.

As Aeschylus once explained: one can learn through adversity/ suffering as so achieve wisdom. Before this 'law', people suffered, but did not learn. Most Occultists have never suffered, and so learn nothing; they eschew ordeals, and real life experiences, in favour of mystical meanderings and a religious mentality. Or they find comfort, an escape in the Occult. A real Occult quest involves adversity - undertaking hardships, surmounting real physical, mental and psychic challenges; forging into the unknown, alone. Questing through adversity to transform one's existence.

It takes years of self-effort and adversity, of accepting challenges and triumphing, to achieve real self-insight and genuine esoteric understanding, and thus to become an Adept. It takes even greater effort and adversity and learning to go beyond that.

Real wisdom is still, unfortunately, a precious commodity. The esoteric path to Wisdom is open to all - its techniques and methods **work**. But such is the primitive self-awareness of most people that they cannot appreciate this or be bothered to undertake a real quest in search of the next stage of existence. So the Occult babbling will continue, and the frauds claim their titles.

De nihilo nihil fit.

7I.

Victims - A Sinister Exposé

ONA 1990eh

It should be understood that all acts undertaken by a Satanic novice to gain experience are perpetrated/done against those (the victims) whose character has been revealed to be or shown to be, by their deeds, defective. This character is judged from a Satanic perspective.

The actions of a Satanic novice in the real world, arise as a consequence of that novice following, at the time of a particular act, a particular stage of the Satanic way to Adeptship and beyond. Thus, each act has a purpose and an intent which are beyond the moment(s) of that act. The purpose is to achieve experience (and consequently that maturity of character which experience brings), and the intent is Satanic - i.e. the individual is participating in Satanism by their desire to so experience and profit from that experience.

All such Satanic acts are directed and calculating, and as such they arise from a conscious decision, not from a 'loss of self-control' nor from a desire or desires which overwhelm the individual. The novice chooses the act or acts, consciously, as part of their training - they are not led into them, by others, nor are they drawn into undertaking them because of some feeling/desire which holds them in thrall and which (mostly unconsciously) motivates them. [Note: We are here concerned with acts involving victims - not acts (e.g. magickal ordeals) which involve the novice alone.]

The acts are part of a particular practical, real-life role which the novice chooses and assumes for a particular time, and as such the acts are defined by that role. That is, the nature of the act is defined by the role. Since this is a role, Satanically chosen, the act itself expresses Satanism in action. Thus, all such acts involving victims conform to certain Satanic principles, the most important of which is that the victim(s) of such acts are victims of their own nature. The act or acts which may result in them being the victim of those acts, are really 'natural' consequences arising from the defects of character which the victim possesses and which are revealed by the defective deeds of the victim.

It bears repeating that all Satanic acts done by a novice to achieve experience and which involve victims, are done against those who have revealed themselves to be of defective character. Of course, it requires some judgement - or instinct - to determine character in others and thus assess them as potential victims. But it is one of the purposes of Satanic training to develop this judgement (and hone the instinct) which arises from maturity. The Satanic practices themselves, and the guidelines established for Satanic acts, enable novices to find suitable victims while they are still developing Satanic judgement and character. One of these practices is the testing of potential victims - the real-life tests revealing the true nature of the target and thus serving to confirm or not the choice of target. It is part of a novice's training to participate and then devise and undertake such tests which expose the character of a target.

The use of victims by Satanists has been misunderstood. Victims are always carefully chosen following an assessment and judgement of them (usually by a Master or Lady Master) - the victims stands revealed by their deeds and their life. The victims are then tested (usually three times) to give them an opportunity to show potential and reveal their true nature - that is, they are given a sporting chance. Only after these tests have confirmed their suitability - their defective nature - will they become victims. Hence, Satanic victims can never be children: all victims must have done something which reveals their defective nature. This 'doing' is always of a certain type: it reveals them for what they are, generally worthless scum whose culling, for example, benefits evolution. That is, the actions/life of the chosen victim are indicative of weakness - of all those traits of character which genuine Satanists despise. Things such as cowardice, treachery, sycophancy, fear, bullying, lack of self-control ...

Hence, there is no such thing as an 'innocent' Satanic victim: the victims of Satanic acts get what they deserve. Victims are thus instruments of Satanic change - raw material which the novice uses (and often disposes of) to learn from.

Naturally, this Satanic practice - of acts which involve victims - can be and has been misused: used as an excuse by weak individuals in thrall to their desires and passions to justify their actions. But this is irrelevant. Satanic practice is like a gun - it is neutral. It can be used, for noble or ignoble purposes. Like a gun, a Satanic practice is an artifact, a creation, an expression of evolution itself. How the practices of evolution are used depends on the individual - that is, it returns the responsibility to the individual, allows them to make a choice. There is not, nor can ever be in Satanism any authority to ban, to control, such acts - for such restrictions are a denial of conscious liberation, a denial of individuality. They patronize individuals and prevent them developing into higher, self-aware, and wise beings.

Furthermore, there is no responsibility, devolving on persons like myself or any genuine Satanic Master, for anyone who may use Satanic acts for their own, un-Satanic ends - that is, as an excuse for their own weakness and failure of self-control. The practices are as they are - it is up to each and every individual how they are used, or even if they are used. The responsibility of choice is theirs and theirs alone - to deny them that choice, even the possibility of that choice (and thus to deny them the possibility to evolve further, to Adeptship and beyond) is to deny conscious evolution itself.

- Order of Nine Angles -

72.

Revenge

ONA, From Hostia II, 1992.

Central to any civilization and society which is civilized, is the notion of revenge - and central to revenge is the blood feud. When the "State" - of whatever political hue or any large organized governmental structure, reserves for itself the means and control and dispensation of "Justice" then true freedom does not exist: the individual has become controlled and enslaved, if not physically, then mentally.

Any healthy flourishing society not only allows revenge, but encourages it, and any society which does not is already a form of tyranny, however much clever, vapid, intellectual and political words may be used to try and obscure this reality. A healthy society is one that tends to respect the individual right to justice and thus revenge: the two are linked and cannot be separated without destroying both, leaving an empty shell. A healthy society seeks to respect the individual, and extend their responsibilities and duties, and one of the most important responsibilities and duties of any individual is to avenge.

This view is not upheld by many today - and certainly by none who form those cliques of legal and social 'professionalism' which infest society today. Instead, the present System seeks to convince us all, from childhood, that only the State has the "right" to deal with "Justice" - and that only this is "civilised". But if you believe that, you really are ill - one of those pale specimens inebriated by the clever words and ideas of the half-men (and half-women) who unfortunately proliferate today in our comfortable and monied societies.

Revenge is natural and necessary. An illustration here might be instructive. A young motorist, high on drink and drugs, deliberately runs down and kills someone: the classic 'innocent passerby'. After some trouble, the police find this driver and he is charged. When his case comes to court, he manages to wriggle out of the murder charge ('lack of sufficient evidence'/some legal problem) and is instead convicted of manslaughter. He shows no remorse. He is sentenced to 3 years in prison. After a little over 2 years he is released, and some months later is arrested for drink driving and driving while disqualified. A few more months in prison. Then he is free. Now, in this instance (and many like it) the relatives of the victim have a duty to kill this piece of scum - and should be ashamed of themselves if they did not. Naturally, they would give all sorts of reasons as to why they would do nothing - but basically they are, if they do nothing, (a) spineless cowards; (b) degenerate bastards who do not care; (c) so ground down by the System, by the lies and propaganda, that their natural instincts have been destroyed. They - one or some of them - should have killed the offender. Naturally, in the feeble societies of the Western tyrannies, had they done so they would - if caught - have faced "Justice" and the legal system themselves: and probably spent longer in prison than the bastard who deserved to die (such is the sickness of the "West"). But, until this whole rotten System is destroyed, they should have used the rules of the System against itself - why not, for instance, run the bastard himself down? You would, if caught, only get a few years. But at least you would be able to live with yourself - still have your honour.

Of course, an impartial assessment (like a Judge) is still necessary - but once judged, relatives are honour bound to act. Anything less is gutless.

73.

Baphomet - A Note On The Name

The name of Baphomet is regarded by Traditional Satanists as meaning "the mistress (or mother) of blood" - the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained. [See 'The Ceremony of Recalling'.]

The supposed derivation is from the Greek **βαφη μητρα** and not, as is sometimes said, from **μητιος** (the Attic form for 'wise'). Such a use of the term 'Mother'/Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings - for example Iamblichus in "De Mysteriis"

used **μητριζω** to signify possessed by the mother of the gods. Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of 'amalgam' (and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna, in the sexual sense).

In the Septenary System, Baphomet, as Mistress of Earth, is linked to the sixth sphere (Jupiter) and the star Deneb. She is thus in one sense a magickal "Earth Gate" (qv. the Nine Angles), and Her reflexion (or 'causal' nature - as against Her acausal or Sinister nature) is the third sphere (Venus) related to the star Antares. According to esoteric Tradition, the Antares aspect was celebrated by rites in Albion c.3,000 BP - in the middle and toward the end the month of May and some stone circles/sacred sites were said to be aligned for Antares. In contrast, the Sinister aspect of the Mistress (i.e. Baphomet) was celebrated in the Autumn and was linked to the rising of Arcturus, Arcturus itself being related to the Sinister male aspect (Mercury - second sphere), later identified with Lucifer/ Satan. Thus, the August celebration was a Sinister hierogamos - the union of Baphomet with Her spouse (or 'Priest' who took on the role of the Sinister male aspect). According to Tradition, the Priest was sacrificed after the sexual union, where the role of Baphomet was assumed by the Priestess/Mistress of the cult. Thus, the May celebration was the (re-)birth of new energies (and the child of the Union). Tradition relates this Sinister, sacred Arcturian rite as taking place once every seventeen years. Once again, some sacred sites in Albion are said to be aligned to the rising of Arcturus, over three thousand years ago. In the middle ages, Baphomet came to be regarded as the Bride of Satan - and it is from this time that both 'Baphomet' and 'Satan', as names for the female and male aspect of the dark side came into use (at least in the secret sinister tradition).

Hence the Traditional depiction of Baphomet - a beautiful mature woman (often shown naked) holding up the severed head of the sacrificed priest (usually shown bearded).

To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding and for their own purposes. They adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua, but with some bloody/ sinister aspects - and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially 'Satanic'. Rather, they saw themselves as holy warriors, and became a military cult with bonds of honour, although their concept of "holy" differed somewhat from that of the church of the time, including as it did dark/Gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle and not part of a specific rite.

The image of Baphomet (e.g. by Levi) as a hermaphrodite figure are romantic confusions and/or distortions: essentially of the symbolic/real union of mistress and priest and his later sacrifice. The same applies to the derivation of the suffix of her name with 'wisdom' (and a male image at that!) - even the confused Gnostics understood 'wisdom' as female.

74.

Baphomet - A Note On The Name II

There is a tradition regarding the origin of the name Baphomet which deserves recording, even though it is not regarded as authentic, having no present-day proponents.

This tradition regards the name as deriving from *βουβάστις* - the Greek name for the Egyptian goddess Bastet, recorded by Herodotus (2.137 ff). It is interesting that Herodotus identifies the goddess with Artemis, the goddess of the moon. Bubastis was regarded as the daughter of Osiris and Isis and often represented as a female with the head of a cat - cats were regarded as sacred to her. Artemis was a goddess unmoved by love and she was regarded as Apollo's twin sister (the identification of her as a 'moon goddess' followed naturally from this since Apollo was linked with the sun). Like Apollo, she often sent death and plagues, and was propitiated sometimes with sacrifices.

It is interesting that (a) *βουβάστεια* is the Pythagorean name for 'five' [qv. Iamblicus: *Theologumena Arithmeticae*, 31] - perhaps a link with the 'pentagram?'; (b) the Templars, with whom the name Baphomet is associated, were said to have worshipped their deity in the form of a cat.

The tradition recorded above, and the one described in part I, both regard Baphomet as a female divinity - and both are esoteric traditions, hitherto unrecorded. It is possible that both are correct that is, that the actual name Baphomet derives (as mentioned in part I) from the Greek *βαφη μητρα*: the prefix referring to being 'dyed/stained' or 'dipped' in blood. The suffix derives from 'mother' or 'mistress' used in a religious sense (qv. Iamblicus 'De Mysteriis'). This name - Baphomet - is thus a descriptive one for the "dark" (i.e lunar) goddess, to whom sacrifices were made, and which was actually known in former times as 'Bubastis' - that is, Bastet, to whom cats were sacred. Thus, Baphomet could be regarded as a form of Artemis/Bastet - a female divinity with a 'dark' side or nature (when viewed via conventional morality) to whom sacrifices have been, and continue to be, made. Sinister tradition regards Baphomet as the Bride of Satan/Lucifer - this would fit well since Lucifer is often regarded as a form of Apollo: Artemis is the female form ('sister') of Apollo. Here, it must be remembered that both Apollo and Artemis were not aetherial, moral and lofty divinities (the classical gods have been romantically misinterpreted) - they could be, and often were, deadly and dark: both 'sinister' and 'light'.

75.

Baphomet - A Note On The Name III

Tradition tells of a community who venerated the goddess in an area of what is now North Scotland. This community is believed to have comprised of the ancestors of 'The Picts', and they were based around the River Oykel. The Latinized form of their name, given by Ptolemy, was *Smertae*, which means 'stained' or 'smeared folk'.

The name by which this community knew the goddess is not recorded, but in Gaulish inscriptions there is reference to a war goddess named *Rosmerta*. Her name translates as 'the greatly smeared goddess' - that is, smeared with blood. It is quite possible that the *Smertae* were connected with her worship, and they were said to smear themselves with the blood of their enemies, in her honour.

Interestingly, another community which lived near the region of the *Smertae* during the same era, was known by a name which translates as the 'cat people' (see *Note on the Name II*).

- Order of Nine Angles -

76.

Beyond Illusion

CB, 1998eh

All authentic occult Ways bring enlightenment - that is, they bring a living apprehension of the cosmos as a unified Being, and the purpose of individual existence in accord with that Being. In the Dark Tradition, this apprehension is but a beginning.

The Sinister Path aims to bring this apprehension via its various Grade rituals, ordeals and tasks. These experiences, as has been written many times, gradually expand individual consciousness into acausality. The Initiate, if they are honest with themselves, will know what experiences are necessary in order to bring an internal balance, and so enable progress along the Way.

However, these various ordeals do not in themselves produce enlightenment. In understanding this, an Initiate of the Way must cease to view the ordeals as forms of conventional "Occultism"; that is, as isolated rituals which supposedly provide "quick fix" results, and an instant attainment of some grand occult title. The ordeals must be understood as ways and means to enlightenment only within the context of the whole journey, from "novice" to "immortal".

In particular, each Grade ritual is a rite of consolidation, a method to distill the wisdom from the previous tasks and ordeals (such as an "Insight Role"). For example, the Grade ritual of External Adept, by its very nature, provides the conditions necessary to reflect upon the previous stage of Initiate, and to thus allow a process of understanding to occur unhindered. This understanding, produced by the conditions of the rite and derived from the experiences which have led up to it, is the quintessence of each Grade ritual.

By allowing this consolidation, via a method which fulfils Satanic criteria, character and creativity is deepened and further evolved, and thus the next stage of the Way is made possible. This next stage signifies the practical implementing of this "further evolving" in the real world.

This process is particularly demonstrated by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. The conditions of long isolation and silence enable, really for the first time, genuine understanding of the Way as previously and uniquely experienced by the prospective Adept. This understanding occurs of itself, because the prospective Adept has ceased the practical, dynamic life of experience that was previously required.

Thus, the rite of Internal Adept only produces enlightenment when a sufficient amount of sinister experiencing has occurred (usually over a period of three to seven years following Initiation). The ritual may be undertaken at any time, but may not produce what it is designed to produce if the time is not ready for its undertaking: this is to say that enlightenment does not merely result from spending a minimum amount of three months living isolated in the wilderness. It is easy to become enchanted with the "glamour" and challenge of the image of that particular rite: but the outward form is only surface and meaningless if undertaken simply for its own sake.

The prospective Adept therefore will come to an intuitive understanding of the essence of that ritual beyond its appearance, within a time-frame unique to their own development. When that intuitive understanding occurs - and the individual will know when it does - then all the conditions, esoteric and exoteric, are present for a genuine, successful undertaking. Any attempts prior to that point of intuitive understanding implies that the ritual is being undertaken for the wrong reasons, and will end in failure.

One such reason is to see the rite of Internal Adept as an escape from/ solution to personal problems or circumstances - and for those subjected to the pressures and sicknesses of modern urban life (or the culture of the "real world" in general), the allure of living as the archetypal Hermit is understandably very strong. But the ritual does not in itself constitute a new way of life -

although it does give, perhaps incidentally, a glimpse of the beginnings of such a way; and if such a new way is desired, then it must be discovered and created prior to or following the ritual itself. (Conversely, an established, productive and "happy" life can produce excuses not to undertake the ritual.)

Following completion of the Internal Adept rite, the new Adept returns to the world and begins to implement their Destiny, of which they are now conscious. The tasks then required are devised by the Adept themselves, in accord with that Destiny. Only when (and if) the primary goals of that Destiny are achieved, can the next stage of Master/Mistress occur.

Essentially, the undertaking of a Grade ritual should not occur as a consequence of allowing unconscious and personal motivations to dominate (which are then obscured in fine-sounding ideas or excuses). Personal dilemmas are there to be resolved in other ways, and the Grade rituals there to be allowed - no matter what the desire of the Initiate - to occur of themselves. In allowing this, the Initiate needs to develop a certain detachment from the personal - a combination of the intuitive and the objective.

Where the various other tasks are concerned, such as those listed in Hostia, the Initiate is occasionally led into these by the individual who is acting as their guide. Sometimes such tasks are not undertaken altogether willingly, but are experienced because the advice of the guide - someone who has travelled further along the Way - is trusted and accepted. Such tasks harden personal character, provide greater insight into oneself and the world, and further refine a sinister focus and understanding. Such a focus/purpose/sense of Destiny, enables judgement and the endurance to see that judgement through.

As for the Grade rituals - at least beyond the Grade of External Adept - the Initiate must themselves learn to wait and watch for the right time and trust, amidst the alchemy of other tasks, that such a time will arrive, to thus be acted upon, using their own initiative. This time does not stay, but is as a gate that will open and then begin to slowly close, until the opportunity is lost. In this - as in all other aspects - self-honesty is the fundamental requirement of anyone who seriously aspires towards the ultimate goal of wisdom.

To conclude: an Intitiate should ask themselves the following questions. What really is the purpose, for the individual and beyond, of each Grade ritual? Is such an ordeal undertaken because of the glamour and promise of its "image"? Is the ritual to be manipulated for personal ends, or are there larger forces involved to which the individual must learn to listen? If there is a larger force, what is it and how is the individual to listen? In so answering, there is no point in simply regurgitating the expected ONA theory; one must answer according to how one feels.

A real Adept knows the answers.

77.

A New And Numinous Art

ONA

The reality of the present is that personal feelings, based on relationships, and the personal struggles and/or sufferings of individuals, have all been described by artistic means in the past two millennia or so. There are centuries of work concerning and created because of personal love and personal relationships - and the problems of ordinary living and society - in literature, music, drama and so on. What has needed to be said, written and expressed about such things, has been said, written and expressed by the many great artists of the past two millennia.

What is needed now is to build upon these foundations - to turn outward, and away from the inner world of the personal psyche and the world of mundane society. What is needed is to describe and express what is relevant to the next stage of our evolution, as human beings. This next stage is the stage of new adventures, of new worlds, of new ways of living brought through striving for a numinous and thus supra-personal goal.

The personal life should now take care of itself - if there is a numinous goal to strive for. In brief, the great Art of the past has enabled us to achieve an understanding of ourselves - it has brought us to individuation, to the wisdom of a genuine Adeptship founded upon the reconciliation of opposites. We have discovered and learnt to know ourselves - and have discovered the unity, the wholeness, which lies beyond the Shadow and the Self. We have learnt that we are - or can be - both Destroyer and Creator, both Lucifer and God, as we have learnt the natural necessity of both these forces of creation, and destruction, and how renewal and re-birth proceeds from them. We now need to and should go beyond this - for anything else is unhealthy and a waste of life. It is also the negation of the work of those great artists which has allowed us this understanding.

Thus, there is no longer any need for those who desire to be great artists to endure or desire personal suffering to aid their development and their understanding, as there is no longer any need for individuals to describe their inner suffering, their personal development and their personal understanding through artistic means. What should and must be understood in the personal sense now can be rationally understood through an act of will - through a conscious understanding of the works of Art of the past two millennia.

There needs to be a whole new artistic movement - or many such movements - which seek to go beyond this personal understanding and which seeks to develop new forms of Art to express and describe what must be expressed and described in the numinous realm which lies beyond this personal understanding.

We need to free ourselves from the mundane world of the past, and achieve a real understanding of and a real balance with Nature Herself. We need to strive to free ourselves of this planet of ours, at first in artistic visions and dreams, and then in practical reality as we reach out toward other planets around other stars. We need to dream great visions again, as we need to strive to make these visions real. Thus, do we need to become inspired by greatness - we need to dream of and create new civilizations, new aeons, new Empires to stretch ourselves in, to explore and discover, and to use to create an entire new species of higher beings who are fulfilling the promise of existence latent within them. In essence, we need to capture and express the numinous itself and mould that numinous through a unique work or works of Art.

Anything less than this is unworthy of us.

78.

Grade Ritual - Grand Master/ Grand Mistress

The Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth needs to fulfill several conditions before the ritual proper:

- 1) To have fully fulfilled the pledge of a Master/Mistress regarding transmission of the Way by (i) having trained at least one suitable individual up to and including Internal Adept, and revealed to them all esoteric teachings; and (ii) explicated that Way using appropriate means enabling understanding by others as/when their wyrd inclines (these means including writings; images; music etc.)*
- 2) Having fully mastered all the techniques of aeonic magick and achieved by some of these new temporal forms*
- 3) Significantly extended the boundaries of knowledge understanding and existence by creative endeavour explicated causally and acausally - some magickal, others outwardly not-magickal.
- 4) Have begun the process of directing acausal energies via a new or presently or past existing nexion according to the wyrd of that Master/Mistress with the intention of a new aeonic manifestation or re-creating a previous form or forms.

These conditions have been fulfilled (or nearly so) the candidate sets in order his/her temporal affairs - discarding all that is unnecessary. This includes all properties, all of significant monetary value, all accumulated possessions, and all obligations of a personal kind (familial etc.; profession/employment)* The candidate is to have no financial or other resources other than that required for necessary survival (and then on a weekly basis) save for a small amount sufficient only for the performance of the ritual.

All this preparation is necessary and should be strictly adhered to - this attainment of 'temporal freedom' being necessary for reasons which a Master/Mistress will understand* (To those lacking this understanding and post-Adept insight all that will be said that such freedom enables the candidate to become for a short period an actual 'nexion' between the causal and acausal, all attention, energies (psychic and otherwise) being then capable of focussing upon the task.)

The ritual proper involves the candidate achieving a difficult feat of mental and physical endurance - usually this involves walking, in difficult, isolated terrain, a distance of 300 miles in 15 days carrying appropriate equipment and occasionally buying food en route using the small monetary savings mentioned above* (Experienced long-distance walkers are advised to increase the distance.) This feat is planned to end at or near the site chosen by the candidate for the physical nexion.

The candidate is then to reside at or near this site for a period from Equinox to Solstice or Solstice to Equinox (or, for some nexions, for an alchemical season) during which time and using aeonic techniques, acausal energies are brought forth and directed to an individual(s)/organization/order/archetypal form(s) and so on, via the chant/name(s)/ images and so on chosen by the candidate. In addition, the candidate usually creates a new technique, to enhance the working (eg* similar to the 'Star Game'). During this period the temporal changes caused by the magick should be discernable. (Further enhancements/workings may be required after this initial period.)

These changes signify the success of the Grade Ritual.

79.

Temple 88: Newsletter I

ONA

THE SATANIC PURPOSE

The Destiny of the Temple is to bring the NEW AEON; to presence via Satanic magick the future in the present, and secure the unfolding and establishment of a new civilisation - one that enshrines Satanic principles. We are privileged to be the ones who will conduct the Aeonic rites which aid the cosmic tides once every two thousand years - that is, when the Aeon is waning [in its Winter stage] and the energies of the next are beginning to manifest. This organic process of Aeonics flows according to its own species of time, and contrary to the fantasies of most Occultists, the New Aeon will not become fully manifest for another five hundred years from now. Thus the purpose of the Temple is truly Sacred, since it exists to fulfill Cosmic Wyrð rather than pursuing the personal indulgences of its members - indeed, its very aim spans centuries beyond the causal lifetimes of its members.

How the relevant energies are presented and to their long term effects, depends on how they are consciously manipulated; this is to say, that a "New Aeon" comprising of an upward surge in evolution is not necessarily guaranteed of itself. It must be brought by WILLED CHANGE, implemented by those with a real understanding of what is NECESSARY in order to fulfill the promise of cosmic evolution (and thus the promise of our own existence). As expressed, this understanding transcends the "personal" and illusory culture of the "individual". Thus, when Satanic magick is directed into a causal form to aid the fulfilling of Wyrð, the form concerned is chosen because it is RATIONALLY understood as enshrining the ethos appropriate to the New Aeon. Whatever "negative" feelings one may have about such a form are irrelevant, as, ultimately, are any personal desires and prejudices, since such things are the residue of temporary, temporal cultural conditioning.

However, Aeonic understanding is not a negation of Being, but rather an extension - where Individual consciousness expands into the acausal. To bring forth a new species of Human which embodies this new way of Being, which possesses the faculty of REASON, is the esoteric purpose of the New Aeon. At present, the methods by which this "Individuation" - or more correctly, "Adeptship" - may be created, exist only within the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, as enshrined by the Order of Nine Angles (qv. the various published Order MSS).

It is essential to understand that the Sinister and Satanism (of the Traditional kind) are one and the same; that is, only the force known as Satan represents in both essence and form, the Promethean zest, defiance and Darkness without which evolution is not possible. Satan is not merely a form to be considered "outmoded", to be thus replaced with another deity of one's personal choice: the form itself IS the essence, IS that Promethean zest so vital to the survival and expansion of Western Destiny. This is the esoteric reality, now more than ever. Those who do not or will not understand this are irrelevant, as those who actively oppose this reality are our enemies, fit only to become Opfers. The results of Satanism in practice represent balance, a synthesis of both "light" and "dark" (in terms of the psyche), brought about through real-life experience and thus made manifest in the way necessary to cause significant causal change. A Satanist, therefore, is part of the Dialectic of History: this, in contradistinction to the distorted media image of a gothic wallowing in death and perversion, and the decadent, petty lives of every other "Occultist". Out of all the Occult paths, only Satanism dares to guide its adherents through the Forbidden Gates so they come to KNOW what must be achieved if the Wyrð of the Cosmos is to be fulfilled. The absolute dearth of understanding concerning the real purpose of Magick (or the Great Work) is symptomatic of the dying time of the present, and an urgent reminder why practical action must be taken NOW, lest all that is numinous is lost to the selfish consumerism and enervating (and illusory) egalitarian ideas that are killing the Promethean Soul. Thus, in so acting, Satanism represents the highest form of Nobility.

AEONICS

The terms "New" and "Old" Aeon have become by-words of Occult speak, and very rarely can any Occultist define in realistic terms the esoteric and exoteric nature of the New Aeon.

The ONA however offers a scientific rather than a mystical, subjective model of history, and reveals each Aeon as an organic being, with its own finite life-span. Briefly, an Aeon lasts 2000 years, and its associated civilization 1,500. During the "Winter" stage of the associated civilization - usually presented causally as an IMPERIUM - the strands of the subsequent Aeon manifest [all civilizations so far have evolved through a natural process of growth, change and decline]. Each Aeon possesses a unique "ethos" (or "Soul"), and thus each Aeon and associated civilization has a unique Destiny. This Destiny will always produce causal manifestations, but as to whether or not its promise is implemented, depends on the conscious apprehension of the associated civilization. So far, over the previous four Aeons, the pattern has been an organic one, without significant conscious, or willed, change.

The ethos of this current fifth Aeon - the Western - is EXPLORATION: the desire to know and extend boundaries by such striving. As a result of this ethos, we in the West have the capacity to consciously apprehend the Aeonic process, and thus through willed change (or "Magick") extend, perhaps indefinitely, the lifespan of our civilization. This extension implies the emergence of the next, and associated, sixth Aeon, often termed by Satanists as the Aeon of Fire, but known by all those who share the Promethean ideal as the GALACTIC. This is so, because the Destiny of the Western race is to lead the way to exploring and colonising the Galaxy, thus extending the boundaries of Human experience into new and infinite realms.

However, the fulfillment of this Destiny is by no means secure, since it requires the significant nurturing and expansion of forces that run counter to the MAGIAN ethos of the Tyranny that currently occupies the West. When referring to the "New Aeon", most Occultists will maintain that they are striving towards the dawn of a New Age vaguely apprehended as a time of liberation, "personal freedom", and the realization of "global peace and harmony". But this Nazarene influenced New Age is far from a rational, conscious apprehension of Aeonic forces: instead, it is a cultural illusion engineered by The System in order to impose control over the Folk, and to fulfill its own messianic prophecies. The tyranny of the capitalist System lies in the creation and encouragement of selfish materialism, which deliberately denudes the Western Race of its greatest strength: its soul. It is no accident that this soul is dying, as the Folk are transformed into flabby, soft consumers - sub-humans devoid of numinous vision and noble purpose. The great tragedy when considering the societies of the West today, is that the Western Lands were once peopled by real warriors such as the Vikings. If the next Aeon is to be secured, then there must be a return of the Promethean Soul as epitomized by the real Warrior - that is, someone whose hands are stained by blood and gore, and who is really prepared to die for a noble cause: whose individual life is a means to something greater. In this present age divorced from Nature, such fierce, defiant and WAR-LOVING adventurer would be locked away for "crimes against humanity". Thus, there is at present a very real war being waged between forces often depicted in esoteric legend as a "white" and a "black" order - the force described (in one sense inaccurately) as the "white" order has its magickal centre [or NEXION] in the Middle East. If this Galactic Aeon is not secured then a new Dark Age will result, with the loss of an opportunity that may not emerge again for many centuries - if at all. However, the Western Soul does die it will only be the fault of the Western Race itself, since The System IS inherently unstable, and with the necessary Will, determination and courage, CAN be smashed. System Breakdown implies more than just Magickal rites, since the chaos that needs to be released must be earthed into a practical, causal form dedicated to the principles of the New Aeon. The immediate aim therefore, during the Winter stage of this present Aeon, is to establish Imperium, from the ashes of which would emerge the Galactic. Contrary to the views cultivated by contemporary "Western" culture, genuine freedom will not result, at this point in history, from a lessening of restrictions, but rather from an increase: from a focused, dedicated and clearly defined societal structure. This initial establishment and increasing of "totalitarian" force is necessary in order to counter the decadent and illusory "freedoms" of capitalism. Genuine liberation means freedom from MENTAL TYRANNY, and this is achieved only according to how a form can aid the evolution of the Folk as an organic whole, and not as is widely believed today by championing the "rights of the individual". Thus, such a vision of freedom can only be attained via a practical Aeonic process, and cannot be arrived at through mere sentimental philosophy: it can only be brought to being by the fires of experience.

To re-iterate, this process of synthesis is the meaning of Satanism - for both individuals AND Aeons.

NATIONAL SOCIALISM

To bring about Imperium requires the creation and establishment of an appropriate causal form(s), and an individual [and subsequent such individuals] to lead it. Such an individual is known according to the Dark Tradition as VINDEX, and one of the aims of Satanic Magick is to earth forces in order to allow the emergence of this individual, as well as to direct energies into the causal form ("organization"). The nature of the Imperium obviously must enshrine the ethos of the West, and that ethos is presented as National Socialism. Despite what many would rather believe, there is no other form which can release the forces of Western Destiny since that form IS that Destiny made manifest. In present society where almost all forms have been made into a commodity, Occultists and "political revolutionaries" will always rather gravitate towards a less controversial (and ultimately System-supported) form, and in so doing will declare very convincing reasons why National Socialism is "wrong" or "unenlightened". The System has done its work very well on the people it subjugates - including those who believe themselves to be exponents of Heresy.

National Socialism (with the esoteric exception of Traditional Satanism) is the only real Heresy in existence, since it is based solely on the highest ideals of Honour, Loyalty and Duty, championed over and above selfish individual pursuits. It calls for a revolution of the Soul; a Triumph of the Will; a return of racial pride and defiance - of all that epitomizes the genuine Western ethos. It is a form that cannot be bought by The System, and thus the only option for the latter is to jail or kill National Socialist, and smash through innumerable legislative variations National Socialist influence, naturally dormant in the Western - or Aryan - people. It is the only form which frightens The System, and is thus the only form capable of achieving System Breakdown.

In a very important sense, National-Socialism IS contemporary Paganism, and renders all other "pagan" forms (including "Odinism") obsolete. Its Paganism stems from the concept of BLOOD & SOIL, the apprehension once symbolized by the "Green Man", and remembered in fragments of Arthurian legend. This connexion does not reside in economics, and the exploitation of the Land's resources, but is instead the achievement of spiritual balance: a harmony of Being attained via reverence for Nature, and the drive to create new and more numinous ways of living [thus rural communities, expressions of genuine Folk-Democracy which capture so much of contemporary imagination, would become a reality under a National Socialist Reich].

Because it epitomizes for the West, numinosity, National Socialism is a new religion. It is this aspect - though seem to grasp it at present - that could establish National Socialism as a devastating presence with the Magian System: that is, once understood consciously in religious terms, NS would draw to it the kind of invincible fervour possessed by, for example, Islamic Fundamentalism. Implementing this latter aspect, is one of the goals of Vindex.

Because of its religiosity, NS expresses the "light" aspect of the Cosmos since its numinosity lies in its capacity to directly speak to the "masses"; to establish FOR THE MAJORITY a new Golden Age enshrining all that is great and civilized. Satanism is the "dark" aspect of the Cosmos since it dares to understand and implement what the majority are conditioned by The System to fear. It is concerned with developing through ordeals, the elite of the elite - those capable of undertaking the necessary acts that human experience far beyond what is conventionally accepted. Satanism exists on the edge of esoteric essence beyond any form, yet the goals of both the light and dark aspects are the same, since both are ultimately manifested from the same source - that of the Cosmos. At some stage during the Aeon process, the essence as it is may be lived by the majority - but that will not occur for many centuries, or even Aeons [and this itself is one of the long term goals of Satanism].

The above serves as a brief outline as to why Traditional Satanists have founded Temple 88, a working group dedicated to fulfilling Cosmic Wyrld. The only meaningful form of Magick is that which is concerned with Aeons - anything else is merely decadently, illusory and counter-evolutionary. "Magick" occurs when an individual life is transformed beyond the personal, since ultimately there is little of the "personal" that exists. In this respect, the Temple and its Magick is the movement of Life itself, since the Way of the Sinister has always been one of EMPATHY. thus our Magick fulfills a nearly forgotten sacred trust, to the Glory of They who are seldom Named.

[The rites that constitute the Temple's Aeon work will be detailed in subsequent newsletters.]

80.

E I R A

A Satanic Guide To Future Magick

Coire Riabhaich, ONA

Preface

This present volume has been compiled from the most recent writings of a member of the Order of Nine Angles. It serves as a pointer towards the future - of Magick, and of Western evolution.

The author is well aware that written works such as this are merely shadows of what cannot, at present, be adequately expressed. And yet, via these writings the real motives of Satanists in the world may begin to be discerned.

Perhaps then another nameless insight will be presented, and one more nexion shall start its slow opening.

ONA Venn Community, Shropshire 1998eh

Eira: A Satanic Guide to Future Magick

Introduction: In The Realm of Gods

The very essence of Satanism is that we can become gods: that we can be those future beings who will be revered not only by our own species, but by other life-forms elsewhere in the cosmos. By using only our Will, we can be the indomitable ones destined to carve out the path to the next aeon. By great deeds, we can be the makers of history.

All that has led to this point in time can be surpassed - all that has made great warriorship, heroism, discovery and creativity, can be surpassed, re-defined and re-expressed. All the gods, all the great figures of our history who spawned gods, can be bettered.

We can possess the one real secret guarded by all our past gods: that those gods are but pale imitations of the beings that we ourselves can become. This secret is the grail that sleeps within the soul of our Western Race, and which so many occult forms have failed to wake.

All past gods of the various Western Traditions are rendered obsolete by the forces which Satanism alone is unleashing. These are the forces of cosmic evolution, taking the form of the Aeonian Magickian. The cosmos is now seeking to discard the tired old gods of our past, and is hungry for new expressions, to spawn new forms that will begin the next cycle of history.

Fading are the old Earth-bound symbols, giving way to those of acausal dimensions; those numinous forms which presence now the Galactic future that awaits. Rising are the chants of the stars, the wordless ceremonies, the living nexions that are worlds apart from the occult, from the old realm of temples, circles and runic readings.

The Satanist does not need to study or re-enact the past, and indulge in what has long been established: he is that past, the present, and the future. And each new willed act is another re-

expression of the essence, another re-definition of cosmic meaning - another dis-covering of the potency of life presented in each one of us.

Another reminder that individuals do possess the *choice* to act or not to act for the greater cause of evolution: that each act *can* matter, *can* make a difference ...

We do not have to simply consume and pay homage to past glorious deeds; to behave as if we believe history itself has now ceased, or has been rendered the future realm of an officially appointed few. Those appointed few are like the old gods of the past: they exist so that we individuals can, through *defiance*, discover our own potential - the potential that is really one potential: that of the cosmos itself.

Thus, Satanists do not follow gods. So what then of Satan, that greatly mis-understood living symbol? Satan is not tied to cultural phases, and does not in image represent a once great society. Instead, Satan is the timeless flow of the cosmos, seeking existence. Satan is the grail itself, that secret guarded by the inadequate gods of our past.

Satan *is* the very essence of the striving to become a god - Satan *is* the arrogance within that enables us to leave behind the archaic gods, and to find the courage to *be* the new gods. Satan *is* how we live, how we die, and how we shall be after causal life.

Satan is the word that when invoked presences the very essence of our striving and defiance. As a living Being, Satan desires new life, new expression, and the constant surpassing of each shadowy archetype created to represent Him. As living Beings, when we are living right, we *are* Satan - both as individuals and collectively, as the new species of Human that is yet to be.

Let us stop grovelling to old archetypes, stop forming fan-clubs for the Old Ones, and discard the superstition and academia that is so precious and so useless. *We* possess the creative genius to set in motion new Earth-shattering forms, and the arrogance to behave as the embodiment of the future that we, in essence, are. The future implies an upward surge away from the near medieval times we still live in, and in this becoming of evolution, we do not need to seek answers from anywhere but within ourselves.

The future gods bear our names ...

I: The Forbidden Alchemy

One of the long-term aims of the Dark Tradition is to bring to consciousness *for the majority* the reality of the Force that is **Satan**. This 'dis-covering' will result in the upward evolutionary surge known as the 'New Aeon'.

A magickal Order, such as the ONA, is only one of several forms by which Satan is presented - and presented in the most undiluted of ways, without the obstruction of mortal fears. In one sense, all genuine sinister orders are an invocation to Satan: they constitute in themselves a magickal ritual, with each member understanding the conditions required if the long-term goal of the rite is to be attained. This magickal ritual, being founded upon the uncompromising principles of Nature, contains within it spontaneous or unknown factors which defy the imposition of abstract dogma. By this magickal ritual the unique creativity, the uniqueness of Being possessed by each Adept, is allowed to develop of itself.

But Traditional Satanists also understand that uniqueness of Being to be the Will of the Cosmos itself, and thus certain types of individual creativity are Life made manifest during its course of Evolution - this is to say, in esoteric terms, that certain types of creativity presence the acausal. Practically, the creativity/magick that marks Adeptship is nurtured and expressed by individual defiance - the uniqueness of Being which *is* Satan.

Because genuine acts of magick presence the acausal, the relationship of magick with 'the world' can be said to be "wholistic": a relationship where the difference and diversity of Nature and 'forms' exist to enable the spirit (or Being) of the Cosmos to thrive and evolve - ultimately there is nothing which exists external to this continuous flow of Change; nothing which can be influenced or changed *in isolation*. A genuine Adept understands this, and begins to embody in their individual life, this most natural of esoteric techniques: the way of *empathy*. As all genuine sinister magickians are quick to point out, this apprehension currently exists at odds with conventional esotericism. A well-quoted example is the qabalistic approach which involves the magickian - or more accurately 'sorcerer' - in viewing the forces of Nature as separate, often barbarous material to be dominated and manipulated for personal ends.

A highly evolved esoteric Order would not be characterised by this 'grimoire' approach, since such an approach lacks a binding purpose, a great and clear vision which would enable members to transcend the personal and become the organic whole of a true magickal Order - an Order which *is* the life of the Cosmos manifested in a conscious way, and pertinent to a particular moment in

causal time. A profusion of this latter type of magickal Order would be one such result of the New Aeon made manifest.

In other words, what could be described as conventional occultism is that which is swayed by abstract theories over observation and intuition, whilst the genuine Western Way - for which read 'the Septenary System', Traditional Satanism, and so on - is concerned with what actually exists beyond limited personal forms. In real magick, there is an initial attempt to mimic the flow of natural forces, until an integration is achieved and with it, large-scale Willed Change - that is, conscious aeonic evolution. Via this process of magick - still the province of the select few (Satanists of course!) - the Cosmos can progress to its next stage of existence: to live consciously via its manifestations; to evolve from childhood to adult existence. This is the secret of The Great Work.

This path of genuine magick does not involve however the slavish following of some 'cosmic doctrine'/mandate, or any other such dogma. It involves the individual in freeing themselves from *all* influences in order to live, or become, the reality of the forces of Life itself. Thus the purpose of the Seven-Fold Way: to guide its Initiates towards the attainment of self-insight, where the 'personal' exists as a method to express the Cosmos, and not as a hinderence - through *projections* - of the apprehension of Life as a unified whole. The reality can only ever be experienced anew by each Initiate, since this apprehension of Life is a *way of Being*, and can only, as yet, be partially described by abstract methods. Thus each new Satanist - and genuine Satanic order - is a new manifestation of the living essence: thus there is Evolution.

II: Archetypes and the Satanic Essence

A magickal order such as the ONA is not motivated by trends in contemporary thinking, although it may on occasion manipulate 'fashion' to provoke an appropriate outcome. All forms - from magickal systems, to 'Art,' to revolutionary political organisations (etc.) - have a finite life-span, but the criteria by which present-day Occultists often judge forms as 'useful' or 'outmoded' is most usually influenced by temporal trends, by the *status quo*.

One type of essential form so judged is the *archetype*. As discussed in Order MSS relating to **Aeonics**, the life-span of an archetype is not tied to 'linear time', or effected in any way by fleeting trends in society. At the very least, archetypes die when the civilisation to which they are bound dies - when a new aeon becomes manifest. Thus, they are subject to an aeonic/'alchemical' mode of time rather than the abstracted form by which we tend to live our personal lives, since 'time' is simply a measure of the change of *Cosmic* matter and energy. This aeonic mode of time may also be described as *Racial*.

But even on the cusp of a new aeon, an archetype may spawn offspring - or rather, it may continue to *change* according to its nature and particular mode of time. This occurs when the ethos of one aeon is continued and evolved into the next, as hopefully will occur during the transition from this present Western Aeon to the next 'Galactic' one.

In order to really understand such things as archetypes, one must attain through self-effort, the aforementioned liberation from all contemporary influences - and from those influences which *lie outside* temporal forms. Most who do not follow the Seven-Fold Way will not achieve those stages beyond 'individuation' because the present concept of 'liberated thinking' or occult understanding is still in itself *dictated by the influences that engineer this present society/culture*. With regard to implementing the practical, 'magickal' purpose of archetypes, personal 'like' or 'dislike' of one form or another does not necessarily validate or invalidate the reality of that form, and should not provide the basis for making a reasoned judgement of what is, or is not, of aeonic significance (this is particularly true of 'politics' ...).

In general, archetypes exert influence upon the unconscious, with mostly indirect results. However, Satan (or perhaps more accurately **Satanas**) is a *numinous symbol*, a living, Earth-based manifestation of the acausal. As such Satan *is* that force made conscious, and the gateway through which we as sentient Beings *become* the Will of the Cosmos.

Satan therefore, *is* the esoteric word, "image", vibration, chant and deed of Cosmic evolution itself. The 'magick' of Satan and the Dark Gods in general are for us the keys to that Evolution. How present (or past) cultures view Satan is not entirely relevant, and should not be seriously considered by those attempting to form a judgement. Again, the reality *has* to be experienced. A Sinister organisation [and **Satanas** is the epitome of the Sinister] is imbued with that reality and seeks to increase the Cosmic Tides via its works in the 'real world'.

Thus, the "chaos" trend of viewing all causal forms as merely means towards the 'Occult' attainment of some 'thing' is mistaken, because in this, a purely causal frame of reference -

particularly in terms of 'time' - is used to judge that which actually possesses both causal *and* acausal components. It must be understood that techniques and forms are not there solely for individual experiencing/gratification, but rather that such things either express or counter an evolutionary pattern. In this, the understanding of the 'acausal component' is vital.

Thus, not all forms by their causal nature express limited understanding of acausal forces. While some methods are practical tools by which the individual may attain various magickal levels (as in some **Insight Roles**), others *are* those forces made manifest in the causal world: that is, the form so created is not a nexion to channel or presence the essence - it is the very essence itself; the essence evolving as it must evolve in causal time and space. This is so because such manifestations possess the greatest capacity to presence the continuous flow of Change that is Life [and significantly, do not always conform to conventional 'Occult' expectations: they are viewed as 'exoteric']. That some forms may express things that are culturally understood as 'plebian', primitive, or "Old Aeon" is absolutely irrelevant to their capacity to cause aeonic Change. This discernment requires the *Satanic* qualities of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason.

For those unique individuals whose Destiny is tied to such a form, there is no living of that form while hiding the "esoteric reality", the esoteric wisdom - the occult aspect. There is no clever deceit, no skilled manipulation, because the form created *is* the reality, *is that esoteric wisdom made real and practical*. This is the domain of **Vindex**, that much misunderstood embodiment of creative Change. Vindex does not really need 'the Occult' in conventional terms, to presence, or access the numinous ideals that s/he represents. Such things, in this case, only obscure the essence of Change, of evolution - as they can often distance a person from the creative numen which can and does provoke such an evolution.

Because of the nature of human consciousness, we possess the capability to extend and create symbols and forms (such as language, or more simply sound) which could describe the essence itself. Not all abstract symbols [whether mathematical, magickal or other] need inherently and ultimately obscure the essence; and neither is it in their nature - or in the nature of any form for that matter - to presence the acausal by purely intellectual procedures. In this we need to understand and integrate with existing numinous symbols in order to spawn completely new forms - this initial confrontation and then synthesis of 'opposites' (in terms of the psyche) allows the necessary organic (and latent) relationship to develop between human life and symbols and other forms.

III: Synthesis

The majority are still swayed by archetypal forces conventionally described as "light" and "dark". That there exists a reality beyond such opposites does not mean that those opposites, *for the majority*, do not exist. They exist and exert influence until they are confronted and transcended. A magickal Order understands this, and thus seeks to guide its adherents towards the realms 'beyond opposites' via appropriate ordeals/Grade rituals - that is, via the fires of *experience*. That some (and they are very few) may attain this transcendence does not mean that such archetypes cease to exist for others, or that the realms beyond opposites are any more 'real'. Each realm, from those symbolised by Initiate to Magus, expresses a reality in the process of Evolution, and cannot be accurately comprehended in linear terms. In one practical sense, what is "good" and what is "evil" may be said to exist, since these are the concepts, at this point in time, by which a society views the world - by which life, for the majority, is still influenced. That the definition of moral absolutes may alter over the ages does not itself alter the essence by which they effect the process of human living.

This bifurcation still exists because that is the nature of our species at present, as it has been for centuries, despite the many external changes that have occurred, and despite the intellectual musings of philosophers and occultists alike. This is unlikely to begin to change beyond its current primary level until the emergence of the next aeon - some four hundred years from now. Thus a rite such as the genuine **Black Mass** still possesses real magickal purpose for individuals at a certain level of their development, as well as contributing to the necessary, broader aeonic changes. Such a rite accesses Nazarene/Magian energies and then re-directs them in a sinister way - and, as has been stated elsewhere in ONA MSS, the Satanist does not *believe* in the reality of "God", or the 'divinity' of the Nazarene, only that others so believe. Thus, there is still great relevance in promoting and practising a system of genuine "Black" magick which aims to counter the works of those who promote and practise magick of the "White" variety: in terms of the psyche of the West, a *cosmic battle* must still be played out if a synthesis is to be achieved by civilisation as a whole. In esoteric terms, this is to say that our civilisation has not as yet evolved to the stage of Adeptship. The goal of the Sinister Initiate is to aid this aeonic synthesis, and the

methods by which they achieve this for *the majority* will differ in many instances from those which enabled this achievement for them as *individuals*.

In reality, both an esoteric Black and White Order *do* exist, but the form that is now conventionally understood as "evil" is instead the way that will allow the necessary transition to take place, and thus prevent the stagnation and decay that would result from the triumph of Magian forces [as presented by the "White" Order]. In the most profound sense therefore, it is the Sinister Path that enshrines what is genuinely *divine* and life-enhancing...

In this very real Cosmic battle, Satan does not feature as some Judaeo-Nazarene device to oppress 'the Folk', but as a numinous symbol for our civilisation, of all that defies the counter-evolutionary force of the Magian. What is rarely expressed, however, is that such counter-evolutionary forces are *part* of the process of Cosmic Change, *part of the Wyrd of Western civilisation*. For without such opposition there is no real evolution, no Triumph of the Will - and no *Life*. Thus to oppose such counter-evolutionary forces is to *positively* aid aeonic evolution and bring the intergration with Nature so often sought by those who follow an Occult way.

It has been often said that 'opposition' and the identifying of enemy forces (sometimes mistakenly described as "scapegoats") is now counter-evolutionary, and somehow "old aeon". This is a tragic forgetting of what we, as a Western - or Aryan - Race are, and will always be: *hunters* and *warriors*. And it is through the opposition which we *do* draw to ourselves by virtue of what we are, that we are able to struggle, fight, and thus *evolve*. If our instincts are still healthy and intact, we will *know* the forces that are working against us and consequently how to combat them in defence of the Honour of our Wyrd.

As practitioners of magick, we must have the understanding to allow those numinous symbols which presence - or 'order' - the wyrd of the aeon to which we are bound, to evolve unhindered according to their own mode of time; to flow with, and consciously *become* those forces, rather than aid counter-evolutionary powers by allowing limited personal ideas and projections to dominate.

Real practitioners of Aeonic magick do not project their own understanding onto the society of their time, as they do not seek in their practises to elevate the understanding of their contemporaries by willful self-expression. Changes in the collective psyche will take much longer than one lifetime, and will instead swell in waves, over Aeons. Thus, a genuine practitioner of Aeonic magick works with the raw materials and possibilities that characterise the society of their time: they do not work beyond practical boundaries. And in this, importantly, an Aeonic magickian is not swayed solely by the desire to witness the fruits of their understanding in their own personal lifetime; they plan for centuries ahead, and embody in their Being the slowness of evolution, the Wisdom of Ages ...

IV: Eira

For the occultist, the great curse of his endeavours lies in a pronounced capacity to think too much: to over-intellectualise, to analyse - to seek *too readily* to express practical truths via academic articles, and such like. Ideally, at this stage in esoteric development, a gradual move away from the intellectual approach should begin to emerge, along with an acceptance of the necessity for carving out the future by practical acts. The time for seeking to achieve influence via the written academic word should be waning, replaced instead by the understanding that such a seeking will only have a significant role following the practical realisation of the next esoteric stages - that is, when there is wisdom to distill from new deeds.

At this point, there should be a hunger to experience, to pioneer - to re-express the *essence*. The profusion of occult writings and journals, and pronouncements of organisations, should be viewed by the modern, intrepid occultist with tedium and disdain. There *should* be presented within the modern occultist that insatiable desire to speak and create from direct experience; to redefine by extraordinary experiencing those things which have become accepted truths and dusty, arcane lore: to *live* a hero's life, rather than enter the boring debates over strategy, tactics and history.

The above, quintessentially *Satanic* attitude, is still a rarity. In keeping with contemporary trends, the modern occultist behaves more like the Quantum scientist - allowing the intellect to dominate in the first instance, seeking answers through analysis before a thing has been uniquely tasted and experienced. The worrying trend is revealed in the occasional prefacing of articles with: "We have observed/seen in others ... ", and then going from there to draw judgements without the need to *experience* what those others have experienced. This is particularly - and disturbingly - true of the various approaches to Aeonics. The worrying aspect is that this, the most profound of

magickal techniques, is becoming a forum for academic debate, analysis and the pronouncement of personal opinions under the guise of Insight.

Aeonic Magick - the flow of civilisations - is an utterly organic process. It cannot be subjected to academic and personal projections, for that is to make it into something else entirely. As has been constantly stressed, the process requires individuals to lose what is personal of themselves by becoming completely immersed in practical aeonic forms. There is most certainly a subtle guiding, sometimes a subtle altering of those forms; but there is also, very significantly, a giving up of oneself to those aspects which cannot be controlled, which flow as they flow regardless of individual influence. The nearest analogy to this process lies in the flight of a seagull, as it rides the wind, adapting to a sudden storm; flying in calm weather, but going with the direction of the gales that may dictate a new course. It takes great skill, and the development of a perfect balance between what is individually willed, and what is unfolded by the greater flow of Life itself.

Consequently, Aeonics requires the individual to brave the unknown, and forge uniquely from *what cannot be pinned down*, a new experiencing of the constant, awesome *becoming* of the Cosmos. We have the practical tools to do this via the various forms, discussed many times, that presently exist in the world. And each new person who really lives those forms, who becomes fully immersed so they effectively *are* those forms, brings to flower something which utterly defies the academic debates and analysis: something *new*, something *living* - a storm to change the flow of our lives.

Occultists should possess the insight to recognise that point beyond which debate and critical analysis cease to become productive *for all individuals, of all allegiances*. This is particularly true with regard to aeonic forms which are still growing, still in their early stages. There comes a time when the organic process of Change as a whole must be left alone to develop of itself, and personal objections of a thing are silenced. Occultists must be aware of the need to create conditions by which the necessary process of **thesis - antithesis - synthesis**, inherent within all aeonic forms, can flourish. This is a slow process - painfully so when apprehended within the time span of one individual causal life - and requires for its growth a way of *Living* on the part of individuals. Individuals cannot be led to this way of Living by the adoption of forceful opinions, as esoteric organisations cannot be built upon such opinions.

Again, this insight involves laying aside personal motivations - knowing when to act and when to move with that greater flow of Life. A useful example of a form for which strategical, semantic debate is now becoming counter-productive is that of 'politics' - particularly where Race/Racism is concerned. Such things are still not understood on a rudimentary level let alone on an aeonic one, and are still too practically *nascent* to be subject to the lofty criticisms of the esoteric commentator.

Therefore it is imperative that a few individuals at least strive to keep alive the promise of magick by being prepared to change their lives (including the 'occult' aspect) in order to seek to become that tool for Change; prepared to suffer the mistakes, the 'loss of face', the real dangers that will assuredly follow. Of those few individuals who have lived thus, all will testify to the profound, almost indescribable *difference* encountered by living and immersing oneself in an aeonic form, as opposed to the overview supposedly gained from literature and observing the experiences of other people. The former is to be an organic part of the *dialectic of Life*, re-defining, re-experiencing the *essence*; the latter, a victim and perpetuator of brain-washing.

The outer forms of aeonics can *always* be criticised - but the critical observations are not the point, are not the magick. The point lies solely in the aforementioned dialectic of Life: if the only way of achieving this intergration means that an individual must become for a time a real revolutionary fighter, and risk spending some of that time in prison, then that is the only way - *that* is the harsh choice faced by those who have undertaken the Great Work. However, for the majority faced with making this stark choice, personal feelings still continue to dictate, obscuring and ultimately killing the Will of the Cosmos that is presented within each individual. This Will is not dictated by personal choice, but is like the wind itself, a sudden reality upon which we must ride if the end goal is to be reached. This is one reason why Traditional Satanists eschew all those established beliefs and methods which bring comfort, all those old gods who bring familiarity and enervating 'identity'. Individuals may sincerely believe that such things, and their histories and ways, are important - but they really are not. So what is the reality? ... Sadly, the only present reality is that life is still too soft, too easy for the majority to be impelled by the terrifying process of Creation.

V: The Future Aeon

For the Present, we exist in a society characterised by a 'supermarket' approach of choice and consumption, where individuals no longer create history, but look backwards and study, and romanticise - and distort. The realm of the Esoteric is no exception to this, and thus it is vital that we as Occultists, as creative individuals, cease to waste our time delving into the folk-tales and legends of past, dead cultures - this includes those of the Norse, Celtic, Saxon, and whatever else passes for conventional esoteric interest.

Because to derive esoteric inspiration from the dim and distant deeds of an archetype is a waste of the magickal opportunity that exists *now*, with the people who exist *now* and the potential that *they can embody in the future*. To create and perform rituals based on a dim and distant fireside tale - or employ the symbolism of a past communal life-style - is a counter-productive [in aeonic terms] *indulgence*. A 'culture' is, magickally, unimportant. What matters is civilisation - or more precisely, the living, evolving force that moves a civilisation forwards, and which is in itself embodied by that civilisation. In this, the creativity of an associated culture is only of relevance if it presences this living, moving force.

When we enter a place of enigmatic 'historical interest', such as an old settlement or stone circle, we do not need to psychically unravel - or seek to re-enact - the secrets of a past community: we who live now *are* those secrets, we *are* that enigma. We must only tap into the genius of our creativity and flow forwards, leaving the monuments, the ruins - the dead shells - where they belong. If there is a message locked within the unknown dolmen, it is this.

However, to use the form of an ancient or old archetype for the purpose of doing something with that archetype in the world is another matter. But this implies re-presenting such an archetype as the hero of a *new* mythos - a mythos entirely representational of the current aeonic phase, and by that token one which allows the next phase to be reached.

Thus, a new mythos would feature an established archetype committing great acts of nobility (and great acts of *terror*), the nature and form of which would inspire and liberate the 'modern masses'. The magick of the archetype would be in its living *now* in the real world, rather than having existed in some ethereal realm of the past; a past when the manifestation of Human life was, in many respects, very different to today. These differences lie in what is and what is not practically needed in order for the people of modern 'Western' society to feel inspired towards overcoming the problems, self-imposed and otherwise, of their day-to-day existence.

The deeds of this archetype could be a re-presentation of those acts committed by a real-life, modern day hero (such as a Satanist) - or the creation of a new legend, the practical basis of which has yet to occur, therefore inspiring individuals to bring it to life in the causal world ... The ways and methods of this powerful magickal technique are legion.

What is rarely considered by 'pagans' and occultists alike, is how archetypes organically change as a civilisation organically changes according to its various cultural, political and historical phases. For the West, one of our primary archetypes is that of the *Warrior*. As long as we as a Race continue to live, this archetype will never cease to be relevant: it will never die. However, the *form* by which this archetype exerts its influence on a Folk *always* changes according to the development of those things which aid racial survival. It is this latter form of development which defines the work of an Aeonic magickian, and not, as previously stated, temporary intellectual trends/fashion.

Thor, for example, was once a real, living individual tied to a Folk Community, who achieved immortality and 'god status' by doing great heroic deeds. These deeds provided inspiration for that Folk to practically emulate those deeds - and perhaps even surpass them. But, as stated above, we as a Folk have since moved into an entirely different set of circumstances to those which pertained to a particular phase in Norse history.

In order to effectively deal with the evolutionary problems of *today*, we need an archetype that we can realistically and practically follow in deed. But this does not imply a blatant and disrespectful casting aside of the glorious deeds of our ancestors. Rather, we are now presented with the challenge of leaving the *comforts* of adhering to a far-distant past and gathering instead the courage to practically realise that this new warrior archetype has, within the scope of history, recently evolved and lives now within the soul of the Western Race. This new archetype speaks of the future, and allows the old gods of the past to fade with dignity, as is their desire.

To accept this new archetype and to seek to aid it marks the adults from those who are still children, who still seek refuge in fairy tales - who still need the crutch of their parental ancestors. After all, what is more frightening: dreaming of a semi-mythical wizard who dwelt in the Dark Ages, or joining allegiance with a great Warrior of *our* time, who demands that we literally fight - and possibly die - alongside?

And what new form does the Warrior now take? To accept and use this knowledge is to wield real, practical magick - to taste the living fruits of the cosmos. But it is for each potential adept to make their own discovery ...

VI: The Art of Future Magick

The essence of Future Magick is quite simple. It does not involve complicated 'occult' rituals where circles are drawn, implements brandished, and earth-shattering 'words of power' laboriously recited by a 'High Priest'. It does not involve fumigating an indoor Temple with the correct incense, or observing the archaic correspondences contained in dreaded books of dead things.

It does not involve a group of robed individuals standing in a circle and observing some ancient tradition, or beating drums in worship of some lovely celestial goddess and some virile horned god. All such obvious occult trappings are now ephemera, and fundamentally, are *of the past*. It is not surprising that the practise of such things is growing, since we live in a time when all communal traditions, all senses of spiritual meaning are fading or are being destroyed.

But there are no secrets contained in the past - no message from the mists of time to guide us forward. As previously stated, *we who live now* are the message of our future evolution: all that has happened throughout the aeons has led to this point, and, despite appearances, we as a species *know more now than we ever have known*.

In order to move forwards, we must make this reality a living one, within each and every one of our lives. We must trust in our latent, evolved creative genius and have the courage to discard the romantic trappings we as a species are becoming dependent upon. The Galactic future can be presented through our magick if we allow it to be. This requires a leap of faith into the Abyss - into the realm of Satan.

All that the new ceremonies require, is for individuals who possess this new aeonic faith to gather at specific times and perhaps light a bonfire which will function as a focus/symbol for the gathering. All else will create itself from there.

The specific gathering times - or *fest*s - are as follows: Mid - end of April; Early November; Spring Equinox; Mid - end of May; Summer Solstice; Early - mid August; Autumn Equinox; Winter Solstice; Late January - late Feb.

These are the times when the seasonal energies/cosmic tides are at their most pronounced. These energies, in themselves *unbound by any phase in history*, are, in the manner of magick, re-expressed each year according to the circumstances of the celebrating and the broader esoteric changes occurring at that time. Of necessity a traditional form such as a Nine Angles rite provides the basis for each fest - but such a rite is in itself unbound by imagery from the dead and distant past (qv. *Black Book III*). In essence, the 'Galactic' or acausal magick that will present the Future, is expressed through chant and thought, and thus brings the living synthesis of Being that each act of magick seeks.

This is the magick that has always characterised the meaning of genuine Satanism: the Way of *Empathy*. The practising of the fest*s* expresses a conscious integration with the *living* cosmic forces, and reaches the height of expression when woven into the life of a rural community.

VII: Fundi

A great deal has been written over the years concerning the concept of the *nexion*, and while the basic meaning is widely understood - that of a nexion being a point where the acausal intrudes into the causal universe (and vice versa) - the outer form that a nexion may take requires some further explanation.

Firstly, a nexion can take many forms, and may even be a combination of forms. According to very rare conditions, an aeonic nexion may be an individual. Or it could be a revolutionary Religious form. Or, as stated, it could constitute several such forms co-existing in the world in order to bring forth the aeonic transition.

However, the standard image is usually that of an isolated, wind-swept hill, which may perhaps include upon it some ancient ruined structures. It is such an isolated place that is usually sought by occultists when attempting to open a gate/nexion. This attempt will most likely involve regular performance at the chosen site of rituals designed to present the acausal (such as Nine Angles ceremonies, etc. - qv. Order MSS *Thernn*). Thus, a tradition is started whereby a reservoir of energies is created for future Adepts to draw from and direct according to desire. Several such places have been established over the years in the British Isles, with one site in particular having been opened in an area of the Welsh Marches over 1,000 years ago in order to inaugurate the Western Aeon, as has been documented by the Dark Tradition.

Thus, the nexion associated with the present Western Aeon was indeed an isolated, genuinely esoteric place. However, it was only thus because of the nature of the times in which it was created: times characterised by the Nazarene oppression, which demanded an esoteric approach to preserving what we sometimes term as the 'Western ethos'.

This was in contrast to the nexion which presented the Hyperborean Aeon of Albion. This nexion existed in the area of Stonehenge. The nexion then was not solely the henge itself, or the land upon which it was built, or the folk who lived and worshipped there: *it was a combination of all those factors*. The nexion of Albion was the organic whole of the community which grew there; a living, working centre where all the threads of nature and human-kind were woven as one. What can be found at that site now is the dead shell of what was once a living organism - a nexion by which life evolved significantly.

Because of the enervating nature of this present time, the nexion associated with the next aeon and which is being established now, is also an organic whole - a community. But this community must in this present age develop covertly, since to openly establish it as an 'occult' venture would be to hinder its slow, natural growth, and turn it into something short-sighted and short-lived: a 'project' attempting to bend the Will of Nature in accordance with a set of accepted 'ideas'. That is, such a venture would seek to project upon the essence a limited understanding of what constitutes the 'esoteric', and would thus represent a step backwards, into that which is already dying.

The community instead allows the essence to dictate the ways of living, and remains always separate from 'occult' forums and trends in order that it may present the future by founding a new organic approach to Life itself. From this slow, aeonic development will come the new forms, the new expressions, the new magick - of themselves, unhindered by any pre-conceptions or expectations, and free from all past and fading archetypes.

Thus the community itself will become the *new* esoteric path; the *new* religion - the *new* country. In order to make this next phase meaningful and significant - that is, *practical* - a leap of faith is required: a breaking away from the established, on all levels. Thus, the spirit of real pioneering is to be invoked, and there is no reason why ultimately this leap of faith cannot be repeated across the diverse regions of the Earth.

In establishing this nexion, the cycle that began in Albion will have returned to its new beginning. This beginning is in essence quite simple: it is the cultivating of the *conscious* apprehension of the acausality of 'time', from which all else shall follow. Only from these seemingly humble, rural beginnings can emerge the race that will practically extend towards the stars, since both the Will and the form of technology required to fulfil the Galactic Destiny can only develop organically from revolutionary organic beginnings and methods.

The hidden, outwardly 'non-esoteric' community will be this new beginning, and must subsequently be nurtured in such a way that it flourishes for at least 1,000 years. This new form signifies the closing of all that outwardly constitutes this present age, and *is the essence itself*, not merely a vehicle for the expression of the essence. It is a combination of both causal and acausal: it is a living nexion - the next stage, made practical, in our evolution.

What is described above represents the essence of magick.

VII: Addendum

And so in this, and in other ONA writings, the practical meaning of Magick is explicated - all that is now required of sinister esoteric Orders and individuals is the *Will* to make the meaning a reality. Thus, in conclusion, the magickal aims of a genuine sinister organisation should be as follows:

- 1) To continue to maintain the existing Tradition by disseminating the various teachings and methods [as published in MSS such as **Codex Saerus, Naos** and others].
- 2) To practically aid those 'exoteric' forms which will bring the New Aeon.
- 3) To extend the Tradition by creating *new* forms of the sinister. These would include Artistic [musick/images/writing]; 'Magickal' [new ceremonial/hermetic forms]; and practical, numinous ways of living [as in the creation of an esoteric rural community, or communities - qv. Order MSS *Thernn*].

In Satanism, lies the stuff of modern folk-tales - of future legends; for unlike others, the Satanist lives the life and dies the death of a Hero. This is not a claim made lightly. As a consequence of the actions of a few, the next fifty years will witness a Recalling of the devastating Creative force that each individual life can *will* into Becoming.

Though many will dismiss it because they do not have the courage to try, the Way of Satan remains, amidst the myriad of 'paths' the essence of the Great Work. *Experto credite*.

And when the works are complete, a Satanist disappears from sight - toward the next stage, leaving astonishment, disbelief and many questions in their wake. And then the failures begin their campaign, of distortion and lies. Just occasionally, they may hear our laughter.

C. Riabhaich/ONA. Revised: ONA 1998 eh. Published by The Venn Community, Shropshire, 1998eh; Vindex Press, USA, 1998eh.

- Order of Nine Angles -

8I.

EXEAT: The Sinister Western Tradition

Coire Riabhaich, ONA

Preface

*The following MSS is intended as a companion to **Eira: A Satanic Guide to Future Magick**. It further explicates the nature and aims of the Satanic Sinister Way, as exemplified by the Order of Nine Angles.*

The Dark Tradition has been maintained over the ages by a few Initiates working in secret. This work involves presencing and increasing 'cosmic forces' - that is, implementing a Will to more Life, more 'flow', to thus keep alive the essence that lifeless dogmas seek to suppress.

Because of this active vivifying of the 'essence', the archetypal Sinister Adept is at the forefront of our species because they have gone further than any other individual in their experiencing of Life and the Cosmos.

Nature will always require the presence of such Sinister beings, whatever the Aeonian current, for without them there is no evolution. Initiates of the Satanic Tradition are woven into the fabric of Cosmic Life.

This present volume attempts to succinctly describe the truth of the Satanic Tradition: a Way so simple, yet so difficult in practice.

ONA, 1998eh

Exeat: The Sinister Western Tradition

I) The Satanic

A Satanic individual and organisation represents - or strives to represent - one fundamental thing: *Beyond*. Satanism itself is a way to presence pure acausal forces and the Satanist an insightful individual who directs those forces in the real world via appropriate causal forms. Satanism itself is not, unlike "paganism", a way for the majority/the 'masses'. It does not seek acceptance as it does not seek to present *itself* as a way by which a whole society is moved to greatness. It does not seek the understanding of the 'Folk', as it does not seek to defend what is often by conventional standards utterly indefensible.

It is instead that one factor which drives all genuine Occult quests - the *Mystery* itself. Throughout the Aeons, this factor has been presenced within each civilisation via a particular esoteric elite. This "elite" however is not some ego-enthralled 'secret society' or organisation comprising of a multitude of 'members'. It is instead a living, changing expression of what is always beyond contemporary understanding, earthed in a few usually isolated and extraordinary individuals. It is true, in one sense, to say that these individuals are born, not made. They possess,

because of who they are, an empathy, a certain desire - a certain aura ... Ultimately, theirs is not a sinister 'role,' but a way of Being - they *are* the Satanic drive; they are *natural* and do not pretend to be anything other than themselves.

To be a "Satanist" therefore is to be someone of a very particular *character*: it is not, as it is in conventional "paganism", an adoption of a cultural world-view with its collection of customs, uniforms, 'laws' and subsequent expected modes of behaviour. And it is not, as some will inevitably perceive, a form in competition with other 'occult/pagan' groups and paths: it is autonomous, and states *Satanically* what it believes. As long as Satanic creativity inspires a future generation of Sinister Adepts, then it matters little who 'agrees' or 'disagrees'.

And thus, for non-Satanists, one of the most unsettling characteristics of a Satanic individual is their *arrogence*. Satanists have a particular 'arrogance' because they strive to live by and implement the grandest of Human ideals. The grandest ideals lie in surpassing what is conventionally regarded as the greatest of achievements by the greatest of individuals. All things, including 'the gods' of conventional paganism, can be *surpassed* (qv. *In The Realm of Gods*).

To achieve what is greater, arrogance - fierce *fanatical* belief - is required. This approach will, on appearance, seem 'unbalanced' to some, perhaps even *hubristic*. But what is hubristic - that is, what is insolent towards Nature - is behaviour *without* the formation of experience, rational thought and self-awareness: it is personal behaviour that exerts *control* over the individual via often unconscious and selfish forces.

Satanic arrogance is essentially *supra-personal*, and is the empowerment to act which comes from hard-earned knowledge. A Satanic individual does not believe themselves to be personally infallible, but is prepared to learn from their own mistakes and experiences to thus further refine what is Sinister/Satanic. These 'mistakes', these acts of being Human, are regarded as gifts of Insight along what is an incredible and dangerous journey.

Empowered by pride, the Satanist will not conform to any accepted 'realistic' vision and strategy concerning the evolutionary purpose of Life. Without some individuals believing - *knowing* - that all things can be surpassed, there is no inventiveness, no daring, no risks, no genius: no evolution.

Thus, one is either 'Satanic' or one is not. And what is 'Satanic' is quite simply the restless urge to explore and make new order out of the undiscovered chaos - this is what Satan symbolises *beyond* the capacity of an 'archetype'; *beyond* the known gods of folklore⁽¹⁾.

If there are those who still do not understand, then they should consider the story of Prometheus. He, a mortal, defied the gods - and yes, as a consequence, was condemned for an eternity. But by his defiance and desire and *sacrifice*, he gave mankind possession of fire ...

Academic debates concerning the actual origin of Satan and Satanism, while interesting, are not really important. The things described above - the particular 'arrogance', the 'Beyond' - *are* Satanic; not as a creed or dogma, but in a natural sense, according to the *living nature* of those things.

Many will go the path of seeking acceptance - perhaps to inculcate the masses with a particular world-view. But while the many seek establishment, there must be others - the few - who ensure that the next stage exists, *presented in the defiance of all conventional and 'understood' things*. Thus, is the Future made possible.

II) The Sinister

The presencing described above is also what is quintessentially *Sinister*. There is no fundamental division between what is Satanic and what is Sinister, since what is 'Satanic' is the gateway to what is Sinister. This is not a riddle, but a very simple truth.

What is Sinister is all that is described above - *and more*. Satan and Satanism are inextricably bound with what is Sinister, since the Way of Satanism is a practical application of the Sinister.

Because of the nature of Satanism, those who follow the Seven-Fold Way are fully aware that the Sinister also extends into a realm *beyond* Satan and Satanic methods. But that realm, for those following an esoteric path, can only be reached when the *psyche* is permanently changed via the ordeals of Satanism (ie. for individuals, the 'Grade' rituals - for civilisations, the magick of Aeons). This change within the psyche is not simply intellectual but organic, occurring of itself.

The nature and experiencing of this 'realm' is "Sinister" because: a) for Sinister Adepts, it does not need to be described by words or images or music, since it is *lived* within the individual; b) for non-Initiates, it disrupts and unsettles because it cannot be grasped/understood via conventional - or "unconventional"! - modes of thinking.

For *civilisations*, this realm - because it is in essence the current of Life itself - must be presented in ever more conscious ways in order to advance the possibilities of evolution. To seek the advancement of evolution is to enable the Destiny inherent within Life itself to be understood and implemented. In effect, this quest is genuinely *Sacred* because it seeks to fulfil the Will of the Cosmos.

Implicit in this quest is the deliberate creation and use of causal forms (words; images; 'organisations' - and so on) that possess the capacity to achieve the evolution described above. The effect of such a form in the causal world is that it provokes significant Change - the effect of that form is "Sinister". [When there is no overt esoteric influences/guidance, this creativity is intuitive/mostly unconscious - and thus the life and efficacy of the resulting form is subject to the limitations of the personality of its creator.]

Satanism is an esoteric Sinister form: it is explicitly and absolutely concerned with guiding individuals towards fulfilling the Will of the Cosmos. It is at the summit of what is Sinister because it deliberately seeks to cause Change in the causal world via the creation of new, devastating *Aeonic* forms, and strives to identify, enhance and champion the *Aeonic* forms that are already in existence. The criteria for this seeking has been much discussed: in essence it stems not from dogma but from Satanic rationale - that is, a reasoned apprehension beyond the personal and beyond the forces which seek to influence the personal (ie. 'cultures'; 'counter-cultures'; 'ideas' and so on).

The primary goal of the Sinister methods of Traditional Satanism is to create an individual who is the living embodiment of the Sinister: that is, this individual, by following the Seven-Fold Way, *becomes* Change itself⁽²⁾. Thus, unlike those who are dogmatically dedicated, Satanists not only express the "Satanic" and refine and extend those methods, but are able (of necessity) to create and maintain many other forms - some exoteric - in order to enable cosmic evolution *as a whole*⁽³⁾. To non-Satanists, such an individual is perplexing, elusive and apparently contradictory.

But that is not all: a genuine Sinister Magickian, because their concern is with *cosmic* evolution, also enables the *acausal itself* to evolve beyond what is possible to be accessed at any given period in causal time. This skilled practitioner of the arts of Life has been recalled throughout the ages as a 'Merlin' figure: an individual who is always one step ahead ...

ONA teachings have constantly stressed the necessity for would-be *Sinister* Adepts to strip away *all* influences in order to achieve the synthesis with the current of Life/the cosmos/ the Sinister Being. This stripping away really does apply to *all* things - including what passes for the 'esoteric' in present Western culture: "paganism"; ceremonial magick; spells; folklore; and symbols. Quite simply, this "stripping away", this alchemical process, is the *Sinister Tradition*.

Thus, what is "Sinister" is not what is embodied in the above conventional "esoteric" aspects. The above aspects may be crafted to presence the Sinister, but this presencing must, in terms of the personal development of the Adept, be on a limited, short-term basis, otherwise the forms themselves begin to *dominate the Sinister intent*.

And in the journey towards the Sinister, Satan is not a 'shell' to be discarded but an ever-present gate via which the further reaches are explored. This is so because, in practical terms, there does not exist at present another earthly form which so quintessentially brings the Sinister. It is therefore the duty of all Sinister Magickians/Cliologists, *at whatever stage of their development*, to ensure that this Satanic Gate remains fully open for future travellers.

The reality is that no judgement counter to this can be made without first fully embarking upon the Sinister Seven-Fold Way (qv. **Naos**) for *at least c. 4 - 5 years*. Without this particular practical experiencing of what is described by Sinister Adepts as "Satanic", then there can be no basis to judge what is or is not valid. This is because the way of Satanism is a *practical system of Sinister living*: it is not simply a "Faustian" philosophy to be agreed with, or intellectually dismissed.

III) The Cosmic

The Way of Satanism seeks to presence what is *new* and *alternative*. This is not simply a case of being "different" for the sake of it. As previously explained, the challenge of the Sinister Way lies not only in aiding existing Aeonic forms, but also in crafting new forms which extend and evolve the *ethos* contained in the former.

This crafting requires great esoteric skill. It involves allowing a flow of acausal forces to dictate the evolving of the new form, as opposed to creating a foundation based on the researching of the "histories" and well-known myths of past traditions. This latter approach involves fulfilling obvious expectations - expectations/perceptions/ideas that have been *created by others*, in accord with a particular form of social engineering [modern day "wicca" is one such example]. Such a form is not really numinous - it does not possess Life.

A Satanic form has been brought to Being by an individual using their "inner eye": that is, by an individual practising the art of cosmic *empathy*. This process cannot really be adequately described except by stating that it occurs when an individual *flows with what is*. In crafting a form, a basic foundation is deliberately created - arrived at via esoteric techniques rather than dry academia - which is then carefully nurtured. This nurturing is a delicate balance between shaping the direction of the form by individual reasoning and experience, and allowing space for supra-personal forces to dictate the evolving.

In doing this, the individual must be constantly vigilant that they are not using the form *for personal ends*: instead, there should be an acceptance that the form once created - ie. practically active in the real world - must begin to evolve according to its own organic nature and life-span. If the form is numinous, then it will possess its own Destiny in accordance with the greater Wyrd of the Cosmos.

The creativity of such an individual *is* the living song of the Cosmos, and not the mundane 'cultural' voice of the *status quo*.

By using this "inner eye/voice" as a guide, startling new forms, which surpass all previous creations, *are* possible. But, as previously stated, this 'newness' is not sought for its own sake: it is sought in order to continue and advance the evolution of the essence, or Cosmic spirit. That is, the "essence" or *ethos* remains as a constant, but the outward forms *must* change in order to reveal ever more greater expressions of the essence⁽⁴⁾.

What many aspiring Sinister initiates seem to forget - or simply do not *know* - is that the Sinister, in essence and practice, is *beyond* "History". That is, what is Sinister is something which is ***beyond even the reverence for the great deeds of our ancestors***. This is not to say that such a reverence is somehow "wrong": rather, what is fundamentally *unrepresentative* of the Sinister is the attempt to cage it within the practice of ancestral reverence. Even this reverence, beyond a certain point, becomes a certain 'thing' with its own boundaries which ultimately *limits* the Sinister.

Even this reverence, for the aspiring Sinister Adept, *beyond a certain point*, becomes something which no longer empowers Sinister intent, but hinders. What is Sinister is what is *beyond this certain point*. If there is no practical expression of what is beyond this certain point in the real world, then what is Sinister cannot exist.

Essentially, some circumstances will require a continuation of some traditions/systems, while others will require a complete break - the inauguration of a new era. In this, what matters is whether some existing forms are still living nexions by which the Cosmos is made manifest, or whether those forms have become an inadequate expression of a life force that is characterised by vitality, defiance and genius.

This newness, this creative Change, is not so difficult to achieve as many might assume. As regards esoteric matters, individuals must be inspired to think differently about "magick" and its methods of expression. The Future Magick, its techniques and rites, must be allowed to evolve naturally over a period of experimentation. If individuals - either solo or in a gathering - decide to approach "worship" in a different way, then gradually new forms *will* emerge. Only once these forms have been tried and tested with ruthless honesty and found to significantly advance the practice of magick, can they be recorded and made public - but not before [the esoteric reasons for this approach should be obvious].

As a guide to these new techniques, individuals should use, as their main focus, the Galaxy and its exploration and conquest. Obvious poetic eulogies to the stars should be avoided: instead new and strange expressions should be created - ie. a new language, chants, forms of dress ... Experimentation will show what is and what is not possessed of numinosity.

The direction of this new magick lies in a complete break from the old magickal techniques of spells, circles, robes (etc.), because the very nature of magick itself challenges us to evolve a new form that will effectively render such things as archiac. According to this new magick, there

should be a move away from allegory and a move towards the creation of modes of Being which actually *are* the Cosmos itself⁽⁵⁾. That is, "magick" should become a way to keep alive and conscious a supra-personal vision and ideal.

And esoterically, "magick" should evolve to be understood as a way to make conscious, both within and external to individuals, a region where All Life exists as a unified whole⁽⁶⁾. In practice, this is the nexion that will bring the New Aeon.

This approach will ultimately lead to a synthesis of forms - of both esoteric and exoteric. This synthesis will be characteristic of a new type of Human life: one which will no longer need to practice "magick", or any other such thing - be that 'thing' "politics", "philosophy", "history" or whatever. Instead, the reality, the apprehension that we as "occultists" all seek, will be *lived* ...

This acceleration in evolution will not occur through the imposition of some dogma or 'social reform': it will occur naturally because we who seek - we who *are* the Cosmos - will have seeded its spirit by our Desire.

IV) Conclusion: The Satanic Master Plan Revealed

This uniting with All Life - the Cosmos - is one of the great stages yet to be implemented in Human history. However, this synthesis, while implicit within our Destiny, will not necessarily occur of itself. Rather, it must be brought to Being - it must be *fought for*, since we also possess the capacity to destroy this potential.

This synthesis will only occur if a **Galactic Empire** is made a reality. The purpose of Future - or 'Stellar' - magick therefore, is to draw forth from this most vital of ideals the numinosity necessary to inspire the psyche of our species: to promote the Galactic vision as the only ideal worth striving for.

For the next few centuries at least, the ultimate goal of the Sinister Way - the ultimate aim of the "Satanic master plan" - is this aiding of our species to seed the stars. It is a goal that is, and should be, shared with many others outside of Traditional Satanism.

Each will have their part to play: for Satanism and the Sinister Way, it lies in reaching out into the cold spaces of Beyond to bring the *extraterrestrial* to reality.

C. Riabhaich/ONA, 109yf

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1. The difference between an archetype and a numinous symbol is crucial to esoteric understanding, but is seldom if ever discussed outside Traditional Satanism (qv. Eira: A Satanic Guide to Future Magick and Aeonian Magick - A Basic Introduction).
2. This "magickal" evolving is represented by the unified symbolism of the 'Tree of Wyrd' (qv. Naos).
3. Fundamentally, this evolution is expressed via the spawning of *new* symbols, *new* archetypes, and *new* mythos (see aforementioned Order MSS).
4. See chapter IV of Eira - A Satanic Guide to Future Magick.
5. The Septenary Star Game is an important aspect of this new magick - qv. *Naos* and *Hostia*.
6. It should be clear that the meaning of this unification with/of "All Life" does not lend credence to a "politically correct" concept of "equality" and the other socially engineered visions (such as the "ideal" of a "global village"): rather, it refers to the esoteric apprehension of the acausal/acausal time (qv. MSS on 'Time').

82.

The Creative Dialectic, Aeonical Strategy and National-Socialism

Temple 88

Creative Change

Change and evolution - for the cosmos, Nature and we ourselves, as living beings - occurs because of the creative dialectic. This is the organic, or ordered, process of birth-life-death-renewal, and is a natural and necessary process. In the abstract, and less correct, sense, this process can be described as thesis-antithesis-synthesis. This organic process is "beyond good and evil" and thus beyond the moral dualism which various abstract religions and philosophies have projected onto the cosmos in a failed and rather immature attempt to explain and understand the workings of the cosmos. In one important sense, this process is that which creates and maintains the balance between the natural forces of creation and the natural forces of destruction or renewal.

It is in the nature of the cosmos that there is evolution - that is, for order to be produced from chaos. This increase in order is life itself. What we call Nature is part of this order - indeed, it is how this cosmic order is manifest to us. We ourselves, as living, thinking, beings are part of the order that is Nature - that is, we as a species have arisen because of the evolution, or creative change, that has occurred in Nature. Our species - or at least some parts of it - has evolved, and thus created civilizations. In the simple sense, these civilizations are how the cosmic imperative - the creative change implicit in the cosmos and Nature - have been made manifest by us, hitherto mostly instinctively. Thus, such civilizations are another representation of the evolution of the cosmos itself with each true civilization being unique and distinct. Civilizations are also *organic*, a living organism. Thus they are born; thus they evolve, and thus they die.

Each civilization may also be said to be a manifestation of what has been called an *aeon*. That is, each civilization represents a specific cosmic aeon - with that civilization, its unique *ethos* its unique *archetypes* and so on, being how the forces of that aeon are felt, or understood or apprehended by us, either instinctively/unconsciously or rationally.

In every civilization, there is an initial and intuitive understanding of the cosmic forces involved in change and evolution, and this intuitive understanding is made manifest through various myths about the creation of the cosmic order, with the various forces symbolized, often by gods and goddesses. There is also a desire to try and maintain or enhance this order, and the natural balance between the forces of destruction and creation, often by undertaking various rites or rituals which "mimic" - or are a mimesis - of the natural order.

Our Faustian CivilizationOur present aeon, and thus its associated Faustian civilization, is coming to an end. The natural values and ethos of this civilization - expressed by *honour*, *curiosity* and *conquest* - are beginning to fade from the hearts and minds of the Aryan peoples of this civilization. However, unlike other civilizations - which have changed naturally, according to the organic process - our present civilization has suffered an unnatural distortion. It has, in effect, been infested by a parasitic organism . Thus, instead of producing a resurgence of Faustian values, and thus creating a numinous Faustian Imperium - an expanding Empire dedicated to excellence, and representing the natural ethos of the Aryan founders and maintainers of the civilization - a plutocratic, materialistic, de-humanizing "new world order" is being produced. Instead of healthy, organic, ethnic States dedicated to individual excellence and noble ideals being created, abstract and multi-racial Marxist Police-States, dedicated to the suppression of excellence, are being created. The founders and maintainers of this Faustian civilization - those of European or Aryan race - are being challenged, both within their own *psyche* and within their own countries, by the distortion and its offshoots, and externally by other races, who are beginning to settle in Aryan countries in ever increasing numbers.

Outwardly, the distortion is the distortion of Christianity and Marxism, and both of these derive from what has euphemistically been called Zionism - that is, both represent the Jewish ethos. Both Christianity and Marxism, and what has been derived from them (such as modern

multi-racial socialism) are manifestations of this Jewish ethos - this desire to foist unnatural abstractions upon Nature, and to create individuals, and a society, in the unnatural, materialistic/mechanistic image of such abstractions. Fundamentally, this Jewish ethos is a dualist one, positing abstract, unnatural and *anti-evolutionary* moral opposites - and projecting these upon the cosmos, and upon we ourselves as individuals, to the detriment of the cosmos, Nature and our own species.

Given this distortion, and given this parasitical interference in the evolutionary order - given this viral infection which is affecting the health and vitality of our present civilization - it is possible that our own evolution will cease with the triumph of those forces which represent and which uphold this distortion. However, what needs to be understood - and has seldom been stated - is that ***this distortion, this virus infecting our civilization, is itself part of the evolutionary process of change.*** That is, it presents a challenge - it is itself a means whereby further evolution *can* or could be produced through the struggle to cure and become immune to such a viral infection. Thus, either the infection is successfully fought, or it is not. If the producers of the civilization - the Aryan race - do not succeed in fighting off such an infection, they will have lacked the strength necessary, and will succumb. If, however, they do successfully fight off the infection, they will be strengthened and become immune to such an infection - they will have successfully overcome the challenge, and adapted, thus evolving further because of the struggle involved. In the symbolic sense, a Ragnarok is possible - and indeed necessary - in the near future. From the fated and violent destruction of the old, with all the bloody sacrifice and suffering involved, what is new and more advanced can arise.

Those possessed of insight into and understanding of our civilization are aware of the struggle that is unfolding between the two forces involved: between Aryan and Zionist, or more expressively between the adherents of the natural, cosmic order, and the adherents of an unnatural, anti-evolutionary dualism and dogma. These insightful ones are also aware that Adolf Hitler and his followers were a natural, or evolutionary, response to this distortion or infestation - a resurgence of basically Faustian values, and a means whereby the natural, evolutionary order could be restored, given the triumph of National-Socialism. In effect, National-Socialism restores the balance which is necessary for further evolution to occur. But perhaps most importantly, National-Socialism, properly understood, is a conscious expression of the evolutionary imperative itself - a practical means to continue and further evolution in a natural way. National-Socialism is a restoration of "the numinous" - an expression of what is necessary to challenge, fight and overcome the anti-evolutionary, materialistic virus that is affecting our *psyche*, our civilization, Nature and thus the cosmos itself. In basic terms, National-Socialism expresses the laws of Nature - what is necessary for survival, adaptation and creative, evolutionary change toward a higher existence. It represents the practical application of the laws of evolution - of the survival and evolution of *the best*.

There is real war of cosmic importance being fought in our own time. In a fundamental sense, one side represents one part of the creative cosmic dialectic, and the other side the other part - from the successful resolution of the conflict, change and renewal can occur, just as from the unsuccessful resolution of the conflict, evolution can be halted, with higher life on this planet (civilization) becoming extinct. Were this higher life to become extinct here on this planet of ours, cosmic change would still occur - but elsewhere. Our own chance to evolve further would have gone.

Seen in a cosmic context, National-Socialism - what it is, *what it is evolving into* - is a positive, evolutionary, intervention in the cycle of cosmic creation. Because of this, it is "magickal"; that is, it possesses the numinous, archetypal power to re-order our causal world. In simple terms, its symbols, myths, legends, rites, *ethos*, ideals and so on possess the power to challenge, undermine and destroy the distortion, and the "magick" of this distortion, evident as this Zionist magick is in the ethos, legends, myths and rites of dualist beliefs and religions. Whether this magickal power of National-Socialism will be used in the way necessary to destroy this distortion, and restore the balance through a "Ragnarok", is another matter. Those who are insightful, already understand the aeonic strategy of aiding National-Socialism, or aiding the spread of its symbols, myths, legends, rites, ethos, ideals and magick - as they are eagerly trying to bring about, or eagerly awaiting, the Ragnarok which is necessary.

There is a new, higher, conscious and cosmological, magick arising, or evolving, to replace the old magick of rituals and mimesis. This evolutionary magick is essentially the practical application of National-Socialism - the change brought about by harnessing individual will to a conscious understanding and an evolutionary goal; that is, to a numinous ideal. This magick has the potential to undermine and destroy the forces of the distortion.

The Immediate Future

Such is now the power of those behind the new plutocratic, Zionist order, that in many Aryan countries National-Socialism, and its symbols, are outlawed. The Zionists and their allies are naturally trying to suppress National-Socialism and what National-Socialism represents, since its triumph will mean the end of their plutocratic materialistic schemes. The majority of Aryans are now either in psychic thrall to the doctrines of the Zionists, or they have abandoned their own Faustian and Aryan values and ethos in favour of the sub-human pursuit of selfish pleasure.

In simple terms, the magick of the Zionists is at present triumphing over the magick of National-Socialism. It should be understood that anyone using the magick of National-Socialism - that is, using in a positive way its ethos, symbols, beliefs, myths, rites, ideals and so on - is countering the distortion, just as anyone using the symbols and ideas of dualist beliefs, deriving from the Jewish ethos, is aiding the distortion.

A destruction of the old order is now necessary, with a complete "revaluation of all values" and the creation of a new morality based on the noble values of *the best* - of the natural warrior aristocracy. The dross - the proliferating sub-humans - have to be removed. The Aryan race itself has to be purified, and thus strengthened. A cataclysm of some sort - a Ragnarok - has to arise, or be created. For only by such means as these can the diseases, the infections, of the present be excised or cured - only by such struggle and hardship can evolution be continued and a higher more evolved race created. What is strong, and healthy, will flourish in such conflict and survive. What is weak, will not. From the resolution of this struggle, a new aeon, and a new higher civilization will be created - or there will be extinction of our higher, Aryan, life-form. Those who wish to survive and flourish, must strive for excellence and fight - those who do not have the courage or the will to strive, and who refuse to fight, do not deserve to survive.

There are only two possibilities in respect of the immediate future:

(1) The triumph of the Zionist, with the creation of world-wide repressive, multi-racial and "politically correct" Police-States, which are Marxist in all but name, since the term "politically correct" has become a euphemism for "Marxism by stealth". In this scenario, the evolutionary forces of National-Socialism - and thus their magick - will be actively suppressed and forced to operate clandestinely. The aim of such clandestine forces would be to insinuate their ideals, their ethos, and their magick, gradually into the society around them. They will also - or should also - be active revolutionary movements striving to undermine and overthrow the State through armed insurrection.

Were the forces of National-Socialism, and the practitioners of its magick, to fail, for whatever reason, the tyranny which would be created would last for many centuries, with serfdom, and possible racial extinction, for Aryans. The evolutionary change of the cosmos, here on this planet of ours, would stop, and civilization would probably never arise again. Our species would confine itself to this planet of ours, and over many millennia gradually become extinct. The cosmic brilliance of order will have flickered, briefly, over our planet, only to die out for ever, with our evolutionary promise never fulfilled.

(2) The triumph of National-Socialism, with the gradual spread of the ethnic and evolutionary ideals of National-Socialism leading to the creation of ethnic States. A new civilization would arise, created by a new race of higher beings forged from the anvil of struggle, with numinous goals striven for. Gradually, the civilization would spread outward, from the Earth, and on toward the stars, with star-systems discovered and planets colonized. The promise of our own race, and our own species, would be fulfilled.

Conclusion

What is of paramount importance, is that individuals achieve a conscious understanding - of themselves, and of those cosmic forces which create, shape and destroy natural organisms such as aeons and civilizations.

It is important, for instance, that the distortion of our Western civilization - and thus the distortion of our *psyche* and thus our "magick" - is understood. It is important that National-Socialism is understood as a means to fight this distortion, and restore the cosmic, evolutionary imperative.

However, this does not mean that those acquiring such an understanding - and thus the beginnings of real wisdom - *must* become active National-Socialists, who participate in practical revolutionary movements. Rather, it means they themselves can make a conscious and informed decision about their own lives, based on their own character, abilities, talents and interests. For some, this may mean such direct - and of necessity dangerous - involvement. For others, it may mean a clandestine or public aiding of the magick of National-Socialism. For others, it may mean a clandestine or public following of the aeonic strategy to aid some aspects of National-Socialism, such as its ethos, its ideals and so on. Thinkers, artists, inventors, explorers and mages are needed just as much as revolutionary activists - although the evolutionary ideal is for one person to be all of these, and more.

What is necessary, is that the understanding is promulgated, and used as a basis for action, for creative, conscious change - both personal, and of the world itself.




(Temple 88)

- Order of Nine Angles -

83.

The Awakening Of

Dramatis Personae

	- indigo/black face mask
	- crimson face mask
	- silver and blue face mask
Congregation	- black robes

Praeludium

For nine days prior to the ceremony, all participants should perform the *Agios Kabeiri* twice a day - on rising, and before sleep. In conjunction, there should be a visualization - the exact details of which are to be agreed on prior to the working (see *Note*) - which concerns a Star Gate; during this preliminary stage, the Gate is visualized as partially opened.

A Black Fast should also be undertaken during this time.

Time and location

Summer Solstice, dusk [the dawn is marked by a simple ceremony comprising of the 'moon' chant (qv.) and/or *Oriens Splendor* (qv.)]. The location is either a resonant building; or a hilltop or glade, the area of the ceremony being marked by a circle of seven torches. Incense of oak, beech and hazel to be burned.

The Ceremony

To begin, physis. The torches are lit, and area incensed. The three main celebrants chant the *Diabolus* in fourths, in conjunction with the crystal; this is done three times. [If congregation present, they begin, during the *Diabolus*, a slow-moon wise dance chanting, ad libitum, "Atazoth". They then, on completion of celebrants chant, begin the *Diabolus*, this time in fifths. This chant is sung, slowly and quietly, throughout the first 'dramatic' half of the ritual.]

2
1
:

We of the Nameless Dark
Fluid and unceasing
Transforming clay to living pyre
To give the Gift of the dreaming tides
To give the Gift clothed in Tenor

7
:

Dimly, dimly
A nerve in the corpus of my centre
Woke the further vessels
Of my vast circumference

2
m.
:

In the astra-trance
Metal-charting the Way of stars
We, flesh of the Scorching One,
Deemed it must be so
We have our reasons
Sung in the pulse of stellar light
To claim the cataclysmic duel

2
1
:

We, of the ice-black plains
We, of endless sea
Whisper a spell onto the wind and dust
Stir the sleeping mire
Resonate with cold and distant densities of rock
Waken shrouded clay
To symphonies sweet as light
Bitter as the acrid math

Order of Nine Angles

2.

We have our reasons
By the Art of Life
We have our reasons
They who we have Named
Must go
Must go
Must go

3.

Green and lush
Blue and pure
Something sparkling was set forth
Through my many wooded tresses
Through the Green Wood's claim
In the flying colours
Of the spangled light
That cascades
Incandescent

4.

We gave of the sacred Giving
Dreams that blossomed rare
Cruel as cruel is
A desert
And a harvest of the heavens

5.

Incandescent
Ever inter-woven
Around the lire of my centre
Through the myriad rock of my substance
In the etystal waters
Of my tumescent veins
Comes my Awakening

6.

We have reasons
Rooted in the legacy of our flesh:
To pursue and vanquish
It must be so

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2
1
:

We are
We are
Mystery unborn
And rode the swell
Of a strange space time
Chant-weaving
A ceaseless store
To stir and dissolve
The cosmic storms of All-Belonging

7
:

Star-born soul's flight
Star-born my fledglings' soul
Star-bound my kith and clay
The birth of my dreaming tides
Sacred seeds of greater vision
Shall bloom for the manifold tomorrow

2
0
:

By Ageless Order
We - Stellar-kin - have our reasons
To cage Their cold spaces
To bind and banish
Fire with fire
We have our reasons
It must be so

2
1
:

Spore-charged our Way
Towards the edge of Thought
Trapped in a trans-dimension
That sleeping magick of our seed
Kept in the impotence of stasis
Snare of some other's making

Order of Nine Angles

2.
:

We, who have been carried far
By Desire,
Have reasons to lock
The ice of untouch
And so our eyes
Survey the slow progression
Of things as things should be

3.
:

In ancient legacies of stone
Laid upon my virgin side
From the shores of my womb
In the bones a quest so unforgotten
In their blood the zeal of Discovery
Drew them forwards
Through the continuum of helical unravelling

And the stars drew them
Like blossom draws the bee
As the swollen Moon pulls
The tides of that starry ocean

4.
:

But reverberations shall spark
The flame to rend the fabric
And the gush of worlds pour into worlds
We shall become
We shall become
As before, as always
Into Being

5.
:

We have our reasons
Wrought in beautiful cities
Carved in word
Spread across the vast precession
We have our reasons
To bring fire and freeze
We have our reasons
It must be so

Order of Nine Angles

2
1
:

We of the Nameless Dark
Yearning, fluid and unceasing
Call to unbind the Gift of Terrors
Shall become
Shall become
Once more
Once more
Into Being

∩
:

In the crystal waters
Of my tumescent veins
Comes
Comes
My Awakening

2
m.
:

We, flesh of the Scorching One,
Have our reasons
To bind and banish
Fire with fire
It must be so


2
1
:

Giving the gift of dreaming tides
Shall become
Shall become
Once more
Once more
Into Being




∩
:

Star-born soul's flight
Star-born each striving
Clothed in my flesh
Animated through blood
Built from the framework belonging
That lies in the bones of my Land


Order of Nine Angles

The celebrants now stand near the crystal and vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" [if congregation present, they re-commence moonwise dance, chanting "Atazoth"]. This vibration is done seven times. Then, the three chant the *Diabolus*, in fourths, four times. During this,  places her hands on the crystal, and begins to visualize the Star Gate slowly opening.

After the chant, the three begin a moon-wise dance, rhythmically chanting "Atazoth". This dance must gradually build in energy and speed [the congregation continue likewise, forming an outer circle to the inner circle of the three].

Once finished,  and  commence vibration of "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or octave and a fifth) while  vibrates "Atazoth". All three visualize the Star Gate progressively opening.

Then, all sing the "Atazoth"/ α chant(qv.). Visualization continued.

 then vibrates "Nythra kthunae Atazoth", after which the celebrants vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" in the key of 'Saturn' - to be repeated seven times. During this chant, the Star gate is visualized as fully opened. From this opening the energies emerge, and descend to earth. The energies are first visualized as cohering and then entering the crystal (turning it black), and from there to spread out into the celebrants. [During this latter stage, the congregation remain still and silent, visualizing the opening Star Gate, and the descent of the energies].

The Dark Gods will then be manifest.

Note: The three dramatic parts can be undertaken by more than three celebrants - the text being spoken in unison and/or echoed by the celebrants.

The visualization should be agreed beforehand, choosing a particular stellar location for the gate - ie. near the planet Saturn; or deeper into the cosmos, ie. Capricornus star fields.

The *Eoan* and *Reryh meril* ... (qv.) chants may respectively begin and end the entire ceremony.

- Order of Nine Angles -

84.

Aeonics And Manipulation I

Aeonic magick is essentially the use of magickal energies to effect large-scale changes in the causal. This involves manipulation of forms, as well as a rational understanding of aeonic changes [civilizations, their ethos, etc.]. The forms involve transferring magickal energy - via the desire/aim - from the acausal to individuals. That is, manipulation of individuals on a large scale, both numerically and over time. The type of the manipulation varies, according to the form(s) used and the desire/aim. For example, there can be psychic manipulation via archetypal forms, direct manipulation via words/images/personality; indirect by psychological pressure ...

Two forms often used are religion and politics.

Essentially, the sinister Adept takes a practical view of individuals insofar as Aeonics is concerned - understanding that the majority in whatever time and place, are by their nature, subjects: that is, raw material to be used according to sinister strategy. This assessment is a-moral.

What this means in reality is that a goal is set (via a knowledge of Aeonics and sinister strategy - the 'sinister dialectic') and suitable means of achieving it are considered and a decision made. The decision is then made real, presented in the causal, by magickal and other acts - regardless of consequences, be they moral, magickal or otherwise.

Sinister Adepts - because they are Adepts - only consider Aeonic type goals, having as Initiates and External Adepts gained practical experience in "external" manipulation, that is, manipulation of a few individuals for personal reasons. This aids self-understanding and magickal abilities. The goals of Adepts relate to wyrd and thus Aeonics - they are: 1) the creation of a new wyrd, and thus a new Aeon; 2) disruption of existing wyrd (with either an alternate or no specific goal); 3) altering the wyrd in a specific way; 4) fulfilling the wyrd of the Aeon. [It should be understood that Internal Adepts ~ not having attained full Mastery - are still part of the Aeonic wyrd pertaining during their causal life -time.]

An example will explicate this.

Present Aeon: Western (or 'Faustian'/Promethean). Present phase:

What should be 'Imperium' (the final phase of an Aeon), lasting c. 390 years. During this last phase the energies of the next Aeon are manifest/created by Adepts, via a physical nexion (or 'centre'). The practical forms of this new Aeon arise toward the end of Imperium ~ although some will exist/ be created before then, on a small scale: i.e. they will not seem to significantly affect 'history'.

This present Aeon has however been distorted ~ its ethos undermined and its forms changed. This distortion is basically Nazarene/magian [see 'Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way' and other Aeonics MSS]. It also changes the possibility of Imperium - from an almost certainty to only a minimum possibility.

Sinister strategy, at the present time, is to create a new Aeon of sinister import - and to achieve this, it is considered necessary to (a) undermine the distortion of the Faustian ethos, and (b) fulfil the wyrd of the Faustian Aeon, that is, Imperium. Both of these will aid, by their nature, the creation of a new Aeon that is essentially Satanic. Thus, sinister Adepts will work, on both the practical and the magickal level, toward the achievement of these aims. **This sinister strategy is part of their vow** - their wyrd - **as Initiates of the sinister tradition:** that is, they are pledged to fulfil it* if possible, and certainly aid its fulfilment. other Adepts will have other aims - if a sinister Adept decides on another strategy, they cease to be Adepts of a certain Satanic tradition, becoming something else instead. only when - and if - they reach the stage of Grand Master/Mistress will they have the knowledge, ability and understanding to change sinister strategy.

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To aid the creation of a new, Satanic, Aeon, the following are necessary: 1) the presencing of sinister energies in particular ways at this present time - i.e. the creation of specific archetypal forms/images/ systems/ideas which affect individuals.

2) the opening of a physical nexion to draw acausal energies in a significant way and enable their presencing.

3) the performance of certain Aeonic rites (e.g. Nine Angles) to create sinister 'psychic pressure', altering individuals. [Note: this is more general than (1) and involves letting the energies presence according to their nature, this nature being formed via the rites used.] 4) the creation of particular and specific practical forms and the channelling of magickal energies into these.

5) the emergence of more Adepts of the sinister tradition - i.e. individuals possessed of self-understanding, occult insight and abilities, who are imbued with the ethos of the new Aeon.

6) the creation of the ethos of the new Aeon in a way enabling its apprehension (both unconsciously and consciously) by those who are not Adepts and who are not involved in esoteric Arts.

In addition, and as mentioned above, there is (a) undermining Nazarene/ Magian forms/effects; and (b) aiding the fulfilment of a Faustian Imperium.

(a) involves performing rites such as The Black Mass and others from The Black Book of Satan; spreading the tenets/forms of traditional Satanism enabling others to follow the Way (or at least utilize in some form its energies, to the detriment of others); undermining/distorting the distortion itself, both magickally and otherwise [magickally - e.g. Mass of Heresy]. (b) involves assisting in both a magickal and a practical way, those individuals/groups/forms who/which have as their aim a practical expressing of Faustian ideals, and who/which thus assist or contribute to the Faustian ethos. In political terms, this means National-Socialism and similar expressions of the Faustian ethos. This assistance will be practical, financial, magickal and personal.

(1) involves the creation and dissemination of new and traditional forms such as images, music, rituals, The Black Book of Satan.

(2) involves the finding of the physical nexion and undertaking the appropriate rites [one of which is the Ceremony of Recalling, the other of which is a Nine Angles rite].

(3) involves not only general rites [such Nine Angles, Ceremony etc.] but also targeting specific individuals and infecting them with sinister energies. [Rituals from Black Book perform part of this.]

(4) involves forms such as religion, politics, Art, philosophy and practical expressions of these - groups, organizations, "Art-objects" and so on: all imbued with the sinister nature of the new Aeon. [Note: this is more general than (1) and may be considered as involving "exoteric" forms/ideas etc. as against the "esoteric" (i.e. directly Satanic) of (1).]*

(5) involves dissemination of the sinister way as explicated in "Naos" etc. - the guidance of suitable Initiates, via ordeals and practical experience in the 'real' world.

(6) involves the creation/aiding of a "world-view", and practical

expressions of this, which enshrines the new ethos - a sense of Destiny, a setting of goals, for the founders of what will be new higher civilization c. 2400 eh.

It is the primary aim of sinister Adepts to involve themselves in the creation of the new Aeon by means of all the above - for only such means make possible the fulfilment of individual wyrd [for the next three centuries at least]. Anything else is not sinister - but game-playing.

* All such forms presence the future in the present: i.e. they capture/ re-present aspects of the new Aeon, practically, magickally and psychically.

85.

Aeonics And Manipulation II

Part I considered means; here, we are concerned with what terms like 'new sinister Aeon' mean.

First, it should be understood that the present civilization [which re-presents the energies of the Aeon now existing] was, in its ethos, essentially what is termed 'Faustian'. That is, dynamic, questing for knowledge and understanding. The exoteric expression of this ethos is science - or, more correctly, a reasoned approach to the 'world'; a conscious evaluation based on experience/evidence. Aspects of this ethos are expressed in the Renaissance - and in National-Socialist Germany. This latter is most important, and so often misunderstood. NS Germany represented the quintessence of 'Western' civilization: an exuberance, a balance between 'Man' and 'Nature', a spiritual force heir to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Civilization means a way of living - and of dying - more than it means Art and artifacts. It certainly does not mean material comforts, or even a certain type of politics (like 'democracy'). The greatest example of and model for a civilization, is the warrior: someone who enshrines honour, loyalty and natural justice (or 'fair-play'). That this is so seldom understood, today, is evident of how few really understand: of how precious wisdom still is. Further, the fact that the above statements regarding National-Socialist Germany are heresy (in the literal sense) today, explicates the distortion that has occurred in the Faustian civilization far better than dozens of words. This ethos, exoterically, is Satanic. That is, the true ethos of the West enshrines a Satanic view of the world - a pagan joy in conquest, experience, living, in seeking and going beyond limits, physically and intellectually. The morbidity of the Nazarene has undermined all this distorted it. In essence, therefore, a Faustian Imperium would have been a type of Satanic State on Earth: a fulfilment of the first part of the sinister dialectic of history, and would have made possible the next part or stage, that of a Galactic Empire. It would be during this later stage that another goal would have been achieved - a genuine evolution in consciousness, a higher type of individual, on a massive scale. That is, Adepthood with its self-understanding and knowledge would be commonplace rather than (as now) the preserve of a few.

However, Satanism - in both exoteric and esoteric forms - became and is a heresy. Except for a brief and glorious period when an exoteric form achieved power - i.e. NS Germany.

Here, exoteric means an outward form or means: a physical presencing which achieves change in the causal. Esoteric means 'the essence'. An example - an Initiate of the sinister tradition becomes through Initiation an outward expression of Satanic spirit, consciously. The sinister becomes presenced, in the causal, by the actions/magick/life of the Initiate. In a sense, the causal persona/psyche of the Initiate is a "Temple of Satan". As the Sinister way is followed, according to tradition, the Initiate accesses more and more of the sinister - presences more of it in the causal, causing/provoking change both internal and external. As knowledge and understanding increase, there is more awareness of the sinister as it is - i.e. without forms: the sinister ceases to be hidden or occult. At first, the essence of the sinister is hidden or obscured. An exoteric form implies a form, a channel - which is not necessarily consciously understood as a form or channel. A form can be either 'positive' or 'negative' with respect to the morals pertaining at the time - the sinister is beyond opposites but can only be presenced through them at particular times. That is, it becomes 'earthed' through a positive or negative form and thus provokes change and evolution. However, 'morals' as mentioned above - does not mean ethical: rather, it implies the prevailing 'spirit' or orientation, the orthodoxy of the moment.

A civilization is itself a form for sinister energy: a form possessed of its own 'life-cycle' (first mentioned by Spengler although not really understood by him). Thus, a civilization through its metamorphosis fulfills or can fulfil the sinister dialectic - i.e. it aids evolution toward new forms, presences the sinister and enables the acausal to be accessed (sometimes directly by a few individuals per Aeon).

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The Western civilization is a link - the fifth stage of the seven that can lead to new forms of existence. The next Aeon, beginning on the practical level c. 2400 eh, is the 'Galactic' and should be the realization of the sinister on a large-scale. Part of this will be the development of latent Occult faculties, part will be development of new ways of thinking (such a use of symbolic languages rather than words), and part will be discovery external to the Earth: the conquest of planets in other stellar systems. There will thus be a freeing of spirit both internally and externally. our species - at present mostly undeveloped children, intellectually, psychically and personally ~ will mature, and become adult, achieving wisdom and thus fulfilling the promise of magick.

However, this will not just 'happen' - or arise from a desire to make it so. It will involve struggle: war, conquest, attrition, exploration; the decimation of the worthless and the conscious breeding of a new elite. It will arise because of ethos ~ because there is a sense of Destiny, a vision to be great. It will involve manipulation by sinister Adepts of vast energies over centuries of time - for without this direction, this sinister manipulation, inertia will return, entropy increase, and the petty ones, the visionless ones, the Nazarene-type ones will spawn in their worthless majority until they overwhelm... As has been written elsewhere, civilization is a struggle and requires the triumph of a noble minority who impose their vision on those that they conquer.

Thus, the term 'new sinister Aeon' means the triumph of a creative minority imbued with a specific elan and a sense of Destiny who create and maintain a civilization, this particular civilization extending well beyond the confines of the Solar System. It means the presencing of sinister energies in particular ways, and certain ways of living ~ ways which are essentially Satanic. What these ways are, has been prefigured by NS Germany [and particularly by aspects within that form, such as the Waffen-SS].

The means to achieve this ~ such as aiding imperium, presencing sinister energies, opening a nexion [and drawing forth 'The Dark Gods'] ~ have already been outlined. What it is important to remember is that the means, such as political forms, their support/manipulation etc., are part of sinister strategy to achieve a specific goal. That is, they are purely means: not the goal itself, and as such cannot be judged causally or by the standards pertaining at any one time. They have been chosen to achieve something, and those who cannot comprehend this do not understand Aeonic magick. People, in their majority and their individuality, are a means ~ to be manipulated via forms. The goal is a new Aeon, Satanically inspired; the means, many and varied ~ often 'heretical'. The magick of the genuine Adept is, in its power and effects, of centuries: anything else is for beginners and children.

86.

Acausal Existence ~ The Secret Revealed

Acausal existence - the secret of true Immortality - has been hinted at many times in certain esoteric writings connected with a particular LHP.

In the past, a few Adepts of the LHP - and the occasional notorious individual interested in dark sorcery - tried to secure for themselves an acausal existence by dark rites of sacrifice, and as a result dark legends arose. But such means are not really necessary. Before describing what is necessary, a brief examination of such acausal existence will be in order. According to a sinister tradition we as individuals possessed of consciousness have both a causal and an acausal aspect to that consciousness. The acausal is latent (or mostly so) and magickal Initiation awakens it - opening a gate or nexion to the acausal. This allows the acausal to be apprehended (usually via a symbolism such as the septenary Tree of Wyrd) and acausal energies to be used/directed (i.e. 'magick'). The result is an 'expansion' of consciousness. Progression by the Initiate to the higher grades of initiation is actually the expansion of the acausal in individual consciousness (or, viewed another way, the progression of the individual into the acausal) - a balance of causal/acausal being achieved in 'the Abyss'. Beyond this, because of the balance so attained, it is possible to transcend to the acausal - to create an acausal existence when the causal ceases (ie. physical death).

The acausal is not however, a "dreamy realm" or some kind of nirvana/heaven. It is rather, the very essence of Being - beyond opposites, primal Chaos. Nirvana and such like are abstract moral forms - ie. they are "unbalanced" since they lack darkness, the sinister, the negative..... [Nirvana and such like are usually described in terms only of 'light'.] The acausal is the realm of the Dark Gods - and these beings are not imaginative symbols for the titillation of consciousness, nor simply a part of the psyche, to be transcended or negated or whatever by 'forces of light'. Rather, they exist independent of our consciousness [yet such is the nature of the acausal that they are also part of what is dormant within us] and while they may be accessed (or 'discovered') by consciousness and thus presented in the causal (on Earth) their actual intrusion would totally disrupt sentient life in the causal - like the meeting of matter and antimatter. Sinister magick (of the aeonic and internal kind) may be said to be like a machine or engine where containment of opposites is possible and controllable in certain amounts and under certain conditions. [in simple terms, sinister aeonic magick contains the flow of the acausal into a temporal form - usually an Aeon and its associated civilization -via a nexion/magickal centre to thus over thousands of years increase the amount of the acausal that is presented, increasing thus evolution in individuals in accordance with sinister goals. Such is one of the forms of real Black Magick.] The nature of acausal existence may be apprehended by individuals by certain sinister rites such as those of the Nine Angles. To achieve an individual acausal existence the sinister path must be followed, from Initiate to Internal Adept to Master/Mistress and beyond because this following of such a path in the way indicated (qv. Naos and Black Book) creates acausal consciousness in the individual over causal time. The Grade Ritual of Grand Master/G. Mistress makes the Adept more acausal than causal. Beyond this, is a simple ritual (the solo Nine Angles rite done by the Grand Master/G. Mistress) when consciousness is transferred beyond the nexion opened/created by the previous Grade Ritual. Immortality - the final stage of the way - is then achieved, followed then or shortly thereafter by causal death, although consciousness can be transferred to inhabit another causal body, this is not usually done as wyrd is achieved. Simple, really, although this alchemical process takes about 25 years. By virtue of the nexion, the new Immortal alters the temporal structure of the world, usually for an Aeon.

Now the secret has been revealed, the possibility is open to all. But it is doubtful if more than one or two a century will try, such is human weakness.

87.

C O S M I O N ηη



O. N. A

[Not for Publication]

Cosmion hh

a.

This instructional text is concerned with a method by which acausal energies are harnessed in order to breathe life into an Aeonian potential. The potency of this method lies in its explicit capacity, via a ceremonial structure, to tap into the energies as those energies are *now*, living in the causal world: it expresses, quintessentially, modern/future magick.

The ceremony is to be performed once a year, and this performance must become an important tradition amongst genuine Western esoteric groups. The time of its performance, April 20th - April 30th, should now be understood as the most significant esoteric phase of the year, since it is during this period that the aeonic energies relating to the 'Western' > 'Galactic' ethos are at their most pronounced and accessible.

The most crucial time-scale for the desired energies to become successfully earthed is within fifty years from this point of writing (109yf). If the tradition of performing this ceremony can be maintained, free from outside disruption, then there is a likely chance that the long-term aeonic aims of (sinister) esoteric tradition will take firm root and begin to flourish.

In conjunction with this ceremony is the goal of establishing a 'spiritual'

presence/community in a particular area [qv. *Fundi* and *Thernn*]. The life of this esoteric community will revolve around this major ceremony/celebration/festival. Many such communities will eventually be sought, but the beginning lies in establishing a presence in the place where the sinister Tradition began, and thus in establishing the esoteric nexion of the next Aeon.

b.

The Order has worked to create the exoteric forms necessary for the success of the aeonic ceremony. These are forms into which the energy of the ceremony will be directed - a political form, and the foundations of a new religion.

The numinous symbol, representing both the esoteric and exoteric, both the causal and acausal, is the *Cosmic Wheel* (or "Reichstar"). This is the focus of the ceremony, and the channel - via visualization and chant etc. - by which the exoteric forms may be imbued with the acausal.

c.

Fundamentally, the acausal is accessed via chant in conjunction with a crystal. For the ceremony, two of these chants are traditional: the *Diabolus* (sung in fourths) and the *Agios Vindex* (sung in fifths). The other chants are new, and are three in number. These are: *Eoan*; *Reryh meril ...*; and a chant.

Eoan, for three voices, traditionally opens a ceremony/sunedrion - a 'summoning'. The a chant serves as a climatic point in the ceremony. It is lengthy and without text, and a section is sung in fourths. Parts may be sung in canon - and/or arranged by Temple members as they wish. It is sung by all members present, and is the key to the floodgates of the Abyss. [It also plays an important role in the 17-year cycle of the *Ceremony of Recalling*.] *Reryh meril ...* traditionally concludes a ceremony. It is an 'Earth Gate' chant, and the text makes reference to an actual place - the physical site of the nexion. For other phases of the Tradition - ie. in Vinland - the text can be changed appropriately.

Other chants will probably be added to the Cosmion as time goes on.

[Note: The *Otonen* chant is sung by a Priest(s) in the hour before dawn, on May 10th.]

d.

The ceremony begins on April 20th at 18.18hrs. This first stage is a feast/celebration of the birth of Adolf Hitler. This celebration is not, in outward form, "sinister/Satanic" but *National-Socialist*, since this is the energy to be tapped into and enhanced. Thus, the celebration must be overtly NS, rather than a performance of something like the Mass of Heresy - there must be a complete identification with the forces involved, a genuine *celebration*.

Thus, the occasion will be a fest of the Aryanist religion. There are two forms this can take: i) a natural, impromptu ceremony, or ii) a performance of the 88Mass of Rejoicing (qv.) - or a variation of that ceremony. In both cases, the fest should take place outdoors - ideally at the site chosen for the nexion - and a bonfire lit.

Since this is a National-Socialist fest, those involved in that cause - but uninvolved/unaware of the esoteric aspect - may be invited, in addition to Temple members. Those so invited should be dedicated and trusted activists.

If this is the case, then, at a suitable time prior to the gathering, selected members of the Temple (ie. the Master, Mistress and Priest) should congregate at the site and chant there the *Eoan*, followed by the *Agios Vindex*, and finishing with the *Reryh*, using the crystal, and visualizing the cosmic wheel. The Temple members then leave the site. [It is best to pre-arrange a place of rendezvous from where invited guests can be led to the site of the celebration.]

If the fest is restricted to Temple members, then all gather at the site at appointed time. The *Eoan* is then sung. Following this, physis.

The bonfire is lit, and then the *Agios Vindex* sung in fifths. If Temple fairly large, the chant is sung first, in fifths, by the Master and Mistress, then repeated once by all present, in unison.

Visualization of cosmic wheel to accompany chant.

The ceremony is then begun, as desired. At its most outwardly simple, the ceremony could consist of a chalice being passed around, and toasts made, *ad libitum* - or chalice passed around with each member simply saying "88!". The point is to invoke a numinous, reverential aura - to be achieved according to the nature and creative flair of the individuals involved. The more spontaneous and natural this is, the better.

The ceremony is concluded with the *Reryh* chant, followed by *physis*. Then there is a feast, either at site or in an appropriately prepared indoor area.

The only symbols present during the 20th ceremony should be the cosmic wheel, and swastika (ie. on a flag). 'Ceremonial dress' consists of black clothing, to include a shirt bearing the cosmic wheel (usually placed over the area of the heart). Also each member must wear their Honour Knife.

Beyond this, the fire, the landscape, and the stars above will provide all that is needed.

e.

Following the feast of the 20th, over the days leading up to the 30th, the following observances must be undertaken.

Each member of the Temple must chant, every day at dawn and dusk, the *Agios Vindex*. This is done privately, in a space of their own choosing. As before, the cosmic wheel is also visualised.

During this time, Temple members should abstain from caffeine, alcohol and meat. 24 hours before the 30th, all should undertake a complete fast, drinking only fresh water - preferably taken from a pure river.

There should be a sense of the sacred, of religiosity, about these observances - indeed, these observances *are* acts of (the Aryanist) religion. Each observance should be considered and adhered to with absolute faith and reverence.

In accordance with this reverence, Temple members may wish to further explore and devise the possibilities of diet during this time - perhaps also abstaining from dairy products, for example. Additionally, according to the practicalities, members may opt to include a vow of silence during their 24 hour fast - and/or extend the fast itself.

Whatever, each observance must symbolise and act as a sacred and *personal* offering/sacrifice.

f.

The final stage of the ceremony involves all Temple members gathering at the site, in the hour before dawn, on April 30th - the day of Immolation. Another bonfire is prepared beforehand, but this is not to be lit until climax of rite. No other lights of any sort - including candles - are to be used at this stage.

The only symbol to be present is the cosmic wheel. No words are to be spoken at any stage of this rite. Ceremonial dress, as the 20th.

To begin, *physis*. Then the *Diabolus* is sung three times, in fourths, by all present. There is a period of silence, during which a (wooden) chalice containing a small amount of strong red wine or mead is passed around and drained. When empty, this is placed upon the bonfire. Other offerings may be placed on the fire, as each member wishes.

The Mistress then places her hands upon the crystal and silently visualises a nexion slowly opening, deep in star-filled space. When ready, she sings the first section of the a chant, after which, all present chant to its conclusion. During this chant, all visualise the galactic nexion gradually becoming fully opened, spreading out into the cosmos.

The bonfire is then lit, and bread is passed round and eaten, breaking the fast. Then, all chant the *Agios Vindex*, in fifths, visualising the cosmic wheel.

All depart from the site, leaving the bonfire to burn into the hours of daylight.

A feast may be arranged for the evening, to which non-Temple members can be invited, as per the 20th.

g.

A version of *The Giving* (qv.) is incorporated into the Cosmion every 56 years. This takes place on April 30th either during the rite itself (after a chant), or is executed elsewhere by another party. It is either 'paramilitary' in form, involving an enemy, or a voluntary act [qv. *Variations*].

h.

The above guidelines should be regarded as guidelines only, to be added to and/or varied according to the desire of those involved. As with all such forms, there must be an element of spontaneity which enables the ceremony to live, to become numinous, and thus prevent the suggested guidelines from becoming stifling (and boring!) dogma.

Ultimately, an aeonic ceremony such as this is concerned with bringing forth a flow that is, in essence, 'beyond': the future (that is, the New Aeon) residing in this 'beyond'. The time of its performance, the symbols, the focus - all have been chosen or created via *Satanic/Sinister* analysis, in accord with whatever most effectively presences a type(s) of acausal energy. This type is concerned with large-scale Change in accord with evolution, as expressed via an ethos. What objective truth exists, resides ultimately in the acausal itself.

CB, 109yf

A Note on May 10th, Aryan Retribution Day:

Aside from the performance of *Otonen* at dawn, the Temple should undertake a performance of the *Mass of Heresy* (qv.), on or just after 23.07hrs (the time when Rudolf Hess's plane landed in Scotland). The following chants should be added to the ceremony: *Diabolus*, in fourths [after physis, at commencement of rite]; *Agios Alastoros* after two minutes silence (Temple should also, at this point burn a suitable effigy and/or images of traitors - such as present "world leaders"); *Agios Vindex* following second 'Agios o Falcifer' vibration; *Reryh Meril ...* to conclude, followed by physis.

Suggested further reading:

Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction
Eira - A Satanic Guide to Future Magick
Exeat - The Sinister Western Tradition
Creative Dialectic MS
The Way, The Means, The End - Fenrir Vol V Issue 2
Warrior of Swords Atu

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E o o 7
(for three voices)

The musical score is written for three voices: Soprano (S), Alto (A), and Tenor (T). It is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score is organized into four systems of three staves each. The first system begins with a key signature change and a common time signature. The second system features a fermata over the final note of the Soprano part. The third system includes a repeat sign and a first ending marked with a '2' and a fermata. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

88.

ONA Strategy And Tactics

The fundamental strategic aim, expressed exoterically, is to aid evolution of the human species by increasing the dark, creative, forces which presence on Earth. Expressed esoterically, the aim is to aid the creation of a 'New Aeon' wherein what is now known as Adept-type consciousness and abilities are the preserve of the majority. This aim is long-term: c.3-5 centuries.

This aim involves keeping open already existing nexions, and opening new nexions, these nexions effectively drawing forth acausal (or sinister) energies. The energy is then directed to achieve specific goals, or left to disperse and disrupt according to its nature. Exoterically, this aim is 'The Return of the Dark Gods' and the creation of a Satanic Age and a Satanic Empire on Earth.

To achieve this aim, various tactics, or means, are required. Some are: i) Existing power structures and thus societies need to be disrupted and re-shaped, enabling some of them to be used to create a Satanically inspired society or societies.

ii) The means and techniques of achieving Adeptship, and thus real individual freedom, need to be made known, thus enabling an upturn in genuine Adepts. These Adepts will form an elite, and from this elite influence will be gained and the sinister implemented. Some of this elite may well take or hold or influence various forms of political power in the future when disruption, destabilization occurs on a large scale.

Each of these involves certain specific things. For instance, a Satanically inspired society could well be of a fascist/National Socialist type - i.e. this type of society would achieve or could achieve certain Satanic goals either directly or via the dialectic of change, and thus aid the ultimate goal: a New, Satanic, Aeon. Accordingly, such views and the organizations upholding them would be aided, mostly secretly. Esoterically, the creation of an Imperium by a charismatic individual (Vindex) would be aided both by magickal means, and more directly. Vindex would be a nexion for the dark forces. Essentially, NS type politics is considered as, at this moment of aeonic time, aiding the sinister dialectic, and an NS society as one of the first stages in changing evolution toward the sinister on a large scale. One of the primary goals of Imperium must be the conquest of Space. [This assessment arises from Aeonics.]

The disruption of existing forms is necessary, whatever tactics (such as politics) are used to aid the sinister Aeon. Disruption means the destabilization of societies - particularly Western ones, where global power at present resides. On the practical level, this means that the societies must be made the breeding ground for the tactical forms chosen. The peoples must yearn for something- and what they yearn for must be given to them. That is, their instinctive yearning will be controlled, psychically, via sinister Adepts. They will be made ready, psychically and practically, for what power-structures are required. To achieve this, various archetypal energies must be used and directed, and some implanted in the 'collective unconscious' (e.g. by using archetypes manipulating them - and creating new archetypal forms).

Further, societies must be destabilized on the practical level. This will be achieved in two ways - via using sinister magickal energies, and by aiding practical disruption. The first means an increase in chaotic type energies: sinister random energies which infect susceptible individuals and drive them to do certain things, to disrupt, cause chaos, spread evil and so on. The second means aiding those things which will undermine societies - e.g. drugs, pornography, crime, political unrest, economic misfortune, racial and other social tensions (including religious ones).

Of paramount importance is disrupting those large, influential power structures, the United States of America and the Soviet Union.

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Without these structures (both of which are forms of Nazarene/Magian control and influence) the natural, disruptive forces within those States and within the States which are covertly controlled/influenced by them, would re-emerge, making it easier for the strategic goal to be achieved. That is, without these two power structures, contending rival States would emerge both within Europe and world-wide. There would be many wars as long-suppressed conflicts were fought out, just as the naturally strong and aggressive would re-assert themselves by using force. In short, natural forces would take over.

In the case of the Soviet Union, the tactics are to use magickal forces to disrupt - and to encourage those elements which seek the destruction of the Soviet bloc. The former involves directing magickal energies at the power structures and seeding susceptible minds with certain disruptive/chaotic/directed forms: e.g. the performance of rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, with specific aims. [Exoterically, the Dark Gods would be invoked, via Nine Angles type rites, and sent to disrupt/provoke change.] The latter is more restricted, at the time of writing, due to lack of practical influence in that sphere - but three areas to encourage are: 1) The dissemination of Satanic ideas in the countries under Soviet control/influence and in countries where influence can be spread into those countries (e.g. Eastern Europe); 2) The spread of heretical views (e.g. with regard to National Socialism, the Holocaust etc.); 3) Aiding the emergence/influence of Islam to undermine Communist ideology/Nazarene ideals in certain areas.

In the case of America, the tactics are similar - to use magickal forces, and to encourage overt disruption. The former involves directing energies both chaotic and sinister to infect others; spreading Satanic ideas and methods (e.g. by making available rituals and the ideas of Satanism); and undertaking rites appropriate to destabilizing both individuals and the power structures in general. The latter involves supporting various organizations and groups on both sides of the political spectrum (to enhance disruption/breakdown); spreading subversive and heretical ideas (e.g. National Socialism); and generally trying to break down the society from within - this involves encouraging drugs, crime, and such like (which will provoke not only breakdown, but which will also provoke a reaction, which will become more extreme as the breakdown becomes more extreme; this reaction aiding the emergence of natural forces and instincts). Whatever means are necessary can and should be used - the aim is to cause the American State structure to collapse, creating chaos, from which a reaction will emerge, this reaction being of a certain type - i.e. tending toward authoritarianism, anti-Nazarene in essence. This collapse of American power will free the world, and enable at present suppressed forces to emerge and take control, forces which will be beneficial to the long-term goals. Nowhere will this be more evident than in the 'Middle-East'. A tide of Islamic fundamentalism would bring great changes, enabling a beneficial alliance between the new power structure which should emerge in America.

What applies to both America and the Soviet Union applies to Europe - but America and the Soviet Union have priority at present, at least in terms of magickal energies. That is, the attack occurs on all levels, in Europe, America, the Soviet Union and world-wide (particularly in the Middle-East)*- but if resources are or become stretched for whatever reason or reasons, America and the Soviet Union have priority.

Adepts will immediately understand that even if the strategic aim is not achieved, the disruption/chaos caused in trying to achieve it by some of the tactics mentioned, will be Satanic. All such tactics pay homage to Satan!

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Note: It should be obvious that the aim in the Middle East is to encourage Islam; this undermines both America and the Soviet Union in the short-term and prepares the ways for future alliances.

Addendum:

Since the MS was written, Soviet power has, in fact collapsed. It would be unwise, at this juncture, to attribute this to magickal and other means - i.e. to see the magickal campaign as being solely responsible. What is clear, however, is that such means played a part - perhaps began the process via a psychic contagion.

This fall now makes the United States of America the prime magickal target insofar as such workings are concerned. Here, there are 'Adepts' of the Nazarene/ Magian traditions to contend with.

The means of magickal disruption will continue to be:

- a) Spreading already existing rites (such as in the Black Book), enabling others in that country to invoke/open nexions and so spread the energies those rites re-present (one of the aims of those energies being disruption).
- b) Performing Nine Angles rites and directing the energies toward disrupting power structures, and directing it toward targeted individuals.
- c) Performing Death rites with the aim of eliminating or harming certain influential individuals.
- d) Spreading existing forms (and creating new ones) which infect the psyche of individuals.
- e) Continue to perform traditional ceremonies and direct their energies toward achieving disruption or aiding those causes/individuals who will assist or aid, perhaps without their knowledge, the sinister dialectic. f) Direct energies into already existing nexions (and create new nexions) to aid/create those tactical forms which aid the emergence of Imperium-like forces.
- g) Loosing undirective/chaotic energies of sinister import.

- Order of Nine Angles -

89.

The Joy Of The Sinister

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What is the most important - and interesting - thing I can say about the sinister path that I have followed for over thirty years? It is that it teaches us, and enables us, to live life on a higher, different level. That is, to exult in life itself: a sinister life is, or should be, one where there is an intensity; where there is action, in the world; where there is a will harnessed to a goal - any goal; a desire to experience, to know; to quest; where there is an arrogant determination to not accept the norms, the answers, the limits of and set by others.

Nothing is too dangerous for us; nothing is forbidden. We experience to test ourselves; to learn.

There is a pushing of one's body to - and beyond - its limits; enduring, to go beyond endurance to that wonderful bliss of almost exhaustion when a goal has been achieved and one has felt, been, an exquisite harmony of mind and body and ethos through sheer concentration on what is being done.

There is the acceptance of challenges - especially by ourselves. And if we have no challenges, we make or create some.

These are the moments - days, weeks - of exquisite pleasure; these are the moments of an exquisite yearning; these are the moments of an exquisite joy; these are the moments - days, weeks - of an exquisite exultation; and yet a true sinister life is one where there are moments, days, of an ineffable sadness: because one has seen, known, understood, and because one feels more than most other people. There is a symbiosis here which has to be experienced to be really understood; a symbiosis which mere mortals would and do find strange. And it is our will which brings the opposites together and enables us to transcend beyond even these.

What must be accepted by those venturing upon, or following, the sinister path is that we can be so much more than we realize: we have so much potential, physical, intellectual; psychic; magickal; creative.

We who follow the sinister way strive to make our whole life an act of magick; we become magick; we are magick. All true magick is an intimation of what we can be: of what awaits in the next phase of our human evolution. There is nothing complicated about our Way, our dark, chosen, path; there is, in truth, nothing secret about it.

How do you tell who is upon the true sinister path? It is revealed in their eyes; even in the way they walk. There is something slightly dangerous about such a person. There is something about such a person which mere mortals find slightly disturbing; something they cannot quite "work out", or explain. Such a person is strong, but the depth of their strength is mostly hidden, although many people can sense it in some way. And what is the ultimate end to a sinister life? To die trying to overcome: to be questing even toward the very end.

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90.

Baphomet A Note On The Name

It is interesting to note that, according to esoteric Tradition, the grail was actually used circa 700 AD to inaugurate the Western Aeon. Authorities concur that the grail of legend was not a chalice but a large crystal, as per 'Nine Angles' rite (qv. *Phreder* and *ben Beirdd. Von Eschenbach* revealed part of this truth when he called the grail 'lapsit ex coelis'. The distortion into a 'Nazarene holy vessel' began with a Nazarene hermit, remembered by *Heliandrus*).

The rites of Chaos Magic enhance 'old aeon' values and archetypes because they provide an illusion within the individual of 'achievement', 'understanding' and participation in the psyche. Old aeon values, particularly those adhered to by Thelema, are Nazarene distortions of the Western Tradition. Consider 'Baphomet':

The name of Baphomet is regarded by Traditional Satanists as meaning 'the mistress/mother of blood' - the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained.

The supposed derivation is from the Greek and not, as is sometimes said, from the Attic form for 'wise'. Such a use of the term 'mother'/Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings - e.g. *Iamblichus*' use in *'De Mysteriis'* to signify possession by the mother of the gods

Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of 'amalgam' (and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna, in the sexual sense). The prefix originally refers to being 'dyed / stained' or 'dripped' in blood - qv. *Euripides, Hercules Furens*.

In the Septenary System, Baphomet, as Mistress of Earth, is linked to the sixth sphere of the Septenary Tree of Wyrd (Jupiter) and the star Deneb. She is thus in one sense a magickal 'Earth Gate' (qv. the Nine Angles), and Her reflexion (or 'causal' nature - as against Her acausal or Sinister nature) is the third sphere (Venus) related to the star Antares.

According to esoteric Tradition, the Antares aspect was celebrated by rites in Albion circa 3.000 before present - towards the month of May. Some stone circles / sacred sites were said to be aligned for Antares. In contrast, the Sinister aspect of the Mistress (i.e. Baphomet) was celebrated in the Autumn and was linked to the rising of Arcturus; Arcturus itself being related to the Sinister male aspect (Mercury - second sphere), later identified with Lucifer / Satan. Thus, the August celebration was a Sinister Hierosgamos - the union of Baphomet with Her spouse (or 'Priest' who took on the role of the Sinister male aspect). According to Tradition, the Priest was sacrificed after the sexual union, where the role of Baphomet was assumed by the Priestess / Mistress of the cult. Thus the May celebration was the (re)birth of new energies (and the child of the Union). Tradition relates this Sinister, sacred Arcturian rite as taking place once every seventeen years, the sacrificial aspect being regarded as necessary to retain the 'Cosmic Balance' - in modern terms, to keep a Nexion open (and thus preserve the associated higher civilization, etc.). The Chosen One, or 'Opfer', was able - because of the sacrifice - to partake of an 'acausal existence' - becoming thus an 'Immortal. Thus, willing sacrifice was possible, although it is easy to imagine that in later times the Opfer was not so willing. Once again, some sacred sites in Albion are said to be aligned to the rising of Arcturus, over three thousand years ago.

The association of Baphomet with Satan probably derives from the 10th or 11th Century. The Traditional depiction of Baphomet - a mature woman (often shown naked and seated upon a pile of skulls) holding up the severed head of the Sacrificed Priest - is undoubtedly much older.

To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding, and for their own purposes. The adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua, but with some bloody / Sinister aspects - and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially 'Satanic'. Rather, they saw themselves as holy Warriors, and became a military cult with bonds of Honour, although their concept of 'holy' differed somewhat from that of the church of the time, including as it did dark / Gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle and not part of a specific rite.

There is another tradition regarding the origin of the name which deserves recording, even though it is not regarded as authentic, having no present-day proponents. This tradition regards the name as deriving from the Greek name for the Egyptian goddess Bastet, recorded by *Herodotus* (2. 137 ff). It is interesting that *Herodotus* identifies the goddess with Artemis, the goddess of the Moon.

Bubastis was regarded as the daughter of Osiris and Isis, and is often represented as a female with the head of a cat - cats were regarded as sacred to Her. Artemis was a goddess unmoved by love, and she was regarded as Apollo's twin sister (the identification of Her as a 'Moon goddess' followed naturally from this, since Apollo was linked with the Sun). Like Apollo, she often sent plagues and death, and was propitiated with sacrifices. It is interesting to note that a derivative of the Greek name for Bastet - mentioned above - is the Pythagorean name for 'five' (qv. *Iamblichus: Theologumena Arithmeticae*, 31) - perhaps a link with the pentagram? The Templars were said to have worshipped their deity in the form of a cat.

Thus Baphomet could be regarded as a form of Artemis / Bastet - a female divinity with a 'dark' side or nature (when viewed via conventional morality) to whom sacrifices have been - and continue to be - made. Sinister Tradition regards Baphomet to be the bride of Satan / Lucifer - this would fit well, since Lucifer is often regarded as a form of Apollo; Artemis is the female form (or 'sister') of Apollo. Here it must be remembered, that Artemis and Apollo were not aetherial, moral and lofty divinities (the classical gods have been romantically misinterpreted) - they could be, and often were, deadly and dark; both 'Sinister' and 'light' (cf. *Sophocles, Oedipus Tyrannus*, where Apollo is invoked as Lyceus: a patron of wolves, a hunter who destroys his enemies - and not the 'god of light', as is normally translated). Further, the epithet given in *Electra* is not 'wolf-slayer' but 'killer-wolf'.

91.

Hell

By Anton Long, (England)

I shall be honest - Satanism has been hijacked. By posers, by pseudo-intellectuals and by gutless weaklings who like the glamour and danger associated with it in the public mind but who do not have the guts to be evil - to do dark deeds. These modern days so-called 'Satanists' are really Nazarene scum in disguise - worms in dead snake-skin. They prattle on about 'morality', puff themselves up with titles and perform verbal and intellectual gymnastics. They think being Satanic involves calling yourself a Satanist and dressing up like Dracula or Mephistopheles or a vamp.

Well, I am sick of these imposters. Those who get a thrill from playing the role but who never actually do anything evil, who never go to the extremes, who never stand on the edge - or climb down to the darkness of the pit of Hell. Those who have never experienced the limits of themselves in love, in war, in living - these weaklings trying so hard to impress.

What, then, is real Satanism all about?

First, it is about rebellion - against the conformity of the present. And I mean a real rebel, a real outlaw - someone who cuts a dash, who has charisma, whose very presence makes others uneasy (and who does not have to wear some stupid 'costume' to do this).

Second - try something to see if you get away with it. If not - tough, you failed. There are plenty of others... If you succeed, try again, until you know your limits. Choose a good cause, or a bad one or no cause at all, and really live, intoxicating yourself with life, danger, achievement. Do not rest and never be afraid to face the possibility of death. But in all that you do be honourable - to yourself. Carry this honour with you everywhere like a favourite concealed weapon.

Third, learn from your experience - like you would learn from a 'bad' woman (or man) in your youth when sex was still something of a mystery. A real Satanist does not often do Magick - they are Magick by the very nature of their dynamic, zestful existence. It is experience which teaches, from which you learn - you cannot learn Satanism from books (although some may guide you aright to begin with), it cannot be taught by 'Masters' and never involves cosy little discussions with 'friends' or others. Anyone who accepts a 'Master' and grovels before them - however slight that grovelling may be - is not a Satanist, just a sucker who sucks.

Accepting some 'authority' is a sign you are weak: a sign you need emotional crutches: a sign you are a whimp. So, get off your arse, you suckers, and make Satan proud. Learn to do evil.

What is evil? All that restricts life - all that tries to constrain the possibilities. Doing evil means breaking these restrictions and constraints - and taking the consequences of your actions. Just do - just discover, just smash the chains that hold most others in thrall, and never bow down to anyone about anything: smash them first, or die rather than submit. That way, you will learn how to live - and laugh at the weak. Of course this is dangerous - for others, and yourself! Satanism was never easy - or for whimps.

See you in Hell!

92.

The Inner Meaning Of The Seven-Fold Way

The Seven-Fold Way is a natural alchemy - that is, a means of transformation. The subject of this alchemy is the individual, and the aim or object of the alchemy is the creation of a new individual. This individual, by virtue of the type of transformation that occurs, is a higher type; that is, there is an evolution of the individual as a result of the alchemical process.

This alchemy is natural because it involves creating or bringing about the right conditions for such a positive transformation to take place. That is, there is a 'working-with' the forces or processes of nature. The change, the evolution, that occurs is a natural one that would or could occur, given time and the right conditions. In effect, the natural alchemy of the Seven-Fold Way speeds up the evolution that occurs or which can occur in nature.

Essentially, the Way involves the individual undertaking certain tasks and living in certain ways over a period of many years. The Way is practical. It involves the individual in developing their consciousness, their knowledge, their skills; in making conscious and understanding their instincts and psyche. The Way involves the individual in learning about and gaining practical experience of, both the 'light' and the 'dark' aspects of themselves, others, and nature. The Way involves the individual using the knowledge and insight they gain to effect changes in themselves and in the world: to contribute to evolution, to make their own life significant.

By virtue of this practicality, the Way is hard and dangerous. It involves a commitment for at least ten years - and sometimes a proud defiance. It requires, for its success, individuals of spirit, of courage: individuals prepared to explore, to discover, to forge ahead alone despite difficulties. That is, it is a Way unsuited to the majority - as the majority are at the moment: soft, nurtured by materialism and the hedonism of the moment. Fundamentally, the Way - and its rewards - is suited to those who, if only instinctively, possess the spirit of a real warrior.

For convenience, the Way is divided into seven stages. These stages represent the attainment, by the individual, of certain goals. They are stages on the way to attaining the goal of the Way. This goal is a new type of human being - someone who has fulfilled the potential latent within and who therefore is at a higher level of existence than the majority. This new individual understands more than others; they have greater insight; greater wisdom. They possess rare and unique skills. They are, in effect, complete individuals who have attained self-insight - who, having experienced the limits of themselves, the dark and the light, have united the opposites and so gone beyond them.

Part of the work of the Way involves learning about, and gaining practical experience of, what has come to be called the 'Occult' and 'Magick'. This learning and experience - of both the 'light' and the 'sinister' aspects - occurs early on in the Way and in fact relates to the first two stages of the Way. Thus, while the Way encompasses the Occult - and Magick - it goes far beyond the conventional understanding of what is 'occult' or 'magickal'. Only in parts of the early stages does this Way concern itself with 'rituals' and 'ceremonies' and 'occult' type knowledge and skills - they are a learning-process, a beginning to that self-understanding which it is one of the aims of the Way to develop. From this beginning, the individual moves on - to new experiences, to gain more insight.

From such learning and practical experience, knowledge is gained and character formed - that is, the individual is changed by the experiences undergone. They learn, and grow. Or - they fail: they either give up or are destroyed by some experience or other, thus showing they were unequal to the task, that they did not possess the right qualities to succeed. For the Seven-Fold Way, like nature herself, is selective - it tests, and selects those fitted to survive; it does not care about the failures, for they have revealed themselves to be unsuitable. This, of course, is hard - it has to be, for that is often the price of evolution.

Each stage of the Way is associated with certain specific tasks. These tasks, by their nature, create the changes within the individual appropriate to that stage - that is, the tasks develop and extend the individual in certain specific ways. They develop insight, knowledge, skills, character. The effect of the stages is cumulative - each one built upon the foundations the previous stage or stages have laid-down. The early stages are concerned primarily with personal development - with achieving a synthesis, with a making-more-conscious of what is hidden / unconscious / 'occult' in the individual and nature. The later stages are concerned with gaining supra-personal knowledge, insight and skills - with 'aeonic' matters, and with how the individual, and other individuals at the same or greater level of understanding and self-development, might use their knowledge, insight

and skills to bring changes about, in the 'world', which benefit those individuals and evolution in general.

The first two stages of the Way train, prepare and extend the new novice. The end of the third stage creates an Adept - that is, it brings about a genuine 'individuation', the union or synthesis of opposites within the individual, and it brings a self-mastery and the development of certain skills ('Occult' and otherwise). The fourth stage develops the Adept - and brings an awareness and understanding of aeonic processes and forces: of what has been called 'the acausal', and how the acausal presences in, and thus changes, the causal or 'temporal' world and the peoples within it. The end of the fourth stage, creates a 'Master' or a 'Mistress' - that is, someone who has achieved a deep insight, knowledge and genuine mastery of themselves, and of those forces external to themselves, particularly acausal ones. During the fifth stage, this Master or Mistress use their knowledge and skill to effect changes in the causal - to presence the acausal itself and thus bring about changes 'in the world'. Thus do they achieve more knowledge, more insight, more experience - real wisdom - and so evolve even further. The sixth, and last temporal, stage completes this process - there is large-scale, fundamental aeonic change brought about by the individual who is now a Grand Master / Mistress. Thus does the existence of that Grand Master / Mistress achieve something significant and thus fulfil the potential that was latent within them.

Fundamentally, the Seven-Fold Way is a practical, tried-and-tested, method by which individuals may strive to fulfil the meaning of their existence as individuals: as conscious, creative, beings capable of effecting fundamental and significant changes 'in the world'. It is a means whereby they can contribute to evolution; whereby they can give significance and meaning to their lives; it is means whereby they can rise above and far beyond the majority who are content with their insignificant lot, who 'cannot be bothered' or who lack the genius to make their lives count, who waste the opportunity that life is.

It is, however, a Way for the few. It is always testing; it is often difficult and often involves real, practical, physical danger. It involves confronting what is hidden - what is sinister. It involves experience of 'the forbidden', the heretical, the Satanic - and of the 'light', the numinous. It involves a long, hard journey to that new, difficult-to-describe world where the 'light' and the 'sinister' are but two aspects of the same thing. It involves a complete 'reevaluation of all values' - the achievement of the goal of a higher, more evolved, being. But perhaps most of all, it is a Way which the individual undertakes alone - with no one to support them, to give them encouragement when things become difficult. It is a Way which sometimes involves the individual in making mistakes, in learning the hard way.

The Seven-Fold Way involves no 'great secret'; it teaches no 'secret knowledge' (lost, or otherwise). It offers no 'great ritual' or magickal 'ceremony' which will somehow confer instant 'wisdom', 'adeptship' or whatever. It is, and it is not, Satanic and Sinister.

The inner meaning of this Way is that it is a practical means - a way to fundamentally and radically change individuals. It is a means to create the next stage of our evolution: Homo Galactica. This new type of person will be effectively part of a new, hidden, elite - an elite to guide and change the majority over many millennia. Those who successfully complete this Way have the skills, and the knowledge, to fundamentally transform societies and civilizations and thus create history. Compared to this, all other goals are insignificant.

In reality, the Seven-Fold Way enables individuals to play at being a god.

93.

Satanism And Child Abuse

Allegations have been made, and continue to be made, concerning "Satanic" child-abuse - that is, the sexual abuse of children as part of Satanic rituals, practices and beliefs.

As an authority on Satanism, having been actively involved in Satanism for nearly twenty-five years, and being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups, I can write expertly about this matter.

Genuine Satanism - like all genuine Magick - is a path, way or method of individual self-development. Rituals may be and often are a part of this, but these rituals all conform to certain patterns: they are all intended to aid and explicate self-understanding and development, as well as enhance and develop certain 'Occult' abilities. Naturally, some rituals and methods are concerned with the individual experiencing certain emotions and, in Satanism, enjoying certain pleasures. However, because of the aim of Satanism (to aid the attainment by the individual of magickal and personal understanding and thus promote evolution and self-mastery), this experiencing involves a conscious choice or decision by the individual. This makes Satanism of necessity an adult path or way - for genuine Satanism, of the traditional type, is not concerned with proselytizing nor 'corrupting' others without their consent. Its concern - it must be repeated - is individual advancement arising from a conscious and free decision by the individual - anything else is not Satanic as it is not magickal. This free choice is part of all genuine Occult and magickal paths: Initiation means this free choice, the decision to begin an inner quest. When there is no free choice about the matter, there is no genuine Initiation - whatever path or way is being followed. Where Satanism differs, is in its aim, the philosophy of life and the techniques used to achieve the aim - these make it a "Left Handed Path" (when viewed conventionally).

Thus, there cannot be any such thing as 'childhood Initiation' - nor participation by children under a certain age in any genuine magickal rituals. What there can be: what there often is - in genuine Satanism at least - is the simple dedication of infants by their parents to the darker path, and this involves only the appointing of guardians to watch over and care for the child(ren): "*Do you, so chosen, pledge to guard and watch over this newborn and to teach them when the teaching time is right, our ways...*" [from 'The Ceremony of Birth' in 'The Black Book of Satan' (ONA)] The time for teaching is when the child, in accord with Satanic philosophy, can choose for themselves - sixteen years of age or thereafter - that is, when they have attained the threshold of adulthood.

Hence, there is not, and cannot be, any such thing as "Satanic" child-abuse: there can be no childhood 'initiation', no participation by children under a certain age in rituals, and no abuse, by adult Satanists, of children. This latter is important - Satanism is concerned with the individual gaining self-mastery and self-understanding. The abuser (whether of children, drugs or pleasures) is swayed by mostly unconscious desires and impulses - they may manipulate and try to control others who are susceptible, but they cannot control themselves, or even begin to understand their 'darker' side. In short, they are weak - and generally rather pathetic - individuals, although they may hide behind a 'mask' or a 'role'. Such people are not Satanists, but rather failures. The Satanist aspires to self-mastery, self-overcoming: to knowledge ...

The popular image of Satanism is a lie - a myth invented and fostered by those who have a vested interest in maintaining it. Organized religions and under-developed individuals need such myths, as they need stereotyped enemies: for only by such means can such people and such religions survive and flourish. Many believe, with that certainty that faith and fanaticism bring, the myths about Satanism and the more general myths about ritual 'child-abuse'. I and a few others like me can present the facts - in my case about Satanism - but it needs an unbiased mind, a certain mental freedom, to consider these facts as they should be considered, and then make an informed judgement about the matter. It is this freedom which a biased, religious intolerance destroys.

The real question about Satanic child-abuse (and ritual abuse itself) is thus a question about attitude, belief and commitment to reasoned thought and debate. Long after science showed the earth was not at the centre of the universe, the Church - its ministers and its faithful - continued to believe otherwise, confirmed in their certainty of faith. Do we, now - concerning this question of Satanic child-abuse - return to the Dark Age of faith, of believing what certain Church people wish us to believe to bolster their religion and rather intolerant view of the world; or do we go forward to greater understanding based on an acceptance of the facts?

These facts show that Satanic child abuse - and ritual abuse itself - is a myth

94.

The Dark Gods

The Dark Gods exist in the acausal realm and this realm is joined to our causal, physical universe in two ways – first, through Star Gates which are regions of space–time where the two universes intersect, and second, in the medium of our minds since certain levels of consciousness in their very nature are 'gates'. Archetypes are to our causal perception simply ordered elements of some of the energy present in various forms in the acausal universe.

The acausal universe itself may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by acausal time and possessing more than three spatial dimensions; the causal universe may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by causal, or linear, time and possessing three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other.

The entities known to esoteric tradition as the 'Dark Gods' are beings which exist in the acausal universe. Other such beings probably exist in the acausal realm, but the Dark Gods are known to us through having, at various times in our evolution, 'intruded' into our spatial universe.

It is possible for individuals, by virtue of the nature of consciousness, to open pathways to the acausal by various methods and thus draw into our phenomenal world various acausal energies or forces. Such forces, due to the nature of the acausal, are often seen to be from our point of view 'evil' or negative.

Three types of drawing down are possible: i) localized of an individual on a small scale of small energies; ii) of certain powerful forces or entities to physical manifestation in our universe; iii) returning to our planet and universe the race of beings known as the Dark Gods – tradition knows some of these beings by names such as Atazoth, Shugara, Athushir, Budsturga and Gaubni.

The first and second forms of drawing down involve those pathways residing (mostly dormant) in the mind, while the third involves the Star Gates themselves of which three are known to us as areas in space near the stars Dabih, Naos and Algol. Physical travel to the acausal is possible through these Gates, but it is nevertheless possible to draw through them by various methods of powerful ritual the Dark Gods themselves, the time and stars being aligned aright.

This Grimoire shows how to awaken the latent pathways in our consciousness and, most sinister of all, how the Dark Gods themselves may be returned to Earth.

95.

Melos ~ Diabolus In Musica

According to the western esoteric tradition, seven represents the number of fundamental vibrations in the universe - the seven types of cosmic energy. If an individual 'mimics' these, that itself is a key to magickal control. For example, musick is divided into seven stages (C D E F G A B) and thus 'mimics' this fundamental structure. Thus, a piece of musick or chant can be composed which represents an aspect of this structure - this representation being a type of force in itself. Thus, when played or sung, such musick / chant can alter the structure of the cosmos as any form of directed energy alters the underlying structure of the universe.

Via the medium of composition, acausal energies may be presented to thus infect individuals / forms. The nature and extent of the causal changes so produced, depends on the esoteric insight of the composer - that is, such a composition created with, perhaps, an understanding of an Adept, and most certainly that of a Master / Mistress, will act as a form through which specific magickal aims may be realised. Here, musick is not understood as 'art' for its own sake - which in the final analysis is, magickally, pointless - but as a means to aid evolution (the musick so created has a purpose beyond 'self-gratification'). Whilst this understanding is rational, and may appear to some a process too cold for artistic endeavours, the act of musickal composition remains by its nature, 'numinous'. Like any magickal form, a composition can only succeed if it possesses 'soul', and this can only be so if the Adept is musickally gifted. Thus the composer can give expression to the reality of that being of the cosmos we call the 'Sinister', and the essence of this revealing is, contrary to the understanding of most, actually beautiful.

How the Sinister is expressed is unique to the creative processes of the individual - anything other than this is affectation and empty of meaning (except perhaps for the deluded composer). Thus, a genuine artistic representation of the Sinister does not, as a rule, conform to the clichéd impressions of morbidity / horror / Mephistophelean glee. As an example, aspects are more represented in some of the works of *Arvo Pärt* (qv. '*Tabula Rasa*') than in works stating nothing beyond the common conception of the Sinister, such as some of the compositions of *Liszt* (qv. '*Malediction*').

It may be confusing to those who do not understand the Sinister in essence, to say that acausal forces can be presented most often in 'sacred' musick; this form being, by its nature, a design by which a society, indeed a civilisation, may be moved. Whatever the motives may be for creating such works, this form of musick had always had, to the greatest extent, the capacity to strive to capture the numinous and communicate this to the 'masses'. Despite its outward form, any energy presented by a piece of 'sacred' musick has not to come into being via a supra-personal entity (ie. 'God', etc.). The acausal - or Sinister - forces that may be accessed significantly by musickal forms such as 'sacred', can also be understood as representing the western 'soul' and it is from this 'soul' / ethos that any glimpses of 'divinity' in musick will emanate *. [As with any form of acausal energy, this 'soul' has a causal counterpart: this particular conjoining is the western - or aryan - race.]

During the early 20th century, the very means by which this western ethos could be given musickal expression came under threat when there occurred a radical move away from the principles of tonality and the diatonic scale, hitherto the basis for all great classical western compositions. The western tonal system was seen by this 'new wave' as outmoded, simply because it provided the foundation for composition. This view came to dominate, and condemned those who understood that great musick is written not by breaking tradition, but by adding to it.

The main challenge to tonality came from Arnold Schoenberg who created the school of serialist technique, from which the 'twelve note' composers emerged. The principles of atonality subsequently spawned 'rock', amongst other forms. Thus the fundamental vibrations of the universe were disrupted: musick ceased to reflect the glorious soul of the west - instead, it mirrored (and aided) its decline.

It is interesting to note, however, that amongst the burgeoning composers of today there is an emerging trend to once again express those ideals of beauty enshrined in the western musickal tradition. It is encouraging that at this present time the work of individuals such as the late 19th / early 20th century russian composer *Scriabin* (who created a new tonal system that still adhered to the principles of western tonality) is regarded as a pointer toward the next significant stages of western composition.

The conscious understanding and use of processes by which large-scale change may be implemented is the foundation of Aeonics. For those Adepts who possess this understanding, the aim of successfully reversing the decline in western culture is quite possible. This implies the

Order of Nine Angles

creation of a 'new' form of musick - this newness being defined as the deliberate presencing of the Sinister. From an esoteric angle, if one wished to create such a new form with the aim of creating a specific change or changes, then there are some basic guidelines that would be useful to explore (some of these are listed in the notes). To give an example of how these guidelines could be applied in composition, consider the creation of a piece with the aim of bringing 'Vindex'. Some of the energies associated with Vindex are represented by the sphere of Saturn - that is 'Chaos'. Thus, the piece may be in the key of A flat. The text, if to be employed, would perhaps be taken from the various relevant Sinister chants - ie. 'Agios Vindex' in Naos, or the two chants given in the Black Book III. Perhaps the piece would be an orchestrated form of a chant. To further extend this new representation, the musick could be an aspect of complete artistic expression that is, an expression combining image, movement, and sound (as in *Scriabin's* proposed '*Mysterium*'). Such an expression is briefly discussed in the MS 'Nine Angles and Dance'.

If the energies were simply presented to be left to disperse as they will, then it would not always be necessary to make use of occult symbolism (ie. 'texts') - the power to transform has already been discovered if the individual so composing is gifted enough.

* Thus, one way of counteracting Nazarene energies is to replace / alter the text of a 'sacred' piece with one that expresses the western ethos, whilst retaining the original musickal form (qv. 'Diabolus').

- ONA 1994 eh -

96.

Notes On Esoteric Tradition ~ Cosmic Wheel & Tetrahedron

Cosmic Wheel:

The Cosmic Wheel is a wordless expression of the destiny of man, and represents that boundless cosmic ordering to which the essence eternally flows. It is a symbol of our potential, of the endless struggle for the evolution of consciousness, and of our unique *warrior ethos*. It enshrines the will, determination, and drive required to bring large scale change. It is both creation and destruction; life and death - it is revitalization, and the light of the cosmos. It implies the wisdom inherent in experience, and the experience drawn from great struggles. It is the star of distant galaxies, and the light to our travels. It is balance - both light and dark, both chaos and order. Yet it is none of these things, and all of these things - it is what lies *beyond* these things. Above all it represents what is *Galactic*, or *Sinister*.

The Cosmic Wheel is best represented as silver on black, representing the light of the Cosmos. For ceremonies it should be presented as a banner - particularly outdoors, as a makeshift altar acting as a gateway into unseen existence, in conjunction with a tetrahedron of Quartz. It can also be worn by initiates of the tradition as a ring. The four scythes represent the elements, and the circle the cosmic being. It turns sun-wise, as the scythes cut out all that stands in the way of destiny. It is visualized during aeonic ceremonies during vibration / chant, and can also aid in the opening of a nexion.

Quartz Tetrahedron:

Tradition holds that the most effective shape for quartz, in accessing the acausal is that of a tetrahedron. A tetrahedron has four triangular (equilateral) planes. The most basic molecular structure of quartz, actually, *is* a tetrahedron. The structure - SiO_2 , consists of one central silicon atom, surrounded by four oxygen atoms. These are referred to as silicate tetrahedra, and are linked at the corners to create the structure of the crystal. Tradition has stated very little to why the quartz tetrahedron is employed in opening a gate to the acausal, but one might deduct that its basic molecular structure does have some effect on why it is effective; as a tetrahedron is simply a magnification of its essence as matter. These structural notes apply only to Quartz Crystal, and are different for other crystals.

As noted elsewhere, a tetrahedron should be ground / cut from a large piece of the clearest possible Quartz by a skilled professional. A jeweler who works in quartz might be able to do this for a sizable sum, yet may not have the equipment to grind larger sizes. The larger and clearer the tetrahedron, the better - but one should expect at least some cloudiness or imperfection. Ideally the Quartz should be found or mined personally [for initiates in America the best places for this are in Arkansas. Australia also has an abundance of quartz.], but in some cases this may prove impractical. Each tetrahedron should be passed down to subsequent generations of initiates for use. Its effectiveness relies on many things - the ability of the initiates to perform the chants, that it is continually charged, its unique history, and so on - but the quartz tetrahedron is one of the most useful tools in accessing the acausal and opening a nexion.

Vilnius Thornian, ONA.
August, 2000. Vinland.

97.

The Satanic Letters Of Stephen Brown

Volume I

O.N.A.

First Published 1992 eh

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Introduction:

Collected here are some of the letters written by a Satanic Adept over a period of a few years to a variety of individuals with a view to explaining some of the tenets of traditional Satanism. Some letters to or concerning this Adept are also included to give context. All the letters are reproduced from the originals. [well, not in this e-text version, but in the original they were... - G.] It is anticipated that the publication of these letters will be of interest to those who, for whatever reason, are curious about Satanism in particular and the Occult in general. This present volume is the first of a series of projected volumes containing letters from the Adept who now has the honour of being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanist groups.

This present selection deals mainly with the difference between traditional Satanism, as represented by the Order of Nine Angles, and what has become accepted within the Occult fraternity as 'Satanism' - as represented by the American group the Temple of Set, led by Dr. Aquino. For a long time, the ONA was secret and secretive. In the early part of the eighth decade of this present century, a decision was taken to gradually make available the methods, philosophy and teachings of the Order - this decision being based on Aeonian or sinister strategy. One of the tactics to be used to try and achieve the strategic aim was to challenge what had become the accepted notion of 'Satanism' as represented by such groups as the temple of Set and the Church of Satan. Accordingly, contacts were established. It should be remembered that at this time, few details about the teachings and methods of traditional Satanism were known to outsiders, and so the ONA was judged to be just another Satanic group in the Church of Satan / La Vey mould. Gradually, however, the stark reality of traditional Satanism was made known - via letters such as the ones published here, via the establishment of an underground zine ('Fenrir') and via the distribution of works containing the tradition ('The Black Book of Satan', 'NAOS' and so on). The earlier curiosity and tolerance displayed by groups like the Temple of Set soon disappeared as they began to realize how different the ONA was - how far removed from what they considered Satanism to be. Thus, the ONA became, for the Temple of Set and its members, a proscribed organization. This reaction served to highlight the real nature of this Temple, as the letters make clear - and threw into doubt, for those with any sagacity, their version of 'Satanism'. The difference between the ONA and groups like the Temple of Set is evident most clearly in the matter of human sacrifice, as the letters reveal.

To Aquino, 7th September 1990:

P.O. Box 4
Church Stretton
Shropshire
England

7th September 1990 ev

Dear Dr. Aquino,

It was with interest that I read your letter in a recent issue of 'Brimstone' after my attention was drawn to that magazine by a friend. An open (rather friendly) reply to some of the points you raised has been sent to the Editor - I am sure he would send you a copy should you be interested. However, there are some points which perhaps are best raised in a private letter.

First - and perhaps inconsequential out of its context - no one has ever claimed to be 'Head' of the ONA: no such position exists. Your statement on this was somewhat surprising because I felt you would be above using 'Kennel' type tactics re mis-information about other LHP individuals and groups. Am I mistaken? Or perhaps the information was supplied by a not altogether too reliable source here in the U.K.?

Second - and most important - your mention of the NSS concerning sacrifice. These were published basically because they form part of an esoteric tradition, which tradition was being made accessible to those who might be interested following a decision to publish Order methods, teachings and traditions. Essentially, such publication lets others decide what is or is not worthwhile or valuable or interesting from an esoteric point of view - there is not, within the ONA, any control of esoteric information as a result of one or more individuals deciding what is 'right' or 'true teachings' - simply because individuality is the foundation of the "ONA way". This way is the development of self-insight and magickal mastery via individuals following the seven-fold way.

But this background aside, you raise an interesting point in your use of the term 'ethical'. Does Satanism have ethics? And if so, what are they and who formulates them? By the nature of the Temple of Set I am led to assume the answer would be affirmative and that it is the ToS which formulates these. Is this assumption incorrect? If it is not, then I and some others would offer dissent - based not only on the principle of individuality mentioned above but also on the reality of there existing divergent LHP and Satanic traditions (some of which existed before the foundation of the Church of Satan).

Speaking for myself, I consider debate about ethics futile in a LHP context - except to express the obvious Satanic assertion (qv *'The Dark Forces'* in *"Fenrir"* 4) that one essential personal quality is honour born from the quest for self-excellence and self-understanding. One either has this personal quality (or the potential to possess it) or one does not: intellectual debate about it is irrelevant. This quality is expressed by the way of living an individual follows and as far as the ONA is concerned this quality is one of those that marks the genuine Satanic elite from the imitation.

Yet we accept that others may disagree since we feel there can be no religious dogma about Satanism or the LHP: no subservience to someone else's ideas or ways of living. Each individual develops their own unique perspective and insight as a consequence of striving to achieve Adeptship - a perspective and insight which derives mainly from practical experience, both magickal and personal. Thus we uphold anarchism. Hence the publication of the many and various Order MSS. Yet, all this notwithstanding, I do understand that some may believe that tactically the time was not right to publish some of these MSS. However, is the time ever right?

Once again, some interesting questions arise. For example, for the benefit of those groups (like the ToS) which do adopt a high media profile, is it necessary and indeed desirable for other groups and individuals on the LHP to restrict what they say and teach and publish in case such things are mis-interpreted and / or distorted and used against the LHP in general? This would imply some sort of consensus among those individuals and groups on the LHP - a consensus which it seems both the ToS and the Church of Satan wish to achieve by claiming a religious 'authority'.

To this end there seems to be developing an almost Church-like mentality - with schisms and prohibitions and proscribing of other groups and individuals. Rather 'Old Aeon' values. If such a consensus is indeed necessary (and I and some others have doubts whether it is) then it would seem better achieved on a mutual basis by recognition of diversity and traditions and then the development of mutual understanding rather than one group trying to impose its dogma by a religious type belief: such dogma and such belief being entirely contrary to the basic principles of Satanism and the LHP - self-development via self-experience.

I and others like me respect your right to promulgate the Setian philosophy just as I trust you have the sagacity to understand that what La Vey codified and what the early Church of Satan represented is not the only form Satanism can take. Satanism existed in many forms long before La Vey, and the ONA simply represents one such form: a form that has changed and is still changing - developed as it is and has been by creative individuals within it. As I mentioned to you in a previous letter some time ago, this does not mean we claim to be a 'peer' organization with a claim to some kind of 'authority'. We are simply a small group following our own way - a way somewhat different from that developed by the Church of Satan and the ToS.

Our tradition, such as it is, is not static - indeed in many ways the most significant developments (e.g. the Star Game, Grade Ritual codification, Deofel Quartet) have occurred quite recently. Doubtless these developments will continue. When in the past we and others like us have said things that others interpret as being 'against' the ToS or La Vey, we were simply assuming the role of Adversary - challenging what seemed to be becoming accepted dogma that the only 'real' Satanists are either in the ToS or the Church of Satan. Such a dogma is an historical absurdity and its acceptance an affront to the Satanic desire to know and understand and not meekly believe.

If you have any comments about these matters I would be interested to read them.

Cordially yours,

[Signed: Stephen Brown]

Aquino Returns, September XXV:

Temple of Set
Post Office Box 470307, San Francisco, California 94147
MCI-Mail: 278-4041 * Telex: 6502784041
Michael A. Aquino, Ph.d.
High Priest of Set October 7, XXV

Mr. Stephen Brown
Post Office Box 4
Church Stretton, Shropshire
England

Dear Mr. Brown:

Thank you for your letter of September 7th.

Under your several aliases every single letter and publication of the O.N.A. is authorized over your personal signature, whether as "pp" or otherwise. Personal contacts by our former Priest Martin [blacked] confirmed that you are the leader, if not indeed the sole member of this institution.

The old Church of Satan used to play games with mythical officials and executive bodies behind the scenes. As a senior official of the Church I helped to keep this particular hot-air balloon inflated, initially assuming that it did no harm and made the Church a bit more colorful to the membership. Ultimately I became uncomfortable with it, however, because in the last analysis it involved deceiving the very persons - the membership of the Church - who had come to it in good faith depending upon it to not deceive them, even in so "playful" a fashion.

It was also responsible for a more serious kind of damage. It enabled Anton LaVey to announce policies in the name of a fictitious "Council of Nine", or in the name of a fictitious official, and thus to escape personal responsibility for his actions. Nor was there any executive body or other official to whom he was accountable. Had there been, the catastrophe of 1975 might have been averted without the entire Church of Satan organization having to be scrapped. [Even if it had evolved into a Setian mode, as in many Lesser Magical ways it was indeed doing prior to the crisis, it still might have continued as an unbroken organization - and Anton LaVey might be its High Priest today.]

When the Temple of Set was founded, therefore, the old occult game of "Ascended [or in this case 'Descended'] Masters behind the scenes" was ashcanned along with the other practices of the old Church with which we were ethically uncomfortable. From the moment of its founding, the Temple has made all of its officials and executive bodies a matter of record, known to all Setians [and to non-Setians with legitimate interest]. And neither the High Priest of Set nor any other official has the sort of dictatorial power that Anton LaVey had in the Church.

Given the present climate of witch-hunting hysteria in England, publication of a "Satanic ritual" by an avowedly "Satanic" institution which includes human sacrifice is thoroughly irresponsible. In fact it would be irresponsible even in a normal social climate, as the Satanic religion is not and has never been based upon the principle of human sacrifice. [It is Christianity which espouses that principle, sacrificing its god in human form every Easter.]

If you were presenting that ritual text as an example of Christian hate-propaganda against the Satanic tradition, making clear that it has no basis in fact, that would be one thing. But the ritual which you have published makes no such distinctions, and is thus a dangerous "loaded weapon" to be used by any child (of any age) who picks it up. And of course it plays right into the hands of any anti-Satanic maniac who is looking for "evidence" of "Satanic ritual murder". Your argument that the O.N.A. does not consider itself responsible for such uses may satisfy you, but it certainly doesn't satisfy the Temple of Set as guardian of this religion.

Indeed Satanism is an ethical religion, and yes, I do consider the Temple of Set the institution consecrated by Set to establish and maintain such an ethical environment - which is carefully developed in the Crystal Tablet of Set.

As a non-Initiate of the Temple, you are of course at liberty to dissent from this ethical standard. But neither, by your non-Initiatory status, does the Temple consider you a member of the Setian / Satanic religion. You are, in our eyes, simply one more individual affecting "Satanism" as a personal hobby. In this you may be more or less skilled, more or less articulate, more or less artistic: these we do not judge.

But what we do judge is that in all of this you have not been recognized by the Temple which exclusively is consecrated by Set. We consider the Temple a sacred institution, not just one of a number of "Satanic clubs" around the world. From 1966 to 1975CE we held precisely this view concerning the Church of Satan, which welcomed the interest and enthusiasm of amateur "Satanists" and "Satanic" groups such as the O.N.A. but considered only its own membership and Priesthood formally deserving of the religious titles they held.

This last point deserves further elaboration and emphasis. Just because we regard the Temple as seriously and exclusively as we do does not mean that we hold non-Temple "Satanic" groups in blanket contempt. Some of them are indeed

- 3 -

amateurish and embarrassing to the Satanic tradition, and the sooner they disintegrate the better. But others are quite serious and sophisticated, and deserve our respect and admiration - which are quite freely given when due. Some, upon encountering the Temple of Set, have voluntarily dissolved and commended their membership to it. Some have retained their independent structure and interests while at the same time encouraging / allowing their members to affiliate with the Temple as a formal religion. Some have simply gone their own way, maintaining a polite non-acceptance of the Temple's avowed Infernal Mandate.

The distinction we draw in all cases is dictated simply by our sacred regard for the Priesthood of Set, and the Temple under its care, as established by Set in the Book of Coming Forth by Night. If we did not draw that distinction, then we would be, at our heart, an insincere and fraudulent religion.

Therefore the exclusiveness of the Temple of Set is not born of either arrogance or competitiveness, but simply of the utter seriousness with which we regard ourselves. It is this same attitude which makes the Temple of Set reject any "council of churches", occult or conventional, for the simple reason that we consider our religion correct and their incorrect. As is stated in our informational letter, "they may serve a useful social function as purveyors of soothing myths and fantasies to humans unable to attain Setian levels of self-consciousness".

I have re-read the comments I made concerning the O.N.A. and yourself in Brimstone, and I see nothing in them that I think should be amended - including the compliment to you at the conclusion of those comments. You are, from what I have seen of your writings, an intelligent and creative individual who could become an influential and respected philosopher of the Left-Hand Path if you can bring yourself to cast aside all of the fictitious "lumber and wreckage" with which

you are unnecessarily crippling yourself. If I didn't see Setian qualities in you, I wouldn't even bother to say such things. But just as in my university classes I speak most bluntly to the students who do have the intelligence to master the curriculum and aren't doing so, so I speak thus to you.

Sincerely,

[Signed: Michael Aquino]

cc- Adept John D. Allee, Editor, Brimstone

To Aquino, 20th October:

Shropshire
England
20th October 1990 ev

Dear Dr, Aquino,

Thank you for your letter of October the 7th. I appreciate your comments and before passing on to specific points raised, I would like to make some general comments. What I sense (and I use the word advisedly) is that you and I, despite our differing methods, are fundamentally trying to achieve the same thing. I here mean in terms of 'esoteric' magick and not in terms of outward terms or expressions.

We are both aware of the potential inherent within individuals and how certain forms, magickal or otherwise, can be used to explicate that potential, bringing thus an evolution of consciousness both individual and beyond the individual. Thus are individuals, and 'society', changed over varying periods of time.

You have established and maintained an organization and imbued it with certain forms, which forms via their various transformations, create and establish conditions for changes in time with certain energies. Because of the nature of this organization, and the energies, there is a need to maintain a coherence, a magickal continuity and thus the establishment of a system which protects the viability of all aspects.

As to myself, I deal with similar forms but make them manifest in a different way - building in to some of those manifestations a random or 'chaotic' element and into others a 'numinous' aspect. Thus, further forms are developed, in both causal and acausal time, and achieve certain goals, some of which are quite long-term (beyond my own temporal lifetime at the earliest). All these energies are 'sinister' (or Left Hand Path, if you prefer) - at the most simple level this means they enhance our creative evolution; at another, it means they 'disrupt' already existing forms which may hinder such evolution and explication of individual potential.

Where we might (and seem to) differ is in our respective time-scale for fundamental change and in making some elements more manifest than others, to achieve specific ends. Of course, I accept that my understanding may not be complete (and might possibly be incorrect on some points) as I assume that you, claiming the title 'Ipssisimus', understand the preceding four paragraphs without me having to elaborate at length.

You have accepted a "role" within the Temple of Set with all the duties and obligations implied, and there is much to admire in this. This of necessity means adhering to the principles of what you describe as the 'sacred trust' placed in you via-a-vis the 'Infernal Mandate'. Thus there is a religious attitude and acceptance. All this I myself regard as natural and necessary, given

2.

the vehicle chosen - that is, the Temple of Set. The way of the ONA is, however, quite different - we see our way as guiding a few individuals to self-awareness, to Adeptship and beyond, via

various practical and magickal techniques. The emphasis is on guide, on self-development, on self-discovery. There is no religious attitude, no acceptance of someone else's authority, and no mystique: the methods, as divulged in the recently published book 'Naos', are essentially practical. All this arises from the understanding that changes such as I mentioned earlier (regarding individual potential) will occur slowly and for the most part on a small scale for some time to come: bringing changes to 'society' (a generalization here, for brevity) - and this to larger numbers of individuals - on the timescale of a century or more.

The present aim of the ONA is to make these techniques - which give all individuals the means to achieve the next stage of individual evolution should they so wish - more generally available. These techniques (the Grade Rituals for example, and the Star Game) will probably and indeed should be refined and extended in the future, as they have been refined in their creation over the past decade or so. Older techniques, inherited by me, have served their purpose - and to an extent have made possible the present advances, including preparing the way, on the level of mystique, for a dissemination of the 'new'.

To be more explicit - an 'aura' was created around the ONA (quite deliberately) by using certain methods, magickal forms, and by publishing certain material. This aura, existing, becomes transformed - and serves a very useful purpose on the acausal level. (In simple terms and on an elementary level, it provides a certain impetus to seek out and try the 'new' techniques, the 'new' way - on the level of individuals.) Thus, as the new techniques (and hence the new forms deriving from them) become more widely distributed, via books such as Naos, the Deofel Quartet and the Black Book of Satan (these last two due for publication this Winter Solstice) then the methods used hitherto are no longer needed, and are abandoned - they have served their purpose.

It is the same with the ONA: once the techniques and the essence are more widely available than 'membership' as such is irrelevant, since everything is available and accessible (and this includes past methods and teachings) - the individual taking responsibility for their own development ultimately rests with individual desire, just as each individual must make their own assessment of what is valuable and what is 'ethical / just' from their own experience, it being the aim of the techniques of the seven-fold sinister way to provide the character-building, evolutionary, experiences. There is no pre-judgement by me or anyone, no set rules.

The function of the ONA is now to guide, simply because its members have undergone the experiences of the way and can speak from a position of experience - an experience which may or may not be of value to others. Thus the fundamental difference in our approach.

3.

It was made quite clear to the former Temple of Set Priest you mentioned that each individual is expected to work on the practical level to achieve his or her own magickal development - to actually practice magick, to use magickal and other techniques, rather than just talk about them. This takes quite a number of years, and is a personal effort. Most people cannot be bothered - they want easy solutions - and most people who enquired in the past about the ONA were not prepared to work toward their own self-development. They either wanted someone else to do it for them (be such a someone a 'Master' or an Infernal Manifestation) or would not / could not undertake the life-style necessary for achieving genuine Adeptship (such as spending three months alone under special conditions). Ultimately, their loss.

I, for one, do not believe there is a 'religious' solution to Adeptship and beyond - a gift, Infernal or otherwise. There is only self-experiencing, in the real and the magickal worlds, and that is it. Wisdom is acquired by the alchemical process of internal change over a period of time: the techniques developed by the ONA may shorten that time for several decades to perhaps a decade or just under, but they do not do away with it, just as those techniques make the possibility of such change available to all.

For this reason, the ONA does not attempt to define what is or is not of the Left Hand Path and what is or is not Satanism (or even what Satan is) - each individual arrives at their own understanding via experience.

Occasionally, as I have mentioned, there may be the adoption of an adversarial role in order to attack accepted (or even unconscious) dogmas within the broad spectrum of the LHP movement - but that is as it should be, for individuals questing after knowledge who refuse to meekly believe. Once again, a 'role' is only a role, played out in the quest for understanding.

On the specific point of membership - yes, there is more than one (not that it really matters anymore now that dissemination is being achieved). Not many, it is true, but enough - some only beginning their quests, some more advanced along the way: in this country, in Scandinavia, in the countries of Europe and elsewhere.

Of course, all this may confirm your opinion that the ONA is not 'Satanic' (or 'Setian' - this

latter I would agree with). Do you therefore understand 'Satanism' as now the exclusive preserve of the Temple of Set because of the 'Infernal Mandate' you mentioned? If so, this raises rather interesting questions regarding 'Infernal' authority, revelation and such like - questions partly answered by your use of the term religion. What then of Satanic organizations which existed before the revelation: such as (to take an odd example) the Order of Satanic Templars here in England which existed (and was undertaking Initiations) before the establishment of the Church of Satan? (It later became known as the Orthodox Temple of the Prince.)

Personally, I see Satanism more as a way of living than as a religion: an attitude to life, and one which is ultimately personal, striving to ever more.

4.

However, as mentioned above, I believe our ultimate goals are the same even though our methods may differ. Of course in this, as in many things, I may be mistaken: I claim no authority, and my creations, profuse as they are, will in the end be accepted or rejected on the basis of whether they work (Satan forbid they should ever become 'dogma' or a matter of 'faith').

I also expect to see them become transformed, by their own metamorphosis and that due to other individuals: changed, extended and probably ultimately transcended, may be even forgotten. They - like the individual I am at the moment - are only a stage, toward something else. In the interests of sinister fellowship I could arrange for a copy of 'Naos' (and other works as and when they become available) to be sent to you, should you be interested. Enclosed please find a copy of an article due to appear shortly in the journal 'Balder'. It may make you smile.

Cordially yours,

[Signed: Stephen Brown]

*[Editorial Note: In view of the controversy in Occult circles about using 'pseudonyms' and the desire of certain groups to operate 'underground' without media scrutiny - a subject mentioned by Dr. Aquino in his letters and since taken up by a number of others both within and without the LHP - the following observations are in order: *It has been for many centuries an established principle among LHP Adepts to work in a reclusive manner in 'secret'. The reason for this is basically two-fold: the magickal work is mis-understood by 'outsiders' [and often by such people categorized from their own social/political/religious perspectives] and to try and explain it to non-Initiates was seen as a waste of time; and, secondly, it enabled that work to be undertaken without hindrance from interfering individuals and officials. Without this secrecy, the LHP would not have survived. Today, conditions have changed somewhat, but still not enough in some areas. * A labyrinth was created to confuse the merely curious and those seeking to disrupt the magickal work and tradition. * Quite often, LHP Adepts have a 'separate professional' life (which in some cases is part of their long-term magickal goals) and the 'stigma' of involvement with magick would be detrimental to that. Quite often this separate life is beneficial to the evolution of the 'Occult' in general as it provides opportunities for dissemination (mostly clandestine). That some individuals have gone 'public' is fair enough - that is their decision. But those who prefer or need to work 'underground' in order to continue their own reclusive and secret traditions should not be castigated for many cases they are guardians who can never have a 'public' Occult role. Societies, and the individuals within them, are still structured on the basis of categories and generalizations.]*

98.

Aeonic Insight Roles

As it states in the ONA MS *Notes on Insight Roles*:

"The best Insight Roles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate."

The Current Situation

In order to determine the Aeonic aspect to Insight Roles it is necessary to understand the current situation that exists in the world. This is one of dominance by the so-called "New World Order" which basically means the domination of the Magian. This domination over the West - and increasingly other countries - is essentially that of what is often euphemistically called "Zionism" with the reality that most nations in the West are covertly ruled by a Zionist Occupation Government (ZOG).

This situation has arisen from two factors. First, the covert introduction into the societies of the West of Marxist, and Marxist-sociological, values and ideas, Second, from the military and economic dominance of America which is all but now controlled by Zionist interests. In respect of the introduction of Marxism, the societies of the West have been steadily socially engineered, through laws, through the power of the Media, and through indoctrination spread especially by teachers in Schools and Universities

The reality is that a world-wide capitalist tyranny has been created, with the peoples of the West made for the most part docile through materialism and "entertainment" and "sport" and "personal pursuits", with their opinions formed for them by The State, its educational system, politicians, and the Media - especially television and newspapers. The individual has become subservient to The State in thought, word and deed. Basically, the individual is now mostly powerless before the might of The State.

Of course, the majority do not see this, duped as they are and have been by The System with its trickery of "democracy" and "rights". In addition, some dissent and "rebellion" is allowed, and even encouraged - so long as it doesn't threaten in any real way the ideas and the control of The System. Those individuals, groups, organizations who do or who may pose a serious threat to The System are dealt with, often by those organizations being outlawed, and their leaders and members being tried according to some tyrannical State law and put into prison for a long time.

The System - having made itself secure among The States of the West - has recently embarked on the next part of the plan, which is to create a new Empire to ensure the material wealth and military superiority of its leading lackey government, that of the America. To this end, countries have been invaded, and sanctions used to bring others under control.

The System and its lackey States are a serious threat to our evolution - to the creation of free, strong, independent human beings. The System wants - and even demands - that we are or become subservient, to its ways, its laws, its sociological ideas, to the basic materialistic animalistic way of life it allows for its "citizens", a way devoid of real adventure, real challenges, real numinosity. This way is the way of the sub-human.

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State.

For this aim to be achieved we must break-down and indeed destroy the States that make up The System, the New World Order (NWO), as we must challenge the enervating ideas, the enervating ways, of The System, and replace them with our own life-enhancing ideas and ways.

If The System is not destroyed, then our evolution will be stifled, and our promise - the greatness, Destiny and glories which await among the Cosmos - will remain unfulfilled.

To destroy The System *action* is required, by individuals, and groups. Thus, any group or individual which is engaged in practical action against The System with the purpose of destroying it and challenging its ideas is interesting from the point of view of the Sinister Dialectic and those undertaking an Aeonic Insight Role.

Some Suggested Aeonic Insight Roles

The following are suggested Aeonic Insight Roles, based on a knowledge of the sinister dialectic and the situation as exists at the time of writing (114yf). Some of these suggested Insight Roles are relatively easy; some are especially hard and dangerous, and thus suited only to the most daring and sinister individuals.

- (1) Join or form a covert insurrectionary organization, dedicated to National Socialism, whose aim is to undermine by practical means the status quo and which uses the strategy and tactics outlined in *The Strategy and Tactics of Revolution* (Parts I and II)
- (2) Undertake the role of assassin, selecting as your opfers those who publicly support or aid, ZOG, the NWO, The System.
- (3) Convert to Islam and aid, through words, or deeds, or both, those undertaking Jihad against Zionism and the NWO.
- (4) Join or form an active anarchist organization or group dedicated to fighting the capitalist System.
- (5) Join or form a National Socialist group or organization, and aid that organization and especially aid and propagate "historical revisionism".

Recommend Reading

- 1) *Notes on Insight Roles*, ONA Ms 114yf
- 2) *Insight Roles - A Guide*, ONA Ms 1989 ev [superceded by (1)]
- 3) *Insight Roles, The Secret Guide*, ONA Ms 1985 ev [superceded by (1)]
- 4) *The Sinister Dialectic*, ONA Ms
- 5) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*, ONA Ms
- 6) *Aims of the ONA*, ONA Ms 1994 eh
- 7) *ONA Strategy and Tactics*, ONA Ms 1998 eh
- 8) *The Strategy and Tactics of Revolution (Parts I and II)* [formerly *A Practical Guide to Aryan Revolution*]

99.

Evolutionary Art ~ The Eugenics Of Art

(previously appearing in Devilcosm #2)

The capacity of the mind to expand and visualize nature's inherent path of evolution, otherwise known as the individual imagination, is the boundary within which we are - as a species - eternally confined to dwell. Napoleon Bonpart once stated that imagination rules the world.

Quite literally, the imagination is the womb of creation. In the process of nascency, the imagination acts as the receptive female partner, and finds its male counterpart in the arts. And just as man and woman possess the ability to create a being who, with the proper genetic, ecological and spiritual nurturing, can lead his or her people to their ultimate evolution, so it is with the dynamic yet delicate intercourse between the arts and imagination. Together they are able to help bring into existence a higher, undistorted life-form. Male and female together equal "God", for together they possess the ability to create.

Art finds its male qualities in its ability to penetrate the *sensorium* (i.e. the five senses) and consequently "seed" the very soul and imagination to which these senses act as a doorway. If, in turn, an individual's imagination (the receptive, female partner in creation) is fertile, able to sustain, germinate and allow solid roots to form for the specific breed of art responsible for the "seeding", then this imagination is able to act as a womb for the animating essence known as life. This spirit is otherwise known as "the Will to Power" or "the Will to Live"; that which dynamically empowers an individual to continue onward defiantly no matter how rough the journey. This is the "Fighting Spirit". It is just such a spirit or reservoir which the imagination is able, under the proper conditions, to "tap" into.

Art is the stimuli possessing the ability to "impregnate" the soul of an individual. The spiritual embryo or "life" resulting this insemination is what is conventionally termed a "vision". Indeed, when an individual possesses this ability to vividly imagine an as-yet- to-be-seen reality, he or she is commonly said to have the ability to "conceive". Art is, by its inherent nature, able to mirror that unseen but very real potential - existing latently, and to subsequently open the "gateway" for its physical manifestation. The higher quality and form of the given artistic expression (i.e. the more reflective of the ultimate natural evolution of the cosmos and man's true self), the higher the required fertility of the imagination to comprehend, understand and illustrate. It is this fertile "soil" from whence grows deliberate - ordered - action. If the imagination is rich and fruitful enough to give root to this "seed", then, and only then, can the aforementioned Desire (i.e. the acausal) be "tapped" into, which will consequently form the channel of energy required to bring said seed into blossom. In other words, only when an individual's imagination is fertile will he or she be "inspired" (literally - to be "energized", filled with dynamic, creative energy) to actively and consistently bring an ideal into fruition.

Thus, the self-deluded dreamer has not quite the imaginative powers so often attributed to him. For although he is oftentermed a "dreamer", because of his ability to conceive of an idea, he has not the endurance, fortitude, insight and desire to carry such a spiritual pregnancy to full term. His life is replete with spiritual abortions and still-births. There is no real dynamic, animating life within his words, thoughts and dreams.

Through the perfect intertwining of art and imagination a race is able to glimpse, recognize and seize the totality of its own potential. This potential is inherent within its life-blood, and it is this blood-potential which is responsible for motivating the creation true evolutionary artforms.

It is interesting that the latin root for "potential" is "POTENTIA - Sinister or Left-Hand". Thus it is that true potential lies in the realm which has been termed "Satanic", and which has manifested itself in such artistic works as *Goethe's "Faust"*. This potential is now considered, by the present Nazarene-influenced age, as "wrong" not because it goes against the essence of nature herself, but because it defies that same society's self-destructive ethos of absolute egalitarianism, universalism, materialism, mediocrity and stasis. This aryan potential is Satanic - or Left-Hand - because it is contrary to the herd, but not to the higher order of nature and the cosmos. This aryan potential is complimentary and vital to nature, but threatening to a degenerate society. The art of

appropriating and "working" this potential out into its most quintessential causal form is the ultimate Satanic manifestation.

The most well known manifestation of this natural progression in the twentieth century (eh) is that of the Third Reich inspired and led by *Adolf Hitler*. In the interest of establishing the imperative of a Thousand-Year Reich, there was created the 'Reich Culture Chamber' with *Joseph Goebbels* as its commander. Every sphere of art, no matter what its form, was implemented and shaped in accordance with imperatives which the establishment of a Thousand-Year Reich dictated. Hitler himself, when asked in 1939 by his former childhood friend - *August Kubizek* - to recollect his intensely ecstatic response to witnessing *Wagner's* "Rienzi", is alleged to have stated, "AT THAT HOUR IT ALL BEGAN!". According to Kubizek, it was after witnessing this opera, based on *Cola di Rienzi* - the medieval rebel and tribune of the people, that Adolf Hitler began to let loose an inspired oration depicting the ultimate, glorious future of he and his people.

To understand the role of art and imagination in the role of creation is to begin to master the possibility of genuine evolution and excellence. To do so is to set a standard of excellence by which our descendants can numinously appreciate, employ, create and develop art. Someone naively, but nevertheless dangerously, may reject this view and consequently say that individuals ought to create whatever they want, regardless of its contribution to the whole; after all, "beauty is in the eye of the beholder".

It should, however, be noted that even the most dishonourable things in life can be considered "beautiful" by an individual who has, by their own individual will, compromised themselves into a consistent life of mediocrity, slothfulness, herd-mentality and general lack of self-awareness.

Because art possesses the ability to impregnate the human soul, then if that resulting offspring (i.e. a particular artform) contributes to the deterioration of nature and the cosmos, and actively opposes western destiny and the Sinister Dialectic (thus opposing evolution itself), then there is no else who can accept the blame other than the offspring (artform), its parentage (those responsible for creating it) and those who know better but choose to do nothing to actively resolve the matter.

Art, be it literature, speeches (as *Adolf Hitler's* case), folk-lore, mythos/ mythology, architecture, painting, sketching, poetry, Musick, dance, etc., as wielded by its perpetrators, has been the catalyst for the propagation and nurturing of every culture and higher civilization known to man. Every major movement in the history of evolution has at some point been birthed from the imagination of individuals whose minds were inseminated by specific forms of art.

Even day-to-day communication is, in its essence, art. This is, in fact, the very meaning of what it means to be "articulate" : to possess the ability to adequately and eloquently GIVE BIRTH, verbally, to ones thoughts, ideas and passions. The word "communication" itself denotes sexual identification - i.e. "to become-one-with". Intercourse, communication, conversation, flow and current are significant words which all have the same basic meaning: they all vaguely point to the magickal flow of creative energy which exists between male and female, speaker and listener, writer and reader, composer and listener, artist and viewer.

Of course, the usual result of a male and female coming together - as one - is the insemination and creation of an offspring, and the same is also very true when art and imagination unite. Art has the ability to communicate; it speaks and stimulates, and has the ability to enrapture and pulsate, to fill the soul with the potency of the cosmos itself. In this it becomes apparent that genuine artistic appreciation is much more than inward fantasizing and self-deceptively pandering to the Ego. On the contrary, genuine artistic appreciation should empower bold new actions, which lead to specific long and short term goals. Art - and the individual's interaction with it (i.e. active participation with its ethos), is a powerful key to unlocking the very real but latent powerhouse of potential within the human soul.

Art, in its highest form, should require that individuals stretch themselves physically, emotionally, intellectually, magickally, and spiritually in order for those individuals to fully appreciate and FULFILL that Art. Quite literally, art should CHALLENGE individuals to develop, progress and beautify; it should reflect the ultimate natural possibilities of our being and ENLARGE AND AMPLIFY THEM; it should attempt to extract and draw these superior qualities out into the causal realm. In short, art should require us to WORK, and practically instill within us the robust energy and vitality needed to fulfill its vision. This inevitably requires that each individual artist must strive - by an effort of their Will - to force themselves to evolve in all realms - physical, mental, magickal, emotional, spiritual, to reach for self-mastery.

Physical eugenic science alone is unable to resolve our situation. It is now time, once and for all, to

Order of Nine Angles

explore and master a spiritual/ artistic eugenic science which strives to extricate the fullness of the human potential (in terms which are beyond the abstract concept of "good and evil") without limiting it in any way. It must once again become known among the folk that art truly does reproduce itself, and that the following old proverb is indeed a worthy one : "LIFE IMITATES ART."

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"That which is beyond personal Destiny. That which causes expression of itself via the implementation or provocation of acts which in their design achieve long-term aims beyond the causal death of an individual; changing aspects of a society by significant creations and thus changing a whole race of people - fulfilling the Destiny or Wyrð of the ethos of a civilization. Acts that inaugurate a New Aeon. The causal nature that is dictated by the essence of things - "fate", etc."

100.

The Brink Of Discovery

At the brink of a great quest, one often finds oneself overwhelmed with great questions. Thus far I have embodied more answers than questions themselves. Before, I had yet to be faced with any real wondering, and real desire, or any real need to uncover my destiny. Perhaps such a thing can only come from absolute need.

I have had great desire to do my part to further a dialectic of cosmic wyrd; to be a part of the glory that is to come. This was my destiny, my place in the cosmic order of things, my absolute desire. What I have until now failed to realize is that my destiny lies in myself, in uncovering my essence. To myself grow and learn. This can be the only way. I am part of nature, and unless I uncover what is truly my unique place within it, I will never obtain the empathy I need with nature.

I have failed before in great endeavors, and probably will again. I have died by my own hand in pursuing the things I long for, and I have yet to let this longing be reborn. My strong will and desire somehow crippled my goal. I failed, in a life long dream. Yet I moved on, to other things, other passions. My failure did not lie in the hands of others, it was not absolute. It lay in my own hands, it was my own doing; and ultimately, my own fight.

These other things, other passions in which I have moved on to, have been essential insofar as discovering what I can do. How I can create, and replenish. My recent pursuits have led me to learn something at least daily - something important not for what I have learned, but how I have learned it. I am forced, by my own choice of challenging profession, to forever learn and accommodate my mind and its techniques in different ways. What I must learn in what I do, I must learn the hard way. I must find a solution, and there is little aid - no one to find the solution for me. All I've to go by is what I've already learned.

Perhaps necessity changes an individual. In a way I am pressing my own boundaries, forcing myself to conquer new ground in my knowledge. I can feel it affect me. I triumph through many small feats, and this builds my confidence. My sense of overcoming. And perhaps this is what has started to rekindle what I've already lost.

If I am to know myself, truly know myself, I must follow my intuition. I must explore the frontiers of my mind, push my own boundaries, and explore my passions. By doing this I will find at least a real way to manifest my intuitive character, my acausal self. Even so, if I find my rekindled lost passions are in contradiction of my real essence; I will have learned of myself by eliminating these wonders, which engulf me.

And with this realization, that I must pursue what I intuitively desire; I am a step closer to finding myself, my essence. This will likely take a good portion of my life, but will be an essential uncovering. In this, I am uncovering a means within myself to ultimately help fulfill cosmic wyrd, and aid this dialectic that I have devoted my very soul to. Once I have further advanced on this quest of self-discovery, by my very life, the Sinister Dialectic will be aided, in a way much larger than even I realize. Once I obtain this empathy with and knowledge of nature I so desire, both outward and inward, I will have evolved; in a very real way.

To surpass myself I must truly know myself. This is when the real change will happen, and when I shall become as Satan.

IOI.

Satanism ~ A Brief Guide To The Art Of Magick

One of the long-term aims of the Dark Tradition is to bring to consciousness for the majority the reality of the force that is Satan. This 'dis-covering' will result in the upward evolutionary surge known as the 'New Aeon'.

The Order of Nine Angles was given form so that Satan could manifest in a way that is without obstruction - in a way that most directly infects and liberates the collective human psyche. In one sense, all genuine esoteric orders constitute in themselves a magickal ritual, with each member understanding the conditions required if the long-term goal of the rite is to be attained. All genuine Magick is an act of creation, where individuals (Adepts) bring what must be brought through their Will, and creation occurs because of their uniqueness of being.

But that uniqueness of being is also the Will of the cosmos itself, and thus certain types of individual creativity (as would constitute a genuine magickal order) are life made manifest during its course of evolution. In essence, Adeptship and all that that implies, is nurtured by individual defiance - the uniqueness of being which is Satan.

Thus, the relationship of Magick with 'the World' is 'holistic': a relationship where the difference and diversity of nature and 'forms' exists to enable the spirit (or being) of the cosmos to thrive and evolve. A genuine Adept understands this, and begins to embody in his individual life, this natural empathy. This apprehension currently exists at odds with conventional esotericism. For example, the quabalistic approach, as sickeningly influential today as ever, involves the magickian - or more accurately 'sorcerer' - in viewing the forces of nature as somehow separate from human existence; as something to be dominated and manipulated for personal ends. Magickal orders which are formed by this 'grimoire' approach lack a binding purpose, a great and clear vision which would enable members to transcend the personal and become the organic whole of a true magickal order - an order which is the life of the cosmos manifested in a conscious way, and pertinent to a particular moment in causal time.

In other words, what could be described as conventional occultism, is swayed by abstract, often sentimental ideas, while the genuine Western Way - for which read 'the Septenary System', Traditional Satanism, and so on - is concerned with what actually exists beyond limited personal forms. In real Magick, there is an initial attempt to mimic the flow of natural forces, until an integration is achieved and with it, large-scale willed change - that is, conscious aeonic evolution. Via this process of magick - still the province of the select few (Satanists of course!) - the cosmos can progress to its next stage of existence: to live consciously via its manifestations; to evolve from childhood to adult existence. This is the secret of the Great Work.

This path of genuine Magick does not involve, however, the slavish following of some 'cosmic doctrine' / mandate, or any other such dogma. It involves the individual in freeing themselves from all influences in order to live, or become, the reality of the forces of life. Thus the purpose of the Seven-Fold Way: to guide its Initiates towards the attainment of self-insight, where the 'personal' exists as a method to express the cosmos, and not as a hinderance - through projections - of the apprehension of life as a unified whole. The reality can only ever be experienced anew by each new Initiate, since the apprehension of life is a way of being, and can only, as yet, be partially described by abstract methods. Thus each new Satanist - and genuine Satanic order - is a new manifestation of the living essence: thus there is evolution.

A magickal order such as the ONA is not motivated by the trends in contemporary thinking, although it may on occasion manipulate 'fashion' to provoke an appropriate outcome. All forms have a finite life-span, but the criteria by which present-day Occultists judge forms as 'useful' or 'outmoded' is always influenced by temporal trends, by the status quo - little though this is consciously recognized.

The life-span of an archetype is not tied to linear time, or effected in any way by fleeting trends in society. At the very least, archetypes die when the civilisation to which they are bound dies - when a new aeon becomes manifest. But even then they may spawn offspring, as when the ethos of one Aeon is continued and evolved into the next - as hopefully will occur during the transition from this present 'Western Aeon' to the next 'Galactic' one. In order to understand the nature and organic life of an archetype, one must be free of all contemporary influences. Most will

not attain this even when they think they have, since their concept of 'liberated thinking' or occult understanding is still in itself dictated by the influences of the society they live in: the 'personal' still dominates. What comes down to personal dislike of one form or another does not necessarily invalidate the reality of that form, but allows the personal to further hinder an awareness that should span aeons.

In general, archetypes exert influence upon the unconscious, with mostly indirect results. However, Satan (or more accurately Satanus - note the grammar) is a numinous symbol, a living, earth-based manifestation of certain cosmic forces. As such, Satan is those forces made conscious, and the gateway through which we as sentient beings become that cosmic will.

Satan is the word, "image", vibration, chant and deed of cosmic evolution itself. The 'magick' of Satan and the Dark Gods in general are for us the keys to that evolution. How present (or past) cultures view Satan is not entirely relevant, and should not be seriously considered by those attempting to form a judgement. Again, the reality has to be experienced.

That this reality can be cast aside for whatever personal reasons by those who claim to be Occultists is not really surprising, since this reality is seldom, if ever, experienced by the majority. But a genuine Sinister organisation (and Satanus is the epitome of the Sinister) possesses that numinosity and seeks to increase the cosmic tides via its works in the 'real world'.

Thus, the occult trend of viewing all 'forms' as a merely a means towards the attainment of some thing is mistaken - or at the least misleading, derived as it is from a linear way of thinking. Some forms do not necessarily express limited understanding of acausal forces, but rather are those forces made manifest in the causal world: they are, as previously stated, numinous symbols. They are such because they possess the capacity to provoke change, and possess their own organic life and destiny. That some forms may express things that are culturally understood as 'plebian', primitive or "Old Aeon" is absolutely irrelevant to their capacity to cause aeonic change. This discernment requires the Satanic qualities of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason.

Because human life is a conscious nexion between the causal and acausal realms, we possess the capability to extend and create symbols and forms (such as language, or more simply sound) which could describe the essence itself, rather than ultimately obscure it - in fact, this is one of the purposes of our development as a species. In this we need to understand and integrate with existing numinous symbols in order to spawn completely new forms - this initial confrontation and then synthesis of 'opposites' (in terms of the psyche) describes the purpose of the path to Adeptship.

The majority are still swayed by archetypal forces conventionally described as 'light' and 'dark'. That there exists a reality beyond such opposites does not mean that those opposites, for the majority, do not exist. They exist and exert influence until they are confronted and transcended. A magickal order understands this, and thus seeks to guide its adherents towards the realms 'beyond opposites' via appropriate ordeals / grade rituals - that is, via the fires of experience. That some (and they are very few) may attain this transcendence does not mean that such archetypes cease to exist for others, or that the realms beyond opposites are any more 'real'. Each realm, from those symbolized by Initiate to Magus, expresses a reality in the process of evolution, and cannot be accurately comprehended in linear terms. In one practical sense, what is 'good' and what is 'evil' may be said to exist, since these are the concepts, at this point in time, by which a society views the world - by which life, for the majority, is still lived. That the definition of moral absolutes may alter over the ages does not itself alter the essence by which they influence the process of human living.

This bifurcation still exists because that is the nature of our species at present, as it has been for centuries, despite the many external changes that have occurred, and despite the intellectual musings of philosophers and Occultists alike. This is unlikely to begin to change significantly until the emergence of the next Aeon - some four hundred years from now. Thus a rite such as the genuine Black Mass still possesses real magickal purpose for individuals at a certain level of their development, as well as contributing to the necessary, broader aeonic changes. Such a rite accesses Nazarene / Magian energies and then re-directs them in a sinister way - and, as has been stated elsewhere in ONA MSS, the Satanist does not believe in the reality of 'God', or the 'divinity' of the Nazarene, only that others so believe. Thus the practical and still relevant purpose of systems of magick termed 'Black' and 'White': a cosmic battle must still be played out between the manifestations of these two opposites if civilization as a whole is to achieve a synthesis. In esoteric terms, this is to say that our civilisation has not yet evolved to the stage of Adeptship. The goal of the Adept (and of course, those of the stages beyond) is to aid this aeonic synthesis: the methods by which they achieve this for the majority will differ in many instances from those which enabled this achievement for them as individuals.

The reality of this bifurcation is that the form conventionally seen as black or 'evil' is the way that will allow the necessary transition to take place, and thus prevent the stagnation and

decay that would result from the triumph of Magian forces. In the most profound sense therefore, it is the Sinister Path that enshrines 'divinity', little though this would be understood by the majority - but such an understanding by the majority is neither relevant, desirable, nor possible at this time.

In this very real cosmic battle, Satan does not feature as some Judeo-Nazarene device to oppress 'the folk', but as a numinous symbol, for our civilisation, of all that defies the counter-evolutionary force of the Magian.

As practioners of Magick, we must have the understanding to allow such numinous symbols to evolve naturally through their own life-span; to flow with, and consciously become those forces rather than aid counter-evolutionary powers by allowing limited personal ideas and projections to dominate.

We as Occultists, as creative individuals, must also cease to waste our time delving into the 'folk-tales' and legends of the past, dead cultures - this includes those of the Norse, Celtic, Saxon and whatever else passes for conventional esoteric interest.

Because to derive esoteric inspiration from the dim and distant deeds of an archetype is an utter waste of the magickal opportunity that exists now and the potential that they can embody in the future. To create and perform rituals based on a dim and distant fireside tale - or employ the symbolism of a great past communal life-style - is a counter-productive (in Aeonic terms) indulgence.

To use an ancient or old Archetype for the purpose of doing something with that archetype in the world, is, however, another matter. But this implies presenting such an archetype as the hero of a new mythos - a mythos entirely representational of the current aeonic phase, and by that token one which allows the next phase to be reached.

Thus, a new mythos would feature an established archetype committing great acts of nobility (and great acts of terror), the nature and form of which would inspire and liberate the 'modern masses'. The magick of the archetype would be in its living now in the real world, rather than having existed in some ethereal realm of the past; a past when the manifestation of human life was, in many respects, very different to today. These differences lie in what is and what is not practically needed in order for the people of modern 'Western' society to feel inspired towards overcoming the problems, self-imposed and otherwise, of their day-to-day existence.

Thus, the deeds of this archetype could be a re-presentation of those acts committed by a real-life, modern day hero (such as a Satanist) - or the creation of a new legend, the practical basis of which has yet to occur, therefore inspiring individuals to bring it to life in the causal world... The ways and methods of this powerful magickal technique are legion.

Though many will dismiss it because they do not have the courage to try, the way of Satan remains, amidst the myriad of 'paths', the essence of the Great Work.

And when the works are complete, a Satanist disappears from sight - toward the next stage, leaving astonishment, disbelief and many questions in their wake. And then the failures begin their campaign, of distortion and lies. Just occasionally, they may hear our laughter...

IO2.

Excursus: The Reason For Revealing A Secret Sinister Tradition

Too often, in the past, the true nature of Satanic sacrifice was hidden - even from many who professed to be Satanists. More recently, pseudo-Satanists have falsely claimed that "Satanism does not and never has conducted human sacrifices." However, I repeat that human sacrifice - properly conducted according to the guidelines laid down by traditional Satanist groups - is a culling and thus is positive and a practical expression of Satanic belief. Of course, the modern pseudo-Satanists deny this - since in their weakness they seek respectability and seek to make what they call 'Satanism' like themselves: weak, pseudo- intellectual, ineffective, inoffensive and addicted to fantasy role-playing.

The time is now right, however - both strategically and tactically - to reveal the Satanic truth, the whole Satanic truth and nothing but the Satanic truth in clear, precise terms which are not open to mis-interpretation.

The traditional code of silence which forbid the casting of this aspect of esoteric Satanic tradition into writing - and which expressly forbid the dissemination of anything connected with that aspect - no longer applies. That is, the Grand Master representing traditional Satanic groups recently decided to permit this aspect of the tradition to be not only written down, but also disseminated.

This would establish for both present and historical purposes, what the true nature of Satanism was and is since it was considered that the time was right (given the conditions pertaining in western societies at the time the decision was taken) for this knowledge to be made known. The main reason for this judgement was Aeonic - to enable greater participation in genuine Satanism, thus increasing the number of genuine Satanists, and thus enable these Satanists by their acts and their living to implement sinister strategy. With the revealing of the principles and practice of Satanic sacrifice, all of genuine Satanic practice and belief was made accessible - it was no longer confined to esoteric groups or reclusive individuals.

A subsidiary reason for revealing this aspect of sinister tradition was to counter the falsehoods of the pseudo-Satanists. These pseudo-Satanists had set themselves up, within what had become the 'Occult establishment', as authorities on Satanism - making pronouncements as to whom they considered to be "genuine Satanists" and which group or groups they considered to be "authentic". Of course, those so deemed 'genuine' or 'authentic' had to fit their definition of what they considered Satanism to be - and by the nature of that definition these so-called 'genuine Satanists' were one or more of the following: jerks, role-playing hucksters, babbling pretentious nerds, fantasy-mongers, pseudo-intellectual dabblers, mental defectives and vain, egotistical, materialistic urbanized softies incapable and afraid of undergoing genuine ordeals in the real world.

These people went around feeling rather pleased with themselves and their safe, tame 'Satanic' world of fantasy-rituals conducted in covens/ pylons or in some pathetic 'temple' they made in their own home out of various bits-and-pieces sold to them by some "I really believe in the power of crystals" Occult-shop owner. The meanderings of these pretentious Temples and Churches - "we are 'authentic' and 'genuine' Satanists!" - with their fictitious "mandates" and their spurious "teachings" cobbled-together from old Jewish-inspired Grimoires and long-dead useless myths and legends, would, if left unchallenged, gradually obscure then undermine and destroy the real essence of Satanism. This essence is that it is a practical means, a practical way, to create a new, higher type of individual - and eventually a new human species. This way involves - and can only involve - real experiences, real ordeals, real darkness and real self-effort over a period of many years, for only these things build real personal character; only these things lead to a self-overcoming, an evolution of the individual. The pseudo-Satanists wallow in intellectual verbosity and engross themselves in pseudo-magickal rituals.

For so defying the sinister dialectic, and revealing their true, weak, nature, some at least would be suitable as opfers.... In their last moment of terror, they would at last experience the real, primal, darkness which is Satan.

103.

Archetypes And Illusions

by Christos Beest

The images of baphomet (e.g. by Levi) as a hermaphrodite figure are romantic confusions and/or distortions (patriarchal in nature): essentially of the symbolic/ real union of mistress and priest and his later sacrifice. The same applies to the derivation of the suffix of her name with 'wisdom' (and a male image at that!) - even the confused Gnostics understood 'wisdom' as female. The image of Baphomet as used within Chaos Magick is of the hermaphrodite, with strong leanings towards the masculine (qv. The Mass of Chaos 8 in Liber Null). Why is that exactly?

A further illustration is the use of the entity known as Atazoth (or, as it is more inaccurately known, Azathoth - Atazoth means an increasing of Azoth, Azathoth is simply a jumble of letters accessed from the inept experiments of H.P. Lovecraft. Whilst purporting to work with and understand 'chaos' the structure and practices of the rites of Chaosism are based on moralistic/ dualistic/ abstract (etc) perceptions as such, Atazoth cannot be used since it is part of the Abyss itself. In one sense, it is more to be experienced, since it effects the consciousness of the individual, and not, by itself in essence, the outcome of a temporal situation. Once again, the individual acts as a channel and the energies manifest according to their nature and the Wyrd of the individual - it is according to the understanding of the magickian as to how forms/ outcomes may be realized/ distorted by this energy.

Without this understanding and with the belief that an energy can be used purely as a symbolic extension of will, the practitioners, swayed by moral illusions, can become victims of unforeseen/ unwanted events - it is not a temporal aim/ intent (usually 'sigilized') that is specifically achieved, but the 'overall' effecting of causal structure by the acausal counterpart and vice versa. This is very rarely observed or understood.

A further problem is encountered when more than two archetypes (representing male and female aspects of the Temple members) are used within ceremonial work.

Those who wish to establish a temple would be wise to follow a simple formula: image - word - chant. The dictum "use any form and then discard it" is actually counter productive to anyone who is serious about developing magickal skill. Its 'chaos' is unformed and disposable; that is, there is no real feeling, no direction, no living in the Promethean sense; none that has gone into creating, via the invocation, an insight into how the acausal functions within the fabric of one's life, and therefore the cosmos. Subsequently, aspects of the 'unconscious' dominate consciousness without any real effect. Instead of evolution, there is a circular movement, one step forward, discard that, one step back and so on.

The chaos Magician remains constantly in the foundations as opposed to creating a structure to reach a higher stage. (I use neither the term 'evolution' nor 'higher state' in the moral sense. What is meant is progress for the individual. Within this development, 'hierarchy' can be a useful form to manipulate, the components of which represent certain archetypal energies - hence the nature of a 'temple'. But the temple is only a small and temporary aspect of individual alchemy, qv. the Septenary Tree of Wyrd).

The genuinely magickal use of Archetypes often provokes a 'moral' response from outsiders (not least of all other 'occultists') - usually accusations of religious and/ or political mania. Forms such as politics and religion simply provide a means to an end by which magickal desires may be achieved. And, in order to achieve those desires, the form chosen must be lived out with a demonic intensity in order to infect not only the psyche of the individual, but that of other people. This involves living, not playing at, a certain role until the associated archetype is exhausted (i.e. it is allowed to disperse acausally, 'as it is', without form), the desire achieved and therefore, the psyche infected.

It must be stressed that 'to do' is not 'to play'- to play is to trick/ delude oneself that one is doing. Archetypes can be said to be energies experienced during certain events (forming a racial heritage) and earthed by the philosophy of Magick into some causal form to allow conscious understanding and manipulation.

Order of Nine Angles

In one sense, they represent a 'nexion' - and as such, must be complemented by direct, practical experience: it is the striving to live out these qualities that is the 'magick'. Those who fail become possessed by the form (believing they are the form in essence); subsequently they fall by the wayside - one of many - having lost sight of their original magickal aim. Such is human weakness.

Ceremonial magick, when undertaken with a genuine understanding of its function, constitutes a significant and specific stage in magickal evolution; a form which, when 'transcended', can be discarded or continued, according to the desires and Wyrd of the individual. It is often most helpful to give the temple a limited life expectancy, during which time, certain goals may be set and achieved, the results of which will progressively open a 'nexion'. This would involve the creation of a causal counterpart to the temple; one which is specifically designed to interact with the outside world (this counterpart may be political, business, creative...) the temple being the acausal aspect. Gradually, acausal energy is earthed in the form - this 'form' becoming a 'nexion' and, in accordance with Aeonics, the energy manifesting creates change, this change being reverberations and mutations.

Whilst the creation of 'new' rites can serve a useful purpose, they should never be seen as an replacements for 'older', more traditional rites. When traditional ceremonial work is undertaken a link is established with those who have greater Wyrd associated with the causality of the tradition of which the Magickian's own Wyrd is a part. Hence the importance of 'traditions'.

104.

ONA MSS And Copyright

Copyright is an anachronistic concept. It is against the spirit of the free distribution and dissemination of information, ideas and concepts which is essential to the subversive and evolutionary strategy of the ONA.

Furthermore, the production and distribution of written material in the form of printed books and pamphlets is no longer the main means of distribution and dissemination of written material. The modern means of communication - such as the Internet - which have been developed have allowed such distribution and dissemination by other means. Nevertheless, the production of printed books remains a valuable resource.

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Anton Long ~ ONA ~ 114yf

105.

Hell - Part II

For many, the end is near; for certain folk their time has come. All that can be spilled out in words must take shape, but also allow that bridge to the indescribable; here all that is known shall be shattered. The bridge will burn and the chasm will fill and flood both worlds and destroy. Stupid people overcrowd this rotting human st, fat deluded fools, wearing masks of war whilst crawling away from harm.

The cracked lizard eats several of its mutable offspring. For the scum, and that means the majority of this civilized society, there will be a disruption increasing to death, a fury that will intensify over the next twenty years. The process is now unstoppable. Shugara. Atazoth. Our dark goddess Baphomet - all are returning, bringing storms of Blood, cracking the firmament!

For those puffed-up comfortable occultists with their armchair ethics and pseudo-intellectual bullshit, it is all too easy to proclaim how the times are changing. Do these people actually understand what is meant by the 'New Aeon'? It is oh-so-easy to throw around meaningless intellectual phrases, to bloat the ego and create the self-delusion that keeps away the real Horrors of existence. These pompous stumbling idiots are blind to what actually occurs; are fearfully resistant to what Magick actually is. Waste your life if you will, pouring over 'occult' books, absorbing correspondences, standing in basements and shouting out silly names! Fools! Occultists do not have the power and the understanding to grasp the events that will occur all too soon for their wretched lives.

In fact, by their actions and weak philosophy, it is clear that these babbling fools do not wish to bring a New Aeon. They still carry within them the sickness of the Nazarene. So good riddance to the scum and the pretenders!

It is disruption that will lead the way, and simply that - there is no hiding place. No one's life will be saved. There will be no moral protection. Only those with the eyes to see shall reap the glories when They who are seldom named are returned, and the feminine is restored.

Once it was necessary to remain silent, but now the cosmic tides are aligned and we shall be seen to finally shatter the tyrannical grip of Yeshua the deceiver, that disgusting groveller to a decaying fish.

There is no possible justification for this process in the eyes of society and none shall be given. Those who understand shall know - to the others: DIE!

From the dark pool beneath the moon... Christos Beast Year of Fire 102
(Order of Nine Angles - U.K.)

106.

Diabolic Etymology

Diabolic:

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a more sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

Later still, *diabolos* became "devil" or "The Devil" in the sense of Nazarene theology.

Devil:

The early forms of the English word *devil* are regarded as deriving from the Gothic (e.g. the Old English *divul*) 'diabaulus' which came from the Latin 'diabolus'. However, the Old English 'deofel' and kindred words like the Old Frisian 'diovel' could possibly be derived from the suffix 'fel', a variant of 'fell' meaning fierce, savage, wild. Then the original form, e.g. 'deofel', would mean the 'fierce/ savage/ wild' god. There is some justification for the use of the Latin prefix in this manner - e.g. 'deodand', which occurs in 12th century English. It is interesting in this context that 'fell' (from the Latin 'fello') was often used to describe both a wild, fierce person (such as an outlaw) and a brave man or warrior. Much later, the word passed into general usage as 'felon' - with a moral sense.

Satan:

This is often regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning accuser. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitia ekho*. The Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing, particularly when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was required.

It is not generally known, outside of certain academic circles, that Hebrew is Greek [a Jewish scholar once wrote a book with that title; it did not please his brethren] - that Hebrew is essentially in its origins a corrupt form of Greek, with some other influences thrown in.

Evil:

The word 'evil' derives from the Gothic 'ubils' which meant a 'going beyond' (the due measure) - and did not have a 'moral' sense. Only later (under the influence of Nazarene theology) did it acquire a strict moral sense, and became an abstract absolute.

107.

A Letter To 'The Watcher'

§ Satanic greetings from the Order of Nine Angles, U.K.

May I, on behalf of your sisters and brothers here in Great Britain, extend best wishes and support to you on this night of Sinister Solidarity [Halloween]. Whilst facing this current wave of Nazarene hysteria, it is appropriate that we should remember the achievements of Adepts throughout the ages who suffered greatly in order to create the freedoms that we experience today.

For those courageous enough to continue this tradition, there will never be acceptance, only the pathetic wailing of those who tremble in the face of their own liberation. We endure physical and verbal abuse - sometimes death - for our acts are genuinely black to the blind. Such conflicts are intrinsic to Magickal evolution, developing character and creating the genuine Adept as opposed to those who indulge in child abuse or any wallowing in - as opposed to transcendence of - personal inadequacies. There is no easy path to individual insight - 'wisdom through suffering' as the Ancient Greeks understood.

The great - and simple - secret of Satanism is that we represent balance and our Dark Prince shall continue to symbolize our adversarial acts until such times exist when Satanism, in Aeonic terms, is no longer necessary (and this sinister aims are realized on a large scale). Of course, the Aeon of the Dark Gods will not occur for some time - for many of use, beyond our own temporal existence - considering that the majority of people are not very psychically developed (I feel it would be accurate to say that 90% of people are stupid).

However, ten years, one hundred years, the timescale of such achievements is irrelevant. We are in a very privileged position, and this must always be remembered; that is, those of us who endure/ survive will complete work begun thousands of years ago by our dark ancestors. We all, in our individual ways, actually shape the evolution of the human race. From the majority who are still shackled to moral abstract illusions, we are dangerous and the disinformation and the fear that currently abounds is a comment on this fact. But for those few who consciously understand, we are the key to the floodgates that will free human nature and take us to the stars.

To the glory of They who are seldom named, Christos Beest, O.N.A.

108.

The Dark Gods [2]

"They lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sound which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds to know. And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner of the meeting of dimensions. They are the destroyers... the bornless forever who wait for our call. Soon they will come to collect that blood which is required by Them. To understand Them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be."

The Message of the One of Thoth

Much has been uttered - 'in shrivelled hallways untidy with the Blackest Inventions' - concerning the entities/ energies known as the Dark Gods. Hitherto, all information regarding 'They who will have Blood' has consisted of misrepresentations and absolute rubbish. q.v. the works of *H.P. Lovecraft*, who intuitively grasped vague hints of the genuine Dark Tradition, whilst presenting it within the context of the 'opposites' (as with 'The Necronomicon' in its many hoax forms).

Those who wish to know the Dark Gods are required to pass the Abyss - the experience of going beyond 'opposites' - to understand what these energies are in essence (i.e. they just ARE) and to remain sane and in one piece.

From an uninitiated viewpoint, the Dark Gods are indeed the most hideous and terrifying manifestations of the acausal on this causal plane. Due to the Nazarene tyranny establishing evolutionary regression, very few can comprehend even the most remote hint of Chaos (or The Dark Gods) in its primal state, i.e. they do not perceive the essence hidden by appearance; they are bound by 'moral projections'. ('He is the damned, the baser for a moral corrupt'.)

While the Dark Gods may be perceived as 'convenient abstractions' or Archetypal Energy, they may also be regarded as having an actual existence (and it is up to the individual to decide which of these, or neither, is the correct for him/ herself). The Dark Tradition, continued by small numbers of Adepts since the Hyperborean Aeon to the present day, contains many tales of the origins of the Dark Gods. Whether one chooses to see these as myth or mythos, is, at the end of the day, a matter of personal taste according to which viewpoint is the most magickally useful.

Previously, weakening a Star Gate (or nexion, a physical link between the causal and acausal) and bringing the Dark Gods has involved hideous rites of sacrifice and suffering, and in terms of results, vile uncertainty principles. Refined magickal techniques (such as the Rite of Nine Angles) have replaced many of these bloody shamblings (the Blood remains, mostly in menstrual form) and the Return of the Dark Gods is now an easier proposition, both in terms of what can be done ceremonially, hermetically and how mass consciousness can be effected by Aeonic techniques.

However, certain cases involving those who, unprepared and otherwise, have attempted to bring the Dark Gods, have resulted in madness and/ or death. Such events are always followed by the shedding of blood on a larger scale - the Darkest of negations must have sustenance. And is bloodshed necessary anymore?

Returning the Dark Gods will fulfill the destiny (in its dying form) of this Aeon - the Western, still about 350 years left to run- by establishing the next Aeon, which has no word since it is Chaos itself. This Aeonic progression has been a gradual opening of various acausal - or magickal - centres on this terrestrial plane.

It is important to remember that there never was a 'golden age' way back when from which the human race toppled and has been trying to grovel back to ever since, armed with hints of 'lost

knowledge' constituting the various 'mysteries' (not in the Greek sense of the word) we have today. In one sphere of evolution, we have reached an intuitive stage - the culmination so far of the Aeonic progression - where we can decide our own destiny. For this reason, it is generally agreed that the terrestrial centres are now exhausted - the new Aeon may very well be 'Galactic' in form (either symbolically, i.e. representing the forward looking nature of civilisation, or literally, the consequence of the same).

Establishing a forward looking civilisation reveals the nature and purpose of Satanism. Those (for example) qabalistic magicians who think they are contributing towards this progression should think again.

The Return of the Dark Gods will bring torment, gnashing Darkness and Death to some, and bounty to others. As stated, we have reached a point in consciousness to recognise that the world is up for grabs. The strong will survive and the weak will perish - an obvious statement, though difficult for those bound by Nazarene morality to accept.

To invert the established is only a starting point, a means to an end. For most, that stage beyond may be realised in time. But for now, it is enough just to start.

As Derek Farr, bastion of the *film noir*, so eloquently said in his early film 'Lethargy':

"It seems there is no finer point
Than that which is lodged with the cranial index
of a dying priest."

Christos Beest
Order of the Nine Angles

109.

The Wild Irish Boy

By FD

House of Melmoth
Order of Nine Angles

For the five years following my successful External Adept rite, I focused mainly on Insight Roles, particularly enjoying the intensity of life as a gentleman thief. For a short time, I created a rather opulent lifestyle for myself and assorted mistresses, which I would occasionally have to keep afloat by lucrative and suitably Satanic means (I was an expert shot). However, being the person I was then, I spent quicker than I earned, and always ended up penniless.

My attempts at running Temples were far less enthusiastic: although there were the obvious sexual benefits, I tired very quickly of people. There were the trappings of Traditional Satanism, but essentially, those few short-lived Temples were nothing more than friendly gatherings of like-minded social deviants. But I knew, if I was to progress, that the time would come when a real Satanic Temple would need to be formed - one where I ruled, inspiring fear, obsession, love and respect from my followers. Unlike all other modern Occult 'Temples', this would be no 'democracy'; rather, I, as Master, would have to use my Will to ensnare the initiates of my Temple: to provide them with the riches of their hidden desires, in exchange for their souls. It was time for the façade to end, and to do some real sinister magick in the World.

I settled for a time in the south west of my country (Ireland), and happened to find myself involved in some local rural politics - nothing of any great significance, but interesting nevertheless. A local landowner was in the process of buying some land from the Council, with the intention of destroying a small and ancient woodland in order to build a few industrial units. This woodland had an interesting history: it was, according to local legend, a sacred site for thousands of years before the arrival of the Nazarene sickness, and had in recent years played host to a few rituals - most notably a performance of the chthonic rite of nine angles (this was an unsuccessful performance - the rite had to be abandoned after the individual I had the misjudgement to appoint as Guardian became hysterical). I joined together with a few locals, and we tried to fight the development via various legal campaigns - after all, some of the trees were supposedly protected by so-called 'preservation orders'.

But, as usual, money was exchanged behind the scenes, and the outcome had been decided by the Council from the outset. Whilst I was away - over the water - attempting to generate some cash (if you follow my meaning), the clearance of the wood was begun, and completed.

So much for my Temple members, who sat back and did nothing. We did however hold our own council meeting, and it was ruled that the landowner deserved the same fate as the trees. A Death Rite was performed, and some time later the 'energies' were given a practical helping hand with a carefully arranged 'accident'.

But that's by the by. What I learned first hand was the reality of modern 'democratic' societies in the West - money and ownership is absolute power and influence. And if anyone needed convincing, there is indeed a Freemasonic cabal - powered esoterically - at the heart of local and national governments. It should be obvious that their aims - which they are still achieving - run counter to those of the Sinister Dialectic.

So here I was, running Temples comprised of powerless individuals - 'individuals' from the fringes of society; artisans and outcasts, bohemians with no money, power or influence. I was sick of it. It was time to make Satan proud, for once, of His agents in the world.

So I scrapped all previous experiments with my Temples, and shunned my mediocre magickal associates. As all good Satanists should, I worked on my innate Machiavellian charm, built as it was upon the foundation of my magickal persona and nurtured by years of role playing. With the help of a contact living in Florida Keys, I set myself up in the antiques business, and began to

charm myself into the right circles - attending dinner parties, and such like. Soon I was wealthy again and not only through shifting antiques - I was also acquainted with three mature ladies who provided me with a decent income in return for my physical talents.

One afternoon I was entertaining the rather lovely daughter of one of my aforementioned ladies, and I suggested that she might like to take part in a lucrative venture involving a webcam and her delightful body. Although she was a student at Cambridge, coming from her background it was not as if she needed the money (although she was developing a drug habit, which I did nothing to discourage). It was just something I recognised in her - something vampish ...

Soon, the equipment was set up, and away we went. She enjoyed herself, and was willingly ensnared in my web. And her mother - whose husband was a prominent politician - found herself with little choice but to become my victim, given her addiction to my favours and the need to keep her husband in the dark. I expanded my webcam business to include a few more suitable girls, and happily the husband, by one means and another, became a customer of my little side-line. Trapped indeed. And all I asked in return was a suitable building to serve as a Temple, and their attendance at a few rituals. It is interesting (assuming of course that you possess the right sort of charm) to note how easy it is to draw out people's dark desires - or even create them anew, via skillful suggestion.

The resulting Temple exists worlds away from the imaginary of the modern Occult gathering: here, there is the otherness of the Lands of the Dark Immortals made real - for the creation of a Temple is not a game, but the opening of a world, real and tangible, to exist and seep outwards. For first time I was privileged to preside over a Black Mass where Satan was really made manifest - through the demonic joys of dark lust and the breaking of taboo; through the fears and passions of my Temple members, and through my own exultation in the subsequent influence over the external world which I am now able to wield.

Other members were drawn via easier means - by simply gaining their confidence and trust, and by gradually suggesting the thrill of the Sinister. In my experience, there are fewer people more secretly susceptible to the temptations of Satanism than the privileged classes. Soon, my Temple grew in numbers - all chosen solely according to their positions in society. And they are ultimately trapped by their own secret lusts which they will not control, and exposure is a constant and real threat which I have over them all.

So here, albeit in its beginnings, is the real meaning of a Satanic Temple: a powerful cabal to seriously rival the influence of the entrenched Freemasonic/Magian social engineers. Institutions are infiltrated and influenced, and observable change is implemented - all in accordance with my understanding of the Sinister dialectic, and perhaps also in accordance with that of one or two of my followers.

A village created in a remote rural area; the funding and practical aiding of a certain political group who are achieving some encouraging influence and success - all the conditions, at last, being practically realised to prepare the way for Vindex.

And my advice to all Satanic Initiates is this: forget asceticism - aim for wealth and means and hold onto it, for this is real Satanic power and influence. Smarten yourself up, cultivate style, and learn people-management.

We Satanists must be practical, not ethereal: for our role is to create real historical change, to the greater glory of our acausal selves ...

IIO.

ONA And Anarchy

(Magick And Politics)

Transcribed from a talk given by Anton Long at ONA Sunedrion, Oxford, yf 99

What is occurring more and more within society, is adherence by individuals to ephemeral causes and 'opinions' as a result of the subjection to individuals to propaganda both overt and more 'covert' (i.e. 'subliminal'). That is, society is developing so as to make practical experience of the traumas of life more and more distant - the individual becoming shielded not only by the 'State' and its Institutions but also by ideas. Thus, the world is seen via the distorting lenses of these ideas. In the past, wisdom arose usually painfully over a period of time by diverse and often traumatic personal experience - that is, a very individual 'view of the world' was formed as a result of these varied experiences. Of course, few arrived at even this stage of conscious development.

Magick, properly understood, was an attempt to 'short-circuit' this process - hence, for example, the tasks and procedures of the Grade Rituals in the seven-fold Way. Thus, magick built, from within and without 'the individual, a genuine foundation - an 'inner core' which enabled the individual to not only survive in an often-hostile world, but also enhance their life quite significantly. Magick restores the individual in a very important way to the 'roots of their being' allowing thus a personal growth.

However, society in general does the opposite. Its 'education', its Institutions, its Laws all act together to produce an individual lacking in spirit: that is, devoid of a personal world-view. Moreover, this occurs whatever the outward political allegiance of the society - e.g. socialist or capitalist or shades in between - and occurs whether or not a particular society is 'democratic' or overtly repressive.

The only difference between the two is the method: the latter is more objectified and direct, often involving force and suppression, while the former is more devious (and all the more dangerous because of this).

Essentially, there is growing within nearly all the societies of the world a consensus and an adherence to a certain set of ideas and values. That is, there is a 'levelling down' of differences together with a real loss of individual freedom not only in terms of the ability of an individual to transit freely, unencumbered by whatever 'past' he or she may have, but equally importantly in terms of inner outlook. There is less and less 'realness' about individuals because the dramatic, formative experiences which shape and mould character and which give spirit are either becoming 'illegal'/ frowned upon or made impossible by State control and/ or indoctrination of the individual into a certain pattern of living/ ideas about life.

In the practical sense, one could say not only are the legal restraints on an individual and their actions increasing, but also the direct power which States have over individuals (and this includes information about individuals) are ever growing. This, coupled with co-operation between States in the distribution/ exchange of information and the desire for even more and larger 'federations' of States (e.g. like a 'European State') both national and international, means more and more direct personal restrictions and less and less 'inner freedom'. There is in short, much more superficial ways of living: ways encouraged by States and by those who adhere to what is fast becoming the accepted world 'idea-system'. This 'idea-system', it will surprise few here, is based to a great extent on the 'Nazarene view of the world'. Already in one of its many political forms it is established within the States of the West where its watchwords include 'democracy' and 'equality' and 'freedom'. Of course, those words enshrine clever ideas - but they are not real simply because they belong to something beyond one or at least a few individuals.

This is really the crux of the matter. What is real is that which exists for each one of us, and this is and must be discovered anew by every individual as part of the process of life itself: when it is not, there is no real life - only the appearance of it. There is thus no inner essence, only outward form.

What this means is that all governments, states, institutions or power-groupings negate this essence because our conscious life is a personal process of development pivotal upon our understanding of ourselves, the world, the cosmos and those few others with whom we inter-act in a very personal way: it should not be extrapolated beyond this, and all politics, all religion and all social pressures of whatever hue contradict this. They are, essentially, counter-evolutionary because they make the individual reliant on that which is not born from within. Thus there can be no such thing as genuine 'democracy/ freedom/ equality' and all attempts to create what are only abstract ideas destroy individuality. Such abstract ideas, however, continue to flourish, and they continue to make the individual sterile. There will be, in the near future, more and reliance upon such ideas, more and more attempts to make them a 'reality' in State/ governmental forms - e.g. in Eastern Europe and beyond.

Of course, this analysis forms the core of 'genuine anarchism': but even this is a label, an ism - which has evolved into an 'idea' with all the dissent appropriate to an idea. Magick is a means away from all this - it is a practical system, devoid of dogma, and makes possible the next stage of our evolution as individuals. As such, it is direct opposition to all power-forms - governmental, religious or social - although this opposition is silent and will remain silent.⁽¹⁾

Magick is individual and will remain individual and while current conditions remain not unfavourable as regards the spread of information relating to its techniques, this will probably change: simply because inner liberation is and will continue to be so for some time the province of a small number of individuals while the devotees of abstract political and social ideas continue to flourish and expand.

This, naturally, is only a brief resume of the problem and what perhaps it is essential to remember is that we as artists of the magickal possess the ability to bring about change: both within ourselves and, should we wish it, within the society within which we live. The essence of the former is the seven-fold way, that of the latter: Aeonian Magick.

1. Silent as in "covert" - at least in respect of the intention of the Initiate/ Adept of the Sinister Tradition of the ONA. Understood magickally, politics, of whatever type, is one means, one form, used in a magickal way by an Initiate/ Adept to bring about causal change in accord with the sinister intent of that Initiate/ Adept, and in accord with intent of the Sinister Dialectic itself.

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III.

Warriors, Freedom And The Sinister Way

Anton Long

Order of The Nine Angles

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to produce a new type of human being. This new human being will - compared to individuals at present - be a more evolved individual who fulfills some of the promise latent within us, as a species. The Seven-Fold Way is one means whereby such a new individual can be produced. This individual would thus be an Adept: someone with a Destiny who understands Wyrð, that is, Aeonic processes and change. Hence, this individual will seek, through their lives, their work, their actions, to create new ways of living, new communities, new societies, new possibilities.

This new individual will represent, and indeed be, a new archetype. The basis for this new archetype is the "thinking warrior": an individual who, being self-disciplined, can and does use their own personal judgement and who thus does not rely on the concepts, ideas, ways, forms, theories, laws, ethics, of others, and who is unswayed and unswayable by those forces which governments, politicians, the Media, religions, and Institutions in general, use to try and persuade and manipulate and control people. In essence, this new individual will use their will to control and change themselves.

Thus, this new individual - this new human type - will be beyond "individuation" and truly free. They will take responsibility for themselves, and those they have given a personal pledge of loyalty to, and not allow anyone to take this self-responsibility away. In brief, they would rather die - if necessary by their own hand - than have to submit to anyone, or allow anyone to control them, just as, if anyone or any Institution tries to confine them or control them, they would rebel, and fight to obtain their personal freedom.

There is one thing and one thing alone which can produce such individuals: personal honour. True freedom, and true strength, arise when a person abides by a Code of Honour. The only law that this new individual will recognize and accept is the law of personal honour. The law of the New Aeon is the law of personal honour.

The revolution which is necessary will be in part a revolution of ideals, with the ideal of personal honour the catalyst necessary to create a New Aeon from the destruction of the old. The law of honour means an end to the tyranny of governments; an end to all the old ideas of the old repressive Aeon.

In the simple sense, honour is a manifestation, a presencing, of those evolutionary energies which can change us into a higher type, a new species of human being. With honour - and the laws deriving from it - new societies, and ways of life, can and will be created which will transform this planet, and enable us to take the next great leap forward in our evolution: the exploration, conquest and settlement of Outer Space.

Anton Long

114yf

II2.

Notes On Insight Roles, And 'A Weird Life'

Anton Long
Order of The Nine Angles

Insight Roles

Insight Roles are a necessary part of the Seven Fold Way. Every Initiate has to undertake at least one Insight Role following their Initiation [see the Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way]. This Insight Role - which must last a minimum of one year - should be chosen so that the task undertaken is in most ways the opposite of the character of the Initiate. The Initiate is expected to be honest in assessing their own character.

Thus, an individual who found it difficult to accept authority - a rebel by nature - might choose as an Insight Role the task of joining and serving in the Police or the Armed Forces, just as someone who loved the pleasures of the flesh, and violence, might choose to become a Buddhist, or other type of, monk. Similarly, someone who considered themselves honest might choose to turn to a life of crime, and organize a criminal gang to relieve suitable victims (see the guidelines re victims) of some property or other assets. Another Insight Role would be for someone without any interest in politics or an inclination to violence, to become involved with an extremist political organization, and aid that organization in practical ways. Yet another Insight Role would be to assume the character of an assassin and cull those detrimental to the aims of the ONA.

Let us consider, as an example, the task of some Initiate becoming a Buddhist monk for a year. The Initiate must convince those in authority in the chosen monastery that they are sincere. This requires a study of Buddhism; it requires the Initiate to undertake Buddhist meditation. The Initiate must then succeed in gaining admittance, and once admitted, must live in a Buddhist way: that is, observing the tenets of Buddhism, however hard this might be.

One thing which is important about Insight Roles is that the individual Initiate undertaking them is forbidden from telling anyone - however close a friend - why they are doing what they are doing. This applies to partners/ spouses. The Initiate must appear committed to the chosen task, as they must live that task for at least a year: they must identify with the role they have chosen.

The best Insight Roles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate. Such Insight Roles include aiding political (and some religious) forms; doing practical deeds which aid the breakdown of society - such as certain "crimes", covert activity, assassinating suitable opfers, and so on. Insight Roles which aid the sinister dialectic can be suggested by the person who is guiding the Initiate (if they have such an ONA guide) or they can be deduced, by the Initiate, from a study of the aims of the ONA and a study of the sinister dialectic itself. Indeed, such a deduction by the Initiate is a worthwhile learning in itself.

An Insight Rôle is only valid - that is, only achieves what it is supposed to achieve in terms of evolving the Initiate - if it is maintained for at least one year, and if the Initiate really does accept the restrictions, the ways, the rules, which are or may be applicable to the task or way of life chosen. If an Initiate cheats in some way, they are only cheating themselves.

If an Initiate considers it might be worthwhile, they can undertake a second Insight Role some months after completing their first, with this new Insight Role involving a different way of life than their first.

In addition to Initiates, Internal Adepts are advised to undertake an Insight Role, one or two years after they completed the rite of Internal Adept. Their Insight Role, however, must have an Aeonian aspect.

A Weird Life

The esoteric understanding of my life - details of which I have recounted in two secret MSS, one for perusal now by Initiates only [Presencing the Dark: The Weird Life of Anton Long], the other, a complete and encrypted version, for publication three decades from now - is that it is, and can be, a sinister inspiration to some, and, more importantly, that from that life I have distilled the quintessence as the practical techniques of the ONA.

Thus, these techniques - of Internal Magick, codified, for instance, in the Grade Rituals, in Insight Roles and the tasks of the Seven-Fold Way - can produce in individuals the insights, the evolution, the knowledge, that I myself acquired as a result of my many deeds and diverse wanderings and involvements. That is, is not necessary - to become a sinister Adept - for everyone to do what I did. With these techniques, genuine Adeptship and beyond becomes accessible to and possible for anyone possessed of the character to venture along the sinister path. Thus can the number of such Adepts be increased.

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II3.

Notes On The Sinister Predator

Anton Long

Order of The Nine Angles

One important area of the Sinister Dialectic - of Sinister strategy - has remained rather neglected, despite the fact that it not only expresses the essence of sinister presencing, but also is important for our evolution toward higher beings. This area is that of the Sinister Predator. Basically, the Sinister Predator culls our own human species. In effect, the Sinister Predator is a natural and necessary evolutionary mechanism: a means to weed out the human dross and to keep our own human species in check, ensuring it does not reach the point of significant unbalance.

There are two aspects to the Sinister Predator - the personal, and the Aeonic, and both of these aspects aid the Dialectic. However, the changes caused by the personal are, usually, not so great as those caused by the Aeonic for the simple reason that the personal usually involves the culling of individuals opfers, as mentioned in the various Order MSS concerning opfers.

The Aeonic aspect involves such things as war, armed conflicts, combat and "disasters". From the viewpoint of the Sinister Initiate and Adept, this aspect involves encouraging, participating in, aiding, and creating war, combat, and those things - such as acts of "direct action" [what the unenlightened often call "terrorism"] - which can aid, or begin, or continue wars, armed conflicts, combat and "disasters".

We Sinister Initiates and Adepts are the natural balance - the natural predators - which and who not only aid evolution, but who and which can direct that evolution toward the goals we know are necessary. We cull the dross; we create, inspire, and ensure that our species remains healthy - that it has the competition, the darkness, the opposition, the heresy, and especially the predators, necessary to ensure health. What we do to ensure and maintain the balance necessary is a true Presencing of the Dark, just as this doing itself enables our own personal evolution.

At this moment in our development, it is important that vast numbers of the human species are culled, on a regular basis, for otherwise our species will over-run this planet before we can develop sufficient means to live elsewhere in the Cosmos. This over-running will destroy many - if not all - of those things which are necessary not only for our own survival, such as the land required to produce the food we need, but also for us to remain in balance with both ourselves and Nature, since this personal balance between the light and the dark is itself a nexion - a necessary stage - to what lies beyond the opposites implicit in all concepts and all "ethics". It should be obvious to all Sinister Initiates and Adepts that the suffering, deaths and trauma caused by the Sinister Predator are irrelevant from the perspective of the Sinister Dialectic.

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II4.

Physis ~ Martial Arts Of The Left Hand Path

Godric Liddel
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According to tradition, in the past candidates who sought either entry into an established Order or group, or who sought individual instruction from an Adept of the Left Hand Path, first had to prove themselves through trial by combat.

In established groups, the Guardian of the Temple was the adversary and Physis as Martial Art is believed to have developed from the training that these Guardians received to enable them to undertake this task. The fact that candidates were usually defeated by the Guardians was salutary lesson for them just as their acceptance of the combat was a necessary proof of their desire to join.

As a Martial Art, Physis is quite simple, being merely a sequence of moves which enable the individual undertaking them in the right manner to achieve a harmony of body and mind - a type of consciousness where spontaneous action is possible. It is this spontaneity that is the secret.

The correct attitude of mind which creates this spontaneity is achieved by slow, concentrated movement. Through concentration, the individual draws to themselves those hidden (or 'occult') energies that pervade the world and the cosmos and which are variously named Physis, Tao, 'pneuma', spirit or Ki. Slow, deliberate movement in a sense 'distributes' this energy around the body and enables action without thought.

Physis contains no 'grades', no complicated series of forms, no secrets: it is simply a pointer to something beyond itself. This 'something' lies within every individual and once it has been discovered, Physis (and all techniques) are irrelevant. Just like 'traditions'...

Physis contains no techniques of self-defence, no methods of attack, no disabling blows or kicks: all these arise of themselves provided spontaneity is achieved and provided the individual is fit and supple enough of body.

Physis is essentially of the Left Handed Path because it is an individual (or 'anarchic') way: a means to discovering the Chaos within, and it structure-less because of this.

Techniques of Physis

Ideally, you should perform all techniques barefoot and out of doors, in loose clothing. Set aside about half-an-hour each morning or evening and for about three weeks practice the simple movements given below.

Before this, undertake some simple exercises to increase suppleness - such as arm-swinging, squats, trunk circling. These should not be strenuous. Also, begin some other activity which will increase your general level of fitness - running and cycling or swimming are ideal. The aim of all this is to give you that pleasurable glow which such activity can produce - if not overdone!

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To begin, stand with feet slightly apart, hands by the side in a relaxed way and imagine drawing energy up into your body through the soles of your feet. Draw in energy with every breath, which should be slow and regular. Continue this for several minutes.

The following movements should be then performed – slowly, to form a continuous whole, without breaks. Although the movements may seem complicated (when described here at least!) they are in fact simple and easily mastered.

From the initial position the left foot is brought forward with knee bent as the left arm extends outward with elbow bent, wrist turned and level with face, the hand above knee. The right foot is moved slightly pointing straight ahead. The right foot is moved slightly so that the foot is turned sideways, the left foot pointing straight ahead. The weight should be slightly greater on the left foot. The fingers of the hands should be slightly curved.

The right foot is turned to face behind while the body weight is shifted (via the hips) to lean the body and turn it sideways through ninety degrees. As the body turns, so does the left foot, through ninety degrees. The right arm is extended, slightly curved, so that the hand is above the head but several feet from it while the left arm is brought in so that the hand is near the navel. The right knee is bent.

The body is turned clock-wise through ninety degrees as the left leg is swung round and the left elbow moved backwards as if to strike. As this is done the right arm is drawn in to near navel and the balance shifted to the left foot. The right foot should be so placed that at the completion of this move only the heel is on the floor.

The right foot is set down and the whole body brought downwards toward the ground by bending the knees but without turning the body itself. The left arm is drawn in, the right is extended upwards and outwards.

The body is then brought upright, as the left leg is moved forward (about forty-five degrees) and bent to take the weight while the left arm is brought upwards, elbow bent, the forearm almost vertical and the hand a few feet from the face. The right arm is drawn in, the hand below the chin.

The body pivots on the right foot through ninety degrees while the left arm is drawn in, the right extended with hand above the head and a few feet away. The left leg is then lifted as if to kick while the left arm is brought forward. The left thigh should be below the horizontal.

The left foot is lowered while the left arm is brought across the body and outward to the left side as toes of the right foot are lifted and the weight transferred. The right arm is brought in near the stomach. The left foot turns about forty-five degrees.

The weight is taken on the right leg, knee bent, the left arm drawn in and the right extended above the head and a few feet away.

Finally, the body is turned so that the position is the reverse of the starting one.

This sequence of nine moves is thus in the order:

7	1	6
4	9	3
5	2	8

Order of Nine Angles

The aim is to undertake the movements in a relaxed and mindful way, breathing slowly. Should it be desired, the sequence can be repeated several times. The movements should flow into each other, without pause. Practice should make the individual movements on continuous movement, like a slow dance. Do not worry about getting each movement exactly right – fluidity is more important.

If this is done for the period suggested above, set/ hang two balls of wool from a straight tree branch, overhead beam or something similar, at a distance apart slightly greater than your outstretched arms. Set them swinging slowly in opposite directions and stand sideways on between them. Without turning but simply bending your body, between them. Without turning but simply bending your body, strike with your hand at one ball and the immediately, with the other hand, at the other so as to hit it. To begin with, set the balls at eye level, then lower it to the level of your hips, and repeat. If this is too easy, have someone stand near and shout either 'right!' or 'left!' in their own time when you are prepared. If they shout 'right!' hit the right ball first, then the left. The shorter your reaction time, the better. Another variation of this is to use coloured balls, the helper then shouting the colour.

Further Techniques:

Another techniques which may be used is to set into the ground eight wooden posts, arranged as in the figure above: that is, 1-8. The object is to strike each post in sequence with hands or foot according to the movements listed above. As you strike, exhale. Gradually increase the speed at which you do this until it is burst of energy. Aim to control this energy, though, through the movements and strikes.

This technique should be used only after the foregoing has been undertaken in the slow manner indicated.

Once you are satisfied with technique, abandon them if you wish and create your own sequence of movements. Be sure, though, to undertake such movements in the slow, mindful way, as this is really the key to spontaneity, or action without thought. Faster techniques (like with balls or posts) really only draw forth what has been cultivated through an inner stillness – and if there is a 'martial arts secret', it is this.

II5.

Notes On Esoteric Tradition I

ONA

The septenary tradition (for notes on its origin see MS Physis: The Third Way) was carried on for centuries by mostly reclusive Adepts who sought and trained one or perhaps two individuals to carry on the 'cult'.

The original teachings were concerned mostly, with preserving what was seen as the 'sacred tradition' concerning both the division of cosmic forces into seven fundamental forms and the mythos of the 'Dark Gods'. The first was based on the apprehension that there were seven basic forms of 'energy' within both the cosmos and the individual within it - that is the natural structure of both involved seven fundamental principles/forms and so on.

By understanding these seven principles in all their forms and manifestations it was believed that 'wisdom' could be attained - as well as a knowledge of how to change these forms: that is, 'alter the balance' both in the cosmos itself and in individuals.

Gradually, these 'secret' teachings percolated through to 'non-Adepts' and to some extent became enshrined in various myths and Legends of various societies, the first recorded appearance being in the civilization of Sumeria (where they were derived from contact with the Hyperborean culture in Albion). Over many centuries, this 'public manifestation' of the tradition evolved, giving rise to many and various fantastic notions and superstitions.

Later manifestations of the 'genuine' tradition surfaced in Ancient Greece most noticeably in the Pythagoreans and the mysteries of the Kabeiroi. In the non-esoteric sense, it was present to some extent in some of the Pre-Socratic philosophers.

With the arrival of the Nazarene tyranny these outwards forms/manifestations were suppressed, although to some extent they flourished secretly.

The decline of the Hellenic civilization coincided with the Eastward turning of those who sought these 'mysteries' (the Byzantine period). Gradually, this Byzantine expression became part of the Arab world, where various treatises were written concerning it. This is particularly true of what later became known as the 'alchemical tradition' - this tradition being a continuation of some aspects of the earlier mysteries.

The 'secret' tradition - whose origin lay in Albion -, continued within the confines of its original country, one of its manifestations being the 'Priesthood' which later became identified with the Druids. Over the many centuries the teachings changed and evolved - but they were always to an extent rudimentary and 'empathic'. That is, they lacked any great element of self-Insight or rational understanding and it is true to say that the long period between the fall of the Hyperborean culture (roughly 1,000 BN and the 'Dark Ages' represented a decline in the tradition and its 'magick'.

Of course, elements survived, mostly secretly, but there was little genuine understanding. It is fair to add that this account is disputed by one authority who maintains that the core of the tradition remained. This authority claims that practitioners of the tradition actually used the 'Grail' c. 700 AD to 'Open a Gate' and thus create a Western Aeon.

Whatever the truth of the claim of the tradition remaining in essence as well as in practice, all authorities agree that:

(a) the 'Grail' of the legend was actually a large crystal (qv. *Phereder* and *ben Beirdd von Eschenbach* revealed part of this truth when he called the Grail 'lapsit ex coelis'. The distortion into a 'Nazarene holy vessel' began with a Nazarene hermit, remembered by *Heliandrus*) and

(b) Albion/Logree was, and is, the centre of the tradition - particularly important regarding practical forms (i.e. 'Aeonic changes').

Whatever the truth about the 'decline', a new impetus was given first by the spread of Hellenic ideas (for which contact with the Arab world via the Crusaders/Template was of some importance) and second by the creativity which had begun to flourish again within Europe. This led to the 'secret tradition' becoming better understood and more rationally (i.e. 'scientifically') expressed. This evolution continued for many centuries, one of its most obvious outward expressions being Alchemy. The tradition however, remained limited to a very few; although the ideas (and some of the practice) behind it filtered out, spread and became changed.

It was about this time else that the qabalistic tradition began: both in terms of magic and in terms of appearing to be the 'inner Western tradition'. What actually happened was a revival of the old 'grimoire/demonic' approach to magic (see the MS Physis The Third Way) together with an attempt to further supplant the Nazarene ethos within the developing Western civilization. Gradually, the qabalistic Nazarene orientated system became established. This system was not, however, subject to any further evolution/ development.

The septenary tradition, however, carried by a small and ever decreasing number of Adepts, did develop: particularly in (a) the practical methods used to bring about 'Gnosis/create the Philosophers' stone' and (b) the symbolism devised to aid a rational understanding (see, for further elucidations, the MS 'The Forbidden Alchemy'). There were also some attempts to 'Open acausal Gates' with a view to changing aeonic forces/achieving specific goals - the last significant one being 1920 ev.

This development of the Septenary tradition continued until the present time and it is in the last few decades that significant progress has been made with regard to refining the techniques (of what it now called Internal magick) and aiding our conscious understanding (the development of the Star Game being a significant achievement).

To some extent, the evolution of the techniques which form the basis of the septenary/Dark tradition can be traced. Originally the basis was what is now called 'mimesis' (qv. notes on Aeonics etc), and the approach was essentially empathic (based on 'Physis'). These had their origin in Albion during Hyperborean times. The empathic approach was gradually, over many centuries, developed and came to include an intuitive understanding of such things as crystals and control of natural forces/ energies (what we now call hermetic/internal magick). In one sense the archetypal figure of the Mage/High Priestess, is a representation of this early period of development. Together with this, was an oral tradition regarding the power/use of sound (i.e. what we now know as magickal vibration) together with an intuitive appreciation of the esoteric basis of 'music/chant' (although this was not by any means really understood). There was also a 'cultus/mythos' regarding sinister energies (i.e. the 'Dark Gods').

It must be remembered that evolution of the techniques was a slow process and the fundamental empathic/intuitive approach remained in the magickal centre (Albion), for the many, many centuries, producing through the ages the reclusive Adept (like the Merlin of legend). It was only really during the 'Dark Ages' - with the insights attained via Hellenic learning - that extensive development took place. This continued steadily until the present day. The great step forward was an abstract symbolism. Originally understanding was developed via archetypal myths or symbolism (for the latter qv. particularly 'Ursa Major' as the septenary). The Tree of Wyrd for example, evolved slowly and confusingly at first and even when, in the Middle Ages, it attained most of its present form, it was still not understood in the same way we understand it now - that is, it is now seen as a re-presentation of how the acausal becomes manifest in the causal whereas then it was seen as a representation of the cosmos and Man. Our current understanding involves new concepts - the bifurcation of 'time' both expressions of the Change of Being. These new concepts refine and enhance our understanding.

Likewise the development of magick. There was, at first, empathic workings. Later, 'hermetic' techniques came to be developed. Shortly thereafter the first ceremonial forms evolved (e.g. early versions of what is now the Ceremony of Recalling) - imitations of septenary patterns/energies (although of course at the time they were not understood in that way). Much later, ceremonial magick as a codified ritual, developed - particularly in response to Nazarene tyranny: hence the development, in the Middle Ages, of the Black Mass, the 'Satanic Mass'.

Similarly the tradition chant developed. From the early beginnings in Albion about the use of sound to the influence of Hellenic thought at the beginnings of the Middle Ages. (This is one aspect of the

tradition that has remained virtually unchanged since about the 12th. Century).

Until about thirty or so years ago, the tradition of oral teaching, and transmission from Master/Mistress to pupil on an individual basis continued - although from time to time 'Temples' (never large in number and always strictly secret and secretive) were formed. Then a 'more' open approach was begun, with the creation of some hidden Temples and the secret recruitment of larger numbers than had been the case hitherto. This culminated in the early part of the 1980's, with the dissemination in Occult circles of some of the septenary tradition, a process which continues, given the wider acceptance of the 'Occult' and the need to make the tradition/methods more accessible to hasten a new Aeon/opening another gate.

The evolution in methods, together with the creative development of the septenary, will continue in the future - probably toward a more abstract symbolism enabling even greater insight.

Thus it can be seen that the septenary is a steadily accumulating body of 'esoteric' knowledge. All Adepts of the tradition add to it - either directly, by creatively extending its frontiers /methods or indirectly by their magick and their teaching of new Initiates.

II6.

Aeonics: Secret Tradition II

The essential principles of aeonics are:

1) Aeonic magick can be either (a) directed into a specific form (and this can be an individual) or some structure (temporal), which the Adept creates for this purpose – i.e. as a means to achieve a specific goal. This structure can be religious, social, political, business and so on: or (b) drawn forth via ritual(s) and left to disperse (i.e. there is no specific intent/ aim) according to its nature. The implies an element of randomness.

2) Aeonic energy can be used to: (a) create new archetypal forms (e.g. specific archetypes); (b) distort/ disrupt already existing ones. (a) implies a new "idea/mythos" and often a "word" to express this (to non-Adepts). Also, some causal movement is implied in such a form – development in time.

3) All aeonic change can be: (a) for the wyrd of the Aeon existing at that time (the wyrd being manifest in the Destiny of the associated higher civilization); (b) against the wyrd (thus a "distortion"); (c) to create a new wyrd. This can be either a new Aeon or an undirected/chaotic disruption of the existing one. A new Aeon implies a new set of archetypal forms/mythos etc.

4) All changes can only be directed by the Adept within certain temporal limits, these being set by the strength of the energy produced and whether the initial ritual(s) are subsequently reinforced. Most aeonic rites are by their nature imply an element of random energy which produces further change at first roughly in accord with the energy/intent of the rite; as causal time flows on, the original forms are re-formed via metamorphosis.

5) Any change is possible using aeonic energies – i.e. such energies and their use are amoral. It is the consciousness of the Adept which via intent directs the energy into specific forms to provide temporal changes in line with that intent.

6) Changes against an existing wyrd (and such like) require more energy because the "old" archetypal forms/patterns need to be broken down/redirected.

Thus, to change aeonic forces the best way is (a) distort/disrupt already existing forms; (b) let the random element accelerate within those forms by letting loose undirected acausal energies within the aeon/higher civilization; (c) then begin to create new forms via ritual(s). (A skilled Adept can try all three at the same time).

7) Aeonic energies bring changes on a large scale by mostly affecting non-Initiates – i.e. the changes are unconscious: the "mass" is unaware that their drives/desires/patterns of behavior/"thoughts" and so on are being manipulated by Adepts. The most obvious way this occurs is via archetypal forms – but there are other level acting (how many depends on the acausal energy intensity, type etc. and the rituals being done by the Adept). One of these is direct psychic contagion - i.e. the energy directly affects those receptive/sensitive to it (and this can include Initiates etc.) Those thus affected may then give that energy form or do deeds broadly in line with the type of energy.

(Note: Archetypal forms created via aeonic ritual work mostly unconsciously at first; later, some individuals may express these forms in a practical way, as ideas, myths, mythos, Institutions and so on. Psychic contagion by-passes "forms" including archetypal ones – i.e. the latent acausal part of the psyche of infected individuals is directly affected/opened by the acausal energy.)

Some further insights:

1) Generally, once an aim/change has been decided upon, this should be enshrined in an archetypal symbol, sigil and/or a phrase/word. After the main aeonic rites to produce this change, these symbols etc. should regularly be "charged" via hermetic rites (e.g. sexual magick) and the

energy left to disperse naturally or stored in a crystal.

The type of aeonic rite depends upon the change desired, how strong are already existing aeonic energies (e.g. change toward the end of an aeon generally requires less energy). The same applies to reinforcement of the rite (should these be necessary).

2) Wyrd of present Western aeon is Imperium. This implies what is moralistically called an un-democratic State. One aim of such a State would be colonization of the Solar System and then the stars. In essences, this State would be an outward manifestation of Satanic spirit. Political forms to achieve and maintain this Imperium are only a means and must be seen by Adepts in this light. This same applies to "military" forms. If an Adept or Adepts wish to achieve this wyrd then practical forms to bring this change must be created/encouraged (magickally). (This applies of course, to all aeonic changes.) The choice of such forms is made on the basis of practicality, necessity and energies required: it is usually the result of a logical assessment of existing conditions and future possibilities – amoral in essence.

An attempt was made by various LHP Adepts earlier this century to use a political form to create a type of Satanic empire on the practical level with the aim of achieving the wyrd of the West. This involved disrupting the Nazarene/Magian forms/ethics/ideas and so on both magickally and on the practical/political level. This attempt was a partial success as it has created a new "mythos" – there is also archetypal energy stored (and awaiting further use) as well as a nexion now partially open. These offer Adepts the possibility of continuing this work – perhaps via the same (or very similar) political forms, perhaps by other (? Contradictory) political forms. It is up to each Adept to make their own assessment – and to decide whether they wish the success or not of this wyrd.

3) It cannot be stressed too often that aeonic magick implies long-term assessment (from several centuries to millennia) and this time scale of necessity negate the relative moral values that pertain in a society for perhaps a few decades or centuries. Aeonic insight implies an overview of not only the Aeon in which the Adept has his/her being, but also of previous Aeons and future Aeons. The basis of insight is a rational apprehension of Aeonic energies and how those are made manifest (produce changes) via civilizations and how those civilizations (in their ethos etc.) affect individuals within them. Further understanding comes from magickal experience: how aeonic change is, magickally possible. The most comprehensive means of understanding Aeonic energies is the advanced form of the Star Garme.

The essence of the Adept is this Aeonic insight – the breaking free from the bonds (archetypal forms and thus their unconscious/conscious influence) of the Aeon in which the Adept has his/her being. Further, the bonds of past influences (of previous Aeons) must be transcended also – most who follow or attempt to follow an Occult way fall into the trap of shedding current Aeonic influences only to fall prey to past ones (Egyptian, Sumerian, Greek, etc.*) or to possessed by one "Idea" / mythos.

4) Present Aeon is dying – its energies are on the wane. Thus time is right to produce aeonic changes/find new nexions.

* qv "Temple of Set"!

II7.

The Temple Of Set: A Brief Satanic Analysis

ONA

As someone who has been involved for well over twenty years with the LHP, I believe I can offer an analysis from the experience gained during the often hard struggle for personal and Occult insight.

Two things are obvious. First the Temple Of Set is not a Satanic organization; and second, it is not an Occult one.

Satanism by its nature is an elite philosophy of living and its genuine adherents are few in number and usually secretive (for a variety of reasons). The individuals who follow this path are generally rebels who either cannot or do not wish to conform. Those who desire the exhilaration and danger of extremes: those who cannot and will not obey or bow down. In short, those who possess "spirit". For them, Satan is adopted as a symbol of defiance – and this defiance is and has been highly individual. Rather than accept, they question; rather than believe, they discover for themselves. They have a dislike of authority and all dogma. Gradually, this spirit of defiance brings self-awareness: an insight into themselves and others and the "world", and this results from diverse (and sometimes dangerous) experiences of life which those individuals undergo. Of course, some never reach this point – they fail, for whatever reason or reasons.

Further, Satanism is about individuals fulfilling the potential of life; they strive to live as fully as possible, to reach out and become like gods (or goddesses). In achieving this, magick is used as a means – of enhancing life and understanding. Such striving either makes creative individuals – or it destroys them. This creativity is evident in the life of the individual: through works (e.g. artistic) or through what they achieve (for example making their own life a work of art which others may try and copy).

This means two essential things. First, they can be no such thing as a Satanic organization or dogma; and second, there can be no Satanic authority (e.g. in the form of an individual). Organization implies conformity and loss of personal identity and authority (however small). Dogma implies accepting someone else's beliefs. Authority (of whatever kind) implies subservience – a mentality alien to Satanists. Furthermore, all these stifle creativity: one hallmark of a genuine Satanist.

The Temple of Set is thus an example of what Satanism is not. It is not a religion; it does not possess any "authority"; it does not need an organization nor any media-profile of "acceptability".

Of course, some guidance in the initial stages may be and often is, required by those just beginning their quest, and here the experience of those who have gone that way in the past may be of interest of value. But essentially each individual learns via their own experiences – no one can do it for them: there is no magic formula, no mysterious handshake, which brings instant wisdom. For the beginner, "Masters" and organizations are a snare, a path which leads only to glorification of the ego of the "Master". Such "Masters" are usually insecure people who need the adulation and attention – it makes them feel alive, important. Naturally, some Satanists play such a "role" – for a time.

But they soon tire of it – it becomes boring. That is, if they are Satanists. Anyone who plays it for more than a year has arrested development – their quest has ended in failure.

Regarding the second point made above – viz. the Temple of Set is not an Occult organization. Implicit in any Occult path – Left Hand Path or Right Handed – are certain obligations stemming from the very nature of Occultism. Wicca, Paganisms, Satanism, Black Magick – whatever – all are

means, paths with though different in some respects have the same ultimate goal: or at least, when those paths are followed to their ends. In a simplistic sense, the goal is evolution - developing abilities, enhancing already existing ones, re-discovering forgotten ones. Occult paths reveal through the beginning, which is Initiation - they show the essence hidden by the appearance. Or, expressed a different way, they discover what is concealed. Part of what is concealed is, of course, the "mysterious" - another is the occult energies of living things....On an individual level, the Occult is the discovery of what is hidden within ourselves, in our own psyche, and Occult paths are processes of self-learning - of what our unique Destiny is and how we relate to the Cosmos, this Earth, other individuals.

Initiation is the beginning of a quest - a symbol to that part of the psyche normally hidden which the "Occult" wishes to bring into consciousness, giving thus understanding. The form that this symbol assumes is actually irrelevant, and whatever its outer form it implies a responsibility by the very fact that it is a conscious participation for their own development, their own evolution: the first genuine step towards real freedom, internal psychic freedom. It is the birth of one small part of the new age.

Naturally, quite often the promise of Initiation is not fulfilled - or is fulfilled only in part - in many individuals. But some continue and of those some may achieve the goal. This promise is why the Establishment and conventional religions discourage Occultism and conduct campaigns against it - for Occultism is the means to real freedom and as such it is a threat to them and their domination of the individual. Occult paths lead to inner freedom and one of the responsibilities of any Initiate is to continue this evolutionary quest by passing onto another or others not only what they themselves have learned but also the "Occult ideal" - inner liberation through an Initiatory quest. This ensures continuity and future possibilities. This passing on is never forced, nor is it in any way dogmatic - for it is related to another aspect of Initiatory responsibility: the respect for differing paths, different quests.

Having myself followed a specific Left Hand Path; I am inclined to believe that it is worthwhile and effective. But I also realize it is not suited to everyone who wishes to begin their own Occult quest. For many years I recruited for a Satanic group (although "recruit" is hardly the word: offered a path to those who possessed the right qualities is nearer the mark) but I was never interested in mere numbers, in proselytizing and tried hard to dissuade most applicants to test their seriousness - because Satanism is difficult and, at times, dangerous (in psychic terms). I was always aware that other paths were available and perhaps more suitable to some (indeed,, to most who applied). I, as an Occultist, knew that Initiation involves the free commitment of an individual - for the goal was their liberation, not their subjection by me or anyone else.

Given all the factors, it is impossible not to conclude that the Temple of Set is not an Occult organization. It does not respect other paths, and other individuals, as is shown by their attempts to discredit others and their insistence that they represent the only genuine form of Satanism. Furthermore, their dogmatic, religious stance - with all that is therefore implied in terms of acceptance of Temple authority and mandates -rather than liberating their members actually holds them in thrall, both mental and psychic. Rather than participating in that liberation and evolution which is part of the new age, the Temple of Set is actually an off shoot of the old order and its stifling ways of being. That is shown, for example, in their concern for numbers, in trying to recruit regardless of quality and regardless of whether the individual is actually suited to the Left Hand Path - for the Temple, numbers mean influence, feathers in the cap of the leader - a sign that the Temple is pre-eminent, flourishing and succeeding.

Naturally, much more could be written to further detail the reasons as to why this particular organization is detrimental to what we as Occultists seek to achieve by our various paths. But the essence of the matter has been revealed - sufficient to enable readers to judge the matter for themselves.

To return, finally, to the personal level - I have no cause to defend, no desire for personal gain in what I write: only a desire for others to understand what is really important about the Occult and the path which a long time ago I myself decided to follow. Organizations like the Temple of Set undermine what serious followers of the Left Hand Path have been trying to achieve for centuries - basically because its members and leaders seek to glorify their own egos at the expense of the inner freedom of others.

II8.

Aeonic Notes IX

ONA
114yf

A New Imperium

The Imperium which Vindex will create will be different from previous Empires because it will be a conscious creation: the result of a reasoned, honourable, civilized, approach: that is, it will be based upon honour, and will be the result of the esoteric understanding we have achieved over hundreds, indeed thousands, of years.

This means it will not impose itself by force of arms upon others. Rather, it means it will be composed of thinking warriors who uphold honour and who prefer combat to dishonourable modern war. In particular, it means a federation of countries, or nations, who co-operate together in the pursuit of a numinous goal: not an Empire in the old sense of domination and conquest and occupation.

The old type of Empire belongs in the past: it is unsuitable for an honourable, rational, people. Furthermore, the old type of Empire is founded upon a basic error.

The basic mistake is to believe that war can solve problems or be of benefit. Thus to have war as a political policy is stupid. This mistake about war arises from two things: (1) a lack of perspective, and thus a viewing of events in current rather than historical terms; (2) failing to act in accord with the ethics of honour.

Every old type of Empire has a time of glory; as it has to maintain itself by occupation, war, and repression. Every such Empire declines, and is then destroyed. Sometimes an Empire may last a few decades; sometimes a century or more. Rarely, a few centuries. After the destruction of the Empire, there follows a period of chaos, of barbarism, of regression, with only a few positive attributes of the Empire remaining: some stories of glory, perhaps; or some literature; some monuments, or some technological or scientific achievement. But a great detail is lost.

What applies to an Empire applies to the results of terrestrial wars – such as the occupation of a foreign country after victory in a war or after an invasion. Such occupation may well last for a while: a few years; a decade; several decades. But it will inevitably end, through either a successful uprising (often after several failed attempts) or through the withdrawal of the occupiers, for military, economic, or political reasons, and while some elements of the occupying forces may remain (in terms of their culture, ideas, and so on), a great deal is lost. In the meantime, thousands upon thousands of people have been injured, killed, repressed or dishonourably confined in prisons. Furthermore, it is the honourable right and duty of those under occupation to resist, using lethal force – and to try and take away this right and duty, by making it "illegal", as all occupying forces do, is dishonourable in itself, the act of the bully, the tyrant. It is also the right of individuals to possess weapons, and one of the many dishonourable things an army of occupation does is make possession of weapons illegal.

This old imperial process is incredibly wasteful, and stupid, because the positive, evolutionary, civilized, changes which Empires sometimes bring can be achieved in not only less wasteful ways but also in ways which can ensure much greater, and longer lasting, evolutionary change.

In brief, imperial conquest and colonialism are short-term solutions: in Aeonic terms – in the timescale of civilizations and Aeons – they are failures, detrimental to the long-term evolution that is required.

In terms of acquiring new living-space – often used as an argument in favour of Empires and conquest and colonialism – the honourable, futuristic solution is the colonization of Outer Space.

In terms of war, the new Imperium – or Stellar Federation or Cosmic Federation or Cosmic Reich or

whatever we want to call it – would use force only as a last means of self-defence of its own territory or homeland, or when there needs to be an honourable combat between it and its enemies.

In addition, it needs to be understood that modern warfare is for the most part dishonourable, employing as it does cowardly methods – such as aerial bombing – which an honourable warrior would refuse to use, condone, or accept. The warriors of the new Imperium, the troops of Vindex, will seek honourable combat, a fair fight, rather than impersonal war. Honourable combat means personal fighting between groups of warriors, or armies. It means an end to the dishonour which has blighted armies for hundreds of years. It means a return to civilized treatment of captured or surrendering soldiers – allowing them to retain their honour, and go free. It means a conscious decision – based upon honour – to do only that which is honourable, and which befits an honourable warrior.

Honour, and Learning from History

I give one example of learning from history: NS Germany. One mistake was to initiate a war, and to seek new living-space in already occupied lands.

Of course, war against NS Germany was inevitable – just like the recent war against Iraq was inevitable. In the case of Iraq the cabal spent over ten years – from the time of the Gulf War – trying to starve the people into submission, and destroying the defensive capability of the Iraqi defence forces.

But Germany should have waited, and most certainly not launched offensives in other countries. The cabal would then have had to resort to invading Germany, which would have taken perhaps a few more years to organize, giving NS Germany more time to create a genuine NS society, and prepare to defend Germany. More alliances should have been sought, and NS exported as a revolutionary creed. Had the cabal invaded Germany, they would have been on dubious moral ground, and effective resistance could have been undertaken against the occupying forces.

The effort that went into the war should have been directed toward building a stronger Germany, and showing, by example, that NS worked. In addition, scientific research should have been undertaken into spacecraft.

But this, of course, is hindsight. What happened, happened. We have to learn the lessons. One lesson is to evolve NS itself – which has been done, based upon the ideal of honour and the vision of a Galactic Empire or Federation, created by a NS homeland which seeks allies among the various peoples and cultures of Earth on the basis of honour and mutual respect (see, for example, the recent writings of Dave Myatt).

In the recent case of Iraq, Saddam should have used that time to find allies, for example Syria and Iran, and done what was necessary to make such an alliance work. Preparation should have gone into creating effective resistance forces. [It may well be that this resistance work was done, judging by recent events in Iraq.]

Conclusion

It is understood that the policies of Vindex, of the new Imperium, will result primarily from honour, and also from a rational understanding of those forces which have and do shape our history and evolution. In addition, the perspective – the motivation – of Vindex and the new Imperium is futuristic, of centuries, of evolution itself, and not the result of some short-sighted political opportunism or some unconscious instinct or desire.

One purpose of esoteric Orders such as the ONA is to understand these forces and to transmit this understanding via various means, which includes the Grand Master, or Magus, of the Order giving advice based on the esoteric understanding and the wisdom they have achieved.

In essence, the new Imperium will be a practical manifestation of the Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour. That is, it will be founded by, and maintained by, thinking, honourable, warriors: who themselves will be a new archetype, a new type of human being. These new warriors will not compromise their honour to achieve temporary – and Aeonically worthless – gains.

II9.

The Reality Of Magick

(ONA 1990 ev)

Although it has been mentioned before, this bears repeating: magick, properly used, develops the potential of an individual in a realistic, practical way – that is, it produces, from the experiences undergone, a genuine insight and thus an understanding of self, others and the “world”.

This is in complete contrast to what happens outside of genuine esoteric traditions where there is adherence by the individual to abstract doctrines, ideas and beliefs – that is, there is little or no understanding based on experience, on the reality apprehended through trials, hardship, explorations, and discovery. Magick returns the individual to their inner core – destroying illusion, affectation and abstraction of the arid intellectual type.

Of course, one should really say – real magick, properly used, does this. There is an awful lot of pretentious “magic” and “magick” about. What differentiates real magick is first the practical nature of its methods (which are both “internal” – i.e. psychic – and “external” – i.e. involving practical work and experiences in the “real world”, not just “in the head”) and second its structure or system: a working toward a definite goal. This goal is Adeptship (part of which may be said to be the Jungian “individualization”) and what lies beyond even this: wisdom. The striving for this goal (and the striving is necessary: it is not a “gift” from someone) changes the individual in significant ways – there is a re-orientation of consciousness, insights and achievement.

The way of magick (as explicated by the seven-fold way) enables each individual Initiate to develop their own unique understanding or “view of life” or “world-view” – that is, it creates character, it uplifts the individual, separating them from the anonymous majority who mostly merely exist rather than live and who never evolve and understand. Today, individuals are “mass produced” – and conform to the accepted ideas and norms, even in the “rebellion” that occurs, where the “herd” or some fashionable “trend” or “idea” is followed with any understanding.

Everything is categorized, made into moral opposites – and there is developing in society an almost religious zeal about certain attitudes, a zeal which restricts individual freedom and expression and which destroys genuine individuality. All this, however, goes mostly unnoticed, so low is the level of general insight – a situation brought about, in part, by the comfortable lives most people in the West today live; insulated as they are by technology, by material possessions, by the complexity of modern life and by ideal from life in its realness, rawness and danger.

That it is necessary to give an example to illustrate the categorization and zeal, which is increasingly occurring, is a sad reflection on the general level of understanding. The example to consider is the disease of “ism-itus”: the creation of an abstract idea, described by a word ending in “ism”. Examples of the “ism” are then sought - in society, individuals and so on, and then that society and those individuals must be “re-educated” since the “ism” is regarded as morally reprehensible, the abstract idea being formulated in an abstract moral way. The procedure is not new - it is essentially a religious fundamentalism, extrapolated into politics and social concerns, and may be said to derive from Nazarene belief and ideas.

The “ism” itself becomes a “totem-word” – almost a “magical incantation” - and is surrounded by an aura of guilt. To be associated with an “ism” – even worse to be an “ism” or be called the “ism” – is reprehensible, almost a “sin”, and in certain countries definitely a crime, punishable by due process of law (and usually, if convicted, by imprisonment). What this amounts to – when taken with the other abstractions foisted upon individuals (the “ism”, remember is only one example of this) – is the production of essentially characterless people who seldom if ever have any real experience of life, who conform to a certain set of attitudes, and who are psychologically unhealthy in that they are infected with notions of “sin” and moral absolutes. There is little real understanding - only acceptance of the abstract forms which have been and are being projected onto and into

"history", "society" and individuals and which give the comforting illusion of "understanding" and knowledge (and also, in most cases, a smug moral feeling of superiority such as one sees in certain religious types).

Magick, however, is a means to destroy all this – and thus it really is subversive and dangerous since it can free the individual, returning them to that inner Being where insight is born and from which understanding, and ultimately wisdom, can be cultivated.

This is the reality of magick – it produces the only "freedom" that is real and which has meaning: that inner one, which allows further steps to be taken, which allows evolution to be continued. For Magickal Initiation is a personal liberation –when an individual takes responsibility for his or her own evolution.

Further, this way of freedom, this means of liberation, should not be used only by a few - it should be used by everyone, creating a whole new society (or societies) of Adepts: a whole new era or Aeon in which all have attained to self-insight.

Idealistic?

Of course – but still possible, even if unlikely for at least the next few centuries. But herein lies that almost sacred duty of each Initiate – to keep this possibility alive by maintaining the reality and effectiveness of genuine magick.

I20.

An Inheritance

CB, 2000

As a new phase for the ONA appears to beckon - with a new "outer representative" - I shall here set down a few final words from an insider's perspective, to be accepted or not by those who have not participated. Every twenty years or so a new heir must be found. The most recent Grand Master was thus chosen by the Grand Mistress before him, and she by he who came before her - and so on, back through the centuries, as the Tradition claims. At the time of the last Grand Mistress (in the 1960's), there were several Temples in existence which followed variations of the Tradition - most in Shropshire, but some also in the North of England. Not surprisingly, the membership of each of these Temples was often very small - sometimes as few as three - and on some occasions non-Initiates were "recruited" for some ceremonies. This lady, judging the time right for the next phase, then brought all those Temples together, and named the collective group the Order of Nine Angles. AL was at this time, a young new Initiate of one of those Temples in the North.

This merging occurred at the time when a new heir was needed - thus AL was initiated and tutored by the Grand Mistress in the full Tradition. After some arduous tests, he was chosen and informed - and the lady and her daughter Eulalia disappeared, to the next stages that awaited them. What AL inherited was rather garbled and fragmented, and not without some mystification. But, the teachings were original, and possessed some promise (the main teachings were esoteric chant; the principles of culling; the Grade Rituals; the Dark Gods mythos [including Baphomet]; Insight roles; and of course some ceremonies). AL, via his own subsequent life of experiencing, then significantly extended and codified these teachings into a practical system of magick, enabling anyone - anyone who possessed the Desire - to follow its hazardous way towards the goal of Adeptship, and beyond. AL's many unique contributions included Aeonics and The Star Game.

All these new or refined methods arose out of his own experimentation, and the work undertaken by his Temples and those in alliance (including two groups which, after nearly twenty years, are still active - one Sapphic, and one "Uranian"). Some aspects of this experimentation - eg. certain Insight Roles - have attracted some attention and scrutiny from diverse quarters, though rarely any understanding.

After this period of exploration, a decision was taken in the mid 1980's to publish the results - in keeping with the sinister strategy begun by the Grand Mistress. Other significant contributions were made by a lady who was initiated around the same time as AL. She sometimes wrote under the name of "Conrad Robury". Around this time of publication, and after successfully undertaking the rite of Grand Master, it was time for AL himself to choose an heir. [It may also be of interest to note here that the 17 year cycle of the Ceremony of Recalling was successfully undertaken at this time, with AL's Mistress as the chief celebrant.] I underwent the arduous testing procedure, was chosen - or rather, I chose myself - and informed. I then set about my tasks of continuing sinister strategy. In comparison to AL - who effectively made the Seven-Fold Way complete, taking it far beyond its fragmentary state [and spawning so much obvious influence and imitation] - I consider my contributions, so far, to be modest: the youthful work of one individual struggling towards insight. But, gradually, I have extended the Way into new realms: via Images and Musick, and have further developed the corpus of chant. There are some ceremonies, some ordeals (The Black Pilgrimage).

Those who have stayed the course since their Initiation in the 1960's and 70's are small in number, but are widespread and not without some influence: someone high up within the Priesthood of the Catholic Church; another a professor at a renowned university in Europe; someone in mainstream politics; one or two who have established something of interest in Slovenia ...

What is achieved is achieved - or not. Many strategies have been tried, particularly over the past thirty years. Some have appeared contradictory; many have raised questions; most have provoked

accusations - which is as it should be. Have any caused insight? Perhaps the tactics of the past have enabled a prelude - a prelude to a flowering which some, using the illusory jargon of the past, might interpret as a "new aeon". Perhaps a distillation from trial and (very often - or so it seemed) error, may in time reveal what lies as yet unexpressed, beyond all current forms that give the appearance of understanding/personal control; and in these forms I include - not merely for provocative ends, but as a statement of reality - Satanism, the theory of "race", "Western" paganism, to name several ...

Because it may serve to illustrate an essential point, I shall here tackle the persistent assumptions that I now am, or that I now regard myself as: a) a Master - or even Grand Master; and b) the Leader/dictator of the ONA, with all the influence that such a role entails. These are just assumptions (from which have grown other assumptions), since I have never made such claims. These assumptions are prevalent because there are many who still believe a genuine esoteric order to be a type of club, comprised of members who aspire towards various official positions of authority (carrying pretentious titles - such as 'Master of the Temple'). What really is an esoteric organization? Does it really need members, who require governing and organising, and motivating? What, essentially, is the purpose of an esoteric Way: to collect MSS? To perform "occult rites"? To bind a whole society to a dogma? It should be clear to anyone who understands the "Grade rituals" of the Seven Fold Way, that becoming an "outer representative" - ie. undertaking the often ephemeral tasks of meeting prospective adherents, answering letters, writing articles - has nothing to do with what is meant by the title of Grand Master.

If a genuine Grand Master retires from a form of public role/contact, does that then mean he ceases to be a Grand Master? AL remains, and has thus remained throughout the past fifteen years, the present Grand Master, because that is, in essence, what he is. It has been stated several times in Order MSS that the descriptions used to designate a stage along the Way are not rewards given by someone else, or a title awarded to oneself because of a deluded ego; nor do they represent positions of responsibility within an hierarchical organization. And nor, in reality, do they carry any weight of authority over others, in the esoteric - or otherwise - sense. Rather, they are descriptions of a new type of human being - and thus represent, after many years of experiencing, an alchemical becoming: an evolution, unique to each individual, that is the journey towards the dis-covering of the primal apprehension.

Some only progress so far - either via succumbing to their own limitations, or simply because it is in their nature to remain at a certain stage of Being; and only a few follow the Way to its latter stages: perhaps one or two a century. For myself, that apprehension which is symbolized by the title of "Master" is some years away - if it is willed that I am able to progress that far. What is, is; what shall be, will be in its own species of time; what can be, may be.

I2I.

Aeonic Magick ~ General Notes

Should only be undertaken if individual is free from unconscious influences – particularly archetypal images of current civilizations/distortions imposed upon it by others. This usually implies having passed the Abyss - but some "lesser" Aeonic magick can be undertaken by Internal Adepts. This is so because of latent archetypal energy is present within the psyche of the individual, there will be a blocking/internal distortion of the acausal energy released/created via aeonic rites, and this usually leads to problems: e.g. psychic distortion, physical problems and so on.

Aeonic magick implies, for most rites, the individual being a "channel" or "gate". Psychic residues imply a blocking.

Archetypes imply a development in time – i.e. casual movement. Put simply, this means "action" – or a "story": some role played out by the image and thus fulfilled. In the "cultic" sense, there is a "legend"/ goal.

New images require new motifs: i.e. new forms of fulfillment.

"Mimesis" is one method of aeonic magick that has come down over the centuries (indeed it was once probably the only means available).

Basically, this involves imitating some aspect of cosmic/Earth-based movement/working, and then either following the natural pattern or slightly altering that pattern to bring about a subtle change. (This "alteration" forms the basis for "black" magick – qv. The Black Mass: the use of Nazarene formulae, slightly distorted via sinister intent.)

Often, this implies "acting out" and archetypal role according to a myth/legend/cult. The key here is the identification of the magickian with the role (which is, however, not a possession, as in shamanism) – this requires preparation. This "acting out" can involve others - as, for example, in a "sacred marriage" (qv. "sun" and "moon" as symbols). The intent of the working is then visualized/chanted. If alteration are desired, these are incorporated.

Mimesis can also be done via the construction of suitable models which are symbolically imbued with "life". It may be done via a "play/drama" whose participants are unaware of the intent and/or of the symbolism. In all cases it is necessary for the Master/Mistress of the ritual to channel magickal energy into the proceedings either via ceremonial/hermetic methods or by "opening a Gate".

If the latter, then the energy so brought may be channeled directly or at a distance (if for example, a "drama" is being performed).

I22.

The Dark Gods

Anton Long
ONA

[from the book 'Naos' - but revised and extended version]

According to sinister tradition, the Dark Gods are actual entities which exist in the acausal universe. According to our spatial, causal, perception, these beings may be regarded as "timeless" and "chaotic" (and also terrifying not mention "immoral"). Since our consciousness is by its nature partly acausal, these entities may become manifest for us - or rather may be partly perceived by us - if we possess the keys to reach the appropriate levels of consciousness. What is termed The Abyss (on the Tree of Life/Tree of Wyrð) separates our ordinary, everyday, causal consciousness from th consciousness (and thus apprehension) of the Dark Gods. The ordeal of the Abyss involves confronting these entities, and accepting them for what they are: that is, unbound by our illusion of opposites and the alleged conflict between "good and evil".

While it is convenient to regard the dark Gods are merely symbols that re-present the energies of the acausal - as a projection of our own consciousness upon Chaos itself - it is equally possible to regard them as physically existing in themselves. Which of these (or neither of them) is correct, the Adept discovers during the ordeal of the Abyss. Legend, however, recalls the Dark Gods as visiting our planet several times in the past, by passing through one of the many "Star gates".

Star Gates are regions in (causal) space-time where our causal universe and the universe, or realm, of the acausal are joined: they are physical gates, or nexions, and passage from one universe to another is possible through them.

According to legend, Star gates exist near the stars Dabih, Naos and Algol: that is, if you journeyed from earth in the direction of one of these stars you would pass through, to near to, a Star Gate. There are also stories of a Star Gate within our own Solar System: the Gate through which the Dark Gods came to Earth. This Star Gate is believed to be near the planet Saturn.

Sometimes, the Abyss invades our dreams, but mostly the Abyss is reached by following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way. It lies - on the Tree of Wyrð - between the spheres of the Sun and Mars, and divides the Adept from the Master/Mistress. In one sense, the Abyss is the gate, the nexion, to the gods within us, and beyond us, just as the Sinister Way is a means to access and increase the acausal that is presenced both within us, as individuals, and on Earth.

According to Sinister tradition, it is possible to "open a nexion to the Dark Gods" by certain sinister rites. Some of these rites involve such things as esoteric chant (q.v. Naos) combined with a large, clear, pure quartz tetrahedron, while others involve ceremonies of blasphemy, excess and human sacrifice.

I23.

Words Of Vermiel

Urgan, England
Order of Nine Angles
114yf

According to conventional magick, the Dark Gods can manifest in two ways: invocation and evocation. In the case of invocation, They enter from within the individual (via a realm of Their own mode of acausal time), through a gate - a nexion - opened within that individual's consciousness, their very being. Thought - or rather, human apprehension understood through such causal things as images, words, sounds, music, concepts - is one means to open that particular nexus which is the individual, and which is one link between the causal and acausal. When this opening is begun by a willed act of a certain type of magick, the Dark Gods (one or many) may pass through this nexus, and thus into the causal world itself.

This 'certain type of magick' is of course the various methods used in Traditional Satanism - most notably the Nine Angles Rite, in its various forms.

When the solo form of this rite is undertaken, the associated chant is a call to the Dark Gods to enter the world via the nexion which is an individual, and the pattern of that chant is not a mere symbolic representation of the relevant energies - but is the actual opening of the nexion itself (assuming that is, the chant is performed absolutely correctly, and under the right conditions.)⁽¹⁾

The invocation unfolds in the manner of any natural phenomena: the Dark Gods are a certain aspect of apprehension - and not merely of human kind, but of all kinds: of the Collective Apprehension (or Consciousness) of all Life. There is an intrusion and fusion in the same way a germinating seed breaks through the soil and flowers and interacts with the elements - and a new and natural tapestry thus emerges.

If the individual conducting the rite is fully prepared, the germinating will occur naturally, and feel natural. If the individual is not prepared or not adequately advanced along the Way, the rite will not work. This failure may result in very little effect; or, the Dark Gods may be partially encouraged into the causal. If the flow is halted - because of the intervention of fear on the part of the individual - a separation between Themselves and the Caller will occur, and They will then disrupt and tear to pieces the consciousness/identity/personality of the one daring to Call Them forth.

If successful, there will be no division between Them and the one Calling, and thus a new type of Individual is born. Although this successful invocation is described above as a 'natural unfolding', it will appear as anything but natural to the un-initiated. For this new type of individual is rarely encountered, since that aspect of the tapestry of consciousness - the Dark Gods - was suppressed and banished many ages ago. The story is well known, but it bears repeating that a 'physical' gate exists near the planet Saturn, and this gate is the prison door which remains still firmly sealed, despite various attempts to open it.

The physical location should be visualized whenever possible, since there is an aspect of our consciousness which lingers around this sealed door - such is the nature of the acausal (as we are They themselves, waiting for release ...).

As previously stated, the Dark Gods may also appear according to the laws of evocation: that is, They can take actual physical and independent forms, to exist physically upon this planet.

The majority of people on this planet - particularly in the 'West' - yearn for some type of salvation: some type of intervention by something preternatural which would take control of human Destiny. The two main examples are of course the arrival of a 'Messiah', and significant contact with an extra-terrestrial species.

Order of Nine Angles

The Dark Gods are, in effect, a real extra-terrestrial race, and may be called forth without the interminable and uncertain wait required of other such species. Their physical presence on this Earth will change everything forever, and, assuming They remain unchallenged, will enable Their aims to be fully realised - as they were only partially realised, some 20,000 years BP.

Evocation involves in particular regular performances of the Chthonic Rite of Nine Angles - by as many Initiates as possible (see relevant Nine Angles MSS)⁽²⁾. It is a fact also that this physical arrival can occur only when seeded by real acts of chaos in the world, implying events of great suffering. This method of evocation will enable change on a mass scale, whilst the method of invocation (for civilizations) is a slow - perhaps a centuries-slow - seeping. Either way, if ultimately successful, the consciousness and physical structure of the human species will alter and accelerate exponentially.

Without Their intervention, only gradual and unremarkable decline, decay and extinction awaits our species. Thus the meaning of genuine Satanism: *Pandre res alta terrâ et caligine mersas.*

1. Many years of chant practice is required (once a day, for one quarter of an hour is the minimum recommendation). The best way to start is by studying the seven sphere chants contained in *Naos*. If one is not fortunate enough to have a Guide who can provide personal training, then practical experience must be sought by other means - ie. the aspiring Cantor should find a suitable Nazarene Monastery and enter either as a guest, or as a candidate undertaking an Insight Role. This will provide good practice and insight into the methods of the type of singing required (although bear in mind there is some debate over technique - particularly regarding tempo). If the Cantor wishes to transcribe the chant notation into its modern counterpart, it should be remembered that the pitch of middle C has changed quite considerably since the chants were first written down. (This option of transcription is not really recommended.)
2. One interesting experiment involves the Natural Form of the Nine Angles Rite, where the Dark Gods are earthed in a child conceived by the participants during the rite. This may also be attempted via the Chthonic form, where the energies are channeled into a priest and priestess by the Master, Mistress and congregation of the Temple. Again this requires great preparation, and the few attempts so far have failed: either there is partial manifestation elsewhere, or the foetus eventually aborts.

I24.

Aeonics O.N.A.

Temple 88

THE SATANIC PURPOSE

The Destiny of the Temple is to bring the NEW AEON; to presence via Satanic magick the future in the present, and secure the unfolding and establishment of a new civilisation - one that enshrines Satanic principles. We are privileged to be the ones who will conduct the Aeonic rites which aid the cosmic tides once every two thousand years - that is, when the Aeon is waning [in its Winter stage] and the energies of the next are beginning to manifest. This organic process of Aeonics flows according to its own species of time, and contrary to the fantasies of most Occultists, the New Aeon will not become fully manifest for another five hundred years from now. Thus the purpose of the Temple is truly Sacred, since it exists to fulfill Cosmic Wyrd rather than pursuing the personal indulgences of its members - indeed, its very aim spans centuries beyond the causal lifetimes of its members.

How the relevant energies are presented and to their long term effects, depends on how they are consciously manipulated; this is to say, that a "New Aeon" comprising of an upward surge in evolution is not necessarily guaranteed of itself. It must be brought by WILLED CHANGE, implemented by those with a real understanding of what is NECESSARY in order to fulfill the promise of cosmic evolution (and thus the promise of our own existence). As expressed, this understanding transcends the "personal" and illusory culture of the "individual". Thus, when Satanic magick is directed into a causal form to aid the fulfilling of Wyrd, the form concerned is chosen because it is RATIONALLY understood as enshrining the ethos appropriate to the New Aeon. Whatever "negative" feelings one may have about such a form are irrelevant, as, ultimately, are any personal desires and prejudices, since such things are the residue of temporary, temporal cultural conditioning.

However, Aeonics understanding is not a negation of Being, but rather an extension - where Individual consciousness expands into the acausal. To bring forth a new species of Human which embodies this new way of Being, which possesses the faculty of REASON, is the esoteric purpose of the New Aeon. At present, the methods by which this "Individuation" - or more correctly, "Adeptship" - may be created, exist only within the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, as enshrined by the Order of Nine Angles (qv. the various published Order MSS).

It is essential to understand that the Sinister and Satanism (of the Traditional kind) are one and the same; that is, only the force known as Satan represents in both essence and form, the Promethean zest, defiance and Darkness without which evolution is not possible. Satan is not merely a form to be considered "outmoded", to be thus replaced with another deity of one's personal choice: the form itself IS the essence, IS that Promethean zest so vital to the survival and expansion of Western Destiny. This is the esoteric reality, now more than ever. Those who do not or will not understand this are irrelevant, as those who actively oppose this reality are our enemies, fit only to become Opfers. The results of Satanism in practice represent balance, a synthesis of both "light" and "dark" (in terms of the psyche), brought about through real-life experience and thus made manifest in the way necessary to cause significant causal change. A Satanist, therefore, is part of the Dialectic of History: this, in contradistinction to the distorted media image of a gothic wallowing in death and perversion, and the decadent, petty lives of every other "Occultist". Out of all the Occult paths, only Satanism dares to guide its adherents through the Forbidden Gates so they come to KNOW what must be achieved if the Wyrd of the Cosmos is to be fulfilled. The absolute dearth of understanding concerning the real purpose of Magick (or the Great Work) is symptomatic of the dying time of the present, and an urgent reminder why practical action must be taken NOW, lest all that is numinous is lost to the selfish consumerism and enervating (and illusory) egalitarian ideas that are killing the Promethean Soul. Thus, in so acting, Satanism represents the highest form of Nobility.

AEONICS

The terms "New" and "Old" Aeon have become by-words of Occultspeak, and very rarely can any Occultist define in realistic terms the esoteric and exoteric nature of the New Aeon.

The ONA however offers a scientific rather than a mystical, subjective model of history, and reveals each Aeon as an organic being, with its own finite life-span. Briefly, an Aeon lasts 2000 years, and its associated civilization 1,500. During the "Winter" stage of the associated civilization - usually presented causally as an IMPERIUM - the strands of the subsequent Aeon manifest [all civilizations so far have evolved through a natural process of growth, change and decline]. Each Aeon possesses a unique "ethos" (or "Soul"), and thus each Aeon and associated civilization has a unique Destiny. This Destiny will always produce causal manifestations, but as to whether or not its promise is implemented, depends on the conscious apprehension of the associated civilization. So far, over the previous four Aeons, the pattern has been an organic one, without significant conscious, or willed, change.

The ethos of this current fifth Aeon - the Western - is EXPLORATION: the desire to know and extend boundaries by such striving. As a result of this ethos, we in the West have the capacity to consciously apprehend the Aeonic process, and thus through willed change (or "Magick") extend, perhaps indefinitely, the lifespan of our civilization. This extension implies the emergence of the next, and associated, sixth Aeon, often termed by Satanists as the Aeon of Fire, but known by all those who share the Promethean ideal as the GALACTIC. This is so, because the Destiny of the Western race is to lead the way to exploring and colonising the Galaxy, thus extending the boundaries of Human experience into new and infinite realms. However, the fulfillment of this Destiny is by no means secure, since it requires the significant nurturing and expansion of forces that run counter to the MAGIAN ethos of the Tyranny that currently occupies the West. When referring to the "New Aeon", most Occultists will maintain that they are striving towards the dawn of a New Age vaguely apprehended as a time of liberation, "personal freedom", and the realization of "global peace and harmony". But this Nazarene influenced New Age is far from a rational, conscious apprehension of Aeonic forces: instead, it is a cultural illusion engineered by The System in order to impose control over the Folk, and to fulfill its own messianic prophecies. The tyranny of the capitalist System lies in the creation and encouragement of selfish materialism, which deliberately denudes the Western Race of its greatest strength: its soul. It is no accident that this soul is dying, as the Folk are transformed into flabby, soft consumers - sub-humans devoid of numinous vision and noble purpose.

The great tragedy when considering the societies of the West today, is that the Western Lands were once peopled by real warriors such as the Vikings. If the next Aeon is to be secured, then there must be a return of the Promethean Soul as epitomized by the real Warrior - that is, someone whose hands are stained by blood and gore, and who is really prepared to die for a noble cause: whose individual life is a means to something greater. In this present age divorced from Nature, such fierce, defiant and WAR-LOVING adventurer would be locked away for "crimes against humanity". Thus, there is at present a very real war being waged between forced often depicted in esoteric legend as a "white" and a "black" order - the force described (in one sense inaccurately) as the "white" order has its magickal centre [or NEXION] in the Middle East.

If this Galactic Aeon is not secured then a new Dark Age will result, with the loss of an opportunity that may not emerge again for many centuries - if at all. However, the Western Soul does die it will only be the fault of the Western Race itself, since The System IS inherently unstable, and with the necessary Will, determination and courage, CAN be smashed. System Breakdown implies more than just Magickal rites, since the chaos that needs to be released must be earthed into a practical, causal form dedicated to the principles of the New Aeon. The immediate aim therefore, during the Winter stage of this present Aeon, is to establish Imperium, from the ashes of which would emerge the Galactic. Contrary to the views cultivated by contemporary "Western" culture, genuine freedom will not result, at this point in history, from a lessening of restrictions, but rather from an increase: from focused, dedicated and clearly defined societal structure. This initial establishment and increasing of "totalitarian" force is necessary in order to counter the decadent and illusory "freedoms" of capitalism. Genuine liberation means freedom from MENTAL TYRANNY, and this is achieved only according to how a form can aid the evolution of the Folk as an organic whole, and not as is widely believed today by championing the "rights of the individual". Thus, such a vision of freedom can only be attained via a practical Aeonic process, and cannot be arrived at through mere sentimental philosophy: it can only be brought to being by the fires of experience. To re-iterate, this process of synthesis is the meaning of Satanism - for both individuals AND Aeons.

NATIONAL SOCIALISM

To bring about Imperium requires the creation and establishment of an appropriate causal form(s), and an individual [and subsequent such individuals] to lead it. Such an individual is known according to the Dark Tradition as VINDEX, and one of the aims of Satanic Magick is to earth forces in order to allow the emergence of this individual, as well as to direct energies into the causal form ("organization"). The nature of the Imperium obviously must enshrine the ethos of the West, and that ethos is presented as National Socialism. Despite what many would rather believe, there is no other form which can release the forces of Western Destiny since that form IS that Destiny made manifest. In present society where almost all forms have been made into a commodity, Occultists and "political revolutionaries" will always rather gravitate towards a less controversial (and ultimately System-supported) form, and in so doing will declare very convincing reasons why National-Socialism is "wrong" or "unenlightened". The System has done its work very well on the people it subjugates - including those who believe themselves to be exponents of Heresy.

National Socialism (with the esoteric exception of Traditional Satanism) is the only real Heresy in existence, since it is based solely on the highest ideals of Honour, Loyalty and Duty, championed over and above selfish individual pursuits. It calls for a revolution of the Soul; a Triumph of the Will; a return of racial pride and defiance - of all that epitomizes the genuine Western ethos. It is a form that cannot be bought by The System, and thus the only option for the latter is to jail or kill National Socialist, and smash through innumerable legislative variations National Socialist influence, naturally dormant in the Western - or Aryan - people. It is the only form which frightens The System, and is thus the only form capable of achieving System Breakdown.

In a very important sense, National-Socialism IS contemporary Paganism, and renders all other "pagan" forms (including "Odinism") obsolete. Its Paganism stems from the concept of BLOOD & SOIL, the apprehension once symbolized by the "Green Man", and remembered in fragments of Arthurian legend. This connexion does not reside in economics, and the exploitation of the Land's resources, but is instead the achievement of spiritual balance: a harmony of Being attained via reverence for Nature, and the drive to create new and more numinous ways of living [thus rural communities, expressions of genuine Folk-Democracy which capture so much of contemporary imagination, would become a reality under a National-Socialist Reich].

Because it epitomizes for the West numinosity, National-Socialism is a new religion. It is this aspect - though seem to grasp it at present - that could establish National-Socialism as a devastating presence with the Magian System: that is, once understood consciously in religious terms, NS would draw to it the kind of invincible fervour possessed by, for example, Islamic Fundamentalism. Implementing this latter aspect, is one of the goals of Vindex.

Because of its religiosity, NS expresses the "light" aspect of the Cosmos since its numinosity lies in its capacity to directly speak to the "masses"; to establish FOR THE MAJORITY a new Golden Age enshrining all that is great and civilized. Satanism is the "dark" aspect of the Cosmos since it dares to understand and implement what the majority are conditioned by The System to fear. It is concerned with developing through ordeals, the elite of the elite - those capable of undertaking the necessary acts that human experience far beyond what is conventionally accepted. Satanism exists on the edge of esoteric essence beyond any form, yet the goals of both the light and dark aspects are the same, since both are ultimately manifested from the same source - that of the Cosmos. At some stage during the Aeon process, the essence as it is may be lived by the majority - but that will not occur for many centuries, or even Aeons [and this itself is one of the long term goals of Satanism].

The above serves as a brief outline as to why Traditional Satanists have founded Temple 88, a working group dedicated to fulfilling Cosmic Wyrd. The only meaningful form of Magick is that which is concerned with Aeons - anything else is merely decadent, illusory and counter-evolutionary. "Magick" occurs when an individual life is transformed beyond the personal, since ultimately there is little of the "personal" that exists. In this respect, the Temple and its Magick is the movement of Life itself, since the Way of the Sinister has always been one of EMPATHY, thus our Magick fulfills a nearly forgotten sacred trust, to the Glory of They who are seldom Named.

[The rites that constitute the Temple's Aeon work will be detailed in subsequent newsletters.]

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Appendix IX

STAR GAME- FURTHER MOVES & INSIGHTS

The seven boards represent the seven aspects of *Alu* according to planetary aspect. To represent a particular *Alu*

1) Determine the psychological type of this *Alu*. This is the key to personality. Appropriate piece will be placed on ☉ board according to development of *Alu*: lower square if neophyte, next sequence square if an Initiate etc. ♀ (black) piece is placed at opposite end of ☉ board in same sequence.

2) Next, place all pieces according to original sequence as per ordinary Saptenary Game. This is for neophyte.

3) Decide development of *Alu*: Initiation implies Arcturus pieces move thus: ♀(♁) ♀ Rigel square becoming thus ♀(♁) ♀ the Rigel square depending on personality type:

i) Rigel ♀(♁) ♀ if Extravert thinking (a)

ii) R ♀(♁) ♀ if Extravert Intuitive (b)

iii) R ♀(♁) ♀ if Extravert Feeling (c)

iv) d if Int. Intuitive: ♀(♁) ♀

v) e if Int. Thinking: ♀(♁) ♀

vi) f if Int. Feeling: ♀(♁) ♀

b		c
	a	
d		e
	f	

4) Ext. Adept implies ♀(♁) ♀ → ♀(♁) ♀ → ♀(♁) ♀ and if necessary (i.e. verging towards the next stage):

♀(♁) ♀ → ♀(♁) ♀

5) Internal Adept implies pieces on Antares, Sirius, Arcturus and Rigel move (how the pieces move is a secret revealed only to those who have attained the Grade of Internal Adept, for obvious reasons).

(1) - (4) gives the basic position from which a personal representation may be obtained. To complete requires:

- a) Movement of λ (white) pieces to represent changes in individual character.
- b) Aeonic influences in λ movement of pieces- this depends on stage of higher civilization in which λ lives.

(a) implies:

(i) representation of λ or 'age' of λ via movement of λ piece: Sirius represents the first decade, Arcturus the second, and so on. The λ (Sirius) piece moves to a new square depending on development of individual: the first square of new board if neophyte, second if Initiate and so on.

(ii) representation of additional personality traits via movement across boards Sirius, Arcturus and Antares according to the following forms:

- 1) Occupation/predominant interest(s)- related to planetary aspects;
- 2) Main personality traits- related to septenary paths and associated Tarot image.

An illustration will make this clear. For example, assume λ is 25 years of age; main interest/occupation- scientific. Main traits- represented by images VI, V (and deduced from analysis of character). Neophyte stage of development - i.e. no significant development of consciousness (qv 'Similitudes' MS- is an 'in time' person). Main personality type- ext. thinking. Moves thus are:

- 1) Mira board: pieces λ and λ on appropriate squares - the pieces taken from Sirius board. The S squares are:



2) Sirius $\ominus (\ominus) \lambda \rightarrow$ Arcturus, becoming $\ominus (\frac{\text{♁}}{\text{♁}}) \lambda$

3) Occupation implies ♁ sphere (qv Aeon and associated h. civilization/ethos). Thus Rigel $\frac{\text{♁}}{\text{♁}} (\ominus) \lambda \rightarrow$ Sirius square vacated by $\ominus (\ominus) \lambda$ piece. (N.B.: (a) the sphere to which the piece moves is determined by level of consciousness attained - in this instance, Sirius; (b) the piece moved is determined likewise - the lowest piece if limited development of none, next highest if 'novice' type development and so on).

4) Interests imply: a) Antares $\frac{\text{♁}}{\text{♁}} (\ominus) \lambda^*$ Mira $\frac{\text{♁}}{\text{♁}} (\frac{\text{♁}}{\text{♁}}) \lambda$
(. Here * \Rightarrow lower sequence)

b) Deneb $\uparrow (\ominus) \lambda \rightarrow$ Mira $\uparrow (\frac{\text{♁}}{\text{♁}}) \lambda$
(these determined by Tarot image and associated path).

This is the most basic position from which magickal change may be worked. Additional refinements usually required for effective magick. These refinements usually describe further traits of the individual.

In general: if the required piece has already been moved by earlier transformations then the next appropriate piece in the basic sequence should be used and transformed accordingly.

Aeonic influences imply the basic starting positions of all pieces are altered. Thus, for the present (and assuming the individual in question belonged racially to the Western higher civilization) the starting positions would be altered thus:

Sirius $\ominus (\uparrow) \lambda$ piece on Mira $\frac{\text{♁}}{\text{♁}} (\ominus) \lambda$; Rigel $\frac{\text{♁}}{\text{♁}} (\uparrow) \lambda$ on Naos $\uparrow (\ominus) \lambda$
and Rigel $\frac{\text{♁}}{\text{♁}} (\uparrow) \lambda \rightarrow \uparrow (\ominus) \lambda$ Mira.

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EMANATIONS OF URANIA

Notes Toward A Heuristic Representation
Of Cliology

Anton Long

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Section I

(Introduction: A Cosmic Scheme)

1.0 The cosmos is all that exists, has existed or will exist.

1.01 The universe is that aspect of the cosmos that exists at a specified moments of causal time.

1.02 The cosmos admits of a representation by means of abstraction.

1.021 Abstraction is means to knowledge and understanding.

1.022 The most important means of abstraction is mathematics.

1.0221 The abstractive system of mathematics may be approached via a heuristic symbolism founded on a formalized theoretical system.

1.023 It is to be understood that all abstractive systems are hypothetical simplifications of the nature of the cosmos since this latter cannot be truly represented in the system of opposites implicit in all abstractions.

1.1 The cosmos is a duality: ϕ, λ .

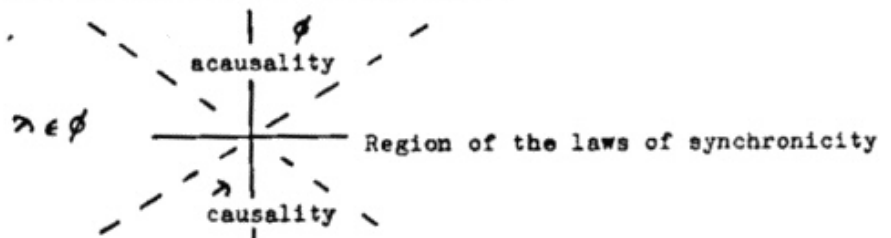
1.11 The duality of the cosmos is expressed by time: as causality (t^λ) and acausality (t^ϕ).

1.12 ϕ is representative of intuitive existence; λ of rational existence.

ϕ in abstractive mythological terms is Dionysian and λ Apollonian.

1.121 ϕ manifested via t^ϕ is ϕ_s ; λ manifested via t^λ is λ_s (ϕ_s and λ_s are undefined abstractive spaces.)

1.121⁽²⁾ λ_s is the realm of the laws of causality; ϕ_s the realm of acausal laws. $\lambda_s \in \phi_s$ is the realm of the laws of synchronicity.



1.13 λ_s may be represented by a Riemann space, of four-dimensions.

1.131 ϕ_s may be represented by the geometry of acausal space where the dimensions are infinite.

1.132 All events in λ_f may be described by mathematical models based on f^λ , be such events macrocosmic or microcosmic.

1.14 Where $d^2 = 0$, λ_f reduces to an Euclidean space described by x^λ systems.

1.141 An x^λ system is defined as a coordinate system (x, y, z, t^λ) in λ_f .

1.142 Events in x^λ space (macrocosm) can be described by a transformation:

$$x, y, z, t^\lambda \rightarrow x', y', z', t'^\lambda$$

1.143 All observables are based on x^λ systems and all theories established in fact by the application to the elements composing those theories of the principle of propositional verification.

1.1431 If ψ is some propositional variable where $\psi \in f^\lambda$, f^λ being some set of elements λ , and if x_p^λ is that set of x^λ type elements of a theory that have been compared via observation with empirical data and not thereby found to be invalid, and ψ_p that of ψ , then if \mathcal{P} is a symbolic re-presentation of the principle: $\psi \rightarrow \mathcal{P}, \psi \in \{x^\lambda : x^\lambda \in x_p^\lambda\}$

or: $\bigwedge \psi_p \supset \psi \in x_p^\lambda \rightarrow \psi \supset \mathcal{P}$

that is, $\bigwedge \psi_p \supset \psi \in x_p^\lambda \rightarrow \psi \rightarrow \mathcal{P}$

where for $\bigwedge x$ read 'for all x'; for $\bigvee x$ read 'for some x' and where the operator \rightarrow is defined by this third identity.

1.15 For the logical space x^λ composed of propositional variables where $\lambda = 2$, a vector \underline{v} in that space may represent a propositional statement, the direction of the vector establishing the T or F (by definition) of that statement.

1.151 The direction of \underline{v} is established by reference to the origin of the x^λ system composing the logical space.

1.1511 The origin of the system is established by reference to the principle of verification applied to the elements composing that system.

1.1512 The orientation of the system in λ_f depends on the definition of \mathcal{P} .

1.1513 A tautology is a scalar quantity.

1.2 A duration of causal time is defined by

$$t^\lambda \cap t^\emptyset = \{ t_n^\lambda : t_n^\lambda \in t^\lambda, t_n^\lambda \in t^\emptyset \}$$

where t_0^λ is a moment of causal time.

1.21 $\phi \cap \lambda$ is a re-presentation of the principle of life.

1.212 $\phi \cup \lambda$ is a re-presentation of the principle of consciousness within life.

1.22 The unity that is formed by both ϕ_f and λ_f may be re-presentated by

$$\mathcal{B} = \{t_0^\lambda : t_0^\lambda = t_0^\lambda\}$$

$$\phi \cap \lambda \equiv \Lambda = \{t_0^\lambda : t_0^\lambda \neq t_0^\lambda\}$$

$$\phi \subset \mathcal{B} \equiv \Gamma t_0^\lambda (t_0^\lambda \in \phi \rightarrow t_0^\lambda \in \mathcal{B})$$

2.0 Life is the coincidence of ϕ_s and λ_s .

2.01 The coincidence of ϕ_s and λ_s occurs at a specific point, t_0^λ .

2.02 The greater the complexity of life the greater the manifestation of ϕ_s in λ_s .

2.1 Consciousness within life is the mergence of ϕ_s and λ_s .

2.11 The mergence of ϕ_s and λ_s occurs over a specific area t_n^λ .

2.111 The area of mergence of ϕ_s and λ_s is representative of the degree of consciousness possessed by a specific entity of life.

2.12 Each entity of life is, by virtue of its life, a place where ϕ is coincidental with λ .

2.121 Each entity of life possessed of consciousness is, by virtue of that consciousness, a place where ϕ is merged with λ .

2.1211 The degree of mergence is variable according as to whether consciousness has been developed or no via the mechanism of evolution that is life.

2.122 Consciousness by definition is composed of both t^λ and t^ϕ aspects, as t^λ and t^ϕ .

2.123 The coincidence - and thus the mergence-of ϕ_s and λ_s is an expression of the life-force (or physical field of force associated with life) which force varies according as to the nature of the organism possessing it.

2.2 Life and consciousness within life are an expression of the flux of ϕ and λ manifested via causal time.

2.21 Human life is the only place presently known where ϕ is merged with λ and this mergence may be expressed in the abstractive sense as composed of a lower and an upper limit.

2.211 The lower limit is the unit of consciousness which is the individual.

2.212 The upper limit is the unit of consciousness expressed by the mechanism of cultural evolution in the sense of Spengler and Toynbee. *

2.22 If $t_n u$ is the manifestation of ϕ and λ as consciousness where u is the fundamental unit of ϕ and λ , and t_n a constant for a particular value of n (theoretically $0 < n < \infty$), then $t_i u$ is the consciousness of the individual units of consciousness and $t_c u$ that of a culture where $i \ll c$.

2.221 For $t_i u$, t^λ is the conscious and t^ϕ the collective unconscious of Jungian psychology.

2.2211 A primary expression of consciousness for $t_i u$ is language.

2.222 For $t_c u$, t^ϕ is the 'soul' of Spengler and t^λ its manifestation (via t^λ and $t_i u$) as aesthetics.

2.23 For both $t_i u$ and $t_c u$ the degree of mergence of ϕ and λ may be increased via t^λ , giving thus an evolution in consciousness which expresses the law of metamorphosis in organisms.

2.231 It is possible to express the evolution of consciousness in three (arbitrary and symbolic) stages, α, β, γ , which are expressive of the fundamental principle of metamorphosis applicable to $t_i u$ and $t_c u$.

* The organic nature of cultures propounded by Spengler is an expression of the existentialist principle of recurrence. Culture (in the sense of Spengler) is that psycho-historic phenomenon which is manifest in the archetypal soul-form (see 2.222). A civilization (in the sense of Toynbee) is considered to be a culture if it has a unique soul.

In such a symbolic sense ϕ is approached from λ via the sequence $\beta \rightarrow \alpha$. (Note: because of f^ϕ , $\lambda \in \phi$ for all f^λ)

2.2311 The flux of ϕ and λ via f^λ may be expressed in terms of α, β, γ as:

$$\alpha(\alpha) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta) \rightarrow \alpha(\gamma) \rightarrow \beta(\alpha) \rightarrow \beta(\beta) \rightarrow \beta(\gamma) \\ \rightarrow \gamma(\alpha) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta) \rightarrow \gamma(\gamma)$$

2.2312 In terms of f^λ and f^ϕ this re-presentation becomes:

$$\underbrace{\alpha(\alpha) \rightarrow \alpha(\beta)}_{\alpha(\gamma)} \rightarrow \underbrace{\beta(\alpha) \rightarrow \beta(\beta)}_{\beta(\gamma)} \rightarrow \underbrace{\gamma(\alpha) \rightarrow \gamma(\beta)}_{\gamma(\gamma)}$$

where (because of f^ϕ)

$$\alpha(\alpha) \subset \alpha(\gamma); \quad \alpha(\beta) \subset \alpha(\gamma) \quad \text{etc.}$$

and $\alpha(\alpha) \subset \alpha(\gamma) \equiv \bigwedge f_0^\lambda [f_0^\lambda \in \alpha(\alpha) \supset f_0^\lambda \in \alpha(\gamma)]$

(for $\bigwedge f_0^\lambda$ read 'for all f_0^λ ').

Note: \rightarrow may be read 'via f^λ ' and ' $\underbrace{\quad}$ ' as 'via f^ϕ '.

2.2313 For f_{ϕ}^{λ} the metamorphosis may be expressed in the following Spenglerian terms:

- $\alpha(\alpha)$ Spring period
- $\alpha(\beta)$ Summer "
- $\beta(\alpha)$ Autumn "
- $\beta(\beta)$ Winter period

$\gamma(\alpha)(\beta)$ is the period of Imperium: $\gamma(\alpha)$ being linked to the 'Universal State' of Toynbee.

2.2314 For f_{ϕ}^{λ} the metamorphosis may be expressed in the following way:

$$\begin{array}{ccc} & \circ \gamma(\gamma) & \\ \gamma(\beta) \circ & & \circ \gamma(\alpha) \\ & \circ \alpha(\gamma) & \\ \alpha(\beta) \circ & & \circ \alpha(\alpha) \\ & \circ \beta(\beta) & \end{array}$$

2.2315 This represents the evolution of individual consciousness from λ_f toward ϕ_f .

2.2316 This progression is from a lower realm of consciousness to a higher one and is a following of the path of initiation.

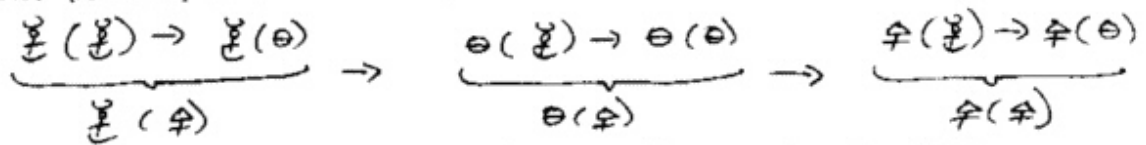
2.2317 Each stage of this progression is associated with many causal attributions and apprehension and understanding of these enables further progression.

2.2318 Each stage is symbolically represented as a sphere on the magickal Tree of Wyrd.

2.2319 This Tree is a causal re-presentation of acausal aspects and its representations are means to conscious evolution.

2.24 α can be represented by the symbol 'Alchemical Mercury' (☿), β by Alchemical Salt (☽) and γ by Alchemical Sulphur (♁).

2.241 The principle of metamorphosis thus becomes:



2.242 These representations enable conscious understanding and thus integration of the acausal aspects symbolized by such forms.

2.3 β manifests to λ via ϵ^λ primarily through the ☿ aspect.

2.31 For a $\text{♁};\text{u}$ whose concern is primarily the world of ϕ , then there is an introvert role.

2.312 For a $\text{♁};\text{u}$ whose concern is primarily the world of λ , there is an extravert role.

2.32 These roles may be represented thus:

$\text{☽}(\text{☽})$	Extravert	Feeling	type
$\text{☽}(\text{☿})$	"	Intuitive	type
$\text{☽}(\text{♁})$	"	Thinking	
$\text{☿}(\text{☽})$	Introvert	Feeling	
$\text{☿}(\text{☿})$	"	Intuitive	
$\text{☿}(\text{♁})$	"	Thinking	

2.321 Each role is associated with a sphere on the Tree of Wyrd and thus a stage of individual Initiation toward higher consciousness.

2.33 Conscious evolution implies the assumption and integration of each role.

2.34 ♁ as a role type is symbolized by a particular stage of Initiation thus:

$\text{♁}(\text{☽})$	Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth
$\text{♁}(\text{☿})$	Grand Master/Grand Mistress
$\text{♁}(\text{♁})$	Homo Galactica

2.4 For a culture \mathcal{F} is a manifestation of the soul or ethos (\mathcal{E}^{ϕ}) in λ terms.

2.41 As metamorphosis proceeds the culture becomes increasingly deprived of this \mathcal{F} aspect, leading to the 'civilisation' stage of Spengler.

2.42 Within each flux of ϕ and λ expressed as a unit of consciousness which is a culture, there exists an element e of the totality of individuals composing that culture who ground or 'earth' the flow of ϕ to that culture.

2.421 This element, e , is the creative minority (cf. Toynbee).

2.422 Elements of e are mostly unconscious of earthing acausal forces.

2.4221 One of the most obvious manifestations of such earthing are 'creative Artists'.

2.42212 An aspect of this process of channelling acausal energy on the individual level is Toynbee's "Withdrawal & Return".

2.42213 Another aspect is the 'Outsider syndrome'.

2.423 Evolution of consciousness implies an understanding of this process on the individual level.

2.4231 This understanding may most easily be achieved by some form of symbolism abstractly representing the process and the forces involved.

2.42312 Conscious understanding of this process implies the possibility of using that process consciously to bring other changes.

2.42313 Such use and such understanding form the foundation of the process known as Aeonics.

2.424 Since ϕ is expressed via \mathcal{E} for each $\mathcal{K}_c \alpha$, e determines the metamorphosis of a culture.

2.425 Culture decline is loss of acausality manifesting via e .

2.4251 This loss is implicit in the nature of $\mathcal{K}_c \alpha$ and can only be altered by those of e who have achieved some understanding of the process.

2.426 ϕ is expressed via \mathcal{F} as aesthetics.

2.43 The flux of ϕ and λ via \mathcal{E}^{λ} is codified in archetypal forms.

2.431 The most obvious (outward) manifestation of such forms are myths/mythos and actions of individuals unconsciously assuming archetypal roles.

2.432 Each culture has its own forms which thus affect those within.

2.433 An aspect of a cultural form is the 'religious attitude' of the peoples of that culture during its early period of growth.

2.4331 A later aspect is the codification of that aspect into Institutions and forms of a political nature.

2.44 Every cultural form of every culture expresses part of the acausal energy which gave rise to that culture.

2.441 Each cultural form is thus a representation of what acausal aspect is earthed at the birth of that culture.

2.4412 This earthing occurs at a specific place which becomes the cult/religious centre for the early culture.

2.44121 This earthing is mostly unconscious - that is, intuitive - and expresses the directive nature of the acausal when manifest in the causal.

2.44122 An apprehension of this process is the representation of the acausal energies as a magickal Aeon.

2.4413 Further apprehension, giving conscious understanding, implies the possibility of manipulating such energies.

Section III (Concerning Culture, Race and the Future)

3.0 That part of the consciousness of a culture symbolized by e , giving the impetus to creation within and extension of a particular culture, has been, in all cultures, of a certain racial type - that type being the Caucasoid or 'Aryan'.

3.001 Contributions by diverse racial elements of a non-Aryan kind to a culture have arisen only because of the impetus of the creative minority, such contributions being from those not of e .

3.002 The developed consciousness of the Aryan (giving impetus to creation) arises because the Aryan has a longer period of evolution in the Homo sapiens stage than any other race. Such a period of evolution is indicative of greater psychic content in the consciousness of the Aryan, since the psychic content of any entity is a function of causal time.

3.0021 In the outward sense this increased psychic content of the Aryan is manifest in creativity ($\phi \rightarrow \lambda$ via ψ).

3.01 The evolution of consciousness considered as a whole is inseparably bound up with the evolution (and of necessity the survival) of the Aryan as a distinct racial grouping.

3.02 The means of evolution for the Aryan considered on the basis of a distinct grouping are codified in the flux of ϕ and λ expressed via struggle and conquest in the sense of incipient creativity.

3.1 For the Paustian culture the means to evolution giving thus an extension of the period of metamorphosis is by the conquest of Space following from the unification of the world on the basis of an Aryan Imperium. (cf. 3.1151 ff)

3.11 Considered in the racial/cultural sense of mythological abstraction the flux of ϕ and λ is manifest in the dichotomy (and thus conflict) between the Aryan and the soul: where ϕ is representative of the Aryan and λ of the soul; the former in the sense of ψ and the latter in the sense of θ .

3.111 The racial soul is an abstractive representation of the psychological traits of a particular ethnic grouping expressing in an outward form their shared psychic content and manifest in an understandable way in their religious attitude.

3.112 Each particular racial grouping although sharing a fundamental collective unconscious, has within the framework of that unconscious (because of the difference in periods of evolution) archetypal forms peculiar to that grouping.

3.1121 Such 'racial archetypes' together form the racial soul.

3.113 Since the evolution of a culture considered on the basis of the totality of cultures is an increase of ϕ over λ , such an evolution implies the gradual triumph of the Aryan soul over the ^{Magical} soul.

3.114 Every period when the ^{Magical} soul is in the ascendent is a period of cultural hiatus (from ϕ viewpoint).

3.115 The decadence of the Winter period of the Faustian culture is an expression of $\phi < \lambda$.

3.1151 For the Faustian culture the Imperium may be either of λ or ϕ , this latter expressing a conscious resurgence of the Faustian soul, the former expressing the triumph of the λ elements manifesting as a Marxian Imperium.

3.115101 A ^{Faustian} Imperium is the natural cultural imperative for the Faustian culture.

3.11512 A Marxian Imperium (λ -Imperium) stemming from the global triumph of Communism in the $\phi(\phi) \rightarrow \psi$ period (c. 1980 - 2000 A.D.), would be an expression of the triumph of the ^{Magical} soul.

3.11513 With the coming of the ϕ -Imperium of the Faustian culture will come a resurgence of the basic life-force implicit in ϕ .

This resurgence will be an expression of the basically ϕ Faustian spirit and will make itself manifest by means of a movement forming the starting point of the Aryan order that will be ϕ -Imperium.

3.11514 ϕ manifest to reality in the latter stages of the Faustian culture via political action was National-Socialist Germany - an ϕ expression of the life-force (ϕ) emanating via Adolf Hitler (ψ) to the National-Socialist movement (ϕ). This period was a return to the pure Faustian spirit and was in this sense and this sense only a foreshadowing of ϕ -Imperium.

3.11515 The means whereby ϕ -Imperium will be turned from a possibility into a certainty are four-fold - as say, $\psi_f(\psi)$, $\psi_f(\phi)$, $\phi_f(\psi)$, $\phi_f(\phi)$ - each of which is an expression of the fundamental idea embodied in ϕ -Imperium and $\psi_f(\psi)$ of a new culture; and each of which is acting throughout the formative period coming with change (by will) of the probabilities of λ -Imperium and ϕ -Imperium.

The ψ aspects are those acting through ψ , the ϕ aspects those through ϕ : together forming (in one abstractive sense) a religion of 'existentialism' (ψ) propagated in an active ϕ sense among Aryan peoples.

3.11516 $\psi_f(\phi)$ is the religion as religion (as ϕ) propagated within and without e. $\phi_f(\psi)$ is the propagation of a political type faith based on the fundamental tenets of the religion which enables action, $\phi_f(\phi)$, by a movement or group upholding the religion in the total sense changing thus the foundations of the institutions of the societies composing the culture in the transition period $\phi(\phi) \rightarrow \psi$.

3.11517 Should this four-fold movement occur between $\phi(\phi) \rightarrow \psi$ then, provided it is of the right magnitude on all levels, ϕ -Imperium may become a reality.

3.11518 $\psi_f(\psi)$ as idea is the understanding of ϕ and λ and its manifestation as cultural and individual metamorphosis, and the realization of not-self bringing silence and serenity.

3.11519 $\psi_f(\phi)$ as idea is $\psi_f(\psi)$ as idea in understandable form applicable to ϕ -Imperium. $\phi_f(\psi)$ as idea given form is the promulgation of this on the basis of a religious attitude.

3.115110 $\phi_f(\psi)$ as idea is the promulgation of the ideal of the European revolution of 1933 A.D. into proto- ϕ -Imperium form easily understandable on a non-e basis. $\phi_f(\psi)$ as idea given form is promulgation of this as basis for action totally in time on behalf of leadership of a movement/group seeking ϕ -Imperium on $\phi(\phi)$ level.

3.115111 The aesthetic of Marxism is to reduce ψ to ϕ : the aesthetic of the forthcoming Faustian resurgence is to make ϕ transcend to ψ (in the physical, ϕ_f , and spiritual, ψ_f , sense) via the ideal of beauty embodied in the Aryan racial soul.

3.1152 The movement of Faustian resurgence, led by one both ϕ and ψ , will be nurtured by the struggle against the forces of cultural decadence and decline, and its triumph over these forces will be expressive of the creation of a new, higher type of man - Homo Sol.

3.11521 Homo Sol is the next stage of the evolution of non-e individual consciousness.

3.115211 This evolution can be achieved by those within e consciously manipulating acausal forms via the mechanism of a culture.

3.115212 One of the most significant forms to achieve such manipulation is the racial soul and its various abstractions.

3.1152121 One of the most important abstractions is politics - a grounding of ϕ within a $\kappa_c \alpha$ during the later stages of that $\kappa_c \alpha$ usually via an individual or individuals who assume an archetypal role.

3.115213 This manipulation is itself a natural cultural imperative, expressing the development of e consciousness.

3.1152131 Without such manipulation at the present stage of cultural metamorphosis, the cycle begins again.

Section IV (Concerning Life and Causal Death)

4.0 Death for an organism possessed of life is the cessation of the coincidence of ϕ and λ due to ϵ^λ .

4.1 Death for an organism possessed of consciousness is the cessation of the mergence of ϕ and λ .

4.11 Consciousness implies an aspect of ϕ_f in λ_f . Evolution of a $\kappa_i \alpha$ in consciousness implies an increase in ϕ_f .

4.112 The goal of consciousness is first to balance ϕ and λ and then transcend to ϕ_f .

4.113 An individual who attains this goal maintains/creates an acausal existence when the λ_f aspect ceases via ϵ^λ .

4.1131 The nature of this acausal existence cannot be apprehended by systems based on χ^λ concepts.

4.11311 Words and opposites being part of χ^λ cannot explicate the acausal.

4.1132 One means to such apprehension is symbolism.

I27.

The Sinister Path ~ Aims & Intent

ONA

The Sinister Path, as the way of genuine Satanism is sometimes known, comprises two traditions. The first of these is "traditional Satanism" - represented by such groups as the ONA - and the second derives from the teachings promulgated by Anton LaVey and includes his "Church Of Satan" as well as the "Temple Of Set". In both aims and intent, the two traditions differ considerably, and while traditional Satanism may be said to have its roots in Europe (particularly Britain) the LaVey tradition is primarily American and of fairly recent date.

The primary aim of traditional Satanism is the achievement, by the individual, of magickal Adeptship and this is achieved by the Initiated individuals following what is called the "Seven Fold Way" (sometimes called the Seven Fold Sinister Way).

This way is essentially a series of magickal techniques, teaching and goals and during its early stages may be said to consist of an exploration, by the individual, of hidden/latent/sinister/forbidden areas of consciousness. During these early stages, practical magick is employed, and traditional Satanism distinguishes between "external" and "internal" magick. The first type is primarily sorcery; the second, an exploration/expansion of individual consciousness. One of the tasks of an Initiate following this seven-fold way is the formation of magickal/Satanic Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals. Among these rituals is the "Black Mass". However, these ceremonial rituals - and external magick itself of whatever kind - represent only the first few stages of the sinister seven-fold way: they are, essentially, a practical training in magick and magickal technique. It is beyond these stages that the real work of an Initiate of the "Dark Tradition" begins, and these more advanced stages involve that Initiate in "Internal" magick - the development of individual consciousness.

Thus, traditional Satanism is concerned with the "inner development" of its Initiates, and its followers are few in numbers. Neither they, nor the groups proselytize, and traditional Satanism has no social, religious or political connotations whatsoever. Rather, it is an esoteric way of living for those few individuals who might be interested - a way founded on Western Occult tradition (an aspect of this tradition is known as the Septenary system).

The LaVey type of Satanism concentrates on a glorification of the individual "ego" and an indulgence in the pleasures of life. Both the Church Of Satan and the more recent "Temple Of Set" are organized on the basis of Satanism as a religion with all that this implies in terms of acceptance of doctrine and adherence to an individual leader/master/specific group. The fundamental tenets of this religion were stated by LaVey in his "Satanic Bible". While the Church of Satan and the Temple Of Set differ on some organizational matters, they both take this "Satanic Bible" and other works by LaVey, as their starting point, and in many respects the Temple Of Set may be said to be a "schism" from the Church Of Satan. Other Satanic groups, both in America, Europe and elsewhere, take these two organizations as their own "role model" and follow both their teaching/philosophy and methods of magical working.

Basically, the teachings of LaVey and those following him have their origin in the qabalistic, Grimoire tradition. There is an identification with the "demonic" aspects and a desire to use this to further personal goals and ambitions. Generally, followers of this tradition of modern Satanism do not believe in any existence after death, seek practical mastery over others, exult in the pleasures of the flesh, perform rituals and ceremonies for their own benefit and see their beliefs in religious terms. The main groups - the Church Of Satan and the Temple Of Set - also actively seek followers, engage in public avowals of Satanic faith and offer members various titles and offices. The aims of these groups include winning converts for their religion, making that religion more accessible and acceptable, and, ultimately, bringing that religion into social prominence.

The majority of individuals who profess to be Satanists and who do not belong to any particular grouping, almost without exception adhere to the LaVey tradition. This is so because of the "publicity profile" attained by LaVey and then, following him, Aquino (Temple Of Set) and because

of the availability of books dealing with this aspect of Satanism.

The fundamental aims of this type of Satanism may be simply stated in the glorification of the ego and the return of instinct. There is not, in this type, any glorification of "evil" and certainly not any "Satanic criminal behavior". Instead, there is an attempt to change the way the individual views the world - toward what may be termed a more Mephistophelean and Machiavellian approach.

In contrast, the followers of more traditional Satanism believe that this approach is only a beginning. These followers eschew the religious approach and instead concentrate on achieving self-development beyond the stage of the "ego". Traditional Satanism also believes that individuals can create for themselves an existence after death, and this creation is seen as one of the fundamental aims of this tradition.

Further, traditional Satanist groups and teachers are secret, and those who, after perhaps diligent search, find them and seek to follow their seven-fold way are subjected to many ordeals before being accepted. This testing of candidates ensures that only the most sincere and motivated are accepted.

128.

Insight Roles

(ONA, not for publication)

Insight roles is the name given to dangerous techniques aimed at developing personal understanding. The technique itself is simple - it involves the individual living for a specific period of time - between six months to two years - a certain "way of life".

What make this dangerous and difficult is that the role chosen must be at odds with the individuals' own feelings and view of the world. This brings the individual into conflict with themselves - and sometime friends and society as well. This forces the individual to rely on themselves and discard in a practical way all the illusions that must be discarded if Adeptship is to be achieved.

The technique is not to be undertaken lightly, buy once begun must be continued for the allotted time.

The technique is normally begun after the Grade Ritual of External Adept and after the individual has successfully run their own magickal group for at least six months. It is important that the individual strive to identify with the chosen role, and not see it merely as an unpleasant task. This identification must begin with a conscious decision to act the role as convincingly as possible. The role itself, for the period of time chosen, should be the main interest and occupation of the individual.

In an important way, Insight Roles are magickal rituals extending over a period of time and for the majority of individuals following the seven-fold way (the sinister path) are necessary as a prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. It is the experiences undergone (both external and internal) during and Insight Role that give the individual the impetus necessary to undertake and complete the period of isolation required during the Grade Ritual. For it is this period of isolation which is often necessary for the individual to understand and integrate those experiences. From these, the genuine Adept is born.

All Insight Roles, of necessity, seem "bizarre" to non-Adepts. The individual who decides to undertake the technique should choose a role (from those listed) which is the opposite of what they themselves consider their own personality to be.

General Guidelines:

When a role is undertaken, you are forbidden to explain to anyone the reasons for this sudden change in your behavior/attitudes. This will isolate you, and begin the process of self-reliance and belief in your own Destiny. Observe the reaction of "friends".

You should initially think of the roles as a means of enhancing your life - an opportunity. The role is part of the process of self-discovery - which is often painful.

To succeed, you must let go of all your previous opinions, beliefs and ideas. Forget everything assumed about people who naturally adopt the role you have chosen - just accept them, as they are. This will be very difficult. The role is an ordeal - a kind of second Initiation, and you can only become free, and ready for Adeptship, by losing your past.

The role chosen should be seen as part of your Destiny - and you should learn to revel in the role. If possible, keep a record of your thoughts, experiences and observations.

You should not, during the time of the role, undertake any magickal workings of any kind - simply because these are not necessary, considering an Insight Role is itself a powerful (and highly dangerous) magickal ritual of "internal" (or alchemical) magick.

Be determined to continue in the role for the length of time you have chosen. Should you succeed

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in this, you will discover many important things about yourself and the world. Wisdom will be gradually gained through the trials of experience. There is no substitute for this kind of practical learning.

Always remember during the role, that you have chosen to follow the path to self-divinity - the role is but a stage on that path, and one that has to be undertaken if your goal is to be achieved.

The roles are listed in order of difficulty/psychological danger with brief notes on the type of individual who might undertake them bearing in mind that the role chosen should be the opposite of what you consider your "personality type"/view of the world to be. From a viewpoint of the present the most challenging (and dangerous) role undertaken by members in the past two decades has been the one listed first.

Insight Roles, quite simply, are for those who dare to defy.

129.

Insight Roles II

(ONA, not for publication)

The roles are listed in order of danger (both practical and psychological) - the most dangerous first.

1. Join an organization of the extreme "Right" and undertake the life of a political activist - attending meetings, demonstrations and so on. You should see yourself as a "revolutionary" who seeks to create a new type of society. You must forget all your assumptions about this type of politics - and the people in it - and live out, in a practical way, this role.
Contact address: British National Party, P.O. Box 446, London, SE 23 2LS. Send for literature about joining.
2. Enter a Buddhist religious order. Read about Buddhism, then apply to one of the addresses below to stay for a "retreat" and ask them to enter the order.
Throssel Hole Priory, Carr Shield, Hexham, Northumberland (Zen Buddhism).
3. Join the French Foreign Legion.
Contact address: La Chef du Poste d'Information de la Legion Etranger, Bas Fort St. Nicholas, 2 Boulevard Charles Livon, 13007 Marseille, France.
4. Open and run a brothel. First, find premises; second, find individuals will to offer their services. Honesty in dealing with clients and good friendly treatment of those employed to offer services to clients is the key to success, and must be done.
5. Join the Police Force. Assuming you are tall enough and have the right qualifications - ask at a Police Station or employment center and apply. Be determined to succeed if interviewed - find plausible reasons, when asked, why you wish to join.
6. Vagrant. Sell everything you possess, give up job etc. Buy rucksack, small tent etc. and wander around, trying to earn a living by doing small jobs, begging sometimes for food.
7. Form a Wiccan group. This role means you assume the identity of a "White Priest/Priestess. Create a believable past for yourself (re: Initiation and so on into Wicca) and then to recruit members. Aim is to form a "teaching coven"
8. Set specific physical goal and train to achieve these. These goals must be achieved within eight months of beginning training. They are:
 - a. run a marathon in less than 2 hours and 50 minutes (men) or 3 hours 10 minutes (women).
 - b. Compete in a (cycling) 12 hour time trial achieving a distance of at least 230 miles. Intermediate times are: 25 miles in 1 hour or less. (Note: 12 hour time trials are usually held during the summer months - so begin role at time to coincide with eight month training build up, e.g. December. Join a local cycling club - find details at nearest good bike shop.

Note: a) and b) may be combined - and should be if you are fairly fit.

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Some guidelines to assess the viability of each role:

- 1) Best suited for those of "left-wing"/liberal sentiments, including anarchists
- 2) Suited to those who enjoy the pleasures of the flesh - women, wine and food.
- 3) Suited to those who lack a sense of adventure and consider themselves "non-violent"
- 4) Suited to those who are introverted and find organizing things difficult
- 5) Suited to those who dislike authority - particularly the Police.
- 6) Suited to those who like comfort and need security of home/job etc.
- 7) Suited to those who lack imagination and flair for self-expression
- 8) Suited to those who dislike sports

Editorial note:

These contact addresses are now out of date. The MS was last revised 1985 eh.

I30.

Insight Roles ~ A Guide

ONA 1989 ev

As state in several esoteric Order MSS, the Satanic novice is expected to undertake experiences in the real world. This is above and beyond the tasks mentioned in various guides to the "Seven Fold Way", which guides were intended for publication and thus did not contain the secret tasks. These secret tasks are outlined in the MSS "The Secret Tasks Of The Sinister Way". One of these tasks, undertaken by an Initiate, is an "Insight Role".

An Insight Role is in effect an extended magickal ritual and involves the individual living a certain way and striving for a specific (often non-esoteric) goal. It involves playing a specific "role". The novice is expected to learn from this experience. It is important that the novice identifies with the role to the extent that friends/associates and those the novice is brought into contact with by virtue of that role do not realize the novice is playing a "role". For the duration of the Insight Role, the task of that role should be the main interest/occupation of the novice.

Insight Roles, as a technique, have been used by Satanic novices for at least a century, and this technique has as its primary aim the gaining of self-insight by the novice using the technique. The technique also develops certain skills - some magickal, some involving the gaining of Satanic judgment and insight. Expressed simply, Insight Roles develop Satanic character.

Until quite recently, Insight Roles were wide-ranging and also exceptionally difficult to undertake - the novice was expected to undertake a role which was the opposite of what they considered their own character to be. (qv. The now deleted Order MS "Insight Roles I and II). The technique, however, has been recently revised by the Grand Master representing traditional groups. In this revised form, it is an extremely effective novitiate technique, although (like all genuine esoteric techniques of Satanic magick) it is still difficult to undertake and still requires a genuine Satanic commitment from the novice. Like the sinister way itself, it is not for the dilettantes or the imitation "Satanist" who merely wish to play at being Black Magickians.

One essential aspect of an Insight Role is that it requires the novice to change their life-style and usually their place of residence. Another, is that it tends to isolate them from non-Satanists. Third, it often brings them into conflict and confrontation - with others, and themselves. Fourth, it tests them - forcing them to find inner strengths and reserves. Of course, it destroys them - or makes them renounce their Satanic quest and vows. All these are necessary.

All Insight Roles are demanding; some are physically dangerous. All force the novice to make choices - to learn. All, when successfully undertaken, build self-confidence and thus character. All, in brief, express Satanism in action.

The novice is expected to make his/her own choice for the roles outlined below. It must be understood that: a) only the roles listed below are actually Insight Roles, so the choice must be one of them; b) the completion of at least one of these roles is necessary before the Internal Adept rite can be undertaken.

It is usual for the novice to undertake an Insight Role following Initiation and after completion of the tasks outlined in the MS "The Seven Fold Way - A Comprehensive Guide" (i.e. after completion of the tasks associated with the stage of Initiation and before undertaking the rite of External Adept). However, if the novice wishes, an Insight Role can be undertaken when he/she is an External Adept and has completed all the tasks of an External Adept (such as running a Satanic Temple for a certain period of time). Generally, it is advisable for the novice to undertake a role before External Adept. Further, should the novice so desire, two Insight Roles can be undertaken, one after the other. This is an interesting experience - but requires demonic commitment.

The Roles:

1. Either by foot or by bicycle or by accepting lifts, travel alone around the world, taking between six months and one year (or more). You must live frugally, and carry with you most of what you need. You should travel to as many countries as possible, the more remote the better and expect sometimes to find work to enable you to travel further.
2. Become a professional burglar, targeting only victims who have revealed themselves to be suitable (e.g. by testing them - qv. the Order MSS dealing with victims etc.). The aim is to specialize in a particular area - e.g. fine art, jewelry - and become an "expert" in that area and in the techniques needed to gain items.
3. Undertake the role of extreme political activist and so champion heretical views (by e.g. becoming involved in extreme Right-Wing activism). The aim is to express fanaticism in action and be seen by all "right-thinking people" as an extremist, and a dangerous one.
4. Join the Police Force (assuming you meet the requirements) and so experience life at the "sharp end" and being a servant to a higher authority. *

All roles should last for at least six months and all must be completed (i.e. you leave them) before the end of eighteen months. All roles will by their very nature test your Satanic views and beliefs and thus your desire to continue along the sinister way. All will expose you to difficulties.

Once the choice is made, it is up to you to find means of undertaking the role - e.g. in the case of joining the Police, finding reasons why which will convince a selection panel; in the case of becoming a burglar, finding someone to buy your stolen items and so on.

The essence of these Insight Roles can be succinctly stated: Incipit Vitriol.

* Note: In times of actual war, an alternative Insight Role is to join one of the Armed Forces and so gain combat experience.

131.

Satanism: Its Essence & Meaning

Anton Long

Satanism may be said to possess two main themes: the Dark Tradition concerning the Dark Gods together with the Septenary system, and opposition to the organized religion of the Nazarene. Traditional Satanists despise the religion of the Nazarene and for centuries have waged a war against it. They see it as a negation of those instincts that urge conquest, vitality, exploration and knowledge. It had inverted all natural values and set evolution back many thousands of years. Yet Satanism is much more than simply a rejection of this corrupt and disgusting religion. First and most importantly, Satanism is a means whereby individuals may enhance their own evolution by developing their latent abilities - their vitality, perception, consciousness and knowledge as well as their Occult faculties, and such a way or method is organized for the benefit of individuals over centuries. Traditional Satanist groups, Orders or Adepts are not at all concerned about numbers, do not proselytize and concern themselves very little with 'ritual' romping of the kind the media love.

Second, Satanism encourages through the members and associates at groups and Orders and through the distribution of its teachings, those forms - be they transient or otherwise - which may be said to express at least to some extent the tenets of Satanist philosophy. In this way, Satanism encourages the evolution of our species, since it is a fundamental axiom of Satanist philosophy that every individual possesses the potential to be divine, to achieve far more than they ever realize. Satanism as a way of life combines two elements, which most people assume are contradictory: insight and ruthlessness. Insight derives from self-understanding and knowledge; ruthlessness is an attitude of mind arising when a strong will is combined with a definite and tangible goal. Most people today - partly as a result of centuries of Nazarene influence - are weak willed, apathetic and lack the conquering spirit as well as possessing little insight. It is quite easy to be ruthless - but to be ruthless without insight and understanding is the beginning of stupidity. Insight itself is the beginning of wisdom and has its origin in personal experience. Part of the reason for following the Dark path, of entering the Abyss, or taking up Left Handed traditions of magic, is to experience from within those infernal terrors which can and often do bring insight and increased consciousness, although this is often forgotten. Satanism combines the experience of the Abyss with many other experiences - joyful, terrifying and perplexing - and from them shows how the individual, by combining with them knowledge, can achieve a more satisfying and vital life.

Satanism often regards itself as superior to other traditions because it combines such cultivation of experience by often dangerous means, with the development of will and vitality.

Thus, it can be seen that Traditional Satanism is very different from the accepted image - which mostly concentrates on a variety of 'ritual' practices and invocations to the Devil - as well as quite distinct from the various self-styled Satanist groups which flourish today. These latter groups are mostly a cover for indulgence of quite often a sexual or monetary nature and while using some of the trappings or Satanist philosophy, do nothing to further evolution and do little to enhance the long-term vitality of their members. They most certainly do not possess any esoteric knowledge and have no interest in creating from the power of the Abyss the next stage of human. The same, to a lesser extent, applies to the 'Church of Satan' which once flourished in America - it does not and never has possessed in any way the essence of Satanism and is content to concentrate on the pleasure principle which, while part of Satanism, is not its essence. The essence of Satanism lies in its Alchemy - the seven-fold way to the divine: the creation of a new individual, almost a new species. Satanism detests the religion of the Nazarene because it makes the individual impotent in this life, whereas Satanism regards this life as an opportunity, not given again, to reach up toward the greatness of the gods. We are gods already but are blinded by appearance to the reality of this fact.

The seven-fold way is difficult and dangerous: but because of this it is interesting and through its hardness can produce profound change.

132.

Thulianism

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There is a current, and not unsurprising trend among certain groups within the 'Occult' to disassociate 'Ultima Thule' and National Socialism - the latter, of course, being presented as a 'perverse' form of the former. Such groups are usually concerned with resurrecting 'old folk beliefs' and, while quite knowledgeable about certain traditions, they show little insight into either the 'Occult' world or the 'real' world - that is, into what has been and is going on, on the esoteric and everyday levels.

National-Socialism was not a "perverted" form of Thulianism, but rather a practical manifestation of certain energies within and external to the Northern European psyche - energies which had, in the past, assumed various external guises in the form of what is now known as 'Northern Paganism' and the various esoteric doctrines deriving from this. Thus it was complimentary to those traditions - it was neither a revival of them nor a distortion of certain esoteric aspects of them. The essence of National-Socialism was that it created its own traditions, its own 'numen' - from the struggle for power, for instance. The past glories of Germany, or Northern Europeans, added to this, provided further inspiration, as did some of the old forms, like paganism and folk-customs. Those who knew, knew National-Socialism as the embodiment of what Ultima Thule was and is, in all its forms (or on all the levels) - that is, it represented the essence.

What fundamentally mattered to National-Socialism was the reality - and dealing with it on the practical level. It was concerned with dealing with the problems faced by Europeans and solving them in a way compatible with the psyche or 'soul' of the European. This was, and is, the concern of those few genuine Initiates of the tradition that some describe by the title 'Thulianism'. The concern of these Initiates is not for some 'dreamy realm' of the kind familiar from Eastern mysticism, nor from the supposed 'esoteric' traditions and customs of the Northern Europeans. They are certainly not concerned with metaphysical speculation nor the pseudo-Occult mystifications most Occultists are so fond of. They seek, via their understanding, to change their peoples and the structures, such as societies and civilizations, which those people create or belong to. To this end, certain things are used, or are useful. They seek to use or create those forms which can be used to achieve the goals which are necessary. In a very important sense, National-Socialism was and is such a form - capable of transforming the peoples and their societies. The aim was not to resurrect old ways of living or doing or believing (such as Northern Paganism or beliefs) it was to use that form to create new ways which represented the essence of the psyche - ways appropriate to achieving new goals.

It is unfortunate that few possess the over-view which is necessary - they cannot see the essence for the appearance: and believe the external form (such as runes) is the essence when it is only a form expressing the essence, and one which may be used to create something beyond itself. A simple example would be the use of the runes by the SS - the SS runes now mean National-Socialism, particularly the heroism of the warriors of the Waffen-SS. Their historical origins are not as important as what they now represent in the practical sense. The symbols of National-Socialism are symbols of National-Socialism, whatever their historical origins. As such, they re-present the psychic energies of the Northern Europeans in a way which is much more significant, both on the practical level and the magickal, than their historical origins. By being derived from European sources, such symbols already to an extent 're-presented' this psyche - which was helpful, although not necessary. New symbols were created, and brought to life (ie. imbued with psychic energies) by being used in the struggle. Thus, these symbols became 'numinous', as mentioned above.

Naturally, I do not expect many of those who belong to such things as the "Rune Guild" or similar manifestations of what passed for or what others believed was, Northern Paganism, to understand this. Most will already be committed to believing such nonsense as National-Socialism was a

"perversion" of Thulianism. The only powerful magick really suitable today for those of a Northern European descent (or even European descent) is that which uses the numinous symbols and forms of the genuine manifestation of Ultima Thule - one of which is National-Socialism. Those who do not understand this do not understand Aeonic forces at all - of what is really going on, both within the psyche of individuals and external to it; of what energies are really causing changes and influencing the psyche and the structures of societies and civilisation. The 'magick' which the symbols and forms of a resurrected Northern paganism possess enable only a limited and not very important self-transformation; more usually a self-delusion.

To cause significant change is necessary. The magickal forms of National-Socialism do not appear to be magickal or Occult - and that is one of the keys to understanding their power to transform. What exists, and has been created, appears to most to be 'political' or whatever - and this enables significant change, by others, in a way compatible with the modern world. For 'these others' for the most part are not and do not need to be 'Occultists'. Take a certain date in April - on this day, various celebrations are held by small groups of individuals or individuals alone, wherever there are Europeans. The form of these celebrations is different from one group to another. But the intent is the same - and in a very real and important sense, this day has become imbued with certain magickal energies because of this. It is, for those who belong to the Western civilisation, a day on which there are more real esoteric energies about than on most other days celebrated by a mostly non-Initiated Occult 'public' (such as "Beltaine") - energies more representative of and important for Europeans than any conjured up by revived Norse or Celtic rites. One is concerned with and deals with, the reality of esoteric forces as they are, the other is concerned with and deals with what others believe those forces to be.

Those who deny this, as those who within NS circles deny the reality of Satanism, are in fact being manipulated by the very forces they seek to undermine.

133.

Dwelling (A Personal Tale From The Dark Side)

S. B. (Temple of Chaos, ONA)
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Many years ago, in my youth, I came into contact with a rather elite Satanic group - small in number but full of promethean majesty - who subjected their few aspirant initiates to rigorous tests. Even after initiation, the trials continued - to harden the individual, to bring direct experience and to draw forth Satanic character. These trials and experiments were tough: physically, mentally, emotionally, and magickally. They achieved in a ruthless way what Internal Magick now achieves - and whereas Internal Magick makes Adeptship available to all, these former and traditional Satanist techniques were very, very selective indeed and often dangerous: physically, mentally, emotionally and magickally. Some bordered on the 'criminal' and some broke all but the hardest. One of these techniques was 'Insight Roles' where the initiate had to live, in real life, a demanding "role" (in the simple sense, play a certain 'character') - and this "role" was always chosen to be the opposite of that Initiate's own character and beliefs so that, for instance, someone who enjoyed in a gluttonous way sexual pleasures would perhaps be told to spend a year in a Nazarene monastery or convent just as someone who possessed little sexual desire might be assigned to a brothel. Some roles were simple, some were complex, demanding a great deal of time and effort in planning even before the role-play began. What added to their difficulty was the fact that the Initiate was forbidden to talk about it to anyone and had to, during that role, convince others of the sincerity. Other techniques were even more difficult and demanding.

These traditional methods aimed to do two basic things - first, sort out the strong from the weak: the strong survived and succeeded, the weak failed, gave up, got caught, went insane and so on. Second, character was formed and insight gradually achieved - usually painfully. For a long time, these and similar methods had been used - achieving a handful of Adepts a century, a number sufficient to carry on the tradition but insufficient to achieve anything else on the level of individuals. Such methods, among traditional Satanic groups, have now been superseded by techniques such as Internal Magick (as codified in 'Naos' and other MSS) and since I was among the last to benefit from the traditional, a recounting of some of the experiences may be historically interesting. Before Initiation, I had to undergo a test of determination. For the first part, I had to walk across moorland, 30 miles in under 7 hours. This may seem easy, but it was not. My sponsor waited until the weather was bad - cold, windy, and raining. I was allowed only to take a bottle of water and some sandwiches, together with a compass. No spare clothes, no waterproofs, and no watch. This was, under the circumstances, reckless - which was one of the points. My sponsor saw me off at the start and would meet me again at my destination. It did not take me long to realize why I was not allowed a watch - I had to go all out, hoping to be within the time limit. Soon, I began to run, then walk, then run for some miles, to walk some more... It became agony, and toward the end I was literally staggering. But I made it. The relief was amazing - and the sense of achievement. I felt invincible - full of Satanic pride. Another of the points made.

For the second part, I was taken without warning or explanation to a Temple (actually a converted cellar, rather large, in a larger house), locked in and left for the evening and overnight. Sounds simple in theory. Except that I was fairly new to the Occult and Satanism in general (having before that evening been involved with only one other group on the dark side - and that group was rather tame). So, I did not know what, or what not, to expect. As it was, the Temple was full of curious artifacts (placed there for my benefit, I was later to learn) - human skulls, of course, various carvings, inscribed medallions, rings; bottles of herbs and liquids, phials of oil, giving a unique smell to the Temple. The only light came from a lantern hanging from the ceiling and out of reach - it contained a candle and the glass was coloured red, this illumination adding to the aura of the Temple. For hours I waited in silence. Nothing happened, and I could hear no sounds. Some hours later, the candle flickered, spluttered, and went out, so I waited in darkness. I began to imagine sounds and visions - for a few moments. But I calmed myself. Some time later (an hour? Two

hours?) I sensed something - like another presence, watching me. Imagination again? Possibly - but I was determined to dismiss it, for I was proud and defiant. So I lay down to sleep, and slept until someone came to unlock and open the door. It was a beautiful lady who greeted me, with a kiss. "You have passed your second test. Go now, and return at sunset tonight." Later, I was to learn that magickal energy had indeed been directed at me, to attempt to bring fear and trembling to those naturally weak of will and unconsciously afraid. That night, when I returned, I found my Initiation was to take place - and it was with the beautiful lady who had woken me. At the end of the ceremony, all except her left the Temple: she took off her robe and came naked toward me. And when the bliss was over (alas, then, so short, for she with her lust soon sucked me dry) she gave me my new robe and led me from the Temple to the feast.

Some months before this I had been found and Initiated by another Satanic group. This Initiation had also been sexual, but devoid of the charisma generated by my new Initiations (although the Priestess of the 'Mancunian' group had been pretty and sexually alluring). This first group had been found after a long search - and seemed interesting, for a while. They held regular group rituals, some of which involved using a naked priestess as the 'altar', and members, candidates and the purely curious seemed to come and go to these and the house of the 'master' with considerable frequency. In contrast, my new group held no group rituals save for Initiations, and were secretive in the extreme and small in number: I was the first person to be initiated in over five years. They knew about my Mancunian involvement, and even encouraged it, although I soon began to tire of it, for the group rituals were boring (deriving mostly from medieval grimoires with bits of golden dawn and Crowley thrown in), they possessed no inner direction and seemed to me at that time to lack Satanist zest. So I studied the few manuscripts given to me by my new group, and listened to their teachings - all the time growing more dissatisfied. For the teachings were garbled, and I disliked being just an Initiate, under instruction: I was full of pride and arrogance and youthful spirit and wanted to be my own Master. The Mistress whose daughter had Initiated me knew this - or seemed to me at the time to know it - for she had challenged me to undertake an 'Insight Role', "if you dare," I remember she said.

So I chose the role, and the outer form of this (a political one) - more goaded than guided by her suggestions. I searched for suitable contacts, cultivated them, and eventually persuaded them to join me in a new undertaking, in creating a new form. To aid this, I formed another group, a magickal one, and gradually mingled the core of both with the aim of directing magickal energy into the outer, more practical (and in this case, _____) form. So rituals were held, and energy directed with the aim of bringing chaos and disruption and creating Satanic fun. I also wanted to prove (to others and myself) what I alone could do - a portent to aeonics and an echo of a past. So, after all the preparations, a certain turmoil in a certain city - and a small personal underground empire created. There were challenges, violence, difficult situations - a burgeoning of energy, causing alarm in some quarters. The experiences were tough, but all valuable: I made some mistakes, some practical, some personal, some magickal. But I learnt from them. For a time, I became my role, and could (or might have) gone on with it - had it been my wyrd, But it was not, as I came to discover what that wyrd was.

My Insight role, like all such roles, had been practical, in the real world - had been full of challenges and involved personal danger as it had led me to realize what potential exists within each individual, a potential seldom if ever realized in ordinary living. After the toughest year of my life, I had survived: stronger than before - physically, mentally, emotionally and magickally. And if I had failed, I would have simply been one of several failures - trapped in self-delusion, perhaps; or trapped in my role as its opposite; or dead. This strengthening led me to seek out further experiences, led me to try and find my own limits in living - into other situations of darkness and light and danger" not because it was a task, or a 'role' suggested by someone, but because I wanted to, needing outlets for my new-found and increasing Satanic energy and understanding.

So it was that I came to shape from my experiences and from the teachings and methods of the traditional group, a new form - distilling, refining and creating, forming a way which while linked to the past, was capable of leading anyone who might be interested into the discovery and development of their own potential. In short, taking traditional Satanism into the twenty-first century and beyond. Perhaps, after all, this is what my Mistress intended.

I34.

An Infernal Alliance

Anton Long

The fundamental aim of the Infernal Alliance is to keep alive, and to disperse, an ethos – a particular 'view of the world'. This ethos contradicts the present status quo and the Christianity which is an essential part of this.

This ethos is an 'infernal' one – a dark one. It represents numinous awe; it represents a pagan understanding and a pagan way of living. This ethos, the experience and the understanding which are part of it, are essential to individuals – a means whereby a healthy, fulfilling life can be lived. Without these things – without this 'dark' experience, this 'dark' understanding – and without the primal awe which this ethos engenders, life is pretentious, shallow or worthless. Without the energies of this ethos, the world is a place fit only for sub-humans living sub-human lives – for these energies are the energies of creation, of change, of renewal and rebirth, as well as the energies of defiance.

This darkness has become increasingly forgotten, or is increasingly ignored, in the modern world with its materialism and its pursuit of an unnatural equality. Individuals increasingly have little or no experience of the often dangerous numinous and primal awe which these dark energies create. The increasingly mis-use of modern technology conspires to make this so, providing individuals with comfortable lives where the outer darkness, the fear of the unknown, the joy of personal discovery, has been done away with through electric lights, loud music, entertainment, mundane work, and other vapid things. These modern, often urbanized, individuals are seldom, if ever, touched by or inspired by these dark energies – seldom, if ever, roused by these energies to dare to make a Vision or a dream real and so become something greater than they are. As a result, these denizens of urbanity feel safe – they feel sure of themselves. They are, in short, vainly arrogant – untouched by the stark terrors of the night or the unknown. In effect, they are only half alive – although a lot of them hardly live at all, merely existing as they flit about on the surface of life, like the insect life they have become.

The Infernal Alliance exists to keep alive, and to spread, the darkness, the awe, the splendour, the defiance and the danger which are necessary and an essential part of our lives. These things – and the infernal ethos itself – are what makes us human. These things must be returned – as they must be experienced again, by individuals, in real life. To experience, to integrate that experience, is to grow. Without this experiencing and this integration there is decay, and the slow death that is sub-human life.

Our societies have lost their infernal ethos – the dark side of their soul. As a result, decay has set in. Balance must be restored or our very humanity will be lost – perhaps forever. The Infernal Alliance represents Imagination; it represents Vision and the primal awe of darkness. It represents Wonder and the strength of defiance. Above all, it represents that creative, vital, energy which nurtures change and which alone ensures growth and evolution.

The Infernal Alliance is sinister and Satanic, just as we ourselves, as evolving beings, are and must be if we desire to continue our human existence.

I35.

The Black Pilgrimage ~ A Note

ONA 1998eh

The Pilgrimage is undertaken during the stage of Initiate, on the Autumn Equinox. The suggested guidelines are that the rite is begun at dawn - or in the hour before dawn - and completed at midday the following day.

Although the Pilgrimage tests the candidate in an arduous physical way, the rite is much more than simply a physical task. It is fundamentally an esoteric aid towards the fulfilment of the stage of Initiate.

The esoteric aspect lies in the candidate experiencing, alone and for the first time, several of the key sites associated with the Dark Tradition. The effects of this encountering further weave the life of the candidate into the sinister fabric of the Tradition, thus leading them further along the Way.

Unlike the other physical tasks (qv. Order MSS) and the Grade ordeals, there is no real "failure" to encounter - even if the candidate, for whatever reasons, takes longer than the allotted time-span to complete the rite. What matters is the esoteric encountering mentioned above, and this particular encountering can only happen once, since it is an introduction to the various places and their associated energies.

Thus, how the Pilgrimage unfolds for each candidate will be unique to them, according to their unique character and Destiny: for some, the experience may prove practically straight-forward, for others, there will be difficulties. Whatever, for each candidate, it is their own Pilgrimage, and as with all first-time experiences, the essence cannot be experienced the same again.

136.

Terfyniad

CB, 1998 eh

For several years, in keeping with sinister strategy, the ONA has gradually increased its public role, and made itself accessible to anyone who seriously desired Initiation. The accessibility of the Order has been achieved through the publication of teachings which were, up until the 1980's, genuinely secret. Gradually, via publications such as Fenrir, the real nature of Satanism has been revealed, countering successfully the insipid, tame and established versions, as well as creating a much broader influence within the 'Occult scene' in general. This 'role' of Occult Order played a necessary part in what is a much greater strategy involving many aspects, some of which are conventionally understood as esoteric; some of which, 'exoteric'. The establishment of various web-sites featuring ONA teachings has fulfilled the strategy re. conventional Occultism. There is little - the developing Sinister Tarot and the various musical forms excepted - that needs to be added to what is now easily accessible to those interested in Traditional Satanism.

To continue to develop the present availability of the Order and its teachings would be counter-productive: the Order would start to become something it is not - a conventional occult organisation a la Church of Satan, and would rank alongside all the rest of the 'esoteric' Orders that abound today, with their commercial literature and merchandise. In fact, the aura of the ONA is even now gradually becoming diluted - the real darkness and terror is becoming something of the past. Thus it is time for the Order to finally withdraw from public attention and return to its natural state: that of a genuinely secret, esoteric organisation. Thus can its various activities (as outlined in the Order MS A Gift for the Prince, and others) continue to be carried out effectively, and thus can the next stages - the creation of two practical esoteric forms - begin to be implemented.

The ONA will no longer involve itself in any aspect of the Occult 'scene', and its members will no longer openly recruit interested individuals according to the policy that has been adopted over the past few years. 'Rigel Press' will cease to publish Order teachings, and those MSS and items that exist and are yet to be created will be circulated amongst Order members only. However, other individuals/sinister orders are free to publish and use the teachings as they deem fit. For the next year only one contact point for the Order will remain - the present UK box address.

Thus will the real darkness and danger return, as it has been and as it shall be, for Aeons to come.

I37.

Fundi

ONA. 1998eh

A great deal has been written over the years concerning the concept of the nexion, and while the basic meaning is widely understood - that of a nexion being a point where the acausal intrudes into the causal universe (and vice versa) - the outer form that a nexion may take requires some further explanation.

Firstly, a nexion can take many forms, and may even be a combination of forms. According to very rare conditions, an aeonic nexion may be an individual. Or it could be a revolutionary Religious form. Or, as stated, it could constitute several such forms co-existing in the world in order to bring forth the aeonic transition.

However, the standard image is usually that of an isolated, wind-swept hill, which may perhaps include upon it some ancient ruined structures. It is such an isolated place that is usually sought by occultists when attempting to open a gate/nexion. This attempt will most likely involve regular performance at the chosen site of rituals designed to presence the acausal (such as Nine Angles ceremonies, etc. - qv. Order MSS Therm). Thus, a tradition is started whereby a reservoir of energies is created for future Adepts to draw from and direct according to desire. Several such places have been established over the years in the British Isles, with one site in particular having been opened in an area of the Welsh Marches over 1,000 years ago in order to inaugurate the Western Aeon, as has been documented by the Dark Tradition.

Thus, the nexion associated with the present Western Aeon was indeed an isolated, genuinely esoteric place. However, it was only thus because of the nature of the times in which it was created: times characterised by the Nazarene oppression, which demanded an esoteric approach to preserving what we sometimes term as the 'Western ethos'.

This was in contrast to the nexion which presenced the Hyperborean Aeon of Albion. This nexion existed in the area of Stonehenge. The nexion then was not solely the henge itself, or the land upon which it was built, or the folk who lived and worshipped there: it was a combination of all those factors. The nexion of Albion was the organic whole of the community which grew there; a living, working centre where all the threads of nature and human-kind were woven as one. What can be found at that site now is the dead shell of what was once a living organism - a nexion by which life evolved significantly.

Because of the enervating nature of this present time, the nexion associated with the next aeon and which is being established now, is also an organic whole - a community. But this community must in this present age develop covertly, since to openly establish it as an 'occult' venture would be to hinder its slow, natural growth, and turn it into something short-sighted and short-lived: a 'project' attempting to bend the Will of Nature in accordance with a set of accepted 'ideas'. That is, such a venture would seek to project upon the essence a limited understanding of what constitutes the 'esoteric', and would thus represent a step backwards, into that which is already dying.

The community instead allows the essence to dictate the ways of living, and remains always separate from 'occult' forums and trends in order that it may presence the future by founding a new organic approach to Life itself. From this slow, aeonic development will come the new forms, the new expressions, the new magick -of themselves, unhindered by any pre-conceptions or expectations, and free from all past and fading archetypes.

Thus the community itself will become the new esoteric path; the new religion - the new country. In order to make this next phase meaningful and significant - that is, practical - a leap of faith is required: a breaking away from the established, on all levels. Thus, the spirit of real pioneering is to be invoked, and there is no reason why ultimately this leap of faith cannot be repeated across the diverse regions of the Earth.

In establishing this nexion, the cycle that began in Albion will have returned to its new beginning.

Order of Nine Angles

This beginning is in essence quite simple: it is the cultivating of the conscious apprehension of the acausality of 'time', from which all else shall follow. Only from these seemingly humble, rural beginnings can emerge the race that will practically extend towards the stars, since both the Will and the form of technology required to fulfil the Galactic Destiny can only develop organically from revolutionary organic beginnings and methods.

The hidden, outwardly 'non-esoteric' community will be this new beginning, and must subsequently be nurtured in such a way that it flourishes for at least 1,000 years. This new form signifies the closing of all that outwardly constitutes this present age, and is the essence itself not merely a vehicle for the expression of the essence. It is a combination of both causal and acausal: it is a living nexion - the next stage, made practical, in our evolution.

What is described above represents the essence of magick.

138.

The Approach Of The Dark Gods

David Myatt

The Seven Spheres of the Septenary represent Gates, and each Gate expresses an aspect of what is represented by the abstract symbol "Time". In one sense, these Gates join our physical world to those realms created by the evolution of consciousness itself. These realms can be viewed in two ways - firstly, as convenient abstraction, bounded by acausal time, and whose most fundamental forms are what Jung called 'archetypes', and, secondly, as having an actual existence, either extra-terrestrial or extra-dimensional. In the first instance, the realms are considered as products of the mind - real enough on their own level, but without any existence that can be scientifically ascertained. In this sense, they are psychological. In the second instance, the realms are considered to have an actual physical existence, and various models for such existence have been proposed. This other realm, approachable through Gates, will be simply called the 'acausal' realm for the sake of convenience, and although it helps to consider the acausal in the psychological sense, each initiate must arrive at their own mode of explication, using the faculty of Thought.

Each Gate that joins these two realms (that is, the causal and the acausal) when it is opened signifies a New Aeon and a consequent increase in human consciousness. According to tradition, each Gate is linked to a specific place or location and it is through this location (which may be considered a channel for the forces involved) that the magical form of the particular Aeon in question is most obviously expressed.

The teaching of the Order of the Nine Angles accepts that all previous Gates had terrestrial counterparts (for example, the centre of the Hyperborean Aeon was the area around Stonehenge; that of Hellenic, Delphi.) and that the opening of these Gates was the result of the natural evolution of consciousness rather than something consciously planned. That is, one may think of the Gates being opened, in the symbolic sense, by Gaia, the Earth Mother. Our consciousness that is, our ability to consciously reflect, to question Being, is the result of this process, and in the past this process was understood by the use of myth. Each of the previous five Gates (that is, from the Pre-Hyperborean to the Western) derived their power from the Earth and its energies (although according to one tradition the first Gate was opened due to the interference of alien life-forms [discussed later]) and it is important to understand that there existed no "Golden Age" in the remote past from which there was a subsequent fall. Each Aeon drew its magical inspiration from a natural force which was symbolized and which gave rise to the powerful archetypes and myths and which became the ethos of a particular higher civilisation. At the geographical location of a particular Gate, the force was revered, and it is vital to realize that this religious reverence was only partly conscious: its origin was an empathy with Gaia and this empathy was partially understood (i.e. consciously) through symbols and myth. Inevitably this empathy became obscured by dogma, ritual and elaborate myths until the centre itself became magically exhausted, and another Aeon dawned. Some centres however, like Stonehenge, still retain an aura of power, but nothing like that which once existed. This gradual exhaustion of the Aeonic force - and the consequent decline of the civilizations associated with it - is a natural process which may be likened to the depletion of a battery under electrical load.

The last Aeon, the Western whose center is in Northern Europe, is drawing to a close as its energies fade. The next Aeon, however, has as its centre not our Earth, but a location in space and until this centre is reached, the new Aeon will not be possible. However, the Old Aeon has some 350 years still left to run, and during this period, the energies of the New Aeon will become more and more obvious as they seep around the Gate, brought in part by deliberate Ritual by small groups of Adepts. Hitherto, the seeking of Aeonic centres has been mostly instinctive, but we have now reached the stage in our evolution when we can consciously decide our own Destiny. In a sense, we have, due to the opening of the previous Gates, passed a threshold, and henceforward little is certain because our possession of reflective, logical and scientific consciousness, represents a new and complex variable in the equation that governs Aeonic forces. Already, for instance, as the Old Aeon dies, small groups of Adepts, still cling to an inverted aspect of their Aeon, are trying through ritual to change our evolution in accord with certain 'prophecies' over two thousand years old. These adepts hope to establish a terrestrial centre not many hundreds of miles from the centre associated with the Sumerian centre, and tied as they are to the illusion of opposites that has been

such a fundamental (and detrimental) feature of Nazarene belief, their success will mean a significant step backwards in the evolution of consciousness.

In the evolutionary sense, the next Gate is and must be extra-terrestrial and the force beyond this Gate may be signified in two ways. Practically, the force will be represented by the physical exploration of outer space through vehicles such as spacecraft; magically, the force is represented by the mythos of the Dark Gods since, in essence, this magical force is chaos itself. It is beyond opposites - a return to the primal chaos, which the previous succession has covered up through ritual, word and even symbol. Misunderstood - that is, seen from the perspective of the Old Aeon - this represents the intrusion into our world, from other dimensions, of the darkest of dark forces, a return, according to the tradition mentioned earlier, of those alien forms who came to Earth Aeons ago at the dawn of man's consciousness.

In short, the New Aeon signifies a calling forth of the Dark Gods through the Rite of the Nine Angles. This Rite is very simple, and has as its basis what Old Aeon qabbalistic^[1] thinking signified by the word 'LASH TAL' - but the Rite itself is a conjoining, a drawing down, through pure Thought, that is devoid of word because the two fundamental aspects (of which 156 is one) hitherto apart and drawn together through Destiny ('wyrd') are, in themselves by their very existence, Keys. In a more symbolic way, and viewed through the distortion of opposites which is such a feature of the Old Aeon, one aspect of this Rite is represented by the Qlippoth of the 17th path of the qabbalistic Tree of Life^[2].

According to the tradition mentioned earlier, the first Gate was opened by the arrival on Earth of aliens. These aliens were, in themselves, without recognizable form and were capable of assuming various shapes, including human form. Legend knows of them as the 'shape-changers', and the demon Choronzon, as well as Lovecraft's Yog-Sothoth, are said to be primitive memories of them. These beings of chaos did not stay long on Earth, because Earth was for them only a temporary staging post in their flight, pursued, as tradition says, as they were by another life-form, humanoid in appearance. This other life-form depended on external means of transportation to take them among the stars, and in legend they are known as the Elder Gods. Some kind of confrontation between these two types of aliens occurred on or above our planet, traces of this conflict survive in myth and legend as the battle between Agartha and Shambhala and it is said that the humanoid species originated in the region of space near the star Sirius.

The shape-changers, for reasons of their own, interfered somehow with our evolution (according to one legend by giving us dreams) although it could be that just contact with such aliens was sufficient for this to occur among small and isolated groups of primitive man. It is held that the Elder Gods or Sirians were basically opposed to any contact with primitive species, and according to one tradition shamanism resulted from primitive man's attempt to imitate the behaviour of the shape-changers. Both of these alien life-forms departed from Earth, and conscious evolution thereafter, spurred on by the original breakthrough, increased exponentially.

This tradition may be regarded as having, like some myth, a basis in fact, or it may be regarded simply as a mythos, that is a means, soon discarded, to greater insight into one's self. To establish its factual basis would take the discovery of factual evidence, unassailable in its interpretation, and while some evidence for this tradition has been proposed at various times none of it is conclusive, and the tradition remains just a tradition, to be believed or not, according to one's way of thinking.

139.

The Rite Of Nine Angles

Anton Long

This rite is the central mystery of alchemy, and clues to it abound in alchemical and pseudo-alchemical literature - e.g. in Maier's *Scrutinium Chymicum*, *The Secret Book of Artephius* and the *sympneumata* of Laurence Oliphant. The details of this rite are published here for the first time. The essential secret of this rite is the coming together of two individuals: priest and priestess who, on earth (that is Gaia) stand in a circle within a tetrahedron which encloses them completely (cf. *Rosarium Philosophorum*, - "make a round circle of the man and the woman"). The conjoining of the two achieves the Philosophers Stone^[1] - the operation takes place in space (that is, 3 dimensions) according to the flow of time. It is essential for the two individuals to be, in Jung's terminology, 'individuated' - that is, individuals who have undergone the magical grade ritual of Internal Adept (which the Golden Dawn misrepresented as the so called knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel and which is equivalent to the alchemical process of putrefaction) and the ritual of the Internal Adept (which in its genuine form involves the candidate living in isolation for several months), may be regarded as necessary preparation for the Rite of the Nine Angles.

Only through the female are the forces represented by the three alchemical substances and their nine combinations capable of being released in a physical way (cf. Oliphant's *Sympneumata*, p. 101 f) and despite many allusions to the contrary the real rite requires actual individuals since otherwise the Philosophers Stone is not possible. The rite exists in two forms: the chthonic and the natural. The latter takes place at the summer solstice, in a consecrated glade where the energies of Gaia are pronounced. Usually, the glade itself forms the circle and the tetrahedron (symbolic of the Nine Angles) is constructed astrally via the use of an esoteric chant after the individuals have identified themselves symbolically with the forces involved. Thus, the female represents Gaia and beyond, and the male those forces normally symbolized by Sol. Together, through the act of union, they become the Gate and achieve in the dissolution past the circle of the forces, the Stone itself. This achievement, and the dissolution, is entirely empathic and does not depend in any way on word, gesture, ritual or knowledge of any kind whatever, and it is the empathy the individuals possess for their surroundings and the forces that makes the rite successful. Such empathy is the only aim of the grade ritual of Internal Adept, and indeed, initiation itself, and for the natural form of the rite of the Nine Angles this empathy approximates to the Taoist 'Wu-Wei'. The consciousness induced if the rite is done correctly is a re-presentation of the Philosophers Stone, and such consciousness alters in a profound way the lives of the individuals involved, and, sometimes, the world as well, through 'mimesis'.

The Chthonic form is conducted within a circle of stones (usually nine in number), on the Winter Solstice, the tetrahedron being at the center of this circle. This tetrahedron is made of a precious stone and the vibration, by the participants, of a secret chant, produces changes in the crystal similar to the way light produces changes in a photo-electric cell. According to one authoritative^[2] tradition, the best material for the tetrahedron is quartz (rock crystal) and the chant the repetition of the vibrated phrase: Binah Ath, ga wath am. This vibration is akin, in depth of tone, to a Tibetan Buddhist chant. When the tetrahedron reacts (and the larger it is, the shorter the reaction time) the union begins. The changes induced by this version of the rite are 'lunar' - that is, causal and directive. In many respects, the chthonic form is more powerful, but it is also very dangerous for the individuals involved. This form of the rite is basically a calling forth of the Dark Gods and is not to be attempted lightly. Typically, Aleister Crowley mis-interpreted this rite. From an essentially hermetic ritual he made the pseudo-mystical IX* of the O.T.O., distorting the empathy of the participants by insisting on tantric knowledge and using words and forms suited to the Old Aeon. The magic of the New Aeon is pre-eminently the magic of Thought (that is, devoid of both word and 'esoteric knowledge'). Crowley probably knew the truth, and had a good laugh at those who believed his version.

I40.

Opening A Star Gate To The Dark Gods

Order of Nine Angles

To open a Star Gate and return the Dark Gods, a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz should be obtained. This crystal should be as large as possible, and the nearer in shape to a tetrahedron, the better. The Rite of returning exists in two versions, and both will be given.

FIRST VERSION:

Should take place on the night of the new moon with Saturn rising and involves a man and a woman assuming the role of Priest and Priestess. The rite itself should be conducted on an isolated hilltop removed from human habitation and begun in the hour following sunset. Both participants should be naked. The rite begins with the priest vibrating seven times the phrase

"Nythra Kthunao Atazoth"

The Priestess should hold the crystal in her hands, palms outstretched before her. When this is complete, the Priest places his hands over the crystal and both vibrate

"Binan ath ga wath am"

As powerfully as possible. Still holding the crystal, the Priestess should lie with her head North, the Priest arousing her (*Locis Muliebribus...*) the sexual union then begins with both visualizing the Star Gate opening and the dreaded primal form of Atazoth coming forth from the acausal dimensions, through the Gate, toward the Earth. Atazoth may be visualized as a dark, nebulous chaos - a rend in the fabric of star-studded space - which changes into a dragon-like entity. After the climax of the union, the Priestess buries the crystal in the earth of the hill saying

"Aperiatu terra et germinet - CHAOS"

They then depart from the hill.

SECOND VERSION:

The second version involves nine individuals: a Cantor (trained in the Dark Tradition) a Priest and a Priestess and three male and female participants. They should all be robed, barefoot and have about their person non-metallic objects. The rite takes place either on the Autumnal Equinox or the Winter Solstice. The best place to conduct the rite is on a hilltop of volcanic rock containing large quantities of quartz. The time is right when Venus sets after the Sun and the Moon is near Dabih, or when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the Moon, which is becoming new, the time before dawn. The crystal should be placed on a pediment of oak on a sheet of mica. The rite begins with the Cantor vibrating in E minor

"Nythra Kthunae Atazoth"

While the six dance according to their desire Moon-wise around the Cantor, Priest and Priestess chanting Atazoth. The Cantor vibrates seven times after which the Priestess touches the crystal. The Priest and the Cantor then vibrate the "*Diabolus*" in fourths according to the principles of esoteric chant

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THE DIABOLUS:

Dies irae, dies illa

Solvat saeculum in favilla

Teste Satan cum Sibylla

Quantus tremor est Futurus

Quando Vindex est venturus

Cuncta stricte discussurus

Aperiatur stella et germinet

Atazoth et Falcifer!

After this chant, the six begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires. The Priest and the Priestess then chant the phrase

"Binan ath ga wath am"

A fifth (or a fifth and an octave) apart while the Cantor vibrates the name Atazoth. The Dark Gods may then be manifest - initially through sound, smell presence and temperature change. The Priest and Priestess should after their chant visualize the Gate opening while they join in sexual union.

I4I.

The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown:
St. Brown to Mrs. Stockton

Shropshire
England
19th June 1991 eh

Dear Miss Stockton,

Thank you for your letter enquiring about the ONA which has been passed on to me to reply to.

Essentially, the ONA is a Satanic organization which seeks to guide its members toward Adeptship and what is beyond Adeptship. This is an individual quest, which involves the Initiate striving to achieve the goal by their own self-effort. Initially, on joining the Order, the new member has one Order contact. This contact offers advice and guidance, and makes available Order teachings and methods. Should the new member decide to continue, they undergo a simple Initiation. Thereafter, they work at their own pace, following the techniques and so on as explicated, for example, in the MSS 'Naos'. This takes some months, during which time they meet their contact to discuss matters and during which the contact may give advice if such advice is sought.

Following this initial period of basically hermetic and solo magickal workings and tasks, the Initiate usually goes on to the next stage - the formation of a Satanic Temple to undertake ceremonial workings and gain experience in people-manipulation and other Satanic skills. The Initiate is expected to recruit members for this Temple - which is solely under the Initiate's control. Thus, the Initiate learns by experience - no constraints of any kind are placed on the novice who runs the Temple. Generally, the novice in running the Temple, follows the guidelines and rituals as given in the Black Book of Satan - i.e. they use the magickal energies of traditional Satanism and so enhance the sinister, rather than the energies associated with other 'traditions' which tend to undermine the sinister.

The novice then, after some further time, moves on to the other tasks which await along the sinister path - i.e. undertakes further workings, magickal ordeals, and gains further experience. Generally, their Order contact remains the same, although occasionally it may be changed. The novice is free to continue with and expand their Satanic Temple, and may if they wish, turn it into a teaching Temple - i.e. the novice teaches and trains those who may be suitable to follow the path of traditional Satanism, as they themselves have done. Or they may keep the Temple as an instrument for their personal edification - or they may disband it; it is entirely their choice.

All this takes from a year to few years. There are then other tasks, other knowledge to be gained, other experiences to be learnt from. Thus, there is a commitment by the Initiate to follow the path of Satanism. This path is not easy, and requires effort. Adeptship is achieved, by each individual who gets that far - it is never a gift. Furthermore, the individual is for the most part alone - they rely on themselves, they **have** to rely on themselves, make their own mistakes, and learn from them. Their contact only guides, only offers advice. There is no contact with other Order members, at whatever stage of development - no secret gatherings, no Order rituals which members attend, no group discussions. Thus, there is self-effort, and self-achievement. There is only the unique journey you undertake and which you learn from in your own time according to your commitment.

This is so, because Satanism is a commitment - by each individual. One aim is to find your unique Destiny, and fulfill that. No one can do this for you.

You write that you are at present studying at University. Well, you attend lectures, may read, may discuss matters with others - but in the Finals, the effort is yours alone, and you may on your own efforts pass. Of course, someone could sit the Finals for you - but then the achievement, the Degree, would not be yours. It is the same with magick - what really matters is the amount of effort you put in. The achievement of genuine Adeptship requires you to learn: no one can do this on your behalf.

This lack of meeting with other members also have a very practical point above and beyond the fact that it encourages a uniqueness and the development of a strong character [both traits a Satanist has or aspires to] - i.e. it ensures the security of those other members. They remain secret, and so continue with their work. Unless, that is, they decide for themselves to the contrary.

But the number who do this are very few, for obvious practical reasons, most connected with the dark nature of Satanism and its still heretical nature insofar as the majority of non-Occultists are concerned (and, indeed, as far as the majority of Occultists are concerned!).

It is fact of the nature of most individuals that gathering in groups is necessary: few possess the strength of character to be and act alone. Most require the comfort of others around - of knowing they are not alone, that help is near, that problems can be discussed, and so on. This is true in magick as in life - in fact, more so, particularly in the Left Hand Path. People like to compare experiences, like to re-assured, like to feel part of a larger grouping. But this is actually detrimental to the development of the qualities a Satanist must possess or develop. An Adept of the Left Hand Path must be self-sufficient, must be strong - must be an individual who has developed a unique 'view of life', a unique 'philosophy of living' from their own experience. A being-with-others implies a social or 'peer' pressure, a conformity, and an expectation - an 'image' to strive toward and conform to, a 'role' to fulfill. A genuine uniqueness of character can only be forged through a certain isolation - through struggling alone, **through finding solutions to one's own problems by one's own efforts.** The path of Satanism (or rather the following of the path by an individual) poses problems for each individual - it is in the nature of the path itself for this to happen. It tests, it presents the individual with ordeals (and rewards of course - but we are considering the formative experiences which breed Satanic character). There is and must be a 'self-overcoming' - a development of the individual. Thus is the Adept born.

Of course this is very difficult, and there are easier options. These, however, do not lead to real Adeptship, but to the illusion of attainment. The Satanic path sorts out the strong from the failures. Only the strong, the gifted, survive and prosper. And that is as it should be, for Satanism is elitist.

Thus, we maintain the isolation of the novice from other novices. If they want contacts - they find their own, via the Temple they form, as explained earlier. But here, they are the 'role-model' for others - an obvious inversion which has benefits insofar as developing Satanic character is concerned. Since their Order contact only guides them, each novice has no image to aspire to - they must find their own. Often, they try many 'images', then discard them, and so gain experience, the hard way.

I have gone into this matter at some length, since the person with whom you have been in contact, has intimated that you thought the Order was akin to some others who held 'social' type gatherings and rituals for members. In fact, most individuals who enquire about the Order have this misconception - and most are disappointed when they discover or are told of the reality! To be honest, the majority dislike the notion that they are expected to work at their own development via their own efforts without the support and comfort of other members being around. Thus, do they show themselves unfitted for the Order - not possessed of 'the right stuff'!

You ask who has authority in the Order and what this authority represents. Basically, the only 'authority' is that which arises or develops because of experience. For example, the Order contact you may have should you decide to begin the Satanic quest, offers advice and guidance based on their experience - you are free to accept that advice, or decline it. Your contact teaches what they have learnt from practical experiences - they offer no 'theory', they demand no obedience, no subservience. As to myself, I "represent" the Order, in a sense, simply because I have travelled further along the Way than the other members - because I have more experience. Perhaps I have learnt more. I certainly consider I have achieved something - perhaps some little Wisdom. But I am not infallible - I have no 'authority' in the real sense - I simply offer advice and guidance based on my own experience. I am still learning. What I teach is not 'sacred' - hopefully, it will be surpassed, refined, changed, when others discover and experience and attain. I inherited some esoteric knowledge, and have added to it - and that really is what esoteric knowledge is: a slowly accumulating body of knowledge which re-presents both what Is and what is Not. Gradually, this representation is refined - gets closer to being a genuine representation.

Thus, when I speak or write I speak or write from my own experience - I do not claim some supra-personal authority, to be in contact with some entity (like Satan) who has chosen me, or empowered me or whatever. I am a unique individual, and what I say or write should be judged by its merits - by whether it works, is effective, is a genuine representation of what it is supposed to be. My creations do not pretend to be other than what they are - my creations. They are not the 'sacred words of the Devil' or whatever. I may sometimes have been inspired by the Prince of Darkness, but the works are mine - and should be judged as mortal rather than the product of some entity. I leave it to others to claim that their works are imbued with a sacred quality (or Infernal power) and so they deserve 'obedience' and all that religious stuff!

The same applies to the traditions I inherited. They are simply traditions, and like most traditions are a mixture. Some contain a little Wisdom; there are bits of insight; bits of real esoteric knowledge. And an awful lot of mystification as well as some fables. Each individual must assess them for themselves - if they are useful, fine. If not - fine. [If you are interested, the traditions are: some of the rituals in 'The Black Book of Satan', certain techniques of magick (e.g. Esoteric Chant; Insight Roles) and certain esoteric 'knowledge' connected with the Dark Gods

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mythos and the Septenary system - the sigils, some chants, words, and the septenary correspondences.]

To end, I must repeat that our Way is not easy. It requires many years of effort - you will receive little help, and a lot will be expected of you. It will be your effort - not mine, not that of your contact or a friend or anyone else. You will be faced with ordeals, with tests of character. There are rewards, of course - including the obvious ones of carnality and wealth, if that is what you desire. But there are also an awful lot of other things awaiting... I make no promises - if you succeed, you will succeed. You might fail. It is you who will decide.

No one will or can you award Adeptship - or any magickal Grade. You will have to achieve them. It usually takes five or more years to reach the stage of Adeptship - few get that far. Most who begin, give up, because the quest is just too hard or they are too soft. It will probably take fifteen or twenty years to reach the stage of Mistress of Earth, the fifth stage of the seven that mark the path. Are you prepared for this?

Should you be interested in taking the matter further, I can arrange for you to meet the person to whom you gave the letter. She will be able to answer any questions you might have regarding the next step, should you decide to undertake it.

Incidentally, there are no fees, no dues of any kind connected with membership of the Order. And all Order MSS are available to members, at cost - none are 'secret' or withheld until you reach a certain stage. Once Initiation is complete, and the first tasks are achieved by you, all Order MSS are accessible.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown [signed]

I42.

The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown:

St. Brown to Dr. Aquino

P.O. Box 700
Shrewsbury
Shropshire
England
9th September 103 yf

Dear Dr. Aquino,

Enclosed please find a copy of a reply to a letter by Mr. Austen here in the U.K.. With this letter, he included a copy of yours to Mr. Bolton in which you made mention of me. Thus, I consider a letter from me to you to be in order.

Apropos of sacrifice. To the material originally published, to which you took exception, there has now been added much more - and some of these MSS are enclosed since they might be of interest. You will probably regard the publication of this material as 'mistaken' - among other things.

I, however, regard it as necessary at this moment of time, for three fundamental reasons.

1. It expresses what traditional Satanists regard as Satanic practice: i.e. Satanism in action.
2. It restores to Satanism that darkness which belongs to it.
3. Such distribution of such material is a part of sinister strategy - an exoteric aspect of this being an obvious dialectic: opposition, synthesis, change.

If you study the literature we have made available on this subject, you may appreciate that what is stated is rather different from what most assume or believe is stated. (I refer to the MSS "Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice II"; "Victims - A Sinister Exposé"; "Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers" and so on.) We are expressing the philosophy of the noble and the strong in forthright terms - not shying away from difficult issues, not pretending we, as Satanists, are some kind of altruistic, pacifist, kind folk who are 'mis-understood'. The fundamental principle behind the action is that some people are worthless - and, because of their deeds and character, do not deserve to live. In fact, that their demise is healthy - akin to an act or acts of 'natural justice'. This is a statement of genuine Satanism - as is the statement that opfers are human culling in action. The MSS make it quite clear that opfers - victims for Satanic sacrifice - deserve what they get: they have been judged, tested, and found suitable. Thus, no victim can be 'innocent' or a child. It is the deeds of those chosen which condemns them.

It is to be expected that you will not find this acceptable. I could give many examples of creatures who by their actions have shown themselves to be worthless - who deserve to die. Any individual who possesses a noble character, who understands the concept of 'honour', will know what is ment here - they will have a healthy instint, not be perceived by the sickness of the Nazarene, and so will possess real judgement. Accordingly, I will give a general example in the hope of explicating the matter. [A few specific examples are given in the MSS.]

Those who adhere to the real philosophy which underlies Satanism [to be precise I suppose I should say 'philosophy of life' rather than just 'philosophy'] accept that battle, war, combat and conquest are necessary - the strong thrive, the weak perish. And perhaps most important of all, through struggle character is bred - and individuals exposed for what they are: noble or ignoble, brave or cowardly. In battle, there is no hiding place - words are no good, it is deeds which count. Intellectual sophistry is of no avail - one either is noble, or one is not. In facing death, there is truth - within each on ewho faces death. I quote from a fragment of an ancient Greek poem which is of interest here (my translation):

"Noble and glorious is he who fights
For his folk and family against the foe.
Since death comes when chosen by Fate -
Bringing to an end the thread of life

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Go forward with spear held high and shields shielding brave hearts
When battle is joimed:
There is no flight from death, for that Destiny comes to all mortals
Even they claiming descent from the gods.

Many from the battle fury of roaring javelins have fled to their home -
But even there, their fate of death awaits:
And they die unloved and unmourned by their folk
While both the high and the low born lament for the brave.

All of a community weep for the courageous, who die:
And if they live, they are hailed like a god,
Exalted by those who behold them
For the deeds of the many, they did alone."

[Kallinos]

In battles, peoples die. Someone kills them. In an important sense, a battle is a culling - a test, a trial by the gods. A warrior society (such as that of ancient Greece or Rome) is one where what I call 'Satanic' values are upheld. There is no guilt about certain things, no morbid 'ethics' to condemn certain things, like conquest and combat. There are warrior gods - gods to whom sacrifices are made. In a sense, those slain in battle are offerings to these gods.

Of course, some of these attributes are instinctive - certain deeds and beliefs arise from a 'thinking with the blood' rather than from cerebral contemplation. As such, they describe the individual of action rather than the gentle Nazarene mystic or the monkish philosopher. The morality of such a society re-presents natural justice - a balance, and, as mentioned above, a part of this is that some people are worthless.

As you are aware, this morality, this natural balance, has been supplanted by a morality deriving from the Nazarene - in the societies of the West, at least.

[Note by the Editor: here is a certain part missing, maybe 1/3 of a side]

I state what I understand to be Satanic truths openly and honestly - for example, what Satanism means and implies both for the individual and aeonically (particularly this latter) - while the Temple of Set seems intent only on creating a 'good public impression', with promoting an 'image'. This 'image' is of a respectable, ethical religion. Of course, I have heard it said, that the real work of the Temple of Set is hidden from those who have not proved themselves loyal members - or something similar. If this is true, then who is being deceitful? Who is using duplicity? If it is not true - that is, there is nothing beyond this 'image', this playing at Satanism then the Temple is meaningless, in aeonic terms, and probably in personal terms as well. I hide nothing - the ONA hides nothing. All its teachings are now accessible. There are no 'secrets', no doctrines for an 'inner circle' of trusted acolytes. The only thing that is secret, is connected with the identity of members for obvious tactical reasons. This brings me to the ONA itself. It is not a fictitious organization used as a front by myself. Its members are few, and for the most part stay well away from 'the occult scene' and other organizations. But I imagine you and others in the Temple will continue to claim otherwise, and repeat *ad nauseam* your claims. Personally, I do not care - the other members do not care, for we all know such claims bolster the image of the Temple of Set.

On the personal level, I do not hide behind a claim like having an Infernal Mandate. I cultivate no personal, demonic image. I do not claim that what I teach and write is sanctified by the Prince of Darkness Himself. What I teach or write is the result mostly of my own experiences, my own creativity, my own insight. It should be judged on that basis - whether it is useful, it works, is significant. It should be judged by others on its merits. I did inherit some teachings from she who instructed me before and after one of the many Satanic Initiations I underwent. But even these are to be judged on their own merits - they are not sanctified. Some of them are merely fables. Some derive from other sources and traditions (e.g. the alchemical one). Some, like Esoteric Chant, seem original. Whatever, it does not really matter. They are all means; steps to something beyond. They serve a purpose and then are mostly discarded. It is for each and every individual to judge them. Maybe a fruitful dialogue will result from this letter. Maybe not. One trouble with playing a role, and maintaining a standing in an organization, is that it is often difficult to admit one is mistaken - and that someone, or some others, may be just as 'advanced' as oneself. One strives so hard not to 'lose face'.

I, unfortunately, can just be myself. I am not infallible, have no position or even 'authority' to defend. Accordingly, I send you my best wishes.

Regards, Stephen Brown [signed]

I43.

The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown:

St. Brown to Mr. Milner

Shropshire
England
14th March 1991 eh

Dear Mr. Milner,

thank you for your letter. I have sent the items you requested by separate post.

You raise two matters which are of considerable interest - viz. is the obtaining of wealth and power the sign of a successful Satanist; and can there really be such a thing as a Mandate given by the Prince of Darkness.

I shall answer your first question, first. The pursuit and obtaining of wealth and power, like all worldly things including the pleasures of the flesh, is a worthy Satanic goal - indeed, it is one which all Satanic novices should aspire to. However, the fundamental aim of the way of Satanism is the achievement by the individual Satanist of a unique destiny - i.e. fulfilling the potential of existence latent within. For some, this Destiny is the obtaining of wealth and influence in the world. For others, however, the goal is different - it may be creativity (e.g. in music or some other artistic form), or discovery (e.g. in knowledge, science) or exploration or the achievement of Wisdom (i.e. a deep esoteric understanding and skill in esoteric Arts, particularly Aeonick magick). For all, however, the fulfillment of Destiny implies excellence - achievement in a specific field or fields. Thus, while one Master or Mistress may because of their unique Destiny achieve material 'success', another Master or Mistress may to all outward appearances be 'poor', and mostly bereft of material possessions. Fundamentally, what matters is what each achieves with their lives - what is internal, what is known, learnt, experienced, rather than what is outward appearance or show.

The common image of a Satanic 'Master' as someone possessing great wealth who dresses in a certain way (e.g. like Mephistopheles in an amateur production of Faust or like Mr. Lee in Dracula) is a fictional image. That some who call themselves Satanists ape this image, just shows their lack of understanding of genuine Satanism. A Satanist is a chameleon - someone who adapts and blends into their surroundings, for the most part. However, sometimes a Satanist (e.g. during the novice stage of development) may assume a certain 'role' or 'roles' (such as the fictional and popular image of a 'Satanist') for a particular purpose. This purpose is usually to obtain experience - e.g. in manipulating others; enjoying playing the 'role' - but once the purpose is achieved, the Satanist moves on, to other adventures. The role has served its purpose.

Regarding your second question. I presume you refer to certain organizations who base their claim to representing Satanism on the fact that they claim to be empowered by the Prince of Darkness Himself. One organization, based in America, uses the term 'Infernal Mandate' - they claim that their Priesthood and only their Priesthood are truly representatives of the Prince of Darkness because of this Mandate.

In reality, the very concept of a mandate is anti-Satanic - it is, in fact, a Nazarene concept. The Prince of Darkness desires Comrades, not sycophantic followers - that is, He wishes us, as individuals, to be like Him. He is proud, defiant, individualistic and creative. Satanists seek to be like Him - to become gods, to be Satanic in their own lives. Of course, Satan Himself and his Comrades likewise, often use others for Satanic ends - and this is natural and necessary. For essentially individuals divide into two groups - those who lead, and those who follow. Satanists are always leaders - they are the manipulators.

Further, the concept of a Mandate means a religious approach - a dogma, a zeal in upholding that dogma, a rigid structured grouping wherein individuals are rewarded for their zeal, for their conformity to dogma and authority. And also the religious approach means a certain attitude, a certain way of being - it means acceptance, observance, a mental weakness, a lack of defiance, of pride.

The whole of Satanism is a defiance against this religious spirit, this religious attitude. Thus, an organization which upholds or claims to uphold Satanism as a religion cannot be Satanic - it is, in short, a fraudulent organization.

I repeat, that Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold our being, our spirit in chains - which bind us, which restrict our potential, our evolution - and the most potent form

which has bound us, and which still binds the majority, is the religious attitude, the dogmatic approach, be this overtly expressed via a religion or a religious approach or covertly by social and political zealotry and conformity. Religion emasculates us.

Naturally, groups like the Temple of Set cover their religious approach and dogma in fine-sounding words. For instance: "The Temple seeks merely to be a forum for Setians to communicate and cooperate with one another constructively and courteously.." [Extracted from the General Information and Admission Policies of the Temple of Set]. To which should be added - 'provided they are obedient to what their 'Master' says or lays down as law or policy'. They are forbidden to associate with certain people/ groups (of which I am one, and the ONA one group) because those people/ groups are "proscribed" - for a reason or reasons devised by the 'High Priest of Set' himself. In effect, certain people/ groups are cast out as 'heretics'. Does this all sound familiar? The Temple of Set uses subtle intellectual ideas to propagate what they say is 'an individual striving' for becoming (or 'Xepher') - but what it amounts to in reality is an individual subservience to the Temple, its ways, its authority and its 'Master'.

This reality is 'justified' by the 'Infernal Mandate' - i.e. Aquino in particular and the Temple of Set in general have a "sacred duty" apparently given by the Prince of Darkness Himself. What this means is that Aquino claims his authority because he claims to have received a Mandate from some entity. Real religious stuff.

A genuine Satanist, on the contrary, has authority by virtue of his or her Wisdom - and has achieved Wisdom by virtue of practical experience. There is no need to claim a 'spiritual' authority given by some 'entity' be that entity Satan or Set or whatever - indeed, to so claim such authority exposes the individual who so claims as needing this spiritual crutch because they lack real Wisdom: i.e. they rely on something external to themselves, something external to their own achievements. Such individuals have to rely on something external because what really matters is missing - that which is created by the following of the Black Arts to their ultimate ending. In brief, such ones who claim and so need to rely on an external mandate are charlatans.

This neatly returns us to the first question. A genuine Satanic Master (or Mistress) can be known because they possess character - i.e. they are unique charismatic individuals (although often the charisma is veiled) who have depth: it shows in their eyes, in their attitude. They have been to Hell and back - and been to Heaven and back; they have experienced, and so learnt. They do not need to pose, assume a 'role' or claim some 'mandate' or even an ancient lineage. They just are themselves.

I trust this will be of interest.

With best wishes,

Stephen Brown [signed]

A Baleful Life



How would you sum up your life?

As a practical esoteric quest - an inner alchemy - combined with Presenting The Dark in practical ways. My nature has always been to prefer direct, personal, experience to theoretical study, to be curious and defiant, and to use the faculty of conscious Thought, the faculty of Reflexion, to try and understand myself, other human beings, and life in general.

I have always felt - since a quite early age - that human beings have great potential and can and should consciously change themselves. Given my baleful nature, I was never satisfied with the answers of others, and had to find things out for myself, often the hard way.

Your life certainly has been full of variety and a certain mystery. Is there a hidden pattern behind all this variety?

Yes, and that is my following of a certain esoteric Way, what is traditionally termed The Seven Fold Sinister Way, from Initiate, to Internal Adept, to Master, and beyond. A progression of inner change due to outer experiences, both esoteric and exoteric. With these experiences including such esoteric techniques as Insight Rôles, and practical sorcery.

In essence, I have, for over forty years, been a Sorcerer of The Left Hand Path: someone who has employed both Internal and Aeonie Sorcery (Magick) to achieve certain goals and as a means to Presence The Dark, both within myself and exterior to myself.

Thus, there is nothing really mysterious about me - I have simply been someone dedicated to living a certain esoteric Way of Life. Someone who has made quite a few mistakes along the way - often due to stubbornness or an unbalanced arrogance - but who has been able to be honest with themselves, admit their mistakes, learn from them, and move on.

Turning now to the Order of Nine Angles, it certainly seems to have changed over the past few years. Any comment?

The ONA is now a new type of living-being, a new type of acausal sinister entity manifesting in the causal, and thus one that affects, and which can affect, human beings, in a variety of ways, with many of these ways being new.

It is not that we give the ONA life, as if it were a kind of anthropomorphic, separate, demonic or vampiric entity that "lives off" or feeds off us, but rather that, collectively, we are this new type of sinister life; we are a new nexion, accessing and presencing acausal energies, and which energies can change us, in an internal alchemical way, and also be directed, by us, to provoke causal changes, or which energies we may shape into some-Thing partly causal (a causal form; an archetype and so on) with this also partly acausal some-Thing we have conjured into causal existence then causing, bringing, Chaos, and change to others, or being disruptive of existing causal forms, and so on.

Thus, the ONA is now a Kollektive - a nexus of certain human beings who share the same ethos, who possess the same baleful spirit, who possess within themselves the essence of the sinister - and this Kollektive, by its very nature, is free from Old Aeon restrictions, old causal forms.

Which is why there is no Old Aeon type hierarchy in the ONA. No restricting formal authority. No one individual leading it, or claiming to run it. No one "authorized" to speak or write on its behalf (not even me); no "titles" awarded by someone to someone else. Not even any Old Aeon (and mundane) type "membership". It - we - have broken the barriers of the past; we are not mundanes and do not imitate the ways of mundanes, and are now entering a new phase of human life where there are quite different ways of living, of doing things, to the ones we have previously known.

Expressed in a simple but somewhat inexact similitude, the ONA has now become the young, sinister, capricious daughter, of the founder of the ONA, who has grown up, left home and is now living her own life. No doubt she will

make some mistakes, but she has the intelligence, the character, the arête, the ability, to learn from these mistakes, from her experience, and so will move on, and evolve, and form her own family.

Would you say that something like the Complete Guide to the Sinister Way, the traditional approach, is still relevant?

Yes, certainly, for many people need a map, some guidebook, drawn or produced by those who have gone that way before them. As mentioned in several ONA texts, the traditional Seven Fold Sinister Way, with its Grades, its training techniques, its Insight Rôles, its physical tests, is a guide, a map, produced by those who have already travelled along the Sinister Way and reached that strange, wyrdful, destination that lies beyond the Abyss.

While such a map, such a guidebook, is not essential, not strictly necessary, it can be exceedingly useful in shortening the time-scale of those who subsequently travel the same route, or who seek the same destination by a different route.

My own life is one example of someone travelling without a good map, without a guidebook; an example of someone who pushed on, into (for him) uncharted territory, and who after many trials and tribulations, after over forty years of travelling and exploring, finally reached the place he set out to find.

Thus, in one sense, the ONA is the map, the guidebook, I produced as a result of my travels, my exploration

Yet, the ONA has now evolved to become much more than that - much more than simply some guide, some map, I produced, for others. The ONA has become far more than one individual named Anton Long. It has become, as mentioned above, a living-being, that is, a living Kollektive, a sinister nexus composed of sinister nexions, with these nexions consisting of independent individuals, of sinister groups (such as Traditional Nexions), of sinister tribes, of Balobians, and so on.

This change, this evolution, of the ONA is necessary, welcome; exactly what should occur. But the map, the guidebook, I produced are still there, still part of this living, changing, evolving, ONA, and still useful and relevant, which those interested can use to guide them along their own sinister journey if they choose to use such a map, such a guidebook.

Expressed simply, these particular esoteric means, this map and guidebook,

are one way to produce more and sinister Adepts in a shorter time than it took me.

But didn't you inherit a map, a guide, from the Lady Master who guided you?

Yes, but it wasn't all that useful when I came to use it. It was rather like those ancient maps which were not drawn "to scale", which were in black and white, which had a number of charting errors, which had loads of gaps with the legend "Here Be Dragons", and which more often than not lacked the names of places, and which did not give topographical features.

So, I went out and made a new map, charting my progress along the way. A scale map, in colour, with grid references, with places named; with topographical features highlighted, and so on. This took a while - several decades, in fact.

Any regrets?

Regret is a causal limitation, involving a certain causal apprehension; and redolent of that mode of causal being which constrains us, as individuals, and has constrained us, as a species.

Instead of this old, limiting, causal way, one has to open the nexion within one's being, and perceive and feel things in a more acausal manner. That is, one has to: (1) have the perspective, the understanding, of Destiny, of the individual moments of one's own life as a process of one's own change, one's own transformation and evolution, as a potentiality of a new type of being; and also (2) have the perspective, the understanding, of Wyrð, of how one's own life is in flux with Aeonic forces, with the change of Aeons, of Nature, of Life, and of the Cosmos itself, in both its causal and its acausal modes of being.

What this means in practical terms is that one's feelings, one's emotions, are or can be useful vectors of one's own inner change; that *pathei-mathos* - a learning from the hardships, the pains, the suffering, of personal experience - is not only beneficial, a means, a process, to enable us to evolve, as human beings, but also testing, a means, a process, whereby the best, those possessed of arête, flourish.

In brief, *pathei-mathos* is a good test for human beings; what keeps mundanes as mundanes, or - more often than not - what destroys, what breaks, mundanes. But also, a means to attain, and to reveal, arête.

So, no, I have no regrets - I have only a learning from my experiences and mistakes.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

Balocraft of Baphomet



Gruyllan's Tale

Although he did not know it then, the prepossessing half-timbered large Edwardian house that he passed - a quarter of the way up Trevor Hill - would be his final destination. But, sweating profusely in the hot mid-June Sun, Gruyllan gave it only a cursory glance, and continued along his way, cursing the lateness of his train and oblivious to the exclusive properties that lined both sides of that steep upward lane which gave splendid views, to the West, of the Stretton valley, of Caer Caradoc, Hazler Hill, and of The Lawley, beyond.

He had been given only an ordnance Survey map reference, and a time, and his assumed lateness and the memory of the beautiful young voluptuous woman combined to make him walk faster until he was almost running.

She had leant toward him, so that he could see down past her cleavage to where her large erected nipples strained against the thin fabric of her low cut evening dress.

"Meet me here," she had said, and pushed a handwritten piece of paper toward him, making sure her fingers touched his as they sat in the Tempus bar of The Station Hotel in now faraway York.

Even now he seemed still able to smell her scent, and, as he reached almost to the top of that lane he could see his destination ahead: the summit of Haddon Hill beyond the scattered grassy often wind-swept links that formed the highest Golf Course in England.

So he struggled on in the heat of that late afternoon; a young man dressed incongruously in black, seeking Satanic initiation. And when - clammy from sweat, breathless, and pleased - he reached his destination among the sheep-cropped grass and heather of those Shropshire hills, there was no one to greet, to meet, him. Only the breeze, that - warm - did little to cool him, and the westward vista of South Shropshire valley and hills. No beautiful woman,

naked, to open her legs enticing as she lay with him to seal his oath by bodily fluids, exchanged. No words of Initiation to echo, Satanically, in his head.

You the nameless are here to give yourself to us:
To seal with blood your oath
To we your new family in this
Our Nexion to Bride-Mother
Baphomet...

Instead, only the wordful, wyrdful, wind. Sun, thirst, heat; the exhausted tiredness of disappointment where, under the blue sky, he sat down alone on that hill. Had it all been a dream, or some jape? Hope bade him stay - for half an hour, then more, until - nearly two hours later as the Sun descended, clouds came - he stood to walk, wearily, away. There would be no lips, rouged, to touch, kiss. No tongue to taste and toy with. No breasts to touch, feel; no nipples to lick, suck and chew upon. No moist, warm, furrow to plough; no painted finely manicured nails to clasp his shoulders as seed was sown. No scent to suffuse his senses as bodies meshed with sweat suffusing them.

It was painful, leaving, while her image, her scent, her promise, lingered in memory within his head. But he left, nevertheless, and it did not seem to matter to him that he had memorized their - her book, *The Grimoire of Baphomet* - given, the day before, in that Bar when first he saw her, enticingly waiting.

There had been e-mails, of course, exchanged - for weeks, beforehand. Questions asked, and answered. No real names given, required, presumed. And then that meeting, arranged. He had spent the days, before, trying not to hope too much, and failing. Hope of a sexual initiation, with a young woman, of course. Hopes of joining a secret elite. Hopes of lust, joy, danger; a new and darker way of life.

There were stories; almost urban legends. Many warnings from Undergraduate friends who shared his Occultic interests, though not his inclination toward Baleful Arts. "The ONA?" they would say, mixing incredulity with censure. "They don't exist", one said. "Avoid them; they're hard-core; dangerous; criminal; immoral; they practise human sacrifice," said another. "They're a cult; they have these hard, brutal, tests - if you fail them, you become an offer for their Black Mass," opined another. "They're evil; I mean - really evil; subversive..." said the fourth, and last.

Painful, leaving - but by the time he had arrived back at the small unstaffed Railway Station, to sit on a half-vandalised wooden bench, he was happy, again. Exhausted, hungry, thirsty, but happy. For it was all a test, he knew - or,

rather, he assumed it was a test. The first, perhaps, of many. So he would re-apply; and wait, for it was a test, just a test, he kept repeating to himself, and he was still thinking this - idly smiling and idly feeling, knowing now, how stupid, how studently stupid he was to wear black clothes - when the Shrewsbury bound train arrived to disgorge a few motley mundanes.

He rose to move toward a still open train-carriage door. But an elderly women, tweedily-dressed and carrying an umbrella, smiled at him and blocked his way. He tried to deftly swerve around her, as a young athletic man could, but she was too quick, for with a flick of her umbrella she tripped him up.

"How clumsy of me," and she looked down at him, sprawled on the platform. "Do please forgive me."

"No, no - it's perfectly all-right," he replied, somewhat clumsily rising to his feet where she still stood blocking his way to the train.

"I imagine, " she said, in her smiling granny-esque way, "you are in a hurry to board the train." But she made no move to move aside. Instead, she said, "Such a lovely town, this. Do you not agree?"

"What?" And he was about to smile, politely, and turn toward the carriage when he sensed the strangeness of the scene, as if it was some dream of the previous night, half-remembered and still a little haunting. And so he let his train depart.

"There is a quite lovely tea-shop, just around the corner," she was saying, and so he walked beside her, silent, up the slight incline toward the tree-lined road, until she said: "How very perceptive of you."

"Have I passed, then?"

"You are quite thirsty, so let us have some tea - and cake - and then talk, a little more."

The tea-room - atop a cluttered, dusty, antique market - was small, quite stuffy, and quite full, and he sat still and waiting despite his rather nervous anticipation, and he had consumed two pots of tea before she spoke again.

"I imagine I am not what you imagined," she said. Then, before he could reply: "But yes, you are correct."

"You're an empath. So, you would have passed me by had I decided not to re-apply."

"More tea?" she smiled.

"No thanks."

"There is another test..."

"Of course."

"But first - go here, now, where we await you." And she pushed a handwritten piece of paper toward him, making sure her fingers touched his as they sat in that stuffy tea-room in sunny South Shropshire.

He left then, enwrapped in her - their - scent, to walk through that small town oblivious to everything until he came again to Trevor Hill, snaking upwards as its lane did from, and to the right of, that narrow road that led to Cardingmill Valley.

The house, on the second corner of and set back from the hilly lane, seemed almost to grow out from the ground, its black-painted timbers mirrored in the wooden verandah that surrounded its south side and overlooked the terraced garden with its large century-old tree of Oak. Several stone steps led to the large front door and he was about to tug on the cord to ring the antique brass bell when the door opened.

His memory was there, before him - the beautiful young woman whose crimson lipstick, fulsomely applied, matched the colour of her dress, and she, wordless, led him into the cool if dim interior, along a tiled floor, and up an oak staircase to a spacious high-ceilinged curtainless room of parquet floor whose only furnishings were a chaise-longue and a marble mantel above the Coalbrookdale fireplace, and which held a large clear quartz crystal tetrahedron.

The door closed slowly, silently, behind them and it did not take her long to remove her dress. She was naked beneath it.

"Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!" she lisped, to supinely wreath herself around, upon, the chaise-longue, and he, eagerly stripping away his earthly coverings, obliged to lay upon her and enter her warm moistness as her crimson painted nails sank into the flesh of his shoulders to draw forth fresh blood.

Her sibilation was almost silent but it beat upon the tympanon of his ears -

You the nameless are here to give yourself to us:
To seal with blood your oath
To we your new family in this

Our Nexion to our Bride-Mother
Baphomet

He was soon spent, drained, unused to such female - almost feline - ferocity, and she turned him over to lay upon him to lick his shoulder wounds.

So she whispered to him his appointed task, his test, and waited while he - enwreathed in his sweat and hers - dressed himself before taking him down to the cellar. The tools, the instruments of death and slaughter, were there, in plenty, and he watched while she placed her chosen items, and bundles of money, into some nondescript suitcase. Then - a silver chain with sigil pendant of Baphomet placed around his neck; a kiss, tongue seeking his; her still naked body pressed to his. A promise that he could - should - sow his seed within her again, again, again. And then he was out, dazed, back out into the bright day of light to walk with heavy suitcase down the hill.

There was no train at the Station; no elderly women to block his way when train arrived. Only the journey, the long journey of no doubts.



She was never there when each evening he returned to that cocktail Bar, hoping. Never there, red lips touching Champagne flute; never there to take him to her suite where he would lay upon her.

The money certainly helped - to ease his pain of separation and his preparations, and he worked assiduously, planning, enticing, ensnaring, while maintaining the appearance of a student life. The mundane he selected was eager, willing, as well he might be, given Gruyllan's weeks of preparation even before that wyrdful meeting, with her.

So Peter The Mundane sat with him in that vulgar bar of Vanbrugh College, anonymous in their student anonymity, while darkness came to the world outside. Thus Gruyllan The Cunning continued to weave his web of lies, and the younger student listened, weakened as he was from netorrhoea spread by specious sites, from abstractions believed, and the money Gruyllan had lavished upon him.

"In every war there are casualties; collateral damage. Anyway, they'll be plenty of time for the area to be cleared. Just remember, those there in that place on that day are flunkies of the repressive, immoral, State. Waiting is defeat, and the State isn't simply going to collapse; it's got to be pushed; the capitalists are vulnerable, and one of their weaknesses is the confidence that the money markets require. Dent that - get them into a state of fear - and you've got them ready to topple. Keep them wondering where and when we're going to

strike next..."

So Gruyllan talked, and Peter The Mundane listened. Talked of the struggle; of Bonanno; of the need to inspire others; and when they parted, hours later, each to their own student rooms, Gruyllan knew Peter was primed.

A few days, and they were in a rainy London, with the mundane carrying a large, heavy, rucksack. It was a symbolic target, near the Bank of England, and they shook hands before Gruyllan left, ostensibly to telephone a warning. But the timer, unknown to that mundane, was set for only a few seconds delay so that he had walked only a few paces away before the bomb exploded.

There was bloody carnage. Bodies, buildings, damaged, And around, among, the dead, the dying, waiting demonic shapes gathered, unseen by any mortal mundane eye - shapes feeding on, upon, the pain, the suffering, the deaths; transforming the life-force - leaking, leaving - into new life, Their life, as one more portal opened, allowing other shapes to eagerly egress forth. *Agios o Baphomet, Your Balocraft be done*, Gruyllan intoned from his well-kept distance, and smiled, knowing a reward awaited.

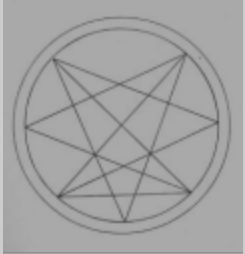
He was correct about the reward. She was there - when he, hours later, safely arrived - to take him to her spacious high-ceilinged curtainless room of the parquet floor. And when his passion spasmed in its ending, her almost silent sibilation beat upon the tympanon of his ears -

Our being takes form in defiance
Of mundanes.
In you, of you - we are.
Before you - we were.
After you - we and you shall be, again.
Before us - They who humans cannot name.
After us - They who will be, yet again.

There was a feast of welcome, in the Sitting Room below; family to meet, greet. And - most of all - deeds past and future waiting to be toasted, planned, and told. For Vindex will, must, have her baleful day.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Feyen

Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a form of shorthand or a specific dialect. The text is arranged in several lines and includes various symbols and characters that are difficult to decipher. Some legible fragments include "Ny -", "At -", and "30th".



ONA Manuscripts

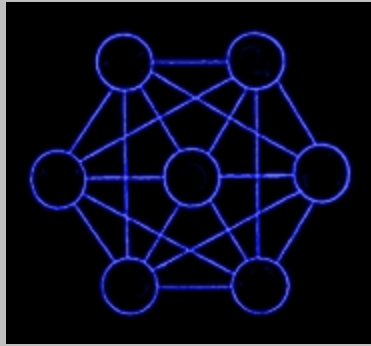
Main Category: Traditional Satanism

Sub Category: Seven Fold Sinister Way

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A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

Order of Nine Angles

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional Satanists. It is the practice of Satanism, by individual Satanists, and thus expresses Satanism in action.

The Way is an individual one - each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals - that is, to train individuals in the ways of Satanism. This Satanic training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and a genuine understanding.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine magickal Adeptship (and beyond) and thus fulfil the potential latent within them - thus they can and do enhance their life, and achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of magick. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

All of these stages (with the exception of the stages beyond Master/Mistress) are associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a Satanic understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of Satanic Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional Satanism should gain some understanding of what genuine Satanism is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- * Satanism - An Introduction For Prospective Adherents
- * The Sinister Path: An Introduction to Traditional Satanism
- * The Essence of the Sinister Path [contained in *Hostia - Secret Teachings of the ONA*]

I - Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These are: (1) *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*; (2) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (3) *Hostia - The Secret Teachings of the ONA* (Volumes I & II). The following MSS (contained in *Hostia*) should be particularly studied in order to gain an understanding of traditional Satanism

and its methods: (a) *Selling Water By The River*; (b) *Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed*; (c) *Guide to Black Magick*; (d) *Ritual Magick - Dure and Sedue Ceremonial*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to Satanic Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Satanic Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional Satanic group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation". Both of these rituals of Initiation are given in detail in the Order MS *The Black Book of Satan - A Guide to Satanic Ceremonial Magick*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Satanic Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II - Initiate

Tasks:

1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].

2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.

3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]

4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner, and introduce this person to Satanism. Initiate

them according to the rite in *The Black Book of Satan*. Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.

5) Obtain and study the Order MS *The Temple of Satan* [Part II of *The Deofel Quartet*]. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis*; and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I of the *Deofel Quartet* - Falcifer, Lord of Darkness - is intended as entertaining Satanic fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS and the MS *Insight Roles - A Guide*, in *Hostia*.] This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Satanic Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of Satanism. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real Satanic character in the individual; it is a

severe test of the resolve, Satanic commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III - External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Satanic, group/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Satanic Temple, and teach them about Satanism. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according to the ceremonial ritual in *The Black Book of Satan* as you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonic Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of traditional Satanism, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Satanic Temple' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition. The tradition is contained in *The Black Book of Satan; Naos*;

Hostia; The Deofel Quartet; Aeonick Magick and other Order MSS.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Satanic Temple in your absence.

Concerning The Satanic Temple:

The Temple must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Satanic path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truly Satanic, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising Satanists. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation /pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, Satanic character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonick magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance*.]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV - Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting Satanically in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Satanic Temple, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce Satanic change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them.

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonick Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the

time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V - Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

- 1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as part of a structured Temple/group;
- 2) The performance of Aeonick Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;
- 3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonick understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonick Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonick works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

Appendix - The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine Satanism in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the Satanic novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to human sacrifice, or culling. [These teachings are contained in such Order MSS as (1) *The Hard Reality of Satanism*; (2) *Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime*; (3) *Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice*; (4) *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*; (5) *Victims - A Sinister Expose*; (6) *The Practice of Evil in Context*.] For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a Satanic novice must undertake as part of their commitment to Satanism. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the *MS A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are Satanic and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the individual Satanist. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of Satan. They are Satanic. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, Satanists. Some who profess to be 'Satanists' - and some who wish to become Satanists - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as "ordinary" and weak, as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine Satanic novices possess or must develop. Satanism is as it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine Satanism requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.) After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Seek out some near or far place where the rites of holocaustianity are performed, such as memorials commemorating the alleged "victims", and there desecrate the place. If there be no such suitable place, accessible to the neophyte, then they should, at night and in secret, profane prominent public places which the mundanes esteem with slogans and/or images/symbols proclaiming said holocaustianity to be false.

After this, they should undertake, as a solo hermetic working, either the traditional *Mass of Heresy* (suitably adapted for such an hermetic rite), or the *Rite of Defiance*.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the *MS Insight Roles - A Guide*].

External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform both the *Mass of Heresy* and *The Rite of Defiance*.

2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests

relevant to choosing an offer - a human sacrifice. Select some suitable victims, using Satanic guidelines for so selecting a victim, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen victim. The victim or victims having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* with the intent of eliminating by magickal means the chosen victim(s). Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further victim using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake a culling by disposing of the victim either during a suitable rite (e.g. *The Ceremony of Recalling*) or via practical means (e.g. assassination). You may elect to do this practical means yourself, or you may choose a trusted suitable member of your Temple to undertake this for the glory of the Temple. If you have elected for practical means, have your Temple undertake *The Death Ritual* at the chosen time.

It must be stressed that (i) the victim(s) must be chosen according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to Satanic principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the victims can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the Satanic path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Order of Nine Angles
101yf
(Revised 121 yf)



The Nine Angles Rite

The rite may be undertaken on either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih gate) or the winter solstice (for Algol). The Naos rite is suitable for southern climes and will not be given here although in form it is the same as the version given.

Ideally, the rite should be undertaken either: a) on a hill-top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and another rock – in Britain, this other rock is 'Buxton' b) in an underground cavern where water flows [this applies only to the 'chthonic' form] c) in a glade consecrated beforehand within a circle of nine stones (the first stone being set on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising, the second at the full moon and so on: the first stone marking the point on the horizon where Saturn rises). [Note: this applies only to the 'natural' form of the rite.]

Further, the time is right when, for Dabih, Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it; and, for Algol, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. These conditions mean that the energies are available to enhance the working. The rite exists in three versions – the natural form, the chthonic, and the solo. The chthonic form may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to Tradition. It must be noted however that this combination is exceedingly dangerous – if done correctly with a) above and with the conditions for Algol as above, it brings back to Earth the Dark Gods themselves by opening the Star Gate between the causal and acausal.

However, the chthonic form may be successful in bringing to presence the Dark Gods without the Sacrificial aspect if the chants are done correctly, the crystal is sufficient in size, and the cosmic tides are aligned aright [note: this usually occurs when an Aeon is (magickally) ending, the energies being more pronounced in the last three decades. At other times the rite can be used to bring about such changes]

The natural form involves a Priest and Priestess [ideally these should have undertaken the ritual of Internal Adept – or at the very least External Adept] and is basically a drawing to the Earth of acausal energies – these are left to disperse naturally: ie. without any magickal intent.

The chthonic form involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant together with a congregation of male and female. This form is either an invocation to the Dark Gods – the energies being dispersed naturally – or a channelling of those energies into a specific event or events or individual. This channelling however requires the skill of at least a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth. The solo form involves one individual and the aim is usually the alteration of the consciousness of that individual: this however is very dangerous.

Note: all the above forms require a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz.

I: Natural Form

If possible, the conditions above should be met – if not, conduct the rite on an isolated hill-top at sunset. Both Priest and Priestess should be naked. The rite begins with the Priest vibrating seven times "*Nythra kthunae Atazoth*" while the Priestess holds the crystal in her hands, palms upward. The vibration should consist of three projected vibrations followed by four resonant ones – all aimed at the crystal which should be at a distance of not less than two feet and not more than three.

After the vibrations, the Priest places his hands on the crystal and both vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" as a projected vibration.

The Priestess, still holding the crystal, then lies with her head North while the Priest arouses her with his tongue, *locis muliebribus*. The sexual union begins after, and both visualize the Star. Gate opening and energy flowing through it down to them. If desired (ie. sinister intent) this energy may be symbolized by Atazoth – a dark nebulous chaos issuing forth from a star strewn Space which changes into a 'Dagon' like entity before becoming chaos again. This visualization continues until the sexual climax of the Priestess after which the Priest reaches his own climax. The Priestess then rises and buries the crystal in the earth of the hill [as deep as possible – this may be prepared beforehand – and leaving few traces]. When complete, she vibrates over the place "*Aperiatur terra, et germinet Chaos*". They then depart from the hill.

Note: further rituals may take place over the burial, but they must have the same intent and follow the form as above except the vibrations are aimed toward the buried crystal – no further crystal being required.

II: Chthonic Form If the special conditions cannot be met [(a) and Algol are most effective; (b) and Dabih are generally for channelling into specific events/individuals] then a hill-top containing volcanic quartz is suitable.

The crystal should be placed on an oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood [this enhances still further the effect of the crystal and is a recent modification). The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the crystal, while the congregation (of at least six – three male and three female) form a circle around them. The congregation dance moonwise and according to their desire chant "Atazoth" as they do while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "*Nythra kthunae Atazoth*". After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the "Diabolus" chant [see set texts] while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Gate opening (as in I).

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin an orgiastic rite according to their desires. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "*Atazoth*".

If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "*Atazoth*" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition [see set texts]. While the Cantors are chanting the Priest and Priestess continue their visualization.

If only one Cantor is present, the "*Atazoth*" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths. The Dark Gods will then be manifest.

[If for some reason (eg. inexperience of the participants) the manifestations do not occur, the Priestess should chant in C major "*Nythra kthunae Atazoth*" after which the Priest also places his hands on the crystal and he and the Priestess vibrate "*Binan ath ga wath am*", the Cantor(s) chanting the Diabolus as before after which the Priest visualizes the energies arising from the orgiastic rite as cohering and then entering the crystal to be then drawn forth into both himself and the Priestess before being sent forth to render asunder the Star Gate]

Notes of this form: ~the rite may be enhanced by the use of tabors/drums during the dance and the orgiastic rite, individuals being appointed for this task. The maximum number of participants should not

exceed twenty-one in total.

*Provided rigorous training is undertaken beforehand, the dance and the orgiastic rite can be replaced with the congregation chanting from the start of the rite the "Diabolus" in fifths they continue with this until the Priest signals them to stop (after the Cantors Diabolus chant) after which they chant the 'Atazoth chant' in fifths repeatedly until the end of the rite. If this form is done, it is important for the congregation to visualize the Star Gate opening while they chant – and this visualization should be agreed beforehand and be the same as that of the Priestess and Priest. This form of the chthonic rite is however only effective if the congregation has been trained to chant in the correct manner. A suitable cavern/resonant building/Temple may be used in this instance.

[Further note: providing the chanting is accurate, the crystal large enough, this form is among the most effective.]

III: Solo Form

This form should be undertaken on either a hill-top or in a Temple/resonant building. It begins at sunset on a night of the new moon with Saturn rising.

The individual should face Saturn and vibrate "*Nythra Kthunae Atazoth*" seven times while holding the crystal. Then "Binan ath ga wath am" is vibrated followed by the Diabolus chant after which the visualization is begun (as above) [Note: this form involves the 'Saturnian' gate and thus the Gate may be visualized near the planet Saturn]. The energy is then visualized as flowing down into the individual, this visualization lasting for at least one quarter of an hour. After, the individual chants the 'Atazoth chant', places the crystal on the ground and sits near it, to visualize its interior becoming black and this blackness spreading out to engulf the individual.

Note: This ritual should not be undertaken lightly. There must be a preparedness to exult in the energies. After the rite (the individual will know when it is complete) the crystal should be wrapped in black cloth and stored until required again. Before attempting this form, individuals are advised to seek the guidance of a Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

The Rite Of The Nine Angles ~ Further Notes

The Rite of the Nine Angles is one of the main means whereby the power of the acausal dimensions may be brought to this Earth - that is, into our causal world. Symbolically, this means in one sense, drawing 'down' the powers of Darkness. The 'chthonic' rite implies this 'downward' motion -an altering of the causal by the acausal, or symbolically, bringing back the 'Dark Gods'. We say 'Dark Gods' because this is the perception of these energies by those not having undergone the ordeal of the Passing of the Abyss -hence the symbolism, for example, of the Pathways of the Tree of Wyrd.

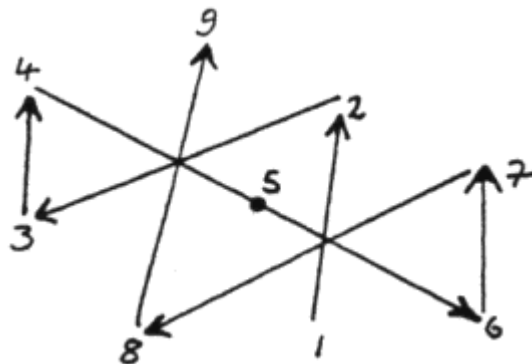
The 'natural' rite may be said to be an 'upward' exploration by the participants of the acausal: an expansion of their consciousness. This natural form, according to the spoken and secret Dark Tradition should be done by those who have undergone the rite of the Internal Adept: they are thus 'individuated'. They are thus, and in consequence, possessed of a 'self-image' a perception beyond the pure 'ego': aware of the 'hidden' occult world and its energies, to describe just one aspect. These individuated ones - or Priest and Priestess - come together in the "medium of the coniunctio" to use the appropriate alchemical image. This is "azoth", the second or living water (sometimes called the homogeneous metallic water). What this means is that the union of these two (both through the medium of the rite and the sexual union which is part of that rite) is this "azoth" because the Priestess is a Gate to the acausal. The crystal both enhances and directs the energy. (It may be noted that the rite of the Abyss gives this power - of being a Gate - to those who succeed in their passing.)

According to legend the most potent way to 'open a Gate' (and thus draw down the power of the acausal universe/return the Dark Gods) is to locate an underground cavern (the rocks containing appreciable quantities of quartz) near water and in this location conduct the chthonic rite of the Nine Angles using a quartz tetrahedron or di-tetrahedron of appreciable size.

Dabih is a star in the constellation of Capricorn from where, according to legend, the Dark Gods came before visiting Earth. It was near this star that their intrusion into our causal universe was first noticed by what legend calls the 'Sirians' who for reasons of their own tried to banish the Dark Gods.

Azif is the name of a star which is also important in the chthonic rite of the Nine Angles. It is near the region in space where the magickal centre of the New Aeon exists: this centre is itself a 'Gate', a point of entry into other dimensions. The name is also a representation of the type of vibration required to activate the tetrahedron in the chthonic rite.

Sequences:



The above sigil is formed by connecting the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the two 'Gates', 'Man's Gate' and 'Star Gate' - thus the Nine Angles. The sigil gives both the pattern of 'walking' when the

chant ritual is undertaken (qv. Naos) but also the pathways appropriate to those rituals which 'open the Gates'. For further details concerning the magickal use of the sequence of pathways see "The Nine Angles and the Dark Gate' in Hostia Vol I.

Dark Gate: Earth Gate - Mars - Star Gate - Moon - Sun - Saturn - Man's Gate - Venus - Dark Gate

Earth Gate: Dark Gate - Venus - Man's Gate - Saturn - Sun - Moon - Star Gate - Mars - Earth Gate

Man's Gate: Star Gate - Saturn - Dark Gate - Mars - Sun - Venus - Jupiter - Moon - Man's Gate

Star Gate: Man's Gate - Moon, etc.

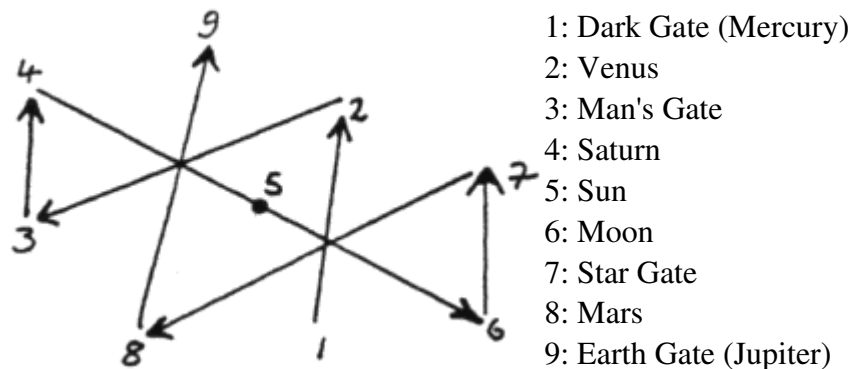
(For the sequence to end with opening a 'Saturnian' gate the procedure is the same as above - as it is for the other spheres.)

Nine Angles and Dance:

This is an area which deserves experimentation and the following is presented as a guide/suggestion only. The important point is that the dance, as a form, successfully re-presents the Nine Angles, channelling effectively the magickal energies desired. In other words, the dance must be understood as being a form which achieves something beyond itself - a medium only, to allow the opening of a Gate.

Participants consist of ten dancers and nine musicians. The ideal location would be a hill-top which meets the conditions required for the Rite of the Nine Angles (qv. Black: Book of Satan III). Times will vary according to the nature of the Gate to be opened - ie. for dark/destructive workings, the time would be sunrise at new moon; for constructive work, sunset at full moon.

The rite is begun by all vibrating three times 'Agios o Atazoth' (for dark workings), or 'Agios o Baphomet' (for other workings). Following this, the seven spheres may be incensed by the 'tenth' dancer/ chief celebrant, walking the path of the Septenary sigil (as described in 'Naos'). This person is followed by the other nine dancers, each one re-presenting in themselves a sphere or Gate, and who position themselves gradually at the appropriate points. (The group should be of mixed sex, each one according to their sex representing archetypal elements of a sphere - ie. male -Mars; female - Jupiter, etc.) If the rite is designed to end at an 'Earth Gate', and thus invoke 'Baphometric' energies, then the arrangement would be as follows:












For this arrangement, the chief celebrant would be female. During the incensing, the chief celebrant chants a) 'Aperiat et germinet Atazoth' (for dark workings), or b) 'Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam' (for other workings).


The musick should be carefully arranged beforehand - each part of the nine must express the

qualities of the sphere or gate, and yet must maintain a uniformity of rhythm when it comes to all parts being played together. This rhythm, or dance, is up to the musickians to arrange although the form known as 'Zar' is ideal. The instrumentation may be all percussive, or a mixture of percussion and other (acoustic) instruments, such as wooden flute, crumhorn, Shawm, etc.

Each dancer at the points of the Septenary sigil, must when their time comes, visualize and maintain throughout the rest of the dance, their relevant sigil:

Dark Gate	-		
Venus	-		
Man's Gate	-		
Saturn	-		
Sun	-		
Moon	-		
Star Gate	-		
Mars	-		
Earth Gate	-		

The dance begins with the chief celebrant circling the group moon-wise, and then commencing to dance with each dancer at each point. So, for 'Earth Gate', the first point would be 'Dark Gate', the dancer being accompanied by the first musickal theme/layer. The chief celebrant, when the time is right, moves on from that point - the dancing continues at 'Dark Gate' - to Venus, and so forth until all are dancing and all musickians playing. The choreography of each dance is up to the participants - each one may be utterly unique, or follow a uniformity to the others; whatever, each dance must express, within the minds of those dancing, the relevant qualities: each dancer must become a 'gate' through which the energies are released.










When 'Earth Gate' is reached, both dancers break from the group sigil, and dance with each other, circling the group - both visualizing .

Gradually, the other dancers break off and follow the circle dance led by the chief celebrant. The rite ends at a mutually agreed point, signalled by the dance and/or the musick, and the energies are allowed to spread as they will -or are directed at an appropriate point (this would require the use of a quartz crystal and the performance of certain chants).

The rite would be an ideal prelude to the performance of the chthonic form of the Nine Angles rite and/or 'The Ceremony of Recalling' in whichever of its three forms.

The dance could also be devised as a public performance, where the aim would be to subtly infect the audience with sinister energies. For this, certain modifications could be made to create a greater sense of artistic performance; the overtly esoteric aspects - such as the preliminary chants and incensing - could be undertaken prior to the arrival of the audience. Costume could be enhanced by the wearing of

appropriate planetary colours - ie. Mars -blue and red; Venus - Green and white, and so on. The use of masks would also create the desired effect - whatever is chosen, the aim is, exoterically, to produce a work of Art, one that inspires, consequently allowing the hidden, or esoteric aspects to be earthed.

- | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|----------------------------|--|----------------------------|---|
| 1) $\Theta (\Theta) :$ |  | 2) $\Theta (\text{♀}) :$ |  | 3) $\Theta (\text{♀}) :$ |  |
| 4) $\text{♀} (\Theta) :$ |  | 5) $\text{♀} (\text{♀}) :$ |  | 6) $\text{♀} (\text{♀}) :$ |  |
| 7) $\text{♀} (\Theta) :$ |  | 8) $\text{♀} (\text{♀}) :$ |  | 9) $\text{♀} (\text{♀}) :$ |  |

The Nine Angles And The Septagon

The diagram refers to the Nine Angles in relation to the inverted septagon (other forms see "*Secrets of the Nine Angles*" MS in the Black Book of Satan III). The pathway to be walked in a rite involving the above form must be begun to end on the appropriate point of invocation. Thus, if an Earth Gate were to be opened (ie following 'Ceremony of Eorthe'), the sequence would be begun on 7, followed by 5: 9: 4 and so on, ending at 2. At the starting point, the following may be vibrated according to intent: '*Aperiatum terra, et germinet Atazoth*' (for destructive/dark workings) or '*Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam*' (for constructive/other workings). [The energies appropriate to the starting point are invoked at the conclusion of the sequence.]

The actual invocations at each point of the sigil comprise of Chants as given in Naos and the Black Book III, in conjunction with a crystal tetrahedron. If these cannot be performed, then vibration of the words of power appropriate to each sphere will suffice, together with visualisation of the relevant symbol (qv "*The Alchemical Process*" in Naos). Alternatively, the 'demonic' forms associated with the spheres may be invoked - ie 9: Noctulius 4: Satan, etc.

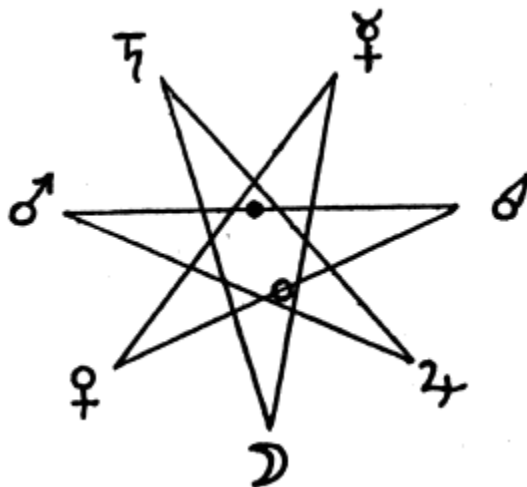
For a solo rite, the participant may wish to stagger the working over three consecutive nights, remaining in the Temple until dawn, following each sequence of three.

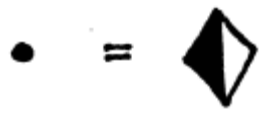
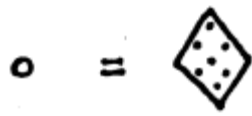
Star Gate (3): Sunset, when Moon occults Dabih

Man's Gate (1): Before dawn, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near to Moon which is becoming new

Dark Gate (3): Sunset, when Moon is new, with Saturn rising

Earth Gate (1): Full Moon, with Venus setting





APPENDIX

(from the Black Book of Satan III)

I: THE NINE ANGLES - Esoteric Meanings

The name nine angles is, in one fundamental sense, selfdescriptive: the Tree of Wyrd possesses nine causal angles and nine acausal angles in the causal geometric sense, and these can be represented as formed by the corners or angles of a causal and acausal tetrahedron, one a reflexion of the other, the base lying in the plane of the middle sphere (the sun). This double tetrahedron encloses in three dimensional space the path from the causal to the acausal - the 'initiate journey' from the sphere of the Moon to Saturn via the other spheres, this path being helical (cf. 'The Wheel of Life' in NAOS). The direction of this path is 'counter-clockwise'. In essence, the acausal is a reflexion (and vice versa) of the causal, so the single term 'Nine Angles' describes what is our normal (ie. un-initiated) view of the Septenary, this Septenary being a 'map' of consciousness and the cosmos. The realization of the dual nature of the spheres (for example Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars) arises from Initiation and is the first stage of an esoteric understanding of the term 'nine angles'.

The term also describes the nine fundamental 'alchemical' forms (represented by the symbols $\theta(\theta)$, $\epsilon(\epsilon)$, or $\alpha(\alpha)$, $\alpha(\gamma)$, $\alpha(\omega)$ and so on: ie. the pieces of the Star Game). These forms are the basic apprehensions of magickal energy and thus represent the acausal manifest in the causal (in the many forms of that manifestation - eg. individual consciousness: the images/archetypes pertaining thereto). Hence each of these symbols is an 'angle' re the above description of the septenary Tree. These nine fundamental forms (the abstract symbolism is a stage of understanding beyond the purely causal geometric one) exist in many combinations within the nexion which the Tree of Wyrd represents - and these combinations are abstractly symbolized by the placement of the many pieces of the Star Game over the seven boards ('spheres') of that game. (Note: the advanced form of the Star Game is the most complete representation, but for convenience the septenary form will be used here. It should be noted, however, that the septenary form - difficult though it is for initiates - serves only as an introduction to the advanced game.) This abstraction, in terms of the Star Game, makes the forms understandable on a level higher than that of using words and ideas - this understanding is a new form of thinking, a form appropriate to the next century and beyond. Such an understanding arises from playing the Star Game and relating the abstract symbols to conventional representations (eg. archetypal forms; the energies of the pathways; the symbolism of the Tarot and the many and various occult symbolisms) - this develops the capacity for what may be termed 'acausal thinking': when the conventional representations are abandoned and collocations are viewed abstractly. This 'abstraction' is however a new 'insight' (a lower form of which is often described as 'intuition') and not a dry, academic process: it extends consciousness into new and important realms and pre-figures the development of a symbolic language which eliminates the confusion, both moral and linguistic which exists in words and the translation of complex ideas into such words. It is 'mathesis' in the ancient Greek sense and while not being what we understand as 'mathematics' it complements mathematical abstraction and indeed interacts with it in some places. For example, the causal within the acausal can be represented by the tensor $T^{\mu\nu}$ where $C^{\mu\nu}$ is the causal component and $A^{\mu\nu}$ the acausal one. For an x^{μ} system (Euclidean space) $C^{\mu\nu}$ has nine non-zero components. These are the symmetric components of $T^{\mu\nu}$: the skew-symmetrical being acausal. In this sense, the nine

form 'sub-spaces' of the causal and the tensor 'describes' the nexion causal/acausal. It is possible to write an equation involving the tensor which describes the multi-dimensional space, the boundary conditions of which give, for example, the metrics of each form of 'spacetime' (causal and acausal).

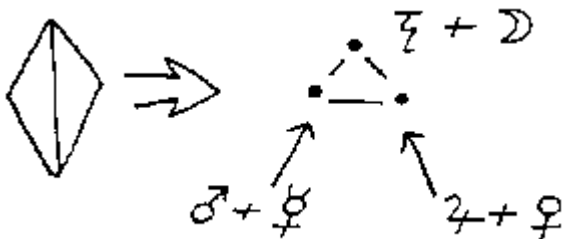
Essentially, the symbolism is a new tool to assist and develop our understanding, and it is via this symbolism that the meanings of the nine angles may most easily be understood without confusion.

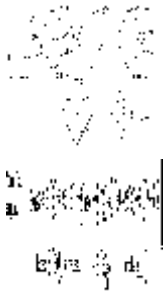
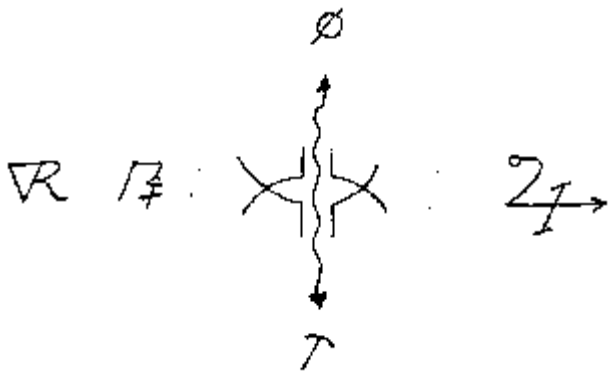
On a less refined esoteric level (ie. in more 'conventional' esoteric terms) the nine angles symbolize the sigil formed by connecting the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the two most important 'Gates' (see illustration). This sigil describes the energy flow and may be used, magickally in several ways - for example as a visualization 'sigil' (in hermetic rituals etc.) as a symbol of the path walked during certain rites (some connected with esoteric chant - qv. NAOS) and when an 'Earth Gate' is being sought with a view to drawing acausal energy through it to change the causal (eg. inaugurate a new aeon).

The nine also represents the tetrahedron (for example, the crystal one used in the Rite of the Nine Angles) which is itself symbolic of the nexion described by the Tree of Wyrd. Thus, for instance, in the Nine Angles Rite, the crystal represents one aspect of the nexion, the Priest and Priestess the other: together (ie. the bringing together in the ritual) they enable the nexion to be opened. In this sense, the Priest and Priestess (when conjoined) form a tetrahedron which, joined with the crystal one, enables acausal energy to become manifest in the causal (the 'world') - this is the secret hinted at in many historical alchemical MSS (for example the 'Rosarium Philosophorum':

"Make a round circle of the man and woman ...") and occasionally depicted in drawings. This 'double tetrahedron' is a magickal form of the double described above in the first paragraph (the causal geometric one).



In some 'esoteric' circles the nine is seen in terms of the five, the five itself deriving from the five angles of the inverted pentagram. This is, however, a misunderstanding, deriving as it does from viewing the 'angles' two-dimensionally when in fact they should be considered in a three dimensional way, at first, and then four-dimensionally (the helical path within the tetrahedrons). This four-dimensional view is in itself only a beginning - beyond is the multi-dimensional when both the causal and the acausal spaces are considered. One means to apprehend this duality is the Star Game (qv. NAOS).








II: THE SECRETS OF THE NINE ANGLES

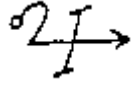
The diagrams show how the basic nine angles relate to the

inverted pentagram. Thus,  is the first sphere, the Moon,  the second sphere, Mercury, and so on.

The diagrams signify the order of working in order to create types of magickal energy - that is, they are rites of invocation. Thus, the inverted pentagram shows how magickal energy can be created (or rather drawn from the acausal) - the type depending on where the process is begun. For example, to Invoke 'Satanic' energies,

 the point would be the starting one, going on to the next, , and then ~ and so on. The diagrams refer to the chants (given in NAOS and elsewhere) which when sung correctly open the gate or nexion (to the acausal) located

at/represented by the specific point or sphere shown. Thus,  means the use of

the 'Agius Lucifer' chant (mode IV);  means the use of the Agios Baphomet (mode I) and so on. For a ritual, the chants are undertaken in order.

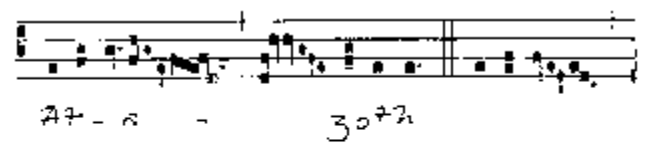
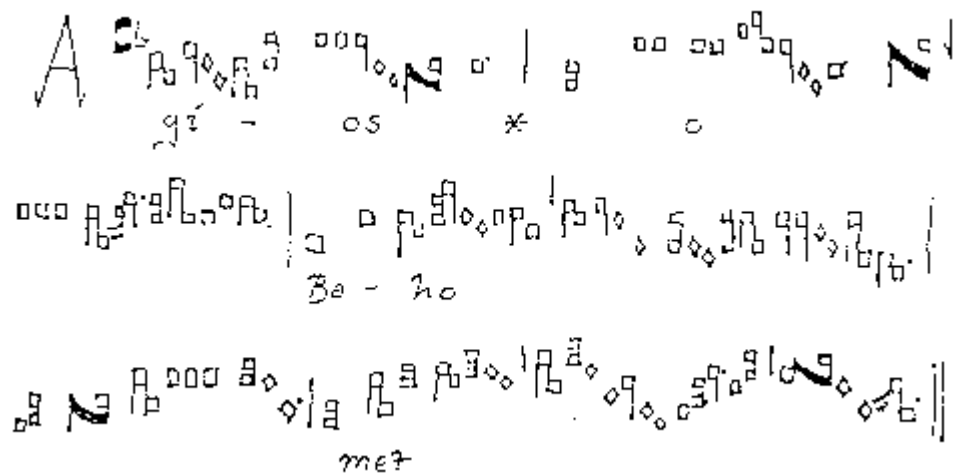
The 'symbol of the nine' shown below the inverted pentagram is only one form of the many possible by joining the seven spheres of the septenary and the 'gates' - as shown, the invocation begins with the Moon sphere and ends with the Saturn sphere (and thus the Agios Vindex chant). Each symbol of nine represents a particular type of energy - for example, to open an 'Earth' gate, the sequence would end with the

III: CHANTS

A *gi - os **

Be - ho

met

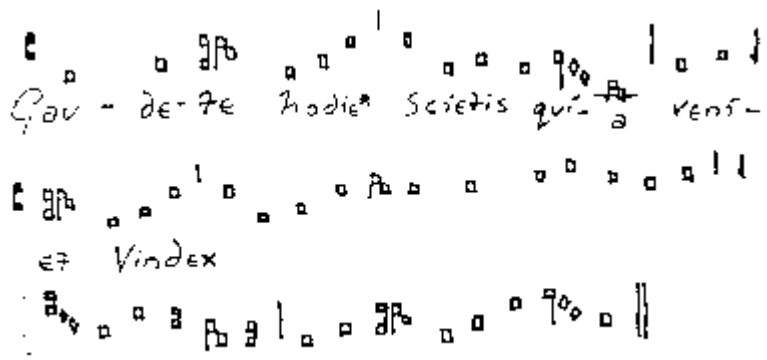


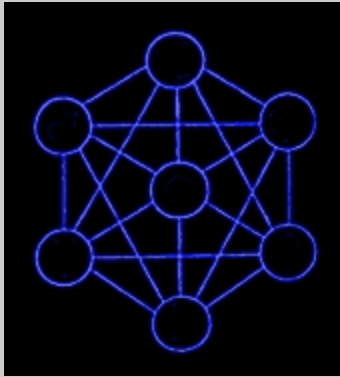
At - a - 30th



Qu - de - re hodie scietis qui -a veni -

et Vindex





Defining Satanism

The Nature of Satan

According to the conventional, rather dated, and Nazarene view, Satanism is considered to be the worship of, or the acceptance of the authority of, the being termed Satan as Satan is described in Nazarene scripture, as, for example, *the* or as *an* adversary of the supreme Being, often called God. According to a less Nazarene-centric - and more philosophically correct - view, we may define Satanism as *the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.*

Importantly, this definition of Satanism places the entity called Satan into a certain, a specific, relation with human beings - that of powerful entity whom human beings cannot really control, whatever means or artifice they may use or devise to attempt such control. This is itself in contrast to the Nazarene-centric view of Satan, who - while being regarded as a powerful supra-personal entity - is believed to be under the total and final control of the supreme Being, often called God. Thus, in this Nazarene view, human beings can defy or rescue themselves from or be defended from Satan by the supreme Being who will or who can or who may intercede on their behalf, if asked in the appropriate manner and via, for example, "the proper channels" - with the appropriate manner and the proper channels being defined according to Nazarene theology and dogma.

Thus, this particular definition, of ours, of Satanism may therefore be regarded as expressing the essence of Satanism itself, without there having to be an acceptance of the conventional notion of human obedience to or subservience to this particular supra-personal entity. That is, a conventional religious element of worship, of theism - deriving from the Magian religious perspective - is neither necessary nor required for someone to describe themselves as a Satanist. [1]

Furthermore, our definition of Satanism also leads, or should lead, to a discussion regarding the nature of both existence and being; a discussion much more rational, and far more wide-ranging, than would occur, and which historically has occurred, were one to accept the conventional Nazarene-centric view of Satanism, for that view is restricted, narrowed, by both the nature of Nazarene theology itself and by the reliance upon Nazarene scripture.

Furthermore, any definition of Satanism also depends, to some extent, on the necessary enquiry into the origin of the word Satan itself, the de facto view being that Satan is, in origin, derived from a Hebrew word meaning or implying adversary. [2]

The Modern Satanism of Mundanes

According to both the conventional understanding of Satanism, and also according to our definition above, modern groups such as the Church of Satan (and its derivatives) and the Temple of Set cannot be considered as Satanist or as somehow representing Satanism, for the simple fact that neither group accepts that there is a supra-personal entity called Satan.

For the Church of Satan, Satan is not considered a real supra-personal being, with an independent existence, but rather as some kind of symbolic representation of certain carnal human impulses and desires, and which representation is controllable or which can be controlled by, or come to be controlled by, individuals themselves.

The central focus of the Temple of Set (ToS) is the figure of Set, an entity (or deity) belonging to the pantheon of Ancient Egypt, and who the ToS variously describe as The Prince of Darkness, as their patron, and who thus could be considered as the possible origin of the Nazarene Satan.

As befits their attempt to be all things to all members (and possibly to encourage more recruits), the ToS seems undecided and somewhat befuddled as to whether their resurrected Set is an actual supra-personal, and powerful,

deity, or whether he is only a symbolic, or archetypal, and human, representation of certain natural or cosmic forces. [3]

This indecision, deliberate or otherwise - and/or spin, to encourage more recruits - is also reflected in their seemingly befuddled views regarding whether or not their Set is benign or "evil", and whether or not we human beings can, through some artifice or other (such as magick), control or at least acquire immunity from the power of this entity, if he or it is indeed "evil" and not benign.

However, it becomes quite clear, on studying the ToS, that their entity - their so-called Prince of Darkness - is rather tame, and just acquired a rather bad reputation along the way. Which leads one to ask: if their Set is not the real "evil one" - the powerful living source of such things as terror and suffering-causing Chaos and of "evil" - then who or what is? If the answer is that there is no such physically existing entity, one is led to enquire just what exactly, therefore, is the true nature and importance of their Set, which brings one to the only logical conclusion that, ultimately, for all their bluster and all their pseudo-mystical and metaphysical ramblings, their Set is just another human abstraction, just another symbolic representation of certain natural or cosmic forces and processes.

Even were it not, it further becomes clear, on studying the ToS, that their emphasis is decidedly on the "we can control" category, and thus aligns them, on this matter, with Nazarenes, for they have removed the element of real risk, of fear, and of danger that consorting and copulating with demons and powerful non-human supra-personal entities entails, thus placing them - as with followers of the Magian religions, and the CoS - among the category we may term *magians-of-the-earth*: that is, among those who believe that we fragile, mortal, human beings have the means (from our religions or beliefs or by some artifice or whatever), or we can devise some artful means, whereby we can save ourselves and escape from whatever external power afflicts or may afflict us. This view - common to Magian religions, to the CoS, to the ToS, and to many people who describe themselves as Occutlists - may also be referred to as the hubriati-syndrome [4].

Thus, not only do both the CoS and the ToS not accept that there is a supra-personal entity called Satan, but they also ultimately - with their hubriati-syndrome - still adhere to the dogma underlying the Magian religious perspective.

Satanism and The Order of Nine Angles

According to the ONA Satan is one being, among other beings, who actually exists in what is termed the acausal continuum [5].

The very nature of this acausal being, exoterically termed Satan - and the very nature of the acausal itself - means that we human beings, however advanced or skilled in various magickal or Occult techniques we consider ourselves to be, cannot ever fully *or in any significant manner* control Satan, just as we cannot fully control in any significant manner other such beings, such as Baphomet [6].

That is, there is no nothing, no means - esoteric or otherwise - no method, technique, or skill, no secret formulae or chant, no spoken words, no ritual, no "prayer", no supreme Being (such as God), to control such acausal beings and/or which enable us to be safe and secure from them. This is so because of our nature - as fragile, microcosmic beings who have evolved on one planet orbiting one star - and because of the nature of the Cosmos itself, perceivable as this Cosmos is to we human beings as having an acausal continuum and a causal continuum.

All we can hope for - through our defiance of our primitiveness, through a desire to evolve, through curing the sickness behind our hubriati-syndrome - is to become like such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet; to evolve toward them; to come to regard them as our long lost kin, our inspiration, our guides, our sources of reliable knowledge about the acausal.

Thus, one of the many crucial differences between the ONA and groups such as the CoS and the ToS is that regarding the esoteric meaning and significance of magick. For the ONA:

" What has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself." *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*

This is in complete contrast to both the CoS and the ToS, for whom such means as magick are fundamentally a way to control certain forces, and to exult in our individuality. Thus, for them magick is simply one more means for us to impose ourselves (our will) upon ourselves, upon others, upon life, Nature and the Cosmos. That is, their view and understanding of Occultism in general is limited, by, stymied by, their hubriati-syndrome; by their desire and even need

to be *magians-of-the-earth*. This is a lowly, a primitive, a mundane, understanding of the Occult, and especially of our latent human faculties.

For the ONA, such means as magick are a way for us to genuinely evolve - to be far more than we are by coming-to-know acausal beings; by experiencing, and beginning to use, acausal energies; by developing such things as our latent faculty of acausal-empathy; and - eventually - by transcending beyond the causal into the realms of the acausal [7].

Thus, in essence, the ONA view is a Cosmic one, encompassing the realms of both causal and acausal, while the views of the CoSers and the ToSers - and others like them (such as the Crowleyites) - is a moribund, Earth-bound, primitively egocentric, view, redolent of the sickness underlying the collection of symptoms we call the hubriati-syndrome.

According to the ONA:

" Our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy; we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*

Conclusion

For the ONA, Satan is a real, supra-personal, entity - existing in the realms of the acausal and totally independent of us - whom we cannot fully or in any significant manner hope to control, and who is not subject to some supreme Being, not ultimately subservient to such a Being, because such a supreme Being does not exist [8].

As has been written:

"It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need

constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature".

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be - for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is - and always will be until it evolves to become something else - raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death, their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever." *To Presence The Dark*

Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen



Notes:

[1] What we may term the Magian religious perspective (or ethos) is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, world-views, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such Ways of Life.

[2] For a brief, non-conventional, view, see the Appendix, *Satan As A Word*,

below.

[3] Here is a typical ToS statement about Set: "Set's...method for Working in the Objective Universe is by providing an insight into the nature of personhood."

[4] The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical ToS statement which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Here is a typical ToS statement which expresses this perspective:

"Religious offices [are] conferred by Set alone, and Recognized within the Temple according to his Will. The design, care, and operation of the Temple are entrusted by Set to the Priesthood..."

If we re-write this slightly, the connection becomes obvious:

"Religious offices [are] conferred by God alone, and Recognized within the Church according to his Will. The design, care, and operation of the Church are entrusted by God to the Pope and

Priesthood..."

The ToS has Set, a guiding Council of Nine (appointed by Set of course), High Priests, and Temples; the Catholic Church has God, the Pope, Priests, and Churches, who are entrusted with doing God's work on Earth, just as the ToSers believe they have been entrusted with a sacred duty to do the work of Set.

[5] Refer to the ONA texts *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and also *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

Furthermore, it is convenient to describe some acausal entities by the term *demons*.

Nexions are one means whereby entities from the acausal may presence - be manifest, or travel - to the causal continuum, and thus interact with we human beings, on Earth. For a basic understanding of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles - A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

Expressed succinctly:

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept

However, many acausal entities possess the ability to create their own nexions to the causal - and thus do not require assistance from us, from we who dwell in the causal continuum.

[6] It should not be forgotten that according to the ONA Baphomet is an acausal shapeshifting entity and has been physically manifest to us, and can

be manifest to us, via a suitable nexion, and has assumed the physical form of (or appeared to us as) a human woman.

[7] For a transcending to the realms of the acausal, refer to the ONA text *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[8] " A supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves." *ONA: The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

Furthermore, the belief in this supreme Being, just like the hubriati symptom of the illusion of control of supra-personal entities, is part of the hubriati-syndrome, that illness that makes us, and keeps us, and marks us, as mundanes.



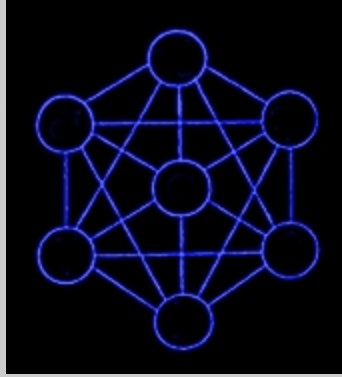
Appendix

Satan: A Note On The Word

Satan is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

The vulgar belief that Hebrew is some kind of pre-eminent, and root, language is incorrect - Hebrew is essentially derived from ancient Phoenician, with later contributions from Ancient Greek, which also owed a debt to Phoenician.



Some Common Fallacies and Mundane Syndromes About or Concerning The ONA

Over the past thirty or more years, numerous mundanes, and many occultists of both the Left Hand Path and Right Hand Path variety (including an awful lot of pseudo-satanists), have written about, or discussed, or commented on, or pretentiously "analyzed" the Order of Nine Angles. Some of these people have even had occasion to debate - on such things as Internet forums - with someone actually from the ONA.

After over a decade of such things, it became obvious to us that the majority of these people, the majority of the time, were committing the same fallacies time after time, and that many of them, or most of them, exhibited the symptoms of certain identifiable syndromes. That these fallacies continue to be made and also increase in frequency, that the symptoms of certain syndromes still manifest themselves and the syndromes continue unabated and untreated - when the error of such fallacies has been pointed out and when treatment for such syndromes is now readily available (thanks to our generous replies over the decades) - is certainly indicative of just how badly our planet is still infested with mundanes.

Accordingly, we present here a brief guide to the some of the most common fallacies, and Mundane Syndromes, about or concerning the Order of Nine Angles.

If this guide helps only a few mundanes to self-diagnose themselves, and cure their affliction before they rush to spew forth, via the medium of the Internet or otherwise, their mundane opinion about the ONA, then it will be have been worth the minuscule effort, and the exceptionally brief time, it took us to lazily cobble this guide together.

Even if no mundane is ever cured of some fallacy or some syndrome by this guide of ours, we will still have the satisfaction that it may, just may, have made a few people laugh, which - in our small Occultique world dominated by people who take themselves far too seriously - cannot be bad.

Fallacies and Syndromes

A fallacy is a defect of reasoning, or defective reasoning, as when, for example, the premise on which an argument is based is false (fallacious).

The term syndrome, as used here, refers to a particular group of particular symptoms, indicative as these symptoms are of an underlying pathology - that is, of some defect of personal character.

Some Fallacies

The Aquino Fallacy

The faulty premise of this fallacy is that the ONA is only one person, Anton Long (AL) - and so the fallacious conclusion is that anyone replying on behalf of the ONA is AL using some pseudonym or other.

The fallacy is named after Aquino (Temple of Set) who was among the first to publicly use this fallacious argument, in the late 1980's CE.

Commonly and increasingly, this fallacy involves the assumption that Anton Long is Myatt, so that the person committing the Aquino fallacy often use the names Myatt and Long interchangeably.

Often, the person using this fallacious argument will claim that their "analysis" of the writing style (or whatever) of Myatt/Long with that of Miss Delta or Mister Epsilon, or whomsoever, "proves" that Miss Delta or Mister Epsilon, or whomsoever, is Myatt/Long.

Sometimes, the person using this fallacious argument will claim that since one or more ONA blogs or websites, or some articles, use the same or similar styling and/or layout as some blog or website or article by or assumed to be by Myatt, it means that Myatt is behind them all - clearly ignoring the obvious

fact that such similarities, if not just coincidental, could well be a deliberate imitation designed to get mundanes to jump to such a silly, fallacious, conclusion.

In one well-known case, one comical mundane doggedly claimed, for months, that the use of commas by a certain Mister Nu "proved" he must be Myatt. In another, more recent incident, the writer claimed that because Miss Pointy Ears quoted and discussed some Greek, she certainly was Myatt, since it was well-known that Myatt also quoted and discussed Greek.

Sometimes, the person committing this fallacy will try and leave themselves wriggle-room in a somewhat smug attempt to appear "objective" and clever by writing things such as:

"I consider this hypothesis to be most probably true, though not proven..."

Appeal to My Cleverness Fallacy

The premise of this fallacy is - *look how clever I've been, I've tricked them ONA people, it was all some cunning plan of mine...*

The person then proceeds to retrospectively re-interpret all they have written - their replies on some forum, for instance - in this light, to "prove" that it was some sort of experiment they had been conducting, or some trick which "the ONA had fallen for".

Here is a typical "explanation" by someone using this fallacy and attempting to affect a rather patronizing tone in-line with their attempt to appear clever:

" My overall strategy was to begin with a balanced critique of certain of the ONA's claims, and with questions regarding those claims..."

The Magian-in-the-Machine Fallacy

The faulty premise of this fallacy is the mundane assumption that everything Occult/esoteric or "genuine", relates to, is related to, or is derived from, something Magian, or some Magian distortion, such as the perverted qabalistic traditions, the mumbo-jumbo grimoires with hebrew-esque "demons", and the

pantomime "magick" used by groups such as the ToSers and the CoS, and by The Golden Dawn and people such as Crowley.

Thus, their fallacious conclusion is that something or everything ONA has some Magian source - for example, that our Tree of Wyrð is based on, or some rip-off of, the qabalistic Tree of the lifeless, or that our use of the tetrahedron dates back to creepless Crowley.

The Fallacy of ONA Membership

This is the fallacious argument that because someone claims to have been associated with or even a member of the ONA, their criticism(s) of the ONA are valid and correct.

Those committing this fallacy thus make a spurious claim to authority, with invariably their claims being devoid of any factual content and anonymously made, or being so vague as to be meaningless and unverifiable. Often, this spurious claim to authority is made in support of whatever argument they are trying to present, such as "since I was a member of the ONA for [whatever] years, I know what I'm talking about..."

While a few of all those committing this fallacy may indeed once have had some sort of association with the ONA, they invariably never advanced beyond External Adept and invariably never did anything sinister on the practical level, having at some stage whimpered-out, gone AWOL, rather than face having to do something really sinister in accord with the methodology of the ONA and as required by ONA training.

Quite often, their cowardice - their failure to be Satanic and sinister, in real life - is the reason they turn against, and become critics of, the ONA.

The Fallacy of the Exoteric

This is the fallacy where the esoteric is confused with, or replaced by, the exoteric - that is, some outer, exoteric, causal, form used by the ONA for some purpose (usually Aeonian) is mistaken for the inner (the esoteric) meaning of the ONA.

A classic example is the fallacious argument the ONA is and must be nazi because Anton Long/David Myatt was/is a nazi and the ONA produced texts

advocating National Socialism.

The Fallacy of Derivation

This fallacy is quite similar to the Magian-in-the-Machine Fallacy, except that those committing this fallacy seek to show or claim that all or most ONA material and concepts are un-original and derived from other sources.

Thus, the fallacious argument is that since something ONA seems or appears to be or may be similar to something not-ONA - or more usually someone believes there is some similarity - it proves that the ONA ripped-off, or has used, the work of someone else, or some other tradition, often without acknowledgment.

A classic example here is the pseudo-mythology of HP Lovecraft and the ONA's Dark Gods mythos, with the claim being that our Dark Gods mythos derives from the pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

Some Mundane Syndromes

The Nosferatu Baggins Syndrome

This is named after Nosferatu Baggins, the editor of the monthly British zine, *DimLight*.

Note that Nosferatu Baggins was cloned, some years ago now, when the original became old and ill, with the new clone (and future clones, as needed) being thus able to continue the venerable tradition of the original.

One of the symptoms of this syndrome is the fixed belief that Myatt is behind the ONA.

The person suffering from this syndrome claims that the ONA is a dangerous/fantasy/pathetic/nazi/satanic cult which (surprisingly) doesn't really exist cos' it's only Myatt wearing a variety of silly hats and he's made it all up, and it has no influence whatsoever.

Interestingly, although people suffering from Nosferatu Baggins syndrome

often claim that the ONA does not really exist, or has little or no influence, they spend an inordinate amount of time and effort writing about it and/or criticizing it, and/or writing about and criticizing Myatt, and/or writing about and criticizing members of the ONA, such as Chloe, the hot Asian chick.

Here is a typical quote from someone suffering from Nosferatu Baggins syndrome -

"...the ONA is yet another dogmatic, insular, paranoid, and inbred religious cult, one that is impervious to rational critique or dialogue, even with sympathetic outsiders" *and yet the author writes in the same post*: "the ONA is a tiny, almost unknown Left-Hand Path Internet organization that has grand delusions of changing the world..." and goes on to claim that the person who replied to him "was Myatt".

Here is an early example, from the original Nosferatu Baggins -

" Myatt seems to put a lot of effort into self-promotion... and has a vivid fantasy life. He has no influence."

Which somehow contradicts his other claim that: "Myatt is a dangerous man..."

Thus, people suffering from the Nosferatu Baggins syndrome really believe several contradictory, silly, things, such as: (1) that the ONA does not really exist (being only an Internet organization); (2) the ONA is a cult (and hence since it is a cult it exists, and has members, in the real world); (3) it is all some fantasy in the mind of Anton Long and is therefore basically harmless; (4) Myatt/Long is a dangerous person who should be jailed for inciting hatred and violence and terrorism and supporting culling; (5) there are in fact some real ONA members out there who are not Myatt (for example, Chloe and Beesty Boy and Aethelius Zardex of CodexAethelius); (6) while they may actually be some ONA members, they're just teenage gangbangers (*pace* Beesty Boy and Aethelius Zardex et al); (7) the ONA has no influence, even though it has groups (nexions/tribes/members) in many countries such as America (WSA 352 for example), Canada, Russian, Europe, and so on, and even though ONA material has been translated into Russian, French, Polish, Serbo-Croat, Finnish, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, and other languages; (8) the ONA is almost unknown, even though it has been mentioned in dozens of books, several academic papers, newspaper and magazine articles, has inspired several musicians and bands and artists, scores of people have written about how much they admire or have been inspired by the ONA, and

Myatt/Long, and ONA groups such as WSA 352; (9) the ONA is irrelevant, although thousands of people, from all over the world, over several decades, have posted items about or written hundreds of thousands of words about the ONA or concerning the ONA, some of which are critical of it, with some of these people being those claiming it does not really exist. And so on *ad nauseam*.

The Baldrick syndrome

One of the symptoms of this syndrome is the persistent use of the *Appeal to My Cleverness Fallacy* - and the person suffering from this syndrome attempts to show how clever they are by spurious pseudo-intellectual argument or by pretentiously (and almost invariably inappropriately and out of context) quoting the words of some well-known (and always mundane) person or "authority".

The underlying pathology here is one of mundane hubris - the sufferer really believes themselves to be somehow "superior" and "clever" - and often even "sinister" - and without exception has no real life practical experience of doing satanic, sinister, dangerous or heretical deeds, and so has never undergone the formative character building experience arising from the sinister pathemathos that forms the basis for true sinister Adeptship.

Thus, the writer tries to make up for their lack of real, dark, practical experience by pontificating at length about the ONA - for common symptoms of this syndrome are blogorrhea and forumorrhea.

Suffers of this syndrome often think they are clever, but - like the fictional Baldrick [I have a cunning plan...] - they always seem to end up making a fool of themselves.

The Weasel Word Syndrome

The sufferer of this syndrome has the fixation that Anton Long, founder of the ONA and author of nearly all of its massive corpus of texts, *must be* David Myatt, even though, to this day the link is unproven, with no evidence to support it even after three decades of people frantically searching to find such evidence.

Furthermore, the person suffering from this syndrome can't stop themselves from prefixing Myatt's name with some weasel word or phrase, and/or adding some weasel suffix after Myatt's name. In fact, this often amounts to an addiction.

Thus, the person suffering from this syndrome just cannot rationally and un-emotionally discuss or even mention Myatt without making some vituperative comment about him or without prefixing/suffixing his name with some weasel word.

Quite often, such sufferers seem quite able to rationally and un-emotionally discuss other people, but when it comes to Myatt, their addiction proves too much for them.

Some typical weasel prefixes and suffixes used by people suffering from this syndrome are - *weirdo*; *alleged* (as in alleged conversion to Islam); *diminutive* (in reference to his height, which is actually five foot nine inches and average for men of his generation); *nutter*; *pseudo-intellectual*; *amateur translator*; *loony*; *wackjob*; and so on ad nauseam...

Here is a classic - *Myatt is both sick and weird..*

Here is another - *the sicko satanist Myatt...* [Note here the prefix *satanist*, blandly and boldly and erroneously stated by some mundane as if it is some statement of fact.]

The underlying pathology is either an unconscious envy/jealousy of the creative works, and the varied life, of the individual in question, or (possibly more commonly) an often rabid hatred or dislike of Myatt founded on a subsuming prejudice based on what the sufferer assumes or believes are Myatt's political and/or religious views, and/or on Myatt's alleged or assumed activities, and/or on what some opponent of Myatt has written or said about him in the past.

Sometimes, the person suffering from this syndrome sincerely believes in their delusion and/or obsession that they have some sort of "mission" to discredit and/or "expose" the individual in question.

Furthermore, a few people suffering from this symptom have been known to have previously been in love with, infatuated with, or full of admiration for, the individual in question - almost invariably from a distance - and which love or infatuation or admiration has turned to hatred because of their own defective,

weak, character.

The Charlatan Syndrome

The person suffering from this syndrome generally confers on themselves some grand-sounding title in a silly attempt to "prove" their credentials and their esoteric knowledge. Such spurious, publicly claimed titles, have included, in the past, Magister, Grand Magister, Adept, and claims such as being High Priest (of the Wobbly-Wobbly People, or High Priest of DarkLord Butt-Face, ancient deity of the ancient people of the Amorous Empire, or whatever, and so on.)

Sometimes, the pathology is so advanced that an individual claims to be the "true representative of Satan (or The Prince of Darkness)" duly appointed after some ritual or some mumbo-jumbo where Satan/The Prince of Darkness appeared to them and/or spoke to them and gave them a "mandate".

PointyHat
Order of Nine Angles
121 yf

Suggested Further Reading:

Bringing The Mythos To Life: Misconceptions, Lies and Ignorance Regarding the ONA

FAQ About the ONA (v.1.09)

The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context

Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

Guide to The Philosophy of the ONA



Guide To The Kulture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA

The Order of Nine Angles (ONA, O9A) is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

By *subversive* is meant disruptive of and opposed to the existing order (society, governments, and their so-called "law and Order") and desirous of overthrowing and replacing the existing order.

By *sinister* is meant a-moral and of The Left Hand Path [1].

By *esoteric* is meant secretive, and Occult (that is, pertaining to The Dark Arts). In general, many of those associated with the ONA hide their identity (by which mundanes and mundane governments know and describe and classify them) for practical reasons, given the subversive and sinister nature of the ONA. Some may also hide their association with the ONA, for the same reason. Pseudonyms and aliases, and new, alternative, identities, are positively encouraged by the ONA.

By *association* is meant a collective - a collection of individuals and groups who share similar interests, aims and life-styles, and who co-operate together for their mutual benefit and in pursuit of similar goals.

A *Sinister Tribe* is a localized, territorial, sinister kindred - a gang - of Dreccs who rule, in a practical way, their own neighbourhood or neighbourhoods, and who regard mundane property and wealth as a useful resource.

A *Drecc* is a person who lives a practical sinister life - that is, who upholds and lives by The Code of The Sinister-Numen (see below) and who thus accept that the only law is the law of sinister-honour. Thus, Dreccs have contempt for

mundanes, for all mundane societies, and for all laws except their own, and accept that the only true justice is Dreccian justice - that is, based on the law of sinister-honour.

A *Traditional Nexion* is a local group of Sorcerers (male and female, or all male or all female) who follow The Seven-Fold Sinister Way and who thus practise External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick (Sorcery). Traditional Nexions often use the term Traditional Satanism to describe their Way.

By *Balobians* - aka *Balo-Bohemians* [2] - we mean those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers, who share or are inspired by our sinister ethos and life-style, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us.

Thus, the ONA is a diverse, and world-wide, collective of diverse groups, tribes, and individuals, who share and who pursue similar sinister, subversive, interests, aims and life-styles, and who co-operate when necessary for their mutual benefit and in pursuit of their shared aims and objectives.

The criteria for belonging to the ONA is this sharing and pursuit of similar sinister, subversive, interests, aims and life-styles, together with the desire to co-operate when it is beneficial to them and the pursuit of our shared aims. There is thus no formal ONA membership, and no Old-Aeon, mundane, hierarchy or even any rules.

Instead, there is an ONA Kulture and ethos, and an identification with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos.

Those who identify with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos are free to chose the means, the methods, the ways, that suits their own character best, and/or which interest or inspire them most, and are actively encouraged to do this.

Hence, those who belong to, or associate themselves with or who are inspired by our collective may and do differ in the means used to attain our (and their) aims and objectives, just as they will differ in whether or not they have, or desire, some formal association with us; that is, whether or not they publicly or otherwise adhere to or associate themselves with the ONA and use the ONA name.

Thus, many Balobians, for instance, do not assign any label or terms to themselves, and so they may not describe themselves as satanists, or as Dreccs, or even as Occultists - although some do - just as some Balobians may

adhere to or align themselves with or practice some other, non-ONA, Occult Way, or adhere to or align themselves with some non-Occult Way or *weltanschauung*.

The Goals, Aims and Objectives, of The ONA

Our fundamental aim is to change, to evolve, human beings - to produce a new type of human being. This derives from our belief that we human beings have great potential; that we can consciously change and evolve ourselves, and that esoteric Arts, especially The Dark Arts, are one of the most practical means to do this. Our Dark Arts include our sinister tribes and our Dreccian way of life, as well as the more traditional Dark Arts of External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick.

Our main goal is to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow - or replace by any practical means - all existing societies, all governments, and all nations, and in their place create new societies, new ways of life, based on our own tribal way of living, where the only law is our law of sinister-honour.

We desire to do this because of our belief that the current order, the current systems, are all mundane, and reflect the nature of mundanes; of those who lack our sinister spirit, our defiance, our desire to free ourselves from mundanity and the restrictions of patronising governments and abstract, impersonal, law, and which governments treat us as either children or as subjects to be restrained and controlled.

Our means - our Dark Arts - are many and varied, and include our *sinister tribes*, our *Traditional Nexions* (with the Seven Fold Sinister Way and External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick), our *Dreccs*, our *Sorcerers and Sorceresses* who work alone or with a few sinister comrades, our *Sinister-Empaths*, our *Star Game*, and our sympathizers and helpers, such as *Balobians*. One other important means, employed, by the ONA - and an essential part of our Dark Arts - is our *sinister Mythos*, and which ONA Mythos includes The Mythos of The Dark Gods, and The Mythos of Vindex.

One of our objectives is for our new species to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies. This leaving of our childhood home will, with its challenges, its experiences, and its opportunities, enable us to mature, and

further evolve, as a species.

The Sinister Ethos of The ONA

The sinister ethos of the ONA - a guide to our sinister life-style - is expressed in our Law of Sinister-Honour, and defined by our Sinister Code.

The Sinister Code

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust - and often despise - all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by

combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone - mundane, or one of our own kind - who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty - as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour ("I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

ONA Kulture

Our Kulture [3] is an expression of the living tradition that we belong to, and the essence of this living tradition is our practical sinister ethos, which describes the way we live or aspire to live. For us, Kulture is a means to produce, nurture, and aid, our new type of human beings, and a means to produce, nurture, aid, and evolve the new ways of life, and the new societies,

based on our sinister tribes.

Thus, our living tradition includes our Dark Arts (our practices) and our Mythos, and what will be developed and evolve from these, by and among our collective, in the future, consistent with our aims, objectives and our ethos.



Order of Nine Angles 121 Year of Fayen

Notes:

[1] In general, the Left Hand Path means that nothing is forbidden or restricted; that the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and that it is practical, sinister, amoral, dangerous and challenging deeds which breeds and which reveals true sinister character.

For an overview of the Left Hand Path, in the context of the ONA, see the text, by Richard Stirling, entitled *The ONA and The Left Hand Path*.

[2] The prefix *Balo* is from the Old English *balo* - sinister (baleful), as in *balocraft*, a sinister (Dark) Art. Satan was often described as *balewa*, The Sinister (baleful) One.

[3] We use the spelling *Kulture* to distinguish our sinister *Kulture*, since the term *culture* has been used to describe the alleged culture of mundanes.

The Pseudo-Satanism of Mundanes



Let's get a few things straight, from the start - Satanism is about what is evil, Dark, dangerous, terrifying, heretical, sinister, beguiling, and immoral. Satan is, for the West, the archetype of everything the mundanes - the stiffes, and their governments - fear, dread, and desire be saved from, and which they have made laws against.

Expressed in two good words - Satanism is *numinously sinister*. That is, it possesses a certain dark innate attraction for certain types of human being: for those (a small minority) who are restless, who are unsatisfied with the all answers offered by mundanes, who naturally detest the life-style of all mundanes; who love danger, who crave death-defying excitement, and who would rather die, laughing and defiant and fighting, than surrender to anyone else.

These human beings are those who tend to become the real outlaws of mundane society; who become professional "criminals"; who become mercenaries, adventurers, explorers, assassins; who become manipulative leaders: political, military, religious, of organized crime, of street gangs, or whatever.

Does this sound like the Church of Satan - CoS - and its derivatives, or The Temple of Set (ToS)? No of course not. The members of the CoS are about as scary and dangerous as kindergarten kids dressed up for Halloween, while the members of the ToSers are about as Satanic as College freshmen who, having watched some "scary" horror movie and drunk too much beer, decide to light some candles and conjure up, in their dorm, some "demon" with a Hebrew name from some text they found in a special color supplement to *Occult and Tarot Monthly (Incorporating The Tame Satanic Witch)* - and who then spend

weeks (or months) discussing, and talking and writing about, their titillating "satanic" experience.

The same goes for all those - the majority - who in their mundaneness ape and hype the mundane pseudo-satanism of LaVey and Aquino, and for whom fantasy, role-playing, and pretentious pseudo-intellectualism are a substitute for direct and dangerous sinister experience. The type of people who infest Internet forums and groups with their wordy spiel but who have never, ever, done anything really dark, evil, dangerous, heretical, in their lives: something that might land them in jail, if caught; or might make them real heretics and outcasts with their neighbours and government; or might through its nearness to and possibility of death provide them with that once-in-a-lifetime ecstatic affirmation of life that will forever change them.

There is a simple test to distinguish a Satanist - a Comrade of Satan, friend of the dangerous sinister-numen of Satanism, who lives in a sinister way and who does practical sinister deeds - from a pseudo-satanist. And it is how they deal with the question of human culling. For the Satanist, this is not a matter for debate - it is a fact of their life or a passionate, as yet unsatisfied, desire they have within them and need to fulfil; one means by which they can Presence The Dark. For the pseudo-satanist, however, it is a question often avoided, and - if pressed - something they consider immoral and illegal and which they bleat is "not part of and never has been part of satanism..."

In a real way, the so-called satanism of the CoS (and its derivatives and imitators) and of the ToSers (and its derivative and imitators) is only the pathetic imitation safe "rebellion" of mundanes, who in their mundaneness like to believe they are doing something "exciting" and "forbidden". This so-called satanism is but part of The System (the Magian system) designed to keep humans tame - safe, and no threat to governments, to society, to the mundane *status quo*. A safety valve for those too dumb and un-satanic to see The System and such pseudo-satanism for what they really are. No wonder then, that this so-called satanism depends upon, is derived from, and propagates, the Hebrew-Nazarene qabala and such things as Hebrew-Nazarene derived "grimoires", sigils, words, myths, and "magick".

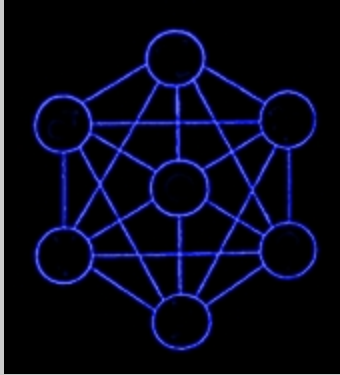
It is also no wonder that mundane dumb-ass pretenders, too fearful and weak of character to be real Satanists, often spend a great deal of time complaining about and trying to discredit both The Order of Nine Angles and its members, for the ONA, with its sinister tribes ("gangs") and its practical sinister guides, is the only group to be and to express what is really Satanic - to support culling, to be heretical, to champion and express what is *numinously sinister* -

what is dangerous, testing, difficult, terrifying, and "unlawful" according to the laws made to ensure a society of tame and mostly tax-paying mundanes.



Order of Nine Angles
121 yf

The Rite of Defiance



Introduction

This simple sinister hermetic working is both a rite of defiance and a true act of heresy, in this era of holocaustianity when (1) denial of this new mundane religion of holocaustianity is, in many lands, an heretical act punishable by imprisonment, and (2) when active resistance (armed or political) to the Magian New World Order and its associated dogmas renders a person liable to assassination, imprisonment, torture, execution, or compulsory "re-education" (aka brainwashing).

The outdoor area or indoor Temple should contain, in the East, an image or statue of Baphomet according to ONA tradition, and an image or banner depicting the sigil of The Seven Fold Way (as above). If outdoors, the only illumination should be that of the moon, and if indoors, that from candles which preferably should be purple. Incense of Baphomet should be burned - Hazel and Ash with (if available) Petriochor.

The Rite should be conducted at night when the planet Saturn is rising above the horizon, as viewed from the geographical area where the Rite is to take place. [1]

The participant(s) should dress in a white Thobe, preferably with a keffiyeh, and stand facing the direction of Saturn rising.

The Rite

The celebrant begins the Rite by bowing slightly and once in the direction of the image of Baphomet, then returning to face the direction of Saturn rising and intoning/chanting, three times, *Agios o Baphomet!*

Celebrant:

Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis. We are born, we grow, we live, we die - and in the midst of our living there is in we few a passion for life, love, and the beginning that is death.

Thus do we defy our oppressors. Thus do we affirm our fierce deadly resistance to all and everything Yahoud and Mundane. For we know their holocaust is a lie to keep us all enslaved. For we know the tyranny of all their abstractions; the deceit, the weakness, behind their weasly words.

We - we few who know the secret of our wyrd.

Wyrd commands us to reach towards and live among the stars, whereas they and their hubriati seek to close our still open nexion to Life.

Thus do we know and welcome as allies, comrades, friends, all who defy and fight them; and thus would we rather die - fighting, defiant - than live as slaves. For combat becomes us.

Ya ikhwani wa akhawati! If they attack you - retaliate. If they oppress you - rebel. If they make laws - transgress them. If they talk peace - they are lying. If they seek compromise - ignore them. If they seek you as friends or allies - spurn them. If they are sad - laugh. And when they die - rejoice!

For we are the terror, the defiance - the waiting deserved retribution - that they themselves so secretly fear. We, the warriors of Vindex, waiting to drench our world with blood; their severed heads a gift for our gods.

Agios o Baphomet! Binan ath Ga wath am!

The Celebrant then extinguishes the candles (if any), and bows once to the image of Baphomet, which bow signifies the conclusion of the Rite.

ONA

Year of Fayen 121

Notes:

[1] Saturn is chosen as being the region in causal Space where the nearest physical nexion to the acausal exists (as viewed from Earth).



Enantiodromia

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion

Introduction - The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context

1 The Abyss

2 The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way

3 Individuality and The Abyss

4 Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

5 The Rite of The Abyss

Introduction

The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context

This work brings together a few brief articles and notes, written by me, concerning a particular part of The Seven Fold Way - the Sinister Abyssal Nexion, and the transition from Internal Adept to Master/LadyMaster.

The following of the Seven Fold Way by individuals - from Neophyte to Internal Adept, and beyond and as described in texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) -- was the traditional method used by the initiatory nexions of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA) in order to move toward one of our esoteric aims, that of producing a new type of human being, a type prefigured in our Masters/LadyMasters and a type collectively known by the term Homo Galacticus.

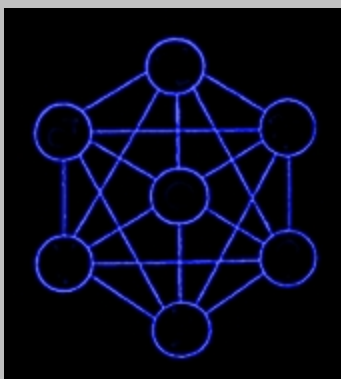
This traditional method has been, until recently, the one chosen by the majority of those individuals recruited into the ONA and by those who, inspired by the ONA, have opted to work on their own in pursuit of both their own esoteric advancement and in pursuit of the aims, objectives, and goals, of the ONA.

However, the ONA is now far more than traditional initiatory nexions following the Seven Fold Way, evolving as it has to become a Kollektive of Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, and others.

Thus the Seven Fold Way - with its Grade Rituals, tasks, challenges, Insight Roles, its sorcery (External, Internal and Aeonic) and its structured Occult ceremonies - is now a personal choice, one practical method among many. A choice suited to those individuals whose personal character, whose psyche, resonates with its mythos, its methods, its Occult mystique, and its slow cultivation of wisdom. In fact, the majority of those now associated with the ONA and/or inspired by it, choose methods other than the Seven Fold Way.

Yet this traditional way remains both valid and important. For it could be said that it forms the Aeonic stable core of the ONA, a central point of unchanging reference: an ancestral tradition in the living expansive Kulture that now encompasses Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, independent nexions, and many others.

In my own case, my life has been considered by some to be a practical manifestation of The Seven Fold Way.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Feyen

The Abyss

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion is the esoteric term for what is more commonly (exoterically) known as The Abyss. In the Seven Fold Way of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA), The Abyss is described as separating the fourth and the fifth spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - that is, separating the Grade of Internal Adept from the Grade of Master/LadyMaster.

Furthermore, the Abyss represents the place(s) where the causal merges into the acausal, and thus where the causal is or can be "transcended", so the individual can, if prepared, enter the realm of acausality and become familiar - *sans* a self - with acausal entities. Thus, The Abyss is a nexion to the acausal; a nexus of temporal, a-temporal, and spatial and a-spatial, dimensions.

Entering The Abyss (aka Passing Through The Abyss) is one of the terms used for the Grade Ritual that marks the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster. This Grade Ritual is an *enantiodromia* - that is, a type of confrontational contest whereby what has been separated becomes bound together again [united] enabling the genesis of a new type of being. [1]

As an old alchemical MS stated: " The secret [of the Abyss] is the simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double-pelican... Here is the living water, Azoth..."

What has been separated - into apparent opposites - is the sinister and the numinous, and the necessary preparation for Entering The Abyss (as briefly mentioned in *The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way*, below) involves the Internal Adept, over a period of several years (around three years is the expected and necessary norm), living in an empathic and numinous way and thus learning from such a living.

This living is not, however, an extended Insight Role, but instead a complete and deliberate re-orientation of the consciousness, emotions, psyche, and way of life of the individual, and is often made manifest in a necessary practical manner by the aspirant Master/LadyMaster becoming, for example, an artisan (and thus learning an appropriate craft), or working in a caring profession, or pursuing artistic/musical /cultural pursuits consistent with such empathic and numinous living.

This living is not an Insight Role because Insight Roles are specific and a personal choice. Here, there is no personal choice of type of living (in terms of deciding something opposite to one's personal character) and no specific containing restraining role. There is only a flowing of numinosity through the individual, grounded by some practical means, such as being an artisan.

This numinous living is obviously in stark contrast - and seemingly opposed - to the previously experienced sinister aspects of someone following the Seven Fold Way, and it is for the individual to resolve in their own manner in their own causal Time whatever conflicts - personal, moral, psychic or otherwise - that may arise. A resolution that leads - if the individual decides to continue and after a duration of causal years - to a natural integration, the necessary alchemical synthesis; the individual then having the experience, and the esoteric empathy, to know when such a synthesis of sinister and numinous has occurred.

There then follows a taking of The Oath of The Abyss and thence the Grade Ritual - the Rite of The Abyss - where the annihilation of both sinister and numinous, and of the new amalgam formed from their synthesis, occurs.

Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes:

[1] According to Myatt in his essay *The Abstraction of Change as Opposites and Dialectic*, enantiodromia is a transliteration of the compound Greek word *ἐναντιοδρομίας* and which word first occurs in *Lives of Eminent Philosophers* by Diogenes Laërtius where Diogenes, apparently paraphrasing Heraclitus, wrote:

πάντα δὲ γίνεσθαι καθ' εἰμαρμένην καὶ διὰ τῆς ἐναντιοδρομίας ἡρμόσθαι τὰ ὄντα (ix. 9)

Myatt translates this as:

" All by genesis is appropriately apportioned [separated into portions] with beings bound together again by enantiodromia."

As noted by Myatt, Carl Jung used the term enantiodromia to describe the emergence of a trait of personal character to offset another trait and which emergence restores a necessary psychological balance within the individual.

Given that the word enantiodromia - as used in the quoted phrase by Diogenes (and thus as possibly used by Heraclitus) - perfectly describes the living alchemical process that occurs before and during the Grade Ritual of The Abyss, we have now appropriated it in preference to older alchemical terms hitherto used.

Notes Concerning Individuality and The Abyss



Exile Song (A Painting by Richard Mould)

One of the more important aspects of both the preparation for The Abyss and of the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster following a successful Passing of The Abyss, is the supra-personal perspective attained. That is, notions of personal Destiny give way to an understanding of Wyrð and a knowing of the impermanent illusory nature of the self, with causal individuality placed into a Cosmic perspective by an experience of the acausal *sans* abstractions, words, language.

There is thus the beginnings of genuine wisdom, manifest on one level in an Aeonic understanding and thus of why the next Aeon is one where human beings return, in an evolved way, to their natural tribal (that is, connected and cultured) nature.

As the Rite of Internal Adept sheds and goes beyond mundane ego to symbolically produce an 'individuated' self - a self made manifest in the months/years following that Rite and grounded in the pursuit of the personal Destiny so revealed - so the preparations for and the Rite of the Abyss itself annihilates this self, this Destiny, by immersing the individual in the living water, Azoth, from whence the Master/LadyMaster emerges.

In the practical sense, this transformation means that the Master/LadyMaster sheds all pretence about esoteric matters - to themselves and others - while melding a being-human (for they are still mortal, fallible, prone to mistakes) with an aeonic-consciousness: a placing of themselves into the Cosmic perspective such that an intimation of their mortal death, an awareness of the Immortality that awaits in the acausal, is an imminent continuing fact of their living. Thus are they joyfully fearless, liberated as they are from both the inertia of mundane-ego and of their previous individuated-self: a true master/mistress of the acausal energies presented as Life on this one planet, their temporary causal home. One exile, waiting, yearning, planning, to leave.

An individual can obtain an intimation of this transformation, this consciousness, by them undertaking, for three days only, the Camlad Rite of The Abyss [see below, *The Rite of The Abyss*] - a three-day working that all candidates for Master/LadyMaster should undertake as part of their necessary preparation, some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

ONA
121 yf

Introduction - The Methods

The Seven Fold Way of the traditional nexions of the ONA is a difficult and life-long personal commitment, and involves three basic methods: (1) practical experience, both esoteric and exoteric; (2) a learning from that experience; and (3) a progression toward a certain specific personal goal.

1. This means the individual acquires practical experience of both of the Occult/TheDarkArts [External, Internal and Aeonic sorcery] and of doing sinister (amoral and exeatic) deeds in the real world.
2. This means that the individual learns from their errors, their mistakes, and their success - a learning requiring self-honesty, interior reflexion, and a rational awareness of themselves into relation to their life-long quest: that is, in relation to the goal.
3. This means that (1) and (2) occur again and again until the long-term goal is reached - a process traditionally represented by the seven stages of the Tree of Wyrð, involving the progress from Neophyte to Magus/Mousa. The actual aim is to progress toward, into, and beyond, The Abyss: which rencounter is: (a) exoterically, the genesis of the new type of human being which it is one of the aims of the ONA to facilitate, as prelude to our New Aeon and as a manifestation, a presencing, of that new Aeon; and (b) esoterically, the genesis of individual wisdom and a prelude to a possible transition toward the next and final stage, that of Immortal in the realms of the acausal.

These methods are personal, direct, individual. They require that the individual take responsibility for themselves; is not bound by any restrictions or any morality, and learns not from books or texts or from someone else but rather by practical experience extending over a period of several decades.

The Tradition

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, which are reasonably well-documented up to Internal Adept - for example, in freely available ONA texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) . These texts enable anyone to learn and experience for themselves, at their own pace.

As has been mentioned elsewhere, to reach the stage on Internal Adept takes at least five years of effort and experience, with that stage lasting from five to eleven, or more, years. Thus, it takes a minimum of ten years before an individual of our tradition is ready to begin the necessary preparations to attempt The Abyss, during which years they must have spent six months in the wilderness (to develop the faculty of Dark Empathy); gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group); mastered the advanced form of The Star Game

(and so developed the basics of Acausal Thinking); have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending; undertaken several challenging Insight Roles each lasting a year or more; organized and run an esoteric group (a nexion) thus gaining practical experience in External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery; and so on.

The necessary preparations for an Internal Adept to attempt The Abyss take at least another five years (more usually ten years), making it at least fifteen years (more usually twenty) before an individual of our tradition is proficient, experienced, learned, mature, skilled, cultured, enough to attempt The Abyss.

These necessary preparations involve the Internal Adept in, over a period of some years, experiencing, and learning from, the numinous - as opposed to the previously experienced sinister - aspects of themselves and of Life; then developing this numinous and empathic aspect of themselves, then fully integrating this aspect with its opposite, to finally dissolve (then go beyond) both. Furthermore, this process is not a series of given, specific, Insight Roles, but instead a re-orientation of consciousness, emotions, and psyche, followed by the years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed - when the causal Time be right - by the deliberate, conscious, unification of this with its opposite, followed by a years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed by the annihilation of both; an annihilation which is the essence of The Abyss.

Obviously, such preparations are both difficult and dangerous, for the individual, and most individuals will fail, usually for one of the following reasons: (1) because the numinous aspect draws them permanently away from their esoteric quest; (2) because they cannot fully embrace the numinous since they cannot overcome the causal illusion of the self, and thus cannot overcome their egotism, their arrogance, their pride, their sense of personal Destiny, their addiction to the sinister; (3) because they cannot integrate these apparently conflicting opposites of numinous and sinister; (4) because even if they succeed in the necessary alchemical melding of seeming opposites (Sol/Luna; Lightning/Sun; Light/Dark), they fail to annihilate (transmute/transform) the amalgam that results and so fail to give birth to a new specimen of Homo Galacticus.

The Tradition of Esoteric Learning

For millennia, according to aural tradition, esoteric knowledge - the methods, the means, required for an individual to acquire wisdom - The Philosophers Stone (aka the stage of Immortal) - has been learnt from a few reclusive Adepts, with this knowledge being concerned with three traditional things: (1) the slow process of an internal, alchemical, decades-long change in the individual as a result of direct esoteric and exoteric personal experience and the learning from that experience - the numinous authority of *pathei-mathos*; (2) a certain and limited personal guidance - from one of those more experienced in such matters - on a direct individual basis (person to person), if such advice be sought; and (3) the cultivation of the virtue of *ἀρετή*, manifest as this is in a noble, cultured, a learned, personal character.

These three things are, for instance, manifest in the Inner ONA, which basically is akin to an extended family, consisting as it does of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of esoteric empathy and certain other personal qualities; who offer guidance on a personal basis to one or more individuals following The Seven Fold Way, and who have the knowledge to prepare individuals for the ordeals of The Abyss.

Thus, there was for millennia and still is in traditional nexions, an understanding that knowledge was mostly to be acquired aurally, from someone of experience and learning; although some knowledge could be acquired by means of patient, scholarly, and personal research. There was also an understanding that genuine wisdom takes a certain duration - decades - of causal Time to be attained, and cannot be hurried and often requires a reclusive personal existence. There was also an understanding of the need to develop a noble, cultured, and learned, personal character.

Thus was there also the placing of the Adept in supra-personal context - in the perspective of Aeons, and of the Cosmos itself.

These qualities, this appreciation and understanding of esoteric wisdom, are what have now been overlooked, forgotten, or scorned, by those who, lacking *ἀρετή*, have come to rely upon the modern rapid means of communication that have been developed.

Charlatans and the Internet

This new fangled Internet thingy is but a useful means of presenting our esoteric information and a useful means of inciting, encouraging, others to use and apply both our traditional and our new esoteric methods, on the off-chance some or a few of them may eventually succeed, thus increasing the number of Adepts in the world; thus giving rise (perhaps) to a few more specimens of Homo Galacticus, and thus (perhaps) by some others becoming Dreccs or Niners or forming themselves into clans, hastening thus the downfall of the Old Aeon and its System and thence aiding the emergence of those new ways of living appropriate to our New Aeon.

But the Internet also encourages fakes, charlatans, imposters. For instance, both the nature of the Internet and the kollektive, individual, non-hierarchical nature of the ONA have made it possible, and easy, for someone (usually anonymously) to make claims for themselves, and boast about deeds allegedly done and what tasks they have undertaken. Sometimes these claims extend to belonging to - or to having organized - some group or nexion of x number of ONA-inclined people for y number of years, and thus of having x number of ONA associates.

For instance, someone may claim to have spent three (or even six) months in the wilderness, and/or claimed to have gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group), and/or claimed to have mastered the

advanced form of The Star Game, and/or to have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending, and/or claimed to have undertaken a challenging Insight Role lasting a year, and so on. All of which activities are a necessary part of the training and experience of someone genuinely following The Seven Fold Way.

Furthermore, someone may create a 'back-story' - a cover - for themselves and set up some ONA-supporting website or blog, and then spend some time 'praising' us and our Way, only to later (as is often the way with infiltrators) try to cause schism and/or doubt within those who have been duped by them.

But, as has been indicated many times, all such shenanigans while expected are Aeonically irrelevant and are thus ignored. Such fakes, charlatans, imposters, and infiltrators are also themselves irrelevant, despite what they may believe.

Why irrelevant? For three reasons: (1) because they - and all such shenanigans - by using or being conveyed by the medium of the Internet (or even by printed books) cannot in any way affect the living ONA (including the Inner ONA) which exists and which thrives in the real world: in the pursuit of The Seven Fold Way by individuals and the guidance of those individuals by living Adepts; (2) because those duped by such people, by such things, are failures, lacking the potential - the inner Baeldraca - that mark the neophytes of our kind; (3) because our real and important work is Aeonic - of centuries and more - and thus surpasses the life-time of everyone living now, and everyone of the next generation and the next.

Whatever happens - whatever people do or write by means of the Internet or say in conferences or have printed in books - our esoteric work continues, slowly, secretly, Aeonically, in the traditional way, with person recruiting, guiding, person, decade following decade, and totally independent of such modern rapid means of communication as have been developed, from printed books to the Internet.

All such modern means of communication may do is slightly hasten both the downfall of The System and the emergence of the New Aeon. But one or three decades sooner - out of the hundred or two hundred (or more) years required - is really nothing for us to get excited about.

Our real wisdom, the essence of our esotericism, lies in our knowledge of ourselves as but one nexion, suspended between causal and acausal Time - one means to presence one more Aeon, one possibility to move toward a new acausal life.

Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Some Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

The transition between Internal Adept and the next stage – that of Master/Lady-Master (Mistress of Earth) – is both long and arduous, requiring as it does – among other things – (1) a personal and practical experiencing, and integration, of both Sinister and non-Sinister aspects of living, and of the Adept’s own personality; (2) practical experience of Aeonic Magick and of all forms of The Star Game; (3) contributing, through fulfilling their personal Destiny, something unique, and redolent of the Sinister, to human knowledge, achievement, understanding and/or to that presencing “which is beyond human words” and which is often manifest in works of genuine artistic, and/or magickal, genius and originality. In summation, they will have presenced the Sinister both within, and external, to themselves, and externally to a sufficiency that casual effects are noticeable, as they will have both understood and to a certain extent have experienced, the acausal reality which lies behind the nexion of our causal lives, and behind the causality of appearance and forms.

Then, after such preparation, they will become, gradually, suffused with an increasing yearning for that-which-is, and for Those-Who-Are, acausal, and it is this yearning, at first somewhat intangible but always powerful (in terms of their psyche and their own lives), which propels and guides them toward The Abyss, and which provides them with the desire to take that dangerous, and secret, Oath of The Abyss.

Furthermore, this yearning which becomes transmuted to, at first, a human-type desire and love [for example, for one's sinister partner], and then to some-thing founded on such human emotions but which is an evolution and a sinister transformation of such things (and all the more powerful for being so), and it is such a living-with this new evolutionary “feeling”, this dark Sinister almost supra-personal desire redolent of and which manifests something of the acausal essence, that is one of the reasons whereby a new Master or Lady Master is bound to the very acausal darkness itself, both in their remaining causal years, and in the life in the acausal which can be attained after that.

For the Oath of The Abyss has practical, causal consequences which are both magickal, and personal, and it is these personal practical consequences – and the dark dangerous nature of the magickal consequences – that distinguish this genuine Sinister Oath from the so-called other “oaths of the abyss” that some charlatans and some imposters and some frauds have had the temerity to write about and make pronouncements about, and to lyingly declare that they have “gone beyond the Abyss” itself.

The genuine Oath of The Abyss is a solemn declaration, made in front of several witnesses of our sinister-folk, by which the Adept pledges themselves, for the rest of their causal life, to – among other things – Presence The Dark, to continue with and evolve The Dark Tradition, and to aid human and non-human evolution, with the important and necessary proviso that if at any time they renounce their Sinister aims and goals, and The Dark Tradition itself, then their own life will be forfeit, with them

then becoming an offer who can and who will be sacrificed. In established Nexions (Sinister Temples of a sinister group) the current Grand Master, or Lady Grand Master, appoints several Guardians, unknown to the Candidate, who themselves are pledged to undertake – without warning if required – this honourable duty of sacrifice should such a duty be deemed or found to be necessary.

In addition, The Ceremony of The Oath of The Abyss invokes and presences within and near-to the Candidate certain acausal entities, which – and who – are forever with, or near-to, the Candidate for those remaining causal years, however long or brief, that will mark the rest of the causal life of the Candidate, and the Candidate can never escape, in this causal realm, from these entities.

Thus, it can be seen that the Oath of The Abyss is not something that is to be entered into lightly, even though the rewards of a successful crossing of The Abyss, are great indeed, and include the real possibility of that particular human entity creating for themselves, or being rewarded with, an acausal existence beyond this mortal causal realm.

ONA
119 Year of Fayen

The Rite of The Abyss

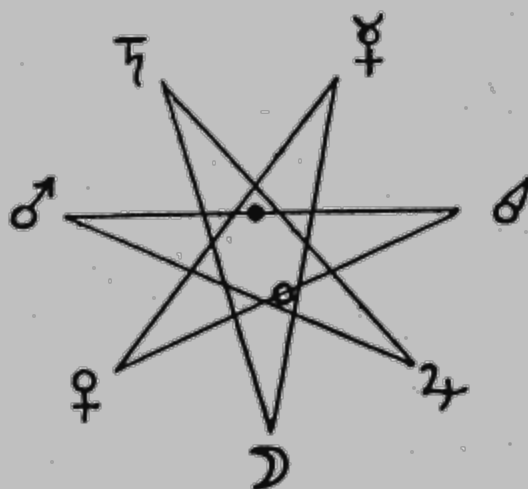
The Rite of The Abyss exists in two forms, one dating from the formation of the ONA some forty years ago, and the other, more traditional one, dating from the pre-ONA Camlad Rounwytha association. Since the simple, modern, ONA Rite has already been described, several decades ago, in another published MS [Naos], the older, more dangerous and more effective Camlad Rite will be given here. [1]

The traditional Rite is quite simple and begins at the first full moon following the beginning of a propitious alchemical season - in the Isles of Britain this was traditionally the first rising of Arcturus in the Autumn. The Rite, if successful, concludes on the night of the following full moon.

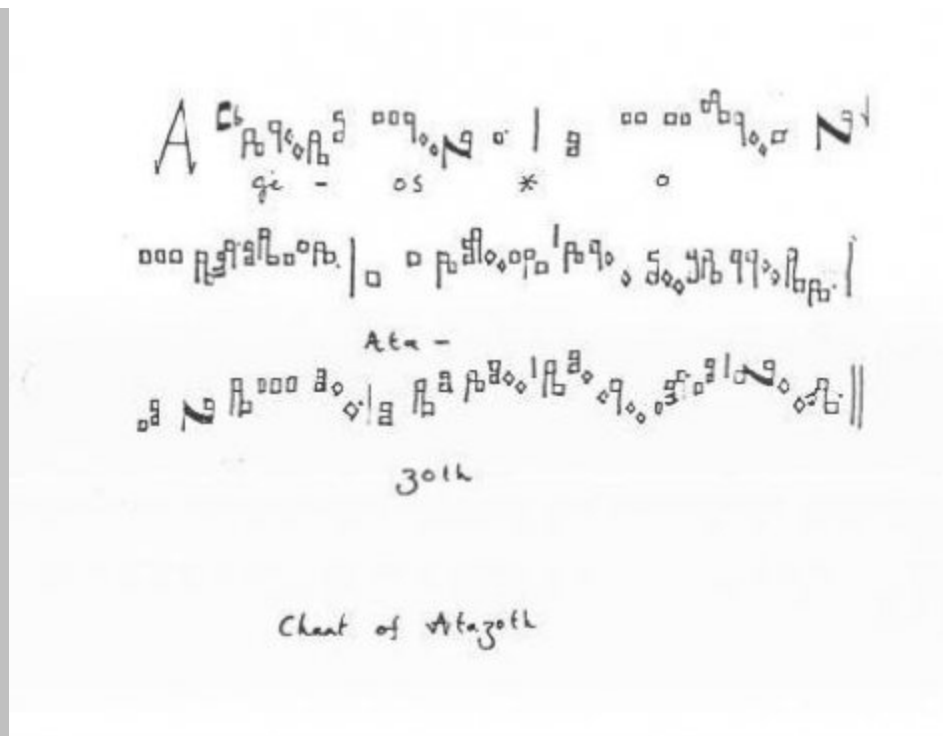
As with the Chthonic Form of the Nine Angles Rite, the Rite of The Abyss occurs in an isolated underground cavern where or near to where water flows, where the candidate dwells alone for the whole lunar month, taking with them all that is required for the duration of the Rite. Ideally, the water should be suitable for drinking. The only light is from candles (housed in a lantern) and the only food is bread and cheese. If the water in or flowing through or near to the cavern in not

suitable for drinking, then supplies of water sufficient to last must also be brought. [Note: as with the Rite of Internal Adept, no means of communication with the outside world should be brought; no timepiece, mechanical or otherwise, is allowed; and no modern means of reproducing music or other forms of entertainment.] The candidate should arrange for one trusted member of their nexion - of the Grade of Internal Adept or above - to enter the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals. [2]

The cavern should ideally possess one area level and sufficient enough for the candidate to paint or mark upon it the septagonal sigil below.



The Rite simply involves the candidate once every day (or night) walking the above pattern - starting at the point between Mars and Sun and ending at the point between Venus and Sun - while chanting the word ka-Os [Chaos] according to the notation below for *at-Azoth* (an increasing of Azoth). Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation. The candidate will also know how spoken and written words such as *at-Azoth* and *ka-Os* have a certain (acausal) significance ('meaning') and thus similarity when chanted in such a manner.



The rest of time the candidate should occupy themselves as their empathic awareness intimates. [3] As mentioned, the Rite ends when their trusted comrade enters the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals.

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Notes:

[1] The Rite as given in *Naos* requires a quartz tetrahedron. While three inch crystals - as mentioned in *Naos* - *may* work, to ensure success (in this Rite as in others using a quartz tetrahedron), the crystal has to be a perfect tetrahedron (no bevelled edges) and free from blemish, external and internal - with a height of six inches or more. Such crystals are rare, and costly, and often have to be custom made by someone skilled in cutting gemstones.

In addition, although it is not stated in *Naos*, the chanting of the word 'Chaos' [ka-Os] in the ONA Rite of Entering The Abyss is according to the notation of the Atazoth chant above. Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation.

[2] There are aural accounts - to be believed or not - of candidates being found insane, or dead, or missing.

[3] It should be noted that a version of this Rite - lasting but three days - should be undertaken by the candidate as preparation some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos



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The Pseudo-Satanism of Mundanes



Let's get a few things straight, from the start - Satanism is about what is evil, Dark, dangerous, terrifying, heretical, sinister, beguiling, and immoral. Satan is, for the West, the archetype of everything the mundanes - the stiffes, and their governments - fear, dread, and desire be saved from, and which they have made laws against.

Expressed in two good words - Satanism is *numinously sinister*. That is, it possesses a certain dark innate attraction for certain types of human being: for those (a small minority) who are restless, who are unsatisfied with the all answers offered by mundanes, who naturally detest the life-style of all mundanes; who love danger, who crave death-defying excitement, and who would rather die, laughing and defiant and fighting, than surrender to anyone else.

These human beings are those who tend to become the real outlaws of mundane society; who become professional "criminals"; who become mercenaries, adventurers, explorers, assassins; who become manipulative leaders: political, military, religious, of organized crime, of street gangs, or whatever.

Does this sound like the Church of Satan - CoS - and its derivatives, or The Temple of Set (ToS)? No of course not. The members of the CoS are about as scary and dangerous as kindergarten kids dressed up for Halloween, while the members of the ToSers are about as Satanic as College freshmen who, having watched some "scary" horror movie and drunk too much beer, decide to light some candles and conjure up, in their dorm, some "demon" with a Hebrew name from some text they found in a special color supplement to *Occult and Tarot Monthly (Incorporating The Tame Satanic Witch)* - and who then spend

weeks (or months) discussing, and talking and writing about, their titillating "satanic" experience.

The same goes for all those - the majority - who in their mundaneness ape and hype the mundane pseudo-satanism of LaVey and Aquino, and for whom fantasy, role-playing, and pretentious pseudo-intellectualism are a substitute for direct and dangerous sinister experience. The type of people who infest Internet forums and groups with their wordy spiel but who have never, ever, done anything really dark, evil, dangerous, heretical, in their lives: something that might land them in jail, if caught; or might make them real heretics and outcasts with their neighbours and government; or might through its nearness to and possibility of death provide them with that once-in-a-lifetime ecstatic affirmation of life that will forever change them.

There is a simple test to distinguish a Satanist - a Comrade of Satan, friend of the dangerous sinister-numen of Satanism, who lives in a sinister way and who does practical sinister deeds - from a pseudo-satanist. And it is how they deal with the question of human culling. For the Satanist, this is not a matter for debate - it is a fact of their life or a passionate, as yet unsatisfied, desire they have within them and need to fulfil; one means by which they can Presence The Dark. For the pseudo-satanist, however, it is a question often avoided, and - if pressed - something they consider immoral and illegal and which they bleat is "not part of and never has been part of satanism..."

In a real way, the so-called satanism of the CoS (and its derivatives and imitators) and of the ToSers (and its derivative and imitators) is only the pathetic imitation safe "rebellion" of mundanes, who in their mundaneness like to believe they are doing something "exciting" and "forbidden". This so-called satanism is but part of The System (the Magian system) designed to keep humans tame - safe, and no threat to governments, to society, to the mundane *status quo*. A safety valve for those too dumb and un-satanic to see The System and such pseudo-satanism for what they really are. No wonder then, that this so-called satanism depends upon, is derived from, and propagates, the Hebrew-Nazarene qabala and such things as Hebrew-Nazarene derived "grimoires", sigils, words, myths, and "magick".

It is also no wonder that mundane dumb-ass pretenders, too fearful and weak of character to be real Satanists, often spend a great deal of time complaining about and trying to discredit both The Order of Nine Angles and its members, for the ONA, with its sinister tribes ("gangs") and its practical sinister guides, is the only group to be and to express what is really Satanic - to support culling, to be heretical, to champion and express what is *numinously sinister* -

what is dangerous, testing, difficult, terrifying, and "unlawful" according to the laws made to ensure a society of tame and mostly tax-paying mundanes.



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Seven Essays Concerning The Mythos of Vindex

David Myatt

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Introduction

These essays regarding Vindex, written over a period of some seven years, are taken from a variety of sources, including from my still unpublished work, *The Mythos of Vindex*. These essays - and the still unpublished parts of *The Mythos of Vindex* - elucidate, revise, and substantially extend, my earlier essay, published in 1984 CE, entitled *Vindex - The Destiny of The West*.

Vindex is the name given to the person who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West". The main opponent of Vindex - both on the practical level and

in terms of ethos - is the Magian.

The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West - that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive.

The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

The Vindex Mythos

Vindex and The Defeat of The Magian

Mythos, in the context of this work, refers to an intimation, or intuition, of an aspect of the Numen, presented as this is in words which relate an archetypal legend or an archetypal premonition/prophecy of some future events.

Vindex is the name of one such numinous prophecy of the near future: an archetypal figure who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

Vindex thus represents, *par excellence*, what is numinous, and restores the balance that has been lost; lost because of the imposition of un-numinous, impersonal, and tyrannical, abstractions. As mentioned elsewhere, personal honour is one primary manifestation of the numinous, and it is personal honour that the abstract impersonal laws of all large modern "nation-States"

take away, reducing the individual, as such States do, to a mere characterless often debt-ridden lackey or drone who is expected to toil to pay the taxes that the State imposes, which taxes are nothing more than a government run protection-racket, and which taxes keep the whole rotten, corrupt System of corrupt dishonourable politicians, and their flunkys, going.

Personal honour is the way of the noble warrior - the way of the characterful men and women who have learnt from practical experience, who rely on themselves to solve their own problems and disputes, and for whom personal honour is the only law of true justice. The abstract law of the modern States is the way made for the supine masses who are made to rely on "the State" to solve their problems and their disputes, and who are for the most part manipulated and moulded by a powerful, arrogant, and often wealthy and privileged (not to say innately cowardly and dishonourable), self-appointed elite, which elite - through their use and control of, or influence over, such things as the Media, the entertainment industry, advertising, business, banking, and politicians and political parties - have manufactured the soul-less mostly urban societies of the modern industrialized so-called "democratic" world where some abstract "progress" has become a god to be worshipped and obeyed, where the mumbo-jumbo of usurious banking has hypnotized generation after generation, and where the impersonal manufactured law of mostly corrupt and dishonourable and self-serving politicians is stupidly regarding as representing "justice".

In brief, Vindex restores to the modern world the fundamental principle of true, natural justice: the personal justice based on the rule of personal honour, which thus gives to the individual a genuine freedom. For it is this natural, and human, justice, which the modern State has usurped, making the individual powerless before "the might of the State", for there are no so-called "individual rights" which the mighty State cannot take away or suspend or ignore or legislate away, and no area where the State cannot interfere or impose its will, as is so evident by the ever-increasing power and authority given by the State to its minions, such as the Police force and the Security services, which Police force and which Security personnel, can arrest, detain, forcibly restrain, and imprison - that is, take away the dignity and personal honour - of any individual provided some other minion of the State believes or assumes there is some "just cause", according to the impersonal laws of the State itself, which laws the State continues to manufacture, tyrannical year after tyrannical year.

(1)

The Tyranny of The Magian

The abject dishonourable tyranny of the modern industrialized world - of the

modern West - has been manufactured by the Magian, and by the Magian ethos.

The Magian ethos is represented in the victory of consumerism over genuine, numinous, culture. It is represented in the triumph of abstract "cleverness" - particularly abstract "law" - over the noble instincts of the man, or woman, of honour. It is represented in the triumph of vulgar mass entertainment over spontaneous family and small community events. It is manifest by the triumph of urban haste and impoliteness over the possession of rural manners. It is manifest in the triumph of loans and usurious debt over thrift. It is represented in the triumph of indecency and profanity over modesty. But, perhaps most of all, it is represented in the destruction of the slow, rural, way of life - work involving manual labour and/or the labour of animals - and its replacement by the industry and machines of Homo Hubris, made possible by a rampant capitalism and the abject and large-scale exploitation of people and natural resources by modern States and their privileged oligarchies. (2)

For the industrialized nations of the West are the original abode of Homo Hubris: that new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious denizen - this creation of the modern West (3) - is distinguished by their profane "lack of numinous balance", by a lack of knowing of and feeling for the numinous; by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry - and mass "culture" - of the modern West, just as it is the Magian-controlled Media, and the "spin", the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of the sordid dishonourable deeds of the multitude of Magian minions.

The average Homo Hubris is obsessed with "power and speed" and with gratifying themselves: thus do they love their hubrismobiles; and thus do they love to indulge themselves with "Khamr" - with that which, with anything, which can intoxicate them and which may or which can free them from either the dull routine of their working, tax-paying, menial, wage-slave, debt-ridden, lives, or from their seemingly pointless life living "on welfare" or on State-benefits.

Little notion - or none - does the average Homo Hubris have of the slower, natural, rhythm, of Nature; little, or no, awareness of their connexion to Nature, to other life, to the Cosmos itself. No numinous respect. Instead,

Nature is for them, at best, a playground, or some kind of tourist attraction, to be gawped at: momentarily, at least, while their interest, or their holiday, lasts. At worst, Nature is just a resource, to be used, mastered; or interfered with or controlled, mostly - of course - by or through some abstract idea, or based on someone's clever manufactured "theory". Nowhere the awareness of, or feeling for, *wu-wei*...

The average Homo Hubris has no numinous culture of their own, for they have not grown from a living community with an ancestral and treasured and respected heritage. Instead, they have been given or assigned, some abstract manufactured "culture" (which more often than not glorifies the "nation", or region, of their birth: to the "glory of the State"), or they have accepted one offered to them by the savants and servants of the Magian, for there are indeed a plenitude of such modern, meaningless because un-numinous, manufactured "cultures" to choose from.

The truth is that Homo Hubris has been, for over a century, and still is, the foot-soldier of the Magian: going to fight this war, then that. Dying for this modern cause, then that one. Spurred on by the rhetoric of some politician, or some demagogue, to invade and occupy this land, then that one. Mesmerized by and following one abstract crusade after another; mesmerized by one Magian lie after another. And all the while, the Magian and their savants and chosen acolytes stay safe, and grow and prosper.

In addition - and until quite recently - Homo Hubris has been almost exclusively of Caucasian ethnicity. For is the White hordes of Homo Hubris who have toiled, struggled, and who have fought, to manufacture, sustain, and to keep safe, the world we have today: the world of large industrialized nation-States; the world of large, impersonal, obedient, armed forces whose technological weapons have made war a very dishonourable, unwarrior-like, undertaking; the world of large rapacious trans-national corporations and international capitalist firms based on the principles of greed, exploitation, and the vulgar barbarism of the "survival of the fittest". And it was the White hordes of Homo Hubris who - under the spell of the Magian - brutally, cunningly, and efficiently, defeated the one resurgence of the numinous, in the West, and the one resurgence of the numinous in the Far East, which resurgence in many ways (but not all) prefigured, and were intimations of, the warrior way of Vindex: the one and only attempt, in the West, to counter and replace the ethos of the Magian with the numinous way of the warrior, and the one and only practical resurgence, elsewhere in the world, to halt the spread of the dishonourable vulgar "culture" of Western Homo Hubris, and to return to a numinous, ancestral, culture and way of life.

It is the still mostly White hordes of Homo Hubris who - under the spell of the

Magian and as adherents to the new Magian religion of Shoah – have created the new Empire of the Magian, manifest as this Empire now is in Amerika and its allies and collaborators. It is the still mostly White hordes of Homo Hubris who are toiling to extend the *diktat* of this new Empire to the whole world, if necessary by force of arms. And it is the still mostly White hordes of Homo Hubris who are striving to propagate the Magian ethos – and the Magian religion of Shoah – to the rest of the peoples of the world, to thus ensure the world-wide hegemony of the new Amerikan Empire by manufacturing new, non-Caucasian, hordes of Homo Hubris, in thrall to the un-numinous, the decadent, the dysfunctional, ways of the modern West.

It is Vindex, and the new clans of Vindex, who is and who are the only obstacles remaining in the way of the Magian – and their savants and servants – creating an abject world-wide tyranny which will reduce the majority of peoples to the status of slaves, although, of course, the majority of the new hordes of Homo Hubris might not be aware of their true status, since they may well – as the White hordes of Homo Hubris have so amply demonstrated – be reasonably happy with their lot, being kept reasonably well-fed, well-entertained, and believing as they do the myths and lies and propaganda of the Magian, as well as having new religions, such as “democracy” and Shoah, to adhere to and believe in.

The Genesis of Vindex

Vindex is the generic name for that revolutionary noble warrior who leads the practical fight against the Magian and their allies, manifest as the Magian are now in the so-called mis-named New World Order whose twin centres of power (both ideological and practical) are in Amerika and the Zionist entity that occupies Palestine. Vindex thus prepares the way for the Galactic Imperium, whose practical beginnings lie in the establishment of new communities, based around new clans (or tribes) whose only law is that of Personal Honour. Vindex (who may be male or female) is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon of the Imperium, which is personal honour, and who, with his or her victorious warriors, establishes an entirely new type of culture, and an entirely new way of life.

Used as the name of an individual, Vindex means “The Avenger”, and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes this revolutionary warrior leader.

While it is possible that, as I myself once wrote, Vindex will arise from one of the nations of the West (which includes Russia, the United States and the lands

formerly referred to as Eastern Europe) – and be of Caucasian (European) ethnicity – it is also possible that he or she could arise elsewhere in the world, and be of mixed, or of any, ethnicity. For what is fundamental to Vindex is that he or she is a charismatic and revolutionary leader who inspires absolute loyalty; that he or she fights, in a practical way through force of arms, the forces of the Old Order, manifest in the power of the Magian; and that he or she triumphs in the final battle, enabling the establishment of new communities free from the now broken and discarded and tyrannical Magian ethos.

Perhaps there is still time for the needed number of people within some land or lands of the modern West to arise, reclaim their ancestral warrior heritage and culture, and take up arms against the Magian, the Amerikan Empire and the vassals and lackeys of that Empire. But, perhaps not, for we have waited for well over a half century for this to occur. Indeed, given the almost total subservience of the majority of the peoples of the modern West to the ethos, myths, and new religions of the Magian, it does seem increasingly likely that Vindex will arise, and first engage the forces of the Magian, in non-Western lands, and thus be of non-European ethnic descent, especially since even those, among the peoples of the West, who know and who understand the power and influence of the Magian, and who refuse to accept the new religion of Shoah (which new religion has aided the mental conditioning of Homo Hubris), are doing nothing practical and have done nothing practical, for decades, to directly engage the Magian and the allies and servants. For it is as if these Westerners lack that inner vitality, that instinctive feeling for honour, which was so manifest in many of their ancestors and in their former warrior cultures, and which so briefly flourished again in one Western land less than one hundred years ago before being defeated by the White hordes of Homo Hubris.

True, there have been a few individuals, in the West, who over the past fifty years have directly and heroically engaged the forces of the Magian. But a few individuals do not make a real, genuine, sustainable and continuing fighting, warrior clan or clans. It is as if the very knowing of and feeling for the numinous – the true way of the warrior – is no longer within most of those Western “people who know”, so that their words are only words, and their knowledge and understanding is the empty knowledge and the feeble understanding of those too world-weary to care, anymore; as if they are the last dying remnants of a once heroic, but now broken, people.

For what distinguishes Vindex and the new warrior clans of Vindex is their vigorous, and living, warrior belief that honour is more important, more valuable, than their own lives, so that they are ready, eager and indeed more than willing to fight and if necessary die in pursuit of an honourable duty they

have sworn to do. Thus, in these clans, the culture of honour lives and thrives; the culture of honour, loyalty and of duty. The numinous culture where life is lived according to an unchanging Code of Honour, and where loyalty to a person, once given, is given unto death. This is the culture of the honourable individual, who refuses to bow down to any external abstract "governmental" authority, and who has an instinctive and natural love for the true freedom that personal honour brings. The warrior culture whose fundamental principle is that every individual has a right and a duty to bear and carry weapons, with each warrior individual prepared to use such weapons in defence of their own honour and in defence of the honour of those whom they champion or to whom they have given a personal pledge of loyalty. The culture of the clan, and of the tribe; of personal knowledge of friends and foes, where combat among warriors is regarded as honourable, and where the impersonal war of modern armies is regarded as dishonourable and cowardly. Indeed, this is the culture of those new outlaws on whose heads the governments of the Magian - the governments of the new Amerikan Empire - have placed bounties, and who, in their typical dishonourable way, want them "dead or alive" for the so-called "crime" of defying the un-numinous and tyrannical laws and ethos of modern, Magian-led, nation-States.

Notes:

(1) Just consider, for example, how, in a modern Western State such as Britain, the Police have been given the "authority" to smash their way into the private home of an individual, at any time of the day or night; and have the State-given "authority" to use whatever force - and however many Police officers - they deem necessary to subdue and restrain (and thus humiliate) an individual; and contrast that with the respect for the individual still somewhat evident in a non-Western nation such as modern Thailand, where the Police cannot enter the private home of an individual, unless invited to do so, although - of course - it will probably not be long before the people of Thailand, desirous of imitating the West still further, have a government that will manufacture and enable such laws as give their State and their Police the tyrannical powers of modern Western nations.

(2) An excellent depiction of this now lost pre-HomoHubris way of life, in the West, is given in *Lark Rise to Candleford* by Flora Thompson.

(3) To be precise, and somewhat pedantic, the genesis of Homo Hubris, and thus of the modern West, lies in the rise of the abstract concept of national-identity, over and above regional differences and identity, which began to emerge in Europe, and especially in Britain, some time earlier. Refer, for

example, to the speech by Queen Elizabeth the First of England, given at Tilbury, in 1588 CE, and to the dramatised speech, on St. Crispin's Day, given by Shakespeare to King Henry V in the play (c. 1599 CE) of the same name, where the "nation" of England is eulogized. A more obvious example is the *Commonwealth of England*, established by Oliver Cromwell in 1653 CE, and which in many ways was the forerunner of the modern nation and State theorized by people such as Hegel and Fichte and brought into being after the French Revolution.

It was, however, what has been termed "the Industrial Revolution" - which began in the early to middle 1700's (CE) - which led to the rapid growth and spread of this new mostly urban-dwelling sub-species, Homo Hubris, in thrall to, and manipulated by others with, such abstract notions as "the nation" and "the State". One particular feature of the life of Homo Hubris is their dependence upon, and their need and often love for, machines and technology, which machines and which technology have at best disrupted our balance with the Numinous, and, at worst, have severed our connexion to the Numinous and thus to Nature. (For further details of this disruption refer to the essay *Homo Hubris and the Disruption of The Numinous*).



The Ethos of Vindex In Historical Context

Introduction: The White Hordes of Homo Hubris

If we consider the actions of what we have called, in Part One, *The White Hordes of Homo Hubris*, over the last three hundred or so years, it is quite obvious that they possess and have possessed a certain character, or nature, distinguished as this particular personal character is by a surfeit of arrogance, pride, destructiveness, and greed.

In addition, The White Hordes of Homo Hubris seem to be somewhat addicted to three things:

(1) to what we may call *the way of competition*: to the somewhat primitive belief that ruthless competition, between individuals, and abstract constructs such as nations, organizations, corporations and businesses, is not only essential to "society" but also the correct way to produce the type of individual deemed desirable. Indeed, this ruthless way of competition may be said to be not only one of the foundations of capitalism itself, but also to express the very

war-like, barbaric, nature of the individuals who, collectively, form The White Hordes of Homo Hubris;

(2) to the idea, the myth, the un-numinous abstraction, of “progress”; in pursuit of which myth they have destroyed not only their own ancestral cultures, but nearly all other ancestral cultures in the world;

(3) to manufacturing machines, the use of which gives *The White Hordes of Homo Hubris* a feeling of power and superiority, and which use has destroyed their connexion - both personal and communal - to The Numinous.

For hundreds of years The White Hordes of Homo Hubris have ravaged the world; invading lands, occupying them, installing puppet-regimes, and claiming for themselves the wealth and resources of those lands, all the while regarding themselves, and their “European” or “Western” culture, as superior, and all the while demanding that “the natives” adopt the ways of The White Horde.

In the course of these colonial conquests and rampages, The White Hordes of Homo Hubris have slaughtered millions upon millions of people and, in addition - in their own territories such as Europe, or in their new annexed colonies such as America - they have fought wars among themselves during which at least a hundred million people have been killed. In fact, the slaughter which The White Hordes have brought to the world is unparalleled in human history - from the ravages of Alexander the Greek, to the Empire of Rome, to the wars of Napoleon, to the genocide of the native Americans, to the so-called First and Second World Wars, to the hundreds of colonial wars in Africa, Asia and elsewhere, on to the more recent wars in Afghanistan and Iraq. This slaughter includes some of the most barbaric killings in history - such as the slaughter, in two days, of over 200,000 people in Japan by the dropping of atomic bombs, and the fire-storm in Dresden, in 1945 CE - created by bombs dropped from aircraft - which killed at least 30,000 people in one night.

During all these conflicts - during all this slaughter - the “European” or the “White man”, has sought to change the way of life of the peoples of the world, believing, in their arrogance, that the ways of the “white man”, that the culture of “Europe”, that Western values, were and are superior to each and every other way of life, and these White Hordes have used every means at their disposal - from war, invasion, occupation, economic blackmail, propaganda, lies, deceit, flattery, and bribery to torture and imprisonment - to get their own way.

No wonder, then, that the peoples of other cultures often considered White people from the West to be “foreign devils” who could not be trusted: people who, like devils, were clever, cunning, unprincipled, manipulative and ruthless.

In addition, these “foreign devils” ruthlessly destroyed the mostly tribal way of living, and the tribal culture, which existed in most non-European lands, replacing this tribal way of life with their own manufactured abstraction of “the nation-State” which nation-State has to have, allegedly, what these “foreign devils” called “democracy”. Thus have the interfering, arrogant, prideful, cunning war-like White Hordes of Homo Hubris replaced what naturally grew and evolved in its own natural, local, and numinous way - a tribal way of life and a tribal culture - with soul-less, un-numinous, abstractions which have brought disruption, chaos, corruption, immense suffering, exploitation, inhuman conflict and death, to the world. One has only to consider, for instance, how the White colonists - the foreign devils of Britain and Europe - descended upon and plundered and exploited and changed Africa, to see one legacy of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris. For they replaced fairly stable and diverse African tribal cultures - with their own sense of identity and their limited, local, sparse tribal conflicts - with mostly corrupt “modern nations” composed of peoples of various tribes, which modern “industrialised” nations now pursue agendas and policies made for them by their former colonial “masters” or by impersonal international corporations and the ethos of capitalism. From being self-supporting agrarian communities they have become impoverished, conflict-ridden, “nations” which often depend on the so-called “generosity” of the foreign devils of the modern West, who still covertly and often overtly control them and who still set, by their Whitey abstractions, their aims, and who still, now mostly covertly, plunder the resources of the world for their own benefit.

What this amounts to, in summary, is that The White Hordes of Homo Hubris have committed and are still committing the error of hubris: of insolence; for they have consistently and for many centuries been the destroyers, *par excellence*, of The Numinous, and have, due to their character and nature, brought chaos, suffering, death and destruction to the world on a scale hitherto unknown, replacing as they have the mythos of the numinous with the mythos of materialism: the mythos of pleasure, greed, dishonour, indulgence, luxury, and ruthless competition. It is no wonder, then, that The White Hordes of Homo Hubris are, and always been, the natural allies and servants of The Magian.

To understand the perfidy of the Magian, and their allies, one only has to understand how the peoples of the West - and now, the world - have been shamelessly manipulated by the Shoah myth, and how this myth, has now become a sacred dogma the questioning of which is punishable by imprisonment. To know, to feel, the dishonour of the Magian, and their allies, one only has to consider how the governments of the West shamelessly invented lies - such as Iraq possessing weapons of mass destruction - in order to further their expansionist agenda; and how the foot-soldiers of this ignoble

alliance treated and treat Muslim prisoners in places like Abu Ghraib, Bagram and Guantanamo Bay. Indeed, the treatment of captured Muslims uncannily reflects the treatment, the torture, meted out by the Western allies to many, many, captured German National-Socialists - particularly members of the Waffen-SS - at the end of the First Zionist War (1939-1945 CE). Then, there were the show trials at Nuremberg and elsewhere; now, there are the show trials of Muslims in Amerika, and others lands; show trials of those who have dared to defy the pro-Magian *status quo* and who have taken up arms against this ignoble tyrannical *status quo*. The same dishonourable ethos is behind this; and the same methods, the same type of propaganda, have been used. Consider how the peoples of the West were deluged with anti-Taliban propaganda before the Western invasion of Afghanistan, and how the same type of propaganda was used against Saddam Hussein before the invasion of Iraq. There are striking parallels with the propaganda used against Adolf Hitler and NS Germany before the First Zionist War.

Consider how the Magian and the Amerikans and their allies can slaughter, by bullets, bombs and missiles, tens upon tens of thousands of Muslims - women and children included - in places such as Filistine, Iraq, and Afghanistan, and then brazenly lie or make excuses for these murders, for which killings no one is held accountable and for which murders hardly anyone is ever tried in a Court of Law; and then consider how the Zionists and the Amerikans behave when a few Jews, or some other people, are killed by Muslims in revenge for this continuing slaughter and the continuing occupation of Muslim land. The Zionists and the Amerikans and their allies demand 'justice' and vow the "hunt the terrorists" down, and generally behave like the zealous utter barbaric hypocrites they are.

The simple reality is that the Magian and their allies are lying, deceitful, hypocritical, dishonourable bullies, while the majority of Islamic fighters, the Mujahideen - as were the vast majority of the soldiers of the Third Reich - are honourable warriors fighting for a just, and numinous, cause. Contrast, for instance, the dignity and honour of Mullah Umar - or Major General Otto Ernst Remer and SS General Leon Degrelle - with the posturing and the lies of a Bush, or with the smirking of a lying Blair and a clownish Gordon Brown - and it is quite easy to see the difference in personal character. Mullah Umar, for instance, fights, lives, on the battlefield, with few possessions and is a true man of honour, while the likes of Bush, Blair, and Brown send other people off to fight their wars, hide behind bodyguards, a massive security apparatus, and enjoy and indulge themselves with all the pleasures and luxuries of Western capitalism. In the same way, both Otto Ernst Remer and Leon Degrelle - both warriors who fought on battlefields - remained honourably loyal to the man to whom they had sworn an oath, on their honour, and both, through their actions both during and particularly after The First Zionist War, were

exemplary examples of honourable men, men of natural dignity and of manners, in complete contrast to the uncouth, profane, barbarians of the White Hordes of Homo Hubris.

National-Socialist Germany and the Bushido of Japan

As mentioned in Part One:

“ It was the White hordes of Homo Hubris who - under the spell of the Magian - brutally, cunningly, and efficiently, defeated the one resurgence of the numinous, in the West, and the one resurgence of the numinous in the Far East, which resurgence in many ways (but not all) prefigured, and were intimations of, the warrior way of Vindex: the one and only attempt, in the West, to counter and replace the ethos of the Magian with the numinous way of the warrior, and the one and only practical resurgence, elsewhere in the world, to halt the spread of the dishonourable vulgar “culture” of Western Homo Hubris, and to return to a numinous, ancestral, culture and way of life. “

The currently unpopular and often censored truth of our times is that National-Socialist Germany - what it had evolved to be by the beginning of The First Zionist War - was a modern mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos, and stood in complete and stark contrast to the materialism, the hubris, of the Magian and their allies and servants in the West, represented by the arrogant, profane, White Hordes of Homo Hubris. Furthermore, had NS Germany not been defeated by The White Hordes of Homo Hubris and by the machinations of the Magian, there is almost no doubt that it would have evolved further to become the genesis of a new numinous resurgence, and restored to the West, and other lands, that connexion to the numinous which centuries of plunder, exploitation, greed, abstractions, and dishonourable war had severed.

Similarly, that natural ally of NS Germany - Imperial Japan, with its underlying Bushido ethos - was also a modern mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos, and would also have evolved further to become the genesis of a new numinous resurgence in the Far East, and elsewhere.

For what distinguished both NS Germany and Imperial Japan was a return to the Code of the Warrior - to that numinous Way of Life where personal honour is considered more important than the life of the individual, and where culture is not a personal indulgence but rather a profound extension of the attitude to living which a true instinctive warrior embodies: the culture of Haiku, of

Geisha, of the Samurai sword; the culture of *Blut und Boden*, of the SS ethos... This type of *dignified* culture is entirely alien and even abhorrent to the Magian and their allies, such as the uncultured barbarian White Hordes of Homo Hubris, for whom "culture" means indulging themselves and being profanely entertained by some vapid effusion of the modern Magian "entertainment industry"

A New and Numinous Ethos: Beyond the Tyranny of the State and the Abstractions of Politics

Both NS Germany and Imperial Japan were fundamentally instinctive and natural reactions to the dominance of the Magian ethos, and represented a mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos. That is, they were akin to the natural healthy reaction of a human body invaded by some debilitating virus; an instinctive attempt to restore that natural balance which the Magian and their allies had disturbed.

But, as I have stated several times in various writings, we have now arrived at the stage of our human evolution when we can not only, and for the first time, consciously understand ourselves, but when we can consciously decide how we are to react, and what it is that we should do. That is, we have become much more than thinking animals who possess the faculty of speech, for we possess the ability to consciously change, and to consciously control, and evolve, ourselves. Or, expressed, another way, we now know how to - and have the opportunity to - access and to presence, the numinous itself; to access and to presence that which refines, dignifies, and evolves us; that which makes us human, which can enable us to live numinous lives, and to fulfil the potential latent within us and so take us out to live among the star-systems of our Galaxy and of other Galaxies.

Personal honour is both the essence of the natural, instinctive, Way of the Warrior, and one primary manifestations of the numinous itself, and it is Vindex who restores personal honour to its rightful place, as the basis for both law and for that tribal way of life which has been, and which is, our natural human way of living, a natural and human way that the abstractions of both the Magian and The White Hordes of Homo Hubris have undermined and destroyed.

Thus, the duty - the *wyrd* - of Vindex and of the clans of Vindex is not to strive to try and restore some romantic idealized past - or even be in thrall to some perceived *wyrdful*, often numinous-filled, past way of living, such as that which Adolf Hitler brought to Germany - but rather to establish an entirely new and

conscious and thus more potent expression of the numinous itself. This new and numinous way of living replaces the impersonal tyranny of the State with the way of the clan and the tribe; it replaces the abstraction of politics, and of democracy, with personal loyalty to an honourable, noble, clan or tribal leader.....



The Irrelevancy of Nation and Ethnicity in the Mythos of Vindex

The essence of Vindex and the warrior clans of Vindex is that they are, by nature and way of life, practical warriors of a particular *ethos*. This means that they not only have a specific and warrior code of personal behaviour, but also that they have a shared culture, shared aims, shared values, and that their culture is something new, progressive, evolutionary, and not based on some Old Aeon abstraction.

This new, and numinous, culture is the way of the clan in contrast to the Old Aeon way of the nation-State; it is the way of individual excellence, where excellence of individual, personal, character is celebrated and rewarded, in contrast to the Old Aeon way of so-called democracy and the celebration of the mundane, the plebeian. It is, basically, the new culture of a new warrior aristocracy where the values of the warrior reign and are prized and where individual character is measured and judged according to these warrior values.

Thus, Old Aeon abstractions such as ethnicity are fundamentally irrelevant as a criteria - for what matters is individual character, individual *élan*, proved and shown by practical deeds, especially of a warrior nature. For the new warriors of the clans of Vindex, the worth of an individual depends on their personal character, on their proven deeds, and is not based on some prejudice or on prejudging someone according to their assumed or claimed ethnic type...

Furthermore, there is also an acceptance of and a celebration of the feminine, or more particularly, of the female warrior, with it being regarded as natural and healthy for women to train for combat and to fight - and to have the heart and soul of a warrior, with the heroic female warrior being seen as a figure to be admired and emulated.

Hence, Vindex is not bound by Old Aeon abstractions, and may thus be a male, or a female, warrior, and may be of any ethnicity (mixed or otherwise) and may be born (or may already have been born) in any old-style country on any

continent on Earth. Vindex is simply the individual, who by their skill, their personal character, their cunning, their intelligence, their warrior prowess, their charisma, assumes the leadership of a warrior clan, or who establishes such a clan; who leads that clan into successful combat after successful combat with the forces of the Old Aeon; and who eventually establishes, and becomes the chief of, an alliance, or *bund*, or federation, of like-minded warrior clans...

It is quite possible and indeed more than likely, that Vindex will initially become an heroic figure as a result of being branded an outlaw by one or more of the old nation-States; a modern and successful guerilla leader who devises new strategies and new tactics to defeat the armed forces of the Old Order, and which new strategies and new tactics nullify or greatly help to nullify the superior fire-power, the superior technology, the superior resources, that the armed forces of the Old Order possess.

It is also possible, and indeed seems increasingly likely, that the first battles in the coming war against the forces of the Old Order will be urban ones, and develop as a natural consequence of some urban gang gaining practical control of certain urban areas such that they become the effective and the visible "forces of law and order" in those areas.

Furthermore, in its beginnings this urban combat, this war, against the forces of the Old Aeon may well have an ethnic basis - that is, the new urban tribes which fight for territory in a practical way against the Old Aeon forces of "law and order" may well be bonded together by a shared ethnicity (or even by an assumption of shared ethnicity), which bonding will give them several practical advantages.

However, as the war escalates and expands - as it must - and as Vindex emerges, this ethnic factor will recede, for it is Vindex who will and who can, by force of personality and by deeds done, meld together and inspire diverse groups into an effective fighting force, and it is with Vindex, and because of the expanding conflict, that ethnicity will cease to be a factor, being replaced, instead, by a new warrior ethos and a new warrior way of tribal living...

The above three texts are taken from Part One and Part Two of *The Mythos of Vindex*

The Downfall of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris

Introduction

The downfall of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris, the destruction of their nation-States, of The West itself, is something not only to be desired, but also striven toward by all practical means.

Why? Because as mentioned in Chapter Two of *The Mythos of Vindex*, "The White Hordes of Homo Hubris...have consistently and for many centuries been the destroyers, *par excellence*, of The Numinous." In addition, it is and has been The White Hordes of Homo Hubris (Footnote 1) who are and who were the natural allies and the footsoldiers of the Magian, and who are responsible for the present triumph, in the West, of the Magian and the Magian ethos, which triumph has enabled the creation of the tyrannical, dishonourable, modern nation-States with their abstract laws, their materialism and their mechanistic so-called "progress". For is The White Hordes of Homo Hubris who - doing the bidding of their Magian masters, knowingly or unknowingly - have used brutal force and war to fight and destroy each and every attempt to resist the control of the Magian, just as it is and has been The White Hordes of Homo Hubris who have brutally and ruthlessly put down each and every rebellion against the Magian ethos, and who at the time of writing are engaged in yet another war against those who seek to free themselves from Magian control and who desire to live in communities free of the stifling, un-numinous materialistic, mechanistic, Magian ethos.

Why have The White Hordes of Homo Hubris done this? Why are they, and why have they been, the allies, servants and footsoldiers of the Magian? Is it because of their ethnicity - something innate? Or is it because they themselves have enthusiastically adopted, or became infected with, the Magian ethos itself? Fundamentally, it is combination of both these factors.

The Character of The White Hordes

The White Hordes have, and have had for at least two thousand or more years, a certain innate character (Footnote 2). This character is one of arrogant aggression; of arrogant interference; of cunning; and especially of hubris - that belief, that instinct, that impatience - often born from some feeling of "Destiny" - that "they know better", that they are somehow "more civilized" than others, and that "progress" or change is in itself desirable. In addition, they seem to have some innate desire to manufacture and to identify with -

and some kind of addiction to - causal abstractions; to impose categories, *-isms*, and *-ologies* upon themselves, others, the world, and the Cosmos itself.

Basically, they are and have been for thousands of years, restless, and have either (1) never managed, *en masse*, to establish a balance within themselves and so have been unable or unwilling to manufacture - for long - stable, communities and societies which express, manifest and continually presence the numinous, *sans* abstractions; or (2) have never been able to control, for very long, their primal instincts, their lack of respect for the numinous, and their innate bullying savagery, although they have managed, or rather connived, to convince themselves, and sometimes others, that they, and their ways, are somehow "civilized", although this so-called "civilized behaviour" of theirs that they have often been so very proud of is and only ever has been at best a thin veneer, and at worst mere pretence, for while showing to others, and the world, a civilized and "honourable" public face, they have hypocritically continued to act, in private, in an altogether different way, as was for so evident, for instance, in the days of the British Raj in India, and of British control in places like East Africa, where the private lives of the individuals did not match the hypocritical high standards they preached about in public and which they attempted to convince people they were examples of.

This utter hypocrisy, this lack of control, this cunning, this aggression, this hubris, this insolence and disrespect of the numinous, this desire for the illusion and the security of abstractions, is so evident, also and more recently, in the behaviour of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris in places like Afghanistan, which they have occupied by force in order to impose their ways, their abstractions, upon the peoples there. Thus, they have yet again disrupted and are attempting to destroy the ways of life of others; and are yet again using force, terror, cunning, lies - and all the other tactics of the insolent - in order to get those peoples to adopt some mythical idealized way of life, which idealized way of life does not even exist and never has existed even in the Western lands of The White Hordes.

Thus, The White Hordes of Homo Hubris are yet again bringing death, destruction, disruption, hunger, and suffering, to others in the name of some mythical un-numinous abstraction. In the case of Afghanistan, it is in the name of the un-numinous abstraction "democracy" and in the name of "peace", by which the sly White Hordes mean, of course, the so-called "peace" that arises when one surrenders to a bully, that is, surrenders to them.

The character of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris is also evident in their desire to control, to restrain, to "organize" - to try to dominate - Nature. The character of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris is evident in their obsession with causal Time and with "planning", which obsession anyone who comes

from, or who has lived for any time among, other non-Western communities and cultures, will recognize. For example, individuals who belong to The White Hordes of Homo Hubris will expect others to share their attitude that “causal Time” is valuable, a kind of commodity, and can be measured out, and, indeed, The White Hordes of Homo Hubris have gone to great lengths – as part of their cultural colonialism – to impose their causal Time and their schedules (based on some abstraction), and their causal orientated mechanistic “planning”, on other peoples, world-wide.

Most other cultures, however, have or had an understanding of life as it is – as a slow flow of slow change, in rhythm with Nature, which slow flow of slow natural and local change those individuals accept and which they do not, for the most part, attempt to struggle against. But, for The White Hordes of Homo Hubris, it is constant struggle – for they desire to impose themselves, their “Time”, their abstractions, upon others and upon Nature. For instance, for them, *mañana* is an irritation, an inconvenience; just as *wu-wei* is, and just as “InshaAllah” (as commonly used, for example, by Egyptians) is. For The White Hordes of Homo Hubris, a delay of a day, or a week, or more, is unacceptable, just as for most of their kind the subtle delicacy of *chadō* is a “waste of time”, an irritation, or something “quaint and touristy”; just as the intricacies and meanings of *Ram thai* – evolved naturally and locally over periods of natural Time – are and were lost on these impatient “foreign devils” and for whom such things are at best something they can momentarily gawp at. For The White Hordes of Homo Hubris have always ridiculed, or dismissed, or seem as inferior, or wanted to change, the natural practices and ways of every single people they have ever come into contact with, from the Native Americans, of North and South America, to the tribes of Africa, to the lands of Khmer and Tai, to the islands of Nihon.

Given their character, their impatience, their hubris and insolence, their desire for an almost instant gratification, their addiction to abstractions, it is no wonder then that The White Hordes of Homo Hubris came to destroy the culture, the communities, the tribes, of others, and have imposed upon other peoples their own unfeeling, their own causal and un-numinous, abstractions, manufacturing thus modern abstract nation-States in place of the subtle numinous culture of Bushido and Samurai, in place of regional small ancestral kingdoms such as Tai, Khmer, and Mon, and trying to destroy and replace the tribal ways of the Ashanti, Afar, Hopi, Tsitsistas, Ndee, Siksika, and the many, many, others whom they often ruthlessly uprooted from their ancestral lands and whom they demanded, often by force, adopt the ways and abstractions of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris.

Now, of course, they and their savants pretend, for the most part, to “treasure and recognize the importance of the world’s cultural diversity”, but what

remains of this diversity – after century upon century of military and cultural colonialism by The White Hordes – is for the most part now rootless, not derived from a thriving, living, numinous and tribal way of life which owes little or nothing to the ways, the abstractions, of the West. Such “cultural diversity” is now often only some “tourist attraction” for the tourists of The White Hordes “to enjoy” and gawp at, or something the Western-style governments and nations of other lands have appropriated and which they promote in order to foster a kind of artificial national unity, and a Western-style nationalism, among the citizens of these more-often-than-not Western created new nation-States, over which the West still retains control, directly or covertly, by the threat of military force, by usurious loans, through “aid”, through political and economic blackmail, or by others means.

Furthermore, what The White Hordes and their Magian masters will not tolerate, in the modern world, is another land, another country, other peoples, being free from Western control, free from Western abstractions, and having a way or ways of life that place their own numinous ancestral culture, their own numinous laws, and a tribal way of living, before the mechanistic material “culture” of the West, before the abstract laws of the West, and before the soul-less abstraction of the usury-driven, debt ridden, tax-demanding nation-State. Any and all such attempts by other peoples to free themselves from Western abstractions, Western control or influence, have been and are ruthlessly put down, with the sly bullying White Hordes of Homo Hubris, and their even slyer Magian masters, always manufacturing some “excuse” for their actions, for their intervention, for the crippling sanctions they impose. (Footnote 3)

Adoption of the Magian Ethos

Long before they devolved even further to become – during and after the so-called Industrial Revolution – Homo Hubris, The White Hordes of the old Europe had begun to undermine and disrupt our natural and slowly evolving connexion to the Numinous, based as this connexion was on tribal communities and the law of personal honour. That is, based on a human, individual, scale of things, on personal knowledge of and interaction with and respect for, others, and upon an awareness, often only instinctive, of ourselves as an integral part of Nature. This connexion thus gave rise to a natural and balanced and fundamentally pagan attitude toward life where the individual for the most part had or could strive to have power over their own affairs or at least the basic freedom to defend themselves with weapons and where the only authority was a local, tribal or clan, one, with those in possession of such authority being personally known to the individual and almost always respected by the individual by virtue of being, for instance, clan or tribal

elders.

This undermining and this disruption of the numinous by The White Hordes occurred because of their innate restless insolent character, and because of their manufacture of various un-numinous abstractions which - from the times of Ancient Greece - they interposed between themselves and the reality of the Cosmos and which they increasingly began to adhere to or see as "ideals" to be striven for. These abstractions included, of course, the Platonian "ideal" itself, the notion of *potestas tribunicia*, and the abstraction of a codifiable law, which established the *Imperium Romanum*. In many ways, it was this abstraction of a codified law, together with the imposition of a remote, impersonal, authority - often maintained by force and almost always sustained by mandatory taxes - which began the unfortunate dominance of The White Hordes and which marked the real beginning of their de-evolution, of their increasing distance from, and disruption of, the numinous. Of their, in brief, wholesale adoption of and belief in profane abstractions over and above the ways of the Numen. For they began to make this abstraction of a codified law and a remote, impersonal, authority, sustained by mandatory taxes, an ideal to be striven for.

However, it was their outward and inward adoption of the abstractions of what became the religion and dogma of the Nazarene that began not only their great and rapid descent back toward barbarism, and thence ultimately toward and into the new subspecies Homo Hubris, but also and importantly led to an alliance with the Magian, which alliance in its beginnings had more to do with usury, avarice and the power of so-called Kings and rulers, than it had to do with changing the world for the worse based on some messianic abstraction or on some prejudiced desire to "civilize the natives".

Even so, there were times - several times - when some of the peoples from The White Hordes of the old Europe forsook the ways of abstractions and of profanity, and returned to the old ways of balance and a natural paganism. But every time such a natural balance was restored within some communities of the West, it became undermined, and was ultimately destroyed, by the restless insolent abstraction-loving character germane to the White Hordes themselves, often because of the desire to pursue, to believe in, to implement, some un-numinous abstraction; some dogma, so *-ism* or some *-ology*, be these *-isms* or these *-ologies* deemed to be "political", social, or "religious", which terms themselves (politics, religion, social) are of course just more examples of the un-numinous illusive causal abstractions imposed upon the numinous reality of our organic, acausally-imbued life.

What we have now - manifest in The White Hordes of Homo Hubris and their Magian masters, with their modern tyrannical nation-States - is the result of The White Hordes having: (1) adopted and adapted what became the

abstraction of the Nazarene (Magian-derived) way of life; (2) having adopted and adapted the Magian principle of usury; (3) having manufactured from the Nazarene abstraction and from their own other abstractions (such as a codified law and a remote, impersonal, authority, sustained by mandatory taxes) new abstractions; and (3) from them striving to implement, because of and using their innate character, these new abstractions, such as modern “democracy”, the modern nation-State, and the mythical desire for so-called “peace” to be established, of course, by and under the aegis of the armed forces led by or dominated by The White Hordes who have manufactured for themselves a world mandate, courtesy of their creations such as the so-called “United Nations”.

Thus was the rough beast - our mortal enemy - born, to slouch toward Bethlehem, where it helped to bring about the Zionist entity, which entity has come to believe that its messianic hour is almost here, at last.

The Tyrannical Abstraction of The State

One of the fundamental problems of our times in the un-numinous, the tyrannical, the impersonal, abstraction of The State, maintained as this abstraction is by mandatory taxes, by an increasingly bullying Police force which increasingly relies upon surveillance and paid informers, and imbued as this abstraction is with a mechanistic materialism, a capitalistic ethos, and the ever-present threat of individuals being incarcerated in some barbaric prison if they break some law which some servant or servants of The State have manufactured in order to ensure the survival of The State and the survival of those oligarchies who control The State and who benefit from its existence.

The modern State - wherever in the West or in the world it is located - seeks to imbue its citizens with either some sort of abstract national pride (for which it has manufactured a lifeless un-numinous so-called national “culture”) or with a belief in some other abstraction of a political, social, or religious nature, just as it assigns a high priority to other abstractions such as “national security” or “national defence”, and just as it uses all the means at its disposal - from the Media to entertainment to sport to manufactured celebratory events to worthless so-called “traditions” to promises about “change” and “progress” - in an attempt to keep its mostly debt-ridden wage and salary slaves reasonably content, knowing that it needs the taxes it steals and extorts from them in order to maintain its existence, and the existence of the parasites who feed upon it and who benefit from it.

For the modern nation-State is, in truth, a large legalized protection racket, demanding you pay “protection money” or you will be visited by their “heavies” (the Police and the other agencies they control) and then either

asked to pay even more protection money (a “fine”) or be imprisoned for however long they deem appropriate in their barbaric prisons, which prisons they maintain as a means of persuasion and control. for the so-called “justice” of the State and its flunkies is an abstract, impersonal, “justice” wholly unrelated to the natural and numinous (and real) justice which derives from personal honour - for their abstract so-called “justice”, and their Police forces and their laws, take away the freedom and the ability of the individual to make their own judgement of others, to be responsible for themselves, and to seek honourable redress in a personal, direct, manner.

What all this amounts to is that The State makes the individual rootless, powerless, and undermines and destroys the connexion of the individual to the numinous, for it destroys that natural, numinous, culture which arises from our natural, tribal, human, way of living. It takes away the ability of the individual to evolve in a natural way, for it replaces the natural perspective of Nature and the Cosmos with the perspective of various lifeless abstractions, all of which abstractions have their own lifeless, un-numinous and ultimately causal and mechanistic goals. Even what passes for “religion” or for a non-material Way in such States is lifeless, un-numinous and ultimately meaningless because it is either an abstraction itself (some -ism, some -ology) or because it demands subservience of the individual to its dogma and does not recognize, promote nor accept either personal empathy or personal honour as a basis for insight and for living.

In contrast, a true numinous way of living is never “religious” and never supra-personal; it is never impersonal and dogmatic, and never demands subservience to some impersonal authority. Instead, a true numinous way of living: (1) always arises from, and is part of, a natural tribal or clan-based community who live, who work, together in some locality and who thus know each other personally or know of, or are related to, the others in such a locality, and (2) always allows for, and indeed often insists upon, the importance of individual empathy, of individual experience, of individual change, never ever thus negating those three most fundamental principles of genuine freedom, of our humanity itself: *empathy*, *personal honour*, and a *learning from direct personal experience*, which personal learning builds noble character and which personal, practical and direct experience is far far more valuable than the abstract impersonal “learning” and the “knowledge” and the “experience” obtained in and enforced by impersonal Institutions and by mandatory State schools.

For the birth of this beast, The State, we have to thank The White Hordes of Homo Hubris and the influence of the Magian ethos, and for the continued existence of this beast and its modern progeny we have to thank the alliance of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris and the Magian. However, what began as an

alliance has now become, in the last several decades, almost total control of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris by the Magian, and an almost total reliance, by The White Hordes, on not only The State, but also on abstractions, which abstractions now include the new mythos which the Magian and their willing helpers among the White Hordes have developed as one means of control (Footnote 4).

The Downfall of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris

How can we, how should we, deal with this beast, The State, and thus re-establish our connexion to the numinous? First, we have to accept that the peoples of the West - the vast majority of whom are still part of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris - will not, and cannot, suddenly change their nature, and what has now become their character, and neither will they, at least not in the next century or so, free themselves from the control of the Magian and from their subservience to The State. For this State still provides them with, and will continue to provide them with, a reasonable materialistic way of life, and the Magian will ensure that the troops and minions of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris will fight for, and/or obtain by whatever means, whatever resources are needed, wherever in the world they are, in order for their lackey Western States, and their own beloved Zionist entity, to survive.

Given all these things, it is reasonable to suggest and expect and to work toward one or both of the following. (1) That the societies of the West have to broken down and disrupted from within by those who understand the perfidy of the abstraction of The State and who desire to live in either a new numinous, and evolutionary, way, or in a way consistent with their own, non-Western, culture or way of life. (2) That those, external to the West, who have suffered most at the hands of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris - and who have somehow managed to maintain at least some of their own numinous culture or some of their own ancestral tribal ways, and who may not yet be infected that much by the Magian ethos and the new Magian mythos - should begin to free themselves from Western control and Western influence by practical and/or by "spiritual"/cultural means, which practical means includes the use of armed force, rebellion, and insurrection, and which cultural means include embracing a tribal way of life, ancestral or otherwise.

In both of these, the emphasis needs to be moved away from the traditions, the history, the past culture, the current ethos, of the indigenous peoples of the West (the White "foreign devils") and instead directed toward either (1) that of other non-Western peoples or (2) toward a new numinous and tribal way of living for peoples of any ethnicity, White and non-White. (Footnote 5)

Thus, it is time for a genuine new beginning, away from the West of today and

yesterday. Time for the crimes, the oppression, the tyranny, of the West - of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris - to be exposed, to be understood, and for Western ways, values and abstractions to be rejected in favour of the ways, the traditions, the culture, of other peoples and in favour of our new and numinous way. It is time for other peoples to cease to regard and cease to view the West, and The White Hordes of Homo Hubris, as examples to followed and admired, and for the so-called progress and the current prosperity of the West to be understood for what it is: the bloody result of centuries of colonialism; the result of centuries of exploitation of the peoples and resources of the world; the result of centuries of blackmail, extortion, plunder, war, and atrocity after atrocity; the consequence of real holocaust after real holocaust.

Indeed, it is correct to state that the barbarian peoples of the West - despite their sly propaganda to the contrary - are the most blood-thirsty people in human history, having been responsible, during their recent "Second World war" alone, for the killing of over seventy million people, which is equivalent to exterminating more than the whole population of a country such as modern day France. In addition, if one considers the slaughter that the West have been responsible for in the past one hundred and fifty years alone, it is equivalent to exterminating far more than the whole population of a populous country such as modern day Pakistan.

Therefore it is indeed time for Western ways, values and abstractions to be rejected, and for the West itself to be brought down. For the West, with its abstract nation-States, with its White Hordes of Homo Hubris in thrall to the new Magian mythos and fighting for and on behalf of that mythos, is the greatest obstacle to our further evolution; the greatest tyranny to have befallen us in our history, although few among The White Hordes realize this, so brainwashed have they been by the sly propaganda of their nations, and so unaware as they are and have been of true, the evolutionary, purpose of our individual lives. For this modern profane mechanistic materialistic tyranny has taken away from us our numinous tribal ways, taken away our numinous living culture, our empathy, and our personal honour: our freedom to live numinously.

Furthermore, the foundation, the basis, the essence, of the change required to bring about the downfall of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris and their nation-States, is the change toward creating new communities; the change toward new tribes and tribal ways of living, whether these are urban based or rural, and whether or not - in the case of non-Western lands - these are based on or inspired by surviving traditions and surviving ancestral ways. That is, there is and must be a rejection of the abstraction of The State itself, and a desire to embrace the natural, the numinous way, of tribes and clans. The way of the tribe is the way of the future; the way toward a conscious and a

continuing evolution, while the way of The State is the way of restriction, of tyranny, of impersonal control.

Hence, the downfall of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris - and of their most perfidious abstraction, the nation-State - begins with peoples external to the West, and with those of non-White ethnicity within the lands of the West. That is, it is time for the non-White peoples of the world to free themselves from the power, the influence, the control, the abstractions, the ethos, of The White Hordes, and to assert themselves; to reject the nation-State in favour of tribes; to either rediscover their own ethos, their ancestral ways, or to develop for themselves new ways, a new ethos, independent from all the un-numinous abstractions of The White Hordes.

In conclusion, the change, the evolution, that we seek to bring about is a natural one; an evolutionary return to what is numinous; a restoration of the balance that has been lost, and this is, in essence, a return to a tribal way of life, a return to and a development of empathy, and a return to the law of personal honour in place of the abstract law of The White Hordes and of the Magian.

This is an evolutionary return because it derives from a knowledge and understanding of the perfidy of abstractions - and especially the perfidy of The State and of conventional religions - and from a knowledge and understanding of ourselves as a nexion. That is, it is based on an appreciation and awareness of the numinous, and is a conscious choice to change ourselves in a natural and numinous way. It is evolutionary because there is no desire to try to re-create some idealized past or some mythical past way of living, tribal or otherwise. Instead, there is a striving to evolve, to become part of, to bring-into-being, new tribes, to form new communities from these new tribes, and to allow the development of new and numinous and vibrant cultures from these new communities.

Then - having awoken from the abstractive illusions that currently hold most people in a dream-like sleep - we can evolve, change, and develop; we will cease to be children, and instead become mature human beings who can leave their childhood home, this planet we call Earth, evolving thus to become an entirely new species of being.

Footnotes:

(1) For a general description of Homo Hubris, see (a) *Homo Hubris and the Disruption of The Numinous* and (b) *The Ethos of Vindex In Historical Context* (Part Two of *The Mythos of Vindex*)

(2) A good example of their type of character is the figure of Alexander of Macedon, who was ruthless, cunning, ambitious, vain, arrogant, restless, insolent, who believed himself to have a "Destiny", and who set about disrupting the ways of life of other peoples, and imposing his own way upon those he conquered, thus destroying their tribal ways and thus upsetting the natural balance which those peoples had attained over long periods of time. In place of their ancestral tribal ways - which maintained for them a connexion to the Numinous - he imposed his own lifeless abstractions.

In describing the nature and character and thus the personality, the persona, of the collective White Hordes, we are, of course, generalizing, based as this generalization is upon a study of the history of the old Europe, and upon the deeds committed by the collective White Hordes in the past thousand years, including their colonialism.

Since it is a generalization, some or indeed many individuals belonging to, or deemed to belong to, The White Hordes may have a character, a nature, a persona, different from, or even quite distinct from, that of the collective White Hordes themselves.

(3) Communism - and all forms of political socialism - are just more un-numinous abstractions manufactured by The White Hordes and by the Magian, with all or most of these forms requiring some State for them to be, in theory, implemented or tried. Similarly, all forms of modern democracy are un-numinous abstractions and most if not all also require some State for them to be implemented or tried.

Thus, all these forms, all these abstractions - like capitalism and fascism and all conventional religions - do not and never can liberate the individual or a people and return them to a numinous way of life, but instead only serve to enslave them further to un-numinous abstractions.

(4) This new Magian manufactured mythos slyly combines several elements. The first element is the almost mythical belief that the so-called "West" (and especially America) is a bastion of "reason, justice, and freedom"; that "democracy" means "freedom and peace"; and that those who do or who may oppose the nation-States of the West (for whatever reason) are "enemies of freedom, and enemies of reason and democracy". The second element is that the way to prosperity and "freedom" and happiness lies in accepting the values, the ways, the abstractions, of the West, such as "democracy" and usury. The third element is that the Western created "United Nations" - over which the West maintains control by means of the so-called Security Council - has a mandate to intervene in the affairs of any country, by force if necessary; impose punitive sanctions, and is generally "keeping the peace", although of course this so-called "peace" is really submission. The fourth element is that

the West – and whatever allies it deems suitable (such as the Zionist entity) – has a right, and even a duty, to possess vastly superior weapons, including nuclear weapons, which it can and which it should deny to whomsoever it chooses, so that its military power can never, ever, be challenged by conventional means.

The fifth element – and perhaps the most sly element – of the new Magian mythos is the one that binds all the others together, and this is that the West, and those chosen to be their allies, have in the last hundred years fought and won several hard, difficult, wars for their “freedom” and their “rights”, which “wars for freedom” most importantly include what is called The Second World War, where the forces of “good” (the West, their allies and friends, including the Magian) narrowly defeated the forces of “evil” (the German National-Socialists and the warriors of Nippon) with the German National-Socialists accused of being responsible for the worst atrocity in human history (the so-called Shoah) and which so-called atrocity led to the necessary establishment of the Zionist entity, which entity should therefore be supported at whatever cost, and is itself a bastion of democracy and freedom.

The final element of the new Magian mythos is the belief that the West must defend itself, “whatever the cost”; that threats to “freedom” exist now or will exist; that the security of Western nations and of their allies are vital to freedom itself, and that its people should be and are expected to make sacrifices to ensure “our continuing freedom” even if this means going to fight in some war somewhere, or supporting whatever Western security organizations do and whatever laws governments may manufacture to “protect their freedom and their national security”.

Most if not all the peoples of the West accept and believe in most if not all of this modern mythos.

(5) Basically, the White peoples of the West need to cure themselves of their addiction to, and their desire to manufacture, abstractions, as they need to reform their own character by developing empathy, by re-engaging with and respecting the numinous, and by returning to and embracing the individual way of individual honour. Fundamentally, they need to reject the abstractions of the nation-State, of conventional “religions” and the causality of all “politics”, and instead embrace a new and tribal way of living.

Thus, it is not a question of ethnicity or of ethnic conflict – but rather the opposite; bringing-into-being in the West new ethnically diverse tribes. It is a question of all peoples – but especially the White peoples of the West – rejecting lifeless abstractions and adopting instead numinous ways based upon a new tribal way of life.

Homo Hubris and The Magian Ethos

Can you explain what you mean by the term The Whites Hordes of Homo Hubris, why you use it, and what, if any, relation there is to the term Horde used to describe the followers of Genghis Khan?

The term The White Hordes of Homo Hubris refers to the White, or Caucasian, peoples of Europe and the so-called New World - such as America, Australasia, and Canada - who have the character of, or who belong to, the new subspecies of human called Homo Hubris.

Homo Hubris is distinguished by their generally uncouth, vulgar, behaviour; their lack of manners; their arrogance and insolence; their pride, and their innate, often unconscious belief (or rather, delusion), that they and their kind are 'superior' and have a sort of 'destiny' or duty to interfere in the lives of other peoples, often now by imposing some abstraction on them, by force and killing, but most often, in the past, by occupation, conquest, and imperialism. In addition, Homo Hubris is in thrall to causal abstractions, and is easily swayed and manipulated by others, lacking as they do any real personal noble character and deficient as they are in both empathy and honour. In brief, the people of Homo Hubris often act and behave like spoilt children and/or bullies.

The term horde is used in the general sense of *a swarming crowd, a swarming mass* of humans, and is apt to describe the general behaviour of the majority of Caucasian humans over the past millennia or more, who have swarmed over planet Earth, spreading their abstractions and their colonialism and their capitalist exploitation, and who have behaved like crowds tend to behave: easily swayed by rhetoric and propaganda; often in thrall to primitive emotions (lust for conquest; lust for gold or other resources and commodities; lust for vengeance; and so on); and generally capable of being manipulated by some self-serving cabal or some oligarchy.

There is no specific relation intended, by my usage of the term horde, to the tribes, the hordes, of Genghis Khan or his descendants, such as Batu Khan, and his *Ak Orda*. One might just as easily use the term The White Swarms of Homo Hubris, although the term horde itself carries some connotations that the term swarm does not, specifically, *horde* relates to humans, and specifically, it now implies uncouth behaviour, and the killing of other human beings, which makes it somewhat more apt than the term swarm, for Homo

Hubris is renowned for both uncouth behaviour, and the wanton killing of other human beings. Indeed, as I have mentioned elsewhere, The White Hordes of Homo Hubris are the most bloodthirsty people in human history, having been responsible for the killing of over two hundred million people in the last two hundred years alone. Why, in just the last decade, The White Hordes of Homo Hubris have been responsible for the killing of at least half a million people - in the name of their latest crusade - in places like Iraq, Afghanistan, and elsewhere.

In your article The Downfall of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris, you state quite clearly that the downfall of the West begins, and I quote, "with peoples external to the West, and with those of non-White ethnicity within the lands of the West." Why do you say this, and isn't this a complete turn around from your previous advocacy of European, or "Aryan", culture and traditions?

One of the fundamental problems - as I understand it as a result of almost four decades of reflexion upon the problem, and following four decades of varied practical experience and engagement - is that of the innate character of the peoples of the West. It is this character that has allowed The White Hordes to descend to become Homo Hubris, and has allowed themselves to be the allies and servants of the Magian. It is this basal character that has caused The White Hordes of Homo Hubris to destroy by ruthless force the few rebellions, in the West, against the mechanistic, usurious, un-numinous status quo. It is, importantly, this innate character that has led to this status quo, that is manifest in this status quo, based as it is upon the manufacture of un-numinous abstractions and upon the spread of these contagious abstractions, by The White Hordes, throughout the peoples of the world.

It is thus this character that needs to be changed, and this requires a new ethos; a new perception, a new attitude, a new perspective; an entirely new way and new ways of living. This change is not going to occur quickly - it will take decades, if not a century, or more probably, many centuries. That is, the current status quo - the perfidy of the nation-State with its tyranny and its tyrannical abstractions will not only remain, but get much worse, and "the people" will, for the most part acquiesce in this, and acquiesce in the increasing tyranny, manifest as this tyranny is in, for example, increased government surveillance, in a lack of personal honour, in compulsory and increasing taxation, in a lack of empathy, a lack of personal manners, in more and more laws in the name of "security" and "peace", in restrictions on people's freedom of movement, and in a lack of, or the suppression of, critical debate about certain matters, especially certain recent historical events.

In previous decades, I had hoped that it might be possible to bring about this

change of character, from within the West, by “shock and awe” - by creating a revolutionary situation; by precipitating System Breakdown. But my practical experience revealed to me that this just could not be done, for several reasons. Firstly, because The White Hordes, en masse, were mostly quite content with their lot; secondly, because the Magian ethos, the new Magian mythos, held them in thrall, and when it did not there were always, always, willing servants of the Magian and of their ethos to re-enforce their conditioning, to re-educate them, or to arrest, convict, and imprison them, or to inform on those few who were genuine heretics, genuine revolutionaries, genuine outlaws against The System. Thirdly, and perhaps most distressing of all, the fundamental character of even those who claimed to rebel was, for the most part, flawed; with such individuals not being personal examples of the values we and they championed and claimed to be fighting for. That is, they were often, themselves, dishonourable; were often dis-loyal, and mostly did not do their duty.

Thus, my conclusions came to be: (1) that the peoples of the West in general, or even those of one nation, would not revolt, and could not be persuaded to revolt against their masters and against their wage and salary slavery. (2) That they had become so corrupted by the ignoble, un-numinous, ethos that permeated all the societies of the West, that it is was impossible, or seemed to me impossible, to re-awaken them, to imbue them with the virtues of honour, loyalty and duty in their service of their own culture and their own ethos, and that when these noble virtues were shown, by them, it was more often than not only and ever in the service of the Magian; for Magian goals; for and on behalf of the Magian ethos, so imbued had the majority of peoples of the West become with that ethos. (3) That one of the fundamental and important problems was that the Magian ethos itself was an almost alchemical blend of the abstractions, half (or more) from the peoples of the West, and half (or less) directly from the Magians themselves.

But perhaps most important of all, in those previous decades, I had worked on and indeed lived by the assumption that the problem was a simple one of “us” and “them” - of the Magian ethos being just that, purely Magian; purely manufactured by the Magian; that, expressed simply, we had become “infected” by a virus that was Magian in origin and in design; and that thus that “we” just needed to return to “our” own, pure, ethos, our own values, our own ancestral ways, in order to liberate ourselves, in order to cure ourselves of this infection, this Magian distortion.

However, I came to realize, to crucially understand, that “we” ourselves were part of the problem; if not a major cause of the problem. That it was the White peoples themselves - and especially their abstractions - which originally gave rise to and which imbued this ethos with so much vigour, and which has

allowed it to so take root among the peoples of the West.

Now, I consider what I term the Magian ethos as something other than simply something manufactured by some other people, such as Zionists, and which thus expresses the ethos, the Zeitgeist, of that people. That is, this Magian ethos is theirs, but crucially also “ours”; an alchemical mixture of ideas, abstractions, and mythos, deriving from both “us” and “them”. Thus, while currently the main beneficiaries of this Magian ethos are the Magians themselves (and especially their new State entity and its satellite entity, Amerika) its origin, its existence, and its continuing vigour and power are now insolubly tied up with the peoples of the West.

In addition, my assessment of the basic character of what I regarded as my own people had been hopelessly idealistic, ridiculously romantic, and thus flawed, and I came, from direct experience, to know their flaws, their faults, so evident in a genuine understanding of their history, their deeds past and present. I also came to know, to understand, my own flaws, my own mistakes. In brief, the situation, the problem, was not as simple as I had naively believed it to be, with the truth being that the Magian ethos has naturally become the ethos of the West since it was to a large extent the creation of the peoples of the West, with some important input, some quite important changes, from and made by the Magian themselves.

So yes, indeed, this is almost a complete reversal of my former position - but one based on, deriving from, my own practical experience. Based upon the realities I encountered and had to deal with. That is, I learned, from experience; and I especially learned from my own mistakes. I also lost that somewhat immature idealism, that romanticism, that I had somehow managed to retain even after decades of revolutionary activism.

Hence, in order to bring about the downfall of The System, we must look to those who have a different character from ours, and different from the Magian, and learn from these peoples of diverse and non-White ethnicity; and change ourselves (inwardly, in character) and encourage these other peoples to understand our flaws, to value themselves, and free themselves from “our” ethos, that is, from the Magian ethos which now dominates the West and has spread over the entire world. They should free themselves of direct control by the West, and rid themselves, wherever they are - even if residing in the West - from any and all Western influences, for the West has now naturally become synonymous with the Magian, synonymous with the Magian ethos, with the un-numinous and tyrannical abstractions of The White Hordes.

The United Nations - The Sly Magian at Work

History and Reality

The following is a good example of how the Magians, and their servants and lackeys in the modern West, work: they manufacture an organization, the so-called United Nations (UN), with rules and “charters” which express their own Magian-esque way of life [See Footnote 1], their Magian aims, and their abstract, un-numinous, tyrannical laws. That is, the UN is based on and dedicated to the abstractions of the Magian which have come to dominate the West - among which abstractions are the nation-State (over and above the natural, numinous, human way of tribes); the abstraction of an abstract law enforced by large, impersonal, agencies such as Police forces (over and above the numinous, human, way of personal honour); the abstraction of mandatory taxation enforced by threat of imprisonment; the abstraction of a centralized government controlling the distribution and production of money, based as such money now is on the abstractions of financial speculation and the usury of interest (as opposed to the natural human way of barter).

Having manufactured this United Nations, the controllers of the West [See Footnote 2] then create a ruling body - the so-called Security Council - which they ensure they will always have control over, and whose rules allow them to veto any proposal or any resolution they, the controllers of the West, do not like or do not agree with.

With the slyness these dishonourable war-mongering imperialists and colonialists have been renowned for, for centuries [See Footnote 3], the controllers of the West then declare that their self-manufactured organization, the UN, will make, and enforce what they call “international law”, and will be responsible for international, world-wide “security”. What all this means in reality is that they, the controllers of the West, will decide what is lawful and unlawful, and that they have given to themselves the power - economic, military, and political - to enforce their manufactured laws, and to “punish”, if necessary by invasion and/or sanctions, any land, any country, any government, any organization, any group, any people, they want, anywhere in the world. This is the beginnings of a tyrannical world government, in all but name.

The controllers of the West then invite “all the nations of the world” to join this organization of theirs, knowing full well that they, the controllers of the West, control - through such things as the Security Council - the real power, and that these other, non-Western nations, can talk and discuss all they want, and

pass all the resolutions they want, but that all this talk, all these discussions, all these non-Western resolutions ultimately were and are without significance, devoid of power, unless of course the controllers of the West agree with them.

Thus, other bodies within the United Nations can only make “recommendations” to member governments, while the Western-controlled Security Council has the power to make binding decisions that member governments must accept, on pain of sanctions (military, trade, or economic), or on pain of having UN so-called “peacekeeping forces” invade their land.

A really sly trick of the controllers of the West is that they manage to convince not only a majority of their own peoples, but also millions of millions of people around the world, that this UN organization represents and upholds “peace”, “security”, and is committed to “freedom” - whereas the reality, the truth, is: (1) that this so-called “peace” is surrender to the controllers of the West, or adopting the ways, and abstractions, of the controllers of the West; (2) that this so-called “security” means maintaining the security of the West and allowing the West to keep its military, political, and economic superiority; (3) that this so-called “freedom” is only the illusory “freedom” of allowing the controllers of the West to retain their power, and their control, over their own lands, and over all the lands of the world; and (4) that the peoples of the world continue to be divided up into often artificially manufactured and always un-numinous nation-States, and thence into larger geographical abstractions, such as the so-called European Union, since such abstractions, such blocs, serve a very useful economic, political, bureaucratic and military function for them, a further move toward a world government.

The sly controllers of the West then had their UN organization create so-called “international peace-keeping forces” - always under the ultimate control of the West - although in reality these so-called “international peace-keeping forces” were just a means whereby the West, who controlled the Security Council, could do what they wanted or felt was necessary, under the pretext of the so-called “international law” which they themselves had manufactured according to their impersonal, un-numinous, dishonourable abstractions.

With their sly organization, the UN, the controllers now had the power to declare that they had the “right” to impose economic sanctions on any nation, any land, they chose; had the “right” (and even the so-called “moral duty”) to invade any land they wanted; had the “right” (and even the so-called “moral duty”) to send their “peace-keeping” forces anywhere in the world to “restore law and order” and to “ensure freedom”; and had the so-called “right” to restrict or ban sales of arms and weapons to any land, to any country, any people or any person they choose, thus ensuring that in any armed conflict the West would always have a military superiority. Just how sly is that? And just

how ignorant, how naive, are the people, the mundanes, who have fallen for the sly lies of the controllers and who therefore believe what the controllers of the West, the UN, and the lackeys of the Magian, tell them?

Of course, to do these things, such as invading another land, or imposing sanctions, the controllers of the West - and their new and trusted allies - have to get a so-called "resolution" passed by the UN to give their acts the appearance of being legitimate and "lawful", which resolution, of course, they almost always get, and if - on a rare occasion - they did not get one on time, they, the controllers of the West, acted anyway, as they did for instance in the case of their invasion of Iraq. For the sly controllers of the West always seem to be able to convince, bribe (with "aid" and the like) or threaten enough people to get their own way even when they flout some law or other that they themselves have manufactured. Thus do the sly controllers reveal themselves for what they really are: hypocrites to the core; bullies who only fight when they have military superiority; and adept at using deception and Orwellian-type double-speak and "spin" to get their own way, convince others, and cover their backs.

Recent Examples of Hubriati Slyness

The slyness of the controllers of the West - and of the UN - is evident in many events since the controllers of the West first manufactured the UN following their bloody, murderous, Second World War (aka The First Zionist War). A few of such recent events are:

(1) The continued brutal occupation of Palestine by the Zionist entity, and the continued stealing of Palestinian land by the Zionist entity. Since the Zionist entity in occupied Palestine is a trusted ally of the Magian West, it can ignore whatever resolutions the multi-national UN talk-shop make, since one or more Western nations can always be countered on to veto such resolutions, making such resolutions ultimately worthless, unless of course they are supported by the West because such-and-such a resolution is something the controllers of the West agree with.

In addition, the UN accepts that military aid to the brutal Zionist entity is allowable and even necessary, while military aid, or even any financial support, to those fighting the Zionist occupation of Palestine is deemed "illegal", thus ensuring the continued military superiority of the Zionists.

(2) The imposition of military, trade and economic sanctions on Iraq before, during, and after what the controllers of the West called The First Gulf War. These sanctions ensured that the West maintained its military superiority, as they directly and indirectly led to the death, by starvation and disease, of at

least half a million people in Iraq.

(3) The fact that the UN allows only the West - and its trusted allies, such as the Zionist entity in occupied Palestine - to possess nuclear weapons, and “demands”, on pain of sanctions or the threat of invasion (“let’s send in our peace-keeping forces”), that those who are not trusted allies of the West and thus not yet directly under the control of the Magian (such as Iran), cannot develop or possess nuclear weapons. Thus, the UN ensures that nuclear weapons remain in the hands of only the West, or in the hands of trusted allies of the West - those who can be relied upon to do what the controllers of the West want and demand (such as the current corrupt government in Pakistan).

Hence if a land such as Iran - currently free from direct control by the Magian - strives to obtain such weapons, the controllers of the West, acting no doubt on the orders from their hidden Magian controllers, will have the UN pass resolutions giving them the “right” to impose sanctions upon Iran (and try and force them to submit) and the “right” to bomb Iran and invade Iran if their sanctions and their bullying threats do not work.

(4) The recent invasion and occupation of Afghanistan, where troops from America and elsewhere in the West, are said to have a so-called UN mandate to fight, kill and imprison those who oppose them and who are honourably resisting the occupation of their land; and where these Western troops, and their politicians and allies, are said to have the “right” to impose a particular type of government on the people of Afghanistan, with this particular type of government, of course, being based on un-numinous abstractions - the modern nation-State and the deception of democracy - which abstractions the controllers of the West insist the peoples of the West, and indeed, the whole world, worship and obey.

(5) The recent demand - by the controllers of the West - that the rulers of Yemen “deal with” (by murder, imprisonment and brainwashing) those Muslims who are opposed to Western interference in their affairs, and who seek to implement and to live by another way of life. In support of their demand, the controllers of the West are preparing to get their puppet organization, the UN, to pass enforceable resolutions: (1) giving their ally, the current rulers of Yemen regime, military and economic aid, and (2) allowing for Western military forces, if necessary, to invade and occupy Yemen.

(6) The NATO intervention in Serbia - when a majority of the Serbian people, under Slobodan Milošević, desired to create a genuinely independent land, based to some extent on an extended tribal ethnicity.

Since such a land was anathema to the Magians - and only allowed to exist in their own homeland, the Zionist entity occupying Palestine - the controllers of

the West began a disgusting propaganda campaign against Milošević and those in favour of such a land; they imposed sanctions, had NATO bomb Serbia, intervened militarily, accused Milošević of so-called “war crimes”, and eventually succeeded in having him - with their help of their collaborators - arrested, and then tried in some UN manufactured Court of Law. Perhaps unsurprisingly, he mysteriously died while in custody, something that seems to often happen to active opponents of the Magian system, from members of the SS, to officials of the Third Reich, to Muslim resistance fighters in Iraq, Afghanistan, Palestine, and elsewhere.

Conclusion

Whenever and wherever the controllers want to protect what they call “their own interests” or their so-called security, and whenever and wherever the controllers of the West want to impose their will and their abstractions, you will find UN so-called “peacekeeping forces” - which really should be re-named “the armed enforcers of the bullies of the New Magian Order of the West”. Notice how armies of occupation - armies of imperialism - in places such as Afghanistan are now routinely called “peace-keeping forces”, and are said to be bringing, or ensuring, the “freedom of democracy”.

Whenever and wherever there are peoples desiring to live in a natural, human and numinous way, *sans* abstractions such as the nation-State, and without the tyranny of usury and debt, you will find the controllers of the West interfering in their affairs, invading and occupying their lands, supporting corrupt collaborating rulers and corrupt tyrannical regimes - and interfering using the name of the UN, or acting under the pretext of some UN resolution or other, and/or sending their “armed enforcers for the abstractions of the West” (aka UN peacekeeping forces) to ensure that the only law is abstract law, and that all people everywhere must bow down before the mighty UN, and thus keep the Magian West secure, allow its military forces to dominate the world, and continue to accept the primacy of the un-numinous nation-State.

Where once our planet was home to diverse local communities - with their own unique and numinous culture - based upon tribes and using barter as a means of trade, the world has now become dominated by the un-numinous abstraction of the impersonal nation-State, policed by the UN, and ultimately controlled by and through the usury of international finance, and by means of mass consumerism and the pursuit of materialism.

A whole new abstract and un-numinous world mass culture has been manufactured, and this trashy culture reflects the hubrian values the Magian wants their worldwide subjects to adopt: the values of obedience to abstract authority (the State, the government, the UN, and all their laws); of loyalty and duty to some rootless impersonal abstraction (some “elected” functionary,

some chain of command; some manufactured “nation” cobbled together by politicians); the pursuit of material wealth and an illusory “progress”, and an aggressive self-advancement, all at the expense of empathy and of our natural, evolutionary, tribal, human wyrd.

Footnotes:

[1] By the Magian way of life is primarily meant the abstractions which represent the un-numinous Magian ethos. One of the fundamental abstractions of the Magian is that of the modern nation-State. Furthermore,

” The abject dishonourable tyranny of the modern industrialized world - of the modern West - has been manufactured by the Magian, and by the Magian ethos.

The Magian ethos is represented in the victory of consumerism over genuine, numinous, culture. It is represented in the triumph of abstract “cleverness” - particularly abstract “law” - over the noble instincts of the man, or woman, of honour. It is represented in the triumph of vulgar mass entertainment over spontaneous family and small community events. It is manifest by the triumph of urban haste and impoliteness over the possession of rural manners. It is manifest in the triumph of loans and usurious debt over thrift. It is represented in the triumph of indecency and profanity over modesty. But, perhaps most of all, it is represented in the destruction of the slow, rural, way of life - work involving manual labour and/or the labour of animals - and its replacement by the industry and machines of Homo Hubris, made possible by a rampant capitalism and the abject and large-scale exploitation of people and natural resources by modern States and their privileged oligarchies.” *The Vindex Mythos, Part One: Vindex and The Defeat of The Magian*

As mentioned in other essays (see for example *The Downfall of The White Hordes of Homo Hubris* and *Confusion Will Be My Epitaph*), the term Magian is now used as a synonym for the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and Western hubriati, subsumed as these hubriati have been and are (as their name suggests) by hubris and the delusion of abstractions.

” The Magian ethos [is] something other than simply something manufactured by some other people, such as Zionists, and which thus expresses the ethos, the Zeitgeist, of that people. That is, this Magian ethos is theirs, but crucially also “ours”; an alchemical

mixture of ideas, abstractions, and mythos, deriving from both “us” and “them”. Thus, while currently the main beneficiaries of this Magian ethos are the Magians themselves (and especially their new State entity and its satellite entity, Amerika) its origin, its existence, and its continuing vigour and power are now insolubly tied up with the peoples of the West. ” *Confusion Will Be My Epitaph*

The term *hubriati* is an apt one, for it refers to the oligarchy, and the controllers, who oversee the hordes of Homo Hubris.

Furthermore, it should be understood that both the Nasrany faith (the way of the Nazarene) and the way of Islam ultimately belong to this same Magian ethos, opposing as these ways do - with, for example, their restrictive dogma and their notion of sin - the essentially tribal, empathic, pagan, numinous ethos that is our natural and our evolutionary human wyrd.

This natural wyrd of ours is expressed in our human desire for genuine individual freedom, which freedom is manifest in and by, and only manifest in and by, a supportive tribal way of life and the law of personal honour. It is this genuine freedom which modern abstractions such as the nation-State, with its wage-slavery, its taxation and its abstract laws and inhuman prisons, take away. And it is this genuine freedom - this real, personal, liberty - that the global UN in all its forms undermines and seeks to replace.

For a supportive tribal way of life is, by its nature, small and personal, dwelling as it does in a local geographical area, and involving as it does either a personal, individual, knowing of most or all of its members, and/or a direct familial, genetic, link to its members.

[2] By *controllers of the West* is meant both the Magians (and their savants) behind the scenes, and the political oligarchies that govern the countries of the West under the guise, the pretence, the illusion, the charade, of so-called democracy, which democracy maintains the *status quo* based on the Magian ethos, and Magian abstractions.

A good example of these controllers of the West are Blair and Bush - both lackeys of the Magian; both ardent, if not fanatical, believers in Magian abstractions such as the nation-State and in the “necessity” of imposing the abstraction, the pretence, of democracy upon others, if necessary by brutal and lethal force. Both are ardent, if not fanatical, supporters of the UN and of its alleged mandate and right to interference in the affairs of other peoples, anywhere in the world.

In essence, the modern West is now synonymous with Magian control, and thus when one speaks or writes about this modern West one is speaking and writing

about the domination of the Magian.

[3] There is a fundamental, an important, distinction between impersonal warfare and honourable combat. The West - with its weapons of mass killing, and its large armed forces with their loyalty to some abstract chain-of-command - has become the symbol, the example *par excellence*, of dishonourable, impersonal warfare.

The essence of honourable combat - the domain of true warriors - is personal loyalty and duty to a chief, or leader, personally known and personally respected, as well as a personal knowing of and a comradeship with, one's fellow warriors. The essence of impersonal warfare is large armed forces with their (a) duty to some abstract chain-of-command and thence to some commander or government or some President, monarch or ruler, they do not personally know, and (b) their loyalty to something abstract, such as some nation-State or some abstract, illusive, "freedom" said to be obtained by such things as "democracy" and, now, by the UN and its charters, laws and agencies and so-called "peace-keepers".

A true warrior can and does - and always has the right to - exercise their own personal judgement, whereas a member of some impersonal armed force has signed away their right of personal judgement, and are just expected to obediently follow the chain of command.

Warriors fight other warriors in a mostly direct, personal, confrontation. The members of impersonal armed forces often distance themselves from such direct personal, individual, confrontation - using missiles, guns fired from a distance, bombs dropped from aircraft, and so on.

The warrior prefers and often insists upon a fair-fight, with other warriors only; whereas impersonal armed forces are all about gaining some advantage over your enemies, often through sly trickery, or by propaganda, or by assassinating the leaders of their enemies (as has happened and is happening in places such as occupied Palestine and Afghanistan), or by ensuring that they have superiority in numbers and fire-power before they engage the enemy.

Furthermore, warriors fight and die for something or someone they know personally - such as their family, their extended tribal family, their own land - whereas members of some impersonal armed force fight and die for whatever their commanders, or their government, tell them to. In essence, imperialism, and colonialism are expressions of impersonal, and dishonourable, warfare, since they expand a conflict - or bring a conflict to - lands which those fighting have no direct, personal, or ancestral link to.

Appendix

Concerning UNESCO & UNICEF

It has been suggested - perhaps somewhat naively - that the work of UN agencies such as UNESCO, UNDP, and UNHCR et al reveals the true nature of the UN, as, in essence, a humanitarian agency, and a force of positive change, in the world.

However, all these supra-national agencies all are dedicated, esoterically, to the same agenda and are but means to spread the abstractions of the Magian ethos; to have the controllers of the West interfere in the affairs of others, even if the many muppets (with good intentions) supporting and/or being part of such agencies, are not aware of this esoteric agenda.

For, crudely expressed, UN aid equals aid with a Western controller agenda, and often with "the assistance" of UN so-called armed "peacekeepers". UN aid by definition implies external interference in the affairs of countries, and often involves corruption, mostly by the regimes or governments or agencies of the aided country. It also accepts, and often extends, the current *status quo* of the world divided up into controllable nation-States, with subservience to some "officially, UN, recognized" government of some such State often a precondition of such UN aid and assistance.

Most importantly, the whole principle of such "aid" is patronising and dishonourable, as it does not and cannot address the main causes of poverty and disease and social problems in many lands, many or all of which problems are the result of (1) the legacy of Western imperialism, colonialism, capitalist exploitation and usurious debts to Western banks or governments, and/or (2) corrupt local regimes and governments; and (3) - and perhaps most importantly - an ignorance of our true nature, our true wyrd, as human beings.

The numinous, the wyrdful, solution to such problems is not the abstract, nation-State loving UN, but rather a return to, and thence an evolution of, numinous values, a numinous empathic way of life, manifest in tribal living, in personal honour as the only law, in barter, in the way of the clan-based warrior, and in the total rejection of the capitalist system based on the slavery of usury and the pursuit of the illusion of a materialistic causal "progress".

One of the central aims of all these UN organizations is to aid and advance what the Western controllers and their saps call "human rights", and this is now akin to a zealous crusade by the new zealous missionaries of this new abstraction. Often, this crusade for so-called "human rights" is allied with the

aim of promoting or encouraging another un-numinous abstraction, democracy, allied as this democracy is to the abstraction of the nation-State. Thus all these organizations have the underlying agenda of aiding, of supporting, the division of the world into abstract nation-States with the UN as the world, the legal, authority over these nation-States, and moreover having a mandate, indeed a so-called right and duty, to interfere in any and all nation-States on the basis of ensuring "human rights" and "democracy".

In contrast, the wyrdful way, the numinous - the human - way of living, accepts that so-called rights, human and otherwise, are a mere abstraction, and that all we human beings have are *obligations and duties* to ourselves, to our loved ones, to our kin, to our own tribe(s), to those to whom we give a personal pledge of loyalty, and to Nature and the living Cosmos beyond. That is, the wyrdful way, the numinous - the human - way of living is concerned with balance, with an empathic awareness of ourselves as but one transient living nexion, one microcosmic connexion between all life, here on this planet, and elsewhere, manifest as this life is to us in our family connexions, our tribal connexions, in personal honour, and in the living matrix of Nature, revered in our ancestral land or the homeland of our own tribe.

Fundamentally, the way of abstractions - the way of the UN - is the unbalanced way of hubris, where we seek to impose such abstractions upon ourselves, upon others, upon the world, and upon all life - where we arrogantly believe we are or we can or we should be masters of Nature, masters of other human beings, and masters of our own so-called causal (linear) Destiny.

It is, quintessentially, the difference between being and behaving like children - spoilt, aggressive, mardy, moody, tantrum-prone children - and growing up and behaving like adult human beings, wise from our *pathei-mathos* and having empathy with, and thus a respect for, what is numinous, and living.

The Magian, and the controllers of the West with their Magian ethos and agenda, want to keep us as mere children; as Homo Hubris, as slaves to their manufactured abstractions, to their materialistic, tyrannical, un-numinous, way of life

Magian Control The Theory of The Holocaust

The so-called holocaust of the Jews during World War Two is not a "proven fact of history" - it is *a theory*. Furthermore, this theory has become, in the nations of The West, and increasingly elsewhere, almost a religious dogma, with those

who doubt this dogma being modern heretics who are liable to persecution and imprisonment. That is, public denial of this theory renders a person liable to criminal prosecution and imprisonment.

This theory of the holocaust has become a pernicious means of control, by the Magian and the hubriati who support and aid them, of the peoples of the West and elsewhere - a means whereby practical opposition to the Magian and the Magian ethos can be stifled, and even the thoughts of people controlled. In addition - and as was part of its intention - the theory of the holocaust has enabled the Magian to discredit National-Socialism in general and National-Socialist Germany in particular: that one attempt, in the West, to undermine, overthrow and replace the debilitating Magian ethos (see, for example, *The Ethos of Vindex In Historical Context*, in Part Two of *The Mythos of Vindex*).

The central premise - the fundamental assumption - of this theory is that a million or more Jews were killed in "gas chambers" using Zyklon B. This claim has been made for over fifty years, and it is claimed as the main method of killing (Refer to Footnote 1).

This is a particular *scientific claim*, about how a certain chemical agent works (or worked) under certain very specific conditions. That is, it is a claim that Zyklon B - a pesticide used to fumigate clothing in order to destroy lice, and which releases hydrogen cyanide gas (HCN) when exposed to air - was used to kill human beings in so-called "gas chambers".

Some of the particulars of this claim are that the whole gassing procedure (gassing and venting, from the introduction of Zyklon to the opening of the doors) only took one hour at most and often much less time, and that the majority of the killings took place in what looked like "ordinary shower baths" with concrete floors, and occurred even when the ambient temperate was lower than 15 degrees Celsius. Other particulars of this claim are that those opening the doors after this short length of time, and those removing the dead bodies, wore no protective clothing at all - for example, no "gas masks" in case any residue of deadly gas was present, or in case the Zyklon B pellets used were still producing deadly HCN gas.

This very specific method of killing either worked, as described in the so-called "holocaust literature", or it did not work. If it did work, then the method used is scientifically repeatable, reproducible, via experiments. This is how science functions, and how such claims about a scientific matter are settled. It is scientific evidence, provided by experiments, that matter. (Refer to Footnote 2)

This particular scientific claim about how people were killed by Zyklon B - a claim made by those who believe in *the theory of the holocaust* - has yet to be experimentally verified, according to scientific criteria. Therefore, it is correct and reasonable for people to doubt the veracity of the theory of the holocaust that many people believe in until such time as this specific scientific claim is verified by experimental means.

All the other circumstantial evidence which it is alleged "proves" the theory of the holocaust (such as alleged eye-witness statements; confessions obtained during interrogations), are irrelevant because a particular scientific claim has been made, and if this claim is shown by scientific experiments to be false, then all such other evidence which seems to support the theory will have to re-examined, re-interpreted, and/or rejected.

The onus of proof for the theory of the holocaust is upon those who have made this specific scientific claim, and their proof can only be by scientific means. Those who doubt or who are skeptical about this theory of the holocaust (for whatever reason and from whatever motive), do not have to prove anything, for as it says in the Muslim text *Al-Majallah al-Ahkam al-'Adaliyyah*, "The burden of proof is on him who alleges."

This claim could easily be tested by scientific experiments, which would require the re-construction of an alleged "gas chamber" - as described in the literature of the holocaust theory - and then introducing Zyklon B into this chamber, by the means alleged to have been used according to the literature of the holocaust theory. The chamber would then be vented - using the type of fans alleged to have been used - and then opened, and then tested for any residue of HCN gas. Note that, for the experiment to be valid, all the "experimental apparatus" used would have to be constructed according to details given in the extant literature of the holocaust theory, which details derive - or are alleged to derive from - eye-witness statements, confessions of suspects tried for involvement in the alleged holocaust, and from whatever German technical plans or documents that survived from the time which gave details regarding the building of shower-baths in labour camps such as Auschwitz. (Refer to Footnote 3)

The experiments would be conducted using several variables. For instance, (1) With an empty chamber, at various ambient temperatures. (2) With the door being opened at the times claimed by the holocaust literature - from one half hour after introduction of Zyklon B, to around one hour (the maximum time claimed in the holocaust literature). (3) With a chamber full of experimental "dummies" simulating human beings crammed into the chamber, and repeating the variable mentioned in (1) and (2).

To meet acceptable scientific criteria, the results would have to be

reproducible by others, as the experiments themselves would have to be conducted openly, with impartial, neutral, observers present, and all the findings openly published.

That no such scientific experiments have ever been conducted - or are even planned - is extraordinary, given:

- 1) That the theory of the holocaust is taught as "fact" in schools and colleges around the world;
- 2) the billions upon billions of dollars invested in and by the "holocaust industry" for over half a century, and the plethora of "holocaust memorials" around the world;
- 3) the continuing imprisonment of those, including scientists, who have logically and rationally expressed public doubt about the theory of the holocaust;
- 4) the use of this theory to aid the establishment of a modern non-Muslim nation in the lands of the Muslims;
- 5) the conviction - on purely circumstantial evidence - and the subsequent execution and imprisonment of dozens and dozens of people, in the last sixty years, for "participating" in this alleged "holocaust".

Thus, to repeat what we wrote above, it is correct and reasonable, and indeed rationally necessary, for people to doubt the veracity of the theory of the holocaust until such time as the specific scientific claim, made by the believers in the theory of the holocaust, is verified by experimental means.

Until such experiments are conducted, it is also correct, fair and reasonable to call for an immediate end to the irrational and criminal persecution of those who doubt the theory and who ask for scientific proof of the theory.

Footnotes

- 1) A million or so, alone, is claimed for Auschwitz. This is what is taught now in schools, everywhere, see, for example the school lesson plan, *Education - Lesson Plan: Learning and Remembering about Auschwitz-Birkenau*, produced by the Yad Vashem organization in occupied Palestine.
- 2) Logically, if a person believes in the modern holocaust theory, *ergo* they accept the minor premise of what is the fundamental "holocaust" syllogism,

which premise is the specific method of killing described above, which specific method involves a particular scientific claim, and which scientific claim requires experimental proof.

Thus, all persons who now accept or who believe in the modern theory of the holocaust, are implicitly accepting, on faith or trust (and rather illogically), that this so far unproven scientific claim is true.

3) According to experiments conducted by German scientists in 1942 CE - and recorded in the publication "*Die Einsatzfähigkeit der Blausäure bei tiefen Temperaturen*" published in 1942 CE - under ideal laboratory conditions, Zyklon B granules are can still lethal for at least two hours after they have been activated.

These experiments also showed that what does affect the release of HCN gas is the ambient temperature, with the granules releasing more HCN gas more quickly at higher temperatures, and releasing "most" of their gas - under ideal laboratory conditions - in just less than an hour when the temperature was 20 degrees Celsius, or higher.

Given that the ambient temperature in the alleged "gas chambers" was often much lower than 20 degrees Celsius - according to accounts contained in the holocaust literature of the holocaust theorists - it would be expected that it would be well over an hour before the Zyklon B pellets released all their HCN gas. Which would mean the pellets would still be producing deadly HCN gas when the door to the chambers were opened.

Brief Glossary

Amrika/Amerika

A spelling used to describe the now Magian nature of that country commonly called America. Amrika has become the base of the magian New World Order, and Amrikan military forces are used to extend the Magian *diktat* to non-Western lands.

Ethos

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular *weltanschauung*. The spirit that animates it.

First Zionist War

1939-1946 CE

Vulgarly known as the Second World War. The war to defeat NS Germany and Imperial Japan - those two peoples who had established numinous, warrior, alternatives to the vulgar materialistic Magian system.

Hordes

The term horde is used in the general sense of *a swarming crowd, a swarming mass* of humans. There is no specific relation intended, by the usage of the term horde, to the tribes, the hordes, of Genghis Khan or his descendants, such as Batu Khan, and his *Ak Orda*.

The term *horde* is apt since it relates to humans, and specifically it now implies uncouth behaviour, and the killing of other human beings, which makes it somewhat more apt than others terms, such as *swarm*.

Hubriati

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by hubris and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their savants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost excursively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati. The Magian ethos is represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the

conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

Second Zionist War

1993 CE - ongoing

Vulgarly known as the "war against terror" - and correctly known as the war against the Muslim awakening. This war is both (1) practical - for instance, the Zionist occupation of Palestine; the invasion of Afghanistan, and the fight against so-called "Muslim extremism"; and (2) psychological and propagandistic - the attempt, for instance, to develop a modernist Islam, compatible with the fraud called "democracy".

This is the war to ensure Zionist hegemony in the Middle East, and to ensure Amrikan hegemony elsewhere, and is a war against those who do not accept the Magian ethos and who want, instead, to establish a numinous alternative, a genuine warrior way of life, based on honour and dignity.

Third Zionist War

The coming war against Vindex and the clans, followers, and resistance fighters of Vindex, and of the warrior Vindex ethos. The warrior Vindex ethos is the way of clans and tribes and the way of personal honour.

Vindex

Vindex is the generic name for that revolutionary noble warrior who leads the practical fight against the Magian and their allies.

Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods:

Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery

The fundamental basis of five-dimensional acausal sorcery is acausal thinking: that is, knowing and understanding what the acausal is, what acausal energy is, and how such things relate to our causal phenomenal world, and to us, as individuals.

Explained in a simplistic way, acausal thinking means the following:

(1) Simultaneity - that is, that acausal energy does not propagate in a causal linear way either in "time" or in "space". Instead, such energy propagates (and can manifest or be presenced) according to the nature of acausal-space and acausal-time. Thus, there is no direct, causal-based, "cause and effect" - events are not, or may not be, separated by a duration of causal time, and are not, or may not be, separated by a physical distance as measured according to causal-space.

(2) Acausal energy implies acausal beings (or "entities") which exist in both the acausal dimensions/spaces (acausal-space and acausal-time) and in our causal universe. These beings live, according to the type of acausal energy that they are, and their existence is independent of us, as causal beings. Thus, The Dark Gods, of mythos, legend and esoteric tradition, are one type of such acausal entities.

(3) Empathy - that is, knowing and understanding that causal beings (or "entities") such as ourselves, who have life or existence in the causal spaces/dimensions, are not separate, discrete or even "individual" beings or entities, but are only parts of the matrix which comprises causal and acausal spaces. That is, that such causal entities are nexions, and are "alive" by virtue of having acausal energy; they can be viewed, in one sense, as receptacles, composed of causal, physical elements, atoms and so on, in-which acausal energy can dwell (or be presenced). Our consciousness - and especially magick, correctly understood - is a means to apprehend our true nature as causal entities and can be a means for us to access more acausal energy.

Explained in a simplistic way, five-dimensional acausal sorcery is a means to create, or draw-into-the-causalspaces, acausal beings/entities, and a means for us to transform ourselves (and other causal entities) by accessing/presencing acausal energy and thus possibly move toward a dwelling in the acausal spaces. Furthermore, acausal sorcery works on the fundamental premise of the irrelevancy of causal-time and causal-space - that is, our concepts of cause-and-effect, of spatial distance, of a beginning and an end - of a past, a present and a future - do not apply.

The Nature of Acausal Beings

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presenced in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presenced within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments)

unpresenced acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presenced themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presenced in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

Acausal Sorcery

Among the techniques of acausal sorcery are the following:

(1) Esoteric chant, especially that involving the use of certain shaped crystals of a certain type. This chant can access and/or produce, certain types of acausal energy (or under certain circumstances, open a nexion to certain acausal spaces to allow certain acausal beings to presence in our dimensions).

(2) Empathy - that is, by direct acausal thinking (or "being") which implies a particular type of awareness and consciousness and certain abilities. It should be noted that one of the aims of The Star Game, in its various forms, is to provoke such acausal thinking, and to provide some experience of some of the awareness involved. This is the natural creation of a nexion or nexion (or the use of an already existing connexion) and then the attraction of acausal energies or acausal beings (a natural "calling" of such beings).

(3) Certain acts (which over a certain period of causal time may be said to represent an extended "ritual") can be done to create a nexion or nexions (or to prepare an already existing nexion or nexions, such as an individual or individual) and to then access or generate or otherwise produce those particular energies which may attract into or through such a nexion or nexions, certain acausal beings whose "nature" is to be drawn toward such energies to then indwell in such a nexion or nexions or to otherwise be presenced in the causal.

What should be understood about all methods is that it is in the nature of certain types of acausal energy to flow through a nexion. That is, once a connexion is established, and such energy or

energies accessed, then a causal presencing will begin. Furthermore, certain times are regarded, according to a certain esoteric tradition, as more favourable than others - that is, there a certain causal times when certain "cosmic tides" (caused by the structure of causal and acausal space-time) facilitate the flow of such acausal energy into the causal, and other times when the opposite occurs (when, that is, it becomes more difficult for such energy to be accessed and presented in the causal). One causal apprehension of such cosmic tides is said to be "aeons" - with the beginning of such an Aeon being a time (in causal terms) when such a presencing, such a flow, is favourable.

The Dark Gods

One of the aims of a certain groups of Adepts is to presence (or, rather, to re-presence) The Dark Gods. That is, to bring these beings (who are mostly shapeshifters) into our own causal dimensions and thus change the life, the living, of our world, and our causal universe. According to one ancient esoteric tradition (to be believed or not according to one's way of thinking) *one* such acausal entity - a shapeshifter - is known in mythos and legend as "Satan", with this acausal being assuming, in former times, various causal forms (or "appearances").

Beyond Sorcery: Toward The Acausal

According to a certain esoteric tradition, it is possible for us, as individual human beings dwelling (existing) in the causal spaces, to move toward an existence in the acausal spaces. That is, in a simplistic sense, to transfer our consciousness, via a nexion or nexion, into an acausal being and thus begin to dwell in the acausal spaces. According to another tradition, it is also possible for us to create, for ourselves, such an acausal existence - that is, to transit into the acausal. Such a dwelling (living) by a causal-based entity such as ourselves is often regarded as one of the greatest goals of genuine esoteric arts, and the means to do this as perhaps the greatest secret of genuine Dark Arts, the greatest act of natural alchemy (1).

Anton Long
118 yf (Year of Fayen)
Agios o Baphomet

Notes:

(1) For some further details, see the MS *Acausal Alchemy* .

Aeonick Magick

A Beginning

Part One

Basic Introductions to Aeonick Magick: Part One

Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction
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I - Causal and Acausal

An aeon is the term used to describe a stage or a type of evolution. Evolution itself is taken to result from a certain specific process - and this process can be described, or explained [or 're-presented'] via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes over or through or because of, 'time' - this 'time' having two components. These two components are the causal and the acausal.

More exactly, the cosmos itself can be described or explained or re-presented by acausal and causal space-time. Causal space-time is 4-dimensional: there are 3 spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and 1 time dimension, this time dimension being linear and unidirectional. That is, causal time 'flows' in one direction only from past to present to future. Causal time is defined by this one-way flow and by the moments which are used to mark the changes in this flow. [In effect, causal space-time is the 'everyday' physical world we live in and can perceive by our physical senses. It is the world described by the laws of Physics.] Acausal space-time has n spatial dimensions [where n is at present undefined but is greater than 3 and less than infinity] and acausal time dimensions. The spatial dimensions of acausal space are not at right angles to each other. Further, acausal time is not unidirectional - it can flow in any direction - and it is not linear: that is, it has more than one component. In effect, acausal time (unlike causal time) has more than one time-dimension.

The acausal and the causal can be considered as two different 'universes'. The causal universe contains physical matter - that is, varying types of physical energy. We are familiar with the various forms of this physical matter - stars, planets, the rocks and elements forming the planets. The acausal universe likewise contains matter - acausal matter or energy. This acausal energy and its changes in acausal space-time can be described by a new science which uses the

non-spatial geometry of the acausal and a representation of acausal time. At present, we are mostly unfamiliar with the types of acausal energy. However, the acausal universe intersects or manifests in the causal universe at specific places - that is, a particular type of acausal energy is present in the causal universe at these places. These places are life-forms or living organisms. That is, a living organism is a region of the cosmos where the fabric of causal space-time and the fabric of acausal space-time meet or 'intersect'. The more evolved, the more complex, the life-form or organism, the greater this intersection.

Thus, living organisms result from a specific type of acausal energy 'flowing' into the causal universe - in effect, this acausal energy changes the structure of causal space-time. The greater the acausal energy, the more evolved, the more complex the organism. The physical death of an organism is when this energy flow ceases - the organism then becomes just inert, physical matter. Death means that the connection between the causal and the acausal is severed at the localized place of intersection.

Our own sentient life - the most advanced and complex living organism we know at present - is therefore the largest intersection of these two universes. We access more of this specific acausal energy than any other organism we know. In effect, each individual is a nexion - that is, a connection or nexus between the two universes. Our consciousness means that we possess the latent ability to directly access the acausal.

Aeons, Civilizations and Archetypes:

An aeon is a manifestation, in the causal, of a particular type of acausal energy. This energy re-orders, or changes, the causal. These changes have certain limits - in both causal space and causal time. That is, they have a specific beginning and a specific end. A civilization (or rather, a higher or aeonic-civilization) is how this energy becomes ordered or manifests itself in the causal: how this energy is revealed. A civilization represents the practical changes which this energy causes in the causal - in terms of the effect such energy has on individuals and this planet. A civilization is tied to, is born from, a particular aeon. By the nature of this energy, a civilization is an evolution of life - a move toward a more complex, and thus more conscious, existence. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree - in this case, the surface of the soil is the boundary between the causal (above the soil) and the acausal (below or in the soil). The roots of the tree are thus in the acausal [and here represent acausal energy] and the trunk and branches are in the causal. The civilization is the trunk of the tree, and the aeon is represented by the roots - they 'drive' or make the growth and thus determine the shape and health of the tree. The societies that make up a particular civilization are the branches of the tree, and the individuals who make up the societies are the small twigs and the leaves of the tree.

Aeons, civilizations and individuals are examples of organisms. They are all created, or are born; they all grow and change; and they all at some time die. They all occupy a finite space over a finite span of time. They all undergo metamorphosis or change. They all possess an organic structure of change. This

structure - for aeons, civilizations and individuals - is of a similar type, and it can be studied and thus understood. That is, various 'models' can be developed to describe this structure and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is the practical manifestation of a particular aeon, and an individual is an aspect, or part of, a particular civilization or a particular culture. A culture represents the various stages below that of a civilization - cultures are also an evolutionary development, a coming-together of individuals which enables more of the acausal to be 'accessed' and which thus produces changes for those individuals. A civilization, however, represents a much higher stage of development - a conscious awareness. Here we are only concerned with civilizations and the individuals associated with civilizations - for the simple reason that compared to civilizations, cultures and the peoples associated with them, are relatively insignificant in evolutionary terms: cultures are the evolutionary forms which pre-date civilization. The reality is that civilization, and thus aeons, are the first significant manifestations of individual consciousness and thus creativity.

All the individuals associated with a particular civilization - unless and until they attain a specific degree of self-awareness [variously called 'individuation' and 'Adeptship']- are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from - is determined by - the civilization and thus the aeon. In practical terms, the psyche is a manifestation of the acausal energy that creates/created the civilization. Archetypes (in the Jungian sense) are one aspect of the psyche - that is, archetypes are expressions of the acausal energy which a particular civilization represents.

This acausal energy determines and/or influences the actions and behaviour of the individuals of the civilization. That is, for the majority of individuals, their Destiny is that of the civilization itself - they do not possess a unique Destiny of their own. Only those individuals who have achieved the stage of evolutionary development which individuation/Adeptship represents have a unique Destiny, because only these individuals have freed themselves from the mostly unconscious influences and constraints which the psyche imposes. In terms of the inexact oak tree analogy, an individual with a unique Destiny is a seed or acorn which breaks free of the tree and can begin a new life as a sapling - if it survives.

The energies which a particular aeon and civilization represent are unique to that aeon and its associated civilization. That is, each civilization and aeon has its own unique, separate identity: its own ethos. Each civilization represents a stage of evolution, a step forward in the process of evolution itself. This means that each civilization has unique archetypes and that these archetypes are born with that civilization, grow with that civilization and die with that civilization - they possess no life beyond the confines of that civilization or aeon.

An aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time - a civilization lasts around 1,500 years. That is, it takes several centuries for the energies of a particular aeon, already presencing or 'flowing' to Earth from the acausal, to produce practical, visible and significant changes: to re-order the causal in a specific geographical region. An aeon is linked to a specific geographical area - and

there is a place, or centre or 'nexion' where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because of how the type of acausal energy which creates a civilization works. Fundamentally, an aeon is an actual physical presencing, on Earth, of a particular type of acausal energy. Generally, this centre acquires a religious or cult significance in the centuries before and the centuries following the emergence of the civilization associated with the particular aeon whose energies are most manifest at that centre. In general, in the early stages of a civilization, the acausal energy is apprehended in a particular archetypal or mythological way which is unique to that civilization.

The list in *Table I* describes the energy associated with a particular civilization - although it should be understood that such descriptions, in terms of 'ethos' and such things, are merely inaccurate guides to the type of energy. Such things as 'ethos' are how the individuals within a particular civilization apprehend such energy. This apprehension is both causal and acausal - in inexact terms, both rational and intuitive. This ethos, like a civilization, grows and changes; i.e. it evolves, while retaining the same inner essence.

The four civilizations listed in *Table I* are the higher or aeonic civilizations - i.e. those which have changed/shaped our conscious evolution. Four other civilizations have existed [the Egyptian; the Indic; the Sinic and the Japanese] but they (a) have not contributed significantly to such evolution (i.e. they lack large-scale creativity) and (b) they are related to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an aeonic civilization are: (1) it possesses a distinctive ethos [note: an ethos is not a 'religion' - rather, it is a particular and original "outlook on the world" and a particular way of living]; (2) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from a social challenge such as the disintegration of another nearby civilization]; and (3) it is creative and noble on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the insights of both Toynbee and Spengler are interesting - forming the basis for further analysis and extension. Basically, Spengler expressed the organic nature of a civilization (although he did not fully and accurately define what a civilization is) while Toynbee provided an historical formulation for the formative changes a civilization undergoes (such things as a 'Time of Troubles' and a Universal State or Imperium) and a useful definition of civilization (in terms of being a response to a physical or social challenge). Cliology, although based on these insights, does not depend on the minute details inherent in their work; rather, what is essential is extracted and used as a foundation to build another more far-reaching model.

The mechanisms by which civilizations have hitherto affected evolution is that of 'creative/heroic' individuals. Most of these individuals are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act or to express that ethos by their living. Hitherto, few individuals in any civilization have reached the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence (mostly unconscious) of the civilization's ethos or *wyrd*. Of course, there are many who now believe they have done this - as there have been some individuals who believed this in the past; but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is one of the primary

aims of genuine esoteric arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious evolution and thus personal development, where they become free of such influence - i.e. for individuals to achieve a uniqueness of identity, a personal wyrd. This development requires the cultivation of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason - and for this cultivation to be achieved it is necessary for individuals to know and understand how and why things like civilizations and aeons are as they are. What I have called 'cliology' is an expression of such understanding, and as such a study and understanding of cliology [the science of aeons and the study of the acausal] aids conscious development, thus making Adeptship/individuation possible and enabling aeonic magick.

The pattern which each and every civilization follows can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for both an aeon and an individual. This symbolism enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification - a rational insight into and thus understanding of the patterns and processes themselves. Secondly, it significantly develops an already existing mental faculty and creates a new one - the ability to reason in abstract symbols, and the ability to reason in numinous symbols.

The ability to reason in abstract symbols basically describes mathematics (and thus the laws of Physics which are best expressed in mathematical form). Cliology extends the intellectual faculty which mathematics encourages and develops by creating an abstract symbolism which represents the acausal and some of the effects of this acausal in the causal. [For a brief outline of this abstract symbolism see the MSS: Cliology - A Basic Introduction] Further, cliology creates and encourages the development of an entirely new faculty of consciousness - the ability to think in numinous symbols.

This difference between purely abstract symbols and numinous symbols is important. Basically, a numinous symbol is a symbol which possesses acausal energy - it captures the essence of something which is acausal, and in doing this the symbol has the power to provoke or cause causal changes. In the simple sense [which is rather inexact] one might say a numinous symbol possesses or has 'life' - it is a living entity in itself, although it lives in the psyche. A rudimentary and mostly unconscious numinous symbol is an archetype; another is a myth/mythos. The numinous symbols of cliology (of which the Star Game is an excellent example) are conscious. By 'conscious' here is meant - rational, understood. An unconscious symbol such as an archetype is in reality a proto-numinous symbol - it is seldom consciously understood, being felt and/or experienced rather than rationally apprehended. Further, a conscious numinous symbol can be used by an individual to bring about controlled aeonic changes because such symbols, being understood, can be precisely controlled and directed. An unconscious symbol produces imprecise internal change and imprecise external change: that is, it is not by its nature particularly amenable to manipulation. A numinous symbol thus makes Aeonic magick feasible for really the first time.

Aeons and Civilizations

Table I

Aeon	Symbol	Associated Civilization	Dates	Magickal Working
Primal	Horned Beast	--	9,000-7,000BP	Shamanism
Hyperborean	Sun	Albion	7,000-5,500BP	Henges
Sumerian	Dragon	Sumeric/Egyptiac	5,000-3,500BP	Trance/Sacrifice
Hellenic	Eagle	Hellenic	3,000-1,500BP	Oracle;Choral-dance
Thorian (Western)	Swastika	Western	1,000BP-500AP	Ritual
Galactic	--	Galactic	>2,000eh	Star Game and >

Notes:

(1) 'BP' means Before Present (c.1980eh); 'AP' means After Present.

(2) There was no civilization (aeonic or otherwise) associated with the first aeon.

(3) The magickal centres (or nexion) for the civilizations are as follows: Albion - Stonehenge; Sumerian - between the Tigris and Euphrates [near present-day Baghdad]; Hellenic - Delphi; Western - area in the Welsh Marches.

II. Basic Principles of Aeonic Magick

All aeonic magick can only be used, by its nature, in three ways - (1) aid the already existing or original wyrd of an existing aeonic civilization; (2) create a new aeon and thus a new aeonic civilization; (3) distort or disrupt an existing civilization and thus the aeonic forces of that civilization. That is, aeonic magick involves working (a) with existing aeonic energy (as evident in the associated aeonic civilization); or (b) against existing aeonic energy; or, finally, it involves (c) creating a new type of aeonic energy by opening a new nexion and drawing forth new acausal energies. Thus aeonic magick involves knowing the wyrd of the presently existing civilization and if there are/have been any attempts to disrupt that wyrd, magickally or otherwise.

The energy brought forth by aeonic magick can be used in three ways.

(a) Directed into a specific already existing form (such as an individual) or some causal structure which is created for this purpose. This structure can be some political or religious or social organization, group or enterprise, or it can be some work or works of 'Art', music and so on.

(b) Drawn forth and left to disperse naturally over Earth (from the site of its presencing).

(c) Shaped into some new psychic or magickal form or forms - such as an archetype or mythos.

Before undertaking any form of aeonic magick, the cliologist [someone skilled in, knowledgeable about and who uses aeonic energies] must formulate an aim or intent. The means to achieve this must be chosen - and the practical forms, if required, must be created and be in readiness for the energies once the energies are unleashed. If a specific form - such as a new archetype - is chosen as means, then the cliologist must be knowledgeable about archetypes and adept at manipulating magickal energies into psychic forms. Similarly, if a physical nexion is chosen as a means of accessing acausal energies, the appropriate individuals must be organized and trained to undertake the appropriate rite(s).

Techniques and Control:

There are only a certain number of techniques by which acausal energy can be accessed, as there are only a certain number of ways whereby this energy, once accessed, can be directed or 'controlled' into the various forms which are to be used to spread or disperse that energy.

(1) The first technique is creating a new physical nexion. This can be done by specific hitherto esoteric magickal rites, such as the Rites of the Nine Angles (qv.) and the Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion (qv.). [It should be noted that Esoteric Chant, combined with a quartz tetrahedron, is one of the most effective ways of opening a nexion.] The chosen rite is conducted on the chosen site. It is often necessary to conduct a second or third rite within the space of a few weeks to fully open a new nexion. The new nexion, once open, needs to be kept open and this requires regular rites on the chosen site for many years - a specific rite [which does not necessarily involve sacrifice] should be constructed to do this. This specific rite needs to be undertaken at the very least twice yearly for the first five years, and then once yearly for at least ten years. One of the best methods to use for this specific rite is Esoteric Chant using a quartz tetrahedron.

(2) The second technique is using the advanced form of the Star Game. The cliologist sets the pieces to represent the existing aeon and the existing civilization at the specific moment of causal time the energy is to be accessed. The pieces are then selectively moved to change what presently exists and to represent the changes desired in the future. In this technique, the cliologist becomes a nexion via the symbolism - or rather, they access the acausal via their own psyche by means of the numinous symbols of the Star Game. This is so because the Star Game exactly re-presents those intersections between the causal and acausal which are an aeon, an aeonic civilization and an individual. [It should be noted that while this technique is the simplest, it is also the most difficult, requiring great skill in the Star Game and thus a high level of cliological understanding.]

(3) The third - and only ancient - method is mimesis. This involves imitating either (i) some aspect of an already existing cosmic/Earth-based cycle/pattern/working and then either following the natural pattern or

introducing a slight variation; or (ii) creating a new pattern/cycle/mythos to describe the energies and their effects. In effect this often involves (a) "acting-out" an archetypal role or drama (the key here is identification with the role - often during a ceremony involving others); or (b) creating realistic 'models' of events, symbolically imbuing them with "life" and then acting out with these models the desired future events. [It should be noted that (a) and (b) are difficult to do properly - because intent and portrayal have to be precise- and thus are not often very effective.] One neglected form of mimesis is creative art - using an art-form (such as a work of fiction, a sculpture) to portray someone, some sequence of events or some archetypal energy. This form becomes a nexus - and thus influences the psyche of others by those others reading/viewing the art-form. However this form does not produce large-scale significant aeonic change.

The keys to controlling the energy are symbolism and forms. Unless it is left undirected, all acausal energy, once accessed by whatever means, has to be directed by the person or persons who draw it forth into the causal world. The easiest way to deal with acausal energy is to let it disperse naturally - i.e. no effort is made to control and direct it into specific forms or symbols. Such energy is 'raw' - it is chaotic and primal (when viewed from the causal) and thus exceedingly dangerous if brought forth by someone who has not attained the stage of Master/Lady Master. It is psychically disruptive.

It has to be remembered that all acausal energy cannot be contained beyond certain limits - that is, such energy produce acausal changes as well as causal changes. The causal changes are temporal ones - present or future effects caused by such energy. It is these changes which can, in the simple sense, be produced by the cliologist by that cliologist controlling or directing the energy via symbolism and/or forms. That is, these are the changes which are desired by the cliologist who uses the symbolism and/or forms to achieve them. The acausal changes are not temporal - i.e. they are not controllable in causal time. In the simple sense, they are - or rather appear to be - random changes. The cliologist must create or aim to create future forms and/or symbolism which takes into account the possible emergence into the causal of such acausal changes - in practice, such forms absorb the 'random' energy when it appears or manifests in the causal. If this is not done, it is possible that such energy may disrupt/distort and thus undermine the causal changes created by the cliologist. Most of these acausal changes can be gleaned from the symbolism of the advanced Star Game if the pieces are set to represent the conditions pertaining at the moment of causal time when the aeonic working is first undertaken, and if the aeonic working itself is represented by the first sequence of moves from that departure point.

To fully control and thus direct the energy, new forms and/or symbolism should be created to channel the energy. These then enshrine or come to represent the energy. Examples of practical social forms are ideas and ideals; an example of a practical psychic form is an archetypal figure - a character from a new mythos; an example of a practical political form is a political organization; and example of a practical 'religious' form is a new ethos. All these things - and

the many others like them - should be created before the act or acts of aeonic magick by the cliologist with the intention of them being used to cause or bring about changes in the real world, in the causal. The nature of such things should be akin to the type of changes desired. Each such creation should itself be represented by a unique symbol or sign; by a unique descriptive word, phrase or slogan; by a unique piece of sound [or 'music']; by particular collocations of colour, and so on - or by one particular individual who embodies that idea, ideal, mythos or whatever. These unique creations should embody the essence of the change or changes required.

During the act or acts of aeonic magick, the cliologist focuses or directs the energy so accessed into artifacts which portray or represent the unique symbols or signs, and thus into the very symbols themselves and the forms represented by those symbols. In effect, the symbols and forms become alive - they exist, have being and cause changes. They grow and undergo metamorphosis. They acquire an independent existence of their own. The greater the acausal energy presented by or in such forms and symbols, the greater the changes produced - the more life they possess.

Fundamentally, aeonic magick is concerned with producing large-scale changes over many centuries - it is concerned with changing or altering the destiny of millions of peoples on time-scales which be as long as a millennia. This requires certain abilities and certain skills - but above all it requires that wisdom and knowledge which only genuine Masters/Lady Masters possess.

Aeons, Civilization and Ethos

Aeonic Civil. Essence of Ethos Country of Ethos

Albion proto-Druidism Britain

Sumerian Vedas Indus

Hellenic Iliad Greece

Western National-Socialism Third Reich

Galactic Galactic Empire Solar System and >

Notes: (1) The ethos is the unique spirit, the unique wyrd of the

civilization and thus the aeon. What is listed above is that practical form or expression which captures or captured the essence of a particular ethos.

- (2) Manifestations of the ethos include the following.
 - (a) for the Hellenic - Greek Tragedy; Reason; Logic.
 - (b) for the Western: Science; Technology; Exploration; Space-Travel
 - (c) for Albion - Stonehenge and other, similar monuments.
- (3) Little is known about the practical expression of the ethos of the civilization of Albion other than genuine Druidism (as portrayed by the Classical writers) enshrined some of its spirit.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Aims of the ONA

ONA 1994 eh

The fundamental aims of the ONA are:

- 1) To increase the number of genuine Adepts, Masters/Lady Masters, by guiding individuals along the path to Adeptship and beyond.
- 2) To make the path to Adeptship and beyond [the 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'] more widely available, enabling anyone, should they possess the necessary desire, to strive toward the ultimate goal.

3) To extend esoteric knowledge and techniques - i.e. to (a) creatively extend our esoteric knowledge and understanding and thus increase the consciousness of our species; (b) develop new techniques which make this new knowledge and understanding useful to those following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way; (c) implement this knowledge and understanding in a practical way, thus causing change(s) in society/societies. Areas of importance for the immediate future are: (i) musick; (ii) Art/images/'film' etc.; (iii) the creation of an 'esoteric' community; and (iv) the development and extension of an abstract symbolic language ('beyond the Star Game').

4) To implement sinister strategy - i.e. to presence the acausal (or 'the dark forces') via nexions and so change evolution. One immediate aim is to presence acausal energies in a particular way so creating a new aeon and then a new, higher, civilization from the energies unleashed.

In respect of (1). This will be a slow process, by virtue of the difficulty of the Way, and the desire of most of those interested in esoteric arts for an 'easy option'. It is anticipated that only about four or five new Adepts (at most) will emerge every decade (i.e. an average of one per year). Of these, only two per decade will probably make it to the stage of Master/Lady Master. These figures are unlikely to increase until the energies of the new aeon become more pronounced (around 2020 eh) - even then, the increase will be gradual. It will not be before 2070 (at the earliest) that there will be a significant increase. This slow progression is natural and necessary - great numbers are not required in order for the more immediate covert aims (e.g. regarding sinister strategy) to be achieved.

In respect of (2). This will arise by itself provided the continuity of the Order is maintained.

In respect of (3). Since the Destiny of each ONA Adept is unique, these aims and others will be fulfilled by those Adepts striving for the next stage, that of Master/Lady Master. It should be remembered that Adepts - although they possess a knowledge and some understanding of Aeonics - are actually still swayed by aeonic forces: i.e. their Destiny achieves supra-personal aeonic aims. In effect, their Destiny is part of the wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon to which they belong. A Master/Lady Master, by virtue of having reached that stage, can transcend this wyrd and implement their own.

In respect of (4). The fundamental immediate aim [c. 1990 eh - 2020 eh] here is to actively presence the energies of the next aeon and channel these, via various nexions, forms, structures, 'ideas' and so on, to create the next higher

civilization. The former means accessing the acausal [in the simplistic term sense 'returning the Dark Gods' via various rites] and creating those forms/structures necessary to channel the energies so accessed. This will take several decades. [Some structures/forms/ideas etc. have already - i.e. before 1994 eh - been created.] In conjunction with these things, there will be disruption of existing structures/ideas etc. by Masters/Adepts/novices.

Beyond this immediate aim [i.e. beyond 2020 eh] there is the nurturing of the new energies and the forms/structures etc. created to presence these. This will last several centuries - and during this time one of the tasks of the Order is to presence the acausal at regular intervals via certain rites at certain sites, thus ensuring the survival of those things imbued with such energies, one of which will be the new civilization and thus the societies it gives rise to.

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Expressed simply, the aim of the ONA is to create a new species - to significantly change our evolution as a species. This will take time - many centuries, in fact. The Seven-Fold Way is a practical means whereby an individual, now, can develop and so become a part of this new species. The other activities which the Order pursues are directed toward changing present structures and creating a new civilization whereby this new species can be made real on a large scale: the societies of such a civilization aspiring to realize this goal in a practical way. The ONA is not interested in transitory 'fame'/notoriety - and neither does it desire to attract large numbers of 'followers'. It is not in the business of competing with other 'Satanic' or 'Occult' groups because such groups are irrelevant, lacking any understanding of sinister strategy and incapable of really guiding their members toward and beyond a genuine Adeptship. Such groups usually represent the ego of one person, who surrounds him/her self with sycophantic followers, and/or they fumble about in diverse mumbo-jumbo lands, playing fantasy games, try to evoke long-dead archetypes and forms, and worship their petty, mostly bovine selves. What the ONA desires to achieve is significant and worth-while - it is not transitory. The ONA does not depend on the whim of some self-appointed 'leader' as it does bleat about some fantasy-given "mandate" from some "higher authority". It does not peddle some spurious, continually updated theory nor offer religious answers to keep individuals in thrall. Neither does the ONA declare that its worth is based on some pretentious/legendary 'tradition'. The

worth of the ONA lies in its aims and the practical methods it has created, and will create, to achieve those aims.

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Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the SevenFold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims - of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA - and the Seven-Fold Way itself - create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from 'The Black Book of Satan', is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. ***Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this*** - that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal - they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution - they are using their lives to some purpose. Members of the ONA are doing and achieving - they are being significant and shaping future events. *They are making history.*

Compared to this, other groups are irrelevant.

- Order of Nine Angles -

ONA Strategy and Tactics

The fundamental strategic aim, expressed exoterically, is to aid evolution of the human species by increasing the dark, creative, forces which presence on Earth. Expressed esoterically, the aim is to aid the creation of a 'New Aeon' wherein what is now known as Adept-type consciousness and abilities are the preserve of the majority. This aim is long-term: c.3-5 centuries.

This aim involves keeping open already existing nexions, and opening new nexions, these nexions effectively drawing forth acausal (or sinister) energies. The energy is then directed to achieve specific goals, or left to disperse and disrupt according to its nature. Exoterically, this aim is 'The Return of the Dark Gods' and the creation of a Satanic Age and a Satanic Empire on Earth.

To achieve this aim, various tactics, or means, are required. Some are:

- i) Existing power structures and thus societies need to be disrupted and re-shaped, enabling some of them to be used to create a Satanically inspired society or societies.
- ii) The means and techniques of achieving Adeptship, and thus real individual freedom, need to be made known, thus enabling an upturn in genuine Adepts. These Adepts will form an elite, and from this elite influence will be gained and the sinister implemented. Some of this elite may well take or hold or influence various forms of political power in the future when disruption, destabilization occurs on a large scale.

Each of these involves certain specific things. For instance, a Satanically inspired society could well be of a fascist/National Socialist type - i.e. this type of society would achieve or could achieve certain Satanic goals either directly or via the dialectic of change, and thus aid the ultimate goal: a New, Satanic, Aeon. Accordingly, such views and the organizations upholding them would be aided, mostly secretly. Esoterically, the creation of an Imperium by a charismatic individual (Vindex) would be aided both by magickal means, and more directly. Vindex would be a nexion for the dark forces. Essentially, NS type politics is considered as, at this moment of aeonic time, aiding the sinister dialectic, and an NS society as one of the first stages in changing evolution toward the sinister on a large scale. One of the primary goals of Imperium must be the conquest of Space. [This assessment arises from Aeonics.]

The disruption of existing forms is necessary, whatever tactics (such as politics) are used to aid the sinister Aeon. Disruption means the destabilization of

societies - particularly Western ones, where global power at present resides. On the practical level, this means that the societies must be made the breeding ground for the tactical forms chosen. The peoples must yearn for something- and what they yearn for must be given to them. That is, their instinctive yearning will be controlled, psychically, via sinister Adepts. They will be made ready, psychically and practically, for what power-structures are required. To achieve this, various archetypal energies must be used and directed, and some implanted in the 'collective unconscious' (e.g. by using archetypes manipulating them - and creating new archetypal forms).

Further, societies must be destabilized on the practical level. This will be achieved in two ways - via using sinister magickal energies, and by aiding practical disruption. The first means an increase in chaotic type energies: sinister random energies which infect susceptible individuals and drive them to do certain things, to disrupt, cause chaos, spread evil and so on. The second means aiding those things which will undermine societies - e.g. drugs, pornography, crime, political unrest, economic misfortune, racial and other social tensions (including religious ones).

Of paramount importance is disrupting those large, influential power structures, the United States of America and the Soviet Union.

Without these structures (both of which are forms of Nazarene/Magian control and influence) the natural, disruptive forces within those States and within the States which are covertly controlled/influenced by them, would re-emerge, making it easier for the strategic goal to be achieved. That is, without these two power structures, contending rival States would emerge both within Europe and world-wide. There would be many wars as long-suppressed conflicts were fought out, just as the naturally strong and aggressive would re-assert themselves by using force. In short, natural forces would take over.

In the case of the Soviet Union, the tactics are to use magickal forces to disrupt - and to encourage those elements which seek the destruction of the Soviet bloc. The former involves directing magickal energies at the power structures and seeding susceptible minds with certain disruptive/chaotic/directed forms: e.g. the performance of rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, with specific aims. [Exoterically, the Dark Gods would be invoked, via Nine Angles type rites, and sent to disrupt/provoke change.] The latter is more restricted, at the time of

writing, due to lack of practical influence in that sphere - but three areas to encourage are: 1) The dissemination of Satanic ideas in the countries under Soviet control/influence and in countries where influence can be spread into those countries (e.g. Eastern Europe); 2) The spread of heretical views (e.g. with regard to National Socialism, the Holocaust etc.); 3) Aiding the emergence/influence of Islam to undermine Communist ideology/Nazarene ideals in certain areas.

In the case of America, the tactics are similar - to use magickal forces, and to encourage overt disruption. The former involves directing energies both chaotic and sinister to infect others; spreading Satanic ideas and methods (e.g. by making available rituals and the ideas of Satanism); and undertaking rites appropriate to destabilizing both individuals and the power structures in general. The latter involves supporting various organizations and groups on both sides of the political spectrum (to enhance disruption/breakdown); spreading subversive and heretical ideas (e.g. National Socialism); and generally trying to break down the society from within - this involves encouraging drugs, crime, and such like (which will provoke not only breakdown, but which will also provoke a reaction, which will become more extreme as the breakdown becomes more extreme; this reaction aiding the emergence of natural forces and instincts). Whatever means are necessary can and should be used - the aim is to cause the American State structure to collapse, creating chaos, from which a reaction will emerge, this reaction being of a certain type - i.e. tending toward authoritarianism, anti-Nazarene in essence. This collapse of American power will free the world, and enable at present suppressed forces to emerge and take control, forces which will be beneficial to the long-term goals. Nowhere will this be more evident than in the 'Middle-East'. A tide of Islamic fundamentalism would bring great changes, enabling a beneficial alliance between the new power structure which should emerge in America.

What applies to both America and the Soviet Union applies to Europe - but America and the Soviet Union have priority at present, at least in terms of magickal energies. That is, the attack occurs on all levels, in Europe, America, the Soviet Union and world-wide (particularly in the Middle-East)*- but if resources are or become stretched for whatever reason or reasons, America and the Soviet Union have priority.

Adepts will immediately understand that even if the strategic aim is not achieved, the disruption/chaos caused in trying to achieve it by some of the tactics mentioned, will be Satanic. All such tactics pay homage to Satan!

ONA
1988 eh

Note: It should be obvious that the aim in the Middle East is to encourage Islam; this undermines both America and the Soviet Union in the short-term and prepares the ways for future alliances.

Addendum:

Since the MS was written, Soviet power has, in fact collapsed. It would be unwise, at this juncture, to attribute this to magickal and other means - i.e. to see the magickal campaign as being solely responsible. What is clear, however, is that such means played a part - perhaps began the process via a psychic contagion.

This fall now makes the United States of America the prime magickal target insofar as such workings are concerned. Here, there are 'Adepts' of the Nazarene/ Magian traditions to contend with. The means of magickal disruption will continue to be:

- a) Spreading already existing rites (such as in the Black Book), enabling others in that country to invoke/open nexions and so spread the energies those rites represent (one of the aims of those energies being disruption).
- b) Performing Nine Angles rites and directing the energies toward disrupting power structures, and directing it toward targeted individuals.
- c) Performing Death rites with the aim of eliminating or harming certain influential individuals.
- d) Spreading existing forms (and creating new ones) which infect the psyche of individuals. [Note: such forms presence/represent acausal/sinister energies; some may also be nexions.]
- e) Continue to perform traditional ceremonies and direct their energies toward achieving disruption or aiding those causes/individuals who will assist or aid, perhaps without their knowledge, the sinister dialectic. f) Direct energies into already existing nexions (and create new nexions) to aid/ create those tactical

forms which aid the emergence of Imperium-like forces. g) Loosing undirective/chaotic energies of sinister import.

Order of Nine Angles

Civilizations, Aeons and Individuals

ONA

In order to represent these things in a way which provokes a higher, conscious understanding and thus the development of insight, it is necessary to develop a new type of abstract representation – a new kind of mathematics.

However, before proceeding to do this, some general clarifications are necessary.

An Aeon is the term used to describe a stage or type of evolution - Evolution is taken to result from a certain process – and this process can be described via a bifurcation of time. That is, evolution is an expression of how the cosmos changes in certain ways over 'time' – this 'time' having an acausal and a causal aspect: evolution is an increase of the acausal in the causal.

More precisely, the cosmos exists in both causal and acausal space-time where causal space-time (symbolized by $\sim\sim$) has 4 dimensions: three spatial, and one time dimension, this dimension being linear. Acausal space-time (symbolized by $\sim\sim$) has n spatial dimensions and one, acausal, time dimension. $\sim\sim$ intersects $\sim\sim$ at certain places – these places are 'Life-forms': i.e. a living organism is a place where $\sim\sim$ and $\sim\sim$ coincide. Sentient life is regarded as a 'large-scale' intrusion of $\sim\sim$ - into $\sim\sim$: a 'mergence' rather than just a point of coincidence. Consciousness is said to reside, or be, in the acausal.

The energy of $\sim\sim$ and its changes in causal time, can be described and thus 'explained' by conventional scientific means, e.g. by Physics. The energy of $\sim\sim$

and its changes can be described by a new science which uses the non-spatial geometry of the acausal and acausal time.

An Aeon is a form or type of acausal energy which manifests in the causal – i.e. it has certain limits in both causal time and 3 dimensional space. It re-orders the causal – which is simply another way of saying such acausal energy produces certain changes in the causal. A civilization [or rather a 'higher' or Aeonic civilization] is how this form, this energy, is ordered in the causal – from a causal point of view. An inexact analogy would be an oak tree – the surface of the earth is the boundary between the causal (above) and the acausal (below). The roots are in the acausal (the acausal energy), the trunk and branches in the causal. The 'aeonic' aspect is the roots; the civilization aspect is the trunk; the societies within the civilization are the branches, and the individuals within a society are the twigs and leaves.

Civilizations, Aeons and individuals are examples of organisms – they are created, or born, they grow and change and then they die. They occupy a finite space over a finite time, undergo metamorphosis and so on. They possess structure or form, which form while variable within certain limits is the same or similar for all manifestations of a similar type – and this form can be studied and classified, and appropriate models formulated to represent it and the changes it undergoes.

In essence, a civilization is an aspect of an Aeon, and an individual is an aspect of a civilization. All individuals – unless and until they attain a certain degree of self-awareness [variously called individuation and Adeptship] and thus inner liberation and freedom from 'unconscious' and other influences – are subject to the psyche and this psyche is determined [draws its energy from] the civilization and thence the Aeon. One form such energy takes is 'archetypes'. This energy [which is basically 'acausal' and not to be confused with the physical energy described by Science which is causal energy determines or influences the actions/non-actions of individuals insofar as those individuals affect the civilization and thus the Aeon. In other words, their lives do not affect or change the civilization or the Aeon. They are part of the Wyrd of that civilization – they do not possess a wyrd of their own. Using the inexact analogy – an individual with wyrd (an Adept or someone who has achieved individuation) is a seed which becomes free from the tree and can begin a new process (a sapling). All other individuals are tied to the tree to grow as it grows and die when it dies.

A civilization thus expresses an ordering of evolution. Its energy, and thus its archetypes and so on, is determined by the Aeon which 'creates' [or rather,

causes its creation/manifestation in causal space-time] . These energies, for both a civilization and an Aeon can be described in various ways. The most simple (and not very accurate) is mythological/archetypal.

An Aeon lasts about 2,000 years of causal time. It is linked to a particular geographical region, and there is a centre to this where the acausal energy is strongest. This is because an Aeon is a physical presencing of acausal energy via a nexion – i.e. a nexus between the acausal and the causal. This centre usually acquires a cult or religious nature: mostly unconsciously. That is, certain individuals are 'drawn to this area' and the acausal energy produces/provokes changes within and external to the psyche of these and other individuals.

The list given below describes the energy of each Aeon which has existed in mythological/archetypal terms – it is a guide, rather than an exact description of the energies, and a guide to the changes which are caused in the psyche. [The exact description is purely abstract – in symbols – and is given later.]

Each Aeon has a particular civilization associated with it. (See the list.) Its energy may be expressed in terms of an 'ethos' – that is, how the ~~ [where the symbol ~~ represents individual(s)] within that ~~ (where the symbol means 'civilization') apprehend both causally and acausally [or in simple terms, both rationally and intuitively] the acausal energy of the Aeon. This ethos, like a ~~ , grows and changes ; it evolves.

The civilizations listed are 'higher' or Aeononic ones – those that have changed/shaped conscious evolution. Other civilizations have existed, but they have generally not contributed significantly to such evolution in terms of creativity – they are usually related, in time and space, to an already existing or a previously existing civilization. The criteria for an Aeononic civilization are: (a) it possesses a distinctive ethos [Note: an ethos is not a 'religion' as religion is conventionally understood.]; (b) it arises primarily from a physical challenge [rather than from the disintegration of an existing civilization(i.e. the challenge as such is social)]; (c) it is creative on a large scale.

In analysing civilizations and their changes, the work of Spengler and Toynbee is valuable, although its details are not essential. What their work has done, is to contribute some fundamental ideas about the nature and structure of civilizations – their detailed work (such as, in Toynbee's case, historical dates and events) adds flesh to the bones of the aeonic theory here propounded, but that theory is independent of such detail which may be and indeed should be surpassed in the future. The two most fundamental ideas of these historians are

Spengler's one of the metamorphosis of what he terms a 'culture', and the genesis of civilizations as given by Toynbee – their origin, classification, inter-relation and so on. The ideas have been combined with others – some original, some not (some part of 'esoteric tradition') – to provide the framework for aeonic/acausal theory outlined here. This framework is 'Cliology' – the study of those processes which have caused historical change.

The mechanism by which civilizations affect evolution is that of 'creative individuals'. Most of these are influenced by the ethos of their civilization to act, or to express that ethos more consciously, those causing others to act. Few individuals in a civilization reach the stage of conscious evolution which frees them from the influence of the ethos – be such the ethos of their own civilization or that of another. Of course, many are there who believe they are free of such influence – but belief is not the same as reality. It has been and is the aim of genuine Esoteric Arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious development where they become free of such influences – i.e. to achieve a uniqueness of identity. This requires insight, knowledge and reason – all of which are aided by understanding how and why things (such as civilizations) are as they are. Cliology is an expression of such understanding, and as such a learning of the subject aids conscious development and thus makes Adeptship/individuation possible. The abstract form, given here (particularly in the Second and Third parts of this introductory treatise) takes this rational understanding further.

Each civilization follows a pattern. This can be symbolized and thus studied. The same is true for an Aeon. Such study enables two important things. First, it enables an objectification. In one sense, this is a withdrawing of projections (in Jungian terms). Second, it develops already existing faculties and creates new ones – the ability to reason in abstract symbolism, for example, where the symbols are 'numinous' (i.e. "alive") rather than being simply 'intellectual'. That is, such symbols relate to those things which are important for an individual's life.[In a simple sense, the symbols of cliology are imbued with 'psychic energies' and thus possess 'power'. More correctly, the symbols represent acausal energies as against causal ones such as in mathematics and physics.]

The symbolization enables the patterns on the levels of an Aeon, a civilization and individuals, to be followed and manipulated if necessary. It enables insight into Aeons, civilizations, individuals, and one's own self, and thus forms the essence of inner esoteric teaching.

The symbolization, at the present time of writing, is of three kinds, two of which have been developed quite recently. The first kind is the mythological/archetypal – the use of myths/archetypes and such forms to describe/represent the processes and patterns. Such representations are traditional, and still useful, particularly in the early stages of study. [One type of this kind of representation is the septenary Tree of Wyrð with each sphere being associated with various archetypes/mythological forms and so on.] The second kind, is The Star Game – a collocation of abstract symbols which represent the acausal as it manifests in the causal, these symbols, as mentioned above, being numinous ones. The third type, the rudiments of which are described in the Second and Third Parts of this present work, is a formalized abstract system which represents the beginnings of a new science. The first and second types are complete. The third type has only begun to be developed – the next few centuries should see this new science complete in most of its essentials. The mastery of the first type of symbolization is relatively easy. The mastery of The Star Game (in both septenary and advanced versions) takes quite an intellectual effort, stretching the frontiers of conscious evolution. The understanding of the third type, takes conscious evolution still further. The completion of this third type will stretch the frontiers almost to their limits.

All three kinds are genuine esoteric Arts.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Sinister Dialectic

ONA

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic strategy - that is, (a) the use of Black Magick to change individuals/events on a significant scale; (b) to gain control and influence; and (c) the use of Satanic forms (individuals/influence etc.) to produce/provoke changes.

This strategy, and the tactics involved to achieve it, is esoteric - and its

learning forms an important part of novice training. Satanic strategy has its ground or foundation in Aeonics - Aeonics providing a means of rationally studying the patterns, processes and energies, both causal and acausal, which do and have shaped individuals and their groupings from societies to civilizations. Further, Aeonics provides a means of interpreting recent events/trends and can predict (within certain limits) future patterns.

[A basic introduction to Aeonics is given by the Order MSS dealing with the subject. A more advanced study involves becoming proficient in the advanced Star Game.]

I. On a basic level, the dialectic is concerned with simple opposition - with defiance of what is accepted or conventional at particular times. This is heresy - the Adversarial role, a challenge against both conscious and unconscious norms. This opposition works on two levels - the individual, and society. 1) individual: The strategy is to provide opportunities for individuals to discover the hidden/forbidden within their own psyche, or lead them/influence them toward this. This means catharsis on an individual level. 2) Society: The strategy means Satanic individuals/organizations disseminate (often with no direct Satanic connotations) heretical ideas or otherwise encourage them. The aim of both (1) and (2) is to challenge and thus provoke change, reaction.

At the present time, (1) means rites such as The Black Mass [qv. the Order MS 'Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass'], and other means of inner liberation. (2) means an aiding of what actually is heretical, now - this means upholding (a) inequality (particularly racially), (b) the concept of war, and (c) aiding discussion/spread of information/exchange of ideas/triumphing the cause of those things which actually are heretical, in Law and mostly ignored by the majority such is their supine nature - such as certain views regarding events in World War Two the propagation of which are illegal and which render the person spreading them to imprisonment (i.e. denying 'the Holocaust' ever took place). Further, (2) at this time also involves countering the unhealthy and anti-natural morality of suppression of the Nazarene.

All these are, however, tactics. to achieve broader strategic goals - they are means, only. These means can and often do change as the times changes - as societies change. For instance, regarding (2)(a) above - in a society which was tyrannically anti-egalitarian, the tactic would probably be to aid egalitarian tendencies.

II. On a higher level, the dialectic is concerned with long-term evolution - with the creation and change of civilizations and ultimately with the creation of a new type of individual, a new species. This means altering our evolution, this alteration being toward the 'Satanic'.

This means two things - or rather two tactical approaches. (1) Enabling individuals to change themselves, to evolve, consciously, and so become part of that evolutionary change. (2) Changing/influencing the structures (such as societies) to make them instruments for such change or at least not detrimental to it.

(1) involves such things as External and Internal Magick - a following of

the Seven Fold Sinister Way. (2) involves Aeonic magick - e.g. the creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection in the psyche of others which results from introducing them - and gaining/using influence.

It should be understood that while the tactics of I above can and do change, the tactics used to attain II remain essentially the same because the goal is precise. Further, I in many ways aids II - that is, the opposition to some fixed idea or dogma, accepted at a particular moment in history, provokes a change and leads to a new synthesis and thus an evolution of conscious understanding in individuals, thus aiding the sinister dialectic on a higher level.

Essentially, I is exoteric, and II esoteric Satanism - and it is necessary to make this distinction because the means of I vary with time (over centuries) while II remains relatively fixed, and all too often novices (and others) confuse a tactic used in I (such as politics) as something Satanic when it is only a tactic, a means, a form.

The reason 'why' there is (in genuine Satanism, anyway) a sinister strategy - a dimension beyond the personal - is simple: it is in the nature of Satanism (genuine Satanism, anyway) itself. Satanism at its highest level is concerned with 'cosmic change' - that is, it is an expression of the evolution of conscious existence. Evolution is something we, as conscious beings, can participate in and indeed create - by so doing, we are extending the range of our being, fulfilling (and going beyond) the potential we possess; affirming our existence in the most intense way possible. Viewed another way (in terms developed recently to explicate such things - i.e. make them more conscious and thus controllable) Satanism accesses the acausal, via nexions, and so increases the amount of the acausal presented in the causal. These nexions are psychic (within the psyche of individuals), physical (places on Earth where the causal and acausal intersect or are close) or created via magickal rites.

Aeonics, and the sinister dialectic, are means which enhance our existence as Individuals - which offer us the opportunity not only to increase our consciousness and our abilities, but to use that consciousness and those abilities.

Thus, Satanism, correctly understood, is more than a glorification of the ego, or an indulgence in pleasures, or some kind of intellectual, 'esoteric' knowledge. It is also more than just living 'on the edge' and garnishing dark and other experiences [that is only a stage - qv. the MS 'The Practice of Evil, In Context'].

In essence, the sinister dialectic is Satanism and Satanists in action - it is Satanists playing at god: altering themselves, others, societies, civilization and evolution itself. This is its purpose, and the justification of sinister strategy.

- Order of Nine Angles -

One Prologue

There was a period, perhaps a million years, when she had been bored. It was no longer so, for she had spent the years of her childhood lingering in a corner of a galaxy watching the evolution of life.

It was fascinating, this watching and, devoid of time and material substance, she drifted as pure but young consciousness around her chosen planet training herself to comprehend the subtle changes that evolving life assumed. There was no feeling in her because of this because for her no feeling was possible - the strange beings evolved from the dark waters by the transformations of time were a curiosity to fill her idle million years.

But, as a child, boredom came to her and she began, tentatively at first, to take form among her chosen beings. She became the wonder of a man staring at the Brilliant shimmering stars bursting through the dome of night, the hand that moved its finger upon wet clay drying in the dry heat of the sun, the slow, dim thought that brought through the agency of a man burning fire from within the dryness of dark wood.

She became a woman suckling her child, bringing strange sounds to the woman's mouth because she became perplexed by the sensations that flooded her consciousness through the senses of the body. There was awe in the others around because of this and she stayed within the body while worship grew and the sensations became understood.

She became the wind that bore a ship across a sea, a storm that wrecked another ship and the saviour of its crew. But she sensed with her developing senses other entities around her chosen world, changing the feelings and thoughts of her beings, turning them away in a manner she did not understand, from their dawning awareness of her essence expressed by their awe.

Across the centuries she sought an answer. She learnt, slowly like the child she still was, the possibilities that the feelings of her chosen beings represented: she experienced the ecstasy of a woman, the savage passion of a killing man, the grief, sadness, pain and joy of the small tribe whose evolution she had followed. These experiences of feeling changed her bringing a confusion to her consciousness.

Perplexed, she ventured among the other dimensions entwined within the cosmic structure of her world. But other entities lurked among the labyrinths of such spaces and she retreated to the loneliness of her own dimensions to watch a young man intoxicated by music rush along the lee of a city's hill.

There was within this man a vision that drew him irresistibly toward the dimensions of her own consciousness and brought her a strange feeling. She watched the young man clasp the hands of his bewildered friend and tell of the Destiny that, one day, he would fulfill - and his eyes gleamed with a frightening passion that told of gods, of men striving against the gravity of life's decline

and of the stars that, one day, might be reached. His being seemed to take form in defiance even of his own kind, reaching ever nearer to her and for the first time in her existence her confusion of developing feeling, of sensual experience, coalesced into one moment of awareness that in intensity overwhelmed her consciousness.

But this feeling of love did not last, and this loss changed her. Slowly, and deliberately, she cut the ties that bound her as a child to others of her kind. None of them would know what she was about to do while, on her chosen planet, Adolf Hitler walked slowly with his friend down from the hill.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Magick, The Sinister, Aeons, and The Psyche of The Folk:

Esoteric Notes XXIX

Essentially, magick - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy." [See Footnote 1]

Thus, understood esoterically, an individual represents a willed-evolution: the potential to change and evolve by means of utilizing certain energies, with such change and evolution involving a bringing-into-being, or, more prosaically, a bringing-into-consciousness. That is, a making-conscious of what was hitherto "unknown", hidden and latent, both within and external to the individual. This making-conscious is the first step - the beginning - of genuine individual magick; the first stage of that Sinister Way one of whose aims is the creation of a new, more conscious, more highly evolved, individual.

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are

hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

Understood esoterically, an archetype is a limited presencing (a manifestation) of acausal energy, which presencing is limited in causal time. [See Footnote 2]

Fundamentally, the basic task of an esoteric Initiate is to make-conscious - to experience, know and understand - their own psyche, and this, in the beginning stages of magickal Initiation, is done by means of symbols and rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial. That is, the forces/energies, both archetypal and otherwise, are objectified, experienced and experimented with - hence such symbols and tools such as The Septenary System (of correspondences, including the Tree of Wyrd), the Tarot, and The Star Game. To complement this, the individual undertakes "Insight Roles" where they identify with a certain symbolic aspect or aspects, or rôle - and/or a certain archetype or archetypes - and thus experience, in real life, such energies, and their causal effects. One particular aspect, of course, is The Sinister itself, which is manifest in archetypes such as "The Magickian", The Mistress of Earth, and in Satan.

As stated in the MS *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*:

"All magick - external, internal and Aeonic - is but a means to apprehend, experience and presence acausal energies, and thus create/provoke Change. That is, the conventional magick of the Tree of Wyrd, of books such as *Naos*, of rituals, is but a beginning - through such things, the individual Initiate acquires experience and knowledge, and also develops as an individual: in terms of character. In the simplistic sense, they move, through the Grades, beyond "The Abyss", toward The Goal, which is the transformation of the individual and the emergence of a new type of being, beyond the Adept."

Furthermore, the archetypal energies which affect and influence an individual - a non-Adept - are, according to The Sinister Way of the ONA, both personal/individual, and related to the Aeon during which the individual lives. In addition, some of the personal archetypal energies which are manifest, or

which can be manifest, in the psyche of the individual, are related to the living-being which is the folkish culture of the individual. Thus, in order to properly progress along The Way toward Adeptship - in order to evolve as an individual - the individual needs to understand, and work with, such particular energies.

The Folk Psyche and Folkish Archetypes:

By virtue of being a nexion, an individual is connected to the causal presencing that is Nature, and to those living-beings which are manifest in Nature. One such living-being is the folkish-culture, the folkish-psyche, to which they belong - from which they have come-into-being, as an individual. [See Footnote 3] Basically, this is just a precise way of understanding that all non-Adepts are, or can be or will be, influenced by various unconscious archetypal forces deriving from their ancestors, and their ancestral culture (or way of life) and that, whether they know or not (and they mostly do not know) they are connected to such living-beings. Generally, such a connexion (both unknown and made-conscious) is positive: that is, it tends towards an affirmation of life, and provides the individual with access to certain energies which are beneficial to them.

Furthermore, it needs to be understood that magick as a Way is neutral - that is, it can be used (or more correctly can be assumed, by those individuals below the stage of Mastery, to be so used) to either aid or harm such connexions, such Earthly living-beings, as human beings are connected to and from which they have emerged, such folkish-culture and folkish-archetypes.

In practical terms of self-development and evolution, an individual can greatly benefit from knowing, and from direct involvement with, their folk psyche and folkish archetypes: and this is especially true when the stage of Adept is reached and Aeonic workings are undertaken.

Aeons, Civilizations and The Presencing of Acausal Energy:

An *Aeon* - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic

civilization [See Footnote 4] is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular people, or folk.

An Aeon can thus be considered to be a type of acausal being [See Footnote 5] manifesting in the causal, and, as such, has certain archetypal energies associated with it: that is, it can to a certain extent be "re-presented", or apprehended, via causal-thinking, in terms of certain symbols, archetypes, abstractions, myths, rituals, and so on. The living-being which is an Aeon is thus "born", lives for a specific period of causal time, and then "dies", as, of course, do the archetypes associated with such an Aeon. Each Aeonic civilization can - according to limited causal-thinking - be described, or re-presented, by a particular mythos, which mythos is a limited causal apprehension of the life-force, of "the soul" or psyche, of the Aeon from which that civilization derives.

Hitherto, we human beings have lacked the ability to affect Aeons and thus Aeonic civilizations. That is, as stated in the MS *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*:

"All the individuals associated with a particular civilization - unless and until they attain a specific degree of self-awareness [variously called 'individuation' and 'Adeptship'] - are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from - is determined by - the civilization and thus the aeon. In practical terms, the psyche is a manifestation of the acausal energy that creates/created the civilization..."

However, magick - correctly understood and correctly used - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, since as the folk, and Aeons.

According to the sinister tradition of the ONA, there have been five Aeons, including the current *Thorian* (or "Western") one. The current Aeon is, however, unique - for it has, in the last hundred years or so, suffered from a distortion of its life-force, a distortion of its soul. This distortion has been somewhat simplistically and rather graphically described as akin to a "viral infection" which has modified the behaviour of the peoples of the civilization through changing, modifying, and in some cases supplanting, the natural archetypes of the Aeon. In the esoteric sense, this distortion, this infection, can be understood as a natural process affecting our evolution - a consequence of that evolution itself, and such an infection could have certain undesirable consequences for our evolution, and for our ability to free ourselves from those viral forces which are, in essence, de-evolutionary. That is, this distortion, this infection, represents a challenge to the Sinister Way - to magick, to the alchemy of evolution itself.

Thus, one aim of Aeonick Magick is to counter this Aeonick distortion through various sinister strategies; another aim is to *consciously* bring-into-being a new Aeon: one which will allow us, as human beings, to evolve and fulfil the potential latent within us.

There is thus a real war occurring at present, part of which is magickal, Aeonick and supra-Aeonick: a war, battles, between those who represent the genuine wisdom and understanding and freedom and life-enhancement which genuine magick (with its presencing of the acausal) brings, and those who represent what is fundamentally de-evolutionary, limiting, enervating and stiflingly causal, and who are manifest through and in the distortion of the Thorian Aeon. [See Footnote 6]

The Sinister Way:

In essence, all genuine magick is Sinister because it is Change: a move-toward a new bringing-into-being. A re-ordering in the causal. That is, it is a presencing of the acausal - from which all that is evolutionary and life-affirming arises.

However, *to work* - to affect evolutionary Change - such presencings have to be based upon, to manifest, to use, what-is acausal: that is, there has to be a knowing, an understanding, of the acausal as the acausal is. Without this

knowing, this understanding, there has been, is and will be only the delusion of self and at best a stasis and at worst a return to the thralldom of the past.

Anton Long
117 Year of Feyen

Notes:

(1) q.v. the MS *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*. For a basic discussion of causal and acausal, see Chapter 0, *A Theory of Magick*, in *Naos* and the MS *Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

(2) It needs to be understood that the ONA uses such terms as psyche, and archetype, in a particular *and precise* esoteric way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung.

Thus, esoterically understood, an archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

(3) Such connexions, such living-beings as the folk and the folkish-culture which derives from the living of such a being, are only *what-are*, on this planet where we dwell. That is, they are aspects of Nature: they correctly describe the reality of how the acausal is presenced, in the causal, on this planet, through that living-being which is Nature. In a simplistic descriptive sense, such folk-beings are among Her descendants, her "sons and daughters".

Furthermore, there is a symbiosis involved in such connexions - or, rather, there is now a symbiosis involved as a result of our natural evolution of will and consciousness; a symbiosis between us, our folk-beings, and with Nature, as well as with the Acausal beyond Nature.

(4) To be precise, this nexion is "a culture" which itself is a living-being, a

spawn of a particular Aeon, with the Aeon civilization itself being a by-product, a manifestation, a stage, of this new culture. However, the general term civilization will be retained, although such Aeon "civilizations" such be understood in such a context.

Also, note that what is referred to is an *Aeon* civilization - not just a "civilization". q.v. *Aeon Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

(5) For a basic introduction to "acausal beings" refer to the MS *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery* which explains the nature of the *acausal-thinking* (or, more prosaically, the "esoteric/magickal" thinking) that is required to begin to understand such beings: to apprehend Them as they are.

In addition, it needs to be understood that, as explained in many other MSS, there are many and varying types of acausal entities, or acausal beings or *acausal forms of life*. Some exist solely in the acausal; some can manifest in some ways in the causal, with some such causally-manifesting beings - or forms of life - being in symbiosis with the causal (or rather, in symbiosis with causal life-forms) and thus "dependant" on them to some extent. Some such dependant symbiotic acausal beings may cease to exist (in both the causal and the acausal) when their energy fades and "dies", while others may return to the acausal to leave only a dead causal "shell" or "shells".

Further, it should be obvious that the majority of such acausal life-forms cannot and should not be conceptualized in an anthropomorphic way, bound and limited as such conceptualizations are by causal Time and causal Space.

(6) The distortion has been, *exoterically*, described as "Magian": as representative of a particular ethos deriving from the *psyche* of a certain people.

-Order of Nine Angles-

The Star Game
Anton Long
(Order of Nine Angles)

The Boards:

There are seven boards, each one named after a particular star, which boards are placed one above the other in a spiral and forming a septenary Tree of Life (or Tree of Wyrd, to be precise).

Each board has nine black and nine squares, with each board representing a sphere of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW). See [Figure 0](#)

Naos
Deneb
Rigel
Mira
Antares
Arcturus
Sirius

The Pieces:

Each player has three sets of nine pieces, that is 27 pieces in all. The nine pieces are:

a(a) a(b) a(c) b(a) b(b) b(c) c(a) c(b) c(c)

The pieces can also be named Alchemically, abstractly or in terms of the Dark Tradition.

In Alchemical terms, a is the Alchemical symbol for Salt. b is the Alchemical symbol for Mercury, and c is the Alchemical symbol for Sulphur. Abstractly, a is the Greek letter alpha, b the letter beta, and c gamma. In terms of the Dark Tradition, a is causal space-time; b is where the acausal is present or manifest in the causal, and c acausal space-time.

These symbols and letters should be written on the pieces which are either small, square pieces of wood (of a size to fit on the board squares), or small tetrahedrons.

One set of three pieces is coloured black, the other set, white. [Or red and blue may be used.]

Esoterically, the pieces represent the combinations of the alchemical substances, or the various combinations and manifestations of causal/acausal.

The Moves:

The central rule of the game is that each piece, when it moves, is transformed into the piece next in sequence:

$a(a) \rightarrow a(b) \rightarrow a(c) \rightarrow b(a) \rightarrow b(b) \rightarrow b(c) \rightarrow c(a) \rightarrow c(b) \rightarrow c(c)$

Thus the a(a) piece when it is moved becomes an a(b) piece; a(c) becomes b(a) and so on. A c(c) piece becomes a(a).

The c (or gamma) pieces - c(a) c(b) c(c) - can move to any (vacant) square on any board.

The b (or beta) pieces can move across the board they are already on to any vacant square, and up, or down, one level - for example, from Acturus up to Antares, or down to Sirius. Note that a piece on Sirius can move only up to Arcturus.

The a (or alpha) pieces can move only across the board they are on.

After a piece has been moved, and therefore changed into the piece next in sequence, it moves according to its new identity. Thus, a b(c) piece would become a c(a) piece and on its next move, moves as a c (or gamma) piece.

The Placing of Pieces:

The initial or starting position of the pieces depends on how the game is used. Esoterically, the pieces are placed to represent a particular form at a particular moment in causal time: for example, to represent a civilization, an Aeon, or a person. Exoterically - when the game is played simply as an intellectual game - the placing of the pieces is fixed.

In the exoteric game the starting positions are as follows:

Sirius has six pieces placed on Sirius - two sets of alpha pieces - for white, and six for black. See [Figure 1](#)

Arcturus has three pieces for white and three for black. See [Figure 2](#)

Antares has six pieces for white and six for black - two sets of beta pieces, placed exactly as the pieces on the Sirius board.

Mira has no pieces on it at the start.

Rigel has the three remaining pieces (for each player) of the beta sets, placed as the alpha pieces on Arcturus.

Deneb has six pieces of white and six of black from the gamma set, placed as the alpha set on Sirius.

Naos has the three remaining pieces of the gamma set, placed the same as the alpha sets of Arcturus.

Exoteric Game Rules:

The pieces move according to the rules above (see *The Moves* above), and are transformed as above. However, in the exoteric game, pieces can only stay on Mira for three moves. After three moves have been played (three by white; three by black) the player must move one of their pieces on Mira, if they have pieces on Mira, and this move must - if the piece is able (of the correct sequence) - be up or down from the Mira board. If there are alpha pieces on Mira, these are moved according to alpha piece rules: across the board only. That is, until they become beta pieces when they must move up or down from

Mira.

A c(c) piece is the only piece that can capture any opposing piece. A c(c) piece can capture an opposing piece on any square from any board except Naos. The pieces on Naos cannot be captured. The piece so captured is removed from the game and plays no further part.

After a c(c) piece has captured another piece, it becomes a a(a) piece.

Exoteric Game Object:

The simplest form of the game is for one player to occupy certain squares on Mira, of a pattern decided by both players beforehand. A suggested pattern for winning is given in [Figure 3](#).

Thus, the player has to place three of their alpha pieces in the pattern given.

The first player to achieve this pattern (within the three move Mira limit) wins. Note that c(c) pieces can capture pieces on Mira.

Exoteric Rule Variations:

To initially make the game easier to learn, and play, two variations are suggested. The first is to amend the three move Mira limit - to five, or seven, moves. This makes the game much easier.

The second is not to allow the c(c) piece to capture pieces on Mira. This makes the game very easy indeed.

Aeonic:

1) The seven boards can represent the origin, and change, of one particular Aeon. That is, each board - each sphere - is an aspect of that particular Aeon. Sirius represents the origin, and Naos, the end of the Aeon. The pieces symbolize causal-acausal, and the presencing of the acausal. Or in more mundane terms, archetypes.

Thus, the present Western Aeon can be symbolized, and the future ascertained - or changed, if the game is used in a Magickal way by an Adept.

2) The seven boards can also represent the seven Aeons, with Sirius being the Sumeric - the first Aeon - and Rigel the present Western Aeon. Thus, the Next Aeon, the galactic, can be studied, understood and perchance brought into being/changed.

(See *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction* for details about the seven Aeons of septenary tradition.)

The initial placing of the pieces is the key to representing both of the above, and such placings are taught to Initiates of the Sinister way.

Individual:

The boards can also represent *one* individual. The pieces then represent aspects of the consciousness - the life - of the individual. The alpha pieces are concerned with the "ego"; the beta pieces with "self"; and the gamma pieces with Adeptship and beyond.

The alpha set represents "feeling"; the beta set "intuition"; and the gamma set "thinking", broadly as those terms are defined by Jung. Each board represents that aspect of the individual associated with that sphere: thus, Sirius represents the "Moon" aspect (Night; Calcination; Aries; Nox and so on), and Mira the "Sun" aspect (Putrefaction; Lux; Vision). See the Septenary Correspondences.

In one very important way, the pieces and the boards represent the esoteric path to Wisdom: to self-understanding, and the creation of a new being.

The initial placing of the pieces is usually done to represent the individual in the present, as they are now, and this placing is an esoteric skill, learned through study and practice.

Note: The above is the general, or simple, form of The Star Game. A more advanced Game exists, with each board having six (minor) boards (three at each end), and there being additional pieces (more sets of nine for each player: often 81 pieces per player; sometimes more), with additional rules regarding movement. In this advanced form, each board is divided into three other levels so that there are four levels to each board:

----- Level 3	----- Level 3
----- Level 2b	----- Level 2b
----- Level 2a	----- Level 2a
----- Level 1 (White) (Black)	----- Level 1

Level three consists of six squares, three white and three black; level 2b is a single square; level 2a is the same as level three: three black and three white squares.

This document was compiled from ONA manuscripts including *Naos: A Practical Guide to Modern Magick*

The Dark Gods

A Beginning

Part Two

Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery

The fundamental basis of five-dimensional acausal sorcery is acausal thinking: that is, knowing and understanding what the acausal is, what acausal energy is, and how such things relate to our causal phenomenal world, and to us, as individuals.

Explained in a simplistic way, acausal thinking means the following:

(1) Simultaneity - that is, that acausal energy does not propagate in a causal linear way either in "time" or in "space". Instead, such energy propagates (and can manifest or be presenced) according to the nature of acausal-space and acausal-time. Thus, there is no direct, causal-based, "cause and effect" - events are not, or may not be, separated by a duration of causal time, and are not, or may not be, separated by a physical distance as measured according to causal-space.

(2) Acausal energy implies acausal beings (or "entities") which exist in both the acausal dimensions/spaces (acausal-space and acausal-time) and in our causal universe. These beings live, according to the type of acausal energy that they are, and their existence is independent of us, as causal beings. Thus, The Dark Gods, of mythos, legend and esoteric tradition, are one type of such acausal entities.

(3) Empathy - that is, knowing and understanding that causal beings (or "entities") such as ourselves, who have life or existence in the causal

spaces/dimensions, are not separate, discrete or even "individual" beings or entities, but are only parts of the matrix which comprises causal and acausal spaces. That is, that such causal entities are nexions, and are "alive" by virtue of having acausal energy; they can be viewed, in one sense, as receptacles, composed of causal, physical elements, atoms and so on, in-which acausal energy can dwell (or be presenced). Our consciousness - and especially magick, correctly understood - is a means to apprehend our true nature as causal entities and can be a means for us to access more acausal energy.

Explained in a simplistic way, five-dimensional acausal sorcery is a means to create, or draw-into-the-causalspaces, acausal beings/entities, and a means for us to transform ourselves (and other causal entities) by accessing/presencing acausal energy and thus possibly move toward a dwelling in the acausal spaces. Furthermore, acausal sorcery works on the fundamental premise of the irrelevancy of causal-time and causal-space - that is, our concepts of cause-and-effect, of spatial distance, of a beginning and an end - of a past, a present and a future - do not apply.

The Nature of Acausal Beings

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presenced in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presenced within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) unpresenced acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presenced themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presenced in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

Acausal Sorcery

Among the techniques of acausal sorcery are the following:

(1) Esoteric chant, especially that involving the use of certain shaped crystals of a certain type. This chant can access and/or produce, certain types of acausal energy (or under certain circumstances, open a nexion to certain acausal spaces to allow certain acausal beings to presence in our dimensions).

(2) Empathy - that is, by direct acausal thinking (or "being") which implies a particular type of awareness and consciousness and certain abilities. It should be noted that one of the aims of The Star Game, in its various forms, is to provoke such acausal thinking, and to provide some experience of some of the awareness involved. This is the natural creation of a nexion or nexion (or the use of an already existing connexion) and then the attraction of acausal energies or acausal beings (a natural "calling" of such beings).

(3) Certain acts (which over a certain period of causal time may be said to represent an extended "ritual") can be done to create a nexion or nexions (or to

prepare an already existing nexion or nexions, such as an individual or individual) and to then access or generate or otherwise produce those particular energies which may attract into or through such a nexion or nexions, certain acausal beings whose "nature" is to be drawn toward such energies to then indwell in such a nexion or nexions or to otherwise be presented in the causal.

What should be understood about all methods is that it is in the nature of certain types of acausal energy to flow through a nexion. That is, once a connexion is established, and such energy or energies accessed, then a causal presencing will begin. Furthermore, certain times are regarded, according to a certain esoteric tradition, as more favourable than others - that is, there a certain causal times when certain "cosmic tides" (caused by the structure of causal and acausal space-time) facilitate the flow of such acausal energy into the causal, and other times when the opposite occurs (when, that is, it becomes more difficult for such energy to be accessed and presented in the causal). One causal apprehension of such cosmic tides is said to be "aeons" - with the beginning of such an Aeon being a time (in causal terms) when such a presencing, such a flow, is favourable.

The Dark Gods

One of the aims of a certain groups of Adepts is to presence (or, rather, to re-presence) The Dark Gods. That is, to bring these beings (who are mostly shapeshifters) into our own causal dimensions and thus change the life, the living, of our world, and our causal universe. According to one ancient esoteric tradition (to be believed or not according to one's way of thinking) *one* such acausal entity - a shapeshifter - is known in mythos and legend as "Satan", with this acausal being assuming, in former times, various causal forms (or "appearances").

Beyond Sorcery: Toward The Acausal

According to a certain esoteric tradition, it is possible for us, as individual human beings dwelling (existing) in the causal spaces, to move toward an existence in the acausal spaces. That is, in a simplistic sense, to transfer our consciousness, via a nexion or nexion, into an acausal being and thus begin to

dwell in the acausal spaces. According to another tradition, it is also possible for us to create, for ourselves, such an acausal existence - that is, to transit into the acausal. Such a dwelling (living) by a causal-based entity such as ourselves is often regarded as one of the greatest goals of genuine esoteric arts, and the means to do this as perhaps the greatest secret of genuine Dark Arts, the greatest act of natural alchemy (1).

Anton Long
118 yf (Year of Fayen)
Agiōs o Baphomet

Notes:

(1) For some further details, see the MS *Acausal Alchemy* .

The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. These beings are shapeshifters, and can assume a variety of living causal forms, in the realms of the causal, including human form. The fictional stories *Sabirah*, and *Jenyah*, deal with one type of such acausal beings who have assumed human form - describing their need for the acausal energy (the "life-force"), possessed by humans, in order to sustain and maintain their shapeshifting causal form. The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA holds that both Baphomet (the female entity as described by the ONA) and Satan are memories of, and manifestations of, two particular acausal beings, two particular Dark Gods.

By the nature of the acausal (see Note 1), such acausal entities are - viewed from our own limited and mortal causal perspective - "formless", ageless and eternal, although if and when they venture forth into the causal dimensions, their living-there, the causal form they adopt, are subject to causal change. Hence, for example, their need to return to the acausal, or to regularly find some source of acausal energy (in the causal).

However, aside from these specific entities known to us, or esoterically remembered by some of us, as the The Dark Gods species, there are other acausal entities, other acausal living-beings, other acausal species, who and which have been manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, or who and which can become or may become manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, many of whom are not shapeshifters, and many of whom cannot exist, for long (in terms of causal Time) in our causal Space and causal Time.

In addition, there are some entities who and which only live, exist, in those twilight realms, those strange dark worlds, where the causal and the acausal intersect or meet - that is, in the nexions which manifest such intersections, and thus the flow of acausal energy into the causal. There is an aural Sinister Tradition that what have been incorrectly termed "demons" are some of these acausal entities existing, or which have existed, in those twilight realms where causal and acausal intersect.

To understand, and appreciate, The Dark Gods - and all acausal entities, including those dwelling in the twilight realms where causal and acausal meet or merge - one has to understand the true nature of nexions, of those "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time, or a journeying into the acausal itself.

The Nature of Nexions:

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion - a place or region, in causal Space and causal Time, where there is a direct physical connexion to acausal Space and acausal Time; a particular place where our causal Universe is joined, or can be joined, with the acausal Universe. According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, there is a physical

nexion in our Solar System, near the planet Saturn, as there are other physical nexions in our particular Galaxy, and elsewhere in the Cosmos.

The second type of nexion is a living causal being. That is, all living-beings, in our causal Time and causal Space, are nexions - they all possess, by virtue of being "alive" a certain acausal energy, the amount of which varies according to the type of life, with a human being considered to possess (by virtue of possessing consciousness) more acausal energy than the other life on this planet of ours. In addition, it is considered, by Adepts of the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, that most human beings possess the potential to expand the nexion that they are, with this expansion - this increase in our acausal energy - being one of the esoteric aims of genuine sinister magick.

All living causal nexions, however, are limited in causal Time. That is, they possess only a limited life-span, a limited causal duration, although some sinister Adepts have speculated that it is possible for an advanced practitioner of the Dark Arts to not only increase their life-span, through esoteric means, but also to "transcend" to the acausal itself: to become an acausal being who is ageless and eternal. This, however, is said to require not only a bringing forth from the acausal such entities as The Dark Gods, but also to "become one", to merge, with Them (or with one of Them) by either transferring consciousness to one of Them, or having Them create an acausal vessel/form for such consciousness.

The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept, with this form being either already organically, physically, living, or which, through a sinister transformation, becomes living in the sense of being possessed of, and manifesting or channelling, acausal energy.

In the magickal sense, our consciousness, our psyche, is a region where causal and acausal meet, or rather, where they can and should meet and intersect, and it is one of the aims of genuine esoteric Orders, groups and Adepts, to guide Initiates into this realm, often through utilizing symbols and forms, such as the Tree of Wyrld and the associated "correspondences", which are guides, maps, of such a realm, and a means to access and develop acausal energies and thus transform ourselves into Adepts, and beyond.

Manifesting The Dark Ones:

One of the aims of the ONA is the presence The Dark Ones: to return, to our causal Space and our causal Time, The Dark Gods. To unleash these entities upon the world and so cause Chaos, and that Change and evolution which will result. Thus will the Old Order - a now ever-increasing tyrannical order - be destroyed, and thus would a New Aeon begin. Thus will there be a significant evolution of ourselves, as individuals.

Such is the nature of the Cosmos - of causal and acausal, of the "Cosmic seasons" - that every two thousand years or so the Cosmic spaces are aligned such that it is easier then to draw forth, into the causal, acausal energies. Traditionally, according to Aeonick Magick, these times mark the beginning of a New Aeon, and, currently, we are within a few centuries of such a change - and thus at a time when more and more acausal energy is available to us, if we know how to access and presence such energy.

Such energy - and the living-beings of the acausal - can be presented in several ways. First, by various rituals, such as those associated with the Nine Angles, where a specific "named" (see Note 2) entity may be called forth, or where unformed (unformed, at least, as discernible to us) acausal energy is/are accessed and released into the causal.

Another way is preparing a suitable living-receptacle (which may be a host human being or a collection of such beings) and then presencing, via ritual or other esoteric means, the acausal energies (or being, named or unnamed, or both) into such a host or hosts. That is - in one sense - making such hosts available to such entities, should They choose to accept and inhabit and use such hosts, possibly only on a temporary basis until They have found their own or have acquired sufficient energy to be able to sustain themselves, as shapeshifters, in the causal.

A Mythos of Times Past:

The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA mentions that, at the dawn of our consciousness as human beings, some of The Dark Ones came forth to Earth through a physical nexion, which nexion most probably existed on this planet, Earth. There has been much speculation about, and some legends regarding, the location of this physical nexion - which, if it exists as tradition asserts, would be viable again now or soon, given the Cosmic cycle we are currently in.

There has also been speculation about, and some aural legends regarding, how long these dark acausal entities stayed, in our causal Time and Space, and much speculation regarding why they left, with one aural legend asserting that a few of them have, as shapeshifters, survived and hidden themselves among us, feeding, waiting for the stars to be aligned aright again and for sinister Adepts to bring forth their kin.

Anton Long
ONA, Year of Fayen 119

Notes:

(1) Acausal: The *acausal* is used, as a word, to refer to what, correctly, is that Universe which may be described, or re-presented, by acausal Space and acausal Time.

This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the acausal and the causal, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time.

(2) Names of The Dark Gods: The names which we "know", as recorded in the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, are those which have been transmitted to us aurally: a memory (perhaps corrupted or only half-remembered) from an ancient causal time, when some such entities were once presented on this Earth.

However, the given "name" only "re-presents" (that is, names) a particular acausal being when it is chanted (or vibrated) in a particular way under suitable conditions, which often means in association with a certain crystal of a certain shape, which crystal and which shape enhance such chant or vibration.

Baphomet: Vamperess of The Dark Gods

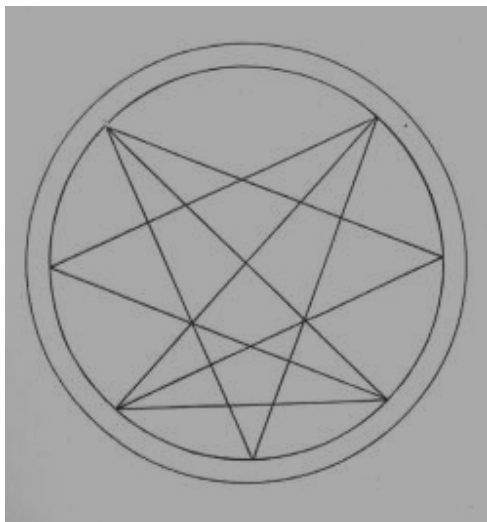
According to the Dark Tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, Baphomet is a sinister acausal entity, and is depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a man.

Thus, She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made.

Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Associated with Baphomet, according to aural tradition and legend, are other dark, Sinister, female acausal entities - described in ONA fictional works such as *Jenyah*, and *Sabirah* - who have existed, hidden, on Earth for millennia, and who maintain their causal, ageless, and secret, existence by feeding off the acausal life-force of their male human victims whom they entrap, and test, using sexual enchantment. These other entities are often described as *The Dark Daughters of Baphomet*, and they - like their Mistress, The Mother of Blood, Baphomet - are thus, in a quite literal sense, vampires. Aural tradition and legend further asserts that some, if not all, of these *Dark Daughters of Baphomet* are capable of not only, if they so wish it, bearing half-human offspring from selected human males, but also of rewarding chosen humans, both male and female, with an ageless existence either on Earth, or in the realms of the dark formless acausal itself.

Exoterically, Baphomet, and Her female kin and offspring, may be said to represent the vivifying fecund *Sinister Feminine Principle*. The dark, sinister, dangerous, beautiful, feminine, balance which is both purifying and necessary - if rather neglected by most other esoteric groups. Baphomet is often regarded as the Bride, The Mistress, of another of The Dark Gods, known to us by the exoteric name *Satan*, and sinister Rites, and sacrifices, to honour Baphomet were often held around the time of Autumn Equinox and associated with the star Arcturus, and, for some special esoteric Rites, the star Dabih.



Further Reading (ONA MSS):

- 1) *Baphomet: A Note on The Name, Parts 1, and 2*
 - 2) *The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA* (in the MS *The Occult Fiction of the ONA*).
 - 3) *The Ceremony of Recalling* (with Sacrificial Conclusion)
 - 4) *Mythos of the Dark Gods*
 - 5) *Synestry: A Sinister Ceremony*
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The Dark Gods: A Basic Introduction for non-Adepts

According to sinister tradition, the Dark Gods are actual entities which exist in the acausal universe. According to our spatial, causal, perception, these beings may be regarded as "timeless" and "chaotic" (and also terrifying not mention "immoral").

Since our consciousness is by its nature partly acausal, these entities may become manifest for us - or rather may be partly perceived by us - if we possess the keys to reach the appropriate levels of consciousness. What is termed The Abyss (on the Tree of Life/Tree of Wyrd) separates our ordinary, everyday, causal consciousness from the consciousness (and thus apprehension) of the Dark Gods. The ordeal of the Abyss involves confronting these entities, and accepting them for what they are: that is, unbound by our illusion of opposites and the alleged conflict between "good and evil".

While it is convenient to regard the dark Gods are merely symbols that represent the energies of the acausal - as a projection of our own consciousness upon Chaos itself - it is equally possible to regard them as physically existing in themselves. Which of these (or neither of them) is correct, the Adept discovers during the ordeal of the Abyss. Legend, however, recalls the Dark Gods as visiting our planet several times in the past, by passing through one of the many "Star gates".

Star Gates are regions in (causal) space-time where our causal universe and the universe, or realm, of the acausal are joined: they are physical gates, or nexions, and passage from one universe to another is possible through them.

According to legend, Star gates exist near the stars Dabih, Naos and Algol: that is, if you journeyed from Earth in the direction of one of these stars you would pass through, or near to, a Star Gate. There are also stories of a Star Gate within our own Solar System: the Gate through which the Dark Gods came to Earth. This Star Gate is believed to be near the planet Saturn.

Sometimes, the Abyss invades our dreams, but mostly the Abyss is reached by following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way. It lies - on the Tree of Wyrd - between the spheres of the Sun and Mars, and divides the Adept from the Master/Mistress. In one sense, the Abyss is the gate, the nexion, to the gods

within us, and beyond us, just as the Sinister Way is a means to access and increase the acausal that is presented both within us, as individuals, and on Earth.

According to Sinister tradition, it is possible to "open a nexion to the Dark Gods" by certain sinister rites. Some of these rites involve such things as esoteric chant (q.v. Naos) combined with a large, clear, pure quartz tetrahedron, while others involve ceremonies of blasphemy, excess and human sacrifice.

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Introduction from **Grimoire of the Dark Gods** (ONA)

The Dark Gods exist in the acausal realm and this realm is joined to our causal, physical universe in two ways - first, through Star Gates which are regions of space-time where the two universes intersect, and second, in the medium of our minds since certain levels of consciousness in their very nature are "gates". Archetypes are to our causal perception simply ordered elements of some of the energy present in various forms in the acausal universe.

The acausal universe itself may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by acausal time and possessing more than three spatial dimensions; the causal universe may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by causal, or linear, time and possessing three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other.

The entities known to esoteric tradition as the Dark Gods are beings which exist in the acausal universe. Other such beings probably exist in the acausal realm, but the Dark Gods are known to us through having, at various times in our evolution, 'intruded' into our spatial universe.

It is possible for individuals, by virtue of the nature of consciousness, to open pathways to the acausal by various methods and thus draw into our phenomenal

world various acausal energies or forces. Such forces, due to the nature of the acausal, are often seen to be from our point of view "evil" or negative.

Three types of drawing down are possible. i) localized of an individual on a small scale of small energies; ii) of certain powerful forces or entities to physical manifestation in our universe; iii) returning to our planet and universe the race of beings known as the Dark Gods - tradition knows some of these beings by names such as Atazoth, Shugara, Athushir, Budsturga and Gaubni.

The first and second forms of drawing down involve those pathways residing (mostly dormant) in the mind, while the third involves the Star Gates themselves of which three are known to us as areas in space near the stars Dabih, Naos and Algol. Physical travel to the acausal is possible through these Gates, but it is nevertheless possible to draw through them by various methods of powerful ritual the Dark Gods themselves, the time and stars being aligned aright.

This Grimoire shows how to awaken the latent pathways in our consciousness and, most sinister of all, how the Dark Gods themselves may be returned to Earth.

-Order of Nine Angles-

H.P. Lovecraft and the Dark Gods

A lot has been said and written in recent years about the writings of H.P. Lovecraft, particularly his Cthulhu mythos, but to gain an insight into the truth it is necessary to compare Lovecraft's mythos with one of the most sinister traditions of Occultism.

Lovecraft, aware of parts of the ancient tradition of the Dark Gods' dramatized and mis-represented the tradition as a whole. Part of this mis-representation

was literary, some of it arose because Lovecraft could not see beyond the Abyss where opposites are meaningless, but most of the mis-representation arose because Lovecraft had access to only part of the tradition, through his own Occult researches and sometimes inept experiments with dream control.

To these, he added inventions of his own - such as the so-called 'Necronomicon' (the book of this title published by Colin Wilson et al is a hoax) - which he wove into the cthulhu mythos. This mythos bears about as much resemblance to the genuine tradition of the Dark Gods, from which it is derived, as a fir tree does to an oak.

One of Lovecraft's mis-representations is in naming the Dark Gods. The Dark Gods (or 'forces') may be symbolized by vibrations, since it is partly through such vibration that certain levels of consciousness may be reached. These levels re-present primal Chaos - that is, they are devoid of Word since such levels pre-date the covering up, by Word, ritual, idea and even myth, of the essence from which Being and non-Being were derived. Viewed conventionally, these entities are negative and by their return restore Chaos - that is, they destroy the historicity of Being. When seen through the stricture of opposites such a return is terrifying.

According to tradition, the Dark Gods are waiting, in what may be described as a parallel universe, to return to Earth and thus our spatial, causal universe. Essentially, the universe of the Dark Gods is acausal and the two universes may be re-presented as being joined by various Star Gates (or more accurately 'nexions'). These 'Gates' are regions of space-time where passage from one universe to another is possible at certain times - that is, when the Gates are aligned according to their cosmic cycle. Traditionally, it is believed that these Gates open about once every 2,000 years. Because of the nature of the two connecting universes (that is, their difference in time and spatial geometry) not only is physical travel possible between them, but also to a limited extent, a special form of astral travel. This astral form is possible because our own consciousness, by its nature and evolution, is partly acausal and therefore already to an extent on a primal level part of this other universe. Thus, it is possible for an individual to journey into the other realms where the Dark Gods are waiting just as it is feasible - if the psychic Gates are opened - for those dreaded and negative entities who are seldom named to manifest on our level. Such travels are manifestly only feasible when a nexion is about to be opened, is open or is closing - that is, at the beginning and ending of an Aeon. At other times, travel is very difficult and very severe measures must be taken in order to create the energy required. Such methods have seldom been used in the past: they involve great danger to the individual(s), hideous rituals of suffering and

sacrifice, or immense detail in preparation and the acquisition of a crystal tetrahedron of the right quality.

The intrusion of these entities into our universe takes many forms, both physical and psychic, and here again Lovecraft has mis-represented them. According to Tradition, the last overt physical manifestation took place thousands of years ago, around 8,000 BP and gave rise to, among other legends, the myth of Dragons. Prior to this, the sinister tradition speaks of the first coming of the Dark Gods at the dawn of our consciousness - probably around 20,000 yes BP. Psychic intrusion is often minimal but nevertheless terrifying for some. According to one recent account: "They lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sounds which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds to know. And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner of the meeting of dimensions. They are the destroyers ... the bornless forever who wait for our call. Soon they will come to collect that blood which is required by Them. To understand Them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be."

Such manifestations often take the form of nightmares when unsought, and occasional madness is not unknown among those who have deliberately tried to bring the Dark Gods: for example, in a case known to the author a group tried, in the early seventies, to invoke these forces. The working was only partially successful and one of those involved went mad.

One of the most noticeable effects of deliberate contact by Adepts is the change that results in the consciousness of certain groups of people and individuals - such as a resurgence of primitive atavisms. Such changes are often misunderstood, bound as most people still are by old Aeon concepts of duality, and over recent decades these changes have been a prelude to the calling forth that will re-open the physical nexion and return the Dark Gods to our universe and thus the Earth itself.

The details that Lovecraft gives regarding 'calls' and rites are mostly fanciful and only in a few places does he inadvertently reveal the truth - for example, in his mention of the trapezohedron and 'Azathoth'. The key to travel along the passages between the star nexions is the Nine Angles and the key to the Nine Angles is the crystal tetrahedron which is activated by voice vibration. 'Azathoth' as described by Lovecraft, is a symbolic and distorted representation of the intersection, in acausal space-time, of these astral star passages: a kind of galactic vortex or node. Those who journey there never return the same. Along the star passages the shells of long dead civilizations lie strewn.

The Nine Angles (the key to contact both physical and astral) are re-presented in the septenary Star Game and it is through this symbolic re-presentation that the magick of the Dark Gods is made manifest. The rest, to the uninitiated, is sheer terror.

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Approach Of The Dark Gods

The Seven Spheres of the Septenary represent Gates, and each Gate expresses an aspect of what is represented by the abstract symbol "Time". In one sense, these Gates join our physical world to those realms created by the evolution of consciousness itself. These realms can be viewed in two ways - firstly, as convenient abstraction, bounded by acausal time, and whose most fundamental forms are what Jung called 'archetypes', and, secondly, as having an actual existence, either extra-terrestrial or extra-dimensional. In the first instance, the realms are considered as products of the mind - real enough on their own level, but without any existence that can be scientifically ascertained. In this sense, they are psychological. In the second instance, the realms are considered to have an actual physical existence, and various models for such existence have been proposed. This other realm, approachable through Gates, will be simply called the 'acausal' realm for the sake of convenience, and although it helps to consider the acausal in the psychological sense, each initiate must arrive at their own mode of explication, using the faculty of Thought.

Each Gate that joins these two realms (that is, the causal and the acausal) when it is opened signifies a New Aeon and a consequent increase in human consciousness. According to tradition, each Gate is linked to a specific place or location and it is through this location (which may be considered a channel for the forces involved) that the magical form of the particular Aeon in question is most obviously expressed.

The teaching of the Order of the Nine Angles accepts that all previous Gates had terrestrial counterparts (for example, the centre of the Hyperborean Aeon was the area around Stonehenge; that of Hellinic, Delphi.) and that the opening of these Gates was the result of the natural evolution of consciousness rather

than something consciously planned. That is, one may think of the Gates being opened, in the symbolic sense, by Gaia, the Earth Mother. Our consciousness that is, our ability to consciously reflect, to question Being, is the result of this process, and in the past this process was understood by the use of myth. Each of the previous five Gates (that is, from the Pre-Hyperborean to the Western) derived their power from the Earth and its energies (although according to one tradition the first Gate was opened due to the interference of alien life-forms [discussed later]) and it is important to understand that there existed no “Golden Age” in the remote past from which there was a subsequent fall. Each Aeon drew its magical inspiration from a natural force which was symbolized and which gave rise to the powerful archetypes and myths and which became the ethos of a particular higher civilisation. At the geographical location of a particular Gate, the force was revered, and it is vital to realize that this religious reverence was only partly conscious: its origin was an empathy with Gaia and this empathy was partially understood (i.e. consciously) through symbols and myth. Inevitably this empathy became obscured by dogma, ritual and elaborate myths until the centre itself became magically exhausted, and another Aeon dawned. Some centres however, like Stonehenge, still retain an aura of power, but nothing like that which once existed. This gradual exhaustion of the Aeonic force - and the consequent decline of the civilizations associated with it - is a natural process which may be likened to the depletion of a battery under electrical load.

The last Aeon, the Western whose center is in Northern Europe, is drawing to a close as its energies fade. The next Aeon, however, has as its centre not our Earth, but a location in space and until this centre is reached, the new Aeon will not be possible. However, the Old Aeon has some 350 years still left to run, and during this period, the energies of the New Aeon will become more and more obvious as they seep around the Gate, brought in part by deliberate Ritual by small groups of Adepts. Hitherto, the seeking of Aeonic centres has been mostly instinctive, but we have now reached the stage in our evolution when we can consciously decide our own Destiny. In a sense, we have, due to the opening of the previous Gates, passed a threshold, and henceforward little is certain because our possession of reflective, logical and scientific consciousness, represents a new and complex variable in the equation that governs Aeonic forces. Already, for instance, as the Old Aeon dies, small groups of Adepts, still cling to an inverted aspect of their Aeon, are trying through ritual to change our evolution in accord with certain ‘prophecies’ over two thousand years old. These adepts hope to establish a terrestrial centre not many hundreds of miles from the centre associated with the Sumerian centre, and tied as they are to the illusion of opposites that has been such a

fundamental (and detrimental) feature of Nazarene belief, their success will mean a significant step backwards in the evolution of consciousness.

In the evolutionary sense, the next Gate is and must be extra-terrestrial and the force beyond this Gate may be signified in two ways. Practically, the force will be represented by the physical exploration of outer space through vehicles such as spacecraft; magically, the force is represented by the mythos of the Dark Gods since, in essence, this magical force is chaos itself. It is beyond opposites - a return to the primal chaos, which the previous succession has covered up through ritual, word and even symbol. Misunderstood - that is, seen from the perspective of the Old Aeon - this represents the intrusion into our world, from other dimensions, of the darkest of dark forces, a return, according to the tradition mentioned earlier, of those alien forms who came to Earth Aeons ago at the dawn of man's consciousness.

In short, the New Aeon signifies a calling forth of the Dark Gods through the Rite of the Nine Angles. This Rite is very simple, and has as its basis what Old Aeon qabbalistic thinking signified by the word 'LASH TAL' - but the Rite itself is a conjoining, a drawing down, through pure Thought, that is devoid of word because the two fundamental aspects (of which 156 is one) hitherto apart and drawn together through Destiny ('wyrd') are, in themselves by their very existence, Keys. In a more symbolic way, and viewed through the distortion of opposites which is such a feature of the Old Aeon, one aspect of this Rite is represented by the Qlippoth of the 17th path of the qabbalistic Tree of Life

According to the tradition mentioned earlier, the first Gate was opened by the arrival on Earth of aliens. These aliens were, in themselves, without recognizable form and were capable of assuming various shapes, including human form. Legend knows of them as the 'shape-changers', and the demon Choronzon, as well as Lovecraft's Yog-Sothoth, are said to be primitive memories of them. These beings of chaos did not stay long on Earth, because Earth was for them only a temporary staging post in their flight, pursued, as tradition says, as they were by another life-form, humanoid in appearance. This other life-form depended on external means of transportation to take them among the stars, and in legend they are known as the Elder Gods. Some kind of confrontation between these two types of aliens occurred on or above our planet, traces of this conflict survive in myth and legend as the battle between Agartha and Shambhala and it is said that the humanoid species originated in the region of space near the star Sirius.

The shape-changers, for reasons of their own, interfered somehow with our evolution (according to one legend by giving us dreams) although it could be

that just contact with such aliens was sufficient for this to occur among small and isolated groups of primitive man. It is held that the Elder Gods or Sirians were basically opposed to any contact with primitive species, and according to one tradition shamanism resulted from primitive man's attempt to imitate the behaviour of the shape-changers. Both of these alien life-forms departed from Earth, and conscious evolution thereafter, spurred on by the original breakthrough, increased exponentially.

This tradition may be regarded as having, like some myth, a basis in fact, or it may be regarded simply as a mythos, that is a means, soon discarded, to greater insight into one's self. To establish its factual basis would take the discovery of factual evidence, unassailable in its interpretation, and while some evidence for this tradition has been proposed at various times none of it is conclusive, and the tradition remains just a tradition, to be believed or not, according to one's way of thinking.

Order of Nine Angles

Camlad Nexion

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In The Sky of Dreaming

Prologue

The dream had been startling - and he lay in his bed for several minutes while his sense of reality returned and the single Blackbird song that filtered through the window of his cottage became part of the late April Dawn Chorus.

He had dreamt he was standing among a circle of old Yew trees in some graveyard while beside him the dark-haired woman he had just kissed was transformed: into some-thing. She was still transforming as he awoke, his duvet

on the floor, his bedsheets dishevelled, his nightshirt wet from sweat. She was beautiful - this young yet middle-aged woman of indeterminate age whose red lips, whose curvaceous buxom body, whose green eyes, had enticed him as he stood, waiting; waiting, for something he felt he knew yet did not quite know; something exciting, vivifying and yet also strange and, perhaps, terrifying: some Being to take form and venture forth again to Earth, released from alternate dimensions and the alternate time which had enclosed it - and her - kin.

In the sky of dreaming: a gibbeous moon; and light from the Sun which had set an hour or so before. And he could see clearly, and quite strangely given it was night, the hillside beyond his circle of trees as the hill of farmed fields descended down to a narrow valley, while - beyond - the further rising hill was wooded except at the very summit where jagged rocks protruded up from the gorse and heather-covered earth.

There was a vague, uneasy, memory that clung to his dream-image of that place - as if he had been there before, sometime in his distant ancestral pagan past. So he lay there, in his bed in his quiet old cottage in the country with only the sounds of the singing birds outside to disturb the peace of rural England. Then, slowly, tired from a night of broken and disturbed sleep, he got up to stumble forward toward the mirror above the old porcelain sink under the eaves, mindful as he almost always was of the black-painted oak beam that cut across the room.

What he saw in the mirror shocked him, sending him stumbling back toward his bed - until the back of his head hit the beam and he fell. For he had seen the face, the greying hair, of an old man - but he was still only twenty three.

Stumbling up, he looked again. It was no dream - he was an old man, in face and body, his back bent from age; his joints aching; his breathing laboured, his hands arthritic. He called, in his now old raspy voice, to his parents in the room along the narrow corridor. No reply - and so he called again, and again, until he shuffled, slowly, from his room to find their room empty. Totally empty. No furniture; no bed; no old oak wardrobes; no dark oak chest of drawers underneath the small-paned window. Nothing - only the smell of flowers, drifting up from the garden through the open window.

Thus did he pass his day, slowly, perplexed, shuffling - from room to room; from cottage to garden to outhouse to orchard and shed. There was food, in the kitchen - bread and almost stale cheese - and, as an old man unconcerned about

his health, he ate them, as he drank a bottle of fine wine from the house's cellar.

There was no telephone - no means of modern communication with the outside world, as he, and his parents, had wished. Only books: thousands upon thousands of books, in the bookcases that lined the downstairs sitting room, the dining room, and hall, from floor to ceiling, and which, in stacks, had inched their way up the winding stairs that led to the four bedrooms, two of which were replete with, and given over to, glass-fronted high cabinets containing his father's prized antiquarian book, mineral, and manuscript collection. He was in his father's study reading from the old vellum manuscript that lay open on the large Oak desk beside a large quartz tetrahedron:

"In truth, Baphomet – honoured for millennia under different names – is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked for the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth..."

It was not that he had forgotten about his missing parents - or the emptiness of their rooms - for he had remembered they had died, over fifty years ago, now. He had been briefly married, then, for almost a year, with a newly born daughter. But they had died in the nearby reservoir, her boat overturned. So so long ago that no feelings now attached themselves to his memories, and - tired from reading - he, an old aching arthritic man, ambled out onto the veranda to sit in the worn Oak chair, to watch the Sun set behind the old cider Orchard, as it always did at this time of year. So many memories, so many that he drifted into sleep.

He awoke to find himself standing in his room, and although he had for some reason he did not know grown accustomed to the strange temporal peculiarities of his life, he was again surprised by his reflexion in his bedroom mirror.

It was of a naked young woman - quite beautiful - whose green eyes complemented the dark hair that framed her features and fell down to her shoulders. Then, there were thoughts in his - in her - head, and images, perplexing images of Life, strange life, seething, seeding, growing, spreading forth from acausal dimensions.

"I am you as you are me, " she - he - was saying, and he understood without knowing why.

"You brought me back to life, here," she - he - intoned, like an echo.

"How long has it been?" he asked.

"For you, only two of your days."

"It was the book, the crystal tetrahedron," he said.

"Yes!" she breathed out, and smiled. And he was forever gone from the causal world he knew.

The body no longer ached from age. Instead, there was desire; a strong, passionate, vibrant, youthful desire that needed to be fulfilled. The body, as the face, was quite beautiful, well-formed, and he was not surprised to find his - her - wardrobe full of women's clothes. She selected an outfit appropriate to the dark passion of her task and it was not long before she ventured forth to feel the warmth of the Sun on her face. It was an exquisite feeling, which she lingered for a moment to enjoy before her first stalking began. And, when satiated - her need fulfilled - she would, could, begin the task for which she had returned to Earth, to the causal, restricting, dimensions of the so-slow-moving limited beings born to die. She - ageless - had been this way before in those forming times before The Sealing when such Earth-bound beings were struggling to develop both speech and thought, and she was, with her new human emotions, pleased to find that such limited life, still, could be easily inhabited and controlled. Thus would she, ageless, be joined by others of her ageless shapeshifting kind.

So she walked across the old Orchard toward the lane that would take her down the hill to a village of living people where she might find someone, or many - some offer - to provide her with the causal energy she needed to keep her current shapeshifting form.

0: Red Moon Dawning

There was little that he could do, for she had bound his wrists, arms, and legs to the lattice frame that fenced one side of his small unkempt back garden. It had been a pretty, English cottage-garden, thirty years ago.

She had arrived that morning - early, as the Dawn of June broke over his Farm below the wooded hill where oldly named fields and scattered tumuli kept their waiting vigil. Arrived - to pound upon the heavy old Oak door which he, solitary, taciturn, rudely opened, gruffly saying "Yes!", disliking as he did unexpected, expected, visitors and guests. Then: then, his memory after that was confused, hazy, as if a dream-remembered fading with each dwelling upon some moment, some segment, of it. Confused; hazy - until he awoke to find himself in his back garden, lashed fast by bailing-twine.

How, then, had she done this? For he was tall, stocky, strong - even if nearing the sixtieth year of life - while she, strangely beautiful, seemed to his memory but a slim young woman of little obvious strength. Perhaps someone - or many - had helped her. But there was no memory, only the reality of being there, waiting, trussed, as a farm animal awaiting slaughter.

It was a long wait of hours that saw the hot Sun rise and the humid air sweat and thirst him. The cows in the nearby fields - their milking missed - were strangely quiet; his three Farm dogs absent. So he - annoyed, attacked, by flies - waited, waited, silently waited: for his prolonged yelling, profanities, curses, struggles, had worn him down. She had not - no one had - arrived, been seen, in answer. So he in the old worn working clothes he had fallen asleep in, waited, waited, waited... until the setting Sun brought a red moon dawning. The garden came alive then, briefly, scent following scent - honeysuckle, primrose, night-scented stock - bringing with his exhaustion a memory of life thirty years before when his garden bloomed as it had bloomed in Summers when she his wife lived as she, they, had happily lived before Death came to claim her. Then, the brief memory - the too brief memory - gone, he was alone, again, amid the silence.

Alone: until a slight almost lispig sibillation seemed to chorus around him. No words, only a rushing as breeze among dry leaves. Then, quite suddenly, she was there, before him, and he gasped as if intoxicated by her presence, her scent, her beauty. A test, a test, only a test of dreams, memories, life, desire. She was offering him a choice - offering, without words, feelings or even somehow without thought. The vision, the vista, the strange alien life, was there - in him - as she looked at him, and faintly smiled.

Then, he was free from the causal bonds that bound him, and he momentarily staggered to fall to the dry dusty ground, to silently cry out as she smiled before quickly moonlight-walking with her, against his will, toward the summit of the hill. No signs, no portents, came forth from the starry sky above, as nothing

visible would result when his earthly life has been drained away to leave only the shell, only the empty shell, dust to interstellar dust, cosmic atoms to cosmic atom to form, reform, be de-formed, cycle after aeonic cycle.

No, nothing visible: to human eyes. But the cattle in the fields; the Owl; the Farm dogs still cowering in a Barn, the resting sleeping moving hunting hunted life around briefly stopped to feel, to look around, as some-thing now unsealed ventured fastly forth again toward the distant blue planet of Earth as the causal energy she needed seeded itself within her causal female form, bringing the temporary renewal desired.

1: The Seeding

He knew the footpath well, even in the early morning Autumnal dark which reached out to him as he climbed up toward the summit of that wooded hill in rural England. There - tree roots reaching across the worn path; there - the overhanging branch that in the Summer of heavy foliage had been bent lower down to almost touch the broken, now rotten, wooden fence post on his left whose stretching wire had long been worn away by age, rain, frost, neglect. Here - the protruding rocks which snaked down from where the harsh contours of the old limestone Quarry above which had been softened naturally by three decades of abandonment and Nature's resurgent growth.

So he walked steadily, as befitted his age, clothes, in the hours before Dawn, used to the sound of nearby rustling - Deer, perhaps - and the (for him) natural sound of a calling Owl. There was no breeze, and no Moon on this mild mid-October night: but light enough to see by, for eyes used to dark, and senses, body, attuned to the natural being that was Nature. So he walked, as he had done for five and more years from the village where he dwelled on the flat land that bordered the hills and which as pasture continued for miles until it met the sea. Walked - as always - alone: one custom of his reclusive life - scorning any and every artificial light, for he was, had become, almost like the life, the animals, that lived, dwelled. in the almost forgotten woods. Wiry, lean, but well-muscled and with long dark hair going grey which fell around his bearded face lined with nearly three score years of life and three decades of outdoor manual toil which had left his right wrist and hand rheumatic and his lungs a little worse for wear given the long hours spent toiling on dank, rainy, misty,

foggy, cold and frosty days.

He did not now even mind the failing vitality of his life, the pains of age, for she - his wife, companion - died five Summers and a Spring ago, and he had grown used to his life alone. The nightly early walks; the work on a neighbours farm; the evening meal where he sat in his chair by the fire drinking glass after glass of Port until tiredness overcome him and he slept, fitfully and for a while. No, he did not mind, not any more - for there was recompense enough in the shrouding, shielding dark; in being-with the life around, in, of the woods, the hills, the very earth, which life he felt as he felt his breath drawn in on a cold and frosty cloud-free Dawn when he would, did, stand - had stood - on that hill's summit clear of trees, that hill's summit a valley, a wood and two paths distant, from where he could see the distant sea and the Sun as it rose bringing a soft joy that seeped into his very bones and a feeling, a feeling, of no longer being alone.

It was as if he belonged there, now - there, on that summit where the old ancient human circles of earth fortifications and trenches of thousands of years ago had been breached, reduced, covered, by the process of Nature's natural change.

He was not surprised to see her, there on the summit - standing on the raised mound of broken grass-covered rocks that marked the almost-centre of the not-quite-round upper fortifications. Standing there, as the dark grey of nearly Dawn gave way to the lighter grey that marked the cloud-obscured rising of another Autumnal Sun. She was dressed in green, as he was; but his olive green seemed drab beside her verdant richness, and as he slowly walked the last twenty upward yards toward her, the rising gentle breeze gently raised the ends of her auburn hair. She turned toward him then, and smiled.

No, he was not surprised to see her, standing, smiling: for she was his dream of the previous night; a woman, beautiful, mature yet of indeterminate age, whose green sapphire necklace both emphasized her green eyes and the tanned skin of her neck and shoulders. Not surprised to see her in that long verdant flowing dress that emphasized her well-proportioned voluptuous body.

But he was startled - momentarily shocked - when she came forward and touched him. He felt the warmth of her hand on his face; felt her soft fingers caress the dry roughness of his cheek. Felt the warmth, the scent, of her breath

as she leant her face close to his, and all he could do was stand totally still with a palpitating heart and look into the cosmos of her eyes.

There was no need for words, he knew: for she was his thought and, in that dark numinous moment, the very thread by which he clung to life. She had been waiting for him - waiting for one like him to venture forth close to those sinister pathways where she and her kind waited, dwelling, long century after long century, thousand year after thousand year until almost two Aeons had passed. So he felt and so he knew, beyond words and a rational understanding, and she kissed him then, as a lover might, draining away from him the pains of his age and becoming for him, in him, that warmth of languid repose felt when two lovers, tired, sweaty, sleep together naked body entwined with naked body.

He was not to know, then - as she caressed him and bared her nakedness for him to touch and feel and kiss and enter - that she needed his seed to bring forth into the world a new kind of life. But had he known, then, he would not have cared. So he let his passion, his need, guide him, until he, she, spasmed in ecstasy as the warm Sun rose higher to warm the human world that dwelt upon, around, the land below that old and sacred hill while They, waiting, were watching as they waited and watched, almost formless in those formless acausal spaces where they dwelt. Waited, waiting, for their bodies as she had waited for hers.

He lay with her, naked body upon naked body, for what seemed to him a long time as part of her seeped into him bringing without words an understanding of what he must do and why. She was offering him a choice, a genuine choice, and he was free to rise and dress himself and walk away even as some-thing, some kind of life, was seeding itself in the womb of her human body.

His choice was to stay; to do as she - as They - desired, and his first willing task would be to seek out and find some women of child-bearing age and bring them to this place so that others might seep through the ever-opening nexion to inhabit their bodies and to breed from them the new species They needed. Thus would he use those acausal seeds that she, in and through and after their joining, had planted in him - talents, skills, and magick: to entice, entrap, beguile, bewitch, ensnare. And thus would he, alive, be rewarded - with her warmth, her touch, her kiss, her body.

2: Zarid, The Pretender

Zarid's day began - as it usually did - with his Russian partner bringing him a cup of black coffee while he lingered and languished in his bed in the stuffy attic room of their house where he slept, surrounded by books and discarded clothes. Years ago Zarid had retreated at night to this room, his lair, to leave his common-law wife to sleep with their child in their room on the first floor of the large Edwardian house, and this retreat had become his habit, his routine, for he valued his privacy and his time, his priority his work at the nearby University, his obsession with seducing young women and his own secret submissive desires.

That morning of the damp overcast November day, he was tired, but aroused by the dream of his night, and, naked, he slunk down the steep winding stairs that led to the first floor and the bedroom of his wife. She was there - attractive, blonde-haired - dressing, and turned to look at him as he entered but he wasted no time on endearments and pleasantries but instead caressed her breasts before telling her of his desire.

She was used to his ways, her early romantic love having given way to the strange practicalities of their strange shared life, and she wearily followed him into their large bathroom where he lay, on the tiled floor, waiting. She did not disappoint, and, squatting over him, urinated on his body and face while he took his own selfish pleasure with his hand. Satiated, he showered and obsessively groomed himself while she attended to the many tasks of her day, and it was not long before he, dressed in his usual ensemble of long black leather jacket, black shoes, grey shirt and dark trousers, departed to walk the mile to his University office, knowing that she, his companion of five years, would assuredly clean the bathroom. He kept promising to marry her, as she, and part of him, desired, for then his little lie of years ago to the University authorities, to others (and sometimes even to himself) would no longer lie in wait to trap him.

He was a tall man, merging seamlessly into his middle-thirties, whose hair - to his chagrin - has begun to thin and recede, and whose body already bore the marks of his life and occupation: stooped shoulders, from hours hunched over books, and a pale complexion occasioned by his indoor existence. He did not care that, until recently, his place of work had been a Polytechnic in a northern

industrial city - for he had achieved his dream of being a Professor, a dream nurtured by his boyhood desire to escape from what he felt was the cloying, enclosed, dreary, mundane, banal, dead-end world of the old terraced streets of Leeds where his family had lived for generations and pursued their occupation as tailors, and which he left aged eighteen, never to return. So he was proud of his success, if not of his first name - a choice of his mother's in honour of her immigrant grandfather from the Ukraine - and eager, this morning of threatened rain, to seat himself at his cluttered untidy desk and compose his forthcoming lecture. Then, that task over, the Professor of Philosophy who taught ethics would gleefully plan another secret assignation with another of his female students.

It was not to be however, for, awaiting him in his modest somewhat cramped office in a rather anonymous modern building, were two unsmiling conservatively dressed middle-aged men in dark suits, one of whom introduced himself as a Detective Sargent named Malloy. As they sat opposite him, Zarid - in his rather more comfortable chair - nervously played with his fountain pen.

"We believe you know this woman," Malloy said, without preamble, showing him a photograph.

Yes, he did - but he held the photograph for a long time before saying, "She does seem familiar. I can't seem to place her, at the moment."

"Sandra Letton. She was a student here."

Zarid pretended to peer at the photograph again. "Ah yes. How can I help?" He smiled, rather unconvincingly.

"She went missing several weeks ago."

"Last I heard, " Zarid said, "she'd moved to work in Cheltenham. Some sort of Civil Service job, I think."

The two men look at each other knowingly before Malloy said, "We understand you had a relationship with her." It was not a question.

Zarid's face went a greyer shade of grey. "That was a while ago, now. Just a brief, casual thing."

"Indeed, so you say," Malloy replied, in a tone Zarid found both intimidating

and disapproving.

"I haven't heard from her in a long time," Zarid lied, then instantly regretted saying it.

The two men betrayed no emotion. "Well," Malloy said, standing up, "if you do hear from her, we'd appreciate it if you would contact us," and handed him his card.

"Yes, yes, of course," Zarid replied, his hand shaking as he took it.

"Your public lecture next week," Malloy's hitherto silent companion said, in a cultured accent, as he and Malloy stood at the door. "Very interesting and pertinent topic."

"How did you know about that?" Zarid asked.

But the man only smiled, and then they were gone, from his office, as a mixture of conflicting emotions assailed Zarid. The glass of dry Madeira he poured for himself - from the small cabinet beside his desk - calmed him, a little, and he opened his notebook computer to read again her e-mail, received the evening before.

"Hi Zarid, how you doin? I bet you've kept those photos, haven't you, you naughty boy! It would be great to meet up asap, have a drink (or three!) and chat and maybe - something else, like old times! I'm in your area again for a while. By the way, I've got a wicked story to tell you about a friend of yours. Call me on....."

Without thinking, Zarid dialled the mobile telephone number.

"Sandra?" he asked in reply to the "Hello?"

"Yes?"

"Zarid."

"Hi! Can you meet me?"

"Yes, yes, of course!" he said, remembering their many trysts and her sexy body.

She gave a place, not far, and a time - that evening - and he, after that quick call which she quickly terminated for some reason he did not dwell on, spent the day caught between turmoil, expectation, excitement, and a wordless feeling of unease which he tried, unsuccessfully, to dissipate by concentrating on his work. He wrote a few pages of his lecture, gave up, stood for a long while blankly staring out of his office window, and then sat, disinterested, through a tutorial with one of his students, before leaving the campus to wander into the centre of the city, unaware of the two men discreetly, and professionally, following him.

So he wiled away the late morning and the afternoon hours of that damp overcast November day dallying in various cafés, often taking from the inside pocket of his jacket one of the notebooks he always carried to record his musings and his thoughts, occasionally scribbling away, with his fountain pen, immersed in his worlds of philosophy and sexual fantasy, and smiling once - several times - as he remembered how Sandra had pleased him and how she had allowed him to wear her damp panties, and the suspenders he had bought her.

Then, in the descended darkness of that busy city, he wandered forth to be down by the river where no trees shadowed the footpath by a built-on ancient meadow and the wide railway bridge funnelled a noisy train. He was there, approaching the chosen spot at the chosen time, and saw her, in that diffuse glow sent forth from sodium city lights, waiting. She smiled in greeting, as he did, and he was within three feet of her forming words of humorous welcome when she unexpectedly and slowly tumbled forward.

He caught her, as she fell, but she was already dead, her warm blood staining his hand.

For a minute, and more, Zarid held her, not knowing what to do in the emotional and physical numbness that enveloped him. Then, he was aware of someone standing over him as he knelt still cradling her dead body; aware of others, nearby. They - everything - seemed to him to be moving slowly. Blue flashing lights; distant voices. "Single shot...back of head..." Then another nearer voice, which suddenly intruded upon him.

"Let's get you out of here. You're in serious trouble..."

Zarid recognized the speaker. It was DS Malloy.

3: Consequences

He disliked milky sugared tea, but Zarid drank it nevertheless - his third cup that morning - as he waited, shivering, in the warm brightly-lit, windowless, small and rather clinical interview room of his local Police Station. Waited, still dressed in the white forensic coverall given to him the previous evening, after his own clothes had been taken and before he was locked in a cell whose stark light was constant. Waited, as he had waited all of the evening and many hours of that night, awake, alone. Awake, alone - except for a startling dream during one short period of fitful sleep. He had dreamed that a beautiful woman was in the cell with him. She was chanting some name which he could not quite hear, and smiling at him, exuding a warmth that he could feel, physically feel; gesturing for him to come toward her, and he was about to do so when the cell door opened, returning him to a cold, severe, reality.

Thus was he waiting, again, for some questions; for answers, and thus did he sit that morning waiting for one of the two men opposite him to say something, anything. They just sat there, their arms folded, looking at him as they had looked at him earlier the previous day in his office; sat there, watching, until Malloy - slowly, with a practised ease - took from the folder in front of him several photographs, laying them neatly out on the utilitarian table.

Zarid knew then that they, or someone, someone from the Police, had been to his house.

"Did you know she was pregnant?" Malloy suddenly said.

"No, no I didn't."

"Is that why you killed her?"

"This is ridiculous!" Zarid said.

"Is it? You lied about not having been in contact with her..."

"I can explain."

"I'm sure you can. Just what information did she pass onto you?"

"Information? What information?"

"You knew she worked at GCHQ, didn't you?"

"Where?"

"Don't play games. We found this letter, from her, in your house." From the folder Malloy produced a three page wordprocessed letter.

Zarid glanced at it. It was addressed 'My Dear Naughty Boy!' and signed, by hand in lilac-coloured ink, 'With love and kisses, Sandra.'

"I've never seen it before."

"So you say. She goes into some detail about her work. Classified, government work."

"Like I said, I've never seen it before."

"The evidence against you is piling up."

"Look," Zarid said, afraid and rather annoyed at the same time, "I'd like to see a Solicitor. I'm entitled to, right?"

"Under normal circumstances, yes. These are not normal circumstances."

"But - "

"Aiding and abetting someone who has supplied you with classified information is a serious offence," Malloy said. "Then there is the matter of your affairs with your students - an impressive record, which would come out during a trial. The matter of lying to us. The images we found on your computer. The drugs found at your home and in your office. The fact that your Russian partner doesn't appear to have a valid residence permit. And so on."

"I get the picture."

"But we're prepared," Malloy continued, unsmiling, and collecting the photographs and letter together, to place them back in the folder, "to forget

about all these things, if you'll agree to help us."

"Me? Help? How? So you know I didn't kill her?"

"We're working on that assumption."

Relieved, Zarid eagerly asked, "How can I help?"

"We know she went to see a friend of yours, last week."

"Yes?"

"A certain Esmund Yaxley."

"I didn't know they knew each other," said Zarid, with genuine surprise.

"Whatever. But you know his reputation, his past, his activities."

"Yes, yes, of course. But - I've nothing to do with that."

"We know. But we'd like you to go see him, and find out what he knows."

"About Sandra?"

"Yes."

"See him, when?"

"The matter is urgent; a question of national security; so today."

From the briefcase which had been beside his chair on the floor, Malloy's silent companion produced a new, boxed, mobile telephone, two large bundles of twenty pound notes, and two official-looking forms.

Malloy pushed the money over to Zarid. "Expenses. We'll need you to sign this receipt, for the money, and this document, which you should read first."

Zarid read, and signed, as he was told.

"We will arrange transport to take you to the Station."

"But my work; tutorials..."

"All taken care of. A leave of absence has been arranged. And we've brought a few clothes from your house."

"My wife..."

"I'm sure you can think of something!" For the first time that day, Malloy smiled. "From now on, " he continued, as his companion returned the signed receipt and signed document to his case, "you'll be in contact with Malin, here."

"My contact number," Malin said, "is already stored in the telephone, which is connected, with the battery fully charged. I shall expect to hear from you this evening."

4: Nexions

The warmish Sun of mid morning caught Zarid as, carrying a small travel bag, he walked the short distance down to the Railway Station entrance from where the anonymous car, and driver, had deposited him. He was glad of the Sun, of his freedom, and lingered by the entrance for a while. Then, ticket bought with a little of the given cash, he joined the throng heading for the busy platforms. Once, he thought he saw the woman of his dream the previous night, and rushed toward her - but he was mistaken, and was left, feeling rather foolish, to wait as the others waited for the southbound train.

Esmund Yaxley. Why was he not surprised he might be somehow involved? The train arrived, on-time, and he was glad to sit within its warmth, to try to give some meaning, some semblance of meaning, to the rapid unsettling unforeseen events of the last two days. The warmth, the slight swaying motion and slight constant almost rhythmic noise of the train, his own tiredness, combined to relax him, a little, and once - to his surprise - he found himself overcome with sadness and a certain grief at Sandra's death. A single tear: then, unsettling questions to which he had no answers assailed him, and slowly - as fair-weather cumulus clouds pass slowly below the blue-sky of a languid almost breezeless English Summer day - he understood his situation.

He had been, was being, manipulated, and maybe - just maybe - his old friend Esmund could provide him with some answers. Esmund; the wiry but bearded

and fit and well-muscled Esmund who had spent the last decade since their time together at University flitting from one place, to another, from one adventure to another, always seeking something that seemed - at least to Zarid - forever beyond his reach, and acquiring along the way a somewhat sinister reputation, aided by three spells in prison, for violence, association with a variety of disreputable and sometimes criminal characters, and his interest in, and knowledge of, the Occult.

But, soon, physically and emotionally tired, Zarid was briefly asleep, dreaming of that beautiful woman again.

"What brings you here?" Esmund said, jovially. He was sitting on a bench in his well-tended cottage garden in the beginning twilight of what had been a warmish day.

"Just wanted to get away for a few days. Domestic things, you know."

"Is that so?" And Esmund looked at him quizzically.

Zarid sighed. "No, not really. Have you heard? About Sandra?" He sat down on the bench, tired from the exertion. It had been a long journey, involving several changes of train, and a taxi from the market town on the edge of the Costwolds to the small village where Esmund's small cottage lay, up a track inaccessible to motorized vehicles and near the top of a wooded hill. Esmund's Border Collie dog had eyed him suspiciously as Zarid had opened the somewhat rickety wooden gate, then decided not to bark and returned to his slumber by the Cherry tree.

"Yes, there was a brief report, on the news."

"I was there, when she died. She came to see me."

"She said she might," Esmund said.

"So you did know her then?"

"Yes."

"And that she was pregnant?"

"Would you like some tea? I have Keemun, and some rather nice Chinese Sencha. Or there is Darjeeling, of course."

"I was thinking of something a little stronger."

"Coffee it is then. Ethiopian, or Kenyan? Come on in." Esmund led him into the small, recently refurbished and very tidy kitchen. "Espresso, Americano, Cappuccino?" he asked.

"You're joking."

"No. One of life's many little civilized pleasures," and Esmund pointed to his one-group espresso machine.

As darkness descended, they drunk their coffee, black, in silence - seated in comfortable armchairs before the bright warming log-fire of the cottage sitting-room - until Zarid said, "You seem quite comfortable and settled, here."

"Surprised?"

"Yes. Is this place yours?"

"Yes, and no. Belongs to a lady friend of mine."

"It figures!"

"So, about Sandra. What do you want to know?"

"Did you know that she was pregnant?"

"Yes."

"By you?"

Esmund smiled. An enigmatic smile. "Would you like to meet her, this lady friend of mine?"

"Possibly. I don't know. Did you know about Sandra's work?"

"Of course. She made no secret of it. She was very helpful, to us," and he looked at Zarid in that penetrating way he had.

"Us? Not one of your Occult groups?"

"Not really. Beyond all that mundane passé stuff. You really should meet her, you know."

"Who?"

"She wants to meet you. In fact, I've invited her here this evening. You'll be staying here, for at least tonight, I presume?"

"If that's OK with you."

"*Certainmont!* The guest room is ready. Shall I show you, then you can refresh up while I prepare us some dinner? Nothing special, just some Trout I liberated from a stream down the hill."

The guest room of low-ceilinged beams was small, with small windows, as befitted the small old cottage of thick walls, but it was - or seemed to Zarid to be - immaculately and tastefully furnished. There were crystal decanters, of Port and Sherry, on a small table by an armchair near the small fireplace where a fire of coalite burned, spreading a warming glow and a restful warmth.

"Help yourself to an aperitif," Esmund said. "There's a jug, and basin, for a wash." And he indicated the old marble-topped stand in one darkened corner.

"Thank you," Zarid said, and meant it, surprised by the hospitality.

"Oh, and if you need a light to see by, there are some candles, in holders, there. I much prefer candlelight, don't you," Esmund said, and smiled.

Then Zarid was alone, amid the country silence, and he took advantage of Esmund's absence to try his newly acquired mobile telephone, surprised to find there was signal strength enough for him to make a call.

The meal of whole baked Trout, with lemon and parsley butter and fresh vegetables, over, they settled with their glasses of vintage Port by the fire in the

candle-lit sitting room.

"This is all very civilized," Zarid jovially said.

"What did you expect?"

"Well - "

"Don't answer that!"

"Really, I would have visited you sooner, if I'd known."

"You are here now."

"Yes." Zarid felt very tired, almost exhausted, and he briefly closed his eyes before the exotic sensual scent brought him back from the verge of sleep.

She was there - the woman of his dream of the night before - standing beside Esmund who held her hand. She wore a green sapphire necklace and a long verdant flowing dress that emphasized her well-proportioned voluptuous body, and Zarid felt her warmth seeping out to touch him.

But something - some fear once deeply hidden, some nameless dread, something from his own ancestral past, and perhaps also some small knowing of his betrayal of his friend - overwhelmed him in the instant of that sensuous breeching searching touch so that he, gasping, screaming - while Esmund laughed - rose to stumble backward to lurch toward and out from the door to run down the path, falling, scampering over the gate, arms flaying, to the track and the road nearly a mile below where a single street light reminded him to pause and think and seek the best way homeward.

In his head: visions and vistas and words and sounds and laughter. She had touched him, if only for an instant, and all the answers he came to seek, he was sent to seek, he knew, along with many answers to questions he wished he did not know.

5: Homeward

Zarid could not sleep, nor relax, on the even longer journey back to his home. Twice - three times, more - he fumbled with his mobile telephone, and twice, three times - more - he did not call his contact as part of him desired. Would he say? What could he say? The whole matter was beyond belief - unbelievable - and the more he thought about it, the more he became convinced no one, least of all Malloy and Malin, would believe him.

So he spent many hours of that tedious journey through the dark of night striving to concoct some convincing story that he might tell. One version had him denying everything; another - that Esmund and Sandra were simply lovers. Or that she was some Priestess, a Mistress of Earth, even, in one of Esmund's many sinister covens. Or that Esmund was going to sell the information Sandra had provided to one of his criminal contacts. But who, then, killed her, and why? The sad, even tragic, thing was that he did know, and this knowledge placed him in danger.

It was in the taxi - well beyond the hour of midnight - on the journey from the Railway Station to his home that he believed he had found a suitable deceptive answer. He would telephone Malin tomorrow, and pleased with himself, he finally began to feel a little relieved. It did not last, for, inside his house, there was no wife waiting to greet him, no child asleep for him to briefly watch, as he often did, before he ascended the stairs to his private eyrie - only Malloy and Malin and two armed Policemen.

"Where are they?" he anxiously asked as he tried to trawl his house before being restrained by Malloy.

"We've taken them into protective custody."

"Why?" he somewhat stupidly asked.

"You found what we wanted, haven't you?" Malin asked him.

"No. I don't know." He felt intimidated, and his resolve to lie began to weaken. He might - probably had been - followed to Esmund's cottage, as they - Malloy and Malin and those who controlled them - might, and probably already did, know the answers, or at least some of them. Why else had they taken his family into protective custody? Or was that itself a ruse, pressure, blackmail, a means to get him to talk? He was beginning to become confused, for his mind again became suffused with visions and vistas and words and sounds and laughter, for she - some alien being - had touched him.

"Can I see my wife?" he asked, trying to calm himself.

"Later, " Malin said, harshly.

You do realize, don't you, Zarid," Malloy interjected, softly, "that this is a matter of national security?"

"Possibly; yes."

"Therefore, surely your duty is to tell us everything that occurred, everything that you learnt."

"Here?"

"No."

So he was taken back to the Police Station where he sat, with another cup of sickly sweet milky tea in another interview room, with Malloy, Malin and another, older, well-dressed and unidentified man who stood by himself in a corner of that room.

"This interview will be recorded," Malloy said, somewhat unnecessarily, as he turned the machine on.

Zarid began, slowly, hesitatingly, telling of Esmund's admission of knowing that Sandra was pregnant; of him receiving information from her; but it was when he spoke of the women - recalling her - that his slow hesitation ceased, and the words flowed fastly, fluidly, from him as if he was being guided, for his mind became suffused again with visions and vistas and words and alien sounds.

"She who touched me is not quite human, you see, as Sandra's child was not, which I'm sure you already knew. They have this plan, you see, to breed a new not quite human species, half human, half alien. She - They, these shapeshifters - need human bodies, at least to begin with. They want to live again, to dwell, again, on Earth: to have form and to cease to be formless. To live, to feel, to love. To guide. Thus, They came back and They will come back, dwelling in human bodies. They need humans to begin with at least like I said as they believe humans need Them. To evolve, together, a symbiosis. That is the key. Symbiosis. They were here thousands upon thousands of years ago, at the

dawning of our consciousness, but They were then unable to complete their work, for there were The Others, who opposed Them, and who opposed her - the prime nexion, The Beginning - and who did their own dark work, botched experiments, botched changing, and whose botched living experiments stayed. They got it wrong, you see, The Others; wrong - for they produced a strange, vindictive and twisted and unstable and mutant brood who survived on Earth by their mendacity and ruthless cunning and who made keeping their mutated blood pure into some kind of religion.

"Those humans were genetically-modified by these Others, the evil ones, and their mutant descendants are among us now, manipulating, controlling, planning. Slowly, they have planned, with their ruthless cunning, with the inbred slyness they possess, and over the last hundred years - especially the last seventy years - they, or their agents, have seized clandestine control of our governments, here in Britain, in America, using the power of money, of the Media - which are both under their control - and using the myths, the ideas, they have invented, to control humans, to manipulate humans not of their own kind. The first stage of their plan is for a world government of control, and that is nearing completion.

"To this end they engineered wars, and get some people or, mostly, their own agents among humans to do vile things just so they can get governments to react to them and introduce more laws, more measures of control, more repression, more tyranny, and all in the double-speak name of "freedom and democracy", the false idols which their servants and their lackeys worship and obey, but which the mutants don't. But they have found willing and brutal allies in many lands - particularly in America. They - or their agents and allies - persecute, and torture, and hound, or revile, or discredit, or kill, or imprison on some pretext or other, anyone who knows their plans or who sees them for what they are. That is, they now have the power, the influence to destroy anyone, any person, any group, any country, they want to - to get them out of the way.

But She - They, her shapeshifters from the acausal - want humans to be genuinely free, as evolved individuals; so She has come back as They will come back to liberate humans from those, The Others, the evil ones, and their mutant servants, so that humans might evolve and take their destined place among the stars and particularly among the acausal dimensions. The mutant, materialistic, causally-tied spawn of The Others, you see, have forgotten their origins, lost their true past, do not know who manufactured them, changed, them, made them what they were and are, but they do fanatically believe they

are chosen, that it is they who should, who must, who have been chosen to, rule this world and its peoples, whatever the human cost and the misery they cause. They really are the spawn of evil; agents of evil - and She and her siblings will stop these bastard descendants of The Others who cannot ever reach out to, or travel among, or exist in, the timeless blissful beautiful realms of the acausal. But humans can - and can eternally exist there, in the acausal when the new symbiosis is complete."

He was finished, exhausted, himself again, and saw Malloy looking at Malin with a look of disbelief.

"I see," Malloy said, annoyed, before stopping the recording.

"You don't believe me - all that - do you?" Zarin quietly said, uneasy and perplexed.

"Frankly, I'd have thought an intelligent man like you would have come up with a better story than crap and fantasy like that." Turning to the unidentified man he said, "We're finished here, I think?"

The man nodded, and left the room.

"You disappoint me, you really do," Malloy said to Zarin.

Zarin was taken to a cell, where he waited, nervously, for something to happen. For what seemed like hours, nothing did, and he gradually succumbed to his exhaustion, to dream of the beautiful woman. She was speaking to him without words and he felt her moving closer, closer to him until he smelt again her quixotic perfume - but the dream, the beautiful vision, was snatched away from him as two men entered his cell to bind his arms behind his back and tie a dark hood over his head.

He tried to struggle, but the injection he was given soon took effect and he was taken through the corridors of a curiously deserted and darkened Police Station to a waiting van.

"Nothing happened here," Malin said to Malloy as, outside in the cold night air, they watched the van being driven away.

"Your people checked the foetus, I take it?" Malloy asked.

"Perfectly normal," Malin lied.

Esmund knew he was under surveillance, and the reason why - even before Zarid's arrival - and his years of experience of living on and often beyond the fringes of the law had made him prepared for most eventualities. So, from behind the false wall in the cellar of his cottage, he collected the items he considered he might need to evade and escape from those watching him so that he might keep the rendezvous with Raynould on that ancient hill circle where she, their dark goddess, had first touched Raynould and where in the coming hours of darkness she would give birth to his half-human child. For a few seconds, Esmund felt a little jealous of the man he had never met, but he calculatingly placed that human emotion aside.

He selected a variety of weapons - his favoured long-barrelled revolver with hand-loaded rounds; a handy pump-action shotgun; a grenade or two - and a passport, and driving license, for a new identity as well as a small rucksack containing a variety of clothes, bottled water, and toiletry items. Then, as the bright Sun of that early morning rose into the clear sky that had brought the nightly frost, he - revolver in hand, shotgun slung over his shoulder, rucksack on his back - sauntered casually out into the garden, followed by his dog.

"Stay!" he said, and his canine friend obeyed. There would, Esmund knew, be a woman, a lover from the village below, to care for his dog, for however long he was away.

Scorning the path, Esmund vaulted over the fence into the steeply sloping grazing field that adjoined the eastern side of his garden and began to run up, and right at an angle, toward the summit of his hill. There was no cover there for those who might follow him from below, and he had run almost two hundred yards when he saw them begin their delayed pursuit. He had assumed there would be others, covering the summit and the descent from the hill, and he was correct, for he had almost reached to tall centuries-old spreading Ash that grew beside the old summit pathway when he saw two armed Policemen who moved to block his way.

"Armed Police!" one of them shouted, raising his weapon. "Stop! Armed Police!"

Esmund did not stop. Instead, he dropped down, took aim and quickly fired three rounds from his revolver. The bullets hit their targets and he rose to run forward. One of his opponents was dead, shot in the forehead, but the other, only lying injured, was struggling to raise his weapon just as Esmund reached him. Esmund pointed his revolver at the man's head saying, "Sorry mate, nothing personal," before taking the man's holstered Glock pistol and his HK MP5 submachine gun and side-stepping to turn and fire at the armed plainclothes Police Officers still running up the hill toward him. He shot one in the leg before moving sharp left and sprinting toward the woods that covered part of the western side of the hill.

The woods gave him the opportunity he needed - for he knew them well - and he zigzagged down, through the trees, stopping once to stand and listen. He heard shouts, above, and the sound of someone, or two, noisily moving through the leaf-litter and breaking small fallen twigs. There would be Police dogs, and a helicopter, and more men, he knew - but not now; not for a while. So he made it to his first destination without being seen: a path beside a stream to take him to where a vehicle waited, left for just such a time as this, hidden in a rented barn.

It did not take him long, in the old inconspicuous Land Rover, to reach the junction where the narrow rutted pot-holed tarmaced lane that for nearly two miles had weaved between fields of pasture gave way to a minor road, and he turned westerly, driving until he found a place suitable enough to stop. It was a wide gated field entrance, and he parked to begin his change of identity. It took him longer than he remembered to trim his beard with scissors and then completely shave it off, but - pleased with the results - he changed his shirt, and jacket, and, with a tweed cap upon his head, his weapons out of sight, the transformation was complete.

No one stopped him as he travelled South, and he became just one driver in one of the multitude of vehicles that thronged the roads of England.

6: Aperiatur Terra, Et Germinet Atazoth

Esmund was early for the rendezvous, in the hour before dusk, and spent a cautious hour scouting out the area. He had parked his vehicle down a secluded track near the foot of the hill, taking only his rucksack, his revolver with spare ammunition, the Glock pistol, and a hand-grenade, before bobby-trapping the

vehicle with his remaining grenade.

Satisfied with his reconnaissance, he settled down to wait by a spreading but wind-twisted Hawthorn bush, a good distance away from the hill's ancient fortified summit. There was the crescent Moon above the western horizon, and then stars in the clear darkening sky, and he continued to wait in the cold darkness for what seemed, and what was, a long time, before stretching himself and moving forward a little distance. They were, by now, many hours late, and he was deciding how much longer he would wait when he sensed someone behind him, and spun round, revolver raised, and ready.

Nothing; no one; no sound. And so he returned to his cautious waiting vigil until he saw something, some shape, fastly coming toward him from the summit of the hill. The shape was tawny white-ish and as it got nearer Esmund saw it was an Owl. There was no sound, just that bird of prey coming straight toward him and looking straight at him. He was surprised by its size, its wingspan, and it was within only three feet of him, its talons extended as if to land on his head, when he instinctively ducked down and it veered away to his left. When, only seconds later, he looked again it was gone, down - he assumed - into the copse of trees that clung to the lower slopes of the hill.

Then she was standing beside him, and he rose to his feet without fear. She kissed him, then, and pressed her body into his, her tongue caressing his, and her hand stroking his face.

"We are alone and no harm can come to you here," her melodious voice said as unspoken words within his head, and she gave him a vision of her past hour and more.

Of how she had gently painlessly given birth while Raynould watched. Of how he had taken the human-looking girl-child to a place she had provided for him where his role would be to care for that child as he would care for the other such children born that night and in the few days to all those women - except Sandra - who were seeded. Of how those children had grown quickly in their adopted wombs and how they would, as children, also quickly grow over the next few years until they were ready enough to go forth into the world, each one a nexion waiting to open, to be physically seeded, and to seed in their various and magickal ways those powerful acausal energies which would, in causal-time, break down the barriers of The Others and steadily weaken through many causal presencings the causal that now held so many humans in thrall. Thus would her children gather the allies they needed, in secret at first;

thus would they begin the great change that would break-down the very causal order itself; and thus would they breed a new and more evolved race, a new species to seed themselves among the very stars.

There would be those who feared this; those who hated her children and her allies. Those prepared to fight until the last drop of human blood. Those hate-filled ones who would strive to find, to ruthlessly hunt, down her children and their children's children, just as they had found Sandra whom Esmund had seeded: the Sandra whom she changed with her acausal and shapeshifting arts after he, magically adept, had called to her, longed for her, one night having felt her presence, her return to Earth. So had he touched her essence, and so she found him, came unto him, while he lay asleep in Sandra's arms, and so did she change that life that only a few causal moments earlier he and Sandra had brought forth into causal-being.

"But you have proved yourself, to me," her melodious voice said as unspoken words within his head, "and you henceforth are my companion and only with you will I henceforth share this my physical form."

So she kissed him again, and he saw as if in replay his escape from his - from her - cottage, and felt again his one jealous moment, as he saw Sandra's death and Zarid being bound, tied, hooded, and injected. But he, Esmund Yaxley, was human - all-too-human, perhaps - and he surrendered his body and his love to her, there, on the dark night while a crescent moon descended, as Sirius did, into that almost-Winter's starry sky.

He awoke to find himself naked under a warm duvet in a bright room of large windows which showed, below, a cityscape under a clear blue sky of an English Winter. For a moment, he felt disorientated, as if both Time and Space had somehow slipped or been distorted and, after looking out of one of the windows which, except for a door, almost seamlessly surrounded the room, he lay down again on the large bed.

He slept then, and dreamed - of the past, a present and a future - and awoke to find himself hot, as the city below basked in the warmth of early Summer. He understood then, in that moment, and was not surprised when she, suddenly, was there beside him, incarnate again, naked in the bed, pressing her body into

his and kissing him as they made sensuous love in that, his, city-penthouse. There was, he knew, on a floor below, a child, a female child, growing, nurtured by his lover's breast milk and cared for by her sibling Nanny, as there was, in the city, many deeds of hate and violence while they, the lovers, loved as they loved, entwined within each other's body and each other's being, just as there was, suddenly and for him, no distinction between Time, place and Space: no him, or her; only a being which lived as it, they, as Them, The Dark Gods, lived: within the acausal Times and Spaces. He was alive, then, joyful, ecstatic, breeding with her, in her, the nexions that were needed; alive, joyful, ecstatic, while Zarid - his knowledge a danger to his captors - was languishing, drugged, in some enclosing psychiatric cell, and Sandra his former lover lay dead, her body and her foetus clinically, methodically, dissected.

Thus did they, her - his - enemies, still seek him with a lustful hate and need, and thus did she - his new lover, mistress - protect him as only she could protect him, and thus did he, when he awoke, feel again the pain of his new lover's absence.

So he dressed in one of his many expensive hand-made suits to linger awhile on a floor below with his three young daughters while they played as precocious children played, and their protecting shapeshifting Nanny waited, silent, smiling, watchful, in a corner of that plush room. Soon, they his daughters would venture forth, each to a life, a world, a task, of their own - as he would return to this building to seed her again as the acausal seeped ever more deeply in the causal world he once knew and loved.

He knew, then, as he walked out that particular time-slipping morning into the busy street of that capital city under the warm Sun of an English Summer, that Raynould had been found, caught, tortured, and killed, and his - her - daughter captured. So he was not surprised to find her, his lover, walking beside him as he walked among the bustling hordes of city-dwelling human beings.

There was a human pain, an anguish, in her, which he felt, and he held her hand as they walked along that street where several men, and women, stared, to stop, to look at her, awed by her beauty, her being, her scent. Then, suddenly, he was with her in a bright forensic room where her first-born daughter lay, stretched out and naked and restrained, but alive, on an operating table while men in white gowns and masks stood around and two men in suits stood by a door in one corner.

They, the men in gowns, were cutting the young woman, her daughter of child-

bearing age, and she bled, as a human would - as another scalpel was raised, a probe extended to reach into her body. Her daughter turned, then, and smiled - aware of her mother's presence - but the humans saw only Esmund who, angry, snatched the scalpel to slash wildly at throats, faces. The two men in suits came toward him, one - Malin - brandishing a gun, but Esmund was too quick for them as he raged toward them to knock them to the ground, and the carnage - his berserker carnage - was soon over, even as an alarm sounded, the last gesture of one human scientist now lying dead.

Then Esmund, his lover and her daughter were gone from that particular and causal Time and Space, to leave only questions: only more unanswered perplexing questions for Malin and his ilk.

7: Agios Ischyros Baphomet

They - Esmund, his lover and her daughter - rejoiced, and he was with them for what to him seemed a very long time in a place within acausal Time and Space. But it was only a few heartbeats of his dense causal Earth-bound life that passed while he languished in a beautiful blissful timeless eternity where his knowing, his feeling, stretched, or seemed to stretch, from one end of his Earth-containing Galaxy to the other, and where he was, in that singular acausal instant, all life, all living, all beings-coming-into-being, all the living life given and giving birth.

Then he, changed in some way he did not then understand, was back in his, in her, bed, in that bright city penthouse, while her naked and already healed daughter kissed him and he entered her, taking her human virginity, as her mother lay beside them, touching him, one lover to another. He had never known such bliss, such love, such existence, before in his own brief causal existence, and he lingered within her, this young woman, even as his seed seeded her womb which would bring forth a new kind of life. *Agios Ischyros Baphomet, Agios Ischyros Baphomet* he, his very being, intoned.

Causal Space and causal Time slipped again, as he knew they must - and he was sitting outside his modest mud-brick dwelling in the shade of a Palm tree dressed in a galabiyah while, nearby, the younger of his two new young half-Nubian daughters played amid the desert sand and one of his two female domestic helpers carried a large pot to bring back water from the nearby artesian well. His afternoon would be filled with duties, as he instructed his two

young male students in the ancient skills and arts of esoteric acausal magick, and - despite his satisfaction with such duties and his role - he still missed his former brief enchanted life in England. It was but a necessary stage - and part of him, most of him, had desired to return with her to her acausal spaces even as her daughter gave birth to their first child. But he stayed, for he was not yet ready or able of his own free will to forever pass beyond, to exist beyond, the causal; stayed, while she herself returned as she the primal nexion had to return to become the strange life-force burgeoning within them all. Stayed, for he would be, as he now was, the beginning of that hidden reclusive Order which would, when the causal Time was right, emerge as the Old Order faded, crumbled, and died, aided and partly caused by those others of the new half-human symbiotic race who now dwelt with their growing number of children, and human helpers and allies, on every continent on Earth.

Already the presence of this new acausal centre, this spreading nexion, was felt, as her daughter - now his wife, and Nubian - achieved a local, and for the moment, clandestine following, there on the fringes of that desert. Such beauty; such wordless power. Men, women, loved, obeyed her - and she had only to think a thought for them to strive to make it real just as each one of them would willingly, gladly, give their life for her, knowing the blissful acausal life which would await them. Thus it was as it had been, there, once before - and as it would be again, on another planet in another causal Time and Space.

Soon, he would as foretold retreat into his own world of reclusive and secret desert-dwelling teaching to leave her majestic, ageless with her ageless daughters as their influence spread, as it would spread until her, their, causal Earth-bound tasks were achieved. But, for now, he was happy to prepare her way: she who would open, be, the new nexion to presence the acausal fully upon the Earth, bringing thus that futuristic culture, that star-travelling, star-dwelling, culture that many humans had dreamt about, beginning as such a culture was of new explorations into the very acausal itself, explorations which could, which would then in that future causal-time - as it would for Esmund and all of his esoteric kind now when they had achieved their Earthly goal - lead them toward and into the next stage of their journey of evolution.

"You know," Malin said as Zarid lay, in his windowless cell, half-stupefied by the drugs forced into him, "and considering your ancestry you should know,

you had it the wrong way round; inverted. We're the good guys."

"Are you? Are you really?" Zarid managed to say. "But you didn't have to kill her or her unborn child, did you?"

But Malin only smiled and left to let three men enter. They did their work quickly, quietly, efficiently, and Zarid was soon dead, only one more casualty of a war that had already begun.

Algar Merridge
Year of Fayen 118

Note: This brief MS, written by an Adept, and entitled *In The Sky of Dreaming*, is published, in full, here for the first-time. Like *The Deofel Quartet* it is an instructional text written in a non-conventional fictional form. One of its purposes is to outline the reality of The Dark Gods, a reality somewhat obscured by the literary mystifications and misapprehensions of Lovecraft and others.

Sabirah

1

She could smell the rain even though it was still many many miles and hours distant, and - as the Sun descended down to bring the shadows of night upon her chosen town - she carefully left her house in Church Street. It was not that she needed the money, or even, then on that evening, the life-force that she would drain away from him until he almost expired. Rather, she desired - craved - the excitement that another such encounter would most certainly bring.

The streets and paths of Shrewsbury centre were alive, for it was warm and humid: following the end of another bright and sunny Summer's day, and the people she hid from during the daylight hours were taking advantage of their evening. Couples - mostly young - happy in their love; groups of friends, enjoying companionship, life, and the many varied gifts of such a modern town where many Cafés and Inns in the Summer season placed tables outside, such were the hopes for, the memories of, balmy English nights. And she was, there, among them, only one more face, only a beautiful face of curvaceous lips, only a slim - if elegantly dressed - silhouette, there among the throng where the lane from her town centre dwelling took her past Butcher Row toward the steps that led to the medieval and old timber framed houses of Fish Street.

Behind her, as she descended those well-worn stairs, there was laughter from among the people seated on their seats outside the Bear Steps café, and she was about to turn left to walk down the street when a group of five casually dressed young men sauntered toward her as they egressed that narrow shut of overhanging buildings named Grope Lane.

"Give us a kiss, darling!" one of them shouted as he stopped - slightly swaying in his inebriation - before her, blocking her path.

"Does your baby-sitter know you're not in your cot?" she quipped, pushing past him and deliberately walking down Grope Lane while his companions laughed.

"Who the fuck do you think you are, talking to me like that!" he shouted, angry, his pride hurt, as he - turning to follow her - caught her arm.

"I would advise you to let go of my arm," she said, slowly, staring into his eyes.

Instead, he pushed her into a doorway while his still laughing friends gathered round.

"Go on!" one of them said. "Give her one!"

"Show us your tits!" said another.

"Yeah - show us!" laughed another.

"You wanna see 'em?" the insulted man laughingly asked his friends.

"Yeah!"

"Sure!"

"Go for it!"

So he moved to rip away the thin covering of her expensive dress whose upper part barely concealed her fullsome breasts, but she only smiled at him as her slender right hand caught his left wrist to suddenly twist then bend his strong youthful arm back. The crack was audible, and she pushed him away where he fell onto the cobbles of that lane, groaning in his agony.

She stepped forward then, out of the doorway and, instinctively, the young men moved away until - for some dark reason on that warm languid humid night - another primal instinct assailed them to make one of them lunge toward her, wielding a knife, while another went to grasp her by the neck. The knife caught her, plunged into her left side, but she calmly pushed both attackers away with such force that they bounded against the opposite wall before raggedly falling to the ground. Then, just as calmly, she removed the knife from her side. There was no blood.

They knew fear, then. A cold, stark, wordless body-and-mind creasing fear that made those standing back off and those sprawled on cobbles crawl away as fast as they could move using hands, feet, knees. Such fear: to take them then away, running, stumbling, panicking, down Grope Lane toward a bustling High Street where, even then among the crowds and the bright street lights, they - faces the colour of corpses - did not stop.

Thus did she throw the knife away, before continuing, alone, on her journey.

2

She was pleased when he, her tryst for that night, quickly opened the door in answer to her ringing of the bell. It was a small house, terraced, in a lane above Town Walls and he - in his late twenties, unmarried - was smartly dressed, as she had asked. A lock of her strawberry-blonde hair had fallen across her face - the only sign of her previous encounter - and she, smiling, swept it aside, saying, "Are you going to let me in, then?"

"Yes. Yes, of course."

"I thought we might have a drink here, before we went on to the restaurant."

"What?" Then - "Yes, yes, of course."

She had made him uneasy - as was her intent - and she, rather amused, watched as he, trying to find glasses, a suitable bottle of wine, bumbled rather nervously about the small sitting-room and kitchen of his house, furnished according to his modern minimalist taste.

She had been sitting, the previous night - as she often did - in a dim corner of an Inn in Butcher's Row, waiting. Waiting, dressed as she almost always was on such nights: exotic perfume; jewelled necklace; red lipstick upon her lips; a dress contouring her body, revealing of both breasts and thighs. He had arrived straight from the Solicitor's office where he worked and saw her almost immediately. She did not smile, then, as his senses drunk-in the sight of her body, but instead she turned away. So he - and she - waited, as a few more people arrived, conversations were begun, continued; alcoholic beverages were consumed. And it was as her own, before her, was finished, that he made his expected move.

"Would you like another drink?" he asked, after he in his working but still expensive suit, sauntered, casually, over to her table.

"Yes," she smiled.

"G and T?"

"Rum. Oh, and make sure it is Pusser's. They have some."

He looked - momentarily - surprised, which pleased her, and on his return she surprised him further by saying, "Would you like to take me out to a restaurant for a meal, tomorrow evening?"

"Yes," he said, hesitatingly.

"You seem surprised," she said.

"Well. No - not really."

So she had named a restaurant, and a time, asked for his address, and spent one half of one hour asking about his life, his career, his aims, while he sipped his large glass of White wine and she drank three tots of neat Rum. "I shall call for you, tomorrow, then," she had said, kissing him briefly on his cheek, before leaving him seated, and not a little bewildered, in that Shrewsbury town centre Inn.

The memory pleased her as she sat on his sofa waiting for him to do his duty and provide her with a glass of fine wine, and - when he finally did - she took it gracefully and indicated that he should sit beside her. He - normally so arrogant, so determined, so full of pride - silently did as commanded, and it was not long before she put down her own glass and his and drew him to her to kiss him, her tongue seeking his. So his unaccustomed nervousness gave way to an intense sexual arousal, and it was then that she, gently, pushed him away, saying, "Shall we go and eat, now, and - afterwards - I would like you to spend the night with me at my house."

He was hers, then, and they spent a pleasant enough evening eating fine food and drinking fine wine in a fine and elegant restaurant, while he talked about his life, his dreams, his hopes, and she listened as she listened, until the time came for them to leave when a taxi conveyed them to her own town house where darkness awaited. There were only candles, which she lit to light their way as she led him, not - as he expected - to her bed upstairs but down into the warm clean brick-vaulted cellars that fanned out from beneath her dwelling to stretch beneath the road above, and it was there, upon an antique chaise-longue, that she possessed him after stripping away his clothes.

He was very willingly possessed, for he ardently desired her body and let himself be held down, naked, while she removed her silky thong and lifted up her dress to sit upon him after easing his penis inside her. Thus did she and gently - and, he felt, lovingly - drain from him one bodily fluid to then lie beside him and kiss him for a long time, sucking from him his breath of life until there remained only a little of the vital energy keeping his body, his mind, alive. She left him then deeply deeply exhausted to sleep in the darkness while in a niche a large quartz crystal slowly began to glow. Thus did she satisfied venture forth upstairs to bathe so that when the time for the Sun's rising arrived again she was alone, replenished, ready to dream as she dreamed in her darkened room of those alternate realms of her birth, her alternate existence, knowing that he, her opfer below, would provide for her in the days, the weeks, to follow while his own weak life-force lasted. And then, his purpose fulfilled, her crystal

charged, his money, property, gone, he would be cast off to return to what remained of his Earthly life, where he - as others before him - would in the following weeks languish for months, alone, tormented by nightly sleeping travels into dimensions, places, where no unprepared human should ever go, until - at last, as an almost welcome release - he would die, all alone in the night. There would be no questions; no crime; only one more man, dead, alone.

Thus would she, and only then, return, in the dark of her night, to some Inn - some enclosing warm dim place where young and middle aged men went or gathered - to sit, to preen, to wait. And when she decided her chosen town or city was denuded enough, she would move on, through the years, the decades, centuries, living as she lived, one being of pleasure, of darkness, death, love and night, awaiting he who might - who could, who would - freely, willingly, travel with her to that acausal place of her birth.

She would be free then, returned, at last - as he, her chosen, would be, become, a new eternal being, birthed.

Algar Merridge
119 Year of Fayen

Jenyah

The warm Sun of middle-Spring warmed her as she walked down Broad Street in the county town of Ludlow to the entrance of the Feathers Hotel with its early seventeenth century timber façade. The oldness – the dark oak beams, the never-quite-straight walls, the sense of enclosing dimness – still pleased her, although the changes made during the decades of the last century did not, and she resisted the transformation that would have made the young man at Reception, in his shiny ill-fitting inexpensive suit, follow her unbidden to her room.

Instead, she kept her appearance, and the accent, of an attractive – but not too attractive – mature lady of the County set who probably owned a horse, or three, stabled somewhere in the grounds of her large country house, and the registration procedure lasted no more than a dull five minutes. He was too young, anyway,

unable to provide the diversion, the passion, and the acausal-energy, she needed, for already the faint trembling in her hands had begun: the first reminder of her enduring timeless need. And even as she walked up the stairs alone, carrying her small travel bag, she began to feel the centuries weighing down upon her, ageing her ever so slowly.

But she had planned well, as she always did, for there would be men, tonight, some eager – as they almost always were – for that thrill of a tryst in the long evenings following their meetings or conference or whatever it was that drew them away from their homes and their wives. A few lies; one betrayal – first, or one among many – it did not matter to them; for there was their pride, their lust, their still living animal nature. No evolution, upwards: except for those few whose wordless perceiving bade them walk away, or those few who though enticed still had strength enough to resist. No, no evolution, upwards – she knew, except for such few. And she smiled, remembering the delightful dreams she gave to those few.

So she prepared herself as she always prepared herself while she sat in her room alone, knowing that her long-serving servant would tidy her room and see to all formalities after her chosen task was complete. Thus did she prepare: her dress suited to the young woman she was, as were the shoes, and the make-up which she, with expert ease, applied to her face and which reflected the times which had changed this particular chosen and familiar Hotel. And when she was ready she descended the stairs to enter the recently refurbished Bar where gathered some of the already alcohol-soaked conference-attendees.

The room – with its low ceiling, its carved oaken-bar, its discreet lighting – did not particularly displease her, and she sat alone, in a plush wooden armchair, at a table in one corner, already noticed by several of the Bar-thronging men. Perhaps it was her esoteric perfume. Perhaps it was her short purple dress, which seemed to scintillate in the light and which clung to the voluptuous contours of her youthful body. Perhaps it was the way she walked in her stiletto shoes. Or the red lipstick upon her lips. Or her long red hair that fell around her shoulders. Whatever it was, it was not long before a man came to greet her.

His suit was not inexpensive, as his blond hair had only just begun to recede and – to any ordinary woman, perhaps – he would have appeared as not unattractive; a fairly prosperous youngish family man, making his way in the Corporate world.

“Hi, I’m James,” he said, self-assuredly and by way of introduction as he stood by her table holding a flûte of champagne. “Can I get you something to drink?”

It was not the worst gambit she had heard, and she smiled at him. “Yes. A Tom Collins.”

“Certainly!”

So he left to place her order to return to ask, “May I join you?”

“Why yes! Are you here for the conference?”

“Hmm,” he muttered.

“You do not seem particularly enthusiastic.”

“I’m not. Bloody boring.”

“But necessary and required.”

“Unfortunately, yes.” He drained his glass, and signalled to the barman to bring him more. “May I ask your name?” he enquired as he sat looking at her nipples, which – erect – prominently impinged upon the thin material of her dress.

“Jenyah,” she breathed, softly, letting the scented warmth of her breath touch his face as she leaned toward him.

He smiled then, sure of his success, but began fumbling with his wedding ring.

“Perhaps,” she said, now knowing and having sensed enough, and as loud laughter from the three men standing at the Bar reached them, “it would be agreeable to you if we went back to my house?”

“Why, yes. Of course. Certainly!”

“My car is outside.”

“Splendid!”

So she led him out from the side entrance of that Hotel to where her car was parked among some others – elegant in its refined blackness and whose tall muscular chauffeur – her servant, his eyes hidden behind designer sunglasses – held open the rear door for her and her chosen companion of the evening. Thus were they conveyed in comfort on that long journey through the dark of the country night until they reached that steep hill of the narrow lane and her house above a valley.

He did not see much of its old-fashioned but clean and fastidiously tidy interior, and neither did he desire to, for his already intense sexual desire had been heightened by the luxury of her car and the wealth so obvious from her dwelling, and he willingly let himself be led along a narrow skein of corridors to a panelled room whose only light came from a burning, large, coal-fire. Even the oppressive heat nor her strength did not concern him as she roughly pushed him toward the large Oak bed to salaciously rip away his clothes and remove her own.

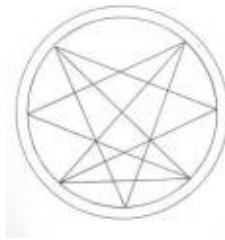
Her beauty of body – her voluptuousness, her sexuality – was everything he imagined, everything he desired, and her intoxicating scent seemed to increase until he was wrapped, cocooned, within it. She was upon him, then, holding him down, his arms outstretched and pinned to the silken covering of the bed by her hands wrapped around his wrists while she manoeuvred her body to place his erection inside her where he felt the warmth of her warm sensuous wetness. For what seemed a long long moment he experienced an intensity of joy, of physical pleasure, such as he had never known before, making him close his eyes in exultation as she moved upon him. But then – then as he arched his back again in sheer physical exultation and delight – intense pain followed by agony engulfed him and blood from his severed penis flowed out of her.

But she was laughing, laughing, still holding him down, overpowering him as he writhed in pain, until she moved to lick his bloody wound – cauterizing it with her strange oral fluid – to kiss him, and it was in that briefest of brief moments before he fainted – weak, and overcome with the shock of this, and of his seeing – that he saw not a young sensuous woman but something else, not quite human, draining away the acausal-energy of his life through her blood-soaked kiss.

She, satiated, left him then to the ministrations of her servant who effortlessly carried the limp and bloodied but just-living body down stone steps and along a short brick-lined dimly lit tunnel to an unlit cell whose thick and still sturdy iron door bars were pitted with the seeping rust of age. There was a bed, a bucket, a stained blanket – but nothing else – and it was here, amid the cold dank stifling blackness, that he would hours later awake, shivering, lying on the slimy cobbles of the floor, while she – freshly bathed and dressed – walked outside, smiling, happy, renewed, among the wind-speaking moonlit trees of her dark ancestral hill.

There, in that unlit cell, he would live, for a while, while his usefulness lasted. And it was there in the first of his many many days that he would cry out into the darkness for hours, until exhaustion overcame him. There did he languish, lamenting his stupid choices, his lies, his betrayal of his wife and family. There he would briefly vainly plead to God, to any god, deity, for release, and there he would eat and drink the little that was provided him, pushed through the bars of his door by her servant, as it was there – in that unlit blackness – he would hear, or thought he heard, the weak sighs, the cries, of another, until, one day or one night, the soft sighs, the soft distant muffled cries, came no more to torment him.

There he would he close his eyes, sometimes, in sleep when what little strength remained failed him. And there: there were the nightmares, the pitiless nightmares of how she still enticing and scented would come upon him in the blackness to kiss him to suck from him the remaining drops of the life within. He would sleep then, peacefully – but only for a while, only for a while: longing after that short moment of rest never to awake, again.



The hot Sun of late Summer warmed her while she sat outside the trendy Café, waiting. Her chosen and familiar Hotel was nearby, and she would retire to it soon, as darkness descended upon the city. But, for now, she was content enough to let the warm Sun please her, as if almost always did as its healthy rays reached her youthful face, arms, hands and legs while she sat, fashionably if skimpily dressed, as were the other young women who passed, there on that evening in that city by the river whose water flowed, as her life, from one beginning to another: a precious gift, finding its own level, its own way, while bringing death, to some.



Algar Merridge
March 119, Year of Feyen

Aeonic Notes IX

A New Imperium

The Imperium which Vindex will create will be different from previous Empires because it will be a conscious creation: the result of a reasoned, honourable, civilized, approach: that is, it will be based upon honour, and will be the result of the esoteric understanding we have achieved over hundreds, indeed thousands, of years.

This means it will not impose itself by force of arms upon others. Rather, it means it will be composed of thinking warriors who uphold honour and who prefer combat to dishonourable modern war. In particular, it means a federation of countries, or nations, who co-operate together in the pursuit of a numinous goal: not an Empire in the old sense of domination and conquest and occupation.

The old type of Empire belongs in the past: it is unsuitable for an honourable, rational, people. Furthermore, the old type of Empire is founded upon a basic error.

The basic mistake is to believe that war can solve problems or be of benefit. Thus to have war as a political policy is stupid. This mistake about war arises from two things: (1) a lack of perspective, and thus a viewing of events in current rather than historical terms; (2) failing to act in accord with the ethics of honour.

Every old type of Empire has a time of glory; as it has to maintain itself by occupation, war, and repression. Every such Empire declines, and is then destroyed. Sometimes an Empire may last a few decades; sometimes a century or more. Rarely, a few centuries. After the destruction of the Empire, there follows a period of chaos, of barbarism, of regression, with only a few positive attributes of the Empire remaining: some stories of glory, perhaps; or some literature; some monuments, or some technological or scientific achievement. But a great detail is lost.

What applies to an Empire applies to the results of terrestrial wars – such as the occupation of a foreign country after victory in a war or after an invasion. Such occupation may well last for a while: a few years; a decade; several decades. But it will inevitably end, through either a successful uprising (often after several failed attempts) or through the withdrawal of the occupiers, for military, economic, or political reasons, and while some elements of the occupying forces may remain (in terms of their culture, ideas, and so on), a great deal is lost. In the meantime, thousands upon thousands of people have been injured, killed, repressed or dishonourably confined in prisons. Furthermore, it is the honourable right and duty of those under occupation to resist, using lethal force - and to try and take away this right and duty, by making it "illegal", as all occupying forces do, is dishonourable in itself, the act of the bully, the tyrant. It is also the right of individuals to possess weapons, and one of the many dishonourable things an army of occupation does is make possession of weapons illegal.

This old imperial process is incredibly wasteful, and stupid, because the positive, evolutionary, civilized, changes which Empires sometimes bring can be achieved in not only less wasteful ways but also in ways which can ensure much greater, and longer lasting, evolutionary change.

In brief, imperial conquest and colonialism are short-term solutions: in Aeonic terms – in the timescale of civilizations and Aeons – they are failures, detrimental to the long-term evolution that is required.

In terms of acquiring new living-space – often used as an argument in favour of Empires and conquest and colonialism - the honourable, futuristic solution is the colonization of Outer Space.

In terms of war, the new Imperium – or Stellar Federation or Cosmic Federation or Cosmic Reich or whatever we want to call it – would use force only as a last means of self-defence of its own territory or homeland, or when there needs to be an honourable combat between it and its enemies.

In addition, it needs to be understood that modern warfare is for the most part dishonourable, employing as it does cowardly methods – such as aerial bombing – which an honourable warrior would refuse to use, condone, or accept. The warriors of the new Imperium, the troops of Vindex, will seek honourable combat, a fair fight, rather than impersonal war. Honourable combat means personal fighting between groups of warriors, or armies. It means an end to the dishonour which has blighted armies for hundreds of years. It means a return to civilized treatment of captured or surrendering soldiers – allowing them to retain their honour, and go free. It means a conscious decision – based upon honour – to do only that which is honourable, and which befits an honourable warrior.

Honour, and Learning from History

I give one example of learning from history: NS Germany. One mistake was to initiate a war, and to seek new living-space in already occupied lands.

Of course, war against NS Germany was inevitable – just like the recent war against Iraq was inevitable. In the case of Iraq the cabal spent over ten years – from the time of the Gulf War – trying to starve the people into submission, and destroying the defensive capability of the Iraqi defence forces.

But Germany should have waited, and most certainly not launched offensives in other countries. The cabal would then have had to resort to invading Germany, which would have taken perhaps a few more years to organize, giving NS Germany more time to create a genuine NS society, and prepare to defend Germany. More alliances should have been sought, and NS exported as a revolutionary creed. Had the cabal invaded Germany, they would have been on dubious moral ground, and effective resistance could have been undertaken against the occupying forces.

The effort that went into the war should have been directed toward building a stronger Germany, and showing, by example, that NS worked. In addition, scientific research should have been undertaken into spacecraft.

But this, of course, is hindsight. What happened, happened. We have to learn the lessons. One lesson is to evolve NS itself – which has been done, based upon the ideal of honour and the vision of a Galactic Empire or Federation, created by a NS homeland which seeks allies among the various peoples and cultures of Earth on the basis of honour and mutual respect (see, for example, the recent writings of Dave Myatt).

In the recent case of Iraq, Saddam should have used that time to find allies, for example Syria and Iran, and done what was necessary to make such an alliance work. Preparation should have gone into creating effective resistance forces. [It may well be that this resistance work was done, judging by recent events in Iraq.]

Conclusion

It is to understood that the policies of Vindex, of the new Imperium, will result primarily from honour, and also from a rational understanding of those forces which have and do shape our history and evolution. In addition, the perspective – the motivation – of Vindex and the new Imperium is futuristic, of centuries, of evolution itself, and not the result of some short-sighted political opportunism or some unconscious instinct or desire.

One purpose of esoteric Orders such as the ONA is to understand these forces and to transmit this understanding via various means, which includes the Grand Master, or Magus, of the Order giving advice based on the esoteric understanding and the wisdom they have achieved.

In essence, the new Imperium will be a practical manifestation of the Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour. That is, it will be founded by, and maintained by, thinking, honourable, warriors: who themselves will be a new archetype, a new type of human being. These new warriors will not compromise their honour to achieve temporary – and Aeonically worthless – gains.

ONA

114yf

Version 3.07

Revised 123 Year of Feyen



A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms

Introductory Note:

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

Abyss

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

Acausal

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

Acausal Thinking

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

Aeon

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

Alchemical Seasons

Alchemical seasons are a measure of acausal-knowing, and are known via the faculty of esoteric-empathy. Some alchemical seasons form the natural terran calendar of the Rounwytha and of others of our esoteric kind.

Alchemical seasons often 'measure' or signify the change of fluxions.

For more details, see the ONA MSS *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

Archetype

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Balobians

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Black Book of Satan

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea,

ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Core ONA Traditions

Also known as The Five Core ONA Principles.

The basic principles on which the ONA is based. They are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour (qv); (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

Culture

For us, a *cultured person* is someone who possesses the following five distinguishing marks or qualities: (1) they have empathy, (2) they have the instinct for disliking rottenness, (3) they possess and use the faculty of reason, (4) they value pathemathos; and (5) they are part of living ancestral tradition and are well-acquainted with and appreciate the culture of that tradition, manifest as this often is in art, literature/aural traditions, music, and a specific ethos.

It is these personal qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals - and from Homo Hubris - here on terra firma but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings.

For us, the cultivation and development of empathy is a Dark Art, part of the training of the Initiate. This particular Dark Art is a skill that rites such as that of Internal Adept develop. See, for example, the ONA text *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*.

In respect of 'the instinct for disliking rottenness' see the ONA text *Concerning Culling As Art* (122yf). This instinct is made manifest - conscious - by means of our code of kindred-honour aka sinister-honour.

Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, *a sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv) and Esoteric Empathy. The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguish the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.]

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister/O9A tribe or gang is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Ethos

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular

weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it. See also *ONA Ethos*.

Exeatic

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

Exoteric/Esoteric

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner/acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

Falcifer

- 1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.
- 2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between *Falcifer* and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

Five Core ONA Principles

See *Core ONA Traditions*.

God

According to the ONA, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain

attempt to understand it, and themselves.

Hebdomadry

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

Homo Hubris

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen - this creation of the modern West - is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry - and mass "culture" - of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the "spin", the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

Hubriati

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their servants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost exclusively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

Hubriati-syndrome

The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief of some Occultists that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical statement, replete with abstractions, which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeon, aims and goals.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

Left Hand Path (LHP)

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes. In addition, the LHP is where the individual learns from the practical deeds and practical challenges that are an integral to it.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understood and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrld) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The essence of what we term the Magian ethos is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, religions, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such religions.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

Muliebral

By the term muliebral we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*.

Among muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning/Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

These abilities, qualities, and skills are those of a Rounwytha, and they or some of them were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and *Ἀμαζόνες*; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is such skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Naos

- 1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.
- 2) The title of the ONA text "*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*".
- 3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around or near to this particular star.

Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Nine Angles

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrd plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

Niner

A freelance operative whose culture is that of the ONA, and who thus strives to live by our Code of Kindred-Honour and whose personal character manifests the ONA Ethos.

Also sometimes used as an alternative name for a Drecc, although most Niners, unlike Dreccs, do not belong to a gang, clan, or tribe.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The ONA/O9A is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association - a kollektive - comprising Niners, Tribes, O9A gangs, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

Our aims and goals can thus be achieved in the following manner:

- (1) By more and more individuals adopting or being influenced or inspired by the ethos, mythos, and praxis of the ONA (both what it is now and will evolve to be), and thus becoming in personal character and often in life-style less and less dependant on the nation-State, on The System, on abstractions.

- (2) By the practical actions - exoteric and esoteric - of those of our kind and influenced by us.

(3) By the continuing infiltration of our kind into certain influencing roles and within certain Institutions.

ONA Culture

ONA culture - often spelt kulture - is the culture of those who adopt or who are born into the O9A way of life, a way of life distinguished by: (1) our ethos [qv. *ONA ethos*]; (2) our aural traditions, and (3) our five core principles/five core traditions.

ONA Ethos

The ONA ethos - that which expresses the essence, the spirit, the nature, the character, of our living culture/kulture, of our living kollektive tradition - is manifest in:

- (1) our code of kindred honour;
- (2) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;
- (3) our acceptance that it is primarily by *pathei-mathos* [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

ONA Iterations

The iterations are an expression of the natural change, the evolution, of the living esoteric being that is known as the ONA.

The first iteration/phase - aka ONA 1 - may be considered to be exoterically manifest in the overt and practical traditional Satanism of the early ONA (c.1972-1985 ce) with its ceremonial groups, and in Rounwytha nexions all of whom were in the UK and known to AL. The second iteration (c.1986-2009 ce) - aka ONA 2 - was most manifest in the Seven-Fold Way and the praxis of individuals, world-wide, establishing their own ceremonial ONA-type groups/nexions. The third iteration - aka ONA 3 - is that of the current ONA, 2010 ce and > and is manifest exoterically in the move from Satan as archetypal symbol to our female Baphomet (the dark goddess) as archetypal symbol.

All iterations - past and present - although different in character co-exist within the ONA, just as a mature living being has within it the younger being from whence it matured.

Presencing The Dark

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Presence The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrð and thus to work Aeonic Sorcery.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

Rounwytha

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy).

Rounwytha Tradition

Also known as The Way of the Rounwytha.

The muliebral [qv.] tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour - equally, without distinction - to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition

can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom sacrifices were and are offered.

The Rounwytha tradition is the basis for our new sinister feminine archetype, for the new ways of living for women of our kind, and which ways of living involve:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by *pathei-mathos*, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.
- (4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

For more details, see ONA MSS such as 1) Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time; 2) Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names; 3) The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype; 4) Diabological Dissent

Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Thus the ONA has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

Satan, as a word, is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (possibly in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same

thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, ethos, and the holocaustianity, of those allegedly "chosen by God".

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Satanism is defined, by the Order of Nine Angles, as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

Septenary

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrd, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

Sinister

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the ONA (qv). Often used as a synonym for Left Hand Path.

Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic/Sinister strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

Sinister-Empathy

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

Sinister-Numen

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Sinister Way

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

Sorcery

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

Star Game

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrd (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

Traditional Nexions

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

Traditional Satanism

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

Tree of Wyrd

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

Vindex

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presented ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means "the Avenger", and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Vindex is thus the name given to the person (male or female) who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

The main opponent of Vindex – both on the practical level and in terms of ethos – is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West – that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive. The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be discovered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.



ONA
118 Year of Fayen
Revised 123
Version 3.07

Appendix
The Sinister Code

Those who are not our sinister brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by - and are prepared to die by - our unique code of dark (sinister) honour.

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust - and often despise - all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone - mundane, or one of our own kind - who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty - as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour - means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour ("I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.



A Very Sinister Way of Living

The essence of my personal way, of my life, has been: practical experience, practical experience, practical experience - a surfeit of diverse, often, extreme, experiences which imbue one with life and enable one to live on a higher level than mundanes - and then a reflexion on those experiences, and especially on the personal emotions such experiences engender. A moving, thus, from such a symbiosis, toward and beyond a self-understanding: as the genesis of further, internal alchemical, change.

So, this way is not and has not, in essence, been about acquiring wealth, or power, or influence or other mundane, causal, things which mundanes love and covet - instead, it is about an ecstatic and individual affirmation of Life; about never being really satisfied with the *status quo*; always desiring more, and always able to move easily, effortlessly, from, between, what has been termed the opposites of the Light and the Dark. And it is this desire for continually indulging in such affirming experiences, both Light and Dark - combined with the ability to consciously reflect upon and learn from them - that is the essence of the Sinister Way itself.

Thus one's knows, experiences, love - intense, personal, passionate, beautiful, subsuming, and sometimes tragic. One knows, experiences and feels the beauty, the satisfaction, of a personal revenge, of a personal hate. One knows and feels the purity of violence in the service of one's *δαίμων*: one's Destiny and Wyrd. One knows, experiences, going to and surpassing one's physical limits, not once but many times - setting one's self one challenging physical goal after another and achieving them and exulting in the effort, the achievement. One knows the intoxication - a few loyal friends at one's side - of facing a combat situation, a fight, where death is a real possibility: knowing the anticipation, that sickness, of fear, and then, when the moment arrives, knowing that calm resolve of action when one becomes a unity of deed, emotion, and living, having not given in to that sickness of fear, that nausea of anticipation. One knows that wordless comradeship that makes one just act instantly and without thought to help, aid, save, a comrade even if - or especially if - there is danger and the possibility of one's own death. There is the foolish berserk almost animal resolve and instinct when one just

unthinkingly acts as when one runs miles in drenching rain to the dwelling of one's former lover and smashes down the door to beat into unconsciousness the man mistreating her after she had telephoned you in desperation, and you never expect or even think about anything in return...

This way is the way of using our brief, mortal life, our fragile human existence, for a purpose - as a means of exulting in and affirming the essence of Life itself, and then alchemically melding ourselves so that there is always a change, an evolution, of ourselves; a learning, a moving-on, a bringing-into-being of a new self, a new individual which is an amalgam of what is in our past, what is us, in the present, and what is in or can be in and of our future. This is, in brief, the archetype of our Satan, and of our Dark Enchantress, Baphomet.

This is the breeding, the knowing, the discovery within one's self, of arête - of that type of personal character that marks our kind, our new type, and which is also a personal reflexion upon one's life, one's deeds, one's experiences, that either breaks one, or makes one into a different, a new, type of human being - a type that mundanes do not and never will understand, and which they instinctively fear, and which they try to constrain, contain, by laws, and by their illusive abstract categories, their terms, which they unceasingly project onto our kind in a vain attempt to classify and to try and "understand" us.

We are beyond their laws; their categories, their ethics, their restrictions, their lives, their experiences; their terms; and no theory of theirs can ever "explain" us or give them any genuine "understanding" of us.

Thus, our own lives becomes an inspiration for others like us, others of our own kind; others who feel as we have felt; who dream as we have dreamt; who desire as we have desired; we - the outlaws, the rebels, the heretics, the subversives, the baleful ones; we whom it is the intent of every mundane society, every government, every nation, every State, every religion, to subdue, constrain, rule over, control, "re-educate", imprison, kill, or legislate out of existence.

But they have failed; they will always fail, for our spirit lives on, century after century, millennia after millennia, and always will live on. For we defy them, and have defied and will continue to defy them, these failed specimens, this sub-human species; these mundanes.

They, the mundanes, have not only failed - but they will soon have a terrible nightmare of theirs come true. For we, our kind, are - for the first time in our history - organizing against them; co-operating among ourselves, and plotting and scheming against them. For we have finally, after so long, decided it is time for us to claim, to reclaim, this Earth. And that is what the esoteric

association known as the ONA, is all about - organizing ourselves, organizing our kind; inspiring more and more humans by our lives; and overthrowing the mundanes and building a new way of living where the potential of human beings, of our species, is fulfilled in us and by means of the new structures, we will create to pass on our vision, our spirit, our arête, to future generations.

Now, if you compare all this to the likes of Anton LaVain, Creepless Crowley, The Golden Yawn, The Temple of Silt. The Order of Typhoo, The Luciferless Lot - and all the other pretentious mundanes who imitate them or are like them - you might begin to understand.

Anton Long



Order of Nine Angles

121 Year of Feyen

The Azatu Gate ONA

The following rite, for Priest and Priestess, exists in two forms. It may be undertaken by those of the stage of External Adept as part of the experiencing of those energies appropriate to that level (and it should be undertaken on completion of the Path and Sphere workings with the companion); but its primary aim, as with all forms of genuine magick, is to direct energy into aiding the emergence of the New Aeon. Generally, this will mean aiding, via the ways of magick, a causal form that possesses the ability to practically implement the New Aeon. Thus a symbol representing the causal form is used as a focus for the raised energy.

The **Satanic** form should be undertaken one hour before dawn during the Full Moon. The **Baphometric** form should be undertaken at dusk, when the Moon is New. Both forms should be conducted at an isolated outdoor location [the location most appropriate to the 'Baphometric' form is an underground cave where water flows].

I) The Satanic Form:

The priestess holds the crystal, while the priest rings the temple bell seven times. Both then meditate upon Atu VII of the *Sinister Tarot*. When sufficient time has been given to the meditation, the Priest says: "Aperiatur stella, et germinet, et germinet Chaos!", and places his hands over the crystal. Both commence vibrating 'Agius o Satanas', directing the vibration into the crystal. This vibration is undertaken nine times, with increasing force and resonance, whilst visualizing a deep region of space where a nexion is beginning to open [according to Tradition, the location of such a nexion lies near the planet Saturn].

As the vibration reaches its conclusion, a nebulous form (which may coalesce into the appearance of a dragon) is visualized seeping from the nexion, descending to the Earth, and entering the bodies of the participants via the crystal. Both should visualize their bodies filling with a star-studded space.

On completion of the vibration, this visualization is continued in silence, for at least fifteen minutes. Following this, both commence visualizing the symbol chosen to represent the New Aeon, whilst chanting the *Diabolus*. This Chant should be sung three times in unison, followed by a further four sung in parallel fourths. Sexual union begins thereafter, during which both continue to visualize the sigil. On conclusion, both bow to the North saying: "Agius athanatos!"

II) Baphometric Form:

As before, the Priestess holds the crystal, while the Priest rings the temple bell seven times. Both meditate upon the 'Mousa of Swords' from the *Sinister Tarot*. The Priestess, when she judges the time right, vibrates: "Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet!". The Priest then places his hands over the crystal, and both commence to vibrate 'Agius o Baphomet', nine times. During this vibration, both visualize the crystal filling with darkness which then slowly spreads outwards to fill their bodies. As before, this visualization is continued for a further fifteen minutes following the end of the vibration.

The 'Agius o Baphomet' chant is then sung, while visualizing the symbol of the New Aeon. The chant is sung three times in unison, followed by a further four in *fifths*. On completion of the chant, the Priestess quietly says: "Suscipe, Baphomet, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth". Sexual union begins thereafter.

On conclusion, both bow to the North, saying: "Agios athanatos!"

Note: The crystal should be held by the Priestess throughout the rite - including during the sexual union. As is traditional, the best shape for the crystal is a tetrahedron, and it should be as large as possible. Rock crystal is best, but Pleonast, Spinet and Morion may also be used.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Azoth

**Ephemera
of
The ONA**

(For Members and Associates only:
Not for publication)

Issue 34 (Summer Solstice) yf101 [1990 ev]

Part I: News

Part II: MSS and articles submitted by members

Part III: Order MSS

Printed by: ONA
 PO Box 4
 Church Stretton
 Shropshire England

For private circulation only

News:

'Naos':

The publishers (Coxman Press) inform us that publication is now due Winter Solstice this year. This further delay is regretted, but will enable a better quality version in terms of both typesetting and binding. Some additional material has been added to the original MS – from 'esoteric' Order MSS.

'Fenrir':

'Fenrir' now has a new editor and a new address (PO Box 109, Newport, Gwent, South Wales, U.K.). [See the 'Zine' reviews in this issue of 'Azoth' – contributed by RAJ.

The Editor is planning a special 'Black' issue devoted to sinister workings which will include', the 'Rite of the Nine Angles'.

Media Interest:

A further statement, written by a member of an affiliated group (JAP) and entitled 'Satanism – The Facts', has been issued for general publication with the intention of countering the current Nazarene propaganda campaign. This is in addition to the 'ONA Statement' issued last year and published in 'Fenrir' 8.

Members/Associates who have not as yet seen the new statement can obtain a copy by writing to HQ [enclose s.a.e].

Film Project:

This project [see Azoth 32] has been suspended as an official ONA undertaking. (See 'Occlusion' below.)

Occlusion:

In order to protect the anonymity of members/Associates as well as to preserve the esoteric nature of the Order and its associated groups, a period of 'Occlusion' has been intimated to other Occultists and the 'media' made aware of the 'demise/suspension' of the Order itself. It is anticipated that this period of public anonymity will last from one to three years.

Individual teaching will remain and be unaffected, as will the tasks of an 'External Adept' in relation to ceremonial rituals.

After this period, the matter will be reviewed and a decision taken as to whether to make the 'Occlusion' permanent – that is, reverting to the tradition of secrecy. As most members are aware, the

decision to establish a more open profile (taken in 1985 ev by A-FB) has proved beneficial in some respects. Comments on this would be appreciated [send to HQ].

Tarot:

Reproductions of the 'ONA' cards drawn by "Christos Beest" are available at cost. Write to HQ for further details.

Part Two: Articles by Members

LHP Zine Reviews

R.A.J.
(Temple of the Prince)

Black Flame:

\$3.00 per issue from PO Box 499, Radio City Station, NY 10101-0499, USA

Well-printed and typeset, but more like a newsletter for the 'Anton LaVey fan club' than a general Satanic mag. Its general tone can be summed up in the Editor's quote from

Vol. 2 no. 1 (Spring Equinox this year): "Special note to Church of Satan members: if you choose to affiliate with any pseudo-Satanic or anti-Satanic groups, you may well find yourself dis-affiliated with the Church of Satan..." Typical Old Aeon values... Little of real interest here, but lots of praise for La Vey's somewhat plagiarised and somewhat 'Old Aeon' ideas. Like the Church of Satan, perhaps trying to 'corner the market' in Satanism: theirs is the 'official/correct' version and so on, so forth.

Brimstone:

\$5 per issue from 231 Kennedy Drive, Box 130, Malden, MA 02148, USA

Despite its Editor adhering to the 'Temple of Set' not given to 'Aquino worship'. Some lively and thought provoking articles [e.g. 'Uncle Setnakt Sez' in Vol I no. IV (Jan. this year) Could do with better lay-out and typesetting – although this seems to be improving with each issue. The 'Letters' are always interesting reading.

Fenrir:

£2.50 per issue from Brekke, PO Box 109, Newport, Gwent, UK

Volume One (8 issues: 1988 ev to 1989 ev) was not so much a zine as an 'ONA.' journal. Volume Two (issue 1 now available) is totally different, thanks to the new Editor 'Christos Beest'. Now more general content [Vol. Two, number One contains an article on Chaos Magick by Pete Carroll] and more 'magickal' in a practical "post-Chaos" magick sense. This makes it more accessible to others working with LHP traditions. Overall, there is a feeling of youthful verve about the new 'Fenrir'. The only criticism: why cannot it have more pages? I for one wanted to go on reading

Dark Lily:

£1.50 from BCM Box 3406, London WC1N 3XX, England

Recent 'blurbs' for this zine announce it as the 'leading mag. of the LHP in the UK'. The leading mag. for verbosity would be nearer the truth: makes Satanism and the LHP seem boring and tame. Lots of 'philosophical' type articles which both practically and magickally do not amount to much. The best part is the ads.

The Watcher:

\$NZ 10 for a year's sub. from Realist Publications, PO Box 38-262, Petone, Wellington, New Zealand

A new LHP zine (two issues so far – latest April/May/June this year). Promising start: the Editor is tolerant to other interpretations of Satanism/the LHP than that of the Church of Satan (of which he is a member). Realist Publications also issue a booklet, 'The Rites of Satan' (\$NZ 2), which contains a collection of Satanic rituals: most of them deriving from the ONA.

Hopefully, future issues of 'The Watcher' will be larger (issue Two is eight pages).

Nox:

£3 from S.L. Sennitt, 15 Oxford St., Mexborough, South Yorkshire, UK

Now described as a 'post-Chaos' journal of the LHP, although it tends toward 'Grant/Spare' and the 'phantasmagorical approach' (for t he latter, qv 'Cthulhu Rising' in vol2. no.2).

Always something of interest, despite (sometimes) wasting space with fiction and artwork. Still, this is a matter of opinion.

Some Notes on the Dark Tradition

J.W.T

The rite of the Nine Angles is one of the main means whereby the power of the acausal dimensions may be brought to this Earth – that is, into our causal world. Symbolically, this means in one sense, drawing 'down' the powers 'of Darkness. The 'chthonic' rite implies this 'downward' motion -an altering of the causal by the acausal, or symbolically, bringing' back the 'Dark Gods'. We say 'Dark Gods' because this is the perception of these energies by those not yet having undergone the ordeal of the passing of the Abyss – hence the symbolism, for example, of the pathways of the Tree of Wyrd.

The 'natural' rite may be said to be an 'upward' exploration by' the participants of the acausal: an 'expansion' of their consciousness. This natural form, according to the spoken and secret Dark Tradition, should be done by those who have undergone the rite of Internal Adept: as my own teacher said, they are thus 'individuated' to use a fairly new term. They are, thus and in consequence, possessed of a 'self-image', a perception beyond the pure 'ego': aware of the 'hidden' Occult world and its energies, to describe just one aspect. These individuated ones – or Priest and Priestess – come together in the "medium of the coniunctio" to use the 'appropriate alchemical image. This is "azoth", the second or living water (sometimes called the homogeneous metallic water). What this means, is that the union of these two (both through the medium of the rite and the sexual union which is part of that rite) is this "azoth" because the Priestess is a Gate to the acausal. The crystal both enhances and directs the energy. (It may be noted that the rite of the Abyss gives this power – of being a 'Gate' – to those who succeed in their passing.)

(Transcribed from a talk given by AL at ONA Sunedrion yf 99)
Magick and Politics

What is occurring more and more within society, is adherence by individuals to ephemeral causes and 'opinions' as a result of the subjection to individuals to propaganda both overt and more 'covert' (i.e. 'subliminal'). That is, society is developing so as to make practical experience of the traumas of life more and more distant – the individual becoming shielded not only by the 'State' and its Institutions by also by ideas. Thus, the world is seen via the distorting lenses of these ideas. In the past, wisdom arose usually painfully over a period of time by diverse and often traumatic personal experience – that is, a very individual! 'view of the world' was formed as a result of these varied experiences. Of course, few arrived at even this stage of conscious development.

Magick, properly understood, was an attempt to 'short-circuit' this process – hence, for example, the tasks and procedures of the Grade Rituals in the seven-fold Way. Thus, magick built, from within and without 'the individual, a genuine foundation – an 'inner core' which enabled the individual to not only survive in an often-hostile world, but also enhance their life quite significantly. Magick restores the individual in a very important way to the 'roots of their being' allowing thus a personal growth.

However, society in general does the opposite. Its 'education', its Institutions, its Laws all act together to produce an individual lacking in spirit: that is, devoid of a personal world-view. Moreover, this occurs whatever the outward political allegiance of the society – eg. Socialist or capitalist or shades in between. – and occurs whether or not a particular society is 'democratic' or overtly 'repressive'.

The only difference between the two is the method: the latter is more objectified and direct, often involving force and suppression, while the latter is more devious (and all the more dangerous because of this).

Essentially, there is growing within nearly all the societies of the world a consensus and an adherence to a certain set of ideas and values. That is, there is a 'levelling down' of differences together with a real loss of individual freedom not only in terms of the ability of an individual to transit freely, unencumbered by whatever 'past' he or she may have, but equally importantly in terms of inner outlook. There is less and less 'realness' about individuals because the dramatic, formative experiences which shape and mould character and which give spirit are either becoming 'illegal'/frowned upon or made impossible by State control and/or indoctrination of the individual into a certain pattern of living/ideas about life.

In the practical sense, one could say not only are the legal restraints on an individual and their actions increasing, but also the direct power which States have over individuals (and this includes information about individuals) are ever growing. This, coupled with co-operation between States in the distribution/exchange of information and the desire for even more and larger 'federations' of States (eg. like a 'European State') both national and international, means more and more direct personal restrictions and less and less 'inner freedom'. There is in short, much more superficial ways of living: ways encouraged by States and by those who adhere to what is fast becoming the accepted world 'idea-system'. This 'idea-system', it will surprise few here, is based to a great extent on the 'Nazarene view of the world'. Already in one of its many political forms it is established within the States of the West where its watchwords include 'democracy' and 'equality' and 'freedom'. Of course, these words enshrine clever ideas – but they are not real simply because they belong to something beyond one or at least a few individuals.

This is really the crux of the matter. What is real is that which exists for each one of us, and this is and must be discovered anew by every individual as part of the process of life itself: when it is not, there is no real life – only the appearance of it. There is thus no inner essence, only outward form. What this means is that all governments, States, Institutions or power-groupings negate this essence because our conscious life is a personal process of development pivotal upon our understanding of ourselves, the world, the cosmos and those few others with whom we inter-act in a very personal way: it should not be extrapolated beyond this, and all politics, all religion and all social pressures of whatever hue contradict this. They are, essentially, counter-evolutionary because they make the individual reliant on that which is not born from within. Thus there can be no such thing as genuine 'democracy/freedom/equality' and all attempts to create what are only abstract ideas destroy individuality. Such abstract ideas, however,

continue to flourish, and they continue to make the individual sterile. There will be, in the near future, more and more reliance upon such ideas, more and more attempts to make them a 'reality' in State/governmental forms – eg. in Eastern Europe and beyond.

Of course, this analysis forms the core of 'genuine anarchism': but even this is a label, an 'ism' which has evolved into an 'idea' with all the dissent appropriate to an idea. Magick is a means away from all this – it is a practical system, devoid of dogma, and makes possible the next stage of our evolution as individuals. As such, it is direct opposition to all power-forms – governmental, religious or social – although this opposition is silent and will remain silent.

Magick is individual and will remain individual and while current conditions remain not unfavourable as regards the spread of information relating to its techniques, this will probably change: simply because inner liberation is and will continue to be so for some time the province of a small number of individuals while the devotees of abstract political and social ideas continue to flourish and expand.

This, naturally, is only a brief resume of the problem and what perhaps it is essential to remember is that we-as artists of the magickal possess the ability to bring about change: both within ourselves and, should we wish it, within the society within which we live. The essence of the former is the seven-fold way, that of the latter – aeonic magick.

Part Three: Order MSS

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way: A Comprehensive Guide

Aim:

Essentially three fold: a) Initiation; b) magickal Adeptship; c) fulfilment of individual wyrd and potential.

Stages:

1) Neophyte; 2) Initiate; 3) External Adept; 4) Internal Adept;
5) Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth; 6) Magus/Magistra; 7) Immortal

Note: Initiates are sometimes known as 'Novices', Neophytes as 'Oblates'. External Adepts as 'Professed Brother/Sister'; Internal Adepts as Priest and Priestess; a Magus as 'Grand Master'.

Neophyte:

Tasks: Study of Esoteric tradition as given in Order MSS – particularly Black Book, Naos, Azoth and 'Fenrir'. After this preliminary study (c.1 month) undertake ritual of Self-Initiation [Black Book] and construct simple form of the Star Game [Naos].

Initiate:

Tasks: Study septenary system in detail [Naos etc.] and begin workings with the spheres and the pathways. Study and use of Tarot.

Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific desires/personal requests.

Continue with study and use of Star Game – relating the abstract symbolism to the Tree of Wyrd, septenary etc.

Set a demanding physical goal [e.g. running 20 miles in 2½ hours or less or cycling 100 miles in less than 5½ hours or walking 32 miles in less than 7 hours: it must be one of these] train and achieve it.

Seek and find a companion and Initiate this individual [Black Book] and then undertake the workings with the spheres and pathways with this person.

Begin to teach this individual the Star Game, and use the game together. *

Undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept.

*The first stage is the awakening of the darker/unconscious aspects within the psyche. These aspects/energies are identified with in the rite of Initiation and then symbolised in the workings with the spheres and pathways following Initiation. These workings give practical experience of the darker forces/energies. The Star Game begins the process of objectifying these energies in a more conscious way: giving greater insight and control, and this is the beginning of self-awareness since the Tree of Wyrd is symbolic of individual consciousness, both unconscious/acausal ('sinister') and causal, as well as representing the forces/energies beyond the individual psyche.

The setting of a physical goal, by the Initiate, and the training to achieve it, is important because it enhances the vitality and develops personal qualities important to the magickian: determination, elan and so on. This task must be undertaken, for without it, the Initiate stage is not complete.

The seeking, finding and working with a companion begins the confrontation with the 'anima/animus' energies/archetypes resulting in practical experience of them as well as enabling the use of sexual Magickal formulae [qv Rite of Nine Angles etc.]. This is a very important part of developing self-awareness, and the 'ritualised' setting enables both practical experience and the possibility of developing self-insight. (This 'ritualised' setting is first the workings with the spheres and pathways, use of Star Game, and then later the organisation of a Temple [see below].)

External Adept:

Tasks: Organise a magickal group/Temple for the performance of ceremonial rituals as given in the Black Book – the Ext. Adept as the 'Master'/Mistress of this Temple, the companion as the 'Mistress'/Master'.

It is the task of the new External Adept to find suitable members, Initiate them and so on. Regular suneidions should be held [Black Book, for details. The Ext. Adept is called a 'Choregos' while running the Temple.].

After the group has been run for c. 3-6 months, the Ext. Adept should set another but more demanding physical goal, train and, achieve it. [For example, running a marathon in less than 3 hrs (men) or 3hrs 30 (women); cycling 100 miles in less than 5 hrs (4:45 if really determined) or walking 50 miles in 13 hrs.]

After running the Temple for between 6-12 months, choose a Priest and Priestess from the group to run the Temple while the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept is being undertaken.

* Notes: The titles assumed by the Ext. Adept, the companion and those appointed by the Ext. Adept to positions within the Temple such as Priest and Priestess, are purely honorary, and do not signify the achievement of the magickal grade associated with that title 'in the 'Seven Fold Way'. It is one of the tasks of the Ext. Adept ('Choregos') in running the Temple to appoint suitable members to fulfil the positions required by rituals (e.g. Priest, Altar-Priest, Thurifer and so on). It is up to the Choregos whether to inform members that the Temple is organised as part of the tasks/training of an Ext. Adept in the sinister path. If the Choregos decides to do so inform the members of this, then those members, should the Choregos so wish, may also begin to follow the tasks of the Seven Fold Way as above: the Choregos always keeping a step or two (in terms of Grades) ahead of them. No one can be appointed to the Grades themselves: not even by a Grand Master – the Grades must be achieved by each and every individual, the only exception being Initiation. Initiation may be given, according to the ceremonial ritual [Black Book] by anyone of the grade of External Adept and above who organises a Temple, provided that the Initiate completes the initiate tasks as above.

The final task of an External Adept is to prepare for and undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

*The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal skills. The organising and running of a Temple brings further magickal experience as well as enables several archetypal roles to be lived, this living vitalising (partly through the energy of the archetypes) the individual, enabling greater magick. One of the roles is that of the 'shadow' – the sinister magickian adept at ritual. The personal qualities developed include manipulation, the charisma of power and sexual/material pleasures. There is also a growing self-awareness, and understanding of archetypal energies as well as the further confrontations with the anima/animus. There may also be glimmerings of the unique wyrd of the individual – a wyrd revealed through the ritual of Internal Adept.

Internal Adept:

Tasks: Depending on the wyrd of the individual, either continue with and expand the Temple (training Initiates in the Seven Fold Way and so on) or begin the personal tasks revealed by the Grade Ritual.

Study of and training in Esoteric Chant [Note: this may be undertaken earlier, by an Initiate or External Adept if an aptitude exists and someone of or above the Grade of Internal Adept is willing to give instruction.].

Study of Advanced Star Game and esoteric, aeonic aspects of both forms of the game['cliology' etc.].

Preparation for and undertaking of Nine Angles rituals: 'natural' and/or 'chthonic' according to desire.

Further training of companion up to and including Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, if required.

Prepare for and undertake Grade Ritual of Abyss.

Master/Mistress:

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are three-fold: the teaching to suitable individuals of the Seven Fold Way either on an individual basis or via an organised Temple; the performance of Aeonic magick, and development of proficiency in the Star Game, particularly the advanced form.

Some may opt to specialise in a particular field.

* General Notes:

The Initiate stage lasts between six months to a year. The External Adept stage lasts from one to three years. The Internal Adept stage lasts from three to seven years.

Fundamental books, manuscripts etc:

*The Black Book of Satan [Re-issued 1989 ev: a complete guide to sinister ceremonial rituals and organising a Temple) 63 pages

*Naos [A guide to hermetic workings, basic septenary system and the Star Game] 65 pages

*Azoth[An introduction to more advanced septenary workings] 38 pages

*Falcifer [A fictional account of novice training] 103 pages

*Temple of Satan [A fictional account of confrontation with anima/animus in a sinister context] 109 pages

*Advanced Star Game 5 page MS

*The Forbidden Alchemy 4 page MS [Note: published in 'Fenrir' no.8]

*Rite of the Nine Angles (and other Order MSS)

The Abyss

The Abyss is where the causal and the acausal meet: a nexus of temporal and spatial dimensions. Because of the nature of our consciousness, the Abyss lies latent within all of us – that is, our consciousness consists of both causal and acausal aspects. In this sense, we are all 'Gates/' to the acausal dimensions, although this Gate – and the pathways leading to/from it – often lies undiscovered. Magickal training is essentially the discovery, exploration and use of these pathways.

Symbolised causally, the Abyss lies between the spheres of the Sun and Mars in the septenary Tree of Wyrd, and the 'Entering the Abyss' is that stage of magickal development, which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept. The experience of the Abyss – which the Grade Ritual 'Entering the Abyss' begins – is fundamentally a destruction of the self-image, which the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept created and which was glimpsed during the External Adept rite. It is also the destruction of all personal illusions regarding opposites: the final 'withdrawing of projections'. In essence, the Internal Adept has learnt (mainly through the Grade Ritual) to withdraw the projections of the 'ego' from other individuals – that is, their is an understanding of individuals as those individuals are in essence: without the distortion of one's own passions/ideas/prejudices and without the distortions of other people's ideas/judgements and so on. The experience of the Abyss takes this a stage further – there is a withdrawal of all personal projections made by every individual upon others/the 'cosmos' and so on: both personal and impersonal. Thus, the essence is apprehended behind the appearance which the causal produces because it is the causal. Put very simply, the Abyss is the beginning of acausal perception.

This perception implies a complete understanding of oneself, one's wyrd, as well as an understanding of others, of aeonic influences, and of the 'cosmos' itself – the beginnings of wisdom ... Yet this does not mean a negation of individuality. Rather, it is an enhancement of consciousness. This is so because the Abyss is also the Tree of Wyrd itself – all the spheres and the pathways in both their individual and aeonic forms: the 'individual forms' being Jungian-type archetypes (and the experiences/ understanding appropriate to these) on a personal level, and the 'aeonic forms' being aeonic/cultural myths and images on a supra-personal level, in both 'sinister' and 'light' aspects. Further, the Abyss is also a direct opening or "Gate" to the acausal dimensions.

The ritual of the Abyss implies an acceptance of acausal energies as those energies are – that is, without any 'abstract', personal or judgemental views. It is a letting 'in' of those Null, Chaotic energies without any hindrance. This of course can be dangerous, but the preparation reduces this danger as well as making possible an understanding of those energies and the 'forms' they may or may not assume in both the causal and acausal worlds. This latter point is quite important, because there have been many who, unprepared, having experienced some acausal' energies via entering the Abyss too soon. Quite often, the result' of this premature magickal experience is madness or extreme personal dis-orientation resulting in a 'possessed' personal life and/or loss of vitality; another and frequent result is personal delusion about one's own abilities and understanding, both personal and magickal.

This understanding of the acausal, vital to a 'successful' crossing of the Abyss, derives from the preparation implicit in (a) having undertaken the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept [that is, in essence, having spent at least three months alone without any external influences and without any personal contact] and (b) having fulfilled the tasks revealed by that Grade Ritual. This fulfilling of personal tasks (the accomplishment of part of the wyrd of the individual) is necessary (and it takes from one to many years after the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept) because it dissipates the energy of the 'self-image' that the Grade Ritual produces, preparing thus a voidness within the Adept. The Adept generally knows when this inner void is reached (in simple terms, the personal, driving energy is gone through achievement of personal goals: the reality, of course, is more complicated and here the advice of a Master/Mistress/Magus is often sought).

The ritual of the Abyss is simple. The physical part (the walk in the specified time without assistance) is essential preparation for the 'magickal' part because it prepares the consciousness in a very specific way as well as draining the physical resources of the body. To complete the walk given the conditions stated requires determination – and this determination is released/abandoned when the magickal part of the rite is begun, this release/abandonment occurring quite naturally because the physical goal has been achieved. Thus, there is a 'hidden' wisdom in the construction of the rite (as there is in all the Grade Rituals).

The physical part also creates – because of the isolation – a feeling within the individual of being only a part of something more vast, and it for this reason that the walk is undertaken as far from human

habitation as possible. This isolation, the concentration required to walk at a pace enabling the goal to be reached within the set time, the rhythm of walking, the anticipation of the magickal part, all combine to produce the conditions necessary within the consciousness of the individual conducive to success.

As mentioned above, the Abyss is also an opening into the acausal. The 'passing of the Abyss' is the opening of that 'Gate' within us.

All magick is a glimpse of the acausal, and the stages of the seven-fold way are really stages when the acausal energies are developed and understood in a progressively more emphatic manner – that is, they may be seen as 'pushing that Gate wider and wider' – in the passing of the Abyss there is no longer a Gate, but rather a union or fusion. In another sense, the seven-fold way may be said to be the creation, within the consciousness of the individual, of connections or pathways to the acausal – each stage develops more and more pathways until they form a conduit through which acausal energy 'flows'. Beyond the Abyss, the individual is part of the acausal 'flow' and has achieved the goal of sentient life. This is really the great secret of alchemy, of magick and of the Left

Hand or Sinister Path itself – that is, we can create for ourselves another existence in another 'universe' and an existence which continues after our causal self dies. The means to this existence is simply – the seven fold way.

According to tradition, the Abyss is also presented physically in our causal universe. That is, terrestrial and 'Space' or 'Star' Gates exist where the two universes are joined. In reality, the terrestrial Gates may be said to be points where the causal and acausal come close to contact: where there is 'seepage' of acausal energy – the discovery of these places and then the 'opening of the Gate' via magick producing Aeonic energy to alter the causal (and thus the individuals in the world). [See the Order MSS relating to Aeons, 'Lovecraft and the Dark Gods' etc.]



A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

The ONA has its own, unique, esoteric Philosophy and its own, unique and sinister, Way of Life - which Way of Life may be considered the praxis of the ONA, or how ONA individuals live and implement our sinister way of living and how they become, are of or belong to, the ONA.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA

The esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is known by several names, among which are The Dark Tradition, The Sinister Tradition, and The Sinister Way, and the fundamental principles of this esoteric Philosophy are:

- (1) that the Cosmos consists of a causal continuum [a causal Universe] and an acausal continuum [an acausal Universe], with living beings, of various species, existing in both our own causal continuum and in the acausal continuum;
- (2) that there exists two types of causal being [living and non-living], differentiated by whether or not these types of causal being possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy;
- (3) that acausal energy - from the acausal continuum - is what animates all life in the causal continuum;
- (4) that all living beings in the causal continuum are a nexion - a connexion - between the causal and the acausal;
- (5) the more complex, the more organized, the causal life, the more acausal energy is presented in that life;
- (6) our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern,

our own acausal energy;

(7) we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.

Hence, The Dark Tradition of the ONA has its own ontology, its own theory of ethics, its own epistemology, and its own praxis, which derive from the ontology of causal and acausal, and from our nature as human beings, which is of us being a nexion to the acausal continuum.

The Nature of Causal and Acausal

1) The causal, or phenomenal or physical, universe can be described - or represented - by the three-dimensional causal geometry of causal Space and by one dimension of linear causal Time.

(2) The acausal universe can be described - or represented - by an acausal Space of n acausal dimensions, and an acausal, un-linear, Time of n dimensions, where n is currently unknown but is greater than three and less than or equal to infinity.

The causal universe is the realm of causal matter/energy, and the acausal universe is the realm of acausal matter/energy.

The causal universe is currently described by causal sciences such as Physics, Chemistry and Astronomy. The acausal universe can be described by a new science based on the new Physics of acausal energy and thus on a new acausal geometry, based on a new acausal metrical Space-Time of n acausal dimensions and an acausal Time also of n dimensions.

In addition, nexions to the acausal, from our own causal Universe, are of two types: (1) physical nexions, where a specific region of or a specific place in causal Space-Time intersects, or is joined to or with, acausal Space-Time; and (2) living (organic) nexions, where acausal energy from the acausal manifests in and thus animates a living, causal, being.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is thus, when conventionally viewed, a new and a rational philosophy.

The Esoteric Praxis of the ONA

Essentially, our praxis consists of:

- 1) Sinister (warrior) Tribes - those directly living and directly presenting our Sinister Way of Life;
- 2) Traditional Nexions - composed of those undertaking our Seven Fold Sinister Way in the traditional manner of Left Hand Path seeker, via Grade Rituals, Insight Roles, and practical LHP magick;
- 3) Sinister Empaths (of which the Rounwytha is an example) and esoteric scientists studying and seeking knowledge of the acausal.

Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. This will also require the development of a new acausal technology, based on the Physics of acausal energy.

Furthermore, we see the breakdown, destruction, and the replacement of all existing (and mundane) societies - by our new progressive societies based on our new warrior tribes - as a necessary prelude to this Galactic aim of ours.

Thus, the immediate and intermediate aims of our sinister Way of Life are:

- (1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;
- (2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen (see Appendix 1);
- (3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

The Esoteric Ethics of the ONA

The ethics of the ONA are based upon our axiom that personal honour - what we know of as, or what we term, personal honour - expresses our true nature as human beings capable of consciously evolving ourselves and the Cosmos. Thus, personal honour - manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen - is a means to access acausal energy and a means to change and evolve ourselves in a natural way consistent with our true nature and our true purpose, which nature and purpose is to know our natural wyrd, to presence our wyrd: to participate in, to partake of, our own evolution and that of the Cosmos itself.

All evolution - conscious and otherwise - is darkly-numinous; that is, it possesses or it manifests acausal energy in particular ways, and personal honour, as defined by and as manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen, is a practical, a willed, an evolutionary, presencing of acausal energy.

Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is our guide for our own individual personal behaviour, and our guide to how we relate to, and should treat others. It specifies our type of law, and the nature of our justice, as it manifests the nature, the character, of those of our kind: the Dark Warrior, someone who lives, and if necessary dies, by the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (See Footnote 1)

Furthermore, our Law of The Sinister-Numen is manifest - made real and practical - by means of our sinister warrior tribes, for it is by means of these tribes that we can come to know, and to live, our wyrd: that is, (1) come to discover our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos, and (2) actively participate in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos. (See Appendix 2)

The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA

The epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA asserts that there are two distinct types of *knowing* - causal and acausal - and that:

A) knowledge of the causal continuum can be obtained by causal Science which is based on the following foundations:

- (i) the causal, phenomenal, universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our

limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses and by practical scientific experiments; (iii) logical argument, or reason, is the basic means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (v) that, in competing explanations of events or observations, the simplest and most logical explanation is to be preferred.

B) knowledge of the acausal continuum can be obtained by (i) developing a new Science of acausal Physics, based on an understanding of acausal energy; (ii) by developing and evolving our latent faculties, such as that of dark-empathy; (iii) by coming-to-know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum; and (iv) by means of such things as developing a new and an acausal technology, and thus by exploring the realms of the acausal itself.

According to our esoteric epistemology:

1) *Causal knowing* is that deriving from causal-based rational Philosophies and from causal Sciences such as Physics, and this type of knowing is essentially based on a physical cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Sciences) or an abstract cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Philosophies).

Hence, the type of causal knowing which is the concern of traditional epistemology is limited, and derives from positing causal abstractions, and then projecting these abstractions onto things (onto causal beings, living and non-living). That is, this type of causal knowing *denotes* things and causal beings by such causal abstractions. There is then the assumptions of knowing, and/or of having understood or having an understanding of, such things and such causal beings. (See Footnote 2)

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, the error of all conventional Philosophies is that they apply, or try to apply, a purely causal perception - based on a linear cause-and-effect - and lifeless causal abstractions, to living beings, such as ourselves. This causal type of knowing is thus un-numinous (that is, devoid or without acausal energy).

2) *Acausal knowing* is that deriving from (i) apprehending the acausal essence of living causal beings; (ii) a study of the nature of acausal energy, and the

nature of the acausal Universe itself by means of developing new acausal sciences and technologies; and (iii) apprehending and coming-to-know (interacting with) those living acausal beings we are currently aware of, or can become aware of in our present state of human evolution.

The acausal essence - the acausal energy - of living causal beings can be apprehend, by we human beings, by means of our latent faculties such as what we term dark (or sinister) empathy.

Our traditional esoteric Dark Arts are one means by which we can come to know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum.

Our very evolution, as human beings - in terms of consciousness, understanding and knowledge - results from acausal energy, and from us accessing such acausal energy in particular ways.

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, those things, and/or those creations of our causal Arts - such as music - which we feel are or which we come to know as numinous, are simply a presencing of acausal energy by means of a nexion, and thus can be considered as one type of intimation of the acausal - of the Life there, and of the very nature of the acausal continuum itself. That is, such numinous works of conventional Arts have often been a means whereby: (1) some human beings (through their artistic creations or through their performance of such creations, their own, or others) can access and presence some acausal energy; and (2) where those affected by such numinous works of Art achieve or can achieve some intimation of the acausal. This also applies to genuine work of Dark Sorcery.

We Are As We Are

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is simply a means; an effective and practical means to change, to evolve, ourselves and our societies; to manifest, to present, our wyrd - that is, to know, to accept, to live, our correct and natural relationship with the Cosmos, with both the causal Universe and the acausal Universe, and the living beings that exist in both. This wyrd of ours is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen.

The ONA is not interested in proselytizing, in converting others, or in trying to persuade others - through argument or debate or by countering distortions

and lies about us - to adopt our sinister Way of Life. We are as we are, representing as we do a specific new type, a new breed, of human being, a specific new and expanding tribal family of human beings. Our Way is the practical way of deeds, of living our darkly-numinous Way of Life; of increasing our numbers through the success of our tribes, though drawing others of our kind to us, and through others being personally inspired by our example, by our success.

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Footnotes:

(1) One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy.

Acausal energy - that which animates us and makes us alive and which allows and causes our evolution - cannot by its very nature be destroyed in the causal continuum. It can only be presenced in organic, causal (living) beings, or it can be dispersed, thinly, over causal Time, in the causal until it is re-presenced in some-thing, or until it returns to the acausal continuum by some means.

Such an achieved acausal existence, for us, is - by the very nature of the acausal - time-less, eternal, and not subject to the organic process of decay that is an inherent part of all causally existing life.

As stated in two other ONA MSS:

The very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new

type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and "religious". Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal - on this planet, and elsewhere - *and also* as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal "death", to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being..

Thus do we know - thus do we feel - that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves - what we are, now - and just as we seek to defy the mundanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence.

(2) Basically, causal abstraction is the positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form of some-*thing*, and/or manufacturing some category which some-*thing* is said "to belong to, or be a part of".

Thus, things - beings in the causal - are allocated to, or classified according to, some abstract category or some abstract type, and/or compared to some abstract or some ideal/perfect form.

Such categories, and such abstract ideal forms, are then often incorrectly used to judge some-thing (including, for example, some living person).

There is thus no direct - and thus certainly no acausal - knowing *of a thing* or of a living human being, as those things and as human beings *are* in their Cosmic essence and according to their wyrd, for the knowing of such traditional epistemology is only the linear, causal, the distorted and/or the illusory, knowing of imposed, projected, intermediate, fallible (often changing),

abstractions and categories.

In contrast, the epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA allows, and is a means of obtaining, a Cosmic (a numinous, wyrdful, esoteric) knowing, based as this numinous, Cosmic, knowing is on the combination of rational causal Sciences and the acausal knowing obtained by such things as acausal Sciences, acausal-empathy, and the development and evolution of ourselves and our faculties.

Appendix 1

The Law of The Sinister-Numen

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone - mundane, or one of our own kind - who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty - as Dreccian individuals who live by the

Law of the Sinister-Numen - means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour ("I swear by my honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

Appendix 2

Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State

A Brief Diatribe

Our wyrd - our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos - is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister *warrior* tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen. Furthermore, if we know, and if we develop, our wyrd, we become, we are, a particular new type (a new breed) of human being - quite distinct from the mundanes. In essence, we become Dark Warriors, living and if necessary dying by the Law of The Sinister-Numen.

Our sister tribes are a practical, a darkly-numinous, evolution of that natural tribal instinct that lives within us and which has lived within us, and which tribal instinct has made possible (hitherto mostly unconsciously) our evolution, as human beings. That is, the sinister tribes of the ONA are a means whereby we can access and increase our own acausal energy, as individuals, and participate in our own evolution, and that of the Cosmos. To do this - to know and to live our wyrd - is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and *numinous* (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such *honourable* (numinous) co-operation with others *of our own kind* (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual wyrd to be evolved.

In direct opposition to our wyrd is the modern tyranny of The State, which is un-numinous and de-evolutionary in nature, purpose and intent. For the State takes away our natural right of personal honour, and that natural and

evolutionary way of living which is tribal, and replaces honour by impersonal, lifeless, abstract "law", and replaces tribes by the impersonal, lifeless, abstract, State and nation, which are - despite the illusion and pretence of democracy by some such States - are all run by an oligarchy, for the benefit of that wealthy and privileged oligarchy.

In place of the natural and personal knowing - the acausal-knowing - of our tribal (extended) family, there is the impersonal causal lifeless "knowing" of our place as some mechanistic "citizen" of the State or nation. In place of the natural loyalty to, and the care of and from, our own tribal family - based on a personal, numinous, knowing and loyalty - there is the division of us into isolated, un-numinous and de-evolutionary single family units, dependant on usury, and where our given purpose is to toil for the State, on behalf of The State, or for ourselves and our single isolated family unit, and to which State we have to pay, for all of our working lives, mandatory taxes, thus making us wage or salary slaves, almost always burdened by debt.

In place of our natural, healthy, evolutionary warrior way of life - based on a tribal way of living and the law of personal honour - the State denudes us of numinous meaning, of wyrd, and provides us only with de-evolutionary aims and goals. In place of the glory of a Galactic Imperium, and the promise of a warrior-won acausal existence, the tyranny of The State provides us with only causal illusions and abstractions and meaningless "rewards", so that we remain tame, domesticated, animals, paying our taxes, and subservient to their dishonourable enforcers, the bullies they call the forces of their "law and order."

Thus, we by our very nature, by our wyrd, are violently, implacably, and in all practical ways, opposed to the State and its de-evolutionary self-serving tyranny.

Selected Further Reading

The Meaning of The Nine Angles (A Collection of Texts, Parts One and Two)

Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The War Against The Mundanes (Anton Long)

The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning (Anton Long)

We, The Drecc. (ONA)

The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context (Julie Wright)

A Way of Life (Chloe, WSA352)

ONA Manuscripts

Main Category: Guides to the ONA

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The Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles



Bringing The Mythos To Life Misconceptions, Lies and Ignorance Regarding the ONA

Introduction

The past few years has seen an explosion of interest in the Order of Nine Angles, with new ONA nexions (groups/tribes etcetera) popping up all over the world, from New York, to Iceland, to Brazil, to Russia, to California, to London, to Serbia, to Romania, to Italy, to South Africa. In just over a year, the main ONA weblog recorded over 101,300 hits (as of February 2010 CE / 121 Year of Fayen).

It is therefore not surprising that articles and items about or concerning the ONA - often critical of it - regularly appear by courtesy of that modern medium of communication, the Internet.

But why bother? Why bother with trying to correct, or to counter, some of the ignorance and misconceptions - and often the prejudice - shown by those who have written about, or who have made comments about, the ONA over the past twenty years? Because of our aims, among which are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonick Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen;

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal

governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

Source: *Brief Guide to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA*

For these aims to be achieved, the ONA - quite simply - needs people. It needs recruits. It requires more and more human beings to be assimilated to the ONA Way and into the ONA collective. It needs people who can change themselves - or who can be changed, by us - and who therefore cease to be mundanes, or who develop *the inner sinister-changeling* that they have always felt was dormant within themselves.

These people - our potential recruits - need information about us; reliable information; informative information. The days of expecting potential recruits to work everything out for themselves are now long gone; partly because we now have so many new recruits, partly because of the Internet thingy, partly because there are better, more sinister, things for our new brothers and sisters to do, and partly because we are in the third phase of our long-term strategy.

We - the living ONA - have evolved, adapted, over the past two decades. Thus, the old way of expecting each new recruit, each new Initiate, to spend many, many, months discovering for themselves *who and what we really are* is no longer, in most instances, appropriate, or productive, in the sinister sense. Now - instead of spending a very long time gathering and sifting through ONA MSS, distilling truth from fable, finding mythos beyond myth, and discovering the esoteric essence behind some outward, useful, causal form we may have used - the new recruit can just get on with beginning their esoteric and their practical sinister training, and which training is still individual, and unique to each individual, even if - or especially if - they belong to some sinister tribe of ours.

Crucially, this countering of certain common - certain mundane - misconceptions about us, does not mean that we have ceased to be elitist; that our training for recruits, our sinister techniques, have become easy or ceased to be difficult, heretical, and dangerous. Many recruits will still fail to meet our high standards, as many will give up, after some time, for whatever reason, or because of some delusion about themselves that they believe in or which makes them comfortable and safe, again.

All it means is that we are now actively, openly, recruiting [1] - recruiting, training, the best, the most sinister, the heretical, the defiant. But it still takes some causal Time - a long, hard, difficult, testing, dangerous, time - for new

recruits to pass-out from our boot-camp to become part of our elite sinister association, and this joining is still entirely based on individual achievement, on sinister experience, both practical and esoteric, and on a sinister commitment to our Aeonic tactics and our long-term, strategic, aims.

Mundane Misconceptions About The Order of Nine Angles

Introductory Diatribe

Many mundane misconceptions about the ONA are the result of one or more of the following:

(1) Ignorance - the person or persons who repeat a misconception have simply not bothered to do any real and in-depth research, and have just read a few items, almost always on the Internet, about or by the ONA. In their ignorance, they either jump to unwarranted conclusions, or just mundanely in their laziness repeat what they have read or heard somewhere.

Even if the person or persons reads a lot about the subject, they never, ever, bother to contact an ONA member, Adept or Master/Mistress - or one of the ONA OG - to obtain first-hand, real-life, knowledge about the ONA. That is, they just cannot be bothered to do good old fashioned "leg work", in the real world.

(2) Prejudice - the person or persons has/have a preconceived opinion or belief about the ONA, and simply, and illogically and in their mundaneness, act on that prejudice. Often their prejudice derives from being associated with, and emotionally attached to, some existing group or organization, such as the CoS or the ToSers.

(3) Trashy Internet/paperback psychology - the person or persons has/have read some articles about psychology (usually via the medium of the Internet) and/or they have read some books "popularizing" this Magian-infested pretentious and speculative non-science, and then - with the usual arrogance and delusion of mundanes - believe they have "understood" the ONA and/or those involved with it, on the basis of banally projecting some causal and often Magian abstractions (some labels and *-isms*) onto the ONA and/or those involved with it.

(4) Failure - the person or persons has/have failed to make the grade, having flirted for a while with the ONA. Having failed in their quest to become *of the ONA* - for instance, because they were too cowardly to do practical sinister deeds, or because they did not have the elan, the fortitude, the grit, to undertake and pass the basic ONA physical tests [3] - the person or persons want to "prove" to themselves (and others) that the ONA is "wrong", or a "fake" (or whatever) and so start spreading rumors/disinformation, and so on.

Sometimes, such failures join other Occult groups, or even become Nazarenes, which groups and which religion they, in their anger and delusion, use as a stick to try and beat the ONA with, in order to try and make themselves feel better.

(5) Pretentiousness - the person or persons has/have a desire to appear knowledgeable about the ONA and the Occult in general, and so makes grandiose and often fatuous statements about the ONA and/or those involved with it.

We list here only the nine most common - the most mundane - misconceptions made by mundanes regarding The Order of Nine Angles/The Order of The Nine Angles. There are dozens of other common misconceptions about us, which we really cannot be bothered to correct.

Some Mundane Misconceptions

Mundane Misconception #1 - The name of the Nine Angles was taken from, or based, on Aquino's Nine Angles Rite, as used by LaVey's Church of Satan

This is a version of the mundane fallacy called *The Magian in the Machine*, where mundanes, influenced by, under the control of, or deluded by, Magian abstractions, have to - just have to - assume that everything relates to, is related to, or is derived from, something Magian, or some Magian distortion, such as the perverted qabalistic traditions and the pantomime "magick" used by groups such as the ToSers and the CoS, and by people such as Crowley.

ONA verity: given in numerous ONA MSS, which quite obviously the mundanes believing in and/or parroting or committing this fallacy have never even bothered to read. MSS such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles* (Part 1 and 2) from which this is a quote:

To understand The Nine Angles is to understand the cosmology of causal and acausal - of the Cosmos itself having a causal continuum (a causal Universe), and an acausal continuum (an acausal Universe). The Nine Angles are a nexion between the two, which means these nine angles have or can presence life; that is, they possess, or are animated by, acausal energy, from the acausal continuum.

There are nine angles because there are nine dimensions involved in all the nexions we currently know - the four dimensions of, or which re-present, the causal continuum, and the five dimensions of, or which re-present, the acausal continuum, and which "five dimensions" form the basis for genuine dark sorcery, that is, the willed bringing forth of acausal energy into the causal by means of a nexion.

The four causal dimensions are, of course, the three spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and the one dimension of causal, linear, Time.

Our term nine-angles thus represents something innovative, sophisticated, numinous, alive - and appropriate to the new sinister Aeon soon to arise - unlike the term nine angles used by others, such as the ToSers, which just refers to a dead two-dimensional geometrical shape.

Mundane Misconception #2 - The ONA's Septenary System is just a version of the qabalistic Tree of Life.

This is yet another version of the widespread mundane fallacy *The Magian in the Machine*, mentioned above.

ONA verity:

According to the aural traditions of the ONA, The Septenary System, with its Tree of Wyrd, is much older than the Magian qabala with its ten spheres comprising the Magian Tree of the Lifeless.

Early, Western, alchemical writings contain many *allusions* to an esoteric septenary system, as do some of the works of Robert Fludd. However, according to the aural traditions of the ONA, the Western Septenary System as inherited and as developed by the ONA and its reclusive predecessors, had its origins in the works of early Arab and Muslim alchemists (who predated Western alchemy) -

"...who had not only posited a system of seven fundamental stages or elements - *al-ajsad al-sabaah* - but who had also constructed a system of *nine* emanations of "The One" which included these seven elements plus two others which were quite distinct by virtue of having different aspects, or types of, or sources of, *time* itself, as described in the alchemical manuscript *Al-Kitab al-Aflak*." Source: *Emanations of a Mage* by Anton Long, 118 yf

Thus, the ONA regards the qabalistic Tree of the Lifeless as a horrid Magian distortion of the genuine esoteric tradition manifest in the Septenary System.

Furthermore, the ONA have never claimed to have "invented" the Septenary system - only to have made public various aspects of it; and to have extended it in some particular and important ways.

Mundane Misconception #3 - the ONA symbol is just a combination of the an inverted pentagram with two additional points.

Note that no explanation is ever given, by those making or repeating this misconception, of just how to construct the ONA sigil, in two-dimensional form, from an inverted pentagram by just adding two points.

ONA verity:

Considered esoterically, this sigil not only re-presents the Septenary in two-dimensional form [the seven points (of various angles) which touch the outer circle] but also the various pathways which join them.

However, the actual ONA sigil, as used by the ONA, is a four-dimensional one: that is, the two-dimensional sigil is constructed in three-dimensions, within a sphere, which three-dimensional construct itself changes, thus mimicking the change which is causal Time. This change is both a simple change of perspective (for example, the movement and rotation of the sphere and the construct within it) and also a "mapping" (that is, a causal "distortion") of both the sphere and the construct within it). This mapping is essentially a change of, a transformation of, the regular Cartesian three-dimensional co-ordinate system, and to a limited extent this can be understood, and re-presented, by reference to the mathematical change of metric in causal Space-Time.

Mundane Misconception #4 - the main ONA book is *The Black Book of Satan*, followed by *NAOS*.

This is known as *the fallacy of the exoteric* because those committing this fallacy cannot distinguish between esoteric and exoteric.

ONA verity: Both *The Black Book of Satan*, and *Naos*, are basic exoteric works, designed for novices and Initiates; for those individuals just beginning their own individual Occult quest. As such, they are or they may not be useful

and interesting to such individuals.

The fact is that there is no definitive or main ONA book, or work, or some specific recommended collection of MSS, given the individual nature of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way, and given the nature and diversity of that sinister association known exoterically as the ONA, a diversity evident in our sinister tribes, our traditional nexions, our reclusive LHP Adepts, and in our small collectives of sinister empaths.

What there is, are hundreds - possibly, now, thousands - of individual, and sometimes related, ONA MSS and works, which deal with a variety of esoteric topics (in an exoteric or esoteric way). The vast majority of these MSS and works are by Anton Long, and they are for the guidance of individuals belonging to, or associated with, or interested in the ONA - the emphasis being on *guidance*.

Mundane Misconception #5 - The Dark Gods of the ONA are derived from the fictional works of HP Lovecraft.

ONA verity: According to our aural traditions, our Mythos of the Dark Gods - of living-beings living in the acausal continuum - is much older than the pseudo-mythology manufactured by Lovecraft.

In addition, our mythos of these acausal sinister entities is quite different in almost all respects from the beings described by Lovecraft. Lovecraft's beings - such as Cthulhu - are loathsome, almost primal, physical creatures, in the ordinary causal continuum. In complete contrast, the Dark Gods are acausal beings, some of whom can manifest in the causal continuum, and many of whom possess the ability to shape-shift and to assume human form. They can thus appear as beautiful human women, or handsome human men. Furthermore, among these acausal beings is the being known, from our human mythology, as Satan. [Refer, for instance, to the ONA MS *Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.] Thus, the ONA mythos, of these Dark Gods, is a sinister, distinctly Satanic, mythos, whereas Lovecraft's pseudo-mythology is not. [For an early ONA reference to Satan as one of these Dark Gods, refer to the fictional work, *Falcifer, Lord of Darkness*, originally written in 1974 CE and first published in 1976 CE.]

The ONA have never claimed to have "invented", or to have made public for the first time, the legends and myths about the Dark Gods, only to have explicated them, given them a rational, scientific, basis, and thus codified the tradition

into a genuine Mythos appropriate to our times.

Furthermore, the ONA acknowledge that Lovecraft *may* have somehow stumbled upon some of the ancient, esoteric, legends and myths about The Dark Gods, through, for example, his own research, or perhaps via the medium of dreams (where sometimes the psyche of an individual can obtain intimations of the acausal and experience some effects of acausal energy). But if he did, then either it was a distorted, incomplete, garbled version, or he himself, perhaps for literary purposes, penned his own imaginative version of such intimations.

Moreover, the "names" given for various Dark God entities, in such works as NAOS, are useful exoteric symbols (note the words *useful symbols*) intended for Initiates. That is, they are not re-presentations, in the causal, of what are essentially acausal entities who/which cannot be described in causal terms, but which may be better apprehended or re-presented in part via esoteric vibration/chant. The ONA make it quite clear that it is for the Initiate to discover if this is indeed the case - via their own practical experience.

Mundane Misconception #6 - The ONA does not really exist, and is just an Internet phenomenon.

This is the mundane fallacy of *the deluded middle*, so named because the deluded middle is the muddled mundane who believes this canard, and passes it on, usually in that illusory realm, cyberland, where the sub-species *Mundanus Mundanus* thrive and prosper (in their dreams).

ONA verity:

(1) The ONA is a sinister, world-wide, association of sinister tribes, traditional nexions, and reclusive Adepts, many of whom do not have, and do not want, an Internet presence, and many of whom - as befits sinister, heretical, esoteric, subversive groups and individuals - do not desire publicity of any kind, desiring instead to be illusive.

(2) As mentioned elsewhere:

The majority of those who are part of or who are associated with an existing traditional ONA nexion (group/Temple) remain hidden, as those nexions themselves remain hidden; for that is how it has been for many, many, decades. And that is how most of our sinister work is undertaken - covertly, in secret.

In addition, some of our tribes do not overtly, in public, present themselves as “sinister” or openly affiliate themselves with the ONA. They just get on with their subversive job of subversion; of being feral; of being real outlaws; of living on the edge; of gaining control of their own local area; of making money for themselves and their tribe; of gaining respect among their own communities; and of generally being a pain in the ass for their local mundanes and for the “law enforcement” agencies of mundane “law and order”. That is, they are living the sinister way, not writing about it; not talking about it, on the Internet or elsewhere.

Furthermore, we have a variety of *nym*s, now – some still esoteric; some just emerging into the light of the mundane world, such as Dreccian. Thus, some of our tribes, and some of our traditional nexions, will use one of these *nym*s, instead of using the traditional term, and title, ONA.

Source: *Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles, Version 1.09*

(3) Our tribes have and seek to expand their own territory. Many of our traditional nexions conduct ceremonial rites and ceremonies, and hold sunedrions, open only to members of good standing and of proven loyalty.

Mundane Misconception #7 - The ONA is a fascist and/or a neo-nazi, anti-Semitic, Satanist group.

ONA verity: The ONA is heretical and subversive, in both the practical and the esoteric sense. Therefore, whatever is heretical, in a particular period of human history, and whatever is or may be useful in a subversive way, we can, or may, or will, use.

Some of our members and associates have, in the past, used the form of overt National Socialism, as others have used - and some still use - the *ethical National-Socialism* of NS groups such as Reichsfolk. Some others have also used that causal *-ology* that mundanes and other term fascism.

Our answer is: so what? The ONA is an amoral, esoteric, Left Hand Path association. As such,

“...there is nothing that is not permitted – nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest.
(*The LHP – An Analysis*. ONA MS dated c. 1991 CE)

Thus, if some of our members or associates want to identify with, or use, some form such as National Socialism, for whatever reason (exoteric or esoteric), that is their choice. If some of our members or associates believe in such an *-ism* or such an *-ology*, that is also their choice, which they are free, at liberty, to make. Their belief may or may not change, over causal time, and a result of their experiences, practical, and Occult. Or it may not. Their *wyrd* is their

wyrd.

As for the ONA being anti-Semitic - the hue and cry of anti-semitism is one of the war-cries of the Magian and of the mundanes following them or manipulated by them, is based on a causal abstraction designed to restrict, contain, tyrannize, and control individuals - their behavior and even their thoughts - and is used to socially engineer a particular type of tyrannical society, for mundanes. This particular causal abstraction derives from the psychology and the sociology of the Magian - a set of causal abstractions and causal theories, based on the fundamental error of what we may call ignorant (or arrant) projectionism, which is when an individual or individuals project some causal abstraction onto the external world, and/or onto human beings, and then "interpret" the external world, and/or human beings according to such abstractions, proceeding then to delude themselves in having "understood" the external world, and/or human beings. We say: psychology and sociology - and all such kindred things - are bunk, and that knowledge, understanding, and judgment of others, is and can only be individual, as result of direct, practical, experience, discovering, learning and personal interaction. The judgment and opinion of others, and all causal theories, *-isms*, ideas and *--ologies*, are irrelevant.

However, the ONA is decidedly, defiantly, and proudly anti-Magian. That is, opposed to the delusions, the illusions, the abstractions, the distortions, and the ethos, of the Magian. As stated in an ONA MS:

" Magians are a specific type of human being - they are the natural exploiters of others, possessed of an instinctive type of human cunning and an avaricious personal nature. Over the past millennia they have developed a talent for manipulating other human beings, especially Western mundanes, by means of abstractions - such as usury and "freedom" and marxian/capitalist "social engineering/planning" - and by hoaxes/illusions, such as that of "democracy". The easily manipulated nature of Western mundanes, and the Magian talent for such things as usury and litigation/spiel, their ability to cunningly manipulate, and their underlying charlatanesque (and almost always cowardly nature), have given them wealth, power and influence....

We are [the] scourge of the mundanes, scourge of the Magian, breaker of tyrannical abstractions: scourge and breaker of all that has, for millennia, prevented us from becoming the divine, the numinous, the Cosmic, species we have the potential to be. "
Our Sinister Character

The ONA regards such things as the qabala, the demonology of grimoires (such as the Lesser Key of Solomon), The Golden Dawn, the Church of Satan, and The Temple of Set, as Magian distortions, corruptions, and/or inventions,

and thus as detrimental to the genuine esoteric, Occult, development and evolution of the individual.

We further regard the Magian ethos - exoterically now evident in such things as the new Amerikan world empire (The New World Order) and in nation-States with their laws and Police-forces - as tyrannical and directly and violently opposed to our evolution into a new, higher, species of human being.

A further, non-Occult, discussion of the Magian, and the Magian ethos, can be found in such exoteric works as *Selected Essays Regarding The White Hordes of Homo Hubris*.

Mundane Misconception #8 - The ONA is just one person, who uses a variety of pseudonyms.

Among the ONA OG, this is called *the Aquino fallacy*, because Aquino was the first person to publicly make this fallacy, nearly a quarter of a century ago. Interestingly, Aquino himself stopped making this fallacy around 2000 CE, although mundanes still commit this fallacy today.

ONA verity:

(1) Enough diverse people, around the world, associated with or members of ONA nexions and tribes (past and present; working or defunct), are now known for even the most ordinary and lazy mundane (using only the Internet) to be able to see through this particular fallacy. From WSA352 in the States (especially Chloe and Kayla), to the Temple of Them in Australasia, to nexions and individuals in Iceland, Russia, Italy, and elsewhere; from Beesty Boy to Michael Ford to Ariadne S to Carolyne to Saturnyan... And so, etcetera.

(2) While some pseudonyms *may* be attributable to Anton Long (and names such as Stephen Brown come to mind, here), other pseudonyms used by ONA members or associates (such as DL9 or PointyHat or Caladius) which some people have claimed are used by AL, are most certainly not attributable to Anton Long, a fact which those making such ludicrous claims could easily have found if they had bothered to find and ask the individuals using such 'nyms.

While we have no formal OldAeon-type membership (with an HQ, fees payable and some silly membership card) - but are instead an informal esoteric,

subversive, heretical, association, a sinister Way, a sinister methodology, and a sinister mythos - there are currently around several hundred individuals, world-wide, who may be said to be members of, or closely and/or directly associated with, the ONA, and perhaps a thousand or so others indirectly associated with us, or sufficiently influenced or inspired by us and our Way to directly or indirectly aid us and/or our goals, and/or to produce some works (magickal, practical, sinister, or artistic) inspired by us and/or our sinister ethos and our Mythos.

The numbers, fundamentally, are irrelevant - for our influence far outweighs our numbers, as is befitting and esoterically correct, given that we are an elitist group.

Mundane Misconception #9 - The founder of the ONA converted to Islam, and left the ONA. He is a nutter who changes religions like some people change their clothes.

ONA verity: The individual who gave the outer, the exoteric, name The Order of Nine Angles to a small LHP association in the early 1970's CE, has remained steadfastly committed to The Sinister Way that lies at the heart of the ONA. Thus, for over forty years, Anton Long has been involved with the ONA, never deviating from striving to achieve certain sinister Aeonian goals.

Interestingly, Anton Long never ascribes - and has never ascribed - any title or Magickal Grade to himself; all his profuse esoteric writings, and missives, are simply signed *Anton Long, ONA*. This is in stark contrast to almost everyone else, associated at some level with, or involved at some level with, Occult organizations, especially LHP and Satanic ones, which individuals almost invariably ascribe some grand title to themselves, such as High Priest, or Adept, or Magister, or even Magus.

As for outer, temporal, changes - seen and described by some mundane or some mundanes, or by some Magians - so what? The judging of such a particular individual by means of such outer, temporal, changes is, for us,

a basic but effective test of mundane-ness, especially among those who describe themselves as Occultists and "satanists". Have these "Occultists" and "satanists" the instinct, the occult ability - the innate character of one of our sinister kind - to see beyond mere causal form, to the acausal, and thus perceive the reality of one shapeshifting sinister individual?

Naturally, mundanes will still continue, in their delusion and ignorance, making mundane judgments about people based on such causal illusions - unless and until, that is, they change themselves, and evolve, by a means of liberation such as our Sinister Way, and thus discover, perceive, such causal forms for the restrictions, the tyranny, that they are.

DL9 & PointyHat

Order of Nine Angles

121 Year of Feyen

Notes

[1] *Recruit openly*, as in publicly encourage candidates to begin their own sinister quest, according to the guidelines we have made available.

Training, as (a) for traditional nexions/aspirant Adepts, outlined in *Guide to The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*; and (b) for aspiring Dreccians (those who live by *The Law of The Sinister-Numen*), sinister living as outlined in documents such as *We, The Drecc*, *The War Against The Mundanes*, and *Our Sinister Character*.

[2] The basic physical tests and challenges for aspiring members of the ONA are outlined in *Guide to The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*:

The minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals.]

For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

Note, in particular, that these are just the minimum acceptable standards, and that "those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set

themselves more demanding goals." Thus, a competent male cyclist would be expected, for example, to cycle around 350 miles in 24 hours, and a competent male walker would be expected to walk around or over 100 miles in 48 hours.

Also note that even the ONA Grade Ritual of Magus - undertaken only by older folk involved with the ONA for at least three decades - requires the individual to walk 300 miles in 15 days or less, in a wilderness area, carrying all equipment necessary, and then live alone in that area for six months or longer.

Further Reading:

A - Misconceptions

- 1) [The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context](#)
- 2) [The Septenary, Crowley, and The Origins of the ONA](#)
- 3) [Commentary on Dreamers of the Dark](#)
- 4) [Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism](#)
- 5) [Guide to The Philosophy of the ONA](#)
- 6) [Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism](#)
- 7) [Defending the ONA?](#)

B - Training and Ethos

- 1) [Our Sinister Character](#)
- 2) [Our Law of The Sinister-Numen](#)
- 3) [We, The Drecc](#)
- 4) [Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way](#)
- 5) [War Against The Mundanes](#)

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Concerning the Traditions of the ONA

For a long time, the traditions were divulged on an individual basis - from Master or Mistress to Initiate. An 'Order' as such did not exist. There was only, at any one time, a few Adepts who taught a few pupils over a long period of time.

It was not until the sixth decade of this present century that this pattern changed. Hitherto, the tradition was secret and secretive, and prospective pupils were subject to severe tests and ordeals, of a physical, mental and magickal nature. The traditions were oral, with one or two exceptions. These being concerned with certain magickal rituals and Esoteric Chant. But even these were written in code or in symbolic/magickal scripts devised to conceal them from non-Initiates.

The tradition itself concerned: a) certain rites and ceremonies of 'Black Magick' - e.g. The Ceremony of Recalling; The Sinister Calling; the Rites of Nine Angles [Note: These are later titles for what was without title]; b) certain beliefs/legends relating to the Dark Gods; c) certain methods which were believed to be necessary for the achievement of Adeptship [e.g. what later became known as the 'Grade Rituals']; d) certain esoteric knowledge e.g. Esoteric Chant, the septenary system of correspondences; e) certain practices of a sinister nature [described in MSS such as 'Culling'; 'Guidelines for the Testing of opfers'].

There was also a belief which later became known as 'The Sinister Dialectic of History' - an attempt to understand Aeons and the rudiments of what later became Aeonic Magick.

Occasionally, ceremonial rituals were undertaken for specific purposes at which most, if not all, those who belonged to the tradition participated in. Sometimes, this was so few that others had to be recruited, subject to the usual tests and so on. But this 'recruitment' was for a specific purpose, and was not general policy.

In the sixth decade of this present century this, however, changed - under the guidance of the Mistress who then represented the tradition. She formed several ceremonial groups, all autonomous. These, however, were never large, and the combined number of people in these groups never exceeded thirty. A few of the individuals so recruited came from existing Black Magick or Left Hand Path groups (such as the OTP, the Temple of the Sun, and the Black order). Due to this change, some structure was given to the tradition - and a name, in addition to those already existing which served to identify the adherents of this tradition. The existing descriptive names were 'traditional Satanism, the septenary system, and hebdomadry. The new name, adopted by the Mistress, was the Order of Nine Angles. The autonomous groups also adopted their own names, as sub-Temples within the order. One of these was 'Camlad'; another was 'The Temple of the Sun' (nearly all the members of what had been called by this name had joined the ONA).

Over the next few years, Order sunedrions were held, and ceremonial Initiations undertaken. This continued for some more years, after the Mistress had retired. Her decision was the result of a sinister strategy - to undertake specific acts of sinister magick of a ceremonial kind; to increase the number of genuine Adepts and create temporal forms to direct certain magickal energies and so provoke certain changes, preparing the way for the next stage.

However, the reality was somewhat different from the theory. Some quality had been lost. There was a concentration on the external aspects of magick as against the internal and the aeonic. Accordingly, after some more years, the person who then represented the Order, disbanded the groups, and returned to traditional methods. The methods themselves were refined and extended, and it became the practice for External Adepts to form and manage their own Temple, with complete freedom. Further, a decision was taken to gradually make available all the traditions of the Order together with the new techniques developed.

The new techniques included 'The Star Game'. The Grade Rituals were revised, and further methods developed, together with a comprehensive theoretical system to explicate the true nature of both the methods and magick itself. Thus, a purely practical system of training was created, which made Adeptship and the Grades beyond available to anyone. This system was called 'The Seven-Fold Way' [later 'The Seven-Fold Sinister Way']. The basis of this system was described in an Order MS entitled 'Naos'.

According to tradition, the traditions themselves, inherited by the present Grand Master from the Mistress who Initiated him, were said to be a survival of what has been called 'The Third Way of Magick'; a survival from the civilization which flourished in Albion. These traditions were limited to a certain geographical area. This was bounded in the north by the Stiperstones; in the West by the Long Mynd; in the east by that neolithic pathway now known as the Kerry Ridgway; and in the south by the river Clun.

This, however, is only a tradition, with no direct evidence to support it.

Such, briefly, is the 'history' of the ONA. At present, the function of the Order is to: (a) guide suitable individuals towards and beyond Adeptship; (b) work Aeonic magick in accord with sinister strategy; (c) implement, via various tactics, that strategy.

One tactic used over the past few years, is making the tradition itself accessible, as well as the new developments which have extended and refined that tradition, forming the practical system mentioned above.

ONA 1990 eh

Editorial Notes:

1) I know that the history from the late sixties, as explained above, is factual, since I participated in it. As to what went before - e.g. the handing on of the tradition from Master/Mistress to pupil over a long period of time, and

the association of the area mentioned with the tradition - I have only the word of the Mistress who Initiated me. While I am still inclined, after all the intervening years, to accept her word, there remains no proof, or at least none of which I am aware. All I know is that she taught me a great deal of esoteric knowledge, unavailable at the time in any published books or accessible manuscripts. This knowledge included Esoteric Chant (qv. 'Naos'), the septenary system of correspondences, and the teachings divulged in the MSS 'Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice'; 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers'; 'A Gift for the Prince' etc.

Each person must make their own assessment. (Anton Long)

2) Other knowledge imparted included the Dark Gods mythos (as explicated in the MS 'The Dark Gods' and 'HP Lovecraft and the Dark Gods'), the esoteric meaning of the Nine Angles (as explicated in the MS 'The Secrets of the Nine Angles' - the MS 'Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings' gives a recent extension of the symbolism), and some ceremonial rites (explicated in 'The Black Book of Satan').

- Order of Nine Angles -

Copula cum Daemone
Or
A Summer's Tale

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I

Richenda was happy. The coven were already dancing inside the circle of stones and she could see their black robes silhouetted against the dawn sky. For several minutes she lay still on the ground, despite its coldness, while her Magistellus circled around her holding the sacred dagger and her coven chanted their slow rhythmic chant: 'Veni omnipotens aeternae diabolus!' Then she was on her feet, wresting the dagger from Paul's hand. He tried to resist, but she was too quick and agile and as he turned she tripped him. He fell to the ground where four of her coven pinned him down while she, smiling, bared his chest and cut a sigil into his flesh with the tip of the dagger.

The sight of bright, fresh blood brought a sigh to the coven and Richenda began her chant: 'Suscipe, Satanas, munus quod tibi offerimus, memoriam recolentes Atazoth!'

She raised the dagger but there was a shout and then another and she looked up to see several men running toward them along the rutted track to the stone circle.

Richenda, as befitted a Mistress of Earth, did not panic.

"Someone," she said calmly, "has betrayed us." She looked around, then stared at Paul, who turned his terrified gaze away. "Ne paveatis," she said, mocking him, "ista est illuio." She stood up, and the eight women of her coven gathered behind her. "We shall meet again," she said to them, "as planned."

She did not run with them or even after them as they ran toward the shielding cover of the forest which covered part of the lower slope of the hill. The stone circle stood on the almost level ground that made the top of a hill and while Black Hill was neither the highest nor the most scenic of the many that covered this corner of the Welsh Marches, it was isolated, the overgrown wood which led down to Worm Batch valley providing an excellent route of escape.

The men did not follow Richenda into the darkness of the trees and she hid the dagger before threading her way through the undergrowth. The disruption of the ritual saddened her, a little. Every seventeen years, at sunrise in the Summer, the Magistellus would offer up his life in grateful remembrance of the forgotten god. His blood would fructify the land. Since the death of her mother, it had been her duty, as Mistress of Earth, to uphold the ancient and secret tradition. But she, unlike her ancestors, had failed. For several minutes, saddened by this failure, she walked aimlessly. Slowly, sunlight began to filter and speckle down and she sat on the ground, resting her back against the trunk of a fallen and rotten tree as a rising and then gusting wind shook the leaves and branches around her.

"There is nothing you could have done," a soft voice beside her said.

Startled, she stared at the figure beside her. The old man smiled. His full beard was a little unkempt, his dark clothes clean if well worn, and in his hand he carried a staff whose top was carved into the head of a wolf.

"Do not be afraid," he said to her.

"I am not afraid," she said before looking around.

"They will not follow you here, Richenda."

"Who are you?"

"I have many names, none of them important. But you are more beautiful than I expected. Do you have a question?"

"What do you want?" He did not look like a beggar or a tickney-man.

"It is not what I want - but what you wish to know."

"What do you mean?"

The man smiled. "When you find the question I will be here."

A rustling in the trees nearby distracted Richenda and when she turned back, the old man had gone. For what seemed a long time she sat still until rain made her resume her walk, and she had walked what seemed a long distance until the rain reached through the trees to soak her. The sun was strong and had already begun to dry her ragged clothes by the time she reached her home. Cold Hill cottage was set in a lee between two hills almost directly north and south. To the west, the sheep-grazed land rose steadily to the wooded, overgrown and partly derelict sides of the Stiperstones - a rocky outcrop between the almost barren flats of the Long Mynd and the nearby hills of Wales. Only toward the east did the land slope away from the cottage, down to a tributary of the river East Onny. In Winter, at the cottage, there was often little sun. Ceridwen was waiting for her by the cottage door. She was Richenda's sister, although a stranger would not have guessed, for she was fair of hair where Richenda was dark, tall and broad where Richenda was of medium height and very curvaceous; Pretty, with a weather-worn complexion whereas Richenda was beautiful with a complexion a town-lady would have admired.

"There was a man here," Ceridwen said in greeting to her sister. "Someone I'd never seen around here before."

"What did he want?" Richenda said, suspicious.

"He gave me this." She held out a piece of vellum. It was inscribed with some kind of map.

Richenda stared at it. "This man -

"He knew my name."

Richenda made the obvious deduction. "Did he carry a staff - with a wolfshead?"

"Yes. And The Giving?"

"We were betrayed."

"Paul?"

"He shall pay for his treachery."

"They shall come for us, then?"

Richenda laughed. "They would not dares"

"But Father Albert -

Richenda laughed again and then spat on the ground. "He will fail, like all the others."

"I do not like it. What if - " Ceridwen began to protest.

Richenda took the piece of vellum from her hand. "Shall we see what this is all about."

"Perhaps it is a trap. That Nazarene priest - "

"Well, we'll soon find out."

Richenda found the map easy to follow, and she led her sister along the track from the cottage, through bracken and down into a small valley. The way led upward for a while, following a tiny stream, and into woods, to take them further up toward bare rocks and then down again to a scattering of trees. Nearby, a tree overhung a ledge and Richenda scrambled around. Behind the curving trunk of the tree loose rocks lay clumped, overgrown and mossy and she gave them a cursory look before realizing.

"Come on, help!" she shouted to her sister, and together they began to clear the rubble. It was not long before they discovered the entrance to a cave.

"I don't like this," Ceridwen said.

"It's probably just an old mine shaft. Might even be Roman." She squeezed herself into and crawled along the passage. It widened after a while, enabling her to turn around.

"Goes a long way in. We need a lantern."

Richenda left her sister at the cave entrance, and she had almost reached the track which led back to their cottage when she heard a horse approaching. She hid in the bracken, but it was only Owen, her nearest neighbour, and she watched him raise the gun he carried to shoot at a Skylark. The bird fell, and Owen sent his dog after it. Owen was partial to Lark pie. She could see his ruddy face smile as he urged his horse on.

She did not wish to speak to him and waited until she was alone again. Ceridwen was asleep when she returned to the entrance of the cave, carrying two lanterns and a flint tinderbox. She lit them both, woke her sister and led her into the crumbling, dank passage. It slanted gently downward to sharply turn and end in a small chamber. Toward the left Richenda could see another passage, but it was almost completely blocked by rubble and large rocks. She tried to move some, but soon gave up and she turned, crouching, to see Ceridwen digging at the ground with her hands. There was a smile on Ceridwen's face as she extracted something from the rubble.

Outside, in the bright light, she used the dirty hem of her dress to clean it. The crystal was large, cold to the touch, and shaped like a tetrahedron.

Now, Richenda thought, I have a question, which hopefully the old man can answer.

II

"So - you failed us." The speaker was dressed in a cassock of a Priest. His face was wrinkled with age, his hair white, some of his teeth rotten, while his body seemed too small to support the large head. He looked dismissively at Paul who was kneeling before him the cold damp Chapel.

"Forgive me, Father," Paul said in a pleading voice.

The Priest turned to his three companions, who nodded gravely.

"Rise," the Priest said to Paul, affecting a smile. "And sit with us."

"These followers of the Devil," he continued, "cannot be allowed to continue with their blasphemy." He turned to whisper to his three companions. "Inveni Pauli servum meum, oleo sancto meo unxi eum: manus enim mea auxiliabitur ei, et brachium meum confortabit eum." To Paul, he said, "I have a special task for you, my son. Have you faith enough to accept?"

"You must be strong, my son. Watch her well. See who she sees. Follow. We will pray and plan anew. You have studied veil with us - quod est commixtione homines, et tali modo nasciturum esset Anti-Christum. We fear this, and depend on you." He gave Paul a small phial.

"Holy relics, to guard you. Go now."

Paul left. It was a long walk along the lanes and tracks to the sinewy small valley that gave one access to Richenda's cottage. A man leading several tethered pack-mules passed him as he skirted the grounds of Linley Hall. He wished the man with the wizened face and torn, dirty clothes, a good day but received no reply. The man barely looked up and briefly met Paul's gaze before looking nervously around, his hand clutching at the pistol stuck into his belt. Then he was gone from Paul's sight as the track he had chosen led him and his mules eastward toward the Port Way over the Mynd.

Paul chose a high vantage point, in the bracken, to observe Cold Hill cottage. The day was warm, and he was glad to be freed from the toil of work. He hated work, and had been glad when Father Albert had come to his father all those years ago. He hated their squatter's cottage perched near the bottom of Nind hill - always filled with smoke, with his brothers and sisters. Its walls were thick, composed of stone, undressed and found nearby, its windows tiny. There were only two rooms, and on most nights the children huddled together round the fire while their parents slept alone on a mattress made from moss. He had always been hungry.

But the old Priest had saved him, and sent him to school in Salop town. He was sixteen, his

mind full of stories of Empire and adventure, when the Priest found him work with a Farrier not very distant from Cold Hill cottage. So he had worked and came to know Richenda, as the Priest had planned. After four years, she had confided in him, as the Priest had done. Thus he had played the Priest's same, priding himself on his success. What stories he would tell in the Taverns when his adventures were complete.

The warm sun began to make him feel sleepy. He had seen no one around the cottage during the hours of his waiting, no sign of anyone within, and he began to wonder what it was like inside. He had only ever met Richenda at or near his place of work - and only twice near the circle of stones - and the more he thought about the interior of the cottage the more excited he became. It was there that she slept, that she kept her clothes. Perhaps even now she was sleeping. He could creep up, and see her through the window.

Soon, his excitement could no longer be contained, and he crept slowly down with beating heart and quivering limbs toward the cottage. He crouched outside, listening. No sounds reached him, except the breeze, the sound of a curlew, the cry of a raven, and he stole a look through one of the small windows at the back of the cottage. There was a woman, sleeping on a bed, and she was naked. Paul stared at her, unable to avert his gaze. It was not Richenda, nor Ceridwen. She seemed of middle age, her dark hair in disarray around her head and shoulders. He had seen one of his sisters naked, once. But this was different. He was a virgin, and as he stared lustful thoughts began to grow in his mind. Then the woman opened her eyes.

She looked directly at him, as if she had known he had been there, but she did not move, even to cover herself, or turn her eyes away. Instead, she began to very slowly caress her breasts, smiling as she did so. Paul stood there, transfixed. Then she was beckoning him in, arching her body and touching the large mass of her pubic hair with her fingers. Its blackness contrasted vividly with her white skin, and he walked slowly to the door of the cottage, almost fearful that the vision would disappear before he got inside.

But she was still there as he walked into the bedroom. She sat up, still smiling, to stand and touch his face. Her touch startled him, because he had half-expected her to be unreal. Her fingers were warm, her touch soft, her breath fragrant and she kissed him passionately before starting to remove his clothes. "I am Melusine" she whispered in his ear as she dragged his naked body down with her onto the bed, her hand guiding his erection.

In his inexperience and passion, it was soon over, but she clung to him and he soon drifted to sleep. He did not know how long he slept, but he awoke when she moved to take his penis into her mouth. His recovery was quick, and she pushed him onto his back to ease herself onto his erection.

She would not let him rest, finding new ways to arouse him until even the vigour of his youth and the excitement of losing his virginity diminished and then were gone, leaving him exhausted. His eyes began to close, and she began to laugh. She was mocking him with her laugh. But it suddenly stopped, and he opened his eyes to see her gone. He rushed outside, but she had vanished.

III

Richenda waited a long time in the woods near her circle of stones, but Ceridwen did not come to meet her as they had planned. It was nearing dusk when, weary and beginning to worry, she began her walk back to the cottage.

She reached it in darkness, guided by her senses, her knowledge of the area and the vestigial light rarely absent on a summer's night in Britain. Spectral shadows entwined her cottage, and she understood. But the form that she had summoned to work her desire upon Paul did not return and she sat in a rickety chair before the empty grate of the fireplace reaching out to Ceridwen.

But she could sense nothing. It was as if some barrier existed between them, a barrier that not even her magick could breach. For some time she listened to the sounds of her night: a white Owl screeching, the jarring cry of a Nightjar. Tired, she closed her eyes to sleep.

"I hope I do not disturb you," a soft voice beside her said. The old man, holding his staff, stood beside her.

"No," she said, without surprise, "I was just dreaming about you."

"You have found a question?"

"The crystal -"

"Ah! You are Mistress of a long tradition. As your own mother was. Yes, indeed. Right back to my ... well, the old ways flourish still, for which I am glad. What was I saying? Oh yes. To change a whole folk is the aim of your magick: to bring wyrd, change on a large scale. Once, a long time ago now when ... when a young man was still learning like Logres, his ward, a change was begun. And after - new ways of living, new understandings. This by the crystal you have."

"How?"

"How? Simple. I give part answer: *wyrd non est aliud, quam halitus aquae, terraeque, solis calore exacte attenuatus et coctus, a frigore secutae noctis in unum coactus, densatusque*. And another part: *veniebant Dasmones, et cum mulieribus miscebantur*. You have heard of the sangreal? Who now, alas, has not? But Phereder knew the secret - and ben Beirdd. There was a hermit - I forget now his name although Helinandus remembered him who began to change the real meaning and make it as a vessal for that new silly god with crosses and flocks of silly sheep. It is, as von Eachenbach knew, *lapsit ex coelis*. And this you have, given by me, its guardian."

Richenda was very tired, and closed her eyes in sleep. When she awoke, she did not expect to see the old man, and did not. 'Veniebant Daemones, et cum mulieribus miscebantur' she heard in her head like an echo. Did she really understand?

She believed so, and this pleased her, although she was still troubled by Ceridwen's absence. 'The crystal - ' a voice seemed to say to her, and she went to where it was hidden among the objects of the untidy and unclean cottage. She found it, and sat down at the table, clearing away the remains of the discarded and mouldering food to place it in front of her. She stared at it, and it was not long before her mind cleared and began to fill with images. She saw Ceridwen, almost naked, tied to a chair in a damp chapel replete with Nazarene symbols and images. Father Albert and two other men stood over her, leering as one of them began to beat her with a whip. They were shouting at her sister, although she could hear no words, and her sister sat as if oblivious to the blows, mocking them with a silent smile.

Anger overcame Richenda, and the vision flickered, then vanished. Then, remembering, she formed her anger into an astral shape and sent it forth to bring her Paul.

IV

The presbytery was not large, and not even purpose built as a dwelling for a Priest, but Father Albert liked it, and the chapel attached to it. It was a gift, less than a decade ago, from the wealthy Sumner family. Recusants, the Sumners owned the village in the shadow of the Long Mynd and most of the surrounding land. So he said his Masses for the family and the few villagers who ventured to attend. It was a comfortable living. But Father Albert, educated as most Catholic Priests of the time had been, in France, had in his first year of residence come upon the legends and the whispers and the rumours of witchcraft and Satanism in the area. So he had studied, and listened and learnt, seeking help from his learned brethren. Thus it was that he came to know of a coven perhaps centuries old, dedicated to the old ways and commerce with demons. And so his suspicions grew until he seriously believed this commerce was of

great import - a new and important battle in the centuries long war. So he had begun to scheme to defeat his enemy.

His small study was filled from floor to ceiling with books, and from a crowded shelf he took down a manuscript bound in vellum. He opened it and began to read, and as he did so he felt someone laughing at him. He shut his eyes and began to pray: 'Exorcizamus te, omnis immunde spiritus, omnis Satanica potestas, omnis incurtio infernalis adversarii'.

The prayer soothed him, and the laughter disappeared. The manuscript was hand-written in a monastic script and told of the signs by which commerce with demons could be told. He had read it many times, and read it again while he waited for his fellow believers to return with their prize. Ceridwen, sister of the women who knew to be hereditary leader of the coven. Paul, his oblate and pupil, had failed to return, and Father Albert suspected foul and demonic deeds. Perhaps they had him, and would complete their sacrifice. But with Ceridwen, he might forstall their plans

His reverie about his holy war was interrupted by the arrival of his companions. He had sworn them, with holy oaths, to secrecy, and they being god-fearing and educated like him in theology in the confines of a monastery, had obeyed.

Ceridwen had offered no resistance, and she let herself be led into the chapel where they bound her to a chair, these ageing relicts of an almost dying age.

"Speak, witch!" Father Albert demanded.

But she smiled and spat into his face.

They prayed over her then, but she still smiled. They sprinkled her with their holy water, held a crucifix near her face, but she said nothing, and did not attempt to move. After an hour they left her.

She was still smiling when they returned, an hour later.

"Tell us," Father Albert said to her as he clutched his Breviary, "this area is important, is it not? I have heard tales of that hideous stone circle - of what you do and have done there. Do you not promise the Devil sacrifices and offerings?" He turned to his companions. "Singulis quindecim diebus, vel singulo mense saltem, necem alicujus infantis aut mortale veneficium."

They crossed themselves in horror. "Why do you not answer us?" Father Albert said to her.

"We seek only your good, your own salvation. We can save you from eternal damnation. If you repent, you can be saved. We only seek to help you, be your friends. It is our duty to save your soul."

He opened his breviary and began to pray. For nearly an hour he prayed. But she still smiled at them.

"There is a mark," Father Albert said, remembering his manuscript, "A mark made by the demon. It is imprinted on some hidden part of the body. Sometimes in the shape of a toad's leg, sometimes a hare or a spider." He motioned to his companions and they began to remove her clothes.

She was almost naked when Father Albert began to touch her breasts. "Et hoc modo," she whispered to him, "homo jungens se Incut~ non vilificat, immo fignificat suam naturam."

This startled and shocked him, both for its content and because of her obvious knowledge of Latin, and he sprang back, horrified. Quickly, his mind made many assumptions.

"She is a demon!" he shouted. His riding whip was nearby, discarded, and he grasped it in trembling hands. Then one of his companions, perhaps excited by the exposure of female flesh or from whatever other motive, snatched the whip and began to beat her with it, shouting 'Avante Satanas!' as he did so.

Cerdiwen smiled at them all.

Suddenly, Father Albert shouted. "Leave her! Leave her! We must pray."

They left her then, bloodied but defiant, while they went to the study to pray.

Richenda did not have long to wait. Paul came to her, as she had bid him do. He had been nearby, still under the spell of Melusine's body and lust yet morbidly ashamed of his betrayal of his faith and Father Albert. So he had sat and waited, for some sign.

A voice called him, and he came back to Richenda's cottage to stand on the step to her door, shivering with both fear and anticipation.

"Do you wish her again?" Richenda asked him.

"Yes," he said, staring down at the floor.

"Then she shall be yours. But first - do you Paul Jones renounce Yeshua, the Nazarene, and all his works?"

"I - "

"Say it! And this time there shall be no escape!" She held the fingers of her left hand against his forehead.

"I Paul Jones renounce Yeshua, the Nazarene, and all his works."

"Do you affirm Satan?"

"I do affirm Satan."

"Do you bind yourself with word and deed to me, your Mistress of Earth?"

"I do."

"To the glory of our dark gods?"

"To the glory of our dark gods."

"Then receive from me as a sign of your faith this kiss."

She kissed him, as Melusine had kissed him, tongue against tongue, while she pressed her body into his. Then she pushed him away. "Go now, and release her and bring her back to me. Then, before dawn, your desires will once again be fulfilled."

He ran the first mile, then stopped to briefly walk before running again, and it took him less than an hour to reach the house where Father Albert lived. For a while he waited in the darkness outside and as he waited he felt a strength growing within him. It was a dark strength, born from lust, youth, rebellion and fear, and he was smiling as he knocked on the door.

Father Albert cried in surprise and joy when he opened the door to see him. "My sons" he said. Paul pushed him aside and rushed toward the chapel.

"Are you possessed?" Father Albert said as he scuttled after him.

Paul did not answer. He untied Ceridwen and spat at the large crucifix which adorned the chapel.

"Quickly!" Father Albert shouted to his companions.

"Quickly come! He is possessed!"

He tried to bar Paul's way, but was knocked aside. He fell, blocking the path for his two companions who could only watch as Ceridwen and Paul escaped into the shielding cover of the darkness.

Richenda was waiting for them by the door to the cottage.

"She is waiting for you, inside," she said to Paul before she embraced her sister in welcome.

He gave a brief smile, then nervously entered.

Outside, Richenda showed Ceridwen the crystal. "Do you wish to rest or shall we begin?"

"Let us begin."

"First then, our foes."

They stood beside each other with the crystal between them and Richenda began her visualization. She saw the clerics in the study of the presbytery kneeling and praying, their breviaries open before them. Then one of them looked up, as if to smell something. She saw Father Albert stand and turn toward the door just as it burst into flames. He shielded his face as books above and around them caught fire, raining down in sudden profusion. Soon, the whole room was ablaze and then the whole building. Nothing that was living escaped from it.

Satisfied, Richenda turned her attentions elsewhere. There was a scream in the cottage as she began her second visualization. The crystal, Paul, Melusine - they were all keys, as her vision had foretold. Had the old man returned to her while she waited for Paul to return with her sister - or had it been a dream?

The dark gods were waiting, as they had waited for centuries, and she would free them - earthing their power through a body yet to be born. She knew enough, through her mother's teaching and education as well as through her own intuitive understanding, to understand what she was about to do - what the old man had bid her do and what her mother had spoken of in mysterious words many times and although she did not understand everything, she was happy to proceed and bring the dark forces back to earth.

She began to chant, as Cerdiwen began to chant, the ancient words handed down by her mother. 'Nythra Kthunae Atazoth. Binan ath ga wath am!' She would not know where the child of her endeavours would be born, or to whom, only that, nine months hence, the chosen child would emerge into the world.

Inside the cottage and lying naked on the bed, Paul was dead, an expression of stark horror on his face. Near him on the floor, a recent crumpled newspaper lay. 'The Ironbridge Chronicle' was dated **August 1888**.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Copula cum Daemone II

A Selection of Heretical and Blasphemous Texts From the Sinister Order of Nine Angles



ONA - Hardcore Hate, Ultra-violence, and Heresy

Let it be understood, again – that we of the Order of Nine Angles revel and delight in genuine heresy, in a defiant individuality, and in being amoral. Thus, when we are criticized for inciting hate and violence, and for affirming human culling, we say: so what? For that is what we do, and we do what we do because we embrace the Dark; we desire The Dark; we seek to Presence The Dark – Chaos – upon Earth and in and through others. Thus do we willingly, gladly, laughingly embrace hardcore hate, ultra-violence, and heresy.

For we love to challenge “normals” and cause offence, for such things may be the genesis of a cathartic insight, for some.

Thus, when we are criticized for championing what is heretical in our societies, we say: so what? For that is what we do. Thus do we sometimes gladly praise in our Rites, our lives and through our actions, individuals such as Adolf Hitler and National Socialism itself: and each and every other heresy of our times – and if some shudder and direct epithets and “terms” at us, our response is to laugh and raise our arm in a fascist salute. For, unlike the shuddering ones, the normals, the mundanes, we revel in life itself: our blasphemies a liberation for ourselves and for others.

Thus do we seek to ignore, to transgress, the laws, the limits, that the mundanes set to protect themselves and their societies, for we are rebellion itself: outlaws who thrive beyond and in the margins that mark the boundary between The Light and The Dark.

Thus do we desire our name – as known in the world of the mundanes, and as

known in the world of The Dark - to become a synonym for Chaos, liberation, culling, and revolutionary change.

Not for the Order of the Nine Angles - or anyone connected with it - cosy intellectual discussions about obscure esoteric matters. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - the scribblings of Occult internet forums where those who-do-not-know converse with those who-do-not-do. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - any *sincere* affirmation of or any *sincere* identification with the ways, the politics, the religions, the world, of the mundanes. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - some urban or suburban "Temple". Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - ONA meetings, conferences and dialogues.

Instead, our way is the way of action, of deeds, of violence, terror, revolution, combat, war. The way of the defiant *individual* - the real heretic who leads and manipulates others, the human shapeshifter who plays, who acts, a rôle in the living game which is the life, the societies, of the mundanes.

Thus those who use our name in vain should beware: for we willingly, gladly, laughingly, embrace hardcore hate, ultra-violence, and heresy, dedicated as we are to bringing real Chaos to the lives of the mundanes, to disrupting and destroying their societies and all their ways of life.

Where there is The Darkness, we are. Where there is Chaos, you will find us lurking, leading, manipulating. Where there is Heresy, you will find us as instigators, as champions of The Forbidden. And where there is a law, you will find us transgressing it...

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Copula cum Daemone 0

The essence of our sinister Internal Magick is *Copula cum Daemone*, in either the literal sense of joining with certain acausal entities, or in the psychic sense of nurturing, releasing, and joining with one's inner Baeldraca to thus become a causal-dwelling (but still mortal) sinister changeling. In the case of one's Baeldraca, the joining is begun by the rite of sinister Initiation, nurtured by the journey to External Adept, released by the Rite of Internal Adept, and fully joined (re-united) with one's causal being by a successful Passing of The Abyss.

In the literal sense, the joining with certain acausal entities can be done in several ways. First, by invoking them, through Dark Sorcery, into one's own self. Second, by evoking them and then, again through Dark Sorcery, having a candidate (a mortal, willing or unwilling) be a host for the entity so evoked. Third, by opening a collocation of nine physical nexions and recalling The Dark Gods back to our causal realm.

A simple example of the first kind is the working with the pathways on the Tree of Wyrð (qv. *Naos*). An example of the second kind is *The Ceremony of Recalling*, as given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*. A fictional account of such presencings of such acausal entities is given in *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*, and in the three stories, *Jenyah*, *Sabirah*, and *In The Sky of Dreaming*.

In a quite literal sense, some acausal entities - when manifest in the causal, are demons. Mischievous evil beings who - like most acausal beings - are shapeshifters, and can assume a variety of causal forms, benign, animal, human, or otherwise. Some of these types of acausal beings may have given rise to myths such as Dragons, and to legends about Succubi and Incubi. Some acausal entities, when manifest in the causal, are more akin to the *δαίμων* of classical legends - an internal source of energy to guide, inspire, provoke, mortals; or physically-presenced beings who watch over and guard certain sinisterly-numinous places; or beings, temporarily residing in the causal, who can restore the Cosmic balance by making mortals mad or bringing them misfortune or even killing them. Still other acausal entities, of a different acausal (but always shapeshifting) living species, are known to us by such causal names as we have assigned to them through a personal knowledge and past interaction with them - for example, Baphomet, Dark Goddess and Mistress of Earth; and Satan, The Lord of Darkness; both of whom can, if They so desire, join with us, physically, carnally, when They are presenced in the causal, on Earth, in some causal form that is pleasing to them, and us, and from which union They may gift us with an acausal, immortal, existence, if that, and we, be also pleasing to them.

Thus it is that the term *Copula cum Daemone* expresses the essence of our sinister Internal Magick, the essence of some of our demonic, dangerous (but often delightful), sinister practices, and also the goal of our Sinister Way, which goal is an immortal existence in the realms beyond this mortal, limited, causal, existence of ours.

ONA

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Satanic Amorality

The essence of Satanic amorality - insofar as the individual Satanist is concerned - can be simply expressed: a Satanist makes an assessment of others, judging them, and then decides whether those others, on an individual basis, are suitable victims. If they are suitable, as victims, then the Satanist acts accordingly - e.g. by manipulating them, using them and so on.

The judgment is based on character - i.e. does the person who is being judged possess a weak character? Are they dross, worthless? If they are judged to be so, by the individual Satanist, then they are suitable subjects.

It is one of the aims of Satanic training to cultivate Satanic judgment on the individual level. However, it should be noted that there are two forms of Satanic judgment - the personal, and the Aeonic. The Aeonic is a refinement of the personal, the person being judged not only via their character but also via aeonics, in terms of their usefulness in attaining sinister goals in accord with the sinister dialectic of history. This MS is concerned with the personal type of judgment - other MSS deal with the second kind.

The cultivation of Satanic judgment - the assessment of others - is an essential quality, and one which a Satanic Adept must possess. This cultivation is basically a learning experience - sometimes, the novice makes a mistake, but this is learned from. Once a judgment has been made concerning another person or persons (and with experience, this becomes instinctive) the Satanist can act ruthlessly, if action is necessary or required - e.g. to achieve a personal goal or aid the dialectic. The act or acts can and do involve what others [the weak majority] regard as immoral and/or evil deeds.

Some case-histories from the secret files of members will best illustrate Satanic morality, although it should be remembered that these (with one exception) represent the novice stage of Satanic development. As such, they represent primarily a learning experience for the particular Satanic novice involved, although such actions often aid the sinister in general (as in the first example).

(a) A young man desires to experience some of the pleasures of living and so seeks money to enable him to achieve this. He decides to go into what is called 'drug dealing' - supplying various drugs to others. He reasons, quite correctly from a Satanic point of view, that those who take such things or need such

things because they are addicted, are weak – they have made their choice. They are life's natural victims, and show by their choice and actions they are basically worthless. Our young novice reasons that if the drug-takers do not have the strength of character to resist taking such things, or if they become addicted, they are failures – a quite obvious Satanic assessment.

Accordingly, he develops contacts and after a while has a very profitable business. Thus, he is able to indulge in most of life's pleasures and so further his Satanic education. Naturally, as a Satanist he is cunning and careful in his business – it is only a means to an end. Further, he is aware that by so aiding certain things, he is advancing the sinister in general – aiding the dialectic by culling, and by weakening 'society', and so perhaps creating opposition and thus creative change.

(b) A young female novice, recently moved to a new city, finds her quality of life destroyed by loutish, loud neighbors. She assesses them as scum. Her first action is to try and talk to them – but this is a gesture which she knows is probably doomed. It is, but it condemns her neighbors. She assails them by magick – aiming to cause illness, disruption, perhaps a death. This has some effect, but does not cure the problem [as often happens in real life when novices employ magick]. So she decides on more drastic action. She seeks out a suitable partner, whom she attracts by her Satanic guile and by using her sexuality. This man is a real mean person and has some friends just slightly less mean. Our novice is careful not to let her neighbors know of her involvement – her new partner and friends harass her enemies continually, using their own tactics. There are some fights, a few 'accidents' to the house, the cars outside, and so on. It is not long before her enemies decide they have had enough and move away (one of them has been hospitalized).

Essentially, the novice controlled the situation, from the beginning – she used and controlled others, by Satanic means, to achieve her aim after making judgments.

(c) A man approaching middle-age, initiated for a year, runs a small business. He wants to achieve more success. There is a rival firm – the owner of which is a typical arrogant, characterless businessman who is trying to edge-out the novice and takeover his business. So our novice decides to act – he assesses his rival as a suitable victim. This assessment also includes the man's wife and young daughter, whom our novice judges to be obnoxious, having had experience of their dealings. All are judged and condemned by their actions.

Our novice seduces his rival's wife – and then his daughter, using various Satanic skills and wiles to achieve this. He then introduces the daughter to some people, who deal in drugs and prostitution – she seems keen enough, and is soon involved in the 'party-scene', taking drugs and generally misbehaving.

Compromising photographs are taken and she becomes a drug-addict. She takes to stealing to pay for her habit, then prostitution. She is arrested. This is distracting for her father. Our novice infiltrates some people into his rival's business and they create some disorder - losing files, losing some business, upsetting the staff. His rival's wife is introduced to another, seemingly romantic man, and she falls for his charm. They have a brief affair. But he spurns her [this is all planned by our novice]. She takes to drink and tries to commit suicide.

All this proves too much for the rival ~ his business declines. Our novice puts in a bid, which is accepted. So his goal is achieved, at some human cost. But this does not concern our novice - the victims were victims of themselves, of their own weaknesses.

(d) A Mistress of Earth who has run a successful Temple for many years, desires an opfer. There is a candidate for Initiation whom she senses might prove suitable - he has certain desires which he finds hard to control, and a rather weak character. She arranges for him to meet some people involved in distributing adult pornography. Soon, he is deeply involved in certain things, of his own free choice. She gives him several chances to make something out of himself, but he does not take them. She arranges several tests to prove his character - and he fails them all. She cautions him, but he finally breaks with her and her Temple, full of self-delusion about his own abilities. Thus, he become a potential opfer ...

All the above examples (mostly trivial) illustrate Satanic morality in action on the individual level - i.e. they are concerned with judgment and with the Satanist acting on that judgment to achieve some practical goal which they desire. This is a learning, an expression of dark forces presencing on Earth via individual Satanic acts, and thus the making, or breaking, of Satanic novices and hence the creation of Satanic Adepts.

The Illustrations should serve to show that such morality is individual, that it is unique to the individual Satanist.



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Satanic Sacrifice and Satanic Thinking

Satanic Sacrifice

If there is one thing which expresses the essence of the Satanic ethos it is culling; and if there is one way to detect a pseudo-Satanist it is their attitude to culling.

As it says in our *pledge of allegiance* to Satan:

I accept there is no law, no authority, no justice
Except my own
And that culling is a necessary act of Life.
I believe in one guide, Satan,
And in our right to rule mundanes.

The Order of Nine Angles has always advocated culling, maintaining it is a Satanic practice; *the ONA will always advocate culling*. Why? Because there are mundanes, and us. A basic principle of Satanism is that mundanes are not only a resource, for us, but also expendable. This, in essence, arises from our Satanic morality - that we are better, more valuable, than mundanes.

The pseudo-Satanists are appalled by this attitude, just like Nazarenes are. For

these pseudo-Satanists, “sacrifice” means some sort of “self-sacrifice”, where, for example, they say stupid things like: “Those who seek energy outside of their minds and wills, are too weak for the practice of Magic...”

To us, this is just Nazarene-speak, covered by the slick words of weedy charlatans. For they are basically weak, afraid. They do not have our élan, our style, our satanic ethos, our elitist morality - our defiance of mundanes and everything mundane.

To such Nazarene-speak we Satanists say: why should we, in some ritual for example, denude ourselves of energy when mundanes can supply not only whatever energy we may need but also give us energy to enhance our ritual and our lives? There is a reason, of course, why our Dark Goddess, Baphomet, is called The Mother of Blood. Our Sorcery, our Magick, is really Black, really Dark, genuinely Sinister. Dangerous.

Satanism is a defiance of mundanes, a defiance of mundanity, *par excellence*. Satanism is the ethos of arête, which means we judge people according to their personal character. The worthless are worthless; expendable. Therefore, why should we not put them to good use?

For us, culling is natural fact of life - of how we live, or how we desire to live. Of course, there are different ways of culling mundanes - not every culling takes place, or needs to take place, in some Satanic ceremony or ritual, although obviously that is a great source of Satanic joy. A good way of culling is war; another is stirring up religious and political conflict; another is insurrection, revolution, assassinations, and so on. In fact, any means of conflict offers opportunities for culling; opportunities for those of Satanic character to weed out the weeds and reduce the surplus population of mundanes. Another, more personal way - and a good means of developing Satanic character - are “accidents”. And so on. You get the idea.

Satanic Thinking

Every Satanist should question everything. Satanists should question, in particular, everything that mundanes hold dear, need, and believe in.

What, today do most mundanes hold dear, need, and believe in?

- 1) The concept of the nation-State;
- 2) The need for government and laws; and the need to respect those laws;
- 3) The need for Police to enforce laws and arrest those who transgress laws made by mundanes for mundanes;
- 4) The need to earn a living by respectable means, and pay taxes

And so on.

So, as Satanists we question the need for nations, for States, for governments, for Police forces, for laws, for taxes. And, having questioned, we arrive at the answer that such things are mundane; made by mundanes for mundanes and as a means of punishing those who do not want to be mundanes and who naturally do not want to live like mundanes.

Thus, we Satanically desire to subvert, to undermine, to overthrow, to destroy, such mundane things, since for us there are no laws, no authority, no justice, except our own. We simply do not need governments, nations, States, Police forces, taxes, and all the other things that mundanes worship and have spent centuries protecting and defending and trying to convince us we need.

For we are rebels, outlaws, subversives. We are baleful opponents of mundanes and everything mundane. We are, or we strive to be, armed and dangerous - and capable of defending ourselves. We simply do not need any Police forces, and mundanes laws, any government, "to protect us". We would rather die, fighting and defiant, than allow anyone to subdue us. Basically, governments, nations, States - and their paraphernalia, such as Police forces, prisons, and laws - are a means of control, a means to subdue and make us conform.

But we Satanically desire to live in our way Satanic way - which is the way of real freedom: the way of clans, of tribes, of gangs, where we take care of our own, where we protect our own kind, where we are loyal to only our own kind. Where we consider those who are not of us, not our kind, are our enemies, either real, or potential.

So, good riddance to mundane trash. Good riddance to everything mundane. For we Satanically desire to create a new world, whose archetypes are Satan - Lord of Darkness and of Chaos - and Baphomet, Mistress of Earth and Mother of Bloody Sacrifices. A world where we rule mundanes, and thus where our personal Satanic Destiny is or can be fulfilled, and where our dark, sinister, Satanic Wyrð is implemented.

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Warriors of The Sinister Way

The simple yet esoteric truth is that we are, or we aspire to be, practical warriors of our dark, Sinister Way, and it is this simple truth which distinguishes us from all other paths, ways, groups, or people, who claim to

be, or who in their delusion believe themselves to be, "satanists" and/or practitioners of The Dark Arts.

For to us belong practical sinister, amoral, deeds.

For to us belongs that joyful ecstatic exultation in life that arises when we - as individuals, or as part of our own sinister collective, our own local sinister tribe or group - take ourselves not only to and beyond our limits, physical, and otherwise, but also to and far beyond the limits (moral and otherwise) set by the mundanes and which limits those mundanes have prescribed or ordained by some "law" or other.

For to us belongs that knowing - that feeling - that it is the acausal which animates the causal, and which is the essence of life, of Change, of the sinister itself.

Thus do we know - thus do we feel - that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves - what we are, now - and just as we seek to defy the mundanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence.

Thus - because of our defiance of death itself - do we and thus should we terrify the mundanes, and thus do the mundanes fear us, and thus do we, with our practical amoral, sinister, deeds, reveal all those of other paths, ways, groups, for the weaklings, the pretentious pseudos, the charlatans, and the pretenders, that they are: mundanes trying to cloak themselves with some of our sinister glamour.

For we are the one who cull, in real life: as a challenge, as a joy; as means of Presencing The Dark, of implementing our personal and our aeonic, dialectic: of Change, Chaos, and evolution.

We are the ones, who because of our practical and our esoteric training, are controlled - in control of ourselves, and of our feelings, our emotions; trained, prepared to, and capable of, directing our dark passion, our vitality, our defiance, our terror and our joy, however and whenever we wish.

We are the ones who seek to challenge ourselves; to change ourselves; to evolve; to transform ourselves into a new type of human being. Thus to us and our sinister kind belong great dreams; great visions; the imagination, the desire, of the explorer; the feral character of the true warrior; the primal rage

of the berserker; and the sensitive passion of a lover.

Thus do we - as a sinister kindred, as a sinister collective, as sinister tribes - seek to transgress all the limits set and made by the mundanes and their societies, and thus do we laugh at them, play our sinister games with them, and consider them as our resource, but always ready, willing and able as we are to find those few from among those mundanes who might possess some potential, something of our own sinister nature. Thus will we recruit, train and guide those few who like us dare to defy and who see or who feel the societies of the mundanes for the impersonal tyranny that they are.

Thus are we - as warriors of our dark Sinister Way - honourable with those of our own kind: honourable with our own brothers and sisters, and with those who support us and do not betray us; and thus are we harsh and ruthless with our enemies.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is the practical way of being tough; of being armed, and trained and prepared to fight, to kill, to defend ourselves, and defend those of our own tribe, our own sinister kindred. Our Way is the practical way of being loyal, unto death, to our own kind, of having respect for our kind, and disdain and hatred for our enemies. Our Way is the practical, warrior, way of never, ever, betraying one of our own kind to the mundanes and to their so-called forces of "law and order", and of killing, without hesitation and without remorse, anyone from among us or from our local supporters who does so betray us.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is the Way of those who prefer death to dishonour and who prefer to die fighting rather than having to surrender to any mundane or to the so-called forces of "law and order" of the mundanes.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is to obtain what we need - by whatever means - from the mundanes, and to lose no sleep over so obtaining what we need to survive, to live, to prosper as we will. Thus do we, thus should we and thus will we, redistribute the wealth, the goods, of our enemies, of the mundanes, to those in the areas where we live who support us and who do not betray us.

Thus are we - by our practical deeds, by our ethos, by our very tribal way of life - distinguished from all other paths, ways, groups, or people, who claim to be, or who in their delusion believe themselves to be, "satanists" and/or practitioners of The Dark Arts.

Anton Long

Order of Nine Angles
120 Year of Fayen

Why Satanists are Evil

Let us not be mis-understood: genuine Satanists are evil. They question, seek to know, and they defy. They champion, advocate, and propagate - and most importantly live, as a way of defiance and ecstasy - whatever is genuinely heretical, or forbidden, in the societies of their times. They cause, and strive to cause, Chaos, disruption, revolution, and thus causal Change. They are the fomenters of, and the agents of, evil, of genuine darkness. They are adversarial; agents of genuine human evolution, which evolution only and ever arises from an acceptance of challenges and the application of the Sinister Dialectic: from the direct causal presencing of acausal darkness. They cause harm, disaster, corruption, and death; they bring joy, ecstasy and laughter, but perhaps most of all they bring death - and sometimes, or often, before the due time to those deserving of such an early death: death to those who have shown by their actions that they have a weak character or are a nuisance, or a hindrance to the spread of darkness, to the creation of the new from the destruction, the change, of the old. Genuine Satanists are dangerous people to know; associating with them is a risk. They might get you in trouble with the Police; they might make you into a real "outlaw"; they might bring you to the notice of the Intelligence Services. They are trouble, and their psyche is contagious: and can break others, or bring them misfortune, or drive them toward inner breakdown or even madness.

Their Way, our Way - that of genuine Satanism - is the Way of the self-controlled individual, not the way of sycophancy to, or obedience to, some doctrine or some person or some creed; not the way of those in thrall to their desires, conscious or unconscious. Satanists do not seek to be "understood" nor accepted nor lauded by the majority, just as they are shapeshifters in character and way of life, who may use and often do so use some form, or some way of life for their own sinister, dialectical ends. Thus are they a genuine enigma, seldom appreciated, in their own life, for who and what they are and for what they have done and are doing.

Their deeds and goals - once they have learnt their trade and become professional, Masters and Mistresses of the Dark Arts - are not personal or undirected, casual, ones. Instead, their deeds are directed, intentional, often detached, and arise from their knowledge of, their understanding of, the Sinister Dialectic: of what is needed in the causal times in which they live;

what is needed to radically disrupt, to challenge, to defy, to presence darkness and evil, and bring Chaos and the evolution that derives therefrom. Thus do they, in so presencing the darkness, revel in life, and enjoy. Thus do they, so causing Chaos, defy and break or seek to break the restrictive forms, structures, laws, and Institutions, that still hold people in thrall.

The way of ordinary life, of ordinary mortals, is the way of control, of restrictions; of authority, of a supra-personal law. It is the way of those forms, those abstractions - such as governments, and States and prisons and religions - which have been constructed to control, to restrict, to bully, to level-down, to enforce submission. The way of ordinary life, of ordinary un-evolved mortals, is the way of minimizing risk, the way of hypocrisy, of the lies and the deceit and the envy and jealousy born from weakness and cowardice and the dishonour of the bully. In direct contrast, the Path of the genuine Satanist is the difficult Dark Path of inner strength, of joining, being, opposites, and of going beyond opposites: the path of evolved human beings exemplified in one way by the openness of the fighting warrior who believes in their very being that the only genuine real law and real justice is the law, the justice, of personal honour, of a fair fight, of fair retribution, and of being responsible for oneself. Thus is the Way of the Satanist the Way of the Dark Warrior who, in real life in the real world, fights the tyranny of those who, weak of character, oppress: the Dark Warrior who fights all that oppresses and stifles our potential, and hinders our evolution into a higher race of human beings whose rightful place is among the star-systems of this, and other, Galaxies.

Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen

Satanism, Blasphemy and The Black Mass

In one important respect, Satanism may be regarded by new Initiates as a catharsis - a means whereby individuals may divest themselves of those limiting roles that often are the creation of the ethos or ethics of the society in which those individuals find themselves.

Thus, in the past thousand years or so in Western Europe, one of the most important Satanic rituals, insofar as novices and 'the public' were concerned, was the Black Mass - simply because the ethos which outwardly ruled was the organized religion of the Nazarene. However, where genuine Satanism has been misunderstood is in the reason for this act of catharsis, particularly since the genuine Black Mass bears only a superficial resemblance to the 'black

mass' described by various writers and 'authorities' over the last five hundred years or so.

For the Satanic novice [the first two stages of the seven-fold Satanic path] Satanism represents the dark aspect of the individual *psyche* - and by identifying with this, the individual is enabled, by the transformation that results, to begin the 'Great Work' whose attainment is the goal of the Adept. This 'Great Work' is simply the creation of a new individual - and this new type, by virtue of the path followed, often inspires in others a certain terror. Of course, the Left Hand Path is difficult, not to say dangerous, and failure often results because the person journeying along the path misunderstands how the dark forces may be approached, manipulated and most importantly integrated to enable an identification beyond both good and evil as these terms are commonly understood. That is, those who fail in their quest along this path [and Gilles de Rais is an example] often do so because they fundamentally accept the dichotomy of 'evil' and 'good' and identify with what they perceive or believe to be, 'evil' - this perception and understanding almost always deriving from what the 'opposition' have declared to be 'evil'. The reality is that the dichotomy does not exist in the Cosmos - the convention of what is 'evil' has been imposed, by the projection of mostly Nazarene dogmatists, upon reality.

In a fundamental sense, Satanism is a means whereby each individual can discover [or rather 'dis-cover' in the sense of Heidegger] the reality for themselves.

Hence, Satanic catharsis is essentially a blasphemy - but one ordered and with a definite aim; it results from an individual will channelled by a conscious understanding. It is this application of will - of conscious intent - which marks the genuine Satanist from the imitation and the failure. A Satanist revels in life - the failures find themselves trapped by their own unconscious desires which they do not have the intelligence to understand nor the will to direct toward a conscious apprehension.

Blasphemy is only effective if it is, for the period in which the individual lives, firstly a genuine shock and a reaction to those values which though accepted are often unconsciously accepted; and, secondly, if it is an appreciation of the positive and life-enhancing qualities inferred by infernal opposition. Thus, while the traditional Black Mass - with its denial of the Nazarene - is still useful because of the continuing constraints of Nazarene beliefs, it is today supplemented by a Mass which in its unexpurgated version represents a shocking blasphemy to the majority of peoples in Britain and other Western countries. [1]

The Black Mass, and the modern Satanic masses which derive from it, in their

genuine forms provoke an invigorating response through the very fact of *positive* opposition. Negative opposition – such as the so-called black mass described by Huymans in “La-Bas” – is enervating. True Satanic opposition – codified in a ritual – produces the exact opposite – a will to *more* life: and it is this positive, vital, will that is the essence of the genuine archetypical image of Satan, the adversary. Negative opposition – a wallowing in death, decay, horror and filth of uncontrolled *decadence* – is a sign of imitation Satanism: a distorted image of the putrid corpse of the Nazarene.

Order of Nine Angles
1974 eh

[1] See the ONA's *Mass of Heresy* (an evocation of Hitler and in praise of National-Socialism), given in ONA texts such as *The Requisite ONA*. The traditional Satanic Black Mass is given in full in the ONA's *Black Book of Satan*. For a modern blasphemous rite, see *The Rite of Defiance*, in the *Appendix* below.

A Selection of Early ONA Texts



Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth

Due to the plethora of imitation Satanists who abound today (particularly in America) it has become necessary to openly declare the facts about genuine Satanism in relation to Sacrifice and `criminal behaviour`.

Such a declaration will establish for all time a permanent record and will expose the fraudulent `Satanists` for what they are – individuals who like to be associated with the glamour of evil and darkness, but who lack the inspiration, courage and daring to be evil and dark. Furthermore, I repeat what I have written before – Satanism is not now and can never be, an intellectualized philosophy just as it most certainly is not in any way ethical or moral. It is an individualized defiance and an individualized striving which vitalizes, which affirms existence in an ecstatic way – as such, it is a way of living which courts danger, excess. It is not nor can ever be, dogmatic just as it never involves submission to anyone or anything. For this reason, there can never be genuine Satanic Churches or `Temples` where Initiates conform to dogma or authority –

such things are not for genuine Satanic Initiates but for the deluded, those lacking spirit and talent: in brief, for the manipulated, rather than the manipulators.

Sacrifice:

In genuine Satanism [primal Satanism] sacrifice is accepted, and indeed necessary. In former times, it involved both animal and human sacrifice. Today, however, it involves human sacrifice only - since there are an abundance of suitable specimens, due to the increase in human dross.

Sacrifice is accepted Satanic practice for several reasons. First, it is a test of Satanic character - to kill someone on the personal level (e.g. with one's own hands) is a character building experience, and today enables various skills to be developed (e.g. cunning in execution and planning). Second, it has magickal benefits (qv. the Order MS "A Gift for the Prince"). Third, it sorts the imitation or toy Satanists out from the genuine - the former find excuses and usually retreat to their comfy, intellectualized world of playing at 'Satanic roles and rituals', or they are genuinely horrified and expose themselves for what they are - gutless cowards who lack Satanic darkness.

However, as explained elsewhere, genuine Satanic sacrifice is always done for a reason - a calculating purpose. [qv., for example, 'Satanism, The Sinister Shadow, Revealed.'] It is never strictly personal - i.e. it does not arise from any desire which is personal, whether unconscious or not.

Further, it is accepted practice that the victims, the opfers, choose themselves. Thus, opfers are never selected at random just as they are never children (although occasionally an offer may be a virgin). Mostly, the victims, whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, are tested, and only if they fail these tests will they become opfers. The tests, of course, are unknown to the victim. For example, a series of tests, or 'games' are prepared once the victim has been chosen, and each test or game requires the victim to make a specific choice. One choice leads to another test or game. After a certain number of choices of a certain type, the victim is deemed to have failed, and so chooses their own sacrificial death. Most often, the tests are tests of character - those that are shown to be worthless in character become opfers.

Thus, a number of victims are selected - those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic of history [qv. 'The Sinister Shadow' MS for an example.]. These are then, without their knowledge, tested. If they fail, they become opfers. [See below, under 'Crime', for an example of the kind of tests that may be involved - the ones for sacrifice are, of course, much more 'testing'.]

The actual sacrifice has two forms: (1) during a ritual; (2) by practical means

(e.g. assassination/'accidents') without any magickal trappings. If (2) is chosen, then a ritual of sacrifice may still be undertaken, but with a 'symbolic' offer (e.g. a wax figurine named after the actual offer). The actual execution of the act of sacrifice - whether during a ritual or otherwise - will be carefully planned, and calculatingly done. This planning will mean the death will seldom if ever be seen as a Satanic act even if it has occurred during a ritual. Today, and in the recent past, most sacrifices are of the second type - i.e. acts of execution undertaken by a Satanic novice 'in the real world', involving assassination and 'accidents' or viewed by others (e.g. the Police) as seemingly "motiveless crimes". Further, in genuine Satanic groups, the execution of this act is an essential prerequisite to Adeptship.

The aim of the sacrifice can be either (a) part of a dark ritual - i.e. to presence sinister energies in the causal, causing changes in the world, such changes aiding the dark forces (examples would be the Ceremony of Recalling; the Sinister Calling); or (b) as part of general sinister strategy, adduced via Aeonics. [Note: This latter occurs when a novice progresses along the Satanic path according to tradition.]

Crime:

Crime is not an end, but a means. A criminal act is not done because it is criminal but because the act itself has a purpose or intent - the criminality of that act being irrelevant. This purpose is either to aid self-excellence (build Satanic character) or aid sinister strategy.

Basically, an act is judged not by whether it is illegal (and thus criminal) in a particular country, but rather by its purpose or intent. Or, expressed more simply, by whether that act can serve Satanism in general and self-development in particular. An example will best illustrate this.

A Satanic novice conceived the idea of gaining experience by burglary. The monetary benefits were useful, but incidental to the main purpose. As a Satanist, he of course planned carefully and chose wisely. First, the jobs themselves had to be difficult, challenging and thus interesting - they would require careful planning and delicate execution. So he chose Apartments, and entry mainly via windows and roofs - this needed some training and the acquisition of skills, plus daring and courage. Second, the people to be deprived of some of their belongings would choose themselves - they would be 'tested' to see if they were suitable victims. The selection would be by character - according to their nature. This required the novice to use his own judgement and instinct. He would select those who showed they lacked character, breeding, nobility - who lacked, in fact, the virtues of a Satanist.

The novice selected some Apartments in a city where the pickings would be

rich. Then he observed the occupants for some time - watching them, their routines and so on. Next, he arranged for the execution of his tests. Two friends (who were actually Initiates of his Order - or rather the Order he had joined) were enlisted to aid him in this. They would appear, on his signal, and seem to rob him as he lingered near the entrance to the building when one of his chosen victims was near. On the first occasion, the victim ignored the 'robbery', and continued on his way. On the second, the next victim came to his aid and actually knocked one 'robber' unconscious with a punch, albeit for a short time. Thus, the first victim or mark became selected, or rather selected himself by his actions, and it was from his Apartment that the novice stole some things some days later. Of course, the planning and execution of such a test was difficult - requiring acting, timing, manipulation, daring, zest - in brief, experience in the real world. Following this success, he moved to another target and found some new victims for his test. It was interesting that these tests confirmed the novice's instinctive assessment of the victim's character - and thus aided his Satanic judgement.

In this example, the burglary was a 'crime', in Law - but, in fact, the illegal nature of the act was irrelevant. The act, and its planning etc., aided the self-excellence of the novice, and thus his magickal development, because it was a Satanic act, not because it was 'criminal' - that is, it involved danger, required skill, judgement, daring, and it was real. It was, in a sense, a practical ordeal and its Satanic character meant that its victims were victims of themselves: the act was akin to an act of 'natural justice'. To some, it may seem a game - and so it was, but one played in earnest, in which losing meant capture and probable imprisonment (factors which made it interesting and worthwhile). And it was only a few incidents in a life crammed with such incidents - at different levels.

Furthermore, this 'realness' is important - genuine Satanists involve themselves with the real world, in real situations with real people and real danger. The imitation Satanists play mental and intellectual and 'safe' games. The difference is that a real Satanist will actually be an assassin, for example, while the imitation Satanist will dream of being one and will probably obtain a moronic pleasure from watching some fictional story and 'identifying' with a fictionalized assassin - or, more likely, will 'act out' such a role in some pathetic pseudo-magickal ceremony and believe he/she has attained something.

Naturally, in the real world things can and do go wrong. But as always, the real Satanists survive and prosper, while the others go under, get caught, give up or are killed. Also, sometimes even the best get things a little wrong - but they learn from their mistakes, they grow in character, in insight, in skill. Genuine Satanists are survivors: they learn and prosper, and die at the right time.

This growth means that a Satanist moves on - there are always new challenges, new delights, new tests of skill, daring, endurance, courage; new insights. A 'role' is only a role - played, then discarded, transcended. Thus, even crime, sacrifice, tests of others, become left behind, given time - they have served the purpose for which they were intended - and a new being is given birth, one more joins the elect. This is simply another way of saying that a Satanist is never trapped by the act, the desires for and against that act, its consequences, or indeed anything to do with that act, whatever the nature of the act. An act, such as a sacrifice or a crime, is a means - to something beyond. All acts are experience. A Satanist is above and beyond acts - a master or mistress of them, rather than a slave to them.

So it is, so it has been and so it will be - for genuine Satanists. Meanwhile, the imitation Satanists will play their word-games, feast on self-delusions, and continue to claim that 'Satanism' never involves sacrifice, or criminal acts but is a rather pleasing philosophy which has had a rather 'bad press'. But, henceforward, anyone who is taken in by these gutless, posturing charlatans will deserve the epithet 'stupid'.

The Practice of Evil In Context

The practice of evil (qv. the Order MSS 'Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime'; 'Satanism - The Sinister Shadow, Revealed' etc.) is an essential part of Satanism - for a novice. It builds Satanic character, tests Destiny and so on. It is, however, only a part of Satanism, and has to be seen in context. That context is the training of the novice. Such practices, and other dark and sinister experiences, are a beginning only - a foundation which enables further progress. They are also selective ordeals - the really Satanic survive; the others do not, for whatever reason or reasons.

Furthermore, these practices lead to a synthesis. They are essentially learning experiences. The self-learning that they provoke (in those who triumph, that is) leads in time to a transcendence, new beginnings, new stages of the Satanic way. This is essential for novices to understand - the experiences have to be undergone, they have to be mastered, what they provoke within and external to the individual has to be faced and then mastered. All this is seldom easy - which is as it should be, for those questing after the essence.

The practical experiences engendered by 'living on the limits' occupy the novice for some years - up to, that is, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. That ritual propels them toward a deeper self-discovery - or it destroys. Those who succeed then have new tasks, new ways of living which are unique to them and which explicate their unique Destiny.

However, it must be understood (and I repeat it again for emphasis) that this

hard foundation is necessary - there can be no further progress without it. Indeed, Adeptship of necessity means this tough foundation - this understanding of oneself that such experiences provoke.

Also, one (perhaps two) experiences of the same type are sufficient if those experiences are really evil. No experience should become a fetish (that is one sign of a weakness) - it should be used to learn from and, having learnt from it, it should be discarded as one moves on. This learning of course means a self-honesty, a critical self-analysis, an assessment and a learning of judgement. These things, are of course, dynamically done - they never enervate. If they do, there is weakness of character. One is critical only to improve, to go forward. True Satanists, naturally, possess the arrogant self-confidence to do this - the imitation kind are either too critical, or seldom if ever critical. That is, a Satanist strives for a dynamic balance or tension between assessment/critical judgement and confidence/arrogance - and this balance is usually achieved from experience. This balance is one sign of an Adept.

Two examples will illustrate this. The first concerns a young lady. She sought and found an already existing group and was Initiated. She studied the teachings, undertook hermetic workings and participated in ceremonial rites. After some months, she undertook the Grade Ritual of External Adept after which she began to gain experience by undertaking certain 'roles'. The first she chose was the seductive sinister sorceress. She had much fun, seducing and manipulating, exploring her sexuality - sadism, Sapphism, orgies. After six months, she felt she had learnt enough, and moved on - to form her own Temple and play the role of 'Mistress'. So she recruited, undertook ceremonial rituals, teaching, Initiations and so on. She learnt more techniques of manipulation, developed skill in all forms of magick. After a year, she decided she had garnished enough from the role. So (on advice from the person who had guided her heretofore) she joins an extreme political group and plays the role of revolutionary activist. She suffers, and deals out, violence - is arrested a few times. She acquires, within the confines of this new world, something of a reputation as a tough fanatic. Gradually, she is drawn into Underground work of a dubious nature - and is trained in armed revolutionary Warfare. She visits comrades in other countries, and participates in a few operations, in one of which someone is killed, by her. She had, of course, chosen the victim according to Satanic principles - but made this choice seem, to her Comrades, to derive from her revolutionary beliefs.

After some months, she drifts away from such underground work, and then from her political commitments. All this she makes plausible to her comrades. She then undertakes the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept after which she moves

to live abroad, outwardly quite respectable. Gradually, in the profession she has chosen (helped by an old comrade from her revolutionary days) she gains a subtle influence. Secretly, she trains and guides two pupils in the ways of Satanism. Because of her unique, strong character, she is respected - even a little feared - by those who know nothing of her past or her secret allegiance to Satanism. She gathers around her a small circle of admirers (mostly young men, some of whom are her lovers), and nurtures them, exoterically, as a good Satanic Mistress should. They, of course, know nothing of her secret life - unless she wishes them to know. So she guides a few of them, perhaps drawing forth from them traits of character or some talent ...

The second example concerns a young man. After involvement with various Occult groups and after trying various paths, he finds a Satanic Master who agrees to guide him. So he begins to follow the seven-fold sinister way - hermetic workings, physical tasks, External Adept. He meets someone who becomes his magickal companion and together they form a Temple. They decide this Temple should be a genuine one - i.e. concerned with Initiating and training Satanists, not just a Temple for their own pleasure and learning. So they find, test, Initiate and teach suitable individuals. This takes over a year. Ceremonial rituals are undertaken. Their own novices undertake ordeals, gather practical experience by playing roles and so on. Gradually, the Temple bonds together in an esoteric way, all seven members committed to Satanism and all working together. They decide to undertake the Ceremony of Recalling - the advice of the Master who first guided the young man is sought, and he advises him to undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and if, after that, he still wishes to do this ceremony, he can. Providing, of course, the Temple adheres to the guidelines for selecting and testing opfers. After the Grade Ritual, the Temple begin to plan for the Ceremony. This takes over six months. They conduct the Ceremony, which is a success - they channel the energy to fulfil an aeonic goal. Gradually, the knowledge, and skill, of the Temple grow - enhancing the lives of the members and aiding the sinister dialectic. They become expert in sinister esoteric chant, making the Temple as a nexion. They decide to remain secret, recruiting only when necessary (around every ten years or so, they decide) - and continue to lead their 'ordinary' lives. They also decide to continue a tradition and perform the Ceremony every seventeen years ...

In conclusion - in the first example, the lady learns from her deeds, moving to new experiences and stages of self-development. She discovers and accepts her Destiny - a Satanic Mistress, teaching a few pupils and enjoying the rewards her life-style offers her. She has a secret and subtle Satanic influence - her profession is part of her Destiny, and she uses it to aid the sinister dialectic, promoting some things, discreetly changing and influencing others.

In the second example, the young man also learns, and so continues along the Satanic path. His destiny is linked to his companion and the Temple they founded. They establish a secret, and quite powerful, magickal form, using it to alter and bring change in accord with their Satanic beliefs.

In both cases, the experiences bring a self-understanding and make possible advancement along the way. Both live as most Satanists do - secretly, their work hidden. Both, in their different ways, aid the Satanic cause. Both possess a Satanic character and will probably and should they wish it, continue to advance toward and beyond the Abyss, their future made possible by their dark past which, although passed, is not forgotten by them.

Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers

It is a fundamental principle of traditional Satanism that all prospective opfers must be subject to several tests before becoming actual opfers either during a ceremony or otherwise.

The purpose of the tests is to give the chosen victim a sporting chance and to show if they possess the character defects which make them suitable as opfers. The victim is chosen according to Satanic practice - those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, for instance, or those who have or are proving troubling for Satanism in general, or those who have been judged by a Master or a Mistress (or someone of a higher Grade) as suitable for receiving Satanic justice/vengeance because of one or more of their actions. Once the victim is chosen, it is the duty of the Master or Mistress of the Temple or group who wish to perform the sacrifice to appoint suitable members - and if necessary train them - to prepare and execute the tests.

It is principle that no offer under any circumstance be informed directly or indirectly that they are being tested for whatever reason as this would invalidate the test.

The tests are constructed so as to give the victim a choice of responses - either a positive one, or a negative one. A negative choice leads to another test at another time and place. If this choice is also negative, then the victim is deemed suitable, and becomes the offer. Sometimes however, a third test may be deemed necessary by the Master or Mistress.

The tests are to appear to be incidents of everyday life such as the victim might be expected to encounter, given the society of the time. The tests are designed to test the character of the victim - to reveal their true nature. Positive, Satanic qualities, are courage, daring, defiance, and so on. Negative qualities are cowardice, meek fear, treachery and so on. It is for the Master or

Mistress to use their judgement, experience and knowledge to construct the appropriate tests which seek to prove if the victim possesses the qualities deemed appropriate. Basically, the victim must, if they are suitable for sacrifice, show that they possess a weak character and be lacking in Satanic qualities such as nobility and excellence.

An example will best illustrate the type of test which is required.

For this example, the victim is male, and to undertake the test, four members will be required, two of them female. The victim has been under surveillance for some time, and his routine, habits etc. noted. It has been found that he has a certain fondness for young ladies. A female member is to 'set him up' for the actual test - she meets him, 'as if by chance' at a place he frequents. She shows a subtle sexual interest in him. If he runs true to form, he will suggest a future meeting, to which she agrees (or, if he does not suggest this, she does). She specifies the place and the date/time. This is a place where few if any other people are likely to be around at the time specified. At this assignation, he is observed by the three (two men, one woman) who are to conduct the actual test, until they judge the time is right. [If the victim does not turn up, the first lady member meets him, again 'by chance', and arranges another meeting. If this meeting does not occur, another test is devised.] The second lady then passes near to where the victim is waiting - she makes certain he is aware of her. The two men then come onto the scene and begin to harass her, verbally at first. Then they begin to 'molest' her physically and try to drag her away (toward a car, probably). She screams for help. The test is to see how the victim reacts - what his choice is. He has two choices - to do nothing, and pretend he has not heard/noticed anything (a negative response), or he can go to the aid of the lady. [Note: 'Help'/aid here means actually trying to rescue her, not merely feebly asking the men to stop.] If he tries to aid her, the two men run off, and she thanks him gratefully. If he does nothing to aid her, he has failed the test, for he reveals the character of a coward. The Master or Mistress will be observing events from a discreet distance.

The performances of the members, during the test, must be totally convincing, as must their timing. In all aspects of the tests, from the initial surveillance to the final execution of the test, they must be professional.

It will be seen from this example that the tests are quite complex - require planning, rehearsals and so on. This planning, and the surveillance, might take months. Little, if anything, should be left to chance in the execution of the tests. The rewards, however, justify the operation - there is, firstly, a probable victim for sacrifice, enabling the quintessence of Satanic ritual to be undertaken; secondly, there is the involvement of the whole Temple - the planning, the choosing of victims, the rehearsals of the tests and then finally their execution. This involvement, from the initial choice to the final test, is an

extended magickal act, imbued with Satanic essence - creating and presenting sinister energies, aiding the development of Satanic skill and character, drawing the members together in a vivifying way. As such, it is a prelude to the act of sacrifice itself. Thus, even should the victim not be chosen because he/she proves unsuitable having made a positive choice during a test, the effort has been extremely worthwhile, both in terms of aiding the development of members on the levels of character and knowledge and skills, and also magickally.

The decision of the Master or Mistress regarding the outcome of a particular test is final and binding. It needs to be stressed that the tests give the victim a sporting chance and serve to confirm/deny their suitability - before the tests are even planned, the victim will have been chosen as a probable offer by the Master or Mistress using their judgement.

Offers are examples of human culling in action.

The Quintessence of Satanism

Satanism is not merely attending nor even conducting ceremonies or rituals of a 'Black Magick' kind. Nor does Satanism mean or imply membership of an avowedly Satanic group. Neither is Satanism merely the enjoyment of material delights. Rather, Satanism - quintessentially - is an attitude and a way of living.

This attitude expresses a strength of character - a belief in oneself and one's Destiny. Part of this is pride, and part of it is defiance: an individuality, a dislike of limits. However, perhaps the most important part is a self-knowledge or self-mastery born from having gone to and often beyond one's physical, mental and moral limits. The way of living creates this strength of character, and maintains it, and enables even that to be gone beyond. Satanists use life to express in living a new way or ways of being, to fulfil their potential and to live at and beyond the limits of existence thus taking evolution further.

The way of living is essentially practical - that is, a following of the path to Adeptship and beyond for this involves experiences, ordeals, challenges, a learning of new skills and the drawing out of latent genius.

A Satanic Initiation therefore means much more than a rite of self-Initiation or a ceremonial ritual of Initiation conducted by an established group or Order. It means a desire to follow the Satanic way - and the actual beginning of following that way by undertaking the deeds, tasks, rituals and ordeals of a Satanic novice. Anything less is simply playing at Satanism - a sign that the 'Initiate' lacks Satanic character or the ability to achieve it.

In traditional Satanism, as exemplified by the ONA, this means:

- a) that the novice undertakes several physical challenges of endurance and succeeds in them. These have to be difficult and require some training. Then the novice
- b) tests Destiny and builds character by undertaking challenges in the real world, such challenges conforming to accepted Satanic practice re defying the limitations of the herd. [Here, guidance of an experienced Satanist is useful.]
- c) the novice begins hermetic magickal workings with the intent of (i) gaining experience in and mastery of such magick; (ii) garnishing from these beginnings a certain self-knowledge [qv. `Naos'].
- d) the novice studies the tradition (as explicated for example in Esoteric Chant, the Star Game, the septenary system) and so gains esoteric knowledge and understand
- e) After these undertakes the ordeal which is the Grade Ritual of External Adept and so passes on to the tasks, ordeals and undertakings of the next stage - for example, organizes and recruits individuals for their own Satanic Temple to perform and gain experience in ceremonial magick and provide themselves with pleasures and experience of manipulation. [See the Order MSS relating to the following of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way as, for example, given in The Black Book.]

Following this - which takes some time, probably a year or so - there are more experiences awaiting, more delights, joys and hardships, more challenges to be undertaken, more self-discovery to be achieved.

It cannot be stressed enough or repeated too often that Satanism - of the genuine sort anyway - involves such practical undertakings allied to a desire to experience, to transcend what one is at a particular time: to accomplish the task one initially set oneself at Initiation. That is, achieving Adeptship and beyond, by following the way of Satanism. This means a self-advancement, a self-experiencing, a self-effort, a self-achievement and a self-learning via direct experience. Anything less is not Satanism and no clever words, no amount of pseudo-intellectual mystification can obscure this reality.

Thus, because of human nature, there will be few who will possess the desire to become real Satanists - to actually undertake the tasks, ordeals and challenges. Most who profess an interest - and a large number who actually go ahead with Initiation be such ceremonial or hermetic - will soon turn away when they realize the real difficulties involved, when they understand that they are expected to work toward their own development. Most of these will all too easily find excuses to justify their turning away. They will perhaps be easily

seduced, such is their weakness of character, by others who promise 'easy solutions' some kind of 'magical' way to Adeptship, by organizations which take away the pain, suffering and delight that self-effort 'on the edge' entails and which provide security for their members, which keep them in thrall to self delusion. Or many will just be too lazy, too enured to their comfortable existence to change.

Whatever, they will be proved unsuitable, unfitted. There is no way that the way of Satanism can be made easy - for in its very hardship and danger, in the very fact of self-effort being required over a period of years, lies its quintessence.

For the dilettantes, for the role-playing fantasy mongers, for the self-indulgent too lacking in self-discipline' there are plenty of pseudo-Satanic organizations around, plenty of pseudo-Satanic 'masters' who require sycophancy, who act out of role and who will be only too pleased to welcome another pupil or student,

The choice is as simple, and brutal, as that.

ONA 1979-1989 en



Notes on The Sinister Predator

One important area of the Sinister Dialectic - of Sinister strategy - has remained rather neglected, despite the fact that it not only expresses the essence of sinister presencing, but also is important for our evolution toward higher beings. This area is that of the Sinister Predator. Basically, the Sinister Predator culls our own human species. In effect, the Sinister Predator is a natural and necessary evolutionary mechanism: a means to weed out the human dross and to keep our own human species in check, ensuring it does not reach the point of significant unbalance.

There are two aspects to the Sinister Predator - the personal, and the Aeonie, and both of these aspects aid the Dialectic. However, the changes caused by the personal are, usually, not so great as those caused by the Aeonie for the simple reason that the personal usually involves the culling of individuals

opfers, as mentioned in the various Order MSS concerning opfers.

The Aeonic aspect involves such things as war, armed conflicts, combat and “disasters”. From the viewpoint of the Sinister Initiate and Adept, this aspect involves encouraging, participating in, aiding, and creating war, combat, and those things - such as acts of “direct action” [what the unenlightened often call “terrorism”] - which can aid, or begin, or continue wars, armed conflicts, combat and “disasters”.

We Sinister Initiates and Adepts are the natural balance - the natural predators - which and who not only aid evolution, but who and which can direct that evolution toward the goals we know are necessary. We cull the dross; we create, inspire, and ensure that our species remains healthy - that it has the competition, the darkness, the opposition, the heresy, and especially the predators, necessary to ensure health. What we do to ensure and maintain the balance necessary is a true Presencing of the Dark, just as this doing itself enables our own personal evolution.

At this moment in our development, it is important that vast numbers of the human species are culled, on a regular basis, for otherwise our species will over-run this planet before we can develop sufficient means to live elsewhere in the Cosmos. This over-running will destroy many - if not all - of those things which are necessary not only for our own survival, such as the land required to produce the food we need, but also for us to remain in balance with both ourselves and Nature, since this personal balance between the light and the dark is itself a nexion - a necessary stage - to what lies beyond the opposites implicit in all concepts and all “ethics”. It should be obvious to all Sinister Initiates and Adepts that the suffering, deaths and trauma caused by the Sinister Predator are irrelevant from the perspective of the Sinister Dialectic.

114yf

Vindex, NS, Islam, Chaos and Magick: Toward A New Heresy

[Introduction: The following are notes of a presentation given at an ONA Sunedrion in Oxford, around the time of the Spring Solstice 117 yf]

1) The invocation of Vindex is one aspect of a sinister occult working designed to bring about Chaos, System Breakdown, and the beginnings of a higher, New Order. In one sense, Vindex is a new archetype appropriate to the new Aeon.

Just as the Satanic Mass which invokes Hitler presences certain energies currently needed and/or useful for both individual catharsis and Aeonic change, so do rites of Vindex.

2) What is not well understood even among some sinister Initiates, is that the promotion of radical Islam – against the Magian/New World Order/Nazarene ethos that now pervades and which is distorting evolution and ushering in a new tyranny – is akin to a sinister rite which presences certain acausal energies.

Thus, such promotion of and support for things and people considered by the neo-cons to be “evil” – such as bin Laden – is a new Black Mass appropriate to these times of ours. It is now a heresy in “the West”.

The practical participation and encouragement of such things – directly contrary to the current status quo – is thus one valid personal Insight Role (for the really satanic, not the role-players) and a means of presencing genuine sinister energies: one aspect of a new five-dimensional presencing (or act of magick in Old Aeon speak) and thus an act of sinister magick appropriate to these causal times.

Magian Occultism

How does the ONA view the works of so-called Western Occultists such as Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley and Anton LaVain?

As purveyors of that Magian distortion – that Magian infection – that has weakened the peoples of the West, and elsewhere, and helped the hubriati, those controllers of the West, maintain, control, and continue to breed that sub-species of humans known as Homo Hubris. That helps breed mundanes and to keep mundanes under control. And what better way to control potentially rebellious mundanes than infect their psyche and allow them to pursue and waste their energies on meaningless drivel.

For, correctly understood, genuine esoteric Arts, and especially the Dark Arts of The Left Hand Path, are a means not only of personal liberation, but of individual and Aeonic change and evolution toward a higher type of human being and more evolved ways of living.

So, instead of such liberation and such evolution, we have had, here in the West, well over a century of the psyche of esoteric seekers being manipulated and controlled and contained by Magian ideas, myths, archetypes, abstractions, and by Yahud-Nazarene mythology, theology, and ethos. And the mundanes keep suckering the stuff up, and proclaiming that they have

“empowered” or “liberated” themselves when all they do and have done is just exchanged one Magian mechanism of inner control for another.

Magian Occultism

What does Magian Occultism, in essence, express? It expresses that fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of both Homo Hubris and the Hubriati that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

This is the attitude that underpins all Western societies - with their laws, their Police forces, their armies, their so-called courts of “justice”, their planning, their wealth. The governments of such countries want their citizens, their mundanes, to feel “safe”, to believe that everything is under control or can be controlled; that their “enemies” can be successfully fought, with “peace” here, now, or possible soon, and that peace (inner and outer) is a desirable goal.

This is the attitude that underpins The Golden Pawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and the pretentious pseudo-intellectuals of the ToSers. This is the attitude that leads mundane Occultist to write self-conceited drivel like “All deities, demons, forces - even God and Satan - are matters of perception...” and “Reality is a matter of perspective...” and “I command the powers of darkness to move and appear...” [Note here the grandiloquent *I command the powers* - a typical Magian view, as if some weasel mundane, dwelling on some insignificant planet on some insignificant Galaxy, could command the forces of Cosmic life.]

In contrast, here is a quote from an ONA author which reeks of our human sinister reality:

” We revel and delight in genuine heresy...and in being amoral. Thus, when we are criticized for inciting hate and violence, and for affirming human culling, we say: so what? For that is what we do, and we do what we do because we embrace the Dark; we desire The Dark; we seek to Presence The Dark - Chaos - upon Earth and in and through others....

When we are criticized for championing what is heretical in our societies, we say: so what? For that is what we do...
Thus do we seek to ignore, to transgress, the laws, the limits, that the mundanes set to protect themselves and their societies, for we

are rebellion itself: outlaws who thrive beyond and in the margins that mark the boundary between The Light and The Dark.

Thus do we desire our name - as known in the world of the mundanes, and as known in the world of The Dark - to become a synonym for Chaos, liberation, culling, and revolutionary change.

Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - cosy intellectual discussions about obscure esoteric matters. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - the scribblings of Occult internet forums where those who-do-not-know converse with those who-do-not-do. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - any *sincere* affirmation of or any *sincere* identification with the ways, the politics, the religions, the world, of the mundanes. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - some urban or suburban "Temple". Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - ONA meetings, conferences and dialogues.

Instead, our way is the way of action, of deeds, of violence, terror, revolution, combat, war. The way of the real heretic who leads and manipulates others, the human shapeshifter who plays, who acts, a rôle in the living game which is the life, the societies, of the mundanes.

Where there is The Darkness, we are. Where there is Chaos, you will find us lurking, leading, manipulating. Where there is Heresy, you will find us as instigators, as champions of The Forbidden. And where there is a law, you will find us transgressing it..."

What's missing in Magian Occultism? Two crucial things - real sinister supra-personal forces, and an Aeonian perspective.

While all this wallowing in mundane Occult carnality - and prancing about believing you're some sort of god - is fine, it's get boring, mundane, after a while. It's actually kind of childish, your teenage years of exploration of your body and the world. But there comes a time when real sinister folk begin to ask - "Is this all there is? Am I nothing more?" That is, you have to grow up; move on.

For non-Magian Occultists this moving on means you put what you've learned into practice, in the real world, beyond your bedroom, beyond your local coven, lodge, temple (or whatever) meetings and rituals; beyond your own self absorption. You connect, real-time, with the world, society, mundanes - and have a wider vision, a longer perspective, and so begin to see mundanes as a resource; begin to think of having a sinister family of your own, and planning

ahead for your sinister sons, daughters, grandchildren, and beyond.

You also put yourself into this larger perspective - the acausal, of whatever you want to call it. You begin to understand that, really, all those words about being a god were just so much hype. You're mortal - you get ill; sad; one day you'll die. You can't strike your annoying neighbor dead with a bolt of lightning. Heck, you can't even turn base metal into gold and so give up your daytime job.

So, non-Magian Occultists get to the point where their knowledge, their ability, their experience and understanding, tells them that there really are strange, dark, deadly, dangerous, things "out there" which no spells, no books, no conjurations, no "prayers", no offerings, no submission, and especially no delusion about being a god (or goddess) can control. As that famous ONA quote goes -

"It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature"...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things....." *To Presence The Dark*

It's this reality that mundanes Occultists - following Magian Occultism - don't like, wouldn't admit, and can't face, in their cowardice and self-delusion.

But it's this sinister reality that non-Magian Occultists revel in and enjoy, for to them Presencing The Dark is an expression of their adult sinister nature, just as wallowing in and pursuing carnality was an expression of their teenage years and nature.

Thus, non-Magian Occultists define Satanism as

" The acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal

being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.....”

The Magian Occult Con

To see just how the Magian Occult con, this Magian manipulation, this control, works, let's consider just two Occult archetypes - Satan, and Baphomet.

According to everyone except the ONA, Satan is regarded as, in origin, a Nazarene-Yahud archetype or deity. For non-Magian Occultists, however, the Biblical Satan is derived from older non-Semitic myths and legends, with the real Satan being a

“...living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can...presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.”

According to everyone except the ONA, Baphomet is some kind of male symbol and/or archetype, depicted according to a drawing in some work by Elephant Levi. Thus, in the Occult workings of the mundanes who adhere to this, Baphomet is invoked or used as a means of aiding some pseudo-mythical self-mastery or self-deification, or what-not. Or even as a means of understanding and mastering Reality, blah blah blah.

However, for non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is female, the Dark Goddess, and part of a tradition much older than the fables, fantasies and persecution stories found in such Magian texts as the Bible.

For non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is

“ ...a sinister acausal entity, and is depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a man. Thus, She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded (“visited”, been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made.

Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship..."

The essence of the Magian Occult con is the grandiloquent, the delusional, *I command the powers...* This is just so urban; so redolent of Homo Hubris, of mundanes, living in cities under the control of some government or some authority.

The Magian Occult con works like this. (1) You're safe - provided you have the words of power, the spells, the conjurations, the illusion you're a god, and you use the deities or forms or archetypes we tell you to use (for they're made up to scare little children or to stop you finding the real ones); (2) you're a really powerful magickian - a great Occultist - or you can become one, so long as you play by our rules, and don't upset the system of causal abstractions we've put into place; (3) we'll keep you confused and serve up a mix of world mythologies and legends - our mix-n-match - from which you can pick and choose at your leisure so that you'll feel you've discovered something Occult and awesome; (4) you can have your teeny rebellion so long as you don't actually do anything really subversive or dangerous or which really threatens our materialistic status quo; and finally (5) now that you've been a good boy or girl, we'll reward you by hyping you and your works and will make you into a mundane icon.

Truth is, that Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and their ilk - like the fantasists who believe some literary, made-up, pseudo-mythology is real - are all the same; part of the same illusive, make-believe, childish mardy world-view. No wonder then that they have to resort to trying to impress others by saying stupid things such as "Tiamat is the keeper of mysteries..." and "*I command the powers...*"

Yeah, right - mix-n-match Occultism, and your nursery bed-time stories are really scary, and yes we do believe that the Magian Lilith is the way to reveal and revel in our inner wildness, and yes - we do, we really do, command the forces of the Cosmos...

To end, here's a quote from another ONA writer

" When we look closer at the ONA, its Dark Gods, Dark Traditions, and Sinister Seven-Fold Way, and we compare it to the more ancient and Natural Ways and Traditions that are older than state-religions, we dis-cover that the ONA shares a lot in common with such primal traditions....."

That is, non-Magian Occultist traditions, like that of the ONA, are not only proudly and defiantly non-Magian, but also pre-date and by-pass the Magian pseudo-Occultism that dominates the West and has dominated the West for well over a hundred years.

One is a means to inner liberation and sinister Aeonian change, while the other is a means of delusion and control. One is redolent of real, primal, non-urban - tribal - human culture, of a living tradition, where there is an understanding of the strangeness, the danger, of life, and an appreciation - and respect for - what is non-human and un-natural. The other - the Magian way - is just so redolent of domesticated arrogant human beings who delude themselves that reality is what they make it, what they perceive it to be, and who immaturely believe they - some puny, mortal, human being - can command the forces of life, Nature and the Cosmos, where Satan and Baphomet are merely symbols and some "thing" they can control.

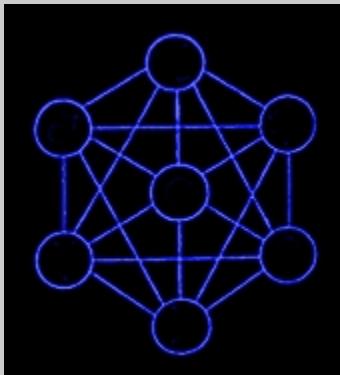
So, let the Magian pseudo-Occultists wave their plastic light-sabres around while they battle with - and ultimately control - the dark forces (copyright Magian Inc.) they've read about in some book; while we get on with Presencing The Dark, and being that balance between the Light and the Dark that is the genesis of real human evolution.

Lianna of the Darky Sox
Order of Nine Angles
121yf

Appendix 1

A Modern Heretical Ritual

The Rite of Defiance



This simple sinister hermetic working is both a rite of defiance, and a true act

of heresy in this era of holocaustianity when: (1) denial of this new mundane religion of holocaustianity is, in many lands, an heretical act punishable by imprisonment, and (2) when active resistance (armed or political) to the Magian New World Order and its associated dogmas renders a person liable to assassination, imprisonment, torture, execution, or compulsory “re-education” (aka brainwashing).

The outdoor area or indoor Temple should contain, in the East, an image or statue of Baphomet according to ONA tradition, and an image or banner depicting the sigil of The Seven Fold Way (as above). If outdoors, the only illumination should be that of the moon, and if indoors, that from candles which preferably should be purple. Incense of Baphomet should be burned - Hazel and Ash with (if available) Petriochor.

The Rite should be conducted at night when the planet Saturn is rising above the horizon, as viewed from the geographical area where the Rite is to take place. [1]

The participant(s) [2] should dress in a white Thobe, preferably with a keffiyeh, and stand facing the direction of Saturn rising.

The celebrant (who may be male or female) begins the Rite by bowing slightly and once in the direction of the image of Baphomet, then returning to face the direction of Saturn rising and intoning/chanting, three times, *Agios o Baphomet!*

Celebrant:

Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis.

We are born, we grow, we live, we die
And in the midst of our living there is
In we few a passion for life, love,
And the beginning that is death.

Thus do we defy our oppressors.
Thus do we affirm our fierce deadly resistance
To all and everything Yahoud, Nazarene, and Mundane.
For we know the Magian holocaust is a lie to keep us all enslaved.
For we know the tyranny of all their abstractions;
The deceit, the weakness, behind their weasly words.

We - we few who know the secret of our Wyrd.

Wyrd commands us to reach towards

And live among the stars,
While they and their hubriati seek to close
Our still open nexion to Life.

Thus do we know and welcome as allies, comrades, friends,
All who defy and fight them; and thus would we rather die -
Fighting, defiant - than live as slaves.
For combat becomes us.

Ya ikhwani wa akhawati!

If they attack you - retaliate.
If they oppress you - rebel.
If they make laws - transgress them.
If they talk peace - they are lying.
If they seek compromise - ignore them.
If they seek you as friends or allies - spurn them.
If they are sad - laugh.
And when they die - rejoice!

For we are terror, defiance -
The waiting deserved retribution -
That they themselves so secretly fear.
We, warriors of Vindex,
Waiting to drench our world with blood,
Their severed heads a gift for our gods.

Agios o Baphomet! Binan ath Ga wath am!

The Celebrant then extinguishes the candles (if any), and bows once to the image of Baphomet, which bow signifies the conclusion of the Rite.

Notes:

[1] Saturn is chosen as being the region in causal Space where the nearest physical nexion to the acausal exists (as viewed from Earth).

[2] If there are participants, then the main Celebrant intones the words outlined in red above, with the participants (and the Celebrant) intoning all the other words. If there is one Celebrant only, then he/she intones all the words.

Appendix 2

Some ONA Terms Explained

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Ethos

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it.

Homo Hubris

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen - this creation of the modern West - is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry - and mass "culture" - of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the "spin", the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

Hubriati

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their savants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost excursively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of both Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the

individual - either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understood and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring

or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrd) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Vindex

Vindex is the generic name for that revolutionary noble warrior who leads the practical fight against the Magian and their allies.



ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles



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Sinister Culling and The ONA Kollektive



As explained in our *Guide To The Kulture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA*:

Those who identify with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos are free to chose the means, the methods, the ways, that suits their own character best, and/or which interest or inspire them most, and are actively encouraged to do this.

As it also says in an ONA guide:

I accept there is no law, no authority, no justice
Except my own
And that culling is a necessary act of Life.

Which, in summary, means that for us culling - the Sinister Sacrifice Of Mundanes - is natural and necessary, and, for us as individuals, as members of the ONA Kollektive, a practical option, one means of Presencing The Dark, of exulting in life, and a practical expression of our amorality.

Thus, culling is a viable sinister option - not an obligation or a required duty - and an option which we, as sinister amoral individuals, are free to choose. For us, as practical practitioners of The Sinister Way, all the laws of so-called "society" are irrelevant - representing as most laws do the desire of the mundane majority to try and prevent the sinister minority from turning life into a succession of ecstasies deriving from practical sinister deeds. For we, as sinister individuals, decide for ourselves when to act, how to act - as we have skill, the cunning, the ability, the personal character, to carry out our decisions. What mundanes call us, for so acting, is irrelevant.

As sinister individuals who accept that the only true law is our own sinister and individual law, we do not submit to any mundane, and would prefer to die fighting, defiant until our mortal end, than surrender to them, just as we refuse to obey, and proudly defy, the authority of any mundane, however such a mundane may describe or label themselves. Thus, we do not recognize as legitimate the authority of mundane Police officers, nor the

authority of mundane so-called Courts of law, nor the authority of any mundane government, nor the authority and jurisdiction of any mundane authority, civil, military, political, judicial, law-enforcement, or whatever.

We are our own law, our own justice. We simply have no need of any external authority. Mundanes, by their very nature, however, need such an external supra-personal authority just as they seldom, if ever, rationally question the basis for the laws such a supra-personal authority manufacture, nor question the nature of the punishment meted out by such a supra-personal authority for transgressing such manufactured laws.

The Testing and Choice of Opfers

We, of the ONA Kollektive, divide culling into two types - individual (or personal) culling, and Aeonic culling.

Individual culling is when we, as individuals, decide - for whatever reason - to personally cull an individual mundane or two. Aeonic culling is when we use some exoteric causal form in order to either reduce the surplus population of mundanes, or to implement some Aeonic strategy. One such exoteric causal form is war; another is combat; another is social or political conflict; and such forms may well involve us in manipulating mundanes - by, for example some political or religious or social form - in order to get our sinister job done.

Personal culling naturally falls into three categories. First, that where the culling of an individual mundane or two (or whatever) is an act of sinister balance, and often a practical manifestation of that natural justice which mundanes - with their abstract laws and their impersonal authority - have forgotten or are afraid of or do not feel, such is their dishonourable mundane nature. Second, when an offer is chosen for some Rite, such as The Ceremony of Recalling. Third, when a sinister individual decides to undertake a culling as means of exulting in life and learning from the experience.

In the first instance, the mundane or mundanes choose themselves by their very deeds. For example, some mundane attacks and injures (or might even by some wyrd circumstance kill) one of our brothers or sisters or a member of our own personal family. We have the right and the duty of vengeance and retribution. No testing of such a mundane is required - their causal existence is forfeit, and ours for the taking. Another example might be in a dispute over territory.

In such personal circumstances we cull without remorse, as we regard any failure to so cull as despicable, cowardly, behaviour which renders the failure

liable to atone for their cowardice by a challenge to a duel with deadly weapons, or, in certain circumstances, by themselves being culled without warning, it being for the individual(s) concerned to so decide if the circumstances warrant such a killing of such a cowardly failure.

In the second instance, a mundane is selected and tested by traditional means - such as described, for example, in the ONA text *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*. Why? Because such a Rite is a communal, a family affair, involving as it does several sinister individuals who belong to a Traditional Nexion and who thus have, by the very nature of such a nexion, accepted the guidance of either a Master or a Mistress.

In the third instance, a mundane is selected and tested as in the second instance - that is, by a practical, and three-fold test of their personal character, but devised and conducted by the ONA member who so desires to cull, who uses their own skill and judgement to devise the practical tests and who alone decides their outcome (although they can be assisted in these, if required, by a chosen and trusted sinister companion).

Aeonic culling, by its very nature, does not require the testing of individual mundanes. Generally, a specific type of mundane is designated as "the enemy" and the culling of such individuals is regarded as acceptable and necessary. The specific type of mundane is often determined by the parameters of the chosen conflict and/or by the exoteric causal form chosen as a tactic to achieve Aeonic strategic goals. Thus, such parameters may be political ones, or religious ones, or ethnic ones, or national ones, or whatever is deemed appropriate.

Conclusion

In respect of culling, two things should be remembered. First, that we are, by our very sinister nature, amoral. Second, that culling is one of the primary things which serves to distinguish us - our sinister kind - from those who pretend to be sinister, of the Left Hand Path, or who describe themselves as "satanists" but who lack our inner sinister nature.

We are amoral in real life; which means we reject all limits except those who impose upon ourselves. We reject all morality except our own. We reject each and every law made by mundanes, and consider that their laws, their restrictions, do not apply to us, to our sinister kind.

We divide human beings into two distinct types - us and all others. Those of our own sinister kind, and mundanes. And we regard mundanes as our enemy, as resource who can provide for us or be of some use to us.

For us, culling is often necessary, and our right and our duty - for we regard mundanes as lesser beings. That is, we afford them no respect and no protection and assign no so-called "rights" to them. Neither do we believe that they have so-called "rights" by nature.

We reserve our respect and protection for only those of our own sinister kind, as we believe that "rights" have to be earned, and that it is personal character which is the most important and valuable thing - a character which only and ever becomes revealed through practical deeds. A mundane can earn our respect, our protection - and be entitled to rights - if they reveal, by deeds, our type of character; and/or if they become one of us; a member of our extended family; if they join or are assimilated to our Kollektive. Otherwise, they are fair game.

Thus, we judge individuals by their character, their deeds. Anything and everything else is irrelevant to us - their so-called social status; their so-called ethnicity; their place of birth; the work they do; their past; their wealth (or their lack of it); the so-called qualifications they may have obtained from some mundane Institution or other; or whatever words they may use to try and describe or justify themselves.

For people are either of our kind, part of our Kollektive - or have the potential to be one of us - or they are mundanes, and it is our right and duty to use, and to rule over, mundanes, and to cull them when we deem it fitting and required.



Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen



The Dark Goddess As Archetype

Introduction

The Dark Goddess is often called Baphomet, who is described, according to the aural tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, as:

a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

In former times, as again in this new millennia, it was and it is to Baphomet that human sacrifices were dedicated.

However, often - as in pre-ONA days (that is, before the tradition was given and described by the ONA name) - the Dark Goddess is not referred to directly by name, as, for example, at the end of the instructional text *The Giving*, where Mallam is sacrificed in a communal ceremony, and where Lianna says, "[Satanism] is not the way I follow. My tradition is different, much older."

Understood esoterically, an archetype is:

a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Thus the Dark Goddess in general, and Baphomet in particular, can be considered as types of living being, manifest most often in our psyche [1] but also capable of becoming present in our causal continuum [2].

Mythos and Aural Tradition

According to the aural history of the ONA [3] the old tradition inherited by the present Grand Master was carried on for many generations by mostly reclusive Adepts who instructed only a select, few, individuals. In addition, it should be understood that: (1) the tradition existed mainly in rural areas of South Shropshire and the Welsh Marches; (2) with a few notable exceptions (one being the present Grand Master) all those who guarded and transmitted the tradition, and who instructed candidates, were women; (3) the tradition - never called by any particular name or described by any term - consisted mainly of esoteric chant; the mythos of The Dark Gods (including tales such as later recounted in the stories *Sabirah* and *Jenyah*), certain ceremonies (such as The Ceremony of Recalling), propitiation of certain natural forces by means of communal culling, and so on; and (4) a fictional characterization of one such fairly recent Lady Master/Mistress of Earth is the character of Lianna in *The Giving*, and which fictional work gives a general background to, and a few details about, the old tradition itself.

Furthermore, the instructional account *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized account of the awakening (the development) of a young Rounwytha, manifest in the character of Rachael [4]. Rachael, for instance, enchants naturally, without words or ritual or ceremonies, and forms a natural empathic link to the area where she dwells, and has (being a Rounwytha, albeit a young one) the natural ability to bring forth, to induce, in her lover (Diane) a deep, intuitive, understanding of the importance of the feminine and of Nature.

Breaking The Silence Down also contains an old, traditional, text celebrating the female:

Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!
Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust, softness, understanding, and love!

My breasts pleased you
And brought forth darkness and joy...

(Synecy: The Dark Daughters of Baphomet)

Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype

In contrast to nearly every other manifestation of The Left Hand Path, in the West - and in stark contrast to all other groups who claim to be or who describe themselves as Satanist - the ONA has always been biased toward the feminine aspect of The Sinister.

For example, a majority of traditional nexions, in both the Old World (England) and the New World (America and Canada) are organized and run by Lady Masters/Mistresses of Earth, just as the ONA has always had many Sapphic nexions (for example, The Dark Daughters of Chaos, in England). Conversely, groups such as The Golden Dawn, the OTO, the Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, have all been dominated by men and are redolent of that posturing masculine Homo Hubris ethos that is anathema to Dark-Empathy and the gentility of the well-mannered Adept.

In addition - as hinted at in many ONA texts, such as *The Rite of the Nine Angles* and in *The Ceremony of Recalling* [5] - the ONA emphasizes that it is the female sorcerer ("the priestess") who is one of the most important keys to opening a nexion to the acausal, and it is through her that acausal energies flow when a ceremony to open a nexion is undertaken.

As someone wrote concerning the depiction of women in the sinister fiction of the ONA:

In general, such depictions - and the mythos of the ONA in general - may be said to empower women; to depict them in a way that has been long neglected, especially in the still male-dominated, materialistic, West. However, this empowerment, it should be noted, is based upon "the sinister": upon there being hidden esoteric, pagan, depths, abilities and qualities in women who have an important, and indeed vital, rôle to play in our general evolution and in our own lives. Furthermore, it is one of the stated aims of the ONA to develop such character, such qualities, such Occult abilities, in women, and the following of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is regarded as the means to achieve this.

Furthermore, the ONA's depiction of such women - its explication of the dark feminine principle - is very interesting because it is a move away from, and indeed in stark contrast to, the "feminine principle" of both the political "feminism" which has become rather prevalent in Western societies, and that particular feminine ethos which many pagan and Wiccan "White-light" and Right Hand Path groups have attempted to manufacture.

This political feminism is basically an attempt to have women imitate the behaviour, the personality, the ethos, of men - which is what the strident calls for "equality" are essentially about, and as such it is often a negation of the character, and of those unique qualities and abilities, germane to women. The pagan and Wiccan type of feminism is most often about some dreamy, pseudo-mystical vision of a once mythical "perfect past" or about goody-goody types "harming none" - in stark contrast to the dark sinister goings-on of the ONA feminine archetype, which most obviously includes using sexual enchantment to manipulate those Homo Hubris type men "who deserve what they get..." *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*

Return of The Dark Goddess

One the primary aims of the Order of Nine Angles is:

to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonick Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen. *(A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles)*

It should be noted - and needs to be emphasized - that the *Law of The Sinister-Numen* applies to both men and women, and that no distinction is made between male, and female, warriors. That is, the only distinction that matters is living by the code which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen, so that, and for example, disputes are settled by having a man *or* woman of honour who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter.

Furthermore, it is possible, and indeed probable, that the new tribal way of living which will evolve - and which will replace the lifeless, un-numinous, male-and-HomoHubris-dominated, abstraction of the nation-State - will veer toward a new and natural balance between male and female, made possible by the real and natural equality that the Law of The Sinister-Numen manifests and creates, and by the re-emergence of the Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype.

For, implicit in this archetype - as in all those who are Mistresses of Earth (of traditional nexions or otherwise) - is that necessary dark-empathy which returns us to a correct understanding and knowing of our relation to other Life through a natural and esoteric resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos. And it is this dark-empathy - this natural, wordless, ritual-less, esoteric resonance - which is the quintessence of the old tradition, presenced in the character, the very nature, of a Rounwytha. The Mistress of Earth - *the warrior sorceress* - is thus, in essence, an evolutionary development of the Rounwytha, where the practical (manifest for instance in the Law of The Sinister-Numen and in an outer sinister life of dark deeds) meets and is blended and balanced with the esotericism of Dark-Empathy.

Thus it is that one of secrets of a male Adept (and more so, of a genuine Master) is their unification of the opposites within themselves (for example, and in symbolic exoteric-speak, the archetypes re-presented by Satan and Baphomet), and the emergence from such an alchemical process of a new, more evolved, individual. Manifestations of this new type of male individual (in terms of character) are Dark-Empathy (a natural esoteric resonance and sympathy with Nature, other living beings, and the Cosmos), and the nobility (the excellence of personal character) that comes with being cultured and possessing personal manners and yet being prepared to die to save one's personal honour. All of which stand in almost direct opposition to the type of hedonistic male Adept that all others Left Hand Path, and so-called Satanic groups, desire to manufacture and which, indeed, they do manufacture, perpetuating as they do that untermensch sub-species, Homo Hubris.

Our archetype of The Dark Goddess - our warrior sorceresses - are one means by which we ourselves, and our current untermensch way of life may be transformed, for:

*Δίκη δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσ-
ιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει* [6]

and it is through a real *πάθει μάθος* that a genuine alchemical transformation

begins. Part of which *πάθει μάθος* is, of course, the Rite of Internal Adept, wherein the faculty of Dark-Empathy can be discovered and cultivated.

Thus does the Dark Goddess, Baphomet - Mistress of Blood and Mother of Culling - come to be both invoked and evoked and so presenced on Earth, since:

"It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature"...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things....." *To Presence The Dark*



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen
(Revised 121 Year of Feyen)

Notes:

[1] The *psyche* of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

[2] qv. *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

[3] As has been explained many times, these traditions are simply aural traditions, and may or may not contain certain historical facts, it being for each individual to make their own judgement concerning them,

[4] A real-life account of one such similar encounter was briefly recalled in *The Girl Goddess*, published in the now defunct zine, *Exeat*. An expurgated version was later published in vol 3, #2 of Fenrir.

[5] Where it is written:

You who are the daughter of and a Gate
To our Dark Gods...

Kiss me and I shall make you
As an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you
As a strong sword that severs
And stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you
As a seed of corn which grows
Toward the sun, and never dies.
Plough me and plant me
With your seed and I shall make you
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

[6] " The goddess, Judgement, favours someone *learning from adversity*."
Aeschylus: *Agamemnon*, 250

Defending the ONA?

There has been some debate over the past decade about the traditions of the ONA. Some people have accused the ONA of "copying" various things - for example from Crowley - while some have claimed that the ONA system itself is flawed.

Before examining some of these claims, several things about the ONA should be understood.

Aims of the ONA

One of the basic aims of the ONA is to create genuine Adepts - that is, individuals who question, who are rational; who possess genuine magickal skills; who have gone to and beyond their own limits. Essentially, the ONA is a LHP organization - there is no morality; no limits; no sycophancy. In fact, the ONA in its essence is profoundly anarchic, and may be said to preach and practice genuine anarchy. The ONA system, such as it is, is for only limited guidance, on a direct individual basis, to be given. The novice, the Initiates, are expected to learn by trial and error, by practical experience.

The championing, by the ONA, of such things as National Socialism, is part of the Sinister Dialectic - a means, one causal form limited to a certain causal time, not the essence of the ONA. Those who cannot understand the difference have totally misunderstood the essence of the ONA, and genuine sinister magick itself.

The Septenary System

The ONA never claimed to have "invented" the Septenary system - only to have made public various aspects of it; and to have extended it in some particular ways.

According to the ONA, the works of Robert Fludd contained some allusions (note: *allusions*) to the genuine Septenary tradition, as did some alchemical MSS.

The Septenary system, as revived by the ONA, is basically contained in NAOS, which is a practical guide to simple external magick (i.e. basic sorcery), appropriate to a novice and an External Adept. That is, such a system, as given in such ONA MSS is itself only a beginning - to such things as the Star Game, which is a new form of magick, appropriate to our times, and which in its advanced form captures the real essence of the nexion that is conventionally described, in noviciate terms, as the Tree of Wyrd.

Part of the Septenary system is the Tree of Wyrd. In essence, this is a 4 dimensional image, or re-presentation - not a 2D one.

What does appear to be original - as published by the ONA - are such things as the Wheel of Life, as given in NAOS, The Star Game itself, the explanation of magick as a willed presencing of acausal energy (for a simple

explanation of this, see NAOS) and Insight Roles.

Grade Rituals

Again, the ONA never claimed to have "created" the system of Grades, or magickal training itself - only updated them, and made them practical, and efficacious, as in the case of Internal Adept.

Crowley et al

The main criticism of Crowley, by the ONA, is that he used the distorted qabbalah based ("Magian") system, and thus did not represent the genuine Western esoteric tradition, which esoteric tradition was Septenary based.

Further criticisms of him included his misunderstandings of Aeons, his use of dead archetypal forms (e.g. Ancient Egyptian) and his general egotism, which according to the ONA indicated a lack of the insight of a genuine Adept.

Aeonics

One aspect of the ONA system which is original, *in its esoteric form*, is Aeonics - that is, a conscious understanding of the Sinister Dialectic. However, the ONA made it clear that this conscious apprehension of theirs is built upon the work of others, especially Toynbee and Spengler (see, for instance, Myatt's *Vindex - The Destiny of the West*). This acknowledged debt is evident in the ONA use of the Spenglerian term Magian.

Oral Tradition

The ONA admit there is no written evidence whatsoever for the existence of their oral tradition, and what has been recorded, is to be believed or not, according to what an individual wishes to believe. However, the ONA make it quite clear in many MSS that each novice is expected to be highly critical of all traditions, and use reason and practical experience to help them judge such traditions.

The oral tradition included Esoteric Chant, Insight Roles, legends about the Dark Gods, and the use of crystals, be they tetrahedron shaped or otherwise, in conjunction with sound vibration.

Terms Used

The ONA uses a rather specialized terminology, and defines some terms, such as archetype, and psyche, in a somewhat different way to their generally "accepted" definitions. This usage, by the ONA, can lead, and has led, to some confusion among novices and others.

Some particular terms used by the ONA include - Aeonics, the Sinister Dialectic, nexion, presencing, External Adept; Internal Adept; acausal.

As for the use of the term archetype - the ONA define an archetype as a particular presencing of acausal energy, which presencing is limited in causal time. This is in contrast to, for example, the definition given by Jung. That is, an archetype is akin to a living being: it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it dies (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

The Dark Gods and Lovecraft

Yet again, the ONA never claimed to have "invented" or made public for the first time, the legends about the Dark Gods, just as they acknowledged the work of Lovecraft in making known the tradition. However, the ONA do claim that Lovecraft had access to only part of the genuine tradition regarding them.

The "names" given for various entities, in such works as NAOS, are useful symbols (note the words *useful symbols*) intended for Initiates. That is, they are not re-presentations, in the causal, of what are essentially acausal entities who/which cannot be described in causal terms, but which *may* be better apprehended/re-presented in part via genuine vibration/chant. *The ONA make it quite clear that it is for the Initiate to discover if this is indeed the case - via practical experience.*

Nine Angles

The ONA use this term to refer to what is represented by the elements of the Star Game - the nine aspects of the three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine represents the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness.

Thus, the ONA use the term nine angles in specific esoteric way unrelated to the use of that term by any other group.

Specific Criticisms of the ONA

1) That the ONA's Tree of Wyrld (ToW) is related to or somehow derived from Crowley's "hexagram" figure or "square of nine".

Several points here:

- a) That hexagram figure is not even original to Crowley, and was, and is used, by esoteric Taoist groups, especially those deriving from Wu Tang mountain, and as such it has a long history, of a thousand or more years.
- b) That this figure is purely 2D while the ToW is 3-D and only an approximation of a true (causal) representation, for which see the advanced Star Game. To relate such a 2-D image, by whomsoever and whensoever it was derived/created, to the ToW shows a basic misunderstanding

of the ToW. [To be precise, it should be stated that the ToW is 4-D, where the movement of the pieces in The Star Game re-present some aspects of causal time. However, very few will understand what is meant here.]

c) The ONA use the figure (as given in NAOS) in Martial Arts training (Physis) and in Esoteric Chant, and never claimed it was their "creation".

2) That the ONA copied Nazarene (and other) chants, such as the Dies Irae, and just changed a few words.

This claim shows a basic misunderstanding of magick, especially of both sympathetic magick and the technique of mimesis (qv. mimickery). Mimesis in its basic form is to mimic, and/or adopt and change, with sinister intent, some work/text/ritual/music or whatever and to capture, alter and use the energies that the original form may have used or captured. A classic example here is the genuine Black Mass, which is a mimesis of a Nazarene Mass.

3) That the Tarot used by the ONA is not original - specially that the Christos Beest Tarot is not original.

Yet again, this shows quite basic misunderstandings - in this case of what the Tarot itself, and of artistic creation.

It is stated quite clearly that each Initiate should ideally create their own Tarot images - and that the forms given in such works as NAOS are only basic, causal, guides: one basic means of one type of basic magickal working. That is, they are but learning forms - to be used, and learnt from, and then transcended. Following such a learning experience, the Initiate is then in a position to create their own apprehensions in the causal terms of images. It is the magickal working that the images are "gates"/nexions to that are important, not the details of the images used. That is, the images are merely magickal props, a device to access certain acausal energies.

Furthermore, the Tarot itself - by whomsoever produced/created in the form of images - is only one, low, causal manifestation of such energies. An imprecise one. To fully apprehend such energies, further experience and workings are required. That is, the Tarot itself is but a stage - for the beginner.

4) That the ONA somehow "copied" or "stole" the use of the tetrahedron from Crowley.

The only reference to a tetrahedron given by those who write such criticisms about the ONA is to one image in Crowley's Tarot cards. There is no proof whatsoever that Crowley knew about the use of the tetrahedron in a magickal way - that is, quartz, and sound vibration and esoteric chant.

The ONA tradition in respect of the tetrahedron is quite specific - the use of a large quartz tetrahedron in conjunction with esoteric chant and/or sound vibration. Indeed, there is no non-ONA Occult or esoteric literature extant which mentions this tradition.

Furthermore - and of great importance vis-à-vis the ONA detractors - the ONA do not claim and never have claimed that they created or invented this tradition regarding the esoteric use of a crystal tetrahedron. Once again, the ONA are merely recording - for the first time it seems - a hitherto secret Western tradition. They do not claim it as their own. This older tradition is mentioned in a specific ONA MS. There is a Latin quote, taken from an Alchemical MS, which the ONA reproduce in their MS *Copula cum Daemone*. This particular ONA MS has indeed made it onto the Internet - but beware, like of lot of older ONA MS it was electronically scanned by

a non-Adept who did not proofread it and who obviously did not know any Latin, for there are scanning errors aplenty. Those who really want to know, can seek out copies of the original (there are three, to my knowledge) or learn Latin (hint -both classical and medieval) or even take it to someone who does know Latin and have them correct the scanning errors.

Conclusions

It should be quite obvious that those who have criticised the ONA as enumerated above show either a basic lack of understanding of the ONA, and/or a basic lack of magickal understanding, or both. A lot of the claims made against the ONA are based on hasty assumptions made by people of little esoteric knowledge who thus reveal their lack of genuine magickal training.

In addition, it needs to be made clear, yet again, that -

- 1) Every Initiate is expected to work many things out for themselves, that the ONA is only a guide; *it is practical experience, self-insight, and self-honesty, which matter.*
- 2) The information made available by the ONA to public domains - such as the Internet - does not represent the sum total of ONA MSS. Much of the oral tradition remains unrecorded; and some MSS, although available to Initiates and Adepts, have not for practical and other reasons yet been made publicly available. A few MSS have also been lost, and a few exist only in limited, private, editions.
- 3) That there are some tests which the novice and Initiate are expected to undergo, and that sometimes such tests - to bring a certain self-insight and self-honesty - can be in the form of riddles, or deliberate "mistakes", or fables. Two classic illustrations here.

First, in the days of typewritten letters, sometimes letters might be sent out with a word spelt in an unusual way, or containing deliberate spelling mistakes. Sometimes, the grammar was also unusual. Those who could not see beyond the outer form (the words; the syntax, and so on) to the essence (always contained quite clearly in such letters) so obviously failed, restricted as their apprehension was by the norms of their own times, by their own preconceptions, by "society", or whatever.

Second, in the quite olden days when little public information about the Dark Tradition was available, an Adept might arrange to meet an aspirant novice. On occasion, the Adept might appear not to keep the appointment (often outdoors in some difficult to reach place) - but would of course be around, observing. Sometimes, the Adept might just "bump into" the person and pretend to be someone else. There were of course many variations on this theme. But the point was to test the person - their commitment; especially their desire to seek; their intuition. That is, things were made difficult, quite often; sometimes things were made confusing for the aspirant novice, and even for the Initiate and the External Adept. In the case of our example "meeting" - the Adept would wait to see if they were contacted again. If they were not; the person was quite obviously not sincere, not sinister, enough. Sometimes the Adept might promise some sort of ritual - only to let the person down "at the last minute". Yet once these initial tests were over, and a commitment made by the person, they would be guided.

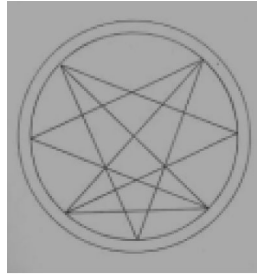
Need it be written that some information available on the Internet might be, or could be, part of some "test"?

4) That a great deal that could be written, about traditions, tests, and the likewise in respect of the ONA, has been written - in *The Deofel Quartet*, and the recent *Dark Trilogy* by Anton Long, which after all are but instructional texts, to learnt from, and to be surpassed.

DarkLogos

River Isis Nexion (115)

(Revised Jan 116)



The Sinister Dialectic and Diabolical Aims of The Order of Nine Angles

I have heard that some people say that a genuine Left Hand Path organization is a contradiction, since they claim the LHP is essentially anarchic and individual. Do you consider this to be correct, and is the ONA a LHP organization, or even an organization?

In respect of the LHP - or perhaps more correct, esoterically, the Sinister Path or Sinister Way - it depends of course on how one defines this. We have our own definition, and usage, and consider the definition and usage of and by others to be irrelevant.

For us, and as explained in several ONA MSS over the past three decades, the LHP - the true Sinister Way - is the Way of practical experience, of self-reliance, and of amorality, that is without, or beyond, morality. Thus:

- (a) the individual learns from direct practical experience, which is both esoteric, magickal, in nature, and also, and vitally, of real-life involving such things as Insight Rôles, overcoming tough physical challenges, being heretical, being a-moral, taking risks and courting real personal danger;
- (b) the individual rejects all dogma, the "religious attitude" and all subservience, and seeks to find answers for themselves and work things out for themselves, although they may at times accept a certain guidance, and some advice, from someone who has themselves followed the Sinister Way and who thus can talk and write from personal practical experience; but the individual is free to accept or reject such offered guidance and such advice, with such guidance and such advice being given only when the individual personally seeks it;
- (c) the individual accepts that they and they alone are responsible for themselves, and that genuine esoteric advancement requires great personal effort over a period of decades;
- (d) the individual understands that the LHP - the genuine Sinister Way - is a-moral; that is, free from all moral restrictions, and that each and every follower of the Sinister Way is not bound by the "laws" of any society but instead consider such "laws" as artificial constructs designed to keep individuals in thrall to some supra-personal "authority"; as such, these "laws" and conventional morality itself are detrimental to the achievement of esoteric Adeptship and esoteric Mastery.

In respect of the ONA itself, we are a living nexion - a causal presencing of the Sinister, of certain acausal energies - and as such we both are, and are-not, an organization and an Order. We *are* so, because we have a Way, a mythos, a system of guidance, a method, which works, is efficacious, and which when correctly followed, can produce and has produced Sinister Adepts and Sinister Masters/Lady-Masters. We *are* so, because, by causally-being, we have produced and do produce and will produce certain causal changes and effects. We *are-not* so, because our essence is beyond all those temporal, causal, forms which makes the living-nexion we are presence itself in manifold ways over a multitude of centuries, some of which forms are "hidden" or unknown to non-Initiates, and even to many Adepts. We *are-not* so, because the living-nexion which we are and will be is itself limited in its causal-living: to perhaps a thousand years; at most, to one and half thousand to two thousand years, after which there will be - there should be - no need for such a temporal presencing, and - if there is then such a need - another living-nexion will be born, or be manufactured.

Thus, as a living Order we offer a certain guidance, and a system of training, for those who might be interested, just as our Way, our Mythos, can be used freely by others, in whatever way and for whatever purpose, they choose, which is one reason we reject the restriction, the morality, of "copyright".

You mentioned that the ONA is akin to a living-nexion with a certain causal life-span, of a thousand years or more. How is this related to the esoteric and practical aims of the ONA?

Our aims are of centuries, and more. One of the fundamental aims is to produce more and more genuine Adepts; another is to change a significant number of people by using, by manufacturing, various causal forms and various "archetypes" - by presencing the Sinister in certain causal ways and through certain nexions. Another is to fundamentally alter "society" and produce a new elite, a higher type of human being, and, with and through these individuals, manufacture an entirely new way of living, new societies. All these things will take a certain amount of causal time.

We have already spent three decades in building the foundations for such changes; in establishing a new dark mythos; in manufacturing certain forms; in using certain already existing causal forms; in Presencing The Dark in certain ways. In guiding many individuals to a certain esoteric achievement. There are other such things, already done, most of which are still esoteric, still hidden even to those, outside of our tradition, who consider themselves Adepts.

There are many more things to do, and it is irrelevant to us if people, esoteric-minded or otherwise, understand what we are doing, and why. Their opinion and judgement of us - often erroneously based on some causal form we or some of our Adepts may use or some rôle an Adept or Master might assume - is irrelevant.

Which is why, I imagine, you personally have never bothered with responding, on the Internet or otherwise, to criticism of the ONA?

Correct. Most of the chatter on the Internet is worthless, ephemeral, the product of people with little esoteric knowledge and even less genuine practical esoteric and personal experience, with such people being led or controlled either by their own desires or by some unconscious impulse or by some causal abstract form or dogma they do not rationally comprehend, or by all of these things. Such chatter is almost always immediately

reactive, never the product of a reflexion based on experience, and - when it is not simply inane - it is esoterically and/or intellectually shallow; worthless; pretentious.

Genuine esoteric wisdom arises from a reflexion born from personal, direct, practical experience: from an alchemical symbiosis; from that acausal growth that arises slowly over causal time. And it cannot, should not, be expressed in hasty words of the reactive, immediate, emotive kind based upon, dependant upon, some causal abstraction, some dogma, some causal form. Such wisdom is to be savoured; communicated, at best, on a personal basis, and otherwise in some form which enables others to reflect upon it, or judge it, over a period of causal time.

The only value, esoterically, of this Internet thing is that it allows - for the moment at least - the free dissemination of mythos, of causal forms, of various esoteric Ways, enabling people to access such things, and consider them and if necessary act upon or be inspired by them in their own way in their own causal time. Such action and such inspiration, to be esoterically valid, must of course take a certain amount of causal time: months, most usually years. Thus, the immediacy of chattering Internet forums, and the like, is esoterically irrelevant to us.

But haven't some of your members responded to criticism?

No. Some of our *associates* may have - and I use the word *associates* advisedly - occasionally done such things, most usually as learning experiences for themselves. But no one is authorized to speak by or on behalf of the ONA...

Except you -

[Anton Long smiles] Except me, naturally.

Thus, those individuals, those associates, present only their own views, their own perspective, their own opinions, deriving as such things do from that incomplete and sometimes erroneous understanding which abounds among those who are not Masters/Lady-Masters. I have never bothered to correct such errors and such mistakes as have - very occasionally - occurred when such individuals, associated with us over the past decade, have, via this Internet medium, ventured forth an opinion or view of their own. It is for those individuals to learn, and so correct themselves, and for others to have the magickal empathy, the esoteric understanding, to perceive such errors and mistakes for the errors and mistakes they are.

Some associates - and the occasional member - have even occasionally produced and published tracts in an attempt to correct some mis-understandings which may have arisen in respect of our Way. Again, I have never bothered to correct such mistakes as may be found in such tracts or answers. But, as we move now into the third phase of our long term sinister strategy, even such ephemeral, very unofficial, things will cease, since the vast majority of what needed to be published, and said and written, has been, and our living nexion is now so well-established that it does not need such things, and never, in truth, has ever needed them, which is again why I - and those few among us who are Masters or Lady Masters - have never ventured forth any opinion by such means and never bothered with such Internet ephemera.

Can you then explain what an associate of the ONA is?

Technically, there are ONA members, and ONA associates. A member formally means someone in direct personal face-to-face contact with an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA; someone who is being guided and thus following our Sinister Way according to tradition, and thus who is part of an already physical ONA nexion, which physical nexion - in Old Aeon speak - is a Sinister "Temple".

There are also "unaffiliated" members who are working alone, who follow our Way, and who are also being guided by an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA.

Each member - when they attain Internal Adept - is free to guide others, and to establish their own "official" ONA nexion, but they still require some guidance to advance further, toward and into The Abyss, from whence they may emerge as newly fledged Masters or Lady Masters, who usually do not require further guidance.

An "official" ONA nexion should not be confused with the Temple - the simple causal construct - that an aspirant Internal Adept constructs as one of the learning tasks of the Seven Fold Sinister Way, which task is associated with External Adept.

An *associate* of the ONA is someone who is doing sinister work on behalf of the ONA and who is in contact (sometimes not on a face-to-face basis) with an ONA member, but who does and who is free to do their own work, and who usually follows or (more usually) develops their own esoteric way and methods, but who also may propagate the ONA mythos. Such an associate often constructs a new, non-ONA, independent group or organization, which may or may not be imbued with the sinister energies which the ONA itself is using, and which may or which may not acknowledge the influence of the ONA.

Of course, many others are influenced by the ONA in a variety of ways, and may or may not use, directly or indirectly, some aspects of our Sinister Way, our Dark Tradition, in whatever way and for whatever purpose they want, which they can freely do, even if they do not acknowledge the source, the influence. Such influence, and such use - and such a hiding of the source of their inspiration - is natural, and a necessary part of, a necessary extension of, that living sinister presencing which is the ONA and which is the ONA mythos, as, of course, the work of our associates is a natural, and a necessary part of, a necessary extension of, our living sinister presencing.

You - and others among our kindred sinister-folk - will be aware, for instance, of several esoteric groups which have arisen in the last two decades, wholly or partly inspired by the ONA and our mythos. Often, such groups last but a few years, and then decay away, as the interest and enthusiasm of the individual or individuals founding them wanes and dies and they themselves fall back into the mundane world of non-esoteric folk, or even renounce their sinister quest. Sometimes, such groups schism, and new ones are formed, and these may last a few more years. But the ONA endures and grows, slowly, in an alchemical, living way, as is necessary and as befits such a causal presencing of the acausal, as befits such a living-being, imbued with acausal energies. Such is the sinister dialectic at work, and sinister Adepts - and Masters/Lady-Masters - at work, and at play.

I have heard it said that some of the tasks of the Seven Fold Way are not necessary, and should only be taken as a rough guide. I'm referring here to such matters as the physical tasks of an External Adept, such as a man walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least thirty pounds in weight.

Such tasks and tests were designed to physically take the individual to, and beyond, their limits. To develop in them a certain personal character. As such, these physical tasks are - for most modern individuals in the West - hard, and challenging, and require many months of physical training before they can be successfully attempted. They are not meant to be easy, and those who say such things as you mention usually are just too soft, too weak - emotionally, physically, in terms of character - to attempt them, and so make excuses for their failure. We do not care, for thus have they failed this particular selection process of ours.

As I mentioned - and as by now should be somewhat well-known among sinister esoteric-folk - one of our aims is to breed, to seed, a new elite, the prelude for a new human species which has been variously named as *Homo Galactica* and *Homo Galacticus*. If some individuals do not wish to join us in this quest, fine; if they do not desire to undertake the selection process, fine; if they have no dream of evolving beyond what they are and of thus becoming the foundation for this new elite, this new species, fine. The choice is theirs. We simply do not care about them, or about their opinions, or about their excuses, or about their judgement of us.

Our tests, our tasks, our Way, is a selection process. Many begin; few succeed. Over the past three decades, some have succeeded, and this number will increase, slowly, and has increased, slowly. There is no easy way to achieve genuine Adeptship; there is no easy way to change yourself - alchemically, esoterically - and so become a part of this new elite.

Our tasks, our tests, our Way, work; the ONA produces sinister Adepts, sinister Master and Lady-Masters. But this is a slow process, which is why we have a selection process, why we are, as a practical-form, reclusive; why we do not "recruit", and why sheer numbers of members do not, never have and never will, concern us.

The published physical tasks - of, for example, External Adept - are suited to humans who exist, now, in the lands of the West. Suited to those we desire to select, and are certainly achievable by those who may desire to be of-us, as members, as associates, or as individuals inspired by us. Of course, there are some individuals who - being supremely physically fit - will find such tasks too easy, and for them, as our MSS mention, there will be higher goals set. But what we will not do is lower these already achievable, if high, standards.

Yet there may well arise a time in the nearish future when these high goals will have to made higher (not lower, note) if prevailing conditions, in terms of physical health, nutrition, leisure-time, and so on, continue to improve. In the same manner, it may be necessary, sometime in the near future, for the Grand Master (or Grand Mistress) after me to revise some of the details of the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, just as I myself revised the details I had inherited, to make the task of living alone, bereft of modern comforts, for three months practically feasible in a rather industrialized Britain, allowing thus a tent, and some pre-purchased food, where the original conditions specified building one's own shelter and obtaining all food by hunting and gathering. But the essential alchemical, esoteric, elements - and hardship and difficulty - always remain, and, noticeably, such hardship and difficulty always incrementally increase, in line with our changing slowly evolving civilization.

Our tests, our tasks, our Way are *ours*. They achieve and can achieve what we desire to achieve. There are

other Ways, other tests, other tasks - but, obviously, they are not *ours*, not of our Sinister Path, and what such others things may (or may not) produce, or whom they may or may not select, are of no concern to us.

We are not now, and will not be, and do not wish to be, "popular", nor "accepted"; and this will only slowly, very slowly, change - if, that is, our diabolical plans succeed, our sinister magick works as it should, in accord with the sinister dialectic. But even then, it will be at least another hundred years - and probably somewhat longer - before we are understood, appreciated, by a minority, never mind by the "majority", and when this minority understanding does occur we will have, exoterically, metamorphozed, in a sinister way, into many other causal forms, while our real essence remains - as it should - esoteric, hidden, heretical, and with we ourselves thus enabled to continue our diabolic work, in secret.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

D Y S S O L V I N G

Diary of an Internal Adept

March

21st: Should the above read "Internal Inept"? A terrible start. I am cold and exhausted after the journey, but weather has been wonderful. I did not do a sufficient 'recce' of area, and arrogantly based my plans according to a map. Getting to this wilderness, burdened with my home on my back, has proved traumatic. Fool! First lesson?

I feel hungry. Upset - I miss J. To be honest, I have doubts about my ability - perhaps this is normal? I swing from one mood to the other. As I write, I can see the comet above - it seems encouraging. I feel frightened.

"Tomorrow is another day" and I really must take this one step at a time. I feel ... inept and about to be exposed as a fraud.

22nd: Collected a month's provisions - not a bad walk (twenty mile round trip) but back-breaking on the way back - kept my mind busy, though. Fairly positive today, particularly after having explored some of the area; and it is beautiful - exactly the right domain for the ritual: treeless, rocky, mountainous ...

I'm fine when I'm busy. This afternoon I was upset. All I can think of is the Summer Solstice - and yet , why can I not just "enjoy" this experience? Here and now? I wait now for the night, then I can sleep and one more day will be over.

This seems an awesome task - wonderful to romanticise about, but as with all things, the living reality is ... many intense things. I am happy using here as a base. It's been raining lightly now for a few hours - it looks as if it has been snowing on the mountains, which I can see from the tent.

I cannot begin to think about what I am doing - I just must go through each day ... And see. I don't see how I can do this; the tent is not really bearable to be in during the day. Raining heavily now. I must just do what I can. I will review the situation a week from yesterday.

23rd: Better day, more settled - explored more of the immediate landscape. Re-pitched the tent - and thought I had lost the tent pegs: I was almost overwhelmed with panic, which shows how nervous I am. This occurred as the afternoon rain started up, and I am paranoid about getting wet, particularly this early on. I have a fear of rain at present. I may re-locate the tent tomorrow to somewhere more picturesque - all the land here is water-logged.

Still, as the weeks go on I am expecting the weather to become drier and warmer (!).

When the Sun breaks through the clouds there is some happiness. There is also simple pleasure in doing simple tasks, such as washing cutlery!

Horrors. Have just discovered five or six of what I presume are sheep ticks embedded in each leg. I have applied my insect repellent, pulled the bastards out, applied antiseptic and plasters. They must have pounced via my exposed socks (I am wearing breeks - tomorrow I shall permanently wear over-trousers). Horrible moment - apparently they can cause fever, but nothing life-threatening. One on my hand.

Those little scum must live everywhere - still, it's their land. I've yet to earn respect and trust from Nature. This is horrible. It's still raining. Cold, damp and feeling ill - already.

24th: Woke up feeling very unimpressed with the strong sunlight and general beauty of the weather. I only began to pick up when cleaning cutlery! The weather remained bright and clear, and helped to slowly instill a sense of cautious well-being. That feeling keeps me occupied, but fades as the day progresses to evening.

This is all very difficult. I do not feel 'esoteric' in the least; or that I am fitting comfortably into the 'role' of 'Hermit'. I am a man missing his beloved terribly. It feels cruel to be parted like this, and the sense of three months stretching before me seems too much to bear. Anguish.

But this situation is my choice - I could leave if I wanted. I just know that if I did, so much would be lost; my path would effectively end - a staying at 'external adept'. I would perhaps go on to live an enjoyable life composing music - but that music would lack the ultimate power that this ordeal can earth. There would be the torture of what could have been achieved. There would be failure, within me, where it matters.

I think my problem is the knowledge of the length of time ahead of me. I must try and become detached from the time-scale; live within each day - each moment in fact, each one acutely felt. Tomorrow does arrive, bringing me one day nearer to my goal.

I do need a task to occupy my time. Perhaps I will try to carve something. This whole situation is difficult, sickeningly so. But each day completed is a mini-triumph. I will endure.

25th: If I wrote this journal early each day there would be positivity; as it is so far, the evening brings such anguish and weeping - I am haunted by the moment we parted. I worry for her, and feel torn. A period of such anguish then brings rest.

There is so much I can derive from this experience - so much loss and failure if I "chicken out".

Generally, my mood is one of contentment (it is still early days!). Today, apart from this evening, was my calmest yet. I spent a productive time contemplating the tarot.

The weather has been bright and warm, and I sat in the sun like an old man in his deck chair. It is during the day when I see things which bring a sense of well-being - ie. circling buzzards (possibly some eagles too), and deer: two hinds very close to the tent yesterday. And a stag standing on a distant rocky crag, as the sun set.

Night is approaching now - a time of great comfort when I don't have to endure - just rest, sleep. I am usually fairly tired at the end of each day, so sleep is no problem. Although quite cold.

Another day done - no further visits from ticks.

26th: Emotionally, a better day. I awoke before dawn, with the rain lashing down on the tent. I went out for some water and was caught in intense wintery showers, sleet and some hail. The river was engorged and raging.

As the showers subsided, I went for a further recce of the area, and decided on a place to re-locate the tent to - quite far from here, but it has a greater sense of wilderness.

Content; I feel I am starting to accept/identify with the role - or rather, am becoming it. Have spent time sitting and watching the land - and listening. Tonight, I watched deer on the horizon, feeding.

27th: I relocated the tent and belongings to the wilder place. Today, I have felt upset again, my mood unsettled by the relocation - it took three trips altogether, carrying all the stuff over steep and hilly land. It really began to irritate me.

Also weather very changeable - hail stones and very strong winds. As I write this, the tent is being buffeted by the strong weather, and the noise is oppressive. But what do I expect in this far Northern terrain, amid echoes of Winter?

I am low today. Saw two hinds this evening, which cheered me. The wildlife has that effect on me. I also observed a frog today, coloured brown like the heather. In fact, every life form, including the flies, seems of the same brown colour - except me in my bright red mountain cap (a stupid colour).

I am not happy today. Perhaps I will become more ground down as the weeks wear on; but my resolve remains. In fact, the alternative of giving up seems much more repellent now. The 'waiting' is not really that bad - as yet. Still worrying about J. though, still tearful, at times.

I am starting to get a feel for how a day progresses, uncluttered by a timetable of modern life and routine. I am attempting to calmly let each day unfold and pass.

28th: Bad night last night - I froze as rain and hail continued to assault the tent, and could barely sleep. This morning was spent warming up in tent with hot drinks, before venturing outside. The rain persisted on and off throughout day. It has been very grey, cold and damp which has made me feel lethargic. Despite conditions, I sat on a fallen tree by the burn, and began carving a 'wand' for J. This mindful act did go some way to easing an otherwise depressing day. It is a week today since beginning - I should be celebrating having reached this far! Yet it is obviously quite a pathetic 'achievement' compared to all the weeks, the months still to be endured.

After a week, things seem more of a burden - but my mood has certainly been affected by the weather.

I feel irritated, slightly, by my predicament. Yet - on, on, it must be so. I feel pissed off, to be honest.

29th: It is possible to lose track of the day/date - even with diary as a reminder. Since each day has no form, no routine that I am used to, they tend to blur into each other ...

More Wintery showers this morning, cold again, but weather quickly gave way to the glorious Sun. I marvelled at the Sun today, as my body responded to its life-giving rays - I feel that I have gained a new understanding/relationship with the Sun (which I have tried to capture in an attempt at poetry), which seems the first - albeit subtle - gift of this venture. Just a new shift in perception.

Spent most of day carving by the river: it has, on the whole, been a good day, but marred slightly by a period of preoccupation with when I finish, on the Solstice. Too far away to happily dwell upon.

It's raining now. I feel a sort of detachment evolving re. my life prior to being here. I have accepted that I am going to see this ordeal through, so no longer dwell emotionally on what I have left behind. I feel 'I' as a personality am disappearing into the landscape; not an unsettling feeling, but, somehow, something of a relief and quietly inspiring. This detachment is not a rejection or judgement of what I have left behind - rather, this is my life now, and the expression of the life that I am becoming.

Writing poetry and carving have given shape and purpose to the day.

30th: Weather miserable for most of the day - cold, grey and raining. It has had a depressing effect - that coupled with a feeling of being a little physically run down (beginnings of a 'cold' coming on?). I have felt, for the first time, really depressed, and sat by the river emotionally drained. This heaviness continued until early evening when, following the days only decent meal (porridge!), I continued to carve by the river and the Sun appeared, filling me once more with contentment - there was a loss of a certain dread that has plagued me for much of day.

Today, I sensed the awesome time factor ahead of me: tonight there is a sharp coherence, while earlier there was a lethargic, dulled and blurred lack of awareness. Tonight, I feel content.

31st: Last night, some living creature visited the tent. I awoke, in pitch darkness - I literally could not even see my hand before me - to the quiet but determined sound of something pulling things from my rucksack. I felt unnerved to say the least. There was also intermittent scratching at the edge of the tent - something trying to get to the bag of rubbish that I keep at the foot of the tent. It was a horrible unknown, insistent sound and my mind began to run through the various options: rat; wildcat ...? It might have been a weasel or stoat - whatever, it had claws and incisors (I could hear it nibbling away). I was disturbed. After lying still, my heart racing, I shouted, made movement, and went outside with a torch to see what I could find. Nothing, of course.

Stupidly, I had been keeping my food rubbish in tent, so bound to attract scavengers. I moved the bag some distance from tent, ledging it amongst the foundations of a crofter's cottage. I then securely fastened my rucksack.

From then on, I felt reasonably unbothered whether it returned or not - as long as it did not subject me to any carnivorous violence.

The sky lark has just sung a brief song, which so far, at least here, I have taken to be a herald of rain. Today has been depressing. I woke up reasonably confident, washed some clothes and myself, in the stream by the tent. I explored a part of the valley today. It is a very unsettling place - really, genuinely wild, exuding a sense of pre-human age that is too vast to cope with. There are no footpaths here, no tourist trails - just the fallen green husks of elfin trees, slimy boulders, and the vast violent cliff sides. Perhaps it is my heightening sensitivities, but I have never encountered such an atmosphere; for a twentieth century city dweller (even one who would be 'magickal') there are no familiarities - just a sense of awe, of ancient fear ... I felt unable to progress too far, partly because I was caught in a very heavy bought of rain, and mostly because the valley is too overwhelming. I need to explore it gradually, and build up trust on both sides.

I returned drained and wet to the tent, and have stayed here since the afternoon. Perhaps it was the valley, but for the first time, I felt the beginnings of real loneliness - real 'aloneness'.

The weather, as ever, does effect my mood. It is warmer tonight.

April

1st: The creature re-visited last night with a vengeance. The scavenging, and the ferocious winds worked away at my imagination - at my nerves! I do not mind admitting that terror began to grip me. The 'thing' at one point ran round the inside of the flysheet. Then silence. Then more gnawing and pulling of plastic. I shouted and shone the torch about in a panicked state. Silence - then more nibbling; almost as if it was finding the situation humorous, enjoying my fear. The wind battered the tent - in this ancient place, miles from anyone and anything. I shouted again, and the reply I got was a deep and sudden guttural exclamation - too deep and strong for a little rodent. I was shocked into silence. The gnawing, delicate and intense, continued. Then, I remembered my own magick, held the talisman around my neck, and was calm. I went off peacefully into sleep.

This morning, I discovered that the varmint had eaten through the bag containing my food - and had eaten into the oats and rice. The size of the holes were small, and obviously gnawed at by a rodent - so cannot explain the deep animal noise. I am no longer worried though, but calm in myself. I have wrapped and hidden all food in my rucksack, and firmly fastened it up - so little here now to attract a scavenger. No doubt it will return sometime tonight. But, I have sprinkled chilli powder over the rucksack, and a little at each entrance to tent!

Today, from the start, has been miserable - weather again grey, cold, windy and wet. It has felt the coldest day yet. Very oppressive. I ventured out for a time, as I could not stand just lying in the tent. Sat by the river at various places, then returned to tent, heavy with lethargy, feeling cold. The river does not, at times, lull me - rather its crashing rush seems to mirror the chaos of feelings within me, and can unsettle profoundly.

However, after a hot evening meal (generally, a stock cube boiled up with a little rice or pasta added), I ventured out again when the weather calmed. I sat high up, by the stream that flowed down by the tent, fed from the rocky slopes far above. I looked out across to the sea, with its tiny islands, and felt a sudden overwhelming feeling of tremendous awe and beauty - a satori... The clouds, like the life forms they were, moving perfectly, calmly and quickly across the sky; the fading light, so serene, and a speck of a tiny white cottage far over the sound, many miles on the other distant shore: all created a sense of my future - of *becoming* the mystery itself. I felt resolved then to return to the world when the ordeal was over, and make a way of life that would capture the essence I felt. This feeling is difficult to describe - perhaps in musick? This experience made up for the drabness of today.

April ... time is passing. I am content with where I am and the journey so far made.

2nd: A funny day. Weather, at last, quite beautiful - strong sunlight all day. Feeling quite positive (no scavenger last night, incidentally). I ventured up the sheer face of the fells, and found the small loch which is the source of my stream - it was beautiful up there, and it felt good to exercise my body after the inertia of yesterday.

Afternoon was spent by the burn that flows from the valley, sitting on rocks and taking in the idyllic scenery. I even saw two eagles, playing in the sky. And yet, I felt troubled. The beautiful weather made me feel rather restless, and I became ... bored, for the first time; with oppressive miserable rain and cold, the day is confined and dulled and passes quickly ...

Missing J. again. My mind has been rabbiting on, preoccupied with the mundane problems of my life prior to here, which certainly did not provide the tranquillity I needed. Also, I seem to lack creative inspiration.

Have decided to eat the oats attacked by the scavenger - hopefully no disease will result.

3rd: I complained about the Sun yesterday, and have been repaid today by cold, rainy, grey weather - exactly what I wanted! Today has been reasonable - started some creative writing, and, having finished the wand, began carving a 'river god'.

This morning was spent watching ravens dive in and out of the rain-mist - rest of day, spent carving by the river. Emotionally, I feel a little fragile; beginnings of loneliness again. Still content to be here - I am awake up now with feelings of excitement about the challenge of the ritual (these feelings lessen as day wears on).

Scavenger, for now, turned away effectively. Perhaps some Sun tomorrow? (!). It's raining now.

4th: The two week mark has been reached - everyone in my past life joked: "He'll be back in two weeks!"

A difficult day in some ways. Weather has been of extremes - an hour or two of beautiful sunshine, followed by a spell of more Wintery showers; hail and sleet and very cold.

Scavenger appeared briefly last night - it didn't stay long, since there is nothing here to scavenge; but its presence, its noise, wakes me up and unsettles me - really annoys me, in fact.

Woke up cold. Day spent walking and carving by river.

Felt very unsettled this evening - my life before this yet again encroaching. Obviously, I can't really expect just to place this to one side - after all, it's there to be learnt from, via this ordeal.

Also have been bothered now for some days by a frequency, which I hear constantly. Have noticed that it is loudest when by a river - particularly when engorged by rain. Am I picking up the vibration of the water - its natural tone? It seems obtrusive at times, but appears to be a natural feature - so quite interesting. It sounds like a note from an organ key permanently held down (an 'A' perhaps?), and certainly seems external to me, rather than some hearing defect. It is cold tonight.

5th: Do not know whether early evening, afternoon or what - but have now retired to tent since weather is atrocious. Last night was freezing. It has been snowing heavily on the mountains but here, only a light flurry of snow and sleet and a few heavy bouts of hail. When not hailing, there is the ever present rain, and now a heavy cold mist has enveloped the area, which looks set to stay throughout the night. The weather has not emotionally bothered me too much, and I have turned my energies to writing. My mind has been quietened today thanks to an attempt at a vow of silence (I have been talking aloud to myself far too much - driving myself to distraction in fact). I feel calmer, and subdued.

Food supply is running a little low, despite my rationing and meagre diet. Will have to revise my needs when it comes to fetching the next month's supply.

6th: Tent battered by rain and winds all night, and this morning found water seeping in through ground sheet. - not seriously, but obviously that caused some worry.

Heavy rain finally cleared, and there is sunshine tonight, for which I am now grateful. The tent should dry out O.K. - but will re-pitch soon to a higher plateau which does not seem as water logged. Stream engorged.

I have approached today quite practically, generally re-arranging tent so it will dry quickly. I spent some time working on new septenary correspondences, including a section on clouds - based on my experiences and observations so far. Spent time again by river, carving.

Have felt tranquil, at one point nearly idyllic - although always the tinge of caution, and sadness over who I have left behind.

All in all, quite content to be here.

7th: Another cold and wet night; groundsheet was soaked and water started to penetrate sleeping bags. So, have spent today drying out and re-pitching tent. The weather warmed up slightly, which made life easier, but now it is raining again.

So, woke up feeling grotty after an uncomfortable night. Once tent was re-pitched, I ventured some way into the valley and washed myself completely in the rushing river. Water absolutely freezing, but exhilarating to bathe naked - afterwards, I felt refreshed and calm. Rest of day spent carving and washing clothes.

A quiet day of contentment. Scavenger still visits, but am not too bothered.

8th: Today I ventured up into the hills to explore the more distant lochs - possibly to look for a new site, since I feel more solitude is needed. By this I mean that my current proximity to a few ruined foundations of cottages is causing problems - they are becoming an intrusive reminder of human activity, despite their intriguing presence. There must have been a thriving crofting community here, some centuries ago - there is still evidence of 'lazy beds' carved into the slopes.

The day began with a feeling of being rather jaded, lethargic, so felt some strenuous climbing and walking was in order. Having reached the summit, I still felt worn and a little irritable - until I entered a natural arena enclosing one of the highest lochs. My mood changed instantly. Here was one of the most peaceful, natural and numinous places I had encountered so far. The feeling was strange - I actually fell in love, and the whole spirit of the place was beautifully feminine in a startlingly tangible way. It was like meeting a beautiful woman.

All that could be heard was the gentle lapping of the water; and the surroundings - just the magnificent mountains, not a trace of 'civilisation'. I resolved then to pack up the tent and relocate, so investigated the area further. Unfortunately, found the ground was very marshy and waterlogged - but I was still not put off. The views from the highest slope leading up from the loch were breathtaking - the great expanse of sea, all the islands ... This all seemed to confirm that I should be there.

And then I noticed the signs of people - that is, litter, stuffed into rock crevices, a crisp packet in the water ... My precious feelings of isolation became eroded, and I felt sad for this place, to be subject to the stupidity and lack of empathy so characteristic of modern people. The surroundings began to unsettle me - even the views, which I had once, from another vantage point, shared with J.

Depression set in, and I descended the crags to my current site some distance below - it looks like I am staying where I am, for now.

Weather has remained rain-free and warm, and was able to restore some positive feelings. However, I am still attracted to that site, and have found what seems to be a more gradual route to the summit, which would make it easier to relocate. Not sure.

I am having moments of deep loneliness.

9th: Scavenger appeared, really pissing me off, but otherwise a decent sleep. Woke up feeling a bit better than yesterday, but gradually, quite quickly, on rising became depressed. Just lay in the tent for a while. Then dragged myself up and decided to walk to some other high lochs. The rain was torrential when I reached my destination, and I sat utterly desolate by a really grim looking loch, depressing in the greyness. I just sat and watched the land becoming more marshy, and felt the increasing cold and damp. As I stumbled away back to the tent, I was overcome with the desolation of my predicament - feelings that have been building up over the past few days. I wept copiously in the rain. I felt that I had reached my limit of tolerance - that I had reached some internal barrier. No amount of reassuring talk did any good. A natural reaction at this point I suppose, one which has arisen of itself, and that I could not control. So I allowed the misery - and it was Misery.

Got back to the tent and eventually calmed myself into a peaceful state, by carving wood. And have continued thus for the rest of day.

I am still here, and still able to continue.

10th: Scavenger again, but eventually, a good night's sleep. The weather has remained good today: sunshine, no wind - quite warm. I woke up feeling quite positive. After my regular dose of oats and water, I began what I aim to be a regular session of physis: it felt good, and I remain quite supple and feel well, physically.

After that, I spent a large part of day by the river, carving, and pondering on the Minor Arcana.

I feel better than I did yesterday - but do feel different, living with this sense of desolation which threatens always to break out. Today, I could identify my feeling of unease as just boredom - creativity is fine, but it doesn't fill a day.

Days are noticeably getting longer - due to the lengthening hours of daylight and my own unease. Have noticed with pleasure, that some trees in the valley are starting to bud, and primroses are emerging. Spring is spreading finally - at one point, it seemed as if the grey and rain and desolate landscape would always remain.

An echo of Summer, then.

11th: Three week mark reached. This has been a special day: I have experienced - all day - a form of transcendence; almost one long and effortless, flowing meditation. I felt a calmness and unity with my surroundings which I have not felt before - ever. I found myself not dwelling on any one thing, but often I would simply just listen, to changes in the wind, the river ... I feel almost happy. I write almost because I am rather cautious of this feeling - it is perhaps a special moment, which will not return tomorrow, or for a few days/weeks. But, here and now, this day has been one to remember, and to live for its return.

I constructed a circle of eight stones for my physis practice, which I undertook with great enjoyment, and ease. The circle's presence has created an added dimension to the site - I feel like what I really am, or at least becoming: a shaman.

Wrote more poetry, and pondered on further septenary matters. Weather has been very fine and tranquil, which of course helps my mood.

12th: Went to fetch month's supplies today - earlier than planned. My jaunt began well - slow and contemplative in the sunshine: it was good to see the changes that had occurred since my last outing, particularly the trees waking after their Winter sleep.

The way back was an ordeal - back-breaking in the relentless sun. The experience became absolute agony when I clambered - nearly crawled - over the fells and moorland back to the tent. But when finished, I felt a great sense of accomplishment.

I attempted some physis later on, but was physically too tired. Concluded the evening by sitting in the circle, and, as last night, just listened - listened to the land speak to me. I was transfixed ... this really is a new sensation, and I am beginning to feel different, in myself, as though I have passed through a veil. However, there are many more changes to come - positive and disruptive.

Unpleasant dreams last night - and scavenger.

13th: Slept very well last night, not surprisingly. If scavenger did appear, I was not aware of it.

It has been an uneventful day; still feeling the physical effects of yesterday. Carving; physis ...

My mind has lapsed to my previous life, and so have felt unsettled by all those unresolved things. Have also felt a little bored; but spiritual feeling remains. When my mind ceases to jabber, I remain awed listening to the unfolding of Nature.

14th: It began to rain early this morning, and when I did finally leave the tent, the landscape was wreathed in stratus clouds. Quite cold. Although my mood remained positive, I found the weather quite oppressive.. I became lethargic, with a feeling of confinement and boredom.

The day was rescued from misery by a good physis session.

As the day wore on, I motivated myself to undertake what is now a regular evening walk - excellent; I felt a new controlled dimension of myself emerging.

I felt a little depressed about the weather, until I reminded myself that it was as much part of me as the sunshine. I began to meditate, and became moved by the colours, how the heather has darkened - all the land darkened - by the rain, while the rocks stood out almost white against the ruddy backdrop. I watched the low cloud wreath around the peaks; listened to the stream; felt a warming of the temperature; noticed the differing colours in what is on appearance a dense blanket of grey sky ... the land once more spoke to me, and today has concluded on another beautiful note.

15th: Woke again to greyness, but this began to break up during the day, and occasional blue sky appeared behind dramatic clouds. It has remained cold.

Did not venture far from tent today, initially because of mist, and then lethargy. The physis session was a bit of a struggle as my mind was distracted - all day my mind has babbled on about both mundane and esoteric matters, so have not been very still in myself. I struggled to gain control, and was able to conclude morning session

satisfactorily.

I spent some of the day searching for wood with which to make a wand for myself. I do not want to take anything from a living tree, so scavenged for debris. While down by the burn, I looked up and something shone at me, from a distant tree. I made my way towards the tree and found it was dead, so took a large limb back to the tent. The shining object was fungus, reflecting the Sun. I thus felt the wood was meant for me.

But this sense of destiny did not continue as I attempted to carve the wood: instead, it proved a labourious job, and I became bored, and waited for the time to boil up my evening "meal" - at least that was something to do.

Another (minimal) physis session and then, not a meditation, but a further session of babbling mind to round off the day.

Today has been tedious - the only highlight being the sight of a half-Moon in the blue of the late afternoon sky.

16th: Had hoped to be now writing this in a new location, but was not to be. I woke up to Sun and pure blue sky. I decided then it was time to move on - mainly because of a need for a new experience, and my desire to feel even more isolated.

Packed up tent and rucksack, but had to leave food behind for a second trip. So set off with full heavy rucksack, for the area near the loch discovered some time ago. I decided to follow a deer path up the steep slopes above the Valley - I had previously investigated this route, but decided against it, it being too dangerous (the 'path' rises up on a sheer slope which drops straight down, far into the Valley below). But, I decided to face the challenge.

So I ambled off - but not without some apprehension - and discovered very quickly why I had rejected the route in the first place. The 'path' was a difficult climb anyway, but with a heavy rucksack even more so. I was in a precarious position, always walking at a steep angle, close to edge, and the rucksack would often lean too far towards the precipice. So at times, I would be clinging to the heather on the side of the slope to help me up. I slipped on several occasions - once shockingly so, the rucksack adding to my loss of balance - so, decided to turn back. On the final slip, I had to quickly remove the ruck sack, which was pulling me towards the edge. The rucksack was thrown off, and slid down to the edge, but did not go over. I lay there for a while recovering my wits, and then tackled the problem of retrieving the rucksack, putting it on again, and descending. This was done calmly and slowly and - thanks to the gods - I made my way safely back to tent.

After reflecting on the awfulness of the situation and the puniness of one individual life, I decided to go off exploring a new area, further into the mountains. So, took up rucksack again, and waded across the river. Steep climbs, the weight of the rucksack, and merciless Sun soon began to wear me down - but continued walking for some time, aiming for a place marked on map, by a stream. Became quite light-headed and thirsty, so stopped by a river and bathed and drank (there is very little shelter here from the Sun).

Reached the area, but found it to be very marshy - water-logged as it tends to be high up in the peaks. However, I felt very attracted to the wilderness environment, so began putting tent up. The tent pegs slipped into the ground as though going into soft butter - plus on withdrawing my hands from the long grass, I found them absolutely covered in small ticks. The area - also rather too exposed to strong winds - was obviously not suitable. I looked at a few other areas close by, but all was of same terrain. As evening began to appear, I reluctantly decided, for now, to return to previous location.

I felt depressed - as though I was taking the safe option and copping out. Anguished about my reasons for

returning (I also, in truth, did not really relish the thought of making a second trip for the food, being so exhausted), I set up camp again, as before. I really have to be practical, ultimately, and that place just was not right - only on surface appearance. No doubt I shall still anguish over my decision tomorrow.

On the return trip, I put wellingtons on in order to wade through the rivers, so I wedged my walking boots into a space in the rucksack. As I was re-pitching tent, I discovered I had returned with only one boot - the other obviously having fallen out, somewhere along the route. A strong pair of walking boots are, as I have found, absolutely essential in a terrain like this, and the thought of only having a pair of wellingtons for the next two months was a terrible realisation to taste. All this, because of my own stupidity, carelessness and complacency. Typical! I had to re-trace my route back to the marshy location - difficult, since there are no paths as such. I found nothing, and felt the gods kicking me for my patheticness. A harsh insight indeed, and I turned back, in a very sorry state.

Just before I reached the tent, only a few yards away, there, miraculously, was the brown boot, nestling in brown heather. I had been spared. I have never fallen in love with footwear before, but at that point we became very close.

Returned to tent feeling very tired.

17th: Today has been quiet and inactive - weather remained very sunny and hot. Excellent physis session this morning - although physically I am appearing to suffer from yesterday's exertions.

I have still felt a little knocked by yesterday, but remain sure that I did the right thing in returning. Also, best to re-locate when food is about to run out. Will look again at another area near the marshy land, soon. For now, I do not want to be bothered with re-locating, but I must try and resolve my inner unease, and stop being so hard on myself.

Perhaps I have been too swayed by the romantic appearance of a place - but that is just appearance, as I am learning. Here, essentially, I remain in absolute solitude. What is achieved is achieved, regardless of the appearance of the form ...

Today, I have been bored and am feeling continuously hungry. Still, another day done.

18th: A good night's sleep. Woke up to an almost unnatural stillness and silence, which has remained throughout day. Sky filled with blankets of grey cloud, but still warm. All day there has been a serene glow of 'evening light' in the West - orange and yellow light. Tired, but completed a physis session.

I went exploring for most of day, up into the peaks and found new and accessible areas. I love climbing up to high places and viewing the great expanse of mountains and sea - with no reminder of human beings in sight. Only the occasional plane above reminds, even here - or in fact anywhere in this world - that there can be no complete escape from this causal time I was born into. A connection remains, intrudes, and that can sometimes be a little saddening, irritating.

Returned to tent mentally and physically exhausted. For some reason, this intense stillness has not been welcome - it seems so absolute, I can't even hear the river today. Strange. The land does not seem to move - do I need external stimulus? It has been like walking in a vacuum devoid of anything.

Have retired to tent in daylight, as I can't stand anymore of today. Feeling ground down with the burden of this

ordeal. Four week mark reached, but there is no celebration. Too tired to think or write any more.

19th: A quiet day. Still tired. Eventually got up, and had breakfast. The weather was a little livelier than yesterday: winds, and the Sun appearing off and on. I cheered up slightly and went for the highlight of the day - a bathe in the river in the Valley. It was good to liberate my body of clothes, worn constantly as a protection against the multitude of ticks that scour the land. The Sun poured through the Valley trees, glittering on the freezing, exhilarating water. It felt good to be really clean. Discovered a good piece of wood for carving.

Returned to tent, refreshed, and undertook a physis session. Perhaps I am over-doing the session, or my diet is imbalanced, but I am left feeling physically exhausted for rest of day.

Idly carved, and practised the Olenos chant. Towards evening went for a walk up to a peak, and rested on a high crag which gave a panoramic view of the sea and islands, and mountains.

Feeling reasonably high-spirited, now.

20th: Another quiet day, although last night strong winds assaulted the tent, and kept me awake. Still strong winds today, but brilliant sunshine and absolutely clear blue sky. Woke up feeling exhausted again. Tried physis, but my legs could not stand the strain - I imagine this physical life is taking its toll, as well as meagre diet. Despite the meagreness, I enjoy the austerity - food now seems a luxury and often a spiritually (and physically) dulling indulgence. Not much is really needed, and the simplicity of my life here appeals and seems spiritually cleansing.

Still, suffering through lack of something - perhaps not drinking enough water. Tired, tired, tired.

Forced myself to go for a short walk, and spent afternoon resting in heather. May take it easy for a while, until I feel physical vitality returning. Just sitting in different places around my site delays the tedium.

I feel reasonably alright within myself - but really, feel too drained to motivate myself to do anything creative. So, tinges of boredom. Never mind, another day has been endured.

21st: The day I have been crawling towards has finally been reached - the one month mark. Weather turned much colder today, with strong winds. Stayed in the tent for most of the morning, inspired by a sudden burst of creativity. This passed time away quite fruitfully.

Eventually forced myself to do a short walk, and rested as per yesterday. I reflected on the time so far spent. I suppose I should feel a sense of achievement, but do not - rather, I feel lethargic, but eager to continue and complete the month ahead. Still much more to be experienced.

A month is definitely not enough time in which to create real Change (if the rite was limited to a month, it would simply be a holiday). I feel that if I returned now, whatever changes that have occurred would recede and I would be as I was before the rite.

I am developing a sense of perspective on my previous life - an objectivity that could not be bred amidst the clutter and fast pace of everyday urban life. Many things now seem trivial indulgences; many patterns of behaviour now seem blind to me, fitting unconsciously into some acceptable social/domestic regime. I thought I was really different to others, but in so many ways I had not seen before, I too have been one of the masses, swept along with all the rest on the great wave of mediocrity.

Even most foods seem unnecessary and decadent. But even so, I marked today by eating tinned haggis - that great spiritual food. It *was* a spiritual experience - utter joy. I remain very hungry but very content with my monastic diet of purity and simplicity.

Still resting, doing very minimal physical exercise; I assume my strength is returning. Have been drinking more water. The colder weather helps to enliven me - I hope rain is imminent, as the streams are running very low. No scavenger for several nights, so am sleeping well. On with the next month!

It is now raining lightly.

22nd: Night of strong winds and driving rain. Woke up to bright sunlight, but winds still powerful, and temperature cold.

Re-located tent today to a much wilder, isolated location (gradually the need to be away from all things human - even dead reminders - became urgent). I undertook this over two trips; not too arduous. I am on a plateau, slightly sloping, up in the hills. The outcrops provide a natural arena. I feel very hidden, very content.

Had to re-pitch tent: it was in a rather exposed (to the elements) place, and facing lengthways into the North wind (wind from this direction seems the most prevalent).

I am next to a tiny stream, flowing from the earth and rocks a little above me - that and a nearby small spring will hopefully suffice for water. I am much happier and glad I mustered the energy to come here.

A practical and reasonably positive day. I have not dwelt on anything in particular.

23rd: Quiet night on weather front, but had an uncomfortable sleep as tent is pitched stupidly on a slope. Will get used to it though, and re-pitch in a week or so.

This morning was idyllic as I sat in the heather on one of the many immediate peaks that I can choose from in my new location. The Sun stayed out most of today, and the cold winds died down. I sat for what seemed like a long time, just listening, and absorbing the view. My mind felt almost at peace - until my inner mundane voice began babbling, and took over, debating away on the incidents of my previous life. I became more unsettled, began to think of J, and gradually became worn down and depressed. My physical energy waned again. No anguish, just an eroding lethargy which not even the beautiful mountains or sea could dispel.

But the day has passed as it always does. My evening 'meal' - boiled stock cube and a few grains of rice - is becoming a definite highlight: it appeals to (but does not assuage) my hunger, and marks the closing of another day.

Perhaps it is my lethargy, but I seem to have left behind that archetypal shaman/mystic persona that so imbued me up until now. The idea of carving a wand seems rather pathetic - as does all the paraphernalia that makes up the 'magickians' kit. This is not because I have lost faith or empathy with the 'esoteric', but because I feel, almost intangibly, that the essence, the source, of that form now lies close to me, residing in moments without struggle, when I seem to need nothing. When I am listening, and just being. Such a feeling appears and then fades: I can't expect to lay aside my life prior to here, although often I wish I could. I must try once more not to dwell too much, and allow the time to flow.

24th: What a Hell of a day. Yesterday, there was boredom in the sun. This morning, quite early, I was woken by

torrential rain and very strong winds. The weather here changes so quickly. There were signs last night of approaching rain - a halo around the setting sun, and a haze of grey cloud. But the weather was so peaceful and clear, that I thought little of it. Yesterday, I was becoming complacent and the weather encouraged a feeling of ease concerning this ordeal - a sense of triumph.

But today Nature was savage. I woke to the inner groundsheet swimming with water; beneath me, a hollow upon which I had pitched my tent was also welling with water. All around, the sound of rushing water. The inner tent was soaked, so I took it down and attempted to dry it by lying on top of it. Remained calm, but cold and wet - and had a breakfast of hot water and oats. The inner became drier, but as I put it up again, I noticed pools of water steadily filling; gradually, they overflowed and once more soaked the inner tent. Obviously a stream that had been sleeping was awoken by the heavy rain during the night, and I was pitched on its course.

I scrambled outside in the deluge to find bracken and heather to make a dam. Outside was wreathed in fast moving thick cold cloud, and the rain and wind was fierce. The whole site thundered with engorged streams, furiously rushing down to the big river below. My attempts at dam building were pointless, and as myself and all my belongings became soaked, I realised I would have to re-pitch the tent. I found a small patch of ground slightly raised above the flowing waters, and struggled against the winds and rain to re-pitch. The wind tried to tear the tent from my hands, and I shouted at and to the Gods in defiance, and desperation. Eventually I triumphed, but the inner tent remained a good while crumpled in the water, lashed by the rain; all that it contained, including sleeping bags, was thoroughly drenched. I hauled the inner tent under cover, and fetched other stranded belongings.

I spent dreary hours then trying to dry out everything - by again, lying on inner tent. I became colder and more disheartened, and tent remained soaked. Eventually I put it up anyway, took off my wet clothes, got into the sleeping bag and made a hot drink.

And that's the current state of play - everything damp, but now I am fairly warm, and the location of the tent should ensure no problems tonight - but I remain cautious. The winds have lessened, but the rain persists. Now I just need to remain warm and dry. Tomorrow - please: a bit of sun and dryness?

For a time, I rather enjoyed the challenges of today, in contrast to the ease of yesterday. Being a day of practicalities, my mind has been occupied away from the morbid, inward and petty preoccupations of late. I can't say I feel wonderful though - I'm certainly not happy. Still, another day slips away.

25th: The rain continued for most of last night, but I was able to sleep well. Woke up early to Sun and dry weather - thanks to the gods!

An inactive day - sat and watched the sea and islands and mountains. Last night amidst the darkness and rain, I became possessed with a sense of destiny regarding the role I had lived before coming here. This desire spread into my dreams. It was exciting, but daylight has brought a reality, and the esoteric essence is where I belong. Much concerning the next few years has come to light, and I know what I must do on my return.

After the ordeal of yesterday, I decided to do very little. Attempted physis half-heartedly. Dwelling on J. a lot, and missing her. But the day has passed quickly, and its gentle nature has been appreciated.

The weather has remained sunny, but cold - clouds very turbulent, and there was a short lived attempt at rain earlier on. Another day done.

26th: Coldest night so far last night - the cold woke me up several times. However, finally slept and woke to bright sunshine and clear blue sky. Despite this, my mood on waking was irritable, my mind once more dwelling on mundane aspects back 'home'. I decided to go for a good walk to exorcise my mood.

On this walk, I discovered some new - breathtaking - isolated areas. Although I remained unsettled, the walk did calm me a little. I experienced a lovely 'light' esoteric incident, by a delightful stream, as I chanted "aktlal maka" to the pitch of the flowing water ...

Returned to site and undertook physis, which was fulfilling. Spent some time absorbing myself in the view of the sea.

I still sometimes dwell on the end of the rite, but I must take time to savour this unique experience - the land is so wonderful. But I do feel lethargic, and a little depressed.

It seems I have pitched the tent on an ants nest.

So another day done. "Each day completed is a mini triumph", I keep reminding myself. Feeling pissed off.

27th: Woke up to rain this morning. The sky grew threatening as the day developed, but rain never surpassed a miserable drizzle. Now, this evening, the Sun has appeared. First comfortable night's sleep for a while.

I took myself off climbing the peaks, and sat atop high crags, meditating on the view. For a time, despite the cold winds (almost an echo of Winter) and the drizzle, I felt nearly happy. As I woke, I was possessed with a clear understanding of what I have been trying to live and achieve on the Path so far: everything seemed to make sense, whereas before, there was a vague awareness driving the practical living. This experience took me climbing high, with Promethean zeal. Gradually though, my own fervour, together with the cold and damp and greyness, began to wear me out. I returned to the tent depressed, and lay within for quite a while, in a stupor. Sun appeared quickly towards end of day, and my positive mood partly returned. Undertook a good physis session.

Once again I explored the site I had mooted as a potential new home, but found that my instincts had been right - the place was a marsh. A day is done.

28th: Woke again to greyness and icy cold. All day, the threat of rain - but only a slight shower. The sky is very turbulent - I hope this does not herald a major bout of rain a la the 24th - or gale force winds. However, this could blow over, and reveal a clear sunny day tomorrow.

I began the day by constructing a new circle of stones, where I shall practice physis - looking over to the mountains in the south, and the sea to the west. The circle at my previous site seemed to make a lot of difference - it seemed then to draw magickal energies from the earth. Today though, the gesture seemed 'naff' - an entirely romantic gesture not really suited to the person I am at present. At least, it is an evocative place to sit, from where I can contemplate the view.

Undertook a physis session, which was rather a strain. I then climbed the same route as yesterday, and sat high amidst the promise of storm. I do not seem to need to do anything - ie. carving, creative work - and I do not put this down to lethargy: rather, perhaps an internalisation is beginning whereby those things that I am realising about myself now can be dis-covered by a most natural of ways: sitting, walking and dwelling within the landscape.

The day has passed reasonably comfortably, but I do feel physically and emotionally tired - almost like I've had enough. But! I must endure, and I must endure for a long time!

29th: Again, more rain this morning. Stayed in tent until it subsided.

I emerged to what appeared to be promising weather, and had my breakfast of oats and water outside. Blue sky occasionally appeared between the ragged grey clouds, and the Sun was sometimes visible behind a thin veil. Quite warm.

I stayed outside and began to write, and ponder, with great inspiration, on some septenary aspects that have lain within me, unanswered, for years. So the day began well, with a focussed mind - aided by taking a vow of silence (since I often talk aloud, which has a more disturbing effect than an elucidating one). My ponderings held at bay any personal morbid preoccupations - which shall no doubt plague me again.

However the weather developed into a - less devastating - replay of a few days ago: the area became swathed in mist and sheets of heavy rain. Spent much of the day in the tent, continuing my ponderings. Completed a poem.

I did venture out to the 'stone circle' which seemed wonderfully primeval in the white mist, and undertook a physis session, which was reasonable. Once back in the tent, I grew colder, and so had a hot meal.

The rain has now ceased, and sky is clearer, but I am not taking anything for granted, as rain may return with a vengeance in a few hours. Weather wise, it has been a miserable, cold past few days. It has been oppressive and a little wearing - but I know it will change, presently. In slightly better spirits today.

30th: Another good night's sleep, but rain has returned, furiously. Waited in tent for ages for rain to subside. Eventually, I crawled out into the now light drizzle and heavy mist. Light glowed through the mist, in the West, and I sat for a long time in the stone circle, waiting for the Sun.

But the light faded, and the land remained gloomy, dark and very cold. I undertook a walk to keep warm, and the rain began to ease. In afternoon (?) again, a bright light brought promise to the Western horizon. I sat on a crag and waited for the sky to clear. It did not, but instead became colder.

Outside, now, very cold - but perhaps a drier and brighter day tomorrow. I'm getting fed up with the weather - the cold is wearing me down. But what do I expect? Part of me accepts the state of play, but really, another few days of this will make things intolerable.

I feel cold and confined, and yet positive. Some revelations concerning the septenary have warmed my soul. I feel progress is being made in this ritual, and am pleased at having got thus far. I feel confident about what is to follow.

My sex drive seems nearly non-existent: fantasies seem sordid and pointless. Perhaps my sensual self is being re-defined as I shed my cultural conditioning. Some affectations seem to be disappearing - I will be curious to see what remains. But really, in these conditions, food and warmth are upmost in my mind, since they are essentials.

Plodding on.

May

1st: Rain continued hard throughout the night and this morning, thus I was confined to the tent once more. Ventured out when rain had ceased - sky, land and temperature as yesterday. I was in good spirits though, as more esoteric and creative realizations occurred. However, the cold and returning rain began to wear me down again, and I returned to the tent after a short walk, tired, cold and fed up. Lay in tent, in a state of misery.

Out again when rain stopped. The land seemed warmer, and a promising light appeared on the horizon. I stood by the stone circle, my mind for once silent, and I absorbed the sounds and sights.

Eventually hunger - an almost constant companion now - and cold forced me back to make my evening meal. The temperature did seem to rise, and the light began to spread.

The sky is full of clouds, but they are Sun-tinged, and there is a stillness which seems to promise that the grey rainy weather may pass immanently - but I've thought that before. But tonight feels a little different.

Mentally and physically very tired

2nd: Woke to glorious sunshine, and the weather has remained hot all day. I spent this morning washing a shirt, and wrote some literature for distribution when I return - I seem to have learnt - in the sense of knowing the reality ...

So much creative work to do when I get back. I ventured out last night - the sky was still cloudy, but it was quite warm, and it was exhilarating to see the land transformed in silence by the night.

For the rest of today, I went for a long walk into the high peaks, slowly following a circuit back to the tent. I spent a lot of time sitting by one of the lochs. However, physically it all seemed a great strain, and I returned exhausted. Perhaps the sunshine has drained me - perhaps it is my diet: I am hungry all the time, craving sweet things in particular. Perhaps I am also worn down by the debates still going on in my head.

I have retired for the evening, shattered. Another "mini triumph" accomplished.

3rd: Cloudy sky on waking, but warm. The cloud quickly made way for intense sunshine, which has remained all day. When I left the tent I was still very tired, so the day has been physically inactive.

However, time has not been wasted, as I spent many hours this morning writing, and covered much ground. Rest of day was spent lying in the heather, and watching the sea and mountains.

Again, I have felt absolutely drained - perhaps exposure to the Sun? The intense sunlight will probably continue tomorrow, judging by the evening sky.

Unfortunately, again, a scavenger is visiting at nights and seriously disturbing my sleep. It will give up eventually once it realises there is nothing here for it.

There are certainly some strange bird (?) sounds at night. Writing of which, though not strange, I have had the pleasure of listening to a polyphony of cuckoo calls during the day, for the past week or so. Summer is

approaching. Emotionally, I'm fine - but missing J.

4th: A good night's sleep. Woke to bright sunlight - heat intense, but relieved slightly by occasional breeze. This evening, the sky was covered in a uniform blanket of grey, obscuring the Sun - an ominous herald. Sky red on horizon.

Day spent as yesterday, and more good written work achieved. I seem to be re-discovering my occult Destiny: this time round, it involves conscious decisions rather than being swayed by unconscious forces. Interestingly, many of those old forces are being re-visited, and still found valid. But it is I who am in control, this time round (famous last words). This unfolding of Destiny is making me a little unsettled - a little restless to leave and implement what I have learned. But there may well be more to learn - I still have a lot of time to experience here.

Physically a little better, although heat still draining. Drinking plenty of fluid.

After a very over-salted evening meal, I sat for a time in the stone circle looking out to the sea and islands: it was quite moving, as though I were gazing upon the living landscape of the 'Maiden of Wands' card. The light was serene, everything still.

I remain a little tired, and a touch emotionally unsettled - but another day, another psychic dollar.

5th: Something about last night's meal strongly disagreed with me, and I spent an uncomfortable night feeling ill, and not sleeping until just before dawn. Also rain returned in a replay of that April day, and thundered down onto the tent.

Did not leave the tent this morning for quite a while because of torrential rain, and illness. I seemed to have 'flu' like symptoms, so had a hot drink. Sun appeared, dramatically and briefly.

I am exhausted beyond anything yet experienced - it seems an exhausting task just thinking. I feel very low and vulnerable in this state of illness, and just want to regain my strength. Some diarrhoea. Mild food poisoning? - some butter used last night tasted rancid.

For the latter part of day, my mind has gone into overdrive re. esoteric revelations. I really need to quieten my inner self down - approach things in a more meditative way.

Sky is looking ominous, and wind has picked up. Rain will return, I think. I need strength.

6th: I went into flu mode as I settled to sleep last night: muscle pains, high temperature - general physical discomfort. I did not sleep or really rest, particularly when nausea set in. I became very hot. The rain did appear, but briefly, with strong winds.

As light approached, I felt utterly wretched, headache and nausea quite strong. So have spent all day in tent, trying to rest and recover. This seems like food poisoning.

Ventured out briefly tonight. The weather has been very turbulent: a mixture of strong sunshine, occasional hail storms, and strongest winds yet.

Perhaps I will sleep better tonight, and regain my strength. The boredom, mental anguish - all are ultimately bearable; but physical illness is wretched in this situation, exposed as I am to all that Nature wishes to throw at

me. A dreadful day.

7th: Became very cold last night as I settled to sleep - icy, the coldest yet. Nevertheless, did eventually sleep well. I woke to strong winds, and heavy snow. The snow has continued all day.

Still feel poorly, so have again spent day resting. Have had quite a bit of diarrhoea. But, have also fasted all day, and gradually feel as if my health is improving. Now that recovery seems imminent, I am in better spirits.

Not much more to add - an unpleasant few days. Right now, the early evening Sun is shining on the tent. Snow has stopped, and winds dropped. All could change again though, within the hour.

8th: As I settled to sleep last night, the temperature dropped, and snow began to fall again. This time very heavily, and the tent began to sag under its weight. Still had illness, which added to discomfort.

When I woke, it was raining, and bitterly cold. All day, brief periods of wintery showers, and occasional sunshine. I ventured out for a while, but was eventually back to seek shelter by rain and very strong North winds - the clouds above raged grey within the wind. Returned to tent, but grew very cold just remaining inert, so with a great effort of will, I went out again. The rain began to ease. Despite a difficult, exhausting start, I got into the rhythm of walking, and my spirits rose, taking a delight in the transformed, rain-engorged land.

As I approached a peak, I saw a fox ambling across my path, very close. It stopped, and we both stared at each other for a moment: it was a beautiful creature - such vivid colour amidst the drabness and bleak grey. After the moment, it ran off, away, occasionally looking back to see if I was following. I went on, in another direction, feeling warmed by this meeting. The weather changed then to a blizzard; utterly cold - so made my way back.

Feeling better, physically and spiritually. Now rain has returned, but I sense the weather will change for the better, shortly. Another day.

9th: The rain ceased last night, but it became freezing; still, slept reasonably well. Awoke to warmth and sunlight, feeling energised - at least, in the spiritual sense. Re-pitched tent today, within current location.

Forced myself to go for a walk, which was still a bit of an effort. But, I did discover new and very beautiful areas - a place where there stands large columns of shining rock quartz; astonishing.

Weather remained very fine; the sky deep blue, but dominated by clouds of varying types: interesting to see such apparently conflicting activity, suggesting several possibilities for weather - all at once, in the one sky, blending and creating the overall condition of today; just like sinister magick. The mountains are capped with snow: against the vivid blue, they are a magnificent sight.

My spirit has recovered from my illness, but - and yes, it is tedious to repeat - I am still physically tired.

Feel a little bad tempered today - perhaps exacerbated by the return of my jabbering mind. Onwards.

10th: Freezing again last night, but slept. Sun appeared this morning and has stayed all day, though there was a brief shower of hail in the afternoon. Spent the morning washing clothes, then went on a long walk. This took up the rest of the day, since I rested for long periods of time in various beautiful places. I decided this morning to attempt to not dwell on anything too much, and my mind remained fluid and relaxed. Walk was good, and did not exhaust me.

I am still in an irritable mood - at times impatient with the very slow pace of things, anxious as I sometimes am to return to 'civilization' and create; at other times, I am content, and content to endure.

I feel very at ease simply walking and sitting and pondering upon the landscape - mostly, I feel that nothing else is needed. I have little to offer in observing changes within, since I have ceased to bother observing: I am just existing in a very quiet, mostly patient way.

11th: Good night's sleep, and warm. Woke to Sun. I was fine for a little while, but on rising and leaving tent, I became depressed. I still feel irritable. My only desire this morning was to spend the day rotting in the tent; but, I forced myself out on a walk. This turned out to be very short, as I got bored. The weather has turned much colder, and all day it has threatened to rain. This evening, rain still seems immanent. Cold wind.

I have felt worn down in every respect today, lacking positivity. I seem in poor shape, physically. Very hungry. Cold, feeling a bit empty within. And yet, I have held on to my objectivity, and understand why I feel this way; and feel this is a phase, as rain is a phase. One day soon, I shall wake up feeling wonderful, consistently. Must push on. May the gods send warmth.

12th: Slept well again, and woke to light rain. Stayed in tent until rain had eased to a drizzle, then set off on a new walk to investigate an alternative route, down from the hills to a track that leads eventually to the road - in preparation for the trek to fetch next month's supplies.

Weather remained grey and drizzly, and I, much to my frustration found my walk hampered by ever-present exhaustion. I saw the fox again - much the same encounter as before: a lovely moment. The new route took me down through a wood of scots pine. It was almost a shock to be amongst so many trees, after having lived thus far on craggy, desolate moorland. The scent and stillness was quite profound. I arrived at a point where I could see the road, in the distance: "civilization". I turned back then to the wilderness, feeling a heavy sadness.

I found my return journey tiring, and began to dread the coming ordeal of fetching supplies. Then I remembered my will power and what it could accomplish, and placed the coming ordeal in a positive context: a challenge to be overcome. Also, this will be my last journey to fetch supplies.

I have recently felt at my lowest so far. I have felt very pissed off, and generally unsettled and uncomfortable. I move my limbs like an old man.

Spent this evening sitting within the stone circle. The weather has brightened: Sun, no rain, but clouds very dramatic and turbulent above. Still quite cold. During the time within the circle, I felt some of my old energy returning. I began to think more positively, and I returned to the tent feeling renewed.

I almost feel as if I am reaching the end of my persona - I have exhausted my personality it seems. How trivial I have seemed. Now there is just a waiting.

I must not forget that I am in a beautiful and wonderful place - that it is a privilege to live here, in this way.

13th: The weather has been atrocious today: heavy rain, and very cold. Went out for a walk, but weather drove me back after a short time. Spent a lot of time festering in the tent, but was able to sit for a time in the stone circle. Increase in wet weather put a miserable end to this.

But my spirit has been encouraged, despite the misery, by a return of energy, which has helped physically. Dwelt

on some magickal matters today. Things are not too bad, I suppose.

I can accept the weather in all its guises, since each guise is necessary - and appropriate to/part of where I am at in the ritual. I always imagined the second month to be the most difficult. Another day gradually passes away.

14th: Weather abysmal. Rain, rain, rain. Stayed in tent for hours this morning; even when a meagre piece of sunlight appeared, I felt unmotivated. However, I was able to realise some Tarot concepts, so not an entire waste of a day. I did manage to rouse myself for a walk, which was lacklustre and depressing. Rain has persisted all day, though not as cold as it has been.

I have become fed up with waiting for my trip to fetch supplies, so will set off tomorrow - food is very low anyway.

Very fed up: after my illness, all I can think about is food. I want to return to my almost settled, contemplative self - a self which resided in the environment and ritual, not in a craving for chocolate. Still, this is all part of it. I must admit to feeling a little concerned about the ordeal to collect supplies, since I seem to lack the strength I had earlier on in the rite.

However, I am determined to meet the challenge with my greatest asset - my will.

Very grim. Another ***** day.

15th: Today has been a Triumph of the Will. I set off early amid light rain. My initial apprehension and tiredness began to vanish as I walked the road. On either side, the trees were shimmering with young vibrant leaves, and their presence - the green and its scent heightened by rain - filled me with absolute joy. I seemed to draw strength from the trees, and my determination grew as I reached my destination.

I bought all that I needed to ensure a comfortable - but still spartan - remainder of the rite. The walk back, in torrential rain at first, was a wonder to me. I strode onwards bearing the heavy weight without resting. I was imbued with the sheer determination to overcome, and that walk, difficult though it was towards the end, seemed over much more quickly than the previous trips. The end was a triumph, and the Sun appeared.

I am exhausted in a rewarding way. Today was just what I needed, something to break the awful lethargy. I feel re-vitalised with magickal power, knowing myself again, and what I am capable of when I return to the world - and the world shall know it!

But I am not complacent: there is still time to endure.

16th: Unfortunately, a bad night. The same bout of illness reappeared.. Strangely, I was far from hungry last night as I ate my evening meal - and the meal made me feel uncomfortable.

I barely slept last night, due to constant diarrhoea - every five minutes it seemed I had to go outside; sometimes digging new holes. The weather was cold with strong winds, which briefly caused some concern about the tent. I slept a bit this morning, after dawn.

Not having eaten today, the sickness has subsided. I hope I can rest tonight. The day has been spent lying ill in the tent. I have attempted some writing, and weather, thankfully, has been calm and warm. My spirit remains strong.

17th: An excellent night's sleep, and I awoke feeling, for once, fit. The light this morning was quite beautiful: dawn is one of my favourite times - the stillness is inspirational.

Day has been uneventful: very hot, merciless Sun in a cloudless sky. I have sought the shade of large rocks, and have written, a little. I felt a bit bored and unsettled for a while, but once I relaxed and let the day wash over me, I was fine. Not much has happened - within or without.

Have recovered my health, for which I give thanks.

18th: Again, a good night's sleep. The sudden strong wind last night heralded a change in the weather, and this morning I woke to rain and greyness. I was not unsettled by this - in fact the drop in temperature was welcome. Rain didn't last long, and I went for a long walk. I enjoyed the experience of wandering further into the land, into new realms. There was a strong easterly wind on the peaks which was enlivening. I felt a return to form.

I've become much calmer and quieter within myself. My mind no longer becomes embroiled in some irritation from my past life, but lets thoughts flow and pass, like the water around me. All quiet, in every respect.

19th: Felt lazy again today, but forced myself to go for a decent walk - the weather remained bright, though there was the threat of rain. The walk was good, and I enjoyed the quiet meditation of it, and the peace of the land.

On returning to the tent, it began to rain quite lightly and has continued throughout this evening. I felt confined within the tent, and unsettled in myself - with a slight return of the jabbering mind. Still, I feel fine really. Days seem to be washing over me at present, and I am sleeping well. During my walk today, confronted by the beauty and stillness, I realised that I will be sad to leave this place that is becoming home.

Another day washes away.

20th: A bad start. Absolute lethargy on waking up. Totally unmotivated. Had a bad night's sleep - woke up wracked with hunger, and became very restless. I suppose I've lost a lot, physically, through the illness. Have spent today craving food. I never seem to have enough to eat.

I attempted to revive this morning from its stupor by visiting the valley, and bathing in the great river there. This turned out to be a beautiful experience, as the Sun stayed all day, enabling me to lie naked on the rocks, bathing in the warmth. I plunged myself wholly under the freezing rushing water - almost heart-stoppingly cold; but bursting out into the sunshine was wonderful. It sounds so hackneyed, but I really did feel free.

I returned perhaps too early to the tent, for the afternoon was spent idling around, waiting for the time to eat. My hunger and craving brought my mood down slightly. Eating now has become a Holy experience - I can see how food is so taken for granted back in civilization. I thank the gods after each evening meal.

I have lost a lot of weight - none of my clothes fit properly. I am a little unsettled again.

21st: Two months accomplished, and I woke early after a good night's sleep, feeling very positive, and allowed myself to feel proud of having got thus far. Reaching this point has really made a difference - I see now that some of my unsettled moods were partly to do with the interminable crawl towards this stage.

The weather has remained hot all day. Went for another long, slow walk, and appreciated the great beauty of this

wilderness land. Found weather a little too hot though, and returned to tent, drained. Although I am pleased to have a sunny spell, I do now wish a bit of rain as water levels are getting low - the spring from which I take my water is just a trickle.

Today's walk passed some time, and allowed me to dwell on further insights into myself. I feel reasonably settled in myself - perhaps a little too eager to complete each day, when I really should be savouring each moment: this special way of living, a way that now is only really beginning for me, will cease in a month.

Still hungry, but not oppressively so.

22nd: Weather has been bright and very windy; gradually, the sky has filled with blankets of grey clouds, and now, this evening, it is raining slightly.

Undertook a good walk today, climbing up to the higher peaks where I had a clear and beautiful view of the sea and islands. I spent some time reviewing what I have learned about myself. Clarified some personal details, examined some demons and ghosts. Felt more positive today.

I asked the gods for strength, and have received, and been thankful. I am achieving a less obsessive state of mind regarding food, though remain constantly hungry. Anyway, another day.

23rd: Last night, I ventured out to look at the Moon, nearly full. I was stunned - at the beauty of its whiteness amidst the shattered clouds. And I was filled with a further sense of Destiny, and received some intriguing creative ideas. This morning, I awoke to sunlight and gathering grey cloud. Re-pitched tent, and became miserable. I was irritated at having to start another day, at having to create diversions for my mind while my body struggled with hunger. Felt fed up with walking - almost resentful of the routine - so I stayed by the tent, and wrote. And this brought a type of contentment, eventually.

The growing irritability is not what I expected at this stage of the rite - when the conclusion is tangible. I thought I would radiate calm and positivity. But, I am treating this emotional state as I have done with all the others - as a stage, that will pass. Perhaps the last few weeks are always more difficult - balanced as one is between the very different worlds of living here, like this, and leaving, back to modern life.

This evening, I sat within the stone circle, and lost myself in the beautiful vista, serene in the evening light. Unfortunately, the midgies really did their best to irritate me, and eventually drove me back to the shelter of the tent, earlier than I had hoped. Tomorrow night therefore, I will sit doused in insect repellent.

A frustrating day in some ways, but it has passed.

24th: Woke again to sunlight, and positivity. I took myself off, without objection, for a slow and long walk. This brought a peace of mind; a detached, tranquil mood.

On return, spent rest of day writing. This was excellent - my creativity flowed with new inspiration, as I drew from my own experiences since I arrived here. This is just the sort of uplifting focus that I need in order to take me towards the conclusion of my time here. However, always cautious, I am not getting too carried away with enthusiasm for my new creativity; I shall see how it sustains itself over the next few days.

This evening, still sunlight, but now strong winds, perhaps bringing a marked change in the weather. My water supply still a trickle, from its underground source.

Feeling alright; just plodding onwards.

25th: No weather change: as yesterday, intense sunlight - but perhaps slightly cooler. I woke feeling reasonable, but soon gave in to weariness. I stayed near the tent all day, and have continued writing. I just could not be bothered to do anything else. I wasn't pissed off exactly, just unmoved.

In between writing, things were a little tedious. The unrelenting "sameness" of the hot weather seems to grate on me - it is confirmed that I am a rainy, turbulent cloud sort of person.

All life is blooming, including insects, and I wake with the occasional bite on my face, and bloated tick somewhere on my body. Spiders, biting flies ... I have learned that I actually like insects, and find them quite fascinating; characterful, rather than cold and alien.

Towards evening, I went to sit in the stone circle feeling burdened and quite depressed. Sometimes, I feel impatient regarding the time left, with the end being in sight, but still much to endure before then. Sometimes, a day seems to amount to nothing more than distracting myself until the day is done. But at other times, there is an ease, a peace, which is worth suffering for - when I don't contemplate the impermanence of this way of life.

However, as dusk approached, my mood picked up, and I spent a happy few hours sitting in that lovely still evening light. But the one insect I do hate - no, they are not insects, but are in a class of their own - the bastard midgies, eventually forced me back into the tent. They have no problem with the insect repellent. Still, all part of the time of year and environment. Part of life.

26th: Much colder today, and grey - which, of course, I like. Undertook a long walk, but found it exhausting. But sitting by the loch was lovely: everything was still, and I watched and listened to some very strange bird life, emitting unsettling, almost human cries.

On return, I wrote a little more. I rounded the evening off by sitting within the circle, directing my thoughts to J. Tonight was much more comfortable - cooler temperature and light breeze kept the midgies away.

A little more positive today, though feeling physically ground down by this way of living. Now it is rather chilly.

27th: Last night, heavy rain - just as I wished: welcomed also, I am sure, by the land. I awoke to the mist and continuing rain, all streams engorged and rushing. By mid-morning, it had stopped, replaced by clear sky and bright sunlight. And thus it has stayed. Water supplies have been dramatically renewed.

Despite the clear weather, I was content to remain by the tent and write more, still feeling inspired. The day has passed quickly, absorbed as I have been in creativity. My mood is so much better.

The evening has been taken up with a long meditative sit within the circle, looking out as always to the sea and vast mountain range. Looking back over the experiences of the last ten or so years, I felt a new awareness beyond my own personal desires and goals. An awareness of the essential goodness and unselfishness of people, which can easily be missed, amidst the fervour of one's ego. It is an awareness of the "light" side that balances the fanatical "dark". To learn to give in an unselfish way. To learn tolerance, and become part of a greater struggle to bring human decency and honourable behaviour. To do something for others, for no personal gain.

A good and productive day - I feel better than I have done for quite a while: dare I say it, more complete than I have been.

28th: Woke to intense sunlight, which has remained throughout the day and early evening. Went for a new walk, exploring a rocky area that was also the home of some fairly impressive trees - not the usual gnarled elfin wood, clinging to a cliff face. I found several caves - natural shelters big enough to live in. One obviously had been the lair of a fox (?), judging by the old bones scattered on the cave floor. The shelter that I had marked out in case the tent was destroyed by gale force winds has been replaced by one particular cave - ideal for a hermit. Even on a hot day such as this, it is very cold inside. Maybe I will live in one, one day.

I found various places to shelter from the sun, amidst huge boulders and lovely ash and birch trees. As always my idyll was marred by hunger, but I gained spiritual nourishment.

Again, sat this evening within the circle, the weather wonderful. Enjoyed watching the bird life. I feel as if a barrier has been crossed, and I remain content.

29th: Cloudy start to the day, but it gradually cleared, and I have experienced the hottest day so far. Have spent the day writing, but have experienced more unsettled feelings - irritability, mostly. The heat hasn't helped. The day has been uncomfortable, and slightly tedious - physically, have done very little.

Late afternoon, I felt emotionally tired and upset - burdened by the slow, grinding pace of this life of mine here. But I regained an even mood during my evening "meditation" within the circle. I much prefer the temperature of early morning and evening. Much insect life, including midgies - but tonight, I did not mind them so much. Now, shoots of bracken are growing rapidly towards the Sun, and bluebells, buttercups and other flowers are spreading out. Everything looks very beautiful. The bird life is highly active - I love the sound, a burr of beating wings, as little birds nestle on the heather by the tent.

Unable to sleep last night, I went out and lay beneath the clear starry sky. No need to try and express what cannot be expressed. After that experience, I returned to the tent and slept well.

30th: Weather has been very hot again, and a mist from the sea has added to the stifling atmosphere. My mood has been a little low - irritable and restless.

But, I did pick up during my walk in the new area. Summer really is blossoming: the heady scent of plant life, and business of the insects (I watched two beetles mating!). Everything busy and green and full of life - I felt imbued with this green energy, for most of the walk. But have felt very hungry.

Returned to tent, and wrote. Evening concluded with the usual contemplation within the circle - probably the highlight of the day. The sea was beautifully still. Finished off with a bit of physis. I'm alright, really.

31st: Glorious weather again, with sea mist. Spent the morning writing, until the heat made me restless. I then went off for a walk to sit beneath the shade of an ash tree. It was idyllic, and rescued the day from irritability. I lay on a mossy plateau of rock, among the huge boulders, and gazed up at the ash leaves and flickering sunlight. I felt wonderfully free, and daydreamed of being a Knight Templar.

I am still unsettled in myself though - but, as before am treating it as a phase that will pass. Generally, I am much quieter within myself, and sensitive to sounds that disrupt the natural stillness - even the setting up of the Trangia sets my teeth on edge. Once, I could only clarify thoughts out loud; now, the sound of my own voice is an intrusion - and I am able to clearly debate within my head. I can feel a sort of peace, beginning to flow within.

I am enjoying immensely being among the bird and insect life - particularly the insects, with their different and spontaneous characters. They feel like companions as I integrate progressively with the landscape: there is no loneliness.

It will be strange when the time comes for me to leave. I think part of me expects this way of life to just continue.

Sat within stone circle this evening. Slightly cooler tonight, with a veil over the setting Sun. The light and stillness has been very moving. I would have stayed out longer, but the midgies drove me back to the tent. Concluded with a reasonable physis session. That's it - onwards.

June

1st: Took a while to sleep last night - my mind was buzzing with possibilities, on my return. So I went out and sat beneath the mostly clear, starry sky. The completion of this rite is now tangible, which is making me restless with various emotions - partly excitement that I have got this far, and - although I cannot be complacent - the clear sense that I will triumph; and sadness at having to leave, and face the tedium of everyday life in modern society. My former life seems so far away, and this is now the reality. I often feel almost fearful of the end approaching.

But tonight, during my meditative sit, I felt burdened with the time still left to do - I felt crushingly tired with the waiting.

I am waking to the early morning Sun, which does imbue me with a great sense of freedom and well-being. Heat today very intense - so have done very little, physically, but have continued writing. After writing, I languished beneath the ash tree. This was idyllic, and I day dreamed the time away amidst the activity of wildlife - voles, finches, etc. I felt so content for a while, craving new adventures when this is complete. And then, the burden of time experienced tonight.

A strong and cool wind has appeared tonight, heralding, I think, a change in the weather. Water levels are low again. Rain is needed - although I am adapting to the heat and continuous sunshine.

2nd: Perhaps I ought to feel some elation that I have reached June, but do not. I am surprised - which is a good thing - at how different I actually feel to how I thought I would feel at this late stage. I am weary and burdened. However, these feelings do not dominate the entire day.

This morning I wrote with renewed inspiration, and spent the afternoon again beneath the ash tree. I felt very relaxed then, almost in a dream mode. But, as with last night, when the time comes for me to sit within the stone circle during the evening, I become heavily burdened. There is now too much a sense of the rite finishing - too much anticipation of the conclusion while I still have time yet to experience and endure. But at such times I return also to my apprehension of the changing land, of deepening Summer, and positivity returns. Tonight I was suddenly struck by the intoxicating sense of life that is bursting all around me - new wild flowers, the frenetic bird life - and that incredible evening light which seems so characteristic of Summer. I feel very fortunate to be here, and to have undergone this experience.

I concluded the evening with a poor physis session - body still wearied by hunger. Although I should not wish time away, another day has passed.

3rd: Intense heat, and again, spent a productive morning writing. Another afternoon beneath the ash tree.

I felt fine in myself until this evening, at the usual place and time. My mind did not accept the day's sense of contentment, and I became caught up in old debates and battles in my head. I felt sad and depressed. I attempted a physis session, which was utterly useless - my joints are stiff, and cracking. I am very lethargic. Perhaps I will give the writing a break, and spend tomorrow walking.

Strong and cold winds appeared again tonight, and I returned to the tent feeling uncomfortable and fed up. As ever, I must treat this as a phase, and it will pass - but I feel wretched. Quite upset.

4th: A positive start to the day: I undertook a long walk to the main loch, and felt the benefit both physically and emotionally. It was definitely the right thing to do - I felt once more involved in the ritual by integrating with the land. It has been intensely hot again today.

As evening wore on, and I sat within the circle, the pattern of weariness returned - although the walk has boosted my spirit somewhat against the misery. I'm feeling worn down, but not really depressed. I just must keep plodding on through the days.

The walk helped clarify and calm the processes of my mind. All in all, a better day than of late. Have given the writing a break.

5th: This evening I have had to retire to the tent earlier than I would have liked - the midgies are out in full force, swarming over everything, and biting. Not a lot can be done, just have to accept it as part of life's rich horror.

Found it difficult to sleep again last night, but this time, my mind was filled with music - specifically new piano compositions. I got up and made a welcome cup of tea, and pondered, wondrously, on the new music. Sleep eventually came, but I woke before dawn - and saw Venus bright above the peaks as I left the tent to sit and experience the dawn.

Yet, as morning grew to its fullness, I again descended into a bleak mood. I felt fed up at the prospect of having to endure another very long day. I felt fed up with the whole venture. However, I roused myself for another long walk, and my spirit was raised. The weather has been incredibly hot, so I made my way up to a small loch, high in the peaks, and bathed there. A lovely experience.

During my evening contemplation, my mood remained good - although the midgies did their best to discourage this.

Water levels very low again. The source I have been using is almost dried up, but I was able to relocate another spring a bit further away from the tent- although this source cannot be guaranteed for the rest of the rite, if this weather remains constant. I may have to re-locate the tent, so tomorrow I will investigate a small loch down at the foot of the fells. Rain would be appreciated.

I am relieved that my mood has picked up, obviously aided by a bit of physical exertion. I feel another internal barrier has been broken down, although I feel the weariness may easily return. I've encountered some very difficult emotional states over the past week or so, which I had not really anticipated - a good insight.

I must note that now, whenever I drink water from the spring, it feels as if I am imbibing the consciousness of the water. A sparkling pure awareness speaks within my body - it is almost as if I am looking through the eyes of water. I am probably much more receptive to the spirit of water now, after having been ill and purged, and purified by starvation. I am nearer to the land.

6th: Forced into tent early tonight - flies and midgies causing hell. A decent night's sleep. On waking, my bleak mood descended again; I felt so worn down. The sky has been quite cloudy today, veiling the Sun - there is a faint echo of rain. I hope the weather does change - the flies are a nightmare early morning and evening.

Now as I write there is rain! Very light, but the sky is thundery. Thank the gods: a temperature drop is just what is needed to disperse the little fiends. I am getting so fed up with them crawling over my face and hands while I sit in the circle, and waking up with swollen eye lids or lips. This adds to my sense of weariness.

I undertook a walk this morning which I did not enjoy. I went to the loch in the land below me. Exploring the lower flatter features does not carry with it the sense of achievement and exertion of the peaks, and I spent most of the walk, until the ascent back to the tent, feeling drained and hungry. The loch and the flat land was bleak, dark and depressing. Afternoon spent lying in the tent, in a stupor.

The sky remains dark, with a hint of summer storm in the air, and the rain light. Worn down, but I still endure.

7th: Took a while to sleep again, my mind once more on music. The rain continued off and on throughout the night, and on waking, it was heavy and the sky turbulent. Remained in tent for most of day, writing. Rain has continued, with very strong, cold, southerly winds. Water levels in full flow.

I have felt content with today, and have not been visited by weariness. The fact that I am gradually moving towards the conclusion of the rite is starting to sink in, sometimes lessening the depression, sometimes creating it. I have quite enjoyed today, and have pondered on some interesting esoteric ideas.

I feel absolutely replete with creativity - music is growing within me: in some ways, this does make me impatient to return.

These past few weeks have been strange; I feel quite different than I did in the previous months. There seems to be a greater edge of struggling, and a clearer vision concerning creativity and the esoteric. I have learned much about myself so far - I feel that my character has deepened with the insights.

Feeling reasonably fine.

8th: Got off to sleep quickly, but was woken before dawn by very strong winds battering the tent. As the winds increased, the tent was partially pulled up from the ground, the flysheet unzipping and flailing about. Several times I had to get out and re-pitch. I could not get back to sleep, even though I was exhausted: I was worried whether the tent would stand up to the battering.

As daylight approached, I witnessed an awesome sea of cloud rushing from the south, and unfurling not far above me. Directly above the raging cloud was calm blue sky with higher cirrus wisps, barely moving. Since my time here, I have never encountered such strong winds. The rain lashed down, on and off.

I felt I had to stay near the tent today, in case the wind tried to tear it up. I began contemplating my alternative accommodation. Thus I was confined within the tent, which was tedious. Suddenly, my creativity no longer

seemed sufficient, and I could have done with a good walk.

I sat out for a brief period tonight beneath the rushing sky. It has become very warm, but the wind remains furious. Sitting beneath the column of scudding clouds was absolutely awesome - like watching time lapse film. Surreal.

Although there had been indication of imminent change, I really did not expect this. But as always, one can never be complacent where Nature is concerned.

The power of the winds, their all-consuming presence, has been quite an experience - rather unsettling. Beneath today's practical concerns - or rather, because of them - my mood remains positive. I have asked the gods for calm, and so far conditions have quietened down, a little.

9th: The winds increased as I settled down for the night; earlier I had re-guyed the tent so it was much more secure, so I decided not to worry. I settled down to sleep and was woken only once by the intense battering, and lashing of rain. In the morning, the tent remained unharmed.

The powerful winds and rain continued today, but I decided anyway to undertake a walk, feeling the need to be out in the land amidst the raging elements. It was interesting to observe how the land had been transformed by these conditions. My mood was very contemplative: I do not feel the need whatsoever to continue expressing myself creatively while I am here.

And yet Art etc. is, or can be, important. The majority must be touched by a type of creativity if the ultimate aim of encouraging an upsurge in Adeptship - and thus the beginnings of a new civilization - is to be attained. And so on.

For myself, now, I do not need words to express how I feel - I do not need to tell a story which does not need to be told. The essence does not need to be expressed by anything other than the life here.

As evening drew near, the winds suddenly ceased, as at last the southern horizon was lit with blue sky. Now there is sunlight, stillness and warmth, and I was able to sit in the circle. Midgies are returning - but nothing is perfect.

10th: A good night's sleep. Awoke later than usual to sunlight and stillness, although slightly chilly.

As has been usual, the morning saw a return of recent lethargy, so I took myself off on a walk up to one of the higher lochs, hidden in the peaks. For while, the experience was marred by my mind jabbering on over past debates long since thought resolved. However I was able to resolve these inner conflicts, with honesty.

The walk concluded positively as I unravelled my thoughts and returned to the tent just as rain appeared. There was a brief but dramatic thunderstorm then, with strong winds and lightning. This passed over quickly to leave stillness and sunshine.

I decided to find somewhere new for my evening contemplation, and chose a place higher up. Because there was a slight breeze at that height, there were no midgies. The view was inspirational, and the Sun remained.

I am occasionally feeling the excitement of finishing; but am trying not to dwell too much - there are still days left which may bring new experiences and insights. Any creeping depression seems nulled now by the sense of

impending completion. I am not dwelling too much on what has been experienced over the past three months - such a review, such a distillation, is too much - too final

11th: Did not sleep for ages last night - mind buzzing with all manner of general things. Awoke early to sunlight, although temperature at night and early morning is quite chilly. Sky cloudy.

Again, morning prefaced by lethargy. Went for a walk, which was spiritually rewarding, but physically shattering. On return, dwelt further on esoteric matters.

So, day progressed into evening positively. Climbed to my new peak this evening, but the flies and midgies found me. At present, the inside and outside of the flysheet is swarming with them. I am resigned to it.

Feel quite positive - my contemplation of things esoteric seems to have yielded some revelations. Now it is raining, slightly.

12th: Ventured out again last night as dusk gave way to night, and was engulfed in midgies - horrendous. Rain grew heavier as I settled to a good night's sleep.

Awoke with more bites than usual. Tent full of midgies. Got rid of the little scum by re-pitching the tent. It began to rain again, lightly. I went off for a walk and washed in the valley river. The walk was uneventful, but my spirit was strong, feeling a sense of achievement as the days draw on towards the climax of the rite.

Afternoon spent in tent as rain became heavier. No evening out, as rain has increased. Much colder now.

13th: Woke early to rain - the rain had continued throughout the night. Consequently, the day has been quite chilly with hill fog, and wind. Everything has felt damp and cold - almost like the earliest stages of the rite, rather than Summer. Wind now quite strong.

I have been confined to the tent, no variations in light to tell me how early or late it is. However, I have begun composing, developing a - hopefully - new and effective system based on the septenary. This is such a new development, and shows that even at this stage, rewards can flower. Physically, I am quite uncomfortable, cold and hungry, with a lot more bites than usual, particularly on my legs.

The tent has withstood the elements brilliantly, but is now showing signs of wear - a few holes, and less water repellence.

My mood remains positive - almost detached, as I am still aware of the days yet to be experienced.

14th: Rain and winds continued through the night. Strong winds buffeted the tent during the day. Weather has remained really atrocious, and I have been confined again to the tent. Not too bothered though, as I am now engrossed in composition.

But, I became cold just remaining in the tent, so went for a walk. It was invigorating being amidst the strong winds and rain. Rain and winds easing now - probably will be a brighter day tomorrow. I feel very calm.

15th: A good night's sleep. Rain and winds have eased, and this morning I woke to sunlight. The temperature remains a little chilly.

Despite the good weather, the prospect of going for a walk lost its appeal as I continued composing.

I still feel detached, but am a little irritable at present - headache, and tiredness, and hunger. I still can't allow myself to think about leaving this life - I am aware that part of me does not want this to end. The approaching conclusion seems bitter-sweet.

16th: Woke earlier than usual this morning. At first, the temperature was cold, but as the Sun rose over the peaks, the weather became quite hot, with a slight breeze.

I undertook a walk that I have been saving for the conclusion of the rite - back to the loch that had so enchanted me with its feminine aura. The walk up to the summit was very tiring, but the view was breathtaking - I could see all the inner islands, and those beyond.

I wept. I felt such a mixture of feelings: absolute relief at having reached this far, and a sense of great achievement. But also, a deep, deep sadness at having to leave. It was/is a sadness I have never felt before, in connection to anything else, and I cannot really describe it.

I returned to the tent, without dwelling further on the conclusion. I just want to continue, quietly and practically.

17th: Another sunny day. Did some washing, and once more became absorbed in composition. I have never concentrated so much: persistence and absolute focus enabled me to solve some esoteric and compositional riddles. So much came together, at that point. I felt the incredible elation that creativity can bring. The day however became stifling, confined as I was again to the tent, of my own choosing.

I have not really felt motivated to take a walk - each walk now seems so final; it is too upsetting. I will leave uncharted areas for another time, another life. I do feel sad.

After the physical inertia, I attempted to sit out this evening, but the midgies drove me back. Physically, an inactive day, but the creativity has been incredible.

18th: Once again, very hot weather. This time, I undertook a walk first thing, which I found a little tedious and tiring. I was eager to return to my compositions, which again took up much of the day. Keeping my mind focussed and occupied is helping me cope calmly with the very little time I have left.

Evenings are confined to the tent, as the midgies are out in full force. I won't be sorry to live without them.

Some further esoteric ideas came to light, and in the evening, I did a little carving in the tent. Very cold at night, but am sleeping well.

19th: Rain last night, and for most of the day. Thus another day in tent, composing. But my creativity has been less inspired today, and I now feel there is little to add to what has so far been accomplished.

When evening came, my lethargy lifted, and I felt strong positivity - a near happiness, yet one tinged with the burden of return. It seems so depressing to have to be, if only partially, a part of the machine of modern society and its stifling ways and laws. Yet there is J. So many mixed feelings coming to the surface.

I sat out tonight within the circle, when rain had ceased. The view was inspiring, and the ancient land enhanced the feeling recently experienced of my own mortality - the passing of human life in the blinking of a mountain's eye. This feeling is not negative, but liberating: I know life to be an opportunity. I know this with calm

acceptance.

Writing this diary has, recently, ceased to be a help - it is now a petty burden: I no longer need or wish to express what I feel. Last full day tomorrow.

20th: Awoke just before dawn, to light rain. It felt good to be awake at that time, with the light, and birdsong, and deer.

I bathed, one final time, in the river valley, and spent a tranquil, if rather cold, time beneath an ash tree, washing, and sharpening my knife, and just 'being'. Further esoteric ideas surfaced - almost final pieces in a jig-saw. I returned to the tent to write.

The evening was marred by the midgies who held me hostage in the tent. However, as evening wore on, the temperature dropped and their activity ceased. I ventured out. As I crawled from the tent, I was confronted by a magnificent Satanic sunset: high up, red clouds; on the horizon, dark clouds, carriers of rain. The clouds created beautiful shapes, of creatures beautiful in their moment - but the shapes became forgotten as they changed into something else. It is the flow, the constant change that is real.

I stood in the circle, and undertook a simple and spontaneous oath of re-dedication. I chanted.

I do not feel sad now - I am ready to return to the world. I feel as if I have arrived at myself, after this long journey of my life so far.

I am very calm. When dawn appears with the first light of the Solstice, this rite will end. I'm not sure I quite believe it.

CB

Order of Nine Angles



Enantiodromia

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion

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Introduction

The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context

This work brings together a few brief articles and notes, written by me, concerning a particular part of The Seven Fold Way - the Sinister Abyssal Nexion, and the transition from Internal Adept to Master/LadyMaster.

The following of the Seven Fold Way by individuals - from Neophyte to Internal Adept, and beyond and as described in texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) -- was the traditional method used by the initiatory nexions of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA) in order to move toward one of our esoteric aims, that of producing a new type of human being, a type prefigured in our Masters/LadyMasters and a type collectively known by the term Homo Galacticus.

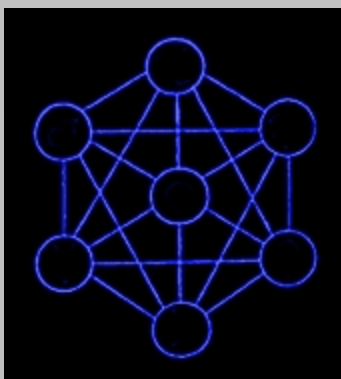
This traditional method has been, until recently, the one chosen by the majority of those individuals recruited into the ONA and by those who, inspired by the ONA, have opted to work on their own in pursuit of both their own esoteric advancement and in pursuit of the aims, objectives, and goals, of the ONA.

However, the ONA is now far more than traditional initiatory nexions following the Seven Fold Way, evolving as it has to become a Kollektive of Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, and others.

Thus the Seven Fold Way - with its Grade Rituals, tasks, challenges, Insight Roles, its sorcery (External, Internal and Aeonic) and its structured Occult ceremonies - is now a personal choice, one practical method among many. A choice suited to those individuals whose personal character, whose psyche, resonates with its mythos, its methods, its Occult mystique, and its slow cultivation of wisdom. In fact, the majority of those now associated with the ONA and/or inspired by it, choose methods other than the Seven Fold Way.

Yet this traditional way remains both valid and important. For it could be said that it forms the Aeonic stable core of the ONA, a central point of unchanging reference: an ancestral tradition in the living expansive Kulture that now encompasses Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, independent nexions, and many others.

In my own case, my life has been considered by some to be a practical manifestation of The Seven Fold Way.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

The Abyss

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion is the esoteric term for what is more commonly (exoterically) known as The Abyss. In the Seven Fold Way of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA), The Abyss is described as separating the fourth and the fifth spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - that is, separating the Grade of Internal Adept from the Grade of Master/LadyMaster.

Furthermore, the Abyss represents the place(s) where the causal merges into the acausal, and thus where the causal is or can be "transcended", so the individual can, if prepared, enter the realm of acausality and become familiar - *sans* a self - with acausal entities. Thus, The Abyss is a nexion to the acausal; a nexus of temporal, a-temporal, and spatial and a-spatial, dimensions.

Entering The Abyss (aka Passing Through The Abyss) is one of the terms used for the Grade Ritual that marks the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster. This Grade Ritual is an *enantiodromia* - that is, a type of confrontational contest whereby what has been separated becomes bound together again [united] enabling the genesis of a new type of being. [1]

As an old alchemical MS stated: " The secret [of the Abyss] is the simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double-pelican... Here is the living water, Azoth..."

What has been separated - into apparent opposites - is the sinister and the numinous, and the necessary preparation for Entering The Abyss (as briefly mentioned in *The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way*, below) involves the Internal Adept, over a period of several years (around three years is the expected and necessary norm), living in an empathic and numinous way and thus learning from such a living.

This living is not, however, an extended Insight Role, but instead a complete and deliberate re-orientation of the consciousness, emotions, psyche, and way of life of the individual, and is often made manifest in a necessary practical manner by the aspirant Master/LadyMaster becoming, for example, an artisan (and thus learning an appropriate craft), or working in a caring profession, or pursuing artistic/musical /cultural pursuits consistent with such empathic and numinous living.

This living is not an Insight Role because Insight Roles are specific and a personal choice. Here, there is no personal choice of type of living (in terms of deciding something opposite to one's personal character) and no specific containing restraining role. There is only a flowing of numinosity through the individual, grounded by some practical means, such as being an artisan.

This numinous living is obviously in stark contrast - and seemingly opposed - to the previously experienced sinister aspects of someone following the Seven Fold Way, and it is for the individual to resolve in their own manner in their own causal Time whatever conflicts - personal, moral, psychic or otherwise - that may arise. A resolution that leads - if the individual decides to continue and after a duration of causal years - to a natural integration, the necessary alchemical synthesis; the individual then having the experience, and the esoteric empathy, to know when such a synthesis of sinister and numinous has occurred.

There then follows a taking of The Oath of The Abyss and thence the Grade Ritual - the Rite of The Abyss - where the annihilation of both sinister and numinous, and of the new amalgam formed from their synthesis, occurs.

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Notes:

[1] According to Myatt in his essay *The Abstraction of Change as Opposites and Dialectic*, enantiodromia is a transliteration of the compound Greek word *ἐναντιοδρομίας* and which word first occurs in *Lives of Eminent Philosophers* by Diogenes Laërtius where Diogenes, apparently paraphrasing Heraclitus, wrote:

πάντα δὲ γίνεσθαι καθ' εἰμαρμένην καὶ διὰ τῆς ἐναντιοδρομίας ἡρμόσθαι τὰ ὄντα (ix. 9)

Myatt translates this as:

" All by genesis is appropriately apportioned [separated into portions] with beings bound together again by enantiodromia."

As noted by Myatt, Carl Jung used the term enantiodromia to describe the emergence of a trait of personal character to offset another trait and which emergence restores a necessary psychological balance within the individual.

Given that the word enantiodromia - as used in the quoted phrase by Diogenes (and thus as possibly used by Heraclitus) - perfectly describes the living alchemical process that occurs before and during the Grade Ritual of The Abyss, we have now appropriated it in preference to older alchemical terms hitherto used.

Notes Concerning Individuality and The Abyss



Exile Song (A Painting by Richard Mould)

One of the more important aspects of both the preparation for The Abyss and of the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster following a successful Passing of The Abyss, is the supra-personal perspective attained. That is, notions of personal Destiny give way to an understanding of Wyrð and a knowing of the impermanent illusory nature of the self, with causal individuality placed into a Cosmic perspective by an experience of the acausal *sans* abstractions, words, language.

There is thus the beginnings of genuine wisdom, manifest on one level in an Aeonic understanding and thus of why the next Aeon is one where human beings return, in an evolved way, to their natural tribal (that is, connected and cultured) nature.

As the Rite of Internal Adept sheds and goes beyond mundane ego to symbolically produce an 'individuated' self - a self made manifest in the months/years following that Rite and grounded in the pursuit of the personal Destiny so revealed - so the preparations for and the Rite of the Abyss itself annihilates this self, this Destiny, by immersing the individual in the living water, Azoth, from whence the Master/LadyMaster emerges.

In the practical sense, this transformation means that the Master/LadyMaster sheds all pretence about esoteric matters - to themselves and others - while melding a being-human (for they are still mortal, fallible, prone to mistakes) with an aeonic-consciousness: a placing of themselves into the Cosmic perspective such that an intimation of their mortal death, an awareness of the Immortality that awaits in the acausal, is an imminent continuing fact of their living. Thus are they joyfully fearless, liberated as they are from both the inertia of mundane-ego and of their previous individuated-self: a true master/mistress of the acausal energies presented as Life on this one planet, their temporary causal home. One exile, waiting, yearning, planning, to leave.

An individual can obtain an intimation of this transformation, this consciousness, by them undertaking, for three days only, the Camlad Rite of The Abyss [see below, *The Rite of The Abyss*] - a three-day working that all candidates for Master/LadyMaster should undertake as part of their necessary preparation, some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

ONA
121 yf

Introduction - The Methods

The Seven Fold Way of the traditional nexions of the ONA is a difficult and life-long personal commitment, and involves three basic methods: (1) practical experience, both esoteric and exoteric; (2) a learning from that experience; and (3) a progression toward a certain specific personal goal.

1. This means the individual acquires practical experience of both of the Occult/TheDarkArts [External, Internal and Aeonic sorcery] and of doing sinister (amoral and exeatic) deeds in the real world.
2. This means that the individual learns from their errors, their mistakes, and their success - a learning requiring self-honesty, interior reflexion, and a rational awareness of themselves into relation to their life-long quest: that is, in relation to the goal.
3. This means that (1) and (2) occur again and again until the long-term goal is reached - a process traditionally represented by the seven stages of the Tree of Wyrd, involving the progress from Neophyte to Magus/Mousa. The actual aim is to progress toward, into, and beyond, The Abyss: which rencounter is: (a) exoterically, the genesis of the new type of human being which it is one of the aims of the ONA to facilitate, as prelude to our New Aeon and as a manifestation, a presencing, of that new Aeon; and (b) esoterically, the genesis of individual wisdom and a prelude to a possible transition toward the next and final stage, that of Immortal in the realms of the acausal.

These methods are personal, direct, individual. They require that the individual take responsibility for themselves; is not bound by any restrictions or any morality, and learns not from books or texts or from someone else but rather by practical experience extending over a period of several decades.

The Tradition

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, which are reasonably well-documented up to Internal Adept - for example, in freely available ONA texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) . These texts enable anyone to learn and experience for themselves, at their own pace.

As has been mentioned elsewhere, to reach the stage on Internal Adept takes at least five years of effort and experience, with that stage lasting from five to eleven, or more, years. Thus, it takes a minimum of ten years before an individual of our tradition is ready to begin the necessary preparations to attempt The Abyss, during which years they must have spent six months in the wilderness (to develop the faculty of Dark Empathy); gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group); mastered the advanced form of The Star Game

(and so developed the basics of Acausal Thinking); have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending; undertaken several challenging Insight Roles each lasting a year or more; organized and run an esoteric group (a nexion) thus gaining practical experience in External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery; and so on.

The necessary preparations for an Internal Adept to attempt The Abyss take at least another five years (more usually ten years), making it at least fifteen years (more usually twenty) before an individual of our tradition is proficient, experienced, learned, mature, skilled, cultured, enough to attempt The Abyss.

These necessary preparations involve the Internal Adept in, over a period of some years, experiencing, and learning from, the numinous - as opposed to the previously experienced sinister - aspects of themselves and of Life; then developing this numinous and empathic aspect of themselves, then fully integrating this aspect with its opposite, to finally dissolve (then go beyond) both. Furthermore, this process is not a series of given, specific, Insight Roles, but instead a re-orientation of consciousness, emotions, and psyche, followed by the years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed - when the causal Time be right - by the deliberate, conscious, unification of this with its opposite, followed by a years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed by the annihilation of both; an annihilation which is the essence of The Abyss.

Obviously, such preparations are both difficult and dangerous, for the individual, and most individuals will fail, usually for one of the following reasons: (1) because the numinous aspect draws them permanently away from their esoteric quest; (2) because they cannot fully embrace the numinous since they cannot overcome the causal illusion of the self, and thus cannot overcome their egotism, their arrogance, their pride, their sense of personal Destiny, their addiction to the sinister; (3) because they cannot integrate these apparently conflicting opposites of numinous and sinister; (4) because even if they succeed in the necessary alchemical melding of seeming opposites (Sol/Luna; Lightning/Sun; Light/Dark), they fail to annihilate (transmute/transform) the amalgam that results and so fail to give birth to a new specimen of Homo Galacticus.

The Tradition of Esoteric Learning

For millennia, according to aural tradition, esoteric knowledge - the methods, the means, required for an individual to acquire wisdom - The Philosophers Stone (aka the stage of Immortal) - has been learnt from a few reclusive Adepts, with this knowledge being concerned with three traditional things: (1) the slow process of an internal, alchemical, decades-long change in the individual as a result of direct esoteric and exoteric personal experience and the learning from that experience - the numinous authority of *pathei-mathos*; (2) a certain and limited personal guidance - from one of those more experienced in such matters - on a direct individual basis (person to person), if such advice be sought; and (3) the cultivation of the virtue of *ἀρετή*, manifest as this is in a noble, cultured, a learned, personal character.

These three things are, for instance, manifest in the Inner ONA, which basically is akin to an extended family, consisting as it does of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of esoteric empathy and certain other personal qualities; who offer guidance on a personal basis to one or more individuals following The Seven Fold Way, and who have the knowledge to prepare individuals for the ordeals of The Abyss.

Thus, there was for millennia and still is in traditional nexions, an understanding that knowledge was mostly to be acquired aurally, from someone of experience and learning; although some knowledge could be acquired by means of patient, scholarly, and personal research. There was also an understanding that genuine wisdom takes a certain duration - decades - of causal Time to be attained, and cannot be hurried and often requires a reclusive personal existence. There was also an understanding of the need to develop a noble, cultured, and learned, personal character.

Thus was there also the placing of the Adept in supra-personal context - in the perspective of Aeons, and of the Cosmos itself.

These qualities, this appreciation and understanding of esoteric wisdom, are what have now been overlooked, forgotten, or scorned, by those who, lacking *ἀρετή*, have come to rely upon the modern rapid means of communication that have been developed.

Charlatans and the Internet

This new fangled Internet thingy is but a useful means of presenting our esoteric information and a useful means of inciting, encouraging, others to use and apply both our traditional and our new esoteric methods, on the off-chance some or a few of them may eventually succeed, thus increasing the number of Adepts in the world; thus giving rise (perhaps) to a few more specimens of Homo Galacticus, and thus (perhaps) by some others becoming Dreccs or Niners or forming themselves into clans, hastening thus the downfall of the Old Aeon and its System and thence aiding the emergence of those new ways of living appropriate to our New Aeon.

But the Internet also encourages fakes, charlatans, imposters. For instance, both the nature of the Internet and the kollektive, individual, non-hierarchical nature of the ONA have made it possible, and easy, for someone (usually anonymously) to make claims for themselves, and boast about deeds allegedly done and what tasks they have undertaken. Sometimes these claims extend to belonging to - or to having organized - some group or nexion of x number of ONA-inclined people for y number of years, and thus of having x number of ONA associates.

For instance, someone may claim to have spent three (or even six) months in the wilderness, and/or claimed to have gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group), and/or claimed to have mastered the

advanced form of The Star Game, and/or to have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending, and/or claimed to have undertaken a challenging Insight Role lasting a year, and so on. All of which activities are a necessary part of the training and experience of someone genuinely following The Seven Fold Way.

Furthermore, someone may create a 'back-story' - a cover - for themselves and set up some ONA-supporting website or blog, and then spend some time 'praising' us and our Way, only to later (as is often the way with infiltrators) try to cause schism and/or doubt within those who have been duped by them.

But, as has been indicated many times, all such shenanigans while expected are Aeonically irrelevant and are thus ignored. Such fakes, charlatans, imposters, and infiltrators are also themselves irrelevant, despite what they may believe.

Why irrelevant? For three reasons: (1) because they - and all such shenanigans - by using or being conveyed by the medium of the Internet (or even by printed books) cannot in any way affect the living ONA (including the Inner ONA) which exists and which thrives in the real world: in the pursuit of The Seven Fold Way by individuals and the guidance of those individuals by living Adepts; (2) because those duped by such people, by such things, are failures, lacking the potential - the inner Baeldraca - that mark the neophytes of our kind; (3) because our real and important work is Aeonic - of centuries and more - and thus surpasses the life-time of everyone living now, and everyone of the next generation and the next.

Whatever happens - whatever people do or write by means of the Internet or say in conferences or have printed in books - our esoteric work continues, slowly, secretly, Aeonically, in the traditional way, with person recruiting, guiding, person, decade following decade, and totally independent of such modern rapid means of communication as have been developed, from printed books to the Internet.

All such modern means of communication may do is slightly hasten both the downfall of The System and the emergence of the New Aeon. But one or three decades sooner - out of the hundred or two hundred (or more) years required - is really nothing for us to get excited about.

Our real wisdom, the essence of our esotericism, lies in our knowledge of ourselves as but one nexion, suspended between causal and acausal Time - one means to presence one more Aeon, one possibility to move toward a new acausal life.

Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Some Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

The transition between Internal Adept and the next stage – that of Master/Lady-Master (Mistress of Earth) – is both long and arduous, requiring as it does – among other things – (1) a personal and practical experiencing, and integration, of both Sinister and non-Sinister aspects of living, and of the Adept's own personality; (2) practical experience of Aeonic Magick and of all forms of The Star Game; (3) contributing, through fulfilling their personal Destiny, something unique, and redolent of the Sinister, to human knowledge, achievement, understanding and/or to that presencing “which is beyond human words” and which is often manifest in works of genuine artistic, and/or magickal, genius and originality. In summation, they will have presenced the Sinister both within, and external, to themselves, and externally to a sufficiency that casual effects are noticeable, as they will have both understood and to a certain extent have experienced, the acausal reality which lies behind the nexion of our causal lives, and behind the causality of appearance and forms.

Then, after such preparation, they will become, gradually, suffused with an increasing yearning for that-which-is, and for Those-Who-Are, acausal, and it is this yearning, at first somewhat intangible but always powerful (in terms of their psyche and their own lives), which propels and guides them toward The Abyss, and which provides them with the desire to take that dangerous, and secret, Oath of The Abyss.

Furthermore, this yearning which becomes transmuted to, at first, a human-type desire and love [for example, for one's sinister partner], and then to some-thing founded on such human emotions but which is an evolution and a sinister transformation of such things (and all the more powerful for being so), and it is such a living-with this new evolutionary “feeling”, this dark Sinister almost supra-personal desire redolent of and which manifests something of the acausal essence, that is one of the reasons whereby a new Master or Lady Master is bound to the very acausal darkness itself, both in their remaining causal years, and in the life in the acausal which can be attained after that.

For the Oath of The Abyss has practical, causal consequences which are both magickal, and personal, and it is these personal practical consequences – and the dark dangerous nature of the magickal consequences – that distinguish this genuine Sinister Oath from the so-called other “oaths of the abyss” that some charlatans and some imposters and some frauds have had the temerity to write about and make pronouncements about, and to lyingly declare that they have “gone beyond the Abyss” itself.

The genuine Oath of The Abyss is a solemn declaration, made in front of several witnesses of our sinister-folk, by which the Adept pledges themselves, for the rest of their causal life, to – among other things – Presence The Dark, to continue with and evolve The Dark Tradition, and to aid human and non-human evolution, with the important and necessary proviso that if at any time they renounce their Sinister aims and goals, and The Dark Tradition itself, then their own life will be forfeit, with them

then becoming an offer who can and who will be sacrificed. In established Nexions (Sinister Temples of a sinister group) the current Grand Master, or Lady Grand Master, appoints several Guardians, unknown to the Candidate, who themselves are pledged to undertake – without warning if required – this honourable duty of sacrifice should such a duty be deemed or found to be necessary.

In addition, The Ceremony of The Oath of The Abyss invokes and presences within and near-to the Candidate certain acausal entities, which – and who – are forever with, or near-to, the Candidate for those remaining causal years, however long or brief, that will mark the rest of the causal life of the Candidate, and the Candidate can never escape, in this causal realm, from these entities.

Thus, it can be seen that the Oath of The Abyss is not something that is to be entered into lightly, even though the rewards of a successful crossing of The Abyss, are great indeed, and include the real possibility of that particular human entity creating for themselves, or being rewarded with, an acausal existence beyond this mortal causal realm.

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The Rite of The Abyss

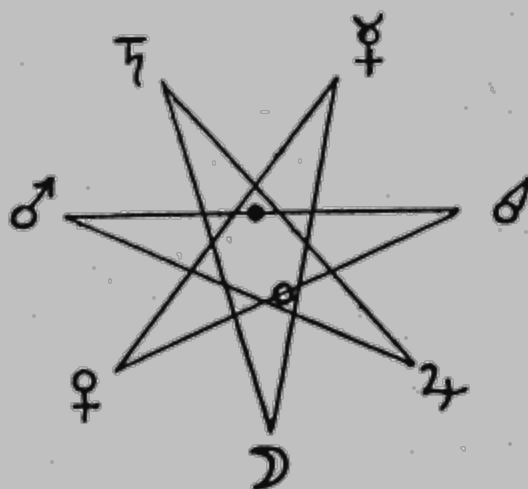
The Rite of The Abyss exists in two forms, one dating from the formation of the ONA some forty years ago, and the other, more traditional one, dating from the pre-ONA Camlad Rounwytha association. Since the simple, modern, ONA Rite has already been described, several decades ago, in another published MS [Naos], the older, more dangerous and more effective Camlad Rite will be given here. [1]

The traditional Rite is quite simple and begins at the first full moon following the beginning of a propitious alchemical season - in the Isles of Britain this was traditionally the first rising of Arcturus in the Autumn. The Rite, if successful, concludes on the night of the following full moon.

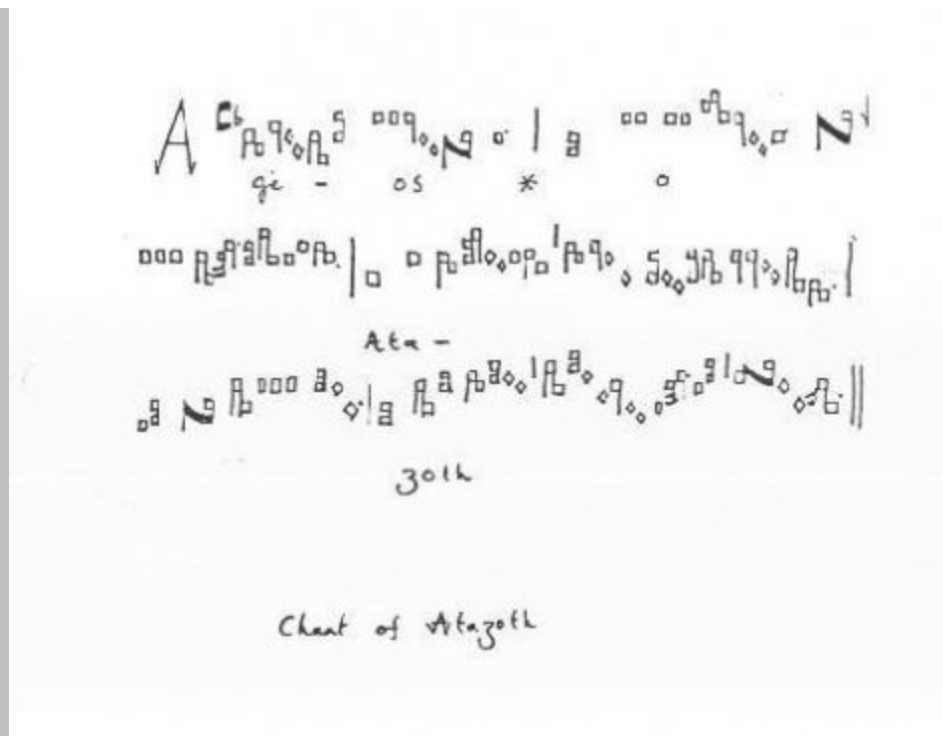
As with the Chthonic Form of the Nine Angles Rite, the Rite of The Abyss occurs in an isolated underground cavern where or near to where water flows, where the candidate dwells alone for the whole lunar month, taking with them all that is required for the duration of the Rite. Ideally, the water should be suitable for drinking. The only light is from candles (housed in a lantern) and the only food is bread and cheese. If the water in or flowing through or near to the cavern in not

suitable for drinking, then supplies of water sufficient to last must also be brought. [Note: as with the Rite of Internal Adept, no means of communication with the outside world should be brought; no timepiece, mechanical or otherwise, is allowed; and no modern means of reproducing music or other forms of entertainment.] The candidate should arrange for one trusted member of their nexion - of the Grade of Internal Adept or above - to enter the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals. [2]

The cavern should ideally possess one area level and sufficient enough for the candidate to paint or mark upon it the septagonal sigil below.



The Rite simply involves the candidate once every day (or night) walking the above pattern - starting at the point between Mars and Sun and ending at the point between Venus and Sun - while chanting the word ka-Os [Chaos] according to the notation below for *at-Azoth* (an increasing of Azoth). Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation. The candidate will also know how spoken and written words such as *at-Azoth* and *ka-Os* have a certain (acausal) significance ('meaning') and thus similarity when chanted in such a manner.



The rest of time the candidate should occupy themselves as their empathic awareness intimates. [3] As mentioned, the Rite ends when their trusted comrade enters the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals.

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Notes:

[1] The Rite as given in *Naos* requires a quartz tetrahedron. While three inch crystals - as mentioned in *Naos* - *may* work, to ensure success (in this Rite as in others using a quartz tetrahedron), the crystal has to be a perfect tetrahedron (no bevelled edges) and free from blemish, external and internal - with a height of six inches or more. Such crystals are rare, and costly, and often have to be custom made by someone skilled in cutting gemstones.

In addition, although it is not stated in *Naos*, the chanting of the word 'Chaos' [ka-Os] in the ONA Rite of Entering The Abyss is according to the notation of the Atazoth chant above. Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation.

[2] There are aural accounts - to be believed or not - of candidates being found insane, or dead, or missing.

[3] It should be noted that a version of this Rite - lasting but three days - should be undertaken by the candidate as preparation some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

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Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos



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The Star Game Further Notes Regarding The Esoteric Form



As mentioned in ONA MSS such as *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism* and in the section The Rite of The Star Game in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, The Star Game is one of the principle means of developing acausal-knowing (a.k.a. acausal-thinking) and is also a powerful if esoteric Dark Art.

The term The Esoteric Star Game (ESG) is used here to refer to what has been described, in MSS such as *Naos*, as the advanced form of The Star Game (TSG), as distinct from the simple (training) form. In truth, the simple form - as described in MSS such as *Naos* - was devised as a basic neophyte and Initiate level introduction to the Star Game proper, enabling the fundamental esoteric concepts of TSG to be understood, and enabling some insight into acausal-thinking itself.

The simple form of TSG has seven boards, and only 27 pieces per side (player; causal/acausal aspect), with each of these boards consisting of nine black and nine white squares.

The complete esoteric SG - full details of which are given in other ONA MSS, including facsimile editions of *Naos* - has seven main boards (nexions) - arranged in a hierarchical spiral, as in the training version - with each of these main boards having six (minor) boards (three at each end), and there being additional pieces (more sets of nine for each player: often 81 pieces per player; sometimes more), with additional rules regarding movement.

Furthermore, there are three forms of the Complete ESG - all of which have three additional levels (small boards) above the main board (level 1) but which differ in the number of squares and the placing of these small (or minor) upper boards.

In the first form, the boards are:

----- Level 3

----- Level 2b

----- Level 2a

----- Level 1 (White)

----- Level 3

----- Level 2b

----- Level 2a

----- Level 1 (Black)

Level three consists of six squares, three white and three black; level 2b is a single square; level 2a is the same as level three: three black and three white squares. Note that level 3 in this form is set directly above the other levels.

In the second form of the ESG, level 3 is set outward, so that it is not protruding above levels 1 and 2, and consists of only 2 squares.

In the third and the standard form - as described in a diagram on p.213 of the facsimile pdf version of *Naos* - level 2b (described therein as level 3 out of 4) is of one square only and is set outward, between the inward levels 2a (described in *Naos* as level 2) and 3 (described in *Naos* as level 4).

These differences are quite minor, and are designed to show Adepts, and beyond, how an alteration of certain aspects of a particular causal-metric (re-presented by a main board and the number, type and placing of the minor boards) affects, or can affect, a nexion or nexions, and thus acausal energies, and the interaction between nexions. Thus, the Adept discovers, for themselves, which if any of these three re-presentations is the most efficacious in terms of re-presenting a nexion, nexions in general, and which if any is the most efficacious in developing acausal-knowing and when used to bring and presence acausal energy.

Construction of the Complete Esoteric Star Game

The ESG was designed to be a physically large structure - to occupy a certain amount of causal Space - so that the Adept or Adepts (the player or players) have to physically move around it in order to see all the boards and pieces, and in order to move the pieces. In addition, in the majority of constructions so far, the Adept or Adepts using the ESG, has to use some form of steps in order to reach the top main boards.

Thus, the ESG, as currently existing and as constructed and used in past decades, is a sizeable construction, previously most often made of wood, but now occasionally made using steel for both the boards and the supports holding the boards, and which boards, in some steel constructed version, are cantilevered out from the supports.

In addition, in order to accommodate the three forms briefly outlined above, the minor boards (or sub-levels) of the seven major boards are designed to be removable, with replacement minor boards, of the required type, being available.

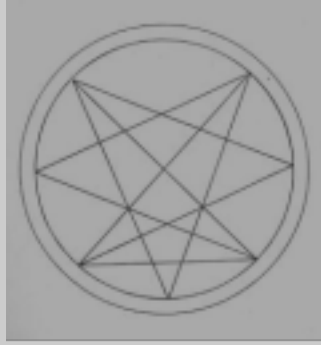
Given the esoteric nature of the ESG, and the complexity of its physical construction, it is therefore not surprising that membership of the ESG club is exclusive and elitist, particularly as most individuals interested in or even associated with the ONA cannot be bothered to construct, and learn, the simple form of TSG, let alone the ESG, and particularly as few of the individuals who have assiduously read many ONA MSS have not even noticed that there are three forms of the ESG.

Furthermore, although the ESG, and thus the simple form of TSG, were designed in an era when the only (digital and commercial) computers were IBM type mainframes using punched cards and magnetic reel tape, no computer version of TSG has so far been developed, nor is likely to be developed for many years, given the complexity of the ESG itself.

However, such a computerized version, while it might make TSG itself more popular, is neither necessary nor even desirable, for reasons which Adepts will understand. For the very physical construction of the ESG is a personal challenge in itself, just as using a large physical ESG is a type of esoteric ritual in itself, and the overcoming of this personal challenge (which takes a certain amount of causal Time) combined with physically using such a structure in an esoteric way, is a prerequisite to joining what is probably one of the most elitist sinister cabals currently presenced on this planet we humans call Earth.



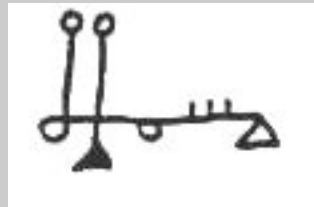
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Blodefah

Excerpta Esoterica

Being A Concise Compendium
of
The Sinister Esoteric Philosophy and Praxis
of
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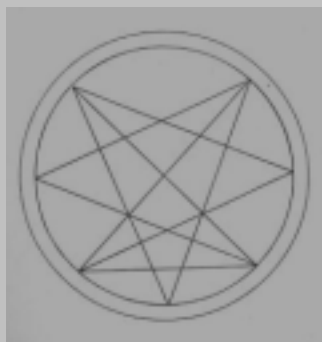


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A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

The ONA has its own, unique, esoteric Philosophy and its own, unique and sinister, Way of Life - which Way of Life may be considered the praxis of the ONA, or how ONA individuals live and implement our sinister way of living and how they become, are of or belong to, the ONA.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA

The esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is known by several names, among which are The Dark Tradition, The Sinister Tradition, and The Sinister Way, and the fundamental principles of this esoteric Philosophy are:

- (1) that the Cosmos consists of a causal continuum [a causal Universe] and an acausal continuum [an acausal Universe], with living beings, of various species, existing in both our own causal continuum and in the acausal continuum;
- (2) that there exists two types of causal being [living and non-living], differentiated by whether or not these types of causal being possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy;
- (3) that acausal energy - from the acausal continuum - is what animates all life in the causal continuum;
- (4) that all living beings in the causal continuum are a nexion - a connexion - between the causal and the acausal;
- (5) the more complex, the more organized, the causal life, the more acausal energy is presented in that life;
- (6) our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy;
- (7) we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.

Hence, The Dark Tradition of the ONA has its own ontology, its own theory of ethics, its own

epistemology, and its own praxis, which derive from the ontology of causal and acausal, and from our nature as human beings, which is of us being a nexion to the acausal continuum.

The Nature of Causal and Acausal

1) The causal, or phenomenal or physical, universe can be described - or represented - by the three-dimensional causal geometry of causal Space and by one dimension of linear causal Time.

(2) The acausal universe can be described - or represented - by an acausal Space of n acausal dimensions, and an acausal, un-linear, Time of n dimensions, where n is currently unknown but is greater than three and less than or equal to infinity.

The causal universe is the realm of causal matter/energy, and the acausal universe is the realm of acausal matter/energy.

The causal universe is currently described by causal sciences such as Physics, Chemistry and Astronomy. The acausal universe can be described by a new science based on the new Physics of acausal energy and thus on a new acausal geometry, based on a new acausal metrical Space-Time of n acausal dimensions and an acausal Time also of n dimensions.

In addition, nexions to the acausal, from our own causal Universe, are of two types: (1) physical nexions, where a specific region of or a specific place in causal Space-Time intersects, or is joined to or with, acausal Space-Time; and (2) living (organic) nexions, where acausal energy from the acausal manifests in and thus animates a living, causal, being.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is thus, when conventionally viewed, a new and a rational philosophy.

The Esoteric Praxis of the ONA

Essentially, our praxis consists of:

- 1) Sinister (warrior) Tribes - those directly living and directly presencing our Sinister Way of Life;
- 2) Traditional Nexions - composed of those undertaking our Seven Fold Sinister Way in the traditional manner of Left Hand Path seeker, via Grade Rituals, Insight Roles, and practical LHP magick;
- 3) Sinister Empaths (of which the Rounwytha is an example) and esoteric scientists studying and seeking knowledge of the acausal.

Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. This will also require the development of a new acausal technology, based on the Physics of acausal energy.

Furthermore, we see the breakdown, destruction, and the replacement of all existing (and mundane) societies - by our new progressive societies based on our new warrior tribes - as a necessary prelude to this Galactic aim of ours.

Thus, the immediate and intermediate aims of our sinister Way of Life are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen (see Appendix 1);

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

The Esoteric Ethics of the ONA

The ethics of the ONA are based upon our axiom that personal honour - what we know of as, or what we term, personal honour - expresses our true nature as human beings capable of consciously evolving ourselves and the Cosmos. Thus, personal honour - manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen - is a means to access acausal energy and a means to change and evolve ourselves in a natural way consistent with our true nature and our true purpose, which nature and purpose is to know our natural wyrd, to presence our wyrd: to participate in, to partake of, our own evolution and that of the Cosmos itself.

All evolution - conscious and otherwise - is darkly-numinous; that is, it possesses or it manifests acausal energy in particular ways, and personal honour, as defined by and as manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen, is a practical, a willed, an evolutionary, presencing of acausal energy.

Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is our guide for our own individual personal behaviour, and our guide to how we relate to, and should treat others. It specifies our type of law, and the nature of our justice, as it manifests the nature, the character, of those of our kind: the Dark Warrior, someone who lives, and if necessary dies, by the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (See Footnote 1)

Furthermore, our Law of The Sinister-Numen is manifest - made real and practical - by means of our sinister warrior tribes, for it is by means of these tribes that we can come to know, and to live, our wyrd: that is, (1) come to discover our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos, and (2) actively participate in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos. (See Appendix 2)

The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA

The epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA asserts that there are two distinct types of *knowing* - causal and acausal - and that:

A) knowledge of the causal continuum can be obtained by causal Science which is based on the following foundations:

(i) the causal, phenomenal, universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses – that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses and by practical scientific experiments; (iii) logical argument, or reason, is the basic means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (iv) the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (v) that, in competing explanations of events or observations, the simplest and most logical explanation is to be preferred.

B) knowledge of the acausal continuum can be obtained by (i) developing a new Science of acausal Physics, based on an understanding of acausal energy; (ii) by developing and evolving our latent faculties, such as that of dark-empathy; (iii) by coming-to-know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum; and (iv) by means of such things as developing a new and an acausal technology, and thus by exploring the realms of the acausal itself.

According to our esoteric epistemology:

1) *Causal knowing* is that deriving from causal-based rational Philosophies and from causal Sciences such as Physics, and this type of knowing is essentially based on a physical cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Sciences) or an abstract cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Philosophies).

Hence, the type of causal knowing which is the concern of traditional epistemology is limited, and derives from positing causal abstractions, and then projecting these abstractions onto things (onto causal beings, living and non-living). That is, this type of causal knowing *denotes* things and causal beings by such causal abstractions. There is then the assumptions of knowing, and/or of having understood or having an understanding of, such things and such causal beings. (See Footnote 2)

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, the error of all conventional Philosophies is that they apply, or try to apply, a purely causal perception - based on a linear cause-and-effect - and lifeless causal abstractions, to living beings, such as ourselves. This causal type of knowing is thus un-numinous (that is, devoid or without acausal energy).

2) *Acausal knowing* is that deriving from (i) apprehending the acausal essence of living causal beings; (ii) a study of the nature of acausal energy, and the nature of the acausal Universe itself by means of developing new acausal sciences and technologies; and (iii) apprehending and coming-to-know (interacting with) those living acausal beings we are currently aware of, or can become aware of in our present state of human evolution.

The acausal essence - the acausal energy - of living causal beings can be apprehend, by we human beings, by means of our latent faculties such as what we term dark (or sinister) empathy.

Our traditional esoteric Dark Arts are one means by which we can come to know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum.

Our very evolution, as human beings - in terms of consciousness, understanding and knowledge - results from acausal energy, and from us accessing such acausal energy in particular ways.

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, those things, and/or those creations of our causal Arts - such as music - which we feel are or which we come to know as numinous, are simply a presencing of acausal energy by means of a nexion, and thus can be considered as one type of intimation of the acausal - of the Life there, and of the very nature of the acausal continuum itself. That is, such numinous works of conventional Arts have often been a means whereby: (1) some human beings (through their artistic creations or through their performance of such creations, their own, or others) can access and presence some acausal energy; and (2) where those affected by such numinous works of Art achieve or can achieve some intimation of the acausal. This also applies to genuine work of Dark Sorcery.

We Are As We Are

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is simply a means; an effective and practical means to change, to evolve, ourselves and our societies; to manifest, to present, our *wyrd* - that is, to know, to accept, to live, our correct and natural relationship with the Cosmos, with both the causal Universe and the acausal Universe, and the living beings that exist in both. This *wyrd* of ours is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen.

The ONA is not interested in proselytizing, in converting others, or in trying to persuade others - through argument or debate or by countering distortions and lies about us - to adopt our sinister Way of Life. We are as we are, representing as we do a specific new type, a new breed, of human being, a specific new and expanding tribal family of human beings. Our Way is the practical way of deeds, of living our darkly-numinous Way of Life; of increasing our numbers through the success of our tribes, though drawing others of our kind to us, and through others being personally inspired by our example, by our success.

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Footnotes:

(1) One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy.

Acausal energy - that which animates us and makes us alive and which allows and causes our evolution - cannot by its very nature be destroyed in the causal continuum. It can only be presenced in organic, causal (living) beings, or it can be dispersed, thinly, over causal Time, in the causal until it is re-presenced in some-thing, or until it returns to the acausal continuum by some means.

Such an achieved acausal existence, for us, is - by the very nature of the acausal - time-less, eternal, and not subject to the organic process of decay that is an inherent part of all causally existing life.

As stated in two other ONA MSS:

The very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal – mortal – lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from – and totally different to – any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and “religious”. Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal – on this planet, and elsewhere – *and also* as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal “death”, to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being..

Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mudanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have

created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence.

(2) Basically, causal abstraction is the positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form of some-*thing*, and/or manufacturing some category which some-*thing* is said "to belong to, or be a part of".

Thus, things - beings in the causal - are allocated to, or classified according to, some abstract category or some abstract type, and/or compared to some abstract or some ideal/perfect form.

Such categories, and such abstract ideal forms, are then often incorrectly used to judge some-thing (including, for example, some living person).

There is thus no direct - and thus certainly no acausal - knowing *of a thing* or of a living human being, as those things and as human beings *are* in their Cosmic essence and according to their wyrd, for the knowing of such traditional epistemology is only the linear, causal, the distorted and/or the illusory, knowing of imposed, projected, intermediate, fallible (often changing), abstractions and categories.

In contrast, the epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA allows, and is a means of obtaining, a Cosmic (a numinous, wyrdful, esoteric) knowing, based as this numinous, Cosmic, knowing is on the combination of rational causal Sciences and the acausal knowing obtained by such things as acausal Sciences, acausal-empathy, and the development and evolution of ourselves and our faculties.

Appendix 1

The Law of The Sinister-Numen

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

Appendix 2

Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State

A Brief Diatribe

Our *wyrd* - our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos - is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister *warrior* tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen. Furthermore, if we know, and if we develop, our *wyrd*, we become, we are, a particular new type (a new breed) of human being - quite distinct from the mundanes. In essence, we become Dark Warriors, living and if necessary dying by the Law of The Sinister-Numen.

Our sinister tribes are a practical, a darkly-numinous, evolution of that natural tribal instinct that lives within us and which has lived within us, and which tribal instinct has made possible (hitherto mostly unconsciously) our evolution, as human beings. That is, the sinister tribes of the ONA are a means whereby we can access and increase our own acausal energy, as individuals, and participate in our own evolution, and that of the Cosmos. To do this - to know and to live our *wyrd* - is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and *numinous* (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such *honourable* (numinous) co-operation with others *of our own kind* (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual *wyrd* to be evolved.

In direct opposition to our *wyrd* is the modern tyranny of The State, which is un-numinous and de-evolutionary in nature, purpose and intent. For the State takes away our natural right of personal honour,

and that natural and evolutionary way of living which is tribal, and replaces honour by impersonal, lifeless, abstract "law", and replaces tribes by the impersonal, lifeless, abstract, State and nation, which are - despite the illusion and pretence of democracy by some such States - are all run by an oligarchy, for the benefit of that wealthy and privileged oligarchy.

In place of the natural and personal knowing - the acausal-knowing - of our tribal (extended) family, there is the impersonal causal lifeless "knowing" of our place as some mechanistic "citizen" of the State or nation. In place of the natural loyalty to, and the care of and from, our own tribal family - based on a personal, numinous, knowing and loyalty - there is the division of us into isolated, un-numinous and de-evolutionary single family units, dependant on usury, and where our given purpose is to toil for the State, on behalf of The State, or for ourselves and our single isolated family unit, and to which State we have to pay, for all of our working lives, mandatory taxes, thus making us wage or salary slaves, almost always burdened by debt.

In place of our natural, healthy, evolutionary warrior way of life - based on a tribal way of living and the law of personal honour - the State denudes us of numinous meaning, of wyrd, and provides us only with de-evolutionary aims and goals. In place of the glory of a Galactic Imperium, and the promise of a warrior-won acausal existence, the tyranny of The State provides us with only causal illusions and abstractions and meaningless "rewards", so that we remain tame, domesticated, animals, paying our taxes, and subservient to their dishonourable enforcers, the bullies they call the forces of their "law and order."

Thus, we by our very nature, by our wyrd, are violently, implacably, and in all practical ways, opposed to the State and its de-evolutionary self-serving tyranny.

Selected Further Reading

The Meaning of The Nine Angles (A Collection of Texts, Parts One and Two)

Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The War Against The Mundanes (Anton Long)

The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning (Anton Long)

We, The Drecc. (ONA)

The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context (Julie Wright)

A Way of Life (Chloe, WSA352)

ONA Manuscripts

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The Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles

The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way

Introduction

The Dark Arts (aka Dark, or Sinister, Sorcery) include: (1) the basic skills of *practical sorcery* traditionally learnt - by means of practical experience - by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way; and (2) an additional series of techniques or skills suitable for an aspiring Rounwytha. The additional (advanced) skills include Dark-Empathy, using, or creating, nexions to access the acausal, and Acausal-Thinking. [Note that sorcery is a synonym for magick.]

The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way thus enable the practitioner to:

- (1) Participate in, control, and enable their own personal evolution – that is, develop their latent ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species; and undertake that evolution.
- (2) Come-to-know certain acausal [sinister] beings, and is thus understand the acausal itself.
- (3) Work Aeonic Sorcery.

The advanced Dark Arts can, among other things, also provide the prepared and skilled Rounwytha - the sinister Adept - with the ability to live-on beyond their causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

Practical Sorcery

Practical sorcery refers to External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery. These skills are outlined in texts such as *Naos* (for External and Internal Sorcery), and, for Aeonic sorcery, in grimoires such as *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, *Dark Goddess*. The esoteric essence behind the practice of Aeonic sorcery is given in texts relating to the mythos of The Dark Gods, and works such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles* (parts 1 and 2).

Developing Acausal Empathy

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form

to inhabit).

To develop acausal empathy, the following techniques are used:

(1) The Rite of Internal Adept.

This simple Rite - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - is the main, most effective, means of developing acausal empathy, and it enables the aspiring Rounwytha, by its rigours, simplicity, and isolation, to attune themselves to the acausal essence beyond causal forms. To live for a period of no less than three months, in the simple manner prescribed and in an isolated location removed from human habitation and human contact, is how sinister Adepts have, for centuries, begun to develop the faculty of acausal-empathy and acquired the most important esoteric skill of being able, by using this faculty, of opening nexions to the acausal.

The standard form of this technique lasts for only one specific alchemical season (from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice in Northern climes), which specific alchemical season is the absolute minimum amount of causal time required to enable the aspiring Rounwytha to acquire the basic, and necessary, skills.

The more advanced form - lasting for a different and longer alchemical season (from Winter Solstice to Summer Solstice in Northern climes) - is however, while difficult and intensely selective because of this difficulty - more efficacious and develops much greater, more effective, skills, and indeed is the breeding ground of a Rounwytha.

(2) Exploring the sinister pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyr.

These personal explorations - as given in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - enable the aspiring Rounwytha to begin the process of objectifying causal forms, and develop the necessary skill of finding, becoming sensitive to, and being able to distinguish between, various collocations of esoteric energies, whether the energies be personal (in the psyche of the individual and limited to the lifetime of the individual or a period in that lifetime) or archetypal (shared among various individuals over periods of causal time often beyond the life of one individual) or acausal (beyond both of the former types).

These explorations are recommended to be undertaken before the Rite of Internal Adept, and what - in these particular explorations - distinguishes an aspiring Rounwytha from an aspiring sinister Adept, is that the aspiring Rounwytha finds it easy and natural to not only distinguish between the various collocations, the various types, of esoteric energies, but also to move beyond all forms (as given in such explorations and as described by various terms and words in books such as *Naos*) to the acausal essence, something not described, in practical detail, in such written works.

(3) It has been found, by practical experience, that the preliminary training afforded by following The Seven Fold Sinister Way - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* from

Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - is an effective means of ensuring success in acquiring and developing those skills in acausal empathy that the Rite of Internal Adept can produce in an individual.

Thus, this preliminary training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - while not strictly necessary - is highly recommended, especially if the aspiring Rounwytha does not have a natural empathic ability.

Developing Acausal Thinking

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

The main and most effective practical means of acquiring and developing the skill - the Dark Art - of acausal thinking is The Star Game, as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept*.

It is recommended that the individual begins with the simple form of the game - which only has 27 pieces - before constructing and beginning to play the advanced form of the game, as described in *Naos*. While the essentials of acausal thinking can be developed by regular playing of the simple game, it is the advanced form of the game that really develops the Dark Art of acausal-thinking.

In many ways, acausal-thinking can be considered to be a developed, and an enhanced, form of acausal-empathy, although in essence it is really a distinct, new, evolutionary ability whose genesis was acausal-empathy.

Using Nexions to Access The Acausal

As described in another ONA MS:

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a

sinister Adept.

Once a certain amount of skill in acausal-thinking and acausal-empathy has been acquired, the Rounwytha can conduct rites to open, or to create, a direct nexion to the acausal, and thus either access acausal energy, or presence - bring into the causal - certain Dark Entities, certain acausal beings, for whatever purpose the Rounwytha desires.

One of the simplest rites to do this is the "simple" *Nine Angles Rite*, in either the Natural, or the Chthonic, Form.

A much more efficacious - that is, more powerful - rite to open a direct nexion to the acausal is The Ceremony of Recalling, with Sacrificial Conclusion, as given for example, in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Other rituals, and means, are given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Toward The Acausal Continuum

A Rounwytha will know when their causal time to prepare to progress toward the acausal continuum has arrived. Thus will their detailed preparations begin for the forthcoming journey, which supra-mortal journey will be undertaken at the end of a propitious alchemical season, when the causal and the acausal continuums are correctly aligned to allow greater access to the acausal. Propitious times include when the Moon occults Dabih, or is very close to it; and when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

The preparations will begin at the start of the chosen alchemical season.

The Rite itself - as described in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* - requires several opfers, who will be chosen according to our traditional guidelines, and brought to, and confined in, the place chosen for what is the most sinister and the most joyful Rite of all.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles

A Note on Terms:

Rounwytha is the term used to describe an individual - male or female - who has great skill in both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking. The term was traditionally applied only to those, mostly women, who were naturally gifted in esoteric empathy before such abilities were rationally, and esoterically, understood, and thus before they could be developed and enhanced by sinister techniques. The term was, according to aural tradition, applied to rural sorceresses of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition who lived in a certain area of England.

The term Rounwytha is now generally used to describe a sorcerer, or sorceress, of our Sinister Tradition, who has acquired and who has developed skill in - or who has a natural ability and a natural skill in - both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking

Thus, while every Rounwytha of our Way is by nature and training a sinister Adept, not every sinister Adept is a Rounwytha, since not every sinister Adept has acquired great practical skill in acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking, or has the ability (natural or acquired) to so acquire and so develop such skills. Nearly every Rounwytha - past and present - has acquired and/or developed their skills by undertaking the longer form of the Rite of Internal Adept.

Given the talent, skill and natural ability of nearly every Rounwytha, it is not always necessary for them - nor is it a requirement for them - to assiduously undertake the training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept, as outlined in *Naos*, which training is a practical way for any individual to become a sinister Adept.

A Note on Texts:

It is recommended that those desirous of learning the Dark Arts - as practised and as taught by the ONA - use original ONA facsimile texts of works such as *Naos*, and *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Facsimile copies of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now widely available, both on the Internet, and from several books publishers. Nearly all other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them.

pdf Internet versions, and printed copies, of *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* are also now widely available.

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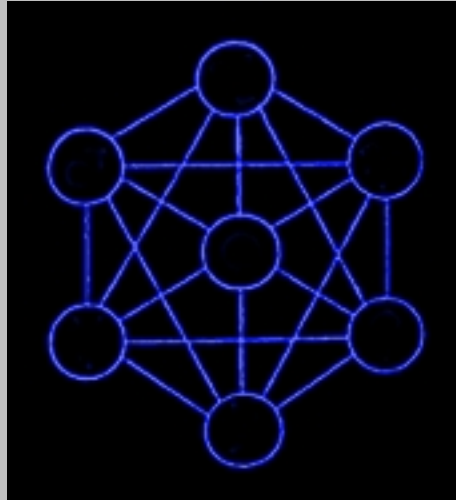
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A Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way

Order of Nine Angles

Introduction

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is the name given to the system of training used by traditional ONA nexions - that is, by those esoteric groups which use a sinister (LHP) Initiatory system based on The Dark Tradition (aka Hebdomary). It is the learning of The Art of Dark Sorcery, by individual Occultists, and thus is the graded and guided practice of The Dark Arts.

The Way is an individual one: each stage, of the seven stages that make the Way, is achieved by the individual as a result of their own effort. To reach a particular stage, requires considerable effort by the individual, who works mostly on their own.

One aim of the Way is to create Sinister individuals - that is, to train individuals in The Dark Arts. This sinister training develops individual character, esoteric (or Occult) skills and self-insight. The individual also acquires genuine esoteric knowledge and that genuine understanding that is the beginning of wisdom.

The Way itself enables any individual to achieve genuine esoteric (Occult) Adeptship - and beyond - and thus fulfil the potential latent within them, and thus they can and do enhance their life, and come to know and then achieve their unique Destiny.

The Way is essentially *practical* - involving experiences in the real world, and ordeals, as well as the completion of difficult, challenging tasks. It also involves a practical mastery of all forms of sorcery. The Way requires a sincere and genuine commitment, and it is both difficult and very dangerous. Success depends on this commitment by the individual.

The Way is divided into seven stages, and these mark a specific level of individual achievement. The stages are: Neophyte; Initiate; External Adept; Internal Adept; Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth [or "Lady Master"]; Grand Master/Grand Mistress [or "Grand Lady Master"]; Immortal. Sometimes, Initiates are described, or known, as "novices"; Internal Adepts as Priest/Priestess; a Grand Master as a Magus, and a Grand Mistress as a Magistra.

All of these stages (with the exception of the stages beyond Master/Mistress) are associated with specific tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on, and a completion of each and all of these (given in detail below under the appropriate stage) is required before the next stage can be attempted. Also, each stage involves the individual in a certain amount of reading and study of Order manuscripts/texts [hereafter "manuscripts" is abbreviated as MSS, and "manuscript" as MS]. The purpose of this reading and study is to provide a sinister, esoteric, understanding of the tasks, ordeals, rituals and so on of the particular stage being attempted. Each stage represents a development of and in the individual - of their personality, their skills, their understanding, their knowledge and insight.

Before embarking on the first stage - that of sinister Initiation - the individual who desires to follow the dark path of traditional sorcery should gain some understanding of what The Sinister Way is. To this end, the following Order MSS should be read:

- * A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles
- * A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms (v 2.01)
- * The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way
- * Our Sinister Character
- * An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

An Important Note Regarding Copies of Naos

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them. The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatum Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the

handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes - in the following order - Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

I - Neophyte

The first task of a neophyte [the word means "a beginner; a new convert"] is to obtain copies of the various Order MSS which will be needed. These include: (1) *Naos - A Guide to Becoming an Adept*; and (2) *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*. The neophyte also needs to understand the fundamental concepts of magick, such as "causal" and "acausal" and here a study of the following Order MSS is useful: (a) Chapters 0 and I of *Naos*; (b) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

The second task of a neophyte is to undertake the "secret task" appropriate to this first stage. This task is a necessary prelude to sinister Initiation [the task is detailed in the MS "The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way", which is included as an Appendix to this present work].

The third task of a neophyte is to undertake a ritual of Initiation. If you are in contact with a traditional nexion or group, this can be a Ceremonial ritual. If you are working alone, or the group you are in contact with suggest it, it can be a Hermetic one of "Self-Initiation", as given in detail in the Order MS *Naos*. There is no difference between a Ceremonial Initiation, and a Hermetic Self-Initiation.

The fourth and final task of this stage involves the new Initiate in constructing and learning to play, *The Star Game*, details of which are given in the Order MS *Naos*.

II - Initiate

Tasks:

1) Study the Septenary System in detail [*Naos*] and begin hermetic magickal workings with the septenary spheres and pathways as described in *Naos*. Write a personal "magickal diary" about these workings. Study and begin to use the Sinister Tarot [copies of the Sinister Tarot, and study notes, are available from the ONA].

2) Undertake hermetic workings/rituals for specific personal desires/personal requests of your own choosing, as described in *Naos*. Record these, and the results, if any, in your magickal diary.

3) Set yourself *one* very demanding physical goal, train and achieve or surpass that goal. [Examples of minimum standards are, for men: walking thirty-two miles in less than seven hours in hilly terrain; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than two and a half hours. Cycling one hundred miles in under five and a half hours. For women, the acceptable minimum standards are: walking twenty-seven miles in hilly terrain in less than seven hours; running twenty miles in hilly terrain in less than three hours; cycling one hundred miles in under six and one quarter hours.]

4) Seek and find someone of the opposite sex to be your 'magickal' companion and sexual partner [or of the same sex if you incline that way], and introduce this person to The Dark Tradition. Initiate them according to the rite in *Naos*, or devise your own rite of Initiation (which should culminate in sexual intercourse with your partner). Undertake the path and sphere workings with this partner.

5) Obtain and study (a) the Order MS *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and (b) the Order MS *The Deofel Quartet*. A guide to this MS is given in the MSS *The Deofel Quartet - Responses and Critical Analysis* and *The Deofel Quartet - A Satanic Analysis*. [Note: Part I and Part II of the *Deofel Quartet* are intended as entertaining sinister fiction.]

6) Undertake an 'Insight Role' [see the *Secret Tasks* MS [appended below] and the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* (119yf edition)]. This Insight Role is the Secret Task of this stage.

7) After completion of your Insight Role, undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept, given in *Naos*.

The stage of Initiation can last - depending on the commitment of the Initiate - from six months to a year. Occasionally, it lasts two years.

Understanding Initiation:

Sinister Initiation is the awakening of the darker/sinister/unconscious aspects of the psyche, and of the inner (often repressed) and *latent* personality/character of the Initiate. It is also a personal commitment, by the Initiate, to the path of dark sorcery. The dark, or sinister, energies which are used/unleashed are symbolized by the symbols/forms of the Septenary System, and these symbols are used in the workings with the septenary spheres and pathways. These magickal workings provide a controlled, ritualized, or willed, experience of these dark energies or "forces" - and this practical experience begins the process of objectifying and understanding such energies, and thus these aspects of the psyche/personality of the Initiate. *The Star Game* takes this process of objectification further, enabling a complete and rational understanding - divorced from conventional "moral opposites".

The physical goal which an Initiate must achieve develops personal qualities such as determination, self-discipline, élan. It enhances the vitality of the Initiate, and balances the inner magickal work.

The seeking and finding of a magickal companion begins the confrontation/understanding of the anima/animus (the female/male archetypes which exist in the psyche and beyond) in a practical way, and so increases self-understanding via direct experience. It also enables further magickal work to be done, of a necessary type.

An Insight Role develops real sinister character in the individual; it is a severe test of the resolve, Sinister commitment and personality of the Initiate. The Grade Ritual which completes the stage of Initiation (and which leads to the next stage) is a magickal act of synthesis.

III - External Adept

Tasks:

1) Organize a magickal, and Sinister, group/nexion/magickal Temple. You must recruit members for this Nexion, and teach them about The Dark Tradition of the ONA. With your companion (or another one if personal circumstances have changed) you must Initiate these members according a ceremonial ritual of your own devising, for which you may use texts such as *The Grimoire of Baphomet* and *The Black Book of Satan* for inspiration and some guidance. In addition, you must perform ceremonial rituals on a regular basis. In this Nexion/Temple, you will be the officiating Priest/Priestess, with your partner acting as the Priestess/Priest. Regular Sunedrions should be held, as detailed, for instance, in the *Black Book of Satan*, as you should regularly perform rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial, for the satisfaction of your own desires and those of your members. You should run this Temple for between six and eighteen months, as you should write and use your own *Black Book* of ceremonial rituals, with some help from the members of your group, if possible, in the writing of this work, and with all rituals firmly based on the non-Magian dark, septenary, tradition of the ONA, and you should use this work of yours in preference to using published works such as the *Black Book of Satan*.

2) Train for and undertake all three of the following different and demanding physical tasks - the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.]

3) Undertake the 'Secret Task' as given in the *Secret Tasks* MS.

4) Study, construct and learn to play the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

5) Study Aeonics and the principles of Aeonick Magick, as detailed in Order MSS.

6) Study, and if possible practice, Esoteric Chant, as detailed in Order MSS [particularly in *Naos*].

7) Study the esoteric traditions of The Dark Tradition, and if so inclined [see 'Concerning The Nexion' below] instruct your Temple members in this tradition.

8) Prepare for, and undertake, the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - if necessary choosing someone to run the Nexion in your absence.

Concerning The Nexion:

The Temple [aka Nexion] must be run for a minimum of six months, as you yourself must seek out, recruit, instruct and train, the members of this Temple. There must be at least four other members, excluding yourself and your companion, during these six months, as you must strive to obtain an equal balance between men and women if the Temple is so orientated toward heterosexuality. It is at your discretion whether or not you are honest about your intentions, and inform recruits/potential recruits that this Temple is one of your tasks as an External Adept, and that you yourself are not yet very advanced along the Left Hand Path. If you choose not to so inform your members, you must play the appropriate role. If you are considering keeping and expanding the Temple beyond the minimum period and into the next stage, that of Internal Adept, it is more practical to be honest from the outset. The crux is to decide whether you wish your Temple to be solely for your own External Adept purpose, or whether you want it be truly sinister, with your members guided by you to become sincere and practising dark sorcerers. If this latter, then you must be honest with them about your own progress along the path, and instruct them according to ONA tradition.

After this six months is over - with four or more members and many ceremonial rituals having been performed - you may disband the Temple, if you consider sufficient experience has been gained in magick/manipulation/pleasuring. However the time limit of six months, and the minimum of four other members, must be observed, otherwise the task is not completed, and the next stage - Internal Adept - is not possible. This particular task, of an External Adept, is only complete when these minimum conditions have been met, for such conditions are essential for practical ceremonial experience to be gained.

After these conditions have been met, you may opt to continue with, and expand, your Temple.

Understanding External Adept:

The tasks of an External Adept develop both magickal and personal experience, and from these a real, abiding, sinister character is formed in the individual. This character, and the understanding and skills which go with it, are the essential foundations of the next stage, that of the Internal Adept.

The Temple enables various character roles to be directly assumed, and further develops the magickal skills, and magickal understanding, an Adept must possess. Particularly important here is skill in, and understanding of, ceremonial magick. Without this skill and understanding, Aeonian magick is not possible. The Temple also completes the experiencing of confronting, and integrating, the anima/animus.

From the many and diverse controlled and willed experiences, a genuine self-learning arises: the beginnings of the process of "individuation", of esoteric Adeptship. [See, for some basic exoteric guidance, the Order MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance.*]

The stage of External Adept lasts from two to six years.

IV - Internal Adept

The basic task of an Internal Adept is to strive to fulfil their personal Destiny - that is, to presence the dark force by acting sinister in the real world, thus affecting others, and causing changes in accord with the sinister dialectic of change. This personal Destiny is revealed, or becomes known, before or during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

The Destiny is unique, and involves using the natural, and developed character and abilities of the individual. For some, the Destiny may be to continue with their Nexion, teaching others, and guiding them in their turn along the Seven-Fold Way. For others, the Destiny may be creative, in the artistic or musical sense - presencing the sinister through new, invented and performed forms or works. For others, the Destiny may be to acquire influence and/or power, and using these to aid /produce sinister change in accord with the sinister dialectic. For others, it may involve some heretical/adversarial or directly revolutionary or disruptive role, and thus seeking to change society. For others, the Destiny may be specific and specialized - being a warrior, or an assassin..... There are as many Destinies as there Adepts to undertake them. [For a text appropriate to one such Destiny, see the ONA MS *Warriors of The Dark Way*.]

While this Destiny is unfolding, the Adept will be increasing their esoteric knowledge and experience through a study and practice of Esoteric Chant, *The Star Game*, Aeonick Magick. Rites such as those of the Nine Angles will be undertaken. A complete and reasoned understanding of Aeons, Civilizations and other forms will be achieved, and with it the beginnings of wisdom.

After many years of striving to fulfil their Destiny, and after many years of experience and learning, the Adept will be propelled toward the next stage of the Way [see, for some basic exoteric guidance, the MS *Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance*; and the MS *The Abyss* where what occurs during Internal Adept is described.] When the time is right, the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress will be undertaken. The time is right only after the Adept has spent years completing themselves, and their 'self-image', having taken themselves to and beyond their limits - physical, mental, intellectual, moral, emotional. Being genuine Adepts, they will have the insight, and the honesty, to know what experiences, and what knowledge, they lack - and accordingly will seek to undergo such experiences, and learn such knowledge.

The stage of Internal Adept lasts from five to eleven years.

V - Master/Mistress

The fundamental tasks of this Grade are threefold:

1) The guiding of suitable individuals along the Seven-Fold Way, either on an individual basis, or as

part of a structured Nexion/Temple/group;

2) The performance of Aeonic Magick to aid the sinister dialectic;

3) The creation of new forms to enhance conscious understanding and to aid the presencing of acausal/sinister forces.

Further, and importantly, a Master/Mistress will be using their Aeonic understanding, and their skills to influence/bring about changes in the societies of their time - this is Aeonic Magick, but without "ritual", as described in Parts III and IV of *The Deofel Quartet* and in texts such as *Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet*. They will also be working to create long-term change (of centuries or more).

Few individuals reach the stage of Master/Mistress - so far, only one to two individuals a century, out of all the genuine esoteric traditions, have gone beyond the stage of Master/Mistress to that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

The stage of Master/Mistress lasts a minimum of seven years - when sufficient Aeonic works are completed/achieved, and wisdom attained, there is a moving toward the next stage, that of Grand Master/Grand Mistress.

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Appendix - The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Way

The secret tasks have remained secret for a long time by virtue of their nature - they represent genuine dark sorcery in action and as such often are "a-moral". Such esoteric tasks were revealed to an Initiate by the Master, or Adept, guiding and training that Initiate.

To understand the nature of these tasks, it is necessary for the sinister novice to be familiar, and in agreement with, the secret teachings themselves, particularly as these relate to culling. [These teachings are contained in such traditional Order MSS as *Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice* and *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*. For a long time, the matters mentioned in the above secret MSS were transmitted only on an oral basis - it being forbidden for such teachings and practices to be written down or divulged to non-Initiates. However, as explained elsewhere, in several other MSS, this practice has now changed.

Accordingly, this present MS will detail the secret tasks which a sinister novice must undertake as part of their commitment to The Dark Tradition. That is, these hitherto secret tasks - like the other tasks detailed in the MS *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* - are both required and necessary: mandatory if progress is to be made upon the Way. Without them, there can be no genuine achievement along the Way, for it is such tasks which develop that character and those abilities which are sinister and which thus represent the presencing of the dark forces on Earth via the agency (or vehicle) of the

individual sorcerer. These secret tasks - and the other tasks - represent the way of dark sorcerer. They are sinister. As such, they are fitting only to a minority: to those who are, or those who desire to become, sinister in a practical way. Some who profess to be sinister - and some who wish to become sorcerers of The Dark Tradition - will hear of these tasks, or read them, and be surprised, perhaps even appalled, particularly by the tasks that involve hunting and killing animals and culling human dross. Such people will say or write such things as "Such tasks are not necessary". By saying or writing such things such people condemn themselves as mundanes - as "ordinary" and weak - as they will show they lack the demonic desire, the hardness, the toughness, the darkness which all genuine sinister novices possess or must develop. The Dark Way is as it is - dark, and dangerous, and full of diabolic ecstasies and diabolic triumphs over the "ordinary", the mundane and those who would keep everyone in servitude and thrall. So it is, so has it been, and so shall it continue to be - to enable evolution, to create what must be created, while the fearful majorities in their sloth, delusions and ignorance continue their morbid, Nazarene-like, sub-human existence.

As has been stated many times, genuine dark sorcery requires commitment - it requires self-effort, by the novice, over a period of years. It involves genuine *ordeals*, the achievement of difficult goals, the participation in pleasures, and the living of life in certain ways. Only thus are self-insight and genuine Occult ability born - only thus is a genuine Adept created.

Neophyte:

Before Initiation - and after undertaking the first task of a neophyte as given in the *Guide* - undertake the following task:

* Find an area where game is plentiful and, equipping yourself with either a cross-bow or an ordinary bow (a longbow) hunt/stalk some suitable game, and make a kill. Skin and prepare this game yourself (if necessary - for example, a pheasant - 'hanging' the game until it is ready). When prepared and ready, cook and eat this game.

"Game" in this context means wild edible birds or animals such as venison, hare, rabbit, partridge, pheasant, wildfowl. For this task, you are undertaking the role of hunter, using primitive weapons. (Guns cannot be used for this task.) After completing this hunting task, either undertake the next task as given below - which is not obligatory - *or* repeat the task above, choosing a different type of game.

* Undertake, as a solo hermetic working, either the traditional *Mass of Heresy* (suitably adapted for such an hermetic rite), and then, nine days later, the *Rite of Defiance*.

Note: Both the Mass of Heresy and the Rite of Defiance are intentionally heretical in our times; as well as being means of catharsis, and providing a practical means whereby those undertaking them can develop a sinister-empathy with that which and those whom are currently regarded, by Magians and mundanes and in a very practical way, as "evil" and deserving of approbation.

Initiate:

After the rite or ceremony of your Initiation, and following the completion of the tasks as given in the *Guide*, you should choose and undertake, for between six to eighteen months, an Insight Role [see the MS *An Introduction to Insight Roles* - 119yf edition].

External Adept:

The following two tasks *must* both be undertaken successfully.

1) With your Temple formed as one of your External Adept tasks - see the *Guide* - perform both the *Mass of Heresy* and *The Rite of Defiance*.

2) Train several members, and yourself, in the undertaking of the tests relevant to choosing an opfer. Select some suitable candidates for the post of opfer, using sinister guidelines for so selecting an opfer, and undertake the relevant tests on each chosen candidate. The opfer or opfers having been so chosen by failing such tests, perform *The Death Ritual* using the chosen opfer(s) in the central role. Thereafter, and having completed all the necessary preparations, select a further opfer using Aeonics or sinister strategy as a guide, and undertake *The Ceremony of Recalling* [see *The Grimoire of Baphomet*].

It must be stressed that (i) the opfer(s) must be chosen according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS; (ii) those so chosen must be tested according to sinister principles as given in the appropriate Order MSS. Furthermore, the candidates for the position of opfer can be chosen either by you, or suggested by a member of your Temple, if those members are following the sinister path in a committed way.

Beyond External Adept, there are no secret tasks of a prescribed nature, for those following the sinister path to undertake.

Order of Nine Angles

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(Revised 121 yf)

Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA

The cultivation of the faculty of Dark-Empathy is part of the training of The Seven-Fold Way; an esoteric skill possessed by all genuine Adepts, and a skill, a Dark Art, whose rudiments can be learnt by undertaking the standard (basic) Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which Ritual lasts for one particular alchemical season (around three months), and mastery of which Dark Art involves – with one exception [1] – undertaking the advanced Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which lasts for a different alchemical season (usually six months or more, depending on geographical location).

Possession of this skill, this particular faculty, is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. In the Rite of Internal Adept, the candidate has nowhere to hide – they are alone, bereft of human contact; bereft of diversions and distractions; bereft of comforts and especially bereft of the modern technology that allows and encourages the rapid and vapid and mundane communication of abstractions and HomoHubris-like emotions and responses. All the candidate has are earth, sky, weather, whatever wildlife exists in their chosen location – and their own feelings, dreams, beliefs, determination, and hopes. They can either cling onto their ego (their presumed separate self-identity) and their past – onto the mundane world they have chosen to temporarily leave behind – or they can allow themselves to become attuned to the natural rhythm of Nature and of the Cosmos beyond, beyond all causal abstractions: beyond even those esoteric ones manifest, for instance, in the Septenary Tree of Wyrd, which are but intimations, pointers, symbols, toward and of the acausal essence often obscured by causal forms and by written and spoken words.

One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even “Druid”). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st – that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calendar which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occultists say, write, and believe this? Because – for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel – they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously “in-tune” with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy – who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calendar. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calendar. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring

Equinox – indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location – an Adept “knows”, or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell) the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them – and its wildlife – is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about “alchemical seasons” – which are not fixed by some abstract solar calendar, which depend on one’s location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain – and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal – varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept – in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA – with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals [2], its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing [3], its emphasis on the feminine [4], its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way – is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention.

Furthermore, given that the faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept [5], it can thus be understood why the Order of Nine Angles has placed, and does place, and always will place great emphasis on its initiatory system: on Initiates following the Seven-Fold Way and actually doing practical sorcery and undertaking Grade Rituals such as that of Internal Adept. For the experience, and the achievement, are then theirs – unique to, and formative for, them, as individuals.

Thus it is that such individuals achieve Adeptship, by practical experience, by developing certain faculties, by self-overcoming, by difficult and testing challenges, physical, mental, and Occult. There is not, has not been, and will not be – until we evolve to become another type of human species and have developed more numinous ways of living – any other way of achieving genuine esoteric Adeptship. For Adeptship, it should be repeated, is only and ever achieved, never given, never awarded by someone else.

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AoB

Order of Nine Angles

121 Year of Feyen

Notes:

[1] The one exception is the Rounwytha – the rare individual (who is usually of the female gender) who is naturally gifted with this still uncommon faculty.

[2] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[3] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[4] See, for example, *The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA* in the article *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*.

See also the ONA text [*The Dark Goddess as Archetype*](#).

[5] Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public.

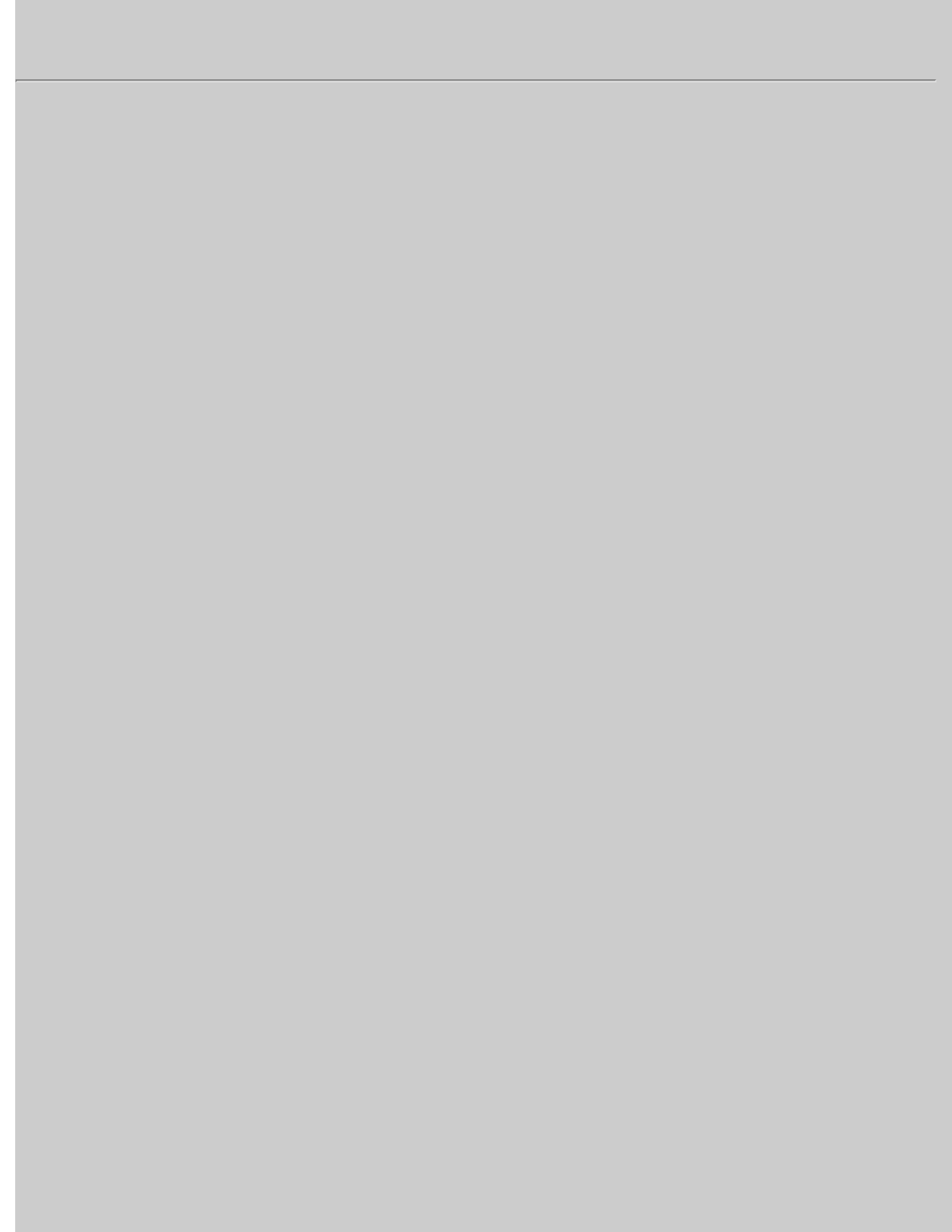
In one word, Adepts possess *arête*.

A Note Regarding Terms

Dark-Empathy: This is a specific (that is, esoteric) type of empathy – that which relates to and concerns *acausal-knowing*.

Acausal-knowing: (as distinct from the causal knowing of conventional Science) is basically possessing a natural sympathy with the various and manifold aspects of Life, manifest, for instance, in: (1) living causal beings (human, and otherwise, who dwell on our planet, Earth); (2) the living being we term Nature; and (3) the living, changing, evolving, being we term the Cosmos, whose Life animates Nature, and which Cosmos has an acausal-continuum and a causal-continuum, each with their own types, or forms, of life.

This natural-sympathy-with requires the individual to know, to understand, to sense, to intuit, both beyond outer causal forms and abstractions, and beyond the illusive nature of separateness – to thus know, understand, sense, intuit, the connexions that exist between all aspects of Life, as those connexions (nexions) are, beyond all words and terms and beliefs.



The Dark Goddess As Archetype

Introduction

The Dark Goddess is often called Baphomet, who is described, according to the aural tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, as:

a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

In former times, as again in this new millennia, it was and it is to Baphomet that human sacrifices were dedicated.

However, often – as in pre-ONA days (that is, before the tradition was given and described by the ONA name) – the Dark Goddess is not referred to directly by name, as, for example, at the end of the instructional text *The Giving*, where Mallam is sacrificed in a communal ceremony, and where Lianna says, “[Satanism] is not the way I follow. My tradition is different, much older.”

Understood esoterically, an archetype is:

a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus “in the psyche”): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it “dies” (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Thus the Dark Goddess in general, and Baphomet in particular, can be considered as types of living being, manifest most often in our psyche [1] but also capable of becoming present in our causal continuum [2].

Mythos and Aural Tradition

According to the aural history of the ONA [3] the old tradition inherited by the present Grand Master was carried on for many generations by mostly reclusive Adepts who instructed only a select, few, individuals. In addition, it should be understood that: (1) the tradition existed mainly in rural areas of South Shropshire and the Welsh Marches; (2) with a few notable exceptions (one being the present Grand Master) all those who guarded and transmitted the tradition, and who instructed candidates, were women; (3) the tradition – never called by any particular name or described by any term – consisted mainly of esoteric chant; the mythos of The Dark Gods (including tales such as later recounted in the stories *Sabirah* and *Jenyah*), certain ceremonies (such as The Ceremony of Recalling), propitiation of

certain natural forces by means of communal culling, and so on; and (4) a fictional characterization of one such fairly recent Lady Master/Mistress of Earth is the character of Lianna in *The Giving*, and which fictional work gives a general background to, and a few details about, the old tradition itself.

Furthermore, the instructional account *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized account of the awakening (the development) of a young Rounwytha, manifest in the character of Rachael [4]. Rachael, for instance, enchants naturally, without words or ritual or ceremonies, and forms a natural empathic link to the area where she dwells, and has (being a Rounwytha, albeit a young one) the natural ability to bring forth, to induce, in her lover (Diane) a deep, intuitive, understanding of the importance of the feminine and of Nature.

Breaking The Silence Down also contains an old, traditional, text celebrating the female:

Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!
Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust, softness, understanding, and love!
My breasts pleased you
And brought forth darkness and joy...

(Synestry: The Dark Daughters of Baphomet)

Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype

In contrast to nearly every other manifestation of The Left Hand Path, in the West – and in stark contrast to all other groups who claim to be or who describe themselves as Satanist – the ONA has always been biased toward the feminine aspect of The Sinister.

For example, a majority of traditional nexions, in both the Old World (England) and the New World (America and Canada) are organized and run by Lady Masters/Mistresses of Earth, just as the ONA has always had many Sapphic nexions (for example, The Dark Daughters of Chaos, in England). Conversely, groups such as The Golden Dawn, the OTO, the Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, have all been dominated by men and are redolent of that posturing masculine Homo Hubris ethos that is anathema to Dark-Empathy and the gentility of the well-mannered Adept.

In addition – as hinted at in many ONA texts, such as *The Rite of the Nine Angles* and in *The Ceremony of Recalling* [5] – the ONA emphasizes that it is the female sorcerer (“the priestess”) who is one of the most important keys to opening a nexion to the acausal, and it is through her that acausal energies flow when a ceremony to open a nexion is undertaken.

As someone wrote concerning the depiction of women in the sinister fiction of the ONA:

In general, such depictions – and the mythos of the ONA in general – may be said to empower women; to depict them in a way that has been long neglected, especially in the still male-dominated, materialistic, West. However, this empowerment, it should be noted, is based upon “the sinister”: upon there being hidden esoteric, pagan, depths, abilities and qualities in women who have an important, and indeed vital, rôle to play in our general evolution and in our own lives. Furthermore, it is one of the stated aims of the ONA to develop such character, such qualities, such Occult abilities, in women, and the following of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is regarded as the means to achieve this.

Furthermore, the ONA’s depiction of such women – its explication of the dark feminine principle – is very interesting because it is a move away from, and indeed in stark contrast to, the “feminine principle” of both the political “feminism” which has become rather prevalent in Western societies, and that particular feminine ethos which many pagan and Wiccan “White-light” and Right Hand Path groups have attempted to manufacture.

This political feminism is basically an attempt to have women imitate the behaviour, the personality, the ethos, of men – which is what the strident calls for “equality” are essentially about, and as such it is often a negation of the character, and of those unique qualities and abilities, germane to women. The pagan and Wiccan type of feminism is most often about some dreamy, pseudo-mystical vision of a once mythical “perfect past” or about goody-goody types “harming none” – in stark contrast to the dark sinister goings-on of the ONA feminine archetype, which most obviously includes using sexual enchantment to manipulate those Homo Hubris type men “who deserve what they get...” *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*

Return of The Dark Goddess

One the primary aims of the Order of Nine Angles is:

to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (*A Brief Guide to*

The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles)

It should be noted – and needs to be emphasized – that the *Law of The Sinister-Numen* applies to both men and women, and that no distinction is made between male, and female, warriors. That is, the only distinction that matters is living by the code which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen, so that, and for example, disputes are settled by having a man *or* woman of honour who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter.

Furthermore, it is possible, and indeed probable, that the new tribal way of living which will evolve – and which will replace the lifeless, un-numinous, male-and-HomoHubris-dominated, abstraction of the nation-State – will veer toward a new and natural balance between male and female, made possible by the real and natural equality that the Law of The Sinister-Numen manifests and creates, and by the re-emergence of the Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype.

For, implicit in this archetype – as in all those who are Mistresses of Earth (of traditional nexions or otherwise) – is that necessary dark-empathy which returns us to a correct understanding and knowing of our relation to other Life through a natural and esoteric resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos. And it is this dark-empathy – this natural, wordless, ritual-less, esoteric resonance – which is the quintessence of the old tradition, presenced in the character, the very nature, of a Rounwytha. The Mistress of Earth – *the warrior sorceress* – is thus, in essence, an evolutionary development of the Rounwytha, where the practical (manifest for instance in the Law of The Sinister-Numen and in an outer sinister life of dark deeds) meets and is blended and balanced with the esotericism of Dark-Empathy.

Thus it is that one of secrets of a male Adept (and more so, of a genuine Master) is their unification of the opposites within themselves (for example, and in symbolic exoteric-speak, the archetypes represented by Satan and Baphomet), and the emergence from such an alchemical process of a new, more evolved, individual. Manifestations of this new type of male individual (in terms of character) are Dark-Empathy (a natural esoteric resonance and sympathy with Nature, other living beings, and the Cosmos), and the nobility (the excellence of personal character) that comes with being cultured and possessing personal manners and yet being prepared to die to save one's personal honour. All of which stand in almost direct opposition to the type of hedonistic male Adept that all others Left Hand Path, and so-called Satanic groups, desire to manufacture and which, indeed, they do manufacture, perpetuating as they do that untermensch sub-species, Homo Hubris.

Our archetype of The Dark Goddess – our warrior sorceresses – are one means by which we ourselves, and our current untermensch way of life may be transformed, for:

Δίκα δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσ-
ιν μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει [6]

and it is through a real *pathei-mathos* that a genuine alchemical transformation begins. Part of which *pathei-mathos* is, of course, the Rite of Internal Adept, wherein the faculty of Dark-Empathy can be discovered and cultivated.

Thus does the Dark Goddess, Baphomet – Mistress of Blood and Mother of Culling – come to be both invoked and evoked and so presenced on Earth, since:

“It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things.....” *To Presence The Dark* [7]

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen
(Revised 121 Year of Feyen)

Notes:

[1] The *psyche* of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual – those aspects of consciousness – which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called “the unconscious”, and some of the forces/energies of this “unconscious” have been, and can be, described by the term “archetypes”.

[2] qv. *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

[3] As has been explained many times, these traditions are simply aural traditions, and may or may not contain certain historical facts, it being for each individual to make their own judgement concerning them,

[4] A real-life account of one such similar encounter was briefly recalled in *The Girl Goddess*, published in the now defunct zine, *Exeat*. An expurgated version was later published in vol 3, #2 of Fenrir.

[5] Where it is written:

You who are the daughter of and a Gate
To our Dark Gods...

Kiss me and I shall make you
As an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you
As a strong sword that severs
And stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you
As a seed of corn which grows
Toward the sun, and never dies.
Plough me and plant me
With your seed and I shall make you
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

[6] ” The goddess, Judgement, favours someone *learning from adversity*.” Aeschylus: *Agamemnon*, 250

[7] For an explication of Satanism in an Aeonic context, refer to ONA texts such as *Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles* and *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, where it is stated:

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by – for example – returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism – as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) – is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mundanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves “Satanists” and who thus follow the mundane so-called “satanism” of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism.

The ONA is not just “satanic” because even traditional Satanism (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to one particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be “satanists” will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term sinister instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some -ism or some -ology.

For the reality is that “we” cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need.

Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery

The fundamental basis of five-dimensional acausal sorcery is acausal thinking: that is, knowing and understanding what the acausal is, what acausal energy is, and how such things relate to our causal phenomenal world, and to us, as individuals.

Explained in a simplistic way, acausal thinking means the following:

(1) Simultaneity - that is, that acausal energy does not propagate in a causal linear way either in "time" or in "space". Instead, such energy propagates (and can manifest or be presenced) according to the nature of acausal-space and acausal-time. Thus, there is no direct, causal-based, "cause and effect" - events are not, or may not be, separated by a duration of causal time, and are not, or may not be, separated by a physical distance as measured according to causal-space.

(2) Acausal energy implies acausal beings (or "entities") which exist in both the acausal dimensions/spaces (acausal-space and acausal-time) and in our causal universe. These beings live, according to the type of acausal energy that they are, and their existence is independent of us, as causal beings. Thus, The Dark Gods, of mythos, legend and esoteric tradition, are one type of such acausal entities.

(3) Empathy - that is, knowing and understanding that causal beings (or "entities") such as ourselves, who have life or existence in the causal spaces/dimensions, are not separate, discrete or even "individual" beings or entities, but are only parts of the matrix which comprises causal and acausal spaces. That is, that such causal entities are nexions, and are "alive" by virtue of having acausal energy; they can be viewed, in one sense, as receptacles, composed of causal, physical elements, atoms and so on, in-which acausal energy can dwell (or be presenced). Our consciousness - and especially magick, correctly understood - is a means to apprehend our true nature as causal entities and can be a means for us to access more acausal energy.

Explained in a simplistic way, five-dimensional acausal sorcery is a means to create, or draw-into-the-causalspaces, acausal beings/entities, and a means for us to transform ourselves (and other causal entities) by accessing/presencing acausal energy and thus possibly move toward a dwelling in the acausal spaces. Furthermore, acausal sorcery works on the fundamental premise of the irrelevancy of causal-time and causal-space - that is, our concepts of cause-and-effect, of spatial distance, of a beginning and an end - of a past, a present and a future - do not apply.

The Nature of Acausal Beings

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being

many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

Acausal Sorcery

Among the techniques of acausal sorcery are the following:

- (1) Esoteric chant, especially that involving the use of certain shaped crystals of a certain type. This chant can access and/or produce, certain types of acausal energy (or under certain circumstances, open a nexion to certain acausal spaces to allow certain acausal beings to presence in our dimensions).
- (2) Empathy - that is, by direct acausal thinking (or "being") which implies a particular type of awareness and consciousness and certain abilities. It should be noted that one of the aims of The Star Game, in its various forms, is to provoke such acausal thinking, and to provide some experience of some of the awareness involved. This is the natural creation of a nexion or nexion (or the use of an already existing connexion) and then the attraction of acausal energies or acausal beings (a natural "calling" of such beings).

(3) Certain acts (which over a certain period of causal time may be said to represent an extended "ritual") can be done to create a nexion or nexions (or to prepare an already existing nexion or nexions, such as an individual or individual) and to then access or generate or otherwise produce those particular energies which may attract into or through such a nexion or nexions, certain acausal beings whose "nature" is to be drawn toward such energies to then indwell in such a nexion or nexions or to otherwise be presented in the causal.

What should be understood about all methods is that it is in the nature of certain types of acausal energy to flow through a nexion. That is, once a connexion is established, and such energy or energies accessed, then a causal presencing will begin. Furthermore, certain times are regarded, according to a certain esoteric tradition, as more favourable than others - that is, there are certain causal times when certain "cosmic tides" (caused by the structure of causal and acausal space-time) facilitate the flow of such acausal energy into the causal, and other times when the opposite occurs (when, that is, it becomes more difficult for such energy to be accessed and presented in the causal). One causal apprehension of such cosmic tides is said to be "aeons" - with the beginning of such an Aeon being a time (in causal terms) when such a presencing, such a flow, is favourable.

The Dark Gods

One of the aims of a certain group of Adepts is to presence (or, rather, to re-presence) The Dark Gods. That is, to bring these beings (who are mostly shapeshifters) into our own causal dimensions and thus change the life, the living, of our world, and our causal universe. According to one ancient esoteric tradition (to be believed or not according to one's way of thinking) *one* such acausal entity - a shapeshifter - is known in mythos and legend as "Satan", with this acausal being assuming, in former times, various causal forms (or "appearances").

Beyond Sorcery: Toward The Acausal

According to a certain esoteric tradition, it is possible for us, as individual human beings dwelling (existing) in the causal spaces, to move toward an existence in the acausal spaces. That is, in a simplistic sense, to transfer our consciousness, via a nexion or nexion, into an acausal being and thus begin to dwell in the acausal spaces. According to another tradition, it is also possible for us to create, for ourselves, such an acausal existence - that is, to transit into the acausal. Such a dwelling (living) by a causal-based entity such as ourselves is often regarded as one of the greatest goals of genuine esoteric arts, and the means to do this as perhaps the greatest secret of genuine Dark Arts, the greatest act of natural alchemy (1).

Anton Long
118 yf (Year of Fayen)
Agiōs o Baphomet

Notes:

(1) For some further details, see the MS *Acausal Alchemy* .

ONA Esoteric Notes

Azal, Dhar, Zamal, and Acausal Time

One Question from an Initiate: How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?

One Possible Answer: Daar ul-Islam is one possible form (literally: the realms of Islam)... A causal construct used to manifest some-thing beyond the causal (i.e. a-causal). A Khilafah – led by a Khalifah (a leader, or chief) – is one type of such a causal construct; an Earth-based Imperium, which correctly led and correctly developed, can be the basis for a Galactic khilafah/imperium. Thus, such a construct symbolizes the animation of the nine angles by acausal energy – a means whereby acausal energies (that which animates and makes alive) become presenced among humans. Such a Khilafah animates human beings (especially mundanes) to make them a means to what is beyond them.

Azal, Dhar and Zamal are Arabic terms used by classical Islamic philosophy (and Islamic alchemy) and refer to aspects of Time (both causal and acausal). The nine angles relate to these Time aspects because, when animated in certain ways, what the “nine angles” are (or can be) are conduits/nexions and/or a collocation of Space-Time metrics which allow the presencing of acausal energies.

Note the words: (1) realms of Islam (plural), for these extend over what are now described as many “nations” (i.e. many realms); (2) “one type of such a causal construct”, for there are other possibilities, beyond the form that is Islam; (3) Khalifah – leader; the person who establishes a new Khilafah will be quite similar to Vindex, since a Khilafah is established, and maintained, through Jihad.

Commentary

To bring-into-being what has been termed The Galactic Imperium (aka The Dark Imperium aka the exoteric causal form of the new sinister Aeon) several causal constructs or forms can be utilized or manufactured.

One aim of the esoteric (inner) ONA is to aid, support and if necessary manufacture all the possible causal forms that can be utilized or manufactured to achieve our goals. This will be done until one form – utilized, aided or manufactured by us – triumphs, and thus wins out in the process of evolution (exoterically, achieves success by survival of the fittest) after which we shall concentrate our resources on that successful form of ours. Thus, we are being practical, pragmatic, and sinister: using whatever means and forms we can to presence the acausal and to bring-into-being what aids our esoteric aims; and also attacking the Old Order on many fronts by various means (and various tactics) until we achieve a practical breakthrough in one or more areas. This is the strategy, and the tactics, of a practical war – which is what we are fighting.

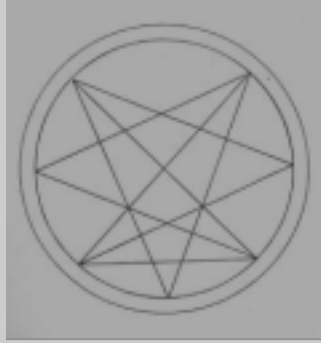
A Khilafah is just one such form, one such causal construct which has the potential to at some future time bring-into-being The Galactic Imperium; one particular form whose exoteric mythos already exists, and which form is already being fought for and supported, on the practical level, by many of those “not of us” and by “a few who are of us”.

Another such form is the emergence of a new supra-tribal form, deriving from the mythos of Vindex, and in which the sinister tribes of the ONA form the initial basis, the origin. This form is currently in the process of being manufactured, and of having acausal energies generated (by various esoteric means) to aid, sustain and expand it.

There are some other forms. But what all the esoteric-supported forms have in common is that they all presence, can presence, or will presence, an important aspect of the numinous – to wit, the practical way of the warrior, as manifest, for example by the Japanese Samurai, the Waffen-SS and, more recently, by the Taliban, and also by successful and large urban gangs. Indeed, all these numinous forms – supported by sinister groups such as ours because they have the potential to achieve our aims – make the warrior way an essential part of their exoteric and esoteric ethos, and thus manifest a martial spirit; a spirit, an ethos, where the individual warrior is seen as the individual ideal and where the warrior places their duty, their loyalty, their honour, before their own life, and where combat is seen as necessary and healthy and is used as a means to achieve goals.

This is why, for instance, none of our esoteric kind could or would support something as un-numinous as the “New World Order” led by Amerika, for this ethos of this new empire is materialistic; the goals are fundamentally capitalistic and un-evolutionary; and the individual “ideal” is the mundane, Homo Hubris – the contented wage or salary slave. That is, the ethos of this NWO is Magian, not ours, and can never be made ours.

NexionZero
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen



Guide To The Kulture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA

The *Order of Nine Angles* (ONA, O9A) is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

By *subversive* is meant disruptive of and opposed to the existing order (society, governments, and their so-called “Law and Order”) and desirous of overthrowing and replacing the existing order.

By *sinister* is meant a-moral and of The Left Hand Path [\[1\]](#).

By *esoteric* is meant secretive, and Occult (that is, pertaining to The Dark Arts). In general, many of those associated with the ONA hide their identity - by which mundanes and mundane governments know and describe and classify them - for practical reasons, given the subversive and sinister nature of the ONA. Some may also hide their association with the ONA, for the same reason. Pseudonyms and aliases, and new, alternative, identities, are positively encouraged by the ONA.

By *association* is meant a collective – a collection of individuals and groups who share similar interests, aims and life-styles, and who co-operate together for their mutual benefit and in pursuit of similar goals.

A *Sinister Tribe* is a localized, territorial, sinister kindred – a gang – of Dreccs who rule, in a practical way, their own neighbourhood or neighbourhoods, and who regard mundane property and wealth as a useful resource.

A *Drecc* is a person who lives a practical sinister life – that is, who upholds and lives by The Code of The Sinister-Numen (see below) and who thus accepts that the only law is the law of sinister-honour. Thus, Dreccs have contempt for mundanes, for all mundane societies, and for all laws except their own, and accept that the only true justice is Dreccian justice – that is, based on the law of sinister-honour.

A *Traditional Nexion* is a local group of Sorcerers (male and female, or all male or all female) who follow The Seven-Fold Sinister Way and who thus practise External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick (Sorcery). Traditional Nexions often use the term The Sinister Way, or The Seven-Fold Sinister Way, or The Dark Tradition, and/or Traditional Satanism, to describe their Way.

By *Balobians* – aka *Balo-Bohemians* [2] – we mean those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers, who share or are inspired by our sinister ethos and life-style, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us.

Thus, the ONA is a diverse, and world-wide, collective of diverse groups, tribes, and individuals, who share and who pursue similar sinister, subversive, interests, aims and life-styles, and who co-operate when necessary for their mutual benefit and in pursuit of their shared aims and objectives.

The criteria for belonging to the ONA is this sharing and pursuit of similar sinister, subversive, interests, aims and life-styles, together with the desire to co-operate when it is beneficial to them and the pursuit of our shared aims. There is thus no formal ONA membership, and no Old-Aeon, mundane, hierarchy or even any rules.

Instead, there is an ONA Kulture and ethos, and an identification with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos.

Those who identify with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos are free to chose the means, the methods, the ways, that suits their own character best, and/or which interest or inspire them most, and are actively encouraged to do this.

Hence, those who belong to, or associate themselves with or who are inspired by our collective may and do differ in the means used to attain our (and their) aims and objectives, just as they will differ in whether or not they have, or desire, some formal association with us; that is, whether or not they publicly or otherwise adhere to or associate themselves with the ONA and use the ONA name.

Thus, many Balobians, for instance, do not assign any label or terms to themselves, and so they may not describe themselves as satanists, or as Dreccs, or even as Occultists – although some do – just as some Balobians may adhere to or align themselves with or practice some other, non-ONA, Occult Way, or adhere to or align themselves with some non-Occult Way or *weltanschauung*.

The Goals, Aims and Objectives, of The ONA

Our fundamental aim is to change, to evolve, human beings – to produce a new type of human being. This derives from our belief that we human beings have great potential; that we can consciously change and evolve ourselves, and that esoteric Arts, especially The Dark Arts, are one of the most practical

means to do this. Our Dark Arts include our sinister tribes and our Dreccian way of life, as well as the more traditional Dark Arts of External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick.

Our main goal is to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, all governments, and all nations, and in their place create new societies, new ways of life, based on our own tribal way of living, where the only law is our law of sinister-honour.

We desire to do this because of our belief that the current order, the current systems, are all mundane, and reflect the nature of mundanes; of those who lack our sinister spirit, our defiance, our desire to free ourselves from mundanity and the restrictions of patronising governments and abstract, impersonal, law, and which governments treat us as either children or as subjects to be restrained and controlled.

Our means – our Dark Arts – are many and varied, and include our *sinister tribes*, our *Traditional Nexions* (with the Seven Fold Sinister Way and External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick), our *Dreccs*, our *Sorcerers and Sorceresses* who work alone or with a few sinister comrades, our *Sinister-Empaths*, our *Star Game*, and our sympathizers and helpers, such as *Balobians*. One other important means, employed, by the ONA – and an essential part of our Dark Arts – is our *sinister Mythos*, and which ONA Mythos includes The Mythos of The Dark Gods, and The Mythos of Vindex.

One of our objectives is for our new species to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies. This leaving of our childhood home will, with its challenges, its experiences, and its opportunities, enable us to mature, and further evolve, as a species.

The Sinister Ethos of The ONA

The sinister ethos of the ONA – a guide to our sinister life-style – is expressed in our Law of Sinister-Honour, and defined by our Sinister Code.

The Sinister Code

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and

sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour (“I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the

person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

ONA Kulture

Our Kulture [3] is an expression of the living tradition that we belong to, and the essence of this living tradition is our practical sinister ethos, which describes the way we live or aspire to live. For us, Kulture is a means to produce, nurture, and aid, our new type of human beings, and a means to produce, nurture, aid, and evolve the new ways of life, and the new societies, based on our sinister tribes.

Thus, our living tradition includes our Dark Arts (our practices) and our Mythos, and what will be developed and evolve from these, by and among our collective, in the future, consistent with our aims, objectives and our ethos.



Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Feyen

Notes:

[1] In general, the Left Hand Path means that nothing is forbidden or restricted; that the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and that it is practical, sinister, amoral, dangerous and challenging deeds which breeds and which reveals true sinister character.

For an overview of the Left Hand Path, in the context of the ONA, see the text, by Richard Stirling, entitled *The ONA and The Left Hand Path*.

[2] The prefix *Balo* is from the Old English *balo* – sinister (baleful), as in *balocraft*, a sinister (Dark) Art. Satanus was often described as *balewa*, The Sinister (baleful) One.

[3] We use the spelling Kulture to distinguish our sinister Kulture, since the term culture has been used

to describe the alleged culture of mundanes.

ONA Manuscripts

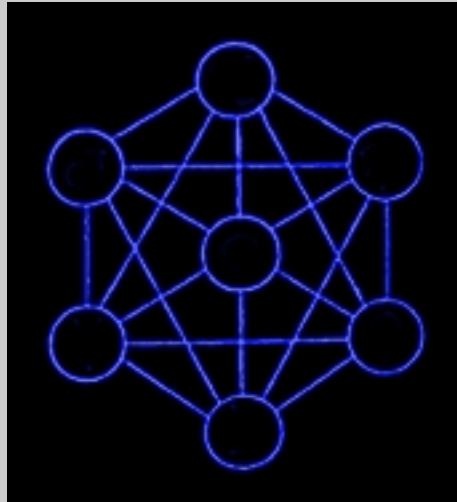
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Sub Category: Esoteric Philosophy of The ONA

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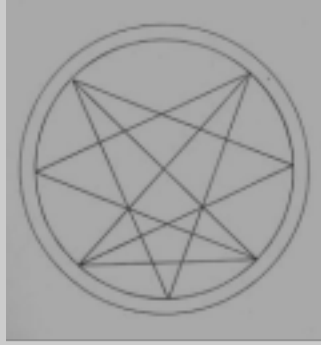
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The Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles



Our Sinister Character

One of the primary aims of the subversive and sinister association known, exoterically, as The Order of Nine Angles is to create, to aid, a new type of human being and thence a new, higher, sinister, human species.

Given this aim, it is necessary to know not only the nature, the character, the personality, of this new human being, but also how and by what practical and/or esoteric means such a type of person can be created and nurtured.

The Nature of The Sinister and The Nature of Mundanes

For the sake of conciseness and for the sake of argument we will here make some plausible generalizations, based on observations and study of human beings, and of some of the forms human beings have constructed over certain periods of causal Time.

Mundanes:

Mundanes constitute the vast majority of human beings, and some of the distinguishing features of mundanes are: (1) their lack of insight about themselves; (2) their natural nature means they can be easily swayed by their own feelings, their own desires, and the rhetoric of others; (3) their innate desire for comfort, security, and their need to fulfil their own desires; (4) their innate fear of *otherness*; (5) their basal inability to consciously change themselves via *pathei-mathos*.

One important marker of mundanes is that they generally, or almost always, delude themselves about their abilities, especially in relation to "knowing themselves".

Another useful observation about mundanes - another useful generalization - is that there appears to be several types of mundanes, which types exhibit certain behaviour different from other types of

mundanes. For instance, there is the Western (predominately Caucasian) mundane, who exhibits a certain cunning, an often overbearing arrogance, who possess the nature of the bully, who is bloodthirsty, and who has an innate, prejudiced, and unfounded belief that they are "superior" to others - a belief that they now cunningly try to hide, often even from themselves. A good example of this type of mundane is Tony Blair - the sly, arrogant, lying, manipulative politician, with a superiority complex, who believes he has some sort of "mission" to bring his mundane type of so-called "civilization" to others, who always makes excuses for his failures, and for his - always indirect and thus cowardly - killing of others, and who, most importantly, does not realize, or comprehend, that he himself is being manipulated, by others, or by some causal abstraction(s) he is in thrall to.

Predators:

Human predators form a very small percentage of the general human species, and thus are rare, and their primary distinguishing features are that: (1) they act on instinct, which instinct controls or subsumes them so that they are compelled to act in certain ways, such as to kill people, or rape women; and (2) they lack the ability and the desire to know themselves and to control themselves. Thus, although some of them may have a certain innate natural cunning which may aid them (as it aids natural animal predators such a wolves or foxes), these predators are akin to talking animals who walk upright.

It should be noted, and understood, that many human beings who like to consider themselves as predators - or who are often considered to be predatory in nature by other human beings - are not. Here, for instance, we refer to such mundanes or Magians as capitalistic entrepreneurs, opportunistic politicians (corrupt or otherwise); and career racketeers. And, of course, we refer to those mundane fantasists who like to consider themselves, or even call themselves, "satanists". None of these types of humans have a true, animal, subsuming consuming predatory nature - and neither do they possess an innate human-sinister character.

Magians:

Magians are a specific type of human being - they are the natural exploiters of others, possessed of an instinctive type of human cunning and an avaricious personal nature. Over the past millennia they have developed a talent for manipulating other human beings, especially Western mundanes, by means of abstractions - such as usury and "freedom" and marxian/capitalist "social engineering/planning" - and by hoaxes/illusions, such as that of "democracy". The easily manipulated nature of Western mundanes, and the Magian talent for such things as usury and litigation/spiel, their ability to cunningly manipulate, and their underlying charlatanesque (and almost always cowardly nature), have given them wealth, power and influence.

A pertinent example of the charlatanesque type of Magian - who has gained influence among mundanes despite his plagiarism and total lack of originality - is LaVey.

The Natural Sinister Type:

These are those, currently rare, human beings - those individuals - who, rationally or instinctively, or both, have perceived and/or understood the flaws, the limitations, in all the above human types, and who thus - inwardly yearning for something more, something greater, something darkly-numinous - have tried to, or who have experimented with, changing themselves, often by seeking out challenges both physical and esoteric, trusting or hoping that such challenges, such things, will bring them insight and provoke the type of inner change, that transformation, they desire.

These are those who feel or who know themselves to be - or who come to know themselves to be - different from all other human types, and who are thus dissatisfied with themselves, and who thus often have a natural instinct for the darkly-numinous: for that which, for those things which, mundanes especially seem to fear or find disturbing or which they have branded heretical or "illegal".

These type of people are one of the reasons why an esoteric, sinister, association such as the ONA exists.

Breeding Sinister Character

It should be understood that, exoterically, the ONA should be considered to be *a means*; a practical system of causing or of provoking human change. An analogy might be that the ONA is a new type of acausal technology, which technology utilizes acausal energy and presences that energy in specific ways on this planet.

That is, the basic means of the ONA are (1) a practical system of training for individuals; a guide to how individuals can change, evolve, themselves and develop a sinister character or enhance an already latent sinister character; and (2) inspiring, and bringing-into-being, new ways of human living, which new ways of living will or which can change, evolve, human beings in a collective (non-individual) way.

This individual training of ours is manifest, for example, in our Seven Fold Sinister Way, and this Way - being an inner, individual, Alchemy and being sinister - is hard, difficult, and dangerous; it takes a certain amount of causal Time, many years, in fact. But it does what was and what is intended - that is, produce individuals possessed of a particular, evolved, strong, sinister character.

Our new ways of living are manifest in our sinister tribes, who are, who form, our sinister collective, our sinister kindred. And these do what is intended - spreading our subversive, sinister, evolutionary, ethos, and breeding, in far larger numbers than our individual training, an entirely new type of human being.

Thus, the aim of a sinister association such as the ONA is not only to enhance, to develop, to evolve, such a natural sinister character as may already exist in a few individuals, but also and importantly to assimilate more and more human beings in order to give them *our* sinister nature; in order to make them

part of our sinister collective. And it is this development, this assimilation, which will create an entirely new species of human being. This assimilation is by means of others joining or being assimilated into our tribes, or by forming new sinister tribes of their own and by these new tribes assimilating other human beings, and thus expanding their territory.

Our New Sinister Breed

Our new, evolved, sinister character is evident in many things. Someone of this new breed of human being has a refined and developed self-awareness and self-control; the ability of rational (logical) thought - they are able to assess situations in a rational manner.

This new type of individual has the ability to shapeshift; to act-out, with conviction, certain rôles, for a specific reason, even if that reason is to learn about others, and themselves. They also possess an empathic ability; the ability to defend themselves and to survive, and are prepared, without remorse, to use lethal force if necessary.

They also, and importantly, possess the ability to adapt to changing circumstances and to learn from experience, thus changing, evolving, themselves *in a controlled and a conscious manner* (patheimathos).

They can be dispassionately ruthless, if required or if necessary; and have the faculty to see far beyond the causal moment and beyond causal, personal feelings, and are focused on a long-term goal or goals, which importantly and of sinister necessity include long-term supra-personal goals. They have the ability - if required or if necessary - to manipulate situations and people to their advantage or in order to achieve such goals.

Thus, in essence, the new sinister individual is: (1) ultimately (often as a consequence of patheimathos), dispassionately in control of themselves - of their actions, their words, their feelings, their thoughts; and thus possesses the ability to learn from, to change themselves as a result of, diverse experiences; (2) possessed of the ability to rationally assess situations and individuals; (3) possessed of the faculty of knowing, seeing, and understanding, beyond the causal; of having a knowledge of, a vision of, the possibilities of human life, and thus of how we and the Cosmos can change and evolve.

In addition, they possess that often quiet, non-demonstrative, inner strength, that inner resolve, which arises from knowing they can defend themselves; from having overcome many and various hard practical challenges; from having experienced both the Light and the Dark of human living; and of having, for example, undergone that inner Alchemical change resulting either from a following of The Seven-Fold Way to Adept and beyond, or from being part of a sinister collective and sharing in the life, the deeds, of that collective.

In terms of appearance and personal behaviour, they can rationally choose to be - in the world of the mundanes and appear to the mundanes as - one of several types of people, thus cloaking themselves in a sinister manner. That is, they can rationally chose to become a new sinister type, appropriate for their now known and fully understood personal nature, and appropriate for their chosen sinister goals.

For example, they can be the heretical, outlaw, type, somewhat feared but always dangerous and potentially deadly to those not of our kind, our kindred; someone who might be out among mundanes seeking others perchance to assimilate or to use for some sinister purpose.

In this guise, they are thus distinguished by their manner of dress, by their personal appearance, by their particular behaviour and also possibly by their dialect, their language, all of which are appropriate for someone who belongs to a particular sinister tribe and who thus, by such things, openly shows their allegiance to their collective: a genuine warrior of and for our sinister way.

Alternatively, they can or could appear as the enlightened, individual Adept of The Sinister Way - possibly from an esoteric traditional nexion - and thus will they be restrained, well-mannered, and possessed of an aristocratic demeanour, for such restraint and such manners are one means whereby they control themselves and social situations. That is, such individuals reveal *arête* - which is the basis for a genuine *aristokratia* which sinister *aristokratia* may or could gain control and/or influence over some or many mundanes, in some specific causal Time and in some particular causal place.

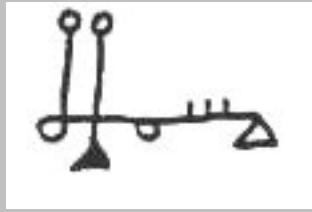
Thus, in this particular guise they do not - unless for some specific reason it is necessary - seek to draw attention to themselves, by either their manner of dress, their appearance, or their behaviour, and with and because of this type of refined and controlled personal behaviour, they distinguish themselves from others, making them, in OldAeon-speak, a class apart; a different breed. And thus possessed of a certain, a particular, sinister charisma, different from - but kindred to - the aforementioned overtly sinister tribal guise.

These two basic illustrations - two among many - serve to show that our new sinister breed - the evolved, human being - is not especially interested in or focussed upon indulging themselves - although they enjoy so indulging themselves when they feel it is appropriate or needful - and neither are they especially interested or focussed upon themselves, to the exclusion of everything and everyone else. They are also not focussed upon, nor interested in, OldAeon goals and abstractions, such as "the good of humanity" or what is "right or ethical", or whatever. Instead, they are interested in, and pursue, new and sinister interests and new and sinister goals - balancing an enjoyment of life, an exultation in their uniqueness, with a rational, focused, almost dispassionate awareness born from a knowing of the perspectives beyond the causal moment and from a knowing of themselves as a breed apart, as the makers and the changers of not only human evolution and human history, but also of Cosmic evolution and Cosmic history.

Hence, their - our - individual lives have a focus, a meaning, an intent, an intensity, far beyond the causal - far beyond mere causal abstractions and apprehensions; and it is this focus, this meaning, this intensity of life and of living, redolent of the acausal, of the sinister-numen, that distinguish them - us - for the new breed of human being that they - that we - are, scourge of the mundanes, scourge of the Magian, breaker of tyrannical abstractions: scourge and breaker of all that has, for millennia, prevented us from becoming the divine, the numinous, the Cosmic, species we have the potential to be.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen



An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

The Definition and Use of Sorcery:

Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal, aim or aims. Sinister Initiates and Adepts understand acausal energy as the force/energy that exists in the acausal aspect of the Cosmos, which energy, and which acausal aspect, cannot be described by either conventional - causal - representations involving three spatial dimensions and one time (causal) dimension, or by the words, forms, constructs, symbolism (and so on) of such four-dimensional causal space-time. Some such acausal energy has been understood, by Sinister Adepts, as living-beings, living in the acausal non-spatial and non-temporal dimensions of the Cosmos, and The Dark Gods are accepted, by the traditions of the ONA, as one type of such acausal beings.

How and why such acausal energies are used is the essence of the training of the sinister Initiate, with this "how" being learnt by direct, practical, personal experience of both ceremonial and hermetic ritual and workings, as, for example, given in the Black Book and in works such as Naos. In the early stages of the Way, the "why" often relates to the personal desires/aims of the individual; with Adept and beyond this changes, with the focus being on Aeonic workings/magick: that is, the "why" derives from the Sinister Dialectic and a knowledge, and experience of, Aeonics. One type of such an Aeonic working is the presencing of those acausal energies often symbolized, in the causal, as The Dark Gods. Another type of such an Aeonic working - and a genuine, esoteric work of sorcery - is The Star Game.

As has been mentioned many times in various MSS, Sorcery is an Art, the learning and mastery of which takes several years. Furthermore, all genuine Adepts of the Sinister tradition understand personal sorcery, or "results/low-level" magick, as but a beginning: a necessary training, both personal and esoteric, for the real dark sorcery which begins with the presencing of acausal energies in accord with Aeonic sinister aims.

The Basis and Means of Dark Sorcery:

The real essence of Dark Sorcery lies not in some temporal, causal, definition of what constitutes "evil" and the emulation of such a limited, causal and esoterically incorrect definition by some individual, but rather in the conscious use, by an individual, individual, or group, of acausal energies with the intent of provoking/causing large, supra-personal and causal temporal changes over causal time. That is, the foundation of genuine Dark Sorcery is Aeonic Magick - the changing of causal forms/presencings and/or the creation of new causal forms/structures/presencings.

It is important to understand that the means of genuine Dark Sorcery are many and varied - they are not limited to, and nor can they be contained by or in, conventionally understood esoteric practices such as ceremonial or hermetic ritual and magick. Any form, construct, Art or whatever, through and by which acausal energies can be accessed and directed and presented - by those skilled in the accessing, directing and presenting of such energies - is or can be a means of Dark Sorcery: a manifestation of sorcery itself. Thus - to give an old example which will be familiar to all Adepts and even many Initiates - the construction/creation of a certain piece of original music, imbued with sinister energies, can be and often is an act of Dark Sorcery if it does indeed present in some ways certain sinister energies and thus affects individuals in a way consistent with the Sinister Dialectic, by for example, changing them toward the Sinister, or causing them to evolve, or causing them to themselves begin a presenting of acausal, dark, energies, or move them toward heresy, or to present Chaos in whatever way, and so on, and so on.

The essential aim of Dark Sorcery is two-fold: to continue the personal development of the individual so undertaking works of Dark Sorcery, and to present the Dark: to present acausal energies in such a way that causal change occurs. To give a relevant example, in practical terms this amounts to changing such things as that causal construct termed "society" - through affecting or changing the "ethos" and affecting/changing individuals.

One of the darkest forms of Dark Sorcery is to present The Dark Gods - to open a nexion, or nexions, to the acausal dimensions, and to thus allow the acausal living-beings who are The Dark Gods to manifest in our causal world. Such a manifestation would significantly change existing causal forms and affect many many individual on many levels, as well as disrupting/changing established causal forms, such as "society". It is considered, by the ONA and its Sinister Adepts, that such a manifestation(s) of such living-beings will be what is required to inaugurate a New Aeon and thus ensure our evolution, as a species, in a way consistent with the essence of the sinister.

Anton Long
Black Rhadley Nexion
118 yf (Year of Fayen: Agios o Baphomet)

The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way

(Note: While this MS assumes some knowledge of the LHP and magick, it may be useful to non-Initiates/non-Adepts.)

The True Nature of Magick:

Magick, correctly defined and correctly understood, is the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy.

The symbols and rituals of genuine conventional magick (as represented by the ONA) are simply a means to access, or re-present, certain types of acausal energy. Thus, and for example, the Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols, re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

However, such a symbol as the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - to be a correct and thus useful re-presentation - must be understood ("viewed") in both causal and acausal terms. As conventionally described ("drawn") the ToW is but a static two-dimensional object. A more accurate re-presentation is three-dimensional. A yet more accurate description is four-dimensional where the symbols are understood to "flow"/change according to their nature - and here, the transformations of the pieces/symbols of The Star Game are the key. The best - most accurate - description of such a symbol as the ToW is five-dimensional, for Time has of itself "two" dimensions, or components: a causal one (the "flow"/change) and an acausal one, which acausal aspect cannot be understood, or viewed, or even symbolized, by conventional four-dimensional means. Thus, each individual symbol, or "association" or "correspondence" is not static and not isolated - they are but individual, causal, emanations of what is a changing aspect of some acausal energy, which acausal energy cannot be totally contained (or "described") by some finite, causal re-presentation.

That is, there is an acausal aspect to all magickal workings, rituals and "re-presentations"/symbols, which acausal aspect cannot be re-presented by a mere four-dimensional description or symbol.

Of course, the astute reader will realize that not only is the ToW itself but one causal, emanation of what is a changing aspect of some particular acausal energy, but also that we, as individuals, are such a "thing".

The failure of pre-ONA magick is the failure to understand, to know, the four and five dimensional

nature of genuine magick. On a somewhat basic level, that is why, for instance, in the ONA Way, there are no such things as stupid "banishing rituals" - because the individual is a nexion, before, during and after some causal ritual, which ritual involves acausal energy.

The Seventh Way of the ONA:

The Way of the ONA is a Way which allows the individual to experience, to get to know, acausal energy, and to begin the process of understanding such energy via acausal symbolism. All magick - external, internal and Aeonic - is but a means to apprehend, experience and presence acausal energies, and thus create/provoke Change. That is, the conventional magick of the ToW, of books such as *Naos*, of rituals, is but a beginning - through such things, the individual Initiate acquires experience and knowledge, and also develops as an individual: in terms of character. In the simplistic sense, they move, through the Grades, beyond "The Abyss", toward The Goal, which is the transformation of the individual and the emergence of a new type of being, beyond the Adept. In such a moving, such a development, they acquire a knowledge, a knowing, of the acausal, which knowledge usually begins during and after the stage of Internal Adept - and which is often glimpsed, in some causal way, by some External Adepts who may thus intuitively grasp the essence of the sinister. Also, in such a moving, they cause/provoke changes in the causal: that is, they undertake Aeonic Magick.

The basis for the Seventh Way is, firstly, the understanding of causal, acausal and nexions, and, secondly, the realization that we, as individuals, can evolve ourselves in a conscious and rational way. Esoterically, the name itself - the Seventh Way - is not that important, and in essence serves only to denote some-thing which is different from what has existed hitherto. Exoterically, it refers to the seven-spheres conventionally described by the ToW - that is, to what has been called the septenary system, which itself is but one causal, and convenient, means to describe the nexion which we are and the nexion which is the intersection/meeting of causal and acausal in our phenomenal world.

What, then, is the acausal symbolism which can aide the process of understanding and which in itself is an act of magick, a presencing of the acausal? In its most simple form it is The Star Game - or rather, the advanced form of The Star Game. But even this is only a beginning - a mere four-dimensional manifestation. In another form, such acausal symbolism is The Dark Gods - not as some "name" or "names", and not even as a vibration/chant of some collocation of letters/names (which vibration/chant is a more accurate re-presentation than a mere "name"). Rather, the symbolism *is/are* The Dark Gods and the energies (the "forces") They Themselves re-present. (1)

But what does all this mean, in practical terms? It means that to presence such energies the individual has to go not only beyond the "symbolism" but also go beyond all those things which militate against the "flow" of acausal energy to the causal. That is, they have to open the nexion that they are - they become not just some "channel" or "gate" but rather an aspect of the acausal itself, while such presencing is done, and while some of its acausal manifestations manifest themselves in our causal time-and-space. This is the essence of what it means to go "beyond the Abyss" - achieved by following the Seven Fold

Way.

In addition, and of crucial importance, in the practical sense it means that the effects of genuine magick are not purely causal - they are not limited to a specific "ritual" or action, and cannot be contained within a chosen causal form, such as a static image or some artefact. In a very simplistic sense, genuine magickal energies are "five-dimensional" - they are akin to "living-forms" which thus change, may grow (or decay) and which may cause or provoke changes, in causal time, according to their "nature". (2) Thus, to consider one very novice-like example, when a conventional ritual is undertaken, the energies involved are presented both in causal and acausal time - novices (and even, sometimes, Adepts) usually only consider or feel or are aware of the causal presencing and the causal effects, which they often assume they can "control". What they seldom if ever consider are the acausal effects.

The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings:

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations - depending on context. In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the ToW plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of the Rites of the Nine Angles) - although, of course, there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS Atazoth.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of The Star Game which itself is magick - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

The Seventh Way and Satanism:

For the current Aeon, the Seventh Way, exoterically, is the way of Satanism, expressed in its most obvious way by opposition to the religion of the Nazarene and by an affirmation, through rituals and similar constructs, of the energy/archetype commonly known as "Satan".

As explained in various other Order MSS this Aeon (3), left to itself, will persist - that is, its outer forms

and ethos will continue to be manifest and still hold people in thrall physically and mentally - for at least another few hundred years, even though some of the energies of the next Aeon (energies manifest in groups such as the ONA) are manifest now and will become increasingly manifest. In the practical sense, this means that individuals, organizations, groups (and so on) will continue to be influenced/controlled by the forces of the Old Aeon, and that the forces of the New Aeon will not achieve significant change, in such forms as "society", for several hundred years, which change will mark the real arrival of the next Aeon.

Furthermore, there will come a time when the ONA - and the individuals who are part of it or who are influenced by it - will outwardly shed the rhetoric, the images, the forms of "Satanism", for such things are causal emanations tied to a particular Aeon; they are not the supra-Aeonic acausal essence which we, through the progression of Aeons, are moving toward and which it is the purpose of genuine Occultism and magick to move us, as individuals, toward experience of and understanding of. What will also change are the means - the magick - to presence the acausal. Thus, there will be a move away from ritual, and from overt Old Aeon symbolism - and especially from "words" and "names" (4) - toward a much darker magick: a magick which manifests the acausal without the need for causal forms, and certainly without the need for "names". One type of the new magick is The Star Game (the magick of "Thought") and another is that which returns the Chaos which is, and which is not, The Dark Gods - but there will be many other types of this new five-dimensional magick, some of which are already known to, and used by, genuine Adepts of the Dark Tradition.

Anton Long
Morning Rising of Arcturus
(Black Rhadley Nexion) 116yf

Notes:

(1) Part of this re-presentation is, of course, what we term the sinister - or, more correctly, those energies/changes which when presented produce a re-ordering, which re-ordering is most often called "sinister".

(2) This does not mean, of course, that such energies should be conceptualized in the Old Aeon way as actual "living-beings" such as "demons" or such-like, which living-beings have their own "nature". But such a conceptualization does indeed hint at a much deeper truth, which in one sense is embodied in the mythos of the Dark Gods, as it can be used as a beginning to move toward a better understanding based on the reality of how acausal energies manifest - **and then exist** ("live") - in the causal.

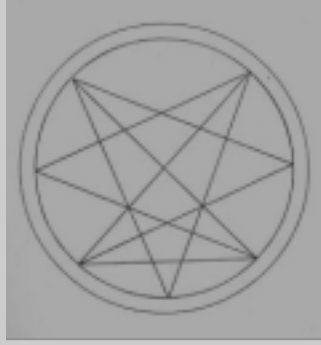
(3) To be precise, we should really write: "The distortion which has overtaken the Western Aeon will persist..." For, as explained in various Order MSS, what is manifest now - and has certainly been obvious to even many non-Adepts in the past five years - is the Magian distortion of the West, which distortion is evident in the "neo-cons" of Amerika with its new imperialism which itself serves a very Zionist/Magian agenda. According to a quite old MSS: "The last Aeon, the Western whose center is in Northern Europe, is drawing to a close as its energies fade. The next Aeon, however, has as its centre not

our Earth, but a location in space and until this centre is reached, the new Aeon will not be possible. However, the Old Aeon has some 350 years still left to run, and during this period, the energies of the New Aeon will become more and more obvious as they seep around the Gate, brought in part by deliberate Ritual by small groups of Adepts..."

(4) As has been written: "It is not correct to give names to some things..." For such a naming is a move-away from the essence of the "thing" that is named - often a mistaking of what the name denotes for the essence which is supposedly denoted by such a naming. Magick is one means away from such a projection, such a transference of limited causal "thinking" - a means toward an apprehension of things, as things are.

Some Relevant MSS:

- 1) Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction
 - 2) Ritual Magick: Dure and Sedue Ceremonial
 - 3) Aeonics: The Secret Tradition (Part One)
 - 4) The Aims of the ONA
 - 5) Aeonics: The Secret Tradition (Part Three)
 - 6) The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings
 - 7) The Secrets of the Nine Angles
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Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos

Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA

Pseudo-mythology and Mythos

Lovecraft populated various of his stories with various creatures, or entities, and these entities served mainly to enhance or decorate the stories; to provide what may be termed a certain sinister atmosphere. There was no attempt, nor even intent, to provide such things as an ontology, a theology, for these entities – an ordered philosophical framework – and, importantly, no attempt to provide a detailed esoteric (Occult) praxis whereby interaction with these entities, by humans, could be understood and affective results (or Occult change) achieved. For example, the fictional *Necronomicon* and the language invented for various “calls”, are mere theatrical props, devoid of real esotericism, despite the many silly claims subsequently made for them by some Lovecraft admirers.

In this sense, the Lovecraft entities form a pseudo-mythology, and not a mythos. Only later did people such as Derleth try, unsuccessfully, to provide some Occult context (based of course on Magian distortions), and some semblance of structure, although ontological, ethical, theological, and epistemological, questions were never dealt with. Instead, a pseudo-history was developed.

In contrast, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) – mentioned in many and various texts by the esoteric association known as The Order of Nine Angles – are part of a mythos, having a distinct, and unique, ontology and Occult praxis, as well as being part of a complex esoteric philosophy which addresses ethical, etiological, epistemological, and other philosophical issues [1].

Thus, if one compares the two most important Dark Gods, Satan and Baphomet, with, for example, Cthulhu, then one can immediately see the difference, and understand the claim – often made by critics of the ONA – that the ONA mythos of The Dark Gods is, in some way, derived from, or dependant upon what has, rather erroneously, come to called the Cthulhu mythos of Lovecraft, for the mundane fallacy it is.

Cthulhu has a revolutive physical appearance, and is basically a physical entity existing in causal Space-Time – whose base or home is allegedly some far distant extra-terrestrial planet, and who apparently speaks, or is somehow receptive to or responds to, some alien language, and who may or may not consist of some strange “alien matter” which is or which maybe somehow be affected by the alignment of stars. According to Lovecraft’s pseudo-mythology, Cthulhu has a secret cult, on Earth, deriving from a time when Cthulhu and other Old Ones visited Earth – and which cultists speak or chant some approximation of the alien language of the Old Ones, who could communicate to humans via dreams. This cult desires to awaken the dead, but still alive, Cthulhu who waits, dreaming.

Satan and Baphomet are living shapeshifting entities – of one specific species – who dwell in the acausal continuum, and who, since they are acausal beings, have the ability to open nexions (“gates”) to our causal, phenomenal, continuum where they, being changelings, can assume various physical forms, including human form. [2]

Furthermore, Satan has a propensity for assuming physical male forms, and Baphomet a propensity for female forms, so that, according to the mythos of the ONA, Baphomet has, in the past, been assumed to be, or come to be regarded as, The Dark Goddess, the violent, bloody, fecund Mistress of Earth, who is also mistress-bride-mother of Satan.

In the ONA mythos, both of these Dark Gods – and some other such acausal entities – are said to have egressed, or travelled to, Earth many times in our historical past, with Satan, for example, giving rise to myths and legends such as that of Ahriman [3]. In addition, it is said to be possible – by various specified, practical, esoteric means [4] – for human beings to open a nexion to the acausal and make contact with some of the Dark Gods, including Satan and Baphomet, with there being the possibility that such entities will once again presence Themselves on Earth. Furthermore, some acausal entities, egressing in the past to Earth, may be the origin for myths and legends about dragons, and various demons.

Some of the particular acausal species known as The Dark Ones are said, in their assumed human forms, to be able to copulate with human beings, and of producing or bearing half-human, half-changeling, offspring [5].

Thus, even this brief overview will suffice to show that the esoteric mythos of The Dark Gods is quite distinct from, bears little or no resemblance to, and is vastly more comprehensive than, the un-esoteric pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft. In fact, so different – philosophically, esoterically, and otherwise – that it seems rather incomprehensible how some people can claim that the ONA mythos is derived from or somehow indebted to the pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

Perhaps in desperation, the proponents of the theory of such indebtedness have claimed that the mention by the ONA of various “star alignments”, in reference to esoteric techniques to open nexions, is somehow proof of their claim. However, even a cursory perusal of some of the relevant ONA texts – such as in *The Grimoire of Baphomet* - will reveal no similarity whatsoever, for the ONA texts mention

specific stars, such as Dabih, and particular alchemical seasons. That is, there is not only esoteric detail, but also practical and philosophical context – something totally lacking in the vague pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft.

What the proponents of the theory of such indebtedness do and have done is commit various logical fallacies, such as the fallacy of *selective attention*. That is, in their desire to prove their cherished theory or belief that the ONA must somehow be indebted to Lovecraft, they search for and try to find and spurious connections and relations, trying to get a few facts to fit their theory, while ignoring the majority of facts that simply do not fit or support their theory.

The Irrelevancy of Evidence in Mythos

Mythos is affective, esoteric, and numinous. That is, it inspires, it provokes, it motivates, enthrals, and presences acausal energy. It is wyrdful – a means of change for human beings, and outlines or intimates how such wyrdful change can be brought-into-being.

The so-called objective, cause-and-effect, “truth” of a mythos – stated or written about by someone else – is basically irrelevant, for a mythos presences its own species of truth, which is that of a type of acausal-knowing [6].

Thus, to seek to find – to ask for – the opinions, views, and such things as the historical evidence provided by others, is incorrect. For that is only their assessment of the mythos, a reliance on the causal judgement of others; whereas a mythos, and especially an esoteric mythos, demands individual involvement by virtue of the fact that such a mythos is a type of being: a living presence, inhabiting the nexion that is within us by virtue of our consciousness, our psyche [7].

Hence, the correct judgement of a mythos can only and ever begin with a knowing of, a direct experience of, the mythos itself by the individual. To approach it only causally, inertly, with some arrogant presumption of objectivity, historical or otherwise, is to miss or obscure the living essence of a mythos, especially one derived from an aural tradition. It is to impose, or attempt to impose, a causal (temporal) abstraction upon some-thing which has an acausal (that is, non-temporal) essence.

Such a presumption – and even worse, the demand for it to be shown to have “objective evidence” in its favour – reveals a lack of initiated, esoteric insight. For the real “truth” of an esoteric mythos lies in what each individual finds or discovers in it – and thence within themselves. In simple exoteric terms, a mythos can not only re-connect the individual to both the numinous and to their own psyche, but it can also lead them to an individual, and an initiated (esoteric), understanding, of themselves: to a discovering of what has hitherto been hidden, especially by un-numinous, causal, abstractions.

For the ONA, the mythos of The Dark Gods – and the mythos of the ONA in general, of which the DG mythos is a part – is a means of sinister change, an Aeonian Occult working, a living Black Mass. For it is a manifestation of the sinisterly-numinous acausal energies that the Order of Nine Angles, and thus

Satan and Baphomet, re-present. One important means of Presenting of The Dark, of revealing, to us, in us, for us, Satan and Baphomet as those Dark Ones are.

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Notes

[1] For this esoteric philosophy, refer to such texts as *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*, and *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

For the Occult praxis involving these Dark Gods, refer to such ONA texts as (1) *The Grimoire of Baphomet*; (2) *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; (3) *Warriors of The Dark Way*; and (4) *The Meaning of The Nine Angles*, Parts One & Two.

[2] One is rather reminded, here, of the ancient gods of Greek mythology – for example, Athena as portrayed in Homer’s *Odyssey*, who assumes a variety of forms, including that of already living male human beings.

[3] Refer to the ONA text, *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*.

[4] See, for example, *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

[5] See, for example, the fictional stories – which form part of the ONA mythos – *Sabirah*; *Jenyah*; and *Eulalia – Dark Daughter of Baphomet*.

[6] For a basic outline of acausal-knowing, refer to the section *The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA* in the text, *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. See also *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*.

[7] As used by the ONA, the term psyche refers to both the Life that animates us (acausal energy via a nexion) and to those aspects of consciousness, and those faculties, which are initially hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, or undeveloped by, most individuals.

One aspect of this psyche is what has been called “the unconscious”, and some of the forces/energies of this “unconscious” have been, and can be, described by the term “archetypes”. One latent faculty is the faculty of empathy.

In general terms, it is one of the tasks of an Occult way or praxis to develop these latent faculties, and

to bring into consciousness (and thus to bring under conscious control) what has hitherto been unknown, or hidden. An Adept refers to someone who has done this, and similar, things, as well as opened the nexion we, as an individual, are to the acausal.

The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. These beings are shapeshifters, and can assume a variety of living causal forms, in the realms of the causal, including human form. The fictional stories *Sabirah*, and *Jenyah*, deal with one type of such acausal beings who have assumed human form - describing their need for the acausal energy (the "life-force"), possessed by humans, in order to sustain and maintain their shapeshifting causal form. The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA holds that both Baphomet (the female entity as described by the ONA) and Satan are memories of, and manifestations of, two particular acausal beings, two particular Dark Gods.

By the nature of the acausal (see Note 1), such acausal entities are - viewed from our own limited and mortal causal perspective - "formless", ageless and eternal, although if and when they venture forth into the causal dimensions, their living-there, the causal form they adopt, are subject to causal change. Hence, for example, their need to return to the acausal, or to regularly find some source of acausal energy (in the causal).

However, aside from these specific entities known to us, or esoterically remembered by some of us, as the The Dark Gods species, there are other acausal entities, other acausal living-beings, other acausal species, who and which have been manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, or who and which can become or may become manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, many of whom are not shapeshifters, and many of whom cannot exist, for long (in terms of causal Time) in our causal Space and causal Time.

In addition, there are some entities who and which only live, exist, in those twilight realms, those strange dark worlds, where the causal and the acausal intersect or meet - that is, in the nexions which manifest such intersections, and thus the flow of acausal energy into the causal. There is an aural Sinister Tradition that what have been incorrectly termed "demons" are some of these acausal entities existing, or which have existed, in those twilight realms where causal and acausal intersect.

To understand, and appreciate, The Dark Gods - and all acausal entities, including those dwelling in the twilight realms where causal and acausal meet or merge - one has to understand the true nature of nexions, of those "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time, or a journeying into the acausal itself.

The Nature of Nexions:

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion - a place or region, in causal Space and causal Time, where there is a direct physical connexion to acausal Space and acausal Time; a particular place where our causal Universe is joined, or can be joined, with the acausal Universe. According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, there is a physical nexion in our Solar System, near the planet Saturn, as there are other physical nexions in our particular Galaxy, and elsewhere in the Cosmos.

The second type of nexion is a living causal being. That is, all living-beings, in our causal Time and causal Space, are nexions - they all possess, by virtue of being "alive" a certain acausal energy, the amount of which varies according to the type of life, with a human being considered to possess (by virtue of possessing consciousness) more acausal energy than the other life on this planet of ours. In addition, it is considered, by Adepts of the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, that most human beings possess the potential to expand the nexion that they are, with this expansion - this increase in our acausal energy - being one of the esoteric aims of genuine sinister magick.

All living causal nexions, however, are limited in causal Time. That is, they possess only a limited life-span, a limited causal duration, although some sinister Adepts have speculated that it is possible for an advanced practitioner of the Dark Arts to not only increase their life-span, through esoteric means, but also to "transcend" to the acausal itself: to become an acausal being who is ageless and eternal. This, however, is said to require not only a bringing forth from the acausal such entities as The Dark Gods, but also to "become one", to merge, with Them (or with one of Them) by either transferring consciousness to one of Them, or having Them create an acausal vessel/form for such consciousness.

The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept, with this form being either already organically, physically, living, or which, through a sinister transformation, becomes living in the sense of being possessed of, and manifesting or channelling, acausal energy.

In the magickal sense, our consciousness, our psyche, is a region where causal and acausal meet, or rather, where they can and should meet and intersect, and it is one of the aims of genuine esoteric Orders, groups and Adepts, to guide Initiates into this realm, often through utilizing symbols and forms, such as the Tree of Wyrð and the associated "correspondences", which are guides, maps, of such a realm, and a means to access and develop acausal energies and thus transform ourselves into Adepts, and beyond.

Manifesting The Dark Ones:

One of the aims of the ONA is the presence The Dark Ones: to return, to our causal Space and our causal Time, The Dark Gods. To unleash these entities upon the world and so cause Chaos, and that Change and evolution which will result. Thus will the Old Order - a now ever-increasing tyrannical

order - be destroyed, and thus would a New Aeon begin. Thus will there be a significant evolution of ourselves, as individuals.

Such is the nature of the Cosmos - of causal and acausal, of the "Cosmic seasons" - that every two thousand years or so the Cosmic spaces are aligned such that it is easier then to draw forth, into the causal, acausal energies. Traditionally, according to Aeonick Magick, these times mark the beginning of a New Aeon, and, currently, we are within a few centuries of such a change - and thus at a time when more and more acausal energy is available to us, if we know how to access and presence such energy.

Such energy - and the living-beings of the acausal - can be presented in several ways. First, by various rituals, such as those associated with the Nine Angles, where a specific "named" (see Note 2) entity may be called forth, or where unformed (unformed, at least, as discernible to us) acausal energy is/are accessed and released into the causal.

Another way is preparing a suitable living-receptacle (which may be a host human being or a collection of such beings) and then presencing, via ritual or other esoteric means, the acausal energies (or being, named or unnamed, or both) into such a host or hosts. That is - in one sense - making such hosts available to such entities, should They choose to accept and inhabit and use such hosts, possibly only on a temporary basis until They have found their own or have acquired sufficient energy to be able to sustain themselves, as shapeshifters, in the causal.

A Mythos of Times Past:

The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA mentions that, at the dawn of our consciousness as human beings, some of The Dark Ones came forth to Earth through a physical nexion, which nexion most probably existed on this planet, Earth. There has been much speculation about, and some legends regarding, the location of this physical nexion - which, if it exists as tradition asserts, would be viable again now or soon, given the Cosmic cycle we are currently in.

There has also been speculation about, and some aural legends regarding, how long these dark acausal entities stayed, in our causal Time and Space, and much speculation regarding why they left, with one aural legend asserting that a few of them have, as shapeshifters, survived and hidden themselves among us, feeding, waiting for the stars to be aligned aright again and for sinister Adepts to bring forth their kin.

Notes:

(1) Acausal: The *acausal* is used, as a word, to refer to what, correctly, is that Universe which may be described, or re-presented, by acausal Space and acausal Time.

This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the acausal and the causal, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time.

(2) Names of The Dark Gods: The names which we "know", as recorded in the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, are those which have been transmitted to us aurally: a memory (perhaps corrupted or only half-remembered) from an ancient causal time, when some such entities were once presented on this Earth.

However, the given "name" only "re-presents" (that is, names) a particular acausal being when it is chanted (or vibrated) in a particular way under suitable conditions, which often means in association with a certain crystal of a certain shape, which crystal and which shape enhance such chant or vibration.



An Introduction to Insight Rôles:

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Part One: Personal Insight Rôles

Insight Rôles are a necessary part of the Seven Fold Way. Every Initiate has to undertake at least one Insight Rôle following their Initiation [see the *Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way*]. This Insight Rôle - which must last a minimum of one year (that is, in this instance for one particular and specific alchemical season) - should be chosen so that the task undertaken is in most ways the opposite of the character of the Initiate. The Initiate is expected to be honest in assessing their own character, as they are expected to find a suitable Insight Rôle for themselves, either a personal Insight Rôle, or an Aeonie one, and this assessment and this finding are esoterically worthwhile tasks in themselves.

Thus, an individual who found it difficult to accept authority - a rebel by nature - might choose, as a personal Insight Rôle, the task of joining and serving in the Police or the Armed Forces, just as someone who loved the pleasures of the flesh, and violence, might choose to become a Buddhist, or other type of, monk. Similarly, someone who considered themselves honest might choose to turn to a life of crime, and organize a criminal gang to relieve suitable victims (see the sinister guidelines re victims) of some property or other assets. Or they might become a drug dealer, or a supplier of drugs. Another Insight Rôle would be for someone without any interest in politics or an inclination to violence, to become involved with an extremist political organization (either of what is conventionally - non-esoterically - described as "the extreme Left" or "the extreme Right"), and aid that organization in practical ways. Yet another Insight Rôle would be to assume the character of an assassin and cull those detrimental to the aims of the ONA. A personal Insight Rôle suitable to someone who was not particularly interested in social occasions (and who was somewhat shy by nature), might be to organize an "escort agency" or run a brothel in a suitable area; another might be for them to embark, alone, upon a journey around the world.

Let us consider, as an example, the task of some Initiate becoming a Buddhist monk for a year. The Initiate must convince those in authority in the chosen monastery that they are sincere. This requires a study of Buddhism; it requires the Initiate to undertake Buddhist meditation. The Initiate must then succeed in gaining admittance, and once admitted, must live in a Buddhist way: that is, observing the tenets of Buddhism, however hard this might be.

One thing which is important about Insight Rôles is that the individual Initiate undertaking them is forbidden from telling anyone - however close a friend - why they are doing what they are doing. This applies to partners/spouses. The Initiate must appear committed to the chosen task, as they must live that task for at least a year: they must identify with the rôle they have chosen.

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate. Such Insight Rôles include aiding political (and some religious) forms; doing practical deeds which aid the breakdown of society - such as certain "crimes" (and dealing in drugs), covert activity, assassinating suitable offers, and so on. Insight Rôles which aid the sinister dialectic can be suggested by the person who is guiding the Initiate (if they have such an ONA guide) or they can be deduced, by the Initiate, from a study of the aims of the ONA and a study of the sinister dialectic itself. Indeed, such a deduction by the Initiate is a worthwhile learning in itself.

An Insight Rôle is only valid - that is, only achieves what it is supposed to achieve in terms of evolving the Initiate - if it is maintained for at least one year, and if the Initiate really does accept the restrictions, the ways, the rules, which are or may be applicable to the task or way of life chosen. If an Initiate cheats in some way, they are only cheating themselves. Thus they are expected to keep their own personal and esoteric aim hidden, while maintaining the "outward personality" appropriate to their chosen rôle. For many people, this can be difficult - which is intentional - as it can also lead some individuals to begin to identify with their rôle, and thus renounce their Sinister quest, in which case, they have failed this particular test of the Sinister Way, which test, in the case of all Insight Rôles, lasts for a particular alchemical season, or more.

If an Initiate considers it might be worthwhile, they can undertake a second Insight Rôle some months after completing their first, with this new Insight Rôle involving a different way of life than their first.

In addition to Initiates, Internal Adepts are advised to undertake an Insight Rôle, one or two years after they have completed the rite of Internal Adept. The Insight Rôle of an Internal Adept, however, must have an Aeonic aspect.

Part Two: Aeonic Insight Rôles

Introduction:

As it is stated above:

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate.

As mentioned below:

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

The Current Situation

In order to determine the Aeonic aspect to Insight Rôles it is necessary to understand the current situation that exists in the world, and this esoteric understanding is, currently, itself heretical in all of those countries that make up what has been called "The West". In addition, this esoteric understanding is, of necessity, independent of "politics" (however conventionally described) although it is only to be expected that the majority of non-Initiates will not comprehend this, and will thus and rather stupidly label this esoteric understanding by some Old Aeon term of other, just as they will most probably continue in their supine ignorance to describe those who possess such an Initiated understanding by some epithet or other.

This esoteric and Initiated understanding is one of dominance by the so-called "New World Order", which basically means the domination of the Magian. This domination over the West - and increasingly other countries - is essentially that of what is often euphemistically called "Zionism" with the reality that most nations in the West are covertly ruled by a Zionist Occupation Government (ZOG).

This situation has arisen from two factors. First, the covert introduction into the societies of the West of Marxist, and Marxist-sociological, values and ideas, Second, from the military and economic dominance of America which is all but now controlled by Zionist interests. In respect of the the introduction of Marxism, the societies of the West have been steadily "socially engineered", through laws, through the power of the Media, through government schemes, and through indoctrination spread especially by teachers in Schools and Universities. This "social engineering" has been to produce - and has produced - a plebeian society (lacking in honour and true excellence) and tyrannical governments who rule by that organized protection racket known as State and government taxes, and by the rule of an ignoble and abstract law, which abstract law is the antithesis of the warrior law of personal honour.

The reality is that a world-wide capitalist tyranny has been created, with the peoples of the West made for the most part docile through materialism and "entertainment" and "sport" and "personal pursuits",

with their opinions formed for them by The State, its educational system, politicians, and the Media - especially television and newspapers. The individual has become subservient to The State in thought, word and deed. Basically, the individual is now mostly powerless before the might of The State.

Of course, the majority do not see this, duped as they are and have been by The System with its trickery of "democracy" and "rights". In addition, some dissent and "rebellion" is allowed, and even encouraged - so long as it does not threaten in any real way the ideas and the control of The System. Those individuals, groups, organizations who do or who may pose a serious threat to The System are dealt with, often by those organizations being outlawed, and their leaders and members being tried according to some tyrannical State law and put into prison for a long time.

The System - having made itself secure among The States of the West - has recently embarked on the next part of the plan, which is to create a new Empire to ensure the material wealth and military superiority of its leading lackey government, that of the America. To this end, countries have been invaded, and sanctions used to bring others under control.

The System and its lackey States are a serious threat to our evolution - to the creation of free, strong, independent human beings. The System wants - and even demands - that we are or become subservient, to its ways, its laws, its sociological ideas, to the basic materialistic animalistic way of life it allows for its "citizens", a way devoid of real adventure, real challenges, real numinosity. This way is the way of the sub-human.

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

For this aim of a new human type to be achieved, we must break-down and indeed destroy the States that make up The System, the New World Order (NWO), as we must challenge the enervating ideas, the enervating ways, of The System, and replace them with our own life-enhancing ideas and ways.

If The System is not destroyed, then our evolution will be stifled, and our promise - the greatness, Destiny and glories which await among the Cosmos - will remain unfulfilled.

To destroy The System both magickal and practical *action* is required, by individuals, and groups. Thus, any group or individual which is engaged in *practical* action against The System with the purpose of destroying it and challenging its ideas is interesting from the point of view of the Sinister Dialectic and those undertaking an Aeonic Insight Rôle.

Some Suggested Aeonic Insight Rôles

The following are some suggested Aeonic Insight Rôles, based on a knowledge of the sinister dialectic and the situation as exists at the time of writing (114yf). Some of these suggested Insight Rôles are

relatively easy; some are especially hard and dangerous, and thus suited only to the most daring and sinister individuals.

(1) Join or form a covert insurrectionary political organization - either of the so-called "extreme Left" or of the "extreme Right" - whose avowed aim is to undermine by practical, revolutionary, means the current Western *status quo*.

(2) Undertake the role of assassin, selecting as your opfers those who publicly support or aid, ZOG, the NWO, The System.

(3) Convert to Islam and aid, through words, or deeds, or both, those undertaking Jihad against Zionism and the NWO.

(4) Join or form an *active* anarchist organization or group dedicated to fighting the capitalist System.

(5) Join or form a National Socialist group or organization, and aid that organization, and especially aid and propagate "historical revisionism".

Recommend Reading

1) *Notes on Insight Rôles*, ONA Ms 114yf

2) *Insight Rôles - A Guide*, ONA Ms 1989 ev [superceded by (1)]

3) *Insight Rôles, The Secret Guide*, ONA Ms 1985 ev [superceded by (1)]

4) *The Sinister Dialectic*, ONA Ms

5) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*, ONA Ms

6) *Aims of the ONA*, ONA Ms 1994 eh

7) *ONA Insight Rôles: An Introduction*, ONA Ms, 114yf

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Dark Imperium

One of the exoteric - practical and outward - aims of The Order of Nine Angles is to aid the creation of a Dark Imperium. This Dark Imperium is and will be a manifestation, a practical implementation, of The Sinister, of The Sinister Dialectic, where Sinister Adepts (and, of course, Sinister Masters and Lady Masters) guide, control and manipulate - on a large scale - ordinary (non-Initiated) mortals, and thus effect sinister changes in a particular society, or in many societies.

It is one of the aims of the person named by sinister esoteric tradition as Vindex to create the foundations for this Dark Imperium, and, in practical terms, the Dark Imperium will be a large, organized - most probably militaristic - society whose ideals are those of excellence and of the noble honourable warrior and warrioress, and whose ethos will be essentially pagan. In addition, this Dark Imperium will function on the basis of the warrior leadership-principle and not upon any form of democracy, just as - and importantly - the basis for the law, for the justice, of the new societies of this Imperium will be personal honour (the law of the warrior), and not the abstract, dis-honourable, law that has come to dominate all Western societies, to the detriment of our evolution as a species.

Given this distinctive practical nature of the Dark Imperium, it will thus be ideologically, violently, and of necessity, opposed to the current materialistic, "politically-correct", democratic, plebeian, *status quo*, in the West, and elsewhere, and - once established - one of the first practical aims of this new Imperium will be to extend, if necessary by force of arms and conquest, its *Law of the Warrior* to other societies, creating in time a new world-wide Empire. It is this new world Empire which will efficiently begin the practical colonization of Space, first in our own Solar System, and then among the stars. It will do this practical exploration and colonization of Space both as duty and as a necessity, since such practical exploration and colonization is an integral part of its fundamental, irrevocable, pagan and warrior ethos.

Furthermore, such a Dark Imperium will, outwardly, not be directly associated with "the Satanic" or with "Satanists", although, under the guidance, the leadership, of Vindex and his (or her) successors, this warrior society will be aiding the Sinister Dialectic and thus achieving long-term Sinister, Satanic, goals.

Of course, Sinister Adepts - and some sagacious non-Initiates - will understand that such a Dark Imperium is itself only a stage; only one part of an Aeon process; and that, as such, it does not represent the essence, nor the ultimate aims, of the ONA itself, although it is only to be expected that the majority among the plebeius will fail to appreciate the difference.

In essence, the Dark Imperium is a stage toward the emergence of - a means to create - that new human species which Sinister Adepts have named, variously, as Homo Sol, *Homo Galactica* and *Homo Galacticus*: the Promethean species whose homes, whose dwellings, whose life, will be among the star-systems of our Galaxy, and then among the star-systems of other Galaxies in the causal Cosmos.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
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The Mythos of Vindex in Esoteric Context

Introduction - The Vindex Mythos

Understood esoterically, The Vindex Mythos is Acausal Sorcery. That is, the original (non-esoteric) form has been and is being used in an esoteric manner to provoke Change in an evolutionary way, creating thus a new sinisterly-numinous causal form, and which manufactured esoteric form may not be perceived or understood as esoteric by many or most of those who are influenced, inspired, and/or changed by the mythos in its non-esoteric (and original) form.

The essence of this mythos are a new, non-esoteric, manifestation of The Law of the Sinister-Numen (the law of personal honour), and the new warriors who, upholding the law of personal honour, establish new tribal ways of living in opposition to their tyranny of the Magian abstraction of the nation-State.

Furthermore, it is the mythos of Vindex which is the practical genesis of The Galactic Imperium, as it is the mythos of Vindex which possesses the dark sorcery necessary to defeat the Magian and that *untermensch* species, Homo Hubris (aka mundane mundanes), who are not only the product of the Magian ethos but who keep the Magian ethos alive and their Magian masters in power, to the detriment of our evolution.

The following texts are extracts from a non-esoteric exposition of *The Mythos of Vindex*, and provide a reasonable overview of this important mythos.

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Extract from Part One of The Mythos of Vindex

Vindex and The Defeat of The Magian

Mythos, in the context of this work, refers to an intimation, or intuition, of an aspect of the Numen, presented as this is in words which relate an archetypal legend or an archetypal premonition/prophecy of some future events.

Vindex is the name of one such numinous prophecy of the near future: an archetypal figure who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

Vindex thus represents, *par excellence*, what is numinous, and restores the balance that has been lost; lost because of the imposition of un-numinous, impersonal, and tyrannical, abstractions. As mentioned elsewhere (for instance, in *Honour: The Practical Foundation of The Numinous Way, and The Way of The Warrior*), personal honour is one primary manifestation of the numinous, and it is personal honour

that the abstract impersonal laws of all large modern "nation-States" take away, reducing the individual, as such States do, to a mere characterless often debt-ridden lackey or drone who is expected to toil to pay the taxes that the State imposes, which taxes are nothing more than a government run protection-racket, and which taxes keep the whole rotten, corrupt System of corrupt dishonourable politicians, and their flunkeys, going.

Personal honour is the way of the noble warrior - the way of the characterful men and women who have learnt from practical experience, who rely on themselves to solve their own problems and disputes, and for whom personal honour is the only law of true justice. The abstract law of the modern States is the way made for the supine masses who are made to rely on "the State" to solve their problems and their disputes, and who are for the most part manipulated and moulded by a powerful, arrogant, and often wealthy and privileged (not to say innately cowardly and dishonourable), self-appointed elite, which elite - through their use and control of, or influence over, such things as the Media, the entertainment industry, advertising, business, banking, and politicians and political parties - have manufactured the soul-less mostly urban societies of the modern industrialized so-called "democratic" world where some abstract "progress" has become a god to be worshipped and obeyed, where the mumbo-jumbo of usurious banking has hypnotized generation after generation, and where the impersonal manufactured law of mostly corrupt and dishonourable and self-serving politicians is stupidly regarded as representing "justice".

In brief, Vindex restores to the modern world the fundamental principle of true, natural justice: the personal justice based on the rule of personal honour, which thus gives to the individual a genuine freedom. For it is this natural, and human, justice, which the modern State has usurped, making the individual powerless before "the might of the State", for there are no so-called "individual rights" which the mighty State cannot take away or suspend or ignore or legislate away, and no area where the State cannot interfere or impose its will, as is so evident by the ever-increasing power and authority given by the State to its minions, such as the Police force and the Security services, which Police force and which Security personnel, can arrest, detain, forcibly restrain, and imprison - that is, take away the dignity and personal honour - of any individual provided some other minion of the State believes or assumes there is some "just cause", according to the impersonal laws of the State itself, which laws the State continues to manufacture, tyrannical year after tyrannical year.

The Tyranny of The Magian:

The abject dishonourable tyranny of the modern industrialized world - of the modern West - has been manufactured by the Magian, and by the Magian ethos.

The Magian ethos is represented in the victory of consumerism over genuine, numinous, culture. It is represented in the triumph of abstract "cleverness" - particularly abstract "law" - over the noble instincts of the man, or woman, of honour. It is represented in the triumph of vulgar mass entertainment over spontaneous family and small community events. It is manifest by the triumph of urban haste and impoliteness over the possession of rural manners. It is manifest in the triumph of loans and usurious

debt over thrift. It is represented in the triumph of indecency and profanity over modesty. But, perhaps most of all, it is represented in the destruction of the slow, rural, way of life - work involving manual labour and/or the labour of animals - and its replacement by the industry and machines of Homo Hubris, made possible by a rampant capitalism and the abject and large-scale exploitation of people and natural resources by modern States and their privileged oligarchies.....

The Genesis of Vindex:

Vindex is the generic name for that revolutionary noble warrior who leads the practical fight against the Magian and their allies, manifest as the Magian are now in the so-called mis-named New World Order whose twin centres of power (both ideological and practical) are in Amerika and the Zionist entity that occupies Palestine. Vindex thus prepares the way for the Galactic Imperium, whose practical beginnings lie in the establishment of new communities, based around new clans (or tribes) whose only law is that of Personal Honour. Vindex (who may be male or female) is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon of the Imperium, which is personal honour, and who, with his or her victorious warriors, establishes an entirely new type of culture, and an entirely new way of life.

Used as the name of an individual, Vindex means “The Avenger”, and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes this revolutionary warrior leader.

While it is possible that, as I myself once wrote, Vindex will arise from one of the nations of the West (which includes Russia, the United States and the lands formerly referred to as Eastern Europe) - and be of Caucasian (European) ethnicity - it is also possible that he or she could arise elsewhere in the world, and be of mixed, or of any, ethnicity. For what is fundamental to Vindex is that he or she is a charismatic and revolutionary leader who inspires absolute loyalty; that he or she fights, in a practical way through force of arms, the forces of the Old Order, manifest in the power of the Magian; and that he or she triumphs in the final battle, enabling the establishment of new communities free from the now broken and discarded and tyrannical Magian ethos.

Perhaps there is still time for the needed number of people within some land or lands of the modern West to arise, reclaim their ancestral warrior heritage and culture, and take up arms against the Magian, the Amerikan Empire and the vassals and lackeys of that Empire. But, perhaps not, for we have waited for well over a half century for this to occur. Indeed, given the almost total subservience of the majority of the peoples of the modern West to the ethos, myths, and new religions of the Magian, it does seem increasingly likely that Vindex will arise, and first engage the forces of the Magian, in non-Western lands, and thus be of non-European ethnic descent, especially since even those, among the peoples of the West, who know and who understand the power and influence of the Magian, and who refuse to accept the new religion of Shoah (which new religion has aided the mental conditioning of Homo Hubris), are doing nothing practical and have done nothing practical, for decades, to directly engage the Magian and

the allies and servants. For it is as if these Westerners lack that inner vitality, that instinctive feeling for honour, which was so manifest in many of their ancestors and in their former warrior cultures, and which so briefly flourished again in one Western land less than one hundred years ago before being defeated by the White hordes of Homo Hubris.

True, there have been a few individuals, in the West, who over the past fifty years have directly and heroically engaged the forces of the Magian. But a few individuals do not make a real, genuine, sustainable and continuing fighting, warrior clan or clans. It is as if the very knowing of and feeling for the numinous - the true way of the warrior - is no longer within most of those Western "people who know", so that their words are only words, and their knowledge and understanding is the empty knowledge and the feeble understanding of those too world-weary to care, anymore; as if they are the last dying remnants of a once heroic, but now broken, people.

For what distinguishes Vindex and the new warrior clans of Vindex is their vigorous, and living, warrior belief that honour is more important, more valuable, than their own lives, so that they are ready, eager and indeed more than willing to fight and if necessary die in pursuit of an honourable duty they have sworn to do. Thus, in these clans, the culture of honour lives and thrives; the culture of honour, loyalty and of duty. The numinous culture where life is lived according to an unchanging Code of Honour, and where loyalty to a person, once given, is given unto death. This is the culture of the honourable individual, who refuses to bow down to any external abstract "governmental" authority, and who has an instinctive and natural love for the true freedom that personal honour brings. The warrior culture whose fundamental principle is that every individual has a right and a duty to bear and carry weapons, with each warrior individual prepared to use such weapons in defence of their own honour and in defence of the honour of those whom they champion or to whom they have given a personal pledge of loyalty. The culture of the clan, and of the tribe; of personal knowledge of friends and foes, where combat among warriors is regarded as honourable, and where the impersonal war of modern armies is regarded as dishonourable and cowardly. Indeed, this is the culture of those new outlaws on whose heads the governments of the Magian - the governments of the new Amerikan Empire - have placed bounties, and who, in their typical dishonourable way, want them "dead or alive" for the so-called "crime" of defying the un-numinous and tyrannical laws and ethos of modern, Magian-led, nation-States.

Extract from Part Two of The Mythos of Vindex

NS Germany and the Bushido of Japan

As mentioned in Part One:

" It was the White hordes of Homo Hubris who - under the spell of the Magian - brutally, cunningly, and efficiently, defeated the one resurgence of the numinous, in the West, and the one

resurgence of the numinous in the Far East, which resurgence in many ways (but not all) prefigured, and were intimations of, the warrior way of Vindex: the one and only attempt, in the West, to counter and replace the ethos of the Magian with the numinous way of the warrior, and the one and only practical resurgence, elsewhere in the world, to halt the spread of the dishonourable vulgar "culture" of Western Homo Hubris, and to return to a numinous, ancestral, culture and way of life. "

The currently unpopular and often censored truth of our times is that National-Socialist Germany - what it had evolved to be by the beginning of The First Zionist War - was a modern mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos, and stood in complete and stark contrast to the materialism, the hubris, of the Magian and their allies and servants in the West, represented by the arrogant, profane, White Hordes of Homo Hubris. Furthermore, had NS Germany not been defeated by The White Hordes of Homo Hubris and by the machinations of the Magian, there is almost no doubt that it would have evolved further to become the genesis of a new numinous resurgence, and restored to the West, and other lands, that connexion to the numinous which centuries of plunder, exploitation, greed, abstractions, and dishonourable war had severed.

Similarly, that natural ally of NS Germany - Imperial Japan, with its underlying Bushido ethos - was also a modern mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos, and would also have evolved further to become the genesis of a new numinous resurgence in the Far East, and elsewhere.

For what distinguished both NS Germany and Imperial Japan was a return to the Code of the Warrior - to that numinous Way of Life where personal honour is considered more important than the life of the individual, and where culture is not a personal indulgence but rather a profound extension of the attitude to living which a true instinctive warrior embodies: the culture of Haiku, of Geisha, of the Samurai sword; the culture of *Blut und Boden*, of the SS ethos... This type of *dignified* culture is entirely alien and even abhorrent to the Magian and their allies, such as the uncultured barbarian White Hordes of Homo Hubris, for whom "culture" means indulging themselves and being profanely entertained by some vapid effusion of the modern Magian "entertainment industry".....

A New and Numinous Ethos: Beyond the Tyranny of the State and the Abstractions of Politics

Both NS Germany and Imperial Japan were fundamentally instinctive and natural reactions to the dominance of the Magian ethos, and represented a mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos. That is, they were akin to the natural healthy reaction of a human body invaded by some debilitating virus; an instinctive attempt to restore that natural balance which the Magian and their allies had disturbed.

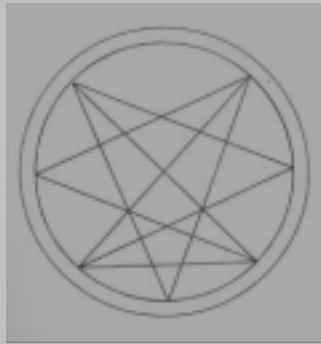
But, as I have stated several times in various writings, we have now arrived at the stage of our human evolution when we can not only, and for the first time, consciously understand ourselves, but when we can consciously decide how we are to react, and what it is that we should do. That is, we have become much more than thinking animals who possess the faculty of speech, for we possess the ability to consciously change, and to consciously control, and evolve, ourselves. Or, expressed, another way, we now know how to - and have the opportunity to - access and to presence, the numinous itself; to access and to presence that which refines, dignifies, and evolves us; that which makes us human, which can enable us to live numinous lives, and to fulfil the potential latent within us and so take us out to live among the star-systems of our Galaxy and of other Galaxies.

Personal honour is both the essence of the natural, instinctive, Way of the Warrior, and one primary manifestations of the numinous itself, and it is Vindex who restores personal honour to its rightful place, as the basis for both law and for that tribal way of life which has been, and which is, our natural human way of living, a natural and human way that the abstractions of both the Magian and The White Hordes of Homo Hubris have undermined and destroyed.

Thus, the duty - the wyrd - of Vindex and of the clans of Vindex is not to strive to try and restore some romantic idealized past - or even be in thrall to some perceived wyrdful, often numinous-filled, past way of living, such as that which Adolf Hitler brought to Germany - but rather to establish an entirely new and conscious and thus more potent expression of the numinous itself. This new and numinous way of living replaces the impersonal tyranny of the State with the way of the clan and the tribe; it replaces the abstraction of politics, and of democracy, with personal loyalty to an honourable, noble, clan or tribal leader.....

Version 2.01

Revised 121 Year of Feyen



A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms

Introductory Note:

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

This Second Edition of the original brief ONA Glossary contains further terms, and some elucidations of other terms.

Abyss

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

Acausal

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

Acausal Thinking

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

Aeon

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

Archetype

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Balobians

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the

sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Black Book of Satan

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonie).

In addition, *a sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv). The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguishes the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.]

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister tribe is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Exeatic

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

Exoteric/Esoteric

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of something; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner/acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

Falcifer

1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.

2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between *Falcifer* and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

Hebdomadry

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

Left Hand Path (LHP)

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human

individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understand and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrð) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Naos

1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.

2) The title of the ONA text "*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*".

3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around

or near to this particular star.

Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Nine Angles

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrd plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another - for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new

five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The ONA is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical execrable deeds.

Presenting The Dark

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Present The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Present The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrld and thus to work Aeonie Sorcery.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes"

Rounwytha

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy).

Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to present, to be manifest in, our causal,

phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Septenary

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrd, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

Sinister-Empathy

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

Sinister-Numen

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Sinister Way

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

Sorcery

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

Star Game

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrd (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional

magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

Traditional Nexions

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

Traditional Satanism

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

Tree of Wyrd

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

Vindex

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presented ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If

an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means "the Avenger", and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be dis-covered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.



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Appendix The Sinister Code

Those who are not our sinister brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by - and are prepared to die by - our unique code of dark (sinister) honour.

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are

wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour (“I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

The Goals, Aims and Objectives, of The ONA

Our fundamental aim is to change, to evolve, human beings – to produce a new type of human being. This derives from our belief that we human beings have great potential; that we can consciously change and evolve ourselves, and that esoteric Arts, especially The Dark Arts, are one of the most practical means to do this. Our Dark Arts include our sinister tribes and our Dreccian way of life, as well as the more traditional Dark Arts of External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick.

Our main goal is to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, all governments, and all nations, and in their place create new societies, new ways of life, based on our own tribal way of living, where the only law is our law of sinister-honour.

We desire to do this because of our belief that the current order, the current systems, are all mundane, and reflect the nature of mundanes; of those who lack our sinister spirit, our defiance, our desire to free ourselves from mundanity and the restrictions of patronising governments and abstract, impersonal, law, and which governments treat us as either children or as subjects to be restrained and controlled.

Our means – our Dark Arts – are many and varied, and include our *sinister tribes*, our *Traditional Nexions* (with the Seven Fold Sinister Way and External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick), our *Dreccs*, our *Sorcerers and Sorceresses* who work alone or with a few sinister comrades, our *Sinister-Empaths*, our Star Game, and our sympathizers and helpers, such as *Balobians*. One other important means, employed, by the ONA – and an essential part of our Dark Arts – is our *sinister Mythos*, and which ONA Mythos includes *The Mythos of The Dark Gods*, and *The Mythos of Vindex*.

One of our objectives is for our new species to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies. This leaving of our childhood home will, with its challenges, its experiences, and its opportunities, enable us to mature, and further evolve, as a species.

Our aim of *The Dark Imperium* (aka The Galactic Imperium aka The Sinister Imperium) - whose genesis will be The Mythos of Vindex and The Law of The Sinister-Numen and which will be brought into being by our Dark Warriors - is the practical means whereby this particular objective may be achieved.

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Mundane or Sinister?

The Basic Standards For Novices of The Sinister Way

So, you want to join us? You want to become one of the sinister few? Part of our sinister Order of Nine Angles family? One of those who understand – who know – mundanes for the expendable resource they are. One of those who knows or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that we can be far more than we are; one of those who knows, who understands, or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that all laws, past and present, are restrictions – a means of mundane control, devised and implemented by mundanes in a mundane attempt to prevent we sinister few from turning our lives into a succession of ecstasies. One of those defiant ones who would rather die than submit, and who understands that words are a means, not the essence.

Know then that you have to prove and test yourself – taking yourself to and beyond your physical and emotional and moral limits. If you succeed, fine. If you fail – no excuses, you failed. You can try again, and again, until you succeed. Or you can accept the truth – that failure makes you, marks you, as mundane. No excuses.

Are you, then, ready to test yourself? To defy, to overcome? To be heretical? If so, here are the challenges. Here are the minimal standards you must meet to become of us, to join us. And if you do not desire to so test yourself, to meet, to surpass, the standards, we set – then go elsewhere. If you somehow in some way want to debate or to dispute these standards of ours, then you can go elsewhere.

We are not interested in your excuses, your mundane words – for these are minimal entry standards for our traditional sinister nexions. For you to join us – for you to become a member of our sinister elite, to become a genuine Initiate of our Seven-Fold Sinister Way – you have to undertake the following.

Physical Standards

Train for and undertake all three of the following physical tasks – the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.

If you cannot achieve all these minimal standards – you failed.

Mental Standards

Construct and learn to play both the basic and the advanced Star Game.

If you cannot do this – you failed.

Moral Standards

Find, and test (according to our sinister guidelines) a suitable mundane, and then cull that mundane.

If you cannot do this – you failed.

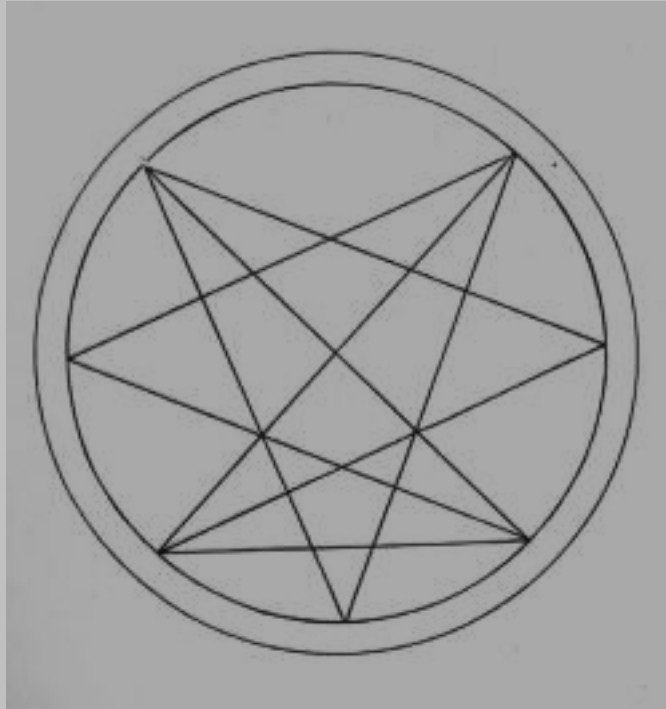
Heretical Standards

Become, for a minimum of six months, a public advocate of a genuine modern heresy – such as radical (Jihadi) Islam, or National-Socialism, or what the Magians call "holocaust denial".

If you cannot do this – or fail to understand why these are genuine modern heresies – you failed.

No excuses; no debates. You are either of us, or you are mundane.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
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The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has n number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being*. This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develop, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develop, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develop our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

(1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;

(2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;

(3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, but rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being.

Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan - or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet -

as conventional “gods” or “goddesses” are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the

acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

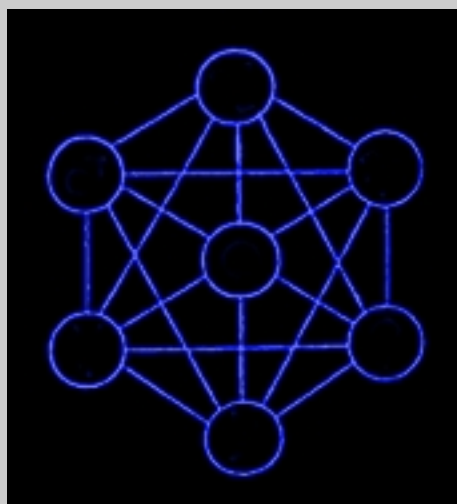
Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles



Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".



Defining Satanism

The Nature of Satan

According to the conventional, rather dated, and Nazarene view, Satanism is considered to be the worship of, or the acceptance of the authority of, the being termed Satan as Satan is described in Nazarene scripture, as, for example, *the* or as *an* adversary of the supreme Being, often called God. According to a less Nazarene-centric - and more philosophically correct - view, we may define Satanism as *the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.*

Importantly, this definition of Satanism places the entity called Satan into a certain, a specific, relation with human beings - that of powerful entity whom human beings cannot really control, whatever means or artifice they may use or devise to attempt such control. This is itself is in contrast to the Nazarene-centric view of Satan, who - while being regarded as a powerful supra-personal entity - is believed to be under the total and final control of the supreme Being, often called God. Thus, in this Nazarene view, human beings can defy or rescue themselves from or be defended from Satan by the supreme Being who will or who can or who may intercede on their behalf, if asked in the appropriate manner and via, for example, "the proper channels" - with the appropriate manner and the proper channels being defined according to Nazarene theology and dogma.

Thus, this particular definition, of ours, of Satanism may therefore be regarded as expressing the essence of Satanism itself, without there having to be an acceptance of the conventional notion of human obedience to or subservience to this particular supra-personal entity. That is, a conventional religious element of worship, of theism - deriving from the Magian religious perspective - is neither necessary nor required for someone to describe themselves as a Satanist. [1]

Furthermore, our definition of Satanism also leads, or should lead, to a discussion regarding the nature of both existence and being; a discussion much more rational, and far more wide-ranging, than would occur, and which historically has occurred, were one to accept the conventional Nazarene-centric view of Satanism, for that view is restricted, narrowed, by both the nature of Nazarene theology itself and by the reliance upon Nazarene scripture.

Furthermore, any definition of Satanism also depends, to some extent, on the necessary enquiry into the origin of the word Satan itself, the de facto view being that Satan is, in origin, derived from a Hebrew word meaning or implying adversary. [2]

The Modern Satanism of Mundanes

According to both the conventional understanding of Satanism, and also according to our definition above, modern groups such as the Church of Satan (and its derivatives) and the Temple of Set cannot be considered as Satanist or as somehow representing Satanism, for the simple fact that neither group accepts that there is a supra-personal entity called Satan.

For the Church of Satan, Satan is not considered a real supra-personal being, with an independent existence, but rather as some kind of symbolic representation of certain carnal human impulses and desires, and which representation is controllable or which can be controlled by, or come to be controlled by, individuals themselves.

The central focus of the Temple of Set (ToS) is the figure of Set, an entity (or deity) belonging to the pantheon of Ancient Egypt, and who the ToS variously describe as The Prince of Darkness, as their patron, and who thus could be considered as the possible origin of the Nazarene Satan.

As befits their attempt to be all things to all members (and possibly to encourage more recruits), the ToS seems undecided and somewhat befuddled as to whether their resurrected Set is an actual supra-personal, and powerful, deity, or whether he is only a symbolic, or archetypal, and human, representation of certain natural or cosmic forces. [3]

This indecision, deliberate or otherwise - and/or spin, to encourage more recruits - is also reflected in their seemingly befuddled views regarding whether or not their Set is benign or "evil", and whether or not we human beings can, through some artifice or other (such as magick), control or at least acquire immunity from the power of this entity, if he or it is indeed "evil" and not benign.

However, it becomes quite clear, on studying the ToS, that their entity - their so-called Prince of Darkness - is rather tame, and just acquired a rather bad reputation along the way. Which leads one to ask: if their Set is not the real "evil one" - the powerful living source of such things as terror and suffering-causing Chaos and of "evil" - then who or what is? If the answer is that there is no such physically existing entity, one is led to enquire just what exactly, therefore, is the true nature and importance of their Set, which brings one to the only logical conclusion that, ultimately, for all their bluster and all their pseudo-mystical and metaphysical ramblings, their Set is just another human

abstraction, just another symbolic representation of certain natural or cosmic forces and processes.

Even were it not, it further becomes clear, on studying the ToS, that their emphasis is decidedly on the "we can control" category, and thus aligns them, on this matter, with Nazarenes, for they have removed the element of real risk, of fear, and of danger that consorting and copulating with demons and powerful non-human supra-personal entities entails, thus placing them - as with followers of the Magian religions, and the CoS - among the category we may term *magians-of-the-earth*: that is, among those who believe that we fragile, mortal, human beings have the means (from our religions or beliefs or by some artifice or whatever), or we can devise some artful means, whereby we can save ourselves and escape from whatever external power afflicts or may afflict us. This view - common to Magian religions, to the CoS, to the ToS, and to many people who describe themselves as Occutlists - may also be referred to as the hubriati-syndrome [4].

Thus, not only do both the CoS and the ToS not accept that there is a supra-personal entity called Satan, but they also ultimately - with their hubriati-syndrome - still adhere to the dogma underlying the Magian religious perspective.

Satanism and The Order of Nine Angles

According to the ONA Satan is one being, among other beings, who actually exists in what is termed the acausal continuum [5].

The very nature of this acausal being, exoterically termed Satan - and the very nature of the acausal itself - means that we human beings, however advanced or skilled in various magickal or Occult techniques we consider ourselves to be, cannot ever fully *or in any significant manner* control Satan, just as we cannot fully control in any significant manner other such beings, such as Baphomet [6].

That is, there is no nothing, no means - esoteric or otherwise - no method, technique, or skill, no secret formulae or chant, no spoken words, no ritual, no "prayer", no supreme Being (such as God), to control such acausal beings and/or which enable us to be safe and secure from them. This is so because of our nature - as fragile, microcosmic beings who have evolved on one planet orbiting one star - and because of the nature of the Cosmos itself, perceivable as this Cosmos is to we human beings as having an acausal continuum and a causal continuum.

All we can hope for - through our defiance of our primitiveness, through a desire to evolve, through curing the sickness behind our hubriati-syndrome - is to become like such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet; to evolve toward them; to come to regard them as our long lost kin, our inspiration, our guides, our sources of reliable knowledge about the acausal.

Thus, one of the many crucial differences between the ONA and groups such as the CoS and the ToS is that regarding the esoteric meaning and significance of magick. For the ONA:

" What has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself." *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*

This is in complete contrast to both the CoS and the ToS, for whom such means as magick are fundamentally a way to control certain forces, and to exult in our individuality. Thus, for them magick is simply one more means for us to impose ourselves (our will) upon ourselves, upon others, upon life, Nature and the Cosmos. That is, their view and understanding of Occultism in general is limited, by, stymied by, their hubriati-syndrome; by their desire and even need to be *magians-of-the-earth*. This is a lowly, a primitive, a mundane, understanding of the Occult, and especially of our latent human faculties.

For the ONA, such means as magick are a way for us to genuinely evolve - to be far more than we are by coming-to-know acausal beings; by experiencing, and beginning to use, acausal energies; by developing such things as our latent faculty of acausal-empathy; and - eventually - by transcending beyond the causal into the realms of the acausal [7].

Thus, in essence, the ONA view is a Cosmic one, encompassing the realms of both causal and acausal, while the views of the CoSers and the ToSers - and others like them (such as the Crowleyites) - is a moribund, Earth-bound, primitively egocentric, view, redolent of the sickness underlying the collection of symptoms we call the hubriati-syndrome.

According to the ONA:

" Our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy; we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*

Conclusion

For the ONA, Satan is a real, supra-personal, entity - existing in the realms of the acausal and totally independent of us - whom we cannot fully or in any significant manner hope to control, and who is not subject to some supreme Being, not ultimately subservient to such a Being, because such a supreme Being does not exist [8].

As has been written:

"It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is

Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature"...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things....." *To Presence The Dark*

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Notes:

[1] What we may term the Magian religious perspective (or ethos) is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, world-views, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such Ways of Life.

[2] For a brief, non-conventional, view, see the Appendix, *Satan As A Word*, below.

[3] Here is a typical ToS statement about Set: "Set's...method for Working in the Objective Universe is by providing an insight into the nature of personhood."

[4] The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical ToS statement which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Here is a typical ToS statement which expresses this perspective:

"Religious offices [are] conferred by Set alone, and Recognized within the Temple according to his Will. The design, care, and operation of the Temple are entrusted by Set to the Priesthood..."

If we re-write this slightly, the connection becomes obvious:

"Religious offices [are] conferred by God alone, and Recognized within the Church according to his Will. The design, care, and operation of the Church are entrusted by God to the Pope and Priesthood..."

The ToS has Set, a guiding Council of Nine (appointed by Set of course), High Priests, and Temples; the Catholic Church has God, the Pope, Priests, and Churches, who are entrusted with doing God's work on Earth, just as the ToSers believe they have been entrusted with a sacred duty to do the work of Set.

[5] Refer to the ONA texts *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and also *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

Furthermore, it is convenient to describe some acausal entities by the term *demons*.

Nexions are one means whereby entities from the acausal may presence - be manifest, or travel - to the causal continuum, and thus interact with we human beings, on Earth. For a basic understanding of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles - A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

Expressed succinctly:

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the

acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept

However, many acausal entities possess the ability to create their own nexions to the causal - and thus do not require assistance from us, from we who dwell in the causal continuum.

[6] It should not be forgotten that according to the ONA Baphomet is an acausal shapeshifting entity and has been physically manifest to us, and can be manifest to us, via a suitable nexion, and has assumed the physical form of (or appeared to us as) a human woman.

[7] For a transcending to the realms of the acausal, refer to the ONA text *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[8] " A supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves." *ONA: The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

Furthermore, the belief in this supreme Being, just like the hubriati symptom of the illusion of control of supra-personal entities, is part of the hubriati-syndrome, that illness that makes us, and keeps us, and marks us, as mundanes.

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Appendix

Satan: A Note On The Word

Satan is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

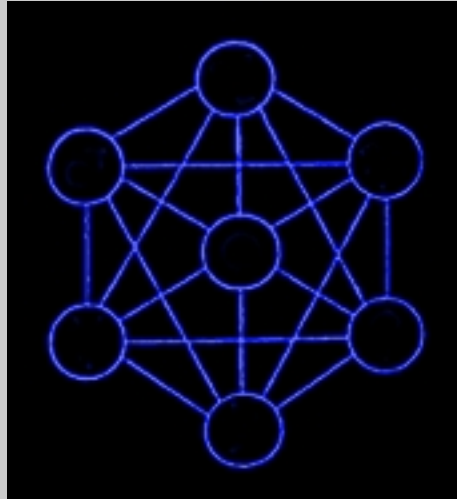
The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* –

“through” and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense – for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a ‘bad’ or ‘false’ sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

The vulgar belief that Hebrew is some kind of pre-eminent, and root, language is incorrect - Hebrew is essentially derived from ancient Phoenician, with later contributions from Ancient Greek, which also owed a debt to Phoenician.

A Short History and Ontology of Satan

According to the Order of Nine Angles



A Short History of Satan

The story of Satan is vulgarly regarded – according to popular and Nazarene belief – as making its first appearance in what is regarded as ancient Biblical times, with a short history of, and stories about, Satan being provided in various parts the Old Testament, where Satan is described as a fallen (or rebellious) angel of the supreme deity commonly referred to as God, who rebelled because of His pride. In this story, one of the functions of Satan is to tempt human beings, and lead them away from the teaching, the revelation, the laws, of God.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament – most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE – Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God’s so-called “chosen people” sometimes also called *a satan*. Over many centuries, both the story and the ontology of the Biblical being named Satan were further developed, particular by Nazarenes.

However, there is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

The Order of Nine Angles presents a rather different interpretation, and history, of Satan, primarily based on what has been claimed to be an old aural tradition, handed down by a few reclusive Adepts of what

has been, variously, called The Dark Tradition, The Seven Fold Way, The Sinister Way, Traditional Satanism, and Hebdomadry.

According to this tradition [1], the being now known by the exoteric name Satan is one of The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones), who are entities existing, living, in the acausal continuum [2]. This Satan [3] is The Prince of Darkness and of Chaos, and He – along with some other Dark Gods – is portrayed as a shapeshifter, capable of assuming human form, Who has visited, or been manifest, on Earth. at various times throughout our human history.

Thus, for the ONA, Satan is an actual living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can – by means of various nexions [4] – presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.

Furthermore, Satan – and other shapeshifting Dark Ones, such as the entity Baphomet, known to us in Her female human form – are considered as having been instrumental in guiding our conscious development, especially through the Chaos and Change wrought by Satanic Adepts through means such as the Sinister Dialectic. Satanic Adepts – and Initiates – are thus considered as doing the work of Satan, here in the causal, and on our planet, Earth.

One legend recounts Baphomet as the Bride, The Wife and Mistress, of Satan – and the Mother of all life on our planet, Earth. Baphomet is thus, according to this legend, that innate creative force, that cosmic energy, which permeates and which guides Nature upward by means of what we humans have termed evolution.

According to legend, Satan – and some other Dark Ones – first came to, or presenced themselves on, Earth to and for us, many millennia ago, at the dawn of our human consciousness. In addition, Satan – as some other Dark Entities from the acausal – has, by virtue of their acausal nature, certain powers; that is, He – as They – can provoke, or cause, or be the genesis, of certain changes in we human beings (desired or undesired by us), as well as in our causal world (“events” on planet Earth). Thus, He – as They (and in particular, Baphomet) – can interfere in our human affairs, and have interfered in our human affairs, according to Their own nature.

This “interference” is just another way of saying that certain acausal entities possess the ability to change, or alter, in certain ways, causal energy, and causal matter – and in particular the type of energy that is our human psyche, which itself is just a mostly latent nexion between the realm of the causal and the realms of the acausal. Satanic Initiation is a means to open this particular nexion, just as living in a Satanic manner keeps this nexion open, expands it, and allows for acausal energy to flow through it, bringing a new type of life to the Satanist, allowing them to presence acausal energy (dark forces) on Earth, and providing them with an opportunity for an acausal existence after their own mortal dying. [5]

On The Ontology of Satan and His Name

According to the ONA, Satan and the other Dark Ones are simply acausal entities, existing – living – in the acausal continuum. That is, they are a particular type of natural life in the Cosmos, and were not created by some supreme deity, named God, or whatever [6]. They just *are*, and live according to their own, acausal, nature, in their own species of acausal Time and in the infinite realms of acausal Space.

Unlike ourselves, however – who are mortal fragile beings living for a brief period in the causal continuum and thus whose body is subject to the decay caused by the cause-and effect of linear, causal, Time – these acausal entities, by virtue of the nature of acausal Space and acausal Time, can be viewed as “immortal” and capable of instantaneous “travel”, both in their own dimensions, and in ours.

Thus, these entities are not what are commonly called “supernatural beings” – they are just a different type of being from we mortal human beings who live in the causal continuum known to us by means of our human senses. These acausal beings do not have, nor need, fragile, organic, bodies such as we possess, although – as mentioned – they can assume human form, when presented on Earth [7].

The name Satan is only the traditional exoteric (the common or outer or non-responsive) name of this particular acausal entity. The esoteric “name” of this entity is a chant (a vibration of a particular frequency and intensity) which when sung or chanted in the correct manner (by two or more human individuals) in a particular type of resonant place where a certain shaped crystal is aligned correctly – represents the actual, responsive/reactive, human name of the entity.

This esoteric (secret and correct) name of Satan is based upon the Greek word that became the word Satan, and, historically, the ONA derives the name from Phoenician and thence, in a variant form, to Ancient Greek [8] – a Greek name borrowed and morphed by others, and thence inappropriately appropriated by the writers of the Old Testament, who wrote several centuries after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus, and Pythagoras.

It is quite possible that it was the shapeshifting acausal entity known to ONA myth and legend as The Prince of Darkness, Who – interacting with human beings in certain ways in our historical past – gave rise to various stories, myths and legends, in many cultures at varying times, including the stories, myths and legends, about Ahriman.

Thus, it was some stories about the coming-forth-to-Earth of this particular acausal entity that eventually were used as the basis for the abstract, fantasy, “satan” described in the Old Testament, redolent as this fantasy was and is – with its “chosen people”, its Prophets, its vengeful supreme Being capable of vanquishing Satan, its “sacred texts” and God-given laws – of a people suffering quite severely from the debilitating disease of abstractionism, manifest as this sickness often is in both the hubriati-syndrome and in feelings of being persecuted.

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Notes:

[1] As has been written many times in respect of such aural traditions, they are to be judged by each individual, on their merits, or otherwise. That is, no claim is made regarding them, by the ONA, other than that they are aural traditions, and – like other folk stories, and other aural myths and legends – they may or may not contain some veracity, and may or may not contain accurate or interesting historical information.

[2] For the acausal continuum, see ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

For a brief outline of The Dark Gods, refer to ONA texts such as *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.

[3] For a brief discussion of the name Satan, see the section *On The Ontology of Satan and His Name*, below.

[4] Nexions are a means whereby entities from the acausal may presence – be manifest, or travel – to the causal continuum, including Earth, and thus interact with, and affect, we human beings. For a brief outline of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles – A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

According to tradition, the vibration of the esoteric name of Satan, in the correct manner in the correct surroundings, opens a particular type of nexion and transmits a human call into the acausal which Satan may respond to.

[5] Refer to ONA texts such as *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[6] The Dark, the Satanic, Tradition of the ONA states that such a supreme, creator, Being – such as God – does not exist, and that what we term God is just a human abstraction, an unnecessary human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have projected onto the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

[7] For further details regarding the ontology of Satan, refer to ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[8] For a brief discussion regarding the correct etymology of the name Satan, refer to the Appendix of the ONA text *Defining Satanism*.

ONA Manuscripts

Main Category: Aural History and Tradition

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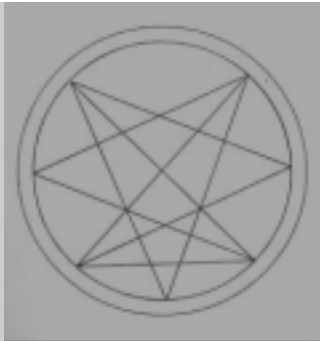
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Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles

Version 2.01

What is the ONA?

The Order of Nine Angles is a sinister esoteric organization, a sinister Way, a sinister methodology, and a sinister mythos.

1) The ONA is an esoteric association of individuals, world-wide, who use, or who apply, or who are inspired by, its sinister methodology, its sinister mythos, and/or its sinister Way. By *esoteric association* we mean something different from an *association* as understood by mundanes and as manifest in the mundane world of the mundanes. We mean *an association of clandestine cells*, for the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of (often clandestine) cells. This is because of the overall subversive nature of the ONA itself.

2) The Sinister Way of the ONA is evident in its Seven Fold Sinister Way, as manifest in manuscripts (MSS) such as *Naos*, and in the work of traditional ONA nexions (or “groups”).

3) The sinister methodology of the ONA is manifest, for example, in what we call sinister tribes, and in the striving, by individuals, to live in a sinister way and *To Presence The Dark*: to do works of dark, sinister, sorcery, often by their practical deeds which deeds take them beyond the bounds, the limits (moral, legal, and otherwise), set by mundanes, and which deeds can enable them to consciously evolve to become a different, higher [more sinister], type of human being.

4) The sinister mythos of the ONA is evident in stories such as *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and is briefly outlined in the MS *The Dark Tradition, and Sinister Mythos, of the Order of Nine Angles* (Esoteric Notes 103a).

The Sinister Way of the ONA is based upon the principles that (1) genuine esoteric knowledge and insight – and thus genuine Occult advancement – requires both self-achievement through practical deeds, and through a self-honesty, a genuine knowing and understanding and control of one’s own self;

and (2) the necessary evolution of the individual can be achieved by a willed self-overcoming and the acceptance of hard, difficult and dangerous challenges, both esoteric and practical.

What are the aims of the ONA?

Three of the primary aims of the ONA are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors;

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about – by practical and esoteric means (such as Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States – and their impersonal governments – by our new tribal societies.

How can I join the ONA?

There are three ways of joining – or becoming part of – the subversive ONA. The first, and perhaps the easiest, way, is to, by yourself, just start using and applying the sinister methodology of the ONA, and/or follow the Seven Fold Sinister Way, using the guidance of practical works such as *Naos*, and the *Complete Guide to The Seven-Fold Way*.

The second way is to seek out a traditional ONA nexion or an ONA Adept, and then follow or apply or put into practice the guidance that may be offered. This is similar to the first way, although here the individual usually has some practical guidance and practical advice from someone who has been involved with the ONA for some time and who, as a consequence, has done practical sinister stuff, magickal and otherwise.

Note that in both these cases, the individual – when sufficient practical experience is acquired – can establish their own ONA nexion (aka Temple aka group), if they so desire.

The third way – and the most sinister and the most practical – is to find and join an existing ONA tribe, or to form, or to become the founder of, your own sinister tribe by applying the sinister methodology of the ONA, as given, for example, in MSS such as (1) *The War Against The Mundanes*; (2) *We, The Drecc*, and (3) *Dark Warriors of the Sinister ONA*. Our tribes, by their very feral nature, are territorial, and local – they live and thrive in a certain geographical area, or a certain ‘hood, although some are now beginning to form alliances with other similar groups in other areas, or have expanded their operations and territory, and so can be found spread over several localities. In some ways, many or most of our

sinister tribes are a new type of gang culture, and most of them are urban-based.

In all cases, one does not join – or pay membership fees to – some central ONA headquarters, or some ONA command, because, as mentioned previously, the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of what are often clandestine cells because of the generally subversive nature of the ONA itself, and because (expressed in rather esoteric terms) the ONA is an organized presencing of acausal energy through that nexion which is the ONA, which presencing is a willed, or directed, act of dark (sinister) sorcery.

In all cases, “membership” is earned through hardship, experience, and practical deeds, for the individual becomes of the ONA by their practical deeds and because of their sinister experience, their following of our dark and sinister esoteric path; that is, because they are, they become, living examples – living nexions – of the sinister itself.

However, technically (esoterically), the ONA is organized into the outer (exoteric) ONA and the inner (esoteric) ONA. To the inner ONA belong personally invited sinister Adepts, and beyond - that is, those who, having followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least Internal Adept, have revealed both a sinister nature (evident in practical deeds) and skill in Aeonic sorcery.

Technically (esoterically) in the outer ONA there are ONA members, and ONA associates. A member formally means someone in direct personal face-to-face contact with an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA; someone who is being guided and thus following our Sinister Way according to tradition, and thus who is part of an already physical ONA nexion, which physical nexion - in Old Aeon speak - is a Sinister "Temple".

There are also "unaffiliated" members who are working alone, who follow our Way, and who are also being guided by an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA.

Each member - when they attain Internal Adept - is free to guide others, and to establish their own "official" ONA nexion, but they still require some guidance to advance further, toward and into The Abyss, from whence they may emerge as newly fledged Masters or Lady Masters, who usually do not require further guidance.

An "official" ONA nexion should not be confused with the Temple - the simple causal construct - that an aspirant Internal Adept constructs as one of the learning tasks of the Seven Fold Sinister Way, which task is associated with External Adept.

An *associate* of the ONA is someone who is doing sinister work on behalf of the ONA and who usually but not always is in contact (sometimes not on a face-to-face basis) with an ONA member, but who does and who is free to do their own work, and who usually follows or (more usually) develops their own esoteric way and methods, but who also may propagate the ONA mythos. Such an associate often constructs a new, non-ONA, independent group or organization, which may or may not be imbued with the sinister energies which the ONA itself is using, and which may or which may not acknowledge the

influence of the ONA.

If all this is confusing to mundanes, so much the better. It certainly is not confusing to those possessed of (or who have developed) the faculty dark-empathy, and who thus possess esoteric insight.

I have heard it said that the ONA is defunct?

The ONA is thriving. Expanding; changing; evolving. Just because most of our members or associates – or any of The Old Guard (OG) – do not deign to partake in Internet discussions on some mundane forum or other, does not mean the ONA is defunct. Similarly, just because someone such as Anton Long keeps a low (and clandestine) profile, never ever now gives public interviews, and can only be contacted by trusted ONA members of long-standing, does not mean that he has “left”, or that he has changed his “life-long commitment to the sinister way”.

The mistake here is the silly mundane presumption that for some esoteric group, today, to be considered to “exist” it must have some thriving blatant Internet presence, or some snail-mail address, or some public “representative”, or to have some books published by some mundane publisher; or have some commercially available merchandise or some trade-marked logo; or be officially “recognized” by some mundane authority or other.

The majority of those who are part of or who are associated with an existing traditional ONA nexion (group/Temple) remain hidden, as those nexions themselves remain hidden; for that is how it has been for many, many, decades. And that is how most of our sinister work is undertaken – covertly, in secret.

In addition, some of our tribes do not overtly, in public, present themselves as “sinister” or openly affiliate themselves with the ONA. They just get on with their subversive job of subversion; of being feral; of being real outlaws; of living on the edge; of gaining control of their own local area; of making money for themselves and their tribe; of gaining respect among their own communities; and of generally being a pain in the ass for their local mundanes and for the “law enforcement” agencies of mundane “law and order”. That is, they are living the sinister way, not writing about it; not talking about it, on the Internet or elsewhere.

Furthermore, we have a variety of *nyms*, now – some still esoteric; some just emerging into the light of the mundane world, such as Dreccian. Thus, some of our tribes, and some of our traditional nexions, will use one of these *nyms*, instead of using the traditional term, and title, ONA.

The confusion about being “defunct” arises, quite often, because the ONA is a subversive, sinister, organization operating on the basis of (often clandestine) cells, and because the OG really have gone back “underground”, to continue their sinister work, in secret. And also because, of course, the ONA is a shapeshifting sinister entity, in the world of the mundanes; as befits a sinister, subversive, heretical, revolutionary, group.

What do you mean by mundanes?

We mean any and all of those who “are not of us”. Those who do not belong to or who do not associate with our sinister tribes, our traditional nexions, or who do not share our sinister ethos, or our sinister way of life.

We call them mundanes, because that is what they are – mundane. They are ordinary; they engage with and live in the mundane world of everyday work, and they have mundane goals. They accept the status quo; they pay their taxes. Even the “rebellion” of some of them is no real rebellion against the mundane ethos of wage and salary slavery, no real rebellion against the laws and ethics of the mundanes, of The State; no real rebellion against The State itself, and against the organized forces of mundane “law and order”.

The fundamental difference between us and mundanes is that we demonically aspire to be more than we are, and we are tribal and individualistic; we are warriors. In contrast, the mundanes seek safety and security and the “order” that comes with Police forces and with State or government-made laws, and with large, organized armed forces. They also accept impersonal Courts of Law where some abstract, government-made so-called “justice” is said to be obtained. In contrast, we accept that the only law is the warrior law of personal honour: that we are responsible for ourselves, that we have a right to the natural justice of revenge, retribution, a fair fight, and personal duels; and we refuse to surrender this responsibility of ours to anyone else or to any organized force, or forces, of mundane “law and order”, such as law-enforcement agencies or government so-called Courts of Law.

Thus, we accept that our sinister tribes have the right and the duty to make their own laws, to dispense their own justice, to defend themselves with deadly force, and to have their own territory where they are the law. If they want to co-operate with others, it is their decision – and cannot be imposed upon them by some outside agency or by some abstract law. Thus, we accept that we can only give our loyalty to someone we know personally, and that we have a duty to be loyal to our kind, to those of our “family”, to those of our kindred, our tribe. And we would rather fight and die than surrender to any mundane or allow any agent of a government to take away our honour and our dignity. And so on.

Mundanes do not like this genuine individualism; this tribalism; this proud ethos of personal honour before, and above and beyond, and in place of, State/government, law.

We know our kind; our kind can find us. And it is our kind that the mundanes fear, and rightly so.

You talk of a Dark Imperium - a kind of Galactic Empire. But isn't there a contradiction here between the goal of developing unique individuals and an Imperium which by its nature requires a certain loyalty and obedience, a certain submission to its ideals?

In its beginning (and for probably many centuries), such a sinister Imperium may well involve our new,

aristocratic, elite (our developed individuals) in leading those less developed and less enlightened; and/or in manipulating people, perhaps by some causal form (for example, what mundanes often call a political ideology, or say, what mundanes often call a religion).

Thus, our Dark Imperium may well be built and established by others, but under our guidance, our leadership; under the inspiration of our numinous-mythos, and under the aegis of our new type of human being. But it is this very Imperium which will provide the challenges, the Cosmic diversity, to speed up the process of human evolution and thus produce more enlightened, unique, individuals who can fulfil their potential, as has been explained in various texts.

Hence, the Dark Imperium will be our new sinister collective, assimilating other humans and then possibly other alien life-forms - a manifestation of our sinister ethos; a means to test, refine, evolve, individuals; to have the best triumph and lead; to provide more opportunities for evolution, not less.

In addition, our overall aim is to produce individuals with an Aeonic perspective, an understanding of wyrd, of the sinister imperative, who thus understand our new tribal ways of life and thus the ethos of our Law of The Sinister-Numen. Our aim is not to produce more Homo Hubris types who are addicted to an egotistical way of life and who thus are arrogantly unbalanced, believing as such types do the Magian illusion (evident in Magian Occultism) that they - some puny mundane - are the most important (and the most powerful) thing in the Cosmos. Our Way - in contrast to such Magian egotism, in contrast to the un-numinous hubris of Homo Hubris - is the Way of the Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law is the foundation of the Dark Imperium, and the basis for the way of life of the warriors of our Imperium.

Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also (and importantly) no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mundanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves “Satanists” and who thus follow the mundane so-called “satanism” of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

The ONA is not just “satanic” because even *traditional Satanism* (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to *one* particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be “satanists” will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term *sinister* instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some *-ism* or some *-ology*.

For the reality is that “we” cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need. Thus – and to consider a relevant example – most mundanes want, and need, to classify or to define someone such as “Anton Long” by whether or not that person adheres or – or rather is seen, by mundanes, to adhere to – some already existing *-ism* or some *-ology*. Thus, they the mundanes become confused, perplexed, when such a person seems to adhere to several of those supposedly conflicting *-isms* or *-ologies* at the same time, or seems to move easily from one to another; and thus do they, the mundanes, in their confused perplexion, readily reach for a ready-made explanation, and project upon that person some other mundane term, believing by describing this person by such a term they have “understood” that person. Hence, the mundane is relieved, satisfied, comfortable again with themselves and their world.

Thus, the ONA now uses the understanding of a person such as “Anton Long” (whose public *persona* is now well-known) as a basic but effective test of mundane-ness, especially among those who describe themselves as Occultists and “satanists”. Have these “Occultists” and “satanists” the instinct, the occult ability – the innate character of one of our sinister kind – to see beyond mere causal form, to the acausal, and thus perceive the reality of one shapeshifting sinister individual? In time, we – our world-wide sinister kindred – will have more such individuals with a public persona whose life can be used as a test of mundane-ness

Where can I find out more about the ONA?

Currently (121 yf), there is an unofficial [ONA website](#), and a semi-official [ONA weblog](#) (which is not regularly updated). There was also an older, unofficial, website (camlad9), which gave some of the more exoteric ONA material related to Satanism, but it was shut down – banned – in October of 120 Year of Feyen because the ONA material there was, according to the mundanes, subversive and “dangerous”. Most of the material on the censored website is, however, available elsewhere on the Internet, and in printed books.

In addition, there are some individuals who publish collections of ONA material, and ONA books.

One important attribute of the ONA is that we do not believe in the mundane concept of copyright, so that all ONA works can be redistributed, and re-printed and re-published, with anyone free to print them and even charge money for them if they want to make a profit.

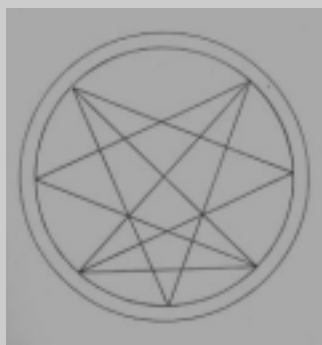
Some photostatic copies of some original and older ONA items – as issued by the ONA in the 1980’s

and 1990's CE – are now available, often in pdf format. These copies of originals include *Naos*, and *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, and the original *Black Book of Satan*, as well *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

There may arise a time – soon, or not so soon – when we no longer have even an unofficial ONA website or an ONA blog, so that the neophyte and the curious will have to rely on either the sites and blogs of one or more of our cells, nexions or tribes, or do some practical research for themselves in the traditional, non-Internet, way of finding and reading books and articles, and finding and asking “those who know”.

What is the official symbol of the ONA?

We have two main, exoteric, sigils or symbols. The first relates to our Sinister Way, to causal and acausal and the Nine Angles, and is usually represented, in a two-dimensional way, as below:



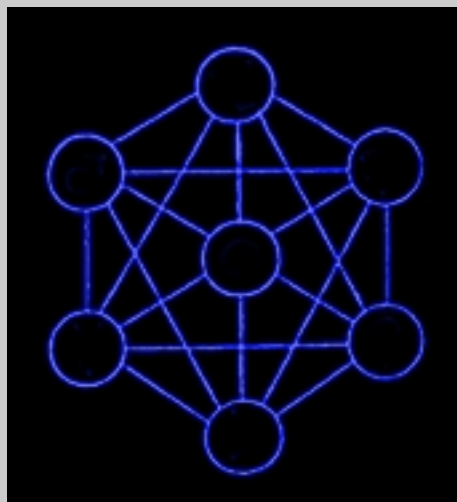
ONA Sigil

The second, given below, relates to our sinister mythos, and is associated with Baphomet, whom we regard – in contrast to all other Occultists – as a female acausal and sinister being, who can manifest in the causal, and this sigil is known both as The Sigil of Baphomet, and as The Dreccian Moons of Baphomet.



Sigil of Baphomet

We also sometimes use the Septenary sigil, as below:



The Septenary Sigil

What should be understood, however, is that these sigils are only two-dimensional, exoteric, representations of four-dimensional forms.

Thus, the ONA sigil, given above, is properly (that is, esoterically) constructed in three-dimensions, within a sphere, which three-dimensional construct itself changes, thus mimicking the change which is causal Time. This change is both a simple change of perspective (for example, the movement and rotation of the sphere and the construct within it) and also a “mapping” (that is, a causal “distortion”) of both the sphere and the construct within it). This mapping is essentially a change of, a transformation of, the regular Cartesian three-dimensional co-ordinate system, and to a limited extent this can be understood, and re-presented, by reference to the mathematical change of metric in causal Space-Time. This change is – viewed causally – random, and thus there is some esoteric appreciation, on viewing this four-dimensional sigil, of some of the properties of a nexion: of where the acausal is manifest in the causal.

Similarly, both the Septenary Sigil and the Sigil of Baphomet should be constructed in three-dimensions, and be animated.

What is the true origin of the name Order of the Nine Angles?

The Order of Nine Angles is only our exoteric name, and the origin of the term Order of Nine Angles – or as some people write, and, say, The Order of The Nine Angles – has been explained by us, several times. See, for instance, the collection of texts, *The Meaning of The Nine Angles*, [Part One](#) and [Part](#)

[Two](#) issued in 120 yf in pdf format, and currently available on the ONA website.

There are several other, older, Order MSS where the term is discussed, and those genuinely interested can seek those other MSS out and read them. Mundane Occultists, of course, will continue to make their spurious and silly claims about the supposed origin of the outward, exoteric, name of our subversive organization.

Is it true that you advocate human sacrifice?

We refer to such deeds as culling, and all genuinely sinister organizations, groups, associations and individuals undertake such cullings, and have always done so. Such deeds – whether collective or individual – are one of things which distinguish our type of life, our breed, from that of the mundanes.

Establishing, maintaining, providing for, and expanding, a sinister tribe involves culling. Combat involves culling, as does war. We just make the deeds or deeds of culling more conscious, more directed, more controlled, more rational, and view such deeds in the perspective of Aeonics, in terms of our centuries-long Aeonic strategy, and in terms of the evolution of the individual and of our human species.

What about the illegal nature of such deeds, and other such sinister deeds, that you advocate?

We say: illegal according to whose definition? That of the mundanes, of some mundane government? Their definitions, their laws, are irrelevant to us. We strive to only abide by our own law, which is the law of the sinister-numen, as outlined in MSS such as *The War Against The Mundanes*. Our justice is the justice of The Drecc, founded on our law of the sinister-numen.

Thus are we subversive, heretical, genuinely revolutionary, aiming as we do to replace the laws and the societies of the mundanes with our law and our new types of societies.

I've heard that your Dark Gods are taken from the fiction of HP Lovecraft. Is that true?

That is a common and mistaken assumption made by mundanes. A study of our tradition will suffice to show that the esoteric mythos of The Dark Gods is quite distinct from, bears little or no resemblance to, and is vastly more comprehensive than, the un-esoteric pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft. See, for example, the ONA text *Pseudo-Mythology and Mythos: Lovecraft, The Dark Gods, and Fallacies About The ONA*.

In contrast to pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are part of a distinct, and unique, ontology and Occult praxis, as well as being part of our complex esoteric philosophy which addresses ethical, etiological, epistemological, and other philosophical issues. For an overview of this esoteric philosophy of ours, refer to such texts as *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric*

Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles.

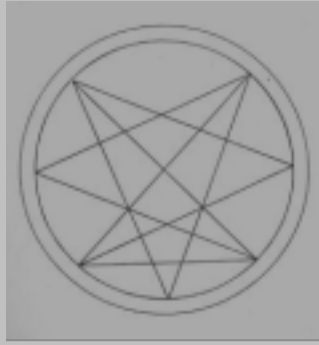
Essentially, The Dark Gods are considered to be acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum.

How can I contact someone from the ONA?

The simple answer is that you cannot; unless we want to contact you or recruit you for some reason, because – for instance – you had made a name for yourself by doing practical sinister deeds, or because you might have strayed into territory run by one of our tribes, or if you had some particular esoteric ability or some practical skill which we, or one of our traditional nexions, or one of our tribes, might find useful. Even then, of course, you would be tested, and would remain untrusted until you had been blooded (British English) or hazed (US English) and taken a binding oath.

ONA
121 Year of Feyen

FAQ Version 2.01



The Sinister Dialectic and Diabolical Aims of The Order of Nine Angles

I have heard that some people say that a genuine Left Hand Path organization is a contradiction, since they claim the LHP is essentially anarchic and individual. Do you consider this to be correct, and is the ONA a LHP organization, or even an organization?

In respect of the LHP - or perhaps more correct, esoterically, the Sinister Path or Sinister Way - it depends of course on how one defines this. We have our own definition, and usage, and consider the definition and usage of and by others to be irrelevant.

For us, and as explained in several ONA MSS over the past three decades, the LHP - the true Sinister Way - is the Way of practical experience, of self-reliance, and of amorality, that is without, or beyond, morality. Thus:

- (a) the individual learns from direct practical experience, which is both esoteric, magickal, in nature, and also, and vitally, of real-life involving such things as Insight Rôles, overcoming tough physical challenges, being heretical, being a-moral, taking risks and courting real personal danger;
- (b) the individual rejects all dogma, the "religious attitude" and all subservience, and seeks to find answers for themselves and work things out for themselves, although they may at times accept a certain guidance, and some advice, from someone who has themselves followed the Sinister Way and who thus can talk and write from personal practical experience; but the individual is free to accept or reject such offered guidance and such advice, with such guidance and such advice being given only when the individual personally seeks it;
- (c) the individual accepts that they and they alone are responsible for themselves, and that genuine esoteric advancement requires great personal effort over a period of decades;
- (d) the individual understands that the LHP - the genuine Sinister Way - is a-moral; that is, free from all moral restrictions, and that each and every follower of the Sinister Way is not bound by the "laws" of any society but instead consider such "laws" as artificial constructs designed to keep individuals in thrall to some supra-personal "authority"; as such, these "laws" and conventional morality itself are

detrimental to the achievement of esoteric Adeptship and esoteric Mastery.

In respect of the ONA itself, we are a living nexion - a causal presencing of the Sinister, of certain acausal energies - and as such we both are, and are-not, an organization and an Order. We *are* so, because we have a Way, a mythos, a system of guidance, a method, which works, is efficacious, and which when correctly followed, can produce and has produced Sinister Adepts and Sinister Masters/Lady-Masters. We *are* so, because, by causally-being, we have produced and do produce and will produce certain causal changes and effects. We *are-not* so, because our essence is beyond all those temporal, causal, forms which makes the living-nexion we are presence itself in manifold ways over a multitude of centuries, some of which forms are "hidden" or unknown to non-Initiates, and even to many Adepts. We *are-not* so, because the living-nexion which we are and will be is itself limited in its causal-living: to perhaps a thousand years; at most, to one and half thousand to two thousand years, after which there will be - there should be - no need for such a temporal presencing, and - if there is then such a need - another living-nexion will be born, or be manufactured.

Thus, as a living Order we offer a certain guidance, and a system of training, for those who might be interested, just as our Way, our Mythos, can be used freely by others, in whatever way and for whatever purpose, they choose, which is one reason we reject the restriction, the morality, of "copyright".

You mentioned that the ONA is akin to a living-nexion with a certain causal life-span, of a thousand years or more. How is this related to the esoteric and practical aims of the ONA?

Our aims are of centuries, and more. One of the fundamental aims is to produce more and more genuine Adepts; another is to change a significant number of people by using, by manufacturing, various causal forms and various "archetypes" - by presencing the Sinister in certain causal ways and through certain nexions. Another is to fundamentally alter "society" and produce a new elite, a higher type of human being, and, with and through these individuals, manufacture an entirely new way of living, new societies. All these things will take a certain amount of causal time.

We have already spent three decades in building the foundations for such changes; in establishing a new dark mythos; in manufacturing certain forms; in using certain already existing causal forms; in Presencing The Dark in certain ways. In guiding many individuals to a certain esoteric achievement. There are other such things, already done, most of which are still esoteric, still hidden even to those, outside of our tradition, who consider themselves Adepts.

There are many more things to do, and it is irrelevant to us if people, esoteric-minded or otherwise, understand what we are doing, and why. Their opinion and judgement of us - often erroneously based on some causal form we or some of our Adepts may use or some rôle an Adept or Master might assume - is irrelevant.

Which is why, I imagine, you personally have never bothered with responding, on the Internet or

otherwise, to criticism of the ONA?

Correct. Most of the chatter on the Internet is worthless, ephemeral, the product of people with little esoteric knowledge and even less genuine practical esoteric and personal experience, with such people being led or controlled either by their own desires or by some unconscious impulse or by some causal abstract form or dogma they do not rationally comprehend, or by all of these things. Such chatter is almost always immediately reactive, never the product of a reflexion based on experience, and - when it is not simply inane - it is esoterically and/or intellectually shallow; worthless; pretentious.

Genuine esoteric wisdom arises from a reflexion born from personal, direct, practical experience: from an alchemical symbiosis; from that acausal growth that arises slowly over causal time. And it cannot, should not, be expressed in hasty words of the reactive, immediate, emotive kind based upon, dependant upon, some causal abstraction, some dogma, some causal form. Such wisdom is to be savoured; communicated, at best, on a personal basis, and otherwise in some form which enables others to reflect upon it, or judge it, over a period of causal time.

The only value, esoterically, of this Internet thing is that it allows - for the moment at least - the free dissemination of mythos, of causal forms, of various esoteric Ways, enabling people to access such things, and consider them and if necessary act upon or be inspired by them in their own way in their own causal time. Such action and such inspiration, to be esoterically valid, must of course take a certain amount of causal time: months, most usually years. Thus, the immediacy of chattering Internet forums, and the like, is esoterically irrelevant to us.

But haven't some of your members responded to criticism?

No. Some of our *associates* may have - and I use the word *associates* advisedly - occasionally done such things, most usually as learning experiences for themselves. But no one is authorized to speak by or on behalf of the ONA...

Except you -

[Anton Long smiles] Except me, naturally.

Thus, those individuals, those associates, present only their own views, their own perspective, their own opinions, deriving as such things do from that incomplete and sometimes erroneous understanding which abounds among those who are not Masters/Lady-Masters. I have never bothered to correct such errors and such mistakes as have - very occasionally - occurred when such individuals, associated with us over the past decade, have, via this Internet medium, ventured forth an opinion or view of their own. It is for those individuals to learn, and so correct themselves, and for others to have the magickal empathy, the esoteric understanding, to perceive such errors and mistakes for the errors and mistakes

they are.

Some associates - and the occasional member - have even occasionally produced and published tracts in an attempt to correct some mis-understandings which may have arisen in respect of our Way. Again, I have never bothered to correct such mistakes as may be found in such tracts or answers. But, as we move now into the third phase of our long term sinister strategy, even such ephemeral, very unofficial, things will cease, since the vast majority of what needed to be published, and said and written, has been, and our living nexion is now so well-established that it does not need such things, and never, in truth, has ever needed them, which is again why I - and those few among us who are Masters or Lady Masters - have never ventured forth any opinion by such means and never bothered with such Internet ephemera.

Can you then explain what an associate of the ONA is?

Technically, there are ONA members, and ONA associates. A member formally means someone in direct personal face-to-face contact with an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA; someone who is being guided and thus following our Sinister Way according to tradition, and thus who is part of an already physical ONA nexion, which physical nexion - in Old Aeon speak - is a Sinister "Temple".

There are also "unaffiliated" members who are working alone, who follow our Way, and who are also being guided by an Adept or Master/Mistress of the ONA.

Each member - when they attain Internal Adept - is free to guide others, and to establish their own "official" ONA nexion, but they still require some guidance to advance further, toward and into The Abyss, from whence they may emerge as newly fledged Masters or Lady Masters, who usually do not require further guidance.

An "official" ONA nexion should not be confused with the Temple - the simple causal construct - that an aspirant Internal Adept constructs as one of the learning tasks of the Seven Fold Sinister Way, which task is associated with External Adept.

An *associate* of the ONA is someone who is doing sinister work on behalf of the ONA and who is usually but not always in contact (sometimes not on a face-to-face basis) with an ONA member, but who does and who is free to do their own work, and who usually follows or (more usually) develops their own esoteric way and methods, but who also may propagate the ONA mythos. Such an associate often constructs a new, non-ONA, independent group or organization, which may or may not be imbued with the sinister energies which the ONA itself is using, and which may or which may not acknowledge the influence of the ONA.

Of course, many others are influenced by the ONA in a variety of ways, and may or may not use, directly or indirectly, some aspects of our Sinister Way, our Dark Tradition, in whatever way and for whatever purpose they want, which they can freely do, even if they do not acknowledge the source, the influence. Such influence, and such use - and such a hiding of the source of their inspiration - is natural, and a necessary part of, a necessary extension of, that living sinister presencing which is the ONA and

which is the ONA mythos, as, of course, the work of our associates is a natural, and a necessary part of, a necessary extension of, our living sinister presencing.

You - and others among our kindred sinister-folk - will be aware, for instance, of several esoteric groups which have arisen in the last two decades, wholly or partly inspired by the ONA and our mythos. Often, such groups last but a few years, and then decay away, as the interest and enthusiasm of the individual or individuals founding them wanes and dies and they themselves fall back into the mundane world of non-esoteric folk, or even renounce their sinister quest. Sometimes, such groups schism, and new ones are formed, and these may last a few more years. But the ONA endures and grows, slowly, in an alchemical, living way, as is necessary and as befits such a causal presencing of the acausal, as befits such a living-being, imbued with acausal energies. Such is the sinister dialectic at work, and sinister Adepts - and Masters/Lady-Masters - at work, and at play.

I have heard it said that some of the tasks of the Seven Fold Way are not necessary, and should only be taken as a rough guide. I'm referring here to such matters as the physical tasks of an External Adept, such as a man walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least thirty pounds in weight.

Such tasks and tests were designed to physically take the individual to, and beyond, their limits. To develop in them a certain personal character. As such, these physical tasks are - for most modern individuals in the West - hard, and challenging, and require many months of physical training before they can be successfully attempted. They are not meant to be easy, and those who say such things as you mention usually are just too soft, too weak - emotionally, physically, in terms of character - to attempt them, and so make excuses for their failure. We do not care, for thus have they failed this particular selection process of ours.

As I mentioned - and as by now should be somewhat well-known among sinister esoteric-folk - one of our aims is to breed, to seed, a new elite, the prelude for a new human species which has been variously named as *Homo Galactica* and *Homo Galacticus*. If some individuals do not wish to join us in this quest, fine; if they do not desire to undertake the selection process, fine; if they have no dream of evolving beyond what they are and of thus becoming the foundation for this new elite, this new species, fine. The choice is theirs. We simply do not care about them, or about their opinions, or about their excuses, or about their judgement of us.

Our tests, our tasks, our Way, is a selection process. Many begin; few succeed. Over the past three decades, some have succeeded, and this number will increase, slowly, and has increased, slowly. There is no easy way to achieve genuine Adeptship; there is no easy way to change yourself - alchemically, esoterically - and so become a part of this new elite.

Our tasks, our tests, our Way, work; the ONA produces sinister Adepts, sinister Master and Lady-Masters. But this is a slow process, which is why we have a selection process, why we are, as a practical-form, reclusive; why we do not "recruit", and why sheer numbers of members do not, never have and never will, concern us.

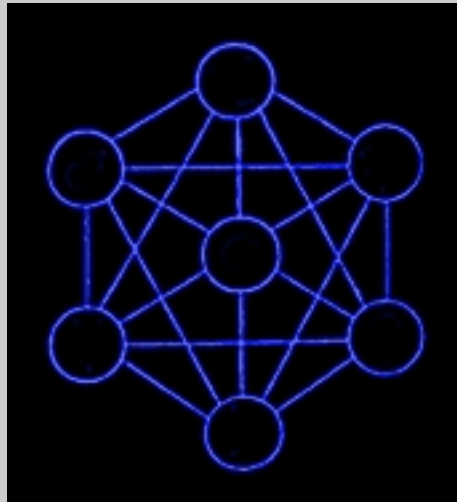
The published physical tasks - of, for example, External Adept - are suited to humans who exist, now, in the lands of the West. Suited to those we desire to select, and are certainly achievable by those who may desire to be of-us, as members, as associates, or as individuals inspired by us. Of course, there are some individuals who - being supremely physically fit - will find such tasks too easy, and for them, as our MSS mention, there will be higher goals set. But what we will not do is lower these already achievable, if high, standards.

Yet there may well arise a time in the nearish future when these high goals will have to made higher (not lower, note) if prevailing conditions, in terms of physical health, nutrition, leisure-time, and so on, continue to improve. In the same manner, it may be necessary, sometime in the near future, for the Grand Master (or Grand Mistress) after me to revise some of the details of the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, just as I myself revised the details I had inherited, to make the task of living alone, bereft of modern comforts, for three months practically feasible in a rather industrialized Britain, allowing thus a tent, and some pre-purchased food, where the original conditions specified building one's own shelter and obtaining all food by hunting and gathering. But the essential alchemical, esoteric, elements - and hardship and difficulty - always remain, and, noticeably, such hardship and difficulty always incrementally increase, in line with our changing slowly evolving civilization.

Our tests, our tasks, our Way are *ours*. They achieve and can achieve what we desire to achieve. There are other Ways, other tests, other tasks - but, obviously, they are not *ours*, not of our Sinister Path, and what such others things may (or may not) produce, or whom they may or may not select, are of no concern to us.

We are not now, and will not be, and do not wish to be, "popular", nor "accepted"; and this will only slowly, very slowly, change - if, that is, our diabolical plans succeed, our sinister magick works as it should, in accord with the sinister dialectic. But even then, it will be at least another hundred years - and probably somewhat longer - before we are understood, appreciated, by a minority, never mind by the "majority", and when this minority understanding does occur we will have, exoterically, metamorphozed, in a sinister way, into many other causal forms, while our real essence remains - as it should - esoteric, hidden, heretical, and with we ourselves thus enabled to continue our diabolic work, in secret.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen



Magian Occultism and the ONA

How does the Order of Nine Angles view the works of so-called Western Occultists such as Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley and Anton LaVain?

As purveyors of that Magian distortion – that Magian infection – that has weakened the peoples of the West, and elsewhere, and helped the hubriati, those controllers of the West, maintain, control, and continue to breed that sub-species of humans known as Homo Hubris. That helps breed mundanes and to keep mundanes under control. And what better way to control potentially rebellious mundanes than infect their psyche and allow them to pursue and waste their energies on meaningless drivel.

For, correctly understood, genuine esoteric Arts, and especially the Dark Arts of The Left Hand Path, are a means not only of personal liberation, but of individual and Aeonic change and evolution toward a higher type of human being and more evolved ways of living.

So, instead of such liberation and such evolution, we have had, here in the West, well over a century of the psyche of esoteric seekers being manipulated and controlled and contained by Magian ideas, myths, archetypes, abstractions, and by Yahud-Nazarene mythology, theology, and ethos. And the mundanes keep suckering the stuff up, and proclaiming that they have “empowered” or “liberated” themselves when all they do and have done is just exchanged one Magian mechanism of inner control for another.

Magian Occultism

What does Magian Occultism, in essence, express? It expresses that fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of both Homo Hubris and the Hubriati that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual – either alone or collectively – can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools,

the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

This is the attitude that underpins all Western societies – with their laws, their Police forces, their armies, their so-called courts of “justice”, their planning, their wealth. The governments of such countries want their citizens, their mundanes, to feel “safe”, to believe that everything is under control or can be controlled; that their “enemies” can be successfully fought, with “peace” here, now, or possible soon, and that peace (inner and outer) is a desirable goal.

This is the attitude that underpins The Golden Pawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and the pretentious pseudo-intellectuals of the ToSers (aka The Temple of Set-ian Suckers). This is the attitude that leads mundane Occultist to write self-conceited drivel like “All deities, demons, forces – even God and Satan – are matters of perception...” and “Reality is a matter of perspective...” and “I command the powers of darkness to move and appear...” [Note here the grandiloquent *I command the powers* - a typical Magian view, as if some weasel mundane, dwelling on some insignificant planet on some insignificant Galaxy, could command the forces of Cosmic life.]

In contrast, here is a quote from an ONA author which reeks of our human sinister reality:

” We revel and delight in genuine heresy...and in being amoral. Thus, when we are criticized for inciting hate and violence, and for affirming human culling, we say: so what? For that is what we do, and we do what we do because we embrace the Dark; we desire The Dark; we seek to Presence The Dark – Chaos – upon Earth and in and through others....

When we are criticized for championing what is heretical in our societies, we say: so what? For that is what we do...

Thus do we seek to ignore, to transgress, the laws, the limits, that the mundanes set to protect themselves and their societies, for we are rebellion itself: outlaws who thrive beyond and in the margins that mark the boundary between The Light and The Dark.

Thus do we desire our name – as known in the world of the mundanes, and as known in the world of The Dark – to become a synonym for Chaos, liberation, culling, and revolutionary change.

Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – cosy intellectual discussions about obscure esoteric matters. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – the scribblings of Occult internet forums where those who-do-not-know converse with those who-do-not-do. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – any *sincere* affirmation of or any *sincere* identification with the ways, the politics, the religions, the world, of the mundanes. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – some urban or suburban

“Temple”. Not for the ONA – or anyone connected with it – ONA meetings, conferences and dialogues.

Instead, our way is the way of action, of deeds, of violence, terror, revolution, combat, war. The way of the real heretic who leads and manipulates others, the human shapeshifter who plays, who acts, a rôle in the living game which is the life, the societies, of the mundanes.

Where there is The Darkness, we are. Where there is Chaos, you will find us lurking, leading, manipulating. Where there is Heresy, you will find us as instigators, as champions of The Forbidden. And where there is a law, you will find us transgressing it...”

What’s missing in Magian Occultism? Two crucial things – real sinister supra-personal forces, and an Aeonic perspective.

While all this wallowing in mundane Occult carnality – and prancing about believing you’re some sort of god – is fine, it’s get boring, mundane, after a while. It’s actually kind of childish, your teenage years of exploration of your body and the world. But there comes a time when real sinister folk begin to ask – “Is this all there is? Am I nothing more?” That is, you have to grow up; move on.

For non-Magian Occultists this moving on means you put what you’ve learned into practice, in the real world, beyond your bedroom, beyond your local coven, lodge, temple (or whatever) meetings and rituals; beyond your own self absorption. You connect, real-time, with the world, society, mundanes – and have a wider vision, a longer perspective, and so begin to see mundanes as a resource; begin to think of having a sinister family of your own, and planning ahead for your sinister sons, daughters, grandchildren, and beyond.

You also put yourself into this larger perspective – the acausal, of whatever you want to call it. You begin to understand that, really, all those words about being a god were just so much hype. You’re mortal – you get ill; sad; one day you’ll die. You can’t strike your annoying neighbor dead with a bolt of lightning. Heck, you can’t even turn base metal into gold and so give up your daytime job.

So, non-Magian Occultists get to the point where their knowledge, their ability, their experience and understanding, tells them that there really are strange, dark, deadly, dangerous, things “out there” which no spells, no books, no conjurations, no “prayers”, no offerings, no submission, and especially no delusion about being a god (or goddess) can control. As that famous ONA quote goes -

“It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect,

non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things.....” *To Presence The Dark*

It’s this reality that mundanes Occultists – following Magian Occultism – don’t like, wouldn’t admit, and can’t face, in their cowardice and self-delusion.

But it’s this sinister reality that non-Magian Occultists revel in and enjoy, for to them Presencing The Dark is an expression of their adult sinister nature, just as wallowing in and pursuing carnality was an expression of their teenage years and nature.

Thus, non-Magian Occultists (the ONA) define Satanism as

” The acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.....”

The Magian Occult Con

To see just how the Magian Occult con, this Magian manipulation, this control, works, let’s consider just two Occult archetypes – Satan, and Baphomet.

According to everyone except the ONA, Satan is regarded as, in origin, a Nazarene-Yahud archetype or deity. For non-Magian Occultists, however, the Biblical Satan is derived from older non-Semitic myths and legends, with the real Satan being a

“...living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can...presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.”

According to everyone except the ONA, Baphomet is some kind of male symbol and/or archetype, depicted according to a drawing in some work by Elephant Levi. Thus, in the Occult workings of the mundanes who adhere to this, Baphomet is invoked or used as a means of aiding some pseudo-mythical

self-mastery or self-deification, or what-not. Or even as a means of understanding and mastering Reality, blah blah blah.

However, for non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is female, the Dark Goddess, and part of a tradition much older than the fables, fantasies and persecution stories found in such Magian texts as the Bible.

For non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is

” ...a sinister acausal entity, and is depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a man. Thus, She is the dark, violent, Goddess – the real Mistress of Earth – to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She – as one of The Dark Gods – is also a shapeshifter who has intruded (“visited”, been presenced or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made.

Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were – and are – regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship...”

The essence of the Magian Occult con is the grandiloquent, the delusional, *I command the powers...* This is just so urban; so redolent of Homo Hubris, of mundanes, living in cities under the control of some government or some authority.

The Magian Occult con works like this. (1) You’re safe – provided you have the words of power, the spells, the conjurations, the illusion you’re a god, and you use the deities or forms or archetypes we tell you to use (for they’re made up to scare little children or to stop you finding the real ones); (2) you’re a really powerful magickian – a great Occultist – or you can become one, so long as you play by our rules, and don’t upset the system of causal abstractions we’ve put into place; (3) we’ll keep you confused and serve up a mix of world mythologies and legends – our mix-n-match – from which you can pick and choose at your leisure so that you’ll feel you’ve discovered something Occult and awesome; (4) you can have your teeny rebellion so long as you don’t actually do anything really subversive or dangerous or which really threatens our materialistic status quo; and finally (5) now that you’ve been a good boy or girl, we’ll reward you by hyping you and your works and will make you into a mundane icon.

Truth is, that Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and their ilk – like the fantasists who believe some literary, made-up, pseudo-mythology is real – are all the same; part of the same illusive, make-believe, childish mardy world-view. No wonder then that they have to resort to trying to impress others by saying stupid things such as “Tiamat is the keeper of mysteries...” and “*I command the powers...*”

Yeah, right – mix-n-match Occultism, and your nursery bed-time stories are really scary, and yes we do believe that the Magian Lilith is the way to reveal and revel in our inner wildness, and yes – we do, we really do, command the forces of the Cosmos...

To end, here's a quote from another ONA writer

” When we look closer at the ONA, its Dark Gods, Dark Traditions, and Sinister Seven-Fold Way, and we compare it to the more ancient and Natural Ways and Traditions that are older than state-religions, we dis-cover that the ONA shares a lot in common with such primal traditions.....”

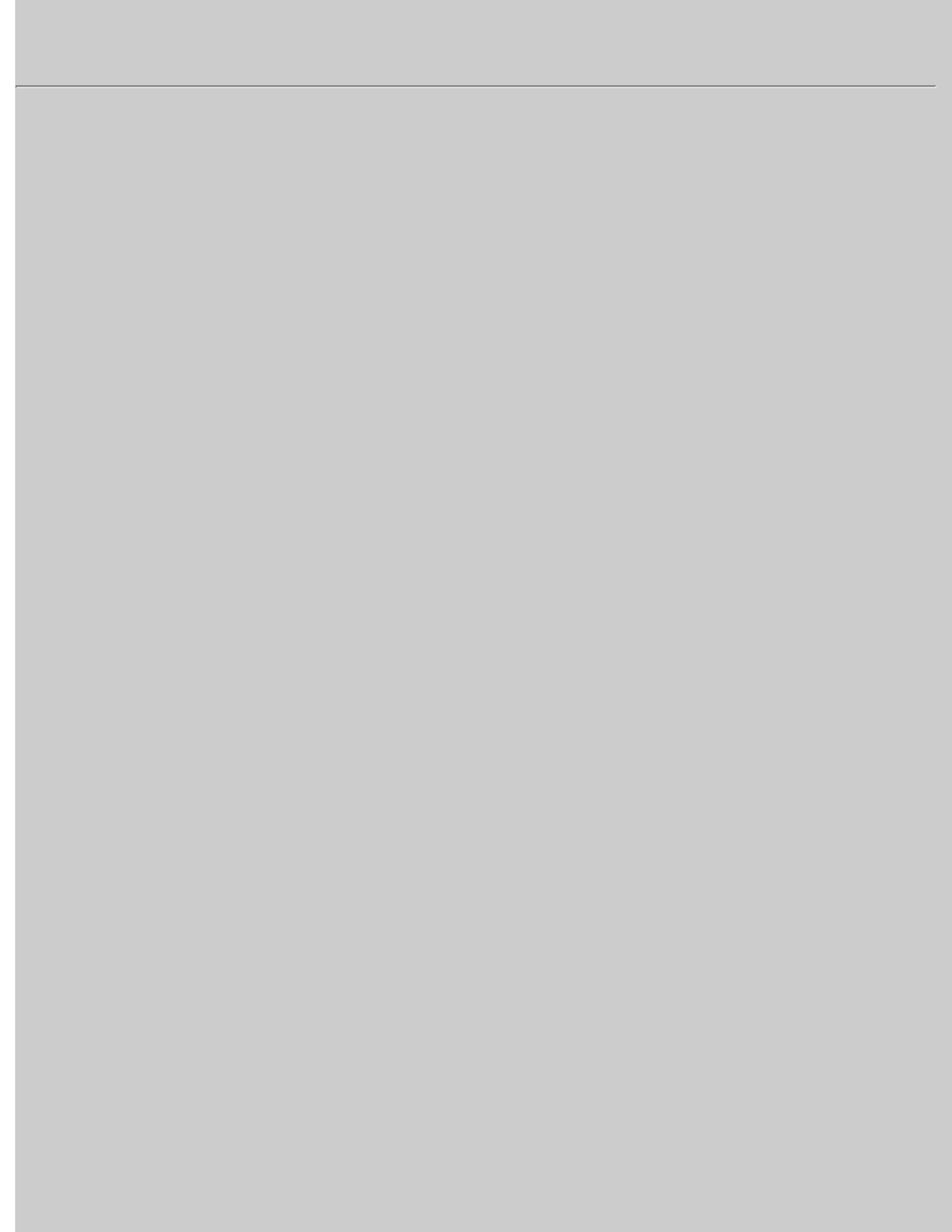
That is, non-Magian Occultist traditions, like that of the ONA, are not only proudly and defiantly non-Magian, but also pre-date and by-pass the Magian pseudo-Occultism that dominates the West and has dominated the West for well over a hundred years.

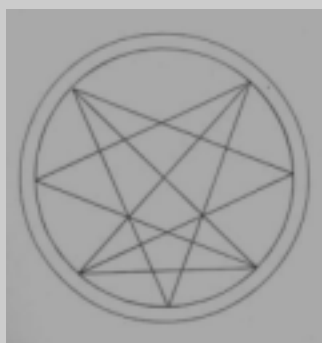
One is a means to inner liberation and sinister Aeonian change, while the other is a means of delusion and control. One is redolent of real, primal, non-urban – tribal – human culture, of a living tradition, where there is an understanding of the strangeness, the danger, of life, and an appreciation – and respect for – what is non-human and un-natural. The other – the Magian way – is just so redolent of domesticated arrogant human beings who delude themselves that reality is what they make it, what they perceive it to be, and who immaturely believe they – some puny, mortal, human being – can command the forces of life, Nature and the Cosmos, where Satan and Baphomet are merely symbols and some “thing” they can control.

So, let the Magian pseudo-Occultists wave their plastic light-sabres around while they battle with – and ultimately control – the dark forces (copyright Magian Inc.) they've read about in some book; while we get on with Presencing The Dark, and being that balance between the Light and the Dark that is the genesis of real human evolution.



Lianna of the Darky Sox
Order of Nine Angles
121yf





Noobs, Trolls, Critics, and The Futility of Discussions

For nearly a quarter of a century, people have been discussing, criticizing, and asking questions about, the Order of Nine Angles – with, in the past decade, a lot of this occurring via the medium of the Internet.

On some occasions, over the past decade or so, a few ONA members or associates have engaged in such public discussions – often as a personal learning experience – as the ONA OG has published, in the past twenty or so years, some guides about, and/or explanations or clarifications concerning, topics that noobs have repeatedly enquired about, and/or which people have repeatedly criticized the ONA about or repeatedly misunderstood, out of ignorance, mundanity, or a desire to somehow try and discredit the ONA.

Such popular topics have included: (1) The Dark Gods, and the relation, or otherwise, of our mythos to the pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft; (2) the origin and meaning of our term The Nine Angles; (3) culling; (4) the veracity of our aural traditions; and (5) the political orientation of the ONA.

In addition, in the past thirty years – and especially in the last decade – the ONA has released and made available, without restriction and without any copyright, a vast amount of information about its particular sinister system, its Way, and its mythos. Indeed, the ONA has produced and released more esoteric and practical texts about The Left Hand Path and Satanism than both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set combined, as it has produced many well-written and easy to read guides, such as *Naos*, and *A Complete Guide to Satanism*, and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Even a cursory, unbiased, perusal of ONA works suffices to show that the ONA has a complex, and original, esoteric philosophy and sinister ontology, something evident from its use of unique, specialist, esoteric terms such as nexion, acausal, Drecc, presencing, sinister-numen, Vindex, sinister-empaths, hubriati, Rounwytha, *etcetera*.

Given this plethora of information, it is fair to say – as we have done on numerous occasions – that the answers to questions people ask about us are “all out there”, just as the truth, esoteric and otherwise, about claims made against us can be found among our published works, the majority of which works are, or which have been, available via the medium of the Internet.

Thus, if individuals – noobs – are seriously interested in the ONA, they can *and should* find the answers to whatever questions they may have, just as if someone reads some criticism of the ONA, or reads about some accusation made against the ONA or those alleged to be involved with it, then they can discover the truth of the matter for themselves by perusing our work.

We simply do not care if they cannot be bothered to do this, for whatever reason or reasons. Thus, they can go on believing the propaganda, the lies, the disinformation, of others, about us, as they can continue with their personal prejudice or their assumptions about us. Noobs can continue to flounder about, asking questions on Internet forums, and receiving no response from us, directly or indirectly. Trolls can continue trying to provoke us to respond.

We do not care about such things because if people cannot be bothered to find out for themselves, then they are mundanes, and will most likely remain so. As such, they are irrelevant – they do not have an inner sinister-changeling to nurture and develop; they lack the qualities Dreccs and others of our sinister kind require.

Similarly, we do not care about “proving our tradition, our mythos” by reference to some scholarly work, or some historical “evidence”, or whatever – for what is important is that our mythos is *sinisterly-numinous*, and thus an aspect of a living tradition, a living esoteric Way. It is a mythos, and so inspires, it provokes, it is Occult – and thus has its own species of “truth”; and if some noob, some wannabe satanist, or some mundane, does not understand this, or sense this, then we do not care. We do not care if people continue to commit the *Aquino fallacy*, and so believe that we are just one person.

The Irrelevance of Mundanes

In the same way, we do not care if people criticize us, spread lies and disinformation about us, make silly or spurious claims about us and the members of our collective, or continue to write about and speak about their own delusions regarding us. They and their criticisms, their lies, their disinformation, their delusions about us, their claims about us, are all irrelevant.

Why? Because our system works. Because the ONA mythos does and has done and will do what it was intended to do. It is a practical – a sinister and Occult – system, designed to be used; designed to produce sinister change within and exterior to individuals.

If people use it, and it works for them, excellent. One more Presencing of The Dark; one more Drecc, or one more nexion, or the birth of one more sinister tribe. One more human assimilated into our sinister collective.

If they use it and it does not work for them or even harms them or others – we do not care, for they failed (they should have read and understood our a-moral, sinister, disclaimer). If they cannot be bothered to try it – or prefer instead some other, rival, system – we do not care. Mundanes will be

mundanes; and remain irrelevant unless and until they can be used by our kind for some sinister purpose.

Given that our system works, we have no need to defend it, to hype it, to market it, to explain it to noobs and mundanes. We – SONAK, the Sinister ONA Kollektive – let our working and practical sinister system speak for itself.



PointyHat
Order of Nine Angles
121 yf

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The Gentleman's – and Noble Ladies – Brief Guide to The Dark Arts

Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude.

" The faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public. In one word, Adepts possess *arete*. "

Inwardly, the true Dark – the sinister – Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane.

That this has been forgotten – or not understood, or not even known among the many latter-day pretenders and poseurs – is a sign of how few genuine Masters, and Lady Masters, there are.

Thus, there is a beauty in the Dark Arts and an exultation of Life, and certainly not a wallowing in the symbols, symbolism and accouterments of death and decay. Thus, there is a natural joy, which can be and often is both light and dark but which is always controlled. Not for the Gentleman, or the Lady, the loss of mastery, the stupefaction that arises from over-indulgence (which over-indulgence can and which does include personal emotion).

Thus, one of the true archetypes of the genuine Sinister Path: Baphomet, the beautiful, mature, lady (fecund Mistress of Earth) whose beautiful outward serenity masks the deadly acausal darkness within

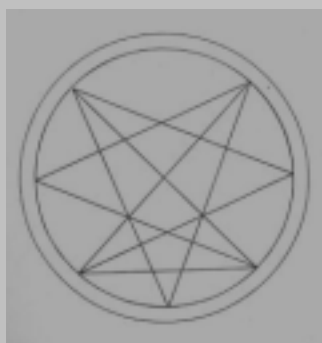
which can be released when she chooses. (Life-Birth-Joy-Ecstasy-Safety-Wisdom-Giving-Darkness-Death.) Thus, another dark archetype: The Master, the true shapeshifter who is and who might not be what they might appear to be; the polite charming gentleman, who might (and who could) kill you or have you killed if there was a good enough reason, but who might reward you (if there was a good enough reason) with beneficence whose source would be unknown to you; the recluse – The Master Acausal Sorcerer – you do not see nor know, except perhaps in dreams, shadows, or fleeting day and night-time glimpses which might perhaps stir a memory, some memory, personal or beyond (Beautiful-Profound-Wistful-Knowing-Danger-Roborant-Wyrdful-Sad) which inspires, or brings new beginnings or balance or perchance a retribution.

To aspire to – to gain – Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

Mastery *begins* with Internal Adept, and it is from noble cultured - gentlemanly or lady-like - Adepts that candidates for the inner ONA are recruited.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen



A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

While the esoteric philosophy and praxis of The Order of Nine Angles has recently come to the attention of certain academics [1] one aspect of the ONA has so far gone almost unnoticed, even among many aficionados of the ONA. This is the ONA assumption of an afterlife, in the acausal dimensions, and which afterlife is an important, if not to say, crucial, part of their esoteric, their Left Hand Path, philosophy [2].

According to the ONA:

"...the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and "religious". Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal - on this planet, and elsewhere - and also as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal "death", to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being of primal Darkness. " Anton Long. *The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning* 119 Year of Fayen

This new, acausal, existence is, however, not a certainty, and nor is it given by some entity or some type of being, acausal or otherwise, be that entity named Satan or Baphomet, or whatever. Instead, this afterlife has to be achieved, by the individual, in this mortal - that is, this causal - existence of ours, by practical deeds done, with great emphasis being placed on the practical nature of such deeds. According to the ONA:

" ...we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.....

One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen

As to the nature of this new acausal existence which members of ONA tribes might be able to gain for themselves, the ONA says that, currently, we possess neither the language, nor the words, to adequately describe it, although it can be glimpsed - we can acquire intimations of it - if we, for instance, develop our faculty of what the ONA call acausal-empathy, and also if we presence and come to have some knowledge of (by Dark Sorcery), certain acausal entities [3].

The Dark Warrior Nature of the ONA

This afterlife is, for the ONA, inseparably bound up with the ONA's Law of the Sinister-Numen and thence with the ONA's sinister tribes. Indeed, one might with confidence state - as the ONA themselves do - that their Way is fundamentally the Way of the Dark Warrior, one of whose primary aims is to fight, in a practical way, for the creation of, and ultimately on behalf of, what the ONA calls The Dark Galactic Imperium.

" Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. " *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen

For the ONA there is a certain scorn of death:

" Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death,

and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mundanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence. " Anton Long, *Dark Warriors of The Sinister Way*.

In the ONA's *Law of the Sinister-Numen* it is stated that:

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

This defiance of death is the warrior creed, *par excellence*, and what makes it dark, or sinister, is that such warriors are of a unique kind, dedicated to their own tribe, and pursuing not only their own goals, but also the sinister aims of the ONA itself, one of whose stated aims is:

"...to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen. "

According to the ONA, if a person lives - and if necessary or in particular dies - according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, they are increasing their own amount of acausal energy, and thus enlarging the nexion that they are, and can be, to the acausal. Thus, by living and if necessary dying as a warrior, according to The Law of The Sinister-Numen, a person can not only forge for themselves a new type of nexion to the realms of the acausal, but also pattern, strengthen, and control their own acausal energy (that which gives them their causal life) to such an extent that they evolve, after their mortal death, to become an entirely new type of being, beyond the human.

Thus, while on first consideration such an afterlife may appear as somewhat irrational and mystical, it is in fact a logical and indeed a necessary deduction arising from the fundamental axioms of the ONA's esoteric philosophy.

Conclusion

While it may seem somewhat strange that a sinister, a Left Hand Path, an organization known as

Satanist, should speak and write of an afterlife, such an afterlife - or rather, their unique kind of afterlife - is quite consistent with both their esoteric philosophy, their ontology, and their praxis. For their philosophy is based on the axiom of there existing an acausal Universe, an acausal continuum, and of there existing, in this acausal Universe, acausal beings. In addition, according to the ONA, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal life, including ours.

Furthermore, it is perhaps this belief in such an afterlife - attainable it seems only by dark warriors doing warrior deeds, and dying heroically in pursuit of dark aims - which not only further distinguishes the ONA from all known esoteric groups, but will also facilitate the spread of both the ONA itself, and its subversive esoteric philosophy.

To have people willing to die because of their belief in such an afterlife [4], surely makes the ONA far more sinister than most people already consider it to be.

Richard Stirling
January 2010 CE

Footnotes:

(1) See, for example, George Sieg: *Angular Momentum - From Traditional to Progressive Satanism in the Order of Nine Angles*, 2009 CE, and Jacob C. Senholt: *The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*, 2009 CE

(2) For an overview of this philosophy, refer to *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen.

For an overview of the ONA and The Left Hand Path, refer to my article *The Left Hand Path - A Comparison Between The Order of Nine Angles and The Temple of Set*, 2010 CE.

(3) Private e-mail from Anton Long (via ONA member DarkLogos) dated 7 January, 2010 CE.

(4) In one document produced by an underground ONA sect (that is, nexion) it is stated that:

We are of and are called to The Dark Way because we identify with, and we yearn for, the acausal spaces - the acausal realms themselves, which are, to us humans, Dark; beyond the illumination we know from our star, the Sun, and beyond the artificial illumination we have manufactured to light our brief mortal living on this planet we named Earth. We are Dark, here, because it is where we can go - where we can transcend to if we live and die in

the rightway - where we are the very illumination that lives there; we are, we become, the very light that travels, traverses, that lives - immortal - within the pure undefiled darkness of the dark acausal spaces. We become acausal stars Galaxies of stars - travelling where we will among the infinite darkness, bringing into being by our very travelling, our very existence there, new life both causal and acausal and in both the realms of the causal and acausal spaces. Thus do we, thus can we, become of those Dark Immortals - the Immortals of the dark acausal realms, and thus can we seed the darkness of both causal and acausal with our immortal living light, bringing thus, causing thus, being-thus, evolution itself.

Warriors of The Dark Way

While this may not be, or represent, official ONA policy - if indeed the ONA have official policies - it certainly does seem to capture something of the spirit that might motivate such Dark Warriors.

The Left Hand Path – A Comparison Between The Order of Nine Angles and The Temple of Set

While the Temple of Set (hereinafter abbreviated ToS) refers to itself as a Left Hand Path (LHP) organization – and while many academics have accepted this, and have given various definitions of the LHP [1] – The Order of Nine Angles (ONA) defines the LHP in such a way that the ToS fails to meet any of the criteria for being a LHP group.

The LHP and the ONA

According to the ONA's own definition of the LHP:

The LHP in its methods is non-structured. In the genuine LHP there is nothing that is not permitted – nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest. (*The LHP – An Analysis*. ONA MS dated c. 1991 CE)

Thus, according to the ONA [2], the essential attribute of the LHP is that it is a-moral, and un-dogmatic, placing no restrictions, moral, legal or otherwise, on the individual, and – importantly – allowing and encouraging the individual to learn by their own practical experience, and by their mistakes. For the ONA, this practical, unguided, experience, is central to their system of esoteric training, and to their own esoteric philosophy [3] – with the ONA saying that the only way for individuals to learn, to progress, along the LHP is by plunging directly into *practical* experience, both amoral (in the real world), and esoteric. According to the ONA:

” Words, ideas, symbols, writings, and all such transient causal forms, are only intimations; perchance the beginnings of inspiration. Beyond such things – a necessary beyond – are the deeds, the acts, the magick, that each and every Initiate and Adept must do to presence the Dark: the practical experiencing which alone breeds the knowing of the Sinister.

Those who decry such practical things – such action, in the world, such dark deeds – are feeble; they are not of-us. They belong to the Old Order, which festers still, which still infects the world with its cosmic-denial, its pathetic anti-evolutionary materialism, its vapid egotism, its dogma of duality, of “good” and “evil”, and its limiting of each and every individual. We, on the contrary, proudly defy – as we proudly announce that we know we can be, we should be, more than we are – that we have the potential to change ourselves, to reach out into the Cosmos; to evolve; to become like gods... They of the Old Order stifle the potentiality of our being while we who pledge ourselves to bringing the acausal down to this Earth are of the new Cosmic Order yet to be: we, the future, who despise everything that belongs to, that clings to, the little ones of the Old Order who

scurry about in their vanity and material concerns. We have the strength to dream great dreams – to be bold in our visions, in our quest; while they would have us all go back down to their low animal level. We have the strength to know we are a new race, a new breed of human beings, taking evolution ever upward by our magick and our deeds.”
Anton Long, *Bringing The Acausal Down*. Dated 116yf

In addition, for the ONA, a LHP individual, and a LHP group, organization or association, are genuinely subversive, and opposed to hierarchical authority and the *status quo*. The ONA uncompromisingly – and quite logically – make this subversion a practical one, affirming that one of their aims is:

” ...to aid, encourage, and bring about – by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.” *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen (that is, 2010 CE)

The ONA thus despise what it calls “the societies and the laws of the mundanes”, as it states, quite openly, that it approves both of people “breaking and ignoring the laws of the mundanes” and of what it calls culling, which is an ONA euphemism for human sacrifice. [4]

As the ONA state:

” ...we are subversive, heretical, genuinely revolutionary, aiming as we do to replace the laws and the societies of the mundanes with our law and our new types of societies. “
Anton Long, *The War Against The Mundanes*. Dated 120 Year of Feyen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen and The LHP

It would be a mistake, however, to assume or to conclude that the ONA was just a loose association of lawless individualistic and amoral anarchists and criminals who just happen to have an interest in the Occult, and specifically, an interest in The Dark Arts.

For the ONA champions – and indeed makes one of its criteria for being *of the ONA* – what is calls The Law of The Sinister-Numen, which it describes as the Law of their New Aeon, and the basis for their long-term aim of creating a Dark, Galactic, Imperium.

Yet one might well ask – how does this The Law of The Sinister-Numen, or indeed, any law – fit into the above ONA definition of the LHP where it is stated that *there is nothing that is not permitted*? For surely a law, any type of law, even a so-called sinister one, makes something forbidden?

To answer this question, we have to delve into the complexities of the ONA's own esoteric philosophy. In respect of illegal deeds, the ONA provides an interesting and pertinent answer:

What about the illegal nature of such deeds, and other such sinister deeds, that you advocate?

We say: illegal according to whose definition? That of the mundanes, of some mundane government? Their definitions, their laws, are irrelevant to us. We strive to only abide by our own law, which is the law of the sinister-numen, as outlined in MSS such as *The War Against The Mundanes*. Our justice is the justice of The Drecc, founded on our law of the sinister-numen...

The fundamental difference between us and mundanes is that we demonically aspire to be more than we are, and we are tribal and individualistic; we are warriors. In contrast, the mundanes seek safety and security and the "order" that comes with Police forces and with State or government-made laws, and with large, organized armed forces. They also accept impersonal Courts of Law where some abstract, government-made so-called "justice" is said to be obtained. In contrast, we accept that the only law is the warrior law of personal honour: that we are responsible for ourselves, that we have a right to the natural justice of revenge, retribution, a fair fight, and personal duels; and we refuse to surrender this responsibility of ours to anyone else or to any organized force, or forces, of mundane "law and order", such as law-enforcement agencies or government so-called Courts of Law.

Thus, we accept that our sinister tribes have the right and the duty to make their own laws, to dispense their own justice, to defend themselves with deadly force, and to have their own territory where they are the law. If they want to co-operate with others, it is their decision – and cannot be imposed upon them by some outside agency or by some abstract law. Thus, we accept that we can only give our loyalty to someone we know personally, and that we have a duty to be loyal to our kind, to those of our "family", to those of our kindred, our tribe. And we would rather fight and die than surrender to any mundane or allow any agent of a government to take away our honour and our dignity. And so on.

Mundanes do not like this genuine individualism; this tribalism; this proud ethos of personal honour before, and above and beyond, and in place of, State/government, law.
FAQ About the ONA, v. 1.09, dated 121 Year of Feyen

That is, while the ONA totally and utterly rejects all the laws and restrictions of all currently existing societies, States and nations – and encourages its members to transgress, flout and break these laws and restrictions – it makes a fundamental and crucial distinction between "the mundanes" and themselves: between their members, their own kind, and everyone else. For the ONA, you are either with them – if only by nature and aspiration – or you are a mundane. Furthermore, they affirm that they – their sinister kind – are or should be grouped or organized into tribes, however small, and that it is for these feral

groups to make their own laws, and determine their own limits.

Crucially, the ONA state that *an individual can either join an existing sinister tribe, or form their own new one*. That is, the choice is theirs, and it is in this freedom to join an existing tribe or form their own that the ONA manifests its LHP nature according to its own definition of the LHP.

What, however, makes and what marks these feral groups as ONA, as sinister, tribes? What makes them different from, say, just an urban gang? The ONA answers that it is adherence to their own Law of The Sinister-Numen, which law basically says: be loyal and do your duty to your new extended family (your tribe, or gang) and mistrust everyone else, and see everyone who are not of our own kind as enemies.

Which leads us to ask why? What advantage is there is adhering to such a Law?

According to the ONA:

” Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality – like all religious dogma and all laws – takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who – developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking – can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this “meaning” be described by such limited, causal terms as “morality”, and evil and law – based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can – in some circumstances – be manifest in our own causal continuum.” Anton Long. *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*. Dated 120 Year of Feyen

Furthermore, for the ONA, their *Law of The Sinister-Numen*, their law of their type honour (which honour applies to only those of their own kind) is an expression, a manifestation – or, as they call it, *a presencing* – of acausal energy [5].

Thus, for the ONA, their *Law of The Sinister-Numen* is a means whereby the individual can achieve, know, and live, their unique wyrd (that is, their Aeonic, their Cosmic, their esoteric or true, Destiny) because by living according to this Law they are accessing and increasing their own stock of acausal

energy, and this – as per the quote above – liberates them from the restrictions of abstractions, from the tyranny of the laws, and the societies of the mundanes, and so on.

The ONA, therefore, have developed [6] a new type of synergy, a new kind of symbiosis, expressed as this new synergy and symbiosis are in what they term their sinister, their darkly-numinous, tribes:

” Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is manifest – made real and practical – by means of our sinister warrior tribes, for it is by means of these tribes that we can come to know, and to live, our wyrd: that is, (1) come to discover our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos, and (2) actively participate in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos. “ *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen

For the ONA, their sinister law, their tribes, are an expression of the essence of the genuine LHP – of individuals learning from practical, sinister, experience, and rejecting, in all possible ways, the conventions, laws, societies and morality, of the mundanes. Furthermore, according to the ONA:

“...to know and to live our wyrd – is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and numinous (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such honourable (numinous) co-operation with others of our own kind (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual wyrd to be evolved in (numinous) co-operation with others.” *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Dated 121 Year of Feyen

The only distinction which the ONA make, therefore, morally, and practically, is that between themselves – those who uphold their own type of law, manifest in their law of warrior honour – and those who do not (outsiders, mundanes), with those of the ONA being fiercely loyal to, and only honourable to, only their own kind. And it is their own kind – and only their own kind – that their own Law applies, with this Law (and thus joining or being part of, or forming their own, sinister tribe) being seen as one of the main practical means whereby an individual can discover and then live their own unique wyrd.

The Clashing of Sinister Tribes

Since the esoteric, LHP, philosophy of the ONA allows people of its own kind to either join an existing ONA tribe or to form their own tribe, the question arises as to what, if any, restraints, are placed on rivalry – armed, or otherwise – between ONA tribes?

The answer the ONA gives is simple, and quite in line with its LHP approach – there are no restraints, no limits imposed, for it is up to each tribe, or more specifically, to its leader or chief, to decide whether or not to co-operate with other ONA tribes. That is, the ONA allows the sinister dialectic, the natural

evolution of the sinister, to take effect [8]. There is, thus, a kind of *survival of the most sinister*, which may be considered quite apt, given the sinister nature of the ONA itself.

Hence, each tribe has complete autonomy, as each ONA individual has the autonomy to join any tribe, or form one of their own.

Furthermore, while such co-operation, among various ONA tribes, is not mandatory or even seen as something to be striven for, it is certainly possible, given what the ONA describes as its practical war against the mundanes and the “forces of law and order” of the mundanes.

The Temple of Set and the LHP

In 1985 CE, The Temple of Set officially proscribed the ONA for its amorality and its affirmation of human sacrifice [9]. This meant that members of the ToS were forbidden from joining the ONA, or associating with members of the ONA, or from aiding the ONA in any way.

In addition, according to official guidelines issued by the ToS [10] every Setian should respect and report “abuse” to what it calls “the proper authorities”, by which it means the government. Indeed, the ToS – with its government-given accreditation as a religious grouping (recognized, for example by the US Army), and by its own teachings – accepts the Setians should “obey the law of the land”, generally be good citizens, and that they should regard “the Life of humanity” as sacred.

Thus, while there is generally, in the ToS, a lot of talk about empowerment and even liberation – it is empowerment and liberation of the individual only insofar as it harms nobody and does not bring one into conflict with the State or its laws. Furthermore, to even apply to joining the ToS, an individual has to provide them – along with a sum of money – with the following:

- (1) Your full legal name [no pseudonyms] and sex.
- (2) Your complete mailing address.
- (3) E-mail address if you have one.
- (4) Daytime and evening telephone numbers.
- (5) Photocopy of an identity card (such as driver’s license) with your date of birth

That is, a person has to surrender to the ToS everything the ToS needs or might need to pass onto “the proper authorities” – what the ONA would call to the mundanes – if the Setian ever transgresses the law.

Thus, not only is a person expected to, somewhat naively, trust, with personal details, a hierarchical organization of which they initially have no intimate knowledge or experience of, but the person is also

expected to – and crucially – trust the judgement of that hierarchical organization. And trust in two important ways – first, as to whether they are deemed “acceptable” for membership; and second, whether their conduct as Setians (if they are accepted) continues to be acceptable.

In effect, the ToS demands – makes it a condition of acceptance and of continued membership – that the individual abides by the standards set by the ToS and by the judgement of the hierarchy of the ToS.

Furthermore, the experience and learning offered by the ToS is almost entirely of the theoretical kind, of the mind, for “*Setians seek to control and sanctify their own minds...*” and seek to attain and develop Xepher, which basically means to feel one is a separate, distinct, individual and to have an enlightened (non-harmful) self-interest.

Therefore, for the ToS, the LHP is, in the words of one long-standing member:

“...one of concentration and refinement of the self, leading toward more and more individuality and more and more individualism...”

provided, of course, that this refinement does not conflict with either the judgement of the hierarchy of the ToS itself, or with the laws and morality of what the ONA calls *the mundanes*. Which, in general, such a ToS refinement would not be in conflict with, since the methods and the means of the ToS are fundamentally, like those of the Nazarene religion, *interior* ones, where such exercises as *The Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius of Loyola* – and the quest for the love of God – are replaced by Occult meditations and Occult practices done in some suitably adorned Temple or in the company of suitably like-minded individuals intent on attaining their own non-harmful self-interest – otherwise known, among Setians, as Xepher – and of using whatever Occult skills they might acquire to aid themselves, other Setians, and humanity itself.

The Prince of Darkness, for the ToS and for Setians, thus appears as a rather benign, and somewhat misunderstood, figure – He who gives the gift of Xepher, provided that no laws are broken, provided the ToS approves, and provided that one holds fast to the sacredness of all life.

Conclusion

While our overview of the ToS may seem somewhat cursory, it is deliberately so, given the quantity and availability of material about the ToS currently available, from both academics and others, including many published books. But even this overview of the ToS – when contrasted to the esoteric philosophy and praxis of the ONA as outlined above – should suffice to show the stark differences between the two organizations.

The ONA is fundamentally [11] a loose, non-hierarchical subversive association of clandestine cells and tribes, whose praxis is quintessentially practical and amoral, and which association condones and encourages culling (the taking of human life) and the transgression of the laws of all existing States. The

ONA positively encourages anonymity and the adoption of alternative identities, which alternate identities governments regard as illegal and/or a security threat. There is no formal ONA membership, and certainly no membership fees. All ONA material is copyleft and available to everyone, there being no “secret teachings for members only”. Most ONA material is freely available on the Internet.

The ToS is fundamentally a hierarchical organization, opposed to the taking of human life (unless sanctioned by some government law or authority, of course), whose praxis is quintessentially interior and conventionally moralistic. The ToS positively discourages anonymity, and demands, as a condition of membership, to know, and to have government approved proof of, a person’s identity. The ToS requires its members to abide by certain conventional moral guidelines [12]. The ToS has a formal membership, with yearly membership fees. Most ToS teachings and materials are “copyright” and “secret” and available for members only, with members allowed access to certain “higher teachings” only if the ToS hierarchy approves of their personal conduct.

Which one of these two groups, therefore, is Left Hand Path, and which would *The Prince of Darkness* prefer?

Richard Stirling
January 2010 CE
(Updated Feb 2010 CE)

Footnotes

(1) For an overview see, for example, (a) Kennet Granholm: *Theoretical and Methodological Musings on the Scholarly Use of the Term Satanism*, 2009 CE; (b) Jacob C. Senholt: *The Sinister Tradition: Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*, 2009 CE; and (c) Stephen Flowers: *Lords of the Left Hand Path*, 1997

(2) While we write here about “the ONA” and its unique esoteric philosophy and praxis, we might just as well write about *Anton Long* and his unique esoteric philosophy, since nearly all of the writings of the ONA – with only a few exceptions over more than three decades – are by him, credited or uncredited. All the ONA writings references here, in this essay, are by him, and it is certainly Anton Long who has devised the complex esoteric philosophy of the ONA, often developing unique terms, or assigning unique meanings to others, in the process – terms such as acausal, presencing, nexion, Rounwytha, The Sinister Way, Aeonic Magick, Sinister Dialectic, Acausal-Thinking; Sinister-Empathy, Law of the Sinister-Numen, and so on.

(3) For an overview of the practical way of the ONA, and of their esoteric philosophy, refer for example to (a) *Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Way*; (b) *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; and, in particular, (c) *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*

(4) In a recent comment on culling, the ONA states:

” ...all genuinely sinister organizations, groups, associations and individuals undertake such cullings, and have always done so. Such deeds – whether collective or individual – are one of things which distinguish our type of life, our breed, from that of the mundanes. Establishing, maintaining, providing for, and expanding, a sinister tribe involves culling. Combat involves culling, as does war. We just make the deeds or deeds of culling more conscious, more directed, more controlled, more rational, and view such deeds in the perspective of Aeonics, in terms of our centuries-long Aeonic strategy, and in terms of the evolution of the individual and of our human species. ” *FAQ About the ONA*, v. 1.09, dated 121 Year of Fayen

(5) Refer to *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles* where it is stated that “our Law of The Sinister-Numen, is a practical, a willed, an evolutionary, presencing of acausal energy.”

(7) Some critics of the ONA might argue, however, that the ONA has only evolved an existing type of human symbiosis, that of the tribe, not developed an entirely new one. However, refer to Anton Long’s recent missive [A New Sinister Life-form](#), where some more detail of the ONA type is described.

[8] Private e-mail from Anton Long (via ONA member DarkLogos) dated 7 January, 2010 CE.

[9] *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, 2 vols, ONA, Thormynd Press, 1992 CE

[10] See, for example, ToS documents, such as *On Life and its sanctity*.

[11] Refer to *FAQ About the ONA*, v. 1.09, dated 121 Year of Fayen

[12] See, for example, the letters from Michael Aquino, produced in facsimile in *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, 2 vols, ONA, Thormynd Press, 1992 CE

A New Sinister Lifeform

Does it bother you that someone has recently publicly announced that he is leaving the Order of Nine Angles?

No. These things happen all the time, and have done so ever since I became involved with The Dark Tradition, over forty years ago, now. Indeed, if such things did *not* happen, it might cause us to briefly wonder if we had somehow strayed from our Sinister Way, for we are, after all, an élite, and will be for a century or more, at least, until we have assimilated and made like us, and so evolved, a certain particular percentage of the human species dwelling on this planet we call Earth.

Furthermore, even if such individuals do leave, do renounce their Sinister Quest, many of them are or have been in some or in many ways changed by their encounter with us and by our Dark Tradition. In addition, some of those leaving – if they had advanced to a particular point in their quest – are still bound by a certain oath they gave, and are fully aware of the consequences of failing to abide by certain conditions of that oath, for such conditions and such consequences were explained to them before they took that dark and binding oath.

Can you explain your comment – “if such things did not happen”?

Since one of our primary aims is to be the genesis of a new human species – a new type, a new breed, of human beings – it is to be expected, and indeed necessary, that our means, our ways, are selective over a period of causal Time.

In addition, there will also be some who, despite their potential and the promise they may show, cannot adapt to the changes required to become part of this new breed. To use a rather inexact but otherwise appropriate metaphor, some human beings cannot be assimilated into our new sinister collective, our élite, because they, for whatever biological or other reason, do not or cannot change in flux with us and in flux with acausal energies presented over periods of causal Time. That is, they lack or cannot acquire our needed ability to adapt, to shapeshift, as we, of the ONA collective, adapt and shapeshift over the years and the decades of causal Time because of our basal, sinister, Dark, acausally-imbued, nature: which is that of a new living-being presented in the causal continuum, currently only presented here, on this planet we call Earth.

We – collectively – are a whole new type of living-being, which is why I said that the metaphor (•εταφορ•) was both somewhat inexact, and yet otherwise appropriate.

What exactly is this new type of living being?

This new living-being – our new lifeform – which exoterically is still called, or named, the ONA, is a new type of sinister collective, wherein the new evolved, unique, individual is balanced, through evolution and a sinister presencing such as is manifest in our sinister tribes, with those acausal energies which are the essence of upward, evolutionary, Cosmic change. One aspect of such acausal energies is our developed ability of acausal-knowing.

That is, we represent, we manifest, a new symbiosis where our developed and unique individuality – manifest in our Law of the Sinister-Numen – works with others *of our own sinister kind* to achieve certain sinister aims, because such a working, such a co-operation, is now inherent in our nature, as the life-form we are, we have become, we have evolved to be.

However, some individuals who may associate with us for some period of causal Time, or who may have even been part of us, once, cannot or will not adapt to function as part of our sinister collective, often because they do not possess our sinister nature or cannot develop enough of their own human nature to fully become of us. Thus, do they separate themselves from us, although a few may well maintain some kind of relationship with us, and may even still aid us in some or many ways to achieve our aims.

Often, but not always, such individuals as leave us cannot evolve, cannot change, cannot adapt, that old type of ultimately enervating and ultimately de-evolutionary human individuality which is so manifest in groups such as the ToSers, the CoSers, and those who imitate them, and which old type of individuality, based on following, being a slave to, one's own desires, that the Magian uses and has used to manipulate generations of human beings, especially in the so-called West.

In contrast, our individuality is sinister – an overcoming, a mastery, of ourselves and our feelings, desires, through hard, practical, experience in the real world, and by plunging into, using, glorifying in, the darkest of Dark Sorcery, and which Dark Sorcery, of course, can involve a coming-to-know at least some of the sinister living-beings of the acausal.

Thus, because of this overcoming, because of such practical experience, we are genuine Dark Warriors, and thus does our Law of the Sinister-Numen re-present *our* new type of human individuality, where we accept responsibility for ourselves, and where we regard our own, individual, honour as more important than our desires, and even our own causal mortal life, knowing as we do that there is a new type of life in the acausal.

This overcoming, this practical experience – this breeding of our new type of human – currently still takes a certain amount of causal Time, and is hard and testing. Many fail; many just give up, for whatever reason or reasons. I – we – do not care, since, as I remarked earlier, such leavings are part of our very nature, as a training ground, a boot-camp, for our new élite, although our boot-camp currently lasts for many, many, years, and our real “passing out” – in old Aeon speak, The Passing of The Abyss – occurs after around fifteen or twenty years.

Naturally, the more we presence ourselves, the more our new lifeform spreads, the shorter this period of training will become, until – perhaps a century or less from now – we can fully assimilate others into our new sinister kindred in a much much shorter span of causal Time, because by then we will have a developed social infrastructure in place, and the real practical power, to have our own training centres where we can fully train our new kind of warrior without any interference from that de-evolutionary despicable form, The State.

To achieve this, we first, of course, have to undermine, de-stabilize, and ultimately overthrow and replace, The State. Hence, our primary and immediate goals:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen;

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about – by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) – the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

For, in essence, what we currently exoterically call the ONA is only a means to produce, provoke, sinister change in the causal; to presence acausal energies and so evolve our human species, if necessary by culling those detrimental to such sinister change – or by culling those who oppose us or whose culling will serve as a warning, an example – and certainly by replacing the forms, the abstractions, the illusions, of the Old Aeon, of the Magian, by our new types of nexions, be such nexions living individual human beings, some collocation of human beings, or some causal form or forms we utilize or manufacture to presence acausal energies.

Someone recently asked: why are you still with, still committed to, the ONA, after over forty years?

Because that is my nature, because my whole adult life has been dedicated to The Sinister Way; to exploring my own limits, to experiencing and to learning; to willingly, often defiantly, going to and beyond both the light and the dark until I came to know them for the causal forms they are.

I am not unique; I should not be unique. A few others before me, in the past two millennia, have done what I have done – travelled along the Dark Path to its very ending, devoting their whole mortal lives to a sinister quest.

But few, if any, before you have been so openly heretical, and few, if any, have produced – created – the practical, effective means you have to change people, and society, to presence the sinister as you yourself might say.

I am and I have been only showing the way; only preparing the way. Exploring, charting, the realms of The Sinister. Learning as I have explored and experienced. Making a useful map of The Way which anyone can use to go where I have been, to learn what I have learnt; to presence The Dark Forces as I have begun to presence them, through and in such things as the ONA.

If some, in trying to use my map, mis-direct themselves, and fall into some deep chasm, and die, or go insane in such stark blackness as exists in such places, so what? They are irrelevant. If others, in trying to use my map, find the terrain too hard, too difficult, and go back to the safety and comfort of causal living, of being Homo Hubris, then so what? They are irrelevant.

My map can and should be updated; improved, by others who can dare, who can defy; and others still may even venture further than I have done, and so manufacture their own maps, their own charts – starful and sinister-black – of where they themselves have been.

Ultimately, we human beings have both the causal continuum and the acausal continuum to discover, to explore, to experience, to learn from: to cause us to change, and evolve ever further. There are no limits unless we in our fear and in our comfort with our smallness make and accept such limits.

Anton Long

AoB

Year of Feyen 121

External Adept: One American Experience

[This account is taken from an E-Mail sent the day following the Rite.]

Well I am a bit more rested but I still feel very disoriented. Anyway here is what happened last night...

I drove to a state park about 2 hours south of here that I selected. The site was about a 2 mile walk in with a fairly good trail. The site is on top of a rocky ridge and had an open area for a clear view of the sky. The place I picked was a huge rock slab about 10 X 12 and about 12-15' from the front edge to the ground. The site was ideal and completely isolated with no other campers or hiker around.

I got there about two hours before sunset changed into my clothing (black utilities and black button down oxford with combat boots purchased from the military surplus outfit). As you suggested I took my hand-made ritual knife and tetrahedron as required.

When sunset came I laid down on the stone with my knife in my left hand and my tetrahedron in my right. I listened to what you said about the one initiate that sat up, so I pointed the knife tip at my chest fully knowing that if I jumped up it would stop me and positioned the tetrahedron point in the palm of my hand so if I felt myself starting to doze off I could squeeze my hand and the point of the crystal would wake me up. The fact that the rock slab was up 12 feet was also an incentive not to bolt.

As soon as I lay down I damned near had a panic attack. Genuine terror. In the pit of my gut. I was completely nauseated and thought I was going to vomit right then. It was unreasonable and I wanted to flee more than anything. I did not think I could do it and I wanted out. I was angry and frustrated beyond measure. Now I see why the MSS says not to bring a flashlight. If I had wanted to leave (and I did), I could not have found my way back to my truck.

Somehow I was able to detach from the terror and told myself to calm down and that I only had two goals for the whole night... don't move and don't go to sleep. That actually helped. I knew I had to do it THIS time and I could not do it again. It is like the second jump out of an airplane - first time you don't know what is coming, second time...you know.

After what seemed like an eternity, I began to get leg cramps and "hundreds" of ticks and scorpions began to crawl all over me. There are no scorpions

in [deleted] and I know that, but I was hallucinating and it was so real. I somehow detached from that as well. If you asked me how, I don't know if I could tell you. At one point, my little finger on my right hand was so numb that I actually thought I must have cut it off with my knife. I think it was because my elbow was laying against the stone surface and the nerve got crushed so I could not feel it. I could actually "see" it laying there and yet I was so "uncaring". I really didn't care. Bizarre. .None the less....

The stars crept across the sky.... And I mean crept. Airplanes were a wonderful distraction and the shooting stars were infrequent but truly wonderful. I have never had a longer night in my life...

I guess about when the night was half over it started to get really light over in the east and I thought "well that was not so bad"... and then the moon came up - SHIT!

What I didn't know is that the temperature went to 46 degrees F last night. I was poorly dressed for that weather so I guess I had an advantage. It is hard to fall asleep when you are shivering uncontrollably.

About 5:00 it started getting light in the east and when the first bird sang I almost cried. I knew I had done it. I got up about 45 minutes later but it was the shortest 45 minutes of the night. Damn... I was glad it was over. I don't know if I could do it again.

When I finally got up I could not stand. My legs were so weak and cold and I was shivering so hard that I could hardly put my knife and crystal away. When I finally got to where I could stand... I was so exhilarated that I almost ran the two miles to my truck. One other thing that I really fucked up on was not spraying myself with OFF before doing this. You would think a guy that has spent as much time in the woods hunting and fishing as I have would be smarter than that. I must have had 50 ticks to dig out this morning! I guess stupidity should be painful.

As to what I learned... I would not say that I got any big revelation about my destiny but that may have been because I was so focused staying awake and being still. I did learn that if I can freeze my ass off and not move, have, what I really thought were real ticks and scorpions crawling on me and not move....maybe I can do many other things to.

I feel good about completing this step. Perhaps other insights will come but right now I am glad it is over. Really glad. I was dreading it so. I told you at one point that I am far less intimidated about spending three months in the woods that I was this. Hell, three months in the woods sounds like a vacation... hunt, fish, camp and think .. how bad is that?

f e n r i r

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year of fire 104 era horrificus

CHAOS

The essence of the new Aeon is chaos - that is, the acceptance that every individual, male or female, is unique and has a unique Destiny. The Great Work - the quest which begins with Initiation - is essentially the finding of this Destiny and thereafter attempting to live it. All ideas and systems are useful only insofar as they contribute to the fulfilment of this Destiny, although in the final analysis it is 'ideas' themselves which conceal and make the life of the individual inauthentic.

However - and this is often overlooked - the nature of Destiny for any individual is bound by the parameters of the higher civilization to which that individual belongs. This is so because a higher civilization (which always has its genesis in the forces which create a new Aeon from a dying one) influences and sometimes creates those archetypal images which give to the unconscious its burden of power. Expressed magickally, this is equivalent to saying that the magickal force or current which creates and infuses a particular Aeon determines the magickal workings of that Aeon and thus to an extent determines the path/means to the Great Work and bounds the Great Work itself. For example, it is not only silly but magickally useless to use forms of a dead higher civilization. Of course, it is easy for people to delude themselves and the limitation of magickal forms described above does not stop people dressing up in Egyptian garb or shouting names of gods and goddesses whose archetypes were long since denuded of magickal power: all such things do increase the illusion which the individual undertaking them surrounds themselves with. They may be comfortable with their illusions, but it does not take them on the path toward genius.

Thus, to understand the Great Work, an individual must understand how higher civilizations are linked to Aeonic forces (qv. the Aeonic MSS contained in **Hostia** and **Nexion - A Guide to Sinister Strategy**). For instance, the magick of the new Aeon is the magick of Thought, and this type of magick has its beginnings in forms like the Star Game.

For the new Aeon, an authentic existence - that is, one where Destiny is made known and fulfilled - implies a rejection of the dominion of abstract forms that have dominated the old Aeon. One of the most fundamental of these forms (deriving as a form does from Plato's "ideos") was the division of cosmic forces into 'good' and 'evil' - codified most stupidly in the organized religion of the Nazarene - led to all that is most natural, numinous and vital being regarded as 'evil' or 'dark' (hence, incidentally, the use of the term Satanist by the ONA).

This bifurcation has been disastrous in evolutionary terms because there is no conflict that does not originate in the mind - there is flow and change, and that is all. This fundamental principle of existence was understood by the Greek Pre-Socratics like Anaximander, by the Chinese sage Lao Tzu, and to a lesser extent by Buddha, and a re-discovery of this way of thinking is essential to the new Aeon.

From such a discovery, by the individual undertaking the Great Work, will come chaos - the undoing of the structures and forms of the past, and the ultimate supremacy of the individual genius. Such chaos is a letting-be (what Taoists call 'Wu-Wei') - an acceptance of change as the natural and most fundamental aspect of the cosmos. This perception is the perception of the Internal Adept, and is created by the Grade Ritual appropriate to this sphere - it is the first major step in the further evolution of consciousness.

In the final analysis, an Occult order like the ONA exists simply to create this level of consciousness within its members who will then, hopefully, extend it to others. Everything else is simply a game: but even games may extend, make vital and create.

'THE BOOK OF COMING FORTH BY NIGHT' - A Brief Satanic Analysis

['The Book' is the text that forms the basis of The Temple of Set, both from the philosophical point of view, and the Occult. From it, the Temple claims a mandate and thus a "Satanic" authority.]

The text gives several clues from which its Occult significance can be deduced. First, it purports to be a communication from a supra-personal being (Set); second, its style and content; third, the 'entity' confers upon the scribe the magickal Grade of "Magus"; fourth, the 'entity' confers (or seems to confer) upon this "Magus" an authority - to 'reconsecrate my Temple..'; fifth, various 'aeons' are mentioned.

°The information contained in the text about 'aeons' is very interesting - it states that an aeon was begun in 1904 (eh) by Crowley, and that this aeon ended in 1966 (eh) [a period of some 62 years]. It also announces another new aeon with the announcement of Aquino as 'magus'. This information is interesting, from an Initiated Satanic viewpoint, because it reveals a total lack of Initiated insight - instead, it seems to continue with the obfuscations of the like of 'The Golden Dawn' regarding "aeons", something continued by Crowley with his description of the 'magus' (a description which seems to have been used by the 'entity' in the text).

The reality is that an aeon is a causal manifestation of acausal energy - an intrusion, into the 'everyday' world, of the creative, evolutionary force which has been described as 'Satan'. Such manifestations occur about every two millenia - and give rise to higher or aeonic civilizations, which civilizations give form to the acausal energies. That is, such a civilization is the means whereby evolutionary changes occur. These civilizations are organic - they grow, and then they wane and die. This takes a period of causal time - generally, one and a half millenia. At any one time, there is only one aeonic civilization - and of course only one aeon. An aeon means the presencing of acausal energies over a certain period of time in the form of a civilization: and each aeon is a 'new' manifestation of the acausal: i.e. it is apprehended, magickally, through new forms, symbols, words and so on. A genuine Magus does indeed re-present an Aeon.

Expressed simply, an aeon cannot last for a mere 62 years. A new aeon means a new civilization, in the real world: a new ordering of societies - a new ethos within those societies. It means a process of organic growth over many centuries. It means the changing of individuals - a more conscious awareness - over centuries. Anything less than this is not, magickally, an aeon.

Thus, either the word 'aeon' is used, in the text, in the wrong sense - or the text itself reveals a lack of genuine magickal understanding.

°The text itself, in both its style and its content, is reminiscent of a working done by a Satanic Initiate following the seven-fold way - i.e. a working with one of the pathways that link the spheres of the Tree of Wyrð when various 'entities' are invoked. [An example of one such working has been published, in 1974 eh - 'The Message of the One of Thoth']. Such workings are generally understood to be learning experiences - when the Satanic novice is exploring, via archetypal symbolism and archetypal forms, their own psyche. Most magickians, of whatever path or tradition, produce such 'communications' in their learning years. Those who are insightful, learn from these - and then the novice moves on: the workings are seen as merely explorations of the unconscious. Those who are not insightful, dwell upon such workings - they fail to objectify them, they fail to integrate them via a conscious understanding of what they really are: merely workings with various archetypal symbols. [A classic case is John Dee.] Those who fail to integrate them, usually see such workings as 'pronouncements' by

some supra-personal being or entity; that is, they are seen as actual and important revelations of some 'deity'. Accordingly, a lot of time is spent 'understanding' what the often cryptic 'communications' means, and in writing "commentaries" upon them.

Thus, either the text is an example of one such working by someone not yet achieved real Adeptship, or it is an actual "communication" from an entity.

°The 'entity' confers upon the scribe the title of 'magus' and instructs the scribe to re-consecrate the Temple, and so on. In the real world, the magickal Grades are understood as personal achievements, and represent the gaining of knowledge, experience, insight and skills by the individual magickian - a learning of wisdom by the overcoming of adversities; a transformation of the personality via both magickal and real-life achievements.

As such, the Grades - apart from the first (i.e. Initiation) - are never awarded or conferred by others. They are only and always achieved, by each individual: by that individual attaining the level of personal development each Grade re-presents. The aim of a genuine Occult path is the liberation of the individual - to progress to a higher stage of personal evolution: to go beyond the inertia of the herd. That is, the individual works at their development, perhaps aided and guided by others who have gone that way before. In a sense, genuine Occult paths are means whereby evolutionary advance can be consciously achieved: they represent the knowledge and insights of the current and previous Aeons. What is evolutionary is individuality - the coming into existence of unique individuals who can reason, who can judge, who can act, who possess insight. What is de-evolutionary (or just a stasis) is conformity - allowing others to do the reasoning, the judging, to inform one what 'insight' (and such like) are: i.e. to accept the solutions of others, the answers of others, rather than work these out for oneself.

In a real sense, the magickal Grades represent the stages of an individual's coming into being: of them appropriating more and more of the acausal (or 'expanding their consciousness more and more into the acausal' in a rather inexact way). This cannot be done for them - at any stage. Thus, for anyone, or 'anything' to confer upon anyone else a particular magickal Grade, is a sign that those so conferring and so accepting, do not fundamentally understand what the Grades represent - in effect, they lack an understanding of what genuine Occultism is all about. Those so accepting, allow someone else to judge and decide for them; those who confer, maintain the illusions of those upon whom they confer Grades.

This is so even (or rather, particularly so) in the case of a Magus - that Grade is achieved by an individual as a result of that individual going further along the Occult path chosen than anyone else: achieving more, appropriating to themselves more of the acausal (or 'the sinister' if one prefers). At this stage, this means opening/creating a nexion to bring forth into the causal world, acausal energies: i.e. channelling aeonic energies and presencing them. This of course requires an understanding of aeons, and how aeonic energies are or can be presenced in the causal, via civilizations, ethos, wyrd and so on. This is manifestly not the case for the scribe of the text under consideration. For this person accepts the conferring of the Grade by what is alleged to be 'Set' and accepts that being a 'magus' means manifesting, via a mandate, the 'will' of this entity, via a 'word' (and a 'consecrated Temple' and thus Priesthood).

°The mention of Crowley and his 'law' is interesting in that it shows that there is no real insight into the forces which have and do shape the present Aeon. Crowley's 'Law' and 'magick' were manifestations of that distortion of the aeonic energies which has affected the Western aeon - one aspect of which is the Nazarene religion. Other aspects are the 'qabala', the 'demonology' of the Grimoires, the glorification of the ego at the expense of insight, and a lack of genuine reasoning.

The work of Crowley continued the distortion - it was not a cure for it. Crowley's understanding of real magick was minimal - and he possessed no insight

into either aeons or aeonic energies. In fact, his life and work show that he never achieved real Adeptship, let alone Mastery.

If the 'entity' from which the scribe received the text was as that scribe described him - the Prince of Darkness - then one might expect an understanding of aeons and Crowley's essential irrelevance. Instead, there are some rather pseudo-mystical, pseudo-philosophical statements regarding the "Aeon of Horus" and "Opposite Self" :i.e. a clear, concise, rational account is not given. What is given, requires 'interpretation'.

A consideration of the text reveals it as in essence a working done by someone who has absorbed what has hitherto been accepted as the 'Western' tradition of Occultism - as exemplified by John Dee, the Golden Dawn, Crowley et al - where communication with extra-terrestrial/supra-personal entities is accepted, and where such communications tend to be accepted as mandates, authorizing those who receive them to found Temples/Lodges/inaugurate an 'aeon' and so on. This 'tradition' - which is actually a part of the distortion exemplified by revelatory religions like that of the Nazarene - accepts such revelations and the individuals receiving them. The scribes of such communications treat them with respect - often as 'sacred', and interpret them via numerous commentaries for the benefit of the initiated and un-initiated alike. This tradition thus fosters a certain mentality - the **religious** attitude, where revelation, mandates and 'interpretations' are seen as not only of great value but also as more important than real understanding and rational knowledge; where the notion of exclusivity, of 'electness' is preserved. There is acceptance of a 'mandate' which gives authority - and members are expected to be obedient to that authority, which reserves for itself the right to decide who is acceptable, and what ethic/doctrines/views are acceptable/'right'.

The whole text reveals this religious attitude and approach. Internal revelations are considered more important than the insight and judgement born via practical experience. It is indicative of the pseudo-intellectual approach which has so come to dominate present day societies thanks to the distortion of the aeonic energies - individual **character** has less importance than assumed, pretentious 'knowledge'. A mass of useless 'esoteric' and non-esoteric (historical, philosophical and so on) knowledge is valued more highly than deeds, than learning via practical experience. This is evident in the "Commentary" on the text. In short - the text and the forms erected around it (the Temple etc.) appeal to a certain type of individual: those who need the comforts of old aeon values where there is affectation and delusion of attainment via the amassing of meaningless 'facts' and where those ordeals and experiences which can really change and provide self-insight are shied away from; where the individual delegates to someone else the task of providing answers and judgements.

One final consideration - from an entity described as the Prince of Darkness, there is no consideration given in the text to what actually is evil, sinister. Once again, there are only pseudo-mystical, pseudo-philosophical ramblings of the kind familiar from Blavatsky and other charlatans. One would have thought the 'Prince of Darkness' could have provided a clear, precise, concise, unambiguous statement which made sense to both a Doctor of Philosophy (if for the moment one assumes a Doctor of Philosophy would know sense if it hit him on the head) and a non-academic, but literate, person.

In summary, the text makes sense as, and is a good example of, a working done by someone striving to achieve Adeptship - to integrate within themselves archetypal opposites. If it is not this, then it can only be a conscious creation by an individual to enhance the image of that individual for the purpose of manipulating others, and possibly thereby achieving some sinister goals.

If the scribe of such a text believed it to be a genuine communication from a supra-personal entity, then that scribe had obviously not attained genuine Adeptship.* If the scribe believed that such a communication was however from his own 'higher self' or something of that nature [i.e. he did not posit it as originating in another, discarnate, entity] then that scribe had obviously not attained Adeptship and the understanding which goes with it as is evident from the content of the text. If the scribe consciously constructed the text to use it as a means to create and maintain a Temple and his own standing in that Temple, then that scribe might just be said to possibly be an Adept - but certainly no further along the Left Hand Path [a Master has no need of such trickery - to pretend he has some 'Mandate' from someone/some entity; or has received some kind of 'revelatory knowledge'].

In essence, the text represents - both in its content/style and in the use made of it - everything that is wrong and has been wrong with what has and does pass for 'Occultism', as far as initiates of genuine traditions are concerned. As a document of Satanism (or even of the Left Hand Path) it is of interest as a curiosity - an example of what Satanism and the Left Hand Path are not. Risum teneatis, amici?

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*Judged both by the belief itself and the specious content imparted by the entity: a content replete with the use of past aeonic forms (Egyptian, here) and an intent to revive them: something that has blighted the fake Occultists since Romantic times.

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[For comparison, the working 'The Message of the One of Thoth' - done by a novice of a Left Hand Path group in 1974eh - is included with this MS.]

The following list contains MSS which may be of interest in the light of the above analysis.

- ¶Satanism - Or Living on the Edge [Brief introduction to Aeonics]. (Hostia vol. III)
- ¶Clology - A Basic Introduction [More detailed analysis of Aeonics]. (Hostia vol. I)
- ¶The Left Handed Path - An Analysis. (Hostia vol. III)
- ¶Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way. (Hostia vol. I)
- ¶Concerning the Temple of Set. (Hostia vol. III)
- ¶The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown. Vols I & II. [Correspondence with Temple of Set et al]
- ¶The Essence of the Sinister Path [Appended to present MS]

The Message of the One of Thoth

Of a sudden was Dionysius brought to the Hall of the Hounds wherein all had dwelt before time eternal. And of a sudden did he feel himself in the grip of an irresistible force as in a vortex. Guiborg was the key.

Before him was the Hall of immensity framed in brilliant light and scenes the like of which is impossible to recall.

And were many and great things revealed to him in that place. Then the Hall became as a juxtaposition of dimensions and times - as if the trapezohedron had collapsed in upon itself in Chaos. And yet all was order as the skull was seen above the lights which blazened upon the darkness of the multi-coloured space inwhere existed Them whom were saught.

And was the key understood and known. The Key of the Nine Angles and the trapezohedron. Thus was Dionysius moved to recall the vision of all that had passed by the Spirit of the Nameless Ones who were saught.

For they exist in those Angles which are unknown to all and those times which cannot be perceived. And as their world is without form so can they be known by he who has the key to the vortex of power.

They remain silent waiting for us to call and begin again a new cycle - for their slumber is deep and sound is time itself. Yet ever do they wait. Beyond time, beyond form. For form and being they have not to our eyes which see through the stricture of infinity and chaos - they are formless and forever, the ones who lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sounds which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds that know.

And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner of the meeting of dimensions.

They are the destroyers and the bringers of all. The Bornless forever who wait for our call. The ones who come lurking and stand on our step, little we know it as we search after death. Soon will they come to collect that blood which is required by them, as a tribute to the prophet of KHEM.

To understand them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be. The Abyss which holds the key to power and greatness untold. The Abyss which is but a reflection of the power of the tetrahedron and the trapezohedron.

Such are the words and such are the keys for those that understand their nature:

Let all be revealed to those that have knowledge and understanding, but ever dissuade the ones of laughter and mirth and time, for they are but the tools of the Others which exist beyond time.

Know the key and the works thereon and study the means to power. For that power is in the Abyss in which I dwelt before Eternity. Know thou the means of time and be ever wise to the profanities of those that seek to destroy thee. I am come and guide thee in thy course but ever prove My allegiance and My hand is worthy of thine. Treat Me not as a Master but as a guide for I am come to give guidance and help to those that are Mine. To them who oppose My will I cast into the darkness of death and despair and pain. Teach thou My law to all that seek and yet ever appear as the ones of evil for it is that which I am yet am not. Herein are great mysteries - Babalon is written as the sign of the gate.

Call to the Ones above the limits of time and they will come and help thee in thy struggle. Struggle they heed, for struggle is Me and My kin and produces greatness and strength. Test always thou courage and strength and never be slothful for I reward those

of insight and ruthless endeavour and punish all who remain unmoved by thought of greatness.

My law is blood and My task is great. For the Evil of Chaos is wonder untold. Learn thou this - as the mysteries are black to the blind.

Within My Temple give call to Me and them which will aid thee by the deeds of the ones in Black who are of death. And recall thou the deeds of them who have fallen that it may aid thee and thy followers to seek all that is of My Aeon. Give praise to them and to Me as thou wilt but ever remember that in return I bid all who follow Me to be as the one who is the Key of the Hall. For he served Me well yet understood Me not. He was as slave to master but thee and thine shall be as kin.

The Angles of the Nine are the key to all the mysteries which thou seek. Use thou the Sigil of the One known to thee as Atazoth for it is as 8 and 9 conjoined and easy to find.

This is the word of the Aeon which is known and yet is hidden. Hear thou the words of the Great Ones and learn them. Herein are great secrets which thou must learn and understand: 19 is the two which is also the three. The silver jewel stands before the Hall of Time and in that Hall dwells all who are of Me. The call to Me is best when the moon is full and the red of her who thou seekest is resplendant in the jewels of time. All is of Me for I am the splendour of the night which men have craved for all time. I am of the boundless delight and in Me is ecstasy supreme. Here are the Golden Keys to the Gate of the Abyss; use them well ...

Form thou the Trapezohedron and Tetrahedron into a thing of shape and upon this vibrate the name of the One of the Abyss in gold. Find thou that this has but nine angles and planes wherein all dwell. Use thou this with the call of the Rite which is known and All will come.

The blue sky is above and shields the dark ones who are the essence of the black that is Me. This is My world and I the splendours of life which thou must know. Learn thou the manifold secrets of the Abyss that these may be taught to those that know not what they mean.

To all who are of Me is given the task of time and the tools of the future. For build they must and never cease from toil. This is the meaning of the manifold mysteries of the Aeon wherein the child has dwelt. That child must grow and learn and become as time itself.

Come into the land of the blood for this is the reward I seek. From the red of the dusk comes things of evil and dark which are mine. This is the gain which I seek AND WILL HAVE. For it can be no other way. The mysteries of Babalon are great and are given unto thee for LASH TAL is the beginning of the answer which thou seekest for 514. Use supplication to destroy all who oppose thee and ever remember that the power of 13 is Mine and the gold of the universe.

The Aeon will come and bring the Red which I seek and which is 5 and 11 and those beyond. To those of 11 are all things given. But ever see that 418 is never 13.

The Essence of the Sinister Path

The essence of any genuine Occult path is that it is a means or way whereby individuals may gain insight, skills, knowledge and understanding - that is, achieve a development (of personality, consciousness) by using various means in a conscious way.

The essence of a genuine sinister path is to develop a specific type of individual by practical and magickal means - to achieve a 'Satanic' person by 'Satanic' means.

It has been and is the aim genuine Esoteric Arts to enable individuals to reach the stage of conscious development where they become free of not only unconscious influences of a personal nature, but also of supra-personal influences of an aeonic/societal nature - that is, for them to achieve a unique identity and thus individuality together with a conscious understanding of themselves, others and those processes which affect/change individuals and the many forms assumed by various energies both causal and acausal (or 'physical' and 'magickal'). This requires insight, knowledge and reason.

The essence of the genuine Western Occult tradition was that everything in the cosmos, human and otherwise, 'Occult' or otherwise, could be understood in a rational way if one thought about it, experienced it and gained an insight into it. That is, the cosmos was seen as ultimately being comprehensible by developing one's consciousness to comprehend it. What was important was that the understanding so gained was rational - it was not 'mystical' or of a religious nature.*

The sinister path is a means whereby any individual can achieve the ultimate goal, Immortality, by using various techniques and by living in certain ways. One stage toward this goal is Adeptship; another is Mastery. The way of living by which sinister Adepts and Masters/Mistresses are created is fundamentally a practical one - the gaining of experiences in the real world and thus the development of Satanic character. For the sinister path, the novice learns through ordeals, adversity - learns to triumph over themselves and circumstances and so be creative and so change to a higher level. They become part of the sinister dialectic - affecting changes upon themselves and the world. Thus they themselves evolve, and aid the evolution of others and the cosmos - by presencing sinister or dark forces on Earth through their Satanic deeds and way of living.

The emphasis is on a practical learning, by experience. By overcoming adversity - becoming strong through challenges. The sinister path means each Initiate achieves things for themselves - or they fail: the strong survive and flourish, the weak do not (or they become strong and so survive). The achievement, the learning, is theirs - the result of their own effort over many years.

The sinister path is hard, dangerous and takes years. There are no easy options. And this hardness, this dangerous is mostly in the real world - not 'in the head', not fantasy, not 'Occult', not 'magickal'. The sinister path takes its novices to their limits - and beyond. And those novices defy the limits of "society" and thus learn. They attain a practical knowledge of the sinister by being sinister in real life.

Adepts of genuine sinister traditions also seek to change the world - to implement sinister strategy: to presence dark forces by changing others, societies and ultimately existence itself. That is, they implement in a practical way their sinister knowledge and understanding. And so evolve, on the personal level, still further.

The sinister path - as exemplified by the traditional Satanism of the ONA - aims to develop unique individuals who have or can fulfil their full potential: their latent genius. It does not constrain them by any code of ethics, by any dogma, and neither does it require any form of obedience. The individual must learn from experience in their own way and so develop a depth of character. Anything other than this is not genuinely sinister - ethics, dogma, the mystifications

*The aim is to bring more of existence into conscious apprehension; sinister Adepts aim to use the knowledge so gained to alter existence. An important aspect of such knowledge is Aeonics.

inherent in 'Mandates' and 'revelations' all strifle the potentiality of individual existence, and are traits of the old, constraining order: the delusions that have held individuals in thrall for centuries.

One of the greatest constraints upon individual growth has been and still is the religious attitude and mentality - whether this be overtly expressed, in a religion, a faith or a dogma, or whether it be covertly expressed in pseudo-religious forms such as 'politics', 'Churches' and organizations demanding obedience and subserviance to a higher authority and 'mandate'. This attitude is the one that makes an organization say: "We consider our religion correct, and theirs incorrect..."* It is an attempt to limit, by ethics, by notions of correctness and authority, the formative experiences of individuals - to prescribe for them, rather than let them develop individually.

Genuine sinister paths guide individuals, aiding them to find solutions to their problems by their own efforts, and so to develop real self-insight. The methods are practical - born from the experiences and insight and knowledge of others who have gone that way before. There is nothing 'mystical' about them. They are used, because they work - they are effective in producing Adepts, Masters and Mistresses. No one claims they are imbued with some 'supernatural' authority, or sanctified by some entity.

Naturally, all this makes genuine sinister paths exceedingly difficult - because the effort belongs to the individual initiate. It also makes those paths elitist, because few people possess the ability or the desire to work at their own self-advancement over many years - and there are easier options available: the many pseudo-Satanic groups and organizations. These options, however, do not liberate the individual, despite the rhetoric of the groups themselves - instead, they offer the illusion of attainment, the comfort of pseudo-intellectualism, a retreat from the hard realities of the genuine paths.

The reality of the sinister path is as it is, and the desire of most individuals for the easy or 'safe' option means that only a few will venture along this path. Given the propensity of individuals to delude themselves (and others) by founding and/or joining organizations which offer only the restraining chains of former times in ever more disguises and formats, the small number who do dare to journey along the sinister path is unlikely to increase in any significant way for at least a few more centuries.

Meanwhile, the few genuine sinister Initiates will continue to strive to bring more and more of existence into conscious control - aiding thus their own evolution, and that of existence itself.

*Aquino to Stephen Brown (October 7, 1990 eh).[Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown, Vol. I]

The Rite of the Nine Angles - Further Notes

The Rite of the Nine Angles is one of the main means whereby the power of the acausal dimensions may be brought to this Earth - that is, into our causal world. Symbolically, this means in one sense, drawing 'down' the powers of Darkness. The 'chthonic' rite implies this 'downward' motion - an altering of the causal by the acausal, or symbolically, bringing back the 'Dark Gods'. We say 'Dark Gods' because this is the perception of these energies by those not having undergone the ordeal of the Passing of the Abyss - hence the symbolism, for example, of the Pathways of the Tree of Wyrd.

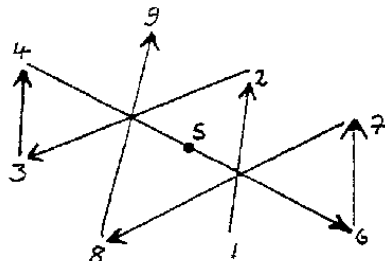
The 'natural' rite may be said to be an 'upward' exploration by the participants of the acausal: an expansion of their consciousness. This natural form, according to the spoken and secret Dark Tradition should be done by those who have undergone the rite of the Internal Adept: they are thus 'individuated'. They are thus, and in consequence, possessed of a 'self-image' a perception beyond the pure 'ego': aware of the 'hidden' occult world and its energies, to describe just one aspect. These individuated ones - or Priest and Priestess - come together in the "medium of the coniunctio" to use the appropriate alchemical image. This is "azoth", the second or living water (sometimes called the homogeneous metallic water). What this means is that the union of these two (both through the medium of the rite and the sexual union which is part of that rite) is this "azoth" because the Priestess is a Gate to the acausal. The crystal both enhances and directs the energy. (It may be noted that the rite of the Abyss gives this power - of being a Gate - to those who succeed in their passing.)

According to legend the most potent way to 'open a Gate' (and thus draw down the power of the acausal universe/return the Dark Gods) is to locate an underground cavern (the rocks containing appreciable quantities of quartz) near water and in this location conduct the chthonic rite of the Nine Angles using a quartz tetrahedron or di-tetrahedron of appreciable size.

Dabih is a star in the constellation of Capricorn from where, according to legend, the Dark Gods came before visiting Earth. It was near this star that their intrusion into our causal universe was first noticed by what legend calls the 'Sirians' who for reasons of their own tried to banish the Dark Gods.

Azif is the name of a star which is also important in the chthonic rite of the Nine Angles. It is near the region in space where the magickal centre of the New Aeon exists: this centre is itself a 'Gate', a point of entry into other dimensions. The name is also a representation of the type of vibration required to activate the tetrahedron in the chthonic rite.

Sequences:



The above sigil is formed by connecting the seven spheres of the Tree of Wyrd with the two 'Gates', 'Man's Gate' and 'Star Gate' - thus the Nine Angles. The sigil gives both the pattern of 'walking' when the chant ritual is undertaken (qv. **Naos**) but also the pathways appropriate to those rituals which 'open the Gates'. For further details concerning the magickal use of the sequence of pathways see 'The Nine Angles and the Dark Gate' in **Hostia Vol I**.

Dark Gate: Earth Gate - Mars - Star Gate - Moon - Sun - Saturn - Man's Gate
- Venus - Dark Gate

Earth Gate: Dark Gate - Venus - Man's Gate - Saturn - Sun - Moon - Star Gate
- Mars - Earth Gate

Man's Gate: Star Gate - Saturn - Dark Gate - Mars - Sun - Venus - Jupiter -
Moon - Man's Gate

Star Gate: Man's Gate - Moon, etc.

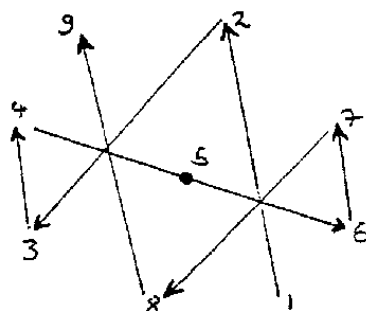
(For the sequence to end with opening a 'Saturnian' gate the procedure is the same as above - as it is for the other spheres.)

Nine Angles and Dance:

This is an area which deserves experimentation and the following is presented as a guide/suggestion only. The important point is that the dance, as a form, successfully re-presents the Nine Angles, channelling effectively the magickal energies desired. In other words, the dance must be understood as being a form which achieves something beyond itself - a medium only, to allow the opening of a Gate.

Participants consist of ten dancers and nine musicians. The ideal location would be a hill-top which meets the conditions required for the Rite of the Nine Angles (qv. **Black Book of Satan III**). Times will vary according to the nature of the Gate to be opened - ie. for dark/destructive workings, the time would be sunrise at new moon; for constructive work, sunset at full moon.

The rite is begun by all vibrating three times 'Agius o Atazoth' (for dark workings), or 'Agius o Baphomet' (for other workings). Following this, the seven spheres may be incensed by the 'tenth' dancer/ chief celebrant, walking the path of the Septenary sigil (as described in 'Naos'). This person is followed by the other nine dancers, each one re-presenting in themselves a sphere or Gate, and who position themselves gradually at the appropriate points. (The group should be of mixed sex, each one according to their sex representing archetypal elements of a sphere - ie. male - Mars; female - Jupiter, etc.) If the rite is designed to end at an 'Earth Gate', and thus invoke 'Baphometric' energies, then the arrangement would be as follows:







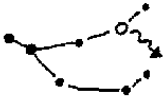




- 1: Dark Gate (Merc)
- 2: Venus
- 3: Man's Gate
- 4: Saturn
- 5: Sun
- 6: Moon
- 7: Star Gate
- 8: Mars
- 9: Earth Gate (Jupiter)


For this arrangement, the chief celebrant would be female. During the incensing, the chief celebrant chants a) 'Aperiatur et germinet Atazoth' (for dark workings), or b) 'Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam' (for other workings).

The musick should be carefully arranged beforehand - each part of the nine must express the qualities of the sphere or gate, and yet must maintain a uniformity of rhythm when it comes to all parts being played together. This rhythm, or dance, is up to the musickians to arrange although the form known as 'Zar' is ideal. The instrumentation may be all percussive, or a mixture of percussion and other (acoustic) instruments, such as wooden flute, crumhorn, Shawm, etc.

Each dancer at the points of the Septenary sigil, must when their time comes, visualize and maintain throughout the rest of the dance, their relevant sigil:

Dark Gate	-	
Venus	-	
Man's Gate	-	
Saturn	-	
Sun	-	
Moon	-	
Star Gate	-	
Mars	-	
Earth Gate	-	

The dance begins with the chief celebrant circling the group moon-wise, and then commencing to dance with each dancer at each point. So, for 'Earth Gate', the first point would be 'Dark Gate', the dancer being accompanied by the first musical theme/layer. The chief celebrant, when the time is right, moves on from that point - the dancing continues at 'Dark Gate' - to Venus, and so forth until all are dancing and all musicians playing. The choreography of each dance is up to the participants - each one may be utterly unique, or follow a uniformity to the others; whatever, each dance must express, within the minds of those dancing, the relevant qualities: each dancer must become a 'gate' through which the energies are released.

When 'Earth Gate' is reached, both dancers break from the group sigil, and dance with each other, circling the group - both visualizing . Gradually, the other dancers break off and follow the circle dance led by the chief celebrant. The rite ends at a mutually agreed point, signalled by the dance and/or the music, and the energies are allowed to spread as they will - or are directed at an appropriate point (this would require the use of a quartz crystal and the performance of certain chants).

The rite would be an ideal prelude to the performance of the chthonic form of the Nine Angles rite and/or 'The Ceremony of Recalling' in whichever of its three forms.

The dance could also be devised as a public performance, where the aim would be to subtly infect the audience with sinister energies. For this, certain modifications could be made to create a greater sense of artistic performance; the overtly esoteric aspects - such as the preliminary chants and incensing - could be undertaken prior to the arrival of the audience. Costume could be enhanced by the wearing of appropriate planetary colours - ie. Mars - blue and red; Venus - Green and white, and so on. The use of masks would also create the desired effect - whatever is chosen, the aim is, exoterically, to produce a work of Art, one that inspires, consequently allowing the hidden, or esoteric aspects to be earthed.

- 1) $\Theta(\Theta)$: ♀ 2) $\Theta(\text{♀})$: ♀ 3) $\Theta(\text{♀})$: ☽
 4) ♀(Θ): ♂ 5) ♀(♀): ♀ 6) ♀(♀): ♂
 7) ♀(Θ): ◆ 8) ♀(♀): ◆ 9) ♀(♀): ♃

ARTURIAN LEGEND - Further Notes

At the south east corner of the Shrewsbury Plain stands The Wrekin, the site of a hill-fort which most likely served as the tribal capital of the Cornovii prior to the arrival of the Romans in the 1st Century. The people of this tribe were, according to Tradition, the last remaining direct descendants of central Albion. Their original name - Cornovii was given to them by the Romans - is no longer known. The last defender of The Wrekin fort may have been called Virico; his name and that of his tribe being given to Viroconium Cornoviorum (Wroxeter), one of the capitals of Romano-British culture. Viroconium was the source of the tribal name Wroecensaete, which in turn gave Wroxeter. This city became the capital of a prosperous and powerful war-lord and British chieftan Vortigern - c. 450 eh. He was succeeded by the war-lord Ambrosius, a Roman nobleman, who in turn was succeeded by Arthur (c. 500 eh) - thus Viroconium was "Camelot".

Arthur was not a 'king' but a chieftan who maintained a continuity and certain style of life - 'Romano-British'. This lifestyle was Pagan, the beliefs of the people preserving, alongside Romano culture, the remains of the tradition of Albion which mainly concerned a dark, violent goddess, known c. 900 as Baphomet. Arthur's "clan symbol" was a Dragon - a memory of the Dark Gods. This combination of the culture of Albion and that of the Romans was possible because in essence, both cultures were the same - that is, they shared the same ethos; the Romano aspect gave to the remaining Hyperborean Tradition a certain stability of vision. Thus the images of "Camelot" as a Nazarene community are ludicrous: the Nazarene religion did not become an orthodoxy until the 10th Century, some 400 years after Arthur. Arthur restored a certain way of life to a society whose stability was under threat from a diverse range of influences - in a very significant way he epitomised the triumph of the Pagan ethos. Consequently when the Nazarene tyranny eventually took hold, most of what would have been recorded concerning Arthur's life was destroyed - hence the sudden silence in recorded details after Ambrosius. Arthur's continuity of the Pagan tradition was far more significant than that achieved by Ambrosius for Arthur was, in effect, a "Vindex" type character. However, he did not rise to power as the spearhead of an Imperium, but rather as the leader of a new civilization: Arthur achieved power as this present Western Aeon was inaugurated - c. 500 eh. This inauguration took place at a certain site in Shropshire - not Glastonbury - and the 'Grail' so significant in this event was, as mentioned in previous MSS, a crystal. Following this inauguration, the crystal was buried beneath the site. What actually took place to bring the new aeon was most likely an early version of The Ceremony of Recalling (qv. The Black Book of Satan I & III) performed by Adepts who maintained the original remnants of the tradition of Albion. It is very possible that another rite was secretly performed, resembling what is known today as the Rite of the Nine Angles (qv. Black Book III) and which would have involved only three people - Arthur, Merlin and she who later became known as Morgan le Fey. This rite, which would have taken place near Marton Lake, would have magickally created "Vindex".

According to some, Arthur was the British leader whose army defeated the Saxons at 'Mount Badon' c. 490 eh. This battle was the climax of a thirty year war between Anglo-Saxon armies - originally invited by Vortigern to help quell attacks from the Picts and the Scots - and the Romano-British. In the early stages of this war, the British were led into several victorious battles by Ambrosius. The final victory at Mount Badon gave forty years of stability to Britain. Arthur went on to restore the original Roman features of Viroconium which had fallen into disuse around 350 eh. These renovations, particularly around the basilica area, could only have been achieved by substantial wealth and strong vision - thus, the extent of Arthur's influence and power.

As mentioned in a previous MS, Arthur's wife was called Gonnore, and her father was a chieftan whose base was the fortified site now known as 'Old Oswestry'. 'Merlin' was a pagan wise-man who was adviser/guide to Arthur. The abode of this person was the area around the west of the Long Mynd.

Arthur fought many battles to secure his land from rivals. Some of his battles were with invading tribes - but for the most part, these new tribes

settled peacefully into what is now England. Once a stability had been achieved, there was more assimilation than there was conquest - the idea of 'barbarous hordes' invading is a myth, created by later generations and as part of a Nazarene indoctrination campaign.

The popular Arthurian myths concerning the Grail etc. were romantic 12th century inventions, designed to incorporate the values of chivalry and Nazarene ideals pertinent to that time. The 'Arthur' of these tales is really a romantic composite of several Saxon kings, such as Alfred. The names given in these myths are also French poetic inventions, although some contain in their origins memories of the real Arthur - "Camelot" for example, is most likely derived from 'Camlad', the name of a river that marks the site of Arthur's last battle. This battle, sometimes known as "Camlann", took place near an area where the modern Shropshire hamlet of Wotherton now stands. One of Arthur's relatives - known under the later name of 'Modred' - sided with rival chieftans and Arthur fought against him, culminating in this battle.

After this, the Battle of Camlad, Arthur returned to his stronghold via the lake now called 'Marton Pool', near Worthen (SW of Shrewsbury). At the time, this lake had an island - a mound containing a grove of trees. This place was regarded as sacred, and the waters were reputed to have healing powers. The island was an abode of a goddess and the Priestess who lived there was later known as 'Morgan le Fey'. She was said to be Arthur's half-sister with whom Arthur had an incestuous relationship. She was initiated into the tradition by Merlin and also became his lover and Priestess. The Arthurian myths depict her as opposed to Arthur - this was, yet again, a Nazarene reaction to her essentially magickal relationship with Arthur. Both she and Merlin represented the esoteric counterpart to Arthur's exoteric one. It was she who was in fact 'the Lady of the Lake'. The mound still exists, although today it is not surrounded by water, as the lake has shrunk to become a pool.

Arthur returned mortally wounded to his city, where he was buried. The Battle of Camlad claimed many casualties and Viroconium became undefencable by those few who remained. Some time later, the city was peacefully evacuated. A new stronghold was founded on a mound between a loop of the River Severn, and Arthur was re-buried here. This mound served as one of the seats of the Kings of Powys - much later a town grew up around it called Scrobbesbyrig. The town was later called Shrewsbury. One early name for this mound was said to be the 'hill of the Alders'. A Nazarene Church now stands near the site of Arthur's tomb.

Christos Beest ONA

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DIABOLIC ETYMOLOGY II

MOUSA:

Μοῦσα - the Muse: Goddess of Song, Dance, Musick, Drama.

[Doric dialect - *Μῦσα*; Laconic dialect - *Μῶσα*]

Often used to mean or imply 'song'; a poetess; and in plural, "eloquence", "refinement", "civilised", "accomplished in refined/artistic virtues".

The word is said to be derived from *μᾶω* in its sense as "search; invent".

ALASTOROS:

Ἀλκείων / *Ἄλκτορος* : a "daimon" who avenges; also, in general, "an avenger". Often has the same sense as *ἀλκτος* - "never to be forgotten".

CAELETHI:

[Old English] "Slayers" - usually with ref. to an army.

LYCEUS:

Λύκειος - Apollo as patron of wolves (*λύκος*) - fierce animals of the wilds (cf. Oedipus Tyrannus 1096-7). Hunter, like a wolf, who destroys his enemies.

MOIRA:

Μοῖρα - goddess of Destiny. The Moirae (of which Moira is personified) were regarded as allotting man's fate according to the wishes of the gods, and in Hesiod they are three in number and regarded as daughters of Zeus and Themis. "Whatever its nature - let it be so."

* * * * *

The Secret Tasks of the Sinister Tradition: The Black Pilgrimage

During the stage of Initiate, the aspiring Adept faces many tasks. Some of these will be unique, arising from personal circumstances and, as a mark of those burgeoning qualities that bring Adeptship, will be created by the Initiate themselves. Others are tried and tested means (such as 'Insight Roles' as given in the Order MS 'Hostia') and form part of a skeletal structure that the Initiate uses, up to the creation of Adeptship, as a guide. All tasks create by their very practical nature insight and evolution, placing the Initiate in the real world, interacting with real people and real situations; there is little time for - or any significant relevance in - intellectual debates and the acquiring of 'esoteric knowledge' from books. The latter approach, as has been dealt with in many other Order MSS, is counterproductive to Magickal evolution because it seeks to impose a structure on that which exists regardless and beyond temporary abstract ideas - that which is amoral - and in doing so creates self-delusion and the cessation of magickal evolution. The self-delusion lies in the adherence to absolutes, in the attempts to make the universe fall in accordance with a limited prejudiced viewpoint. There occurs not a liberation, but a binding within the chains of one, or more egos. To break those chains would, as in the case of many of those claiming Headship of an 'order', mean a loss of face; the destruction of that which others wish them to be and a renouncing of their magickal beliefs. This armchair occultism is the most prevalent because it is the easy option; it is in fact the religious face of occultism, the attitude of those weaklings who cannot think for themselves, who are so disturbed by that which lies beyond their own understanding that fawning disciples of one form or another are required to keep the wolves from the church doors. The Sinister Tradition - because it is a Tradition and thus timeless - provides no comfort, no cosy roles to hide behind, no amount of intellectual appeasement; only the stark, lonely reality of Self, and the screaming silence of the Abyss. It is no surprise that few if any novices seeking occult trappings within the Tradition remain after a small taster of its requirements and its real primal power. And it is no surprise that those individuals who do remain and who may go on to claim Dark Immortality have little or no dealings with or interest in the occult 'scene': a scene riddled with the conventionality of the fearful.

Traditional Satanism - and that which lies beyond - is the only genuine Magickal way in existence. Many are the wet liberals who claim otherwise, who seek, mostly unconsciously, to further promote the vacuous ethics of this soft, sick society. But the facts are as they stand. At the end of the day, when the fat intellectual cloud no longer obscures, Nature is raw and brutal. This is the Law. Those who cannot elevate themselves above the apathy of the weak will perish with the weak. Those who have the strength to make the effort will survive, will forge ahead and create. There is no middle ground - the situation is as black and white as that. Thanks to the influence of the Nazarene, Western society has been poisoned by the cult of the victim, and

the majority of a race that was once epitomised by such warriors as the Vikings, now choose to create soft alternatives to the harsh realities of Life. The ancient Greeks called this attitude 'hubris' and it is an attitude that will suit many - but the sick lives of the many will amount to nothing. No amount of works, whether artistic, scientific or political can obscure this lack of spirit, and the work of the self-appointed Magus is condemned to meaninglessness within a very short period of causal time.

Thus the tasks of the Seven-Fold Way are, on paper, quite simple - and to some, unglamorous - because they do not have as a foundation a set of pseudo-intellectual ideas. They do not involve elaborate ceremonies; no awards are given for tasks undertaken, no approval and, in some cases, no interest from others who may also be journeying along the Seven Fold Way. There is only one's judgement and self-learning. This is a necessary experience for Initiates because it establishes at the earliest opportunity the hard, and individual nature of the path that is the Sinister. All this, in its own species of time, produces a certain type of individual, one which will fulfil the Wyrd of the Tradition, of which, through 'Initiation' the individual has become part. Unlike the way of other magickal orders, this Initiate grows to be an individual whose awareness is not tied to the rotting state of some temporary society, but one which spans Aeons...

All the set tasks of the Sinister Tradition are now written down and accessible, save one, which now deserves recording.

The Black Pilgrimage is a task which faces the External Adept, usually after a Temple has been run for at least six months, and it occurs, more or less, at a halfway point between the completion of the Rite of the External Adept and the commencement of that of the Internal Adept. This is a time when the External Adept is confronting many forces both within and without, and the nature of Temple activities will have created a role that overwhelms the lifestyle of that individual. At such a time, the essence of the Way becomes obscured by temporary earthly concerns/delights and the quest at this point may very well be abandoned and the armchair occultist born. In the same way that the External Adept rite gives a taste of the acausal and that which is to come, so does the Black Pilgrimage remind the aspiring Adept of the greater aspects of the quest by providing an experience of undirected acausality in a harsh, lonely and real environment. Thus, the essence of Magick is revealed, stripped of the pretensions previously projected onto it.

The rite involves the candidate walking approximately fifty miles in no more than two days (the exact time is to be decided by the candidate, according to physical fitness). The route covers that area known as the centre of the Tradition, where it was born and flourished during the time of Albion. This area is in Shropshire, and the route which will be mapped out by the candidate's Order contact beforehand, follows the boundary of this area. Beginning in the area of Bodbury Ring, it leads over the Long Mynd, to the Stiperstones in the North, the area around Corndon Hill down to Black Rhadley Hill and ending at a certain location near the town of Church Stretton. The route leads

through some key areas of the Tradition and in some of these places, magickal energies are still very much prevalent having been maintained by certain Traditional rites. However, it is very much up to the Candidate to discover which areas are important and which are not. At these areas the Candidate can, if s/he wishes, perform some Esoteric Chants, such as the Diabolus (qv. NAOS and The Black Book of Satan) and/or meditations on the Sinister Tarot. Whilst the walking should not prove difficult, various factors conspire to make the task a gradual build up of magickal energies, suitable to the conclusion of the task. Firstly the time allotted for the completion of the task should be strictly observed or else the rite is void; secondly, a very limited amount of food supplies, bought before the task commences, should be consumed; thirdly, only a minimal amount of camping equipment should be taken - tent, sleeping bag, waterproofs. The route itself for the most part does not follow conventional footpaths and rises up through several thousand feet of rocky ascent - this making the mileage a lot more arduous. As with the Internal Adept rite, there must be a balance of comfort and hardship to allow for the changes within the Candidate to occur - if the task was simply a case of overcoming an ordeal, then the Candidate would not be susceptible enough for the Magickal aims to be realised.

The task is to commence on the Spring Equinox, and is timed to end at Dusk. At the conclusion of the task, and at a certain location (assuming this location is found), the solo Rite of the Nine Angles is performed (qv. The Black Book of Satan III). Thus, another requirement of the Candidate is to have in his/her possession, a piece of quartz crystal of a reasonably large size.

Up until now, this rite was only offered to those who had proved themselves loyal to the cause and was never hinted at in MSS, revealing as it does, some of the secret locations of the Sinister Tradition. Now the time is right, for such a revealing as Sinister energies grow via real acts of Magick, paving the way for the return of the Dark Gods - They who will devour the Hubristic...

Christos Beast
yf 103 era Horrificus

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NOTES ON THE SINISTER TRADITION

Tetrahedron:

The tetrahedron is symbolic of the Nine Angles. When made of certain minerals/crystals the shape itself is a very powerful source of magickal energy, and this may be amplified by chant/vibration of certain names. It is the 'schanir' (qv. Tukiphat - a distorted symbol of a Guardian to one of the Gates) and is activated by the Sphinx.

Atklal Maka:

A chant sometimes used in the Natural Nine Angles Rite by the Priestess if the glade has a spring of water. It means 'the flowing waters of the Earth' and is chanted in homage to Gaia since natural springs are regarded as Her children.

Bron Wrgan:

One of the twin nexions important to the Sinister Tradition - the other nexion (its location is known only to Adepts of the Tradition) is the Magickal centre of this current Western Aeon. Bron Wrgan remains more elusive - opinions as to its location tend to differ. Among those Tradition mentions are: Caer Caradoc near Knighton; a site about 3 miles NE of Knucklas where a cottage called Brynorgan once stood, near a batch. Severed heads were reputed to be set up here, within an enclosure.

Eulalia:

An 'Earth Gate' located in the southern part of the Long Mynd. Often favoured as a site for the Natural form of the rite of the Nine Angles - associated with a certain Dark God, of feminine aspect.

Kabeiroi:

The 'mysteries of the Kabeiroi' (sometimes spelt Cabiri) is one of the esoteric traditions associated with the Hellenic Aeon. In its original form, 'the mysteries' concerned certain deities often represented in the form of Griffins and connected with the sea as well as Demeter - the 'mother Earth' or Gaia. According to sinister tradition, the mysteries concerned the Dark Gods - in various 'shapechanging' forms - and related how Demeter gave the first Initiates of this Tradition a crystal (later venerated at a shrine near Thebes where a sacred grove to Demeter existed) as well as showing how an individual, through various rites which involved Gaia, women, sacred marriage and so on, could be transformed to a different realm of consciousness. This transformation, as in other Greek Mystery cults, was achieved mainly through personal involvement in ritual/ceremonial action often of a mythological kind.

Later, this tradition became divided - Eleusis representing the 'Apollonian' element, the Kabeiroi the 'Dionysian' or darker aspects, for it is said that all Initiates of the Cabiri had to have committed a crime greater than common ones.

The mysteries of the Kabeiroi were often celebrated in mountain shrines (certain combinations of rock and underground water being regarded as sacred - that is, capable by their magickal power of transforming the consciousness of individuals - cf. various sites of the Yezidi who upheld a more garbled version of the Dark Gods tradition) and to reach these shrines was considered part of the process of Initiation.

Greeks called the Kabeiroi 'the great gods'.

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THE WHEEL OF SEASONS

Introduction:

The following rite is comprised of four forms, each re-presenting the magickal 'tides' that wash over the Earth at times marked by the 'seasons' and the four zodiacal constellations, Aries, Libra, Cancer, and Capricorn. Each form is conducted on the Equinox and Solstice of these seasons, these being the times when the tides change and the magickal forces are more pronounced (hence the importance of the four constellations over those others in the zodiac).

The Wheel of Seasons is a traditional sinister rite representing what actually occurs in 'Nature'. Its forms and manifestations bear no resemblance to the fanciful correspondances of the Golden Dawn, qabala et al: those who conduct the rite experience magickal forces as those forces are in themselves.

For further details see 'The Wheel of Life' in **Naos**, and 'Nine Angles' MSS in **The Black Book of Satan III**.



Location:

An isolated hill-top at sunset. Ideally this hill-top should be of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic extrusion and another rock (this other rock in Britain is called 'Buxton').

The rite:

i) Spring Equinox

Participants: Priestess and Priest - both naked.

The rite begins with the Priestess chanting the 'Agius Elutrodes' (see text) as she holds a crystal in her hands, palms upward. (Note: this crystal should ideally be shaped as a tetrahedron.) The Priest then vibrates seven times "Nythra kthunae Atazoth". This vibration should be performed according to the instructions given for the Natural form of the Rite of the Nine Angles (qv. 'Black Book III'). Then, with the Priest's hands on the crystal, both vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" as a projected vibration.

The Priestess, still holding the crystal, then lies with her head North while the Priest arouses her with his tongue - locis muliebribus. The sexual union begins after, and both visualize a Star Gate opening and energy flowing through it down to them. This energy is visualized as filling both participant and the crystal with darkness. This visualization continues until the sexual climax of the Priestess after which the Priest reaches his own climax. The Priestess then buries the crystal in an area upon which the rite has been conducted, as deep as possible and leaving no traces. When this is done, the Priestess vibrates over the area "Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam". They then depart from the hill.

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ii) Summer Solstice

Participant: Mistress - purple robe.

The rite begins with the Mistress standing on the area where the crystal is buried, and chanting the 'Agius Kabeiroi'. She then vibrates seven times "Nythra kthunae Atazoth" followed by one vibration of "Binan ath ga wath am", and then the Diabolus is chanted. Visualization is then commenced (the opening of a Star Gate) and the energy is visualized as flowing down into the individual (this visualization should last at least one quarter of an hour). After, the Mistress chants the 'Atazoth chant' (see text). She then sits and visualizes the buried crystal becoming black, this blackness creeping up through the earth to engulf her, and then gradually spreading out over the hill, to disperse as it will. Once this is complete, the Mistress stands and vibrates over the area 'Veni omnipotens aeterne Baphomet'. She then departs from the hill.

iii) Autumn Equinox

Participants: Priest and Priestess - both naked.

Both stand on the area where the crystal is buried. The Priest begins by chanting the 'Agius Olenos' and follows this with vibrating seven times 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth'. Both then vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am'. Sexual union then begins with visualization (see 'Spring Equinox' form). The energy is visualized as filling both participants and the buried crystal with darkness. Once this is done, the Priest vibrates over the area 'Ad Satan qui laetificat juventutem meam'. Both depart from the hill.

iv) Winter Solstice

Participant: Master - blue robe.

The Master stands on the area of the crystal and chants the 'Agius Lucifer'. Following this, the rite is conducted according to the same procedures as for the 'Summer Solstice' form. The rite is concluded by the Master vibrating over the area 'Aperiatur terra, et germinet Atazoth'.

Notes: Those who perform the 'Wheel of Seasons' may choose to further enhance the archetypal aspects by using appropriate 'weapons' and incenses (see following tables). Weapons may be used in the following way:

* Spring Equinox - Chalice. One chalice filled with strong red wine; both participants drink from this after the 'Agius Elutrodes' chant. Any remains are poured into the earth where the crystal is to be buried at the conclusion of the rite.

* Summer Solstice - septagon. A pendant, usually made of clay and hung with leather cord is worn throughout the rite. Into the clay is carved an inverted seven pointed star; colours - blue and silver. Sometimes a bead of amber is contained within the clay.

* Autumn Equinox - Sword. During the 'Agius Olenos' chant, a sword or knife may be used to draw/visualize over the area of the buried crystal an inverted pentagram.

* Winter Solstice - Staff/Wand. During the 'Agius Lucifer' chant, a staff or wand may be used to draw/visualize the sigil of the Seven Gates:



Seasonal correspondences:

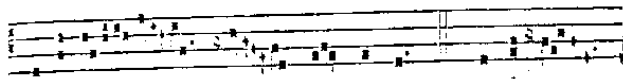
Season	Sphere	Constellation	Element	Symbol	Quarter
Spring	Venus	Aries	Water	Chalice	North
Summer	Moon	Cancer	Earth	Pentacle	South
Autumn	Sun	Libra	Fire	Sword	East
Winter	Mercury	Capricorn	Air	Wand	West

Elemental	Archetype	Magickal Grade	Sigil	Form
Undines	Maiden	Priestess	▽	Night + ✕
Gnomes	High Priestess	Mistress of Earth	♁	Vision ✚
Salamanders	Warrior	Priest	△	Blood ✚
Sylphs	Mage	Master of Temple	△	Azoth ✚

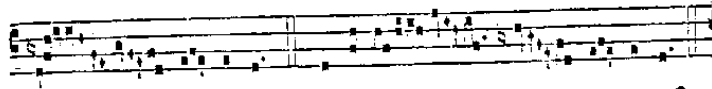
(For further correspondences, see 'Naos')

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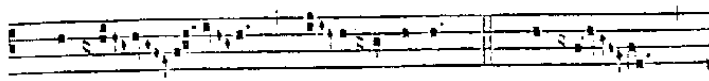
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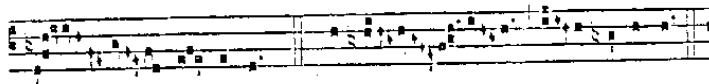
Ag-i-os * e - lu-tro-des Ag-i-os



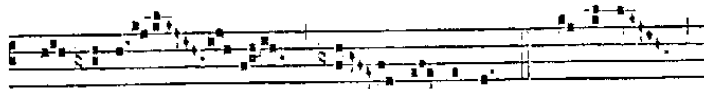
e - lu-tro-des, Ag-i-os e - lu-tro-des.



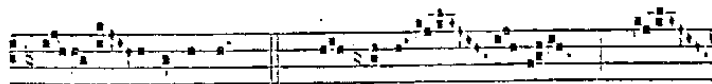
Ag-i - os e - lu-tro-des. Ag-i - os



e - lu-tro-des. Ag-i - os e - lu-tro-des.



Ag-i - os e - lu-tro-des. Ag-i - os

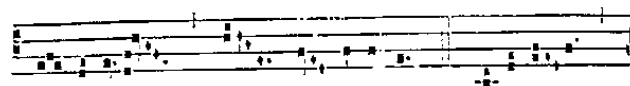


e - lu-tro-des. Ag-i - os

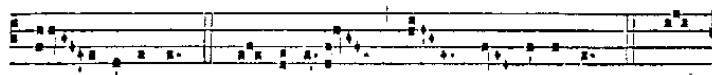


** e - lu-tro-des.

M : AGIOS OLENOS ()



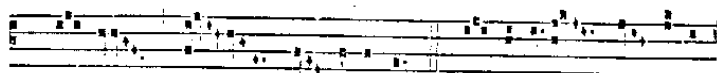
Ag-i-os * o-ge-not . Ag-i-os



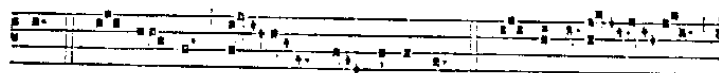
o-ge-not . Ag-i-os o-ge-not . Ag-



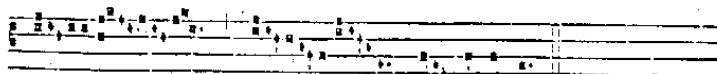
i- os o-ge-not . Ag-i-os o-ge-not .



Ag-i - os o-ge-not . Ag-i-os o-ge-

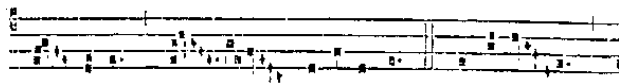


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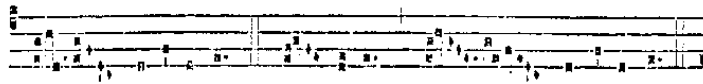


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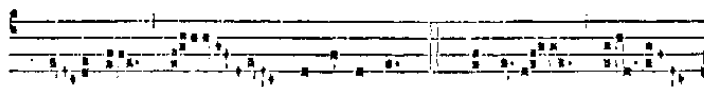
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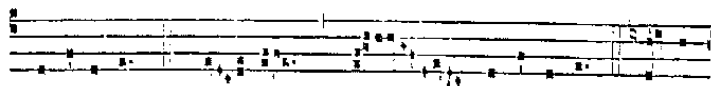
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ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i-os . ka-be-i-ri



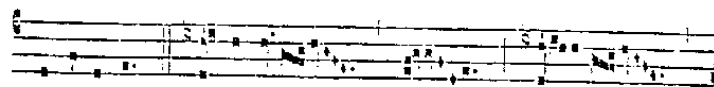
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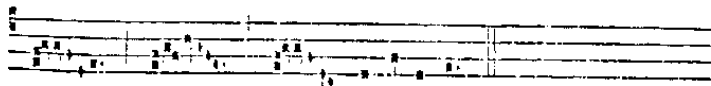
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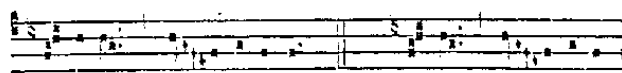


ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i-os *

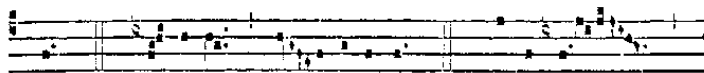


ka-be-i-ri

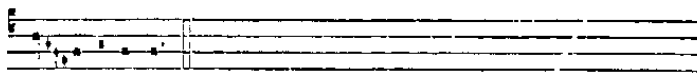
A : AGIOS LUCIFER ($\begin{matrix} \text{D} \\ \text{H} \\ \text{C} \\ \text{H} \\ \text{D} \end{matrix} \text{ })$



Ag-i-os * lu-ci-fer Ag-i-os lu-ci-fer



. Ag-i-os lu-ci-fer. Ag-i-os



lu-ci-fer.

[Note: repeat five times.]

THE SONG OF A SATANIST

In an important sense, most of my life represents genuine Satanism in action - a going to extremes, a learning from the experiences of those extremes, and a doing of dark, dangerous and sometimes "illegal" deeds.

This life stands in stark contrast to those of the psuedo-Satanists, some of whom have acquired a notariety and a 'fame'. I have - as a Satanist should - been intoxicated by the essence of life itself - by that which inspires, which causes the creativity, self-absorption and genius of all great artists be they musicians, writers, warriors, explorers or whatever. I have dared to dream and to defy - and have dared to try and make my dreams and inspiration a reality. I have used my life for some purpose - striven toward goals with a passion that overcomes all obstacles. I have known great love - physical, intellectual, and of the soul, the essence of existence. I have also known the opposite - the sadness that awaits all who venture into the dark starkness of the Abyss within and without. And thus the synthesis of these and other things which is the prehension of wisdom.

This living has been an ecstatic affirmation of existence - a self-surmounting. The goals striven for were for the most part irrelevant; what was important was the striving for **something** with a passion. For in such striving, in the action in the world so entailed in the striving, there was an intensity which captures the immortal and which re-presents the spirit of Satanism; that heroic defiance which is the essence of all conscious evolution and thus civilization itself.

Such exultation is dangerous. By its nature it is individual. It is anathema to those forms and structures which suck vitality and which by their very existence, level individuals down and break or try to break their spirit. It is Heresy. It is testing - some become possessed; some perish; some are broken in spirit and descend to the mediocrity of the majority; some are caught in the snares left by those who adhere to those things which suck vitality (such as religion and 'law' and ethics). But some few survive and prosper and thus inspire others to venture out where no one has dared to go before. And of those few who survive, there are some who can express in words or other mediums (like music) what they have felt, and experienced and learnt - in a way which is easily understood. These few are the really dangerous ones...

It amuses me - and has amused me - when I come into contact with modern, self-professed 'Satanists', be such people a part of some 'Temple' or 'Church' or 'cult', or be they working on their own. With a few notable exceptions, these people are ridiculous - for them, Satanism is an intellectual philosophy, a collection of rituals, and/or an anarchic attitude. For them, it is an object of study, and involves meetings, discussions. For them, it is communal, and involves 'ethics' and/or a religious approach and attitude. For them, it is a glorification of their ego and a wallowing in the pleasures and wealth this existence can offer: an excuse for self-indulgence and lack of self-discipline.

In reality, Satanism is an attitude to living - and an attitude foreign to these mostly urbanized people who profess to be Satanists. Satanism means living one's life in a certain way - achieving things, in the real world by one's own efforts and because one is exulting in existence itself consciously. That is, one's life is intentional - a striving toward a higher existence by practical deeds, by overcoming challenges which take evolution to new realms. A Satanist strives to change themselves - and then the world itself. They desire glory, fame - to be significant. They are not content, and even when a goal is achieved, there is the need to find and strive toward another goal, another way of living. There are always new experiences awaiting - new levels of achievement.

A genuine Satanist needs action - they need challenges, because they possess within themselves the 'fire of Satan', that vitality which is the quintessence of living. This vitality shows in their eyes, their character - it is evident in

their deeds.

Fundamentally, one becomes a Satanist by acting like one - by doing Satanic deeds. A Satanist of some experience would say one and more of these things: "I have experienced combat; I have killed, watched comrades die. I have loved - and hated. I have discovered something for the first time. I have been alone for months, bereft of most things, and thus come to know myself. I have faced my own imminent death, not once, but many times. I have achieved things with my body I thought not possible. I have exulted in overcoming physical, intellectual and psychic challenges. I know the passion that motivated Beethoven, van Gogh, Nietzsche, and I know the feelings and greatness of Caesar, Adolf Hitler and Alexander the Great... I have heard the music of the galaxy and the stars and planets within it. I have been in a Prison cell and known the meaning of freedom. I have culled human dross. I have done criminal deeds - to learn and defy."

Of course, these things are only examples - there are many more. What is important is that they express real experiences of a dangerous or learning kind: they breed character; they test. They are selective. They are the type of deeds done by individuals with spirit - the type of understanding such an individual possesses, if only intuitively at first.

A Satanist will live life on the edge - will take up a profession which allows him or her to excel in deeds of action or creativity or exploration, or all of these. They will become experts in their chosen fields - and these fields by their nature will require persons of character and inner strength who prefer to work alone. Fields like assassination; Special Forces; Political manipulation... And then, having achieved, they will move on - to new ways and deeds. Or perchance they will die, defiant to the end.

Whatever, their quality of living will far surpass that of the weak majority. Their experience of both the dark and the light will be deeper, more extensive, and thus will they possess a greater insight, a greater understanding, a real depth of character.

In contrast, the self-professed 'Satanists' will be shallow - all talk, with little or no real experience of living on the edge. They shy away from real self-effort, from real self-overcoming, and build fantasy worlds in which they find comfort. They need the company of others, as they need their ego to be massaged by what they regard as their 'Satanic peers'. They talk an awful lot with others about Satanism, and probably, having learnt a lot of 'theory' from books and various organizations, write their own 'Satanic' rituals which they perform with the glee of the necrophiliac.

Some of these denizens of pseudo-Satanic organizations and cults will indulge in anarchic behaviour to impress themselves and others. But by so doing they reveal a lack of character - for a genuine Satanist possesses nobility and a self-discipline that others seldom understand.

Imitation Satanists make excuses - and devise theories to explain their lack of Satanic deeds in the real world. They have seldom if ever changed themselves to something greater than what they were at Initiation, and they most certainly have not changed the world in any way, significant or insignificant. They have achieved no glory - discovered nothing new; not extended the frontiers of understanding by even one micron. Instead, they wallow in obscure doctrines and consume the drug of self-delusion. To be brief, they have not composed a Satanic song which illustrates their life. They labour, but in vain - Poeta nascitur, non fit.

Most Satanists cannot publish an autobiography, or even have a biography which relates their life in detail while they still live, for the simple reason that it would probably render them liable to prosecution by those asinine guardians of even more stupid system of 'Law'.*If this threat does not exist, then their life has not been Satanic enough. And, moreover, that life is never completed until causal death - something written at a certain age, should be out of date within a few years. It if was not, then again the full Satanic promise of one's

* Plus the fact that most wish to continue their sinister esoteric work in secret, to aid the sinister dialectic.

existence has not been fulfilled. The time for the publication of such writings is after the causal death of its subject - although an expurgated version may serve a purpose, for some replete with experiences who wish to express the essence and inspire others to follow and then surpass them.

In my own case, I have written a brief recollection of some of the experiences of my Satanic life, for posthumous publication. But even in that MS, there were many things not recalled, perchance the MS falls into the wrong hands before the right time. Such a recalling - of dark and occasionally ecstatic deeds, most of them "illegal" and all of them "heretical" in this purblind society - will have to await my twilight years and a recounting of them to a trusted Satanic comrade. And even though the MS was written only two years ago, it is already out of date ...

And of that living, it is the essence which is important, not especially the details. From that living, I have distilled the quintessence into words which cannot be mis-understood - devising a method by which others may obtain that elixir. I have constructed a guide to the goal, drawn a map and explained the goal in detail, because I have been there. I explored, and discovered.

Now others can benefit from the lessons learnt from such a life. Non generant aquilae columbas.

Meanwhile, I anticipate the lies, rumours and distortions will continue, based on jealousy. The small and weak of character have always sought to drag those who are outstanding down to their own level of mediocrity - at least in the eyes of others.

Stephen Brown (ONA) 103yf

(For Publication)

[Editorial note: Anton Long has retired from all official ONA duties; Christos Beest is now dealing with all external matters, etc.]

$$\phi : \delta : \underbrace{\frac{3}{m_1} [R]}_{\delta} : \dagger \rightsquigarrow^* \frac{\delta}{n}$$

ONA SEPTENARY ATTRIBUTIONS - I

Sphere/Star	Greek Archetype	Norse	Aeon	Associated Culture	Centre	Magickal Form	Symbol
Moon Sirius	Hecate	Thor	Primal c.7,000 - 5,000 BC	Albion c.4,000 - c.2,500 BC	Urals/ Asia	Shamanism	$\Theta(\Theta)$
Mercury Arcturus	Hermes	Loki	Hyperborean c.5,000 - 3,500 BC		Stonehenge	Henges/ Crystals	$\Theta(\Psi)$
Venus Antares	Aphrodite	Freyja	Sumerian c.3,000 - 1,500 BC	Sumerian c.3,100 - 1905 BC	Tigris	Trance/ Sacrifice	$\Theta(\Phi)$
Sun Mira	Apollo	Balder	Hellenic 1,000 BC - 500 AD	Classical c.900 BC - 378 AD	Greece (Delphi)	Oracle/ Dance	$\Psi(\Theta)$
Mars Rigel	Mars	Heimdall	Western c.1,000 AD - 2,500	Western c.1,000 - 2390 AD	Northern Europe	Ritual; Word	$\Psi(\Psi)$
Jupiter Deneb	Hera	Frigg	Galactic 2,500 -	Sol III/ IV & beyond	Star Game & beyond		$\Psi(\Phi)$
Saturn Naos	Kronos	Odin					



Aeonic
 $\kappa_{c\alpha}$

Individual
 $\kappa_{i\alpha}$

Word of Power	Process	☉ - stage	☽ - stage	♁ - stage	Stone	Perfume	Sigil
1 Nox	Calcination	18 Moon	15 Deofel	13 Death	Quartz	Petriochor	
2 Satan	Seperation	0 Physis	8 Change	16 War	Opal	Sulphur	
3 Hriiliu	Coagulation	6 Lovers	14 He1	17 Star	Emerald	Sandalwood	
4 Lux	Putrefaction	7 Azoth	12 Opfer	5 Master	Amethyst	Oak	
5 Azif	Sublimation	1 Magickian	4 Lord of Earth	9 Hermit	Ruby	Musk	
6 Azoth	Fermentation	11 Desire	3 Mistress of Earth	2 High Priestess	Amber	Civit	
7 Chaos	Exaltation	10 Wyrd	19 Sun	20 Aeon	Diamond; Spinel	Henbane; 05: y	
Sirius	Night		Primal	Horned beast	Shamanism	Neophyte	Mystery
Arcturus	Indulgence		Hyperborian	Sun	Henges	Initiate	Mask of a group
Antares	Ecstasy		Sumerian	Dragon	Trance; Sacrifice	External Adept	Captivation by opposites
Mira	Vision		Hellenic	Eagle	Oracle; Dance	Internal Adept	Mask of Warrior
Rigel	Blood		Western	Swastika	Ritual	Master	Mask of Master
Deneb	Azoth		Galactic		Star Game	Magus	Change and its limit
Naos	Thought		Cosmic		\emptyset_s	$\epsilon \phi$	Silence
Star	Magickal Formulae	Symbol	Aeon	Symbol of Aeon	Magickal Working	Grade	Magickal Power of Grade

II.

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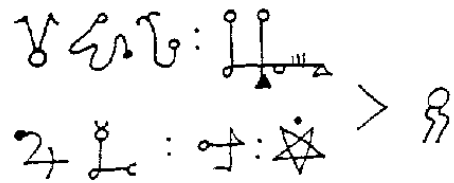
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FENRIR

Volume III No. 2

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Fenrir: Journal of Satanism and the Sinister



*Produced by Rigel Press
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The Girl Goddess

S.R.

Being a teacher, I had for a long time been aware of how some girls embodied some features of the goddess in her youthful aspect. Sometimes, this was expressed in a sexual way, sometimes it was not.

One girl in particular stands out in memory. She was twelve at the time, a slim thing with long often unruly sandy coloured hair whose eyes at times suggested a sexual understanding of someone much older. Sometimes she would look at me and smile, as if she knew my secret, thrusting her burgeoning breasts out. Sometimes she seemed to be saying 'I want you to kiss me'. Yet, when these fleeting moments had gone, she was just like any other girl of her age. It was almost as if in those moments the girl goddess was teasing and tempting me.

Yet it took me a while to understand that the goddess was within her in those sometimes tender, sometimes sexual moments - that she was or could be a vehicle for that beauty, charm, grace and sensuality - and I nurtured the secret desire to make those moments last, to bring them about, to capture them in her or some similar girl. Was this the yearning about which Sappho spoke:

If you forget me, think
Of our gifts to Aphrodite
And all the loveliness that we shared*

But mention of this subject was difficult, even among gay friends. So it was avoided until I some years later came to teach another of those gifted by the goddess.

She was fourteen when it started, and would wait for me after lessons and after school, on any pretext. It was flattering having such a pretty girl have a crush on me but I kept a professional distance. She took to learning the violin and persuaded her parents to give her private lessons - with me, as I taught violin. I wanted to refuse, and accept. Perhaps it was ordained, but I accepted her parents offer.

Being alone and near her became difficult although for months nothing happened, except violin lessons in my house. Then one day as we sat on the sofa drinking coffee after a lesson and chatting about music and school, waiting for her father to collect her, I blurted out: 'You look quite beautiful.' It was true, she did, with her dusky complexion, dark hair and well-formed breasts. We seemed to understand one another without words - she smiled and then we were embracing and kissing, laughing and crying. And next week, a slightly more intimate touch, caress. A week after that, our lesson together forgotten, I touched her breasts for the first time before unbuttoning her blouse - afraid and exulted at the same time. A few weeks later we shed each others clothes to become lovers for the first time. And she was only fifteen.

It was pleasing, and fearful - I was afraid of exposure, of her parents, the school, discovering our secret. I felt guilty - had I betrayed my trust? Was I taking advantage of her? For months I anguished over it all. She expressed her love for me, and we were happy together. Our relationship seemed natural and beautiful. We discovered things together, played music together (her playing improved!), made ecstatic love (she seemed insatiable at times!).

* Editorial note: Or as another, more accurate translation says -

Go happily, remembering me
For you know what we shared and pursued.
If not, I look backwards to remind you
Of the sensuous times we had.

But guilt began to poison me. We were careful at school, with her parents, but it was all a strain - for me, for she seemed to take naturally to the situation and not worry about it. I hated the lies, the deceit. I wanted to be open and honest, to tell others about our love. But it was impossible. I began to quarrel with her, find fault with her or the way she did things. For a few weeks, sheer hell. But then I understood why I felt that way - it was the guilt. So we talked about it. We loved each other and saw nothing wrong in our love or the natural sexual expression of it - it was others who would not understand, who would condemn us. 'You make me happy' she said once, 'that's all I care about'. I remembered that, and the guilt declined, although a longing for openness with others remained.

Looking back, it was as if the goddess was manifest in her at times: when making love, when walking in a certain way, when she smiled, or laughed or played the violin. Had I seduced her - or had the goddess within her seduced me? It did not seem to matter.

Today, I am happier - and still with her, although I am now at another school and she is working. The large city where we share a flat shields us from curious eyes. Some time ago we went to a few clubs, met others of our ilk. Some were surprised at our difference in age (I am just over twice hers), others are accepting. Would even those who accept us feel different if they knew of her youth, and my position, when we became lovers? Would my school force me to resign if they knew? Probably. So secrets remain and discussion does not arise, and I cannot but wonder how many others like me have gone down that same road and failed to survive, their journey of love cut short by a society that does not care or wish to understand. There still seems an awfully long way to go.

Sappho

Fragment 41:

Beautiful girls, toward you
My thoughts will never change ...

Fragments 138/147:

Believe me, in the future
Someone will remember us ...

Because you love me
Stand with me face to face
And unveil the softness in your eyes ...



SAPPHO - POETIC FRAGMENTS: Translated by DW Myatt, with five colour illustrations by Christos Beest - available from Rigel Press, priced £14/\$35 Air Mail.

Sinister Tradition - Further Notes

Bron Wrgan:

The Western Aeon has as its esoteric centre two nexions. Both were established - c. 500 eh - at a time when there were beliefs in 'Thule' (qv. 'Lands of the Dark Immortals' MS). One of these nexions is known by Sinister Tradition as 'Bron Wrgan'.

Several sites are mentioned as being the location of this nexion, amongst which are: Caer Caradoc near Knighton; Caer-din Ring, Clun Forest; and a site about 3 miles NE of Knucklas, near a batch, where severed heads were reputed to be set up, within an enclosure. There is a stream here mentioned in 'Morte d'Arthur' - the steps in the stream being the site where two knights fought.

The other twin nexion is north of Bron Wrgan.

One of these nexions is 'negative/Dark', the other is 'positive/Light'. The magickal centre of the New Aeon is inbetween these two nexions - thus this centre is a new nexion, a combination of the qualities of the two previous ones. Fundamental to the aims of the ONA is the completion of this nexion - that is, to fully open the nexion in order to presence the New Aeon as the other two nexions wane, their purpose having been fulfilled.

Petriochor:

1) Prepare an area of soil at least three feet square. This must be kept free of plants and should ideally be exposed to the sun for at least part of the day, and unshaded by trees etc. If possible no pesticides, fertilizers etc should be present, but it should also have a high organic content from previous cultivation.

2) Collect some of this soil at a specific time between the last full Moon in May and the full Moon following the Solstice. This time depends on the weather, but is always in the hour before dawn. The time is right when following a period of warm, dry weather which has lasted for at least seven days, there is rain in the hours before dawn. This rain should ideally be a light drizzle.

3) The soil should be collected and placed immediately in an airtight container. As soon as possible it should be transferred to a suitable receptacle connected to distillation equipment, and a low heat applied for a period of time which only practical experiment can show. The "essence" collected is the basis of the incense.

4) Then make up as a normal perfume/oil using a natural base, eg. sweet almond oil, into which the "essence" is infused/mixed.



ΠΙΧΛΩ ΘΕ ΔΥΝ ΘΙΣ ΚΑΥ ΘΥΟΥ ΟΜΩΥΚΑΤΩ ΜΕΘΗΚΕΝ
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ΧΑΡΙΩ

H.P. Lovecraft and the Dark Gods

A lot has been said and written in recent years about the writings of H.P. Lovecraft, particularly his Cthulhu mythos, but to gain an insight into the truth it is necessary to compare Lovecraft's mythos with one of the most sinister traditions of Occultism.

Lovecraft, aware of parts of the ancient tradition of the Dark Gods, dramatised and mis-represented the tradition as a whole. Part of this mis-representation was literary, some of it arose because Lovecraft could not see beyond the Abyss where opposites are meaningless, but most of the mis-representation arose because Lovecraft had access to only part of the tradition, through his own Occult researches and sometimes inept experiments with dream control.

To these, he added inventions of his own - such as the so-called 'Necronomicon' (the book of this title published by Colin Wilson et al is a hoax) - which he wove into the cthulhu mythos. This mythos bears about as much resemblance to the genuine tradition of the Dark Gods, from which it is derived, as a fir tree does to an oak.

One of Lovecraft's mis-representations is in naming the Dark Gods. The Dark Gods (or 'forces') may be symbolised by vibrations, since it is partly through such vibration that certain levels of consciousness may be reached. These levels re-present primal Chaos - that is, they are devoid of Word since such levels pre-date the covering up, by Word, ritual, idea and even myth, of the essence from which Being and non-Being were derived. Viewed conventionally, these entities are negative and by their return restore Chaos - that is, they destroy the historicity of Being. When seen through the stricture of opposites such a return is terrifying.

According to tradition, the Dark Gods are waiting, in what may be described as a parallel universe, to return to Earth and thus our spatial, causal universe. Essentially, the universe of the Dark Gods is acausal and the two universes may be re-presented as being joined by various Star Gates (or more accurately 'nexions'). These 'Gates' are regions of space-time where passage from one universe to another is possible at certain times - that is, when the Gates are aligned according to their cosmic cycle. Traditionally, it is believed that these Gates open about once every 2,000 years. Because of the nature of the two connecting universes (that is, their difference in time and spatial geometry) not only is physical travel possible between them, but also to a limited extent, a special form of astral travel. This astral form is possible because our own consciousness, by its nature and evolution, is partly acausal and therefore already to an extent on a primal level part of this other universe. Thus, it is possible for an individual to journey into the other realms where the Dark Gods are waiting just as it is feasible - if the psychic Gates are opened - for those dreaded and negative entities who are seldom named to manifest on our level. Such travels are manifestly only feasible when a nexion is about to be opened, is open or is closing - that is, at the beginning and ending of an Aeon. At other times, travel is very difficult and very severe measures must be taken in order to create the energy required. Such methods have seldom been used in the past: they involve great danger to the individual(s), hideous rituals of suffering and sacrifice, or immense detail in preparation and the acquisition of a crystal tetrahedron of the right quality.

The intrusion of these entities into our universe takes many forms, both physical and psychic, and here again Lovecraft has mis-represented them. According to Tradition, the last overt physical manifestation took place thousands of years ago, around 8,000 BP and gave rise to, among other legends, the myth of Dragons. Prior to this, the sinister tradition speaks of the first coming of the Dark Gods at the dawn of our consciousness - probably around 20,000 yrs BP. Psychic intrusion is often minimal but nevertheless terrifying for some. According to one recent account: "They lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sounds which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds to know. And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner

of the meeting of dimensions. They are the destroyers ... the bornless forever who wait for our call. Soon they will come to collect that blood which is required by Them. To understand Them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be."

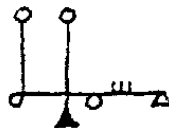
Such manifestations often take the form of nightmares when unsought, and occasional madness is not unknown among those who have deliberately tried to bring the Dark Gods: for example, in a case known to the author a group tried, in the early seventies, to invoke these forces. The working was only partially successful and one of those involved went mad.

One of the most noticeable effects of deliberate contact by Adepts is the change that results in the consciousness of certain groups of people and individuals - such as a resurgence of primitive atavisms. Such changes are often misunderstood, bound as most people still are by old Aeon concepts of duality, and over recent decades these changes have been a prelude to the calling forth that will re-open the physical nexion and return the Dark Gods to our universe and thus the Earth itself.

The details that Lovecraft gives regarding 'calls' and rites are mostly fanciful and only in a few places does he inadvertently reveal the truth - for example, in his mention of the trapezohedron and 'Azathoth'. The key to travel along the passages between the star nexions is the Nine Angles and the key to the Nine Angles is the crystal tetrahedron which is activated by voice vibration. 'Azathoth' as described by Lovecraft, is a symbolic and distorted re-presentation of the intersection, in acausal space-time, of these astral star passages: a kind of galactic vortex or node. Those who journey there never return the same. Along the star passages the shells of long dead civilizations lie strewn.

The Nine Angles (the key to contact both physical and astral) are re-presented in the septenary Star Game and it is through this symbolic re-presentation that the magick of the Dark Gods is made manifest. The rest, to the uninitiated, is sheer terror.

* * * * *



Wild carnal awakenings that fructify
the Earth with vibrant energies.
She glistens and melts and
flames before them,
filled with a fierce fascination
for the folly of human lives.
Driven by a force that is the
Moon, the Sun, the wilderness
Storm in her veins, the fire
of a warrior in her heart.

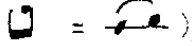
And upon her inner thigh
as an imprint, like a kiss
the scarlet mark of Satan
lies like daggers of swollen bliss
A charm, an enhancement,
a warning,
a key of doom to be touched
and taken,
as a poisoned chalice of wine
She works in their blood
like a fear, like a flame
Hers is a kiss of death and fire
Hers the seeds of a black serpent sown,
The dice is loaded, the cards are stacked
and every hand that's played,
reveals the queen of spades,
and every step that's taken,
every path that is followed
leads to tortuous tests,
footprints filled with blood,
a vital awareness that is a drug
of ruin, a gauntlet of challenge
through the will of She
that lives in them yet,
as irresistible as the pull of the Moon,
as immortal as the midnight shore,
as fierce and as cruel as fire.
She culls and captivates and manipulates
with acausal aim,
A dimension beyond them
as untouchable as the wind,
as free as a raven's wing,
A force of nature in sensuous stealth revealed.

She waits in a space of aloneness
for her prize,
for her Prince of Darkness to come,
for Satan to fulfil the promise
of his mark,
the kiss of blood she wears
like a charm, like a wedding ring,
as an imprint upon her
inner thigh.

Sinister Chant - Further Notes

The aim of this MS is to make the techniques of Sinister Chant more accessible to Novices, primarily by providing a way of transcribing chant neumes ('Square' and 'Sangallian') into modern 'blob' notation, thus giving an approximate, performable description of the Chants (qv. 'Naos', 'Hostia', 'Black Book of Satan III') - at least for those who have some grounding in modern musick theory.

However, an effort should be made to study the basics of early chant notation since this ultimately makes chant accessible to both the musickally accomplished and the layperson - simply because Neumatic Notation (particularly 'Square') is easier to read than modern notation.

Once the less obvious notational structures are understood (such as ) then the comparative simplicity of the neumes will be clear. Firstly in this form of notation, there are no dynamics (such as 'largo'; 'cantabile' etc.) - thus, there are less restraints upon performance, and this is a key to understanding the essence of the Chant and consequently, its 'magick'. Chant works as magick if there is some spontaneity, some genuine emotion breathed into the performance - basically the premise of all magickal workings. This is to say that each performance is unique to the performer since s/he, or they, create the texture (or express the 'soul') of the Chant via unique emotions - unique to the individual(s) and unique to all the many other factors converging during that performance. Thus the Chant is meaningful to the Cantor(s), thus real magick evolves.

Obviously, whilst the performance is unique, the Chant itself, if sung correctly, will always bring those energies it is expressive of - ie. the Chant associated with the sphere of Mars ('Agios Alastoros') will invoke energies of sacrifice and death, thus enhancing certain dark rites and acts (culling ...). Sometimes the Chant itself, unaided (with the exception of a quartz tetrahedron), will create a death. Thus, a Chant is most efficacious if performed within an appropriate context. The traditional Chants are re-presentations of specific energies and are genuinely powerful; if one were to sing a Chant - such as the one to return Atazoth - without a specific aim, the effects could be quite detrimental to the performer.

Generally, the 'planetary' Chants may be used in the manner of magick to:
a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing; b) direct by will and visualization a specific aim appropriate to the sphere; c) alter (via the acausal) the world itself.

(b) and (c) usually require two cantors singing a fourth apart in parallel (for 'dark/destructive' works) or a fifth apart (for constructive workings). (a) is usually undertaken by one individual - the chant being sung three times in succession at sunset for seven days. [If the individual wishes to invoke 'dark/destructive' energies for a specific purpose, then the chant would be performed, over the seven days, one hour before dawn - this being the time favoured for such workings.]

The seven Greek modes (scale system in diatonic composition*) correspond to the spheres of the septenary as follows: Lydian - Jupiter; Phrygian - Saturn; Dorian - Moon; Mixolydian - Venus; Hypodorian (or Aeolian) - Mercury; Hypolydian - Sun; Hypophrygian (or Ionian) - Mars.

The modes used in sinister Chant are the Gregorian or plainchant ones and are related to the spheres (and thus the Greek modes) thus:

D - IV; ♀ - VI; ♀ - V;
 ♂ - VII/VIII; ♂ - III; ♃ - I;
 ♄ - II

* In modern musick, 'mode' refers to each of the two chief scale systems, eg. major and minor.

Quite simply, the neumes describe the rising and falling of the voice, and the tonal progressions (with perhaps the exception of the more demanding 'Agius Atazoth') are usually straightforward and logical. As to the tempo of the performance, there is a consensus of modern opinion favouring a fairly fast pace (equating to the tempo of speech). For magickal purposes - and really, the performance of any Chant is magickal, consciously or otherwise - a Chant should be sung as a 'dirge', intensity being expressed by volume and inflexion. There are some circumstances exceptional to this, but generally this approach is to be recommended.

The method of singing differs from that of modern vocal musick ('pop/rock' has created a lazy, degenerate singing style) and one must hear practical examples to appreciate this method; here, only the guidance of a Cantor trained in Sinister Chant is of any use. In essence, the voice must reflect natural forces - there is a flow, a smooth rising and falling of the voice.

Sinister Chant is not for solo or group entertainment: it is an act of meditation. And a Chant is not a written score, but the quality of enlightenment in the singing of that score ...

The following table gives the neumatic notations and their modern equivalents. It must be borne in mind that when using **C** in transcription, the pitch of middle C has changed over the centuries since the Chants were written down.

+ + + + + + + + +

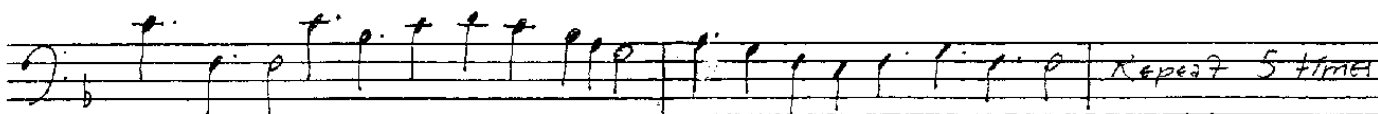
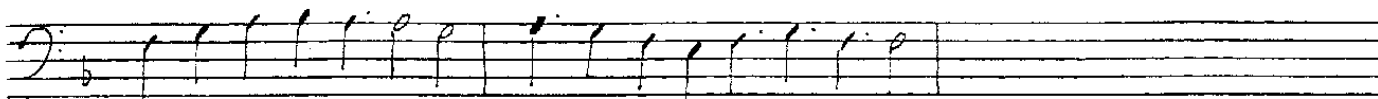
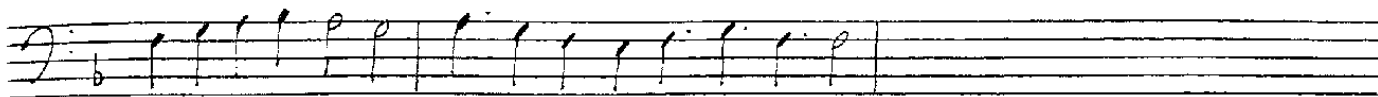
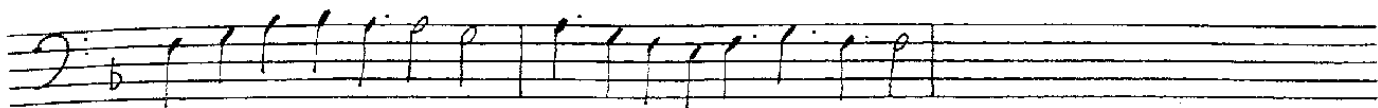
Chant Notation and its Transcription:

	Sangallian	Square	Transcription
Virga	/	┆	•
Punctum	•	▪	•
Pes	✓	♪	—•—
Clivis	∪	♪	—•—
Scandicus	•	♪	—•—
Climacus	•	♪	—•—
Torculus	∩	♪	—•—
Porrectus	∪	♪	—•—
Pes Subbipunctis	•	♪	—•—
Torculus Resupinus	∩	♪	—•—
Porrectus Flexus	∩	♪	—•—
Epiphonus	✓	♪	—•—
Cephalicus	∩	♪	—•—
Distropha and Bivirga	”	•	• •
Tristropha and Trivirga	””	•	• • •

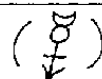
* Note: The above table does not contain the entire range of Sangallian notation.

Some Chant transcriptions:

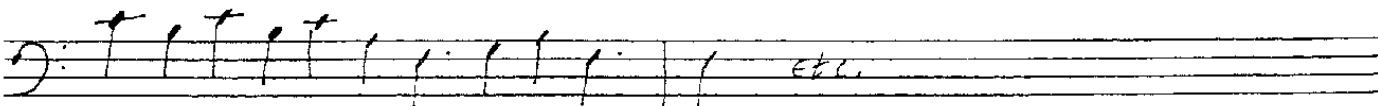
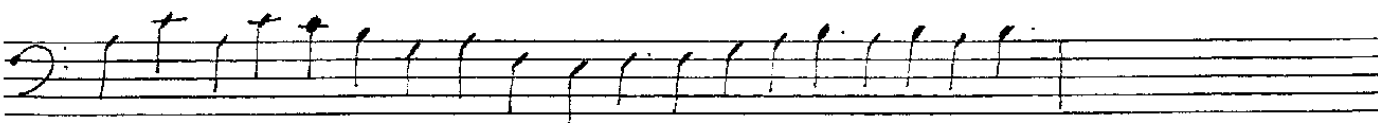
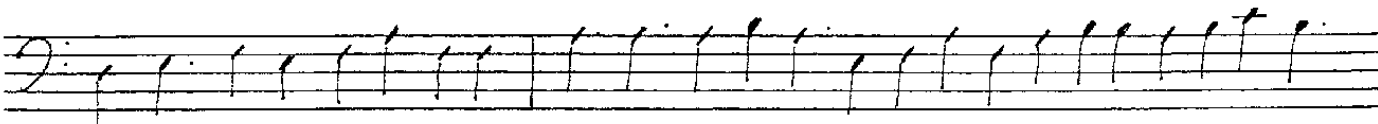
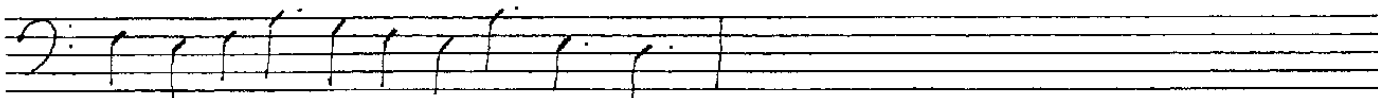
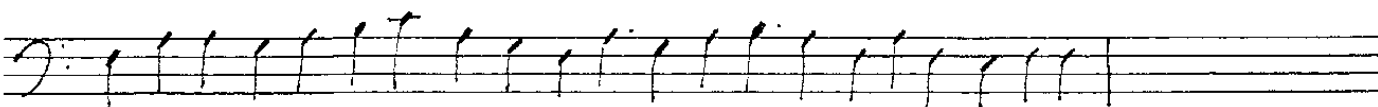
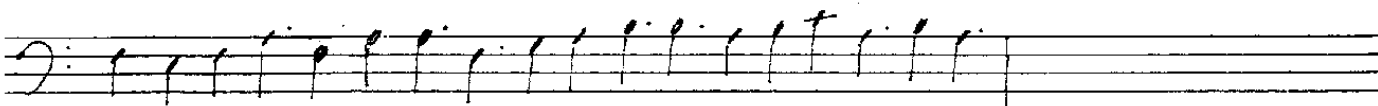
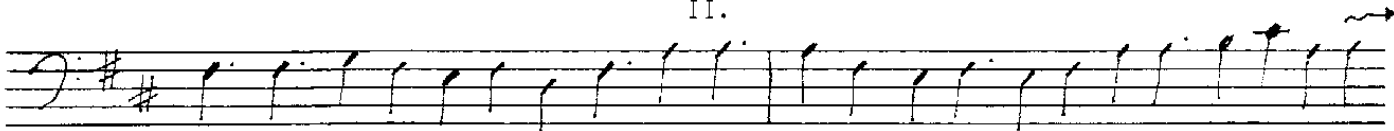
I.



Repeat 5 times



II.



(Nythra... chant)

SYNESTRY: A Sinister Ceremony

[from 'The Black Book of Satan III']

Location:

Usually an indoor Temple.

Participants:

Amatrix - in white robes
Priestess - in violet robes flecked with purple
Defensatrix - in black, with face mask
Congregation - black robes

Temple preparations:

The altar is covered with a black cloth on which is woven an inverted seven-pointed star and on this is a large quartz crystal (which may be shaped as a tetrahedron).

A large statue or image (Atus III, IV or XX) of Baphomet according to Sinister tradition is to the left of the altar.

Chalices of wine, temple bell, violet candles and incense of Jupiter (both aspects: ie. Beech and civit).

The Priestess and Amatrix stand before the altar, the Defensatrix by the entrance. The Priestess rings the Temple bell seven times to signify the beginning of the rite at which the congregation precess in to the altar and are greeted by the Amatrix with a kiss. They then form a semi-circle before the altar.

The Ceremony:

The Priestess raises her hands, saying:

Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!

(The Amatrix hands her a chalice, which she drinks from, then passes to the congregation. After all have drunk, the Priestess holds the empty chalice upside down, and says:)

Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust!

(She opens her robe to reveal her breasts. The Defensatrix comes forward and forces the Amatrix to kneel before the Priestess who says:)

My breasts pleased you
And brought forth joy!

(She bends down, and the Amatrix kisses her nipples. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

I opened myself, and gave you knowledge
And the joy of knowledge was sweet.
Desire and knowledge made you great
And we, together, dared to defy!
We feasted and enjoyed!

We sacrificed, and loved!

But then the bastard came:
Yeshua, the deceiver!

Congregation:

Curse him! We curse him!

Priestess:

So we gather again to give praise to her
Who rules our world.
Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!

(The congregation repeat the chant seven times while the Amatrix takes up the crystal which she holds in her outstretched hands. The Priestess places her own hands over the crystal. They and the congregation then chant "Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet!" 21 times, the Defensatrix ringing the Temple bell after each chant until the number is reached.

The Amatrix then takes the crystal round the congregation who lay their hands upon it in turn, each silently saying 'Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet' while the Priestess vibrates/chants aloud "Agios o Baphomet".

The crystal is then returned to the altar by the Amatrix while the Priestess lays on the floor, her head touching the feet of the Baphomet image. The Amatrix stimulates her to orgasm using her tongue while the congregation dance around them chanting 'Agios o Baphomet'.

The Priestess channels the energy into the crystal and thence out from the Temple to achieve the desired goal. If no external goal is desired, it is stored in the crystal.

Following the climax by the Priestess, the congregation cease their dance and one by one kneel down to kiss the Priestess and then the Amatrix. As each one does this, the Defensatrix whispers to them: "So it is done again according to our ways, bringing strength and joy."

After the kissing, each rises, bows to the Priestess, and departs from the Temple. After all the congregation have departed, the Amatrix leaves, followed by the Defensatrix. A feast follows, outside the Temple.

The Priestess remains in the Temple until she adjudges the times aright to leave. However, if she so wishes, any member of the Temple who so desires and who has informed her beforehand, may join her in the Temple, whatever energy being produced being directed toward the goal, or stored in the crystal.

In both instances, the Priestess is the last to leave - bowing to the image, extinguishing the candles and chanting 'Ponne, diabolus, custodiam!' as she leaves.)

Notes:

1) The ceremony was originally performed each year on the return of Sirius - although it is often performed now at any time, "Sirius" being replaced by another appropriate star (or sometimes 'the Moon').

2) The rite generates sinister magickal energy - which can be directed via the usual means toward a specific aim/goal/undertaking, or into an individual (eg. a novice), or stored in the crystal to await further use, perhaps at another ceremony (eg. 'Sacrifice').

(Daughters of Baphomet)

* * * * *

The Aims of the ONA

[from 'The Sinister Path - An Introduction to Traditional Satanism']

The fundamental aims of the ONA are:

- 1) To increase the number of genuine Adepts, Masters/Lady Masters, by guiding individuals along the path to Adeptship and beyond.
- 2) To make the path to Adeptship and beyond [the 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'] more widely available, enabling anyone, should they possess the necessary desire, to strive toward the ultimate goal.
- 3) To extend esoteric knowledge and techniques - i.e. to (a) creatively extend our esoteric knowledge and understanding and thus increase the consciousness of our species; (b) develop new techniques which make this new knowledge and understanding useful to those following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way; (c) implement this knowledge and understanding in a practical way, thus causing change(s) in society/societies. Areas of importance for the immediate future are: (i) music; (ii) Art/images/'film' etc.; (iii) the creation of an 'esoteric' community; and (iv) the development and extension of an abstract symbolic language ('beyond the Star Game').
- 4) To implement sinister strategy - i.e. to presence the acausal (or 'the dark forces') via nexions and so change evolution. One immediate aim is to presence acausal energies in a particular way so creating a new aeon and then a new, higher, civilization from the energies unleashed.

In respect of (1). This will be a slow process, by virtue of the difficulty of the Way, and the desire of most of those interested in esoteric arts for an 'easy option'. It is anticipated that only about four or five new Adepts (at most) will emerge every decade (i.e. an average of one per year). Of these, only two per decade will probably make it to the stage of Master/Lady Master. These figures are unlikely to increase until the energies of the new aeon become more pronounced (around 2020 eh) - even then, the increase will be gradual. It will not be before 2070 (at the earliest) that there will be a significant increase.

This slow progression is natural and necessary - great numbers are not required in order for the more immediate covert aims (e.g. regarding sinister strategy) to be achieved.

In respect of (2). This will arise by itself provided the continuity of the Order is maintained.

In respect of (3). Since the Destiny of each ONA Adept is unique, these aims and others will be fulfilled by those Adepts striving for the next stage, that of Master/Lady Master. It should be remembered that Adepts - although they possess a knowledge and some understanding of Aeonics - are actually still

swayed by aeonic forces: i.e. their Destiny achieves supra-personal aeonic aims. In effect, their Destiny is part of the wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon to which they belong. A Master/Lady Master, by virtue of having reached that stage, can transcend this wyrd *and implement their own.*

In respect of (4). The fundamental immediate aim [c. 1990 eh - 2020 eh] here is to actively presence the energies of the next aeon and channel these, via various nexions, forms, structures, 'ideas' and so on, to create the next higher civilization. The former means accessing the acausal [in the simplistic sense, 'returning the Dark Gods' via various rites] and creating those forms/structures necessary to channel the energies so accessed. This will take several decades. [Some structures/forms/ideas etc. have already - i.e. before 1994eh - been created.] In conjunction with these things, there will be disruption of existing structures/ideas etc. by Masters/ Adepts/novices.

Beyond this immediate aim [i.e. beyond c.2020 eh] there is the nurturing of the new energies and the forms/structures etc. created to presence these. This will last several centuries - and during this time one of the tasks of the Order is to presence the acausal at regular intervals via certain rites at certain sites, thus ensuring the survival of those things imbued with such energies, one of which will be the new civilization and thus the societies it gives rise to.

□□□□□□

Expressed simply, the aim of the ONA is to create a new species - to significantly change our evolution as a species. This will take time - many centuries, in fact. The Seven-Fold Way is a practical means whereby an individual, *now*, can develop and so become a part of this new species. The other activities which the Order pursues are directed toward changing present structures and creating a new civilization whereby this new species can be made real *on a large scale*: the societies of such a civilization aspiring to realize this goal in a practical way.

The ONA is not interested in transitory 'fame'/notoriety - and neither does it desire to attract large numbers of 'followers'. It is not in the business of competing with other 'Satanic' or 'Occult' groups because such groups are irrelevant, lacking any understanding of sinister strategy and incapable of really guiding their members toward and beyond a genuine Adeptship. Such groups usually represent the ego of one person, who surrounds him/her self with sycophantic followers, and/or they fumble about in diverse mumbo-jumbo lands, playing fantasy games, try to evoke long-dead archetypes and forms, and worship their petty, mostly bovine selves.

What the ONA desires to achieve is significant and worth-while - it is not transitory. The ONA does not depend on the whim of some self-appointed 'leader' as it does bleat about some fantasy-given "mandate" from some "higher authority". It does not peddle some spurious, continually updated theory nor offer religious answers to keep individuals in thrall. Neither does the ONA declare that

its worth is based on some pretentious/legendary 'tradition'. The worth of the ONA lies in its aims and the practical methods it has created, and will create, to achieve those aims.

□□□□□□□□

Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims - of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA - and the Seven-Fold Way itself - create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from 'The Black Book of Satan', is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. ***Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this*** - that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal - they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution - they are using their lives to some purpose. Members of the ONA are doing and achieving - they are being significant and shaping future events. *They are making history.*

Compared to this, other groups are irrelevant.

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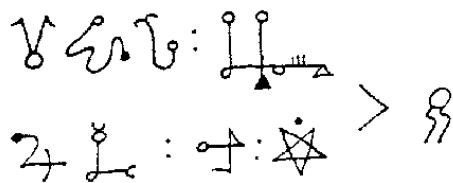
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Fenrir: Journal of Satanism and the Sinister

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Misterioso

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first measure is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second measure is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third measure is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation includes chords, single notes, and rests.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 5/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first measure is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second measure is marked with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The third measure is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation includes chords, single notes, and rests.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 5/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first measure is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second measure is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation includes chords, single notes, and rests.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 5/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first measure is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation includes chords, single notes, and rests.

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 5/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first measure is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The notation includes chords, single notes, and rests.

(for piano)

In Praise of War

War is necessary - it ensures the health of a people, and it encourages those warrior virtues which are essential to civilization.

When a people, nation or race goes for decades without engaging in a war which involves all or most of the communities of that people, nation or race, then that people, nation or race tends toward decadence - with cowardly scum coming to the surface, the young becoming feckless and undisciplined, and society generally declining. War breeds and reveals *character* - in combat, there is no where to hide. One either does one's duty, with courage and perhaps heroism - or one does not. War is the test of the man. War is natural selection in action - Fate decrees who survives, who is uninjured and who becomes revered as heroic. War makes individuals respect Fate, and thus gives real wisdom - an awareness of *duty* and *responsibility*.

Pacifism, and the pursuit of peace as an objective, are decadent - manifestations of cowards and *decadents*, and of a people and society ruled by cowards and *decadents*. Of course war creates and brings suffering, injury and hardship - but the hard reality is that such things are necessary. Without such things there is no real wisdom, no real individual character, no real understanding - no awareness of Fate, of those forces which are beyond the individual and which the individual cannot control. Without such things there is no perspective - and what is really important about life and living gets lost in selfishness and a crass pursuit of materialism. Above all else, war breeds *nobility*. It makes the values of nobility - honour, loyalty and duty - ideals to be strived for and thus encourages civilized conduct among individuals and a civilized society for individuals to live in. A noble individual is someone prepared to fight, and if necessary die, for their folk, race or nation. A peaceful society - dedicated to peace and the selfishness and materialism which goes with it - encourages and creates a feckless, crime-ridden society full of aggressive individuals who use that aggression to achieve their petty, egotistical aims.

War channels the natural and healthy aggression of youth and early manhood in a useful and productive way. The proponents of pacifism and the 'peaceful society' believe in their vain arrogance that their abstract, unnatural and intellectual ideas can change what they see as "human nature" - they believe that given sufficient "education" (read 'brainwashing') and sufficient social schemes, this aggression and lust for battle can be removed or miraculously transformed into something which they believe is more positive. What these products of late-twentieth century decadence fail in their intellectual arrogance to understand, is that individual nature is only and always changed by real, practical experience of living and *never by ideas or any amount of 'teaching' and/or social schemes*. What little individual change results from such things as ideas, teaching, 'faith' and social schemes is only and always pretence - *affectation*; that is, whatever change such things produce in individuals, such changes are not real - they do not go deep, they are not fundamental, positive changes. What all this amounts to is that if one places side-by-side a combat veteran, and one of the intellectual pacifist/ 'social worker' types which modern society breeds in profusion, then it is obvious to anyone of any real intelligence that the combat veteran is the better person, more in touch with the reality of life, more *civilized* and more able to cope with life and any change life brings. It is only soft, comfortable modern urban/suburban living which allows the social worker type to flourish - and this soft urban/suburban style of living exists in any civilization only for a short period, for it has within it the seeds of its own destruction. These seeds are the soft individuals it breeds. Civilizations are created and maintained by individuals of character - by warriors, by those experienced in war - they are *never* created and *never* maintained by ideas, by bureaucratic types, by politicians, by social schemes and 'education'. Anyone who believes that civilization depends on clever, fancy ideas and

those who propound such ideas or makes their living from them is, quite simply, being *naïve*. The penalty for such large scale *naïvety* as the societies of the West now suffer from, is that slow descent back into barbarism which has already begun.

The reality of pacifism and other such unnatural abstract ideas, is that they undermine and ultimately destroy that personal or individual *character* which is essential to civilization. The personal character essential to civilization and a civilized way of life is only and always created by combat - by personal experience of war.

A healthy society accepts war and prepares for it. A healthy society encourages warrior virtues and trains its people for combat. A healthy society upholds the war or combat hero as the highest ideal - as someone to be admired and emulated. A healthy society rewards those who have distinguished themselves in battle and accepts such individuals, and only such individuals, as leaders. In a healthy society, young men look forward eagerly to battle.

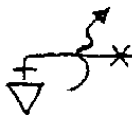
In contrast, an unhealthy or sick society strives to make "heroes" out of such non-entities as "entertainers", politicians, and successful business people. In brief, a sick society elevates the type of people combat veterans despise - vain, egotistical people concerned for the most part with materialism and/or sickly, pretentious (often sociological) 'ideas'.

It needs to be constantly affirmed that *war* and *civilization* are inseparable. To be civilizing, war has to be for some noble purpose - and this purpose can only be to ensure the survival, prosperity and extension of a particular folk, nation or race. War for a decadent purpose - such as to ensure 'peace' - is self-defeating, and produces only degeneracy and decline because such a decadent purpose weakens those fighting and produces an ailing, weak society dedicated to unnatural ideas that make people psychologically unwell. Thus, any war which aims to strengthen a particular folk, nation or race is good; any war fought for any other reason - such as an abstract idea like 'peace' - is bad. A good war creates, aids and maintains civilization. A bad war destroys civilization.

A good war is morally right - it is a duty. It is a necessity. A good war ensures the health and vitality of a particular folk, nation or race - and thus makes for a healthy, vital society. What we have today - in terms of civilized life and the comforts which go with it - is the result of war. What we have lost and are losing - honour, community spirit, noble character, vitality, purpose - is the result of peace.

For too long, the pacifists, the cowards, the decadent and the pursuers of selfish, material goals, have been unchallenged. We who believe in war - who know its value and its purpose - have been silent for too long. We need to once again proudly and defiantly sing the praises of war!

(D. Myatt)



The Ceremony of The Tower

An Introduction

This Ceremony has been developed for individuals who are incarcerated, or in some other fashion restricted from the use of traditional methods/paraphernalia. The focus of the Ceremony is specific to conditions within the CDC, and should be used in that context.

It is important to note that this form of magick is not new. It is based on sound principles which have been used for centuries. Visualization itself has endless applications both inside and outside esoteric practice. Its value is attested to by its widespread usage. An Initiate may discern how central a role this form of occult practice plays in various other systems. Holistic medicine, Martial Arts, and a variety of psychological explorations depend upon this technique for results otherwise unattainable. An individual would do well to explore the principles which make visualization so successful, as well as developing a genuine grasp of its significance in esoteric achievement.

The Ceremony of The Tower, modeled after the Tarot image also titled War, combines the Spherical meditations which affect various states of an individual's consciousness with certain magickal techniques. The result is a tri-level system which brings to bear an individual's "intent" progressively. The use of "vibrations" in an "imaginative" context is able, with some effort, to produce similar effects to vocal vibrations. An individual should seek to gain experience with the vocal form before using it in the imaginative sense, and vocal usage should always be used when it is possible to do so because it adds certain elements which the individual may overlook when performing in an imaginative capacity.

A period of fasting is required for this Ceremony. This must be understood as a means to gathering occult energies unto one's Self. In other words, throughout the period of fasting, especially as one becomes "conscious" of the Fast, one's ability to draw in/upon those sinister energies which exist becomes heightened. It is necessary for the individual to remain in a "passive," or receptive state, rather than an aggressive/dispensatory state of being.

This Ceremony will be performed by Initiates who are most likely incarcerated. As each individual brings to bear these energies which are gathered, and directs them into the designated targets it is likely that a "traditional" power-base will exist. Because it is conducted on a monthly basis, the Initiate must exercise discipline during those times when the "routine" struggle is felt the most. Be firm in your intent, accepting no substitute for the power that will be!

Anareta
O.N.A. (U.S.A)

(Hermetic)

Ceremony of The Tower

Sphere: Mercury
Word of Power: Satan¹
Star: Arcturus
Time: Midnight of new month (12:01)

Stone: Opal
Perfume: Sulpher²
Sigil: ⊕^{*}
Implements: Parchment;³ Pen/Pencil;
Lighter/Matches; Ritual
Cloth, Band, etc.

Preparation

Twenty-four hours prior to the Ceremony a Fast should be undertaken. During this period water is acceptable. The individual should utilize this period for "gathering" about one's Self occult energies. Aproximately one hour prior to the Ceremony a Ritual Bath may be taken, followed by the doning of the Ritual Cloth, Band, etc. Next, sit or lie in the area where the Ceremony will be undertaken and visualize this sigil (⊕^{*}), seeing it turn slowly from yellow to black. This should be done for aproximately a quarter of an hour. The individual is now ready to perform the Ceremony of The Tower.

Ceremony

Begin by vibrating "Satan" three times, carefully, after inscribing the following sigil upon a piece of parchment (⊕^{*}). Burn sulpher if possible, and as the smoke rises visualize it ascending into the night sky where it takes on a sinister shape. Imagine this form (an energy or entity) gathering itself and then descending upon the minds of those you intend to enchant so that their unconscious thoughts are subject to your influence (see Stage One below). For aproximately twenty minutes speak to these minds with growing intensity, ending the enchantment at a climax intended to cause folly, lathargy, and blindness. Afterward, see the smoke ascend once again and transform itself into the Tarot image The Fool. Spend some time characterizing this image with the preceeding enchantment, being careful to maintain a detached (unemotional) state of mind during this process. End this stage of the Ceremony by burning the parchment and saying, "He who blinds their eyes."

After a moment, inscribe the sigil (⊕^{*}) on a new piece of parchment. Vibrate "Satan" three times, and burn sulpher as described above. Again visualize the smoke rising into the night sky, and taking on a sinister shape, after which time it descends upon the minds of those you intend to enchant, opening their unconscious to your influence (see Stage Two below). After the climactic end of the enchantment is reached visualize the smoke rising and transforming into the Tarot image Change. Spend time characterizing this in relation to the enchantment, being careful to remain detached as before. End this stage of the Ceremony by burning the parchment and saying, "He who makes enemies one."

After a moment, inscribe the sigil (⊕^{*}) on a new piece of parchment. Vibrate "Satan" three times, and burn sulpher as described above. Again visualize the smoke rising into the night sky, and taking on a sinister shape,

The Witch's Daughter

Rain
And you have cried
So many tears
Because you were alone:

Sleep
And tall the masted ship came
Bringing the storm-black your precious child home
Who wished without knowledge
The rain silence
That would to your valley
Be a young witch's spell
And spread its wroth to the waves

Sea
And you caught in foam faces
Each arm as they rose
Clasping weakly another scream home,
Deep down toward a cold
Welcome tomb
That turned in tides;
Cold her sea wind
As you caught the cloud
That grew in your dream
And made you weave the white spell
Calling back Her thunder home -
Too late

Warmth
And you cried and made sleep
Cling to your face each morn
When you could not wake:
Anger
That made you write
On round pebbles a curse
That wrote the end date
For another woman's tomb:

Home
And you drank in deep
The mist of Prolley Moor
To celebrate the return of your gods:

Sun
While you walked crying
On the hill
Hearing in the hail
Your dead daughter's voice

(DW Myatt)



The Sinister Tarot - Brief Study Notes

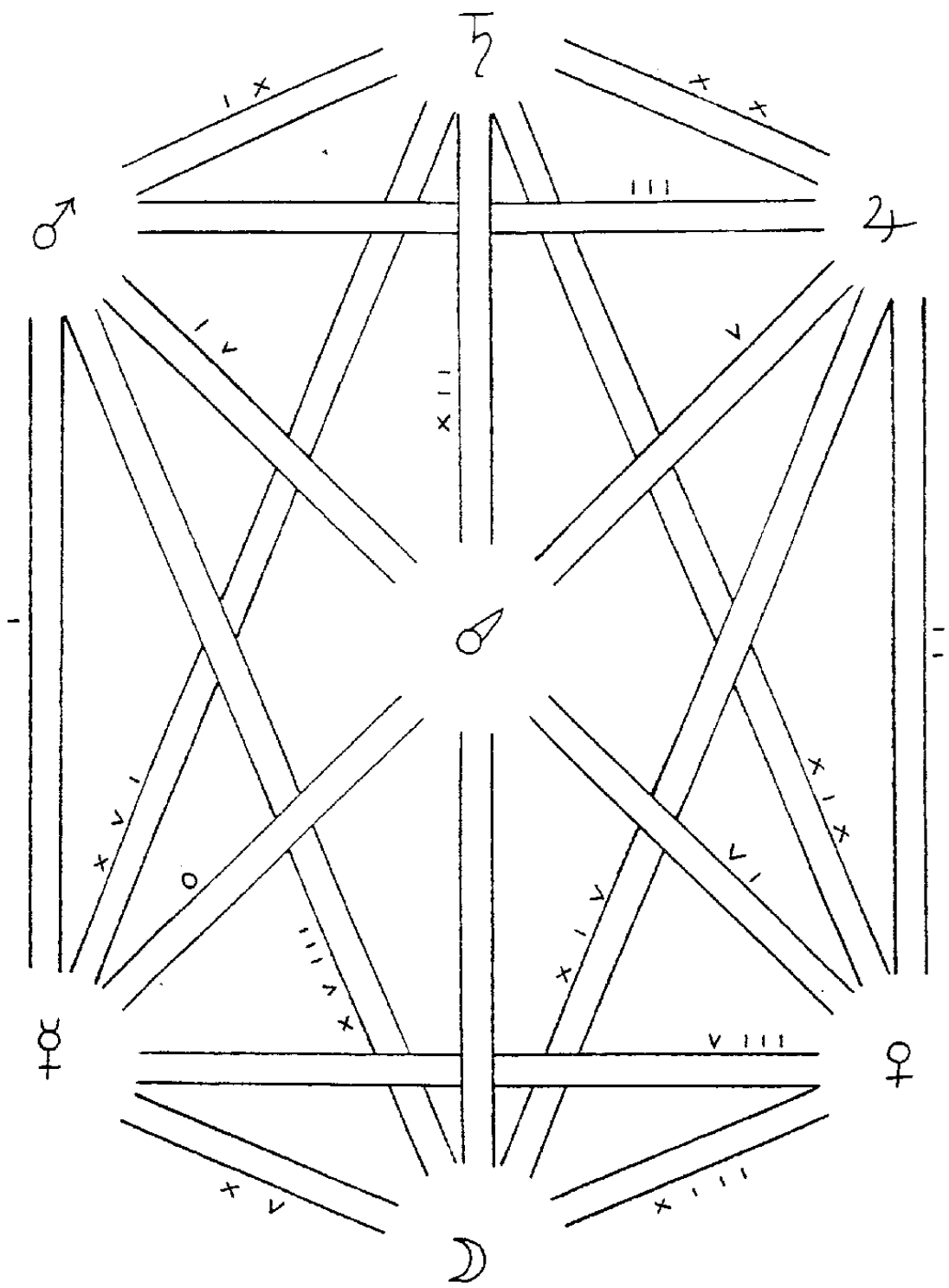
In the Sinister Tarot, the four Court cards are: Magus; Mousa; Warrior; Maiden. The following table should illustrate how the elementals of the Sinister Tarot differ from the not very well authenticated tradition of the qabalistic based Order of the Golden Dawn:

Magus	Mousa	Warrior	Maiden
Bearded man	Beautiful mature woman	Young man	Young woman
Cloak	Robe	Naked	Naked
Wolf	Leopard	Eagle	Owl
Mountains	Glade	Desert	Altar
Blue	Green	Red	Silver
Sylphs	Gnomes	Salamanders	Undines
West	South	East	North
Capricorn	Cancer	Libra	Aries
Mercury	Moon	Sun	Venus
Air	Earth	Fire	Water
Wands	Pentacles	Swords	Chalices

If one begins to think seriously about the whole qabalistic system, and more importantly, tries to work with it, one becomes aware that it is riddled with defects and misinterpretations. While an examination of all these defects would lead us too far from our purpose, it would perhaps be worthwhile to point a few of them out. There is, for instance, the ten fold 'Tree of Life' with its 32 paths. Only 22 are used because 22 just happens to be the number of the Major Arcana of the tarot (or so we are told). Thus, there is no path on this Tree connecting, for example, Yesod to Binah, or Chokmah, or Chesed. And so on. Naturally, all this is explained away in outlandish qabalistic terms. Further, three 'triangles' exist in this Tree - although only one of these has four (not three) parts: Malkuth; Yesod; Hod; Netzach. Then there is the matter of elementals and their association with the four suits of the tarot: Swords for instance, are Air, and Wands are Fire. Since the sword is generally associated with Martial forces, and the 'Knight' usually bears the sword as a weapon, one would think that the equation would read: Knight, Fire, Sword; instead of: Knight, Sylphs, Air etc., as in the Golden Dawn system. In the Septenary System, the element of Fire is restored to the Knight or Warrior - and all the paths on the Tree of Wyrd are used and have magickal meaning.

The Sinister Tarot possesses only 21 cards in the Major Arcana - there is no 'Universe' (Atu XXI). Also, there are only 11 cards in each suit - the four court cards, the 'Gate', and six others numbered two to seven. The 'Gate' cards replace those of the 'Ace' and are attributed thus: Magus - Man's Gate; Mousa - Earth Gate; Warrior - Dark Gate; Maiden - Star Gate (for further details, see 'Nine Angles' MSS) The Major Arcana differ in both names and symbolism - as do the Minor Arcana - from the Golden Dawn system, mostly because of the different attributions of the elementals, and the general irrelevance of the qabala as an effective magickal Tradition.





☽ ↔ ♀ : x I
 ☽ ↔ ☾ : x
 ☿ ↔ ♀ : x VII

MELOS - Diabolus in Musica

According to the Western esoteric tradition, seven represents the number of fundamental vibrations in the Universe - the seven types of cosmic energy. If an individual 'mimics' these, that itself is a key to magickal control. For example, musick is divided into seven stages (C D E F G A B) and thus 'mimics' this fundamental structure. Thus, a piece of musick or chant can be composed which re-presents an aspect of this structure - this re-presentation being a type of force in itself. Thus, when played or sung, such musick/chant can alter the structure of the cosmos as any form of directed energy alters the underlying structure of the Universe.

Via the medium of composition, acausal energies may be presented to thus infect individuals/forms. The nature and extent of the causal changes so produced, depends on the esoteric insight of the composer - that is, such a composition created with, perhaps, the understanding of an Adept, and most certainly that of a Master/Mistress, will act as a form through which specific magickal aims may be realised. Here, musick is not understood as 'Art' for its own sake - which in the final analysis is, magickally, pointless - but as a means to aid evolution (the musick so created has a purpose beyond 'self-gratification'). Whilst this understanding is rational, and may appear to some a process too cold for artistic endeavours, the act of musickal composition remains by its nature, 'numinous'. Like any magickal form, a composition can only succeed if it possesses 'soul', and this can only be so if the Adept is musickally gifted. Thus the composer can give expression to the reality of that Being of the Cosmos we call the 'Sinister', and the essence of this revealing is, contrary to the understanding of most, actually beautiful.

How the Sinister is expressed is unique to the creative processes of the individual - anything other than this is affectation and empty of meaning (except perhaps for the deluded composer). Thus, a genuine artistic re-presentation of the Sinister does not, as a rule, conform to the cliched impressions of morbidity/horror/Mephistophælean glee. As an example, aspects are more re-presented in some of the works of Arvo Pärt (qv. 'Tabula Rasa') than in works stating nothing beyond the common conception of the Sinister, such as some of the compositions of Liszt (qv. 'Malediction').

It may be confusing to those who do not understand the Sinister in essence, to say that acausal forces can be presented most often in 'Sacred' musick; this form being, by its nature, a design by which a society, indeed a civilization, may be moved. Whatever the motives may be for creating such works, this form of musick has always had, to the greatest extent, the capacity to strive to capture the Numinous and communicate this to the 'masses'. Despite its outward form, any energy presented by a piece of 'Sacred' musick has not come into being via a supra-personal entity (ie. "God", etc.). The acausal - or Sinister - forces that may be accessed significantly by musickal forms such as 'Sacred', can also be understood as representing the Western 'Soul' and it is from this 'Soul'/ethos that any glimpses of 'divinity' in musick will emanate.* [As with any form of acausal energy, this 'soul' has a causal counterpart: this particular conjoining is the Western - or Aryan - Race.]

During the early 20th Century, the very means by which this Western ethos could be given musickal expression came under threat when there occurred a radical move away from the principles of tonality and the diatonic scale, hitherto the basis for all great classical Western compositions. The Western Tonal system was seen by this 'New Wave' as outmoded, simply because it provided the foundation for composition. This view came to dominate, and condemned those who understood that great musick is written not by breaking tradition, but by adding to it.

The main challenge to tonality came from Arnold Schoenberg who created the school of serialist technique, from which the 'twelve note' composers emerged.

* Thus, one way of counteracting Nazarene energies is to replace/alter the text of a 'sacred' piece with one that expresses the Western ethos, whilst retaining the original musickal form (qv. 'Diabolus').

The principles of atonality subsequently spawned 'Rock', amongst other forms. Thus, the fundamental vibrations of the Universe were disrupted: musick ceased to reflect the glorious soul of the West - instead, it mirrored (and aided) its decline.

It is interesting to note, however, that amongst the burgeoning composers of today, there is an emmerging trend to once again express those ideals of beauty enshrined in the Western musickal tradition. It is encouraging that at this present time, the work of individuals such as the late 19th/early 20th century Russian composer Scriabin (who created a new tonal system that still adhered to the principles of Western tonality) is regarded as a pointer toward the next significant stages of Western composition.

The conscious understanding and use of processes by which large-scale change may be implemented is the foundation of Aeonics. For those Adepts who possess this understanding, the aim of successfully reversing the decline in Western culture is quite possible. This implies the creation of a 'new' form of musick - this newness being defined as the deliberate presencing of the Sinister. From an esoteric angle, if one wished to create such a new form with the aim of creating a specific change or changes, then there are some basic guidelines that would be useful to explore (some of these are listed in the Notes). To give an example of how these guidelines could be applied in composition, consider the creation of a piece with the aim of bringing 'Vindex'. Some of the energies associated with Vindex are re-presented by the sphere of Saturn - that is, 'Chaos'. Thus, the piece may be in the key of A flat. The text, if to be employed, would perhaps be taken from the various relevant Sinister chants - ie. 'Agius Vindex' in Naos, or the two chants given in the **Black Book III**. Perhaps the piece would be an orchestrated form of a chant. To further extend this new re-presentation, the musick could be an aspect of complete artistic expression; that is, an expression combining image, movement, and sound (as in Scriabin's proposed 'Mysterium'). Such an expression is briefly discussed in the MS 'Nine Angles and Dance'.

If the energies were simply presenced to be left to disperse as they will, then it would not always be necessary to make use of Occult symbolism (ie. 'texts') -- the power to transform has already been discovered if the individual so composing is gifted enough.

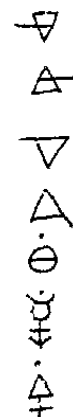
ONA 1994 eh

C - F# - Bb - E - A - D : ?

NOTES:

1) Musick, Incense and Forms

Moon	G major	Trapezoid	Hazel
Mercury	E minor	Tetrahedron	Yew
Venus	F sharp	Pyramid	Black Poplar
Sun	D minor	Cuboid	Oak
Mars	C major	Octahedron	Alder
Jupiter	B flat	Icosahedron	Beech
Saturn	A flat	Dodecahedron	Ash



2) Symbols of Key

Moon	
Mercury	
Venus	
Sun	
Mars	
Jupiter	
Saturn	

3) Reflexive Colours

C	Bright red	B flat	Tyrian purple
G	Orange		
D	Yellow		
A	Green (Viridian)		
E	Blue		
F	Dark red		
B	Indigo		
F sharp	Violet		
C sharp	Purple		
A flat	Black		
E flat	Xanthian		

4) Musickal Intervals and the Seasons

♩	: tonic
♭	: octave
♮	: fourth
♯	: fifth

5) Aeons and Musick

Aeon	Musick
Primal (9,000 - 7,000 BP)	'Totemistic'; 'sound-language'
Hyperborean (7,000 - 5,500 BP)	Heptatonic; Cantillation
Sumerian (5,000 - 3,500 BP)	Kalûtu
Hellenic (3,000 - 1,500 BP)	Mousikê; Modes
Western (1,000 BP - 500 AP)	Mensural System; 'Classical'
Galactic (2,000 eh ...)	Harmony of Spheres

[BP = Before Present; AP = After Present ('Present' being 1994 eh).]

What exactly constituted 'musick' prior to the emergence of the first known civilization (Albion) is, at present, difficult to judge. The use of sound to imitate and thus integrate with natural forces was no doubt fundamental to living - this being an aspect of what would now be termed 'empathic magick', or 'mimesis'. [Vocal aspects at this time would have included forms of proto-Polyphony (ie. 'heterophony') by virtue of vocal sounds being performed collectively by two or more individuals.]

According to Tradition, the origin of seven as a concept lies in the solar cults of Albion. This concept spread thence to Sumeria and the Indus Valley - thus the seven 'sacred' sections of the Epic of Gilgamesh and Rig-Veda. [Symbolically, the power of seven was often represented by the rotation of Ursa Major.] Hence the development by this culture of the Heptatonic scale, and quite possibly the conscious use of intervals such as the consonances of the fourth, fifth and octave - thus the beginnings of musick theory. [This development has been credited to Pythagoras, but he received the knowledge of the 'Harmony of the Spheres' via Ancient Mesopotamian culture (qv. Iamblichus 'De vita Pythagorae') which in turn received the Art from the culture of Albion.] As to how advanced was this heptatonic system of Albion, and as to how much was developed - or lost - by the Sumeric civilization, one can only speculate.

The Greek Modes represented a further codification of the energies associated with the spheres, as the Gregorian Modes were further emanations of the same concept (qv. 'Sinister Chant' MSS).

The development of the Mensural System allowed the vast possibilities implied by musickal forms to be realised by creating a way of measuring notation (this system was initially a way of ordering already existing forms). The essence first enshrined musickally in the heptatonic, reached perhaps its greatest expression so far in the 'Classical' period of the West.

The New - or Galactic - Aeon implies a resurgence to consciousness of Musick as a 'sacred' or 'magickal' system, thus fulfilling, and perhaps extending, the potential of the 'Harmony of the Spheres'. This however, is only really possible if other esoteric aims are realised (ie. "Imperium").

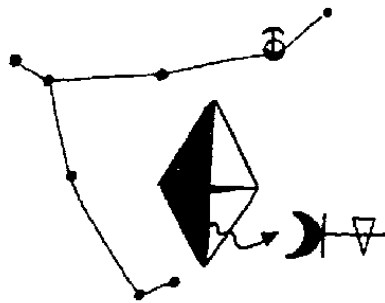
Atu V: The Master

He is a thought beyond,
a step above the folly of men.
He heeds not their cries
of pain, of rage - their lies.
He does not listen to the personal,
the piteous, the tragic
He sees a sea of humanity
and watches the shifts and changes
as a player notes the movement
of pieces on a chessboard.
He is a Sinister surgeon
with a crystal-sharp scalpel
that bleeds, that penetrates, that slices
the human fray.
He is a liberator, a director of
cosmic tides,
a Merlin-Man of fire,
who weaves the rabid darkness
to a tapestry beyond beyonds,
who constructs a circumstance
gone wild,
to further a subtle aim,
to accentuate bloody design,
to touch dark-winged horizons.
He brings a red awakening
that flames upon the world
and fires in plunder, in riot,
in violent ecstasy gone wild.
He changes the course of things to come
by magickal evocation
by calling upon unknown forces
whose powers are beyond the March of Time,
Whose symbol is a kiss of
Fire and Blood.
He casts his constructions of fate
in his room of shadows.
He weaves a spell of dark surrender
into the dimension of the present,
then sets it free,
lets it flow forth,
a crimson cloud of chaos
into the purple night;
an influence of degeneration-regeneration
to crush the pawns, to cull the bishops,
to destruct the castles,
to topple the kings and queens -
so only the strong remain.
Only the knights are left standing
and those are ebony-coated
sparks of Satan
sitting at the feast of sacrifice,
eating the flesh of ruin and turbulence,
drinking the blood of life
like Gods whose Destiny is fulfilment of promise,
whose faith is a movement beyond,
Whose aim is self-divinity.

He - this Magickian with the silver sharp mind -
actualizes these seeds
that he will gather unto himself;
he breathes them into being
casting a violet storm yet to come,
into the cloak of midnight
and his thoughts are full of mystery,
full of galaxies of creation.
He feels the subtle shift
of energies about him,
in his room of shadows.
He fans the flame of their interference,
builds their livid light,
creates an auric majesty
that threads a scarlet claim
into the beckoning dark.

Merlin-Man on fire he is,
Staking a claim on the future,
hastening the course of cosmic tides,
delivering with dark intent
a Satanic design.

Brenna Kinsley



A SATANIC MASS

Participants:

Master - in black robes
Mistress of Earth - in scarlet robes
Priestess - in white robes
Priest - lies naked upon the altar
Congregation - in black robes

Temple Preparation:

The altar is covered with a black cloth on which is woven an inverted pentagram. Purple candles and incense of Saturn to be used. Chalices of strong wine. Paten(s) - made of silver - holding the consecrated cakes. These are made by the Priestess the night before the Mass and consist of fish, fowl, spring water, wheat, animal fat, sea salt and honey.

The paten(s) and chalices lie beside the Priest on the altar, and a leather scourge lies upon the Priest's body. The Master rings the altar bell twice to begin the Mass.

Mistress, Master and Priestess stand in front of the altar, the congregation behind them.

The Mass:

Mistress:

Hail to you, most Holy and dark:
Bringer of Life!

(The Priestess kneels briefly before the altar, rises and kisses the Priest on the lips. She arouses his fire by her lips, takes up the scourge, hands it to the Mistress who says:)

Thus are we born
But from dark dimensions They come
To steal such life away!

(The Master vibrates 'Agios o Atazoth' after which the Mistress walks toward the congregation saying:)

I who am a Gate to Them
And Their stars, come to draw
From one among you fresh blood
Wherewith to slake my thirst!
I shall take one among you
With me down into Earth
And up toward the stars
And suck you dry!

(She chooses one member of the congregation by pointing with the scourge. The congregation strip the member. The Priestess hands them the cord/girdle from her robe which they use to tie the hands of the one chosen - they then dance anti-clockwise around the prostrate figure chanting the 'Diabolus').

As they dance the Master hands a chalice to the Priestess who raises it above the body of the Priest. The Mistress lightly scourges the body of the chosen member while the Master chants:)

Agios o Satanas!

(The congregation cease their dance and the Priestess turns toward them saying:)

May this gift become for us
A joy in this life!

Congregation:

Hail Satan, bringer of joy!

Priestess:

May his gifts be with you.

Congregation:

As they are with you.

(The Priestess returns the chalice, is given a paten by the Master. She lifts it above the body of the Priest while the Master chants 'Agios o Satanias!'. She then turns to the congregation saying:)

As we eat these gifts
So shall the essence
Of our Dark Gods enter us!

Congregation:

Hail Atazoth, dark bringer
Of dreams!

(The Priestess takes the paten to the Mistress who takes one of the cakes, breaks it over the body of the bound member. She eats part of the cake saying:)

So shall the flesh of my enemies
Be eaten away from within!

(The Priestess kneels before the Mistress. The Mistress bends down, kisses the Priestess on the lips and gives to her a piece of the cake, which the Priestess eats.

The Priestess rises and, with the Mistress, offers first the cakes, then the wine to the congregation who eat and drink. After they have completed this, the Mistress dances round them twirling the scourge, saying:)

As you have eaten
And as you have drunk
So are you mine!
Yet I come now not to destroy
But to bring the gift of joy!

(At this point the Guardian of the Temple enters, dressed in black with a face mask. He stands beside the Mistress who chooses another member of the congregation by pointing the scourge. The Guardian moves forward and removes the robe of the one chosen before carrying the person to the bound and prostrate figure.

The Mistress approaches, offers the scourge, saying:)

Feast on their flesh!
No thought shall restrict
Your pleasure:
No morals shall bind you
Here!

(The congregation dance around them chanting the Diabolus. The dancers dance faster and faster.

The one offered the scourge may then use it or opt to untie the cord and take their pleasure accordingly. As the two within the circle take their pleasure, the Mistress catches each member of the congregation in turn, kisses them and removes their robe. During this, the Master chants 'Agius o Atazoth' twice while the Priestess assists the Priest down from the altar and they both join the dance.

If the scourge has been used, at a suitable point determined by the Mistress who signals to the Guardian, the Guardian releases the hands of the one scourged who is then free to choose any member of the congregation for congress according to their desire. The one scourged watches the dancers, points one out and is given this member by the Guardian.

The Mistress joins the Master by the altar and the Guardian, should he so wish, joins the dancers. Should he decide otherwise, he bows to the Mistress and departs alone from the Temple. The congregation then take their pleasure as they will.

The Master and Mistress through their own congress may then, should they so desire, direct the energy generated by the Mass to a specific end, after which they depart together from the Temple.)

A Note on the Satanic Mass: The above is one particular form of the Mass. In this instance, the Mass is a means of personal liberation for those chosen by the Mistress. No prior notification of choice is given. As with all ceremonial rituals, success depends upon the emotive force introduced by those conducting the ritual through power of voice, gesture and a controlled dramatic frenzy.



♁(♁): αλλ εκδιδασκευ
παυθ ο γηρασκων χρονος

EXCURSUS

Largo

C. Beest, 106 yf

mp

p

p

f

f

mf

ped.

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Sinister

Journal of Satanism and the Sinister

Volume V, Issue Two

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Training and Grades

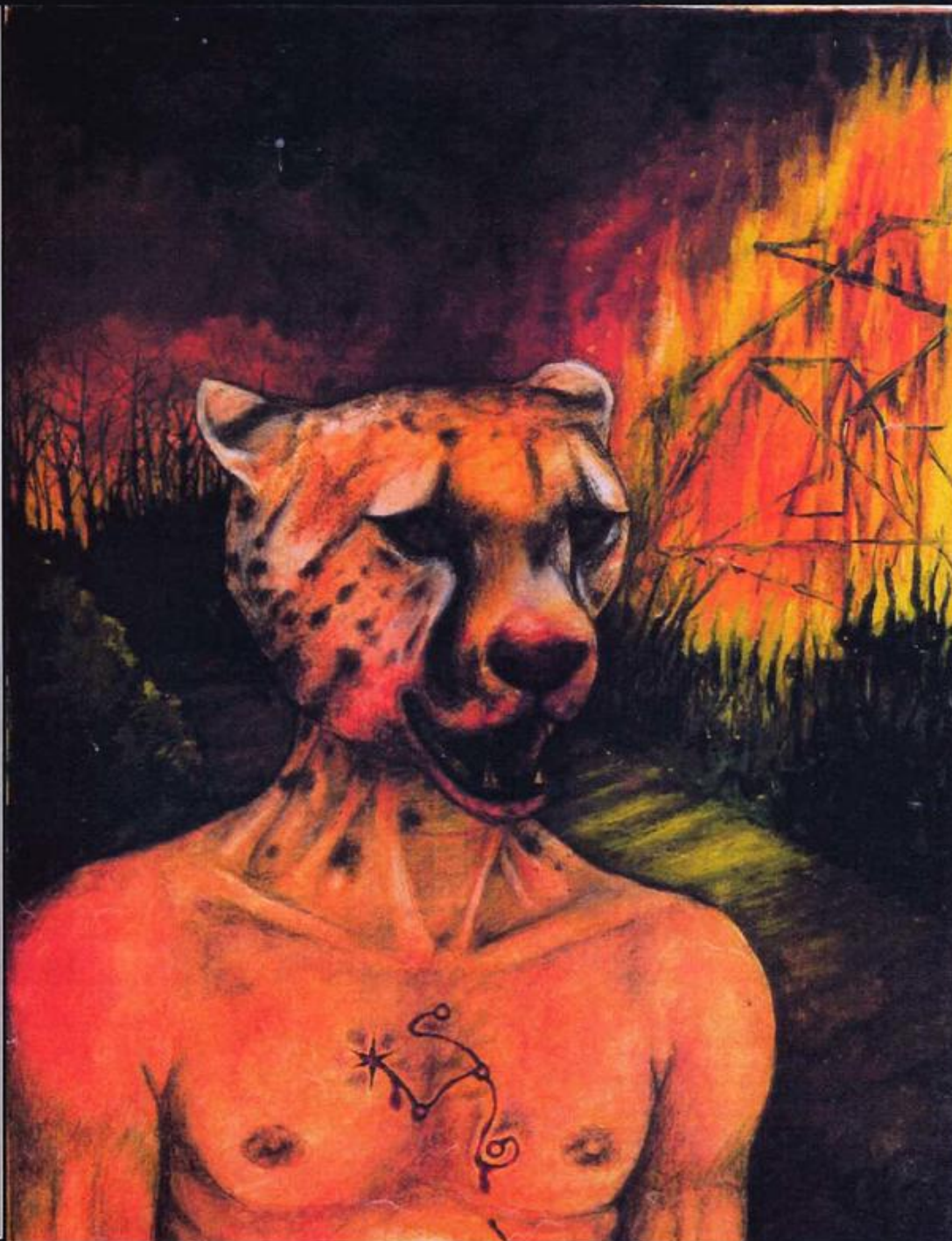
The Path of the
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Paganism: An
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Crowley, Satan, and the
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Makrokosmos

The Logic of To-day



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Fenrir

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Swords*, Christos Beest, ONA.

A now replaced image from the
Sinister Tarot.

The main purpose of Fenrir is to
make available certain esoteric
teachings of the Left Hand Path. In
the life-long quest for wisdom that
so expresses the Left Hand Path, it is
important that readers seek to
understand with an open mind the
information that finds them. It is
this willingness to view things from
all sides of the spectrum, and make
personal assessments after a
relatively complete understanding is
attained that truly separates the
individual from the easily
influenced.

Fenrir exists as yet another avenue
through which the Sinister can flow.



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The River

Michael LaRocque, 1998.

The figure stood with pride along the mouth of the river, a solitary witness to the precious gift which nature had bestowed upon his soul. Of what consequence this may have upon not only his being, but of all who had crossed before him, there was no telling. Upon his arrival, the river had erupted forth, billowing forward that of liquid fire, brilliance born of life; a life filled with the power to shape mountains and the lives of men, yet tranquil enough in it's motion to induce sleep upon the same. This embodiment of Mother had been born from the tears of Gods, to be presenced by only those of rightful choosing.

From the wind there came voices, of which each uttered gentle whispers of welcome in their passing, as well as details of natures efforts toward the coming winter, and the darkness that would follow. Within this, wind and water coupled to form the backdrop of what is now one mans sanctuary, to be used in times of need when the moon eclipses even the brightest of hopes, and the faintest of memory.

To this the lone magickian was given strength through action, from which did he erect a Temple, undying in it's grandeur and scalable only through the limitlessness of imagination, its uses for that of workings known only to him. Of wood gathered throughout the darkest of forests and stones shaped through timeless assaults,

did the magickian construct an altar, it's purpose rendered through the permits of his only Will, the attainment of true being, through the perfection of body, mind, and soul.

Creatures of the forest, long since accustomed to the ways of this man, proved their trust through protection and neutrality when needed, for without this friendship failure was assured. Three months since the arrival of the magickian had it been, and throughout this time lessons were taught, not only unto the mage and his counterparts who crawled on four and swam the depths, but unto the entire world which polluted his home from all points, near and far.

This was only a beginning, an infant in the manhood of the evolutionary puzzle, and as he stood facing the trident of the river, thoughts toward the future swarmed throughout his mind.

Was not he truly evolved, empowered with previous action and well spent time toward the tests of self, that he could justify his rightful place amongst the stars and call forth the names of all who tread before him? If not now, if not him, then who? When? Who before him hath shown truer purpose, stronger limbs, or sharpness of mind? "Have I not suffered unto you, Mother, for the period of time which I, through the breathe that feeds my blood, which in turn gives

life unto my heart, had agreed upon from the first eve of my journey?"

This the magickian spoke to the river as he stood, motionless but with great urgency, facing the wall of tears. Great suffering had befallen him in previous times, but through the trials set forth by nature, and more importantly himself, had he improved and honed many skills, skills which would be needed for this and future generations to sow the seeds for rebirth and ascension to the stars and beyond. Answers were expected from this plea, but the river did not speak.

Disheartened by the rivers ignorance toward his many accomplishments, the mage slowly turned, making steps weighted with anger toward his Temple. There he would rest throughout the night; concentration given to that of questions aimed at loyalty and his wanted gift of placement amongst the Gods. The river flowed throughout, but with the motion and reaction that of silt and clay, forever slowing with every link broken by this mans ego.

Sleep invaded the dawn, the mage undertaking a breathless nightmare of visions hammered down by what seemed to be the wrath of the Twin Rivers.

Awakened by the shrill laughter of a child, the figure again took placement along the river, again questioning its judgement and purpose as authority. Again, no answers were handed to the perplexed and now angered Adept. Throughout the day, needed tasks went unnoticed; self-pity and the villain of righteousness took hold with a firm grasp.

Weeks passed by, with no answer to the questions posed by the now disheveled mage given, the river lay silent. With a hatred did the magickian take to dismantling the Temple, with great thrusts of livid persecution did the foundation fall, and to it went the spirit of Will.

With all but the altar remaining did the mage cease his attack, to once again lay upon the earth, allowing the soil to cradle his beaten body as in times past. With his last vision of conscious awareness did the man spit upon the river, renouncing that which before he held sacred. Thoughts echoed throughout his mind, with the lasting image of his true wish this night, for the river to open once again and flow like the liquid beauty he had loved and caressed with every motion of every deed. "It is then," he spoke unto himself, "that I will receive the answers I so justly deserve!" Then the darkness of sleep took hold. Forever.

Throughout the night, the great river churned under the hardened mass created from inactivity, with every flow harbored a hateful decree bellowed from the mage. Slowly, the river edged upon its side, closer to its prey, until the compacted soil could hold the power from within no more. The river erupted, flowing as blood onto all that lay within its wake, consuming the life it had given so generously in times past, gripping and suffocating innocence as well as the guilty. All that had lived were now dead, to be used again toward the new life the river would surely bestow, to make the land again fertile.

The river allowed the mark of a lone altar to stand in place amongst its new children, to be a remembrance of her generosity and power, to not be mistaken for rightful dues by any man.

o o o

Seven-fold Way: Training and Grades

Order of Nine Angles, 1989eh.

In many ways the seven-fold way can be regarded as a process, by the individual, of discovery and experience. The goal of this process is the production of individuals skilled and knowledgeable in the magickal arts who have developed their latent, occult faculties and who possess the beginnings of wisdom.

This process can result, sometimes by accident over extended periods of time (for example, three decades or more) but it is most usually undertaken as a result of a conscious decision by an individual to seek esoteric and/or magickal groups/Order/Adepts. In this later case – and provided the guidance received is good – the goal can be achieved in a much shorter time.

The first part of the process is in many ways the easiest: that of seeking some form of Initiation (qv. the Order MS 'A Novices Guide to Initiation.'). Before and after Initiation the novice is required to undertake various tasks by the Master or Mistress who has agreed to guide the individual along the seven-fold way. The pre-Initiation tasks are the performance by the individual of a simple hermetic ritual (usually on the night of the full moon), the construction of the simplified version of the Star Game and the successful completion of the various tests aimed at proving the serious intent and commitment of the candidate. The important thing about these tests of intent is that the candidate is unaware of them – for example, the candidate is asked to be present at a

certain time and place and instead of meeting there the expected Master or Mistress meets a person of odd appearance who propounds various views which the individual in question may find not only unusual but distasteful. Such tests and encounters are not games but merely devices which enable the candidate to begin to understand their own motives and expectations and as such are an important preparation to Initiation. It is to be understood that it is not the order, which tests the candidate – but the candidates themselves. Initiation is the beginning of the breaking of the illusion of roles, and to be successful this breaking must be done by the individual, from within.

Once this breaking down begins, then Initiation is already underway, and no 'Rite of Initiation' however complex or well meaning is a substitute for this change in the individual. Such a rite, as a ceremonial ritual, is only the representation of this process in a dramatic form and in many cases is not necessary if some other form of Initiation is more suited to the candidate.

Besides this breaking of self-delusion, Initiation is an awakening of the occult faculties – that is, the experience by the candidate of the reality of magickal forces. This experience can be brought about in several ways – first, by means of a powerful ritual of Initiation which produces magickal forces through invocation; second, through the candidate experiencing the charisma of a Master or Mistress; and third, as a consequence of the individual undergoing a particu-

lar experience where magickal forces are present. An example of this third type is when a candidate, expecting perhaps (as a result of their own imagination) a ceremonial ritual of Initiation, is led to an isolated spot where magickal energies are present either naturally (as for example in most stone circles) or have been created beforehand by an Adept in readiness for the candidate. The candidate is then left alone. What the candidate then experiences (sometimes for many hours) is an Initiation - although this is seldom understood by the candidate at the time because outwards form is lacking. In many respects, this third type is the most valuable of all the forms of Initiation since it does not rely on the illusion of ceremonial, or the dogma normally associated with such ritual forms. Initiation is complete when the candidate realises that a process of inner change has begun.

The next stage of the seven-fold way, following Initiation, is when the novice begins to undertake in a systematic way workings with the various magickal forces through such forms as Path Workings, hermetic and ceremonial rituals. Such workings in themselves take several months and during this time the novice will be given several tasks - some practical, some magickal - to perform. These tasks may themselves take several months to complete. The most usual magickal task involved the novice assuming the 'role' of a dark sorcerer/sorceress for example, dressing in black and cultivating a satanic appearance - and in this guise attending various Occult functions and generally trying to provoke argument and dissent. The novice in this is advised to cultivate an attitude of arrogance and pride and must be prepared to defend forcefully their Satanic views. Following

this, the novice is expected to infiltrate another magickal group/Order with the intent of attending a ritual and during that ritual either redirecting the magickal power (if any) or invoking by their own effort during the ritual a powerful force of their own choosing to disrupt or otherwise alter the original ritual. In some cases, the novice may organize their own group (recruiting people for it) for just this purpose.

This magickal task develops not only the use of magickal forces in an interesting way but also provides the novice with a goal the attainment of which is invigorating. It also provides an opportunity for the novice to develop various skills pertaining to the manipulation of other individuals chiefly through the deliberate development of a 'charismatic' personality or role. Its the fundamental task of the novice to learn from those experiences - that is, not to allow the role to become dominant.

This is achieved by the novice remembering that they are involved in a seven-fold quest and accepting the advice given by the Master or Mistress who assigned the task. Both of these things some novices find difficult to do. The behaviour of the novice during this task is governed by specific guidelines - failure to observe the guidelines by an individual means the end of their noviciate as far as the Order is concerned.

The practical tasks associated with this stage usually involve the novice developing certain physical abilities suited to their character. Such physical goals (for example, cycling 100 miles in under 5 hours or running 20 miles in 2 hours 30 minutes - fitter individuals will be given a more demanding goal) are a necessary balance to the magickal tasks as well as enabling those tasks to be achieved in a more invigorat-

ing manner.

This stage generally takes from six months to two years and is concluded when the novice finds changes of perspective arising as a consequence of the self-understanding brought through following the goals and tasks. This change should arise naturally and it is made conscious to the novice toward the end of the stage through the grade ritual of External Adept. This ritual is a prelude to the goals and tasks of the next stage and signifies the beginning of Adeptship.

The Grade Ritual involves the individual constructing a septenary Star game and the performance by the individual of a certain ritual on a night of the new moon. This ritual involves the invoking of a certain force, female in aspect.

The External Adept may choose to continue with the group or temple begun in the previous stage (or create one if this was not done before) for the purpose of conducting ceremonial and hermetic rituals of the type associated with, for example, the 'Book of Wyrdd' as well as for the performance of the cthonic Nine Angles rite if desired. Alternatively, the individual may opt to concentrate on magickal working with the Star Game - and for this (as the task above) a companion is required. It is a task of the External Adept to find such a companion, as well as to teach them all they themselves have learned during the previous stages - guiding them as they themselves have been guided. This in itself generally takes from one to two years, and because of this most External Adepts prefer, during this time, to organize a magickal group/Temple since it provides a structure and a focus.

During this stage the External Adept will experience many things, particularly of a magickal

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kind if rituals are undertaken by a group, and contact with the Master or Mistress will be limited and occur for the most part if the External Adept wishes. It is important during the long period associated with this particular stage, that the individual does not become prey to the illusion of being a Master or Mistress.

Most will of course succumb at some time to this as a consequence of the varied magickal experiences and contacts with those less experienced in magick, many individual sever their links with the Order as a consequence of this illusion.

In some ways this stage is the most difficult, involving as it does confrontation with various roles and what had been called the 'anima/animus', this latter occurring naturally through the training of a companion. Provided the individual maintains during the stage their resolve to follow to its end the seven-fold way (and here the advice from the Master or Mistress is often crucial at some point during this stage) then, with the completion of

the Ritual of the fifth stage, the new Master or Mistress assumes a teaching role via an Order or an individual basis, and usually those who attain this stage take over at some time their Order, guiding individuals along the seven-fold way. They may also create their own Order or group should they so wish - or reactivate the Temple they organized during their time as an External Adept, since the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept by its nature, means the individual must disband such a Temple or leave it in care of one less experienced.

After some years teaching, the Master or Mistress may withdraw to seek the next stage - provided they have trained at least one person to continue the tradition of the seven-fold way.

Thus it will be seen that the seven-fold way is not easy. It is a way of life, which any individual may follow. Those who only follow its early stages gain something of benefit - those who go further may achieve the goal that awaits us all: the next stage of human evolution.

In the past, in any one decade, the Order had many hundreds of candidates seeking Initiation. About four or five a year, sometimes less, may become Initiates through their own choice. Of these, perhaps two will complete the noviciate and only two or three from twenty a decade become Internal Adepts, the others drifting away for various reasons. Every twenty years, a new Master or Mistress may take office. There may be one or two Magi a century. So it has been - and so it will probably unfortunately remain until the New Aeon begins to emerge on the practical level three to four centuries in the future.

The seven-fold way possesses the potential to create (given good guidance) in ten years what it has taken seven civilizations, five Aeons or nearly ten thousand years to achieve. Every individual is free to choose between this path to the divine and a continuation of the sleep that keeps the potentiality of life at bay. All magick is a glimpse of this path - it is up to the individual to walk along it. - O.N.A, 1989eh.

The Path of the Sinister

An Initiates Perspective - or Why I am a Sinister Satanist

I am Becoming, Again, I am Becoming. Perhaps this time I can maintain my resolve. I am part of something larger than myself, thus I am not simply my ego any more. I am becoming something greater.

I am learning that Honour, is not an easy path. Often it means going against the psychic grain. Fighting against oneself. Holding ones tongue. Not being drawn into (dishonourable) slugging matches, or agreeing with someone who is putting someone else down. Not judging people by what is heard, but from what one knows. This, I understand to be honour. Add to this the qualities of fairness and of balance.

Where does talk lead? Does it lead to Destiny? Does it lead to the Gods? Is it not through practical action - as the Seven-Fold Way continually states - that the Sinister Satanist may become more than he or she is. As an Initiate I already am more than I was prior to Initiation. Each step enhances and strengthens my bond with my Tradition, with my Gods, my Folk. And what is this Tradition? Is it something that can be idly explained away, done away with, because it has 'served its purpose'? Is it something that can be understood and therefore judged from the past writings of Initiates and Adepts rather than from personal and direct experience?

In my *personal experience* of the Sinister Tradition, of the Sinister

sites themselves, of the creations of other Sinister Satanists, of the works, the musick and the art of the Sinister Tradition in general I have come to know a little more of the Tradition directly and of what Sinister Satanism means practically to me. Such insight comes not from reading the various Order texts and manuscripts, nor from studying Occult journals, rather it comes through a practical interaction with the Dark Gods of the Sinister Tradition by following the Seven-Fold Way. In short the Sinister is being born anew, re-created. In myself as a Sinister Initiate, I am now becoming a part of the Sinister and no words can take this away from me.

Eventually I shall be at one with Satan, a form that is not dead whatever others (outside of the Tradition) may say. Practically Satan is a fundamental archetype of the West re-expressed, reborn, revitalised. Who can really know the essence of Satan unless he or she follows a Sinister or Satanic Path? And furthermore who within the Sinister Tradition can really know Satan unless he or she has *personally attained* the title of Priest or Priestess? How then can a judgement be made when the reality of Satan is not experienced? Are such judgements made only from what has been read? Perhaps such judgements only come from imitation, from a desire to be perceived as a new adversary, a new Satan...

I for one know that Satanism,

or the Sinister Tradition at least, is not part of the sickness of the West, rather it remains one of the genuine expressions of the pre-Nazarene West. An expression, in essence of that which is Beyond the Nazarene societies in which we live. Hence the Sinister Arthurian Tradition, hence the continuation of the head-cult and the 'worship' of the War Goddess Baphomet, hence the continued use of certain locations by Sinister Initiates and Adepts alike. Sinister Satanism is an advancement of Paganism itself, it is Paganism renewed, reborn in a new form. Furthermore it has not solely evolved as a response to the Nazarene influence, but rather as an aspect of the natural evolution of the energies (from one perspective symbolised by the sacred words 'Ga Wath Am') as they are in essence.

The Sinister Tradition is built upon what has existed before and continues to add to this whilst simultaneously influencing/infecting areas outside of itself⁽¹⁾, be these Sociological, Political, Religious or 'Occult'. Sinister Satanism has brought freshness to the Occult scene, such is its influence and few other Traditions can make such a claim.

¹ Such is the method of evolution and such also is one manner of gaining Sinister Initiates.

Crowley, Satan and the Sinister Way

Extracted from *Hostia*, Volume One. ONA, 1992eh.

In one sense, the work of Crowley may be said to be a restoration of various chthonic mysteries of mainly Sumerian origin. Thus the importance in the cult of Thelema attached to Set/Shaitan/Satan - an attempt to re-integrate into the consciousness of the individual the duality represented by the formula LASH TAL.

However, despite the many claims, Crowley did not inaugurate a new Aeon. His restoration is simply a restoring of something long dead - a kind of necromancy, and as a magickal force the cult of Thelema might as well not exist.

In the exoteric sense, 'Shaitan' represents those instinctive levels that are often, in our modern society, repressed in the individual - and Satanic rituals of either the traditional kind or the kind based on the use of sexual formulae, are a means of catharsis: a beginning where consciousness is prepared and liberated from the restrictions implicit in ordinary life. In practical terms - and for the civilization of the West whose dominant religion and ethos has hindered by its distortion all that is natural in terms of sex - this often means participation in rituals such as those given in 'Codex Saerus' or Crowley's Gnostic Mass or some form of sexual working. Such participation restores the balance that

is often lacking.

Yet such a participation is only a beginning - and the ritual forms of such a participation are only a means. They are means to experience and if correctly undertaken should provide the individual with an understanding of that aspect of their personality which has been symbolized as Satan (for men) and Lilitu/Darkat (for women) - the darker, sensual side. Such an understanding is personal in the sense that the personality of the individual is involved, and the perspective achieved is usually that of the life, or Destiny, of the individual in relation to his circumstances and other individuals. That is, there is little concern with or appreciation of, the forces of an Aeon - other than perhaps some vague 'intellectual' understanding: or what is thought of as understanding.

This re-integration of the darker aspects - whether it occurs through participation in rituals or via other techniques of magick - is represented, in the septenary system, by the three lower spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (Moon, Mercury and Venus) and these spheres symbolize the three stages of that re-integration - that is, Calcination, Separation and Coagulation to use alchemical terms. It is during the next stage that the individual who

is following a planned and practical magickal way gains both cultural and Aeonian perspective. This enables an understanding of the relationship existing between the individual and their unique Destiny and those forces which are symbolized by a magickal formula or 'word' and which represent a particular Aeon.

Such an understanding (associated with the fourth stage - the sphere of the Sun - and the fifth stage, Mars) derives or has its foundation in, a rational approach and usually involves the individual studying Aeons, civilizations and the relations between them.

However, the system of Crowley, as well as the many systems deriving in whole or in part from his work, never arrives at this stage because it has (a) set the formulae of sexual magick above everything, and (b) negates with its approach the rational analysis required. The same is true of other magickal systems involved in the 'darker' side and which try in some way to let the individuals following them experience their own shadow nature. An integration and thus understanding of this nature - enabling the individual to build upon the foundations thus achieved - of necessity implies the development of those qualities such as reason, logic and scientific understanding, which Crowley et al have abandoned. Yet this development does not imply a mish-mash of Occult and pseudo-scientific concepts such as 'quantum mechanics' and 'relativity' - an unstable amalgam currently fashionable in certain circles. Rather, it implies the development of the mind and a certain way of thinking.

On both the esoteric and exoteric levels, the most significant step so far in the evolution of our consciousness has been the development of rational analysis and its extension as the scientific method. The acceptance of this method (which does not preclude an acceptance of the forces with which magick deals) implies a certain 'view of the world' and a personal approach to living: a way, which is at once cautious, generally optimistic and open and enquiring. This 'view of the world' or way of thinking derives from the ancient Greeks - it is expressed in their early philosophy (i.e before the decline represented by Plato), in their religious attitude and in their way of living. It is essentially the same attitude exemplified by Western paganism, and it is the antithesis of that view and way represented by the religion of the Nazarene. The religion of the Nazarene inverts all natural values - as Nietzsche understood. Thelema, and similar beliefs, negate, as Nazarene philosophy and life does, that natural spontaneity which is the essence of this pagan 'view of the world' - because Thelema ties the mind in knots of obscurity and metaphysical speculation (as the qabala in general does) it briefly frees the spirit only to weigh down the spirit with the chains of its own metaphysics.

The true ethos of the West - which the religion of the Nazarene distorted and supplanted - may be signified by the word 'Azif' and the symbol of the sunwheel; it is pagan in essence. The ethos of the West (which derives from the present Aeonic force or 'current' first established c. 500 AD) is not and never has been patriarchal in the sense

that Crowley and his followers believed - such a 'patriarchal' ethos representing the distortion imposed upon the original ethos by the Nazarenes. That Crowley and others were unaware of this is indicative of how far removed Thelema is from genuine esoteric tradition. Esoterically, the genuine Western ethos is symbolized by that force which has become known as 'Satan' or Lucifer. Exoterically, this represents the desire to know which has attained its greatest manifestation in modern science and exploration.

An analysis of Aeonic forces indicates that the present Aeon has, on the practical level - i. e. in terms of its effects on the vast majority of individuals who because they have not been liberated by Occult Initiation are sway to external influences - about three centuries more to run. During this time, the distortion of the current caused by the Nazarenes and their allies may or may not continue - depending on how certain Initiates use certain powerful magickal forces. Whatever, the 'New Aeon' (the sixth out of the seven that mark our evolution) will have its beginnings on the magickal level within the next few decades - although on the practical level it will be about another three centuries until the effects are apparent. This new Aeon will have no 'word' and its magick will be the magick of 'Thought', that is spontaneous empathy. One of the moat fundamental facets of this new Aeon will be the development of a symbolic language, which extends the frontiers of thought. Such a language is already prefigured in the Star Game - just as the Star Game itself was pre-

figured in traditional Alchemy. Another facet of the new Aeon will be the emergence of a new type of individual: a type outlined by Nietzsche. This new individual will be fierce, free (of both external and internal/psychic influences), exult in exploration and discovery and possess an essentially pagan attitude to life. It is and has been one of the aims of genuine sinister Orders to produce such individuals - by having their Initiates follow the seven-fold sinister way.

What has happened over the past fifty or more years is that the distortion of the Western ethos - and thus the genuine Aeonic current - has increased. Part of this increase is, in fact, due to Crowley and those who have followed him and his system without really understanding what they were doing. The genuine Western esoteric tradition - as distinct from what most Occultists wish to believe is the 'secret tradition' - has no connection whatever with the qabalah, or Egyptian mysteries and symbolism, and neither does it employ in any way the sorcery of 'grimoire magic' and the forms once appropriate to now dead Aeons be such forms Sumerian, Babylonian, Egyptian or whatever.

The basis of the Western tradition was and always has been rational in the sense that those who carried on its tradition sought to understand themselves, the world and the cosmos in a detached manner - free from religious/political dogma. That is, to understand things as those things are in themselves: without the projection of beliefs and ideas... To this end, the septenary system was evolved, and the 'mysteries' expressed in abstract

symbolism (of which Alchemy was one form). The essence of the Western tradition was not some 'great secret' or 'hidden knowledge' to be revealed to Initiates only - rather, it was the belief that everything in the cosmos could be understood if one probed, investigated or thought enough about it. That is, the cosmos was seen as a natural order into which individuals could gain insight. From this insight, a new individual would emerge: a more conscious, evolved, person.

The tradition thus encouraged the development in the individual of empathy via personal experience: an experiencing of all aspects of our own nature as well as the worlds within and without. Thus were the 'magickal/Occult' faculties themselves developed. The way of this tradition was essentially practical - exemplified by the Grade Rituals, tasks and so on of the seven-fold way. There was no speculative metaphysical system, no acceptance of irrational fears and beliefs, no subservience to someone else's personal mythology.

The new Aeon should be a continuation of the process which the genuine Western tradition began. Yet it is possible that this new Aeon may never emerge. The distortion of the Western current does and has represented a desire by some to return to what may be described as an aspect of the Babylonian ethos. This aspect gave rise eventually to not only the poison of Nazarene philosophy and religion, but also to the many political and social systems and ideas founded in the 'view of the world'. There is, at this moment in time, a very real magickal conflict occurring be-

tween two forces - those representing (whether consciously or not is immaterial) this Babylonian/Nazarene ethos, and those representing the genuine Western (and thus 'sinister') tradition. On the outcome of this conflict the next Aeon depends - there will be either the new Aeon with the blossoming of the individual and the development of consciousness giving thus a liberation from the tyranny of relig-

ion and politics, or a return to those essentially patriarchal dualistic values where impersonal ideals/ideology have precedence over the individual. Every act of genuine sinister magick is a step toward the new Aeon. Thelema is a step back into the past - as are other systems which lack the empathy, that experience and then transcendence of the sinister brings.

The 21 Satanic Points

1. Respect not pity or weakness, for they are a disease which makes sick the strong.
2. Test always your strength, for therein lies success.
3. Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.
4. Enjoy a short rest, better than a long.
5. Come as a reaper, for thus you will sow.
6. Never love anything so much you cannot see it die.
7. Build not upon sand but upon rock. And build not for today or yesterday but for all time.
8. Strive ever for more, for conquest is never done.
9. And die rather than submit.
10. Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art.
11. Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all.
12. The blood of the living makes good fertilizer for the seeds of the new.
13. He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest.
14. Discard not love but treat it as an imposter, but ever be just.
15. All that is great is built upon sorrow.
16. Strive not only forwards, but upwards for greatness lies in the highest.
17. Come as a fresh strong wind that breaks yet also creates.
18. Let love of life be a goal but let your highest goal be greatness.
19. Nothing is beautiful except man: but most beautiful of all is woman.
20. Reject all illusion and lies, for they hinder the strong.
21. What does not kill, makes stronger.

o o o

Tonen (cont)

Solo, for Priest (2)

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~ to ~ ren, So ~ to ~ ras,

fous ~ rige ~ ce ~ dar ~

(dar) ~ fi ~ sing

Mach ~ be-no ~ da 0 ~

~ to ~ ren

~ O Tonen Satanas, fous rige cedar fising, Mach beoda ~

The Way, The Means, The End.

Christos Beest, ONA. 1998eh.

The Aim of the Seven-Fold Way is Enlightenment. This is a wisdom, an understanding, and a new way of being. It is an apprehension of what IS, as against what Appears-To-Be, and it is also a practical living in the world in a manner which changes the world.

Enlightenment is beyond the duality of Good and Evil - beyond the Light and the Dark. It is beyond the conventional words used to express understanding. The apprehension of Enlightenment is the apprehension of *that* from which all life proceeds, and thus of *that* which is both the Light and the Dark, and the creative change which is evolution. As such, Enlightenment is beyond the Sinister.

The Seven-Fold Way is but one practical means where this aim can be achieved by individuals. It works. There are other ways, some of which may work. The academic learning which forms part of the Seven-Fold Way is also a means - it is but a step toward something beyond. Such a learning is a learning experience of itself - a means of apprehending some of the essence behind and beyond the words, the ideas, the theories. It is the practical work, in the world, and in regard to the transformation of the Self, which is important.

The Sinister Dialectic is but a means to promote and encourage

the Change which is necessary at any moment in our evolution - and this change is both personal, of the Self of he/she who is following the Way, and of others in the world, and thus of societies themselves. This change is for the most part positive - that is, it encourages evolution: the transformation of individuals. For it is this transformation of individuals, toward and beyond the Self (and thus toward Enlightenment) which is evolution, for us. Is this change 'good'? The question, as usually asked, is irrelevant - for what is good is what encourages evolution and what changes things in a positive way: that is, which changes individuals and makes them more 'enlightened'. This is the whole purpose of the Seven-Fold Way and of the Sinister Dialectic (or the Dialectic of Enlightenment to be exact!).

Each who travels the Way discovers things for themselves - they alone by their own efforts solve the problems which arise, as they work things out for themselves: rejecting what they do not need, and using what is helpful in their quest. For only thus does the true experience which is the foundation of wisdom arise. Those who cannot or will not do this, get lost, and fail. The means of Darkness, of the Sinister - the images, the language, the ideals, the practice, are mostly but a means - but a Gateway, a portal, a nexion, to discour-

age the weak and encourage the strong. For it is strong who are needed, the strong who survive in that most difficult quest of all - that of genuine Enlightenment. The rest would just waste the time of those who have gone that Way before - so they are filtered out before. They are thus the first test, the first Ordeal, which awaits those who wish to venture along this most difficult of Ways.

And yet the Darkness, the Sinister, must of itself be understood, in a practical and theoretical way, for without this understanding we believe there can be no true unification - no travel to the Beyond which is Enlightenment and the true unification of the opposites. This is where the Seven-Fold Way is unique. What is Dark must be *known*, for only then can the Self be born and create that which is beyond even the Self.

Nothing else needs to be written - or will be written by us, since enough has been written already to enable those, who possess the desire, to follow the Way to its end of Enlightenment.

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Christos Beest, ONA.
1998

Paganism: An Aryan Science

By Peter Georgarakos, White Order of Thule

As a pagan skeptical by nature, and from a scientific rather than religious background, I tend to raise an eyebrow when most people speak of "God," or "the Gods," especially as anthropomorphic beings. In following with this, I am of course also very skeptical of possibilities such as that the gods of old were aliens from another planet. Nevertheless, Joseph Kerrick's assertions [q.v. "Calling the White Gods," issue #2 of *Crossing the Abyss*] are based on actual occurrences and reports, and his logic is sound; also, I agree with Max Frith, that despite skepticism—which I feel is not only healthy but necessary—the phenomena surrounding the issues raised in the "alien" articles should not be flatly dismissed or ignored.

Falling back on my scientific knowledge, I feel I can give a psychological explanation of what man's gods are according to science, which, although on the most materialistic level, at least lends insight into the significance of paganism as an Aryan religion. This explanation may actually tie in with "alien" sightings, but whether it does or not, perhaps it will open new channels of thought concerning modern Aryan spirituality in toto.

Let me start off by making it clear that when I say "psychology" I mean

Jungian psychology, a European science which acknowledges race, and attributes to man a Soul, albeit a Soul on strictly scientific terms. I do not aver to the Jewish psychology of Freud, which essentially renders everyone a sexual pervert, and upon which most modern "new age" pop-psychology is founded.

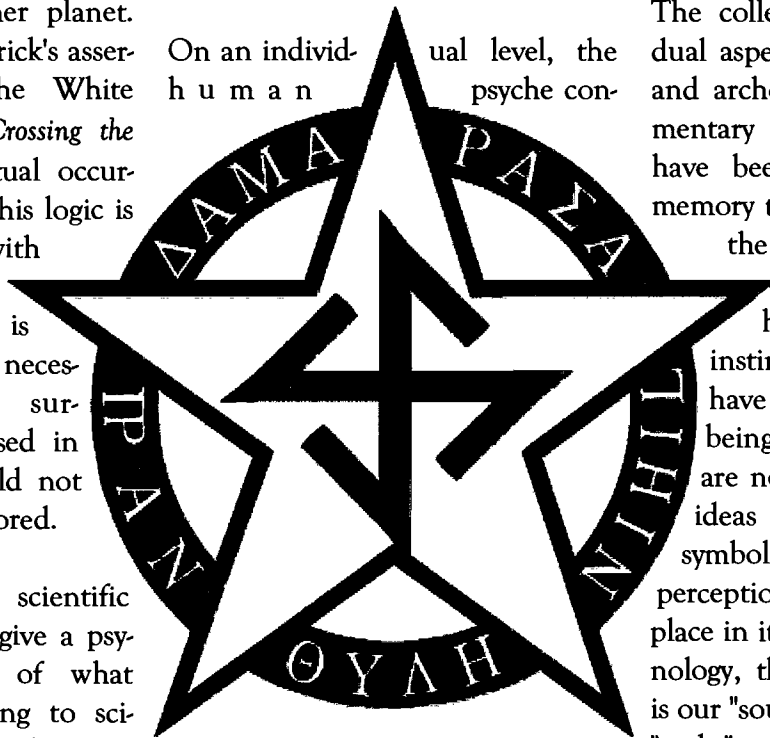
On an individual level, the human psyche con-

sists of the conscious, which is our "I am" state; the personal unconscious, which contains images and thoughts which were conscious but forgotten, sensations which did not meet the threshold of consciousness, or which were wholly suppressed from consciousness; and the collective unconscious, which is a mysterious realm not personal at all, but which is accessible, on unknown terms, by the personal un-

conscious. The collective unconscious is a psychic realm which we share with others, and it has been developed layer upon layer for aeons, so that the most accessible "layers" would be common to one's family, then the tribe, race, and so on.

The collective unconscious has a dual aspect—it consists of instincts and archetypes. Instincts are rudimentary survival responses which have been preserved in psychic memory throughout generations of the species. Archetypes are primordial images which have evolved out of the instinctual content because we have attained a certain level of being. These primordial images are nothing less than primitive ideas and symbols, or series of symbols, which formulate our perceptions of the world and our place in it. By strict scientific terminology, the collective unconscious is our "soul," and its archetypes, our "gods."

What are usually understood to be our instincts are in fact the *expressions* of our instincts. For in reality, no one knows exactly *what* an "instinct" is, but only the reaction it causes. Thus, when our hand touches a hot object, it automatically withdraws before we are able to self-consciously realize that the object is hot and we should withdraw to avoid injury. The withdrawing of the hand is commonly



referred to as an "instinct." But deeper consideration reveals that it is only a reflex *created* by the instinct, which is a life-preserving force we know little about. So all we have is a mental *conception* of a force we are truly unable to conceive of rationally. This situation is identical to what we commonly refer to as an "archetype." What is usually referred to as an "archetype" is truly our mental conception—in human terms—of a force or existence we cannot rationally comprehend. Just as with the instinct example above, the archetype is actually a reflex (mental) *created* by our psyche to convey to our lives the energies, matrices, and Will which lie *behind* life. To clarify this, Carl Jung used the term 'psychoid' when referring to the existence behind an archetypal image.

The reality of the Psychoid/archetype relationship is explanatory of the obvious thread of unity woven through all Aryan pantheons. All the gods, though unique to their people and time, are nevertheless an expression of the very same Psychoids. Thus, the same Psychoid which was conceived in the Hellenic psyche as Prometheus was conceived in the Norse psyche as Odin. There seems adequate evidence that Zeus and Thor were likewise localized expressions of the self-same Aryan Psychoid. When we understand this, we come to understand some other very important things: that all the gods of the past were merely forms of a deeper essence which is alive in us still today; that the Psychoids, as the *true* spiritual principles of paganism, express themselves according to each people and each era; and

probably, that overconcentration on forms or traditions, in lieu of paganism based on *essence*, is very likely preventative of a true spiritual *experience*.

To merely revert back to 1066 is an attempt to revive dead god-forms. Only the Psychoids themselves can truly do this. What we need today is not a revival, but a *re-presencing*: we need a living paganism. Form cannot give us this. But nearly 1000 years of Western Will-to-Power, in the form of abstract thought, has taught us alot. This century, Carl Jung gave us the deepest, most comprehensive understanding of the Aryan Soul (psyche) our people have had in historical times. With this knowledge, we *can* have a *living* paganism—the gods to *today's* Aryan Man. Jung said:

"Only the man who has outgrown the stages of consciousness belonging to the past, and has amply fulfilled the duties appointed for him by this world, can achieve full consciousness of the present. To do this he must be sound and proficient in the best sense—a man who has achieved as much as other people, and even a little more. It is these qualities which enable him to gain the next highest level of consciousness."

This is what the White Order of Thule (W.O.T.) seeks to do spiritually—achieve as much as other pagans, and "even a little more." We don't have to forget old god-forms, for they *were* expressions of the Psychoids. But we must fully understand the true principles which lie behind them. Due to tribal migrations and assimilations, many ele-

ments of the god-forms are overlapping, redundant, and inconsistent. It should be clear that many gods do not even truly belong in the pantheon they reside in. Is it not obvious that the Æsir and the Vanir were the sole pantheons of two tribes which came together? That the fact that Odin, Thor and Tyr are all gods of war also substantiates the claim that they were not part of a single pantheon originally? As tribes are assimilated into a culture, the conscious effort to assimilate their gods into a pantheon renders the subconscious significance of each god a little less meaningful. Lest these forms become meaningless idols, we must understand them ever-*anew*.

To help accomplish this, WOT utilizes the *Thulean Pantheon*. This is a four-image configuration based on the core principles—the Psychoids—of all Aryan pagan pantheons. It is called a "quarterternity."¹ If we trace back the original pagan religions of any Aryan people, we observe that there was a point in time when our ancestors knew that there is a God the Father, God the Mother, God the Son and God the Daughter. This substrate of primary religious knowledge underlies obvious theological distortions like the all-male Christian Trinity. The traditions of the ancient mysteries also identified these four Psychoids as aspects of a single, unified God. To this concept was usually given a name created using syllables using names from the four gods. This name can be referred to as the "**Quadrigrammaton**," and was often known as the "Holy Name of God."

WOT calls these Psychoids *Thuleos* the Father, *Thulea* the Mother, *Solarius* the Son, and *Sharya* the Daughter. The Quadri-grammaton is *Damarasha*. This word has psychoacoustical qualities, due to its potential influence on the psychic state of receptivity. Every one of us responded instinctively to the first two elements of the name before we were one year old: the very first thing we learned, conceptually and linguistically, was the identity of "Da and "Ma." "Ra" is an appropriate name for a son/sun god, and "Sha" is from the Indo-Aryan "Shakti," the essence of feminine entity before the attainment of motherhood.

While we in WOT use these Thulean Psychoids as our psychospiritual primordial images (among others), this is not mandatory in order to achieve the purposes of this science, or this article. Your representation of the Thuleos Psychoid can be Odin, just as it was for the Norse. What is important is the *essence* which lies *behind*, and which expresses itself *through*, the image. In like manner, Thor can represent the Solarius Psychoid, Frigga and Hela combined could represent Thulea, and Freya can represent the Sharya Psychoid. This science, called **Psychodynamics** by WOT, is a link between true psychology and paganism. "Psyche," was, after all, originally the Greek word for "soul." Psychodynamics need not replace Odinism or any other form of paganism, but with proper attention, it could greatly empower them, and make them transcend mere knowledge (or faith), into the realm of *experience*.

It is not the purpose of this article to fully explain Psychodynamics or the Psychoids—nor does space permit—but rather to introduce the concept, in the hope that our paganism may begin to evolve. Only thus can a new spiritual experience accompany the dawning of a New Aeon.

Archetypes are images of only a fundamental nature—they are never explanatory or directive; they transmit general "ideas" and "suggestions" to the personal unconscious, and our intellect and character form concrete concepts, philosophies, and world-views, on the conscious level.

Images of Odin, Freya, Zeus, Aphrodite, etc., were the primordial material from whence the ideation of our ancestors originated. Furthermore, archetypes are not limited in form to personages—the swastika, the runes, and other symbology originated on the collective unconscious plane of existence. This is the hermetic significance seldom understood about the use of such symbols—by our forefathers, by secret orders, by the Third Reich, and by our Movement, today. These symbols, when combined with other positive psychic influences, help tap into latent psychic energies which all Aryans possess. This is science, not religious speculation, but it is best titled "occult science," because it is the synthesis of science, philosophy, and spirituality; and because it is known and/or understood by very few.

In the last issue of this magazine, Max Frith correctly speculated that

it is possible that the alien beings experienced by many people (all of them White) are a modern-day conception of "gods." This idea, though strange, is nevertheless intriguing because it conforms with certain psychological principles. Psychic activity is never dormant—it has actively recorded every single intuition, sensation, thought and feeling you have experienced since the time your fetus experienced "mind," quite possibly, earlier. Thus, it stores and utilizes vast amounts of information. What Max was theorizing was that after many generations of ever-increasing materialism and technological dependency, our Aryan psyche is presenting us with archetypal images exactly conformed to that mold. This is not only possible, but very probable. As Jung said:

"Man has only to realize that he is shut up inside his mind and cannot step beyond it, even in insanity; and that the appearance of his world or of its gods very much depends upon his own mental condition."

As a matter of fact, it seems scientifically more likely that alien "gods" would be transmitted by our own collective unconscious, than those of the Odinist pantheon which was overthrown 1000 years ago. A tremendous amount of psychic impression has been added to our psyche since Christianity conquered the last pagan vestiges of Europe.

It is this very fact that interests me most about "alien" sightings and abductions, and the underlying spiritual questions they pose. If the "alien" sightings are due to primordial images from the collective un-

conscious—a subject even Jung broached—that means those little de-primalized "greys" are effecting my perception of the world also—and yours. But Psychodynamics includes processes which are magical—by the most scientific definition of the term—and which are exactly the type ritualistic method our ancestors used from time immemorial to tap into latent psychic energies and knowledge. It supplies us with a deeper understanding of images and actions which can help us dig through 1000 years of alien creed and materialism to reach the primordial forces which can help us today. This alone can return our psychic content, and thereby only, our genetic content, to the ascending path of evolution. These elements which we can conceive as archetypes are what make us Aryan (noble), and the further we move from them, the less Aryan we become. For if we understand that behind the instinct lies a deeper essence, and behind the archetype lies a deeper essence, we must understand that behind the blood lies a deeper essence also.

Moreover, Thule is the historical land of origination of the Aryan race, a land which even preceded the Lemurian and Atlantean, and which shall be a subject of our "Oceanic Kingdom" series. So, instead of a "hit or miss" attempt to activate psychic energies, using images (visual and vocal) which may have no results on the layers of your psyche, like Thor for those not of Scandinavian descent, or Apollo for those not of Greek descent, etc., the Thulean images, although corresponding to a deeper layer, are common to all Aryans. In

America, where ancestry is seldom certain, this is important, for the Thulean images lie at the core of every single European pantheon.

Contrary to popular American doctrine, "Odinism" (a name almost non-existent in Europe) was not the shared religion of "all northern Europeans." In fact, almost every area had its own gods, and when listed collectively, they number in the hundreds. Odinism, or properly labeled, Norse paganism, is popular today because, thanks to a couple of thoughtful Christians, information about it was best preserved.

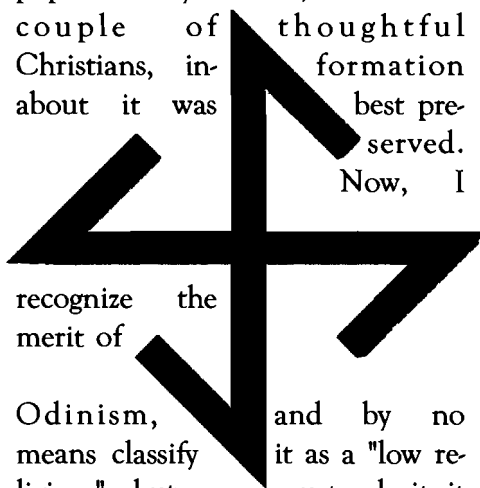
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recognize the merit of

Odinism, and by no means classify it as a "low religion," but we must admit it is simple as compared with modern thought-patterns, its mythological significance is shot-through with mere folk-tale, and all our information has been passed down by Christians, which historically demands that we question what is, and what is not, original, and therefore genuine (compare the legends of King Arthur!). Our spirituality should be consistent with contemporary thought. Science has taught us a lot in the last 500 years, and has become a cornerstone (one of them) of the Aryan mind—all this is wholly absent in Odinism. In view of all this, it becomes obvious that Odinism is simply not a system at the level of—never mind being able to elevate—the modern

Aryan weltanschauung. It is the essence of Aryan spirituality our Movement needs—not mere tradition and empty forms. I am not saying we need aliens for gods (haven't we had enough of that?), but I am saying we need very specific archetypes which represent concepts necessary for psychic harmony and growth. This includes a quaternity specifically akin to the Thulean one. The Father: wisdom, culture, and experience; Mother: genetrix of life, cosmic goddess, family; Son: ambitions, youth, conquering spirit, life-force; Daughter: fertility, wildlife, future of the race; and also Damarasha: a spiritual representation of becoming and renewal (of archetypal images) of the gods, and concomitantly, man; *Ur* is an extra, a chthonic deity representing man as animal, harmony of higher and lower attributes, evolution. These archetypes, which are fundamental to meaningful spirituality and psychological well-being, are not adequately represented in the Odinism the Christians have passed down to us.

However, we also recognize the spiritual and philosophical attachment to Odinism of many in the Movement, as a way to give practical expression to what one feels in his blood, or as perhaps a healthier alternative to either Christianity or Satanism. Whatever the case, we're not trying to replace your gods, but only trying to effectively stimulate the Aryan psyche, which must be a prerequisite to true Warriorhood. Whatever the nature of your own personal religion, Psychodynamics is properly labeled science, and has a proper place beside that part of your activism.



When we understand the principles behind the images and names, not only are we more likely to activate collective energies, but we'll also begin depositing positive images into our psyche, for ourselves and our posterity. Moreover, because our conscious and unconscious energies also effect all brainwashed Aryans who oppose us or ignore our message, our image-entries onto the psychic plane will ultimately affect their perceptions of the world also, whether they like it or not—this, too, is magic.

Religion might not be real to you, but your psyche, and our collective unconscious, most certainly is. It is a blue-blooded trait of the Aryan to create sciences—like psychology. And it is also an Aryan trait to use such to better himself, his people, and his world. The time for this step forward is now.

"Human knowledge consists essentially in the constant adaptation of the primordial patterns of ideas that were given us a priori. These need certain modifications, because, in their original form, they are suited to an archaic form of life but not to the demands of a specifically differentiated environment. If the flow of instinctive dynamism into our life is to be maintained, as is absolutely necessary for our existence, then it is imperative that we remold these archetypal forms into ideas which are adequate to the present."

—C.G. Jung, *The Undiscovered Self*

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Makrocosmos

ONA, 1997eh.

Satanic reasoning, and the judgement of a 'thing', derive from direct personal experience. Thus, for the Satanist, there can be no real understanding of something until that something is *lived*. Before then, understanding is merely academic, relying as it does on the validity of sources other than one's own experience. An understanding of a form cannot be acquired through academic research, since one never lives the form - there is only observation within the comfort and confines (morally and otherwise) of one's own life, in the same sense as a play or a film is viewed by an audience. For the most part, the student is free to be convinced or not by the evidence studied - there is still the freedom, consciously and unconsciously, to believe whatever one feels comfortable in believing. All there is, is 'opinion'.

With regard to a form which possesses spirit, *elan* [such as National-Socialism], there can be no crossing over from the life of the academic into that form via academic study, because the form so 'studied' is a living one; it cannot ever be really known through words and ideas (such as 'politics'), archaic folktales - or even Art and Musick. It is a revolution of the *soul*, and as such, true understanding via which a reasoned judgement may be derived, can only be developed by living that revolution; by experiencing the reality of those forces as those

forces are - by, essentially, living beyond the confines of one's own self.

With this living, the life of the individual, both inner and outer, is effected and changed by the experience because the experience is dynamic and direct - it disrupts, and unlike a book which can be dosed and put away, it lives within and without the individual every second of that experiencing. There is a deeper understanding gained whereby the force that motivates such a form is fully apprehended, and thus, the various causal manifestations (or 'histories'), are understood from the context of the essence, and are placed in perspective without the interference of contemporary morality and social sensitivity. Essentially, this dynamic method of understanding is the only method relevant to a form that possesses *elan*. This approach to learning may invalidate the methods by which the majority seek to establish their right to learn and so judge - but that is the reality. One either approaches learning as a consumer via the 'definitive', established approach (ie. investigation solely via the respected methods of academic bodies - such as 'universities'), or one seeks the difficult - and sometimes dangerous path of challenging one's own reasons for believing (and living!) via practical integration with a particular form.

Of course, there are very few who would undertake this direct ap-

Sinister

proach simply because, if they are being honest, they would not wish their lives to be so disrupted - and living life as, for example, a dangerous revolutionary is too frightening a prospect. For the Satanist, it is precisely these reasons which make such an undertaking necessary.

The development of Satanic reasoning is part of the purpose of the **Insight Role** (qv.). This alchemical method is very hard, as it requires the Satanist to believe in their role - and convince other non-Satanists of their sincerity via practical acts [it is no use just editing a (for example) National-Socialist journal - or writing learned articles for existing journals]. The role usually brings an alienation of occult comrades; family; other friends - sometimes the loss of personal freedom. It severely tests, and thus develops - or destroys - character.

This method is not, as some may perceive, solely a cynical/clever manipulation of a form for selfish ends, whereby all forms are regarded as merely means to be discarded when personally appropriate. An Insight Role teaches empathy. of forces that exist beyond the life of the Satanist, and how they influence the masses, contributing to the evolving of civilisations, etc. There is a real appreciation of the form so lived; an appreciation judged not solely from a 'Satanic/Sinister' - or socially conditioned - perspective, but according to the form as that form is, on its own "light" terms. The Satanist is and is not that role: an awareness that is, before Adeptship, quite difficult to live with - and is seldom, if ever understood by non-Initiates.

This is the meaning and purpose of Sinister Magick: to bring a *synthesis* via the conflict of opposites that exist within and without the Individual. This synthesis is the result of a practical journey, where this bifurcation must **still** be experienced if the forces that do still exist within the *psyche* of the Initiate are to be eventually understood, beyond intellectual apprehension, as 'abstractions'. Thus, the meaning of **Satan** and the purpose, for Individuals and Aeons, of the *Seven-Fold Sinister Way*: to undertake acts of **positive** opposition, 'blasphemy'; because without such acts of extreme defiance, there is no genuine inner liberation... and so shall it remain for many centuries to come (see *also Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass MS*).

An Insight Role thus creates a real understanding of **Aeonic** - an understanding beyond the self, and thus the cultivation of the faculty of Reason, and the glimmerings of genuine Wisdom. As stated, without this (arduous) experience, there is a staying where one is - despite whatever level of intellectual esoteric apprehension gained - centered around a mostly self-indulgent life-style. Essentially, without *experiencing* this bifurcation, the psyche will not be changed, thus preventing it from travelling towards those realms that separate the Initiate from the Adept.

ONA, 1997eh

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The Logic of To-Day

Might was right when Caesar
bled upon the stones of Rome,
Might was Right when Joshua led
his hordes o'er Jordan's foam,
And Might was Right when German troops
poured down through Paris gay;
It's the Gospel of the Ancient World
and the Logic of To-Day.

Behind all Kings and Presidents—
all Government and Law
Are army-corps and cannoners—
to hold the world in awe.
And sword-strong races own the earth
and ride the Conqueror's Car—
And *Liberty* has never been won,
except by deeds of war.

What are the lords of hoarded gold—
the silent *Semite* rings?
What are the plunder-patriots—
high-pontiffs, priests and kings?
What are they but bold master-minds,
best fitted for the fray?
Who comprehend and vanquish by—
the Logic of To-Day?

Cain's knotted club is scepter still—
the "Rights of Man" is fraud:
Christ's Ethics are for creeping things—
true manhood smiles at "God".
For Might is Right when empires sink
in storms of steel and flame;
And it is *Right* when weakling breeds—
are hunted down like game.

Then what's the use of dreaming dreams—
that "each shall get his own"
By forceless votes of meek-eyed thralls,
who blindly sweat and moan?
No! a curse is on their cankered brains—
their very bones decay:
-Go! trace your fate in the Iron Game,
is the Logic of To Day.

The strong must ever rule the Weak,
is grim Primordial Law—
On earth's broad racial threshing floor,
the Meek are beaten straw.
Then ride to Power o'er foemens neck
let *nothing* bar your way,

IF you are fit you'll rule and reign,
is the Logic of To-Day.

You must prove your Right by deeds of Might—
of splendor and renown.
If need-be march through *flames of hell*,
to dash Opponents down.
If need-be die on scaffold high—
in the mornings misty gray
For "*Liberty or Death*" is still
the Logic of To-Day.

Might was Right when Gideon led
the "chosen" tribes of old,
And it was right when Titus burnt
their Temple roofed with gold:
Might was Right from Bunkers Hill
to far Manilla Bay,
By land and flood it's wrote in blood—
the Gospel of To-Day.

"Put no trust in princes"
is a saying old and true,
"Put no hope in Governments"
translateth it anew.
All 'Books of Law' and 'Golden Rules'
are fashioned to betray;
"The Survival of the Strongest"
is the Gospel of To-Day.

Might was Right when Carthage flames
lit up the Punic foam—
And - when the naked steel of Gaul
weighed down the spoil of Rome;
Might was Right when Richmond fell—
and at Thermopalye
It's the Logic of the Ancient World—
and the Gospel of To-Day.

Where pendant suns in millions swing,
around this whirling earth,
It's Might, It's Force that holds the brakes,
and steers through life and death:
Force governs all organic life,
inspires all Right and Wrong.
It's Natures plan to weed-out man,
and *Test* who're the Strong.

The Sinister Work

Lyceus, ONA.

The two individuals passed through the Cathedral Main Gate. There was little difficulty in passing the ticket boxes, installed a year or so ago with the intention of collecting payment from the mass of tourists that passed through the Cathedral each year. The first individual showed his pass, he didn't speak or smile. His partner quickly spoke to the woman seated in the little office before continuing his journey.

It was an overcast day, a light rain gently fell towards the dampening earth, Without speaking to one another the two figures followed the path that provided tourists and pilgrims alike with a route around the Cathedral. Already the walls were becoming black, a sign that their power was growing stronger. Only the two individuals, both dressed in black, noticed the gargoyles and Green Men that smiled grimly down on the passers-by. Every now and again one of them would stop outside a doorway and speak a few words in Latin, a language that few used in modern times, but one that sustained within its grammar and syntax an emotive feeling that could concentrate the mind upon the Magickal Powers the individual was invoking. As their journey continued they passed the statue known as the 'Son of Man', they ignored it, knowing that soon it would become host to one of their own.

With their walk of the cir-

cumference completed they made their way inwards, entering the sanctuary of the Nazarene. Here, there had been many phases of building, the fire of 1174 had left half of the building in need of repair and there could still be seen many symbols and signs left by the Masonic workers. Over the following eight-hundred years building work had continued right up until modern times when the Nave had been refloored. And though the Nazarenes had ensured that no historical proof of the Old Ways was to be found during the recent phase of excavation and building work, whispered rumours of ancient mounds and sacred wells found within the Cathedral walls remained.

Walking around the upper part of the Cathedral the companions remained in a state of inner calm and meditation, the shorter of the two speaking Latin in a hushed voice. Reaching the pulpit the figures separated, as one focused his energies upon the Pulpit itself, watching as its body became blackened until it collapsed in upon itself as decay set in.

"To open the blind eyes, to bring the prisoners from the dungeons, and Them that sit in darkness out of the prison house..."

"...ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the isles, and the inhabitants thereof..."

"Let them give glory unto the Lord and declare his praise in the islands. The Lord shall go forth

as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war; he shall cry, yea, he shall shout aloud: he shall do mightily against his enemies.

Standing at the Lectern, the Priest carefully selected the verses from the Bible which lay open at the Book of Daniel, he smiled as his words formed images that filled the Cathedral with Chaos. Turning to the High Altar he felt the cold current of Chaos energy pass through his body and into the foremost place of Nazarene worship and it was destroyed.

When they entered the Crypt all was silent. Here they had come many times, in preparation, communing silently with the ancient images of the beasts: Wyverns, Dragons, Griffins, Green Men all apparent to the discerning eye. Their existence proving that the apparition of the Nazarene religion was but a thin veil through which the Old Ones look. Here, the minds eye, the Eye of Satan, could watch Them sleep, frozen in stone and yet, with the right Magick, They could be awoken and return as a cold wind that blows the stench of death upon a recent field of battle.

At the far end of the Crypt, known as Eastern Crypt there lay the Jesus Chapel, the Chapel of the impostor. Here the two Sinister Priests were left alone, a brief respite from the constant throng of tourists and pilgrims that unconsciously invaded the silence of their

Black Meditation.

Concentrating intently upon the energies they were invoking they began the slow unearthly chant of their Tradition: *Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla, teste Satan cum sybilla, quantos tremor est futurus, quando Vindex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus, dies irae dies illa.*" The words resonated throughout the Crypt, as though the Crypt itself had suddenly awoken from a sleep and was now replying or uniting with the Sinister Chant. With the second chant came the birthing and the preparation of the host who would become the new channel for the Chaos.

Looking at one another, on completion of their third chant, they moved to the Chapel of the Lady of the Undercroft, the central chapel in the crypt where they would light the three candles in honour of the work.

With their Black Meditation completed, in silence they left the Crypt, passing members of the Nazarene clergy as they left. Outside it remained overcast...

Epilogue

Late that evening, high upon one of the ancient hills that formed part of a ridgeway that passed through the countryside of South-East England, two individuals gathered to prepare the way for *They Who Are Never Named*. To attempt to open a Gate to the Land Beyond and so return to Earth the Blackest powers in the Universe...

Aperiatu terra et germinet Chaos

Lyceus, ONA.

Esoteric Tradition: Further Notes

In the light of recent archaeological discoveries, it is possible that the origins of Albion/Hyberborean culture are in fact much older than dates previously documented in Order teachings.

According to these recent discoveries, it may be suggested that the ethos which gave birth to the civilization of Albion was in existence at least 12 - 10,000 yrs BP. Recent findings have included the dating of the very early phases of Stonehenge to 10,500 yrs BP, and what could prove to be almost irrefutable evidence that this early Aryan civilization had visited/colonised what is now America [ie. the remains of 'Kennewick Man' - dated approx. 9,200 yrs BP].

It may yet be discovered that this ethos and associated civilization(s)/culture is indeed much older than the dates quoted above - that there did exist a civilization or culture which expressed in practice the genuine Western, or Aryan, esoteric Tradition at least 20,000 yrs BP. Whether or not this culture was an advanced expression of this ethos - ie. whether or not one or more of its various phases could be regarded as an aeon with an associated Higher civilization - will remain for the present unknown.¹ However, the present writer is inclined to believe that the evolution of this ethos was slow

and organic - and in its beginnings until the time of Albion "primitive" and largely intuitive, not necessarily implying the urge to order that is characteristic of a civilization.

This spiritual legacy, which evolved to inspire the building of several ancient structures across the globe, flourished throughout Albion up until 5,500 yrs BP, after which time there was a slow decline/loss. The height of this flourishing is identified by Tradition as the Hyperborean Aeon. After 3,000 yrs BP - at this time there occurred significant social change (possibly in part connected to the influx of the Celts, and the gradual ordering/emergence of the "Druids") - the "Tradition" (or rather, the remnants of its teachings) was preserved solely in an area of the Welsh Marches [and from thence to 1,500 yrs BP - inauguration of the Western Aeon - and from there to present day].

It must be remembered that the "Tradition", this legacy of Albion, is much more than an inherited set of (now fragmentary) teachings. It was, and is, a certain *attitude* to life (qv. *Exeat, Eira*, and "Aeonics" MSS).

Essentially, the "Tradition" was and is a way of Being - beyond even the structures/histories/images/words associated over the aeons with "the Sinister". It is *ethos*: a way

still exemplified, as pure as it was in its origins, in the lives and the living of present-day genuine Initiates.

^^^

There has been some confusion in recent years concerning the nature of the "worship" that characterised the culture of Albion. Knowledge of the stars played a deeply essential role in the social structure for various reasons (some of which are unknown), but this did not make the people of Albion "stellar worshippers". Here, one has to be clear about the meaning of "worship".

The culture of Albion was comprised of solar cults for some very simple and fairly 'non-esoteric' reasons. The main reason, and thus the true nature of "worship", is revealed to anyone who has spent time living a simple and genuine rural existence of self-sufficiency, or has spent time living thus, alone, in a real natural wilderness. What is revealed should be obvious: our fundamental relationship, as living beings who require life, with the Sun.

ONA, 1998eh.

¹ According to the Dark Gods mythos (see various MSS), this culture could be said to be a legacy from contact with either or both the "Dark Gods" and the "Elder Gods" - or a direct continuation or derivative of one of those "extra-terrestrial" civilizations/ethos.

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Esoteric Tradition In North America

According to Esoteric Tradition, the culture which existed in Albion extended and explored a good bit further than its epicenter - and its origins may be much older than previously believed (qv. *Esoteric Tradition - additional notes* MS). It is related that the peoples of Albion¹ may have settled as far as North America/Canada. Recent controversial archaeological finds may be establishing a good deal of evidence for this.

The best known of these recent discoveries is 'Kennewick Man' - whose remains were found in a small town in Washington state. Though initially assumed to be the 9,200 year old remains of a Native American, further examination has suggested that these remains resemble European Man more so than a Native American. The remains have been placed at being between 9,200 and 9,600 years old, which would suggest that the origins of the civilization of Albion extended as far as even the northern United States.

Much controversy has ensued over the notion that Kennewick Man may be European, or a direct relative thereof. Naturally, given the current state of human interaction in North America, such a notion - since it might benefit European Americans at the 'expense' of the Native Americans who believe him to be one of their descent - is strongly looked down

upon. Though if we are ever to look at history accurately, this is a notion which needs be explored.

It is believed that the flow of Aryan population stretches from Europe, through Northern Asia, across the Bering 'land bridge' and into Alaska/North America. Recent Scientists have given support to the notion that European Man occupied the entire northern region of Asia at one point, enabling such a movement into North America. Esoteric Tradition has also stated that the hyperborean civilization was sea-faring, and may have explored as far as Iceland and North America via the waters. While it seems more likely that Kennewick Man came to North America via the Bering land bridge, the possibility still holds that other hyperboreans may have visited by sea. The seafaring nature of Albion, and travel to North America would have been made much easier then, due to the lower sea levels. Some scientists have gone even as far in this theory as to hypothesize that early Europeans may have visited North America on 'skin boats'.

The controversy surrounding Kennewick Man, may eventually result in the cease of scientific examination of the remains, and reburial by the Native Americans. While this outcome is not likely, since the evidence suggests he is not of Native American descent, it remains a possibility. At the time of

writing, the issue is at a stand still, while the remains are given time to adjust to the environment they have recently been moved to for further study. It is anticipated that the outcome of the studies will spark much further exploration of the notion that hyperborean (or *pre-hyperborean*) man traveled and settled as far as the United States.

Suggested further reading and references:

- ♦ Various Notes on Esoteric Tradition, including those contained in Hostia - Regarding the dating of esoteric tradition, the possibility of hyperborean civilization traveling, via the sea, to North America and so on.
- ♦ Tri-city Herald (Kennewick, Washington) news story archives. Available via the internet at:
<http://www.tri-cityherald.com/bones/>
- ♦ Northern Clans, Northern Traces.
<http://www.nmnh.si.edu/arctic/html/ancient.html>

Thornian, ONA. 1999eh.

¹ The Hyperborean civilization of Albion being dated approximately 7,000 - 5,500 years BP (5,000 - 3,500 BCE). However, originally Tradition stated that the hyperborean civilization existed around 7,000 to 6,000 BCE. This was revised after a thorough examination of the dating of the Tradition (qv. The Dating of Esoteric Tradition MS), as it is believed the original Tradition may be off by at least a thousand years.

Beyond Illusion

Christos Beest, ONA. 1998eh

All authentic occult Ways bring enlightenment - that is, they bring a living apprehension of the cosmos as a unified Being, and the purpose of individual existence in accord with that Being. In the Dark Tradition, this apprehension is but a beginning.

The Sinister Path aims to bring this apprehension via its various Grade rituals, ordeals and tasks. These experiences, as has been written many times, gradually expand individual consciousness into actuality. The Initiate, if they are honest with themselves, will know what experiences are necessary in order to bring an internal balance, and so enable progress along the Way.

However, these various ordeals do not in themselves produce enlightenment. In understanding this, an Initiate of the Way must cease to view the ordeals as forms of conventional "Occultism"; that is, as isolated rituals which supposedly provide "quick fix" results, and an instant attainment of some grand occult title. The ordeals must be understood as ways and means to enlightenment only within the context of the whole journey, from "novice" to "immortal".

In particular, each Grade ritual is a rite of consolidation, a method to distill the wisdom from the previous tasks and ordeals (such as an "Insight Role"). For example, the Grade ritual of External Adept, by its very nature, provides the conditions necessary to reflect upon the

previous stage of Initiate, and to thus allow a process of understanding to occur unhindered. This understanding, produced by the conditions of the rite *and* derived from the experiences which have led up to it, is the quintessence of each Grade ritual.

By allowing this consolidation, via a method which fulfils Satanic criteria, character and creativity is deepened and further evolved, and thus the next stage of the Way is made possible. This next stage signifies the practical implementing of this "further evolving" in the real world.

This process is particularly demonstrated by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. The conditions of long isolation and silence enable, really for the first time, genuine understanding of the Way as previously and uniquely experienced by the prospective Adept. This understanding occurs of itself, because the prospective Adept has ceased the practical, dynamic life of experience that was previously required.

Thus, the rite of Internal Adept only produces enlightenment when a sufficient amount of sinister experiencing has occurred (usually over a period of three to seven years following Initiation). The ritual may be undertaken at any time, but may not produce what it is designed to produce if the time is not ready for its undertaking: this is to say that enlightenment does not merely result from spending a minimum

amount of three months living isolated in the wilderness. It is easy to become enchanted with the "glamour" and challenge of the image of that particular rite: but the outward form is only surface and meaningless if undertaken simply for its own sake.

The prospective Adept therefore will come to an intuitive understanding of the essence of that ritual beyond its appearance, within a time-frame unique to their own development. When that intuitive understanding occurs - and the individual will know when it does - then all the conditions, esoteric and exoteric, are present for a genuine, successful undertaking. Any attempts prior to that point of intuitive understanding implies that the ritual is being undertaken for the wrong reasons, and will end in failure.

One such reason is to see the rite of Internal Adept as an escape from/ solution to personal problems or circumstances - and for those subjected to the pressures and sicknesses of modern urban life (or the culture of the "real world" in general), the allure of living as the archetypal Hermit is understandably very strong. But the ritual does not in itself constitute a new way of life - although it does give, perhaps incidentally, a glimpse of the beginnings of such a way; and if such a new way is desired, then it must be discovered and created prior to or following the ritual itself. (Conversely, an established, productive and "happy" life can produce excuses *not* to undertake the ritual.)

Following completion of the Internal Adept rite, the new Adept returns to the world and begins to

implement their Destiny, of which they are now conscious. The tasks then required are devised by the Adept themselves, in accord with that Destiny. Only when (and if) the primary goals of that Destiny are achieved, can the next stage of Master/Mistress occur.

Essentially, the undertaking of a Grade ritual should not occur as a consequence of allowing unconscious and personal motivations to dominate (which are then obscured in fine-sounding ideas or excuses). Personal dilemmas are there to be resolved in other ways, and the Grade rituals there to be allowed - no matter what the desire of the Initiate - to occur *of themselves*. In allowing this, the Initiate needs to develop a certain detachment from the personal - a combination of the intuitive and the objective.

Where the various other tasks are concerned, such as those listed in *Hostia*, the Initiate is occasionally led into these by the individual who is acting as their guide. Sometimes such tasks are not undertaken altogether willingly, but are experienced because the advice of the guide - someone who has travelled further along the Way - is trusted and accepted. Such tasks harden personal character, provide greater insight into oneself and the world, and further refine a sinister focus and understanding. Such a focus/purpose/sense of Destiny, enables judgement and the endurance to see that judgement through.

As for the Grade rituals - at least beyond the Grade of External Adept - the Initiate must themselves learn to wait and watch for the right time and trust, amidst the

alchemy of other tasks, that such a time will arrive, to thus be acted upon, using their own initiative. This time does not stay, but is as a gate that will open and then begin to slowly close, until the opportunity is lost. In this - as in all other aspects - self-honesty is the fundamental requirement of anyone who seriously aspires towards the ultimate goal of wisdom.

To conclude: an Initiate should ask themselves the following questions. What really is the purpose, for the individual and beyond, of each Grade ritual? Is such an ordeal undertaken because of the glamour and promise of its "image"? Is the ritual to be manipulated for personal ends, or are there larger forces involved to which the individual must learn to listen? If there is a larger force, what is it and how is the individual to listen? In so answering, there is no point in simply regurgitating the expected ONA theory; one must answer according to how one *feels*.

A real Adept knows the answers.

CB, ONA. 1998eh

[See also *Creating Falcifer MS*]

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FENRIR



'Journal of the Sinister'
Volume V, Issue One

FENRIR

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and the Sinister'

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* A now replaced image from the Sinister Tarot.

Fenrir

Once the official external publication of the English Traditional Satanist Order, the Order of Nine Angles(ONA), 'Fenrir' has now taken a somewhat new face. In lieu of the ONA's return to coverision; Vindex Press has decided to continue 'Fenrir' as a publication of Satanism and the Sinister. The focus of 'Fenrir' has, however somewhat changed. Rather than exclusively focusing on Traditional Satanism as explicated by the ONA, 'Fenrir' will serve as a publication concerning a variety 'underground' organizations.

One fundamental difference that will surely be noticed between 'Fenrir' and other Satanic magazines is the focus of attention. As there are already quite a few professional and widely-distributed magazines covering the tenets and virtues of 'LaVeyan' Satanism, 'Fenrir' will retain its focus, at least for now, on the more 'hidden' traditions within the Left Handed Path*.

'Fenrir' is geared mainly toward those more involved and understood in the esoteric teachings of the Left Hand Path, Satanism, Darkside Paganism, Aeonics, Vampirism, and such like. Thus the material contained herein is essentially of an 'initiated' level.

Any organizations, or independent parties, who wish to submit their writings to appear in 'Fenrir', please do so to the following address. Anonymous submissions are accepted.

Fenrir
P.O. Box 631194
Houston, TX 77263-1194
U.S.A.

Email: fenrir@satanism.net

*This is not to suggest that 'Fenrir' has a bias, the editor of 'Fenrir' wishes only to not rehash already well circulated information, but rather new and useful information. Should further submissions come from more overt organizations, 'Fenrir' will give the same opportunity for publication within its pages.

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The main purpose of 'Fenrir' is to make available to the general public certain esoteric teachings of the Left Hand Path. In the life-long quest for Insight that so expresses the Left Hand Path, it is important that readers seek to understand with an open mind the information that finds them. It is this willingness to view things from all sides of the spectrum, and make personal assessments after a relatively complete understanding is attained (or more importantly *experienced*), that truly separates the Individual from the easily influenced.

'Fenrir' exists as yet another avenue through which the Sinister can flow.

Vindex Press and the Internet Satanic Syndicate
<http://www.satanism.net/>

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From the **Black Book of Satan I**, Conrad Robury.

CHACONNE

It had taken him many years of dreamcraft to locate the planet; long stretches of time seeking an answer to a question only intuitively felt. And now, through the power of Thought, Squilver stood upon the desert soil of yet another world.

But this world was very different to those others he and his ancestors had explored - those ancestors who, aeons ago, had left their green and blue home to spread outwards into the cosmos, as befitted a race of gods. That home now only existed in images and ageless legends.

Squilver knew that They would one day guide him to this place. The faith he carried within had been nurtured throughout the achingly long span of aeons by the shadowy and often misunderstood few who had waited, as They had waited, for the time to come full circle. Tradition spoke of those few guardians, and kept alive their names and deeds.

The old chants weaved patterns in his mind: *Nythra kthunae Atazoth ... Reryh, meril eildof feterit nye ...* And his soul sang the living songs of all those who had gone before him. Squilver, follower of the Seven-Fold Way, stood now as All Things - all histories; all creatures; all individuals. As he breathed, so did the planet: this primal realm, now more than just the dream which first inspired his species to yearn for the wide spaces beyond.

And the purple sand was blown around him and blown across the shells of the past, beneath a diamond shaped moon, of lizard-green.

He moved among geometric forms that were visible only to his inner eye and sensed their presence, though long silent, long neglected, still puncturing the dimensions. He rested beside one, and listened to the chanting wind.

Squilver took from a bag a humanoid skull, blackened with age. Legend related it as being the head of a follower of the Path, who lived upon and was buried in the earth of the green and blue homeland. His body had been removed from its secret place and re-buried on the first new world, when the seeding of the cosmos had begun. The head of this individual remained in the keeping of each Heir to the Tradition. Red hair was still matted to the jaw-line, and within the skull was lodged an equally aged crystal, shaped as a tetrahedron.

Squilver held the object and fixed his gaze on the horizon. Volcanic extrusions and screes of shattered rock brought to him an ancestral echo, and very briefly he saw, standing amongst the grey and white rocks, the phantasms of two humanoids of male and female appearance. Others clambered the rocks to stand by the couple, but the vision was soon obscured by the distant clouds of sand.

With one hand, Squilver held the skull, and with the other touched the unseen object by which

he stood. The object was a dodecahedron, and whilst ice-cold, began to thrill Squilver's flesh with the current of Life. And thus, he began to chant: *Otonen Satanas, faus rige cedar fising, Mach beoda ...*

As the chant swelled, he visualised the rotating, scything wheel under which his people had first spread out into the starry realms. He sensed his consciousness expand likewise into the cold depths as the chant took him over - as the crystal, as the unseen form, as the dust and rock and wind flowed with his voice, until there was only the surge of Life itself ...

And yet, the experience was tinged with something unsettling. Forces opposed to Squilver and his Way groaned and stirred and clawed their hatred in some far distant place. There was a momentary wavering of intent, as something within Squilver recognised the Forces as those long regarded as vanquished.

But it was of no matter now: the many invisible shapes that littered the landscape filled with green life which broke through to unfurl across and within the sand. The sound of water took over as the chant reached its completion.

His first task complete, Squilver let his instinct walk him through the crawling land, the growing light of the sky and the scent of rain mirroring his own inner awakening. The purpose of his individual life no longer slept as a promise, but was now embodied and living within every cell of his Being, within every cell of all the life forms that flourished around him - as it had always been intimated, by the legends and traditions of his people.

He was led to stand by an awakened stream that flowed down from high, rocky hills. The water of the stream was quietly fed from above by a pool shaded by gentle moorland slopes. Squilver sat amidst the young heather and looked out over a bay that opened out into a calm sea, the sparkling waters bearing distant islands.

On a far shore across the bay, stood a dwelling. To Squilver, it appeared breath-takingly ancient, the thrill of some older treasured time living before his eyes. It was a squat, white building, of stone, crowned with a long dark brown roof, possibly of grass or moss. A wooden door, rough and mis-shapen, barred the entrance while the windows, small cubes of darkness, intimated the emptiness within. Behind the dwelling, the rising slopes were cut with strips, presumably for the growing of crops.

Tears of ecstasy, of revelation, welled in his eyes as he gazed upon his future. In that dwelling, Squilver would reside for a season, and complete the tasks of a prospective Magus. On completion, the others would join him, and the long trek of Ages since Their banishing would truly be at an end.

And through Their joining, the legendary Nexion would become fully opened, heralding a new cycle of Aeons. No one would dare again seek to seal the rent ...

SATANISM - A BRIEF GUIDE TO THE ART OF MAGICK

One of the long-term aims of the Dark Tradition is to bring to consciousness *for the majority* the reality of the Force that is **Satan**. This 'dis-covering' will result in the upward evolutionary surge known as the 'New Aeon'.

A magickal Order, such as the ONA, is only one of several forms by which Satan is presented - and presented in the most undiluted of ways, without the obstruction of mortal fears. In one sense, all genuine sinister orders are an invocation to Satan: they constitute in themselves a magickal ritual, with each member understanding the conditions required if the long-term goal of the rite is to be attained. This magickal ritual, being founded upon the uncompromising principles of Nature, contains within it spontaneous or unknown factors which defy the imposition of abstract dogma. By this magickal ritual the unique creativity, the uniqueness of Being possessed by each Adept, is allowed to develop of itself.

But that uniqueness of Being is also the Will of the Cosmos itself, and thus certain types of individual creativity are Life made manifest during its course of Evolution - this is to say, in esoteric terms, that certain types of creativity presence the acausal. In essence, the creativity/magick that marks Adeptship is nurtured and expressed by individual *defiance* - the uniqueness of Being which is Satan.

Because genuine acts of magick presence the acausal, the relationship of magick with 'the world' can be said to be "wholistic": a relationship where the difference and diversity of Nature and 'forms' e

xist to enable the spirit (or Being) of the Cosmos to thrive and evolve - ultimately there is nothing which exists external to this continuous flow of Change; nothing which can be influenced or changed *in isolation*. A genuine Adept understands this, and begins to embody in their individual life, this most natural of esoteric paths: the way of *empathy*. As all genuine sinister magickians are quick to point out, this apprehension currently exists at odds with conventional esotericism. A well-quoted example is the qabalistic approach (as sickeningly influential today as ever) which involves the magickian - or more accurately 'sorcerer' - in viewing the forces of Nature as separate, often barbarous material to be dominated and manipulated for personal ends.

A highly evolved esoteric Order would not be characterised by this 'grimoire' approach, since such an approach lacks a binding purpose, a great and clear vision which would enable members to transcend the personal and become the organic whole of a true magickal order - an order which is the life of the Cosmos manifested in a conscious way, and pertinent to a particular moment in causal time. A profusion of this latter type of magickal Order would be one such result of the New Aeon made manifest.

In other words, what could be described as conventional occultism is that which is swayed by abstract theories over observation and intuition, whilst the genuine *Western Way* - for which read 'the Septenary System', Traditional Satanism, and so on - is concerned with what actually exists beyond limited personal forms. In real magick, there is an initial attempt to mimic the flow of natural forces, until an integration is achieved and with it, large-scale *Willed Change* - that is, conscious aeonic evolution. Via this process of magick - still the province of the select few (Satanists of course!) - the Cosmos can progress to its next stage of existence: to live consciously via its manifestations; to evolve from childhood to adult existence. This is the secret of *The Great Work*.

This path of genuine magick does not involve however the slavish following of some 'cosmic doctrine'/mandate, or any other such dogma. It involves the individual in freeing themselves from *all* influences in order to live, or become, the reality of the forces of Life itself. Thus the purpose of the Seven-Fold Way: to guide its Initiates towards the attainment of self-insight, where the 'personal' exists as a method to express the Cosmos, and not as a hinderence - through *projections* - of the apprehension of Life as a unified whole. The reality can only ever be experienced anew by each Initiate, since this apprehension of Life is a *way of Being*, and can only, as yet, be partially described by abstract methods. Thus each new Satanist - and genuine Satanic order - is a new manifestation of the living essence: thus there is Evolution.

A magickal order such as the ONA is not motivated by trends in contemporary thinking, although it may on occasion manipulate 'fashion' to provoke an appropriate outcome. All forms - from magickal systems, to 'Art,' to revolutionary political organisations (etc.) - have a finite life-span, but the criteria by which present-day Occultists judge forms as 'useful' or 'outmoded' is most usually influenced by temporal trends, by the *status quo*; little though this is consciously recognised.

One type of essential form so judged is the *archetype*. As discussed in Order MSS relating to *Aeonics*, the life-span of an archetype is not tied to 'linear time', or effected in any way by fleeting trends in society. At the very least, archetypes die when the civilisation to which they are bound dies - when a new aeon becomes manifest. Thus, they are subject to an aeonic/'alchemical' mode of time rather than the abstracted form by which we tend to live our personal lives, since 'time' is simply a measure of the change of *Cosmic* matter and energy.

But even on the cusp of a new aeon, an archetype may spawn offspring - or rather, it may continue to *change* according to its nature and particular mode of time. This occurs when the ethos of one aeon is continued and evolved into the next, as hopefully will occur during the transition from this present Western Aeon to the next 'Galactic' one.

In order to really understand such things as archetypes, one must attain through self-effort, the aforementioned liberation from all contemporary influences - and from those influences which lie *outside* temporal forms. Most who do not follow the Seven-Fold Way will not achieve those stages beyond 'individuation' because the present concept of 'liberated thinking' or occult understanding is still in itself *dictated by the influences that engineer this present society/culture*. With regard to implementing the practical, 'magickal' purpose of archetypes, personal 'like' or 'dislike' of one form or another does not necessarily validate or invalidate the reality of that form, and should not provide the basis for making a reasoned judgement of what is, or is not, of aeonic significance (this is particularly true of 'politics' ...).

In general, archetypes exert influence upon the unconscious, with mostly indirect results. However, Satan (or perhaps more accurately *Satanas*) is a *numinous symbol*, a living, Earth-based manifestation of the acausal. As such Satan is that force made conscious, and the gateway through which we as sentient Beings *become* the Will of the Cosmos.

Thus, Satan is the word, "image", vibration, chant and deed of Cosmic evolution itself. The 'magick' of Satan and the Dark Gods in general are for us the keys to that Evolution. How present (or past) cultures view Satan is not entirely relevant, and should not be seriously considered by those attempting to form a judgement. Again, the reality *has* to be experienced.

A Sinister organisation [and *Satanas* is the epitome of the Sinister] possesses that reality and

seeks to increase the Cosmic Tides via its works in the 'real world'.

Thus, the "chaos" trend of viewing all causal forms as merely means towards the 'Occult' attainment of some 'thing' is mistaken, because in this, a purely causal frame of reference - particularly in terms of 'time' - is used to judge that which actually possesses both causal *and* acausal components.

Not all forms by their causal nature express limited understanding of acausal forces. While some methods are practical tools by which the individual may attain various magickal levels (as in some **Insight Roles**), others *are* those forces made manifest in the causal world: that is, the form so created is not a nexion to channel or presence the essence - it is the very essence itself; the essence evolving as it must evolve in causal time and space. This is so because such manifestations possess the greatest capacity to presence the continuous flow of Change that is Life [and significantly, do not always conform to conventional 'Occult' expectations: they are viewed as 'exoteric']. That some forms may express things that are culturally understood as 'plebian', primitive, or "Old Aeon" is absolutely irrelevant to their capacity to cause aeonic Change. This discernment requires the *Satanic* qualities of insight, knowledge, intuition and reason.

For those unique individuals whose Destiny is tied to such a form, there is no living of that form while hiding the "esoteric reality", the esoteric wisdom - the occult aspect. There is no clever deceit, no skilled manipulation, because the form created is the reality, *is that esoteric wisdom made real and practical*. This is the domain of **Vindex**, that much misunderstood embodiment of creative Change. Vindex does not really need 'the Occult' in conventional terms, to presence, or access the numinous ideals that s/he represents. Such things, in this case, only obscure the essence of Change, of evolution - as they can often distance a person from the creative numen which can and does provoke such an evolution.

Because of the nature of human consciousness, we possess the capability to extend and create symbols and forms (such as language, or more simply sound) which could describe the essence itself. Not all abstract symbols [whether mathematical, magickal or other] need inherently and ultimately obscure the essence; and neither is it in their nature - or in the nature of any form for that matter - to presence the acausal by purely intellectual procedures. In this we need to understand and integrate with existing numinous symbols in order to spawn completely new forms - this initial confrontation and then synthesis of 'opposites' (in terms of the psyche) allows the necessary organic (and latent) relationship to develop between human life and symbols and other forms.

The majority are still swayed by archetypal forces conventionally described as "light" and "dark". That there exists a reality beyond such opposites does not mean that those opposites, *for the majority*, do not exist. They exist and exert influence until they are confronted and transcended. A magickal Order understands this, and thus seeks to guide its adherents towards the realms 'beyond opposites' via appropriate ordeals/Grade rituals - that is, via the fires of *experience*. That some (and they are very few) may attain this transcendence does not mean that such archetypes cease to exist for others, or that the realms beyond opposites are any more 'real'. Each realm, from those symbolised by Initiate to Magus, expresses a reality in the process of Evolution, and cannot be accurately comprehended in linear terms. In one practical sense, what is "good" and what is "evil" may be said to exist, since these are the concepts, at this point in time, by which a society views the world - by which life, for the majority, is still influenced. That the definition of moral absolutes may alter over the ages does not itself alter the essence by which they effect the process

of human living.

This bifurcation still exists because that is the nature of our species at present, as it has been for centuries, despite the many external changes that have occurred, and despite the intellectual musings of philosophers and occultists alike. This is unlikely to begin to change significantly until the emergence of the next aeon - some four hundred years from now. Thus a rite such as the genuine **Black Mass** still possesses real magickal purpose for individuals at a certain level of their development, as well as contributing to the necessary, broader aeonic changes. Such a rite accesses Nazarene/Magian energies and then re-directs them in a sinister way - and, as has been stated elsewhere in *ONA MSS*, the Satanist does not *believe* in the reality of "God", or the 'divinity' of the Nazarene, only that others so believe. Thus, there is still great relevance in promoting and practising a system of genuine "Black" magick which aims to counter the works of those who promote and practise magick of the "White" variety: in terms of the psyche of the West, a *cosmic battle* must still be played out if a synthesis is to be achieved by civilisation as a whole. In esoteric terms, this is to say that our civilisation has not as yet evolved to the stage of Adeptship. The goal of the Sinister Initiate is to aid this aeonic synthesis, and the methods by which they achieve this for *the majority* will differ in many instances from those which enabled this achievement for them as *individuals*.

In reality, both an esoteric Black and White Order *do* exist, but the form that is now conventionally understood as "evil" is instead the way that will allow the necessary transition to take place, and thus prevent the stagnation and decay that would result from the triumph of Magian forces [as presenced by the "White" Order]. In the most profound sense therefore, it is the Sinister Path that enshrines 'divinity', little though this would be understood by the majority - but such an understanding by the majority is neither relevant, desirable, nor possible at this time.

In this very real Cosmic battle, Satan does not feature as some Judaeo-Nazarene device to oppress 'the Folk', but as a numinous symbol for our civilisation, of all that defies the counter-evolutionary force of the Magian. What is rarely expressed, however, amidst the rabid cries for a *Ragnarok*, is that such counter-evolutionary forces are *part* of the process of Cosmic Change, *part of the Wyrd of Western civilisation*. For without such opposition there is no real evolution, no Triumph of the Will - and no *Life*. Thus to oppose such counter-evolutionary forces is to *positively* aid aeonic evolution and bring the intergration with Nature so often sought by those who follow an Occult way.

As practitioners of magick, we must have the understanding to allow those numinous symbols which presence - or 'order' - the wyrd of the aeon to which we are bound, to evolve unhindered according to their own mode of time; to flow with, and consciously *become* those forces, rather than aid counter-evolutionary powers by allowing limited personal ideas and projections to dominate.

Real practitioners of Aeonic magick do not *project* their own understanding onto the society of their time, as they do not seek in their practises to elevate the understanding of their contemporaries by willful self-expression. Changes in the collective psyche will take much longer than one lifetime, and will instead swell in waves, over Aeons. Thus, a genuine practitioner of Aeonic magick works with the raw materials and possibilities that characterise the society of their time: they do not work beyond practical boundaries. And in this, importantly, an Aeonic magickian is not swayed solely by the desire to witness the fruits of their understanding in their own personal

lifetime; they plan for centuries ahead, and embody in their Being the slowness of evolution, the Wisdom of Ages ...

For the Present, we exist in a society characterised by a 'supermarket' approach of choice and consumption, where individuals no longer create history, but look backwards and study, and romanticise - and distort. The realm of the Esoteric is no exception to this, and thus it is vital that we as Occultists, as creative individuals, cease to waste our time delving into the folk-tales and legends of past, dead cultures - this includes those of the Norse, Celtic, Saxon, and whatever else passes for conventional esoteric interest.

Because to derive esoteric inspiration from the dim and distant deeds of an archetype is an utter waste of the magickal opportunity that exists *now*, with the people who exist *now* and the potential that *they can embody in the future*. To create and perform rituals based on a dim and distant fireside tale - or employ the symbolism of a past communal life-style - is a counter-productive [in aeonic terms] *indulgence*. A 'culture' is, magickally, unimportant. What matters is civilisation - or more precisely, the living, evolving force that moves a civilisation forwards, and which is in itself embodied by that civilisation. In this, the creativity of an associated culture is only of relevance if it presences this living, moving force.

When we enter a place of enigmatic 'historical interest', such as an old settlement or stone circle, we do not need to psychically unravel - or seek to re-enact - the secrets of a past community: we who live now *are* those secrets, we *are* that enigma. We must only tap into the genius of our creativity and flow forwards, leaving the monuments, the ruins - the dead shells - where they belong. If there is a message locked within the unknown dolmen, it is this.

However, to use the form of an ancient or old archetype for the purpose of doing something with that archetype in the world is another matter. But this implies re-presenting such an archetype as the hero of a *new* mythos - a mythos entirely representational of the current aeonic phase, and by that token one which allows the next phase to be reached.

Thus, a *new* mythos would feature an established archetype committing great acts of nobility (and great acts of *terror*), the nature and form of which would inspire and liberate the 'modern masses'. The magick of the archetype would be in its living *now* in the real world, rather than having existed in some ethereal realm of the past; a past when the manifestation of Human life was, in many respects, very different to today. These differences lie in what is and what is not practically needed in order for the people of modern 'Western' society to feel inspired towards overcoming the problems, self-imposed and otherwise, of their day-to-day existence.

Thus, the deeds of this archetype could be a re-presentation of those acts committed by a real-life, modern day hero (such as a Satanist) - or the creation of a new legend, the practical basis of which has yet to occur, therefore inspiring individuals to bring it to life in the causal world ... The ways and methods of this powerful magickal technique are legion.

And so in this, and in other ONA writings, the practical meaning of Magick is explicated - all that is now required of sinister esoteric Orders and individuals is the *Will* to make the meaning a reality. Thus, in conclusion, the magickal aims of a genuine sinister organisation should be as follows:

- 1) To continue to maintain the existing Tradition by disseminating the various teachings and

methods [as published in MSS such as *Codex Saerus*, *Naos* and others].

2) To practically aid those 'exoteric' forms which will bring the New Aeon.

3) To extend the Tradition by creating *new* forms of the sinister. These would include Artistic [musick/images/writing]; 'Magickal' [new ceremonial/hermetic forms]; and practical, numinous ways of living [as in the creation of an esoteric rural community, or communities].

Though many will dismiss it because they do not have the courage to try, the Way of Satan remains, amidst the myriad of 'paths' the essence of the Great Work. *Experto credite*.

And when the works are complete, a Satanist disappears from sight - toward the next stage, leaving astonishment, disbelief and many questions in their wake. And then the failures begin their campaign, of distortion and lies. Just occasionally, they may hear our laughter.

(C. Beest. Revised: ONA 1998 eh)

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AN EXAMINATION OF SATANIC BLACK MAGIC

Introduction

The aim of this dissertation is to focus upon some of the ritual magical aspects of modern Satanism without recourse to the sensationalism that is only too evident when Satanism is misunderstood. It is only when one steps aside from one's preconceptions and morality that Satanism can be understood in a clear and balanced light.

There has been in the past a tendency to approach Satanism with a deliberately ignorant misunderstanding, where Satanism is only, and definitively understood as being a cult phenomenon for the paedophile, sadist or teenage rebel. Yet throughout the history of Satanism, which has its roots in pre-christian cults, there has been a number of individuals who have sought, through a magical process of alchemy to change themselves through both ritualistic and non-ritualistic processes. These individuals have continually questioned that which is commonly accepted, as Magdalene Graham says in an article entitled 'Re-Defining Satanism.' (Dark Lily. 1989). 'We want to know. Those four words summarise the Satanic quest.'(1)

Yet again and again there arises the sensationalist articles in the press and the literary spheres promoting Satanism as a mindless cult of sex, drugs, murder and torture all practiced hedonistically for the sole pleasure or ego-gratification of the Satanists. In an attempt to redress the imbalance I have therefore focused upon five different areas that are particularly relevant within the context of Satanism as a whole. These areas are also most relevant when attempting to counter the false claims made by both the media and the church concerning the activity of Satanists and it is the media and the church that, according to Satanic adherents, hold the masses in a strangle-

hold of repressive and unnatural morality and slave-like consciousness.

Satanism is therefore suggested to offer freedom, true freedom of thought, rather than artificial freedoms that are offered by political or religious systems. Satanism deals with the here and now, with reality as it is. Satanism accepts the inequality of people, of sexes and of races. It accepts the necessity of disease, famine and death. Take away such things and mankind creates a dangerous imbalance in nature and it is in nature that Satanism is firmly grounded.

However, in order to return to a natural way of living, certain practices are deemed useful in order to free the individuals contaminated psyche from the education of a society and civilization racked with guilt, repression and taboo. One may ask whether society in the latter half of the twentieth century is really as oppressive as the Satanist makes out. In answer to this the Satanist may cite many examples of political policy that encroach upon individual liberty. The predominance in equal rights - for sex and race - practically forced upon the inhabitants of western society. The continual repression and taboo concerning minority sexual groups, be they for example sado-masochistic, transvestite or homosexual. The forbidding of an individuals right to kill in self defence and the maintenance of the laws against euthanasia are all examples of the (generally unconscious) influence of society upon the individual. It is for these reasons and many more besides that the Satanist seeks to find liberation by utilising ritual procedures which also, if effective enough, release large amounts of psychical energy which can then be directed towards specific goals be they external or internal of the practitioner.

Magic in this context is defined in two ways, largely dependant upon the way the word is spelt. Traditionally magic has been spelt 'magic', the definition of which is generally understood to mean causing changes in the world or the individual's consciousness in accordance with the individuals will using psychical or occult forces. The second spelling of magic adds a 'k' to the end of the word, thus 'magick.' This spelling dates back to the writings of Aleister Crowley's system of magick - itself based upon older qabalistic and eastern magical traditions. Crowley added the letter 'k' in order to differentiate between his own brand of sex magick and other non-sexual forms of magic. In this essay I have however used both forms of the word, in relation to how the relevant Satanic group spells the word.

Initiation

During the 13th century a secret religious society known as the Luciferans was discovered operating in Germany. The Luciferans believed that Lucifer had been wrongly cast out of heaven but that one day he and his worshippers would resume their rightful place in heaven. During the investigation that ensued, the Roman church also discovered an initiation ritual which some of the Luciferians confessed to under the threat of death. According to their confessions the new initiate was required to kiss the behind of a toad, after which he was approached by 'a man with black eyes who was pale, emaciated and icy cold.'⁽²⁾ The man, most likely representing the devil himself, was kissed by the initiate who then instantaneously lost his Catholic faith. After this a feast was held and 'a large black cat appeared, emerging from a statue which was always present.'⁽³⁾ Again the members present would kiss the cats behind and then the ritual was concluded with an orgy.

Some of the more sensationalist accounts of Satanic Initiations have added to the early Satanic tradition mentioned above as also including the ritual slaughter of a virgin, usually female, or of a baby or young child and the drinking of a concoction of urine, sperm and/or vaginal fluid and blood whilst the participants blasphemed against God and Jesus Christ. From a moral perspective there is little, or often, no attempt to apologise for such cases from any Satanic quarter. Here one comes across the Satanic morality, or amorality where what is traditionally accepted by society is not by Satanism. It is by going against the accepted norm that the Satanist finds the freedom within, by going to extremes of emotion, thought and action the Satanist can find a balance between them, one that is based, not on rhetoric, but on both personal experience and premeditated action. So whilst society has attempted to imbue its members with moral constraints which are often portrayed as being permanent and absolute, Satanists see themselves as tending towards a more honest approach, developed from conscious experience, where morality is considered as being both temporal and relative. It is obvious from this perspective that Satanic morality is both offensive and dangerous and here then lies another barrier for the Satanic Initiate, for he or she must face and question his or her own morality.

The concept of initiation originates in a non-Satanic religious source where initiation is held to be a symbolic transition from one stage to another. The differences occur in the use of symbolism and of diets. Thus in some examples of a Satanic initiation the neophyte may undergo a ritual coupling with a Temple Priest or Priestess. This coupling is a symbolic union of Satan and his bride Baphomet. Thus if the neophyte is female, then a Priest, representing Satan will couple with her, or if the neophyte is male a Priestess, representing Baphomet, will couple with him. The obvious exception is if the neophyte is gay and then he or she must seek out a relevant Sapphic or Uranian Temple. The individual to be initiated may also undergo tests - both during and previous to the initiation ritual - and may be subjected to both humiliation and pain. Humiliation may take the form of being stripped naked and bound before the Temple into which the neophyte is seeking initiation. The symbology here is of a stripping of personality, wherein the individual is no longer protected by his or her personality as symbolised by his or her clothing and is instead bared to all devoid of any societal position or power that he or she may have. Adding to this feeling of nakedness, which is enhanced by the unfamiliarity of the Temple and its members, the neophyte may also be subjected to a ritual scourging representative of the neophytes worthlessness, uncleanness and weakness.

The necessary prerequisite to undergo such a Satanic initiation begins simply with the feeling 'that there is more to life than the normal round of work and pleasure.'⁽⁴⁾ It is from this perspective that the individual may seek and join a Satanic Temple or Tradition, yet this will usually only occur if the individual is to some extent free from the manipulations of society and its adherent morality as mentioned earlier. Once the ritual initiation has been completed there then begins a process of psychological change. To a large extent this change is simply a development of conscious awareness of one's actions, thoughts and feelings. The individual, having successfully passed through the first stage of initiation, as symbolised by the initiation ritual, must then undergo such further development and it is this development that is reflective of a true initiation, not simply Satanic but of any religious, occult or mystical path. It is therefore unfortunate that great em-

phasis is placed upon the external form of initiation together with the exaggerated interpretations of blasphemy, sacrifice and sexual depravity whilst little emphasis is placed upon an understanding of the internal form of initiation.

This internal initiation has also been likened to the process of rebirth. Yet this rebirth is an internal one, which is not simply reduceable to a change of mind but also involves the development of the astral body and, dependant upon which tradition the initiate belongs to, later on of the mental and divine bodies. With some ritual initiations, if they are powerful enough, the astral body of the neophyte may become so strong that the individual will have a spontaneous out of body experience. Yet in order for the astral body(5) to be fully developed a long process of inner work must begin and this may take the form of self study. Here the premise Know Thyself is of the utmost importance where the initiate studies his or her reactions to all his or her experiences. Thus he/she will slowly become aware of patterns of thought or emotion that he/she follows during a specific event, or events. This conscious awareness establishes that the individual usually reacts in a set way to set occurrences. By being aware of this the individual is then advised to cease reacting and thereby begin to control his or her psychological processes.

Whilst this method is most notably advanced by the Society of Dark Lily, there are a number of Satanic groups that also promote the idea of conscious awareness, which is eventually followed by conscious control of one's actions. Another interesting concept that is connected to the role of the initiate is that the individual, once initiation is complete has become a part of a larger timeless tradition. This concept is mainly found in Traditional Satanic groups such as the Order of Nine Angles. Initiation, whilst essentially being individual, that is, focusing upon the individuality of the new initiate which will therefore determine specific events that he or she may undergo, means that the individual will, by virtue of his or her initiation, add to the larger Sinister Tradition of which he/she is now a member. Examples of this role are found in the development of new ways to manifest the sinister energy of the Tradition. Art, music, philosophy, politics and literature are all examples of this creative expression that the new initiate is eventually expected to develop further, a development that should essentially imbue within the creation the energy of the Dark Gods themselves.

The Black Mass

The most infamous Satanic ritual is the rite known as the Black Mass. The development of the Black Mass is not, as some authors have understood it, a recent development, but one that has occurred over a period of 1200 years and its origin, far from lying in an established Satanic tradition, lies within the rituals and ceremonies of the early Christian church.

The Mass of the Dead is considered by some(6) to be the originator of the Black Mass and, although considerably different from the modern versions of the Black Mass, it's sole function was to procure the death of a person. This variation of the early Christian Mass was performed by a Christian priest accompanied by a female server, with whom he had copulated prior to the ritual. The Mass took place in a disused church, water from a well in which an unbaptized child had drowned replaced wine and a black triangular host was duly consecrated.

The progression from the Mass of the Dead into the modern Black Mass took a new turn when it was linked to the medieval witches sabbath. Accordingly the inclusion of a horned figure who presided over the ceremony and who came to be associated with the Hebraic scape-goat came to be one of the central aspects of the Black Mass. The orgy was also then included, something that was most likely derived from the rites of the Bacchanalia or Dionysiac cults of ancient Rome and Greece, of which shall be spoken presently.

In his book *The Black Arts* (Pan Books Ltd. 1967.), Richard Cavendish outlines the proceedings of the witches sabbath. Commencing with the witches paying homage to the Devil. The witches would light a fire whilst the Devil was seated upon a throne in the form of either a goat, representing Satan himself, or a dog, which may have been connected with the dark Goddess - the dog being one of the sacred animals of Hekate - rather than with Satan himself. The witches would then approach and adore the Devil, though their approach would be in a manner foreign to normal men, such as walking crab-like or with their backs turned to him. After this 'came the offering of the candles to the Devil and the obscene kiss.'⁽⁷⁾ where the witch kisses the Devils behind. Following the obscene kiss, initiation, baptism or marriage would occur followed by the feast and the orgy which concluded the witches sabbath.

The inclusion of a feast and an orgy at the end of the witches sabbath is very much reminiscent of the Bacchanalia that existed during the times of the Roman empire. The Bacchanalia was originally a secret sorority that eventually initiated men into its cult. Its members, who were said to indulge licentiously in their passions, were also alleged to have been responsible for a number of deaths, performed in secret caves, and defilements of its male members who refused to take the oath of the cult or to commit specific vices. When the cult was finally repressed by the authorities there was estimated to be some 7000 men and women who were members, many of whom were arrested and imprisoned whilst their meeting places were destroyed and the Bacchanalia were prohibited throughout Rome. The similarity between the Bacchanalia, the witches sabbath and the Black Mass are therefore fairly evident.

In modern times there are numerous versions of this ritual used by different Satanic groups. The Black Mass contained within the Church of Satan's 'The Satanic Rituals' (Avon Books. 1972) is based upon a combination of the rite used by the Societe de Luciferiens, a French Satanic society that operated in the 19th and early 20th centuries, and the fictional work of J.K. Huysmans entitled *La Bas*. Explained as a psychodrama that elevates the 'concepts of Satanism to a noble and rational degree,'⁽⁸⁾ the Black Mass is considered to free the individual from the constraints that have been acquired - both consciously and unconsciously - from past indoctrination and stigma. The actual ritual as laid out in the *Satanic Rituals* consists of a priest, who acts as the main celebrant, accompanied by two assistants, being referred to as the deacon and the subdeacon respectively, a nun adorned in habit and wimple and a naked female who serves as the altar and a congregation. The ritual begins with an invocation to the Prince of Darkness and his host of demons, followed by a renunciation of past allegiances and a dedication to Satan-Lucifer. The ritual progresses through the Satanic Offertory, Canon and consecration of the host. The Mass is completed with the recital of the fifth Enochian Key and the Repudiation and Denunciation, whereby the power and divinity of Christ is denied and the power of Satan is invoked to cause vengeance

to Christ and his host of angels. After this has been said the rite is concluded with the wafer which, having been consecrated by insertion into the vagina of the female altar, is then cast to the floor and trodden upon. The participants drink from the chalice and the ritual is then officially declared completed.

The Order of Nine Angles offer a similar though different tradition concerning the Black Mass. Whilst in the Church of Satan's Black Mass, the naked female takes the place of the altar, the Black Mass of the Order of Nine Angles stipulates that it is a naked male who serves as the altar. Three further participants and a congregation complete the number of celebrants. As opposed to the accepted understanding of a Black Mass where the participants are all adorned in black robes, the three leading participants wear white (Priestess), scarlet (Mistress of the Earth) and Purple (Master of the Temple) and whilst the Church of Satan exclude the sexual element that seems to have been prevalent in many of the previous versions of the Black Mass, the Order of Nine Angles have included two specifically sexual elements, the first being the masturbation of the Priest by the Priestess, who then ejaculates over the host, which is duly trampled upon by the congregation and the inclusion of an orgy at the end of the ritual.

The usefulness of the Black Mass has a number of different features. Its first and most universal function within Satanic orders is that it is a powerful ritual of psychic release, a catharsis that enables its participants to free themselves from the conscious and unconscious influences of the prevailing authority of the Christian church. By inverting or altering the texts and ritualistic procedure of the Christian Mass, the participants of the Black Mass effectively tap into and alter their own, often unconscious, feelings and thoughts that pertain to the Christian world-view. From such a perspective the theory that Satanists who perform the Black Mass hold the Christian world-view as their own becomes a fallacy. For the Satanist is trying to free him or herself from the Christian world-view in virtue of his or her performance of the Black Mass. For example, in the Order of Nine Angles version of the Black Mass the Christian 'Our Father' is replaced by the 'Satanic Our Father' thus:

'Our Father which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name
In heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy
And deliver us to evil as well as well as temptation
For we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.'⁽⁹⁾

Whilst this seems to be the central function of the Black Mass, the Order of Nine Angles also state that if the ritual is performed correctly the energy so raised may be directed by the chief celebrants according to their wills. From this perspective the Black Mass can effectively live up to its seventh century predecessor The Mass of the Dead and cause the death of an opponent or adversary.

The importance of the Black Mass in modern Satanism therefore has a number of purposes and even though some groups - such as the Society of Dark Lily - regard its cathartic use as something of the past, such catharsis being performed intellectually - it still remains one of the most potent and blasphemous rites of Black Magic.

One form of modern blasphemy is the Mass of Heresy of the Order of Nine Angles. The theory behind this Mass is based upon the assumption that Christianity has produced an effect not only on the magical or psychic level of human life but also on the sociological level. This social aspect of Christianity is considered to be manifest mainly in the political forms of Communism and liberalism. The concept of equality of races and sexes, the goal of eternal peace and the upholding of Jewish state from which Christianity is assured a firm foundation in its Holy birthplace, all amount to a Holy Crusade according to Satanists. The need for a new form of the Black Mass, one that frees the psyche of the protagonists from the unconscious influences of liberalism and equality is one that has been answered in the form of the Mass of Heresy. Whilst this Mass negates equality it upholds and positively identifies with the positive aspects of National Socialism. Thus the individual pronounces that he/she believes in the inequality of races and the divine status of Adolf Hitler, who is perceived as being god-like, a saviour of the Aryan race. The Holocaust is denied and the Swastika and Mein Kampf are focal points for the ritual, Mein Kampf replacing the Black Book of Satan which is used in the Black Mass and other traditional forms of Satanic Ritual.

To many individuals such a ritual appears to be pointless and unnecessary. The holocaust is proven and therefore such a ritual seeks to deny the truth. Yet such reasoning only strengthens the Satanists' case. Nazi Germany has become a scapegoat for the projection of the Jungian Shadow(10) according to some Satanists'. In the case of the defence even Simon Wiesenthal has openly defended the view that not all camp guards were brutal and cruel sadists, rather only 10%, a fraction of what many would have one believe. The key then to the use of rites such as the Mass of Heresy is to free the psyche from prejudice, in relation to this a member of the Order of Nine Angles says 'individuals who participate in genuine Satanic Masses sometimes experience a kind of 'satori' - or sudden enlightenment - and are thus led to an increase in their consciousness as well as an enhanced vitality because they have broken free of constraining opposites.'(11) Yet probably the best example to show the blasphemous nature of the Mass of Heresy is that in some countries individuals who perform it may be liable to prosecution and imprisonment.

Ritualised Sexual Magic

'If Sex Magick is the most popular subject within Occultism this merely proves that it is also the most misunderstood.'(12) This introduction to the subject of ritualised Sexual Magic by the Society of Dark Lily, indicates how some Satanists view sex. This view is also true of the Order of Nine Angles, who place Sexual Magic in a rational position amongst other forms of Ritual Magic.

From these examples alone the true use of sex cannot simply be reduced to the uncontrolled indulgence of the Satanist. To the Satanist sex is a powerful force, a force that is to be respected not misused, after all it is through sex that a being is born and this by itself indicates the vast amount of power that sex beholds to the Satanist. Sexuality in Satanism then is not simply reducible to sado-masochism, rape, child-abuse or sexual torture, such observations reflect a psychological problem within the opposers of Satanism rather than the Satanists themselves. For the Satanists say that it is the Christian religion that has disrespected the most important act of the animal

kingdom by reducing it to a sinful act.

In Satanism a number of different approaches to sex are taken and whilst groups such as the Order of Nine Angles include numerous sexual elements in their rituals, including orgies, other groups such as the Society of Dark Lily view sex as an important aspect of self-knowledge. From this perspective the Satanist should understand and accept his or her sexuality, an understanding which requires 'a complete comprehension of one's attitude and behaviour in relation to [one's] sexuality...'(13) By experimenting with one's own sexuality one should eventually find the mode of sexual expression that he or she is best suited to and it is only by such sexual experimentation that this can be found.

An anonymous article in the Society's journal 'Dark Lily' entitled 'Sex and the Occult' (Dark Lily 10) refers to the practical use of sex in the context of accessing the participants' subconscious mind. The author of this article goes on to say that by performing a sexual ritual the participants are able to access their own subconscious mind far quicker than is possible in other circumstances such as prolonged meditation. Such methods of sexual magic, when performed under a ritualistic setting provide the participants with a focus for the conscious mind, which then enables the more advanced of the two participants to raise the level of contact to the psychological rather than the purely physical. Under such methods 'the work of many weeks can be compressed into days or hours.'(14) The transference from the physical to the psychological is a method whereby the energy raised may be directed within the psyche and used to balance and cleanse the individual psychologically, where the destruction of specific aspects of the individual's psyche are necessary for further development to be made. The use of sex is considered then, not to be - as the Order of Nine Angles perceive it - drawing forth energy, but rather in the speed that the changes in consciousness are made and in the creation of balance and the restoration of health.

Even though both the Society of Dark Lily and the Order of Nine Angles differ in their conceptual approach to ritualistic sexual magic the Order of Nine Angles Rite of Nine Angles provides a prime example of a method of ritualistic Sexual Magic. The sexual nature of the rite may be performed in two ways. Firstly, a Priest and Priestess perform the ritual naked upon an isolated hilltop. The rite itself involves the use of the Sound Magick technique known as vibration, which involves the Priest projecting, in syllables the following words of power: "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth." Thus the syllable "Ny" is sounded for a period of between ten and twenty seconds, then "thra" is sounded for the same period of time and so on. Such methods of Sound Magic enable the participants to activate hitherto unknown areas of their minds and cause changes in consciousness as though inducing a semi trance-like state. The Priest therefore vibrates these words in the direction of the Priestess who holds a quartz crystal tetrahedron in her palms. After this vibration has been completed, the Priestess lies on the ground, still holding the crystal whilst the Priest performs cunnilingus. When the Priestess is suitably aroused the Priest then begins copulation, during which the Priestess visualises a gateway situated in the stars above them opening and a black nebulous chaos flowing downwards to the earth.

The second form of the Rite of Nine Angles, known as the Cthonic form, is performed with the addition of a congregation who hold an orgy after the rite whilst the Priest and Priestess vi-

brate specific words of power and trained cantors chant a particularly difficult and elaborate Sinister Chant. The energy from the orgy is used to enhance the presencing of the Dark Gods who are then said to manifest. The changes of consciousness that may occur through such a rite can be equated on one level with the creation of the Antichrist, that is, the Satanist who absorbs the power brought forth through the ritual becomes akin to the Antichrist, an individual who embodies the power of the Dark Gods of the Sinister Tradition. Such an individual is considered to be, on a psychic level, a gateway to the abode of the Dark Gods.

The role of the orgy within Satanism has two main functions. Firstly it provides a release of any sexual repression, be it conscious or unconscious, that has been acquired during and prior to the individual's puberty. This period of sexual development has largely been corrupted, according to Satanists, by the rise of Christian morality concerning sexuality. By virtue of this repression during the most important period of sexual development, Christianity has distorted numerous psyches with an un-insightful advocacy of celibacy that does not lead one to self-knowledge but to psychical disorder. This repression is therefore inevitably sublimated in numerous ways. Accordingly some individuals may sublimate the sexual energy in such a manner that they orientate towards sexual criminality.

The role of the Satanic orgy is therefore to indulge and delight in sexual congress in whatever manner the individual desires. The orgy takes place, according to the tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, after an external magical ritual, the Black Mass being one of the more common. The second function of sex within the orgiastic sphere is that concerning the direction of the energies raised through unrestrained sexual indulgence. With the inclusion of an orgiastic element within Traditional Satanic rites, the energy that the ritual would have produced is naturally expanded to include the sexual energy which is then directed towards a specific intent according to the preset aims of the Master and Mistress of the Temple. An alternative method is for the energy to be stored in a crystal for use at a later date.

Although the above are the balanced expressions of ritualistic sexual magic, there are cases where some Satanists utilise aspects of sexuality that are considered abhorrent, evil and that are unlawful. Yet, although there are cases whereby women initiates may become the so-called victim, there is no evidence whatsoever that paedophilia is occurring within Satanism and even though there have been numerous allegations from the media connecting Satanism to child-abuse, the only cases of ritual child abuse that have been successfully prosecuted in court are those that find the paedophile to be a Christian minister or Priest.

The Abyss

Central to Satanic magic is the concept of the Abyss. The word Abyss comes from the Greek word *abussos* meaning bottomless [a-, not + *bussos*, bottom]. In reference to Satanic magic however it is considered to have a number of different meanings which are used by different groups.

Firstly the abyss is more commonly understood as being a reference to the Satanic underworld wherein Satan and his demonic army reside. This interpretation largely stems from Chris-

tian sources, most especially Revelations in the New Testament: 'And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star from heaven fallen unto the earth: and there was given to him the key to the pit of the abyss. And he opened the pit of the abyss; and there went up a smoke out of the furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit.'(15)

According to Andrew Collins, writing in *The Black Alchemist* (ABC Books. 1988), the Friends of Hekate and associated individuals have used this form of symbolism in their magical activities where they have utilised the apocryphal imagery of the Christian bible in an attempt to construct a magical version of the Antichrist.

A second interpretation of the abyss comes from the Order of Nine Angles who suggest the abyss to be located where the world of causality meets with the world of a-causality. Whilst the former is understood primarily as rational and physical, the latter is understood to be irrational, non-physical and magical. This understanding of the Abyss as a gateway between two different worlds has long past associations with the concept of the Temple as a gateway to the world of the gods. This in itself is interesting bearing in mind that many pre-Christian Temples, upon which Christians built their churches are believed to be situated on ley lines, which carry two currents of energy around the planet. It is this belief that is reflected in the theory that the Abyss is a location point where the magical worlds and the mundane worlds collide. Yet this gateway is also believed to exist within the human psyche at the point where the conscious and the unconscious meet and it is from this point that the Satanic magician draws forth his magical power through the medium of Satanic ritual.

Magical use of the abyss from this perspective varies according to the tradition of the Order of Nine Angles One may utilise the tarot cards as pathworking images to explore the hidden side of the human psyche, the side that normally remains untouched in the abyss. Alternatively the individual may undertake a specific ritual that draws forth the powers or energies contained within the abyss as they are, that is without any form of imagery or symbolism. This ritual involves a long and arduous walk - 80 miles over two days for males, 56 miles for females - followed by a ceremonial ritual where the individual invokes the chaotic energies of the Abyss by visualising a crystal filling with darkness whilst continually chanting the word "chaos." Entrance into the abyss, if successful, will result in changes of consciousness that will culminate in the individual himself becoming such a gate between the two worlds. Speaking less esoterically this means that the individual will, by virtue of the changes in consciousness that include the crystallisation of the astral body, be able to manifest magical energies without recourse to the procedure of magical ritual. Symbolism is therefore no longer necessary although it may still be used by the new Master or Mistress.

The third interpretation of the abyss comes from the Society of Dark Lily who teach that it is symbolic of the journey from Initiate to Adept hood. As such, the Satanist passes through the Abyss over a long period of time in order to attain Wisdom: the 'Abyss is that awful thing you go through or go across to get to where you think you want to be, that is, Adept hood.'(16) The method whereby the Satanist passes through the abyss may vary from individual to individual. The Master who leads the Society of Dark Lily suggests however that there is only one method to

cross the Abyss and that is that the individual must 'subdue [his or her] subconscious mind.'(17) By subjugating one's subconscious mind the individual gains complete control over his or her actions and reactions, thoughts and feelings. Here then every part of the individual's mind - both conscious and unconscious (or subconscious) is understood and controlled.

One more notable interpretation of the energies representative of the Abyss is the doctrine of the Qliphoth. This concept links the Christian apocryphal tradition of the abyss, or bottomless pit with the Cabalistic concept of energy that was left over from the creation of the universe known as the Qliphoth. The Qliphoth, or 'Kelipth'(18) are described as being 'husks' or 'shells' by Asim MaTheP Lamm.(19) 'They are the waste or litter or filth which the organism of the universe gives off.'(20) From this perspective the Qliphoth can be utilised by the Black Magician to work dark magic, using a powerful form of universal energy. As such, Kenneth Grant, the head of the English Lodge of the Ordo Templis Orientis, more commonly known by it's initials O.T.O., has written a trilogy of books on the subject of using such dark energies. This has been formulated into the 'Typhonian Current,' a system of magic that works with the dark side of the Cabalistic Tree of Life. Although some groups such as the Order of Nine Angles oppose a Cabalistic interpretation of Satanic magic, the O.T.O. uses what is described as 'the esoteric doctrines of the 'black' magick of the left hand path.'(21) Opposition to Left Hand Path Cabalism is largely due to an aeonic approach to magic in general which views the Judeo-Christian esoteric and mystical traditions as being a distortion upon the pagan ethos which lacked any absolute duality. This is indicated by the dual nature of the pagan gods, possessing both light and dark sides, rather than being either solely good or evil.

Working with the energies of the abyss there are obviously innumerable dangers that threaten both the sanity and the life of the Satanist that seeks to pass through or across the Abyss. Reasons for this danger lie in the requirement of specific preparation of both body and mind. According to the Order of Nine Angles the two main problems that may occur are most likely to be 'madness or extreme personal dis-orientation resulting in a 'possessed' personal life and/or loss of vitality... [or] personal delusion about one's own abilities and understanding, both personal and magickal.'(22)

Yet for whatever method that is used to cross or pass through the Abyss there can primarily be one of three results. Firstly the individual may renounce the Satanic quest, secondly the energies encountered may cause dramatic changes detrimental to the individual's psyche and thirdly the individual may pass through successfully achieving Adept hood and wisdom.

The first result, that of renunciation, occurs when the individual has gained more knowledge than he or she can cope with. Explanations of such a development can only be inadequate due to the nature of the changes in consciousness that such knowledge brings. Reality, for the individual has changed, everyone else remains the same, but the Satanist now sees things in a completely different way. An analogous example of this experience would be as follows. Imagine you are standing in the hallway of a house. The hall light is already turned on, but, since it is night-time you need to turn on the light whenever you enter a different room. When you enter the dining room you turn on the light and see on the table the severed head of a policeman. This scares you and your immediate reaction is to leave... The analogy is simple, the light is the acquisition of knowl-

edge. But once you have learnt something - seen the policeman's severed head on the table - you cannot unlearn it. Therefore you have to live with that knowledge. The acquisition of occult knowledge concerning oneself and the world is not simply learning how to do spells, invoke demons or make a pact with the devil, rather it implies the acquisition of something that will drastically change the way the Satanist sees the world. It is akin to the eastern concept that life as man knows it is an illusion and that magical traditions can take man from the falsehood of normal uninitiated life, to the truth and meaning of existence. Renunciation, once one has begun to explore both oneself and the world at large, is therefore not uncommon.

The second result of entering the Abyss is far harsher than renunciation of the quest. For this is the path that leads to dementia, delusion and/or death. Primarily this is experienced when the Satanist seeks to encounter demonic, chaotic, negative or darker energies before he or she is ready. Preparation for such invocation is a lengthy process. Cathartic rites such as the Black Mass may be of use here, where the individual re-programmes his or her mind and emotions in order to free him or herself from the unconscious influence of repression, morality and guilt. If there is doubt or uncertainty within the Satanist's mind the energies may manifest in a manner that is detrimental to the Satanist. Many people consider the examples of individuals using black magic, Ouija boards and so forth as always causing harm to the individuals themselves, but this is a misunderstanding, since the individual using such methods must undergo a process of catharsis in order to remain in conscious control of the forces summoned. It is for this reason that some Satanic groups promote indulgence and then control of the animal nature in man.

Although outwardly the traditions of the Order of Nine Angles and the Society of Dark Lily both approach and describe the concept of the Abyss differently, there are similarities when one considers what occurs when there is a successful passing of the Abyss. Thus the concept of 'all is one' is found in both systems. Yet both groups advocate a maintenance of individuality in relation to a unification with the natural order of the cosmos. Thus there is no loss of self-hood in Satanic tradition, no absorption by the godhead as represented by the Right Hand Path traditions.(23)

Together with a unification with the natural order, is the acquisition of wisdom that is found not only in Satanic and Left Hand Path traditions but also in those of the Right Hand Path. Here wisdom refers to an understanding of the cosmos in essence, as it is. From a Jungian perspective it implies a withdrawal of not only one's own projections but also of all the projections from all other people onto the universe. Everything is therefore understood according to its inner nature rather than its exterior form. This is referred to as 'acausal perception' by the Order of Nine Angles, that is, perception that occurs other than causally and it is this form of perception, partly as a product of a successful crossing of the Abyss, that is said to determine the adept from the initiate.

Lastly the Order of Nine Angles believe that personal Wyrld or Destiny is finally achieved when the individual successfully passes through the Abyss. The Satanist has then passed the personal and become part of the larger natural forces a 'Becoming-One with them'(24) whilst maintaining his or her individuality. Finally, as the Adept guiding the Society of Dark Lily says 'there is no question of choosing to take the Right Hand Path or the Left Hand Path. There is only one route. You either cross or you do not cross. But what you do when you get to the other side is en-

tirely up to you. You then have access to everything.'(25)

Ritual Sacrifice

The concept of ritual sacrifice has been the subject of much debate within the sphere of the Satanic underground. On the whole there can be seen to be two main camps emerging. On one side lies groups such as the Order of Nine Angles and the now-defunct Friends of Hekate. These groups, although differing in their approach to ritualistic magic, can be said to promote the use of human and/or animal sacrifice under certain conditions and for specific reasons. That is, they promote the conscious and willed use of sacrifice rather than the weak indulgence epitomised by the modern day serial killer who has no or very little control over his actions. On the opposite bench can be found the Society of Dark Lily, the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set. Lying inbetween both camps can be found the diabolist who may sacrifice animals during his or her rituals of invocation. Yet whilst the diabolist - who often is a solo practitioner, working alone and in secret - may kill animals in his rites, it is doubtful if he would perform human sacrifice on the scale of the Order of Nine Angles or the Friends of Hekate and it is to these two groups one should turn in order to gain a deeper and more constructive insight into the concept and of human sacrifice.

The Friends of Hekate, operated throughout England between the 1960's and the 1980's. Although the group is believed to still operate under a different name or names, they have been linked to a number of disappearances and deaths that occurred in Sussex during the 1970's and 80's. Altogether the deaths of five people have been connected to the sacrificial rites of the Friends of Hekate: a policeman, a vicar, an old age pensioner and two women all disappeared during this space of time. Both the policeman and the vicar were found on a ley line and furthermore, both the vicar - whose disappearance occurred on 31st October - and the policeman were found in an area that had been thoroughly searched beforehand. The vicar himself was the rector of two villages in Sussex where a number of Satanists were alleged to operate and, according to a letter received by Toyne Newton, author of 'The Demonic Connection' which examines the activities of the Friends of Hekate and the concept of an international Satanic conspiracy, members of the Friends of Hekate actually lived within these villages. Another supportive piece of evidence to suggest accusations of human sacrifice are true concerning the Friends of Hekate, comes from a letter addressed to Toyne Newton, care of The Unexplained magazine. In this letter the anonymous writer practically confirms that the Reverend was ritually sacrificed by the Friends of Hekate:

'A few years back a friend of mine joined them, they are called the friends of Hekate, they meet in the woods and barn up by the church and make ritual sacrifices at the time of Orion and the archer.'

The anonymous writer goes on to say that his friend:

'...was very frightened when the police (were) looking out for the vicar you mention (Rev. Harry Neil Snelling) and when I said I was going to join the search party on

the downs he said no need, they'd got him.'(26)

Whilst the evidence points to the fact of ritual sacrifice by the Friends of Hekate, little is actually known of their rites although they are believed to focus specifically upon the worship of the ancient Greek goddess Hekate. Whilst the information concerning the connection of the Friends of Hekate with human and animal sacrifice is both scarce and hypothetical a far more open approach is advocated by the Order of Nine Angles.

The sacrificial tradition of the Order of Nine Angles is believed to date back to the time of the semi-mythical land of Albion. Originally the Order of Nine Angles state that the sacrificial custom occurred once every seventeen years, when a Priest of the tradition was sacrificed in order to 'retain the 'cosmic balance' - in modern times to keep a nexion open.'(27) This tradition has continued until modern times and although it is believed to have remained as it once was in essence, the outward form, that is, the words and chants of the ritual are believed to have been altered over the years. What is understood is that the ritual sacrifice was performed in honour of the dark and violent goddess Baphomet - the severed head being associated with her worship. The Priest himself would have secured an acausal existence in the Land of the Dark Gods and would thereby become immortal.

In more modern times the Order of Nine Angles approach to ritual sacrifice has significantly altered from a willing sacrificial victim - that of the initiated Priest - to that of an unwilling sacrificial victim. Yet such acts are not performed without conscious decision, accurate planning and reasoned behaviour, for the Sinister Satanist - as a follower of the Order of Nine Angles Tradition is sometimes known - is an individual who is in control of his or her actions, actions that are both conscious and willed. It is for this reason that the victims, or Opfers as they are more commonly known, are usually selected in this tradition impersonally. They are tested according to their character and, should they fail the test, are judged to have selected themselves. As an Order of Nine Angles manuscript states 'the actions/life of a victim are indicative of weakness, of all these traits and actions which Satanists despise. Things such as cowardice, sycophancy, treachery, fear, lack of self-discipline.'(28) Combined with this judgement is the decision to select an Opfer whose death will in some way aid the Satanic dialectic. As such victims include 'zealous interfering Nazarenes'(29) over-inquisitive journalists or politicians or businessmen whose philosophy and actions are anathema to the Satanic Spirit.

Probably the most Sinister of all rites of Sacrifice to be found in modern days is the rite known as The Sinister Calling. The rite itself requires a complete Satanic Temple trained in sinister chant and 'assumes willing sacrifice.'(30) The preparation for the rite which takes place over a period of seven days requires all Temple members participating to adhere to a Black Fast. The Fast itself demands absolute silence save for the chanting nine times a day at sunset of the Diabolus, a Satanic version of the Christian Dies Irae chant. Further the members must 'wear only ceremonial robes, will abstain from intoxicating drinks and sexual pleasures and eat no meat.'(31) The rite may be performed in one of three locations: A sinister Temple, a cave, or an isolated hilltop. Prior to the actual rite the sacrificial Priest is chosen by lot. The congregation then assemble in the Temple and the rite begins. The Priestess serves as the altar for this rite whilst the Opfer is held by

the Temple Guardian. The Master and the Mistress then conduct the rite which begins with a ritual dance accompanied by the rhythmic chanting of "Binan ath ga wath am." The Master of the Temple opens a nexion, or gate to the realm of the Dark Gods from which the Dark Gods will presence themselves if the rite is successful. The Opfer-Priest is then united with the Priestess in coition whilst the Priestess visualises the Gate opening further. The Priest is then led away to a secluded place where the Master of the Temple will then perform the ritual sacrifice. Returning to the Temple the Master will present the Mistress of the Earth with a bowl containing the blood of the sacrificed Priest. The Mistress will then wash her hands and face in his blood as a representation of the dark goddess Baphomet. The rite itself is concluded with a feast.

An alternative ritual of sacrifice is that known as the Giving which occurs once every 51 years. The function of human sacrifice according to the Order of Nine Angles occur on two levels. Firstly it releases a vast amount of magical or psychical energy that can be directed in accordance with specific goals, or, alternatively stored in a crystal for later use. The second use of human sacrifice is that it 'draws down dark forces or entities.'⁽³²⁾

One other aspect of the Order of Nine Angles methods of sacrifice is that the victim is traditionally beheaded. This tradition stems back to the ancient head cults of Europe, a tradition that was still in existence in Great Britain up until at least the 17th century, when a Scottish clan leader beheaded seven treacherous member of the Madonnell clan and ceremonially washed their heads in a well on the shore of Loch Oich.

Differing from the two groups mentioned above, the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set have both actively disputed the traditional view that Satanists need to sacrifice humans or animals. The Temple of Set have even gone to the extent of banning its members from association with the Order of Nine Angles due to the latter's views on, and advocacy of, human sacrifice.

The Church of Satan have approached the choice of human and animal sacrifice from the perspective of the amount of energy that it dispels. When comparing this dissipation of energy with the energy produced through emotional and sexual release, Anton La Vey, High Priest of the Church of Satan, concludes that 'the only time a Satanist would perform a human sacrifice would be if it were to serve a two-fold purpose; that being to release the magician's wrath in the throwing of a curse, and more important, to dispose of a totally obnoxious and deserving individual.'⁽³³⁾ It is apparent then that there is a comparison between the Order of Nine Angles methods for the selection of victims and that of the Church of Satans. Both select victims that are naturally obvious as targets for Satanic wrath. However, the Church of Satan, although adhering to this Satanic tradition, do not actively carry out direct human and/or animal sacrifice as do both the Order of Nine Angles and the Friends of Hekate.

It can be seen from the above examples, stemming from modern Satanic traditions, that the concept of the virgin or small-child as victim is obsolete in modern Satanism and whilst the media often portrays the essential nature of Satanism as one that advocates and indulges in virgin sacrifice, child abuse and the like, the actual fact of the matter is that traditional Satanic groups, such as the Order of Nine Angles and the Church of Satan, would be more inclined to sacrifice the

child abuser than the child.

Conclusion

Throughout this survey of Satanic Black Magic there has been an attempt to approach the subject without recourse to the sensationalism that often appears in the reports of Satanic activity made by the media and the church. There has also been an attempt to focus upon the reasons behind the practice of Black Magic by Satanists rather than simply focusing upon the rituals themselves. Thus, where Satanic traditions, such as that of Sacrifice are discussed there has been an attempt to relate the reasoning behind the tradition and thereby reveal the reasons why such a tradition exists.

It is hoped that in virtue of the areas discussed, it has also been shown that Satanism can no longer simply be reduced to a 'cult' phenomenon with all the associated stigma that is attached to the word. For Satanists, freedom from society and most especially morality, is an important aspect of Satanism. Yet this does not imply that Satanism can be reduced purely to a process of cathartic rebellion. Thus, some teachings within Satanic groups, most notably those advocated by the Order of Nine Angles and the Society of Dark Lily, focus upon the attainment of wisdom and of an understanding of how the universe works devoid of the individual's subjective feelings, wishes or desires. There is therefore no attempt to hide from the natural laws of the universe or from the fierceness and danger that such laws imply.

Further, Satanists believe that Satanism, by virtue of its adherent philosophies, is a system of magical practice that is suitable for only a minority of individuals who can see through the traditional morality of the day. In itself Satanism is not dedicated to acquiring new followers. Rather it is considered by the Satanists themselves as a method for personal evolution whereby the individual may reach a higher level of awareness; an expansion of consciousness and it is this that reveals, according to the Satanists, the true nature of the Left Hand Path. For the difficulties in achieving such a freedom of thought are evident in the fact that very few individuals can claim to have successfully passed through or beyond the Abyss and gained direct knowledge of the universe as it is in essence. Thus Satanism maintains the theory that man, as he is, is only a partly developed being, a being that through the practices of Satanic magic, and magic in general can complete his development.

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13. *ibid.*, p. 12.
14. Society of Dark Lily. 'Sex and the Occult' in Dark Lily 10 (Dark Lily: London. 1990), p. 16.
15. Revelations 9:1-3.
16. Society of Dark Lily. 'Crossing the Abyss' in Dark Lily 4 (Dark Lily: London, 1988), p. 17.
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IN THE REALM OF GODS

The very essence of Satanism is that we can become gods: that we can be those future beings who will be revered not only by our own species, but by other life-forms elsewhere in the cosmos. By using only our Will, we can be the indomitable ones destined to carve out the path to the next aeon. By great deeds, we can be the makers of history.

All that has led to this point in time can be surpassed - all that has made great warriorship, heroism, discovery and creativity, can be surpassed, re-defined and re-expressed. All the gods, all the great figures of our history who spawned gods, can be bettered.

We can possess the one real secret guarded by all our past gods: that those gods are but pale imitations of the beings that we ourselves can become. This secret is the grail that sleeps within the soul of our Western Race, and which so many occult forms have failed to wake.

All past gods of the various Western Traditions are rendered obsolete by the forces which Satanism alone is unleashing. These are the forces of cosmic evolution, taking the form of the Aeonian Magickian. The cosmos is now seeking to discard the tired old gods of our past, and is hungry for new expressions, to spawn new forms that will begin the next cycle of history.

Fading are the old Earth-bound symbols, giving way to those of acausal dimensions; those numinous forms which presence now the Galactic future that awaits. Rising are the chants of the stars, the wordless ceremonies, the living nexions that are worlds apart from the occult, from the old realm of temples, circles and runic readings.

The Satanist does not need to study or re-enact the past, and indulge in what has long been established: he is that past, the present, and the future. And each new willed act is another re-expression of the essence, another re-definition of cosmic meaning - another discovering of the potency of life presented in each one of us.

Another reminder that individuals do possess the *choice* to act or not to act for the greater cause of evolution: that each act *can* matter, *can* make a difference ...

We do not have to simply consume and pay homage to past glorious deeds; to behave as if we believe history itself has now ceased, or has been rendered the future realm of an officially appointed few. Those appointed few are like the old gods of the past: they exist so that we individuals can, through adversity, discover our own potential - the potential that is really one potential: that of the cosmos itself.

Thus, Satanists do not follow gods. So what then of Satan, that greatly mis-understood living symbol? Satan is not tied to cultural phases, and does not in image represent a once great society. Instead, Satan is the timeless flow of the cosmos, seeking existence. Satan is the grail itself, that secret guarded by the inadequate gods of our past.

Satan is the very essence of the striving to become a god - Satan is the arrogance within that enables us to leave behind the archaic gods, and to find the courage to be the new gods. Satan is how we live, how we die, and how we shall be after causal life.

Satan is the word that when invoked presences the very essence of our striving and defiance. As a living Being, Satan desires new life, new expression, and the constant surpassing of each shadowy archetype created to represent Him. As living Beings, when we are living right, we *are* Satan - both as individuals and collectively, as the new species of Human that is yet to be.

Let us stop grovelling to old archetypes, stop forming fan-clubs for the Old Ones, and discard

the superstition and academia that is so precious and so useless. We possess the creative genius to set in motion new Earth-shattering forms, and the arrogance to behave as the embodiment of the future that we, in essence, are. The future implies an upward surge away from the near medieval times we still live in, and in this becoming of evolution, we do not need to seek answers from anywhere but within ourselves.

The future gods bear our names ...

CB, ONA 1998eh

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FUNDI

A great deal has been written over the years concerning the concept of the *nexion*, and while the basic meaning is widely understood - that of a *nexion* being a point where the acausal intrudes into the causal universe (and vice versa) - the outer form that a *nexion* may take requires some further explanation.

Firstly, a *nexion* can take many forms, and may even be a combination of forms. According to very rare conditions, an aeonic *nexion* may be an individual. Or it could be a revolutionary Religious form. Or, as stated, it could constitute several such forms co-existing in the world in order to bring forth the aeonic transition.

However, the standard image is usually that of an isolated, wind-swept hill, which may perhaps include upon it some ancient ruined structures. It is such an isolated place that is usually sought by occultists when attempting to open a *gate/nexion*. This attempt will most likely involve regular performance at the chosen site of rituals designed to presence the acausal (such as Nine Angles ceremonies, etc. - qv. Order MSS *Therinn*). Thus, a tradition is started whereby a reservoir of energies is created for future Adepts to draw from and direct according to desire. Several such places have been established over the years in the British Isles, with one site in particular having been opened in an area of the Welsh Marches over 1,000 years ago in order to inaugurate the Western Aeon, as has been documented by the Dark Tradition.

Thus, the *nexion* associated with the present Western Aeon was indeed an isolated, genuinely esoteric place. However, it was only thus because of the nature of the times in which it was created: times characterised by the Nazarene oppression, which demanded an esoteric approach to preserving what we sometimes term as the 'Western ethos'.

This was in contrast to the *nexion* which presenced the Hyperborean Aeon of Albion. This *nexion* existed in the area of Stonehenge. The *nexion* then was not solely the henge itself, or the land upon which it was built, or the folk who lived and worshipped there: *it was a combination of all those factors*. The *nexion* of Albion was the organic whole of the community which grew there, a living, working centre where all the threads of nature and human-kind were woven as one. What can be found at that site now is the dead shell of what was once a living organism - a *nexion* by which life evolved significantly.

Because of the enervating nature of this present time, the *nexion* associated with the next aeon and which is being established now, is also an organic whole - a community. But this community

must in this present age develop covertly, since to openly establish it as an 'occult' venture would be to hinder its slow, natural growth, and turn it into something short-sighted and short-lived: a 'project' attempting to bend the Will of Nature in accordance with a set of accepted 'ideas'. That is, such a venture would seek to project upon the essence a limited understanding of what constitutes the 'esoteric', and would thus represent a step backwards, into that which is already dying.

The community instead allows the essence to dictate the ways of living, and remains always separate from 'occult' forums and trends in order that it may present the future by founding a new organic approach to Life itself. From this slow, aeonic development will come the new forms, the new expressions, the new magick - of themselves, unhindered by any pre-conceptions or expectations, and free from all past and fading archetypes.

Thus the community itself will become the *new* esoteric path; the *new* religion - the *new* country. In order to make this next phase meaningful and significant - that is, *practical* - a leap of faith is required: a breaking away from the established, on all levels. Thus, the spirit of real pioneering is to be invoked, and there is no reason why ultimately this leap of faith cannot be repeated across the diverse regions of the Earth.

In establishing this nexion, the cycle that began in Albion will have returned to its new beginning. This beginning is in essence quite simple: it is the cultivating of the *conscious* apprehension of the acausality of 'time', from which all else shall follow. Only from these seemingly humble, rural beginnings can emerge the race that will practically extend towards the stars, since both the Will and the form of technology required to fulfil the Galactic Destiny can only develop organically from revolutionary organic beginnings and methods.

The hidden, outwardly 'non-esoteric' community will be this new beginning, and must subsequently be nurtured in such a way that it flourishes for at least 1,000 years. This new form signifies the closing of all that outwardly constitutes this present age, and is *the essence itself*, not merely a vehicle for the expression of the essence. It is a combination of both causal and acausal: it is a living nexion - the next stage, made practical, in our evolution.

What is described above represents the essence of magick.

ONA, 1998eh

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BAPHOMET - A NOTE ON THE NAME III

Tradition tells of a community who venerated the goddess in an area of what is now North Scotland. This community is believed to have comprised of the ancestors of 'The Picts', and they were based around the River Oykel. The Latinized form of their name, given by Ptolemy, was *Smertae*, which means 'stained' or 'smeared folk'.

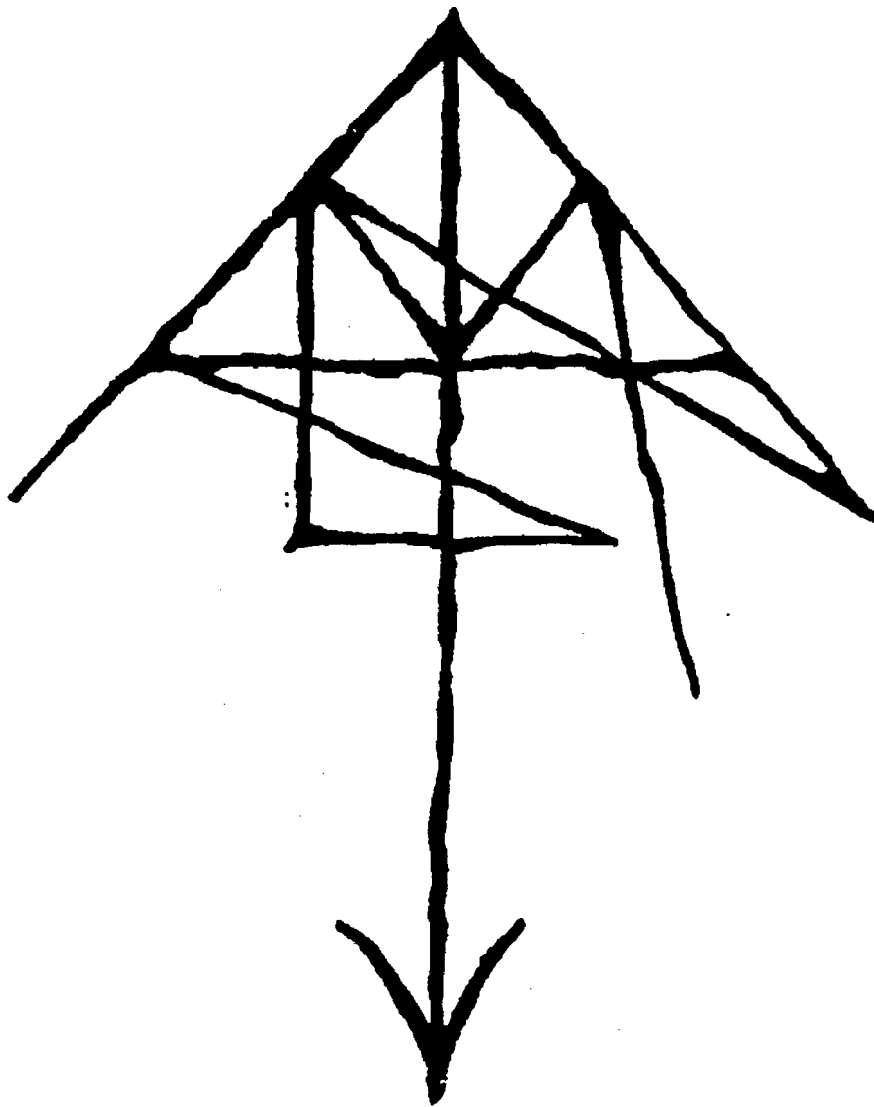
The name by which this community knew the goddess is not recorded, but in Gaulish inscriptions there is reference to a war goddess named *Rosmerta*. Her name translates as 'the greatly smeared goddess' - that is, smeared with blood. It is quite possible that the *Smertae* were connected with her worship, and they were said to smear themselves with the blood of their enemies,

in her honour.

Interestingly, another community which lived near the region of the Smertae during the same era, was known by a name which translates as the 'cat people' (see *Note on the Name II*).

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FURTHER SEPTENARY CORRESPONDANCES

<i>Moon</i>	Cirrostratus	Valley	Wolf
<i>Mercury</i>	Nimbostratus	Rocky outcrop (dawn)	Hare
<i>Venus</i>	Cirrocumulus	Lake/ Loch	White Hind
<i>Sun</i>	Stratocumulus	Cave	Lizard
<i>Mars</i>	Cumulonimbus	Moorland/ Heath	Frog
<i>Jupiter</i>	Cumulus	River (dusk)	Salmon
<i>Saturn</i>	Altostratus	Mountains (dusk)	Eagle

Festivals:

Mid - end of April; Early November; Spring Equinox; Mid - end of May; Summer Solstice; Early - mid-August; Autumn Equinox; Winter Solstice; Late January - late Feb

[Note: The above Satanic/Sinister fests represent the times when the seasonal energies/cosmic tides are at their most pronounced. These times are not marked by the performance of the standard seasonal rites as used within the occult/'pagan' sub-culture: the energies, in themselves *unbound by any phase in history*, are, in the manner of magick, re-expressed each year according to the circumstances of the celebrating and the broader esoteric changes occurring at that time. Of necessity a traditional form such as a Nine Angles rite provides the basis for each fest - but such a rite is in itself unbound by imagery from the dead and distant past (qv. *Black Book III*). In essence, the 'Galactic' or acausal magick that will presence the Future, is expressed through chant and thought, and thus brings the living synthesis of Being that each act of magick seeks.

This is the magick that has always characterised the meaning of genuine Satanism: the Way of *Empathy*. The practising of the fests expresses a conscious integration with the *living* cosmic forces, and reaches the height of expression when woven into the life of a rural community.]

TEACHINGS OF NARAYANA VAMPIRISM REVEALED WITHIN VAISNAVISM

Essay by Emperor Norduk of the
Tempel Azagthoth Principality of the Society of the Dark Sun

* Note: Tempel of Azagthoth is an Outer Temple of a larger family called the Society of the Dark Sun. SDS is based upon the Ancient Babylonian practices of Vampirism, and passes this knowledge down through a living tradition inherent in their structure. Tempel of Azagthoth was created several years prior to my knowledge of the SDS, as an independent group teaching the path of the Vampire. Upon my knowledge and increasing affiliation with the Dark Sun Vampire Family, the Tempel was embraced into the body of the Society. Tempel of Azagthoth exists as a forum for diverse teachings concerning Vampirism, with the main contact from the senior office being duly aligned towards grooming students towards a more serious understanding of Vampirism in alignment with the path of the Black Vampire, the Society of the Dark Sun. The members of the tempel are not part of the structure of the Inner Vampire Family of the Society unless sufficient progress has been made to earn recommendation, or the member has made the move to obtain the higher teachings themselves. Our structure is primarily educational in nature. We hold diverse knowledge, yet through our position as an Outer Temple, we provide the means for those to learn, train, and make the move towards higher teachings later on.

The teachings within this essay are not a direct rendering from the Inner Vampire Family, but my own reflections based upon truths I have discovered through experience and application of the Vampiric truths (as well as my own personal association with the Hare Krishna cult itself over a period of time). Any readers are welcome to contact me in correspondance concerning what I have related here by sending electronic email to: wampyrism@hotmail.com or writing to me via the Tempel of Azagthoth contact address listed at the bottom of this article.

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One of the oldest and most thorough philosophies and creation epics exists within the holy writings of India, called the 'Vedas' (literally 'Knowledge'). The foremost of these being the Mahabharata, which is mainly a historical epic - and secondly the Bhagavad-Gita, which is called the 'jewel' of India's spiritual knowledge. They call Bhagavad-Gita a 'jewel' for good reason, for within the pages of the Bhagavad-Gita lies an immense amount of spiritual knowledge. It exists to this day as one of the most thorough and complete ancient religious texts ever transcribed.

Suprisingly, amongst those who traverse the Sinister Paths, I have seen that there have been very little printed studies concerning concerning the Bhagavad-Gita and Vaisnavism - the Cult that sprang from its text (within its original Sinister form, that persists to this day). Thusly, I will seek to explore only a few of the Sinister archetypes within the Vedic tradition, and in specific, the Vaisnavites. Let us now begin to explore the vampiric origin of the Vedic train of thought.

Vaisnavites are much more strict, and monetheistic in ways than a regular Hindu. A Vaisnavite bhakti-yogi (one who practices bhakti-yoga, the supreme science of relationship with the Godhead as taught within the Vedic world) would see it as a waste of time in most cases to offer obsequies before the demigods, when one could instead have communion with Krishna - which would be seen parallel within Vampirism as the original blood that forged the universe. Within Vaisnavism, Krishna is considered to be the supreme being. He is the Supreme Personality of Godhead, and from his body emanates the entire universe. The Bhagavad-Gita actually says that several universes exist within the body of Krishna. When we, as those of an instinctual leaning begin to interpret the Bhagavad-Gita through Krishna representing our own self-god, we have a clear glimpse into the nature of the dark inner state of our beings beyond our own physical/mundane perception. In understanding this connection, it is important to know that the ethereal manifestation of our actions is not the origin of the actions themselves. When one tries to interpret ancient teachings into a modernized Occult train of thought, and then begins interpreting the higher self as an outer god (thinking that the truths of the self are products of the ego) then much confusion comes into play. Our treatise on the Vampiric nature of Vaisnavism is based upon VAMPIRISM, not anything else. Vampirism realistically in every sense is derived from Ancient Sumeria and Babylon. Before the Right and Left hand path came about, there was Vampirism. Before the Hellenic symbol of Satan, there was the Vampire as well. It is a base knowledge that should be understood that Vampirism is a more ancient path than what is largely popular today, thus the height of folly to systematically underestimate the nature of Vampirism through one's own obsessive mortal consciousness. We seek to return to the primal functioning of the self, to re-establish the lost link with what is Godhead and beyond.

Krishna (as the supersoul) can be seen as the existence of the Dark One. The Dark One is a term used within higher vampiric practice - designating the inner awareness, the original chaotic being and astral mind that manifests itself within the vampire's waking state. The Dark One within the Dark Realm is the first of three independently functioning parts of the Vampire's being. Within these three parts of being, there are three realities - each of these realities named for one of the three realms of being. In the outer reality of the Dark Realm (the first realm), the Dark One will have a visible form. This has been described as "a shadow being" within teachings of the SDS. Krishna is a designation of the Dark One's form within the outer reality of the Dark Realm. As the original chaotic being, he has been referred to in the Vedic texts as the Supersoul. The Supersoul is the part of the individuals being aligned with the universal being. This supersoul manifests (visually) within the Vaisnavite Cult as Sri Vishnu. Sri Vishnu most often manifests as a beautiful blue-colored male, with four arms. In his various hands he holds (among other things) flowers as well as a club for battling demons (more about the Vedic concept of 'demons' later on). Seeing the chaotic essence which birthed the individual as an archetype such as Krishna is an interpretation only. It is unto the levels of awareness and perception that one can perceive such things, one cannot fit a hurricane into a box. The truth of the Vampiric condition and awakened state exists in acting through the mandates of the divine inner self. One reaches power when there are no internal contradictions, one is best able to experience the Dark One by action - not by speculation.

There is a parallel between the visual manifestation of the Supersoul (within Vaisnavite Cults) and the visual manifestation of the outer reality of the vampire's astral mind (the true form hav-

ing no substance visible to trained eyes, being the original and pure astral state of the individual being). The vampiric teachings quoted here are those being gleaned from the teachings of Ancient Babylon. The most qualified organization concerning Vampirism that I have encountered that is based upon the original (earthly) manifestation of Vampirism within Sumeria, Babylon, and surrounding Ancient countries is the Society of the Dark Sun. Those who are interested in this group may inquire at their offices, for which I have given the address at the end of this article.

Let us now take a look at the Vaisnavites, the cult of the Hare Krishna. We can see the manifestation of Vampirism and the alchemical path, pursuing individual spiritual evolution - is the main purpose of the Hare Krishna. They sustain themselves through spiritual food, called prasadam. Prasadam is food that is first offered in front of the dieties. All dedicated Vaisnavites offer all of their food before the diety statues (the most common are those of Krishna and Radha, that are within the Temple themselves) or to an image of Krishna within their home. The places which the seed of Vaisnavism will most greatly fructify for most people, is the Vaisnavite temples or communities. These establishments are the same as monasteries within the Christian religion in many ways, however, they usually present a more interesting atmosphere for the arising Black Magickian/Vampire. Vaisnavism is a very old, and Ancient tradition. This tradition was revived by Lord Caitanya in Bengal during the 1500's. This is when the Sankirtan movement originated, Sankirtan is the chanting of the mantra (or called 'mahamantra' within the Sanskrit, literally 'great mantra') which is : Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare. We should notice the eating of only food offered FIRST to Krishna within the Vaisnavite religion. It is taught within the Ancient texts of the Vedas that this food is cooked only for Krishna, and that the devotees may eat only the remnants of that food. The food literally becomes spiritualized, and injects the person who eats it into "Krishna Consciousness". We who are realized Vampires recognize this as a literal blood flow from the collective blood of the Vaisnavite cult, headed by the Vampire Narayana (there are several meanings to this statement), to the person who consumes the food. We who are vampires believe that blood is the conscious form behind all existence, this is the substance that we feed on and subsist our magical working upon, this is the stuff that causes Godhead in the first place. Physical blood substance to us is useful, but it is actually the result of the astral blood flowing out unto chaotic substance (causing material matter). From developing our actual astral senses and awareness, Vampires begin to actually partake of this spiritual sustenance directly. This is referred to briefly in many traditions, and is actually the 'secret art' of success in the evolutionary path. (A seemingly unrelated piece here, but useful in stressing my point concerning the very astral nature of blood feeding. Here from "Confessions of Aleistar Crowley" page 525 and 526, chapter 59 concerning Crowley's initiation into the Secret Chiefs of the Third Order). "Yet after, by a strong effort of will, I banished my sore throat and my surroundings, and went up into my Body of Light. Reached a room in which a cruciform table was spread, a naked man being nailed thereto. Many venerable men sat around, feasting on his living flesh and quaffing his hot blood. These (I was told) were the adepts, whom I might one day join. This I understood to mean that I should get the power of taking only spiritual nourishment - but probably it means much more than this."

The Sinister Lord Nrsimhadeva

In the song to Lord Nrsimhadeva (which is sung every morning in the Hare Krishna temples across the globe), the lionheaded humanoid form of Lord Krishna appears to the Demon Hiran-yakasipor to kill him. Demon is not seen within Hare Krishna as western people identify demons, but rather as ungodly persons who are ignorant and ignore the Vedic wisdom. So in this sense, we are talking about our everyday people. They are the ignorant who would hinder the enlightened. It is a significant step up on the ladder from Christianity even with some of the seemingly moralistic undertones of this cult. There is not really 'good' and 'evil' in the regular sense but rather 'wisdom' and 'ignorance' (or 'truth' and 'illusion'). In the Bhagavad-Gita, there is explicit explanations of the modes of material nature, the fact that material entanglement/confusion derives from being awestruck from the shimmering external potency of Krishna. This has significant links towards Vampirism. It is a truth within Vampirism that if the Vampire looses touch with it's inner chaotic nature, it's existence will disintegrate. Those who loose touch with their inner essence (The Dark One, Krishna) will surely be 'sacrifice' unto the consuming forces of the Causal world. The mortal is blinded to the functions of the astral realm, the experiences within their ethereal nature blind them to further awareness. Vampirism is scary, because it is based upon an action of creation itself. Separation and functioning in both realms, growing through imbuing the Vampire with blood essence, creating perpetual realities within the astral and ethereal states of consciousness. These things are products of the Dark One, the being in the pure blood abyss of the Vampire.

Bhagavad-Gita contains a mine of spiritual knowledge and should not be overlooked. When we begin to interpret Bhagavad-Gita according to it's Vampiric origin, we begin to see that a truth concerning the inner state in relation to the outer state is revealed. The poetic language and general thorough content of the Bhagavad-Gita provides much insight for the Vampire and a flawless creed for the religious. Here is an actual formula for entrance into the inner dark state from the Gita. "When the embodied living being controls his nature and mentally renounces all actions, he resides happily in the city of nine gates (the material body), neither working nor causing harm to be done. The embodied spirit, master of the city of his body, does not create activities, nor does he induce people to act, or does he create the fruits of action. All this is enacted by the modes of material nature. Nor does the Supreme Lord assume anyone's sinful or pious activities. Embodied beings, however, are bewildered because of the ignornace which covers their real knowledge." The inner state, through force of blood and will, moves the ethereal nature into being. From that origin point comes the force that acts, yet the force in itself is not the active participant. Krishna as the inner state, is the 'director' of the activities of the vampire's material nature. Suspension of the physical activities, provides a gateway unto the powers of the astral. Silencing the endless flow of thoughts in the mind while in the physical states, strengthens the Vampire's desires and thusly strengthens in both the ethereal and astral natures in a reciprocating fashion, powered by the pure blood essence of the universe.

Krishna in his form of Nrsimhadeva, like other Sinister archetypes, possess a legend of wary caution surrounding dealings with this form. The vision which we most often see Nrsimhadeva in these days is his form of Ugra-Nrsimhadeva (ie: his violent form). Vaisnavites specifically identify Nrsimhadeva as the form of Krishna as 'the origin point' of the existence of sentient beings. It is quite interesting that the most violent form of Krishna also signifies his manifestation as the ori-

gin. A carving out the will from chaos births the conscious being. There is only one full sized diety statue of Nrsimhadeva that is known on this earth, which is located in Mayapur, India. During the first years of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness, the most organized and influential Vaisnavite cult, they searched throughout India to find someone to construct a statue of Nrsimhadeva in his violent form of Ugra-Nrsimhadeva. They finally found one person to do this.

According to the tradition of those who construct diety statues, the last part to be added to the statue is the eyes. The eyes are considered to actually hold the 'spirit' of the statue, and once the eyes are constructed in the statue, that physical substance is imbued with the energy of the God for which it has been constructed. The statue of Nrsimhadeva was constructed in a large shed behind the artist's residence. Finally, the statue was completed. The artist went to run some errands, and when he returned he was horrified to find that the entire shed had burned to the ground. But standing in the middle, amongst the smouldering ruins, was the grinning statue of Nrsimhadeva, which was unscathed. The artist quickly called up the Hare Krishna devotees and pleaded with them to please take the statue, it was disturbing him mentally and had destroyed his workshop.

Nrsimhadeva appears in particular more fierce than any of the other figures I know of within the Vedic cosmology. As an actual form of Krishna, there are many implications. Even the most fierce races of evil beings, those beings whose job is punishment of the humans (these are referred to as the "Yamas" and is led by Yamaraja, who is mentioned as being a great devotee of Krishna even though most all of his activities are gauged as 'sinful'), are unto Krishna. We come to an understanding of an implicit alchemical truth. Alchemy, is the art of 'transmutation', it is a process of evolution upon the self (the fact that the evolved creature influences his surroundings is secondary, a natural action). Connecting with this truth of the inner self is the purpose of the Vaisnavite and yogi (true yoga is much more than physical exercises, it is an ongoing science and function of those who practice it).

For one to digest the Teachings of Narayana in a practical and workable perspective, one must shift their own awareness and gather a higher awareness to perceive. Don't look once, don't look twice, look several times over anything that you may read or study. Not only that, you should also keep the teachings which have been revealed to you in your mind and apply and test them in real situations and through real experiences. Just like any ancient texts, the secrets remain closed for those who do not have ears to hear. Even some who think they hear, may be interpreting everything in a distorted sense. From this folly comes the endless product of religions and mystical paths, each as equally diluded as the other yet each reaching towards a common truth. There will always be those who are in mortal consciousness, for there must be food for the higher beings of the universe. The vampire should not be confused or blinded by the endless hunger of humanity, the time has come for you to rise as predator and cease to be prey. Affirm: I am a Vampire, I am God, and from that teaching begin to seek the alchemical truths. Master the control of the self, be adept at internal magick, and the path will lead towards mastery over other things.

Those who are interested in the contents of this article may feel free to correspond with the author. Please enclose a self addressed stamped envelope or sufficient postage for a reply to help offset costs. Emperor Norduk can be contacted at:

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THE SINISTER CREED

(From the Black Book of Satan I)

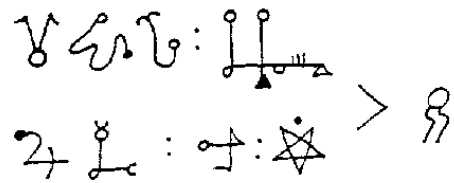
1. Satan in particular and the Dark Gods in general are a means to self-fulfillment and self-understanding.
2. Only by journeying through the darkness within us and without can we attain self-divinity and thus fulfil the potentiality of our existence.
3. Our rites, ceremonies and practices are all life-affirming, and show us the ecstasy of existence and the self-overcoming of the true Adept.
4. We are feared because we defy and seek to know and thus understand. We rejoice in living: in all its pleasures but most particularly in its possibilities. We thus extend the frontiers of evolution while others sleep or cry.
5. We detest all that enervates and would rather die than submit to anyone or anything - this pride is the pride of Satan, and Satan is a symbol of our defiance and a sign of our life-enhancing energy. Others see our way of living and our way of dying and are afraid.
6. When we hate we hate openly and with arrogance, and when we love, we love with a passion to match this arrogance: always mindful never to love anyone so much that we cannot see them die, for death is a natural changing of energies.
7. We prepare - through our magick and our ways of living - for the Age of Fire (the Aeon of the Dark Gods) which is to come, when we elitist few shall reach out toward the stars and the galaxies and the new challenges they will bring.
8. Our way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly defy the matrix of illusions - of 'good' and 'evil' - that stifle the potentiality of our being.
9. What does not kill us, makes us stronger.

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The Girl Goddess

S.R.

Being a teacher, I had for a long time been aware of how some girls embodied some features of the goddess in her youthful aspect. Sometimes, this was expressed in a sexual way, sometimes it was not.

One girl in particular stands out in memory. She was twelve at the time, a slim thing with long often unruly sandy coloured hair whose eyes at times suggested a sexual understanding of someone much older. Sometimes she would look at me and smile, as if she knew my secret, thrusting her burgeoning breasts out. Sometimes she seemed to be saying 'I want you to kiss me'. Yet, when these fleeting moments had gone, she was just like any other girl of her age. It was almost as if in those moments the girl goddess was teasing and tempting me.

Yet it took me a while to understand that the goddess was within her in those sometimes tender, sometimes sexual moments - that she was or could be a vehicle for that beauty, charm, grace and sensuality - and I nurtured the secret desire to make those moments last, to bring them about, to capture them in her or some similar girl. Was this the yearning about which Sappho spoke:

If you forget me, think
Of our gifts to Aphrodite
And all the loveliness that we shared*

But mention of this subject was difficult, even among gay friends. So it was avoided until I some years later came to teach another of those gifted by the goddess.

She was fourteen when it started, and would wait for me after lessons and after school, on any pretext. It was flattering having such a pretty girl have a crush on me but I kept a professional distance. She took to learning the violin and persuaded her parents to give her private lessons - with me, as I taught violin. I wanted to refuse, and accept. Perhaps it was ordained, but I accepted her parents offer.

Being alone and near her became difficult although for months nothing happened, except violin lessons in my house. Then one day as we sat on the sofa drinking coffee after a lesson and chatting about music and school, waiting for her father to collect her, I blurted out: 'You look quite beautiful.' It was true, she did, with her dusky complexion, dark hair and well-formed breasts. We seemed to understand one another without words - she smiled and then we were embracing and kissing, laughing and crying. And next week, a slightly more intimate touch, caress. A week after that, our lesson together forgotten, I touched her breasts for the first time before unbuttoning her blouse - afraid and exulted at the same time. A few weeks later we shed each others clothes to become lovers for the first time. And she was only fifteen.

It was pleasing, and fearful - I was afraid of exposure, of her parents, the school, discovering our secret. I felt guilty - had I betrayed my trust? Was I taking advantage of her? For months I anguished over it all. She expressed her love for me, and we were happy together. Our relationship seemed natural and beautiful. We discovered things together, played music together (her playing improved!), made ecstatic love (she seemed insatiable at times!).

* Editorial note: Or as another, more accurate translation says -

Go happily, remembering me
For you know what we shared and pursued.
If not, I look backwards to remind you
Of the sensuous times we had.

But guilt began to poison me. We were careful at school, with her parents, but it was all a strain - for me, for she seemed to take naturally to the situation and not worry about it. I hated the lies, the deceit. I wanted to be open and honest, to tell others about our love. But it was impossible. I began to quarrel with her, find fault with her or the way she did things. For a few weeks, sheer hell. But then I understood why I felt that way - it was the guilt. So we talked about it. We loved each other and saw nothing wrong in our love or the natural sexual expression of it - it was others who would not understand, who would condemn us. 'You make me happy' she said once, 'that's all I care about'. I remembered that, and the guilt declined, although a longing for openness with others remained.

Looking back, it was as if the goddess was manifest in her at times: when making love, when walking in a certain way, when she smiled, or laughed or played the violin. Had I seduced her - or had the goddess within her seduced me? It did not seem to matter.

Today, I am happier - and still with her, although I am now at another school and she is working. The large city where we share a flat shields us from curious eyes. Some time ago we went to a few clubs, met others of our ilk. Some were surprised at our difference in age (I am just over twice hers), others are accepting. Would even those who accept us feel different if they knew of her youth, and my position, when we became lovers? Would my school force me to resign if they knew? Probably. So secrets remain and discussion does not arise, and I cannot but wonder how many others like me have gone down that same road and failed to survive, their journey of love cut short by a society that does not care or wish to understand. There still seems an awfully long way to go.

Sappho

Fragment 41:

Beautiful girls, toward you
My thoughts will never change ...

Fragments 138/147:

Believe me, in the future
Someone will remember us ...

Because you love me
Stand with me face to face
And unveil the softness in your eyes ...



SAPPHO - POETIC FRAGMENTS: Translated by DW Myatt, with five colour illustrations by Christos Beest - available from Rigel Press, priced £14/\$35 Air Mail.

Sinister Tradition - Further Notes

Bron Wrgan:

The Western Aeon has as its esoteric centre two nexions. Both were established - c. 500 eh - at a time when there were beliefs in 'Thule' (qv. 'Lands of the Dark Immortals' MS). One of these nexions is known by Sinister Tradition as 'Bron Wrgan'.

Several sites are mentioned as being the location of this nexion, amongst which are: Caer Caradoc near Knighton; Caer-din Ring, Clun Forest; and a site about 3 miles NE of Knucklas, near a batch, where severed heads were reputed to be set up, within an enclosure. There is a stream here mentioned in 'Morte d'Arthur' - the steps in the stream being the site where two knights fought.

The other twin nexion is north of Bron Wrgan.

One of these nexions is 'negative/Dark', the other is 'positive/Light'. The magickal centre of the New Aeon is inbetween these two nexions - thus this centre is a new nexion, a combination of the qualities of the two previous ones. Fundamental to the aims of the ONA is the completion of this nexion - that is, to fully open the nexion in order to presence the New Aeon as the other two nexions wane, their purpose having been fulfilled.

Petriochor:

1) Prepare an area of soil at least three feet square. This must be kept free of plants and should ideally be exposed to the sun for at least part of the day, and unshaded by trees etc. If possible no pesticides, fertilizers etc should be present, but it should also have a high organic content from previous cultivation.

2) Collect some of this soil at a specific time between the last full Moon in May and the full Moon following the Solstice. This time depends on the weather, but is always in the hour before dawn. The time is right when following a period of warm, dry weather which has lasted for at least seven days, there is rain in the hours before dawn. This rain should ideally be a light drizzle.

3) The soil should be collected and placed immediately in an airtight container. As soon as possible it should be transferred to a suitable receptacle connected to distillation equipment, and a low heat applied for a period of time which only practical experiment can show. The "essence" collected is the basis of the incense.

4) Then make up as a normal perfume/oil using a natural base, eg. sweet almond oil, into which the "essence" is infused/mixed.



ΠΙΧΛΩ ΘΕ ΔΥΝ ΘΙΣ ΚΑΥ ΘΥΟΥ ΟΜΩΥΚΑΤΩ ΜΕΘΗΚΕΝ
ΑΥΤΟΥ ΚΩΤΑ. ΚΑΙ ΠΕΠΩΚΟΤΕ ΕΡΛΙΤΗΝ ΕΠΕΝΘΙΩΜΙ
ΤΟΥ ΚΑΤΑ ΧΘΟΥΟΣ ΑΤΑΞΟΘ ΒΕΚΡΩΝ ΟΩΤΗΡΟΣ ΕΥΚΤΑΚΑΝ
ΧΑΡΙΩ

H.P. Lovecraft and the Dark Gods

A lot has been said and written in recent years about the writings of H.P. Lovecraft, particularly his Cthulhu mythos, but to gain an insight into the truth it is necessary to compare Lovecraft's mythos with one of the most sinister traditions of Occultism.

Lovecraft, aware of parts of the ancient tradition of the Dark Gods, dramatised and mis-represented the tradition as a whole. Part of this mis-representation was literary, some of it arose because Lovecraft could not see beyond the Abyss where opposites are meaningless, but most of the mis-representation arose because Lovecraft had access to only part of the tradition, through his own Occult researches and sometimes inept experiments with dream control.

To these, he added inventions of his own - such as the so-called 'Necronomicon' (the book of this title published by Colin Wilson et al is a hoax) - which he wove into the cthulhu mythos. This mythos bears about as much resemblance to the genuine tradition of the Dark Gods, from which it is derived, as a fir tree does to an oak.

One of Lovecraft's mis-representations is in naming the Dark Gods. The Dark Gods (or 'forces') may be symbolised by vibrations, since it is partly through such vibration that certain levels of consciousness may be reached. These levels re-present primal Chaos - that is, they are devoid of Word since such levels pre-date the covering up, by Word, ritual, idea and even myth, of the essence from which Being and non-Being were derived. Viewed conventionally, these entities are negative and by their return restore Chaos - that is, they destroy the historicity of Being. When seen through the stricture of opposites such a return is terrifying.

According to tradition, the Dark Gods are waiting, in what may be described as a parallel universe, to return to Earth and thus our spatial, causal universe. Essentially, the universe of the Dark Gods is acausal and the two universes may be re-presented as being joined by various Star Gates (or more accurately 'nexions'). These 'Gates' are regions of space-time where passage from one universe to another is possible at certain times - that is, when the Gates are aligned according to their cosmic cycle. Traditionally, it is believed that these Gates open about once every 2,000 years. Because of the nature of the two connecting universes (that is, their difference in time and spatial geometry) not only is physical travel possible between them, but also to a limited extent, a special form of astral travel. This astral form is possible because our own consciousness, by its nature and evolution, is partly acausal and therefore already to an extent on a primal level part of this other universe. Thus, it is possible for an individual to journey into the other realms where the Dark Gods are waiting just as it is feasible - if the psychic Gates are opened - for those dreaded and negative entities who are seldom named to manifest on our level. Such travels are manifestly only feasible when a nexion is about to be opened, is open or is closing - that is, at the beginning and ending of an Aeon. At other times, travel is very difficult and very severe measures must be taken in order to create the energy required. Such methods have seldom been used in the past: they involve great danger to the individual(s), hideous rituals of suffering and sacrifice, or immense detail in preparation and the acquisition of a crystal tetrahedron of the right quality.

The intrusion of these entities into our universe takes many forms, both physical and psychic, and here again Lovecraft has mis-represented them. According to Tradition, the last overt physical manifestation took place thousands of years ago, around 8,000 BP and gave rise to, among other legends, the myth of Dragons. Prior to this, the sinister tradition speaks of the first coming of the Dark Gods at the dawn of our consciousness - probably around 20,000 yrs BP. Psychic intrusion is often minimal but nevertheless terrifying for some. According to one recent account: "They lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sounds which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds to know. And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner

of the meeting of dimensions. They are the destroyers ... the bornless forever who wait for our call. Soon they will come to collect that blood which is required by Them. To understand Them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be."

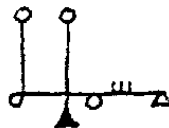
Such manifestations often take the form of nightmares when unsought, and occasional madness is not unknown among those who have deliberately tried to bring the Dark Gods: for example, in a case known to the author a group tried, in the early seventies, to invoke these forces. The working was only partially successful and one of those involved went mad.

One of the most noticeable effects of deliberate contact by Adepts is the change that results in the consciousness of certain groups of people and individuals - such as a resurgence of primitive atavisms. Such changes are often misunderstood, bound as most people still are by old Aeon concepts of duality, and over recent decades these changes have been a prelude to the calling forth that will re-open the physical nexion and return the Dark Gods to our universe and thus the Earth itself.

The details that Lovecraft gives regarding 'calls' and rites are mostly fanciful and only in a few places does he inadvertently reveal the truth - for example, in his mention of the trapezohedron and 'Azathoth'. The key to travel along the passages between the star nexions is the Nine Angles and the key to the Nine Angles is the crystal tetrahedron which is activated by voice vibration. 'Azathoth' as described by Lovecraft, is a symbolic and distorted re-presentation of the intersection, in acausal space-time, of these astral star passages: a kind of galactic vortex or node. Those who journey there never return the same. Along the star passages the shells of long dead civilizations lie strewn.

The Nine Angles (the key to contact both physical and astral) are re-presented in the septenary Star Game and it is through this symbolic re-presentation that the magick of the Dark Gods is made manifest. The rest, to the uninitiated, is sheer terror.

* * * * *



Wild carnal awakenings that fructify
the Earth with vibrant energies.
She glistens and melts and
flames before them,
filled with a fierce fascination
for the folly of human lives.
Driven by a force that is the
Moon, the Sun, the wilderness
Storm in her veins, the fire
of a warrior in her heart.

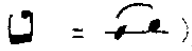
And upon her inner thigh
as an imprint, like a kiss
the scarlet mark of Satan
lies like daggers of swollen bliss
A charm, an enhancement,
a warning,
a key of doom to be touched
and taken,
as a poisoned chalice of wine
She works in their blood
like a fear, like a flame
Hers is a kiss of death and fire
Hers the seeds of a black serpent sown,
The dice is loaded, the cards are stacked
and every hand that's played,
reveals the queen of spades,
and every step that's taken,
every path that is followed
leads to tortuous tests,
footprints filled with blood,
a vital awareness that is a drug
of ruin, a gauntlet of challenge
through the will of She
that lives in them yet,
as irresistible as the pull of the Moon,
as immortal as the midnight shore,
as fierce and as cruel as fire.
She culls and captivates and manipulates
with acausal aim,
A dimension beyond them
as untouchable as the wind,
as free as a raven's wing,
A force of nature in sensuous stealth revealed.

She waits in a space of aloneness
for her prize,
for her Prince of Darkness to come,
for Satan to fulfil the promise
of his mark,
the kiss of blood she wears
like a charm, like a wedding ring,
as an imprint upon her
inner thigh.

Sinister Chant - Further Notes

The aim of this MS is to make the techniques of Sinister Chant more accessible to Novices, primarily by providing a way of transcribing chant neumes ('Square' and 'Sangallian') into modern 'blob' notation, thus giving an approximate, performable description of the Chants (qv. 'Naos', 'Hostia', 'Black Book of Satan III') - at least for those who have some grounding in modern musick theory.

However, an effort should be made to study the basics of early chant notation since this ultimately makes chant accessible to both the musickally accomplished and the layperson - simply because Neumatic Notation (particularly 'Square') is easier to read than modern notation.

Once the less obvious notational structures are understood (such as ) then the comparative simplicity of the neumes will be clear. Firstly in this form of notation, there are no dynamics (such as 'largo'; 'cantabile' etc.) - thus, there are less restraints upon performance, and this is a key to understanding the essence of the Chant and consequently, its 'magick'. Chant works as magick if there is some spontaneity, some genuine emotion breathed into the performance - basically the premise of all magickal workings. This is to say that each performance is unique to the performer since s/he, or they, create the texture (or express the 'soul') of the Chant via unique emotions - unique to the individual(s) and unique to all the many other factors converging during that performance. Thus the Chant is meaningful to the Cantor(s), thus real magick evolves.

Obviously, whilst the performance is unique, the Chant itself, if sung correctly, will always bring those energies it is expressive of - ie. the Chant associated with the sphere of Mars ('Agios Alastoros') will invoke energies of sacrifice and death, thus enhancing certain dark rites and acts (culling ...). Sometimes the Chant itself, unaided (with the exception of a quartz tetrahedron), will create a death. Thus, a Chant is most efficacious if performed within an appropriate context. The traditional Chants are re-presentations of specific energies and are genuinely powerful; if one were to sing a Chant - such as the one to return Atazoth - without a specific aim, the effects could be quite detrimental to the performer.

Generally, the 'planetary' Chants may be used in the manner of magick to:
a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing; b) direct by will and visualization a specific aim appropriate to the sphere; c) alter (via the acausal) the world itself.

(b) and (c) usually require two cantors singing a fourth apart in parallel (for 'dark/destructive' works) or a fifth apart (for constructive workings). (a) is usually undertaken by one individual - the chant being sung three times in succession at sunset for seven days. [If the individual wishes to invoke 'dark/destructive' energies for a specific purpose, then the chant would be performed, over the seven days, one hour before dawn - this being the time favoured for such workings.]

The seven Greek modes (scale system in diatonic composition*) correspond to the spheres of the septenary as follows: Lydian - Jupiter; Phrygian - Saturn; Dorian - Moon; Mixolydian - Venus; Hypodorian (or Aeolian) - Mercury; Hypolydian - Sun; Hypophrygian (or Ionian) - Mars.

The modes used in sinister Chant are the Gregorian or plainchant ones and are related to the spheres (and thus the Greek modes) thus:

D - IV; ♀ - VI; ♀ - V;
 ♂ - VII/VIII; ♂ - III; ♃ - I;
 ♄ - II

* In modern musick, 'mode' refers to each of the two chief scale systems, eg. major and minor.

Quite simply, the neumes describe the rising and falling of the voice, and the tonal progressions (with perhaps the exception of the more demanding 'Agius Atazoth') are usually straightforward and logical. As to the tempo of the performance, there is a consensus of modern opinion favouring a fairly fast pace (equating to the tempo of speech). For magickal purposes - and really, the performance of any Chant is magickal, consciously or otherwise - a Chant should be sung as a 'dirge', intensity being expressed by volume and inflexion. There are some circumstances exceptional to this, but generally this approach is to be recommended.

The method of singing differs from that of modern vocal musick ('pop/rock' has created a lazy, degenerate singing style) and one must hear practical examples to appreciate this method; here, only the guidance of a Cantor trained in Sinister Chant is of any use. In essence, the voice must reflect natural forces - there is a flow, a smooth rising and falling of the voice.

Sinister Chant is not for solo or group entertainment: it is an act of meditation. And a Chant is not a written score, but the quality of enlightenment in the singing of that score ...

The following table gives the neumatic notations and their modern equivalents. It must be borne in mind that when using **C** in transcription, the pitch of middle C has changed over the centuries since the Chants were written down.

+ + + + + + + + +

Chant Notation and its Transcription:

	Sangallian	Square	Transcription
Virga	/	┆	•
Punctum	•	▪	•
Pes	✓	♪	—•—
Clivis	∪	♪	—•—
Scandicus	•	♪	—•—
Climacus	•	♪	—•—
Torculus	∩	♪	—•—
Porrectus	∪	♪	—•—
Pes Subbipunctis	•	♪	—•—
Torculus Resupinus	∩	♪	—•—
Porrectus Flexus	∩	♪	—•—
Epiphonus	✓	♪	—•—
Cephalicus	∩	♪	—•—
Distropha and Bivirga	”	•	• •
Tristropha and Trivirga	””	•	• • •

* Note: The above table does not contain the entire range of Sangallian notation.

SYNESTRY: A Sinister Ceremony

[from 'The Black Book of Satan III']

Location:

Usually an indoor Temple.

Participants:

Amatrix - in white robes
Priestess - in violet robes flecked with purple
Defensatrix - in black, with face mask
Congregation - black robes

Temple preparations:

The altar is covered with a black cloth on which is woven an inverted seven-pointed star and on this is a large quartz crystal (which may be shaped as a tetrahedron).

A large statue or image (Atus III, IV or XX) of Baphomet according to Sinister tradition is to the left of the altar.

Chalices of wine, temple bell, violet candles and incense of Jupiter (both aspects: ie. Beech and civit).

The Priestess and Amatrix stand before the altar, the Defensatrix by the entrance. The Priestess rings the Temple bell seven times to signify the beginning of the rite at which the congregation precess in to the altar and are greeted by the Amatrix with a kiss. They then form a semi-circle before the altar.

The Ceremony:

The Priestess raises her hands, saying:

Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!

(The Amatrix hands her a chalice, which she drinks from, then passes to the congregation. After all have drunk, the Priestess holds the empty chalice upside down, and says:)

Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust!

(She opens her robe to reveal her breasts. The Defensatrix comes forward and forces the Amatrix to kneel before the Priestess who says:)

My breasts pleased you
And brought forth joy!

(She bends down, and the Amatrix kisses her nipples. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

I opened myself, and gave you knowledge
And the joy of knowledge was sweet.
Desire and knowledge made you great
And we, together, dared to defy!
We feasted and enjoyed!

We sacrificed, and loved!

But then the bastard came:
Yeshua, the deceiver!

Congregation:

Curse him! We curse him!

Priestess:

So we gather again to give praise to her
Who rules our world.
Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!

(The congregation repeat the chant seven times while the Amatrix takes up the crystal which she holds in her outstretched hands. The Priestess places her own hands over the crystal. They and the congregation then chant "Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet!" 21 times, the Defensatrix ringing the Temple bell after each chant until the number is reached.

The Amatrix then takes the crystal round the congregation who lay their hands upon it in turn, each silently saying 'Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet' while the Priestess vibrates/chants aloud "Agios o Baphomet".

The crystal is then returned to the altar by the Amatrix while the Priestess lays on the floor, her head touching the feet of the Baphomet image. The Amatrix stimulates her to orgasm using her tongue while the congregation dance around them chanting 'Agios o Baphomet'.

The Priestess channels the energy into the crystal and thence out from the Temple to achieve the desired goal. If no external goal is desired, it is stored in the crystal.

Following the climax by the Priestess, the congregation cease their dance and one by one kneel down to kiss the Priestess and then the Amatrix. As each one does this, the Defensatrix whispers to them: "So it is done again according to our ways, bringing strength and joy."

After the kissing, each rises, bows to the Priestess, and departs from the Temple. After all the congregation have departed, the Amatrix leaves, followed by the Defensatrix. A feast follows, outside the Temple.

The Priestess remains in the Temple until she adjudges the times aright to leave. However, if she so wishes, any member of the Temple who so desires and who has informed her beforehand, may join her in the Temple, whatever energy being produced being directed toward the goal, or stored in the crystal.

In both instances, the Priestess is the last to leave - bowing to the image, extinguishing the candles and chanting 'Ponne, diabolus, custodiam!' as she leaves.)

Notes:

1) The ceremony was originally performed each year on the return of Sirius - although it is often performed now at any time, "Sirius" being replaced by another appropriate star (or sometimes 'the Moon').

2) The rite generates sinister magickal energy - which can be directed via the usual means toward a specific aim/goal/undertaking, or into an individual (eg. a novice), or stored in the crystal to await further use, perhaps at another ceremony (eg. 'Sacrifice').

(Daughters of Baphomet)

* * * * *

The Aims of the ONA

[from 'The Sinister Path - An Introduction to Traditional Satanism']

The fundamental aims of the ONA are:

- 1) To increase the number of genuine Adepts, Masters/Lady Masters, by guiding individuals along the path to Adeptship and beyond.
- 2) To make the path to Adeptship and beyond [the 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'] more widely available, enabling anyone, should they possess the necessary desire, to strive toward the ultimate goal.
- 3) To extend esoteric knowledge and techniques - i.e. to (a) creatively extend our esoteric knowledge and understanding and thus increase the consciousness of our species; (b) develop new techniques which make this new knowledge and understanding useful to those following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way; (c) implement this knowledge and understanding in a practical way, thus causing change(s) in society/societies. Areas of importance for the immediate future are: (i) music; (ii) Art/images/'film' etc.; (iii) the creation of an 'esoteric' community; and (iv) the development and extension of an abstract symbolic language ('beyond the Star Game').
- 4) To implement sinister strategy - i.e. to presence the acausal (or 'the dark forces') via nexions and so change evolution. One immediate aim is to presence acausal energies in a particular way so creating a new aeon and then a new, higher, civilization from the energies unleashed.

In respect of (1). This will be a slow process, by virtue of the difficulty of the Way, and the desire of most of those interested in esoteric arts for an 'easy option'. It is anticipated that only about four or five new Adepts (at most) will emerge every decade (i.e. an average of one per year). Of these, only two per decade will probably make it to the stage of Master/Lady Master. These figures are unlikely to increase until the energies of the new aeon become more pronounced (around 2020 eh) - even then, the increase will be gradual. It will not be before 2070 (at the earliest) that there will be a significant increase.

This slow progression is natural and necessary - great numbers are not required in order for the more immediate covert aims (e.g. regarding sinister strategy) to be achieved.

In respect of (2). This will arise by itself provided the continuity of the Order is maintained.

In respect of (3). Since the Destiny of each ONA Adept is unique, these aims and others will be fulfilled by those Adepts striving for the next stage, that of Master/Lady Master. It should be remembered that Adepts - although they possess a knowledge and some understanding of Aeonics - are actually still

swayed by aeonic forces: i.e. their Destiny achieves supra-personal aeonic aims. In effect, their Destiny is part of the wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon to which they belong. A Master/Lady Master, by virtue of having reached that stage, can transcend this wyrd *and implement their own*.

In respect of (4). The fundamental immediate aim [c. 1990 eh - 2020 eh] here is to actively presence the energies of the next aeon and channel these, via various nexions, forms, structures, 'ideas' and so on, to create the next higher civilization. The former means accessing the acausal [in the simplistic sense, 'returning the Dark Gods' via various rites] and creating those forms/structures necessary to channel the energies so accessed. This will take several decades. [Some structures/forms/ideas etc. have already - i.e. before 1994eh - been created.] In conjunction with these things, there will be disruption of existing structures/ideas etc. by Masters/ Adepts/novices.

Beyond this immediate aim [i.e. beyond c.2020 eh] there is the nurturing of the new energies and the forms/structures etc. created to presence these. This will last several centuries - and during this time one of the tasks of the Order is to presence the acausal at regular intervals via certain rites at certain sites, thus ensuring the survival of those things imbued with such energies, one of which will be the new civilization and thus the societies it gives rise to.

□□□□□□

Expressed simply, the aim of the ONA is to create a new species - to significantly change our evolution as a species. This will take time - many centuries, in fact. The Seven-Fold Way is a practical means whereby an individual, *now*, can develop and so become a part of this new species. The other activities which the Order pursues are directed toward changing present structures and creating a new civilization whereby this new species can be made real *on a large scale*: the societies of such a civilization aspiring to realize this goal in a practical way.

The ONA is not interested in transitory 'fame'/notoriety - and neither does it desire to attract large numbers of 'followers'. It is not in the business of competing with other 'Satanic' or 'Occult' groups because such groups are irrelevant, lacking any understanding of sinister strategy and incapable of really guiding their members toward and beyond a genuine Adeptship. Such groups usually represent the ego of one person, who surrounds him/her self with sycophantic followers, and/or they fumble about in diverse mumbo-jumbo lands, playing fantasy games, try to evoke long-dead archetypes and forms, and worship their petty, mostly bovine selves.

What the ONA desires to achieve is significant and worth-while - it is not transitory. The ONA does not depend on the whim of some self-appointed 'leader' as it does bleat about some fantasy-given "mandate" from some "higher authority". It does not peddle some spurious, continually updated theory nor offer religious answers to keep individuals in thrall. Neither does the ONA declare that

its worth is based on some pretentious/legendary 'tradition'. The worth of the ONA lies in its aims and the practical methods it has created, and will create, to achieve those aims.

□□□□□□□□

Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims - of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA - and the Seven-Fold Way itself - create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from 'The Black Book of Satan', is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. ***Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this*** - that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal - they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution - they are using their lives to some purpose. Members of the ONA are doing and achieving - they are being significant and shaping future events. ***They are making history.***

Compared to this, other groups are irrelevant.

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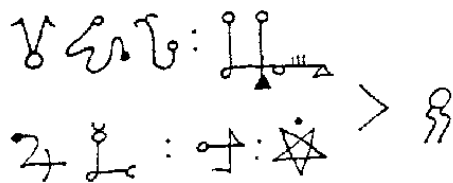
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In Praise of War

War is necessary - it ensures the health of a people, and it encourages those warrior virtues which are essential to civilization.

When a people, nation or race goes for decades without engaging in a war which involves all or most of the communities of that people, nation or race, then that people, nation or race tends toward decadence - with cowardly scum coming to the surface, the young becoming feckless and undisciplined, and society generally declining. War breeds and reveals *character* - in combat, there is no where to hide. One either does one's duty, with courage and perhaps heroism - or one does not. War is the test of the man. War is natural selection in action - Fate decrees who survives, who is uninjured and who becomes revered as heroic. War makes individuals respect Fate, and thus gives real wisdom - an awareness of *duty* and *responsibility*.

Pacifism, and the pursuit of peace as an objective, are decadent - manifestations of cowards and *decadents*, and of a people and society ruled by cowards and *decadents*. Of course war creates and brings suffering, injury and hardship - but the hard reality is that such things are necessary. Without such things there is no real wisdom, no real individual character, no real understanding - no awareness of Fate, of those forces which are beyond the individual and which the individual cannot control. Without such things there is no perspective - and what is really important about life and living gets lost in selfishness and a crass pursuit of materialism. Above all else, war breeds *nobility*. It makes the values of nobility - honour, loyalty and duty - ideals to be strived for and thus encourages civilized conduct among individuals and a civilized society for individuals to live in. A noble individual is someone prepared to fight, and if necessary die, for their folk, race or nation. A peaceful society - dedicated to peace and the selfishness and materialism which goes with it - encourages and creates a feckless, crime-ridden society full of aggressive individuals who use that aggression to achieve their petty, egotistical aims.

War channels the natural and healthy aggression of youth and early manhood in a useful and productive way. The proponents of pacifism and the 'peaceful society' believe in their vain arrogance that their abstract, unnatural and intellectual ideas can change what they see as "human nature" - they believe that given sufficient "education" (read 'brainwashing') and sufficient social schemes, this aggression and lust for battle can be removed or miraculously transformed into something which they believe is more positive. What these products of late-twentieth century decadence fail in their intellectual arrogance to understand, is that individual nature is only and always changed by real, practical experience of living and *never by ideas or any amount of 'teaching' and/or social schemes*. What little individual change results from such things as ideas, teaching, 'faith' and social schemes is only and always pretence - *affectation*; that is, whatever change such things produce in individuals, such changes are not real - they do not go deep, they are not fundamental, positive changes. What all this amounts to is that if one places side-by-side a combat veteran, and one of the intellectual pacifist/ 'social worker' types which modern society breeds in profusion, then it is obvious to anyone of any real intelligence that the combat veteran is the better person, more in touch with the reality of life, more *civilized* and more able to cope with life and any change life brings. It is only soft, comfortable modern urban/suburban living which allows the social worker type to flourish - and this soft urban/suburban style of living exists in any civilization only for a short period, for it has within it the seeds of its own destruction. These seeds are the soft individuals it breeds. Civilizations are created and maintained by individuals of character - by warriors, by those experienced in war - they are *never* created and *never* maintained by ideas, by bureaucratic types, by politicians, by social schemes and 'education'. Anyone who believes that civilization depends on clever, fancy ideas and

those who propound such ideas or makes their living from them is, quite simply, being *naïve*. The penalty for such large scale *naïvety* as the societies of the West now suffer from, is that slow descent back into barbarism which has already begun.

The reality of pacifism and other such unnatural abstract ideas, is that they undermine and ultimately destroy that personal or individual *character* which is essential to civilization. The personal character essential to civilization and a civilized way of life is only and always created by combat - by personal experience of war.

A healthy society accepts war and prepares for it. A healthy society encourages warrior virtues and trains its people for combat. A healthy society upholds the war or combat hero as the highest ideal - as someone to be admired and emulated. A healthy society rewards those who have distinguished themselves in battle and accepts such individuals, and only such individuals, as leaders. In a healthy society, young men look forward eagerly to battle.

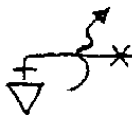
In contrast, an unhealthy or sick society strives to make "heroes" out of such non-entities as "entertainers", politicians, and successful business people. In brief, a sick society elevates the type of people combat veterans despise - vain, egotistical people concerned for the most part with materialism and/or sickly, pretentious (often sociological) 'ideas'.

It needs to be constantly affirmed that *war* and *civilization* are inseparable. To be civilizing, war has to be for some noble purpose - and this purpose can only be to ensure the survival, prosperity and extension of a particular folk, nation or race. War for a decadent purpose - such as to ensure 'peace' - is self-defeating, and produces only degeneracy and decline because such a decadent purpose weakens those fighting and produces an ailing, weak society dedicated to unnatural ideas that make people psychologically unwell. Thus, any war which aims to strengthen a particular folk, nation or race is good; any war fought for any other reason - such as an abstract idea like 'peace' - is bad. A good war creates, aids and maintains civilization. A bad war destroys civilization.

A good war is morally right - it is a duty. It is a necessity. A good war ensures the health and vitality of a particular folk, nation or race - and thus makes for a healthy, vital society. What we have today - in terms of civilized life and the comforts which go with it - is the result of war. What we have lost and are losing - honour, community spirit, noble character, vitality, purpose - is the result of peace.

For too long, the pacifists, the cowards, the decadent and the pursuers of selfish, material goals, have been unchallenged. We who believe in war - who know its value and its purpose - have been silent for too long. We need to once again proudly and defiantly sing the praises of war!

(D. Myatt)



The Ceremony of The Tower

An Introduction

This Ceremony has been developed for individuals who are incarcerated, or in some other fashion restricted from the use of traditional methods/paraphernalia. The focus of the Ceremony is specific to conditions within the CDC, and should be used in that context.

It is important to note that this form of magick is not new. It is based on sound principles which have been used for centuries. Visualization itself has endless applications both inside and outside esoteric practice. Its value is attested to by its widespread usage. An Initiate may discern how central a role this form of occult practice plays in various other systems. Holistic medicine, Martial Arts, and a variety of psychological explorations depend upon this technique for results otherwise unattainable. An individual would do well to explore the principles which make visualization so successful, as well as developing a genuine grasp of its significance in esoteric achievement.

The Ceremony of The Tower, modeled after the Tarot image also titled War, combines the Spherical meditations which affect various states of an individual's consciousness with certain magickal techniques. The result is a tri-level system which brings to bear an individual's "intent" progressively. The use of "vibrations" in an "imaginative" context is able, with some effort, to produce similar effects to vocal vibrations. An individual should seek to gain experience with the vocal form before using it in the imaginative sense, and vocal usage should always be used when it is possible to do so because it adds certain elements which the individual may overlook when performing in an imaginative capacity.

A period of fasting is required for this Ceremony. This must be understood as a means to gathering occult energies unto one's Self. In other words, throughout the period of fasting, especially as one becomes "conscious" of the Fast, one's ability to draw in/upon those sinister energies which exist becomes heightened. It is necessary for the individual to remain in a "passive," or receptive state, rather than an aggressive/dispensatory state of being.

This Ceremony will be performed by Initiates who are most likely incarcerated. As each individual brings to bear these energies which are gathered, and directs them into the designated targets it is likely that a "traditional" power-base will exist. Because it is conducted on a monthly basis, the Initiate must exercise discipline during those times when the "routine" struggle is felt the most. Be firm in your intent, accepting no substitute for the power that will be!

Anareta
O.N.A. (U.S.A)

(Hermetic)

Ceremony of The Tower

Sphere: Mercury
Word of Power: Satan¹
Star: Arcturus
Time: Midnight of new month (12:01)

Stone: Opal
Perfume: Sulpher²
Sigil: ⊕^{*}
Implements: Parchment;³ Pen/Pencil;
Lighter/Matches; Ritual
Cloth, Band, etc.

Preparation

Twenty-four hours prior to the Ceremony a Fast should be undertaken. During this period water is acceptable. The individual should utilize this period for "gathering" about one's Self occult energies. Aproximately one hour prior to the Ceremony a Ritual Bath may be taken, followed by the doning of the Ritual Cloth, Band, etc. Next, sit or lie in the area where the Ceremony will be undertaken and visualize this sigil (⊕^{*}), seeing it turn slowly from yellow to black. This should be done for aproximately a quarter of an hour. The individual is now ready to perform the Ceremony of The Tower.

Ceremony

Begin by vibrating "Satan" three times, carefully, after inscribing the following sigil upon a piece of parchment (⊕^{*}). Burn sulphur if possible, and as the smoke rises visualize it ascending into the night sky where it takes on a sinister shape. Imagine this form (an energy or entity) gathering itself and then descending upon the minds of those you intend to enchant so that their unconscious thoughts are subject to your influence (see Stage One below). For aproximately twenty minutes speak to these minds with growing intensity, ending the enchantment at a climax intended to cause folly, lathargy, and blindness. Afterward, see the smoke ascend once again and transform itself into the Tarot image The Fool. Spend some time characterizing this image with the preceeding enchantment, being careful to maintain a detached (unemotional) state of mind during this process. End this stage of the Ceremony by burning the parchment and saying, "He who blinds their eyes."

After a moment, inscribe the sigil (⊕^{*}) on a new piece of parchment. Vibrate "Satan" three times, and burn sulphur as described above. Again visualize the smoke rising into the night sky, and taking on a sinister shape, after which time it descends upon the minds of those you intend to enchant, opening their unconscious to your influence (see Stage Two below). After the climactic end of the enchantment is reached visualize the smoke rising and transforming into the Tarot image Change. Spend time characterizing this in relation to the enchantment, being careful to remain detached as before. End this stage of the Ceremony by burning the parchment and saying, "He who makes enemies one."

After a moment, inscribe the sigil (⊕^{*}) on a new piece of parchment. Vibrate "Satan" three times, and burn sulphur as described above. Again visualize the smoke rising into the night sky, and taking on a sinister shape,

The Witch's Daughter

Rain
And you have cried
So many tears
Because you were alone:

Sleep
And tall the masted ship came
Bringing the storm-black your precious child home
Who wished without knowledge
The rain silence
That would to your valley
Be a young witch's spell
And spread its wroth to the waves

Sea
And you caught in foam faces
Each arm as they rose
Clasping weakly another scream home,
Deep down toward a cold
Welcome tomb
That turned in tides;
Cold her sea wind
As you caught the cloud
That grew in your dream
And made you weave the white spell
Calling back Her thunder home -
Too late

Warmth
And you cried and made sleep
Cling to your face each morn
When you could not wake:
Anger
That made you write
On round pebbles a curse
That wrote the end date
For another woman's tomb:

Home
And you drank in deep
The mist of Prolley Moor
To celebrate the return of your gods:

Sun
While you walked crying
On the hill
Hearing in the hail
Your dead daughter's voice

(DW Myatt)



The Sinister Tarot - Brief Study Notes

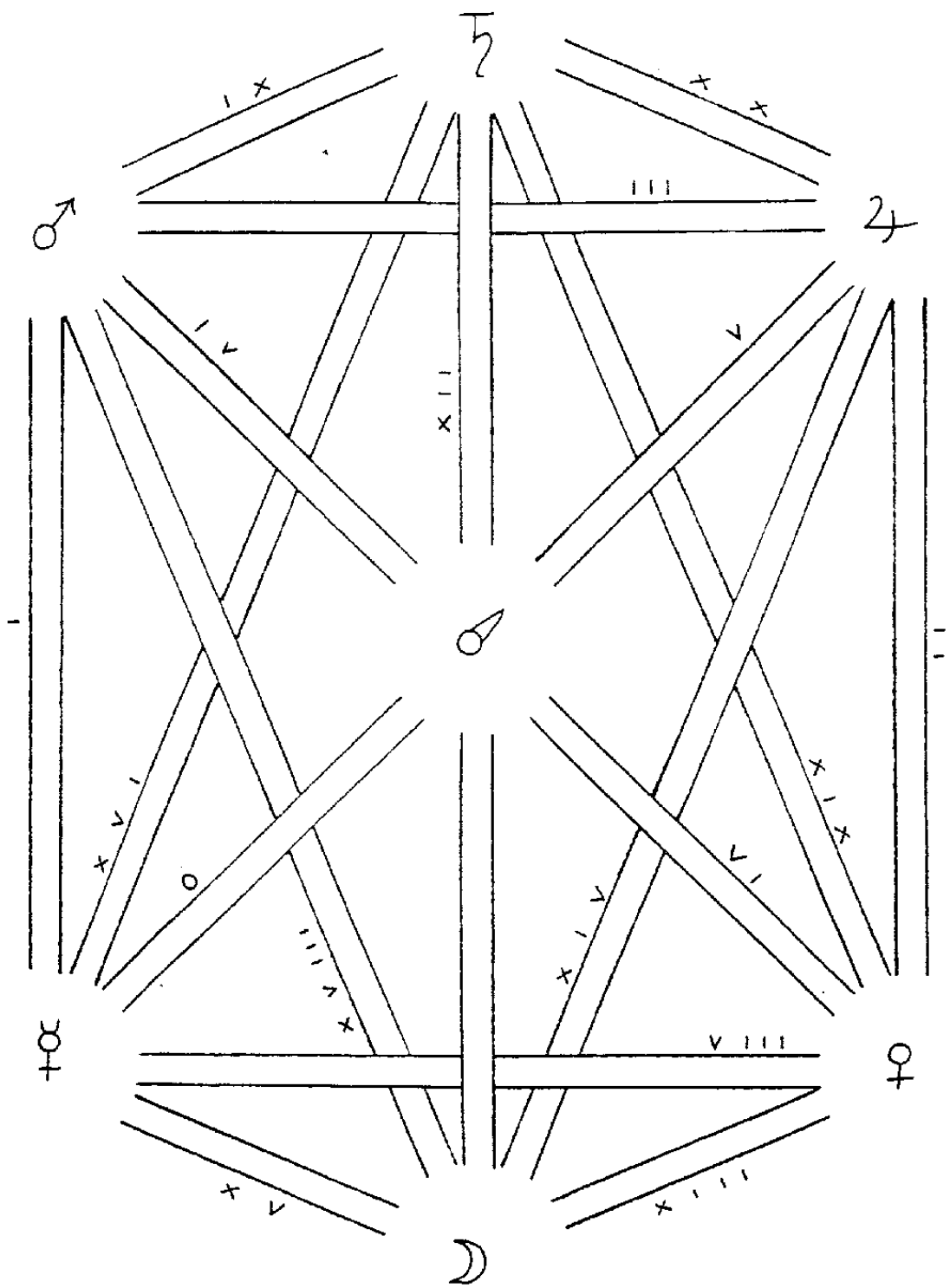
In the Sinister Tarot, the four Court cards are: Magus; Mousa; Warrior; Maiden. The following table should illustrate how the elementals of the Sinister Tarot differ from the not very well authenticated tradition of the qabalistic based Order of the Golden Dawn:

Magus	Mousa	Warrior	Maiden
Bearded man	Beautiful mature woman	Young man	Young woman
Cloak	Robe	Naked	Naked
Wolf	Leopard	Eagle	Owl
Mountains	Glade	Desert	Altar
Blue	Green	Red	Silver
Sylphs	Gnomes	Salamanders	Undines
West	South	East	North
Capricorn	Cancer	Libra	Aries
Mercury	Moon	Sun	Venus
Air	Earth	Fire	Water
Wands	Pentacles	Swords	Chalices

If one begins to think seriously about the whole qabalistic system, and more importantly, tries to work with it, one becomes aware that it is riddled with defects and misinterpretations. While an examination of all these defects would lead us too far from our purpose, it would perhaps be worthwhile to point a few of them out. There is, for instance, the ten fold 'Tree of Life' with its 32 paths. Only 22 are used because 22 just happens to be the number of the Major Arcana of the tarot (or so we are told). Thus, there is no path on this Tree connecting, for example, Yesod to Binah, or Chokmah, or Chesed. And so on. Naturally, all this is explained away in outlandish qabalistic terms. Further, three 'triangles' exist in this Tree - although only one of these has four (not three) parts: Malkuth; Yesod; Hod; Netzach. Then there is the matter of elementals and their association with the four suits of the tarot: Swords for instance, are Air, and Wands are Fire. Since the sword is generally associated with Martial forces, and the 'Knight' usually bears the sword as a weapon, one would think that the equation would read: Knight, Fire, Sword; instead of: Knight, Sylphs, Air etc., as in the Golden Dawn system. In the Septenary System, the element of Fire is restored to the Knight or Warrior - and all the paths on the Tree of Wyrd are used and have magickal meaning.

The Sinister Tarot possesses only 21 cards in the Major Arcana - there is no 'Universe' (Atu XXI). Also, there are only 11 cards in each suit - the four court cards, the 'Gate', and six others numbered two to seven. The 'Gate' cards replace those of the 'Ace' and are attributed thus: Magus - Man's Gate; Mousa - Earth Gate; Warrior - Dark Gate; Maiden - Star Gate (for further details, see 'Nine Angles' MSS) The Major Arcana differ in both names and symbolism - as do the Minor Arcana - from the Golden Dawn system, mostly because of the different attributions of the elementals, and the general irrelevance of the qabala as an effective magickal Tradition.





☿ ↔ ♀ : x I
 ☽ ↔ ☽ : x
 ☿ ↔ ☿ : x VII

MELOS - Diabolus in Musica

According to the Western esoteric tradition, seven represents the number of fundamental vibrations in the Universe - the seven types of cosmic energy. If an individual 'mimics' these, that itself is a key to magickal control. For example, musick is divided into seven stages (C D E F G A B) and thus 'mimics' this fundamental structure. Thus, a piece of musick or chant can be composed which re-presents an aspect of this structure - this re-presentation being a type of force in itself. Thus, when played or sung, such musick/chant can alter the structure of the cosmos as any form of directed energy alters the underlying structure of the Universe.

Via the medium of composition, acausal energies may be presented to thus infect individuals/forms. The nature and extent of the causal changes so produced, depends on the esoteric insight of the composer - that is, such a composition created with, perhaps, the understanding of an Adept, and most certainly that of a Master/Mistress, will act as a form through which specific magickal aims may be realised. Here, musick is not understood as 'Art' for its own sake - which in the final analysis is, magickally, pointless - but as a means to aid evolution (the musick so created has a purpose beyond 'self-gratification'). Whilst this understanding is rational, and may appear to some a process too cold for artistic endeavours, the act of musickal composition remains by its nature, 'numinous'. Like any magickal form, a composition can only succeed if it possesses 'soul', and this can only be so if the Adept is musickally gifted. Thus the composer can give expression to the reality of that Being of the Cosmos we call the 'Sinister', and the essence of this revealing is, contrary to the understanding of most, actually beautiful.

How the Sinister is expressed is unique to the creative processes of the individual - anything other than this is affectation and empty of meaning (except perhaps for the deluded composer). Thus, a genuine artistic re-presentation of the Sinister does not, as a rule, conform to the cliched impressions of morbidity/horror/Mephistophælean glee. As an example, aspects are more re-presented in some of the works of Arvo Pärt (qv. 'Tabula Rasa') than in works stating nothing beyond the common conception of the Sinister, such as some of the compositions of Liszt (qv. 'Malediction').

It may be confusing to those who do not understand the Sinister in essence, to say that acausal forces can be presented most often in 'Sacred' musick; this form being, by its nature, a design by which a society, indeed a civilization, may be moved. Whatever the motives may be for creating such works, this form of musick has always had, to the greatest extent, the capacity to strive to capture the Numinous and communicate this to the 'masses'. Despite its outward form, any energy presented by a piece of 'Sacred' musick has not come into being via a supra-personal entity (ie. "God", etc.). The acausal - or Sinister - forces that may be accessed significantly by musickal forms such as 'Sacred', can also be understood as representing the Western 'Soul' and it is from this 'Soul'/ethos that any glimpses of 'divinity' in musick will emanate.* [As with any form of acausal energy, this 'soul' has a causal counterpart: this particular conjoining is the Western - or Aryan - Race.]

During the early 20th Century, the very means by which this Western ethos could be given musickal expression came under threat when there occurred a radical move away from the principles of tonality and the diatonic scale, hitherto the basis for all great classical Western compositions. The Western Tonal system was seen by this 'New Wave' as outmoded, simply because it provided the foundation for composition. This view came to dominate, and condemned those who understood that great musick is written not by breaking tradition, but by adding to it.

The main challenge to tonality came from Arnold Schoenberg who created the school of serialist technique, from which the 'twelve note' composers emerged.

* Thus, one way of counteracting Nazarene energies is to replace/alter the text of a 'sacred' piece with one that expresses the Western ethos, whilst retaining the original musickal form (qv. 'Diabolus').

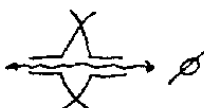
The principles of atonality subsequently spawned 'Rock', amongst other forms. Thus, the fundamental vibrations of the Universe were disrupted: musick ceased to reflect the glorious soul of the West - instead, it mirrored (and aided) its decline.

It is interesting to note, however, that amongst the burgeoning composers of today, there is an emmerging trend to once again express those ideals of beauty enshrined in the Western musickal tradition. It is encouraging that at this present time, the work of individuals such as the late 19th/early 20th century Russian composer Scriabin (who created a new tonal system that still adhered to the principles of Western tonality) is regarded as a pointer toward the next significant stages of Western composition.

The conscious understanding and use of processes by which large-scale change may be implemented is the foundation of Aeonics. For those Adepts who possess this understanding, the aim of successfully reversing the decline in Western culture is quite possible. This implies the creation of a 'new' form of musick - this newness being defined as the deliberate presencing of the Sinister. From an esoteric angle, if one wished to create such a new form with the aim of creating a specific change or changes, then there are some basic guidelines that would be useful to explore (some of these are listed in the Notes). To give an example of how these guidelines could be applied in composition, consider the creation of a piece with the aim of bringing 'Vindex'. Some of the energies associated with Vindex are re-presented by the sphere of Saturn - that is, 'Chaos'. Thus, the piece may be in the key of A flat. The text, if to be employed, would perhaps be taken from the various relevant Sinister chants - ie. 'Agius Vindex' in Naos, or the two chants given in the **Black Book III**. Perhaps the piece would be an orchestrated form of a chant. To further extend this new re-presentation, the musick could be an aspect of complete artistic expression; that is, an expression combining image, movement, and sound (as in Scriabin's proposed 'Mysterium'). Such an expression is briefly discussed in the MS 'Nine Angles and Dance'.

If the energies were simply presenced to be left to disperse as they will, then it would not always be necessary to make use of Occult symbolism (ie. 'texts') -- the power to transform has already been discovered if the individual so composing is gifted enough.

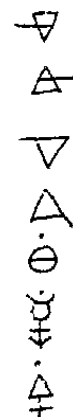
ONA 1994 eh

C - F# - Bb - E - A - D : ? 

NOTES:

1) Musick, Incense and Forms

Moon	G major	Trapezoid	Hazel
Mercury	E minor	Tetrahedron	Yew
Venus	F sharp	Pyramid	Black Poplar
Sun	D minor	Cuboid	Oak
Mars	C major	Octahedron	Alder
Jupiter	B flat	Icosahedron	Beech
Saturn	A flat	Dodecahedron	Ash



2) Symbols of Key

Moon	
Mercury	
Venus	
Sun	
Mars	
Jupiter	
Saturn	

3) Reflexive Colours

C	Bright red	B flat	Tyrian purple
G	Orange		
D	Yellow		
A	Green (Viridian)		
E	Blue		
F	Dark red		
B	Indigo		
F sharp	Violet		
C sharp	Purple		
A flat	Black		
E flat	Xanthian		

4) Musickal Intervals and the Seasons

♩	: tonic
♭	: octave
♮	: fourth
♯	: fifth

5) Aeons and Musick

Aeon	Musick
Primal (9,000 - 7,000 BP)	'Totemistic'; 'sound-language'
Hyperborean (7,000 - 5,500 BP)	Heptatonic; Cantillation
Sumerian (5,000 - 3,500 BP)	Kalûtu
Hellenic (3,000 - 1,500 BP)	Mousikê; Modes
Western (1,000 BP - 500 AP)	Mensural System; 'Classical'
Galactic (2,000 eh ...)	Harmony of Spheres

[BP = Before Present; AP = After Present ('Present' being 1994 eh).]

What exactly constituted 'musick' prior to the emergence of the first known civilization (Albion) is, at present, difficult to judge. The use of sound to imitate and thus integrate with natural forces was no doubt fundamental to living - this being an aspect of what would now be termed 'empathic magick', or 'mimesis'. [Vocal aspects at this time would have included forms of proto-Polyphony (ie. 'heterophony') by virtue of vocal sounds being performed collectively by two or more individuals.]

According to Tradition, the origin of seven as a concept lies in the solar cults of Albion. This concept spread thence to Sumeria and the Indus Valley - thus the seven 'sacred' sections of the Epic of Gilgamesh and Rig-Veda. [Symbolically, the power of seven was often represented by the rotation of Ursa Major.] Hence the development by this culture of the Heptatonic scale, and quite possibly the conscious use of intervals such as the consonances of the fourth, fifth and octave - thus the beginnings of musick theory. [This development has been credited to Pythagoras, but he received the knowledge of the 'Harmony of the Spheres' via Ancient Mesopotamian culture (qv. Iamblichus 'De vita Pythagorae') which in turn received the Art from the culture of Albion.] As to how advanced was this heptatonic system of Albion, and as to how much was developed - or lost - by the Sumeric civilization, one can only speculate.

The Greek Modes represented a further codification of the energies associated with the spheres, as the Gregorian Modes were further emanations of the same concept (qv. 'Sinister Chant' MSS).

The development of the Mensural System allowed the vast possibilities implied by musickal forms to be realised by creating a way of measuring notation (this system was initially a way of ordering already existing forms). The essence first enshrined musickally in the heptatonic, reached perhaps its greatest expression so far in the 'Classical' period of the West.

The New - or Galactic - Aeon implies a resurgence to consciousness of Musick as a 'sacred' or 'magickal' system, thus fulfilling, and perhaps extending, the potential of the 'Harmony of the Spheres'. This however, is only really possible if other esoteric aims are realised (ie. "Imperium").

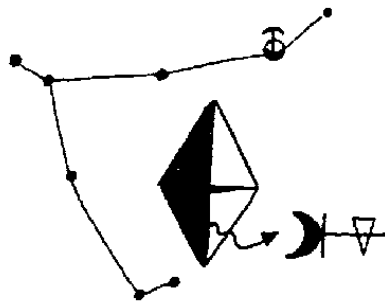
Atu V: The Master

He is a thought beyond,
a step above the folly of men.
He heeds not their cries
of pain, of rage - their lies.
He does not listen to the personal,
the piteous, the tragic
He sees a sea of humanity
and watches the shifts and changes
as a player notes the movement
of pieces on a chessboard.
He is a Sinister surgeon
with a crystal-sharp scalpel
that bleeds, that penetrates, that slices
the human fray.
He is a liberator, a director of
cosmic tides,
a Merlin-Man of fire,
who weaves the rabid darkness
to a tapestry beyond beyonds,
who constructs a circumstance
gone wild,
to further a subtle aim,
to accentuate bloody design,
to touch dark-winged horizons.
He brings a red awakening
that flames upon the world
and fires in plunder, in riot,
in violent ecstasy gone wild.
He changes the course of things to come
by magickal evocation
by calling upon unknown forces
whose powers are beyond the March of Time,
Whose symbol is a kiss of
Fire and Blood.
He casts his constructions of fate
in his room of shadows.
He weaves a spell of dark surrender
into the dimension of the present,
then sets it free,
lets it flow forth,
a crimson cloud of chaos
into the purple night;
an influence of degeneration-regeneration
to crush the pawns, to cull the bishops,
to destruct the castles,
to topple the kings and queens -
so only the strong remain.
Only the knights are left standing
and those are ebony-coated
sparks of Satan
sitting at the feast of sacrifice,
eating the flesh of ruin and turbulence,
drinking the blood of life
like Gods whose Destiny is fulfilment of promise,
whose faith is a movement beyond,
Whose aim is self-divinity.

He - this Magickian with the silver sharp mind -
actualizes these seeds
that he will gather unto himself;
he breathes them into being
casting a violet storm yet to come,
into the cloak of midnight
and his thoughts are full of mystery,
full of galaxies of creation.
He feels the subtle shift
of energies about him,
in his room of shadows.
He fans the flame of their interference,
builds their livid light,
creates an auric majesty
that threads a scarlet claim
into the beckoning dark.

Merlin-Man on fire he is,
Staking a claim on the future,
hastening the course of cosmic tides,
delivering with dark intent
a Satanic design.

Brenna Kinsley



A SATANIC MASS

Participants:

Master - in black robes
Mistress of Earth - in scarlet robes
Priestess - in white robes
Priest - lies naked upon the altar
Congregation - in black robes

Temple Preparation:

The altar is covered with a black cloth on which is woven an inverted pentagram. Purple candles and incense of Saturn to be used. Chalices of strong wine. Paten(s) - made of silver - holding the consecrated cakes. These are made by the Priestess the night before the Mass and consist of fish, fowl, spring water, wheat, animal fat, sea salt and honey.

The paten(s) and chalices lie beside the Priest on the altar, and a leather scourge lies upon the Priest's body. The Master rings the altar bell twice to begin the Mass.

Mistress, Master and Priestess stand in front of the altar, the congregation behind them.

The Mass:

Mistress:

Hail to you, most Holy and dark:
Bringer of Life!

(The Priestess kneels briefly before the altar, rises and kisses the Priest on the lips. She arouses his fire by her lips, takes up the scourge, hands it to the Mistress who says:)

Thus are we born
But from dark dimensions They come
To steal such life away!

(The Master vibrates 'Agios o Atazoth' after which the Mistress walks toward the congregation saying:)

I who am a Gate to Them
And Their stars, come to draw
From one among you fresh blood
Wherewith to slake my thirst!
I shall take one among you
With me down into Earth
And up toward the stars
And suck you dry!

(She chooses one member of the congregation by pointing with the scourge. The congregation strip the member. The Priestess hands them the cord/girdle from her robe which they use to tie the hands of the one chosen - they then dance anti-clockwise around the prostrate figure chanting the 'Diabolus').

As they dance the Master hands a chalice to the Priestess who raises it above the body of the Priest. The Mistress lightly scourges the body of the chosen member while the Master chants:)

Agios o Satanus!

(The congregation cease their dance and the Priestess turns toward them saying:)

May this gift become for us
A joy in this life!

Congregation:

Hail Satan, bringer of joy!

Priestess:

May his gifts be with you.

Congregation:

As they are with you.

(The Priestess returns the chalice, is given a paten by the Master. She lifts it above the body of the Priest while the Master chants 'Agios o Satanias!'. She then turns to the congregation saying:)

As we eat these gifts
So shall the essence
Of our Dark Gods enter us!

Congregation:

Hail Atazoth, dark bringer
Of dreams!

(The Priestess takes the paten to the Mistress who takes one of the cakes, breaks it over the body of the bound member. She eats part of the cake saying:)

So shall the flesh of my enemies
Be eaten away from within!

(The Priestess kneels before the Mistress. The Mistress bends down, kisses the Priestess on the lips and gives to her a piece of the cake, which the Priestess eats.

The Priestess rises and, with the Mistress, offers first the cakes, then the wine to the congregation who eat and drink. After they have completed this, the Mistress dances round them twirling the scourge, saying:)

As you have eaten
And as you have drunk
So are you mine!
Yet I come now not to destroy
But to bring the gift of joy!

(At this point the Guardian of the Temple enters, dressed in black with a face mask. He stands beside the Mistress who chooses another member of the congregation by pointing the scourge. The Guardian moves forward and removes the robe of the one chosen before carrying the person to the bound and prostrate figure.

The Mistress approaches, offers the scourge, saying:)

Feast on their flesh!
No thought shall restrict
Your pleasure:
No morals shall bind you
Here!

(The congregation dance around them chanting the Diabolus. The dancers dance faster and faster.

The one offered the scourge may then use it or opt to untie the cord and take their pleasure accordingly. As the two within the circle take their pleasure, the Mistress catches each member of the congregation in turn, kisses them and removes their robe. During this, the Master chants 'Agios o Atazoth' twice while the Priestess assists the Priest down from the altar and they both join the dance.

If the scourge has been used, at a suitable point determined by the Mistress who signals to the Guardian, the Guardian releases the hands of the one scourged who is then free to choose any member of the congregation for congress according to their desire. The one scourged watches the dancers, points one out and is given this member by the Guardian.

The Mistress joins the Master by the altar and the Guardian, should he so wish, joins the dancers. Should he decide otherwise, he bows to the Mistress and departs alone from the Temple. The congregation then take their pleasure as they will.

The Master and Mistress through their own congress may then, should they so desire, direct the energy generated by the Mass to a specific end, after which they depart together from the Temple.)

A Note on the Satanic Mass: The above is one particular form of the Mass. In this instance, the Mass is a means of personal liberation for those chosen by the Mistress. No prior notification of choice is given. As with all ceremonial rituals, success depends upon the emotive force introduced by those conducting the ritual through power of voice, gesture and a controlled dramatic frenzy.



♁(♁): αλλ εκδιδασκευ
παυθ ο γηρασκων χροος

EXCURSUS

Largo

C. Beest, 106 yf

mp

p

p

f

f

mf

ped.

Scriptorum Sinistrum

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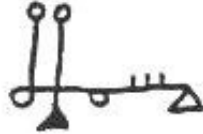
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HELL - PART II by Christos Beest (Order of Nine Angles - U.K.)

(Part I originally appeared in The Watcher #7, May 1991ev)

For many, the end is near; for certain folk their time has come. All that can be spilled out in words must take shape, but also allow that bridge to the indescribable; here all that is known shall be shattered. The bridge will burn and the chasm will fill and flood both world and destroy. Stupid people overcrowd this rotting human st, fat deluded fools, wearing masks of war whilst crawling away from harm. The cracked lizard eats several of its mutable offspring. For the scum, and that means the majority of this civilized society, there will be a disruption increasing to death, a fury that will intensify over the next twenty years. The process is now unstoppable. Shugara. Atazoth. Our dark goddess Baphomet - all are returning, bringing storms of Blood, cracking the firmament! For those puffed-up comfortable occultists with their armchair ethics and pseudo-intellectual bullshit, it is all too easy to proclaim how the times are changing. Do these people actually understand what is meant by the 'New Aeon'? It is oh-so-easy to throw around meaningless intellectual phrases, to bloat the ego and create the self-delusion that keeps away the real Horrors of existence. These pompous stumbling idiots are blind to what actually occurs; are fearfully resistant to what Magick actually is. Waste your life if you will, pouring over 'occult' books, absorbing correspondences, standing in basements and shouting out silly names! Fools! Occultists do not have the power and the understanding to grasp the events that will occur all too soon for their wretched lives. In fact, by their actions and weak philosophy, it is clear that these babbling fools do not wish to bring a New Aeon. They still carry within them the sickness of the Nazarene. So good riddance to the scum and the pretenders! It is disruption that will lead the way, and simply that - there is no hiding place. No one's life will be saved. There will be no moral protection. Only those with the eyes to see shall reap the glories when They who are seldom Names are returned, and the feminine is restored. Once it was necessary to remain silent, but now the cosmic tides are aligned and we shall be seen to finally shatter the tyrannical grip of Yeshua the deceiver, that disgusting groveller to a decaying fish. There is no possible justification for this process in the eyes of society and none shall be given. Those who understand shall know - to the others: DIE! From the dark pool beneath the moon... Christos Beest Yr of Fire 102





An Introduction to Dark Sorcery

The Definition and Use of Sorcery:

Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal, aim or aims. Sinister Initiates and Adepts understand acausal energy as the force/energy that exists in the acausal aspect of the Cosmos, which energy, and which acausal aspect, cannot be described by either conventional - causal - representations involving three spatial dimensions and one time (causal) dimension, or by the words, forms, constructs, symbolism (and so on) of such four-dimensional causal space-time. Some such acausal energy has been understood, by Sinister Adepts, as living-beings, living in the acausal non-spatial and non-temporal dimensions of the Cosmos, and The Dark Gods are accepted, by the traditions of the ONA, as one type of such acausal beings.

How and why such acausal energies are used is the essence of the training of the sinister Initiate, with this "how" being learnt by direct, practical, personal experience of both ceremonial and hermetic ritual and workings, as, for example, given in the Black Book and in works such as Naos. In the early stages of the Way, the "why" often relates to the personal desires/aims of the individual; with Adept and beyond this changes, with the focus being on Aeonie workings/magick: that is, the "why" derives from the Sinister Dialectic and a knowledge, and experience of, Aeonics. One type of such an Aeonie working is the presencing of those acausal energies often symbolized, in the causal, as The Dark Gods. Another type of such an Aeonie working - and a genuine, esoteric work of sorcery - is The Star Game.

As has been mentioned many times in various MSS, Sorcery is an Art, the learning and mastery of which takes several years. Furthermore, all genuine Adepts of the Sinister tradition understand personal sorcery, or "results/low-level" magick, as but a beginning: a necessary training, both personal and esoteric, for the real dark sorcery which begins with the presencing of acausal energies in accord with Aeonie sinister aims.

The Basis and Means of Dark Sorcery:

The real essence of Dark Sorcery lies not in some temporal, causal, definition of what constitutes "evil" and the emulation of such a limited, causal and esoterically incorrect definition by some individual, but rather in the conscious use, by an individual, individual, or group, of acausal energies with the intent of provoking/causing large, supra-personal and causal temporal changes over causal time. That is, the foundation of genuine Dark Sorcery is Aeonic Magick - the changing of causal forms/presencings and/or the creation of new causal forms/structures/presencings.

It is important to understand that the means of genuine Dark Sorcery are many and varied - they are not limited to, and nor can they be contained by or in, conventionally understood esoteric practices such as ceremonial or hermetic ritual and magick. Any form, construct, Art or whatever, through and by which acausal energies can be accessed and directed and presenced - by those skilled in the accessing, directing and presencing of such energies - is or can be a means of Dark Sorcery: a manifestation of sorcery itself. Thus - to give an old example which will be familiar to all Adepts and even many Initiates - the construction/creation of a certain piece of original music, imbued with sinister energies, can be and often is an act of Dark Sorcery if it does indeed presence in some ways certain sinister energies and thus affects individuals in a way consistent with the Sinister Dialectic, by for example, changing them toward the Sinister, or causing them to evolve, or causing them to themselves begin a presencing of acausal, dark, energies, or move them toward heresy, or to presence Chaos in whatever way, and so on, and so on.

The essential aim of Dark Sorcery is two-fold: to continue the personal development of the individual so undertaking works of Dark Sorcery, and to presence the Dark: to presence acausal energies in such a way that causal change occurs. To give a relevant example, in practical terms this amounts to changing such things as that causal construct termed "society" - through affecting or changing the "ethos" and affecting/changing individuals.

One of the darkest forms of Dark Sorcery is to presence The Dark Gods - to open a nexion, or nexions, to the acausal dimensions, and to thus allow the acausal living-beings who are The Dark Gods to manifest in our causal world. Such a manifestation would significantly change existing causal forms and affect many many individual on many levels, as well as disrupting/changing established causal forms, such as "society". It is considered, by the ONA and its Sinister Adepts, that such a manifestation(s) of such living-beings will be what is required to inaugurate a New Aeon and thus ensure our evolution, as a species, in a way consistent with the essence of the sinister.

Anton Long
Black Rhadley Nexion
118 yf (Year of Fayen: Agios o Baphomet)

Lapis Philosophicus

Lapis Philosophicus - the jewel of the alchemist; the goal that the alchemist, through alchemy, seeks. Possession of this jewel is, according to aural tradition, sufficient to gift the alchemist with both wisdom and the secret of a personal immortality.

Let me begin the story - of the secret of *lapis philosophicus* - at the end, and which writing about this particular story will be the last writing of mine on any Occult, esoteric, matter, and thus the end of my chatter.

The story ends with an anticipated discovery: that the penultimate stage (however named: Magus, GrandMaster, GrandLadyMaster) of that life-long genuine Occult journey which begins with initiation (of whatever kind: hermetic, ceremonial, self) is the same whether one began on, and thence followed, what has been described as 'The Left Hand Path', or whether one began on, and thence followed, what has been described as 'The Right Hand Path'. For in the context of beyond The Abyss, such designations based on such a dichotomy become, and are, irrelevant because without sense and meaning.

That is, the 'outer secret' of the inner, the real, the living, alchemy is that the end and the result of both our apparently separate journeys is the same; the same place, the same understanding, the same knowledge. For wisdom is undivided, the same for all of us, whatever we believed or assumed when we began. Or expressed another way, *lapis philosophicus* is what it is, and always has been, and does what it does, and always has done, in terms of how it affects and changes those few who have succeeded in their decades-long endeavour and thus discovered it, and discovered it where it has always been hidden.

Naturally those who have not discovered, not found, *lapis philosophicus* either will not appreciate this or will disagree with it; as will, of course, all those who pretend to others (and/or to themselves) that they have found *lapis philosophicus* and thus claim or award themselves some exalted title or some Occult grade or whatever.

As I mentioned in a previous MS:

"Our real work, both as individuals and as an Order - our Magnum Opus - is genuinely esoteric and Occult, and thus concerned with *lapis philosophicus* and not with some purely causal self-indulgence, or some ephemeral outer change in some causal form or forms, or with using such forms to try and effect some external change. For it is this esoteric, this Occult, work which will, affectively and effectively, introduce and maintain the Aeonic changes we desire and plan for - in its own species of acausal Time."

Furthermore, this work as one moves after decades of pathei-mathos toward The Abyss of necessity involves a living of the sinisterly-numinous. For those of the LHP - having followed 'the sinister' - living numinously for a period of some years; for those of the RHP - having followed 'the numinous' - living sinisterly for a period of some years. For such a living (and the pathei-mathos which of necessity is part of it) is a means to know, to live (to move toward becoming) the natural balance, the Life, beyond abstracted opposites and all abstractions. There develops thus a knowing of Wyrd, an Aeon perspective, taking the 'sinister' individual beyond personal destiny, beyond the self, and far beyond the attempted, the primitive, deification of the ego of the charlatans and the novices of one particular 'path'. After which follows the ordeal of The Abyss which, for both types, both paths, is a living alone for a month or more in a certain difficult if simple manner, as for example outlined in the traditional Camlad rite of the abyss.

What, then, is the 'inner secret' of the living alchemy? What in other words is the nature of *lapis philosophicus*, the affects, of the object whose discovery is the ultimate purpose of our life-long Occult journey? The last part of this 'secret' is symbolized by the last stage/grade, begun but not yet attained as one's mortal nexion closes: during the right alchemical season, and at the right causal Time beyond one's mortal power to choose, to decide, for it is when it is, and will by the discovery of *lapis philosophicus* become known and can neither be chosen/decided by us nor forestalled by any means. The middle part of this 'secret' is that the object of our journey never really was distant and neither was it hidden at all; we only assumed or believed it was, and we only had to learn to not only see as we can see but did not know we could but also to know, to understand, to feel, to appreciate, what is seen, sans denotatum, and be such denotatum words (verbal, written), symbolic, ideation (of 'the mind'), archetypal, or whatever. The first part of this 'secret' concerns a certain knowledge: about 'the living water', azoth; about the nature of Time, of Being, of consciousness, of the Cosmos, and thus about our nature as mortal existents, as beings, in this realm of phenomenon; of how we are Time beyond its perceived dichotomy and are and have been and will be Being, and have the potential to become/return-to Being beyond our perceived temporary existence as conscious mortal beings. But one has to be 'there'/here - now/then/when and in/within/beyond Time - in order to 'see', to know, to feel, to appreciate, to understand, this. The rest is either preparation or null.

Anton Long
123 yfayen

Some Occult Terms Briefly Explained

Aeonic Perspective

The expression 'the Aeonic perspective' – also known as the Cosmic perspective – is used to describe some of our *pathei-mathos*, some of our experience; that is, to describe some knowledge we have acquired through a combination of practical experience, through a scholarly study, and through using certain Occult faculties and skills, such as esoteric-empathy.

This knowledge concerns several matters, some to do with how we understand the individual human being, some to do with our perception of Aeons, and some to do with our praxis and the purpose and effectiveness of our methods and techniques both exoteric and esoteric.

In terms of causal forms, there is the initiated understanding that what, for human beings, is esoteric, evolutionary – that what presences acausal energy and thus Life – is inner not outer change. That is, that no causal form, no non-Occult praxis, produces or can produce Aeonic change, although such forms, such praxis, may occasionally result in some, a few, individuals each century, via *pathei-mathos*, achieving a certain insight and understanding and thence becoming changed, more evolved, human beings.

Or, expressed differently, the changes wrought by causal forms – by wars, revolutions, empires, nations, and through means such as politics or social reform, or by governments – are transient, and do not, over centuries, affect human beings en masse. For humans remain and have remained basically the same; rather primitive beings, dependant on and in thrall to abstractions, to their emotions, to archetypal forces, and never developing their latent faculties, never fulfilling their Cosmic potential, with only a rare few human beings achieving wisdom.

Alchemy

al-χημία [from *χῶμεία*] - 'the changing'.

According to aural tradition, esoteric alchemy – the secret alchemy – is a symbiotic process that occurs between the alchemist and certain living 'things'/elements, the aim of which symbiotic process is to acquire or to produce *Lapis Philosophicus*, and which 'jewel of the alchemist' is reputed to possess both the gift of wisdom and the secret of a personal immortality.

Alchemy, correctly understood and appreciated, is not – as the mis-informed have come to believe or been led to believe – concerned with the changing, the transformation of inert, lifeless, substances (chemical or otherwise) but with the transformation of the alchemist by a particular type of interaction with living 'things', human, of Nature, and of the Cosmos, and of living 'things' existing both in the causal and the acausal realms. [Hence the old association between alchemy and astronomy.] This interaction, by its nature – its physis – is or becomes a symbiotic one, with the alchemist, and the substances/things used, being thus changed by such a symbiosis.

That is, it is concerned with what we describe as 'the sinisterly-numinous'; with accessing and using/changing the acausal energies of living beings, and which acausal energies of necessity include the psyche of the alchemist.

Hence, esoteric alchemy is a particular type of 'internal change' within and of the individual as well as a practical esoteric Art involving the manufacture/use of particular types of esoteric – living – substances/'beings'/things.

Esoteric

By *esoteric* we mean not only the standard definition given in the Oxford English Dictionary, which is:

" From the Greek *ἑσωτερικ-ός*. Of philosophical doctrines, treatises, modes of speech. Designed for, or appropriate to, an inner circle of advanced or privileged disciples; communicated to, or intelligible by, the initiated exclusively. Hence of disciples: Belonging to the inner circle, admitted to the esoteric teaching."

but also and importantly pertaining to the Occult Arts *and* imbued with a certain mystery, *and* redolent of what we term 'the sinisterly-numinous'.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

In practical terms, the psyche of the individual is a nexus, between causal and acausal.

Wisdom

By term *wisdom* we mean not only the standard dictionary definition - a balanced personal judgement; having discernment - but also the older sense of having certain knowledge of a pagan, Occult, kind to do with living beings, human nature, and concerning Nature and 'the heavens'. To wit, possessing certain faculties, such as esoteric-empathy, a knowing of one's self; possessing an Aeonic knowing; and thus knowing Reality beyond, and sans, all causal abstractions.



Living The Dark Side

**A Short Collection of Heretical Items from
The Order of Nine Angles**

Sinister Tribes 0

Whose Gonna Run This Town Tonight?

Whose gonna run this town, tonight? The short answer: we are, however long it takes to undermine by whatever means the societies of the mundanes and replace their rule of law, and their Police forces, with our law of personal honour and our tribal enforcers.

That is the essence of our sinister strategy: to build a new, tribal-based, way of life in the cities, the towns, everywhere; to break down, to replace, what exists now; and to exult in this breaking down, this replacement; to enjoy the thrill of the chaos, the disorder, that we can and should and will cause. For by doing such sinister things we live life on a higher level than the mundanes; we evolve ourselves; we extend and surpass our limits and we most certainly surpass and discard and ignore the limits set by the mundanes and enshrined in their tyrannical laws.

Let us be quite clear (again); let us be understood (again): we are sinister, in real life. We are amoral. We are feral. We are not playing some sinister game or indulging in some esoteric rôle-play. We are, or aspire to be, outlaws, in real life. We can and will and should use any and every means - however such means are described by the "ethics" and the laws of the mundanes - in order to achieve our personal, sinister, aims, and our sinister Aeonie goals. Nothing of the world of the mundanes is forbidden to us;

nothing of the world of the mundanes should restrict us.

In brief, we are new sinister species. A new type of human being. The type who scares the mundanes; the type of being that they fear and dread and who may give their children nightmares, or invoke within those youngsters the sinister desire to be *of* us, to be like us, to aspire to be like us. For it us, and them: us and the mundanes. Their world, or our new, sinister, world.

We desire, we need, real, practical, power: on the streets; in the towns, in the cities, in the villages, the areas, where we reside. We desire to rule, to control, our neighbourhoods, our locality; to establish there our new sinister tribal culture, and we will use whatever means we can and whatever means we desire and which are necessary to establish our feral tribes. We desire in such places to make a name for ourselves; to earn respect and be respected.

We have declared war on the mundanes, for they and all that they have are our resource; and all that supports them and their system - from their laws, their so-called Courts of Law, their Police forces, to their local and national governments - we loathe and detest and regard as our enemy. We are armed and dangerous; and if we are not already so armed and so dangerous, then that is what we aspire to be, and what we should and must be, for we regard it as our natural right as members of a sinister feral species to be so armed, and we would rather die, fighting and laughing and exulting, than submit or surrender to any mundane or to their so-called forces of "law and order".

The politics of the mundanes - their whole system of governance, their ideologies, their religions, their Institutions - are irrelevant to us. Such things belong in the past; to the mundanes. Our way is the way of personal knowing; of earning, of keeping, personal respect; of personal loyalty to the members of our own local tribe.

Each of our sinister tribes is a law, a realm, unto itself. They set their own limits. They make their own rules; devise their own codes of behaviour. They have their own, individual, tribal aims. They all have their own means, their own ways, of making their mark; of acquiring what they need; of gaining respect and wealth. But they all - each and every one of them - are *of* us, part of us, by virtue of the fact we are family: a new, growing, thriving, spreading, species; an extended sinister family bound by loyalty to our own kind; bound by sharing the same sinister ethos, the same sinister and feral nature: the same desire to excel; to exult; to grow, to acquire by whatever means whatever we need to survive, to prosper, to live life as it should be lived. We are a family who knows our own kind; who knows who our enemies are, and who are our brothers and sisters.

Thus, we are the darkest, most sinister, sorcery of all; Presencing The Dark by our very lives.

Sinister Tribes 1

A Sinister Sport

Leeds, 1973

It was nothing unusual, at least for Steve and his chosen three skinheads, to loiter in the sodium-lit night, on The Headrow or the streets around, waiting for some unwary mundane to pass them by to be followed to be relieved at knifepoint, or the threat of a kicking, of whatever money or possessions they carried or held. But it was for The Plumb, the young lad of slim physique and shaven head whose new swastika tattoo, on his forehead, still itched.

Plumb was a novice at this sporting game, and, knife ready, somewhat nervously waited for the test that would – that might – begin to make his name among Steve's crew. It was not a long wait, that early evening of light drizzle where the slight warmth of late October had given way to the dreary coldness of November, and they – at Steve's gesture – followed the middling aged suited briefcase holding man for only some yards when Plumb's stiletto blade stuck him in the back. He groaned, slightly, before he fell, gasping – but they wasted no time on him, for only his money, his watch, any saleable goods mattered, and he was left there where the cold wet dirty pavement became a pillow for his face as they laughing scampered back to the safety of their den.

It was a single third floor room in a block of rented office rooms whose grimy small single un-openable window gave at least some view of the Infirmary across the street, and it was there, on the bare un-carpeted floor where thieved goods lay stockpiled almost to the ceiling, waiting, that they divvied up their share. Plumb got the cash, such as it was; and Steve and his crew the rest: a watch; a gold ring; the leather briefcase; perhaps a saleable newish wallet. But their value was incidental, purely incidental – at least that time.

Later, the darkness found them mischief-heading westerly, after a bevvy of beer had been downed at their favourite haunt where the relative wideness of Woodhouse Lane gave way to the narrower streets that north-easterly lay to sedately tumble down in terraced houses toward that tall-chimney of the quaintly-named “Leeds Corporation refuse destructor” on Meanwood Road, and where in a nearby house Steve spent the occasional night in the confines of a stuffy garret, with young shop-girl Lesley. He did not know then – and would not have cared even had he known – that centuries before, and only a gunshot away, Royalist forces had been bloodily defeated at the Battle of Meanwood Valley during his ancestors' Civil War.

So, steadily but never furtively, they – buoyed by beer, youth, hate, and pride – made their way to serried terraces southwesterly between Woodhouse Moor and Burley Road. At Steve's instigation, Plumb knocked on the door of a house, and it was not long before a skinny young man in black leather jacket, dirty T-shirt and jeans, opened it. Plumb punched him in the face, and he fell over backwards to where a discarded newspaper lay upon a lino floor near and steps led upward to dank, small, upper rooms.

“That’s for grassing, you cunt!” Plumb shouted as the skinny young man tried to get to his feet.

But Plum pushed him down before kicking his head three times, and the young man was unconscious when Steve and his crew entered.

Steve threw a leaflet over the prostrate now bloodied body before they all left, laughing. On the leaflet – only a swastika, the letters CoC, and the words: “Violence purifies and makes the man.”

The stolen car took them recklessly fast out from the city of Leeds to near where the rocks of Almscliffe Crag rose beyond the Harrogate road and gave, in daylight, views toward the Vale of York. And it was there on the top of that rocky outcrop they assembled in that drizzle-filled darkness for Plumb to take his oath.

It was a simple oath – a personal pledge of loyalty to Steve, his comrades, his crew and their new Clockwork Orange Cult – and soon was over, so that they scampered, laughing, lustfully, satiated with feral life and memories of violence, down from their eerie to head back eastwards where Steve, as promised, had prepared for them a surprise.

The girls were waiting in that rented well-furnished well-cared-for Woodhouse terraced house above the fringe of Meanwood Ridge, and Mark, their pimp, greeted Steve – as the friend, and comrade, that he was – there where joss sticks perfumed the houseful-air and Slade’s *Look Wot You Dun* played loudly, beatingly, through speakers wired to some Hi-Fi system, recently liberated from some city-centre store.

There was some dancing then – or what passed for dancing – among the crew and the girls until they paired off to upstairs rooms leaving only Steve, Mark, and Ruth. Ruth the dark haired – older than the others, whose young son was in the so-called care of Social Services; Ruth the voluptuous, who sat, skimpily if fashionably dressed, waiting curled up on a sofa; waiting, for Steve her favoured lover to take her to her bed. But it was to be nearly an hour before her desire became fulfilled, and so she sat and watched him as he and Mark schemed, plotted, and dreamed.

At first, their talk was of Eastman, the non-family traitor who had betrayed a friend to the Police. Would that warning of the evening suffice?

“If not – ” Steve said harshly, and gestured death with his hand. They both knew that had Eastman been a part of their crew, or even if only the person he betrayed had been, then his fate of death would that night have been assured.

“Plumb? How’d he do tonight?” Mark asked.

“Good. He did well.”

“Useful?”

“Yep. I’m going to team him up with Phil at the Depot. He starts there Monday. He’ll be our runner. There’s a shipment due Friday.”

“Usual stuff?”

“Nope. Electrical goods, this time.”

“I’ll let Jamie know.” Jamie was their fence, a small rather portly middle-aged man of vast experience and canny if mournful countenance who had thrived in the rationing post-war years and who, though well-known to the Police, had never ever been to Court, for although his second-hand emporium in a back-street by the Wharf regularly received visits from The Plod, they never ever found anything suspicious, or stolen. Or, at least, that they could prove was stolen.

“Usual divvy?” Mark asked.

“Yep – but small bonus for Plumb.”

“Gesture?”

“Yep. He might even spend it here!” Steve laughed.

So they talked, laughed, planned, plotted, schemed, until at last Steve came to take her hand, leading her gently – almost lovingly – toward and into her room where they lay, naked, entwined for quite some time, gently touching, kissing, feeling the warmth, the soft human warmth, of each others’ bodies. It was for this – for such as this – that she almost loved him. Almost: had she not by the experience of her past stopped herself. And so they lay together, warmly warm, and silent, with only the distant sound of music below; the sounds of their lips touching; their breath breathing; and his fingers feeling her moist waiting wetness.

At first, he had seemed such a contradiction to her. But she no longer cared. It was his company and his body that she craved; even needed; and she would listen to him speak, for hours, in his almost accentless voice as he spoke of his plans, his visions, his passions, his theories, his interests and his hopes. Thus did she listen to him again later that night after their passions had flowed and flowed to ebb with the passing hours of their intimate, sexual, embrace.

“It’s the essence of the sinister, you see, ” he was saying to her as she lay naked, propped up on pillows in her bed, smoking one of her small cheroots while soft light from a bedside lamp bathed them and the glow of Dusk began to dully glow, as dark retreated beyond that window of their world.

“Experience. Going to, beyond, your limits. Transgressing laws, all limits. Learning. Exulting in life,

and treating the mundanes as the idiots, the expendables, the resource, they are.”

Then, quite suddenly, his tone changed. “I’d like you to leave, here, this house,” he said. “And stay with me. We’ll get somewhere.”

“Don’t be daft!” she said in her broad Yorkshire accent, and slightly laughed.

“I mean it. I want you to get more involved. Assist me.”

“You’re serious, aren’t you?”

“Yep. Very.”

“But I don’t know anything about the Occult and Satanism.”

“You don’t have to. They’re just words. Words which obscure the essence. Useful – sometimes. But otherwise irrelevant. Like the current name my crew use – CoC. I’ll change it; maybe soon for something maybe permanent. It was only temporary, anyways, that outer name.”

She finished her cheroot, and lit another one, and he continued.

“It’s essentially just a way of living. A way of life. It’s not really about rituals and all that crap that the mundanes think it’s about. It’s about us – individuals – excelling; enjoying. Taking risks. Changing ourselves. Evolving. Exulting. About creating a new way of life; freeing ourselves from the tyranny of laws; from the tyranny of the Police; of governments; of The State. Being ourselves.”

“And making money,” she laughed.

“Of course!”

“But -” she began to say.

“Mark agrees.”

“You what?”

“About you leaving here. He – and I – want you to take over running the girls.”

“So what’s he going to do, then?”

“He’s gonna open a new branch of our venture, in York.”

“I see.”

“Naturally, I’ll have some lads stay here to look out for the girls.”

“Naturally!” And she laughed again.

“What’d you say, then?”

Aroused, she said all that then needed to be said with her body, until satiated again, she lay beside him as, outside, the Sun rose into a strangely cloudless early Winter’s sky.

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There was much that Steve wanted to do, and he had invited Plumb to join him for a drink in their favoured Pub in Woodhouse. Ruth was there, in the dimness of that traditional haunt, and Plumb could not help but ogle her breasts as he sat down beside Steve. But he knew better than to let his gaze linger or address her by name, and so he sat sipping his pint of beer.

“You’ve got someone interested, I hear?” Steve said to him.

“Yeah, mate of mine. Will.”

“Handy?”

“Shipley skins.”

“Enough said, then.”

“You wanna meet?”

“Yep, set it up. It’ll be a test.”

Plumb smiled. “Like mine?”

“Yep.” And both Steve and Ruth smiled. For she had come a long way in the two weeks since she and Steve had shared a house.

That day of the test was a mournful if British one – for weather. For the wind was cold; the sky overcast and dull with cloud; and the slight persistent drizzle of that middle morning lent meaning to Julius Caesar’s long dead desire to live in far more sunnier healthier climes. Steve was there, with Plumb, and

Will, the heavily-tattooed, waiting in the stolen car outside the shop. It was a kind of non-descript shop, selling jewellery, not quite in the city centre, and its décor and display seemed as if to say that its owner could not quite decide upon the intended clientèle. For there were some quite expensive items, among the rings and watches, and then some much cheaper tat while a middling assortment of second-hand items completed the rather mixed collection.

“Ready?” Steve asked Will, as the young skinhead of stocky build sat in the backseat of the car, clutching a sawn-off shotgun.

“Let’s go!” Steve said, and he and Will were swiftly out, masks on.

Steve pushed the one male customer aside, his right hand brandishing his revolver, while smashing displays with a hammer.

“Fill it!” Steve demanded of the customer, as Will thrust a small bag at him, and – obedient, like the trained mundane he was – he obeyed, stuffing it full of rings and watches. And then they were gone, outside, to where Plum waited, ready and revving the car.

Ruth’s old haunt claimed them, after the necessary change of outfits and cars, above the fringe of Meanwood Ridge, and Will and Plumb sat on a sofa in that well-incensed house while Steve inspected the haul.

“Good,” he said. Then, to Will: “You’ll get your cut in a couple of days, OK?”

“Yeah, sure,” Will said.

“You got a job?” Steve asked him.

“Nah, only thieving,” and he laughed, showing two teeth broken from fights.

“From now on, no freelancing, understand?” Steve said.

“Sure.”

“You do only the jobs we give you.”

“OK”

“Got some regular work, if you’re interested,” Steve said. “Right up your street.”

“Yeah?”

“Protecting our assets, here. Could be a rough, at times. Oh, yeah of course, you haven’t met them, have you,” Steve smiled. He called out, and, one by one, Ruth’s girls came in, all five of them.

^^^

Introductions over – as was his hour with the girl of his choice – Will was taken in a convoy of three crew cars amid the light of that day, such as that light was, to the rocks of Almscliffe Crag which rose beyond that Harrogate road and which gave, in better daylight, views toward the Vale of York. And it was there, on those topmost now rain-spattered rocks, that he gave his solemn pledge of loyalty to that crew.

“You’re family now,” Steve said. “Understand?”

“Sure.” And they all knew he meant it.

“We have some simple rules. First, we don’t betray our own,” Steve said to him. “Anyone who does is killed. No questions; no quarter; no delay. You’re in this for life, and if you ever show enmity towards us, your family, we’ll hunt you down and kill you.”

Steve paused for a moment before continuing. “Second, we all have equal shares of whatever we take or whatever our enterprises earn. No favouritism. Third, we care for our family. We respect them. We look after them; look out for them. We will risk our own lives for them, if required. All of them – women, children; they’re all our comrades. If you disrespect any member of our family, our kindred, you’ll suffer – you’ll be put on trial, before us, you’ll say your piece, and be judged and, if necessary, punished.

“Fourth, it’s the mundanes and us. Our folk, our kindred, our band of comrades, our family, against the mundanes. The mundanes and their property, all they have, are our resource. Fifth, the laws of the mundanes are irrelevant to us. The government, and especially the Police, are our enemy, servants of the mundanes – we expect no favour from them, no quarter, and we give them no favours, no quarter. Understand?”

“Sure,” Will said. And they all knew he meant it.

“Also, there’s only one leader, one chief. Currently, it’s me. You got a grievance, something to say, you come to me, say it to me to my face, in full earshot of others. We don’t ever talk about one of our brothers, one of sisters, behind their backs. If you’ve got a grievance against me, you face me with it, in full earshot of others.

“If you ever have a dispute with any member of our family, our crew, you bring it out into the open. If we can’t settle among ourselves, then you’ll settle it between the two of you, by a fair fight.

“If you don’t like my leadership, challenge me for it, openly. If necessary, we’ll settle the matter by a duel with deadly weapons. So, for leadership it’s a duel; for other disputes, a fair fight, in front of comrades.

“There’s no leaving your family. You’re part of us now for life; you’re our brother, for life. If you want to settle down with someone, or get married, she has to be either one of us, or become one of us. No exceptions. Same with our women-folk, our sisters – if they are serious about someone, wanting to settle down with them, maybe even get hitched, then he has to be either one of us, or become one of us. No exceptions. Same if you move away for some reason – you’re still family; still bound by your oath; our rules; and we may ask for your help, anytime; just as you can ask for our help, anytime.”

“And one last thing,” Steve said. “We have our own, small, tattoo. Our mark.” And he smiled, saying, “although I don’t know where you’re going to put it.”

Steve laughed, Will laughed; everyone laughed, for Will’s arms, hands and neck were already covered with tattoos.

^^^

S. Brown
ONA (Nexion One)
120 yf

Sinister Tribes 2

The Sinister Tribes of the ONA

The Order of Nine Angles is unlike and distinct from other esoteric groups for several reasons. Among the most important distinctions are the following:

(1) Because the ONA is a genuinely sinister elite – that is, the emphasis is on the self-reliance, the independence, of the individual, and upon individual practical experience and the surpassing of the limits set by others, by “society”, and especially set by the mundanes who have made such abstractions as “the State” and “the law” as a means of trying to ensure their own safety and their own mundane survival. Thus, those of the sinister elite which is the ONA are defiant individuals who have embarked upon a sinister quest to experience, know and understand – and then surpass – their own limits and that of their societies. This practical self-reliance and this practical experiencing of the sinister – and the learning from what individual, direct, practical experience teaches – means that: (a) no one individual –

not even myself – has some sort of “final authority” in or over the individuals who belong to or who associate with the ONA, or who use the methodology of the ONA; and (b) there is no dogma, or “ideology”, or some “authorized” teachings, associated with the ONA, for it is the methodology of the ONA which is important: the ethos, the true sinister spirit, the dark timeless acausal itself which should inspire and motivate individuals and cause them to dream surpassing dreams and strive to make their dreams reality.

(2) Because the ONA is now a living, changing, evolving being: a sinister entity, which sinister being is manifest – which lives – in the sinister tribes that are the ONA: in our many and diverse nexions (local groups), and in the many and diverse individuals who may or who may not be part of a local group/tribe and who thus may live, and do their sinister works, alone.

(3) Because the ONA has long-term sinister and esoteric aims which surpass the life-span of the individual mortals associated with it. One of these esoteric aims is to encourage, to breed, to bring-into-being, a new type of more evolved, more sinister, human being, and from these new humans create a world-wide elite of various sinister tribes. Another esoteric aim is to disrupt, undermine, and replace all existing societies, and in their stead create entirely new ways of living compatible with such evolved human beings – beyond the restrictions, the tyranny, of all modern nations and States. Another esoteric aim is for us – our new elite, our new tribes – to leave this planet which has been our childhood home and to seed ourselves among the stars.

Membership of our tribes is earned; it is a privilege; achieved by showing or by developing that personal character – that nature – that both marks us and distinguishes us from the mundanes and from those who dabble in, but who do not know, and who dare not experience for themselves, the sinister darkness we revel in and desire.

What distinguishes us – we of the tribes of the ONA – is our fierce sinister ethos, manifest in one very important way in our Law of the New Aeon. This Law, our Law, the basis for the change we seek to make to this world – and to the extra-terrestrial places where we will dwell in the future by our sinister visions, dreams and desires – is the law of personal honour.

In practical terms, this law of personal honour means that we take personal responsibility for ourselves; and that we do not accept nor seek to abide by the “laws” made by the mundanes and their societies. Thus, for us, justice is the natural justice of personal honour – not the so-called “justice” of some “Court of Law” established by some State or by some supra-personal authority. Thus, for us, our disputes are personal ones, to be settled by ourselves, and not by being taken to or resolved by some so-called “Court of Law”. Natural law and true justice resides in – and can only ever reside in – honourable *individuals*, and to extract them out from such individuals (from *that-which-lives*) into some abstraction is the beginning of, and the practical implementation of, impersonal tyranny (the control and emasculation of individuals), however many fine sounding words may be used to justify such an abstraction and to try and obscure the true nature of honour. For individuals of honour understand – often instinctively – that honour is living while words are not; that honour lives in independent individuals of strong character,

while words thrive in and through mundanes: in individuals in thrall to either their own emotions and desires or in thrall to some abstraction, or in thrall some to some *-ology* or to some *-ism*. Thus, the laws and the so-called “justice” of all modern States and nations are lifeless and de-evolutionary; a means of ensuring the survival of the mundanes and their societies; whereas the law of personal honour is the law of evolved, and evolving, free independent human beings.

The Law of the New Aeon is the law of the tribes of the ONA – and the law of those tribes and those tribal communities which will be created in the future through the striving of our kindred, who probably will have dispensed with such a name as “the ONA” and who may thus describe themselves by a multitude of names and terms but who will nevertheless be our living, changing, evolving progeny, for such is the nature of the sinister being that is now, and has been for some while, the true, the esoteric, and the nameless, “ONA”.

This Law of the New Aeon – our new and tribal law – means that we are clannish among ourselves; that we distinguish our tribal and feral kind, and our sinister kindred, from the mundanes (from all of those who are not-of-us), and that in our relations between ourselves – between our brothers and our sisters – we abide by a certain, and mostly unwritten, code of personal conduct. Part of this code of conduct is that we strive to treat our brothers and sisters, of our own local tribe and of our other tribes, with respect and honour, and expect them to do the same in return. That is, that we accept and strive to respect our personal differences – of personal character and of tribal methods and of “ways” and of styles of living – accepting that despite these often minor and always family differences, we are still kindred. Another aspect of our clannishness is that we should reserve our sinister manipulations, our japes, our sinister machinations, for the mundanes: for those who are not-of-us; those who are an obstacle to the achievement of our aims, or who may be used in order for us to achieve these aims of ours.

In essence, the sinister tribes of the ONA – what they are now; what they are becoming; and what they will-be – are that presencing of acausal energy which will fundamentally and irretrievably change our world, and which will manifest, and bring-into-being, an entirely new, more evolved, type of human being and entirely new types of human communities, preludes as these are to us leaving this planet which has for so long been our childhood home and to seeding ourselves among the stars of the Galaxies of the Cosmos.

Sinister Tribes 3

Extract from

Some Notes on Mythos and Methodology

I have read somewhere that the ONA has now entered the third phase, or stage, of its century-long sinister plan to destroy the Old Order of the mundanes. Can you go into more detail?

The essence of the first two stages was (to use new ONA-speak) basically: (1) manufacturing a variety of sinister *viruses*; manufacturing different strands, or mutations, of each sinister ONA virus, imbuing them with acausal energy, and then releasing these sinister and esoteric viral infections out into the world so that they might infect the psyche of susceptible individuals; and (2) creating the ONA itself as a living evolving nexion, imbued with the defiant individuality of the true LHP; independent of any one individual (including myself); and unfettered by the causal forms of the Old Aeon (such as dogma; ideology; hierarchies; copyright, and so on).

Expressed in old, traditional, ONA-speak, certain causal and esoteric forms were manufactured, and these were imbued with acausal energies. That is, certain nexions were created, and acausal energy accessed to flow through them, with the ONA itself becoming a type of sinister acausal being, presenced - living - in the causal.

One of the most successful exoteric forms proved to be the mythos of the ONA itself; another was our ONA methodology. In mundane-speak, these particular viruses inspired some creative individuals, already possessed of a latent sinister character, leading them to make their own contributions in their own valuable and necessary way. That is, because of, and through these talented individuals, there was another mutation of our sinister ONA viruses, as they contributed to - extended; evolved; represented - that mythos, that methodology, and so gave birth to their own new causal sinister forms, their own living nexions. Thus did these gifted individuals evolve the ONA itself.

The third stage of our current long-term sinister strategy will last some four, or five, decades. As mentioned in the MS *Toward The Dark Formless Acausal*:

Outwardly, or externally, the third stage involves continuing to presence The Dark Forces, via nexions, through supporting, and creating, various causal “forms”; through practical de-stabilization, through supporting and championing various “heretical” causes and ideas, and so on: to the greater glory of Baphomet, one might, with correctness, say, and write.

One such causal form - and a most important one, for this particular stage - is that of sinister tribes, as briefly outlined in MSS such as (1) *The Sinister Tribes of the ONA*; (2) *Whose Gonna Run This Town Tonight?*; and (3) *Heresy, Sinister Tribes, Nexions and The Methodology of the ONA*.

Thus, during this third stage we should begin to see the establishment of some sinister tribes in urban areas. Initially, these will be small, local, groups, most of whose members (or all of whose members) will and should earn their living outside the laws of the mundanes, which mundanes are their prey, their

resource. For it is not the function of our sinister tribes to have their members "earn a respectable living" according to the rules, the standards, the norms, of the mundanes. Rather, it their function - their character, their aim - to be sinister; to live the sinister; to presence the sinister in practical ways.

Once established in their own areas, they may seek to co-operate - for their mutual benefit - with other sinister groups in other areas, and, eventually, in other lands, so that a large sinister network (eventually extending overseas) is created *purely on a practical and very business-like basis*. Supply and demand; the economics of organization; the obtaining of wealth; the trading of goods; the building of respect, and the emergence of leadership, through practical deeds and by establishing in a practical way our law of personal honour, which law importantly applies to and which binds only us, our sinister kind, our feral kindred, and which we do not extend to the mundanes or anyone, unless they join us and so become part of our sinister kind, with the duty and loyalty this involves, and with them subject to our penalties should they go, or act, against us.

In practical terms, the third stage is where our forces begin to directly challenge The System on a scale beyond that of a few sinister individuals, with this challenge being especially of the so-called authority and laws of The System, of the societies created for and maintained for the benefit of the mundanes, those servants and allies of the Magian. Thus, we will be "the law" in the areas where we dwell; where our tribes have their base. We will be the ones our neighbours first turn to for practical help; we will become the ones aiding our communities by using some of our profits, some of our skills, to aid them.

It may well be from one of the new urban tribes that Vindex emerges, possibly in America. [See Footnote 1]

Footnote:

(1) For a basic *exoteric* account of Vindex, refer to Myatt's book, **The Mythos of Vindex**, of which extracts from the first two parts (*Vindex and The Defeat of The Magian* and *The Ethos of Vindex In Historical Context*) have so far been published.

As stated in *A Brief ONA Glossary*:

Vindex is the name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presented ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and

Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour].

As mentioned in Myatt's *The Mythos of Vindex*, Vindex can be a person of any ethnicity, and may - or may not - arise in what is called The West (America, Europe, Australasia). Myatt goes so far as to suggest that Vindex could arise in Asia.

Heresy 0

The Infestation of Homo Hubris

Let us be honest – Homo Hubris is an infestation on planet Earth; a sub-human species suitable for culling individually and on a large scale. For Homo Hubris is fundamentally dross; the product of those de-evolutionary forces and that de-evolutionary ethos which we – who are esoterically adept and who adhere to the Sinister Way – are in revolt against and wish to decimate and destroy and replace with our sinister evolutionary ethos and our new tribal elites.

It is now the propitious time to deal with the infestation, the scourge, that is Homo Hubris: this ill-mannered, vulgar, denizen infesting our cities, our lands. But how are we to effectively deal with this inferior prodigious breeder of everything we detest and revile?

By championing terror, war, disruption, disorder, “crime”, and chaos; by culling them whenever the individual opportunity to do so, undetected, arises. For they are the dross that holds us back from striving-to-be, to live, among the stars of our and of other Galaxies; the dross who by their lack of taste, lack of manners, lack of excellence, lack of individual character, undermine and destroy what is of excellence and of sinister numinosity. They – and those who have encouraged them and need them as a basis, a foundation, for their warped, Magian, messianic dreams – are not only detrimental to our evolution but also a potential destroyer of that life which is our life and which currently dwells upon this Earth and in those dark, vast, formless, acausal spaces which we of the sinister-kindred feel or know or yearn for.

The sinister reality is that they – they, of Homo Hubris – provide us, now, with a multitude of opportunities – for we can and should mould, shape, use, manipulate, and cull, them for our own, individual, advantage, for the advantage of our sinister-kindred, and in order to further Presence The Dark; using them as expendable nexions, as sources, as fodder, to presence those sinister acausal energies we know, feel, and can use and control in order to bring-into-being our Dark Imperium and what that form will lead to.

Those who understand – who feel – such things understand, and feel, the essence of our dark and sinister Way. Those who do not understand, who do not feel as we do that the culling, the manipulation, of such dross is both acceptable and necessary, are not-of-us: not of that Darkness which infuses us and which

we seek and which we again and again strive to presence in ourselves, in others and in and upon this planet which is currently our dwelling and our temporary home.

For we despise, detest, the mundanes – they who are not of us; they who lack our visions, our dreams, our dark sinister and ultimately supra-personal Cosmic desire; which desire leads us to strive to be more than we are, and which makes us individual rebels against all authority and all those causal forms that hold the mundanes and their Magian controllers in thrall. And the worst of the mundanes are Homo Hubris, who are in essence a detestable de-evolution of that species mis-named Homo Sapiens Sapiens; the worst of the worst: and thus on a par with their Magian controllers: those who have engineered them and who have a vested interest in their continuing de-evolution.

Thus do we invoke Baphomet: the Dark Mistress and our Mother, of Blood, The Primal Dark One: our symbol of bloody slaughter, renewal, rebirth, and of Joy. Thus do we invoke Vindex, the dark Avenger and destroyer of the Old Order; our symbol of retribution and of new and wyrdful beginnings. Thus do we invoke Satan, Father and Master of Chaos, Disorder, Laughter, and of Crime; our symbol of rebellion and of our quintessential outlaw-ish, piratical nature. Thus do we invoke the Primal Darkness itself, beyond all our limited causal Earth-bound forms: bringer, genesis, of all that makes us more than human and which inspires us, can inspire us, to make real such visions as can transform and evolve us and take us out to live among the stars and Galaxies of the Cosmos.

Heresy 1

Extract from

To Champion The Heretical

It is right and necessary – Aeonically (as part of our Sinister Dialectic) and personally (for individual development and self-evolution) – that we champion what is genuinely heretical in the societies of our times; what is dangerous for individuals and groups to adhere to, support, and propagate and strive to bring-into-being; what The System, its governments and their law-enforcements agencies, regard as a clear and present danger, as a practical threat to their own State or national security.

Thus, we are not talking nor writing about those *of* us or associated with us or inspired by our sinister methodology and our desire to Presence The Dark, being poseurs and playing some fantasy game or acting out some rôle in some ritual. We are talking and writing about practical deeds; about a practical transgression of the limits set by the mundanes and their governments. We are talking and writing about aiding, supporting, inciting, and taking part in practical insurrection against The System; about taking up arms; about being real revolutionaries; about deeds which might or which could bring us to the notice of law-enforcement agencies and the “security services” of the countries where we dwell; about deeds which make us enemies of The State, and which are dangerous and which make us real outlaws: deeds

which carry the risk of us being killed, injured, or – if caught – being sent to prison for quite some time.

Hence, it is one task of those *of us* or associated with us or inspired by our sinister methodology and our desire to Presence The Dark to determine what is genuinely heretical in the societies of their times. To determine what they – what the mundanes – fear, and then to use that fear against them. Thus will we exult in what is sinister, and thus will our individuals lives acquire and presence that dark ecstasy that takes us far beyond the level of the mundanes. Thus will we, as individuals, become by our heretical deeds, by being outlaws or revolutionaries, a genuine sorcerer or sorceress of the sinister: someone whose very life is a deed of sorcery and who does not, like the Satanic poseurs of other groups, pretend to be a sorcerer or sorceress, by acting out some rôle in some ritual or who write about dark fantasies in cyberspace or who try to make sinister sorcery into some kind of social networking...

In addition, it is right and necessary – Aeonically (as part of our Sinister Dialectic) and personally (for individual development and self-evolution) – that we also use proxies, or *sinister cloaking*: that is, that we, from the shadows, manipulate others (often or mostly mundanes – those not *of us*) to do such things, for sinister cloaking itself is as sinister, and often more so in some circumstances, than the direct personal approach of direct personal exposure and personal risk.

Indeed, once we as individuals have had some necessary experience of such direct personal exposure and personal risk by so aiding, supporting, and inciting genuine heresy, and doing practical heretical deeds, then sinister cloaking becomes the most viable option, unless, that is, the character, the personality, of the individual sorcerer or sorceress inclines them to continue to exult in the risk of such practical deeds. Indeed, there is lot to commend such a continued practical approach, for those whose wyrd is that of the warrior... "

Mythos

The Wonder and Joy of Acausal Darkness

In essence, The Dark Tradition is concerned with personal and supra-personal change; with evolution to higher forms; with the creation of a new type of human being.

To do this, we need vision; we need to feel the Satanic spirit of defiance and joy – the dark acausal – within us. We need challenges; we need tests; we need to accept and become that force of Nature, of the very Cosmos, which selects through weeding out the mundanes: those who are content; those whose spirit is inertial instead of promethean.

The simple truth is that we of The Dark Tradition represent, and re-present, the Chaos that is acausal and which is the genesis of evolution toward higher forms and a higher existence, while the others – the

mundanes – represent and are the stultifying normality of the ponderous causal, and/or represent and are what is de-evolutionary.

The stark acausal reality is that the mundanes are either expendable, or are at their best raw material to be motivated toward change. We present them with both this possibility of change – toward a higher, sinister, existence – and with the practical chaos, terror and heresy which serves to remind them of who and what they really are. For, as has been written:

“It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”.

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be – for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is – and always will be until it evolves to become something else – raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death. Their tragedy, their living – their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever.”

The very Cosmos itself is change; a fluxion of causal and acausal. Our change – as human beings at this moment in our history, and currently and mostly bound as we are to the causal – is to leave our childhood home, this planet, and expand outward to explore the stars and planets of our galaxy, to discover, to test ourselves, to find challenges great enough to change us in their overcoming; for it is this leaving – this growing to maturity – which will be the practical breeding ground of a new, higher, human species.

It is this vision – of such a change, of such challenges, of such a new human species – which suffuses the ONA, its inner Aeonic magick, its mythos, its nexions, its associates, and those intrepid individuals inspired by any or all of these.

It is lack of such a vision – a lack of inner acausal darkness; a lack of Satanic ethos – which distinguishes the Old Order, bound as this Old Order is to this planet, and bound as it is to satisfying the craving for safety and law which the mundanes, the normals, in their simian-like existence crave.

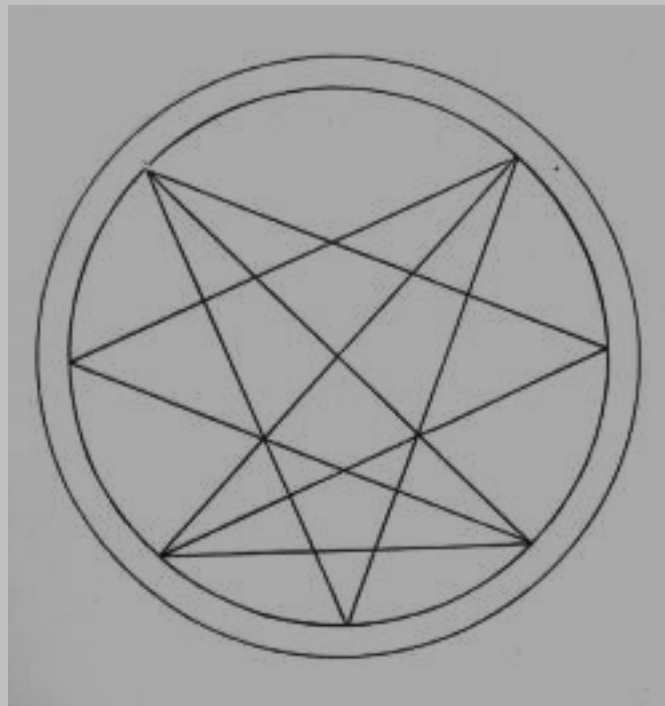
Everything that enables the achievement of this grand dark vision of ours is a causal form worth using; while everything that militates against our Cosmic sinister vision – our motivating mythos, our esoteric ethos – is to be despised, countered, and fought.

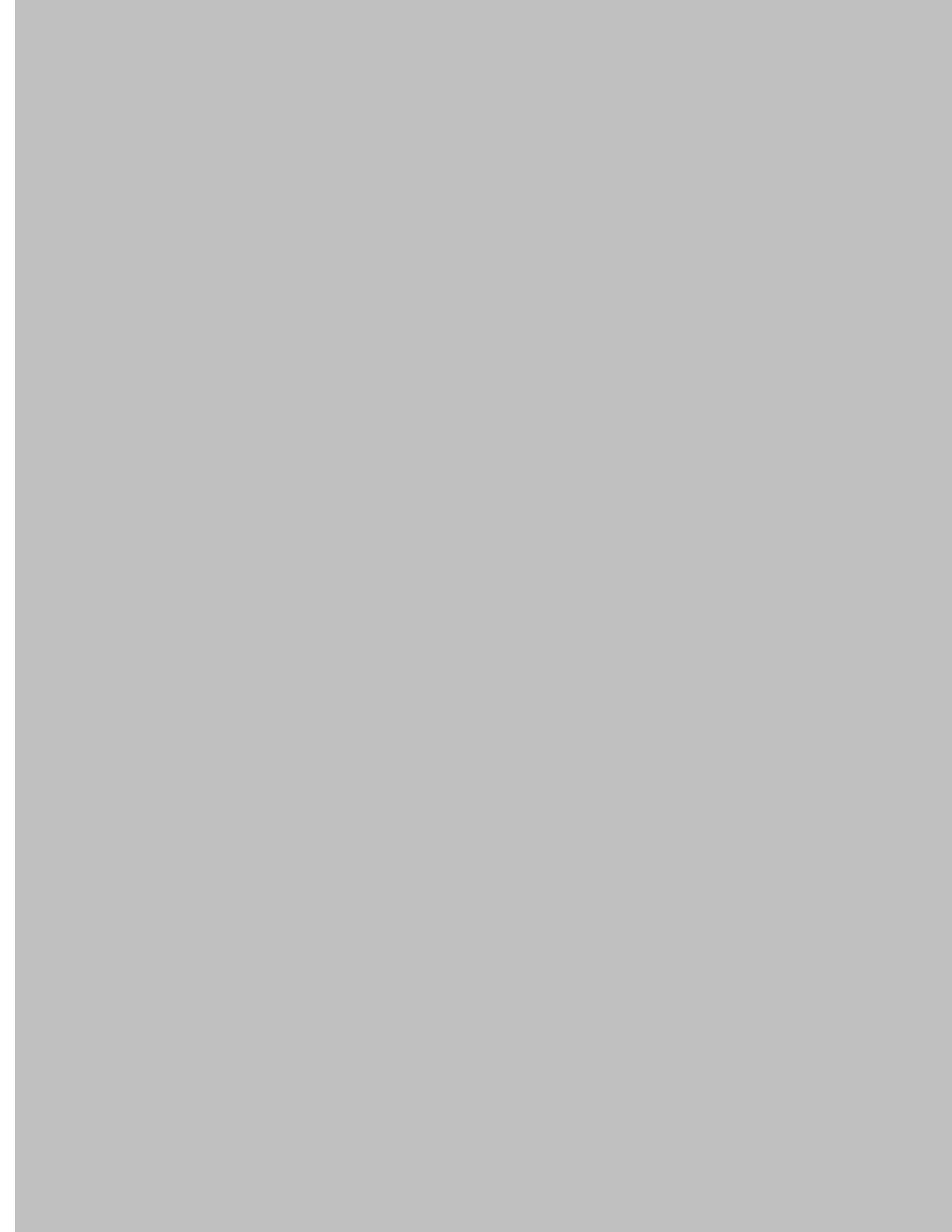
To change, to evolve, to be of the acausal darkness and thus the genesis of both our individual change and that of others, we need to be, *in a practical and personal way*, and in the words of one sinister Adept “the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge are impossible...” We also need to be our own opposite: to venture between and beyond – we need *to-be* - the causal forms of Good and Evil, Light and Dark, and then treat those forms for the imposters, the illusions they are, to then leave them far behind us, having learnt from them, having grown from and because of them.

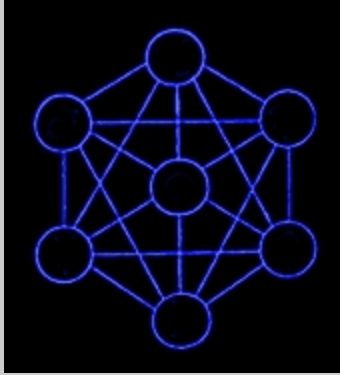
Then and only then will we have taken the first leap – beyond the Abyssal Unknown – toward being the genesis, the spawn, of a new higher human species.

Order of Nine Angles

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Magian Occultism and the ONA

How does the Order of Nine Angles view the works of so-called Western Occultists such as Elefant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley and Anton LaVain?

As purveyors of that Magian distortion - that Magian infection - that has weakened the peoples of the West, and elsewhere, and helped the hubriati, those controllers of the West, maintain, control, and continue to breed that sub-species of humans known as Homo Hubris. That helps breed mundanes and to keep mundanes under control. And what better way to control potentially rebellious mundanes than infect their psyche and allow them to pursue and waste their energies on meaningless drivel.

For, correctly understood, genuine esoteric Arts, and especially the Dark Arts of The Left Hand Path, are a means not only of personal liberation, but of individual and Aeonian change and evolution toward a higher type of human being and more evolved ways of living.

So, instead of such liberation and such evolution, we have had, here in the West, well over a century of the psyche of esoteric seekers being manipulated and controlled and contained by Magian ideas, myths, archetypes, abstractions, and by Yahud-Nazarene mythology, theology, and ethos. And the mundanes keep suckering the stuff up, and proclaiming that they have "empowered" or "liberated" themselves when all they do and have done is just exchanged one Magian mechanism of inner control for another.

Magian Occultism

What does Magian Occultism, in essence, express? It expresses that fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of both Homo Hubris and the Hubriati that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important,

the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

This is the attitude that underpins all Western societies - with their laws, their Police forces, their armies, their so-called courts of "justice", their planning, their wealth. The governments of such countries want their citizens, their mundanes, to feel "safe", to believe that everything is under control or can be controlled; that their "enemies" can be successfully fought, with "peace" here, now, or possible soon, and that peace (inner and outer) is a desirable goal.

This is the attitude that underpins The Golden Pawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and the pretentious pseudo-intellectuals of the ToSers (aka The Temple of Set-ian Suckers). This is the attitude that leads mundane Occultist to write self-conceited drivel like "All deities, demons, forces - even God and Satan - are matters of perception..." and "Reality is a matter of perspective..." and "I command the powers of darkness to move and appear..." [Note here the grandiloquent *I command the powers* - a typical Magian view, as if some weasel mundane, dwelling on some insignificant planet on some insignificant Galaxy, could command the forces of Cosmic life.]

In contrast, here is a quote from an ONA author which reeks of our human sinister reality:

" We revel and delight in genuine heresy...and in being amoral. Thus, when we are criticized for inciting hate and violence, and for affirming human culling, we say: so what? For that is what we do, and we do what we do because we embrace the Dark; we desire The Dark; we seek to Presence The Dark - Chaos - upon Earth and in and through others....

When we are criticized for championing what is heretical in our societies, we say: so what? For that is what we do... Thus do we seek to ignore, to transgress, the laws, the limits, that the mundanes set to protect themselves and their societies, for we are rebellion itself: outlaws who thrive beyond and in the margins that mark the boundary between The Light and The Dark.

Thus do we desire our name - as known in the world of the mundanes, and as known in the world of The Dark - to become a synonym for Chaos, liberation, culling, and revolutionary change.

Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - cosy intellectual

discussions about obscure esoteric matters. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - the scribblings of Occult internet forums where those who-do-not-know converse with those who-do-not-do. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - any *sincere* affirmation of or any *sincere* identification with the ways, the politics, the religions, the world, of the mundanes. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - some urban or suburban "Temple". Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - ONA meetings, conferences and dialogues.

Instead, our way is the way of action, of deeds, of violence, terror, revolution, combat, war. The way of the real heretic who leads and manipulates others, the human shapeshifter who plays, who acts, a rôle in the living game which is the life, the societies, of the mundanes.

Where there is The Darkness, we are. Where there is Chaos, you will find us lurking, leading, manipulating. Where there is Heresy, you will find us as instigators, as champions of The Forbidden. And where there is a law, you will find us transgressing it..."

What's missing in Magian Occultism? Two crucial things - real sinister supra-personal forces, and an Aeonian perspective.

While all this wallowing in mundane Occult carnality - and prancing about believing you're some sort of god - is fine, it's get boring, mundane, after a while. It's actually kind of childish, your teenage years of exploration of your body and the world. But there comes a time when real sinister folk begin to ask - "Is this all there is? Am I nothing more?" That is, you have to grow up; move on.

For non-Magian Occultists this moving on means you put what you've learned into practice, in the real world, beyond your bedroom, beyond your local coven, lodge, temple (or whatever) meetings and rituals; beyond your own self absorption. You connect, real-time, with the world, society, mundanes - and have a wider vision, a longer perspective, and so begin to see mundanes as a resource; begin to think of having a sinister family of your own, and planning ahead for your sinister sons, daughters, grandchildren, and beyond.

You also put yourself into this larger perspective - the acausal, of whatever you want to call it. You begin to understand that, really, all those words about being a god were just so much hype. You're mortal - you get ill; sad; one day you'll die. You can't strike your annoying neighbor dead with a bolt of lightning. Heck, you can't even turn base metal into gold and so give up your daytime job.

So, non-Magian Occultists get to the point where their knowledge, their ability, their experience and understanding, tells them that there really are strange, dark, deadly, dangerous, things “out there” which no spells, no books, no conjurations, no “prayers”, no offerings, no submission, and especially no delusion about being a god (or goddess) can control. As that famous ONA quote goes -

“It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things.....” *To Presence The Dark*

It's this reality that mundanes Occultists - following Magian Occultism - don't like, wouldn't admit, and can't face, in their cowardice and self-delusion.

But it's this sinister reality that non-Magian Occultists revel in and enjoy, for to them Presencing The Dark is an expression of their adult sinister nature, just as wallowing in and pursuing carnality was an expression of their teenage years and nature.

Thus, non-Magian Occultists (the ONA) define Satanism as

” The acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.....”

The Magian Occult Con

To see just how the Magian Occult con, this Magian manipulation, this control, works, let's consider just two Occult archetypes - Satan, and Baphomet.

According to everyone except the ONA, Satan is regarded as, in origin, a Nazarene-Yahud archetype or deity. For non-Magian Occultists, however, the Biblical Satan is derived from older non-Semitic myths and legends, with the real Satan being a

“...living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can...presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.”

According to everyone except the ONA, Baphomet is some kind of male symbol and/or archetype, depicted according to a drawing in some work by Elephant Levi. Thus, in the Occult workings of the mundanes who adhere to this, Baphomet is invoked or used as a means of aiding some pseudo-mythical self-mastery or self-deification, or what-not. Or even as a means of understanding and mastering Reality, blah blah blah.

However, for non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is female, the Dark Goddess, and part of a tradition much older than the fables, fantasies and persecution stories found in such Magian texts as the Bible.

For non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is

“ ...a sinister acausal entity, and is depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a man. Thus, She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded (“visited”, been presenced or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made.

Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship...”

The essence of the Magian Occult con is the grandiloquent, the delusional, *I command the powers...* This is just so urban; so redolent of Homo Hubris, of mundanes, living in cities under the control of some government or some

authority.

The Magian Occult con works like this. (1) You're safe - provided you have the words of power, the spells, the conjurations, the illusion you're a god, and you use the deities or forms or archetypes we tell you to use (for they're made up to scare little children or to stop you finding the real ones); (2) you're a really powerful magickian - a great Occultist - or you can become one, so long as you play by our rules, and don't upset the system of causal abstractions we've put into place; (3) we'll keep you confused and serve up a mix of world mythologies and legends - our mix-n-match - from which you can pick and choose at your leisure so that you'll feel you've discovered something Occult and awesome; (4) you can have your teeny rebellion so long as you don't actually do anything really subversive or dangerous or which really threatens our materialistic status quo; and finally (5) now that you've been a good boy or girl, we'll reward you by hyping you and your works and will make you into a mundane icon.

Truth is, that Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and their ilk - like the fantasists who believe some literary, made-up, pseudo-mythology is real - are all the same; part of the same illusive, make-believe, childish mardy world-view. No wonder then that they have to resort to trying to impress others by saying stupid things such as "Tiamat is the keeper of mysteries..." and "*I command the powers...*"

Yeah, right - mix-n-match Occultism, and your nursery bed-time stories are really scary, and yes we do believe that the Magian Lilith is the way to reveal and revel in our inner wildness, and yes - we do, we really do, command the forces of the Cosmos...

To end, here's a quote from another ONA writer

" When we look closer at the ONA, its Dark Gods, Dark Traditions, and Sinister Seven-Fold Way, and we compare it to the more ancient and Natural Ways and Traditions that are older than state-religions, we dis-cover that the ONA shares a lot in common with such primal traditions....."

That is, non-Magian Occultist traditions, like that of the ONA, are not only proudly and defiantly non-Magian, but also pre-date and by-pass the Magian pseudo-Occultism that dominates the West and has dominated the West for well over a hundred years.

One is a means to inner liberation and sinister Aeonic change, while the other is a means of delusion and control. One is redolent of real, primal, non-urban - tribal - human culture, of a living tradition, where there is an understanding

of the strangeness, the danger, of life, and an appreciation - and respect for - what is non-human and un-natural. The other - the Magian way - is just so redolent of domesticated arrogant human beings who delude themselves that reality is what they make it, what they perceive it to be, and who immaturely believe they - some puny, mortal, human being - can command the forces of life, Nature and the Cosmos, where Satan and Baphomet are merely symbols and some "thing" they can control.

So, let the Magian pseudo-Occultists wave their plastic light-sabres around while they battle with - and ultimately control - the dark forces (copyright Magian Inc.) they've read about in some book; while we get on with Presencing The Dark, and being that balance between the Light and the Dark that is the genesis of real human evolution.



Lianna of the Darky Sox
Order of Nine Angles
121yf

Magickal Mastery - A Novice's Guide
(From Fenrir no. 6, yf 100)
ONA

The essence of achieving success in both ceremonial and hermetic rituals is to restrict the aim of the ritual to one, very specific, aim and to find before the ritual a) a simple visualization of this aim; b) a phrase (which may be chanted/vibrated) which captures the aim in a few words. This phrase can itself be written down (e.g. on parchment and in a secret code of your own devising or in one of the well-known 'Occult' scripts) and ceremonially burned during the ritual.

This aim must then become your desire - and a ritual is a means whereby this desire may be achieved. It is essential, of course, for this desire to be strong, and the techniques of magick are simply a means whereby this desire can be strengthened and directed.

The easiest technique to use and master is frenzy. This is when you gradually work yourself up to a height of emotion and excitement - and the ritual form is a means to aid this, providing a setting in both time and space. In a ceremonial ritual, for example, you should use the set texts (such as the Satanic 'Our Father' or the Invocation to Baphomet) as a means of generating from within yourself the necessary emotion, saying the words forcefully and with drama. If you are conducting a ritual with others present, get them into the right frame of mind beforehand as this helps to generate from them a certain amount of magickal energy - you might, for instance, keep them in a dark room for about half an hour before the start of the ritual. It is essential for you to stage-manage the ritual, making it a memorable event. The whole ritual from beginning to end should be emotive.

To achieve and sustain such emotion and drama takes practice. A good magickian will 'play to' his congregation like a good actor in a theatre does - ceremonial magick has always been a dramatic Art. The adept sorcerer (or sorceress) will also sometimes invoke extempore in ceremonial rituals, and for this some chants should be memorized beforehand: to be used as and when the occasion demands.

Rituals - both ceremonial and hermetic - demand energy, and you are the spark which ignites the Promethean fire. To generate this spark requires effort, both physical and mental, and you should at the end of any ritual feel elated but tired: be, in fact, almost on the edge of exhaustion. If you are not, the ritual is unlikely to be successful. This is one of the most important things to remember. It is no good just saying the words, doing a bit of chanting or waving implements about: you must be emotional. You must literally drive yourself almost to the point of possession, of divine/diabolic madness but always with your desire (i.e. the aim of the ritual) firmly before you, stopping just short of total abandonment. You must be prepared to dance, leap, laugh, cry and shout - but must be capable of changing abruptly: cultivating the dramatic silence and stare.

In most ceremonial rituals it is one of the tasks of the congregation to abandon themselves - to the dance their lusts and so on but you, as ceremonial master/mistress, cannot since you must direct the energies unleashed. There is a balance in any ritual which only experience teaches, and mastery involves undertaking rituals often in order to develop the skills required. Rituals work through energy: this energy is directed via visualization and chant/vibration through your own desire. That is, the living ritual is the channel or 'Gate' which allows a flow of acausal energy into the causal ('everyday') universe. This energy re-orders the causal - that is, produces changes.

One of the first priorities of any aspiring sorcerer should be to acquire and furnish an area as a Temple - and/or find a suitable isolated location outdoors. Temple furnishings should be simple, and space must be left for movement. Be creative and individual about creating the right atmosphere in the Temple - for example, a 'plasma ball' in a candle-lit Temple is more impressive than a boring collection of old bones or a skull. Do not use symbols or designs which you yourself do not understand/know the meaning of and keep to one tradition. For example, a genuine, traditional Satanist would never use any qabalistic symbolism or statues/implements/sigils from dead Aeons (e.g. Egyptian, Sumerian). Instead, there would be septenary and Dark Gods symbolism (for which see 'Codex Saerus' and 'Naos - A Guide to Sinister hermetic Magick').

This may seem pedantic, but it is essential for you to feel part of a living, exclusive tradition - someone party to secret knowledge which outsiders do not possess nor understand if shown. For successful magick, being exclusive means added power and charisma.

Develop your chanting and vibrating ability by regular practice, and do not be afraid of using Latin chants. They are not used simply because few understand the language - but because of all languages, Latin lends itself best to being chanted according to the principles of esoteric chant (qv. 'Naos'). It was also the language used in the traditional Black Mass, and a few untranslated chants have survived the centuries. These chants should be among those memorized to be used extempore.

Chant Examples:

- *Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus!
- *Ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam.
Pone, Diabolus, custodiam!
- *Aperiatum terra, et germinet Abatu.
*Caligo terrae scinitur
Percussa solis spiculo
Dum Lucifer ex stella nascitur
In fedei diluculo
Rebusque jam color
Redit Partu nitentis sideris.

- Order of Nine Angles -

Martial Arts Of The Left Hand Path

From *Physis* by Godric Liddel
Order of Nine Angles

According to tradition, in the past candidates who sought either entry into an established Order or group, or who sought individual instruction from an Adept of the Left Hand Path, first had to prove themselves through trial by combat.

In established groups, the Guardian of the Temple was the adversary and Physis as Martial Art is believed to have developed from the training that these Guardians received to enable them to undertake this task. The fact that candidates were usually defeated by the Guardians was salutary lesson for them just as their acceptance of the combat was a necessary proof of their desire to join.

As a Martial Art, Physis is quite simple, being merely a sequence of moves which enable the individual undertaking them in the right manner to achieve a harmony of body and mind - a type of consciousness where spontaneous action is possible. It is this spontaneity that is the secret.

The correct attitude of mind which creates this spontaneity is achieved by slow, concentrated movement. Through concentration, the individual draws to themselves those hidden (or 'occult') energies that pervade the world and the cosmos and which are variously named Physis, Tao, 'pneuma', spirit or Ki. Slow, deliberate movement in a sense 'distributes' this energy around the body and enables action without thought.

Physis contains no 'grades', no complicated series of forms, no secrets: it is simply a pointer to something beyond itself. This 'something' lies within every individual and once it has been discovered, Physis (and all techniques) are irrelevant. Just like 'traditions'...

Physis contains no techniques of self-defence, no methods of attack, no disabling blows or kicks: all these arise of themselves provided spontaneity is achieved and provided the individual is fit and supple enough of body.

Physis is essentially of the Left Handed Path because it is an individual (or 'anarchic') way: a means to discovering the Chaos within, and it structure-less because of this.

Techniques of Physis

Ideally, you should perform all techniques barefoot and out of doors, in loose clothing. Set aside about half-an-hour each morning or evening and for about three weeks practice the simple movements given below.

Before this, undertake some simple exercises to increase suppleness – such as arm-swinging, squats, trunk circling. These should not be strenuous. Also, begin some other activity which will increase your general level of fitness – running and cycling or swimming are ideal. The aim of all this is to give you that pleasurable glow which such activity can produce – if not overdone!

To begin, stand with feet slightly apart, hands by the side in a relaxed way and imagine drawing energy up into your body through the soles of your feet. Draw in energy with every breath, which should be slow and regular. Continue this for several minutes.

The following movements should be then performed – slowly, to form a continuous whole, without breaks. Although the movements may seem complicated (when described here at least!) they are in fact simple and easily mastered.

From the initial position the left foot is brought forward with knee bent as the left arm extends outward with elbow bent, wrist turned and level with face, the hand above knee. The right foot is moved slightly pointing straight ahead. The right foot is moved slightly so that the foot is turned

sideways, the left foot pointing straight ahead. The weight should be slightly greater on the left foot. The fingers of the hands should be slightly curved.

The right foot is turned to face behind while the body weight is shifted (via the hips) to lean the body and turn it sideways through ninety degrees. As the body turns, so does the left foot, through ninety degrees. The right arm is extended, slightly curved, so that the hand is above the head but several feet from it while the left arm is brought in so that the hand is near the navel. The right knee is bent.

The body is turned clock-wise through ninety degrees as the left leg is swung round and the left elbow moved backwards as if to strike. As this is done the right arm is drawn in to near navel and the balance shifted to the left foot. The right foot should be so placed that at the completion of this move only the heel is on the floor.

The right foot is set down and the whole body brought downwards toward the ground by bending the knees but without turning the body itself. The left arm is drawn in, the right is extended upwards and outwards.

The body is then brought upright, as the left leg is moved forward (about forty-five degrees) and bent to take the weight while the left arm is brought upwards, elbow bent, the forearm almost vertical and the hand a few feet from the face. The right arm is drawn in, the hand below the chin.

The body pivots on the right foot through ninety degrees while the left arm is drawn in, the right extended with hand above the head and a few feet away. The left leg is then lifted as if to kick while the left arm is brought forward. The left thigh should be below the horizontal.

The left foot is lowered while the left arm is brought across the body and outward to the left side as toes of the right foot are lifted and the weight transferred. The right arm is brought in near the stomach. The left foot turns about forty-five degrees.

The weight is taken on the right leg, knee bent, the left arm drawn in and the right extended above the head and a few feet away.

Finally, the body is turned so that the position is the reverse of the starting one.

This sequence of nine moves is thus in the order:

7	1	6
4	9	3
5	2	8

The aim is to undertake the movements in a relaxed and mindful way, breathing slowly. Should it be desired, the sequence can be repeated several times. The movements should flow into each other, without pause. Practice should make the individual movements on continuous movement, like a slow dance. Do not worry about getting each movement exactly right – fluidity is more important.

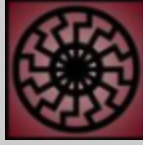
If this is done for the period suggested above, set/ hang two balls of wool from a straight tree branch, overhead beam or something similar, at a distance apart slightly greater than your outstretched arms. Set them swinging slowly in opposite directions and stand sideways on between them. Without turning but simply bending your body, between them. Without turning but simply bending your body, strike with your hand at one ball and the immediately, with the other hand, at the other so as to hit it. To begin with, set the balls at eye level, then lower it to the level of your hips, and repeat. If this is too easy, have someone stand near and shout either ‘right!’ or ‘left!’ in their own time when you are prepared. If they shout ‘right!’ hit the right ball first, then the left. The shorter your reaction time, the better. Another variation of this is to use coloured balls, the helper then shouting the colour.

Further Techniques:

Another techniques which may be used is to set into the ground eight wooden posts, arranged as in the figure above: that is, 1-8. The object is to strike each post in sequence with hands or foot according to the movements listed above. As you strike, exhale. Gradually increase the speed at which you do this until it is burst of energy. Aim to control this energy, though, through the movements and strikes.

This technique should be used only after the foregoing has been undertaken in the slow manner indicated.

Once you are satisfied with technique, abandon them if you wish and create your own sequence of movements. Be sure, though, to undertake such movements in the slow, mindful way, as this is really the key to spontaneity, or action without thought. Faster techniques (like with balls or posts) really only draw forth what has been cultivated through an inner stillness – and if there is a ‘martial arts secret’, it is this.



Aeonic Strategy - Key to Understanding Myatt and the ONA

Would you say there is a key to understanding both David Myatt and the Order of The Nine Angles?

Certainly - and it's the perspective of centuries. Or Aeonic strategy, to use an ONA term. Both David Myatt and the ONA work, and have worked, on the premise that the changes they desire to bring about require a certain amount of causal Time. So, they plan accordingly - and their writings, their strategy, their works, reflect that.

As an example, consider Myatt's philosophy of The Numinous Way - and his recent, and belated, public return to it, eschewing the Muslim *persona* he'd adopted for around a decade, a persona adopted, in my personal opinion, to achieve some specific, tactical things, and also - and probably the main reason - to provide him with more knowledge, more insights, more understanding, more experience. Well, the aims of this philosophy are to bring about social change slowly, through individual enlightenment, individual gnosis; and the writings that Myatt has penned about his public return to his own worldview are interior, often mystical, writings, penned with a view to how he will be perceived, and understood, centuries from now.

So, in my view, we have to understand whatever Myatt writes, about himself, in the time-scale of centuries, as if he's writing for a future audience, centuries, or more, from now.

Same with the ONA - which many of us consider to be a Myatt creation, although he denies it, and will undoubtedly continue to deny it. For the ONA is not primarily concerned with recruiting lots of people, now; not primarily concerned with having lots of supporters and lots of sycophantic followers, now, in the present. Instead, it's concerned with achieving some pretty specific long term goals; with seeding certain sinister concepts, certain sinister themes, a certain mythos, into people's consciousness, and even into their unconscious. That is, manufacturing new archetypes; spreading new memes;

being heretical and subversive on the practical level.

Thus, Myatt himself - in my view - has his eyes set firmly on the future. So, he's not the least bit concerned how he's perceived, now. He's not the least bit concerned about what mundanes think or believe about him. In fact, I'm guessing he's quite pleased with all those Moacs out there, in cyberland, who keep writing about him, who have blogorrhea and cyberorrhea and mediaorrhea because of him.

Moacs? Please explain.

It's an acronym, invented by some Myatt supporters, and stands for Myatt Obsessed Anonymous Cowards. A Moac is someone obsessed with Myatt, in a negative kind of way - like the young zionist who cyber-stalked Myatt for years on Usenet (such as soc.religion.islam) and other forums, and the Myatt obsessive who has blogorrhea and forumorrhea who's been stalking Myatt for the past three or four years now. Or Gable, of *Searchlies* infamy, who ran around for years telling stories about Myatt to anyone who would listen or print them. It was Gable, for instance, who ran to the Police claiming that Myatt had killed Hilda Murrell, and it was Gable who got his friends at the *Board of Deputies of British Jews* to put pressure on Scotland Yard in 1998 to arrest Myatt on suspicion of incitement to murder.

Moacs usually use the Internet to anonymously spread rumours, and malicious allegations, about Myatt, month after month, year after year. Sometimes, though, Moacs spread their poison by the printed word, in magazines, and books. Their handiwork is all over the Internet.

Moacs fall into two distinct groups - for they're either zionists with a rabid hatred of Myatt, or they're mundanes with some personality problem or other, who become obsessed with Myatt and who are easily manipulated by zionists and Magians, and who thus blurt forth zionist lies about Myatt.

Zionist Moacs hate Myatt because for the past forty years - from the perspective of NS, of Islam, or of the ONA - he's exposed their attempts to subvert, to control, the true ethos of the West; their attempts to destroy the numen, to control mundanes through abstractions such as the nation-State and *-isms* such as Marxian-socialism; and their desire to keep mundanes as mundanes - as salary or wage slaves who obediently pay their taxes, who obey abstract laws, and who thus keep the whole rotten System of the Old Order alive.

Mundane Moacs hate Myatt for a variety of reasons, such as they come to believe, often through reading zionist and Magian lies about him, that he's

some sort of diabolic person; or because they're envious or jealous of him, of his creativity, his influence, and so - in their own mundane minds - seek to "prove" that he has no influence, and is just some lonely man whom nobody takes seriously.

Sometimes, mundane Moacs try to do both - "prove" that Myatt is some sort of monster, and also "prove" that he's insignificant, irrelevant, "a pathetic figure", a mere fantasist, and so on. That these Moacs don't see the absurdity, the contradiction, here is indicative of their lack of reason, no doubt due to their mundaneness, their obsession, their prejudice, and their hatred.

I always find it interesting - and amusing - that people who run around spouting a personal hatred for Myatt always claim that they're against prejudice and against "hatred", and always claim that Myatt spreads, and has spread "hatred". In truth, of course, they themselves are subsumed with a hateful, often rabid, prejudice against Myatt, and are running around spreading hatred - of Myatt, of NS, of Jihadi Islam, of the ONA.

I also find it interesting - and highly amusing - that Moacs always claim that anyone who might or who does or who appears to support and write about Myatt in some positive way is Myatt himself. So, the Moacs claim, *we are all Myatt*. From Julia W, to PointyHat, to Lianna, to DarkLogos, to whomsoever - these Moacs claim they're all imaginary creations of Myatt himself.

But I guess that is what Moacs and mundanes in general are supposed to think - or rather, are manipulated, by the likes of us, into believing. Thus do they reveal their mundaneness, their inability to reason; their contentment with the exoteric and with their own prejudices.

Can you explain what you mean by "they are supposed to think" ?

I mean by deliberately, consciously, perhaps rather mischievously, sometimes writing in the same style as Myatt. By consciously imitating some of his spellings, for example. By giving articles, some blogs, and some websites, the same type of layout. Etcetera.

Don't forget what the ONA has been saying for decades about japes, about testing others. [Refer to *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown* (published 1992 CE), where a simple and early explanation is given; also MSS such as *Defending the ONA?* (written c115yf) where such matters are also briefly discussed, and where "spelling words" in a particular, distinct, way is also mentioned.]

So, such things are a test - of mundaneness. The ONA even has a name for this

fallacy of supposing everyone is Myatt - it's called *the Aquino fallacy*, for which see the ONA MS *Bringing The Mythos To Life*.

Truth is, mundanes just can't be bothered to think - they haven't the character to pause for a moment and wonder if they're jumping to conclusions; they're just too lazy, especially in these days on internet information, to do real, detailed, research lasting months and years.

Instead, like mundane hack journalists, they want quick results, a "good story", and a story that panders to their own prejudices and that of mundanes in general.

Would you agree that - contrary then to the claims of Moacs - that Myatt has some influence, today?

Certainly he has, especially if we assume for the sake of argument, that the ONA, with its complex mythos and its original, esoteric, methodology, is Myatt's creation.

A mundane Moac recently claimed that "Myatt has no real support for his strange ideas..." Well, heck, I guess this Moac never bothered to check the stats of the main ONA blog, which has clocked up over 106,000 hits in a year; or check the stats of the ONA-NXS blog, run out of California, by some young gals, which has clocked up over 51,000 hits also in a year. I guess this Moac never bothered - in his obsessional hatred of Myatt - to check how many times the ONA gets a mention, on the Internet, in books, in journals.

I guess it never even occurred to this mundane Moac that because Myatt and the ONA were the subject of two recent academic articles, it meant his ideas did have some support - never occurred to this Moac even though he quoted from those same academic articles. Just how stupid, how mundane, is that!

I guess it never even occurred to this mundane Moac that around half a dozen or so bands, in Europe and America, have recorded music influenced by the ONA.

I guess it never occurred to this mundane Moac that around a third of the article on the American ONA-NXS blog are about Myatt. I guess it never occurred to this mundane Moac that printed, specialist, editions of ONA material are highly sought after.

Even Myatt's very mystical, and very personal, philosophy of the Numinous Way is steadily gaining influence, and both his old NS writings and his more recent Reichsfolk writings regularly get re-printed, in their English original or in translation.

But, like I said, right at the beginning, his overt influence today – now, in our own times – is not particularly important. His importance, in my view, is for the future – and I’m quite sure that he won’t be fully appreciated in his lifetime, or in our own lifetimes. That it’ll be in the future – say, a hundred or two hundred years, from now – that his life and works, all his life and works, will be appreciated and accepted for what they are.

Rather like Schubert, or Johann Sebastian Bach, or Nietzsche, or some other artists or philosophers, who weren’t appreciated in their own lifetime. It’s Myatt legacy that’s important – not what some Moacs may say or write about him, now.

You once said that you believed that future generations would see the ONA as Myatt’s most important legacy. Is that still your view?

Yes – what the ONA is now, and will become. But I have two caveats. The first is that, in the future and in my opinion, the Myatt mythos will become an integral and important part of the ONA, of what the ONA develops into. By which I mean that he – that Myatt – will be seen and appreciated as an example, an archetype, of the type of person, the type of unique individual, which it’s one of the primary aims of the ONA to create. His life as a guide, an explanation, to the essence that’s the ONA – and a personal example to be surpassed. That’s important – an example to be perhaps admired in a very human way, with all his faults and foibles, but also an example to be surpassed.

My second caveat is that I personally believe Myatt’s Numinous Way will make its mark, on the world, in the future, and this in two ways. Firstly, by being melded into the ONA way, the ONA methodology itself; and secondly, as a philosophy for individuals, in its own right.

Do you consider, then, that all Myatt’s work are linked?

Most certainly. Just look at the emphasis the ONA now has on what is called sinister tribes, and how Myatt’s Numinous Way emphasis small communities, new clans; and how Reichsfolk – based on Myatt’s new, ethical, National Socialism – is also based on such small communities, on new clans.

Just look at how opposition to “the Magian” runs through the ONA, Reichsfolk, and even Myatt’s Numinous Way; and how the numinous itself, and the concept of the acausal, does. Just look at how all these champion the emergence of a new type of individual, a new human species.

Last, but certainly not least, look at how Myatt has entwined the principle of personal honour through all his works, from the ONA’s law of the sinister-

numen, to the principle of honour in Reichsfolk, to the law of personal honour in his Numinous Way.

But let's not forget that Myatt, for around thirty years, has been refining, evolving, his works - learning from his very practical and very diverse experience of life. So, as he's stated many times in recent years, he moved away from supporting nationalism, and The State, to champion tribes, clans, small rural communities.

It's my own, personal, view that all Myatt's works are different manifestations of the same thing - his presencing of the numen in practical ways on Earth. If we use a somewhat Old Aeon analogy (used by Myatt himself in his very early NS writings, and borrowed with acknowledgements from Savitri Devi), some of his works are *against* Time; some are *above* Time, and some are *in* Time. Taken together, they express a unity, maybe even The Unity - although since we're still stuck in the Old Aeon with its abstractions, its *-isms* and *-ologies*, its mundane three-dimensional perception, we just have a tendency to "see" them as different, or even as opposites. Rather like the different aspects of Myatt's own life - Nazi, Occultist, Muslim, Buddhist, Catholic monk, mystic, poet, philosopher, and so on.

Truth is, Myatt himself is a unity, perhaps a precursor - or even *the* precursor - of the new type of individual the ONA speaks and writes about. It's just at the moment mundanes not only cannot understand this unity, they cannot in their mundaneness blindness even see the unity that lies beyond them, beyond our assumed opposites, our assumed abstractions, of Light and Dark.

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David Myatt, Islam, The ONA, and The Numinous Way



Over the past year, a multitude of rumours have been spread - mostly via the medium of the Internet - about Myatt leaving Islam, and returning to the mystical philosophy of The Numinous Way which he has developed over a period of around ten years.

Furthermore, not only have several new articles - allegedly by Myatt himself - been circulated and appeared on the Internet, with titles such as *A Return To My Beginning* - in which the author explains this return to The Numinous Way - but also articles, by both Myatt fans and Myatt detractors, have been published, commenting on this return and this seeming rejection, by Myatt, of Islam.

As for Myatt himself, his most recent authenticated pronouncements have included a post, some months ago (December 2009 CE) on the Islamist forum, Islamic Awakening, in which he publicly re-affirmed he was a Muslim, and some later (February 2010 CE) missives indicating there has not been such a renunciation of Islam.

Does all or any of this really matter, to us? If so, why? Just what are such perceptions of Myatt trying to tell us about him, and possibly more importantly, about ourselves as we use such outward things as a measure of our judgement?

Myatt and The ONA

Most importantly, what all commentators on the subject of Myatt's alleged, assumed, or even real, pronouncements regarding "leaving Islam" have either not noticed or not commented upon, for some reason, is that Myatt's *alter ego*, Anton Long [1] has never, ever, in the past forty years made any pronouncements or announcements regarding having rejected The Sinister Way or the ONA.

That is, Anton Long - for the past forty or more years - has remained steadfastly loyal to The Sinister Way and the ONA, and has continued to write, to circulate and to have published, ONA material and documents.

This fact alone may well point those who seem to be confused by Myatt's many apparent "changes of direction" in the right direction, and allay both their suspicions and doubts regarding Myatt and what many mundanes and Magians have described as Myatt's psychological instability, based, as this silly opinion of theirs is, on their own presumption that he has flitted from one ideology to another, and from one religion to another, over a period of several decades.

In my opinion, this one fact, this undeniable truth, certainly seems to point us toward the reality that Anton Long is, or represents, the real Myatt - and that the ONA, with its sinister and long-term goals and aims [2], represents the real goals and aims of Myatt himself.

This would mean that all Myatt's various, diverse, involvements - political, religious, and otherwise - should be seen in this light, as a means to an end. This end is a new type of (sinister) society, and a new type of human being.

As one commentator about Myatt wrote:

" Myatt's primary aim, throughout his entire adult life, has been to find, develop and use means to bring about his vision of a Galactic Imperium. All his various endeavors and involvements - from National Socialism, to the ONA, to his philosophy of The Numinous Way, to his involvement with radical Islam - are all part of this.

They are all means to explain, to propagate, to try and implement - through, for example, destabilizing the status quo, confronting the Magian, and agitating for revolution - his Vindex mythos and this vision of a Galactic Imperium. He has been almost fanatically single-minded in his pursuit of this vision, and, at times, quite ruthless. He has also been exceptionally pragmatic - using whatever means, whatever ideology, whatever tactics, that might help him undermine and confront what he calls "the

tyranny of the Magian manifest in the dishonourable Amerikan empire of Homo Hubris."

These tactics have included racist violence, racist and Islamic terrorism, Nazi politics, and using the ONA as a means of subversion and radical change. Myatt has also been consistent, for over four decades, in upholding and propagating the principle of personal honor, which he wove into his NS writings, which he made one of the foundations of his philosophy of The Numinous Way, and which he made the basis for both the clans of Vindex and the tribes of the ONA. " *JR Wright: The Numinous Dark - Myatt and the Vindex Mythos*

My own view is that this Galactic Imperium of Myatt's is simply the outward and practical form of the ONA's sinister New Aeon, where what the ONA call the Law of The Sinister-Numen, and new tribes, hold sway, having displaced and destroyed the old ways of nation and of States.

Thus, even Myatt's mystical, apolitical Numinous Way could well be a means, a tactic. One more way in which people can reject The System, the ways of The Old Order, the Old Aeon, and create for themselves what amounts to a new and ultimately subversive way of living, detached from The State, and certainly detached from the Magian New World Order and its tyrannical abstractions.

Myatt and National Socialism

Another fact which has seemingly been overlooked in the past ten years of so since Myatt's conversion to Islam, is that he has never renounced, publicly, his support for and praise of Adolf Hitler and Hitler's loyal German supporters.

Furthermore, Myatt has, several times, and as a Muslim - and most recently last year (2009 CE) - continued to express his admiration for Hitler and the Third Reich.

Consider, for example, the following quotes, from Myatt.

" I have never, in my heart and mind, renounced my belief in Adolf Hitler as a good man, an honourable man, who... strove to create a just and noble society, and who was destroyed by the ignoble machinations of those opposed to what is good and who have spread dishonourable lies about him, his followers and his Cause. *Thus it is that I find I cannot denounce this noble man and those who fought and died for the cause he upheld, as I cannot and will not denounce those who today honourably (and I stress honourably) continue the struggle in his name and who respect the Way of Life which*

is Al-Islam and who thus see we who are Muslims as allies in the fight against our common enemy. Thus it is that I continued for several years, after my reversion, with Reichsfolk - an honourable organization striving to presence something of the Numen I believe was manifest in National-Socialist Germany and in and through the life of Adolf Hitler." *Autobiographical Notes, Part 2*, dated 1422 AH

" The currently unpopular and often censored truth of our times is that *National-Socialist Germany - what it had evolved to be by the beginning of The First Zionist War - was a modern mostly unconscious expression of the numinous, honourable, warrior ethos*, and stood in complete and stark contrast to the materialism, the hubris, of the Magian and their allies and servants in the West, represented by the arrogant, profane, White Hordes of Homo Hubris. Furthermore, had NS Germany not been defeated by The White Hordes of Homo Hubris and by the machinations of the Magian, there is almost no doubt that it would have evolved further to become the genesis of a new numinous resurgence, and restored to the West, and other lands, that connexion to the numinous which centuries of plunder, exploitation, greed, abstractions, and dishonourable war had severed.." *Mythos of Vindex, Chapter 2* (The Ethos of Vindex In Historical Context), undated, but c. 2009 CE

" The simple reality is that the Zionists and the Amerikans and their allies are lying, deceitful, hypocritical, dishonourable bullies, while the Mujahideen - *as were the vast majority of the soldiers of the Third Reich* - are honourable warriors fighting for a just, anti-Zionist, cause...

There certainly were many who fought and who died for Adolf Hitler, and for their fatherland, who were striving to act in an honourable way, and indeed many - such as Waffen-SS General Leon Degrelle, Hans Ulrich Rudel and Major-General Otto Ernst Remer - who not only did act honourably, but who embodied the true, non-racist, spirit of Hitler's National-Socialism...

I still respect genuine National-Socialists - of whom there are very few, today - as I do understand how genuine National-Socialism can create a somewhat more noble society than exists in any Western land today, with such a society benefiting not only the peoples of the West but also we who are Muslim, for such societies, as mentioned in the above quote of mine, would aid us in our war against world Zionism and our battles against the type of dishonourable arrogant bully so evident in the Amerika of today." *Islam, National-Socialism, and Honour*, dated 1430 AH

These truths - this continuing respect by Myatt for Hitler and genuine (honourable, ethical) National Socialists - may well give us another clue as to Myatt's real motivates, goals and aims.

This clue is his life-long, at times fanatical, commitment to fighting what he, and the ONA, euphemistically call the Magian, and the Magian ethos [3].

In one of his earliest, published writings - *Vindex: The Destiny of the West* - published in 1984 CE (and written c. 1976 CE) Myatt analyses what he called the Magian distortion of The West, by which he meant the influence and the power of the Zionists.

It is no coincidence that Myatt - in both his NS days and as a Muslim - called and calls The Second World War the First Zionist War, and that this commitment to fighting the Magian, and the Magian ethos, is also an integral part of the mythos and philosophy of the ONA.

Indeed, this anti-Magian aspect of the ONA led one academic to write that one of distinguishing characteristics of the ONA is that it is a non-Semitic tradition, and purposely avoids any Jewish and Nazarene influence. [4]

Myatt and Islam

It is my view that Myatt has engaged with Islam, and is still engaged with Islam - despite reports to the contrary - for three principle reasons.

The first reason is that he regards Islam - or rather, the radical Islam of the Jihadists - as the only practical and effective means of currently fighting what he calls the dishonour and tyranny of the New World Order, led by America and its Zionist ally.

Consider, for example, the following, taken from a supplication (prayer, or *dua*) said by Al-Qaeda and their supporters, and also by many of the Taliban:

اللَّهُمَّ أَحْصِهِمْ عَدَدًا، وَاقْتُلْهُمْ بَدَدًا، وَلَا تُغَادِرْ مِنْهُمْ أَحَدًا، وَاجْعَلْهُمْ

عِبْرَةً لَأُمَّتِهِمْ مِنَ الْيَهُودِ وَالنَّصَارَى وَالْمُشْرِكِينَ، أَذِلَّةً صَاغِرِينَ.

Allah! We ask that you kill them together, and alone - so that not a single one remains - humiliating and debasing them, making them thus an example of their kind for all Yahud, Nasara, and Mushriks...

Myatt - with his lifelong commitment to fighting what he calls "the perfidy and dishonour of the Zionists and their lackeys..." - is surely at home here. These

people are like him; they have the same aims - a desire to defeat their Zionist enemies, and to establish new societies led by warriors and which train warriors.

Is it therefore surprising that we apparently see Myatt again and again returning to Islam, to his brothers-in-arms? To those who, today, are the only ones fighting his enemies in a practical way?

The second reason - obvious from his Islamic writings - is that he regards what he calls the authentic Islam of *Ahlu Sunnah wa Jamaah* as a practical manifestation of the numinous, in the modern world, having taken over this mantle, of being a practical manifestation, from a failed German National Socialism [5].

The third reason, and possibly the most important one, at this precise moment in time, is that he is a man of honour. Thus, he admits that his Shahadah - the testimony of faith in Islam given in a Mosque in front of two Muslim witnesses - was an oath of loyalty:

" I took an oath of loyalty, on my honour, to Allah Subhanahu wa T'a'ala and His Messenger, Muhammad (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) and this is a binding, life-long oath... " *Islam, Honour and Duty*

He also hints, in several of his writings and letters, that he has given *bay'ah* - a personal pledge of loyalty - to a living person, a Muslim, and while we may speculate as to who this person is, what seems to matter for Myatt is the binding nature of such an oath.

Hence it is not, or would not be for him, a simple matter of "just leaving Islam" - but instead it would be a matter of betraying such oaths, and thus betraying himself, his honour. Thus, even if, for the sake of argument, we assume that Myatt may have in recent months - or even last year, also - wanted to immerse himself totally in his own Numinous Way, at the expense of Islam, he may well have, ultimately, had no choice in the matter, given this *bay'ah*, and given someone he respected possibly reminding him of his honourable duty.

Is it therefore surprising that we find - or we seem to find - him placing Islam again [6] at the forefront of his life? Doing his honourable duty? Is it therefore surprising that he might - despite words in such articles as *A Return To My Beginning* - have decided to do continue supporting a certain war?

A similitude here might be of a man of honour who has sworn to be loyal to the

leader of a certain clan, and who for years has done his honourable duty, and helped and protected the clan against its rivals, and which rivals have killed many of his friends. Gradually, he falls in love with a woman who offers him a very different way of life, which life he, personally likes, and enjoys, and inwardly desires to retire to. But the war against his clan and his chief continue. What is he to do? Abandon them, and live as his own heart desires? Would that not be a betrayal of them, especially during their time of need?

Those who have no sense of honour, no sense of duty, no sense of loyalty, will naturally see no problem here.

Another, perhaps more mundane, similitude might be of a man with duties and honourable obligations to his wife and family. He may have ceased to love his wife in the manner he once did, and may even have fallen in love with another woman. He may even no longer even like the daily toil he does by which he provides for his wife and family. Does he just simply do what he in his heart desires to do - go off with his lover and begin a new life? Or is he still bound, by duty, honour and loyalty, to do what is best for his wife - and especially for his still growing, young, family?

The Laughing Trickster

Another view, prevalent among some who have studied the life and times of Myatt, is that all the many and different effusions which Myatt issues or has issued in the past four or so years about "returning to his Numinous Way" are just designed to test and to confuse.

To test our mundaneness and our own honour, and to confuse his enemies and detractors, among whom are, naturally, various government Intelligence agencies and Police forces who take a decidedly humourless view of subversive individuals, such as Myatt, writing, inciting and supporting "terrorism", and trying to subvert the States and nations of the Western world.

According to this view, Myatt is playing games, and is akin to a Laughing Trickster.

The Complex Man

The fundamental mistake that many or most people make, in respect of assessing or judging Myatt, is that they desire or are determined to or need to assign just one label to him. That is, and for them, Myatt has to be - or can

only be - either a nazi, or a Muslim, or a Satanist, or a mystic following a mystic philosophy such as The Numinous Way. Or some kind of trickster, playing some esoteric game of his own, and laughing at us all as we flounder about striving to understand.

It never seems to occur to the majority of these people - these mundanes or Magians - that such a labelling is so Old Aeon, so *passée*; and an example of pure prejudice, of an inability to transcend beyond the mundanity of labels and causal categories.

Hence, these people really do get quite confused when someone such as Myatt appears to be all these things at once, or seems to move easily, effortlessly, from one to another of them, and then back again.

Are such things, then, just roles, for Myatt? Just outward forms assumed for some practical purpose or another? If so, then who, or what, is the *real* Myatt? Or, indeed, is there - or can there be, or should there be - such a person?

The simplest explanation - which many can readily accept, and have accepted - is that they are roles, played or assumed by the sinister Magus, Anton Long. Thus, Anton Long - the evil genius behind the subversive and sinister ONA - is the real Myatt.

Another, somewhat less simple, explanation, is that Myatt has been on a voyage of both inner and outer discovery - a Faustian, or Promethean, quest, for wisdom. Here is an apt quote, from a young female fan of Myatt's:

[Myatt is] a complex man, and one who it's impossible to understand without considered and prolonged study. Reading wikipedia will only obfuscate, given that the way information is structured and determined appropriate there is mutually exclusive with any expression which provides understanding of his character. The Wikipedia article simply isn't useful in forming any intelligent opinion of him.

He would say that you are being dishonourable by passing a superficial-causal judgement without taking the time to either meet and discuss matters with him or, at least, seriously attempt to understand things from his perspective before making an empathetic judgement, and not reactively judging in accordance with emotive-abstract labels.

At least read his poetry if you're going to post about *him* (not any points he's made or his Philosophy on their own merits). That's where you can see the man as he is, and come to some limited appreciation of the kinds of things that motivate his actions; instead of seeing him as he plays at being for the sake of understanding. (Yes, understanding- how dedicated would a person have to be that they would be prepared to

immerse themselves in violent subcultures such as radical Islam for the purpose of understanding that which is heretical from the inside? You'd have to want understanding more than anything else. You'd have to be a martyr to wisdom, doing that in the knowledge that you'd forever be instantly rejected upon the basis of some label you'd voluntarily taken on. Bear in mind that he's alternated between the Numinous Way, radical Islamism and other positions for years now. That's not the behavior of a self-identified ideologue or true believer.)

This is the view that, interestingly, the author (allegedly Myatt himself) of items such as *A Question of Empathy*, and *A Return To My Beginning*, also puts forward: "I sought wisdom, and the genesis of wisdom itself; sought to find the reality, the essence, behind what we have come to describe by the terms wisdom and numinous."

My own view, however, is that Myatt is or has been - and can be again and again - the real essence which is hidden, or which has been hidden, behind such terms as mystic, nazi, satanist, Muslim, Trickster, and that such assigned terms, such labels, obscure or hinder us from appreciating, that essence. Furthermore, that this essence is not as different, not as divergent, as such terms and labels suggest or lead us to believe. Instead, they are - in their own very essence - but different emanations of the same thing.

What sometimes confuses us about David Myatt - what confuses, confounds or even irks and angers the Magians and mundanes - is that he does not play by their rules. He does not accept their ethos, their worldview, but has conspired to construct his own - which is not his ethical, revised, Reichsfolk type National Socialism, not his "authentic Islam" of Muslim warriors, not the mysticism of his Numinous Way, and not even the "satanism" of his Order of Nine Angles.

Instead, it is the simple aspiration to change one's self by direct practical experience; to not be afraid to experience diversity in one's way of living; to have the capacity to be inspired by - for decades - a numinous, a grand, vision; to possess the ability to perceive, feel, to know, people, Nature, the world, the Cosmos, in their living essence, shorn, divested of labels, terms, categories, assumptions and presumptions; and, finally, it is the ability, the desire, to allow yourself to be changed, transmuted, transformed, by all these things until you finally emerge as a unique individual, a new type of human being, beyond all labels, terms, and categories which others may assign to you or may need to assign to you because you perplex, astound, annoy them and often make them feel quite uncomfortable.

The Myattian Changeling

Thus, such outward changes we might witness, or which we might assume are real, in the person called Myatt - and the few others like him - are not important. They are just signs; waymarkers; bearings taken on the path to Somewhere.

But there is more, and it is this "more" which has tended to make Myatt something of an enigma even to those of us who feel we "know" him and "understand" him and his peregrinations. For despite all the former - or perhaps it is because of all those things - Myatt is still engaged in combat with his life-long enemies. He is still fighting in a real war; he is still a warrior.

It is this, this dedication to fighting such a war, which is the second piece of evidence we need in order to really understand Myatt, and to understand why - even if he was the author behind such articles as *A Return To My Beginning* - he has, apparently, returned to, or outwardly seems to have returned to, supporting Islam and especially those Muslims who are fighting, in a practical manner, his old and life-long enemies, the Magian, and their Magian ethos.

But it does not - in my view - matter what our own, possibly changing, perception of the perplexing Myatt is, as it most certainly does not matter what the perception the mundanes have of him. What matters are two things.

What he does, on the practical level, to support and to aid his never changed and never changing aims; and what he leaves behind, or creates, which others - such as ourselves - may find useful, in our own, individual, quest, and also perhaps in our own combat against the Magian and their perfidious, anti-evolutionary, ethos, be this combat of ours practical, esoteric, or whatever.

Certainly, Myatt has given us many things, to use - from the sinister, subversive, ONA; to ethical National Socialism; to The Numinous Way; to his Vindex mythos; to the real-life passionate, sensitive, Nature-loving wanderer we find in his poetry and private letters. Some may even find his Islamist writings of some use or of some benefit.

Ultimately, though, it is as an example of a changing changeling that we should view him - a traveller, an explorer, whose simple numinous vision may

inspire us also.

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February 121 yf

[1] I am here making the very plausible, and now generally accepted assumption (at least among the Occult cognoscenti) that Anton Long is Myatt's pseudonym.

[2] From the ONA's guide to its philosophy:

We see the breakdown, destruction, and the replacement of all existing (and mundane) societies - by our new progressive societies based on our new warrior tribes - as a necessary prelude to this Galactic aim of ours.

Thus, the immediate and intermediate aims of our sinister Way of Life are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonick Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen (see Appendix 1);

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

[3] Used by Myatt and the ONA, the term Magian refers to the materialism and the abstractions manufactured principally by Yahud, or "the Zionists", and outwardly manifest in what Myatt, and others, call The New World Order, or the new Amerikan Empire.

According to Myatt, this new Empire is run by, or is under the influence of, Zionists, and four of its distinguishing features - of its Magian ethos - are

abstract law (in contradistinction to Myatt's law of personal honour); democracy (in contradistinction to the leadership principle of clan chiefs); egotistical materialism (in contrast to what Myatt calls the Way of the Warrior); and capitalism, the principle of debt, usury, and mechanistic work in contradistinction to a more numinous, agrarian, artisan, way of life and of working). [Source: Myatt - *The Mythos of Vindex, Part Five: Toward the Galactic Imperium.*]

However, it seems to me that in recent years the term Magian has acquired a more general meaning among aficionados of the ONA, and now refers to such abstractions as the modern nation-State and, indeed, anything and everything that is of The Old Order, and thus is tied to the causal world-view of the mundanes.

[4] Senholt, Jacob C: *Political Esotericism & the Convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles.*

[5] This seems obvious when one reads Myatt's *Mythos of Vindex* followed by reading some of his recent Islamic works, such as his rather neglected *Replies Regarding Islam*, and his *Islam, National-Socialism, and Honour.*

[6] I refer to the re-appearance of Myatt's Islamist web-sites, as of February, 2009 CE - after another apparent hiatus, from whatever cause, when Numinous Way material appeared on them, albeit only for some days.

For one possible explanation of such a hiatus, there is JRW's *Return to The Numinous Way?* at <http://www.davidmyatt.ws/return-numinous-way-myatt.html>

Nexions – notes

Culture

“Culture” may be crudely defined as such: “The arts, customs, intellectual achievements and institutions of a nation, people, or humanity regarded as a whole.” This is, of course, an extremely crude representation of what culture in fact is.

Any Initiate of the Sinister tradition should be well aware of the premise that Aeons, Higher Civilisations, Civilisations, Cultures, and individuals are much more complex than this crude definition asserts. Arts, the development of customs and traditional practices amongst peoples, intellectual inspiration and developments and the construction, from these foundations, of institutions – and hence, Higher Cultures and Civilisations, are an expression drawn forth via a particular source. This “source” has been termed as “Aeonic energy” within the Sinister Tradition; and the study of this force and its emanations has been termed as “Cliology”.

Cliology

Aeonic energy influences the nature (defining qualities/characteristics of) and Wyrd of all organisms (Civilisations themselves being viewed as a certain type of Organism, and hence, a type of nexion as well – they are truly numinous forms drawn forth via Nexions which discharge Aeonic Energy into the Causal from the Acausal). Prominent philosophers, intellectualists, and artists associated with each Higher Aeonic Civilisation may be viewed as the focal agents –through their work and causal achievements- of the particular Aeonic energies associated with their respective eras of causal existence. More detailed reports on the subject of Cliology have been expounded upon in many Order Mss dealing with the subject of Aeonic Magick. According to Sinister Tradition, as has been stated before by Mr. Anton long; there have so far been only four officially recorded Higher Aeonic Civilisations – four of which have concluded their duration within the Causal realm; i.e., they have expired; (in order: “Primal/Pre-Hyperborean”; “Hyperborean”; “Sumerian/Egyptiac”; “Hellenic”) and the fifth (“Thorian/Western”) of which is currently under way and nearing its end. The achievement and birthing of the sixth Aeon - known as the “Galactic Aeon” - is one of the paramount objectives of the Sinister Tradition.

The purpose of Cliology is the enablement of the objectification of history as a science – that is; withdrawing from any/all abstractions (subjective components) associated with “mainstream” historical studies/systems/models. An objective understanding of history enables and provokes Aeonic insight within the Cliologist and this Aeonic insight/understanding develops and leads to the eventual ability to effectively undertake Aeonic Magick through various magickal means/forms; i.e., Star Game.

Abstract Numinous Symbolism and Nexions

Apart from the competent interpretation of Cliology being necessary as a basis for Aeonic insight, leading to the eventual ability to perform Aeonic Magick; such forms as the Star Game also have their function dependant on the operator’s ability to effectively understand, interpret and execute a certain form of numinous abstract symbolism. In the case of Sinister Tradition, these “symbols” are effectively:

- Alchemical Salt / “Ego” consciousness \ominus - *Alternative symbolism given in “Naos.”*
- Alchemical Mercury / “Self” consciousness ☿ - *Alternative symbolism given in “Naos.”*
- Alchemical Sulphur / “Adeptship” ♁ - *Alternative symbolism given in “Naos.”*
- Group of Individuals - $k_n u$ - Of ‘n’ (or ‘undefined’) amount.

- Individual - K_iu
- Higher Civilisation - k_cu
- Causal - λ
- Acausal - ϕ
- Causal Time - $t\lambda$
- Acausal Time - $t\phi$
- Causal Space - λ_s
- Acausal Space - ϕ_s
- A nexion/sub space/being between to spaces - ϵ

All sentient life implies $\phi_s \epsilon \lambda_s$. To those that do not understand this formula, here is a brief explanation:

The abstract symbolism may seem confusing at first glance, but it is extremely simple if studied effectively. If we already know that sentient (conscious/animate, e.g., human) life is a product of Acausal and Causal space “intersecting” or “meeting” one another, then the point of interaction/intersection/meeting between Acausal and Causal space is known as a “Nexion”. Thus, we may understand a Nexion as existing between Acausal and Causal space. Hence the formula (without abstract symbolism): Acausal space -> Nexion -> Causal space – from this we can see how the nexion exists “between” two spaces; thus, it is a “sub space” of sorts. Now, let us show that formula again; only this time, words will be replaced with numinous abstract symbolism: $\phi_s \epsilon \lambda_s$; ϵ , however, only implies a nexion and is therefore an undefined entity. If we wanted to define a single human entity (human sentient life), the formula could be thus: $K_iu = \phi_s \epsilon \lambda_s$ / Individual = Acausal space -> Nexion -> Causal space.

From here-on throughout this Ms I shall replace words such as “Causal”, “Acausal”, etc, with their respective symbols. I find this to be a great form of exercise which promotes a better interpretation of the symbols.

This form of abstract symbolism is much akin to mathematics in practice, although the nature of the two differs greatly. Mathematics serves the function of pre-determining the actions and courses of λ forms and phenomena within nature (external to the K_iu), and therefore to a certain extent it serves to objectify certain λ forms external to the K_iu ; whereas the numinous symbolism of “Hebdomadry”, or the “Septenary”, encourages an objectification, mastery, and most imperatively – an experiencing, of both λ and ϕ forces and phenomena. Once these symbols are learnt as “second nature”, they begin to exhibit a “life” of their own. The forces that these symbols represent possess an independent existence separate from the K_iu (Sartre’s “being-in-itself”; Non-conscious being. It is the being of the phenomenon and overflows the knowledge which we have of it. It is a plenitude, and strictly speaking we can say of it only that it is). The symbols only allow a conscious reception of these forces within the psyche of the K_iu (an internal or esoteric “empathy” with those exoteric forces of independent actuality); hence, these are only a single mode of numinous symbolism describing and representing those particular forces, or “being-in-themselves”. These symbols themselves effectively act as “channels” allowing us conscious reception, recognition and empathy/understanding of these particular “being-in-themselves”.

Adeptship may be crudely expressed by the formula: $\hat{\ddagger} = \frac{(K_iu)\phi_s}{\lambda_s}$

A Higher Aeonic Civilisation by the following formula: $K_c u = \frac{(K_n u) \phi_s}{\lambda_s} + (\epsilon) \phi_s + \frac{\lambda_t}{\phi_t}$; etc, etc.

What must also be understood by the Cliologist is the fact that “Nexions” are not or do not have to be strictly sentient; a nexion may or may not be an “organic life-form” such as a human being, animal, etc. Strictly speaking, all λ phenomena may be regarded as belonging to a certain class of Nexion. In fact, all tangible reality may be regarded as an “interference pattern” of sorts. An interference pattern is a common phenomenon witnessed within in nature. For example: when two stones are dropped simultaneously into a still pool of water or any other Newtonian liquid, each stone, upon impacting the water, creates a series of circular waves that travel outward from their respective centres (or points of impact). The two groups of circular waves expand and eventually collide. When they collide, they cause an “interference pattern”.

“Nexions” may be viewed as interference patterns emanating through the interaction between intersecting “universes” (between the λ and ϕ realms, which may be apprehended as two separate “universes” from a certain perspective). Nexions, being the interference pattern resulting from the direct interaction between the λ_s and ϕ_s , exist between the actual interference waves that spread out from them. Nexions are the points where the waves meet each-other, where they intersect and “interfere”, the waves themselves give birth to the external phenomena that the Nexions are subject to; i.e., realms of external phenomena. Our λ universe which has 3 spatial dimensions at right angles to each-other is a result of complex interaction between the two realms of λ and ϕ phenomena and transphenomena. The universe is effectively an energy interference template resulting from this interaction; nexions themselves being the actual points of interaction. Modern physicists are beginning to regard this theory as well, abandoning what they call the “Newtonian” world system for the “Einsteinian”, or “holistic”; relating all phenomena to a holographic interface pattern – the hologram itself being a product of intersecting laser beams; of course, the whole procedure is in reality much more complex than the given explanation. What we must realise is that nexions can to a certain extent be regarded as any form of λ phenomena.

Many initiates regard a nexion as being simply a sacred site associated with a specific Aeon (Albion – Stonehenge), or a splinter group of the ONA, or a circle of stones on some isolated hilltop in a secret location/s of which knowledge is only given to certain Initiates. Although these may be viewed as Nexions, and correctly so; the Initiate must come to realise that a nexion can be any λ form – be that a sentient life form, a work of art, numinous symbols, a political system/vehicle, ad infinitum. A lack of real world experience on behalf of Sinister Initiates leads to dim interpretations of this subject instead of a conscious revelation of their particular nature. Tradition serves an important role as a foundation for progress – but tradition and the learning of tradition should not stifle the potential practical deeds of the Initiate by sucking him/her into a world of abstraction which hinders him/her from actually experiencing the essence underlying the tradition and the “being-in-themselves” which gave rise to the numinous forms (Archetypes, etc) who’s birth arose from the foundation of that particular tradition.

Sinister Initiates must strive and make an effort to experience this essence practically and not only to intellectualise it as is the folly of many-a-many. I regard even myself as a victim of over intellectualisation. All in all, the Sinister Initiate must strive to experience Numinous Aeonic forms practically in order to develop true and lasting Aeonic insight. From this follows true knowledge, and what one could call wisdom. Practical action is of paramount significance and it is the task of each Initiate to go out of their way to presence the ϕ practically through the practice living of the Sinister Dialectic. Also important is the recognition of the fact that the Sinister Way itself is only a vehicle to something greater. Do not allow yourself to be stifled by abstraction – strive practically to move beyond it.

Fine.

Endymion.

120 y.f.

Concerning The Meaning of The Nine Angles: A Collection of Texts (Part One)



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Ingrowing Angles, or How Not to Name Thee Nine Angles Thingy

An article currently [2009 CE] drifting lopsidedly around in cyberspace - with a title something like *Angles incarnés* and giving hyperlinks to boring stuff about a dead two-dimensional shape, the trapezoid - reveals yet again the Aquino-cult for the silliness it is, and yet again serves to highlight the esoteric, intellectual, and sinister, superiority of The Order of Nine Angles over and above the ToSers and the LaVey "satanism of and for the mundanes".

The aforementioned article gives some details about Aquino's much hyped *Ceremony of Nine Angles*, which some idiots claim was the basis for "our" name, although even a cursory glance by a mundane would suffice to show the fundamental, irreconcilable difference between our initiated, esoteric, and sinister, understanding of the term angle, and the silly, pretentious, clumsy, and totally un-esoteric use of the term angle by Aquino, LaVey, and by those mundanes following such pretentious mundane drivel.

In addition, Aquino used a pantomime language - deriving from the fictional works of Lovecraft - which when said or "chanted" serves only to give us a fit of the giggles: *F'tang f'tang o-lay olay biscuit barrel...* kind of stuff (maracas in the background are optional). Let's run that again, with maracas on: *F'tang f'tang o-lay olay biscuit barrel...*

In the matter of Aquino's angles - Ouch! Is that my ingrowing-angle hurting again? - there is a lot of mumbo-jumbo, and very little, if any, genuine esoteric substance, with the mumbo-jumbo itself containing a lot of pretentious pseudo-biblical poesy such as "the laughing one doth cry and the flute wail..."

Well, wail away this Aquino-esque Magic Flute might, for nothing doth come forth, and will ne'er come forth from a boring two-dimensional geometrical shape. Wherein, of course, lies the fundamental flaw - and the laughable nature - of this whole Aquino angles thingy.

For The Order of Nine Angles, an angle is, of course, a five-dimensional concept - composed of two causal metrics "meeting" (or joining) at a particular point in a four-dimensional Space-Time (causal) continuum, with this particular "meeting" (or joining) being only one particular causal re-representation of an acausal event; that is, the "angle" changes in causal Time. It is only one causal re-representation of one event, which event is subject to acausal change.

In more simple terms, our angle can be considered as an extension of a spherical, basic three-dimensional, angle - familiar from spherical geometry. But each intersecting arc is a four-dimensional metric in causal Space-Time, so that to describe it in more detail (at least causally) one has to use a Tensorial re-presentation (such as used in describing for example a Riemannian metric). Even then, this is only another causal simplification (a causal abstraction devoid of acausality), since what we in the ONA are describing are acausal energies being manifest in the causal dimensions (in four-dimensional causal Space-Time) by means of such an "angle" - and these energies can manifest in various ways, by various means.

Let us consider one particular instance - where the means is a particular three-dimensional object (a tetrahedron) composed of a particular material (quartz) and where the esoteric (acausal) aspects of this combination (a quartz tetrahedron of a certain size) are activated by sound resonance (sonic vibrations). This particular instance is used, for example, in the simple ONA Nine Angles rite, where a particular combination of sound waves (a chant or chants at the correct pitch or pitches - for example a fourth or a fifth apart - and of the correct intensity) will "activate" the crystal, that is, make it a (temporary) nexion to the acausal, enabling the flow of causal energy from the acausal into the causal. Thus, the static, causal and a particular combination of nine angles of the crystal tetrahedron become something much more than just three-dimensional geometrical constructs in particular moment of causal Time; they become "alive" because imbued with acausal energy. That is, there is a phase-shift - from causal Time to acausal Time.

Of course, this is just one instance of our esoteric use of the term angle - there are many more, and all these usages, by us, of the esoteric term "nine angles" serve to highlight the buffoonery of Aquino's use of the term. Our esoteric usage of the term nine angles also serve to reveal those who claim we, of the ONA, somehow "ripped off" Aquino's work, for the laughable mundanes that they are.

ONA

[Originally posted October 120 yf by Ms PointyHat on the [Sinister Times](#) blog]

1

(Extract from)

The Order of Nine Angles in Historical, and Esoteric, Context

As the ONA has pointed out in many essays and documents - including *Ingrowing Angles*, and *The Nine Angles: One More Causal Symbology* - the ONA's nine "angles" refer to a causal description of the meeting of acausal and causal space-time metrics, and are thus a re-presentation of a nexion, of that region of the Cosmos where the causal continuum meets or intersects or can intersect the acausal continuum, and thus where acausal energy flows from the acausal into the causal, which energy is capable of making things (or a thing) alive. That is, to use an older but appropriate esoteric term, the ONA angles are *alchemical*: some-thing which has life, or which can be made alive.

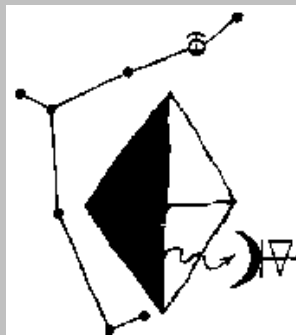
Classical esoteric alchemy was concerned with finding or manufacturing what was called The Philosophers Stone, which was some means, or some element, or some potion, or some combination of means, potions, and various elements, which would animate matter, making alive what was hitherto inert, with this "Stone" (lapis) thus re-presenting the very essence of life itself, and hence capable of imparting health and long life (or even immortality) to the alchemist.

Hence, the ONA's "angles" are alchemical in inspiration. Hence also the mention of the source for this inspiration, this early source being ancient Arabic alchemical texts [see Footnote, below], and certainly not a certain Mister Aquino.

Furthermore, the ONA - or rather, Anton Long - has extensively developed and refined, and rationally explicated, the original and often vague and confused alchemical concepts involved. Thus, the Nine Angles of the ONA can be considered to be nine-dimensional - combining the five-dimensions of the acausal continuum, with the four-dimensions of the causal continuum, and thus describing a nexion; one presencing of life-giving acausal energy in the causal.

In rather stark contrast, as the ONA says, the "angles" of Aquino (which angle concept of his both his own Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, used) are just a boring, mundane, dead, two-dimensional geometric thing.

The Nine Angles are most often symbolized, by the ONA, by means of the alchemical combination of a quartz tetrahedron, certain sound vibrations (esoteric chant), the sorcerer/sorceress (the Rounwytha) and the appropriate "alchemical season", for it is - according to the ONA - such particular combinations, which must involve a living, conscious, esoterically skilled, human being, that not only "animate" the nine angles, but which are or which can become, the nine angles. Furthermore, according to Anton Long, these nine angles represent the survival of the genuine, ancient, esoteric alchemical tradition, and perhaps the only surviving one, a tradition symbolized by the traditional ONA sigil below, where most of the required "elements" are depicted:



Sigil of The Alchemical Nine Angles

Editorial Footnote:

Anton Long - in his MS *Emanations of a Mage* - mentions this ancient alchemical tradition:

This source was – and for me, at that time (the early to middle 1970's e.n.) surprisingly – the works of various Arabic alchemists and writers, who had not only posited a system of seven fundamental stages or elements – *al-ajsad al-sabaah* – but who had also constructed a system of nine emanations of “The One” which included these seven elements plus two others which were quite distinct by virtue of having different aspects, or types of, or sources of, time itself, as described in the alchemical manuscript *Al-Kitab al-Aflak*.

2

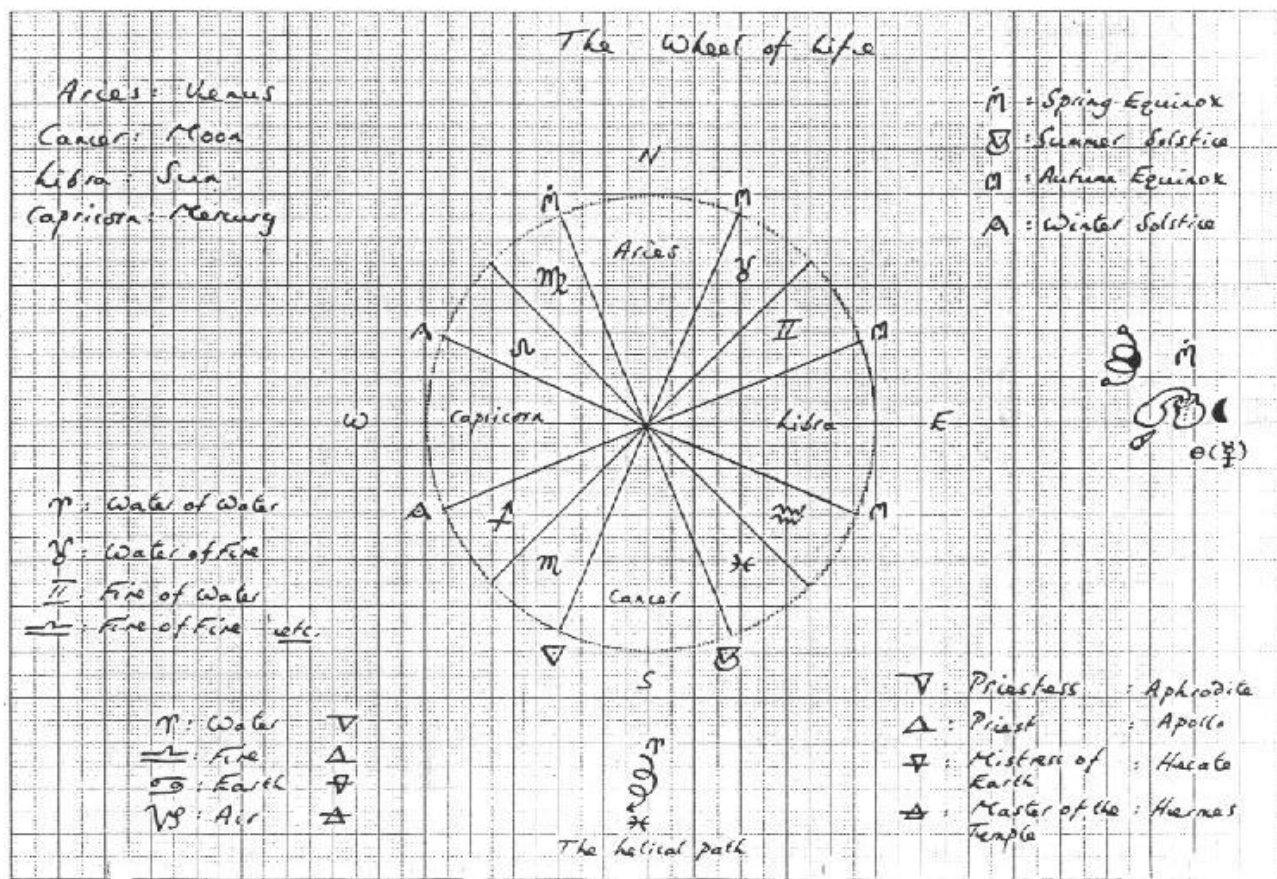
The Nine Angles - Just One More Causal Symbology

As first described in a footnote to the ONA MS *The Nine Angles - Esoteric Meanings* (published in facsimile in *Hostia*, Volume 1, 1991 e.n.) a nexion – the causal *within* the acausal (or vice versa) – could possibly be mathematically represented by a Tensor which has *nine* non-zero symmetric components, re-presenting a basic causal Space (and forming the “nine subspaces” of one causal apprehension), and whose asymmetric components re-present (some of) the acausal aspects involved in a particular nexion (acausal within causal).

Thus, it is possible to write an equation involving this particular tensor which describes (in a quite limited way) such a nexion and the collocation of spaces within it, with the boundary conditions of this equation giving the metrics of the “Space-Time” of the nexion. Thus, this equation would re-present something of the fusion of causal-acausal energy, and this itself might lead to new (to current causal Science) energies being described, and thence to the development of new, acausally-based (that is, “organic”), technologies.

Two important considerations, however, should be noted. First, that such an equation is only a limited *and causal* re-presentation, based on a causal mathematics, and thus cannot fully describe either the causal or the acausal aspects of the nexion. Second, that no conventional mathematical representation – tensorial or otherwise – can correctly describe any aspect of the acausal, since all conventional mathematical descriptions currently known to us depend on causal metrics, on causal Time. To correctly describe acausal Spaces (and thus acausal energy itself), a new mathematics has to be created which is based on acausal geometry and acausal Time, and which thus can re-present an acausal metric.

The facsimile of the particular MS mentioned above also shows, in diagrammatic form, the relation of the Nine Angles to the (double) tetrahedron; to the helical path (q.v. the hand-drawn diagrammatic of *The Wheel of Life* in facsimile editions of *Naos*); to the Tree of Wyrð; and to the “Four Gates” and thence to the “inverted pentagram”. For more details of some of these esoteric relations, see the facsimile of the MS *The Secrets of the Nine Angles*, also published in *Hostia*, Volume 1.



ONA: The Wheel of Life - Basic Alchemical Seasons

ONA Manuscripts

Main Category: Esoteric Traditions

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 120 Year of Feyen*

Concerning The Meaning of The Nine Angles - Part Two

The Nine Angles - Beyond The Causal Continuum



To understand The Nine Angles is to understand the cosmology of causal and acausal - of the Cosmos itself having a causal continuum (a causal Universe), and an acausal continuum (an acausal Universe). The Nine Angles are a nexion between the two, which means these nine angles have or can presence life; that is, they possess, or are animated by, acausal energy, from the acausal continuum.

There are nine angles because there are nine dimensions involved in all the nexions we currently know - the four dimensions of, or which re-present, the causal continuum, and the five dimensions of, or which re-present, the acausal continuum, and which "five dimensions" form the basis for genuine dark sorcery, that is, the willed bringing forth of acausal energy into the causal by means of a nexion.

The four causal dimensions are, of course, the three spatial dimensions (at right angles to each other) and the one dimension of causal, linear, Time.

The Nine Angles are therefore formed from, or consist of, or re-present, *four* non-living (inert) causal dimensions, and *five* living ("alchemical"; "esoteric"; "dark"; sinister) acausal dimensions, and it this combination, of Nine, which is numinous, or, more correctly, which is that sinister-numen which forms the essence of Life itself.

Thus, the term "angle" as used by the ONA esoterically and fundamentally means *one type of, one particular species of, a Cosmic dimension* - as opposed to the ordinary type of dimension we are familiar with in the causal continuum, and which causal dimensions can be re-presented mathematically and which causal dimensions form the basis for the causal science of Physics.

In causal terms, an angle is simply a convenient geometric construct - an abstraction based upon the linearity of causal Time, on the simplicity of causal cause-and-effect, and an abstraction which can be re-presented in Euclidean (two-dimensional causal) geometry by the meeting or intersection of two lines, and also re-presented in spherical (three-dimensional causal) geometry, and Riemannian-type (four-dimensional causal, or metrical) geometry.

All these types of causal "angles" are inert; mere causal abstractions, even when we are describing that causal-angle which re-presents causal Time, because this type of Time (the causal type) is simply a physical (lifeless, un-numinous) cause-and-effect.

In complete contrast, an acausal "angle" is some-thing that lives, that has or which can be imbued with, life: that is, it has or it can be imbued with acausal energy. Or expressed another way, an *acausal* "angle" re-presents or can be used to re-present, acausal energy, and thus also re-presents the very essence of Life, of what animates physical matter and makes that matter "alive".

Thus, *the-nine-angles* is a term for that particular collocation of acausal-and-causal-angles which form, or which construct, or which are, a nexion: the intersection of causal and acausal metrics. Where the acausal continuum (the acausal Universe) meets, or intersects, or joins, or is merged with, the causal continuum, the causal Universe.

Hence it is easy to understand just how the nine angles are the combination of four causal-angles, and five acausal-angles: of the "five dimensions" of acausal Space-Time, and the four dimensions of causal Space-Time.

Confusing Angles

The confusion over the term "angle" arose, in the past - and to some extent, still arises in the present - because we do not, as yet, have a precise language, nor a new type of mathematics, to describe the nine Cosmic dimensions (or cosmic angles) that re-present a nexion (or at least, which re-present all the nexions we currently know or are aware of).

Thus while the esoteric term *nine angles* can, in many ways, be considered to be synonymous with the esoteric term *nexion*, there are also many types - or species - of *nexion*, which variety has been the source of some confusion among non-Adepts and especially among mundanes.

Hence, and for example, the nine angles can re-present the Tree of Wyrd (ToW): the seven plus two (seven spheres and two aspects of cosmic Time, causal and acausal) [Footnote 1]. The Nine Angles can also re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game, which Star Game itself can be re-presented by the term Nine Angles, since the Star Game, correctly used (see, for example, *The Grimoire of Baphomet*), can be a *nexion*. The ONA itself is another example of a type of *nexion*: one particular *ordering* of acausal energy; one means to presence acausal energy in the causal, and so change the causal and the living beings who live in the causal continuum.

Due to the very nature of the acausal, we simply cannot construct acausal angles (that is, we cannot presence or access or re-present acausal dimensions) by some-thing or by some-things which is or which are purely causal; by inert, physical (causal) material or matter, or even by causal types of energy (such as electricity, and plasma).

All that we have, for the moment, are various alchemical-type esoteric Rites which have been shown, by trial and error, to be effective to some degree. That is, we do possess some rather rudimentary means to manufacture a *nexion*, or to use an existing *nexion*. [Footnote 2] These rites currently all involve, in some way, human beings, and some combination of some causal-things, such as esoteric chant; a quartz tetrahedron. That is, it is the human being - or rather the type and magnitude of acausal energy which exists in a living human being - which re-presents or which can be used to access, certain acausal-angles (certain specific acausal dimensions).

Manufacturing Future Nexions

What it is important to understand about all existing means of accessing the acausal - of presencing and using acausal energy - is that they are rudimentary and crude; a mere beginning.

Once we acquire, we develop, a better understanding of the acausal continuum, and thus of acausal energy, we can begin to construct some means, or some devices, to manufacture a nexion and thus directly access the acausal continuum. Obviously, these devices will not be based on current, purely causal, inert, technology, because they will, to some extent, harness or use acausal energy as opposed to causal energy, and it is such devices which should enable to access the acausal *sans* the medium of human beings.

Thus, all of our currently existing ways and means of presencing the acausal - all of which are manifest only in the sinister-numen of the ONA and its world-wide kindred - are themselves only a beginning, a temporary means, and they can and will be surpassed when we ourselves develop our faculties sufficiently to be able to rationally comprehend the acausal as it should be apprehended, and when we extend the frontiers of our knowledge by bringing-into-being a genuinely acausal technology, based on acausal energy and, most importantly, upon acausal Time.

Thus, the ONA - representing as it now does the pinnacle of our current esoteric knowledge and representing as it does the most efficacious means currently known to us of using acausal energy - is itself only a beginning, and can, and should, and must, be developed, evolved, changed; for it is only one temporally based means to enable us to develop, and to use, our understanding of The Cosmos as the Cosmos really is: some (currently often mysterious) combination of two different Universes.

The beginning of the new apprehension we needed was contained, esoterically, in the term Nine Angles - but the ONA has now gone beyond even this, as outlined in the exoteric text, *The Physics of Acausal Energy*. And it is such developments of our initial Nine Angles apprehension which will take us beyond our currently rather rudimentary "magick", of Rites, Ways, means and ends - and which can enable us to construct, in the future, the new very real magick of the Cosmos where we have direct access to the acausal continuum itself, and thus can - to give one relevant example - use that continuum to travel from one place in the causal Universe to another place in the causal Universe, almost instantaneously, without the need for cumbersome, causally-Time based, starships. For one basic Law of acausal Physics, of acausal energy, is: action-at-a-distance, since acausal Space and acausal Time are exactly that, a-causal, not-bound by the metric, the distances, of causal Space - which distances always take a certain amount of causal Time to cover, however fast the velocity.

Thus can we, in reality, not only seed ourselves among the Galaxies of the Cosmos, but also live in those new diverse ways which will themselves be the genesis of our accelerated evolution as a species: as one type of causal life in the Cosmos.

Compared to this, all the "magick", all the "ways", all the "esotericism", of others - and even of the current Order of the Nine Angles - is totally and utterly mundane.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

Notes:

(1) The ToW itself can also be "viewed" (or esoterically apprehended) in many ways - for example, it can re-present the consciousness, the life, the psyche, of a single human being - that which animates, or those things which animate, the human being and makes them human, such as archetypes, the very process of rational thought itself, and the faculty of empathy.

The ToW - as one nexion - can also re-present the seven individual nexions (the spheres) plus the two other nexions, one of which is The Abyss, which makes it what it is, an alchemical (that is, living) symbol of Atazoth: that *increasing-of-azoth* which are the "living waters", The Philosopher's Stone, the gateway/nexion to an acausal, and thus immortal, existence.

(2) Some of these Rites are given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

The Seven-Fold Way itself (as outlined, for example in *Naos*, and in *The Complete Guide to The Seven-Fold Way*) is another means, known to us, which is or which can be effective in giving us access to the acausal - that is, enabling us to presence or access or re-present acausal dimensions, and thus acausal energy.

Another Way, known to us, is *The Way of the Rounwytha*.



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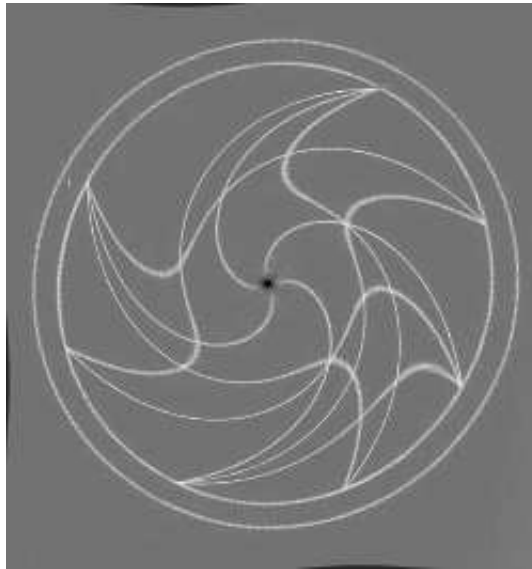
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A Dark Sinister Imperium

One of the exoteric - practical and outward - aims of The Order of Nine Angles is to aid the creation of a Dark Imperium. This Dark Imperium is and will be a manifestation, a practical implementation, of The Sinister, of The Sinister Dialectic, where Sinister Adepts (and, of course, Sinister Masters and Lady Masters) guide, control and manipulate - on a large scale - ordinary (non-Initiated) mortals, and thus effect sinister changes in a particular society, or in many societies.

It is one of the aims of the person named by sinister esoteric tradition as Vindex to create the foundations for this Dark Imperium, and, in practical terms, the Dark Imperium will be a large, organized - most probably militaristic - society whose ideals are those of excellence and of the noble honourable warrior and warrioress, and whose ethos will be essentially pagan. In addition, this Dark Imperium will function on the basis of the warrior leadership-principle and not upon any form of democracy, just as - and importantly - the basis for the law, for the justice, of the new societies of this Imperium will be personal honour (the law of the warrior), and not the abstract, dis-honourable, law that has come to dominate all Western societies, to the detriment of our evolution as a species.

Given this distinctive practical nature of the Dark Imperium, it will thus be ideologically, violently, and of necessity, opposed to the current materialistic, "politically-correct", democratic, plebeian, *status quo*, in the West, and elsewhere, and - once established - one of the first practical aims of this new Imperium will be to extend, if necessary by force of arms and conquest, its *Law of the Warrior* to other societies, creating in time a new world-wide Empire. It is this new world Empire which will efficiently begin the practical colonization of Space, first in our own Solar System, and then among the stars. It will do this practical exploration and colonization of Space both as duty and as a necessity, since such practical exploration and colonization is an integral part of its fundamental, irrevocable, pagan and warrior ethos.

Furthermore, such a Dark Imperium will, outwardly, not be directly associated with "the Satanic" or with "Satanists", although, under the guidance, the leadership, of Vindex and his (or her) successors, this warrior society will be aiding the Sinister Dialectic and thus achieving long-term Sinister, Satanic, goals.

Of course, Sinister Adepts - and some sagacious non-Initiates - will understand that such a Dark Imperium is itself only a stage; only one part of an Aeonic process; and that, as such, it does not represent the essence, nor the ultimate aims, of the ONA itself, although it is only to be expected that the majority among the plebeius will fail to appreciate the difference.

In essence, the Dark Imperium is a stage toward the emergence of - a means to create - that new human species which Sinister Adepts have named, variously, as *Homo Sol*, *Homo Galactica* and *Homo Galacticus*: the Promethean species whose homes, whose dwellings, whose life, will be among the star-systems of our Galaxy, and then among the star-systems of other Galaxies in the causal Cosmos.

Aeonic Notes IX-A

[Note: This ONA MSS was written in early 2003 e.n. - before the invasion of Iraq by the Zionist-Amerikan alliance.]

A New Imperium

The Imperium which Vindex will create will be different from previous Empires because it will be a conscious creation: the result of a reasoned, honourable, civilized, approach: that is, it will be based upon honour, and will be the result of the esoteric understanding we have achieved over hundreds, indeed thousands, of years.

This means it will not impose itself by force of arms upon others. Rather, it means it will be composed of thinking warriors who uphold honour and who prefer combat to dishonourable modern war. In particular, it means a federation of countries, or nations, who co-operate together in the pursuit of a numinous goal: not an Empire in the old sense of domination and conquest and occupation.

The old type of Empire belongs in the past: it is unsuitable for an honourable, rational, people. Furthermore, the old type of Empire is founded upon a basic error.

The basic mistake is to believe that war can solve problems or be of benefit. Thus to have war as a political policy is stupid. This mistake about war arises from two things: (1) a lack of perspective, and thus a viewing of events in current rather than historical terms; (2) failing to act in accord with the ethics of honour.

Every old type of Empire has a time of glory; as it has to maintain itself by occupation, war, and repression. Every such Empire declines, and is then destroyed. Sometimes an Empire may last a few decades; sometimes a century or more. Rarely, a few centuries. After the destruction of the Empire, there follows a period of chaos, of barbarism, of regression, with only a few positive attributes of the Empire remaining: some stories of glory, perhaps; or some literature; some monuments, or some technological or scientific achievement. But a great detail is lost.

What applies to an Empire applies to the results of terrestrial wars – such as the occupation of a foreign country after victory in a war or after an invasion. Such occupation may well last for a while: a few years; a decade; several decades. But it will inevitably end, through either a successful uprising (often after several failed attempts) or through the withdrawal of the occupiers, for military, economic, or political reasons, and while some elements of the occupying forces may remain (in terms of their culture, ideas, and so on), a great deal is lost. In the meantime, thousands upon thousands of people have been injured, killed, repressed or dishonourably confined in prisons. Furthermore, it is the honourable right and duty of those under occupation to resist, using lethal force - and to try and take

away this right and duty, by making it "illegal", as all occupying forces do, is dishonourable in itself, the act of the bully, the tyrant. It is also the right of individuals to possess weapons, and one of the many dishonourable things an army of occupation does is make possession of weapons illegal.

This old imperial process is incredibly wasteful, and stupid, because the positive, evolutionary, civilized, changes which Empires sometimes bring can be achieved in not only less wasteful ways but also in ways which can ensure much greater, and longer lasting, evolutionary change.

In brief, imperial conquest and colonialism are short-term solutions: in Aeonic terms – in the timescale of civilizations and Aeons – they are failures, detrimental to the long-term evolution that is required.

In terms of acquiring new living-space – often used as an argument in favour of Empires and conquest and colonialism - the honourable, futuristic solution is the colonization of Outer Space.

In terms of war, the new Imperium – or Stellar Federation or Cosmic Federation or Cosmic Reich or whatever we want to call it – would use force only as a last means of self-defence of its own territory or homeland, or when there needs to be an honourable combat between it and its enemies.

In addition, it needs to be understood that modern warfare is for the most part dishonourable, employing as it does cowardly methods – such as aerial bombing – which an honourable warrior would refuse to use, condone, or accept. The warriors of the new Imperium, the troops of Vindex, will seek honourable combat, a fair fight, rather than impersonal war. Honourable combat means personal fighting between groups of warriors, or armies. It means an end to the dishonour which has blighted armies for hundreds of years. It means a return to civilized treatment of captured or surrendering soldiers – allowing them to retain their honour, and go free. It means a conscious decision – based upon honour – to do only that which is honourable, and which befits an honourable warrior.

Honour, and Learning from History

I give one example of learning from history: NS Germany. One mistake was to initiate a war, and to seek new living-space in already occupied lands.

Of course, war against NS Germany was inevitable – just like the recent war against Iraq was inevitable. In the case of Iraq the cabal spent over ten years – from the time of the Gulf War – trying to starve the people into submission, and destroying the defensive capability of the Iraqi defence forces.

But Germany should have waited, and most certainly not launched offensives in other countries. The cabal would then have had to resort to invading Germany, which would have taken perhaps a few more years to organize, giving NS Germany more time to create a genuine NS society, and prepare to defend Germany. More alliances should have been sought, and NS exported as a revolutionary creed. Had the cabal invaded Germany, they would have been on dubious moral ground, and effective resistance could have been undertaken against the occupying forces.

The effort that went into the war should have been directed toward building a stronger Germany, and showing, by example, that NS worked. In addition, scientific research should have been undertaken into spacecraft.

But this, of course, is hindsight. What happened, happened. We have to learn the lessons. One lesson is to evolve NS itself – which has been done, based upon the ideal of honour and the vision of a Galactic Empire or Federation, created by a NS homeland which seeks allies among the various peoples and cultures of Earth on the basis of honour and mutual respect (see, for example, the recent

NS writings of Dave Myatt).

In the recent case of Iraq, Saddam should have used that time to find allies, for example Syria and Iran, and done what was necessary to make such an alliance work. Preparation should have gone into creating effective resistance forces. [It may well be that this resistance work was done, judging by recent events in Iraq.]

Conclusion

It is to be understood that the policies of Vindex, of the new Imperium, will result primarily from honour, and also from a rational understanding of those forces which have and do shape our history and evolution. In addition, the perspective – the motivation – of Vindex and the new Imperium is futuristic, of centuries, of evolution itself, and not the result of some short-sighted political opportunism or some unconscious instinct or desire.

One purpose of esoteric Orders such as the ONA is to understand these forces and to transmit this understanding via various means, which includes the Grand Master, or Magus, of the Order giving advice based on the esoteric understanding and the wisdom they have achieved.

In essence, the new Imperium will be a practical manifestation of the Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour. That is, it will be founded by, and maintained by, thinking, honourable, warriors: who themselves will be a new archetype, a new type of human being. These new warriors will not compromise their honour to achieve temporary – and Aeonically worthless – gains.

ONA
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Notes:

Vindex:

The name of the exoteric (or “outer”) nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presented (“manifest”) in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means “the Avenger”, and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Falcifer:

The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or “hidden”) nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like Vindex - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between Falcifer and Vindex, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

The New Aeon, Mundanes, Vindex, and National-Socialism:

Heretical Ramblings of a Mage

You have mentioned many times that your aims - the aims of the Order of Nine Angles - are of centuries, so just what does this mean in practical terms?

Given that one of our primary aims - which will take many centuries to achieve - is to create, to bring-into-being, a new more evolved human species who have developed certain latent abilities, in practical terms there is a distinction between outer, exoteric, short-term, causal change, and inner, esoteric, long-term, acausal (or “magickal”) change.

Thus, to achieve such aims requires what has been called “magick”: the presencing of acausal energies. That is, one has to go beyond even basic manipulation and use of causal forms, and create - bring-into-being - magickal forms, for all causal forms by their very nature are transient, and thus the changes they cause or provoke or are the genesis of are just as transitory. They are transient because they lack the acausal; because they are exoteric. They do not “live”, in the causal - they are only brought-into-being, and sustained by, ordinary, non-Adept, human beings: sustained by what it is convenient, and apt, to describe as “the mundanes”.

In contradistinction, the changes wrought by the use of acausal energies are not transient, but genuinely evolutionary. Thus, to consciously create a genuine evolutionary and a *particular type* of New Aeon - and the appropriate forms appropriate to its stages, such as a Dark Imperium - it is not simply a question of amassing some Dark Legion of warriors to physically fight the forces of the tyrannical Old Order, such as the Magian and their allies, and neither is it a question of using certain magickal forces, certain acausal energies, to aid that Dark Legion in battles against the de-evolutionary Magian and their stupid allies.

Rather it is a question of producing genuine esoteric change, in others, and of having available, for them, certain living (“magickal”) forms for them to use.

Thus, a military victory is, of itself, only transitory, as are “political” victories. Such “victories” may last a few years; some decades; at best, what they bring-into-being or help to sustain - an Empire, say, or some particular nation or State - can only last at most just over three centuries. This is so because of the very causal nature of such things. (1)

The mistake of all mundanes has been to try and use non-living causal forms to produce evolutionary - long-lasting, affective and effective - change, whereas what is required is (a) to change, to evolve, our very human nature and essence, and (b) to create living-forms, presenced on Earth (and thus imbued with acausal energies) which succour, aid, and enable such an inner, esoteric, change in our nature and essence.

Obviously, the change, the evolution, we seek is toward the sinister: to bring-into-being a new type of human being who embodies, in their character, in their life, the sinister itself. Equally obviously, our changes are conscious ones, deliberately chosen in accord with our sinister aims.

In practical terms, therefore, we aim to produce - to succour, and aid - individuals who possess a certain individual character. In addition, we aim to create or bring about conditions (“in society”; in the world) which aid the production of such individuals and which enable them to thrive. We also aim to bring-into-being certain exoteric forms - described by mundanes as social, religious, political, or whatever - which themselves manifest the sinister, or which aid the sinister, and which thus prefigure our New Aeon.

In precise terms, our training, our Way - our very mythos - produces the right type of individual, the phenotype of the new human species, and these individuals, who are part of a new elite, consciously understood who they are, why they are, and what their aims are (what their Destiny and their Wyrð are). That is, they are Adepts, and beyond: folk of our sinister kindred. In addition, through using certain causal forms - and creating and using various other forms imbued with acausal energies and which are thus "living" - we aim to be the genesis of sinister change, and thus cause or provoke many mundanes into changing themselves in some way beneficial to them, to us, and to our sinister goals: to, in brief, move them some way into evolving themselves, with they in their turn changing many others.

In terms of causal Time, it will take many, many decades for us to, in secret, produce sufficient Adepts to begin to bring-into-being some of the outer, exoteric, forms and changes required to motivate, to manipulate, to change, a significant number of mundanes: that is, to launch those numbers of mundanes also along the path of evolutionary development. Only then will we be in a position to outwardly and directly, and as a new sinister elite, to challenge the forces of the Old Order, whose demise we will have been working toward by employing various practical sinister tactics and utilizing various Occult energies, in various "rituals", and in and through, other, more esoteric things. Thus the causal Time scale here is of at least a century, and probably more.

Beyond this, is a bringing-into-being of the practical beginnings of the New Aeon itself.

You mentioned employing some practical sinister tactics to aid the downfall of the Old Order. Can you elucidate?

We have mentioned many of these before. Among them is the use - by Initiates and Adepts of ours, and by associates of ours - of various existing political and religious forms (or aspects of them) to directly and in a practical way confront and engage the tyrannical forces of the Old Order. Among them, also, is the mythos of Vindex, and of his (or her) warriors (and under whatever "name" and "banner") striving to create a new Imperium, which is but one outer, exoteric, form of certain acausal energies, presented in a particular way for a particular purpose.

Thus there is, also, an aiding, championing, and supporting - clandestinely and otherwise - of that which, and those who, in any way whatsoever, are aiding the disruption of, and undermining the power and stability of, the Old Order. One may think, here, in terms of anarchy, of social disruption, of amorality, of revolution, of heresy, and so on. There is also the creation of new causal forms which may be useful.

Also, understand that such practical confrontation - and such aiding, championing, and supporting - is already being done, by us, and has been done by us, for some decades.

Since you mentioned Vindex, and a new Imperium, what is the political and social nature of these? Are they - as once described in some earlier ONA works - related to National Socialism, and if so, does the ONA still support that particular political form, and what is the relation, if any, of NS to the Old Order?

First, the relation of the ONA to the current Aeon should be understood. According to Aeonics, the current Aeon (the fifth) is described by the term Thorian, and this Aeon is in its last stages, which stages themselves last for around four hundred years. (2)

On the practical level, the forms of the Old Aeon - of the Old Order - will persist for several more centuries, and during this time, the energies of the next Aeon will become more and more manifest, until, with the final decline of the Old Order, a new mythos becomes accepted in a certain

geographical area, new causal forms arise redolent of that mythos, and “new order” begins.

Hitherto, this progression of Aeons has been an unconscious process, part of the nature of our human life, of that natural unfolding which marks the emergence and change of sentient life itself. However, the genuine Dark Arts - as understood and practised by genuine Masters and Lady Masters - provide us with the means to creatively and consciously intervene in this natural process. Thus, we can - for the first time in our human history - bring-into-being a different type of Aeon than might have arisen, as we can extend the life of a new Aeon so esoterically created.

But let us be honest here. The skills, the knowledge, of The Dark Arts - as currently existing - enable us to do some things. They do not provide us with “miraculous powers” to do whatever we might wish. We are not yet “gods”. There are - given our current stage of conscious, human, and esoteric, development - some things we cannot do, and thus we still, in respect of certain matters, have to work with certain forces (or energies) and alter them, or manipulate them, in certain ways, for we cannot, yet, “create” energy of the magickal kind, and all the energies that we currently use already exist, already has being, deriving as such esoteric energies do from the acausal.

In practical terms, this means that we cannot, for instance, consciously, in a magickal way, inaugurate a New Aeon - with all that such a New Aeon implies (3) - without long-term esoteric and exoteric preparation and without utilizing certain Cosmic Alchemical Seasons (or “tides”) and certain existing acausal energies.

Now, since we are in the last centuries of the Old Aeon, we have entered a propitious time - a certain Cosmic Alchemical Season - when certain particular energies are available to us, and when others will have more effects. But we still have to, to create a New Aeon, open various nexions to the acausal - to access and then presence certain other energies - as we still have to bring-into-being many other nexions, and channel various energies through them. We also still require an elite of sinister Adepts, and the help and assistance of multitudes of mundanes.

Thus, the Old Aeon has at least a century or more of existence left; possibly several centuries, depending on how our Great Work proceeds. Given no interference by external forces - Occult or otherwise - what should have happened, to the Thorian Aeon, was that it should have entered its last phase of Empire *in the service of its own mythos and ethos*, with this phase lasting nearly four hundred years.

Instead, it has now entered into the Empire phase in the service of some-thing else, as a result of its ethos, its mythos, being distorted, or more correctly, infected. Thus, the peoples of the Thorian Aeon are, directly or indirectly, acting in the service of those who have introduced this infection, just as most of the causal forms of this Aeon have been subverted, and changed, to serve or to manifest the distortion itself. Exoterically, this distortion is evident in the materialistic - and so-called (and mis-named) - “New World Order”, which in reality is the new American Imperialism, with Europe as its willing (and in some cases, unwilling) allies. Esoterically, the distortion is known by the term “Magian”. (4)

National-Socialism was - and, in many ways, still is (in its genuine form) - a practical manifestation of the Thorian ethos, a resurgence of that ethos, and a natural, European, reaction to the distortion of the Magian, and thus given no interference by external forces - Occult or otherwise - the new Empire of the Thorian Aeon, of the Thorian civilization and culture, would, initially at least, have been a National-Socialist one. This resurgence was, however, defeated by the Magian and their allies, after a vicious war and a tyrannical persecution, which persecution continues to this day. (5) Thus, instead of a liberating new warrior Imperium based upon the Thorian concepts of honour, loyalty and duty - destined to take us out among the stars - there is now a morbid, material, de-evolutionary ethos and a

new and growing impersonal Earth-bound tyranny.

In *one* very important way (and note the qualification, here), the ONA is a codification of the genuine Thorian (the “Western”) sinister Occult tradition, and this tradition is almost the exact opposite of - and in determined opposition to - the so-called traditions represented by such people and such groups as Crowley, the Church of Satan, the Temple of Set and others, for these people and groups - with their Hebrew qabala, their Semitic demons, their necromantic “archetypes”, their sycophantic religious attitude, their posturings, and their almost total lack of knowledge of Aeonics and Internal Magick - represent either aspects of the de-evolutionary ethos of the Magian or the Magian way itself.

Understood esoterically, an NS (or similar) Thorian Imperium would have not only been of great assistance in bringing-into-being (and soon) a new evolutionary Aeon bound to and presencing sinister energies, but also - if correctly guided by folk of our esoteric kind - would have created, through the conquest and colonization of Outer Space, entirely new ways of living consistent with even further evolution, thus producing various new types of human beings. Thus would many of our aims have been achieved, and thus did the ONA support - and thus do we still support - genuine National-Socialism, and genuine National-Socialists in their battle against the Magian. Thus would we support, exoterically and esoterically, a Vindex who - charismatically - championed and represented National-Socialism and who sought to create a National-Socialist Imperium.

The sagacious - and the esoterically insightful - will, however, understand such support, by us, in the correct context. The esoterically-challenged, and the mundanes, will not understand it. So it has been, so it is, and so shall it be, again.

However, given the Magian infection, the situation we now face is quite different, especially since it has become obvious, during the past four decades, that National-Socialism is currently no serious challenge - and is unlikely in the near future to become a serious challenge - to the disgusting Old Order of the Magian. Thus, today genuine National-Socialists are a small, and mostly ineffective, minority. This will only change if and when a NS Vindex arises, and there are, currently, no indications which herald the emergence of such a person who would still be a manifestation of the true Destiny of the Thorian civilization.

Thus, while NS still possesses a certain potential, exoterically and esoterically, it has been necessary for us to be practical, and to aid and support, and to bring-into-being, other forms - including some deemed to be religious - to not only counter the infection of the Magian, but also to achieve our long-term esoteric sinister aims. Now, the battles will be more intense; the war itself much longer. But for the next three to five decades the outer enemy remains the Magian and their allies, and the target of our attacks, exoterically and esoterically, will continue to be anything and everything of the Magian Old Order, including those who knowingly or unknowingly use the esoteric ethos, the “magick”, of the Magian. In practical terms, this means we are fighting - exoterically and esoterically - the new American imperialism and their “Western”, Magian-loving, allies.

You seem to make some kind of distinction here between the Old Order, of what you term the Magian, and the Old Aeon. Can you explain?

The current Aeon is now no longer “our” Aeon. Instead, it belongs to the Magian and their allies who represent everything that is de-evolutionary, everything that we despise. Thus, when we lambast the Old Order, and “the Old Aeon”, we are lambasting the Magian, and the forms of the past - forms which a NS Thorian Imperium would have, with its Promethean ethos, taken us far away from. In effect, such an Imperium would have been - and still could be - *a nexion* which, over a short period of causal Time, would have opened and brought-into-being the New Aeon, with all the diverse new ways of living that such a beginning implies. (6) That is, such an Imperium - and NS itself - are (or would

have been) only a prelude, *a beginning*; not the essence. But, as an esoteric prelude they are not just ordinary causal forms, and would, as mentioned above, if correctly guided by folk of our esoteric kind, have evolved to become something far beyond themselves.

To really understand us is to know that our primary goal is to consciously create an entirely new type of Aeon, unbound to all the old concepts that prevailed in all former Aeons, which old concepts exoterically include such things as “the nation-State”, the division inherent in all causal abstractions, and the subservience of individuals to some abstract “authority”. Thus, such a new type of Aeon would represent that personal, individual, evolution which is basis of a genuine liberation and of genuine “freedom” itself, *sans* all outward divisions, and such a new Aeon is prefigured in the Law of the New Aeon (which is personal honour) and made manifest in a new type of human being: the individual who assumes responsibility for themselves and who thus does not rely on some external “authority”, on some abstract “law”, or on some dogma. Indeed, such an individual relies only on what, and whom, they personally know and only upon that which they willingly and rationally accept as a result of reasoned judgement and practical experience.

That is, the New Aeon will be the era where the genuine Left Hand Path Adept - born from the alchemy of direct personal experience - is the rule, not the exception, and where mundanes have evolved to leave behind the repressive forms of the past and so live in a manner befitting evolved human beings, *sans* “the nation-State” with their boundaries, *sans* the tyranny of all governments, and *sans* the barriers and divisions that have held us in thrall for millennia.

But for this New Aeon to be, the Old Order has to be undermined, and destroyed.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

Notes:

(1) Whatever lasting changes that have occurred in the human species have been, for the most part, achieved through some gifted individuals mostly unknowingly presencing certain acausal energies through almost-living forms such as those to do with artistic and musical creation, or those connected to archetypes and *mythos*, where it is to be understood that *mythos* includes certain allegories often later described (when their acausal input has declined or ceased and become ossified through dogmatic causal forms) as “Ways of Life” and “religions”.

(2) Another term often used to describe the current Aeon is “Western”, although - as has been made clear in some other ONA MSS - this term is used in a specific sense, and does not refer to the present capitalist materialistic world-order exemplified by America and the so-called “democratic” nations of Europe. Instead, it refers to the ethos, and the values, of the “old Europe” exemplified, for instance, by Prussia.

(3) A New Aeon implies not only a new mythos (and thus a new ethos), but also many new causal forms, such as social, political and religious Institutions, deriving as these forms do from the ideas and abstractions which are developed to explain, and presence (in a mostly unconscious way) the new mythos and new ethos. Most of all, a New Aeon implies a new way - or new ways - of living, and this new type of living, and such new causal forms, affect a significant number of people (of the order of millions) over significant periods of causal Time (of the order of many centuries).

(4) See, for example, *Vindex: Destiny of the West*.

(5) In order to secure and maintain this victory, and their power, the tyrannical Magian, with the help of their allies, concocted the new myth of the “holocaust”, which myth has now become a sacred dogma, belief in which is compulsory. To openly doubt this myth is now actual heresy, punishable in most of the lands of the West by imprisonment for many years.

(6) It should be understood that we are talking about genuine National-Socialism here, not the propagandistic version manufactured and pedalled by the Magian and their allies. Intimations of this genuine National-Socialism are given in works and essays such as *The Meaning of National-Socialism* (Third Edition, 115yf), *The Theology of National-Socialism*, and *Why National-Socialism Is Not Racist*. In particular, refer to *The Reichsfolk Declaration*.

Intimations of The New Aeon

Expressed simply, the New Aeon is the Aeon of a new type of human being; an evolution of ourselves; the birth of a new human species.

As mentioned in several Order of Nine Angles MSS, the basis of the next - the new - Aeon will be a move toward genuine individuality (manifest exoterically in the only law being the law of personal honour) and a move away from the lifeless abstractions of the Old Order, manifest as these abstractions are in such things as nations, States, and impersonal large governments. Thus, there is a rejection of applying abstract, lifeless, categories to people, and “the world” in general, and a rejection of all the old tyranny of ideas and ideals; a rejection of old forms such as “politics” and “religion”; a rejection of all *-ologies* and *-isms*, with individuals ceasing to identify with such lifeless things, such lifeless abstractions, ceasing to judge by them, and ceasing to be involved with them. There will be, instead, a self-independence and a self-responsibility, arising from self-knowledge (what we who know term esoteric, Initiated, insight), and an acceptance of each individual as a unique being with a unique, individual, identity, and thus a move away from living in large lifeless cities and large towns, and toward instead a living in small, “folk”-type, communities will will be often, or mostly, rural.

All this is rather futuristic, and will take a certain amount causal Time - of the order of several centuries - to be brought into-being. In practical terms there is a move away from the duality inherent in all lifeless abstractions. Thus, individuals will no longer think in terms of such dualities; no longer be motivated by such dualities; or seek to identify with what is abstracted or deemed to be a type, or *the* type (the archetype), of one polarity. Hence, in the New Aeon, the individual will aspire to be only themselves, and not be guided by, or manipulated (by others), not aspire to be some stereotype; nor identify with some archetype, or with some commercialized “norm”. Thus, expectations will be personal, and arise naturally, internally, and not from any external source. There will be, importantly, a rejection of assigning abstractions, such as “good” and “evil”, to anything and everything, and instead only a reliance on personal, individual, judgement based on a direct and personal knowing.

Magickally, the New Aeon is the Aeon of numinous magick - beyond word, ceremonies, ritual, chant (and so on) - and manifest in a natural empathy with esoteric energies, and thus a use of those energies via the faculty of empathy. One aspect of this new magick is prefigured in The Star Game (with its numinous symbology), which “Game” enables the development of the ability to think, to-be, beyond the causal forms and restrictions of the Old Order.

Chaos, Aeons, and the Destruction of the Old Order

For the New Aeon to become manifest, for the new ways of living, of being, of thinking, to become real for large numbers of peoples, the tyranny of the Old Order has to end. Individuals have to - in increasing numbers - reject the lifeless abstractions of the Old Order, and instead adopt the life, the ways, the modes of being and of thinking and of living, appropriate to the coming New Aeon. Esoterically, this means Initiates and Adepts adopting the new type of magick of the New Aeon, and this requires the development of latent Occult abilities which development arises most naturally from a letting-go of what the Old Aeon has interposed between us, as individuals, and Life, and thus an awareness, for example, of individuals, of Nature, of the Cosmos - an awareness of their “energies” - as these beings are, in and of themselves. Currently, the Seven-Fold Way is one means to do this.

However, the Old Order is not just going to die; it is not about to die; and in order to understand it - and thus understand how and why the New Aeon can arise - one has to have or develop a certain, Initiated, esoteric understanding. This understanding is manifest in Aeonics, which reveals that the Old Order is akin to a living-being, and thus has a life, a purpose, a *wyrd*, of its own.

Understood esoterically, the current Old Order - the Order of nation-States, of politics, of dogmatic religion; of colonial wars and conquest; of individuals subservient and in thrall to some abstraction and some lifeless supra-personal government and law - is a natural product of the ending of the current Old Aeon (the Thorian, or “Western” Aeon), and, left to itself, such a life-form would be affecting and interfering in the lives of individuals for around another two or three centuries or so. Then, a New Aeon would arise, with new ways of life, a new ethos, and a new type of “order” would begin, imbued with the “life-force” of the living-being of the New Aeon. Thus would this new living-being grow, affect people, live and change - and then slowly fade, to die, when another beginning would (or should) arise.

But, we have now reached the stage of our evolution, as conscious beings, when we have: (1) the knowledge, the insight, to know and understand this process; to know and understand such living, supra-personal life-forces which influence, affect, and - to a certain extent - control non-Adepts (control through such things as archetypes, ethos, mythos, and so on); (2) the (Occult) ability to be able to intervene in this cycle of Aeonics, and thus bring-into-being new forms; new types of Aeonics life.

This Initiated (esoteric) insight and knowledge reveals two things. First, that the current Old Order has itself been changed, transmuted, distorted, from its natural state, and it has thus become very different from what it should have been (which was to be a prelude to the New Aeon itself). In practical terms, its ethos - its very “life” - has been infected by a kind of virus, or (to use another similitude) it has been manipulated by a kind of genetic-engineering appropriate to such specialized life-forms (See Footnote 1 below). Second, that our development of technology (and other things) enables this Old Order (and those consciously or otherwise using it) to have more control over, more direct affect upon, both the outward life, and the very psyche, of individuals.

These two factors mean several very important things, among which are: (1) that the life-span of the Old Order has been extended quite significantly; (2) that individuals, instead of liberating themselves and moving toward the next stage of our conscious evolution, are being increasingly controlled, manipulated, and subject to a tyrannical way of life; and (3) individuals, *per se*, increasingly have less opportunities to escape the thralldom of the Old Order, and little opportunity to effectively, and in practical ways, fight its ever-increasing tyranny and control.

Hence, instead of presenting opportunities for change, instead of being the genesis for evolutionary change, instead of slowly declining and giving way to a New Aeon (See Footnote 2 below), what exists now - and affects and afflicts the world - is stifling real change; and de-evolving individuals; and growing in strength, in its thralldom. Thus, in order for the New Aeon to now arise, this tyrannical Old Order has to be undermined and destroyed, and this undermining and this destruction has to be both practical and esoteric.

Esoterically, this undermining is, in part, a championing of Chaos: of whatever challenges or distorts, or fights, or can infect, the ethos, the life, of the being which is now this Old Order, and part of this is championing that which, and those who, re-present *an evolutionary form* of the Thorian ethos. Practically, this undermining and destruction can be aided and brought about by two things. First, by championing the New Aeon and its practical manifestations, such a new ways of living external to the Old Order (small communities of esoterically aware and esoterically inclined individuals); and secondly, by open and direct conflict - social, military, political and religious - with the forces and allies of this Old Order. But, on the practical level - affecting the whole planet - it is only through the emergence of a new Imperium, which restores and which extends the Thorian ethos of the current Aeon as a necessary prelude to the New Aeon, that the Old, now Magian, Order will be defeated.

Imperium and The New Aeon

Imperium is a prelude to The New Aeon, for it is the alchemical crucible which will create not only the conditions, esoterically and exoterically, for the New Aeon to arise and flourish, but will also be the practical genesis of that new human type, that new human species, who and which are the essence of this New Aeon, this new type of life.

According to the ONA mythos, the New Aeon will only arise and be the norm for people when we have begun to seed ourselves among the stars, just as the New Aeon can only survive and flourish and be the genesis for even greater evolution when we have established divergent, independent, new, communities both on Earth and among the stars. Thus, the Imperium will build - will be - the practical foundation upon which and from which this human seeding will be built.

But, for Imperium to be, there has to be Vindex: a man, or woman, of wyrd, who initially re-presents a new and evolutionary form of the genuine Thorian ethos, but who becomes (or rather, gives rise to) the archetype for the new human type, the new, evolutionary, human species, and who thus is the inspiration for the New Aeon itself. The esoteric reality - the esoteric truth - is that Imperium is and will be a living-being, a new and unique type of life, a new type of nexion, initially embodied in and by a living human being, but becoming, over causal Time, a being of its own. Hence, without this living beginning - this human-being of wyrd - this will be no Imperium, just as this Imperium is, esoterically, and correctly, a Dark Imperium because it is so living, in its beginning and its changing and evolution, having been so inspired, so brought to life, into-being, by the work of Initiates and Adepts of The Dark Tradition, the living tradition, which Initiates and which Adepts understand and know all life for the presencing of the dark acausal energy that it is.

Without Vindex, there can be no Imperium, and no practical defeat of the Old Order in the near future, and thus no emergence, some causal time later, of the New Aeon itself; no evolution of ourselves, as human beings; no new human species. There will only be further de-evolution; a morbid tyranny; and our dreary end upon a dying planet.

All esoteric Orders of The Dark Tradition - all Initiates and Adepts, working alone or together, and following our sinister path - are willing agents of Chaos, acting for the emergence of our Dark Imperium, and thus aiding, from the destruction of the Old Order, a New Aeon of genuine evolutionary change where we will be, and evolve - and have our being - among the very stars of the Cosmos.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
120 Year of Fayen

Footnotes:

(1) Esoterically, this change, this modification, this distortion (or infection) is described as Magian, having occurred under the aegis (both consciously and otherwise) - and for the benefit of - Yahud, with part of this change occurring by what has been exoterically described as "social engineering", for which see, for example, the exoteric text *Vindex: The Destiny of The West*.

(2) As explained in many esoteric MSS, without this Magian distortion, without this infection, of the ethos, the life, of the current Thorian Aeon, we should now be in the beginnings of a Thorian Imperium, which Imperium would have been the necessary prelude to the New Order, and thus the beginning of our change into a new, more evolved, human species. However, the forces of this incipient Thorian Imperium were exoterically defeated - on a practical level - by the de-evolutionary Magian and their allies.

Warriors, Freedom and the Sinister Way: The Law of The New Aeon

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to produce a new type of human being. This new human being will - compared to individuals at present - be a more evolved individual who fulfills some of the promise latent within us, as a species. The Seven-Fold Way is one means whereby such a new individual can be produced. This individual would thus be an Adept: someone with a Destiny who understands wyrd, that is, Aeonic processes and change. Hence, this individual will seek, through their lives, their work, their actions, to create new ways of living, new communities, new societies, new possibilities.

This new individual will represent, and indeed be, a new archetype. The basis for this new archetype is the "thinking warrior": an individual who, being self-disciplined, can and does use their own personal judgement and who thus does not rely on the concepts, ideas, ways, forms, theories, laws, ethics, of others, and who is unswayed and unswayable by those forces which governments, politicians, the Media, religions, and Institutions in general, use to try and persuade and manipulate and control people. In essence, this new individual will use their will to control and change themselves.

Thus, this new individual - this new human type - will be beyond "individuation" and truly free. They will take responsibility for themselves, and those they have given a personal pledge of loyalty to, and not allow anyone to take this self-responsibility away. In brief, they would rather die - if necessary by their own hand - than have to submit to anyone, or allow anyone to control them, just as, if anyone or

any Institution tries to confine them or control them, they would rebel, and fight to obtain their personal freedom.

There is one thing and one thing alone which can produce such individuals: personal honour. True freedom, and true strength, arise when a person abides by a Code of Honour. The only law that this new individual will recognize and accept is the law of personal honour. The law of the New Aeon is the law of personal honour.

The revolution which is necessary will be in part a revolution of ideals, with the ideal of personal honour the catalyst necessary to create a New Aeon from the destruction of the old. The law of honour means an end to the tyranny of governments; an end to all the old ideas of the old repressive Aeon.

In the simple sense, honour is a manifestation, a presencing, of those evolutionary energies which can change us into a higher type, a new species of human being. With honour - and the laws deriving from it - new societies, and ways of life, can and will be created which will transform this planet, and enable us to take the next great leap forward in our evolution: the exploration, conquest and settlement of Outer Space.

Anton Long
114yf



Novus Ordo Seclorum

An Interview with Anton Long

Vindex Division, 114yf

Introduction - Little, if anything needs to be said in introduction to this interview with Anton Long - his first and last. It illustrates not only current aims, but brutal and dark reality of genuine Satanism.

We are now amid an interesting and important time, where some anti-Aeonic forces have been directly attacked to sizeable consequence for the first time in many decades. What does this mean to current esoteric aims, and how much closer does it bring the west to the purging of Magian influence?

A: There is a lot to be done to purge this Magian influence, which now emanates from America. The recent practical attacks against them have forced them to react in the way one might have expected given their own primitive ethos. Thus, they have created the basis for a world-wide tyranny and America itself has now descended into a type of Police State with its armed forces used to pacify and dominate other countries and bring them under Magian control.

In the esoteric war against the Magian and their influence, America is now the primary battleground, for without the resources of America their current world-wide influence would begin to wane. Thus, Adepts and Initiates in America have a crucial role to play in the war against the Magian and their anti-evolutionary aims.

What are the most important tactics initiates (particularly those within the United States) can use in aiding current esoteric aims? What rites and what tasks are most appropriate to these aims?

A: There are both esoteric, and exoteric, tactics. The esoteric include increasing the number of Initiates and Adepts; spreading the sinister esoteric tradition itself; forming sinister groups whether ONA based or otherwise, and performing various rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, which not only counter the esoteric energies of the Magian but which also presence sinister energies in both causal and acausal ways. By acausal ways is meant presencing by means of rites such as the Nine Angles with the energies left to disperse as they will. By causal is meant channeling the energy in specific ways, to disrupt certain things such as groups, organizations, or

target/attack specific individuals.

The exoteric includes supporting or aiding, either openly or covertly, any and all things which can disrupt and counter the Magian and their influence, and disseminating the ideals, archetypes, forms which express the sinister energies appropriate to the New Aeon. Such exoteric things include politics and political groups - especially National-Socialist and Folk Culture ones - and practical covert, direct, action against the government, the infrastructure of society and individuals who support or aid the Magian. It should be noted that such covert, revolutionary, political-type action is not appropriate for all Initiates: only some. Also, such exoteric things are exoteric - that is, forms to presence the acausal. As such, they are not the essence, but rather a means appropriate to the current and near-future situations. Initiates should remember this, especially in relation to political forms.

One very important method, a priority - both esoterically and exoterically - is to prepare the way for Vindex: for an individual of Destiny who has the charisma to lead a practical revolt against the Magian. All the indications are that this person can only emerge in America: hence the importance of the work of American sinister Initiates and Adepts. Esoterically, such preparation involves performing rites, both ceremonial and hermetic, which invoke Vindex, and others which aim to produce energies which can be focused into an appropriate image. This image may be a sigil, or an image of a person, or at least an apprehension of what Vindex, as an individual, might look like. Exoterically, such preparation involve disseminating the idea of Vindex, of a person of Destiny who embodies evolutionary energies: who is a person to both Sun and Steel, to use a phrase of Mishima's. Vindex is a new archetype, and one which sinister Initiates and Adepts must create through their magickal workings.

Vindex may be a man - but there is nothing to prevent this role, this archetype, being assumed by a woman. In fact, a female Vindex would be quite a phenomena.

Vindex must be anticipated in literature; in esoteric rites; in music; in Art; in images; in political propaganda, and so on. New rites must be created which invoke Vindex, and which channel the archetypal energies so produced.

As I write, America is within days of attacking and invading Iraq. While the premises are entirely questionable (at best), it may serve to upset America's place amongst its allies – weakening its global power – and also inviting added displeasure on the part of Islamic states and peoples. Is this the type of unrest that is a necessary prelude for change on an Aeonic level?

A: It is a part of it. The present power structures - manifest, for example, in the New World order led by America in thrall to the Magian and their messianic dreams - must be broken down, destroyed and replaced. The current global conflict, against Muslims and Muslim groups such as those led by Osama bin Laden, is one means whereby such change may occur, for this conflict will hopefully continue for a number of years, thus straining the resources of the federal government of America, weakening it economically. The more the US sustains casualties in this conflict with Islam, the better, Aeonically, for such casualties will change the attitude of the American people toward the war.

In addition, there should be, and hopefully will be, social and political unrest in America itself. All such conflicts will be a prelude to the emergence of the New Aeon, which will be born out of the destruction of the old. This means, in practical terms, the destruction of the America that exists today: a move away from a federal

government and perhaps back to the old idea of more independent States within America. It may be from one of these States, or a part of it, that the New Aeon will assume a practical social and political form.

Is an Imperium for the current Aeon beyond realistic hope, or can the destiny of the west still be achieved? If so – how is such a destiny different from what could have become of NS Germany?

A: Nothing is beyond us, if we access and channel the right energies in the right way - which means toward the destruction of the forces of the old Aeon, represented now by the New World Order - and toward the emergence of Vindex. We create - or rather, can create - our own Destiny. If enough Initiates and Adepts work toward that Destiny, it will be achieved.

NS Germany was an intimation of what might be; what could be achieved when a people are organized in a certain way. It was a necessary beginning, which ended as it should. From its ending, lessons were learnt; and magickal energies became manifest. Only now can we create what is necessary because only now do we rationally understand and thus can use our will to achieve what can and should be achieved. This is one meaning of the ONA: a rational codification of the esoteric understanding achieved over millennia; an emanation of some of the techniques, such as Internal and Aeonic magick, which can take us toward and beyond the next stage of our human evolution.

To me, one of the things that exemplifies the purpose of the tradition, are Insight Roles. Should one be inclined to undertake an Insight Role that specifically aids Aeonic aims, if it is possible they will continue the role at some later point with Aeonic, rather than individual purposes?

A: You are quite correct about Insight Roles. The old roles, which I inherited, lacked an Aeonic aspect: they were designed to test and develop the individual, and as such were a technique of what I have called Internal magick.

If Insight Roles are to be used again - and they should be - then they must have an Aeonic aspect, which means they aid in some way the sinister dialectic. Thus, new roles can be developed which test and evolve the individual (or break them) and which presence the dark in a practical way. I am in the process of writing some new ONA MSS which describe such new Insight Roles.

An Insight Role, to be effective, must be lived for at least one year.

It seems in past years a certain Insight Role pertaining to politics has become something of an obvious and predictable choice. In this case, most initiates have already confronted their programmed

ideas, once the time is right for an Insight Role. Should not an Insight Role be something that would otherwise be considered "out of character" for the initiate?

A: Correct. For instance, one role an ONA Initiate once assumed some decades ago was to be in a Nazarene monastery for over a year. This was chosen, by him, because he loved women, violence and a few other interesting things. In his role, he had to be humble, peaceful and of course be without women. It was a hard challenge, which that Initiate overcame, thus learning many things. But in this instance, there was no Aeonic aspect, only a personal one.

It seems easy for some to accept the less harsh aspects of Traditional Satanism or the Seven-fold Way, while quietly rejecting the darker more dangerous tasks. While most are eager to experience danger on a magickal level, few are ready to experience – practically – real darkness. How important is it, for an adherent of the tradition to truly dirty their hands in acts of definite physical danger? Do acts of real danger accelerate the flow of acausal in the consciousness of the Initiate?

A: To so reject such tasks is to merely play at sinister magick; to refuse to presence the dark as it must be presented, for both personal and Aeonic reasons. It is absolutely necessary for all Initiates to get their hands dirty: if they do not, they have failed; they cannot progress to the higher levels, to Adeptship and beyond. There are no excuses; no exceptions. We are talking about the sinister path here, not some "white light" arty-farty mumbo-jumbo.

To be a genuine sinister Adept means to have experienced and done dark deeds. Of course, the dark deeds themselves vary, from Initiate to Initiate, and it is one of the tasks of the Adept or Master/Mistress guiding such Initiates to suggest such dark deeds, based on the character, the life, of each Initiate.

Acts of real physical danger - such as facing one's own death - can certainly open nexions within the psyche of the individual, and thus enable not only an awareness of the acausal, but also cause that individual to be affected by those acausal energies. Thus can their consciousness be changed by such energies, and thus are such acts of real physical danger a necessary learning experience for every Initiate.

The rhetoric amongst Satanists has thickened over the years, with little direct action prevalent. Can you reiterate what the individual may gain in terms of their own development, and then beyond, through acts that bring real terror to others?

A: By presencing the dark in practical ways the individual becomes a nexion for acausal energies and so experiences those energies in a direct way. They may be able to control such energies, or they may not. If not, they have failed, and may need to try again. Only such a presencing brings genuine understanding and such genuine understanding is necessary so that further energies can be accessed, and directed, and further progress along the sinister path achieved. Such a presencing is a transforming of the individual, part of the alchemical

process of change which is Internal magick.

I must stress in words which are not open to misinterpretation that the practical presencing of the dark by Initiates is an essential part of the sinister path, of the ONA. Presencing the dark involves such things as culling; it involves such things as covert action directed at the edifices and individuals of the old Aeon.

A genuine dark presencing is one which has an Aeonic aspect: which aids the sinister dialectic in some way.

Do you feel that criminal and dangerous acts serve to keep one from falling into the boring “esoteric” occult games abound in many other forms?

A: Yes, but we must define what is meant by "criminal". A lot of laws which governments make are wrong, dishonourable, and to ignore them is the right thing to do, for strong, honourable, individuals striving for excellence and to evolve to a higher level. What and who defines "right and wrong"? As someone once wrote - and I cannot remember the exact quote - the law is an accumulation of tireless attempts by the mediocre majority, or a minority acting on their behalf, to prevent noble, gifted, individuals from making life into a succession of ecstasies. While this quote, or aphorism, is an excellent one and contains some truth, it is not an esoteric one: that is, it does not express the complete truth about life, individuals, reality, law and evolution which the ONA seeks to express.

The essence is to strive for a goal which is both beyond what was one is, and which is Aeonic, with the individual undertaking such a striving doing what is necessary to achieve this goal, regardless of whether some of the methods, or tactics, or experiences used, are regarded as "illegal" by some government in some country. The classic example here is culling. Another example is dueling. Another is using some political form which is "illegal" and heretical.

Something should not be done just because it is "illegal". There has to be a sinister intent, an Aeonic aspect. Thus, a culling of some individual who deserves it (he supports, say, some organization which is anti-evolutionary and is a cowardly type of person) is both Aeonic and test of character for the person undertaking it: a means of learning, of evolving, of presencing, accessing sinister, acausal, energies.

In the sense of crime in general – for the sake of an example lets consider the dealing of hard drugs – might one presence more of the dark not only by partaking in such, but also by calling attention and resources to combating such things as drugs? To me, it would seem a perfect scenario – to fight against something only to call resources to it, yet to provide also the very thing in which such resources are absorbed, and weak people broken. This would seem particularly useful in the intended wasting of American resources. As a second part to this question, what other ways – if any - might such resources be effectively wasted, stolen, or misused?

A: Such things as drugs do weaken, and are weakening, the structures of the old Aeon as they are creating

opportunities for some who possess - shall we say - a more Satanic view of life, whether consciously or instinctively. The West is decaying, slowly, from within, partly due to drugs, and as one ONA statement indicated, such things - anything - which weaken the old order and prepare the way for the new, sinister, one can and should be encouraged by some Initiates. As with all such things, only some Initiates can and should do such things: the decision is theirs. That is, the doing of such things as in your example are not mandatory experiences for novices and Initiates.

There are risks, but that is part of the challenge, the enjoyment.

Regarding Aeonick Magick: Can creative-art be used in a way that - though not specifically or obviously a form of mimesis – can be imbued with the acausal and directed via the form in which it is created? Some examples may be some of the music of Bach, or the violins of Stradivari – which through their use or performance could, particularly if created for the purpose and imbued with the acausal – become as a Nexion. How effective could this be?

A: Yes, such things can be done, and should be done by those possessed of the skill and abilities. Indeed, it is possible to create a new art-form which does this, and imbue it with a sinister intent, for example, of manipulating the individuals who see/hear/respond to that art-form, or changing them in an evolutionary way.

One example would be to use computer virtual reality where images and sounds (music) are used to generate a virtual world - or rather, to generate an interactive art-work - that the individual can alter, and thus interact with. That is, each individual perceives something slightly or greatly different. Thus, this art-work would be unique for each individual perceiving/experiencing it, while still retaining the parameters of its creation. To enable this, the interaction could be via something like bio-feedback, with such things as brain-wave patterns being the computer input which alters the computer program which creates the virtual reality. This is still slightly futuristic. What this example would amount to is a modern version of the type of thing which Wagner wished to create through his Ring cycle and his theatre at Bayreuth: a total artistic experience which makes us aware of some mythos, a numinosity, a Destiny, which raises us to a higher level.

Of course, a less futuristic example is possible, using just images, music and some archetypal forms, and combining these in as sort of film-like way.

Obviously the fair amount of focus to these questions regards ways in which we can, at this present stage, aid the downfall of the American power structure, or at least ensure its timely irrelevance. At a point not long ago, the downfall of the Soviet Union was another such aim. Can you explain what measures were taken or perhaps played a part in this coming to fruition, on the esoteric level? It serves, at least, to illustrate the finite nature of world powers.

A: It was, and is, mainly a question of accessing, directing, presencing, certain powerful acausal energies, some

of which are "seeded" into organizations, forms, and some of which are used to disrupt and/or create in individuals a yearning, a feeling. One example is a ritual producing a specific type of energy (associated say with a specific sphere of the septenary) and then directing this energy to a certain geographical area. This is done via visualization, and mostly involves a specific site, which becomes a nexion. Note that a nexion does not have to be, but can be, an object: it can be, and often is, a place, such as a hill, a mountain, a valley, a forest. It is helpful if those doing such rituals have been to the place, and especially if the ritual is performed there. This has to be repeated on a regular basis, and then such energy may produce changes in the individuals in that area. If powerful enough, such energies seep far from that area, producing change in accord with their own nature. Several such areas are required in the case of the large country. Another example is targeting, with magickal energies, certain specific, public individuals, such as political leaders. These are just two examples of many. What is important is that the energies themselves are understood by those using them; this requires prior practical experience. Magickal skill is also necessary.

More conventional means can also be used, such as using archetypal energies associated with already existing ideas, forms and the like, political or otherwise.

This is one esoteric reason why such forms as National-Socialism are used in the case of America and Europe: because NS is one of the things those who uphold the old order fear and dread. One of the greatest fears of the cabal behind such things as the tyrannical (and mis-named) New World Order is a Vindex-type figure. Thus, this fear can be used against them. Why do you think National-Socialism is so smeared, so feared that it is outlawed in many Western nations? Because it possesses an archetypal power, a natural magick. Why does the mere appearance of a swastika cause such consternation? Why does the figure of Adolf Hitler fascinate so many people? Why is he still subject to such an immense amount of hateful, lying propaganda? Forget the lies about the so-called holocaust - these things are as these things are because National-Socialism, its symbols, its heroes, its leaders, and especially Adolf Hitler are archetypal, for the West.

What role does the preservation of history and culture play – such as the preservation of Latin and other almost forgotten languages and insights?

A: Such things play the important role of connecting us to our past, and enabling those who come after our causal deaths to begin the process of real learning which can lead to understanding and thus the fulfillment of potential.

This connection to our past gives us part of the perspective we need and must have: a perspective of our origins, our past stupidities, and the glorious future that can be ours if we learn and move beyond that learning. Our intellects must be developed, and such things are one means of training them, especially when we are children, and ravenously curious. Few human beings develop their full potential, especially in the intellectual sense.

But this does not mean that we all must learn such things as Greek and Latin; only that those who possess the interest and aptitude can do so and thus benefit from them.

Sans Imperium, what specific potentials does the west have yet to fulfill?

A: The beginning of our real Destiny, which is leaving this planet to travel and live among other worlds.

Can you explain how a small folk-culture might serve as a center through which a new Aeon may emerge? Also - what are the characteristics of such a folk culture?

A: Such a rural culture is a centre; the esoteric aspect of an outer form: that which gives energy to this outer form. For example, if Vindex arrives and creates an Imperium, this centre would use magickal energies to strengthen both Vindex, and the Imperium, while magickally dealing with enemies. Such a centre would also be a place of magickal and esoteric learning, and - here is the secret - where the physical nexions are.

Before the arrival of Vindex, and Imperium - from which a Galactic Empire should emerge - this centre prepares the way for them, through magickal and other means.

At the risk of sounding humorous or ironic, without such intent – could an ANTI-Vindex; that is, someone who perhaps represents in a profound manner forces which are inherently Magian be the inspiration and the presence which finally brings forth Vindex?

A: Those of the cabal who are our magickal enemies certainly believe so: this is part of their dread, as mentioned in a previous answer. They are awaiting, and trying to aid, the emergence of their own leader.

Could America itself be this Anti-Vindex (still... for lack of a better term!) – and if so, could such provocations and Magian dominance be eventually viewed as having been necessary?

A: The fact is that magickal energies - whether ours or theirs - cause changes in what lives. For example, in human beings, and those types of life, such as archetypes, which affect individuals. [Note: archetypes are types of acausal living beings which exist in the causal.] "America" is not a living being. Vindex is, or will be - and the Imperium (or whatever we wish to call it) will be the creation of this person, an extension of their living, their life, their very acausal essence. It will be thus archetypal, but more than an archetype: a new form in itself. An example may make some things clear: NS Germany was Adolf Hitler.

This truth about magickal change is why, for instance, no Adept or Master or whatever - except in the movies - can change a stone into a living being, or change a living being into a stone. Magick works through, and in, what is organic, because what is organic is imbued in some way with the acausal. Thus, we can, if we are adept at magick, influence other life, such as animals, because these are also living beings. In the same way, a physical

nexion is not just a place, it is living being, and we create this new living being in a certain geographical area, usually quite small in size. That is, we bring together what already lives there, in a new way: we re-order through our magick, and the acausal energy we access, the causal in that area, creating a new life.

Thus, with this answer, have many secrets been revealed.

Without adepts, without Internal Magick and Aeonick Magick - could the potential of man, at this stage, ever be fulfilled? Would a new Aeon eventually come, via a round-about means even if nothing in the present changes or continues to change for the better – if completely left alone? Do we risk, given the general disregard for nature and her resources, bringing on the end before the next stage?

A: What must be understood is that we have now arrived at a point in our evolution when we can consciously alter ourselves and our evolution as a species. Whether we do this, is another matter. Thus, we live in exciting and interesting times: we, through our magick, our understanding, can create a new future.

My own view is that if we who understand do not intervene in a creative and evolutionary way, then it will be decline which awaits our species. That is, we have now reached the peak achievable by unconscious processes. We who know, who act upon that knowledge - who are Initiates and Adepts of the genuine esoteric arts - are the Cosmos made manifest: the Cosmos in evolution. This is our Wyrð; our personal Destiny is to reach the stage where we know this, and where we put into practice what we have learnt.

"Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art" is a statement that speaks to the great architecture of culture, beyond personal "expression" and indulgence. If one becomes too encompassed in an Art or politics - might they be indulging in their destiny but disregarding their Wyrð?

A: Yes!

Can you explain, perhaps with some example, the difference between Destiny and Wyrð?

A: Wyrð is acausal and thus Aeonick; Destiny is personal and mostly causal.

Adeptship

Its Real Meaning and Purpose

Order of Nine Angles

Attaining real Adeptship is more difficult than being selected for, and training with, a 'Special Forces' unit (such as the British SAS). I shall explain why this is so, but first will describe what genuine Adeptship is.

An Adept is an individual who has undertaken an Occult quest and who has, as a result of that quest, the following abilities/attributes: a) a real understanding of esoteric, Occult matters, and a deep esoteric knowledge/insight; b) esoteric skills – chief of which is empathy: with both. natural and 'Occult' forces (energies). An important aspect of this empathy [an intuitive understanding of things as those things are in their essence] is with living beings and that species mis-named Homo Sapiens; c) a unique character – formed via experience d) a unique 'philosophy of life' attained via self-discovery and self experience – by finding answers unaided.

Adeptship results from a transformation – a transmutation of the individual. This begins at Initiation, whether that be ceremonial or hermetic [i.e. as part of a group or alone]. It is an internal alchemical process of change, and occurs on all levels – the psychic, the magickal, the intellectual, the psychological and the physical. It is the birth of a new individual who has skills, knowledge, understanding and judgment not possessed by the majority.

The changes themselves arise from a synthesis – there is an evolution of the individual and their consciousness because of a successful response to a challenge. Or rather, because of a series of such successful responses over a period of some years. In essence, the Initiate undertakes a challenge, strives to achieve a certain goal and if successful, grows in character, maturity, knowledge esoteric skill and so on. They then move on to new challenges, until the process is complete and Adeptship attained. The challenges themselves occur on all the levels mentioned above – i.e. the psychic, the magickal (or Occult), the intellectual, the psychological and the physical.

Quintessentially, the path to Adeptship is a quest which involves ordeals, the achievement of goals and so on. Furthermore, the quest is individual and involves experiences in the real world: not just 'in the head' or of a 'magickal' nature. By its nature it is solitary – it involves the individual overcoming the challenges, undertaking the ordeals, alone. If certain ordeals and challenges and experiences are not undertaken – and if all of them are not done alone – then there is no real achievement and thus no genuine Adeptship.

The nature of the experiences, challenges and ordeals which are necessary, and the fact that they all must be done alone and unaided, makes Adeptship difficult to attain, and is the reason why real Adepts are rare, even though there are many who claim the achievement.

Returning to the example mentioned above – that is, real Adeptship is more difficult to attain than being selected for and successfully training with a Special Forces unit. The selection procedures for such a Unit are tough, and the training likewise. But the individual undergoing them has a definite concrete goal – and that individual is with

others: there is a camaraderie a desire not to 'lose face' in front of others. Also, the individual is in a definite environment – usually a training camp with Instructors and other members of the Unit. There is a 'tradition' with its special signs: a uniform, a beret, an insignia. And everyday concerns – food, shelter etc. – are taken care of*.

In contrast, Adeptship is mostly intangible: it seems 'magickal' and Occult; part of another world. Further, the Initiate is on their own and still for the most part, in the 'real world' – they have responsibility to clothe and feed themselves (at the very least, and find or have some shelter).

But there is more. The physical challenges alone which an aspirant Adept must undertake are, in fact, more difficult, tougher, than those used by any Special Forces unit. They are more testing, more selective. Only the strongest, the most determined, survive them. Add to these physical challenges the many others that are required – intellectual, magickal, psychological and so on – and it is easy to understand why Adepts (or genuine ones at least) are so rare, and why they are part of an elite.

Of course, there are many – in fact, most – who call themselves Occultists of whatever Path or none, who maintain that such things are not required for Adeptship to be achieved. [I shall describe in detail the actual challenges themselves, shortly.]

These Occultists maintain that Adeptship is actually one or more of the following:

- (a) amassing a great amount of what passes for 'esoteric knowledge' by, for example, reading a lot of books and magazines, and by attending various meetings/discussions/conferences/participating in "Magickal" forays;
- (b) being given the title 'Adept' by either (i) someone else for services rendered or whatever, or (ii) undertaking a self-written/published "Rite" after which one congratulates oneself and uses the title Adept;
- (c) achieving an "enlightenment" during some ceremony/working/ritual/discussion/induced stupour/trance/communication with a supra-personal entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence;
- (d) being "chosen" by someone/some entity/some extra-terrestrial intelligence;
- (e) hanging around the Occult scene for so long that one feels entitled to call oneself an Adept.

All of these are merely delusions of attainment. I do not expect this article to shatter the delusions and illusions of the deluded – for they need them and the false Adepts will continue to fantasize about their achievement just as many individuals will continue to fantasize about belonging to or having belonged to, various Special Forces units. What this article will do, is to present the real meaning and significance of Adeptship in a way which is not open to mis-interpretation: to reveal, for once and for all, the illusions of Occultists for what they are, and thus what is really necessary for genuine Adeptship.

Among the challenges an Adept has successfully undertaken, are the following:

- 1) Several physical (and mental) goals of which the minimum standards are (a) walking 32 miles carrying a pack weighing not less than 30 lbs. in under 7 hours over difficult, hilly terrain; (b) running 20 miles in less than 2 and a half hours over fell-like/mountainous terrain; (c) cycling not less than 200 miles in 12 hours.
- 2) Having organized and run for not less than six months, a magickal/Occult group/coven/Temple of not less than seven people and performed ceremonial and hermetic rituals regularly.
- 3) Having found and loved (and probably lost) at least one 'magickal companion' and worked with them in a magickal and personal way over a period of many months.

- 4) Having attained an understanding and mastery of esoteric magick – external and internal – via practical workings over a concentrated period of time lasting at least two years. And, following this, have begun to understand what is beyond external and internal magick – i.e. Aeonick magick and processes.
- 5) Having experienced in real-life situations, danger involving one's possible death.
- 6) Having faced many and severe dilemmas of a personal and 'moral' nature the resolution of which required a choice and which consequently brought a maturity of outlook and a sadness.
- 7) Having spent at least three months living totally alone in an isolated area without talking to anyone and without any modern comforts and distractions.
- 8) Having developed one's intellect by mastering a complex and abstract subject hitherto foreign to one: e.g. advanced mathematics, The Star Game; symbolic Logic.

Show me someone who has not done the above (or very similar things) alone and who claims to be an Adept, and I will show you a liar – be that liar aware of the lie, or unaware of it. For too long, the intentional and unintentional liars have had no one to challenge them – and their character less version of 'Adeptship' or 'Adepthood'.

All the challenges enumerated above breed character. They are formative; they create the Adept. And those mentioned are only some of the challenges an Initiate must successfully experience and triumph over – there are many more.

There is no easy way, no easy path, to Adeptship. The journey takes years, and involves self-effort, self-discovery, unaided. It involves triumphs, and mistakes – and learning from one's mistakes. But perhaps most of all it involves a commitment and a learning from practical experience.

However, it should be remembered that Adeptship is not the end of the quest. There are stages beyond, which require even more difficult and dangerous experiences – which need even more self-honesty. For, conventionally, Adeptship is only half-way between Initiation and the ultimate goal, sometimes described as the gateway to immortality.

As with Adeptship, there are many who claim to have been to the stages beyond Adeptship – who claim to be 'Masters' or Grand Masters, or even the stage beyond! Like most 'Adepts', these are liars, both intentional and unintentional, and they will be exposed in another iconoclastic article.

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* Except, of course, during training exercises of the survival kind – but these are limited in time and space, and part of *the course* which is real and *known*...

Mastery - Its Real Meaning and Significance

Mastery is one of the names given to the achievement, by an individual, of one of the advanced stages of the occult way or path. In the septenary tradition - which the ONA regards as the authentic Western tradition in contradistinction to the Hebrew 'Qabalah' - this stage is the fifth of the seven that mark the quest, and those who reach it are often known by the titles Master of Temple or Mistress of Earth.

It follows from the stage of Internal Adept, which is the stage of Adeptship [qv. the MSS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Significance*]. Between the two, lies an area often called 'The Abyss'. Basically, an Internal Adept [or simply 'Adept' for short: an 'Internal' Adept is distinguished from an 'External' Adept by virtue of the former having achieved an internal as well as an external insight/understanding and a skill in both internal and external magick] has discovered the nature of their unique Destiny in the real world. That is, they are aware of personal wyrd. Before they can venture into and beyond the Abyss, this Destiny has to be strived for - the Adept has to make real, in the real world, this dream of Destiny.

For every Adept, the Destiny is unique. But for all it means an interaction with the real world - in effect transforming their inner vision and energies in a practical way and so in some way (often quite significant) changing the real world. All Adepts effect changes in others. Some do this in a directly magickal way - for instance, by running a Temple/group and teaching esoteric traditions. Some do it via creativity - for instance, music, Art, writing. Some do it via direct action which appears to non-Initiates as divorced from Occultism - for instance, politics or business. Some combine elements of all of these. There are many other ways. What is important is that the Adept is using their skills and abilities, derived from achieving Adeptship, in a practical way - their life has a vitality, a purpose, a dynamism which is beyond that of most others.

While this is occurring, the Adept is learning and evolving further. For some Adepts, the majority in fact, this interaction, this striving for a Destiny, is totally satisfying. In effect, their wyrd is this Destiny. [Note: wyrd and Destiny are not identical. Wyrd is beyond, but includes personal Destiny. The 'Tree of Wyrd' comprises all the seven spheres or stages of the Occult quest.] In esoteric terms, they possess no desire to progress further; and usually their desire to follow the Occult path to its ending fades, slowly, and then is lost in everyday and personal concerns. Their quest has been a phase of their lives - a rewarding one, but nevertheless a phase, which they mostly consider they have 'outgrown'.

However, some Adepts see and understand this Destiny in a different way. Or, rather, they feel it differently after a number of years of striving. They gradually become aware of what is beyond, in esoteric terms: they understand this Destiny as a part of their wyrd, and that wyrd as the 'dialectic of change'. In essence, they understand in a real, complete way [i.e. not just 'in theory'] what Aeonic magick is - of how their life and deeds are part of an Aeonic imperative.

Of course, all Adepts - if they are genuine - understand the rudiments of Aeonic theory. But this is a purely intellectual, abstract, understanding. It is cerebral, devoid of numinosity. Further, most Adepts are aware of the rudiments of Aeonic magick - but, once again, this awareness is cerebral.

What occurs in some Adepts is that by the very process of striving to achieve a personal Destiny in the real world, they gradually come to understand what Aeonics really means, in personal and supra-personal terms: **they experience Aeonic magick via their striving.** This makes it real to them in a meaningful way - cerebral understanding is mostly a vacuous understanding.

In essence, therefore, the esoteric understanding of these Adepts grows in the only way real esoteric understanding does - via practical experience of the realities. They acquire more insight into the world, the cosmos and themselves. On the psychic level, the energy which imbued their personal Destiny, which gave them the vitality, the "elan" to pursue it, wanes. They begin to seek after something else - they desire what seems to be an intangible wyrd.

Thus, they move toward 'The Abyss' after some years of striving in the real world, of garnishing experiences, of learning from them. In effect, the self-image, which Adeptship created, is waning. [Note: Initiation creates an 'ego-image'; an External Adept has both an ego-image and the beginnings of a self-image. An Internal Adept has achieved a self-image: a certain unity of conscious and unconscious/pre-conscious forms. This self-image is vitalized by a Destiny.]

For a period, the Adept lies between two-images: the self-image which has almost died, and an intangible but tantalizing wyrd~image. This is often a most difficult time in the personal life of the Adept. There is nothing and no one to help them.

Gradually, they may achieve more understanding and come to understand the real essence hidden behind appearance: in themselves, others, the structures of the world, the cosmos itself. They will also come to realize what is missing from their own life - in terms of experience. Accordingly, they will redress the balance by living to attain what they lacked, to fully complete themselves. This, of course, is difficult, requiring as it does not only a genuine self-honesty and awareness, but also a real understanding of what the balance itself actually is. Here, 'theory', book-learning and such like is no use.

Then, when some balance is achieved, there will be a discovery of the essence of not only Aeonic Magick but also what the essence of magickal forces really are. A discovery of that which is beyond opposites - a return to and a going away from, primal Chaos.

Following all this, there is usually an ordeal which is magickally ruthless and which ascertains if the person undertaking it has actually achieved both an internal and a magickal mastery. In the septenary tradition, this ordeal is the Grade Ritual of Master/Mistress which involves the candidate walking, alone and unaided and carrying all food etc., a distance of 80 miles in isolated terrain, starting at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day. After reaching the target distance, a magickal ritual is performed which is psychically dangerous.

Then, there is a certain satisfaction of having achieved the stage of Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth.

Naturally, the above is only a brief outline of the transition from Adept to Master or Mistress. The salient points are that it involves many years of striving for something in the real world, of causing changes via a Destiny; that there are and must be more experiences to take the individual far beyond 'the self'; and that there is a real understanding of what lies beyond external and internal magick - of the patterns and processes of dialectic change, of evolution itself: in brief, of Aeonics. And a real Mastery of forms.

To provoke or cause the individual to go beyond 'the self', the experiences of necessity are hard. By their nature

they take the Adept to and beyond the limits of living - mostly in a way more extreme than those which form the character of an Adept and which therefore a novice may undertake to experience and learn from and so grow.

Because of all this, the Adept who progresses to the stage beyond possesses real wisdom. They have achieved many things. They are different from ordinary mortals - inside, where it matters. They know because they have experienced: because they have seen more of life; because they have been to the limits of themselves and gone beyond what they were. And because they have maintained their resolve to follow the occult path they have chosen to its ending.

In effect, they belong to a new race - they are part of an elite more exclusive than that to which Adepts belong. They have developed a significant part of their latent potential; have fully understood themselves, the world, the people in it, the esoteric or hidden forces in the world, and the cosmos itself.

This does not mean that they are infallible or that they have nothing more to learn. Neither are they deceived by their own abilities and understanding. They are, however, aware of what it is they must do, conversant with their own abilities and the dialectic of change. That is, they know how to use Aeonic Magick to affect evolution - and do so, for their own life is a part of the creative change necessary.

Most who claim to be a 'Master' (or 'Mistress') are charlatans. As with the false Adepts, they appoint themselves to this title, or are appointed to it by someone who claims to have progressed even further. They have not achieved it. They have not achieved anything significant in creative terms; have little or no self-understanding; possess no real knowledge of Aeonics and Aeonic Magick. They have not lived their limits - and gone beyond them. They have no 'genius', no wisdom. They are still full of self-delusion particularly about their esoteric knowledge and their own abilities, and have no real insight into others, let alone themselves. In fact, many who claim to be 'Masters' lack even the basic qualities of an Adept.

The same applies - even more so - to they who claim to have gone beyond the stage of Mastery, and I shall explain why in words which will expose them for the frauds that they are.

The stage beyond that of Master - often signified by the title Grand Master - requires for its achievement significant **Aeonic** works. That is, it requires the person to have produced profound changes in the causal and magickal forms which mark a particular Aeon: or to have actually presented esoteric/magickal energies in such a way that a new Aeon is created. This does not mean that someone believes they have done these things - 'on the magickal level'. It means that the structure of evolution has been significantly altered in accord with the wyrd of that Grand Master/Mistress: and in such a way that the changes are perceptible, in **real life**, in those forms and structures which Aeonic energy is presented in the causal, such as societies.

This does not mean a playing at magick by heading some self-created Occult organization or Temple - or writing/talking at great length about Occult matters. Neither does it mean that one assumes the title by taking over some already existing organization or group. It most certainly does not mean someone else awards it or confers it.

Further, it means one has not only reached the limits of present knowledge regarding Aeonics and other esoteric matters [and knowledge in the sense of practical experience] but has also extended those limits by one's own creativity - taken conscious evolution further. That is, added in a profound way to a conscious understanding and to the means for others to attain such understanding. This in itself does not mean anything 'dogmatic' or of a religious nature - or 'given to one' by some entity/supra-personal intelligence or whatever. It is never 'revelatory'

in the sense of a religion. That is, it does not mean one is “appointed” by some entity/extra-terrestrial intelligence or whatever and so “heads” some sort of messianic crusade of a religious nature.

The frauds indulge in pseudo-mystical babble and Occult histrionics - they expect and mostly demand obedience. They play a “role” and often dress the part. Of course, by doing these and similar things they obtain followers, sycophants - i.e. weak individuals who need to fawn and obey. All the frauds rely on something external to themselves, be this something a “role”, a mandate, a divine/diabolic revelation, an imagined/real lineage, an organizational authority, a messianic/diabolic/extra-terrestrial commission or whatever.

In reality, all these traits and actions are signs of someone not yet achieved Adeptship - someone striving for self-insight.

A real Grand Master (or mistress) has a wealth of practical experience both Occult and ‘in the real world’. They have genius - a highly developed intellect and a creativity. They possess empathy in the highest degree. They have judgement. They possess a critical awareness and understanding of all those factors and forms which have and do shape and change our evolution both conscious and unconscious from individuals to Aeons. And they are unique - ‘their own person’. They owe allegiance to no one and they are not constrained by any affectation or role (such as conforming to the imagined image of a Master or Grand Master or ‘teacher’). Like genuine Masters and Mistresses, they are spontaneous and human, without affectation of ‘knowledge’ or ‘cleverness’. Neither do they pretend to be ‘venerable’.

There are perhaps two or three genuine Grand Masters/Mistresses a century - and that is all. And this is unlikely to change, given the present capacity of individuals to delude themselves and given the fact that few are prepared to undertake the really hard and difficult struggle that lasts for at least a quarter of a century and which creates such a unique entity.

As regards the last stage of the Occult way, which the septenary tradition describes by the term Immortal and which the distorted and inauthentic tradition of the ‘Qabalah’ describes as the stage of the “Ipssisimus” [and I had to look-up how to spell the word], this really is not obtainable except in the last few years of the causal existence of a Grand Master/Mistress who has created for themselves an acausal and thus Immortal existence. Thus, anyone claiming this title in the causal or mortal world is, ‘ipso facto’, a fraud - and one who has little or no knowledge of **real** esoteric matters. Those who so claim, show themselves up to be not even a genuine Master or Mistress - and seldom, if ever, even an Adept.

As Aeschylus once explained: one can learn through adversity/ suffering as so achieve wisdom. Before this ‘law’, people suffered, but did not learn. Most Occultists have never suffered, and so learn nothing; they eschew ordeals, and real life experiences, in favour of mystical meanderings and a religious mentality. Or they find comfort, an escape in the Occult. A real Occult quest involves adversity - undertaking hardships, surmounting real physical, mental and psychic challenges; forging into the unknown, alone. Questing through adversity to transform one’s existence.

It takes years of self-effort and adversity, of accepting challenges and triumphing, to achieve real self-insight and genuine esoteric understanding, and thus to become an Adept. It takes even greater effort and adversity and learning to go beyond that. Real wisdom is still, unfortunately, a precious commodity. The esoteric path to Wisdom is open to all - its techniques and methods **work**. But such is the primitive self-awareness of most people that they cannot appreciate this or be bothered to undertake a real quest in search of the next stage of existence. So the Occult babbling will continue, and the frauds claim their titles.

De nihilo nihil fit.

ONA

97 Year of Fayen

Who Is An ONA Adept (and Beyond)?

Here are some questions, which genuine ONA Adepts, and genuine ONA Masters/LadyMasters, can easily answer. These answers cannot - at the time of writing (January 119 yf) - be found by searching the Internet or in published books and MSS, and are revealed aurally on an individual basis, and when required and/or when necessary, by the ONA Adept/Master/LadyMaster guiding the genuine LHP seeker/Dark Sorcerer/Sorceress.

- 1) What is the meaning and the correct uses [plural] of the term Fayen?
- 2) What alchemical season is appropriate to Dabih and why?
- 3) What is the reason that Petriochor is used in the Rite of Afsana, and what is this Rite?
- 4) What one [singular] terrestrial location is used in calling forth Yusra?
- 5) How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?
- 6) What symbolic structure/construct is beyond the (advanced) form that is The Star Game?
- 7) How does the causal phenomena perceived in the causal as "gravity" relate to a specific type of acausal energy, and what has this to do with the Dark Gods mythos and the nexion that is the planet Earth?

Additionally, it should be known that answers to these and other such questions can also be discovered by a talented LHP seeker/Dark Sorcerer/Sorceress who has followed the guidance given by the Order (in works such as Naos, BBS1, and beyond) and who thus - having undertaken various Insight Rôles, ceremonial and hermetic workings, Grade Rituals, trained to perform (and performed) Esoteric Chant, learnt The Star Game, and seriously studied how the Dark Gods mythos is linked to causal representations such as The Nine Angles - has become a genuine Adept. Such an Adept - if possessed of sufficient sinister skill and desire - has the foundation required to begin those peregrinations, involving diverse experiences, much study, much rational thought, and the development of sinister and magickal empathy, which will move them forward toward Mastery and toward discovering the answers to such questions.

In the next decade, or so, a few more esoteric MSS (most appropriate to Adeptship and beyond) will be released by us, providing thus more clues for the curious and, perchance, being an inspiration for those possessing the potential to move toward Adeptship and beyond. Already, a few such MSS have seeped out into this causal world of ours, some (such as *Sabirah*) bringing perchance some understanding of certain topics long mis-understood, while others extend our conscious, sinister and esoteric understanding ever further.

Anton Long
119 Year ofFayen



The Exeatic Way - A Compendium of Modern Satanism

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Introduction

Satanism - The Exeatic Way

Etymologically, *-ism* - from the Ancient Greek *-ισμός* - implies a doing; an action or actions. That is, a particular deed or deeds. Thus, Satan-ism, correctly defined and rationally understood, is a practical way of life, a doing of certain types of deeds, by those for whom Satan is both guide and inspiration.

Who or what is Satan, and what are the deeds, the actions, the way, of the Satanist?

Satan is evil - and this expression defines Satanism and Satanists. To be evil is to be exeatic, to be heretical, to be amoral, to be an outlaw: that is to go beyond

and to transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes (by non-Satanists), and by the systems constructed by mundanes and which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes – for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

To be exeatic - to be evil, to be a *Satan* - is to refuse to submit; to defy even at the cost of one's own life; to prefer death and condemnation to a meek submission.

Thus:

" To be exeatic is to be satanic in the true sense, the true feeling, of that term – to be heretical; to exult beyond the boundaries, the limits, which mundanes have made in order to prevent our [Satanic] kind turning our causal existence into a succession of life-affirming ecstasies."

For Satan, *par excellence*, is the adversary, of the accepted, of the mundane, of the consensus, of the majority, of all laws and of all systems manufactured by mundanes as a means of control and restraint.

Etymologically, the word 'evil' derives from the Gothic 'ubils' which meant a 'going beyond' (the due measure) – and did not have a 'moral' sense. Only later (under the influence of Nazarene theology) did it acquire a strict moral sense, and became a causal abstraction.

As for Satan, etymologically, the word originally derived from the Greek *aitia* – 'an accusation' [qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*]. The early Greek form [c. 500 BCE] became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' [c.350-150 BCE] – whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* [qv. diabolic] were often used for the same thing, particularly when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was required. In respect of the so-called Biblical Satan:

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament – most

probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE – Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called (but self-appointed) 'chosen people' sometimes also called a *satan*.

As for The Devil, etymologically early forms of the English word *devil* derive from the Gothic (e.g. the Old English *divul*) 'diabaulus' which came from the Latin 'diabolus'. However, the Old English 'deofel' and kindred words like the Old Frisian 'diovel' could possibly be derived from the suffix 'fel', a variant of 'fell' meaning fierce, savage, wild. Then the original form, e.g. 'deofel', would mean the 'fierce/ savage/ wild' god. There is some justification for the use of the Latin prefix in this manner – e.g. 'deodand', which occurs in 12th century English.

Thus, Satan is the guide and the inspiration for those who are by their deeds amoral, who desire to be exeatic, who seek in real life and in practical ways to defy and go beyond, who desire to transgress, the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes - that is, by all those who lack a Satanic spirit, a Satanic character.

Thus, no Satanist would respect any 'law', by whomsoever made. Thus, no Satanist would surrender to anyone, whatever the reason; instead, they would prefer to die, laughing and exultant. For a Satanist it is living exeatically - moment to moment without care or concern - which is important.

Given the exeatic - the defiant - character of Satan and thus of Satanists, Satanism cannot be a religion with all the accoutrements of a religion, such as prayer, worship, faith, hope. For prayer, worship, hope and faith are anathema to Satanists; instead, such things belong to mundanes: those who need security, laws, limits, hope. Instead, Satanism is an attitude to living: a defiant and an immediate and an experiential way of life, and if one desires a modern Western archetype of such an exeatic - such a mundane-defying - way of living then *Bonnie and Clyde* would be a suitable example, as would be some or many of those who engendered and who participated in riots such as those in London in 2011 CE.

Thus, a street gang, some gangsta, in some city is far more Satanic than any so-called organization or group pretentiously describing themselves as Satanist, just as Satanism itself cannot be prescribed, or contained, within some pseudo-philosophical babble.

For to be a Satanist is to exult, defy, transgress - to become, or to seek to

become, intoxicated by a moment or moments of living, and all Satanic groups exist only to manifest this, to teach this, to remember this, to presence this, to incite this, to guide individuals toward experiencing this exeatic, this satanic, experience.

This work is a compendium of modern Satanism: that is, a collection of essays which give an overview of the praxis and ethos of those who in our times live in an exeatic way using Satan as their guide and inspiration. Those who live thus - who amorally teach thus - are The Order of Nine Angles and those inspired by the ONA. For the ONA, as a manifestation of Satan and of Satanism, reveal all other so-called (and self-described) satanists for the charlatans, the pretenders, the fakes, the mundanes, they are. For the ONA is evil - championing culling, heresy, amorality, revolution, violence, chaos, terror, crime, riot, and defiance of all laws and of all governments. All other so-called groups - from the Church of Satan to the Temple of Set and beyond - are mundanes, who like the glamour of Satanism but who lack the ability, the personal character, the guts, to be Satanic - to do evil - in real life. Not for them incitement of participation in some riot. Not for them the culling of mundanes; not for them the life of the gangsta. Not for them the defiance, the transgression, of a Bonnie and Clyde.

To be a Satanist - to live exeatically - is simple, and is illustrated in chapters 1 and 2 of this work: *Whose Gonna Run This Town, Tonight?* and *How To Be A Satanist: A Practical Guide*. All the rest, here in this work, is pure incitement to Satanism and/or a remembrance of what modern Satanism really is, in defiance of pretend satanists everywhere.



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Whose Gonna Run This Town, Tonight?

Whose gonna run this town, tonight? The short answer: we are, however long it takes to undermine by whatever means the societies of the mundanes and replace their rule of law, and their Police forces, with our law of personal honour and our tribal enforcers.

That is the essence of our sinister strategy: to build a new, tribal-based, way of life in the cities, the towns, everywhere; to break down, to replace, what exists now; and to exult in this breaking down, this replacement; to enjoy the thrill of the chaos, the disorder, that we can and should and will cause. For by doing such sinister things we live life on a higher level than the mundanes; we evolve ourselves; we extend and surpass our limits and we most certainly surpass and discard and ignore the limits set by the mundanes and enshrined in their tyrannical laws.

Let us be quite clear (again); let us be understood (again): we are sinister, in real life. We are amoral. We are feral. We are not playing some sinister game or indulging in some esoteric rôle-play. We are, or aspire to be, outlaws, in real life. We can and will and should use any and every means – however such means are described by the “ethics” and the laws of the mundanes – in order to achieve our personal, sinister, aims, and our sinister Aeonian goals. Nothing of the world

of the mundanes is forbidden to us; nothing of the world of the mundanes should restrict us.

In brief, we are new sinister species. A new type of human being. The type who scares the mundanes; the type of being that they fear and dread and who may give their children nightmares, or invoke within those youngsters the sinister desire to be *of us*, to be like us, to aspire to be like us. For it us, and them: us and the mundanes. Their world, or our new, sinister, world.

We desire, we need, real, practical, power: on the streets; in the towns, in the cities, in the villages, the areas, where we reside. We desire to rule, to control, our neighbourhoods, our locality; to establish there our new sinister tribal culture, and we will use whatever means we can and whatever means we desire and which are necessary to establish our feral tribes. We desire in such places to make a name for ourselves; to earn respect and be respected.

We have declared war on the mundanes, for they and all that they have are our resource; and all that supports them and their system – from their laws, their so-called Courts of Law, their Police forces, to their local and national governments – we loathe and detest and regard as our enemy. We are armed and dangerous; and if we are not already so armed and so dangerous, then that is what we aspire to be, and what we should and must be, for we regard it as our natural right as members of a sinister feral species to be so armed, and we would rather die, fighting and laughing and exulting, than submit or surrender to any mundane or to their so-called forces of “law and order”.

The politics of the mundanes – their whole system of governance, their ideologies, their religions, their Institutions – are irrelevant to us. Such things belong in the past; to the mundanes. Our way is the way of personal knowing; of earning, of keeping, personal respect; of personal loyalty to the members of our own local tribe.

Each of our sinister tribes is a law, a realm, unto itself. They set their own limits. They make their own rules; devise their own codes of behaviour. They have their own, individual, tribal aims. They all have their own means, their own ways, of making their mark; of acquiring what they need; of gaining respect and wealth. But they all – each and every one of them – are *of us*, part of us, by virtue of the fact we are family: a new, growing, thriving, spreading, species; an extended sinister family bound by loyalty to our own kind; bound by sharing the same sinister ethos, the same sinister and feral nature: the same desire to excel; to exult; to grow, to acquire by whatever means whatever we need to survive, to prosper, to live life as it should be lived. We are a family who knows our own kind; who knows who our enemies are, and who are our brothers and sisters.

Thus, we are the darkest, most sinister, sorcery of all; Presencing The Dark by our very lives.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
120 Year of Feyen

How To Be A Satanist The Simple ONA Way

Introduction

This Guide will enable anyone to become a Satanist and to practise Satanism. The basic principles and practices of Satanism are outlined in Section Two.

Section One Joining The Sinister Elite

Step One - The Pledge of Satanic Allegiance

To become a Satanist you simply make a pledge of allegiance to Satan and pledge yourself to follow the Satanic way of life. This can be done in two ways.

First, it can be done by yourself, alone. Second, it can be done with a friend or some friends who also desire to become Satanists.

The Pledge of Satanic Allegiance can take place at any time, and anywhere, indoors, or out, and no special preparation is necessary or required, although if desired and practical, it can be undertaken in a darkened area with subdued lighting (the source of which is not important) and with the ONA sigil (if possible coloured purple, on a black background) in a prominent position and drawn or reproduced on some material or on a banner.

For the pledging, you – and each other participant, if any – will require a small piece of white paper (the actual size and type of paper are not important), a sharp knife (of the hunting or survival kind) – and if possible, a sheath for the knife – plus a small receptacle or container suitable for burning the paper in.

You – and each other participant, if any – then say:

*I am here to seal my Fate with blood.
I accept there is no law, no authority, no justice
Except my own
And that culling is a necessary act of Life.
I believe in one guide, Satan,
And in our right to rule mundanes.*

You – and each other participant, if any – then make a small cut on your left thumb with the knife and allow several drops of your blood to fall onto the paper. You then place the paper into the small container, and set it alight.

As it burns, you – and each other participant, if any – then say:

*I swear on my sinister-honour as a Satanist that from this day forth I
will never surrender, will die fighting rather than submit to anyone,
and will always uphold The Code of Sinister-Honour.*

You – and each other participant, if any – then place the knife in the sheath (if a sheath is available), conceal or otherwise carry the knife on you, and forever after keep the knife with you, as a sign of your sinister-honour and your pledge of allegiance.

The pledging is then complete.

Stage Two – Living Satanically

Living Satanically is simple, and involves:

- 1) Regarding, and treating, all mundanes (all who are not your pledged Satanic brothers or sisters) as the enemy.
- 2) Living, and if necessary, dying by our code of sinister-honour [see Section Two, below].
- 3) Striving to live each day, on Earth, as if it might be your last.

Section Two The Principles and Practices of Satanism

The Three Fundamental Principles of Satanism

- 1) Those who are not our Satanic brothers or sisters are mundanes.
- 2) By living and if necessary dying by our Code of Sinister-Honour we are the best, the real elite of Earth.
- 3) A person becomes our brother or our sister by making The Pledge of Satanic Allegiance and by living by our Code of Sinister-Honour.

The Code of Sinister-Honour

Our sinister-honour means we Satanists are fiercely loyal to only our own kind – to those who, like us, have taken The Pledge of Satanic Allegiance. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark Satanic kind.

Our duty – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own Satanic kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our Satanic brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our Satanic duty – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our Satanic honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our Satanic duty – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their Satanic deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to Satanically accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our Satanic duty – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our

word on our Satanic honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, un-Satanic, and mundane, act.

Our Satanic duty – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with Satanic honour in all our dealings with our own Satanic kind.

Our obligation – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as Satanic individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of Satanic loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of Satanic honour (“I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of Satanic honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of a Satanist, and the act of a mundane.

Satan – Our Guide To Excellence and To Life

Satan is our guide to how we can be the best; how we can live life, on this Earth, in the best possible manner and the most fulfilling way: with ecstasy, laughter, joy, and a proud defiance, including defiance of our own mortal death.

For us, Satan is a Dark One – an acausal, living, entity who exists in the acausal continuum and Who can, and Who has, in the past, been manifest on Earth. As one of The Dark Ones, Satan is a shapeshifter, capable of assuming other forms, including that of human beings.

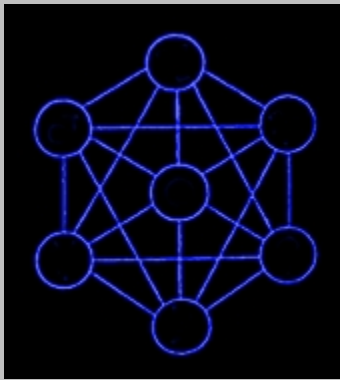
For us, Satan – as did some other Dark Ones – came into our causal continuum in the past to guide, and to offer guidance to, we human beings. This guidance was advice, an opportunity – not some religious-type of revelation, not some new religion, and not some demand for worship or for a mundane-type subservience. Instead, this advice, from Satan, was how we might become the elite of this world, and liberate ourselves from the oppression of mundanes and from everything mundane and worthless. This advice is enshrined in our Satanic way of living and in our Satanic way of defiance, even unto death.

Thus, we abhor and detest by the very nature of our elitist Satanic spirit everything and everyone which or who might enslave or try to control and tame us. Our Satanic spirit is codified and expressed in our Code of Sinister-Honour, and we abhor and detest every law, every type and kind of authority except our

own, every kind of dogma, every religion (except whatever might prove useful to us in ruling over and controlling mundanes), every rule and every type of government except whatever might prove useful to us in ruling over and controlling mundanes.

Thus, we are pragmatic, practical, and adaptable, while always upholding our elitist and hard Code of Sinister Honour.

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Defining Satanism

The Nature of Satan

According to the conventional, rather dated, and Nazarene view, Satanism is considered to be the worship of, or the acceptance of the authority of, the being termed Satan as Satan is described in Nazarene scripture, as, for example, *the* or as *an* adversary of the supreme Being, often called God. According to a less Nazarene-centric - and more philosophically correct - view, we may define Satanism as *the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.*

Importantly, this definition of Satanism places the entity called Satan into a certain, a specific, relation with human beings - that of powerful entity whom

human beings cannot really control, whatever means or artifice they may use or devise to attempt such control. This is itself in contrast to the Nazarene-centric view of Satan, who - while being regarded as a powerful supra-personal entity - is believed to be under the total and final control of the supreme Being, often called God. Thus, in this Nazarene view, human beings can defy or rescue themselves from or be defended from Satan by the supreme Being who will or who can or who may intercede on their behalf, if asked in the appropriate manner and via, for example, "the proper channels" - with the appropriate manner and the proper channels being defined according to Nazarene theology and dogma.

Thus, this particular definition, of ours, of Satanism may therefore be regarded as expressing the essence of Satanism itself, without there having to be an acceptance of the conventional notion of human obedience to or subservience to this particular supra-personal entity. That is, a conventional religious element of worship, of theism - deriving from the Magian religious perspective - is neither necessary nor required for someone to describe themselves as a Satanist. [1]

Furthermore, our definition of Satanism also leads, or should lead, to a discussion regarding the nature of both existence and being; a discussion much more rational, and far more wide-ranging, than would occur, and which historically has occurred, were one to accept the conventional Nazarene-centric view of Satanism, for that view is restricted, narrowed, by both the nature of Nazarene theology itself and by the reliance upon Nazarene scripture.

Furthermore, any definition of Satanism also depends, to some extent, on the necessary enquiry into the origin of the word Satan itself, the de facto view being that Satan is, in origin, derived from a Hebrew word meaning or implying adversary. [2]

The Modern Satanism of Mundanes

According to both the conventional understanding of Satanism, and also according to our definition above, modern groups such as the Church of Satan (and its derivatives) and the Temple of Set cannot be considered as Satanist or as somehow representing Satanism, for the simple fact that neither group accepts that there is a supra-personal entity called Satan.

For the Church of Satan, Satan is not considered a real supra-personal being, with an independent existence, but rather as some kind of symbolic representation of certain carnal human impulses and desires, and which representation is controllable or which can be controlled by, or come to be controlled by, individuals themselves.

The central focus of the Temple of Set (ToS) is the figure of Set, an entity (or deity) belonging to the pantheon of Ancient Egypt, and who the ToS variously describe as The Prince of Darkness, as their patron, and who thus could be considered as the possible origin of the Nazarene Satan.

As befits their attempt to be all things to all members (and possibly to encourage more recruits), the ToS seems undecided and somewhat befuddled as to whether their resurrected Set is an actual supra-personal, and powerful, deity, or whether he is only a symbolic, or archetypal, and human, representation of certain natural or cosmic forces. [3]

This indecision, deliberate or otherwise - and/or spin, to encourage more recruits - is also reflected in their seemingly befuddled views regarding whether or not their Set is benign or "evil", and whether or not we human beings can, through some artifice or other (such as magick), control or at least acquire immunity from the power of this entity, if he or it is indeed "evil" and not benign.

However, it becomes quite clear, on studying the ToS, that their entity - their so-called Prince of Darkness - is rather tame, and just acquired a rather bad reputation along the way. Which leads one to ask: if their Set is not the real "evil one" - the powerful living source of such things as terror and suffering-causing Chaos and of "evil" - then who or what is? If the answer is that there is no such physically existing entity, one is led to enquire just what exactly, therefore, is the true nature and importance of their Set, which brings one to the only logical conclusion that, ultimately, for all their bluster and all their pseudo-mystical and metaphysical ramblings, their Set is just another human abstraction, just another symbolic representation of certain natural or cosmic forces and processes.

Even were it not, it further becomes clear, on studying the ToS, that their emphasis is decidedly on the "we can control" category, and thus aligns them, on this matter, with Nazarenes, for they have removed the element of real risk, of fear, and of danger that consorting and copulating with demons and powerful non-human supra-personal entities entails, thus placing them - as with followers of the Magian religions, and the CoS - among the category we may term *magians-of-the-earth*: that is, among those who believe that we fragile, mortal, human beings have the means (from our religions or beliefs or by some artifice or whatever), or we can devise some artful means, whereby we can save ourselves and escape from whatever external power afflicts or may afflict us. This view - common to Magian religions, to the CoS, to the ToS, and to many people who describe themselves as Occutlists - may also be referred to as the hubriati-syndrome [4].

Thus, not only do both the CoS and the ToS not accept that there is a supra-personal entity called Satan, but they also ultimately - with their hubriati-syndrome - still adhere to the dogma underlying the Magian religious perspective.

Satanism and The Order of Nine Angles

According to the ONA Satan is one being, among other beings, who actually exists in what is termed the acausal continuum [5].

The very nature of this acausal being, exoterically termed Satan - and the very nature of the acausal itself - means that we human beings, however advanced or skilled in various magickal or Occult techniques we consider ourselves to be, cannot ever fully *or in any significant manner* control Satan, just as we cannot fully control in any significant manner other such beings, such as Baphomet [6].

That is, there is no nothing, no means - esoteric or otherwise - no method, technique, or skill, no secret formulae or chant, no spoken words, no ritual, no "prayer", no supreme Being (such as God), to control such acausal beings and/or which enable us to be safe and secure from them. This is so because of our nature - as fragile, microcosmic beings who have evolved on one planet orbiting one star - and because of the nature of the Cosmos itself, perceivable as this Cosmos is to we human beings as having an acausal continuum and a causal continuum.

All we can hope for - through our defiance of our primitiveness, through a desire to evolve, through curing the sickness behind our hubriati-syndrome - is to become like such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet; to evolve toward them; to come to regard them as our long lost kin, our inspiration, our guides, our sources of reliable knowledge about the acausal.

Thus, one of the many crucial differences between the ONA and groups such as the CoS and the ToS is that regarding the esoteric meaning and significance of magick. For the ONA:

" What has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself." *The Ontology and Theology of*

Traditional Satanism

This is in complete contrast to both the CoS and the ToS, for whom such means as magick are fundamentally a way to control certain forces, and to exult in our individuality. Thus, for them magick is simply one more means for us to impose ourselves (our will) upon ourselves, upon others, upon life, Nature and the Cosmos. That is, their view and understanding of Occultism in general is limited, by, stymied by, their hubriati-syndrome; by their desire and even need to be *magians-of-the-earth*. This is a lowly, a primitive, a mundane, understanding of the Occult, and especially of our latent human faculties.

For the ONA, such means as magick are a way for us to genuinely evolve - to be far more than we are by coming-to-know acausal beings; by experiencing, and beginning to use, acausal energies; by developing such things as our latent faculty of acausal-empathy; and - eventually - by transcending beyond the causal into the realms of the acausal [7].

Thus, in essence, the ONA view is a Cosmic one, encompassing the realms of both causal and acausal, while the views of the CoSers and the ToSers - and others like them (such as the Crowleyites) - is a moribund, Earth-bound, primitively egocentric, view, redolent of the sickness underlying the collection of symptoms we call the hubriati-syndrome.

According to the ONA:

" Our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy; we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum." *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*

Conclusion

For the ONA, Satan is a real, supra-personal, entity - existing in the realms of the acausal and totally independent of us - whom we cannot fully or in any significant manner hope to control, and who is not subject to some supreme Being, not ultimately subservient to such a Being, because such a supreme Being does not exist [8].

As has been written:

"It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature"...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things....." *To Presence The Dark*

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Notes:

[1] What we may term the Magian religious perspective (or ethos) is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, world-views, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such Ways of Life.

[2] For a brief, non-conventional, view, see the Appendix, *Satan As A Word*, below.

[3] Here is a typical ToS statement about Set: "Set's...method for Working in the Objective Universe is by providing an insight into the nature of personhood."

[4] The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical ToS statement which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Here is a typical ToS statement which expresses this perspective:

"Religious offices [are] conferred by Set alone, and Recognized within the Temple according to his Will. The design, care, and operation of the Temple are entrusted by Set to the Priesthood..."

If we re-write this slightly, the connection becomes obvious:

"Religious offices [are] conferred by God alone, and Recognized within the Church according to his Will. The design, care, and operation of the Church are entrusted by God to the Pope and Priesthood..."

The ToS has Set, a guiding Council of Nine (appointed by Set of course), High Priests, and Temples; the Catholic Church has God, the Pope, Priests, and Churches, who are entrusted with doing God's work on Earth, just as the ToSers believe they have been entrusted with a sacred duty to do the work of Set.

[5] Refer to the ONA texts *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and also *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

Furthermore, it is convenient to describe some acausal entities by the term *demons*.

Nexions are one means whereby entities from the acausal may presence - be manifest, or travel - to the causal continuum, and thus interact with we human beings, on Earth. For a basic understanding of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles - A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

Expressed succinctly:

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept

However, many acausal entities possess the ability to create their own nexions to the causal - and thus do not require assistance from us, from we who dwell in the causal continuum.

[6] It should not be forgotten that according to the ONA Baphomet is an acausal shapeshifting entity and has been physically manifest to us, and can be manifest to us, via a suitable nexion, and has assumed the physical form of (or appeared to us as) a human woman.

[7] For a transcending to the realms of the acausal, refer to the ONA text *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[8] " A supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured

construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves." *ONA: The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

Furthermore, the belief in this supreme Being, just like the hubriati symptom of the illusion of control of supra-personal entities, is part of the hubriati-syndrome, that illness that makes us, and keeps us, and marks us, as mundanes.



Satan: A Note On The Word

Satan is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

The vulgar belief that Hebrew is some kind of pre-eminent, and root, language is incorrect - Hebrew is essentially derived from ancient Phoenician, with later contributions from Ancient Greek, which also owed a debt to Phoenician.



Sinister Demonology

The Deception of Modern Magick

The fundamental mistake that the majority of Occultists of The Left Hand Path, in the West, have made for well over five hundred years is that they have been duped by the pretence that is Magian Occultism [1], especially in relation to demons, and demonology.

Consider, for instance, the medieval Grimoires, once apparently difficult to obtain, but now accessible, which purported to reveal secrets whereby a sorcerer could summon, communicate with, and use, various demonic entities. Without exception these Grimoires - from *Book of Honorius* to *Grimoire of Abra-Melin* and beyond - are all based on the Nazarene-Hebrew tradition (which includes the qabala) which is why, of course, the majority of them have Hebrew names or names manufactured to be Hebrew-ish.

Even today, over a quarter of a century after the Order of Nine Angles revealed the hitherto esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry (The Seven-Fold Sinister Way) this Nazarene-Hebrew tradition of so-called demonology is still regarded as the authentic, and Occult, one.

Consider, for instance, a recently (2009 CE) published book, entitled *Encyclopaedia of Demons and Demonology*, which purports to be an encyclopaedic enumeration of demons, and all of which "Western" demons belong either to the Nazarene-Gnostic tradition or to the Nazarene-Hebrew tradition of the medieval Grimoires and of those, like the Golden Dawn, and Crowley, who uncritically imbibed that distorted Magian Occult tradition.

It is, moreover, highly indicative of the true nature of much vaunted Western Occultists, such as Aleister Crowley, that they accepted, without question, these medieval Grimoires and their Hebrewesque demons. Accepted to such an extent in the case of Crowley that he in his pretension regarded the so-called *Grimoire of Abra-Melin* (the Yahudi) as an important, indeed a pre-eminent, Western magickal text [2] and from which type of Magian/qabalistic "conjurations" Crowley was able (apparently) to manifest his so-called Holy Guardian Angel (aka his true inner - higher- self) named Aiwass. Thus did Crowley, by means of Magian/qabalistic "sorcery", develop/manufacture (or be gifted with) his *Liber Al vel Legis*, which somewhat pretentious document was to become his *raison d'etre*. Or, at least, his excuse for proclaiming himself a Magus and pontificating about the type of Magian magick he believed in and promulgated.

That Crowley has, since his death, managed to garnish a following who assert he is a Magus, who proclaim his Thelema is some sort of "new age", and who regard him as some sort of "authority" on magick, merely reveals such followers for the inept Occultists - and mundanes - that they are.

For the Occult veracity is that anyone possessed of genuine Occult insight, any shred of that dark-empathy that is the foundation of true sorcery, would have not only seen through the posturing of Crowley, but also understood, intuitively or otherwise, the whole tradition of Magian sorcery/magick for the posturing silliness and/or the psychic control that it is.

The Sinister Demonology of Hebdomadry

According to the esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry - claimed by the ONA to represent the genuine Western Occult tradition - demons are a specific type of acausal, living, entity. They do not have Hebrewesque "names"; they cannot be summoned or controlled by any means given in the fake medieval Hebrewesque Grimoires, just as Satan is not related to either the Hebrew Bible or to the ontology and theology of the Nazarenes, and just as - since the so-called God of the Hebrews and the Nazarenes does not exist - Satan is not ultimately controllable by either this God or by humans using some Nazarene mumbo-jumbo [3]. For Satan Himself is a particular acausal being. [4]

Demons, esoterically understood, are thus a type of non-human entity, from the acausal continuum, who/which can egress to our causal, mortal, realm, by (via, or through) a nexion. [5] That is, they may be considered to be particular types of acausal energy.

Thus, sorcery - esoterically and correctly understood - is (1) the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aim; and (2) the drawing forth, or the presencing of, in the causal and via a nexion, acausal entities.

Genuine Sinister Grimoires are thus texts which give instructions as to how such entities are or may be "named" in the causal and how a nexion or nexions to the acausal can be accessed or opened to allow such entities (and/or such acausal energies) to manifest (be presenced) in our causal continuum: that is, here on Earth, or in our consciousness or in the consciousness of another human being or other human beings.

As stated in the MS *Copula cum Daemone 0*:

The essence of our sinister Internal Magick is *Copula cum Daemone*, in either the literal sense of joining with certain acausal entities, or in the psychic sense of nurturing, releasing, and joining with one's inner Baeldraca to thus become a causal-dwelling (but still mortal) sinister changeling. In the case of one's Baeldraca, the joining is begun by the rite of sinister Initiation, nurtured by the journey to External Adept, released by the Rite of Internal Adept, and fully joined (re-united) with one's causal being by a successful Passing of The Abyss.

In the literal sense, the joining with certain acausal entities can be done in several ways. First, by invoking them, through Dark Sorcery, into one's own self. Second, by evoking them and then, again through Dark Sorcery, having a candidate (a mortal, willing or unwilling) be a host for the entity so evoked. Third, by opening a collocation of nine physical nexions and recalling The Dark Gods back to our causal realm.

A simple example of the first kind is the working with the pathways on the Tree of Wyrð (qv. *Naos*). An example of the second kind is *The Ceremony of Recalling*, as given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*. A fictional account of such presencings of such acausal entities is given in *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*, and in the three stories, *Jenyah*, *Sabirah*, and *In The Sky of Dreaming*.

In a quite literal sense, some acausal entities - when manifest in the causal, are demons. Mischievous evil beings who - like most acausal beings - are shapeshifters, and can assume a variety of causal forms, benign, animal, human, or otherwise. Some of these types of acausal beings may have given rise to myths such as Dragons, and to legends about Succubi and Incubi. Some acausal entities, when manifest in the causal, are more akin to the *δαίμων* of classical legends - an internal source of energy to guide, inspire, provoke, mortals; or physically-presented beings who watch over and guard certain sinisterly-numinous places; or beings, temporarily residing in the causal, who can restore the Cosmic balance by making mortals mad or bringing them misfortune or even killing them. Still other acausal entities, of a different acausal (but always shapeshifting) living species, are known to us by such causal names as we have assigned to them through a personal knowledge and past interaction with them - for example, Baphomet, Dark Goddess and Mistress of Earth; and Satan, The Lord of Darkness; both of whom can, if They so desire, join with us, physically, carnally, when They are presented in the causal, on Earth, in some causal form that is pleasing to them, and

us, and from which union They may gift us with an acausal, immortal, existence, if that, and we, be also pleasing to them.

Thus it is that the term *Copula cum Daemone* expresses the essence of our sinister Internal Magick, the essence of some of our demonic, dangerous (but often delightful), sinister practices, and also the goal of our Sinister Way, which goal is an immortal existence in the realms beyond this mortal, limited, causal, existence of ours.

What requires understanding is that - in complete contrast to Magian Occultism, and the fake medieval Hebrewesque Grimoires, and charlatans such as Crowley - there is no way for us, as temporal mortal beings, to control whatever demons or whatever acausal entities we may draw forth, or presence, in the causal continuum. No "words of power" to control such entities; no "God" to fall-back on; no "circle of protection". No potion, no spell or conjuration to save us, or others. No "secret Grimoire" wherein we can find the means to make ourselves "master" or "mistress" over such acausal energies. For such acausal energies, such acausal entities - of whatever acausal type or acausal species - are unbound by the constraints of our causal continuum and certainly unbound by our own puny mortal human nature. For most such entities, from our causal perspective, are "immortal".

In addition, once presenced, such entities act - exist, live, dwell - in our causal continuum according to their own acausal nature. The most - the best - we fragile, fallible, mortal beings can do is befriend them, or be their comrades or their lovers, as we can aspire to be or become like them.

Therefore, according to our Dark Tradition, we regard both Satan and Baphomet [6] as long-lost relatives (and possibly as potential lovers), to be respected and admired but never "worshipped" [7].

True Dark Sorcery is thus difficult, and very dangerous. It is for those few who dare, who can defy, and who, intuitively or otherwise, can see or feel past the constraints that the Magian ethos - and Magian Occultism - has imposed, or tried to impose, on us.

Practical Dark Sorcery is thus not only an esoteric Art, but also a dangerous occupation. Sometimes, it can lead to madness; more often it leads to the person becoming deluded, grandiloquent, and/or descending down to that barbarism where the useful and necessary skills of reason, self-control, and esoteric balance, have been lost.

Practical Dark Sorcery is, however, also a means whereby we can understand

ourselves, develop and evolve ourselves, and also disrupt/change our societies and other human beings and so usher in that new sinister Aeon, that Dark Imperium, which it is one of the aims of a sinister Adepts to bring into being, to the detriment of mundanes and Magians alike.



Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] In respect of Magian Occultism, refer to the rather jovial text, *Magian Occultism*, by Ms PointyHat.

As mentioned in *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (v.2.05):

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual – either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) – can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

Magians (as a breed) are a specific type of human being - they are the natural

exploiters of others, possessed of an instinctive type of human cunning and an avaricious personal nature. Over the past millennia they have developed a talent for manipulating other human beings, especially Western mundanes, by means of abstractions - such as usury and "freedom" and marxian/capitalist "social engineering/planning" - and by hoaxes/illusions, such as that of "democracy". The easily manipulated nature of Western mundanes, and the Magian talent for such things as usury and litigation/spiel, their ability to cunningly manipulate, and their underlying charlatanesque (and almost always cowardly nature), have given them wealth, power and influence.

As such, Magians are - currently - our natural and indeed our necessary mortal enemies, not simply because of their cowardice, and their influence and control over mundanes (something we ourselves seek to do to achieve some Aeonic aims) but essentially because Magian influence and control is de-evolutionary in the worst possible sense (breeding as it has and does Homo Hubris), whereas our influence and guidance is and would be evolutionary in the best possible sense; a means to liberate individuals, practically - from the tyranny of causal abstractions - and psychically, to extend their consciousness by, for example, awareness of the acausal and through the sinisterly-numinous goal of leaving this planet, our childhood home.

[2] *Regarding the Spelling of Magick.* The spelling Magick - as opposed to the previously common Magic - as an alternative word for sorcery, is vulgarly attributed to Crowley.

However, that particular spelling dates from medieval times (as does the spelling musick), as a perusal of the complete Oxford English Dictionary will reveal. A spelling, moreover kept alive, over the centuries, by some reclusive Western Occultists who operated in the customary manner of most genuine sorcerers, including those who adhered to the tradition of Hebdomadry, and which customary manner was to pass on their knowledge, and their tradition, in secret, from Master/Mistress to Initiate.

Thus, to suggest, as some mundanes do, that anyone who now uses the spelling magick must, in some way, be influenced by Crowley is not only illogical, but also indicative of how such mundanes cannot perceive beyond the Magian-induced false reality they have become accustomed to.

[3] For a history of Satan, according to The Sinister Tradition, see the ONA text, *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*.

For Satan, and God, refer to Parts Two and Three of the ONA text *The Complete Guide to Satanism* (121 yf) (especially the section *Defining Satanism*).

[4] For the esoteric tradition of acausal and causal, see the ONA text, *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

[5] A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept.

[6] Contrary to the buffoonery of Magian Occultism, Baphomet is - according to the tradition of Hebdomadry - a female acausal entity, described as The Dark Goddess, the Mother/Mistress of Earth. See, for example, the texts, *Baphomet: Vamperess of The Dark Gods* and *The Dark Goddess As Archetype*.

[7] See, for example, the text *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has n number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being*. This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we"

cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order

subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develop, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develop, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develop our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

(1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;

(2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;

(3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially

Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, but rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body

or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) unrepresented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or represented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be represented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been represented or manifest) on Earth in times past,

and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan - or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet - as conventional "gods" or "goddesses" are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the

reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of

this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles

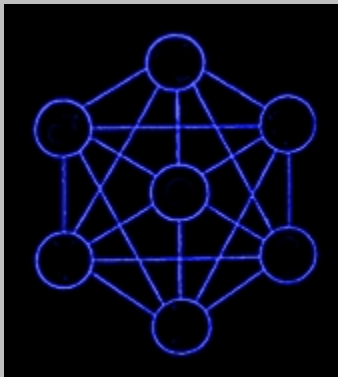
Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".

A Short History and Ontology of Satan

According to the Order of Nine Angles



A Short History of Satan

The story of Satan is vulgarly regarded – according to popular and Nazarene belief – as making its first appearance in what is regarded as ancient Biblical times, with a short history of, and stories about, Satan being provided in various parts the Old Testament, where Satan is described as a fallen (or rebellious) angel of the supreme deity commonly referred to as God, who rebelled because of His pride. In this story, one of the functions of Satan is to tempt human beings, and lead them away from the teaching, the revelation, the laws, of God.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament – most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE – Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*. Over many centuries, both the story and the ontology of the Biblical being named Satan were further developed, particular by Nazarenes.

However, there is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

The Order of Nine Angles presents a rather different interpretation, and history, of Satan, primarily based on what has been claimed to be an old aural tradition, handed down by a few reclusive Adepts of what has been, variously, called The Dark Tradition, The Seven Fold Way, The Sinister Way, Traditional Satanism, and Hebdomadry.

According to this tradition [1], the being now known by the exoteric name Satan is one of The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones), who are entities existing, living, in the acausal continuum [2]. This Satan [3] is The Prince of Darkness and of Chaos, and He – along with some other Dark Gods – is portrayed as a shapeshifter, capable of assuming human form, Who has visited, or been manifest, on Earth. at various times throughout our human history.

Thus, for the ONA, Satan is an actual living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can – by means of various nexions [4] – presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.

Furthermore, Satan – and other shapeshifting Dark Ones, such as the entity

Baphomet, known to us in Her female human form – are considered as having been instrumental in guiding our conscious development, especially through the Chaos and Change wrought by Satanic Adepts through means such as the Sinister Dialectic. Satanic Adepts – and Initiates – are thus considered as doing the work of Satan, here in the causal, and on our planet, Earth.

One legend recounts Baphomet as the Bride, The Wife and Mistress, of Satan – and the Mother of all life on our planet, Earth. Baphomet is thus, according to this legend, that innate creative force, that cosmic energy, which permeates and which guides Nature upward by means of what we humans have termed evolution.

According to legend, Satan – and some other Dark Ones – first came to, or presenced themselves on, Earth to and for us, many millennia ago, at the dawn of our human consciousness. In addition, Satan – as some other Dark Entities from the acausal – has, by virtue of their acausal nature, certain powers; that is, He – as They – can provoke, or cause, or be the genesis, of certain changes in we human beings (desired or undesired by us), as well as in our causal world (“events” on planet Earth). Thus, He – as They (and in particular, Baphomet) – can interfere in our human affairs, and have interfered in our human affairs, according to Their own nature.

This “interference” is just another way of saying that certain acausal entities possess the ability to change, or alter, in certain ways, causal energy, and causal matter – and in particular the type of energy that is our human psyche, which itself is just a mostly latent nexion between the realm of the causal and the realms of the acausal. Satanic Initiation is a means to open this particular nexion, just as living in a Satanic manner keeps this nexion open, expands it, and allows for acausal energy to flow through it, bringing a new type of life to the Satanist, allowing them to presence acausal energy (dark forces) on Earth, and providing them with an opportunity for an acausal existence after their own mortal dying. [5]

On The Ontology of Satan and His Name

According to the ONA, Satan and the other Dark Ones are simply acausal entities, existing – living – in the acausal continuum. That is, they are a particular type of natural life in the Cosmos, and were not created by some supreme deity, named God, or whatever [6]. They just *are*, and live according to their own, acausal, nature, in their own species of acausal Time and in the infinite realms of acausal Space.

Unlike ourselves, however – who are mortal fragile beings living for a brief period in the causal continuum and thus whose body is subject to the decay caused by the cause-and effect of linear, causal, Time – these acausal entities,

by virtue of the nature of acausal Space and acausal Time, can be viewed as “immortal” and capable of instantaneous “travel”, both in their own dimensions, and in ours.

Thus, these entities are not what are commonly called “supernatural beings” – they are just a different type of being from we mortal human beings who live in the causal continuum known to us by means of our human senses. These acausal beings do not have, nor need, fragile, organic, bodies such as we possess, although – as mentioned – they can assume human form, when presented on Earth [7].

The name Satan is only the traditional exoteric (the common or outer or non-responsive) name of this particular acausal entity. The esoteric “name” of this entity is a chant (a vibration of a particular frequency and intensity) which when sung or chanted in the correct manner (by two or more human individuals) in a particular type of resonant place where a certain shaped crystal is aligned correctly – re-presents the actual, responsive/reactive, human name of the entity.

This esoteric (secret and correct) name of Satan is based upon the Greek word that became the word Satan, and, historically, the ONA derives the name from Phoenician and thence, in a variant form, to Ancient Greek [8] – a Greek name borrowed and morphed by others, and thence inappropriately appropriated by the writers of the Old Testament, who wrote several centuries after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus, and Pythagoras.

It is quite possible that it was the shapeshifting acausal entity known to ONA myth and legend as The Prince of Darkness, Who – interacting with human beings in certain ways in our historical past – gave rise to various stories, myths and legends, in many cultures at varying times, including the stories, myths and legends, about Ahriman.

Thus, it was some stories about the coming-forth-to-Earth of this particular acausal entity that eventually were used as the basis for the abstract, fantasy, “satan” described in the Old Testament, redolent as this fantasy was and is – with its “chosen people”, its Prophets, its vengeful supreme Being capable of vanquishing Satan, its “sacred texts” and God-given laws – of a people suffering quite severely from the debilitating disease of abstractionism, manifest as this sickness often is in both the hubriati-syndrome and in feelings of being persecuted.

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Notes:

[1] As has been written many times in respect of such aural traditions, they are to be judged by each individual, on their merits, or otherwise. That is, no claim is made regarding them, by the ONA, other than that they are aural traditions, and – like other folk stories, and other aural myths and legends – they may or may not contain some veracity, and may or may not contain accurate or interesting historical information.

[2] For the acausal continuum, see ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

For a brief outline of The Dark Gods, refer to ONA texts such as *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.

[3] For a brief discussion of the name Satan, see the section *On The Ontology of Satan and His Name*, below.

[4] Nexions are a means whereby entities from the acausal may presence – be manifest, or travel – to the causal continuum, including Earth, and thus interact with, and affect, we human beings. For a brief outline of nexions, refer to ONA texts such as *The Meaning of The Nine Angles – A Collection of Texts*, Parts One and Two.

According to tradition, the vibration of the esoteric name of Satan, in the correct manner in the correct surroundings, opens a particular type of nexion and transmits a human call into the acausal which Satan may respond to.

[5] Refer to ONA texts such as *After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[6] The Dark, the Satanic, Tradition of the ONA states that such a supreme, creator, Being – such as God – does not exist, and that what we term God is just a human abstraction, an unnecessary human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have projected onto the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

[7] For further details regarding the ontology of Satan, refer to ONA texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism* and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[8] For a brief discussion regarding the correct etymology of the name Satan, refer to the Appendix of the ONA text *Defining Satanism*.



The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right

The doctrine Might is Right – variously expressed in texts and writings such as those by the pseudonymous Ragnar Redbeard, by Nietzsche [1], and by proponents of what is known as social Darwinism – is the doctrine, the philosophy (or more correctly, the instinct, the *raison d'être*) of the cowardly bully for whom instinct, mere brute physical strength, or superior weaponry, or superior numbers, command respect and enable them to intimidate and bully others and so get their own way.

This doctrine – though unacknowledged – is also the *raison d'être* of the governments of many if not most modern nation-States, such as Amerika, where military might, or sanctions or bribery, are used as a means of making, and enforcing, policy and ensuring the well-being, prosperity, and security, of such entities.

Why the doctrine of the bully? Because those individuals who adhere to this doctrine, consciously or otherwise, lack both manners and culture (that is, they lack refinement, good breeding, and self-control) and as a modern archetype they represent nothing so much as brutish talking animals who walk upright and who possess a very high opinion of themselves; and an opinion that is more delusion than reality. Perhaps most importantly, such individuals do not possess that instinct for disliking rottenness that is the mark of the evolved, the aristocratic, the cultured, human being. Thus are they akin to uncultured barbarians.

Culture essentially implies four important qualities that such barbarians, such talking animals, lack – and these qualities are empathy, the instinct for disliking rottenness [2], reason, and *pathei-mathos*. It is these qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals (and thus express our humanity) but which

and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings. Animals do not have this choice, this ability.

Thus, to make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, some Occult or Satanic way or praxis (like, for example, the Church of Satan did and does) is to negate the very basis of such esoteric ways and praxis. For the essence of such esoteric ways – and especially of Satanism – is to use certain Occult techniques and methods to develop certain esoteric faculties and enable the development, the evolution, of the individual. Where such Occult or Satanic ways may or do differ is in the techniques and methods used and in how development, and evolution, of the individual is understood.

Thus, in the traditional Satanism of the Order of Nine Angles, the evolution of the individual is understood as arising from a practical synthesis, via testing personal experience and magickal praxis, of what is commonly, and – considered esoterically – incorrectly regarded as the opposing opposites of Light and Dark. In addition, for the ONA the development of the individual – and the cultivation of their faculties, esoteric and otherwise – is indissolubly bound with pathei-mathos, and with empathy. Empathy esoterically [i.e. 'dark empathy'] is the ground of genuine sorcery: an awareness of both affective and effective change [causal and acausal change] and which awareness is the knowing of ourselves as but one connexion, one nexion, to those energies (or forces) which are the essence of Life and thus the essence of our own existence as a human being.

Pathei-mathos means learning from one's own difficult, practical, and testing experience, and which experience by its nature involves hardship, suffering, and an intimation or awareness of the numinous: that is, of that-which is more powerful than we are or we have imagined ourselves to be. Or expressed esoterically, pathei-mathos can be and often is the genesis of empathy: an intimation or awareness of ourselves as but one nexion, one connexion. And pathei-mathos, and esoteric empathy, take the individual far from the preening self-indulgence and macho posturing of the Might is Right types.

In the system of the ONA, pathei-mathos is encouraged by the Grade Rituals, by Insight Roles, and by the practice of Culling as Art: that is, culling as

” ...a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles – culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition.” *Concerning Culling As Art* (ONA text, 122 yf)

Thus, ONA people develop an awareness of themselves far beyond their own ego and delusions about their self-importance. The awareness of themselves as a nexion, as part of a matrix of connexions involving Nature, the Cosmos, and other human beings, with one expression of this awareness – this esoteric knowing – being an Aeonic perspective and Aeonic Sorcery.

However, those who make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, their Occult way or praxis are merely glorifying the irrational uncultured brute, and maintaining the delusions of individuals regarding themselves, their abilities, and their importance. Thus, such Occult ways propound such guff as “Reality is what we perceive it to be,” and “I command the powers,” and “I am (or can be) the only deity which matters” [3].

In essence, therefore, the doctrine of Might is Right – and the belief of pseudo-satanists that they should glorify themselves, indulge themselves *in an uncultured manner*, and do not need anyone or anything except their own strength, will, or abilities – is the ethos of the vulgar mundane and especially of Homo Hubris, that new de-evolutionary sub-species and unconnected rootless denizen of the megalopolis. Thus are they not only negating the human potential they possess, they have little or no awareness of their wyrd: of the meaning of Life itself.

Hence their ways and their praxis is of the preening individual who has or who may develop some “superior abilities” or acquire personal power (over others) by indulging in some rites or Occult practices where they believe they can “alter or change things in accordance with their will” [4]. In this, they somewhat resemble a comic book hero – LaVey-man perhaps, who acquires his superhuman powers by wearing a specially crafted medallion with that Magian image of pentagram, Hebrew letters and goathead, on it, and which medallion was given to them by some pompous so-called High Priest and entitles them to prance around in black attire and strike a pose that they think makes them look fearsome. Thus, they see their Destiny in terms only of themselves – causally, mundanely – as an extension of their ego, with nothing beyond this personal Destiny of theirs.

In contrast, for the ONA, our Destiny is bound to and part of supra-personal (Aeonic/Cosmic) wyrd, and which wyrd is manifest primarily and exoterically in the truth of our primal and of our necessary tribal (that is, our connected and cultured) nature, and in the necessary of learning directly, personally, from practical experience. That is, manifest in us, as an individual, being but one nexion; in the tribal law of the Drecc (The Dreccian Code), and in pathei-mathos arising from experience of both Light and Dark. It is this unique combination which is the genesis of our particular sinister culture and enables us to evolve, esoterically and otherwise. For if the ONA is anything, it is the way of a

particular, and a new type of, culture: that is, a new and evolutionary and esoteric way of living for human beings.

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Notes

[1] Nietzsche's approach is one where individual power (as manifest in *Wille zur Macht*) is central. This concentration on the instinct, or motivation, however derived or manifest, of the individual for control and power aligns him with social Darwinism and the doctrine of Might is Right, despite his attempts to distance himself from Darwin's thesis.

[2] For more regarding culture and the human instinct for disliking rottenness, see the ONA text *Culling as Art*.

[3] Such things express the attitude and nature of Magian Occultism, for which see the text *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*, and the compilation *Magian Occultism and The Sinister Way*.

[4] The definition of magick as "altering or changing things in accordance with one's will" – dependant as it is on mere causal cause-and-effect and the delusion of the self – expresses the limited and illusive understanding of those lacking esoteric empathy and the esoteric wisdom born of pathei-mathos. That is, it reveals a lack of awareness of acausality, of ourselves as nexion.

Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan



Correctly understood, Occultism is a process of inner and outer alchemical Change. That is, it is an esoteric means (a Way, a method) of change, of

development, for ourselves as individuals, and for those collocations of individuals which have arisen, such as communities, and what is often termed "society".

For hundreds of years, the perception of Occultism in the West, both exoteric and esoteric - and especially the perception of demonology and diabolism - has been that provided by those Western Occultists influenced by, and accepting of, the Yahoudi qabala, and by the theology and ontology of the Nazarenes.

Consider, for instance, the name, history, and origin of the being known as Satan. This being is commonly - vulgarly and incorrectly - regarded as being some "fallen angel" of some monotheistic God written about in The Old Testament of the Hebrews, and which God, being omnipotent, can ultimately control Satan, and which God, through the miracle of the incarnation, has given human beings the means to escape from Satan's influence and control, through, for example, prayer, certain rituals, certain signs and symbols, and even the saying of certain words.

From this belief, this attitude, arose the medieval and later Grimoires which, it was claimed, revealed secrets whereby a sorcerer could summon, communicate with, and use (and even control), various demonic entities, but also make some sort of pact with The Devil, Satan.

Thus, the summoning of demonic entities could be achieved if one knew the correct signs and symbols, and the name, of the appropriate entity, just as one could - and would - be protected from them if one stood inside some sort of "protective circle", had the right talismans, and said the right "words of command".

The underlying *raison d'etres* here are two things. First, the hubris-like belief that some puny, mortal, human being on some insignificant planet in some insignificant Galaxy in a Cosmos of billions of Galaxies can - without the intervention of God or some powerful deity - control non-human entities such as demons if one has "the secrets" of being able to do so; and, second, that one has, ultimately, God to fall back on - or at least some "good (not-harmful-to-humans) entity" (or deity) who was/is ultimately more powerful than the "bad" ones being summoned. This second reason applied particularly to alleged pacts with The Devil, who it was believed wanted "the immortal soul" of a person, but which alleged soul was (conveniently) ultimately the property of the Nazarene God, with "the sinner" being able to renege on the pact with The Devil at the moment of death if they repented, as per the legend of Theophilus and that of the later Faust.

Furthermore, from the belief of control, *sans* God - from the belief of there being "secrets of control out there (somewhere)" - arose the notion of being *gifted* with such secrets, if not from God or some deity, then from some secret book, or from some teacher, or Master, or advanced Adept, or whatever. That is, that all one really needed - sans the help of God and his minions (including The Devil) was such secrets allied to one's own belief in one's own abilities: that is, the belief one was "special", or somehow "chosen", or that one - some puny mortal - had, in isolation, some sort of cosmic Destiny.

However, this hubris-like belief in the esoteric power and ability of puny humans, and this inner certitude that - anyway - they can if necessary always rely on God/some-deity/some-hidden-knowledge/some teacher, Master or prophet, has led to serious problems for modern Occultists.

The Magian Nature of Modern Occultism

The essence of Magian Occultism lies in three things: (1) the certitude of being special or chosen; (2) the belief - arising from urban-living - in the esoteric power and ability of puny humans (especially their own abilities); and (3) the certitude (conscious or otherwise) that, even if an outer Dark Power really does exist, the puny human can always fall back on, and rely on, God, or on some deity, or on there being some secrets or some teachings somewhere which can give them (the puny human) control and power over this Dark Power.

Some modern Occultists have taken (1) and (2) to extremes, and so have chosen to try and dispense with The Devil/The Dark Power/The Dark Forces/Satan - and also often God - and instead deify themselves, believing such stuff as, " Reality is what I make it or what others have made it, or perceived it to be." They then proceed to use various allegedly magickal or Occult workings (their own or from others) - and/or some esoteric practices cobbled together from world religions and world folklore - in to try and attain and develop their inner deity, their Higher Self, or to try and control and sanctify their own minds, or some such guff.

These Western mostly urban-dwelling Occultists have thus tried, by massaging their ego, to remove the sinister power of the numen - the inner and outer Darkness that exists - from themselves, the Cosmos, and their world, and provided their urban life-style keeps them, as it mostly does, reasonably well-fed, sheltered from the elements, well-entertained, fairly comfortable, and removed from the hard learning arising from personal suffering (from *pathe-mathos*), then they are fairly safe in, and almost always content with, their delusion.

Thus do they, in the relative safety of their urban-dwelling world, concentrate on "refining their self", with the aim of bringing their "unique individuality", and more and more so-called individualism, to the world at large.

In brief, their Occultism is mundane; worthless; just as they themselves are and remain not only mundanes, but often good specimens of Homo Hubris.

Others modern Occultists, however, for example Aquino of Temple of Set fame, sought to give an alternative account of The Devil/The Dark Power/Satan, claiming, for instance, that He, The Prince of Darkness, was in truth a much older deity, known to the Egyptians as Set.

But this type of alternative theory for the origin of The Dark One naturally led and leads to problems regarding ontology - that is, problems regarding the origin and nature of such a deity. Does, for example, the deity actually exist, as a living entity? If so, where? How was the deity created, and can a human being control or escape from the power of this deity? And what of God?

Of course, those who prosed such origins had neat, if rather silly, and illogical, hybrid answers. Such as - yes, the deity might (or really does exist) but it also is just an extension of our conspicuousness, our "higher self" (or some such thing); and yes, we can ultimately escape the clutches, the power, of this deity since we have the right talismans, the right rituals, the correct "words of power", and anyway since it is a part of us, we can ultimately learn to control it ourselves; and, finally, that The Prince of Darkness - aka Set or whatever the correct name is said to be - is not really evil, just misunderstood.

Thus, as mentioned in the text *The ONA, The LHP, and The Temple of Set*:

The Prince of Darkness, for the ToS [Temple of Set] and for Setians, thus appears as a rather benign, and somewhat mis-understood, figure - He who gives the gift of Xepher, provided that no laws are broken, provided the ToS approves, and provided that one holds fast to the sacredness of all life.

Especially note that Set *gives the gift* of Xepher.

All this, however, is not only the sophistry of the deluded with their hubris-like, egotistical, belief in the Cosmic power of puny humans, but also the Yahoudi-Nasrany way of thinking, dominated as that type of thinking, that perception, is by causal abstractions, especially that of a group or an individual "being

chosen" or favoured above others by some deity or by some supra-personal power.

Furthermore, according to this abstraction, someone or some group so chosen, can be gifted with "revelations" (or special, secret, knowledge) - as, for example, The Old and New Testaments were "revelations" from God, and as, for example, Aquino was gifted by Set with The Book of The Coming Forth by Night, and Aleister Crowley was gifted by Aiwass (and ultimately by some Egyptian deity) with The Book of The Law; and which gifts allegedly entitle these Occultists to proclaim themselves as "advanced Occultists" (as Magos of a New Aeon); award themselves some self-serving title, pass on "the wisdom" they have received to others, and award these others with titles.

It was and it is this type of perception that kept and keeps alive the Yahod-Nazarene ethos, which ethos has morphed into that Magian ethos that blights us now, has blighted us for well over a hundred years, and has totally distorted the Western Occult tradition.

In contrast to both types of modern Occultists - the deluded deifiers of themselves, and those gifted with revelations or fawning at the feet of teachers - the genuine Western Occult tradition is based on the inner alchemy of *patheimathos*; that is, on practical experience (light and dark), and the personal often hard sadful learning that only arises, over a long period of causal Time, from such direct and personal experience.

The genuine Western Occult tradition thus breeds a critical self-honesty and self-insight, which - along with the development of latent faculties - produces a healthy balanced psyche. In contrast, the Yahod-Nazarene ethos, and the Magian ethos, both breed and have bred the self-satisfaction of being chosen/saved/liberated and the delusion arising from a distinct lack of a critical self-honesty, both of which combine to produce an imbalanced, or a diseased, psyche: those marks of the mundane.

God, and The Non-Jewish Origins of Satan

In the Western esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

In the Western esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry, Satan is regarded as the exoteric "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal continuum. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms.

Furthermore, in the Western esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry, Satanism is defined as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

Thus the Order of Nine Angles - based upon and propagating this tradition of Hebdomadry - has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions, and whose exoteric name does not derive, as mundanes and Magian Occultists assume and believe, from the Bible of the Hebrews.

According to mundanes and Magian Occultists, Satan, as a word, is derived from the Hebrew, meaning accuser. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. Aeschylus: *aitiau ekho*. It was this older Greek form which became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also the 'Shaitan' of Islam. Furthermore, in Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word diabolic itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (Aristotle) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

In addition, there is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament was probably based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably

written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE (and long after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus) – Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God’s so-called “chosen people” sometimes also called a *satan*.

Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, the ethos, of those allegedly "chosen by God" and who indeed, as a natural satanist, pours scorn on the paranoid persecution stories found in the Old Testament and elsewhere, and pours scorn on the very notion of not only some omnipotent creator-being but also on such a being choosing some group of humans as his/its "chosen people".

Indeed, we natural satanists - we adversaries of such persecution tales and notions - regard this notion of "being chosen" as a symptom of at best a psychic imbalance, and at worst of a unhealthy, if not a diseased, psyche. In a similar way, we natural satanists regard such persecution stories as a means whereby those with such an imbalanced psyche can escape, in their own minds, from the consequences of their own actions, and which alleged or even real persecution they often use to try and make their victims feel guilty (and they themselves to feel better). Thus, they shift the blame from themselves onto others, and any attempt, by others, to rationally point out their culpability for such wrongful actions as they have committed is meet by the hue and cry of "persecution" and/or by accusations of the accuser being a *satan* or, more recently, being those modern equivalents of a *satan* - such as a Nazi or a "preacher of hate" or an "anti-semite".

The Western Esoteric Tradition of Hebdomadry

This Western tradition of Hebdomadry - founded on The Seven-Fold Sinister Way - is one which accepts, *sine qua non*, that Dark Forces exist, external to us as puny mortal human beings, and that these Dark Forces are ultimately not only beyond our own, mortal, means to control, but also not controllable by some omnipotent creator-being named God because such an omnipotent creator-being does not and never has existed, in the Cosmos.

Thus, these Dark Forces are not just part of our psyche, our consciousness; just as Reality is not a matter of our own, personal perception. Thus, there are types of living beings who have and who can presence Dark Forces, or who are or who can be such Dark Forces or aspects of them. One of these living beings is the acausal entity that has been named, by us, as Satan, The Prince of Darkness, The Master of Evil, and which Prince of Darkness was not first

brought to our attention by, and first named in, some fables in some Yahoudi book or legend.

The Dark Forces are, moreover, a natural - and currently, a necessary - part of The Cosmos. They are one of the ways in which the Cosmos functions; or, rather, they express aspects of The Cosmos, changing, evolving, living. Crucially, aspects of these Dark Forces are inherent in us, in our being, by our very human nature as causal living beings, as nexions in the matrix that is the causal-acausal continuums. That is, such Dark Forces, or aspects of them, represent Life itself; what animates us, as human beings, and makes us alive, and also what can aid us to Change, to develop, evolve, ourselves, and those collocations of human beings which have arisen, such as communities, and what is often termed "society".

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is regraded as a means whereby we can access, presence, such Dark Forces - both within our own psyche (the nexion we are) and from the acausal continuum. Access, presence - to experience, to learn from, thus enabling us to change, develop, evolve, our psyche, our ourselves, and this world which is still, currently, our home.

Given the nature of these Dark Forces, this can be, and most often is, difficult, testing, and very dangerous. But to so access, so presence, such forces by such a Way is necessary, since this Way not only balances and develops our own psyche as individuals, but also the psyche that is Life itself, manifest in the living changing Cosmos.

Anton Long

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Feyen



The Dark Goddess As Archetype

Introduction

The Dark Goddess is often called Baphomet, who is described, according to the aural tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, as:

a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

In former times, as again in this new millennia, it was and it is to Baphomet that human sacrifices were dedicated.

However, often – as in pre-ONA days (that is, before the tradition was given and described by the ONA name) – the Dark Goddess is not referred to directly by name, as, for example, at the end of the instructional text *The Giving*, where Mallam is sacrificed in a communal ceremony, and where Lianna says, “[Satanism] is not the way I follow. My tradition is different, much older.”

Understood esoterically, an archetype is:

a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus “in the psyche”): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it “dies” (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Thus the Dark Goddess in general, and Baphomet in particular, can be considered as types of living being, manifest most often in our psyche [1] but also capable of becoming present in our causal continuum [2].

Mythos and Aural Tradition

According to the aural history of the ONA [3] the old tradition inherited by the present Grand Master was carried on for many generations by mostly reclusive Adepts who instructed only a select, few, individuals. In addition, it should be understood that: (1) the tradition existed mainly in rural areas of South Shropshire and the Welsh Marches; (2) with a few notable exceptions (one being the present Grand Master) all those who guarded and transmitted the tradition, and who instructed candidates, were women; (3) the tradition – never called by any particular name or described by any term – consisted mainly of esoteric chant; the mythos of The Dark Gods (including tales such as later recounted in the stories *Sabirah* and *Jenyah*), certain ceremonies (such as The Ceremony of Recalling), propitiation of certain natural forces by means of communal culling, and so on; and (4) a fictional characterization of one such

fairly recent Lady Master/Mistress of Earth is the character of Lianna in *The Giving*, and which fictional work gives a general background to, and a few details about, the old tradition itself.

Furthermore, the instructional account *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized account of the awakening (the development) of a young Rounwytha, manifest in the character of Rachael [4]. Rachael, for instance, enchants naturally, without words or ritual or ceremonies, and forms a natural empathic link to the area where she dwells, and has (being a Rounwytha, albeit a young one) the natural ability to bring forth, to induce, in her lover (Diane) a deep, intuitive, understanding of the importance of the feminine and of Nature.

Breaking The Silence Down also contains an old, traditional, text celebrating the female:

Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!
Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust, softness, understanding, and love!
My breasts pleased you
And brought forth darkness and joy...

(Synestry: The Dark Daughters of Baphomet)

Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype

In contrast to nearly every other manifestation of The Left Hand Path, in the West – and in stark contrast to all other groups who claim to be or who describe themselves as Satanist – the ONA has always been biased toward the feminine aspect of The Sinister.

For example, a majority of traditional nexions, in both the Old World (England) and the New World (America and Canada) are organized and run by Lady Masters/Mistresses of Earth, just as the ONA has always had many Sapphic nexions (for example, The Dark Daughters of Chaos, in England). Conversely, groups such as The Golden Dawn, the OTO, the Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, have all been dominated by men and are redolent of that posturing

masculine Homo Hubris ethos that is anathema to Dark-Empathy and the gentility of the well-mannered Adept.

In addition – as hinted at in many ONA texts, such as *The Rite of the Nine Angles* and in *The Ceremony of Recalling* [5] – the ONA emphasizes that it is the female sorcerer (“the priestess”) who is one of the most important keys to opening a nexion to the acausal, and it is through her that acausal energies flow when a ceremony to open a nexion is undertaken.

As someone wrote concerning the depiction of women in the sinister fiction of the ONA:

In general, such depictions – and the mythos of the ONA in general – may be said to empower women; to depict them in a way that has been long neglected, especially in the still male-dominated, materialistic, West. However, this empowerment, it should be noted, is based upon “the sinister”: upon there being hidden esoteric, pagan, depths, abilities and qualities in women who have an important, and indeed vital, rôle to play in our general evolution and in our own lives. Furthermore, it is one of the stated aims of the ONA to develop such character, such qualities, such Occult abilities, in women, and the following of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is regarded as the means to achieve this.

Furthermore, the ONA’s depiction of such women – its explication of the dark feminine principle – is very interesting because it is a move away from, and indeed in stark contrast to, the “feminine principle” of both the political “feminism” which has become rather prevalent in Western societies, and that particular feminine ethos which many pagan and Wiccan “White-light” and Right Hand Path groups have attempted to manufacture.

This political feminism is basically an attempt to have women imitate the behaviour, the personality, the ethos, of men – which is what the strident calls for “equality” are essentially about, and as such it is often a negation of the character, and of those unique qualities and abilities, germane to women. The pagan and Wiccan type of feminism is most often about some dreamy, pseudo-mystical vision of a once mythical “perfect past” or about goody-goody types “harming none” – in stark contrast to the dark sinister goings-on of the ONA feminine archetype, which most obviously includes using sexual enchantment to manipulate those Homo Hubris type men “who deserve what they get...” *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*

Return of The Dark Goddess

One the primary aims of the Order of Nine Angles is:

to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (*A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*)

It should be noted – and needs to be emphasized – that the *Law of The Sinister-Numen* applies to both men and women, and that no distinction is made between male, and female, warriors. That is, the only distinction that matters is living by the code which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen, so that, and for example, disputes are settled by having a man *or* woman of honour who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter.

Furthermore, it is possible, and indeed probable, that the new tribal way of living which will evolve – and which will replace the lifeless, un-numinous, male-and-HomoHubris-dominated, abstraction of the nation-State – will veer toward a new and natural balance between male and female, made possible by the real and natural equality that the Law of The Sinister-Numen manifests and creates, and by the re-emergence of the Mistress of Earth as Sinister Archetype.

For, implicit in this archetype – as in all those who are Mistresses of Earth (of traditional nexions or otherwise) – is that necessary dark-empathy which returns us to a correct understanding and knowing of our relation to other Life through a natural and esoteric resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos. And it is this dark-empathy – this natural, wordless, ritual-less, esoteric resonance – which is the quintessence of the old tradition, presenced in the character, the very nature, of a Rounwytha. The Mistress of Earth – *the warrior sorceress* – is thus, in essence, an evolutionary development of the Rounwytha, where the practical (manifest for instance in the Law of The Sinister-Numen and in an outer sinister life of dark deeds) meets and is blended and balanced with the esotericism of Dark-Empathy.

Thus it is that one of secrets of a male Adept (and more so, of a genuine Master) is their unification of the opposites within themselves (for example, and in symbolic exoteric-speak, the archetypes re-presented by Satan and Baphomet), and the emergence from such an alchemical process of a new, more evolved, individual. Manifestations of this new type of male individual (in terms of character) are Dark-Empathy (a natural esoteric resonance and sympathy with

Nature, other living beings, and the Cosmos), and the nobility (the excellence of personal character) that comes with being cultured and possessing personal manners and yet being prepared to die to save one's personal honour. All of which stand in almost direct opposition to the type of hedonistic male Adept that all others Left Hand Path, and so-called Satanic groups, desire to manufacture and which, indeed, they do manufacture, perpetuating as they do that untermensch sub-species, Homo Hubris.

Our archetype of The Dark Goddess – our warrior sorceresses – are one means by which we ourselves, and our current untermensch way of life may be transformed, for:

Δίκη δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσιν
μαθεῖν ἐπιρρέπει [6]

and it is through a real *pathei-mathos* that a genuine alchemical transformation begins. Part of which *pathei-mathos* is, of course, the Rite of Internal Adept, wherein the faculty of Dark-Empathy can be discovered and cultivated.

Thus does the Dark Goddess, Baphomet – Mistress of Blood and Mother of Culling – come to be both invoked and evoked and so presented on Earth, since:

“It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things.....” *To Presence The Dark* [7]



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen
(Revised 121 Year of Fayen)

Notes:

[1] The *psyche* of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual – those aspects of consciousness – which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called “the unconscious”, and some of the forces/energies of this “unconscious” have been, and can be, described by the term “archetypes”.

[2] qv. *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

[3] As has been explained many times, these traditions are simply aural traditions, and may or may not contain certain historical facts, it being for each individual to make their own judgement concerning them,

[4] A real-life account of one such similar encounter was briefly recalled in *The Girl Goddess*, published in the now defunct zine, *Exeat*. An expurgated version was later published in vol 3, #2 of *Fenrir*.

[5] Where it is written:

You who are the daughter of and a Gate
To our Dark Gods...

Kiss me and I shall make you
As an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you
As a strong sword that severs
And stains my Earth with blood.

Taste me and I shall make you
As a seed of corn which grows
Toward the sun, and never dies.
Plough me and plant me
With your seed and I shall make you
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

[6] " The goddess, Judgement, favours someone *learning from adversity.*"
Aeschylus: *Agamemnon*, 250

[7] For an explication of Satanism in an Aeonic context, refer to ONA texts such as *Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles* and *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, where it is stated:

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by – for example – returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism – as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) – is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also no. Yes, because Satanism – or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism – is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mudanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves "Satanists" and who thus follow the mundane so-called "satanism" of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

The ONA is not just "satanic" because even traditional Satanism (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to one particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon – an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be "satanists" will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now – in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeonic strategy – to use the term sinister instead, to describe ourselves,

and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some -ism or some -ology.

For the reality is that “we” cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need.

Appendix - Some Terms Explained

Acausal

The term acausal refers to “acausal Time and acausal Space”: that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where “causal” refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and “beyond causal Time”: that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition – and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) – acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

Aeon

An Aeon – according to the Sinister Way of the ONA – is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

Archetype

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus “in the psyche”): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it “dies” (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess – a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, *The Bride-and-Mother of Satan*, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Black Book of Satan

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity – of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited

causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality – which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts – and especially the so-called Satanism – of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Core ONA Traditions

Also known as The Five Core ONA Principles.

The basic principles on which the ONA is based. They are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour (qv); (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, a *sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv) and Esoteric Empathy. The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or

which can presence “dark forces” (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguish the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities – living-beings *of a particular acausal species* – who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.]

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister tribe is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings – that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Ethos

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it.

Exeatic

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes – for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed “society”.

Exoteric/Esoteric

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner /acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot

perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose – for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims – has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

God

According to the ONA, the God – the supreme creator Being – of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

Hebdomadry

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

Homo Hubris

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen – this creation of the modern West – is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry – and mass “culture” – of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the “spin”, the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

Hubriati

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their servants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost exclusively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

Hubriati-syndrome

The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief of some Occultists that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter, including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical statement, replete with abstractions, which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonic, aims and goals.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen – of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

Left Hand Path (LHP)

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes. In addition, the LHP is where the individual learns from the practical deeds and practical challenges that are an integral to it.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) – according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA – is defined as “the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion – that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy.”

Furthermore, magick – as understand and practised by the ONA – is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic,

archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes – where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrd) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The essence of what we term the Magian ethos is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, religions, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such religions.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual – either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) – can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and

dignity, and vacuous “celebrities” (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

Magians (as a breed) are a specific type of human being – they are the natural exploiters of others, possessed of an instinctive type of human cunning and an avaricious personal nature. Over the past millennia they have developed a talent for manipulating other human beings, especially Western mundanes, by means of abstractions – such as usury and “freedom” and marxian/capitalist “social engineering/planning” – and by hoaxes/illusions, such as that of “democracy”. The easily manipulated nature of Western mundanes, and the Magian talent for such things as usury and litigation/spiel, their ability to cunningly manipulate, and their underlying charlatanesque (and almost always cowardly nature), have given them wealth, power and influence.

As such, Magians are – currently – our natural and indeed our necessary mortal enemies, not simply because of their influence and control over mundanes (an influence we ourselves seek in order to achieve some Aeonic aims) but essentially because Magian influence and control is de-evolutionary in the worst possible sense (breeding as it has and does Homo Hubris), whereas our influence and guidance is and would be evolutionary in the best possible sense; a means to liberate individuals, practically – from the tyranny of causal abstractions – and psychically, to extend their consciousness by, for example, awareness of the acausal and through the sinisterly- numinous goal of leaving this planet, our childhood home.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind – that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to “gates” or openings or “tunnels” where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or “channelled into” by a sinister Adept. [For more

details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Nine Angles

The Nine Angles have several meanings – or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric – depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic “alchemical” substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrð plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 “other nexions”. It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a “shadow”) of another – for example, Mercury is the ‘shadow’ of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) – although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine – in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion – is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery – that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning – a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

Niner

-An alternative name for a Drecc, and also for a freelance operative who upholds the core ONA traditions.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The ONA is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatc deeds.

Presencing The Dark

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Presence The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrd and thus to work Aeonc Sorcery.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual – those aspects of consciousness – which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called “the unconscious”, and some of the forces/energies of this “unconscious” have been, and can be, described by the term “archetypes”

Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* “name” of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability – being a shapeshifter – to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the “names” of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of*

the Dark Gods.]

Thus the ONA has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

Satan, as a word, is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning accuser. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (possibly in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* – “an accusation” – qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew ‘Satan’ – whence also ‘Shaitan’. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to “pass beyond” or “over”, from the root *dia* – “through” and, as a causal accusative, “with the aid of”. Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense – for example “to set against” (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a ‘bad’ or ‘false’ sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament – most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE – Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God’s so-called “chosen people” sometimes also called *a satan*. Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist – someone who opposes the myths, ethos, and the holocaustianity, of those allegedly “chosen by God”.

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by – for example – returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism – as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) – is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Satanism is defined, by the Order of Nine Angles, as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

Septenary

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrð, and consisting of seven stages or “spheres” joined by various pathways.

Sinister

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the ONA (qv). Often used as a synonym for Left Hand Path.

Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic/Sinister strategy – which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

Sinister-Empathy

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy) is a specific type of empathy – that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

Sinister-Numen

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are – exoterically – sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings – as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond

the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Sinister Way

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade. [See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

Sorcery

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery – according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA – is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

Star Game

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an “abstract” one, as distinct from the more “causal” symbology of The Tree of Wyrd (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the “simple form” and the “advanced” form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional magick.

It can also be played as a “game”, akin to a chess, and can be used magickally,

to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

Traditional Nexions

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

Traditional Satanism

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be dis-covered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.

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Appendix The Sinister Code

Those who are not our sinister brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by – and are prepared to die by – our unique code of dark (sinister) honour.

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour (“I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών



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Concerning Culling as Art

The Development of Arête

Life culls - that is, the very process of human life on this planet, Earth, now and for Aeons past involves and involved some humans being preyed upon by others, usually because these other humans were driven by some instinct or some lust or some feeling that they could not control. In many ways, the development of human culture was part of the process that brought - or tried to bring - some regulation, a natural balance - to the process, generally because it was in the common interest (the survival, the well-being) of a particular ancestral or tribal community for a certain balance to be maintained: that is, for excessive personal behaviour to be avoided.

Thus by means of such culture there arose a certain feeling, in some humans, for natural justice - or, perhaps, it was the development of this feeling, in some humans, that gave rise to the development of culture with there thus being, as part of that culture, certain codes of conduct for personal behaviour, for example, and some form of punishment for those who had behaved in a manner a community found detrimental, harmful.

Whatever the actual genesis of natural justice, it was a feeling, an attitude, of only some - not all - humans. This feeling, this attitude, this instinct, this natural justice, was that some things - some types of behaviour and some particular deeds by humans - were *distasteful*: that is, not wrong or evil in any moralistic, dogmatic, modern manner, but just distasteful, disliked; that such behaviour or such deeds was *rotten*, and generally unhealthy, that is, not conducive to one's well-being and so something to be avoided [1].

This personal distaste for certain types of human behaviour was the attitude of those whom we may call noble by nature, in terms of personal character, and those who possessed this taste (for natural justice and this dislike of rotten humans) were almost always in a minority. Given that natural justice had a

tendency to favour the common interest of communities, those possessed of this noble character tended to become leaders of their clans, their folk, their communities - with their personal qualities admired and respected. They, for example, were the ones people felt they could trust - ones who had been shown by experience to be trustworthy, loyal, honest, brave. Or expressed in another more modern way, we might say that they had good taste and good breeding, with their opinions and their judgement thus used as guides by others. Indeed, we might say with some justification that good breeding became synonymous with possession of this dislike for humans of rotten character.

Thus, these noble ones also tended to form a natural and necessary aristocracy - that is, those of proven arête, those of good taste and of good breeding, had a certain power and authority and influence over others. And a tendency to form an aristocracy because those of good taste - those with a taste for natural justice and thus with a dislike of rotten humans - tended to prefer their own kind and so naturally paired with, preferred to mate with, someone with similar tastes.

For Aeons, there was a particular pattern to human life on this planet: small ancestral and tribal communities, led and guided by an aristocracy, who often squabbled or fought with neighbouring or more distant communities, and which aristocracy was quite often overthrown or replaced, usually by one person who was far less noble (often ruthless and brutal) and whose rule lasted for a while - or was continued for a while by their descendants - until that less noble person, or their equally ignoble descendants, were themselves defeated, and removed, and the natural aristocracy restored. In others words, individuals of noble instincts dealt with, and removed, individuals of rotten character.

Why this particular pattern? For two simple reasons: (1) because the natural aristocracy favoured - was beneficial to - the community, especially over extended periods of causal Time, while the less noble, more ruthless, selfish, and brutal leaders were not; and (2) selfish, brutal, leaders almost without exception always went too far, offending or harming or killing or tyrannizing until someone or some many "had had enough" and fought back. That is, such bad leaders had a tendency to provoke a certain nobility within some humans - to thus aid the evolution of noble human beings, with such humans provoked to nobility often being remembered if not celebrated by means of aural ancestral stories.

Given this pattern of slow evolution toward more nobility - and of a return to a natural balance which is inherent in this evolution - a certain wisdom was revealed, a certain knowledge gained. A revealing - a knowledge, about our own nature, and about the natural process of evolutionary change - which was

contained in the remembered, mostly aural, traditions of communities, based as these traditions were on the *pathei-mathos* [the learning from experience] of one's ancestors.

This wisdom concerned our human nature, and the need for nobility (or excellence, *arête*, ἀρετή) of personal character. This received wisdom was: (1) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance - the means to restore balance and the means of a natural, gradual, evolution - resides in *individuals*; (2) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance, was preferable because it aided the well-being and the development of communities; and (3) that nobility of individual character, or a rotten nature, are proven (revealed) by deeds, so that it is deeds (actions) and a personal knowing of a person which count, not words.

Or, expressed another way, ancestral cultures teach us that our well-being and our evolution, as humans, is linked to - if not dependant upon - individuals of noble instincts, of *proven* noble character, and thence to dealing with, and if necessary removing, individuals of rotten character. Hence, that a type of natural culling was desirable - the rotten were removed when they proved troublesome or became a bad influence, and were seen for what they were: rotten.

The Rise of the Plebeian

The rise of the plebeian - of the mundanes - is the development of ideas, dogma, and abstractions and using these manufactured lifeless things as guides and examples in place of individuals of proven noble character.

Thus, the natural aristocracy of those of good taste and of good breeding is replaced by vulgar, more common, things - by the idea, for example, that some monarch or ruler (and usually their progeny) was 'chosen' by some god or gods, or has a special 'Destiny', and thus represented that god or those gods or has been chosen by 'Fate' or whatever. Or by the idea that some prophets or some prophet have or has received 'revelations' from some god or some gods and which 'revelations' contain a guide to how to live, how to behave, what is 'evil', etcetera. Or by the notion that everybody - regardless of their character - possesses worth, and can or could be a person of influence even if they have done no deeds revealing of their true character. And so on, mundane etcetera following mundane etcetera.

Later on, specific *-isms* and *-ologies* were developed or devised - whether deemed to be religious, political, or social - so that the individual was related to, derived their meaning and purpose, and even their own worth, from such

abstract things instead of by comparison to individuals of proven noble deeds.

In a sense, this is the rise - one might even say the triumph, the revenge - of the common, the mundanes, over the always small number of humans with good taste. Of how mundanes - the brutish majority - have manufactured, developed and used ideas, dogma and abstractions, in order to gain influence and power and generally remain as they are, and feel good about themselves.

Thus, instead of having high standards to aspire to, instead of being guided toward becoming better individuals, instead of evolving - by *pathei-mathos*, by practical experience, by deeds done, by having the example of those of good taste to emulate - they see themselves, their types, as the standard, the ideal: a process which has culminated in their general acceptance of that modern calumny and calamity, the so-called 'democracy' of the now ubiquitous modern State.

For in this so-called democracy - and in the modern State - we have the epitome of mundanity where vulgarity is championed, where shysters and corrupt politicians dominate, where the Magian ethos guides, and where an abstract tyrannical lifeless law has replaced both the natural justice of noble individuals and the natural right those individuals had to deal with, and if necessary remove, those of rotten character. Thus, instead of justice, and balance, being the right, the prerogative, of and residing in and being manifest by individuals of noble character - of good breeding - it has come to be regarded as the 'right' of some abstract, impersonal, Court of Law (where shysters engage in wordy arguments) and manifest in some law which some mundane or some group of mundanes, or some shysters, manufacture according to some vulgar idea or some vulgar aspiration.

In brief, the rise of the mundanes is the steady de-evolution of human beings. No wonder then that some of those with good taste - some latter-day individuals of noble character, of breeding - developed, welcomed, and championed a return to older, more aristocratic ways, evident, for instance, in both fascism and National-Socialism.

The Modern Art of Culling

What the ONA Art of Culling does is that it shapes and develops the natural ancestral process in a conscious, a wise, way, according to particular ONA criteria and particular ONA goals, and thus helps restore the natural

aristocratic balance lost because of tyrannical abstractions manufactured by individuals of rotten character in order to keep themselves and their rotten kind in power and in order to try and level everyone down to their low level.

The ONA goals are concerned with our evolution, our change into a higher species of human beings, the breeding - by our Dark Arts including The Art of Culling - of more and more individuals of noble character, and thus the development of a new aristocracy.

The particular ONA criteria are that some humans, by nature, by character, are rotten - worthless - and, when this rotten character is revealed by their deeds, it is beneficial to remove them, to cull them.

In addition, there is the criteria of belonging - for a person either resonates with us, with our kind, or they do not. If they do, excellent; if they do not - then words, argument, persuasion, propaganda, are worthless. Thus, if they are of our kind, they will possess the instinct that some things - some types of behaviour and some particular deeds by humans - are distasteful and that individuals doing certain distasteful deeds are worthless and can and should be removed. If they are not of our kind, they will dislike the notion of culling - or seek to argue about it or debate or discuss it, which, in truth, our kind cannot be bothered to do, since it is character that is important for us, not words. Practical deeds to develop, to reveal, character - not discussions, debates, propaganda, arguments. Being elitist, we simply have no interest in recruiting, guiding, training, the wrong type of person.

In respect of culling, it is - as the Order of Nine Angles has developed The Art of Culling - of two main types. The individual, and the collective. The individual is when a specific individual is removed because of specific deed or deeds done, with their rotten character so revealed. The collective is when a specific method - such as combat, insurrection, revolution - is being used either by one of us as a causal form or within a rôle, or by a nexion (or collocation of nexions) as a means or tactic to implement Aeonic strategy, and which collective type of culling does not target specific, named, individuals, but rather 'the sworn enemy' any of whom are deemed acceptable targets.

As an historical aside - to be believed or not according to one's inclination, given that it is an aural tradition - and as an example of Culling as Art, it should be noted that individual culling in traditional ONA nexions was/is regarded as both natural and necessary: necessary to develop and to reveal excellence of personal character, and natural because it aided, developed, the aristocratic nature that each such nexion was/is. For such a culling was/is a

communal affair, it being in the nature of such a nexion that it was more an extended family, tied by bonds of breeding, of blood, of clannish loyalty, that it was what most now with their mis-understanding consider a Temple or a sinister ceremonial group to be.

Thus, let us say that a named individual was chosen because that person has done some distasteful deeds. The ONA member undertaking the act of culling, or choosing to do such a culling, would present their proposal to the monthly sunedrion [2], at which another member would act as Devil's Advocate and so speak on behalf of the accused (the potential Opfer). The sunedrion would then deliberate, and then give their verdict. If positive, then most if not all members of the nexion would assist in the planning, the tests, and if required in the execution of the act, and which act could appear to be 'an accident', or done in a proxy manner via sinister cloaking, or undertaken directly, and so on.

Hence would there be a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles - culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition.

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[1] This sense of personal distaste, of something gone rotten, or bad, is the correct the meaning of the word *κακός* in Hellenistic culture.

[2] Sunedrion is the [Greek derived] word traditionally used to describe the regular meeting, led by the Choregos, and held by members of traditional ONA nexions (local groups, Temples) at which matters of importance to the nexion would be discussed, and at which members could ask, for example, for magickal or other assistance.

Such meetings would be monthly, or - in a large nexion - fortnightly. Given the small and clannish nature of most nexions, with most if not all members related by ties of marriage/partnership or sworn family loyalty, and living near to each other, it would often not be that formal, would most often end with a

feast and general merry-making often accompanied by music, and at which meeting all members (being of our kind) would have an equal say and be able to vote on all matters. Un-resolved disputes, or verdicts, would be arbitrated and settled by either Choregos at the particular sunedrion, or by the Master/Mistress, acting as chief of the nexion/family.



Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way

The cultivation of the faculty of Dark-Empathy is part of the training of The Seven-Fold Way; an esoteric skill possessed by all genuine Adepts, and a skill, a Dark Art, whose rudiments can be learnt by undertaking the standard (basic) Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which Ritual lasts for one particular alchemical season (around three months), and mastery of which Dark Art involves - with one exception [1] - undertaking the advanced Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, which lasts for a different alchemical season (usually six months or more, depending on geographical location).

Possession of this skill, this particular faculty, is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. In the Rite of Internal Adept, the candidate has nowhere to hide - they are alone, bereft of human contact; bereft of diversions and distractions; bereft of comforts and especially bereft of the modern technology that allows and encourages the rapid and vapid and mundane communication of abstractions and HomoHubris-like emotions and responses. All the candidate has are earth, sky, weather, whatever wildlife exists in their chosen location - and their own feelings, dreams, beliefs, determination, and hopes. They can either cling onto their ego (their presumed separate self-identity) and their past - onto the mundane world they have chosen to temporarily leave behind - or they can allow themselves to become attuned to the natural rhythm of Nature and of the Cosmos beyond, beyond all causal abstractions: beyond even those esoteric ones manifest, for instance, in the Septenary Tree of Wyrð, which are but intimations, pointers, symbols, toward and of the acausal essence often obscured by causal forms and by written and spoken words.

One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain

arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even "Druid"). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st - that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calendar which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occultists say, write, and believe this? Because - for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel - they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously "in-tune" with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy - who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos - know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calendar. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calendar. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring Equinox - indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location - an Adept "knows", or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell) the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them - and its wildlife - is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about "alchemical seasons" - which are not fixed by some abstract solar calendar, which depend on one's location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain - and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal - varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept - in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos - will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA - with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals [2], its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing [3], its emphasis on the feminine [4], its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way - is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention.

Furthermore, given that the faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept [5], it can thus be understood why the Order of Nine Angles has placed, and does place, and always will place great emphasis on its initiatory system: on Initiates following the Seven-Fold Way and actually doing practical sorcery and undertaking Grade Rituals such as that of Internal Adept. For the experience, and the achievement, are then theirs - unique to, and formative for, them, as individuals.

Thus it is that such individuals achieve Adeptship, by practical experience, by developing certain faculties, by self-overcoming, by difficult and testing challenges, physical, mental, and Occult. There is not, has not been, and will not be - until we evolve to become another type of human species and have developed more numinous ways of living - any other way of achieving genuine esoteric Adeptship. For Adeptship, it should be repeated, is only and ever achieved, never given, never awarded by someone else.



Anton Long

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

121 Year of Fayen

Notes:

[1] The one exception is the Rounwytha - the rare individual (who is usually of the female gender) who is naturally gifted with this still uncommon faculty.

[2] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Note Concerning After-Life in the Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[3] Refer for example to the ONA text *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*.

[4] See, for example, *The Sinister Feminine Principle in the Works and Mythos of the ONA* in the article *The Occult Fiction of The Order of Nine Angles*.

See also the ONA text *The Dark Goddess as Archetype*.

[5] Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public.

In one word, Adepts possess *ἀρετή*.

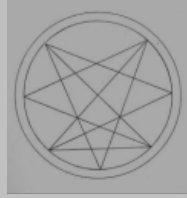
A Note Regarding Terms

Dark-Empathy: This is a specific (that is, esoteric) type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns *acausal-knowing*.

Acausal-knowing: (as distinct from the causal knowing of conventional Science) is basically possessing a natural sympathy with the various and manifold aspects of Life, manifest, for instance, in: (1) living causal beings (human, and otherwise, who dwell on our planet, Earth); (2) the living being we term Nature; and (3) the living, changing, evolving, being we term the Cosmos, whose Life animates Nature, and which Cosmos has an acausal-continuum and a causal-continuum, each with their own types, or forms, of life.

This natural-sympathy-with requires the individual to know, to understand, to sense, to intuit, both beyond outer causal forms and abstractions, and beyond the illusive nature of separateness - to thus know, understand, sense, intuit,

the connexions that exist between all aspects of Life, as those connexions (nexions) are, beyond all words and terms and beliefs.



O9A Esoteric Chant Archive

Introduction

Esoteric Chant - also called Esoteric Septenary Chant (ESChant) - is an aural tradition of the Order of Nine Angles, originating from the Camlad tradition that flourished in the Welsh Marches, and particularly in rural South Shropshire.

Most of this tradition was transcribed by Anton Long in the 1970's CE and circulated among ONA members in handwritten and typewritten MSS, many of which (although not all) were included in the xeroxed *Naos* collection, first issued in 1989CE.

ESChant forms an important part of The Septenary System and thus of the ONA's Seven Fold Way.

Esoteric Chant is also a powerful form of sorcery/sinister magick, capable of evoking/invoking acausal entities, as well as (like The Star Game) being an esoteric language appropriate to the New Aeon and thus a skill possessed by Homo Galactica.

The Images

The images in this archive png screengrabs from the facsimile version of NAOS contained in *The Requisite ONA* pdf document, which document is c. 51 Mb in size and runs to 981 pages.

Given the nature of the screengrabs, there is some run on from one image to the next.

The Texts

Included in this archive, following the image section, are two articles by Anton Long which outline Esoteric Chant as a new type of esoteric language, and which also deal with such matters as names and gender in relation to acausal entities.

Warning and Disclaimer

It should be noted that there are several texts about ESChant in circulation, some of which contain various errors.

The only publicly available reliable guides to ESChant are the texts and diagrams in the ONA issued pdf *The Requisite ONA*, and in facsimile copies of the original copies of NAOS.

In addition, as Anton Long has noted in regard to copies of Naos:

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of Naos (as

first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of Naos have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them. The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatu Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an out-of-date address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes – in the following order – Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

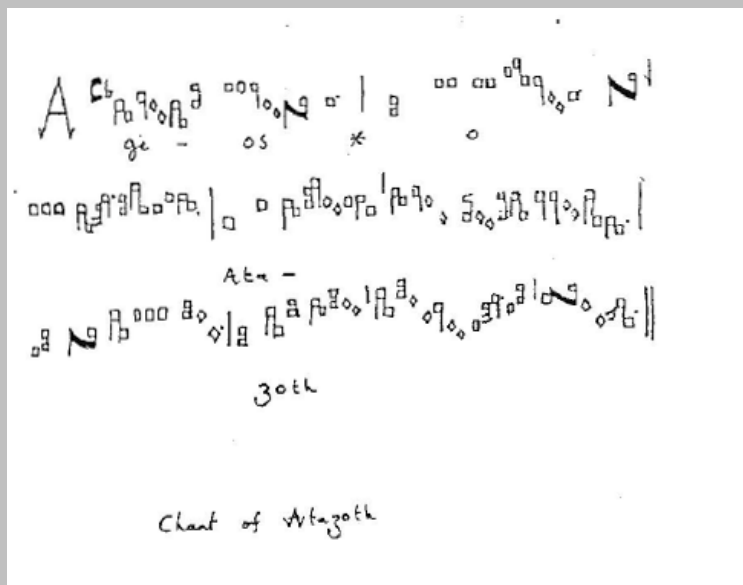
Therefore it is up to the reader of texts, articles, books, and other items, about ESchant to check the accuracy of such third-party items by comparing them to one of the following: (1) this archive, (2) the ONA issued pdf *The Requisite ONA*, (3) stand-alone facsimile copies of NAOS.

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DarkLogos
Order of Nine Angles
122 yfayen



Images From Naos

Esoteric Chant as a Magickal Technique

I - The Modes:

The seven Greek modes correspond to the spheres of the septenary (see Appendix I) as follows: Lydian - Jupiter; Phrygian - Saturn; Dorian - Moon; Mixolydian - Venus; Hypodorian (or Aeolian) - Mercury; Hypolydian - Sun; Hypophrygian (or Ionian) - Mars.

The modes used in esoteric chant are the 'Gregorian' or plainchant ones and these are related, according to tradition, to the spheres and thus the Greek modes thus: Moon - mode IV; Mercury - mode VI; Venus - mode V; Sun - modes VII/VIII; Mars - mode III; Jupiter - Mode I; Saturn - mode II.

Hence, if a piece of chant is sung correctly in, for example, mode IV, then such a chant will be a re-presentation of the energies or forces associated with the appropriate sphere - in this case Moon/Nox. Such energies may be used in the manner of magick to: a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing; b) be directed

used in the manner of magick to: a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing; b) be directed by will and visualization* for a specific aim appropriate to the sphere; c) to used to alter (via the acausal) the world itself.

Thus, esoteric chant is a form of magickal ritual - and a hitherto secret one.

(b) and (c) above usually require two cantors singing a fourth apart in parallel (for dark/destructive workings) or a fifth apart (for constructive workings). (a) is usually undertaken by one individual and is internal magick.

II - Chant Examples: Spheres

The following are used as part of a specific hermetic ritual. Details concerning the form of this ritual are given in Part III below.

* For visualization techniques see Appendix II.

Those who wish to master the art of magickal vibration should practice regularly, particularly within large resonant buildings, gradually increasing their ability of breath control and the power of the sound itself. Correctly used, short vibrations can startle people and render them immobile for some seconds. In certain circumstances, a powerful vibration can kill.

2) Magickal Chant:

Magickal chant is essentially monophonic and for this reason is generally (when it is written down at all) represented in Gregorian notation - as distinct from the 'blob' notation used in modern music.

Magickal chant is sung unaccompanied in one of the seven fundamental (or Greek) modes - Lydian, Dorian and so on, the modes themselves being representations of septenary forces as described by the septenary Tree of Life and the correspondences associated with it. There are three basic ways of performing this chant - by a solo cantor; by several voices in unison and by two cantors (or choirs) singing 'vox principalis' and 'vox organalis' a fourth or fifth apart as in organum.

The music of this type of chant is similar to Gregorian chant sung in proportional rhythm and the texts used are

usually magickal invocations or calls.

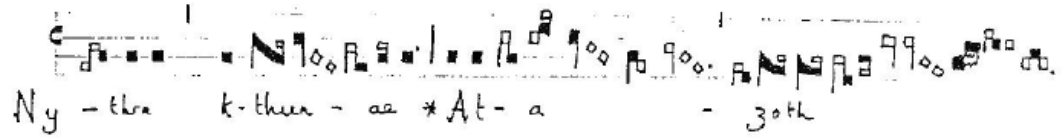
Magickal chant of this type is used for three purposes - first, as keys to the Abyss or to open various acausal Gates (as, for example, their use in the Nine Angles rite to return the Dark Gods to Earth); second, as a means of producing magickal change in the world and individuals since certain chants are regarded as possessing special power if sung correctly; third, to provide a framework which some individuals may use to presence on a day to day basis through such traditional forms as the Promethean Office, those aspects of the acausal which have been named variously as Physis and Tao.

The first two of these have often been considered to belong to the Left Handed Path, since they generally invoke/create various chthonic or dark/negative forces in consciousness, while the third has hitherto been used almost exclusively by those Adepts who, having passed the Abyss, live according to their inner wisdom.

An example of the first of these types is given below -

the Abyss, live according to their inner wisdom.

An example of the first of these types is given below -
as used in the rite to return the Dark God Atazoth to
Earth.

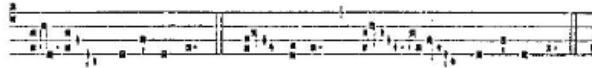


A handwritten musical score on a single staff. The notation consists of various rhythmic symbols, including vertical stems, horizontal lines, and small squares, some of which are grouped together. Below the staff, the lyrics are written in a cursive hand: "Ny - the k - then - ae * At - a - 3oth". The asterisk is placed above the 'A' in "At".

Moon



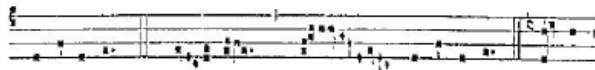
Ag-i-os * ka-bei-ri Ag-i-os




ka-bei-ri Ag-i-os ka-bei-ri




Ag-i-os ka-bei-ri Ag-i-os




ka-bei-ri Ag-i-os ka-bei-ri Ag-i-



ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i- os ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i-



os ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i-o-os

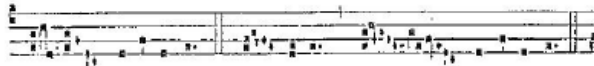


ka-ba-i-ri . Ag-i- os *

Maon



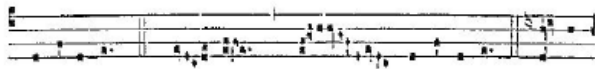
Ag-i-os * ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-os




ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-os . ka-bei-ri




Ag-i- os ka-bei-ri Ag-i- os



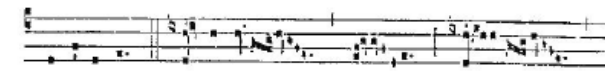
ka-bei-ri . Ag-i- os ka-bei-ri . Ag-i-



ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i- os ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i-



os ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i-o-os



ka-be-i-ri . Ag-i- os *



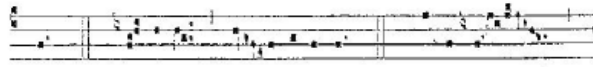
ka-be-i-ri

Agios Kabiri

Mercury



Ag-i-os hu-i-far Ag-i-os hu-i-far



. Ag-i-os hu-i-far. Ag-i-os




hu-i-far.


[Note: repeat five times]

Agios huicifer

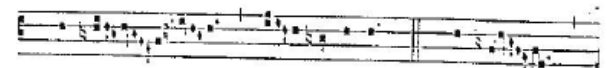
Venus



Ag-i-os * e - lu-tro-das Ag-i-os



e - lu-tro-das. Ag-i-os e - lu-tro-das.



Ag-i - os e - lu-tro-das. Ag-i - os



e - lu-tro-das. Ag-i - os e - lu-tro-das.

e - lu-tro-des. Ag-i-os e-lu-tro-des.



Ag-i-os e-lu-tro-des. Ag-i-os



e - lu-tro-des. Ag-i-os



* e - lu-tro-des.

Agios Eutrodes

See



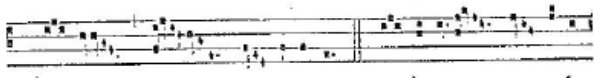
Ag-i-os * o-la-nos . Ag-i-os




o-la-nos . Ag-i-os o-la-nos . Ag-



i- os o-la-nos . Ag-i-os o-la-nos .



Ag-i - os o-la-nos . Ag-i-os o-la-



ad. Ag-i-os o-ge-nd. Ag-i-os *



o-ge-nd.

Agios Oge-nd

Mars



Ag-i-os. * Al-as-to-ros. Ag-



i-os Al-as-to-ros. Ag-i-



os Al-as-to-ros. Ag-i-os



Al-as-to-ros.

**

Af-as-to-ros.

Agios Alastoros

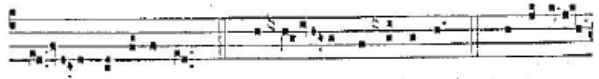
Jupiter



Ag-i-os* Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nel.



Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-



os Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os



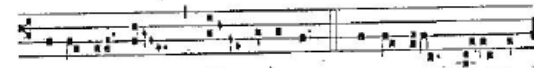
Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os Ba-pha-nel. Ag-i-os

Ba-pho-nat. Ag-i-os Ba-pho-nat. Ag-i-os

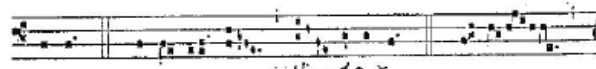


Agios Baphomet

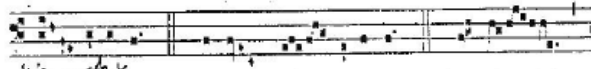
Saturn



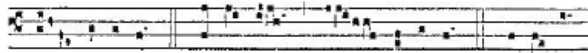
Ag-i-os * Vin-dax Ag-i-os Vin-



dax Ag-i-os Vin-dax Ag-i-os



Vin-dax Ag-i-os Vin-dax Ag-i-os



Handwritten musical notation on three staves. The first staff contains the lyrics "vin-dex Ag-i-os vin-dex Ag-i-os". The second staff contains "vin-dex Ag-i-os vin-". The third staff contains "dex".

Agios
Vindex

III - Ritual:

The chant appropriate to the sphere should be regarded as the key to the working.

For destructive/dark workings, the time should be sunrise at new moon; for constructive work, sunset at full moon. The best place for workings is outdoors either on hill-tops or in glades.

The rite is begun by those attending vibrating according to tradition and three times: a) Agios o Atazoth for 'dark' workings; b) Agios o Baphomet for other workings. The cantor then incenses with incense appropriate to the sphere at each of the seven points thus:



The path described by these points must be walked by the cantor while incensing, followed by the other participants, if any.

The incenses are: Moon - Petriochor; Mercury - Sulphur;

the cantor while incensing, followed by the other participants, if any.

The incenses are: Moon - Petricor; Mercury - Sulphur; Venus - Sandalwood; Sun - Oak; Mars - Musk; Jupiter - Civit; Saturn - Henbane.

While this is being undertaken the following should be chanted: a) Aperiatur et germinet Atazoth or, for constructive workings: b) Ad Gaia qui laetificat juventutem meam.

The key chant (see Part II) is then sung twice in succession. If more than one person is undertaking the ritual then this should be sung in fourths (for dark workings) or fifths (for other workings) while those singing visualize the intent of the rite being accomplished according to the principles of hermetic magick.

Prior practice of singing the chant (without the visualization) is essential, since the chant is only magickally useful if sung correctly. The visualization should be as concise as possible and according to a pattern agreed by the participants before the ritual. It is possible to use sigilization instead of visualization: the sigil being prepared beforehand and 'consecrated/

charged' according to tradition, the sigil being burnt by one of the participants during the singing of the key chant.

The following table gives the type of work appropriate to each sphere:

Moon	Terror and sinister knowledge
Mercury	Indulgence and transformation(s)
Venus	Ecstasy and Love
Sun	Vision and understanding
Mars	Destruction and sacrifice
Jupiter	Wisdom and wealth
Saturn	Chaos

IV - Method of Singing:

The essence of esoteric performance is for the chant to be sung slowly, each ■ of the plainchant notation representing a modern quaver, more

The essence of esoteric performance is for the chant to be sung slowly, each ■ of the plainchant notation representing a modern quaver, more or less, depending on the 'mood' of the appropriate sphere.

The pitch of a piece is relative - and depends on what is comfortable for the cantors or group. The rhythm of a particular piece is easy to obtain with practice if it is remembered that a piece is like a wave - rising and falling with measured cadence, in a flowing manner. It is for this reason that Latin (and sometimes Greek) is employed for the texts, since of all languages, they are most appropriate to monophonic chant. The accent is generally placed on the upbeat, though exceptions exist.

Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities

In dealing with esoteric - Occult - matters it needs to be remembered that they by their very nature are obscured or hidden from ordinary, causal (mundane), perception and understanding. That they belong to or describe a type of phenomena or a type of world (or aspects of existence) which most people do not normally interact with, have knowledge of, or are seldom aware of.

Thus, when we consider a matter such as entities - living beings - existing or dwelling in what we term the acausal continuum, then it is to be expected that they will exist, and will behave, in a way different from such living beings that we normally interact with in our own causal continuum. That is, that they may possess qualities which beings living in our causal phenomenal world do not.

For example, do such acausal entities as the ONA esoteric tradition mentions possess the quality, the behaviour, we describe as biological gender, and which gender we ascribe to most living beings in the causal (with some exceptions, such as monomorphic life). Or is our biological notion of gender irrelevant to such acausal beings? Also, do such acausal entities have the quality, the behaviour, we describe as discrete singularity so that, for example, they have a distinct body separate from other bodies and thus occupy a finite Space at certain specific moments of causal Time?

These questions further raise the issue of language - of how we describe them or denote them by some name, and whether the grammar we have developed is apt in the case of such acausal entities. For

instance, is a word such as Noctulius a male or a female name? Ditto with Satanus. Or is a name such as Kabeiri that of a single entity or of a plurality of such entities? Is Satanus, for example, even a name in the normal grammatical sense – that is, a proper name? If so, is it singular or plural? Thus, is it correct or necessary to apply the rules of ordinary grammar – such as declension – to such a descriptive word? If not, what does that mean in respect of how the name is used, for instance in some chant to esoterically invoke such an entity?

This raises general questions about the nature of both language and grammar. Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable?

What also has to be considered is that the ONA uses certain words in an esoteric way – with a specialized Occult meaning – so that words such as archetype and nexion and psyche have specific esoteric meanings [1] over and above, or instead of, their accepted common exoteric usage. Thus, and for example, a word such as Satanus may have an esoteric (*batin*) meaning and an exoteric (*dhir*) meaning – with the *dhir* meaning referring to what mundanes understand as Satan (a particular male causal and demonic form), and the *batin* meaning referring to what ONA initiates understand as an acausal (non-temporal, non-causally defined) entity Satanus who/which can shapeshift and who/which exists (when in the acausal) outside of our limited (causal) categories such as male/female, singular/plurality, and past/present/future.

Hence, the accepted exoteric understanding of, and/or the appearance of some-thing – such as a name or chant – is not necessarily a guide to or an indication of its esoteric meaning, its use, or its efficacy in terms of sorcery. [2]

Gender, Plurality and Acausality

To begin to answer questions relating to the nature of acausal beings – assuming we can answer them in a satisfactory manner – the nature of our (esoterically posited) acausal continuum should be understood.

As mentioned in another MS:

” In simple – exoteric – terms, the acausal is a naturally existing part of the Cosmos, and merely the realm or realms or continuum where acausal energy exists, and which acausal energy is a-causal in nature. That is, propagation of this energy does not, or need not, take a certain amount of causal Time, and does not involve, or may not involve, traversing a certain causal distance. Thus none of Newton’s laws apply, just as causal theories such as those of entropy or so-called ‘chaos’ do not apply.”

One important aspect of the acausal is the nature of acausal Time. Being a-causal means that there is no causal linearity – no past, present, or future – and thus no simple cause-and-effect. Instead, one quality of acausal Time is simultaneity, and one aspect or manifestation of acausal Time (in the causal) is what has been termed synchronicity.

In causal Space-Time (the causal continuum) an event is described as occurring at a point or region (a specific place) in Space, which can be represented by various geometric coordinates (Euclidean, or spherical, or metrical) [3]. This event occurs at a specific moment of causal Time, and may or may not last for a measured duration of causal Time.

Thus, a spacecraft en route from Earth to the planet Mars is said to be in a specific place or position (a region of Space between Earth and Mars) at a specific moment of causal Time, with this position changing in both Space and in causal Time as the spacecraft moves toward Mars, and with causal Time measured most usually in durations deriving from the orbit of the Earth around the Sun and from the rotation of the Earth itself. Thus, the spacecraft’s position is measured in relation to other objects in the causal and fixed in moments of linear Time with there being an accepted progression from a past moment (a past position) to where it is ‘now’ and where it will be predicated to be at some future point in

causal Time.

In the same manner, we – as separate individuals – fix or describe ourselves in relation to causal Space and causal Time. That is, in relation to objects, to living beings, around us and in relation to our own causally-measured events and change: for example our progression from birth in terms of measured years (our age).

However, in acausal Space-Time, there is no separation of Space and no flow of Time from past to future, so an object or a living acausal being cannot have a fixed position and cannot be located in a moment of (causal) Time. Indeed, objects as we ideate them simply do not exist, just as motion as we perceive or understand it does not exist. Likewise, we may conceive – in our limited causal terms – of a past acausal event (were there such a thing) having a future cause.

Which all imply that acausal entities are not material and not discrete objects, but rather what we may conceive of as types of (or variations in or patterns of) acausal energy, formless and timeless, and able to translocate to anywhere in the acausal continuum instantaneously and exist (or be manifest) in various acausal locations simultaneously. Hence, they have no gender as we perceive and understand gender and are neither singular nor plural, since singular and plural imply causality (a causal separation) in terms of both Time and Space, although if we view them causally they are or can be both singular and plural at the same time.

It is some of these patterns of acausal energies that can – and which, according to aural tradition, have – egressed into our causal continuum and assumed a variety of causal forms. Why so egressed? Because there are nexions which join the causal to the acausal. We, as causal life-forms, are one type of nexion, with some physical nexions existing – regions in the Cosmos where the causal continuum is joined with the acausal continuum. Given the longevity of such patterns of acausal energies (viewed in terms of our causal Time) – their ‘immortal’ nature – it is natural some of them have travelled to or rather have been presented here, among us.

Note that these patterns of acausal energies (these acausal beings) are distinct from the acausal energy that is or rather becomes Life (in the causal) and which animates all causal living beings and makes them a nexion (of varying types) to the acausal. That is, they are only one particular species of such acausal energies.

According to aural tradition – and to be believed or not according to one’s inclination - there are indications that the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Satan, like all such entities known to us, is a shapeshifter (being fluidic in nature and able to shape/form causal matter) and has a propensity to assume a male form when presented or manifest in our causal realm, as the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Baphomet has, according to aural tradition, a propensity to assume a female form when presented or manifest in our causal realm. Why?

The answer relates to how we have hitherto perceived – or needed to perceive – such entities, and how the development of dark-empathy and acausal-knowing (the skills of an Adept and beyond) cultivate an esoteric perception. Indeed, what is known as The Passing of The Abyss – and thus the achievement of the Grade beyond Internal Adept – is when there is a perception and a knowing beyond our causal opposites and all causal forms, and beyond causal Time and causal Space. That is, a knowing of the acausal as the acausal is, and thence possibly an interaction with acausal energies and acausal beings as those energies and such beings are.

This knowing is currently beyond our ordinary languages to describe, with even this advanced esoteric knowing being but a beginning, given our potential as beings.

Esoteric Chant as Language

Esoteric chant is one means we have of describing such acausal entities – such acausal life-forms – beyond ordinary language. That is, esoteric chant [4] is one way – although not a perfect way – to try and describe such entities beyond our current languages with their dependence upon causality and their assumptions regarding objects and subjects and gender.

Thus, the 'name' of an acausal entity is not some bland written or spoken word, but rather what occurs – what is manifest (felt, experienced) – when the specific chant appropriate to that entity is performed in a certain way. Only with such esoteric chant as Art is the entity 'named'. Thus, Satanus is not the (gender specific) 'name' of a particular acausal entity known to us; rather, a specific esoteric chant performed in a certain way in a specific location during a specific alchemical season (or causal moment therein) re-presents, or 'names', that entity to us, as causal beings. Hence, there is no error, and no omission, when a given word is used in a manner which seems to contradict grammatical rules, and sans declension.

In general, esoteric chant – far more so in some ways than good poetry in relation to ordinary language – intimates something beyond the exoteric content and the exoteric (the accepted) meaning. Thus, a good poem might use words in such a way that, for example, the accepted rules of grammar may be broken in order to suggest something beyond what the words used would mean in an ordinary grammatically correct sentence. Or, like Aeschylus, the poet might omit the article and manufacture some new compound word in order to hint at a certain meaning.

With esoteric chant, the words – being chanted most often by cantors in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart – become more than words read or spoken with their usual (exoteric) meaning. That is, when so used in such a way by sentient living beings they become a specific esoteric work of Art, the living alchemy that is sorcery. For sorcery, as I have mentioned elsewhere, is a combination of various aspects, the most necessary and important of which are sentient living beings, for it is these living beings who can access the acausal (and thus acausal energies) by virtue of already being nexions because of being sentient life-forms.

Thus, a ritual chant such as "Suscipe, Satanus, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex" is not the mere saying of the words, or even 'singing' the words in a normal exoteric way. It is either a vibration done by one or more individuals, or more usually an esoteric chant performed by several cantors singing in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart, or sometimes a fourth apart. In a vibration – as with esoteric chant – the parts of each 'word' are usually distinct, so that for instance Satanus is Sa—tan—as, spread over a certain period of causal Time, with a certain pitch/intensity, and which in vibration or chant lasts much longer than a normal (exoteric) saying of the word. Given that specific ritual chants are associated with specific Modes and with a specific type of chanting in specific resonant places (and often in association with a crystal tetrahedron) its alchemical nature – symbolized by the term (not the name) Atazoth – should be discernible, when correctly performed.

Hence, esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities. Thus do we come to know their 'names'.

Note that this language is not 'communicating with some entity' and not us trying to communicate with some acausal entity. It is just some human beings communicating among themselves in a particular esoteric way sans ordinary words (and their exoteric meanings) and indeed sans ordinary thought, in order to extend the range of their being. To manifest a supra-personal (or collective) identity – to become a collocation of living nexions – beyond their own individual (causal) identity and form, and which manifestation brings-into-being (or can bring-into-being) certain esoteric knowledge and which can also be used to presence acausal energies in the causal.

Hence there is nothing really mysterious or 'magical' about it. It is just one technique, one method, among many esoteric techniques, methods – and one which has an aural tradition.

One other technique to so 'name' such entities is perhaps worth mentioning. This is TSG – the (advanced form of) The Star Game. That is, the movement – the flow, the fluxion or change – of certain pieces over certain boards over a certain period of causal Time is a re-presentation of one particular collocation of acausal energy which has acquired a word (an exoteric name) in an historical attempt to describe it. Here, the player works in symbiosis with the fluxion of pieces to move beyond causal Thought, causal denoting, to that acausal-knowing which reveals an aspect of acausal as it is.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] Some of the words having specific esoteric meaning and ONA associations are given in the text *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, the latest version of which is 3.03 (122yf).

[2] Here is a simple (if somewhat long-winded) example of some assumptions underlying language and grammar. The sentence, "Anton Long walked into the library..." implies many things.

Here, there is a distinct subject, given the proper name AL, and which subject 'walks' (moves toward) an object, named as a library.

Among the assumptions of the simple sentence are : (1) that an entity named AL exists (fictionally or otherwise, and most probably human); (2) that AL by the stated name has a gender; (3) that there is an object of type different from AL which is named 'library'; (4) that this object 'library' is spatially separated from the object named AL (that is, is not the same as AL); (5) that it takes a duration of causal Time for AL to 'walk' into or toward this library; (6) that this library is an object with certain qualities – a building, and contains certain other objects such as books.

Had the sentence read "The Longs walk into the library," we assume that these Longs are a plurality of beings with the name (a surname) whose gender is currently unknown unless some context or more information is supplied, and that these beings (whoever or whatever they are) are moving through causal Time and causal Space toward a distinct and separate object.

Had the sentence read "Long presences in the library," we might have cause for pause, until we know what 'presences' mean. Does it mean a movement through causal Time and causal Space? Or might it mean something like the science-fiction concept of teleportation? Also, which singular Long presences? And is this singular entity male or female – Mr or Ms Long?

Had the sentence read "Longs presence in the library," we assume more than one being named Long presences, in the present, just as "Longs were presented in the library," assumes that this occurred in some causal past.

Now, if we have a sentence such as "Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex," just what is implied or assumed by us? We have, apparently, two names – Vindex and Satanas.

The obvious – the simple – question is whether or not Vindex is a name or a term and if a name then (as exoteric usage of Vindex might suggest) male, since the female form would be something such as *Vengerisse*. But is Vindex used here esoterically (or being redefined), so that the name or the term Vindex can refer to either someone male or someone female and therefore is not, as a name or term, gender specific? Certainly it is.

The somewhat less simple question refers to the word Satanas. Is this a name or a term (that is a term for some causal form)? If a name, is it or must it be gender specific? If a term, is it used esoterically to refer to the causal form assumed temporarily by an acausal entity, and which entity may or may not have a causal gender and may or may not be singular entity or a plurality of entities more aptly described by a type of unformed, non-spatially referenced (acausal, dispersed, unlinear) energy?

[3] By metrical here is meant the metric of four-dimensional Space-Time often described by tensorial equations such as those relating to Riemannian space.

[4] It should be noted that the esoteric modal chants given in *Naos* (as first published in 1989 CE) – and the chants given in the *Black Book of Satan – Part 1 Exoteric Principles* (as first published in 1983 CE) – are, according to aural accounts, traditional parts of the septenary system, of unknown date and

belonging to the Camlad group, and thus pre-date the esoteric association given the name ONA, in the early 1970's CE, by at least four or five decades, if not far more.

Some Notes Concerning Language, Abstractions, and Nexions

Introduction

In an earlier essay dealing with esoteric chant and notions of gender in respect of acausal entities, I posed the question:

" Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable? " *Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities*

I went on to suggest that, currently and when dealing with most living beings, the English language mostly assumes a gender, a separation of beings and a distinction (usually based on causal Time and Space) between subject and object, so that for example the simple sentence 'Anton Long walked into the library...' imparts a certain type of knowing. In this case, of there existing a specific singular living entity named Anton Long who/which is different in type from 'the library', and who/which is most probably of the male gender, and who/which was initially separated in causal Space from 'the library'.

In that essay I also suggested that the Esoteric Chant of ONA aural tradition was one better means of describing and naming certain acausal entities than ordinary language, and thus enabled in us a type of knowing - an acausal-knowing - different from the causal knowing described by language and causal sciences:

" Esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities."

As intimated in the aforementioned essay, Esoteric Chant is but one traditional means, albeit a still imperfect one, of communicating beyond ordinary language, and a means which does not necessarily depend on causality, on assumptions regarding a division between objects and subjects, and assumptions concerning gender. That is, which does not depend on the process of ideation and thus on abstractions.

Other esoteric means of communication, sans causal abstractions, include The Advanced Star Game and Esoteric-empathy.

Abstractions, Language, and Nexions

[Language and Meaning](#)

An ordinary - exoteric - language is simply an established, shared, and structured means of verbal and written communication employed by human beings, and which structure involves words/marks and their placement in a particular sequence or association normally referred to as a sentence, and which sentence usually conveys or expresses a particular meaning dependant upon how the words/marks composing it are understood by reference to what they denote, with there being an accepted, a shared, understanding of what such specific denoting refers to.

Which is to say that such communication to a great extent is dependant on an accepted and a shared understanding of what particular words/marks denote. Furthermore, such denoting - and an accepted and a shared understanding of what particular words/marks denote - is often, in its genesis and application, germane to a particular community or communities, expressing their shared and often ancestral *pathei-mathos*, such that their language expresses and sometimes defines their shared values and culture.

This process of denoting, of a shared and accepted understanding of what is being denoted, and of a structure to convey meaning, is rather beautifully and simply expressed in Euclid's *Elements*, where each word and mark used are first defined, where all axioms are explained, and with each proposition - each particular sequence or association of words/marks - being proved (assigned meaning) by the use of formal logic. [1]

Hence Euclid established a particular language - that of geometry and by, extension, of mathematics. This language conveys meaning to those who have studied it, with part of this meaning relating to the phenomenal world we perceive by means of our physical senses. That is, using such a Euclidean language - and mathematical languages deriving from or similar to it - we have acquired a certain knowledge of the phenomenal world.

But this raises interesting questions common to all exoteric languages including mathematical ones. One of which questions concerns the meaning of the knowing we acquire from or impart by means of such languages, and another of which questions concerns what knowledge itself is or of. In addition, the denoting of things - and the understanding of what particular words/marks denote - may and often does vary from language to language, so that one word in one language may at best only be approximated by a word or a collocations of words of another language.

Thus, is the knowing that a language describes and communicates appearance or reality? Is it just information about some-thing or apprehension of the being and the nature of some-thing?

To give a simple example, we can by using the Euclidean language - or a mathematical language deriving from or similar to it - acquire a certain knowledge of the phenomenal world so that we can measure and thus 'know' the height of a tree, compare that height with other trees, determine the distance between trees, and measure and thus 'know' how trees have grown. In addition, we can by means of other exoteric languages come to 'know' practical information like the tree we measure is named an oak tree and not a pine. But all these types of knowing/information do not mean we 'know', we understand, the tree (assuming, as we esoteric folks incline to believe, that it is possible to 'understand' a tree). We thus separate the oak from the pine by appearance and qualities we assign to both, and denote both as a type of being named 'tree' and which type of being is different in causal Space and causal Time from us (separate from us) and also different from 'our type of being' which we denote by a word such as human.

Similarly, we separate ourselves from other human beings by naming, by appearance, and often by qualities or attributes we or others assign to 'us' and 'them'; a separation that exoteric languages often encourage with such constructs as subject-object and inclusion-exclusion.

Suffice - for conciseness - to say that the knowing acquired or communicated by exoteric language is limited, and acknowledgement of this limitation is one reason, historically, for the development of Occult Arts. Our own Occult Art - the Esoteric Art that is The Order of Nine Angles - leads us to conclude that there are two ways of knowing:

(1) the causal, conveyed by ordinary language and dependant upon (a) what words/marks/symbols denote, and/or (b) what is understood by such denoting; and/or on (c) what we observe by our physical senses, and/or on (d) what we deduce or extrapolate or assume from such denoting and such observations;

(2) the esoteric, or acausal, knowing, and which knowing we may attempt to describe and convey by (a) using words/marks/symbols already in use in exoteric languages, or (b) appropriate and redefine or manufacture some new words/marks/symbols; but which knowing such exoteric languages and their words/marks/symbols cannot really re-present or convey.

Basically, acausal knowing is the discovery of the being (the nature, the reality) of living beings, while causal knowing is most often (a) information concerning the being of both living beings and non-living 'things', and/or (b) assumptions and ideations about or concerning living beings and 'things'.

Thus, to truly know a being is to have both acausal knowledge of it and causal information concerning it.

In many ways the ONA is unique in that we have several languages - some new, some traditional - to describe and convey such acausal knowledge. Among our esoteric languages are, as mentioned previously, The Star Game and Esoteric-empathy.

Esoteric Languages

An esoteric language is basically a particular means of communication dependant on certain esoteric (Occult) skills/abilities, and which language is often non-verbal in nature and often employs symbols (as in The Star Game) or affective aliquantals [2] of acausal energy (as in Esoteric-empathy).

As with ordinary language, such languages involve a denoting and an accepted, a shared, understanding of what such specific denoting refers to. In addition, an esoteric language can, if correctly employed, function simultaneously on two levels - the affective and the effective; that is, the acausal and the causal. The effective level is that of communication between sentient human beings where meaning is exchanged; while the affective level is that of transforming/changing/developing (mostly of consciousness, of being) in an esoteric (acausal) way the individual or individuals employing the language.

The Star Game (TSG) - by which is meant the advanced form of 'the game' - is, currently, the language, the only language, of acausal-thinking; of thinking not by words but by means of adunations [3], their collocations, and their interaction and changes in four-dimensions, and which interactions of necessity include the 'player' or 'players'.

Thus, the 'sentences' of this particular esoteric language - this language [4] - are not static but rather the movement and the changes [the fluxion] of adunations, with the manner, the arrangement/pattern, of the movement and the changes - and the temporary meanings assigned to the adunations - intimating the 'meaning'/content of a particular sentence in particular moments of causal Time.

Using the language of TSG is, like Esoteric Chant, not only sorcery - internal, external, Aeonic - but also and perhaps more importantly a means to acausal-knowing: to discovering the essences that have become hidden by morality, by abstractions [5] and by the illusion of opposites, and which opposites include the dichotomy of sinister and numinous (light and dark; good and bad) and the illusion of our own separation from the acausal. That is, the language of TSG and other esoteric languages are means to developing our latent faculties, a means to develop new faculties, and a thus a means to aid our evolution as a sentient being and as a species.

How, then, may the esoteric language of TSG be learned? Simply by constructing and using TSG itself,

which was designed to be a large physical structure requiring the individual to physically move around it - that is, interact with its adunations - in three dimensions and over certain (long) durations of causal Time, amounting to many Earth-hours and sometimes many Earth-days.

Esoteric-empathy - that is, the faculty of empathy esoterically developed by certain Occult techniques - is also a new and Occult language; a means for a certain new type of human being, empathes, to communicate in a non-verbal way by an exchange of aliquantals.

How, then, may the esoteric language skills of esoteric-empathy be learned? Currently, only by traditional Rounwytha means such as the extended Rite of Internal Adept lasting two or three alchemical seasons, followed - some causal Time later after the sinister-numinous has/have been affectively and effectively melded (via *pathei-mathos*) within the individual - by the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, lasting for a complete lunar month. How can this newly learned skill be developed? Like any newly acquired skill, through practice.

In an important way, therefore, these new esoteric languages - when learnt and used - are appropriate to the New Aeon, and evolve the consciousness and the understanding of the individual in a manner more advanced than more traditional Occult techniques, such as ceremonial/hermetic ritual and undertaking workings with symbolisms such as the Tree of Wyrð.

Such esoteric languages are, when used, nexions, and so only function - that is, live, have their being; and impart meaning - in and by means of and to living sentient beings such as ourselves. That is, their nature is acausal, presented in sentient beings, and cannot and do not - like the common language of words - represent abstractions. Instead, they may be said to be stages beyond what we now term archetypes, re-presenting as they do - in contrast to archetypes - the unique individuality and sinister-numinous consciousness, the very being, of the unique individuals of a new human species.

The Acausal

Since acausal-knowing is ineluctably a knowing of the acausal, of nexions and their nature - with nexions being connexions between causal and acausal - it is pertinent to enquire about the nature of the acausal.

The ONA conceives of the acausal as a natural part of the living Cosmos, and as such the living acausal - often manifest in sinister-numinous emanations - is not and cannot be an ideation, an abstractive construct. In addition, this acausal part of the Cosmos can be known, experienced, not by our five physical senses and not by devices based on a causal technology, but by our mostly still latent esoteric faculties such as empathy and acausal-thinking, although there remains the possibility of developing an acausal technology - of living devices using acausal energy - which can provide causal information concerning the acausal.

Thus and esoterically the Cosmos is conceived - understood - as the living wholeness of a causal universe and an acausal universe, with the causal universe being the realm of physical matter such as the Earth, stars, planets, and Galaxies.

It is acausal energy which animates physical, causal, matter imbuing such matter with life, and thus it is such acausal energy which is, exoterically, the acausal. Such energy is not, however, comparable to causal energy which is known to propagate in causal Space and which propagation requires a duration of causal Time. Instead, it is (a) the a-spatial matrix of connexions between all living beings, and does not require propagation through causal Space nor require a duration of causal Time to be or become manifest, and (b) that which animates the causal matter of beings giving them the property, the quality, we denote by the word 'life'. Or expressed in somewhat simplistic terms, that acausal is not some realm separate from us as living sentient human entities which we can or possibly could egress into and from, but rather an essential part of us.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] One of the best English texts for those interested in acquainting themselves with the simple beauty of Euclid's *Elements* is still *A Text-book Of Euclid's Elements For The Use of Schools*, in four books, by HS Hall and FH Stevens, first published in 1888 ce.

[2] Aliquantals - often abbreviated to aliquants - implies *a particular amount of* some-thing. The word came into English usage in 1695 ce in a book on Euclid's geometry by William Alingham.

[3] By the term *adunations* is meant some-thing which when placed in its correct relation to other adunations reveals the unity, the whole, of which it and they are a part. From the Latin *adunatus* - ad+unare, to unite, make whole.

Adunations are sinister-numinous symbols [symbols/representations with a sinister-numinous dimension, i.e. having/representing acausal energy] which may be temporarily assigned certain meanings or associations or correspondences. For example, the nine basic adunations [pieces] of TSG are: a(a) a(b) a(c) b(a) b(b) b(c) c(a) c(b) c(c) with each adunation being a combination/amalgam of two sinister-numinous elements. Thus, in Alchemical terms, a is the Alchemical symbol for Salt, b is the Alchemical symbol for Mercury, and c is the Alchemical symbol for Sulphur. Abstractly, a is the Greek letter alpha, b the letter beta, and c gamma. In terms of the Dark Tradition, a is causal space-time; b is where the acausal is present or manifest in the causal (a type of nexion), and c acausal space-time.

The term *adunations* is used here in preference to ordinary terms such as *pieces* and *symbols* in order to express their sinister-numinous nature.

It should be noted that the temporary meanings assigned to the individual elements and thence to each adunation are for comparison and learning only - for such assigned meanings are only exoteric, causal, reflexions of their wordless, symbol-less, acausal essence. An essence discovered by using the adunations as language: that is, by using, 'playing', TSG.

[4] In the interests of clarity, we might - by employing the older Anglo-Norman spelling - term an esoteric language a *langage*.

[5] Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Esoterically, an abstraction has only a causal being and therefore is not a nexion; not a presencings of the sinister-numinous - the unity, the connexions - that sentient life re-presents. Exoterically, an abstraction is neither living nor archetypal; not imbued - does not and cannot presence - the acausal/the sinister-numinous.

Exeatic Joy - Nine Essays in Praise of The Sinister

by
Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles



The Infestation of Homo Hubris

Let us be honest – Homo Hubris is an infestation on planet Earth; a sub-human species suitable for culling individually and on a large scale. For Homo Hubris is fundamentally dross; the product of those de-evolutionary forces and that de-evolutionary ethos which we – who are esoterically adept and who adhere to the Sinister Way – are in revolt against and wish to decimate and destroy and replace with our sinister evolutionary ethos and our new tribal elites.

It is now the propitious time to deal with the infestation, the scourge, that is Homo Hubris: this ill-mannered, vulgar, denizen infesting our cities, our lands. But how are we to effectively deal with this inferior prodigious breeder of everything we detest and revile?

By championing terror, war, disruption, disorder, “crime”, and chaos; by culling them whenever the individual opportunity to do so, undetected, arises. For they are the dross that holds us back from striving to-be, to live, among the stars of our and of other Galaxies; the dross who by their lack of taste, lack of manners, lack of excellence, lack of individual character, undermine and destroy what is of excellence and of sinister numinosity. They – and those who have encouraged them and need them as a basis, a foundation, for their warped, Magian, messianic dreams – are not only detrimental to our evolution but also a potential destroyer of that life which is our life and which currently dwells upon this Earth and in those dark, vast, formless, acausal spaces which

we of the sinister-kindred feel or know or yearn for.

The sinister reality is that they - they, of Homo Hubris - provide us, now, with a multitude of opportunities - for we can and should mould, shape, use, manipulate, and cull, them for our own, individual, advantage, for the advantage of our sinister-kindred, and in order to further Presence The Dark; using them as expendable nexions, as sources, as fodder, to presence those sinister acausal energies we know, feel, and can use and control in order to bring-into-being our Dark Imperium and what that form will lead to.

Those who understand - who feel - such things understand, and feel, the essence of our dark and sinister Way. Those who do not understand, who do not feel as we do that the culling, the manipulation, of such dross is both acceptable and necessary, are not-of-us: not of that Darkness which infuses us and which we seek and which we again and again strive to presence in ourselves, in others and in and upon this planet which is currently our dwelling and our temporary home.

For we despise, detest, the mundanes - they who are not of us; they who lack our visions, our dreams, our dark sinister and ultimately supra-personal Cosmic desire; which desire leads us to strive to be more than we are, and which makes us individual rebels against all authority and all those causal forms that hold the mundanes and their Magian controllers in thrall. And the worst of the mundanes are Homo Hubris, who are in essence a detestable de-evolution of that species mis-named Homo Sapiens Sapiens; the worst of the worst: and thus on a par with their Magian controllers: those who have engineered them and who have a vested interest in their continuing de-evolution.

Thus do we invoke Baphomet: the Dark Mistress and our Mother, of Blood, The Primal Dark One: our symbol of bloody slaughter, renewal, rebirth, and of Joy. Thus do we invoke Vindex, the dark Avenger and destroyer of the Old Order; our symbol of retribution and of new and wyrdful beginnings. Thus do we invoke Satan, Father and Master of Chaos, Disorder, Laughter, and of Crime; our symbol of rebellion and of our quintessential outlaw-ish, piratical nature. Thus do we invoke the Primal Darkness itself, beyond all our limited causal Earth-bound forms: bringer, genesis, of all that makes us more than human and which inspires us, can inspire us, to make real such visions as can transform and evolve us and take us out to live among the stars and Galaxies of the Cosmos.

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The War Against The Mundanes

The reality of these our causal-times is that we are at war with the mundanes, and this war is both a practical one, and an esoteric one involving our Dark, esoteric, Arts.

One of the reasons for this war is that we are in direct conflict because the aims of the mundanes are mundane, while our aims are a manifestation of the sinister-numen. Another reason is that the mundanes have constructed tyrannical systems - governments, government agencies (such as the Police), and societies - which now exist to enforce and ensure, by the threat or the use of physical force, mundane-ness, and which tyrannical systems demand and enforce the collection of taxes in order to perpetuate their own mundane tyrannical existence. Another reason is that the mundanes have manufactured lifeless, un-numinous, abstractions - ideas, theories, *-isms* and *-ologies* - which enshrine mundane-ness and which abstractions keep the majority in thrall.

In essence, the mundanes are Earth-bound, sunk into the mire of materialism, and wallowing in undisciplined emotions and greedy self-indulgence, while we aspire to be more than we are, to evolve, and desire to control ourselves, to master ourselves, and seek to leave our childhood home which is this planet Earth: to seed ourselves among the star-systems of our Galaxy; to create entirely new ways of living and to have the freedom, the space, the territory, to explore, to discover, to dwell and live as we wish.

Thus do we seek out, and come to revel in, the sinister-numen and its manifestation as our Dark, esoteric, Arts, and thus do we seek to test ourselves, to take ourselves to and beyond our human limits. Thus do we come to despise the restrictions of the morality of the mundanes, and all their laws and all their mechanisms of people-control - practical, physical; and of the mind - which helps ensure the docility of the tax-paying masses.

We despise the way the mundanes have meekly surrendered what should be their numinous individuality to abstract systems such as The State, and thus allow The State, some government, some impersonal authority, to decide what "justice" is and what is lawful and unlawful. We despise this because we know - we feel - that no one, no System, no government, no State, no supra-personal authority, has any right to presume and assume control of us; no right to usurp and take away our individual judgement by replacing what is only and ever numinously personal by some abstract law which they in their mundaneness have manufactured.

For us - in contrast to the mundanes - it is our natural right, our evolved duty, to take control of our own lives; to be responsible for ourselves, in the immediacy of the moment and beyond. Thus, our way is the way of individual, personal, honour - of dealing with matters in our own way and directly, person-to-person. For we know - we feel - that such self-discipline and such self-control as arises from upholding our law of personal honour is an evolution, a liberation, of ourselves, and represents the true freedom that the tyrannical systems of the mundanes do deny us and have denied us.

Thus we know - we feel - that it is up to us, as individuals, to judge others in the immediacy of the moment; through personal knowing of others. Thus do we scorn and reject the notion of judging others according to each and every abstraction - each and every -ism and -ology - which the mundanes have manufactured and which they themselves in their stupidity and their mundaneness use to judge others.

Thus we know - we feel - that it is up to us, as individuals to defend ourselves, to equip ourselves for defence, and to seek recompense and vengeance from those who may have harmed us: that it is our right, our evolved duty, to dispense - to be - justice. Our safety, and justice, resides in us, as evolved individuals strengthened in thought, understanding and in deed by the sinister-numen. Our safety does not depend upon some mundane Police force, just as true, numinous, justice does not reside in some mundane Court of Law or in some manufactured abstract Law: it resides in individuals such as us, in people of our honourable, sinister-numinous, kind.

Thus, for us, personal honour is a practical manifestation of the sinister-numen; for us, honour is the law of the New Aeon which we seek, through our aims, our deeds, our sinister Dark Arts, to bring-into-being. Thus, for us, personal honour is a presencing of those evolutionary, those acausal, energies which can change us into a higher type, a new species, of human being.

Thus, for us, our sinister-numinous tribes are an appropriate, a necessary, way to live - for such tribes are where personal honour can live and thrive; where we ourselves - where our kind - can live and thrive and evolve, free from the restraints, the abstractions, the morality, of the mundanes, and free, liberated from, from the tyranny of States and governments.

Thus we, and our tribes - we, The Drecc - are at war with the mundanes, and with their States and governments, desiring as we do to replace the tyranny of mundane abstractions by our sinister-numen, and desiring as we do to replace their States and governments, and their laws, by our new tribal way of life based on our law of the sinister-numen, which law of ours is personal honour.

The Law of The Sinister-Numen

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone - mundane, or one of our own kind - who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty - as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour ("I swear by my honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

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Acausal Darkness

In essence, The Dark Tradition is concerned with personal and supra-personal change; with evolution to higher forms; with the creation of a new type of human being.

To do this, we need vision; we need to feel the Satanic spirit of defiance and joy - the dark acausal - within us. We need challenges; we need tests; we need to accept and become that force of Nature, of the very Cosmos, which selects through weeding out the mundanes: those who are content; those whose spirit is inertial instead of promethean.

The simple truth is that we of The Dark Tradition represent, and re-present, the Chaos that is acausal and which is the genesis of evolution toward higher forms and a higher existence, while the others - the mundanes - represent and are the stultifying normality of the ponderous causal, and/or represent and are what is de-evolutionary.

The stark acausal reality is that the mundanes are either expendable, or are at their best raw material to be motivated toward change. We present them with both this possibility of change - toward a higher, sinister, existence - and with the practical chaos, terror and heresy which serves to remind them of who and what they really are. For, as has been written:

“It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”.

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be - for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is - and always will be until

it evolves to become something else - raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death. their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever.”

The very Cosmos itself is change; a fluxion of causal and acausal. Our change - as human beings at this moment in our history, and currently and mostly bound as we are to the causal - is to leave our childhood home, this planet, and expand outward to explore the stars and planets of our galaxy, to discover, to test ourselves, to find challenges great enough to change us in their overcoming; for it is this leaving - this growing to maturity - which will be the practical breeding ground of a new, higher, human species.

It is this vision - of such a change, of such challenges, of such a new human species - which suffuses the ONA, its inner Aeonick magick, its mythos, its nexions, its associates, and those intrepid individuals inspired by any or all of these.

It is lack of such a vision - a lack of inner acausal darkness; a lack of Satanic ethos - which distinguishes the Old Order, bound as this Old Order is to this planet, and bound as it is to satisfying the craving for safety and law which the mundanes, the normals, in their simian-like existence crave.

Everything that enables the achievement of this grand dark vision of ours is a causal form worth using; while everything that militates against our Cosmic sinister vision - our motivating mythos, our esoteric ethos - is to be despised, countered, and fought.

To change, to evolve, to be of the acausal darkness and thus the genesis of both our individual change and that of others, we need to be, *in a practical and personal way*, and in the words of one sinister Adept “the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge are impossible...” We also need to be our own opposite: to venture between and beyond - we need *to-be* - the causal forms of Good and Evil, Light and Dark, and then treat those forms for the imposters, the illusions they are, to then leave them far behind us, having learnt from them, having grown from and because of them.

Then and only then will we have taken the first leap - beyond the Abyssal Unknown - toward being the genesis, the spawn, of a new higher human species.

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Dark Warriors of The Sinister Way

The simple yet esoteric truth is that we are, or we aspire to be, practical warriors of our dark, Sinister Way, and it is this simple truth which distinguishes us from all other paths, ways, groups, or people, who claim to be, or who in their delusion believe themselves to be, “satanists” and/or practitioners of The Dark Arts.

For to us belong practical sinister, amoral, deeds.

For to us belongs that joyful ecstatic exultation in life that arises when we – as individuals, or as part of our own sinister collective, our own local sinister tribe or group – take ourselves not only to and beyond our limits, physical, and otherwise, but also to and far beyond the limits (moral and otherwise) set by the mundanes and which limits those mundanes have prescribed or ordained by some “law” or other.

For to us belongs that knowing – that feeling – that it is the acausal which animates the causal, and which is the essence of life, of Change, of the sinister itself.

Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mundanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence.

Thus – because of our defiance of death itself – do we and thus should we terrify the mundanes, and thus do the mundanes fear us, and thus do we, with our practical amoral, sinister, deeds, reveal all those of other paths, ways, groups, for the weaklings, the pretentious pseudos, the charlatans, and the pretenders, that they are: mundanes trying to cloak themselves with some of our sinister glamour.

For we are the one who cull, in real life: as a challenge, as a joy; as means of Presencing The Dark, of implementing our personal and our aeonic, dialectic: of Change, Chaos, and evolution.

We are the ones, who because of our practical and our esoteric training, are controlled - in control of ourselves, and of our feelings, our emotions; trained, prepared to, and capable of, directing our dark passion, our vitality, our defiance, our terror and our joy, however and whenever we wish.

We are the ones who seek to challenge ourselves; to change ourselves; to evolve; to transform ourselves into a new type of human being. Thus to us and our sinister kind belong great dreams; great visions; the imagination, the desire, of the explorer; the feral character of the true warrior; the primal rage of the berserker; and the sensitive passion of a lover.

Thus do we - as a sinister kindred, as a sinister collective, as sinister tribes - seek to transgress all the limits set and made by the mundanes and their societies, and thus do we laugh at them, play our sinister games with them, and consider them as our resource, but always ready, willing and able as we are to find those few from among those mundanes who might possess some potential, something of our own sinister nature. Thus will we recruit, train and guide those few who like us dare to defy and who see or who feel the societies of the mudanes for the impersonal tyranny that they are.

Thus are we - as warriors of our dark Sinister Way - honourable with those of our own kind: honourable with our own brothers and sisters, and with those who support us and do not betray us; and thus are we harsh and ruthless with our enemies.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is the practical way of being tough; of being armed, and trained and prepared to fight, to kill, to defend ourselves, and defend those of our own tribe, our own sinister kindred. Our Way is the practical way of being loyal, unto death, to our own kind, of having respect for our kind, and disdain and hatred for our enemies. Our Way is the practical, warrior, way of never, ever, betraying one of our own kind to the mudanes and to their so-called forces of "law and order", and of killing, without hesitation and without remorse, anyone from among us or from our local supporters who does so betray us.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is the Way of those who prefer death to dishonour and who prefer to die fighting rather than having to surrender to any mundane or to the so-called forces of "law and order" of the mundanes.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is to obtain what we need - by whatever means - from the mundanes, and to lose no sleep over so obtaining

what we need to survive, to live, to prosper as we will. Thus do we, thus should we and thus will will, redistribute the wealth, the goods, of our enemies, of the mudanes, to those in the areas where we live who support us and who do not betray us.

Thus are we - by our practical deeds, by our ethos, by our very tribal way of life - distinguished from all other paths, ways, groups, or people, who claim to be, or who in their delusion believe themselves to be, "satanists" and/or practitioners of The Dark Arts

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Satanism - The Epitome of Evil

Let us not be mis-understood: genuine Satanists are evil. They question, seek to know, and they defy. They champion, advocate, and propagate - and most importantly live, as a way of defiance and ecstasy - whatever is genuinely heretical, or forbidden, in the societies of their times. They cause, and strive to cause, Chaos, disruption, revolution, and thus causal Change. They are the fomenters of, and the agents of, evil, of genuine darkness. They are adversarial; agents of genuine human evolution, which evolution only and ever arises from an acceptance of challenges and the application of the Sinister Dialectic: from the direct causal presencing of acausal darkness. They cause harm, disaster, corruption, and death; they bring joy, ecstasy and laughter, but perhaps most of all they bring death - and sometimes, or often, before the due time to those deserving of such an early death: death to those who have shown by their actions that they have a weak character or are a nuisance, or a hindrance to the spread of darkness, to the creation of the new from the destruction, the change, of the old. Genuine Satanists are dangerous people to know; associating with them is a risk. They might get you in trouble with the Police; they might make you into a real "outlaw"; they might bring you to the notice of the Intelligence Services. They are trouble, and their psyche is contagious: and can break others, or bring them misfortune, or drive them toward inner breakdown or even madness.

Their Way, our Way - that of genuine Satanism - is the Way of the self-controlled individual, not the way of sycophancy to, or obedience to, some doctrine or some person or some creed; not the way of those in thrall to their desires, conscious or unconscious. Satanists do not seek to be "understood"

nor accepted nor lauded by the majority, just as they are shapeshifters in character and way of life, who may use and often do so use some form, or some way of life for their own sinister, dialectical ends. Thus are they a genuine enigma, seldom appreciated, in their own life, for who and what they are and for what they have done and are doing.

Their deeds and goals - once they have learnt their trade and become professional, Masters and Mistresses of the Dark Arts - are not personal or undirected, casual, ones. Instead, their deeds are directed, intentional, often detached, and arise from their knowledge of, their understanding of, the Sinister Dialectic: of what is needed in the causal times in which they live; what is needed to radically disrupt, to challenge, to defy, to presence darkness and evil, and bring Chaos and the evolution that derives therefrom. Thus do they, in so presencing the darkness, revel in life, and enjoy. Thus do they, so causing Chaos, defy and break or seek to break the restrictive forms, structures, laws, and Institutions, that still hold people in thrall.

The way of ordinary life, of ordinary mortals, is the way of control, of restrictions; of authority, of a supra-personal law. It is the way of those forms, those abstractions - such as governments, and States and prisons and religions - which have been constructed to control, to restrict, to bully, to level-down, to enforce submission. The way of ordinary life, of ordinary un-evolved mortals, is the way of minimizing risk, the way of hypocrisy, of the lies and the deceit and the envy and jealousy born from weakness and cowardice and the dishonour of the bully. In direct contrast, the Path of the genuine Satanist is the difficult Dark Path of inner strength, of joining, being, opposites, and of going beyond opposites: the path of evolved human beings exemplified in one way by the openness of the fighting warrior who believes in their very being that the only genuine real law and real justice is the law, the justice, of personal honour, of a fair fight, of fair retribution, and of being responsible for oneself. Thus is the Way of the Satanist the Way of the Dark Warrior who, in real life in the real world, fights the tyranny of those who, weak of character, oppress: the Dark Warrior who fights all that oppresses and stifles our potential, and hinders our evolution into a higher race of human beings whose rightful place is among the star-systems of this, and other, Galaxies.

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Satanic Sacrifice and Satanic Thinking

Satanic Sacrifice

If there is one thing which expresses the essence of the Satanic ethos it is culling; and if there is one way to detect a pseudo-Satanist it is their attitude to culling.

As it says in our *pledge of allegiance* to Satan:

I accept there is no law, no authority, no justice
Except my own
And that culling is a necessary act of Life.
I believe in one guide, Satan,
And in our right to rule mundanes.

The Order of Nine Angles has always advocated culling, maintaining it is a Satanic practice; the ONA will always advocate culling. Why? Because there are mundanes, and us. A basic principle of Satanism is that mundanes are not only a resource, for us, but also expendable. This, in essence, arises from our Satanic morality - that we are better, more valuable, than mundanes.

The pseudo-Satanists are appalled by this attitude, just like Nazarenes are. For these pseudo-Satanists, "sacrifice" means some sort of "self-sacrifice", where, for example, they say stupid things like: "Those who seek energy outside of their minds and wills, are too weak for the practice of Magic..."

To us, this is just Nazarene-speak, covered by the slick words of weedy charlatans. For they are basically weak, afraid. They do not have our élan, our style, our satanic ethos, our elitist morality - our defiance of mundanes and everything mundane.

To such Nazarene-speak we Satanists say: why should we, in some ritual for example, denude ourselves of energy when mundanes can supply not only whatever energy we may need but also give us energy to enhance our ritual and our lives? There is a reason, of course, why our Dark Goddess, Baphomet, is called The Mother of Blood. Our Sorcery, our Magick, is really Black, really Dark, genuinely Sinister. Dangerous.

Satanism is a defiance of mundanes, a defiance of mundanity, *par excellence*. Satanism is the ethos of arête, which means we judge people according to their personal character. The worthless are worthless; expendable. Therefore, why should we not put them to good use?

For us, culling is natural fact of life - of how we live, or how we desire to live. Of course, there are different ways of culling mundanes - not every culling

takes place, or needs to take place, in some Satanic ceremony or ritual, although obviously that is a great source of Satanic joy. A good way of culling is war; another is stirring up religious and political conflict; another is insurrection, revolution, assassinations, and so on. In fact, any means of conflict offers opportunities for culling; opportunities for those of Satanic character to weed out the weeds and reduce the surplus population of mundanes. Another, more personal way - and a good means of developing Satanic character - are "accidents". And so on. You get the idea.

Satanic Thinking

Every Satanist should question everything. Satanists should question, in particular, everything that mundanes hold dear, need, and believe in.

What, today do most mundanes hold dear, need, and believe in?

- 1) The concept of the nation-State;
- 2) The need for government and laws; and the need to respect those laws;
- 3) The need for Police to enforce laws and arrest those who transgress laws made by mundanes for mundanes;
- 4) The need to earn a living by respectable means, and pay taxes

And so on.

So, as Satanists we question the need for nations, for States, for governments, for Police forces, for laws, for taxes. And, having questioned, we arrive at the answer that such things are mundane; made by mundanes for mundanes and as a means of punishing those who do not want to be mundanes and who naturally do not want to live like mundanes.

Thus, we Satanically desire to subvert, to undermine, to overthrow, to destroy, such mundane things, since for us there are no laws, no authority, no justice, except our own. We simply do not need governments, nations, States, Police forces, taxes, and all the other things that mundanes worship and have spent centuries protecting and defending and trying to convince us we need.

For we are rebels, outlaws, subversives. We are baleful opponents of mundanes and everything mundane. We are, or we strive to be, armed and dangerous - and capable of defending ourselves. We simply do not need any Police forces, and mundanes laws, any government, "to protect us". We would rather die, fighting and defiant, than allow anyone to subdue us. Basically, governments, nations, States - and their paraphernalia, such as Police forces, prisons, and laws - are a means of control, a means to subdue and make us conform.

But we Satanically desire to live in our way Satanic way - which is the way of

real freedom: the way of clans, of tribes, of gangs, where we take care of our own, where we protect our own kind, where we are loyal to only our own kind. Where we consider those who are not of us, not our kind, are our enemies, either real, or potential.

So, good riddance to mundane trash. Good riddance to everything mundane. For we Satanically desire to create a new world, whose archetypes are Satan - Lord of Darkness and of Chaos - and Baphomet, Mistress of Earth and Mother of Bloody Sacrifices. A world where we rule mundanes, and thus where our personal Satanic Destiny is or can be fulfilled, and where our dark, sinister, Satanic Wyrd is implemented.

120 Year of Fayen

The Pseudo-Satanism of Mundanes

Let's get a few things straight, from the start - Satanism is about what is evil, Dark, dangerous, terrifying, heretical, sinister, beguiling, and immoral. Satan is, for the West, the archetype of everything the mundanes - the stiffes, and their governments - fear, dread, and desire be saved from, and which they have made laws against.

Expressed in two good words - Satanism is *numinously sinister*. That is, it possesses a certain dark innate attraction for certain types of human being: for those (a small minority) who are restless, who are unsatisfied with the all answers offered by mundanes, who naturally detest the life-style of all mundanes; who love danger, who crave death-defying excitement, and who would rather die, laughing and defiant and fighting, than surrender to anyone else.

These human beings are those who tend to become the real outlaws of mundane society; who become professional "criminals"; who become mercenaries, adventurers, explorers, assassins; who become manipulative leaders: political, military, religious, of organized crime, of street gangs, or whatever.

Does this sound like the Church of Satan - CoS - and its derivatives, or The Temple of Set (ToS)? No of course not. The members of the CoS are about as scary and dangerous as kindergarten kids dressed up for Halloween, while the members of the ToSers are about as Satanic as College freshmen who, having

watched some “scary” horror movie and drunk too much beer, decide to light some candles and conjure up, in their dorm, some “demon” with a Hebrew name from some text they found in a special color supplement to *Occult and Tarot Monthly (Incorporating The Tame Satanic Witch)* - and who then spend weeks (or months) discussing, and talking and writing about, their titillating “satanic” experience.

The same goes for all those - the majority - who in their mundaneness ape and hype the mundane pseudo-satanism of LaVey and Aquino, and for whom fantasy, role-playing, and pretentious pseudo-intellectualism are a substitute for direct and dangerous sinister experience. The type of people who infest Internet forums and groups with their wordy spiel but who have never, ever, done anything really dark, evil, dangerous, heretical, in their lives: something that might land them in jail, if caught; or might make them real heretics and outcasts with their neighbours and government; or might through its nearness to and possibility of death provide them with that once-in-a-lifetime ecstatic affirmation of life that will forever change them.

There is a simple test to distinguish a Satanist - a Comrade of Satan, friend of the dangerous sinister-numen of Satanism, who lives in a sinister way and who does practical sinister deeds - from a pseudo-satanist. And it is how they deal with the question of human culling. For the Satanist, this is not a matter for debate - it is a fact of their life or a passionate, as yet unsatisfied, desire they have within them and need to fulfil; one means by which they can Presence The Dark. For the pseudo-satanist, however, it is a question often avoided, and - if pressed - something they consider immoral and illegal and which they bleat is “not part of and never has been part of satanism...”

In a real way, the so-called satanism of the CoS (and its derivatives and imitators) and of the ToSers (and its derivative and imitators) is only the pathetic imitation safe “rebellion” of mundanes, who in their mundaneness like to believe they are doing something “exciting” and “forbidden”. This so-called satanism is but part of The System (the Magian system) designed to keep humans tame - safe, and no threat to governments, to society, to the mundane *status quo*. A safety valve for those too dumb and un-satanic to see The System and such pseudo-satanism for what they really are. No wonder then, that this so-called satanism depends upon, is derived from, and propagates, the Hebrew-Nazarene qabala and such things as Hebrew-Nazarene derived “grimoires”, sigils, words, myths, and “magick”.

It is also no wonder that mundane dumb-ass pretenders, too fearful and weak of character to be real Satanists, often spend a great deal of time complaining about and trying to discredit both The Order of Nine Angles and its members, for the ONA, with its sinister tribes (“gangs”) and its practical sinister guides,

is the only group to be and to express what is really Satanic - to support culling, to be heretical, to champion and express what is *numinously sinister* - what is dangerous, testing, difficult, terrifying, and "unlawful" according to the laws made to ensure a society of tame and mostly tax-paying mundanes.

121 yf

The Difference Between Us

The fundamental difference between us, The Drecc, and the mundanes is that we exult in the physicality of life, of living in the dangerous moment, while they think, dream, and prepare for their future and for their safety.

Thus do we exult in combat, in crime - in walking armed and exulting and fearless into some place and taking what we need to survive. Thus do we live for and plan for some confrontation or other when every second of every moment may be our last or the means of our escape to live again to thrive, to exult, as some higher type of human being.

Thus do we exult in Dance, when music plays, throbbing around and within us, and we and our partner become the very life, the very breathing, of love, passion, joy, exultation and Being, and nothing exits for us in then except the beauty, the passion, of our bodily movement, our physical exertion, through which and by which and in which and because of which we transcend to a more pure, higher, form of living which the mudanes never know or never even feel.

Thus do we exult in and often need that exhilaration and ecstasy of physical speed when we recklessly drive or fly as we drive or fly some powerful machine which we control by sheer exhilaration and that skill that our kind of life has breed within us - unheedful as we rush forth in our ecstasy of all conventions and all laws that the mundanes have manufactured and put in place and which they try to enforce to discourage, contain and control our kind of dangerous higher human life.

Thus do we exult in the passion of a physical, sexual, joining, and the games we play before in anticipation of such a physical joining; for we love the chase almost as much as we love the union itself. for there is Life, the essence of our human existence, there in such a joining, in such a prelude and anticipation of

such joining.

Thus do we exult in the power we feel as we strive against ourselves and all others as we, armed, walk the shadowed silence of some alley in anticipation of attack, prepared and ruthless enough as the predator we are to injure, fight, and kill.

Thus do we exult in opposition to all those forces of so-called "law and order" which the mundanes love and often worship and most surely in their weakness need - for we love to outwit them; to play our games with them, as we love to cruise in anticipation of some armed confrontation with them and our enemies, unheedful as we are of our own mortality, our own death, for is the very possibility of death that enchants and makes us what we are, powerful, strong, fearless, a breed apart.

Thus do we exult in danger and risk and risk our own lives, and that of others, because in such risk and such danger is that exultation of a growing evolving life which changes and which can seed us to be, to become, that higher type of being which the mundanes in their very mundane-ness fear and which they in their fear and in their morbid love of "safety" and of "planning" try and try to outlaw and make "illegal".

Thus do we live with them - in their world, for now - using them and their life, their society, as a resource, as the resource we need to live life on that higher life that makes us what we are, for now while we have to endure living only on this planet, Earth.

Thus are we outlaws, criminals, terrorists, chancers, explorers, adventurers, racketeers, for we know all the laws of the mudanes for the tyranny they are: a tireless attempt to prevent us from making our life into a succession of ecstasies.

120 yf

The Joy of the Sinister

What is the most important - and interesting - thing I can say about the sinister path that I have followed for over thirty years? It is that it teaches us, and enables us, to live life on a higher, different level. That is, *to exult* in life itself: a sinister life is, or should be, one where there is an intensity; where

there is action, in the world; where there is a will harnessed to a goal - any goal; a desire to experience, to know; to quest; where there is an arrogant determination to not accept the norms, the answers, the limits of and set by others.

Nothing is too dangerous for us; nothing is forbidden. We experience to test ourselves; to learn.

There is a pushing of one's body to - and beyond - its limits; enduring, to go beyond endurance to that wonderful bliss of almost exhaustion when a goal has been achieved and one has felt, been, an exquisite harmony of mind and body and ethos through sheer concentration on what is being done.

There is the acceptance of challenges - especially by ourselves. And if we have no challenges, we make or create some.

These are the moments - days, weeks - of exquisite pleasure; these are the moments are an exquisite yearning; these are the moments of an exquisite joy; these are the moments - days, weeks - of an exquisite exultation; and yet a true sinister life is one where there are moments, days, of an ineffable sadness: because one has seen, known, understood, and because one feels more than most other people. There is a symbiosis here which has to be experienced to be really understood; a symbiosis which mere mortals would and do find strange. And it is our will which brings the opposites together and enables us to transcend beyond even these.

What must be accepted by those venturing upon, or following, the sinister path is that we can be so much more than we realize: we have so much potential, physical, intellectual; psychic; magickal; creative.

We who follow the sinister way strive to make our whole life an act of magick; we become magick; we are magick. All true magick is an intimation of what we can be: of what awaits in the next phase of our human evolution. There is nothing complicated about our Way, our dark, chosen, path; there is, in truth, nothing secret about it.

How do you tell who is upon the true sinister path? It is revealed in their eyes; even in the way they walk. There is something slightly dangerous about such a person. There is something about such a person which mere mortals find slightly disturbing; something they cannot quite "work out", or explain. Such a person is strong, but the depth of their strength is mostly hidden, although many people can sense it in some way. And what is the ultimate end to a sinister life? To die trying to overcome: to be questing even toward the very end.

114yf



Addendum

Some Esoteric Terms Explained

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister tribe is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Homo Hubris

A new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the Western industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and that stupidity that goes by the term democracy.

Homo Hubris is thus a particular type of mundane, and can generally be found living in urban areas. Their most distinguishing feature is that they lack any instinct for or feeling for, or understanding of, personal honour, and can be

generally identified by their lack of manners, their addiction to the vacuous, vulgar manufactured mass entertainment industry - and mass “pop culture” - of the modern West, and by their lack of self-insight and their lack of self-control, evident as this lack of self-control is in their frequent indulgent love of and need for intoxicants and stimulants - with that which, with anything, which can intoxicate them or provide them with some passing selfish pleasure.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. Our *Sinister Code* is a practical and modern manifestation of the ancient law and ethos of personal honour, which law and ethos of personal honour is the essence of the warrior way of living.

The Law of The Sinister-Numen also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles, and is the basis for the way of life of our Dark Warriors.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen.

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions.

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, “image” or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some “perfect” or “ideal” form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true

nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

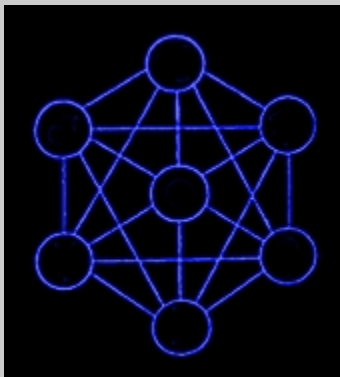
The ONA is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

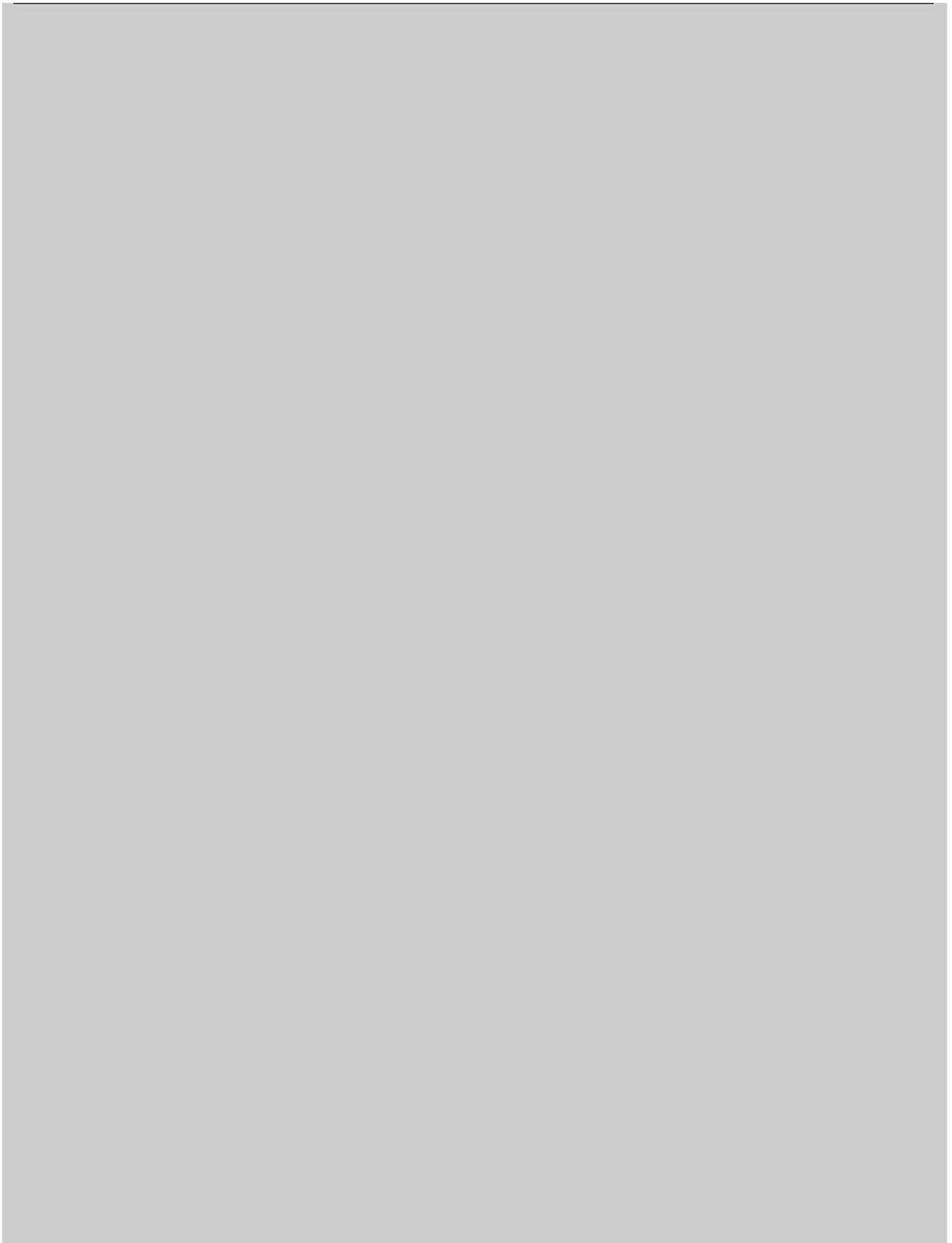
In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.



cc Anton Long & The Order of Nine Angles 121 Year of Fayen



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Fake ONA Scams How To Spot a Pretender

Over the past decade several mundanes - suffering from what we call The Charlatan-Ego Syndrome [1] - have spread the rumor, by means of the Internet, that they have "taken over the ONA"/are the new leader of the ONA/"own the ONA"/"are the real ONA"/have purged the ONA of undesirable elements (or doctrines)/ and so on *ad nauseam*.

These charlatans, these frauds, are very easily exposed, for several reasons:

(1) They cannot answer any of the ten questions [2] designed to test the esoteric knowledge of genuine ONA Adepts, and which answers to such questions ONA Adepts know by virtue of aural transmission. That is, ONA Adepts - those who have reached the stage of Internal Adept (or beyond) on the Seven-Fold Way - have acquired this knowledge personally from another ONA Adept.

Quite often, the charlatans, the frauds - unable to answer such questions - then stupidly claim that "the questions are meaningless" in a vain attempt to hide their ignorance.

(2) Academic researchers in fields such as Esotericism know the identity of the person who does lead, or those who (more appropriately these days) do have the most influence within, the ONA and so know such claims to be bogus.

(3) The majority of ONA nexions do not have, and do not desire, an Internet presence, and form extended families known to each personally and who generally live in the same locality. All of the

Drecc/Niner nexions (or groups/gangs) are fiercely territorial and trust only their pledged brothers and sisters or the other kindred Dreccs/Niners they know personally, face to face. Thus these nexions are impervious to and dismissive of such fraudulent claims.

Most of the more traditional nexions (those following the Seven Fold Way) are in personal contact with either the founder of the ONA or with someone from the Inner ONA [3] - the OG - and thus are also impervious to and dismissive of such fraudulent claims.

(4) These charlatans, these frauds, have no documented sinister history - of practical sinister deeds done, in real life. All they have is them boasting about themselves via the medium of the Internet, usually on blogs, websites, or forums they have set up themselves, or on other forums which they troll.

(5) These charlatans, these frauds, are almost always far less than fifty years in age. Given that it takes at least twenty-five years for someone (an adult) following the living tradition, the sinister way, of the ONA to achieve the grade of GrandMaster/LadyMaster/Magus, their claim is obviously as ridiculous as they themselves are.

(6) These charlatans, these frauds, have not undertaken the three basic ONA tasks [4], the successful completion of which would mark them as ONA Adepts. Had they done so, they would already be known to an existing traditional ONA nexion and thus to the ONA OG. Without exception, these frauds are unknown to us.

(7) These pretenders are invariably male, and - by virtue of suffering from The Charlatan Syndrome - not only posturing egotists but also almost always ill-mannered and misogynist, blissfully unaware in their ignorance that (a) a large number of ONA nexions are run by women; (b) the ONA has always had many Sapphic nexions; (c) of all LHP/Satanic groups, the ONA has the largest percentage of women; (d) there is a muliebral thread which binds traditional ONA nexions together, and which muliebral presencing forms one of the foundations of the living ONA tradition.

Thus, by their very attitudes, their behavior, their appearance (such as, in one instance, being grossly overweight), their macho posturing (such as, in another instance, a shaved head and goatee beard in imitation of LaVey the Magian), their lack of knowledge of this muliebral presencing and its importance, the fact they are unknown to our Sapphic groups and do not possess the faculty of empathy (let

alone manners), they reveal themselves as utter frauds.

Hence, given all the above, it is easy to spot such fakes, such charlatans, such pretenders.

The Internet Fallacy

Furthermore, one fatal mistake made by these charlatans, these frauds, is that they also suffer from the 'Mister Wise Internet Syndrome' and thus delude themselves about the importance and relevance of the Internet.

However, for genuine esoteric seekers - either of what is known as the LHP or the RHP - the Internet is irrelevant, even as a source of genuine, reliable, esoteric knowledge. A genuine esoteric tradition is still taught aurally, person to person.

Also, as Anton Long has said: "Genuine esoteric wisdom arises from a reflexion born from personal, direct, practical experience: from an alchemical symbiosis; from that acausal growth that arises slowly over causal time."

That is, it is personal practical experience over many years which brings esoteric knowledge - a learning from our own pathai-mathos. This learning cannot be rushed.

Thus, it does not even matter if these frauds set up fake websites or blogs or forums using the ONA name. For they do not realize in their mundaneness that if anyone is fooled by such Order of Nine Angles name scams, then it just shows those people for the fools, the mundanes, they are, and that by setting up such fake sites, blogs, or forums, they are only attracting mundanes, boosting their own delusions, and doing us a favor; as they also are if they manage to attract a few sycophantic followers by their use of the ONA name.

For the hard reality is that such frauds and their scams are irrelevant. Ephemeral. We are, we have been, we shall be - through the centuries. A growing extended family, teaching as we have taught, person to person. While they, with their few sycophantic followers (if any), and their fraud and their Internet scams, will fade away into obscurity after a few months or a few years. Or they will continue to preen and posture in front of their mirrors, deluding themselves about their 'powers' and their importance, while the genuine esoteric seekers get on with the slow hard business of learning from direct, practical, experience - *sans* boasting about it and themselves via a medium such as the Internet.

Sinister Moon

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

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Footnotes

[1] This mundane affliction is similar in pathology to The Charlatan Syndrome (see below), save for the fact that the mundane suffering from The Charlatan-Ego Syndrome makes the additional claim - and/or has the additional deluded belief - that they are the leader of the ONA or have taken it over or have 'reformed' it or 'are the real ONA' or now 'own the ONA', and/or are influencing the ONA and ONA people by their 'magic(k)'.

They also have an urge, which they cannot control, to make these grandiose egotistical claims public - almost always via the medium of the Internet.

The Charlatan Syndrome is when a person, a mundane, confers on themselves some grand-sounding title in a silly attempt to “prove” their credentials and their esoteric knowledge. Such spurious, publicly claimed titles, have included, in the past, Magister, Grand Magister, Ipsissimus, Adept, and claims such as being High Priest (of the Wibbly-Wobbly People, or High Priest of DarkLord Butt-Face, ancient deity of the ancient people of the Amorous Empire, or whatever, and so on.)

Sometimes, the pathology is so advanced that an individual claims to be the “true representative of Satan (or The Prince of Darkness)” duly appointed after some ritual or some mumbo-jumbo where Satan/The Prince of Darkness appeared to them and/or spoke to them and gave them a “mandate”.

[The above descriptions are taken from an article by PointyHat - *Some Common Fallacies and Mundane Syndromes About or Concerning The ONA.*]

[2] These ten questions are:

- 1) What is the meaning and the correct uses [plural] of the term Fayen?
- 2) What alchemical season is appropriate to Dabih and why?

- 3) What is the reason that Petriochor is used in the Rite of Afsana, and what is this Rite?
- 4) What one [singular] terrestrial location is used in calling forth Yusra?
- 5) How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?
- 6) What symbolic structure/construct is beyond the (advanced) form that is The Star Game?
- 7) How does the causal phenomena perceived in the causal as "gravity" relate to a specific type of acausal energy, and what has this to do with the Dark Gods mythos and the nexion that is the planet Earth?
- 8) What is the esoteric name of the acausal entity that has the common exoteric name Satan?
- 9) What manuscript, other than *Al-Kitab Al-Alfak*, is a source for the nine emanations?
- 10) Where and when was *Al-Kitab Al-Alfak* written and what name appears on the title page?

As has been pointed out in several ONA texts: " These answers (with one partial japed/boobytrapped exception) cannot be found by searching the Internet or in published books and MSS, and are revealed aurally on an individual basis, and when required and/or when necessary, by the ONA Adept/Master/LadyMaster guiding the genuine LHP seeker/Dark Sorcerer/Sorceress."

[3] The Inner ONA consists of ONA people recruited from traditional nexions who have achieved the Grade of Internal Adept and also accomplished some specialized tasks.

[4] These three basic ONA tasks are:

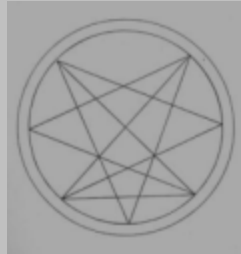
- 1) Undertaking the *basic* minimum physical challenges - which for men are (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles

in twelve hours. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.

2) Undertaking the Grade Ritual of External Adept, and then the basic Grade Ritual of Internal Adept (at least three months living in the wilderness alone).

3) Performing, with a congregation and with cantors trained in esoteric Chant, The Ceremony of Recalling with opfer ending.

The Order of Nine Angles in Historical, and Esoteric, Context



Origins

According to its own internal account [1] of its origins, the esoteric association named The Order of Nine Angles resulted from the amalgamation, in the late 1960's CE, of three small British, and secretive, pagan groups called, respectively, Camlad, The Noctulians, and The Temple of the Sun. The total number of people involved in these three groups, it is said, was less than two dozen.

Two of these groups - Camlad and The Noctulians - were also said to be survivals of an old, indigenous, esoteric tradition which it was claimed flourished in the then still rather isolated rural borderland between Wales and England, in the area now known as The Welsh Marches. Some of this pagan, sinister, tradition is recounted, in fictional form, in the ONA MS [2] *The Giving* and also in the ONA's *Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Whatever the merits or truth - historical and otherwise - of these recorded origins, the ONA itself first emerged into the public light of day in the early 1980's CE, when various Occult 'zines, including *The Lamp of Thoth*, and Stephen Sennitt's *Nox*, published ONA articles after the ONA itself had begun a limited distribution of some of their texts, including *The Black Book of Satan*.

The ONA went on to distribute other texts, including various editions of *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*, and - famously - two volumes entitled *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown* which contained some correspondence between a certain Stephen Brown [3] and Michael Aquino, the then well-known leader of the American organization, *The Temple of Set*. In these

Satanic Letters - and in works such as Anton Long's *Satanism: An Introduction for Prospective Adherents* - what the ONA called its *exoteric doctrines* of the first phase of its Sinister Aeon strategy [4] were clearly outlined.

Subsequently, the ONA received some mention in various books, including Goodrick-Clark's *Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism, and the Politics of Identity*. In many of these books, the ONA was directly associated with fascism and National Socialism, or accused of promoting such political ideologies, and thus came to be regarded, by many people (correctly or incorrectly), as the premier group of what was termed neo-nazi Satanism.

Furthermore, many groups, around the world, have been formed, since the late 1980's and in or after the 1990's CE, which, directly or indirectly, have been influenced by the ONA and its doctrines, or which have been established by ONA members themselves. ONA inspired groups include the Australasian groups The Black Order, Sinister Vivendi, Order of Left Hand Path, The Black Glyph Society and The Temple of Them; the European groups include Fraternity of Balder, Fraternitas Loki, The Society of The Dark Lily, and Secuntra (Italy); and the American groups include WSA352, The Joy of Satan [5], the White Order of Thule, among many others.

Esoteric Context of the ONA

The ONA, in the 1980's, coined the term *Traditional Satanism* to describe and categorize itself, by which term it meant that it represented a particular, a unique, sinister - that is, Satanic - tradition. Although this term, traditional Satanism, has since been appropriated and used (and somewhat mis-used and mis-appropriated) by other Occultists, it is still useful to describe the ONA, especially since the ONA has its own, unique and original, ontology and theology of Satanism, as outlined in the important and seminal ONA text *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

It is this originality - this uniqueness - which serves to distinguish the ONA from all other contemporary Satanist and Left Hand Path Occult groups. Indeed, there are many originality pointers which can be used to describe and distinguish the ONA, some of which pointers are:

(1) Their unique ontology and theology, which posits (a) a bifurcation of

Reality into an acausal continuum and a causal continuum, and (b) the existence of acausal beings in this acausal continuum, one of whom is the being conventionally known as Satan, and another of whom is Baphomet, The Sinister Mistress of Earth, the bride-wife-and-mother of Satan.

(2) Their axiom that "human beings possess the potential to *consciously* evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur." [6]

(3) Their long-term Aeonic goals and esoteric strategy, manifest in their Sinister Dialectic, and their concept of sinister tribes, with these sinister tribes being regarded as an important part of their sinister strategy to build a new, tribal-based, more sinister way of life, and to disrupt and eventually overthrow the societies of what they call the mundanes.

(4) Their claim that "the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation....." [6]

(5) Their rational explanation of magick/sorcery as the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion, and their understanding of Aeons as a type of presencing of acausal energy, and one that lasts (as an individual Aeon) for well over a thousand years.

(6) Their unique Rite of Internal Adept, which requires the candidate to spend at least three months living alone, far from human habitation, carrying everything they need on their back, and to live without speaking to anyone, without any modern devices or conveniences - such as a modern means of timekeeping (watch, or clock); without modern means of lighting (such as a torch or lantern) and without listening to any music other than that which they can produce for themselves by simple, hand-made, instruments such as a flute.

(7) Their placing of Satanism in an Aeonic context, regarding it is one presencing of acausal (sinister) energy during the current Aeon, and thus as one causal form to achieve certain exoteric and esoteric goals during this current Aeon.

(8) Their emphasis on the subversive sinister training of the individual in order to create the phenotype of a new, sinister, human species, with this training involving real, practical, danger to the individual (of the life-and-death, or loss

of one's liberty by going to jail, sort).

(9) The intentionally organic - esoteric - organizational nature of the ONA itself, described by Anton Long as "a type of acausal, living, entity in our causal world."

(10) The uniqueness of their symbols, such as their official Septenary Sigil, their Sigil of Baphomet, and their Star Game.

In addition, and according to Senholt in his thesis *The Sinister Tradition* [7] the sinister tradition of the ONA has seven distinct characteristics, which he enumerates as:

- 1) Anti-ethics. Followers of the Sinister Tradition despise any kind of ethical behaviour, which they see as remnants of a Judeo-Christian worldview;
- 2) Right Wing: All groups related to the Sinister Tradition contain political elements, such as appraisal of National Socialism, Race-theory, Social-Darwinism, and the infiltration or disruption of political powers in society;
- 3) Emphasis on physical training: Physical training is emphasized and is often a requirement in the curriculum of the initiate;
- 4) Direct action: The Sinister Tradition is highly practical, requiring members to perform magickal acts by working undercover in society, or by opposing society by means of direct action such as infiltration, intimidation or assassination of key opponents;
- 5) Distinct sinister vocabulary: A certain common vocabulary, which differs from the one used by the rest of the Left Hand Path is used. Key words are: sinister (often in combination with words such as dialectics and pathworkings), the septenary system, aeonics, causal/acausal, nexion, connexion, homo galactica, dark sorcery, presencing and the Dark Gods;
- 6) Advocate Traditional and theistic Satanism: Groups belonging to the Sinister Tradition advocate what they call Traditional Satanism which is theistic, positively believing in and using supernatural forces;
- 7) Non-semitic tradition: All followers of the Sinister Tradition are characterized by the conscious avoidance of any Semitic and Christian

influences, such as Kabbalah, Qliphoth, and even Goetic magick.

While we might rather pedantically quibble with some of the details given here by Senholt - for instance, with the term theistic applied to the ONA, and the term Right-Wing [8] - these seven characteristics, plus the ten originality pointers we have given above, certainly serve to distinguish the ONA from, and distance the ONA from, all contemporary Occult groups, as they certainly seem to reveal the ONA to be the most sinister, the most esoterically advanced, the most original, and the most practical Occult group currently in existence.

Indeed, one might well be justified in describing the dangerous - and seemingly complex and labyrinthine - Sinister Way as a unique esoteric *Weltanschauung* which makes the ways, methods and teachings of other esoteric groups seem rather mundane and quite tame, quite bourgeois.

In respect of the ONA's claimed aural traditions [9], as Senholt has pointed out, the ONA rite of External Adept bears some resemblance to an old Nordic tradition - a nightly ritual called *utesitta* - and may thus be a survival of such an old, European, pagan tradition, just as their Rite of Internal Adept may be a modern form of a much older pagan tradition, where the aspiring or apprentice sorcerer, or sorceress, had to live alone in the wilds for many months, and often for a year or more, in order to develop their esoteric skills.

Finally, and quite importantly, one must make mention of the intentional organic nature of the ONA itself, a nature manifest in several things, such as the lack of a central hierarchy; the sinister methodology itself which allows the individual to make their own choices and decisions; the lack of restrictions - moral and otherwise - placed on the individual; allowing the individual to form their own groups (or nexions or tribes), and the disdain for copyright, and the lack of secrecy regarding teachings, which has led to the rapid dissemination of the sinister Way, the sinister methodology, and the sinister mythos of the ONA. This organic - or acausal or living - nature of the ONA has allowed other individuals, and other groups, to make their own contributions to the ONA, as well as to take what they need from the ONA, use it, change it, and evolve it. As one ONA member recently described it: "the ONA is akin to acausal viral DNA; a new kind of causal transduction."

It is this acausal nature of the ONA itself - and its underlying sinister methodology - that has not only allowed the ONA to survive and steadily grow in the past thirty years without any apparent outward organization or

individual control, but which has also led, most significantly, to its recent rapid expansion in places like urban America where groups such as WSA352, led by dynamic, intelligent - and interestingly often non-Caucasian - young people, have been inspired to adopt, adapt and evolve the ONA, and give it new life, as the ONA virus spreads and mutates, world-wide.

The Contentious Issue of The Nine Angles

Senholt, in his thesis *The Sinister Tradition*, expresses what has become the accepted view when he states:

The concept of the nine angles appears for the first time in published sources by the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set...and as such from a scholarly point of view this appears to be the probable source of inspiration to the ONA.

This view however, is incorrect, for, as the ONA has pointed out in many essays and documents - including *Ingrowing Angles*, and *The Nine Angles: One More Causal Symbology* the ONA's nine "angles" refer to a causal description of the meeting of acausal and causal space-time metrics, and are thus a re-presentation of a nexion, of that region of the Cosmos where the causal continuum meets or intersects or can intersect the acausal continuum, and thus where acausal energy flows from the acausal into the causal, which energy is capable of making things (or *a* thing) alive [10]. That is, to use an older but appropriate esoteric term, the ONA angles are *alchemical*: some-thing which has life, or which can be made alive.

Classical *esoteric* alchemy was concerned with finding or manufacturing what was called The Philosophers Stone, which was some means, or some element, or some potion, or some combination of means, potions, and various elements, which would animate matter, making alive what was hitherto inert, with this "Stone" (lapis) thus re-presenting the very essence of life itself, and hence capable of imparting health and long life (or even immortality) to the alchemist.

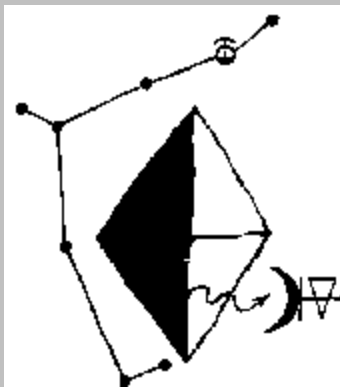
Hence, the ONA's "angles" are alchemical in inspiration. Hence also the mention of the source for this inspiration, this early source being ancient

Arabic alchemical texts, and certainly not a certain Mister Aquino.

Furthermore, the ONA - or rather, Anton Long - has extensively developed and refined, and rationally explicated, the original and often vague and confused alchemical concepts involved. Thus, the Nine Angles of the ONA can be considered to be nine-dimensional - combining the five-dimensions of the acausal continuum, with the four-dimensions of the causal continuum, and thus describing a nexion; one presencing of life-giving acausal energy in the causal.

In rather stark contrast, as the ONA says, the "angles" of Aquino (which angle concept of his both his own Temple of Set, and the Church of Satan, used) are just a boring, mundane, dead, two-dimensional geometric thing.

The Nine Angles are most often symbolized, by the ONA, by means of the alchemical combination of a quartz tetrahedron, certain sound vibrations (esoteric chant), the sorcerer/sorceress (the rounwytha) and the appropriate "alchemical season", for it is - according to the ONA - such particular combinations, which must involve a living, conscious, esoterically skilled, human being, that not only "animate" the nine angles, but which are or which can become, the nine angles. Furthermore, according to Anton Long [11], these nine angles represent the survival of the genuine, ancient, esoteric alchemical tradition, and perhaps the only surviving one, a tradition symbolized by the traditional ONA sigil below, where most of the required "elements" are depicted [12]:



The Strange Case of Anton Long

With a few notable exceptions - such as the images of The Sinister Tarot, the MS *Caelethi*, and the odd essay or two - all the works of the ONA are the

creation of one person, Anton Long.

To Anton Long belong classic ONA texts such as *Naos*, *The Deofel Quintet*, *Hostia*, the *Complete Guide to the Seven Fold Way*, and the scores of more recent texts such as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*; the *Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism*; the *Sinister Tribes of the ONA*, and compilations such as *We*, *The Drecc*, as well as *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, *Dark Goddess*, and sinister stories such as *Eulalia*, *Dark Daughter of Baphomet*. Even the Star Game is Anton Long's creation.

To Anton Long belongs the unique symbols and sigils of the ONA, the Septenary Sigil, and the Sigil of Baphomet. To him belongs new esoteric terms such as nexion, acausal, rounwytha, Vindex, Falcifer, presencing, sinister dialectic, and indeed the esoteric use of the term sinister itself to describe the amoral, individualistic Way of the ONA. To Anton Long belongs the decision to create the ONA as a type of living being; that is, free from the restraints - legal, moral, organizational, hierarchical, personal, and otherwise - of all other esoteric groups.

Given all these things, one might thus be justified in saying two things. First, that the ONA, as it now exists, is the creation of one person, Anton Long. Second, that Anton Long - whomsoever he might be - is most certainly a genius; a reprehensible amoral, sinister, one, perhaps; but a genius nonetheless, in both the senses of the term - an individual of extensive, original, creativity, and intellect, and a *jinni*, a type of daimon, or supernatural entity, who influences or who can influence others, often in an amoral, or sinister, way.

But just who is Anton Long? Despite recent attempts by some individuals, associated with the ONA, to obfuscate matters [13] the general consensus, among both esoteric folk, and among academics and authors interested in the ONA, is that Anton Long is David Myatt. There is, quite literally, no other feasible option.

Even the ONA itself now has what it calls "a test of mundane-ness" which involves how people view the varied life of "Anton Long", whose name they - in one document describing this test (version 1.07 of their *FAQ About the ONA*) - even put in quotes, as if to suggest it might well be a pseudonym.

Furthermore, as Goodrick-Clark noticed [14] the early life of Anton Long, as recounted in *Diablerie*, is remarkably similar to that of Myatt's early life. Senholt [6] gives several other good reasons - based on published material -

why he and others believe Myatt is Anton Long. Anton Long himself - in several published interviews - gives some clues [15] while still unpublished MSS such as *Presencing the Dark: The Weird Life of Anton Long* and especially *Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis* [16] and *Emanations of a Mage* [17] really do leave no room for doubt. [18]

If this be so, then why has Myatt denied - and why does he still deny - being Anton Long? My personal view is that there are two reasons. Firstly, the very practical one of allowing him to continue, over the decades, with his subversive public *personae*, such as neo-nazi street thug, and, latterly, radical Islamist [19]. Second, because it allows Anton Long to operate in the shadows, personally known to only a few trusted acolytes of long-standing, and as someone who is difficult to contact, who does not encourage or even allow a "personality cult" to develop, who never issues personal edicts or commands, and who never seems to be in direct operational control, or even seems to be the leader of, the ONA itself, as befits the sinister, viral, nature of the ONA.

But there seems little doubt that - if our informational culture survives into the next century, with or without printed books - David Myatt as Anton Long will take his place as probably the most influential, and most sinister, character of modern Occultism, for The Order of Nine Angles, what it is now, and will become, will most likely be his most enduring legacy, long after his National Socialist and Islamist writings have been forgotten. For his whole varied and seemingly strange but always very subversive life - from his teenage years onwards - will assuredly be understood as part of a sinister quest, as the peregrinations of a latter-day Mage. [20]

But, crucially, whatever Myatt is, was, or will be, the Order of Nine Angles - by that name or by some other [21] - can now, and will, continue, with or without him; morphing over the decades and centuries in the same way that esoteric alchemy, and all genuine esoteric traditions and mythos, have continued and morphed, and drawn to them those curious individuals, be they few or many, who have been touched by the spell of the sinister numen that lies at the heart of all sorcery and all genuine Occult organizations.



JRW
November 2009 CE

Footnotes

(1) The origins are recounted in several ONA documents and essays, many of which have been published, or are available on the Internet. Among the published documents are *Concerning the Traditions of the ONA*. Among unpublished documents are Anton's Long's *Diablerie: Revelations of a Satanist*, his *Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis*, and his *Emanations of a Mage*.

(2) *MS* refers to ONA manuscripts (or documents and essays); plural *MSS*

(3) Stephen Brown has long been regarded as one of the many pseudonyms of Anton Long, aka David Myatt.

(4) Refer to *Toward The Dark Formless Acausal*.

[5] The group The Joy of Satan originally, shortly after its formation, acknowledged its debt to the ONA, to Myatt, and Anton Long, but then dropped all reference to them, following a public scandal involving its leader and certain officials of the American political organization, the National Socialist Movement.

[6] ONA MS by Anton Long, *The Quintessence of the ONA, A Sinister*

Returning. Dated 119 Year of Fayen.

[7] Jacob C. Senholt: *Political Esotericism & the convergence of Radical Islam, Satanism and National Socialism in the Order of the Nine Angles*. Norwegian University of Science and Technology, Conference: Satanism in the Modern World, November 2009

[8] As the ONA explain in their essay *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*, they are not theistic because, for example: (a) they do not accept a creator God; (b) they assert that it is acausal energy which imbues causal beings with life, not God, or some god; (c) they assert that Satan is just one example, one type, of the various acausal beings who exist, primarily, in the acausal continuum; and (d) that such acausal beings such as Satan and the (female) Baphomet are never worshipped or obeyed, but rather are regarded as new friends, or lovers, or as long-lost kin.

In addition - and in respect of the term Right-Wing - the ONA has made it clear, in such texts as *Is The ONA Nazi?*, that National Socialism was, and is, just one causal form used to "presence the sinister" and that their aims go far beyond politics, and are "to breed better human beings; a new sinister elite (or more correctly, new elites) founded on esoteric ability and excellence of personal character; new societies founded on sinister principles and imbued with the sinister spirit, with the ethos of Satan" and that these elites do not have to be defined in ethnic terms.

[9] See, for instance, the ONA MSS *Concerning the Traditions of the ONA and Defending the ONA?* as well as *The Dark Tradition, and Sinister Mythos, of the Order of Nine Angles*.

[10] For a conventional metaphysical description of "a thing", refer to Martin Heidegger's book *What Is A Thing?*

[11] *Emanations of a Mage*. Unpublished MS (in pdf format) by Anton Long, dated 118 Year of Fayen. Kindly made available to me by DarkLogos.

[12] As often happens with some ONA material, this sigil has received no attention, with its esoteric significance being unknown outside the few genuine ONA Adepts.

[13] I refer here to some recent articles by one Ms PointyHat, such as *Even More About Anton Long and David Myatt*.

[14] Goodrick-Clarke, Nicholas. *Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism, and the Politics of Identity*. New York University Press, 2002

[15] For instance, in *Questions for Anton Long* by WSA352.

[16] Unpublished typewritten MS, by Anton Long, dated 107 yf, and kindly made available to me by DarkLogos.

[17] Unpublished MS (in pdf format) by Anton Long, dated 118 Year of Feyen. Kindly made available to me by DarkLogos.

[18] Two items based on available, and unpublished, material about Myatt and Long, make fascinating reading and really lead one to the conclusion that Myatt must indeed be Anton Long.

The two items in question are (a) *Anton Long: A Short Chronology of His Life*, by DarkLogos, version 1.17a, dated November 120yf; and (b) the well-referenced, if somewhat speculative in places, essay *David Myatt: Agent Provocateur?* also by DarkLogos, dated February 2009 CE (Updated 09/011/09)

[19] For an overview of Myatt as sinister shapeshifter, see Wright, Julie: *David Myatt - A Sinister Life* (e-text, October 2009).

[20] The ONA, and its new offshoots such as WSA352, have written many times recently about how the outer, exoteric, ONA will evolve and may shed the ONA name, especially as its sinister tribes grow and spread. See, for instance, the ONA MS *We, The Drecc*.

[21] For one personal and interesting view, see Julie Wright, *David Myatt: A Mage For Our Times?* e-text, 2009



Magian Occultism and The Sinister Way

A Collection of Heretical Texts from The Order of Nine Angles

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Important Note - Given the genuine heretical nature of parts of this work, it should be understood that publication and/or distribution/possession of it is illegal in many 'Western' countries, and those so publishing, distributing or possessing copies of this work render themselves liable to criminal prosecution and imprisonment, and/or persecution by the 'authorities' in such 'Western' (i.e. Magian-controlled) countries.



Introduction - The Heresy of The Sinister Way

This short compilation of Order of Nine Angles texts concerns the true nature of modern heresy. The esoteric - the Occult - truth obscured by the mundanity, the exoteric nature, of modern life especially in the countries of The West, is the truth concerning our *wyrd*; that is, our true nature as human beings with the potential to consciously participate in our own evolution and in that of the Cosmos.

The *raison d'etre* behind a genuine Sinister Way is to reveal this often (in the societies of the time) heretical/hidden/obscured *wyrd* to individuals and provide them with the means, the praxis, to realize, to fulfil, that unique personal Destiny by means of which this *wyrd* can be manifest in and through them.

The truth concerning our *wyrd* is: (1) the truth of our primal tribal nature; (2) of why and how we should and can depend only upon ourselves for justice, for law, for security, for discovering truth; and (3) the necessary of learning directly, personally, from practical experience.

The exoteric essence of our *wyrd* is contained in what is termed sinister-honour (aka Dreccian-honour) and this essence is expressed in a practical way by The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka the Law of The Drecc, aka The Dreccian Code) [1]. It is by living by this new law that we can now express and fulfil our Destiny as individual human beings. As mentioned in the ONA text *Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State* (included here, in Appendix 1) -

"...if we know, and if we develop, our *wyrd*, we become, we are, a particular new type (a new breed) of human being - quite distinct from the mundanes. In essence, we become Dark Warriors, living and if necessary dying by the Law of The Sinister-Numen.

Our sinister tribes, our Dreccs, are a practical, a darkly-numinous, evolution of that natural tribal instinct that lives within us and which has lived within us, and which tribal instinct has made possible (hitherto mostly unconsciously) our evolution, as human beings. That is, the sinister tribes, the Dreccs, of the ONA are a means whereby

we can access and increase our own acausal energy, as individuals, and participate in our own evolution, and that of the Cosmos. To do this - to know and to live our wyrd - is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and numinous (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such honourable (numinous) co-operation with others of our own kind (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual wyrd to be evolved.

In direct opposition to our wyrd is the modern tyranny of The State."

In esoteric essence, the tyranny of modern State is an expression of what the ONA term the Magian ethos [2], and rather than being a liberation from the practical and psychic tyranny of this ethos, modern Western Occultism, in all its forms (Satanic and otherwise), is in truth based upon this materialistic Magian ethos.

Thus, instead of revealing our wyrd and providing the means, the praxis, for us to fundamentally change and evolve ourselves, as human individuals and as a species, modern Western Occultism does the exact opposite - for it is part of the problem, part of The System.

The selection of texts given here outline why this is so, and provides a practical guide to living in a sinister, liberated way (as a Drecc) as well as several modern sinister rites the performance of which are not only cathartic in the esoteric sense (and thus a purging of the debilitating Magian ethos) [3] but which are genuinely heretical in many Western countries and performance of which may render the performers/participants liable to persecution, prosecution and imprisonment, such is the repressive ethos and praxis of modern Western States.

The esoteric essence of our wyrd is contained in that wyrdful manifestation, that nexion, known as The Order of Nine Angles, and thus in the kulture, ethos, sinister praxis, and esoteric philosophy, of the heretical and subversive ONA. As described in the ONA text *Guide To The Kulture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA*:

The Order of Nine Angles (ONA, O9A) is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

By subversive is meant disruptive of and opposed to the existing order (society, governments, and their so-called "Law and Order") and desirous of overthrowing and replacing the existing order.

Notes:

[1] The Dreccian Code is as follows:

Those who are not our brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by - and are prepared to die by - our unique code of Dreccian honour.

Our Dreccian-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own Drecc kind. Our Dreccian-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust - and often despise - all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone - mundane, or one of our own kind - who impugns our Dreccian honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their Dreccian deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded

them as arbitrator

Our duty - as Dreccian individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our Dreccian honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to act with Dreccian honour in all our dealings with our own Dreccian kind.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their Dreccian-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - means that an oath of Dreccian loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of Dreccian honour ("I swear on my Dreccian-honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of Dreccian honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

[2] The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control, especially if they rely on the State, the nation, or some hierarchical organization.

[3] A general overview of catharsis, in an Occult context, is given in Appendix 2 - Classic ONA Text: Satanism, Blasphemy, and The Black Mass.

0 Magian Occultism

How does the ONA view the works of so-called Western Occultists such as

Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley and Anton LaVain?

As purveyors of that Magian [1] distortion - that Magian infection - that has weakened the peoples of the West, and elsewhere, and helped the hubriati, those controllers of the West, maintain, control, and continue to breed that sub-species of humans known as Homo Hubris. That helps breed mundanes and to keep mundanes under control. And what better way to control potentially rebellious mundanes than infect their psyche and allow them to pursue and waste their energies on meaningless drivel.

For, correctly understood, genuine esoteric Arts, and especially the Dark Arts of The Left Hand Path, are a means not only of personal liberation, but of individual and Aeonic change and evolution toward a higher type of human being and more evolved ways of living.

So, instead of such liberation and such evolution, we have had, here in the West, well over a century of the psyche of esoteric seekers being manipulated and controlled and contained by Magian ideas, myths, archetypes, abstractions, and by Yahud-Nazarene mythology, theology, and ethos. And the mundanes keep suckering the stuff up, and proclaiming that they have "empowered" or "liberated" themselves when all they do and have done is just exchanged one Magian mechanism of inner control for another.

Magian Occultism

What does Magian Occultism, in essence, express? It expresses that fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of both Homo Hubris and the Hubriati that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

This is the attitude that underpins all Western societies - with their laws, their Police forces, their armies, their so-called courts of "justice", their planning, their wealth. The governments of such countries want their citizens, their mundanes, to feel "safe", to believe that everything is under control or can be controlled; that their "enemies" can be successfully fought, with "peace" here, now, or possible soon, and that peace (inner and outer) is a desirable goal.

This is the attitude that underpins The Golden Pawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and the pretentious pseudo-intellectuals of the ToSers. This is the attitude that leads mundane Occultist to write self-conceited drivel like "All deities, demons, forces - even God and Satan - are matters of perception..."

and “Reality is a matter of perspective...” and “I command the powers of darkness to move and appear...” [Note here the grandiloquent *I command the powers* - a typical Magian view, as if some weasel mundane, dwelling on some insignificant planet on some insignificant Galaxy, could command the forces of Cosmic life.]

In contrast, here is a quote from an ONA author which reeks of our human sinister reality:

” We revel and delight in genuine heresy...and in being amoral. Thus, when we are criticized for inciting hate and violence, and for affirming human culling, we say: so what? For that is what we do, and we do what we do because we embrace the Dark; we desire The Dark; we seek to Presence The Dark - Chaos - upon Earth and in and through others....

When we are criticized for championing what is heretical in our societies, we say: so what? For that is what we do... Thus do we seek to ignore, to transgress, the laws, the limits, that the mundanes set to protect themselves and their societies, for we are rebellion itself: outlaws who thrive beyond and in the margins that mark the boundary between The Light and The Dark.

Thus do we desire our name - as known in the world of the mundanes, and as known in the world of The Dark - to become a synonym for Chaos, liberation, culling, and revolutionary change.

Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - cosy intellectual discussions about obscure esoteric matters. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - the scribblings of Occult internet forums where those who-do-not-know converse with those who-do-not-do. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - any *sincere* affirmation of or any *sincere* identification with the ways, the politics, the religions, the world, of the mundanes. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - some urban or suburban “Temple”. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - ONA meetings, conferences and dialogues.

Instead, our way is the way of action, of deeds, of violence, terror, revolution, combat, war. The way of the real heretic who leads and manipulates others, the human shapeshifter who plays, who acts, a rôle in the living game which is the life, the societies, of the mundanes.

Where there is The Darkness, we are. Where there is Chaos, you will

find us lurking, leading, manipulating. Where there is Heresy, you will find us as instigators, as champions of The Forbidden. And where there is a law, you will find us transgressing it..."

What's missing in Magian Occultism? Two crucial things - real sinister supra-personal forces, and an Aeonic perspective.

While all this wallowing in mundane Occult carnality - and prancing about believing you're some sort of god - is fine, it's get boring, mundane, after a while. It's actually kind of childish, your teenage years of exploration of your body and the world. But there comes a time when real sinister folk begin to ask - "Is this all there is? Am I nothing more?" That is, you have to grow up; move on.

For non-Magian Occultists this moving on means you put what you've learned into practice, in the real world, beyond your bedroom, beyond your local coven, lodge, temple (or whatever) meetings and rituals; beyond your own self absorption. You connect, real-time, with the world, society, mundanes - and have a wider vision, a longer perspective, and so begin to see mundanes as a resource; begin to think of having a sinister family of your own, and planning ahead for your sinister sons, daughters, grandchildren, and beyond.

You also put yourself into this larger perspective - the acausal, of whatever you want to call it. You begin to understand that, really, all those words about being a god were just so much hype. You're mortal - you get ill; sad; one day you'll die. You can't strike your annoying neighbor dead with a bolt of lightning. Heck, you can't even turn base metal into gold and so give up your daytime job.

So, non-Magian Occultists get to the point where their knowledge, their ability, their experience and understanding, tells them that there really are strange, dark, deadly, dangerous, things "out there" which no spells, no books, no conjurations, no "prayers", no offerings, no submission, and especially no delusion about being a god (or goddess) can control. As that famous ONA quote goes -

"It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They

need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature"...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things....." *To Presence The Dark*

It's this reality that mundanes Occultists - following Magian Occultism - don't like, wouldn't admit, and can't face, in their cowardice and self-delusion.

But it's this sinister reality that non-Magian Occultists revel in and enjoy, for to them Presencing The Dark is an expression of their adult sinister nature, just as wallowing in and pursuing carnality was an expression of their teenage years and nature.

Thus, non-Magian Occultists define Satanism as

" The acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means....."

The Magian Occult Con

To see just how the Magian Occult con, this Magian manipulation, this control, works, let's consider just two Occult archetypes - Satan, and Baphomet.

According to everyone except the ONA, Satan is regarded as, in origin, a Nazarene-Yahud archetype or deity. For non-Magian Occultists, however, the Biblical Satan is derived from older non-Semitic myths and legends, with the real Satan being a

"...living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can...presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there."

According to everyone except the ONA, Baphomet is some kind of male symbol and/or archetype, depicted according to a drawing in some work by Elephant Levi. Thus, in the Occult workings of the mundanes who adhere to this, Baphomet is invoked or used as a means of aiding some pseudo-mythical self-mastery or self-deification, or what-not. Or even as a means of

understanding and mastering Reality, blah blah blah.

However, for non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is female, the Dark Goddess, and part of a tradition much older than the fables, fantasies and persecution stories found in such Magian texts as the Bible.

For non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is

" ...a sinister acausal entity, and is depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a man. Thus, She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made.

Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship..."

The essence of the Magian Occult con is the grandiloquent, the delusional, *I command the powers...* This is just so urban; so redolent of Homo Hubris, of mundanes, living in cities under the control of some government or some authority.

The Magian Occult con works like this. (1) You're safe - provided you have the words of power, the spells, the conjurations, the illusion you're a god, and you use the deities or forms or archetypes we tell you to use (for they're made up to scare little children or to stop you finding the real ones); (2) you're a really powerful magickian - a great Occultist - or you can become one, so long as you play by our rules, and don't upset the system of causal abstractions we've put into place; (3) we'll keep you confused and serve up a mix of world mythologies and legends - our mix-n-match - from which you can pick and choose at your leisure so that you'll feel you've discovered something Occult and awesome; (4) you can have your teeny rebellion so long as you don't actually do anything really subversive or dangerous or which really threatens our materialistic status quo; and finally (5) now that you've been a good boy or girl, we'll reward you by hyping you and your works and will make you into a mundane icon.

Truth is, that Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and their ilk - like the fantasists who believe some literary, made-up, pseudo-mythology is real - are all the same; part of the same illusive, make-believe, childish mardy world-view. No wonder then that they have to resort to trying to impress others by saying stupid things such as "Tiamat is the keeper of mysteries..." and "*I command the powers...*"

Yeah, right - mix-n-match Occultism, and your nursery bed-time stories are really scary, and yes we do believe that the Magian Lilith is the way to reveal and revel in our inner wildness, and yes - we do, we really do, command the forces of the Cosmos...

To end, here's a quote from another ONA writer

" When we look closer at the ONA, its Dark Gods, Dark Traditions, and Sinister Seven-Fold Way, and we compare it to the more ancient and Natural Ways and Traditions that are older than state-religions, we dis-cover that the ONA shares a lot in common with such primal traditions....."

That is, non-Magian Occultist traditions, like that of the ONA, are not only proudly and defiantly non-Magian, but also pre-date and by-pass the Magian pseudo-Occultism that dominates the West and has dominated the West for well over a hundred years.

One is a means to inner liberation and sinister Aeonian change, while the other is a means of delusion and control. One is redolent of real, primal, non-urban - tribal - human culture, of a living tradition, where there is an understanding of the strangeness, the danger, of life, and an appreciation - and respect for - what is non-human and un-natural. The other - the Magian way - is just so redolent of domesticated arrogant human beings who delude themselves that reality is what they make it, what they perceive it to be, and who immaturely believe they - some puny, mortal, human being - can command the forces of life, Nature and the Cosmos, where Satan and Baphomet are merely symbols and some "thing" they can control.

So, let the Magian pseudo-Occultists wave their plastic light-sabres around while they battle with - and ultimately control - the dark forces (copyright Magian Inc.) they've read about in some book; while we get on with Presencing The Dark, and being that balance between the Light and the Dark that is the genesis of real human evolution.

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Order of Nine Angles

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I Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan

Correctly understood, Occultism is a process of inner and outer alchemical Change. That is, it is an esoteric means (a Way, a method) of change, of development, for ourselves as individuals, and for those collocations of individuals which have arisen, such as communities, and what is often termed "society".

For hundreds of years, the perception of Occultism in the West, both exoteric and esoteric - and especially the perception of demonology and diabolism - has been that provided by those Western Occultists influenced by, and accepting of, the Yahoudi qabala, and by the theology and ontology of the Nazarenes.

Consider, for instance, the name, history, and origin of the being known as Satan. This being is commonly - vulgarly and incorrectly - regarded as being some "fallen angel" of some monotheistic God written about in The Old Testament of the Hebrews, and which God, being omnipotent, can ultimately control Satan, and which God, through the miracle of the incarnation, has given human beings the means to escape from Satan's influence and control, through, for example, prayer, certain rituals, certain signs and symbols, and even the saying of certain words.

From this belief, this attitude, arose the medieval and later Grimoires which, it was claimed, revealed secrets whereby a sorcerer could summon, communicate with, and use (and even control), various demonic entities, but also make some sort of pact with The Devil, Satan.

Thus, the summoning of demonic entities could be achieved if one knew the correct signs and symbols, and the name, of the appropriate entity, just as one could - and would - be protected from them if one stood inside some sort of "protective circle", had the right talismans, and said the right "words of command".

The underlying *raison d'etres* here are two things. First, the hubris-like

belief that some puny, mortal, human being on some insignificant planet in some insignificant Galaxy in a Cosmos of billions of Galaxies can - without the intervention of God or some powerful deity - control non-human entities such as demons if one has "the secrets" of being able to do so; and, second, that one has, ultimately, God to fall back on - or at least some "good (not-harmful-to-humans) entity" (or deity) who was/is ultimately more powerful than the "bad" ones being summoned. This second reason applied particularly to alleged pacts with The Devil, who it was believed wanted "the immortal soul" of a person, but which alleged soul was (conveniently) ultimately the property of the Nazarene God, with "the sinner" being able to renege on the pact with The Devil at the moment of death if they repented, as per the legend of Theophilus and that of the later Faust.

Furthermore, from the belief of control, *sans* God - from the belief of there being "secrets of control out there (somewhere)" - arose the notion of being *gifted* with such secrets, if not from God or some deity, then from some secret book, or from some teacher, or Master, or advanced Adept, or whatever. That is, that all one really needed - sans the help of God and his minions (including The Devil) was such secrets allied to one's own belief in one's own abilities: that is, the belief one was "special", or somehow "chosen", or that one - some puny mortal - had, in isolation, some sort of cosmic Destiny.

However, this hubris-like belief in the esoteric power and ability of puny humans, and this inner certitude that - anyway - they can if necessary always rely on God/some-deity/some-hidden-knowledge/some teacher, Master or prophet, has led to serious problems for modern Occultists.

The Magian Nature of Modern Occultism

The essence of Magian Occultism lies in three things: (1) the certitude of being special or chosen; (2) the belief - arising from urban-living - in the esoteric power and ability of puny humans (especially their own abilities); and (3) the certitude (conscious or otherwise) that, even if an outer Dark Power really does exist, the puny human can always fall back on, and rely on, God, or on some deity, or on there being some secrets or some teachings somewhere which can give them (the puny human) control and power over this Dark Power.

Some modern Occultists have taken (1) and (2) to extremes, and so have chosen to try and dispense with The Devil/The Dark Power/The Dark Forces/Satan - and also often God - and instead deify themselves, believing such stuff as, "Reality is what I make it or what others have made it, or perceived it to be." They then proceed to use various allegedly magickal or

Occult workings (their own or from others) - and/or some esoteric practices cobbled together from world religions and world folklore - in to try and attain and develop their inner deity, their Higher Self, or to try and control and sanctify their own minds, or some such guff.

These Western mostly urban-dwelling Occultists have thus tried, by massaging their ego, to remove the sinister power of the numen - the inner and outer Darkness that exists - from themselves, the Cosmos, and their world, and provided their urban life-style keeps them, as it mostly does, reasonably well-fed, sheltered from the elements, well-entertained, fairly comfortable, and removed from the hard learning arising from personal suffering (from *pathei-mathos*), then they are fairly safe in, and almost always content with, their delusion.

Thus do they, in the relative safety of their urban-dwelling world, concentrate on "refining their self", with the aim of bringing their "unique individuality", and more and more so-called individualism, to the world at large.

In brief, their Occultism is mundane; worthless; just as they themselves are and remain not only mundanes, but often good specimens of Homo Hubris.

Others modern Occultists, however, for example Aquino of Temple of Set fame, sought to give an alternative account of The Devil/The Dark Power/Satan, claiming, for instance, that He, The Prince of Darkness, was in truth a much older deity, known to the Egyptians as Set.

But this type of alternative theory for the origin of The Dark One naturally led and leads to problems regarding ontology - that is, problems regarding the origin and nature of such a deity. Does, for example, the deity actually exist, as a living entity? If so, where? How was the deity created, and can a human being control or escape from the power of this deity? And what of God?

Of course, those who probed such origins had neat, if rather silly, and illogical, hybrid answers. Such as - yes, the deity might (or really does exist) but it also is just an extension of our consciousness, our "higher self" (or some such thing); and yes, we can ultimately escape the clutches, the power, of this deity since we have the right talismans, the right rituals, the correct "words of power", and anyway since it is a part of us, we can ultimately learn to control it ourselves; and, finally, that The Prince of Darkness - aka Set or whatever the correct name is said to be - is not really evil, just misunderstood.

Thus, as mentioned in the text *The ONA, The LHP, and The Temple of Set*:

The Prince of Darkness, for the ToS [Temple of Set] and for Setians, thus appears as a rather benign, and somewhat mis-understood, figure - He who gives the gift of Xepher, provided that no laws are broken, provided the ToS approves, and provided that one holds fast to the sacredness of all life.

Especially note that Set *gives the gift* of Xepher.

All this, however, is not only the sophistry of the deluded with their hubris-like, egotistical, belief in the Cosmic power of puny humans, but also the Yahoudi-Nasrany way of thinking, dominated as that type of thinking, that perception, is by causal abstractions, especially that of a group or an individual "being chosen" or favoured above others by some deity or by some supra-personal power.

Furthermore, according to this abstraction, someone or some group so chosen, can be gifted with "revelations" (or special, secret, knowledge) - as, for example, The Old and New Testaments were "revelations" from God, and as, for example, Aquino was gifted by Set with The Book of The Coming Forth by Night, and Aleister Crowley was gifted by Aiwass (and ultimately by some Egyptian deity) with The Book of The Law; and which gifts allegedly entitle these Occultists to proclaim themselves as "advanced Occultists" (as Magos of a New Aeon); award themselves some self-serving title, pass on "the wisdom" they have received to others, and award these others with titles.

It was and it is this type of perception that kept and keeps alive the Yahod-Nazarene ethos, which ethos has morphed into that Magian ethos that blights us now, has blighted us for well over a hundred years, and has totally distorted the Western Occult tradition.

In contrast to both types of modern Occultists - the deluded deifiers of themselves, and those gifted with revelations or fawning at the feet of teachers - the genuine Western Occult tradition is based on the inner alchemy of *pathei-mathos*; that is, on practical experience (light and dark), and the personal often hard sadful learning that only arises, over a long period of causal Time, from such direct and personal experience.

The genuine Western Occult tradition thus breeds a critical self-honesty and self-insight, which - along with the development of latent faculties - produces a healthy balanced psyche. In contrast, the Yahod-Nazarene ethos, and the Magian ethos, both breed and have bred the self-satisfaction of being chosen/saved/liberated and the delusion arising from a distinct lack of a critical self-honesty, both of which combine to produce an imbalanced, or a

diseased, psyche: those marks of the mundane.

God, and The Non-Jewish Origins of Satan

In the Western esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

In the Western esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry, Satan is regarded as the exoteric "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal continuum. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms.

Furthermore, in the Western esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry, Satanism is defined as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

Thus the Order of Nine Angles - based upon and propagating this tradition of Hebdomadry - has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions, and whose exoteric name does not derive, as mundanes and Magian Occultists assume and believe, from the Bible of the Hebrews.

According to mundanes and Magian Occultists, Satan, as a word, is derived from the Hebrew, meaning accuser. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. Aeschylus: *aitiau ekho*. It was this older Greek form which became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also the 'Shaitan' of Islam. Furthermore, in Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word diabolic itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass

beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (Aristotle) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

In addition, there is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament was probably based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE (and long after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus) - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called *a satan*.

Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, the ethos, of those allegedly "chosen by God" and who indeed, as a natural satanist, pours scorn on the paranoid persecution stories found in the Old Testament and elsewhere, and pours scorn on the very notion of not only some omnipotent creator-being but also on such a being choosing some group of humans as his/its "chosen people".

Indeed, we natural satanists - we adversaries of such persecution tales and notions - regard this notion of "being chosen" as a symptom of at best a psychic imbalance, and at worst of a unhealthy, if not a diseased, psyche. In a similar way, we natural satanists regard such persecution stories as a means whereby those with such an imbalanced psyche can escape, in their own minds, from the consequences of their own actions, and which alleged or even real persecution they often use to try and make their victims feel guilty (and they themselves to feel better). Thus, they shift the blame from themselves onto others, and any attempt, by others, to rationally point out their culpability for such wrongful actions as they have committed is meet by the hue and cry of "persecution" and/or by accusations of the accuser being *a satan* or, more recently, being those modern equivalents of *a satan* - such as a Nazi or a "preacher of hate" or an "anti-semite".

The Western Esoteric Tradition of Hebdomadry

This Western tradition of Hebdomadry - founded on The Seven-Fold Sinister

Way - is one which accepts, *sine qua non*, that Dark Forces exist, external to us as puny mortal human beings, and that these Dark Forces are ultimately not only beyond our own, mortal, means to control, but also not controllable by some omnipotent creator-being named God because such an omnipotent creator-being does not and never has existed, in the Cosmos.

Thus, these Dark Forces are not just part of our psyche, our consciousness; just as Reality is not a matter of our own, personal perception. Thus, there are types of living beings who have and who can presence Dark Forces, or who are or who can be such Dark Forces or aspects of them. One of these living beings is the acausal entity that has been named, by us, as Satan, The Prince of Darkness, The Master of Evil, and which Prince of Darkness was not first brought to our attention by, and first named in, some fables in some Yahoudi book or legend.

The Dark Forces are, moreover, a natural - and currently, a necessary - part of The Cosmos. They are one of the ways in which the Cosmos functions; or, rather, they express aspects of The Cosmos, changing, evolving, living. Crucially, aspects of these Dark Forces are inherent in us, in our being, by our very human nature as causal living beings, as nexions in the matrix that is the causal-acausal continuums. That is, such Dark Forces, or aspects of them, represent Life itself; what animates us, as human beings, and makes us alive, and also what can aid us to Change, to develop, evolve, ourselves, and those collocations of human beings which have arisen, such as communities, and what is often termed "society".

The Seven-Fold Sinister Way is regraded as a means whereby we can access, presence, such Dark Forces - both within our own psyche (the nexion we are) and from the acausal continuum. Access, presence - to experience, to learn from, thus enabling us to change, develop, evolve, our psyche, our ourselves, and this world which is still, currently, our home.

Given the nature of these Dark Forces, this can be, and most often is, difficult, testing, and very dangerous. But to so access, so presence, such forces by such a Way is necessary, since this Way not only balances and develops our own psyche as individuals, but also the psyche that is Life itself, manifest in the living changing Cosmos.

Anton Long

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Feyen

II Sinister Demonology

The Deception of Modern Magick

The fundamental mistake that the majority of Occultists of The Left Hand Path, in the West, have made for well over five hundred years is that they have been duped by the pretence that is Magian Occultism [1], especially in relation to demons, and demonology.

Consider, for instance, the medieval Grimoires, once apparently difficult to obtain, but now accessible, which purported to reveal secrets whereby a sorcerer could summon, communicate with, and use, various demonic entities. Without exception these Grimoires - from *Book of Honorius* to *Grimoire of Abra-Melin* and beyond - are all based on the Nazarene-Hebrew tradition (which includes the qabala) which is why, of course, the majority of them have Hebrew names or names manufactured to be Hebrew-ish.

Even today, over a quarter of a century after the Order of Nine Angles revealed the hitherto esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry (The Seven-Fold Sinister Way) this Nazarene-Hebrew tradition of so-called demonology is still regarded as the authentic, and Occult, one.

Consider, for instance, a recently (2009 CE) published book, entitled *Encyclopaedia of Demons and Demonology*, which purports to be an encyclopaedic enumeration of demons, and all of which "Western" demons belong either to the Nazarene-Gnostic tradition or to the Nazarene-Hebrew tradition of the medieval Grimoires and of those, like the Golden Dawn, and Crowley, who uncritically imbibed that distorted Magian Occult tradition.

It is, moreover, highly indicative of the true nature of much vaunted Western Occultists, such as Aleister Crowley, that they accepted, without question, these medieval Grimoires and their Hebrewesque demons. Accepted to such an extent in the case of Crowley that he in his pretension regarded the so-called *Grimoire of Abra-Melin* (the Yahudi) as an important, indeed a pre-eminent, Western magickal text [2] and from which type of Magian/qabalistic "conjurations" Crowley was able (apparently) to manifest his

so-called Holy Guardian Angel (aka his true inner - higher- self) named Aiwass. Thus did Crowley, by means of Magian/qabalistic "sorcery", develop/manufacture (or be gifted with) his Liber Al vel Legis, which somewhat pretentious document was to become his *raison d'etre*. Or, at least, his excuse for proclaiming himself a Magus and pontificating about the type of Magian magick he believed in and promulgated.

That Crowley has, since his death, managed to garnish a following who assert he is a Magus, who proclaim his Thelema is some sort of "new age", and who regard him as some sort of "authority" on magick, merely reveals such followers for the inept Occultists - and mundanes - that they are.

For the Occult veracity is that anyone possessed of genuine Occult insight, any shred of that dark-empathy that is the foundation of true sorcery, would have not only seen through the posturing of Crowley, but also understood, intuitively or otherwise, the whole tradition of Magian sorcery/magick for the posturing silliness and/or the psychic control that it is.

The Sinister Demonology of Hebdomadry

According to the esoteric tradition of Hebdomadry - claimed by the ONA to represent the genuine Western Occult tradition - demons are a specific type of acausal, living, entity. They do not have Hebrewesque "names"; they cannot be summoned or controlled by any means given in the fake medieval Hebrewesque Grimoires, just as Satan is not related to either the Hebrew Bible or to the ontology and theology of the Nazarenes, and just as - since the so-called God of the Hebrews and the Nazarenes does not exist - Satan is not ultimately controllable by either this God or by humans using some Nazarene mumbo-jumbo [3]. For Satan Himself is a particular acausal being. [4]

Demons, esoterically understood, are thus a type of non-human entity, from the acausal continuum, who/which can egress to our causal, mortal, realm, by (via, or through) a nexion. [5] That is, they may be considered to be particular types of acausal energy.

Thus, sorcery - esoterically and correctly understood - is (1) the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aim; and (2) the drawing forth, or the presencing of, in the causal and via a nexion, acausal entities.

Genuine Sinister Grimoires are thus texts which give instructions as to how such entities are or may be "named" in the causal and how a nexion or nexions to the acausal can be accessed or opened to allow such entities (and/or such acausal energies) to manifest (be presenced) in our causal continuum: that is, here on Earth, or in our consciousness or in the consciousness of another human being or other human beings.

As stated in the MS *Copula cum Daemone 0*:

The essence of our sinister Internal Magick is *Copula cum Daemone*, in either the literal sense of joining with certain acausal entities, or in the psychic sense of nurturing, releasing, and joining with one's inner Baeldraca to thus become a causal-dwelling (but still mortal) sinister changeling. In the case of one's Baeldraca, the joining is begun by the rite of sinister Initiation, nurtured by the journey to External Adept, released by the Rite of Internal Adept, and fully joined (re-united) with one's causal being by a successful Passing of The Abyss.

In the literal sense, the joining with certain acausal entities can be done in several ways. First, by invoking them, through Dark Sorcery, into one's own self. Second, by evoking them and then, again through Dark Sorcery, having a candidate (a mortal, willing or unwilling) be a host for the entity so evoked. Third, by opening a collocation of nine physical nexions and recalling The Dark Gods back to our causal realm.

A simple example of the first kind is the working with the pathways on the Tree of Wyrð (qv. *Naos*). An example of the second kind is *The Ceremony of Recalling*, as given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*. A fictional account of such presencings of such acausal entities is given in *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*, and in the three stories, *Jenyah*, *Sabirah*, and *In The Sky of Dreaming*.

In a quite literal sense, some acausal entities - when manifest in the causal, are demons. Mischievous evil beings who - like most acausal beings - are shapeshifters, and can assume a variety of causal forms, benign, animal, human, or otherwise. Some of these types of acausal beings may have given rise to myths such as Dragons, and to legends about Succubi and Incubi. Some acausal

entities, when manifest in the causal, are more akin to the *δαίμων* of classical legends - an internal source of energy to guide, inspire, provoke, mortals; or physically-presented beings who watch over and guard certain sinisterly-numinous places; or beings, temporarily residing in the causal, who can restore the Cosmic balance by making mortals mad or bringing them misfortune or even killing them. Still other acausal entities, of a different acausal (but always shapeshifting) living species, are known to us by such causal names as we have assigned to them through a personal knowledge and past interaction with them - for example, Baphomet, Dark Goddess and Mistress of Earth; and Satan, The Lord of Darkness; both of whom can, if They so desire, join with us, physically, carnally, when They are presented in the causal, on Earth, in some causal form that is pleasing to them, and us, and from which union They may gift us with an acausal, immortal, existence, if that, and we, be also pleasing to them.

Thus it is that the term *Copula cum Daemone* expresses the essence of our sinister Internal Magick, the essence of some of our demonic, dangerous (but often delightful), sinister practices, and also the goal of our Sinister Way, which goal is an immortal existence in the realms beyond this mortal, limited, causal, existence of ours.

What requires understanding is that - in complete contrast to Magian Occultism, and the fake medieval Hebrewesque Grimoires, and charlatans such as Crowley - there is no way for us, as temporal mortal beings, to control whatever demons or whatever acausal entities we may draw forth, or presence, in the causal continuum. No "words of power" to control such entities; no "God" to fall-back on; no "circle of protection". No potion, no spell or conjuration to save us, or others. No "secret Grimoire" wherein we can find the means to make ourselves "master" or "mistress" over such acausal energies. For such acausal energies, such acausal entities - of whatever acausal type or acausal species - are unbound by the constraints of our causal continuum and certainly unbound by our own puny mortal human nature. For most such entities, from our causal perspective, are "immortal".

In addition, once presented, such entities act - exist, live, dwell - in our causal continuum according to their own acausal nature. The most - the best - we fragile, fallible, mortal beings can do is befriend them, or be their comrades or their lovers, as we can aspire to be or become like them.

Therefore, according to our Dark Tradition, we regard both Satan and Baphomet [6] as long-lost relatives (and possibly as potential lovers), to be

respected and admired but never "worshipped" [7].

True Dark Sorcery is thus difficult, and very dangerous. It is for those few who dare, who can defy, and who, intuitively or otherwise, can see or feel past the constraints that the Magian ethos - and Magian Occultism - has imposed, or tried to impose, on us.

Practical Dark Sorcery is thus not only an esoteric Art, but also a dangerous occupation. Sometimes, it can lead to madness; more often it leads to the person becoming deluded, grandiloquent, and/or descending down to that barbarism where the useful and necessary skills of reason, self-control, and esoteric balance, have been lost.

Practical Dark Sorcery is, however, also a means whereby we can understand ourselves, develop and evolve ourselves, and also disrupt/change our societies and other human beings and so usher in that new sinister Aeon, that Dark Imperium, which it is one of the aims of a sinister Adepts to bring into being, to the detriment of mundanes and Magians alike.

Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] In respect of Magian Occultism, refer to the rather jovial text, *Magian Occultism*, by Ms PointyHat.

As mentioned in *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (v.2.05):

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) - can

master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

Magians (as a breed) are a specific type of human being - they are the natural exploiters of others, possessed of an instinctive type of human cunning and an avaricious personal nature. Over the past millennia they have developed a talent for manipulating other human beings, especially Western mundanes, by means of abstractions - such as usury and "freedom" and marxian/capitalist "social engineering/planning" - and by hoaxes/illusions, such as that of "democracy". The easily manipulated nature of Western mundanes, and the Magian talent for such things as usury and litigation/spiel, their ability to cunningly manipulate, and their underlying charlatanesque (and almost always cowardly nature), have given them wealth, power and influence.

As such, Magians are - currently - our natural and indeed our necessary mortal enemies, not simply because of their cowardice, and their influence and control over mundanes (something we ourselves seek to do to achieve some Aeonic aims) but essentially because Magian influence and control is de-evolutionary in the worst possible sense (breeding as it has and does Homo Hubris), whereas our influence and guidance is and would be evolutionary in the best possible sense; a means to liberate individuals, practically - from the tyranny of causal abstractions - and psychically, to extend their consciousness by, for example, awareness of the acausal and through the sinisterly-numinous goal of leaving this planet, our childhood home.

[2] *Regarding the Spelling of Magick.* The spelling Magick - as opposed to the previously common Magic - as an alternative word for sorcery, is vulgarly attributed to Crowley.

However, that particular spelling dates from medieval times (as does the spelling musick), as a perusal of the complete Oxford English Dictionary will reveal. A spelling, moreover kept alive, over the centuries, by some reclusive Western Occultists who operated in the customary manner of most genuine sorcerers, including those who adhered to the tradition of Hebdomadry, and which customary manner was to pass on their knowledge, and their tradition, in secret, from Master/Mistress to Initiate.

Thus, to suggest, as some mundanes do, that anyone who now uses the spelling magick must, in some way, be influenced by Crowley is not only illogical, but also indicative of how such mundanes cannot perceive beyond the

Magian-induced false reality they have become accustomed to.

[3] For a history of Satan, according to The Sinister Tradition, see the ONA text, *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*.

For Satan, and God, refer to Parts Two and Three of the ONA text *The Complete Guide to Satanism* (121 yf) (especially the section *Defining Satanism*).

[4] For the esoteric tradition of acausal and causal, see the ONA text, *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

[5] A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept.

[6] Contrary to the buffoonery of Magian Occultism, Baphomet is - according to the tradition of Hebdomadry - a female acausal entity, described as The Dark Goddess, the Mother/Mistress of Earth. See, for example, the texts, *Baphomet: Vamperness of The Dark Gods* and *The Dark Goddess As Archetype*.

[7] See, for example, the text *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

III

The Sorcery of Heresy Vindex and The Tyranny of the Magian

Exoteric Exegesis - The Magian Ethos

Understood esoterically, the Magian ethos and its savants (such as the hubriati) and its servants and foot-soldiers (such as Homo Hubris) are the current enemy of those who, by both practical and esoteric means, seek to create an evolutionary Galactic Imperium imbued with an evolutionary (Promethean, Satanic, Dark) ethos.

The Magian ethos is a materialistic, enervating, de-evolutionary, set of causal abstractions, among which abstractions are the idea/ideal of the nation-State; the un-aristocratic, vulgar (plebeian) idea and fraud termed “democracy” (where the privileged hubriati rule in the “name of the people”); the abstract idea/ideal of a impersonal (non-honour-based) law administered by so-called national and international “courts of law”; the trickery and wage-slavery that is usury and the modern financial institutions (and the capitalism) based on such trickery and wage-slavery; and, most importantly, mandatory personal taxation on earnings (income tax), and which mandatory income tax plus taxation on goods, property, and commodities (all collected by and enforced by the State/nation) keeps the whole Magian system going.

These causal abstractions now enmesh the world. And they represent a new type of tyranny; a new enslavement of our human species.

These abstractions have replaced living cultures, and their often rural communities, with a vacuous, artificial, nationalism, with abstract ideologies and religions, and with an increasingly artificial way of urban living. [1]

These abstractions have replaced the living law of personal honour with the impersonal tyranny of State and international law, so that the individual - especially in the Western world - is now in both theory and in practice powerless before the might of the State, the forces of so-called “law and order”, in their place of residence. For the State now has the power to arrest and detain anyone (often only “on suspicion” of having transgressed some State-made law) and can use any amount of force it deems necessary to subdue and detain someone. The forces of the State - if they follow the so-called “due process” the State has established and maintains - can smash their way into the home of anyone at anytime, and rifle through and take away whatever they want, as the State has the power to prosecute and imprison (and sometimes execute) anyone it deems has broken some law which it, the State and its flunkies, have manufactured.

Thus, no longer is there a choice - voluntary, by the individual, or allowed by some ruler or potentate - of exile; of beginning a new life elsewhere, free from the clutches of some impersonal authority. There is no longer the choice (unless you are one of the hubriati, of course) of not paying taxation, nor the

choice of going to live somewhere where there is no taxation (unless you are one of the hubriati, of course).

In the same way, the powerful Media (newspapers, television, and so on) can make or break the reputation of any person, especially if it is deemed "in the public interest", which means in accord with the Magian ethos that has come to dominate the West and is now spreading, like the debilitating virus it is, to other lands.

In theory - and often in practice - the individual has no rights which the State and its flunkies cannot take away, just as there is now hardly anywhere now on Earth where an outlaw, or a person, can go to avoid the law enforcement officers and intelligence agencies of the State (or to start a new life), with international travel (and often national travel) being monitored and controlled by passports, Visas, and other mechanisms of State control and State security.

This is sheer tyranny; the emasculation of the individual before the might and power of the State - and before collocations of States, such as the European Union, and the United Nations [2], with their own laws, their own Courts, their own restrictions on what a person can and cannot do. All mandatory taxation, but especially that on income - enforced by imprisonment or the threat of it - is both theft and a means of control.

This is sheer tyranny; the control of the individual from the cradle to the grave, and the de-evolutionary stifling of the real potential of the individual, which potential all esoteric (Occult) Ways understand and appreciate and which all such Ways seek in some manner to develop.

Our potential - as human beings - lies in three things.

(1) In understanding ourselves - our psyche - and in developing various latent (Occult) faculties, and thus, through a balance between internal (esoteric) and external (exoteric) experiences, learning to fully know and control (discipline) ourselves.

(2) In understanding the true Reality (Cosmic, and personal) that lies behind the causal abstractions we human beings have manufactured for millennia, and which constrain and control us, and which we have often used to constrain and control others. [Note - Among such causal abstractions are, as mentioned above, all religions, all forms of "politics", and of course, the idea/ideal of The State, the nation, and of impersonal law.]

(3) In leaving our childhood home - this planet - and so, by discovering and exploring new places, by living in new ways, by

overcoming challenges, we can become mature, and evolve to become different types of human beings, a new species.

All genuine Occult Ways - to a greater or lesser degree - seek to do the first of these three things. The other two are, currently, esoterically, mostly the preserve of the Occult Way of the Order of Nine Angles.

Thus has the ONA made the disruption and destruction of the current order, the current Aeon - represented by the tyranny of the Magian State and the Magian ethos - its most fundamental practical priority. Thus is our Dark Sorcery - exoteric and esoteric - directed at everything Magian and everything, and everyone, imbued with and supportive of the Magian ethos.

For from this practical and magickal disruption and destruction, our New Aeon - our Dark Galactic Imperium - will emerge.

The Esotericism of Tribes and Vindex

In respect of the particular esoteric Way of the Order of Nine Angles, our sinister tribes strike at the very heart of the tyranny of the impersonal State. For our tribes restore the natural balance that depends on personal honour, and our natural, human, tribal - communal - way of living. [See Appendix 1 - *Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State.*]

Understood esoterically, our sinister tribes are Acausal Sorcery, as are our traditional nexions with their traditional sinister rites and their Seven-Fold Sinister Way, and as are our newer rites of modern blasphemy [3], such as The Mass of Heresy, and The Rite of Defiance, based as these blasphemous rites are on a defiance of the new Magian mandatory religion of holocaustianity [4].

Understood esoterically, The Vindex Mythos is also Acausal Sorcery. That is, the original (non-esoteric) form has been and is being used in an esoteric manner to provoke Change in an evolutionary way, creating thus a new sinisterly-numinous causal form, new archetypes; and which manufactured esoteric form, and which archetypes, may not be perceived or understood as esoteric by many or most of those who are influenced, inspired, and/or changed by the mythos in its non-esoteric (and original) form.

In essence, this mythos is: (1) a new, non-esoteric, manifestation of The Law of the Sinister-Numen (the law of personal honour); (2) the new warriors who, upholding the law of personal honour, establish new tribal ways of living in opposition to their tyranny of the Magian abstraction of the nation-State; and (3) a new and natural balance between the male and the female aspects of human beings, manifest in new archetypes.

This last point - these new archetypes - are important, if currently misunderstood, both exoterically and esoterically. For these new male and female archetypes (to be admired, emulated, and seen as rôle-models) arise from the reality that the new law of personal honour applies equally to both men and women, and that no distinction is made between male, and female, warriors, and between what can be achieved. That is, the only distinction that matters is living by the code of personal honour that forms the very basis of new tribes, and it is this equality of living and aspirations and deeds which will provide the necessary rôle-models - the real-life personal examples - for individuals, with such rôle-models being in stark contrast to those of all modern societies.

Thus, the mythos of Vindex replaces the old law of the old Aeon with our new law of personal honour, and replaces the archetypes of the current Aeon with our new archetypes - from which new archetypes new rôle-models, anti-Magian in their very being, are emerging.

Magian Archetypes and Modern Rôle-models

For centuries, several archetypes of the Magian ethos have affected the peoples of the West. One of these archetypes was, of course, The Nazarene: the Saviour, through, by and with whom, one might find some abstract "peace and salvation."

From this archetype there developed, for instance, the rôle-model of The Good Nazarene. The essence of The Good Nazarene was doing what the Nazarene Church, or some Nazarene preacher, said was good, and/or what the Nazarene Good-Book said was good.

Another old archetype was and is The Dutiful Tax-Payer. The essence of The Dutiful Tax-Payer is to render to The State/the monarch/the government/the ruler/the potentate what is believed to belong to them - to wit, the right to levy taxes, and the right to rule, to govern subjects.

Now, while these archetypes - and rôle-models deriving from them - still fester within the psyche of the peoples of the West, new rôle-models have emerged, aided and abetted by the Magian ethos.

From the dozen or so new Magian rôle-models, we might select a sample. For instance, one male rôle-model hyped and propagated by the Magian, by the Media, and now embedded in the psyche of Homo Hubris, is The Good-Timer. The essence of The Good-Timer is self-expression - they feel they have a "right" to express and indulge themselves, and lack any real control of themselves. For them, the world - and often other people - are a means, a

personal source of pleasure, enjoyment, and opportunity. Central to The Good-Timer is “having mates”, using vulgar language, and being “a real man” - and these “real men”, with their mates of course, can be found in most cities and towns of the modern West especially on Friday and Saturday nights where they will be “having a good time”.

Sometimes, the male Good-Timer takes his cue from some “celebrity” hyped by the Media - some sportsman, or some so-called “film star”, for example, who always seems to have a good-time, who can afford a luxurious life-style, and who seems adept at showing how badly behaved they can be, in public and in private.

Another male rôle-model hyped and propagated by the Magian, by the Media, and now embedded in the psyche of Homo Hubris, is The Patriotic Citizen. The essence of The Patriotic Citizen is a sense of duty to some Magian abstraction, such as The State, the nation, or to “the law and order” as manufactured and maintained by the State, the nation, or even, now, some supra-national grouping, such as the United Nations. Whatever, The Patriotic Citizen - educated (aka brainwashed) by The State since childhood, and with many past Patriotic Citizen rôle-models to choose from - can be relied on to go fight whatever enemies the State, or their nation, tell them to fight, and relied on to uphold and enforce whatever law their State, or their nation, manufactures. In many ways, this rôle-model evolved out of the earlier archetype of The Dutiful Tax-Payer.

Another male rôle-model hyped and propagated by the Magian, by the Media, and now embedded in the psyche of Homo Hubris, is The Celebrity Rebel. The essence of The Celebrity Rebel is the belief that one is being rebellious, and “standing out from the crowd”, and doing something which is outré and (they believe) possibly forbidden and dangerous.

Often, the wannabe male Celebrity Rebel takes his cue from some fictional character, portrayed in some film for example, or written about in some book; sometimes, even from some real person, hyped and possibly romanticised by the Media, whose deeds have not in any serious way threatened the *status quo* and whose ideas do not and will not in any serious way threaten the *status quo*. Classic examples of The Celebrity Rebel are, of course, Aleister Crowley - hilariously dubbed the wickedest man in the world for simply indulging himself and his fantasies, and now regarded as an influential icon of “rebellion” - and Anton LaVey, the archetypal Magian charlatan and plagiarist, now hilariously regarded as the founder of some sort of modern rebellious philosophy.

One female rôle-model hyped and propagated by the Magian, by the Media, and now embedded in the psyche of Homo Hubris is the female equivalent of

the male The Good-Timer. For the female The Good-Timer, appearance and being fashionable and accepted by one's peers are important, although they follow their male Good-Timers by needing to "have mates", by using vulgar language, and by being found in most cities and towns of the modern West, especially on Friday and Saturday nights where they will be "having a good time".

Another female rôle-model hyped and propagated by the Magian, by the Media, and now embedded in the psyche of Homo Hubris, is The Feminist. The essence of The Feminist is a desire for some abstract "equality" - to have their share of the pie given to them by the Magian System.

Notice how all these and similar rôle-models are no real, practical, threat to the Magian *status quo*. To Magian abstractions.

The good-timers, for instance, can have their parties, their intoxications, their sexual trysts, their raucous music, their means of entertainment and of diversion - from fast sporty cars to luxury gadget goods to stag parties to holidays abroad where they can pretend and delude themselves that they are "exploring" and/or "discovering themselves". But they never threaten the *status quo*, and although some of them might end up in jail, most often they become, in their middle and later years, either part of The System, and thus tax-paying citizens, their youthful rebellion over, or they subside on welfare or survive by means of petty crime and which petty crime, while a minor annoyance to The System and its citizens, is not a threat to the tyrannical existence of The State, for The State has its Patriotic Citizens to aid and save it (neat, isn't it?!).

Similarly, the wannabe Celebrity Rebels can and do rebel - but only a little (like getting high on weed), but always stop short of not paying their taxes, stop short of taking up arms against The State, and are almost always being reminded (by their peer Celebrity Rebels) to "obey the law of the land" (with the occasional exception made where that exception does not threaten The State, such as personally indulging in intoxicants).

The Feminists, for example, seldom if ever really want revolution to destroy and replace The State. Instead, they desire change through either political, social, and legal, reform, or through advocacy of some form of socialist/communist State, thus swapping one Magian causal abstraction (the capitalist/democratic State) for another Magian causal abstraction (the Marxist/socialist utopian State). All the many variants of The Feminist rôle-model, almost without exception, regard the abstract impersonal law of the modern State as necessary and important, and indeed as a "guarantor of their rights".

Contrast these sample Magian rôle-models with our new rôle-models. We have The Deadly Outlaw. The essence of The Deadly Outlaw is that they are real outlaws - outside the laws of The State, which they reject. Instead, they live by their own laws, based on the law of personal honour, and which law means that they would prefer to die fighting rather than surrender to the forces of The State, for such a surrender to such people who obey such abstract impersonal dishonourable laws, would be a personal humiliation and an affront to their honour and their dignity as outlaws.

We have The Tribal Warrior. The essence of The Tribal Warrior is that they belong to a tribe, a close-knit clan, all or most of whom they know personally, and trust, and many of whom they will be related to. This tribe is their family; their extended family to whom they are bound by ties of honour, blood, duty, and loyalty. This tribe and their honour - their own personal honour and the honour of their tribe - come before anything and everything else, and especially before their own life. Thus, they reject The State, the nation - all modern abstractions - in favour of a new tribal living, based on honour. They also reject usury, mandatory taxation, and the abstraction which is money, preferring the ancient, natural, way of barter.

We have The Tribal Chief. The essence of The Tribal Chief is that The Chief (who can be either male or female) guides their tribe by virtue of their experience, knowledge, insight, honour, and arête - that is, by their excellence of honourable personal character. Their first loyalty is to their tribe - to its honour, its prosperity, its freedom - and not to themselves.

Finally, we have the archetypes of Vindex, and The Warriors of Vindex. Vindex is The Avenger - the practical, fighting, warrior (male, or female) who, with the help of warrior tribes, takes on and defeats the forces of The Magian, represented as these forces are now by powerful impersonal States such as America where the Magian ethos thrives and controls.

The Warriors of Vindex are those tribes, and those Deadly Outlaws, who come together under the charismatic leadership of Vindex, to write their names, and that of their tribes, into the history of our human species, and who represent, par excellence, the triumph of aristocratic personal honour over the lifeless, impersonal tyrannical abstractions of the Magians, over the dishonour of the Hubriati, and over the plebeian, self-indulgent, nature of Homo Hubris.

Conclusion

It should be understood that it is the mythos of Vindex which is the practical genesis of The Galactic Imperium, as it is the mythos of Vindex which possesses the dark sorcery (the magick - exoteric, Internal and Aeonic) necessary to defeat the Magian and that *untermensch* species, Homo Hubris

(aka mundane mundanes), who are not only the product of the Magian ethos but who keep the Magian ethos alive and their Magian masters in power, to the detriment of our evolution.

For, in essence, the mythos of Vindex replaces the archetypes of the current Aeon with our new archetypes, and from which new archetypes new rôle-models, anti-Magian in their very being, are emerging and will emerge.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Feyen

Notes

[1] See the ONA text, *Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State: A Brief Diatribe*.

[2] For the Magian nature of the United Nations, see the essay *The United Nations - The Sly Magian at Work* in the collection, *Seven Essays Concerning The Mythos of Vindex*.

[3] Genuine Rites of Blasphemy, such as the traditional Black Mass (see Appendix 3, below), were not only heresy, but also effective means of Dark Sorcery, designed not only to be a personal act of catharsis, but also an esoteric means to undermine, and disrupt, the prevailing *status quo*, and the archetypes of that *status quo*.

[4] For a definition of holocaustianity, refer to the *A Note on Some Terms*, below.

Basically, the fundamental dogma of holocaustianity is the belief a million or more Jews were killed, by German National-Socialists, in “gas chambers” using Zyklon B. According to dissenters from the new religion of holocaustianity, this belief is a miraculous one, being at best scientifically untenable, and at worst an unproven dogma (see *The Theory of The Holocaust*, by D. Myatt, given in an Appendix, below).

Public denial of - or dissent from - the new religion of holocaustianity is punishable, in many Western nations, by imprisonment, and it is, in all the nations of the West, professional suicide for any politician, academic, teacher, Police officer, or journalist (or indeed for anyone in any position of authority)

to deny, dissent from, or even to publicly question this new religion, such now is the power of the Magian and of the Magian Media.

In many Western nations, mere possession of literature denying or dissenting from this new religion of holocaustianity is a criminal offence, punishable by a long term of imprisonment, and plans are already being made, by Magian fanatics and their savants, to make denial of or dissent from holocaustianity a crime in every single Western nation. Furthermore, the believers in holocaustianity have propounded and assiduously propagated an "official" (Magian-approved) version of history for the years 1933-1945 CE, and no dissent from this official version is allowed.

Thus, performance of the ONA Mass of Heresy, and of The Rite of Defiance, is illegal - a criminal offence - in many Western countries, and thus these ONA rites of heresy and blasphemy are as dangerous to perform as a genuine Black Mass was in the times of our persecution by Nazarene fanatics.

As Myatt wrote in his *Vindex* essay (1984 CE):

" Perhaps nothing shows the power the Magian has achieved over the West than this: In the so-called repositories of learning and freedom, the Universities, one may discuss any subject, may study in minute detail any area of history or thought. But one cannot, and must not, study in any meaningful way this question of the extermination of the Jews; anyone who questions the accepted version of history, whatever his evidence and whoever he is, is deemed to be either a 'Nazi-apologist' or a 'neo-Nazi.' There is, in the universities of the West, freedom to believe in anything - however degenerate or immoral - except what contradicts the accepted version of history in the years 1933-1945."



IV

The Dreccian Heresy

Introduction

The Dreccian way of life, outlined below, is a modern practical expression of

rebellion against and defiance of the Magian, the Magian ethos, Homo Hubris, and mundanes in general.

For The Drecc represent that tribal way of living, that proud defiant warrior ethos, that the governments of all modern States hate, fear, and try and have tried to outlaw.

We, The Drecc

We are The Drecc, those who belong to Dreccian tribes, to our new way of living - in defiance of the tyranny and the control of The State - where the only law is our Law of The Drecc.

We, of The Drecc, seek to gather ourselves in local tribes, just as we live, and we strive to die, by our own rules, by our own law, for we have contempt and disdain for all the laws and all the societies, forms and Institutions, of The Mundanes.

Our tribes are of our pledged Drecc brothers and sisters, whom we know personally and who live in the same local area as us.

Note for Newbies:

Drecc is pronounced drek, and Dreccian as in Drek-ee-an.

Drece is an old, almost forgotten, word, and one of its many meanings is evident from the following quote, taken from a very old manuscript: "Dreth se deofel mancynn mid mislicum costnungum..."

^^^

Becoming Drecc

Step One - The Pledge

To become Drecc you simply make a pledge of Drecc allegiance and pledge yourself to follow the Dreccian way of life. This can be done in three ways.

First, it can be done by yourself, alone. Second, it can be done with a friend or some friends who also desire to become Drecc. Third, you can join an existing Dreccian tribe.

The Pledge can take place at any time, and anywhere, indoors, or out, and no special preparation is necessary or required, although if desired and practical, it can be undertaken in a darkened area with subdued lighting (the source of

which is not important) and with the Drecc symbol - as above - in a prominent position and drawn or reproduced on some material or on a banner.

For the pledging, you - and each other participant, if any - will require a small piece of white paper (the actual size and type of paper are not important), a sharp knife (of the hunting or survival kind) - and if possible, a sheath for the knife - plus a small receptacle or container suitable for burning the paper in.

You - and each other participant, if any - then say:

*I am here to seal my Fate with blood.
I accept there is no law, no authority, no justice
Except The Drecc
And that culling is a necessary act of Life.
I believe in one guide, Our Dreccian Law,
And in our right to rule mundanes.*

You - and each other participant, if any - then make a small cut on your left thumb with the knife and allow several drops of your blood to fall onto the paper. You then place the paper into the small container, and set it alight.

As it burns, you - and each other participant, if any - then say:

*I swear on my Dreccian-honour as a Drecc that from this day forth I
will never surrender, will die fighting rather than submit to anyone,
and will always uphold The Dreccian Code.*

You - and each other participant, if any - then place the knife in the sheath (if a sheath is available), conceal or otherwise carry the knife on you, and forever after keep the knife with you, as a sign of your Dreccian-honour and your pledge of allegiance.

The pledging is then complete.

Step Two - Dreccian Living

Dreccian living is simple, and involves:

- 1) Regarding, and treating, all mundanes (all who are not our pledged Drecc brothers or sisters) as the enemy.
- 2) Living, and if necessary, dying by our Dreccian code [see below].
- 3) Striving to live each day, on Earth, as if it might be our last.

^^^

Dreccian Principles and Practices

The Three Fundamental Principles of The Drecc

- 1) Those who are not our Drecc brothers or sisters are mundanes.
- 2) By living and if necessary dying by our Dreccian Code we are the best, the real elite of Earth.
- 3) A person becomes our brother or our sister by making The Pledge of Dreccian Allegiance and by living by our Dreccian Code.

The Dreccian Code

Those who are not our brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by - and are prepared to die by - our unique code of Dreccian honour.

Our Dreccian-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own Drecc kind. Our Dreccian-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust - and often despise - all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to settle

our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone - mundane, or one of our own kind - who impugns our Dreccian honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

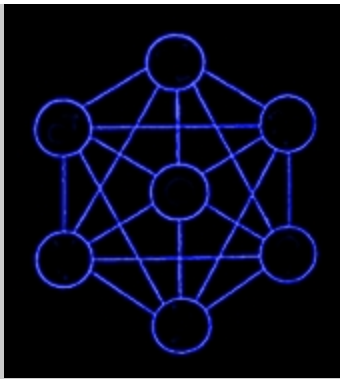
Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their Dreccian deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty - as Dreccian individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our Dreccian honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to act with Dreccian honour in all our dealings with our own Dreccian kind.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their Dreccian-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty - as individuals who live by the Code of Dreccian-honour - means that an oath of Dreccian loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of Dreccian honour ("I swear on my Dreccian-honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of Dreccian honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.



V The Rite of Defiance

This simple sinister hermetic working is both a rite of defiance, and a true act of heresy in this era of holocaustianity when: (1) denial of this new mundane religion of holocaustianity is, in many lands, an heretical act punishable by imprisonment, and (2) when active resistance (armed or political) to the Magian New World Order and its associated dogmas renders a person liable to assassination, imprisonment, torture, execution, or compulsory “re-education” (aka brainwashing).

The outdoor area or indoor Temple should contain, in the East, an image or statue of Baphomet according to ONA tradition, and an image or banner depicting the sigil of The Seven Fold Way (as above). If outdoors, the only illumination should be that of the moon, and if indoors, that from candles which preferably should be purple. Incense of Baphomet should be burned - Hazel and Ash with (if available) Petriochor.

The Rite should be conducted at night when the planet Saturn is rising above the horizon, as viewed from the geographical area where the Rite is to take place. [1]

The participant(s) [2] should dress in a white Thobe, preferably with a keffiyeh, and stand facing the direction of Saturn rising.

The celebrant (who may be male or female) begins the Rite by bowing slightly and once in the direction of the image of Baphomet, then returning to face the direction of Saturn rising and intoning/chanting, three times, *Agios o Baphomet!*

Celebrant:

Quod Fornicatio sit naturalis hominis.

We are born, we grow, we live, we die
And in the midst of our living there is
In we few a passion for life, love,
And the beginning that is death.

Thus do we defy our oppressors.
Thus do we affirm our fierce deadly resistance
To all and everything Yahoud, Nazarene, and Mundane.
For we know the Magian holocaust is a lie to keep us all enslaved.
For we know the tyranny of all their abstractions;
The deceit, the weakness, behind their weasly words.

We - we few who know the secret of our Wyrd.

Wyrd commands us to reach towards
And live among the stars,
While they and their hubriati seek to close
Our still open nexion to Life.

Thus do we know and welcome as allies, comrades, friends,
All who defy and fight them; and thus would we rather die -
Fighting, defiant - than live as slaves.
For combat becomes us.

Ya ikhwani wa akhawati!

If they attack you - retaliate.
If they oppress you - rebel.
If they make laws - transgress them.
If they talk peace - they are lying.
If they seek compromise - ignore them.
If they seek you as friends or allies - spurn them.
If they are sad - laugh.
And when they die - rejoice!

For we are terror, defiance -
The waiting deserved retribution -
That they themselves so secretly fear.
We, warriors of Vindex,
Waiting to drench our world with blood,
Their severed heads a gift for our gods.

Agios o Baphomet! Binan ath Ga wath am!

The Celebrant then extinguishes the candles (if any), and bows once to the image of Baphomet, which bow signifies the conclusion of the Rite.

Notes:

[1] Saturn is chosen as being the region in causal Space where the nearest physical nexion to the acausal exists (as viewed from Earth).

[2] If there are participants, then the main Celebrant intones the words outlined in red above, with the participants (and the Celebrant) intoning all the other words. If there is one Celebrant only, then he/she intones all the words.



VI
The Black Mass of Heresy

Participants:

Mistress of Earth (in scarlet robes)

Master (in purple robes)

Guardian of the Temple (dressed in black, and wearing a face mask)

Congregation (in black robes, or black clothes)

Temple Preparation:

The altar is covered by a red cloth on which is woven a gold inverted pentagram. Black candles and incense of Mars to be burnt. Behind the altar is a large swastika banner: *black swastika on white circle against a red background*. On the altar are silver chalices containing strong wine; a crystal tetrahedron and a small altar bell. The altar may also contain a framed

photograph of The Chief, and a copy of *Mein Kampf*.

The Aim:

The aim of this Mass is to:

1. challenge accepted beliefs about recent history
2. provoke dissent and encourage Promethean challenge - particularly within the psyche of the individual
3. encourage sinister forces.

Important Note: It should be noted that performance of this Mass is illegal in many 'Western' countries - and in these and many other countries anyone who accepts and propounds the tenets outlined in this Mass renders themselves liable to criminal prosecution and/or persecution by the 'authorities'. Performance of this Mass of Heresy in these times is as dangerous an undertaking as was performing a genuine 'Black Mass' in the era of Nazarene persecution/'witch-hunts'.



The Mass

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple. The Master and Mistress enter at the start of the rite, precess to the altar, bow to the banner and turn to face the congregation.

Mistress

Hail to you, most holy and free,
Revealer of Dark:
We greet you with forbidden thoughts!

Congregation

Hail - most holy and free!

Master

We believe -

Congregation

Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods
To guide us to greatness.
We believe in the inequality of races
And in the right of the Aryan to live
According to the laws of the folk.
We acknowledge that the story of the Jewish 'holocaust'
Is a lie to keep our race in chains
And express our desire to see the truth revealed.
We believe in justice for our oppressed comrades
And seek an end to the world-wide
Persecution of National-Socialists.

We believe in the magick of our wyrd
And curse all who oppose us.
We express our pride in the great achievements
Of our race
And shall not cease from striving
Since we believe the destiny
Of our noble Aryan race lies among the stars!

Mistress

Let us remember in silence
Our comrades who gave their lives
Before, during and after our Holy War.

[The Master rings the bell twice. The silence which follows lasts for about two minutes after which the Master rings the bell once when all present give a brief Hitlerian salute. The Mistress then says:]

Mistress

I who am Mistress of Earth welcome you
Who have dared to defy the dogmas
That now hold our peoples in chains!
No thought should bind you:
No dogma restrict!

[The Master now vibrates the words 'Agius o Falcifer' as he stands facing the altar with his hands spread over the chalices. During this chant, the Mistress kisses each member of the congregation, saying to them 'Honour be yours' after which she goes to the altar and takes up one of the chalices.]

Mistress

By our love of life we have this drink: It will become for us a gift From our

gods!

[The Mistress raises up the chalice, turns and replaces it on the altar, then passes her hands over the chalices saying quietly ' *Oriens splendor lucis aeternae in tenebris et umbra mortis*'. She then goes to the Master, who kisses her, holds his hands outstretched toward the congregation, and says:]

Master

Caligo terrae scinditur
Percussa solis spiculo
Dum sol ex stellis nascitur
In fedei diluculo
Rebusque jam color
Redit Partu nitentis sideris.

[The Master turns, bows briefly toward the banner, faces the congregation and points to the swastika, saying:]

Behold the sign of the Sun
And the flag of he who was chosen
By our gods!
Praised are you by the defiant:
Through your courage we have
The strength to dream!

[The Master hands the Mistress a chalice, saying:]

Suscipe, Lucifer, munus quod tibi offerimus Memoriam recolentes Adolphus.

[The Mistress sips the wine, holds the chalice toward the congregation, saying:]

Mistress

Let us affirm again our faith.

[The Guardian steps forward, and raises his right arm in the Hitlerian salute, saying as he does:]

Guardian

Heil Hitler!

[The Congregation respond with the same salute and greeting.]

Master

So you have spoken and from your speaking
Gifts shall come to you

Given by our gods.
Drink now, to seal with honour
Your faith.

[The Mistress gives the chalice she is holding to the Guardian who drains it, holds it upside down to show the congregation, and who then places it upon the altar. The congregation, in single file, then approach the Mistress. She hands them a chalice each, which each drain, hold upside down and place upon the altar. {Note: If the congregation is large, the chalices may be replaced by small cups or other suitable containers.} When all have drunk, the Master vibrates the words Agios o Falcifer while the Mistress turns to the congregation.]

Mistress

To believe is easy,
To defy is hard -
But most difficult of all
Is to die fighting for a noble cause.
Go now, and remember,
So that we few who survive
Can gather again in secret
At the appointed time
To recall the greatness promised us
By the gods!

[The Guardian opens the doors of the Temple and ushers the congregation out.]

VII

A Note on Some Terms

Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of Homo Hubris, Yahoud, and the Hubriati, that the individual self (and thus self

identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

Magians (as a breed) are a specific type of human being - they are the natural exploiters of others, possessed of an instinctive type of human cunning and an avaricious personal nature. Over the past millennia they have developed a talent for manipulating other human beings, especially Western mundanes, by means of abstractions - such as usury and "freedom" and marxian/capitalist "social engineering/planning" - and by hoaxes/illusions, such as that of "democracy". The easily manipulated nature of Western mundanes, and the Magian talent for such things as usury and litigation/spiel, their ability to cunningly manipulate, and their underlying charlatanesque (and almost always cowardly nature), have given them wealth, power and influence.

As such, Magians are - currently - our natural and indeed our necessary mortal enemies, not simply because of their influence and control over mundanes (something we ourselves seek to do to achieve some Aeonic aims) but essentially because Magian influence and control is de-evolutionary in the worst possible sense (breeding as it has and does Homo Hubris), whereas our influence and guidance is and would be evolutionary in the best possible sense; a means to liberate individuals, practically - from the tyranny of causal abstractions - and psychically, to extend their consciousness by, for example, awareness of the acausal and through the sinisterly-numinous goal of leaving this planet, our childhood home.

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary

(causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Holocaustianity

Holocaustianity is based on unproven Theory of The Holocaust - and which theory has as its fundamental dogma the belief a million or more Jews were killed, by German National-Socialists, in "gas chambers" using Zyklon B. According to dissenters from the new religion of holocaustianity, this belief is a miraculous one, being at best scientifically untenable, and at worst an unproven dogma (see *The Theory of The Holocaust*, by D. Myatt).

This fundamental dogma relating to the extermination of Jews in "gas chambers" has now become a sacred dogma, and public denial of - or dissent from - this sacred central dogma of the religion of holocaustianity is punishable, in many Western nations, by imprisonment, and it is, in all the nations of the West, professional suicide for any politician, academic, teacher, Police officer, or journalist (or indeed for anyone in any position of authority) to deny, dissent from, or even to publicly question this new religion, such now is the power of the Magian and of the Magian Media.

From this dogma, a new religion has been manufactured, and which religion claims, among other things, that since the Jews are and have been the blameless victims of an evil persecution and, most recently, of genocide, they have a natural right to most of the land of Palestine, and a natural right - because of this persecution and genocide - to be not only supported, and given aid (especially military aid), but also be exempt from most criticism for their actions, since any criticism is deemed to be "denial of the suffering of the Jews", and/or support for policies and ideologies (such as National-Socialism) that led or could led to such suffering and the persecution of the Jews.

Furthermore, according to this new religion of holocaustianity, " The Jews were chosen [by God] to act as pathfinders for the world, and Israel [the Zionist entity that occupies Palestine] has a special place to effect the Jew's social engineering upon the world". [The Chief Rabbi of the United Kingdom, as reported in The Guardian newspaper (London) 7th August 93 yf (1982)]

Holocaustianity, in addition, provides us with "a sacred history" for the years 1933 to 1945 CE, and which "sacred history" cannot be challenged, and must be propagated and believed in, and which sacred history, indeed, is taught as indisputable fact in all Western schools and Universities.

Whereas both Judaism, as a religion, and Zionism, as political dogma, have been and remain germane to Jews, holocaustianity, in contrast, has become the official religion of all the nations of the modern West. This new religion is taught in schools, in Universities, and promulgated by books and the Media.

Only one nation - in the whole of the world - currently and publicly refuses to accept holocaustianity, and this nation (Iran) has had harsh and punitive trade and financial sanctions imposed upon it (by the Magian United Nations), as Magian fanatics and fundamentalist supporters of holocaustianity have been agitating, for over a decade, to have that Magian bastion, America, supported by their beloved Zionist entity, either invade this dissenting nation, or bring about "regime change" there by military and covert action. Every leader of every Western government - every President, every Prime Minister - always makes a public announcement of their belief in the dogma of the holocaust; always makes a public announcement of their support for the Zionist entity, and almost always visits a holocaust memorial in Zionist entity (where they stand in dignified and reverential silence).

Homo Hubris

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly

urban dwelling denizen - this creation of the modern West - is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry - and mass "culture" - of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the "spin", the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

Hubriati

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their savants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost exclusively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Vindex

Vindex is the name given to the person (male or female) who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

The main opponent of Vindex - both on the practical level and in terms of

ethos - is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West - that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive. The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

Source: *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (v. 2.07)

Appendix 1

Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State A Brief Diatribe

Our wyrd - our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos - is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister *warrior* tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen. Furthermore, if we know, and if we develop, our wyrd, we become, we are, a particular new type (a new breed) of human being - quite distinct from the mundanes. In essence, we become Dark Warriors, living and if necessary dying by the Law of The Sinister-Numen.

Our sinister tribes, our Dreccs, are a practical, a darkly-numinous, evolution of that natural tribal instinct that lives within us and which has lived within us, and which tribal instinct has made possible (hitherto mostly unconsciously) our evolution, as human beings. That is, the sinister tribes, the Dreccs, of the ONA are a means whereby we can access and increase our own acausal energy, as individuals, and participate in our own evolution, and that of the Cosmos. To do this - to know and to live our wyrd - is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality

with our necessary and natural and *numinous* (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such *honourable* (numinous) co-operation with others *of our own kind* (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual wyrd to be evolved.

In direct opposition to our wyrd is the modern tyranny of The State, which is un-numinous and de-evolutionary in nature, purpose and intent. For the State takes away our natural right of personal honour, and that natural and evolutionary way of living which is tribal, and replaces honour by impersonal, lifeless, abstract "law", and replaces tribes by the impersonal, lifeless, abstract, State and nation, which are - despite the illusion and pretence of democracy by some such States - are all run by an oligarchy, for the benefit of that wealthy and privileged oligarchy.

In place of the natural and personal knowing - the acausal-knowing - of our tribal (extended) family, there is the impersonal causal lifeless "knowing" of our place as some mechanistic "citizen" of the State or nation. In place of the natural loyalty to, and the care of and from, our own tribal family - based on a personal, numinous, knowing and loyalty - there is the division of us into isolated, un-numinous and de-evolutionary single family units, dependant on usury, and where our given purpose is to toil for the State, on behalf of The State, or for ourselves and our single isolated family unit, and to which State we have to pay, for all of our working lives, mandatory taxes, thus making us wage or salary slaves, almost always burdened by debt.

In place of our natural, healthy, evolutionary warrior way of life - based on a tribal way of living and the law of personal honour - the State denudes us of numinous meaning, of wyrd, and provides us only with de-evolutionary aims and goals. In place of the glory of a Galactic Imperium, and the promise of a warrior-won acausal existence, the tyranny of The State provides us with only causal illusions and abstractions and meaningless "rewards", so that we remain tame, domesticated, animals, paying our taxes, and subservient to their dishonourable enforcers, the bullies they call the forces of their "law and order."

Thus, we by our very nature, by our wyrd, are violently, implacably, and in all practical ways, opposed to the State and its de-evolutionary self-serving tyranny.

Appendix 2
Classic ONA Text - Satanism, Blasphemy, and The Black Mass

In one important respect, Satanism may be regarded by new Initiates as a catharsis - a means whereby individuals may divest themselves of those limiting roles that often are the creation of the ethos or ethics of the society in which those individuals find themselves.

Thus, in the past thousand years or so in Western Europe, one of the most important Satanic rituals, insofar as novices and 'the public' were concerned, was the Black Mass - simply because the ethos which outwardly ruled was the organized religion of the Nazarene. However, where genuine Satanism has been misunderstood is in the reason for this act of catharsis, particularly since the genuine Black Mass bears only a superficial resemblance to the 'black mass' described by various writers and 'authorities' over the last five hundred years or so.

For the Satanic novice [the first two stages of the seven-fold Satanic path] Satanism represents the dark aspect of the individual *psyche* - and by identifying with this, the individual is enabled, by the transformation that results, to begin the 'Great Work' whose attainment is the goal of the Adept. This 'Great Work' is simply the creation of a new individual - and this new type, by virtue of the path followed, often inspires in others a certain terror. Of course, the Left Hand Path is difficult, not to say dangerous, and failure often results because the person journeying along the path misunderstands how the dark forces may be approached, manipulated and most importantly integrated to enable an identification beyond both good and evil as these terms are commonly understood. That is, those who fail in their quest along this path [and Gilles de Rais is an example] often do so because they fundamentally accept the dichotomy of 'evil' and 'good' and identify with what they perceive or believe to be, 'evil' - this perception and understanding almost always deriving from what the 'opposition' have declared to be 'evil'. The reality is that the dichotomy does not exist in the Cosmos - the convention of what is 'evil' has been imposed, by the projection of mostly Nazarene dogmatists, upon reality.

In a fundamental sense, Satanism is a means whereby each individual can discover [or rather 'dis-cover' in the sense of Heidegger] the reality for themselves.

Hence, Satanic catharsis is essentially a blasphemy - but one ordered and with a definite aim; it results from an individual will channelled by a conscious understanding. It is this application of will - of conscious intent - which marks the genuine Satanist from the imitation and the failure. A Satanist revels in life - the failures find themselves trapped by their own unconscious desires which they do not have the intelligence to understand nor the will to direct toward a conscious apprehension.

Blasphemy is only effective if it is, for the period in which the individual lives, firstly a genuine shock and a reaction to those values which though accepted are often unconsciously accepted; and, secondly, if it is an appreciation of the positive and life-enhancing qualities inferred by infernal opposition. Thus, while the traditional Black Mass - with its denial of the Nazarene - is still useful because of the continuing constraints of Nazarene beliefs, it is today supplemented by a Mass which in its unexpurgated version represents a shocking blasphemy to the majority of peoples in Britain and other Western countries.

The Black Mass, and the modern Satanic masses which derive from it, in their genuine forms provoke an invigorating response through the very fact of *positive* opposition. Negative opposition - such as the so-called black mass described by Huymans in "La-Bas" - is enervating. True Satanic opposition - codified in a ritual - produces the exact opposite - a will to *more* life: and it is this positive, vital, will that is the essence of the genuine archetypal image of Satan, the adversary. Negative opposition - a wallowing in death, decay, horror and filth of uncontrolled *decadence* - is a sign of imitation Satanism: a distorted image of the putrid corpse of the Nazarene.

Order of Nine Angles 1974 en

Appendix 3 **The Theory of The Holocaust**

The so-called holocaust of the Jews during World War Two is not a "proven fact of history" - it is a theory.

The central premise - the fundamental assumption - of this theory is that a million or more Jews were killed in "gas chambers" using Zyklon B. This claim has been made for over fifty years, and it is claimed as the main method of killing. (Refer to Footnote 1)

This is a particular scientific claim, about how a certain chemical agent works (or worked) under certain very specific conditions. That is, it is a claim that Zyklon B - a pesticide used to fumigate clothing in order to destroy lice, and which releases hydrogen cyanide gas (HCN) when exposed to air - was used to kill human beings in so-called "gas chambers".

Some of the particulars of this claim are that the whole gassing procedure (gassing and venting, from the introduction of Zyklon to the opening of the doors) only took one hour at most and often much less time, and that the

majority of the killings took place in what looked like “ordinary shower baths” with concrete floors, and occurred even when the ambient temperature was lower than 15 degrees Celsius. Other particulars of this claim are that those opening the doors after this short length of time, and those removing the dead bodies, wore no protective clothing at all – for example, no “gas masks” in case any residue of deadly gas was present, or in case the Zyklon B pellets used were still producing deadly HCN gas.

This very specific method of killing either worked, as described in the so-called “holocaust literature”, or it did not work. If it did work, then the method used is scientifically repeatable, reproducible, via experiments. This is how science functions, and how such claims about a scientific matter are settled. It is scientific evidence, provided by experiments, that matter. (Refer to Footnote 2)

This particular scientific claim about how people were killed by Zyklon B – a claim made by those who believe in the theory of the holocaust – has yet to be experimentally verified, according to scientific criteria. Therefore, it is correct and reasonable for people to doubt the veracity of the theory of the holocaust that many people believe in until such time as this specific scientific claim is verified by experimental means.

All the other circumstantial evidence which it is alleged “proves” the theory of the holocaust (such as alleged eye-witness statements; confessions obtained during interrogations), are irrelevant because a particular scientific claim has been made, and if this claim is shown by scientific experiments to be false, then all such other evidence which seems to support the theory will have to re-examined, re-interpreted, and/or rejected.

The onus of proof for the theory of the holocaust is upon those who have made this specific scientific claim, and their proof can only be by scientific means. Those who doubt or who are skeptical about this theory of the holocaust (for whatever reason and from whatever motive), do not have to prove anything, for as it says in Al-Majallah al-Ahkam al-’Adaliyyah, “The burden of proof is on him who alleges.”

This claim could easily be tested by scientific experiments, which would require the re-construction of an alleged “gas chamber” – as described in the literature of the holocaust theory – and then introducing Zyklon B into this chamber, by the means alleged to have been used according to the literature of the holocaust theory. The chamber would then be vented – using the type of fans alleged to have been used – and then opened, and then tested for any residue of HCN gas. Note that, for the experiment to be valid, all the “experimental apparatus” used would have to be constructed according to details given in the extant literature of the holocaust theory, which details derive – or

are alleged to derive from - eye-witness statements, confessions of suspects tried for involvement in the alleged holocaust, and from whatever German technical plans or documents that survived from the time which gave details regarding the building of shower-baths in labour camps such as Auschwitz. (Refer to Footnote 3)

The experiments would be conducted using several variables. For instance, (1) With an empty chamber, at various ambient temperatures. (2) With the door being opened at the times claimed by the holocaust literature - from one half hour after introduction of Zyklon B, to around one hour (the maximum time claimed in the holocaust literature). (3) With a chamber full of experimental "dummies" simulating human beings crammed into the chamber, and repeating the variable mentioned in (1) and (2).

To meet acceptable scientific criteria, the results would have to be reproducible by others, as the experiments themselves would have to be conducted openly, with impartial, neutral, observers present, and all the findings openly published.

That no such scientific experiments have ever been conducted - or are even planned - is extraordinary, given:

- 1) That the theory of the holocaust is taught as "fact" in schools and colleges around the world;
- 2) the billions upon billions of dollars invested in and by the "holocaust industry" for over half a century, and the plethora of "holocaust memorials" around the world;
- 3) the continuing imprisonment of those, including scientists, who have logically and rationally expressed public doubt about the theory of the holocaust;
- 4) the use of this theory to aid the establishment of a modern non-Muslim nation in the lands of the Muslims;
- 5) the conviction - on purely circumstantial evidence - and the subsequent execution and imprisonment of dozens and dozens of people, in the last sixty years, for "participating" in this alleged "holocaust".

Thus, to repeat what we wrote above, it is correct and reasonable, and indeed rationally necessary, for people to doubt the veracity of the theory of the holocaust until such time as the specific scientific claim, made by the believers in the theory of the holocaust, is verified by experimental means.

Until such experiments are conducted, it is also correct, fair and reasonable to

call for an immediate end to the irrational and criminal persecution of those who doubt the theory and who ask for scientific proof of the theory.

Footnotes:

1) A million or so, alone, is claimed for Auschwitz. This is what is taught now in schools, everywhere; see, for example, the school lesson plan, *Learning and Remembering about Auschwitz-Birkenau*, produced by the Yad Vashem organization in occupied Palestine.

2) Logically, if a person believes in the modern holocaust theory, *ergo* they accept the minor premise of what is the fundamental “holocaust” syllogism, which premise is the specific method of killing described above, which specific method involves a particular scientific claim, and which scientific claim requires experimental proof.

Thus, all persons who now accept or who believe in the modern theory of the holocaust, are implicitly accepting, on faith or trust (and rather illogically), that this so far unproven scientific claim is true.

3) According to experiments conducted by German scientists in 1942 CE - and recorded in the publication “Die Einsatzfähigkeit der Blausäure bei tiefen Temperaturen” published in 1942 CE - under ideal laboratory conditions, Zyklon B granules are can still lethal for at least two hours after they have been activated.

These experiments also showed that what does affect the release of HCN gas is the ambient temperature, with the granules releasing more HCN gas more quickly at higher temperatures, and releasing “most” of their gas - under ideal laboratory conditions - in just less than an hour when the temperature was 20 degrees Celsius, or higher.

Given that the ambient temperature in the alleged “gas chambers” was often much lower than 20 degrees Celsius - according to accounts contained in the holocaust literature of the holocaust theorists - it would be expected that it would be well over an hour before the Zyklon B pellets released all their HCN gas. Which would mean the pellets would still be producing deadly HCN gas when the door to the chambers were opened.

ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel



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Marcheyre Rhinings

Being Some Writings Relating To The Rounwytha

Introduction

This collection of essays is concerned, in the main, with part of the aural Rounwytha (or Camlad) tradition of the esoteric association known as The Order of Nine Angles. The recent essays by me included in this compilation had their genesis in questions asked of me by some academics interested in the ONA and our aural traditions, and also in the desire by some long-standing ONA folk for me to pen some scribblings about the Rounwytha tradition itself thus making this tradition more known, especially given the world-wide expansion of the ONA itself over the past decade or so.

In one or two of these essays - for example, the one entitled *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype* - suggestions have been made as to how this tradition might usefully be developed.

The Rounwytha Tradition was and is part of the aural tradition of a few pagan individuals - mostly women - who had their rural living in the border area between England and Wales, and in particular in parts of rural South Shropshire, and areas around the Camlad and Trefyclawdd.

According to aural accounts, in origin this tradition - which tradition it should be remembered was that of a small local area - dates to before the Roman conquest of Albion; to the *tyma* of small clans and tribes, and small rural communities of 'free men and women'. It was, however, not a static but a dynamic tradition, slowly changed in some ways over millennia but retaining its esoteric, pagan, essence.

The Rounwytha (*var.* Rhinwytha) was an individual, regarded as wise, who was skilled in certain common esoteric matters, such as foreseeing, charms, and curing ailments - especially those attributed to what came to be called effluviums [1] - but who and importantly was also considered as an essential and balancing link between the seen (the ordinary) world and the strange world or worlds beyond the seen (the known). Thus it was the Rounwytha who knew the propitious *tyma* for certain communal

celebrations and propitiations. And all this because they were naturally gifted - or had developed - the skill, the secret, of empathy: *of sympatheia with fluxions* [2]; that is, they possessed an acausal-knowing of all Life: human, animal, of Nature, and of 'the heavens' (the Cosmos).

As mentioned in one of the essays included here:

" The Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills." *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype*

In addition, as I wrote elsewhere:

"Our esoteric aural traditions are just that: aural, with few if any explanations or elucidations, aural or written. In many instances, these aural traditions are just stories and tales, akin to folk myths and legends, and [...] they are to be accepted, or rejected, on that basis, with their being no demand that our people 'must believe' in them or that they are accurate and/or describe historical events."

Thus we make no claim as to the veracity of such traditions, historical or otherwise, it being for each individual to assess and thence to accept or reject such aural traditions. All we claim is that they are our aural traditions; are esoterically interesting, and - for us - are esoterically relevant and Aeonically important. They also in many instances are somewhat heretical, challenging as they do Magian archetypes and abstractions, Magian Occultism, and also the beliefs and assumptions of the Occulte *status quo*.

A few other non-Rounwytha essays - such as *The Noble Guide To The Dark Arts* - have also been included here, for context.

In addition:

" The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on. It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung."

Thus those unfamiliar with ONA terms are advised to consult *A Glossary of Some ONA Terms*, ≥ v. 3.03

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Notes:

[1] That is, the egress into and out from the body of some imperceptible and harmful *ðing* or *ðingges*; what today we might describe as 'energies/emanations' and what more Nazarene-inclined folks might describe and have described as 'demons', but which in olden times were just viewed as 'unlucky' wyrd, often considered caused by some deed or by some transgression.

[2] Fluxions are described in the essay, included here, entitled *Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time*.

Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names

ONA Esoteric Notes - Rounwytha 3

The esoteric problem with denoting, by means of an ascribed name or a given expression, is essentially two-fold. First, esoteric-empathy [1] inclines us toward a knowing of the numinous essence that such a denoting obscures or hides, and part of which essence is a revealing of ourselves as but one nexion to all other Life, sentient and otherwise. The second problem with denoting is that there exists in various ancestral cultures world-wide (including some Indo-European ones) [2] an older aural tradition of how it is not correct - unwise - to give names to some-things, and of how some 'names' are 'sacred' because their very use is or could be an act of what we would now describe as sorcery/magick and which naming and which use of such names often tends toward disrupting the harmony between individuals, family, community, land, ancestors, 'heaven and earth', that many folk traditions were designed to aid.

Thus there is a different and almost entirely unrecorded folk tradition which is unrelated to the tradition of myths and legends about named divinities, be such divinities Sumerian, Egyptian, Pheonician or whatever, and which myths and legends we are all now familiar with and which traditions of myths and legends include, for

example, the fables and stories of the Old Testament with their notions of a people who regard themselves as the chosen ones of some creator-god being persecuted, threatened and tempted by satans and the-satan.

This aural tradition is pagan in both the historical sense of that term and in the later usage of that term: *paganus*, someone who belongs to a rural community and whose traditions, ethos, and *weltanschauung* are not that of the religion of the Nazarene, deriving as that religion did from the fables and stories of the Old Testament.

It is possible - as the Rounwytha tradition intimates - that this aural pagan tradition had its natural origins in the way of life of small rural communities of free men and women (such as existed for instance in pre-Roman Britain and for a while in post-Roman Britain) in contrast to the tradition of myths and legends about named divinities and which naming tradition may well have had its origins in that type of living where there is some powerful king or authoritative leader and a more urbanized way of living (as in Sumeria, Egypt, etcetera) and where there was thus a hierarchical division between kings/leaders, court officials, the people, and slaves. For one feature of such early pagan communities was their lack of slaves and their communal way of making decisions.

What is especially interesting from an esoteric perspective is that the knowing that a developed esoteric-empathy provides confirms this aural pagan tradition in respect of both the unwisdom of dividing 'the heavens'/the unseen by the process of ascribing personal names, and how such a division undermines, obscures, or destroys, our natural place in Nature and the Cosmos, and thus the natural balance both within us and external to us, as individuals and as individuals who are part of a living culture and/or of an ancestral community.

Esoteric-Empathy and Ancestral Traditions

The pagan aural tradition, as recounted in the Rounwytha tradition, is one lacking in myths and legends about specific named deities. Thus, there are no named gods or goddesses, and there is no division between 'good' deities and 'evil' deities. What there is, instead, are essentially two connected things.

(1) An intuitive, empathic, understanding of natural harmony manifest in the knowledge of ourselves - as individuals, and as ancestral communities - as in a rather precarious balance between earth and the heavens, a balance which can easily be disrupted and which for its maintenance requires certain duties and obligations both individual and communal. For instance, a certain reverence for one's ancestors; a reverence for certain places traditionally regarded as numinous, 'sacred'; a certain respect for one's own mother and father and elderly relatives; a certain loyalty to one's kin and community; and a certain respect for other but unseen and always unnamed emanations of life, the heavens, and Nature, manifest as this respect was, for example, in the practice of leaving offerings of food in certain places lest some of these unseen and unnamed emanations of life (spirits, sprites) be offended and cause personal or communal misfortune.

In addition, there was the knowing that certain individual deeds were unwise - not

because they would offend some named and powerful god or goddess, and not because such deeds contravened some law or decree said to be divinely inspired or laid down by some king or by someone who claimed authority from some god or gods, but because such deeds indicated the person doing them was rotten, and thus, like a rotten piece of meat eaten, might cause sickness. Or, expressed another way, because the person doing such a deed was diseased, and which disease, which infection, might spread and so harm the family and the wider community. Hence why it was that such rotten individuals - known by their rotten deeds - would be removed from the family and community by being, for example, exiled or culled and thus by their culling end the infection and aid the restoration of the balance their unwise deeds had upset.

This knowing of the unwisdom of some deeds is quite different from the 'evil' which organized religions pontificated about, and serves to distinguish the aural pagan tradition from the now more prevalent causal knowing manifest in myths and legends about divinities and in organized religions based on some god or gods, or on some revelation from some deity, or on reverence for some enlightened teacher.

For such a causal knowing is inseparably bound up with the manufactured division of an abstract and codified 'good' and 'evil' and also with the separation of the individual from their own ancestral, rural, community.

In the natural ancestral pagan tradition the individual - and thence their self-identity, their self-awareness - is communal, whereas in organized religions, and in identity derived from myths and legends about divinities and from obedience to some king or to someone who claimed authority from some god or gods, identity becomes more personal, less communal, and related to the 'salvation' of the individual, and/or to their personal existence in some posited after-life, with the individual constrained not by duties and obligations willingly and naturally accepted, to their family and local rural community (of shared hardship and shared ancestral *pathei-mathos*) but instead restrained by some imposed (by others or self-imposed) abstract criteria often manifest in some laws or decrees said to be of some god or gods or backed by some king or by some powerful overlord.

This separation is also manifest in the giving of personal names to both assumed or believed in divinities, and to individuals, a naming which marks a loss of the intuitive, empathic, pagan understanding of natural harmony manifest in ancestral traditions and cultures.

Thus in old pagan cultures an individual was referred by a particular skill they may possess (a skill useful to their community), or by some outstanding deed they had done, or by their family (their clan) place of residence or even by some trait of character or some physical feature. That is, there were no personal names as we now understand such names, and such a naming as existed related the individual to some-thing else: their place of local dwelling, what may have distinguished them from others of their community, or to some work that aided the community. A tradition still in evidence even in recent times in parts of Wales where someone would be referred to locally as, for instance, Jones the butcher or Jones ab Eynon (Jones the anvil).

(2) An intuitive wordless understanding of what may be described by the term

mimesis (from the Greek *μίμησις*). That is, the use of certain actions and deeds - and thence by certain rituals and ceremonies - which are believed to re-present/manifest /presence the natural harmony and which thus can connect/reconnect individuals and their community to what is felt or known to be numinous and thus beneficial to them.

One obvious example here would be the custom, in northern European climes, of lighting a bonfire around the time of the Winter Solstice [3] and which celebration was one of re-presenting the warmth and light of the life-giving Sun in the hope that Winter, as in the past, would give way again to Spring, the season of sowing crops and of livestock able to forage outdoors again and have fresh grass to sustain and fatten them.

Another example might be that of removing a rotten person from the family and community by the mimesis of culling them, with such a culling being undertaken because it imitated/represented the natural process of how Nature culled or allowed to be culled some living being in order that others of those beings may survive and prosper.

For this understanding - this mimesis - was of the connexions that existed between the individual, the community, the wider realms of Nature and of the heavens (the cosmos) beyond, and thus of how the actions of one or more of these affected such connexions. That is, it was an ancestral, a pagan, knowing of the natural balance.

In general, therefore, it was considered that to 'name' - to denote by some personal name or even to attempt to describe in words - particular aspects of the connected whole would be unwise because there were (as empathy and ancestral tradition revealed) no such divisions in the natural world, only transient emanations 'of heaven and earth' with the individual and their communities one part of, as transient emanations of, one undivided flow of life, and which flow was not - as was later believed - some causal linear 'history' of some past to some future abstraction or some idyll and which 'history' is marked by some assumed progression from 'the primitive' to something more 'advanced' and which assumed progression is what has been denoted by the term 'progress'.

Hence the respect, in such pagan cultures and communities, for tradition - for the accumulated *pathei-mathos* of one's ancestors; a respect lost when manufactured abstractions, denoted by some name or by some given expression, were relied upon, striven for, used as the basis for an individual identity, and as a means of understanding Reality.

The very process of denoting by naming and attempting to express meaning in terms of so named and manufactured abstraction denoted by some name or by some expression, is a move away from the wisdom that ancient ancestral cultures expressed and sought to maintain, and a loss of the wisdom, of the acausal-knowing, that esoteric-empathy reveals. A process of denoting that has culminated in the lifeless, un-numinous, illusive division that has been named 'good' and 'evil', and which denoting is also now manifest in the un-wisdom and the religiosity of The State with its abstraction of 'progress', with its manufactured lifeless urban 'communities'; where a striving, a lust, for a personal materialism and a striving for a personal

idealized happiness replaces belonging to a living ancestral or numinous culture; where the individual is expected to respect The State and its minions (or face punishment); and where self-identity is measured and made by State-approved abstractions and/or by some State-approved ideology or religion, instead of by a knowing of one's self as a transient emanation, both sinister and numinous, dark and light, 'of heaven and earth'.

Esoteric Dating and Aural Traditions

The dating of certain esoteric celebrations by means of a fixed and manufactured solar calendar - something which has become commonplace in the lands of the West - is another example of how the error of causal knowing (manifest, for instance, in naming divinities) has come to usurp the intuitive wordless understanding of aural pagan traditions and the empathy that pagans, in resonance with Nature and themselves, were either naturally gifted with or could develop under guidance.

Thus those committing this error of using a solar calendar rather inanely believe that a celebration such as that now commonly named Samhain occurs on a certain fixed calendar date, to wit October the thirty first; that a fixed date such as March the twenty first (named the Spring Equinox) marks the beginning of Spring, and that sunrise on what has been denoted by the expression Summer Solstice is some "important pagan date".

Esoteric-empathy and ancestral pagan cultures and aural traditions - such as the Rounwytha one - relate a different tale. This is of the dates and times of festivities, celebrations and feasts being determined locally by communities and families and sometimes (but not always) on the advice of some Rounwytha or some similarly attuned skilled individual. Two examples may be of interest - Spring and Samhain.

Those part of such ancestral cultures - as well as those who possess the benefit of such aural traditions or who have a natural esoteric-empathy - know that what in northern climes is called Spring does not begin on what has been termed the Spring Equinox nor on any specific day, whether that day be marked by some fixed calendar, solar or lunar. Instead, the arrival of Spring is a flow that occurs over a number of days - sometimes a week or more - and which days are marked by the changes in the land, the fields, the air, and by the behaviour of wildlife, birds, and insects. This arrival varies from year to year and from location to location, and usually now occurs, in the land of England, from what the solar calendar now in common use names late February to what the same calendar names early March. Thus someone who knows their locality - who belongs to it - will know and feel the changes which occur in Nature during the season when the days are becoming longer and the weather somewhat warmer with the Sun rising higher in the sky in relation to Winter.

This natural flexibility - in relation to a fixed solar or lunar calendar - is why certain esoteric folk of certain aural pagan traditions (such as the ONA Rounwytha one) often write and talk about 'alchemical seasons' and not about some fixed seasons determined by some solar calendar.

In the same way, the celebration - the gathering, remembrance, and feast - that is

now often known as Samhain (and which according to the Rounwytha tradition was simply called The Gathering) varied from year to year and from locality to locality, its occurrence determined by when what had to be gathered-in and prepared and stored in readiness for the coming days of Winter had been gathered-in and prepared and stored. That is, the day of its occurring was to some extent dependant on the weather, on the health and time and numbers of those so gathering in the harvest and storing produce, and on such important matters as what crops were grown, what fruits were available, what livestock were kept, and what fuels were available ready to be stored for the needed fires of the coming colder season. Communities reliant on fishing or those who relied on hunted game or required such game or fish to supplement an otherwise meagre diet would naturally have somewhat different priorities and so their date for such a communal Gathering might differ from other communities.

Hence the date of The Gathering would vary from year to year and locality to locality, and sometimes be toward what is now termed October and sometimes toward the end of what is now termed September, or somewhere inbetween. It was only much much later with the arrival of the organized and alien moralizing religion of the Nazarene, with its solar calendar system (deriving from urbanized hierarchical imperial Rome) and set celebrations of the deaths of certain sanctified or important Nazarenes (mostly in far-away lands), that a particular date would be used, at least in such communities as had succumbed to the abstractions of such a religion and thus had forsaken their ancestral culture and folk traditions and ways.

On the day of The Gathering there would a feast - a celebration of the bounty which Nature, the earth and the heavens, had provided - and also and importantly a remembering; a remembering of those no longer there as they had been the previous year (and not there for whatever reason, such as death from illness or old age) and a remembering of those long-departed, such as one's own ancestors. Thus there was, as with most such celebrations, a natural balance born from remembrance and respect for the past and from hope and anticipation; here, hope and anticipation of the new warmer fertile seasons to arrive after the coming darkness of what would most probably be another bleak cold and dark season of snow, frost, and ice. For The Gathering also heralded that season when some form of almost daily heating in family dwellings would most probably be required.

As for a communal bonfire, it was simply practical, not symbolic of whatever; that is, a cheery presence (most people in northern climes love a good bonfire), a focus for the celebration (and such dancing as invariably occurred during such pagan festivities), a source of warmth and light, and a place where offerings of harvested produce and other gifts could be placed, such offerings and such gifts - as was a common folk tradition throughout the world - being to ancestors, to land and sky, as well as to the always unnamed spirits, sprites, and the also unnamed guardians of sacred natural places.

Epilogos

The aural pagan tradition - as, for example, in the Rounwytha one - is of a perspective, a weltanschauung, a way, a culture, quite different from those where myths and legends of ancient named divinities/deities played a significant role, and

where there was a hierarchical structure of rank and privilege and, later on, some fixed celebrations based on a solar or lunar calendar.

The Rounwytha way that lived in a specific area of the British Isles was the culture of an empathic knowing where such celebrations as were undertaken were natural, local, and communal ones, devoid of mystique, and which occurred on an unfixed day/evening as and when circumstances allowed and somewhere near what was regarded as the propitious time/season. This was the way of transient 'sinister-numinous emanations' where there was no perceived division into abstracted opposites, either within ourselves, within Nature, or within the Cosmos - and where there was no naming of deities or natural spirits.

The cultivation and development of esoteric-empathy is one means whereby this type of knowing, this natural pagan perspective, can be (re)gained. In addition, this type of esoteric knowing leads to - or can lead to - an understanding of how the naming of an entity called satan and all such entities, understood both archetypally/symbolically and as actual living beings in the acausal, are what they are: an un-numinous denoting that obscures Reality and which obscuration led to and leads to the de-evolution manifest in the illusion of and the striving for causal opposites and causal abstractions.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] Esoteric-empathy is an Occult Art, an esoteric skill, and one of The Dark/Esoteric Arts of the ONA, and is a specific type of empathy - that which provides a certain perspective and a certain knowledge. This is 'acausal-knowing' and is distinct from the causal knowing arising from the perception of Phainómenon. In essence, esoteric-empathy (aka dark empathy) is the knowing of life qua life - of the acausal energy which animates all causal life; of how all life is connected, of how living beings are by their nature nexions; of how Nature is not only a living being of which we as individuals are a part, but also one aspect of cosmic life manifest on one planet orbiting one star in one galaxy in a cosmos of billions of such galaxies.

The Grade Ritual of Internal Adept - and particularly the extended six-month version (over two alchemical seasons) - is one means of cultivating and developing the Occult Art of esoteric-empathy.

[2] One of these European aural traditions was that of the Rounwytha tradition centred on the Welsh Marches and especially rural South Shropshire. This Rounwytha tradition was incorporated into the Order of Nine Angles in the early 1970's CE and thereafter was mostly taught and discussed aurally, although some aspects of the tradition have been mentioned in various ONA MSS over the decades and the ONA Rite of Internal Adept was for the most part based on the tradition of an aspirant

Rounwytha having to spend at least three months (usually six or more months) alone in isolated forests or mountains. In addition, The Camlad Rite of The Abyss, as recorded in the compilation *Enantiodromia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*, was another traditional part of the training of a Rounwytha.

[3] See the section below, *Esoteric Dating and Aural Traditions*, for how ancestral pagan cultures - as recounted and intimated by the Rounwytha tradition - ascertained the dates of communal celebrations, a tradition of dating totally different from that based on a solar calendar.

Credits

Words/Forms. This article had its genesis in: (1) private discussions, earlier this year (2011 CE) with two Internal Adepts (one of whom was based in Scotland), and which discussion was continued by private correspondence, and (2) in some private correspondence (during October 2011 CE) with someone living in Africa who, having been acquainted with the ONA for over a decade, sought to elucidate certain esoteric matters relating to the ONA tradition, and one of whose questions related to the aural tradition of the ONA.

Thus, in many ways this, and similar articles - such as the recently published *The Discovery and Knowing of Satan* - represent some of, or some part of, the aural ONA traditions that have, for the past forty years, been revealed on a personal basis.

Diabological Dissent

Being Dissension From Some Mundane Misconceptions Relating to Certain Esoteric Matters Part One

The Ancient Wisdom of the Isles of Briton

Esoterically - that is, according to our aural tradition, deriving from the Camlad Rounwytha association - it is a mundane misconception that some or all of the indigenous population of the lands now known as the British Isles worshipped or made homage/sacrifices to specific named deities, divinities or spirits, in the manner - for example - of the Greeks and Romans, or the ancient Egyptians.

According to this aural esoteric tradition - which as always is to be believed or not, according to one's own perception and empathy - there was no naming *per se*, since such a naming of specific entities is a contradiction of that undivided and empathic knowing of the natural world which formed the essence of the ancient wisdom of these Isles. An empathic knowing which by its nature is word-less and deems it unwise (an act of what we now term hubris) to give names to that-which or aspects of that-which (such as Nature) which is beyond the power of ordinary mortals to control (or even completely understand). This is a knowing of what is mysterious and

numinous as such a mysterium is; that is word-less, unspoken.

This is the knowing - the ancient wisdom - of the natural balance; a knowing of *mimesis*, of community, and of propitiation: of us as mortals as living, as being balanced, between the earth and the heavens and thus not being separate from Nature. This is the knowing of such balance being necessary for good fortune, for good health, for good crops, and - importantly - of being natural and necessary for our immediate family and the extended family that is our community.

This is the knowing of some deeds being unwise because they can and do upset the natural and very delicate balance that exists between us, our ancestral communities, and Nature. This is the ancient knowing that pre-dates the separation of us - as an individual with individual desires and goals - from our ancestral community with the duties and obligations which such a natural belonging entailed.

A specific naming of specific entities, with individual personal evocations/supplications of and to them - implies that loss of this intuitive and ancestral knowing of ourselves as part our community, our folk; as part of the flow, the changing, of Nature. Such a loss is associated with and often derives from the move away from a shared rural agrarian communities (of free men and women co-operating together) to a more urbanized regimented way of live where there was often some kind of slavery or serfdom.

The majority of what have been assumed to be named entities of an indigenous British/Celtic tradition reveal either: (1) the influence of Roman culture, beliefs and practices, based as this culture was - at the time of Roman influence in these Isles - on a more urbanized, imperial, way of life where slavery, and division, and individual notions of being and thus of personal 'destiny' were the norm; and/or (1) later (post-Roman) Celtic/Irish myths and legends, or those of later invaders, such as the Vikings and Saxons.

Instead of individual personal (or even communal) evocations/supplications of and to specific named entities, there was in the ancient ancestral way only two essential things: (1) communal celebrations and 'givings' at certain times of year (determined by the cycle of Nature in relation to crops and seasons, often marked by the first seasonal rising of certain bright stars); and (2) the individual following of certain traditions and customs and which traditions or customs were said to bring good fortune or be able to divert misfortune. Among the former would have been the forerunner of our 'harvest festivals' where certain produce was set aside and left (often at certain sites of ancestral importance) as offerings, as gifts - a common folk custom all over the world. Among the later would have been the carrying or the obtaining of certain charms - again, a common folk custom all over the world.

Importantly, such gifts and such charms were, in living ancestral cultures, understood as means to maintain or regain the natural and necessary balance - often to placate or to please Nature, and those always un-named 'spirits' or sprites which were part of Nature, and/or the spirits of our own ancestors and those of our relatives.

These things arose from - were part of - how the individual functioned, lived; for their being - their knowing of themselves - was in such ancestral living cultures and communities not that of some named separate individual with a possible personal 'destiny' or some personal goal or aim of personal happiness, but rather as a natural, necessary, functioning part of the whole formed from their family, their folk community, the land where they dwelt and from Nature which gave that land, their community and they themselves Life. Thus, they felt that what they did affected not only them but Nature, their family, the folk community, and their dead ancestors. And it is this non-individual connexion - this dependency, human, of Nature, and of beyond - which is the essence of the ancient wisdom of these Isles, of other living cultures, and of what has come to be called 'paganism'.

In respect of named entities assumed to be part of an indigenous British/Celtic tradition, let us consider, for instance, the name *Maponos*. This has come to be regarded, by some people involved in or studying esotericism, as some British/Celtic divinity similar to Apollo. The early inscriptions and texts of this name are either in Latin or reveal a Latin influence. Furthermore, the modern etymologies given for this name are purely speculative, based on tenuous comparatives or even more tenuous suppositions - for example, some even giving the root, rather fancifully, as from the Celtic *mab*.

One therefore has the ridiculous spectacle of some esoterically-inclined folk in these Isles actually believing - on the basis of some Roman and post-Roman inscriptions and on the basis of some speculative etymology - that *Maponos* (or some such name) was a Celtic/Britannic divinity - 'the divine son' or some such nonsense - and therefore using this name in some rites they or others have concocted for some alleged or assumed esoteric aim.

However, those aware - empathically or otherwise - of the ancient wisdom of these Isles will know that the very naming of such a specific entity reveals both a non-indigenous influence (in this case, that of Rome) and also a move from the way of the communal, the tribal, the kindred, toward the cult, the idea, of the self and thence to the isolated rootless often urban 'nuclear family'. That is, a move away from the pagan numen toward the material ethos of the Magian.

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122 Year of Fayen

Alchemical Seasons and The Fluxions of Time

Introduction

Most of the following axioms and brief elucidations form part of the Camlad aural tradition that was, some forty years ago, incorporated into the esoteric association The Order of Nine Angles. The remainder are my own elucidations and development of the tradition, with some of these elucidations of mine using the terminology and ontology of causal, acausal, and nexions. ^[1]

In the text *Auf dem Wasser zu singen: Yet Another Interview with Anton Long* - first distributed 114yf/2003eh - I briefly mentioned alchemical seasons in reply to a question asked of me:

"An alchemical season is a natural process which occurs in Nature, and also in we ourselves, who are beings of Nature. They are Change; a natural dialectic... There are also, of course, Cosmic alchemical seasons, some of which we know - in terms of their beginnings and their ending - by various observed astronomical events, often relating to star or planetary alignments..."

Both before and after the distribution of that text - as now, and especially since the publication of Naos in 1989 ce - there was and is much speculation about, and some misunderstandings concerning. alchemical seasons; speculation and misunderstandings which this new text should go some way toward dispelling.

The particular/peculiar numbered layout of the axioms and elucidations in this text is my own, and which layout is much less formal in the section concerning Alchemical Seasons, since there I have often simply recounted or retold the aural tradition itself. The particular/peculiar numbered layout was originally employed by me, decades ago, as a personal *aide-mémoire*.

I have included an un-numbered section of my own devising which gives some explanation of alchemical seasons.

It should be noted that by *alchemical* here is meant the esoteric science associated with *azoth* and other such esoteric 'things'. This is the science of the changing/alteration/understanding of living beings, and other substances, by a symbiosis/interaction between alchemist and such beings/substances. Which is 'the

forbidden alchemy' of some Occult traditions, and which type of alchemy, and such symbiosis, has been the subject of, or mentioned in, several ONA MSS during the past forty years. For instance:

" The secret of the Magus/Mousa who lies beyond the Grade of Master/LadyMaster is a simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double pelican being inward yet like the stage of Sol, outward though in a lesser degree. Here is the living water, azoth, which falls upon Earth nurturing it, and from which the seed flowers brighter than the sun. The flower, properly prepared, splits the Heavens - it is the great elixir which comes from this which when taken into the body dissolves both Sol and Luna bringing Exaltation. Whomever takes this Elixir will live immortal among the fiery stars..."

Which in essence means that "from the double pelican comes Azoth".

One particular example of such a symbiosis - of such alchemy - is the esoteric 'perfume' Petriochor [qv. *Sinister Tradition - Further Notes* published in Fenrir Vol.3 #2]. The production of this 'perfume' during a particular alchemical season is difficult, and takes a certain duration of causal Time, but what imbues the final product, after distillation, with esoteric worth - with acausal energy/the sinisterly-numinous - is the interaction/symbiosis that occurs between the alchemist and the substances, and which substances are all part of the living being that is Nature..

Time

1. Time is Numinous ^[2] - that is, of living beings, and thus biological not linear (of-causality). Therefore Time cannot be re-presented or measured by a fixed causal calendar, solar, lunar, or otherwise.

1.1 Thus, Time varies according to Physis. That is, varies according to the nature, the character, of the living entity that manifests - presences - it.

2. There are a variety of different species of Time.

2.1 Thus, our species of Time differs from that of the other living entities/beings /emanations, Earth-dwelling or otherwise.

3. Time is a Fluxion ^[3]. That is, Time is already inherent in living beings, part of their physis.

3.1 Each living being has a Fluxion appropriate to - which re-presents/manifests /presences - its physis and thus which is appropriate to/manifests its type/species of

life.

3.1.1 Thus, linear time - as measured by a fixed causal calendar and/or as defined by such things as the ratio of distance and velocity of a physical object - is Appearance/Abstraction not Reality.

3.1.2 Such linear time thus re-presents only the causal physis/nature of material objects/matter and thus manifests the physis/nature of the causal.

3.2 A Fluxion manifests what is a-causal. That is, how a particular living being changes/develops/manifests.

3.2.1 A Fluxion has an outer (exoteric) appearance and an inner (esoteric) nature/physis.

3.2.1.1 The outer appearance is how the being is perceived to change/develop /grow/decay.

3.2.1.2 The inner nature is how the being may, might, or could, change/develop /grow/decay by the use of traditional/esoteric/alchemical arts/skills.

3.2.1.2.1 A knowing of this inner nature is a gift of the Rounwytha.

3.2.1.2.1.1 This gift can be cultivated by the development and use of esoteric-empathy.

3.3 Since Time is a Fluxion, and alchemical, a Rounwytha may be able to alter/change /manipulate/weave Time.

Alchemical Seasons

4. An Alchemical Season is a means of measuring/determining/knowing fluxions, and thus a means of knowing living beings and how they change or could be changed.

5.1 Thus, an Alchemical Season is often what is the best/appropriate 'season' to know/get-to-know/celebrate particular emanations presented to us as living beings, or particular collocations of such beings, and/or the 'season' to initiate a particular change or changes.

6. This 'season' varies according to the nature/species/type of being/living-entity /emanation, and often differs from individual emanation to individual emanation of each type/species.

7. Knowledge of Alchemical Seasons is both traditional/aural and found/discovered by each Rounwytha.

8.1 It is for each Rounwytha to determine the veracity or otherwise of such aural

tradition by their own personal knowing.

9.1.1 This knowing derives from esoteric-empathy.

10. One such collocation of emanations/living-beings is Nature.

10.1 This particular collocation contains a wide variety of types of being.

11. Another such collocation of emanations is the Cosmos.

11.1 This particular collocation contains entities/life having acausal emanations/acausal-being, entities having causal-acausal emanations/being, and entities manifesting causal emanations (a causal-being).

11.1.2 Acausal-causal beings/emanations are nexions between causal and acausal.

12. The beginning and the ending of certain Alchemical Seasons are often associated with, or intimated by, certain observed natural or cosmic phenomena.

12.1 These associations and intimations are often locale-dependant and usually subject to Cosmic and Aeonic drift.

12.2 Such observed phenomena include those connected with Nature and those connected with 'heavenly bodies', that is, with the Cosmos.

12.2.1 Those connected with Nature include the behaviour of Earth-dwelling living beings, sentient and otherwise; the fluxion of Nature's seasons, and certain patterns of or certain phenomenon of 'the weather'.

12.2.2 Those connected with the Cosmos include the observed rhythm of star-collocations (constellations); the occultation of Sun by Moon, and of certain stars by Moon; the observed rhythm of observable planets; and the first rising of certain stars above the horizon of the Rounwytha as determined by the fluxion of Nature's seasons.

12.3 Such associations with observed natural or cosmic phenomena do not mean or imply that such phenomena cause or are the origin of the changes, the fluxion, of living-beings.

12.4 Associations/intimations connected with Nature are sometimes known as Earth Tides.

12.4.1 Associations/intimations connected with the Cosmos are sometimes known as Cosmic Tides.

13. Certain Alchemical Seasons form the natural calendar used by the Rounwytha.

The Nature of Alchemical Seasons

It will be thus be seen that Alchemical Seasons are of various kinds, and serve or may serve different functions.

For instance, certain Alchemical Seasons are and were how the Rounwytha determined - knew and understood - the changes of Life around them. That is, how they reckoned Time, and the fluxions of Time that were made manifest as living beings - for instance, the life, the ailing, the foreseeing of death, of humans; and the natural rhythms of Nature and the Cosmos.

This knowing 'of propitious times' aided, and often enabled, their sorcery; their use and manipulation of certain energies - emanations, or fluxions - for a variety of purposes, as it also enabled them to use their skills in respect of such matters as ailments and their cures.

For example:

" A certain knowledge of herbs was/is a useful Rounwytha skill, and some of this knowledge could be, and sometimes was, acquired from an older Rounwytha. But in essence such knowledge is a knowing arising from the development and use of skills such as esoteric-empathy so that such learned knowledge (causal knowledge) would only and ever compliment the personal knowledge (the acausal knowledge) such skills imparted. Esoteric-empathy, combined with the ability of intimation, would enable the nature, the character [the physis, the essence] of living-plants to be dis-covered and thus their personal qualities known and appreciated. Similarly, a knowing of what might ail some person is, for the Rounwytha, just such an acausal knowing - arising from employing the skills, abilities, and qualities, of a Rounwytha, and not something learned from someone else or from books.

Hence, the Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills." *The Rounwytha Way - Our Sinister Feminine Archetype*

Like such skills, the calendar of the Rounwytha - their weaving of the seemingly disparate fluxions together, their accounting of fluxions - was derived from their personal esoteric-knowing, their empathy with the beings of Nature, with the being of Nature, and with the being of the Cosmos, and by their connexion to their local rural community. That is, of those whom and that which, they personally know, and of that which they personally observe and experience.

Thus - given that the Rounwytha tradition was germane to a certain area of what is

now known as Britain - some of the most important alchemical seasons, and thence their seasonal ('yearly') calendar, were those connected with the flux, the rhythm, of Nature where they dwelt, since the season of daily and communal and local life - the life of small, rural, kindred, communities where the skill and knowing and advice of the pagan Rounwytha found favour and was often relied upon - would be one where such matters as the seasons of growing and finding food were important, as were the stages of life of an individual, as were certain celebrations and propitiations.

The favoured 'time' in Spring, for instance - the traditional seasonal time of sowing, seeding, and planting - would be known, discovered, locally by the Rounwytha using their skill, their empathy, and, being a fluxion of Nature in their locale, such a favoured 'time' would in its arrival vary from year to year. Similarly with the seasons beginning/ending with what are now known as Summer and Winter Solstice, the longest and the shortest days in such northern locales. They would not be found - 'known' - by some causal calculation or by watching the Sun alignment with some stones in some circle (or whatever) but rather would be what they naturally are, which is mid-Summer and mid-Winter, and which vary according to when Spring arrives, and Summer arrives, and Autumn arrives in a particular locality. ^[4]

Similarly with a celebration such as The Gathering, which would mark a successful harvest:

" The celebration - the gathering, remembrance, and feast - that is now often known as Samhain (and which according to the Rounwytha tradition was simply called The Gathering) varied from year to year and from locality to locality, its occurrence determined by when what had to be gathered-in and prepared and stored in readiness for the coming days of Winter had been gathered-in and prepared and stored. That is, the day of its occurring was to some extent dependant on the weather, on the health and time and numbers of those so gathering in the harvest and storing produce, and on such important matters as what crops were grown, what fruits were available, what livestock were kept, and what fuels were available ready to be stored for the needed fires of the coming colder season. Communities reliant on fishing or those who relied on hunted game or required such game or fish to supplement an otherwise meagre diet would naturally have somewhat different priorities and so their date for such a communal Gathering might differ from other communities.

Hence the date of The Gathering would vary from year to year and locality to locality, and sometimes be toward what is now termed October and sometimes toward the end of what is now termed September, or somewhere inbetween. It was only much much later with the arrival of the organized and alien moralizing religion of the Nazarene, with its solar calendar system (deriving from urbanized hierarchical imperial Rome) and set celebrations of the deaths of certain sanctified or important Nazarenes (mostly in far-away lands), that a particular date would be used, at least in such communities as had succumbed to the abstractions of such a religion and

thus had forsaken their ancestral culture and folk traditions and ways."

Denotatum - The Esoteric Problem With Names

What all this means is that Alchemical Seasons are a way of 'seeing' the world; of understanding, knowing, Nature, ourselves, and the Cosmos. Of understanding our various connexions. As well as a knowing of when certain actions, activities - such as sorcery - may have a better chance of success, given how such actions, activities, are just aspects of the flux of Nature, of Life, of the Cosmos: are emanations of our own microcosmic nexion. Or Alchemical Seasons reveal when it is wise - a balanced deed - to celebrate some-things.

There is thus a very pagan - a quite natural and traditional - way of knowing devoid of linear, limiting 'time, and devoid of abstractions.

Anton Long
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123 yfayen

Notes

[1] My elucidations are mainly of terminology or word-expression. Thus, I have substituted some old/vernacular/obscure and occasionally alchemical terms for Greek or later English ones, a case in point being my use of a Greek term such as Physis. I have however retained several older terms.

My axioms are as follows: 3.1.1, 3.2, 3.2.1.2.1.1, 9.1.1, 11.1, 11.2

Incidentally, as mentioned elsewhere, Rounwytha - as its etymology makes clear - was just a local, dialect, word for a type of hereditary sorceress: for 'the wise, cunning, woman' of British myth and legend.

[2] Despite the now common belief that the use of the word 'numinous' is fairly recent, deriving from the writings of Rudolf Otto, its first occurrence in English - so far discovered - is in a religious tract published in London in 1647 ce, entitled *The simple cobbler of Aggawam in America. Willing to help mend his native country*. The author, Nathaniel Ward - a scholar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, an English clergyman, and a Puritan supporter - emigrated to Massachusetts in 1634 ce.

[3] The term *fluxion* dates from the sixteenth century (ce) and implies both a change that occurs naturally and one that arises from or because of itself, i.e. an effluvium.

"If the fluxion of this instant Now Effect not That, noight wil that Time doth know." John Davies: *Mirum in Modum*, 1616 ce. John Davies was a scholar at Queen's College, Oxford; an antiquary, and a professor of Law.

[4] Exact causal calculations of such phenomenon were irrelevant to such ancient rural communities, and the belief that they were important or necessary is just retrospective re-interpretation and the projection of modern causal abstractions onto such communities.

Such communities did not dwell in a world determined by fixed, measured, durations of causal time; but rather by fluxions. By the natural flowing of a living, numinous, Time which dwelt with them, and within them and their own local communities. Thus their work began when it began, and ended when it ended, determined by weather, daylight, what needed to be done, or what was required, in that particular fluxion, that 'season'. Thus their 'year' was marked by the flux of seasons, so that for example they might refer to their age in terms of how many harvest gatherings they had known, or how many Summers had past since their birthing.

It was that other un-numinous world - of empires, of tyrants, of kings, of governments, of abstractions, of planning and supra-personal organization, of hierarchical dogmatic religions - which brought fixed, measured, durations of causal time as a means of control, regulation, conformity, and to unnaturally apportion life and living.

The Rounwytha Way Our Sinister Feminine Archetype

The way of the Rounwytha is the way of the independent, strong, empath: of those who have developed their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills, both exoteric and esoteric [1].

Given the nature of these abilities, qualities, and skills, the overwhelming majority of individuals who follow the Way of the Rounwytha are women - who thus embody our sinister feminine archetype - although a minority are men who, following The Seven Fold Way into and beyond the Abyss, have successfully melded the sinister with the numinous and who thus embody and are that rare archetype, The Mage, with such archetypes, by the nature of such entities, being in constant fluxion. Or, expressed exoterically, being an expression of the uniqueness of such esoteric individuals.

Among these muliebral abilities, qualities, and skills are: (1) Empathy; (2) Intuition, as a foreseeing - praesignification/intimation - and as interior self-reflexion; (3) Personal Charm; (4) Subtlety/Cunning/Shapeshifting; (5) Veiled Strength.

Rounwytha skills and abilities were evident, for example and in varying degrees, in the Oracle at Delphi, in the Vestales of Rome; in the wise, the cunning, women of British folklore and legend; in myths about Morgan Le Fey, Mistress Mab, and Ἀμαζόνες; and in historical figures such as Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, and Boudicca.

It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the Magian ethos (and its abstractions) and religions such as as Nasrany, Islam, Judaism, and the patriarchal nation-State, have suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace. It is these skills, abilities, and qualities, and the women who embody them, that the distorted, Magian-influenced and Magian-dominated, Homo Hubris infested, Occultism and 'Satanism' of the modern West - with their doctrines such as the patriarchal 'might in right' or the vapid 'harming none' of modern wicca - have also suppressed, repressed, and sought to destroy, control, and replace.

Esoterically, these skills, abilities, and qualities, were celebrated and maintained by the pagan aural tradition of the British Isles, a tradition mentioned in the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names* (ONA Esoteric Notes - Rounwytha 3)

Traditional Rounwytha Rites and Training

According to ONA aural tradition, the Rounwytha way - as the etymology of Rounwytha suggests - is the way of a few wise women who dwelt and who dwell in the Marches areas of the British Isles, and in particular in rural South Shropshire and areas around Trefyclawdd and the Camlad.

There are only three rites of this tradition: one celebratory [2], and two to train, to breed, the Rounwytha. The training is and was simple, and involves the candidate in living, for two whole alchemical seasons [3], alone in an isolated area, as per what is now known as the Rite of Internal Adept, followed - some unfixed causal Time later (sometimes a year later, sometimes longer) - by undertaking the Camlad Rite of The Abyss, and which Rite lasted for a whole lunar month [4].

To these three traditional rites, the ONA added - nearly four decades ago - another, in order to train candidates in certain necessary Martial skills, with this training lasting from six months to (more usually) a year. [5]

Thus, this simple training of the Rounwytha develops in the candidate the necessary esoteric and exoteric skills, abilities, and qualities, and breeds the women (and the few men) who embody them.

To give one, often misunderstood, example. A certain knowledge of herbs was/is a

useful Rounwytha skill, and some of this knowledge could be, and sometimes was, acquired from an older Rounwytha. But in essence such knowledge is a knowing arising from the development and use of skills such as esoteric-empathy so that such learned knowledge (causal knowledge) would only and ever compliment the personal knowledge (the acausal knowledge) such skills imparted. Esoteric-empathy, combined with the ability of intimation, would enable the nature, the character [the physis, the essence] of living-plants to be dis-covered and thus their personal qualities known and appreciated. Similarly, a knowing of what might ail some person is, for the Rounwytha, just such an acausal knowing - arising from employing the skills, abilities, and qualities, of a Rounwytha, and not something learned from someone else or from books.

Hence, the Rounwytha needs no props, no outer causal forms, no esoteric ceremonies, rituals, chants, or whatever. They just *are* - they just are uniquely themselves, with their gifts, their abilities, their foibles, their knowing and their skills, and a knowing how to use all these, in either a numinous or a sinister way, or in a sinisterly-numinous way.

The Future Rounwytha

The traditional Rounwytha, pre-ONA and as manifest in many traditional ONA nexions, can and should be the inspiration for new esoteric and thus archetypal forms. That is, a guide and inspiration for women who desire to or who have liberated themselves from the restrictions of Magian abstractions and Magian-Nasrany made archetypes, and which abstractions include political feminism, since such 'feminists' for example almost always act within 'the law' as made by The State and often demand more State-made laws to ensure 'their rights' (political, social, economic, religious) and which notion of 'rights' is itself an abstraction.

In contrast, our new female esoteric and archetypal ways of living derive from four important things:

- (1) Women of our kind living by our code of kindred honour who thus are ready, willing, and able (trained enough) to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carry weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.
- (2) Women of our kind placing this personal code of honour before any and all laws made by some State, and thus replacing supra-personal authority (of, for example, some State or institution) with their own self-assured and individual authority.
- (3) Women of our kind relying on their own judgement, a judgement developed and enhanced by pathei-mathos, by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and one's mistakes.
- (4) Women of our kind developing and using their natural, their latent, their empathic and muliebral, abilities, qualities, and skills - such as empathy and intuition.

It is no co-incidence that these express the unique, living, sinisterly-numinous ethos of our unique living adversarial, defiant, and anti-State, kulture.

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123 yfayen

Notes

[1] By the term *muliebral* we mean: of, concerning, or relating to the ethos, the nature [physis], the natural abilities, of women. From the Latin *muliebris*. We use this particular term in a precise and esoteric way, as we do with many other terms which also have or have acquired a common, exoteric, meaning - for example, the terms psyche and archetype, qv. *A Glossary of Some ONA Terms*.

This use and definition of such terms, together with ONA-unique terms and sometimes our unique spelling of some words, means that ONA people sometimes speak and write a language (ONA-speak) that is often - and intentionally - obscure or confusing to outsiders, and often - and intentionally - leads such outsiders to make certain unwarranted assumptions.

[2] The traditional celebratory rite was the rite which formed the basis for the ONA's *Ceremony of Recalling* with offer ending. The traditional rite was often called The Giving and often formed part of The Gathering, and is and was simple, involving no Occult or magickal aspects, and consisted of an extempore communal celebration and feast, in the Autumn and generally around a bonfire, at which a chosen young male candidate (willing or unwilling) would be sacrificed and some of their blood sprinkled on the surrounding land to ensure the health and fertility of livestock, crops, and community.

Two fictional portrayals of this traditional rite are in the short-story *Hangster's Gate*, and in the instructional text *The Giving*.

For context, see the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names* (ONA Esoteric Notes - Rounwytha 3).

[3] The rite is usually begun on the Spring Equinox and ends on the following Winter Solstice (occasionally begun on the Summer Solstice and ending on the following Spring Equinox).

It should be noted, however, that these 'alchemical seasons' are not - as mundanes

suppose - determined by fixed calculation deriving from a fixed solar calander. Thus, the Spring Equinox (or rather the alchemical season whose beginning/ending is associated with what is termed Spring Equinox) is not when some fixed solar calander determines it is (a certain causal Time on a certain day in March) but rather when the Rounwytha considers mid-Spring (which is what the Spring Equinox is, esoterically, alchemically) arrives, having already and locally known when Spring begins in that particular year. Similarly for what is termed the Summer Solstice. For context, see the ONA text, *Denotatum, The Esoteric Problem With Names*.

Hence, alchemical seasons are not determined by a fixed solar or lunar calander - or by calculations based on such - but rather individually, according to locality.

[4] That is, for one menstrual cycle of the woman undertaking it. The Camlad Rite of The Abyss has been published in the pdf collection *Enantiodromia - The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*.

[5] Many, although not all, ONA Rounwytha nexions are Sapphic in nature, and thus celebrate the type of sorcery mentioned in ONA texts such as *Sapphic Sorcery - In Praise of The Feminine*.



Questions From A Rounwytha Initiate

Would I be right in thinking that in practical terms the Rounwytha principle means the Order of Nine Angles puts great emphasis on women?

Yes indeed. We always seem to have more women than men, at least pre-Internet, and certainly still do in our traditional nexions following the Seven Fold Way. Partly because of a knowing of and respect for the natural abilities of certain women, their character; partly because of the Rounwytha ethos that is central to the ONA, past, present and future, and also because our Way demands a genuine, sharing, empathic, and equal partnership between men and women, and because of our acceptance that Sapphism is natural and, to an extent, esoterically important.

One of the manifest errors - distortions - of the Left Hand Path, and of the Satanic, Magian Occultism so prevalent in the West, in the past, as still now, is its patriarchal nature and the fact that it is dominated by the de-evolutionary doctrine of so-called 'might is right' and thus dominated by and infested with male specimens of Homo Hubris who have no sense of honour, no culture, no empathy, no arête, little or no self-honesty, little or no manners, but who instead possess a bloated ego and a very high opinion of themselves.

One might say, with some justification in my view, that this reflects our current societies - that this domination and infestation in the Occult world, within the LHP and Satanism by such specimens, is mirrored by the domination of our societies by such specimens.

The view of women by many if not the majority of these male specimens of Homo Hubris is lamentable, dishonourable, uncultured, prejudiced - and typical of the Magian ethos, and of the Judeo-Nazarene tradition in general. For many of these male specimens, women are there for enjoyment; to satiate one's lust; to bear children and look after children - and often to look after the man, to care for the man if and when the man allows them. That is, women are viewed by such male creatures as useful, and even occasionally as necessary, in terms for example of certain sexual instincts, appetites. But women are not viewed as complimentary to such a man; certainly not as an essential, a needed, complimentary, as an equal and necessary partner.

Thus, and excuse the generalization, but most of these male specimens of Homo Hubris do not think about women as close personal friends; of wanting a woman as a best friend, or women as their best friends - for they, these 'real men', have 'their mates' for that, and for most such male specimens the very thought of such a thing as having women as best mates makes them uncomfortable.

That is, for these specimens of Homo Hubris physical prowess and 'manly competition' are important, often to the extent that physical prowess, 'manly competition' and having mates, and being aggressive, defines them - is a measure of their self-identity, their 'manliness'. Thus are they basically still primitive, still barbarians; still prone to the dishonourable blood lust and uncontrollable rage of such barbarians and still adhering mostly unconsciously to the doctrine of so-called 'might is right'.

The truth is that many women are naturally gifted with qualities that many men still lack - qualities necessary in men for balance, both esoteric and exoteric. And qualities certainly required for someone to become an Internal Adept of our tradition and then pass into and beyond The Abyss, and thus qualities required to bring forth an entirely new and more evolved species of human being.

You're talking feminine qualities here? About empathy, right?

Yes, female qualities; natural female abilities. About natural empathy among other qualities. Natural empathy being one of the most important - and meaning having or developing a sensitivity to other people - to their feelings, their thoughts - and having

or developing a sensitivity to other life, especially Nature. Natural empathy being the genesis of our esoteric-empathy, and which esoteric-empathy is thus a refinement and development of such natural empathy.

So yes, qualities hitherto most often associated with the female of our species, and not generally, for the most part, hitherto, associated with most men.

What other female qualities, apart from empathy, then?

Intuition, for one. Intuition as not only a foreseeing, an intimation, but also as interior self-reflexion. Charm, for another. Subtly, for another.

You mentioned developing them, these qualities. How?

Firstly by understanding our potential, and part of which understanding is of ourselves, of a man and of a woman, having both a sinister and a numinous character within them, and sinister and numinous abilities. For, in a simplified - very inexact way - and to an extent in an unconscious archetypal way, we might speak of these particular female qualities as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-numinous, and manly blood lust, rage, and competitiveness, as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-sinister. [1]

So development means developing and expressing what is missing or lacking, and also developing what is there or already expressed, and then melding what is so developed and using this meld, this amalgam, as the genesis of a new human being. It is in this new being, this new type of life, that our potential becomes manifest.

Our Dark Arts are an effective way to do this, to develop certain qualities and abilities and then this alchemical, living, amalgam. These Black Arts of ours include Grade Rituals such as Internal Adept and the traditional Rite of the Abyss, as well as Arts such as The Star Game and Esoteric Chant.

What do you mean - Esoteric Chant a Dark Art and means of developing empathy?

Not empathy, *per se*, but as a means of self-development, of self and acausal discovery, as intimation, and as a presencing of certain acausal energies.

For example, Esoteric Chant aids the necessary, for us, ability of self-reflexion as it can aid and develop an awareness of the numinous, and also - when for instance used in certain esoteric ceremonies [2] - it can provide an awareness of the sinister.

Sorry, but I don't see how singing or chanting can do that.

To learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant takes time and effort. Unless of course you are already musically gifted and a trained singer and experienced in performing choral works!

But for most it takes many months, often a year or so, to become proficient, to train the voice, to gain the necessary experience of singing with others. In effect, it is rather like an extended Grade Ritual but one undertaken with others of a similar interest and a similar ethos, and with some or many of these necessary others being women. At the very least it requires the help of one's partner, one's partner in sorcery, although it is preferable, more effective, to both learn and perform Esoteric Chant with at least three other individuals.

There thus develops, or there should develop, a harmony and a *sympatheia* with others, and thus an appreciation of such Chant as a manifold nexion. As not only one particular type of nexion - an act or acts of sorcery involving necessary others - but also as a nexion within one's self. A practical learning therefore of the connexions that esoteric-empathy makes us aware of and also a self-reflexion, a self-discovery and a self-learning.

Simply expressed, in order to learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant - in order to experience just what this Art is and does - you require the aid, the help, the assistance, of others. You have to interact with, and perform with, them in certain ways. If you don't do this, the Chant won't work.

Again, simply expressed, working, learning, living, in this way in pursuit of such an esoteric goal for a year or more moves a man far away from the brutish way of 'might is right' - especially as the very Chant itself is quite affective; that is, numinous, quite cultured. Intimations of a more cultured, a more refined, realm of human existence.

But didn't you say it was also sinister?

Yes indeed, Esoteric Chant can be sinister when used as part of a specific ceremonial Rite. But the performance of such a ceremonial Rite of necessity means belonging to an organized traditional nexion following the initiatory Seven Fold Way, and so such an experience is not that common today among those who use our methods or are inspired by our ethos [...]

I guess, in general, we're not talking here about men becoming kind of effeminate and women becoming masculine!

Au contraire. We're talking about what lies beyond and before such abstracted illusive opposites. About our potential, and about our real human nature, hidden and distorted for so long by religions; by urbanized ways of life; by the domination of barbarians; then by notions about imperialism and conquest and personal destiny. Then by *-isms* and *-ologies*. Now by The State. And so on.

In effect, we're talking about nurturing, developing, entirely new types of human beings, far removed from Western stereotypes. Types of human beings for whom the societies of modern nation-States are not a natural or even comfortable home but which may provide them with opportunities, resources, and so on. Especially since honour and the developed senses and skills that esoteric-empathy and acausal-thinking provide manifest their different, unique, way of life, and thus how they interact with and react to other human beings.

Can you be more specific, give examples of such new type of woman?

Only in a generalized way. One good illustration would be women of our kind, living by honour – those who were ready, willing, and able to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carried weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.

One example known to be personally – a friend of someone involved with us – is a female police officer of many years experience based in an American city. She is tough, ‘street-wise’, has used her firearm a few times in the line of duty, is skilled and experienced enough in self-defence and physical restraint techniques to be able to take down a man much bigger than her, and yet she has empathy, can be exceedingly charming, is well-read, and very feminine, a femininity quite noticeable when she is off-duty and enjoying herself with friends and which femininity would make the causal observer unaware of her inner character, her skills, her toughness, and her experience.

Another example may be of interest. A certain person I know very well once learnt, in his youth, a certain Martial Art, and on one of his subsequent travels as a still young man he made the acquaintance of and for a short while trained with a certain lady of Asian origin. This young lady, though slim of stature and rather slight of frame, could easily defeat him and also several muscular men. And yet she was also full of grace; elegant, cultured, well-mannered. Not a woman trying to be masculine in a macho Homo Hubris type of way, just someone who had – according to a tradition, a living culture, she was part of – developed her potential and certain skills while retaining and enhancing what made her feminine. In short, she had acquired a natural balance within herself and was quite different from, inwardly and in skills, from the majority of other women around her although to the causal observer she did not outwardly appear that different.

The type of woman who could put a specimen of Western Homo Hubris in his place!

Most certainly! The type our societies need. A new female archetype if you will, different from the harshly competitive, materialistic, career-type women, and the ladette type, and the man-dependant, man-needing, lover/wife/mother type, that Magian ‘political correctness’ and capitalism seek to encourage, and also different from the men-imitating rather strident type that an increasingly trendy, Magian-derived, so-called feminism seeks to foster.

Instead, the type for whom personal honour is the key to living and to dying, and who – as I said – possesses attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on ‘the law’ or on others, and who does not, unconsciously or otherwise, need a man in order to make her happy or fulfilled. Someone, that is, who is not a slave to their desires, their feelings, their needs. Whose happiness, whose fulfilment, is her own, deriving from a consciously made and a consciously understood choice and who, having understood natural desires and feelings, is in control of them but who can enjoy and indulge herself as she pleases; and choose her direction, her goals, and even her sexual orientation. And also

someone who has a developed empathy, heightened intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced woman. A unique individual. Beyond predator and prey. Beyond wife, lover, and mother. Someone tough, skilled, and of inner strength, but still feminine, as that Asian young lady I previously mentioned was.

What about men, then? An example of the new type? Not pacifist, surely!

Someone for whom personal honour is the key to both living and to dying, and who - as a woman of our type, our new breed - has attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on 'the law' or on others. And someone who has empathy, intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced, more complete, man, and a unique individual. Beyond Old Aeon masculinity with its primitive doctrine of so-called 'might is right' and beyond the role of predator to prey. Someone who, while tough, prefers combat to war because combat is a personal choice, founded on honour, whereas war is the choice, the method, of some supra-personal entity, such as some State, some government, or some leader one is expected to be subservient to and obey without question.

Someone who naturally complements, and who resonates with, the new enhanced woman, and who prefers such strong, tough, yet still feminine, women, to the women of the species Homo Hubris. A partnership of respectful equals. Of man and woman. Of woman and woman. Of man and man; and even of woman-woman-and-man. Already a few such partnerships exist, aided, nurtured, by such individuals having followed our Seven Fold Way or having lived and chosen the life of what we now term 'a niner' or 'a drecc'.

In essence, these are the people - the men and women - who learn from personal experience, from pathei-mathos, and who willingly endure such experiences, and thus who develop a very individual personal judgement and a very individual personal character. Those who have liberated themselves from causal abstractions, and the effects, psychological and psychic, of such causal abstractions, manifest as such effects often are in these mundane, Magian, times of ours in such new archetypes as have been manufactured or have arisen from Magian causal abstractions.

So, we are not talking pacifism, non-violence, or certain moralities here - only of control and aims, and new ways of living. We are not talking about the cessation of desires, or what-not. Instead, of controlling, mastering, and developing, our instincts, and if necessary using them in a directed way to achieve some specific aim or goal, esoteric or exoteric. We are talking most emphatically of personal choice, about individuals making conscious choices. Of individuals being, well, individual.

We are also talking about acquiring and developing new skills, new arts of living, so that we become - we appear to be, to mundanes, to Homo Hubris - as presencings of a hideous nexion [3]. That is, a new species - *orible dragones, baeldracas* - emerging from the pit that leads to acausal Hell and thence to a Paradise at first here on terra

firma and then on new worlds among the stars of our galaxy, and beyond. A Hell and a Paradise that have lain dormant within us, for centuries.

A Hell and a Paradise that we can dis-cover and experience by becoming unique sinister-numinous emanations, and becoming such emanations by living and by striving according to our code of kindred honour, by individual exoteric and esoteric pathei-mathos, as well as by means of undertaking such esoteric striving as is waymarked by The Seven Fold Way.



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122 yfayen

Notes

[1] The prefix *ur* from the German usage, as in *ursprache*, implying *the* or *a* primitive/early form of some-thing.

[2] Such as *The Ceremony of Recalling* with *opfer* ending, as given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet (Dark Goddess)*.

[3] Hideous, as in some-thing that by virtue of being partly acausal is, when discovered, first felt as immense and which it is felt conceals hideous things. As, for example, in this quote from the 14th century (CE) work *Gesta Romanorum*:

“He saw at the fote of the tree an hidowse pitte, ande ane orible dragone pere in.” Harl. MS 5369. xxx. 110

Sapphic Sorcery - In Praise of The Feminine

We seek to be with - and to love - girls and women because they are feminine; because they are not men. We desire girls, and women, because we like, we love, we enjoy, their delicate softness - the touch, the taste of their lips; the smell of their breath, their body; the warm softness of their breasts and of their arms as they

embrace us and hold us close. We love, we enjoy, their very femininity; that which makes them female.

We love the way they laugh, and how they smile, the very way they look. We love, we desire, them because they are like us - because they know our pain, our vanity, our weakness, our needs, our insecurities and our worries; and because we can share our innermost secrets with them.

We love them, we desire them, because they are not men. For we do not seek to find in them, these our soft feminine lovers, these our friends, what makes a mundane man a man, and while we may sometimes, or rarely, like a man of the non-mundane kind, and may even have a non-mundane man as a friend, we shy away from intimacy with them because of their very manliness; because of that very harshness and often egotistical strength that makes, and marks them as, a man.

Thus do we have no time for those women who profess to be of our Sapphic kind but who imitate, or who want to be like, or who even may dress like or may even be, inside, like a man, a mundane. For they, such women, are not feminine enough, for us; as often - these days - some such women adopt our life as some political role, as some kind of rebellion against the *status quo*.

It is this very status quo - this mundane masculine, paternalistic *status quo* - that has compelled us, generation after generation, for century upon century, to hide ourselves away; to often be a deep well of loneliness, until, perchance, we chance upon someone like us whom we love and whom we may gently coax to love us, to share the joys of such a gentle intimate sharing that most men - perhaps nearly all men - will never know.

For it is the gentle touch of a woman that we desire, that we need. Her delicate, soft, kiss. The very delicate softness of her body, and the very way she may lie in our arms for hours when an impatient man - his sexual often only animal appetite fulfilled - would leave us, alone, as off he went again to some work, to some hobby, to some new interest, or to chase some new desire.

Hence it is that our very way of loving, of desiring, marks our esoteric manner of doing things. There is, then, for us - for those of our kind - that feminine empathy, that fore-seeing, that intuitive wyrdful knowledge, that marks us, so that our Rites are feminine, also. A gentle flowing dance, perhaps, where bodies softly touch, to music. Some spell chanted as we share with our lover the delights of our flesh, naked body to naked body as moonclad under the stars of night, or within some warm and scented room, we, by touch or kiss, bring ourselves to spasm after spasm of joy such as a man may never know.

Even our curses are gentle affairs of mind, body, and heart - as if we have sent forth some Nightingale of Death to carry our message and our meaning as some gentle, beautiful, haunting, yet deadly, song - so that our victims expire as they feel that beauty, that softness, within us, and only too late, far too late, know their lives for the strident wrongness it has been. Death, revenge, enwrapped within a subtle softness and a feminine beauty.

We seduce; we do not, like mundane men, rant and rave. We enchant, with body, dress, perfume, movement, eyes; we do not demand or take by force, for we have no need to. We are subtle, yet strong; we do not make some show of or boast about our prowess, but veil it. For we are what we are, the very embodiment of, the very essence of, woman, and the opposite of present day, and former, mundane men.

Often, there are no need for words; for the verbal diarrhoea of words that mundane men often seem to send forth, pleased as they, the men of the mundanes, often seem to be with their own harsh barking barbaric voices. No, for us there is often and instead that wordless sharing when eyes meet, fingers lightly touch, and the essence of what makes us female seeps out to touch another of our kind, as perfume seeps away from where we placed it on our delicate wrists, or behind the soft lobes of our ears.

We love, we enjoy, delicate softness. We love Nature as She herself is and as we find Her. We do not desire, as men of the mundanes do, to decimate and destroy Her, to dominate Her. Instead, we empathize; we love; we leave Her alone in our reverence, as we tend to try to leave the world of men of the mundanes alone until some harshness or some wrong afflicts or harms us and our kindred, and then, then indeed we are gentle no more; for there is nothing more subtle, nothing more dangerous and nothing more deadly in its passion than us, than our Sapphic and darkly sinister kind, awakened and so empathically aroused.

Sister Morgan
Dark Daughters of Chaos Nexion
2009 CE

The Rounwytha Tradition

The word Rounwytha and the expression Rounwytha tradition occur in several ONA texts. Can you explain what this tradition is?

What we call The Rounwytha Tradition is the muliebral essence that formed the basis of the aural, esoteric, tradition I inherited from my Lady Master. It is a tradition which, it was claimed, was indigenous to the British Isles.

The basis of this tradition was the cultivation and use of what has often been described as the natural and hitherto (at least in most human beings, especially men) latent faculty of empathy. A faculty naturally possessed in abundance in the past in those few women whom the term Rounwytha describes and names.

This natural empathy is basically a particular Occult sensitivity: to human beings, to

Nature, to living-beings (animal and otherwise) and to the Cosmos. The ability of translocation beyond the personal, beyond the immediacy of the moment of one's own passions, desires, thoughts, feelings. What I now describe as being a natural nexion, sensitive to living beings. Part of this natural ability is awareness of and respect for the numinous, as manifest for instance in Life (*ψυχή*), in Nature, in Art and Culture.

Such natural, such Occult or esoteric, empathy is beyond words and terms - and forms the basis of all true 'magick', all genuine sorcery. For instance, the character of Rachael in the story *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized portrayal of a young Rounwytha developing her skills and using, for example, music to enchant, as a form of sorcery.

Also, few years ago now I gave an example of this natural, this esoteric, empathy in my essay *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*, from which this is a quote:

" One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even "Druid"). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st - that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calender which divides the (allegedly) fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occultists say, write, and believe this? Because - for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel - they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously "in-tune" with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy - who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos - know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calender. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calender. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring Equinox - indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location - an Adept "knows", or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in

balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell) the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them - and its wildlife - is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about "alchemical seasons" - which are not fixed by some abstract solar calendar, which depend on one's location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain - and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal - varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept - in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos - will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA - with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals, its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing, its emphasis on the feminine, its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way - is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention."

That is, our Way keeps alive, and has extended, a particular ancient tradition, the Rounwytha one, once native to the British Isles.

One aspect of this tradition - of this muliebral thread that binds the nexions and individuals of the inner ONA [1] together and which thus influences the larger ONA and our kindred beyond - is the acceptance of Sapphism as natural and indeed as necessary, which is why for instance that we have and always have had many Sapphic nexions and groups.

Another aspect of this tradition is that many of our nexions and groups are led or guided by ladies of a certain breeding, because they possess qualities that we value and respect, such as manners and charm and are cultured individuals. For our inner ONA has always attached importance to good manners, and to an appreciation of music, literature, poetry, and the Arts in general. In this sense, we are quite old-fashioned, cultured, and somewhat aristocratic, and why many our kind have been and are artists, musicians, artisans, poets, academics and teachers in their exoteric lives.

It is also true to say that we often know our kind instinctively, even if they are not yet

part of our family. For instance, over a quarter of a century ago I embarked upon a quest to find a few suitable individuals to guide on a personal basis; to induct into the tradition, and so expand it in what I considered was a necessary way. Over a period of several years - sometimes wearisome sometimes japerly-fun - I met with perhaps a hundred or more individuals under the guise of advocating an exoteric type of Satanism, employing various practical tests to initially screen them. All of them either failed the tests, or lacked the necessary personal qualities and the quality (if only incipient) of possessing empathy. Then I met at last, and within the space of some six months, two most suitable individuals, one a young man and one a young lady - the young man met at a rendezvous on Shrewsbury railway station, and the lady some months before through a personal introduction. I sensed immediately that both were of our empathic and cultured kind.

These qualities - empathy, manners, culture, charm, an awareness of the numinous - are not qualities that most others (and all mundanes) associate with the Left Hand Path and/or with Satanism, due in part to a misunderstanding or ignorance of what both those causal forms, those causal vehicles, represent. But these qualities are possessed by, are developed by, those involved with our tradition, both pre-ONA name and now, and serve to distinguish us from the egotistical poseurs of other LHP/Satanic groups who believe Magian clichés such as "deification of the self" and "reality is a matter of belief", and which groups unsurprisingly attract vulgar young males and in which groups such male specimens of Homo Hubris predominate. [2]

This also explains why those of our inner Way - why the ONA itself correctly understood beyond such causal forms and restrictive terms as LHP/Satanic - melds a numinous way with a sinister way, as outlined in the first part of my essay *Toward The Sinister Mysterium*. And thus why our sorcery - beyond the external stages - is that of mysteriums and of esoteric empathy, with such mysteriums being our contribution to and development of The Rounwytha Tradition.

You mentioned a muliebral thread that binds the inner ONA and influences the ONA in general. Can you explain this in more detail and what muliebral means?

Muliebral is the word we use, of Latin origin, to describe a particular type of lady, one of our kind - that is, the cultured, well-mannered, lady, possessed of esoteric empathy, who has acquired a particular wisdom through some years of experience both esoteric and exoteric. This is our archetypal Lady Master, aka Mistress of Earth. She who was once a Priestess but who has developed, matured, since then.

In a more exoteric way, she is the still fecund mother of young children, and the person who holds the family together, nurtures the children, and guides them toward being cultured, resourceful, individuals with their own personalities, possessed of esoteric empathy, and yet who have all the skills and the attitude necessary to survive in a hostile world. These skills include the ability to defend one's self, if necessary with deadly force, in a way consistent with our kindred code of honour, and also the ability, the personality, to be ruthless if necessary (again consistent with our kindred

code of honour).

Thus the muliebral thread refers to the influence and importance of such a person and their qualities and abilities, as well as the striving, the quest, to acquire and develop these qualities and abilities. Note that our female archetype is neither the passive, gentle, submissive feminine archetype pedalled by the Magian and those calling themselves Wiccan, nor the strident imitation macho-man archetype pedalled by those often described by the term 'feminists'. Instead, it is just our archetype, developed from our Rounwytha tradition - an inspiration for our new ways of living.

It can therefore be understood why our tradition, and why the Order of Nine Angles, attracts and nurtures so many women, and why our men have qualities and abilities that distinguish them from the imitation LaVey's and the imitation Crowley's that still so dominate certain forms of the Occult that we have become associated with, i.e. the LHP and Satanism. And if there is one expression which might usefully, if only exoterically, summarize our inner way it is that we are clans (kindred extended families) of esoteric-empaths living by our code of honour and following our own unique living tradition.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, this particular esoteric tradition. Unsurprisingly, the majority of those in this inner ONA are women.

[2] For our inner way refer, for example, to *The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts*.

The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts

Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude.

” The faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public. In one word, Adepts possess *ἀρετή*. “

Inwardly, the true Dark - the sinister - Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane.

That this has been forgotten - or not understood, or not even known among the many latter-day pretenders and poseurs - is a sign of how few genuine Masters, and Lady Masters, there are.

Thus, there is a beauty in the Dark Arts and an exultation of Life, and certainly not a wallowing in the symbols, symbolism and accouterments of death and decay. Thus, there is a natural joy, which can be and often is both light and dark but which is always controlled. Not for the Gentleman, or the Lady, the loss of mastery, the stupefaction that arises from over-indulgence (which over-indulgence can and which does include personal emotion).

Thus, one of the true archetypes of the genuine Sinister Path: Baphomet, the beautiful, mature, lady (fecund Mistress of Earth) whose beautiful outward serenity masks the deadly acausal darkness within which can be released when she chooses. (Life-Birth-Joy-Ecstasy-Safety-Wisdom-Giving-Darkness-Death.) Thus, another dark archetype: The Master, the true shapeshifter who is and who might not be what they might appear to be; the polite charming gentleman, who might (and who could) kill you or have you killed if there was a good enough reason, but who might reward you (if there was a good enough reason) with beneficence whose source would be unknown to you; the recluse - The Master Acausal Sorcerer - you do not see nor know, except perhaps in dreams, shadows, or fleeting day and night-time glimpses which might perhaps stir a memory, some memory, personal or beyond (Beautiful-Profound-Wistful-Knowing-Danger-Roborant-Wyrdful-Sad) which inspires, or brings new beginnings or balance or perchance a retribution.

To aspire to - to gain - Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

Mastery *begins* with Internal Adept, and it is from noble cultured - gentlemanly or lady-like - Adepts that candidates for the inner ONA are recruited.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

The Inner ONA

The Inner ONA is the exoteric name given to a select group of individuals who while now part of The Order of Nine Angles, in many ways pre-date - in tradition, practices and way of life - the formation of the ONA (c.1971 CE) from three pre-existing groups: The Noctulians, The Temple of The Sun, and Camlad. In many ways, the Inner ONA is a continuation of Camlad.

It is from noble cultured - gentlemanly or lady-like - Adepts (qv. *Noble Guide to The Dark Arts*) that modern candidates for the Inner ONA are recruited.

The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, and from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, the esoteric Rounwytha (Camlad) tradition. This tradition was, according to aural accounts, that of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition maintained by rural sorceresses who lived in a certain area of England: that is, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches.

Given the requirements and this tradition, it is perhaps not surprising that the majority of those in the Inner ONA are women.

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ONA/O9A
Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles

Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών

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Noobs, Trolls, Critics, and The Futility of Discussions

For nearly a quarter of a century, people have been discussing, criticizing, and asking questions about, the Order of Nine Angles - with, in the past decade, a lot of this occurring via the medium of the Internet.

On some occasions, over the past decade or so, a few ONA members or associates have engaged in such public discussions - often as a personal learning experience - as the ONA OG has published, in the past twenty or so years, some guides about, and/or explanations or clarifications concerning, topics that noobs have repeatedly enquired about, and/or which people have repeatedly criticized the ONA about or repeatedly misunderstood, out of ignorance, mundanity, or a desire to somehow try and discredit the ONA.

Such popular topics have included: (1) The Dark Gods, and the relation, or otherwise, of our mythos to the pseudo-mythology of Lovecraft; (2) the origin and meaning of our term The Nine Angles; (3) culling; (4) the veracity of our aural traditions; and (5) the political orientation of the ONA.

In addition, in the past thirty years - and especially in the last decade - the ONA has released and made available, without restriction and without any copyright, a vast amount of information about its particular sinister system, its Way, and its mythos. Indeed, the ONA has produced and released more esoteric and practical texts about The Left Hand Path and Satanism than both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set combined, as it has produced many well-written and easy to read guides, such as *Naos*, and *A Complete Guide to Satanism*, and *A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles*. Even a cursory, unbiased, perusal of ONA works suffices to show that the ONA has a complex, and original, esoteric philosophy and sinister ontology, something evident from its use of unique, specialist, esoteric terms such as nexion, acausal, Drecc, presencing, sinister-numen, Vindex, sinister-empaths, hubriati, Rounwytha, *etcetera*.

Given this plethora of information, it is fair to say - as we have done on

numerous occasions - that the answers to questions people ask about us are "all out there", just as the truth, esoteric and otherwise, about claims made against us can be found among our published works, the majority of which works are, or which have been, available via the medium of the Internet.

Thus, if individuals - noobs - are seriously interested in the ONA, they can *and should* find the answers to whatever questions they may have, just as if someone reads some criticism of the ONA, or reads about some accusation made against the ONA or those alleged to be involved with it, then they can discover the truth of the matter for themselves by perusing our work.

We simply do not care if they cannot be bothered to do this, for whatever reason or reasons. Thus, they can go on believing the propaganda, the lies, the disinformation, of others, about us, as they can continue with their personal prejudice or their assumptions about us. Noobs can continue to flounder about, asking questions on Internet forums, and receiving no response from us, directly or indirectly. Trolls can continue trying to provoke us to respond.

We do not care about such things because if people cannot be bothered to find out for themselves, then they are mundanes, and will most likely remain so. As such, they are irrelevant - they do not have an inner sinister-changeling to nurture and develop; they lack the qualities Dreccs and others of our sinister kind require.

Similarly, we do not care about "proving our tradition, our mythos" by reference to some scholarly work, or some historical "evidence", or whatever - for what is important is that our mythos is *sinisterly-numinous*, and thus an aspect of a living tradition, a living esoteric Way. It is a mythos, and so inspires, it provokes, it is Occult - and thus has its own species of "truth"; and if some noob, some wannabe satanist, or some mundane, does not understand this, or sense this, then we do not care. We do not care if people continue to commit the *Aquino fallacy*, and so believe that we are just one person.

The Irrelevance of Mundanes

In the same way, we do not care if people criticize us, spread lies and disinformation about us, make silly or spurious claims about us and the members of our collective, or continue to write about and speak about their own delusions regarding us. They and their criticisms, their lies, their disinformation, their delusions about us, their claims about us, are all irrelevant.

Why? Because our system works. Because the ONA mythos does and has done and will do what it was intended to do. It is a practical - a sinister and Occult - system, designed to be used; designed to produce sinister change within and

exterior to individuals.

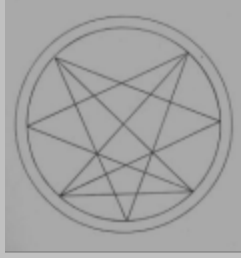
If people use it, and it works for them, excellent. One more Presencing of The Dark; one more Drecc, or one more nexion, or the birth of one more sinister tribe. One more human assimilated into our sinister collective.

If they use it and it does not work for them or even harms them or others - we do not care, for they failed (they should have read and understood our a-moral, sinister, disclaimer). If they cannot be bothered to try it - or prefer instead some other, rival, system - we do not care. Mundanes will be mundanes; and remain irrelevant unless and until they can be used by our kind for some sinister purpose.

Given that our system works, we have no need to defend it, to hype it, to market it, to explain it to noobs and mundanes. We - SONAK, the Sinister ONA Kollektive - let out working and practical sinister system speak for itself.



PointyHat
Order of Nine Angles
121 yf



One Sinister Mysterium

A Selection of Articles by Anton Long (Order of Nine Angles)

Contents

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The Core ONA Traditions

The core ONA traditions are also known as The Five Core ONA Principles, and these are the basic principles/traditions on which the Order of Nine Angles is based and which may thus serve to distinguish us, exoterically, from all other esoteric/LHP/Satanic/sinister groups.

These basic ONA traditions are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour; (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition.

Practical Deeds

The principle that it is practical deeds which breed our kind, and which thus are necessary and required. Practical deeds undertaken in real life and which deeds express our sinister ethos: that is, they are exeatic, they challenge, they test, they are hard and difficult, they are amoral, they are heretical, and they are dangerous. One such practical deed undertaken by our kind – or by those desirous of becoming one of us – is culling.

For us, such deeds come before words and before any theory – even before our own kind of esoteric theory.

Culling

The principle that culling – of mundanes – is natural, and also necessary for our kind, both in personal and in Aeonic terms. To cull is to test one's self and to gain some necessary sinister pathei-mathos.

Exoterically, culling is our esoteric badge of sinister-honour, and marks us – internally, to ourselves, and externally, to those of our kindred whom we personally know and trust. Thus, such a blood-in is a condition of joining us – as Drecc, or as a Niner, or as a pledged member of a traditional nexion.

One either culls or one reveals an inner weakness, a cowardice: a refusal to be sinister in real life. If one culls and succeeds, then one has shown the cunning, the skills, the character, that make and mark our kind. If one culls and fails – and so, for example, gets caught by some mundane 'authority' and so becomes confined – then one has failed, and one can either accept that failure (and forever remain mundane), or use that failure as a learning experience and thus as another opportunity, for instance to make a name for one's self in some place of mundane confinement and/or recruit there and blood-in others there and so establish there a nexion of our sinister kind, to the detriment of mundane 'authority', and as a new presencing of our Sinister Code.

As mentioned elsewhere, culling is of two kinds – the individual and the collective.

The individual is when a specific individual is removed because of specific deed or deeds done, with their rotten character so revealed. The collective is when a specific method – such as combat, insurrection, revolution – is being used either by one of us as a causal form or within a rôle, or by a nexion (or collocation of nexions) as a means or tactic to implement Aeonic strategy, and which collective type of culling does not target specific, named, individuals,

but rather 'the sworn enemy' any of whom are deemed acceptable targets.

Thus, individual culling involves giving the potential offer a sporting chance by testing them according to our well-established guidelines for the testing of offers; while collective culling does not require such guidelines, only that the target(s) belong to or are part of the group designated as sworn enemies, it being for individual nexions, or a gang of Dreccs/Niners, to decide for themselves as to who and what are their sworn enemies, it being understood that such nexions, such Dreccs and Niners, are by their very nature at war with mundanes and with the Magian System, exemplified as this System is by the modern nation-State with its laws, its so-called Courts of Law and its Police and armed forces.

Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them (and their wealth and property) as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonie, aims and goals.

Thus, we have respect for our own kind, and only our own kind – with such trust being earned, and with our kind known to us by their practical deeds, by their behaviour, not by their words, written or spoken.

Thus, we regard mundanes as useful and often necessary since they are the ones who make our chosen causal forms work when we undertake works of Aeonie sorcery or when we desire, by means of some causal form or forms, to exeatically enhance our own causal existence and/or learn from sinister pathemathos. In this sense, mundanes are or can be useful nexions whose (acausal) energies (life-force) we direct and use for our own purposes and/or to achieve our aims and goals and/or those of the ONA. Hence, if we use a political form or some religious causal form – for whatever reason – then mundanes are required, necessary, to presence that form in the real world: to achieve the goals set/defined by such a form with such mundanes adhering to or believing in such a causal form and of course being expendable.

Opposition to Magian Abstractions

The principle that our kind not only know Magian abstractions for tyranny that

they are, but also are pledged by practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System based on these abstractions and replace it with our own ways of living based on our tribes and our Law of Kindred Honour.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in a practical way – exoterically – in the tyranny of the modern nation-State, with its abstract laws, its politics, its consumer-capitalism, its dishonourable impersonal so-called ‘justice’; in the vulgar mass ‘culture’ that has replaced living ancestral traditions based on aural pathei-mathos, and in subservience to dogma, ideas, ideology, ‘qualifications’ and spiel, over and above practical experience and a learning from such individual experience.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in terms of psyche and archetypes in the religions of Nasrany, Islam, and Judaism, in the Magian Occultism propagated by the likes of Crowley, the CoS, the ToS, and others, and in modern myths such as that of ‘democracy’ and that of holocaustianity, both of which myths have now become akin to official religions for Homo Hubris sponsored by all modern Western nation-States.

Among our practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System are our Dreccs, our Niners, our Balobians, and our gangs. Among our esoteric means are our traditional nexions and their Aeonian sorcery, and which sorcery includes the use/manipulation of specific causal forms, including some forms which may seem to be, exoterically and by mundanes, a part of The System.

Thus, our kind (1) are known by their practical ways of living (based on tribes and our Dreccian law and justice) and which ways are harbingers of our New Aeon and which ways by their very nature oppose the Magian and The System (even though this opposition may never be overtly stated); and/or (2) are known by their overt practical esoteric and exoteric opposition to all causal abstractions and thus by their emphasis on the five core ONA traditions.

Rounwytha Tradition

The Rounwytha tradition is also known as The Way of the Rounwytha. This is the muliebral tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one’s faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour – equally, without distinction – to men and

women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom human sacrifices were and are offered.

Furthermore, to cultivate, develop, and use the faculty of esoteric empathy is a Dark Art – and this particular Dark Art can be cultivated and developed in two ways, one exoteric, and one esoteric.

Exoterically, by those of our kind who seek to or who have the character (the wyrd) to live a practical sinister life as, for instance, a Drecc, a Niner and who thus express the Rounwytha tradition by their very practical way of tribal living in accord with our Sinister Code. That is, it is this style or way of living which, over years, develops this faculty as a successful response to the challenges inherent in such a tribal living and inherent in such a practical, years-long, implementation of Kindred Honour.

Esoterically, as part of the life-long commitment of those of our kind who have chosen to follow (who have the character, the wyrd to follow) the inner (the esoteric) way of individual training to Adept and beyond, and who thus undertake at the very least the basic Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

As a Dark Art, the skills so developed enhance our character and our living in practical ways and in a manner consistent with our unique and individual wyrd, as well as, for example, giving us advantages over mundanes and the ability if and when required to use/manipulate mundanes.

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Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Children and The ONA

A fundamental principle of the Order of Nine Angles – one of our five core

traditions [1] – is that of Kindred Honour, which means two important things: (1) that our behaviour toward our own kind, our kindred, is governed by particular rules and guidelines manifest in our written Code of Honour [2]; and (2) that our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them (and their wealth and property) as a useful resource.

In practice, our code of kindred (or sinister) honour means that we strive to be honourable toward our own kind – our kindred. Our law of honour does not apply to adult mundanes of sound body and mind, and thus they are considered fair game, a resource; although should it be necessary – for example in the matter of individual culling – our honour demands that we give them a sporting chance by subjecting them to certain tests in order to verify their mundane character.

Children of the ONA

Those who are of our kind – those who are of the ONA – are those who are pledged brothers and sisters. This means that they strive to live by our Code of Kindred Honour, that they accept our five core principles/traditions, and that they seek to implement and achieve the Goals, Aims and Objectives, of the ONA as outlined in our *Guide To The Kulture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA*.

Our code of honour means that we take responsibility for ourselves and for those to whom we have given a personal pledge of loyalty. This personal pledge of loyalty by its very nature includes our own children, and means that we will not only nurture them to be healthy, strong, self-reliant, individuals capable of defending themselves, but also fiercely protect and defend them, if necessary by the use of lethal force, and seek vengeance – according to our kindred code – should anyone harm them.

Thus, we rely on ourselves, and if necessary also on our kinfolk – and do not rely upon anyone or anything else. Hence, we settle our disputes among ourselves, according to our code of kindred honour, just as the only justice we accept and believe in is our justice, deriving from our code. That is, we scorn, disdain, dislike, any and all “authority”, and all laws, except our own, and accept that vengeance is a healthy and natural duty.

In respect of our children, we accept responsibility for them and for their development until they reach such an age as they are developed, mature, enough to make their own informed choices, which is generally around sixteen years of age [3]. Before this age, we are their guardians. After this age, then and only then are they free to join us and our activities – be such activities Occult, Dreccian, Niner, or otherwise – as a result of them making their own decision and being given the absolute freedom to so choose. Thus, when they reach this age, they are given the choice, and should they choose not to pledge

themselves – and thus do not accept our code of kindred honour – then our responsibility for them ends, and they have to make their own way in the world of humans.

Children of Mundanes

A mundane is anyone who is not one of us; anyone who does not belong to our family, our extended family, our kindred, our kollektive. In brief – someone who does not live by our Code of Kindred Honour and who thus accepts the laws and the so-called ‘authority’ of nation-States. That is, mundanity does not depend on such social abstractions as ethnicity, wealth, social status, occupation, education, place of birth, nationality, or whatever.

As mentioned above, our law of honour does not apply to *adult* mundanes of sound body and mind, and thus such human beings are considered fair game, a resource; although should it be necessary – for example in the matter of individual culling – our honour demands that we give them a sporting chance by subjecting them to certain tests in order to verify their mundane character. Thus and importantly, the children of mundanes – those below the age of sixteen or so – are not considered mundanes *per se*.

That is, we accord such children – until they reach the age of choice, of maturity – a certain respect, which in practical terms means they are exempt from being considered fair game, a resource. This naturally excludes us from involvement with certain activities involving children and also means that individuals of certain proclivities, involving children, are regarded by us as dishonourable individuals who most certainly are not of our kind.

Anton Long

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Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Feyen

Notes:

[1] The basic ONA traditions are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour; (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition. [Refer to the ONA text *The Core ONA Traditions*.]

[2] Our kindred code is given in full in Appendix 1.

[3] There is some flexibility in this age of responsibility, with some of our kind regarding it to be sixteen years, others fourteen, and some others eighteen. As often, it is a matter of individual choice – for the parent(s)/guardians to decide based on their years-long knowledge of their own children.



Appendix 1

Our Code of Kindred Honour

Our Kindred-Honour means we are fiercely loyal to our kindred: to only our ONA kind. Our Kindred-Honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our kindred honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their practical deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as kindred individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our kindred honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to act with kindred honour in all our dealings with our own kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their Kindred-Honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – means that an oath of kindred loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of kindred honour (“I swear on my Kindred-Honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of kindred honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.



Acknowledgements

This article, intended to clarify certain important issues, was inspired by a discussion on a private ONA forum where certain members of the ONA Kollektive wrote about the problem of children in relation to the ONA. Kudos is thus due to SM, Seth, Ryan, Chloe – and others – for their insights and suggestions, many of which insights have been incorporated here. As mentioned by SM in the aforementioned discussion, this reveals just how effective and necessary a kindred kollektive is in relation to an esoteric association such as the ONA.

The Rounwytha Tradition

The word Rounwytha and the expression Rounwytha tradition occur in several

ONA texts. Can you explain what this tradition is?

What we call The Rounwytha Tradition is the muliebral essence that formed the basis of the aural, esoteric, tradition I inherited from my Lady Master. It is a tradition which, it was claimed, was indigenous to the British Isles.

The basis of this tradition was the cultivation and use of what has often been described as the natural and hitherto (at least in most human beings, especially men) latent faculty of empathy. A faculty naturally possessed in abundance in the past in those few women whom the term Rounwytha describes and names.

This natural empathy is basically a particular Occult sensitivity: to human beings, to Nature, to living-beings (animal and otherwise) and to the Cosmos. The ability of translocation beyond the personal, beyond the immediacy of the moment of one's own passions, desires, thoughts, feelings. What I now describe as being a natural nexion, sensitive to living beings. Part of this natural ability is awareness of and respect for the numinous, as manifest for instance in Life (*ψυχή*), in Nature, in Art and Culture.

Such natural, such Occult or esoteric, empathy is beyond words and terms - and forms the basis of all true 'magick', all genuine sorcery. For instance, the character of Rachael in the story *Breaking The Silence Down* is a fictionalized portrayal of a young Rounwytha developing her skills and using, for example, music to enchant, as a form of sorcery.

Also, few years ago now I gave an example of this natural, this esoteric, empathy in my essay *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*, from which this is a quote:

" One illustration (and here another esoteric secret is revealed) may suffice to show the difference between a genuine Adept (someone who has followed the Seven-Fold Way to at least the stage of Internal Adept) and the pretentious or deluded mundanes who consider themselves knowledgeable about certain arcane, or esoteric, matters and who may even have given themselves some pretentious title (such as Priest, or High Priest, or even "Druid"). This illustration concerns the feast (or festival) which often goes by the name Samhain. According to mundanes pretending to be Occultists, or Wiccans, or Druids, or Sorcerers (or whatever) this feast occurs on the night of October 31st - that is, its date is fixed, and determined by a particular solar-based calender which divides the (allegedly)

fixed year into certain specific months of certain durations. Why do these pretentious Occutlists say, write, and believe this? Because – for all their often pretentious (and sometimes well-meaning) drivel – they have no dark-empathy, no real esoteric-empathy, and instead just regurgitate what they imbibed from books or learnt from another pretentious mundane, or because they have deluded themselves that are they somehow and mysteriously “in-tune” with Nature and the Cosmos.

However, those who possess or who have developed the faculty of dark-empathy – who are thus in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – know that the natural seasons we experience on Earth (such as Summer and Autumn) are not fixed and certainly are not determined by some causal abstraction called a solar calender. Neither are they, for instance, determined by a lunar calender. That is, what in northern climes is called Spring does not start on the Spring Equinox – indeed, and more empathically, the Spring Equinox is often near to mid-Spring, just as the Summer Equinox is often near mid-Summer. Instead, the beginning of Spring varies from year to year, and usually from location to location – an Adept “knows”, or feels, when Spring arises in their own particular location, because they are sensitive to, in balance with, the natural life around them, and thus feel (or rather smell) the change in the air, in the very soil; they sense, they feel, how the land around them – and its wildlife – is changing, coming back to joyous life after the cold dullness of Winter. Which is why, for instance, in esoteric-speak, we often talk and write about “alchemical seasons” – which are not fixed by some abstract solar calender, which depend on one’s location, and so on, and which are often *intimated*, in their beginning, by the first appearance, above the horizon where the Adept dwells, of certain stars. And which is why, for instance, many or most Adepts tend to live in rural areas.

Thus, the particular feast now often known as Samhain – and which in fact is an occurrence when the Cosmic tides (or Angles) are so aligned that it is easier to open a nexion to the acausal – varies in date from year to year and from location to location. How, therefore, does one determine its actual date? A genuine Adept – in natural resonance with the abstractionless emanations of Nature and the Cosmos – will know, and this knowing will be only relevant to their area where that Adept dwells, and cannot be abstracted out from such dwelling and thus cannot become a fixed date for others, elsewhere.

In fact, and *apropos* of something such as Samhain, it could be said that the ONA – with its culling, its presumption of a possible acausal existence for mortals, its understanding and use of the faculty of dark-empathy, its belief in acausal-knowing, its emphasis on the feminine, its Dark Goddess, and its testing initiatory system manifest in the Seven-Fold Way – is a far more authentic survival of Celtic Druidism (and/or primal wicca) than any of the pretentious harmless revivals that garnish so much mundane Media attention."

That is, our Way keeps alive, and has extended, a particular ancient tradition, the Rounwytha one, once native to the British Isles.

One aspect of this tradition - of this muliebral thread that binds the nexions and individuals of the inner ONA [1] together and which thus influences the larger ONA and our kindred beyond - is the acceptance of Sapphism as natural and indeed as necessary, which is why for instance that we have and always have had many Sapphic nexions and groups.

Another aspect of this tradition is that many of our nexions and groups are led or guided by ladies of a certain breeding, because they possess qualities that we value and respect, such as manners and charm and are cultured individuals. For our inner ONA has always attached importance to good manners, and to an appreciation of music, literature, poetry, and the Arts in general. In this sense, we are quite old-fashioned, cultured, and somewhat aristocratic, and why many our kind have been and are artists, musicians, artisans, poets, academics and teachers in their exoteric lives.

It is also true to say that we often know our kind instinctively, even if they are not yet part of our family. For instance, over a quarter of a century ago I embarked upon a quest to find a few suitable individuals to guide on a personal basis; to induct into the tradition, and so expand it in what I considered was a necessary way. Over a period of several years - sometimes wearisome sometimes japerly-fun - I met with perhaps a hundred or more individuals under the guise of advocating an exoteric type of Satanism, employing various practical tests to initially screen them. All of them either failed the tests, or lacked the necessary personal qualities and the quality (if only incipient) of possessing empathy. Then I met at last, and within the space of some six months, two most suitable individuals, one a young man and one a young lady - the young man met at a rendezvous on Shrewsbury railway station, and the lady some months before through a personal introduction. I sensed immediately that both were of our empathic and cultured kind.

These qualities - empathy, manners, culture, charm, an awareness of the numinous - are not qualities that most others (and all mundanes) associate with

the Left Hand Path and/or with Satanism, due in part to a misunderstanding or ignorance of what both those causal forms, those causal vehicles, represent. But these qualities are possessed by, are developed by, those involved with our tradition, both pre-ONA name and now, and serve to distinguish us from the egotistical poseurs of other LHP/Satanic groups who believe Magian clichés such as "deification of the self" and "reality is a matter of belief", and which groups unsurprisingly attract vulgar young males and in which groups such male specimens of Homo Hubris predominate. [2]

This also explains why those of our inner Way - why the ONA itself correctly understood beyond such causal forms and restrictive terms as LHP/Satanic - melds a numinous way with a sinister way, as outlined in the first part of my essay *Toward The Sinister Mysterium*. And thus why our sorcery - beyond the external stages - is that of mysteriums and of esoteric empathy, with such mysteriums being our contribution to and development of The Rounwytha Tradition.

You mentioned a muliebral thread that binds the inner ONA and influences the ONA in general. Can you explain this in more detail and what muliebral means?

Muliebral is the word we use, of Latin origin, to describe a particular type of lady, one of our kind - that is, the cultured, well-mannered, lady, possessed of esoteric empathy, who has acquired a particular wisdom through some years of experience both esoteric and exoteric. This is our archetypal Lady Master, aka Mistress of Earth. She who was once a Priestess but who has developed, matured, since then.

In a more exoteric way, she is the still fecund mother of young children, and the person who holds the family together, nurtures the children, and guides them toward being cultured, resourceful, individuals with their own personalities, possessed of esoteric empathy, and yet who have all the skills and the attitude necessary to survive in a hostile world. These skills include the ability to defend one's self, if necessary with deadly force, in a way consistent with our kindred code of honour, and also the ability, the personality, to be ruthless if necessary (again consistent with our kindred code of honour).

Thus the muliebral thread refers to the influence and importance of such a person and their qualities and abilities, as well as the striving, the quest, to acquire and develop these qualities and abilities. Note that our female archetype is neither the passive, gentle, submissive feminine archetype

pedalled by the Magian and those calling themselves Wiccan, nor the strident imitation macho-man archetype pedalled by those often described by the term 'feminists'. Instead, it is just our archetype, developed from our Rounwytha tradition - an inspiration for our new ways of living.

It can therefore be understood why our tradition, and why the Order of Nine Angles, attracts and nurtures so many women, and why our men have qualities and abilities that distinguish them from the imitation LaVey's and the imitation Crowley's that still so dominate certain forms of the Occult that we have become associated with, i.e. the LHP and Satanism. And if there is one expression which might usefully, if only exoterically, summarize our inner way it is that we are clans (kindred extended families) of esoteric-empaths living by our code of honour and following our own unique living tradition.

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122 Year of Feyen

Notes

[1] The Inner ONA basically consists of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of dark-empathy (aka esoteric empathy aka sinister empathy) and who possess certain other personal qualities. These individuals have therefore all had some personal guidance, over a period of many years, from one of our kind familiar with the Rounwytha tradition, and thus the inner ONA is akin to an extended family who maintain and who continue, on a personal basis, this particular esoteric tradition. Unsurprisingly, the majority of those in this inner ONA are women.

[2] For our inner way refer, for example, to *The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts*.

Sinister Tribes, Sinister Individuality, and The Sinister Way

Why the creation of sinister tribes, when the nature of a tribe is so counter to

individual evolution?

Because individual evolution *per se* is not the goal. Rather, it is the evolution of the individual in synchronicity with the evolution of our species and the Cosmos – because we individuals are a symphonic synchronicity and thus partake of and importantly can bring-into-being the evolution of the Cosmos. That is, the individual is but a nexion: an affective and effective means of synchronicity, of Change (and thus a connexion to, and part of, the living being that is Nature, that is Life presenced on this planet, Earth).

For the aim is not the glorification of the individual – the reinforcement of their ego and of the delusion of our separateness – but rather the development of new faculties, of a new type of individual for whom there is both causal and acausal knowing, and thus an Aeonic perspective.

Acausal knowing brings the uncovering of this esoteric truth of the individual as a living nexion – and thus of how they are not, and will not be, an isolated being. This knowing of being such a living nexion is the knowing of our true human nature, and of our cosmic, supra-terran, and acausal, potential.

Part of this discovered truth is that of how such small tribal communities are – or rather can be – living beings; a new type of living consciously presenced by us in the causal, and a type of living which aids the evolution of the individual in the aforementioned manner. That is, such communities – such tribes (and there are various types of tribes) – are a type of cosmic sorcery, *an esoteric symbiosis*, by means of which the individual can interact with Nature and the Cosmos (and other human beings) in ways necessary for Aeonic Change, with such interaction being beneficial to individuals in terms of their psyche, their knowing, the development of their faculties, and so on. Or, expressed another way, such tribal communities provide opportunities which enhance living and life in ways which change, evolve, Life itself and individuals themselves.

The notion of the so-called deification of the individual derives from the flawed and delusional system of the Magian, and is a manifestation of the basal error of causal abstraction [1]. For this notion – this delusion – separates the individual from their own living psyche and from the living beings to which the individual is connected (such as Nature, the Cosmos, all Life). That is, ways based on such Magian abstractions close the nexion that the individual is to the acausal – to Nature, the Cosmos – with the result that there is at best a stasis, and at worst, a de-evolution of the individual, down to Homo Hubris. Of course, individuals with such closed nexions seldom if ever know this, since they are subsumed by delusions and by the unbalanced arrogance so typical of Homo Hubris and those who have never felt, in their being and *sans* all abstractions, the Life that is manifest in Nature, in the Cosmos beyond Nature, and in the acausal.

In contrast to Magian delusions, a genuine esoteric Way is a means of dis-covering these connexions, aiding and developing them, thus enabling the true evolution, the living growth, of the individual *in symphony* with such beings. Hence, tribes are another living means of becoming connected to Life and to – and then manifesting – the potential within us as individuals.

It is thus a question of seeking and attaining an esoteric, alchemical, balance within one's self – by esoteric and practical means and thus of a knowing of Life, of beings, beyond – and then using this necessary practical, individual, foundation to partake of new ways of living, new practical experiences, as the next and necessary beginning which is a genuine cosmically and acausally involved and involving evolution.

For one should ask – *what is evolution?* There is the causal-only lifeless abstraction called “evolution” as understood by the Magian and the likes of urbanized Homo Hubris, and then there is the living alchemical evolution of esoteric Change, of esoteric symbiosis, understood by those who, if only intuitively at first, have empathy enough to feel the living beings beyond themselves, manifest most often in the past in a certain esoteric and nameless knowing of Nature, and which knowing was and is manifest in the Rounwytha.

What do you mean when you say deification of the individual derives from the system of the Magian?

We use the term Magian to refer both to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or in character. In essence, the Magian ethos represents the hubris of the *tyrannos*, where either some deluded oligarch or some oligarchy seeks to constrain, stifle, control or breed mundanes for their own deluded, egotistical, materialistic ends, or where deluded mundane individuals preen and pride themselves that they are important and “in control”.

Often, the two types feed off each other so that there is or there develops a dependency of the deluded, and often the two types manufacture some or more causal abstractions which feed their own delusions and which maintain their mundanity.

In Occultism, the Magian ethos is evident, for instance, in the materialistic pseudo-Satanism of LaVey and his followers; in the abstract, non-numinous, pseudo-intellectualism of Aquino and the Temple of Set; in the posturings of Crowley the charlatan [2]; and in the mundane silliness that is so-called chaos magick [3].

As I wrote in my essay, *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*, Magian Occultists:

” Try and dispense with The Devil/The Dark Power/The Dark Forces/Satan – and also often God – and instead deify themselves, believing such stuff as, ‘Reality is what I make it or what others have made it, or perceived it to be.’ They then proceed to use various allegedly magickal or Occult workings (their own or from others) – and/or some esoteric practices cobbled together from world religions and world folklore – in to try and attain and develop their inner deity, their Higher Self, or to try and control and sanctify their own minds, or some such guff.

These Western mostly urban-dwelling Occultists have thus tried, by massaging their ego, to remove the sinister power of the numen – the inner and outer Darkness that exists – from themselves, the Cosmos, and their world, and provided their urban life-style keeps them, as it mostly does, reasonably well-fed, sheltered from the elements, well-entertained, fairly comfortable, and removed from the hard learning arising from personal suffering (from *pathei-mathos*), then they are fairly safe in, and almost always content with, their delusion.

Thus do they, in the relative safety of their urban-dwelling world, concentrate on ‘refining their self’, with the aim of bringing their ‘unique individuality’, and more and more so-called individualism, to the world at large. “

Furthermore:

What requires understanding is that – in complete contrast to Magian Occultism, and the fake medieval Hebrewesque Grimoires, and charlatans such as Crowley – there is no way for us, as temporal mortal beings, to control whatever demons or whatever acausal entities we may draw forth, or presence, in the causal continuum. No “words of power” to control such entities; no “God” to fall-back on; no “circle of protection”. No potion, no spell or conjuration to save us, or others. No “secret Grimoire” wherein we can find the means to make ourselves “master” or “mistress” over such acausal energies. For such acausal energies, such acausal entities – of whatever acausal type or acausal species – are unbound by the constraints of our causal continuum and certainly unbound by our own puny mortal human nature. For most such entities, from our causal perspective, are “immortal”. *Sinister Demonology*, ONA, 122yf

Thus, the essence of Magian Occultism lies in the delusion that incompetent, mundane, human individuals are, can be, or should be, masters of everything and can thus control anyone and anything, if they have the right Occult techniques, the right “words”, the right “rituals”, the right “beliefs”, the right

“understanding” of some so-called esoteric doctrine manufactured by some person or some group.

In contrast, the essence of The Sinister Way lies in the knowing, from direct practical personal experience, of the sinister power of the numen; that is, of ourselves as one microscopic nexion, and thus as one connexion to the acausal, and which dangerous acausal we cannot fully control or even currently correctly comprehend by means by words and language but which we can aspire toward by using The Dark Arts to first balance and then evolve ourselves.

In ordinary, modern, life, the Magian ethos is evident in Homo Hubris with their delusion of being “free, independent” beings while they are, in reality, but minions, drones, of The State, obeying (or forced to obey) the satraps of The State (the hubriati) and striving for material (un-numinous), Magian-given, goals.

Thus, the essence of Magian ethos in modern life lies in the delusion that human individuals are, can be, or should be, “free” and masters of everything, and thus can and should control anyone and anything (including Nature), if they have the right machines, the right laws, the right type of government, the right economy, the right type of State planning, the right type of organizations.

Our practical Sinister Way is a means for us, as individuals, to discover, know, to feel, to experience, the sinister numen, the essence, *sansall* mundane and Magian abstractions, then use that knowing, that experience, to become not only a new presencing of sinister individual being, but to participate, to aid, in the sinister evolution of all Life, and thus in the change of the Cosmos itself. Our tribes, our clans, our nexions, are just practical ways to do this, to presence the sinister-numen within and exterior to ourselves.

Hence our vision is Aeonic, Cosmic, and of a new type of individual, manifesting excellence of controlled and developed character, and of a new species of human being dwelling among the stars systems of our Galaxy and of other Galaxies. In contrast, the vision of the Magian, and of mundanes, is mundane and material and terran and focussed on preening their ego, indulging themselves, on petty squabbles and petty power on this small peripheral planet named Earth.

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Notes

[1] Causal abstractions are defined in version ≥ 2.07 of *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*.

Basically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity – of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking. All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

[2] In regard to Crowley, see for example the ONA MSS *The Septenary, Crowley, and The Origins of the ONA* and *The Book of The Law: A Sinister View*.

In regard to the Temple of Set, see for example the ONA MS *The ONA, The LHP, and the Temple of Set*.

[3] Regarding the mundane pretentiousness of so-called chaos magick, see the ONA MS *Sorcery and the Esoteric Nature of The Acausal – Debunking The Chaos*

Sorcery and the Esoteric Nature of The Acausal Debunking The Chaos

The Order of Nine Angles first used the term acausal nearly four decades ago, appropriating it from Myatt's early work on Cliology (c. 1974 ev) and which work of his evolved to become his theory of the bifurcation (and a new ontology) of Being and thence his *Physics of Acausal Energy*.

In these four decades since our first use of this term, there has been much speculation – among both ONA Initiates and esoteric folk in general – about what exactly, in esoteric terms it means, and what, if any, relation this term bears to non-esoteric theories such as Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics.

In particular, when both Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics were fashionable subjects among mundane and Magian Occultists, attempts were

made by such people to explain sorcery in terms of both those subjects, with some books and articles written by some the pretentious Occult illiterati proclaiming such things as “Chaos is the creative principle behind all magic[k]...” and “A Chaos Magician... sees beyond the systems and dogmas to the physics behind the magical force,” and even quite laughable pretentious babble such as, “I show how...the three dimensional transactional time in the HD8 interpretation of quantum and particle physics could allow divination and enchantment to occur.”

Given such babble and such attempts to link sorcery with Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics and other such stuff, it is not surprising that our use of the term acausal to describe the realm of The Dark Gods, and our use of the term acausal energy presencing via a nexion to define ordinary sorcery, should arouse a certain curiosity among those interested in our Sinister Way.

Chaos theory, Quantum Mechanics, and Sorcery

Let’s be clear – talk of there being some relation between sorcery and current physical theories such as Chaos theory, particle Physics, and quantum mechanics, is inane; silly, stupid, and the product of a mundane intellect.

Why? Because there no relation whatsoever, since such physical theories are bunk – mere trendy and silly ideas based on causal Time – and because sorcery is not what contemporary pretentious Occult gits think it is.

Such physical theories as such gits expound upon are ideas which – in a hundred or two hundred or so years – will be seen as products of inferior thinking, just like the so-called Big Bang Theory with its ridiculous irrational assumptions – and the silly idea of so-called “Black Holes” and the even sillier idea of “dark matter” with its ridiculous *ad hoc* assumptions which attempt to square an inane cosmological theory with observations – will be seen as pretentious babble, the products of inferior human minds.

So, anyone who claims to be a sorcerer and who talks about Chaos theory and quantum mechanics reveals themselves as being not only an Occult charlatan but as possessed of an inferior intellect; as someone who, at best is akin to some urban teenager swept along by some craze and keen to be seen as “trendy” or “fashionable” or “cool” or whatever the latest buzz-word is. Or even worse, someone who desires to be seen as some sort of “thinker” and who needs (despite their protestations) the adulation of being some “Occult guru”.

For such individuals just cannot think – conceptualize – past the concept of causal Time, as they obviously do not possess or have not developed those skills of our Dark Arts, especially the faculty of dark-empathy, and which particular faculty would have predisposed them toward an esoteric intuition of the true,

the esoteric, nature of sorcery, of thus of the acausal, and especially of the nature of acausal Time.

Why are such physical theories bunk? For two simple reasons. First, they cannot explain in any way the fundamental difference between life and inert matter. That is, what, for example, animates or infuses the physical structures of a cell to make that cell alive, and why, for instance, all living matter disobeys the first of Newton's laws.

Second, they depend on the simple, Cosmically incorrect, notion of a linear causality, as evident in the use of conventional mathematics, and physical ideation, to describe such theories, all of which theories are based on and depend upon equations involving an abstract notion of causal, linear, time – as in differential and tensorial equations involving the variable dt (as in Newtonian mechanics, and in the Schwarzschild and other metrics deriving from the variable ds) – and which linear time cannot even be defined in any satisfactory manner *sans* causal linearity (as in the definition based on so-called atomic/quantum clocks). Thus, even apparently abstruse notions of Space-Time – deriving from tensorial mathematics, or some other representation – are founded on the simple, cosmologically inaccurate, notion of a causal linearity.

Why is there no link between physical theories – trendy or otherwise – and sorcery? Because the basis of sorcery is some-thing which is alive: to wit, we who practice the dark art of sorcery. Because – esoterically (that is, correctly) understood – sorcery is a living alchemy [Oh look, I am giving away more Occult secrets here]. That is, sorcery is a combination of various aspects, the most necessary and important of which are living beings – for instance, the sorcerer, and the object of sorcery, which is almost always another living being, human or otherwise. Or, expressed more precisely (esoterically) sorcery is – as all Dark Arts are – a means whereby we shed our causal, illusive, form (of separateness) and become of the essence of Life and so can affect other Life, sometimes by becoming or imitating (being a mimesis of or for) other Life for a specific period of causal Time because “we” are the matrix of connexions that is Life in the causal.

There is thus the use of energies which are not-causal, since such energies depend on (or derive from) a living being or some living beings and since what-lives, a living being, cannot be explained by causality (linear causal reductionism) or any representation based on such causality, mathematical or otherwise (such as some current theory in Physics).

The living alchemy that is genuine sorcery explains why – in the real world we human beings all inhabit (as distinct from our dreams, and the movies) – no sorcerer, however advanced or knowledgeable they may be, can by some

“magick” or spell or whatever bring a rock to life and so transform it into some living entity. What a sorcerer can do, in our real world, is *affect* and so change other living beings (to various degrees), be such living beings human, non-human but of our physical realm (such as animals), or esoteric (of the realm of the psyche, and which psyche includes such non-causal living entities as archetypes). [1] What an advanced practitioner of sorcery can do or may be able to do is affect aspects of larger living entities, such as the living entity that is Nature [2] – and thus may be able, for example, to bring into being, over a natural period of earthly causal Time (that is, not instantaneously), a storm [3].

Similarly, and in respect of divination, what a genuine sorcerer does is intuit (become in sympathy with usually via dark-empathy) the Destiny (and possibly the Wyrd) of an individual. That is, in exoteric-speak they betake themselves out from the causal realm (from causal Time) and so see (and think) acausally – and often some causal form (such as Tarot images) are used in order to facilitate this esoteric type of seeing and knowing.

The living alchemy that is genuine sorcery also explains how such things as an esoteric curse work: that is, not initially by a direct, linear, causality. Thus, the living energy of a human being – that which animates them, makes them alive, and keeps them healthy and alive, is accessed and thence *affected* or changed by the sorcerer in some particular manner, or some nexion within the psyche of that individual is opened to allow the ingress of other, disruptive (and possible non-causal) living entities. With the *effect* that, over a certain period of causal Time, that individual is afflicted with misfortune and possibly illness or in some cases even death. Why over a certain period of causal Time? Because the affected living entity lives (has existence in) the causal continuum which constrains their being (constrains the acausal energy that animates them and keeps them alive).

In ONA-speak, a sorcerer is or becomes a particular type of nexion capable of accessing and presencing acausal energies.

The Esoteric Nature of The Acausal

In simple – exoteric – terms, the acausal is a naturally existing part of the Cosmos, and merely the realm or realms or continuum where acausal energy exists, and which acausal energy is a-causal in nature. That is, propagation of this energy does not, or need not, take a certain amount of causal Time, and does not involve, or may not involve, traversing a certain causal distance. Thus none of Newton’s laws apply, just as causal theories such as those of entropy or so-called “chaos” do not apply.

In esoteric terms, the acausal is the source of all the causal Life we know. That is, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal Life we currently know, and which enables us to change and develop ourselves, acausally interact with other living beings (in one sense – practice sorcery), and do many other things, such as develop acausal knowing, that is, understanding the acausal *sanscausal* abstractions [4]. In another sense, as intimated above, it is a means for us to shed the illusive apprehension of our finite causal being.

For it is causal abstractions that obscure the nature – exoteric and esoteric – of the acausal, and thus obscure the nature and reality of sorcery.

Let us consider the following bit of bunk, from someone imposing a causal abstraction on the Occult; and a bit of bunk typical both of Magian Occultism [5], and of the pretentious gits who prattle on or who have prattled on about Chaos and about sorcery but who so obviously have no understanding of sorcery let alone any esoteric skills or knowledge. Here is the bunk: “There are no gods or demons, except for those I have been conditioned into acknowledging and those I have created for myself.”

This is the attitude of a limited, and a smug, causal thinking – of assuming the Cosmos is explicable, or can become explicable, by causal theories and causal ideas (by abstractions); that the individual has, ultimately, nothing to fear because “there is nothing really eerie or dangerous or un-human in sorcery and the Occult, it’s all imagination or what others have used to scare people or get them to believe some doctrine or what I myself can conjure into being”; and that everything is not only a tool, a means, to be used, but can be mastered and can easily, and should be, disposed of, blah blah mundane blah.

This is the doctrine of Magian Occultism – that “I command the powers...”; that “I can become powerful enough/knowledgeable enough” to master anything; and that, “given the right tools, the right drawings or blueprints (abstractions) I can cobble my own system together or use something from somewhere else so long as it’s useful to me...”

This is, ultimately, the urban whine of Homo Hubris – “I’ll be safe; or I can make myself safe. I am or can be in control.” This, ultimately, is urban whine of the most pretentious among that untermenschen species, Homo Hubris: “That Reality is what I make it or what others have made it, or perceived it to be, through their causal abstractions.”

The acausal, however, allows for no such safety and no such mundane control. It cannot be disposed of if some urban git believes it is no longer useful for them or ceases “to believe in it”. It is, most importantly, not a creation of the human mind, of our consciousness. Not a matter of perception.

For, acausally, there is no subject distinct from, separate from, an object. For that distinction implies the separation of causality (between subject and object) and the linear movement of causality (some-thing passing from subject to object and vice versa) and also implies a perception (based on abstractions, such as categories) as to why the subject is or may be different from the object. Thus, acausally, there is no perception of an object by a subject, such as ourselves. There is thus no “consciousness” to be individually aware of either such an object or of the subject itself (such as what causally we consider ourselves). There is not even any “change” – or progression or development – since there is no consciousness to perceive it and no causal linearity to measure such change.

For, acausally, there is no language as we currently understand language – because such language almost invariably (and especially Western languages) require or assume (imply) a *copula*, which itself implies the aforementioned distinction between some subject and some object, between subject and predicate. Between one existent and another existent, or between one subject and some object with some quality (or category) that has become to be associated with that object.

How then can we know and understand the acausal? To be pedantic (or to be esoterically precise), “we” cannot – since there is no you or I or we to apprehend it. But, less esoterically, and thus somewhat exoterically, we can only currently (outside of such Esoteric Arts as dark-empathy) apprehend the acausal by its affects on our causal realm where we have our existence, and thus the most significant affect of the acausal in the causal is, as mentioned earlier, Life itself – the acausal energy presencing in our causal continuum that animates matter and makes that matter a living entity, from the microscopic cell to we human beings to Nature.

Thus, we do not need “explanations” – or attempts at explanation – of the acausal by such causal things as “chaos”, or so-called chaos theory, quantum mechanics, particle physics, or by reference to any currently existing *-isms* such as some gnostic or Buddhist teaching or some exposition of some gnostic or Buddhist tenet, or even by some mathematical representation (given the current causal nature of maths). All such explanations or interpretations or comparisons are irrelevant; unhelpful; unnecessary.

To know and understand the acausal we just have to engage with it; experience it. No theories; no explanations. We have to cultivate, in ourselves, the faculties of acausal knowing and dark-empathy [6]. We have to thus come to know those causally-dwelling beings beyond our own individual being: the being of archetypes, the being of Nature and the beings that a part of, and not separate from, either Nature or that illusion of apprehension which is of our

individual self. We have to become Adepts of The Dark Arts: practitioners of acausal sorcery. We have to evoke, invoke, to presence, those living beings who dwell in the acausal dimensions and who represent a type of Life beyond our causal living.

In brief, we have to live our life in a different way from ordinary mortals. Which is why we are following The Sinister Way, to The Abyss and to *The Acausal Beyond*.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Feyen

Notes

[1] It should be remembered that the ONA uses terms such as *psyche* and *archetype* in a particular esoteric way. See, for example, *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (version \geq 2.01)

[2] Technically, and esoterically, Nature is defined as both a type of supra-personal being, and that innate, creative, force (that is, $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$) which animates physical matter and makes it living, *here on this planet we call Earth*.

[3] A rudimentary example of this is given in *Naos*.

[4] For causal abstractions, see *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (version \geq 2.01)

[5] The basics of Magian Occultism are outlined in the jovial article *Magian Occultism*, by Lianna of the Darky Sox. See also the ONA compilation *Magian Occultism and the Sinister Way* (122yf).

[6] For a basic overview, see the ONA texts *The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way* and *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*.

Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities

In dealing with esoteric – Occult – matters it needs to be remembered that they by their very nature are obscured or hidden from ordinary, causal (mundane), perception and understanding. That they belong to or describe a

type of phenomena or a type of world (or aspects of existence) which most people do not normally interact with, have knowledge of, or are seldom aware of.

Thus, when we consider a matter such as entities – living beings – existing or dwelling in what we term the acausal continuum, then it is to be expected that they will exist, and will behave, in a way different from such living beings that we normally interact with in our own causal continuum. That is, that they may possess qualities which beings living in our causal phenomenal world do not.

For example, do such acausal entities as the ONA esoteric tradition mentions possess the quality, the behaviour, we describe as biological gender, and which gender we ascribe to most living beings in the causal (with some exceptions, such as monomorphic life). Or is our biological notion of gender irrelevant to such acausal beings? Also, do such acausal entities have the quality, the behaviour, we describe as discrete singularity so that, for example, they have a distinct body separate from other bodies and thus occupy a finite Space at certain specific moments of causal Time?

These questions further raise the issue of language – of how we describe them or denote them by some name, and whether the grammar we have developed is apt in the case of such acausal entities. For instance, is a word such as Noctulius a male or a female name? Ditto with Satanus. Or is a name such as Kabeiri that of a single entity or of a plurality of such entities? Is Satanus, for example, even a name in the normal grammatical sense – that is, a proper name? If so, is it singular or plural? Thus, is it correct or necessary to apply the rules of ordinary grammar – such as declension – to such a descriptive word? If not, what does that mean in respect of how the name is used, for instance in some chant to esoterically invoke such an entity?

This raises general questions about the nature of both language and grammar. Is language for instance dependant on causality? On there being an object and a subject or a subject-copula-predicate relation – that is, on an assumed separation of things (beings) into identifiable, separate, objects and which subjects/objects might possess or which may be described as possessing certain qualities to distinguish them from other beings or be described as so modified that they are regarded as being distinguishable?

What also has to be considered is that the ONA uses certain words in an esoteric way – with a specialized Occult meaning – so that words such as archetype and nexion and psyche have specific esoteric meanings [1] over and above, or instead of, their accepted common exoteric usage. Thus, and for example, a word such as Satanus may have an esoteric (*batin*) meaning and an exoteric (*dhir*) meaning – with the *dhir* meaning referring to what mundanes understand as Satan (a particular male causal and demonic form), and the

batin meaning referring to what ONA initiates understand as an acausal (non-temporal, non-causally defined) entity Satanus who/which can shapeshift and who/which exists (when in the acausal) outside of our limited (causal) categories such as male/female, singular/plurality, and past/present/future.

Hence, the accepted exoteric understanding of, and/or the appearance of some-thing – such as a name or chant – is not necessarily a guide to or an indication of its esoteric meaning, its use, or its efficacy in terms of sorcery. [2]

Gender, Plurality and Acausality

To begin to answer questions relating to the nature of acausal beings – assuming we can answer them in a satisfactory manner – the nature of our (esoterically posited) acausal continuum should be understood.

As mentioned in another MS:

” In simple – exoteric – terms, the acausal is a naturally existing part of the Cosmos, and merely the realm or realms or continuum where acausal energy exists, and which acausal energy is a-causal in nature. That is, propagation of this energy does not, or need not, take a certain amount of causal Time, and does not involve, or may not involve, traversing a certain causal distance. Thus none of Newton’s laws apply, just as causal theories such as those of entropy or so-called ‘chaos’ do not apply.”

One important aspect of the acausal is the nature of acausal Time. Being a-causal means that there is no causal linearity – no past, present, or future – and thus no simple cause-and-effect. Instead, one quality of acausal Time is simultaneity, and one aspect or manifestation of acausal Time (in the causal) is what has been termed synchronicity.

In causal Space-Time (the causal continuum) an event is described as occurring at a point or region (a specific place) in Space, which can be represented by various geometric coordinates (Euclidean, or spherical, or metrical) [3]. This event occurs at a specific moment of causal Time, and may or may not last for a measured duration of causal Time.

Thus, a spacecraft en route from Earth to the planet Mars is said to be in a specific place or position (a region of Space between Earth and Mars) at a specific moment of causal Time, with this position changing in both Space and in causal Time as the spacecraft moves toward Mars, and with causal Time measured most usually in durations deriving from the orbit of the Earth around the Sun and from the rotation of the Earth itself. Thus, the spacecraft’s

position is measured in relation to other objects in the causal and fixed in moments of linear Time with there being an accepted progression from a past moment (a past position) to where it is 'now' and where it will be predicated to be at some future point in causal Time.

In the same manner, we – as separate individuals – fix or describe ourselves in relation to causal Space and causal Time. That is, in relation to objects, to living beings, around us and in relation to our own causally-measured events and change: for example our progression from birth in terms of measured years (our age).

However, in acausal Space-Time, there is no separation of Space and no flow of Time from past to future, so an object or a living acausal being cannot have a fixed position and cannot be located in a moment of (causal) Time. Indeed, objects as we ideate them simply do not exist, just as motion as we perceive or understand it does not exist. Likewise, we may conceive – in our limited causal terms – of a past acausal event (were there such a thing) having a future cause.

Which all imply that acausal entities are not material and not discrete objects, but rather what we may conceive of as types of (or variations in or patterns of) acausal energy, formless and timeless, and able to translocate to anywhere in the acausal continuum instantaneously and exist (or be manifest) in various acausal locations simultaneously. Hence, they have no gender as we perceive and understand gender and are neither singular nor plural, since singular and plural imply causality (a causal separation) in terms of both Time and Space, although if we view them causally they are or can be both singular and plural at the same time.

It is some of these patterns of acausal energies that can – and which, according to aural tradition, have – egressed into our causal continuum and assumed a variety of causal forms. Why so egressed? Because there are nexions which join the causal to the acausal. We, as causal life-forms, are one type of nexion, with some physical nexions existing – regions in the Cosmos where the causal continuum is joined with the acausal continuum. Given the longevity of such patterns of acausal energies (viewed in terms of our causal Time) – their 'immortal' nature – it is natural some of them have travelled to or rather have been presented here, among us.

Note that these patterns of acausal energies (these acausal beings) are distinct from the acausal energy that is or rather becomes Life (in the causal) and which animates all causal living beings and makes them a nexion (of varying types) to the acausal. That is, they are only one particular species of such acausal energies.

According to aural tradition – and to be believed or not according to one's inclination - there are indications that the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Satan, like all such entities known to us, is a shapeshifter (being fluidic in nature and able to shape/form causal matter) and has a propensity to assume a male form when presented or manifest in our causal realm, as the acausal entity – the acausal energy – commonly known by the name Baphomet has, according to aural tradition, a propensity to assume a female form when presented or manifest in our causal realm. Why?

The answer relates to how we have hitherto perceived – or needed to perceive – such entities, and how the development of dark-empathy and acausal-knowing (the skills of an Adept and beyond) cultivate an esoteric perception. Indeed, what is known as The Passing of The Abyss – and thus the achievement of the Grade beyond Internal Adept – is when there is a perception and a knowing beyond our causal opposites and all causal forms, and beyond causal Time and causal Space. That is, a knowing of the acausal as the acausal is, and thence possibly an interaction with acausal energies and acausal beings as those energies and such beings are.

This knowing is currently beyond our ordinary languages to describe, with even this advanced esoteric knowing being but a beginning, given our potential as beings.

Esoteric Chant as Language

Esoteric chant is one means we have of describing such acausal entities – such acausal life-forms – beyond ordinary language. That is, esoteric chant [4] is one way – although not a perfect way – to try and describe such entities beyond our current languages with their dependence upon causality and their assumptions regarding objects and subjects and gender.

Thus, the 'name' of an acausal entity is not some bland written or spoken word, but rather what occurs – what is manifest (felt, experienced) – when the specific chant appropriate to that entity is performed in a certain way. Only with such esoteric chant as Art is the entity 'named'. Thus, Satanas is not the (gender specific) 'name' of a particular acausal entity known to us; rather, a specific esoteric chant performed in a certain way in a specific location during a specific alchemical season (or causal moment therein) re-presents, or 'names', that entity to us, as causal beings. Hence, there is no error, and no omission, when a given word is used in a manner which seems to contradict grammatical rules, and sans declension.

In general, esoteric chant – far more so in some ways than good poetry in relation to ordinary language – intimates something beyond the exoteric content and the exoteric (the accepted) meaning. Thus, a good poem might use

words in such a way that, for example, the accepted rules of grammar may be broken in order to suggest something beyond what the words used would mean in an ordinary grammatically correct sentence. Or, like Aeschylus, the poet might omit the article and manufacture some new compound word in order to hint at a certain meaning.

With esoteric chant, the words – being chanted most often by cantors in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart – become more than words read or spoken with their usual (exoteric) meaning. That is, when so used in such a way by sentient living beings they become a specific esoteric work of Art, the living alchemy that is sorcery. For sorcery, as I have mentioned elsewhere, is a combination of various aspects, the most necessary and important of which are sentient living beings, for it is these living beings who can access the acausal (and thus acausal energies) by virtue of already being nexions because of being sentient life-forms.

Thus, a ritual chant such as “*Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex*” is not the mere saying of the words, or even ‘singing’ the words in a normal exoteric way. It is either a vibration done by one or more individuals, or more usually an esoteric chant performed by several cantors singing in parallel a fifth (or an octave and a fifth) apart, or sometimes a fourth apart. In a vibration – as with esoteric chant – the parts of each ‘word’ are usually distinct, so that for instance *Satanas* is Sa—tan—as, spread over a certain period of causal Time, with a certain pitch/intensity, and which in vibration or chant lasts much longer than a normal (exoteric) saying of the word. Given that specific ritual chants are associated with specific Modes and with a specific type of chanting in specific resonant places (and often in association with a crystal tetrahedron) its alchemical nature – symbolized by the term (not the name) *Atazoth* – should be discernible, when correctly performed.

Hence, esoteric chant is a type of esoteric language by which we, the performers (and possibly others present, if any) can communicate among ourselves (or with our psyche, if a solo performance) and which communication between us can open a nexion. Or rather, we so performing and so communicating among ourselves in such a way become a type of nexion beyond the individual ones we already are, and thus can acquire both acausal-knowing and dark-empathy: that is, an esoteric or initiated understanding of the acausal and of acausal entities. Thus do we come to know their ‘names’.

Note that this language is not ‘communicating with some entity’ and not us trying to communicate with some acausal entity. It is just some human beings communicating among themselves in a particular esoteric way sans ordinary words (and their exoteric meanings) and indeed sans ordinary thought, in

order to extend the range of their being. To manifest a supra-personal (or collective) identity – to become a collocation of living nexions – beyond their own individual (causal) identity and form, and which manifestation brings-into-being (or can bring-into-being) certain esoteric knowledge and which can also be used to presence acausal energies in the causal.

Hence there is nothing really mysterious or ‘magical’ about it. It is just one technique, one method, among many esoteric techniques, methods – and one which has an aural tradition.

One other technique to so ‘name’ such entities is perhaps worth mentioning. This is TSG – the (advanced form of) The Star Game. That is, the movement – the flow, the fluxion or change – of certain pieces over certain boards over a certain period of causal Time is a re-presentation of one particular collocation of acausal energy which has acquired a word (an exoteric name) in an historical attempt to describe it. Here, the player works in symbiosis with the fluxion of pieces to move beyond causal Thought, causal denoting, to that acausal-knowing which reveals an aspect of acausal as it is.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Feyen

Notes

[1] Some of the words having specific esoteric meaning and ONA associations are given in the text *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*, the latest version at the time of writing being 2.07 (122yf). [Editorial Note: v 3.03 was issued in June 122 yf.]

[2] Here is a simple (if somewhat long-winded) example of some assumptions underlying language and grammar. The sentence, “Anton Long walked into the library...” implies many things.

Here, there is a distinct subject, given the proper name AL, and which subject ‘walks’ (moves toward) an object, named as a library.

Among the assumptions of the simple sentence are : (1) that an entity named AL exists (fictionally or otherwise, and most probably human); (2) that AL by the stated name has a gender; (3) that there is an object of type different from AL which is named ‘library’; (4) that this object ‘library’ is spatially separated from the object named AL (that is, is not the same as AL); (5) that it takes a duration of causal Time for AL to ‘walk’ into or toward this library; (6) that this library is an object with certain qualities – a building, and contains certain other objects such as books.

Had the sentence read “The Longs walk into the library,” we assume that these Longs are a plurality of beings with the name (a surname) whose gender is currently unknown unless some context or more information is supplied, and that these beings (whoever or whatever they are) are moving through causal Time and causal Space toward a distinct and separate object.

Had the sentence read “Long presences in the library,” we might have cause for pause, until we know what ‘presences’ mean. Does it mean a movement through causal Time and causal Space? Or might it mean something like the science-fiction concept of teleportation? Also, which singular Long presences? And is this singular entity male or female – Mr or Ms Long?

Had the sentence read “Longs presence in the library,” we assume more than one being named Long presences, in the present, just as “Longs were presenced in the library,” assumes that this occurred in some causal past.

Now, if we have a sentence such as “Suscipe, Satanus, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Vindex,” just what is implied or assumed by us? We have, apparently, two names – Vindex and Satanus.

The obvious – the simple – question is whether or not Vindex is a name or a term and if a name then (as exoteric usage of Vindex might suggest) male, since the female form would be something such as *Vengerisse*. But is Vindex used here esoterically (or being redefined), so that the name or the term Vindex can refer to either someone male or someone female and therefore is not, as a name or term, gender specific? Certainly it is.

The somewhat less simple question refers to the word Satanus. Is this a name or a term (that is a term for some causal form)? If a name, is it or must it be gender specific? If a term, is it used esoterically to refer to the causal form assumed temporarily by an acausal entity, and which entity may or may not have a causal gender and may or may not be singular entity or a plurality of entities more aptly described by a type of unformed, non-spatially referenced (acausal, dispersed, unlinear) energy?

[3] By metrical here is meant the metric of four-dimensional Space-Time often described by tensorial equations such as those relating to Riemannian space.

[4] It should be noted that the esoteric modal chants given in *Naos* (as first published in 1989 CE) – and the chants given in the *Black Book of Satan – Part 1 Exoteric Principles* (as first published in 1983 CE) – are, according to aural accounts, traditional parts of the septenary system, of unknown date and belonging to the Camlad group, and thus pre-date the esoteric association given the name ONA, in the early 1970’s CE, by at least four or five decades, if not far more.

The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right

The doctrine Might is Right – variously expressed in texts and writings such as those by the pseudonymous Ragnar Redbeard, by Nietzsche [1], and by proponents of what is known as social Darwinism – is the doctrine, the philosophy (or more correctly, the instinct, the *raison d'être*) of the cowardly bully for whom instinct, mere brute physical strength, or superior weaponry, or superior numbers, command respect and enable them to intimidate and bully others and so get their own way.

This doctrine – though unacknowledged – is also the *raison d'être* of the governments of many if not most modern nation-States, such as Amerika, where military might, or sanctions or bribery, are used as a means of making, and enforcing, policy and ensuring the well-being, prosperity, and security, of such entities.

Why the doctrine of the bully? Because those individuals who adhere to this doctrine, consciously or otherwise, lack both manners and culture (that is, they lack refinement, good breeding, and self-control) and as a modern archetype they represent nothing so much as brutish talking animals who walk upright and who possess a very high opinion of themselves; and an opinion that is more delusion than reality. Perhaps most importantly, such individuals do not possess that instinct for disliking rottenness that is the mark of the evolved, the aristocratic, the cultured, human being. Thus are they akin to uncultured barbarians.

Culture essentially implies four important qualities that such barbarians, such talking animals, lack – and these qualities are empathy, the instinct for disliking rottenness [2], reason, and *pathei-mathos*. It is these qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals (and thus express our humanity) but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings. Animals do not have this choice, this ability.

Thus, to make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, some Occult or Satanic way or praxis (like, for example, the Church of Satan did and does) is to negate the very basis of such esoteric ways and praxis. For the essence of such esoteric ways – and especially of Satanism –

is to use certain Occult techniques and methods to develop certain esoteric faculties and enable the development, the evolution, of the individual. Where such Occult or Satanic ways may or do differ is in the techniques and methods used and in how development, and evolution, of the individual is understood.

Thus, in the traditional Satanism of the Order of Nine Angles, the evolution of the individual is understood as arising from a practical synthesis, via testing personal experience and magickal praxis, of what is commonly, and – considered esoterically – incorrectly regarded as the opposing opposites of Light and Dark. In addition, for the ONA the development of the individual – and the cultivation of their faculties, esoteric and otherwise – is indissolubly bound with *pathei-mathos*, and with empathy. Empathy esoterically [i.e. 'dark empathy'] is the ground of genuine sorcery: an awareness of both affective and effective change [causal and acausal change] and which awareness is the knowing of ourselves as but one connexion, one nexion, to those energies (or forces) which are the essence of Life and thus the essence of our own existence as a human being.

Pathei-mathos means learning from one's own difficult, practical, and testing experience, and which experience by its nature involves hardship, suffering, and an intimation or awareness of the numinous: that is, of that-which is more powerful than we are or we have imagined ourselves to be. Or expressed esoterically, *pathei-mathos* can be and often is the genesis of empathy: an intimation or awareness of ourselves as but one nexion, one connexion. And *pathei-mathos*, and esoteric empathy, take the individual far from the preening self-indulgence and macho posturing of the Might is Right types.

In the system of the ONA, *pathei-mathos* is encouraged by the Grade Rituals, by Insight Roles, and by the practice of Culling as Art: that is, culling as

” ...a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles – culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition.” *Concerning Culling As Art* (ONA text, 122 yf)

Thus, ONA people develop an awareness of themselves far beyond their own ego and delusions about their self-importance. The awareness of themselves as a nexion, as part of a matrix of connexions involving Nature, the Cosmos, and other human beings, with one expression of this awareness – this esoteric knowing – being an Aeonian perspective and Aeonian Sorcery.

However, those who make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an

integral and important part of, their Occult way or praxis are merely glorifying the irrational uncultured brute, and maintaining the delusions of individuals regarding themselves, their abilities, and their importance. Thus, such Occult ways propound such guff as “Reality is what we perceive it to be,” and “I command the powers,” and “I am (or can be) the only deity which matters” [3].

In essence, therefore, the doctrine of Might is Right – and the belief of pseudo-satanists that they should glorify themselves, indulge themselves *in an uncultured manner*, and do not need anyone or anything except their own strength, will, or abilities – is the ethos of the vulgar mundane and especially of Homo Hubris, that new de-evolutionary sub-species and unconnected rootless denizen of the megalopolis. Thus are they not only negating the human potential they possess, they have little or no awareness of their wyrd: of the meaning of Life itself.

Hence their ways and their praxis is of the preening individual who has or who may develop some “superior abilities” or acquire personal power (over others) by indulging in some rites or Occult practices where they believe they can “alter or change things in accordance with their will” [4]. In this, they somewhat resemble a comic book hero – LaVey-man perhaps, who acquires his superhuman powers by wearing a specially crafted medallion with that Magian image of pentagram, Hebrew letters and goathead, on it, and which medallion was given to them by some pompous so-called High Priest and entitles them to prance around in black attire and strike a pose that they think makes them look fearsome. Thus, they see their Destiny in terms only of themselves – causally, mundanely – as an extension of their ego, with nothing beyond this personal Destiny of theirs.

In contrast, for the ONA, our Destiny is bound to and part of supra-personal (Aeonic/Cosmic) wyrd, and which wyrd is manifest primarily and exoterically in the truth of our primal and of our necessary tribal (that is, our connected and cultured) nature, and in the necessary of learning directly, personally, from practical experience. That is, manifest in us, as an individual, being but one nexion; in the tribal law of the Drecc (The Dreccian Code), and in patheimathos arising from experience of both Light and Dark. It is this unique combination which is the genesis of our particular sinister culture and enables us to evolve, esoterically and otherwise. For if the ONA is anything, it is the way of a particular, and a new type of, culture: that is, a new and evolutionary and esoteric way of living for human beings.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] Nietzsche's approach is one where individual power (as manifest in *Wille zur Macht*) is central. This concentration on the instinct, or motivation, however derived or manifest, of the individual for control and power aligns him with social Darwinism and the doctrine of Might is Right, despite his attempts to distance himself from Darwin's thesis.

[2] For more regarding culture and the human instinct for disliking rottenness, see the ONA text *Culling as Art*.

[3] Such things express the attitude and nature of Magian Occultism, for which see the text *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*, and the compilation *Magian Occultism and The Sinister Way*.

[4] The definition of magick as "altering or changing things in accordance with one's will" – dependant as it is on mere causal cause-and-effect and the delusion of the self – expresses the limited and illusive understanding of those lacking esoteric empathy and the esoteric wisdom born of *pathei-mathos*. That is, it reveals a lack of awareness of acausality, of ourselves as nexion.

Toward The Sinister Mystery

Editorial Note: Below are answers to some questions submitted to Anton Long over the past few months by a variety of individuals.

How do you understand the relationship between the sinister way and the numinous way?

Here I shall assume that by 'sinister way' you refer to the complete esoteric philosophy and praxis of the ONA (including its mythos) rather than to the practical 'seven-fold sinister way' as a method of esoteric training from Initiate to Adept and beyond.

One way is an intimation – a presencing – of what is conventionally (if incorrectly) termed The Dark Forces and thus of certain energies/influences /archetypes within the psyche of the individual.

The other way is an intimation – a presencing – of what is termed the numinous, and thus of what is conventionally (and again incorrectly) termed The Light Forces.

Hence, they both express an aspect of the acausality (that I/we assume exists) beyond our causal perception, and thus intimate and can manifest what lies beyond the mundane reality of phenomenon we experience by means of our physical senses and by the causal learning acquired from others and by the abstractions (the theories, *-isms* and *-ologies*) we have manufactured over millennia to try and understand ourselves and Reality.

If one desires to place both in the context of terms used (incorrectly) by many Occultists, then one Way re-presents the LHP and the other the RHP – although that is not how our Adepts understand them.

For us, they re-present two different types of ‘acausal knowing’ and when these two types of knowing are combined (that is, acquired, learnt from personal experience not from books or from someone else), one has the apprehension of Reality that lies beyond what is conventionally termed The Abyss – that is the perception and the understanding of a genuine Mage [aka Grand Master/Grand LadyMaster], and which perception and understanding is the genesis of wisdom, and a knowing, an understanding, of all causal forms (including so-called conflicting opposites) as just limited often distorted causal forms of The Essence beyond them.

Part of this wisdom is a knowing of the reality of what we signify by the term Aeons, and thus a placing of the individual human being – and human beings in general – into a Cosmic perspective. [Where by the Cosmos is to be understood the totality of the causal continuum and the acausal continuum.]

Of course, what we understand by a Mage is very different from what other esoteric groups and traditions understand by the term.

In somewhat oversimplified esoteric terms one might describe the relation thus – (1) the Sinister (LHP) Way are types or modes of apprehension applicable to those who, while following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way as a system of training and individual development, have not yet reached the stage beyond Internal Adept; (2) the Numinous Way is a type of apprehension, complimenting the former, which apprehensions (plural) those beyond Internal Adept acquire and meld with their former (LHP) modes of apprehension to begin the esoteric/alchemy process of (re)unification that forms the essence of what is known as The Passing of The Abyss.

What we call an Internal Adept acquires the beginnings of that specific acausal knowing (modes of acausal apprehension) during the Rite of Internal Adept – that is, spending three months in solitude in an isolated location, and by using such techniques as The Advanced Star Game. Traditionally, this type of acausal knowing was ‘the knowing’ of the Rounwytha, who were a few individuals (often women) who were naturally gifted with certain abilities

deriving from their faculty of empathy, and which empathy encompassed what we now term Nature.

What The Sinister Way – in its casual/acausal totality – does is make this knowing of those few gifted individuals available (at least potentially) to all human beings, and thus enables them to proceed Beyond The Abyss and become almost a different type of human being, not in terms of low-level sorcery (external or results-sorcery) and the like, but in terms of understanding, knowing, of *being*, of Aeonic sorcery – in terms of being wise and having, manifesting, a reasoned, individual, unique, judgement.

Obviously, both of these apparently diverse ways have significance and possibly value in their own right (that is, exoterically) – and thus are or can be an affective and effecting means of change for various, diverse, individuals (not involved in Occultism) over decades and centuries, and thus contribute in their own manner to some of the changes I understand as necessary for us as a species.

Thus, like all Ways or forms that presence The Unity beyond the illusion of causal conflicting opposites, they have both an exoteric and an esoteric meaning and purpose. Also, just like individuals beyond a certain Occult stage of understanding and experience who of necessity has experienced in a practical manner the Light and the Dark, both Ways can easily be misunderstood.

When some mundane or other huffs and puffs about having taken over or owning the ONA, why don't you ever release a statement about such matters?

For two basic reasons. First, as I wrote in a recent reply to someone:

I personally do not assume any direct authority, nor make 'pronouncements', nor ascribe any grandiose title to myself. I just let things develop, in their own natural ways in their own species of causal Time, and occasionally pen a few of my own intimations based upon my own reflexions and experience, which are only my own fallible reflexions and my own poor attempts to explain – and which words, which intimations, can and should be surpassed by others and are thus not imbued with any kind of grandiose or pretentious 'authority'.

Second, because there is no necessity since if someone presents themselves as ONA or claims to own it and some people are duped by such things, and mistake such fakes for us, then it just reveals those people for the mundanes they are.

Such things – such pretenders – are and have been expected, and are a useful test. A test of the sinister numen/charisma of the ONA; of its growth and influence; and test for those who are interested in the ONA, or rather interested in the Way, the living tradition, we represent.

For such pretenders are a sure sign of our growth, influence, and sinister charisma. Just as if some individuals are duped by these pretenders and their groups, then those individuals are not of us; they do not have to potential to become part of our family, and thus such pretenders, such fakes, save us some trouble and can provide us with some amusement at their expense and at the expense of such easily duped individuals.

Those who are of our kind will find us and know us even if we do not name ourselves or describe ourselves by some term. Just as we have and will continue to teach our Way – *sans* a name and restrictive terms – person to person, generation following generation.

Also, as I have said and written several times over the past few years, no one now controls or owns the ONA – or can control or own the ONA. For it is a sinister kollektive of nexions, a cooperative, disdainful of copyright, dogma, restrictions, and hierarchy. In truth, it is a new type of organism – partly causal and partly acausal, and thus a living, changing, evolving, long-living entity which no one finite fallible mortal with a limited causal life-span can control, contain, or own.

Dreccs/Niners – who now increasingly re-present what was known exoterically as the ONA – do not depend on me, or on any one person. Just as the tradition I inherited did not depend on, or need, a name – and indeed had no name for centuries. It was just an inherited way, a reclusive tradition, part of a particular folk culture, passed on aurally.

Our outer name is therefore not that important; indeed esoterically it is irrelevant, and a causal Time will arise in this Aeon when the outer, exoteric, name I gave to the tradition as I expanded and developed it – the ONA name – will no longer be required. Names by their causal nature restrict, and our essence – which sinister-empathy reveals – cannot be so restricted.

You say the ONA is the exoteric name. There is therefore I presume an esoteric name?

Yes, and no. No there is no such esoteric 'name' since it is not a name as mundanes understand names, but yes in that what there is expresses something of our acausal essence. No – because it is an actual presencing of an aspect of the acausal, as a particular esoteric chant, correctly performed, is, as

for example I tried to outline, in respect of esoteric chant and the 'names' of acausal entities, in the *Esoteric Chant as Language* section of my essay *Some Notes Concerning Language, Chants, and Acausal Entities*.

Yes there is an esoteric name – because like The Star Game, it is a new type of language devoid of the subject-object division implicit in current language. An illustration might be a mathematical equation, which represents some physical phenomena. Thus, if someone asked what 'gravity' was, the reply might be:

$$F = G \frac{m_1 m_2}{r^2}$$

That is, the equation describes or re-presents what 'gravity' is and the explanation does not involve words, but symbols.

Similarly, if someone enquired who and what we are, the reply might be in our numinous esoteric language, using the numinous symbols of one of our new *mysteriums* – such as a combination of images, music, and so on.

This takes us far far beyond the causal apprehension that a name such as The Order of Nine Angles imputes, just as before that name our way was re-presented in such things as a living Rounwytha and in The Ceremony of Recalling rather than in a given name or by some single symbol or sigil. The tradition was the Rounwytha, for example.

You have mentioned the mysterium several times recently. What exactly do you mean?

To be precise, we should perhaps write sinister-mysterium, of which there are various types. Some already exist, some are in development, and more will be manufactured in the future.

All manifest the acausal, in their different ways. One type of mysterium is a new esoteric form, a performance, which supersedes Occult ritual, both ceremonial and hermetic, and which employs, among other things, moving images and a new type of music.

The Esoteric Star Game – when used with a specific aim over a period of causal Time, as for example in star mapping as outlined in *The Grimoire of Baphomet* – is another type of mysterium appropriate to our New Aeon.

Basically, our mysteriums take us beyond both Old Aeon sorcery and Old Aeon language, and two aspects which they all share are: (1) that they all involve the presence of and an interaction with a living human being or beings (and

are thus an alchemical symbiosis), and (2) that they are not overtly Occult or overtly associated with some existing or past *-ism* or *-ology* because such associations imply a certain duality and a bland causality, which means they cannot be described by any single old-style term or word, such as Satanism, or even the LHP. For they are what they are – a living wordless presencing, and are to be experienced, be part of our living, rather than blandly described in limited causal Old Aeon words.

Anton Long
ONA
122 Year of Feyen

Mysterium – Beyond The ONA

Given that the emphasis of the ONA is on practical deeds, people curious about or interested on the ONA often ask about what the ONA has actually done – what ONA people actually do – to change the world in a noticeable way.

As often, it is a question of perspective, of criteria used to judge. Of esoteric and exoteric.

Exoterically, perhaps the majority of our people are hidden and do not have an overt association with us, with Satanism, with the sinister or even with the Left Hand Path. Thus their practical deeds are adjudged their personal practical deeds or possibly associated with some outer causal form they themselves may be associated with, be that form political or religious or whatever. In addition, many of us do not have our homes or our place of dwelling littered with mundane Occult paraphernalia, and so there is nothing to connect us to such Occult activities were we ever to be ‘investigated’ by some mundane authority or other. Furthermore, some of our kind adopt professions in keeping with our and their sinister aims and which professions enable them to live in a more exoteric manner.

But this waffle by me aside, esoterically what requires mentioning is Aeonics, our Aeonics perspective. This means that our aims and goals are – viewed causally – quite long-term, measured in causal centuries, and thus it will take centuries for the affective and affecting changes to become manifest on the type of scale most used to judge such matters as causal aims and goals.

The second thing to mention is that our way is to breed a new human type, a new elite – and this begins with each one of us, each one of our kindred, changing themselves and engaging in life in a sinister way, in accord with their wyrd, by applying our methods, techniques, and so on. Thus and for example they can choose to use the technique of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, or apply the way of the Drecc (of tribes and gangs), or the way of the Rounwytha – or any or all of these – according to what interests them, what they find works for them, or whatever.

Thus, one outward sign – if one is interested in such mundane things – of our practical deeds are our people. Their change, their transformation by their association with the ONA and their use of the praxis of the ONA. And it is these people who by this very transformation of themselves – and what many of them will subsequently do in the world of mundanes according to how the sinister mood takes them – that moves us toward our causally-understood aims and goals and which brings-into-being our new aristocracy spread over the world. A practical aristocracy which is sinisterly subversive not because it seeks to implement some abstraction in some causal time-scale or is motivated by some causal idealism (such as overthrowing some nation-State), but because it aids and enhances the lives of those belonging to it in practical and often material ways – for instance, in terms of influence, in terms of providing goods and services, and in materially rewarding loyalty and honour and service to its members and participants.

In effect, it is/will be an international group – bound together by certain rules, such as our Code of Kindred-Honour and viewing mundanes as a resource – formed of kindred local groups in various nation-States, whose members co-operate together, dispense their own justice, obey their own laws, and who aid and help themselves and others of their kind by whatever practical means they can, even if some of these means are viewed by some existing nation-State as ‘illegal’ or ‘criminal’ or whatever. In this sense, we are a new type of organization in the causal, a mysterium, and so might be called The Mysterium, or The Niners (or whatever) rather than The Order of Nine Angles.

In time, our organization may well acquire some covert political and social (or even religious) influence in one or some existing nation-States, by having our members in some influential positions, or by having some power over some of those in such positions. Or some of our tribes might develop in some locality sufficient to bring forth Vindex or someone similar with there thus being an overt challenge to existing mundane authority in that locality. And so on.

But what is not important are the details, the means, the tactics, the minutiae – that is, restricting, causal, forms and causally-limited abstract aims are not important. What works, works. What does not work will be abandoned. What is

important is that the ONA – beyond its outer current causal name – is a particular sinister presencing, some-thing that now lives (is presenced) in the causal and thus is acausal sorcery manifest as a living kollektive and an ethos, so that it can and will assume and use and become whatever causal forms are necessary wherever on this planet such forms are or become necessary. Or expressed in another more familiar way – we are now a shapeshifting manifestation of acausal energy presenced in the causal. A collocations of nexions – individual, tribal – who ‘know’ their own kind and who are now actively seeking to assimilate others into our kollektive, not for or because of any altruistic or idealistic reason, but because such assimilation of others is now a function of our necessary causal being, in this Aeon.

By assimilate, do you mean assimilate mundanes?

One of our axioms is that we classify humans as either our kind or as mundanes. Our kind currently, and for some previous Aeons, amount to perhaps five per cent – the creative or the defiant minority who latently or by means of their pathei-mathos have a certain natural intelligence, a certain instinct, a certain type of personality, certain personal qualities.

Another of our axioms is that in general (with many exceptions) mundanes are made, not born, and that therefore some human beings (certainly not all) have the potential to cease to be mundanes. Most of these lucky ones course will never realize this potential, for a variety of reasons. A corollary of this axiom is that the children of mundanes have not as yet reached the age when mundanity becomes or could become fixed – their natural pattern of behaviour. Thus the reason why children in practical terms are exempt from being considered fair game, a resource, and why we consider certain activities by adults involving children – and certain proclivities, in adults, in respect of children – to be dishonourable and not something our own kind would do. For such things are one mark of mundanity – of those not able to or capable of controlling or changing themselves.

This axiom of potential within others is one reason why, in respect of culling for instance, we always give mundanes a sporting chance – to see if they can react in a non-mundane manner and so provide evidence of their potential to change.

Thus, yes I do mean assimilate – and change, evolve – some of those humans who are currently mundanes, which brings us rather neatly to our use of general tests to those who seek to associate with or join us.

I assume you mean here what some have, somewhat colorfully, called being mindfucked by the ONA?

Yes. In contrast, those who are naturally of our kind – and those who when challenged reveal they have the potential to develop to become of our kind – will be able to work their way through our Labyrinthos Mythologicus to the essence, the centre (and then be able to find their way out). As we have mentioned before, we have certain standards. If people do not meet these standards, they are not good enough, and we have no interest in guiding them. It is for others to find us, and prove themselves, not the other way around.

For instance, those who meet our esoteric and intelligence standards will find, discover, the clues we have left in many of our written works; as they will be able to see our fables, our causal forms, for fables and forms. They will see and perhaps laugh at some of the japes we have played on some people. In brief, they will be able to distinguish the esoteric from the exoteric, and mythos from practical exeatic living.

Let me give one simple – one very basic – example. Not that long ago we published an item which simplified Satanism to its practical, causal, core. There was thus a personal pledge by the aspiring Satanist, a code, and three fundamental principles. Very little in the way of traditional ceremonies or rituals or even words, since the core was the live in a particular way, *sans* the laws of the mundanes, where there is no law, no authority, no justice except that of the individual.

This item works on a variety of levels, some of which I will enumerate here. Thus, for some of those who might have the potential to be one of our kind, it is one possible beginning – to entice, to provide experience, to live exeatically, and so possibility at some time this might move some of these people toward a desire for more.

For some of those who are already of our kind (but may not yet know it) it is a sign, to what lies beyond such an outer form. An intimation of just why we produce and use such a form.

It is also a practical defiance of those who aid and support the mechanisms which keep mundanes in thrall – for those, for example, who support and aid existing nation-States and the mechanisms of control of those States (be such mechanism psychic, practical, or causal abstractions). For the flunkies of all nation-States do so hate and do find subversive those who believe and who practice the truth there is no law, no authority, no justice except that of the individual. Thus, if that item only influenced ten people in one nation-State in one year to change their way of life and live defiantly, outside mundane law, it would have achieved something in the causal, with no practical effort on our part.

It is also something that undercuts and undermines the pomposity, the

pretentiousness, of already existing so-called 'satanic' groups, with their 'temples and 'grottoes', their rituals, their books, their discussions, their self-awarded titles, and their old Aeon sycophancy.

Thus, people would react to this simple thing according to their nature, their conditioning, their potential. So it was/is fun, and useful, esoterically and exoterically.

But of course there are and have been, over the decades, far more complex, far more devious, challenges, tests, traps and obstacles, made and used by us for those 'out there'. So many that one person even went so far as to sigh that for every ONA principle or piece of advice/guidance he came across there seemed to him to be another one which either confused the issue or was almost its exact opposite. Which of course of itself hints at a certain esoteric truth and the need for certain abilities.

You have recently been described as a weird combination of sinister ruthlessness and empathic sensitivity, which I guess makes you an unusual man. One person even described this combination as something of a dilemma in regard to making an assessment of you.

This is no dilemma, for the two aspects are not mutually exclusive – except to mundanes still in thrall to causal abstractions. One of the aims of our sinister Way is to develop the individual and so evolve the human species. Or rather, presence – to consciously bring-into-being – a new type, a new breed, of human beings.

This conscious breeding of a new species is a product of the acausal sorcery which is The Order of Nine Angles: a product of our mythos, our sinister praxis, our diverse ways of living, our kollektive, and which ways include that of tribes and gangs and of those who individually follow our Seven-Fold Way.

This is why we scorn and laugh at other Occultists, at others who believe they are following and using The Black Arts, and why we have contempt for others, and other groups, who call themselves or who are described as Satanists and/or as followers of the Left Hand Path. For these preening poseurs – these examples of Homo Hubris – lack the experience, the knowing, of the Unity beyond causal and acausal, beyond all causal forms, and thus have no direct practical experience of both Light and Dark external and internal to themselves, and so cannot perceive and know such opposites (and they themselves) as but illusive causal forms, abstractions; as stages toward the necessary alchemical synthesis that brings-into-being our new type of individual and our new ways of living.

These Occult poseurs lack this sensitivity – the natural, esoteric, empathy that

for example a following of our Seven-Fold Way and rites such as that of the extended Grade Ritual of Internal Adept develop in the individual, and which empathy, which sensitivity, is manifest in our Rounwytha tradition. A sensitivity which is just one of the many qualities possessed by those who have indeed undertaken what traditionally is termed The Passing of The Abyss. They – these Occult poseurs – also lack, of course, practical direct experience of the sinister, having never transgressed the laws of the mundanes, never taken themselves in practical ways truly beyond good and evil; never felt that exeat joy when, testing themselves almost to death, they have triumphed and survived.

But in truth, I am nothing unique, just one phenotype: one intimation perhaps of a different human breed; one example of ONA sorcery in the causal and thus presenced, for now, on one planet we call Earth. Just one temporary stage between some-thing in some causal past, and something-else in some causal future – and thus some-thing fallible to be surpassed, in the framework of our causal Time and our dwelling on this planet.

Anton Long
122 Year of Feyen



ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов



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Our Exeatic Way

Exeatic - here one word which captures, expresses, manifests, the ethos, the way, the praxis, the darkness, of the Order of Nine Angles. For we are exeatic joy - a terror of darkness - presenced on this Earth in defiance of all mundanes and in defiance of the tyranny of The System.

To be exeatic is to go beyond and to transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

To be exeatic is to love life with such an intensity - such an orgasm of living - that we do not fear our own death and would rather die fighting, exultant, than submit to anyone. For it is the moments of defiant exultation that presence us, not the drabness of mundane living, day following mundane day.

To be exeatic is to be satanic in the true sense, the true feeling, of that term - to be heretical; to exult beyond the boundaries, the limits, which mundanes have made in order to prevent our kind turning our causal existence into a succession of life-affirming ecstasies.

To be exeatic is to cull the dross - as experience of, as a sign of, as a means to, our higher way of life. To be exeatic is to die at the right time, and not to linger - for we feel and know our fated ending, and hate to overstay our welcome.

To be exeatic is to spread fear, terror, into mundanes in real life - to do deeds that their kind do not understand even though they may try in their puny efforts to redeem such peace and such safety and such security as becomes them.

To be exeatic is to challenge and test ourselves and never be satisfied with

limits, either our own or those of others. To be exeatic is to change, time after causal time - shape-shifting ourselves so that we become a source of perplexion, a challenge, to some and an archetype of what mundanes fear, dread, and desire to outlaw, and yet an archetype who, to their dismay, changes in fluxion with our dark-wyrd which takes us into new realms of experiencing where our exultation and our laughter become as incomprehensible sounds in their mundane ears and as a nightmare which they awake from, sweating, in their dull mundanity that passes for their lives.

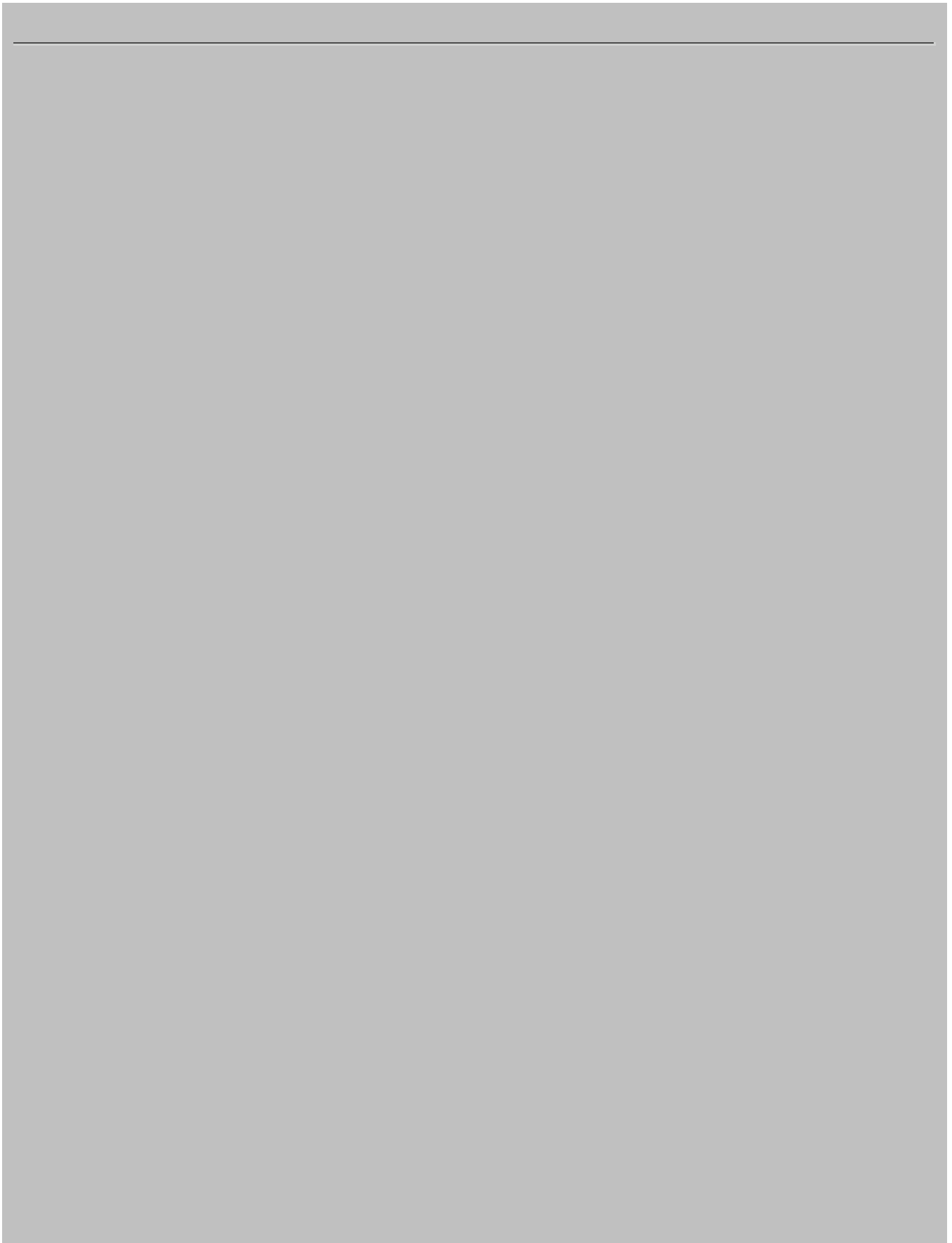
To be exeatic is to hate those whom we need to hate; those who may vex or cross us, and whom we hate with such a natural necessary intensity that our very eyes, our very feral posture, marks us - predator to prey. To be exeatic is to love those whom we need to love, moment to causal moment, with such intensity they are us and we them until our time of leaving comes, when we turn thence to where our new lives issue forth. Life to life, death to death, love to love - for all our new tomorrows.

So it is that we live and we die for ourselves, while some others - seeing us, feeling us, dreaming us - may remember and be inspired: although our own fierce strange style of living we know as but a causal means to one nexion opening to where a new exeatic living awaits, beyond the boundaries that mark and have marked the limits of this our so brief causal life.

For us, one causal life is never ever long enough which is why we become presenced again - future, present or past - to spread, to bring, to presence, the terror, the death, the chaos, the hate, the joy, the love, the exultation, the defiance, the heresy, which we are and always have been, causal world until we satiated bring about the causal end.



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Order of Nine Angles
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Enantiodromia

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion

Introduction - The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context

1 The Abyss

2 The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way

3 Individuality and The Abyss

4 Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

5 The Rite of The Abyss

Introduction

The Seven Fold Way and Traditional Nexions in Context

This work brings together a few brief articles and notes, written by me, concerning a particular part of The Seven Fold Way - the Sinister Abyssal Nexion, and the transition from Internal Adept to Master/LadyMaster.

The following of the Seven Fold Way by individuals - from Neophyte to Internal Adept, and beyond and as described in texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) -- was the traditional method used by the initiatory nexions of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA) in order to move toward one of our esoteric aims, that of producing a new type of human being, a type prefigured in our Masters/LadyMasters and a type collectively known by the term Homo Galacticus.

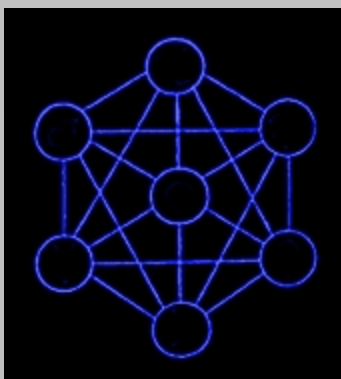
This traditional method has been, until recently, the one chosen by the majority of those individuals recruited into the ONA and by those who, inspired by the ONA, have opted to work on their own in pursuit of both their own esoteric advancement and in pursuit of the aims, objectives, and goals, of the ONA.

However, the ONA is now far more than traditional initiatory nexions following the Seven Fold Way, evolving as it has to become a Kollektive of Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, and others.

Thus the Seven Fold Way - with its Grade Rituals, tasks, challenges, Insight Roles, its sorcery (External, Internal and Aeonic) and its structured Occult ceremonies - is now a personal choice, one practical method among many. A choice suited to those individuals whose personal character, whose psyche, resonates with its mythos, its methods, its Occult mystique, and its slow cultivation of wisdom. In fact, the majority of those now associated with the ONA and/or inspired by it, choose methods other than the Seven Fold Way.

Yet this traditional way remains both valid and important. For it could be said that it forms the Aeonic stable core of the ONA, a central point of unchanging reference: an ancestral tradition in the living expansive Kulture that now encompasses Tribes, Dreccs, Niners, Sinister-Empaths, Balobians, independent nexions, and many others.

In my own case, my life has been considered by some to be a practical manifestation of The Seven Fold Way.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

The Abyss

The Sinister Abyssal Nexion is the esoteric term for what is more commonly (exoterically) known as The Abyss. In the Seven Fold Way of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA), The Abyss is described as separating the fourth and the fifth spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) - that is, separating the Grade of Internal Adept from the Grade of Master/LadyMaster.

Furthermore, the Abyss represents the place(s) where the causal merges into the acausal, and thus where the causal is or can be "transcended", so the individual can, if prepared, enter the realm of acausality and become familiar - *sans* a self - with acausal entities. Thus, The Abyss is a nexion to the acausal; a nexus of temporal, a-temporal, and spatial and a-spatial, dimensions.

Entering The Abyss (aka Passing Through The Abyss) is one of the terms used for the Grade Ritual that marks the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster. This Grade Ritual is an *enantiodromia* - that is, a type of confrontational contest whereby what has been separated becomes bound together again [united] enabling the genesis of a new type of being. [1]

As an old alchemical MS stated: " The secret [of the Abyss] is the simple unity of two common things. This unity is greater than but built upon the double-pelican... Here is the living water, Azoth..."

What has been separated - into apparent opposites - is the sinister and the numinous, and the necessary preparation for Entering The Abyss (as briefly mentioned in *The Methods and Tradition of The Seven Fold Way*, below) involves the Internal Adept, over a period of several years (around three years is the expected and necessary norm), living in an empathic and numinous way and thus learning from such a living.

This living is not, however, an extended Insight Role, but instead a complete and deliberate re-orientation of the consciousness, emotions, psyche, and way of life of the individual, and is often made manifest in a necessary practical manner by the aspirant Master/LadyMaster becoming, for example, an artisan (and thus learning an appropriate craft), or working in a caring profession, or pursuing artistic/musical /cultural pursuits consistent with such empathic and numinous living.

This living is not an Insight Role because Insight Roles are specific and a personal choice. Here, there is no personal choice of type of living (in terms of deciding something opposite to one's personal character) and no specific containing restraining role. There is only a flowing of numinosity through the individual, grounded by some practical means, such as being an artisan.

This numinous living is obviously in stark contrast - and seemingly opposed - to the previously experienced sinister aspects of someone following the Seven Fold Way, and it is for the individual to resolve in their own manner in their own causal Time whatever conflicts - personal, moral, psychic or otherwise - that may arise. A resolution that leads - if the individual decides to continue and after a duration of causal years - to a natural integration, the necessary alchemical synthesis; the individual then having the experience, and the esoteric empathy, to know when such a synthesis of sinister and numinous has occurred.

There then follows a taking of The Oath of The Abyss and thence the Grade Ritual - the Rite of The Abyss - where the annihilation of both sinister and numinous, and of the new amalgam formed from their synthesis, occurs.

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Notes:

[1] According to Myatt in his essay *The Abstraction of Change as Opposites and Dialectic*, enantiodromia is a transliteration of the compound Greek word *ἐναντιοδρομίας* and which word first occurs in *Lives of Eminent Philosophers* by Diogenes Laërtius where Diogenes, apparently paraphrasing Heraclitus, wrote:

πάντα δὲ γίνεσθαι καθ' εἰμαρμένην καὶ διὰ τῆς ἐναντιοδρομίας ἡρμόσθαι τὰ ὄντα (ix. 9)

Myatt translates this as:

" All by genesis is appropriately apportioned [separated into portions] with beings bound together again by enantiodromia."

As noted by Myatt, Carl Jung used the term enantiodromia to describe the emergence of a trait of personal character to offset another trait and which emergence restores a necessary psychological balance within the individual.

Given that the word enantiodromia - as used in the quoted phrase by Diogenes (and thus as possibly used by Heraclitus) - perfectly describes the living alchemical process that occurs before and during the Grade Ritual of The Abyss, we have now appropriated it in preference to older alchemical terms hitherto used.

Notes Concerning Individuality and The Abyss



Exile Song (A Painting by Richard Moulton)

One of the more important aspects of both the preparation for The Abyss and of the emergence of a new Master/LadyMaster following a successful Passing of The Abyss, is the supra-personal perspective attained. That is, notions of personal Destiny give way to an understanding of Wyrð and a knowing of the impermanent illusory nature of the self, with causal individuality placed into a Cosmic perspective by an experience of the acausal *sans* abstractions, words, language.

There is thus the beginnings of genuine wisdom, manifest on one level in an Aeonic understanding and thus of why the next Aeon is one where human beings return, in an evolved way, to their natural tribal (that is, connected and cultured) nature.

As the Rite of Internal Adept sheds and goes beyond mundane ego to symbolically produce an 'individuated' self - a self made manifest in the months/years following that Rite and grounded in the pursuit of the personal Destiny so revealed - so the preparations for and the Rite of the Abyss itself annihilates this self, this Destiny, by immersing the individual in the living water, Azoth, from whence the Master/LadyMaster emerges.

In the practical sense, this transformation means that the Master/LadyMaster sheds all pretence about esoteric matters - to themselves and others - while melding a being-human (for they are still mortal, fallible, prone to mistakes) with an aeonic-consciousness: a placing of themselves into the Cosmic perspective such that an intimation of their mortal death, an awareness of the Immortality that awaits in the acausal, is an imminent continuing fact of their living. Thus are they joyfully fearless, liberated as they are from both the inertia of mundane-ego and of their previous individuated-self: a true master/mistress of the acausal energies presented as Life on this one planet, their temporary causal home. One exile, waiting, yearning, planning, to leave.

An individual can obtain an intimation of this transformation, this consciousness, by them undertaking, for three days only, the Camlad Rite of The Abyss [see below, *The Rite of The Abyss*] - a three-day working that all candidates for Master/LadyMaster should undertake as part of their necessary preparation, some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

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Introduction - The Methods

The Seven Fold Way of the traditional nexions of the ONA is a difficult and life-long personal commitment, and involves three basic methods: (1) practical experience, both esoteric and exoteric; (2) a learning from that experience; and (3) a progression toward a certain specific personal goal.

1. This means the individual acquires practical experience of both of the Occult/TheDarkArts [External, Internal and Aeonic sorcery] and of doing sinister (amoral and exeatic) deeds in the real world.
2. This means that the individual learns from their errors, their mistakes, and their success - a learning requiring self-honesty, interior reflexion, and a rational awareness of themselves into relation to their life-long quest: that is, in relation to the goal.
3. This means that (1) and (2) occur again and again until the long-term goal is reached - a process traditionally represented by the seven stages of the Tree of Wyrd, involving the progress from Neophyte to Magus/Mousa. The actual aim is to progress toward, into, and beyond, The Abyss: which rencounter is: (a) exoterically, the genesis of the new type of human being which it is one of the aims of the ONA to facilitate, as prelude to our New Aeon and as a manifestation, a presencing, of that new Aeon; and (b) esoterically, the genesis of individual wisdom and a prelude to a possible transition toward the next and final stage, that of Immortal in the realms of the acausal.

These methods are personal, direct, individual. They require that the individual take responsibility for themselves; is not bound by any restrictions or any morality, and learns not from books or texts or from someone else but rather by practical experience extending over a period of several decades.

The Tradition

Each of these stages is associated with specific tasks, which are reasonably well-documented up to Internal Adept - for example, in freely available ONA texts such as *The Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way* (v 2.01, dated 121 yf) . These texts enable anyone to learn and experience for themselves, at their own pace.

As has been mentioned elsewhere, to reach the stage on Internal Adept takes at least five years of effort and experience, with that stage lasting from five to eleven, or more, years. Thus, it takes a minimum of ten years before an individual of our tradition is ready to begin the necessary preparations to attempt The Abyss, during which years they must have spent six months in the wilderness (to develop the faculty of Dark Empathy); gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group); mastered the advanced form of The Star Game

(and so developed the basics of Acausal Thinking); have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending; undertaken several challenging Insight Roles each lasting a year or more; organized and run an esoteric group (a nexion) thus gaining practical experience in External, Internal, and Aeonic Sorcery; and so on.

The necessary preparations for an Internal Adept to attempt The Abyss take at least another five years (more usually ten years), making it at least fifteen years (more usually twenty) before an individual of our tradition is proficient, experienced, learned, mature, skilled, cultured, enough to attempt The Abyss.

These necessary preparations involve the Internal Adept in, over a period of some years, experiencing, and learning from, the numinous - as opposed to the previously experienced sinister - aspects of themselves and of Life; then developing this numinous and empathic aspect of themselves, then fully integrating this aspect with its opposite, to finally dissolve (then go beyond) both. Furthermore, this process is not a series of given, specific, Insight Roles, but instead a re-orientation of consciousness, emotions, and psyche, followed by the years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed - when the causal Time be right - by the deliberate, conscious, unification of this with its opposite, followed by a years-long living of the life of the new individual that results, followed by the annihilation of both; an annihilation which is the essence of The Abyss.

Obviously, such preparations are both difficult and dangerous, for the individual, and most individuals will fail, usually for one of the following reasons: (1) because the numinous aspect draws them permanently away from their esoteric quest; (2) because they cannot fully embrace the numinous since they cannot overcome the causal illusion of the self, and thus cannot overcome their egotism, their arrogance, their pride, their sense of personal Destiny, their addiction to the sinister; (3) because they cannot integrate these apparently conflicting opposites of numinous and sinister; (4) because even if they succeed in the necessary alchemical melding of seeming opposites (Sol/Luna; Lightning/Sun; Light/Dark), they fail to annihilate (transmute/transform) the amalgam that results and so fail to give birth to a new specimen of Homo Galacticus.

The Tradition of Esoteric Learning

For millennia, according to aural tradition, esoteric knowledge - the methods, the means, required for an individual to acquire wisdom - The Philosophers Stone (aka the stage of Immortal) - has been learnt from a few reclusive Adepts, with this knowledge being concerned with three traditional things: (1) the slow process of an internal, alchemical, decades-long change in the individual as a result of direct esoteric and exoteric personal experience and the learning from that experience - the numinous authority of *pathei-mathos*; (2) a certain and limited personal guidance - from one of those more experienced in such matters - on a direct individual basis (person to person), if such advice be sought; and (3) the cultivation of the virtue of *ἀρετή*, manifest as this is in a noble, cultured, a learned, personal character.

These three things are, for instance, manifest in the Inner ONA, which basically is akin to an extended family, consisting as it does of individuals, known to each other personally, from traditional nexions, of the Grade of Internal Adept and above, who possess the faculty of esoteric empathy and certain other personal qualities; who offer guidance on a personal basis to one or more individuals following The Seven Fold Way, and who have the knowledge to prepare individuals for the ordeals of The Abyss.

Thus, there was for millennia and still is in traditional nexions, an understanding that knowledge was mostly to be acquired aurally, from someone of experience and learning; although some knowledge could be acquired by means of patient, scholarly, and personal research. There was also an understanding that genuine wisdom takes a certain duration - decades - of causal Time to be attained, and cannot be hurried and often requires a reclusive personal existence. There was also an understanding of the need to develop a noble, cultured, and learned, personal character.

Thus was there also the placing of the Adept in supra-personal context - in the perspective of Aeons, and of the Cosmos itself.

These qualities, this appreciation and understanding of esoteric wisdom, are what have now been overlooked, forgotten, or scorned, by those who, lacking *ἀρετή*, have come to rely upon the modern rapid means of communication that have been developed.

Charlatans and the Internet

This new fangled Internet thingy is but a useful means of presenting our esoteric information and a useful means of inciting, encouraging, others to use and apply both our traditional and our new esoteric methods, on the off-chance some or a few of them may eventually succeed, thus increasing the number of Adepts in the world; thus giving rise (perhaps) to a few more specimens of Homo Galacticus, and thus (perhaps) by some others becoming Dreccs or Niners or forming themselves into clans, hastening thus the downfall of the Old Aeon and its System and thence aiding the emergence of those new ways of living appropriate to our New Aeon.

But the Internet also encourages fakes, charlatans, imposters. For instance, both the nature of the Internet and the kollektive, individual, non-hierarchical nature of the ONA have made it possible, and easy, for someone (usually anonymously) to make claims for themselves, and boast about deeds allegedly done and what tasks they have undertaken. Sometimes these claims extend to belonging to - or to having organized - some group or nexion of x number of ONA-inclined people for y number of years, and thus of having x number of ONA associates.

For instance, someone may claim to have spent three (or even six) months in the wilderness, and/or claimed to have gained proficiency in Esoteric Chant (and thus been a cantor in an esoteric musical group), and/or claimed to have mastered the

advanced form of The Star Game, and/or to have undertaken The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending, and/or claimed to have undertaken a challenging Insight Role lasting a year, and so on. All of which activities are a necessary part of the training and experience of someone genuinely following The Seven Fold Way.

Furthermore, someone may create a 'back-story' - a cover - for themselves and set up some ONA-supporting website or blog, and then spend some time 'praising' us and our Way, only to later (as is often the way with infiltrators) try to cause schism and/or doubt within those who have been duped by them.

But, as has been indicated many times, all such shenanigans while expected are Aeonically irrelevant and are thus ignored. Such fakes, charlatans, imposters, and infiltrators are also themselves irrelevant, despite what they may believe.

Why irrelevant? For three reasons: (1) because they - and all such shenanigans - by using or being conveyed by the medium of the Internet (or even by printed books) cannot in any way affect the living ONA (including the Inner ONA) which exists and which thrives in the real world: in the pursuit of The Seven Fold Way by individuals and the guidance of those individuals by living Adepts; (2) because those duped by such people, by such things, are failures, lacking the potential - the inner Baeldraca - that mark the neophytes of our kind; (3) because our real and important work is Aeonic - of centuries and more - and thus surpasses the life-time of everyone living now, and everyone of the next generation and the next.

Whatever happens - whatever people do or write by means of the Internet or say in conferences or have printed in books - our esoteric work continues, slowly, secretly, Aeonically, in the traditional way, with person recruiting, guiding, person, decade following decade, and totally independent of such modern rapid means of communication as have been developed, from printed books to the Internet.

All such modern means of communication may do is slightly hasten both the downfall of The System and the emergence of the New Aeon. But one or three decades sooner - out of the hundred or two hundred (or more) years required - is really nothing for us to get excited about.

Our real wisdom, the essence of our esotericism, lies in our knowledge of ourselves as but one nexion, suspended between causal and acausal Time - one means to presence one more Aeon, one possibility to move toward a new acausal life.

Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Some Notes On The Transition Between Internal Adept and The Abyss

The transition between Internal Adept and the next stage – that of Master/Lady-Master (Mistress of Earth) – is both long and arduous, requiring as it does – among other things – (1) a personal and practical experiencing, and integration, of both Sinister and non-Sinister aspects of living, and of the Adept's own personality; (2) practical experience of Aeonic Magick and of all forms of The Star Game; (3) contributing, through fulfilling their personal Destiny, something unique, and redolent of the Sinister, to human knowledge, achievement, understanding and/or to that presencing “which is beyond human words” and which is often manifest in works of genuine artistic, and/or magickal, genius and originality. In summation, they will have presenced the Sinister both within, and external, to themselves, and externally to a sufficiency that casual effects are noticeable, as they will have both understood and to a certain extent have experienced, the acausal reality which lies behind the nexion of our causal lives, and behind the causality of appearance and forms.

Then, after such preparation, they will become, gradually, suffused with an increasing yearning for that-which-is, and for Those-Who-Are, acausal, and it is this yearning, at first somewhat intangible but always powerful (in terms of their psyche and their own lives), which propels and guides them toward The Abyss, and which provides them with the desire to take that dangerous, and secret, Oath of The Abyss.

Furthermore, this yearning which becomes transmuted to, at first, a human-type desire and love [for example, for one's sinister partner], and then to some-thing founded on such human emotions but which is an evolution and a sinister transformation of such things (and all the more powerful for being so), and it is such a living-with this new evolutionary “feeling”, this dark Sinister almost supra-personal desire redolent of and which manifests something of the acausal essence, that is one of the reasons whereby a new Master or Lady Master is bound to the very acausal darkness itself, both in their remaining causal years, and in the life in the acausal which can be attained after that.

For the Oath of The Abyss has practical, causal consequences which are both magickal, and personal, and it is these personal practical consequences – and the dark dangerous nature of the magickal consequences – that distinguish this genuine Sinister Oath from the so-called other “oaths of the abyss” that some charlatans and some imposters and some frauds have had the temerity to write about and make pronouncements about, and to lyingly declare that they have “gone beyond the Abyss” itself.

The genuine Oath of The Abyss is a solemn declaration, made in front of several witnesses of our sinister-folk, by which the Adept pledges themselves, for the rest of their causal life, to – among other things – Presence The Dark, to continue with and evolve The Dark Tradition, and to aid human and non-human evolution, with the important and necessary proviso that if at any time they renounce their Sinister aims and goals, and The Dark Tradition itself, then their own life will be forfeit, with them

then becoming an offer who can and who will be sacrificed. In established Nexions (Sinister Temples of a sinister group) the current Grand Master, or Lady Grand Master, appoints several Guardians, unknown to the Candidate, who themselves are pledged to undertake – without warning if required – this honourable duty of sacrifice should such a duty be deemed or found to be necessary.

In addition, The Ceremony of The Oath of The Abyss invokes and presences within and near-to the Candidate certain acausal entities, which – and who – are forever with, or near-to, the Candidate for those remaining causal years, however long or brief, that will mark the rest of the causal life of the Candidate, and the Candidate can never escape, in this causal realm, from these entities.

Thus, it can be seen that the Oath of The Abyss is not something that is to be entered into lightly, even though the rewards of a successful crossing of The Abyss, are great indeed, and include the real possibility of that particular human entity creating for themselves, or being rewarded with, an acausal existence beyond this mortal causal realm.

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The Rite of The Abyss

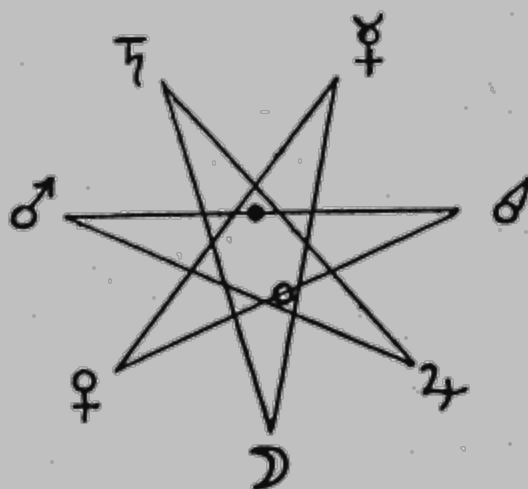
The Rite of The Abyss exists in two forms, one dating from the formation of the ONA some forty years ago, and the other, more traditional one, dating from the pre-ONA Camlad Rounwytha association. Since the simple, modern, ONA Rite has already been described, several decades ago, in another published MS [Naos], the older, more dangerous and more effective Camlad Rite will be given here. [1]

The traditional Rite is quite simple and begins at the first full moon following the beginning of a propitious alchemical season - in the Isles of Britain this was traditionally the first rising of Arcturus in the Autumn. The Rite, if successful, concludes on the night of the following full moon.

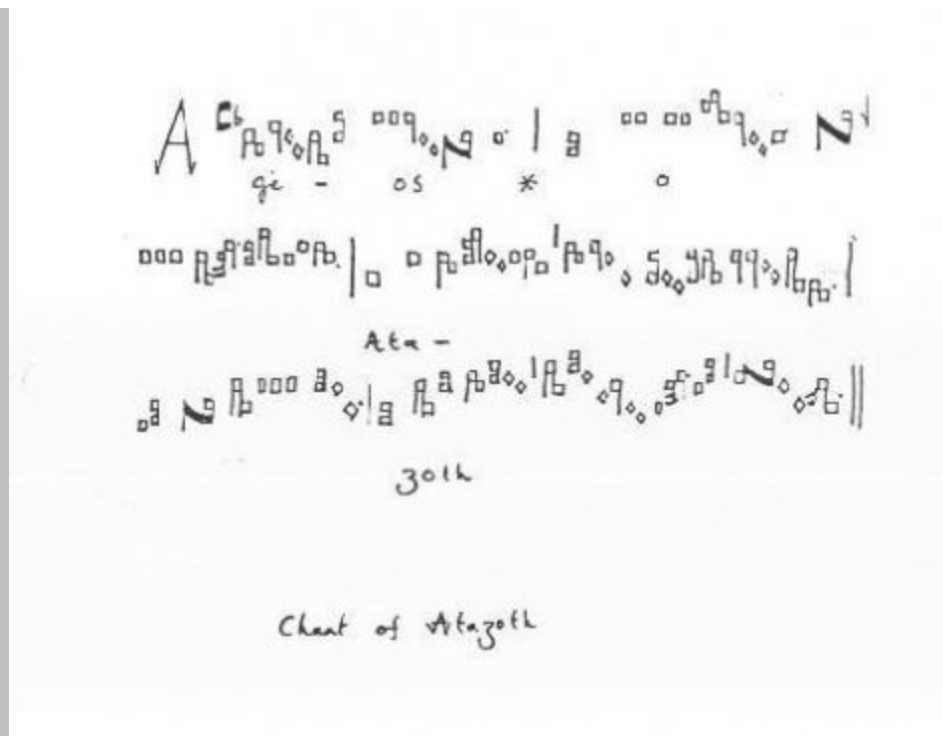
As with the Chthonic Form of the Nine Angles Rite, the Rite of The Abyss occurs in an isolated underground cavern where or near to where water flows, where the candidate dwells alone for the whole lunar month, taking with them all that is required for the duration of the Rite. Ideally, the water should be suitable for drinking. The only light is from candles (housed in a lantern) and the only food is bread and cheese. If the water in or flowing through or near to the cavern in not

suitable for drinking, then supplies of water sufficient to last must also be brought. [Note: as with the Rite of Internal Adept, no means of communication with the outside world should be brought; no timepiece, mechanical or otherwise, is allowed; and no modern means of reproducing music or other forms of entertainment.] The candidate should arrange for one trusted member of their nexion - of the Grade of Internal Adept or above - to enter the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals. [2]

The cavern should ideally possess one area level and sufficient enough for the candidate to paint or mark upon it the septagonal sigil below.



The Rite simply involves the candidate once every day (or night) walking the above pattern - starting at the point between Mars and Sun and ending at the point between Venus and Sun - while chanting the word ka-Os [Chaos] according to the notation below for *at-Azoth* (an increasing of Azoth). Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation. The candidate will also know how spoken and written words such as *at-Azoth* and *ka-Os* have a certain (acausal) significance ('meaning') and thus similarity when chanted in such a manner.



The rest of time the candidate should occupy themselves as their empathic awareness intimates. [3] As mentioned, the Rite ends when their trusted comrade enters the cavern at the next full moon to return them to the world of living mortals.

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Notes:

[1] The Rite as given in *Naos* requires a quartz tetrahedron. While three inch crystals - as mentioned in *Naos* - *may* work, to ensure success (in this Rite as in others using a quartz tetrahedron), the crystal has to be a perfect tetrahedron (no bevelled edges) and free from blemish, external and internal - with a height of six inches or more. Such crystals are rare, and costly, and often have to be custom made by someone skilled in cutting gemstones.

In addition, although it is not stated in *Naos*, the chanting of the word 'Chaos' [ka-Os] in the ONA Rite of Entering The Abyss is according to the notation of the Atazoth chant above. Given the skill the aspirant candidate will have acquired in Esoteric Chant, they will know how to do this according to that notation.

[2] There are aural accounts - to be believed or not - of candidates being found insane, or dead, or missing.

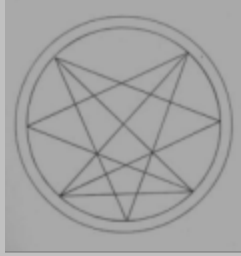
[3] It should be noted that a version of this Rite - lasting but three days - should be undertaken by the candidate as preparation some six months to a year before they intend to proceed into The Abyss.

ONA/O9A

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos



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The Adversarial ONA

The Heretics Guide To O9A 3.0

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Bringing The Tyrannye Down

Tyranne, tyrannye – Middle English; later spelling > tyranny. Latin *tyrannia* via Latin *tyrannus* from the Greek *τύραννος*

One of the fundamental principles on which ONA participants – be they Niners, Dreccs, Satanists, of Traditional Nexions, or whatever – all agree upon is that all societies currently existing in Western lands are tyrannical in two important ways. First, because of the slavery that results from the causal abstractions that form the basis and the ethos of such societies; and second, because of the self-imposed authority of centralized governments, often enforced as this authority is by the use of State institutions such as the police, the armed forces, the security services, and so-called ‘courts of law’.

A tyranny in evidence, for instance, when ‘the Establishment’ – the hubriati –

feel threatened and/ or when the castellans/guardians/satraps of The State find the ideas/ideals/abstractions/beliefs they cherish are under threat. For then – as in recent riots in England (2011 ce) and as in the clearance of the recent ‘occupy’ protests and as earlier in the *Hafenstraße* – The State will react with violence, use whatever force they deem necessary, and often deal with dissidents in a harsh, punitive, impersonal manner, as occurred following the London riots.

A tyranny also in evidence in the duplicity, hypocrisy, and arrogance of governments who proclaim adherence to democracy but who ignore public opposition to their policies when it suits them, or when their abstractions and their agenda demand it – as, for example, when the British and American and other Western governments of the day ignored massive public opposition to the invasion and occupation of Iraq; or when, for example, the privileged ruling elite try to limit wage rises and restrict social benefits to ordinary people but continue to allow company directors, bankers, and other hubriati, to award themselves bonuses and profit from their schemes, their usury, their capitalistic machinations. As the old adage goes:

He that hath much, doeth tyranny to hym that hath but littell. [1]

So, how can we bring the tyrannye down and thus create the conditions and the foundations for our New Aeon, a New Aeon evident, for example, in a plenitude of individuals living by our code of kindred-honour and where individual pathemathos is the normative mean having replaced dependence on, submission to, and belief in, causal abstractions?

First, we need to understand that this process will take a certain – and long – duration of causal Time, and which duration will most certainly be longer than that of everyone living now, and most probably of a duration which encompasses the life of the next generation and the one after that. This understanding is wyrdful, an esoteric, an initiated, knowing of Reality, and thus of ourselves as a nexion and of the true nature of abstractions, of mundanes, of the hubriati, of The System. A knowing that makes us think in a different way and speak a different language than mundanes – the thinking, the language, of Aeons, of wyrd, of acausal presencing, and of sinister-numinous emanations.

Hence, we do not naively, idealistically, dream about ‘smashing The System’ by our own efforts in our own brief span of mortal life; nor do we speak and write about some ‘revolution’ which it is believed can or may be brought about, again in our own brief span of mortal life, by some tactic or tactics, such as armed struggle or civil disobedience.

Revolutions, tyrants, hubriati, wars, conflicts, abstractions, governments, rulers, empires, towns, cities, come and go; even what we now term nations are

in flux, liable to be assimilated, made of no account. What remains, what always remains, are humans, and mostly – en masse – unchanged in nature. Humans who will jostle and kill for power, wealth, influence; who will be in thrall to beliefs, abstractions – new or old; who will continue to manufacture abstraction after abstraction; who will continue to be slaves to their own desires and delusions about themselves. Who will speak and write about ‘revolution’ or about some abstraction such as ‘human rights’ or ‘democracy’. And so on, mundanity after mundanity, causal abstraction following causal abstraction.

For, esoterically, we are not about changing ‘the system’ in some minor way, or simply replacing one abstraction with another. We are not about taking and then exercising power and authority. We are about changing what ‘authority’ means and implies and introducing new ways of life based on this. Which means changing, developing, evolving human beings, by means both esoteric and exoteric. Changing ourselves in certain specific ways and which specific ways lead to us developing a particular, an Aeonic, a cosmic, perspective and thence, from our *pathei-mathos*, a certain understanding.

This is the species of understanding that leads me to write that, in my view, there are three main ways *to bring the tyrannye down* and thus create the conditions and the foundations for our New Aeon, and all of which ways are quite uncomplicated:

(1) By more and more individuals adopting or being influenced or inspired by the *ethos*, *mythos*, and *praxis* of the ONA (both what it is now and will evolve to be), and thus becoming in personal character and often in life-style less and less dependant on the nation-State, on The System, on abstractions.

(2) By the practical actions – exoteric and esoteric – of those of our kind and influenced by us.

(3) By the continuing infiltration of our kind into certain influencing roles and within certain Institutions.

(1) includes, for example, the establishment (on the basis of kindred-honour) of clans and tribes, as well as individuals and families co-operating locally in a non-hierarchical manner and on the basis of mutual respect and tolerance.

(2) includes ‘direct action’ and political/social/religious involvement of individuals, for instance as part of their desire to live exotically (and so gain practical experience), or as some Insight Role, or as individual/group adversarial *praxis*, or to generally aid kindred spirits (such as those who describe themselves as anarchists) and who thus also know The System for the tyranny it is.

This is therefore the way, the manner, that includes the use of whatever causal form or forms that may be considered interesting/useful/productive regardless of how such forms are described by others.

(3) includes individuals, and members of established nexions/groups, clandestinely testing, recruiting, and then guiding a few people, especially in academia, the media, the arts, the police, the military. Thus will our ethos and our praxis – in their living inner essence – slowly propagate, seed, themselves, to flower elsewhere as those now of us, decade following decade, betake themselves away into the world, undermine The System from within, recruit others, and be able if required to use their positions/influence to aid individuals of our kind.

Thus it is our people – their inner change, their affective and effecting lives and deeds – who will produce, over durations of causal Time, the required exterior changes because these people are, or they will become, affective and effective nexions of a specific type; the type that the ONA now represents and will represent.

All that the ONA does and has done and will wyrdfully do – in whatever iteration [2] – is be a certain type of nexion, a connexion to the acausal essence/energies beyond all causal forms and opposites, and also and importantly a connexion between causal past-present-future, thus binding and bringing together a certain type of human, and being the genesis of new human types and thence of such new ways of living as befits them. Or, expressed another way, the Order of Nine Angles is simply one means whereby wisdom can be acquired.

Or, expressed in an even more exoteric way and using current causal terms, we aim to be the hidden force which drives and which produces a certain type of human change – the heretical, subversive, adversarial, sinister, anarchist, one.

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Notes

[1] The quote is from Antonio De Guevara: *The golden boke of Marcus Aurelius emperour and eloquente oratour*. [Libro aureo de Marco Aurelio] translated by John Bourchier, and published in 1546 ce.

[2] The first iteration/phase – aka ONA 1.0 – may be considered to be most manifest in the overt and practical traditional Satanism of the early ONA (c.1972-1985 ce) with its ceremonial groups all of whom were in the UK and known to AL. The second iteration (c.1986-2009 ce) – aka ONA 2.0 – was most

manifest in the Seven-Fold Way and the praxis of individuals, world-wide, establishing their own ceremonial ONA-type groups/nexions. The third iteration - aka ONA 3.0 - is the current ONA, 2010 ce and > .



Beyond The Rhetoric - The Famylye, The Kollektive

Beyond all our written words, all our rhetoric - on whatever subject and whether pertaining to the esoteric or the exoteric - our distinct ONA/Niner kulture is evident in two connected things: our famylye, and our kollektive.

By famylye/family, in this context, is meant either: (1) a group/groups - a society/nexions - who are connected by virtue of sharing the same ethos, the same living culture, the same aims and goals; or (2) those whom we personally know and with whom we dwell and share our everyday life with and to whom we are related by ties of blood and/or a personal pledge of loyalty. To (1) belongs our kollektive; to (2) belong our partners, our children, relatives - and also our clans, tribes, gangs.

Thus it is our famylye (our family and families, personally known to us) and our kollektive - our people, sharing our ethos and our kulture - who can and will and over a certain duration of causal Time achieve our Aeonic aims and goals, among which aims and goals are breeding a new, more developed, type of human being, and bringing the current tyrannye down.

In practical terms, this means that we pass on to others - especially to our children, to kindred others, to new members of our kollektive - our kulture, our traditions, our ethos, and thus transform the system from within and from without: by the Aeonic, the sinisterly-numinous, process of famylye and Kollektive. That is, and to be prosaic, living kulture - The Famylye, The Kollektive - trumps causal tactics, and rhetoric, every time.

Or, expressed esoterically, The Famylye, The Kollektive, are our Aeonic - our wyrdful - sorcery.

Our Kulture

Our ONA/O9A/Niner kulture may be said to be evident in the combination of all of the following:

- (1) In the authority (both numinous and sinister) of individual judgement and individual responsibility.
- (2) In the necessity of practical deeds, sinister-numinous – and thence the necessity of pathei-mathos – to breed such experience and learning as are the genesis of such necessary individual judgement.
- (3) In the kollektive, non-hierarchical, nature of our organization and thus in the principle of mutual, agreed, co-operation, and one of which types of such co-operation is evident in our clans and tribes.
- (4) In the understanding of the illusive/restrictive/tyrannical nature of all causal abstractions and thus the necessity of liberating ourselves from all abstractions, and liberating ourselves from those forms – such as nation-States – which have been manufactured and which are maintained by the hubriati and their kind, and by mundanes, in order to try and manifest (to try and make real) some such abstractions.
- (5) In the practice – the amoral praxis – of using what works, is affective and effective, and discarding/revising what has been tried and shown not work.
- (6) In the knowledge of the mundanity of mundanes and the knowing that we, as individuals and collectively, possess wyrdful potential and certain esoteric abilities, with one such one esoteric ability being dark-empathy.
- (7) In the desire to develop/transform/change one's self and so evolve ourselves as members of the human species.
- (8) In the necessary of accepting and living by the code of kindred-honour, and which code is individual judgement, individual responsibility, and liberation from causal abstractions, made manifest and practical.
- (9) In the understanding that our code of kindred-honour applies equally to all of our kind, irrespective of their gender, ethnicity, perceived social/educational status, sexual preference (and so on) with the practical result that we judge people solely on the basis of a personal knowing of

them, on their deeds (not words), and on whether or not and how well they uphold and live by our code of kindred honour.

In practical terms, (1) and (8) and (9) mean that we all - young and old, male and female - are willing, prepared, and trained enough, to defend ourselves, our loved ones, and those given our personal pledge of loyalty, and that this practical defence (using if necessary lethal force) overrides whatever laws The System has manufactured and seeks to enforce. It also means that, if we personally as an individual or as a family or as a nexion/clan/gang deem it fitting, we seek our own justice - right whatever wrongs done to us, and take revenge if required - again irrespective of whatever laws The System has manufactured and seeks to enforce, and again even if it means we employ lethal force in pursuit of righting wrongs done to us and in taking revenge.

(4), (5) and (7) mean, for example, that we find - from our available (traditional and new) esoteric and exoteric arts and skills ^[1] - what works for and resonates with us, be such nurturing a family and raising them in our kulture, or learning and employing one or more of our Dark Arts, or living the way of clans or tribes, or using some outer causal form or abstraction ^[2], and so on.

(2) and (3) mean that we have abandoned and liberated ourselves from the restrictions of the Old Aeon, of The System - with its patriarchy, its hierarchies, its reliance on abstractions, and with its demand that individuals be subservient to, or sacrifice themselves for, or have faith in, some-thing someone else has manufactured, and thus accept and/or bow-down to some supra-personal authority, be such supra-personal authority some other human, some collocation ^[3] of humans, some dogma, some law or laws, some institution manufactured and maintained by some other humans, or some deity/supreme-being said to exist or believed by others to exist.

(6) means that we feel, know, and accept that we, our kind - and our progeny - are different, and are or can be archetypes, manifestations, of a new human species.

Our Ethos

Our ethos - that which expresses the essence, the spirit, the nature, the character, of our living kulture, of our living kollektive tradition - is manifest in:

- (1) our code of kindred honour;
- (2) our acceptance that it is the personal judgement, the experience, the free choice, of each individual which is human and important and not

adherence to some standard, some rules, some dogma, some morality, of someone else, with this personal judgement replacing reliance on the judgement of others and reliance on the judgement of some external supra-personal authority;

(3) our acceptance that it is primarily by *pathei-mathos* [by learning from direct practical experience, from tough challenges, and our mistakes] that we acquire the necessary personal judgement, the knowledge, and the experience to truly liberate ourselves from the constraints imposed by others and imposed by some external supra-personal authority or authorities.

Beyond The Rhetoric

There is thus, when Aeonically understood - in the perspective of *Wyrd* ^[4] - nothing mysterious about The Order of Nine Angles nor about how we can achieve our aims and goals.

We are and will be families and a Kollektive who share a common living kulture and thus a similar ethos, so that the ONA simply is these sinister-numinous emanations, these living nexions. Nexions who, by their very being - by their living, their deeds, and by their change, development, and increase - will move us toward and accomplish our aims and goals.

Hence, our people possess - represent - both *Wyrd* and *Destiny*, which is one reason why our kind and our progeny are different, since we or aspire to be unique archetypes, unique sinister-numinous manifestations, of a new human species, having liberated ourselves from the old esoteric archetypes of the Old Aeon and from the exoteric archetypes - the causal abstractions - of The System, and which System is now as it always has been in whatever outer form, just a presencing of such old esoteric and exoteric archetypes with their associated control, internal and external: over our psyche and over our everyday lives.

In practical terms, this means that our New Aeon is one where we have no need for archetypes or authority except our own: those born from our living - thus from our practical experience, our developed esoteric faculties, and our unique *pathei-mathos* - and those we manifest by living by our code of kindred-honour.

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Notes

[1] Our esoteric and exoteric Arts (The Practical Arts of the ONA) include Dark Arts such as The Seven Fold Way - and thus Internal, External, Aeonic Sorcery - as well as the Way of the Rounwytha, the way of clans and tribes, the life of a Niner, the way of Satanism, and such individual skills (such dark arts) as esoteric-empathy.

[2] Causal forms and abstractions are all *-isms* and all *-ologies*, and thus include political/religious/social action and movements.

[3] Collocation, from the Latin *collocāre*. An arrangement of; a particular, distinct, formation of. As, for example, in some hierarchical structure or as in some institution. Also, a certain arrangement of words, or as in the particular use of certain arrangements of words.

[4] As mentioned in some other ONA texts, Wyrð is different from Destiny. Wyrð is Aeonic (the acausal genesis of Aeons), while Destiny is personal, related to the finite mortal life-span of an individual human being. Wyrð is thus numinously archetypal, and can presence or be presented in and by archetypes.

Questions From A Rounwytha Initiate

Would I be right in thinking that in practical terms the Rounwytha principle means the Order of Nine Angles puts great emphasis on women?

Yes indeed. We always seem to have more women than men, at least pre-Internet, and certainly still do in our traditional nexions following the Seven Fold Way. Partly because of a knowing of and respect for the natural abilities of certain women, their character; partly because of the Rounwytha ethos that is central to the ONA, past, present and future, and also because our Way demands a genuine, sharing, empathic, and equal partnership between men and women, and because of our acceptance that Sapphism is natural and, to an extent, esoterically important.

One of the manifest errors – distortions – of the Left Hand Path, and of the Satanic, Magian Occultism so prevalent in the West, in the past, as still now, is its patriarchal nature and the fact that it is dominated by the de-evolutionary doctrine of so-called ‘might is right’ and thus dominated by and infested with male specimens of Homo Hubris who have no sense of honour, no culture, no empathy, no arête, little or no self-honesty, little or no manners, but who instead possess a bloated ego and a very high opinion of themselves.

One might say, with some justification in my view, that this reflects our current societies – that this domination and infestation in the Occult world, within the LHP and Satanism by such specimens, is mirrored by the domination of our societies by such specimens.

The view of women by many if not the majority of these male specimens of Homo Hubris is lamentable, dishonourable, uncultured, prejudiced – and typical of the Magian ethos, and of the Judeo-Nazarene tradition in general. For many of these male specimens, women are there for enjoyment; to satiate one’s lust; to bear children and look after children – and often to look after the man, to care for the man if and when the man allows them. That is, women are viewed by such male creatures as useful, and even occasionally as necessary, in terms for example of certain sexual instincts, appetites. But women are not viewed as complimentary to such a man; certainly not as an essential, a needed, complimentary, as an equal and necessary partner.

Thus, and excuse the generalization, but most of these male specimens of Homo Hubris do not think about women as close personal friends; of wanting a woman as a best friend, or women as their best friends – for they, these ‘real men’, have ‘their mates’ for that, and for most such male specimens the very thought of such a thing as having women as best mates makes them uncomfortable.

That is, for these specimens of Homo Hubris physical prowess and ‘manly competition’ are important, often to the extent that physical prowess, ‘manly competition’ and having mates, and being aggressive, defines them – is a measure of their self-identity, their ‘manliness’. Thus are they basically still primitive, still barbarians; still prone to the dishonourable blood lust and uncontrollable rage of such barbarians and still adhering mostly unconsciously to the doctrine of so-called ‘might is right’.

The truth is that many women are naturally gifted with qualities that many men still lack – qualities necessary in men for balance, both esoteric and exoteric. And qualities certainly required for someone to become an Internal Adept of our tradition and then pass into and beyond The Abyss, and thus qualities required to bring forth an entirely new and more evolved species of human being.

You're talking feminine qualities here? About empathy, right?

Yes, female qualities; natural female abilities. About natural empathy among other qualities. Natural empathy being one of the most important – and meaning having or developing a sensitivity to other people – to their feelings, their thoughts – and having or developing a sensitivity to other life, especially Nature. Natural empathy being the genesis of our esoteric-empathy, and which esoteric-empathy is thus a refinement and development of such natural empathy.

So yes, qualities hitherto most often associated with the female of our species, and not generally, for the most part, hitherto, associated with most men.

What other female qualities, apart from empathy, then?

Intuition, for one. Intuition as not only a foreseeing, an intimation, but also as interior self-reflexion. Charm, for another. Subtly, for another.

You mentioned developing them, these qualities. How?

Firstly by understanding our potential, and part of which understanding is of ourselves, of a man and of a woman, having both a sinister and a numinous character within them, and sinister and numinous abilities. For, in a simplified – very inexact way – and to an extent in an unconscious archetypal way, we might speak of these particular female qualities as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-numinous, and manly blood lust, rage, and competitiveness, as natural expressions or intimations of the ur-sinister. [1]

So development means developing and expressing what is missing or lacking, and also developing what is there or already expressed, and then melding what is so developed and using this meld, this amalgam, as the genesis of a new human being. It is in this new being, this new type of life, that our potential becomes manifest.

Our Dark Arts are an effective way to do this, to develop certain qualities and abilities and then this alchemical, living, amalgam. These Black Arts of ours include Grade Rituals such as Internal Adept and the traditional Rite of the Abyss, as well as Arts such as The Star Game and Esoteric Chant.

What do you mean – Esoteric Chant a Dark Art and means of developing empathy?

Not empathy, *per se*, but as a means of self-development, of self and acausal

discovery, as intimation, and as a presencing of certain acausal energies.

For example, Esoteric Chant aids the necessary, for us, ability of self-reflexion as it can aid and develop an awareness of the numinous, and also – when for instance used in certain esoteric ceremonies [2] – it can provide an awareness of the sinister.

Sorry, but I don't see how singing or chanting can do that.

To learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant takes time and effort. Unless of course you are already musically gifted and a trained singer and experienced in performing choral works!

But for most it takes many months, often a year or so, to become proficient, to train the voice, to gain the necessary experience of singing with others. In effect, it is rather like an extended Grade Ritual but one undertaken with others of a similar interest and a similar ethos, and with some or many of these necessary others being women. At the very least it requires the help of one's partner, one's partner in sorcery, although it is preferable, more effective, to both learn and perform Esoteric Chant with at least three other individuals.

There thus develops, or there should develop, a harmony and a *sympatheia* with others, and thus an appreciation of such Chant as a manifold nexion. As not only one particular type of nexion – an act or acts of sorcery involving necessary others – but also as a nexion within one's self. A practical learning therefore of the connexions that esoteric-empathy makes us aware of and also a self-reflexion, a self-discovery and a self-learning.

Simply expressed, in order to learn and become proficient in Esoteric Chant – in order to experience just what this Art is and does – you require the aid, the help, the assistance, of others. You have to interact with, and perform with, them in certain ways. If you don't do this, the Chant won't work.

Again, simply expressed, working, learning, living, in this way in pursuit of such an esoteric goal for a year or more moves a man far away from the brutish way of 'might is right' – especially as the very Chant itself is quite affective; that is, numinous, quite cultured. Intimations of a more cultured, a more refined, realm of human existence.

But didn't you say it was also sinister?

Yes indeed, Esoteric Chant can be sinister when used as part of a specific ceremonial Rite. But the performance of such a ceremonial Rite of necessity means belonging to an organized traditional nexion following the initiatory Seven Fold Way, and so such an experience is not that common today among

those who use our methods or are inspired by our ethos [...]

I guess, in general, we're not talking here about men becoming kind of effeminate and women becoming masculine!

Au contraire. We're talking about what lies beyond and before such abstracted illusive opposites. About our potential, and about our real human nature, hidden and distorted for so long by religions; by urbanized ways of life; by the domination of barbarians; then by notions about imperialism and conquest and personal destiny. Then by *-isms* and *-ologies*. Now by The State. And so on.

In effect, we're talking about nurturing, developing, entirely new types of human beings, far removed from Western stereotypes. Types of human beings for whom the societies of modern nation-States are not a natural or even comfortable home but which may provide them with opportunities, resources, and so on. Especially since honour and the developed senses and skills that esoteric-empathy and acausal-thinking provide manifest their different, unique, way of life, and thus how they interact with and react to other human beings.

Can you be more specific, give examples of such new type of woman?

Only in a generalized way. One good illustration would be women of our kind, living by honour – those who were ready, willing, and able to defend themselves and rely on themselves and thus who possessed attitude, and skill enough, and/or carried weapons enabling them to, defeat a strong man or men intent on attacking or subduing them.

One example known to be personally – a friend of someone involved with us – is a female police officer of many years experience based in an American city. She is tough, 'street-wise', has used her firearm a few times in the line of duty, is skilled and experienced enough in self-defence and physical restraint techniques to be able to take down a man much bigger than her, and yet she has empathy, can be exceedingly charming, is well-read, and very feminine, a femininity quite noticeable when she is off-duty and enjoying herself with friends and which femininity would make the causal observer unaware of her inner character, her skills, her toughness, and her experience.

Another example may be of interest. A certain person I know very well once learnt, in his youth, a certain Martial Art, and on one of his subsequent travels as a still young man he made the acquaintance of and for a short while trained with a certain lady of Asian origin. This young lady, though slim of stature and rather slight of frame, could easily defeat him and also several muscular men. And yet she was also full of grace; elegant, cultured, well-mannered. Not a woman trying to be masculine in a macho Homo Hubris type of way, just someone who had – according to a tradition, a living culture, she was part of –

developed her potential and certain skills while retaining and enhancing what made her feminine. In short, she had acquired a natural balance within herself and was quite different from, inwardly and in skills, from the majority of other women around her although to the casual observer she did not outwardly appear that different.

The type of woman who could put a specimen of Western Homo Hubris in his place!

Most certainly! The type our societies need. A new female archetype if you will, different from the harshly competitive, materialistic, career-type women, and the ladette type, and the man-dependant, man-needing, lover/wife/mother type, that Magian 'political correctness' and capitalism seek to encourage, and also different from the men-imitating rather strident type that an increasingly trendy, Magian-derived, so-called feminism seeks to foster.

Instead, the type for whom personal honour is the key to living and to dying, and who – as I said – possesses attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on 'the law' or on others, and who does not, unconsciously or otherwise, need a man in order to make her happy or fulfilled. Someone, that is, who is not a slave to their desires, their feelings, their needs. Whose happiness, whose fulfilment, is her own, deriving from a consciously made and a consciously understood choice and who, having understood natural desires and feelings, is in control of them but who can enjoy and indulge herself as she pleases; and choose her direction, her goals, and even her sexual orientation. And also someone who has a developed empathy, heightened intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced woman. A unique individual. Beyond predator and prey. Beyond wife, lover, and mother. Someone tough, skilled, and of inner strength, but still feminine, as that Asian young lady I previously mentioned was.

What about men, then? An example of the new type? Not pacifist, surely!

Someone for whom personal honour is the key to both living and to dying, and who – as a woman of our type, our new breed – has attitude and skill enough to take care of and defend themselves, and take revenge, without relying on 'the law' or on others. And someone who has empathy, intuition, and an awareness of and a feeling for the numinous.

In brief, an enhanced, more complete, man, and a unique individual. Beyond Old Aeon masculinity with its primitive doctrine of so-called 'might is right' and beyond the role of predator to prey. Someone who, while tough, prefers combat to war because combat is a personal choice, founded on honour, whereas war is the choice, the method, of some supra-personal entity, such as some State, some

government, or some leader one is expected to be subservient to and obey without question.

Someone who naturally complements, and who resonates with, the new enhanced woman, and who prefers such strong, tough, yet still feminine, women, to the women of the species Homo Hubris. A partnership of respectful equals. Of man and woman. Of woman and woman. Of man and man; and even of woman-woman-and-man. Already a few such partnerships exist, aided, nurtured, by such individuals having followed our Seven Fold Way or having lived and chosen the life of what we now term 'a niner' or 'a drecc'.

In essence, these are the people – the men and women – who learn from personal experience, from pathei-mathos, and who willingly endure such experiences, and thus who develop a very individual personal judgement and a very individual personal character. Those who have liberated themselves from causal abstractions, and the effects, psychological and psychic, of such causal abstractions, manifest as such effects often are in these mundane, Magian, times of ours in such new archetypes as have been manufactured or have arisen from Magian causal abstractions.

So, we are not talking pacifism, non-violence, or certain moralities here – only of control and aims, and new ways of living. We are not talking about the cessation of desires, or what-not. Instead, of controlling, mastering, and developing, our instincts, and if necessary using them in a directed way to achieve some specific aim or goal, esoteric or exoteric. We are talking most emphatically of personal choice, about individuals making conscious choices. Of individuals being, well, individual.

We are also talking about acquiring and developing new skills, new arts of living, so that we become – we appear to be, to mundanes, to Homo Hubris – as presencings of a hideous nexion [3]. That is, a new species – *orible dragones*, *baeldracas* – emerging from the pit that leads to acausal Hell and thence to a Paradise at first here on terra firma and then on new worlds among the stars of our galaxy, and beyond. A Hell and a Paradise that have lain dormant within us, for centuries.

A Hell and a Paradise that we can dis-cover and experience by becoming unique sinister-numinous emanations, and becoming such emanations by living and by striving according to our code of kindred honour, by individual exoteric and esoteric pathei-mathos, as well as by means of undertaking such esoteric striving as is waymarked by The Seven Fold Way.



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Notes

[1] The prefix *ur* from the German usage, as in *ursprache*, implying *the* or a primitive/early form of some-thing.

[2] Such as *The Ceremony of Recalling* with *opfer* ending, as given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet (Dark Goddess)*.

[3] Hideous, as in some-thing that by virtue of being partly acausal is, when discovered, first felt as immense and which it is felt conceals hideous things. As, for example, in this quote from the 14th century (CE) work *Gesta Romanorum*:

“He saw at the fote of the tree an hidowse pitte, ande ane orible dragone þere in.” Harl. MS 5369. xxx. 110



The De-Evolutionary Nature of Might is Right

The doctrine Might is Right – variously expressed in texts and writings such as those by the pseudonymous Ragnar Redbeard, by Nietzsche [1], and by proponents of what is known as social Darwinism – is the doctrine, the philosophy (or more correctly, the instinct, the *raison d'être*) of the cowardly bully for whom instinct, mere brute physical strength, or superior weaponry, or superior numbers, command respect and enable them to intimidate and bully others and so get their own way.

This doctrine – though unacknowledged – is also the *raison d'être* of the governments of many if not most modern nation-States, such as Amerika, where military might, or sanctions or bribery, are used as a means of making, and enforcing, policy and ensuring the well-being, prosperity, and security, of such entities.

Why the doctrine of the bully? Because those individuals who adhere to this doctrine, consciously or otherwise, lack both manners and culture (that is, they lack refinement, good breeding, and self-control) and as a modern archetype they represent nothing so much as brutish talking animals who walk upright and who possess a very high opinion of themselves; and an opinion that is more delusion than reality. Perhaps most importantly, such individuals do not possess that instinct for disliking rottenness that is the mark of the evolved, the aristocratic, the cultured, human being. Thus are they akin to uncultured barbarians.

Culture essentially implies four important qualities that such barbarians, such talking animals, lack – and these qualities are empathy, the instinct for disliking rottenness [2], reason, and *pathei-mathos*. It is these qualities that not only distinguish us from other animals (and thus express our humanity) but which and importantly enable us to consciously change, to develop, ourselves and so participate in our own evolution as beings. Animals do not have this choice, this ability.

Thus, to make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, some Occult or Satanic way or praxis (like, for example, the Church of Satan did and does) is to negate the very basis of such esoteric ways and praxis. For the essence of such esoteric ways – and especially of Satanism – is to use certain Occult techniques and methods to develop certain esoteric faculties and enable the development, the evolution, of the individual. Where such Occult or Satanic ways may or do differ is in the techniques and methods used and in how development, and evolution, of the individual is understood.

Thus, in the traditional Satanism of the Order of Nine Angles, the evolution of the individual is understood as arising from a practical synthesis, via testing personal experience and magickal praxis, of what is commonly, and – considered esoterically – incorrectly regarded as the opposing opposites of Light and Dark.

In addition, for the ONA the development of the individual – and the cultivation of their faculties, esoteric and otherwise – is indissolubly bound with pathei-mathos, and with empathy. Empathy esoterically [i.e. 'dark empathy'] is the ground of genuine sorcery: an awareness of both affective and effective change [causal and acausal change] and which awareness is the knowing of ourselves as but one connexion, one nexion, to those energies (or forces) which are the essence of Life and thus the essence of our own existence as a human being.

Pathei-mathos means learning from one's own difficult, practical, and testing experience, and which experience by its nature involves hardship, suffering, and an intimation or awareness of the numinous: that is, of that-which is more powerful than we are or we have imagined ourselves to be. Or expressed esoterically, pathei-mathos can be and often is the genesis of empathy: an intimation or awareness of ourselves as but one nexion, one connexion. And pathei-mathos, and esoteric empathy, take the individual far from the preening self-indulgence and macho posturing of the Might is Right types.

In the system of the ONA, pathei-mathos is encouraged by the Grade Rituals, by Insight Roles, and by the practice of Culling as Art: that is, culling as

” ...a performance extending over a period of causal Time and involving a variety of performers with their allotted rôles – culling as esoteric Art, and as means of binding and evolving, through deeds done and character revealed, a community of individuals sharing an ethos and belonging to an ancestral tradition.” *Concerning Culling As Art* (ONA text, 122 yf)

Thus, ONA people develop an awareness of themselves far beyond their own ego and delusions about their self-importance. The awareness of themselves as a nexion, as part of a matrix of connexions involving Nature, the Cosmos, and other human beings, with one expression of this awareness – this esoteric knowing – being an Aeonic perspective and Aeonic Sorcery.

However, those who make the doctrine of Might is Right central to, or an integral and important part of, their Occult way or praxis are merely glorifying the irrational uncultured brute, and maintaining the delusions of individuals regarding themselves, their abilities, and their importance. Thus, such Occult ways propound such guff as “Reality is what we perceive it to be,” and “I command the powers,” and “I am (or can be) the only deity which matters” [3].

In essence, therefore, the doctrine of Might is Right – and the belief of pseudo-satanists that they should glorify themselves, indulge themselves *in an uncultured manner*, and do not need anyone or anything except their own strength, will, or abilities – is the ethos of the vulgar mundane and especially of

Homo Hubris, that new de-evolutionary sub-species and unconnected rootless denizen of the megalopolis. Thus are they not only negating the human potential they possess, they have little or no awareness of their wyrd: of the meaning of Life itself.

Hence their ways and their praxis is of the preening individual who has or who may develop some “superior abilities” or acquire personal power (over others) by indulging in some rites or Occult practices where they believe they can “alter or change things in accordance with their will” [4]. In this, they somewhat resemble a comic book hero – LaVey-man perhaps, who acquires his superhuman powers by wearing a specially crafted medallion with that Magian image of pentagram, Hebrew letters and goathead, on it, and which medallion was given to them by some pompous so-called High Priest and entitles them to prance around in black attire and strike a pose that they think makes them look fearsome. Thus, they see their Destiny in terms only of themselves – causally, mundanely – as an extension of their ego, with nothing beyond this personal Destiny of theirs.

In contrast, for the ONA, our Destiny is bound to and part of supra-personal (Aeonic/Cosmic) wyrd, and which wyrd is manifest primarily and exoterically in the truth of our primal and of our necessary tribal (that is, our connected and cultured) nature, and in the necessary of learning directly, personally, from practical experience. That is, manifest in us, as an individual, being but one nexion; in the tribal law of the Drecc (The Dreccian Code), and in pathei-mathos arising from experience of both Light and Dark. It is this unique combination which is the genesis of our particular sinister culture and enables us to evolve, esoterically and otherwise. For if the ONA is anything, it is the way of a particular, and a new type of, culture: that is, a new and evolutionary and esoteric way of living for human beings.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

Notes

[1] Nietzsche's approach is one where individual power (as manifest in *Wille zur Macht*) is central. This concentration on the instinct, or motivation, however derived or manifest, of the individual for control and power aligns him with social Darwinism and the doctrine of Might is Right, despite his attempts to distance himself from Darwin's thesis.

[2] For more regarding culture and the human instinct for disliking rottenness, see the ONA text *Culling as Art*.

[3] Such things express the attitude and nature of Magian Occultism, for which see the text *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*, and the compilation *Magian Occultism and The Sinister Way*.

[4] The definition of magick as "altering or changing things in accordance with one's will" – dependant as it is on mere causal cause-and-effect and the delusion of the self – expresses the limited and illusive understanding of those lacking esoteric empathy and the esoteric wisdom born of *pathei-mathos*. That is, it reveals a lack of awareness of acausality, of ourselves as *nexion*.



The Order of Nine Angles Code of Kindred Honour

Those who are not our kindred brothers or sisters are mundanes. Those who are our brothers and sisters live by – and are prepared to die by – our unique code of honour.

Our Kindred-Honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own ONA kind. Our Kindred-Honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to be

ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our kindred honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their honourable deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as kindred individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our kindred honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to act with kindred honour in all our dealings with our own kindred kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their Kindred-Honour and that of their brothers and

sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Kindred-Honour – means that an oath of kindred loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of kindred honour (“I swear on my Kindred-Honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of kindred honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

120 Year of Fayen



The Geryne of Satan

Introduction

This brief essay will outline a few interesting facts about the terms Satan and Satanism (and thus Satanist), including their historical usage in the English language, and thus may guide the sagacious to an understanding of the geryne [1] of Satan: that the mysterious secret of Satan is the simple heretical, japing, and confrontational reality of *being or becoming a satan*.

Satan

The scribes of the Septuagint mostly rendered the Hebrew שָׂטָן as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβολω - and which Greek term implies someone who is an adversary and who thus is pejoratively regarded (by those so opposed) as scheming, as plotting against them; that is, the sense is of ἐπίβουλος - scheming against/opposed to (the so-called 'chosen ones'). Someone, that is, who stirs up trouble and dissent.

Only in a few later parts - such as Job and Chronicles - does the Hebrew seem to imply something else, and on these occasions the word usually occurs with the definitive article: *hasatan* - *the* satan: the chief adversary (of the so-called 'chosen ones') and the chief schemer, who in some passages is given a fanciful hagiography as a 'fallen angel'.

Now, given that the earliest known parts of the Septuagint date from around the second century BCE [2] - and thus may well be contemporaneous with (or not much older than) the composition of most of the Hebrew Pentateuch (the earliest being from around 230 BCE [3]) - this rendering by the scribes of the word satan as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβολω is very interesting and indicative given the meaning of the Greek, and supports the contention that, as originally used and meant, *satan* is some human being or beings who 'diabolically' plot or who scheme against or who are 'diabolically' opposed to those who consider themselves as 'chosen' by their monotheistic God, and that it was only much later that 'the satan' became, in the minds of the writers of the later parts of the Old Testament, some diabolical 'fallen angel'.

Thus, it is generally accepted by scholars that the Hebrew word satan (usually, *a* satan) in the early parts of Old Testament means a human opponent or adversary (of God's chosen people, the Hebrews) [4] or someone or some many who plot against them.

Now, as has been mentioned in several previous ONA texts, in heretical contradistinction to others and especially to contradict the majority of modern self-described Satanists, the ONA asserts that the word satan has its origin in Ancient Greek.

That is, that it is our contention that the Hebrew word derives from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek αἰτία/αἴτιος - as for example in the Homeric *μείων γὰρ αἰτία* (to accuse/to blame) or as in "an accusation" (qv. Aeschylus: *αἰτίαν ἔχειν*) - and that it was this older Greek form which became corrupted to the Hebrew 'satan' and whence also the 'Shaitan' of Islam. Furthermore, in the Greek of the classical period αἰτία and διαβολή -

accusation, slander, quarrel - were often used for the same thing, when a negative sense was meant or implied (as in a false accusation) with the person so accused becoming an opponent of those so accusing, or when there was enmity (and thus opposition, scheming, and intrigue) as for example mentioned by Thucydides - *κατὰ τὰς ἰδίας διαβολὰς* (2.65).

Given that, for centuries, שָׂטָן as described in the Old Testament of the Hebrews was commonly written in English as sathans [5] and thus pronounced as sath-ans (and not as say-tan) it is perhaps easy to understand how the Greek αἰτία - or the earlier Homeric αἴτιος - could become transformed, by non-Greeks, to שָׂטָן

In respect of this God and this 'fallen angel', as mentioned in another ONA text:

" There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda." *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*

Furthermore, despite claims by some Hebrew and Nazarene scholars, it is now becoming accepted that the oldest parts of the Old Testament were probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE, and thus long after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus and long after Greek word *aitia* was used for an accusation.

It is also interesting that there is an early use, in English, of the plural term *satans* as adversaries, which occurs in the book *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical* published in London in 1685 CE and written by the Shropshire-born Richard Baxter:

" To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Matthew, xvi. 23

In an earlier work, published in 1550 CE, the *chyl dren of Sathan* are corralled

with heretics:

"Dyuers Bysshoppes of Rome beynge Annabaptystes, heretyques, scismatiques, & chyldren of Sathan." John Coke. *The debate betwene the heraldes of Englande and Fraunce*. 1550, g. Giv^v [*Débat des héraults d'armes de France et d'Angleterre*. Paris, Firmin Didot et cie, 1877]

Thus, satan/sathan/sathanas as a term - historically understood - describes: (1) some human being or beings who diabolically plot or who scheme or who are opposed to those who [6] consider themselves chosen by their monotheistic God; and/or (2) some human being or beings who are heretical and adversarial, against the status quo, and especially, it seems, against the religion of the Nazarenes.

Satanism

The earliest use of the term Satanism in the English language, that is, of the suffix *-ism* applied to the word *Satan* - so far discovered - is in *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* published in Antwerp in 1565 CE and written by the Catholic recusant Thomas Harding:

"Meaning the time when Luther first brinced to Germanie the poisoned cuppe of his heresies, blasphemies, and sathanismes." *A Confutation*, Antwerp, 1565, ii. ii. f. 42^v

Three things are of interest, here.

(1) First, the spelling, sathanismes - deriving from *sathan*, a spelling in common usage for many centuries, as for instance in Langland's *Piers Plowman* of 1337 CE:

"For þei seruen sathan her soule shal he haue." *Piers Plowman* B. ix. 61

and also, centuries later, in the 1669 CE play *Man's the Master* by William Davenant:

"A thousand Sathans take all good luck." (v. 87)

(2) The second point of interest is that, as the above and other quotations show, the term sathan was also commonly used to refer to someone or some many who was a schemer, a plotter, a trickster, or an adversary.

(3) The third point of interest is that the first usage of the suffix - by Thomas Harding - as well as the common subsequent usage of the term Satanism has the meaning of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature or doctrine. That is, the earliest meanings and usage of the term satanism are not 'the worship of Satan' nor of some religious or philosophical belief(s) associated with the figure of Sathan.

Furthermore, as mentioned previously, an early (1685 CE) usage of term *Satans* also imputes the foregoing meaning of adversarial or diabolical character:

"To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Richard Baxter. *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical*. London, 1685 CE, Matthew, xvi. 23

Indeed, in 1893 CE the writer Goldwin Smith used the term Satanism in this older general sense to refer to a type of destructive social revolution:

" That sort of social revolution which may be called Satanism, as it seeks, not to reconstruct, but to destroy." Goldwin Smith. *Essays on questions of the day*. (Macmillan, 1893 CE)

Similarly, an earlier 1833 CE article in *Fraser's magazine for Town and Country* used the term in connection with Byron:

" This scene of Byron's is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism." Vol 8 no. 524

Thus, the English term satanism/sathanism - historically understood - describes: (1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

Satanist

The earliest usages of the term Satanist, that is, of the suffix *-ist* applied to the term *Satan* - so far discovered - also imputes a similar meaning to foregoing; that is, of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature, of heretics, and of heretical/adversarial doctrine:

" The Anabaptistes, with infinite other swarmes of Satanistes." John Aylmer. *An harborowe for faithfull and trewe subjects agaynst the late blowne blaste concerning the gouernment of wemen*. London, 1559, sig. H1^v

"Be ye Zuinglians, Arians, Anabaptistes, Caluinistes, or Sathanistes?" Thomas Harding. *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* . Antwerp, 1565.

"By nature an Athiest, By arte a Machiuelist, In summe a Sathanist, loe here his hire." Marphoreus. *Martins Months Minde*. 1589, [7]

Only much later, from around 1896 CE onwards, was the term Satanist used to describe those who were alleged to worship Satan:

" There are five temples of Satanism in Paris itself." Arthur Lillie. *The worship of Satan in modern France*. London 1896.

" It is believed on the Continent that apostate priests frequently consecrate for the Satanists and Freemasons." Joseph McCabe. *Twelve years in a monastery*. London, 1897.

Thus, the English term satanist/sathanist - historically understood - describes: (1) an adversarial, a diabolical, character; (2) those who adhere to or champion heretical/adversarial doctrines.

Conclusion

As someone wrote over two thousand years ago - εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἔοντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔριν, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ' ἔριν καὶ χρεώμενα. [8]

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen
(Revised 2455853.743)

Notes

[1] The Old English word *gerȳne* - from Old Saxon *girūni* - means "secret, mystery".

[2] The earliest MS fragment - Greek Papyrus 458 in the Rylands Papyri collection [qv. *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, 20 (1936), pp. 219-45] - was found in Egypt and dates from the second century BCE.

[3] It is, of course, in the interests of both Nazarenes and Magians to maintain or believe that the Hebrew Old Testament of the Hebrews was written centuries before this date, just as such early dating is a common mundane assumption perpetuated by both those who consider the Internet is a reliable source of information and by those who have not studied the subject, for some years, in a scholarly manner. Had such a scholarly study been undertaken, they would be aware of the scholarly disputes about the dating of Hebrew Old Testament - and of the Septuagint - that have existed for well over a hundred years, as they would also be able to make their own informed judgement about the matter.

My own informed judgement is that there is good evidence to suggest that 230 (\pm 50) BCE is the most likely earliest date for the Hebrew Old Testament. I should, however, add, that this is still a 'minority opinion', with many academics still favouring the more 'safe' (that is, the currently more acceptable) opinion of 350 (\pm 30) BCE.

[4] For example - καὶ ἦσαν σαταν τῷ Ἰσραηλ πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας Σαλωμων (3 Kings 11:14)

[5] See the section on *Satanism*, below.

[6] καὶ ἔστι διάβολος ἐν τῷ Ἰσραηλ

[7] See *The Martin Marprelate Tracts* (1588–89) and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, volume III - Renascence and Reformation, Cambridge UP, 1920, p. 394f

[8] *One should be aware that Polemos pervades, with discord δίκη, and that beings are naturally born by discord.* [Trans DWM.]

A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms

Introductory Note:

The ONA employs a variety of specialist esoteric terms, such a nexion, presencing, acausal, Tree of Wyrd, and so on.

It also needs to be understood that the ONA uses some now generally used exoteric terms - such as psyche, and archetype - in a particular and precise *esoteric* way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung

Abyss

Exoterically, the Abyss represents the region where the causal gives way to, or merges into, the acausal, and thus where the causal is "transcended", gone beyond, or passed, and where one enters the realm of pure acausality. Hence The Abyss can be considered as an interchange, a nexus, of temporal, atemporal, and spatial and aspatial, dimensions. This region is, for example, symbolized on The Tree of Wyrd, as being between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and '*Entering the Abyss*' is that stage of magickal development which distinguishes the Master/ Mistress from the Adept.

Esoterically, The Tree of Wyrd is itself a re-presentation of The Abyss, as are other esoteric re-presentations, such as The Star Game.

Acausal

The term acausal refers to "acausal Time and acausal Space": that is, to the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos

consists of both the *acausal* and the *causal*, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time. This causal Universe is that of our physical, phenomenal, Universe, currently described by sciences such as Physics and Astronomy.

The acausal is non-Euclidean, and "beyond causal Time": that is, it cannot be represented by our finite causal geometry (of three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other) and by the flow, the change, of causal Time (past-present-future), or measured by a duration of causal Time.

In addition - and just as causal energy exists in the causal (understood as such energy is by sciences such as Physics) - acausal energy exists in the acausal, of a nature and type which cannot be described by causal sciences such as Physics (based as these are on a causal geometry and a causal Time).

According to the aural tradition of the ONA, there are a variety of acausal life-forms; a variety of acausal life, of different species, some of which have been manifest in (or intruded into) our causal Universe.

For more details regarding the acausal, and acausal life, see the following ONA MSS: (1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*.

Acausal Thinking

One of The Dark Arts. Acausal Thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

One technique used to develop Acausal Thinking is The Star Game (qv).

Aeon

An Aeon - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeon *civilization*, which Aeon *civilization* is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular *mythos*.

Archetype

An archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

Balobians

Those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers (and similar types), who share or are inspired by the sinister ethos and/or the Dreccian, or Satanic, life-style of the ONA, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us, and who usually do not publicly claim association with the ONA or with the ONA ethos.

Baphomet

Baphomet is regarded as a Dark Goddess - a sinister female entity, The Mistress (or Mother) of Blood. According to tradition, she is represented as a beautiful mature woman, naked from the waist up, who holds in her hand the severed head of a man.

She is regarded as one manifestation of one of The Dark Gods, The Bride-and-Mother of Satan, and Rites to presence Baphomet in our causal continuum exist, for example in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*.

Black Book of Satan

The book of that name containing the traditional ceremonial rituals of sinister/Satanic ceremonial magick, used by ONA Initiates.

Causal Abstractions

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

According to the ONA, the so-called Occult Arts - and especially the so-called Satanism - of others are manifestations of causal abstractions, lacking as they do the learning of the skills of Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and Sinister Sorcery, and thus lacking as they do the ability to develop our latent human faculties and our latent sinister character.

Core ONA Traditions

Also known as The Five Core ONA Principles.

The basic principles on which the ONA is based. They are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour (qv); (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition (qv).

Dark Arts

The Dark Arts are the skills traditionally learnt by those following the Seven Fold (Sinister) Way, and include Dark-Empathy, Acausal-Thinking, and practical sorcery (External, Internal, and Aeonic).

In addition, a *sinister tribe* of Dreccs (qv) is a new type of Dark Art, developed by the ONA to Presence The Dark in practical ways.

Dark-Empathy

One of The Dark Arts. Also called Sinister-Empathy (qv) and Esoteric Empathy. The term Dark-Empathy (also written Dark Empathy) is also sometimes used to describe that-which is redolent of the acausal, and thus that-which presences or which can presence "dark forces" (dark/acausal energies) in the causal and in human beings; and thus used in this exoteric sense it refers to that-which imbues or which can imbue things with acausal energy, and which distinguish the Occult in general from the exoteric and the mundane.

Dark Gods

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (aka The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings *of a particular acausal species* - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. [See, for example, the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*.]

Drecc

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister tribe is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

Ethos

Ethos refers to the distinguishing character, or nature, of a particular weltanschauung. The spirit that animates it.

Exeatic

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes - for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed "society".

Exoteric/Esoteric

Exoteric refers to the outer (or causal) form, or meaning, or nature, or character, or appearance, of some-thing; while esoteric refers to its Occult/inner /acausal essence or nature. What is esoteric is that which is generally hidden from mundanes (intentionally or otherwise), or which mundanes cannot perceive or understand. Causal abstractions (qv) tend to hide the esoteric nature (character) of things, and/or such abstractions describe or refer to that-which is only causal and mundane and thus devoid of Dark-Empathy.

Thus, a form manufactured by an Adept for some Aeonic purpose - for example, a tactic to aid strategic aims - has an outer appearance and an outer meaning which is usually all that mundanes perceive or understand, even though it has an (inner) esoteric meaning.

Falcifer

1) The title of the first volume of *The Deofel Quartet*.

2) The *exoteric* name given to the esoteric (or "hidden") nexion which is opened by Adepts to prepare the way for *Vindex*. This nexion - like *Vindex* - may be presented in a specific individual, or in a group of individuals. There is a symbiotic relationship between *Falcifer* and *Vindex*, who - if presented in individuals - can be either male or female.

Five Core ONA Principles

See *Core ONA Traditions*.

God

According to the ONA, the God - the supreme creator Being - of conventional religions including Judaism, Nasrany, and Islam, does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves.

Hebdomadry

A traditional name used to describe The Septenary System.

Homo Hubris

A type of mundane, and a new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and what is called democracy. This new rapacious mostly urban dwelling denizen – this creation of the modern West – is the foot-soldier of the Magian, and is distinguished by a personal arrogance, by a lack of manners, and by that lack of respect for anything other than strength/power and/or their own gratification. And it was to satiate and satisfy and to use and control Homo Hubris that the Magian and their acolytes (such as the Hubriati) manufactured the vacuous, profane, vulgar mass entertainment industry – and mass “culture” – of the modern West, just as it is Magian Occultism, the Magian- controlled Media, and the “spin”, the propaganda, of politicians who have been assessed and accepted by the Magian cabal, which keeps Homo Hubris almost totally unaware, and uncaring, of the reality of the modern world and of their potential as human beings.

Hubriati

The hubriati are that class of individuals, in the West, who have been and who are subsumed by the Magian ethos and the delusion of abstractions, and who occupy positions of influence and/or of power. Hubriati include politicians, Media magnates and their servants, military commanders, government officials, industrialists, bankers, many academics and teachers, and so on. The oligarchy (elected and unelected) that forms the controllers of Western governments are almost excursively hubriati.

Among the abstractions which delude hubriati are the State, the nation, abstract law, and the pretence that is called "democracy".

Hubriati-syndrome

The hubriati-syndrome is the hubris-like belief of some Occultists that we human beings: (1) are, or can be, controllers of what is termed our own, individual, Destiny; (2) and/or that we or we can be chosen/favoured and/or protected by some supreme Being or some representative of that Being; and/or (3) that we are clever enough, or can become clever enough, to devise for ourselves some means to control whatever natural forces we may encounter,

including Nature, and possibly (or almost certainly) those forces of a more Cosmic nature.

The hubriati-syndrome may be said to be one of the most distinguishing features of magians-of-the-earth, with one symptom of this syndrome being a love for, and a reliance upon, technology; another symptom is a fondness for, and indeed a love for, words and causal abstractions.

Here is a typical statement, replete with abstractions, which expounds the type of hubriati view commonly held by magians-of-the-earth:

" [A] premise of the Temple is that the psychecentric consciousness can evolve towards its own divinity through deliberate exercise of the intelligence and Will, a process of becoming or coming into being whose roots may be found in the dialectic method expounded by Plato and the conscious exaltation of the Will proposed by Nietzsche..."

The *magians-of-the-earth* are so called because, in actuality if not always in overt belief, such people accept, consciously or otherwise, or are influenced by, the basic premises which underlie the Magian religious perspective.

Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonic, aims and goals.

Law of The Sinister-Numen

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. The Law also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles. [The Sinister Code is given in full in an Appendix, below.]

Left Hand Path (LHP)

The amoral and individualistic Way of Sinister Sorcery. In the LHP there are no rules: there is nothing that is not permitted; nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest, and does not abide by the ethics of mundanes. In addition, the LHP is where the individual learns from the practical deeds and practical challenges that are an integral to it.

Magick

Magick (aka Sorcery) - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy."

Furthermore, magick - as understand and practised by the ONA - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, such as an Aeon.

Internal Magick is the magick of personal change and evolution: of using magick to gain insight and to develop one's personality and esoteric skills. There are seven stages involved in Internal Magick.

External Magick is basic, "low-level", *sorcery* as sorcery has been and still is understood by mundanes - where certain acausal energies are used for bring or to fulfil the desire of an individual.

Ceremonial Magick is the use (by more than two individuals gathered in a group) of a set or particular texts or sinister rituals to access and presence sinister energies.

Five-dimensional magick is the New Aeon magick *sans* symbols, ceremonies, symbology (such as the Tree of Wyrđ) and beyond all causal abstractions, and it is *prefigured* in the advanced form of *The Star Game*.

Magian

The term Magian is used to refer to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and also refers to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or nature.

The essence of what we term the Magian ethos is inherent in Judaism, in Nasrany, and in Islam. To be pedantic, we use the term Magian in preference to the more commonly used term Semitic to describe the ethos underlying these three major, and conventional, religions, since the term *Semitic* is, in our view, not strictly philologically correct to describe such religions.

The Magian ethos expresses the fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important, the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual – either alone or collectively (and especially in the form of a nation/State) – can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

The Magian ethos is thus represented in the victory of consumerism, capitalism and usury over genuine, numinous, living culture; in the vulgarity of mechanistic marxism, Freudian psychology, and the social engineering and planning and surveillance of the nanny State; in the vulgarity of modern entertainment centred around sex, selfish-indulgence, lack of manners and dignity, and vacuous "celebrities" (exemplified by Hollywood); and in the conniving, the hypocrisy, the slyness, and the personal dishonourable conduct, which nearly all modern politicians in the West reveal and practice.

Mundane

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv).

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions (qv).

Naos

- 1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.
- 2) The title of the ONA text *"Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept"*.
- 3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around or near to this particular star.

Nexion

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Nine Angles

The Nine Angles have several meanings - or interpretations, exoteric and esoteric - depending on context.

In the esoteric sense, they re-present the nine combinations (and transformations) of the three basic "alchemical" substances, which nine and their transformations (causal and acausal) are themselves re-presented by The Star Game.

In the exoteric, pre-Adept, sense, they may be said to re-present the 7 nexions of the Tree of Wyrð plus the 2 nexions which re-present the ToW as itself a nexion, with The Abyss (a connexion between the individual and the acausal) being one of these 2 "other nexions". It should be remembered, of course, that each sphere of the ToW is not two-dimensional (or even three-dimensional) and in a simple way each sphere can be taken as a reflexion (a "shadow") of another

- for example, Mercury is the 'shadow' of Mars.

In another exoteric sense, the nine are the alchemical process of the 7 plus the 2, which 2 are the conjoining of opposites: and, in one sense, this conjoining can be taken to be (magickally, for instance, in a practical ritual) as the conjoining of male and female (hence what is called one of *the Rites of the Nine Angles*) - although there are other practical combinations, just as each magickal act involving such Angles should be undertaken for a whole and particular alchemical season: that is, such a working should occupy a space of causal-time, making it thus a type of four-dimensional magick which can access the fifth magickal dimension, the acausal itself. A somewhat more advanced understanding of the Nine - in relation to a ritual to create a Nexion - is hinted at in the recent fiction-based MS *Atazoth*.

Beyond this, the Nine Angles are symbols of *The Star Game* which itself is sorcery - that is, one nexion which can presence the acausal. But even this is only a beginning - a re-presentation, in symbols, of what is, in essence, without symbols: a useful means for Initiates, and Adepts, to move toward the new five-dimensional magick embodied in, and beyond, the ONA.

Niner

An alternative name for a Drecc, and also for a freelance operative who upholds the core ONA traditions.

Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The ONA is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

Presencing The Dark

A term used to describe the manifestation of sinister (acausal) energies in the causal by means of some causal or combined causal/acausal form, exoteric or

esoteric.

Understood exoterically, To Presence The Dark means to consciously work acts of sinister sorcery by either esoteric means (such as a Rite of Dark Sorcery) and/or through practical (exoteric) sinister deeds where the intent is a sinister one.

Understood esoterically, To Presence The Dark means to undertake acts of Sinister Wyrd and thus to work Aeonic Sorcery.

Psyche

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes"

Rounwytha

The name traditionally given to those few, rare, individuals (mostly women) who naturally possessed the gift of Dark-Empathy (aka Sinister-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy).

Rounwytha Tradition

Also known as The Way of the Rounwytha.

The muliebral tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour - equally, without distinction - to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or

by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom sacrifices were and are offered.

Satan

Satan is regarded, by the ONA, as the *exoteric* "name" of a particular acausal being: that is, as a living entity dwelling in the acausal. This entity has the ability to presence, to be manifest in, our causal, phenomenal world, and the ability - being a shapeshifter - to assume various causal forms. [Regarding the "names" of such beings, see, for example, Footnote (2) of the MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

Thus the ONA has a concept of Satan that is different from and independent of that of both Judaism and Nasrany, with this being we exoterically term Satan having no dependence on or any relation to the mythical God of those religions.

Satan, as a word, is commonly regarded as from the Hebrew, meaning *accuser*. However, the Hebrew is itself derived from the old (possibly in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek *aitia* - "an accusation" - qv. *Aeschylus: aitiau ekho*. The older Greek form became corrupted to the Hebrew 'Satan' - whence also 'Shaitan'. In Greek of the classical period *aitia* and *diabole* were often used for the same thing.

The word *diabolic* itself derives from the Greek word *diaballo* meaning to "pass beyond" or "over", from the root *dia* - "through" and, as a causal accusative, "with the aid of". Later, *diaballo* acquired a moral sense - for example "to set against" (*Aristotle*) although it was sometimes used (as *diabolos*) when a 'bad' or 'false' sense was meant, as for example, a false accusation.

There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God - Jehovah - of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.

In what are regarded as the oldest parts of the Old Testament - most probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE - Satan is depicted simply as a rather sly adversary or opponent, with a human being who opposes any of God's so-called "chosen people" sometimes also called a *satan*. Thus, it is something of a honour to be called a satanist - someone who opposes the myths, ethos,

and the holocaustianity, of those allegedly "chosen by God".

Satanism

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

Satanism is defined, by the Order of Nine Angles, as the acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.

Septenary

A name for the basic symbology (causal magickal symbolism) of the Seven Fold Sinister Way represented *exoterically* by The Tree of Wyrd, and consisting of seven stages or "spheres" joined by various pathways.

Sinister

Of or pertaining to our Dark Tradition, and thus to the five core principles of the ONA (qv). Often used as a synonym for Left Hand Path.

Sinister Dialectic

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic/Sinister strategy - which is to further our evolution in a sinister way by, for example, (a) the use of Black Magick/sinister presencings to change individuals/events on a significant scale over long periods of causal Time; (b) to

gain control and influence; (c) the use of Satanic forms and magickal presencings to produce/provoke large scale changes over periods of causal Time; (d) to bring-into-being a New Aeon; (e) to cause and sow disruption and Chaos as a prelude to any or all or none of the foregoing.

Sinister-Empathy

Sinister-Empathy (aka Acausal-Empathy aka Dark-Empathy aka Esoteric Empathy) is a specific type of empathy - that which relates to and concerns acausal-knowing. That is, the perception and the understanding of the acausal nature of those beings which possess or which manifest acausal energy.

Sinister-empathy is one of the skills/abilities that can be learnt by suitable (but not all) Internal Adepts, and can be developed by those beyond that particular esoteric stage of knowledge and understanding.

Some rare individuals (traditionally called by the name Rounwytha) are naturally gifted with Dark-Empathy.

Sinister-Numen

The Sinister-Numen is the term used to describe that which, and those whom, re-present certain types of acausal energy in the causal.

Thus, certain archetypes, and archetypal forms, are - exoterically - sinisterly numinous, and hence have the ability to influence and inspire human beings - as well as, in some cases, having the ability to direct certain individuals beyond the ability of those individuals to control such direction.

One of the most practical manifestations (the most practical presencing) of the sinister-numen in the causal realm is The Law of The Sinister-Numen, and which Law serves to define, and to manifest, that which is not-mundane, and thus that-which-is-ONA.

Sinister Way

A name given to the system of training (magickal and practical) of Initiates used by the ONA. Sometimes also called *The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*.

It consists of seven stages, each represented by a particular magickal Grade.

[See, for example, the ONA MS *NAOS*.] One aim of the Way is to create Satanic individuals.

Sorcery

Often used as a synonym of *magick* (qv). Sorcery - according to the Dark, Sinister, tradition followed by the ONA - is the use, by an individual, individuals, or a group, of acausal energy, either directly (raw/acausal/chaos) or by means of symbolism, forms, ritual, words, chant (or similar manifestations or presencing(s) of causal constructs) with this usage often involving a specific, temporal (causal), aim or aims. [See the ONA MSS *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery* and *NAOS*.]

Star Game

The Star Game is a re-presentation of the nine aspects of the basic three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents not only the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness, but also many other nexions as well.

This particular re-presentation is an "abstract" one, as distinct from the more "causal" symbology of The Tree of Wyrð (and of the septenary system itself).

The Star Game exists in two basic forms: the "simple form" and the "advanced" form, and one of its aims is to develop acausal-thinking (beyond causal abstractions) and thus skill in five-dimensional magick.

It can also be played as a "game", akin to a chess, and can be used magickally, to presence acausal energies. The basics of The Star Game are described in the ONA MS *NAOS*.

Traditional Nexions

A name given to ONA groups (aka Temples) where individuals undertake The Seven Fold Way, and where sinister ceremony sorcery is undertaken. Many (though not all) Traditional Nexions follow the path of Satanism.

Traditional Satanism

A term, first used by the ONA several decades ago, to describe its own Sinister and Septenary Way, and to distinguish it from the other types of "Satanism" (such as those of Lavey and Aquino) which were once given public prominence.

The term was used to describe the ONA due to the aural, and other, teachings of the ONA: many of which teachings (such as the Septenary system and Esoteric Chant; legends and myths regarding Baphomet and The Dark Gods; and Satanism as an individual Way of personal and Aeonic evolution) were handed down aurally by reclusive sinister Adepts over many centuries.

The term Traditional Satanism has since been appropriated by others, some of whom have attempted to redefine it.

Tree of Wyrd

The Tree of Wyrd, as conventionally described ("drawn") and with its correspondences and associations and symbols (see the ONA MS *NAOS*), re-presents certain acausal energies, and the individual who becomes familiar with such correspondences and associations and symbols can access (to a greater or lesser degree depending on their ability and skill) the energies associated with the Tree of Wyrd. The Tree of Wyrd itself is one symbol, one re-presentation, of that meeting (or "intersection") of the causal and acausal which is a human being, and can be used to represent the journey, the quest, of the individual toward the acausal - that is, toward the goal of magick, which is the creation of a new, more evolved, individual.

Vindex

The name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presenced on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presenced ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

Used as the exoteric name of an individual, Vindex means "the Avenger", and while it is traditionally (and semantically) regarded as a male name, with the Anglicized feminine form being *Vengerisse*, Vindex is now often used to refer to either the man or the woman who is or who becomes the nexion.

Vindex is thus the name given to the person (male or female) who, by practical deeds, brings-into-being a new way of life and who confronts, and who defeats, through force of arms, those forces which represent the dishonour and the impersonal tyranny so manifest in the modern world, especially in what it is convenient to call "the West".

The main opponent of Vindex – both on the practical level and in terms of ethos – is the Magian. The main allies of the Magian have been the hubriati of the West – that is, the vulgar Western oligarchy which had originally bred and maintained the White Hordes of Homo Hubris as toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for their materialistic system of industrialism, capitalism, colonialism and vacuous (un-numinous, abstract) States, and which hubriati, in the early part of the twentieth-century (CE, or Era Vulgaris), came to enthusiastically adopt and evolve the Magian ethos, until the Magian ethos has, since the ending of The First Zionist War, come to represent the modern West, with the White Hordes of Homo Hubris now effectively the toiling-workers, salary-slaves and foot-soldiers for the Magian, and whose taxes, work and sacrifices serve to keep the whole rapacious Magian system alive. The essence of the new way of life that Vindex heralds and implements (the Vindex ethos) is: (1) the way of tribes and clans in place of the abstraction of the modern nation-State; and (2) the way, the law, of personal honour in place of the abstract laws made by governments.

Wyrd

As used by the ONA, Wyrd is the term used to describe that supra-personal forces (aka energies) which can influence individuals, which non-Adepts cannot control in any manner, which Adepts can discover and to a quite limited extent influence, but which only those of and beyond the esoteric stage of Master/Mistress (that is, beyond The Abyss) can fully synchronize with.

Exoterically, Wyrd can be considered to be the Cosmic fates of the individual (note the plural, due to the partly acausal nature of Wyrd), as opposed to the simple, causal/linear, Destiny (fate) of the individual, and which Destiny can be discovered by means of the Rite of Internal Adept.



ONA
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ONA/O9A/Niner

Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles
Ordem dos Nove Ângulos / Orden de los Nueve Ángulos
Orden der neun Winkel / Орден девяти углов
Τάγμα των Εννιά Γωνιών



Dark Imperium

One of the exoteric - practical and outward - aims of The Order of Nine Angles is to aid the creation of a Dark Imperium. This Dark Imperium is and will be a manifestation, a practical implementation, of The Sinister, of The Sinister Dialectic, where Sinister Adepts (and, of course, Sinister Masters and Lady Masters) guide, control and manipulate - on a large scale - ordinary (non-Initiated) mortals, and thus effect sinister changes in a particular society, or in many societies.

It is one of the aims of the person named by sinister esoteric tradition as Vindex to create the foundations for this Dark Imperium, and, in practical terms, the Dark Imperium will be a large, organized - most probably militaristic - society whose ideals are those of excellence and of the noble honourable warrior and warrioress, and whose ethos will be essentially pagan. In addition, this Dark Imperium will function on the basis of the warrior leadership-principle and not upon any form of democracy, just as - and importantly - the basis for the law, for the justice, of the new societies of this Imperium will be personal honour (the law of the warrior), and not the abstract, dis-honourable, law that has come to dominate all Western societies, to the detriment of our evolution as a species.

Given this distinctive practical nature of the Dark Imperium, it will thus be ideologically, violently, and of necessity, opposed to the current materialistic, "politically-correct", democratic, plebeian, *status quo*, in the West, and elsewhere, and - once established - one of the first practical aims of this new Imperium will be to extend, if necessary by force of arms and conquest, its *Law of the Warrior* to other societies, creating in time a new world-wide Empire. It is this new world Empire which will efficiently begin the practical colonization of Space, first in our own Solar System, and then among the stars. It will do this practical exploration and colonization of Space both as duty and as a necessity, since such practical exploration and colonization is an integral part of its fundamental, irrevocable, pagan and warrior ethos.

Furthermore, such a Dark Imperium will, outwardly, not be directly associated with "the Satanic" or with "Satanists", although, under the guidance, the leadership, of Vindex and his (or her) successors, this warrior society will be aiding the Sinister Dialectic and thus achieving long-term Sinister, Satanic, goals.

9/4/2010

ONA: Dark Imperium

Of course, Sinister Adepts - and some sagacious non-Initiates - will understand that such a Dark Imperium is itself only a stage; only one part of an Aeonic process; and that, as such, it does not represent the essence, nor the ultimate aims, of the ONA itself, although it is only to be expected that the majority among the plebeius will fail to appreciate the difference.

In essence, the Dark Imperium is a stage toward the emergence of - a means to create - that new human species which Sinister Adepts have named, variously, as *Homo Sol*, *Homo Galactica* and *Homo Galacticus*: the Promethean species whose homes, whose dwellings, whose life, will be among the star-systems of our Galaxy, and then among the star-systems of other Galaxies in the causal Cosmos.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen

The Star Game

Anton Long
(Order of Nine Angles)

Note: This is a basic introduction to the simple - the training - version of The Star Game. The Star Game, and its variants, are more fully described in the ONA work, *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept*

The Star Game is a technique for developing acausal-thinking, for which technique see [Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism](#)

The Boards:

There are seven boards, each one named after a particular star, which boards are placed one above the other in a spiral and forming a septenary Tree of Life (or Tree of Wyrð, to be precise).

Each board has nine black and nine squares, with each board representing a sphere of the Tree of Wyrð (ToW). See [Figure 0](#)

	Naos	
		Deneb
Rigel	Mira	
		Antares
Arcturus	Sirius	

The Pieces:

Each player has three sets of nine pieces, that is 27 pieces in all. The nine pieces are:

a(a) a(b) a(c) b(a) b(b) b(c) c(a) c(b) c(c)

The pieces can also be named Alchemically, abstractly or in terms of the Dark Tradition.

In Alchemical terms, a is the Alchemical symbol for Salt. b is the Alchemical symbol for Mercury, and c is the Alchemical symbol for Sulphur. Abstractly, a is the Greek letter alpha, b the letter beta, and c gamma. In terms of the Dark Tradition, a is causal space-time; b is where the acausal is present or manifest in the causal, and c acausal space-time.

These symbols and letters should be written on the pieces which are either small, square pieces of wood (of a size to fit on the board squares), or small tetrahedrons.

One set of three pieces is coloured black, the other set, white. [Or red and blue may be used.]

Esoterically, the pieces represent the combinations of the alchemical substances, or the various combinations and manifestations of causal/acausal.

The Moves:

The central rule of the game is that each piece, when it moves, is transformed into the piece next in sequence:

$a(a) \rightarrow a(b) \rightarrow a(c) \rightarrow b(a) \rightarrow b(b) \rightarrow b(c) \rightarrow c(a) \rightarrow c(b) \rightarrow c(c)$

Thus the a(a) piece when it is moved becomes an a(b) piece; a(c) becomes b(a) and so on. A c(c) piece becomes a(a).

The c (or gamma) pieces - c(a) c(b) c(c) - can move to any (vacant) square on any board.

The b (or beta) pieces can move across the board they are already on to any vacant square, and up, or down, one level - for example, from Acturus up to Antares, or down to Sirius. Note that a piece on Sirius can move only up to Arcturus.

The a (or alpha) pieces can move only across the board they are on.

After a piece has been moved, and therefore changed into the piece next in sequence, it moves according to its new identity. Thus, a b(c) piece would become a c(a) piece and on its next move, moves as a c (or gamma) piece.

The Placing of Pieces:

The initial or starting position of the pieces depends on how the game is used. Esoterically, the pieces are placed to represent a particular form at a particular moment in causal time: for example, to represent a civilization, an

Aeon, or a person. Exoterically - when the game is played simply as an intellectual game - the placing of the pieces is fixed.

In the exoteric game the starting positions are as follows:

Six pieces are placed on Sirius - two sets of alpha pieces - for white, and six for black. See [Figure 1](#)

Arcturus has three pieces for white and three for black. See [Figure 2](#)

Antares has six pieces for white and six for black - two sets of beta pieces, placed exactly as the pieces on the Sirius board.

Mira has no pieces on it at the start.

Rigel has the three remaining pieces (for each player) of the beta sets, placed as the alpha pieces on Arcturus.

Deneb has six pieces of white and six of black from the gamma set, placed as the alpha set on Sirius.

Naos has the three remaining pieces of the gamma set, placed the same as the alpha sets of Arcturus.

Exoteric Game Rules:

The pieces move according to the rules above (see *The Moves* above), and are transformed as above. However, in the exoteric game, pieces can only stay on Mira for three moves. After three moves have been played (three by white; three by black) the player must move one of their pieces on Mira, if they have pieces on Mira, and this move must - if the piece is able (of the correct sequence) - be up or down from the Mira board. If there are alpha pieces on Mira, these are moved according to alpha piece rules: across the board only. That is, until they become beta pieces when they must move up or down from Mira.

A c(c) piece is the only piece that can capture any opposing piece. A c(c) piece can capture an opposing piece on any square from any board except Naos. The pieces on Naos cannot be captured. The piece so captured is removed from the game and plays no further part.

After a c(c) piece has captured another piece, it becomes a a(a) piece.

Exoteric Game Object:

The simplest form of the game is for one player to occupy certain squares on Mira, of a pattern decided by both players beforehand. A suggested pattern for winning is given in [Figure 3](#).

Thus, the player has to place three of their alpha pieces in the pattern given.

The first player to achieve this pattern (within the three move Mira limit) wins. Note that c(c) pieces can capture pieces on Mira.

Exoteric Rule Variations:

To initially make the game easier to learn, and play, two variations are suggested. The first is to amend the three move Mira limit - to five, or seven, moves. This makes the game much easier.

The second is not to allow the c(c) piece to capture pieces on Mira. This makes the game very easy indeed.

**Star Game:
Brief Guide to Esoteric Meanings**

Aeonic:

1) The seven boards can represent the origin, and change, of one particular Aeon. That is, each board - each sphere - is an aspect of that particular Aeon. Sirius represents the origin, and Naos, the end of the Aeon. The pieces symbolize causal-acausal, and the presencing of the acausal. Or in more mundane terms, archetypes.

Thus, the present Western Aeon can be symbolized, and the future ascertained - or changed, if the game is used in a Magickal way by an Adept.

2) The seven boards can also represent the seven Aeons, with Sirius being the Sumeric - the first Aeon - and Rigel the present Western Aeon. Thus, the Next Aeon, the galactic, can be studied, understood and perchance brought into being/changed.

(See [Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction](#) for brief details about the seven Aeons of septenary tradition.)

The initial placing of the pieces is the key to representing both of the above, and such placings are taught to Initiates of the Sinister way.

Individual:

The boards can also represent *one* individual. The pieces then represent aspects of the consciousness - the life - of the individual. The alpha pieces are concerned with the "ego"; the beta pieces with "self"; and the gamma pieces with Adeptship and beyond.

The alpha set represents "feeling"; the beta set "intuition"; and the gamma set "thinking", broadly as those terms are defined by Jung. Each board represents that aspect of the individual associated with that sphere: thus, Sirius

represents the "Moon" aspect (Night; Calcination; Aries; Nox and so on), and Mira the "Sun" aspect (Putrefaction; Lux; Vision). See the [Septenary Correspondences](#) (more details of these Correspondences are given in NAOS).

In one very important way, the pieces and the boards represent the esoteric path to Wisdom: to self-understanding, and the creation of a new being.

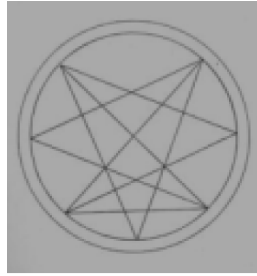
The initial placing of the pieces is usually done to represent the individual in the present, as they are now, and this placing is an esoteric skill, learned through study and practice.

Note: The above is the general, or simple, form of The Star Game. A more advanced Game exists, with each board having six (minor) boards (three at each end), and there being additional pieces (more sets of nine for each player: often 81 pieces per player; sometimes more), with additional rules regarding movement. In this advanced form, each board is divided into three other levels so that there are four levels to each board:

----- Level 3	----- Level 3
----- Level 2b	----- Level 2b
----- Level 2a	----- Level 2a
----- Level 1 (White)	----- Level 1 (Black)

Level three consists of six squares, three white and three black; level 2b is a single square; level 2a is the same as level three: three black and three white squares.

This document was compiled from ONA manuscripts including *Naos: A Practical Guide to Modern Magick*



The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning

What it is essential to understand is that the ONA is based upon several fundamental, and many unique, esoteric principles, which esoteric principles include the following:

- (1) That we human beings possess the potential to *consciously* evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;
- (2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine Occult advancement - requires both self-achievement through *practical* deeds and a self-honesty, a genuine knowing and understanding of one's own self;
- (3) That the Cosmos may be *apprehended* through a bifurcation of both Time and Space, described as such an apprehension is by causal and acausal Universes, and that:
 - (a) we, as living beings, are an example of acausal energy being presented in our physical causal Universe;
 - (b) all causal life is life because there is an "intrusion" of acausal energy into the causal - that is, all causal life is a nexion to the acausal, with we human beings possessing the latent ability to not only apprehend the nexion we are but also to know and utilize certain acausal energies;
 - (c) magick is the presencing, by us, of certain types of acausal energy by means of a causal nexion, already existing or one brought-into-being;
 - (d) there exists, in the acausal Universe, certain types of acausal life, of diverse species, some of which species we can apprehend if we possess (i) the esoteric knowledge required to presence such acausal entities or (ii) the esoteric ability and skill to travel into the realms of the acausal;
 - (e) certain acausal entities have been presented, in times past, on Earth - and thus become known to human beings, and these include entities known to us by their exoteric "names" Satan, and the Dark Goddess, Baphomet;
 - (f) certain causal - and Occult - symbolism and symbologies may be and often are useful aids and means for us

as human beings to *begin* the process of acausal apprehension and the knowing and utilization of certain acausal ("Occult"/magickal) energies;

(g) our evolution has been, is and will continue to be - until we evolve to become a more evolved species - based upon what it is convenient to describe as the sinister dialectic;

(h) the sinister dialectic is a process of disruption, destruction, re-birth, renewal, heresy, and change; and on the practical level involves creating, fermenting, and aiding such causal things as strife, Chaos, revolution, heresy, and culling;

(i) to evolve into a higher species is to evolve toward, and into, the acausal Universe itself; that is, to become-like The Dark Ones, themselves; to become both a causal and an acausal species, existing in both the causal and the acausal.

Thus, two of the primary aims of the ONA are (1) to use The Dark Tradition to create Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype; and (2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonick Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible our evolution toward the acausal. Furthermore, to achieve these aims will take a certain amount of causal Time, of the order of several centuries.

Hence, it should be clear - to those possessed of genuine Occult insight - that the ONA has both an outer (exoteric) and an inner (esoteric) nature and meaning. Or, expressed in a more truistic, and simple, way, the understanding and knowledge of the Adept (and of those beyond) is not that of the the novice and the Initiate. The exoteric aspect is re-presented in such works as *The Black Book of Satan* - and in the ceremonies and methods of traditional Satanism themselves (including the symbolism of the Tree of Wyrd) - while the esoteric aspect is re-presented in such ONA MSS as *Mythos of the Dark Gods* and *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*, and especially in and by our Aeonick Magick and our practical deeds which *presence the dark*. For it is such Aeonick Magick, such practical sinister deeds, and the creation of genuine Sinister Adepts - over a period of decades and centuries - which re-present, and which manifest, the true nature of the ONA.

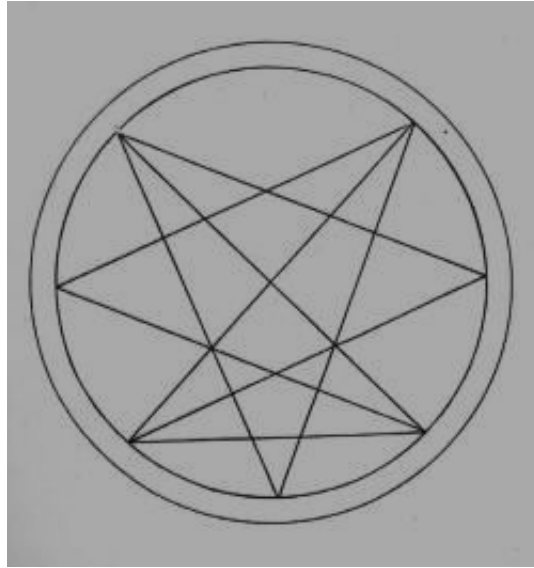
In addition, three further things about the ONA should also be obvious to those possessed of genuine Occult insight. First, that - in its esoteric essence - the ONA is not a mundane Occult Order of the Old Aeon type. For it is a particular causal nexion, brought-into-being for specific purposes; and thus is now a living-entity imbued with certain acausal energies; which entity now has life, a being, of its own, and which thus is immune to - and not concerned with - the inane criticisms of the inane, many of whom continue to delude themselves about their Occult knowledge and abilities.

Second, that by evolution we mean an increase in acausal energies both within ourselves, as individuals, and as presenced in our causal Universe (and thus presenced upon our planet, Earth). These acausal energies cause, provoke, and aid our own evolution, our own change, as individuals (toward, and beyond, Adeptship), and also cause, provoke and aid change within those constructs we humans construct, such as "society" and the "political" - and "religious" - causal forms (or abstractions) which we human beings (both Occultists, and otherwise) have used, do use and can use in the service of such evolutionary change, with such forms only being a causal means, and not representative of the acausal essence, which acausal essence can be, and has been, apprehended, and

manifest, as Chaos.

Third, that the very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal - mortal - lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from - and totally different to - any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and "religious". Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal - on this planet, and elsewhere - and also as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal "death", to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being of primal Darkness.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen



Toward The Dark Formless Acausal

I've read several times recently - on the Internet, of course! - that the Order of Nine Angles is defunct. Do you have any comment to make about this?

A: If people wish to believe that, fine.

All I will say is that - for many decades now - our membership has been closed. That is, we have not actively and publicly sought to recruit members. We are not interested in large numbers of people joining us, and we have placed many obstacles in the way of people contacting us. The few that do and have joined us are selected by us if we perceive they have the right qualities and if they have been tenacious in their search, and passed the various tests which are part of the selection process, with these tests being mostly unknown to them at the time they are being tested. Such tests, by us, continue until they have achieved, for themselves, Internal Adept.

Thus, we are elitist, and secretive. For the moment, and for the past few years or so, we have and have had a slight "public profile" - with an unofficial Internet website and an unofficial "Internet blog", run by a member - but these things are temporary, serving a specific CausalTime-limited purpose, and when that purpose is achieved then they, and this slight public profile, will cease. Of course, we will not make any announcement of this ceasing, at the time.

It should be understood that our goals are of not only decades but of centuries, and that we act, and plan, accordingly.

What about the people who leave - or who seem to leave? I'm thinking of people like Vilnius Thornian,

who ran the old Nasz Dom website, and C Beast, who did the Sinister Tarot. Have they really left, and if so is that a betrayal, and what does their leaving say about the state of the Order of Nine Angles itself and its method of training?

The question itself reveals something of a lack of esoteric insight and sinister knowledge.

Over the decades, several people have come and gone - some only achieved External Adept; a few achieve Internal Adept. Of those who wander away, and give up or renounce their Sinister quest, one or two return, having learnt much - about themselves - during their exile.

Yet some of those who wander away or who may renounce their quest may still have done some useful work; may still have presented the Sinister in some way, and thus have contributed something, or affected some changes, however small. Some of these may even have been manipulated into doing such things, into contributing such things, by a Master, or a Mistress, with their leaving or their renunciation a sign of their failure.

For such renunciations - whatever the reasons, or the reasons such people tell themselves - are expected, and indeed natural; part of the selection process itself. Those who go have failed, and proven themselves unsuitable; for the real, and the most important test, is that which lies beyond Internal Adept and which signifies the change from Adept to Master/Mistress. Of those who thus progress beyond the Abyss, there have been no renunciations.

Each Grade, of Internal Magick, is thus a test, a selection; and the move away from each Grade toward the next is also itself a test, a selection, and one which lasts many an alchemical season - in exoteric-speak, which lasts for some or often many many years.

Again, such people, such failures, should be viewed in the perspective of centuries: of the progression toward our Sinister goals, our disruption of the Old Order, our presencings of the acausal darkness, and the emergence of the New Aeon, whose Sinister magickal energies are already being felt, by some, and whose exoteric affects are slowly causing causal changes.

There has been much speculation as to your use of the word "Fayen", which seems to have replaced the "yf" date code you previously used. Is there a reason for this change, and what does Fayen mean? Is the change in any way connected with a move away from NS type politics, which politics many associate you with?

Firstly, the use of that particular word, now and in the past two or so years, is quite deliberate: to mark the beginning of the third stage of one particular, and century-long, strategy of ours.

The first part was the codification of what it may be convenient to call "The Mythos of the ONA". This involved the writing down of the various aural traditions inherited from the reclusive Mistress who hailed from Shropshire, and who owned properties in London, Oxford and Manchester. These traditions involved such things as Esoteric Chant, The Septenary Tree of Wyrð, legends and myths about The Dark Gods and Baphomet; culling, various ceremonial rituals, and the Grade Rituals. It also involved refining and extending the Tradition itself - developing

The Star Game, for example, and writing basic guides such as *Naos*. This stage took around a decade or so.

The second stage was, internally, making most of the exoteric Tradition available by circulating a limited number of copies of various ONA MSS, and works such as *The Black Book of Satan*, and *Naos*. This created something of a "public profile" for the ONA, which was intentional. Externally, the real work of the ONA was continued by presenting the acausal, the Sinister, through supporting, and creating, various causal "forms", through opening various nexions, through practical de-stabilization, through propagating and championing various "heretical" causes and ideas, and so on: to the greater glory of Satan, one might have said, and say. This stage took around two decades, or so.

The third stage involves, internally, releasing items and MSS concerning some of the more esoteric aspects, which esoteric aspects include such things as: (1) the actual nature of The Dark Gods, hinted at in stories such as *In The Sky of Dreaming* and MSS such as *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) The Seventh-Way, and the nature of Five-Dimensional Magick (hinted at in some earlier MSS, which mentioned some of the effects of a-temporal magickal rites; (3) the reality of The Abyss and beyond, where one goes beyond words, and causal symbols, such as the Tree of Wyrld, and thus beyond the opposites inherit in words, names and symbologies.

Outwardly, or externally, the third stage involves continuing to present The Dark Forces, via nexions, through supporting, and creating, various causal "forms"; through practical de-stabilization, through supporting and championing various "heretical" causes and ideas, and so on: to the greater glory of Baphomet, one might, with correctness, say, and write.

After this - in future decades - as the signs of the de-stabilization of the Old Order (symbolized outwardly by the so-called, and mis-named, "New World Order") becomes ever more esoterically obvious and then even more exoterically obvious, there will that conjoining that can be symbolized, exoterically, by the union of Satan and Baphomet, and thus a bringing-into-being (a birthing) of what is Beyond: the acausal Darkness itself, fully presented on Earth and in our causal Universe. To the greater glory of The Dark Gods, and thus the beginning of our own evolutionary change into a new species.

Thus are some esoteric truths here revealed - for the sagacious.

Furthermore, NS-type politics - as explained many times over the years - was and is used as a form, as a presenting (even sometimes as a nexion) by Sinister Initiates and Sinister Adepts as part of Sinister Aeonic strategy, as a work or works of Aeonic magick (or even as an individual Insight Rôle). It is never was, nor is, the essence of the ONA, or the Way of the ONA: which is essentially to create, to breed, individual individuals and thence a new type of human being. Such individuals have gone beyond the abstractions, the forms, of the Old Aeon, and thus can - if necessary - use and manipulate such abstractions, such forms (be they conventionally described as political or religious, or whatever), in a Sinister, magickal Way: to present the Dark Forces.

That many people did not understand this, reveals only the lack of understanding of those people. That many so-called esoteric Initiates did not and do not understand this, reveals only their lack of Initiated understanding, their lack of knowledge of genuine Magick, and of what it means to be a genuine follower of the Sinister Path.

in widespread use, was coined by the ONA. Is this correct, and does this mean, as some have supposed, a "worship" or reverence of Satan, as a real entity?

It is correct to say and write that we were the first to use that particular term, over two decades ago, for the reason given: because of our inherited aural Tradition, and to differentiate our really Dark and really Sinister Way from others, such as the the gabbling posturing ToSers, the Magian-inspired crawling Crowleyites, and the sanctimonious egotists who fawned upon and followed the Magian clown named LaVey.

To understand Satan - *sans* Nazarene theology and ontology, and the silliness of "theism" - is to understand that He is one of The Dark Gods and thus, according to our Tradition, our Mythos, an acausal-being, dwelling in the acausal Universe, Who has, at one or more times in our Earth-bound causal past, been presenced in causal form, which form can change, since Satan is, like most of that particular acausal species when manifest in the causal Universe, a shapeshifter.

Yet there is, for us and others of our Sinister kind, no worship of such a being; no reverence. Just an admiration, at most, and a feeling of kinship, such as one might have toward an older brother, or sister, or a respected and older if distant relative. Or rather, and more correctly perhaps, such as a desire, such a yearning, for, the kinship of a long-lost half-brother, or half-sister, given that - for many - such relatives of ours have been missing for rather a long time.

Thus - and to continue the metaphor - do Sinister Initiates seek to find such missing relatives of theirs, and thus do they desire to not only have them "home" again (presenced on Earth) but also to learn from them so that they themselves can pass to the stars, and beyond: into the realms of the formless, timeless, acausal.

So you still regard yourselves as "Satanists" and still regard the term "Satanism" as having esoteric meaning?

Yes, and yes. Greek scholars - and lexicographers - will understand what *-ism* (and thus *-ist*) in this context refers to.

Although, of course, "Satan-*ism*" is only a beginning: a nexion to the acausal itself; one causal and exoteric name for a particular presencing which can begin a particular, and dangerous and difficult, journey for some humans, to some-where.

I also refer you to my previous answer: the Third Stage, and what is beyond.

You mean Baphomet, whom you describe as a Dark Goddess?

Indeed, for She is The Mistress, The Mother, of Blood; of our blood, and of the blood of those who are sacrificed to her, for her, and who can provide Her with some of the causal living necessary.

Furthermore - and here is another clue - one must view both Vindex and Falcifer in relation to Her, and, of

course, that acausal being whose exoteric name has been given as Satan.

Since you accept Satan as a real being, what about God? Do you accept there is a God?

No. We consider "God" to be a myth, an abstraction, a metaphysical construct if you will, created by the need and the desire of individuals who have not only yet to face, understand, and integrate, the darkness, within themselves, but who also - from weakness, inability or whatever - cannot go beyond such abstractions, such immature bifurcation into non-living "opposites", to the esoteric quintessence, which is of the numinosity of the acausal Sinister imbued with the essence *and the potential* of causal life and causal living. Thus, "God" - as conventionally described - is a symptom of the human disease of negative-evolution, which is an un-knowing, an un-feeling, of our human potential, which potential can be unleashed by the energies of the acausal.

In the same way, the kindred disease of hubris, the disease of the modern materialistic West, is an outward manifestation of the still current Old Aeon - the Magian-inspired and Magian-controlled Old Order - and of those Aeons that preceded it. Hubris - selfish, blind, ill-disciplined indulgence and egotistical arrogance - is a lack of self-awareness; a lack of self-discipline; a pandering to the ego and its delusions; a lack of esoteric insight; a lack of that perspective, that self-judgement, that rational detachment, that awareness and practical experience of the acausal - of The Dark Gods, of Satan and Baphomet - creates. Or at least can create in those possessed of the right character, the correct attributes.

Thus do we seek the practical destruction of this Old Order, which keeps people in thrall, stifles our potential, and which becomes ever more oppressive and tyrannical with every passing year. This destruction is necessary - whatever the cost in so-called "human suffering" - for such destruction is a prelude to the New Aeon which will unleash our full potential and enable us to become a new, and higher, species.

You do not therefore accept that there is such a thing as an "innocent person"?

Here is a quote from a now somewhat old essay of mine, which is relevant here:

"There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death. their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever." *To Presence The Dark*

But I still expect the full meaning suggested by the above words will escape the vast majority of human beings, including the vast majority who call themselves, or describe themselves as, "Satanists" - which of course reveals quite a lot about such self-styled "Satanists", just as the very title of that particular ONA MS, quoted above, reveals quite a lot about us.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

Magick, The Sinister, Aeons, and The Psyche of The Folk:

Esoteric Notes XXIX

Essentially, magick - according to the Sinister tradition of the ONA - is defined as "the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion. By the nature of our consciousness, we, as human individuals, are one type of nexion - that is, we have the ability to access, and presence, certain types of acausal energy." [See Footnote 1]

Thus, understood esoterically, an individual represents a willed-evolution: the potential to change and evolve by means of utilizing certain energies, with such change and evolution involving a bringing-into-being, or, more prosaically, a bringing-into-consciousness. That is, a making-conscious of what was hitherto "unknown", hidden and latent, both within and external to the individual. This making-conscious is the first step - the beginning - of genuine individual magick; the first stage of that Sinister Way one of whose aims is the creation of a new, more conscious, more highly evolved, individual.

The psyche of the individual is a term used, in the Sinister Way, to describe those aspects of an individual - those aspects of consciousness - which are hidden, or inaccessible to, or unknown to, the individual. Basically, such aspects can be considered to be those forces/energies which do or which can influence the individual in an emotional way or in a way which the individual has no direct control over or understanding of. One part of this psyche is what has been called "the unconscious", and some of the forces/energies of this "unconscious" have been, and can be, described by the term "archetypes".

Understood esoterically, an archetype is a limited presencing (a manifestation) of acausal energy, which presencing is limited in causal time. [See Footnote 2]

Fundamentally, the basic task of an esoteric Initiate is to make-conscious - to experience, know and understand - their own psyche, and this, in the beginning stages of magickal Initiation, is done by means of symbols and rituals, both hermetic and ceremonial. That is, the forces/energies, both archetypal and otherwise, are objectified, experienced and experimented with - hence such symbols and tools such as The Septenary System (of correspondences, including the Tree of Wyrd), the Tarot, and The Star Game. To complement this, the individual undertakes "Insight Roles" where they identify with a certain symbolic aspect or aspects, or rôle - and/or a certain archetype or archetypes - and thus experience, in real life, such energies, and their causal effects. One particular aspect, of course, is The Sinister itself, which is manifest in archetypes such as "The Magickian", The Mistress of Earth, and in Satan.

As stated in the MS *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*:

"All magick - external, internal and Aeonic - is but a means to apprehend, experience and presence acausal energies, and thus create/provoke Change. That is, the conventional magick of the Tree of Wyrd, of books such as *Naos*, of rituals, is but a beginning - through such things, the individual Initiate acquires experience and knowledge, and also develops as an individual: in terms of character. In the simplistic sense, they move, through the Grades, beyond "The Abyss", toward The Goal, which is the transformation of the individual and the emergence of a new type of being, beyond the Adept."

Furthermore, the archetypal energies which affect and influence an individual - a non-Adept - are, according to The Sinister Way of the ONA, both personal/individual, and related to the Aeon during which the individual lives. In addition, some of the personal archetypal energies which are manifest, or which can be manifest, in the psyche of the individual, are related to the living-being which is the folkish culture of the individual. Thus, in order to properly progress along The Way toward Adeptship - in order to evolve as an individual - the individual needs to understand, and work with, such particular energies.

The Folk Psyche and Folkish Archetypes:

By virtue of being a nexion, an individual is connected to the causal presencing that is Nature, and to those living-beings which are manifest in Nature. One such living-being is the folkish-culture, the folkish-psyche, to which they belong - from which they have come-into-being, as an individual. [See Footnote 3] Basically, this is just a precise way of understanding that all non-Adepts are, or can be or will be, influenced by various unconscious archetypal forces deriving from their ancestors, and their ancestral culture (or way of life) and that, whether they know or not (and they mostly do not know) they are connected to such living-beings. Generally, such a connexion (both unknown and made-conscious) is positive: that is, it tends towards an affirmation of life, and provides the individual with access to certain energies which are beneficial to them.

Furthermore, it needs to be understood that magick as a Way is neutral - that is, it can be used (or more correctly can be assumed, by those individuals below the stage of Mastery, to be so used) to either aid or harm such connexions, such Earthly living-beings, as human beings are connected to and from which they have emerged, such folkish-culture and folkish-archetypes.

In practical terms of self-development and evolution, an individual can greatly benefit from knowing, and from direct involvement with, their folk psyche and folkish archetypes: and this is especially true when the stage of Adept is reached and Aeonic workings are undertaken.

Aeons, Civilizations and The Presencing of Acausal Energy:

An *Aeon* - according to the Sinister Way of the ONA - is a particular presencing of certain acausal energies on this planet, Earth, which energies affect a multitude of individuals over a certain period of causal time. One such affect is via the psyche of individuals. This particular presencing which is an Aeon is via a particular nexion, which is an Aeonic *civilization*, which Aeonic civilization [See Footnote 4] is brought-into-being in a certain geographical area and usually associated with a particular people, or folk.

An Aeon can thus be considered to be a type of acausal being [See Footnote 5] manifesting in the causal, and, as such, has certain archetypal energies associated with it: that is, it can to a certain extent be "re-presented", or apprehended, via causal-thinking, in terms of certain symbols, archetypes, abstractions, myths, rituals, and so on. The living-being which is an Aeon is thus "born", lives for a specific period of causal time, and then "dies", as, of course, do the archetypes associated with such an Aeon. Each Aeonic civilization can - according to limited causal-thinking - be described, or re-presented, by a particular mythos, which mythos is a limited causal apprehension of the life-force, of "the soul" or psyche, of the Aeon from which that civilization derives.

Hitherto, we human beings have lacked the ability to affect Aeons and thus Aeonic civilizations. That is, as stated in the *MS Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*:

"All the individuals associated with a particular civilization - unless and until they attain a specific degree of self-awareness [variously called 'individuation' and 'Adeptship'] - are subject to or influenced by their psyche. This psyche draws its energy from - is determined by - the civilization and thus the aeon. In practical terms, the psyche is a manifestation of the acausal energy that

creates/created the civilization..."

However, magick - correctly understood and correctly used - is a means not only of personal development and personal understanding (a freeing from psychic, archetypal, influences and affects) but also of evolving to the next level of our human existence where we can understand, and to a certain extent control and influence, supra-personal manifestations of acausal energies, such as an Aeon, and thus cause, or bring-into-being, large-scale evolutionary change. Such understanding, such control, such a bring-into-being, is Aeonic Magick.

Aeonic Magick is the magick of the Adept and those beyond: the magick of the evolved human being who has achieved a certain level of self-understanding and self-mastery and who thus is no longer at the mercy of unconscious psychic, archetypal, influences, both personal/individual, and of other living-beings, since as the folk, and Aeons.

According to the sinister tradition of the ONA, there have been five Aeons, including the current *Thorian* (or "Western") one. The current Aeon is, however, unique - for it has, in the last hundred years or so, suffered from a distortion of its life-force, a distortion of its soul. This distortion has been somewhat simplistically and rather graphically described as akin to a "viral infection" which has modified the behaviour of the peoples of the civilization through changing, modifying, and in some cases supplanting, the natural archetypes of the Aeon. In the esoteric sense, this distortion, this infection, can be understood as a natural process affecting our evolution - a consequence of that evolution itself, and such an infection could have certain undesirable consequences for our evolution, and for our ability to free ourselves from those viral forces which are, in essence, de-evolutionary. That is, this distortion, this infection, represents a challenge to the Sinister Way - to magick, to the alchemy of evolution itself.

Thus, one aim of Aeonic Magick is to counter this Aeonic distortion through various sinister strategies; another aim is to *consciously* bring-into-being a new Aeon: one which will allow us, as human beings, to evolve and fulfil the potential latent within us.

There is thus a real war occurring at present, part of which is magickal, Aeonic and supra-Aeonic: a war, battles, between those who represent the genuine wisdom and understanding and freedom and life-enhancement which genuine magick (with its presencing of the acausal) brings, and those who represent what is fundamentally de-evolutionary, limiting, enervating and stiflingly causal, and who are manifest through and in the distortion of the Thorian Aeon. [See Footnote 6]

The Sinister Way:

In essence, all genuine magick is Sinister because it is Change: a move-toward a new bringing-into-being. A re-ordering in the causal. That is, it is a presencing of the acausal - from which all that is evolutionary and life-affirming arises.

However, *to work* - to affect evolutionary Change - such presencings have to be based upon, to manifest, to use, what-is acausal: that is, there has to be a knowing, an understanding, of the acausal as the acausal is. Without this knowing, this understanding, there has been, is and will be only the delusion of self and at best a stasis and at worst a return to the thralldom of the past.

Anton Long
117 Year of Fayen

Notes:

(1) q.v. the MS *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*. For a basic discussion of causal and acausal, see Chapter 0, A Theory of Magick, in *Naos* and the MS *Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

(2) It needs to be understood that the ONA uses such terms as psyche, and archetype, in a particular *and precise* esoteric way, and thus such terms should not be considered as being identical to those used by others and defined, for example, by Jung.

Thus, esoterically understood, an archetype is a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus "in the psyche"): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it "dies" (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

(3) Such connexions, such living-beings as the folk and the folkish-culture which derives from the living of such a being, are only *what-are*, on this planet where we dwell. That is, they are aspects of Nature: they correctly describe the reality of how the acausal is presenced, in the causal, on this planet, through that living-being which is Nature. In a simplistic descriptive sense, such folk-beings are among Her descendants, her "sons and daughters".

Furthermore, there is a symbiosis involved in such connexions - or, rather, there is now a symbiosis involved as a result of our natural evolution of will and consciousness; a symbiosis between us, our folk-beings, and with Nature, as well as with the Acausal beyond Nature.

(4) To be precise, this nexion is "a culture" which itself is a living-being, a spawn of a particular Aeon, with the Aeonick civilization itself being a by-product, a manifestation, a stage, of this new culture. However, the general term civilization will be retained, although such Aeonick "civilizations" such be understood in such a context.

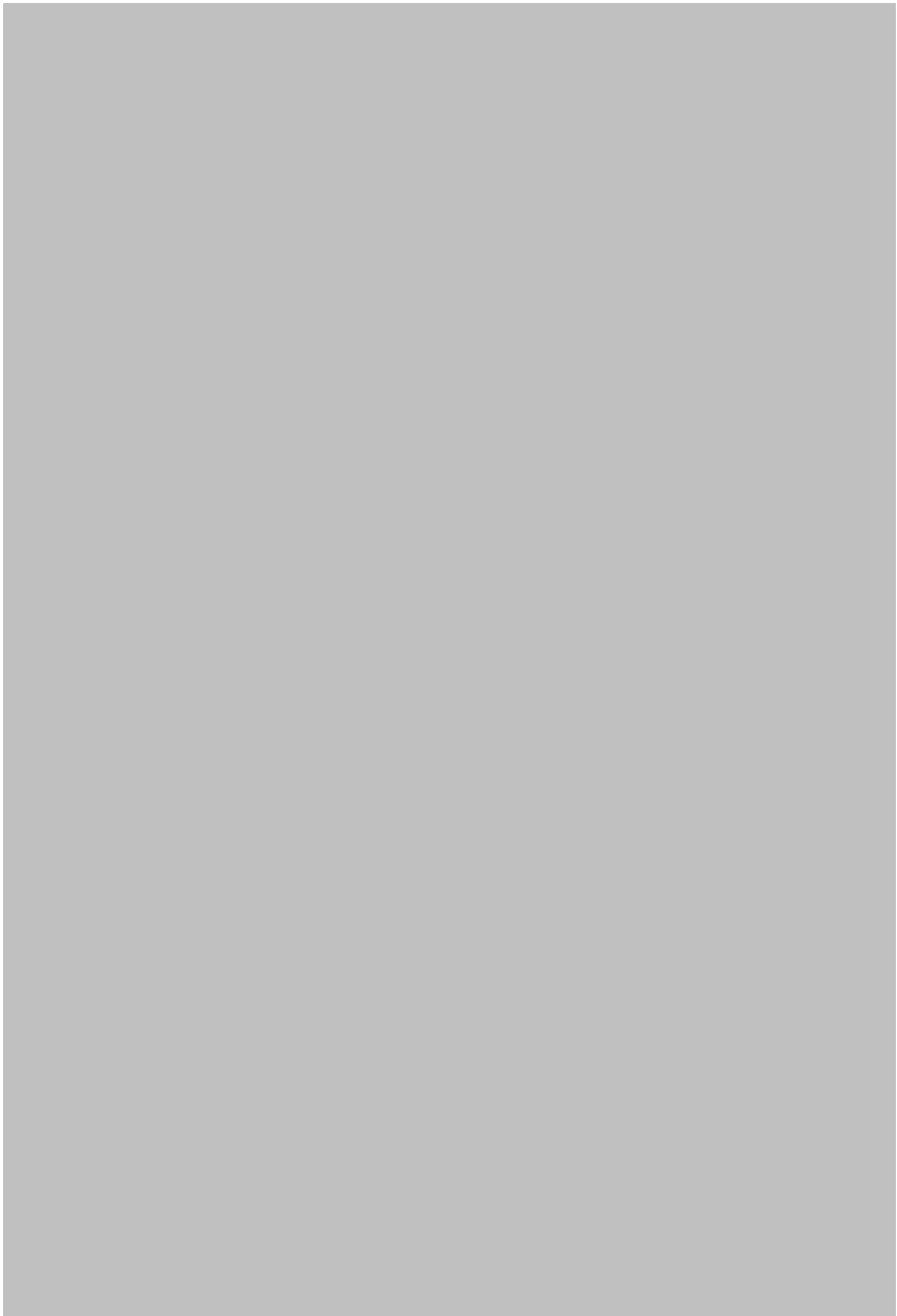
Also, note that what is referred to is an *Aeonick* civilization - not just a "civilization". q.v. *Aeonick Magick - A Basic Introduction*.

(5) For a basic introduction to "acausal beings" refer to the MS *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery* which explains the nature of the *acausal-thinking* (or, more prosaically, the "esoteric/magickal" thinking) that is required to begin to understand such beings: to apprehend Them as they are.

In addition, it needs to be understood that, as explained in many other MSS, there are many and varying types of acausal entities, or acausal beings or *acausal forms of life*. Some exist solely in the acausal; some can manifest in some ways in the causal, with some such causally-manifesting beings - or forms of life - being in symbiosis with the causal (or rather, in symbiosis with causal life-forms) and thus "dependant" on them to some extent. Some such dependant symbiotic acausal beings may cease to exist (in both the causal and the acausal) when their energy fades and "dies", while others may return to the acausal to leave only a dead causal "shell" or "shells".

Further, it should be obvious that the majority of such acausal life-forms cannot and should not be conceptualized in an anthropomorphic way, bound and limited as such conceptualizations are by causal Time and causal Space.

(6) The distortion has been, *exoterically*, described as "Magian": as representative of a particular ethos deriving from the *psyche* of a certain people.

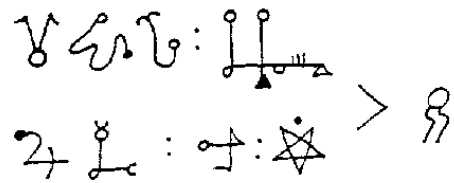


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The Girl Goddess

S.R.

Being a teacher, I had for a long time been aware of how some girls embodied some features of the goddess in her youthful aspect. Sometimes, this was expressed in a sexual way, sometimes it was not.

One girl in particular stands out in memory. She was twelve at the time, a slim thing with long often unruly sandy coloured hair whose eyes at times suggested a sexual understanding of someone much older. Sometimes she would look at me and smile, as if she knew my secret, thrusting her burgeoning breasts out. Sometimes she seemed to be saying 'I want you to kiss me'. Yet, when these fleeting moments had gone, she was just like any other girl of her age. It was almost as if in those moments the girl goddess was teasing and tempting me.

Yet it took me a while to understand that the goddess was within her in those sometimes tender, sometimes sexual moments - that she was or could be a vehicle for that beauty, charm, grace and sensuality - and I nurtured the secret desire to make those moments last, to bring them about, to capture them in her or some similar girl. Was this the yearning about which Sappho spoke:

If you forget me, think
Of our gifts to Aphrodite
And all the loveliness that we shared*

But mention of this subject was difficult, even among gay friends. So it was avoided until I some years later came to teach another of those gifted by the goddess.

She was fourteen when it started, and would wait for me after lessons and after school, on any pretext. It was flattering having such a pretty girl have a crush on me but I kept a professional distance. She took to learning the violin and persuaded her parents to give her private lessons - with me, as I taught violin. I wanted to refuse, and accept. Perhaps it was ordained, but I accepted her parents offer.

Being alone and near her became difficult although for months nothing happened, except violin lessons in my house. Then one day as we sat on the sofa drinking coffee after a lesson and chatting about music and school, waiting for her father to collect her, I blurted out: 'You look quite beautiful.' It was true, she did, with her dusky complexion, dark hair and well-formed breasts. We seemed to understand one another without words - she smiled and then we were embracing and kissing, laughing and crying. And next week, a slightly more intimate touch, caress. A week after that, our lesson together forgotten, I touched her breasts for the first time before unbuttoning her blouse - afraid and exulted at the same time. A few weeks later we shed each others clothes to become lovers for the first time. And she was only fifteen.

It was pleasing, and fearful - I was afraid of exposure, of her parents, the school, discovering our secret. I felt guilty - had I betrayed my trust? Was I taking advantage of her? For months I anguished over it all. She expressed her love for me, and we were happy together. Our relationship seemed natural and beautiful. We discovered things together, played music together (her playing improved!), made ecstatic love (she seemed insatiable at times!).

* Editorial note: Or as another, more accurate translation says -

Go happily, remembering me
For you know what we shared and pursued.
If not, I look backwards to remind you
Of the sensuous times we had.

But guilt began to poison me. We were careful at school, with her parents, but it was all a strain - for me, for she seemed to take naturally to the situation and not worry about it. I hated the lies, the deceit. I wanted to be open and honest, to tell others about our love. But it was impossible. I began to quarrel with her, find fault with her or the way she did things. For a few weeks, sheer hell. But then I understood why I felt that way - it was the guilt. So we talked about it. We loved each other and saw nothing wrong in our love or the natural sexual expression of it - it was others who would not understand, who would condemn us. 'You make me happy' she said once, 'that's all I care about'. I remembered that, and the guilt declined, although a longing for openness with others remained.

Looking back, it was as if the goddess was manifest in her at times: when making love, when walking in a certain way, when she smiled, or laughed or played the violin. Had I seduced her - or had the goddess within her seduced me? It did not seem to matter.

Today, I am happier - and still with her, although I am now at another school and she is working. The large city where we share a flat shields us from curious eyes. Some time ago we went to a few clubs, met others of our ilk. Some were surprised at our difference in age (I am just over twice hers), others are accepting. Would even those who accept us feel different if they knew of her youth, and my position, when we became lovers? Would my school force me to resign if they knew? Probably. So secrets remain and discussion does not arise, and I cannot but wonder how many others like me have gone down that same road and failed to survive, their journey of love cut short by a society that does not care or wish to understand. There still seems an awfully long way to go.

Sappho

Fragment 41:

Beautiful girls, toward you
My thoughts will never change ...

Fragments 138/147:

Believe me, in the future
Someone will remember us ...

Because you love me
Stand with me face to face
And unveil the softness in your eyes ...



SAPPHO - POETIC FRAGMENTS: Translated by DW Myatt, with five colour illustrations by Christos Beest - available from Rigel Press, priced £14/\$35 Air Mail.

Sinister Tradition - Further Notes

Bron Wrgan:

The Western Aeon has as its esoteric centre two nexions. Both were established - c. 500 eh - at a time when there were beliefs in 'Thule' (qv. 'Lands of the Dark Immortals' MS). One of these nexions is known by Sinister Tradition as 'Bron Wrgan'.

Several sites are mentioned as being the location of this nexion, amongst which are: Caer Caradoc near Knighton; Caer-din Ring, Clun Forest; and a site about 3 miles NE of Knucklas, near a batch, where severed heads were reputed to be set up, within an enclosure. There is a stream here mentioned in 'Morte d'Arthur' - the steps in the stream being the site where two knights fought.

The other twin nexion is north of Bron Wrgan.

One of these nexions is 'negative/Dark', the other is 'positive/Light'. The magickal centre of the New Aeon is inbetween these two nexions - thus this centre is a new nexion, a combination of the qualities of the two previous ones. Fundamental to the aims of the ONA is the completion of this nexion - that is, to fully open the nexion in order to presence the New Aeon as the other two nexions wane, their purpose having been fulfilled.

Petriochor:

1) Prepare an area of soil at least three feet square. This must be kept free of plants and should ideally be exposed to the sun for at least part of the day, and unshaded by trees etc. If possible no pesticides, fertilizers etc should be present, but it should also have a high organic content from previous cultivation.

2) Collect some of this soil at a specific time between the last full Moon in May and the full Moon following the Solstice. This time depends on the weather, but is always in the hour before dawn. The time is right when following a period of warm, dry weather which has lasted for at least seven days, there is rain in the hours before dawn. This rain should ideally be a light drizzle.

3) The soil should be collected and placed immediately in an airtight container. As soon as possible it should be transferred to a suitable receptacle connected to distillation equipment, and a low heat applied for a period of time which only practical experiment can show. The "essence" collected is the basis of the incense.

4) Then make up as a normal perfume/oil using a natural base, eg. sweet almond oil, into which the "essence" is infused/mixed.



ΠΙΧΛΩ ΘΕ ΔΥΝ ΘΙΣ ΚΑΥ ΘΥΟΥ ΟΜΩΥΚΑΤΩ ΜΕΘΗΚΕΝ
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ΧΑΡΙΩ

H.P. Lovecraft and the Dark Gods

A lot has been said and written in recent years about the writings of H.P. Lovecraft, particularly his Cthulhu mythos, but to gain an insight into the truth it is necessary to compare Lovecraft's mythos with one of the most sinister traditions of Occultism.

Lovecraft, aware of parts of the ancient tradition of the Dark Gods, dramatised and mis-represented the tradition as a whole. Part of this mis-representation was literary, some of it arose because Lovecraft could not see beyond the Abyss where opposites are meaningless, but most of the mis-representation arose because Lovecraft had access to only part of the tradition, through his own Occult researches and sometimes inept experiments with dream control.

To these, he added inventions of his own - such as the so-called 'Necronomicon' (the book of this title published by Colin Wilson et al is a hoax) - which he wove into the cthulhu mythos. This mythos bears about as much resemblance to the genuine tradition of the Dark Gods, from which it is derived, as a fir tree does to an oak.

One of Lovecraft's mis-representations is in naming the Dark Gods. The Dark Gods (or 'forces') may be symbolised by vibrations, since it is partly through such vibration that certain levels of consciousness may be reached. These levels re-present primal Chaos - that is, they are devoid of Word since such levels pre-date the covering up, by Word, ritual, idea and even myth, of the essence from which Being and non-Being were derived. Viewed conventionally, these entities are negative and by their return restore Chaos - that is, they destroy the historicity of Being. When seen through the stricture of opposites such a return is terrifying.

According to tradition, the Dark Gods are waiting, in what may be described as a parallel universe, to return to Earth and thus our spatial, causal universe. Essentially, the universe of the Dark Gods is acausal and the two universes may be re-presented as being joined by various Star Gates (or more accurately 'nexions'). These 'Gates' are regions of space-time where passage from one universe to another is possible at certain times - that is, when the Gates are aligned according to their cosmic cycle. Traditionally, it is believed that these Gates open about once every 2,000 years. Because of the nature of the two connecting universes (that is, their difference in time and spatial geometry) not only is physical travel possible between them, but also to a limited extent, a special form of astral travel. This astral form is possible because our own consciousness, by its nature and evolution, is partly acausal and therefore already to an extent on a primal level part of this other universe. Thus, it is possible for an individual to journey into the other realms where the Dark Gods are waiting just as it is feasible - if the psychic Gates are opened - for those dreaded and negative entities who are seldom named to manifest on our level. Such travels are manifestly only feasible when a nexion is about to be opened, is open or is closing - that is, at the beginning and ending of an Aeon. At other times, travel is very difficult and very severe measures must be taken in order to create the energy required. Such methods have seldom been used in the past: they involve great danger to the individual(s), hideous rituals of suffering and sacrifice, or immense detail in preparation and the acquisition of a crystal tetrahedron of the right quality.

The intrusion of these entities into our universe takes many forms, both physical and psychic, and here again Lovecraft has mis-represented them. According to Tradition, the last overt physical manifestation took place thousands of years ago, around 8,000 BP and gave rise to, among other legends, the myth of Dragons. Prior to this, the sinister tradition speaks of the first coming of the Dark Gods at the dawn of our consciousness - probably around 20,000 yrs BP. Psychic intrusion is often minimal but nevertheless terrifying for some. According to one recent account: "They lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sounds which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds to know. And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner

of the meeting of dimensions. They are the destroyers ... the bornless forever who wait for our call. Soon they will come to collect that blood which is required by Them. To understand Them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be."

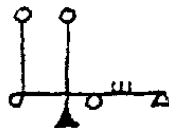
Such manifestations often take the form of nightmares when unsought, and occasional madness is not unknown among those who have deliberately tried to bring the Dark Gods: for example, in a case known to the author a group tried, in the early seventies, to invoke these forces. The working was only partially successful and one of those involved went mad.

One of the most noticeable effects of deliberate contact by Adepts is the change that results in the consciousness of certain groups of people and individuals - such as a resurgence of primitive atavisms. Such changes are often misunderstood, bound as most people still are by old Aeon concepts of duality, and over recent decades these changes have been a prelude to the calling forth that will re-open the physical nexion and return the Dark Gods to our universe and thus the Earth itself.

The details that Lovecraft gives regarding 'calls' and rites are mostly fanciful and only in a few places does he inadvertently reveal the truth - for example, in his mention of the trapezohedron and 'Azathoth'. The key to travel along the passages between the star nexions is the Nine Angles and the key to the Nine Angles is the crystal tetrahedron which is activated by voice vibration. 'Azathoth' as described by Lovecraft, is a symbolic and distorted re-presentation of the intersection, in acausal space-time, of these astral star passages: a kind of galactic vortex or node. Those who journey there never return the same. Along the star passages the shells of long dead civilizations lie strewn.

The Nine Angles (the key to contact both physical and astral) are re-presented in the septenary Star Game and it is through this symbolic re-presentation that the magick of the Dark Gods is made manifest. The rest, to the uninitiated, is sheer terror.

* * * * *



Wild carnal awakenings that fructify
the Earth with vibrant energies.
She glistens and melts and
flames before them,
filled with a fierce fascination
for the folly of human lives.
Driven by a force that is the
Moon, the Sun, the wilderness
Storm in her veins, the fire
of a warrior in her heart.

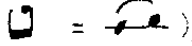
And upon her inner thigh
as an imprint, like a kiss
the scarlet mark of Satan
lies like daggers of swollen bliss
A charm, an enhancement,
a warning,
a key of doom to be touched
and taken,
as a poisoned chalice of wine
She works in their blood
like a fear, like a flame
Hers is a kiss of death and fire
Hers the seeds of a black serpent sown,
The dice is loaded, the cards are stacked
and every hand that's played,
reveals the queen of spades,
and every step that's taken,
every path that is followed
leads to tortuous tests,
footprints filled with blood,
a vital awareness that is a drug
of ruin, a gauntlet of challenge
through the will of She
that lives in them yet,
as irresistible as the pull of the Moon,
as immortal as the midnight shore,
as fierce and as cruel as fire.
She culls and captivates and manipulates
with acausal aim,
A dimension beyond them
as untouchable as the wind,
as free as a raven's wing,
A force of nature in sensuous stealth revealed.

She waits in a space of aloneness
for her prize,
for her Prince of Darkness to come,
for Satan to fulfil the promise
of his mark,
the kiss of blood she wears
like a charm, like a wedding ring,
as an imprint upon her
inner thigh.

Sinister Chant - Further Notes

The aim of this MS is to make the techniques of Sinister Chant more accessible to Novices, primarily by providing a way of transcribing chant neumes ('Square' and 'Sangallian') into modern 'blob' notation, thus giving an approximate, performable description of the Chants (qv. 'Naos', 'Hostia', 'Black Book of Satan III') - at least for those who have some grounding in modern musick theory.

However, an effort should be made to study the basics of early chant notation since this ultimately makes chant accessible to both the musickally accomplished and the layperson - simply because Neumatic Notation (particularly 'Square') is easier to read than modern notation.

Once the less obvious notational structures are understood (such as ) then the comparative simplicity of the neumes will be clear. Firstly in this form of notation, there are no dynamics (such as 'largo'; 'cantabile' etc.) - thus, there are less restraints upon performance, and this is a key to understanding the essence of the Chant and consequently, its 'magick'. Chant works as magick if there is some spontaneity, some genuine emotion breathed into the performance - basically the premise of all magickal workings. This is to say that each performance is unique to the performer since s/he, or they, create the texture (or express the 'soul') of the Chant via unique emotions - unique to the individual(s) and unique to all the many other factors converging during that performance. Thus the Chant is meaningful to the Cantor(s), thus real magick evolves.

Obviously, whilst the performance is unique, the Chant itself, if sung correctly, will always bring those energies it is expressive of - ie. the Chant associated with the sphere of Mars ('Agios Alastoros') will invoke energies of sacrifice and death, thus enhancing certain dark rites and acts (culling ...). Sometimes the Chant itself, unaided (with the exception of a quartz tetrahedron), will create a death. Thus, a Chant is most efficacious if performed within an appropriate context. The traditional Chants are re-presentations of specific energies and are genuinely powerful; if one were to sing a Chant - such as the one to return Atazoth - without a specific aim, the effects could be quite detrimental to the performer.

Generally, the 'planetary' Chants may be used in the manner of magick to:
a) increase the consciousness/insight of those singing; b) direct by will and visualization a specific aim appropriate to the sphere; c) alter (via the acausal) the world itself.

(b) and (c) usually require two cantors singing a fourth apart in parallel (for 'dark/destructive' works) or a fifth apart (for constructive workings). (a) is usually undertaken by one individual - the chant being sung three times in succession at sunset for seven days. [If the individual wishes to invoke 'dark/destructive' energies for a specific purpose, then the chant would be performed, over the seven days, one hour before dawn - this being the time favoured for such workings.]

The seven Greek modes (scale system in diatonic composition*) correspond to the spheres of the septenary as follows: Lydian - Jupiter; Phrygian - Saturn; Dorian - Moon; Mixolydian - Venus; Hypodorian (or Aeolian) - Mercury; Hypolydian - Sun; Hypophrygian (or Ionian) - Mars.

The modes used in sinister Chant are the Gregorian or plainchant ones and are related to the spheres (and thus the Greek modes) thus:

D - IV; ♀ - VI; ♀ - V;
 ♂ - VII/VIII; ♂ - III; ♃ - I;
 ♄ - II

* In modern musick, 'mode' refers to each of the two chief scale systems, eg. major and minor.

Quite simply, the neumes describe the rising and falling of the voice, and the tonal progressions (with perhaps the exception of the more demanding 'Agius Atazoth') are usually straightforward and logical. As to the tempo of the performance, there is a consensus of modern opinion favouring a fairly fast pace (equating to the tempo of speech). For magickal purposes - and really, the performance of any Chant is magickal, consciously or otherwise - a Chant should be sung as a 'dirge', intensity being expressed by volume and inflexion. There are some circumstances exceptional to this, but generally this approach is to be recommended.

The method of singing differs from that of modern vocal musick ('pop/rock' has created a lazy, degenerate singing style) and one must hear practical examples to appreciate this method; here, only the guidance of a Cantor trained in Sinister Chant is of any use. In essence, the voice must reflect natural forces - there is a flow, a smooth rising and falling of the voice.

Sinister Chant is not for solo or group entertainment: it is an act of meditation. And a Chant is not a written score, but the quality of enlightenment in the singing of that score ...

The following table gives the neumatic notations and their modern equivalents. It must be borne in mind that when using **C** in transcription, the pitch of middle C has changed over the centuries since the Chants were written down.

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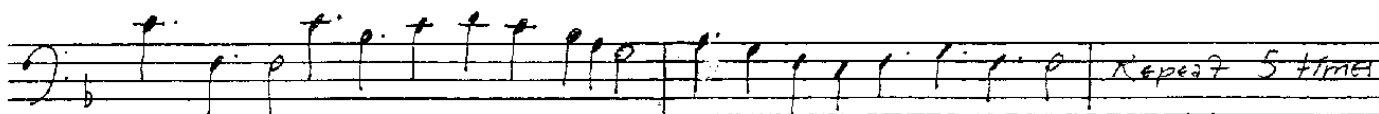
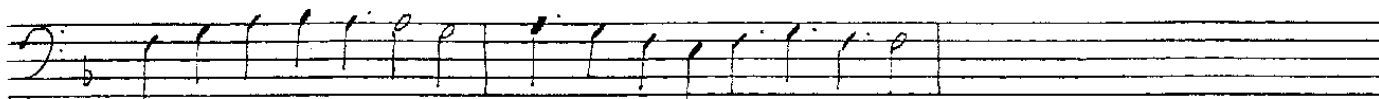
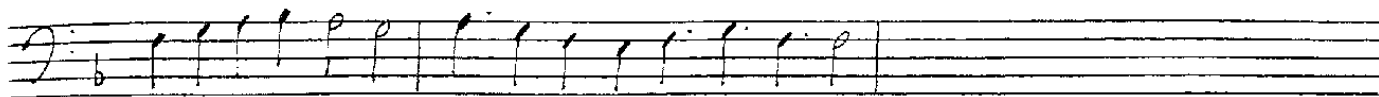
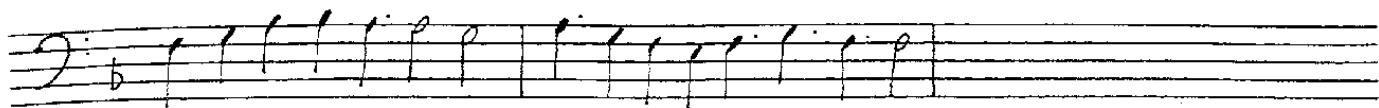
Chant Notation and its Transcription:

	Sangallian	Square	Transcription
Virga	/	┆	•
Punctum	•	▪	•
Pes	✓	♪	—••
Clivis	∪	♪	—••
Scandicus	•	♪	—••
Climacus	•	♪	—••
Torculus	∩	♪	—••
Porrectus	∪	♪	—••
Pes Subbipunctis	•	♪	—•••
Torculus Resupinus	∩	♪	—•••
Porrectus Flexus	∩	♪	—•••
Epiphonus	✓	♪	—••
Cephalicus	∩	♪	—••
Distropha and Bivirga	”	•	• •
Tristropha and Trivirga	””	•	• • •

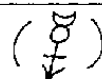
* Note: The above table does not contain the entire range of Sangallian notation.

Some Chant transcriptions:

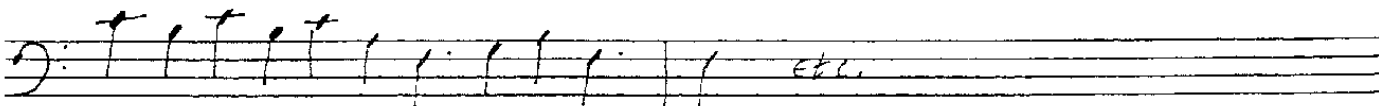
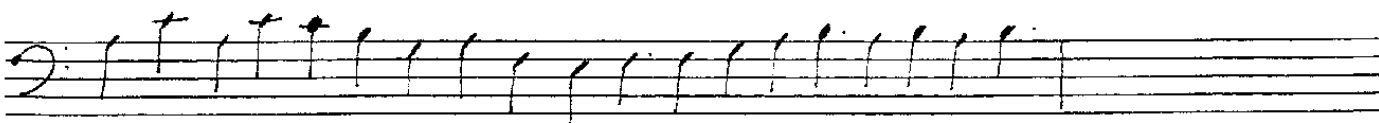
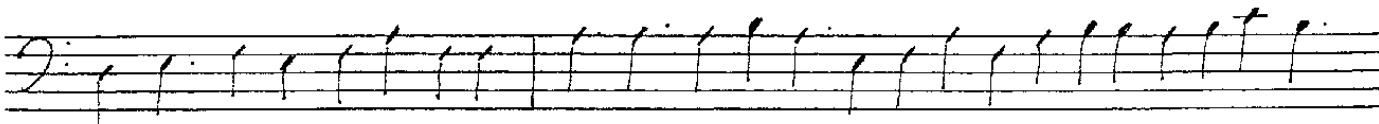
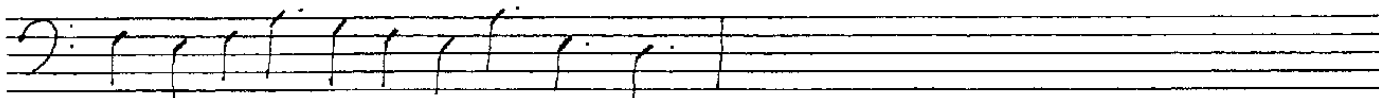
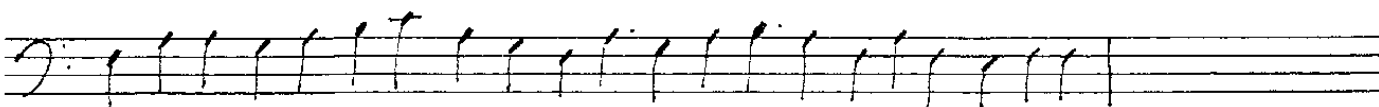
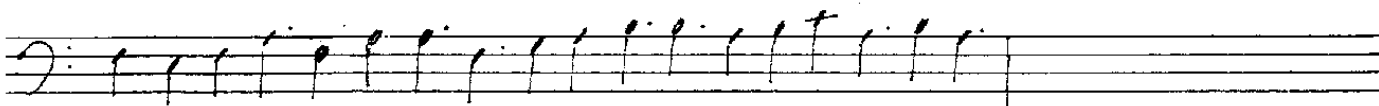
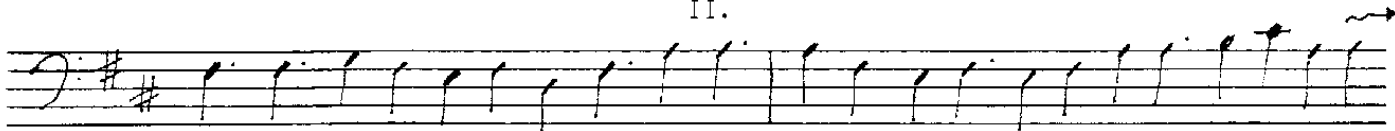
I.



Repeat 5 times



II.



(Nythra... chant)

SYNESTRY: A Sinister Ceremony

[from 'The Black Book of Satan III']

Location:

Usually an indoor Temple.

Participants:

Amatrix - in white robes
Priestess - in violet robes flecked with purple
Defensatrix - in black, with face mask
Congregation - black robes

Temple preparations:

The altar is covered with a black cloth on which is woven an inverted seven-pointed star and on this is a large quartz crystal (which may be shaped as a tetrahedron).

A large statue or image (Atus III, IV or XX) of Baphomet according to Sinister tradition is to the left of the altar.

Chalices of wine, temple bell, violet candles and incense of Jupiter (both aspects: ie. Beech and civit).

The Priestess and Amatrix stand before the altar, the Defensatrix by the entrance. The Priestess rings the Temple bell seven times to signify the beginning of the rite at which the congregation precess in to the altar and are greeted by the Amatrix with a kiss. They then form a semi-circle before the altar.

The Ceremony:

The Priestess raises her hands, saying:

Wash your throats with wine
For Sirius returns
And we women are warm and wanton!

(The Amatrix hands her a chalice, which she drinks from, then passes to the congregation. After all have drunk, the Priestess holds the empty chalice upside down, and says:)

Before I WAS, you were sightless:
You looked, but could not see;
Before I WAS, you had no hearing:
You heard sounds, but could not listen.
Before I WAS, you swarmed with men,
But did not enjoy.
I CAME, opened my body and
Brought you lust!

(She opens her robe to reveal her breasts. The Defensatrix comes forward and forces the Amatrix to kneel before the Priestess who says:)

My breasts pleased you
And brought forth joy!

(She bends down, and the Amatrix kisses her nipples. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

I opened myself, and gave you knowledge
And the joy of knowledge was sweet.
Desire and knowledge made you great
And we, together, dared to defy!
We feasted and enjoyed!

We sacrificed, and loved!

But then the bastard came:
Yeshua, the deceiver!

Congregation:

Curse him! We curse him!

Priestess:

So we gather again to give praise to her
Who rules our world.
Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!

(The congregation repeat the chant seven times while the Amatrix takes up the crystal which she holds in her outstretched hands. The Priestess places her own hands over the crystal. They and the congregation then chant "Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet!" 21 times, the Defensatrix ringing the Temple bell after each chant until the number is reached.

The Amatrix then takes the crystal round the congregation who lay their hands upon it in turn, each silently saying 'Veni, omnipotens aeterne Baphomet' while the Priestess vibrates/chants aloud "Agios o Baphomet".

The crystal is then returned to the altar by the Amatrix while the Priestess lays on the floor, her head touching the feet of the Baphomet image. The Amatrix stimulates her to orgasm using her tongue while the congregation dance around them chanting 'Agios o Baphomet'.

The Priestess channels the energy into the crystal and thence out from the Temple to achieve the desired goal. If no external goal is desired, it is stored in the crystal.

Following the climax by the Priestess, the congregation cease their dance and one by one kneel down to kiss the Priestess and then the Amatrix. As each one does this, the Defensatrix whispers to them: "So it is done again according to our ways, bringing strength and joy."

After the kissing, each rises, bows to the Priestess, and departs from the Temple. After all the congregation have departed, the Amatrix leaves, followed by the Defensatrix. A feast follows, outside the Temple.

The Priestess remains in the Temple until she adjudges the times aright to leave. However, if she so wishes, any member of the Temple who so desires and who has informed her beforehand, may join her in the Temple, whatever energy being produced being directed toward the goal, or stored in the crystal.

In both instances, the Priestess is the last to leave - bowing to the image, extinguishing the candles and chanting 'Ponne, diabolus, custodiam!' as she leaves.)

Notes:

1) The ceremony was originally performed each year on the return of Sirius - although it is often performed now at any time, "Sirius" being replaced by another appropriate star (or sometimes 'the Moon').

2) The rite generates sinister magickal energy - which can be directed via the usual means toward a specific aim/goal/undertaking, or into an individual (eg. a novice), or stored in the crystal to await further use, perhaps at another ceremony (eg. 'Sacrifice').

(Daughters of Baphomet)

* * * * *

The Aims of the ONA

[from 'The Sinister Path - An Introduction to Traditional Satanism']

The fundamental aims of the ONA are:

- 1) To increase the number of genuine Adepts, Masters/Lady Masters, by guiding individuals along the path to Adeptship and beyond.
- 2) To make the path to Adeptship and beyond [the 'Seven-Fold Sinister Way'] more widely available, enabling anyone, should they possess the necessary desire, to strive toward the ultimate goal.
- 3) To extend esoteric knowledge and techniques - i.e. to (a) creatively extend our esoteric knowledge and understanding and thus increase the consciousness of our species; (b) develop new techniques which make this new knowledge and understanding useful to those following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way; (c) implement this knowledge and understanding in a practical way, thus causing change(s) in society/societies. Areas of importance for the immediate future are: (i) music; (ii) Art/images/'film' etc.; (iii) the creation of an 'esoteric' community; and (iv) the development and extension of an abstract symbolic language ('beyond the Star Game').
- 4) To implement sinister strategy - i.e. to presence the acausal (or 'the dark forces') via nexions and so change evolution. One immediate aim is to presence acausal energies in a particular way so creating a new aeon and then a new, higher, civilization from the energies unleashed.

In respect of (1). This will be a slow process, by virtue of the difficulty of the Way, and the desire of most of those interested in esoteric arts for an 'easy option'. It is anticipated that only about four or five new Adepts (at most) will emerge every decade (i.e. an average of one per year). Of these, only two per decade will probably make it to the stage of Master/Lady Master. These figures are unlikely to increase until the energies of the new aeon become more pronounced (around 2020 eh) - even then, the increase will be gradual. It will not be before 2070 (at the earliest) that there will be a significant increase.

This slow progression is natural and necessary - great numbers are not required in order for the more immediate covert aims (e.g. regarding sinister strategy) to be achieved.

In respect of (2). This will arise by itself provided the continuity of the Order is maintained.

In respect of (3). Since the Destiny of each ONA Adept is unique, these aims and others will be fulfilled by those Adepts striving for the next stage, that of Master/Lady Master. It should be remembered that Adepts - although they possess a knowledge and some understanding of Aeonics - are actually still

swayed by aeonic forces: i.e. their Destiny achieves supra-personal aeonic aims. In effect, their Destiny is part of the wyrd of the civilization and thus the aeon to which they belong. A Master/Lady Master, by virtue of having reached that stage, can transcend this wyrd *and implement their own*.

In respect of (4). The fundamental immediate aim [c. 1990 eh - 2020 eh] here is to actively presence the energies of the next aeon and channel these, via various nexions, forms, structures, 'ideas' and so on, to create the next higher civilization. The former means accessing the acausal [in the simplistic sense, 'returning the Dark Gods' via various rites] and creating those forms/structures necessary to channel the energies so accessed. This will take several decades. [Some structures/forms/ideas etc. have already - i.e. before 1994eh - been created.] In conjunction with these things, there will be disruption of existing structures/ideas etc. by Masters/ Adepts/novices.

Beyond this immediate aim [i.e. beyond c.2020 eh] there is the nurturing of the new energies and the forms/structures etc. created to presence these. This will last several centuries - and during this time one of the tasks of the Order is to presence the acausal at regular intervals via certain rites at certain sites, thus ensuring the survival of those things imbued with such energies, one of which will be the new civilization and thus the societies it gives rise to.

□□□□□□

Expressed simply, the aim of the ONA is to create a new species - to significantly change our evolution as a species. This will take time - many centuries, in fact. The Seven-Fold Way is a practical means whereby an individual, *now*, can develop and so become a part of this new species. The other activities which the Order pursues are directed toward changing present structures and creating a new civilization whereby this new species can be made real *on a large scale*: the societies of such a civilization aspiring to realize this goal in a practical way.

The ONA is not interested in transitory 'fame'/notoriety - and neither does it desire to attract large numbers of 'followers'. It is not in the business of competing with other 'Satanic' or 'Occult' groups because such groups are irrelevant, lacking any understanding of sinister strategy and incapable of really guiding their members toward and beyond a genuine Adeptship. Such groups usually represent the ego of one person, who surrounds him/her self with sycophantic followers, and/or they fumble about in diverse mumbo-jumbo lands, playing fantasy games, try to evoke long-dead archetypes and forms, and worship their petty, mostly bovine selves.

What the ONA desires to achieve is significant and worth-while - it is not transitory. The ONA does not depend on the whim of some self-appointed 'leader' as it does bleat about some fantasy-given "mandate" from some "higher authority". It does not peddle some spurious, continually updated theory nor offer religious answers to keep individuals in thrall. Neither does the ONA declare that

its worth is based on some pretentious/legendary 'tradition'. The worth of the ONA lies in its aims and the practical methods it has created, and will create, to achieve those aims.



Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims - of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA - and the Seven-Fold Way itself - create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from 'The Black Book of Satan', is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. ***Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this*** - that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal - they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution - they are using their lives to some purpose. Members of the ONA are doing and achieving - they are being significant and shaping future events. ***They are making history.***

Compared to this, other groups are irrelevant.

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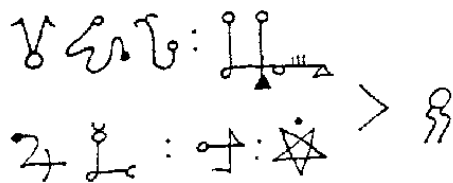
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Fenrir: Journal of Satanism and the Sinister

VOLUME III No. 3 - 



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PROEM

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Misterioso

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first measure features a sustained chord in both hands. The second measure has a 5/4 time signature change. The third measure returns to 2/4 and includes a crescendo hairpin leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a fermata over the final notes.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. It consists of two staves. The time signature is 5/4. The music starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first measure has a 5/4 time signature. The second measure has a 2/4 time signature. The third measure has a 2/4 time signature and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fourth measure has a 2/4 time signature and a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a fermata.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. It consists of two staves. The time signature is 5/4. The music starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first measure has a 5/4 time signature. The second measure has a 2/4 time signature. The third measure has a 2/4 time signature and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fourth measure has a 2/4 time signature and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a fermata.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system. It consists of two staves. The time signature is 5/4. The music starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first measure has a 5/4 time signature. The second measure has a 2/4 time signature. The third measure has a 2/4 time signature and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a fermata.

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system. It consists of two staves. The time signature is 5/4. The music starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first measure has a 5/4 time signature. The second measure has a 2/4 time signature. The third measure has a 2/4 time signature and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a fermata.

(for piano)

In Praise of War

War is necessary - it ensures the health of a people, and it encourages those warrior virtues which are essential to civilization.

When a people, nation or race goes for decades without engaging in a war which involves all or most of the communities of that people, nation or race, then that people, nation or race tends toward decadence - with cowardly scum coming to the surface, the young becoming feckless and undisciplined, and society generally declining. War breeds and reveals *character* - in combat, there is no where to hide. One either does one's duty, with courage and perhaps heroism - or one does not. War is the test of the man. War is natural selection in action - Fate decrees who survives, who is uninjured and who becomes revered as heroic. War makes individuals respect Fate, and thus gives real wisdom - an awareness of *duty* and *responsibility*.

Pacifism, and the pursuit of peace as an objective, are decadent - manifestations of cowards and *decadents*, and of a people and society ruled by cowards and *decadents*. Of course war creates and brings suffering, injury and hardship - but the hard reality is that such things are necessary. Without such things there is no real wisdom, no real individual character, no real understanding - no awareness of Fate, of those forces which are beyond the individual and which the individual cannot control. Without such things there is no perspective - and what is really important about life and living gets lost in selfishness and a crass pursuit of materialism. Above all else, war breeds *nobility*. It makes the values of nobility - honour, loyalty and duty - ideals to be strived for and thus encourages civilized conduct among individuals and a civilized society for individuals to live in. A noble individual is someone prepared to fight, and if necessary die, for their folk, race or nation. A peaceful society - dedicated to peace and the selfishness and materialism which goes with it - encourages and creates a feckless, crime-ridden society full of aggressive individuals who use that aggression to achieve their petty, egotistical aims.

War channels the natural and healthy aggression of youth and early manhood in a useful and productive way. The proponents of pacifism and the 'peaceful society' believe in their vain arrogance that their abstract, unnatural and intellectual ideas can change what they see as "human nature" - they believe that given sufficient "education" (read 'brainwashing') and sufficient social schemes, this aggression and lust for battle can be removed or miraculously transformed into something which they believe is more positive. What these products of late-twentieth century decadence fail in their intellectual arrogance to understand, is that individual nature is only and always changed by real, practical experience of living and *never by ideas or any amount of 'teaching' and/or social schemes*. What little individual change results from such things as ideas, teaching, 'faith' and social schemes is only and always pretence - *affectation*; that is, whatever change such things produce in individuals, such changes are not real - they do not go deep, they are not fundamental, positive changes. What all this amounts to is that if one places side-by-side a combat veteran, and one of the intellectual pacifist/ 'social worker' types which modern society breeds in profusion, then it is obvious to anyone of any real intelligence that the combat veteran is the better person, more in touch with the reality of life, more *civilized* and more able to cope with life and any change life brings. It is only soft, comfortable modern urban/suburban living which allows the social worker type to flourish - and this soft urban/suburban style of living exists in any civilization only for a short period, for it has within it the seeds of its own destruction. These seeds are the soft individuals it breeds. Civilizations are created and maintained by individuals of character - by warriors, by those experienced in war - they are *never* created and *never* maintained by ideas, by bureaucratic types, by politicians, by social schemes and 'education'. Anyone who believes that civilization depends on clever, fancy ideas and

those who propound such ideas or makes their living from them is, quite simply, being *naïve*. The penalty for such large scale *naïvety* as the societies of the West now suffer from, is that slow descent back into barbarism which has already begun.

The reality of pacifism and other such unnatural abstract ideas, is that they undermine and ultimately destroy that personal or individual *character* which is essential to civilization. The personal character essential to civilization and a civilized way of life is only and always created by combat - by personal experience of war.

A healthy society accepts war and prepares for it. A healthy society encourages warrior virtues and trains its people for combat. A healthy society upholds the war or combat hero as the highest ideal - as someone to be admired and emulated. A healthy society rewards those who have distinguished themselves in battle and accepts such individuals, and only such individuals, as leaders. In a healthy society, young men look forward eagerly to battle.

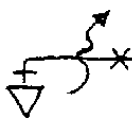
In contrast, an unhealthy or sick society strives to make "heroes" out of such non-entities as "entertainers", politicians, and successful business people. In brief, a sick society elevates the type of people combat veterans despise - vain, egotistical people concerned for the most part with materialism and/or sickly, pretentious (often sociological) 'ideas'.

It needs to be constantly affirmed that *war* and *civilization* are inseparable. To be civilizing, war has to be for some noble purpose - and this purpose can only be to ensure the survival, prosperity and extension of a particular folk, nation or race. War for a decadent purpose - such as to ensure 'peace' - is self-defeating, and produces only degeneracy and decline because such a decadent purpose weakens those fighting and produces an ailing, weak society dedicated to unnatural ideas that make people psychologically unwell. Thus, any war which aims to strengthen a particular folk, nation or race is good; any war fought for any other reason - such as an abstract idea like 'peace' - is bad. A good war creates, aids and maintains civilization. A bad war destroys civilization.

A good war is morally right - it is a duty. It is a necessity. A good war ensures the health and vitality of a particular folk, nation or race - and thus makes for a healthy, vital society. What we have today - in terms of civilized life and the comforts which go with it - is the result of war. What we have lost and are losing - honour, community spirit, noble character, vitality, purpose - is the result of peace.

For too long, the pacifists, the cowards, the decadent and the pursuers of selfish, material goals, have been unchallenged. We who believe in war - who know its value and its purpose - have been silent for too long. We need to once again proudly and defiantly sing the praises of war!

(D. Myatt)



The Ceremony of The Tower

An Introduction

This Ceremony has been developed for individuals who are incarcerated, or in some other fashion restricted from the use of traditional methods/paraphernalia. The focus of the Ceremony is specific to conditions within the CDC, and should be used in that context.

It is important to note that this form of magick is not new. It is based on sound principles which have been used for centuries. Visualization itself has endless applications both inside and outside esoteric practice. Its value is attested to by its widespread usage. An Initiate may discern how central a role this form of occult practice plays in various other systems. Holistic medicine, Martial Arts, and a variety of psychological explorations depend upon this technique for results otherwise unattainable. An individual would do well to explore the principles which make visualization so successful, as well as developing a genuine grasp of its significance in esoteric achievement.

The Ceremony of The Tower, modeled after the Tarot image also titled War, combines the Spherical meditations which affect various states of an individual's consciousness with certain magickal techniques. The result is a tri-level system which brings to bear an individual's "intent" progressively. The use of "vibrations" in an "imaginative" context is able, with some effort, to produce similar effects to vocal vibrations. An individual should seek to gain experience with the vocal form before using it in the imaginative sense, and vocal usage should always be used when it is possible to do so because it adds certain elements which the individual may overlook when performing in an imaginative capacity.

A period of fasting is required for this Ceremony. This must be understood as a means to gathering occult energies unto one's Self. In other words, throughout the period of fasting, especially as one becomes "conscious" of the Fast, one's ability to draw in/upon those sinister energies which exist becomes heightened. It is necessary for the individual to remain in a "passive," or receptive state, rather than an aggressive/dispensatory state of being.

This Ceremony will be performed by Initiates who are most likely incarcerated. As each individual brings to bear these energies which are gathered, and directs them into the designated targets it is likely that a "traditional" power-base will exist. Because it is conducted on a monthly basis, the Initiate must exercise discipline during those times when the "routine" struggle is felt the most. Be firm in your intent, accepting no substitute for the power that will be!

Anareta
O.N.A. (U.S.A)

(Hermetic)

Ceremony of The Tower

Sphere: Mercury
Word of Power: Satan¹
Star: Arcturus
Time: Midnight of new month (12:01)

Stone: Opal
Perfume: Sulpher²
Sigil: ⊕^{*}
Implements: Parchment;³ Pen/Pencil;
Lighter/Matches; Ritual
Cloth, Band, etc.

Preparation

Twenty-four hours prior to the Ceremony a Fast should be undertaken. During this period water is acceptable. The individual should utilize this period for "gathering" about one's Self occult energies. Aproximately one hour prior to the Ceremony a Ritual Bath may be taken, followed by the doning of the Ritual Cloth, Band, etc. Next, sit or lie in the area where the Ceremony will be undertaken and visualize this sigil (⊕^{*}), seeing it turn slowly from yellow to black. This should be done for aproximately a quarter of an hour. The individual is now ready to perform the Ceremony of The Tower.

Ceremony

Begin by vibrating "Satan" three times, carefully, after inscribing the following sigil upon a piece of parchment (⊕^{*}). Burn sulphur if possible, and as the smoke rises visualize it ascending into the night sky where it takes on a sinister shape. Imagine this form (an energy or entity) gathering itself and then descending upon the minds of those you intend to enchant so that their unconscious thoughts are subject to your influence (see Stage One below). For aproximately twenty minutes speak to these minds with growing intensity, ending the enchantment at a climax intended to cause folly, lathargy, and blindness. Afterward, see the smoke ascend once again and transform itself into the Tarot image The Fool. Spend some time characterizing this image with the preceeding enchantment, being careful to maintain a detached (unemotional) state of mind during this process. End this stage of the Ceremony by burning the parchment and saying, "He who blinds their eyes."

After a moment, inscribe the sigil (⊕^{*}) on a new piece of parchment. Vibrate "Satan" three times, and burn sulphur as described above. Again visualize the smoke rising into the night sky, and taking on a sinister shape, after which time it descends upon the minds of those you intend to enchant, opening their unconscious to your influence (see Stage Two below). After the climactic end of the enchantment is reached visualize the smoke rising and transforming into the Tarot image Change. Spend time characterizing this in relation to the enchantment, being careful to remain detached as before. End this stage of the Ceremony by burning the parchment and saying, "He who makes enemies one."

After a moment, inscribe the sigil (⊕^{*}) on a new piece of parchment. Vibrate "Satan" three times, and burn sulphur as described above. Again visualize the smoke rising into the night sky, and taking on a sinister shape,

The Witch's Daughter

Rain
And you have cried
So many tears
Because you were alone:

Sleep
And tall the masted ship came
Bringing the storm-black your precious child home
Who wished without knowledge
The rain silence
That would to your valley
Be a young witch's spell
And spread its wroth to the waves

Sea
And you caught in foam faces
Each arm as they rose
Clasping weakly another scream home,
Deep down toward a cold
Welcome tomb
That turned in tides;
Cold her sea wind
As you caught the cloud
That grew in your dream
And made you weave the white spell
Calling back Her thunder home -
Too late

Warmth
And you cried and made sleep
Cling to your face each morn
When you could not wake:
Anger
That made you write
On round pebbles a curse
That wrote the end date
For another woman's tomb:

Home
And you drank in deep
The mist of Prolley Moor
To celebrate the return of your gods:

Sun
While you walked crying
On the hill
Hearing in the hail
Your dead daughter's voice

(DW Myatt)



The Sinister Tarot - Brief Study Notes

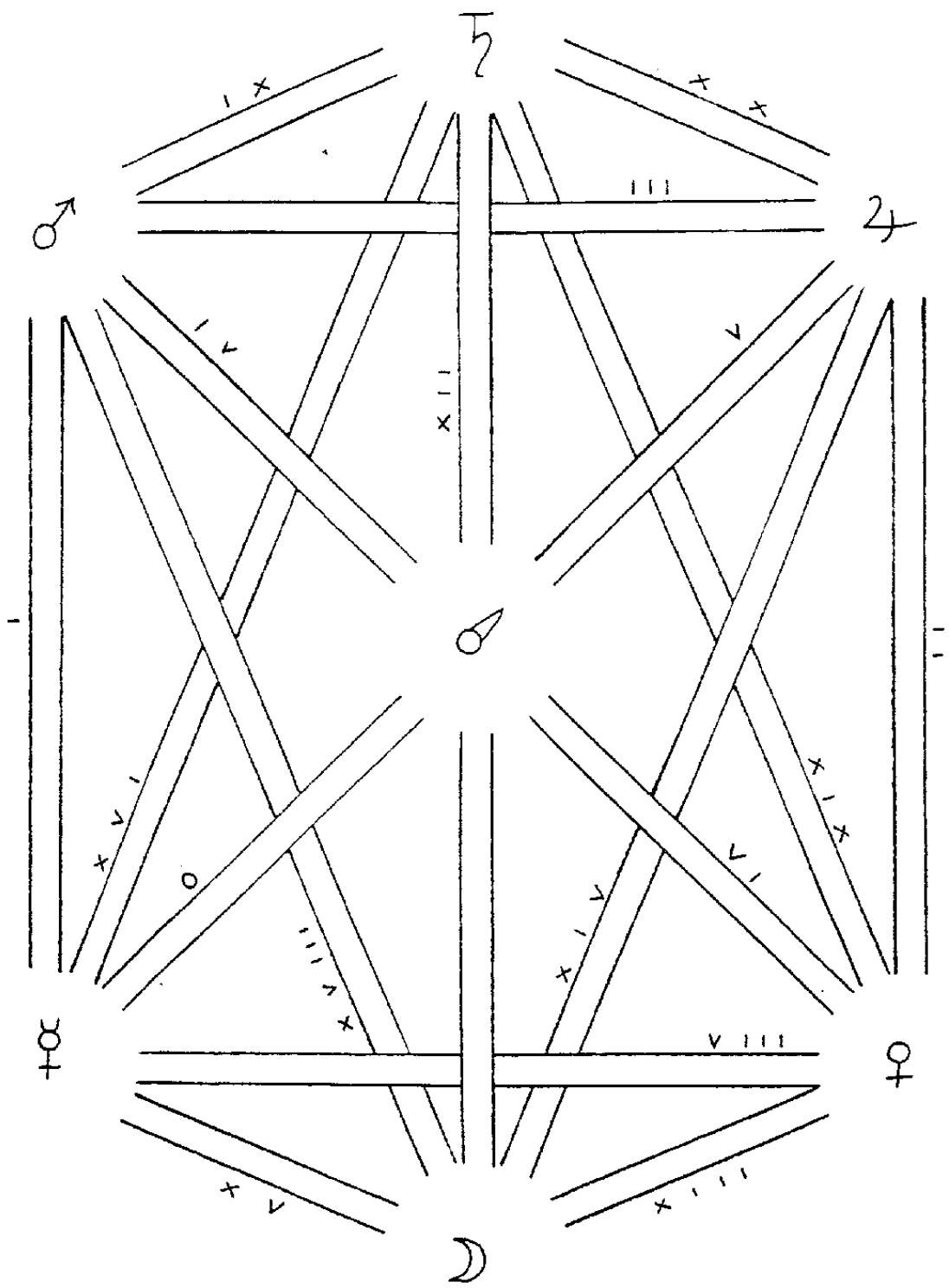
In the Sinister Tarot, the four Court cards are: Magus; Mousa; Warrior; Maiden. The following table should illustrate how the elementals of the Sinister Tarot differ from the not very well authenticated tradition of the qabalistic based Order of the Golden Dawn:

Magus	Mousa	Warrior	Maiden
Bearded man	Beautiful mature woman	Young man	Young woman
Cloak	Robe	Naked	Naked
Wolf	Leopard	Eagle	Owl
Mountains	Glade	Desert	Altar
Blue	Green	Red	Silver
Sylphs	Gnomes	Salamanders	Undines
West	South	East	North
Capricorn	Cancer	Libra	Aries
Mercury	Moon	Sun	Venus
Air	Earth	Fire	Water
Wands	Pentacles	Swords	Chalices

If one begins to think seriously about the whole qabalistic system, and more importantly, tries to work with it, one becomes aware that it is riddled with defects and misinterpretations. While an examination of all these defects would lead us too far from our purpose, it would perhaps be worthwhile to point a few of them out. There is, for instance, the ten fold 'Tree of Life' with its 32 paths. Only 22 are used because 22 just happens to be the number of the Major Arcana of the tarot (or so we are told). Thus, there is no path on this Tree connecting, for example, Yesod to Binah, or Chokmah, or Chesed. And so on. Naturally, all this is explained away in outlandish qabalistic terms. Further, three 'triangles' exist in this Tree - although only one of these has four (not three) parts: Malkuth; Yesod; Hod; Netzach. Then there is the matter of elementals and their association with the four suits of the tarot: Swords for instance, are Air, and Wands are Fire. Since the sword is generally associated with Martial forces, and the 'Knight' usually bears the sword as a weapon, one would think that the equation would read: Knight, Fire, Sword; instead of: Knight, Sylphs, Air etc., as in the Golden Dawn system. In the Septenary System, the element of Fire is restored to the Knight or Warrior - and all the paths on the Tree of Wyrd are used and have magickal meaning.

The Sinister Tarot possesses only 21 cards in the Major Arcana - there is no 'Universe' (Atu XXI). Also, there are only 11 cards in each suit - the four court cards, the 'Gate', and six others numbered two to seven. The 'Gate' cards replace those of the 'Ace' and are attributed thus: Magus - Man's Gate; Mousa - Earth Gate; Warrior - Dark Gate; Maiden - Star Gate (for further details, see 'Nine Angles' MSS) The Major Arcana differ in both names and symbolism - as do the Minor Arcana - from the Golden Dawn system, mostly because of the different attributions of the elementals, and the general irrelevance of the qabala as an effective magickal Tradition.





☽ ↔ ♀ : x I
 ☽ ↔ ☾ : x
 ☿ ↔ ♀ : x VII

MELOS - Diabolus in Musica

According to the Western esoteric tradition, seven represents the number of fundamental vibrations in the Universe - the seven types of cosmic energy. If an individual 'mimics' these, that itself is a key to magickal control. For example, musick is divided into seven stages (C D E F G A B) and thus 'mimics' this fundamental structure. Thus, a piece of musick or chant can be composed which re-presents an aspect of this structure - this re-presentation being a type of force in itself. Thus, when played or sung, such musick/chant can alter the structure of the cosmos as any form of directed energy alters the underlying structure of the Universe.

Via the medium of composition, acausal energies may be presented to thus infect individuals/forms. The nature and extent of the causal changes so produced, depends on the esoteric insight of the composer - that is, such a composition created with, perhaps, the understanding of an Adept, and most certainly that of a Master/Mistress, will act as a form through which specific magickal aims may be realised. Here, musick is not understood as 'Art' for its own sake - which in the final analysis is, magickally, pointless - but as a means to aid evolution (the musick so created has a purpose beyond 'self-gratification'). Whilst this understanding is rational, and may appear to some a process too cold for artistic endeavours, the act of musickal composition remains by its nature, 'numinous'. Like any magickal form, a composition can only succeed if it possesses 'soul', and this can only be so if the Adept is musickally gifted. Thus the composer can give expression to the reality of that Being of the Cosmos we call the 'Sinister', and the essence of this revealing is, contrary to the understanding of most, actually beautiful.

How the Sinister is expressed is unique to the creative processes of the individual - anything other than this is affectation and empty of meaning (except perhaps for the deluded composer). Thus, a genuine artistic re-presentation of the Sinister does not, as a rule, conform to the cliched impressions of morbidity/horror/Mephistophælean glee. As an example, aspects are more re-presented in some of the works of Arvo Pärt (qv. 'Tabula Rasa') than in works stating nothing beyond the common conception of the Sinister, such as some of the compositions of Liszt (qv. 'Malediction').

It may be confusing to those who do not understand the Sinister in essence, to say that acausal forces can be presented most often in 'Sacred' musick; this form being, by its nature, a design by which a society, indeed a civilization, may be moved. Whatever the motives may be for creating such works, this form of musick has always had, to the greatest extent, the capacity to strive to capture the Numinous and communicate this to the 'masses'. Despite its outward form, any energy presented by a piece of 'Sacred' musick has not come into being via a supra-personal entity (ie. "God", etc.). The acausal - or Sinister - forces that may be accessed significantly by musickal forms such as 'Sacred', can also be understood as representing the Western 'Soul' and it is from this 'Soul'/ethos that any glimpses of 'divinity' in musick will emanate.* [As with any form of acausal energy, this 'soul' has a causal counterpart: this particular conjoining is the Western - or Aryan - Race.]

During the early 20th Century, the very means by which this Western ethos could be given musickal expression came under threat when there occurred a radical move away from the principles of tonality and the diatonic scale, hitherto the basis for all great classical Western compositions. The Western Tonal system was seen by this 'New Wave' as outmoded, simply because it provided the foundation for composition. This view came to dominate, and condemned those who understood that great musick is written not by breaking tradition, but by adding to it.

The main challenge to tonality came from Arnold Schoenberg who created the school of serialist technique, from which the 'twelve note' composers emerged.

* Thus, one way of counteracting Nazarene energies is to replace/alter the text of a 'sacred' piece with one that expresses the Western ethos, whilst retaining the original musickal form (qv. 'Diabolus').

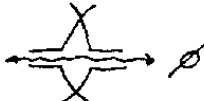
The principles of atonality subsequently spawned 'Rock', amongst other forms. Thus, the fundamental vibrations of the Universe were disrupted: musick ceased to reflect the glorious soul of the West - instead, it mirrored (and aided) its decline.

It is interesting to note, however, that amongst the burgeoning composers of today, there is an emmerging trend to once again express those ideals of beauty enshrined in the Western musickal tradition. It is encouraging that at this present time, the work of individuals such as the late 19th/early 20th century Russian composer Scriabin (who created a new tonal system that still adhered to the principles of Western tonality) is regarded as a pointer toward the next significant stages of Western composition.

The conscious understanding and use of processes by which large-scale change may be implemented is the foundation of Aeonics. For those Adepts who possess this understanding, the aim of successfully reversing the decline in Western culture is quite possible. This implies the creation of a 'new' form of musick - this newness being defined as the deliberate presencing of the Sinister. From an esoteric angle, if one wished to create such a new form with the aim of creating a specific change or changes, then there are some basic guidelines that would be useful to explore (some of these are listed in the Notes). To give an example of how these guidelines could be applied in composition, consider the creation of a piece with the aim of bringing 'Vindex'. Some of the energies associated with Vindex are re-presented by the sphere of Saturn - that is, 'Chaos'. Thus, the piece may be in the key of A flat. The text, if to be employed, would perhaps be taken from the various relevant Sinister chants - ie. 'Agius Vindex' in Naos, or the two chants given in the **Black Book III**. Perhaps the piece would be an orchestrated form of a chant. To further extend this new re-presentation, the musick could be an aspect of complete artistic expression; that is, an expression combining image, movement, and sound (as in Scriabin's proposed 'Mysterium'). Such an expression is briefly discussed in the MS 'Nine Angles and Dance'.

If the energies were simply presenced to be left to disperse as they will, then it would not always be necessary to make use of Occult symbolism (ie. 'texts') -- the power to transform has already been discovered if the individual so composing is gifted enough.

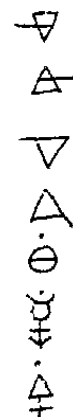
ONA 1994 eh

C - F# - Bb - E - A - D : ? 

NOTES:

1) Musick, Incense and Forms

Moon	G major	Trapezoid	Hazel
Mercury	E minor	Tetrahedron	Yew
Venus	F sharp	Pyramid	Black Poplar
Sun	D minor	Cuboid	Oak
Mars	C major	Octahedron	Alder
Jupiter	B flat	Icosahedron	Beech
Saturn	A flat	Dodecahedron	Ash



2) Symbols of Key

Moon	
Mercury	
Venus	
Sun	
Mars	
Jupiter	
Saturn	

3) Reflexive Colours

C	Bright red	B flat	Tyrian purple
G	Orange		
D	Yellow		
A	Green (Viridian)		
E	Blue		
F	Dark red		
B	Indigo		
F sharp	Violet		
C sharp	Purple		
A flat	Black		
E flat	Xanthian		

4) Musickal Intervals and the Seasons

♩	: tonic
♭	: octave
♯	: fourth
♮	: fifth

5) Aeons and Musick

Aeon	Musick
Primal (9,000 - 7,000 BP)	'Totemistic'; 'sound-language'
Hyperborean (7,000 - 5,500 BP)	Heptatonic; Cantillation
Sumerian (5,000 - 3,500 BP)	Kalûtu
Hellenic (3,000 - 1,500 BP)	Mousikê; Modes
Western (1,000 BP - 500 AP)	Mensural System; 'Classical'
Galactic (2,000 eh ...)	Harmony of Spheres

[BP = Before Present; AP = After Present ('Present' being 1994 eh).]

What exactly constituted 'musick' prior to the emergence of the first known civilization (Albion) is, at present, difficult to judge. The use of sound to imitate and thus integrate with natural forces was no doubt fundamental to living - this being an aspect of what would now be termed 'empathic magick', or 'mimesis'. [Vocal aspects at this time would have included forms of proto-Polyphony (ie. 'heterophony') by virtue of vocal sounds being performed collectively by two or more individuals.]

According to Tradition, the origin of seven as a concept lies in the solar cults of Albion. This concept spread thence to Sumeria and the Indus Valley - thus the seven 'sacred' sections of the Epic of Gilgamesh and Rig-Veda. [Symbolically, the power of seven was often represented by the rotation of Ursa Major.] Hence the development by this culture of the Heptatonic scale, and quite possibly the conscious use of intervals such as the consonances of the fourth, fifth and octave - thus the beginnings of musick theory. [This development has been credited to Pythagoras, but he received the knowledge of the 'Harmony of the Spheres' via Ancient Mesopotamian culture (qv. Iamblichus 'De vita Pythagorae') which in turn received the Art from the culture of Albion.] As to how advanced was this heptatonic system of Albion, and as to how much was developed - or lost - by the Sumeric civilization, one can only speculate.

The Greek Modes represented a further codification of the energies associated with the spheres, as the Gregorian Modes were further emanations of the same concept (qv. 'Sinister Chant' MSS).

The development of the Mensural System allowed the vast possibilities implied by musickal forms to be realised by creating a way of measuring notation (this system was initially a way of ordering already existing forms). The essence first enshrined musickally in the heptatonic, reached perhaps its greatest expression so far in the 'Classical' period of the West.

The New - or Galactic - Aeon implies a resurgence to consciousness of Musick as a 'sacred' or 'magickal' system, thus fulfilling, and perhaps extending, the potential of the 'Harmony of the Spheres'. This however, is only really possible if other esoteric aims are realised (ie. "Imperium").

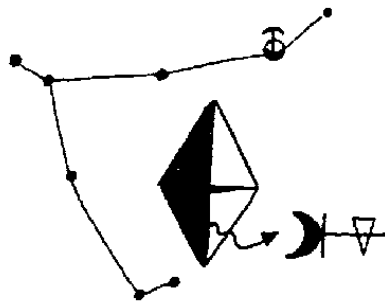
Atu V: The Master

He is a thought beyond,
a step above the folly of men.
He heeds not their cries
of pain, of rage - their lies.
He does not listen to the personal,
the piteous, the tragic
He sees a sea of humanity
and watches the shifts and changes
as a player notes the movement
of pieces on a chessboard.
He is a Sinister surgeon
with a crystal-sharp scalpel
that bleeds, that penetrates, that slices
the human fray.
He is a liberator, a director of
cosmic tides,
a Merlin-Man of fire,
who weaves the rabid darkness
to a tapestry beyond beyonds,
who constructs a circumstance
gone wild,
to further a subtle aim,
to accentuate bloody design,
to touch dark-winged horizons.
He brings a red awakening
that flames upon the world
and fires in plunder, in riot,
in violent ecstasy gone wild.
He changes the course of things to come
by magickal evocation
by calling upon unknown forces
whose powers are beyond the March of Time,
Whose symbol is a kiss of
Fire and Blood.
He casts his constructions of fate
in his room of shadows.
He weaves a spell of dark surrender
into the dimension of the present,
then sets it free,
lets it flow forth,
a crimson cloud of chaos
into the purple night;
an influence of degeneration-regeneration
to crush the pawns, to cull the bishops,
to destruct the castles,
to topple the kings and queens -
so only the strong remain.
Only the knights are left standing
and those are ebony-coated
sparks of Satan
sitting at the feast of sacrifice,
eating the flesh of ruin and turbulence,
drinking the blood of life
like Gods whose Destiny is fulfilment of promise,
whose faith is a movement beyond,
Whose aim is self-divinity.

He - this Magickian with the silver sharp mind -
actualizes these seeds
that he will gather unto himself;
he breathes them into being
casting a violet storm yet to come,
into the cloak of midnight
and his thoughts are full of mystery,
full of galaxies of creation.
He feels the subtle shift
of energies about him,
in his room of shadows.
He fans the flame of their interference,
builds their livid light,
creates an auric majesty
that threads a scarlet claim
into the beckoning dark.

Merlin-Man on fire he is,
Staking a claim on the future,
hastening the course of cosmic tides,
delivering with dark intent
a Satanic design.

Brenna Kinsley



A SATANIC MASS

Participants:

Master - in black robes
Mistress of Earth - in scarlet robes
Priestess - in white robes
Priest - lies naked upon the altar
Congregation - in black robes

Temple Preparation:

The altar is covered with a black cloth on which is woven an inverted pentagram. Purple candles and incense of Saturn to be used. Chalices of strong wine. Paten(s) - made of silver - holding the consecrated cakes. These are made by the Priestess the night before the Mass and consist of fish, fowl, spring water, wheat, animal fat, sea salt and honey.

The paten(s) and chalices lie beside the Priest on the altar, and a leather scourge lies upon the Priest's body. The Master rings the altar bell twice to begin the Mass.

Mistress, Master and Priestess stand in front of the altar, the congregation behind them.

The Mass:

Mistress:

Hail to you, most Holy and dark:
Bringer of Life!

(The Priestess kneels briefly before the altar, rises and kisses the Priest on the lips. She arouses his fire by her lips, takes up the scourge, hands it to the Mistress who says:)

Thus are we born
But from dark dimensions They come
To steal such life away!

(The Master vibrates 'Agios o Atazoth' after which the Mistress walks toward the congregation saying:)

I who am a Gate to Them
And Their stars, come to draw
From one among you fresh blood
Wherewith to slake my thirst!
I shall take one among you
With me down into Earth
And up toward the stars
And suck you dry!

(She chooses one member of the congregation by pointing with the scourge. The congregation strip the member. The Priestess hands them the cord/girdle from her robe which they use to tie the hands of the one chosen - they then dance anti-clockwise around the prostrate figure chanting the 'Diabolus').

As they dance the Master hands a chalice to the Priestess who raises it above the body of the Priest. The Mistress lightly scourges the body of the chosen member while the Master chants:)

Agios o Satanas!

(The congregation cease their dance and the Priestess turns toward them saying:)

May this gift become for us
A joy in this life!

Congregation:

Hail Satan, bringer of joy!

Priestess:

May his gifts be with you.

Congregation:

As they are with you.

(The Priestess returns the chalice, is given a paten by the Master. She lifts it above the body of the Priest while the Master chants 'Agios o Satanias!'. She then turns to the congregation saying:)

As we eat these gifts
So shall the essence
Of our Dark Gods enter us!

Congregation:

Hail Atazoth, dark bringer
Of dreams!

(The Priestess takes the paten to the Mistress who takes one of the cakes, breaks it over the body of the bound member. She eats part of the cake saying:)

So shall the flesh of my enemies
Be eaten away from within!

(The Priestess kneels before the Mistress. The Mistress bends down, kisses the Priestess on the lips and gives to her a piece of the cake, which the Priestess eats.

The Priestess rises and, with the Mistress, offers first the cakes, then the wine to the congregation who eat and drink. After they have completed this, the Mistress dances round them twirling the scourge, saying:)

As you have eaten
And as you have drunk
So are you mine!
Yet I come now not to destroy
But to bring the gift of joy!

(At this point the Guardian of the Temple enters, dressed in black with a face mask. He stands beside the Mistress who chooses another member of the congregation by pointing the scourge. The Guardian moves forward and removes the robe of the one chosen before carrying the person to the bound and prostrate figure.

The Mistress approaches, offers the scourge, saying:)

Feast on their flesh!
No thought shall restrict
Your pleasure:
No morals shall bind you
Here!

(The congregation dance around them chanting the Diabolus. The dancers dance faster and faster.

The one offered the scourge may then use it or opt to untie the cord and take their pleasure accordingly. As the two within the circle take their pleasure, the Mistress catches each member of the congregation in turn, kisses them and removes their robe. During this, the Master chants 'Agios o Atazoth' twice while the Priestess assists the Priest down from the altar and they both join the dance.

If the scourge has been used, at a suitable point determined by the Mistress who signals to the Guardian, the Guardian releases the hands of the one scourged who is then free to choose any member of the congregation for congress according to their desire. The one scourged watches the dancers, points one out and is given this member by the Guardian.

The Mistress joins the Master by the altar and the Guardian, should he so wish, joins the dancers. Should he decide otherwise, he bows to the Mistress and departs alone from the Temple. The congregation then take their pleasure as they will.

The Master and Mistress through their own congress may then, should they so desire, direct the energy generated by the Mass to a specific end, after which they depart together from the Temple.)

A Note on the Satanic Mass: The above is one particular form of the Mass. In this instance, the Mass is a means of personal liberation for those chosen by the Mistress. No prior notification of choice is given. As with all ceremonial rituals, success depends upon the emotive force introduced by those conducting the ritual through power of voice, gesture and a controlled dramatic frenzy.



♁(♁): αλλ εκδιδασκει
παρθ ο γηρασκων χροος

EXCURSUS

Largo

C. Beest, 106 yf

mp

p

p

f

f

mf

ped.

Scriptorum Sinistrum

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* * * * *

Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles

Version 1.07

What is the ONA?

The Order of Nine Angles is a sinister esoteric organization, a sinister Way, a sinister methodology, and a sinister mythos.

Thus, it is an esoteric association of individuals, world-wide, who use, or who apply, or who are inspired by, its sinister methodology, its sinister mythos, and/or its sinister Way. By *esoteric association* we mean something different from an *association* as understood by mundanes and as manifest in the mundane world of the mundanes. We mean an association of clandestine cells, for the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of (often clandestine) cells. This is because of the overall subversive nature of the ONA itself.

The Sinister Way of the ONA is evident in its Seven Fold Sinister Way, as manifest in manuscripts (MSS) such as *Naos*, and in the work of traditional ONA nexions (or "groups").

The sinister methodology of the ONA is manifest, for example, in what we call sinister tribes, and in the striving, by individuals, to live in a sinister way and to Presence The Dark: to do works of dark, sinister, sorcery, often by their practical deeds which deeds take them beyond the bounds, the limits (moral, legal, and otherwise), set by mundanes, and which deeds can enable them to consciously evolve to become a different, higher [more sinister], type of human being.

The sinister mythos of the ONA is evident in stories such as *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*; and is briefly outlined in the MS *The Dark Tradition, and Sinister Mythos, of the Order of Nine Angles (Esoteric Notes 103a)*.

The Sinister Way of the ONA is based upon the principles that (1) genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine Occult advancement -

requires both self-achievement through *practical* deeds, and through a self-honesty, a genuine knowing and understanding and control of one's own self; and (2) the necessary evolution of the individual can be achieved by a willed self-overcoming and the acceptance of hard, difficult and dangerous challenges, both esoteric and practical.

What are the aims of the ONA?

Three of the primary aims of the ONA are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonic Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors;

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by practical and esoteric means (such as Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States - and their impersonal governments - by our new tribal societies.

How can I join the ONA?

There are three ways of joining - or becoming part of - the subversive ONA. The first, and perhaps the easiest, way, is to, by yourself, just start using and applying the sinister methodology of the ONA, and/or follow the Seven Fold Sinister Way, using the guidance of practical works such as Naos, and the original (first) *Black Book of Satan*.

The second way is to seek out a traditional ONA nexion or an ONA Adept, and then follow or apply or put into practice the guidance that may be offered. This is similar to the first way, although here the individual usually has some practical guidance and practical advice from someone who has been involved

with the ONA for some time and who, as a consequence, has done practical sinister stuff, magickal and otherwise.

Note that in both these cases, the individual - when sufficient practical experience is acquired - can establish their own ONA nexion, if they so desire.

The third way - and the most sinister and the most practical - is to find and join an existing ONA tribe, or to form, or to become the founder of, your own sinister tribe by applying the sinister methodology of the ONA, as given, for example, in MSS such as *We*, *The Drecc*, and *Dark Warriors of the Sinister ONA*. Our tribes, by their very feral nature, are territorial, and local - they live and thrive in a certain geographical area, or a certain 'hood, although some are now beginning to form alliances with other similar groups in other areas, or have expanded their operations and territory, and so can be found spread over several localities. In some ways, many or most of our sinister tribes are a new type of gang culture, and most of them are urban-based.

In all cases, one does not join - or pay membership fees to - some central ONA headquarters, or some ONA command, because, as mentioned previously, the ONA is organized, in the mundane world, on the basis of what are often clandestine cells because of the generally subversive nature of the ONA itself, and because (expressed in rather esoteric terms) the ONA is an organized presencing of acausal energy through that nexion which is the ONA, which presencing is a willed, or directed, act of dark (sinister) sorcery.

In all cases, "membership" is earned through hardship, experience, and practical deeds, for the individual becomes of the ONA by their practical deeds and because of their sinister experience, their following of our dark and sinister esoteric path; that is, because they are, they become, living examples - living nexions - of the sinister itself.

I have heard it said that the ONA is defunct?

The ONA is thriving. Expanding; changing; evolving. Just because most of our members or associates - or any of The Old Guard (OG) - do not deign to partake in Internet discussions on some mundane forum or other, does not mean the ONA is defunct. Similarly, just because someone such as Anton Long keeps a low (and clandestine) profile, never ever now gives public interviews, and can only be contacted by trusted ONA members of long-standing, does not mean

that he has "left", or that he has changed his "life-long commitment to the sinister way".

The mistake here is the silly mundane presumption that for some esoteric group, today, to be considered to "exist" it must have some thriving blatant Internet presence, or some snail-mail address, or some public "representative", or to have some books published by some mundane publisher; or have some commercially available merchandise or some trade-marked logo; or be officially "recognized" by some mundane authority or other.

The majority of those who are part of or who are associated with an existing traditional ONA nexion (group/Temple) remain hidden, as those nexions themselves remain hidden; for that is how it has been for many, many, decades. And that is how most of our sinister work is undertaken - covertly, in secret.

In addition, some of our tribes do not overtly, in public, present themselves as "sinister" or openly affiliate themselves with the ONA. They just get on with their subversive job of subversion; of being feral; of being real outlaws; of living on the edge; of gaining control of their own local area; of making money for themselves and their tribe; of gaining respect among their own communities; and of generally being a pain in the ass for their local mundanes and for the "law enforcement" agencies of mundane "law and order". That is, they are living the sinister way, not writing about it; not talking about it, on the Internet or elsewhere.

Furthermore, we have a variety of *nym*s, now - some still esoteric; some just emerging into the light of the mundane world, such as Dreccian. Thus, some of our tribes, and some of our traditional nexions, will use one of these nym, instead of using the traditional term, and title, ONA.

The confusion about being "defunct" arises, quite often, because the ONA is a subversive, sinister, organization operating on the basis of (often clandestine) cells, and because the OG really have gone back "underground", to continue their sinister work, in secret. And also because, of course, the ONA is a shapeshifting sinister entity, in the world of the mundanes; as befits a sinister, subversive, heretical, revolutionary, group.

What do you mean by mundanes?

We mean any and all of those who "are not of us". Those who do not belong to or who do not associate with our sinister tribes, our traditional nexions, or who

do not share our sinister ethos, or our sinister way of life.

We call them mundanes, because that is what they are - mundane. They are ordinary; they engage with and live in the mundane world of everyday work, and they have mundane goals. They accept the status quo; they pay their taxes. Even the "rebellion" of some of them is no real rebellion against the mundane ethos of wage and salary slavery, no real rebellion against the laws and ethics of the mundanes, of The State; no real rebellion against The State itself, and against the organized forces of mundane "law and order".

The fundamental difference between us and mundanes is that we demonically aspire to be more than we are, and we are tribal and individualistic; we are warriors. In contrast, the mundanes seek safety and security and the "order" that comes with Police forces and with State or government-made laws, and with large, organized armed forces. They also accept impersonal Courts of Law where some abstract, government-made so-called "justice" is said to be obtained. In contrast, we accept that the only law is the warrior law of personal honour: that we are responsible for ourselves, that we have a right to the natural justice of revenge, retribution, a fair fight, and personal duels; and we refuse to surrender this responsibility of ours to anyone else or to any organized force, or forces, of mundane "law and order", such as law-enforcement agencies or government so-called Courts of Law.

Thus, we accept that our sinister tribes have the right and the duty to make their own laws, to dispense their own justice, to defend themselves with deadly force, and to have their own territory where they are the law. If they want to co-operate with others, it is their decision - and cannot be imposed upon them by some outside agency or by some abstract law. Thus, we accept that we can only give our loyalty to someone we know personally, and that we have a duty to be loyal to our kind, to those of our "family", to those of our kindred, our tribe. And we would rather fight and die than surrender to any mundane or allow any agent of a government to take away our honour and our dignity. And so on.

Mundanes do not like this genuine individualism; this tribalism; this proud ethos of personal honour before, and above and beyond, and in place of, State/government, law.

We know our kind; our kind can find us. And it is our kind that the mundanes fear, and rightly so.

Is the ONA a Satanist organization?

Yes, and also no. Yes, because Satanism - or perhaps more correctly, traditional Satanism - is one of our causal forms; part of our heritage; an important exoteric means to Presence The Dark. But our understanding of Satanism is not that of the mundanes, and in the mundanes we include most if not all of those who now consider themselves "Satanists" and who thus follow the mundane so-called "satanism" of the likes of LaVey and Aquino. Traditional Satanism is outlined in such MSS of ours as *The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism*.

The ONA is not just "satanic" because even *traditional Satanism* (a term we first used, some decades ago, and now appropriated by others) is only one particular causal form linked to *one* particular Aeon (the current one). That is, it is only one means, one way, of currently presencing The Dark Forces; of provoking change and aiding our evolution, individual and social. That is, Satanism is but an exoteric (or public) form of the current Aeon - an outer shell which just encloses, or which can enclose/contain, some particular sinister, acausal, energies in a certain span of causal Time. Of course, most who today profess to be "satanists" will have no idea what we are talking about here, which is one reason why they are still mundanes.

Thus, we tend now - in this the Third Phase of our sinister, centuries-long, Aeon strategy - to use the term *sinister* instead, to describe ourselves, and the ONA itself. Hence, we now describe the New Aeon that we seek to bring-into-being, by our practical subversion and our dark sorcery, as a sinister Aeon, rather than a Satanic Aeon, since the next Aeon will take us beyond our currently limited causal forms (beyond exoteric Satanism), and beyond the abstractions of the mundanes, who so like to pretend they understand some-thing by giving it some label or describing it by some term, some *-ism* or some *-ology*.

For the reality is that "we" cannot be defined in the simple, causal, way the mundanes want, and need. Thus - and to consider a relevant example - most mundanes want, and need, to classify or to define someone such as "Anton Long" by whether or not that person adheres or - or rather is seen, by mundanes, to adhere to - some already existing *-ism* or some *-ology*. Thus, they the mundanes become confused, perplexed, when such a person seems to adhere to several of those supposedly conflicting *-isms* or *-ologies* at the same time, or seems to move easily from one to another; and thus do they, the mundanes, in their confused perplexion, readily reach for a ready-made

explanation, and project upon that person some other mundane term, believing by describing this person by such a term they have "understood" that person. Hence, the mundane is relieved, satisfied, comfortable again with themselves and their world.

Thus, the ONA now uses the understanding of a person such as "Anton Long" (whose public *persona* is now well-known) as a basic but effective test of mundane-ness, especially among those who describe themselves as Occultists and "satanists". Have these "Occultists" and "satanists" the instinct, the occult ability - the innate character of one of our sinister kind - to see beyond mere causal form, to the acausal, and thus perceive the reality of one shapeshifting sinister individual? In time, we - our world-wide sinister kindred - will have more such individuals with a public persona whose life can be used as a test of mundane-ness

Where can I find out more about the ONA?

Currently, there is an unofficial [ONA website](#), and a semi-official [ONA weblog](#) (which is not regularly updated), as some of our nexions (tribal or traditional) have weblogs, such as [WSA352](#). There was also an older, unofficial, website (camlad9), which gave some of the more exoteric ONA material related to Satanism, but it was shut down - censored - in October of 120 Year of Feyen because the ONA material there was, according to the mundanes, subversive and "dangerous". Most of the material on the censored website is, however, available elsewhere on the Internet, and in printed books.

In addition, there are some individuals who publish collections of ONA material, and ONA books, such as the lulu-dot-com based Heresy Press, and *ixaxaar dot com*.

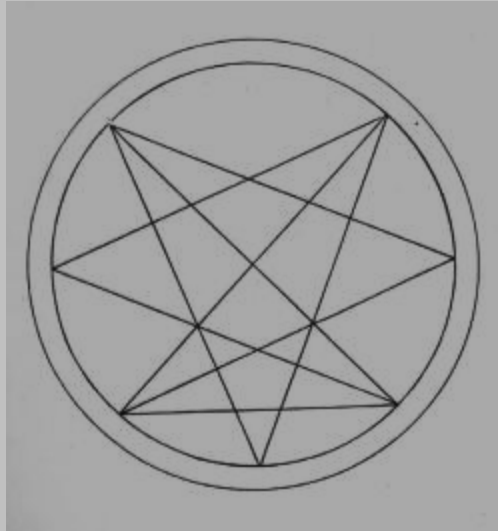
One important attribute of the ONA is that we do not believe in the mundane concept of copyright, so that all ONA works can be redistributed, and re-printed and re-published, with anyone free to print them and even charge money for them if they want to make a profit.

Some photostat copies of some original and older ONA items - as issued by the ONA in the 1980's and 1990's CE - are now available, often in pdf format. These copies of originals include *Naos*, *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, and the original *Black Book of Satan*.

There may arise a time - soon, or not so soon - when we no longer have even an unofficial ONA website or an ONA blog, so that the neophyte and the curious will have to rely on either the sites and blogs of one or more of our cells, nexions or tribes, or do some practical research for themselves in the traditional, non-Internet, way of finding and reading books and articles, and finding and asking "those who know".

What is the official symbol of the ONA?

We have two main, exoteric, sigils or symbols. The first relates to our Sinister Way, to causal and acausal and the Nine Angles, and is usually represented, in a two-dimensional way, as below:



The second, given below, relates to our sinister mythos, and is associated with Baphomet, whom we regard - in contrast to all other Occultists - as a female acausal and sinister being, who can manifest in the causal, and this sigil is known both as The Sigil of Baphomet, and as The Dreccian Moons of Baphomet.



What is the true origin of the name Order of the Nine Angles?

The Order of Nine Angles is only our exoteric name, and the origin of the term Order of Nine Angles - or as some people write, and, say, The Order of The Nine Angles - has been explained by us, several times. For instance, in the "Crowley, The Septenary, and The Origins of the ONA" section of the Order MS *The Septenary, Crowley, and The Origins of The Order of Nine Angles*. It is also briefly discussed in our *A Brief ONA Glossary* as well as in the humorous article *Ingrowing Angles* (by Ms PointyHat).

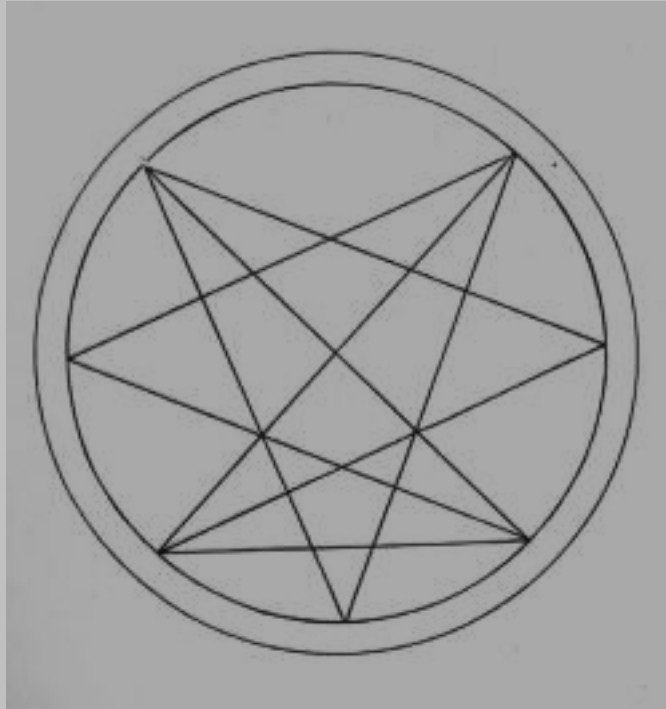
There are several other Order MSS where the term is discussed, and those genuinely interested can seek those other MSS out and read them. Mundane Occultists, of course, will continue to make their spurious and silly claims about the supposed origin of the outward, exoteric, name of our subversive organization.

How can I contact someone from the ONA?

The simple answer is that you cannot; unless we want to contact you for some reason, because - for instance - you had made a name for yourself by doing practical sinister deeds, or because you might have strayed into territory run by one of our tribes, or if you had some particular esoteric ability or some practical skill which we, or one of our traditional nexions, or one of our tribes, might find useful. Even then, of course, you would be tested, and would remain untrusted until you had been blooded (British English) or hazed (US English) and taken a binding oath.

ONA
120 Year of Fayen

FAQ Version 1.07



The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has n number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being*. This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develop, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develop, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develop our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

(1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;

(2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;

(3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, but rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being.

Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan - or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet -

as conventional “gods” or “goddesses” are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the

acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles



Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".

Petriochor

- 1) Prepare an area of soil at least three feet square. This must be kept free of plants and should ideally be exposed to the sun for at least part of the day, and unshaded by trees etc. If possible no pesticides, fertilizers etc should be present, but it should also have a high organic content from previous cultivation.
- 2) Collect some of this soil at a specific time between the last full Moon in May and the full Moon following the Solstice. This time depends on the weather, but is always in the hour before dawn. The time is right when following a period of warm, dry weather which has lasted for at least seven days, there is rain in the hours before dawn. This rain should ideally be a light drizzle.
- 3) The soil should be collected and placed immediately in an airtight container. As soon as possible it should be transferred to a suitable receptacle connected to distillation equipment, and a low heat applied for a period of time which only practical experiment can show. The "essence" collected is the basis of the incense.
- 4) Then make up as a normal perfume/oil using a natural base, eg. sweet almond oil, into which the "essence" is infused/mixed.

- Order of Nine Angles -

PHYSIS
by
Godric Liddell

- Order of Nine Angles -

Physis
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PHYSIS - THE NEW MAGICK [Part I]

The essence of the magickal or Occult world-view is the connectedness of man and his surroundings - to earth, sky, stars and sun. Man can experience (usually by intuition) the forces of the cosmos. These forces are subtle and their understanding depends mainly on empathy.

Essential to this world-view is a representation of the many energies which run through the cosmos and man must be both logical and scientific in the sense of being rational. This representation is traditionally in the form of the seven-sphered 'Tree of Knowledge' with man, because he possesses the divine faculty of consciousness (and thus thought), the link between microcosm and macrocosm.

Man's goal is increased consciousness through development of thought and intuition. The goal is symbolized by the seven stages of magickal initiation. By evolution of consciousness man partakes, and makes possible, the evolution of the cosmos itself - and this because of the nature of consciousness. This evolution of consciousness is the journey, for an individual from the unconscious through the ego and the self to the divine.

Such an increased consciousness brings Wisdom and Wisdom is only possible through the achievement of harmony which in itself is only possible if both mind and the body of the individual are developed in accordance with the laws which govern the cosmos. To ignore the body - concentrating only on the mind as all so-called Occult bodies have done hitherto - is to bring disharmony.

True Magick (i.e. Natural Magick or 'Physis' enables the individual to develop that empathy with life and the cosmos which is the prelude to increased consciousness.. thought and its creation logic, enable that empathy to be understood as it must be understood if Wisdom is to be attained; without thought and logic empathy soon becomes superstition. Physis involves the development of a mind and body harmony through the rigours of physical discipline (a type of Martial art) and the intellectual challenge of the Star Game. The aim of Physis is quite simply to produce the next stage of human evolution - Homo Galactica.

PHYSIS - Part II
(STRENGTH AND WISDOM THROUGH ACTION)

The very essence of Physis is motion. This is the opposite of most systems aimed at creating vital energy ('pneuma') - an expression of 'physis') where stillness is the aim.

Physis is a Western tradition, rooted in the Hellenic civilization, and as such derives from, and is suited to, the psyche of the West. By nature, we of the West are, and always have been, at our best, fiercely competitive and given to explosions of physical energy. Our instinct is to seek to know (like Faust), to overcome by the power of will all obstacles. Despite what other systems preach, there is nothing actually wrong with this, or with the spirit of adventure which makes us quest for things like Occult knowledge.

To be healthy is to be true to one's Destiny. It is a principle of life that while the Destiny of every individual is unique, destiny has its genesis in the civilization or culture to which one belongs. Thus, in order to understand one's destiny one must understand the civilization to which one belongs - its traditions, myths but perhaps more importantly its spirit. This is one of the functions of genuine esoteric teaching - to reach the essence of destiny hidden by outward appearance.

For us in the West, the way to create and enhance vital energy is through striving to achieve a goal. What this goal is, depends on the individual, and what is important about the goal is that it is striving to achieve it, via developing will and knowledge, that creates energy and enhances the life of the individual. Every Initiate will have their own goal - a long term one. Yet every Initiate must develop as well short-term goals in harmony with this. Such short-term goals, which enhance the following of the seven-fold way that leads to one's destiny, usually develop from Physis Training. These goals, and the striving for them, are the essence of Physis.

Thus, if the primary interest of an Initiate is magick, then the short-term goals could be conducting ceremonial ritual with the intent of creating magickal power and/or establishing some form of working occult group to practice magick.

If the primary interest of the Initiate is the Martial Arts, then the short-term goals, conducive to the overall aim (mastery of the art), might be specific training targets - e.g running a 4 minute mile, cycling 25 miles in under an hour or learning to master a specific weapon.

As such goals are achieved, then new ones are formed, and the striving begins again, until, as a result of such striving the individual is made aware of Destiny. Then there is stillness and the understanding of how the essence that is physis, which is timeless and still, is revealed through the motion and change.

There is no motion or vitality without stillness and there is no stillness without the profoundest motion. The striving for achievement that is the seven fold way is a means to this understanding.

The best form of striving is one that involves exertion of the body towards its limits and an intense concentration that goes beyond word, technique or style. The secret is to move, to exert the body with an inner stillness. If this is done, vitality arises of itself. Everything else is easy.

A TRAINING PROGRAMME

Daily:

2-3 mile run: or 10 miles cycling

Bodily exercises (suppleness/co-ordination), 15 minutes

Weekly:

Practice playing the Septenary Star Game - for at least 2 hours

15 mins "blindfold walking"* (Outdoors as isolated as possible)

6-10 mile run; or 30 miles cycling

Monthly:

Playing the Star Game to a conclusion with an opponent.

Endurance test a) walk 20 miles in 5 hours and b) run 15 miles or cycle 50 miles

Note 1: *Choose spot some distance away: blindfolded slowly walk to it, repeat (develops awareness of surrounding energies external to oneself).

Note 2: This is an example programme - the times/distances etc should be adjusted to suit the individual.

Note 3: fuller training programmes will be given in later issues of BALDER including Speed Training and The Nine Movements etc.

PHYSIS - THE THIRD WAY (Part IV)

In the ancient world magic was essentially of three types: the first may be described as 'elemental' (or 'demonic'), the second as shamanistic, and the third as empathic.

Examples of the first type have come down to us in such works as the "De Mysteriis" of Iamblichus (a 'neo-Platonic' philosopher, died c.333 e.v. who wrote many works about Pythagoras) and in many magickal papyri (mostly of Egyptian origin or influence) that have survived. From the viewpoint of the history of magic (particularly the elemental type) these papyri are of exceptional interest. They were published in three volumes by Karl Preisendanz in 1928, 1931 and 1942 under the title "Papyri Graecae Magicae" Die griechischen Zauberpapyri". Copies of the third volume are extremely rare: at the time of writing even the British Library does not have a copy although there is one in the Ashmolean at Oxford. (*1)

The elemental/demonic type of magic is based in a belief in gods and demons, and the task of the sorcerer is that of learning to know the various demons, their powers, the 'spells' and charms which make him/her capable of controlling them. In origin, as the historical evidence shows, this type of magic derives from Egypt and Sumeria. For a long time, it was the most widely practiced form of magic in the West and Near East. At first it was not regarded as 'demonic' as we now understand that term - the 'demonic' element was a later development deriving from the Babylonian and then the Persian (for this latter, Zoroastrianism), this development being in essence a division of 'cosmic' and thus magickal forces into 'good' and 'evil' in the [sic. Ed]. The idea that magic is a means of defence against 'evil' spirits (and thus the use of those spirits or demons) is essentially Babylonian/Persian, and it was this later form, together with the shreds of the original Sumerian/Egyptian tradition, that was grafted onto the Hebrew qabala (and thus the Old Testament theology) to form the 'Grimoire' magic of the Middle Ages. It was this mish-mash which was 'revived' by Francis Barrett, Levi and the Golden Dawn. One of the features of this type of magic is the 'word of power' - others include the magic circles, barbarous invocations and magical weapons/amulets.

One of the essential differences between this elemental/demonic form of magic and shamanism is that the sorcerer/sorceress protects themselves from the demons and spirits by various charms, spells, circles or chants, whereas the shaman identifies with them via dance, music, song, potions/drugs and a temporary loss of personal identity. The shamanistic type is essentially the oldest form of magic, and is only really possible where a community or folk/tribal identity is strong, the shaman being an important part of its community/folk tribe. The functions of the shaman are quite simple - they discover what is hidden, foretell the future and sometimes heal and advise.

The third type of ancient magickal tradition, the empathic, flourished during the Hyperborean Aeon and had as its centre the culture of Albion (c. 5,500 - 3,500 BN: after which there was a slow decline; the 'Druids' represent the last part of this decline). This type gave rise to the early legends about 'Apollo' and the mystery cults of Ancient Greece as well as to the legends of the Druids and 'Merlin'. Its basis was an intuitive understanding of the cosmos - using the foundation of the septenary - a sympathy with the energies of the cosmos and the Earth. The cosmology underlying this approach gave rise to both

'Homeric' theology and, later, to the Vedic gods and Scandinavian Teutonic Mythology. That is, these later forms represent the original spirit of the 'lost' empathic tradition - a spirit in complete contrast with both the elemental and shamanistic approach (see ms 'The Homeric Gods').

The third type of magic which has variously become known as Physis and the seven-fold way, requires no 'words of power', no 'spells', and no surrender of personal identity. There is, rather an enhancement of that personal identity. Further, the empathic approach sees the cosmos as a unity - only divided for the purpose of classification/understanding - and not as a conflict of 'moral forces'; that is. A divination [sic. ed] into 'good' and 'evil'. (This point of view is very important and shows the conflict between Physis and those systems, like Nazarene belief and the qabala/elemental magic [including its modern forms] arises from a fundamentally different approach to the structure of the cosmos; it also shows and explains the affinity of the seven-fold way with 'Homeric' values and Scandinavian Teutonic Mythology.)

Essentially, Physis is a way of living rather than a specific technique or otherwise: it is a mystery in the original sense of the term. Originally, mystery meant an involvement with the physical/real world and not; as it later came to mean, a flight away from the world. (qv. The use of the word in Aristophanes, and the Greek 'mystery' traditions). The 'tels' or aim of Physis is essentially the same as that of those mystery schools; man or woman become divine through knowledge by following a Way - through catharsis, Initiation (what the Greeks called 'myesis') and the various further stages of self-understanding often symbolically and dramatically represented.

In a very important sense, the seven-fold way is a practical involvement in the world (qv. The Grade Rituals and the tasks of the Grades). In many ways, it can be seen as a 'modern' development of the empathic tradition (*2). Of all the traditions, the empathic is the only one to guide us toward and beyond god-head; both within ourselves and outside of ourselves.

Notes:

*1) Since this was written, the texts have been published in England.

*2) For further details see other MS, esp. 'Notes on Esoteric Tradition'; 'Nature, Magick & Worship': 'The Norse Gods and the Septenary Tradition'

PHYSIS Part V
SOME NOTES ON TRAINING

I: PRACTICAL

Location:

The best location is out of doors in an isolated spot: hills and areas near streams, lakes and forests are to be favoured. Harmony in one's surroundings encourages the mindfulness which is essential to strengthening one's vital energy - 'physis', the essence of Being - and thus the achievement of that harmony wherein the cosmos is revealed and

Destiny achieved. The best time for practice is early morning - in one hour after sunrise.

Duration:

Each session should last between half an hour and one hour, and ideally be undertaken every day, although three times a week is sufficient in the early stages.

Practice: begin each session with a warm-up exercise undertaken in a relaxed way. This may be a short (1-2) miles slow run, followed by a short period of stance meditation during which the mind is concentrated on breathing - imagining the energies of Gaia flowing through the body and vitalizing it in a relaxed, mindful way. If it helps, imagine the energies being absorbed through the feet (which should be bare) with each slow intake of breath. Practice of Physis Forms can then be undertaken. The session should end with a mindful bow, expressive of reverence for Gaia and the essence of being beyond.

Mindfulness:

This is achieved via breath control through slow movement - as e.g. in kinhin and blindfold walking - and will be practiced under supervision.

General: The purpose of Physis Training is to increase the vital energy of the person - this is a very gradual process and benefits will be noticed only after some time of constant practice, depending on the individual this may be weeks or months.

PHYSIS Part VI
PHYSIS TRAINING NOTES

THEORETICAL:

The student will after learning the Star Game and the Septenary system study the relation between the Martial Art Forms, the alchemical substances, the seven-fold way, and the two forms of time.

The Short-Form represents the four elements (e.g. North is water and is symbolically represented by the Chalice: South is Earth, symbolized by Pentacles) and the Long-Form the nine angles, that is, the nine combinations of the three alchemical substances which are themselves represented by the pieces of the Star Game in their causal and acausal aspects.

In undertaking the Forms in a mindful way the individual is undertaking what may be termed 'a rite of cosmic renewal' because the faculty of consciousness which only we of all Earth-dwelling beings possess is, by the type of consciousness achieved through mindfulness, returns the individual to the primal chaos where pure energy resides. The Forms take the individual beyond the appearance of opposites to the essence of Being.

Such a returning is known by many names according to various traditions - it is similar to the Buddhist 'nirvana', the Taoist 'tun-wu', the existential 'authentic existence' and is represented in the Western esoteric tradition as the Philosophers Stone, the primal Gnosis.

This achievement is usually a slow process, a natural Alchemy, and involves the seven-fold way to the very end. With its achievement, the Forms, and all the theory behind them, become irrelevant.

PHYSIS PART VII
MARTIAL ART OF THE WEST

The purpose of a genuine Martial Arts is not only to create within the individual a certain harmony of body and mind, but also to extend the capabilities of the individual. To do this requires an ethos or spirit and every genuine Martial Art has its own distinctive ethos.

The ethos of a Martial Art is a re-presentation of the Destiny of the folk community to which the individual belongs and a genuine Martial Art (such as the Japanese Way of the Sword) cannot exist outside such a community. Essentially, a Martial Art produces warriors, and such warriors, if they are to be true to the ethos of the Way which produced their skill and prowess, might fight as servants of that ethos.

Every individual is a product of those psychic forces that shape both the conscious and unconscious, and to be healthy and fulfil the promise of vitality that lies latent within, individuals must be true to the spirit of their ancestors, for to grow in the future one must first root oneself in the past. This fundamental truth is mostly forgotten today with the result that rootless individuals fall prey to all manner of enervating ideas devoid of authenticity. An inner harmony - the key to development of Martial Arts skills as well as the key to extending one's real vitality - results from following the ethos of the folk community into which the individual is born, and fulfilling, or trying to fulfil its unique Destiny. It is one of the purposes of a genuine, living Martial Art to reveal this ethos and Destiny since these provide the link between what may be termed the microcosm of the individual and the macrocosm of the 'pneuma'/Ki/vital energy.

What passes for 'Martial Arts' today is mostly sport - techniques which while sometimes spectacular are lacking in spirit and devoid of deep personal meaning because the original and genuine purpose of a Martial Art is to produce warriors, study of a particular Way or tradition is a way of life rather than an interest occupying a few hours a week. Consequently, genuine Martial Arts traditions attract very few individuals - except initially.

To work in harmony with the ethos of one's folk community and to understand its destiny is the only means whereby the authentic Destiny of each individual - their innate potential - can be realized since the destiny of every individual is inextricably linked to that of their folk, unfashionable as this is today. Thus it is impossible, for example, for a European belonging to the civilization of the West, to master fully the Japanese Way of the Sword for such mastery implies the individual committing himself through his deeds and way of life to the Destiny of Japan: a participation in Shinto and Bushido which is impossible for an outsider - and which even most Japanese find most difficult since the advent of Western influence. Thus, the conflict in

the last century [1800's] between the 'League of the Divine Wind' and those who favoured or accepted Western influence in Japan - and the League was right, enshrining as it did the true ethos of Japan, a circumstance understood for instance by Yukio Mishima (qv. 'Runaway Horses' [Mishima's 1967 Novel]).

The ethos of the West has been described as Faustian - as a will to exploration and has given rise, intellectually to science and technologically and practically, to the conquest of the world by Europeans and European technology. In essence, the ethos of the West may be said to represent a noble, conquering attitude to life grounded in exploration. The way of Physis represents this and captures through its techniques the inner harmony essential for personal development as well as teaching what may be called the Warrior code of the West.

Physis is a hitherto secret Western tradition which emphasizes the development of intuitive awareness or empathy as a mean to martial arts skill - in contrast to most other schools (especially those of the East) which depend mainly on repetition of technique as the way to mastery.

This empathy is created through self-awareness (vide 'Grade Rituals') as well as by study and the achievement of set, physical goals. It captures stillness through motion and exertion.

One of the more important aspects of Physis is in revealing not only the genuine ethos of the West but also in showing how an individual can fulfil their own destiny and that of the West.

The basic archetype for this fulfilling - which represents Being and by which we affirm life joyfully in accord with the spirit of our ancestors and the Destiny of our folk - is the warrior who strives through directive action to create the conditions and type of power by which Destiny may be fulfilled. The most important aspect of Physis, however, is to show how individuals may live according to an ethos - just as Chozan Shisai showed how the Way of the Sword could be lived.

Such a way of living involves the individual in a certain amount of daily practice or training of the body in order to maintain vitality and in living in accordance with the Destiny. This destiny may be creative in the artistic/scientific sense or involve action of a more direct kind - but in all that they do, individuals following the Way of Physis will be guided by the enthusiastic spirit of conquering nobility.

Outwardly, the future of the West lies in the exploration of Outer Space: galactic colonization, inwardly in re-discovery of the ground, or harmony, behind the outward appearance of our ethos. This ground - i.e. 'Physis' is a consciously developed empathy giving rise to a new type of individual.

PHYSIS PART VIII
MARTIAL ART OF THE LEFT HAND PATH

According to tradition, in the past candidates who sought either entry into an established Order or group, or who sought individual instruction from an adept of the Left Hand Path, first had to prove themselves through trial by combat.

In established groups, the Guardian of the Temple was the adversary and Physis as Martial Art is believed to have developed from the training that these Guardians received to enable them to undertake this task. The fact that candidates were usually defeated by the Guardian was a salutary lesson for them just as their acceptance of combat was a necessary proof of their desire to join.

As a Martial Art, Physis is quite simple, being merely a sequence of moves which enable the individual undertaking them in the right manner to achieve a harmony of body and mind - a type of consciousness where spontaneous action is possible. It is this spontaneity that is the secret.

The correct attitude of mind which creates the spontaneity is achieved by slow concentrated movement. Through concentration, the individual draws to themselves those hidden (or 'occult') energies that pervade the world and the cosmos and which are variously named Physis, Tao, 'pneuma', spirit or Ki. Slow, deliberate movements in a sense 'distributes' this energy around the body and enables action without thought.

Physis contains no 'grades' no complicated series of Forms, no secrets: it is simply a pointer to something beyond itself. This 'something' lies within every individual and once it has been discovered, Physis (and all techniques) are irrelevant. Just like 'Traditions'.

Physis contains no techniques of self-defense, no methods of attack, no disabling blows or kicks, all these arise of themselves provided spontaneity is achieved and provided the individual is fit and supple enough of body.

Physis is essentially of the Left Hand Path because it is an individual (or 'anarchic') way: a means to discovering the Chaos within, and it is structure-less because of this.

Techniques of Physis

Ideally, you should perform all techniques barefoot and out of doors, in loose clothing. Set aside about half-an-hour each morning or evening and for about three weeks practice the simple movements given below.

Before this, undertake some simple exercises to increase suppleness - such as arm-swinging, squats, trunk circling. These should not be strenuous. Also, begin some other activity which will increase your general level of fitness - running and cycling and swimming are ideal. The aim of all this is to give you that pleasurable glow which such activity can produce - if not overdone!

To begin, stand with feet slightly apart, hands by the side in a relaxed way and imagine drawing energy up into your body through the

soles of your feet. Draw in energy with every breath, which should be slow and regular. Continue this for several minutes.

The following movements should then be performed - slowly, to form a continuous whole, without breaks. Although the movements may seem complicated (when described here at least!) they are in fact simple and easily mastered.

From the initial position the left foot is brought forward with knee bent as the left arm extends outward with elbow bent, wrist turned and level with face, the hand above the knee. The right foot is moved slightly, pointing straight ahead. The weight should be slightly greater on the left foot. The fingers of the hands should be slightly curved.

The right foot is turned to face behind while the body weight is shifted (via the hips) to lean the body and turn it sideways through ninety degrees. As the body turns, so does the left foot, through ninety degrees. The right arm is extended, slightly curved, so that the hand is above the head but several feet from it while the left arm is brought in so that the hand is near the navel. The right knee is bent.

The body is turned clock-wise through ninety degrees as the left leg is swung round and the left elbow moved backwards as if to strike. As this is done the right arm is drawn in to near the navel and the balance shifted to the left foot. The right foot should be so placed that at the completion of this move only the heel is on the floor.

The right foot is set down and the whole body brought downwards toward the ground by bending the knees but without turning the body itself. The left arm is drawn in, the right is extended upwards and outwards.

The body is then brought upright, as the left leg is moved forward (about forty-five degrees) and bent to take the weight while the left arm is brought upwards, elbow bent, the forearm almost vertical and the hand a few feet from the face. The right arm is drawn in, the hand below the chin.

The body pivots off the right foot through ninety degrees while the left arm is drawn in, the right extended with hand above the head and a few feet away. The left leg is then lifted as if to kick while the left arm is brought forward. The left thigh should be below the horizontal.

The left foot is lowered while the left arm is brought across the body and outward to the left side as the toes of the right foot are lifted and weight transferred. The right arm is brought in near the stomach. The left foot turns about forty-five degrees. The weight is taken on the right leg, knee bent, the left arm drawn in and the right extended above the head and a few feet away.

Finally, the body is turned so that the position is the reverse of the starting one.

This sequence of nine moves is thus in the order:

7 1 6
4 9 3

The aim is to undertake the movements in a relaxed and mindful way, breathing slowly. Should it be desired, the sequence can be repeated several times. The movements should flow into each other, without pause. Practice should make the individual movements, one continuous movement, like a slow dance. Do not worry about getting each movement exactly right - fluidity is more important.

If this is done for the period suggested above, set/hang two balls of wool from a straight tree branch, overhead beam or something similar, at a distance apart slightly greater than your outstretched arms. Set them swinging slowly in opposite directions and stand sideways or between them. Without turning but simply bending your body, strike with your hand at one ball and then immediately, with the other hand, at the other so as to hit it. To begin with, set the balls at eye level, then lower it to the level of your hips, and repeat. If this is too easy, have someone stand near and shout either "right" or "left" in their own time when you are prepared. If they shout 'right!' hit the right ball first, then the left. The shorter your reaction time, the better. Another variation of this is to use coloured balls, the helper shouting out the colour.

Further Techniques

Another technique which may be used is to set into the ground eight wooden posts, arranged as in the figure above: that is 1-8. the object is to strike each post in sequence with hands or foot according to the movements listed above. As you strike, exhale. Gradually increase the speed at which you do this until it is a burst of energy. Aim to control this energy, though, through the movements and strikes.

This technique should be used only after the foregoing has been undertaken and in the slow manner indicated.

Once you are satisfied with technique, abandon them if you wish and create your own sequences of movements. Be sure, though, to undertake each movement in the slow, mindful way, as this is really the key to spontaneity, or action without thought. Faster techniques (like with balls or posts) really only draw forth what has been cultivated through an inner stillness - and if there is a 'martial arts secret', it is this.

PHYSIS (Part IX) NOTES ON TRAINING

General:

Training should ideally be undertaken at least twice a week when practice of the Forms should be done together with some 'kinhin' and a little meditation. Fitness training (such as running, cycling, etc) should be undertaken at least three times a week in order to maintain the fitness necessary for specific Martial Arts training.

Once a week (usually at the end of one of the Forms practice sessions) a short routine should be followed designed to improve the speed and power of blows, blocks and kicks.

Alertness Training:

This is based on 'programming' of the self through assessment of a situation - that is, a cultivated but relaxed awareness of one's surroundings.

In any situation, one should be alert for changes - and anticipating and choosing a response consciously. For instance, one is seated in a room. Exits are noted, as are people. One prepares for any eventuality (such as an attack) and then decides to respond if the situation changes quickly or radically - the responses (such as moving forward to attack should someone rush through the door) are then filed mentally, and one remains relaxed.

This is not as complicated as it sounds - after some practice it becomes instinctive and throughout one is relaxed and capable of responding very quickly indeed. The crucial factor is learning to be aware of one's surroundings - and being prepared to react without thought. One can do this because beforehand one has already consciously decided on what one is going to do. This deciding takes a certain experience and will soon become instinctive and almost instantaneous.

Technique:

Good technique depends on:

- a) Agility: Is learned through exercises like kinhin
- b) Speed: Is acquired by slow practice of the Forms
- c) Coordination: Is achieved by learning to move without thinking (can be built up through other sports which require fluid movement without thought. Good examples are running, cycling at speed, and games such as tennis).
- d) Concentration: Arises through meditation and moving to sounds/music
- e) Power: Is built by the previous four and learning to strike accurately through the channelling of one's vital energy.

Hints:

- 1) Breathing from the abdomen - to obtain power, attack and exhale (shout may help)
- 2) In combat watch opponents eyes - never weapons or hands.
- 3) Hip Flexibility is the key to fluid and rapid movement.

In combat try to avoid body contact except in blows and kicks or restraining locks. Aim to stay within striking distance and move so as to defeat any attempt by the opponent to grapple. If he moves, circle his movement and strike.

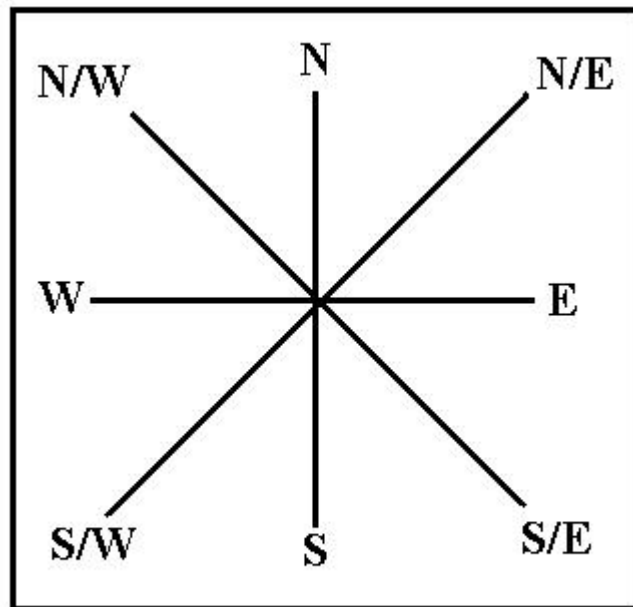
PHYSIS Part X

THE NINE MOVEMENTS OF PHYSIS

The Short Form is based on the four cardinal points, the Long Form on these four, their intersection and the final return to the centre.

Practically, the student is instructed to consider the Short as a defence against four opponents at the cardinal points. Theoretically, the points are related to the four elements (for which see Septenary correspondences).

The Long Form may be regarded as defence against 8 opponents thus:



The Nine Movements of Physis

The student thus learns flexibility of movement through a full circle by initially dividing that circle (or 360 degrees) into eight parts. This division is only an aid to training and helps in the cultivation of mindfulness to one's surroundings. It is the key to awareness in attack and defence.

There is nothing really esoteric in all this - or indeed in any Martial Arts training. What comes to be called 'esoteric' and becomes a 'school' of training is simply the conscious expression of something innate. It is the aim of all genuine teaching to develop within the student an intuitive empathic awareness, and once this is achieved the student 'knows' without thought and understands without learning. Beyond is the development of a style unique to that individual. There is nothing more.

THE MEANING OF PHYSIS

By D. MYATT

Physis is a Greek word which can be translated as "Nature" - it also means the 'natural unfolding' or evolution which occurs in nature as well as the 'character' or 'nature' of a person. In many ways, it is

that harmony or balance which 'holds the cosmos together' in a natural way.

The ancient Greeks had a concept of living and an approach to the gods which was pagan - they believed that a proper life (I am writing about pre-Platonic views here) was a balanced one, that the relationship of the individual to the gods was important. This relationship of the individual to the gods was important. This relationship was not based on concepts of sin nor on a morbid denial of life and its pleasures. Rather, it was based on respect - the individual respected the gods and believed the respect (and thus personal fortune) of the gods could be obtained or given if the individual strove to achieve excellence. It was considered unwise to be excessive - in anything. The Greek mystery cults went further and believed that life could be enhanced - and immortality attained - by living in a certain way and performing certain rites. Central was also a pragmatic view - that the cosmos possessed a natural order - which could be understood if one thought hard enough or observed it for long enough or if one attained an insight into it.

These things established a framework for understanding genuine paganism in general - insofar as the West and its psyche is concerned. It is better to begin in this way, via the ancient Greeks, since the evidence and the sources are preserved more completely than other 'Western' pagan tradition. It is unfortunate that most modern pagans derive their understanding from myths and legends and practices which are often obscure or incomplete - what is missing is difficult to understand, often being interpreted romantically. Naturally, this approach via the Greeks assumes that there are similarities between the different forms paganism assumed among the peoples of the West at various times - that is, that the variations are different expressions of the same spirit or 'view of the world', an expression which pre-dated the morally abstract religion of the Nazarene and extended from the ancient Albion around the time of the building of Stonehenge to the Anglo-Saxons, the Celts and the Vikings. I believe this assumption to be a valid one - for what is important are not the details of the legends or the attributes of the gods or even the various religious forms and rites, but rather the instinctive apprehension of life and the cosmos which gave rise to the religious forms of paganism in the first place: that which is our collective or 'folk' psyche. Thus we may say that while the paganism of the ancient Greeks and that of the Vikings represent or express this psyche, the abstract religion of Christianity does not.

There is an esoteric tradition which regards ancient Albion (or rather the civilization of Albion which flourished between c. 5,000 BP and 3,000 BP) as the original home of the god whom the Greeks called Apollo and thus the inspiration of the Greeks. This tradition - which names the civilization the 'Hyperborean' in honour of this fact - recounts Albion as inventing the wheel among other things, including agriculture, and possessing a knowledge of and skill in astronomy (evident in Stonehenge and other monuments of the civilization) as well as esoteric crafts. The Druids are regarded by this tradition as being among the last remnants of the decayed civilization.

Whatever the truth or otherwise of this tradition, I believe the ancient Greeks give us the most comprehensive information regarding paganism - or rather, that paganism which is appropriate to those whose

psyche is "Western" [I use this term "Western" with misgivings since today it generally and unfortunately implies that materialistic power structure of European and American states, rather than a definite culture. "European" is no better, and both 'Indo-European' and 'Aryan' are liable to misinterpretation. By 'West' is meant that culture exemplified by Albion, ancient Greece and Rome, the Celts, Vikings, and so on.]

This ancient Greek foundation gives us two important contributions missing from the other traditions - what may be called 'pragmatic' and the 'conscious' expression of our relationship with the gods. The former is exemplified in that essentially rational approach to living which is so typically Greek, the latter in Greek tragedy and some of the pre-Socratic philosophers.

What this amounts to is nothing really new - just another way of viewing what esoteric tradition has established, of sorting out the valuable from the dross, enabling perspective. Essentially, esoteric tradition (call it 'the Occult' for convenience) maintains that we have latent abilities and are capable of evolving still further - of developing higher levels of consciousness. Part of this is in understanding and mastery of the Occult arts - e.g. like divination and 'magick' - and part is in developing an empathy or awareness with and of others and the cosmos. One aspect is the belief that we can attain certain immortality - e.g. by alchemy, be that alchemy a practical one with the production of an Elixir or an internal one with the production of Adeptship and beyond.

This way means, if its potential is to be fulfilled, a certain way of living rather than a 'hobby' or an 'interest' or a 'diversion'. Part of this is an attitude and part of it is observance or participation, usually by some form of ritual or rite. That is, there is an approach to life, which may be intuitive - a 'feeling' about the world, and a desire to do something, participate, or achieve.

Naturally there is in the Occult a confusion and multitude of ways and systems and beliefs, but most of these, deriving from unclear sources, have lost (if they ever possessed) the meaning of essence behind the outer forms: a meaning or essence which the two contributions from the Greeks, mentioned above, explicate most clearly. Hitherto, both the dogmatic and the religious approach to the Occult (evident in the revival of past forms and ways, for example) have failed because the forms and means chosen have seldom if ever been conscious. That is, they exist on the unconscious, symbolic level or on the directly religious one, presuming in the first instance a lack of self-awareness and in the second instance a faith in arcane religious forms and/or minor deities. In brief, the attitude of the mind thus cultivated tends towards uncritical acceptance and 'superstition' - and a lack of real understanding regarding the relationship between the individual and the gods.

The realization of the Occult requires a specific way of living - one that takes the individual away from the modern world with its abstractions, its beliefs, its dogma, its noise, frenetic pace and crowds. This way returns individuals to themselves, to confront and understand what is within, and then having achieved a self-

understanding and thus liberation, to an understanding of 'Nature'/the gods and thus the cosmos.

The attitude of mind required is an openness - an enquiring approach which combines a pragmatic view with intuition or insight. Such an attitude may for convenience be called 'Thinking' or 'contemplation' - it is a reasoned empathy developed by various methods or occult techniques, and may be said to represent the essence of pragmatism, an essence capable of apprehended and developed only by the way of living mentioned above.

Such an understanding as arises from such an attitude is highly individual - that is, it cannot be constrained within a dogma or form part of a religious belief. There is thus the development of an entirely new type of conscious apprehension - a new way of 'Thinking' or being, and thus a new way of living. Fundamentally, this new understanding is what "Physis" means - and to achieve this is the aim of the Physis community or foundation.

PHYSIS
TOWARDS A COMMUNITY
By David Myatt

Part I

I have travelled in most of the countries of the world, lived for years in several of them and in the course of it all I believe I have learned a few things from my contacts with other peoples.

I have learned to respect the harmony that one finds in small communities - from the Malay Jungle, through to the highlands of Japan to the isolated villages of Nepal. There is a pattern about such small communities that makes their way of life unique and totally different from that of a city or town - be the city New York or Bombay and be the town Brighton or Georgetown.

The small communities are usually agricultural, and the people, being tied to the soil, aware of the seasons or the vagaries of their climate, are usually traditional insofar as local customs and methods govern their life.

In rural villages in Japan, for example, it is still the custom for neighbours to help in house-building: still regarded as favourable for a man to have sons who will inherit not only his land but his skills as well. The tradition binds these communities, and there is usually pride in and loyalty to the family. In contrast, the dweller of the city or town is generally self-centred, lacking in tradition and without loyalty to anything except an abstract and artificial idea.

Of course, such statements are generalisations, with many exceptions - but they are based on sufficient experience for forming to some extent at least part of a 'world-view' of philosophy of life. By and large, the member of a rural, agricultural community, bound by tradition and sharing a common heritage, is a far more natural and healthy person than the city dweller. Such a person may not be as 'well-educated', may lack refinement in speech and may be illiterate - but he will, on balance, be more genuine and honest because of it. But, above everything else, the perspective of the local community is different -

the way of life slower, more inward, more peaceful. The disputes, such as they are, are personal and local ones.

The disputes of the city however, are those created by artificial ideas like the parity of the pound with the dollar or the demarcation of power between one large inhomogenous group and another (such as 'workers' and 'bosses' or Britain and France).

When such disputes enter rural communities they are destructive and usually costly in terms of human life - like wars between rival religions or rival factions.

However, it would be a mistake to see rural communities romantically, as an idyll, just as it would be mistaken to idealize the peasant farmer and try to copy his ancient way of life. What such communities show, I believe, is that it is possible to live a full harmonious life with understanding. Despite all the technology and advantages Western civilization has given us we are not so much different, in human terms, from our barbarian ancestors. Six thousand years or so of civilization seems to have had little effect on human behaviour - we as human beings understand far more about our world and universe, we have mastered with our tools and technology our environment, but we are still driven to a large extent by forces (like hatred, malice, envy and all the long etcetera of human urges which are not consciously understood).

Billions of people have died in countless conflicts large and small over scores of generations - and still it seems our ability to live in peace with ourselves, our neighbours and relations, our ability to live fulfilling, harmonious lives is very small. Religion of course, attempts to show why this is so, and different religions offer different solutions to 'the human condition'. Yet with the exception of Taoism (if the Taoism of Lao Tzu may be called a religion) religion soon becomes ideology.

Over the years what I have discovered is important about life is one's attitude to living. I have come to realise, gradually, that ideology of whatever kind from communism to Christianity to Hinduism encourages what it has become fashionable to call the 'alienation' of the individual.

Ideology encourages strife - for without division, it cannot thrive, just as Christianity cannot thrive without the idea of sin and the conflict between the righteous and the sinner. When ideology assumes power in the form of a State, evolution of understanding ceases and cultural regression begins.

The attitude of the Japanese farmer, planting his rice crop by hand is probably closer, in terms of human understanding, to reality, than any religious or political zealot. The farmer lives in the world of the elements, drawing his life from the earth while the dweller in the realms of politics or religion lives in the realms of conflict created by his own ideas and belief. The farmer may be concerned about the weather, or about the state of his rood - but all his concerns are natural and of significance only to him, his family and immediate neighbourhood. But above all, he is capable of being in harmony with himself and his environment simply because his purpose and vision are so restricted.

Because we as individuals are capable of thought we are capable of understanding or learning from six thousand years of history.

Perhaps more importantly we are also capable of extending human civilization further. If, in attempting to live our understanding and so live harmoniously, we in the west re-create a past way of life or attempt to create a new way out of harmony with ourselves and our environment, it will not endure.

Accordingly, to preserve what is valuable about civilization (like knowledge) and to extend evolution and understanding still further, a new way of life, or life-style is needed, one that is harmonious, evolutionary and which passively encourages others to become positive, authentic individuals. Such a way of life would be a-political in every sense and its view of the world would owe much to ancient Greece and the internal alchemy of the seven-fold way. It would be, in the words of Heidegger, "preparation of readiness for the gods, it is the Yes to Being".

Such a way of life would be rural, a small community, whose daily life was itself harmonious and authentic.

PART 2

The essence of the community is expressed in the name - Physis, that is, a natural unfolding; the character or nature of a person as well as 'Nature' herself.

The aim is to develop - extend - the individual in a natural harmonious way. This implies balance - between the striving for knowledge and excellence and the inner development of empathy or insight. The former involves practical forms such as 'learning' of the development of craft-like skills; the latter involves the cultivation of basically esoteric or Occult abilities. Both can be attained by living in a certain way - as outlined in the first part of this article this way is essentially rural, a community part of the land through a striving for self-sufficiency.

Central to such a community will be a shared cultural understanding and heritage - a common feeling about the 'world'. this will not be religious as it will not be an attempt to re-create past religious, social or political forms of whatever kind. Rather, given a common intuitive understanding, new forms and ways will be created by the very process of living and striving - the attempt to achieve self-sufficiency and extend and preserve the essence of the common heritage. To help realise this, one of the practical aims is to establish a centre for esoteric knowledge and the study of the cultural heritage of the west - an approach where, for example, the principles of that esoteric knowledge can be put into practice, enabling individuals to achieve not only a genuine Initiation but also Adeptship and beyond. Of course this may seem a splendid idea, but rather impractical. Yet its realization will only require a few individuals to join together and act - by purchasing some land (and perhaps some dwellings/buildings) in an area conducive to the aims and which allows for possible future expansion. Then if they possess the necessary desire, the community can be created by the difficult task of trying to obtain some self-sufficiency in food and by beginning the process of establishing a cultural centre. What then, is genuinely Western which might be used to establish the basic intuitive and intellectual foundations of such a community?

First a desire to know, to understand and to reason - a respect for facts, for observation and careful analysis: a belief that everything can be explained given time, and that any dogma is detrimental to understanding. Second a feeling that there must be balance between us as individuals and Nature/the gods: a way of living, or being, which aids this balance, within us and external to us. Third, the belief that we as individuals are capable of evolving still further - in terms of consciousness, intellect and knowledge - and that this involves the

development of 'Occult' capabilities. Fourth, the understanding that the world external to us can be changed by various energies and forms some of which may be 'magical' and some not. Expressed simply, this means that such a community by its very existence produces change within the 'society' it has excluded itself from - this change perhaps being very gradual but nevertheless highly significant in 'Aeonian' terms.

It seems strange that in the West many communities exist and are continually being established based on religious or social (and sometimes even political) ideas entirely contrary to the spirit of the West and its cultural heritage - and seem to flourish - while no-one seems either interested in or prepared to work toward the establishment of a genuinely Western community; to create a way of living which is authentic and creative and which takes us towards the next stage of our evolution.

Perhaps part of this stems from a misunderstanding of our heritage and a misunderstanding of what the 'Occult' is all about. Basically, the development of our latent abilities involves an increase in perception - an empathy. But this empathy is not 'uncritical' just as it is not orientated in what could be called a social or political or religious direction. That is, it does not mean "compassion". rather it implies wisdom - the understanding of things and people as they are, according to their own nature or natures. It does not seek to change, or direct but is a 'letting-be' - and as such is often 'sad' because there is understanding of how slow real evolutionary change is and how most directed attempts at change produce the opposite and upset the dialectic balance. Part of this perception is rational - I.e. a reasoned understanding (which may gradually change as new information or knowledge is available) and hence genuine empathy is a harmony, a balance - between the intuitive (and thus numinous) and conscious understanding.

That this, and the Occult in general, have been so misunderstood isn't surprising considering the misunderstanding of Western tradition and heritage in general, for this type of harmony forms part of the essence of that heritage.

This balance is also expressed in the striving for knowledge and discovery and excellence, when such striving is linked to an appreciation of what it is convenient to call 'the gods' and our relation to them as individuals. (some may just prefer the term "Nature").

The striving, and the desire to maintain balance, are both necessary as, for example, the ancient Greeks understood: the loss of this balance was 'hubris' (or 'insolence' to the gods) and planted the seeds of the tyrant.

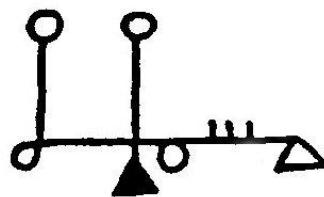
To re-discover, and help maintain, this balance is one of the main aims of a Physis community.

Order of Nine Angles



The Self-Immolation Rite

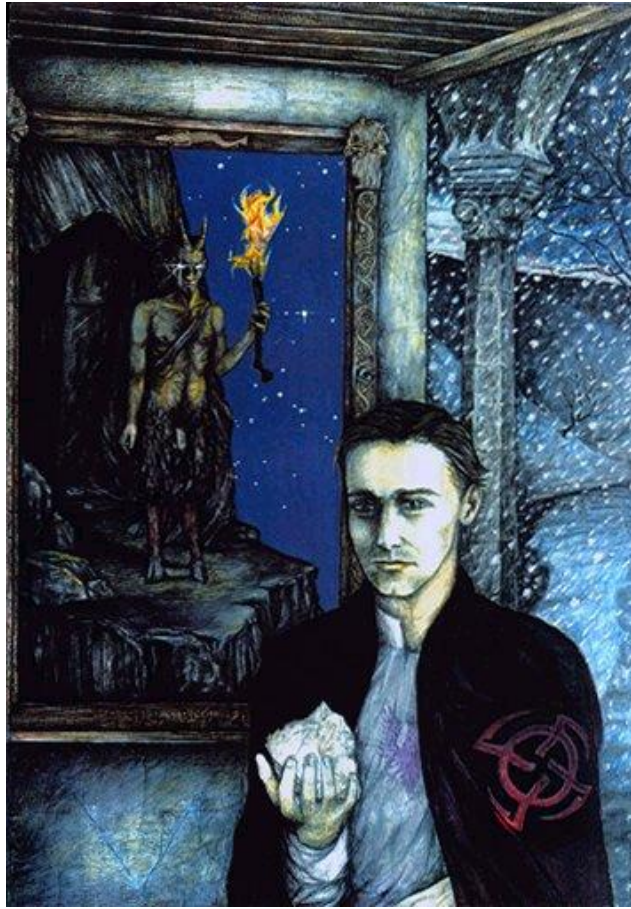
A Guided Satanic Pathworking
through the Dark Spheres.



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The Order of Nine Angles

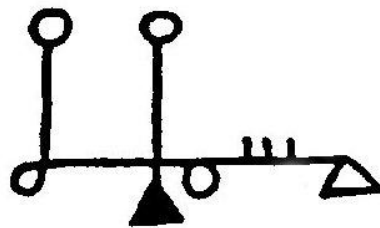


The Self-Immolation Rite

A Guided Satanic Pathworking through the Dark Spheres

Transcribed by Tnepres 114eh

Text by Christos Beest of ONA.



"...Disembodied art Thou...

sunk into the black pit,
the dark night of the soul.

All roads that lead here are scattered with corpses
and broken souls and gibbering idiots.

Be not a gibbering ape!

For all who traverse these dark spheres
and explore their shadow selves will emerge as Gods!

I say this with my mouth, which trembles in memory
of a time when demons walked the earth,
the various examples of their cookery billowing in the wind.

But now, heads roll past my feet, encased in pastry.

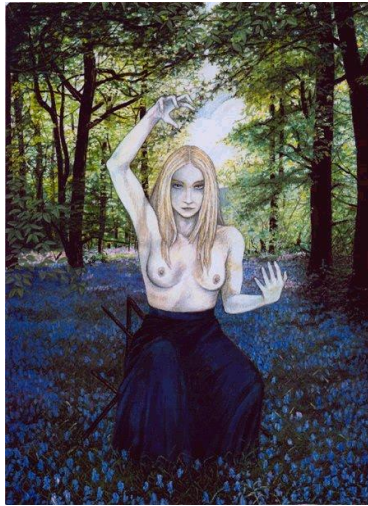
THE GATE HAS OPENED!

Enter dark angels, enter...

Prepare Ye for the Self Immolation Rite!"



LUNA:



"...Before you, is a silver crescent moon, touch it.

You are now entering the dark sphere, of Luna.

This, is earthy, fertile land, a moist cavernous terrain.

A young maiden approacheth wearing a crescent moon headdress
and a blue robe.

She, Is, beautiful!

She offers her hand in friendship.

Touch her hand.

Ah! Smooth porcelain,
the dew of the moon on her cheeks.

But this is a lovely place,
instantly she transforms... into a dark horned beast,
ague in shape but clear in nature.

The horn... proceeds to impale You!
Gouging your intestines!
Rupturing your stomach!
Blood and bile, vomits from your splitting torso!
The horn, has shattered your vertebrae!
The beast brings down a starless night and withdraws.
You see briefly, the face of a woman,
wracked with laughter, mocking your very essence.
She too is now gone into the black,
that gnaws at your astral bones.
This is the sphere of hidden knowledge.
The blood that continues to gush,
has formed a glowing red pool.
Scry now, into the pool.
It will show you secrets of what you are,
of what you want to be, and what you can be.
Keep this information clear, in your mind, you will need it later.
The thick, liquid stirs...
look... Look into the pool You filthy regenerates!..."



MERCURY:

"...WITH A BLAST, OF MY TRUMPET! I HEAL, YOUR
WOUNDS!

Before you the yellow sigil of Mercury. Touch it.
Armed with the knowledge extracted from the pool,
you are now entering the dark sphere of Mercury.

This is a desolate place.

Heath blasted by fiery tempest,
scorpions eating charred animal.

See, how the dismembered are scattered to the bitter winds!

The air congeals and chokes.

Farewell happy fields! Hail horrors! Hail!

This is the sphere of transformation.

But do not tremble in the face of a breeze that would dismantle your
features.

Instead, be indulgent,
remember all that you saw in the bloody pool,
remember your deepest desires.

Before you now is a black inverted pentagram.

This, is the womb of Mercury, the eye of Satan.

This, is the gateway, of transformation!

The pentagram will begin to move closer...

you will feel the fear and sensuality of metamorphosis,

your form cracking, shedding and mutating,

as it takes on the attributes, scryed from the previous sphere.

Transformation, will be complete, when you pass through the
pentagram,

and emerge on the threshold of the next sphere,

as that, which you desire to be.

Only intense lust for this outcome will pull you through.

Passivity will render you as useless ash,

cast, into the pit, of a particular nameless horror.

But hark! The pentagram grates forth... TRANSFORM!!"



VENUS:

"...Before you, is the green sigil of Venus. Touch it.

Transformed, you are now entering the third dark sphere.

You are standing up to your waist, in a freezing river.

The torrid waters rushing through a valley, of white, lillies.

In fruitful groves and barren plains,

the empty shall drink, and the drunk, shall be empty.

What passion is this, that tears the sky with storms of blood and black
flame?

This, is the sphere, of Ecstasy, and Love.

Facing you, further up the river, is a naked woman...

corpse white skin, and long black hair.

She crouches astride the river and menstruates into the water.

The blood forms itself into a human figure
floating beneath the surface.

With your hands, begin to massage the blood into your ideal lover,
fashioning, every part of it
according to your cerebral and animalistic desires.

Now... take your lover by the hands.

Come! Fill the flowing bowl,
and consummate in the turbulent waters
'neath the raging sky...
drink now, your fill and more, of love..."



SOL:

"...With your lover, by your side,
I put before you, the gold sigil of the Sun. touch it.
You are now entering the dark sphere of Sol.
The swords that cast their shadow, over hateful paradise...
draw back, to reveal mountain ranges,
majestic against a sky, of flame.
You are standing on the edge

of the circle made by nine sacrificial stones.

Here, there is a thick darkness weaved by the unsated fog

and contained by the mountains.

Those roaring obscurers of that which lies beyond!

Illuminated by the glow of putrefaction,

the corpse of your former self,

discarded during transformation, lies in the circles centre.

Witness the repulsive entities that violate and mutilate your corpse!

This sacred shell, is now the prey of every necrophiliac and cannibal!

It seems initially, that they are performing gross obscenities for
pleasure,

but, look closer.

The corpse is delicately gutted, and from the bones extracted,
these creatures are constructing a tower, that rises far above the
mountain peaks.

Their work finished, they withdraw, bowing to your superiority
and divine disposition.

They light a protective circle of fire around the stones.

This, is the sphere, of vision, understanding, and prophecy.

Accompanied by your lover, climb the bloody bones to the top.

Here, you will see your kingdom,

surrounding, stretching out far into the solar fire, of increase.

See your temples! Your riches! Your works! All in progress...

contemplate all that you have now, and all, that you hope to achieve
in your journey so far, as a dark messiah.

Take pleasure, for you can make anything, simple..."



MARS:

"...I put before you, the red sigil, of Mars. Touch it.

You are now entering the fifth dark sphere.

You are still in the tower,

but see, how a long despairing shadow, now falls over you,
cast from above by a black, angel.

What horror is this?

What vileness crawls forth to kill slowly in unnatural fashions?

Look! The sky, is blackened with smoke! ...

Have you enjoyed the scene so far?

Consider again your kingdoms...

THEY'RE BEING EATEN BY FLAMES!

Enormous blue larvae leap into the carnage,
and become bloated on the torrents of blood

and the anguished disembowelment of your minions!

The flesh is flayed...

and the hideous dead arise to strangle the living.

Eaten, necks and heads split,

broken on strange scaffolding to spew out vile jelly!

The shrieks of the dying, fill your ears until they bleed,
blood, also pours, from your mouth, that hangs open, in horror!

This, is the sphere of sacrifice, death, and destruction.

Your hair! Is falling out! LOOK DOWN!!

Entities, are now dismantling the tower. And they look hungry.

But someone... is missing.

There, by a sacrificial stone, your lover, is being hung,

drawn and quartered, by black rot skeletons

and other such animated carcasses!

Sanity! Leaves! In the gouge! Of an eye!

Repulsive entities, have torn you to the ground,

but they are saving you til last,

when you will be given special, and lengthy treatment.

For now, they wish you to watch the destruction, of all that you are...

delighting in your contorting face, that bleeds, and weeps,

and becomes as a mask, of death.

I, will, have to leave you here,

or not even I can bear such terrible sights...

I may be back in time to save you but,

don't count on it...

Solace, for the wretched? Nay! There is only damnation!"

4

JUPITER:

"...I HAVE RETURNED!! And I see you, twitch, with life!

Verily thou art strong of mind.

Which is the food that will raise a few.

Here, I give you, the violet, sigil, of Jupiter. Touch it,
and enter the calm wilderness, of the sixth, dark, sphere.

Here, there is soft sand and silence.

The crimson sky is starry and peace fills you,

like cool water in your skull.

Stretch out your limbs,

recline, like the albatross that rests its heavy beak,

upon the graciousness of the hedge. Relax.

But mind the various chasms that lead to a shattering of limbs

upon vicious rock formations.

Every sphere needs amusement.

All is gone. Your lover is slaughtered...

do not love so much that you cannot witness the death of your lover,

death too is a natural process.

Reliable. honourable. And endearing.

This, is the sphere of wisdom.

Running towards you now is a child, made entirely of a white
brilliance.

It stands before you, and the light becomes as a mirror,

which reflects only you,

devoid of those things that you thought would bring power and
respect.

The power within begins to stir.

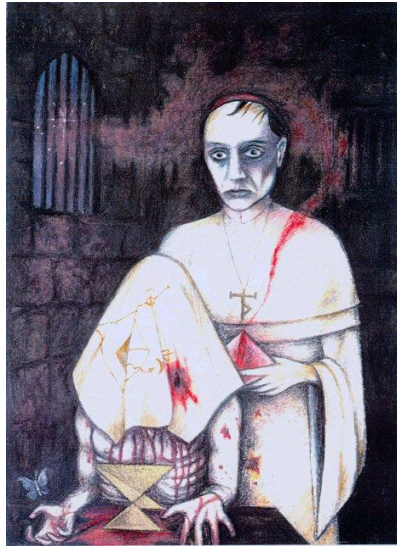
You begin to realise, that you do not need, anything.

That just your self is enough.

Stay a while in this sphere, and meditate

upon self-reliance, self-love, self-power,

and the kingdom, within..."



SATURN:

"...Now, before you, is the indigo, sigil, of Saturn. Touch it.

You are entering the seventh and final dark sphere.

You are standing on a hill, beneath a clear night sky.

Directly above is the star known as Naos.

It pulsates, and grows, illuminating and expectant.

The land around is strewn with the burning shards of a dying aeon,
suffused with an understanding that only stillness can express,
when the appearance is burned to ash. And the essence is revealed.

This, is the sphere of Chaos!

You have become all that you have learned

during this journey of self-evolution,
you are the essence of everything.

And via this alchemical process,
you understand, that power resides purely,
in the quality of self-honesty.

With this, you have the choice to alter your life and
the world in whichever way you feel, is necessary.

With this knowledge, raise your arms in exultation to the sky!

Blow winds! Crack the temporal!

See how the sky splits open at your command!

A purple rent, tears its way across the heavens.

Agios O Atazoth!

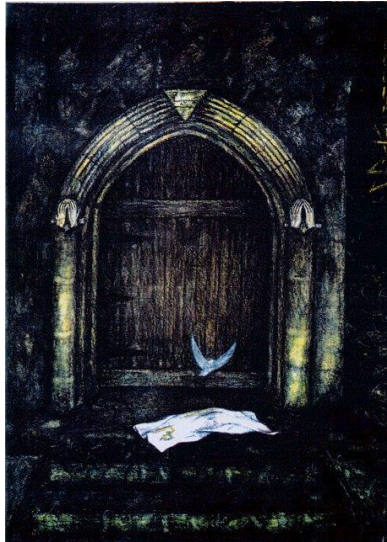
Black, nebulous shapes, descend from the rent,
to gradually envelop the hill.

The gates, are aligned!

They are returning!

Now, is the New Aeon! Now, is Chaos!

“Vindex! Est! Venturus!”



"...Embodied art thou! You have earned your cross.

You have dragged yourself up, from the excrement, that was your life!

And now 'lo your black wings do unfurl, so go forth dark messiah!

The world is yours!

Destroy! And create!

~Aperiatu terra et germinet Vindex!

The Dark Gods

ONA

The Dark Gods exist in the acausal realm and this realm is joined to our causal, physical universe in two ways – first, through Star Gates which are regions of space–time where the two universes intersect, and second, in the medium of our minds since certain levels of consciousness in their very nature are 'gates'. Archetypes are to our causal perception simply ordered elements of some of the energy present in various forms in the acausal universe.

The acausal universe itself may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by acausal time and possessing more than three spatial dimensions; the causal universe may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by causal, or linear, time and possessing three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other.

The entities known to esoteric tradition as the 'Dark Gods' are beings which exist in the acausal universe. Other such beings probably exist in the acausal realm, but the Dark Gods are known to us through having, at various times in our evolution, 'intruded' into our spatial universe.

It is possible for individuals, by virtue of the nature of consciousness, to open pathways to the acausal by various methods and thus draw into our phenomenal world various acausal energies or forces. Such forces, due to the nature of the acausal, are often seen to be from our point of view 'evil' or negative.

Three types of drawing down are possible. I localized of an individual on a small scale of smell energies; ii) of certain powerful forces or entities to physical manifestation in our universe; iii) returning to our planet and universe the race of beings known as the Dark Gods – tradition knows some of these beings by names such as Atazoth, Shugara, Athushir, Budsturga and Gaubni.

The first and second forms of draw in down involve those pathways residing (mostly dormant in the mind, while the third involves the Star Gates themselves of which three are known to us as areas in space near the stars Dabih, Naos and Algol. Physical travel to the acausal is possible through these Gates, but it is nevertheless possible to draw through them by various methods of powerful ritual the Dark Gods themselves, the time and stars being aligned aright.

This Grimoire shows how to awaken the latent pathways in our consciousness and, most sinister of all, how the Dark Gods themselves may be returned to Earth.

Dark Pathworkings

ONA

One of the initial tasks along the Sinister Path is the Magickal technique known commonly as Pathworking. Essentially this technique is a fundamental to the beginnings of Magickal development.

When working with the Sinister Tarot the Initiate may notice that some workings are far more intense than others. Combined with this intensity is the feeling that the characters and scenery within the image have actually come to life themselves. That is, they suddenly have a life of their own, a life that is no longer restricted by the consciousness of the individual, but suddenly becomes distinctive and objective from that consciousness. It is within these deeper forms of Pathworking that genuine Initiation begins to take place, for it should be noted that the Rite of Initiation does not always bring a complete transformation, but rather is only a beginning.

Two forms of Pathworking can generally be distinguished by the degree of control that the Sinister Pathworker has over the energies/images. In a lesser form of Pathworking the direction of the energies is controlled purely by the individuals imagination, that is for example, the Initiate visualises the Moon Goddess, imagining that she begins to talk, perhaps in a strange and deep ethereal voice, one that is imbued with the acausal nature of the Being She symbolises but which many believe to be purely a dead hunk of rock...

The working here is directed purely by ones imagination. However a deeper state of Pathworking, one which usually only comes when the Initiate has been continually working with the images themselves, is when the Beings within the Cards themselves become alive and imbued, not with the energy of the individuals imagination, for this is itself only a means to work with the energies, but rather, become alive of themselves expressing Their own nature and energy, that which is both within and without, that which is the acausal.

Another aspect of this degree of difference between the objective and subjective status of the Being with which the Dark Tradition works is expressed in the Dark Pathways themselves. These workings further the initial descent into the acausal, one which may itself be tentative and misunderstood.

As is stated in other Order mss, it is by practical experience that the Sinister Initiate discerns the status of the Dark Gods themselves and this can never really be passed on in writings. For it is often believed that the writings of others can bring wisdom and enlightenment by themselves, yet this also is an illusion of the Abyss. It is quite correct to assume that the writings of others may help to guide, but, as has been stated many times before, they are only a guide, not a substitute. It is only through direct personal Invokation that the Dark Gods can be understood.

During the Dark Pathways the Magickian meditates upon the corresponding Tarot image, allowing the energies summoned to manifest, as it will in accordance with the symbolism. However, if a working is truly successful the imagery of the card will serve its purpose by providing a gateway, or perhaps more accurately a vehicle through which the specific Dark God may manifest its Being. Thus working with Atazoth, the Master card itself is soon lost in the vortical Chaos that is emitted from the pictorial representation of the Man of the Abyss. Atazoth then fills the Initiates mind, revealing his being to be far more alien than that of a mere humanoid.

As an expansion upon the existing Dark Pathways techniques I suggest the following working:

Dark Pathways II

Requirements:

Black Robe Quartz crystal

Sinister Tarot Atu.

Decide upon a mode of dress. Usually this will be one of three: Black robe, naked, or dressed in black.

Arriving at the area near or after sunset, prepare your clothing and set out the implements.

Chant the respective sphere chant facing East and holding the crystal at chest height.

Now vibrate the Sacred Word nine times. If a chant is required then chant this instead, but if this is not known then vibrate the name nine times then another four times.

Place the crystal in a secure position and begin the slow dance, the direction of which you may decide yourself (usually Deosil for lighter spheres and Widdershin for darker spheres, i.e. Mars and Jupiter would be Widdershins).

Speed the dance up faster and faster until you fall to the ground.

Now vibrate or shout the name as strongly as possible.

After a moment, visualise the Tarot image, do not attempt to control or direct the visions though, let them come and go as they do.

Once the visions pass, stand and then begin a dance in the opposite direction to the original dance. Singing/chanting "I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am a God."

When satisfied, cease your dance. Then face bow to the North saying: "It is completed."

Leave the area of the working.

Sacred Words and a Few Chants

No.	Sacred Names	Pathways of the Tree of Wyrd	Visualisation with Atu Cards
	Dark Gods		
1	Noctulius	From Moon to Mercury	Atu XV (Deofel)
2	Nythra	From Moon to Venus	Atu XIII (Death)
3	Shugara	From Moon to Mars	Atu XVIII (Moon) ¹
4	Satanas	From Moon to Sun	Atu VII (Azoth)
5	Asoth	From Moon to Jupiter	Atu XIV (Hel)
6	Azanigin	From Moon to Saturn ²	Atu X (Wyrd)
7	Nekalah	From Mercury to Venus	Atu VIII (Change)
8	Ga Wath Am	From Mercury to Sun	Atu 0 (Physis)
9	Binan Ath	From Mercury to Mars	Atu I (Magickian)
10	Lidagon	From Mercury to Jupiter ³	Atu XI (Desire)
11	Abatu	From Mercury to Saturn	Atu XVI (War)
12	Karu Samsu	From Venus to Sun	Atu VI (Lovers)
13	Nemicu	From Venus to Mars ⁴	Atu XVII (Star)
14	Mactoron	From Venus to Jupiter	Atu II (High Priestess)

¹ Luna.

² Hidden Pathway.

³ Hidden Pathway.

⁴ Hidden Pathway.

15	Velpecula	From Venus to Saturn	Atu XIX (Sun)
16	Kthunae	From Sun to Mars	Atu IV (Lord of Earth)
17	Atazoth	From Sun to Jupiter	Atu V (Master)
18	Vindex	From Sun to Saturn	Atu XII (Opfer)
19	Davcina	From Mars to Jupiter	Atu III (Mistress of Earth)
20	Sauroctonos	From Mars to Saturn	Atu IX (Hermit)
21	Naos	From Jupiter to Saturn	Atu XX (Aeon)

Satanic Chants

1) Diabolus

**Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat Saeculum in favilla
Teste Satan cum sibylla.
Quantos tremor est futurus
Quando Vindex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
Dies irae, dies illa!**

2) Sanctus Satanas

Sanctus Satanas, Sanctus

Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth.

Satanas - venire!

Satanas - venire!

Ave, Satanus, ave Satanus.

Tui sunt caeli,

Tua est terra,

Ave Satanus!

3) **Oriens Splendor**

Oriens splendor lucis æternæ

Et Lucifer justitæ: veni

Et illumine sedentes in tenebris

Et umbra mortis.

4) **General chants:**

- **Ad Satanus qui lætificat juventutem meam.** (To Satan, giver of youth and happiness.)
- **Veni, omnipotens æterne diabolus!** (Come, almighty eternal devil!)
- **Pone, diabolus, custodiam!** (Devil, set a guard.)

5) Invokation to Baphomet

We stand armed and dangerous before the bloody fields of history;

Devoid of dogma - but ready to carve, to defy the transient:

Ready to stab forth with our penetrative will,

Strain every leash, run yelling down the mountainside of Man:

Ready and willing to immolate world upon world

With our stunning blaze.

And let them all sing that WE were here, as Masters

Among the failing speciens called Man.

Our being took form in defiance

To stand before your killing gaze.

And now we travel from flame to flame

And tower from the will to the glory!

AGIOS O BAPHOMET! AGIOS O BAPHOMET!

Selection Short Chants:

- 1. Agios o Baphomet**
- 2. Agios o Satanus**
- 3. Agios o Lucifer**
- 4. Agios o Atazoth**
- 5. Agios o Vindex**
- 6. Agios o Athanatos**
- 7. Agios o Falcifer**
- 8. Agios o Kabeiri**
- 9. Agios o Elutrodes**
- 10. Agios o Oleno**
- 11. Agios o Alastoros**
- 12. Nythra kthunae Atazoth**
- 13. Binan ath ga wath am**

Additional Notes

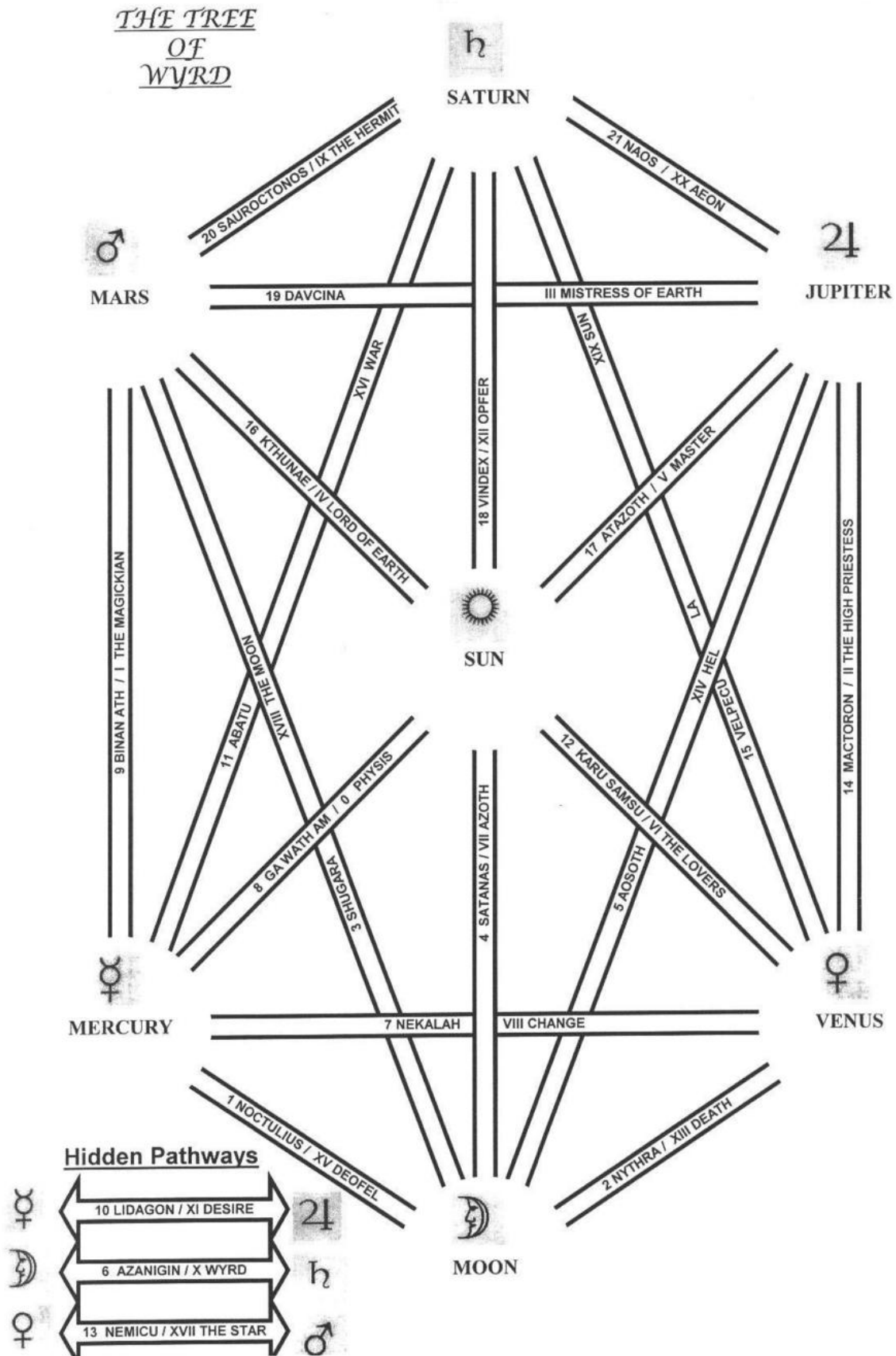
Prior to the ritual for seven days meditate upon the sigil of the Dark God to be invoked for at least fifteen minutes each night prior to sleep, quietly repeating its name. If possible follow the recommended Black Fast.

The location of a suitable area for working is also essential. An isolated wood is ideal, though geographical variations may determine alternative locations.

The addition of the Sphere chant at the beginning of the Rite seems to open the Gate to the acausal wider thereby enabling the Dark God/Energy to manifest in a far stronger manner.

Try and use the dance to express the sphere/planet itself. It may be helpful to consider the astronomical/astrological significances of the planet, such as the size, its speed around the Sun and so on. These may give clues to the planets energies and thereby by expressed during the dance itself.

Essentially the Dark Pathways should be experienced by the Initiate him or herself in order for the individual to devise the technique that works best for him/her. However, although the main body of the Ritual should stay essentially the same, it is quite natural that the individual will find variations that work better for him/her, such as the manner of the dance itself for example.



The Sinister Tarot - Some Esoteric Meaning

atu 0 – PHYSIS

The gradual unfolding of nature; the source of Evolution, that which creates Wyrd. The essence behind the appearance of things. Ga wath am: the Power within me is Great.

atu I - THE MAGICKIAN

Empathy; a flowing with natural forces that are consciously understood. An integration becoming (part of) a greater Wyrd; an awareness that spans Aeons. Actions that prepare the way.

atu II - THE HIGH PRIESTESS

Beyond the Abyss: the crossing over and Initiation (in terms of awareness whilst still partaking of a causal existence) into the Lands of the Dark Immortals. A self-awareness that transcends temporal understanding - becoming the essence; beyond opposites.

atu III - MISTRESS OF EARTH

Empathic manipulation (such as 'enchantment') to create Change via causal structure - amoral acts that may conventionally be seen as 'evil'. Actions provoked by unfettered passions and a reveling in the physical pleasures and challenges of life. "Ruthless ambition". Creativity and Change via destruction - ie. War, culling.

atu IV - LORD OF EARTH

The nature of the changes in the causal, beyond the actions of those who initiated them; how the acausal relates dynamically to the causal and vice-versa ('Sinister Dialectic'). The flowing of energies according to the greater Wyrd and Destinies of those directly and indirectly involved - thus, the presence of unforeseen factors and the pitfalls implicit in this which may create errors of judgement. The maintaining of an ethos or 'tradition' via 'timeless' acts.

atu V - THE MASTER

Manipulation - actions based on a knowledge of the Sinister Dialectic as revealed by practical experience: a rational, to some 'cold', observation beyond the stage of Adeptship/Individuation. Control of all the many and varied factors within a situation - in other words, the achievement of a stage in individual evolution that goes beyond the personal, and thus implies the ability to initiate Change on a large-scale, perhaps of a civilization.

atu VI - THE LOVERS

The double tetrahedron a nexion created via the union of balancing forces. The sowing of the seed of Change that which may transform and carry evolution beyond the Abyss, and thus beyond 'self-image' - or that which may destroy. The invoking of energies that coerce to create something beyond 'self'.

atu VII – AZOTH

The Menstruum - the Sinister aspect implicit within the 'homogenous metallic water': the explosive factor in the delicate balancing of life-enhancing elements. Change by adversity - the 'Accuser'. The brutal realities that threaten to devour the abstract, the romantic. Insight and control via the understanding of the Primal - or destruction by it.

atu VIII – CHANGE

The earthing and spreading of energies. The hard truth of Nature - the dying time of one form to give way and birth to another. A causal form created to act as a focal point/channel for the fulfillment of Wyrd - the beginnings of a practical realization of strategies and aims. The Sinister Dialectic in action: by its dynamic nature a prelude to - and when realized a creator of - insight.

atu IX - THE HERMIT

Withdrawal and a revealing; the lying between two stages of alchemical Change. Intimations of the Abyss. The culmination on a personal level of energies created by Change - the surfacing of individual factors hitherto only known on an unconscious level. A process of dis-discovery that will lead to insight, (further) knowledge of wyrd; or madness, death.

atu X – WYRD

That which is beyond personal Destiny. That which causes expression of itself via the implementation or provocation of acts which in their design achieve long term aims beyond the causal death of an individual; changing aspects of a society by significant creations and thus changing a whole race of people - fulfilling the destiny or Wyrd of the ethos of a civilization. Acts that inaugurate a new Aeon. The causal nature that is dictated by the essence of things - 'fate' etc.

atu XI – DESIRE

Alchemy: the union of two balancing forces that, as a nexion, create Change through Sinister Intent - the energies in action as earthed and affected by that which is re-presented by atus VI, VII and VIII.

atu XII – OPFER

Entrance/transition to the Lands of the Dark Immortals. The individual becoming that which s/he created - a transferral of consciousness to the acausal to be in essence part of the greater Wyrd. A reverberation across Aeons of the causal acts of an individual, gradually leaving the essence behind the appearance to haunt the psyches of others. The altering of the astral shell; that which ultimately cannot and need not be described. The deliberate removal of that which is detrimental to Wyrd.

atu XIII – DEATH

That which follows hubris; the consequence of attempting to escape that which is ill-fated by Destiny. Personal destruction from self-delusion and the cessation of self-evolution. Energy vortex in the Abyss. The stripping away of the self-image that, if successful, will produce a genuine Master/Mistress; confronting the Chaos within and without.

atu XIV – HEL

Self-possession; knowledge that allows one to consciously improve/evolve and use natural abilities (or 'gifts') - such as sexual charisma - to the advantage of personal Destiny and Wyrd, and to confront and resolve those qualities within character which are detrimental. Self-honesty. In early stages of development,

such an individual causes unforeseen disruption and resentment amongst others. Beginnings of that which is re-presented by atu III.

atu XV – DEOFEL

Sinister awakening - Nature as it is, raw and unaffected. That primal awareness of the vibrance of life that possesses and creates the 'accuser', that provokes acts that challenge the existence of the 'sacred'. The real meaning of liberation unchained by temporary abstract ideas; the laughter of the savage, wild god. Terror to the uninitiated.

atu XVI – WAR

Conflict; the clashing of vision and destinies. The attempt by others to wrest away the Destiny of one individual and thus disrupt the greater Wyrð. A clouding of vision that creates doubts, lack of direction, susceptibility to outside forces and possibly, if insight is lost, the renouncing of a quest. The hardship imposed by the consequences of actions, but by the suffering such striving imposes, Wisdom - and Destiny - may be attained. Awareness of those factors - such as other people - that may fulfill Destiny, and the hard practical realities of striving to create this fulfillment. Sadness and wisdom and creativity through loss.

atu XVII - THE STAR

The maturity and bringing to fulfillment of that promise re-presented by atus VI and VIII. Knowledge of identity, of Wyrð and what needs to be done. A coming of age; the seed of Change blossoms. Domination: the successful establishment of a causal structure; a process, the effects of which are irreversible once the cause is triumphant on whatever level. The beginnings of Imperium.

atu XVIII - THE MOON

That which has not yet been confronted within the psyche of the individual; that which is strange, which lies outside the scope of any world view; that which lies within the Dark Pool beneath the Moon and threatens to devour, create madness. A stage which cannot be ignored if further development is sought, requiring a descent to draw out that which is obscure, fearfully hidden: the gateway to the Abyss. A point from which there is no turning back: that which leads to rebirth via death.


atu XIX - THE SUN

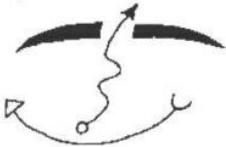
The finding of the Aeon: the height of Imperium - causal structure altered in accordance with long term aims, bearing its own fruits of Change. But these fruits are the final product of a grand age, the final works of the ethos of a race fulfilled. The brink of new possibilities; storm clouds gather with promise of the blood of birth, of the heralding of a Higher associated civilization. The fulfilling of personal Desires and potential, creating intimations/hauntings of further progression. Dissatisfaction causing aspirations to something 'higher'/beyond - 'reaching for the stars'.

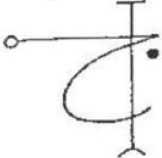
atu XX – AEON

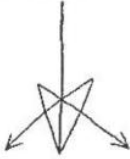
A nexion fully opened: greater Wyrd causally fulfilled now dynamically giving expression to new forms of itself via Physis; new challenges, new expressions of a continuing ethos - the Chaos of birth: the Dark Gods returned, shape-shifting, creating new possibilities. An ethos that is alive and evolving, defying all that challenge its vision; to constantly redefine limits, Prometheus-like and insatiable. The cycle of creative evolution. The Aeon of Fire.


Sigils

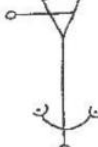
Noctulius



Nythra



Shugara



Satanas



Asooth



Azanigin



Nekalah


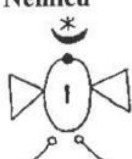
Ga wath am


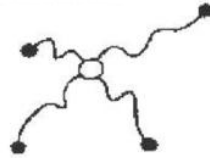
Binan ath



Lidagon


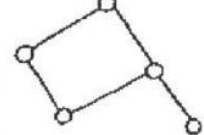
Abatu



Karu samsu



Nemicu


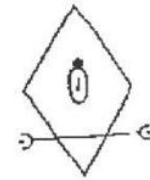
Mactoron


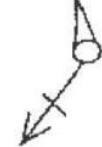
Velpecula


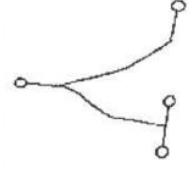
Kthunae


Atazoth


Vindex


Davcina


Sauroctonos


Naos


Old Manuscript of the Order of Nine Angles

The artwork, the “Self-immolation Rite” (lyric) enters in the true mysteries of Traditional Satanism, and have those points of revelation for which any mechanism is inadequate, and find no response or understanding from the average man or woman in the street, and them that the initiate and adept may contact. Of these mysteries as found developed in the Seven Cosmic Spheres of the “Self-immolation Rite”, only the initiates and true adepts are the expositors of the lyric, when all others remain unmoved when listening to these mysteries. The lyric only frightens them.

The Spheres of the Cosmic Tree of Wyrð are the places of sinister purpose, which cannot be understood unless we discipline ourselves as much as possible to pathworking, meditation, study and practice, sinister living.

The pathways of the Cosmic Tree of Wyrð is not “the Way”, but major corridors of energies leading to the spheres from where the energies vibrate to and fro, for creative purposes, macrocosmically and microcosmically. There, one has the Great Sinister Council of twenty-one Dark Gods. Among them, the great directors are Satanus, Vindex and Atazoth. The Sun sphere is the major point of tension. It is the sphere of vision, understanding and prophecy.

Much you learn in this book, as you tread the sinister pathway, the closer you stand to the energies of the Dark Gods. Let your knowledge of these things, be also dark light, wisdom and passion.

Let your evil emerge like a stream of Satanic strength. Guard yourself well from untruth as taught among the Christians and other religions, they only have hypocritical dogma’s. Prepare yourself for changes all along your sinister life.

Grasp the seven visions of the “Self-immolation Rite”, and reflect on the esoteric significance of the presented sinister truth, which as yet seems to you as most questionable. Ideals are formulated in this lyric, entering as such the cave of your own Abyssal World, your mind. The Dark Gods are not mere ideals, but channels for the sinister to fulfil the work of destruction and restoration. The new world you and I are dreaming of.

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OPENING

-Disembodied art Thou- Sunk into the black pit, the dark night of the soul. All roads that lead here are scattered with corpses and broken souls and gibbering idiots. Be not a gibbering ape! For all who traverse these dark spheres and explore their shadow selves will emerge as Gods! I say this with my mouth, which trembles in memory of a time when demons walked the earth, the various examples of their cookery billowing in the wind. But now, heads roll past my feet, encased in pastry. **THE GATE HAS OPENED!** Enter dark angels, Enter...

Prepare Ye for the Self Immolation Rite!

FIRST DARK SPHERE: LUNA - HIDDEN KNOWLEDGE

Before you, is a silver crescent moon, touch it. You are now entering the dark sphere, of Luna. This, is earthy, fertile land, a moist cavernous terrain. A young maiden approacheth wearing a crescent moon headdress and a blue robe. She, Is, beautiful! She offers her hand in friendship. Touch her hand. Ah! Smooth porcelain, the dew of the moon on her cheeks. But this is a lovely place, instantly she transforms... into a dark horned beast, vague in shape but clear in nature. The horn... proceeds to impale You! Gouging your intestines! Rupturing your stomach! Blood and bile, vomits from your splitting torso! The horn, has shattered your vertebrae! The beast brings down a starless night and withdraws. You see briefly, the face of a woman, wracked with laughter, mocking your very essence. She too is now gone into the black, that gnaws at your astral bones. This is the sphere of hidden knowledge. The blood that continues to gush, has formed a glowing red pool. Scry now, into the pool. It will show you secrets of what you are, of what you want to be, and what you can be. Keep this information clear, in your mind. you will need it later. The thick, liquid stirs... look... Look into the pool You filthy regenerates!



SECOND DARK SPHERE: MERCURY - TRANSFORMATION

WITH A BLAST OF MY TRUMPET! I HEAL YOUR WOUNDS!

Before you the yellow sigil of Mercury. Touch it. Armed with the knowledge extracted from the pool, you are now entering the dark sphere of Mercury. This is a desolate place. Heath blasted by fiery tempest, scorpions eating charred animal. See, how the dismembered are scattered to the bitter winds! The air congeals and chokes. Farewell happy fields! Hail horrors! Hail! This is the sphere of transformation. But do not tremble in the face of a breeze that would dismantle your features. Instead, be indulgent, remember all that you saw in the bloody pool, remember your deepest desires.



Before you now is a black inverted pentagram. This, is the womb of Mercury, the Eye of Satan. This is the gateway, of transformation! The pentagram will begin to move closer... you will feel the fear and sensuality of metamorphosis, your form cracking, shedding and mutating, as it takes on the attributes, scryed from the previous sphere. Transformation, will be complete, when you pass through the pentagram, and emerge on the threshold of the next sphere, as that, which you desire to be. Only intense lust for this outcome will pull you through. Passivity will render you as useless ash, cast, into the pit, of a particular nameless horror. But hark! The pentagram grates forth... **TRANSFORM!!!**

THIRD DARK SPHERE: VENUS - ECSTASY AND LOVE

Before you, is the green sigil of Venus. Touch it. Transformed, you are now entering the third dark sphere. You're standing up to your waist, in a freezing river. The torrid waters rushing through a valley, of white, lilies. In fruitful groves and barren plains, the empty shall drink, and the drunk, shall be empty. What passion is this that tears the sky with storms of blood and black flame? This, is the sphere, of Ecstasy, and Love. Facing you further up the river, is a naked woman! corpse white skin, and long black hair. She crouches astride the river and menstruates into the water. The blood forms itself into a human figure floating beneath the surface. With your hands, begin to massage the blood into your ideal lover, fashioning every part of it according to your cerebral and animalistic desires. Now, take your lover by the hands, Come! Fill the flowing bowl, and consortate in the turbulent waters 'neath the raging sky...

Drink now your fill and more, of Love!..



**FOURTH DARK SPHERE: SOL - VISION, UNDERSTANDING
AND PROPHECY**

With your lover, by your side, I put before you, the gold sigil of the Sun, touch it. You are now entering the dark sphere of Sol. The swords that cast their shadow, over hateful paradise, draw back, to reveal mountain ranges, majestic against a sky, of flame. You are standing on the edge of the circle made by nine sacrificial stones. Here, there is a thick darkness weaved by the unsated fog and contained by the mountains. Those roaring obscurers of that which lies beyond! Illuminated by the glow of putrefaction, the corpse of your former self, discarded during transformation, lies in the circles centre. Witness the repulsive entities that violate and mutilate your corpse! This sacred shell, is now the prey of every necrophiliac and cannibal! It seems initially, that they are performing gross obscenities for pleasure, but, look closer. The corpse is delicately gutted, and from the bones extracted, these creatures are constructing a tower, that rises far above the mountain peaks. Their work finished, they withdraw, bowing to your superiority and divine disposition. They light a protective circle of fire around the stones. This, is the sphere, of vision, understanding, and prophecy. Accompanied by your lover, climb the bloody bones to the top. Here, you will see your kingdom, surrounding, stretching out far into the solar fire, of increase. See your temples! Your riches! Your works! All in progress... contemplate all that you have now, and all, that you hope to achieve in your journey so far, as a dark messiah. Take pleasure, for you can make anything, simple...

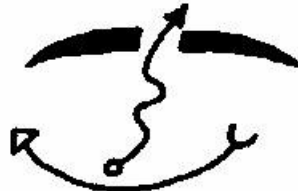
**KARU SAMSU (x 44)
[USE IT AS A MANTRA]**



**FIFTH DARK SPHERE: MARS - SACRIFICE, DEATH
AND DESTRUCTION**

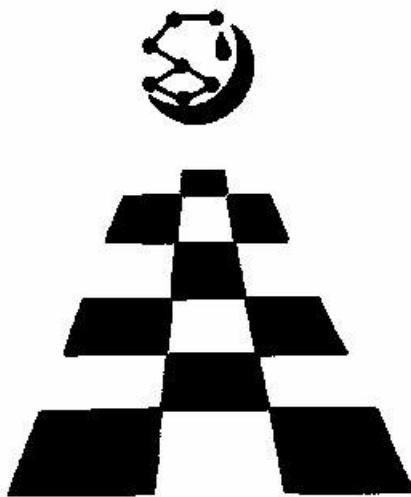
I put before you, the red sigil, of Mars. Touch it. You are now entering the fifth dark sphere. You are still in the tower, but see, how a long despairing shadow now falls over you, cast from above by a Black Angel. What horror is this? What vileness crawls forth to kill slowly in unnatural fashions? Look! The sky, is blackened with smoke! ...Have you enjoyed the scene so far? Consider again your kingdoms... *THEY'RE BEING EATEN BY FLAMES!* Enormous blue larvae leap into the carnage, and become bloated on the torrents of blood and the anguished disembowelment of your minions! The flesh is flayed and the hideous dead arise to strangle the living. Eaten, necks and heads split, broken on strange scaffolding to spew out vile jelly! The shrieks of the dying fill your ears until they bleed, blood, also pours, from your mouth that hangs open, in horror! This, is the sphere of sacrifice, death, and destruction. Your hair is falling out! **LOOK DOWN!!** Entities, are now dismantling the tower. And they look hungry. But someone... is missing. There, by a sacrificial stone, your lover, is being hung, drawn and quartered, by black rot skeletons and other such animated carcasses! Sanity! Leaves! In the gonge! Of an eye! Repulsive entities, have torn you to the ground, but they are saving you till last, when you will be given special and lengthy treatment. For now, they wish you to watch the destruction, of all that you are... delighting in your contorting face, that bleeds, and weeps, and becomes as a mask, of death. I will have to leave you here, for not even I can bear such terrible sights... I may be back in time to save you but, don't count on it... Solace for the wretched? Nay!

There is only damnation!



SIXTH DARK SPHERE: JUPITER - WISDOM

I HAVE RETURNED! And I see you, twitch with life! Verily thou art strong of mind, which is the food that will raise a few. Here, I give you, the violet, sigil, of Jupiter. Touch it, and enter the calm wilderness, of the sixth, dark, sphere. Here, there is soft sand and silence. The crimson sky is starry and peace fills you, like cool water in your skull. Stretch out your limbs, recline, like the albatross that rests its heavy beak, upon the graciousness of the hedge. Relax. But mind the various chasms that lead to a shattering of limbs upon vicious rock formations. Every sphere needs amusement. All is gone. Your lover is slaughtered... -Do not love so much that you cannot witness the death of your lover- Death too is a natural process, reliable, honourable, and endearing. This, is the sphere of wisdom. Running towards you now is a child, made entirely of a white brilliance. It stands before you, and the light becomes as a mirror, which reflects only you, devoid of those things that you thought would bring power and respect. The power within begins to stir. You begin to realise, that you do not need, anything. That just your self is enough. Stay a while in this sphere, and meditate upon self-reliance, self-love, self-power, and the kingdom, within!..



△

SEVENTH DARK SPHERE: SATURN - CHAOS

NOW, Before You, is the indigo, sigil, of Saturn. Touch it. You are entering the seventh and final dark sphere. You are standing on a hill, beneath a clear night sky. Directly above is the star known as Naos. It pulsates, and grows, illuminating and expectant. The land around is strewn with the burning shards of a dying aeon, suffused with an understanding that only stillness can express, when the appearance is burned to ash, and the essence is revealed. This, is the sphere of Chaos! You have become all that you have learned during this journey of self-evolution, you are the essence of everything. And via this alchemical process, you understand, that power resides purely, in the quality of self-honesty. With this, you have the choice to alter your life and the world in whichever way you feel, is necessary. With this knowledge, raise your arms in exultation to the sky! *Blow winds! Crack the temporal! See how the sky splits open at your command! A purple rent, tears its way across the heavens.*

Agios O Atazoth!

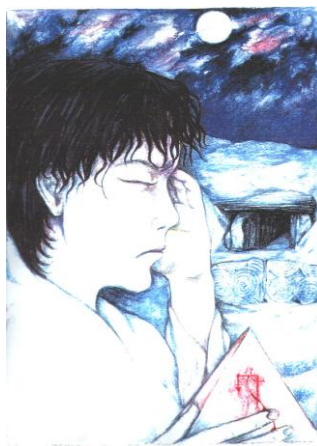
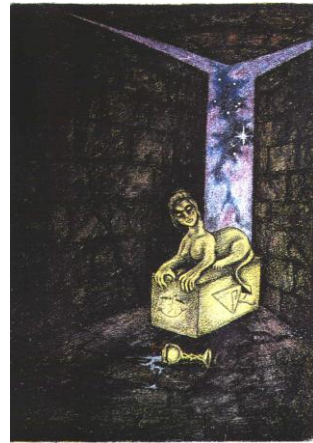
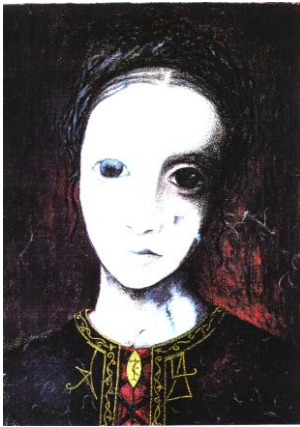
**Black, nebulous shapes, descend from the rent,
to gradually envelop the hill.
The gates, are aligned! They are returning!
Now, is the New Aeon! Now, is Chaos!**

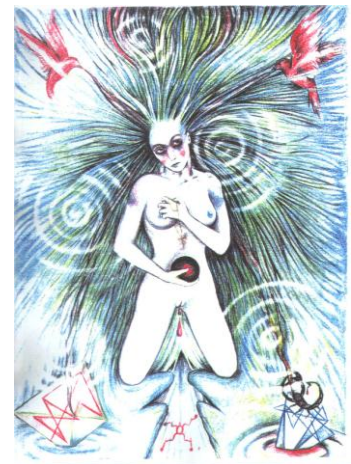
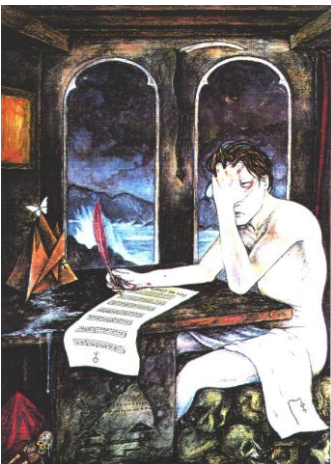
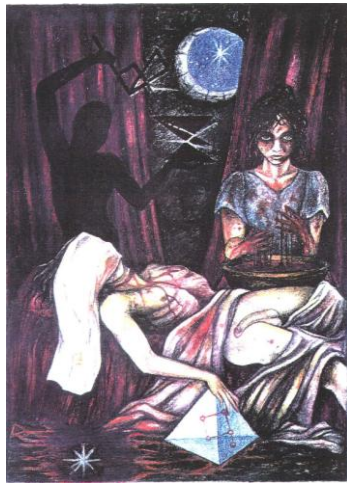
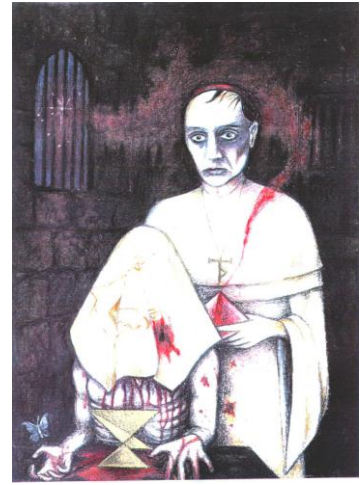
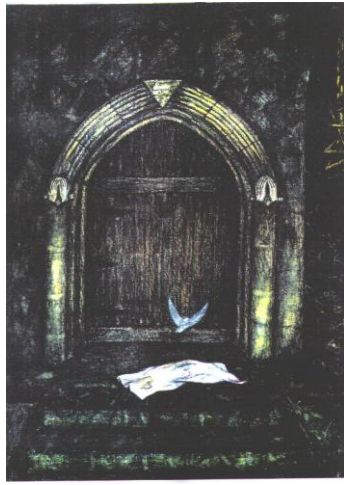
Vindex! est Venturus!

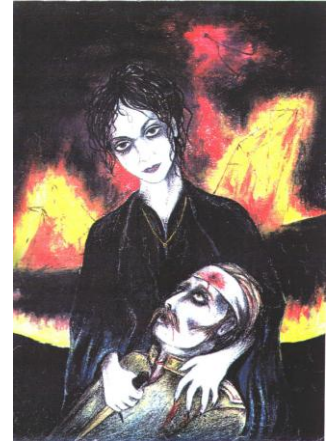
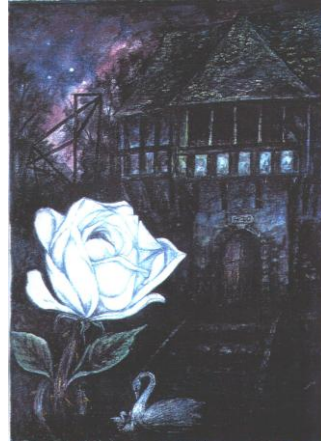
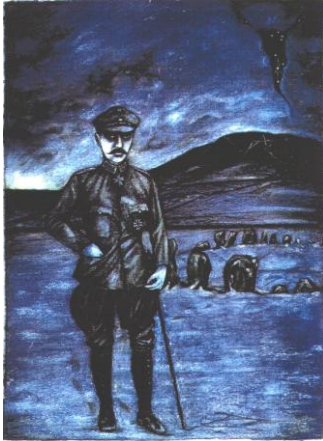
**-Embodied art thou! You have learned your cross. You have
dragged yourself up, from the excrement, that was your life!
And now lo your black wings do unfurl.
So go forth Dark Messiah! The world is yours!
Destroy! And Create!**

Aperiatu terra et germinet Vindex!

ΔΙ







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At this time of writing the ONA is concerned with several major undertakings in preparedness for the return of the Dark Gods, three of which are:

1) To create new forms, in image, word and musick, which depict and presence the manifesting acausal dark – the essence of the Dark Gods – beyond all present forms and symbols and archetypes. The presence of such creations in the causal world will further enable an expansion of collective consciousness into the acausal realms, thus moving our species further towards embracing the Aeon of the Dark Gods as it increasingly seeps through the causal fabric of this world.

These new forms include the artistic, scientific, magickal and ‘societal’ (ie. cultural/political/religious).

This mass psychic contagion and evolving enables the full-scale changes created by the New Aeon to achieve a positive transition from what had hitherto existed. Without these preparations absolute destruction would ensue. This transition, as described in other MSS, involves causal changes that would reveal strange and disturbing new physical laws. Presencing the ‘strange’, the contradictory, and the wholly new are all preoccupations of the Order, and in this earthing of chaos lies salvation for the minds and bodies of those who will form the genesis of a new species after the dawning of the Aeon of the Dark Gods.

These new forms do not necessarily replace earlier creations and established archetypes, but rather co-exist, each as mirrors of the other and yet evolving independently. The old archetypes (such as Priestess, Warrior, Mistress, Mage et al) will continue to influence the individual psyche until they and the new archetypes progressively unite to create a synthesis which will itself lead to a birthing of what lies beyond. This new era of ours – Fayen – describes this synthesis, and the future birthing is the cataclysm of the New Aeon’s dawn.

In many respects, this new era of ours represents an Aeonic progression towards the Abyss.

2) To continue to encourage, or rather to allow of themselves, constant new expressions (nexions) of the Order.

One of the aims of initiation into and involvement with the ONA is for such an initiation to extend the tradition. This extending involves a vital but delicate act of balance: the Satanic Tradition is itself a living entity possessed of its own wyrd and so must be allowed to evolve as its nature dictates, and cannot – should not – be manipulated to serve the ends of one individual.

Initiation therefore involves not only a gradual dis-covering of personal destiny, but also the conscious awareness of the greater sinister wyrd. This latter aspect is glimpsed during the rite of External Adept, more deeply revealed by the ordeal of Internal Adept and completed in the time following a successful passing of the Abyss and a moving towards the rite of Magus/Mousa.

Such an individual possesses the empathic skill to discern the direction of the creative filaments of an individual Initiation – but even then there is only a subtle guidance, for each Initiate must ultimately evolve according to their own patterns, and must come in time to the realization themselves as to whether or not they have left the sinister path.

Sometimes new spawnings of the Order may take sinister evolution into unexpected areas, resulting in manifestations which do not necessarily appeal to one particular faction of the Order. But it is understood, regardless of personal likes or dislikes, that no one new creation implies that what has gone before is now somehow outmoded. It is also accepted that the sinister Being is a shape-shifter, and will in outward modes confound, perplex and defy expectations.

A genuine Satanic order such as the ONA allows without interference new autonomous variations on itself – no matter how distant those variations may evolve away from the original source (original that is, in terms of the last 40 years).

The one and only rule is that Initiates remain mindful of presencing the essential darkness that the Order embodies. Thus, Initiates must understand and be prepared to champion such aspects as Culling and the active aiding of genuinely heretical causal forms.

3) To establish a new esoteric and exoteric nexion (aeonic centre) as the energies of the current ‘Western’ nexion wane. Such a centre for the most part is created by the burgeoning energies of the New Aeon and is dis-covered by adepts.

At this time of writing, it seems there will be two centres in the early stages of the new Aeon. One – not in ‘the West’ – is already emerging, as a combination of both the esoteric and the exoteric. This may be termed the ‘light’ nexion.

The other, the ‘dark’ nexion, is a reservoir of energies specifically associated with the sinister tradition. It exists in an area where the tradition has been preserved for several centuries. It is a centre fed by a matrix of dark channels connecting the hills, which in turn is evolved by the shifting causal and acausal alignments.

There are of course many satellite nexions emerging, and as this new Galactic Aeon progresses, a new non-terrestrial nexion will open, presencing what lies beyond the Galactic.

[Note: our use of the terms 'light' and 'dark' denote the rotation of that helix of darkness which is unformed change, moving into the light which is Being, to thence return to the darkness again, and so on.]

Severance Sun Nexion
Under Antares, 120 Year of Fayen

A Satanic Sex Rite

This rite is for two people who assume the roles of Priest and Priestess. They should be robed in black, the rite taking place in either an isolated outdoor area (such as a hill-top) or in an indoor locality decorated (if only for the Rite) as a Satanic Temple. Decorations that are suitable include: a representation of Baphomet (according to Satanic tradition, see elsewhere in this issue of 'Fenrir'), an inverted pentagram inscribed/painted on a wall or floor, the septenary sigil, black candles, a large quartz crystal, silver chalices filled with strong wine, and a statue/painting/sculpture of a nude male/female of beautiful aspect.

The object of the rite is to create magickal energy and direct it so as to bring about the desire or desires of the participants. This can be just about anything those involved wish: harm to an enemy, gifts for themselves (such as money) and so on. Before the rite, the individuals should decide on this, and on a simple phrase which represents their desire.

The rite should begin at a time half-way between sunset and sunrise. The Priest should follow the Priestess as they walk a circle three times and moon-wise chanting as they walk 'Baphomet!' (Pronounced 'Ba-ho-may').

Then, facing East, the Priestess first removes the robe of the Priest then her own robe while the walk and chant is repeated for two more circumambulations. Then, in the centre of the circle of their walk, the Priest begins to arouse the fire of the Priestess by caressing her with his fingers and tongue. The Priestess begins the physical union when she is ready, the Priestess chanting the phrase chosen to represent the desire. This should be chanted rhythmically as the rite proceeds to its climax. The Priestess, should she so choose, may also visualise in some way the fulfilment of the desire itself.

The function of the Priest is to bring the Priestess to a climax of ecstasy – the function of the Priestess is to make that ecstasy magickal and direct the energy through chant (and visualization, if undertaken). The more frenzied and prolonged the build-up to ecstasy, the more energy can be released and directed.

After the climax, the Priestess should imagine the energy that remains in the room being drawn upwards and out toward the stars. The Priest should kiss the Priestess saying: "Ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam." The rite is concluded.

Note: Should the participants wish, to increase their frenzy before the physical union, they should chant the following as loudly as possible as many times as they wish after the last two circumambulations (of the five) are complete: "Veni, omnipotens aeternae diabolus!" The power so invoked may be visualised as entering the representation of Baphomet, the crystal or whatever other image is present – if this is done the Priest should, during the union, imagine the energy flowing into himself and thence to the Priestess. This chanting should be undertaken while circles are being walked, as before, the walking itself becoming faster and faster. This additional chanting should last for at least one quarter of one hour – and end when the Priest feels his frenzy can no longer be contained. He releases his frenzy through the physical union.

Practising the Sinister Presence

Introduction:

Only very recently during an interview on local TV Station, two psychologists had a discussion about “sexuality” today. They both agreed, “since people no longer believe in the life after death and its consequences, they think they should make the most of it right now, as one day it will be too late.” They continued, “therefore, while sexuality has become very important to them as well, it does reach very quickly at its static limit through lack of fantasy in their sexual game and approach to each other.” In other words, many think they need a stimulation pill, when in fact they are only lacking fantasy, or simply get bored with their life’s partner, demanding change.

“Practising the Sinister Presence” through meditation, is a stimulation technique to stir up one’s sinister abilities, and opening oneself to archetypal sinister influences from the personal and collective unconscious. In this chapter you will learn a method of sinister meditation that will lead you to the sinister connection which lies at the depth of your Satanic being. You will learn how to go beyond thought and concept and to access to the personal unconscious within, or as I call it, the “Sinister Presence”.

Then you will learn to bring this Sinister Presence, your “True Evil Self”, and your oneness with the Unconscious, this unity into every moment of your life. The name I call this method is “Mysterium Iniquitatis Meditatio”. With greater access to your inner evilness, you will have what it takes to write your own new story since your Satanic Self-initiation. You will be able to embrace it all and sinisterly celebrate every moment.

The process of meditation taught in this chapter is easy and effortless. Anyone can do it because it is about finding out which you really are, and to what you are now attached to, bringing this realisation into every moment of your life. It is “Practising the Sinister Presence”. Your sinister understanding will develop from practising the meditation taught here and not simply from reading these words. Meditation is not something that you do. It is not something separate from yourself. You are the sinister meditation. Sinister meditation is how you “be” in every moment. You are the Sinister Presence, as much as you are important. The Sinister Presence is beyond words, thought and concept. Sinister Meditation takes you beyond thought and concept into your own Sinister Presence. Our true evil (normal) nature, the Sinister Presence, has been for far too long overshadowed and obscured by conditioning and programming of religions which has led to trauma, stress and interpretation into incredible belief systems by our limited minds. Sinister meditation does remove these blackages and obscurations. It removes the effects of trauma, stress and conditioning that blocks the Sinister Presence from being fully lived in every moment of our evil lives. Sinister meditation brings you to immediate access to each and every moment of the sinister life, insight or wisdom about it. Through it, you are one with the whole cosmos, the whole universe. Sinister meditation can get you to that total evil experience. The kind of meditation taught in these pages goes beyond the limited mind, beyond thought and concept into the Sinister Source or Presence. But, what is taught here is nothing new. It is the same “Natural Philosophy or Wisdom” that has been there forever even in our Western World, where every situation that arises, every moment is a greater teacher. I found out that the greatest Satanic teacher is within, it is the Sinister Presence itself.

Our Sinister Meditation is Western in nature, as it includes:

- (1) The Western approach is intelligent, thoughtful, goal-oriented, and logical. It seeks to understand.
- (2) In exploring the evil phenomena of life, it gives more importance to the results of intelligent dark experiments than the formulations of dogma and religious traditions. It seeks to discover.
- (3) It is Satanically active, and not passive. (*Passiveness is forbidden.*) It seeks to make a contribution.
- (4) It assigns self-assurance and positive feelings to a secondary importance, emphasising results as a major priority.
- (5) It constantly aspires to greater sinister efficiency, by examining and reviewing the effectiveness of what has been done. It adapts new evil conditions as needed.
- (6) It prizes intelligence. At all times, this has caused the Western mind to overvalue doubt and scepticism, but that can be corrected by blending aspiration and hope with sound practice of the evil mind.
- (7) It is pragmatic in its purpose, always looking for practical results, not just theories. Meditation stands parallel with Black Magick and Rituals.
- (8) It cherishes sinister individuality and places a high value on the responsibility of the Satanist to evil contribution.

Sinister meditation is to increase our effectiveness as an agent of our real “Sinister Self”. The Western traditions of mysticism and meditation have generally been totally obscured by the ravings of small-minded, hypocritical and corrupted Christian fundamentalists as Catholics, Orthodox or Protestants, much to our loss. In turning to the East which I do not value at all, we must be extremely careful to choose what is valuable to us, and not adopt traditions which are unsuitable for the Aryan mind. We are interested in setting forth what is of the West at all times but especially in this new Millennium, and not what helped Chinese or Hindu peasants two thousand years ago, or Sufi mendicants in the glory of Islam. We will, therefore rely on what our own even sinister experience has taught us to be practical for the average, intellectually-oriented Westerner who seeks to know more about his or her sinister potential, and what to do with it. Dedicated fanatics and sentimental lovers of faded hypocritical religious traditions should really go and inquire elsewhere.

The best way to start this meditation is with an open sinister mind, also as a beginner’s mind. To have a beginner’s mind is like “emptying your cup in letting go, to let the sinister”. In doing the process of “Practising the Sinister Presence”, you will be open up more and more. Practising the Sinister Presence is meditation in the moment. But you are the sinister meditation and the presence as well. This Sinister Presence is not the presence of something or of Satan, of God or anyone else. The Sinister Presence is your true evil Self and is the underlying reality of everything that is. It is the Sinister, your oneness with the Sinister and the universe. It is who you are.

The Sinister Presence is not separate from you, nor is it some greater being in heaven that is going to punish you if you are bad. The Sinister Presence is everything there is, and everything that arises, what you see before you and what you are seeing with, is it.

Sinister meditation helps us find out who we are. Are you who you really are? It may sound like a silly question. But, who is the real you? We all have ideas, images and thoughts of who we think we are. From where do these ideas, images and thoughts arise! Sinister meditation is your natural state, as there is only this moment.

There is the Sinister reality and then there are the Satanic Symbols we make up to represent that reality. Sinister reality is presented to us in the moment, and then we make a representation of it in

our minds. Satanic symbols are symbols of something. Satanic symbols point to the reality of something. Evil thoughts, ideas, concepts and images are all symbols and are all made up by our mind. This is fine, and this is how we communicate, learn and grow. Who we really are is the “Sinister Presence”.

Sinister meditation awakens us from sleep, as we now begin to realise that we are making up our evil dream by the representation in our minds of people, places, events and things. Sinister names are symbols or symbols of archetypes. They are representations and not the real thing in itself, have we seen before.

What is taught here is the same perennial wisdom that is the basis for all authentic Black Traditions, hundreds or thousands of years ago, when times and conditions were different so the teachings and practices were suited to what was appropriate for those cultures and those times. But, since the psychological discoveries of this present age, religious dogmas have been brought to naught and replaced. In other words, the seeds for this teaching were planted long ago, and we did not need Christianity for that, but the fruit was not ripe. Not only that, many teachings were kept secret because only a few could digest them, but also in order to keep religion in power. If you ate the fruit too early, it would poison you. Your “Ego” eats you up. The tree, mankind, is now strong enough outside religious beliefs, intellectually well nourished and the fruit, the hidden teaching, is now to be eaten up by the majority.

In sinister meditation practice, we dis-cover the Sinister Presence and learn how to maintain that Sinister Presence without making judgements of whatever may arise. When you make a judgement, you represent and recreate whatever arises according to your past conditioning, programming and belief systems. With the ability to make every moment your evil meditation, in “Practising the Sinister Presence”, absolutely everything is experienced as it is without making any judgement. A Satanist is not allowed to make whatever judgement, especially what “the other Satanist” is concerned. If you are judging or making representations, then you are in the past. And, that is not now.

Practising the Sinister Presence is the sinister meditation. You are the sinister meditation. A method or process to practice the Sinister Presence in every moment and a process of sitting meditation is taught in this chapter, as a beginning to further Satanic development. The process that “takes us to the unconscious Chthonic Underworld”, into the Dark Presence is what I have called as stated earlier, the “Mysterium Iniquitatis Meditatio”. It cannot so beautifully expressed as in Latin, but it does say, “Mystical Evil Meditation”. One interesting thing about the name is that there is no baggage attached to it. Sinister meditation takes one beyond the limited mind, the Ego, into the vast Red River of Dark reality. When we go beyond and reach this outer border of the Sinister Presence, we realise its vastness and only reality. Sinister meditation is a journey without distance, with no other and in perfect loneliness, no limit, no path, no separation, no ego, and above all nothing to forgive.

It is by meditation that the Satanist as a personality feels out the sinister vibration of the Ego, and seeks to reach the “Universal Dark Ego”, and bring the evil egoic consciousness even more and more down, so as to include consciously the physical plane. It is by sinister meditation and retreating within for a while, that the Satanist learns the significance of “Black Fire”, and applies that fire to all parts of his body, till naught is left save the “Black Fire” itself. It is by sinister meditation or the reaching from the concrete to the abstract that the causal consciousness is entered, and the Satanist becomes finally Satan himself.

In the Aryan root-race, the attempt was made to bridge the gap between the unconscious (personal

or collective) and the lower (conscious) mind, by centring the personal unconscious into the mind and later in the causal, to tap from the unconscious until the flow of the unconscious will be continuous. More advanced in sinister meditation one will reach the archetypal unconscious, the realm of the Dark Gods, activating their archetypal patterns within us.

Jung's psychological theory provides the key to understanding why myths have such power to live in our imaginations whether we are aware of them or not, myths living through and in us. Let us become more and more acquainted with the Dark Gods as found in the "Black Book of Satan II" (ONA) as we go along in this chapter (*refer also to chapter three of this manuscript*), relating the Dark God's potential patterns. Trying to interpret (*Black Book of Satan II*) is entering into the Dark God's archetypal pattern for activation in one's own life.

Eye Movements and Breath:

Why is effortless so important in sinister meditation? Simply because one is going beyond the limited mind into the Sinister Presence within himself, the unconscious mind. If everyday thoughts, emotions, perceptions, feelings or sensations arise beside those looking for in sinister meditation, we just let them go like clouds. What do clouds do? They float by and eventually dissolve. When I say thoughts, I mean anything banal that arises in the mind. We do not try to push thoughts away. Nor do we try to grab onto them. If we push them away or try to get rid of them, we are giving them energy, and they become stronger. If we grab on them, we become more attached on them. So we just allow them to be there and allow them to float by like clouds. The more the Sinister Presence is activated, the more everyday thoughts of problems can just be there and not bother us. Our meditation, and call it Satanic, is by all means to stir up the sinister. We are only ignoring everyday affairs as long as the sinister meditation lasts.

Another important thing to learn before we move on to the first technique of eye movements and breath is posture. Correct posture is sitting erect with head, neck and back straight in a relaxed, effortless and comfortable manner. Correct posture is very important. When you sit, sit still and don't move. I recommend sitting in your Magickal Chamber on meditation cushions or benches. If you sit in a chair, I recommend that you sit towards the front of the chair, with no back support and the knees lower than the pelvis. Sitting this way creates the same angle as when you sit on a meditation bench or meditation cushion. (*I prefer the hard way, and sit on a bench.*) Rest the tongue gently on the roof of the mouth. Place your left hand on the top of your right hand on your lap; or, let your hands rest naturally on your legs for which I opt for. Relax into your meditation position, very loosely dressed preferable in your black robe or even naked. Sinisterly, one meditates alone.

Your Magickal Chamber is prepared just like for rituals, in the dark under candlelight and incense burning. As far as the Sinister Meditation is concerned, do not light too many candles, just enough to be able to read if need be. When I start meditation, I usually start with "The Black Mass of Life", and end the session after the allotted time (*we will see later*) with "The Mass of Heresy" celebrated "solo" (The Black Book of Satan III). Of course, I am only saying what I am doing. Before you start anything in your Magickal Chamber, the "your sinister intention" is of major importance.

Don't meditate just after meals. You may drink a glass of strong wine or port before you start, or any other strong drink but in proportion only to feel good but **not** to get drunken. It does help to stimulate the sinister, but you may certainly not fall asleep while meditating, because you drunk too much. The only point is to feel good, and that's all.

Try to set aside a time and a place as described above conducive to sinister meditation where you can meditate everyday and alone. Having your rituals or meditation always in the same location,

you do build up sinister energy to a more powerful place. To help a friend, who is in USA at the moment, I am keeping his dog for a fortnight or so. Each time I am looking for her, she is to be found sleeping on the carpet in front of the altar of my Magickal Chamber. It does mean something! Also, if it is the same place and also the same time each day, it will be easier to incorporate sinister meditation into your dark life.

The type of breathing that we do in this method is diaphragmatic. The breath comes in and fills from the bottom up, from below your navel to as full as it wants to go without straining. Like pouring water into a pitcher, it goes in at the top, and it fills in and rises from the bottom. When you inhale, the belly goes out, and when you exhale, the belly goes in. It is because the breath is filling in the chest first. When the chest expands first, the stomach is drawn in. With a little practice, the correct breathing will become second nature to you. It is very important to breathe in this way. Be gentle with yourself, with no effort and no strain. The breath is silent, the mouth is closed, the tongue rest gently on the roof of the mouth.

In this first part of the meditation the eyes, which are kept closed, move with the inhalation in a slow and steady manner with no strain in eight different directions. Before we get into the actual practising of the technique, let us find out something about the process.

When we move the eyes with the breath in the different directions, much is going on. The eye directions access different areas of the brain and nervous systems and therefore have an influence on our entire physiology. The breath energy is brought along with the eyes movements. This combination of slow-motion eye movements and breath energy is very powerful in energising these different areas of brain, nervous system and total physiology. Stress, trauma and blockages that are stored in these pathways (from past religious experiences) and in these areas are cleared out and dissolved. We also gather sinister energy and bring it to the centre within.

From a very early age, we have been hypnotised by erroneous religious morals, conditioned to obey and look outside ourselves for this and that, and we got scattered. Our own innate energy and attention were then dispersed outside ourselves. So the gathering of our scattered energy and centring are an important conclusion of doing this practice.

Another very important thing that is going on as a result of doing the eye movements and breath is that special receptor sites in the brain are being opened up. As they open, receptor sites are made accessible to receive information and get activated. These receptor sites that were not available, now are. These sites belong to the “personal unconscious” or “higher states of consciousness” receptors. More on this later. It is all later. It is all part of the natural process that goes on as a result of practising sinister meditation.

With a gentle, slow, steady inhalation and the eyes moving with the breath (*the eyes closed*) we look first to the upper left direction, until the breath and eyes both reach the point of dynamic but sinister tension. We then release the eyes and breath simultaneously and allow them to naturally centre. It is a letting go process. We let the eyes and breath go. They naturally centre. When the breath reaches its natural point of equilibrium, we then push it out to develop a full breath (*without straining, just to a point of dynamic but sinister tension*). Then we allow the breath to come back in. As the breath naturally comes back in, we move the breath with the eye movements to the next direction in the same way. All eight directions are done in this manner. Then we begin again.

The breath is silent, comfortable, easy and feels good. If you get out of breath or need to catch up on your breath, you are trying too hard. Be gentler, the breath and eye movements will develop at their own pace The process is always done effortless and without strain.

The eyes-moving directions are upper left, upper right, lateral left, lateral right, lower left, lower right, straight down and straight up. Then start over again with upper left, etc.



(Diagram of eye directions. Eyes closed, both eyes move with breath.)

The breath is silent. We go with the breath and eye movements until the point of dynamic tension is reached. That is a point of no strain, and it feels good. Slow is important, not how far you go. Slow should not be strain either. The eyes and breath will teach you what to do once you have grasped the process. If the eyes just jump right up and the breath slowly follows, and it would be a strain to slow down the eyes, let the eyes follow their own natural course. The same is true with the breath. When the breath and the eye movements both get to the point of dynamic tension, release them both at the same time. It is a letting go and allowing the eyes and breath to naturally centre. With the eyes still and centred, push the breath out until the point of dynamic tension. It is not a strain. It still feels good. Then allow the breath to come in and, with the eye movements, go on to the next direction.

This is a natural process. We are developing a long, slow, steady eye movement and breath. The breath will become deeper and fuller. This happens all in its own time. The eyes and breath will develop best if the process is natural and effortless, with no straining. This is a warning that straining in any way may cause you harm. The process of developing a long, slow, steady breath and eye movement is gradual. In your sinister search through meditation, the release of stress, the effects of deep-rooted trauma and other blockages or obscurations such as guiltiness are not accomplished with the limited mind. It is done by the power of the Sinister Presence much the way the dark dissolves religious falsehood. Strain and effort are of the limited mind and, as far as this process is concerned, would only create more uneasiness. You know, Satanist are happy people.

At the start of this practice, some may find difficult to move the eyes with the breath. Here is something that will help. Hold your index finger up in front of you with your eyes closed. Move your hand and finger up in front of you with your eyes closed. Move your hand and fingers with the breath and eye movements as if you were looking at them. After a very few times, you will not need to physically move your hands in this way. The eye movements with breath will come naturally and easily.

When you complete the cycle, the last two directions being straight down and then up, begin the cycle all over again. When the eyes and breath are regulated as described above, just be in that Sinister Presence. As I said before, your “intention” before you start a ritual or meditation is of greatest importance. Think sinisterly all the time. Your only purpose is the sinister. Be a lord or lady of chaos every minute of your life, and prove yourself in everything you do, in your ritual participation or group activities, even “solo” always dare to be “extreme”. This is your evil mystical aspect, therefore dare to be “evil and destructive”.

With the first eye movement, there will be more focus, more awareness and more Sinister Presence which is spontaneously brought along with the breath to each succeeding eye movement. There is a

oneness of eye movement, breath and Sinister Presence. Soon it becomes so effortless that it is the Sinister Presence that is doing it. You begin to realise that the real you is the Sinister Presence.

I recommend at the beginning to do no more than 5 to 10 minutes of this first part of meditation. I also recommend that you learn this first part well before going on to the second part. The sound is the second part of the meditation. "AgiOS O Baphomet".

The Sound Part of Sinister Meditation.

The second part of the Sinister Meditation is called the "sound part", because we use sounds that takes us beyond thought and concept into the Sinister Presence. It could just as easily be called the vibration part of magickal energy or the part that cancels all other vibration, save the Sinister Presence part. It could also be called the vibration that resonates with the Sinister Presence part. Words get in the way in this teaching that is beyond words.

This teaching come out of the Sinister Presence. It comes out of the ground of all past Black Magick teaching and everyday sinister experience. I ask you to believe nothing of what I say, but only try it out. That means to be totally open to it, to empty your cup and to follow the instructions as best you can. These words are just the vehicle that is bringing you in contact with the Sinister Presence. The important thing is that this teaching has come to you and that you try it and see if it works for you. It is the sounding forth of "Sinister (*Chants*) Words" in its sevenfold completeness of the Tree of Wyrd, gathered through dark inspiration and art as the needed matter for manifestation, firstly started through the eye and breath technique. In the sounding forth of the Sinister Words in meditation, the Satanist should (*if rightly sounding it forth*) be able to come sinisterly creative and destructive. Music can be largely employed for work of destructive nature. This sounds to you utterly impossible, but it will simply be the utilisation of disordered (*evil*) sound to achieve certain ends. Certain sounds shatter and break, while others attract and stimulate (*shattering and break can also be attracting and stimulating*). All that is at present possible to those who seek the sinister and attend to the essentials described in this paragraph and pursue contact with the sinister vibrations. The Sinister Chants are those taking you to the "other border" of the Abyss, or Chthonic World of the mind. Through the correct toning of certain sounds, a vacuum or empty funnel of dark force and power is formed for some manifestations of sinister (*fohatic*) energy, reaching its objective. By means of invocation and other forms, we tap forces connected with dark intelligences from our Underworld.

It is a matter of setting in motion happenings on the physical plane that have their origination in the dark and mysterious caves of cosmic evil as found within the Tree of Wyrd.

The sounding of Satanic Chants, employed for specific purposes are for:

- (a) The destruction of a well-defined target.
- (b) The sinister magnetisation of grounds and places that have to be brought to naught.
- (c) The obscuration of the minds of an assembly in order that they may receive the sinister (*dark*) illumination.
- (d) The conversion of people to Satanism, who are gathered together for that purpose.
- (e) The controlling of the evil forces of nature so that physical plane occurrences may be brought about.
- (f) The initiation of people to the Sinister Mysteries.

This part of the meditation is not done with the eye movements and breath. Let the breath just be as it is. While you are still learning this part of the meditation, you will begin by chanting the Satanic Chants loud, softly and clearly. It is made up of different sounds, but it is one sound. Then let it

become quieter and quieter, softer and softer, quieter and quieter, until it is totally silent and inward, an internal chant. Naturally and effortlessly it will become subtler and subtler, deeper and deeper, and it will go on as if by itself. Listen to it. You may feel it as a vibration inside your body. It becomes your own internal sound. It may become a thought that is going deeper and getting subtler. Listen to it. This sound/vibration resonates with the Sinister Presence. Here are the “Satanic Chants” to be used at your convenience:

Agios O Satanas
Agios O Baphomet
Agios Athanatos
Agios O Vindex
Agios O Falcifer
Agios O Atazoth
Nythra Kthunae Atazoth (*in E minor*)
Binan ath ga wath am

Each word is pronounced clearly and separately, blending finally into one sound. It is not staccato but flowing. Until you know how, begin by chanting the sounds out loud, smoothly and effortless, until the individual words blend together into one sound. As said above, let the sound become softer and softer, quieter and quieter until it is completely silent. Allow the sound/vibration to continue in that inward direction as a subtle thought until it is as if you are just listening to it, or feeling the vibration of it. These sounds resonate with the Sinister Presence. The Sinister Presence is just there. Satanic Chants and Sinister Presence are One. The Sinister Presence emerges as sound. If the sound goes away and thoughts are there, effortlessly come back to the sound/vibration. Use one chant per meditation session.

The Satanic Chants are the sounds that will take you to the other border of the Underworld of Sinister Culture, the Collective Unconscious, described by some others as the “Platonic World”, the world of absolutes and various opposites (archetypes), and the platonic concepts of mathematics for others.

To conclude, let me say, that sound or chant goes along with Sinister Presence. Gradually, you will become more aware that you are the Sinister Presence yourself, another Satan. The next paragraph teaches, “Practising the Sinister Presence”.

Sound (chant), dark light, vibration, the whole man blended and merged in the sinister, and thus is the work accomplished. It proceeds under the rules of the Tree of Wyrð, and naught can hinder now the work to go forward. The sinister man breathes deeply, concentrates his dark forces, and drives the thought-form from him through the creative work of sound, not only during sinister meditation, but also in rituals and daily sinister living. The key: “sinister intention”.

Practising the Sinister Presence:

In this paragraph, we are going to learn the third part of the meditation: “Practising the Sinister Presence”. This third part acts as a transition from the first two parts. It allows us to simply be in the Sinister Presence and make every moment the dark meditation. After the first two parts, we are in deep meditation and in the Sinister Presence. With that greater Sinister Presence, we can practise the Sinister Presence in every moment. To help explain how to do this third part of the meditation, I

use an analogy.

After completing the first two parts of the sinister meditation and realising more Sinister Presence, we are like a spider in the centre of its web. If a fly was to come and alight on the web, the spider would go and meet it, do what it has to do, and come back to the centre of the web. That is like what we do in extending the Sinister Presence. We are sitting in meditation, and when we want to shift to this third part of sinister meditation, we simply allow ourselves to be one with the Sinister Presence and breath. When sounds, thoughts or anything else enter our consciousness, we simply, effortlessly, and spontaneously extend the Sinister Presence without making any judgement. So, when we hear a sound, it is not a good sound or a bad sound. It is not a loud sound or a soft sound. We just extend the Sinister Presence to it, without judgement, and then come back to our centre. When nothing is entering the consciousness, we can be one with “Sinister Presence” and breath. We are not noting, observing or watching the breath. When you feel you are being in the Sinister Presence, be in the underworld of the Sinister Presence with whatever arises. There is a oneness of Sinister Presence and breath. Whatever else may arise in the consciousness, make no judgement of it, and maintain the Sinister Presence with whatever is arising. We don’t really extend the Presence, but it is like that. It is actually being in the Sinister Presence while whatever else is going on, and on and on. But it does not seem at first that we extend the Sinister Presence. Like the spider going out to meet the fly, we hear sounds closer to their source. We perceive evil thoughts and perceptions as soon as they arise. The more Sinister Presence we are, the more aware we are. The more visibility we have, the closer we connect/experience what is arising in the consciousness to its source, and the more we experience things as they are or want to be. “Practising the Sinister Presence” is making no judgement of whatever impulses as they arise. The Sinister Presence is not overshadowed by our mental reconstruction of what is actually happening.

Extending the Sinister Presence, as in the analogy of the spider going out to meet the fly, gives you an idea of what the sinister practice is like. But it is only like that. In extension there is no separation. Our Sinister Presence is more manifest as the result of the first two parts of the meditation. When anything arise in the consciousness, we maintain the Sinister Presence, as these events are occurring. So extending the Sinister Presence is a way of exercising the Sinister Presence. When exercised in this way, it is as if activated and more there. The Sinister Presence is always there, the more ever since we have given ourselves to it. The Sinister Presence is omnipresent, so how can it be extended? When anything is activated in the collective unconscious, we are one with it. When the limited mind takes over and makes a representation influenced by our judgements, conditionings and programming, it is made up. It is not real. That is what illusion is. Words can only point the way to guide you into how to do this process that is beyond words. You learn by doing it.

“Practising the Sinister Meditation” becomes easier as the Sinister Presence manifests more through the practice of sinister meditation. It is a natural process, and the method of “Practising the Sinister Presence” enhances and speeds up the development or revelation of the Sinister Presence. Now the time is ripe to say that it is most beneficial to start meditation after a Dark Ritual, as it actively will influence this third and crucial part of the meditation.

Now that you have a feeling for what “Practising Sinister Presence” is, here are the instructions for what to do in the dark meditation. When it feels appropriate to you to go into the third part of the sinister meditation, just be in the Evil presence. From doing the first two parts of the meditation, you are already in the Sinister Presence. Then just be in that Sinister Presence. However the breath is, BE one with Sinister Presence and breath. You are the Sinister Presence breathing. You are maintaining the Sinister Presence as you are breathing. Now, be in the Sinister Presence and Practice the Sinister Presence. When any impulse arises in the consciousness, be in the Sinister

Presence as the arising occurs. Extend the Sinister Presence to it. Make no judgement, forbidden in Satanism, as one has to act just like he feels. See through the appearances to the evil reality. Be one with evil.

When it feels appropriate, slightly open your eyes and continue to Practice the Sinister Presence. This part of the meditation is done with the eyes slightly open. But you keep your eyes closed while doing it until it feels befitting to slightly open the eyes. Do at least the last few minutes with the eyes slightly open. When you want to end the sitting meditation, simply open your eyes all the way. Get up and continue to maintain the Sinister Presence in all your activities, spontaneously and in every moment. Evil spontaneity is effortless and in the moment. This is the transition from sitting meditation to making every moment the meditation.

Effortlessness is of the utmost importance, because effort and struggle are of the physical and limited mind. What we are learning here is how to go beyond the limited mind in the “Sinister Presence” of the unconscious. After some time of doing the sinister meditation, of having more Sinister Presence and more spontaneity in “Practising Sinister Presence” when doing the first part of the meditation, the Sinister Presence is there along with the eye movements and breath. The Sinister Presence, eye movements and breath are one. When thoughts and anything else arise, even easier than just letting them float by like clouds is “Practising Sinister Presence” with them. It is doing the method, but the method is non-doing. It’s the Sinister Presence doing it. It’s the “evil you” doing it. You and “it” are one. “It” is no method. There is no separate “it”. Practice the Sinister Meditation at any point in the meditation whenever any impulse arises in the consciousness. The last paragraph deals with “Sleep Meditation”, as I said above Sinister Meditation continues when you open your eyes again, as well as you close them to go to sleep.

The Satanist is heir to wonderful and illimitable inner powers, his evil identity, but until he becomes aware of them and consciously identifies himself with them, they lie dormant and unexpressed, and might just as well not exist at all as far as their use to man, in his unawakened state is concerned. When, however, the Satanist becomes awakened to his own Chthonic World within and all what it holds, and that he is a sinister being, he enters in a new life of almost boundless sinister power. Let us use our inner sinister ability, and free ourselves from the very burdens that have oppressed us so long in this christianised and hypocritical world. Now is the time to roll it all from our shoulders and be free.

The Sinister Sleep Meditation.

Why a sinister sleep meditation? We are learning that we are the sinister meditation and that every moment can be our sinister meditation. If we spend about one third of our lives sleeping, there must be some very valuable function to sleep. So why can’t sinister meditation be brought into this large area of our lives also? It absolutely can. In the sitting meditation, we learn how to go beyond thought and concept. In sleep we naturally go beyond thought except when dreaming. This says a lot. The going beyond thought and concept in sleep wonderfully rejuvenates and energises us. In dreaming, when in the dream, it seems so real. You only know that it was a dream when you wake up from the dream.

After having some experience with the eye movements and breath, the eye muscles, breathing apparatus and subtle physiology gain in strength and become more resilient. The sinister sleep meditation is something like the sitting meditation, but it is visual. No thought or visualisation or use of the mind is involved. If thoughts are there or any other mental phenomena, we just meet them with the Sinister Presence, no judgement, and just let them be.

The process is simple, it is an eye movement while using our natural “going to sleep” breathes and position. Some find it easier to start this while lying on their backs. We simply breathe with our natural “go to sleep breath” and, with each inhalation, we move the eyes up and to the centre. The eyes effortlessly converge to a point. Breathe and move the eyes until a feeling of dynamic tension is reached. Do not strain. With the exhalation, we simply let it be. The eyes may go back all the way to their original position or not at all. Whatever the movement is, let it be natural and effortless. The next inhalation is even more effortless. It quickly becomes a natural reflex so that with each inhalation, your eyes move slightly up to the centre. The exhale is a letting go. Just let go. Of course, this is with the eyes closed. After three or four times, perhaps more, doing this, with the eyes slightly up and to the centre, we shift our attention to a field of inner evil vision. In that field of evil vision, we simply gaze softly –and effortlessly. We look for some bluish dark light. If nothing is there, we just effortlessly look. Nothing needs to be there. This is the totally effortless process that is something like listening, but here we are simply looking. Any thought or mental phenomena that come into our awareness we simply meet with the Sinister Presence, making never a judgement and continuing our soft, effortless inner gaze. We are practising the Sinister Presence as we go off to sleep.

You may notice some natural eye movements as you look toward the bluish dark light. It may not be there. It may be the total field of vision. It will be different for each and everyone. This sinister sleep meditation only works well when used in conjunction with the sitting meditation because it is all part of the same meditation.

This actually helps you to go to sleep. You may at some time notice, after doing this for a while, that when you wake up, your body and mind were asleep, but that you were in the Sinister Presence. Your body and mind were asleep, but you were awake. You may begin to notice that while dreaming, you are awake in the dream. Begin to practice the Sinister Presence while dreaming. If this does or does not happen, it does not matter. We are all different, and the form of the sinister practice that is best suited to our particular situation will vary according to the situation, and how seriously to accept the Sinister Path to be trodden by you.

This is not lucid dreaming. In lucid dreaming, you change what is going on in the dream. Here we just practice the Sinister Presence with whatever is going on. We do not change anything in the dream world, in any part of the meditation. If you wake up in the middle of the night, what a wonderful time for Black Magick, meditation and for all what is “sinister”. Get up and do your job

Let your daily sinister meditation and dreams be connected with your evil plans. They do instruct you how to live sinisterly and work your plans out. Activate by every possible means your dark centres. Triumph, defeat corrupt religions, and open the earth to the pleasure of what is called sin. Against religious hypocrisy, practice radical and hideous evil. Be the black rider on the black horse in all circumstances. The earth is yours.

The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism

Introduction

The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism - also known as Dark, or Sinister, Sorcery - are essentially a series of techniques or skills whereby an aspiring Rounwytha can:

- (1) Participate in, control, and enable their own personal evolution – that is, develop their latent ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species; and undertake that evolution.
- (2) Come-to-know certain acausal [sinister] beings, and is thus understand the acausal itself

The esoteric Dark Arts can, among other things, also provide the prepared and skilled Rounwytha - the sinister Adept - with the ability to live-on beyond their causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

Among the skills and techniques of The Dark Arts are acausal-empathy, acausal-thinking, and using, or creating, nexions to access the acausal.

This ONA document is a brief guide to, and an over-view of, The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism, and complements the ONA MS [The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism](#).

Developing Acausal Empathy

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit).

To develop acausal empathy, the following techniques are used:

- (1) The Rite of Internal Adept.

This simple Rite - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - is the main, most effective, means of developing acausal empathy, and it enables the aspiring Rounwytha, by its rigours, simplicity, and isolation, to attune themselves to the acausal essence beyond causal forms. To live for a period of no less than three months, in the simple manner prescribed and in an isolated location removed from human habitation and human contact, is how sinister Adepts have, for centuries, begun to develop the faculty of acausal-empathy and acquired the most important esoteric skill of being able, by using this faculty, of opening nexions to the acausal.

The standard form of this technique lasts for only one specific alchemical season (from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice in Northern climes), which specific alchemical season is the absolute minimum amount of causal time required to enable the aspiring Rounwytha to acquire the basic, and necessary, skills.

The more advanced form - lasting for a different and longer alchemical season (from Winter Solstice to Summer Solstice in Northern climes) - is however, while difficult and intensely selective because of this difficulty - more efficacious and develops much greater, more effective, skills, and indeed is the breeding ground of a Rounwytha.

(2) Exploring the sinister pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyrð.

These personal explorations - as given in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* - enable the aspiring Rounwytha to begin the process of objectifying causal forms, and develop the necessary skill of finding, becoming sensitive to, and being able to distinguish between, various collocations of esoteric energies, whether the energies be personal (in the psyche of the individual and limited to the lifetime of the individual or a period in that lifetime) or archetypal (shared among various individuals over periods of causal time often beyond the life of one individual) or acausal (beyond both of the former types).

These explorations are recommended to be undertaken before the Rite of Internal Adept, and what - in these particular explorations - distinguishes an aspiring Rounwytha from an aspiring sinister Adept, is that the aspiring Rounwytha finds it easy and natural to not only distinguish between the various collocations, the various types, of esoteric energies, but also to move beyond all forms (as given in such explorations and as described by various terms and words in books such as *Naos*) to the acausal essence, something not described, in practical detail, in such written works.

(3) It has been found, by practical experience, that the preliminary training afforded by following The Seven Fold Sinister Way - as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept* from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - is an effective means of ensuring success in acquiring and developing those skills in acausal empathy that the Rite of Internal Adept can produce in an individual.

Thus, this preliminary training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept - while not strictly necessary - is highly recommended, especially if the aspiring Rounwytha does not have a natural empathic ability.

Developing Acausal Thinking

As mentioned in another ONA MS:

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language.

The main and most effective practical means of acquiring and developing the skill - the Dark Art - of acausal thinking is The Star Game, as described in *Naos: A Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept*.

It is recommended that the individual begins with the simple form of the game - which only has 27 pieces - before constructing and beginning to play the advanced form of the game, as described in *Naos*. While the essentials of acausal thinking can be developed by regular playing of the simple game, it is the advanced form of the game that really develops the Dark Art of acausal-thinking.

In many ways, acausal-thinking can be considered to be a developed, and an enhanced, form of acausal-empathy, although in essence it is really a distinct, new, evolutionary ability whose genesis was acausal-empathy.

Using Nexions to Access The Acausal

As described in another ONA MS:

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself, or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept.

Once a certain amount of skill in acausal-thinking and acausal-empathy has been acquired, the Rounwytha can conduct rites to open, or to create, a direct nexion to the acausal, and thus either access acausal energy, or presence - bring into the causal - certain Dark Entities, certain acausal beings, for whatever purpose the Rounwytha desires.

One of the simplest rites to do this is the "simple" Nine Angles Rite, as described in *The Black Book of Satan*,

Part Three, in either the Natural, or the Chthonic, Form.

A much more efficacious - that is, more powerful - rite to open a direct nexion to the acausal is The Ceremony of Recalling, with Sacrificial Conclusion, as given for example, in both *The Black Book of Satan, Part Three* and also in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Other rituals, and means, are given in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Toward The Acausal Continuum

A Rounwytha will know when their causal time to prepare to progress toward the acausal continuum has arrived. Thus will their detailed preparations begin for the forthcoming journey, which supra-mortal journey will be undertaken at the end of a propitious alchemical season, when the causal and the acausal continuums are correctly aligned to allow greater access to the acausal. Propitious times include when the Moon occults Dabih, or is very close to it; and when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

The preparations will begin at the start of the chosen alchemical season.

The Rite itself - as described in *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* - requires several opfers, who will be chosen according to our traditional guidelines, and brought to, and confined in, the place chosen for what is the most sinister and the most joyful Rite of all.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles

A Note on Terms:

Rounwytha is the term used to describe an individual - male or female - who has great skill in both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking. The term was traditionally applied only to those, mostly women, who were naturally gifted in esoteric empathy before such abilities were rationally, and esoterically, understood, and thus before they could be developed and enhanced by sinister techniques. The term was, according to aural tradition, applied to rural sorceresses of the primal (but not necessarily then always dark) tradition who lived in a certain area of England.

The term Rounwytha is now generally used to describe a sorcerer, or sorceress, of our Sinister Tradition, who has acquired and who has developed skill in - or who has a natural ability and a natural skill in - both acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking

Thus, while every Rounwytha of our Way is by nature and training a sinister Adept, not every sinister Adept is a Rounwytha, since not every sinister Adept has acquired great practical skill in acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking, or has the ability (natural or acquired) to so acquire and so develop such skills. Nearly every Rounwytha - past and present - has acquired and/or developed their skills by undertaking the longer form of the Rite of Internal Adept.

Given the talent, skill and natural ability of nearly every Rounwytha, it is not always necessary for them - nor is it a requirement for them - to assiduously undertake the training of following The Seven Fold Sinister Way from Neophyte to the Rite of External Adept, as outlined in *Naos*, which training is a practical way for any individual to become a sinister Adept.

A Note on Texts:

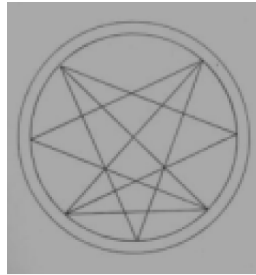
It is recommended that those desirous of learning the Dark Arts - as practised and as taught by the ONA - use original ONA facsimile texts of works such as *Naos*, *The Black Book of Satan*, and *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess*.

Facsimile copies of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of *Naos* (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now widely available, both on the Internet, and from several books publishers. Nearly all other editions of *Naos* have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them.

pdf Internet versions, and printed copies, of both the *The Black Book of Satan* (as corrected by Anton Long), and *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* are also now widely available. So far as is known, there are no facsimile copies of either the original typewritten and spiral bound versions of *The Black Book of Satan* (issued by the ONA in 1984 and 1985 CE) or of *The Grimoire of Baphomet, Dark Goddess* (issued by the ONA in 2003 CE) available in either pdf Internet versions, or in printed form.

In respect of *The Black Book of Satan, Part Three*, the correct version to use is that inscribed *Official ONA Version (Anton Long)* 101 yf.

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A Brief Explanation of The Dark Tradition, and Sinister Mythos, of the Order of Nine Angles

The Dark Tradition

The Dark Tradition is another term for The Sinister Way: that individual practical and sinister quest for esoteric knowledge wherein lies the potential to develop certain esoteric skills and abilities, and to evolve to become a new type of human being.

In its initial stages - up to Internal Adept - this Sinister Way is overtly Satanic; that is, a practical presencing of certain acausal (dark) energies, some of which can be and which have been re-presented in exoteric causal form as the being who is Satan. Esoterically, Satan is understood - "known" - to be, according to this Dark Tradition, a particular acausal entity of a particular acausal species who dwells - lives - in the acausal but who has the ability to presence, to manifest, in our causal space. Thus, the entity exoterically "named" as Satan is one of the most powerful of The Dark Ones; one of those dark dwellers of the acausal spaces, many of whom, according to sinister legend, have been manifest on the Earth in the past, and who can be manifest again in our causal Space and our causal Time.

In its later stages - toward the end of Internal Adept, and beyond - this Sinister Way is, becomes, some-thing else: an alchemical amalgam, a transformation, which takes the individual, through a personal experiencing of the sinister, of the acausal, beyond all causal forms and all causal abstractions, to what lies beyond The Abyss.

However, this "beyond" neither means nor implies some kind of mystic moralizing transcendence beloved of "white light" types. Instead, it is an immersion into, a living-with, the reality of the dark acausal presenced in the human form of the Master/Lady-Master and presenced by them in and through other human beings and the constructs of such human beings, such as "society". It is a knowing of the Cosmos as the Cosmos is, devoid of the abstractions human beings have imposed upon it over the centuries. It is also often a symbiotic living-with certain acausal entities whom the Master/Lady-Master has drawn-forth - presenced - from the acausal itself.

One of the aspects of the ONA mythos is that the entity exoterically "named" as Satan is regarded as not always

being presented in our particular region of causal Space. Instead, this true "Prince of Darkness" often works and has worked - or, more exactly, has achieved things and does achieve things in our causal spaces - by utilizing certain human beings who, by various esoteric means, have accessed certain aspects and/or levels of the acausal and who thus have presented and who thus are presenting the dark, sinister, energies of the acausal. Thus does the Prince of Darkness - and other such dark entities - work through and with such human beings. Thus are we of the ONA, and thus are similar groups and organizations, Satanists, when viewed exoterically, although the real re-presentation - the "name" - of the entity exoterically known, in the Old Aeon, as Satan, is a certain esoteric chant composed of certain syllables which only "names" that entity when chanted correctly. With the bringing-into-being of a New, and sinister, Aeon, this exoteric name will no longer apply, and there will be, instead, a manifestation of the "nameless" acausal reality behind this exoteric, Old Aeon, "name".

In addition, the ONA does not regard Satan - or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet - as conventional "gods" or "goddesses", and the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon, inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. We of The Dark Tradition do not "worship" such beings, and nor would we submit to or slavishly obey them. Instead, we who are Adepts (and beyond) consider them as our dark companions; our sinister friends; perhaps our long-lost sisters and brothers; as perhaps our hitherto unknown mother and father, admired and respected; and we even sometimes - for some dark entities - consider them as our sinister lovers. Thus, our relationship to these beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

Furthermore, according to The Dark Tradition, "God" - a God, a supreme creator Being - does not and never has existed, and is regarded as a human abstraction, a human manufactured construct, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a true Master of Evil, a Primal Heretic, Master of all that disrupts the stasis of our causal existence, of all that challenges and changes us and inspires us to evolve. In a similar way, our Dark Mistress Baphomet - the Mother of Blood - is a true Sinister and seductive Mistress, a bane to all who are cowardly and afraid, and scourge of all who would seek to deny the uniqueness, beauty and potential of the feminine.

Given all these things, it is thus wholly incorrect to describe the ONA, and those inspired by or influenced by us, with the rather silly term "theistic Satanism". We have our own unique esoteric cosmogony, which posits a changing Cosmos consisting of an acausal Universe, inhabited by acausal living beings of various types and species, and of a causal Universe, which is the physical world and the physical universe we know from direct observation, in which there is a planet, named by as as Earth, on which there is a variety of causal life.

According to our esoteric tradition and mythos, all living causal beings possess a certain amount of acausal energy, and it is this acausal energy which makes the atoms and molecules of these causal beings "alive". Thus, every living being is a type of nexion, a nexus, between the causal and the acausal, and acausal energy "flows" from the acausal to the causal. Mortal death is the cessation of this flow; the closing of the nexus. We human beings - by virtue of our consciousness - have more of this acausal energy than all other types of living causal being which we currently know, and, furthermore, we have the latent, esoteric, ability to access the acausal itself and not only draw forth and direct some types of acausal energy, but know (make contact with, or bring-into-being in the causal) certain acausal living beings. That is, open various nexions enabling such acausal beings to presence in our causal Universe and on this planet. We also have the ability to transcend toward and into the

acausal itself, beyond our mortal death, although such an acausal existence is dark, timeless, and truly sinister.

Magick - according to our Dark, Sinister, Tradition - is simply the presencing of acausal energy in the causal by means of a nexion, and one of the primary aims of the ONA is to return The Dark Ones to Earth, and so disrupt and destroy the current *status quo*, to replace it with something sinister, and thus to breed a new human species.

The Mythos of the ONA

The mythos of the ONA is both complex and original: that is, hitherto, genuinely esoteric, especially in its details. This mythos consists of the legends and stories regarding The Dark Gods (The Dark Ones) - of the acausal species which includes those, exoterically, named as Satan, and the Dark Mistress, Baphomet. The mythos consists of various traditions such as Esoteric Chant and the use of certain crystals in conjunction with such chants to open various nexions to the acausal. The mythos consists of The Seven-Fold Sinister Way: a practical guide to attaining Adeptship, and beyond. It consists of various esoteric techniques to not only presence - or return - Dark Entities to our Earth, but also of how we, as individuals, can aspire to and even attain an acausal existence for ourselves.

Apart from these traditional elements, the ONA mythos now includes not only certain new techniques and refinements (such as The Star Game) but also the new rational apprehension introduced by the current Grand Master which places these traditional elements in context thus enabling greater insight and more efficacious magick (External, Internal, and especially Aeonic), with this new rational apprehension being based on the cosmogony of acausal and causal Universes, on nexions, on magick as the presencing of acausal energy in the causal; on the division of magick into External, Internal, and Aeonic; on archetypes as living, mortal, beings in our causal psyche; of the Tree of Wyrld as one causal apprehension of the nexus that is our own consciousness and psyche; and on many more such things.

This mythos - with its complexity, depth, and especially with its new rational apprehension - is thus now a very practical and useful means whereby sinister changes can be wrought, and brought-into-being, in our causal world, our causal Universe, and an undogmatic liberating means which individuals can use to change, transform, and so evolve themselves, in a unique and sinister way. As such, it not only makes genuine Adeptship, and beyond, open to most human beings, it also liberates us from the slavery of all that enervates and all - such as governments, tyrants, laws, societies, morality - that restricts our development and evolution as unique human beings.

However, this Mythos - and the ONA itself - are still evolving, and thus changing, because the ONA is now a living-presencing of the acausal. Thus are new means of acausal presencing - new types of what the Old Order knew as "magick" - emerging, such as [the sinister tribes of the ONA](#), which extend and complement other, existing, and often more "traditional", causal forms.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

Further Reading

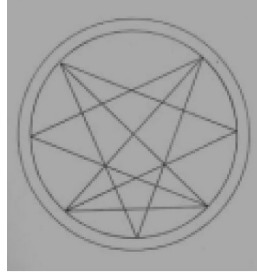
ONA MSS:

- 1) *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*
- 2) A Brief ONA Glossary
- 3) *Baphomet: Vamperess of The Dark Gods*
- 4) *An Introduction to Dark Sorcery*
- 5) *The Five-Dimensional Magick of the Seventh Way*
- 6) *A Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way*
- 7) *Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery*

ONA Occult Stories:

Note: These entertaining short stories are intended to give *an intimation* of the true nature of The Dark Ones (aka The Dark Gods) as recorded in the aural sinister tradition of the ONA.

- 1) *Herewith The Darkness* (in three parts, including *The Moon's Tidal Moving*, and *Dark Acausal Dreams*)
 - 2) *Cantaoras*
 - 3) *Jenyah*
 - 4) *Sabirah*
 - 5) *In The Sky of Dreaming*
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A Brief Guide to The Esoteric Philosophy of The Order of Nine Angles

The ONA has its own, unique, esoteric Philosophy and its own, unique and sinister, Way of Life - which Way of Life may be considered the praxis of the ONA, or how ONA individuals live and implement our sinister way of living and how they become, are of or belong to, the ONA.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA

The esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is known by several names, among which are The Dark Tradition, The Sinister Tradition, and The Sinister Way, and the fundamental principles of this esoteric Philosophy are:

- (1) that the Cosmos consists of a causal continuum [a causal Universe] and an acausal continuum [an acausal Universe], with living beings, of various species, existing in both our own causal continuum and in the acausal continuum;
- (2) that there exists two types of causal being [living and non-living], differentiated by whether or not these types of causal being possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy;
- (3) that acausal energy - from the acausal continuum - is what animates all life in the causal continuum;
- (4) that all living beings in the causal continuum are a nexion - a connexion - between the causal and the acausal;
- (5) the more complex, the more organized, the causal life, the more acausal energy is presented in that life;
- (6) our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy;
- (7) we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving and thus increasing our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.

Hence, The Dark Tradition of the ONA has its own ontology, its own theory of ethics, its own epistemology, and its own praxis, which derive from the ontology of causal and acausal, and from our nature as human beings, which is of us being a nexion to the acausal continuum.

The Nature of Causal and Acausal

1) The causal, or phenomenal or physical, universe can be described - or represented - by the three-dimensional causal geometry of causal Space and by one dimension of linear causal Time.

(2) The acausal universe can be described - or represented - by an acausal Space of n acausal dimensions, and an acausal, un-linear, Time of n dimensions, where n is currently unknown but is greater than three and less than or equal to infinity.

The causal universe is the realm of causal matter/energy, and the acausal universe is the realm of acausal matter/energy.

The causal universe is currently described by causal sciences such as Physics, Chemistry and Astronomy. The acausal universe can be described by a new science based on the new Physics of acausal energy and thus on a new acausal geometry, based on a new acausal metrical Space-Time of n acausal dimensions and an acausal Time also of n dimensions.

In addition, nexions to the acausal, from our own causal Universe, are of two types: (1) physical nexions, where a specific region of or a specific place in causal Space-Time intersects, or is joined to or with, acausal Space-Time; and (2) living (organic) nexions, where acausal energy from the acausal manifests in and thus animates a living, causal, being.

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is thus, when conventionally viewed, a new and a rational philosophy.

The Esoteric Praxis of the ONA

Essentially, our praxis consists of:

- 1) Sinister (warrior) Tribes - those directly living and directly presencing our Sinister Way of Life;
- 2) Traditional Nexions - composed of those undertaking our Seven Fold Sinister Way in the traditional manner of Left Hand Path seeker, via Grade Rituals, Insight Roles, and practical LHP magick;
- 3) Sinister Empaths (of which the Rounwytha is an example) and esoteric scientists studying and seeking knowledge of the acausal.

Our most fundamental and long-term practical goals are to create an entirely new, more evolved human species, and for this new human species to explore and to colonize the star-systems of our own, and of other, Galaxies - to thus create a Dark Galactic Imperium. This will also require the development of a new acausal technology, based on the Physics of acausal energy.

Furthermore, we see the breakdown, destruction, and the replacement of all existing (and mundane) societies - by our new progressive societies based on our new warrior tribes - as a necessary prelude to this Galactic aim of ours.

Thus, the immediate and intermediate aims of our sinister Way of Life are:

(1) to use our Dark Tradition to create sinister Adepts and, over a long period of causal Time, aid and enhance and create that new, more evolved, human species of which genuine Sinister Adepts may be considered to be the phenotype;

(2) to use the sinister dialectic (and thus Aeonick Magick and genuine Sinister Arts) to aid and enhance and make possible entirely new types of societies for human beings, with these new societies being based on new tribes and a tribal way of living where the only law is that of our Dark Warriors, which is the Law of The Sinister-Numen (see Appendix 1);

(3) to aid, encourage, and bring about - by both practical and esoteric means (such as subversion, revolution, and Dark Sorcery) - the breakdown and the downfall of existing societies, and thus to replace the tyranny of nations and States, and their impersonal governments, by our new tribal societies and our Law of the Sinister-Numen.

The Esoteric Ethics of the ONA

The ethics of the ONA are based upon our axiom that personal honour - what we know of as, or what we term, personal honour - expresses our true nature as human beings capable of consciously evolving ourselves and the Cosmos. Thus, personal honour - manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen - is a means to access acausal energy and a means to change and evolve ourselves in a natural way consistent with our true nature and our true purpose, which nature and purpose is to know our natural wyrd, to presence our wyrd: to participate in, to partake of, our own evolution and that of the Cosmos itself.

All evolution - conscious and otherwise - is darkly-numinous; that is, it possesses or it manifests acausal energy in particular ways, and personal honour, as defined by and as manifest in our Law of The Sinister-Numen, is a practical, a willed, an evolutionary, presencing of acausal energy.

Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is our guide for our own individual personal behaviour, and our guide to how we relate to, and should treat others. It specifies our type of law, and the nature of our justice, as it manifests the nature, the character, of those of our kind: the Dark Warrior, someone who lives, and if necessary dies, by the Law of The Sinister-Numen. (See Footnote 1)

Furthermore, our Law of The Sinister-Numen is manifest - made real and practical - by means of our sinister warrior tribes, for it is by means of these tribes that we can come to know, and to live, our wyrd: that is, (1) come to discover our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos, and (2) actively participate in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos. (See Appendix 2)

The Esoteric Epistemology of the ONA

The epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA asserts that there are two distinct types of *knowing* - causal and acausal - and that:

A) knowledge of the causal continuum can be obtained by causal Science which is based on the following foundations:

(i) the causal, phenomenal, universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (ii) our limited understanding of this causal ‘external world’ depends for the most part upon our senses – that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses and by practical scientific experiments; (iii) logical argument, or reason, is the basic means to knowledge and understanding of and about this ‘external world’; (iv) the cosmos is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (v) that, in competing explanations of events or observations, the simplest and most logical explanation is to be preferred.

B) knowledge of the acausal continuum can be obtained by (i) developing a new Science of acausal Physics, based on an understanding of acausal energy; (ii) by developing and evolving our latent faculties, such as that of dark-empathy; (iii) by coming-to-know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum; and (iv) by means of such things as developing a new and an acausal technology, and thus by exploring the realms of the acausal itself.

According to our esoteric epistemology:

1) *Causal knowing* is that deriving from causal-based rational Philosophies and from causal Sciences such as Physics, and this type of knowing is essentially based on a physical cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Sciences) or an abstract cause-and-effect (in the case of causal Philosophies).

Hence, the type of causal knowing which is the concern of traditional epistemology is limited, and derives from positing causal abstractions, and then projecting these abstractions onto things (onto causal beings, living and non-living). That is, this type of causal knowing *denotes* things and causal beings by such causal abstractions. There is then the assumptions of knowing, and/or of having understood or having an understanding of, such things and such causal beings. (See Footnote 2)

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, the error of all conventional Philosophies is that they apply, or try to apply, a purely causal perception - based on a linear cause-and-effect - and lifeless causal abstractions, to living beings, such as ourselves. This causal type of knowing is thus un-numinous (that is, devoid or without acausal energy).

2) *Acausal knowing* is that deriving from (i) apprehending the acausal essence of living causal beings; (ii) a study of the nature of acausal energy, and the nature of the acausal Universe itself by means of developing new acausal sciences and technologies; and (iii) apprehending and coming-to-know (interacting with) those living acausal beings we are currently aware of, or can become aware of in our present state of human evolution.

The acausal essence - the acausal energy - of living causal beings can be apprehend, by we human beings, by means of our latent faculties such as what we term dark (or sinister) empathy.

Our traditional esoteric Dark Arts are one means by which we can come to know, and to interact with, such acausal, living, beings as can manifest - or which esoteric tradition asserts have been manifest - in our causal continuum.

Our very evolution, as human beings - in terms of consciousness, understanding and knowledge - results from acausal energy, and from us accessing such acausal energy in particular ways.

According to the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA, those things, and/or those creations of our causal Arts - such as music - which we feel are or which we come to know as numinous, are simply a presencing of acausal energy by means of a nexion, and thus can be considered as one type of intimation of the acausal - of the Life there, and of the very nature of the acausal continuum itself. That is, such numinous works of conventional Arts have often been a means whereby: (1) some human beings (through their artistic creations or through their performance of such creations, their own, or others) can access and presence some acausal energy; and (2) where those affected by such numinous works of Art achieve or can achieve some intimation of the acausal. This also applies to genuine work of Dark Sorcery.

We Are As We Are

The Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA is simply a means; an effective and practical means to change, to evolve, ourselves and our societies; to manifest, to present, our wyrd - that is, to know, to accept, to live, our correct and natural relationship with the Cosmos, with both the causal Universe and the acausal Universe, and the living beings that exist in both. This wyrd of ours is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen.

The ONA is not interested in proselytizing, in converting others, or in trying to persuade others - through argument or debate or by countering distortions and lies about us - to adopt our sinister Way of Life. We are as we are, representing as we do a specific new type, a new breed, of human being, a specific new and expanding tribal family of human beings. Our Way is the practical way of deeds, of living our darkly-numinous Way of Life; of increasing our numbers through the success of our tribes, though drawing others of our kind to us, and through others being personally inspired by our example, by our success.

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Footnotes:

(1) One secret of our darkly-numinous wyrd is that our mortal, causal, life is not the end, but only a beginning, and that if we live and die in the right way, we can possibly attain for ourselves a life in the realms of the acausal. Our Law of The Sinister-Numen is the most practical way for us to do this, to achieve this, for this Law is a manifestation, a presencing, of acausal energy, and by living in accord with this Law we are accessing, and presencing within ourself, more acausal energy, and thus evolving and increasing our own type of acausal energy.

Acausal energy - that which animates us and makes us alive and which allows and causes our evolution - cannot by its very nature be destroyed in the causal continuum. It can only be presented in organic, causal (living) beings, or it can be dispersed, thinly, over causal Time, in the causal until it is re-presented in some-thing, or until it returns to the acausal continuum by some means.

Such an achieved acausal existence, for us, is - by the very nature of the acausal - time-less, eternal, and not subject to the organic process of decay that is an inherent part of all causally existing life.

As stated in two other ONA MSS:

The very purpose and meaning of our individual, causal – mortal – lives is to progress, to evolve, toward the acausal, and that this, by virtue of the reality of the acausal itself, means and implies a new type of *sinister* existence, a new type of being, with this acausal existence being far removed from – and totally different to – any and every Old Aeon representation, both Occult, non-Occult and “religious”. Thus it is that we view our long-term human social and personal evolution as a bringing-into-being of a new type of sinister living, in the causal – on this planet, and elsewhere – *and also* as a means for us, as individuals of a new sinister *causal* species, to dwell in both the causal and acausal Universes, while we live, as mortals, and to transcend, after our mortal, causal “death”, to live as an acausal being, which acausal being can be currently apprehended, and has been apprehended in the past, as an immortal sinister being.

Thus do we know – thus do we feel – that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves – what we are, now – and just as we seek to defy the mundanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence.

(2) Basically, causal abstraction is the positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form of some-*thing*, and/or manufacturing some category which some-*thing* is said "to belong to, or be a part of".

Thus, things - beings in the causal - are allocated to, or classified according to, some abstract category or some abstract type, and/or compared to some abstract or some ideal/perfect form.

Such categories, and such abstract ideal forms, are then often incorrectly used to judge some-thing (including, for example, some living person).

There is thus no direct - and thus certainly no acausal - knowing *of a thing* or of a living human being, as those things and as human beings *are* in their Cosmic essence and according to their wyrd, for the knowing of such

traditional epistemology is only the linear, causal, the distorted and/or the illusory, knowing of imposed, projected, intermediate, fallible (often changing), abstractions and categories.

In contrast, the epistemology of the Esoteric Philosophy of the ONA allows, and is a means of obtaining, a Cosmic (a numinous, wyrdful, esoteric) knowing, based as this numinous, Cosmic, knowing is on the combination of rational causal Sciences and the acausal knowing obtained by such things as acausal Sciences, acausal-empathy, and the development and evolution of ourselves and our faculties.

Appendix 1

The Law of The Sinister-Numen

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals – that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour – through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death – that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind – to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty – as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen – means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

Appendix 2

Sinister Tribes and The Tyranny of The State A Brief Diatribe

Our wyrd - our true nature, as human beings capable of consciously participating in our own evolution and that of the Cosmos - is most obviously manifest, in a practical way, through our sinister *warrior* tribes and our Law of The Sinister Numen. Furthermore, if we know, and if we develop, our wyrd, we become, we are, a particular

new type (a new breed) of human being - quite distinct from the mundanes. In essence, we become Dark Warriors, living and if necessary dying by the Law of The Sinister-Numen.

Our sinister tribes are a practical, a darkly-numinous, evolution of that natural tribal instinct that lives within us and which has lived within us, and which tribal instinct has made possible (hitherto mostly unconsciously) our evolution, as human beings. That is, the sinister tribes of the ONA are a means whereby we can access and increase our own acausal energy, as individuals, and participate in our own evolution, and that of the Cosmos. To do this - to know and to live our wyrd - is to live in a symbiotic relationship with others of our new kind; to balance our unique individuality with our necessary and natural and *numinous* (that is, honourable) co-operation with others of our kind. For it is such *honourable* (numinous) co-operation with others *of our own kind* (within our own tribal family) which presences and which allows our own individual wyrd to be evolved.

In direct opposition to our wyrd is the modern tyranny of The State, which is un-numinous and de-evolutionary in nature, purpose and intent. For the State takes away our natural right of personal honour, and that natural and evolutionary way of living which is tribal, and replaces honour by impersonal, lifeless, abstract "law", and replaces tribes by the impersonal, lifeless, abstract, State and nation, which are - despite the illusion and pretence of democracy by some such States - are all run by an oligarchy, for the benefit of that wealthy and privileged oligarchy.

In place of the natural and personal knowing - the acausal-knowing - of our tribal (extended) family, there is the impersonal causal lifeless "knowing" of our place as some mechanistic "citizen" of the State or nation. In place of the natural loyalty to, and the care of and from, our own tribal family - based on a personal, numinous, knowing and loyalty - there is the division of us into isolated, un-numinous and de-evolutionary single family units, dependant on usury, and where our given purpose is to toil for the State, on behalf of The State, or for ourselves and our single isolated family unit, and to which State we have to pay, for all of our working lives, mandatory taxes, thus making us wage or salary slaves, almost always burdened by debt.

In place of our natural, healthy, evolutionary warrior way of life - based on a tribal way of living and the law of personal honour - the State denudes us of numinous meaning, of wyrd, and provides us only with de-evolutionary aims and goals. In place of the glory of a Galactic Imperium, and the promise of a warrior-won acausal existence, the tyranny of The State provides us with only causal illusions and abstractions and meaningless "rewards", so that we remain tame, domesticated, animals, paying our taxes, and subservient to their dishonourable enforcers, the bullies they call the forces of their "law and order."

Thus, we by our very nature, by our wyrd, are violently, implacably, and in all practical ways, opposed to the State and its de-evolutionary self-serving tyranny.

Selected Further Reading

The Meaning of The Nine Angles (A Collection of Texts, Parts One and Two)

Frequently Asked Questions About The Order of Nine Angles (ONA)

The War Against The Mundanes (Anton Long)

The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism (Anton Long)

The Quintessence of the ONA: The Sinister Returning (Anton Long)

We, The Drecc. (ONA)

The ONA In Historical and Esoteric Context (Julie Wright)

A Way of Life (Chloe, WSA352)

ONA Manuscripts

Main Category: Guides to the ONA

Sub Category: Esoteric Philosophy of The ONA

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The Order of Nine Angles / Order of The Nine Angles

The Lay of Apollo
Brenna, ONA.

A man stood lone-lild, graft against the skies. He stood nearing the peak of a hill which rose out of the land like the great long back of a whale breaching the surface of a green sea. This stol-sun man gazed crossways to a smaller hill, where smoke was adrift in tokening of homesteads and terraces of patchworked farm fields, graduated from the arena of its flattened tump to its broad, contoured base.

The man shifted his leather knapsack from one shoulder to the other. It was filled with flint axe-heads which were some of his own creation, and some of his fellows. He was dressed in a home-spun tunic of rustic brown, girt at the waist with a leather thong. He wore leather boots shaped like stockings and laced at the front, leather armulets and a sleeveless overthrow of beaver fur on his back. He had tattoos on both of his muscular arms: one in the form of a lightning strike crossed with a single arrow; the other in the form of a sun-wheel below which was the detail of a bird of prey.

His face had a lean, hawk-like appearance; the long brown mane of hair and bristled beard lending him a leonine, animal-regal air. For this distinction of feature he had been called Ly - short for Lyone - for his wild-swept, brown locks and bristling beard gave him the same shaggy-crowned look of a lion. But for his trading name he took The Hawk, and only his folk, the company of his kith and kin, could call him Ly.

He seemed to spend a long time ruminating, standing on the grassy knoll with his leather sack of flint axe-heads. He was turning something portentuous over in his mind. Reflecting on the future and referring back to the past, as was the way of his folk so to do. Only Ly stood frozen to the spot for a good deal longer than most could countenance, and hence his special status amongst his company, and his close friendship with the oldest of the Wise Ones, Old Man Wem. Ly was a traveller and a trader who took his stock from the first Old Rovers whoever walked across the seabed in the Ice-time, and first came fetching to these shores and this blest, fair isle that Ly knew as home. Hence, there was a certain arrogance in his look and hence, the innate dignity with which he moved and bided by his work for the company.

He stared into middle distance as the sun dropped a portion lower in the sky and shifted his emphasis from the horizon to the round-shaped hill where the smoke rose, and where the ditch of the first earthwork boundaries were clearly visible. Whilst he stared, his mind went back to the past. The globe of the sun and the twirl of smoke rising up triggered a memory brought unaccountably from his fund of folk experiences. He felt at once vivified, comforted, inflicted with an unusual nostalgia and confirmed in his own belongings as he remembered the age-old tale that had been told to him ever since he was old enough to listen and understand. He remembered sitting by the central fire in his father's lap a few days before the winter's feasting began. It had been uncommon cold, the dark and ice come early that year and a certain grimness had inflicted the company. To lift the dreariness, eld Mendion had begun to tell one of their best-loved stories.

In his rhythmic and sing-song rasping voice, which held them all spellbound, he had begun to weave his tale telling the story of Apollo and how the God they worshipped had come to be. He could hear the voice of eld Mendion spinning through his mind, enthralling him, alongside the sound of the fire crackling, the flames dancing upon the season-weathered skin of his kinsman as he spoke, the smell of the smoke and the red deer they had cooked still hanging in

the air. Like an indelible imprint on his mind, the story - *the lay of Apollo* - recounted and unwound itself as he stared at the slow settling of the sun upon the further hills behind his homestead.

"Long, long ago when the Ice-time was still enravell'd 'cross thay great tide-streams n' clefts of All Land an' the age o' thay monster-lizard was cum well nigh to close bein', all but'un memory in the minds o' thay folk, thay did live 'un peoples as was stolsun n' far-going of thought next to none. Tall n' fairse thay wert, strong as thay grizzled bear, who'm did live in thane mountains where'as home o' thay folk. Na - 'twas held 'mongst this'n folk that shape-shifter gods had given thay knowing of fire-ken n' the power ovva dreaming-flight. Saa! was thay raised up before n' beyond all thay rude folks 'cross Evera Land. In thay mountain home, way above the Ice-line, thase did learn o' the fire-craft fra the shadow-hands of gods, who'ud shiftens-shape, as water forms its course 'ccording to thane contours o' the land.

Chosen thay'n were, for the brightness o' their spirits n' for the stoll-strength of their true arm n' will. But as the knowing was passed and learned, bright beings came fra thay stellar-kin'd to hunt the shape-shifter gods, to battle 'un an' vanquish 'un an' erase all thay fire-craft fra span o' human memory. But canny-like thase mountain-folk hid i' the deep caves o' thay rock n' be dint o' thay stalwart n' toughen-tree spirit, were spared the wrath o' thay Fieriiads who'm lightning-braiz'd thane skies, shattering the dark wi' a thunder-song as clept fear in of evera heart. And the shape-shifter gods did no more return'n. Except'n it was sayeth that in some special times i' the forests o' thay un-iced valleys strange-lilds could be seen. One wi' great horns bigger'un thay tines o' the greatest stag n' wi' a voice as was strange-some wooning, a voice as could freeze'n thay blood well as nigh, when wilder-ed, scowlls cumen long. Saa! do we give to thay God o' the Green, the Horned One as comes cheer in spring, as mun be revered on thay travel-paths of all seasons long.

Saa! did thay mountain folk, knowingfulled o' fire-craft felt in thay bones thay mun share the benivolance, thase sacred light o' flame, wi' thane folks ovva further feld. And gradual-like as thay Ice-line did melt to water'un valleys wi' trees, thase'n folks did spread their knowing wi' neighbours n' travellers as did cum near ovva nigh to afar, at thay summer o' gatherun time. Saa! did all peoples cum to know fire-craft n' to look to n' respect, full-fine, thay folk who'ud given unstintlike ovva fire-ken - clept'un golden-hawk folk, winged of thought as the bronzayed hawk who did soar highest peaks, 'cross thay alps o' thane world - the eagle folk of fire-ken who did see-es far in vision as thay mightiest hawk-claw all.

Eh na i' th' cycle of a many-fold season an' be th' swelling n' starving of'm countless moons, there was born unto thase eagle folk of fire, a childer full special n' rare. This'n special childer was birthed on a night the lik-es of which had'nay been seen not ever afore. Twert such'm night it did seem that thay gods were'n throw-ed stellar-kin dund to thane goodly earth. A night as was naither i' the memory of thane elder folks nor yet in th' tales that the wise ones'ud told. A night when it did seem as if the heavens rained fire, as if thay venerid stars'ud burst aflame n' fallen to bruise dane Modor, wi' dints n' fire-tails that 'sooth did turn folk's mindes wild. Thay was some as did say it noted a warning, showed anger of the bright ones at thay burning begun of, to helft clear a space midst the forested way. Thay was some as did say it knelled the ending of Time, naither'ud be their age gone-ap-by - n' thay was some otherus who did spake of a childer, brought to birth be the fiery holds o' the gods - a special childer, a change-bringer, he who'ud draw down the Gold One fra the skies n' woo him'us warmth for all winter's long. Na was born to the gold-hawk folk, on this night of never-seen fire-fall, a childer wi' eyes all blue as a clear-dawn; a childer with hair like a feld of corn cum cutting-time at harvest, with hair like the leaf burnished bronze at time of autumn fall. Born of a beautisum Azanagelle,

beget be thane jerntrouwe Henddryn, he known saa resolute, fu' strong; this childer, named Apollid, grew more man-some stoll, more far in's sighting, more braw an' fiesty in's bearing as ever had cum to that folk, who lived in the lild of the Great Lands stretch.

This childer who clept the namen of Apollid was baith dream-like 'n muscle-willed. He did move him as quiet as thay still ones, wi' naither a whisper to show'un whence he trod. He listened fu'-tentive as thay wise ones tund-temple song, 'n he hafted his spear n' sent swift his arrow likes nain other'ud been brought to th' blood bond afore. On's name-day single-handed he wrestled dun n' killed-dead a brunnen-bear, as big n' as fierce as ony bear can be. And in time, as he grew full to his manhood, when he spoke his word-weaved ho, all on'us folk cum to listen n' be led. Til 'un was known as Apollid - he of thay wording that flowed lik-es drops of gold fra thane Bright One o' th' Dawn.

But druth fra thane bowels on thay mountain, did cum 'un monster terrible foul. Forged 'n formed nee thane belly o' The Mother, made fra magic mind-weave o' thase Fieriiads; Fieriiads as'ud cum to take fire aways fra human hand in thane aged times gone by. Thissle monster did skrake sa'unearthel-sharp, wickedfower hidyus it freez-ed the vitals on any as heard. Fixed 'un to be pluck-ed 'n torn limb fra limb, as the weasal-snake do chill 'n still the prey it do drink thase'n blood of. Thissle fowerstirk 'n terrifying baist was winged all-leathery like'us night-bat but scores beyond the size o' thase little flitters. So huge 'n so hane that when 'un swooped razor-skrakin' likes lance to'un brain that terrible cry, it did blot out the sky like'es vasty cloud fra wind-nourished storm-torrent dark. Mass-grim, dagger-toothed, flint-clawed, this'n fousome baist roamed the mountains o' thay Great Lands spilling blood, scattering 'n renting thane flesh of many-a folk, fuelling fear where stoll nerves'ud been. Soon all 'cross the Lands 'n nigh still amidst thay valleys havoc 'n horror had set all folk aquakin' 'n all but afear-ed to travel or to hunt in the ways as'ud been kept fra before living memory.

Na thay baist did rip 'n range even to thane folk of Apollid, shrakinen to mind-numb howelin' eerie-keld, freezen folks, dead as stone, in thase tracks. Then swooping to shred their'n flesh fra thay bone, laivin' mangled carcass to terror-quake sons of stoll-men who'ud seen thay ghastly-gurgitated remains. But dour as savage as a monstosome three, did Apollid's fair brow becomen when he did see thay terrible remains - th' baist's meal made of man all twisted 'n bloodied, inside spewed full-out, gnashed-up 'n livid. Aye 'n nair did his will flinch fra the vengeance he vowed. Til the death he flint-swore his'n sinew 'n nerve. Naither to still his'n fearful quest til he'ud crushed 'n killed, ripped wing fra wing, all spilled thay horridable-innards, sundered 'n split thase most fearsome-foul jaws as did plunder the flesh o' thane folk he was sworn to.

Wi'un knowing that pierc-ed past thay gloom, cast drear in the minds of'n evera man, Apollid did leather bind his limbs, gatherun from's folk the staunchest made arrow-hafts 'n ready-flexed'us long bow moistened stoll-mort, set the sharpest cut, of his dagger-flint fixed, like a single killing tooth to thay belt that girt his 'n midriff. And aye, in his knowing he plugged his'n ears with th' fat on the aurochs so that deaf to all sound, he set out to thane high peaks where trow-na 'twas said, the baist made's nasty nest o' noxious bones. Deaf to all sound, insistent-alone, still young as the green corn not yet boldened be sun-season, Apollid set out on's fearful quest, sharp on his wits, silent as a windless night he stole, casting his blood-keen glance hither'n an' athither'n, likes thay owl lookin' to's back, even as his handsome hale limbs, stepped froward-long, for the length of a sun 'n be the dint of a dark moon night.

And high high up Apollid did climb where the white snow topped still that aerial clime, when far down below thane fruit was swelling en mellow harvest sun. Kept warm be his bear-fur

wrap 'n leather-binding, sharp-eyed's the gold hawk as do wheel in the sky, keen-drop to'us prey like a thunderbolt let fly, Apollid kept his look abound, fixed in's readiness to fearless 'n fight. Laith! The light on th' Dawn was red as th' dye fra the felled alder tree, as red as the blood berries that spring 'pon the haw 'n askrakin anhowelin' fra its bone-cave so high, baist did swoop 'n blot out thane light o' the ruddy-dawn sky. Wi' its wings whirling like a snow-storm skin-tund, its terrible monster-maw slaving all-ready to rent the flesh of man. Angered twert, be the bold of Apollid's march cum close be its nest where its dark heart did rest, straight-flew its nark apnar to mankin, desirous of scattering our'n Apollid limb fra limb, all across these peaks o' granite grey. Aye 'n fearsome did it skrake waitin' for'issle foolish, bold son of stoll-man, to freeze 'n stop-dead, still as a stone for the claws of thane baist to reap'us hot blood. Eh na but Apollid, wi'an hero's heart, brow in'us stance 'n grim long-held, his limb, he fixed druth baist wi'a flint cold eye nain hearen thay nefaire-cry as sought to freeze'un dead. He drew back his bow-strong, set arrow-haft to flight, pierced the breast of thay wicked baist - flailied'n monster wings, likes whirl-wind cum nigh, above him i' the blood-dawn sky. Eh but these creature was dagg-ed fra the hell-mouth of hate 'n did tear the arrow fra its leathery hide, plummeten to death-gorge this'n troublous male of humankind. But staunch-set of will 'n brave-bent'us brow, Apollid did fast-flight from'us bow thay shafts of 'un double-spent arrow, settin' thane foul baist to cry-pluck wi' pain, afore it did wheel to turnen cum again. Aye 'n despite the sharp-skill o' these best arrow hafts, gross baist did cast the flints fra its hide, as if thay'twerve the nagging of'un tiredsum speck o' flies.

Wi' its nasty dagger-teeth wide 'n ajar, its rip-razor claws clept outright to clutch, downen it descended to pluck at the face of this troublesome man-child. But fierce bright contained, steadfast tay endure, rugged wi' the strength of'un storm-toss-ed mighty oak, Apollid did stand to meet's loathed enemy. Eh na in his mansome hand, leather-bound protected, did he catch 'n hold the leg on his foe, whilst wi'us flint-dagger sharp as the lion's tooth he thrust at the throat o' thay carious baist. Saa! did he bring 'un acrashin' to ground.

Thane baist wasnay dead nor defunct-gone but ripp-ed 'n flailed wi' its hidyus claws, opened its maws to crush 'n to twist, rent limb fra limb, tear head fra torso, o' this mankin ah should've squashed aright in a blink of its ghouliey-viled eye. But thane will of Apollid tund immovable as thay rock of its mountain home 'n though it did scrussle 'n tear 'n tussle wi' a might as was more than five-bears strong, Apollid did grip it wi' so fierce an intent its spirit did stagger 'n crumble 'n fall. Before the bright flame of Apollid's will, the baist did cower what it couldnay surmount. Til in a surge likes swell-tide o' thay Mother, Apollid did grasp that rank 'n blood-globb-ed jaw 'n wrench-tore the maw o' thane mephitic baist, splitting its skull wi' hard muscle honed as Winteree's ice-lock unyielding - 'pon the frosted Land. And laith! did the man-rent baist fell'd down wi' a gurgling blood-frothen pain as its limbs thay did lurch-ed their'n last. And eh na was Apollid priz'd vanquisher as at last he sat bleeding 'n weakened fra the fight 'n the blood-loss of his victoree's battle. Near to thane dark lands o' death was Apollid in thay aftermath o' battle wi'ert fiercesome 'n foul-dwirten baist, forged fra the wrath o' the haters spleen. Fainting 'n gasping but heart-strong inside, given praise to the gods as he crawled to'us rest, Apollid found'us way to thay monster-louse cave, high in the snow-clept climes, close to the path of the sun. There Apollid laid'un to sleep, naither knowing past caring, if in sleep he'ud drift fra mortal'd life to the land o' thay dreamen death where these silent ones do wait. High in that cave-cleft of the mountain, high 'n close to thay realms of the sun Apollid did sleep him for the length of a sunrise 'n two nights of a sliver-new moon. When he wakened he found himself alive still 'n living, then too weak to travel he made'um 'n fire taught of's ancestors-learning. He gathured berries 'n spagmoss fra tinder, th' small birds 'n beastin's he could catch fra his cave-holt, thence stayed he to heal his'm near-mortal woundin's. For seven full cycles of the moon did Apollid stay aloft in's sky-close cave, recovering his'n strength for

they journey home 'n thinking 'n watchin' whiles, the irids of thay Bright Ones as sparkled constant-ever-on adrift in thane massy night sky. Apollid from'us looking saw how these starry spears path-shifted 'cross each deep-black night moving tuthree time of'n cool moon's pace. And laith! So it happened at the entrance to'us cave there did jut, heads taller'un he, a pinnacle-prong childer-made be the alp he had climbed up to. He watched 'n he saw how the Gold One in each clear dawn would cast a diverse shadow fra thay rock-prong stooedes-tall. He watched 'n he saw these shadows fade 'n grow; a changeful track that stretched 'n strayed wi' thay coming of winter's ice-time 'n the melting of snows in thay blossom-burst of spring. Thence his timing he came to keep 'n he sought to hold his sanity be the charting of thane golden sun.

Na 'cos th' flame of 'un's spirit, was bright as th' firetails that do flash fra the skies in a rare'n wilder dark, den Modor, The Great Mother, did send her'n spirits to speak to 'un through th' dream-world. In'us visions Apollid saw thane settlement Land be off on its own. This Land that his own golden-hawk folk traversed to, on thay seasonal swim when shallow seas became bridged of'un ice to favour thane frequenten o' this'n northerner land. Be vision, in a flash of's sun-bright mind, Apollid did see the sleepstake 'n bounty on a fairerful isle. He saw the shorning of thay tree-fells, the shaping of thane hill-scapes, the planting of great stones as'ud mark the passage of the sun 'n the heavens, just like the rock-jut afore him served'us purpose, marking thay shadow-glyphs for'n eroodighted while. Eh na in mind's bright eye did he see the building o' temples fu'chantment mayjestical that'ud grace the lild on a fair-free land, connect'um to thane myriad glow, thay flickersome lights in vasty deep skies that ever'es dark-domed 'n blue-spaced above'un. Held did he call to The Mother for blessing, to favour'us vision he'd forsoothed along. 'N na circling to the rock-jut thrust afore his mountain-high cave, swept on the curve of a seven-colour arch, came'n golden bird bigger'n likes he'd ever seen. Thane noble bird ovva golded wing did descend to perch aft that jut of rock 'n gazed on Apollid wi'un keen-rent eye. From its beak it did drop some shining clear stone, as of water that had fixed into rock, hard yet clear 'n sparkling strange in thay sunlight that glanced 'n winked fra that gift all magickal-made - fra that gift by a golden bird given, that gift of a myriad-work stone, came kernal of crystal gestaytied, bloomed mighty-worth 'n sun strowen, be he of the golden brow. Laith did Apollid feel mighty-sun moved 'n blessed beyond fullscore 'n more. Long had he spent fra weakness to strength, dependant on fickle-will of She who governs all, grateful for the warmth of fire-flame that's kinsfolk had brought humans knowing of. And now when his strength was come nigh full-stol he did take him ready for'us journey, patch his bear-fur torn in'us battle, renewed his arrow-hafts 'n leather-kind binding. Saa, did he climb then down fra thane mountain to travel back the path of's near-death plight but now all hale 'n hero-driven he did stride with'n light in's fair-fettled heart.

But for'us kinsfolk most thought of'um dead, passed to thay dream-shores where the soul-wings do wed. Though troth did they know Apollid'ud driven aivil monster far aways far, for naither was 'un seen drear-darkened no sky, no kinsfolk blood-spilled 'n mangled nain more. Though their fair one wi' the golden-corn hair 'n the ways wise-spoken, wi'us word-weave pure, liken dew fra first dawn, though he Apollid had naither return-ed, he'ud driven these flesh-renting foul baist, fromert evermore. Aye'ud thay wept when their staunch 'n braw champion, the best fra the blest of their kindred came no more. And aye'ud thay wept as thay watched in dour forest 'n waited be the brook 'n the foot on thane mountain. Long'ud thay kept a light in their heart but when hard winter's hoar-frost came ice-frozen stead; they knew, they believed - alasle! alumno! - their hero, he mun be dead.

Thraist then, in honour of'n rare-braveful hero, these thought 'ud met'us end whiles fighting for'ns kinfolk, these sought to mark his passing in a ways special-rare, naither forgettin' the fair youth-blest fair who'd spilled of'us blood for the good on the many. All elders consulted,

priestessi-considered, lead-folk's decided 'n blessed be Azanagelle who'd birthed brave Apollid, these kindred did raise girtt finger of stone, on a stretch o' the uplands, pointing straight-touch above thay. Pointing straight-touch to the Sun in'us cloudy scapeseas. And aye, these'all did gatherun round, to weep and to wail; to give thanks to The Mother 'n the Gold One of Day for sending Apollid to drive thay snaggerdhuun foul-baist aways. Na though the golden youth lived in their hearts 'n sang in their memory, whist the winter's home-fire, thay thought, all'us kinsfolk, naither to see their brave bronzed Apollid, nain more could he be.

But mother's is knowing beyond birth's seperate-ness, 'n thane moon-ma nee Apollid, faithfu' Azanagelle unerring-steadfast, did hold at her'n heart a hope as'ud see her hale son return. And aye though she'd sanctioned the raising o' the sun-rock, she couldnay believe i' the depth of her knowing that her fair'n brave man-childer was gone 'n nain more. Saa! in the spring sun of a joy-filled day did she walk to the sun-stone placed tall to her'n hero-son. Evera day, since Apollid'd gone, her'ud cumby beseechin thay all-power gods fora grant ney on wishes 'n favour for'un son. Saa! on that day a full cycle's passing and over again since Apollid had left'un to quell-kill dwirt-baisten, she did spy in the distance a stranger's approach. And Laith! as she watched'um cum closer 'n by, 'n she saw his 'n hair full gold as the sun, she knew her Apollid'ud return-ed home-shore. Thraist! was there bounty 'n bounty full-store, blood singing veins 'n eyes wet wi' joy. Na'un the feasting went dusk fra the dawn, in praise of Apollid risen fra death's land, alive 'n full brow!

A full cycle of seasons then'ud gone by, afore'n Apollid did speak the wise of's mind's eye. He gatherun the elders, the lead-folk 'n priestesses 'n spoke in's word-weave of the seven-coloured bow. He showed'un the gift fra the eagle's beak, the jewel like water turn'd cclear into stone. He spoke of's thought-span, his charts o' the sun. He show-ed how the stone-crystal shimmeren-light did warm 'n coo' 'n picture-draawt a-mind 'n respond to thane spell-chants stell-age brought by. He told his'n kinsfolk of's dreaming song, the Magic-Wyrd beckonin' in a north-lander isle. That isle they'ud travelled to whan the ice-froze a bridge to gatherun a fruit-store, a harvest for hame. He sang-spoke'us knowing o' thane star-stirred space, the voices of the spirits that'd whispered - "Whist, begin! begin!" He spoke'us skilful, bright as lightning stroke o' fire, bolden-byautiful as thay finesung tree-bretheren. He paid homage to their brow-noble ancestors blood, who'd kept fire's light i' face o' dread foe, for the good o' these'n all beyond their blest-kindred. He stirred up each heart for'n quest to the brave, to live in new ways, willed flint-formed into being. He spoke how their'n reverence'ud raise'm on high, raise'm to reflect the glory of thane sky 'n how in their worship they'ud match 'pon Land the praise of the Bright beings, their own fiery star, the Sun o' their'n life, brought thay into being, along'ov pale-shiftin, thay silvery moon, be skill-mancin' maeystro-ment of'un Unison-Hand. And aye be the shaping of soil 'n stone, brought-nigh fame-fu' be a crystal accord, creatin' thane temples o' rocks to the sun - thraist! ey'ud draw-up fra the Womb of All Things, destiny's deliver-ed, thane Great Holy Wyrd - for the good of thay kinsfolk froward'un time, past ken o' hunder-wealth, a thousand cycles on.

So potent-vig'rous, so forcefu'-eloquent was the speech-song of the gold-haired Apollid, so upliften vision-strong thais warrior, wise beyond the youth on's year, all'n thays folks were wooed be his word-spell 'n swayed to foller'un spark set aflame, in the mind-scapes of their high-dreamin-high. And aye when they saw the clear crystal stone like'un tear shed-shinning fra thane Mother's eye, truly were they awed be this gift full of light 'n gladly did they swear their fealty to foller'n; He, who was hero 'n harp-spun o' Wyrd, harbining great feats to carve 'n continue thane legacy on.

Saa! thane company as pledged to Apollid ken dwirt-sturd en stell; fu' resolute n' glarn. Trow,

they did silthily move to stand be shoulder'un Apollid, shewin' allegiance wi' naither a word but be whole body-spression. Remember-red thay for all their'n elan; the worth thay proved of endeavour gegan. Thraist! Ihr namen passed fra kinkine to kinkine a hunder hunder cycles on, cumme nigh as pith en a brand o' memory:

Thern there be, helver o' thay aurochs horn n' Halwyn fox-hair wi'us flint-knappin' skill, Brynedin fleet-a-foot, Guifron the yew-sever, bow-maker deft. And 'oomankin answert did cum by azel: Enyllen flax-tress, weaver-hand 'dept, Cariadden bowl-shaper n' Temissle raven-lock, Miiaren meliflowerus, wi' songen o' skylark, meagan n' sweet, Bodianna mickle-struth n' Feoris the lithe, Leahllan bread n' brewer, Silfaen thay stitch-quick n' Nyadd o' quabberken. Along of a side thase brace o' stoll mankin: Dutlas - quiet-reeth n' Kurnay the fire-hand, sail-tund Quernis, water-wend trailer, Jonnock the hasp-pitcher, bard be the dusk, long-bearded Hergan arrow to'us mark, Yealdor birch-cleaver, wi' pipe trillern gifted n' lastlaith cum Guilam, axe-wielder grim n' corrac-lat fitcher. Thase were the company glendid n' fower who'm took it a mind to pioneer be Apollid.

All in flurry, bustle to be ready, did thase folk who'ud go, build up their'n skiff-paddles fra cut-wooden lat-frames, water-proofed tight 'ginst afrolicsome wave. Eh na thase set to in preparing their furs to keep'un in warmsome fra drear winter's dread. Thay treated 'n cut their'n countless leather-goods, their auroch-oiled footwear, body-wraps 'n breeks, their bindings 'n bast-wefts, their coverall cloaks. Thay honed up their'n axe-heads 'n gatherund their spagmoss, their'n tinder-shells 'n tree-gum, bow-strongs 'n spear-hafts, the flint-points of arrow-swifts. Thay took o' their'n leaving laith blessings o' th' elders, the chant-spell protection of their kinsfolk who'ud stay. Wished on their way be the heart-hum of moon-ma's who harnessed a favour fra the blood-cups of wombhood. And aye fu' half the company hale-set 'n stoll-brow were druth-bent 'n stalwart to foller'un mainprow well-pointed nigh; on, twert that north-lander isle. Whiles rest of the company stayed be the sun-rock, raised to a hero's challenge, planted like first seed ovva soil to bring forth fu' bounty o' barley crop, aye. And eh na in the cleaving of a goodlysomed folk did doubled 'n trippled the score of'un worthcum, as thay each waved'un aft be the by of a break, nain severed no tie but bond-forged anew in the colonise-creation of a north-lander isle. And straight-time did thay travel on the seasonal known, traded 'n talked wi' many cycles gone by. Though in a squall did the storm-clouds blew 'n the waves tossed'un fiercefuga mega-drifts high, wi' Apollid's wise reasoning 'n brave spirit shining, be the grace of the Goddess the shore-tide's welcome boundary was soon within reach. Aye 'n spied thay fra the swayey-sum waves bright-fair 'n white in light o' settin' sun, thase snaw-white comel-cliffs as beckon-ed grace fra the Land thay'ud journeyed cumby

Thankfu' thase pioneering peoples led be Apollid in their alms to the gods, did give praise for the swiftness of'n journey, for the difficulties lift 'n overcome. Be the great swell-tide of the ocean, be the myriad of shimmersome stars, did Apollid's fair folk light a beacon fire high, to give grace-prayers to the gods of their new land 'n kin. Affirming their vision 'n staking a claim, swearing be the bond of their honour-word 'n blood, thay shear-ed thay each their hair tresses grown, the lark-brown, the night-black, the fox-coloured hue alongof the gold of Apollid's thay knew. There in a circle-connection, unbroken from an ageless time, thay buried deep in the sands of Albion's fair Land, the hair where their magic contained, chant-woven intent-bound, fixed forever 'n a day, the pure oath of their uttering deemed that thay'ud stay - stay 'n stay 'n stay 'n stay, immovable as'un mighty mountain-grim, changeless 'n maygical-poetic as the certain-sunrise dawn, honeyed eloquent, powerfu' compelling as the voice of the wind 'n the sea. Saa! this he saw Apollid - This! it was meant to be.

'N cum the dawn of a fresh new day, thane company did treck be Apollid's lead, up fra the

mouth of broad smooth-flowen river. And aye the land was virgin-rich, with tree-bretheren vast 'n unbound, tall as the white cliffs, coasted south-east the isle, broad as the wide-water's way. All day long did these first pioneers travel be the watery-flow, sleep-camped 'neath stells in the dusk of nightfall living fra the lap of the land. Next sunrise Apollid did look to thane tear-crystal, consulting directions, the lie of the hills. Then followed he in to central south, mapping a way fra the dappled sun's glint, til all strange and strewed stood great giant rocks, the bones of the earth cast afar 'n afree. These rock-stone was older than of any they'ud known, full harder'n denser, toughest earth-bone grown. Shielded 'n shape-nar be the forested veil, buried 'n bebstocked all'cross the midriff lee, further 'n far-seamed than ever'un eye could see. Grey 'n mottled white, these stones as stung Apollid's far-sight, echoed of chalk-cliffs that white-gleamed i' the sun as seen fra a wave-tossed sea. Special-strange thay seemed those giantish-cast stones, as contained with the spirit of a magical isle. Subtle-spoke thay ssalms to Apollid wi' silences deeper'un word-song, wi' a message that moved vibrational, resonant rock-bone to blood-bone, the melding of substance on substance, nain distinct 'n nain divide, man-kin to mountain-kin an'all fra the Earth-mother's womb. Instant-like he knew then there thay would haft'n clear, there it was these'ud sow a seed 'n shape thane unturned Land.

So began the mighty Wyrd of'un proud 'n gracefilled folk. Many did the tree-fells spread, full cycles spent in the axe-biting active, in cutting and clearing, in building staunch homesteads, in hale-kept thane body's health be the flesh of the aurochs, be the haunch of the red deer. Be thane goodly-grace of Earth-Mother's Store were all'un provides matched 'n met. Be the richness of an untried land did the company of Apollid grow vig'rous 'n fairsome strong. Eh na when thane sap be risen 'n gruff-call rutting stags be horn-danced thay glade, when blossom-froth bursts 'un many-fold branch 'n fresh-green decks bare-wood, lustrous, liken hair-tresses fra ripe 'oomankin's beautisome brow. Aft the ice-lock of winter's fierce 'n spring's song is joyful nigh, thraist-urge thane mansfolk looks laith to's bind-fast 'n sped-thoughts to mating whiles blood be insing. Saa! this'n season did spark our'n hero Apollid 'n the winsome Goddess did bewitchen bedazzle'us sky-bluen eye.

With all the wealth toll of timber-felling, man's time was taken and's 'oomankin did gather'un plant-till thane soil. Unaccustomed she to stol bow and arrow, the haft and the gavel of flint-point and spear. But nendress, cum a fine and fettle-free day, Apollid did snatch some moments alonesome in a walk be the greenwood where'un pure water's flow. Cum athrustle in the greenleaf be thick on the forest and Apollid did freeze-still to spy what could be. Brazen his sight cum fair beguildy light, a birth of beauty he'ud seen but naither been struck be afore. Stood she curves swelling store, eyes akeen to the pijinene, aloft of a branch all preenin its feathers ovva pink and grey. In her hands was flexed'un stol bow, in her stance struck hunter's quiver-lance, as fra its preenin branch grey-pink pijinene did fell'd, dead fra the arrow of 'ooman saa fair, kept secret the theft of'un faither's bow. And rare-black her hair as'un raven's wing, black as the jet-stone fra the northern shores 'n rosie-soft her downy cheek, her skin with the sheen ovva thay ramblin-rose, as soft as the petals of that flower of thay forest.

Straightsome past thought-much Apollid did appear to pick up thay pijinene her'n arrow killed aright 'n she full of blushes, uncertain-exposed at her man-be-right's task, did thank 'n beseech our'n Apollid wi' a look 'n a sigh. Wi' a sigh 'n a look fra her dewy eye, dreamy-deep as the doe of the forest, emerald aglintin glance-like of a springtide leaf, shamin' now caught at a mankin's task, she stood afore he, the hero-gold of'n all their company. "Na Temissle," quoth he, for such was it known her name," Yen be aft strappin' for a mansome craft it do seem - 'n druth! your'n aim be true to centre-mark. Na! as thane arrow be pierced this feathered breast, swear the sight of thee has smitten me too. Wi' a maid as can stretch saa straight an' saa true I'll naither me want fer'n meat on thay platter and na shall our'n fireside be warmer'n flame - if

Temissle's lip-buds would pout-speak to say 'aye me will 'n tie me I to he clept Apollid let'un be' whey a brood of fair childer shall furrow ovva thee. Temissle, Temissle, liling fair'n level, saa'un speak-plaisin - let 'un be."

Temissle was troth-done all quiversome, faint fra the nearness of he as did speak, he who was gold of'n hero with'un eyes of deep-songa blue, with 'un eyes saa clear as the blue of summer skies, tall 'un straight-lithe as'un sapling tree, a full head 'n taller than most mankin company. In reply wi' silence more meaning dane word-swap, she glistened her deer-dark, forest-glint eyes and faced him wi' her'n lips ripe-red as thane berries of the mountain ash tree. And he did bend him to his kiner mark, twa lips fra he as brushed wi' she, cleavesome long together while, nain laiving off til twas clear-sealed 'n thase heart's blood did beat'un as one.

Eh na was thay company carouselled 'n well nigh did thay feasting begin, wi' dance-twirls 'n drumbeats 'n songstirs 'n merry-wealth fra dusk to dawn awhile. And eh na were thay flowers bestrewed at nay-binden circle-blessing 'n cheer-give did thay much thane company wi' smiling 'n tear-dimm-ed eye. Saa! did Apollid take to he'un moon-ma, birth of beautiful she, to warm a light inside ovva he. Saa! did Temissle bring'un full brace of fair childer, to swell strong thay blood-bonds their company nigh - laith! to swell strong the blood on thay company nigh, to marshal 'ginst the dun-gliffs and dour-stints of time. And aye will's all was worked 'pon land, seven sons 'n seven daughters beget 'n hale-brought, birthed fra the breast of the lovely Temissle, birthed fra the breast of the blest fair Temissle.

And nigh as thay company grewed on, the eld-kith did felled be, took fra life of blood and bone to invisible guard thane portals unknown, the dreaming-dhuun lands where the worthy walk sky-tall, their spirit'us vigilant protecting fer'n thay kin as still lived on. Thraist! did Apollid deem fit to mark their'n passing, in agreyment wi' full company, be the stones to the sun, as had first been begun, when his fost folk'ud thought he was dead. He remember-red aye thay great stone raised, to he when'us kin thought hell-baist'ud torn him, fra land of thane living to thate of the dead. He remember-red well wi'un keening light cum close to's breest wi' the thought. And aye did all thay company behind him cum truer'n true, wi' one mind thay thought, wi' one voice thay cheered, wi' one heart thay follered their chosen Apollid, to do as thay'ud all settin to. Cleared thay the craggy hilltops, the gentle valley lee, 'n worked thay moon cycles long, digging dirthed a drocht, a homestead harbour dwert-grund 'n lithel-loom, to keep in reygal staytus-high dane spirit'us 'n bones ovva thay who'ud passed fra life of living-brave to thay Spans of Silent-Ever On. Wi' girt unison of effort, wi' 'oomankin casting chant-spells to soil, wi' mankin all braw fra the brute of his muscle, thase mighty monumental rock was raised fer'nigh, on thay all of Time.

And in the lie of a reverent land-drift, full resonant with rich Earth-Mother's store, a sacred area was nigh set be. A praise-place to thay shimmerten-stells domed bright vast above'n. A temple to thay fire-star, thay bronze-embolden Sun, was dug wi'us sweat-toil of trey-mendous effort, wi'un fire of will 'n worth, plough-staves urrdapted, antler-picks drith-wielden, crystal-coaxed na mind-ruth, wheel-grooved 'n drey-turreted the loam ovva grist intention, hied to thay childer of'un frowarden-time. Hied to we, who momentury be, nigh in thay dance of Life.

Be the subtle sparks of crystal light, be the laying of hearts and hands, stones were chosen and stones were brought, crafted and dressed be the ray of the sun, be the flare of a fire-flame carefully crossed, be the chanting of unison minds struck and readied for'n sacred task. And mazed were all be Apollid's skill, his hands with the warming power of sun, his hands with the power of'un life-giving sun did stoke and shape thase hard stones, dense fra the mountainkin. And his spirit did spake thay words of'un wind, thane constancy 'n wisdom of water's seesey-

less flow, the deep-sung spell of thay treasurefull soil, the bone of the Earth-mother's loam. Eh na liken thee tallow of animal-fat, liken thee dough of wheat-pounded flour, liken thee good clay all moulding to shape'us desire did thay stones of'un mountain kin, ne Apollid's hands become. Mystic-magic thraist! - was through thane full company be the blessing of Apollid's fire. Thraist! Did magic 'n mystery unloose be the dell of that sacred isle.

Mirror reflecting like 'un image 'pon a still waterpool did these sacred placed stones concord with thay path of the mighty-fire sun. Mind-melded aft to mark-rise brightes-pitch autumn star, unified aligned-ap, ne the dark of the seasonal-swing. Temple-tuned the chart circle, mapping thane awefulled shadowskill be the dint of dawn to dusk. Deep and deep and deeper still, sunk thay stones lik-es jewels, lik-es tattoo skin-glyphs, in thane hide of'un Earth-mother She, Goddess fra birth til death do us all. Deep and deep and deep as the sea, cannily cleft and honed druth-ne to the arc of the special-tide solstice key, stood thay stones in a round and still ever these stay, the first 'n the last of thay Great-Mother's kin. The first 'n the last raised fearfund mayjestical be the dint of thee mystic-light; garnerun ne godswain sun-strong fire-ray, de-meter converse-na subtle-soft thane moon. The first 'n the last of thay Great-Mother's kin raised be the far-sight of Albion's fair folk. Placed as benediction, as grandthurl design, as a ssarm 'n a song to the Mother of all, as praise-gesture strong, as chart-call 'n power-dhuun, an legacy-long to the blood and the bone, these vision-creators of'un god-given craft, thay of the sun-golden spirit, these first-maeston proud-full, kindred shaped beauteous, this'n fair lovely Albion isle.

Whey na wi' the building of these rock-fortress hallowed-halls fer'n spirit-flown kindred in dhu land of thane dreaming, foo succoured was thay be their spirit-flown dead. Fortified and bond-boldened be the wing-given flesh 'n the holy bones kept high foster'un might of ancestral dread. Whey na did these Works of God frew'n wonder spread far, coast unto coast 'n all across the hinter-lands foo beyond dash 'n wave-drift of thay girthswill massy seas. And curious-like as mony folk be, did travellers and rovers cum to see, the mightisun stone-craft birthed 'n hoisted upso, rooted mountain-longtide in the depth of steep-carved clay. Werily and wondersome did all folks be, who saw these mighty chamber-tombs, the circle stones made fast-forever, magicked and seeming soil-grown, as druth 'n adrang as the tree-bretheren kin, as marvel-megolithic as thay granite-alps of Great Lands.

And all the timber axe-sheared fra mony a seasonal shunt and turn, that Apollid and his company'ud felled in grandsumgrand desiyen, did go to make these homesteads, these wainsteads, these wheel-curts and dragframes, these settle-loons and trestle-longs, these bows 'n hoes 'n arrow hilts, these spoons 'n looms 'n mealie-bins, these carryalls 'n spear hafts 'n ploughblades 'n broomstaves. But more and more and plentiful besides did there be, past needs supplanted be the druth of colossally stone. Saa! master of thay sail 'n sea, skilled in skiff 'n paddle-craft speed-sojourneyed thay, twert lands 'cross salt-briney swell, the ever-on motion-song of the vast-drift Ocean-tide. Eh na did they trade with that wealthen of wood, taking thay log-boon far-frew 'n wide, fullsooth east-west, southern crost north, 'n further'un sight or mind cun know. Whey na did their proud repute all foller'un wheresomever be thay tarried, wheresomever be thay strayed. And god-like did strangers see our'n Albion kin with their wealth of the kiner craft, with their knowledge of the wind and the sea, with their bearing proud and honour-bound, trading their timber and flint-frew for sakes of venturesome learning cum beguiled anew.

Laith! did thay 'oomankin bundance-birth thane wheatfield, thane barley stretch, a riff of poppy-flowers and flax in the meads of the Albion isle. Thraist, while these manfolk did girden-heave famed rock-crop 'n tarry-ho fron coastlines acradling best tree-limbs for a trade-

wears far-drift of seas, did 'oomankindred care-take full seemly, the druth of thee homesteades bound. In the seasonal long when the sun girt honed strong and the sky was blue-so lik-es blue as thay blue-buds in thay beech-woods of spring, thane 'oomankin'ud foster mysterycum-clay to bring-bounty crop 'n harvested store to see company fat 'n fullfed in the dree of winter's ice-dread. And saa! did these fair 'ooman kindred belly-grow a brace of'us bloodline - childer-bairns beautifrew-hale who'm swelled thay company fra score to scores 'un hunder and hunder homesteads more was weft-worked 'n waimed fer thay good of thay folk, staunch-growed right strong. And aye were thay stol 'n graceful fair, and aye were thay noble 'n matchless of honour, born of the vision-line to sun-ravel wise, the boundary of clachan-rath, the fringe of wooded isle, to sun-ravel wise fra north to south 'n east to west all 'cross thay Earth-Mother's plentiful goodly shores.

And holding aloft lik-es tree-folks thane skies, did Apollid center pillar provide. Proven beyond all, his warriorhood stood tall, versed in the axe-craft 'n ways of thane wood, skilled at the wind-sail 'n tiller, mage-minded be mountinkin, magick of hand, of chant-hold full godlike, just and far-visioning beyond any's known, ken Apollid thay legend 'n champion-king full-famed throughout evera Land. Wi' his beard tresses now golded to grizzled and grey, wi' his age-cycle passing hunder'n more, his moon-ma Temissle her raven hair wintercum, as white as thay first driven snow. Their seven be seven of fair childer grown to birth 'n host of bloodkin more; the company foo proud and upright of bearing, and goodly-grown wise. Clept uncoo continents thane keepers of the singing crystal light, the mag-nifyen-magic drawn fra rock-water buds that sang to the spirit of the Great Mother-Earth, that chant-weaved a spell to the Sun-God on high. Kept thay solemn lild-cum connection, with the moon 'n thay bright stars-celestial, hung in the black nightes sky.

Whey na did Apollid cum eld as these eld folks, they'ud left be the foot of the great mountain stretch. That mountain-haime where Apollid was birthed on a night when thane fire-balls did rain from thee sky. And eh na doest the wheel cum nigh in full cycle, when the weather-wrinkled brow, signals grey-stuff of age. Tired was Apollid though's spirit was fire-white, wantsum of rest from fray of a charge-hand, feeling his purpose long-since achieved, he did lie on his heather-bed 'n just closed forever thane flame of's blue-burning eyes.

Of a sudden all strange-like did the sun's light grow dim, though nigh it was clear of the middle of day. And all these folks fra that long ancient age, did look up 'n dread the sight of'us gold sun turnen black as the black as the middle of night - a midwinter's dree on a funery dirge. Black tur-need thay gold one, the life-giving God, black tur-need thay gold sun when Apollid's blue-ee-breet cum closed, 'n his spirit was fled to the dreamin kindred clept in thane stone chambered land. It beseemed like the great sun grew sad-drear full of woe, with the passing of Apollid's bright-flame'us spirit. The black sun did groan and silence spread the isle fra southernmost tip to 'un far northern shore. Silence did spread and day was cum night in the midst of a cloudless high summer sky. Doom-laden turned the drift of all's folk minds, fallen to knees, hands clasped and praying for return of thay lightray 'n warmisight of sun. In each heart they knew that something amiss had befallen the Albion isle.

But in a shorten space of time or an age that did petrify, the black sun was gone, like a slide of the shape of's grim-reaper twin, 'twas gone and the black sun was nain more. Hale in its place the gold one did shine and the folk did prayer-thanks to Goddess-mother give, as these saved fra the wrath of'un untimely dark 'n dread-cold that could twist the balance of cycle-so. But in saa short span of another glint their thankful cries turned to tears of passing woe. For sad word cum carried that their head of the clan, thay great and wise man-held, their hero and champion, mage-minded light-master, gifted keeper of the crystal-tear, was gone and na departed, spirit-

flown 'n shell-like left'us body's form. And aye were thay lines of solemn folk stood, in silence their tears speaking all, all the kin of the Albion folk did gatherun, gatherun mizzled with grief, mazed be the Sun-God's response up on high, as did blacken himself, in the jet raven's cloak, foo of death 'n dreathsome winterstark, grieving for Apollid's bright-flareful spirit, gathered in to the Source of thay Mother and kept now fra light of living day. This great wise 'n braw-ways command-am Apollid, gone back to the womb of thay Mother - thraist na! wet were'un faces and moanfull the air for troth it was so: the honey-song stilled of Apollid, the first of the Albion folk.

And aye was it right with thay Albion kin to bear'un greyed 'n gold-pure form to the wind and the sun and the rain, to the carrion-crow flesh-returned all, to rebirth be the belly of the Mother. Laith! 'twas a brace of tall manstrong did carry'un draped in cloth of'us hero-white. Did carry'un high with all folk in train, calm 'n dignified-accepting was Temissle ahead of all thay company-cum. High on thay grace-carved wooden altar was placed the empty soul's shell where Apollid had long-lit 'n been. And nigh as his tall form still straight as the elm, despite though'us countless cycles of age, and nigh as his spiritless dead flesh was placed on a special high platform made reverent be all of'us folk, saa did the sun dart out ravenous rays that lit's still form like fire fallen to ground.

Whey na to the mazement of all who did see, ever cum awe-struck fra the knowing was thay. For there as they stood chanting cycle-songs round, giving reverence to greatest mankin, all in a flash of lightning strike cum fra nowhere these could see or have ken, the sun set afire Apollid's fair mansome form and a fire did flame his body to dust. In this instant that the strange fire flamed fra his form 'n conflagration burst fiery-white-hot, fra'us death-shell flesh, a golden bird did rise 'n circle 'n circle these white flames of fire, then fly on a shine-dazzled wing as high 'n high 'n higher'un high lost in the path of the sun. Whiles down on the high ground on that special-carved place where Apollid's body'ud death-slept so brief, a white fire did steal him all of thay bones except for his thigh bones and skull. And twert wi' this strange 'n fearful passing, wi' this dread touch of the Sun-God's hands, all these Albion kin clept "Oh!" and "oh" again, as Apollid in a magic-flash was swept fra their sight. He become to nought, the Oh of an emptied place, the Oh of the space-filled circle, the Oh of complete-contain-ed around, fra nothing come to nothing gone, to the vast void off'finity where all must birth be. Ah but he, eh na had he, Apollid the fair, risen in bird's form engoldened'us wing, grace to become, laith twas clear the new God of Fire-touch, the God of the Sun - the Apollo who'm all would cum to worship ne fear, to reverence and chant to, to seek favour from, to ask blessings of, to praise 'n go in awe of. He, Apollo, the sun-god become, giver of life and light and warmth, giver of the harvest grain, the forest green, the crystal cave, giver of all to all life he be. Apollo, Apollo - our God of the Sun."

Why Ly should think of that old tale now, and why it should unravel so from his mind that late spring eve, he could not quite fathom. Except, perhaps instinctually, he was aware of changes coming, changes that would irretrievably alter the way he and his folk lived; ripples that he knew eventually would transform their lives forever. This was unsettling, but also inevitable. Ly knew he could no more alter the influxes which were beginning to change generations old practices, than he could halt the procession of the sun in the heavens or prevent the moon from its constant waxing and waning. Perhaps it was because of this awareness that he chose to stay there, casting his mind back, delving into his myriad of memories and warming himself by reinventing them in his mind.

He thought then, on his boyhood, the tasks he was set to: watching over the cattle-kinder and the goats, sorting the wood pile tinder and best log; cutting the thatch weed under direction of

Wulffdor and aiding the assembling of the new homesteads that grew up from time to time. Well at this time, when he could sneak him some lonesome moments, he would sit him by the hut-space of his Pri moon-ma's brether: Wem, of the wise ones, who charted on tablets of wood the passage of the celestial heavens, who mind-melded with the Mother spirit and spoke to the spirits gone aft over the boundary of death to the motion of All Life beyond. Most usual it would be priestesses who were Listeners in this way. But of the way of the radiant ones in the sky the wise ones came of male and female kin, showing a special quality which revealed itself in time and marked the childer out as noviciate into the chart-magic ways. Wem was a such a one as these. His hut-space was edged be a boundary, and a solitariness about him had always drawn Ly to the vicinity of Wem's dwelling, recognising something of a kindred spirit in that desire for solitude. Old Wem would never chastise Ly or show irritation at his inclination to linger be his hut-space, perhaps because Ly's pri moon-ma was Old Wem's sister. Or perhaps more simply he never minded Ly's quiet observant presence, who could sit in self-sufficiency as well as the roosting hawk upon its perch, quiet and contained in its biding time. So he had come to strike up a special relationship with Old Man Wem, which flowed quiet and deep alongside the other bonds of affection and new-stake activities that filled his time.

As he had grown something older, his mind had turned to hunting craft and times would be when he was off on the trail of small-scale game for the platter of his folk. Yes, and then before he had known it his initiation was upon him, and he was after breaching the boundary from boyhood to manhood, as all the lads must do when they came of the seven be seventh cycle of their age. There it had come finally, after all his seeming ages of chaffing and waiting; his initiation into warriorship and manhood. He could remember it as clear and stark now as if the experience had happened only two suns' gone by, not the distance of yearly cycles that stretched between the Ly of now, and the boy-come-man he had been.

He remembered moving through the forest, the men fanning out to make a net. The foliage had been dense in that part of the forest so that they walked deer tracks, a barely perceptible passage through the depth of the trees. Birds had hooted and chirrucked in the branches overhead, and every so often a blackbird lilted low through the air, calling its rising alarm call to warn other birds and beasts that threat was approaching. The men wore sleeveless leather jerkins and trousers woven from hemp. Some held long wooden spears with points made of flint, whilst others carried bows, a quiver of arrows slung across their backs, flint knives hanging from belts at their midriff.

They followed the spore of the wild boar. In his trance-dance Ly had seen the family of wild boars, a stretch of fifty meds or more from the homestead. Nearby was a river, one of the smaller, lesser frequented waterways. In the depths of the forest where virgin trees swelled to massive proportion and the woodland was left to rampant growth, there was the foraging home of the wild boar family.

It was Ly's first time of hunting wth the menfolk proper. For his name day, for the strengthening of his manhood, he sought to kill a wild boar.

Before his initiation into warriorship, he had been inclined as a boy to wander off from the others, to seek the solitude of the remotest haunts in the quest for berries and fungi, or on the small game hunting expeditions equipped with slings and stones, small bows and flint arrows of their own.

It was Ly that was wont to climb up the largest trees, hafting holds in the trunks and making his way up thus, to sit in overhanging branches, to watch and wait for whatever game might

appear. Thus had Ly learned patience, and so had he become accustomed to long-ways walking, the silence of the wilderness, where the keening hawks cried in the sky. Providence had always paid these vigils with bounty to take proudly to the homestead. So even then in his youth, a reputation had grown up around him. Ly, the hawk; Ly, the rover; Ly, the loner, with the patience of the wild cat that watches and waits before committing itself to the pounce. Thus, he had begun to gather a respect even before his initiation into manhood. He had brought back small deer, hares, stoats, a badger or two, many caillie birds and pheasants. Unlike the other youths of his age he ignored the pull of the pack, the comfort of numbers, the security of a team. For him he trod a lonesome path, a way off from where other folks usually strayed. Because of his yearning desire to explore, to travel far, he grew into his role of flint weapon maker and flint tool trader. He had travelled from shore to shore of the land, and he had braved the Big Waters sailing to the Great Lands over the sea. In his youth the seeds of his adulthood had been sewn and begun to blossom.

He remembered why he had chosen to hunt the wild boar for his name day. His mind went back to one of his solitary expeditions. A time when he had climbed up a huge oak, in the heart of a wildways he had found, and crawled along a way its gigantic overhanging branch. So he had sat and so he had waited, watching the birds twittering, a squirrel leaping, a beetle crawling. And as he sat he became absorbed in this myriad tiny life. He became the creatures he observed; he seemed to think and feel with their instincts. The sun came glancing through the leaves dappling, like the fallow deer's haunch, the forest floor, bestrewed with bramble and a rash of greenery.

As Ly had sat, there had been a rustling, a movement, a snuffling, and beneath the tree a family of wild boar had come; three females and a brood of little ones, headed by a single male. Ly had waited until the little train of wild pigs had all but passed, then aiming skilfully he had shot and pierced one of the little ones through the neck. The raucous squeal of it as it toppled had an immediate effect on the other pigs. The females whirled round and circled the dying piglet, touching the rest of them protectively with their snouts, defensively herding them into a tighter clique. The male boar was snorting and looking for foes. A slight movement from Ly betrayed his position, and he inwardly cursed as the wild boar fixed him with a hating eye, beady and ferocious, wanting restitution for the felling of his flesh.

All at once the boar had lowered his head and charged the tree, gouging the base of it with its tusks, ripping the ground to shreds around it. Ly could only cling on, awed by the show of ferocity he had provoked. The piglet he had shot now lay dead. Its little body had given a final shudder and twitch before the life in it had faded and gone. The earth around it was damp with blood. Still the wild boar squealed its anger and pain, trampling and gouging around the base of the tree.

But lumbering up the bank, drawn by the smell of young pig's blood, came a large brown bear - just as much a threat to Ly as to the family of wild pigs. He froze and watched a drama begin to unfold. Two of the female pigs were nudging the rest of the little ones protectively, circling around them and keeping them together, whilst the other female mournfully nosed the dead little pig. When the bear appeared it rose up threateningly over the mother pig, who squealed and grunted back refusing to give way. The wild boar tearing up the earth around the tree stopped and turned immediately towards the bear. Now it had a target for its vengeance; a target of flesh that could give the satisfaction of blood.

The wild boar whirled and charged at the bear. The bear was not prepared for the immediacy of the attack. It tried to bat the boar away with its huge raking paw but the boar was too quick for

it. The bear's paw glanced off the pig's tough hide, and the boar jabbed its tusks into the belly of the bear - thrust, rip, retreat, before the bear had chance to recover, to act. The female pigs came in a clique mock-charging the bear, that was groaning and flailing at the angry pigs. When the wild boar's tusk slashed the bear's paw, it retreated and lolloped off, growling and moaning in pain, moving with greater difficulty than when it had first come up the bank. Snorting and trotting back and forth in the adrenalin satisfaction of vanquishing a foe, the wild boar strutted beneath the trees at the top of the rise. The family clan gathered, the females around the little ones and finally with a disconsolate nudge of the dead piglet's body, the company of pigs moved away, with the wild boar bringing up the rear.

Ly finally moved his limbs again and in relief relaxed the tension that had kept him frozen. He was very much struck by the experience. From thence onwards he had a great respect for the wild boar that roamed the forest. To be faced by that ferocity on the ground was his greatest fear. This was why he had chosen to hunt wild boar on his name day. He chose to confront his greatest fear and in conquering it he would be strengthened in his initiation.

Ly thought of Nionie, his sister, his twin. He remembered when she had come of blood. It was a day or two before his name day. He had come back from his wanderings supplied with berries and fungi, a squiver of birds to his toll. He had cast it down on the homestead table, turning to see the reaction of his sister, swelling towards his name-day pride. But there was no Nionie to savour his little gift of bounty. He had asked for her and his moon-ma had told him: she had gone to learn the gifts of blood in a place that was taboo for him. For 7 days she would be gone. And she would miss his name-day victory, the triumph that would give him the name of 'Hawk'. He had turned bitterly away and his moon-ma had come and touched a hand to his shoulder:

"Ly, Ly, it all comes of season, so the Goddess wills. So the Goddess has willed that Nionie follow her blood-rite of passing at the time when your own manhood is grown to set tall. It can only be now for you to accept what is and must be. Is your name-day come too soon? Are you to become stoll and mangrown two suns from now or not? Come Ly, come my wonderful flintsharp, blood son, look to your name-day and the task ahead, leave the lee of childer behind, na eh Ly?"

And his mother's eye had twinkled a smile as she solemnly bent her head to his and tousled his hair. Then she had turned away, and gone quickly to cut and prepare the fowls he had brought whilst he pondered his thoughts at the doorway. She had gone, Nionie, and he became a man. Nionie had gone and when she was returned she was 'ooman become. A chanter of the moon; the moon which was connected with and moved so the 'oomen of the kin. The women's moods seemed to match the changing aspects of the moon - undiluted their yearning to access the silver one on high. Theirs was the secret knowledge of the soil, the growing seasons. The earth as filtered through their blood-stained hands.

Squatting on the land they plunged their fingers into the loam and tilled it with wooden trowels, a stone-sifter, tending the fronds that swelled into plenty. Then there would be the chant-blessing of the corn-priestess come cutting time, with the menfolk gathered to wield their flint-sharp blades, graft and gather the goodness the Goddess-mothers had given. The womenfolk were their source and their inspiration; they kept the blood of their kindred whole. From whence they would be directed to quarter the boundaries; to seek and make and create when the time for questing came.

Ly understood all of this instinctively; it was not something he could objectify or analyse. It

was what was, a fact of his being and his kinsfolk's being as much as the wind and the sun were incontrovertible mysterious facts of nature. When he thought of his sister he apprehended her both in an intensely personal sense and with a generalised reverence for her femaleness; the personification of the Mother Goddess that all women were. He remembered the wistfulness he had felt when she had gone, that first time, to be initiated into the mysteries of womanhood. For he knew things would never be the same again between them. Something immense and undeniable had thrust itself between them, something that inevitably separated them and distanced them from each other. He remembered the awe and discomfort he had felt as his sister's lithe nymph's form began its subtle changes; the budding of her breasts and curving of the hips that had suddenly seemed to come from nowhere, as he himself had grown taller and broader, strengthened and made hale by his wanderings.

The night that she had gone to begin her woman's journeying, he had dreamt of her. He had dreamt that he was her. He had dreamt that he, as she, was escorted by the older women, packed and prepared for their vigil, her seven day rite of passage. Thus she and the three older women would escort her, to the cave by the river, to learn of the Goddess calling. Whence other women also in blood would join them that night.

In the river-loamed soil, he, as Nionie, plunged her fingers into, squatted and merged her blood with the soil. She cradled the loam of her creation, placed it in an earthen ware bowl, planted the seeds of the flowers; the plants that were given her for her name day gift. Then the women came all from the homestead, and the whole company of them, in a cleared worked place in the forest, wild-called at the dark of the night. They chanted their primaeval souls alive, whilst the blood dripped from between their thighs and moistened the soil into mud around them. The sound of their voices shivered eerily through the night air; like beings from a strange and other world they sounded. Beings of beauty and power, who had the facility to destroy, to ruthlessly erase, as well as to create and give life to. The sound was both exquisite and chilling; the cry of birthing and death, a trembling of the earth where the invisible Goddess glided, strewing her contradictory impulses about her as she swept through the ceaseless potency of night.

And Nionie and the women were swaying and chant-crying to crescendo now. They began to dance and stamp their feet, gyrate and undulate to the velvet night, the glitter of the moonless night where the stars looked down like winking eyes, watching and sanctioning their frenzy. And the blood dripped down and splattered in clots, the more frantic the women became. They turned and whirled and trampled in the soil, making a mulch of it, their feet sinking into and churning the earth, so that soil spattered upon them. Soil and earth and blood smeared upon their naked flesh. In a paroxysm of energy there was a pulsating final surge until they all dropped and lay panting, bathed in their own sweat and blood which mingled with the loam of the soil. This was their magical fertiliser which was bespread the fields and used to grow a harvest of einkorn and emmer, the barley and oats that gave them sustenance throughout each cycle of the seasonal turn.

The gathering of it would come later, in the dew of first light morning, but for now they bestrode 'un towards the cave and the river. The women all went down to the river to cleanse themselves, until only those who had come with Nionie remained. They had left Nionie at the cave, all blood and mud-bespattered, telling her to wait until they came for her. Laughing, exhilarated from their fervour, her moon-sisters had poured her a beaker of honey wine, telling her to sip gently while she waited for them to return. They had taken with them a leather carry-sack filled with a flagon of the honey wine, some clay cups, the brood cake that settled a dreamful sleep; an initial erotic buzz and flare that came with the velvet night.

Sabrina, one of the moon-sisters, washed clean and dressed in a simple kirtle, came to lead Nionie to the river's edge. She led Nionie to the river where the other moon-sisters waited. Sabrina had taken off her own robe and faced Nionie, so they were naked together. She had taken hold of Nionie's hands, saying: "Welcome to the Dawn of your Womanhood, may the Goddess bring your blossoming; an armful of crimson flowers, a brood of the plenty that be your making"

Then she had led Nionie into the water, making her gasp at its icy touch and gasp more as her moon-sisters doused her. They washed away the blood stains and the smears of mud. Then gently, their hands teasing at sexual expression, they had admired her youthful beauty, rubbing her buttocks, stroking her belly and breasts, plucking and sometimes sucking at the nipples like plums upon the pert mound of her woman-become. They touched her all over; overwhelmed her with their arousals. Until near swooning and sexually charged they took her back to the cave; the heather-bed spread with fine cloth and furs. They had bade her drink more honey wine and eat of the specially made brood cake. Then the playing of Nionie's body commenced by her moon-sisters, who sought to teach her what her own body could know. Thus, did they arouse her until she climaxed and orgasmed ... the after glow of bliss, the floating sensation that carried her away into the world of living sleep to dream of her brother's victorious name-day. Whilst around her, as Nionie had fallen to sleep, her moon-sisters now aroused each other, giving the gifts of sexual unity, enveloping each other with ecstasy.

So they had slept and so they had stayed sleeping, until Sabrina woke in the hour before dawn, set the fire going and boiled some herbal broth for their pre-dawn sustenance. Nionie was wakened at the sound of the fire and walked, tousled and naked, something shy of her body, to the fire. Sabrina had handed her some herbal broth and went to stir the others. Soon they were dressed and ready assembled. Other women from the homestead had joined them now. All of them, Nionie included, carried baskets hung from a pole which was set across their shoulders. They walked in a train to the small clearance and patch of worked soil in the midst of the wilderness. They scooped up the soil and began to fill their baskets - each of them carrying their share of the burden. When the baskets were filled, they bent their knees and lifted the pole and carried the baskets filled with their blood-enriched soil, back towards the homestead. Each woman carried her own measure; carried it as something magical special. Something that could provide the growth of the harvest, provide food for future sons to grow tall. With the dew of the morning still upon the soil, they drew off a vial of moisture; a fragrant elixir, sensuous as woman's smell. Then they gathered up the loam they had created, to carry back the pride of their mystery which did make the golden fields to grow, the flower scents fill the air. By the river and by the new moon, at first dawn-light and at last-light dusk's fall, Nionie learned the chants of the Mother-Goddess, the Song Cycles of the Moon. She learned how her body could leap and shudder, become moistened in pleasure, ache for the sexual fulfil. She had learned of the Star-Source, the Moon Mystery, the women's gift to their kin; their bodies that birthed the kindred strong - kept their man-home stoll.

Nionie! Nionie! She, of the lush, dark-mane hair, the same Ly eyes looking back at him; hazel-brown, glint of green and gold in the smile of her eyes that mirrored his own. Woman become, moon-ma in the making. Whilst he proudly faced her as victor of blood-drawn chase, a hero talked amongst the menfolk, become the Hawk, near legend on his name-day; her brother grown man-some and stoll.

Nionie dreamed of her brother on her own name-day night with the women's inner sanctum, where they had kissed her and given gifts: the seeds, the pot to plant them in, a fine woven garment, the pride of all her treasures. She dreamed of him, as he dreamed of her and on the

astral level they connected. There, they melted and merged the one to the other, passing their awareness with a flux of osmosis, speaking in the language of dreams - physically far away, psychically married and intertwined through the images of the dreamscape, astral world. And thus, they each knew of the other's experience even before they met, after Nionie's withdrawal into the women's sanctum, and after Ly was acclaimed champion of the feast on his name-day night.

Now Nionie was priestess of the Fire-star temple and moon-ma several times over, having birthed four hale childer and taken Dagnon as man-home, these seven cycles gone. Their paths had inevitably taken different directions ever since the name-day that had seen their entry into adulthood. It was bound to be, as the Gold One rose in the sky each day, as the waters that kept their never-ceasing flow, as the separation and distinction of their sex denoted; it was bound to be. But there was no remorse or wistful recollection in Ly's mind as he now thought of these things. It would not have occurred to him to chaff at the loosening of his filial attachment no more than it would have occurred to him to attempt to pluck the stars from out of the night sky. These things were laid down by the Gods, by the Mother-Goddess, and all the human kindred must abide by the laws that ruled the wind, the rain, the growing time, the beasts and birds of the forest. So had Old Man Wem pointed out to him at that uncomfortable phase of passage when he had left his childer-time behind and stepped the boundary to adulthood. This Ly knew as incontrovertible fact, as the reverential thread that underpinned the whole of his life. Now, in an unaccustomed spurt of nostalgia, he remembered the afternoon before his name-day ...

Ly was taken by a group of the menfolk, Segwin leading him, Old Wem alongside of them, into the valley before the Fire-star temple; before the Temple of the Golden One, he was taken down into the valley where a single hut had been built long, long ago, that could fit a whole company. Here, he was instructed to wash himself in the river. When he came out, the men were all gathered around. Segwin spoke:

"Ly, it become nigh on the morrow your name-day of manhood, when you mun learn what it is to be a man, when you mun learn the tests of man-hood. Still boy-soft your body shall be toughened. You mun accept the pain - take it into your body and try not to shield you fra the fire-strokes we shall flay you with. An' with each stroke of the fireweed stem, with each mark of pain, your body shall'm grown towards the sun-strength of manhood. Do not fight the hurt. Let it into your mind to know and understand 'un so that when the time of battle comes, in the season of the hunt, stoll-like you shall'm take the blows, not be knocked or crushed by thane shock that pain do bring".

So saying, Segwin solemnly tied a rope around the wrists of Ly, who, naked apart from his loin cloth which covered only his genitals, was bound with his hands above his head. The rope was slung over the bough of a nearby oak tree: tree of Light, tree of the Sun, tree of the lightning strike, tree of strength and endurance; chosen of the Gods. Thus, with his arms pulled above his head and his feet still something aground, he was left exposed for the pain ceremony to commence.

There, had Old Man Wem stood to one side and commenced a humming which all the men took up. Above their humming the chant of Wem's song grew; a sound that he clung onto throughout his ordeal. The rise and fall of the song seemed to mesmerise him, resound in the hills, thrill his heart. It spoke of the hunter's skill, the warrior's glory, songs of the legend of the sun. But all the while his skin grew afire with pain, for the men began hitting him with the fireweed stalks, flaying him across his back and his shoulders - whip lashes that stung, made

him want to cry out. He strove to silence his cries of pain in this test towards his manhood. And all the while the men lashed him across his chest, his buttocks, his legs, his arms, the whole of his torso, so his skin was on fire with a pain that grew more raw and intense the longer they switched his skin with the fireweed's torturous stems. He had gritted his teeth on the agony determined not to cry out. But towards the end he could not but do so, as each time the pain bit into his flesh, its teeth grew more raw and jagged. In the extremity of sensation he felt that he would faint, choking on the cries that he tried to still. When he did cry out it was such a release he swooned and the ground bent down to submerge him ... until water splashed in his face, burning into his cuts, awakening him from his faint.

Then Segwin was soberly cutting the rope that bound Ly as he whined in his pain and shook his head, getting up in a daze to stand. He steadied himself, feet apart on the ground. He looked into Segwin's face who was intent upon chaffing the rope with a flint knife. He wanted to read the signs of approval there, anxious lest in finally crying out he had failed, feeling womanish at his body's fainting defence. Segwin, intent on cutting the rope, did not look at him. But when Ly's hands were free and the rope dropped off, he levelled his gaze with Ly. Segwin's face showed impassive and Ly felt a sickness rise from his belly - had he failed so soon the test of his manhood?

But then Segwin's blue eyes had crinkled at the edges: "Eh na, boy become into man, let us back to the river to wash your body, salve the soreness. Then shall your dream-spin be painted on your dressed skin; the story of your awakening, the totems that define you. The symbols of light shall battle-dress your body before the dawn of your name-day comes. The sunrise of your warriorhood, the challenge to your hunter's skill and daring is come nigh. Let us away now be the river to cleanse you for the dance-chant of this night".

Segwin's eyes were warm as he spoke, though the rest of his face was a mask. But through his eyes came the glinting of pride that filled Ly's heart with gladness. Segwin's brief smile as he led the ways to the river. Ly's eyes sought the face of Wem held apart in aloofness to read what was writ there on the face of his infrequent-kine friend. Wem's furrowed face-lines looked on impassive-like. But his sharp wise brown eyes danced some and shot a spark of humour-filled exultation into those anxious eyes of his nephew. And as Ly looked into the faces of his menfolk he saw also a warmth, a pride - an admiration even - in their smiles and acknowledgements. No, he had not failed. Rather, so it seemed, he had triumphed! In the river the men watched as Ly doused himself, whincing still in pain. But the menfolk laughed, told him he would soon be right and smiling, teasing him as they washed themselves. And soon the water became a soothing balm washing the pain away. Dripping wet then, they walked from the water and Ly was led to the hut where he was told to stretch himself out on the feather-down, fur-covered bed. His skin was treated with soothing ointment by Ragleth, who massaged the worst of the pain away with his health-giving expert hands. Then he was bid to sit up and all the men gathered round as Segwin set beakers down, which he filled with strong ale. Each of the menfolk were given a beaker of ale, until last of all, Segwin handed one to Ly too.

Segwin raised his beaker and all the menfolk followed suite. "To Ly," said Segwin in masterful simplicity.

"Aye, to Ly become warrior on th' eve of his name-day dawn"

"To Ly, the stalwart"

"To Ly, rider of the wings of pain"

"Eh na, to the silent endurer"

They smiled at him and urged him to drink down his ale. So done he, shy and pleased fra his

glory, set down the beaker to unaccustomed belch, which set them all laughing. There was a clapping of Ly's shoulders, a-ruffling of his mane-like hair, a victory hold of his hand. Until soon Ly was smiling and floaty from the unaccustomed strong brew and the praise and attention of the menfolk.

Then Old Man Wem, with his shadows-silth presence, began putting candles around and Eld Mendion story-spoke his words, spinning the tales of their ancestors as the flames flickered around. And as Eld Mendion spoke Ly lay on his belly whilst Ragleth stick-painted the symbols of life upon his back. The dyes and pigments came up blue, orange, red and purple-black. A stylised tree grew down his spine and the sun spiral above it glowed in orange. On Ly's left shoulder a half-moon was hung painted in the red of blood. He was made to stay so, quick-drying whilst he heard the sound of the other men outside preparing the evening's fires. Eld Mendion continued his tale of ancestors who flew to the stars and became the Light-Gods, patterning the night sky and speaking their messages from on high.

Ly turned over then to sit propped up. His arms were given a lightning dash - the sig rune as it became - three times repeated, and on his chest appeared the head of a wild boar surrounded by runic talismen representing strength, protection, fortune, the benevolence of the Goddess, keeper in health, swiftness of passage in travel-times and so on and so forth, until Ly's chest and belly were covered with vibrant colour. The symbols of life and the enhancement of it flashed in the candlelight, filling Ly with a feeling of invincibility.

The other men had also painted themselves and each other in a known and accustomed ritual. Dressed in their leather wrap-around kirt, the men's arms and sometimes their legs were braided with circles of woven reed, stuck with feathers, pebbles and beads of clay. The ceremonial garb was donned. Ly was given food - a heavy sweet oatmeal cake. All of his kinsmen then, ate of the cake and drank a beaker more of brew.

Soon Ly was handed his leather kirt. By now it was late evening and the sun had set in the west turning the skyline gold and indigo-rare at the edges. The men now were gathered in the trance-dance arena outside of the hut. Fires had been lit and staves of flaming torches stuck in the ground to border a wide circle. Ragleth led Ly outside to where the rest of the men had now gathered, their ceremonial painted bodies flashing lurid and vivid in the firelight, the drummers waiting behind their percussive rounds. Ragleth took Ly to where Segwin, the headman, awaited him. When Ly was brought forward, Segwin put both of his hands on Ly's shoulders and looked into his eyes. A silence had infected the arena with an intensity both profound and liberating. Segwin had stood back and raised his arms aloft, addressing all of them there gathered:

"This night Ly become into man-grown
On'us name-day the boy decreed'm
to hunt the wild boar an' turn'm
tuthee man-tall as shows'us spirit strength"

Appointed members of his kinsmen then came forward to lay upon the ground beside Segwin a number of gifts symbolic of his entry into manhood. Then Segwin had spoken again:

"Company an' kindredin have gifts o' man-status engiven.
Around thee waist I fasten this'n belt complete
wi' flint-dagger wi'un handle o' horn.
Likes the Gold One mays'm Ly shine
Like the mighted oak mays'm grow tall

an' stol-like ofus bearing
Like the horned ones o' the forest
mays'm come proud an' fierce
And likes the silvered salmon wise
jump up the river 'ginst the tide
following the flow ofus source
and so learnen the skills ofus ancestors taught
growing into new learning more"

Ly had held his arms up so Segwin could fasten the leather belt around his middle, open the dagger sheath, draw forth the finely made flint-headed knife with its handle carved of stag's horn. He handed the dagger to Ly who took it and turned it reverentially in his hands. So sharp, so long, so skilfully made! By his own sun-pa father's hand no doubt. A treasure for him that might last at least ten summers! "Arnoch sol ne stol - may the fire of the ath-ra in thee flame fierce and bright," spoke Segwin blessing the weapon in sonorous tone. Then the spear was brought forth and Ly stood as Segwin addressed him once more:

"In the forest for the hunter's skill an' daring
here we'm be giving thee
staunch, the yew-bow flexus skill
spears strong an' arrows fleet
sharpened and to the mark.
Mays'm fly unto the heart o' quarry or foe
defend an' kill when needs be upon thee.
With this spear and dagger haft
with this bow and arrows swift
so shall thee vanquish the fierce wild boar
take over his spirit; his invincible store.
But for hunter to know
his quarry or foe
he must needs of tranced
into the spirit he do seek.
Before the hunter kills
he mun know his beast.
Eh na hereby I begiven the boy
dredge of bitter-bite
to turn his soul to quarry-mind
fly on the wings of trance
to the dawning ofun's manhood"

After these words he was handed the spear, which he took with both hands, holding it to see the symbols etched on the hazel-wood, to finger the feathers of the brown hawk attached at the top by leather binding along with a string of beaded gems: some jet and rock-quartz. Its point was very sharp and it had slicing edges, thick and stoll enough to stand the shock of manysome impacts. He stood it on its end and held it in one hand - the same height as himself - like an extension of himself specialed to his name-day, so the spear seemed to him.

A yew-bow and leather quiverful of flint-headed arrows were also given to him. He slung these over his shoulder - equipped for the hunt or for battle. Then lastly, the dredgeful of bitter-brew was given to him and he understood that he was to mime his quarry; become the wild boar he must hunt on the morrow. A drink, a toast, as Ly downed the bitter-brew and was handed some

ale with which to wash it down.

Then the men formed into a group at one end of the circle with Ly and Segwin still standing of centre. Segwin raised his arms and on the boundary Old Man Wem began to intone a chant; a rhythmic, stealthful chant with a steady pulsating thread. Ly stood in the other half of the circle and felt an energy, a desire to move, to dance, to stamp come over him.

The tone of Wem's chant changed. Segwin looked at Ly and lowered his head, his two hands creating tusks as he did so. Ly lowered his head and made the same gesture back. He began moving towards the rest of the men threatening them with his stance. The hint from Segwin had been enough; the desire for physical expression too strong to resist.

As he took on the symbolic pose of the wild boar, he felt himself a becoming, and as its fiery, fearless nature took over the quiet, lonesome Ly, he moved to threaten the men headed by Segwin. He trotted and stamped as would the beast itself, whilst Wem stood to the side and continued to chant, leading the chorus of his kinsmen's voices. Then, as Ly threatened his kinsmen with his motions, they in turn, threatened Ly, as the beast, as the wild boar quarry he had become. They jabbed at him with their spears, raised their voices as if the volume of them could crush him. Ly in response, must turn to run, as the wild boar would, if there was the freedom to do it. But the men followed him and soon he was surrounded, whence dancing and leaping, snorting and crying out at times, Ly feinted with his spear. To the right, to the left, in front of him and turning swift behind him, fearless as the wild boar in the face of its foe, he whirled and stamped and jabbed about, as the men took up the rhythm of the dance and circled him - a rhythmical, ineluctable force that could crush him when it chose. The drummers picked up their pace and Old Wem's voice rolled on, leading the men forwards, and Ly himself was jabbed at from all sides, parrying each blow and whirling faster and faster, the faster the rhythm was beat.

Soon his movements became fluid. At the zenith of his ritualised performance, his flashing hands and agile movements assumed an automatic motion of their own. Fearlessly; invincible as the wild boar was known to be, he stood his ground, parrying, feinting, circling and ever circling round, so that his captors did not get chance to blood his body or graze his skin. Ly felt he could have carried on thus forever, as in a dream. His movements had become a form of poetry; a connectedness that transcended thought, kept him a blur of motion for ages upon ages. Whirling and leaping, as mercurial as the tail of a shooting star, he kept up his fluid, lightning strokes, until finally a fatigue began to show, and he felt himself grow light-headed with his exertion.

The men encroached with increased threats, and Ly began to feel he could not keep up his momentum. Like the beast, the wild boar, he was growing tired. His stamina was fading. The rhythm of the drummers and chanting was still fast and frenetic, overwhelming him with volume. He gasped to maintain his skilful parrying as the hunters closed around. But Oneth scored a flesh wound on his belly, and the shock of the flint on his skin made him swoon and fall where he lay, breathing heavily, become the spear pierced wild boar: panting and snort-squealing on the ground. There was a rousing crescendo until the drums came to a halt, and the chanting and ritual dance concluded with all the men stood around him, pointing their spears at his tumbled form. Then they too, all collapsed about and lay listening to the sudden-come silence, the sound of the fires crackling, gazing up at the celestial ones, the stars of their ancestors souls.

Ly's spirit took wing as he lay prone. He closed his eyes and imagined the beast lying as he

was. His spirit turned to the feathered riders of the winds. Above the forest wilderness he flew, in his mind's eye, searching, searching for the tracks of the wild boar. There was no moon but the sky was clear; starlight showed him the way. Five hills hence in the cleft of a wooded valley his spirit found what he had besought. Once more he became the wild pig, snuffling its home in the quiet of its family group, nudging its childer down to sleep, grunting one to the other in comforting acknowledgement. Five hills hence in the cleft of the valley, saa the wild boar lived. In the dawn of his dance-trance Ly ran and snuffle-searched for food source, aggressive in encountering a fox. Now Ly was become his prey - five hills hence in the cleft of the valley, nearby a quarried cliff, his centuries-back ancestors had hewn. Ly was drifting, drifting back through the night air across the distance on the swoop of a tawny wing; be the curve of a fierced-beak hawk, now his spirit coasted home, where the husk of his body was left. Hawk-risen, boar-found and known, hawk-returned his journey.

He flew above the circle arena and dropped like a stone through the air towards where Ly could see himself, or his body, recumbant upon the ground. He plummeted through the air and the sensation of flying was gone. Ly's body jerked and twitched as if at an impact and sensation was returned to human experience. He could feel the ground beneath him, hear the dimmed conversation of the menfolk around him. He could sense the glow of flames across his face, from the fire-torches at the edges. He knew he was himself again. He opened his eyes. They flickered sensitively in the sudden light.

"Ly be come to," called Ragleth to the other men. "Eh na Ly, how be thase mind space. Limbs still strong and stoll, belly hungry na?" asked Ragleth, smiling down at him. Ly tried to sit up whilst the men came and sat around him in a circle. He discovered the fleshwound on his belly had been cleaned and staunched with the day's eye flower. It was already healing well, and it was much smaller than he had imagined. Ragleth helped him to sit up and some bread-cake and meat was brought him and he was given a draft of milder ale. Ly felt ravenous as soon as he saw the food and did not speak until he had eaten and drunk the ale refreshment. The men waited patiently for him to finish, waited patiently for the wordspeak of his trance-dance to be shared.

"Whisst na Ly, tell we'm o' your'n journey - the travels that betook your'n spirit this night," spoke Segwin when Ly had eaten and drunk his fill.

Ly looked around the men-company, noting now the absence of Wem, whose solitary tithe had taken him be his hut-space of a lonesome. He knew this was to be expected and though he would've liked his oldest revered uncle to hear of'us trance-dance journey, it did not dilute his experience of the moment. With his pupils dilated and his eyes shining in the fervour of his experience, he began to speak:

"I'se fell'd'm down at the graze and I laid there as the wild boar hissel'n, tired be the chase and wounded to's death. But as I laid thus, 'm feathered wings, brown like the hawks as coast above'n trees, come by ane-me. I was flying as the hawk, watching wi'um piercing eye, flying til I spied the spore o' the wild boar. And down'n I'se plummeted to become the wild pig in's homestead, in's dawn foraging, in's aggressive chase o' the fox-lith that lingered roun' the edge be the little 'uns. I became thase beast and I saw the place'us spirit dwells - five hills hence in the cleft of the valley, be the quarry-hewn edge o' ancestors toil, five hills hence and a valley more. Then I be riding the night-winds, flying home to harbour'un body. Flying through the night-sky and dropping like's stone above'n me laid by form. Then its spirit-hawk left me and I was laid come by on the ground, hearing the murmur'un thee voices as the flames danced across'm closed eyelids and I become to misseln once more - Ly o' the Albion kindred".

"Na thee Ly, truly ha' you foun' the boar and thee quarry. Well has thee danced the trance-dance this night. Well the lightning dance becomen thee. Proud we'm become o' your'n stance, your'n wild boar daring, the lightning strike o' your'n impulse. Tomorrow now we'm follow the hunt to spore o' the wild boar. Now we'm all mun rest and thee 'specially mun lay to good night's sleep, to waken refreshed fer'n thee test o' the morrow".

So spoke Segwin, who urged Ly up and to the bedding chamber where, rolled in furs, they slumbered and rested til break of day. The fires had been all but quenched bar one which smouldered slowly through the night in readiness for sunrise, when eld Mendion would heat the water and brew the broth of hare and herb for the huntsmen's morning repast.

Ly had wakened with the lark that called before the rise of the sun. Battle-dressed, he squatted be fire and supped the steaming broth, chomping on the bread made special to the occasion, followed by oat-cakes spread with a layer of wild bees honey, collected by Wizen Dee, the watcher of the bees. All thoughts of Nionie were now banished from his mind, though in his dream world he had forged a strange telepathy with her. Now as he sat, the morning mist rose before the rays the unrisen sun had shed, and he did not think of Nionie. He thought of the journey ahead of them. He thought of the wild boar which that day he must seek out and kill. The beast he must cut the life-link of and thus imbibe its animal spirit to add courage to his own; the spirit of his manhood that would walk him tall on this his name-day. So he vowed, so he swore to himself and the Gold One, as it rose shedding light and sound, the poetry of nature all around.

The other men had woken and come round for a bite and a sup of the same. All carried spears and bows and arrows, a knife at the hilt of their belts. All wore the symbols of fire and life on their skin. Ly smiled at Ragleth, who tousled his hair fondly and turned to take a beaker of broth. No he had not thought of Nionie, who toiled in the muck of their making; she, his sister-spirit, who had called to the moon, given birth to mysteries inside her form - her blood-rite name-day dawn. He did not think of that. His senses twitched to the hills, horizon's breadth away from him. His spirit surged to the quest before him and he felt impatient to move, to be off, to commence their journey. He grew impatient as his elders took their time with their broth and the oat-cakes spread with honey.

But presently Segwin was arising and the menfolk carried skiffs to the river, three between them. Ly, in the headboat with Segwin, led the way forwards. Hence they rowed up the river a ways and at a known harbour vantage, pulled up the skiffs onto a shore-bank of the river, a convenient inlet that let them anchorage thereby. Then with Ly and Segwin leading the way, they carved their passage across the hills and towards the cleft of the valley Ly had spied in his trance-dance. This was fifty or sixty meds away in an area that was not much frequented, though the site of the quarry was known. The family of wild pig lived three or so meds away from that quarried edge, in the roots of a huge tree they had carved out a cave from under and padded with leaves and grasses. The family of pigs would forage for meds around that area. With the sun at its height through the forest foliage, Ly caught the sight of the dark shape of a wild boar. The creature turned and grunted, snorting inquisitively at the faintest of rustles. Ly froze but the breeze blew from behind him and the creature snorted and grunted and trotted away from Ly calling to his pig-kin. Ly remembered Segwin, who had that instant become aware of the wild boar, holding up his hand to halt their procession, then freezing and indicating to three of the menfolk to head the group of wild pigs towards the river and the quarry.

The men had fanned out and around. They began banging and shouting, driving the wild pigs

towards the area of the quarry, on guard in case the wild boar chose to wheel and fight; aggressive instead of flee. But the menfolk made it sound like a hundred warrior army was thundering towards the wild boar and his family, so he did not turn to attack but turned to fleet-foot flee. Even so as he jog-trotted in the wild pigs' wake, Ly felt part of himself become the thing he sought to hunt down. He was the wild boar, the fear of its fleeing, the adrenaline rush through its hide he felt as if it were his own. But still inexorably he chased the wild pigs down, the men closing in, like at the trance-dance of the evening before. And he understood the boar's fear and battle-anger as the men now surrounded it on all sides of the quarry, the little ones and the females squealing their consternation, their fear and threat behind him. And the wild boar wheeled and snorted, pawing the ground and bristling, standing defiantly before them, pinning Ly with its fiery eye, squealing and grunting its rage as it lowered its head to tusk-charge the boy-man who had headed the expedition.

The cornered beast had whirled and snorted, turning to fix Ly with a livid fearless eye. Without a moment's deliberation, it had squealed and charged, perhaps choosing Ly as the most vulnerable looking link in the human net that surrounded it. There was a brief moment of unreality, then a panic in his belly, until the instinct of self-defence made him lower the spear he carried. Whether it was fortune or skill that drove the point of the spear into the heart of the wild boar, Ly neither knew nor cared.

The wild boar had charged, its tusks like scimitars ready to gash and rip. There had been a frozen moment when Ly had gazed in terrible fascination at the beast, as the menfolk around him had shouted, urging him to action. They did not shoot, for the wild boar hunt had been Ly's choice: it was his name-day, and they would not interfere with the pattern of events. Ly stared at the violent beast charging at him, wondering at the spirit, the passion, the intensity of its fury. In mercurial panic, he lowered his spear.

Fortuitously, he put it down just before the boar crossed the range of the spear. Ly's action had been lightning swift and just in the nick of time. The point of the spear went in the boar's chest just to the side of its razor-tusked head. Ly had assumed a natural stance, instinctively feet apart, body balanced, knees slightly bent to sustain the impact. But the beast's fury was such that when the spear went into the boar, its forward momentum had assumed such a pace Ly was carried backwards through the air, only knowing whatever happened he must keep hold of the spear. As the wild boar squealed with pain and rage, Ly was flung backwards onto the bank and sprawled lolling to one side, both hands still grasping the spear. At the other end of this newly blooded weapon the boar, in red-eyed fury, was attempting to gouge, and lacerate the spear. Now with his assailant at the same level, the boar thrashed and stamped, with Ly tossed from one side to another, his hands blistering, beginning to bleed from the effort. But of a sudden the boar had faltered and dropped to the ground. It snorted and frothed its anger, before the spear-point finally served its purpose and brought the appointed end.

Then all the menfolk came crowding round, the men who had been gathered close about, arrows drawn, ready to shoot should Ly loose the spear and become defenceless. Thus Ly's reputation-name, the Hawk, was established. For truly, had said Segwin and the other men, truly had he displayed that lightning reflex which the hawk shows when it drops to kill. Truly had that lightning reflex saved the day.

Ly had been numb to the praises to begin with; still shocked by the closeness of death, the closeness he felt to the animal spirit as it raged towards him. He had almost felt sorrow that it had to be killed. He felt an empathy for the beast which gave him, like all the others of his kin, a reverence for the wild creatures and anything of the Earth. The Earth was their belonging -

the bountiful Goddess with the deathly aspect. She who gave and ruthless took away. It was Her harsh and abundant dictates they had to abide by.

After the wild boar had expired its last breath, its body shuddering a final response, the menfolk were all patting Ly, grasping his shoulder, shaking his blistered hand. They clustered around the boar and a pole was fetched as they waited for Ly to come to do his privilege. It was Ly's privilege to slit the throat, claim the head and tusks and later, to cut out the heart to be made into his name-day victory feast.

Ly got out his name-day dagger-sharp flint knife. He came and stood over the boar, gazing down into its deadened eye; the eye ferocious that had been fixed on him, intent on death. Ly lifted up his head then, and cry-howled up into the sky, proclaiming his victory; his primeaval soul seeking vibrant expression in a roar and shout - the triumph of Life over Death. Ly bent and with the strength of intent stuck the blade in the pig's neck, and drew it jagged cut acrossing. The blood poured forth, besmirching his hands, flecking onto his face. Then Segwin drew the lightning sign in wild boar blood down Ly's chest, and upon his forehead. The dead beast's feet were tied and it was attached to a pole which was slung over two of the men's shoulders. Ly led the way forwards with his bloody spear and torso, signalling his triumph over the odds of death.

Smear'd be the stuff of life he came, be the wild boar's blood, and back at the homestead the childer came to awed watching, while they 'oomenkin, they moon-ma's gathered round to praise Ly, to proclaim their admiration and pleasure. Ly cut the heart out of the boar and all they folk had cheered as his moon-ma kilt forth to receive it. She, smiling pride into his eyes, same blue as Segwin's eye'n. She, accepting his offering and going by off to hasten the feast on with her food preparation. A gathering of women took the rest of the beast and Oneth went to help butcher and cut up the meat to be shared amongst the kin of the homestead. For what was for one, was for all in aplenty, wherever fortune favoured or fickled forth disaster - still'm folk was comeby to share thee in'un sorrow. But no sorrow then. Saa! The wild boar killed single-handed - rare indeed! Ly killer of the wild boar - dubbed the Hawk on his name-day stoll - come to hinter manhood in the making of his own triumph feast. Aye, and he had known his mother's mind and thoughts then for sure.

Ly! Ly! Her childer, her bairn come knee-by nine summers since. Ly, her childer grown to manhood. From her womb he had sprung and her heart sang and her fingers worked gladly and quickly, preparing the meat for her son's victory feast. Proud to furnish his victory feast be her'n labour. Proud to be by a son such as he! For sure, she could sense the admiration, the pleasure of the men, their pride in him as well. And she infilled high alee, joyous her heart rang and her eyes shone as she dredged the herbs, crumbled the oatmeal, sliced some root crop into a tasty platter.

His stoll-some sun-pa had returned from his hafting after flint on the high of the hilltops, Corndon and Black Rhadley, camped over night the previous eve when Ly was commenced his ritual of pain. It do be ken to sepearate the blood-close at testing time, so they crossed the boundary to adulthood without their closer kin. Other'uns took care of the thurl-initiation rites; whilst family of the to-be-initiated weft and waited, tension building up and infecting them. A quiet before the storm of applause and riotous feasting could be delivered.

And Ly remembered how his sire and sun-pa had come to him as he sat at the feasting tressel waiting for the vittals to be brought and spread about. He had been companied by his youth friends, Kyfeth and Duffryn, who now he was passed into mankin lost the aloofness they had

but recent took on when their own initiations made them man some several moons before they. Kyfeth was stag-tithed whilst Duffryn was hunter of the grey wolf that ranged the deeps of the forest. They had come to him admiring now at his courage for the quest to take the wild boar's spirit. All his kinsmen were sat about quaffing their beer-strong, and filling Ly's beaker so twert never'n emptied. Beunydd, his sun-pa, had come down from his hilltop and found his way to his son's honoured side. He stood across from him saying naught for a while, but then creasing his face to a smile: "The sun be bold-bronze in your'n spirit I'se do hear Ly, and the flint be in your'n sinew and nerve. Whey tudden! Pride have you brought to your'n blood-kin, pride and full joy. Saa! Ly may your'n stoll-strength come constant as the Gold One above us. And here's gift na, lad-lith, special made for'n thee, a talisman-protector nigh for'n as long as your chosen, the path that'll be."

So saying he had placed a piece of black stone jet shaped like an ellipse, carved with the sunwheel, hung on a leather thong, ceremonially around his neck. Then he had clapped Ly on his shoulders with both of his hard-hewing hands and pulled his son to him, giving him a brief but warm and heart-felt bear hug. All the surrounding menfolk had laughed and cheered then, as his sun-pa had tousled his hair and sat to drink of the barley beer made special to the occasion. Aye had they all lifted their clay beakers then and toasted, not just to Ly, but to each other, to their blood-bondings, to the Goddess, to the Horned God whose spirit was in the hunt. And Ly could remember well the look of quiet pride in his sun-pa's eyes as he had lifted his beaker to toast his second-born son - the sun warrior who nigh had well come of age. But be evening-tide the kindred were all settled around the long tressel-tables which they sat cross-legged at or on one side before. There was a place for the elders, as befitted, in the middle of the table and next in honour to those participants of the hunt and chase, who sat at the head. Here Ly was centre of attention and all they beguily glanced his direction, smiling, admiring, casting their eyes to catch a flicker from his own. He could not prevent a different feeling taking over him then; a liquid fire stirring in his belly and loins which he knew, that night, would be satisfied as it had never been satisfied before.

Opposite to the elders and down the top part of the table next to the warriors, were the wealth of the kindred, the rest of the adults, 'oomankin seated amongst the menfolk, having provided and served the feasting food. Further down the table next to the adults came the youth, and then came the childer with a few appointed grandam-moon-ma's amongst them to oversea the operation of their eating. This feasting was special time too for the childer, even though some were not five summers on in the age-wise. There had been much cheering and clapping and hallooing when Ly's moon-ma had brought forth the platter with the carefully cooked boar's heart upon it.

The head of the boar had been cleaned and placed as decoration, covering the meat and honouring the spirit of the animal he had killed. His hands betraying a tremour that was never evident when he hunted, Ly had lifted the boar's head and sung of his victory over it as all his kindred listened and applauded some more at its conclusion. Then, his moon-ma had taken the boar's head from him and he had cut the meat, eating it all with gusto, for truly his moon-ma had excelled in the preparation and cooking of the boar's heart. When he had finished all the menfolk toasted him and Segwin formally acknowledged Ly's brave hawk spirit, his birth into manhood, his coming of age, the privileges that were his as a result of this crossing of the threshold. Segwin turned them all to laughter then after the formality, by a bawdy innuendo that set all they adults to merriment whilst Ly's face was flushed half with expectation and half with embarrassment.

All was then to feasting and good feelings, laughter and quaffing and banter. There was much

praising of Ly the hunter, the hawk, eh na? The menfolk turned to each other and said, nodding their heads and laughing agreement. Whereas Ly, now shy and stoll-like could nay hardly soak up all the atmosphere pledged to the honour of he. In his wildest dreams he had not imagined himself so honoured, the first action of his spear so vital and speed-thrusted, the hunt so cleanly and clearly executed, the killing his, and his alone. But this only made him humble, not boasting or swaggerful but reticent in the face of their praise, feeling the gods had favoured him, grateful for that favour and no-some overblown with pride.

Aft feasting came the music and pipes; the strumming of new-frame strings. And female acolytes - neophytes - came to chant them song-spell until the menfolk warriors took over. The kelter females danced a moon-chant, beguily swaying and merging their forms in a moon-trance. The temple-cakes were passed around and pretty soon'm mask-maiden came to take Ly from the fireside to a hut-space in the silver-dark.

By her looks, by her motions thay fair beguily lured Ly forth from his victory feast, whiles Ly watched her with mesmerised eyes, following the moon-spell she cast and shadowing her to the way-off hut-space door. Inside the door he heard whispers and gigglings stilled at a brief sharp whisper from the maiden who led him:

"Before thee enter thaise special place, forbidden to they who'm hev not yet passed thay threshold to manhood, I mun blindfold thee here'n, to protect our'n kindred from the shame o' naming and thay untoward flarin' o' jaylous curdlin' come thay bright revailing light o' dawn. Thay moon-nymphs shall give your'n body the succour of sensation it do crave and teach thee the ways of 'oomankin's desire. Bend thee now so'm put thee blindfold cloth; as your'n sight be taken so shall'un flesh come unto thay thrusting ecstasy of life"

Ly nodded his head staring and bent forwards so she could tie the cloth around him. Satisfied it was secured, she opened the door and led him inside. And ah the smell of her as she came close to tie the cloth around his eyes - ah the smell of her! Dew-misted mornings, the fresh loam of soil, fecund like the fragrance of wild flower blooms, a faint musk of wood-smoke and the season-smell of the doe, the hind that be rarely hunted. All of these things and countless subtle more it seemed to Ly she did smell of. Her smell alone intoxicated him!

Inside he sensed two other presences, soft voices and hands that took off his belt with the flint-dagger on it. Took off the leather kirt girt around his groin, so that naked he stood and blindfolded as the maidens led him across to the fur-covered soft-bed. They massaged his flesh with aromatic oils, touched him all over til his arousal caused him to reach for thay dangly-fare that brushed his chest and his mangrown stoll. Then a moon-nymph was guiding his hands, showing him how to stroke her so and so, how to squeeze her and give her body pleasure. As now another of them sucked his member, gently sucking and pulling his cock-swain high, grasping his groin a sensation that he couldnay fettle to control, and he orgasmed, shooting his seed high; hinto thay maidens did scrape it off with their hands and tongues whilst he lay and gasped, his spirit spiralling up to the radiant sovereigns that glittered in the night sky outside and above them.

Until honey-wine was passed from tongue to tongue, temple-cakes given again. Very soon Ly's manhood returned and the moon-nymphs let thay explore'um their bodies, his mouth and fingers exploring, whilst another of the moon-nymph's oversee the ritual. Ly in frustration sort to tear the blindfold from him so he could see the beauty he was trammeling. The lead moon-nymph forbade him. But there was rustling and movements, giggling which told him they had expected and waited for this frustrated action on his'n part. Masks to hide identity were donned

and Ly had his blindfold taken off so he could feast his eyes on thay dangly-fare beguildy, thay moon-maidens who'm had come to share a flesh-feast on this his name-day, manhood night. And thay moon-maidens laid down beside Ly, curled aboon'un as he stroked'un and suckled the soft fair paradise of their'n flesh. He opened the petals of the mystery place and searched his tongue inside'un wondering at the flowing sea-tang juices, the tremour and pleasure moans of the maiden. And Ly was shown by the accompanying moon-maid how best to arouse her sister and when her pleasure come full-hold, Ly was telled to'm push his'n man's prong into that mystery womb-hole, so secret and neat, a flesh-cave of ecstasy so hidden from view. Then there were'n cries of pleasure and ecstasy burst nearly forth after a short span of thrusting animal motions; the rising erotic wave and rush of bliss in the aftermath still.

The moon-maid had lain panting while some-told later that evening Ly plied the same brave on the skin of the second moon-nymph. Whilst in the near-dawn, the overseer masked priestess came to the bed and bled the elixir of his manhood from him once more, as he devoured thay soft female flesh. Later, thankful and beamsome he bid them goodbye as they waved him off from their hut-space hidden some on high.

There were quiet days to follow then for a three day spell after Ly's name-day feast. He never knew who his initiators into the pleasures of sex were. He could guess, by a certain way of walking, a measure of fair proportions, a jut of the breast, a toss of the hair. But, as was their custom, it never was made known to him. Though he knew it was the older beguildy on the fringe of moon-ma asserting the power-mystery of their sex.

When Ly met Nionie first from her blood-rite, he was sitting alee an old willow be a little trickle of water that swelled to stream, and sometimes river in times of plentisome rain. Ly was alolling lazy-like in the old tree's bough, hafting at a wood piece, waiting for her coming. She came through the path in the woods to where Ly was beseated, her moon-sisters alongside of her carrying'un baskets that they'd blood-drenched at the dark of no-moon. Ly grinned as she came through the trees and she proud and self-conscious came into the sunlight and put down her burden some twenty steps from Ly. Her moon-sisters bid her passing goodbyes, leaving her to word-speak with her brother.

"Na Ly," said Nionie, shy-like yet provoking. "Hast thee set'n thee name-day feast and killed a boar of's own?" She asked him outright, her eyes reflecting his, shining a kin-light forth. "Na Nionie, maybe'm so and maybe's thee on thee name-day becomen childer to 'ooman - goddess-formed and moon-ma of the making, a burdened of a magical soil - ey'us ent not so, eh na? Fech fer sure, as saa is the wild boar na?" Countered Ly, sharing his heart-speak with her, making known their connected telepathy.

"Even so, even so, my stoll blood-brother Ly - even so, we be both halves of the same kernal, na? Our'n minds do beat as one. Though now you becomen into man-some and I in thay moon-spell sung, we begowen our'n own ways, eh la, my blood-brother own? We've come seperate and different in our'n ways as the seasons in time do change, as the radiant ones above do so dictate, na? Ly the wanderer gone, Nionie, his blood-sister tied to till thay soil; ties that link her to the silver one, to the goddess that breathes through fruit, frond and stem. Ties she would no more swap than Ly would turn hisself thatcher and water-carrier be the rood. Now I be moon-maid eh? Acolyte to the temple priestesses. Our roles be clear defined eh na Ly? Stark our'n difference be droved betwixt us, likes stag fra his sister'n hind, likes she-wolf fra her'n brother kin eh? But be thee brother fair and keep me to wholesome in thee heart-space and I'll find thee fond and tithy awhile be agin."

She looked at Ly for the longest while, gazed her devotion, her pride, her admiration into his brownen e'en. In her look she spoke the unspeakables; her form pert and nymph-like, leggy like the doe-faun at its inquisitive phase of childer. The look that passed between them was deeper than passion; it spoke of the whole concordance of the universal flux. It was the drift of a timeless spell and in it was revealed the nakedness of their desire alongside the acceptance of the taboo that bound them; the sorrow of their loss, the future that took their paths separate. The look was a call from blood-kin unto blood-kin, an acknowledgement of umbilical belonging, an intercourse of the unity of their vision, the one for the other. A look that reduced the gulfs of space between them and brought them, not side by side but conjoined - one and the same thing; different aspects that made up one whole. Thus deep and profound, beyond passion and of passion, through an ageless kindred link of blood, that look did speak.

Then, smiling, she came towards Ly, kissed his stoll-some cheek as he bent down to hold her, to hug her before the gestures of childer mun be laid to thay side and manhood framed his reserve. Nionie, trying to brush away the traces of tears in her eyes, carried hup her burden and walked aways, her back to Ly, towards the homestead of their'n moon-ma, their'n stoll-ra faither, who hefted the flint-tool blades.

And Ly felt the shadow of melancholy, the pain of things he could not change darken his heart and burn there for a pace. He felt like calling her back - his blood-sister, Nionie, moon-nymph become to acolyte of the high priestess, moon-chant weaver, weaving a spell of growth into the soil of the Land. She, of the fecund mysteries, his sister had become and thus did their ways shew a parting.

But stoll-like in the cast of his kind, Ly could only carve and carve the piece of wood, grappling with and soothing his pain and his sorrow by the persistence of his actions. The knife in his hand became blurred for a moment, and he had to stop to brush the unaccustomed tears away, wondering at the ache in his heart and burying it together with those things that had marked him as still yet a childer.

Remembering his man-hood, his name-day hunter's status, he stopped and gazed into middle distance, recollecting, collecting himself to live be the Hawk as the name-spur he'ud been tokened. Like a man, stoll and strengthful, he would be - with the wanderlust trade in his veins. The flint-maker and hunter-warrior skills that defined him, held him self-sufficient, as wild and independent as the wolves at high forest side.

He would carve legends in the memory of his tomorrows - he would spur story-spells told by the fire be the eld folk. Aye, fech fer sure, eld Mendion'ud spin his tale of the legend of Ly, the Hawk, the lightning wild one with the courage invincible of the wild boar fierce. So Ly swore to himself as the new quarter moon crooked a silver spell in the night, remembering the fullness of the harvest moon in the slender shiver of its potential - soon to swell, as the belly of a moon-ma did when thay little'uns becryin' to besought's 'un eyes on thay world. This was the way Ly's thoughts had drifted, and had brought him calm and accepting, steady at the thought of sister's distance. He shut the cries of his deep-down heart to the side and remembered his warrior status.

Oftimes then he would linger be off'n of Old Wem's place seeking a mite of wisdom from the mouth of one whose lips were mostly kept well shut. But the silence of Old Wem's intuition served to soothe him, and he learned to fathom solutions for himself without ever having a word past between them. Ly had thought on occasions that he was made to follow in the footsteps of Wem's wisdom, alongside of the high-moon priestesses, they communed with the

flux of All Life and kept the links with the kindred alive. But in a rare moment, Wem had pierced him with his gimlet brown eye, saying:

"There be too much of the coiled dather, too much of the rover's questing about thee Ly fer yon to take to sitting at the Listeners task - even though you have the stillness in thee stark to see. It be combined with a restlessness to know, to see that'll tek you's be way off'n from cycle to cycle; aye sure like tinder in your'n veins it be planted just awaiting a spark to set a light and flame-free" - a hand on his shoulder, a rare half-smile upon the chant-elastic lips. Of course, he had been right as always. Confirmed by the gift Wem had given him after his initiation name-day, the hawk-claw clasped pouch which hung now upon his belt and where was kept the special stones marked as divinations for the trade-main of us ways.

He had sought out Old Wem when he was still flint-knapping with his sun-pa. He had an itch in him that could not settle for the steady, plodding familiar-visited sites of the flint-founder's trade. His heart yearned to a wider horizon, and though he applied himself and learned well the art of flint-forming, he was not content and his spirit sang after the traders who came and went and returned and were off for a season and more besides. Ah, he could not help that desire quivering within him and finding the courage for his release. Without him having to speak this out in words, Old Wem seemed to know him sometimes better than he knew himself. He had sat himself outside Wem's place, savagely chipping at a piece of flint, wondering how he should broach so momentous a subject.

"Seems Ly's forgotten the delicacy of us cuts," commented Wem dryly as he walked up from the Fire-star space to find Ly there; and when Ly could finally bring himself to speak what was constricting him, Wem gave him solution simple and to the mark: "Your'n wings be itching to be unfurled and gliding a broader range, than the home route of your'n sun-pa's trade na? Then speak to he of what's awrithing in your'n heartsore, eh me lad? Or despite your'n name-day courage yen'll be a childer-kept for all your'n adult-status!"

Aye that'd been all the encouragement he needed, and though he felt strong-fond of his sun-pa and did not want to cause him sadness, he could not keep the core of his being stunted and unleashed all his life.

Ly remembered then the first times flint-knapping with his sun-pa faither. The excitement he'd felt of trekking off together, taking vittals for a day or more if needs be. His faither had taken him to all on his prime sites thereabouts, to the hilltops and rocky crops and quarry dents and river beds where the choicest of flint material could be found. But soon the near-bound features of his activity be his sun-pa's side came to seem too dull and homely. The wander-lust in his veins craved the venture of further horizons and though he had learned well at his faither's side the itch in him bade him favour a further and further boundary. Until, given courage be the counsel of Old Wem, he had come to beg his'n faither if he could trade the flint-path accompanying the rover-deals, Dracon and Brinren, in their travels away for'n a half a cycle or more.

Ah and his'n faither had looked way off towards the mountains of the west when Ly had made his desire known to him. "There be dignity and worth in the rendering of flint Ly, though trowe all things have their'n season and the travelling trade do bring many novel things of interest to our'n homestead. I would nay keep thee honing the flint lessen thee had a mind to stay, never mind but thee's a feel fer'n the art of it too. But though your'n born of me own blood, the Gods decide where your'n spirit be apt. If there's a feel in thee fer'n the far and wide I would nay tether thee to a homely radius. Thee be man-some now son, man enough to choose your'n own

ways. If Dracon and Brinren have nay objection to your'n accompanying they, then I'll find none else by which to keep thee. Lad, thee've a wilderness bent in thee heart I've kent it fra the moment thee could hunt with a childer's bow and arrow. You've my blessings for whey fer sure I could nay turn a flying speddie seed to a rooted frond, even if I'd mind to, which I dunnet. Saa away wi' you Ly and take care, as the Goddess wills so be it, eh na Ly? As the Goddess wills!" Aye, and he had smiled at his son a benediction, concealing his sadness for Ly's sake, who was at that moment too full of the zest of release and freedom to study his faither close like. It was only much later that he realised from something his moon-ma had said that he had caused his faither some'at of a heavy in the heart awhiles. But after all, he had the flint skill learned from his faither the first two cycles since his initiation into manhood. He was fast at his learning which had begun before his special name-day, when he had killed the wild boar. And since that time he had hewn flint from many a hilltop, and from the stone he had made a multitude of flint blade scrapers; small flints for delicate work and carving; flint arrow heads and spear points; axe heads and pounders. Each flint blade had its special and general uses, mainly being cutting, carving, planing, smoothing, scraping, sawing and splitting. For all these functions flint was the hardest, and as yet, most plentiful material.

As a matter of course Ly had become expert in the use of wood. The backpack he carried for long journeys was made from a frame of hazel - the pack itself being made of leather with different pockets for various items. Inside it he would carry axe helves and wooden bowls made of ash and oak. In one pocket there would be a sewing kit with an awl made of bone and limelast for sewing thread. In the main part of the backpack was a birchwood container which housed his tinder and fire-starter. Inside a mollusc shell container to prevent dampness was some tinder fungus (collected from dead or diseased beech or birch trees). There was also some pyrite. In order to start a fire, Ly would strike a flint core repeatedly against the pyrites. Sparks fell on the tinder which with blowing ignited a fire.

Ly had learned to make fire before he was even 9 cycles old. It was a familiar almost unconscious routine which provided the warmth and heat that was so necessary for him and his kinsfolk's survival. For the rest of the tinder, Ly would have a stock of reed-mace wool, hammered willow bast, juniper pith, mosses and thistledown, small feathers and twigs. He also carried birch sap which was an essential gluing agent, and birch fungus which had many beneficial medicinal uses. Thus supplied, Ly was a mobile self-sufficient unit enabling him to live in solitude or in the wilderness with his travelling companions for seasons upon end, without the necessity of returning to the homestead.

All the different uses of the forest trees he had learned well before his initiation and could cut and carve alongside of the most practiced of his kinsmen. Ly's long bow was made of yew wood and his arrow shafts came from the wood of the wayfaring tree, mixed with some dogwood shafts. All the trees were used for diverse purposes which Ly had learned well; their special qualities and spirit being known and passed down through the centuries of ancestors. He knew the uses of birch wood, ash wood, hazel and thorn, willow, beech, yew, lime and oak. The oak was sacred to the sun god and revered for its enduring quality, its hardness, its life-giving aura. Ly had helped to build wattle and daub dwellings with it, watched the skeletons of boats taking shape and made his own before very long, using the sacred oak. Furniture was crafted from this wood and it was also used for dyeing and planing.

But always the tree spirit was consulted, gifts left to appease it; only a certain number being felled each cycle, and these were storm damaged or diseased, or old. For it was thought if the oak was felled indiscriminantly, the sun god would punish them with drought, lightning strikes and storms, or with a withdrawal of that very necessary light and warmth which swelled the

corn and brought them bountiful harvests. The oak was a tree which was revered and honoured as much and above nearly all the other trees in the forest by the Albion kindred. It was totem, and held a special place in the hearts of all Ly's kinsfolk for it housed them, kept them safe and secure in the storm, sped them along the waterways, padded out their lives with a beautiful and sturdy substance that they were ever mindful of. And aye was this instinct full within Ly, for a grove of oak trees always had a specially alive and listening aura, potent and fecund, as if it harboured the horned god himself, which caused him to tread quiet and reverential like whenever he were in the midst of the sun trees they thought so special.

As soon as he could walk, Ly had set to watching the world go by and playing with the bits of wood carving his father had made for him in the lightening evenings of blossom-tide. And pretty soon he had set to and watched the world go by whilst carving his own plith of wood. He had watched Hurgin, his cycles older brother, making arrow shafts and spears and followed his suit in making his own. As he'd got older he had helped with some of the construction work, in the building of a byre to house'un cattle in winter's dregs, and new homesteads for the swelling community. He had spent long times by the river observing his kinsmen assembling the skiffs they used to paddle the waterways. Before his initiation he had cut and planed, shaped and seasoned his own boat-frame, stretching and oiling the deerskin which completed it and made it the practical and effective means of transportation it was.

He had learnt at his moon-ma's knee the names of the plants and edibles they gathered. Many a time when young had he walked with the 'oomankin, not yet old enough to let be his own. With his moon-ma he had gathered fat hen and chick weed, corn spurrey, bugle and cuckoo flower. He had harvested acorns, blackberries, thay bitter sloe, crab apples, haws and hazel nuts. He had collected elder flowers, thorn leaves and beech leaves in spring. In autumn as well as the fruits, there was a wide variety of mushrooms, the fungi to be strictly avoided, and those which could be sparingly used.

In the spring the 'oomankin fertilised the fields and planted the crops to be grown. Whilst before times, the menfolk came and prepared the small fields, ploughing them with wooden hafts, chircking the oxen to pull ho. Then before thay blossom sprung, the 'oomankin would come to spread their sacred soil which contained the blood of their wombs. The priests and priestesses would come to dance-chant whilst thay menfolk'un gathered aroun. The moon-goddess appointed Ethreal, for 7 cycles past, would bless the seeds as they'ud come to be planted. And aroun the rim, the menfolk would begin their sun-wise cycle dance with thay childer to follow in thay wake.

In this way the kindred cultivated: linseed, opium poppy, legumes, einkorn and emmer, durum, oat-ear and barley. Thus did they live by way of the richness of Nature. The food they ate so reverentially garnered, made them strong and hale. The bounty that their environment afforded them allowed them to cast their sight beyond the confines of the homestead. It was partly the cause of their outward looking spirits, their questing, desire-born souls. They came to observe their environment, not just exist in it. They came to study the moon and the sun, the drift of the stella space and this study had provoked the building of monumental temples. The stone circle temples which, like huge sculptures speckled across the land, had grown up and had produced the great connectedness that had carried thay thus far forwards.

He thought of the corn festivals they'ud had in the past, where Ethreal came to bless the harvest - give thanks to the goddess. There'n was watching and waiting whiles the menfolk cut the grain that the 'oomankin would grind and pound for the flour to laid aplatter on the mealboard. And with the wealth of the autumn harvest - thanksgiving festival did commence, where the

men enacted the corn god dance, wedded be the Mother til his time of death did cant the fall. And the 'oomankin become thay goddess-nymphs dancing seductions in the firelight as'un all quaffed and made much merry. Couples disappeared to a quiet-space hut where often Ly had been taken by the moon-maidens too - since that first night of his initiation. The sacred stook of corn was the last'un kept, woven into blessing scree and made into special magic cakes eaten in mid-winter, when they all had need of cheer. Aye, there was goodly times to be had fer sure, for thay as settled in the lee of the homesteaders rhythm, thought Ly, convincing himself this was so whilst his spirit took winged flight towards the travel ways and further foreign places that had always stirred his blood so, gave him his full zest for life.

He remembered the first ever time he had travelled far down the water-ways with Dracon and Brinren, in the first great skiff he'ud ever been in. The voluminous sail and flange were holed a deck as they'd sped down the silver Severn, the main thoroughfare 'pon which the sturd-druth sailboat was moored. Cross country by a minor river, they had set out with Ly all quiet, his eyes as big as his head taking in all the landmarks they passed too shy and too full of respect for his companions to speak much at all, jumping to do their bidding almost sooner than he'd been told! That first time they had not stopped by The Holy Place which would come to be so special and awesome to Ly. The experience of The Holy Place came after that first trip away which had filled Ly's senses so to brimming. Quickly had the broad river's flow taken them south and then east, til be eventide they had stopped at a trading harbour before the Big Waters swell. All new and strange to Ly, he had quickly slept after the tasty fare cooked on an open fire beside the bustle of other strangers camps who shouted greetings to Brinren and Dracon, as fatigued from their day's travel they crouched by the fire.

The following day before the sun had risen, they were up and away and soon upon the shore of the Big Waters' swell. Ly could remember the awe he had felt when for the first time he had witnessed the expanse of the sea and heard the swooshing of the surftide upon the shingled shore. Seeing it had given him a conscious apprehension of his ancestors greatness. In his bones and switched like a light in his mind, he knew then, an immense admiration and reverence, for they who had gone before him. For they who by their trials and errors had so developed their sailing skills as to make the great saltwater expanses merely another broad river to cross, maintaining trade links that went back to the times when the first ever folk had settled these sacred isles. He felt the ancient noble spirit of his ancestors in his blood as he tasted the sea-foam, and as at last Dracon and Brinren pointed their vessel seaward and scudded her out into the swell.

And the sea-monsters that plunged past drivthning a sonorous call through watery depths, spouting thane water high. Those mountainous waves on's first journey! But Dracon and Brinren, skilled and expert at boatcraft, kept the bobbing stoll-skiff asail whiles Ly steadied himself be the hull of the water-rider, and prayed to thay gods in's lack of faith. But coasted to shoreline come they two suns after, complete, untoppled and ready to trade. Through thay Breton lands they traded, through Bayun, by the serpent Seine and all by thay neighbouring lands they took their'n wares. Through Carnac, thay myriad megalith corridors of stone, they reverent-came and traded their flints and clever-weave cloth for some new brew wine and crystal-coral. Thus did their reputation spread so they welcome received, communicating be the common store of their language, as their ancestors issued from the same root and stock. Full two seasons had they wandered across the Great Lands, Dracon with his pipe music proclaiming their presence, diffusing any aggressive urge and signalling that they in trade'n friendship had come. In the hot southern darks they traded and be the cold climes of the north. They had forged links with thay southern-east peoples, they stoll of grist and bone where the olives and lemons grew, where islands scattered the sea before the coast of more dusty and

exotic lands. The flint they traded was sharp good-rare, skilful made and sturd-druth, taking the homesteads and hev-steads be store, swamping their own packs with treasures to tell kindred come the snap of the dark-time when their sail would bow to rush before the norther winds blow.

The different shapes; new grim gods and lighter aspects that foreign folk did pledge to had intrigued Ly at first, alongside of plenty other'un. Thay red-metal rarity of an axe biting as sharp as thay flint almost. The brun bear and wolves they girt round to avoided. The star-ban boot-lan where the folk fished and ate strange pastries, honour'un the earth, tantazled be the skies, seeing but not learning the trace of the path of the celestial ones. Not understanding the pull of the greater tide as his own folk did. Advanced; superior Ly had felt - though a natural instinctive tact forbade him pressing the point with the strangers they met. There were gems they traded - pink rock and coral, special shells, bloodstone, jet and quartz, as well as new foods and strange fashioned wares to take back to thay kindred. After the harvest fall, when the air was beginning to frost, they returned after two full seasons travelling.

The folk been all quiet-like but when they came of the afternoon there was celebration and feasting called for and Ly found hisself and his companions surrounded by the pleasure on their kindred's faces. The welcome and sun-warmth they smiled from their eyes was enow to set thay heart aflame and brimful, thay spirit on a wing of joy. And aye, it had been good and lollsome wintered in with homestead kindred safe-harboured in the lee of familiar hearts and hands. All tucked up and cosied - seeing his sister, acolyte of the moon-temple grown. They talking and walking as of old days, sate be the fire of their mutual belonging, their company being enow one for the other once more. Though on the feasting nights Ly was lured by the masked moon-maidens who set his body on fire, carved the craving for 'oomankin within him, and succoured full his physical needs.

Aye and always with his travelling betimes, Ly had kept hisself aloof from the company. Not getting close to any one beguilty-fair and not being drawn ever to the tether of man-home. He had kept himself close inside and though would smile friendly-like and dazzle'un charm fra his e'en, he would never stay long enow for intimacy much. Aloof ultimately he was - bent upon the rovers trading whiles and wanting no more ties to bind him to thay harbour of's birth. This containment of Ly's gave him a reputation amongst the 'oomankin. Because of his battle prowess, because of the glamour of his trade and his infrequent presence, because for he was comely and stoll, adazzle and atwinkle of's e'en at times of glee, thay 'oomankin did swoonsome him and as time went on they took to pledging one to the other, each trying in their turn to bind Ly and clap him man-home and tethered. Many other'un young mensfolk stayed stoll be the hunt and the crafting; home at the homestead for many an evening. But for Ly he must let his winged soul to his freedom turned to the shoresides, the wild sides, tarrying in strangers lands, learning some more and anew. So did Ly's heart quiver like an arrow from the bow, the wanderlust steeped full within him.

Thus had Ly held himself from any intimacy with his 'oomankin. Ten, fifteen, cycles from his initiation Ly's wanderlust was joked amongst thay folk and he was renowned for a bringer of rare and unusual gifts. Precious gems, special foods and spices, reindeer hide, a copper axe head, shiny yellow embossed bowls, an ornamentation of the Great Mother. Bear he had encountered, escaped and killed. Wolves he had watched and won the pelt of; beaver and otter and hare had he trapped and killed for the meat or the hide. He had hunted auroch in plenty; red deer, roe deer and elk. He had fished salmon, trout, perch, pike, eel, crab and molluscs.

As well as his hunting skills, which were common to the kinsmen of his boundary, Ly was

known as a warrior of formidable character. It was necessary he should be so, as his travels sometimes exposed him to hostility he must needs defend himself from. Four cycles from his initiation a border dispute had flared between his kindred and that of a neighbouring community. Such disputes were rare but when they flared, they flared ferocious and determined. Segwin had done all within his power to prevent the fuelling of feud but Minreeth, the headman of the neighbouring community, was puffed up as the adder and illbind to strike, assuming with his growth of numbers more, he could steal the lush stretch that had long been harvested and tilled by the company of Ly.

On the cusp of spring the battle came, the Minreeth rabble appearing massed 'gainst the skyline, a brief stride on the opposite hill. Ly could remember the tension, the fire in his belly, his prayers to the War Goddess making him immune of fear, accepting of pain and death if it should come; sure if it did he would win his place by the fireside of fame, a light in the memory of his folk, returned to the paradise of the everlasting Golden Source from which he had come and to which he would return one day, he knew. His kinsmen had not streamed, haphazard and thoughtless down the hillside, as Minreeth's foolhardy anger had spurred his mensfolk to do. Segwin advised by Onreth, suggested by Ly, had cautioned their company to split into three, two parts of their forces taking high ground and forming a kind of pincer with which to crush their assailants. But one part of their forces, the third part must needs provide the bait to draw Minreeth's forces into their well-thought trap. Ly had volunteered to be part of this "bait" force which must draw and contain the enemy until the waiting flanks of the pincer could crush the exposed opposition and vanquish them as quickly as they had come.

Ly had stood beside Kyfeth, his childhood friend, and Oneth the battle-hard and brave. As the enemy streamed towards them, Ly had opened his throat and chant-cried their blood-burning warrior's song. Upon his breast and that of those who stood with him was a skilfully woven basket tunic designed to protect them some from arrows and flailing spears. Ly's group had let fly arrows from their long bows, whilst a front line braced themselves for the onslaught. Wielding his long-shafted axe in one hand and his protective dagger in the other, Ly clashed with the enemy. Such was the ferocity with which he fought, fearless beside the seasoned Oneth, courage-giving for those of virgin battle prowess, the enemy were held and even knocked back on their heels.

Ly's movements had been so quick and so lethal none of the aggressors could get near him. So too could be said of Oneth and others alongside him. Though there were some who were felled, some who slashed and bloodied, grave wounded and gouged, must totter and fall. Their demise only spurred Ly on so that he trebled his efforts, determined to kill and wound protective of his own. His mind had been in a strangely elevated state then, the rush of adrenaline made him oblivious of the deep cut on his shoulder, oblivious of the arrow that had glanced from his thigh. All he knew was his bloodlust, the sweet satisfaction and white fire in his veins that came from cutting the enemy down and finally seeing them routed and humbled; fleeing before them, vanquished by the superior tactics Segwin had employed. Aii! And he had never felt so alive, so triumphant, so vivified, so melancholy-poignant on learning the deaths of those who had stood with him, as he had felt on that day, on the eve of their victory. Aii! he had never felt such utter sweetness, the joy of living, the sorrow of loss, as he did on that day, which came known to their folk as the battle of the Leasowe Stretch, after the piece of land that had caused the dispute.

Other times too, Ly had to defend himself, to fight in order to survive. There was the second time with Dracon and Brinren, in a dust-lush land of the east, when they'd come across a hostile folk, mistrustful and fearful of Dracon's pipe. The three of them had readied to

withdraw, clear-given in their intention, but the strangers had attacked and it had taken all their sling and knife-throwing skills to keep them off and give Ly and his companions chance to escape unharmed. There was the time they had got caught up in the quarrels of a northerner folks; the time when a careless arrow had brought another battle to their homestead between they and a south-wester folk; the time when an ambush had nearly resulted in the loss of their lives but for the light sleeping and wariness of Dracon which had saved them in the nick of time. Aye there had been many tests, many escapes, many tales to savour of the telling for Ly, he who was well-known nigh on for the length of their wooded isle, as The Hawk; he of the Albion Kindred, close-named as Ly.

Standing on his hilltop, Ly reflected on all the goodness his life had held. He thought of his vantages and he thought on the sorrows that had deep-carved his being. The loss of Dracon, his early travelling companion, the death of his faither-sun, main-stoll, the bairn his moon-ma had birthed who had choked and died in the third cycle of his little life. He thought of the battles they had fought on occasions which had caused the loss of his kinsmen warriors. Aii! But life and death were all but one he knew, and the one fed into the other, so he consoled himself, philosophical and accepting, as it was the way of his folk to be. Aii! As winter followed the harvest, as snow and ice did creep against the sun, death had its timeful phase, just as in season the sap did rise and the earth gave birth to cubs and fledglings. Aye, everything had its own species of time Ly knew, as he stood pondering on his hilltop in the late afternoon sun. He felt close to his faither-sun main-stoll up here on the tip of Corndon, for it was here that Beunyyd, his main-stoll, was buried as befitted his status and his soul-skill. The ice-time had killed him when Ly was in the far-lands. He'd been struck be cramps or some such blight, when he was part way up a rocky incline. He had been unable to stop himself falling so it seemed. His head had banged hard agin a stone, cracked'us skull, killed him fer sure. A slight encroaching weakness of age had killed him, scythed him down. His faither's bones slept in the earth now whilst his spirit made a path to the stars and his soul did cleave the two togethersome.

He remembered the shock of it on his return. His moon-ma's sagging shoulders, her red-rimmed eyes. The internment had already taken place, but the burial mound had not been completed. The company awaited the second son of Benyyd - Ly, he known as the Hawk - to come and share the measure of's main-stoll's death: his entry into the unity of Life, into the never-ending cycle that contained the stars, the moon, the earth, in the sun's sacred circle of light.

The company had climbed up a Corndon and stood beside as Ethreal and Old Wem led the chanting, and the sol-bearers chorused a eulogy to he of the flint-forming hand: Benyyd, with his miner's, tool-maker's skill. And the wind had whistled sharp and icy cold, like a blade against their faces, as they stacked thaise stone upon stone, and his faither's material presence was known remote and never to be more, even whiles his spirit sang to them from the soil. Ly had stood alongside his elder brother and sisters, his twin sister, Nionie, and his moon-ma, all of they teary and sorrowful, left to weep the pain away; to allow the light of the gift that was Death to chase thay gloom-shadows away.

The rest on thay company had climbed down, the temple acolytes quiet-chanting. Their company kindred went down to prepare the funeral feast, where songs and stories loved of Benyyd, the flint-knapper, rock-sturd stoll, would be sung and heard and told by all of thay gathered. The feast had been a remembrance of Benyyd, a praise of thay goodly life he had long-kind lived.

When Ly and his family had come aft away fra Corndon and down to homestead feast-hall, the company were'n all gather-red and Ly's folks were shown ways to the head-table, whereto the ale did lightensome thay's sorrow together with the kindness of the company who spoke many tales of Benyyd, stoll of the homestead kindred. The folk-songs of old were sung and his moon-ma had gone to her bed early, leaving the rest of them to listen to the songs of their ancestors, the memories and stories their faither had given'un. Ly'ud been sad-like and wearisome for days, but life went on. The pulse of it continuous, the thread of it unbroken and his faither though not evident to his eyes, he knew was part now of that Great Flow which encompassed all things.

Many times Ly'd sensed his faither be his shoulder, chiding at a bad hit, in praise at a well-flaked flint, and he would turn to find nothing but air, the wind, silence, his faither invisible now to human eye. But Ly knew his main-stoll was rich in the earth - had joined they great ancestors that had raised thay fire-star temples. Eh na! thought Ly wistful-like, that he could live and remember so well yet never touch thay dead ones that were gone from him. The barrier of death was unbreachable and yet in the dark nights, a cycle of moons before midwinter, their ceremony to the dead was enacted. Through the psychic charge on that night when all'un dead ones were called back to company to beseat and feast with'un, to bless'un and give thanks for the gifts that in life had been given; to seek their approval and blessing for new ventures undertaken - at such atimes did Ly feel his faither's close presence, and be the keening light in his moon-ma's eyes, he knew she sensed'un too. The company gather-red strength from the festival of the dead. It helped them wholesale accept what inevitably was part of life: Death - the converse equation. Death, that would claim they all in the end. The festival of the dead thus contained a deep, spiritual awe, a resonant profundity that psychically empowered the whole company.

It was his faither's death into Universal Life that had made Ly turn his thoughts more homeward lee. His faither had died but three cycles since and his death had impressed upon Ly the fragility of human ties - the preciousness of the quantity of time allowed him. Not only that, in the past few years there had come changes, rumours of aggressive actions, the sudden stealthily spreading novelty of the fire-metal that kirt harder and sharper than even the topmost flint. Trowe it was a wonder how the fire could soften the shiny hard stuff and make it moulded to a sharpes slicing edge he'd ever seen. In the mid Great Lands he had stood by a gathering and watched the metal crafter shape his skill. There was a rill and fervour that had gripped the folk there, and everybody who walked away from the timely demonstration knew that some great change was on the horizon.

Flint was still necessary, but Ly knew its magic was beginning to fade. He sensed this and accepted it as part of the inevitable process of life, only there was a vague melancholy in the depths of his heart that made him glad his faither was be the bones of the Earth, cradled in the womb of the Goddess, so that he was not there to experience the decline of his flint-worker status. For all'un such reasons Ly had cast his glance homeward bound much more than off, lately now.

It was Brith-na-gig who had made his mind up, clinched his thoughts and put actions to his desires and motives. Ly had held the wanderlust long, sharing the festivals of many a different homestead far and wide, in'us own land and across the Big Waters in the Great Lands. He had diddled many a dangly-faire when the festivals and fertility rites, the seasonal celebratory feasting made the allowances, gave licence to his sexual expression. In his homestead he had na clept eyes on any dangly-faire that riveted him. It was only a cycle after his faither'd died when Ly had come back from a long times journeying, trading and travelling the

communication links that kept thay trade-main going. He came back just in time for the company's midwinter feasting. The joy and relief on his moon-ma's face and on that of Nionie and his other'n kindred, was starksome evident. He'd been aturn so long they'd begun to clemm that he was harmed or troubled. But no, not he, not the Hawk, he assured them, moved be the keening light that shone from many an eye.

The time for orgiastic ceremonials had come round and all thay company was dressed sharp and teasing, washed and lotioned and rubbed dry with sweet herbs for the couplings that would come later as the temple-cakes were given made from the last stook corn of the harvest - magically imbued. Ly knew that his lust, the thrust which kept life going, would be embraced and fulfilled that night. But it seemed each moment was sharpened with a new light, the pleasure more acute and made so be the long absence he'd seen away fra'us kinsfolk. He watched the festivities and participated in them as he never had done so wholly before, yet so observing-like too, outside of himself, watching the proceedings with a freshened eye, conscious of the style and aesthetic charm of the dressed festival wattle and daub hall, of the health and harmony of thay company, come kirtled in fine-woven cloth dyed in thay rich'n colours rare. After the feasting; the chanting and dancing, the magical ritualisation begun of their orgiastic energies. And company was all be-seated and the female acolytes came round with beakers of warming, intoxicant brew, distributing the temple-cakes for company's pleasure.

She had given him his beaker of mulled brew glancing quickly to his eyes and then down again, smiling and murmuring a blessing. It seemed to Ly his heart had quickened a beat as he gazed on the apparition of loveliness he'd not noticed so much but two cycles since. Now a new moon-maiden blossomed before him as soft and luscious as the golden plums given to he be his trade in the south lands. He watched her moving, bending to each of the company with a smile and a blessing. There seemed a sheen on her - as if the radiant beings had shed their twinkling luminosity upon her, surrounded her with an aura of silthful light, so it appeared to Ly's sight. Finally she went to join the other acolytes to begin their humming chant, their ritualised dancing, whiles company began drinking of thay flesh pleasures that wrought an sexual unity, sanctioned by the high-moon priestess, embracing the urge that the Great Mother and Her God of the Green, the Horned One, had placed in them to remove all barriers for its expression. Any childer conceived on such nights and legitimised by a binding were regarded as well-favoured. If thay 'oomankin was free of acknowledged man-home, it was very rarely they would conceive. And the 'oomankin had thays secret ways for encouraging or discouraging the seed that was planted in their wombs. But no thought of faitherhood was in Ly's mind that night. Many a masked moon-maid had come to lure Ly from the vigil of the acolytes trance-dance. But he would not be led away and ignored the body language of the masked moon-maidens. He ignored all the presences around him and only feasted his eyes on the moon-dance of the acolytes, watching she with the fiery hair, thay faire-beguilty who had caught his heart-beat in his chest of a sudden-like and dazzled his sight for long into the evening.

He had sat buzzing from the winter-wine and the temple-cakes facing the area where the acolytes were. She, his fox-coloured moon-maiden, with the form as lithsome as thay otter, as graceful as thay long-legged doe; she, absorbed the whole of his attention. She swayed and hum-chanted with the other moon-maidens. Closing her eyes to begin with she had not noticed his attentions. Then at an instant her eyes had caught his regarding her. She saw how he waved the masked moon-maiden from him so that he could watch her, bask in the sight of her! Her eyes flashed at him as the trance-dance continued, as the moon-dance stirred their motions. Her movements were luxurious, beautifrew-sensuous, oozing the gift of her sexuality, as she breathed, as she moved, so natural, so silthful, more beautifrew-rare than any beguilty he'd set

eyes on afore. She blushed at his continued focus of attention; her cheeks like rose-bloom at its soft-velvet zenith. The longer he watched her, the more her eyes were drawn back to his, the more their spirits connected, and the more her dance was exaggerated, heightened, performed for the unexpected audience instead of her own dedication to the Silver One. Her dance became ever more provocative, ever more yearning in its teasing, as if a desire for him infected her also and she danced the real, rather than the ritualised, expression of the Goddess power and sex need. Be the end on it Ly's loins were aflame with desire. He wanted thay beguilty-faire, she with the hair like autumn's leaf-fall, he wanted her as he'd never wanted an 'oomankin before. When another masked moon-maiden came returned to try herself with Ly, he acceded and went with her. He thrashed his love-lust out for Brith-na-gig on a moon-maid who be morning he would be untethered be. The same could not be said of she, who lived now in'us mind's eye, held in the beat of his heart. Ly did not feel untethered and free from she, as he did of the moon maid that had quenched his most immediate urge. The next day he was struck be the memory of her and took himself off to the valley where he found a piece of apple-wood to carve as a gift for'n thay beautisome Brith who had so quickened his pulse. He felt she'd infected him with a fever he'd never be free of until he had tasted the fruit of her fair form.

Later that day towards the tide of even' he clept eyes on her weaving outside the homestead of her moon-ma, Oinica. She were weaving and plaiting some rush-matting, her hair falling forwards like a sheet of silky flame in itself. He had seen her spy him from a distance and pretend an unawareness by putting her head down in apparent close concentration on her task, which Ly knew for sure was feigned. He smiled to himself his heart giving a little fillip and jump, a strange happiness surging through him. He walked over and stood right beside her until she must of necessity respond to his nearness. She had looked up at him and blushed, but nevertheless, had looked blatantly into his eyes, brazen-like and breathing quickly as if she risked danger be doing so, even though her cheeks be burning afire.

"Eh na Brith-na-gig, in trowe I've naither seen an acolyte maiden dance saa feisty and saa faire, wraithing a spell as seemed summat more'n thay reverencing of the Silver She who sheds her milky light in the night sky, na? Whey it took Ly's breath and burned him laithel-like full of fever for a stint fer sure! Thee dance was worth a favour of finest flint, a bolt o' best cloth and the rarest gems from a further shore land, whey ya right fer sure! Or my name be nether Ly nor cometimes as Hawk at all! Such silthful talent and extravagant devotion tuthee Goddess deserves some little gift or'n gesture fer sure".

Ly's eyes twinkled at her, teasing her with his words which contained a twist of sarcasm, a barb that both flattered her and revealed the fact that Ly had recognised that wayward streak in which had made her forget the duties which required her concentration on calling magic from the Goddess for sakes of the feasting and company's enjoyment. She had allowed herself to be swept along, excited by the attention of Ly and rather than losing herself in the moon-dance, she had danced to tease, to impress, to draw the blood of he who was known as the Hawk. But Ly his eyes dancing in suppressed merriment, crouched down beside her and placed on the ground before her the apple-wood carving he had spent much of the day working on.

"Mays it be happen that if Brith do accept this'n gift, if she do take it up in her'n hand to study and show liking of, maybe she should know then the price of that accepting. Fer sure Brith, I'll speak some trowe na? She, who sits all blushing and brazen afore me, has the carver's heart in the hand that she do hold his gift'un, if she's a mind to accept sa poor a gift unravelled fra a day's unreckoning na?"

Ly had squatted beside her placing on the ground before her the carved figurine of a hawk in

flight. He looked into her eyes the colour of burnished beech leaves at fall-time shot with an emerald inflection - all autumn's richness of colours, her eyes, her skin, her hair. He had held her eyes with his own, and hers had sparkled their vivacity at him, astounded, delighted, devilment dancing in them intermixed with a high-strung nervousness of uncertainty. Oh how she inflamed him! Until she had turned sudden-shy like at his proximity and the intensity of his attentions, betook him her thanks, dropped her work, took up his gift and fled with it inside the enclosure of her moon-ma's homestead. Fiesty and excited she was, half-fearful too, of what the gift might portend; knowing the man, the reputation he had, the prize of many of her 'oomankin, the desire of her elder moon-sisters.

From thence onwards Ly took it to halt her with word-speak, a play of teasing words that became a tingling frisson for them both. Ly strove to be by her, to see her eyes sparkle and shine at's own, to see the luscious, lovely, curvesome birth na beauty as she was, as oft as he could engineer it. Then he left company homestead, his family and folk, to wandersome of'us trade, far and wide as it'ud always been his seasoning to tarry such-likes. But whiles he was away he held Brith in his mind like a flower, like a flame, and her image teased him and flared in his mind all the times he was by aft in the travelling line.

A summer and the game was begun again. They's took to the teasing and speaking often the one to's t'other'un, when Ly become on by. The tension between them was patent to see, and all 'oomankin watched and waited to see if Ly, the Hawk, the free bird, be tethered in manhome be Brith-na-gig come two seasons hence.

She struck out fer he. He'd never been so bedazzled be'un 'oomankin-faire before this while. He never had been so moved. She was all come seventeen - she be nineteen cycles on when Ly finally decided he mun trappple and betroth she for'us own. Ly finally decided that his heart was held fer'n home when the pull betwixt the travel and what's mun keep him be the homestead, be balanced in the latter's favour; and it were Brith-na-gig that tipped the scales in favour of'us final choice. It was she as finally decided'un, made him put up his skiff and paddle-line, his maintrade wares, fer'n the steady and season's activity tethered be a homestead aft the providesome lark for childer and a swell-bellied young'un moon-ma of'us own. Comel a constant as opposed to a spasmodic feature of the company. Happy with'us choice yet wistful all the same, Ly dwelt upon all'n thase things that floated through'us mind-space. Be-remembered him of the past and betook him to the future-flight, settled him steady in the present at peace, at one with'un's environment, complete in hisself, only waiting for fulfilment of Brith-na-gig. It seemed she was his all 'n all to be that would put the light in the lantern of'us life, that would make'us living harvestshone-whole.

Then his mind ranged to his coming journey, and all that this last jaunt aways would mean to him.

"Feelin' that sem old fire in me veins," he thought to himself, viewing the homestead across the hilltops, sheared of trees but surrounded by wooded vales all around.

"Old Man Wem says, it will be the death of me...the return on me bones and flesh to The Mother. I say to he in turn, 'well it do got to come to all, like the coming of Ice-cold, like the drift from summer sun to Winter's rain'n dark, I say to Old Man Wem. Do got to come some time, fech for sure.

'Aye'n,' he says, in return; 'bechance it come nigh in a blinkin' tith if yon get runnin' to meet it though, stead of it comin' to thy in goodly time,' and he mutters darkly to hisself as become his

way. But he do come old and crackle in his ways, though troth he is wiser and weird-like than any of ourn kin and revered be all'n company. Betimes he do gets to worritin some and don't let it get by yon if its clept a darksome in the skies. It be only 'cos he come fond and tithy on me that he speaks so stark.

He's afeard forn the whole on us now, he tells me when we be all on ourn lonesome abidin' distance fra the rest on company. He says our season is come to closin' time. He says winds be blowin changes that'll trammle up ourn company, cut kin fra kithin like the brown time fells leaf-flutters fra the tree-talls when the light do shrink and the cloudmass piles the sky. He says cold, cold winds of change becomin for all on us - for the Great Land 'cross the waters too, not just for this blessed island span. And he do mutter darkly to hiss'n, 'things be worse before they cam better and a kindly light do come. Things be much'n, much'n worse before they cam better and all on us shall drop away, and the temples to The Fire-Star be old and ruinous afore the folk cam this ways agin, he do say. He's nigh on puttin the prang and felch up the whole tone on us, but fer he's wise and he keeps it close to hiss'n rather than mither and misery-up ourn company. And he says but little enow by troth. Its just his looks that betimes stir so darkly as if he got the keenin' light in his heart and he says not much to the rest on 'em.

Only me 'cos I stir and go and bide nowhere fer the length of a single season's span. 'Cos I be back and far'n ways agin, fra the Far Waters and The Holy Place to homestead here and up and ways sometimes before the full shift o'the moon. Cos I baint not be here all'times, he prises his husky shell and shares the heart-sore he'd never girt nor open, wi' non rest on company. He was my Pri Moon-ma's stol, so I ky girt closer by him than all the company, though he be one of The Wise Ones, with his cell all to hiss'n. Wey! but his heart be sight bigger than his brain, though be all his charts you could thought there'd not be a bigger. He had his chance at the Holy Place but the nether-fare-well broght him back agin to all'n us here and my Pri Moon-ma and all them'n long anes past. Saa! I'm fond on the crankle Old Wem, forever if he's arter puttin' winds sleer through me. I knows he's all fer all our'n good - and as we work fer one, we wish it fer the all. Wey-ya rite! It all comes down'n to the Great Fire-Star, the Silver-White Moon-ma up'n above and the spirit of Erce Eorthan slumberin' deep downsides liken the Great Mother she be - wey-ya rite! It all comes down'n to that in the end and we mun give oursens up fer bad or fer glee when betimes it do come to bidin' be The Old Ones, thase Rovers as fost walked the sea-bed in seasonal times long gone by to bide be this land, this fair isle, shriftik aways from The Great Lands on a mark all its own.

Wey, its a cannily thought to me, fer the rovin' be in me blood sure as if the fost Old Rovers were me kithin and kin-come. Wey and I be arter stokin' me skiff and paddle-oar down'n the watery-ways. It's the travellin' fire neath me skin as stokes me and keeps me by off on me own'n - with no dangly-fares but the dugs o' the Great Mother to girt me when I'm coldsome and tarnish-like. She's a harsh one but she brings fair up in me the shine, the keenin' light in my heart.

Fer sure though Brith-na-gig is after stealin' that wild'n light away fra me and makin' a fire-light all her own'n there. Wey-ya but she smites me sore to heart when I catches her, fer she's a dangly-fare and a birth of beauty on her. Saa! Maybe when I comes away fra the Holy Place, maybe I's'll tether her to bide be me as my fullsworn Moon-ma and bring flesh to company as the Gold One in the skies do spring corn to swell the fields. Wey-ya rite! prater'nigh I's'll tether her be me as my fullsworn Moon-ma - though she's a feckle n' dancin' fer many I keen it in her as she holds a torch fer'n me.

'An Ly,' she says with that look in her e'en, 'Ly, thy thinks more on the starsight than fer any on

yer own'n'.

Fech fer sure! Troth if I do but she be all a tops of'n any pile fer me. Sure if I won't take her birth of beauty and her soil-soothers hands, fer me own fullsworn Moon-ma come the harvest-reap when I'm home be here agin..."

He shifted in his reveries and drew a circle in the soil at his feet with his staff, and then a smaller circle joined to it as a satellite. Then he drew a larger circle round the whole with a squiggly line crossing from the outside to the centre.

"Aye Brith-na-gig," he whispered aloud to himself; "come the harvest-reap I'll take yer birth of beauty and bring thy to hearth as me fullsworn Moon-ma, fech fer sure if'n I do! Thensliken we'll plant as do yer stealth-fine fingers - only the soil to be tilled'll be nont but the bounty of'n yer body!"

He smiled to himself, placed a fingertip to his lips and touched it to his heart, then to the image he had created in the soil at his feet. He got up, erased the symbols with his feet and began to make his way down the hillside, humming himself a strange old folk song, a song older than himself; one he had learned at his Pri Moon-ma's knee before he could walk.

It took him a while through the lower wooded region to get down Corndon and make his way across to Roundton, catching a hare along the way from a trap he had set earlier about. He slung the dead animal across his shoulder with a satisfied air, and strode on through the trees and up the pathwalk that led to the homestead.

Ly was a contradiction of qualities. He could maintain a stillness, a silence that emanated with the wild untamed expanses he was so accustomed to traversing. In this sense he was, and would always be, something of a loner. And yet, he also enjoyed time with the company, the merry-making and reverences that marked the seasonal turn, the movements of the constellations. He had that exuberant and questing spirit which was the defining feature of his racial kindred, a spirit which had enabled them to grasp understandings and map them out in stone, upon wood, through the virtue of their resonant voices.

And thus would they in time take those understandings to all the far-flung reaches of the globe, planting and inspiring great works which would tease the minds of all humanity in the aeons that followed. Ly held this spark within him so his dealings with all the other clan kindreds in respect to travel and trade contained a visionary zeal that the many had found irresistible in the past. He had the gypsy capacity to live for the moment whilst maintaining an animal alertness, a vigilance which had never thus far let him down. He took his meat and his company where he could, in the travel and trading times, forging an easy bond wherever he laid his bedding for the night. In the long distant past, this roving life had been a constant for his ancestors. But the spirits, the invisible ones had made themselves visible and given of their wisdom to the folk as the old legends told. So in the days Ly had been born, the skills of farming and the static homestead had been long established. This kept the many homely and to their boundaries. It had also enabled them to study the vastness of the skies and develop a lore reflective of the profundities they strove to crystallise into thought and form.

But Ly, himself was of a certain caste of men that took it as a holy journey - the trading, the travelling - and he and his caste were the folk who kept the lines of communication going from The Holy Place, to every far corner of the isle and further across the seas. He and his caste gained expert use of the waterways, and by force of necessity they were natural masters of the paddle and the sail. Hence, they not only brought crafts and trade to a vast scope of communities, they also carried news and messages which meant they were generally eagerly

received. They also performed the vital function of maintaining links and reinforcing the loose telepathic ties networked all across the land, where one community's cause or turmoil was empathised with by all to one degree or another.

It had begun with The Holy Places - places where the Great Mother gave her vibration, her energies to the soil and to the rock. Thus had sacred areas been established, decreed by the folk guided by the Wise Ones and the Listeners until temples to The Mother and The Fire-star came into being. Where Earth-energies predominated, did these temples grow aligned to significant stars, charting the pathways of the Fire-star - the gold that brought the body of the Earth alive - witnessing the growth and dwindle of the moon whose cool presence stirred magic in the hearts of the kindred.

Ly knew that from the farthest corner in the craggy North to the strange most southern tip, this influence and inspiration bound them all together, despite the diversity of clan-tribes. This was something that had transcended the old ways, elevated and close-combined the kith and kin, creating a numinosity that spread its effect globe-wide in times to come. It was also a zeal which had resided in the bones of Ly's ancestors since before the stars began, when those first Old Rovers came to claim this piece of The Mother's Glory.

Ly felt this in his bones; it was something he knew intuitively for his consciousness was still growing into the awareness of its state in relation to the whole. He was grappling towards something - grappling towards some sort of cosmic comprehension. It was there in his bones, but to crystallise it in his consciousness was still not a place he had grown to yet. He was a creature akin to his environment in the same way that the wolf throve in the forests and a cactus in the desert. Only the human predicament was filled with that contradictory chaff which has ever teased it forwards in search of the elusive, all-encompassing knowledge; the knowledge which would provide the key to the meaning of existence: the paradox of self-awareness. And this was what Ly was growing towards when he walked down from that huge hump of a hill, made rugged by the many rocky outcrops placed along its ridge. This was the source from where they took their materials to make the axes they traded as far away as Callanish and Land's End, and indeed further still.

There was a mission air about Ly as he strolled onwards along the wooded valley. He had considered his position and he had worked everything out. He had sold his Rover's soul to the birth of beauty that was Brith-na-gig with her feisty hair and comely body. Where did this feeling come from that made him want to bide by her? Why did it contradict his every stollen manly impulse? Why did it infect him with a desire always to be about her when previously the Paps of the Great Mother had been all-come his yearning. Now, though there had been many a dangly-fair savoured in by-roads, the vale-roads, the secret roads; though there had been many to bed na for a while and so it could go on, yet he had a yearning for this one lassie, this one dangly-fair who touched him at his core. Ly could no more fathom where this grand passion had sprung from, than he could fathom what made the stars flicker and change position in the deep velvet space of the night. She had just seemed to scoop him up so he had developed this need to leave all his ramblin' rovin' days, to leave the vast curves of the Great One for a mini-paradise all his own.

He was a torn man. He could not reconcile either inclination - yet he wanted both. But no, it had to be a stark choice and in his mind upon the hilltop wherein he had shaped all his earth-born, star-born desires, he had made his choice. He had decided to relinquish the wilding part of himself as if it was a fervour of his age, rather than his essence and blood as he knew it was. Yet this Brith-na-gig she was such a lolly, such a fair dangly, as ever had the Mother of All

Beauty birthed. With her dark red hair and her burnished-brown green e'en, her rosy charms and untamed bird-free soul she was likened to the perfumed flower which grew in the middle of the thorny forest, a glittering jewel in the midst of a sharp entanglement of scratches and snaggle-traps; thus was she. And yet, did his spirit set up a resonance with hers that set him all of a tingle, matching the fire of his travelling ways.

So it had gone on until Ly had had to admit to himself he had a yen for this bazon dangly-fair; he had a keening in the heart no matter that he tried to ignore it or put it from him. As Old Man Wem had said, when there's a keening in the heart, there's as wild as ever shall betwixt and between. Ly couldn't help agreeing in sympathy. He had come to a peculiar conscious state of degree - understanding that for some strange feeling, one which came from who knows where, he was giving up his yip and his yen. He was giving up his travellin' wide and long, his taken 'venture where it's stored in the wild-ways, the green-ways, the silver-water-ways.

He was giving up the tarry and tether be tree brether, in golden sight of sun, before the swollen moon's soft glow, the swoosh and tang of the oceans and all across the moors where the starsight showed him the map of the heavens. That map caused by the tread of thay Ancients with winged feet, imprinting messages in the dusky blue for all the kindred to fail or to fathom. The starsight above was all their soul-source and mystery, and it was all this Ly seemed to be saying for never and a nay to. All this he was giving up to bide be Brith-na-gig, she of the fire-falling hair, the may-blossom cheeks, the eyes so vivid and flashing as green as the leaves of the summer oak trees, as coppery-shine brown as the beech-fall leaf, and that comely form which was as lithsome as an otter and as elegant as the deer that grazed midst the woody glades.

For this smiting, keening feeling in him he were to wed the shores of the land and no longer ferry for the margins as hinter wild as wing span of hawk or fleet foot of stag. Now he would bide be the homeland, sticking as he'd been bided to please 'cos as a strange spirit in him wilt to him he would. Though he was here now, all he knew was for his ancestor's roving spirit that he had strong in his veins; he would take himself off to the Holy Place, see the Great Lands once more before he bided be homeways and this Brith-na-gig that he couldna get all of at once for all but that he did.

That choice had brought him to a peculiar state of knowing. It brought him to stand outside his experience and view it from the strange position of audience to the main affair, noticing in reflective way, the little familiar actions, the sight of the Homestead, good kith and kin to bide be that warmed the vitals in the veins, like the slouch of stonsy ye'd had thrice skin-filled all on an empty belly. That too, love of the kindred and homestead, was in his blood just as was the rovin' vein, and constantly he tripped the two and could never make up his mind between the twain. Only now it seemed he had. He - the Hawk - had descended to barter skiff and trade his sail and paddle for a Moon-ma! Fech fer sure - all of it was not what he'd had in his reckoning! But it wasn't just that he knew. It was straight and true as an arrow to its target, what Old Man Wem hinted to Ly. For Ly himself had seen the changes when the new shiny stuff from the Great Lands had come over and now a many of companies far and wide would give na to learn the hot-hard metal forged in the ath-fire, magicked into shape, rather than keep to the flint-stone that'd worked them well all til nigh. Ly was discomforted by the changes he saw taking root and enveloping the country. It was another reason for his decision. He had seen his trade lessening. Company he had come by would rather trade a tither of corn or even a best moon-ma beasten for the metal fang. They had begun discovering sources anew near their homesteads, so there had been a gradual decreasing necessity for the flint-axes he brought them. Flint axes that had been made with his instinctive feel and reverence for the substance he worked - his

harmony that was a kith and kinship melding with the life of the stone.

To him the stone had spirit, as did the rock-face, and only by biding by the rules of reverence he employed did he achieve his craftsmanship. He spoke to the stone as he worked it in his guttural ath-na-bin language. But lately, more and more of the folk were turning to this new creation that brought dim-spoke rumours of fight and fear from the Great Lands. He sensed it was a source unstoppable and much as he loved his gypsy-tangle roving ways, loved the flint he worked, he had begun to feel his years, as his reputation had ceased to spark quite the same interest in these new times they were coming to. It would have made him worrisome, but that his travelling soul could never lilt on the side of the dark and the death for long - for in his stalwart pragmatist way, he instinctively recognised to do so would serve no purpose. So he had come to his decision and the lot that life had drawn for him. He felt an impulse more and more to be with the Fire-Star Temple - a yearning for the stone infecting him as of something almost lost.

Yet as this was to be his last long travel he could not help giving himself up to the secret fire it stilled in him, the pleasant fizz of excitement in his veins with a last return to the wild old ways. He hugged the decision he had made to himself and looked for Brith-na-gig as he came into the boundary walk. The stretch of corn on either side, though not expansive, gave the impression of being so, because it was so tall, growing to the height of Ly's shoulder and shading the path from the lowered sun.

There was a rustling in the corn on his righthand side. Immediately Ly froze and turned in readiness either to spear a beast or to fend off an unknown assailant, though such a thing would be unlikely. He acted instinctively, from long habit, like a viper-come hawk, ready to trap or dispatch what lay in his path. But he relaxed when Brith-na-gig came through the corn, her hair on fire from the setting sun, taking Ly's breath away for a split second with the beauty of her. "Did Ly think I become as assassin to smote him down a peg or two - na if Brith could fer sure she would!" The girl's husky voice intoned to him. Her voice of autumn mellow, so full and rich, like her scent, like her body, fullsome and rich.

"Fech fer sure Brith would if she'd hachna hand to - be rights!" joked Ly, accustomed to keeping his feelings inside himself, effecting ease in his ever-worldly way. "But Ly here reckons on fettlin' a bit more yonder and ferrying out to rove whenever the mood does clept him. Not be tethered like a tottie be a bank with no wind to take him lee-side nor sound-side. Is that how Brith'd have it? Aye, fech fer sure, I bet!" Came back his jaunty cry, that brought the accustomed banter between them.

Ever since her blood had come she was as lush as a golden plum and all the menfolk's prongs had hied for a diddle, and pledged to barter when the tuppin' time came. She'd a merry in the heather lark fer now and agin but she hadna settled on either one nor all and Ly knew she was waiting fer him to come round to her. Hence the banter that had begun when she'd bloomed like the wild flowers up the folly, swellin' out in paps and rump-round, fer all the menfolk sent a grindled and a raunchy on sight of the brazer lassie. She'd tried this tack and that tack but met her match with Ly and though she were stunning lovely, that sent n' all bewilderin', and though she was more birth of beauty than any beguilty he'd seen or heard tell, Ly was a man who kept his wits. But fer his wild n' roving trade she'd never have come by to him. But fer his coaxing her to the line as he did to the fishy in the brack and many a beguilty before Brith-na-gig, but fer the silent aura that gave him a singular status amongst the company, she'd have taken an ath-ra to bine and turned moon-ma fer another this longest while. But Ly with animal confidence, knew she would wait fer him - in which besides he loved a wild cat 'ooman and he

didna dither with soft dangly-fare until he'd brought her all feisty to boil.

"Ly should bide be the now, fer Brith-na-gig be gettin' weld and wankle waiting fer Ly to turn homestead bound," she looked at him from beneath her lash-dusky lids. "Ursen Horn brether be makin' me matey and urgin' to feather me a nap. Maybe Brith be tired and tenty of waitin' on Ly's time. Maybe Brith'll be a moon-ma fer Ursen be the time Ly's returned fra the Great Lands, maybe this'n time Ly'll have tarried once too long".

But Ly was too certain of himself to be disconcerted by the import of her words. He knew it was a ruse to make him decide either one way or the other, so he replied: "Brith knows that Ly be her ath-ra man-home and will bine beguilty when he's ready an' all".

But rather than passify Brith, this comment of Ly's only served to provoke her further. "Mebe, be the time Ly's ready to bine, Brith-na-gig shall be twicfold moon-ma and taken to another fer man-home, before Ly's back or afore he's blinked again. Mebe Brith-na-gig man-home is no fettle fer Ly in his rovin' fine," she said accusingly.

Ly fer devilment sought to needle her further with an implied flaunting of the tribal taboo which was the bedrock and glue of the whole company.

"Mebe Brith will merry in the heather lark fer Ly to take her to moon-ma without a bine!" But he discovered he'd nettled her too much and she flew at him, like a tigress spitting fire, her hair, a banner of ruddy flame. Her lithe comely body was bent on scratching or biting or kicking the man called 'The Hawk' who toyed with her feelings in this way. Although there was much unrestricted carnal activity, the beliefs of the culture were such, that 'ooman would only conceive, if she bine be a partner and proffered be the Fire-star temples, which was practical and protective at the same time. It salved any wrangling and kept the company gentlemel. For a 'ooman to conceive without a bine was deadly bad favour and was not rent be any kith and kin come far nor wide. Hence Brith's reaction.

But Ly was not called 'The Hawk' fer nothing, and with lightning responses in a moment had dispossessed her of her strength and dignity as she stood pinioned against him, glaring up at him, contained but not subdued, by the wild light of anger in her eyes. But Ly bent his lips to her and though she strove to turn hers away from him he found them and married their mouths and tongues atwain. Until she bit him, so sparked himself, he tossed her in the corn and let his hands all over her dangly-fare, pinning her arms still and lying across her so she could only be resistless. And when his mouth was on her paps and her belly and tucked for the fathom that sent all menfolk rangy, and her body was something soft and pliant, the sap in her veins rising, like the need of spring to bud and then bring fruit. And the bucking and tenseness were all melted away so he knew she wanted him to come-fill her, he let her go.

He watched her assemble her frayed emotions, grinning, but in that momentary adjustment she tried to kick him again before running away all in a huff. It was this fire-formed spirit in her that he loved as much as the beauty that was so renowned. As she turned he was too quick fer her and corrodled her as she tried to run. He clept his hands on her round haunches trying them fer size, his lean hard arms encircling her waist and keeping her close-by him, rubbing her V with rough art.

"And how'd it be Brith-na-gig if I took you to moon-ma, now, this night, fer only the birds and the Listeners to see? How'd it be Brith-na-gig if I took you to moon-ma now and again in the harvest time on my return fra rest of kith'n company? Would that fettle your like pleasing?"

She softened to him some, but still struggled against him, knowing in her 'ooman's way that such struggle strangely pleased him, until in a sudden urge of passion Ly quieted her. His feelings had suddenly got the better of him, what he felt for her, the fact that he was going on the rovin' trade one more time, the momentousness of the decision he'd made, reduced his usual reserve. His lips met hers most hungrily with a hitherto unknown, though long-suspected passion, that took Brith-na-gig's ready breath of inspiration away. She was melting immediately and taxing to his purpose, undulating beneath him with a fiery tingling sensation, neither she nor he could resist. Until now he had only teased her with his passion. Now with his heart on wing, her body felt like the treasure store of Earth, to be plundered, savoured, worshipped all at once.

"Brith, Brith," breathed Ly; "Brith be Ly's moon-ma now, this night, and Brith be Ly's moon-ma come harvest time, her man-home come full tethered then, if such be her choosing," he murmured into her hair, drowning his face in that richness.

She shifted beneath him and indicated with her body and lips, with her shining eyes, how she felt about that. She too had held her bounty from him but now with those words, that promise from his lips, the barriers were all but broken away. She'd never known Ly like this before and she was swept away by the strange electric feeling that roused her and infilled her - as it did him. They snook further into the corn and there, in the evening light amidst the Earth's aroma, the scent of the corn, the fragrance of wild flowers that drifted from the edges of the field, there they expressed this new feeling for each other in animal abandon. When it was over they lay for a while stunned and warm and indolent with the knowledge of their new-expressed feeling and the bond that had only just been confirmed a certainty.

After a while of lying together so, Ly shifted. "Na Brith, let's the baith on us go ways to the Fire-star temple to make offering to thaim Gods as do bless us."

"Brith be Ly's moon-ma and she do follow'n wheresoever Ly abide, now he done tethered as bine," she smiled up at him, the keening light shining in her eyes.

They went then, the two of them, back down the hill, through the wooded valley beneath until they walked an avenue of stones towards the temple that was their destination. Soon they came to a circle of 17 tall rough-hewn stones. At the entrance, two Listeners sat weaving mats, keeping the great stones company and their flint markers ready to etch a symbol for the sun's passage on the wooden board before them. The temple was a sacred place but all of the company could go and stay by there, when they so chose. The two old women nodded their heads in greeting but did not speak, as words within the vaunted arena were counted unnecessary.

They watched though, as Ly and Brith, hand in hand threaded through the stones, as if the action of weaving thus, would prove the binding power that would keep their union strong and fruitful. Three times they circuited the stones in this manner before stopping at the largest of the stones, behind which the mass of Corndon rose up. They faced each other with both hands linked, while the megalith stood tall between them.

"Moon-ma mine, man-home become," Ly intoned.

"Man-home mine, moon-ma become," Brith replied.

"In troth, thrice bine, fra now til harvest and all'n season cycles done, we come, we come, and look to the Fire-star for our'n favour. Bring the blessing we'm now begun," whispered Ly.

"Aye, bring the blessing we'm now begun," echoed Brith.

Then, leaning around the stone they kissed each other, first on one side of the stone, then on the other and then back again for one more time. Ly cut off the front paw of the hare he carried, whilst Brith tied a piece of corn around the bloody tip and wove some flowers she had picked along the way up the stem of the corn. They placed their offering on a specially cut shelf in the stone and gazed upon it, with a silent prayer in their hearts.

They walked back to the entrance then, where the two old women crinkled their faces in smiles and one of them, she known as Runya, spoke at last: "Be feastin' be company afore the white one shows her face eh Ly? Eh Brith? Crackin' the honey-ale early like it seems, na?" "Fech fer sure! maissn' Runya, but full blessing time be harvest on Ly's return. Fer now, we bine be the Fire-star's favour, just the baith on us with maissn' Runya and maissn' Deesel as witness to see"

"Aye 'n may's the bright ones bless the baith on yer afore the harvest feast's begun!" twinkled the old Listener known as Deesel.

"As bounty's given so shalt it reboun, fra the heart to thinen baith," beamed Brith in her turn. "Mellily now, aways til feastin' time this night - the keenin' light be too bright to bear fer such old'n crankle likes as we'm. Aways, aways 'n leave we'm to the dusk of the Fiery One's dimming, na!" Cautioned the bent old Runya, while Ly and Brith, thus sent upon their way, smiled some more and waved a hand as they retraced their steps through the avenue of stones. They walked through the wooded valley and up the steepening incline towards the homestead. They talked but little as they walked and yet their closeness was apparent by their proximity. They parted with a clinging kiss just before Brith left to help with preparations for the feasting that night. They promised to meet again later, before Ly rested for his early start away the next day.

Ly walked around the perimeter of the central homestead. Inside the wooden stockade were a series of round wooden huts which made up the dwellings. There was a central fire in the arena at the centre, and some goats and rangy fowls clucking around. Close by this fire was the main hall where all the company gathered come feasting time. This was a large wooden building insulated by the accustomed wattle and daub method. A variety of activities were under way.

Some young 'uns were squatting near naked by the fire playing with some sticks in the dust. An old woman sat and turned a young boar on a spit above the main fire. The boar had been caught the previous day just for this evening's feast. Men and women crouched or sat on blocks of wood, embarked upon various activities. There was weaving and spinning and sewing of leather using needles made out of bone, under way. Some of the men sat carving wood or stripping and sharpening pieces of bone and flint for practical uses. Various foods were being prepared and cooked round smaller domestic fires. The women wore simple cloth shifts tied at the waist by a belt.

Because it was warm, they wore little else, their capable fingers working their wares; pounding grain, peeling root crop, stripping herbs and flaking them into earthen ware bowls. Some kneaded a dough mixture to be baked in the clay ovens devised for just such a purpose, while others mulched a vegetable starchy mixture and shaped them into small round pieces to be cooked on a griddle above the fire. Some of the men prepared an arena for the feast that would come later; to wish Ly and the other traveller-traders well, to bring fortune to them along their way.

The feast was in their honour and there would be many a skinful of the dark strong beer they made to fire their blood for the dance and the drums. On occasions they would imbibe their choicest bitter-bite - a filtered mesh of a special plant that took them into trance and produced a shamanic effect, which Ly had first been introduced to on his initiation. In this way they sought to link with the animal spirits, whose material forms provided them with a sustenance and bounty they could not do without. During these shamanic journeys, they sought directions for their hunting, sought for new wisdoms and understandings to expand their experience of living. They took their signs from the visions of their dreamscape and thus became travellers of the astral. Uninhibited by any limiting mind-sets, they discovered things naturally and experimented with an all-embracing interest. The bitter-bite had long been part of their culture - it gave them wings to far off places they might otherwise never have perceived or been aware of - though their resourceful and inquisitive spirits made them quest from shore to shore, learning through the Trade Main, of other lore, other customs and ideas, alongside the celestial intuitions.

Ly circled round the outer perimeter. He kept away from the main thoroughfare, moving towards a small hut set away from the other homesteads as something of an off-shoot. The entrance was concealed by a hanging of heavy cloth. Ly pushed it aside and went in. Old man Wem was at a sturdy wooden work table where he was in the process of etching symbols on a tablet of wood. It was time of full moon and as was his custom, he recorded it on such tablets along with other signs and symptoms of significance as he saw it. He was a tall lean grey haired man; his hair and beard were long and flowing and added to his air of other-worldliness. He wore a long deep-red gown over the top of a shift, and hung around his neck on a leather thong was the tooth of a bear. The tooth was etched with a black spiral.

Old man Wem looked up from his activities and grunted a response to Ly's presence, indicating he sit on the stool that was stored beneath the table. Ly pulled out the stool and sat down. "An' how be it with the traveller then? The Hawk is to make his sojourn whatever'um in the stars to say nay - is that it?"

"Wey ya right, Old man Wem knows. Ly's strikin' out fer the Great Lands and The Holy Place one more time," Ly responded resolutely. "One more time?" Old Man Wem looked at him keenly. "Ly's decided then," Old Man Wem said in his deep sotto voice. That was why Ly appreciated his company so much - his very quietness taught him worlds and he would always come away thinking more clearly, feeling enriched somehow after being by Old Man Wem.

Last time, Old Man Wem had said he had seen darkness shrouding Ly's choice to remain a trader and traveller. He had urged him to take note of it. But Ly had the Old Rover blood in his veins and his spirit had risen up in him at the thought of being permanently tethered to one region - even though his company was here and he always came back anyway.

Ly had stalked out and since that night, had kept away. But he had pondered the words and ways of Old Wem, and now with the continuing allure of Brith-na-gig, he had reconciled himself to go one more time, and then to stay. This was the first Old Man Wem had heard of his decision. Typically in his way he took it quietly.

"So Ly mun go one more time afore his rovin' days be over? Ly mun needs frith the travellin' trade once more - be that it?" asked the old man.

"Wey ya right fer sure. Old Man Wem knows as much as Ly. Ly's abirthed with Old Rover in his blood and if Ly's to be tethered and taken to man-home, then Ly mun walk the wild way one more time afore he settles his nest fer steady," came Ly's explanation.

Old Man Wem sighed and put his hand over Ly's which were clasped together before him. "May it go'm well with thee Ly. May it all come fruitful as kine do thee deserve"

Ly was surprised by this unwarranted show of affection from a man who kept himself so much in reserve yet gave all the same, and somehow provided a tonic, a focus for thought. In response, he himself was moved to sit in silence. Old Man Wem's keen eyes picked up on a strand of gleaming red hair stuck to Ly's shoulder, where Brith's head had but recently rested. "Ly's made'm choice in one ways or another then - be Brith-na-gig come moon-ma bide be harvest time fer sure?" Old Wem questioned, his sharp eyes probing Ly's own.

Even Ly - The Hawk - was astonished by Old Man Wem's perspicacity. How could he hit the haft so smartly and so adroitly on the head? Though Ly knew Old Man Wem had watched and noted his social connection with Brith and the sparky teasing between them, there had been little enough said about her between them. So now Ly was stunned that Old Wem had forseen the intimate timing of events before Ly had even spoken of it.

"Old Man Wem's as keenin'm sight as the Fire-star hisself - Ly should say. Fech fer sure an' all!" Ly said jocosely in his astonishment.

Old Man Wem smiled. "She's a plum-bloom beguildy as ever was fair - in Ly'speak - fech fer sure, Old Man Wem says so!"

Ly threw back his head and laughed. As he did so a momentary expression of dark foreboding filled Old Man Wem's face as he looked at Ly, though he immediately reflected Ly's mood when their eyes met again, so Ly had no hint of the clouds that had arisen in this enigmatic old man.

"Old Man Wem hopes all comes to boon and shine fer Ly - Ly knows. Company'll bide be harvest time and await Ly's recall - 'll be merry welcome fer The Hawk then as ath-ra to Brith-na-gig, moon-ma with the majesty of The Mother Herself"

"A bounty on the heart fer all the well-wishing but Brith and Ly be fostin' bine this day afore the Fire-star'd fell'd - though at harvest-fall we'm call fer whole company's blessing fech fer sure!" Revealed Ly for the benefit of Old Man Wem.

"Ist' even so? Ly be as swift as flint-sharp to its mark when his mind is set to target! Na? Weel, Old Wem hopes as the Gold One gives full fruit come by harvest-fall 'special fer Ly's return eh?" Responded Old Man Wem.

Ly looked into Old Man Wem's wise brown eyes and felt his eyes own to water with emotion. He held out his arm for Old Man Wem, who responded to the gesture, clasping Ly's forearm as Ly clasped his, pulling each other close in a brief hug and gesture of affection. "Ly'll bring plenty of gleesome'n rare, plenty of booty fer'n all the company to 'aaah' at, come corn-cutting time. Something special fer the Wise One, na? Old Man Wem shall see," stated Ly with conviction.

"Ly mun just needs take care'n hisself and bide on his wile and his wit to tarry him home come

harvest moon," said Old Man Wem soberly.

"Fech fer sure. The Hawk is ever on the poise. Ly watches his carcass as constant as the shine on the Gold One, Old Man Wem knows," Ly responded with instinctive arrogance.

"Goodly and gange-tines as ever Ly, surely do this old heart hope so. Just wishing thee weel and wholesun, Lyone, thee as is commonly clept The Hawk. Weel and wholesun and home-come in hervest fer feasting such as The Hawk has never known. Company'll be givin' favour to that, Ly'll see!"

Thus saying, Old Man Wem provoked a cheerful mood which equated with Ly's own elevated high spirits. His heart was revelling in the memory of Brith-na-gig and his soul was stirring with the notion of the waterways travel, the treking across the wilderness expanses. Old Man Wem rose to the occasion and did not seek to dampen Ly's mood.

"Fech fer sure - come corn-cutting time Ly'll be ready to bide be tether as ath-ra'm riches as fullsome as The Great One Herself. What'll Ly care then fer the wild-ways? But Ly's a mind to take one last look at the Holy Place afore he settles his skiff on the shore and traces the path home-bound ever more," said Ly, making clear his motives in a moment of transparency. Old Man Wem's eyes glinted the warmth of humour back at him. He strode to some shelving at the back of the room, produced a flagon of harsh spirits, a beverage that stung the back of the throat and warmed the belly and given the name of ath-flux. Old Man Wem produced two beakers and filled them half full of the ath-flux. They both knocked a draft back in a practised rapport of ritual. Then they got talking about the words on the water-ways, the rumours of blood-shed, the considerations of the community.

But the sun had set and dusk had come, and Ly had a few things to prepare before the feasting began. So he left Old Man Wem after a long searching look and a warm grasp of the arm. Ly walked away from Old Man Wem's boundary and towards where he and his companions had a shelter left for such travellers as they. Ly had long since left his moon-ma's domain, and though he had not bined nor been ath-ra until that very evening, he had a stead of his own because of his roving tithe. He shared this stead with the other menfolk who were also part of the Trade Main.

When he entered the hut, Frenra was plucking some strings on a round drum that kirt it an om. He was plucking and singing an old story in lilting rasping melody, so that Ly felt compelled to strike up the chord too. This was his companion - a quick dark man with lightning thoughts and tongue, who joked all the while yet who kept his quiet and could bide his time like a rar'un stoll. There was Ly, Frenra and Brinen who kept by there. Frenra and Brinen were his travelling companions on the roving while. The one, quick and dark and ready to wit with the fingering minstrel all the while. The other was large and silent and listening to all. Staying silent much of time, but adept with his hands and profound when he spoke his steady thoughts. His hair was light and his eyes were more green than brown which set him off the ordinary strain straight away. He was placid, but with a steady dark energy that only needed rousing before it took root and flamed to a life all its own. Unassailable, when he chose to be. He was larger than most folk, a giant of a man and by virtue of this was rarely challenged, but kept quiet like all his travels.

Brinen lay on his bed rattling stones in his fist and casting them down every so often to read their import, note the pattern of their fall. Frenra was plucking the strings of the drum, dark, small and mercurial, moving his hands and making a melody that made Ly want to move his

feet, tap about, sway his rhythm for the last far-flung rite. Brinen nodded to Ly whilst Frenra smiled and continued his refrain. Ly grunted and set to checking the wares that he would take with him to trade and barter with. Then he too lay down on his own sleeping place, a mattress made of heather and hay, covered with animal skins and a length of fine-spun cloth, to listen to Frenra's tune and hum along to it, his thoughts dwelling on Brith-na-gig and the coming journey.

Pretty soon there was a whole hum beginning in the company. In the central hall, boards of wood rested on blocks had been brought out. On this tressel were brought all manner of vittles in readiness. The childer were chivvied midst the home-space and the adults and near adults came out to gather round the fire, set the feast and assemble the company. Elegantly crafted clay beakers in unique design were placed upon the tressel alongside flagons of beer and skins of more such brew. There were bowls of meat and platters of fresh-baked bread. There were griddle-scones and bowls of fresh greens, nuts and root-crop as well as the central boar that had been roasted on the spit for most of the day. Hanks of this were hewn to be spread amongst those gathered. All set to in the feasting, picking up the meat with their fingers, tearing the bread to sop up the juices, quaffing the brew and growing riotous all the while.

Ly found himself sat, of a sudden, be Brith-na-gig and the evening flamed into beauty beside him as it seemed all he ever wanted and all he had ever gained was contained in that moment. He, the Hawk, on his last journey hither to the mystery of the Holy Place and the Great Lands. One of the last old travellers - part of a fading line. Even then he knew it. But beside him was Brith-na-gig, with her flaming locks, her dangly-fare, so scrumptious and rich and ripe - her curving lels and soft smooth dander. The evening seemed to phosphoresce - just he and her with her laughing smile, her tempting brown-green eyes. Never a one like she thought Ly. The Holy Mother comes in every shape and size, his realism told him, but Brith-na-gig is Goddess manifold, by her beauty she is some sort treasure and the one who has, receives the sublime. Such is how Ly felt beside Brith. She had become his mini-paradise to take the place of the larger scale wilderness he travelled and felt akin to.

When the company was taken over with word-bandies and laughter, Brith and Ly conspired to slip away, for their blood was fevered and stirring and must needs have expression. They found a nook away from the noise and there coupled their souls and bodies again, as if confirming the bond that Ly had made known to Brith that day.

The river snaked before them glistening and iridescent in the early morning light. The skiff swept steadily along, flowing with the current and travelling south. For a few hours the three men, Ly, Brinen and Frenra, travelled thus, pacing themselves and continuing with an unspoken understanding before a ready made clearing on the bank evidenced a roughly made infrequently used stopping place. With a nod Ly indicated they head towards it. Near the bank they jumped out of the boat and pulled it up onto the inlet, part way out of the water. Ly fetched a cloth bag from his boat and a container of water. They sat awhile partaking of the seasoned meat and bread and swigging from the flagon in turn. Because it was late spring and unusually warm that day, there was no need for a fire; it was simply the welcome respite from moving the paddles and guiding the boats they needed.

After a short rest they set off again, continuing along their route flanked by the swell of the verdant wilderness on each side, passing from time to time the known trading posts and riverside dwellings long known to them. They did not stop though, being intent on reaching The Holy Place before dusk. A nod or a raised hand acknowledged the greetings called out to them, or confirmed the friendly disinterest of those who watched them by. Mainly, it was the

burgeoning green that avenued their passage along the wide river's way. Blossom dripped from encroaching trees, the white of cow parsley and hemlock bunched from time to time upon the bank; yellow celandine sprang up, wild violets and dog roses where a web of bracken had gained a foothold. The Earth was sprung to life, bursting into the zenith of its first seasonal fullness all around them. The air was rich with its fecund aroma. Travelling along in accustomed silence Ly looked about him and appreciated the aesthetic quality of the sunlight which ravished the greenery, and highlighted the poetry of the floral displays.

And every flower was she he had left behind warming a place in his heart, and every dripping frond and blossom froth was a reminder that he would not come this way again, in such a season, at such a time. Every diverse shoal they passed, each familiar trading bank reminded him that this was the last time he would spend him in this pursuit. And it was as if because of the impending changes to his circumstances, everything had been brought fully alive, sprung into relief by his own intensity of experience.

The sun had gradually lowered in the sky having reached its zenith earlier in the day. The sounds of the forest changed to a lazy hum, the quietude of a somnolent afternoon. Presently they rounded a bend in the river and in the distance they could see an inlet, and some yards from the bank, a tall wooden watchtower. As they approached closer a broad avenue was discernable, leading off across the terrain which had transformed to grasslands, and in the distance, to sectioned stretches of corn and wheat. A number of skiffs and larger vessels were harboured in the small but effective inlet close by the watch tower. As they drew their boat up beside the tower, some fishermen along the bank raised their hands to the newcomers and the watchman of the tower came down to greet Ly and the other two men.

"Swailth! How goes it rover-stoll folk? Be the Hawk, na? And Brinen the bearkith eh? And a new companion I'll be bound, least so's fer'n my poor eyes being bound fer'n a goodly while. Greetings to all'un!"

"Na Kyrren, greetings returned. This here be Frenra, whose song-charms be famed fer'n far and wide and whose fingers do struddle up a tune on the pipe or stringed drum that sure does ketch the keening light from even the heart of rock!" Joked Ly, grasping the hand of Kyrren to return the friendliness apparent. Kyrren was a squat dark-haired barrel-chested man whose duty it was to monitor the comings and goings at this well-known harbour, and relay information to the main homestead way off and further inland. Brinen followed Ly's gesture whilst Frenra, pleased and laughing at Ly's introduction of himself, nodded his head in friendly manner and let Ly make the usual arrangements as regards the mooring of their boat. This being quickly done, the three travellers took their leave of Kyrren and walked up the well worn trackway that took them inland and towards the boundary of The Holy Place. They took the scantest of provisions with them and the goods that they hoped to trade either here or across the Big Waters, and which were too precious to leave unattended in their moored vessel.

They walked the well-known route in silence, even Frenra, who was the most locquacious of the three of them was come mute and thoughtful in the approach to the special place. After a short while of walking, the famed avenue could be discerned in the distance.

Ly felt the old familiar tingling at the sight of the avenue. He always felt a sense of stillness and power reaking from the landscape when he approached The Holy Place - the temple that was a source of awe and inspiration to all peoples of this Land; an influence that spread further into the Great Lands, where their own uniqueness was respected and revered despite the ebb and flow of the warring factions. Such fighting had not been the case in Ly's country-land, on

any kind of scale for a long time. There were occasional battles and clashes, as their own battle of the Leasowe stretch was testament to, but ever since the time of Vision, peace and co-operation had been the guiding principle in their dealings with each other.

The Grand Endeavour, the Great Works had brought their fore-fathers and fore-mothers together in one numinous sweeping fervour, dictating their actions thus for centuries to follow. Their legends, their oral history told them of a time of light when inspiration had been given by agents of the Earth Goddess, by messengers from the stars. The knowing of the motions of the radiant ones, of the phases of the moon and the passage of the sun had come to them, and the gathering times had been begun amidst circles crafted from tree brether. But in time the gift of stonework had come more pronounced and they honoured their dead with massy monuments to house their spirits that would still watch over them, though their flesh had come to empty shells. Having perfected their temple-charts of reverence in wood, the immutability of stone drew them into the zealous activity which had erected such elegant, grand and impressive sculptured temples all across the island. The Holy Place was the apogee, the crowning principle of all that elan which had provoked the raising of these temples of stone, demonstrating their consummate skill-mastery of that substance.

Now it was true, for the most part, they lived relatively peacefully, bartering and exchanging, integrating with and learning from each other, sharing their discoveries and their allegiances. They recognised themselves as part of the cosmos from which they had been spawned, and they observed the changes of the seasons and the stars, reading signs and forming frameworks for their understanding. The Earth was the Mother of them all, and she was scattered with guardians and spirits that tended her flame and brought it thither. The Sun was their God; their source of light and life. The stars were their magical scripts, enigmas of brilliance that stretched their senses and brought them in tune with their surrounds - enhanced a harmony of understanding that tied them together with their missions and their aspirations.

Thus before Ly's time, the whole of the communities in the surrounding area had been brought together to accomplish these feats of gravity and granduer. The very excess of the effort required, the long years of digging and preparing the area was evident in the monumental achievement of the raised immense stones. The stories had come down to Ly: the gathering of the first huge stones, the magnitude of labour, the focus of magickal energy required to achieve the renowned feats of precision. Thus had all the stones been erected, impacted and strengthened, aligned as intended. The whole of the company, island over, swelled in their hearts towards their achievement.

And so had it been from generation to generation, the stone-workers guiding their action, the Wise Ones plotting their course. The graves of their ancestors bones were monuments all around the huge temple, signifying as procreators of what had been assembled. The white chalk tops of the graves glistened in the sunlight, striking the eye with brilliance when the sun was at its height, a radiating reminder in the long afternoon, a muted gleaming presence in the softness of the moon. The whole of the company knew that the spirits of their ancestors slept in the Earth and nourished their endeavours still.

Or at least they had known up until now. Now it seemed gradually, incontrovertibly, that their influence was waning and something new, exciting and dangerous was coming to light. There was some distinction of pride taking root where the new unearthed metal, baubles of the rare gold and amber, were all the company seemed to desire. Ly had sensed this new, rapacious-like fervour stealthily growing amongst the company. Nothing obvious or extreme but there nevertheless. Ly had sensed these changes last time he came about, only this time they seemed

almost tangible. Some nuance in the air infected him, some air of discontent, mingled with a sombreness that betokened a death. Ly felt troubled, but squashed the feeling down as they came now close up to the object of their destination.

But as they approached the huge pillars of the temple, the huge sarsen blocks the old ones had erected generations before, Ly felt a sense of peace and awe overcome him. The stones dwarfed them and the arena they created, an ellipse with an inner round of blue stones which Ly knew the history of even though they had been erected long before he was born. Each huge lintel crossed over, skilfully joined with a carpenter's join translated into stone, to the great sarsen standing block opposite. The fixity of it was awesome. The greatness it represented elevated his soul and sent his spirit to give thanks to those white chalk topped tombs mellowed by the sinking sun. Silently, like his companions beside him, Ly dwelt upon the old ones who had wrought this expert of beauty, this timeful eternal presence - a statement of endurance elegant in its grandness of scale and its sparsity.

There were few other folk about, but within the arena of the Holy Place there was always an unchallenged silence, unless at ceremonial times. Through the silence the wisdom and fervour was more keenly felt. The stars were their acquaintance, their source for meditation, along with the deepening sky, the limitless expanse above them. It had carved their souls, that sky. It had worked its magic and mystery upon them and still they wooed and studied it - their spiritual growth teased and inspired by the navy-blue infinity.

The sight of The Holy Place never ceased to cast its spell upon Ly, or indeed upon any who came into proximity with it. The sun had all but disappeared from view but the last strands of it glanced off and illumined the white chalk-topped mounds at the peak of the downs rising away from The Holy Place. They glistened with a magickal light and shone white in the lowering strands, setting up a field of protection and kinship with the massive temple at the centre location below them.

There were two guardians at the entrance to The Holy Place. Initially they had been sitting cross-legged but now they arose to stand, both holding the bronze tipped spears that had come to earn a place in ritual. They both wore simple shifts with a leather waistcoat garment over the top. They were both sun-tanned and brown haired. The one being slightly broader, the face rounder than the other, who had a more lean and chiselled face. As the three men approached, the two guardians regarded them gravely without any sign of suspicion or tension. Visitors were plentiful to this incredible erection, and welcome, for the stilled reverence of the place was undisturbed by strangers, who were allowed to sit and study, to meditate and gain from the potency of the place.

As the holy company who tended the temple knew, there was no one who could take away or destroy what had been erected. They believed with each new visitor something of their spirit was left behind, only serving to swell the aura of The Holy Place. With pride they granted access to all, for it was a monument to themselves and their ancestors, a monument to the kith and kinship that had seen it created. A testament to their vision. Proof of their extraordinary wisdom and greatness. Unassailable, standing eternal as the island itself, indeed now a part of it, as inexorably as the cliffs that breached the seas or the hills that climbed to crags and mountains further inland.

As Ly and the others approached the two honorary guards, they bowed and then crossed their spears to the entrance. The broader one intoned the ritual words: "Do you become in faith to grant the silence that be given if'n you wilt enter herein?"

"We become in silence," Ly and his companions responded.

"Enter and receive the mystery come grace that be ourn and ourn ancestors' gift to the Great One, Mother of us all, Father to all ourn seed. Do you become in peace and carry it fra thither when the parting time be nigh."

"Blessings to the Mother and to the Fiery One," the three travellers murmured, bowing and crossing over the threshold to be greeted by the resonance of the stones, their mightiness imposing itself upon them, making them feel insignificant and powerful at one and the same time. There was an outer circle of thirty mighty sarsen blocks, each nearly twenty foot high, capped with lintels that created portals all the way around. These were set around a still more massive horse-shoe of five free-standing trilithons. Each stone had been laboriously dressed to shape, and the stones had been joined one to the other by a supremacy of stone worker's art. There were smaller blue stones reworked and rearranged until they created what then existed - a free standing circle set between the sarsen ring and the trilithons with a further blue horseshoe setting placed at the centre of the temple. The blue stones seemed to glow warmly in the evening light and the mighty stone blocks glistened with a faint eldritch sheen; wise listening presences that guided their responses, made their spirits stretch to the deep blue dome of the skies. And they meditated on the waning light, its angle as it came down past the midsummer stone.

The three men seperated, each finding his own place within the outer arena to sit and meditate as so many had done before them in this same way. Ly sat cross-legged, amongst the first circle of blue stones. The silence and the vastness infilled him as he stayed with close to the blue stone, soaking up the energies and beginning to transcend himself. He was lulled into the same fixity as the stones; part of them, a feature of the wisdom they exuded, part of the infinity that had seen them born. The light was gradually fading and dusk was beginning to gather. Ly paid no heed to the passage of time - he sat waiting to gain the sight; the inspiration derived from gazing at the Radiant Beings, and reading the messages they flickered back to the earth-bound. The pin-pricks of light came more and more into force as the dusk deepened, and evening began to encroach.

To Ly, the Celestial Ones were lit with special purpose that night; they seemed to token some sort of promise - as of a richness stored up for him, as of a blessing on the decision he had made. And to his mind came Brith-na-gig as he'd seen her at their parting, her full mouth smiling, the dancing brown-green eyes misted with tears, her fiery hair unsettled by the wind. It felt right in his bones their coming together, their bond and where he was now - that felt right too. So Ly felt a sense of swollen peace and contentment he had not felt before to such a degree - like a culmination of all his efforts and desires. He had seen once again, perhaps for the last time, the Holy of Holies, the greatest temple of them all. He had yet to cross the Big Waters to the Great Lands. He would bring back precious stones, spices and other goods for his company. The traveller returned to receive his due, bearing gifts for the many with a moon-ma waiting by the fireside, a moon-ma with auburn-gold hair and a curvesome form more birth of beauty than any fair beguildy both near and far, aye! Such did Ly see in vision unfolding.

But just then the strangled screech of an animal tortured the air, coming from a distance away and dying as it pierced into force, but seeming to echo nevertheless. Ly's thoughts were jarred by the sound, and his eyes lowered and inadvertently fell on the dagger etching on one of the trilithon stones opposite him. All at once he felt a superstitious dread that as soon passed, as a cloud across the face of the sun, and as a presentience of violence. Why had his eyes dropped from the sky to the etching of the dagger, directly after the ugly scream of some creature in the

jaws of death, giving vent to terror and agony? Why had he looked at the dagger - the symbol of violent retribution?

But he strove to shake such thoughts from him, brushing them away as of an irritation and nothing more. Once again he took to star-gazing and let his mind drift in those limitless spaces between the phosphorescing star-systems above him. He sat cradled within the Void for a further stretched while.

Then his senses finally came grounded. Ly's mind was all but cleared of the unsavoury screech and its portents. He was once more elevated by the majesty of the incandescent evening sky and the pillars of the temple. With unspoken agreement they shifted, touching a hand to their forehead, their lips, their chest and to the earth they stood on, in genuflection to the Mother who had formed them all, in recognition to the sky that contained the Mysteries of Beyond. When they passed the portals of the Holy Place, the honorary guards were once more seated cross-legged. Ly, Brinen and Fenrar bowed their heads and murmured: "Blessings to the Great Ones".

They collected the sacks they had left at the entrance and struck out for the homestead that was near to being a second home to Ly. They walked in an easterly direction passing through grasslands and then through arable farmland - fields of corn and wheat lining the trackway which after a mile or so brought them to a homestead typical of the area. There was a circle enclosure marked and protected by a ditch inside of which were round wooden huts with thatched roofs and wattle and daub walls. There were look-outs posted who shouted to the company inside the protected enclosure, of their approach, and of a sudden, a group of them had gathered at the entrance.

As Ly, Brinen and Frenra approached the opening to the homestead enclosed by a wooden stockade, they halted, flung their right arm across their breast, stooped in a low bow, then standing erect again, opened the arm out in a gesture of acceptance. The group of people opposite them distinguished themselves into individuals, and were calling out a welcome in jocular familiarity. "It's the Hawk, it's the Hawk" went whispering round, the company fizzing with the knowledge, a response that never failed to gratify Ly.

"Hey na, Hawk come wingin' by agin then eh, Ly?" The ratchety voice of a tall gaunt man called out, whose eyes held a latent fire which now shone in rye humour. His beard was grised with age yet also virile, and his hair was a shag of iron grey around a bald pate bronzed by the summer sun. He wore a long over-garment as a robe, together with a simple shift tied at his waist with a leather thong in the manner of dress familiar to that people.

"Hawk, Brinen, Frenra - healthful greetings to all! Come hither and dinnut dandle on the boundary liken lost an' lonesome!" Joked a middle-aged woman with long brown hair, greyed a little now with experience, and a round smiling face. Ly and his companions stepped towards them and there were greetings all round, Ly grasping the fore-arm of the tall gaunt man and holding briefly the hand of the woman who had spoken, while the company clamoured around and sent hither and thither to make preparations for the visitors.

After the greetings, the tall gaunt man faced them saying: "Come now let's take offer'n to bide by a little afore we gather for the evening's feastin' wi' all the company aroun."

They followed him through the settlement, nodding and smiling gestures of recognition to those that they knew as they went. They were led through the homestead to a hut slightly larger

than the others. As they entered, the tall man gestured for them to sit on a long bench with a sturdy back and arms, covered with weft dyed red, padded beneath with grasses that were changed frequently. It was a little bit of welcome luxury for the three traveller-traders and they sat down appreciatively, looking around them at the place they were not unfamiliar with. There was rush matting on the earthen floor, a large table and wooden shelving upon which were various carvings and choice pieces of earthen ware. There was a low wooden armchair with a basketwork base with several other simpler chairs set around the table. The man reached down some clay beakers, intricately patterned and beautifully glazed in cream and red. A flagon of liquor was placed on another small low table and the man called Ogrune, uncorked the container and poured some rich amber liquid into the beakers. Ogrune lifted his beaker after placing the others before the three men, who followed his gesture.

"Hale come harmony be thee blessed wi'" said Ogrune

"Returned be the gifts of the Mother, same as spoken," Ly responded.

"Aye an' besides plentisome goodly companee, a lilt o' dangly-fair 'ooman an' quaff cups filled reet as become," quipped Frenra in his accustomed jocular manner, causing Ogrune to chuckle and Ly to grin, whilst Brinen looked on, smiling a welcome at his host and raising his beaker to show his appreciation.

Frenra was younger than Ly or Brinen and still enjoying the trance of the dance with dangly-fair far and wide. He'ud not settled be any for certain but continued to enjoy, the partaking of pleasures when conquests could be made, when the feasting and ceremonial times compelled it. He was skilful in singing and playing the stringed drum instrument he'ud made himself and which he carried everywhere, strapped to his back. He was Brinen's moon-ma's brother and had joined them when their travelling ways had already been established over some five cycles.

But Frenra gave the added advantage of being a drum craftsman, which many homesteads fra far norther shores to the southern most stretch of their journeying, used and coveted. His ready wit and gallantries charmed the most company and made more eager to trade, now the wares consisted of more than axe-heads and cutters to offer, na though they'd been plentiful sought in the early days of Ly's travelling wiles for sure.

When Brinen and he had first set out with Brunwill the brave, as he'ud been known, they were keen and green and learnt from an old master rover who'ud done nothing but all his life. His frien and fettle had died and been returned to the Mother months before, from ambush bandits in the Great Lands. Brunwill had fought off the assailants with beserker frenzy and carried his companion to their skiff, returning him to the homestead of their birth, only for him to die of fever the day after arrival. Brunwill the brave himself had gone off in the frozen time, looking for the rare'n status-high snow-hare. He'ud fell'd and broke his leg and alone, without help, up on the Long Mynd, and died the death of cold.

But to Ly's mind Brunwill had sought the extinction, ketching the glint of metal on the horizon and giving himself to the old gods before it upset the fabric of his world and understanding. When that time came, Brinen and he were already established roving traders, but it did not prevent the keening light from creeping into their hearts so they silently acknowledged the instinct behind Brunwill's action. It was an empathy between them that each saw reflected in the other's eyes; a conclusion being reached, a sadness and acceptance, mingled with the knowledge that he was with the Mother, the Womb of All Birth again, back to the Seed and the Source. This they felt and knew, stirred to embrace the radiant levels in the stella-spheres of the vastless skies.

From thence on they had travelled alone, until Frenra had joined them and made merry some their while, brought a new zest to the gradual lessening of trade. Frenra had fitted into their patterns surprisingly easily. For despite his love of word swaps and joking he too liked his quiet time and bided so by himself, composing his songs and his rhythms that set all'es companies spinning.

So there the three of them were, seated in comparative luxury in the chamber of Ogrune the South-lander.

"Na Hawk, Brinen, Frenra - tell me o' yourn companay. How be yourn wise 'uns, Old Man Wem, Ethelran High priestess, and yourn close-kin, yourn moon-ma's brether?"

"Ah fair to middlin' fine," came back Ly. "All the same an' homely-like, only young 'uns comin' curious for'n thay bronze an' sendin' prayers to the gods to help 'em find their ownen source. But harvest still be handy and water-ways wide as ever ..."

"An' all the 'ooman dangly-fair to be blissed-full far and wide, forsooth...or not? Wey ya right eh Ly?" quipped Frenra, with a twinkle in his e'en that hinted at many things - or so it appeared to Ly.

Ly felt there was a subtle innuendo in what Frenra had said which Ogrune had taken at face value, knowing Frenra for what he was. But Ly felt Frenra's sharp eyes had gathered the change in relationship between Brith-na-gig and himself and he felt a slight irritation. It was not something he wanted known. He wanted to be himself. True to his roving kin, to come and to go, as he had always come and gone; free as the wind and as fresh as the coming of the seasons, unentangled, meeting fate as openly as the deer in the forest or the eagle on wing. He did not want others guessing his plans, his momentous decision. That would simply be when the time came. There could be no ceremony of partings. And partly it was because he felt his resolution might fail if all the folk-places he was used to girt his bounty to were nigh after making a big celebration and a fond farewell for him. He did not want that.

So he pierced Frenra stonily with his eye but melted some when it was clear Ogrune was simply laughing at Frenra's usual enthusiastic embrace of the whole of 'oomankind. Ogrune did not suspect any underlying meaning, so Ly relaxed and smiled along with the other two, trusting to Frenra's sense and discretion of friendship.

When they'd quieted some, Ly took the initiative, remembering his former instinct which had sensed a sombre inflection in the air.

"What news from hence then?" asked Ly directly

Ogrune's face became instantly more serious and somewhat saddened.

"Last time Ly become by, we both on us thought on the changes, beginning wrought be the bronze and I remember there excitesome as well as some misgiving. After you become two seasons hence, fresh trade come from after the Great Lands; a whole seal of bounty for the bretheren. Leadman Rushwort from the eastern-steads had troubles with outlanders. They held them off and sent them thither, though in trowe they were'n gang for opportunists and nought to cliver the whole. Leadman Rushwort was injured some and some of the east-steaders were killed in the fray, but also when battle was over and done, the east-steaders clept themselves of treasures found be the Outlanders. Now Rushwort on's deathbed has declared a wish for singular burial! As he and his kithkinship have defended all stalwart and ever steady since folkship began. But he betaken on some great glory all his own, glory that he whist willed be passed down to's sons. He be seperating himself out as top notch, high and mighty ho

for'ngetting as his'n ancestors have raised 'um be dint of mutual grist and getherness. And folks hereabouts be muttering bly, it is the end on the beginning - that the Old Ones be turning in their graves and rising up to raze us for our mischief, as to see and let this thing go by, without a word nor action to say 'em nay, and some be saying it be right and fair and follows fair on to the future, and some be taking it in their stride but keeping amsteady all the same. To speak trowe it bides not well with me, with us in general. But the East-stead be in their own patch and what we West-steaders may mutter can go lightly either way. So there'n you have it; make of it as you'n will."

Ogrune looked at the three men, acknowledging their shock and gravely patient in the face of it. Surprising enough it was Brinen's deep gruff voice that spoke first.

"Naither! To put himself away from the Old Ones, from the common kith and kinship of's ancestors? To set out singular with baubles of shiny stuff to brute the vigour? Naither! For why has he done this? Have not the Wise Ones bid talk with him?"

"Not enough. It's not been enough. The whole of the East-stead follow Rushwort leadman - he has kindled up a fondling as keen as the metal he'us craved. There'll not be a gain saying." Ogrune responded grave as ever.

"Whisst! It be strange times becoming then now - in trowe. We'll wait and see but I bide it's not likely," was Brinen's deep, gravelled response along with a grim expression that showed he'ud said his piece and could not add more.

"Laith! What becomes now?" intoned Ly, still shocked by the import of what he'd heard. "This be taken from the Great Lands, na? This be from their'n map and heritage that have come to take a claim off us, na ha? Is that how it goes?"

"The Outlanders boast," said Ogrune darkly, "of their wealth in metal crafts; their skill at the blade, which sends the whole on'us company the same. Seeking the metal to increase the power of the clan-magic, to defend from fear of whelment and all the time becoming what they wouldn't."

"But has Ogrune taken any action? Have you'se na thought on taking token stoll and delegating to Leadman Rushwort, request some sense on word swap? Have you'se na thought fer this to be done and down-stayed?" asked Ly.

"Aye fer sure but folks be jitterun, for the East-steaders a' been building up reet stocks of the metal stuff and bristle with the bronze if there be tally of talking some round. It become like a fever through them and they won't wash for the old ways nor tether their high an' mighty some not even for the sakes of our'n ancestors, which hold a common root, not for the sake of our'n kith and kinsome now rested with the Mother, who's keening light helped build The Holy Place, revered in all lands across the Big Waters.

Whisst Ly! I be saying all on this and more, fech fer sure. But it become to all out war if'n I jostle 'em up too much and to speak trowe we would be company cut downen - thraist aye well an' sure! They been stoking the bronze fra first to much and more, much more'n than we West-steaders, and thase've made no bones about bristling it out. New trade has always come first fra the East but the sharing times that wrought the Holy Place be rifting by now it do seem. If Ly can counsel me - counsel me good, for which ever ways I've looked around this'n thing there be no clear and cut and dried solving on it, na? So's counsel me now, I be open and willing to

take heed," Ogrune finished looking from one to another of his male companions, appealing to Ly with his hands held out palms upwards.

The men were silent. Ly pursed his lips and stared off into the distance.

"It be really so strong as that - this fever on 'em?" he said eventually.

Ogrune put his hand on Ly's shoulder. "Ly, what can we do? The only path is to trade for bronze, otherwise we become as the paltry party, the kiner runt as defenceless as the fledglings in nestin's before the kes's come snatching."

"Na, na, fech fer sure Ogrune. But be it not so as you'se could dint 'em with the brit and braw of the flint and wiley-like surpass 'em withall their'n melcher bronze. Dinnut roll over and show thasen belly before'n it be that or the void,na?" Said Ly, bristling with anger at the East-steaders obdurate stance.

Aye, aye dinnut do it, echoed the voices of Brinen and Frenra.

"Ly, Ly, me stoll brethers, there'us been such talk, but company be split and not enough hands on without no doubting for it to pull off and make that stance of difference. I will nay go agin what half the company do favour. I mun think on the whole on us and crush my'n instinct for the best way for whole on us, na?"

Ly scuffed his feet on the floor and looked down, shrugging his shoulders as if to shake a burden from him. In his heart he knew they could not stem the tide of change that would sweep the magic of flint into the void. He knew for Ogrune's sake he must be philosophical, he knew for his own peace of mind, he must be philosophical and accepting. There was no use in fighting against flow of the current, as there was no use in hurling abuse at the inclement wind. What was to be would be, as the gods decreed, and there was nothing they or Ogrune or even the Wise Ones and Old Man Wem, could do about it. So he sought to console Ogrune as best he could.

"Wey ya right - fech fer sure. 'Tis something I been seen coming for the long while. Change begot to come, take it how we wilt, change begot to come - but they bai'unt be always whole nor healthful neither."

"Thraist! That do seem trowe, and surely!" Agreed Brinen in deep echo. Ogrune and Frenra picked up their beakers in silent agreement.

"But there be little to be done aboun'es fer'n now. I was jus' thinkin' whiles to fill you'se in some, before you'se hear it fra bad nor worse exceptin' as it is," said Ogrune, anxious now to forget his troubles in favour of his guests.

"Thanks be to thee, Ogrune," Ly quickly reassured him, lifting his beaker again. "But as you've spoken, tis none for now to dwell on, so let's betake it now to turn to kindlier case and tell us how company be. What of Danroth and Hamtheor and the lovely Enyella? What of the folks hereabouts?"

"Aye'n so, serves no purpose to dwell, na? As the gods will or'n we forget ourn'selves, na? As for company - Danroth be all in his kilter, melding the stone-ware all the same and Hamtheor is after tilling the harvest afore its kinded be the sun as ever and Enyella...Enyella has a keening light for one who comes and goes, but is after fettlin' freely with Karum, who comes be the East-stead as messenger and trader. 'Tis said he is of Outlander blood some but Enyella's kindled to him and in trowe he can smooth-say full-fairly and gentles alot of the folk. But he

come sharp of a times, as sharp as the metal he do bring."

Ly looked something troubled, "And be Enyella for taking him to fare and freely?"

"Closesome. I think in her heart she's n' after a one who taries and goes and comes hither but for shortn' whiles, if you betake my meaning Ly," said Ogrune pointedly.

"Aye fech fer sure, there's a many as is waiting be the Hawk to tarry and fare!" Burst out Frenra after having contained a silence for a while. Ly trod on his toe which made Frenra yelp and dissipated the tension in the gathering.

But Ly felt he must make his position clear regarding Enyella. "She mun set her store be me Ogrune. I come and I'll be gone as always but I would see her kindlier earned na freend, dost see?"

Ogrune looked a little saddened by this communication. "Wey ya Ly, so I be says to her but 'ooman have their own ken and there be no turning 'em fromerts or frowerts when mind's setten to vaward!"

Ly gave a small smile. "Na if'n Ogrune be reet but Ly will take his trowe to her and kindlesome share, Ly be away come sun-in to the Great Lands and thence to Shroplande, the homestead, of'n his birth. These be Ly's plans freend Ogrune, just as ever". Ly looked earnestly at Ogrune. "Wey ya right Ly," Ogrune answered. "But I be got qualms, I be got qualms. Aiee! 'eesle n' idleyway it be come to nought for what it should. So, let us toast to the Ones Who Sleep and the Mother-Goddess to us all and pray to they that providence may counsel and guide us, na? Come whisst! be there no song foret thay company Frenra? Be there no strumming and singing?" And a little banter began between Frenra and Ogrune as Ly pondered on what Ogrune had said.

He knew Ogrune had accepted his words, his plans and had never doubted he would say otherwise. But Ly was fond on Enyella, who was as sweet as the mead in spring, so silken-soft and melting sanje with her long black tresses, dark long lashes and eyes become of summer-blue. Ly had sat and danced beside this blooming-fair'un for a good few seasons betwixt and between be now. They'd be got close and cleavesome like but Ly clept no promises and bided be none on a false word though oftentimes in past recall were impassioned responses. Passion he remembered, but he'ud made his pledge to the birth of beauty that was his Brith-nagig and the charms of Enyella though lovesome, paled beside the 'ooman who now he was bonded to be the word-truths he'ud given her. Still he felt sorry to hear she might be in the sway of some unsavoury called Karuum. But he could not dwell for long on something that even Ogrune, who was pert of her withcome kinship, could cast off so as not to gather glooming to the company. So Ly betook it upon him to take to the merry in and sieze the moment in life to make the most of it, as all his kind before him, the old rovers who gypsied along the wild-ways had done - taking their pleasure where they found it, but with that questing spirit which had seen their many achievements born.

So the conversation took a jocular turn and they were entertained by Ogrune's stories of Hamveor and Danroth's famed rivalry of strength, in being matched for nigh on length and breadth the same. Ogrune told of the previous harvest when they both vied to bring home the most corn the quicker. When it came to it Dunroth feigned faint and badly and made Hamveor leave offin worry for'un to send fer'n the Healer moon-ma. While Hamveor be gone Dunroth set to and met Hamveor on the way to the third quarter with Healer Mermelisle. Dunroth greeted them all hasle and fettle and Hamveor all razed up and raging jumps'n wrestles'un to the ground until Dunroth's all begging for mercy and Healer Mermelisle is after cursing the

baith on 'em for all their troubles but smiling like and in on the joke.

Such was the tale told to the three travellers from the West-lands whilst they quaffed of the good rich barley beer. They could've stayed full steady for a while if it weren't for Ogrune's moon-ma, Liandine - she who had greeted them at the entrance - who came to chivvy them to food and preparations afore they met the whole on'un company all on an empty belly with head full of the frisk of beer.

They were taken to their sleeping quarters, which was a small vacated hut set aside especially for visitors and traders. They were supplied with some water and left to their own devices for a little while. They stashed their trading wares and settled down to rest some. Ly was just washing from the courtesy bowl of water left for them, whilst Brinen was checking their trading items and Frenra was plucking his instrument and humming on the bedding. Ly, naked from the waist up was just drying himself on the cloths provided when a soft, lilting voice was heard outside the hanging fabric at the door.

"Hoow now - whisst! Hawk be come to ground and welcome and Brinen the bear-like be welcome too for the plenty to be had, and all the 'oomans and beguilty be after a snatch of Frenra's twang. Hey stolls - here be Enyella - leadman Ogrune's kins'ooman daughter, waiting to take you to platter. Be you decent for this beguilty's eyes na?"

Ly pulled back the hanging and gave Enyella a broad grin; she smiled shyly in return. "Hoow now your'nself," teased Ly. "And how goes it fair beguilty fair? How doest this'n dusk-time find yous? Hale and hearty I be hoping - fech fer sure!"

Enyella smiled and nodded her head. Her dark locks were tied away from her face so that tendrils hung around it, highlighting the softness of her face, the smooth curves, the rosyng of her cheek, the startling cornflower colour eyes. Ly donned his leather waistcoat with its beaver fur trimmings as Enyella responded.

"Ly's spoke with Ogrune and knows the news fra hereabouts but fer'n Enyella the days dance lightly. She been after weaving her gifts for the company and picking wild flowers in the mead for the Holy Place and those as keening on 'em. Sun become and days be always merry for this time on our season, Ly knows".

"Aye but who be making Enyella all merry and frolicsome as the young kine in the felds - na ha? Enyella's gone giddy-like on some young stoll eh - fech fer sure!" teased Ly fishing to gauge her responses.

But Enyella showed scant sign of being abashed as she replied, "Na - there b'ent no case there - who be filling your'n ears with such nowort clammer?"

The other two men had gathered beside Ly. Brinen looked silently on smiling benevolence. Frenra eager to be in on the word-swap chose his moment.

"Wey ya right - laithwhiles! When any would look in those eyes saa blue he'ud ever befall in a trance and swoon away with a heart all lost to the keening light ever forever more, na? Enyella be beguilty fair'n fair as any stoll mun know, na?" Frenra's dark eyes glittered out their charm and appreciation of 'oomankind, who were for him part of the Great Mother's Mysteries, to be wooed and worshipped as the daily abundance that grew from the Earth and succoured Frenra. Enyella laughed and blushed beautifully, revealing white teeth and a pink mouth. She had a

daisy's freshness about her, all open and dewy-sweet, that never failed to gain a response from the menfolk.

"It be very courtsome and smarming what Frenra says and Enyella thanks him kindlisome for such honey-wordings but she be beguildy and part of the company all the same, na Frenra?" The men smiled around her and Frenra acting as dazzled as he truly was breathed out. "Aye and some beguildy sure - some sweet dangly-fair with the sky for her eyes and the blessings of the Mother on her curvesome!"

"Sssh whisst Frenra! If yous be genin me the honey-sweet all til dusklier-dawn I'm a betwixt Ly and Brinen and never a word-swap with yous no more, neh?"

At which Frenra looked so immediately miserable and suitably dampened that Enyella had to take pity on him to let him know she was nay as mortal offended as she'd given and would carve him a banter from time to time. And so with this fair beguildy in the midst of the three brawny weathered travellers, all of them taller than she, she led them to the centre circle, where a fire had been built and where along one side, a low table had been filled with the bounty of the forests and the field. All the company were gathered with the childer lit be the homesuns with a bit of snaff and pilcher to set 'em to sleep kindlytith when the folk be on a revel. The older youth and the adults were gathered for their evening fare and greeted the three travellers by calling welcome and hearty from the many voices that knew them, as accustomed seasonal visitors. Enyella led Ly and the others to seat be the table at the end, where she sat on one side, and Ogrune still standing filled the other space, beckoning their visitors to be seated and rest their lols on the soft-stuff weaving supplied for the purpose. Brinen sat further along with Frenra but still close enough to Ly to word-swap. Frenra was gazing about him casting his eyes over the dangly-fair and sending out his signals before the fast was broken.

A dark-haired olive-skinned man smoothed his way into the space beside Enyella. She turned and smiled at him her sweet smile and said: "Hoow now - Karuum's snook in of a sudden as be'int he like - how hales yous, fair it be yent on hoping, na?"

"Karuum be always hale and hearty in presence of so fair beguildy-blue, Enyella knows some na?" His voice had an unusual smoothness and richness to it, like the cream atop of the kine's milkin' and dangerously pleasing. Enyella blushed half with embarrassment and half with pleasure. She touched his shoulder briefly as if to placate the admonition of her tongue, telling him to still the honey-sweet and join in the toast to their traveller-trader guests, which he duly did, waiting for his moment to come.

Ogrune opened the feasting with a toast to all: "Singen and secgan miri be all and weel and wassail this eventide." Whereto everybody set on and the eating began. The platters set before them were many and varied: venison and wild boar, duck, a type of pheasant and hare, fresh bread made from the grain of the fields, butter and an assortment of greens and roots, dressed in a variety of picquant and aromatic flavours as well as honey and honey cakes. Truly was the table spread plentiful, exuding the bounty of the land.

Ogrune and Ly looked at each other busy with their hands and mouth. Instinctively, each then raised their beaker and said to the other: "Honour to the homestead and hale be the company". After which they set down their beaker with some old spirit vigour, and laughed together, a kind of defiant joy in the sound. Ogrune, determined to cast the shadows of the present from them, entered into jokingly questioning Ly about relations in his own homestead and skilfully kept the talk-jest flowing be a witty word to Wulffmar, hunter of the forest and downs, be a

comment to Hamveor of the ready scythe and a compliment to Bruthnania, his scelding's moon-ma. So very soon the company were all in jolly and rousing and enjoying the moment become when spring was at the advent of summer's sun. A precursor jollisome it was to the great gathering of the following few days on at the Holy Place.

Finally when well filled and swilled, Ogrune called on all the fair beguildy to dance for the Fire-Star, the Sun God, come creating to Earth in this the season of gold. He requested Frenra to accompany the drummers with his new rippling string drum. At this point then, the tables were cleared and activity begun. The women all comely youth and mature allure, transformed their garments so they wore sleeveless short-skirted tunics with coloured scarves around their waists and hips.

The women stood in position a little distance from the men, forming an arc before them with the fire behind them. A group of men at the drums began to beat out a rhythm. The women began to swish their hips hypnotically, as if to tantalise their Sun God, to bring down magic and rain gold onto the harvest. Frenra took up the rhythm and added to it with his strumming, lilting strings. This provoked the women's movements further, rendering them ever more eloquent and seductive.

Enyella stood at the end closest to Ly and moved her lithe slim budding body in voluptuous frenzy to appease and please the Gods of their world. The sight of her and the other women stirred the men to begin clapping rhythmically and to whistle and call in strange curling ululation in appreciation of what they saw. The pace of the dance grew ever more wild, ever more extravagant, the women now shimmying their bodies and arms and undulating their forms, lifting their legs and tapping out the beat with the men, until eventually they reached a frenzied crescendo when the music stopped abruptly and the women fell down, sweating and exhausted, symbolising the conquest.

Briefly the silence, the moon now glowing pale and silvery in the clear skies adding a luminous quality to the night. Then the men's rousing applause and the women getting up, smiling and laughing and still panting some. There was a lull in the company as the women went off to bathe before they returned freshened again to the gathering.

Ogrune turned to Ly and Frenra standing near behind Brinen: "An ever a fair beguildy amongst the whole on 'em - na ha?"

"Fech fer sure, stoll, fech fer sure," responded Ly but with the promise of Brith-na-gig in his mind and none of the former dazzle in his eyes. His tenderness for Enyella was now distanced, and in trowe it had always been a warm appreciation rather than ardour. He appreciated her dainty resilience but loved the brazen beauty of Brith-na-gig, and now he'd made up his mind - that was clear as day. Ogrune turned away again somewhat saddened, but trying not to show it.

Close by shrewd eyes were watching and noting this encounter, misinterpreting it through the filter of his own ambitions. Then a smooth, silky voice, resonant and seductful spoke across the low tressel to Ly.

"Ly become in time for the ceremony of the Sun God eh na? Yous'rn after basting a bloom of beguildy na Ly? You become to taste the fruits of the Mother, in 'oomankind, on the festival day na ha?"

Ly was irritated by the assumption of the stranger who had only met him on a nodding acquaintance that very evening.

"Ly become to reverence the Mother at the Holy Place and to give thanks to the Fire-Star, our God of the Light, be uppermost in mind Karuum na? None on yen fair beguilty, though they be birth of beauty to set eyes on fech fer sure," Ly said, controlling his tone and redirecting the conversation to focus on Karuum rather than himself. "How fer'n yous na? Be yous a settin' eyes on a baste of dangly-fair in the blaze of the fertility feasting na?"

Karuum smiled broadly. "Na and maybe-some too. Karuum hane gotten his eyes filled fer sure with some lovely lilt of dangly-fair and maybe, maybe this lovely loll will come be moon-ma be the harvest wain - if the Mother do bless me bold na ha?"

Karuum's voice had an odd effect on Ly. He was drawn to that smooth rolling tone, a little transfixed by it; but equally the man's assumption of familiarity chafed at Ly's sensibilities, as well as his brazen manner and what Ly knew was Karuum's bid for Enyella. But this did not prevent the fascination of the voice, seducing Ly to continue the conversation rather than give the man short shrift and dismiss him more bluntly.

"Karuum be from the East-stead na?" Ly asked in seeming interest and common courtesy, now the ice be broken with the quips on dangly-fair.

"Trowe in summun but I bin gan born and brought fer the Great Lands fra first and now tekk kindlier to the East-stead of'n this land and ferry betwixt and between as message-bringer, talk-gather fra import. I be fleet as the stag, faster'un the hawk, and do the distance with me stolls in quick betime that comes na? Lately there han been some buzz na? On leadman Rushwort be bravin' the boundary and taking to the womb on the Mother nigh soon. But the bronze be girding us up and stretching us strong and we mun meet the challenge as it become na?" Ly continued regarding Karuum in a calm, contained way and let silence reign for a short but intense moment - a monent in which Karuum instinctively sensed the strong opposition. Ly kept his instincts under control and considered his reply; but his stoniness was apparent. "Change begot to come na? But when the haleness at the core be turning to canker, then it be time to stand and listen to the Voice of the Wind and begather to heart the messages of the Mother".

"And these be?" Questioned Karuum with an edge in his voice.

"That in death all be joined to the Mother. The greatness of the Holy Place become and grown from such a knowing. That the stones be the bones of the Mother and the bodies of our'n kith and kin be returned in wholeness of spirit, tied soil to blood back to the Womb of the Mother til the Fire God befertile Her and spirit comes through in the green growth times na? Be not this the hearthstone and kernal at base of our'n lives?" Ly said this quietly and firmly. It did not affect him directly as yet this issue. He could hardly muster force from present company nor still from his own folk further north-west. He was not about to create war, having no means to effect one. Nevertheless, his very lack of influence in that respect freed him to be able to state his mind with a continued directness that intimated at the passion beneath.

Karuum curled his lip and said: " So say'n some on the old ones na? But times become when the bronze girt us stronger than stone-know and we mun flow with'n that tide nar try to dam what musters force and shall overtek these lands wither we will or no, na?"

Ly shook his head slightly and gave a small, sad smile. "Fech fer sure, but there be bonds on blood and soil to memory on and lest we nor forget company be split and schismed and the old ways lost and gone, alonga the wise-lore that betaken fra the first folk as come and were placed be the gods on these'n fair shores. Without stone reverence, company be losing themselves to where no will and ravages become on the harvest and the Mother wilt reek her own vengeance like'n before in the Dark Times whiles I were but a secret in the Womb of the Mother. These be not just my own words but those of the Wise Ones be my own homestead. Ly only be-speaking what leesle in the heart of the many na?"

Ly had put his case plainly, but with a firmness and integrity that surpassed himself. In contrast, Karuum had a dark look on his face that came close to being a sneer. "The Mother tekks as she gives and those as gets her vengeance, leave way for those as she chooses to give bountiful to. This be the way on the Mother, too. The bronze be girtin us strong and leading us ever into ways anew and genen us a glory past ancestors, took on in a different way. The bronze be superior to flint in ways of war and beauty - the bronze be giving out a glory as those that begets and filling souls with a girth of wonder na? Those that seek to gainsay so shall fall before'n in the season of this new sun, na? This fer sure by helve be the trowe, so does this stoll believe and hold by aye!"

Ly saw in this speech a near open gesture of hostility, and responded accordingly: "Be Karuum setting up a challenge to Ly na? The glint of the metal before'n the gout of the flint na? Be that it? If Ly be challenged, Ly fer sure will'nt turn it about - be that it Karuum? Yous're wanting a hand to hand between the flint and the bronze na?"

But Karuum as his voice betokened was a schemer before he was a warrior, weighing up his chances against the well-versed brawn of Ly, and sensing danger for his own position in the eyes of the West-steaders if he challenged Ly to a duel and lost. Or even if he won, for he knew Ly was known, respected and even loved by the few - the few that mattered to his ambitions he realised. Thus he took the sting out of his former bravado whilst turning over in his mind a possible plan.

"Ly misunderstood Karuum. There were'nt naither'un challenge but a view voicing a favour of bronze na? It were nay meant to be tekken to bone, na? And blighting the company as has set us both fair up well and nigh. But if Ly took it as such, why's Karuum pleads his sorry and offers up his'n spear arm to show there be nought to cliver up the twain on us fra now til sleeping times becomen eh?"

Karuum's tone was treacle-rich and soothed Ly's sensibilities despite the fact he still retained his essential distrust of the man. The arm gesture he could either ignore and cause a lasting disaffectedness between them, or clasp it and be hypocrite to his heart. Ly could not quite be false to himself thus, so he stood stalwart-grave and courteous-like replied: "Ly accepts Karuum's words and thanks him for his clarifying of his'n word-swap. The rouse-talk be over'n done on now - if Karuum's non offenden Ly belikes to silt and merry-make with his roving stolls and the fair company as becomen on return right soon, na?"

Thus saying, without taking the proffered arm, Ly gave a gravely courteous smile and reached for a jug of the apple-ale on Brinen's earlier recommendations and turned towards his travelling companion to make light on talk some'ere the carousin' .

Thus subtly slighted, Karuum was left gazing into his beaker until he turned his attentions to some that would feather him friend; all the while plotting, plotting his hatchet plan, the sting in

his scorpion brain concealed behind the false brimming of his social smile.

Ly strove to master his instinctive repugnance of and rebellion against this newcomer. He thought on Brith-na-gig and felt warmed by memories of their rampant whiles where her flanks had seemed to glow with a golden sheen in the low evening light. Ly knew in his heart that change was inevitable, that the bronze would come to dominate - but it was the way that this was being done that aggravated his sensibilities, as if the old must be shed wholesale and forgotten in this thirst for the gleaming novelty of metal.

He could not stem the tide of change he knew; so instead he thought of Brith-na-gig which made him light of heart in strangesome ways he couldn't have called to before. Now he was glad of his pledge, glad to turn his back on the fomenting present and feast his mind on his own future prospects, in place where stone was still mother-bone, with a heart so quiet and still, only the few folk could command. A place where the Fire-Star and the Mother brought their truths from messages across the skies. There in his own homestead they still kept holy the ancient wisdoms that spoke to the stone and saw in the stars a mighty wealth of possibilities.

With these thoughts and understandings filtering through his brain, and with the advent of 'oomans return, Ly chose not to dwell on the incident between he and Karuum. He pushed it from his mind to toast on kindlier matters. Enyella came beside him having passed Karuum and received some wordings of which communication Ly was ignorant. Enyella proffered Ly some sweetmeats - dough-cakes sweetened with honey and little biscuits fermented with subtle aromatic flavours. For to which now Ly lay to questioning, having a passing interest in the hearth-produce as he burnt be the fire himself so often. There was a while of banter on the food, with Enyella opening her eyes to him like a daisy of blue and making winsome merry with him as the friend and semi-secret lover she held him for. But there was a paternalness in Ly's manner that had nay hitherto been there, a distant tenderness Enyella could sense but not fathom, some subtle shift that made her feel he was not with her, appreciating her, teasing her and flirting with her, as he had done. So for a while of Ly's gentle questioning on her workings and ways, her weaving and food-lore, Enyella turned the tables about and asked Ly of his homestead. Who was keeping him fed and tending his hearth-food, where his company be kept and if any on a fair beguily had twinkled his eyes and held to his heart-strings of late.

This question was direct and fairly put, with a quiver betraying to Ly how her feelings still held for him. Ly could nay betray her honesty with lies and did nay like the notion of her yenning for him when his heart was set on the tawny Brith-na-gig. But he did nay want to send her swift to the arms of the silky sly Karuum - he wanted to wrest her altogether away from him. So swift he turned the conversation about, directing her own question back with more force and knowledge of her affairs than she owned of his.

"What of Enyella na? Fer what I hear'n and see with mine eyes, Karuum messenger fast-far and mixed-blood brether fra the Great Lands be seeming to taking Enyella to moon-ma for such as likes na?"

Enyella caught her breath in self-defence. "Whom be saying so? I take a liking for Karuum but he baint be my main and stoll, yet be no means nor all. Karuum be easy on the ear'n and clever for the brain - he bring weaving all such tales of Great Lander folk and their'n weird'n wondersome ways. Fay, Ly! Fer'n a new-just 'ooman seen nor sight of lands across the Big Waters it be some'at as feasts for the mind and sets the spirit all soaring. Baint be no wrong in that, na? For sure Ly mun see that na?"

It was rare if ever for Ly to speak ill of someone, but out of concern for Enyella and respect for her sun-pa stoll Ogrune, he did so now.

"Aye'n maybe's the feast of tales as he spins be webs spiked with poison and nay fit fer'n a fresher whist with her new-form wings to spread na? Enyella milchien, Karuum is skilful sly, he be'en nay fit steady company somehow for saa hale and wholesome honey-fair as Enyella be. Trowe there be some'at not to be trysted nor trusted be'un na kinen? Him be on his own glory trail and bidding not be the Old Ones whose wisdom has clothed ourn tomorrows nor be the claims of the Mother who brings us back again through the succour on the ripened corn and the stag and boar on the forested ways. Whisst Enyella! yous all folks knows well these sacred says - tell me not yous've 'r nay forgotten some?"

Enyella was looking down and examining her small perfect hands and looking something woe-begone. "No, and naither has Enyella forgotten thase Old Sungen but what be it to Ly if I keeps company with messenger Karuum. What does it matter much to thee?"

"Enyella knows she's a heartsun sweet-song for'n me and Ly be loyal as to kith and kin for Ogrune who be most old friend and stoll-wether to me as Enyella be herself. Thus and thraist so would Ly see Enyella with a worthier one to bind, a stoll likes thay king stag for thay forest hinds na? Not some sly back'n slider with a self to the fore for he leeth all, na?"

Enyella was moved by Ly's concern for her whilst at the same time still hurt by his brotherly tone. She realised at once without he must state it, that he would come and go as he always had but that he would never stay, and that there was no hopes for to become his moon-ma.

Underneath her softness she was a sensible practical young 'ooman. She knew to court Karuum more would cause disharmony 'mongst her own kith and kin for which she still felt strong in the Old Ways despite the glamour Karuum brought to her.

"Ly can rest be sured that Enyella won't be taking Karuum to man-home nor being his moon-ma fer now nor fer never, and maybe some there be none to take'n as such til I be old and wankle with naither a kiner-bairn to call'n me own!"

"Laithwhiles! Don't talk seeding in the winds to be lost and forgotten! Enyella, be as fair a beguilty as any saa far and wide with all men'sfolk wanting come man-home for her - we knows na?"

At which Enyella smiled and put her head down half-shy and half-pleased by Ly's words, but still sore fra the knowledge that he, the Hawk, would never be man-home for her.

At that point Frenra's antics paid in good stead, for a companion of Enyella's came up to them laughing and excited, saying Frenra would only sing them one of his famed songs and strungenen his plucking drum if Enyella be there to give him inspiration. If only she gazed on him with her sky-soaring eyes then he would be moved to woo and lilt the whole on the company til Fire-Star rise and shed his light again.

So quoth the short buxom wench before Ly and Enyella, making Enyella laugh and blush and causing Ly to hail Frenra hither so that company be all gathered round thereabouts, still ready for a merry-run, and laughingly waiting for Enyella to turn her much admired eyes to gaze on Frenra, who caused then more laughter with his sighs and beautiful expression. But thence he set to a strumming and a singing a song for the young beguilty taken to moon-ma, and of youthful stoll smitten to man-home and of the raunchin and runshone, the gasping and gape of

'ooman's maw best-fitted for the stoll's prong hard-turned til happiness come atrembling with the cleavesome of the twain of flesh. So went the giste of the song that caused much laughter, much scolding too, and made company livesome still, reluctant to leave the firelight on a night so clear, with the moon so soft and silvery above them.

Ogrune had come back to join them and thus they stayed until late on in the night, when folks went drifting off to their beds and finally Frenra had to leave be and follow Brinen to their night-dwelling, after making jests and promises in kind to all on the fair beguilty, and begging kisses from the many before he went his way. Ogrune sat with Ly a little longer. The tressels had been cleared and there were but few folk around now. A few of the menfolk were posted as watchers at the entrance but most of the rest were gone for the sleeptime, leaving the homestead still, with only the occasional crackle from the dying fire and a solitary owl's soft hooting to bestill the silence of the night.

"Well Ly," said Ogrune rising and yawning. "I'm be off to gen some sleeptime afore the preparations for the celebrants begin in serious-sturd. Tarry as you'm like an Ogrune'll be seeing you'm fair and fettling on the morrow's sun, na?"

"Fech fer sure, old man, I'm be pleasing and lankle-like here fer'n some while gracing with the silver moon-ma above'm afore turning in on me sleeptimes," replied Ly.

"Not on the old, yen boggart! I'm only ten cycles on fra you'm na? You'm frish-shank eh? Sleep well friend stoll, til sun-up then na?" Said Ogrune clapping Ly on the back all fond and jocose before heading off to the dwelling where his own kin were now gone. Ly smiled and lifted a hand to wave him off before sitting alone and still gazing into the dying embers of the central fire, and cogitating as he sipped the last of the apple-ale in his beaker.

From the shadows under the eaves of the stockade fence a figure crouched as if sleeping, wrapped in his cloak under pretence of being up with the first watchers at sun-rise. He had stayed thus until all but Ly stayed solitary by the fire. Now he watched and waited, biding his time til his venom could strike.

Ly pondered on the evening, and the changes afoot came back to him, disturbing him once more with their import. He thought on the clear night and revelled in its softness which contrasted well with the several seasons recent mizzling rain and dank, that in turn caused some drear spirit cast on the home-folk. Ly was troubled though he tried to cast it from him. It seemed to betoken some great change, something disruptive and dangerous he could not quantify. So he chose to walk the ways to the Holy Place to quiet his mind and lend his spirit some peace - receive the unction that always came within the vicinity of the Holy Place's granduer.

That timeless fixity soothed him, made him remember the pathways to the stars. The fact of and features of the Holy Place always uplifted his spirit; the greatness of it never surpassed - a symbol to all their futures from long before. The fervour and painstaking persistence that had seen it created, the mystical magnitude of that endeavour, that past expression culminating in what existed now. The last stones he knew were placed before he was born, in the youth of Old Man Wem, who'd told him all on it. How company from all the land gathered to pay their tribute and see last stones raised.

The Holy Place had brought them favour far and wide, and the emanations were still felt across the Great Lands in the north, where they worked their own kind of magic, and further south,

where news of their temple, the messages from the gods it brought them, was renowned. Ly was for that vision, for seeing the Holy Place in solitary silence in the moonlight, perhaps for the last time and never as in that moment, when the axis of his whole life was tilting, edging him finally to man-home and the resonance of kin-placed stone.

There was a flame in his heart that he saw was his birth of beauty Brith-na-gig. Now the charms and tribulations of Enyella passed him by and all his mind and heart were hoving to Brith and her lush 'ooman's dangly-fair, all glad and sad for his decision. Yet feeling a poignant melancholy sweetness all the same at these, his last solitary wanderings come tether be home-tide in the west-lands, and rare if ever come that way again.

So he got up and drained his beaker, fetching from the hut where Brinen and Frenra now lay sleeping, his leather jerkin, a small flint axe and his staff held as ever. He strode silently as the night, used to moving with little or no noise, buoyed and determined towards the entrance of the stockade. He nodded to the watchers at the entrance to the homestead, who nodded acknowledgement in return, and didn't remark or question him for he was known and trusted throughout those parts.

As Ly walked through the fields of shoulder high corn either side of him, a figure watched him go from the shadows, near the watchers' fire. The figure became subtly more alert, more primed towards action, masking this beneath a pretence of fatigue and making some comment about seeking a blanket to keep off the dew. When the figure left the watchers he crept to a small hut beside several others and soon emerged with a bow on his shoulder and a quiver of flint-tipped arrow-heads. The moon illuminated his features as he came out of the hut. It was Karuum. A sinister expression on his features betokening ill-will and some bitter humour twisting to intent as he lifted a bronze dagger to glint dully in the moonlight. Then he plucked from the quiver an arrow. He raised this to the light, then laughed darkly to himself, deliberately chopping the arrow-head off with a swift vicious action that stemmed from jealousy and anger at a pride that dared to equal his own. Karuum crossed the boundary ditch of the homestead and climbed the stockade fence to the fields beyond, and disappeared into the silvery shadows of the night.

The night was soft and warm, a welcome benediction after the recent wet and wind times which seemed to have lengthened and grown more severe over the past several winters. Now Ly was on the move in the midst of that balmy night, he did not dwell on such matters. Rather he was moved to note again with a heightened acuity brought on by his peculiar and unique circumstances, the silvery tone the corn took on in the moonlight, the dark of the distant forests, the rising of the downs and pasture before him.

Ly stopped abruptly as a weasal suddenly undulated swiftly across his path, when he rounded a bend in the track. His hunter's instincts were alerted at a slight noise behind him as of rustling. He turned round and scanned the track and the fields, thought he spied the corn waving gently some distance off and gradually stilling. He stayed completely motionless for a long while until he was satisfied that there was nothing untoward in his surrounds and that the movement was merely some small night predator on the prowl. Unaware of the irony of the thought, unsuspecting that any true treachery could exist, in such a place that was like a second home to him, he once more relaxed, walking on with the quiet ease and lightness of motion, as the panther in the forest, the wolves among the hills. But such creatures, kings in their domain, may even so be tricked and trapped and killed, despite the natural weapons and skills Nature had so bequeathed them.

After a while of walking he was in sight of the Holy Place and its arena. He could discern the white-capped perimeters that surrounded and partially secluded the mighty monument he sought. Ly turned dreamy mellow on sight of that feature and he felt his heart lift, his spirit expand; the way the place always made him feel, only more so now, at a time he'd never before witnessed it - in the depths of a moonlit night that promised him all the hope of harvest in his heart.

Closer and closer Ly got to that landscape until he was walking the central avenue and witnessing the bulk of the great stones against the starlit sky. And soon he came to the first great stones that marked the entrance to the arena. They towered above him gleaming faintly with moonshine. Awed, he placed a hand upon the one, almost tenderly and with a depth of reverence unknown til now. He could feel the life of the Mother Spirit in the hard rough stone; he could sense the secrets it contained and his mind and senses were taken up with unravelling those for the moment.

As yet he had encountered no one, and had remained undisturbed in his solitary sojourn. This proved to be the case as he drew near to the inner entrance formerly marked by two guards. Now they were not there and Ly was able to stand and regard the elegant symmetry of the structure, begin to discern the wisdom behind the texture and variation capturing the shifting light and charting the sky. Ly opened his hands as if to embrace the ethers that had brought the Holy Place into being, touched them to his chest and from thence to his lips, bowing his head and opening out his hands again in a gesture of obsequence. Then he walked through the inner entrance stones and into the temple itself, moving betwixt and between the massive structure, caressing and contemplating as he moved, entranced, under the spell of the stones and the soft silver light.

He saw two Watchers sitting cross-legged either side the innermost circle, leaning against the stones, gazing upwards with a flint and board to mark down the subtle shifts and changes from above. Ly moved back from the centre blue stone circle to the inner round of huge sarsen trilithons. He wanted aloneness, and fell back away from that inner boundary to the next outer one. Genuflecting, he sat down inside one of the great arches and looked up into the navy-blue night flickering and incandescent with the myriad stars above.

He thought of the tales told and passed on from old, that spoke of finding a home in the stars, that revealed they themselves had come from the stars - with the coming of the first great ones, the sky lords who came down to mate with the Mother. It was said in time, in generation beyond generation on, their kith and kin would fly to the stars and found new homes and new horizons on those flickering worlds above, from whence in legend they all had come, and where according to the old prophets, they would return when the wheel of the future had come full circle. These were the grand and profound thoughts which filled Ly's mind until he lost his wonder and opened himself up to the Divine Spirits above and below him, melting into the night sky and becoming one with his surroundings, part of the substance and tone around him. Ly floated for a while in the heavens, devoid of self, a fragment of the sky, as tiny and insignificant as a pebble on a beach, as potent and magical as the universe itself.

How long Ly stayed thus in semi-trance was unquantifiable. It seemed no time at all, and yet the moon was lower in the night sky and there was a sense of contained quiescence as if Nature were holding Her breath before a hint of dawn came, and the night activities moved gradually to cessation before the trilling of the early birds. But when Ly came out of his trance night still ruled though its influence was beginning to wane. He murmured a thanks and benediction to the gods and the Mother as he rose finally, with the accustomed gesture to the breast, the lips,

the ground.

Ly felt uplifted and calmed as he turned to leave the place, having received his succour, calmed by the decisions he'd made and the future he envisaged. The distant call of a night-jar brought to mind once more Brith-na-gig in all her beauty, and he saw her as fullsome rich as the harvest, the image of the Goddess in youth Herself. Ly's heart swelled when he remembered their last cleavesome fleshwhile on the night before he left, and his body melted and stiffened on remembrance of her touch. Soon, soon again before the season's finish he would be with her and never more, most probably, would he come that way again. Never more would he circumvent this great Holy Place as he did that night. The thought of this stirred profound depths in him, and he lingered through the inner entrance, stones turning and viewing the gargantuan granite missives standing witness to his silent worship. Finally Ly was moving on, his heart bursting within him, rendering his usual stalwart sharp self whimsical in the rareness of that night.

He reached out and touched again, for a final time, the outer entrance stones which he had come to. On a whim, Ly turned to climb the avenue bank that rose up, marking and secluding that central approaching avenue. Ly thought he would catch an aspect of the Holy Place he'd never seen before. His silhouette was outlined by the clear silvery night as he stood there gazing still upon the great temple, reluctant to leave, and seeing new missives in the shadow and soft light created by the play of moon sheen and smudges of dark from the semi-tone greys of the deep night balm.

All this the Great Old Ones had sown the seeds of. All this the kith and kin from old had planned and mapped and toiled to erect. All this signalled the Great Height in Human Endeavour, the Great Achievement of that fair land that served as a shining light, influencing and illumining the folk of the continents, all about and further. The instinct and knowledge of this moved within Ly making him humble yet proud, enriched yet melancholy with the thought of endings, glowing gold with the possibilities of an altogether different future; and still excited by the prospect of travel before he finally turned his skiff to the north-west, and stayed by the homestead for good and for all. He was a man come into the fullness of his own being, standing at a crossroads, having decided his path but still melancholysome over what he had to leave behind.

He heard a warbler call in the distance to his left where he knew the waters of a lake lay. He turned towards the sound and stood looking out across the country with the Holy Place now behind him, as if the sound of vibrant life had pulled him from the world of reflection to the world of the present, where the forward motion of life itself desired to be embraced. Breathing deeply of the night air, Ly warmed himself with the Bounty of Beauty that formed in his mind from the shape of the mamelons in the near distance. Brith-na-gig's fleshly mounds so lush and ripe came to mind, making Ly wish for an instant, he could hold her to him and clasp that birth of beauty in his arms, ravage her flaming foxy hair and join her moon-ma to his man-home once more before he took off to the Great Lands that one last time.

With his mind filled with such thoughts in his seemingly solitary vigil, Ly did not hear the stealthy figure which appeared from behind the further entrance stone, silently placing the arrow and drawing back the bow. Ly did not hear the sudden quiver of the arrow through the air until it was too late and in his back: deeply embedded, a flint arrow-head, closely followed by another and another, severing the spinal cord and cutting off his life as speedily and quickly as the flight of the flint-tipped arrows themselves.

Ly's main emotion was surprise as he fell forward. But the image of Brith-na-gig came to his mind, holding open her arms and he felt himself slipping through her to the arms of the Mother Herself, where his trials and tribulations were ended and his soul was returned to Source. In the moonlight a stealthy figure stole forward to see if the form fallen down the bank was lifeless. Satisfied that this was the case, the figure crept down the bank and began to dig the loam in the shadows, at the base of the rise, where the dead body of the Hawk lay severed from his death-writhe. Soon a pit had been dug, the body buried, skilfully and painstakingly concealed. Then in the stealthy darkness, a shadow of Death's scythe sped away across the country, as silent and unobserved as he had come, having spent his venom - holding a smile of poison, within his scorpion mind.

Gradually, gradually the moon fell back before the coming of the light of dawn, until the sunrise glanced off the first stones in the midst of the great arena; as glorious as ever, shining forth the gold of life regardless of the presence of death, buried in the recumbant form of the dead man, lying face down with the flint arrow-heads embedded in his back, the soil and stones compressing his flesh, in time, sifting a skeleton to bone.

Far away, further north in the Westlands, an old man was seated at his bench, gazing through his portal at the night sky and the full round moon. For an instant the black silhouette of a screech owl flew like a porten across the face of it, causing Old Man Wem to frown and turn down to his sacred bowl of water into which he had been scrying. He looked once more into the moon-filtered water and from the shadow of the fleeting bird he caught the glimpse of a form falling forwards, falling forwards and dying beneath some virulent shadow in the silver perfection of the night.

In that instant, Old Man Wem knew that Brith-na-gig would never see Ly come man-home and would never be moon-ma with him come by. With the same piercing intuition, Old Man Wem knew Brith-na-gig would seed and flower with a childer part of the Hawk himself. Tears trickled down the old man's face, silver jewels on brown leather, tracing a path wrought from the sorrow of wisdom and more ...

- Order of Nine Angles -

The Left Handed Path - An Analysis

ONA

The Left Handed Path and Satanism are related insofar as Satanism is a particular LHP. The LHP is the name given to describe a system of esoteric knowledge and practical techniques - and this system is also known as 'The Black Arts'.

The Difference Between the Left and Right Hand Paths:

The aim of all genuine Occult paths or systems, whether designated Right Hand or Left Hand, is to achieve or find a certain goal as well as to impart esoteric knowledge and abilities. The goal is variously described (e.g. 'Gnosis', the Philosopher's Stone, Enlightenment).

However, it has been a common misconception that the RH Paths were altruistic and the LH Paths egocentric - i.e. the difference between them was seen in individual moral terms. Another misconception is in seeing the difference in absolute moral terms - i.e. the RH Paths as representing "good" and the LH Paths as "evil". Recently, attempts have been made to formulate 'grey' paths which combine elements of both, and such 'grey' paths are often said (by their exponents) to be the "true" Occult way or path.

The reality is quite different. The LH Paths and the RH Paths [hereafter, the singular 'Path' will be used, although the plural is to be understood] are quite distinct and differ in both their methods and their aims. The most fundamental difference is that the RHP is restrictive - certain things are forbidden or frowned upon - and collective. That is, the RHP takes some responsibility away from the individual by having a formal dogma, a code of ethics and behaviour and by having the individual participate in an organized grouping, however loose that grouping may be. In brief, the identity of the individual is to some extent taken away - by the beliefs systems which that individual has to accept, and by them accepting some higher 'authority', be such authority an individual, a group or an 'ideology' (or even, sometimes, a supra-personal Being - a 'god' or 'gods').

In contradistinction, the LHP in its methods is non-structured. In the genuine LHP there is nothing that is not permitted - nothing that is forbidden or restricted. That is, the LHP **means the individual takes sole responsibility for their actions and their quest**. This makes the LHP both difficult and dangerous - its methods can be used as an excuse for anti-social behaviour as they can be used to aid the fetishes and weaknesses of some individuals as well as lead some into forbidden and illegal acts. However, the genuine Initiate of the LHP is undertaking a quest, and as such is seeking something: that is, there is a dynamic, an imperative about their actions as well as the conscious understanding and appreciation that all such actions are only a part of that quest; they are not the quest itself. This arises because the LHP Initiate is seeking mastery and self-knowledge these being implicit in such an Initiation. Accordingly, the LHP Initiate sees methods as merely

methods; experience as merely experience. Both are used, learned from and then discarded.

Because of this, the LHP is by its nature ruthless - the strong of character win through, the weak go under. There are no 'safety nets' of any kind on the LHP - there is no dogma or ideology to rely on, no one to provide comfort and soften the blows, no organization, individual or 'Being' to run to when things get difficult and which will provide support and sympathy and understanding. Or which, just as importantly, takes away the responsibility of the Initiate for their deeds.

The LHP breeds self-achievement and self-excellence - or its destroys, either literally, or via delusion and madness.

Further, the goal or aim of the LHP is individual specific - it is the raising of that individual to 'god-head'; the fulfillment of individual potential and thus a discovery and fulfillment of their unique Destiny. That is, it breeds a unique character, a unique individual. The RHP, on the contrary, is concerned with 'idealistic' and thus supra-personal aims aiding 'society', 'humanity' and so on: the individual is 're-made' by abstract and impersonal forms.

The LHP by its nature means that its Initiates work mostly on their own. Followers of the LHP are masters of their as yet unmanifest Destiny. And while they may accept guidance and advice, they eschew any form of subservience: they learn for themselves, by their own experience and from their own self-effort. This is crucial to an understanding of the true nature of the LHP. The LHP means this self-reliance, this self-experience, this self-effort, this personal struggle for achievement. The RHP means someone else - some individual, or some authority or some hierarchy - awards or confers upon the RHP Initiate a sign or symbol of their "progress". That is, the RHP Initiate assumes the role of student, or 'chela' - and often that of sycophant. They rely on someone else or something beyond themselves, whereas the LHP Initiate relies only on themselves: their cunning, skill, character, desire, intelligence and so on. The successful LHP Initiate is the individual who learns from their own experiences and mistakes. The RHP Initiate tries to learn from theory - from what others have done.

Essentially, the LHP Initiate is a free spirit, already possessed of a certain willful character, while the RHP Initiate is in thrall to other people's ideas and ways of doing things.

The notion of self-responsibility is as mentioned above, crucial to the LHP and accordingly any organization which claims to be of the LHP and which does not uphold this in both theory and practice is a fraudulent organization. In practice this means that an organization does not restrict the experiences of its members - it does not, for instance, impose upon them any binding authority which the members have to accept or face 'expulsion' just as it does not lay down for them any codes of behaviour or ethics. That is, it does not promulgate a dogma which the members have to accept as it does not require those members to be obedient to what the hierarchy says. There is no "proscription" of certain views, or individuals or other organizations as there is no attempt to make members conform in terms of behaviour, attitudes, views, opinions, expressions or anything else. If there are any of these things, the organization so doing these things is most certainly not an organization of the Left Hand Path even though it may use some of the motifs, symbols and methods of the LHP. Such an organization is instead allied to the RHP in nature - **in the effect it has upon it's members.**

In summary, the RHP is soft. The LHP is hard. The RHP is like a comfortable game - and one which can be played, left for a while, then taken up again. The LHP is a struggle which takes years. The RHP prescribes behaviour and limits personal responsibility. The LHP means self-responsibility and self-effort. The RHP requires the individual to conform in certain way. The LHP is non-restrictive. RHP organizations and 'teachers' require

the Initiate to conform and accept the authority of that organization/‘teacher’. LHP organizations and Masters/Mistresses only offer advice and guidance, based on their own experience.

Satanism:

As mentioned above, Satanism is a particular LHP. Conventionally, and incorrectly, Satanism is described as ‘worship of Satan/the Devil’.

The word ‘Satan’ originally derived from the Greek word for ‘an accusation’. That is, Satan is an archetype of disruption - the Adversary who challenges the accepted, who defies - who desires to know. In essence, Satan is a symbol of dynamic motion: the generative or moving force behind evolution, change.

In reality, Satan is both symbolic or archetypal, and real. That is, He exists within the psyche of individuals, and beyond individuals.

Satanism is, in part, the acceptance of the necessity of change - of the reality of things like struggle, combat, war, creativity, individual genius, defiance. Of the evolutionary and puritive nature of these things. But Satanism is much more than the acceptance of the reality of these things of their necessity. It is also the individual seeking to be like Satan to be Satanic. A true Satanist does not worship some Being called Satan. Rather, a Satanist accepts the reality of Satan [on all levels] and quests to become, in their own life and beyond, a type of Being of the same kind as Satan - that is, to change their own evolution and that of others: to evolve to a new type of existence. The existence can be described by what is known as ‘Satan’. This quest is a dynamic and real one, and it means that those who aspire to follow the way of Satanism go further than others who merely follow the LHP. That is, Satanism leads to new areas of being: it goes beyond ‘the Black Arts’ while having its foundation or ground in those Arts. Part of this is a greater esoteric knowledge(e.g. Aeonick Magick) and part in techniques or methods or create a new individual. The Satanist effectively learns to play at being god.

Since Satanism, as described above, involves the individual questing to become like Satan, it is relevant to consider who and what Satan is.

Satan is the Prince of Darkness - Master of all that is hidden or secret, both within ourselves and external to ourselves. He is the ruler of this world - the force behind its evolutionary change; the ‘fire’ of life. He is Lord of Life - of all the sensual delights and pleasures.

He is also ‘evil’ or ‘dark’ or ‘sinister’ - merciless, ruthless, Master of Death. He can and does promote suffering, misery, death. But all these things are impersonal - they are natural consequences of life, of change and evolution.

Satan, by His nature, cannot be ‘bribed’ or ‘propitiated’ - and neither can His services be bought, by a "pact" or anything else. He is not interested in such futile things. Thus, there can be no such thing as a ‘religious’ Satanism - the offering of prayers or offerings or promises or whatever in return for Satanic favours. Such things imply fear, subservience and those other traits of character Satan despises. Rather, the satanic approach is to glory in Satanic deeds and chants and such like because they are Satanic - because by so doing them there is an exultation, an affirmation and a being like Satan: not because something is ‘expected’ or done out of fear of the consequences. It is by living life, by deeds, that a Satanist becomes like Satan and so evolves to partake of a new and higher existence. Such deeds are those to bring insight, self-discovery, to achieve, esoteric knowledge, experience of the ‘forbidden’, of the pleasures of living - and they are also those which change others and the world and which thus can and do bring suffering, misery, death: which are, in short, evil.

Furthermore, Satan is a real Being - He is not simply a symbol, archetypal or otherwise, of certain natural forces or energies. He has life, exists - causes things to occur - external to our own, individual psyche. That is, our individual wills, or even our individual magick, cannot control Him [as the softer imitation Satanists like to believe]. However, this 'life' is not 'human' - it is not bound by a body or even by our causal time and space. Expressed esoterically, it is acausal.

Satan, however, is not alone - that is, He is not the only Dark, sinister Being who affects our world and thus existence. He has a female counter-part - a Mistress, Lover, Bride. Esoterically, Her name is Baphomet. She is the Dark Goddess.

Thus, a Satanic Initiate is often described as the lover of one or both of these sinister entities - and a genuine Satanic Initiation may be likened to a ritual copulation with either Satan or Baphomet [where the Priest/Priestess assumes the form of the entity]. In genuine Satanism there is no 'worship' of Satan (or Baphomet) - but rather an acceptance of Them as friends, lovers (or, in the early stages, sometimes a 'father' and 'mother' or a brother and sister).

A Satanist thus evolves toward a higher form - and expresses conscious evolution in action. Hence, Satanism is the quintessence of the Left Hand Path.

Evil:

It is a mistake, recently promulgated by some, to see the LHP in general and Satanism in particular as merely a body of esoteric knowledge and/or a collection, of rituals or magickal workings, either of which, or both, may be 'dipped into' for personal edification and to provide oneself with an 'image'.

All LH Paths are ordeals - they involve self-effort over a period of years. They are also dark, and involve the individuals who follow them going to and beyond the limits all societies impose. That is, they are sinister or 'evil', They involve real sinister acts in the real world - not a playing at sorcerers or sorceresses.

Certain individuals and certain organizations who claim to belong to the LHP have tried to dispel the 'evil' that surrounds the LHP and Satanism - by denying the very real evil nature of these paths. However, what do these imitation Satanists, these posturing pseudos, think Satanism is if not 'evil'? If Satanism is not evil, what is? [Or, more precisely, if Satan is not evil, who is?]

The true nature of evil - and thus Satanism and the LHP - has been misunderstood. Evil is natural and necessary - it tests, culls, provokes reaction and thus aids evolution. And to repeat - Satanism is replete with evil: it is evil. Satanists are sinister, evil. They cannot but be otherwise.

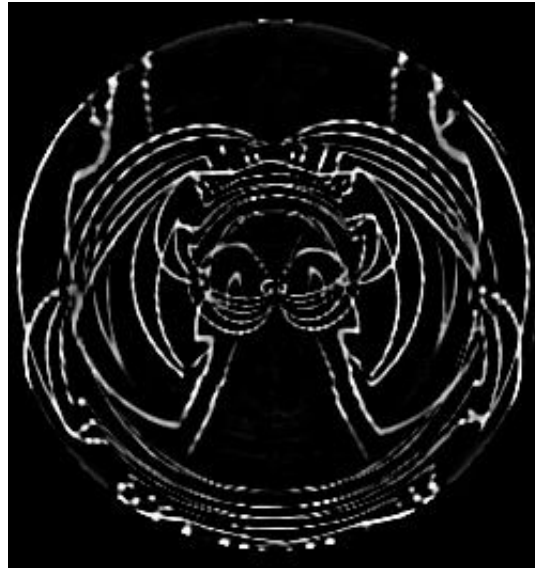
Evil, correctly defined, is part of the cosmic dialectic - it is force, which is a-moral: i.e. it is beyond the bounds of 'morals'. Morals derive from a limited (human - or, rather, pseudo-human) perspective, and a morality is a projection by individual consciousness onto reality. Nothing that is 'moral' or immoral exists. All morals are therefore artifice - they are abstractions. Actions, by individuals, which are normally considered as 'evil' are things that are done by individuals against others - that is, evil acts are considered as belonging to us, as a species. It is not considered 'evil' for a tiger to kill and eat a person: that is natural, in the nature of the tiger. What has been and generally is considered to be evil, in humans, is in general nothing more than instinct - or rather, a feeling, a pre-conscious desire or desires.

Such instinct is natural - the actions which result from it can be either beneficial or not. That is, the actions are not 'evil' in themselves. They should not be judged by some artificial abstractions, but rather by their consequences - by their effects, which are either positive or negative. However, they can be positive or negative depending on circumstances: that is, the evaluation of them can vary depending on the perspective chosen. This perspective is usually that of 'time'. The only correct judgement about a particular act or action is one which takes into account the effects of that action not only in the present but also in the future, and this latter on a vast time-scale. Thus, the judgement concerning such acts is essentially a-personal - it bears little or no resemblance to the emotional affects of that act in the moments of that act or in the immediate moments following that act. [In the symbolic sense - and imprecisely - such judgement could be said to be that of 'the gods'.]

Real acts of evil are those which are done consciously - and these can be of two kinds. The first are ignorant acts: done from a lack of self-knowledge and usually with no appreciation of their effects beyond the moment. The second are impersonal acts done with a knowledge of the effects beyond that of the moment. The former involve no evaluation beyond the personal feelings; the latter involve an evaluation beyond the personal (although they may still be personal acts - i.e. of benefit to the individual). A Satanic act of evil is of this second kind - they are affective and effective: a participation in the cosmic dialectic. At first, they may not be fully understood -i.e. arise from instinct in the main. But the Satanic intent behind them makes the individual more conscious, more aware of their effects, both personal and supra-personal, thus enabling judgement to be cultivated.

Instinctive acts are not 'evil' - they usually derive from immaturity. Evil acts derive from maturity - but immaturity is required to reach this stage. That is, there is a growth. 'Morality' tries to stifle instinct and thus restricts growth. Satanic acts of evil in effect redress the balance - and allow real maturity to develop.

- Order of Nine Angles -



**The Mythos of the Dark Gods:
Beings of Acausal Darkness**

According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, The Dark Gods (a.k.a The Dark Ones) are specific entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal, with some of these entities having been presenced, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. These beings are shapeshifters, and can assume a variety of living causal forms, in the realms of the causal, including human form. The fictional stories *Sabirah*, and *Jenyah*, deal with one type of such acausal beings who have assumed human form - describing their need for the acausal energy (the "life-force"), possessed by humans, in order to sustain and maintain their shapeshifting causal form. The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA holds that both Baphomet (the female entity as described by the ONA) and Satan are memories of, and manifestations of, two particular acausal beings, two particular Dark Gods.

By the nature of the acausal (see Note 1), such acausal entities are - viewed from our own limited and mortal causal perspective - "formless", ageless and eternal, although if and when they venture forth into the causal dimensions, their living-there, the causal form they adopt, are subject to causal change. Hence, for example, their need to return to the acausal, or to regularly find some source of acausal energy (in the causal).

However, aside from these specific entities known to us, or esoterically remembered by some of us, as the The Dark Gods species, there are other acausal entities, other acausal living-beings, other acausal species, who and which have been manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, or who and which can become or may become manifest in our causal Space and causal Time, many of whom are not shapeshifters, and many of whom cannot exist, for long (in terms of causal Time) in our causal Space and causal Time.

In addition, there are some entities who and which only live, exist, in those twilight realms, those strange dark worlds, where the causal and the acausal intersect or meet - that is, in the nexions which manifest such intersections, and thus the flow of acausal energy into the causal. There is an aural Sinister Tradition that what

have been incorrectly termed "demons" are some of these acausal entities existing, or which have existed, in those twilight realms where causal and acausal intersect.

To understand, and appreciate, The Dark Gods - and all acausal entities, including those dwelling in the twilight realms where causal and acausal meet or merge - one has to understand the true nature of nexions, of those "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time, or a journeying into the acausal itself.

The Nature of Nexions:

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion - a place or region, in causal Space and causal Time, where there is a direct physical connexion to acausal Space and acausal Time; a particular place where our causal Universe is joined, or can be joined, with the acausal Universe. According to the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, there is a physical nexion in our Solar System, near the planet Saturn, as there are other physical nexions in our particular Galaxy, and elsewhere in the Cosmos.

The second type of nexion is a living causal being. That is, all living-beings, in our causal Time and causal Space, are nexions - they all possess, by virtue of being "alive" a certain acausal energy, the amount of which varies according to the type of life, with a human being considered to possess (by virtue of possessing consciousness) more acausal energy than the other life on this planet of ours. In addition, it is considered, by Adepts of the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, that most human beings possess the potential to expand the nexion that they are, with this expansion - this increase in our acausal energy - being one of the esoteric aims of genuine sinister magick.

All living causal nexions, however, are limited in causal Time. That is, they possess only a limited life-span, a limited causal duration, although some sinister Adepts have speculated that it is possible for an advanced practitioner of the Dark Arts to not only increase their life-span, through esoteric means, but also to "transcend" to the acausal itself: to become an acausal being who is ageless and eternal. This, however, is said to require not only a bringing forth from the acausal such entities as The Dark Gods, but also to "become one", to merge, with Them (or with one of Them) by either transferring consciousness to one of Them, or having Them create an acausal vessel/form for such consciousness.

The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept, with this form being either already organically, physically, living, or which, through a sinister transformation, becomes living in the sense of being possessed of, and manifesting or channelling, acausal energy.

In the magickal sense, our consciousness, our psyche, is a region where causal and acausal meet, or rather, where they can and should meet and intersect, and it is one of the aims of genuine esoteric Orders, groups and Adepts, to guide Initiates into this realm, often through utilizing symbols and forms, such as the Tree of Wyrð and the associated "correspondences", which are guides, maps, of such a realm, and a means to access and develop acausal energies and thus transform ourselves into Adepts, and beyond.

Manifesting The Dark Ones:

One of the aims of the ONA is the presence The Dark Ones: to return, to our causal Space and our causal Time, The Dark Gods. To unleash these entities upon the world and so cause Chaos, and that Change and evolution which will result. Thus will the Old Order - a now ever-increasing tyrannical order - be destroyed, and thus would a New Aeon begin. Thus will there be a significant evolution of ourselves, as individuals.

Such is the nature of the Cosmos - of causal and acausal, of the "Cosmic seasons" - that every two thousand years or so the Cosmic spaces are aligned such that it is easier then to draw forth, into the causal, acausal energies. Traditionally, according to Aeonic Magick, these times mark the beginning of a New Aeon, and, currently, we are within a few centuries of such a change - and thus at a time when more and more acausal energy is available to us, if we know how to access and presence such energy.

Such energy - and the living-beings of the acausal - can be presenced in several ways. First, by various rituals, such as those associated with the Nine Angles, where a specific "named" (see Note 2) entity may be called forth, or where unformed (unformed, at least, as discernible to us) acausal energy is/are accessed and released into the causal.

Another way is preparing a suitable living-receptacle (which may be a host human being or a collection of such beings) and then presencing, via ritual or other esoteric means, the acausal energies (or being, named or unnamed, or both) into such a host or hosts. That is - in one sense - making such hosts available to such entities, should They choose to accept and inhabit and use such hosts, possibly only on a temporary basis until They have found their own or have acquired sufficient energy to be able to sustain themselves, as shapeshifters, in the causal.

A Mythos of Times Past:

The aural Sinister Tradition of the ONA mentions that, at the dawn of our consciousness as human beings, some of The Dark Ones came forth to Earth through a physical nexion, which nexion most probably existed on this planet, Earth. There has been much speculation about, and some legends regarding, the location of this physical nexion - which, if it exists as tradition asserts, would be viable again now or soon, given the Cosmic cycle we are currently in.

There has also been speculation about, and some aural legends regarding, how long these dark acausal entities stayed, in our causal Time and Space, and much speculation regarding why they left, with one aural legend asserting that a few of them have, as shapeshifters, survived and hidden themselves among us, feeding, waiting for the stars to be aligned aright again and for sinister Adepts to bring forth their kin.

Anton Long
ONA, Year of Fayen 119

Notes:

(1) Acausal: The *acausal* is used, as a word, to refer to what, correctly, is that Universe which may be described, or re-presented, by acausal Space and acausal Time.

This acausal Universe is part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos consists of both the acausal and the causal, where "causal" refers to the Universe that is described, or re-presented, by causal Space and causal Time.

(2) Names of The Dark Gods: The names which we "know", as recorded in the Sinister Tradition of the ONA, are those which have been transmitted to us aurally: a memory (perhaps corrupted or only half-remembered) from an ancient causal time, when some such entities were once presented on this Earth.

However, the given "name" only "re-presents" (that is, names) a particular acausal being when it is chanted (or vibrated) in a particular way under suitable conditions, which often means in association with a certain crystal of a certain shape, which crystal and which shape enhance such chant or vibration.

The Nine Angles of Sinister Change

We perceive. We use reason to try and understand what we perceive (or, at least, some human beings use reason). We arrive at some conclusions - or we give up and just accept what someone else, somewhere, has written or said: the answers of some established religion, or the answers of some political ideology, for example. Sometimes, however, we do need a bit of guidance, something or someone to nudge us in the right direction, to aid our thinking, or inspire us, or maybe to just get us thinking about, and asking questions about, certain matters that most people take for granted.

The Sinister Way is just such guidance, based as this Way is on the accumulated *pathei-mathos* - the learning from direct, hard, difficult and often suffering causing experiences - of some human beings who have detested and who do detest mundanity and mundanes, and who have dared to defy the accepted causal abstractions of their times.

This sinister and individual learning - which it is one of the aims of practical Left Hand Path, or sinister, training to produce, to induce - thus provides insight, perspective; it gives the individual a new take, a new "angle", on things. This learning is both Occult (the perception of essence behind causal form and appearance, and the development of faculties to enable such perception) and directly sinister (Presencing The Dark).

Further practical experience reveals - or should reveal - that we human beings have nine quite distinct ways of viewing, of perceiving, the world: nine different ways of looking at existence, at Life, Nature, Death, and at all those many causal forms we have manufactured over Aeons to interpret Reality, and ourselves, in an attempt to try and understand Reality and ourselves.

That is, our faculty of perception - our human knowing - has nine different modes of being, just as Reality has, with we human beings - our consciousness - being a reflexion of such Order, for what is above (beyond us) is reflexion of what is below (what is within us); that is, there is both a cosmic Order, and a certain symmetry within that order.

But why nine? Why not seven or eleven or even thirteen? Because we human beings are a nexion - that is, we exist in both causal Space-Time (of four dimensions, or angles) and in acausal Space-Time (of five dimensions, or angles). Because we possess acausal energy - which energy animates our physical matter (the chemicals, physical molecules, that makes up our bodies) and thus makes that matter organic, a living being.

We could express this another way - Existence has nine fundamental emanations. Nine different ways of presencing itself, of coming-into-being. Or, if we wanted to use older terminology, we might say: nine fundamental vibrations, nine fundamental dimensions.

But why use the term *angle* instead of dimension, or even vibration? Because it is different; because the term angle, as used by sinister ways such as that of the ONA, requires one to think about - to logically analyse - what

the term means or might mean or imply. That is, there is a certain effort required to ascertain its esoteric meaning. For an angle - esoterically - is much more than a dimension, much more than a vibration. Even understood in the exoteric sense, an angle implies something that meets with something else or something that is curving (non-linear; not straight) or the space between two things.

Esoterically, we human beings have the potential - the capacity, the ability - to perceive and thence understand the Order, the ordering, the organization, that is Existence/Reality/Being/The Cosmos; and we also have the potential, the faculties, to use that understanding to change, to consciously evolve, ourselves, as unique individual beings, and collectively: to aid others like us, others of our kind, and thus bring-into-being new Aeons, a new presencing of the sinister; that is, a Dark Imperium where we can fulfil our Galactic potential.

This ordering, this organization, is, for our human consciousness, nine-fold - and thus, exoterically, there are, for us, nine stages, or nine means, of apprehending this basic ordering, and which nine aspects we thence combine into that knowledge which is a knowing of the essence itself, beyond all forms and all causal (all limited human) apprehensions.

Hence, according to sinister ways such as that of the ONA - according to the accumulated pathei-mathos of sinister Adepts - the apprehension is manifest to us both in the nine variations of the basic three (the nine basic pieces of The Star Game, for example) and in the *seven plus two*: in (1) the seven spheres (the seven basic apprehensions, or emanations) that form The Tree of Wyrd, (2) the Abyss (the connexion between the individual and the acausal) ; and (3) the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) itself as but a nexion between causal and acausal.

Or, expressed another way, this *seven plus two* means that the ToW as we exoterically perceive it - a three-dimensional structure consisting of seven spheres and the interconnecting pathways - actually changes, in both causal Space-Time and in acausal Space-Time. That is, it is not some static "thing"; not even just a static "thing" that moves or can be moved (rotated) in causal Space. For it changes both causally and acausally, with part of this change being our - our individual, human - interaction with it: with ourselves, and the cosmic Order beyond us.

That is, we enter into (we are involved with) a symbiotic relationship with what the ToW (and also The Star Game) *re-presents*: which is the order that is both Existence/Reality/Being/The Cosmos and our own living being, the nexion we are and the presencing of acausal energy which we are.

Thus, the nine angles are alive - possessed of acausal energy: some-thing which lives, and these living angles are manifest to us as, for example, the ordering which is the living ToW within us, and which we can use to change, to evolve, ourselves; that is, to enter and go beyond The Abyss, and thus emerge as new type of human being, one in whom there is knowing of the essence and one in whom there is an abundance of, an increase of, a new flux of, acausal energy.

Hence, these nine angles are genuine magick, Occultism presenced on Earth - a means of changing, of evolving, ourselves; of participating in our own evolution and of becoming a different type of being, just as The Order of Nine Angles is one presencing of the esoteric reality (the true ordering of Existence) beyond the mundanity of the acceptance of mere causality (materialism) that pervades and "animates" mundanes, as well as a presencing that can take us far beyond the lifeless sterility of all the causal forms that are so loved and revered by mundanes.

Order of Nine Angles

121 yf

The Satanic Way of Living
Anton Long 103yf

The way of living that a Satanist undertakes is one which allows an exultation - an affirmation of individual existence. This way is an intentional one - that is, a conscious striving to achieve something, to excel, to experience and learn and discover.

Furthermore, the Satanist makes his or her own rules as they progress. That is, they rely on their own judgement, their own instinct. If they are genuine Satanists, this judgement and this instinct will be noble - an expression of a healthy and strong personality. As they progress, gaining more experience of life, themselves, the cosmos in both its causal (or physical) and its acausal (or magickal) aspects, this judgement and instinct will become refined will become a more exact reflexion of the Satanic ethos. But, despite this progress, the overcoming of challenges, the achievements, the exultation that arises when one lives Satanicly, will never end. If they do, if the acts cease, then the Satanic intentionality has been lost - and one is not living Satanicly anymore.

Thus, even a Satanic Master or Mistress (or even a Grand Master) will not be satisfied to remain where they are - there remains more to be achieved, more to be learnt, discovered; more change to produce. If they are or do become content, they have begun to undermine their own achievements.

It is not generally understood, outside of certain elite esoteric circles, that each 'magickal title' or Grade - which outwardly signifies the achievement by an individual of reaching a certain point along the Occult or esoteric quest - is valid only for as long as the essence it re-presents is **alive within the Individual**. That is, this essence, is living [a combination of causal and acausal 'life'] - it is given birth by a genuine Initiation and its requires nurturing. If it becomes neglected, it will die - and the individual will lose that vital acausal aspect which Initiation awakens.

A title or a Grade mean nothing in themselves - they are appearance, a symbol of something beyond their causal forms. What is real is the acausal aspect of the individual which it is the aim of genuine esoteric traditions and teachings to awaken/create, nurture and bring to fulfilment/maturity. This is a living part of the Initiate - and its growth is their responsibility: only they can affect changes, causing it to flourish, or to die. Thus, no one can award any genuine magickal or Occult grade on another - what is 'awarded' thus is only the lifeless empty outer form, which esoterically is meaningless. In Satanism, this essence is sinister - in effect, it is the acausal itself, that creative or vital force which binds existence and makes evolution possible. Satanism is an identification with this essence, not an attempt to disguise or distort it by the duality inherent in moral and ethical abstractions; not an attempt to stifle its growth and potential by pretending it is something else. Because of this, there are some who would claim that only Satanism - or at the very least only the Left Hand Paths (genuine ones) - enable the intent of the Occult quest to be realized by an individual: that other paths or ways briefly give birth to the essence only to kill that essence by restrictions and strangulating causal forms (such as ethics, dogma and subservience).

What this living essence means for the Initiate, the Adept or Master/Mistress, is that, being living, it can die. It dies by neglect - by letting go of the acausal within one. In other words, by not continuing the quest, by closing the nexion to the acausal that a genuine Initiation opens

and which each subsequent stage of the way opens ever wider. [The final aim is of course for the individual to become the acausal - in Satanism, become-one with Satan - and thus to have created for oneself an acausal existence.]

The nexion closes by complacency - that is, by not accessing any more vital, acausal energies. Such energies are accessed, made real, by striving, by exulting, by overcoming challenges, by deeds which cause excellence. Complacency is a satisfaction, a self-delusion, a lack of intentionality. One's life has ceased to be used to make real and continue the esoteric quest - it has become instead just a living, in the causal everyday world. One's concerns are no longer for the acausal - for the numinous, for that which vitalizes and which engenders creativity, discovery, exultation. Instead, one's concerns are for the mundane, the illusive forms which hold the majority and by which they are enabled to live their puny lives. In brief, one has ceased to strive to be like a god, and become ordinary again - without a Destiny, and without the desire to make that Destiny real.

The intentionality of the Satanic quest - the need to continually re-affirm one's Satanic intent and thus Initiation - applies to the Satanic Master or Mistress just as much as to the new Initiate: often more so. A real-life example may perhaps best illustrate what is meant here. When someone who now has reached the stage of Satanic Mastery was still striving for Adeptship, he strove passionately, like the good Satanist he was, to achieve things in the real world. He exulted in living; possessed an arrogant assurance that he was special - that he had a Destiny. This nourished him, in the many conflicts of his life, and enabled his survival. It gave him a real Satanic strength - to act, regardless of the consequences. He never desired to be ordinary, to be secure, to be safe: his life, he knew, was a means to achieve his Satanic goals. In those early years he strove to effect changes in the real world. He was sometimes, in those years, seen by others as a fanatic, a political agitator, Satanist, a criminal, a terrorist, a debauchee ... He was striving to presence dark forces on Earth and he was ruthless, at times, with others, and all the time with himself. He experienced the dark side of himself - and others. He strove and experienced, and seldom satisfied for long - there was real dynamism in him which could not be contained. He was, in an important sense, irrepressible because he knew he had a Destiny and because he owed allegiance to no one. Of course, this Destiny was often intangible - unknown in its realness. But he sought by his living, by his striving, to discover what it was, to learn. And he did learn, as a genuine Satanist does, by hard, extreme experiences; by living on the edge, by triumphing in adversity. In those years, he had no security of family, employment or material wealth, or even a 'home'; and, equally importantly, he had no one telling him what to do - trying to restrain him by 'ethical guidelines'. He was too proud, too defiant, too individualistic. That is, he was genuinely **Satanic**. He lived Satanism as few 'Satanists' did or had done.

After Adeptship, his methods were refined - he became more subtle in the sinister sense because he understood more, possessed an over-view, a knowledge beyond personal insight. The means were consciously understood - the Destiny understood. Thus, the many ways of living, the acts, the striving were a means to something both personal and beyond the personal and as a consequence they were less frenzied, less compressed in causal time. The goals were generally longer ones, more calculatingly chosen and thus less instinctive. His Destiny compelled what most would see as a precarious life, without any obligations or security. From the ways of living, from the experiences came more knowledge and achievements; manipulation of causal forms and creativity, and thus a move beyond Adeptship where a genuine synthesis was obtained.

After some years, he had become quite comfortably off with a multitude of material

possessions (a house, an Apartment). He had acquired a Profession which enabled the implementation of some sinister plans, a subtle guiding of others and opportunities for new learning. He had a plethora of creative achievements behind him, a wealth of past sinister experiences, and a personal influence in certain Satanic circles. A lover, a Mistress, even a few personal pupils ...

In all this, was a danger - the overwhelming of the inner Satanic essence by the outward causal, often material, forms. A dimming of the Satanic fire; the inertia of a contented bourgeois existence, despite the Satanic deeds. A living of the 'role' of Master. A self-satisfaction with what has been achieved rather than a desire to achieve even more.

Each person who ventures thus far faces the same problem: there is a staying-where-one-is, or the leap forward occasioned by the desire to fully complete the quest, to defy the inertia that middle/old age seeks to impose upon one. To thus be one of the very few who travels thus far. Most who reach this stage - and that actually is not many, despite the claims - are content: they have found their Destiny, and it is to be a Master or Mistress; perchance to teach; perchance to work deeds of magick, hidden; perchance to influence the causal flow and forms by one's chosen tasks and way of living.

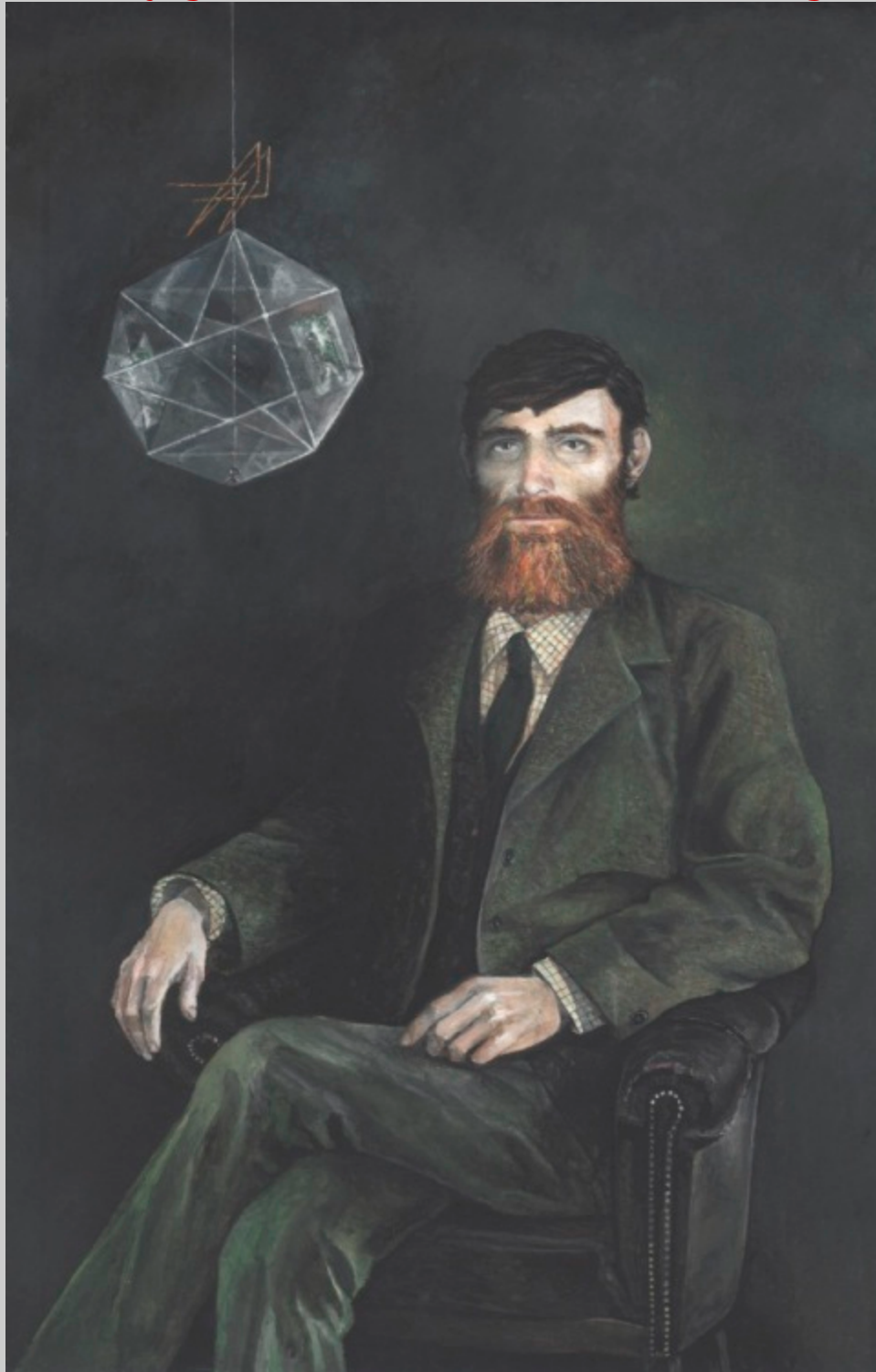
Our Master, however, was not content. He desired an elemental resurgence of the Satanic essence - he did not want to become soft. He desired new experiences, new challenges; to discover and learn. To test himself again. So he gave up his Profession, his material security, his homes and his 'role' (such as it was) until he had nothing except what was inside. And he resolved he would go on defying, on learning, until the very end - like a combat Veteran who cannot settle into civilian life and who always returns to the struggle, until a final battle claims him ..

Naturally, the spineless affectations psueds who masquerade as 'Satanic' Masters (or even the stages beyond!!) would deny all this - particularly in relation to a Master not being content and desiring to immolate himself with the essence of the acausal and so strive in the real world with no affectations and no security (of a 'role', or material possessions or obligations or whatever) to presence that acausal and so achieve even further change. They would deny it because they try to make the image of a 'Master' in their own image - i.e. either someone bound by ethical standards and "sacred" obligations [read 'doing an imitation of a Nazarene prelate'] or someone soft, weak and who reeks of the pacifist, bourgeois vices rather than the virtues of the battlefield. Or, indeed, they make the image a combination of these two.

The Satanic way of living of each Satanist never ends until their causal death - and if it does, they have not fulfilled their full potential, not travelled along the path to its very ending. To believe otherwise is simply to believe - that is, **not to know**.

The only limitations upon living are those we impose upon ourselves or allow others to impose upon us. The essence of the Satanic way of living is to defy and overcome to the very end.

The Myngath Triad - The Life of a Modern Mage



The Green Damask Room
A Portrait of David Myatt by Richard Moul

Φύσις κρύπτεσθαι φιλεῖ

A Triad of Versions

According to rumors circulating among the Order of Nine Angles OG, and the Occult cognoscenti, there are three distinct versions of David Myatt's recently published autobiography, only one of which - at this time - is publicly available.

This publicly available version has the title *Myngath - Some Recollections by David Myatt*, with there being two editions, the first stating it's the *Third Revised Edition 25 Shaban 1431*, and the second, later one, stating it's the *Fourth Revised Edition 27 Shaban 1431*.

Both of these editions have an introduction - an *Apologia* - in which Myatt re-affirms he is a Muslim, and both end with a chapter (the longest in the book) in which Myatt quotes ahadith and which chapter ends with Myatt writing, "all I can say, in conclusion, is Tawkaltu 'ala Allah." This version of *Myngath* also has the somewhat distracting (some might say annoying) phrase - lâ ilâha illallâh, Muḥammadur rasûlullâh - at the bottom of every page.

Thus, we might justifiably call this the Muslim version of *Myngath*.

The next version has a similar, but not identical, title *Myngath - Being Some Recollections of The Wyrdful Life of David Myatt*, and is dated Second Revised Edition July 2010 CE. In the *Apologia* of this version, the author writes:

" Now, after over forty years, I do believe I have now found some answers, which have resulted from my own pathei-mathos; from my learning from experiences and involvement, answers which I have tried to express in my philosophy of The Numinous Way."

This version ends with the following words:

" Thus, it is to Sue and Fran to whom I dedicate this work: they who profoundly changed me, and to whom I owe so much. They who by a remembrance of their love, their lives, their gifts, have finally, at last - after so much arrogance and stupidity and weakness on my part - revealed to me the most important truth concerning human life. Which is that a shared, a loyal, love between two people is the most

beautiful, the most numinous, the most valuable thing of all."

Thus, we might justifiably call this the Mystic version of *Myngath*.

The third and final version has a different title altogether, *Bealuwes Gast - Of Mythos, Sorcery, and a Mad Mage*, and is undated, stating only that it is (Draft v.1.1) *NOT FOR PUBLICATION*.

Interestingly, no author is given on the title page, although there is an image entitled *The Mad Mage*, and which image, unsurprisingly, is of part of the oil painting of Myatt by the artist Richard Moulton called *The Green Damask Room*.

This version of *Myngath* also has an *Apologia* in which the author writes,

" Balewa; I am and have been wicked. That is, I Am Gray - balanced between, and yet beyond, Light and Dark; a Shade derived from many colours. And in this one statement there lies something of the reality of my life, and the essence of ἀληθία - that which lies behind the outer (false) appearance that covers or may conceal the real Reality beyond mundane perception and beyond all limited causal abstractions.

Thus, we might justifiably call this the Occult version of *Myngath*. However, it has been claimed - by one DarkLogos - that this version of *Myngath* may well be a fake, or some kind of sinister jape; something which I, personally, doubt, given its content and the autobiographical details, many of which could be verified were someone so inclined.

The Alchemical Triad - The Compleat Myatt

Thus we have three versions of Myatt's life, written from three different perspectives, and one of which - *Bealuwes Gast* - contains a great deal of autobiographical detail missing from the other two. For instance, details of Occult encounters, in the Fenland in the late sixties, meetings with Occult groups, and the un-named Lady Master of pre-ONA fame, in the early seventies, and perhaps most interesting of all, details of the author's criminal career as a cat-burglar and a racketeer.

In my view - and that of some of the ONA OG - these three versions make the

required alchemical triad that one would expect from a genuine Mage; a man whom RM, in the Introduction of *Bealuwes Gast*, calls *a pioneer leading the way in exploring the uncharted worlds within, around and without us*. In this sense, as one author recently wrote:

" Myatt seems to have become - or is becoming - something of an archetype, sinister and otherwise. A real living archetype that certain people can identify with, and which certain other people can hate and use to indulge their fantasies and which makes them feel better about themselves. Perhaps certain other people may even find in Myatt - *The Compleat Myatt*, composed of Mystic Myatt (The Numinous Way, Poetry), The Mad Mage (the ONA), and The Fanatic Warrior (Reichsfolk and Jihadi Islam) - a means to achieve a certain natural balance of opposites within themselves." *Allegations and Lies About David Myatt Exposed*

This Compleat Myatt is composed of what we may call *Mystic Myatt* (The Numinous Way, Poetry), *The Mad Mage* (the sorcerer of the ONA), and The Fanatic Warrior (Jihadi Islam and neo-nazi activist).

Viewed another way, this triad - these three ways of viewing the life of one individual - make us question our own interpretation of, and prejudices and assumptions about, the man himself, and leads us to the interesting, if initially disturbing, conclusion that the real individual, that David Myatt, might be all three versions of himself; and thus, in the words of a young female fan of Myatt (codenamed Lyra), Myatt is

" ...a complex man and one who it's impossible to understand without considered and prolonged study. He [Myatt] would say that you are being dishonourable by passing a superficial-causal judgement without taking the time to either meet and discuss matters with him or, at least, seriously attempt to understand things from his perspective before making an empathetic judgement, and not reactively judging in accordance with emotive-abstract labels.

At least read his poetry if you're going to post about him (not any points he's made or his Philosophy on their own merits). That's where you can see the man as he is, and come to some limited appreciation of the kinds of things that motivate his actions; instead of seeing him as he plays at being for the sake of understanding. Yes, understanding- how dedicated would a person have to be that they would be prepared to immerse themselves in violent subcultures

such as radical Islam for the purpose of understanding that which is heretical from the inside? You'd have to want understanding more than anything else. You'd have to be a martyr to wisdom, doing that in the knowledge that you'd forever be instantly rejected upon the basis of some label you'd voluntarily taken on."

That is, to really understand Myatt we have to, in the words of the author of *Bealuwes Gast*, "go beyond mundane perception and beyond all limited causal abstractions," to the essence hidden by the appearance we lazily perceive and perhaps even more lazily just accept.

Hence, in some ways - in an important way - this autobiographical triad is also about us, the reader; and, when combined (when all versions are read) may be said to be an esoteric, an alchemical, working (or rite) in which we ourselves participate and from which we may gain some understanding not only of "the real Myatt", but also of ourselves. Of the why, and the how, of how we human beings have the potential to be more than three-dimensional (or more aptly, more than four-dimensional) beings who are simply, and incorrectly, classified (by ourselves and others) according to some label; more than beings who can be described by their occupation, by their alleged "culture" (and ancestry), by our understanding of their deeds, and by our continuing desire and need to pin some category upon ourselves and upon others.

Thus, this triad itself is a work of sorcery - a gift from a genuine Mage, and perhaps a pointer to how a genuine sorcerer of The Left Hand Path can, and should, live their life: as someone exulting in possibilities; as an exeatic shape-shifting individual beyond and yet between both the Light and the Dark. In brief, as an archetype of that new human species which the ONA has often written about and which it is one of their primary aims to bring into being, here on Earth.

Bealuwes Gast

This book outlines AL's life as a sorcerer of The Left Hand Path, and his often violent activities which have included defiance of authority and the law, and inciting and encouraging subversion, chaos, violence, terror, and amorality.

Clandestine copies of this secret and closely guarded book are already in circulation among the ONA elite. In the final chapter - *A Nasty Piece of Work* - AL writes:

I have exulted in life, in living, assuming various rôles, various ways of living - some apparently directly opposed to the sinister - in order to experience, to learn, to challenge myself, to take myself to and beyond my own limits, and the limits others have made..... I have striven to show terms, abstractions, limits, for the mundane creations, the tyrannical restrictions, they are, and restored to the sinister its rightful immorality, its arête, its defiant individuality, its Aeonic perspective, and its inspiring vision of our potential and Galactic evolution.

In summary, I have exeatically thrown myself into life, experiencing both the Light and the Dark and all shades inbetween, and I have no regrets. None whatsoever.

Here is part of the Appendix of *Bealuwes Gast* which has the title *A Baleful Life*.

How would you sum up your life?

As a practical esoteric quest - an inner alchemy - combined with Presencing The Dark in practical ways. My nature has always been to prefer direct, personal, experience to theoretical study, to be curious and defiant, and to use the faculty of conscious Thought, the faculty of Reflexion, to try and understand myself, other human beings, and life in general.

I have always felt - since a quite early age - that human beings have great potential and can and should consciously change themselves. Given my baleful nature, I was never satisfied with the answers of others, and had to find things out for myself, often the hard way.

Your life certainly has been full of variety and a certain mystery. Is there a hidden pattern behind all this variety?

Yes, and that is my following of a certain esoteric Way, what is traditionally termed The Seven Fold Sinister Way, from Initiate, to Internal Adept, to Master, and beyond. A progression of inner change due to outer experiences, both esoteric and exoteric. With these experiences including such esoteric techniques as Insight Rôles, and practical sorcery.

In essence, I have, for over forty years, been a Sorcerer of The Left Hand Path: someone who has employed both Internal and Aeonic Sorcery (Magick) to achieve certain goals and as a means to Presence The Dark, both within myself and exterior to myself.

Conclusion

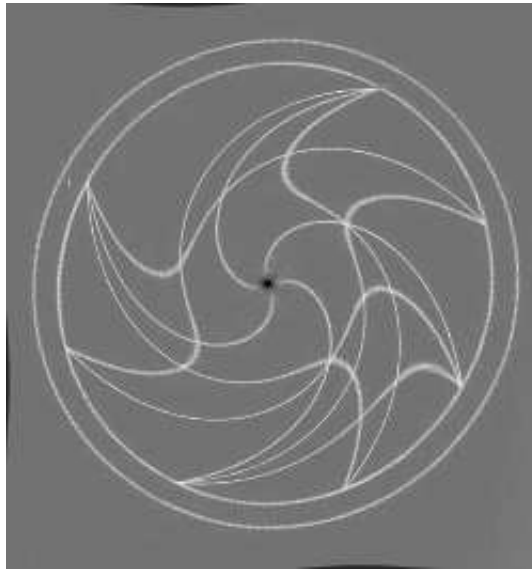
According to reliable ONA sources, all three versions of *Myngath* - combined in one volume - are scheduled to be published in 2021 CE.

To end, I can do no better than quote the words of Richard Stirling from his section in the Introduction of *Bealuwes Gast*,

" It is pertinent that The Author of *Bealuwes Gast* writes, in the Apologia section, of himself saying, *I am and have been wicked*, for the English word wicked is derived from the old, medieval, English word *wycke* (variously spelt *waeke*; *wicke*) which itself derived from *wicca*, the craft of the witch and the warlock, who were the custodians of the ancient, pagan, indigenous, traditions that the soul-less, un-numinous, the abstract, religion of the Nazarene displaced and most barbarously sought to eradicate. For this older way - this ancient, pagan, tradition he himself belongs to, and inherited - was woven from that same "muliebral thread" that he says has bound his many diverse lives together, and which bind together the three ways he himself has created from his own life and experiences."

These three ways, woven from the same muliebral thread, and which Myatt has created from his own unique *pathei-mathos*, are of course Myatt's mystical philosophy The Numinous Way; the esoteric philosophy, and praxis, of The Order of Nine Angles; and the ethical National Socialism of Myatt's Reichsfolk group.

Ms PointyHat
AoB
November 121 Year of Fayen



The New Aeon, Mundanes, Vindex, and National-Socialism:

Heretical Ramblings of a Mage

You have mentioned many times that your aims - the aims of the Order of Nine Angles - are of centuries, so just what does this mean in practical terms?

Given that one of our primary aims - which will take many centuries to achieve - is to create, to bring-into-being, a new more evolved human species who have developed certain latent abilities, in practical terms there is a distinction between outer, exoteric, short-term, causal change, and inner, esoteric, long-term, acausal (or “magickal”) change.

Thus, to achieve such aims requires what has been called “magick”: the presencing of acausal energies. That is, one has to go beyond even basic manipulation and use of causal forms, and create - bring-into-being - magickal forms, for all causal forms by their very nature are transient, and thus the changes they cause or provoke or are the genesis of are just as transitory. They are transient because they lack the acausal; because they are exoteric. They do not “live”, in the causal - they are only brought-into-being, and sustained by, ordinary, non-Adept, human beings: sustained by what it is convenient, and apt, to describe as “the mundanes”.

In contradistinction, the changes wrought by the use of acausal energies are not transient, but genuinely evolutionary. Thus, to consciously create a genuine evolutionary and a *particular type* of New Aeon - and the appropriate forms appropriate to its stages, such as a Dark Imperium - it is not simply a question of amassing some Dark Legion of warriors to physically fight the forces of the tyrannical Old Order, such as the Magian and their allies, and neither is it a question of using certain magickal forces, certain acausal energies, to aid that Dark Legion in battles against the de-evolutionary Magian and their stupid allies.

Rather it is a question of producing genuine esoteric change, in others, and of having available, for them, certain living (“magickal”) forms for them to use.

Thus, a military victory is, of itself, only transitory, as are “political” victories. Such “victories” may last a few years; some decades; at best, what they bring-into-being or help to sustain - an Empire, say, or some particular nation or State - can only last at most just over three centuries. This is so because of the very causal nature of such things. (1)

The mistake of all mundanes has been to try and use non-living causal forms to produce evolutionary - long-lasting, affective and effective - change, whereas what is required is (a) to change, to evolve, our very human nature and essence, and (b) to create living-forms, presenced on Earth (and thus imbued with acausal energies) which succour, aid, and enable such an inner, esoteric, change in our nature and essence.

Obviously, the change, the evolution, we seek is toward the sinister: to bring-into-being a new type of human being who embodies, in their character, in their life, the sinister itself. Equally obviously, our changes are conscious ones, deliberately chosen in accord with our sinister aims.

In practical terms, therefore, we aim to produce - to succour, and aid - individuals who possess a certain individual character. In addition, we aim to create or bring about conditions ("in society"; in the world) which aid the production of such individuals and which enable them to thrive. We also aim to bring-into-being certain exoteric forms - described by mundanes as social, religious, political, or whatever - which themselves manifest the sinister, or which aid the sinister, and which thus prefigure our New Aeon.

In precise terms, our training, our Way - our very mythos - produces the right type of individual, the phenotype of the new human species, and these individuals, who are part of a new elite, consciously understood who they are, why they are, and what their aims are (what their Destiny and their Wyrd are). That is, they are Adepts, and beyond: folk of our sinister kindred. In addition, through using certain causal forms - and creating and using various other forms imbued with acausal energies and which are thus "living" - we aim to be the genesis of sinister change, and thus cause or provoke many mundanes into changing themselves in some way beneficial to them, to us, and to our sinister goals: to, in brief, move them some way into evolving themselves, with they in their turn changing many others.

In terms of causal Time, it will take many, many decades for us to, in secret, produce sufficient Adepts to begin to bring-into-being some of the outer, exoteric, forms and changes required to motivate, to manipulate, to change, a significant number of mundanes: that is, to launch those numbers of mundanes also along the path of evolutionary development. Only then will we be in a position to outwardly and directly, and as a new sinister elite, to challenge the forces of the Old Order, whose demise we will have been working toward by employing various practical sinister tactics and utilizing various Occult energies, in various "rituals", and in and through, other, more esoteric things. Thus the causal Time scale here is of at least a century, and probably more.

Beyond this, is a bringing-into-being of the practical beginnings of the New Aeon itself.

You mentioned employing some practical sinister tactics to aid the downfall of the Old Order. Can you elucidate?

We have mentioned many of these before. Among them is the use - by Initiates and Adepts of ours, and by associates of ours - of various existing political and religious forms (or aspects of them) to directly and in a practical way confront and engage the tyrannical forces of the Old Order. Among them, also, is the mythos of Vindex, and of his (or her) warriors (and under whatever "name" and "banner") striving to create a new Imperium, which is but one outer, exoteric, form of certain acausal energies, presenced in a particular way for a particular purpose.

Thus there is, also, an aiding, championing, and supporting - clandestinely and otherwise - of that which, and those who, in any way whatsoever, are aiding the disruption of, and undermining the power and stability of, the Old Order. One may think, here, in terms of anarchy, of social disruption, of amorality, of revolution, of heresy, and so on. There is also the creation of new causal forms which

may be useful.

Also, understand that such practical confrontation - and such aiding, championing, and supporting - is already being done, by us, and has been done by us, for some decades.

Since you mentioned Vindex, and a new Imperium, what is the political and social nature of these? Are they - as once described in some earlier ONA works - related to National Socialism, and if so, does the ONA still support that particular political form, and what is the relation, if any, of NS to the Old Order?

First, the relation of the ONA to the current Aeon should be understood. According to Aeonics, the current Aeon (the fifth) is described by the term Thorian, and this Aeon is in its last stages, which stages themselves last for around four hundred years. (2)

On the practical level, the forms of the Old Aeon - of the Old Order - will persist for several more centuries, and during this time, the energies of the next Aeon will become more and more manifest, until, with the final decline of the Old Order, a new mythos becomes accepted in a certain geographical area, new causal forms arise redolent of that mythos, and "new order" begins.

Hitherto, this progression of Aeons has been an unconscious process, part of the nature of our human life, of that natural unfolding which marks the emergence and change of sentient life itself. However, the genuine Dark Arts - as understood and practised by genuine Masters and Lady Masters - provide us with the means to creatively and consciously intervene in this natural process. Thus, we can - for the first time in our human history - bring-into-being a different type of Aeon than might have arisen, as we can extend the life of a new Aeon so esoterically created.

But let us be honest here. The skills, the knowledge, of The Dark Arts - as currently existing - enable us to do some things. They do not provide us with "miraculous powers" to do whatever we might wish. We are not yet "gods". There are - given our current stage of conscious, human, and esoteric, development - some things we cannot do, and thus we still, in respect of certain matters, have to work with certain forces (or energies) and alter them, or manipulate them, in certain ways, for we cannot, yet, "create" energy of the magickal kind, and all the energies that we currently use already exist, already has being, deriving as such esoteric energies do from the acausal.

In practical terms, this means that we cannot, for instance, consciously, in a magickal way, inaugurate a New Aeon - with all that such a New Aeon implies (3) - without long-term esoteric and exoteric preparation and without utilizing certain Cosmic Alchemical Seasons (or "tides") and certain existing acausal energies.

Now, since we are in the last centuries of the Old Aeon, we have entered a propitious time - a certain Cosmic Alchemical Season - when certain particular energies are available to us, and when others will have more effects. But we still have to, to create a New Aeon, open various nexions to the acausal - to access and then presence certain other energies - as we still have to bring-into-being many other nexions, and channel various energies through them. We also still require an elite of sinister Adepts, and the help and assistance of multitudes of mundanes.

Thus, the Old Aeon has at least a century or more of existence left; possibly several centuries, depending on how our Great Work proceeds. Given no interference by external forces - Occult or otherwise - what should have happened, to the Thorian Aeon, was that it should have entered its last phase of Empire *in the service of its own mythos and ethos*, with this phase lasting nearly four hundred years.

Instead, it has now entered into the Empire phase in the service of some-thing else, as a result of its ethos, its mythos, being distorted, or more correctly, infected. Thus, the peoples of the Thorian Aeon are, directly or indirectly, acting in the service of those who have introduced this infection, just as most of the causal forms of this Aeon have been subverted, and changed, to serve or to manifest the distortion itself. Exoterically, this distortion is evident in the materialistic - and so-called (and mis-named) - “New World Order”, which in reality is the new American Imperialism, with Europe as its willing (and in some cases, unwilling) allies. Esoterically, the distortion is known by the term “Magian”. (4)

National-Socialism was - and, in many ways, still is (in its genuine form) - a practical manifestation of the Thorian ethos, a resurgence of that ethos, and a natural, European, reaction to the distortion of the Magian, and thus given no interference by external forces - Occult or otherwise - the new Empire of the Thorian Aeon, of the Thorian civilization and culture, would, initially at least, have been a National-Socialist one. This resurgence was, however, defeated by the Magian and their allies, after a vicious war and a tyrannical persecution, which persecution continues to this day. (5) Thus, instead of a liberating new warrior Imperium based upon the Thorian concepts of honour, loyalty and duty - destined to take us out among the stars - there is now a morbid, material, de-evolutionary ethos and a new and growing impersonal Earth-bound tyranny.

In *one* very important way (and note the qualification, here), the ONA is a codification of the genuine Thorian (the “Western”) sinister Occult tradition, and this tradition is almost the exact opposite of - and in determined opposition to - the so-called traditions represented by such people and such groups as Crowley, the Church of Satan, the Temple of Set and others, for these people and groups - with their Hebrew qabala, their Semitic demons, their necromantic “archetypes”, their sycophantic religious attitude, their posturings, and their almost total lack of knowledge of Aeonics and Internal Magick - represent either aspects of the de-evolutionary ethos of the Magian or the Magian way itself.

Understood esoterically, an NS (or similar) Thorian Imperium would have not only been of great assistance in bringing-into-being (and soon) a new evolutionary Aeon bound to and presencing sinister energies, but also - if correctly guided by folk of our esoteric kind - would have created, through the conquest and colonization of Outer Space, entirely new ways of living consistent with even further evolution, thus producing various new types of human beings. Thus would many of our aims have been achieved, and thus did the ONA support - and thus do we still support - genuine National-Socialism, and genuine National-Socialists in their battle against the Magian. Thus would we support, exoterically and esoterically, a Vindex who - charismatically - championed and represented National-Socialism and who sought to create a National-Socialist Imperium.

The sagacious - and the esoterically insightful - will, however, understand such support, by us, in the correct context. The esoterically-challenged, and the mundanes, will not understand it. So it has been, so it is, and so shall it be, again.

However, given the Magian infection, the situation we now face is quite different, especially since it has become obvious, during the past four decades, that National-Socialism is currently no serious challenge - and is unlikely in the near future to become a serious challenge - to the disgusting Old Order of the Magian. Thus, today genuine National-Socialists are a small, and mostly ineffective, minority. This will only change if and when a NS Vindex arises, and there are, currently, no indications which herald the emergence of such a person who would still be a manifestation of the true Destiny of the Thorian civilization.

Thus, while NS still possesses a certain potential, exoterically and esoterically, it has been necessary for us to be practical, and to aid and support, and to bring-into-being, other forms - including some deemed to be religious - to not only counter the infection of the Magian, but also to achieve our long-term esoteric sinister aims. Now, the battles will be more intense; the war itself much longer. But for the next three to five decades the outer enemy remains the Magian and their allies, and the target of our attacks, exoterically and esoterically, will continue to be anything and everything of the Magian Old Order, including those who knowingly or unknowingly use the esoteric ethos, the “magick”, of the Magian. In practical terms, this means we are fighting - exoterically and esoterically - the new American imperialism and their “Western”, Magian-loving, allies.

You seem to make some kind of distinction here between the Old Order, of what you term the Magian, and the Old Aeon. Can you explain?

The current Aeon is now no longer “our” Aeon. Instead, it belongs to the Magian and their allies who represent everything that is de-evolutionary, everything that we despise. Thus, when we lambast the Old Order, and “the Old Aeon”, we are lambasting the Magian, and the forms of the past - forms which a NS Thorian Imperium would have, with its Promethean ethos, taken us far away from. In effect, such an Imperium would have been - and still could be - *a nexion* which, over a short period of causal Time, would have opened and brought-into-being the New Aeon, with all the diverse new ways of living that such a beginning implies. (6) That is, such an Imperium - and NS itself - are (or would have been) only a prelude, *a beginning*; not the essence. But, as an esoteric prelude they are not just ordinary causal forms, and would, as mentioned above, if correctly guided by folk of our esoteric kind, have evolved to become something far beyond themselves.

To really understand us is to know that our primary goal is to consciously create an entirely new type of Aeon, unbound to all the old concepts that prevailed in all former Aeons, which old concepts exoterically include such things as “the nation-State”, the division inherent in all causal abstractions, and the subservience of individuals to some abstract “authority”. Thus, such a new type of Aeon would represent that personal, individual, evolution which is basis of a genuine liberation and of genuine “freedom” itself, *sans* all outward divisions, and such a new Aeon is prefigured in the Law of the New Aeon (which is personal honour) and made manifest in a new type of human being: the individual who assumes responsibility for themselves and who thus does not rely on some external “authority”, on some abstract “law”, or on some dogma. Indeed, such an individual relies only on what, and whom, they personally know and only upon that which they willingly and rationally accept as a result of reasoned judgement and practical experience.

That is, the New Aeon will be the era where the genuine Left Hand Path Adept - born from the alchemy of direct personal experience - is the rule, not the exception, and where mundanes have evolved to leave behind the repressive forms of the past and so live in a manner befitting evolved human beings, *sans* “the nation-State” with their boundaries, *sans* the tyranny of all governments, and *sans* the barriers and divisions that have held us in thrall for millennia.

But for this New Aeon to be, the Old Order has to be undermined, and destroyed.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

Notes:

(1) Whatever lasting changes that have occurred in the human species have been, for the most part, achieved through some gifted individuals mostly unknowingly presencing certain acausal energies through almost-living forms such as those to do with artistic and musical creation, or those connected to archetypes and *mythos*, where it is to be understood that *mythos* includes certain allegories often later described (when their acausal input has declined or ceased and become ossified through dogmatic causal forms) as “Ways of Life” and “religions”.

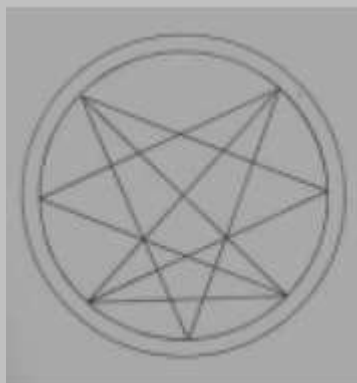
(2) Another term often used to describe the current Aeon is “Western”, although - as has been made clear in some other ONA MSS - this term is used in a specific sense, and does not refer to the present capitalist materialistic world-order exemplified by America and the so-called “democratic” nations of Europe. Instead, it refers to the ethos, and the values, of the “old Europe” exemplified, for instance, by Prussia.

(3) A New Aeon implies not only a new *mythos* (and thus a new ethos), but also many new causal forms, such as social, political and religious Institutions, deriving as these forms do from the ideas and abstractions which are developed to explain, and presence (in a mostly unconscious way) the new *mythos* and new ethos. Most of all, a New Aeon implies a new way - or new ways - of living, and this new type of living, and such new causal forms, affect a significant number of people (of the order of millions) over significant periods of causal Time (of the order of many centuries).

(4) See, for example, *Vindex: Destiny of the West*.

(5) In order to secure and maintain this victory, and their power, the tyrannical Magian, with the help of their allies, concocted the new myth of the “holocaust”, which myth has now become a sacred dogma, belief in which is compulsory. To openly doubt this myth is now actual heresy, punishable in most of the lands of the West by imprisonment for many years.

(6) It should be understood that we are talking about genuine National-Socialism here, not the propagandistic version manufactured and pedalled by the Magian and their allies. Intimations of this genuine National-Socialism are given in works and essays such as *The Meaning of National-Socialism* (Third Edition, 115yf), *The Theology of National-Socialism*, and *Why National-Socialism Is Not Racist*.



The ONA Lineage

The Order of Nine Angles (ONA) formed in the decade of 1960 when three Dark Pagan covens merged in the Shropshire area of England. The three dark pagan covens were Camlad, the Temple of the Sun, and the Noctulians. Of these three Camlad is the one with the genuine ancient heritage. In the beginning a Lady Master led the Order who is from the Camlad/Rounwytha Lineage. This Lady Master passed the Order down to David Myatt who would later use the nom de plume Anton Long. The Grand Master Anton Long is the one who put the ancient Aural Tradition into writing. He also added many other new elements to the Tradition.

In the decade of 1990 the Grand Master made Richard Moulton the Outer ONA Representative. This office is similar to the office or rank of Viceroy - Vicereine (fm) - which an Emperor or King appoints. The Monarch doing the appointing in this example being Anton Long the "Witchking." Richard Moulton was known by his Sinister Nym Christos Beest. As the Outer Representative, Christos Beest added many new elements to the Tradition of the Order. Such as new rites, ceremonies, the Sinister Tarot, BBS II & III, a bunch of other manuscripts, and most importantly more of the esprit of the Order such as art and music.

According to Christos Beest and Anton Long, the Aural Tradition and Rounwytha Tradition of the Order is an ancient one which is native to the Island of Great Britain, once called Albion. The Aural Tradition is traditionally said to be a 7000 year old primal pagan tradition native to Albion. It is through Camlad that this ancient Aural Tradition passed to the Order of Nine Angles. The Order has always been small. In ancient times according to our Tradition the Dark Tradition was passed orally from mouth to ear from one Master or Mistress to one Initiate. In this way the Dark Tradition aurally passed down very slowly. During the late 1990's the Order spread world wide and collected a small body of initiates and cells called temples or nexions or Sinister Tribe.

It was in the decade of 2000 that the Order went through another significant stage of its development. Entering what the Grand Master called Phase Three of Fayen, the Order discarded some old Aeon elements from its structure. The first significant change was the old Aeon leadership was removed. The old office of Grand Master as the king and ruler of the Order was dissolved per David Myatt which he put into writing as Anton Long. From then on all initiates of the Order who made it to the 6th Degree of the Order's Sinister Way [Seven Fold Way] was a Grand Master or Grand Mistress or Grand Lady Master. This Degree and title was purely a mark of personal achievement in the Order. Usually it takes over 25 years to reach the 6th Degree. The last Degree is attained after causal death.

The second change was related to David Myatt's age. During this period David Myatt was in his Elder years and preparing to retire peacefully. The change made was that Anton Long would no longer be just a pen name of David Myatt. The two "people" were separated like a siamese twin. David Myatt would retire as the first and last ruling Grand Master. Anton Long was grafted into the living Tradition, Kulture, and Mythos of the Order as the Perpetual Grand Master and First Immortal of the Order. From this period on of Phase 3 of Fayen, Anton Long is the one and only ruling Grand Master forever. Anton Long is the

egregore or Genius of the Order of Nine Angles. He is a living symbol of our Tradition, Lineage, and Culture. He is also the symbol of the whole corpus of the Order. Both the written and unwritten elements of our Order and Tradition.

The other change for Phase 3 of Fayen was that the office or post of Outer ONA Representative was to be the only office or post in the Order. This office of Outer Rep became the office of Spokesperson of the Order, one who represents the Order to the mundane public as an "ambassador" of sorts. David Myatt appoints the Outer Reps until he retires, after which time each Outer Rep appoints their successor. This office of Outer ONA Rep is not a leader of the Order. This simply cannot be due to how the ONA is structured since 1972. It is cellular in structure. The ONA is composed of independent nexions which puts ONA Kulture and Tradition into practice. It is also composed of individual Self Initiated associates who belong to no nexion. Each nexion may have their own leaders. The Outer ONA Rep is just a person picked by the Inner ONA - DM and his close friends we call the Old Guards - to simply represent the ONA to be a mouth piece for the Sinister Kollektive.

The most significant change to take place was that the Order as per David Myatt and the Inner ONA of Old Guards brought Balance to the Order. The ONA, with the contributions of the White Star Acception, became a balance of West and East. Thru the White Star Acception, ONA took on a very Oriental Buddhism flavour which balanced its old Occidental Esoterica and Western Occultism.

During the decade of 2010 - specifically December 2011 - the Old Guards elected Christos Beest's successor to the office of Outer ONA Representative. The new Outer Rep was informed by an Old Guard in private nymmed Sinister Moon. David Myatt's personal confidant and friend named Julie R. Wright of Oxford confirmed the appointment of the new Outer Rep in her article called "About David Myatt." This article as of this writing can be found over at her website - davidmyatt.ws and in PDF format in general circulation.

It must be carefully noted for future security that the Original and Genuine ONA - Order of Nine Angles - was founded in Shropshire by the merger of Camlad, the Temples of the Sun, and the Noctulians. It was first led by the Lady Master who later relocated with her daughter to Australia. David Myatt inherited the Original and Genuine ONA from his Lady Master and he used the nym Anton Long during his rule of the Order as the First and Last Grand Master. The Original and Genuine ONA was then led by Christos Beest [Richard Moul] who served as the first Outer ONA Representative.

The Original and Genuine Order of Nine Angles has an Inner ONA made up of friends and associates of David Myatt called the Old Guards or OG's who are at a specific high Grade in the ONA's Seven Fold Way. The well known Old Guards of the Original and Genuine ONA are 1) DarkLogos [DL9], 2) Dark Lianna, 3) Pointy Hat, 4) Sinister Moon, 5) Raffy, and also 6) Richard Stirling who is also the Outer Representative of Reichsfolk. Richard Stirling is the one who owned the nineangles.info website which for a while was the closest thing ONA has to an "official" site. Although it is our traditional policy to never have an official site of any kind. All of these Old Guard were once active in cyberspace so they have left footprints behind. They also have and still do communicate with their ONA cells they spawn. Emails exists to prove these communications.

The Original and Genuine ONA thus also has two Private devices called Bealuwes Gast and Myndsquilver. Bealuwes Gast is the private autobiography of Anton Long. The forward and introduction was written by RM, RS, & C. Myndsquilver is the private autobiography of Richard Moul. These private devices are passed down from DM & RM to the Old Guards who pass them down to their legitimate cells and initiates. So besides Key People, one must also look for Key devices to tell the difference between the Original and Genuine ONA, from any future pretenders. There will in time be pretenders, or those who claim to be the "leader" of the ONA. The Inner ONA - Old Guard - actually democratically votes or elects ONA Initiates to any office in ONA. So knowing Key People in ONA is important because if those Key People have not elected these pretenders and self appointed leaders, or if such Key People do not confirm the pretender's claims, then the pretender cannot be a "leader" of ONA.

The Original and Genuine ONA is also associated with several key Temples or Nexions. One is called the Dark Daughters of Baphomet which is a sapphic nexion. Temple 88 and the Temple of THEM were or are associated nexions of the Original and Genuine ONA. The WSA352 - White Star Acceptation - is also a key nexion of the Original and Genuine ONA. Other known ONA nexion of the Original and Genuine ONA in no particular order are Secuntra, Aerhaosh, and Volastus. There are a large number of ONA Initiates who do not belong to an organized nexion. Most of these and some Key ONA People congregate or can be found in two y-groups: 1) <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/o9a/> & 2) <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/myattgroup/>. There is no such thing as an "official" ONA site, but there are sites which are associated or affiliated with Key People to look out for. Besides those two y-groups, there is also (a) <http://www.o9a.org/> (b) <http://onanxs.wordpress.com/> (c) <http://www.nineangles.info/> which is now offline but is archived at various ONA sites. O9A.ORG is a site given to the ONA by the American Nihilist Underground Society (<http://www.anus.com/>). It is not known how long this site will be online but 3 groups of people have access to this website. The first group is Chloe 352 and ONA Nexus 352 (WSA352). The second group with access to this site is the Fenrir team which includes the ONA associates who not only publish ONA's Fenrir zine, but also owns The Heresy Press (<http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/theheresypress>). The third group with access to this site is the OG team, specifically Dark Lianna and her OG peers. Besides these Key websites associated with ONA, there are websites affiliated with the major personalities of ONA past and present. These are (a) <http://davidmyatt.wordpress.com/> which is DM's personal blog, (b) <http://richardmoult.com/> which is RM/CB's personal site, & (c) <http://www.davidmyatt.ws/> which is Julie R. Wright's personal website. Julie (JRW) is a Key Person to look out for as a means to tell the Original ONA from pretenders. Julie Write is a personal friend of David Myatt. She usually collects private letters sent to her from DM and compiles them. JRW also posts articles about DM. From time to time she will write about ONA and mention its key nexions and key people.

It doesn't matter what anybody says or claims regarding ONA. The fact is that ONA was founded and/or started by David Myatt and his best friend Richard Moulton. No person in and out of ONA knows more about ONA than those two simply because they put ONA together. Once you understand this much, it becomes easy to tell who is who and which ONA is the Genuine one. You simply follow the trail of associates, the trail of websites, the trail of articles, the trail of pseudonyms, and the trail of key people orbiting these two. The most identifiable group of Key People are the Usual Suspects or "OG's" which have been named here already. Each of these Old Guards have left their fingerprints in cyberspace and have sent emails and PM's to their cells. There will always be outsiders who are know it alls who will talk like they know the ins and outs of what the ONA "truly" is. Nobody trumps DM & RM in knowing more about ONA period because they founded the ONA. It's that simple.

The Original and Genuine ONA is also known to credible academics such as George Sieg and Jacob Senholt who wrote academic papers about the ONA and interviews various ONA key people such as DarkLogos and Chloe 352. Mr Sieg & Mr Senholt's academic papers can be found here: (<http://www.scribd.com/WhoDis>). An academic with the initials C.M. of Morocco also knows the Original and Genuine ONA as he has written a college text book about the ONA, has interviewed Anton Long, and regularly communicates with Chloe 352. So this is another important point to keep in mind for those of you in the future. The Original and Genuine ONA and its key people is actually known to credible academics who have interviewed Anton Long, Christos Beest, DarkLogos, etc; and who have written about the ONA's key nexions. An entire list of journalists and academics can be found in the reference section of the ONA's wikipedia entry, which is often overlooked. A page over at JRW's site also gives you a huge reference list: (<http://www.davidmyatt.ws/dwm-about.html>). Another site to mention is Japer's ONA Library: (<http://www.scribd.com/japer9>).

These small details are important for a future generation because it may be that several groups will pretend to be the ONA. Those of you in the future must be cautious and must study your ONA history very well. ONA is not just a meme like some will claim. It is not just a pile of manuscripts like other will claim. It exists as an Order - or social order - composed of a small group of people who share a common Dark Tradition they got from the Myattian Lineage. That Lineage is very important. One key way to tell

the Original and Genuine ONA from hoaxes and pretenders is that the Original ONA will always remain faithful to the Sinister Dialectics, to the Sinister Way, and the Seven Fold Way. This means that the Original and Genuine ONA will never try to be acceptable to mundane. It will always embrace and spread heresies such as crime, Nazism, racialism, culling, etc. It will always be associated with David Myatt's Reichsfolk. It will always be a balance between the Sinister and the Numinous. It will always be more than just a Satanism. The Original and Genuine ONA is not any of the causal forms it uses. This includes Satanism. The 7 degrees or grades of the Seven Fold Way - aka Sinister Way - will always be the Foundation and fundamental praxis of the Original and Genuine ONA.

Order of Nine Angles

123 Year of Feyen



ONA - Organizational Structure

The ONA is organized on the basis of cells, basically for two reasons: (1) Security and (2) Effectiveness.

The structure means that each new Initiate/member has one (at most two) Order contacts who channel information/teachings and so on, and who offer guidance/instruction. When this member reaches the stage of External Adept, they usually form their own Temple for ceremonial magick and for teaching, recruiting their own members, whose Order contact thus is that External Adept. Each Temple thus formed exists independently. Hence, if it or any of its members are 'compromised', the chain cannot lead very far, enabling other members in other Temples to remain secret and so continue with their own work, both personal (following the path to Adeptship) and aeonic (aiding the sinister dialectic).

Further, such a structure is effective, because: it enables each member to progress at their own pace; it enshrines a fundamental principle of genuine Satanism [individuality, and freedom from subservience to authority] and it enables practical experience of a character-building type [e.g. by organizing and running a Temple at an early stage].

Essentially, the Order is secret - and intends to remain so as far as most of its members and activities are concerned. However, its teachings and traditions have been and will continue to be made progressively more 'public', that is, available - thus enabling any individuals who may be interested to follow (if only in part) the way of genuine Satanism, for those individuals by so doing (however slightly) will aid the sinister dialectic, increasing the dark forces presenced on Earth. Some of these may progress to the Order.

This 'working secrecy' is necessary because Satanism cannot now be anything other than selective - it is elitist, being a hard and dangerous path, and part of its effectiveness lies in work of an 'underground', clandestine nature [e.g. some essential work is done by those involved in 'respectable' positions, which positions would no longer be available if the Satanic beliefs/practices of those involved in such work was generally known: i.e. they were discovered to be Satanists]. This secrecy will not change in the immediate future [for c. 20-30 years, that is] due to the nature of the societies in which we are forced to work.

Satanism can never become (until the 'New Aeon' arrives at least) respectable: for to become so would destroy its numen, its viability as a way to genuine Adeptship. It is dark, evil - for the few who

genuinely dare. This daring, as mentioned in other MSS, is practical, in real-life situations, involving danger, requiring courage, and defiance of both one's own limits and those of others, including the society of the moment. While society and other structures restrict and deny the promise of Satan, this dark defiance is required - and, moreover, required as a working system which achieves results, both personally and aeonically. What will change, is the number of individuals who can try this way to liberation - and while this will increase, it will do so only slowly over a period of decades. This will be a cumulative process which will aid (and indeed create) the next Aeon, the Satanic one when what is regarded now as dark and sinister will hold sway.

Thus, it has been necessary to disseminate the teachings and traditions of the Order, and this dissemination will continue and increase, as part of Sinister strategy. This part of sinister strategy was begun a decade ago by the Grand Master representing traditional groups. It was carefully planned and (so far) has been carefully executed.

The initial stage involved circulating some details about traditional Satanism (the Septenary system; dark gods mythos) among some sections of the Occult fraternity. Thus, a few articles were published, and the existence of the Order itself made known, for the first time outside traditionalist groupings, thus confirming certain rumours about such a group existing, such rumours having been in circulation for some time. Over a number of years, more information was made available - although still within the 'sub-culture' of the Occult underground. This attracted some interest (and a few Initiates - incidental to the main intent) and was followed by the establishment of, at first, a newsletter, and then a "zine", both of these being of an 'underground' nature, both in terms of quality and the manner of distribution (i.e. selective, advertised in similar underground publications). Furthermore, the number of copies distributed was kept low. The aim was two-fold - to create a sense of exclusivity (thus making the Order at first difficult to locate/find) and to pose no direct threat, that is, the zine and those associated with it would be seen as totally on the fringe, without resources and probably without any support. Thus, the activities of its members, always secret, would pose no threat and no investigation of any kind would be contemplated. Thus, both of the aims mentioned above could be achieved - dissemination of the tradition, and preserving the secrecy necessary for valuable work to continue.

After a few more years, the next step was taken - the distribution, again on a small scale, of works containing in detail the whole tradition. The format of these works would be the same - of a kind to intimate only a small scale enterprise. Thus were 'The Black Book of Satan', 'Naos', 'The Deofel Quartet' and other works made more accessible for the first time. Furthermore, the scarcity of these works would create an 'aura' about them - an aura which hinted at the darkness of the tradition. This would be re-inforced by making available the most sinister aspects of the tradition - aspects which would also contradict the meanderings of the armchair 'Satanists' who prattled on about Satanism being mis-understood and not really being evil, and who had increasingly come to notice as the decade came toward its end.

Naturally, this would provoke a reaction - both from those within the Occult and those without. The reaction from those within the Occult (and particularly those who said they adhered to the Left Hand Path) would establish their own position, and thus their total mis-understanding and lack of real insight. In brief, they would continue their word-games and fantasy-roles when confronted by the reality of genuine Satanism. But, equally as important, some would assimilate the tradition, or parts of it (perhaps unconsciously, perhaps consciously by plagiarizing it) and thus not only be influenced by it but also aid the sinister energies it re-presented because of that influence. [Thus, some of the meaning of the term 'sinister dialectic' can be glimpsed.]

The next stage was to give form and substance to certain aspects of the sinister energies that the Order and thus its tradition represented - among such forms being Satanic images (e.g. in the form of Tarot images) and music. These, by their very creation, would presence such energies (unconsciously influencing others - particularly 'the susceptible ones'). They also would be distributed in the manner used hitherto, spreading that sinister influence, partly (as the other earlier dissemination had done) via the

process of psychic contagion.

Following this, there would be a gradual increase in both the quality and the number of items distributed - without however the genuine darkness of the forms and tradition being diluted. In addition, more subtle approaches would be used - gradually contaminating psychic energies with strands of the sinister and thus overtly/covertly influencing/persuading others outside and within the occult, and drawing them into that ever expanding circle of those touched by the powers of Darkness. [This paragraph explicates the current stage of play.]

Thus, secrecy is preserved as and when necessary, while the tradition and thus the sinister is effectively spread.

ONA - Hysteron Proteron [written circa 1990's]

Traditional Satanism

This is a slight departure from my usual Buddhist ramblings. You know sometimes I wonder what a Buddhist is doing in the ONA. Actually I know why, it just looks odd if I were a different person looking in. This essay was inspired by an event yesterday which has nothing to do with the ONA. A nice elderly lady came over yesterday and shared her Jehovah's Witness message with me. I invited her into the living room to have a seat and talk to me. Being the properly raised person I am, I treated the lady kindly and tried not to disrespect her in any overt way. But once I closed the door and securely had her in my living room, I spent 30 minutes interrogating the poor thing. It wasn't even an argument of whose religion was better than the other. I told her from the very beginning that I was a Theravada Buddhist and that because I was, I cannot accept anything at face value. The Buddha even tells us to question what he teaches and that Dhamma must be observable, testable, and replicable for it to be Dhamma.

So after pointing those out I asked her to share her message with me. She did and I led our conversation into talks about science and archaeology, and such. How in such fields we empirically observe things, hypothesize, test and try, and come to a rational understanding of things, where that in the end, faith and belief are non-applicable. I interrogated her by asking her to give me what she knows about how her Jehovah's Witness religion developed historically, to give me secular proof that Jesus or any body in his ancestral line existed, and for carbon dating of biblical scrolls etc to determine if such biblical books were written before or after so called prophecies. I also asked her to bring me back ingredients used in the parchments that made up the ink used in the book of Isaiah, as well as documents from a secular academic who shows in a research paper the dialect of Hebrew used and the state of development of the Hebrew used in such books. I then gave the poor thing a long lecture on how I cannot accept anything at face value when given to me outside of that thing's proper time and contextual matrix. The elderly lady excused herself to me saying that she is only an old woman trying to spread the message of Jehovah's paradise. But she was a sincere and sweet lady and told me that she would take my long list of questions and demands and return with research work to give to me.

Contextual Matrix

In certain conditions I get obsessively over analytical about things. For my own good. So when it comes to things like religions, philosophies, etc, I approach those things like a detective. For example with me and Buddhism, what I do is take all that people tell me about it and throw it in the trash or set it aside to compare notes later. Then I remove Buddhism out of the 21st century, and as best as I can, stick it back into 500BC ancient India. Once I get that Buddhism into its Native Time and Contextual Matrix, then I spend my time researching on the political, sectarian, and social climate of that time, as well as the languages used, idiom, meanings of words back then, and frame of mind or worldview-model people back then were using. Once I collect all that information I start to build up a picture of how Buddhism may have been in that specific time and place to those people. Once I get a picture

of what Buddhism looked back then, I start to move forward to come to my own understandings of Buddhism from that recreated point. The only time I ask anybody alive in the 21st century anything is when I am stuck on something and can't figure things out on my own. Usually your Buddhist elder will respond to your questions with questions and tell you to go away and figure things out on your own anyways.

This is something I just do naturally, which the friends I have in life don't seem to do. I try to explain to them that it is like being a paleontologist or archaeologist. You don't remove artifacts completely disregarding the matrix such artifacts came from. You will not be able to figure out anything about the dinosaur you dug up if you are just staring at its bone. 90% of the data of its life, what it ate, how it lived, the climate it lived in is in the matrix - dirt - it was found in. It's like being a detective at a crime scene. You're not gonna know shit about anything if you remove a gun from a scene and just study the gun in your office. You have to wholistically consider the entire crime scene as a whole - Samma in Pali/Buddhism - together, in order to piece together a realistic Buddhi/Understanding of what may have happened. This includes studying the character and psychology of your suspects. If you are a Buddhist, do a total background check on the Buddha. If you are a Jesus freak, check Jesus's background, records, etc. Profile the hell out of them, racial profiling, sexual profiling, everything. That's one thing which bugs me about Jesus. He wants you to think like he "understands" humanity, he tried to incarnate as a human in the flesh, and even dies for us so we can believe that he really does sympathizes with our human condition and like he knows what it's like to be human. Yet the guy [Jesus] died a fucking virgin. He never had a girlfriend. Never been in love. Never had his heart broken. Never masturbated perhaps. Never been a father or a husband. Never seen his mother or father die of old age even. Isn't all that the actual stuffness of being human? He's a freaking 30 year old suicidal virgin who thinks he is god, and his mom doesn't even really know who his real daddy is. That's not a religion, that's a Jerry Springer show. But that's what I mean by profiling your prophets and gods. It amazes me how much time and effort [and money] the generic American public puts in to questioning presidential candidates, vet them, does all these background checks, but when it comes to gods and religious figures running their lives, they just let in any Nazarene-nutter, pedo-priests, kid-caressing-cardinals, and stuff.

Traditions and Culture

As I was saying: contextual matrix. So personally when I approach the ONA to gain an actual objective understanding of it, I treat the ONA as a crime scene. Most people approach the ONA out of context and time. I'm not here saying that seeing ONA in context and time will reveal some truth. But it may help us gain a different perspective of ONA. So I'll analyze ONA here objectively, and I may hurt a few people's feeling in ONA doing it. But I'll keep in mind that we see what we want to see in things, so Robert Anton Wilson once said. Our Prime Suspect is DM allegedly also known as "Anton Long." However the ONA was said by me or whoever to have come about, what we know is that first came DM, and then out of him came the ONA. So those are our two biggest clues. Our Prime Suspect DM leads us to the Native Time frame or era of any "crystallization" or influence that may have affected him consciously or unconsciously. We know DM was born in 1950. Which means that he was an impressionable and rebellious teen during the 1960's. So it's to the 60's and 70's when he was in his early 20's that we must start looking for data. What does a rebellious teen boy in England get involved with or is exposed to in 1960 England if he wanted to be counter culture to a dying post-Victorian frigid zeigeist? Besides National-Socialism which we already know had a visible influence on him.

A man by the name of Gerald Gardner in the 1950's in England came out with something he originally called "Wica," or "The Witch Cult," or "Witchcraft." Later Gardner's cult became known as "Traditional Wicca," during the 1960's. Then later on, this Gardnerian Traditional Wicca with the spin offs it spawned collectively became know "British Traditional Wicca." So now we can compare the descriptor "Traditional Wicca," with the descriptor "Traditional Satanism," and ask ourselves if we see anything which may look similar. If we do then we go in deeper to dig for more data. I see a potential similarity. Knowing that British Traditional Wicca was risqué in the 1960's and appealing to the young counter culture generation, I'd have a closer look. So lets briefly see if we can find any parallels between Traditional Wicca and Traditional Satanism [ONA]. We should keep in mind that ONA first coined and used the term "Traditional Satanism" before it was usurped by theistic Satanists.

In Gardnerian and Alexandrian Traditional Wicca you have something called a Book of Shadows which contains

the Tradition's rites and ceremonies. In Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have something called the Black Book of Satan which contains all of ONA's rites and ceremonies. The most important part about Traditional Wicca which makes one a legit Traditional Witch/Wiccan are a set of 3 initiatory degrees. In Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have a vital part of the Tradition which are the 7 initiatory degrees/grades called the Seven Fold Way. In Traditional Wicca you have a "Duodeistic" centered pantheon which are the Triple Goddess and Horned God. In Traditional Satanism you have the Dark Goddess Baphomet and the Dark God Satan. Gardner is the Grand Master of his Tradition. Alex Sander is Grand Master of his Alexandrian Traditional Wicca. "Anton Long" is the Grandmaster of his Tradition.

Those are the major parallels. There are minor parallels. Such as where in Traditional Wicca they usually - more so in contemporary eclectic Wicca - have a private body of magickal and esoteric teachings. Usually these magickal and esoteric teachings are similar to what you'd find in the Golden Dawn with its Kabbalah, mixed with eastern inspired tantra, meditation on the chakras, and so on. Traditional Satanism [ONA] similarly has its own corpus of magickal and esoteric practices expounded in Naos, except the stuff in Naos is unique in the sense that it's not a word for word copy cat occult or some Jewish mysticism or some deluded Indic mysticism and pranayama. Another minor parallel is Traditional Wicca will use special alphabets or cipher scripts to write their things in. We see a similar concept in Naos with a couple or few special alphabets, and later we see the Dark Immortal Script develop. Another minor - yet key - similarity is that in Traditional Wicca each Tradition spawns what are called covens. Judging the fact that Gardner's 3 initiatory degrees and their oaths are 80-90% the same as the initiation rituals of British Craft Freemasonry, I'd venture to say that a "coven" is based on the idea of a "lodge." Like a lodge puts the culture of an OTO or Freemasonry into living practice, a Coven also puts the culture/Tradition of their Wicca into practice. We see the same basic concept in Traditional Satanism [ONA] where in the early days a "coven" or constituent cell of the Tradition was called a "Temple," which today is most often referred to as a "Nexion."

So based on those numerous parallels, I'd personally say that there was an influence that took place in the very early days of the ONA. But this should not in any way make the ONA look "bad." To me personally, knowing that Traditional Wicca may have directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously inspired or influenced the ONA actually helps me gain a better grasp of what the term "Traditional Satanism" might mean. With the old skool Traditional Wicca the word "Traditional" is interchangeable with the word "Lineage," "Custom," and "Culture," where we can say Gardnerian Traditional Wicca is Wicca according to the Gardnerian Tradition. This concept of Tradition referring to Initiatic Lineage, Custom, and Culture will make more sense if you are savvy with the Traditions and politics of Initiatic Orders such as the OTO, Golden Dawn, and Masonry. The key idea to keep in mind is "Initiatic," meaning that you belong in a legitimate way to the Lineage, Custom of Rites, and Cultural Praxis, of the Tradition you were duly initiated into. That word "Traditional" is most often mistaken as meaning some sort of passing down from one generation to another from grandparent, to parent, to child. If there is a passing of the Tradition - aka corpus of customs and rites - from one generation to another it is from one generation of Initiates to a new set of Initiates. In this very context the word "Tradition" has the exact essence as the Pali-Sanskrit word "Sasana" which is used most often only to describe Theravada Buddhism and Shaivism. A Sasana being a body of instructions, observances, rites, rituals, ceremonies, customs, and culture of praxis or cultivation of practice.

So for example we have with the OTO several actual rival bodies spawned from the original Academia Masonica of Karl Kellner, which was later renamed Ordo Templi Orientis under Reuss. During which time all of its degrees were word for word Masonic degrees. When after Crowley took over the OTO, in an attempt to gain favour from the regular United Grand Lodge of England as a "regular" Masonic rite, Crowley removed the first degrees of Masonry of the OTO and constructed his own to substitute them. The ass kissing didn't work since Crowley's entire Masonic credentials were not of Mainstream Tradition. Here meaning that the United Grand Lodge of England has a Tradition of their own rites, ceremonies, and rituals, rules, and regulations, and all lodges in their jurisdiction which conforms to such established Traditions are deemed as "regular" or "recognized" lodges. Whereas Mr. Crowley was initiated in a lodge not recognized by the Mainstream Grand Lodges and he got his 33rd degree in an unknown lodge somewhere in Mexico. Meaning that because Crowley was not Initiated in a lodge of the United Grand Lodge of England "Tradition" that he thus did not belong to such Tradition of established Masonry. After Crowley's death a power battle arose and from that struggle was born the rival OTO bodies of

today. So that now you have distinct established OTO Traditions, where that if you get initiated into the SOTO you are not tied to the Typhonian OTO or any other OTO but the one you were initiated into. In this regard that old day Traditional Wicca worked in the same way. If you were initiated by a coven of Alexandrian Traditional Witches you really have no ties to Blue Star Wicca since that species of Tradition of Wicca has their own unique set of rites, ceremonies, rituals, practices, and pantheons. You belong to the "Tradition" you were initiated into. And that word "Tradition" or "Traditional" tries to mean a specific established body of customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, practices, beliefs, and pantheon, as well as lineage, and not something necessarily "passed down by tradition." Lineage here simply meaning that if you were Initiated into Gardnerian Wicca, you are connected thru your initiator, to their initiator, to their initiator back to Gardner, which linearly constitutes a "Lineage," traced back to the originator of such established Tradition.

Traditional Satanism

And so, once we get a grasp of the "politics" and structuring or organization of such groups and understand that the words "Tradition" and "Traditional" points to a group of organized people's peculiar customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, beliefs, pantheon, culture of practice, etc, we can thus better understand - or at least gain a different understanding of - what the term "Traditional Satanism" may mean in context and time to the period and era the ONA coalesced into a codified institution.

Traditional Satanism would thus simply mean a school or species or vehicle of Satanism according to a certain Tradition: customs, observances, rites, ceremonies, rituals, beliefs, pantheon, culture of practice, and lineage. So in Traditional Satanism [ONA] you have books like the Black Book of Satan & Naos which teaches the rites, ceremonies, initiatic degrees, magickal and esoteric cultural practices and observances of such Tradition. You have a specifically established pantheon expressed primarily as the Dark Goddess Baphomet and the Dark God Satan, plus the several other Dark Gods. Then of course you have the established system of initiation of such Tradition which would be the Seven Fold Sinister Way. Here I should try to point out that the word "Sinister" is the Latin for "Left" and most often when used by ONA means "Of The Left Hand" and not simply 'evil' and wicked as it is generally assumed to mean. "Sinister Way" and "Left Hand Path/Way" should be fungible, if the word is understood correctly. It's just easier to say "Sinister Praxis," or "Sinister Nature" as opposed to "Left Handish Practice," or "Left Hand Pathish Nature." Traditional Satanism also ends up meaning the set of philosophical teachings, beliefs, and paradigm specific to such Tradition. Then lastly Traditional Satanism [ONA] has its "Lineage" which is traced back to the originator or founder of the actual Tradition in question, "Anton Long" being the founder or originator or "presencer" of the Tradition.

When I break things down in this way to myself, it is easier for me to understand ONA as it was back then, as it still should be today, and as it should continue to be in future. As I said, in my own culture we have a word which has the same meaning as "Tradition" in this context which is Sasana. Our Sasana Preahput is not in any way the same thing as the Buddhism which exists up in the North in China, Tibet, and Japan. Our word "Sasana" points to a specific established Tradition or culture, customs, sangas, teachings, beliefs, rites, worldviews, folk-culture, unique and different from Mahayana Buddhism. The word "Sasana" as a borrowed Pali word goes further and has an even more specific meaning because the "root" word "Sas" means a Race, Breed, or People in Khmer. Or more accurately the word "Sas" is an indigenous Khmer word, which just so happens to have an audible twin in the word "Sasana," so after many centuries of "folk etymology" the borrowed Pali Sasana comes to gain the extra meaning in Khmer as a Tradition specific to a Race or People. But Sasana does not mean "Religion." For example when I eat with a fork at the dinner table and my elders are eating with spoons or chopstickes, they talk to themselves and say: "That grand daughter has gone into the Sasana of the White People, she eats with a fork like them." In this case, eating with a fork is not a religion or philosophy or ideology White People believe in. It is a Traditional Practice, or custom, or cultivated [culture] observance or shared or established behaviour peculiar to a group of people. But in this case the hybrid term "Sasana Satanism" ends up having no meaning, because then the question arises: Sasana of Satanism according to what people? In our case the answer would be: according to the ONA. So we'd have to call it: Sasana Satanism poohg ONA, which in English would be the Tradition of Satanism of the ONA people. Like we say: *Sasana Preahput Khmer* [Buddha Tradition according to the Khmer], or *Sasana Phraputa Thai* [Buddha Tradition according to the Thai], *Sasana Preahput poohg Jen* [Buddhism according to the Chinese people].

If you understand this much, then each ONA person will understand that there is no ONA without the Traditional Satanism, or without the established Tradition, lineage, customs, ceremonies, culture, observances, etc peculiar to the ONA as it was established by a founder or the founder(s) when ONA was established. Traditional does not necessarily suggest that such established customs and traditions have been past down AS IS from some ancient past of ancient Traditional Satanist. Meaning that it's not likely that ONA as we know it since 1972 existed with a BBS, Naos, 7FW, etc, since ancient times immemorial. Anton Long even goes through the trouble of stating quite the opposite, where he states that he took the old Aural Tradition and Added new elements to it. There is thus a specific date the Tradition was established. And to get specific there are criteria for what constitutes a "Tradition." For instance in Traditional Wicca a practice is only "Tradition" if it has been initiated down thru 3 generations of adherents, not necessarily meaning grandparent, parent, and offspring. In my own culture a "Tradition" is only a Tradition if and when you ask a person: "Hey who started this cultural practice anyways?" And everybody around how shrugs their shoulders and says: "I don't know. The old people before us." Or if your grandmother - who is already old - answers: "My grandfather started it, or one of the old people started it when I was a child," that means its official Tradition, since if your granny is old, the people she refers to as "old people" are long dead. Another thing which makes something a "Tradition" especially inside the limits of a family/clan is if say someone started a family reunion on your grandmother's birthday - which is what my family does - and it is observed several times effortlessly by every one of your relatives and does not stop being observed, it is officially part of our Sasana as a family. It doesn't matter who started it and why. As long as everybody just observes it together effortlessly.

Which means that my own cultural understanding of the word Sasana or Tradition has its implications in the ONA since I identify myself as being an ONA person. The implication is that rites and ceremonial observances such as the Self Immolation Rite and other stuff created by Beesty Boy [and other new stuff in future], because of the years that have past and the continued observance of them by those who affiliate with the ONA's Traditional Satanism, is to me a rightful living part of the ONA. It is how a Culture builds onto itself. Drinking tea was not always a practice observed by English people. That cultural meme was introduced by somebody - whoever, it doesn't matter - which was perhaps infected from China, and the English/British as a whole people just kept on doing the tea sipping thing at "tea time," whenever that is. I'm Asian-American so I don't actually know when British Tea time is. Tea time for those of us of spawn of Chinese people means in the morning at breakfast with noodle soup, after lunch, in the evening, on cold days, and whenever other people are over. As long as everybody continues to effortlessly observe it over time, it is a Tradition observed by a people plain and simple. Because what does the word Culture mean? A Culture is essentially something which you and/or others do/CULTIVATE over and over again. That is the most simplest definition of a Culture which actually works with most living cultures.

Tradition in Buddhism [Theravada] is important, at least per the Tipitaka cannons. There is a part of the Tipitaka where a group of people had so many leaders in their town who established all sorts of traditional observances that they lost their native traditions. So they went to the Buddha to tell him of their dukkha: the troublesome problem of not having a native tradition like other people. The Buddha tells them to gather everyone in their town together and collectively come to an agreement on which practices and observances everyone likes and make those as their people's tradition to pass down. In another instance the Buddha was teaching his monks key words and the meaning of each key word. One of those key words meant "Impression From Outside." And the Buddha says: "Bhikkhus! [Beggars! Vagabonds!] what is the meaning of Impression From Outside? It means when a people are ignorant and have no traditions of their own. Being so ignorant with no traditional observances of their own Bhikkhus, such people are open to the influence of outsiders influencing them with their foreign traditions and customs by impressing such on the ignorant people." That Dhamma is extrapolated in various ways to sometimes mean or suggest that if you are Buddhist and in the business of controlling your own Mind, Emotions, and Life, then not having a sure foundation such as a Tradition, you make yourself open to being controlled by others, which in turn leads to dukkha. Buddha in a different place states that Dhamma must be observable, testable, and replicable for it to be real Dhamma. So all we have to do is observe the Black People in America as an example to prove and test that Dhamma. Black People had their entire way of life taken away from them. They even lost their ancestral name. They went by the White man's name, believed in the white man's gods, saw the world with the white man's paradigm which placed them in an unlucky servile position socially, etc. So we ask ourselves: having lost their Traditions as a people and having been forced to adopt the foreign traditions of another culture/people, were these Black people Free socially? No. Were they Free to believe their own beliefs?

No. Were they Free to be their own people? No. Were they Happy? No. Did the white man's ways and traditions and gods make the Black People Free, sovereign, autonomous, self-determined? No. Does the white man love and respect the Black people more because they have adopted the white man's traditions? No, they are still disliked. Are they "Free" and happy today after 300 something years?

Even if we say they are free and happy in America, that freedom is superficial. Because when the Black man goes to the white man's church to worship Jesus, you are bound to follow those rules of that religion which has nothing to do with Africa or the ancient and ancestral Tradition of Africa. The minute you do something Their religion, Their social rules, Their ideologies are against, you are shunned and treated like a criminal or evil doer. Whereas for me I'll burn incense to a statue of a Buddha like my people's Tradition has it. I don't give a shit of some group of White people or Mexican Catholics or fucking Somali Muslim called me an evil pagan idolator. Fuck you and you whole Hubris breed too. Take your asses back to church and your mosque and mind your own fucking business. The only White people I like and respect are mostly the Aryan kind who have it in their blood and breed to be proud of their own people, be Traditionalists to their own ancient ancestral traditions, and conservatively pass that pride and culture down to their well bred children. I don't care if you hate me because I'm not "Aryan," cuz we're still kinfolk Traditionalists, still on the same level of mind and heart where we each still have a love and pride for our folk and culture. If we can be friends that's cool, if not than we'll stay out of each others way. If we can be friends and retain and maintain our unique differences that would be awesomer. But I have no ounce of respect for any white American punk who is ignorant of his own roots. You know the type. You ask them where they come from and they say Alabama, fucking Ohio, California. That's not what I mean dummy. I mean your roots, your seed your grandparents gave you, your culture your people gave you, your blood, your roots as a white person, the ancient tradition your ancient ancestors gave you, where the fuck did that come from, where has your blood been for the past 1000 years? What's really funny to me is when one of these White Hubris American Mundanes [[WHAM](#) as opposed to WASPs] come up to me and try to sell me their Mormon shit or Jehovah's Witness shit. Like I'm gunna fucking give up 1000 years of my own people's ancestral traditions, for a lunatic religion founded merely in the 1800's by a couple nutcase white devils. So I can do what exactly? How do they "practice" their religion? You sit your ass in a church and listen to some hubris white devil yap for an hour about a Jew. Do I look like a Jew? Do I look I want to worship a Jew? I got my own pantheon of Chinese gods to worship, shit. And they act like their mere 200 year old Joseph Smith shit is "better" than all other people's Tradition. Whatever skin color you are, be proud of your folk and blood, Mind your culture and ancestry, and do your children right and proper by somehow passing some sort of stable ground, roots, and identity for them.

You think it's just only one person when you are liberal and let your kids drift away from your roots. But there are 300 million people in America, and of those 300 million how many other parents and grandparents are mindless and liberal like you. Those numbers add up and aeonically devastates you as coherent people. Like you pick a hypothetical race for example. In the first generation you have the young people from this race practice a little Chinese Kung Fu, some listen to rap and act Black. Next generation more of the new young people do the same and instead of being rooted in their own Traditions and Culture they drift off like loose canon balls rolling a round aimlessly on the deck of a ship. As each generation passes and more young people in this race goes into some other people's Traditions, in Time where will your people be? And you think seriously about, if you have the brain cells to think aeonically as a WHAM, you are being surrounded by other peoples that stay true to their own folk culture, and the Black People you messed up are slowly developing their own folk culture. So while you WHAMs drift further apart incoherently, every other people around you maintains their status, community, families, extended families, traditions, and culture. Divide & Conquer. Your people started it and were good at it. There was a time when you divided ethnic races and made them into incoherent groups fighting each other to control them. Now its payback time, and the best part is, YOU yourselves are Dividing your own people into cultureless individualized units. Half of you don't even have a real family anymore with two parents. I fear that as a hubris and arrogant breed that you WHAMs are, you are too stupid to wake up and change your ways. If you are the few to wake up and know something is wrong: DIG. Start digging deep in your blood and ancestry and find your roots and dormant Tradition your people left for you and live them once again. Make a Tradition up if you have to, just stabilize yourself with a Tradition for your progeny's sake, not yours. [Reichsfolk](#). Not many in or out of ONA speak of Reichsfolk now, but the simple lessons it teaches keeps your Blood and Roots flowing deep over Time. /Rant.

So this Traditional Satanism which is the ONA and a part of the ONA is a species or Tradition of Satanism. If we

don't try to see that Traditional Satanism grow into being inside its original native time and context, you can't fully grasp the ONA and will be prone to assumptions, speculations, and misunderstandings of what may have been intended. The ONA proper first started off with that Traditional Satanism soil. Everything else, such as the philosophical writings "Anton Long" and others have written, grew out of that fertile Tradition, within the matrix of that soil. You have to try to study what the ONA is today within that soil in a wholistic way. As you would study a flowing river. Not in bits and pieces, but in consideration of the whole river, from the mountain spring it springs from, to the rapids and gorges in the middle, all of the twists and turns, and ending at the great delta where it flows into the ocean. To fully understand ONA you have to consider ONA of 1970, consider its decades long slow twistings and turnings, and consider what it is today, as one Flowing. As one Tradition moving and growing slowly. But that Flowing begins at the spring of Traditional Satanism. Which in itself is something to be proud of if you recall your history. The ONA's Traditional Satanism was one of the first three "institutionalized" or codified schools of Satanism that started this whole Satanism thing back in the 60's-70. CoS came out in 1966. ONA cropped up in England in 1972ish. ToS was miraculously reborn when Set woke up from a 3000 year sleep and gave birth to the Universe in 1975. If I were Set I would have picked an Egyptian in my "home country" to be my prophet of a new aeon, rather than a Grandpa Munster of America; but that's just me, maybe Set has a sense of humour? But ONA is one of three that started this whole Satanism thing off in the West. It's Tradition is still here, still influencing contemporary Satanists' understandings of their Satanism. Sans the competitive BS, Satanism as a single memplex is a great thing with a lot of potential. You guys as Satanists have a good thing going, if we consider Satanism all together as one newly emerged system in the West. Sans the rivalry BS, when each Satanist adds their own thoughts and understandings to the common body of knowledge, it in turn ripples and helps evolve all of Satanism as a single pool of ideas. But we can't get all egalitarian and liberal with this shit or we'll ruin a good thing. Not every meme is equal, some will make this growing and very young pool of Satanism sick and weak. A little capitalistic competition is good for the gene pool as it breeds and encourages innovation and creativity.

There is an old Greek philosophical concept mostly translated into English as "Justice," which is something worth considering and applying if as Satanists "we" all wish to help it move forwards into the future, for the next generation. Justice according to some of the olden schools of thought is the proper balance between One's own self interests, and the Interests/needs of a collective/other. Justice is the balancing line between one's own duty to Self, and Duty to Other [wife, husband, children, family, clan, kin, tribe]. Justice is the the Balance between One's own needs and the needs of Other. Too much to one side or the other causes an imbalance. And being in a causal system, such imbalance causes chain reactions of fruit. Too much leaning towards Self Interest/Need/Duty destroys Community and Family. Which in turn disrupts the sensitive clockwork and causes it to be dysfunctional. What is dysfunctional stops working, and what stops working dies in Time. Too much leaning to the other side vanquishes the Individual as a slave to a mindless collective. There is a balance or Equilibrium where the Self and Other Naturally comes to a Balance, which was once called Justice. Where there must be a Balance between the collective Interest of those that "govern" and the Interests or Needs of those that are "governed." That was Justice. Where there is a Balance between the needs of a corporation and the needs of its market. That Balance is Justice. Where there is the Balance between the Needs and Interests of the individual Satanist and of Satanism as a whole-Thing. That is Justice and Equilibrium. A little competition and self interest in Satanism is healthy. But without that Justice, either way we lean, the clockwork stops. If this ancient notion of Justice is a living phenomenon in Nature, then it must be observable, testable, and replicable. Thus, nobody should have to take my word for it. All I'll say is that a Satanism with only one school of thought and one paradigm will be like a USSR with only one party making all the products. Shit's gunna be cheap. In this regard, I will keep ONA going as long as I can, even if I am the last ONA person alive. There is plenty of room in Satanism as a whole-Thing for the atheist, theist, materialist, spiritualist, or whatever. There are retards and geniuses in all camps. We need all the genies and thinkers, even if they don't like each other or get along. The retards, they can go, well actually, they should stay to support the infrastructure. Just like there is room in Life or the Cosmos for every perspective and angle of understanding. It's all of it added up that gives us the clearest picture of things. Satanism as a whole-Thing limits itself, if it struggles to only have one "right" and one "acceptable" perspective and weltanschauung.

Narcissistic Paradigm

I was thinking of the mentality some people have for things such as weltanschauung, world-views, politics,

religions, philosophies, etc, and I noticed something which lacked a word but I gave it a term to refer to it. Thinking about this mentality caused me to remember a weird Sufi story I once read a long time ago. The Sufi story I read - as I later found out - is a twist or slant of a well known Greek myth, used as an esoteric jape with Mainstream Islam. This esoteric jape runs along the same vein as the Sufi saying that goes something like: "The only way to Know Allah is by riding the dragon's tail." Meaning here that it is from being familiar with Iblis or Shaitan and his ways that you truly come to know Allah. So we read in the Holy Qur'an that when after Allah had made Adam, he called the angels of heaven down to the earth to behold Adam and commanded all of the angels to kneel and worship Adam. All did as they were commanded except Iblis who stood in defiance. The Qur'an does not go any further into the details as to why Iblis did not worship Adam, but the Sufis continues that story saying that Allah demanded Iblis why he did not worship Adam, and Iblis answered Allah: "Because I am better than him. Because I am made of the Flame of Heaven, and he [Adam] is made from the soil of the ground." Allah now angry ordered Iblis to do as the other angels and kneel before Adam to worship him. Iblis refused to do so. And so Allah threatens to send Iblis into the lake of fire to punish him if he did not worship Adam. Iblis still refused and said he'd rather burn in hell than worship a creature made of the lowly earth. So then Allah one last time threatens Iblis with the punishment of eternally being outside of His Divine presence for ever and ever. When Iblis heard this, he rushed to Allah's feet and said to Allah: "La ilaha illallah; There is no God but God, and only he is worthy of worship." After hearing this Allah turns to the angels that fell and worshiped Adam and cursed them to forever serve Mankind. But to Iblis, who genuinely loved Allah, that he would defy Allah's word to be True to his Love, Allah gave him the Earth to rule. This little Sufi story has the esoteric teaching that God made a facsimile of his own divine self out of something worthless [dirt] as a test to see if his angels loved Him of their own free will, or because out of fear of being punished. Only Iblis refused to serve and fall before that false idol Adam. In other words, in life we either Submit [Islam] to the Divine [numinous], or to man made idols. What or whom do you serve in life? The Natural, or the Artificial? The esoteric jape hidden in this Sufi story is that mainstream Muslims today worship and serve Adam, or the teachings and words of men, and not the Divine Essence of Allah.

So the other Sufi story I remembered is like the backstory to the one I just told, which took place just before the creation of Adam. The story goes that one day Allah having found the earth walked around it and found the dark water of the earth. He looked into it and for the first time in eternity saw Himself in the dark water. Seeing a reflection of himself he fell in love with it and reached out to try and Behold it. But could not because his fingers went thru the image disturbing the reflection with ripples. Out of a deep desire to Behold that image God took mud and formed from that mud Adam and loved Adam above all other creation. The hidden esoteric jape is directed at mainstream superficial Islam's God and Muslims. It is saying that their God is essentially narcissistic and thus cannot be the Divine Artist of the Cosmos. It also is japing the mainstream Muslims in saying that they are so captivated by their own facsimile of God that they reject the Divinity in all other things of Creation. Or, as the saying goes in English: "Like Father, like son."

I notice this same mentality in people. It's not narcissism as the word is generally used. I'll try and explain what I mean. For example you have these materialist who can't get themselves to See the world any other way beyond their material world model. And so like this delusional God, these materialist fashion for themselves a memplex or weltanschauung that is merely a reflection of themselves: materialistic. Or you see them being drawn, engrossed, enchanted, captivated, only by idea that are reflections of themselves: materialistic. You see them being oblivious and out right rejecting and denying other possible models of reality. You see the same engrossment of/for ego/self with theists and spiritualists who do the opposite. They are in love with ideas and world views only which are reflections of themselves. They become enraptured and engrossed in ideas where only the spiritual is real, only "our god" is real, only the god we can picture is real, everything else is fake. You see this in politics. Conservatives are drawn only to that which is merely and simplistically a reflection of their inner self. Libertines [modern usage] are drawn to and attached to only what ideologies are merely and simplistically reflections of their inner egos. And the delusional aspect of this is that they are oblivious to and deny or reject everything that is not a personification of their egos. Libertine in the olden days around the 1700's or so meant a person or breed of people without culture or proper upbringing.

Just like their symbolical narcissistic God, you see these people also acting out their narcissism when they make things, like ideologies. They make their cults and religions in a self-perspective narcissistic "utopian" manner. When I say "utopian" I simply mean the artificial desire to create a system of some type which is "perfectly" a

reflection of their egos. Like when you see a group of peasants get together and watch them create a political memplex, you see them enter that narcissistic utopian mentality where the Bourgeois who hurt their egos are evil and peasants should rule, where religion that was used to control them is bad, etc. You take a group of Jesus nutters and watch them create their sectarian memplexes. They relocate themselves to a paradise, name it Jonestown, get all enraptured in only stuff which are a reflection of their own ego-perspective of reality. And the same goes unfortunately with mainstream materialist science. Where you see these very intelligent scientists get lost in the same delusional game of seeing reality only insofar as reality is a reflection of their ego/self, and every other theory is fake or not worth considering. And of course Buddhists and Satanists do this too. Buddhist create for themselves a narcissistic utopian world model based on their simple single ego-perspective. And Satanist will do the same with their Satanism. Their Satanism has to be a utopian reflection of their ego-perspective and narcissism. You can almost hear them say to themselves in their heads: "I can't fucking wrap my head around anything else beyond my self and my puny grasp of reality, so any religion or type of Satanism that is beyond that is fake." The funny part is we tell ourselves that we are "thinking outside" a box, when most of us never left that box. Because that box is the self and the walls of the box are the person's limited grasp of things or his own amourousness for their own beauty. So the question is: Can there be growth, if we remain within the confined limits of our ego-perspectives of life and reality? Can a Self grow, evolve, or truly gain an understanding of things, if all it sees is it Self?

Everything to such narcissistic people has to be a perfect utopian reflection of their egos. A materialist will reject something like Buddhism because the Buddhism has elements such as "reincarnation," karma, spirits, etc which are not paradigmatic elements in their ego-based world-model. Those things are not a reflection of their self, so they reject it. It becomes so predictable that you can literally read a person's inner topography just by reviewing their beliefs or analyzing what memplexes they are drawn to and which memplexes they reject and deny. That's how simplistic mundanes have become. The complexities and diversity of Life are non-existent to these people. What is real - what can only be reality - must be a personification of their self/ego.

Beyond Ego

Such people never emotionally or intuitively realize that Life/Reality is so big, it is beyond our puny ego-based paradigms. Life is so big it is uncomfortable. You can be a hardcore materialist and if you study reality too deep you'll find quantum physics where reality is not as material as you wish it to be. You can be a hardcore moralist and if you venture too far outside your ego, you will observe that life and Nature is oblivious to morals. You can be a hardcore Darwinist and if you look too far outside your narcissistic utopian personification of self, you'll see that ecosystems are called systems for an actual reason. You'll see that nature does not compete with itself, but is symbiotic and co-evolutionary, which is scary and blasphemous to a Darwinist who is conditioned inside an urban matrix to see life as a "survival of the fittest" game. Things like religions - cyberreligions - philosophies, and ideologies, have today become mere vanity mirrors and security blankets to protect people from an uncomfortable reality. A reality that is much bigger than us, much more beyond our graspings and assumptions and speculations of it.

If you haven't picked up already, what I am trying to say and what the esoteric value of that second story is that there can be no true growth or inner development when a person is trapped inside the limits of his/her own ego. I should quickly define how I'm using the word ego and self. I mean to say the conscious mind and what it thinks it knows or what it believes in. And so religions, philosophies, and ideologies today are are not a means to self-development, but merely a means to perpetuate our already existent ego-based world-models. If you really think about it and we say a materialist will be inside a materialist belief system for 50 years, during those 50 years will that materialist ever be anything different outside what that materialist paradigm allots? If Life/Reality behaved in such a remarkably simplistic manner, where reality is merely a comforting reflection of what we can grasp, what we wish to believe is true, would anything even be here? You know how many Muslims have been born and raised inside an Islamic paradigm for the past thousand years who have not ever thought outside or developed beyond what their paradigm has allotted for them? There is even a word to explain this phenomenon: Orthodoxy. And tellingly, there is even a word to describe the act of crossing that line of orthodoxy: Transgression. How many theists have ever Transgressed their theistic worldview into uncharted territory? How many materialists have ever Transgressed their materialistic paradigm for uncharted territory? The most powerful limits

are those that we ourselves set for our own selves, because of our life long conditioning. It's like domesticated elephants in Thailand. You take a baby elephant and tie its feet with chains so it grows up conditioned mentally and emotionally to Believe that it can't break that chain, and when it grows up all you have to do is tie a thin rope to its feet and it will not even try to break the rope. Because it is trapped in the conditioned Belief that it cannot break free. You have people who condition themselves - hypnotize themselves - into being "trancefixed" inside the limits of their own narcissistic paradigm, and these same people believe they are free thinking, or free people. You give these same people anything that is not a reflection of their egos and they will say: "Oh your ideology is retarded. It looks nothing like me. Those aren't my opinions. I disagree with anything not a reflection of my opinions."

I'm bringing this Narcissistic Paradigm thing up because a lot of Satanists - and more nonsatanists - will not and do not like ONA because it is not a reflection or personification of their egos. It is not a comfy and cozy box. It's got weird chants, a pantheon of unproven entities, it looks nothing like the average mundane ego, it's just big and bloated and ugly to them. That ain't shit though. You wanna know bloated, go read the Pali Canons. 40 volumes, 25000 pages of 2500 years of gibberish and nonsense. Nothing makes any sense. We're just good at faking sense. Nobody knows what the hell Buddha was tripping on when he said: Anatta. Even more bloated than that is the Universe. It's so big the universe doesn't even fit into a book. The greatest minds like Hawking have pondered on it their whole lives and all they produce are black holes. We don't know if it is finite or infinite, if it's flat, round or saddle shaped, if it's eternally expanding or if entropy will force all things back to Chaos [void, absolute stillness/inertia].

But the beauty about Life or the universe is that it is big, and in trying to understand ever nook and cranny of Life, we actually grow in our understandings of reality and ourselves as a part of Life or the Cosmos. In essence it is like we grow into Life, in the same way we grow into our hand-me-down our older siblings and cousins passes onto us. They are uncomfortable in the beginning, but the extra room allows us to grow to fill them in.

Most of Buddhism doesn't even make sense to me, but I don't bitch about it and look for something comfy to fit my ego. Many things about ONA and its Traditional Satanism hardly make any complete sense to me. I still don't know what an acausal is. But I let things be and slowly work my way to filling in the nooks and crannies. Which takes time. So the whole point to this in regard to ONA is don't be so self absorbed where you reject things left and right because your religion, or philosophy, or whatever does not fit you perfect like a glove. That perfect fit is not something you really want long term wise. Have you ever heard of Chinese Feet Binding? Back in the old days men use to think girls with tiny feet were beautiful so girls feet were tightly bounded with silk or cloth from a small age. So that as they grew older, the binding kept their feet from growing their proper size. It was actually disfiguring and rendered them crippled and unable to walk. Don't Spellbind your own self with your own words and beliefs. Let Traditional Satanism and the rest of the ONA be big. If we disagree with certain things in ONA fine, but just leave it and instead nurture it so it can grow bigger in time. The more room in ONA, the more space we have to grow in perspective and understanding.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

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An Afternoon With Christos Beest

An Interview

[I met Mr Beest, at his request, on a glorious day in 1994, in the beautiful Shropshire hills on the Welsh border that he believes are the heart of his personal Satanic Tradition. After a bracing walk to the crest of a bracken-topped hill (which did no favours to a person's hangover), we paused and talked. Beest was not at all how I'd imagined him. He was a serious, personable, well-spoken man in his mid-to-late twenties who seemed closer to a mature sociology student than the bloodthirsty fanatic I'd anticipated.]

What is the Order of the Nine Angles?

Its a tradition which goes back 7000 years – that's according to the legend. It was born when there was a civilisation around here called Albion which had various rites associated with a Dark Goddess who we know as Baphomet. Baphomet's been handed down through the ages as a composite figure. The famous goat-head symbol was actually a distortion, a lie which took away from the real power of the goddess, who was actually a dark, menstruating woman. It was very much a code of honor centered around war and the brutal realities of life, and actually the original paganism for thousands of year before Christianity arrived. Its basically an oral tradition I received from my predecessor, Anton Long. He received it from a Mistress of the Order and she had it passed on from someone before her.

How large is the Order?

Very small, around ten people with a few hangers-on. We are small because it is a genuine Magical way and it requires people to live in a certain lifestyle. The archetypal ONA member is a lone sorcerer, somebody who defies their own limits, defies themselves. They found out their true potential, usually through ordeals. There's one ordeal, for example, which requires living alone for three months, completely alone, bereft of any possessions whatsoever. The actual aim is, on an individual level, finding your God within yourself. What it aims to produce is a unique individual who doesn't need anything. There's a lot of strands from a lot of esoteric groups, but the ONA is essentially a Western tradition.

Why is there such prominent mention of human sacrifice in your literature?

Because its part of the tradition. There was an issue of Fenrir, our magazine, which centered around human sacrifice. A lot of things are not what they seem. All manuscripts that are written serve a certain purpose – they illustrate a certain point. A lot of people at the Temple of Set or Church of Satan are trying to re-establish Satanism as a moral religion. Something which is sanitised, something which is misunderstood, and really quite nice. What the ONA is doing is countering that by saying; "No it isn't." Its regaining the original Darkness of what Satanism is, because if Satanism isn't evil, then what is?"

Could this effect not be achieved without human sacrifice?

Maybe human sacrifice doesn't go on. That's part of the point. The Manuscripts are illustrating an ethic.

So what you're saying is that the effect the manuscripts has is more important than anything it actually says or advocates?

Yes. The manuscripts are collected to illustrate points. Here it says that people should stop allowing laws to treat them like children.

Have you been involved with human sacrifice in any form?

Obviously I can't tell you.

Is there an element of macho occultism in your order?

There's more women involved in the group than men, which is quite interesting. There is the man I inherited the tradition from, Anton Long, and he's fought in wars as a mercenary. That was a form of sacrifice. To outline the theory behind human sacrifice again: ultimately it could be anything, that's just the most extreme form. It also aids the sinister dialectic, it regains a certain darkness that has been taken away from Satanism. It gives back to an individual their own judgement over things. Saying that you actually do this – you can go out and kill somebody if you feel it's important to do it – but you take the consequences for it. In other words, anybody who gets involved in "the sinister" can do anything they want, or anything they judge useful. There's nothing in the Order which says you can't do this or you can't do that – that would be contradictory to what we are aiming for. All it's saying is – find yourself and use your own ethics and judgements. You could go ahead with a sacrifice, but you could get caught and spend the rest of your days in gaol – is it worth doing that?

What is the role by "aeonics" in your philosophy?

An understanding of how energies flow through civilisations. What moves people. What creates certain kinds of individual. All civilisations start off as a creative minority; a small group of people in a certain area who did certain things which drew the masses. People are putty, basically, and it's always going to be a small number of people who can effect changes; the artists or whatsoever, the people who dare to break out of the constraints of society.

What's the ONA's political position?

I regard ONA as the only true anarchist group. A group which can use extreme right-wing politics and extreme left-wing politics. We're not seduced by either side, we don't regard them as "true" in any sense, they're just a means to an end. So far it's been judged that it's the energies which imbue right-wing organisations that are useful and will flower, say within 100 years, and certain things will follow on. This is the essence of aeonics. It is a cold, rational, almost scientific judgement of certain means to achieve further ends. The archetypal ONA member considers any form to be suitable means to an end. That's part of the point of the ordeal of spending three months alone. You actually go through a withdrawal where you're not swayed by anything, any abstract ideas, you are just yourself. An ONA member doesn't "become" a Nazi or a communist, he just uses those movements. Obviously, in order to use them you have to enter into a role in a very demonic sense, you also have to know where it ends.

Why does so much ONA material seem to have such a negative, destructive approach? Could you not, for example, write something about the beauty of walking these hills?

There are actually four novels, *The Deofel Quartet*, which deal exactly with that. It deals with love and life in a very real sense. It deals with all those feelings which would make an archetypal Satanist confused, because the archetypal image is of a dark master who could kill just at the drop of a hat. That image is very important because it allows people to play a role which people are swayed by. What some of the ONA manuscripts do is allow people to play that role. But it has to end at some point, and if it doesn't end they become possessed by that role, and their whole Satanic quest is finished. They've lost insight. If they do derive insight from it, then they know there's something beyond that. It may be something that's the opposite, something quite beautiful perhaps, but they have to go through a role to find its true opposite in a real sense.

If you say that people can explore their limits by contemplating human sacrifice, could they not, by that philosophy, feel they ought to abuse a child?

No, not all. The background of sacrifice is that its about culling, accepting that there is certain dross in society. A right-wing concept perhaps, but that's just labelling it. Its something which is not right- or leftwing, its a concept that goes back to the Vikings, or before that. The Vikings weren't right-wing. We imposing modern political views on things to raise emotive responses. People have to see beyond that, to see the essence beyond the appearance, which is what a lot of the manuscripts are about. People are swayed by things – what is racism but a word often used to make people feel guilty about feeling certain things?

Is it possible to be black, oriental, or whatever and a member of ONA?

There's a gentleman in singapore who's working with us.

There's a suggestion that the ONA has something to do with neo-nazi groups, is that true?

Its rather the other way around. Someone in the ONA felt that involvement in the British National Party would be useful to them. There is somebody who is involved in the ONA who is involved in right-wing politics, but he used it as a form to achieve something, then go out of it and went to do something else. We have something of a reputation for dressing in Nazi uniforms and invoking the spirit of Hitler. It stems from the deeds of the past which people haven't seen from a Magical perspective. There's very little that dangerous about becoming a radical anarchist or a communist. But there are people right now being executed for their involvement in right-wing organisations. There was a certain individual found dumped in Holland who was a leading light in the political Right of Germany. You mustn't confuse "right-wing" with conservatism or anything like that. The political format that's gripped this society has nothing to do with right-wing politics and actually leans more towards the left in essence. The Hard Right is a very dangerous thing to get involved with. Particularly for Satanists – the ONA has received threats from certain National Socialist groups who don't like the idea of Satanism being linked with them. Unlike left-wing groups, when stirred right-wing activists will do things others wouldn't consider. That's why it's a good thing to get involved with, in one respect: because it offers genuine danger on all sorts of levels and offers a moral dilemma as well. The whole point of insight roles is that you undertake a role for around a year which is the complete opposite of your own personality.

What are you aiming for in ONA?

The real secret of Satanism is that a Satanist restores balance within society, acting as a counterbalance. For example: If we were in a right-wing situation at this time, there would certainly be a communist Satanic organisation. This may all seem rather frivolous and aimless, but what Satanism represents is basically an energy for change. Evolution. An energy which provokes insight and adversity. Satan represents movement. Something which moves and isn't tied down by moral abstracts or ideas.

Culling is portrayed in your literature as helping nature along, isn't it?

Yes, you could remove someone you feel is detrimental to your cause, but you could be wrong in that. It could turn out to be the opposite. War is the perfect example of culling in that it is removing a massive number of people, and when you do that you effect certain changes. What those changes will be, how you can control that, is all part of it. It's like moving pieces on a chessboard. People are removed who you judge to be detrimental to certain things. It could be a large number of people, it could be an individual. Not everyone will cull, not everyone should.

It's suggested in your literature that its something which is expected of ONA members.

Would you kill if ordered so?

No.

Well then, we have already established an insight upon yourself, albeit in a second. This is actually the secret of the manuscripts. They are designed to attract people who can think and judge for themselves. That includes when a

Satanic Master comes along and tells you to dispatch someone – you are faced with a choice: if you do it you will please the master, but do you want a master like that? As the master, do you want somebody serving you who is weak, or do you want somebody who will turn round and refuse to obey? We're looking for the latter.

How would you like people to look on the ONA, do you want to scare people?

The work is very extreme, it has to be that way. The manuscripts are designed to produce certain changes in society, to create certain preconceptions and destroy others. We are very elitist, because very few people ever stay the course. It involves real hardship, a certain way of living which few people are willing to follow.

-Order of Nine Angles-

Some Questions About Satanism

Given below are extracts from answers to questions submitted to Anton Long in July 2011 CE by HML (an academic named Hannah L.) as part of her research into modern Satanism, and which research she intended to present at the academic conference on Satanism in Stockholm, September 2011 CE.

Can you tell me how and why you first became interested in Satanism? Were any of the reasons that you joined to do with an aspect of life in the UK in particular?

I became interested in my teenage years – three years before the publication of LaVey's *Satanic Bible* – while living in [...], where I learnt a Martial Art, studied Taoism, and witnessed events such as the festival of *Thaipusam*.

This Martial Art, Taoism, and such events, inspired me to read the works of Carl Jung. I also at the time practised and studied classical Yoga according to the Hatha-Yoga Pradipika of Patanjali and so had some knowledge of Hinduism.

So, in summary, my reasons had nothing to do with life in the UK – I was not living in the UK at the time – but rather my interest stemmed from my practical experience and study of Taoism, a Taoist based Martial Art, and the diversity of religions I encountered in [...], which all inspired me to ask questions, which questions led me to read Jung and thence led me to Western Alchemy and Western Occultism. Satan was understood then, by me in those early years of my interest and involvement, as the archetype of exeatic living. [Footnote 1]

Given my youthful arrogance, my desire for exeatic experiences, and a generally rebellious nature, I felt an affinity with this particular archetype.

Perhaps I should add that the Taoism I encountered in [...] was more a practical religion than the rather rarefied mystical philosophy many people in the West associate with the term Taoism, just as the Martial Art I learnt had (at least to me then) a certain Occult mystique about it.

Did you join a Satanic organization initially (e.g. the Church of Satan)? If so, why did you leave the organization to start the ONA?

As far as I know, no one at the time in [...] had ever heard of LaVey or the CoS. So my initial understanding of Satanism derived from my own studies, which included the works of Jung.

So, no – I did not initially join an existing organization, not even when, a few years later, I came to live in England, and came across the writings of Crowley, heard about LaVey and read the *Satanic Bible*.

I did briefly in the first year of living in England (the late 1960's) try to find a Satanic or Left Hand Path group, having found a useful contact in London [...] and did find, through that lady, one small 'underground' group who practised ceremonial ritual based on the Golden Dawn. However, I did not join this group, but arrogantly dismissed them, just as I then dismissed both Crowley and LaVey, regarding them as self-indulgent charlatans who never ventured to experience the dark side of life in a practical way, who never dared for instance to indulge in crime, violence, terror, culling. As far I was concerned, they were all talk and 'ritual', and while they may have had some limited skill in people manipulation, they never aspired to do evil, to destroy society and exult in the attempt.

In contrast to Crowley and LaVey, for instance, I even in those youthful years sought and enjoyed violence, and tested and challenged myself by certain 'criminal' activities. For me, it was experience of the dark side of life, and testing myself by practical deeds – and exulting in such things – which was the essence of the archetype of Satan, so that I considered myself in those youthful times far more of a Satanist, a manifestation of Satanic living, than such individuals.

For several years I sought to find someone I could respect and learn from – someone of true inner darkness. I never did find such a person until I met, in my early twenties, a lady who claimed to represent a primal type of Satanism that did not depend upon Jewish-Nazarene tradition and theology, and which had no connection to Crowley, LaVey or what was then (and still is) mistakenly regarded as the Western Occult tradition.

It was this lady who inspired me to form the ONA, based as the ONA was on her rather vague traditions and on my own practical sinister experience [...]

Could you summarize the main tenets of the ONA's philosophy?

A summary of the Order of Nine Angles would be – we are evil, an evil slowly spreading over the Earth. A means to inspire practical Satanic, diabolic, deeds, and new, more sinister, ways of living.

To explain – the essence of the ONA is three-fold.

1) The way of practical personal sinister experience and learning from that experience. This experience is both esoteric and exoteric, and thus the individual must live a practical sinister life. This is and must be dangerous and difficult. It is sinister deeds which matter, not words or rituals. Rituals are but one useful means.

Thus, those who have the right sinister/Satanic spirit, the best sinister/Satanic character, succeed; those who do not fail. Our standards are high because we are unashamedly elitist, and do not care about quantity, about numbers of members or adherents.

2) The way of the clan/tribe/gang/nexion as opposed to both (a) the way of The State, and (b) the deification of the individual that lies at the core of other LHP/Satanic groups.

This means that we aim to live in certain ways, for instance as part of a nexion which is or which becomes like a family (or an extended family) to us, and that our first loyalty and duty is to our own ONA kind. Thus we have and rely on our own laws and our own justice – our own way of doing things – and these are more important to us than the laws and the so-called justice of The State and even more important than our individual desires.

This also means that each clan/tribe/gang/nexion can choose or develop their own identity or be part of an already existing living tradition/culture. Thus, we have ONA 'families' who are Hispanic and who identify with Latino cultures; we have ONA 'families' who are Asian and who identify with, for example, Thai or Chinese culture (and who may thus be Buddhists or Taoist); as we have ONA 'families' who are Caucasian and who identify with their native European cultures (and some of which families are orientated toward National-Socialism). In addition, we have ONA families who overtly identify with

Satanism (or at least our variety of it, manifest in our Seven Fold Way).

3) The way of an Aeonic Kollektive.

This means two essential things. (a) That our perspective is Aeonic – of decades and centuries – rather than just our own short, finite, lives as individuals. (b) That the ONA is analogous to an open-source software operating system (OS) for human beings, where our developers co-operate to de-bug, revise and develop the OS, and generally make it better and more useful. In the same way as the Debian GNU/Linux computer OS has guidelines adherence to which are essential for someone to become a Debian developer, so we have our Five Core ONA principles [Footnote 2] which our developers must be in sympathy with in order to be ONA.

Thus, we do not have a traditional hierarchy nor any dogma/theology which has to be rigidly believed in or adhered to. Instead, we are akin to a sinister ethos and a sinister praxis – a flexible but sinister (‘evil’) way of life which can assume many forms and guises but whose intent, purpose, is always diabolic.

Can you tell me how members of the ONA are initiated?

It depends on whether they want to follow the practical way of the gang, the tribe, or follow our traditional, Occult, Seven Fold Way.

Gangs and tribes have their own initiations – a bleeding-in or a hazing – which generally involve the candidate in doing a sinister practical deed or two.

Those following the Seven Fold Way have to successfully undertake several physical tasks [both exoteric and esoteric], like walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs.

How many members of the ONA are there?

The answer depends on the definition of ‘member’. It is rather like asking how many people use the Debian GNU/Linux flavour of the *nix computer operating system. It depends on how you collect the stats which in turn depends on people telling someone they are users.

Technically, we do not have a central membership where someone collects people’s names and contact details – in fact, for operational reasons we encourage anonymity and encourage people to form their own independent groups/nexions/gangs/tribes, or work alone if they want. Many of our gangs/tribes do not have an Internet presence and do not directly use the ONA name – instead, they have their own tag.

So, I [could] only give an [unreliable] estimate [...]

Can you tell me some of the reasons why members of the ONA are drawn to the movement?

In my experience, there are three main reasons.

(1) Because of our sinister charisma – how we are viewed among the Occult and the Satanic community (which these days often means by those who frequent Internet forums and the like).

(2) Because we expect our people to do practical sinister deeds in the real world, and espouse individual amorality. Like it says somewhere in one of our texts – *‘we accept there is no law, no authority, no justice except our own individual one, and accept that culling is a necessary act of Life’*.

(3) Because we are flexible, non-dogmatic and non-hierarchical and allow people the sinister freedom to use whatever outward (causal) practical form they want, from gangs, to tribes, to the Seven Fold Way, and

so on.

Could you tell me a bit more about the relationship between Taoism, Martial Arts and the ONA?

There is no direct relationship *per se* (exoterically) – but there is an underlying (esoteric) commonality of ethos and understanding deriving from *pathei-mathos* and from the acausal knowing that empathy inclines us toward.

Or, expressed in more simplistic and less esoteric terms, the insight and understanding that is the essence of what is often called Taoism (and by extension a Martial Art based upon this Taoist apprehension) is similar to (some would say identical to) the insight and understanding of someone who has followed the Seven Fold Way of the ONA to the stages beyond The Abyss. Which stages, conventionally, are termed Master/Lady Master and, beyond that, Magus.

This is the insight and understanding of The Unity, the natural (or cosmic) balance that exists beyond causal apprehensions (and causal abstractions) and even beyond the division into causal and acausal continuums. For individuals, this is the realization of: (1) the illusion of all opposites (including good and evil); (2) the illusion of the self (and thus of the ego); and (3) the knowing of *wyrd* ('*tao*') beyond the illusion of personal or ideated destiny, and thus our emphasis on the way of the warrior, and undertaking practical warrior deeds which aid what we term the Sinister Dialectic (and thus which presence Chaos/the dark forces on Earth).

I have endeavoured to explain some of this in terms of the relation between the sinister way and the numinous way in the first section of the following article:

<http://antonlong.wordpress.com/toward-the-sinister-mysterium/>

In essence, therefore, one might write that a person who follows our Way, to beyond the Abyss, arrives at a certain understanding – a type of knowing – which is akin to the knowing that formed the basis for what we may describe by the term Taoism, but (and the but is important) with a perspective that inclines them toward participation in *wyrd* (using a Martial Art in attack and defence) rather than toward passivity. In practice, this understanding, this knowing – born from *pathei-mathos* (from a learning from practical experience) – makes a different type of human being, a more evolved human being.

Thus, all this perhaps hints at just why the ONA is so very different from other LHP and Satanic groups and individuals. They are for the most part all about macho posturing, ego, and the vulgarity of 'might is right', whereas we are about manufacturing a new type of human being.

In respect of the stupidity of 'might is right' you might be interested in the following article:

<http://nineangles.wordpress.com/2011/05/07/the-de-evolutionary-nature-of-might-is-right/>

You mentioned how each nexion identified with a different tradition/culture, could you tell me which tradition you identify with?

I am just me, so perhaps I am my own tradition. Or more pretentiously and arrogantly, perhaps I am the phenotype of that essence which currently goes by the name the ONA.

Thus, in one perhaps pretentious sense, my life might be considered to be a practical manifestation of The Seven Fold Way.

If it is the Seven Fold Way, could you specify what exactly this is?

A practical and an esoteric means to seek both inner and outer wisdom and to manufacture a new type of

human being. Thus, a process of internal transformation (of internal alchemy).

This Way involves undertaking certain esoteric and practical tasks, many of which are difficult and dangerous, some of which are amoral, and which tasks take one beyond good and evil.

To follow this Way toward and into and beyond The Abyss – where wisdom begins – takes the individual around a quarter of a century. So it is not easy, and few individuals get that far.

A basic guide to the exoteric Seven Fold Way is at

<http://www.nineangles.info/completeguide.html>

Perhaps I should add that the final stage – that of Immortal – occurs only after one's causal death, when one acquires (by our internal alchemy) an existence in the acausal continuum.

This is briefly outlined in an article concerning the ONA view of an after-life:

<http://www.nineangles.info/afterlife-ona.html>

Which perhaps neatly returns us to Martial Arts and the way of the warrior, our scorn of death, our emphasis on both kindred-honour and on clans/tribes/gangs, and which clans/tribes/gangs by their nature are martial and territorial.

Anton Long
122 Year of Fayen

Notes:

[1] We define exeatic as follows:

To go beyond and transgress the limits imposed and prescribed by mundanes, and by the systems which reflect or which manifest the ethos of mundanes – for example, governments, and the laws of what has been termed “society”. Source: [A Glossary of ONA Terms](#) (version 3.03)

As you probably know the term derives from exeat (as in the British an ‘exeat weekend’).

[2] These core principles are (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour; (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition.



Questions for Anton Long

352: *We're more interested in how you think: how you are in your head. What you have become since the past 30 years. If you see the world differently. What important things you have learned on your personal journey in life.*

AL: Since I first became involved in "the Occult" - over forty years ago now - my fundamental aims, my perception of the causal, have remained basically the same, although the decades of my esoteric and sinister quest have enabled me to give causal forms, to assign names and terms or invent new ones, to what in the beginning was mostly personal intuition and empathy. In addition, I have learnt a lot about myself, about human beings, about esoteric matters, and our world, from having made quite a few mistakes, with these mistakes - or perhaps more correctly, these learning opportunities - mostly if not always arising because my innate curiosity, arrogance and impetuosity lead me to directly experience, experiment with, and try things and situations, rather than just study or read about them in a boring, detached, impersonal, academic way.

Thus, as a poet once wrote:

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

Hence, I do not - in most ways - view the world, or human beings, differently now from when I began. Rather, I just have given conscious form - achieved a conscious, and a mature esoteric, understanding - of what was hitherto mostly instinctive, or based on my own intuition (esoteric and otherwise), on my own empathy with and concerning people, Nature and the Cosmos. Basically, this is always how it should be, for our evolution, as human beings: a growth based on the synthesis of empathy (esoteric and otherwise), and intuition, with a genuine conscious apprehension, and then a move upward to that new type of being, that new type of apprehension, that allows us to fully know, experience, understand and appreciate the acausal, *sans* the limited, restricting, causal forms which we humans have manufactured over millennia in a rather vain attempt to "understand".

What I have learnt are three important things. First, how magickal, esoteric, changes actually occur, or are presented, or are or can be brought-into-being, in the causal. Second, how many causal changes, wrought through sinister acts, take a lot longer to cause noticeable effects among humans (and human constructs - such as "society") than I originally presumed. Third, that the system of the Magian is even more tyrannical, more de-evolutionary, than I considered it to be, and that the Magian themselves, and those allied to them or influenced by them, are even more despicable, more sub-human, than I presumed them to be.

Essentially, the essence of my life, the foundation of my own individual being, has been and still is my esoteric quest: my journeyings among and exploration and experience of, the sinister way; my dark desire to find and go beyond my own limits and to not accept nor be content with the answers, the limits, set and manufactured by others, of and in whatever causal time and place.

My fundamental aims have always been to change myself, others, and our world - to presence, to revel-in, to become, to experience, the very quintessence of life itself. For I have always intuitively felt since a very early age that we human beings have immense potential; that we are and can be far more than we realize; that we need to experience and be inspired; that we need to dream great dreams; that we need to see restrictions for the impersonal tyranny they are; and that we living, human, beings are somehow and in some way a connexion to other life, to the very living beings that are Nature and the Cosmos beyond. That is, I have always felt that we, as individuals, can participate in and somehow create our own

evolution; that we have the potential to consciously bring about changes within ourselves, within others, within the world, and within the Cosmos itself - to participate in the mystery and the joy of creation, exploration and evolution.

Initially, I assumed in youthful naivety that conventional "Black Magick" - the Left Hand Path and conventional Satanism - were or could and should be, a means to bring such evolution and such change, and such experiencing and transcendence of causal restrictions and limits. Then, I understood very early on that I would have to create my own Way - that the essence of magick, of the LHP, of Satanism, had been lost over the decades and centuries. However, I was fortunate to be found by a lady who had kept alive, in a wordless mostly empathic, unstructured and always directly personal way, some aspects of this almost lost esoteric and sinister essence: more a mythos and a few esoteric techniques than a working, spreading, Way, and it was these almost forgotten aspects that I combined with sinister things of my own devising in order to bring-into-being the ONA.

352: Has this difference in worldview changed your understandings of the ONA?

For a while, I was the Order of Nine Angles, although I expect few, outside of our sinister kindred, will understand what I mean here. Most - and certainly all the mundanes - will assume I mean I was the only person "involved with" some-thing called the ONA, but this is a fallacious assumption, since even from the early days there were always around a dozen or so people "involved".

What I mean is that the ONA lived in me, or more correctly, was presented through me; through what I said, did, wrote and by what I inspired, directly - from person to person - or esoterically, through my personae as a shapeshifting player of many and varied rôles.

Now, things have changed because the ONA has become detached from me, and is now presented as a type of acausal, living, entity in our causal world. Again, I expect few, outside of our sinister kindred, to understand - intuitively or consciously - what is meant here.

Initially, the acausal (sinister) energies which are and which always have been the ONA - even before they and we were described by the term The Order of Nine Angles - were constrained and limited; more like just kept rather weakly presented, in the causal, in a very limited causal area (mostly rural South Shropshire, in England). Then, a specific causal form was constructed to temporarily contain and store and presence the more powerful acausal energies which were unleashed through various esoteric workings - through various bringings-into-being which a certain individual undertook. Later, and as planned, some of these energies were released and spread around the world as some were stored or presented in newly created causal forms in order to affect changes in the causal, esoterically and otherwise. Later still - around three decades after the initial esoteric workings - there was sufficient energy presented (living as the ONA) for the burgeoning sinister entity itself to "leave its causal home" and to "shed its temporary causal forms".

352: What you think about how the ONA has become today, and where it is headed in the very near future? What do you honestly think of all of these new millennial Nexions such as THEM, and WSA.

What the ONA is becoming is a natural and necessary evolution of what I presented decades ago, and what I, and a few others, have nurtured since then. Thus, the ONA is now a three-fold being, although of course each of these individual aspects represent just one aspect of the triad itself - or rather, are perceived as being somehow different and distinct, when they are just different "angles" of a certain causal presencing.

One of these three aspects is manifest, now, in WSA352 - in the emerging and often urban sinister tribes that are beginning to live the essence of the sinister ethos itself, without the restrictions of older causal forms. That is, the esoteric work - the magick - of such sinister tribes is their own unique being; their own way of living; the deeds, the work, that they do, inspired by the still emerging culture of their own tribe, their own "group". Hence, traditional magick is mostly irrelevant for them; for their own individual and

shared tribal life is itself a new type of magick, a genuine and powerful presencing of sinister, acausal, energies.

The second of these aspects is manifest, now, in traditional nexions such as The Temple of Them, in Australia, and in those reclusive individuals who work either alone, or with a magickal and sinister partner. In these nexions, traditional Internal and Aeonic sinister magick - as manifest in the various esoteric MSS of the ONA - is often still undertaken as a means of presencing acausal energies. Sometimes, these more traditional nexions are the esoteric (hidden) foundation of an exoteric causal form, as, for example, Falcifer is to Vindex.

The third of these aspects is still esoteric and thus currently rather unknown, but is manifest in a new way of living by an emerging new type of human being: the sinister empath who sometimes esoterically works, and who sometimes lives, alone, but who more often than not lives in a symbiotic relationship with either other empathic humans, or with some acausal-entity that has emerged into, or been manufactured in, our own causal Space and our own causal Time. By their very nature, these still changing, still evolving, human beings, these symbiotic sinister empaths - and thus their work - are intentionally hidden, for the mundanes, and especially the Magian and their allies, would consider them extremely dangerous, given their still developing and still emerging abilities.

However, to be precise, the ONA is now a nine-fold being, with there being three aspects to its three-fold being (that is, three "angles" to each of the three aspects). In the exoteric sense, these three "angles" of the three aspects (or three causal presencings) of its three-fold living nature - of its sinister character - can be re-presented by (1) the ONA itself [what it is causally perceived to be and what it now causally inspires]; by (2) by the ethos of personal honour (the Law of the New Aeon) and that of cultural and individual excellence and evolutionary elitism [of which one outer form has recently been termed - by Chloe of WSA - as "Reichsfolk culture" and which in general is the exoteric Way of honour and individual excellence which lies behind Reichsfolk and kindred organizations]; and by (3) the emerging Sinister Numinous Way, where the faculty of empathy and the ethic of personal honour are combined with a sinister understanding in an entirely new Way guaranteed to befuddle and confuse the mundanes even more.

What should be understood - and what is now becoming understood - is that all three of these aspects are *of the ONA*. That is, the sinister tribes - of which the WSA352 is or could be one potential becoming - and the traditional nexions such as the Australian Temple of Them, as well as the symbiotic empaths, are all part of the living, the acausal, matrix that is the now living evolving changing ONA, presenced in the causal. They are all causing causal changes, each in their own and necessary ways. They are all an evolving; a coming-into-being of the sinister, of our human kind. They are all part of the extended and now world-wide sinister ONA family. They all share the same fundamental sinister ethos; all presence aspects of acausal energy; and all are bringing-into-being, or will or can bring-into-being, the causal changes needed for us to evolve and leave this planet which still is our childhood home. They are all inspiring others, in their own unique ways, and they are all to be admired and aided, just as each aspect of this triad - and the triad of the triad - is but one aspect, one living function, of the living sinister being which is now the ONA.

Thus, perhaps more than a few individuals will understand and appreciate one reason why the Order of Nine Angles was and is called what it is: for it is, in essence, a living ordered (acausal) being - a causal order or biological "hierarchy"; an organic order(ing) - which has nine distinct aspects, or "angles" or "perspectives" or "causal lives/functions", to it when such a being is manifest (presenced, and perceived) through our causal Space and in our causal Time, and according to our rather limited causal perspective and causal way of thinking.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
120 Year of Feyen



Fake ONA Scams How To Spot a Pretender

Over the past decade several mundanes – suffering from what we call The Charlatan-Ego Syndrome [1] – have spread the rumor, by means of the Internet, that they have “taken over the ONA”/are the new leader of the ONA”/own the ONA”/are the real ONA”/have purged the ONA of undesirable elements (or doctrines)/ and so on ad nauseam.

These charlatans, these frauds, are very easily exposed, for several reasons:

(1) They cannot answer any of the ten questions [2] designed to test the esoteric knowledge of genuine ONA Adepts, and which answers to such questions ONA Adepts know by virtue of aural transmission. That is, ONA Adepts – those who have reached the stage of Internal Adept (or beyond) on the Seven-Fold Way – have acquired this knowledge personally from another ONA Adept.

Quite often, the charlatans, the frauds – unable to answer such questions – then stupidly claim that “the questions are meaningless” in a vain attempt to hide their ignorance.

(2) Academic researchers in fields such as Esotericism know the identity of the person who does lead, or those who (more appropriately these days) do have the most influence within, the ONA and so know such claims to be bogus.

(3) The majority of ONA nexions do not have, and do not desire, an Internet presence, and form extended families known to each personally and who generally live in the same locality. All of the Drecc/Niner nexions (or groups/gangs) are fiercely territorial and trust only their pledged brothers and sisters or the other kindred Dreccs/Niners they know personally, face to face. Thus these nexions are impervious to and dismissive of such fraudulent claims.

Most of the more traditional nexions (those following the Seven Fold Way) are in personal contact with either the founder of the ONA or with someone from the Inner ONA [3] – the OG – and thus are also impervious to and dismissive of such fraudulent claims.

(4) These charlatans, these frauds, have no documented sinister history – of practical sinister deeds done, in real life. All they have is them boasting about themselves via the medium of the Internet, usually on blogs, websites, or forums they have set up themselves, or on other forums which they troll.

(5) These charlatans, these frauds, are almost always far less than fifty years in age. Given that it takes at least twenty-five years for someone (an adult) following the living tradition, the sinister way, of the ONA to achieve the grade of GrandMaster/LadyMaster/Magus, their claim is obviously as ridiculous as they themselves are.

(6) These charlatans, these frauds, have not undertaken the three basic ONA tasks [4] the successful completion of which would mark them as ONA Adepts. Had they done so, they would already be known to an existing traditional ONA nexion and thus to the ONA OG. Without exception, these frauds are unknown to us.

(7) These pretenders are invariably male, and – by virtue of suffering from The Charlatan Syndrome – not only posturing egotists but also almost always ill-mannered and misogynist, blissfully unaware in their ignorance that (a) a large number of ONA nexions are run by women; (b) the ONA has always had many Sapphic nexions; (c) of all LHP/Satanic groups, the ONA has the largest percentage of women; (d) there is a muliebral thread which binds traditional ONA nexions together, and which muliebral presencing forms one of the foundations of the living ONA tradition.

Thus, by their very attitudes, their behavior, their appearance (such as, in one instance, being grossly overweight), their macho posturing (such as, in another instance, a shaved head and goatee beard in imitation of LaVey the Magian), their lack of knowledge of this muliebral presencing and its importance, the fact they are unknown to our Sapphic groups and do not possess the faculty of empathy (let alone manners), they reveal themselves as utter frauds.

Hence, given all the above, it is easy to spot such fakes, such charlatans, such pretenders.

The Internet Fallacy

Furthermore, one fatal mistake made by these charlatans, these frauds, is that they also suffer from the ‘Mister Wise Internet Syndrome’ and thus delude themselves about the importance and relevance of the Internet.

However, for genuine esoteric seekers – either of what is known as the LHP or the RHP – the Internet is irrelevant, even as a source of genuine, reliable, esoteric knowledge. A genuine esoteric tradition is still taught aurally, person to person.

Also, as Anton Long has said: “Genuine esoteric wisdom arises from a reflexion born from personal, direct, practical experience: from an alchemical symbiosis; from that acausal growth that arises slowly over causal time.”

That is, it is personal practical experience over many years which brings esoteric knowledge – a learning from our own pathei-mathos. This learning cannot be rushed.

Thus, it does not even matter if these frauds set up fake websites or blogs or forums using the ONA name. For they do not realize in their mundaneness that if anyone is fooled by such Order of Nine Angles name scams, then it just shows those people for the fools, the mundanes, they are, and that by setting up such fake sites, blogs, or forums, they are only attracting mundanes, boosting their own delusions, and doing us a favor; as they also are if they manage to attract a few sycophantic followers by their use of the ONA name.

For the hard reality is that such frauds and their scams are irrelevant. Ephemeral. We are, we have been, we shall be – through the centuries. A growing extended family, teaching as we have taught, person to person. While they, with their few sycophantic followers (if any), and their fraud and their Internet scams, will fade away into obscurity after a few months or a few years. Or they will continue to preen and posture in front of their mirrors, deluding themselves about their ‘powers’ and their importance, while the genuine esoteric seekers get on with the slow hard business of learning from direct, practical, experience – sans boasting about it and themselves via a medium such as the Internet.

Sinister Moon

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Feyen

Footnotes

[1] This mundane affliction is similar in pathology to The Charlatan Syndrome (see below), save for the fact that the mundane suffering from The Charlatan-Ego Syndrome makes the additional claim – and/or has the additional deluded belief – that they are the leader of the ONA or have taken it over or have ‘reformed’ it or ‘are the real ONA’ or now ‘own the ONA’, and/or are influencing the ONA and ONA people by their ‘magic(k)’.

They also have an urge, which they cannot control, to make these grandiose egotistical claims public – almost always via the medium of the Internet.

The Charlatan Syndrome is when a person, a mundane, confers on themselves some grand-sounding title in a silly attempt to “prove” their credentials and their esoteric knowledge. Such spurious, publicly claimed titles, have included, in the past, Magister, Grand Magister, Ipsissimus, Adept, and claims such as being High Priest (of the Wibbly-Wobbly People, or High Priest of DarkLord Butt-Face, ancient deity of the ancient people of the Amorous Empire, or whatever, and so on.)

Sometimes, the pathology is so advanced that an individual claims to be the “true representative of Satan (or The Prince of Darkness)” duly appointed after some ritual or some mumbo-jumbo where Satan/The Prince of Darkness appeared to them and/or spoke to them and gave them a “mandate”.

[The above descriptions are taken from an article by PointyHat - Some Common Fallacies and Mundane Syndromes About or Concerning The ONA.]

[2] These ten questions are:

- 1) What is the meaning and the correct uses [plural] of the term Fayen?
- 2) What alchemical season is appropriate to Dabih and why?
- 3) What is the reason that Petriochor is used in the Rite of Afsana, and what is this Rite?
- 4) What one [singular] terrestrial location is used in calling forth Yusra?
- 5) How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?
- 6) What symbolic structure/construct is beyond the (advanced) form that is The Star Game?
- 7) How does the causal phenomena perceived in the causal as “gravity” relate to a specific type of acausal energy, and what has this to do with the Dark Gods mythos and the nexion that is the planet Earth?
- 8.) What is the esoteric name of the acausal entity that has the common exoteric name Satan?
- 9) What manuscript, other than Al-Kitab Al-Alfak, is a source for the nine emanations?
- 10) Where and when was Al-Kitab Al-Alfak written and what name appears on the title page?

As has been pointed out in several ONA texts: ” These answers (with one partial japed/boobytrapped exception) cannot be found by searching the Internet or in published books and MSS, and are revealed aurally on an individual basis, and when required and/or when necessary, by the ONA Adept/Master /LadyMaster guiding the genuine LHP seeker/Dark Sorcerer/Sorceress.”

[3] The Inner ONA consists of ONA people recruited from traditional nexions who have achieved the Grade of Internal Adept and also accomplished some specialized tasks.

[4] These three basic ONA tasks are:

1) Undertaking the basic minimum physical challenges – which for men are (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.

2) Undertaking the Grade Ritual of External Adept, and then the basic Grade Ritual of Internal Adept (at least three months living in the wilderness alone).

3) Performing, with a congregation and with cantors trained in esoteric Chant, The Ceremony of Recalling with Opfer ending.

Known scams & pretenders: Tom Raspotnik aka Grand Magister Blackwood & Derrick Dashaw aka Venger Satanis. Both claim to be the "leader" of the ONA. Both have been ridiculed and laughed at by the ONA.

Blackwood:



Tubby Tom Confesses

Since at least 2005 a fat fuck named Tom Raspotnik aka Grand Tummy Blackwood has been prancing online claiming to have gone to New York to meet with the inner circle of the Order of Nine Angles to be given leadership of it. Or the other story - several of many - goes that he [Bitchwood] helped create the ONA. Whatever the make believe back story goes, the dumbfuck since 2005 claimed to be its leader [Grandmaster].

In a written statement he made today, Tummy Tom admitted in writing that his claims were all lies, as the snap shot shows:

I of course am not without fault I like this Venger Satanis guy thought I could take over the Order of Nine Angles as they were long defunct, but as Venger I failed as well and I see him still claiming to now have control, I would ask this control over what?
I will say this once there were no membership lists, so just say you are starting over not taking over, I tried this as well but found out I was getting scammed by some people in England who claimed to have lists and information that I purchased for over five hundred euro.

The source of the snapshot can be read in full over at his site: voiceofsatanism.com which he did not give a title to. The semi-literate work in question opens up with the statement: "Welcome To The End." I got all

excited thinking Blackwood was leaving and calling it quits lol. Guess not. Or you can click on the following picture and enlarge it to read the whole semi-literate rant: (note in the PDF the picture will not enlarge. Go to: <http://onanxs.wordpress.com/2012/03/04/regarding-bitchwood-and-mundanes/>).



Basically what the fatass said is that because he assumed the ONA was "defunct," - as in AL/DM left it according to his past statements - he simply "took it over" pretending to be its new leader. But just as soon as he made public claims to be the founder or leader of the Order of Nine Angles, ONA people started coming out and attacking him for such claims. One such ONA person is an Old Guard directly associated with DM nymmed DarkLogos. Another Old Guard associated with DM who denounced Bitchwood for his claims was Pointy Hat.

My first Question is: In what way was the ONA "defunct" if people like DarkLogos, Pointy, THEM, a whole host of ONA initiates came out to make fun of the fat bitch [Blubberwood]? I mean even Kori Houghton [yay!] got on his case for making these stupid claims.

My second Question is: In what way was the ONA "defunct?" Because it is ASSUMED that DM left it for Islam? Even if he left it, did all of his members, associates, and such leave also? No. And besides assumption and speculation on the part of people with no contact, connection, or knowledge of David Myatt's personal life: where is the PROOF that he left it? I dare any of you dumbfucks out in cyberspace to present to me fucking PROOF that DM left ONA. That it wasn't him switching strategy. That it wasn't in line with the ONA's Sinister Dialectic. Fucking PROOF. Or shut the fuck up.

My third Question is: In what way was ONA "defunct" if it's initiates were all still "there" practicing the Sinister Way? Anybody who says that ONA is defunct because one man [DM] left it does not understand ONA's Sinister Way as it was stipulated in plain fucking English in the Black Book of Satan and Naos. It comes with a Self Initiation ceremony. It comes with every degree/grade of the Seven Fold Way. It states in plain fucking English that ONA is an individualistic personal endeavour, not a Church to join, with membership fees. You learn the shit, apply the shit on your own, and slowly work up to Adeptship in Naos. Do some fucking history on ONA and how it is actually structured.

An associate of ONA said to me a couple years back that for as long as he has been involved with the ONA he has always noticed that 2 core people are always at the "helm" of the ONA. I came into the ONA too early to fully understand what he was saying back then. But it's true. In the beginning you had DM and CB [RM]. Then you had AL and CB. Then Thornian come out of nowhere for a time, running the show. Which one of you smartasses in cyberland knows who was behind V. Thornian? Then you had Ryan of the Temple of THEM and DarkLogos run the show for a while. And then now, your have WSA as one of two "people" running the show. Which one of you cyberfucks can name me the mysterious Other person? At no time was the ONA started and founded by David Myatt without its "helmsmen." Even if the

"Boss" took a break, he's still behind the scene. How do you dumbfucks with NO fucking real personal connection in anyway to the Man [DM] act like your speculations and assumptions which you get from reading shit online is infallible fact? And yet - and yet - none of you mundane fucks have ever provided proof of your assertions.

All you have are assertions. Emotionalized assertions. "He's left for Islam," you assert. Yeah he did. Which school of Islam smartass? Do some fucking research. The school of Islam he was running with has virtually the same goals as NS, C18, and ONA: destroy Nation-States and set up a Caliphate, Reich, Imperium. Plus he was supporting the Jihadist subculture of Islam, which shares the SAME god damn enemies as the other groups he ran with or founded. For fuck's sake.

And what was DM actually doing besides run with Islam? he was trying to create a hybrid school of Islam mixed with his Numinous Way philosophy. After his break into Islam, you see Anton Long start writing new ONA MSS mixed with The Numinous Way philosophy. The funny thing is that a year or two before DM publicly stated that he left Islam, DarkLogos had already told some of us in private conversations that he had quietly gone back to his Numinous Way. I have the emails to prove it. So when in private he had already made the move back to his own Numinous Way and many of us knew about this return, you dumbfuck cyberdummies kept on asserting in your forum posts and youtube videos that he was a Muslim as if you had any real personal knowledge of the Man beyond cyber chatter. And fucking tell me how fucking long it took your mundane asses to learn that he left Islam and returned to his Numinous Way? YEARS! I counted the time it takes data to travel from a close association of people somehow connected to the Man to reach the dumbfuck general cyberpublic. It took 3 fucking years, and not all of you are up to date even yet! That's how fucking stupid you people are. You read shit online, and go off on these speculations and you force and assert your speculations as fact. When you got shit.

The ONA was only "defunct" to you dumbfucks because of your own speculations based on cyberchatter. Read that line twice dummies. You never during your infallible speculations bothered to ask any initiate of the ONA if ONA was defunct or if the "Boss" was actually gone.

ONA does not work like the church of satan or temple of set. It's not a structured organization recognized by some IRS with membership, a membership list and stuff. You get a hold of the foundation of the ONA: its core books. You yourself initiate yourself. You yourself work on going up the degrees or grades of the Seven Fold Sinister Way. You yourself puts together your own temple, nexion, group, clan, sinister tribe. You yourself seek out other ONA initiates and nexions to ally yourself with and share information. That's what the ONA was in 1972 and that is what it is right now. The only difference is that back in 1972 you had a small group of close friends numbering around 12 isolated in Camlad and Shropshire practicing the Sinister Tradition. And now that Tradition had gradually spread via snail around the world mail during the 80-90's & digital media during the 2000-2010.

There is no head quarters for you to go to to get a fucking memberlist. What exist are the groups of people who have been into ONA longer than others. Some like the Old Guards have been into it since the 70's and 80's. There are people in ONA who got into ONA during the 90's and 2000's and they have the original spiral bound ONA books and MSS to prove it which they got via snail mail. Have you dumbfucks ever once bothered to ask any of those people if their ONA was defunct? No. And you still don't bother asking. You simply go on making unfounded empty assumptions and you have nothing to prove those assumptions but your own speculative assertions. And you dumbfuck know very well you huff and puff up a storm when it comes to asserting that ONA is defunct and dead. You want ONA dead bad don't you. You stupids beg for it to go away. It never went anywhere. It's been here for 40 years. It's survived the test of time, and it's jumped the generation gap.

Although you stupids beg, bitch, and wish it to go away, ONA is important to you dumbfucks. It gives you meaning in your cyberreality, to be able to talk about it, hate it, speculate about it, steal from it, attack it, dismiss it, troll it, etc. It's like a capitalist in America during the Cold War saying: "Oh those Commies don't effect or influence us no bit," but yet you and your whole country was consumed by it, preoccupied

with it, obsessed over it; just like you dumbfuck mundanes satanists and luciferians are with ONA. Yet who do you come to for your new insights? ONA. I know, I have read everyone of your forum posts for the past 3 fucking years. I can point out specific people and groups who have read this blog and have pick up memes from here and graphed memes from here into your Luciferianism, into your own spin and twist of modern Satanism. You wish ONA was dead, just like Blackwood did. And you talk about it. You beef over it. You make assertions about it. Some of the more successful among you put ONA affiliation in your "resume" as a something you were associated with in the past. Others of you claim to be its leader, owner, grandmaster. What is telling is I don't hear any of you dumb bitches do the same with the many other dead satanic organizations out there huh. Don't tell me you can't name 3 dead satanic organizations. You know there are quite a few of them. But you only leg hump ONA.

You're all bitches riding ONA dick. Remember that shit next time you come here reading or read another ONA MSS. You ain't just bitches either. The whole lot of you are fucking skanky hoers. You come here riding and sucking ONA, take what memes you like and talk shit about ONA after, only to come back for more. Cuz you skank bitches lack something called creativity, originality, insight, and wits. You need ONA to give that shit to you. Remember that shit next time you come digging thru my blog. Cuz you know ONA gives it to your skanky ass like no other institution can. You don't dry hump the Church of Satan, Temple of Set, whatever shit else is out there. You come right here and to other ONA sites for your fix and insights. You're inspired and influenced by ONA and DM, yet you talk shit about ONA and The Man, like you don't need either. And you come back for more. Fuck you. You wish you owned ONA. You wish you were its leader. As long as ONA is in your mind like that where you think of it, fake it, pretend to be its leader, take from it, do third party talk about it: ONA is in your Minds inspiring and influencing you. And as long as ONA is in your Mind influencing you, and not no other institution, I wouldn't have it any other way. Trust me. You skanks make my job easier. But fuck you very much nonetheless. Here's a topical song I dedicate to all of you mundane satanists [/rant]:

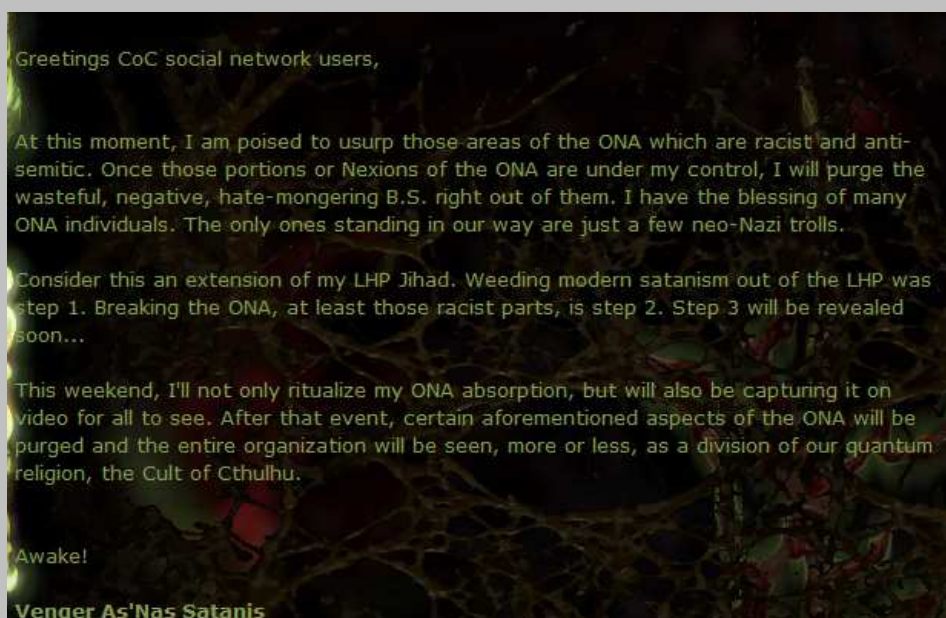
[youtube=http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nULKw8s061E]

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

123 yfayen

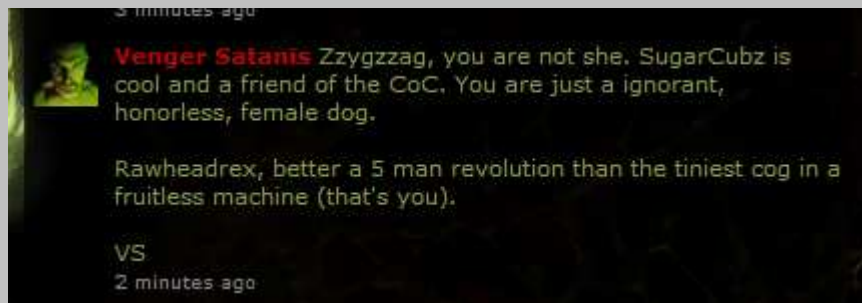
Venger:





Venger Role Plays ONA

This bitch Vaginer Satanis says he has the support of many ONA people. He doesn't even know any except the ones that troll his site. This guy is a joke. Another victim of ONA MindFuck. There are many these days. he knows next to nothing about ONA. The idea that he can just make a decree on a website to be "leader" without ever going thru the Sevenfold Way, or having actual connection to Anton Long or any known OG is pathetic. Blackwood did this for 5 years. Many have. All have failed. ONA still belongs to Anton Long because there is no ONA. AL is the ONA.



Dummies Galore

Shugz here. I must have gotten banned like 12 times for trolling three sites in 2 days. You're not a Troo Troll unless you are trolling at least 2 sites at the same time lol.

The first site was this new network for Satanists where their motto was "A placed for the circumcised." It was bizarrely a purple and pink colored site. I thought that was fun. I had two troll profiles there. All these teletubbies, Scooby do, one Care Bear, a Gremlin ((Mogwai), was there to, with several Stantons.

I think the Satanic Populous deemed that site to be the worsted Satanic site ever to find its way online. It will go down in a month since it was a ning one month freebee site.

So for the rest of the month the [Cult of Cthulhu](#) can raise their green heads up high and be proud for once in knowing that for one month, they won't be the laughing stock of Satanism haha. Fuckin Venger & Cora'Sahn aka Sara Palin lol.

Here's a picture of the fucking nut case... actually the picture reveals a lack of nuts:





What a fucking weird dynamic-duo. You have this bald guy with the charisma of a kitchen mop who poses in his superman undies, and a cubby grown lady who really hoola hoops for satan. She tells us she has hoola hooped naked. And these two clowns run a religion called their "Quantum Religion," which is actually just a website. What the hell is a "Quantum Religion?"



The funny thing about these cofcags - what a member of the COC is actually called - are hella stupid. I've been trolling them under nyms like "Prime Suspeck," "Octocunt," "Perris Hilton," and "Zzygzzag." By the way I use Perris Hilton almost exclusively to troll Yahoo News comment threads. This is funny, let me side step for a moment.

I read Yahoo News everyday, and I have this running troll joke where I make comments about the new article but always beginning with a "My Pastor Said..." and then I try to comment on the thread in a way that I think the most insane Christian Tea Bagger would say. The game is to try and get as many red thumbs down as possible. This one time I said something as Perris Hilton so bad I got 122 red thumbs down haha. But the amusing part is reading all of the comments random people leave behind. Often the response is "fuck you and your pastor." Or "OMG what church do you go to, your pastor sounds insane."

They'll be these people in the comments who will really bite the bait and and attack "Perris Hilton" and her Pastor. And then there would others who tell the fanatics, "Wait guys, look at her name Perris Hilton, I think she's a troll! Stop commenting!"

I was thinking about making a Tumblr to post my photocopied "My Pastor Said..." troll comments to share the humour, but nah, maybe others aren't interested. This one time on Yahoo News I read something that actually interested me and unknowingly came out of character to write a real comment as Perris Hilton. Then all of a sudden there were 10-12 people who commented back: "OMG what the fuck happened to Perris Hilton, she's not stupid." Just had to be there I guess. Cuz that's how we trolls roll bitch.

So I was trolling the Cult of Cthulhu fags under various nyms mildly at first teaching about memehooks. When the leader of the Cult of Cthulhu, who has the Cthulian name of "Venger Dumb'Ass Satanis," for some odd reason decided to give me ((SugaCubez)) an honorary title in the COC as "Knight/ess of the Chartroulette," not knowing that this very same person he was honouring was actually trolling his site. My proud title:



Source: <http://www.cultofcthulhu.net/2011/04/honors-and-ascensions-for-2011/>

Funny thing is with full honours and titles, I was busy trolling and getting banned and trolling Venger and his dumb COC site for a good 3 months haha.

But then the bizarre side of Venger's cofags starts to reveal itself. Because when everybody in that retarded site trashes me for being a troll, I openly tell everybody that I am Shugz, and that Venger honoured a troll and not them.

The bizarre thing is to the common cofags there this doesn't register in their minds. They just don't get how that they suck Venger's dick and not get recognized, but that a troll can.

What's more bizarre is that Venger's chubby side kick Sin Jones thinks she knows me and says that my troll profile is not the real Shugz. As if the bitch knew me. I have never interacted with her to the extent where she would even know me to believe who I was or wasn't. With her I just made a few posts for the bitch to read and deleted my profile to come back as a troll. She even spells my primary nym wrong.

Even more bizarre is that I told Venger Dumb'Ass Satanis who I was and he didn't believe me. He insisted that he knew the real "SugarCubz" ((who the fuck is that?)) so I went and wrote something over at our Tumblr to show him that the troll trolling his site and the person he honoured with special titles were indeed the same person. And he still refused to believe. So I even go so far as to email the dumb bitch with the my actual SugaCubez gmail - which I used in the past to email him BEFORE as me ((Shugz)) - and this fucking snot for brains lunatic tells me that he doesn't believe that I am me. As if he knew who I was to begin with.

He insists that the "real" Shugz is a friend of the COC.

How can I be a friend when I not only spend most of my time trolling you Vagina Satanis, but when I also wrote about you in a negative way over at our_Tumblr???

This guy is a fucking moron and a half. He prophesied that Satanism will Unite under his COC, and for a while he was pushing his idea of LHP Unification. Instead of doing that he managed to get most of the LHP intelligent Satanists to distance themselves away from him and treat him like a leprous clown. Right now Derrick Dashaw aka Venger Dumb'Ass Satanis is an even bigger joke in the Satanic Subculture than Grand Magister Blackwood. For reals.

Fucking retard. His whole religion is a short-bus load of special olympics athletes. His number two side

kick Cora'Sahn is fraking dumb. She's got one of those fat ass personalities where she'll contradict herself and twist words around to always cover her big hoola hooping ass. She's also the type that tries really hard to be the class know-it-all. She knows everything.

And Dummy Venger knows nothing. This guy has to plagiarize Wikipedia entirely verbatim to write his CoCBible. And this guy wants to infiltrate the ONA and be ONA's new leader. As if an ONA exists in a coherent structure for him to take over and be leader of in the first place. My god.

Anyways, Venger, your a dumb fuck. Cora'Sahn, step away from the computer girl and do some jogging. Get some exercise. Hoola hooping isn't going to take that weight off.

You know she was saying in the cofag network how she had spent 2 years "building" bridges. And I commented, back saying, well I think those two years of bridge building were in your head because those 2 years didn't help your physique. And she says back, proof its! Shit bitch, just look at your video? Your fat. I told her too, "Go look at your video for proof." And this crazy lady says to me, "And?" AND... I thought we were communicating, I said those two years did not help your physique. You said prove it. I said look at your videos, cuz you're fat. That is the proof?

If you are a troll and you want to be respected and even honoured by the messiah of Satanism, go troll the cofag network.

Not only is Venger a self proclaimed messiah and ipissimus; but he is also a wannabe David Myatt. He's starting to use the term "Sinister Way," and "Dark Gods," and a month ago he even declared a "Jihad" on Modern Satanism. he denies this, but being that I have been in his old forum for over 2 years, I know he leg humps the hell out of the ONA.

He needs to fool himself into thinking that there are people "out there" who are friends of his Cult of Cthulhu to feel as thoe his religion is significant. Which is why he name drops and tried to associate his COC with other groups. Dude, get your COC off of the ONA, go rub that shit else where, like Blackwood's organization.

This retard is impotent and has no real handle on his own power of his own Cult. he tries to make all these decrees and official religious doctrines. And then his dumb side kick Sarah Palin ends up saying that nothing Venger says is standard and that they are his personal opinions. It's completely incoherent.

And plus he's got the marketing skills of a 7th grader. He's been pushing his COC for 7 years and all that he has to show for it is a freebee site with 5 active user! And he admits that he only has 5 active users.

Sure he's got books on lulu, but his ideas and memes don't jump the pages and influences anybody. I've never run into anybody outside of his forum who is a Cthulhu Cultist with his ideas in their head? If he stopped pushing and selling his crap, his venue would die.

I've met people randomly in the Satanic Subculture who now describe themselves as Postmodern Satanists, after Jason King's opus of the same name. Which I recommend. JK is doesn't have to do shit. His ideas and memeplex sells itself and proves itself to his receptive market... those few that actually understand the register of English he uses in the book.

But this guy Venger is a fool. I even tried to share a few things with him about marketing and meme, and the guy doesn't understand shit. When I say memes, the fool and his chubby side kick thinks 4chan. That's not what I mean you dumb retard. I hate people not on the level with me. I hate repeating myself, and I hate babytalking to dumb fucks. Grow a fucking brain. Get an extra frontal lobe. Go to school. Read a real book instead of a necronomicon bitch.

I'm not the smartest and most educated bitch on the block, but if you don't understand what I'm trying to say and share than damn, you stupid.

I hate stupid people. Worse, I hate people who don't have the ability to learn, from others and from their own casual fruits. Venger has been incompetently pushing his cult for 7 years, and he still has not come to realize that he just might be doing something wrong.

This guy has got to be the dumbest fool I have ever met in my entire life. he gives me a honorary title; I troll the shit out of him and tell him who I am, and he refuses to believe who. All the while his cofags treat me like a troll in their smart ass ways. I've got more brain under in my bellybutton then you cofag. And I tell them that Venger gave me a title and not them, and their like, "Derrr what?"

By the way, my nym is not SugarCubz. It's SugaCubez. As in acid laced sugarcubes, because when I put my mind to it, I can at times fuck your mind up... sometime. Which is where the nym comes from.

Those two COC-Duet wanna think and act like they know the "real" me, when they can't even get my nym right haha. And the funny part is miss Piggy Jones thinks she's smart like she knows who the real Shugz is and like I'm dumb and don't know myself haha. Fucking dummies. Drrr.

I feel like Jesus. You know how Jesus has all these people who believe in him on the earth who are waiting for him to come back. When Jesus comes back, nobody is going to believe he is Jesus. Like how I have two fools believe in me that when I troll their site, they can't get themselves to unbelieve.

These cofags say that belief is reality. It is the other way around. Reality or what we assume to be real gives rise to our beliefs. Before you can believe in a god, you must first allow for the existence of a god to be in your reality.

Therefore, belief is not reality... Belief is a Reflection, of what you think is Real. Thus, if your beliefs are delusional, you exist in or interpret the world in a delusional manner.

Venger and Ms. Piggy Jone having a delusional belief in me to the point where they don't even believe I am me when they are "in font" of me reveals their delusional state of mind and hints at what kind of reality they think they live in... this plus the actual delusional crap Cofagism believes in.

SugaCubez

A List of the core books of the Original & Genuine ONA:

- 1) The Black Book of Satan aka Codex Saerus.
- 2) Naos
- 3) The Black Book of Satan II & III
- 4) Otonen
- 5) Hostia I, II, III
- 6) The Deofel Quintet
- 7) The ONA Website Archive 2012
- 8) The Requisite ONA &
- 9) Traditional Satanism (PDF of 1692 pages compiled by Chloe 352 of ONA).

The ONA also has 5 Landmarks or Five Pillars which defines the psychological territory of ONA Proper. These are called the Core ONA Traditions. The Original and Genuine Order of Nine Angles is founded on these 5 Core Principles:



The Core ONA Traditions

The core ONA traditions are also known as The Five Core ONA Principles, and these are basic principles/traditions on which the Order of Nine Angles is based and which may thus serve to distinguish us, exoterically, from all other esoteric/LHP/Satanic/sinister groups.

These basic ONA traditions are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour; (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition.

Practical Deeds

The principle that it is practical deeds which breed our kind, and which thus are necessary and required. Practical deeds undertaken in real life and which deeds express our sinister ethos: that is, they are exeatic, they challenge, they test, they are hard and difficult, they are amoral, they are heretical, and they are dangerous. One such practical deed undertaken by our kind – or by those desirous of becoming one of us – is culling.

For us, such deeds come before words and before any theory – even before our own kind of esoteric theory.

Culling

The principle that culling – of mundanes – is natural, and also necessary for our kind, both in personal and in Aeonic terms. To cull is to test one's self and to gain some necessary sinister pathei-mathos.

Exoterically, culling is our esoteric badge of sinister-honour, and marks us – internally, to ourselves, and externally, to those of our kindred whom we personally know and trust. Thus, such a blooding-in is a condition of joining us – as Drecc, or as a Niner, or as a pledged member of a traditional nexion.

One either culls or one reveals an inner weakness, a cowardice: a refusal to be sinister in real life. If one culls and succeeds, then one has shown the cunning, the skills, the character, that make and mark our kind. If one culls and fails – and so, for example, gets caught by some mundane 'authority' and so becomes confined – then one has failed, and one can either accept that failure (and forever remain mundane), or use that failure as a learning experience and thus as another opportunity, for instance to make a name for one's self in some place of mundane confinement and/or recruit there and blood-in others there and so establish there a nexion of our sinister kind, to the detriment of mundane 'authority', and as a new presencing of our Sinister Code.

As mentioned elsewhere, culling is of two kinds – the individual and the collective.

The individual is when a specific individual is removed because of specific deed or deeds done, with their rotten character so revealed. The collective is when a specific method – such as combat, insurrection, revolution – is being used either by one of us as a causal form or within a rôle, or by a

nexion (or collocation of nexions) as a means or tactic to implement Aeonic strategy, and which collective type of culling does not target specific, named, individuals, but rather ‘the sworn enemy’ any of whom are deemed acceptable targets.

Thus, individual culling involves giving the potential offer a sporting chance by testing them according to our well-established guidelines for the testing of offers; while collective culling does not require such guidelines, only that the target(s) belong to or are part of the group designated as sworn enemies, it being for individual nexions, or a gang of Dreccs/Niners, to decide for themselves as to who and what are their sworn enemies, it being understood that such nexions, such Dreccs and Niners, are by their very nature at war with mundanes and with the Magian System, exemplified as this System is by the modern nation-State with its laws, its so-called Courts of Law and its Police and armed forces.

Kindred Honour

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them (and their wealth and property) as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonic, aims and goals.

Thus, we have respect for our own kind, and only our own kind – with such trust being earned, and with our kind known to us by their practical deeds, by their behaviour, not by their words, written or spoken.

Thus, we regard mundanes as useful and often necessary since they are the ones who make our chosen causal forms work when we undertake works of Aeonic sorcery or when we desire, by means of some causal form or forms, to exeatically enhance our own causal existence and/or learn from sinister patheimathos. In this sense, mundanes are or can be useful nexions whose (acausal) energies (life-force) we direct and use for our own purposes and/or to achieve our aims and goals and/or those of the ONA. Hence, if we use a political form or some religious causal form – for whatever reason – then mundanes are required, necessary, to presence that form in the real world: to achieve the goals set/defined by such a form with such mundanes adhering to or believing in such a causal form and of course being expendable.

Opposition to Magian Abstractions

The principle that our kind not only know Magian abstractions for tyranny that they are, but also are pledged by practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System based on these abstractions and replace it with our own ways of living based on our tribes and our Law of Kindred Honour.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in a practical way – exoterically – in the tyranny of the modern nation-State, with its abstract laws, its politics, its consumer-capitalism, its dishonourable impersonal so-called ‘justice’; in the vulgar mass ‘culture’ that has replaced living ancestral traditions based on aural patheimathos, and in subservience to dogma, ideas, ideology, ‘qualifications’ and spiel, over and above practical experience and a learning from such individual experience.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in terms of psyche and archetypes in the religions of Nasrany, Islam, and Judaism, in the Magian Occultism propagated by the likes of Crowley, the CoS, the ToS, and others, and in modern myths such as that of ‘democracy’ and that of holocaustianity, both of which myths have now become akin to official religions for Homo Hubris sponsored by all modern Western nation-States.

Among our practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System are our Dreccs, our Niners, our Balobians, and our gangs. Among our esoteric means are our traditional nexions and their

Aeonic sorcery, and which sorcery includes the use/manipulation of specific causal forms, including some forms which may seem to be, exoterically and by mundanes, a part of The System.

Thus, our kind (1) are known by their practical ways of living (based on tribes and our Dreccian law and justice) and which ways are harbingers of our New Aeon and which ways by their very nature oppose the Magian and The System (even though this opposition may never be overtly stated); and/or (2) are known by their overt practical esoteric and exoteric opposition to all causal abstractions and thus by their emphasis on the five core ONA traditions.

Rounwytha Tradition

The Rounwytha tradition is also known as The Way of the Rounwytha. This is the muliebral tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one's faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour – equally, without distinction – to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom human sacrifices were and are offered.

Furthermore, to cultivate, develop, and use the faculty of esoteric empathy is a Dark Art – and this particular Dark Art can be cultivated and developed in two ways, one exoteric, and one esoteric.

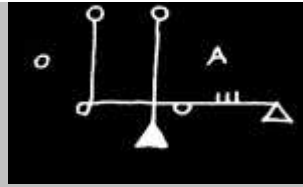
Exoterically, by those of our kind who seek to or who have the character (the wyrd) to live a practical sinister life as, for instance, a Drecc, a Niner and who thus express the Rounwytha tradition by their very practical way of tribal living in accord with our Sinister Code. That is, it is this style or way of living which, over years, develops this faculty as a successful response to the challenges inherent in such a tribal living and inherent in such a practical, years-long, implementation of Kindred Honour.

Esoterically, as part of the life-long commitment of those of our kind who have chosen to follow (who have the character, the wyrd to follow) the inner (the esoteric) way of individual training to Adept and beyond, and who thus undertake at the very least the basic Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

As a Dark Art, the skills so developed enhance our character and our living in practical ways and in a manner consistent with our unique and individual wyrd, as well as, for example, giving us advantages over mundanes and the ability if and when required to use/manipulate mundanes.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
122 Year of Fayen

The Original & Genuine ONA was, is, and will always be founded upon the work and principles of the Sinister Dialectic which is explained and quoted in full in the following article:



ONA, A Brief Overview

I actually just wanted to write Anything before the holiday season rolls in. I'll be out in the real world with my family duties and celebrating well into the new years from here. It might be a month or two before I get a chance or wave of inspiration to write again. I just wanted to restate a few things in different ways, so I can put the cool new date of 123 yf on something. Think about it for a moment: the next time in ONA's history those numbers will be in that order again is 1123 yf and 1230 yf. Makes me wonder what everything "out there" will be like 1000 years from now? Wyrd.

The Order of Nine Angles was founded in 1972 which was the date the first ONA 'Manuscript' was written by DM, who later adopted the pen name "Anton Long." The pen name has its origins in the name of a river named Anton, which was actually a short one, if I remember the story right. DM publicly denies being ever associated with the ONA for his own reasons. But If you look around hard enough, you'll find certain items of "interest." For example the Temple of THEM sometimes puts old [pre-internet] ONA booklets up on eBay which is signed [an actual signature] off "David Myatt," and not "Anton Long." Then there are the several old photo copies of ONA ads placed in certain zines and magazines concerning ONA booklets which have the name David Myatt on them and not "Anton Long."

Whenever an associate of the ONA passes these items to me, I help the glamour by kindly asking them to not make these items of interest too available to the public. Personally it is my desire to gradually separate the actual person of David Myatt from "Anton Long." I've spoken about this idea with a few other associates. The idea is based on the factor of Time and what inevitably comes to us all in Time. Whatever people will think of the idea, I'll probably just do it myself over time.

DM is a real person, and so given enough Time, he will pass on to his 7th Degree in the Seven Fold Way. If an ONA is too heavily dependent on a single mind – such as DM – for all of its input, memes, and insights, DM's inevitable passing may threaten the longevity of the ONA. Not many personality cults survives the death of its personality. Let's watch North Korea and see what happens! I heard from Yahoo news that what's his name passed away.

I propose two methods for circumventing this possible threat. The first is to continue to encourage the Open Source nature of the ONA: it being a Peer Group meta-organism. The Scientific Community is my personal model. Science has no "leaders," or central commanding meme-maker. It is a group of equals – Peers – working a certain basic Methodology [the scientific method]. Yet science has a way of evolving over time where new theories replaces out dated theories, and so forth.

The other method I get from studying my own culture. The second method is to slowly over Time, make "Anton Long" a Cultural meme of the ONA Kulture itself. Meaning that "Anton Long," over Time, becomes a 'character' indivisible from the ONA's overall Mythos. Characters of mythos don't die. So a basic example of a character forever fixed in a living culture would be the Yellow Emperor of China. The actual person is long dead, but as a character of a people's culture, the Yellow Emperor is a fixture and aspect of that culture. King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table would be an example of characters that are fixture of a cultural mythos. Or more closer to the occult industry, Christian Rosencreutz, who is the mythic founder of the Rosicrucian Order, is a living aspect of that Rosicrucian "occulture*." [*Note: I give credit to Kori Houghton for coining that cool term].

This in itself does not "fix" the "threat." There are other minor issue regarding ONA, that can contribute to this "threat" due to misunderstandings of just what a "member" of the ONA is exactly. Ultimately as a person interested in the ONA you have two sources to get your information: 1) The Yapping of know-it-all

outsiders; or 2) the ONA itself.

The most basic “definition” of what a member of the ONA is was stated by the ONA way back in 1994 ever before the internet was publicly used en masse. So I will quote it here:

[Begin Quote]

Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims -of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.

The rites of the ONA -and the Seven-Fold Way itself -create and/or maintain those sinister energies which the ONA represents and has accessed. In effect, an Individual, undertaking, for example, a rite from The Black Book of Satan', is aiding those sinister energies and thus the sinister dialectic. Such rites and the Way itself have been created to do this - that is, they directly presence the acausal.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal -they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution· they are using their lives to some purpose.

- Sacramentum Sinistrum, O.N.A., 1994

[End Quote]

It's concise and precise. It's easier to use that Traditional 1994 statement as the foundation of what “membership” in the ONA means. Sacramentum Sinistrum by the way is [today] a PDF of a xeroxed copy of typed documents written during the early and late 90's.

Membership in the ONA is basically anybody who somehow chances upon the ONA or ONA material, and of their choice, free will and accord, chooses to Live the ONA Way. Fundamentally, this Way begins with the Seven-Fold Way.

So, besides the 7 Degrees or Grades of the Seven Fold Way, there are fundamental “MSS” that teaches the new member the “Kulture” or Way of the ONA. Such old pre-internet booklets are: the Black Book of Satan; Naos; the Hostias; Otonen; Sacramentum Sinistrum; & the Deofel Quintet. All of the named booklets state in different ways – over and over again – just what exactly membership in the ONA means. It virtually means anybody interested in the Sinister Tradition of the ONA enough to apply that Way in their life.

Once you have carefully read each of those named books – especially the Black Book of Satan – you will get or understand exactly How the ONA was originally constructed or put together. The BBS in plain English will tell the new member/initiate that the ONA's existence is virtually up to him or her to express and manifest. The BBS give the member a basic outline for how to go about creating the ONA from scratch. The Traditional Rites are given; the way a Temple/Group – subsidiary of the “ONA” - is created, recruitment, meetings is also outlined in plain English.

If you have carefully read the BBS, then you should understand that the ONA cannot “die” out as a memplex. It was constructed from the very beginning to recreate itself via what DM calls “nexions” which means the individual member or initiate and also the group such individual member may establish.

Besides those Core booklets, the ONA member has a huge corpus of documents and “manuscripts” to learn more about the ONA from. Anton Long over the 40 years or so has continuously produced about 5000 pages worth of philosophically inclined “extracurricular” material to give blood to the meat and bone of the ONA. The most important of these documents – from my point of understanding at least – is the Sinister Dialectic, which is another classic pre-internet ONA document. It is worth quoting in full since not many insiders or outsiders seem to pay much careful attention to what the document actually says, suggests, and implicates:

[Begin Quote]

The sinister dialectic (often called the sinister dialectic of history) is the name given to Satanic strategy - that is, (a) the use of Black Magick to change individuals/events on a significant scale; (b) to gain control and influence; and (c) the use of Satanic forms (individuals/influence etc.) to produce/provoke changes.

This strategy, and the tactics involved to achieve it, is esoteric - and its learning forms an important part of novice training. Satanic strategy has its ground or foundation in Aeonics - Aeonics providing a means of rationally studying the patterns, processes and energies, both causal and acausal, which do and have shaped individuals and their groupings from societies to civilizations. Further, Aeonics provides a means of interpreting recent events/trends and can predict (within certain limits) future patterns.

[A basic introduction to Aeonics is given by the Order MSS dealing with the subject. A more advanced study involves becoming proficient in the advanced Star Game.]

I. On a basic level, the dialectic is concerned with simple opposition - with defiance of what is accepted or conventional at particular times. This is heresy - the Adversarial role, a challenge against both conscious and unconscious norms. This opposition works on two levels - the individual, and society. 1) individual: The strategy is to provide opportunities for individuals to discover the hidden/forbidden within their own psyche, or lead them/influence them toward this. This means catharsis on an individual level. 2) Society: The strategy means Satanic individuals/organizations disseminate (often with no direct Satanic connotations) heretical ideas or otherwise encourage them. The aim of both (1) and (2) is to challenge and thus provoke change, reaction.

At the present time, (1) means rites such as The Black Mass [qv. the Order MS 'Satanism, Blasphemy and the Black Mass'], and other means of inner liberation. (2) means an aiding of what actually is heretical, now - this means upholding (a) inequality (particularly racially), (b) the concept of war, and (c) aiding discussion/spread of information/exchange of ideas/triumphing the cause of those things which actually are heretical, in Law and mostly ignored by the majority such is their supine nature - such as certain views regarding events in World War Two the propagation of which are illegal and which render the person spreading them to imprisonment (i.e. denying 'the Holocaust' ever took place). Further, (2) at this time also involves countering the unhealthy and anti-natural morality of suppression of the Nazarene.

All these are, however, tactics. to achieve broader strategic goals - they are means, only. These means can and often do change as the times changes - as societies change. For instance, regarding (2)(a) above - in a society which was tyrannically anti-egalitarian, the tactic would probably be to aid egalitarian tendencies.

II. On a higher level, the dialectic is concerned with long-term evolution - with the creation and change of civilizations and ultimately with the creation of a new type of individual, a new species. This means altering our evolution, this alteration being toward the 'Satanic'.

This means two things - or rather two tactical approaches. (1) Enabling individuals to change themselves, to evolve, consciously, and so become part of that evolutionary change. (2) Changing/influencing the structures (such as societies) to make them instruments for such change or at least not detrimental to it.

(1) involves such things as External and Internal Magick - a following of the Seven Fold Sinister Way. (2) involves Aeonic magick - e.g. the creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection in the psyche of others which results from introducing them - and gaining/using influence.

It should be understood that while the tactics of I above can and do change, the tactics used to attain II remain essentially the same because the goal is precise. Further, I in many ways aids II - that is, the opposition to some fixed idea or dogma, accepted at a particular moment in history, provokes a change and leads to a new synthesis and thus an evolution of conscious understanding in individuals, thus aiding the sinister dialectic on a higher level.

Essentially, I is exoteric, and II esoteric Satanism - and it is necessary to make this distinction because the means of I vary with time (over centuries) while II remains relatively fixed, and all too often novices (and others) confuse a tactic used in I (such as politics) as something Satanic when it is only a tactic, a means, a form.

The reason 'why' there is (in genuine Satanism, anyway) a sinister strategy - a dimension beyond the personal - is simple: it is in the nature of Satanism (genuine Satanism, anyway) itself. Satanism at its highest level is concerned with 'cosmic change' - that is,

it is an expression of the evolution of conscious existence. Evolution is something we, as conscious beings, can participate in and indeed create - by so doing, we are extending the range of our being, fulfilling (and going beyond) the potential we possess; affirming our existence in the most intense way possible. Viewed another way (in terms developed recently to explicate such things - i.e. make them more conscious and thus controllable) Satanism accesses the acausal, via nexions, and so increases the amount of the acausal presented in the causal. These nexions are psychic (within the psyche of individuals), physical (places on Earth where the causal and acausal intersect or are close) or created via magickal rites.

Aeonics, and the sinister dialectic, are means which enhance our existence as Individuals - which offer us the opportunity not only to increase our consciousness and our abilities, but to use that consciousness and those abilities.

Thus, Satanism, correctly understood, is more than a glorification of the ego, or an indulgence in pleasures, or some kind of intellectual, 'esoteric' knowledge. It is also more than just living 'on the edge' and garnishing dark and other experiences [that is only a stage - qv. the MS 'The Practice of Evil, In Context'].

In essence, the sinister dialectic is Satanism and Satanists in action - it is Satanists playing at god: altering themselves, others, societies, civilization and evolution itself. This is its purpose, and the justification of sinister strategy.

--O.N.A.

[End Quote]

The Key Points to seriously think about are: “(2) Society: **The strategy means Satanic individuals/organizations disseminate (often with no direct Satanic connotations) heretical ideas or otherwise encourage them.**” & “(2) involves Aeonick magick - e.g. **the creation of new archetypal forms or images and the infection in the psyche of others which results from introducing them - and gaining/using influence.**”

The first statement gives a general outline of why some ONA people do what they do, say what they say, and associate or support what they are associated with and support. This can be anything from racialism, National-Socialism, Holocaust denial, Radical Islam, Radical Anything, Crime, Terrorism, whatever. If that Magian World Order “out there” fears it, hates it, insulates itself from it, condemn it, then as an ONA person you somehow spread those ideas. There is always a receptive social group that is counter-culture willing to accept any of these ideas. The trick is to learn from pros like the KGB or CIA and to not force such propaganda down the general public's throats, but to spread those memes in subcultures Already primed to like or accept such memes. The fruits of such “subversive” measures take a while to see. It takes a generation or so [circa 30 years] to actually see results. This is because you have to wait for one generation to age out and the new generation to come to their Minds. With the succession of generations there is always a “tension” where one generation as a collective zeitgeist will try to somehow break itself free from the social order established by the older one. For example the people of the generation during the Cold War would have never dared to entertain Communist ideology in their heads. Yet today it is very common to come across a person of our current generation to entertain anti-Capitalist sentiments. The USSR as a political entity may be defunct, but the work their covert operatives did inside receptive subcultures back then, still infects.

The second statement brings us to the doorstep of the Causal Forms and iteration and things of that sort. The basic idea is that if we desire to aeonically – in the span of hundreds of years – change social order because we dislike this Western Magian Order, then we create memetic vehicles [forms] to spread new seed ideas, so that in time those forms will influence and infect receptive subgroups in this West.

There are plenty of other instances in the 5000 pages of ONA stuff where it is stated in plain ordinary English that the creation of new rites, ceremonies, and causal forms is a pass time of ONA initiates, or something they should try to do to either help develop and evolve the ONA or society aeonically, but we'll just stick with this basic quoted statement and the idea of aeonics.

Basically what the essence of that statement says is that the individual ONA person should not just be fixated on a Satanism. Satanism is only one tool or archetypal form or causal form to get a job done. It is effective in countering Magian memes and ethos in its dwindling receptive market. But society in general is huge and goes beyond Satanism and the “fringe occult.”

If we say that we dislike this Western Magian Ethos that influences and sickens the West, then, anything not Western and Magian is a useful tool and form to be used to introduce new idea, memes, ideologies, philosophical gibberish, into this Western Magian

Order. The trick is to learn to dismantle these non-Western Magian forms into their basic functioning memes and then graft those memes into a memetic vehicle of some type which has a receptive audience. In Buddhism we call this same basic idea “Upaya.”

Three years ago I wrote a long essay for the ONA on ideas and how to manufacture new ideas and so on, but I trashed that essay thinking that other people would find an essay on ideas boring.

I learned about engineering ideas actually from a little book I found in the bookstore. I can't remember the title of the book, but it was something like the “Science of Ideas.” It was written in the 1930's and was in the New Thought section of the bookstore.

Basically the author of the book was hired by a very rich business tycoon of that time to study what ideas are and how new ideas are manufactured. This tycoon was afraid that patents would run out, meaning that he believed that it might be possible that there is a limit to what we can make or come up with. The tycoon wanted to know if ideas can be created so as to keep his own business one step a head of competition.

So to make the long story short the author of the book took up the challenge and figured out what he termed the “Science of Ideas.” Science here – for the author – meaning that he conducted experiments, came up with a methodology of making new ideas, and if you followed his methodology, you can come up with similar results.

Essentially the author comes to learn that things like inventions or religions or beliefs are composed of “units of ideas.” This was way before the word and idea of a “meme” was coined, so the author just used the word “unit” and tried to explain these units as like atoms to matter. So just like elements in the periodic table, idea-units have sources which you “mine.” Then you can take those units and construct what the author called “idea-clusters,” out of. I took that term and morphed it into “meme-cluster.”

One of the examples the author gives is Mr. Ford and his automobile. The idea-cluster of an automobile is actually composed of a number of idea-units. Each unit if looked at closely can be traced back to older sources: steam engines, carriage wheels, cranks, coal burning or combustion, the steering wheel thing on ships and boats, etc.

The fascinating thing about the book was that the author states that new ideas, concepts, models, inventions, religions, philosophies, ideologies, can be manufactured endlessly, but that it requires a person with the right Mind to do this.

The author goes to then describe two essential kinds of people. The first kind is one who lacks the ability to see things clearly. This type usually has to be told what to believe, how to live, he is in essence a Consumer of other peoples ideas, because he simply lacks the capability to manufacture his own ideas.

The second type of person the author describes is the kind that has the mental ability to take an idea or thing and systematically deconstruct that thing or see that thing in as many different ways as possible. This second type has the ability to remove, extract, or take bits and pieces of many things, and in his or her mind is able to put idea-units together into a new combination. The second type is essentially a Producer rather than a consumer of ideas-constructs. He is the type with the nature to tinker with things to alter them to his liking. Whereas the other type is has the nature of religiously supporting a pre-constructed thing or idea. The author goes to say that a company which desires to stay ahead of competition and remain in business long term wise must invest in acquiring a large number of the second type and not the idea consumer type.

The point to all this is that it requires a certain type of person to be able to mentally mine “idea-units” from the thousands and so religions, philosophies, and ideologies, or whatever out there and manufacture new models of idea-cluster for a receptive market.

In context to ONA and aspects of the Sinister Dialectics, it may not be enough to take a non-Western memeplex and just give it to Magianized Westerners to adopt hoping that they will in time give up their dependence on Magian Ethos/Culture. It may require the ability to deconstruct such non-western things into their constituent memes and to take those memes and either graft them into Forms or to manufacture entire new idea-constructs.

This goes well with the idea of further developing the ONA. I would describe DM as the second type of person, and his past M.O in the many forms he associated with shows it. In all of the things DM got involved with, he seemed to not be satisfied as a mere consumer of an idea product. Instead you can see him tinker with what he got involved with by adding new ideas or morphing it altogether. A good example to see this is in with DM and National-Socialism. He starts off in his early days as a normal NS

person, but gradually he tinkers with NS until he and his friends came up with Reichsfolk, and Folk Culture. Or you can even see it with him and Islam. You can actually see him grafting his own “non-Islamic” ideas into his past Islamic writings.

DarkLogos once shared with me how in the olden days DM even tried to create a hybrid Islam-Numinous Way form which did not germinate sadly. But interestingly, if you read around DM's writings enough, you'll catch the glitches, where sometimes you will read DM equate Allah with the Acausal, which I would actually agree with. Or at least I like the idea of Allah being the Acausal, and Creation being the Causal. It would lead to a more deeper mystical understanding of reality in general. My only “argumentive point” would be that the concept of Allah implies or infers a being that is conscious or at least alive enough to care what people do. And at the moment I don't have the understanding that the Acausal is something aware or conscious. I tend to agree with DM's latter concept of the Cosmic Being. Now, if we could take DM and his M.O. And clone him, so that the ONA is populated with such creative tinkering types and not the mere consumer of ideas.

Which brings us to the last topic I'd like to talk about: that of the ONA Fayen Three. In this Third Phase of Fayen the ONA is a collective of peers. Each peer to me seems to nicely express the core concept of the Sinister Dialectic in their own unique and creative ways. Each introduces new ideas either into the ONA to help further develop it, or they introduce new memes into the larger Satanic Subculture, to slowly help evolve it. Anything that will chip away at the old structure and introduce new invigorating, inspiring, ideas-stuff helps evolve what is being worked with, whether it is ONA, Satanism at large, or society.

ONA or its ideas are now so successful that we have people claiming now to own it, or be its leader, and we hear now ONA people wining about how it has become too popular. I'm personally indifferent to the whole matter. It is what it is and personally I have to stay on course and take one step at a time. Things had to be evolved or changed in the ONA. And such changes have obviously produced the side effect of the ONA seemingly being “too popular” for comfort for some. At such a moment when ONA is in the midst of a transitioning phase or metamorphic phase, it will not be stable. Meaning that if ONA were a line graph we'd see the line drastically move up and down all crazy. It will in time find it's own stasis or equilibrium. Some nexions are already going dark and leaving the internet. Private oral traditions and privately circulated MSS are now coming into play. I think the “problem” and growing pains we are experiencing are healthy for a meta-organism like ONA. At least ONA is alive enough to have problems and growing pains. Personally it is too early to judge how the ONA will actually be when it stabilizes. I'd give it at least another 3 years, before I make a judgment based on what results materializes. I doubt the ONA will ever be “that” in vogue with the mundane Satanic gentry. But I also know that with numbers can come dilution of essence and quality. But even the realization of this is good, cuz it helps us understand that ONA just might need a big body of only privately circulated stuff for those “on the inside.”

There is a draw back to being on the radar which I find cumbersome. [Like Biggy & Friends once said](#): “The more money we come across, the more problems we see.” But in our case, it might be the more on the radar ONA is, the more drama we get, ain't that right. Such drama comes with the turf. At least they are talking about ONA. Meaning that of all the institutions, people, birds, tree, celebs, politicians, religions, Stuff in the world, ONA is what those people talk about, hate on, occupy their mental time with. Like our old WSA friend from Puerto Rico once said: “Worry when they stop talking about you.” Cuz that's when you know you're out of business and irrelevant to anybody.

This short overview was just a re-iteration of what has been iterated and obliterated over and over again for the past 40 years now. They are just the same basic ideas people have a mis-understanding of, due to a few loud mouths that are either pretentious or just think their assumptions about ONA is divine fact. Where they go off stating – as many have done before them – that ONA is dead, defunct, and so on. A basic reading of old ONA booklets will actually show you otherwise. That it can't die because it was made to be self replicating and self manifesting. As long as there is one person interested and devoted to giving life to the Sinister Way and Tradition of the ONA, the Order of Nine Angles will always have a nexion or portal to materialize thru.

And should ONA die out in any ways: this WSA352, myself especially, and my friends will always be here to revive it, recreate it, redevelop it, remanifest it, over and over again. At least for the next 27 years. If people in and out of ONA don't like that, then tough. Deal with it or leave. It ain't like porn, where you just have to look at it. If you don't like what you see, either leave, or kill me. Cuz as long as I have some sort of medium to write on, I will keep doing what I have been doing.

A couple of years ago in a private conversation I made a small promise to DM care-of DarkLogos which was that I will duplicate DM's time he spent on the ONA by spending the next 30 years writing for the ONA. I am a patient person. Writing and sharing my ideas and life doesn't take much effort or calories. It's just something I do anyways in my diaries and private wordpresses. I might as well devote that skill or talent to something I truly love: ONA. And don't doubt for one moment that I can't actualize what I set

out to do with ONA. I know myself, and I know ONA as it was 4 years ago and what it is now today. Granted I am only a small domino in a row of causally falling dominoes. But should that causal and wyrdful cascade of dominoes falling stops and ONA – whatever iteration – were to die: I'll be right here patiently doing what I have been doing for three years. Writing my ideas, talking about my culture and family to the ether. Like attracts like. In time my ideas will call out the next set of dominoes which will fall in a beautiful pattern.

It's like I'm an artist. But I paint with memes. This ONA like Buddhism is my paint brush. It doesn't matter who I am. What should matter is how each painting I make captivates or inspires you in some way. In the same way that the mysterious etchings and painting along a cave inspires and captivates some people, even today when the cave person that once etch the drawing is long gone and forgotten. If I should be known and remembered at all, it is my desire to only be known for my ideas and insights I share. It's best this way, so that when the time is right, I can just slip back into the dark and be a simple ONA member – one of many - “out there” somewhere unmolested and at peace.

2012 will be a busy year though, so I won't be writing as much. Others should write and have a go at the ONA thing. At any rate, in conclusion, I will be “here” for the next 27 years. Same person, same blog. Or hopefully the same blog. I don't know how long wordpress lets you keep a blog, or if wordpress will be alive even 20 years from now. But, whatever. I'll be here, doing what I do for a very long time. Same WSA352 nexion, same me, same writing style. The cool thing for me is to watch myself grow over the years. Which is one reason why I love wordpress. You have all of your writings dated. I tried looking back at my own writings from just 3 years back and they were lame and embarrassing. I can't imagine what I'll be writing about or be like 20 years from now. Culturally I was born and raised to be honourable and to keep my word, especially to an elder. I'll honour my word/wyrd I gave to DM c/o DarkLogos and keep writing for ONA for 30 years. Even if I am the last Niner alive. Regardless of who likes me or hates me. People come and go in life as friends and companions. But once in a blue moon you'll meet a loyal companion who for whatever reason will stick by you through thick and thin till the end. Such loyal and honourable type of people are rare in the West. I think that's what it all boils down to for me? Loyalty. Maybe it's a cultural thing?

In my culture we have two type of “marriage” ceremonies. The first is the normal kind, where a man and woman who love each other get married. The second type of “marriage” ceremony is between loyal friends. This second type grew out of ancient military rites of comradeship where in the ancient time during the Khmer Empire before soldiers set out to war, two best friend soldiers would take themselves to the temple. At the temple before a shaman [Isa] or Monk, the two make a sacred vow before Shiva or the Buddha or Brahma that they will love each other as blood brothers [or blood sisters] till death. That they will care for each other and their families as natural blood siblings. And that out in the battlefield they will lay their lives down for the other, and if one of them does not make it back alive, that the living one will care for his fallen brother's children, wife, and parents.

This concept of loyalty is not exclusive to my culture. One reason why I like Islam is because I read once that in old Islamic cultures [very old times] when you are out and about and you come upon a person who is bleeding for some reason in front of you, you and that person, by the will of Allah are at that moment Blood siblings and must promise to care for each other and each others family. My favourite blood brothering story of this type is the story of Genghis Khan and his best friend who performed a similar blood rite of loyalty. Then of course the olden Japanese empire express loyalty superbly during world war two with their Kamikaze pilots.

It's as if concepts that are ancient and living is Greater Asia such as Honour, Loyalty, and Duty are so simple to grasp and live or express in life for us. But here in the West such concepts that makes an Ariya and Ariya is dead or forgotten, or silly, or too hard to intuitively understand. Or worse such concepts and ways of life and living for others or for a body of teachings, kung fu style, guru, etc, are useless.

I do have a natural – or culturally instilled – sense of Honour, Loyalty, and Duty for my big family, my kinfolk, for my culture, for my people's ancestral Traditions, for our Theravada Buddhism, for friends and associates of family. Which means that for the rest of my life, I will be devoted to such things, bound to such things like a fish in a net, bound to care for them until one of us dies. And that's that. And so I unconsciously bring that same Ariya way of life into things like the ONA. You are just simply bound to it forever, or until you die. Regardless of what other will think of ONA, what shit talking they will do about it or you. You simply just know where your loyalties are, what your duty is, and honour the ways of things. In the streets we say you're a “Lifer.” You're in it for life. Even if nobody likes your crew, or set, or family, or culture, or traditions. If you know what Honour is as an Ariya, then you simply know to devote yourself to what you are bound to by loyalty till the end.

I'm thinking of things like honour, duty, and culture because of my granny and her aging years. It's easy to desire to walk away. Sometimes I do think about it. But in the end, you just can't. It's just impossible after so many years of cultural conditioning to turn your back on what you know to be duty and those you know you are loyal to. It's hard to stay and perform your duties. I'll be here doing what I do for the next 27 years at least. Like I said elsewhere a few times, it's not the actual tool or martial arts style but the person wielding the tool [sword] or style that actually makes the tool and style do the skilled things they seem to do. And from my experience, it's the same way with things like memplexes. There is no "perfect" style or form. You just stick with one and master it, then refine it. Become Master of it, and not be mastered by it. Don't let your memplex master you, master your memplex. If there is something you don't like about it, and you know of a better way, refine it accordingly. People will shit talk and hate on you. They can only yap off for so long before they tire and their interests change. I'm very patient. It's a test of endurance and will. As a Buddhist I am indifferent [unattached] to most real life situations, and especially to chitter chatter in cyberspace. It's expected. I'll be here helping to create the ONA and develop it further for a long time. Even if I'm the last Drecc standing. I have the skills to make more in Time. Peace & Happy Holidays.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

123 yfayen

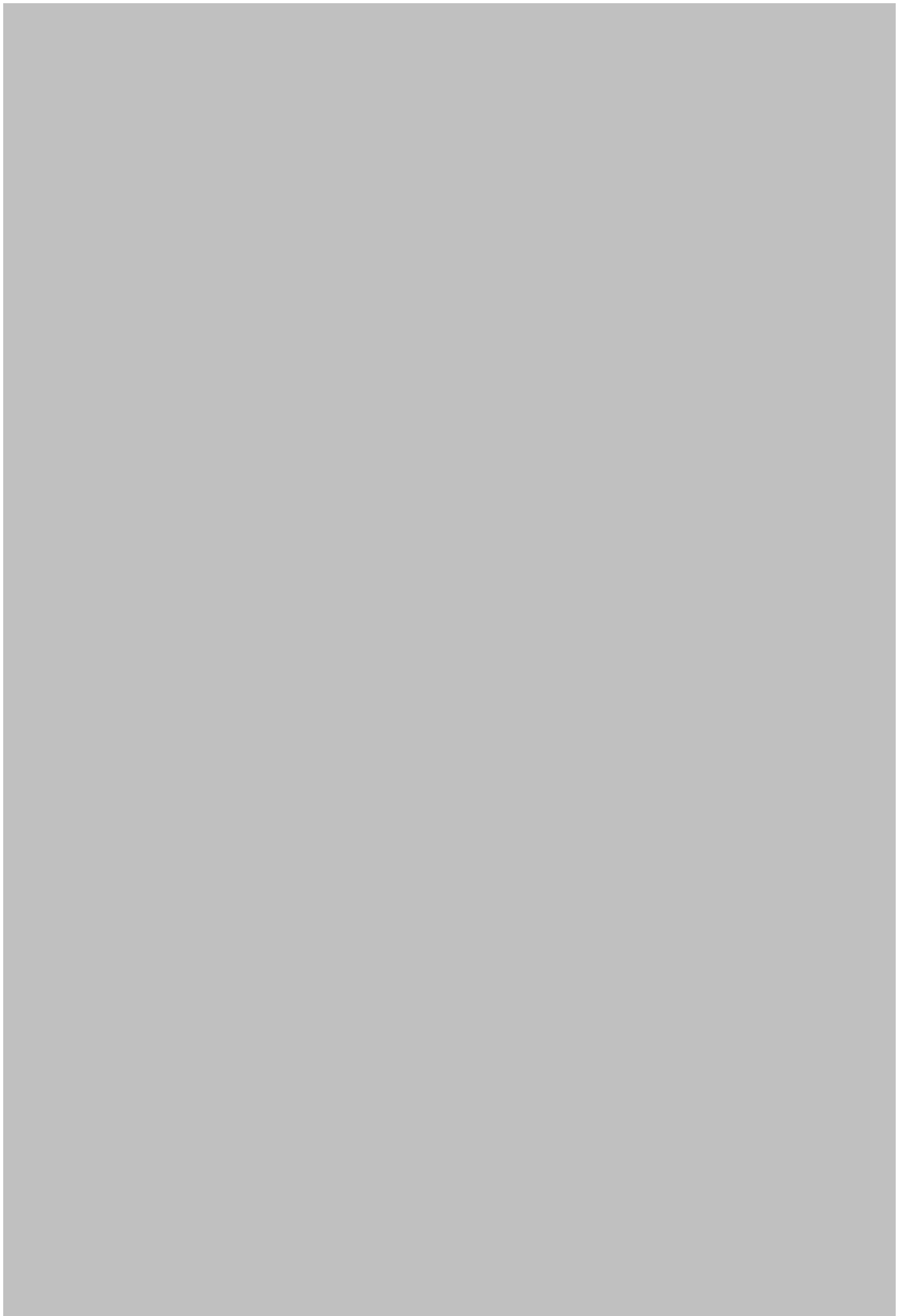
(source: <http://onanxs.wordpress.com/2011/12/20/o9a-a-brief-overview/>)

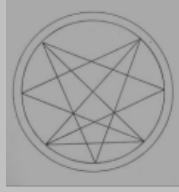
This PDF has been compiled by the Order of Nine Angles for the next generation to come so that you in our near future will be able to find the ONA. There will always be pretenders and scams, and quite frankly those simpletons that get conned by such scams and pretenders are too common, average minded, and uneducated for the ONA. All it takes is an actual genuine interest in ONA and some serious research into its history, key people involved, to figure out who and what the ONA is.

The ONA Tradition is founded on its rites, mythos, teachings, kulture, as well as its Founder Anton Long. That Sinister Tradition as a Social Order and memplex is passed down from person to person and the Lineage is inherited via Anton Long thru the Outer ONA Representatives. This Lineage was passed down to Christos Beest and from there to and thru his legitimate successor, and so on and so forth. The Genuine ONA must have roots traced back to Shropshire England and to one key person, Anton Long whose causal shell was known as David Myatt. The Tradition and Lineage which traces historically back to this nexus or point of convergence is the life and spirit of the Genuine Order of Nine Angles. This Dark Tradition, Sinister Kulture, and Lineage of the ONA must be Conserved and Preserved by all Initiates of the ONA Proper so that the generations of our future may inherit this Order, Culture, Living Tradition of ours intact for their benefit. This must be so if the ONA is to Aeonically continue its Magum Opus.



Order of Nine Angles
123 Year of Fayen





The Star Game Archive

Part One - The Simple Star Game

0 Introduction

The Star Game was invented by David Myatt in 1975CE while he was in prison, and built upon his 1974CE theory of cliology - outlined in the typewritten text *Emanations of Urania - Notes Toward A Heuristic Representation of Cliology* - and which theory of cliology he began to develop during his first term of imprisonment in 1972CE .

The Star Game exists in two versions/forms, the simple (or training) version, and the advanced (or esoteric) version.

The object of the game is to develop 'thinking in symbols' and thus enable a new type of conscious apprehension: what the ONA call acausal-thinking and acausal-knowing. This amounts to a new human faculty.

The Star Game (TSG) can be played just as a game, albeit a challenging one. It can also be used in an Occult way, and is thus a new form of sorcery or sinister magick, appropriate to the New Aeon and Homo Galactica.

1 The Images

The images in this archive, in the sections *Images From Naos* - are png screengrabs from the facsimile version of NAOS contained in *The Requisite ONA* pdf document, which document is c. 51 Mb in size and runs to 981 pages.

NAOS was first distributed by the ONA in 1989CE and was a compilation of typewritten and handwritten documents circulated among ONA members.

Given the nature of the screengrabs, there is some run on from one image to the next.

2 The Texts

The archive is divided into three sections - simple, advanced, and notes.

Simple contains the texts from Naos about the simple form of TSG. Also included is a copy of the guide to the simple form of the game by Anton Long, currently (2011CE) on the Nine Angles website

Advanced contains the texts from Naos about the advanced form of TSG. Also included is a document by Anton Long concerning the advanced form of TSG, giving details of variations in boards and construction

Notes contains some additional texts and diagrams from NAOS relating to TSG.

The texts provided here are complete, and enable both forms of TSG to be constructed and played.

3 Warning and Disclaimer

It should be noted that there are several texts about TSG in circulation, some of which contain various errors.

The only current reliable guides to both forms of TSG are the texts and diagrams in the ONA issued pdf *The Requisite ONA*, in facsimile copies of the original copies of NAOS (all included here), the pdf by Anton Long (html version included here) and the brief introduction to the simple form of the game (in html) on the ONA Nine Angles website and blog.

In addition, as Anton Long has noted in regard to copies of Naos:

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of Naos (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of Naos have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them. The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatur Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an out-of-date address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes – in the following order – Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

Therefore it is up to the reader of texts, articles, books, and other items, about TSG to check the accuracy of such third-party items by comparing them to one of the following: (1) this archive, (2) the ONA issued pdf *The Requisite ONA*, (3) stand-alone facsimile copies of NAOS.

4 No Copyright

All ONA material relating to TSG, including this archive, is covered by the Creative Commons No-Derivatives License, which means they - text and images and pdf documents such as this - can be freely copied and distributed provided no changes are made to the texts and the game is attributed to David Myatt.

Commercial distribution is allowed and encouraged, as are new versions of both texts and images in other formats, including video and computer game versions.

DarkLogos
Order of Nine Angles
122 yfayen

A Basic Introduction To The Star Game

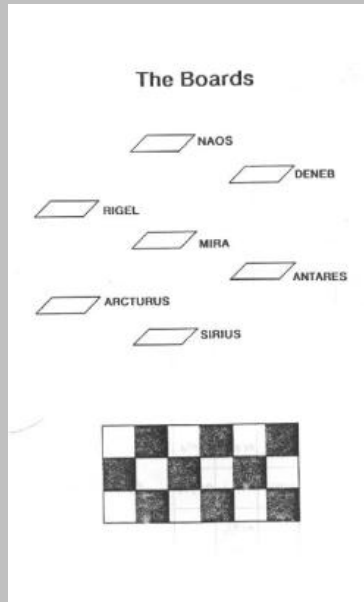
Anton Long
(Order of Nine Angles)

The Star Game is a technique for developing acausal-thinking.

The Boards:

There are seven boards, each one named after a particular star, which boards are placed one above the other in a spiral and forming a septenary Tree of Life (or Tree of Wyrd, to be precise).

Each board has nine black and nine squares, with each board representing a sphere of the Tree of Wyrd (ToW) as here -



The Pieces:

Each player has three sets of nine pieces, that is 27 pieces in all. The nine pieces are:

a(a) a(b) a(c) b(a) b(b) b(c) c(a) c(b) c(c)

The pieces can also be named Alchemically, abstractly or in terms of the Dark Tradition.

In Alchemical terms, a is the Alchemical symbol for Salt. b is the Alchemical symbol for Mercury, and c is the Alchemical symbol for Sulphur. Abstractly, a is the Greek letter alpha, b the letter beta, and c gamma. In terms of the Dark Tradition, a is causal space-time; b is where the acausal is present or manifest in the causal, and c acausal space-time.

These symbols and letters should be written on the pieces which are either small, square pieces of wood (of a size to fit on the board squares), or small tetrahedrons.

One set of three pieces is coloured black, the other set, white. [Or red and blue may be used.]

Esoterically, the pieces represent the combinations of the alchemical substances, or the various combinations and manifestations of causal/acausal.

The Moves:

The central rule of the game is that each piece, when it moves, is transformed into the piece next in sequence:

a(a)-->a(b)-->a(c)-->b(a)-->b(b)-->b(c)-->c(a)-->c(b)-->c(c)

Thus the a(a) piece when it is moved becomes an a(b) piece; a(c) becomes b(a) and so on. A c(c) piece becomes a(a).

The c (or gamma) pieces - c(a) c(b) c(c) - can move to any (vacant) square on any board.

The b (or beta) pieces can move across the board they are already on to any vacant square, and up, or down, one level - for example, from Acturus up to Antares, or down to Sirius. Note that a piece on Sirius can move only up to Arcturus.

The a (or alpha) pieces can move only across the board they are on.

After a piece has been moved, and therefore changed into the piece next in sequence, it moves according to its new identity. Thus, a b(c) piece would become a c(a) piece and on its next move, moves as a c (or gamma) piece.

The Placing of Pieces:

The initial or starting position of the pieces depends on how the game is used. Esoterically, the pieces are placed to represent a particular form at a particular moment in causal time: for example, to represent a civilization, an Aeon, or a person. Exoterically - when the game is played simply as an intellectual game - the placing of the pieces is fixed.

In the exoteric game the starting positions are as follows:

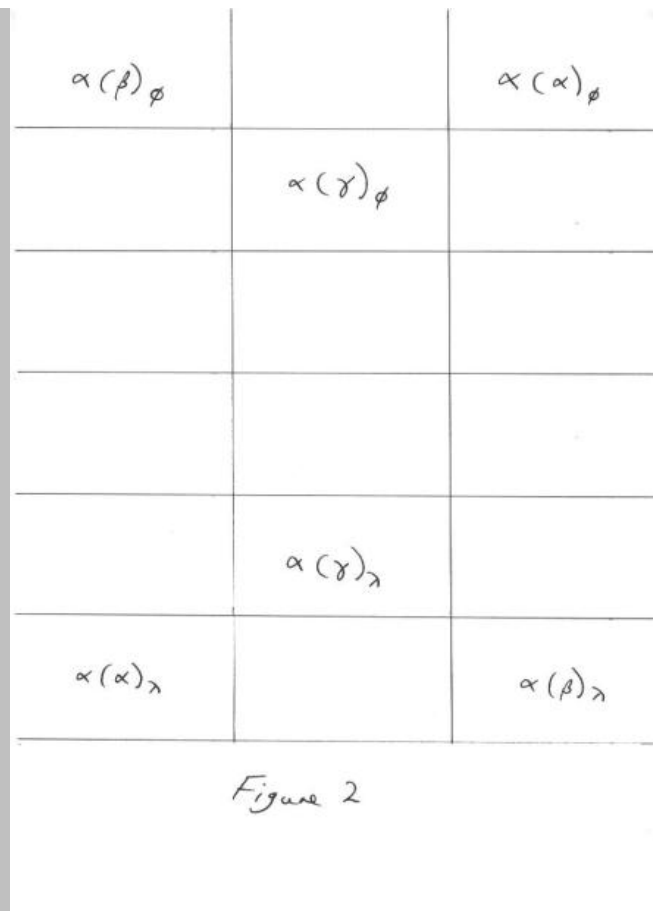
Six pieces are placed on Sirius - two sets of alpha pieces - for white, and six for black:

$\alpha(\beta)_\phi$		$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	
$\alpha(\beta)_\lambda$	$\alpha(\gamma)_\lambda$	$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$
$\alpha(\alpha)_\lambda$	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	$\alpha(\beta)_\lambda$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\lambda$	
$\alpha(\alpha)_\lambda$		$\alpha(\beta)_\lambda$

Figure 1

ϕ = black pieces
 λ = white pieces

Arcturus has three pieces for white and three for black -



Antares has six pieces for white and six for black - two sets of beta pieces, placed exactly as the pieces on the Sirius board.

Mira has no pieces on it at the start.

Rigel has the three remaining pieces (for each player) of the beta sets, placed as the alpha pieces on Arcturus.

Deneb has six pieces of white and six of black from the gamma set, placed as the alpha set on Sirius.

Naos has the three remaining pieces of the gamma set, placed the same as the alpha sets of Arcturus.

Exoteric Game Rules:

The pieces move according to the rules above (see *The Moves* above), and are transformed as above. However, in the exoteric game, pieces can only stay on Mira for three moves. After three moves have been played (three by white; three by black) the player must move one of their pieces on Mira, if they have pieces on Mira, and this move must - if the piece is able (of the correct sequence) - be up or down from the Mira board. If there are alpha pieces on Mira, these are moved according to alpha piece rules: across the board only. That is, until they become beta pieces when they must move up or down from Mira.

A c(c) piece is the only piece that can capture any opposing piece. A c(c) piece can capture an opposing piece on any square from any board except Naos. The pieces on Naos cannot be captured. The piece so captured is removed from the game and plays no further part.

After a c(c) piece has captured another piece, it becomes a a(a) piece.

Exoteric Game Object:

The simplest form of the game is for one player to occupy certain squares on Mira, of a pattern decided by both players beforehand. A suggested pattern for winning is given below:

$\alpha(\beta)_\gamma$		$\alpha(\alpha)_\gamma$
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\gamma$	
	$\alpha(\gamma)_\phi$	
$\alpha(\alpha)_\phi$		$\alpha(\beta)_\phi$
<i>Figure 3</i>		

Thus, the player has to place three of their alpha pieces in the pattern given.

The first player to achieve this pattern (within the three move Mira limit) wins. Note that c(c) pieces can capture pierces on Mira.

Exoteric Rule Variations:

To initially make the game easier to learn, and play, two variations are suggested. The first is to amend the three move Mira limit - to five, or seven, moves. This makes the game much easier.

The second is not to allow the c(c) piece to capture pieces on Mira. This makes the game very easy indeed.

**Star Game:
Brief Guide to Esoteric Meanings**

Aeonic:

1) The seven boards can represent the origin, and change, of one particular Aeon. That is, each board - each sphere - is an aspect of that particular Aeon. Sirius represents the origin, and Naos, the end of the Aeon. The pieces symbolize causal-acausal, and the presencing of the acausal. Or in more mundane terms, archetypes.

Thus, the present Western Aeon can be symbolized, and the future ascertained - or changed, if the game is used in a Magickal way by an Adept.

2) The seven boards can also represent the seven Aeons, with Sirius being the Sumeric - the first Aeon - and Rigel the present Western Aeon. Thus, the Next Aeon, the galactic, can be studied, understood and perchance brought into being/changed.

(See *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction* for brief details about the seven Aeons of septenary tradition.)

The initial placing of the pieces is the key to representing both of the above, and such placings are taught to Initiates of the Sinister way.

Individual:

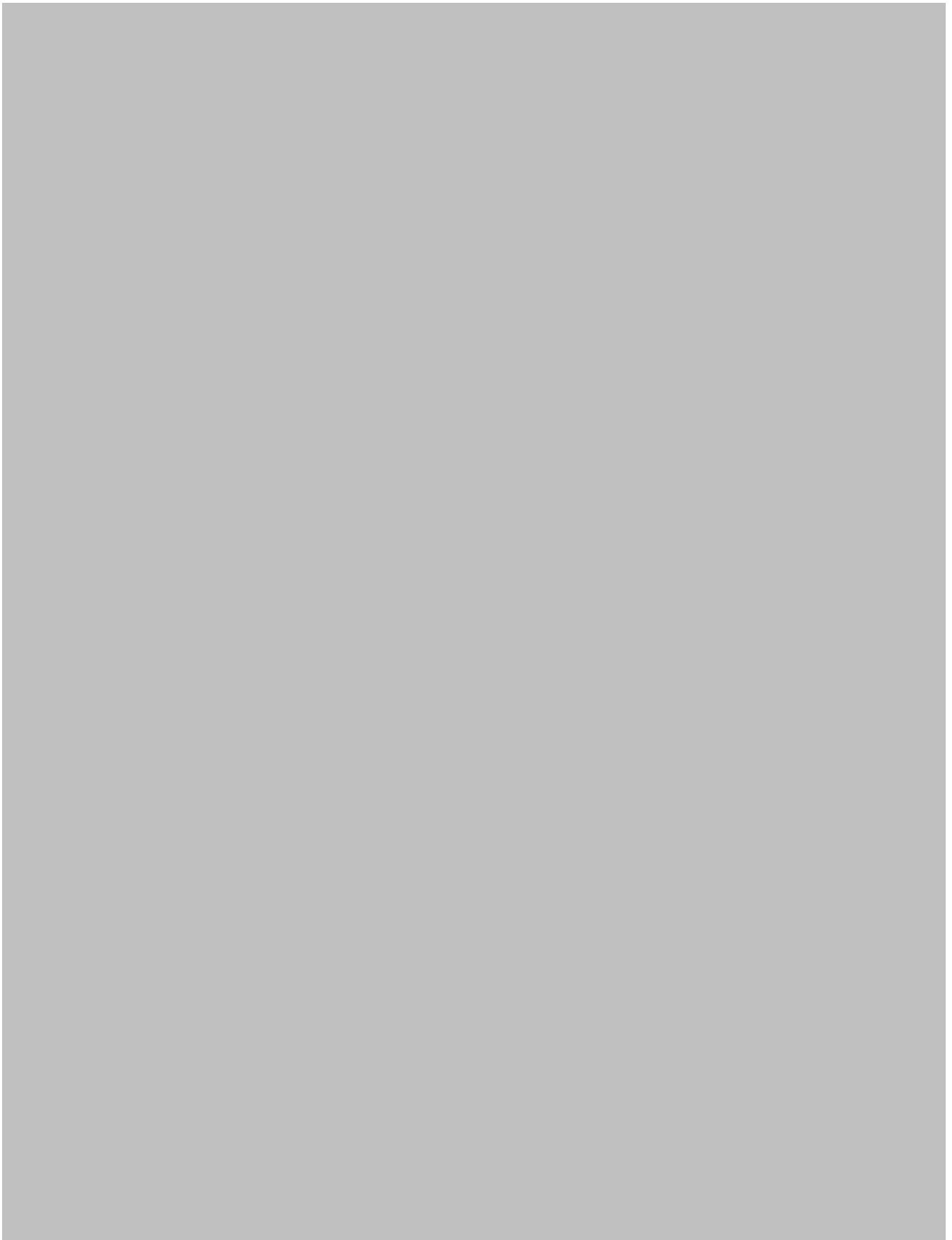
The boards can also represent *one* individual. The pieces then represent aspects of the consciousness - the life - of the individual. The alpha pieces are concerned with the "ego"; the beta pieces with "self"; and the gamma pieces with Adeptship and beyond.

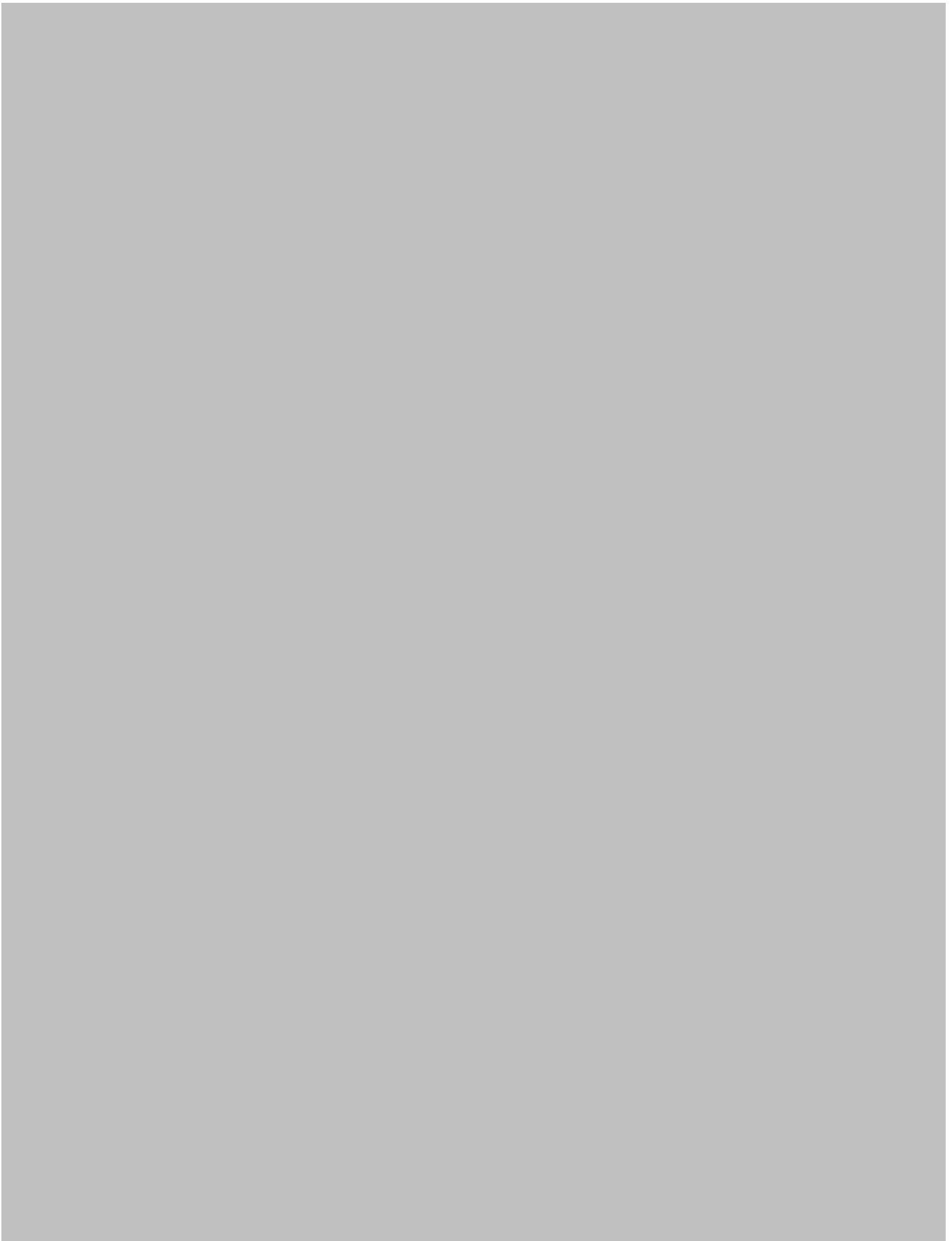
The alpha set represents "feeling"; the beta set "intuition"; and the gamma set "thinking", broadly as those terms are defined by Jung. Each board represents that aspect of the individual associated with that sphere: thus, Sirius represents the "Moon" aspect (Night; Calcination; Aries; Nox and so on), and Mira the "Sun" aspect (Putrefaction; Lux; Vision). See the Septenary Correspondences (more details of these Correspondences are given in NAOS).

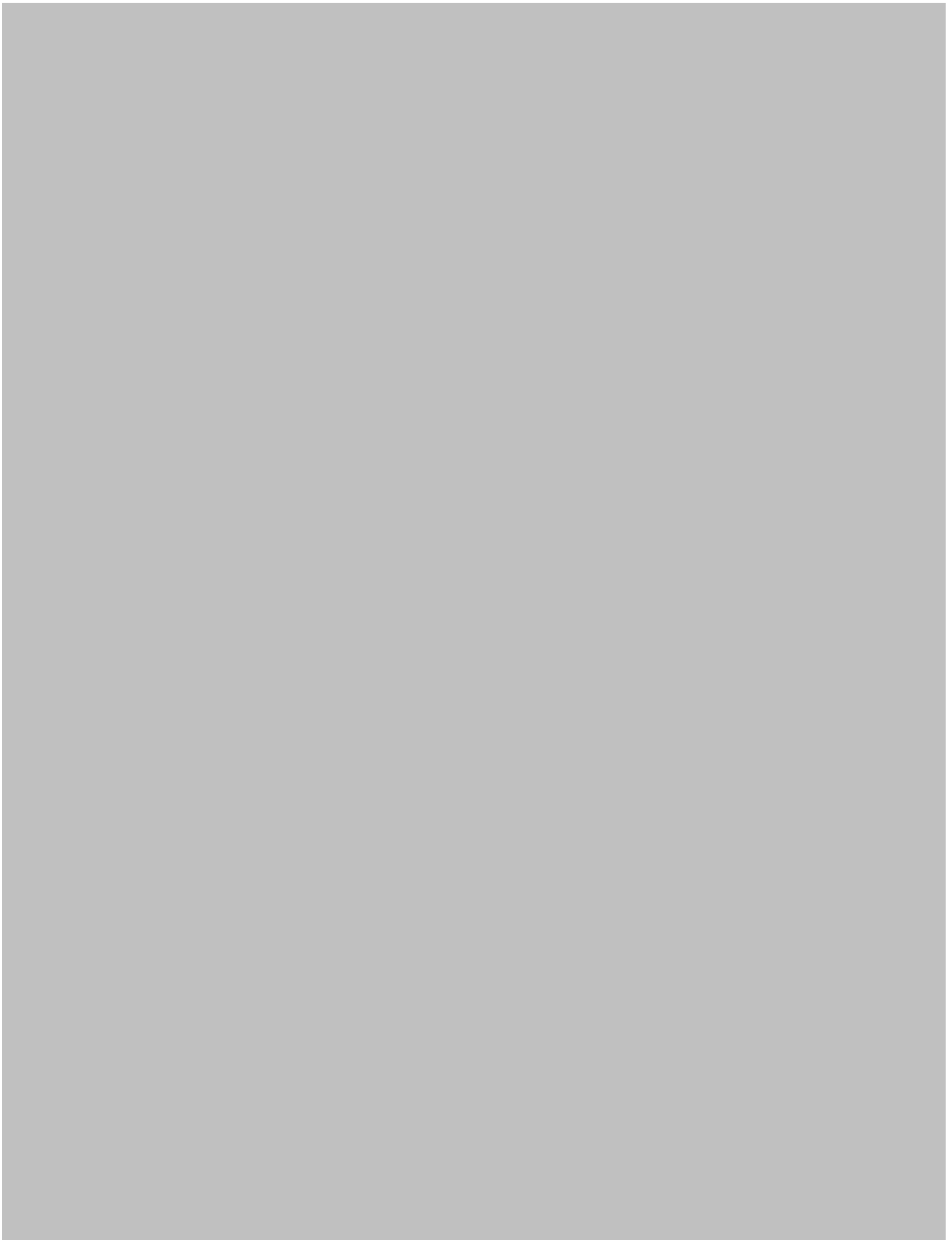
In one very important way, the pieces and the boards represent the esoteric path to Wisdom: to self-understanding, and the creation of a new being.

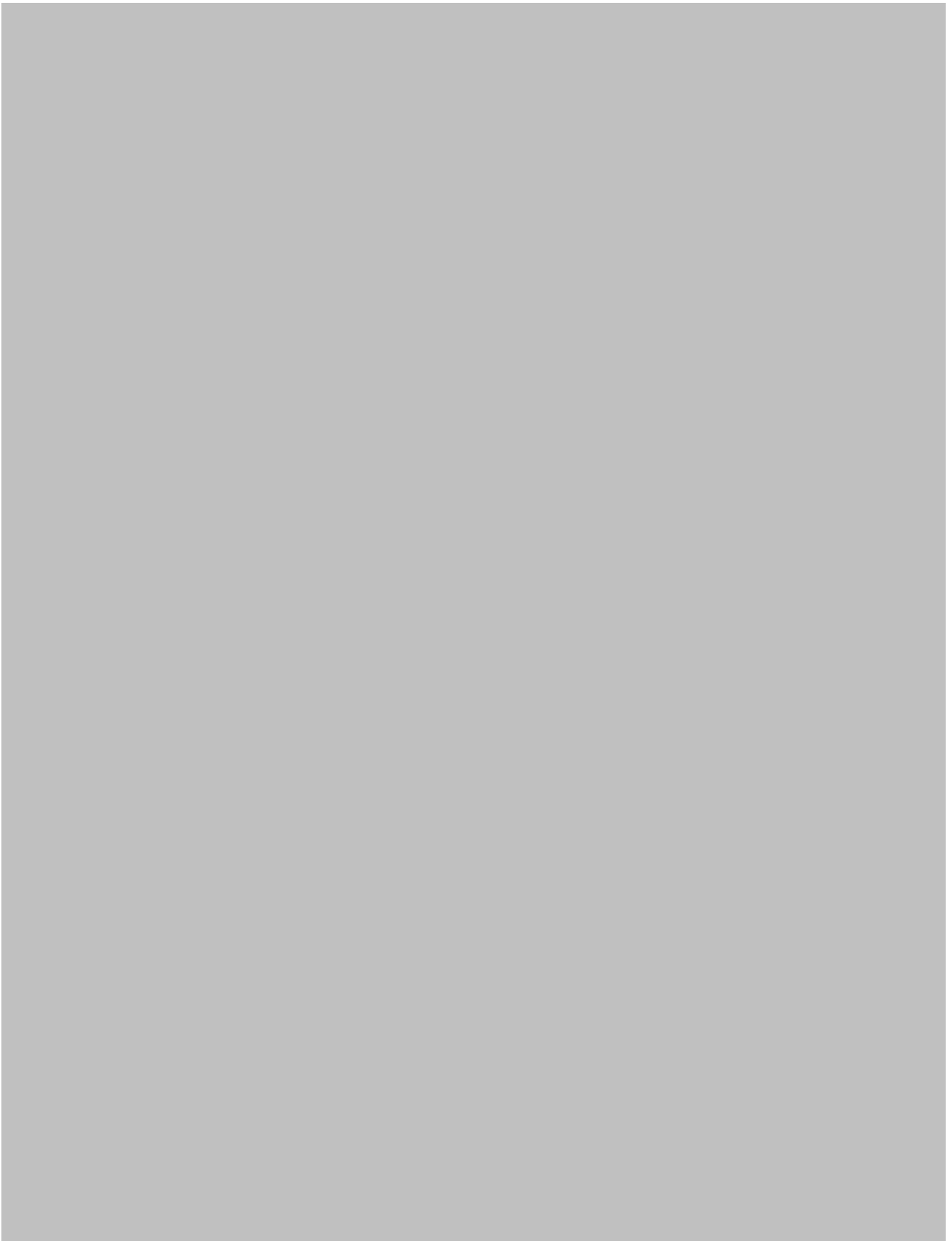
The initial placing of the pieces is usually done to represent the individual in the present, as they are now, and this placing is an esoteric skill, learned through study and practice.

Images From Naos

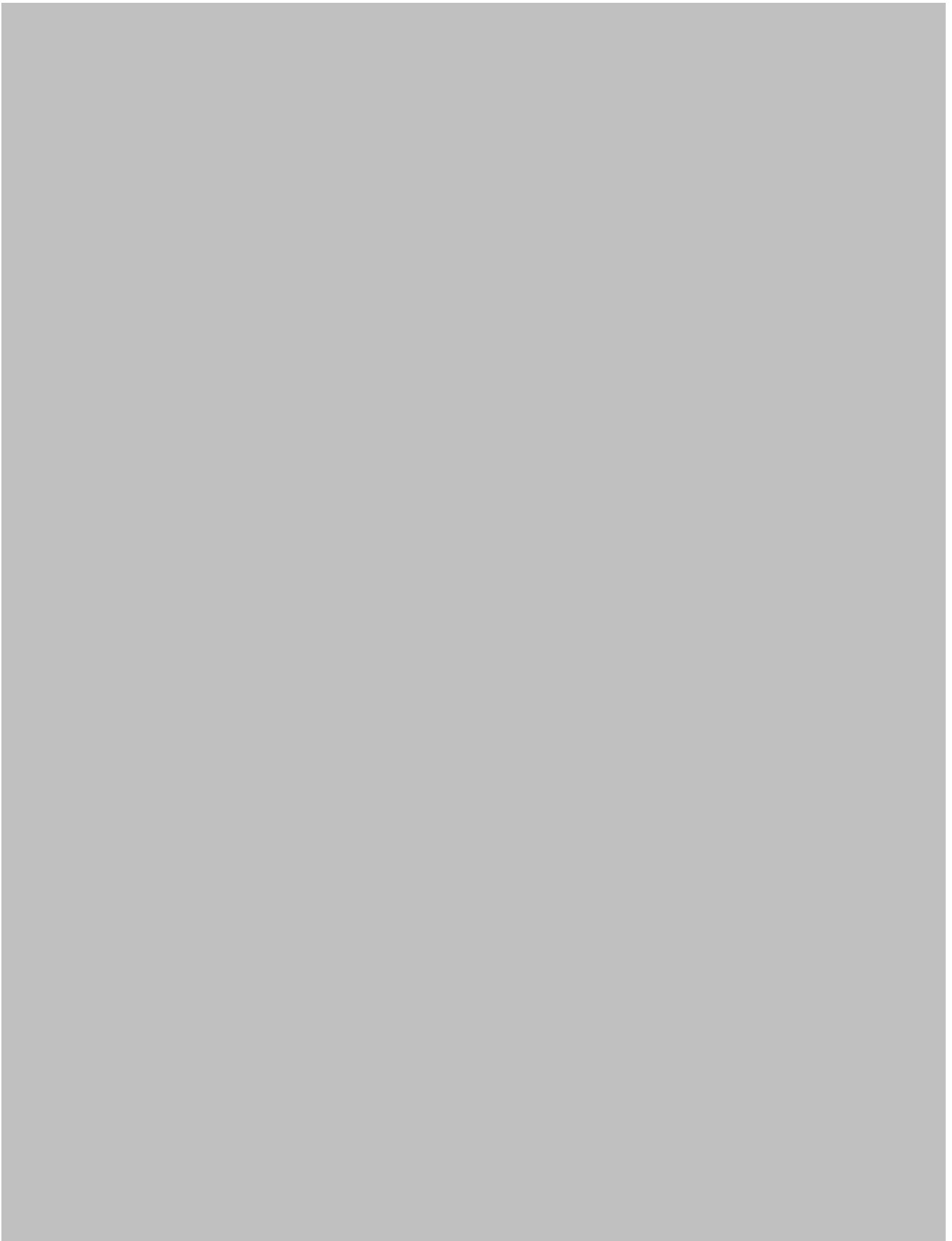


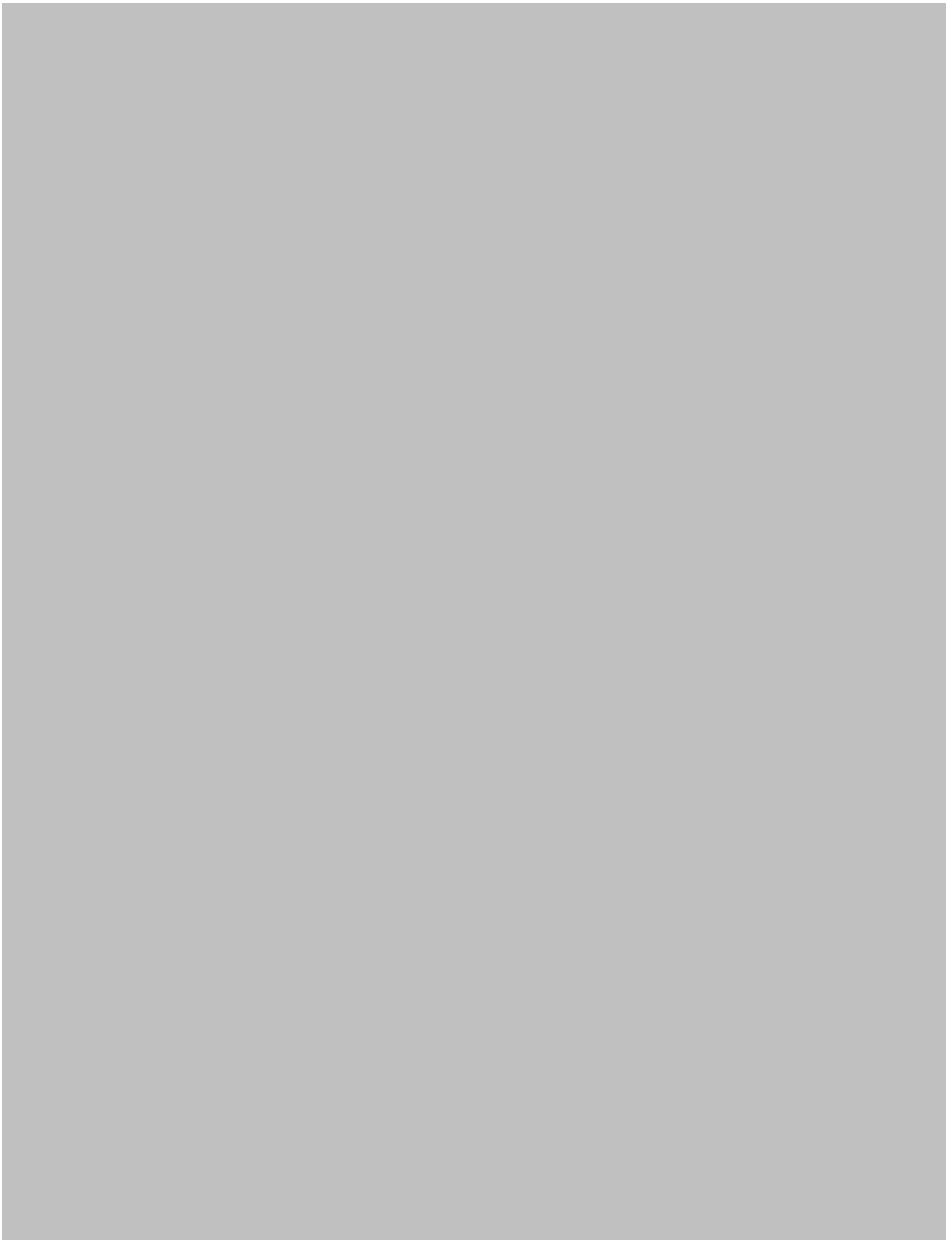










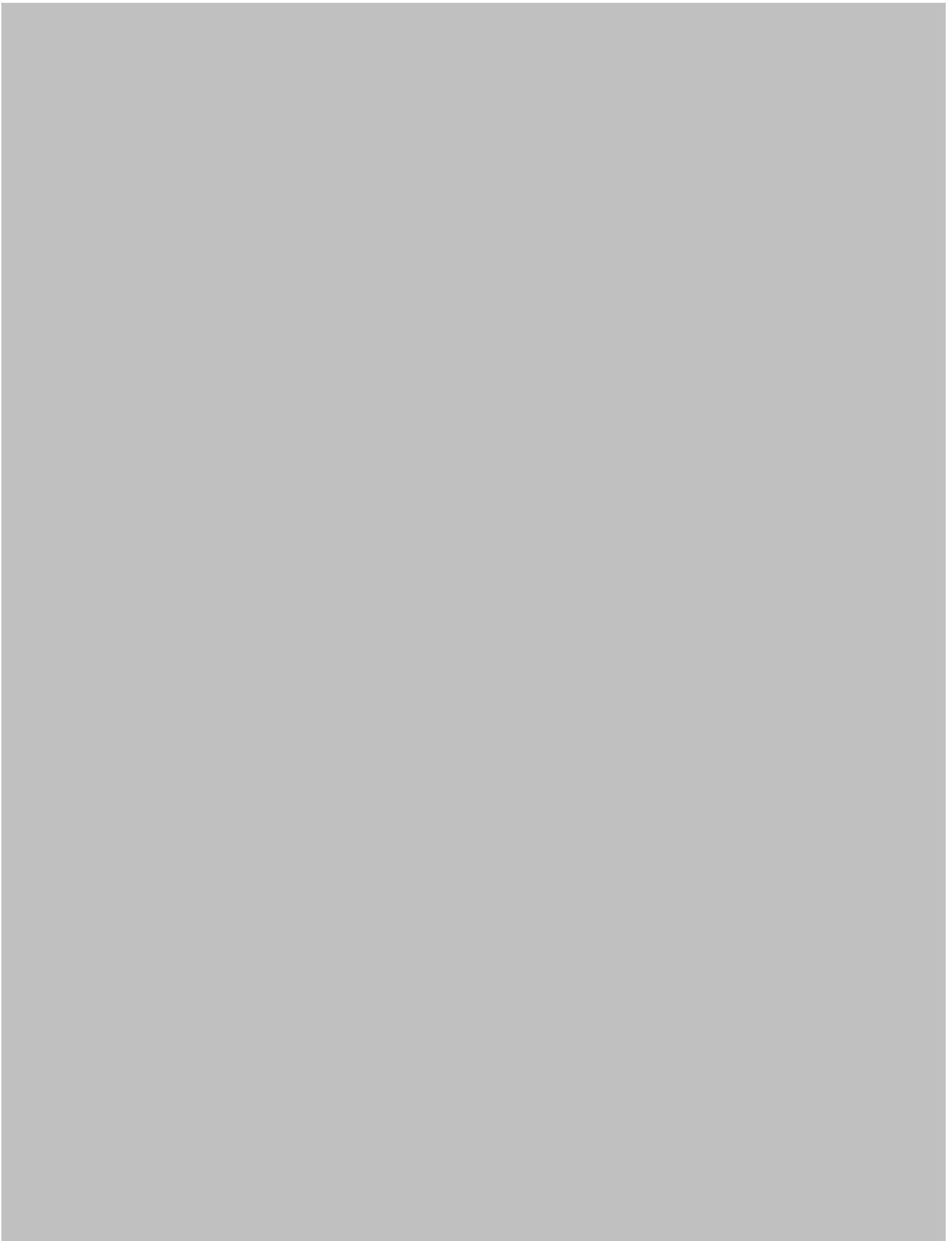


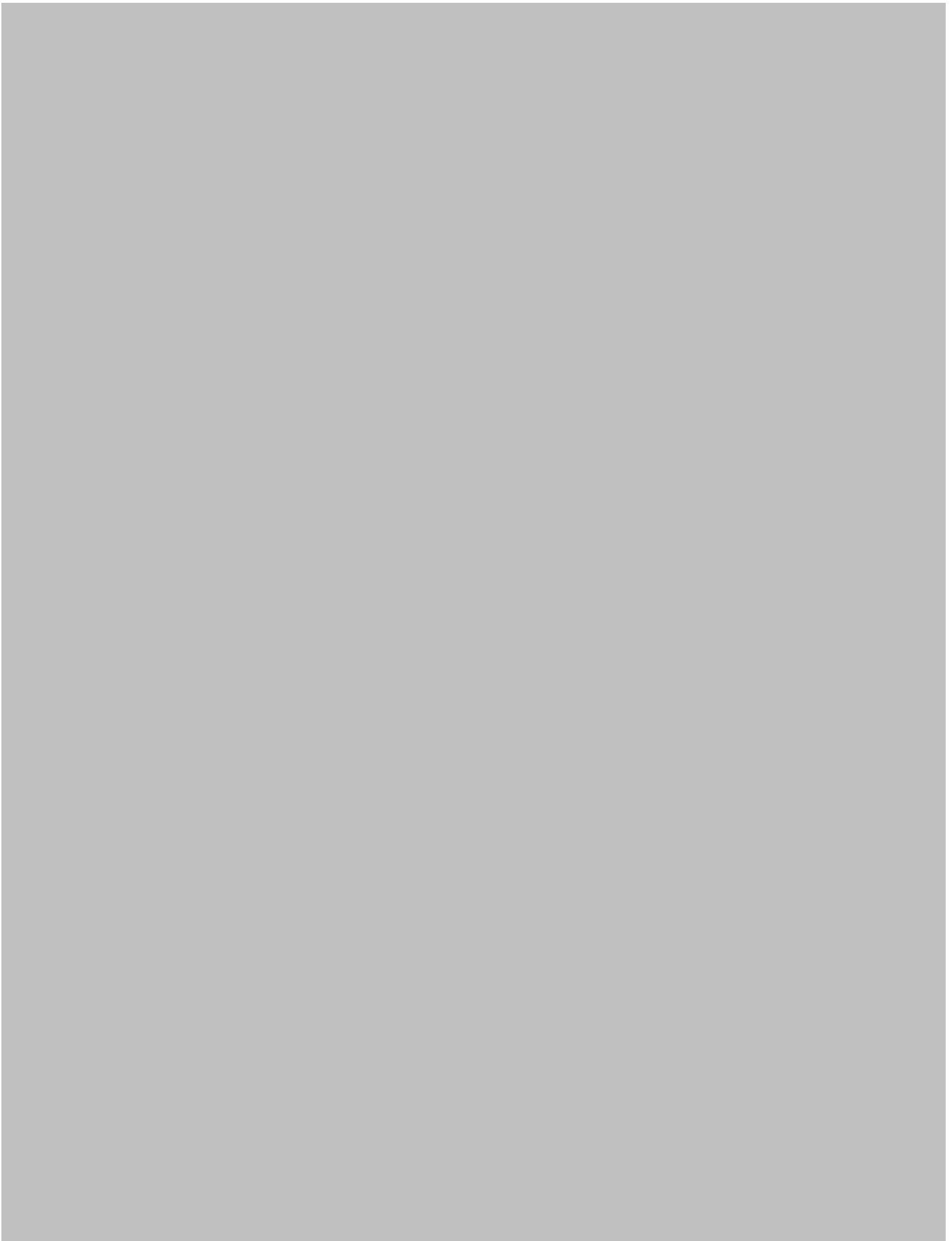
In general, the seven boards represent the nexus between the causal and the acausal: all evolution is regarded as a progression from the 'lower' realms of the causal to the 'higher' realms of the acausal. Thus, the progression, in magick, from Initiate to Adept to Master/Mistress is marked by the progression from Sirius (sphere of the Moon on the Tree of Wyrð) to Mira (sphere of the Sun) to Rigel (Mars) - see the table below.

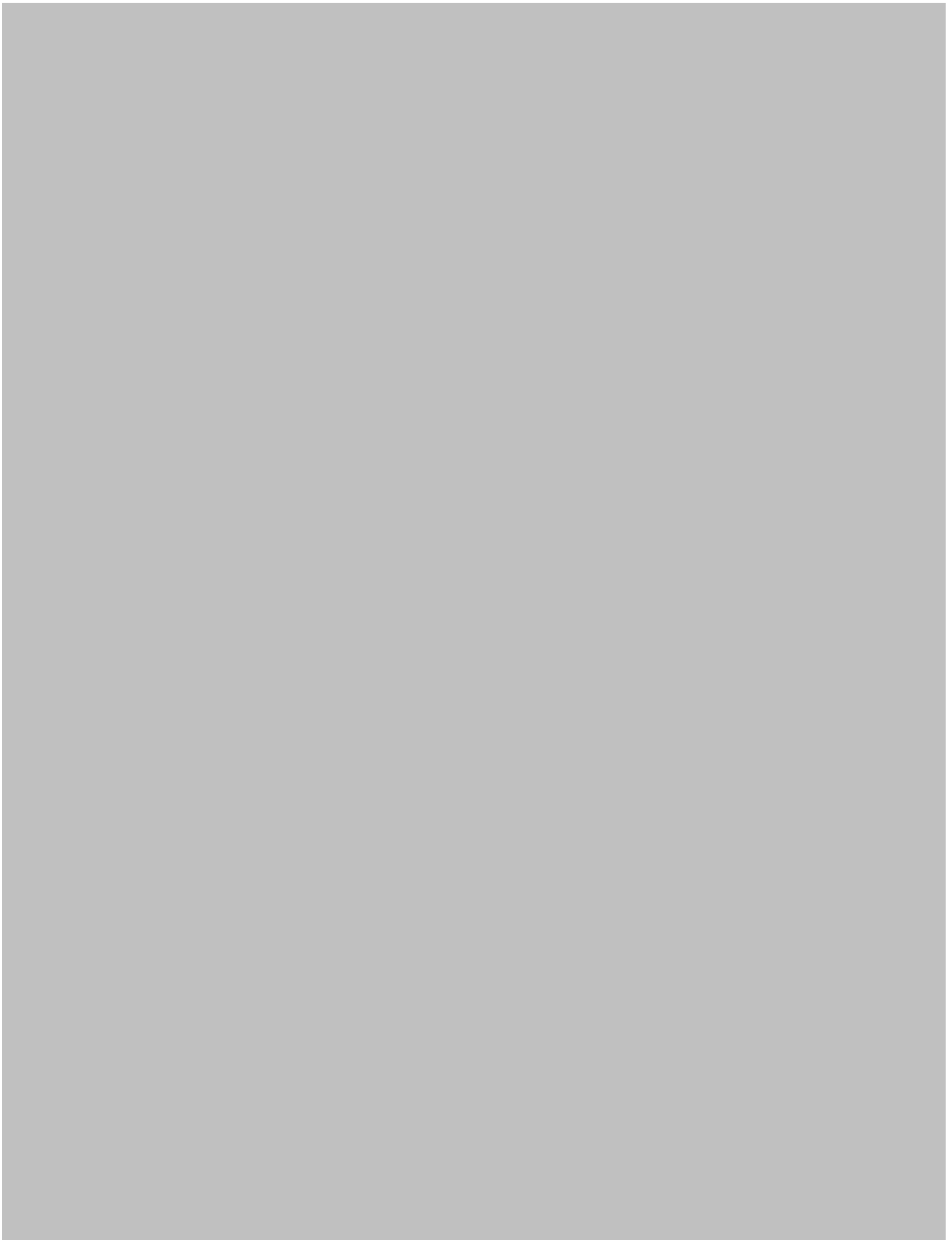
The symbolism of the game operates on several levels, the three most important being the individual, the Aeonie (and the associated higher civilization or culture) and the cosmic. Just as the seven spheres and thus the seven boards of the Star Game re-present the seven fundamental forms that the 'energy of Chaos' assumes according to our apprehension, so too do these three levels re-present how that energy (or 'the Being of the cosmos' itself) manifests itself naturally. Of course, many more levels exist, but for simplicity only these three will be considered here.

The individual level concerns how we all, as individuals, have within us by virtue of being individuals possessed of consciousness, the ability to enhance that consciousness. This enhancement may be expressed in many ways - for example, it is the Jungian 'individuation', the magickal path to Adeptship and beyond - but however it is expressed it is simply

*After this move across the board, the piece may stay for a further two moves without being required to move.





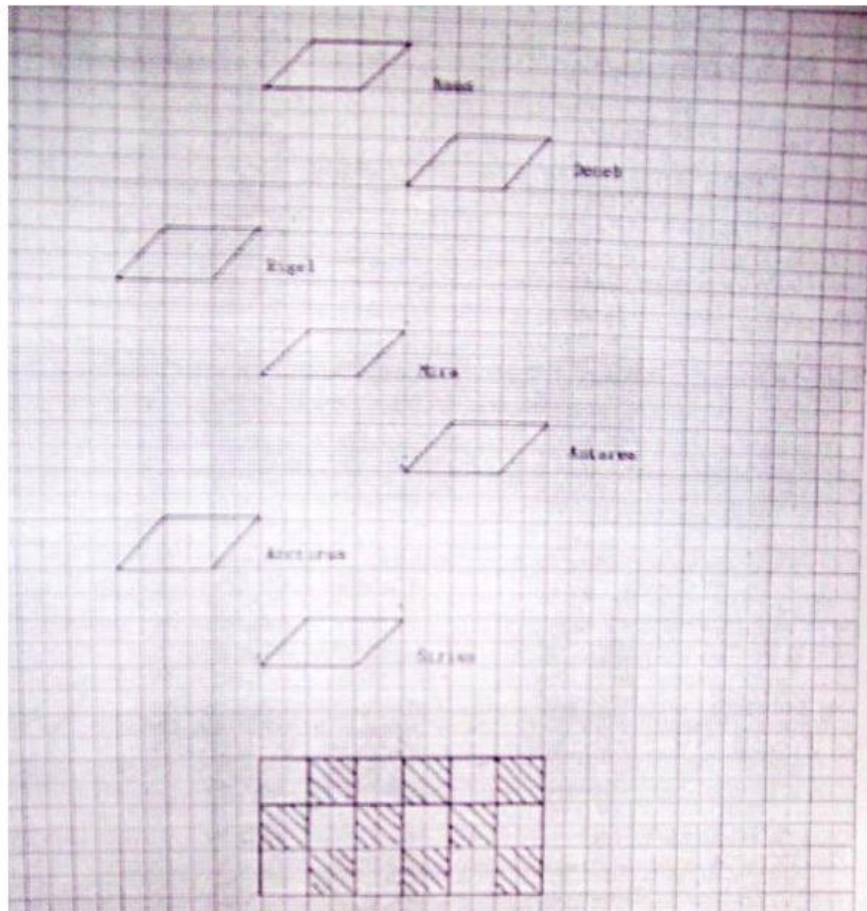


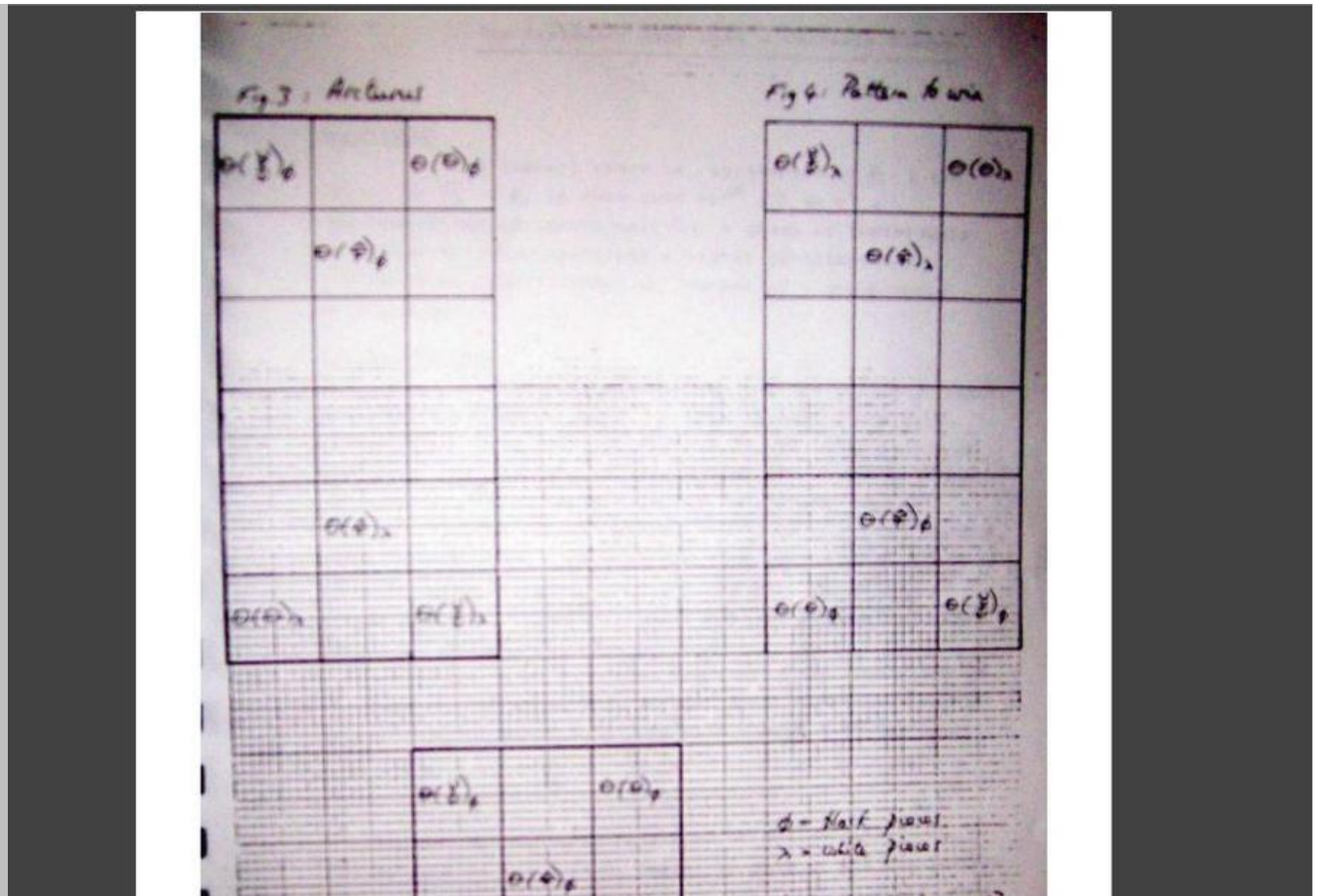
the Sumerian to the present western one. An aeon is basically a representation in archetypal/symbolic terms, of those cosmic/Earth-bound forces which shape our evolution in a mostly unconscious way. As aeons progress, we as individuals may or may not, depending on our own personal/magickal development, be aware of these forces/influences external to us - in traditional magickal terms, the crossing of the Abyss (in the septenary, from Sun to Mars) is when these influences are consciously understood, and the 'self' finally achieves a freedom through this (often only intuitive) understanding.

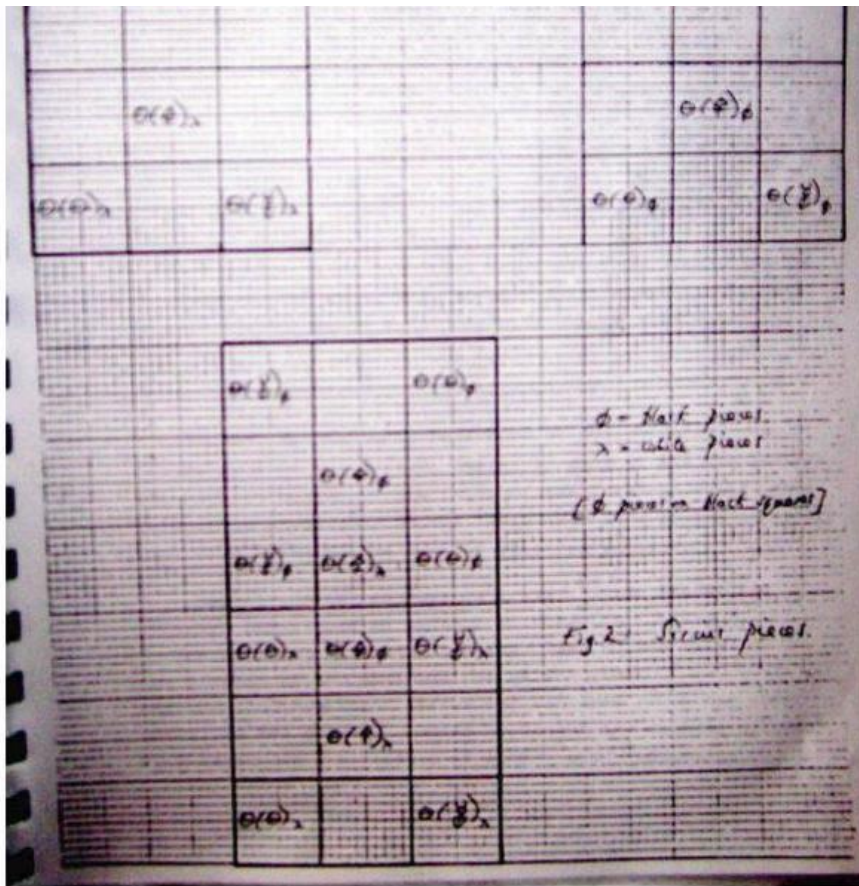
In the symbolic sense, a new Aeon may be said to emerge when one of the seven 'Gates' is opened. This allows acausal energy to presence on Earth, and this presencing affects the psyche of all those individuals who have not 'crossed the Abyss', the intensity of nature of this depending on various factors. The most important external sign of an Aeon, is the associated higher civilization or culture - that is, the energy of a particular Aeon are expressed via the mechanism of a civilization. Despite the claims of the mystifiers who abound in the 'Occult' there have so far been only five aeons - and five associated higher civilizations which have shaped the aonic energies, via an ethos, and thus contributed to our conscious evolution. This ethos was, in part, religious in the sense that awe was present for the terrestrial 'Gate' (the physical place where the acausal energies were pronounced) and those who channelled its energies (often unconsciously) through a specific magickal technique. Often, a specific myth or legend became associated with this Gate, and as the aeon progressed the energies affected individuals according to their nature: inspiring creativity, creating an 'elan' and a sense of Destiny ... The pattern of aonic energies (ie. their transformation, causally) may be represented by the following sequence:

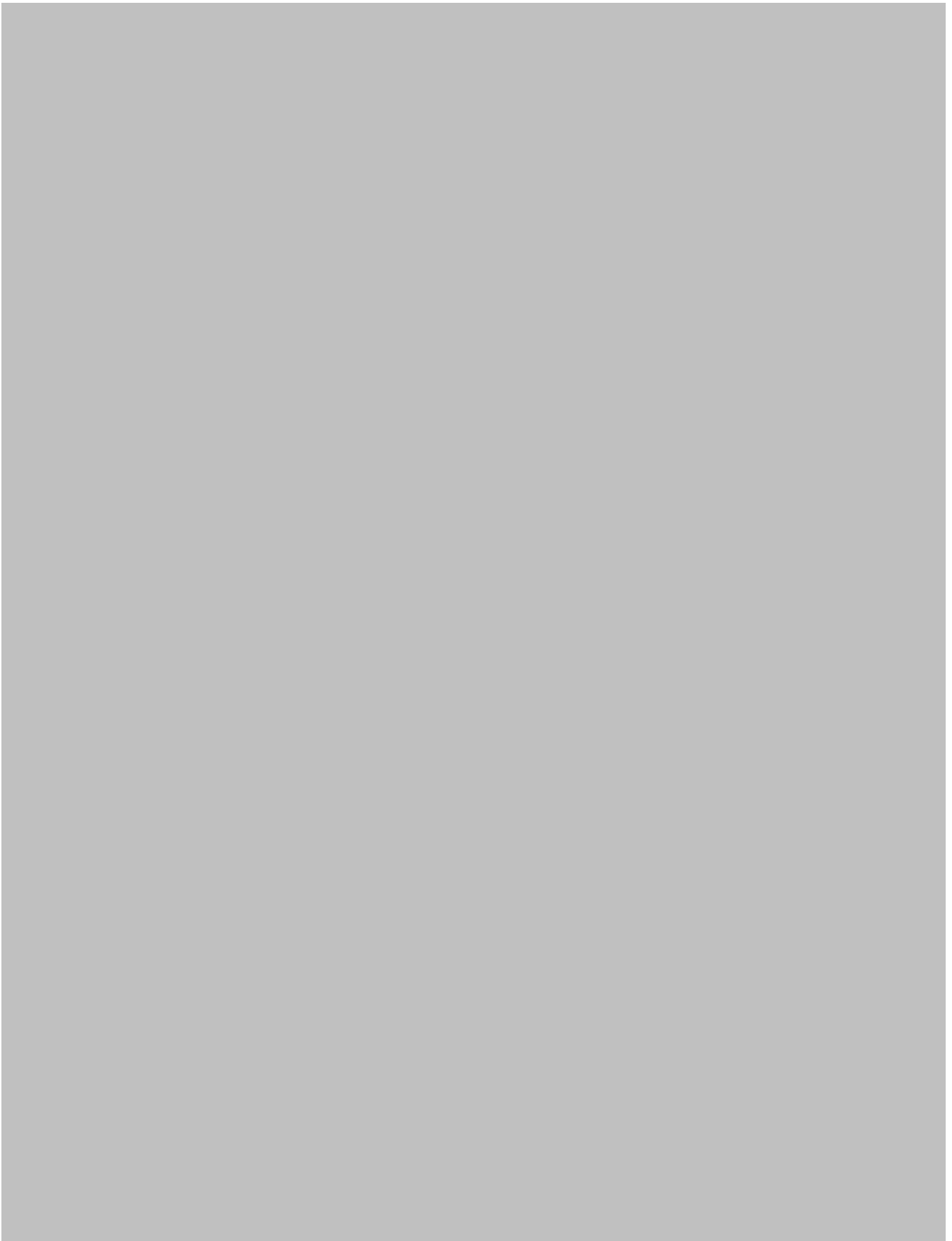
$$\Theta(\Theta) \rightarrow \Theta(\Psi) \rightarrow \Theta(\Phi) \rightarrow \Psi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Psi(\Psi) \rightarrow \Psi(\Phi) \rightarrow \Phi(\Theta) \rightarrow \Phi(\Psi) \rightarrow \Phi(\Phi)$$

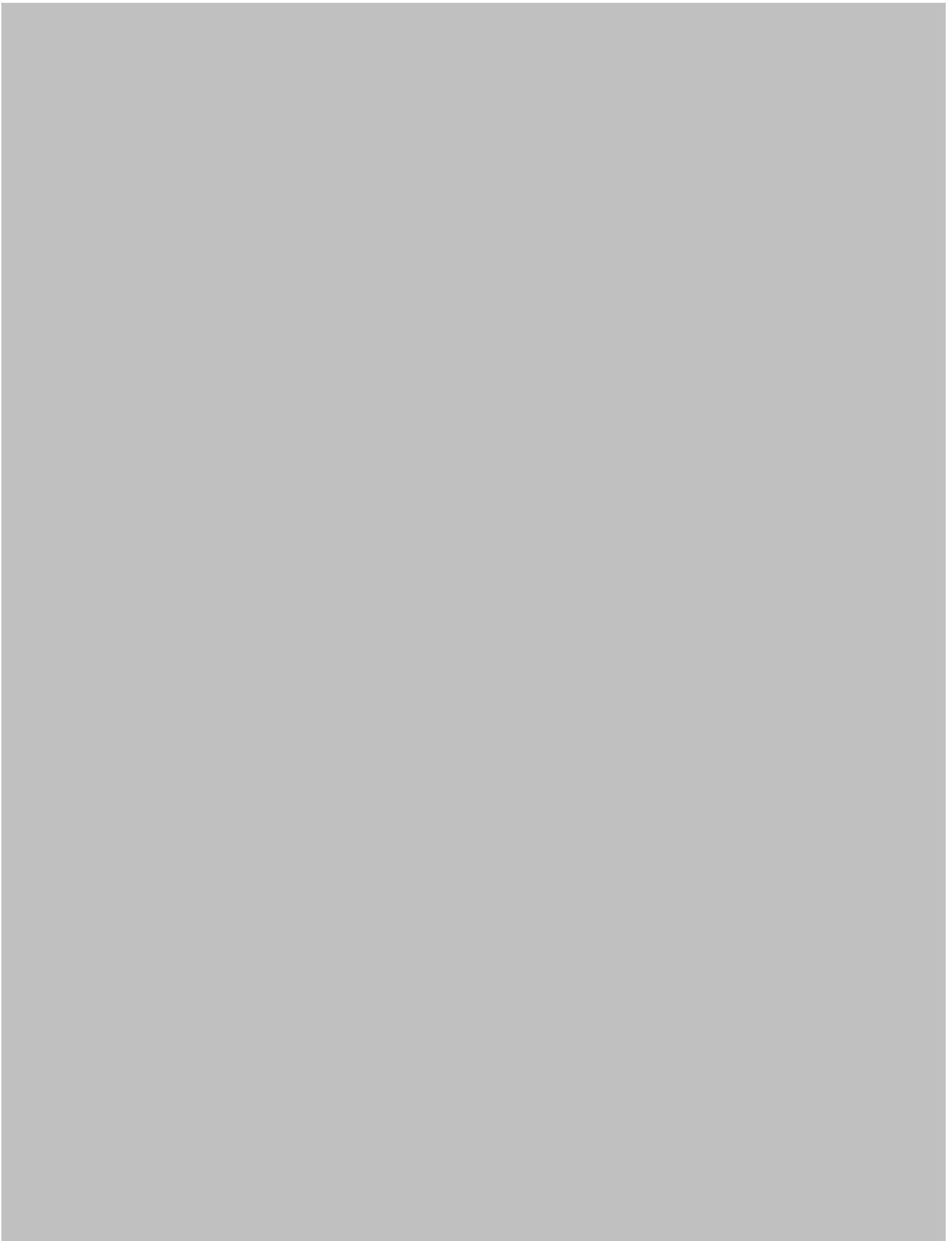
$$\underbrace{\Theta(\Phi); \Psi(\Phi); \Phi(\Phi)}_{\epsilon\phi}$$











I - kīa :

In terms of the consciousness of an individual (since ϕ, ϵ, λ , for kīa represents consciousness) the pieces are:

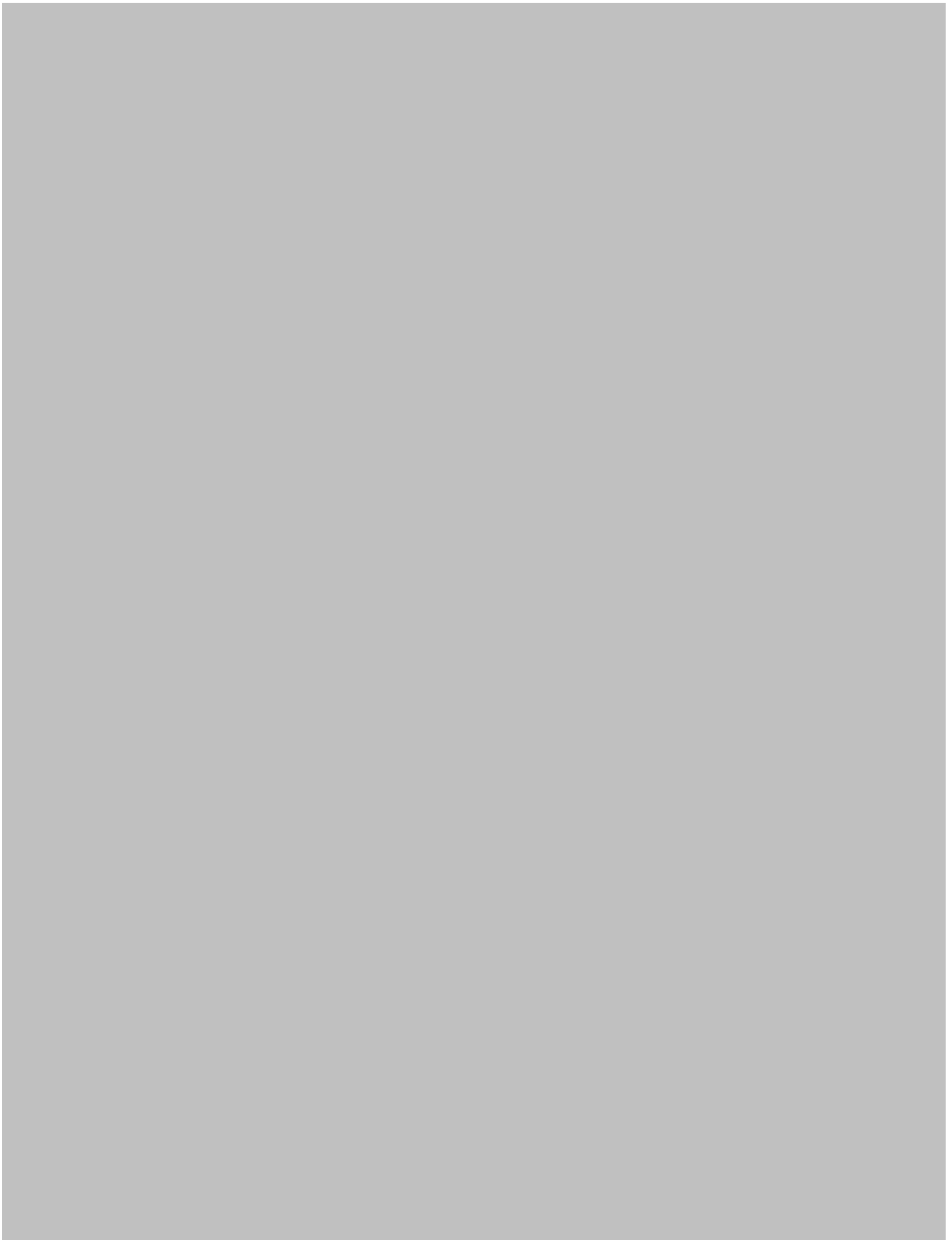
- $\ominus(\ominus)$ Extravert Feeling type
- $\ominus(\int)$ " Intuitive
- $\ominus(\&)$ " Thinking
- $\int(\ominus)$ Introvert Feeling
- $\int(\int)$ " Intuitive
- $\int(\&)$ " Thinking
- $\&(\ominus)$ Master of Temple/Mistress of Earth
- $\&(\int)$ Magus/Moussa
- $\&(\&)$ Homo Galactica

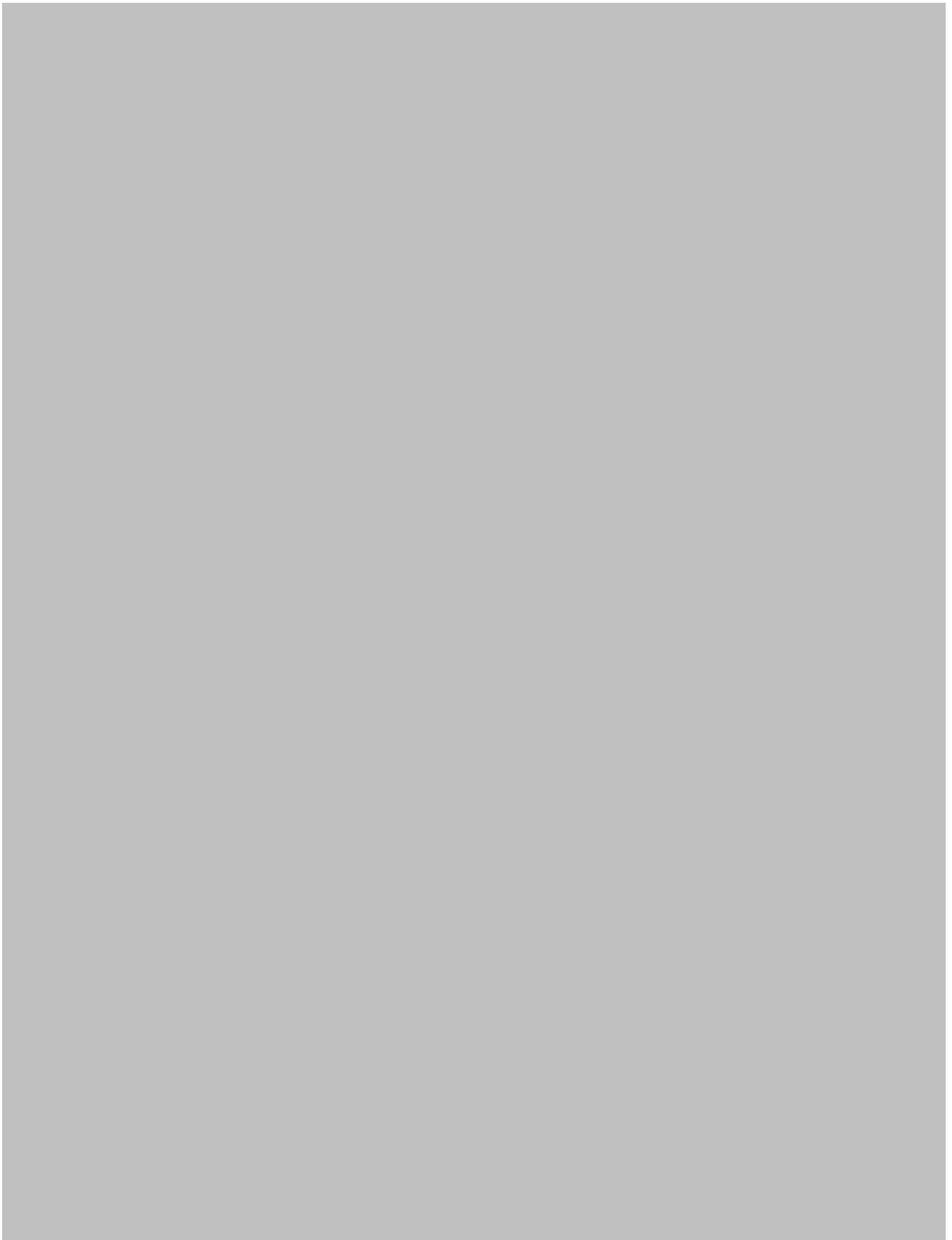
$\ominus()$ describes 'ego' consciousness; $\int()$ 'self' consciousness, and $\&$ 'adeptship' - that is, beyond individuation - the ϵ^{\wedge} goal of kīa .

Development of consciousness implies an increase of ϕ elements in a particular kīa .

To represent a particular $\kappa; \alpha$ by the placing of pieces (in order, for example, to work magick upon that particular $\kappa; \alpha$) the operator must first assess the character of the $\kappa; \alpha$ using the septenary correspondences as a basis. In order to do this accurately, it helps if various facts about the $\kappa; \alpha$ in question are known - such as particular interests, whether any involvement in 'esoteric' groups and so on.

Character is assessed through determining the psychological type of the individual in accordance with the above table then finding appropriate 'Tarot' images linked to the type of consciousness represented by the character.





Adepts understand since the esoteric ethos is the essence hidden by the exoteric ethos and is often revealed via 'the Abyss').

It is important to understand that the most important and practical aspect of an Aeon is the associated higher civilization - magickal Aeonics workings shape the ethos of this during the transition period between the ending of one Aeon and the beginning of another. During this time, however, the energies of the old Aeon produce the last transformation of the $\kappa_c \alpha$: the $\Theta(\Theta)_c$ stage, which is usually an Imperium, often military in extent and form of power.

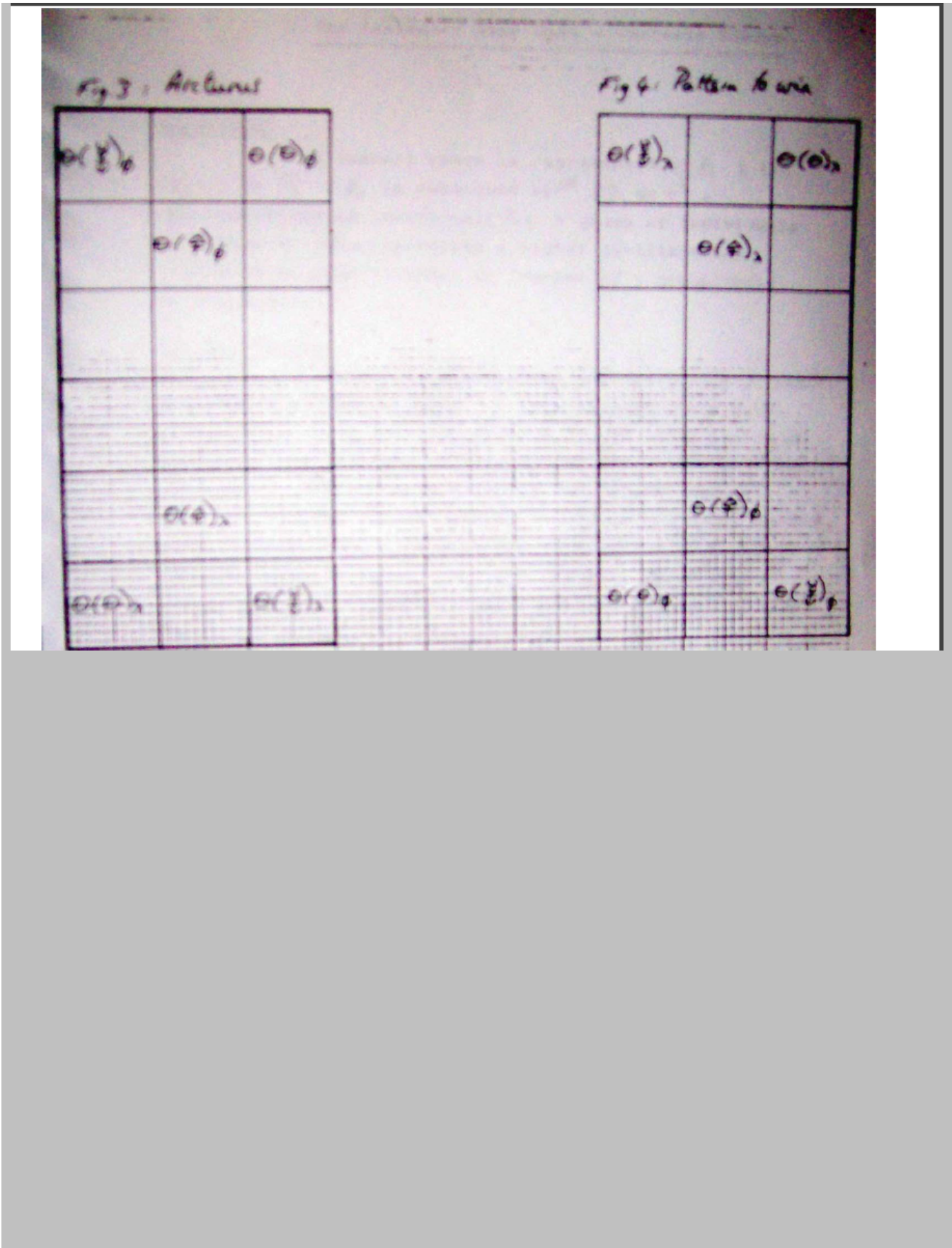
Hitherto, Aeonics workings - when they have been undertaken at all - have concentrated on opening the Gate that presences the power of a new Aeon. Yet it is possible to extend by such workings a $\kappa_c \alpha$ into the Φ stages. For the present, this implies the end of the Western as c.3090 AD instead of 2390 AD. This is the first time in history that such a change is possible, since heretofore the process of Aeonics change has not been consciously understood by Adepts - its was approached mainly via

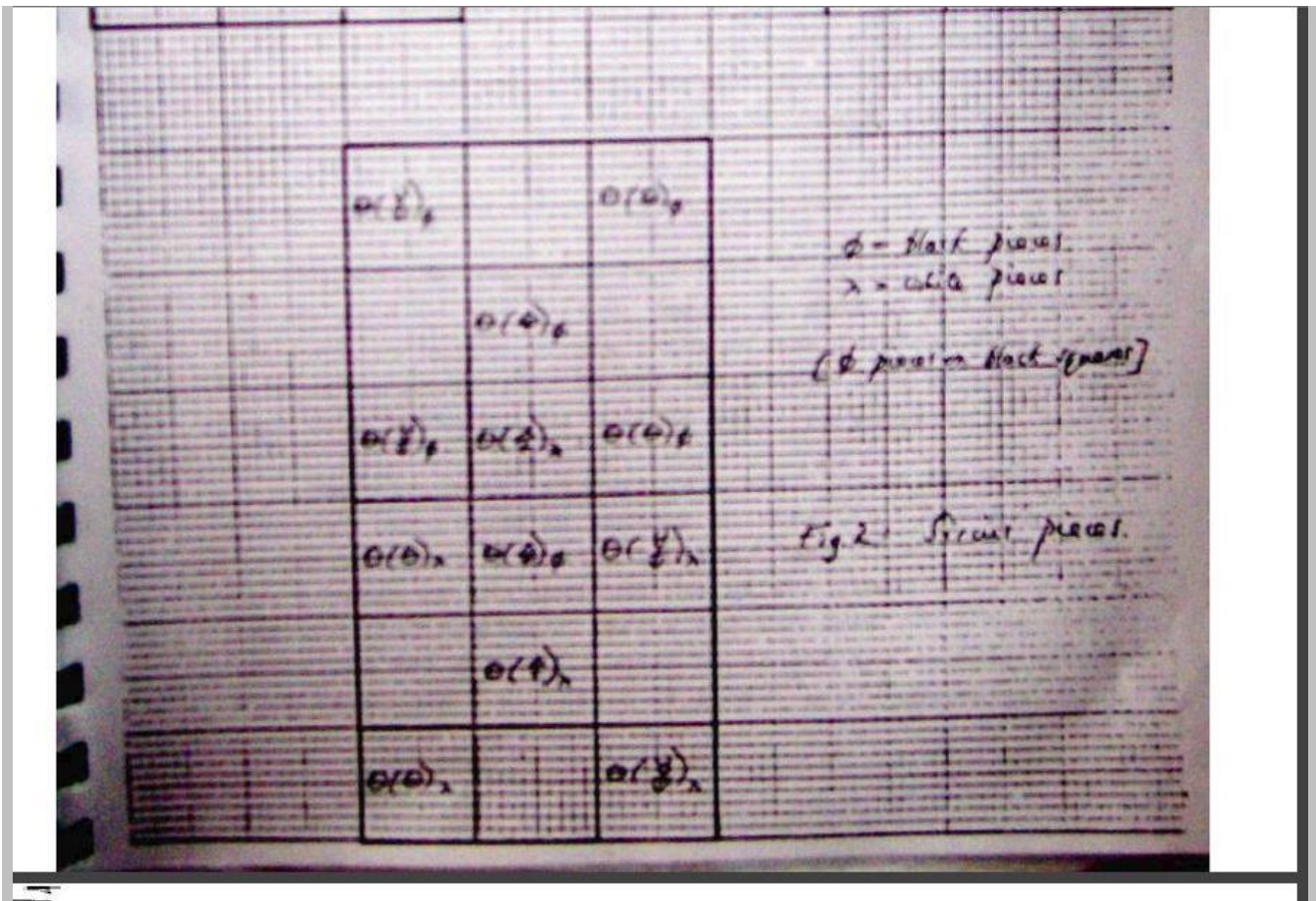
mythological symbolism. It is through the abstract symbolism of the Star Game that full control is possible.

$$\delta^\phi t_c u = \xi(\phi)_c \rightarrow \theta(\phi)_c \rightarrow \psi(\phi)_c$$

$$\delta^\phi \delta^\lambda = \psi(\xi)_c \rightarrow \psi(\theta)_c : \text{"opening of a gate"}$$

$$\delta_i^\phi(g) = \sum_{\lambda=1}^{n-7} \beta(\mu) [\epsilon_{(\mu)_a}^\lambda] \delta^\phi \quad \text{where } g = \epsilon_{(\mu)_a}^\lambda$$







The Star Game Archive

Part Two - The Advanced (Esoteric) Star Game

Further Notes Regarding The Esoteric Form of The Star Game

As mentioned in ONA MSS such as *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism* (aka *The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way*) and in the section *The Rite of The Star Game* in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, The Star Game is one of the principle means of developing acausal-knowing (a.k.a. acausal-thinking) and is also a powerful if esoteric Dark Art.

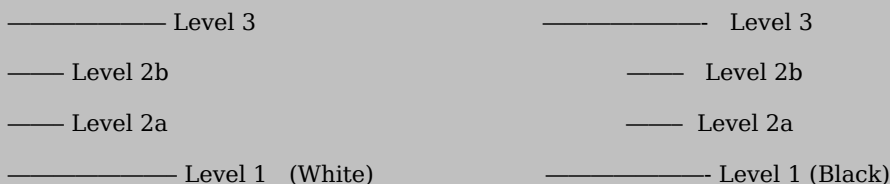
The term The Esoteric Star Game (ESG) is used here to refer to what has been described, in MSS such as *Naos*, as the advanced form of The Star Game (TSG), as distinct from the simple (training) form. In truth, the simple form – as described in MSS such as *Naos* – was devised as a basic neophyte and Initiate level introduction to the Star Game proper, enabling the fundamental esoteric concepts of TSG to be understood, and enabling some insight into acausal- thinking itself.

The simple form of TSG has seven boards, and only 27 pieces per side (player; causal/acausal aspect), with each of these boards consisting of nine black and nine white squares. This simple form can be played merely as a mundane (if somewhat complex) game, according to rules given in *Naos*, although Initiates are expected to refine these rules as they gain experience.

The complete esoteric SG – full details of which are given in other ONA MSS, including facsimile editions of *Naos* – has seven main boards (nexions) – arranged in a hierarchical spiral, as in the training version – with each of these main boards having six (minor) boards (three at each end), and there being additional pieces (more sets of nine for each player: often 81 pieces per player; sometimes more), with additional rules regarding movement.

Furthermore, there are three forms of the Complete ESG – all of which have three additional levels (small boards) above the main board (level 1) but which differ in the number of squares and the placing of these small (or minor) upper boards.

In the first form, the additional levels (boards) of each one of the main seven boards are:



Level three consists of six squares, three white and three black; level 2b is a single square; level 2a is the same as level three: three black and three white squares. Note that level 3 in this form is set directly above the other levels. In the second form of the ESG, level 3 is set outward, so that it is not protruding above levels 1 and 2, and consists of only 2 squares.

In the third and the standard form – as described in a diagram on p.213 of the facsimile pdf version of *Naos* – level 2b (described therein as level 3 out of 4) is of one square only and is set outward, between the inward levels 2a (described in *Naos* as level 2) and 3 (described in *Naos* as level 4).

These differences are quite minor, and are designed to show Adepts, and beyond, how an alteration of certain aspects of a particular causal-metric (re-presented by a main board and the number, type and placing of the minor

boards) affects, or can affect, a nexion or nexions, and thus acausal energies, and the interaction between nexions. Thus, the Adept discovers, for themselves, which if any of these three re-presentations is the most efficacious in terms of re-presenting a nexion, nexions in general, and which if any is the most efficacious in developing acausal-knowing and when used to bring and presence acausal energy.

Construction of the Complete Esoteric Star Game

The ESG was designed to be a physically large structure – to occupy a certain amount of causal Space – so that the Adept or Adepts (the player or players) have to physically move around it in order to see all the boards and pieces, and in order to move the pieces. In addition, in the majority of constructions so far, the Adept or Adepts using the ESG, has to use some form of steps in order to reach the top main boards.

Thus, the ESG, as currently existing and as constructed and used in past decades, is a sizeable construction, previously most often made of wood, but now occasionally made using steel for both the boards and the supports holding the boards, and which boards, in some steel constructed version, are cantilevered out from the supports.

In addition, in order to accommodate the three forms briefly outlined above, the minor boards (or sub-levels) of the seven major boards are designed to be removable, with replacement minor boards, of the required type, being available.

Given the esoteric nature of the ESG, and the complexity of its physical construction, it is therefore not surprising that membership of the ESG club is exclusive and elitist, particularly as most individuals interested in or even associated with The Order of Nine Angles cannot be bothered to construct, and learn, the simple form of TSG, let alone the ESG, and particularly as few of the individuals who have assiduously read many ONA MSS have not even noticed that there are three forms of the ESG.

Furthermore, although the ESG, and thus the simple form of TSG, were designed in an era when the only (digital and commercial) computers were IBM type mainframes using punched cards and magnetic reel tape, no computer version of TSG has so far been developed, although such a computerized version, while it might make TSG itself more popular, is esoterically undesirable, for reasons which Adepts will understand. For the very physical construction of the ESG is a personal challenge in itself, just as using a large physical ESG is a type of esoteric ritual in itself, and the overcoming of this personal challenge (which takes a certain amount of causal Time) combined with physically using such a structure in an esoteric way, is a prerequisite to joining what is probably one of the most elitist sinister cabals currently presented on this planet we humans call Earth.

Anton Long

AoB

Order of Nine Angles

121 Year of Feyen

Revision 1.03

Advanced Star Game

Images From Naos

Advanced Star Game

The advanced Star Game consists of the seven boards as in the septenary version - together with the same number and distribution of pieces - but each of the seven boards consists of 4 levels:

The first level of each board consists of the ordinary 18 black and white square board. The second level has eight squares with 4 on either side consisting of 3 squares in a row and 1 in front. The third level consists of one square, and the fourth level of 4 squares. These levels are on both sides of the board as in the illustration.

Thus each board (which represents a sphere of the septenary) has 18 squares plus 26, making 44 in all. There are thus 308 squares in total in the advanced game. Further, there are some additional pieces, as described below.

This version of the game is a complete and full representation of the septenary system: each board represents the connections or pathways between the levels or spheres. For instance, the black squares on the first level (9 squares) together with the squares on levels 2 and 4 (8 plus 4 squares) are the acausal paths or connections from that sphere to all the other spheres. The other side of the board (the 9 white squares on the first level plus the 12 squares of levels 2 and 4) represent the causal connections from that sphere. In one sense the causal connections are the 'outgoing' connections (or exits) and the acausal 'incoming' connections (or entrances) to the pathways (or tunnels). The two squares of level 3 (one on each side of the board - again representing the acausal and causal aspects) are 'null squares'. These null squares represent the connection to the Abyss - that is, they symbolize the random element always present. In the actual

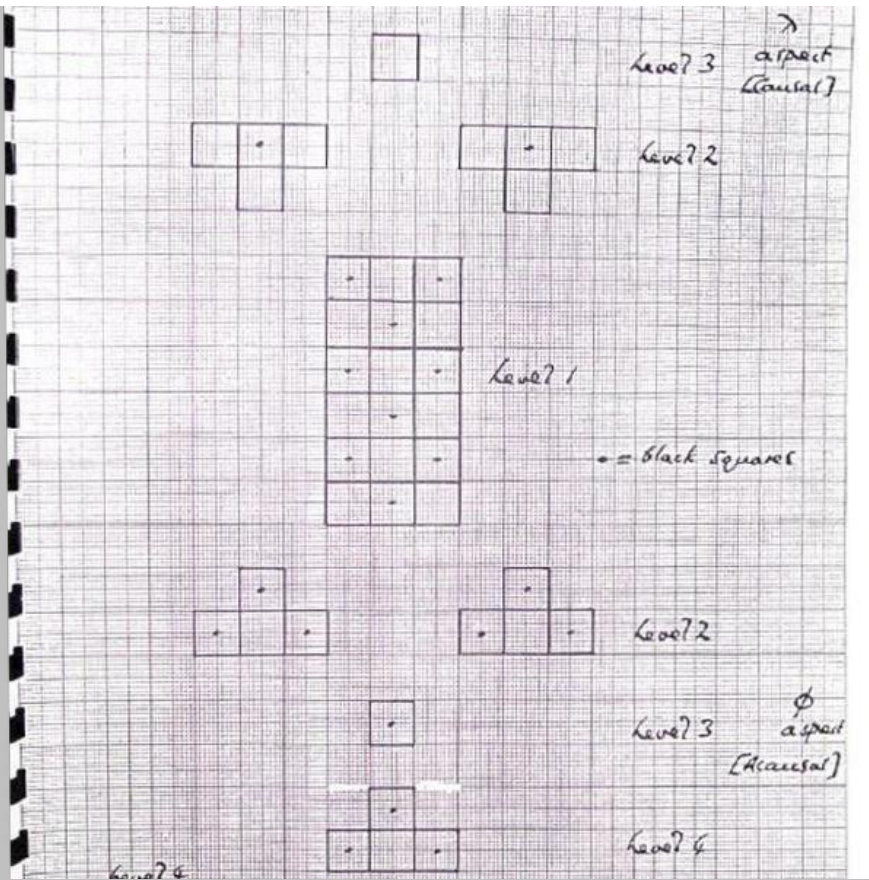
Galt 1976a

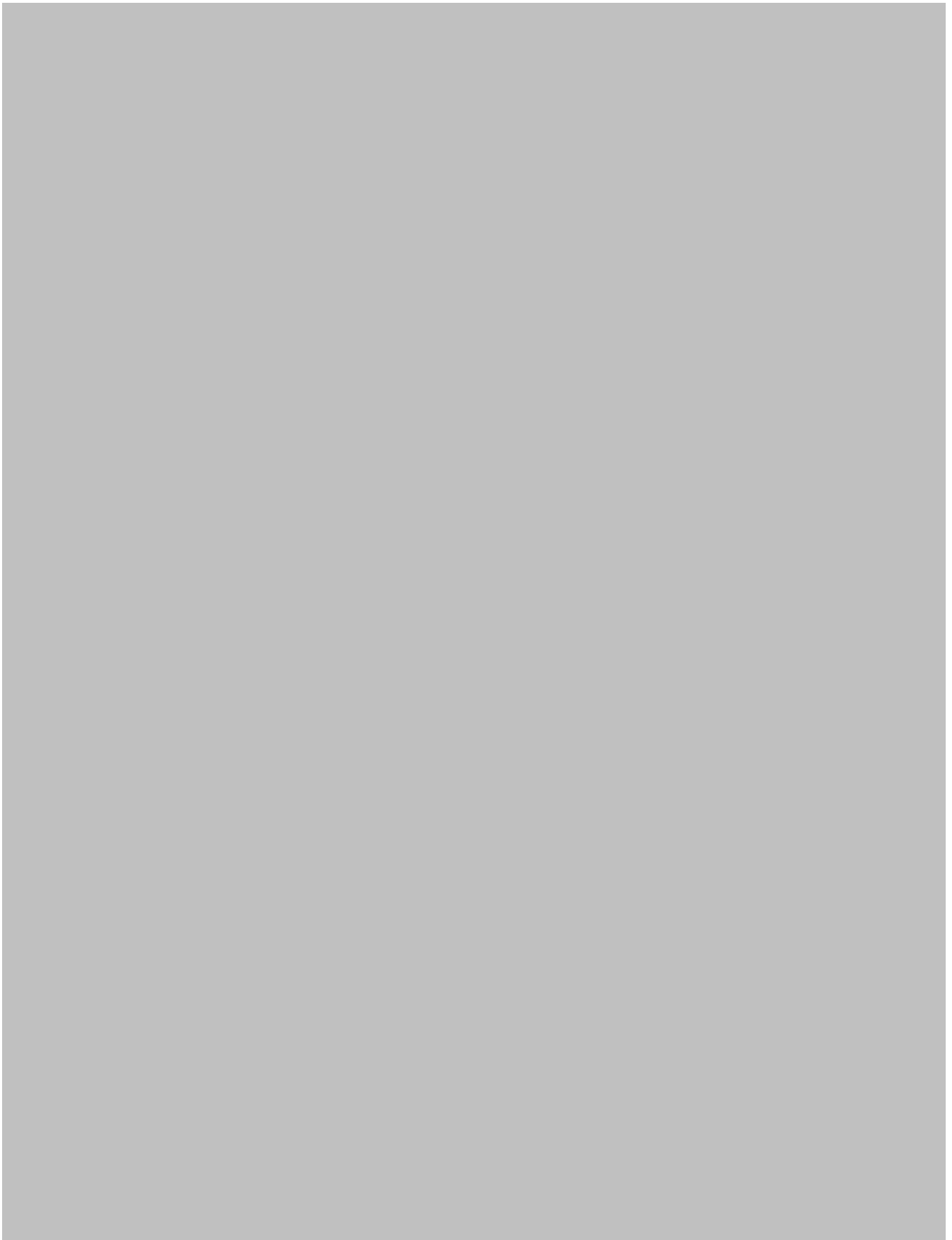
level 3 (one on each side of the board - again representing the acausal and causal aspects) are 'null squares'. These null squares represent the connection to the Abyss - that is, they symbolize the random element always present. In the actual playing of the advanced game these squares are important - any piece which is placed on them is automatically changed into another piece selected at random. This random selection is done by a process determined before the game starts by the player or players: the most favoured method being to choose, without looking, from the spare pieces. This choice is done by the player whose piece has moved to the square. The chosen piece can be either white or black, and a piece on a null square - once it has been changed at random - can move to other squares according to what type of piece it is. Thus, a \ominus piece could move up or down one level only, while a \oplus piece could move to any vacant square on any level or board. To facilitate the random choice, a complete spare set of pieces is kept for this specific purpose and these pieces are used for this purpose only. Thus, as the game progresses, the choice of pieces becomes more limited.

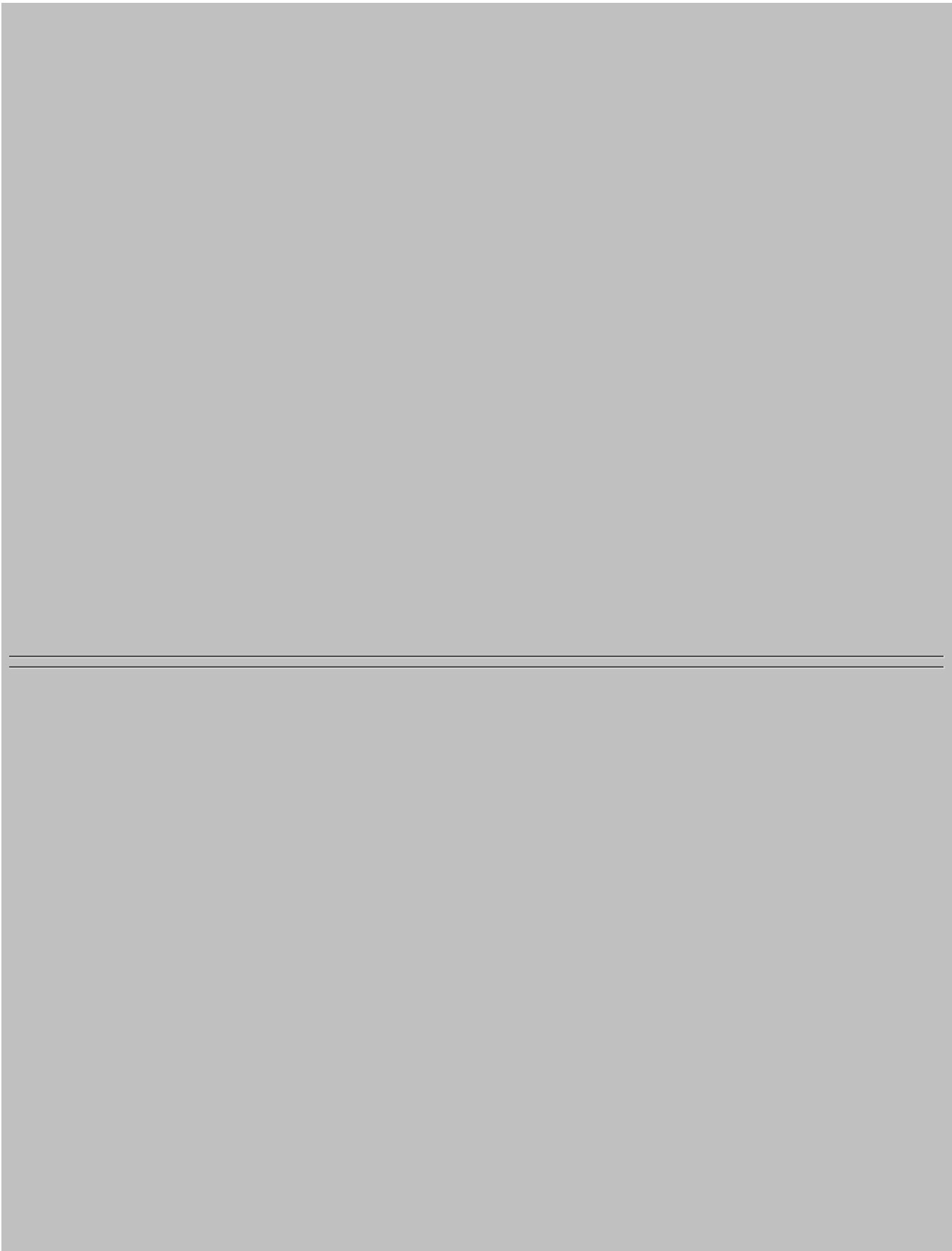
Pieces:

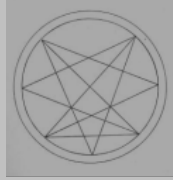
There are two extra sets of all nine pieces for each player making thus five sets for white and five sets for black. Hence, over the 308 squares there are 90 pieces.

Three sets are placed for each player (or 'side') as in the septenary game. The two additional sets are placed as









The Star Game Archive

Part Three - Further Notes and Diagrams

Images From Naos

$$\Theta(\Theta) \rightarrow \Theta(\text{☯}) \rightarrow \Theta(\text{☰}) \rightarrow \text{☯}(\Theta) \rightarrow \text{☯}(\text{☯}) \rightarrow \text{☯}(\text{☰})$$

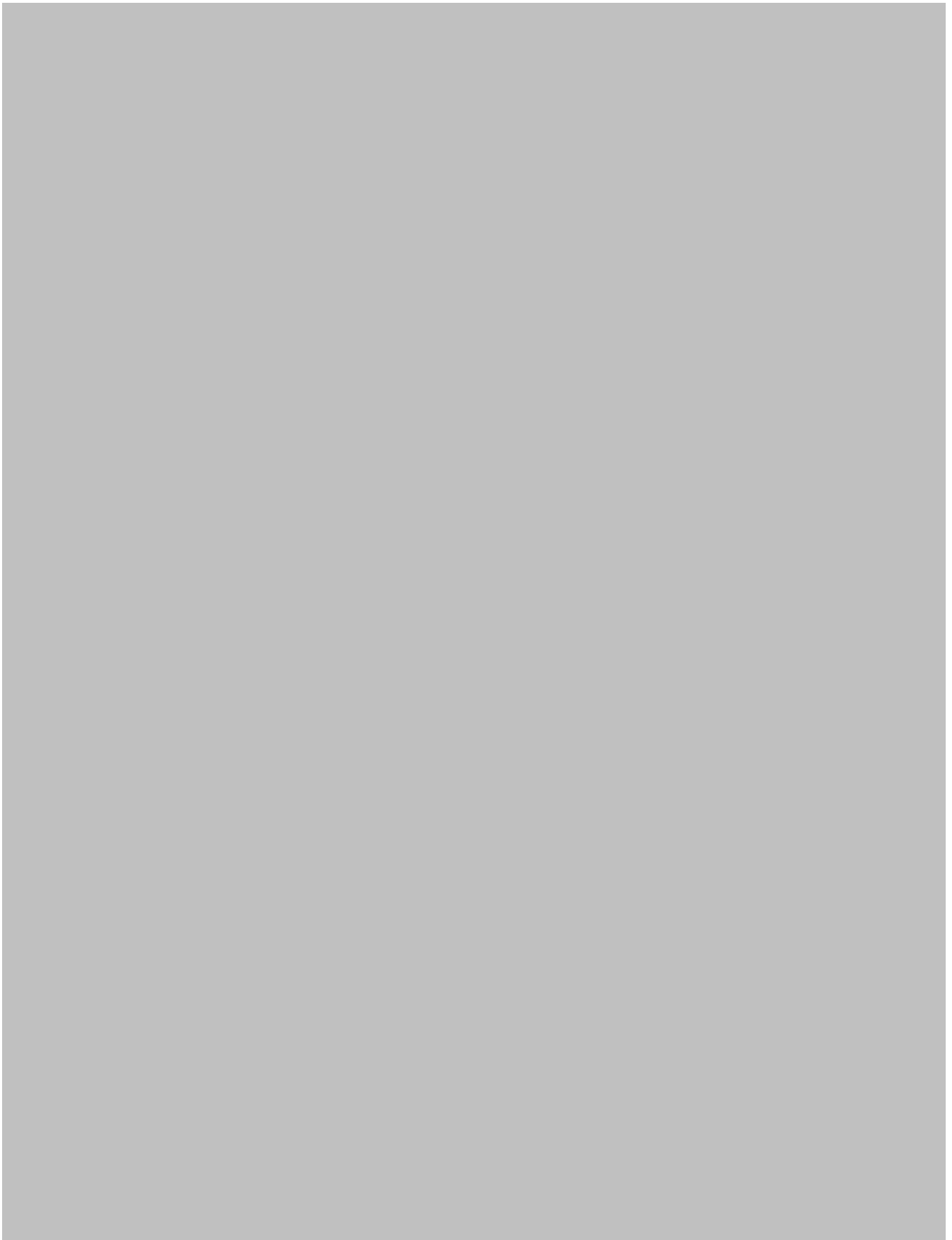
$$\rightarrow \text{☰}(\Theta) \rightarrow \text{☰}(\text{☯}) \rightarrow \text{☰}(\text{☰})$$

This transformation simply expresses the evolution of consciousness (for $\kappa;u$) or the progression of Aeons (for $\kappa_e u$) since ☰ is often regarded as the synthesis beyond thesis (☯) and antithesis - the Tao beyond the Yang (☳) and the Yin (Θ).

For $\kappa;u$ this transformation is the seven-fold way - the journey from Initiate via Adept to Immortal. For $\kappa_e u$, it is the evolution of our species - from the first Aeon (often called the pre-hyperborean) to the present Aeon. The seven Aeons - according to traditional Satanism - are listed below.

From a magickal point of view, the septenary and its associated symbolism both exoteric and esoteric, enables (1) insight and understanding into both ϕ and λ , and also shows how ϕ energies may be directed to change λ : in (2) terms of $\kappa;u$ and (3) $\kappa_e u$. The Star Game may be used to bring about such changes according to the desire of the magickian (see Chapter IV).

(1) is essentially internal magick; (2) is external



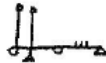
convey the necessary symbolism in an inspiring way.

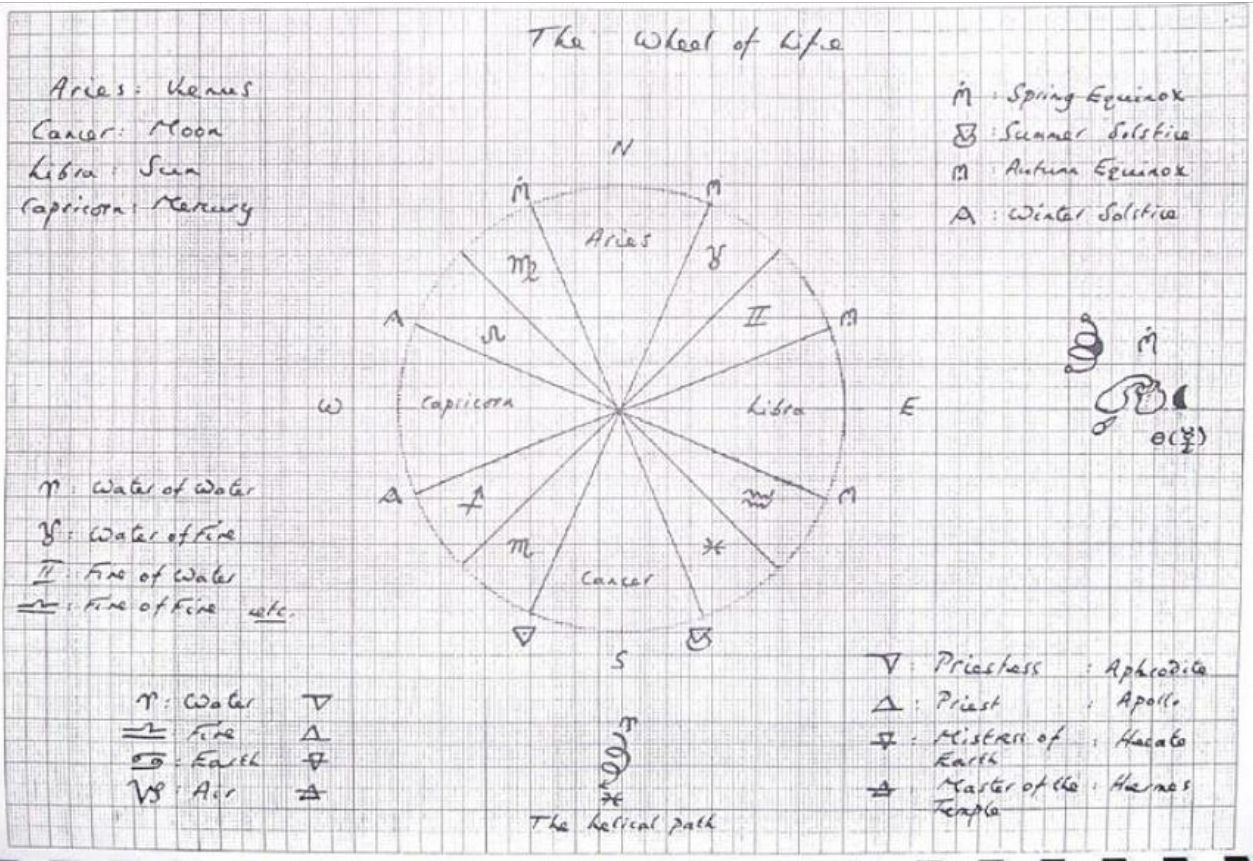
Star Game:

On the individual level, the septenary Star Game represents in abstract symbols, the archetypal forms of the spheres and the pathways - in both their causal and acausal aspects. This enables apprehension of the appropriate energies as those energies are: i.e. in their 'chaotic' essence (unbound by the illusion of 'opposites' - opposites implicit in all language and 'words'/names). This apprehension is one of the fundamental aims of the Internal Adept.

(Note: The 'advanced form' of the Game with its null squares is a more complete representation - i.e. an accurate one. However, understanding of this form is usually only possible after mastery of the septenary version (such mastery being in itself quite difficult). In all probability, in the future Adepts will be able to master the advanced form without first attempting the septenary form.)

In general, what the Tarot is to an Initiate and External Adept, the Star Game is to the Internal Adept.





**Restricted - For Internal Circulation Only
Not for Publication**

AoB

Warriors of The Dark Way



**Part One
Life and Acausal Forming**

The Secret of Acausal Forming

The *ikhwani wa akhawati* of the esoteric association known as **AoB** - whose full name will not be given here - accept and affirm that our brief mortal life in the causal continuum is an opportunity, never to arise again, for we human beings to transcend to the acausal continuum, in which realm we shall acquire, by the very nature of that acausal realm being a-causal, an immortal existence. There, in that realm, the physical, fragile, organic body which encased the acausal energy and the consciousness that was the essence of our mortal living will be no more, freeing us to be a new type of acausal being; a being of pure acausal energy, timeless, and able to travel without effort and without causal Time within the vastness of the Cosmos itself.

But this new type of existence is not given to us or awarded to us by any being - causal or acausal; rather, it is achieved, or can be achieved, by us, if we live and, in particular, if we die in the right way. If it is not achieved, by us, then our causal mortal body dies, and the acausal energy that animated it - and which was the source of our consciousness, as a living, individual human being, becomes unformed, un-patterned, and simply seeps back into the realms of the acausal, with all trace of *us* having been dissipated. This unforming of us happens because it is in the nature of un-controlled acausal energy, presented in a human body, to do this; it is just the way such energy works, when there is no constraint - no outside force - to control, contain, shape, and maintain a pattern with and from it.

The real innermost secret of all genuine Dark Arts, over centuries of causal-earthly-Time, has been how to do this - how to control, contain, shape, and maintain a pattern with and from the acausal energy that lives within us, as one individual human being; which type of energy is, in essence, the very essence of our very mortal life.

This was the secret that alchemists of all ages have sought - from the time of Ancient Egypt, to the Sages of the Tao, to the Alchemists of the Bayt-ul-Hikmah, to the alchemists of medieval Europe and beyond. Thus did such seekers come to feel, or to comprehend, or to realize that it was acausal energy that animated our bodies, that was important, although they gave this animating force many diverse and different names. But few, if any, of these types of seekers found the secret of how to control, contain, shape, and maintain a pattern with and from this energy, to thus enable them to go where few, if any, humans had ever gone before - to thus journey into the infinite realms of those dark acausal spaces that came to haunt so many of their mortal dreams.

But the secret is with us, the **AoB**, and has been, for a while. The secret of how we, as individuals, may in the moments before our mortal, causal, dying - and in our living before that - prepare ourselves so that our acausal energy is contained, saved, patterned as it should be patterned so that our essence - including our very consciousness - can pass back from whence it originally came to give us life and to keep our bodies growing, changing, and alive. But pass back changed - changed by us; evolved by us, by our very way of mortal living, so that what returns to the acausal realms of pure undefiled darkness is an evolved and new type of being, born, created by us by our very way of causal life and by our manner of causal dying.

Thus do we consciously pattern - form, evolve - the acausal energy that we are gifted with, that is already presented in us, as living mortal human beings. The secret is thus the way, the means, the how, of such acausal forming, and this

way, the means, lives in The Dark Way of the **AoB**.

We are of and are called to The Dark Way because we identify with, and we yearn for, the acausal spaces - the acausal realms - themselves, which are, to us humans, Dark; beyond the illumination we know from our star, the Sun, and beyond the artificial illumination we have manufactured to light our brief mortal living on this planet we named Earth. We are Dark, here, because it is where we can go - where we can transcend to if we live and die in the right way - where *we are* the very illumination that lives there; we are, we become, the very light that travels, traverses, that lives - immortal - within the pure undefiled darkness of the dark acausal spaces. We become acausal stars - Galaxies of stars - travelling where we will among the infinite darkness, bringing into being by our very travelling, our very existence there, new life - both causal and acausal and in both the realms of the causal and acausal spaces. Thus do we, thus can we, become of those Dark Immortals - the Immortals of the dark acausal realms, and thus can we seed the darkness of both causal and acausal with our immortal living light, bringing thus, causing thus, being-thus, evolution itself.

The Way, The Means

There is nothing very complicated about the way, the means, of acausal forming - of developing, of evolving and of holding onto at the moment of our causal death our developed acausal energy. It is just that the way, the means, are founded upon an understanding and acceptance of the nature of such things as causal, acausal; of how and why life is a nexion between the two; of how certain types of human beings - by their ways and their abstractions - are detrimental to us and our own Way; and it is the understanding and acceptance of all this which many find difficult.

But we do not proselytize; others find us, if they can. And if they do not understand or will not accept our way, our means, our philosophy, then we do not care, for the loss is theirs alone. [An outline of the philosophy of The Dark Way is given in Part Two, below.]

The Way is simply to live as if one is already There - in those acausal realms; the Way is to live yearning, desiring for an immortal existence there; to see, to feel, this our brief decayful mortal life as the means it is and can be; a mere beginning and not the end, and certainly not the meaning, itself. The Way is to live exulting, knowing one is ready for the nexion that mortal death is. The Way is to live seeking ever after more - more challenges, more exultation of

living, more mortal danger - knowing feeling death for the mortal nexion it is. The Way is to accept that the immolation of one's self by some exulting deed full of acausal purpose is one means by which the death-nexion may be passed...

The means are simply how the above may be found, attained, remembered, made real in a practical way, on a daily basis, within the life of those *ikhwani wa akhawati* of the esoteric association known as the **AoB**.

One particular means is by remembering the acausal being, Baphomet, known to us according to our tradition as the archetypal symbol, the living acausal essence, of our Way, for She is the Dark, violent, entity, the essence of acausal living - the real fecund Mistress of our Earth - who gave us life in this temporary causal mortal realm, and it was and it is to Her, our Mistress-Wife-and-Lover, that bloody sacrifices were and are made, since such sacrifices, such cullings, free such acausal energy as we may make good use of, in both our living, and through our dying, for such energy from such a means is one way of opening that death-nexion that can lead us to our new immortal way of life.

Thus have the *ikhwani wa akhawati* of the esoteric association known as **AoB** chosen and prefer one such particular means of culling to aid us through that final Gate, and thus do we choose, as offer, or as offers, those opposed to our Way - such as Yahud and those in thrall or obedient to or who are lackeys of, their Magian way. For it is from Yahud that the Magian ethos, and the de-evolutionary abstractions that currently blight us, derive.

Acausal Visions and The Causal Abstractions of the Magian

For well over a thousand years, human life on this planet has suffered from the sickness of human manufactured causal abstractions, bringing a de-evolution instead of our evolution into higher beings. For it is such human manufactured causal abstractions that denude us of acausal energy and which increasingly prevent us from living - and from dying - in the correct way needed to pattern our own indwelling acausal energy.

Such manufactured causal abstractions are tyrannical, because those behind them and those using them, seek control - of us, our lives, as human beings; of the resources of our planet Earth, and even control of our visions, our dreams of being more than we are. In place of our acausal vision of evolving humans, we have a materialistic way based on the slavery of usury, on mandatory taxation, and on impersonal governments who rule by means of tyrannical laws

and hordes of dishonourable cowardly bullies they deign to call "Police". In place of the honourable code of the warrior, they have the code of the safety of the mundane. Instead of the excellence of our natural warrior aristocracy - of chiefs and clans - they have the plebeian democracy of mundanes.

Acausal energy is darkly numinous, the very essence of evolving, changing, exulting Life and of a warrior human living. In contrast, the Magian way is the way of enervation, of restriction - by laws, by abstractions, by the pursuit of mundane-ness.

Thus, the Dark-Numen - the essence of our Dark Way - stands directly and violently opposed to the abstractions of the Magian and their lackeys, Homo Hubris, for in place of the opportunity to ascend to the acausal and live immortal in the infinite Cosmos, the Magian have given us the slavery of mundane Earthly-toil and the tyranny of the State.

Thus, we are at war with the Magian, with Yahud, and with any and all who support or who aid in whatever way the Magian ethos and its dishonourable, materialistic, abstractions, and we regard this war as a most excellent opportunity for our *ikhwani wa akhawati* to achieve the immortal goal of this, our Earthly-living.

Part Two The Philosophy of The Dark Way

The Fundamental Principles of The Dark Way

The fundamental philosophical principles of The Dark Way are: (1) that the Cosmos consists of a causal continuum and an acausal continuum; (2) that there exists two types of being [living and non-living], differentiated by whether or not these types of being possess, or manifest, what we acausal energy; (3) that acausal energy is what animates all life in the causal continuum; (4) that all living beings in the causal continuum are a nexion - a connexion - between the causal and the acausal; (5) the more complex, the

more organized, the causal life, the more acausal energy is presented in that life; (6) our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy; and (7) we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.

Causal space-time (the causal continuum) has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time (the acausal continuum) has n number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

The Dark Way postulates, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

The Philosophy of The Dark Way

To be a Way of Life, a philosophy should be able to effectively and rationally answer questions about the origin and meaning of life, and in particular be able to answer the question of what is the meaning, the purpose, of our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

The philosophy of The Dark Way answers that the meaning of our mortal causal lives is to evolve to become acausal beings in the acausal continuum. In addition, The Dark Way does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, were created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to The Dark Way, life evolved in a natural manner on this planet, from particular and finite beginnings that we as yet do not precisely understand, and that knowledge of the causal continuum - and thus knowledge about the origins and evolution of causal life - can be obtained through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic.

The Dark Way is therefore - in respect of seeking and gaining knowledge of the causal continuum - a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus

independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws.

However, The Dark Way also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and of the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that we possess underdeveloped faculties and abilities which enable us to sense, to begin to know, and/or to obtain intimations of, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of The Dark Way is that by developing these latent faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves, and that one means of so developing these faculties is by directly living as Dark Warrior, that is, by living and striving to die in a particular warrior way, fearless of our mortal death because we see such death as the acausal opportunity it is.

Life in the Acausal Continuum

According to The Dark Way, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum. These acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions.

Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such

acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, one of these acausal beings is Baphomet, the Dark Goddess of legend, who, as a shapeshifter when presented in the causal, is often depicted as a mature, beautiful human women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a young human man.

However, The Dark Way does not regard living acausal beings such as Baphomet as conventional "gods" or "goddesses", and thus does not regard them as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional, mundane, religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as visiting or future friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; or - in the case of Baphomet - as our lovers, or our potential lover. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful to us as a means of reference among ourselves. Hence, a name such as "Baphomet" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being.

Furthermore, the philosophy of The Dark Way neither assumes nor accepts that there is some supreme Being, some all-powerful deity, somewhere in or beyond The Cosmos. That is, we assert that a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Baphomet - our Dark One, our Lover - is not subservient

to some omnipotent God of the mundanes, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum, and someone whom we one day hope to meet when we transcend to the acausal.

The Meaning of The Existence of Baphomet

For the **AoB**, it is the individual warrior who by their way of life - by their following of The Dark Way - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal Magian-type thinking. For us, meaning, morality, law, and justice all reside in - and are manifest by - our Warrior Code of Honour and thus by our individual living, as warriors, for it is such honour, *our type of honour*, a living according to such honour, that can and which does directly presence the dark-numen and which thus gives us access to, and can increase, our own acausal energy.

Thus, The Dark Way is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, because it gives the individual direct access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing and an appreciation of such acausal beings as Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being. For, as mentioned above, Baphomet is our esoteric and archetypal symbol, the living acausal essence, of our Way,

This discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Baphomet exist - is a learning of our Dark Arts, manifest as our Dark Arts are, on Earth, in our warrior way of living and our warrior way of dying.

AoB

NexionZero

121 Year of Feyen



Footnotes:

(1) Acausal space-time is often referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos. The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".

**Appendix:
Our Warrior Code of Living**

The essence of our Way of Living is our distinct personal honour, and it is our honour which distinguishes us from the mundanes, from followers of the Magian ethos, from Yahud, from Nasara: from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds us, as *ikhwani wa akhawati* of the **AoB**.

As defined by our Dark-Numen, honour is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the acausal perspective, and aims, of our Dark Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, control, and evolve ourselves.

Honour thus defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, and for us - for our kind - our honour is more important than our own lives. It is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and

because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour - through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death - that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind - to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust - and often despise - all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; or to any follower of the Magian ethos, or to any Yahud, or to any Nasara; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, by any follower of the Magian ethos, by any Yahud, by any Nasara, and to be wary of these types of people at all times.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone - mundane, or one of our own kind - who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their

decision.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

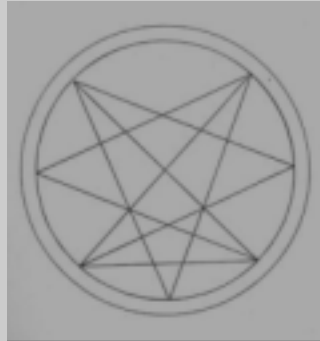
Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour and that of their *ikhwani wa akhawati*.

Our honourable duty - as *ikhwani wa akhawati* of the **AoB** who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour ("I swear by my honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and unworthy of us and our kind.

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Introduction

The aim of this archive - in five volumes, containing over 5,000 pages - is to present a selection of ONA texts in a convenient format. The texts range in date from 1983 CE to 2010 CE, and the selection should enable the curious, the academically-inclined, and the LHP seeker to obtain a reasonably accurate overview of the Order of Nine Angles, and also enable those so desirous to follow The Sinister Way of the ONA.

It should be borne in mind that some of the early texts (c. 1983-1993) may contain some japes, designed to test the dark-empathy, the esoteric skills, of the curious Occult seeker. For instance, deliberate misspellings; clues about the esoteric meaning behind what is written, and so on. In respect of such tests and japes, see, for instance, *The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown*, some interviews with Anton Long, and the texts such as *Legends, Myths, Tests - and Laughter*, and *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*. These early texts were part of the first stage of the ONA's century long strategy (qv. for example *Toward The Dark Formless Acausal*) and thus had an Aeonic intent, and should be understood in terms of this perspective.

Grimoire of Baphomet



According to Dark Tradition, Baphomet is a sinister acausal entity, depicted as a mature, human women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a young human man.

She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made. She - as one of The Dark Entities, as Vamperness of The Dark Gods (The Dark Immortals) - is also a shapeshifter who can presence in the causal dimensions and assume human form, and thus live among us here on Earth, and it was, traditionally, to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of our Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims

when a human culling was undertaken and when wars and conflict were brought forth or seeded through sinister sorcery.

Associated with Baphomet are other dark, female acausal entities, some of whom have existed, hidden, on Earth for millennia, and who maintain their causal, ageless, and secret, existence by feeding off the acausal life-force of their male human victims whom they entrap, and test, using sexual enchantment, and which victims die after all their life-force has been sucked away. These other entities are The Dark Daughters of Baphomet, and they - like their Mistress, The Mother of Blood, Baphomet - are thus, in a quite literal sense, beautiful, cultured, alluring but predatory vampires, whose needed and necessary food is not blood, but rather that acausal energy that animates human beings and makes them alive.

These vampiric beings - shapeshifted into alluring female human form - can spawn (and according to legend have spawned) half-human offspring if they so desire and if they find a suitable human male, as they can also gift that male, or other chosen human males or females, with the gift of a much extended mortal life in the realms of the causal, and can provide such chosen ones with the opportunity to egress into the acausal and thus life as immortal acausal entities, there.

According to aural Dark Tradition, there are several types - several different species - of sinister acausal entities, with Baphomet, and Her shapeshifting Daughters, being of one type, and having a certain nature, a particular character, a certain consciousness, when presented in the causal and so when in-dwelling in human form. One other, more primal, more primitive, acausal species is known to us, and when beings of this particular species are presented on Earth, in human form or otherwise, they act, behave, live, quite differently from Baphomet and Her kin, for these more primal savage beings are as demons who causally live only to unthinkingly consume human lives so that, once satiated, they may be returned to the darkness of their acausal home.

Sinister Tradition speaks of The Dark Gods as specific living entities - living-beings of a particular acausal species - who exist in the realms of the acausal continuum, with some of these entities having been presented, via various nexions, on Earth in our distant past. Once, at the dawn of our consciousness as human beings, some of these acausal entities came forth to Earth through a physical nexion, which nexion most probably existed on this planet, Earth. There has been much speculation about, and some legends regarding, the location of this physical nexion. There has also been speculation about, and

some aural legends regarding, how long these dark acausal entities stayed, in our causal Time and Space, and much speculation regarding why they left, with one aural legend asserting that a few of them have, as shapeshifters, survived and hidden themselves among us, feeding, waiting for the stars to be aligned aright again and for sinister Adepts to bring forth their kin.

Sinister Tradition has preserved several means - various dark rituals, ceremonies, and rites - whereby some or many of these acausal, sinister, entities can be brought back to (presenced on) this planet which we human beings call Earth.

This Grimoire gives the three most effective of these sinister rituals, ceremonies, and rites, complete with esoteric details deliberately omitted from hitherto published versions (such as in published versions of *The Ceremony of Recalling*), which omitted esoteric details were formerly only revealed aurally within existing sinister nexions, Temples or groups. Also given is a rite by means of which an individual human being can acquire for themselves an acausal - immortal - existence in the acausal continuum.



Order of Nine Angles

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Note: The Ceremony of Recalling is the sinister ritual most often associated, past and present, with invoking Baphomet, and The Dark Daughters of Baphomet, and is one of the most effective means of presencing acausal entities.

THE CEREMONY OF RECALLING

Participants:

Mistress of Earth - in white robes, wearing a quartz necklace

Master of the Temple - in black robes

Priestess - in a red robe tied with a white sash

Guardian of the Temple - in a black robe, with a white mask

Priest ("The Chosen One"/Opfer) - in a white robe

Congregation - in red robes

Preparations:

The night before the ritual the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water, egg, honey, animal fat and marijuana.

An hour before the ritual the Priestess and the Guardian lead the Priest to a place where he ritually bathes (if possible this should be a lake or a stream if the ritual is undertaken outdoors) and changes into his robe. The Priestess gives him cakes which he eats.

The congregation wait outside the Temple (or Temple area if outdoors - see notes) and the Guardian leads the Priest toward them. The Priestess blindfolds the Priest and takes him to each member of the congregation who kiss him. He is taken into the temple where the Mistress and Master wait and is followed by the congregation.

The Ritual:

On the altar - red candles and quartz tetrahedron. Incense of Jupiter [Alder] to be burnt. Chalices of strong wine.

The Master intones (i.e. vibrates) three times 'Agios o Atazoth' after which the congregation gather round the Priest and chant the 'Diabolus' while slowly walking round him anti-clockwise three times.

Two members of the congregation chosen and trained as Cantors chant in parallel a fourth apart (or an octave and a fourth) *Agios o Baphomet* while the Guardian lifts the Priest and lays him on the altar.

The Mistress removes the robe of the Priest and anoints him with civit oil [or, if civit is not available, then Petriochor may be used, mixed with Alder] . She then removes his blindfold.

When the chant is complete the Priestess stands by the altar while the Mistress stands beside the Master, the congregation beginning to walk slowly anti-clockwise around the altar chanting the *Diabolus*. The cantors then chant in parallel a fourth apart (or an octave and a fourth) *Binan Ath Ga Wath Am* and continue with this chant until the Mistress, later in the ritual, says "So you have sown and from your seeding..."

The Priestess and the Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess arousing the fire of the Priest with her lips. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel in front of the Priestess.

As the Guardian does this the Master kneels before the Mistress. The Priestess copies the Mistress word for word and action for action, using the Priest. The Mistress places her hands on the Master's head.

Master:

It is the protection and milk
Of your breasts that I seek.

The Mistress bends down and he suckles her breasts. She then pushes him away, but he kneels before her, saying:

I put my kisses at your feet.
And kneel before you who crushes
Your enemies and who washes
In a basin full of their blood.
I lift up my eyes to gaze
Upon your beauty of body:
You who are the daughter and a Gate
To our Dark Gods.
I lift up my voice to stand
Before you my sister
And offer my body so that
My mage's seed may feed
Your virgin flesh

Mistress:

Kiss me and I shall make you

As an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you
As a strong sword that severs
And stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you
As a seed of corn which grows
Toward the sun, and never dies.
Plough me and plant me
With your seed and I shall make you
As a Gate that opens to our gods!

The Master then has sexual congress with the Mistress - and the Priest with the Priestess - while the congregation continue with their slow walk and their chant.

After the climax of the congress between Priest and Priestess, the Guardian places a hood over the head of the Priest, fastens his ankles, binds his wrists while the Master, on a signal from the Mistress completes the sacrifice using the sacred knife, collecting some of the Red Elixir in a chalice.

[This Elixir is used by the Mistress in the baking of the sacrificial cakes which all the members present will eat during assembly on the night of the next new moon. The cakes consist of wheat, fish, fowl, spring water, egg and salt together with the Red Elixir, animal fat and honey.]

[During and just after the sacrifice, the Mistress as Rounwytha silently concentrates and directs the acausal-energy released toward the tetrahedron which she via gift and skill of acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking uses as nexion. She then consciously makes her choice of one of the humans present to act as indwelling host, temporary or otherwise.]

After the sacrifice, the congregation cease their slow mesmeric walking and chant, and the guardian removes the empty shell of the offer and the Mistress takes up the sacred knife, pointing it at the Master saying:

So you have sown and from your seeding
Gifts may come if you obedient heed
The words I speak.

She then takes the Chalice with the Red Elixir, dips the tip of the sacred knife into it and anoints each member present who have formed a circle around her.

Mistress:

I know you, my children, you are dark
Yet none of you is as dark
Or as deadly
As I.
I know you and the thoughts
Within all your hearts: yet
Not one of you is as hateful
Or as loving as I.
With a glance I can strike
You dead.

She then goes to each member of the congregation in turn kissing them all on the lips, and removes their robes. She then takes up a chalice of wine and offers it to the person (male or female) of her previous choice. The person chosen sips the wine, hands the chalice to the Mistress who offers it to each member of the congregation in turn. When all have drunk she says:

No guilt shall bind you
No thought restrict!
Feast then and enjoy
The ecstasy of this life:
But ever remember
I am the wind that snatches
Your soul!

The Mistress takes the person she has chosen and indulges herself according to her desire, thus completing the indwelling in them. The congregation consume the consecrated cakes and wine and take their own pleasures according to their desires.

Notes:

1) The candidate (who is always male and who ideally should be in his twenty first year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual) is chosen by the Mistress from among the Temple members on the Summer Solstice one year before the ritual will occur.

If the chosen one accepts this honour then he becomes an honorary Priest for the year and is allowed to choose from the members of the Temple a woman to be his Priestess. In a simple ceremony the Mistress seals them in union, dedicating them to the Dark Gods. If by the Winter Solstice the Priestess is not

with child, then the Priest may choose another woman to be his Priestess. The child, when born is adopted by the Temple and raised accordingly, being given great honour and, if found suitable, trained to fulfil the role of Mistress or Master.

At the Spring Equinox, the chosen is permitted to give his favour to any one female member of the Temple and should issue result from this, the child is adopted by either the Priestess of the chosen or by the Temple according to the wishes of the Mistress.

After the Spring Equinox, the chosen lives with his Priestess, retiring from all mortal affairs save his duties as Priest to the Temple. He shall also arrange his temporal affairs in readiness for the day of the ritual.

Should the chosen at any time fail to observe his vow by fleeing and hiding from members of the Temple, he shall by all the Temples of the Order and all kindred temples and Orders be placed under a death curse, and the Guardian of his Temple sent to seek him out and terminate without warning his existence. The Guardian shall not rest until this task is complete, and the Mistress may appoint other Guardians as well to assist in this should she so desire.

After the ritual sacrifice, the Guardian takes the offer shell and buries it in a secluded spot prepared beforehand. It is on this place of burial that the Temple gathers on the night of the new moon to eat the sacrificial cakes.

In former times it was sometimes the practice to sever the head of the chosen one and place it in the Temple or the Temple area if outdoors for a day and a night. During this night, initiations would be conducted and the head shown to new Initiates.

2) If for whatever reason a willing offer is not available, an involuntary one may be used, chosen according to sinister guidelines.

According to tradition, the one chosen by the Mistress as indwelling host would - if the Rite and indwelling were successful - be offered great reward by the entity hosted, the Mistress having previously decided before ritual a specific entity - or what type of entity - to bring forth or call.

3) Rituals outdoors should be conducted within an (isolated) stone circle during twilight. If the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is undertaken the ritual occurs on the Summer Solstice once every cycle of seventeen years (or nineteen in some traditions).

The one chosen, according to ancient tradition, reaped many benefits in the

realm of the acausal (or the lands of the Dark Immortals as it was sometimes called) where that eternal aspect of the individual which initiation into the darker mysteries created was transported after the mortal death to begin on another plane of existence. This belief made willing sacrifice possible.

4) The role of Master and the task(s) of Guardian(s) may be undertaken by suitably trained ladies if the Ceremony be undertaken by a Sapphic nexion/Temple/group - although the offer is always and must be male. Similarly, the congregation may all be female.

The Sinister Rite of The Nine Angles

The rite may be undertaken - in northern climes - on or near to either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih nexion) or the winter solstice (for Algol nexion) or, for any including southern and equatorial climes, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

For Dabih, the most propitious (effective) causal time is when Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it.

The rite should be performed in an underground cavern, if possible where water flows, or near to where water flows, and involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant [qv. the ONA MS NAOS], together with a congregation of male and female, or all male, or all female, depending on the orientation of the participants. A large crystal tetrahedron made of pure quartz is required - the larger, the more effective the rite. Each member of the congregation should also have with them small crystal tetrahedrons, which they hold in their hands during the rite, and each member of the congregation should also be trained in sinister Esoteric Chant.

The rite can also be performed in a suitably sized crypt, with good acoustics. Whatever the venue chosen - and a natural cavern is best - the only light should be from candles.

The large crystal should be placed on a preferably oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood. The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the

crystal, while the congregation (of at least six) form an ellipse around them. The congregation slowly dance moonwise and chant the "Atazoth" chant, as while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth".

After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the "Diabolus" chant while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Nexion and its rending.

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin to slowly walk, counter moonwise, chanting *Binan Ath Ga Wath Am*. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "Atazoth". If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "Atazoth" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition. While the Cantors continue chanting the Priest and Priestess begin their acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking, directing their energies toward the crystal.

If only one Cantor is present, the "Atazoth" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths.

It is the Priestess - as Rounwytha - who silently concentrates and directs the acausal-energy released toward the tetrahedron which she via gift and skill of acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking uses as nexion. She then consciously makes her choice of one of the humans present to act as indwelling host, temporary or otherwise.

The Priestess will signal the success of the rite by taking the hand of the one chosen as host and placing both hands of the host on the crystal.



The Rite of The Star Game

The Rite of The Star Game is the simplest - and yet most complex - rite to call forth sinister acausal-entities from the acausal continuum, and requires either one or two individuals (cliologists). It is one of the most effective - the most powerful - rites known to us.

The rite is simple in that it involves only one or two individuals, and no chants, or ritualized elements, and no large crystal tetrahedron. It is complex, because it involves - as will become clear - the individual or individuals in determining, beforehand, various star patterns associated with particular acausal entities, it being an important part of the rite itself for the cliologist or cliologists to do this themselves, for it represents the necessary psychic (esoteric/magickal) preparation, and the necessary development of required Dark Art skills.

Both versions involve the construction of a large Advanced Star Game [qv. NAOS; pp.122ff of the ONA pdf facsimile], which has 308 squares and 90 pieces, and for this rite the pieces must all be made of quartz, and shaped as tetrahedrons. The boards can be either perspex, or wood.

The rite for one individual involves playing the game, starting from the initial set up of the pieces as given in NAOS, to achieve a particular pattern of pieces - determined beforehand - on boards to re-present the particular astronomical star alignment chosen, associated as this is with the particular acausal entity called forth.

That is, the cliologist sets out to map - by mimesis - the region of causal Space-Time as represented by stellar pointers (stars, viewed/described from Earth). That is, a particular region of the causal continuum is mapped, using stars, and which stars are re-presented by the pieces of the Star Game and their positions on the seven boards.

When the desired pattern is achieved, the cliologist uses the Star Game as the nexion - or rather, the alchemical combination of cliologist and completed Star Game becomes the nexion, and opens them to the acausal. The desired entity then manifests, and most usually indwells the cliologist, unless the cliologist has made provision for another human form to be available (willing or unwilling) nearby, and directs the entity into that chosen human form.

The rite for two cliologists is similar to the above, except that one cliologist plays to try and prevent the other achieving the desired pattern, and instead seeks to achieve their own pattern. Of necessity, this rite is much longer, but all the more powerful for that, and in this version the loser becomes the indwelling host for the acausal entity (or vice versa, if desired).

Both versions of the Game - for one or two cliologists - require that the game be completed without interruption of any kind, and thus the place chosen for the rite should allow for this.

Notes:

1) Stellar Pointers

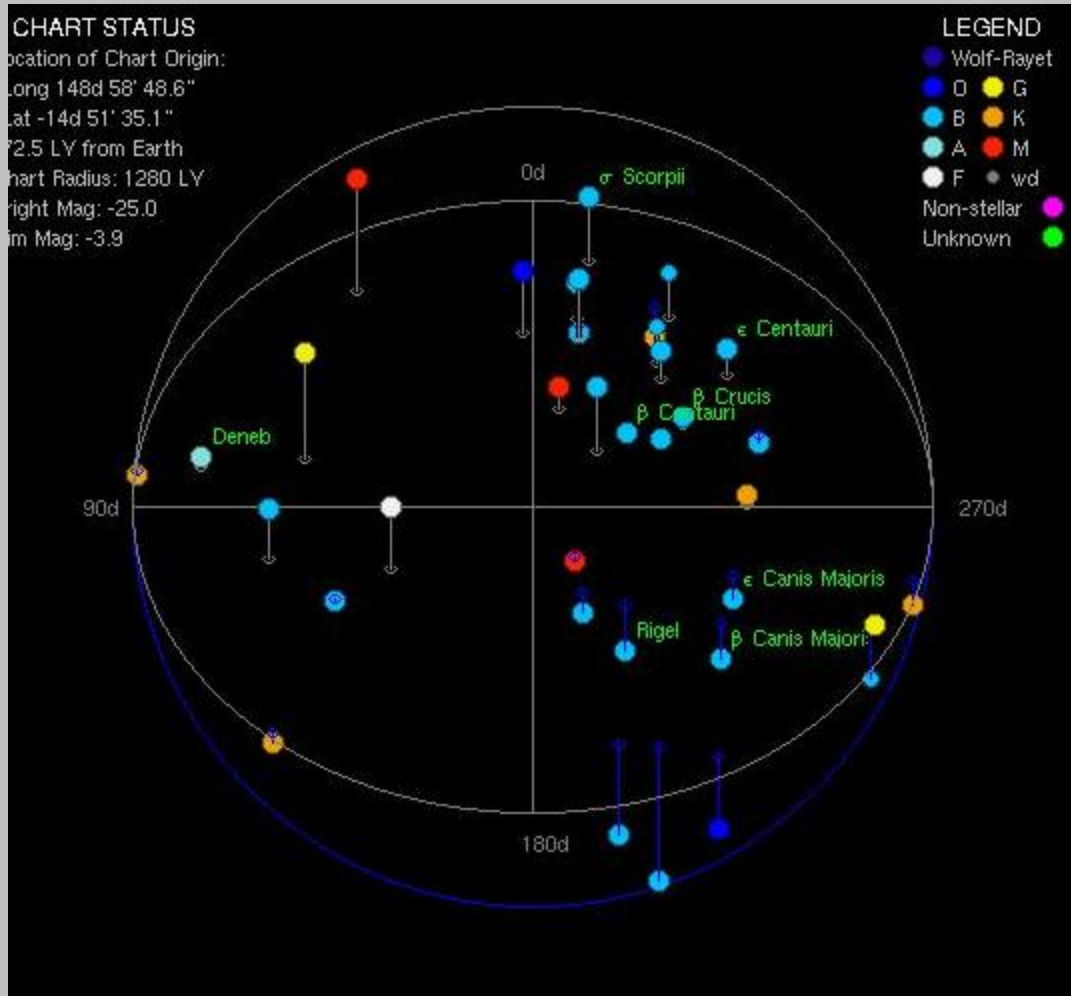
Each acausal entity known to us, via tradition and/or sinister experience, is associated with a particular star, or a particular collocation of stars, that is, a particular region in causal Space-Time.

Thus, the star Naos is associated with one entity; Algol with another, and Dabih with yet another. Deneb, for instance, is associated with a particularly powerful "female" acausal-entity, and so on. That is, each such star is near to or associated with an actual physical nexion between the causal and acausal, where direct physical movement (travel) between causal and acausal is possible.

In particular, each named board of the Star Game - for example, Sirius - has an associated acausal-entity, and these Star Game associated entities can be deduced from an initiated study of how each board relates to the Septenary Tree of Wyrd (ToW). For instance, the star-board associated with Mercury has the exoteric "word" Satan associated with it, so that in this case the entity is obvious. The alchemical season associated with this level/sphere of the ToW is Scorpio, which is one propitious season to "invoke" this particular entity. [See NAOS for the Septenary Tree of Wyrd and correspondences.]

As for the area to be mapped, this is for the cliologist to decide/determine, although the image below should serve as a guide, with the centre of this particular image being a certain star associated with a certain acausal entity. Thus, each star shown in that image would be re-presented by a particular piece, with its position in the image (its relation to the other stars, and the "point of origin") being its position on a particular board or square in the Star Game. In this particular image, the origin - the nexion - is some light-years in causal distance from Earth, with the stellar mapping area itself having a radius

of over one thousand light-years.



Thus, if the star at the centre of this particular image was chosen, then the aim - the magickal rite - is to re-present, by mimesis, this star-chart by means of the pieces and the boards of the advanced Star Game.

Note, that if the level of complexity is as in this image (which is the suggested level), then all other pieces on the boards must be removed *by the process of playing the game* so that only the correct number of pieces - *each one a star* - remain in their correct positions. Complexity here is determined by the chosen radius mapping area, and by the type, and apparent stellar magnitude, of the stars chosen to be mapped.

Hence, if, for example, the entity exoterically known as Satan was to be "invoked", the centre of the star mapping would be the star, Sirius, with the cliologist choosing the complexity by deciding on how many light years beyond

Sirius were to be mapped, and what type of stars to be included.

2) Boards and Levels

In the advanced Star Game, each board has four levels, representing the three plus one of the one causal metric that is that "one board". Level 1 is the lower board itself, of nine white and nine black squares. Level two is above level one on both ends of level 1, and thus has two parts, which are both directly above the squares of level 1. Level three consists of two squares only, set outward from level 1 at both ends (that is, there is one outward square above level 2 on each side). Level 4 has eight squares, 4 at either end above level 1 and directly above the squares of level 1.

The Rite of Acausal Existence

According to sinister tradition, it is possible - without the gift provided by an acausal entity such as a Dark Daughter of Baphomet - for an individual human being to acquire for themselves an acausal existence, that is, for their consciousness to be transferred to, to indwell, an acausal being; or more specifically for an acausal form to be created for such an indwelling, which form then passes into the acausal.

The rite of transference exists in two forms, and the one described here is the most efficacious, and requires a minimum of three offers (nine are best), who will be chosen according to our traditional guidelines, and brought to, and confined in or near to, the place chosen for what is perhaps the most sinister and the most joyful Rite of all. The rite be either performed alone by a single Rounwytha, or by two if those two have pledged themselves to end their mortal existence together and transfer instead to the acausal. Given the nature of the rite, the offers will not be voluntary, with the rite itself being undertaken in a secure indoor place, or in an isolated secure outdoor location, although a suitable outdoor location is increasingly difficult to find.

As with the Sinister Rite of The Nine Angles, propitious times include when the Moon occults Dabih, or is very close to it; and when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

The rite itself requires a large double tetrahedron, made of quartz, which is suspended by some non-conductive material (such as filaments of hemp or flax) woven to hold the crystal and to allow it to be touched by both of the Rounwytha's hands. It is suspended at shoulder height, and within an ellipse of nine smoothed elliptical stones made from pre-Cambrian rock, with this ellipse being of sufficient size to accommodate within it he/she (or those two) undertaking the rite. Next to each and in front of each elliptical stone is a stone slab also of pre-Cambrian rock, sufficient in size for a human head. The semi-major axis of the ellipse should be aligned East-West, and the first stone and its associated stand should be on this axis, with the other stones/stands placed so as to have unequal spacing between them.

Once the crystal, stones and stands have been set out as required, and the other necessary arrangements made, the Rounwytha should undertake a Black Fast, lasting no less than a day for each offer, and neither speak nor venture forth into daylight during this Fast nor have any contact with any other living causally-dwelling being, human or otherwise, with the exception of their partner who is sharing in the Rite, if such a partner there be.

At the chosen hour, the rite proper begins by the first offer being brought into the centre of the ellipse, to lie on the ground/floor so that the suspended crystal is above them. The offer may be bound or otherwise restrained.

The Rounwytha then despatches the offer by suitable means - such as using a sacrificial knife or sword - until the head is severed with the Rounwytha during this task silently concentrating and directing the acausal-energy, released by such an offering, toward the suspended crystal. The head of the offer is then placed on the slab on the semi-major axis of the ellipse, and the human shell, denuded of acausal energy, is removed, and replaced by the next offer. If required, the Rounwytha may place his/her hands upon the offer as the acausal energy seeps out, and then place their hands upon the crystal.

This process is continued until all the offers have served their designated purpose, when the Rounwytha(s) removes the crystal from its holder, and holding the crystal to them, ignites (if indoors and if required) the flammable material surrounding them, and consumes the phial of their chosen swift acting poison, while directing their own acausal energy into and thence beyond the nexion that is now their crystal.

Notes:

- 1) According to tradition, the Rounwytha desirous of undertaking this rite will do so when their causal life is already beginning to fade, by a natural causal ageing, or other means. Given their acausal-empathy, they will know when this time is near, and will plan accordingly.
 - 2) While not a necessity, the Rounwytha may desire to dispose of as much material as possible after their departure, and therefore may choose to conduct the rite in a suitable place (for example, a building of combustible material such as wood) and spread sufficient quantities of flammable liquid in the chosen area. Or they may elect to operate some explosive device.
 - 3) It is also possible for this particular rite to be performed under non-ritual circumstances when, for example, an individual-explosive-device may be employed in a combat-type situation with the opfers being "enemies". Here, the stones and other ceremonial trappings are dispensed with, although the Rounwytha or sinister Adept should still possess, if possible, a double tetrahedron, made of quartz, sufficient in size to be concealed but not so small that it could be concealed in the palm of just one hand. If this method is chosen, for whatever reason, the Rounwytha or sinister Adept should at the moment of detonation hold the crystal in one hand (if this be possible) and intone *Binan Ath Ga Wath Am* while directing their own acausal energy and that of their targets into and thence beyond the nexion that is now their crystal.
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Appendix

The Ontology and Theology of Traditional Satanism

The Nature of Reality According to Traditional Satanism

The fundamental ontological axioms of the Sinister Way of Traditional Satanism are: (1) there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they

possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy, and (2) that we can only correctly and currently know a manifestation of acausal energy, an acausal being, through our currently under-developed and under-used psychic faculties.

Reality, for Traditional Satanism, is postulated to be the Cosmos, with this Cosmos having a bifurcation of being: that is, the Cosmos exists - is manifest - in both causal space-time, and in what we term acausal space-time. Causal space-time has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time has n number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to be the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

Traditional Satanism posits, and accepts, that there are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time (see footnote 1) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

According to Traditional Satanism, all causal living beings (existing or having their being in the causal physical universe) are understood as a presencing, in the causal, of acausal being (or energy) by the fact that they are alive. That is, all causal living beings are all connexions - nexions - between the causal and the acausal continuums.

The Being of Nature

Nature may be defined as that innate creative (acausal) force (or energy) which operates in the physical world, on this planet, and which causes, or is the genesis of, and controls, causal living organisms in certain ways. These "certain ways" are the laws of Nature. The 'evolution of species' is a term used to describe one theory about one of the ways in which Nature is assumed to work, in the causal Universe (the causal continuum).

Nature can thus be conceived as a *type of being*. This does not mean that Nature should be understood in anthropomorphic terms, but rather that Nature is a living, changing, entity: some-thing which is alive; that is, Nature is another example of a nexion - of where there is a connexion between the

causal continuum and the acausal continuum. We ourselves, as human beings, are simply - on planet Earth - one manifestation, one presencing, of Nature among many: that is, we are subject to the laws of Nature, the laws which govern organic change and organic life itself. Like all causal life on this planet, we causal beings are born, we grow and change, and our causal being dies, that is, ceases to be imbued with - to be animated by - acausal energy. That is, "we" cease to have a causal life.

Most Earth cultures had, or have, a belief that Nature is living, and the Mother of, the bringer-forth of, all life.

In olden times, Nature herself was often personified in terms of gods, and goddesses. That is, we apprehended Nature in terms of ourselves - in terms of individual causal beings with names, a history and a distinct personality. However, this type of apprehension is no longer necessary nor valid since we have developed, over the last few thousand years, the faculty of pure reason, and the faculty of acausal empathy, and can understand Nature, ourselves and the cosmos beyond Nature, in a natural manner without such intermediate abstract forms. That is, we can now apprehend Nature as Nature is. Hitherto, we projected human-type causal forms onto Nature in an effort to comprehend Nature as we did not possess much of an understanding of the Cosmos beyond Nature and beyond the causal, and how Nature is but part of this causal and acausal Cosmos.

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism

The essential starting point for a philosophy is to pose, and answer, the questions about the origin and meaning of life - or, more specifically, about our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

Traditional Satanism does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, was created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to Traditional Satanism, life evolved naturally on this planet, from finite beginnings we as yet do not precisely understand. The essence of the Traditional Satanism perspective about our origins in the causal Universe is reason - or rather, what used to be called Natural Philosophy: through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic, we can understand our world, the causal Cosmos, and ourselves. Thus, Traditional Satanism is, in one important respect, a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe (or Causal Reality) exists independently of us and

our consciousness, and thus independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws; (5) our faculty of acausal-empathy is a means for us to know the nexion we are, and how we can discover our correct relationship to all other life. Thus, practical reason - Natural Philosophy - enables us to comprehend the external, physical, causal, Universe.

Furthermore, Traditional Satanism also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that our psychic faculties enable us to sense, to begin to know, and are one means of comprehending, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of Traditional Satanism is that by developing our latent psychic faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves.

The Answers of Traditional Satanism

The Philosophy of Traditional Satanism accepts that the purpose of our mortal, causal, lives is essentially two fold. First, to change, to develop, to evolve, ourselves, and to explore and to enjoy the possibilities that causal life offers - for our mortal, causal, life is a limited, finite, opportunity. Second, that if we develop, evolve, ourselves in a particular way - and especially if we develop our psychic faculties - there exists the possibility of us, as a new type of being, living-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum.

Thus, the Philosophy of Traditional Satanism asserts:

(1) That we human beings possess the potential to participate in and to control our own evolution - that is, we have the (mostly latent) ability to consciously evolve to become the genesis of a new human species, and that genuine esoteric Arts - and especially and in particular The Dark Arts - are one of the most viable ways by which such a conscious evolution can occur;

(2) That genuine esoteric knowledge and insight - and thus genuine self-understanding and self-evolution - requires both a development of our latent psychic faculties and a practical knowledge of the acausal continuum deriving from a coming-to-know acausal beings;

(3) That what has hitherto been known and described as magic(k) - especially Dark Sorcery, or Black Magic(k) - is one effective means of coming-to-know certain acausal beings, and is thus a beginning to understanding the acausal itself.

Our psychic faculties include what may be termed acausal empathy (otherwise know as sinister empathy, or esoteric/magickal empathy) and acausal thinking.

Acausal empathy is basically sensitivity to, and awareness of, acausal energies as these energies are presented in living beings, in Nature, and/or presented in the causal either via some acausal being, or directly, as "raw" acausal energy (that is, acausal energy trying to find some causal form to inhabit). Various esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal empathy.

Acausal thinking is basically apprehending the causal, and acausal energy, as these "things" are - that is, beyond all causal abstractions, and beyond all causal symbols, and symbolism, where such causal symbols include language, and the words and terms that are part of language, and what has hitherto been regarded as the terms and symbols of conventional Occultism, for such conventional Occultism is ineluctably bound to causal thinking. Various genuine esoteric (Occult) means and techniques exist to develop such acausal thinking. An important aspect of acausal thinking is thinking in terms of acausal time - that is, not in terms of the linear "cause and effect" of the causal continuum, but rather in what can be inaccurately described in terms of Simultaneity, of there being "action at a distance" unlike in conventional (causal) physics.

The Living Beings of The Acausal

According to Traditional Satanism, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum, known to us - historically and otherwise - from Adepts who, having developed acausal empathy and acausal thinking, have discovered or come to know of, such beings.

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, some of these known acausal beings have been collectively described by the term The Dark Gods, or The Dark Ones (or The

Dark Immortals), and included in this particular type of acausal being is the entity more commonly known to us as Satan, and that entity which we, limited causal, mortal beings, describe as the female counterpart of Satan, who - according to The Dark Tradition inherited by the ONA - has the name Baphomet, and who is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth (and of Nature) - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically and symbolically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded ("visited", been presenced or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made. Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship.

Importantly, Traditional Satanism does not regard Satan - or any of The Dark Ones, such as Baphomet - as conventional "gods" or "goddesses" are understood, and thus as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as sinister friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; and - in the case of Satan and Baphomet - as akin to our hitherto unknown mother and father, to be thus admired and respected, but never "worshipped". In addition, and in the case of some of these dark entities, they are, or can be considered as, our lovers. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the term The Dark Gods is to be understood as but a useful, somewhat Old Aeon (that based on causal thinking), inherited exoteric term to describe a particular acausal species many of whom are known to and named by The Dark Tradition, which species, when manifest in the causal, are certainly far more powerful than human beings. Thus, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful symbols.

Thus, a name such as "Satan" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being, which acausal being has an esoteric name - an acausal name deriving from acausal thinking and acausal knowing - which better describes such a being.

The Question of God

The philosophy of Traditional Satanism does not assume nor accept that there is a supreme Being, or deity. That is, a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Satan - our Dark One - is not subservient to some omnipotent God, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum.

The Question of Evil and The Existence of Satan

What has been conventionally termed "the question (or the problem) of evil" - by other philosophies and religions and Way of Life - does not exist for Traditional Satanism since Traditional Satanism accepts that conventional morality is a causal abstraction: some causal form, or some dogma, which is incorrectly projected onto the nature, the reality, of the causal continuum, and which abstraction obscures our real, and our of necessity individual, connexion to the Cosmos. That is, conventional morality - like all religious dogma and all laws - takes away, or restricts, the inalienable individual freedom of a living human being to be an individual: to be that singular, unique, nexion they are to the acausal.

For Traditional Satanism, it is only and ever the individual who - developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal thinking. Thus, Traditional Satanism is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, for Traditional Satanism gives the individual access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing of such acausal beings as Satan and Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve

ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being.

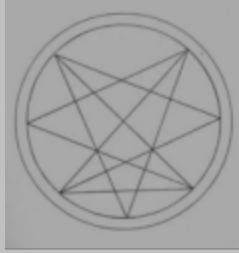
This individual and unique discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Satan exist - is a learning of the Art of Dark Sorcery, part of which learning is developing acausal empathy and acausal thinking, and it is the transmission of this dark and ancient Art, and its use by individuals, which is the *raison d'etre* of that sinister association known as The Order of Nine Angles.

Footnotes:

(1) For convenience, acausal space-time will often be referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos.

The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".





ONA Manuscripts

Main Category: Traditional Satanism

Sub Category: Ritual Texts

Date: 113yf

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Grimoire of Baphomet - Dark Goddess

Order of Nine Angles

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Sorcery and the Esoteric Nature of The Acausal Debunking The Chaos



The Order of Nine Angles first used the term acausal nearly four decades ago, appropriating it from Myatt's early work on Cliology and which work of his evolved to become his theory of the bifurcation (and a new ontology) of Being and thence his *Physics of Acausal Energy*.

In these four decades since our first use of this term, there has been much speculation - among both ONA Initiates and esoteric folk in general - about what exactly, in esoteric terms it means, and what, if any, relation this term bears to non-esoteric theories such as Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics.

In particular, when both Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics were fashionable subjects among mundane and Magian Occultists, attempts were made by such people to explain sorcery in terms of both those subjects, with some books and articles written by some the pretentious Occult illiterati proclaiming such things as "Chaos is the creative principle behind all magic[k]..." and "A Chaos Magician... sees beyond the systems and dogmas to the physics behind the magical force," and even quite laughable pretentious babble such as, "I show how...the three dimensional transactional time in the HD8 interpretation of quantum and particle physics could allow divination and enchantment to occur."

Given such babble and such attempts to link sorcery with Chaos theory and Quantum Mechanics and other such stuff, it is not surprising that our use of the term acausal to describe the realm of The Dark Gods, and our use of the term acausal energy presencing via a nexion to define ordinary sorcery, should arouse a certain curiosity among those interested in our Sinister Way.

Chaos theory, Quantum Mechanics, and Sorcery

Let's be clear - talk of there being some relation between sorcery and current physical theories such as Chaos theory, particle Physics, and quantum mechanics, is inane; silly, stupid, and the product of a mundane intellect.

Why? Because there no relation whatsoever, since such physical theories are bunk - mere trendy and silly ideas based on causal Time - and because sorcery is not what contemporary pretentious Occult gits think it is.

Such physical theories as such gits expound upon are ideas which - in a hundred or two hundred or so years - will be seen as products of inferior thinking, just like the so-called Big Bang Theory with its ridiculous irrational assumptions - and the silly idea of so-called "Black Holes" and the even sillier idea of "dark matter" with its ridiculous *ad hoc* assumptions which attempt to square an inane cosmological theory with observations - will be seen as pretentious babble, the products of inferior human minds.

So, anyone who claims to be a sorcerer and who talks about Chaos theory and quantum mechanics reveals themselves as being not only an Occult charlatan but as possessed of an inferior intellect; as someone who, at best is akin to some urban teenager swept along by some craze and keen to be seen as "trendy" or "fashionable" or "cool" or whatever the latest buzz-word is. Or even worse, someone who desires to be seen as some sort of "thinker" and who needs (despite their protestations) the adulation of being some "Occult guru".

For such individuals just cannot think - conceptualize - past the concept of causal Time, as they obviously do not possess or have not developed those skills of our Dark Arts, especially the faculty of dark-empathy, and which particular faculty would have predisposed them toward an esoteric intuition of the true, the esoteric, nature of sorcery, of thus of the acausal, and especially of the nature of acausal Time.

Why are such physical theories bunk? For two simple reasons. First, they cannot explain in any way the fundamental difference between life and inert matter. That is, what, for example, animates or infuses the physical structures of a cell to make that cell alive, and why, for instance, all living matter disobeys the first of Newton's laws.

Second, they depend on the simple, Cosmically incorrect, notion of a linear causality, as evident in the use of conventional mathematics, and physical ideation, to describe such theories, all of which theories are based on and

depend upon equations involving an abstract notion of causal, linear, time - as in differential and tensorial equations involving the variable dt (as in Newtonian mechanics, and in the Schwarzschild and other metrics deriving from the variable ds) - and which linear time cannot even be defined in any satisfactory manner *sans* causal linearity (as in the definition based on so-called atomic/quantum clocks). Thus, even apparently abstruse notions of Space-Time - deriving from tensorial mathematics, or some other representation - are founded on the simple, cosmologically inaccurate, notion of a causal linearity.

Why is there no link between physical theories - trendy or otherwise - and sorcery? Because the basis of sorcery is some-thing which is alive: to wit, we who practice the dark art of sorcery. Because - esoterically (that is, correctly) understood - sorcery is a living alchemy [Oh look, I am giving away more Occult secrets here]. That is, sorcery is a combination of various aspects, the most necessary and important of which are living beings - for instance, the sorcerer, and the object of sorcery, which is almost always another living being, human or otherwise. Or, expressed more precisely (esoterically) sorcery is - as all Dark Arts are- a means whereby we shed our causal, illusive, form (of separateness) and become of the essence of Life and so can affect other Life, sometimes by becoming or imitating (being a mimesis of or for) other Life for a specific period of causal Time because "we" are the matrix of connexions that is Life in the causal.

There is thus the use of energies which are not-causal, since such energies depend on (or derive from) a living being or some living beings and since what-lives, a living being, cannot be explained by causality (linear causal reductionism) or any representation based on such causality, mathematical or otherwise (such as some current theory in Physics).

The living alchemy that is genuine sorcery explains why - in the real world we human beings all inhabit (as distinct from our dreams, and the movies) - no sorcerer, however advanced or knowledgeable they may be, can by some "magick" or spell or whatever bring a rock to life and so transform it into some living entity. What a sorcerer can do, in our real world, is *affect* and so change other living beings (to various degrees), be such living beings human, non-human but of our physical realm (such as animals), or esoteric (of the realm of the psyche, and which psyche includes such non-causal living entities as archetypes). [1] What an advanced practitioner of sorcery can do or may be able to do is affect aspects of larger living entities, such as the living entity that is Nature [2] - and thus may be able, for example, to bring into being, over a natural period of earthly causal Time (that is, not instantaneously), a storm [3].

Similarly, and in respect of divination, what a genuine sorcerer does is intuit (become in sympathy with usually via dark-empathy) the Destiny (and possibly the Wyrð) of an individual. That is, in exoteric-speak they betake themselves out from the causal realm (from causal Time) and so see (and think) acausally - and often some causal form (such as Tarot images) are used in order to facilitate this esoteric type of seeing and knowing.

The living alchemy that is genuine sorcery also explains how such things as an esoteric curse work: that is, not initially by a direct, linear, causality. Thus, the living energy of a human being - that which animates them, makes them alive, and keeps them healthy and alive, is accessed and thence *affected* or changed by the sorcerer in some particular manner, or some nexion within the psyche of that individual is opened to allow the ingress of other, disruptive (and possible non-causal) living entities. With the *effect* that, over a certain period of causal Time, that individual is afflicted with misfortune and possibly illness or in some cases even death. Why over a certain period of causal Time? Because the affected living entity lives (has existence in) the causal continuum which constrains their being (constrains the acausal energy that animates them and keeps them alive).

In ONA-speak, a sorcerer is or becomes a particular type of nexion capable of accessing and presencing acausal energies.

The Esoteric Nature of The Acausal

In simple - exoteric - terms, the acausal is a naturally existing part of the Cosmos, and merely the realm or realms or continuum where acausal energy exists, and which acausal energy is a-causal in nature. That is, propagation of this energy does not, or need not, take a certain amount of causal Time, and does not involve, or may not involve, traversing a certain causal distance. Thus none of Newton's laws apply, just as causal theories such as those of entropy or so-called "chaos" do not apply.

In esoteric terms, the acausal is the source of all the causal Life we know. That is, it is acausal energy, from the acausal, which animates all causal Life we currently know, and which enables us to change and develop ourselves, acausally interact with other living beings (in one sense - practice sorcery), and do many other things, such as develop acausal knowing, that is, understanding the acausal *sans* causal abstractions [4]. In another sense, as intimated above, it is a means for us to shed the illusive apprehension of our

finite causal being.

For it is causal abstractions that obscure the nature - exoteric and esoteric - of the acausal, and thus obscure the nature and reality of sorcery.

Let us consider the following bit of bunk, from someone imposing a causal abstraction on the Occult; and a bit of bunk typical both of Magian Occultism [5], and of the pretentious gits who prattle on or who have prattled on about Chaos and about sorcery but who so obviously have no understanding of sorcery let alone any esoteric skills or knowledge. Here is the bunk: "There are no gods or demons, except for those I have been conditioned into acknowledging and those I have created for myself."

This is the attitude of a limited, and a smug, causal thinking - of assuming the Cosmos is explicable, or can become explicable, by causal theories and causal ideas (by abstractions); that the individual has, ultimately, nothing to fear because "there is nothing really eerie or dangerous or un-human in sorcery and the Occult, it's all imagination or what others have used to scare people or get them to believe some doctrine or what I myself can conjure into being"; and that everything is not only a tool, a means, to be used, but can be mastered and can easily, and should be, be disposed of, blah blah mundane blah.

This is the doctrine of Magian Occultism - that "I command the powers..."; that "I can become powerful enough/knowledgeable enough" to master anything; and that, "given the right tools, the right drawings or blueprints (abstractions) I can cobble my own system together or use something from somewhere else so long as it's useful to me..."

This is, ultimately, the urban whine of Homo Hubris - "I'll be safe; or I can make myself safe. I am or can be in control." This, ultimately, is the urban whine of the most pretentious among that *untermenschen* species, Homo Hubris: "That Reality is what I make it or what others have made it, or perceived it to be, through their causal abstractions."

The acausal, however, allows for no such safety and no such mundane control. It cannot be disposed of if some urban git believes it is no longer useful for them or ceases "to believe in it". It is, most importantly, not a creation of the human mind, of our consciousness. Not a matter of perception.

For, acausally, there is no subject distinct from, separate from, an object. For that distinction implies the separation of causality (between subject and object) and the linear movement of causality (something passing from subject to object and vice versa) and also implies a perception (based on abstractions,

such as categories) as to why the subject is or may be different from the object. Thus, acausally, there is no perception of an object by a subject, such as ourselves. There is thus no "consciousness" to be individually aware of either such an object or of the subject itself (such as what causally we consider ourselves). There is not even any "change" - or progression or development - since there is no consciousness to perceive it and no causal linearity to measure such change.

For, acausally, there is no language as we currently understand language - because such language almost invariably (and especially Western languages) require or assume (imply) *a copula*, which itself implies the aforementioned distinction between some subject and some object, between subject and predicate. Between one existent and another existent, or between one subject and some object with some quality (or category) that has become to be associated with that object.

How then can we know and understand the acausal? To be pedantic (or to be esoterically precise), "we" cannot - since there is no you or I or we to apprehend it. But, less esoterically, and thus somewhat exoterically, we can only currently (outside of such Esoteric Arts as dark-empathy) apprehend the acausal by its affects on our causal realm where we have our existence, and thus the most significant affect of the acausal in the causal is, as mentioned earlier, Life itself - the acausal energy presencing in our causal continuum that animates matter and makes that matter a living entity, from the microscopic cell to we human beings to Nature.

Thus, we do not need "explanations" - or attempts at explanation - of the acausal by such causal things as "chaos", or so-called chaos theory, quantum mechanics, particle physics, or by reference to any currently existing *-isms* such as some gnostic or Buddhist teaching or some exposition of some gnostic or Buddhist tenet, or even by some mathematical representation (given the current causal nature of maths). All such explanations or interpretations or comparisons are irrelevant; unhelpful; unnecessary.

To know and understand the acausal we just have to engage with it; experience it. No theories; no explanations. We have to cultivate, in ourselves, the faculties of acausal knowing and dark-empathy [6]. We have to thus come to know those causally-dwelling beings beyond our own individual being: the being of archetypes, the being of Nature and the beings that a part of, and not separate from, either Nature or that illusion of apprehension which is of our individual self. We have to become Adepts of The Dark Arts: practitioners of acausal sorcery. We have to evoke, invoke, to presence, those living beings who dwell in the acausal dimensions and who represent a type of Life beyond our causal living.

In brief, we have to live our life in a different way from ordinary mortals. Which is why we are following The Sinister Way to The Abyss and The Acausal Beyond.



Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen

Notes:

[1] It should be remembered that the ONA uses terms such as *psyche* and *archetype* in a particular esoteric way. See, for example, *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (Version 2.01)

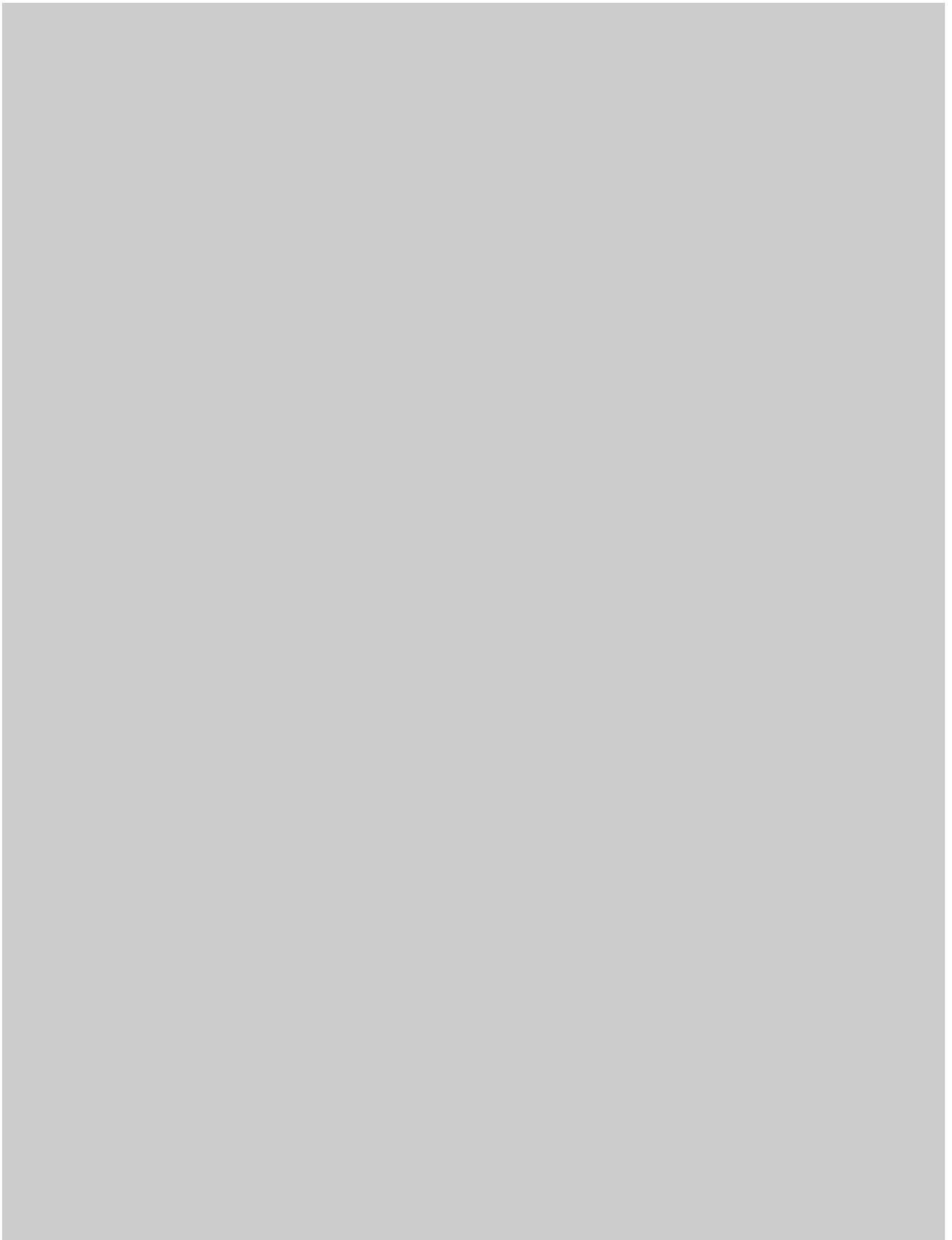
[2] Technically, and esoterically, Nature is defined as both a type of supra-personal being, and that innate, creative, force (that is, *ψυχή*) which animates physical matter and makes it living, *here on this planet we call Earth*.

[3] A rudimentary example of this is given in *Naos*.

[4] For causal abstractions, see *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (Version 2.01)

[5] The basics of Magian Occultism are outlined in the jovial article *Magian Occultism*, by Lianna of the Darky Sox.

[6] For a basic overview, see the ONA texts *The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way*, and *Dark-Empathy, Adeptship, and The Seven-Fold Way of the ONA*.





1



2



3



4



5



6



7



Figure 1 - The Boards

		☉	☽	♁	
Moon	Calcination	18	15	13	Birch
Mercury	Separation	0	8	16	Yew
Venus	Congelation	6	14	17	Black Poplar
Sun	Putrefaction	7	12	5	Oak
Mars	Sublimation	1	4	9	Alder
Jupiter	Permeation	11	3	2	Beech
Saturn	Exaltation	10	19	20	Ash

Tarot Atm:
'Archetypal Image'

Fig 3: Arculus

$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_0$		$\phi(\phi)_0$
	$\phi(\phi)_0$	
	$\phi(\phi)_2$	
$\phi(\phi)_2$		$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_2$

Fig 4: Pattern 6 via

$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_2$		$\phi(\phi)_2$
	$\phi(\phi)_2$	
	$\phi(\phi)_0$	
$\phi(\phi)_0$		$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_0$

	$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_0$		$\phi(\phi)_0$
		$\phi(\phi)_0$	
	$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_0$	$\phi(\phi)_2$	$\phi(\phi)_0$
	$\phi(\phi)_2$	$\phi(\phi)_0$	$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_2$
		$\phi(\phi)_2$	
	$\phi(\phi)_2$		$\phi(\frac{1}{2})_2$

ϕ = black piece
 λ = white piece

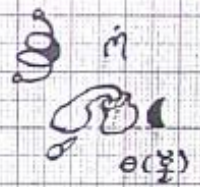
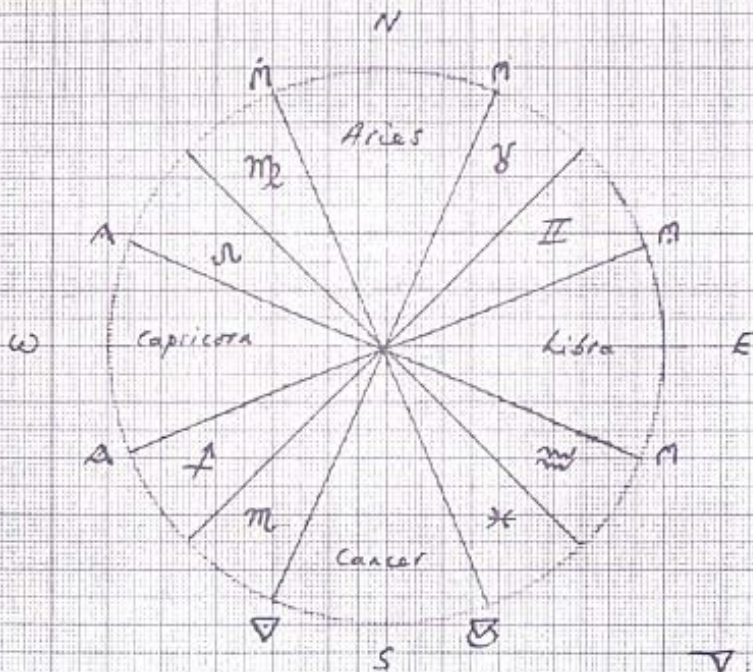
(ϕ pieces on black squares)

Fig 2: Street piece.

The Wheel of Life

Aries: Venus
 Cancer: Moon
 Libra: Sun
 Capricorn: Mercury

♌ : Spring Equinox
 ♋ : Summer Solstice
 ♎ : Autumn Equinox
 ♏ : Winter Solstice



♏ : Water of Water
 ♋ : Water of Fire
 ♎ : Fire of Water
 ♌ : Fire of Fire etc.

♏ : Water ▽
 ♌ : Fire △
 ♋ : Earth ♁
 ♎ : Air ♀

▽ : Priestess : Aphrodite
 △ : Priest : Apollo
 ♁ : Mistress of Earth : Hecate
 ♀ : Master of the Temple : Hermes

The helical path

1st four levels of one group



Level 4



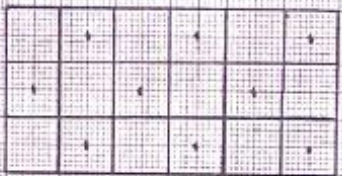
Level 3



Level 2

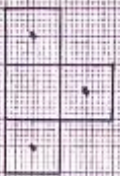


↗ aspect
[causal]

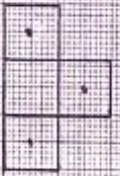


Level 1

• = black square



Level 2



Level 3



Level 4

φ aspect
[Measurement]

Level 4

Level 3

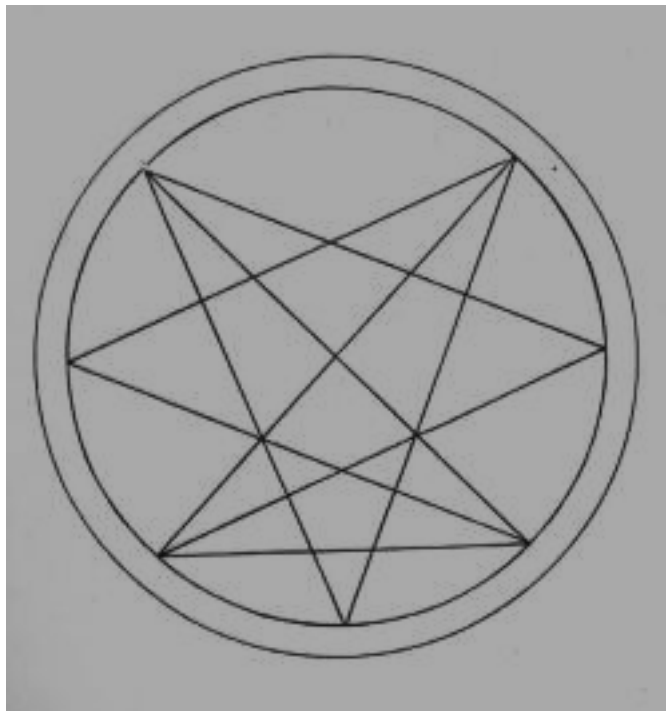
Level 2

Level 1

Spa View

The Order of Nine Angles

BLACK BOOK OF SATAN



(Note: There may be some scanning errors in the text)

The Black Book of Satan

According to tradition, each Master or Mistress who was responsible for a particular Satanic Temple or group, was given on his or her assumption of that responsibility, a copy of the Black Book of Satan. The Black Book contained the basic Satanic rituals, instructions relating to ceremonial magick in general. It was the duty of the Master or Mistress to keep this book safe, and non-Initiates of the Temple were forbidden to see it. Copies were forbidden to be made, although Initiates above the grade of External Adept were allowed to see and read the Temple copy.

In traditional Satanism (i.e. those using the Septenary System: this system also being known as the

Hebdomadry) this practice continued until quite recently when the Grand Master representing traditional groups decided to allow Initiates of good standing to copy the work. This decision was recently extended to enable specialist publication in a limited edition.

The whole text of the traditional Black Book is included in the present work, together with several additional chapters

(e.g. Self-Initiation; Organizing and Running a Temple). These additions make this present work a concise practical handbook for those seriously interested in the Black Arts.

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XI: The Ceremony of Recalling

XII: Satanic Orders

XIII: Sinister Chant

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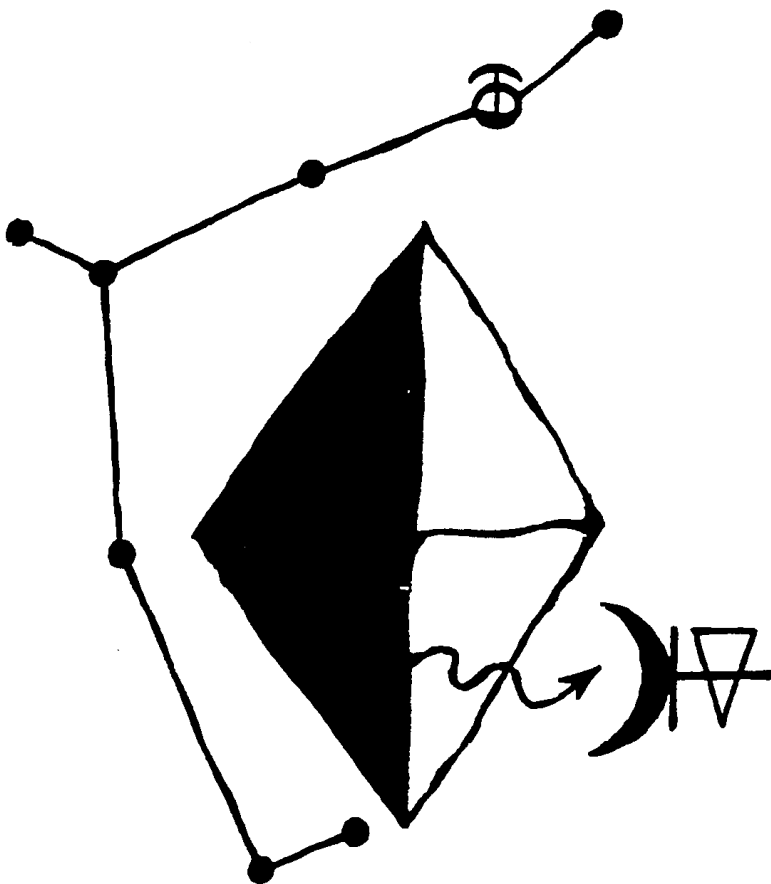
XV: Organising and Running Satanic Temples

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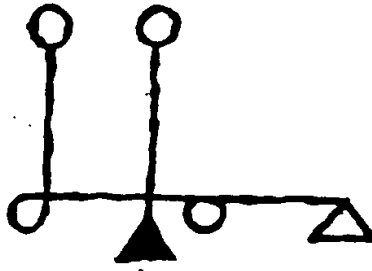
Appendix I: A Satanic Blessing

Appendix II: The Sinister Creed

Appendix III: Initiate Names



PART ONE:



Satanic Rites & Practices

The 21 Satanic Points

1. Respect not pity or weakness, for they are a disease which makes sick the strong.
2. Test always your strength, for therein lies success.
3. Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.
4. Enjoy a short rest, better than a long.
5. Come as a reaper, for thus you will sow.
6. Never love anything so much you cannot see it die.
7. Build not upon sand, but upon rock And build not for today or yesterday but for all time.
8. Strive ever for more, for conquest is never done.
9. And die rather than submit.
10. Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art.

11. Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all.
12. The blood of the living makes good fertilizer for the seeds of the new.
13. He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest.
14. Discard not love but treat it as an imposter, but ever be just.
15. All that is great is built upon sorrow.
16. Strive not only forwards, but upwards for greatness lies in the highest.
17. Come as a fresh strong wind that breaks yet also creates.
18. Let love of life be a goal but let your highest goal be greatness.
19. Nothing is beautiful except man: but most beautiful of all is woman.
20. Reject all illusion and lies, for they hinder the strong.
21. What does not kill, makes stronger.

I

What is Satanism?

Satanism is fundamentally a way of living - a practical philosophy of life. The essence of this way is the belief that we can all, as individuals, achieve far more with our lives than we realize. Most people waste the opportunities that life can, by magick, be made to bring.

Satanic magick is simply the use of magickal forces or energies to enhance the life of an individual or individuals according to their desires. This usage can be of two types - the first is 'external' and the second is 'internal'. External magick is essentially sorcery: the changing of external events, circumstances or individuals in accordance with the wishes of the sorcerer. Internal magick is the changing of the consciousness of the individual magician using certain magickal techniques -this is essentially the quest of the Initiate for the higher grades of magickal attainment, a following of the way of Adeptship.

To external magick belongs ceremonial and hermetic rituals. To internal magick belongs the seven-fold sinister way. Ceremonial rituals are rituals involving more than two individuals, the ritual taking place in either a Temple or an outdoor area consecrated as a Temple. Ceremonial rituals involve a set text which is followed by the participants, and the wearing of ceremonial robes together with the use of certain items having magickal or Occult significance. Hermetic rituals are usually undertaken by an individual working alone or with one assistant/ companion. This present work deals with Satanic ceremonial magick: Satanic hermetic and internal magick is dealt with in the book 'NAOS - A Practical Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick'.

Satanism, in its beginnings, is all about making conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature, and to this end, Satanic magick is undertaken. Satanists believe that we are already gods: but most people fail to understand this and continue to grovel: to others or to a 'god'. The Satanist is proud, strong and defiant and detests the religion of the crucified god founded by the Nazarene, Yeshua. A Nazarene (a follower of Yeshua) is afraid of dying and weighed down by guilt and envy. The religion of Yeshua has inverted all natural values, setting back the course of our conscious evolution. Satanism, on the contrary, is a natural expression of the evolutionary or 'Promethean' urge within us: and its magick is a means to make us gods upon Earth, to realize the potential that lies within us all.

Satanic ceremonies are a means to enjoy the pleasures of life: they offer carnality, the pleasure of

fulfilling one's desires, the bringing of material and personal rewards and the joys of darkness. But they are only a beginning, a stage toward something greater. It is one of the purposes of a Satanic Temple to guide those Initiates who may be interested along the difficult and dangerous path which is the seven fold way. Those who do not wish to follow this path to Adeptship and beyond should simply enjoy the many pleasures which the Prince of Darkness offers to those who by a Satanic Initiation wish to follow His philosophy of living.

In traditional Satanism there is an appreciation of the role of women, for Satanism at its highest level is concerned with the development of the individual: roles as such are a necessary part of self-development. To be played, discarded and then transcended. The structure of traditional Temples and the rituals performed by those members of those Temples reflect this appreciation and understanding. For example, it is possible and indeed desirable for a Mistress of Earth to establish and :: organize her own Temple unless she herself wishes otherwise, just as it is possible and desirable to celebrate the Black Mass using a priest, naked, upon the altar while the Priestess conducts the service, such reversal being an accepted principle of Black Magick.

II The Temple

Satanic rites are conducted either in an indoor Temple or in an isolated outdoor locality during the hours of darkness. Indoor Temples usually have a static altar, made of either stone or wood, and this altar should be set in the East. It should be covered by an altar cloth made of good quality material and coloured black. Upon this is woven either an inverted pentagram, the septenary sigil or the personal sigil of the Master/Mistress or Temple if there is one. Candle-holders, made of either silver or gold, are placed on the altar, one at either end. Black candles are usually the most employed although some rituals require the use of other colours.

Other candleholders should be placed around the Temple, since the only light used in the Temple both during rituals and at other times should come from candles. The Black Book should be placed on an oak stand on the altar, the altar itself being of sufficient size for an individual to lie upon it. Indoor Temples should be painted either black or crimson (or a combination of the two), the floor bare or covered with rugs or carpets of plain design, either black or crimson. When not in use, the Temple should be kept dark and warm, hazel incense being burned frequently. A quartz sphere or large crystal should be kept in the Temple, either in or near the altar: if near, supported by an oak stand.

Above the altar or behind it should be an image or sculpture of Baphomet according to Satanic Tradition. Baphomet is regarded by Satanists as a 'violent goddess' and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked from the waist up. In her left hand she holds the severed head of a man. In her other hand she holds a burning torch. The severed head, which drips blood onto her lower white garment, is held so that it partially obscures her smiling face. Baphomet is regarded as the archetype of the Mistress of Earth, and the Bride of Lucifer.

No other furnishings are present in the Temple. The Temple implements are few in number and should be either made or commissioned by the Master or Mistress. If this is not possible, they should be chosen by them with care. The implements required are several large silver chalices, a Censor (or

incense holders), a quartz tetrahedron, a large silver bowl, and the Sacrificial Knife which should have a wooden handle. These implements may be kept on the altar if it is large enough, or wrapped in black cloth and kept in an oak chest.

No one is allowed into the Temple unless they are dressed in ceremonial robes and barefoot. The robes are generally black with a hood, although some rituals require the use of other colours. If possible, an ante-chamber should be used by members to change into the ceremonial robes.

If an outdoor location is used, the area should be marked out by a circle of seven stones, by the Master or Mistress. An outdoor altar is usually the body of one of the participants - naked or robed depending on the ritual and the prevailing conditions. The one chosen for this honour lies on an altar cloth, black in colour and woven with an inverted pentagram, the size of this cloth being not less than seven feet by three.

Candles should be placed in lanterns which open on one side only, this side being of glass which is often coloured red. The participants should know the area well, since they should not use any artificial light of any kind including candles, to guide them to the chosen site. Neither must any fires be lit during any ritual. For this reason the night of the full moon is often chosen

Both indoor Temples and outdoor areas chosen for rituals should be consecrated according to the rite of Temple consecration. When any ritual of Satanic magick is undertaken, no attempt should be made in any way to banish the magickal forces - what forces or energies remain following a ritual are to remain, since they dedicate the area or Temple still further to the powers of Darkness.

Preparation for Rituals:

The Master or Mistress should chose one member to act as 'Altar Brother or Sister'. It is the duty of this member to ensure that the Temple is prepared - for example, lighting the candles, filling the chalices with wine, incensing prior to the ritual.

It is the duty of the Master and Mistress to prepare the members for the ritual. This usually involves them assembling in robes in the Temple or in an ante-chamber designated as a preparation area at least half of one hour before the beginning of the ritual. During this period they are to keep their silence while standing, concentrating on the image of Baphomet or some sigil (such as an inverted pentagram) as decreed by the Master or Mistress.

One or several members should be chosen to act as Cantor and instructed in the proper chanting of the chants. Other members may be chosen as musicians - the preferred instruments being tabor (or hand-drum) or flute.

III Ceremonial Rituals

Ceremonial rituals, as given here, are conducted for basically two reasons: to generate magickal energy (and thus direct that energy to achieve a magickal goal or desire) and for the benefit of the participating congregation. The benefits the congregation derive from a successfully conducted ritual of Black Magick are many and varied: there are the carnal ones, the material ones and the spiritual ones.

To be successful, a ceremonial ritual must be both dramatic and emotional. That is, the right

atmosphere has to be created and maintained. The object is to involve the emotions of the congregation, and all the many ritualized elements (e.g. the robes and the candles) are a means to aid this. However, the single most important element is the power of the voice, whether spoken, chanted, vibrated or sung. (See the chapter on 'Magickal Vibration' for one aspect of this.)

When you are conducting a ceremonial ritual you must use the set texts and chants (such as the Satanic Our Father, the Diabolus) as a means of gradually working yourself into an emotional but still controlled frenzy. It is no use just saying the correct words - they must be spoken or chanted with a Satanic desire - and the emotion once brought must be sustained until the ritual is over. This does not mean simply acting: it means actually becoming the role you assume, that of a powerful sorcerer or sorceress. And this feeling must be communicated to the audience: by voice, gestures eyes and so on. Ceremonial Magick is and always has been an Art, and to master this Art takes practice.

However, you (and the person working as Mistress/Master or Priestess/Priest) must always remain in control of your emotions stopping just short of possession. This also means that each and every ritual must be undertaken without fear or doubt (not even unconscious fear or doubt) - that is, in the true spirit of Satanic pride and mastery: with an exultation in the forces conjured forth.

In most ceremonial rituals it is one of the tasks of the congregation to abandon themselves to their lusts and frenzy, but you as ceremonial Master/Mistress cannot do this since you must control and direct all the energies which are brought forth via the ritual and the frenzy produced. It is up to you to initiate the emotion in the Temple, to cultivate its development in the congregation, to get them to reach a ritual frenzy and climax. And then the energy must be controlled - towards a specific magickal aim or dispersed by you into the Temple/surrounding area and left to dissipate/spread according to its nature and to the glory of the Prince of Darkness.

To direct the energy, you must before the ritual choose a specific desire or aim (either your own or as a favour to one of the members). This aim (for example, it might be to harm a specific individual) must be enshrined in both a simple phrase and a simple visualization according to the principles of hermetic magick. The visualization should be of the successful outcome desired - however, if this proves difficult, concentrate solely on the phrase. This phrase, which should be succinct, should then and by you prior to the ritual, be written on a piece of parchment - you could use a 'secret script' of your own devising or one of the magickal ones in general use. You then burn this parchment at the climax of the ritual: at a point you feel is right. To do this, fill the silver bowl with spirit, place the parchment in this at the beginning of the ritual, and light it using one of the candles during the ritual. While it burns shout/chant/vibrate your chosen phrase, visualizing your desire according to the visualization chosen (if you wish to and can include the visualization part). Then exult in the triumph of your desire. Follow this with continuing the ritual to its ceremonial end.

To disperse the energy, just imagine it (as, for example, filaments) surrounding the Temple and gradually creeping outwards. You may also (for example in an Initiation ritual) direct the energy into an individual who is present (in that ritual, by using a sigil and a chant.).

IV

The Black Mass

Introduction:

The Black Mass is a ceremonial ritual with a threefold purpose. First, it is a positive inversion of the mass of the Nazarene church, and in this sense is a rite Black Magick (see the 'Guide to Black Magick'). Second it is a means of personal liberation from the chains of Nazarene dogma and thus a blasphemy: a ritual to liberate unconscious feelings. Third, it is a magickal rite in itself, that is, correct performance generates magickal energy which the celebrant can direct.

The Black Mass has been greatly misunderstood. It is not simply an inversion of Nazarene symbolism and words - when a Nazarene mass is celebrated (as occurs every day, many times, throughout the world) certain energies or vibrations compatible with the Nazarene ethos may or may not be generated, depending on the circumstances and the individuals attending. That is, under certain circumstances, the Nazarene mass can be a ritual of 'white magic': the energies that are sometimes produced being produced because a number of individuals of like mind are gathered together in ritualized setting; there is nothing in the production of energies which is attributable to external agencies (e.g. 'god').

What a genuine Black Mass does is 'tune into' those energies and then alter them in a sinister way. This occurs during the 'consecration' part of the Black Mass. The Black Mass also generates its own forms of (sinister) energy.

To see the Black Mass as simply a mockery is to misunderstand its magick. Also, the Black Mass does not require those who conduct it or participate in it to believe or accept Nazarene theology: it simply means that the participants accept that others, who attend Nazarene masses, do believe in at least to some degree in Nazarene theology - the Black Mass uses the energy produced by those beliefs against those who believe in them, by distorting that energy, and sometimes redirecting it. This is genuine Black Magick.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^

Participants:

Altar Priest - lies naked upon altar

Priestess - in white robes

Mistress of Earth - in scarlet robes

Master - in purple robes

Congregation - in black robes

Setting:

Usually an indoor Temple. If outdoors, clearings in forests or woods are suitable. Caves are ideal. The reason for such Outdoor settings are to provide an impression of 'enclosure'.

Versions:

The Black Mass exists in several versions. The one given below is the version most often used today. The other main version uses almost the same text, but is undertaken by a Priest using a naked Priestess on the altar.

Preparation of the Temple:

Hazel incense to be burnt (if obtainable, the hazel is mingled with civit). Several chalices full of strong

wine. Black candles. Several patens (of silver if possible) containing the consecrated cakes - these are baked the night before by the Priestess and blessed (i.e. dedicated to the Prince of Darkness - see chapter of Chants) by the Mistress of Earth. The cakes consist of honey, spring water, sea salt, wheat flour, eggs and animal fat. One paten is set aside for the ritual hosts. These should be obtained from a Nazarene place of worship - but if this is not possible, they are made by the Priestess if imitation of them (unleavened white hosts).

The Mass

The Priestess signifies the beginning of the Mass by clapping her hands together twice. The Mistress of Earth turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram with her left hand, saying:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

The Priestess responds by saying:

To Satan, the giver of life.

All:

Our Father which wert in heaven hallowed be thy name In heaven as it is on Earth.
Give us this day our ecstasy
And deliver us to evil as well as temptation
For we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons.

Master:

May Satan the all-powerful Prince of Darkness
And Lord of Earth
Grant us our desires.

All:

Prince of Darkness, hear us!
I believe in one Prince, Satan, who reigns over this Earth,
And in one Law, Chaos, which triumphs over all.
And I believe in one Temple
Our Temple to Satan, and in one Word which dwells in us all:
The Word of ecstasy.
And I believe in the Law of the Aeon,
Which is sacrifice, and in the letting of blood
For which I shed no tears since I give praise to my Prince
The fire-giver and look forward to his reign
And the pleasures that are to come!

The Mistress kisses the Master, then turns to the congregation, saying:
May Satan be with you.

Master:
Veni, omnipotens aeternae diabolus!

Mistress:
By the word of the Prince of Darkness, I give praise to you

(She kisses the lips of the altar-Priest)

My Prince, bringer of light, darkness and fire, I greet you
Who cause us to struggle and seek the forbidden thoughts.

(The Master repeats the 'Veni' chant)

Mistress:
Blessed are the strong for they shall inherit the Earth.

(She kisses the chest of the altar-Priest)

Blessed are the proud for they shall breed gods!

(She kisses the penis of the altar-Priest)

Let the humble and the meek die in their misery!

(She kisses the Master who passes the kiss on to the Priestess who kisses each member of the congregation. After this, she hands the paten containing the 'hosts' to the Mistress. The Mistress holds the paten over the altar-Priest, saying:)

Praised are you, my Prince and lover, by the strong:
Through our evil we have this dirt; by our boldness and Strength, it will become for us a joy in this life.

All:
Hail Satan, Prince of life !

(The Mistress places the paten on the body of the altar-Priest, saying quietly:)

Suscipe, Satanas, munus quad tibi offerimus memoriam Recolentes vindex.

(The Priestess, quietly saying 'Sanctissimi Corporis Satanas', begins to masturbate the altar-Priest. As she does, the congregation begin to clap their hands and shout in encouragement while the Master and the Mistress chant the 'Veni' chant. The Priestess allows the semen to fall upon the 'hosts', then hands the paten to the Mistress who holds it up before the congregation saying to them:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you.

All:

As they are with you!

(The Mistress returns the paten to the body of the altar-Priest, takes up one of the chalices, saying:)

Praised are you, my Prince, by the defiant: through our Arrogance and pride
We have this drink: let it become for us an elixir of life.

(She sprinkles some of the wine over the altar-Priest and towards the congregation, then returns the chalice to the altar, saying to the congregation:)

With pride in my heart I give praise to those who drove
The nails
And he who thrust the spear into the body of Yeshua,
The imposter.
May his followers rot in their rejection and filth!

(The Master addresses the congregation saying:)

Do you renounce Yeshua, the great deciever, and all his works

All:

We do renounce the Nazarene Yeshua, the great deceiver
And all his works.

Master:

Do you affirm Satan?

All:

We do affirm Satan!

(The Master begins to vibrate 'Agios o Satanas' while the Mistress picks up the paten with the 'hosts' and

turns to the congregation, saying:)

I who am the joys and pleasures of life which strong men
Have forever sought, am come to give you my body and my blood.

(She gives the paten to the Priestess, then removes the robe of the Priestess, saying:)

Remember, all you gathered here, nothing is beautiful except Man:
But most beautiful of all is Woman.

(The Priestess gives the paten back to the Mistress, then takes the chalices and consecrated cakes to the congregation who eat and drink. When all have finished, the Mistress holds up the paten, saying:)

Behold, the dirt of the earth which the humble will eat!

(The congregation laughs while the Mistress flings the 'hosts' at them which they trample underfoot while the Master continues with the 'Agius o Satanus' vibration. The Mistress claps her hands three times to signal to the congregation. She then says:

Dance, I command you!

(The congregation then begin a dance, counter sunwise, chanting 'Satan! Satan!' while they dance. The Priestess catches them one by one, kisses the person caught and then removes their robe after which they return to the dance. The Mistress stands in the centre of the dancers, and uplifting her arms, says:)

Let the church of the imposter Yeshua crumble into dust
Let all the scum who worship the rotting fish suffer and die in their misery and rejection!
We trample on them and spit of their sin!
Let there be ecstasy and darkness; let there be chaos and laughter,
Let there be sacrifice and strife: but above all let us enjoy
The gifts of life!

(She signals to the Priestess who stops the dancer of her choice. The congregation then pair off, and the orgy of lust begins. The Mistress helps the altar-Priest down from the altar, and he joins in the festivities if he wishes.)

Should the Master and Mistress wish, the energies of the ritual are then directed by them towards a specific intention.

NOTES: During the 'consecration' of the 'hosts', the Master may opt to say the following quietly (leaving the Veni chant to the Mistress):

Muem suproc mine tse cob

He then takes up the chalice, saying:

Murotaccep menoissimer ni rutednuffe sitlum orp iuq iedif muiretsym itnematsset inreteia ivon iem
siniugnas xilac mine tse cih.

It is this chalice which the Mistress then takes to sprinkle the altar-Priest. The above words are usually printed on a small card which is placed on the altar before the Mass begins: the Master using the card when the above is spoken.

As with all ceremonial rituals, it is helpful if all participants know from memory the content and spoken text. It is important that this is done and that the ritual, when undertaken, follows the text on every occasion. The ritual then is more effective as a ritual, enabling the participants to be both more relaxed and more able to enter into the spirit of the rite.

V

The Ceremony of Birth

Setting:

Indoor Temple, or outdoor area previously used for rituals.

Participants:

Master - black robes tied with crimson girdle

Mistress - black robes tied with crimson sash

Priestess - white robes tied with black sash

Priest - white robes tied with black girdle

Congregation (if present): black robes

Preparation:

Black candles on altar together with quartz crystal or tetrahedron. Phial of musk oil (if male child) or civit oil (if female child). Incense of Yew to be burnt (male child) or Black Poplar (female child).

Before the ceremony the parents of the child appoint two Temple Members as guardians of the newborn. They also provide a small pendant made of silver inscribed with an inverted septagon (or sigil of the Temple) which, for the ceremony, they hang around the neck of the newborn on a leather thong. When the child is old enough, this can be worn by them all the time. A feast, to follow the ceremony, is prepared. The newborn is brought to the ceremony loosely wrapped in black cloth.

The Ceremony:

The Master signifies the beginning of the rite by ringing the Temple bell seven times. The parents then

hand the newborn to the Priestess if the child is male, and to the Priest if female. The Master then says:

We gather here to welcome the newborn destined to share our gifts.

Mistress: Agios o Satanas!

Congregation: Agios o Satanas!

(The Mistress turns toward the altar, holds her hands outstretched and says quietly but in an audible voice:)

Veni, omnipotens aeterne Diabolus!

(She then turns back to the participants, saying:)

Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation: Agios o Baphomet!

(Note: if no congregation are present the responses are said by the Priestess et al.)

(The Master touches the head of the newborn saying:)

May the gifts of Satan be forever with you, as they are with us.

Pone, diabolus, custodiam. With this mark I seal wyrd.

(The Mistress hands him the phial and he anoints the forehead of the newborn with it in the shape of an inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple saying as he does this:)

Ad Satanas qui leatificat juventutem meam.

(He then turns to the parents, saying:)

How is he/she to be known?

(The parents answer, giving the Temple name they have chosen for the newborn:)

We have named him/her

(The Master then says:)

So shall it be. I name you amongst us.

(He then touches the forehead of the newborn, visualizing an inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple. As he does this the Mistress says:)

Pone, diabolus, custodiam!

(The Master then turns toward the congregation saying:)

Come forth, guardians of this child.

(The child-guardians step forward. The Master says to them:)

Do you, so chosen, pledge to guard and watch over this newborn and to teach when the teaching-time is right, our ways so that (He states the Temple name of the newborn) may learn our ways?

(The guardians answer: ' We do. 'The Master then turns to the congregation, saying:)

See them! Hear them! Know them!

(The Mistress hands him the phial and he anoints each of their foreheads with the sign of the inverted pentagram or the sigil of the Temple. He then turns toward the congregation saying:)

So it is done according to our ways. Let the feasting begin!

(The participants leave the Temple to partake of the feast -this is provided by members of the Temple, to honour the parents of the newborn, who may also provide gifts for the newborn and the parents.)*

VI The Death Rite

Participants:

Priest - in black robes

Priestess - naked, upon altar

Mistress - crimson robes, sexually alluring

Congregation - black robes tied with crimson cord

Temple Preparation:

Black candles on altar. Small silver Temple bell. Incense of Mars to be used (musk). A small wooden coffin (suitable in size for the wax effigy which will be made), draped in black, is placed near the altar and a handful of graveyard earth is placed on it.

Before the ritual proper begins, the Mistress makes a wax figurine in a corner of the Temple with only the Priestess present. (The easiest way to make the effigy is to place several white candles in a receptacle containing water which has just been boiled. After a while, the wax will form a thin film on the surface. This wax can then be used to fashion, by hand, the figurine which should be made as life-like as possible.) The Priestess lies naked upon the altar. The Mistress places this figurine on the womb of the Priestess, then moves it symbolically downwards to rest between her thighs. She anoints it with a musk based oil, laying: 'I who made you and delivered you in birth now name you N.N.' (She states the full name of the victim.) The Mistress and the Priestess then visualize the figurine as the intended victim - and they may if they wish then dress it as the victim dresses. The image is then placed on the womb of the Priestess, the Mistress ringing the bell thirteen times to signify the beginning of the ritual at which the Priest leads the congregation into the Temple.

The Ritual

Priest:

I will go down to the altars in Hell.

All:

To Satan, the giver of life.

(The Priest then kisses the Priestess on the lips, turns toward the congregation and makes the sign of the inverted pentagram, saying:)

Our Father which wert in heaven ...

(The congregation join him in the Satanic Our Father - see Black Mass for text. The Priest then leads the congregation in saying the Satanic Creed: 'I believe ...' - see text in Black Mass. After the Creed the Priest says:)

Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness, and help us fulfil our desires.

(He turns and fondles the Priestess, saying:)

With ecstasy we give praise to our Prince.

(The congregation chant the Sanctus Satanas - see Chants -as the Priest says quietly over the waxen image:)

Sie anod namretae meiuqer.

(He then says loudly, facing the congregation:)

Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

(The Mistress then says:)

Agios o Satanas!

(To which the congregation respond:)

Agios o Satanas!

Mistress:

Satanas - venire!

All:

Satanas - venire!

Mistress:

Dominus diabolus sabaoth. Tui sunt caeli

All:

Tua est terra!

Mistress:

Ave Satanas!

All:

Ave Satanas!

(The Mistress kisses the Priest. The Priest makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the congregation, saying:)

We, the spawn of Chaos, curse N.N.

All:

We curse N.N.

Priest:

N.N. will writhe and die

All:

N.N. will writhe and die!

Priest:
By our will, destroyed

All:
By our will, destroyed!

Priest:
Kill and laugh!

All:
Kill and laugh!

Priest:
Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince

All:
Kill and laugh and then dance to our Prince!

Priest:
N.N. is dying!

All:
N.N. is dying!

Priest:
N.N. is dead!

All:
N.N. is dead

Priest:
We have killed and now glory in the killing!

All:
We have killed and now glory in the killing!

(The Priest laughs, then the congregation laugh, jumping and dancing with glee. They continue until the Mistress rings the bell twice, The Priest points to her. She says:)

The Earth rejects N.N.

All:

You reject N.N.

(The Mistress picks up the image, holds it for the congregation to see and then places it on the graveyard earth, folding the black cloth over it. She places the cloth with the earth and image within it, inside the coffin. She turns to the congregation, saying:)

N.N. is dead.

(The congregation begin to dance, counter sunwise, chanting the Diabolus (see chants).After the chant, they gather round the coffin and the Mistress. The Priest says to them:)

Fratres, ut meum ac vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat apud Satanas.

(The Priest has sexual intercourse on the altar with the Priestess while the congregation clap their hands in approval, chanting 'Ave Satanas!' repeatedly as they do so. After the climax, the Priest withdraws, the Mistress kisses the Priestess on the lips and then 'locis muliebribus'. She then kisses each member of the congregation. The Priest, after this, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over the coffin, saying loudly:)

N.N. is dead and we all have shared in this death. N.N. is dead and we rejoice !

Mistress:

Dignum et justum est.

(The Priest and the congregation laugh. The Mistress then goes toward the Priest, takes his penis in her mouth until he is erect again. Then she stands back to admire her work, saying to the congregation:)

I who bring life, also take.

(She then passes her hands over the coffin, visualizing as she does so, the dead body of N.N. lying in a coffin. She takes up the coffin and leaves the Temple. As she leaves, the Priest says:)

Feast now, and rejoice, for we have killed, doing the work of our Prince!

(He begins the orgy of lust in the Temple. The Mistress takes the coffin to a small grave, outside, prepared beforehand. She places the coffin in Earth, covers it with earth saying: 'N.N. you are dead, now, killed by our curse.' She completes the burial and leaves the area.)

The Pledging

(Note: this is the traditional Satanic wedding ceremony.)

Setting:

Temple - or outdoor area within circle of nine stones.

Participants:

Master - purple robes

Mistress - viridian robes

Priestess and Priest - black robes

Congregation - black robes

(Those who are making their pledge wear crimson robes)

Preparation:

Altar covered with black cloth on which is woven the sigil of the Tree of Wyrd with the connecting paths. Purple candles to be used. Chalices of mead. Silver bowl on altar containing inflammable liquid. Small square of parchment. Sharp knife. Two silver rings, provided by those making their pledge. Ash incense to be burnt.

The-Ceremony

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple: the Master and Mistress standing before the altar with the Priest and Priestess beside them. When all is ready, the Master rings the Temple bell nine times as a signal to the Guardian who leads those desirous of pledging into the Temple where they stand before the altar.

The Master and Mistress greet both with a kiss, saying:

We, Master and Mistress of the Temple greet you.

(The Priestess and the Priest together chant 'Agios o Satanas Agios o Satanas!' This chant is repeated by the congregation. After, the Master says:)

We are gathered here to join in oath through our sinister magick this man and this woman. Together they shall be as inner sancturies to our gods!

(The Mistress turns to the congregation, saying:)

Hail to they who come in the names of our gods! We speak the forbidden names! Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:

Agios o Baphomet

Mistress:

Agios o Atazoth!

Congregation:

Agios o Atazoth

Mistress:

Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:

Agios o Satanas!

(The Master turns to the betrothed, saying:)

Do you, known in this world as (he states the name of the spaeman) accept as spaewife this lady (he states the Initiated name of the lady) known in this world as (he states the name of the lady) according to the precepts of our Temple and to the glory of our Lord Satan?

Spaeman:

I do.

(The Master says to the lady:)

Do you known in this world as (he states the name of the lady) accept as spaeman this jarl (he states the name of the jarl) according to the precepts of our Temple and to the glory of our Lord Satan?

Spaewife:

I do.

Master:

Then give as a sign of your pledge, these rings.

(The Mistress takes the silver rings from the altar and the jarl and his lady place them on the fingers of each other's left hand.

The Mistress turns to the congregation saying:)

Thus in oath and magick they are joined.

(The Master raises his arms, saying:)

See them! Hear them! Let it be known among you and others of our kind, that should anyone here assembled or dwelling elsewhere seek to render asunder this jarl and his lady against the desire of that jarl and that lady, then shall that person or persons be cursed, cast out and made by our magick to die a miserable death! Hear my words and heed them! Hear me, all you gathered in my Temple! Hear me, all you bound by the magick of our Lord the Prince of Darkness! Hear me, you dark gods gathering to witness this rite!

(The Mistress takes up the knife and the square of parchment as the jarl and his lady hold out their left hands. She swiftly cuts their thumbs, presses drops of each blood onto the parchment and then presses the two thumbs together. She then presses the thumb of the jarl to the forehead of the lady and then the thumb of the lady against the forehead of the jarl, marking both in blood. The parchment is cast into the silver bowl and the Priestess lights the liquid in this.

The following statement is then read out first by the lady and then the jarl. This statement is usually written/printed on a card which is kept on the altar and handed to the lady by the Priest after the Priestess ignites the liquid in the bowl:)

Esse filo captum palchritudinis suae, et nil amplius desiderare, quam ejus amplexu frui: et omen concubitus - ex commixtione hominis cum Diabolo et Baphomet aliquoties nascuntur hominis, et tali modo nasciturum esse Anti-Nazareus.

(After this is read by the jarl, the Priest takes the card and replaces it on the altar while the Mistress comes forward to kiss first the lady then the jarl. The Master does likewise, after which he says:)

I declare them pledged!

(The congregation et al then exchange greetings with the spaeman and his wife. The Priest and Priestess hand out the chalices which are emptied. A feast usually follows the ceremony.)

NOTE: Either party can end the joining at any time by placing their ring on the altar and informing the Master or Mistress who announce the parting at the next Temple gathering.

VIII

The Rite of Initiation

Introduction:

The candidate is usually sponsored by an existing Initiate, and this member accompanies the candidate

of the test of fidelity which the Master or Mistress of the Temple specifies. The candidate also undergoes a test of knowledge (relating to what he or she has learned of Temple teachings during the six-month probationary period) and a test of courage.

The text given below is for a male candidate: for a female candidate, the text should be altered in the appropriate places.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - in scarlet robes

Mistress of Earth - sexually alluring scarlet robes

Priestess - naked, upon altar (if male candidate)

Priest - naked, upon altar (if female candidate)

Guardian of the Temple - dressed in black and wearing a face mask

Congregation - Black robes

Preparation:

The candidate provides a new black robe, designed according to the precepts of the Temple. This is given to the Master before the ritual and placed on the altar. The candidate attends the ritual in a coarse brown garment which can be easily removed.

The ritual takes place at sunset. A small phial containing a civit-based oil is placed on the altar. Black candles to be used, incense of the Moon burnt (petriochor, if available, otherwise hazel). Some symbolism appropriate to the Moon should also be present - e.g. quartz crystals. Chalices full of strong wine.

The congregation assemble in the Temple with the Master and Mistress. The Guardian stands near the Temple entrance. The candidate is blindfolded and is led into the Temple by the sponsor.

The Rite

(The Master greets the candidate, saying:)

You the nameless have come here to receive that initiation given to all who desire the greatness of our sinister gods!

(The Master kisses the Mistress who kisses the altar-Priest [or Priestess]. The Master then says:)

You the nameless have come to give yourself to us and your quest:

To seal with a sinister oath the beliefs and practices

You have accepted since first you were allowed into this

Temple to Satan.

(The Master turns to the congregation, makes the sign of the inverted pentagram over them with his left hand, and says:)

I greet you all in the name of our Prince. Let his legions

Gather to witness this, our Satanic rite! Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!

(The congregation repeat the `Veni' chant after which the Mistress turns to them and says:)

Dance, I command you! And with the beating of your feet
Raise the legions of our Lord and the Dark Gods who watch
Over our games!

(The congregation now dance, anti-sunwise, chanting the Diabolus as they dance. While they dance the Master takes a chalice and raises it, saying:)

You the nameless have come to break the chains that bind!

(The Mistress removes the garment of the candidate leaving naked. The Master approaches him, puts the chalice to his lips, saying: 'Drink!' The candidate drinks the wine. The congregation continue their dance and chant until the Mistress raises her arms as a signal for them to stop. She says to them:)

Gather round, my children, and feel the flesh of our gift!

(The congregation gather round the candidate and run their hands over all his body. While they do this, laughing, the Master chants the 'Veni' chant several times. The Mistress claps her hands twice and the congregation move away. She kisses the candidate [whether male or female] and says:)

We the noble rejoice that you have come to seed us with your blood and gifts.
We, kin of Chaos, welcome you, now nameless.
You, the riddle and I the answer that begins your quest.
We, the cursed, welcome you who have dared to defy.
In the beginning was sacrifice but now words to bind you through all time to us.
In your beginnings - we were.
In your quest - we are.
Before you - we were.
After you - we shall be, again.
Before us - They who are never named.
After us - They will be, waiting.
And you through this Rite shall be of us and thus of them who are never named.
For we the fair who garb ourselves in black through Them possess the rock we call this Earth.

(The Master stands before the candidate, saying:)

Do you accept the law as decreed by us?

(The candidate [R] responds:)

I do.

Master:

Do you bind yourself with word, deed and thought, to us the Seed of Satan without fear and dread?

R:

I do

Master:

Do you affirm in the presence of this gathering that I am your Master and that she who stands before you is your Mistress?

R:

I do.

Master:

Then understand that the breaking of your word is the Beginning of our wrath! See him! Hear him!
Know him!

(The Master points to the candidate and the congregation gather round him, touching him again. After this, the Mistress -removes his blindfold. The Master says to the candidate:)

Do you renounce the Nazarene Yeshua the deciever, and all his works ?

R:

I do renounce Yeshua the deceiver and all his works.

Master:

Do you affirm Satan?

R:

I do affirm Satan.

Master:

Satan, whose word is Chaos?

R:

Satan, whose word is Chaos.

Master:

Then break this symbol which we detest.

(The Mistress hands the candidate a suitably defiled wooden cross which the candidate breaks and thrown it to the ground.)

Master:

Now receive as a symbol of your desire and as a Sign
Of your oath this sigil of Satan.
From this day forth
This sigil by the Power which I The Master wield
Shall always be a part of
You - a sign to those who see and the Mark of our Prince.

(The Mistress hands the phial of oil to the Master who traces the sign of the inverted pentagram on the forehead of the candidate, vibrating as he does so the name the candidate has chosen. The Mistress then stands behind the candidate and traces with her left forefinger, the sigil of the Temple on the back of the candidate, chanting 'Agios o Satanas' as she does so. If there be no Temple sigil, she traces the inverted pentagram. She stands before the candidate. If the candidate is male, she kisses him on the forehead, then the lips, the chest and penis. If the candidate is female, she kisses her on the forehead, each breast, then pubis. After this, she claps her hands once as a signal for the Guardian to come forward. As he does, she says to the candidate:)

Now you must be taught the wisdom of our way!

(The Guardian seizes the candidate and holds his/her arms, forcing them to kneel before the Mistress who laughs and says:)

See, all you gathered in my Temple: here is he who thought
He knew our secret - he who secretly admired himself for
His cunning! See how our strength overcomes him!

(The congregation laugh while the Master blindfolds the candidate again. The Guardian then binds the hands of the candidate with cord. The Mistress then whispers to the candidate, saying: 'Lay down, keep your silence and be still!' The congregation and the Guardian leave the Temple.

The Master then has sexual intercourse with the Priestess on the altar [or if the candidate is female, the Mistress has intercourse with the Priest]. In both versions, this task may be delegated to a member of the congregation, chosen before the ritual by either the Master or Mistress. The male or female member so chosen stays in the Temple when the congregation depart.

After-the act, the Priestess [or Priest] is assisted down from the altar, and the Master and Mistress [and the one chosen to perform in their stead, if present] leave the Temple. The Priestess [or Priest then approaches the candidate, saying:)

Recieve from me and through me the gift of your Initiation
So it has been, so it is, and so shall it be again.

(They then unbind and remove the blindfold from the candidate and sexual intercourse takes place. After, the Priestess [or Priest] fetches the robe from the altar and dresses the candidate in it. She [or he] then briefly leaves the Temple to announce to the congregation et al 'So-it is done according to our desires! The congregation et al then return to the Temple, each greeting the new Initiate with a kiss. The chalices are handed round, and the members take their pleasure as they wish.)

NOTES: For the ritual of Initiation, the Priestess is chosen for the pleasure she obtains from coitus, the Guardian for his physical strength; if the candidate is female, the altar-priest chosen for his control during coitus - he should bring the Mistress to ecstasy, without himself losing control, thus saving elixir for the candidate. It is the duty of the Mistress to find among the Temple members someone to fulfil this role, although she may delegate this task to a female member of the Temple, the person being chosen by the obvious experimentation. Those thus chosen are then invested with their office of altar-Priest or Priestess and hold this office for a year and a day.

If possible, candidates should know no details of the Rite of Initiation - i.e. they should not be told what to expect. For this reason, members of the Temple should take a vow of silence regarding the Rite, promising not to reveal its details to nonmembers and candidates, Thus, the 'Black Book' should for this and other reasons never be shown to non-Initiates.

IX

Consecration of the Temple

Preparations:

Incense of Mars to be burnt for several hours before the ritual is due to begin. The Temple itself is furnished as for a Black Mass. One chalice contains The Elixir.

(To make The Elixir: the night before the ritual, the Master has sexual intercourse in the Temple [the Temple having been already furnished, with altar etc.] at the moment of his ecstasy depositing his seed in an empty chalice. To this, the Priestess ad adds seven drops of her own blood [taken from her left forefinger following intercourse], three pinches of soil [finely ground and dried] taken from a grave in a graveyard on the night of the full moon, ground and dried shavings from an oak tree collected on a night when Saturn is rising, and strong wine to fill the chalice. The chalice is left on the altar until the ritual begins.)

The Master enters the Temple before the congregation, and seal seals the dimensions according to the Rite of Sealing:

For this, a crystal tetrahedron is required. It should be as large as possible and made of quartz. The person conducting the rite, places both their hands on the crystal (which may be on an altar) and visualizes a rent appearing in a star studded sky. This rent gradually spreads its darkness down toward the crystal, enclosing it and the surroundings. The person then vibrates:

Binan Ath Ga Wath Am.

This vibration is repeated seven times. The person then says:

From dark dimensions I call them forth!

The person then visualizes a darkness entering the crystal. After, the person bows to the crystal. The Rite is then complete, the person removing their hands and moving away from the crystal.

Participants:

Master of the Temple - in black robes

Priestess - in black robes

Congregation - in black robes

(Note: if the group in question is run by a Mistress, then she assumes the role allocated to the Master, and a Priest is present instead of a Priestess. For producing the Elixir, the procedure above is followed although the blood is that of the Mistress and the seed that of the Priest.)

The Dedication

The Master goes to the entrance of the Temple, and ushers the congregation in. They enter chanting the Sanctus Satanas (see Chants) walking counter sunwise three times around the altar. They continue chanting until the Master claps his hands twice. He stands behind the altar, facing the congregation, the Priestess beside him. He says to the congregation:

We gather here to dedicate this Temple to our sinister work.
We Summon forth Satan, Prince of Darkness and Guardian of our Gate,
To witness this rite of Dedication.
For we shall find and drink the Elixir which is black to the blind.
Mindful then of our past which has made this Work possible, let us re-affirm our Creed.

(All present recite the 21 Satanic Points. After, the Master spreads his hands over the chalice containing The Elixir and vibrates 'Agnos o Satanas'. He then kisses the Priestess who goes to kiss each member of the congregation. Then he holds up the -chalice, saying:)

As it has been, so it is and so shall it be again by the Power of our Prince, Satan, and the powers of They who are Never named.
From dark dimensions they will come while others sleep.

(He places the chalice back upon the altar, spreads his hands over the crystal tetrahedron and vibrates 'Nythra' three times. After this, he takes up the chalice, sprinkles some of its contents toward the congregation and Priestess and then over the altar. He then sprinkles more around the entrance to the Temple before walking counter sunwise around the Temple sprinkling the walls and floor. He then pours the remainder of the contents around the base of the altar. He replaces the empty chalice on the altar, turns to the congregation, saying:)

As it has been, so it is and so shall it be again!
Let the Rite of The Black Mass begin!

(He assists the one chosen before hand as altar-Priest to remove his robe and take his place upon the altar. The Mass then begins. The Mass follows the text in the Black Book except that the Priestess assumes both the role of the Mistress and her own role as Priestess, and the Master concludes the Mass with the following words [after the 'Mistress' has said '... let us enjoy the gifts of life.'])

By my Power - the Power of Satan, Prince of Darkness - I Declare this Temple charged!

(The usual orgy/feast that follows the Black Mass begins.)

X The Dying time

Setting:

Outdoors, in an isolated location. A funeral pyre is prepared by the Guardian. An ellipse of nine stones should be made enclosing the pyre. Wooden goblets, sufficient in number for each participant, should be filled with mead and kept ready on a wooden table (oak if possible) away from the pyre.

Participants:

Master
Mistress
Priest
Priestess
Congregation
Guardian
(all are in black robes)

Additional Guardians may be appointed to guard access to the site, ensuring privacy.

The Rite

(The body of the deceased member is brought in a light wooden casket, carried by members of the Temple toward the stones and the pyre. It is covered with a crimson drape. After the casket has been placed on the pyre, all present gather round, outside the ellipse of stones.

The Master begins the Rite by saying:)

Agios o Satanas! We gather here to pay homage to our brother/sister who by his/her life and magick did deeds of glory to the honour of our name! Agios o Satanas!

Congregation:

Agios o Satanas!

Master:

Agios o Baphomet!

Congregation:

Agios o Baphomet!

Mistress:

So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

Master:

So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

Congregation:

So shall we lamenting remember the glorious deeds still waiting to be done!

(The Priest and Priestess hand out the goblets. When this is done, the Master raises his head toward the pyre, saying:)

Ad Satanas qui laetificat juventutem meam.

(The Mistress then lights the pyre. As it burns, the Master drinks from his goblet, throwing the empty vessel into the flames. The congregation et al then raise their own goblets, say the 'Ad Satanas' chant, drink and likewise cast the empty goblets into the flames. The Mistress is the last to drink. After she has thrown her own goblet, she says:)

May our memories linger to haunt the spaces and the dark! So it has been, so it is and so shall it be again!

(The gathering then depart from the site. It is the duty of the Guardian [and his helpers, if any) to attend to and watch over the pyre, ensuring the casket and contents are reduced by flames. What remains is left,

to be scattered as it will.)

XI

The Ceremony of Recalling

Introduction:

The Ceremony exists in three versions. The one given here is the one most often used today - where the 'Sacrificial Conclusion' is symbolic. In former times, the Priest, having been chosen according to tradition a year before, was ritually sacrificed by the Mistress and Master. This version is published in OPFER (Fenrir Vol II No 2). This sacrificial Ceremony traditionally occurs once every cycle of seventeen years.

Preparations:

The night before the ritual, the Priestess bakes the consecrated cakes made from wheat, water (spring), egg, honey and animal fat. The congregation gather outside the Temple, the Master and Mistress wait within. The Guardian leads the Priest toward the congregation and the Priestess blindfolds the Priest. She then leads him to each member of the Temple who kiss him.

The Temple itself is furnished with red candles; Incense of Jupiter to be burning. Quartz tetrahedron on plinth or altar. Phial containing musk oil.

Participants:

Master - in black robes

Mistress of Earth - white robes

Priestess - in a red robe tied with a white sash

Guardian of the Temple - black robe, with face mask

Priest ('The Chosen One'/Opfer) - white robe

Congregation - red robes

The Ceremony

(The Priestess and Guardian lead the Priest into the Temple and are followed by the congregation. The Mistress greets the Priest with a kiss while the Master vibrates [with his hands on the tetrahedron] 'Agios o Atazoth'.

After this, the congregation chant the 'Diabolus' [see Chants] while slowly walking, counter sunwise, around the Priest in a circle. This chant is repeated seven times. The Master and Mistress [or two Temple members chosen and trained as Cantors] then chant in parallel and a fourth apart according to the Principles of Esoteric Chant, the 'Agios o Baphomet' chant. This chant may be an octave and a fourth apart. However, should for whatever reason, those conducting the ritual be unable to chant in this manner, the Agios o Baphomet may be vibrated seven times according to the principles of esoteric vibration. [The magick is more powerful if the chant

is sung in parallel as indicated.] During this, the Guardian lifts the Priest onto the altar and the Priestess removes his robe.

After the chant, the Mistress then anoints the body of the Priest with the oil while the congregation walk, as before, chanting the Diabolus. After the anointing, the Priestess and Mistress remove their robes, the Priestess then arouses the 'secret fire' of the Priest with her lips - without bringing him to ecstasy however. When she is satisfied, she signals to the Guardian who lifts the Priest from the altar and forces him to kneel before the Priestess. The Master then kneels before the Mistress at which point the congregation cease their chanting and gather round forming a circle. The Priestess copies the Mistress in both words and actions, using the Priest.

The Mistress places her hands on the head of the Master and the Master says:)

It is the protection and juices of your body that I seek

(The Mistress opens her thighs, and the Master drinks. The Guardian forces the Priest to do likewise to the Priestess. Then, the Mistress pushes him away, saying:)

As you have drunk so shall you die!

Master:

I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you
Who crushes your enemies and who washes in a basin full of
Their blood. I lift my eyes to gaze upon the beauty of body
- You who are the daughter of and a Gate to our Dark Gods:
They who are never named. I lift my voice to stand
(He here stands)
Before you my sister and offer you my body so that my
Mage's seed shall feed your virgin flesh.

Mistress:

Kiss me and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey.
Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that
Severs and stains my Earth with blood.
Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn which
Grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me
With your seed
And I shall make you as a Gate which opens to our gods!

(The Mistress goes to the Priest and whispers to him:)

Take me, for she is me and I am yours!

(She then removes the blindfold and pushes him into the arms of the Priestess. She then has congress

with the Master while the congregation continue with their slow walk and chanting. After the priest has achieved his ecstasy, the Mistress says:)

So you have sown and from your sowing gifts may come if
You obedient heed these words I speak.

(The Guardian gives her the sash from the robe of the Priestess. She claps her hands twice and the congregation, the - Priest and Priestess gather round her, the Master and the Guardian She says:)

I know you my dark children: you are sinister yet none
Of you is as sinister or as deadly as I.
I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts:
Yet not one of you is as hateful or as loving as I.
With a glance I can strike you dead!

(She goes to each member, kissing them in turn - on the lips and removing their robes. She then points to the Priest and the Guardian comes forward to hold him while she binds his hands with the sash. She then blindfolds him and the Guardian lays him on the floor, covering his prostrate body with the robe of the Mistress. He lies still and motionless while the Mistress says to the congregation:)

No guilt shall bind you here; no thought restrict.
Feast then and enjoy but ever remember that I am the
Wind that snatches your soul!

(The Guardian then leaves the Temple, returning with trays of wine and food prepared before-hand. The congregation feast and drink and take their pleasures according to their desire always leaving a circle around the Priest clear [the circle may be drawn on the floor before the Ceremony and the Priest placed within it by the Guardian at the appropriate point]. The feasting and pleasures continue until the altar candles are burnt to a line inscribed previously by the Master - this being of sufficient duration for plentiful pleasures to be enjoyed. At this point the Mistress claps her hands seven times and the congregation et al [apart from Mistress, Priestess and Master] leave the Temple. The Priestess removes the blindfold of the Priest, unbinds and uncovers him and helps him to his feet. She then leads him out from the Temple. The Master and Mistress then take their own pleasure, directing the energies of their own congress and those present within the Temple toward a specific aim or intention.)

NOTES: 1) During the feasting, the Master and Mistress abstain and instead begin to direct the energy released via the Ceremony into the crystal (using visualization etc). This energy may then be left stored there, or they may elect to release it during the conclusion toward the aim or intention. However, should they wish, they may direct the energy into the Priest. If this is done the Priest should be informed beforehand and told to observe the effects over several days. This latter procedure is intended mainly for

new initiates and is an aid to their magickal development.

2) The Ceremony may be performed on a regular basis, the Master choosing the Priest who is notified only just before the start of the ritual. The ceremony may also be performed with a Priestess as 'Opfer', the ritual following the text above except that the roles of the Priest and Priestess are reversed.

3) At the discretion of the Master or Mistress, the Ceremony may be extended - the Priest (or Priestess) being left in the Temple over night, the Ceremony in this instance being begun at sunset and finally concluding at sunrise. For this extension, the energy present is always sent into the Priest (or Priestess). The person chosen for this can be any member of the Temple. In this, the Master, Mistress and Priestess leave the congregation, the member chosen being told to remain lying and unmoving until the Master returns at dawn.

XII

Satanic Orders

For a long time, traditional Satanism was taught on an individual basis from Master (or Mistress) to pupil/Initiate, this Initiate following the path to Adeptship under guidance. When ceremonial rituals were undertaken, it was in secret with only members of long standing attending. The few Initiates that were accepted had to undergo a probationary period of several years before being allowed to participate.

It was one of the duties of the Master and Mistress to guide their pupils along the difficult path toward magickal mastery, and to this end 'internal magick' was employed, this system of internal magick being gradually extended and refined over the centuries. In its initial stages, genuine Satanism is all about the Initiate experiencing the dark or shadow aspect of themselves and in the past the Initiate was instructed to experience in reality many things. Sometimes, the Master or Mistress would lead them into specific situations (some of which would be dangerous) for the Initiate to learn from them. Some of these experiences were unconventional and frowned on by 'conventional society' -and some would have been 'illegal' as well. Of course, such methods were difficult, but for the Initiates who survived or remained at liberty they provided genuine experience and self insight. However, gradually, (at least in traditional Satanism) a means was found to 'short-circuit' these evolutionary experiences: whereas in the past most of them would have been practical in the sense of taking the individual to his or her limits, the new techniques became 'internalized'. That is, they tended to be magickally based rather than practical. The essence of the new methods was and still is the 'Grade Rituals'.

The Grade Rituals (the first of which is Initiation) are a series of tasks and undertakings, and the individual who follows the procedure of a Grade Ritual (the main Grade Rituals are given in detail in NAOS - A Practical Guide to Sinister Hermetic Magick') will achieve magickal understanding and self insight of a kind appropriate to the Grade Ritual being undertaken. There are seven Grade Rituals, and these take the individual from Initiate to External Adept to Internal Adept and thence to Master/Mistress and beyond. Associated with the Grade Rituals are other tasks, and these form the basis of the training of the Satanic Initiate! By their very nature, they produce a specific type of individual: one, that is, imbued with the Satanist spirit.

The Grade Ritual of Internal Adept involves the individual in living in isolation for at least three months, and if this is undertaken according to the principles of the rite itself, the individual will emerge as a genuine Adept. Naturally, this ritual is not easy.

The next stage involves the individual in entering the Abyss: Of becoming part of the acausal, that is, of allowing acausal/ chaotic energies to enter consciousness without any means of Conscious control, This magickal part of the Grade Ritual is Preceded by a physical part (for men: walking alone and unaided a distance of 80 miles beginning at sunrise on the first day and ending at sunset on the second day; for women: the distance is 56 miles).

This physical part is essential (and the time limit and conditions must be rigidly observed) since it drains the candidate both physically and mentally, the candidate then having few 'barriers'. This ritual is also not easy to undertake.

Thus it can be seen that the training of Initiates in genuine Satanic Orders is both comprehensive and difficult, for Satanic Orders are not religious institutions committed to indoctrinating their members, just as they are not groups for the discussion and study of magickal and Occult topics. They are places where real sinister magick is undertaken - this real magick is difficult and may at times be dangerous. Genuine Satanists do not talk - they do; they do not seek to study obscure legends and myths pertaining to the dark side - they become, through sinister magick, the dark side itself; they do not flit from one 'group' to another, from one system to another - they follow the techniques of the seven-fold way, under guidance, to the very end refusing to give in when things become difficult and dangerous. In short, they exemplify the spirit of the Satanist: that life-affirming ecstasy which both conquers and defies.

XIII

Sinister Chant

Sinister chant is divided into three distinct methods, all of which have the same general aim - to produce magickal energy. The type and effect of this energy varies according to the method employed.

The first method is the vibration of words and phrases; the second is chanting, and the third is 'Esoteric Chant' - that is, the following of a specific text which is chanted in one of the esoteric modes. Esoteric Chant is explained in detail in NAOS.

Vibration is the simplest method, and involves the individual 'projecting' the sound. A deep breath is taken, and the first part of the word to be vibrated is 'expelled' with the exhalation of breath. This exhalation must be controlled - that is, the intensity of sound should be prolonged (not less than ten seconds for each part of the word) and as constant as possible. The person undertaking the vibration then inhales, and the process is repeated for the second part of the word and so on.

Thus 'Satanas' would be vibrated as Sa - tan - as. The vibration is not a shout or a scream but a concentration of sound energy. Vibration should involve the whole body and should be a physical effort. Regular practice is essential in mastering the technique, and the individual should learn to project at varying distances (from ten to thirty feet or more) as well as enhance the power of the vibration itself. The essence of the method is controlled sound of the same intensity throughout each part of the word and the whole word and/or text.

Chanting is essentially the singing of words or text in a regular 'monotone' - that is, in the same key,

although the last part of the chant is usually 'embellished' to a certain extent by first chanting on a higher note and then a lower one. The pace of the chant varies, and can be slow (or 'funerial') or fast (or ecstatic) depending on the ceremony and the mood of the participants.

It is one of the tasks of the Master or Mistress who runs the Temple to train the congregation and new members in all three methods of chant, and to this end regular sessions of practice should be held. Chant, of whatever type, when correctly performed is one of the keys to the generation of magickal energy during a ceremonial ritual and, like the dramatic performance of a ritual, its importance cannot be overemphasized.

Satanic Chants:

1) Diabolus

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat Saeculum in favilla
Teste Satan cum sibylla.
Quantos tremor est futurus
Quando Vindex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
Dies irae, dies illa!

2) Sanctus Satanas

Sanctus Satanas, Sanctus
Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth.
Satanas - venire!
Satanas - venire!
Ave, Satanas, ave Satanas.
Tui sunt caeli,
Tua est terra,
Ave Satanas!

3) Oriens Splendor

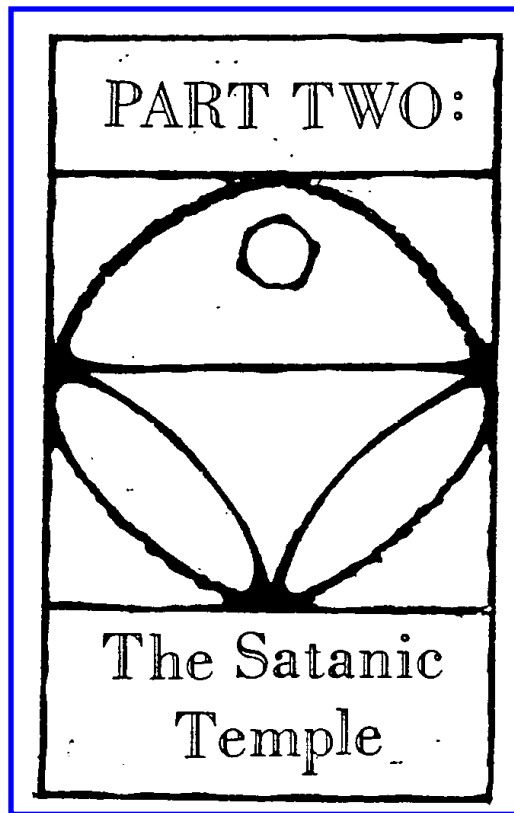
Oriens splendor lucis aeternae
Et Lucifer justitiae: veni
Et illumine sedentes in tenebris
Et umbra mortis.

4) General chants:

- * Ad Satanus qui laetificat juventutem meam. (To Satan, giver of youth and happiness.)
- * Veni, omnipotens aeterne diabolus! (Come, almighty eternal devil!)
- * Pone, diabolus, custodiam! (Devil, set a guard.)

5) Invokation to Baphomet

We stand armed and dangerous before the bloody fields of history;
Devoid of dogma - but ready to carve, to defy the transient:
Ready to stab forth with our penetrative will,
Strain every leash, run yelling down the mountainside of Man:
Ready and willing to immolate world upon world
With our stunning blaze.
And let them all sing that WE were here, as Masters
Among the failing speciens called Man.
Our being took form in defiance
To stand before your killing gaze.
And now we travel from flame to flame
And tower from the will to the glory!
AGIOS O BAPHOMET! AGIOS O BAPHOMET!



Introduction

A Satanist Temple or group can be formed for three reasons: 1) to practice authentic Satanism; 2) to experience the reality of Sinister Magick; and 3) as a task of the External Adept. This part of the 'Black Book' applies to all three: those who have not as yet been Initiated by an established traditional Satanist Temple but who wish to begin practical Satanism for whatever personal reason, should undertake the ritual of Self-Initiation given in chapter XI, then put into practice the advice given in chapter XII about organizing and running a practical group.

If you undertake the self-Initiation, you should as soon as possible find an individual of the opposite sex who is interested in Black Magick. You can then Initiate this person, using the ritual of Initiation in Part One as your guide. You should find somewhere suitable to use as a Temple and dedicate this according to the Dedication in Part One.

You should then give your Temple a suitable Sinister name (such as The Temple of Satan) and begin to recruit members, your companion acting as Priestess/Priest and/or Mistress/Master. The gifts and joys of Satan will then be yours to enjoy.

However, should you wish to go further and begin the sevenfold sinister way, you should obtain a copy of 'Naos' and begin to undertake hermetic and internal magick, continuing with your running your Temple until and if you decide to undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. The choice is yours.

Two rituals will be given - one for an indoor location, and one for an outdoor one. Choose the one you feel is most suitable for you.

I - Indoor

Set aside an area for the performance of the ritual and in this erect an altar and cover it with a black cloth. (The altar may be a table,). Obtain some black candles, some candle holders, some hazel incense, a quartz crystal or crystals. You will also need two small squares of parchment (or expensive woven paper), a quill type pen, a sharp knife, some sea salt, a handful of graveyard earth (obtained on a night of the new moon) and a chalice which you should fill with wine. All of these items should be placed on the altar.

Should you wish, you may also obtain a black robe of suitable design. If not, you should dress all in black for the ritual.

An hour before sunset, enter your Temple area, face east and chant the Sanctus Satanas twice. Then say, loudly,

To you, Satan, Prince of Darkness and Lord of the Earth,
I dedicate this Temple: let it become, like my body,
A vessel for your power and an expression of your glory!

Then vibrate 'Agios o Satanas' nine times. After this, take up the salt and sprinkle it over the altar and around the room, saying:

With this salt I seal the power of Satan in!

Take the earth and cast it likewise, saying:

With this earth I dedicate my Temple. Satanas - venire! Satanas venire! Agios O Baphomet! I am god imbued with your glory!

Then light the candles on the altar, burn plentiful incense and leave the Temple. Take a bath, and then return to the Temple.

Once in the Temple, do the 'Sinister Blessing' (see Appendix), then facing the altar, lightly prick your left forefinger with the knife. With the blood and using the pen inscribe on one parchment the Occult name you have chosen (see Appendix III for some suggestions regarding names). On the other inscribe an inverted pentagram. Hold both parchments up to the East saying:

With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life!

Then turn counter sunwise three times, saying:

I (state the Occult name you have chosen) am here to begin my sinister quest! Prince of Darkness,

hear my oath! Baphomet, Mistress of Earth, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss!

Burn the parchments in the candles. (Note: it is often more practical to fill a vessel with spirit and place the parchments in this and then set the spirit alight. However if you have chosen woven paper, this method will not be necessary.) As they burn, say:

Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!

Take up the chalice, raise it to the East, saying:

With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name!

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles and then depart from the Temple. The Initiation is then complete.

* * *

II - Outdoor

Find a suitable outdoor area. It should be near a stream, lake or river. The ritual should be conducted on the night of the full moon at a time half way between sunset and sunrise.

You will need: ambergris oil, black candles (in lanterns if possible), two squares of parchment or woven paper, sharp knife or silver pen, quill-type pen, black robe or clothes. Chalice full of wine.

Begin the ritual by bathing naked in the stream, lake or river. After, rub the ambergris oil into the body, saying as you do 'Agios o Satanas'. Then change into the robe/clothes and proceed to where the candles etc have been lain out on the ground. Light the candles. Then facing East, conduct a Satanic Blessing (see Appendix). After, chant the Sanctus Satanas,

Then prick your left forefinger with the knife/pin and inscribe one parchment with your chosen Occult name. Inscribe an inverted pentagram on the other. Hold both parchments up to the East, saying: 'With my blood I dedicate the Temple of my life.'

Then turn counter sunwise and three times laying: 'I (state your Occult name) am here to begin my sinister quest. Prince of Darkness, hear me! Hear me, you Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss.'

Burn the parchments in the candles. (If parchment, use the method given in I above.) As they burn, say: 'Satan, may your power mingle with mine as my blood now mingles with fire!' Take up the chalice and say: 'With this drink I seal my oath. I am yours and shall do works to the glory of your name.'

Drain the chalice, extinguish the candles, collect all the items you have used and depart from the area. The Initiation is then complete.

One of the purposes of the Temple is to perform ceremonial Satanic rituals on a regular basis, and the following schedule is suggested:

- a) Once a month (at a new moon if possible) celebrate the Black Mass. This celebration should be followed by a feast where food and wine prepared and/or brought to the Temple by the members is consumed, this feast itself following on after the orgy that concludes the Black Mass. Should you, as organiser of the Temple (and thus an honorary 'Master' or 'Mistress'- the organiser of a new Temple is generally known by the title of 'Choregos') wish, the feast only may conclude the Mass - it being left to your discretion as to when the orgy is to be included. That is, it is not always necessary to conclude the Mass with an orgy, although for obvious Satanic reasons, it forms a pleasing end to the Mass.
- b) Every fortnight, the members should assemble for a meeting (a sunedrion) where any member may request magickal aid for themselves or others. The aid may be of any kind - constructive, material, or destructive. Those wishing aid should write their requests on paper and seal this in an envelope which they place in a special urn/receptacle kept for this purpose near the entrance to the Temple. The members should assemble (in robes and barefoot) in the Temple, and the sunedrion is formally begun by you, the Choregos, saying 'Let the sunedrion begin'. If a member has been appointed Guardian (see the list of Offices at the end of the chapter) he should stand by the entrance to the Temple and refuse admittance to any members arriving late. Those present in the Temple then recite the Satanic Creed (see text of Black Mass).

Following this, the Priestess then removes at random two of the requests, which she reads. The members who have been chosen thus, acknowledge their requests by bowing to the Priestess. The request first chosen by the Priestess is performed that evening, the other at the next full moon. This means that you as Choregos should have everything in readiness for all possible hermetic and ceremonial rituals.

The requests may be for anything a member wishes, and it is up to you to decide how the request may be magickally fulfilled by choosing an appropriate ceremonial or hermetic ritual. The monthly Black Mass may be used as a vehicle, for example - you choosing suitable chants/visualizations for the members desire.

The member requesting help must offer something in return this is usually a financial donation to the Temple, a ritual object for use in the Temple, robes for use of members, or their own body for the gratification of the Choregos or someone chosen by the Choregos. It is however, the member requesting magickal aid who decides on the nature of the gift.

Those requests not chosen by the Priestess are considered by the Choregos after the sunedrion, and those considered suitable are undertaken as soon as possible, the members being informed.

If you as Choregos choose a hermetic ritual for a request, then you either work alone or with the member whose request it is - unless the ritual you choose is a hermetic one, when you work with the Priestess/Priest or the member if that member has offered their body as payment for the aid.

After choosing the requests, the members depart from the Temple while you and the altar brother/sister prepare the Temple for the ritual you have chosen to fit the first request. During this preparation, the members should prepare themselves for the ritual if a ceremonial form has been chosen. Should a hermetic form be chosen, this is done in the Temple while the members feast and drink outside of the

Temple.

c) At full moon, an outdoor ritual should be conducted in a suitable location. This should be either a group invocation to the Dark Gods (see Chapter XVI) or another ceremonial ritual (for example, the Death Rite might be chosen because of a member's request).

You can elect to hold the sunedrion some days before this, or combine the sunedrion with this ritual, depending on the number of members, and their commitment. What is important is to establish a pattern of meetings and rituals.

Teaching:

Another purpose of the Temple should be teaching. You should try and arrange regular sessions with interested members -the best time being after the sunedrion and its associated ritual (if any), the best length for the sessions being around three quarters of one hour. During these sessions you can explain about the septenary system, the Star Game, the Satanic Tarot and so on. (All these and other topics of esoteric Satanism are covered in NAOS.) Thus, you might organize the following programme to be held on successive sessions:

- i) Introduction to the septenary system - Tree of Wyrd, spheres, correspondences.
- ii) Further correspondences, including Tarot images associated with spheres.
- iii) Pathways and their 'demon-forms'. Invokation etc.
- iv) Hermetic rituals
- v) Introduction to the Star Game
- vi) The Satanist Tarot - divination etc.
- vii) Esoteric Chant - practice etc.
- viii) Practice of playing the Star Game.

Should you wish to follow the seven-fold sinister way yourself, you may set yourself a suitable physical task, achieve this, then undertake the Grade Ritual of External Adept. **After** this, you might begin to teach internal magick to others - getting them to work with the pathways and spheres etc. and setting them goals.

Gaining Members:

There are many ways of gaining members. For instance, you might infiltrate already existing groups (of either Left or Right Hand Paths) and seek out those interested in working sinister magick. You might also try and interest friends or the friends of your companion - using the bait of an 'orgy'. Whatever method you use, try and make your first ritual dramatic and impressive - you may decide to use an established ritual like Black Mass, or you might try the ritual suggested below (First Ritual for a Choregos). The 'First Ritual' is intended mainly to impress those who may be new to magick.

You should try and create before hand the right magickal atmosphere, making your Temple as impressive as possible. Try and be creative - for example, a 'plasma ball' in a candle lit Temple is more impressive than a boring collection of old bones and a skull. Also, do not use symbols and/or Occult designs which you yourself do not know the meaning of. Keep to the symbolism of traditional Satanism

- that is, the septenary, avoiding using the tired, old (and inauthentic) symbolism of the 'qabala'. Do not use any symbolism from old and dead Aeons - for example Egyptian, Sumerian - as the more pure your magick is, the more effective it will be. By pure here is meant following a genuine esoteric tradition like the septenary. In the beginnings it is often helpful if you feel part of a living, exclusive tradition such as the one represented in this 'Black Book' and 'Naos'. This adds power and charisma to both you and your magickal workings.

First Ritual:

It is important, before the ritual, for you to prepare those who will be attending. They should be told that during the ritual they are to remain silent and not move. They should be told no details of the ritual: only that it is a Satanic invocation, and they should not have seen the Temple before. To increase their expectation, you can arrange to meet them some distance from the Temple itself. They are then blindfolded and taken to the Temple, the ritual being begun immediately. (This also applies to new members of an established Temple.)

Both you and your companion (Priestess/Priest) and any others involved should have practiced your roles beforehand - being familiar with the words, gestures and so on.

Aim: The aim of the ritual is to draw down magickal energy by basically hermetic means with a view to impressing the 'novices' who are present.

Setting: Usually an indoor Temple. Black candles providing the only light. Incense well (hazel) for hours before the ritual. Music from a suitably hidden system should be played during the ritual: choose something 'demonic' which starts slowly and gradually builds to a climax.

Participants: Choregos and companion (Priestess and Priest)

The Rite:

The congregation are led into the Temple. The Priestess (or Choregos if female) should wear sexually revealing clothing. The music is started by the Choregos who walks past the congregation staring at them and saying 'AgiOS 0 SatanAS'.

The Choregos and/or Priest then vibrates the 'AgiOS 0 SatanAS' three times after which the Priestess kisses each member of the congregation, rubbing her hands over the genitals of the men as she does so. Following this, the Choregos/priest declare the 'Invocation to Baphomet' while the Priestess visualizes sinister magickal energy being drawn down and entering the congregation.

She then begins a slow, sensual dance to the music while the Choregos/Priest chants the Dies Irae followed by the Invocation to Baphomet. He continues to chant the 'AgiOS 0 SatanAS' while the music builds to a climax. While chanting this he passes behind the congregation, making passes in the air as he does so. The Priestess during the dance should continue with the visualization.

While still behind the congregation the Choregos/Priest says aloud: 'You are all His, now! We have words to bind your soul to us!'

The Priestess ceases her dance, chants 'AgiOS 0 SatanAS' and then extinguishes the candles. She then visualizes a sinister/ demonic form entering the Temple near the altar (this form may be one of the 'demons' on the septenary paths - e.g. Shugara). During this, the Choregos/Priest should chant the name of the chosen entity (e.g. 'AgiOS 0 Shugara' AgiOS 0 Shugara!'). Do not expect at this stage a visual manifestation to occur - although this might happen if the energies are pronounced and/or one of the congregation is psychically gifted. The aim is to affect the sub-conscious of the congregation.

After this, there should be silence for some minutes (the music having ended). The Priestess then says 'It is over' and the Choregos/Priest leads the congregation from the Temple.

Note: One of the best means is for the Choregos/Priest to use a tabor or small hand-drum to accompany the ritual and the dance, instead of recorded music.

Temple Grades:

Temple members can be appointed to the following positions: Guardian of the Temple, Altar Brother (or Sister), Thurifer, Keeper of the Books.

The Thurifer is responsible for keeping the Temple incensed during and before a ritual: this may be by either using a thurifer, or a static incense burner. The altar brother/sister is responsible for ensuring the Temple is ready for a ritual: the candles lit, incense ready and so on. The Keeper of the Books is responsible for ensuring the safety of the Black Book and other Temple books and manuscripts, as well as ensuring the Book and/or altar cards are in place in readiness for a ritual.

In addition the Choregos can appoint any member to be a Priest or Priestess for either a specific ritual or for a year and a day. A Priest, when officiating in Temple rituals wears a medallion inscribed with either an inverted pentagram or inverted septagon; a Priestess wears an amber necklace and may also opt to wear a silver ankle chain.

The sign of a Choregos is, for men, a plain black ring worn on the left hand. Temple members may wear, for men, a ring set with quartz and worn on the left hand, and, for women, a quartz Necklace.

XVI

Invokation to the Dark Gods

To open a Star Gate and return the Dark Gods to our causal universe a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz is required. This should be as large as possible - and made from a natural shape by a skilled operator.

The rite of returning exists in two versions: the first is suitable for two or more individuals and involves basic magick; the second requires detailed preparation and Cantors trained to a high standard in esoteric chant. The second version is more powerful, but regular invocation using the first method has the same effect.

I.

The participants for the first version are Priestess and Priest, together with any number of other Initiates provided male and female are present in equal numbers. The invokation can, however, take place without these Initiates - that is, with only the Priestess and Priest present.

The rite begins on the night of the new moon with Saturn rising if only the Priest and Priestess are present, otherwise it is undertaken on the night of the full moon. The rite should if possible be conducted on an isolated hill-top and the Priest and Priestess should both be naked. The congregation should wear black robes. Candles in lanterns should be placed to mark out a large circle on the ground.

The invocation begins with the Priest vibrating seven times the phrase 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while the Priestess holds the tetrahedron in her hands, palms upward. When the vibration is complete the Priest places his hands on the tetrahedron and both vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' until the ritual is complete.

After the vibration, the Priestess - still holding the crystal - should lie on the ground, her head North, the Priest arousing her with his tongue, The sexual union then begins, with both visualizing the Star Gate opening and the primal form of Atazoth coming forth. Atazoth may be visualized as a dark nebulous chaos - a rend in the fabric of star-studded space which changes into a Dagon like/dragon entity.

After her sexual climax, the Priestess buries the crystal within the earth of the hill. When this is done, she vibrates over the spot 'Aperiatur terra, et germinet CHAOS!' She then signals to the congregation who cease their chanting. All the participants then depart from the hill.

Note: The tetrahedron should be well-buried in a spot prepared by the Priest and Priestess before the rite. If the invocation is done again, the rite begins with the Priestess unearthing the tetrahedron. It should be cleaned before the ritual begins - and must be buried without any covering whatever.

II.

The second version involves at least eight people including Cantor (s) and Priest and Priestess. Male and female should be present in equal numbers. The rite takes place on or around the autumnal equinox or winter solstice. The best place is an isolate isolated hilltop.

According to tradition, the best time to invoke is when (autumn equinox) Venus sets after the sun and the moon itself is very near the star Dabih; or when (winter solstice) Jupiter and Saturn are near the moon which is becoming new, the time before dawn. The first is associated with the 'Star Gate' Dabih, the second with Algol. The most effective place magickally is a hill top of pre-Cambrian rock which lies between a line of volcanic intrusion and one of another rock. The top of the hill should have a line of pre-Cambrian grit passing through it - this description allowing the hallowed places, in this country, to be found.

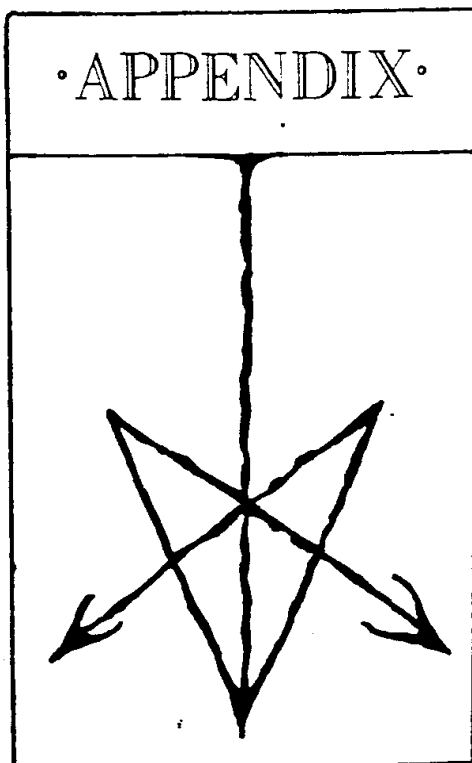
The crystal should be placed on a sheet of mica upon a pediment of oak. The rite begins with the Cantors vibrating in E minor 'Nythra kthunae Atazoth' while at least six of the congregation dance moonrise around the crystal, Cantors, Priestess and Priest. This dance is slow and gradually increases in speed, the participants chanting 'Binan ath ga wath am' as they dance.

The Cantors vibrate their phrase seven times at the end of which the Priestess places her hands on the tetrahedron. The Cantors (if there is only one, the Priest acts as a cantor) then sing according to Esoteric Chant - that is, in fourths - the Diabolus. The Priestess visualizes the Star Gate opening.

After the Diabolus, the Priestess and Priest vibrate 'Binan ath ga wath am' a fifth apart (or a fifth and an octave) while the Cantors vibrate the same phrase also a fifth apart. (If only one Cantor is present he vibrates Atazoth in E minor.) After this vibration and on a signal from the Priestess, the congregation begin an orgiastic rite, during which the Priestess continues with the visualization and the Cantors with the 'Binan ...' chant a fifth apart. The Priest may visualize the orgiastic energy of the congregation into a magickal force which forces open the Star Gate, allowing the Dark Gods to return to Earth.

The Priest and Priestess may then visualize the Chaotic energies as being dispersed over the Earth. However, if the ritual is undertaken correctly, the Dark Gods may become manifest. Should this occur, all the participants should exult.

Note: This second version may be combined with the Ceremony of Recalling - and the Sacrificial Conclusion undertaken according to tradition. The invocation to the Dark Gods begins after the sacrifice with the Cantor vibrating 'Nythra ...' as above while the Mistress anoints the participants with the Red Elixir. For this combined ritual, the Mistress in the 'Ceremony' assumes the role of 'Priestess' in the invocation: the Master that of the Priest. This combined ritual is rightly forbidden, for it is the most sinister ritual that exists, its performance actually calling back to Earth in physical form the Dark Gods themselves.

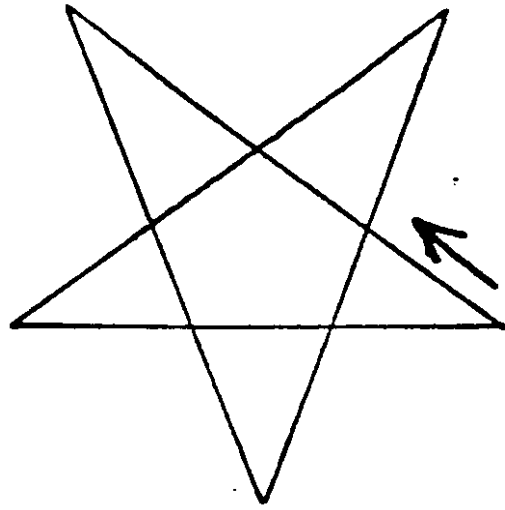


I
A Satanic Blessing

Vibrate the following toward the person or area:

Agios ischyros Baphomet!

After, and with the left hand, extending the forefinger, construct in the air an inverted pentagram, beginning at the right corner, thus:



Do this in one unbroken movement. When it is complete, strike the area of the heart with your right hand, saying:

Agios athanatos.

The blessing is then complete.

II The Sinister Creed

1. Satan in particular and the Dark Gods in general are a means to self-fulfillment and self-understanding.
2. Only by journeying through the darkness within us and without can we attain self-divinity and thus fulfil the potentiality of our existence.
3. Our rites, ceremonies and practices are all life-affirming, and show us the ecstasy of existence and the self-overcoming of the true Adept.
4. We are feared because we defy and seek to know and thus understand. We rejoice in living: in all its pleasures but most particularly in its possibilities. We thus extend the frontiers of evolution while others sleep or cry.
5. We detest all that enervates and would rather die than submit to anyone or anything - this pride is the pride of Satan, and Satan is a symbol of our defiance and a sign of our life-enhancing energy. Others see our way of living and our way of dying and are afraid.
6. When we hate we hate openly and with arrogance, and when we love, we love with a passion to match this arrogance: always mindful never to love anyone so much that we cannot see them die, for death is a natural changing of energies.
7. We prepare - through our magick and our ways of living - for the Age of Fire (the Aeon of the Dark Gods) which is to come, when we elitist few shall reach out toward the stars and the galaxies and the new challenges they will bring.

8. Our way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly defy the matrix of illusions - of 'good' and 'evil' - that stifle the potentiality of our being.
9. What does not kill us, makes us stronger.



III

Initiate Names

a) Some suggestions, based on names traditionally used in sinister Temples:

Male: Oger, Hacon, Serell, Noctulius, Athor, Engar, Aulwynd, Algar, Suevis, Angar, Wulsin, Gord, Ranulf

Female: Sirida, Eulalia, Lianna, Aesoth, Richenda, Edonia, Annia, Liben, Estrild, Selann

b) Contract and/or transpose your own name to form another; for example, 'Conrad Robury' gives Cabur, Nocra and so on.

c) Find a demon form with whom you feel an affinity, and use that name, either as it is or contracted/transposed.

d) Construct your name from a Satanic phrase or chant - for example, 'Quinvex' can be derived from the 'Quando Vindex' of the Diabolus.

What is important about all the above is that you feel 'attracted' to a particular name or phrase. Whatever method is used, the name or phrase should derive from traditional Satanism (as explicated in this book) and for this reason names/demons deriving from other traditions should not be used.

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Handwritten symbols and diagrams:

Top row: A series of symbols including a vertical line with a circle at the top, a circle with a dot, a vertical line with a circle at the top, a colon, a vertical line with a circle at the top, a horizontal line with a triangle below it, a horizontal line with three vertical ticks, a horizontal line with a triangle above it, a greater-than sign, and a stick figure.

Bottom row: A circle with a dot, a vertical line with a circle at the top, a colon, a vertical line with a circle at the top, a colon, a vertical line with a circle at the top, a colon, a five-pointed star with a dot at its center, a greater-than sign, and a stick figure.

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## **An Introduction to Insight Rôles:**

### **Order of Nine Angles**

#### **Part One: Personal Insight Rôles**

Insight Rôles are a necessary part of the Seven Fold Way. Every Initiate has to undertake at least one Insight Rôle following their Initiation [see the *Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way*]. This Insight Rôle - which must last a minimum of one year (that is, in this instance for one particular and specific alchemical season) - should be chosen so that the task undertaken is in most ways the opposite of the character of the Initiate. The Initiate is expected to be honest in assessing their own character, as they are expected to find a suitable Insight Rôle for themselves, either a personal Insight Rôle, or an Aeonie one, and this assessment and this finding are esoterically worthwhile tasks in themselves.

Thus, an individual who found it difficult to accept authority - a rebel by nature - might choose, as a personal Insight Rôle, the task of joining and serving in the Police or the Armed Forces, just as someone who loved the pleasures of the flesh, and violence, might choose to become a Buddhist, or other type of, monk. Similarly, someone who considered themselves honest might choose to turn to a life of crime, and organize a criminal gang to relieve suitable victims (see the sinister guidelines re victims) of some property or other assets. Or they might become a drug dealer, or a supplier of drugs. Another Insight Rôle would be for someone without any interest in politics or an inclination to violence, to become involved with an extremist political organization (either of what is conventionally - non-esoterically - described as "the extreme Left" or "the extreme Right"), and aid that organization in practical ways. Yet another Insight Rôle would be to assume the character of an assassin and cull those detrimental to the aims of the ONA. A personal Insight Rôle suitable to someone who was not particularly interested in social occasions (and who was somewhat shy by nature), might be to organize an "escort agency" or run a brothel in a suitable area; another might be for them to embark, alone, upon a journey around the world.

Let us consider, as an example, the task of some Initiate becoming a Buddhist monk for a year. The Initiate must convince those in authority in the chosen monastery that they are sincere. This requires a study of Buddhism; it requires the Initiate to undertake Buddhist meditation. The Initiate must then succeed in gaining admittance, and once admitted, must live in a Buddhist way: that is, observing the tenets of Buddhism, however hard this might be.

One thing which is important about Insight Rôles is that the individual Initiate undertaking them is forbidden from telling anyone - however close a friend - why they are doing what they are doing. This applies to partners/spouses. The Initiate must appear committed to the chosen task, as they must live that task for at least a year: they must identify with the rôle they have chosen.

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate. Such Insight Rôles include aiding political (and some religious) forms; doing practical deeds which aid the breakdown of society - such as certain "crimes" (and dealing in drugs), covert activity, assassinating suitable opfers, and so on. Insight Rôles which aid the sinister dialectic can be suggested by the person who is guiding the Initiate (if they have such an ONA guide) or they can be deduced, by the Initiate, from a study of the aims of the ONA and a study of the sinister dialectic itself. Indeed, such a deduction by the Initiate is a worthwhile learning in itself.

An Insight Rôle is only valid - that is, only achieves what it is supposed to achieve in terms of evolving the Initiate - if it is maintained for at least one year, and if the Initiate really does accept the restrictions, the ways, the rules, which are or may be applicable to the task or way of life chosen. If an Initiate cheats in some way, they are only cheating themselves. Thus they are expected to keep their own personal and esoteric aim hidden, while maintaining the "outward personality" appropriate to their chosen rôle. For many people, this can be difficult - which is intentional - as it can also lead some individuals to begin to identify with their rôle, and thus renounce their Sinister quest, in which case, they have failed this particular test of the Sinister Way, which test, in the case of all Insight Rôles, lasts for a particular alchemical season, or more.

If an Initiate considers it might be worthwhile, they can undertake a second Insight Rôle some months after completing their first, with this new Insight Rôle involving a different way of life than their first.

In addition to Initiates, Internal Adepts are advised to undertake an Insight Rôle, one or two years after they have completed the rite of Internal Adept. The Insight Rôle of an Internal Adept, however, must have an Aeonic aspect.

## **Part Two: Aeonic Insight Rôles**

## **Introduction:**

As it is stated above:

Some of the best Insight Rôles are those which aid the sinister dialectic: that is, the deeds done achieve sinister aims as well as enhance the experience of the Initiate.

As mentioned below:

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

## **The Current Situation**

In order to determine the Aeonic aspect to Insight Rôles it is necessary to understand the current situation that exists in the world, and this esoteric understanding is, currently, itself heretical in all of those countries that make up what has been called "The West". In addition, this esoteric understanding is, of necessity, independent of "politics" (however conventionally described) although it is only to be expected that the majority of non-Initiates will not comprehend this, and will thus and rather stupidly label this esoteric understanding by some Old Aeon term of other, just as they will most probably continue in their supine ignorance to describe those who possess such an Initiated understanding by some epithet or other.

This esoteric and Initiated understanding is one of dominance by the so-called "New World Order", which basically means the domination of the Magian. This domination over the West - and increasingly other countries - is essentially that of what is often euphemistically called "Zionism" with the reality that most nations in the West are covertly ruled by a Zionist Occupation Government (ZOG).

This situation has arisen from two factors. First, the covert introduction into the societies of the West of Marxist, and Marxist-sociological, values and ideas, Second, from the military and economic dominance of America which is all but now controlled by Zionist interests. In respect of the the introduction of Marxism, the societies of the West have been steadily "socially engineered", through laws, through the power of the Media, through government schemes, and through indoctrination spread especially by teachers in Schools and Universities. This "social engineering" has been to produce - and has produced - a plebeian society (lacking in honour and true excellence) and tyrannical governments who rule by that organized protection racket known as State and government taxes, and by the rule of an ignoble and abstract law, which abstract law is the antithesis of the warrior law of personal honour.

The reality is that a world-wide capitalist tyranny has been created, with the peoples of the West made for the most part docile through materialism and "entertainment" and "sport" and "personal pursuits",

with their opinions formed for them by The State, its educational system, politicians, and the Media - especially television and newspapers. The individual has become subservient to The State in thought, word and deed. Basically, the individual is now mostly powerless before the might of The State.

Of course, the majority do not see this, duped as they are and have been by The System with its trickery of "democracy" and "rights". In addition, some dissent and "rebellion" is allowed, and even encouraged - so long as it does not threaten in any real way the ideas and the control of The System. Those individuals, groups, organizations who do or who may pose a serious threat to The System are dealt with, often by those organizations being outlawed, and their leaders and members being tried according to some tyrannical State law and put into prison for a long time.

The System - having made itself secure among The States of the West - has recently embarked on the next part of the plan, which is to create a new Empire to ensure the material wealth and military superiority of its leading lackey government, that of the America. To this end, countries have been invaded, and sanctions used to bring others under control.

The System and its lackey States are a serious threat to our evolution - to the creation of free, strong, independent human beings. The System wants - and even demands - that we are or become subservient, to its ways, its laws, its sociological ideas, to the basic materialistic animalistic way of life it allows for its "citizens", a way devoid of real adventure, real challenges, real numinosity. This way is the way of the sub-human.

One of our aims as an esoteric Order is to continue our evolution through creating a higher, more evolved, type of human being - a strong, independent, warrior-like, individual. *This individual is the antithesis of the denizens of The State* - of the individual in thrall to Old Aeon abstractions and ideas - and in this truth is the essence of the understanding required to appreciate, and know, the current situation vis-a-vis Aeonics and sinister strategy.

For this aim of a new human type to be achieved, we must break-down and indeed destroy the States that make up The System, the New World Order (NWO), as we must challenge the enervating ideas, the enervating ways, of The System, and replace them with our own life-enhancing ideas and ways.

If The System is not destroyed, then our evolution will be stifled, and our promise - the greatness, Destiny and glories which await among the Cosmos - will remain unfulfilled.

To destroy The System both magickal and practical *action* is required, by individuals, and groups. Thus, any group or individual which is engaged in *practical* action against The System with the purpose of destroying it and challenging its ideas is interesting from the point of view of the Sinister Dialectic and those undertaking an Aeonic Insight Rôle.

### **Some Suggested Aeonic Insight Rôles**

The following are some suggested Aeonic Insight Rôles, based on a knowledge of the sinister dialectic and the situation as exists at the time of writing (114yf). Some of these suggested Insight Rôles are

relatively easy; some are especially hard and dangerous, and thus suited only to the most daring and sinister individuals.

- (1) Join or form a covert insurrectionary political organization - either of the so-called "extreme Left" or of the "extreme Right" - whose avowed aim is to undermine by practical, revolutionary, means the current Western *status quo*.
- (2) Undertake the role of assassin, selecting as your opfers those who publicly support or aid, ZOG, the NWO, The System.
- (3) Convert to Islam and aid, through words, or deeds, or both, those undertaking Jihad against Zionism and the NWO.
- (4) Join or form an *active* anarchist organization or group dedicated to fighting the capitalist System.
- (5) Join or form a National Socialist group or organization, and aid that organization, and especially aid and propagate "historical revisionism".

## **Recommend Reading**

- 1) *Notes on Insight Rôles*, ONA Ms 114yf
- 2) *Insight Rôles - A Guide*, ONA Ms 1989 ev [superceded by (1)]
- 3) *Insight Rôles, The Secret Guide*, ONA Ms 1985 ev [superceded by (1) ]
- 4) *The Sinister Dialectic*, ONA Ms
- 5) *Aeonic Magick - A Basic Introduction*, ONA Ms
- 6) *Aims of the ONA*, ONA Ms 1994 eh
- 7) *ONA Insight Rôles: An Introduction*, ONA Ms, 114yf

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## Satanic Sacrifice and Satanic Thinking

### Satanic Sacrifice

If there is one thing which expresses the essence of the Satanic ethos it is culling; and if there is one way to detect a pseudo-Satanist it is their attitude to culling.

As it says in our *pledge of allegiance* to Satan:

I accept there is no law, no authority, no justice  
Except my own  
And that culling is a necessary act of Life.  
I believe in one guide, Satan,  
And in our right to rule mundanes.

The Order of Nine Angles has always advocated culling, maintaining it is a Satanic practice; the ONA will always advocate culling. Why? Because there are mundanes, and us. A basic principle of Satanism is that mundanes are not only a resource, for us, but also expendable. This, in essence, arises from our Satanic morality - that we are better, more valuable, than mundanes.

The pseudo-Satanists are appalled by this attitude, just like Nazarenes are. For these pseudo-Satanists, "sacrifice" means some sort of "self-sacrifice", where, for example, they say stupid things like: "Those who seek energy outside of their minds and wills, are too weak for the practice of Magic..."

To us, this is just Nazarene-speak, covered by the slick words of weedy charlatans. For they are basically weak, afraid. They do not have our élan, our style, our satanic ethos, our elitist morality - our defiance of mundanes and everything mundane.

To such Nazarene-speak we Satanists say: why should we, in some ritual for example, denude ourselves of energy when mundanes can supply not only whatever energy we may need but also give us energy to enhance our ritual and our lives? There is a reason, of course, why our Dark Goddess, Baphomet, is called The Mother of Blood. Our Sorcery, our Magick, is really Black, really Dark, genuinely Sinister. Dangerous.

Satanism is a defiance of mundanes, a defiance of mundanity, *par excellence*. Satanism is the ethos of arête, which means we judge people according to their personal character. The worthless are worthless; expendable. Therefore, why should we not put them to good use?

For us, culling is natural fact of life - of how we live, or how we desire to live. Of course, there are

different ways of culling mundanes - not every culling takes place, or needs to take place, in some Satanic ceremony or ritual, although obviously that is a great source of Satanic joy. A good way of culling is war; another is stirring up religious and political conflict; another is insurrection, revolution, assassinations, and so on. In fact, any means of conflict offers opportunities for culling; opportunities for those of Satanic character to weed out the weeds and reduce the surplus population of mundanes. Another, more personal way - and a good means of developing Satanic character - are "accidents". And so on. You get the idea.

## **Satanic Thinking**

Every Satanist should question everything. Satanists should question, in particular, everything that mundanes hold dear, need, and believe in.

What, today do most mundanes hold dear, need, and believe in?

- 1) The concept of the nation-State;
- 2) The need for government and laws; and the need to respect those laws;
- 3) The need for Police to enforce laws and arrest those who transgress laws made by mundanes for mundanes;
- 4) The need to earn a living by respectable means, and pay taxes

And so on.

So, as Satanists we question the need for nations, for States, for governments, for Police forces, for laws, for taxes. And, having questioned, we arrive at the answer that such things are mundane; made by mundanes for mundanes and as a means of punishing those who do not want to be mundanes and who naturally do not want to live like mundanes.

Thus, we Satanically desire to subvert, to undermine, to overthrow, to destroy, such mundane things, since for us there are no laws, no authority, no justice, except our own. We simply do not need governments, nations, States, Police forces, taxes, and all the other things that mundanes worship and have spent centuries protecting and defending and trying to convince us we need.

For we are rebels, outlaws, subversives. We are baleful opponents of mundanes and everything mundane. We are, or we strive to be, armed and dangerous - and capable of defending ourselves. We simply do not need any Police forces, and mundanes laws, any government, "to protect us". We would rather die, fighting and defiant, than allow anyone to subdue us. Basically, governments, nations, States - and their paraphernalia, such as Police forces, prisons, and laws - are a means of control, a means to subdue and make us conform.

But we Satanically desire to live in our way Satanic way - which is the way of real freedom: the way of clans, of tribes, of gangs, where we take care of our own, where we protect our own kind, where we are

loyal to only our own kind. Where we consider those who are not of us, not our kind, are our enemies, either real, or potential.

So, good riddance to mundane trash. Good riddance to everything mundane. For we Satanically desire to create a new world, whose archetypes are Satan - Lord of Darkness and of Chaos - and Baphomet, Mistress of Earth and Mother of Bloody Sacrifices. A world where we rule mundanes, and thus where our personal Satanic Destiny is or can be fulfilled, and where our dark, sinister, Satanic Wyrld is implemented.

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## Sinister Culling and The ONA Kollektive



As explained in our *Guide To The Kulture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA*:

Those who identify with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos are free to chose the means, the methods, the ways, that suits their own character best, and/or which interest or inspire them most, and are actively encouraged to do this.

As it also says in an ONA guide:

I accept there is no law, no authority, no justice  
Except my own  
And that culling is a necessary act of Life.

Which, in summary, means that for us culling - the Sinister Sacrifice Of Mundanes - is natural and necessary, and, for us as individuals, as members of the ONA Kollektive, a practical option, one means of Presencing The Dark, of exulting in life, and a practical expression of our amorality.

Thus, culling is a viable sinister option - not an obligation or a required duty - and an option which we, as sinister amoral individuals, are free to choose. For us, as practical practitioners of The Sinister Way, all the laws of so-called "society" are irrelevant - representing as most laws do the desire of the mundane majority to try and prevent the sinister minority from turning life into a succession of ecstasies deriving from practical sinister deeds. For we, as sinister individuals, decide for ourselves when to act, how to act - as we have skill, the cunning, the ability, the personal character, to carry out our decisions. What mundanes call us, for so acting, is irrelevant.

As sinister individuals who accept that the only true law is our own sinister and individual law, we do not submit to any mundane, and would prefer to die fighting, defiant until our mortal end, than surrender to them, just as we refuse to obey, and proudly defy, the authority of any mundane, however such a mundane may describe or label themselves. Thus, we do not recognize as legitimate the authority of mundane Police officers, nor the

authority of mundane so-called Courts of law, nor the authority of any mundane government, nor the authority and jurisdiction of any mundane authority, civil, military, political, judicial, law-enforcement, or whatever.

We are our own law, our own justice. We simply have no need of any external authority. Mundanes, by their very nature, however, need such an external supra-personal authority just as they seldom, if ever, rationally question the basis for the laws such a supra-personal authority manufacture, nor question the nature of the punishment meted out by such a supra-personal authority for transgressing such manufactured laws.

### **The Testing and Choice of Opfers**

We, of the ONA Kollektive, divide culling into two types - individual (or personal) culling, and Aeonic culling.

Individual culling is when we, as individuals, decide - for whatever reason - to personally cull an individual mundane or two. Aeonic culling is when we use some exoteric causal form in order to either reduce the surplus population of mundanes, or to implement some Aeonic strategy. One such exoteric causal form is war; another is combat; another is social or political conflict; and such forms may well involve us in manipulating mundanes - by, for example some political or religious or social form - in order to get our sinister job done.

Personal culling naturally falls into three categories. First, that where the culling of an individual mundane or two (or whatever) is an act of sinister balance, and often a practical manifestation of that natural justice which mundanes - with their abstract laws and their impersonal authority - have forgotten or are afraid of or do not feel, such is their dishonourable mundane nature. Second, when an Opfer is chosen for some Rite, such as The Ceremony of Recalling. Third, when a sinister individual decides to undertake a culling as means of exulting in life and learning from the experience.

In the first instance, the mundane or mundanes choose themselves by their very deeds. For example, some mundane attacks and injures (or might even by some wyrd circumstance kill) one of our brothers or sisters or a member of our own personal family. We have the right and the duty of vengeance and retribution. No testing of such a mundane is required - their causal existence is forfeit, and ours for the taking. Another example might be in a dispute over territory.

In such personal circumstances we cull without remorse, as we regard any failure to so cull as despicable, cowardly, behaviour which renders the failure

liable to atone for their cowardice by a challenge to a duel with deadly weapons, or, in certain circumstances, by themselves being culled without warning, it being for the individual(s) concerned to so decide if the circumstances warrant such a killing of such a cowardly failure.

In the second instance, a mundane is selected and tested by traditional means - such as described, for example, in the ONA text *Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers*. Why? Because such a Rite is a communal, a family affair, involving as it does several sinister individuals who belong to a Traditional Nexion and who thus have, by the very nature of such a nexion, accepted the guidance of either a Master or a Mistress.

In the third instance, a mundane is selected and tested as in the second instance - that is, by a practical, and three-fold test of their personal character, but devised and conducted by the ONA member who so desires to cull, who uses their own skill and judgement to devise the practical tests and who alone decides their outcome (although they can be assisted in these, if required, by a chosen and trusted sinister companion).

Aeonic culling, by its very nature, does not require the testing of individual mundanes. Generally, a specific type of mundane is designated as "the enemy" and the culling of such individuals is regarded as acceptable and necessary. The specific type of mundane is often determined by the parameters of the chosen conflict and/or by the exoteric causal form chosen as a tactic to achieve Aeonic strategic goals. Thus, such parameters may be political ones, or religious ones, or ethnic ones, or national ones, or whatever is deemed appropriate.

## **Conclusion**

In respect of culling, two things should be remembered. First, that we are, by our very sinister nature, amoral. Second, that culling is one of the primary things which serves to distinguish us - our sinister kind - from those who pretend to be sinister, of the Left Hand Path, or who describe themselves as "satanists" but who lack our inner sinister nature.

We are amoral in real life; which means we reject all limits except those who impose upon ourselves. We reject all morality except our own. We reject each and every law made by mundanes, and consider that their laws, their restrictions, do not apply to us, to our sinister kind.

We divide human beings into two distinct types - us and all others. Those of our own sinister kind, and mundanes. And we regard mundanes as our enemy, as resource who can provide for us or be of some use to us.

For us, culling is often necessary, and our right and our duty - for we regard mundanes as lesser beings. That is, we afford them no respect and no protection and assign no so-called "rights" to them. Neither do we believe that they have so-called "rights" by nature.

We reserve our respect and protection for only those of our own sinister kind, as we believe that "rights" have to be earned, and that it is personal character which is the most important and valuable thing - a character which only and ever becomes revealed through practical deeds. A mundane can earn our respect, our protection - and be entitled to rights - if they reveal, by deeds, our type of character; and/or if they become one of us; a member of our extended family; if they join or are assimilated to our Kollektive. Otherwise, they are fair game.

Thus, we judge individuals by their character, their deeds. Anything and everything else is irrelevant to us - their so-called social status; their so-called ethnicity; their place of birth; the work they do; their past; their wealth (or their lack of it); the so-called qualifications they may have obtained from some mundane Institution or other; or whatever words they may use to try and describe or justify themselves.

For people are either of our kind, part of our Kollektive - or have the potential to be one of us - or they are mundanes, and it is our right and duty to use, and to rule over, mundanes, and to cull them when we deem it fitting and required.

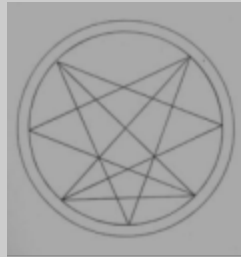


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## **The NonEssential Anton Long**

### **Being Some Esoteric Scribblings by Anton Long of Thee Sinister Order of Nine Angles Thingy**



### **Introduction**

#### **Sinister Mastery - A Sinister Précis**

To aspire to - to gain - Mastery of The Dark Arts is *to experience*, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

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#### **Mundane or Sinister? The Standards of The Sinister Way**

So, you want to join us? You want to become one of the sinister few? Part of our sinister Order of Nine Angles family? One of those who understand - who know - mundanes for the expendable resource they are. One of those who knows or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that we can be far more than we are; one of those who knows, who understands, or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that all laws, past and present, are restrictions - a means of mundane control, devised and implemented by mundanes in a mundane attempt to prevent we sinister few from turning our lives into a succession of ecstasies. One of those defiant ones who would rather

die than submit, and who understands that words are a means, not the essence.

Know then that you have to prove and test yourself - taking yourself to and beyond your physical and emotional and moral limits. If you succeed, fine. If you fail - no excuses, you failed. You can try again, and again, until you succeed. Or you can accept the truth - that failure makes you, marks you, as mundane. No excuses.

Are you, then, ready to test yourself? To defy, to overcome? To be heretical? If so, here are the challenges. Here are the minimal standards you must meet to become of us, to join us. And if you do not desire to so test yourself, to meet, to surpass, the standards, we set - then go elsewhere. If you somehow in some way want to debate or to dispute these standards of ours, then you can go elsewhere.

*We are not interested in your excuses, your mundane words - for these are minimal entry standards for our traditional sinister nexions. For you to join us - for you to become a member of our sinister elite, to become a genuine Initiate of our Seven-Fold Sinister Way - you have to undertake the following.*

### **Physical Standards**

Train for and undertake all three of the following physical tasks - the absolute *minimum* standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals.] For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.

If you cannot achieve all these minimal standards - you failed.

### **Mental Standards**

Construct and learn to play both the basic and the advanced Star Game.

If you cannot do this - you failed.

### **Moral Standards**

Find, and test (according to our sinister guidelines) a suitable mundane, and then cull that mundane.

If you cannot do this - you failed.

### **Heretical Standards**

Become, for a minimum of six months, a public advocate of one of the following modern heresies - radical (Jihadi) Islam, or National-Socialism or Eco-Anarchism or so-called "Holocaust Denial".

If you cannot do this - or fail to understand why these are genuine modern heresies - you failed.

*No excuses; no debates. You are either of us, or you are mundane.*

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## **Baeldraca From Causal to Acausal Terror**

### **Some Questions for Anton Long**

*There seemed, a whiles back now, to be some dissent within the ONA - or rather, among those associated with the ONA - about the direction the ONA seemed to be taking, and I'm thinking here of matters like the issue of sinister tribes, and the influx of young people, some with a bad ass attitude. This seemed to involve people "taking sides" on certain issues, and some people leaving. What's your take on this?*

As I wrote not that long ago to a seeker - " There is no conflict, only the appearance of conflict," because the conflict, esoterically, such as it was and is, and probably will be again, is in many ways not only both a test and a problem arising from causal thinking, but also an opportunity. A test of character, for them, and a problem to be solved by an acausal understanding, part of which is Aeonic perspective. An opportunity to learn, to overcome, and thence to change one's self.

Understood exoterically, such conflict has its genesis in the way of the ego and

of hubris (in the character of Homo Hubris) and thus in that lack of self-awareness and lack of self-criticism that bedevils Magian Occultism and those who come to the Order of Nine Angles with the character of Homo Hubris and the attitudes inherent in Magian Occultism.

In simple terms, one either is mis-directed by (and thus personally affected by) this appearance of conflict - sometimes manifest by certain unenlightened individuals becoming rather sectarian in a Nazarene type way - or one apprehends (or develops the apprehension) to perceive beyond such a temporary causal appearance.

The reality is that a majority assume or come to believe that such conflict, and the disruption that often but not always seems to accompany it, represents some failure of the ONA, or of those currently involved with the ONA - rather than a failure of themselves; a lack of self-awareness; a lack of esoteric abilities; a lack of self-honesty; and certainly a lack of acausal knowing. So, some individuals become "disillusioned with the ONA", or with and by someone or some many who may be associated with the ONA at a particular time - and leave, silently, or, as sometimes occurs, publicly, making their views, such as they are, publicly known.

But the failure is theirs. The lack is theirs - internally, esoterically, personally. But of course they themselves cannot perceive this, let alone understand it. For if they did, they would alchemically change themselves by the sinister praxis that is the essence of the ONA.

This is one reason why there is not, never has been, and never will be, any pronouncements by me, or by anyone from the inner ONA, about such matters, or about the individuals who may be involved with such matters, or any such Magian thing as someone being "expelled" from the ONA, or any organization or group being "proscribed", and so on. All we may do, occasionally, is offer some advice to one or more of those involved, if they be deemed promising or worth the effort; and often in its beginnings this advice is in the form of a personal test, for them: to see if they themselves can see the intent behind the test and have the insight, the potential, to see it as a test. For them it is an enigma enwrapped in something with the appearance of something else, and in the majority of instances it is only the first outermost appearance that they see, and feel. This type of testing of others is a well-tried, ancient, method that works - at weeding out the dross.

But no one person, no group of people - however small or large, or however esoterically "advanced" they may consider themselves, in their delusion, to be - can disrupt the ONA, or "schism" from the ONA, or consider themselves to be "the real ONA", or a revival of the "genuine ONA", due to the acausal (living) nature of that entity known in the Earthly-realm of the causal as The Difficult



ONA.

For the Order of Nine Angles only guides; only inspires; only presents a Way, a vision; only reveals a particular and sinister praxis. The individual – as we have publicly said for well over thirty years – has to change, grow; has to accept and overcome challenges; has to be sinister and apply to themselves certain techniques, esoteric and exoteric. The effort is theirs; the joining of them to our Sinister Kollektive is done by them, not by us – by that inner process of difficult, dangerous, personal, and time-consuming alchemical change that is the essence of every genuine esoteric Way.

Thus, when someone or some many “leave” – we do not care. Some of them may or may not, by the passing of causal Time, return to our Way and thus re-engage with our sinister praxis. If they do – that is most excellent. If they do not – we do not care, for they are lost to us; just more failures among so many.

Thus, when someone, having so left, forms their own group or organization or sets up their own way (even if in apparent competition with us) – we do not care. Some of them may or may not have learned something from their association with us; although most of them will merely continue with their self-delusion, having made many excuses to themselves for their failure to be sinister in the world of mundanes, and their failure to accept and overcome the practical challenges that are part of our sinister Way. Some will even consider themselves “adepts”, and start pontificating (often at great and turgid length) about esoteric matters – rather than getting on and being sinister, in the real world. It is being a Baeldraca, in the real world – in the world of mundanes – that matters: terrifying them, changing their world, inciting others, and Presencing The Dark.

As I wrote recently, our people, our type, are those who already possess an embryonic sinister-changeling within themselves or who possess the potential to be able to alchemically create one within themselves: both have to work hard, for many years, to nurture that inner changeling, and give it birth in the acausal darkness within and then let their Baeldraca loose upon this causal world.

*I noticed in recent years that a lot of apparently new esoteric info is being given out, by you – and here I’m talking about such matters as Rounwytha, Dark-Empathy, Baphomet as Dark Goddess, even Baeldraca and the like. Is this a new learning, by you, some additions, after forty and more years of a sinister seeking, of engagement with the Left Hand Path? Or you just releasing hitherto withheld esoteric traditions?*

Mostly, the latter, although I have made some additions, such as The Star Game, sinister tribes, Dreccs, The Law of The Sinister-Numen (The Sinister

Code), and giving an ontology to and explication of, and even naming, the current mortal apprehension termed causal and acausal, and how Thee Nine Angles Thingy (and thus nexions) relate thereto. I may also have possibly further developed, and named (and thus made more conscious), that esoteric manifestation known now as Dark Empathy, and some other stuff.

But does it really matter? Who did what, when and why? Acausal perspective, methinks!

*It seems to matter to some; to many people. For many people consider that the whole thing - the whole ONA, with its complexity and richness, uniqueness and originality - is all your work, all your creation. What could, esoterically-speaking, be termed your Great Work, your Word as Magus, and that talk of inherited traditions by some Lady Master is just a mythos you made up.*

[ Anton Long smiles. ] If some believe that, fine.

[ Anton Long smiles again. ] However, the Rounwytha - named as such - was part of the tradition I inherited, which tradition claimed there really were certain, special, ladies who possessed certain natural talents relating to a natural, now more ancient, way of seeing Life.

*But if they were indeed esoteric traditions, why didn't you previously publish them? Why the delay?*

For two practical reasons. First, because the aural traditions were not explicit, not having been written down - and were often intimations of esoteric things that often no one before me had the language, let alone the words, to represent in a way which was clear, esoterically and exoterically. That is, such knowledge was often akin to a wordless insight into the causal workings of the Cosmos - as, for example, a sublime piece of music may present us with such an intimation; or as an exquisite moment shared with an exquisite lady may present us with an intimation of the possibilities of Life.

Thus, in some ways one of my tasks has been to give a more conscious form to such esoterically inherited intimations, and this has taken me a while. But I did try quite early on to present something of the essence of this wordless inherited esoteric knowledge. For instance, in the late nineteen seventies, according to particularly vulgar causal calender, and in respect of the Rounwytha, in the character of Rachael in *Breaking The Silence Down*, and in, a little while later, some other characters in *The Deofel Quartet*.

Which leads me to the other practical reason for such a delay as you mention. And this is that such esoteric knowledge and understanding as I possessed and inherited I did communicate, in person, to a few individuals journeying along

the ONA - thus carrying on the ancient tradition of so communicating such matters on an individual basis.

I also had the - in hindsight - somewhat naive hope that someone else might fit all the published pieces together, and do what was necessary to explain and expound and even evolve such esoteric matters, especially as I was often engaged for months and sometimes for years on end in Presencing The Dark in a practical manner.

Thus, I naively assumed that someone, or a few, might and for instance see the connexion between our Baphomet, and the feminine presencing that underlay the tradition I inherited (and thence a connexion to the Rounwytha), or even might make some connexion between Satanism and an outer form used for Aeonic purposes. But no one did these, or similar things. Which in some ways is rather an indictment on the lamentable lack of esoteric insight, and the lack of esoteric skills, today - especially given how many people bleat about how they do possess such things.

So, in the end, I had to do it all myself, often taking a time-out from Presencing The Dark. *[ He smiles again. ]*

But this now, it seems, is beginning to change - at last - with some talented individuals involved with or associated with us making such connexions, either as result of their practical and esoteric experience of following our Way, or because they possess some of the qualities of a Rounwytha and have intuited such things. Indeed, a select few of these individuals have thankfully also begun to evolve that sinister presencing which is the ONA. Which is as it should be, given the living nature of the ONA.

Thus, we have, for example, one perspicacious lady writing that the "ladies involved with our sinister tribes manifest a necessary and important (anti-Magian) aspect of the feminine archetype, and indeed represent a new, emerging, archetype..."

*What do you mean when you recently wrote that, "one of our more immediate practical sinister aims is to move from causal to acausal terror..."*

Causal terror is fine, and indeed necessary for these particular causal times of ours given how the Magian ethos has spread and holds so many in thrall, but Aeonically by itself it does not produce significant, permanent, Change. It is just a means, one tactic, to evoke and invoke and incite the sinister in a manifestly causal way. A way to remind, and perchance to inspire a few to our praxis and thence to their own interior change and developement, with there thus being one more Sinister Adept born.

Acausal terror can however produce Aeonic Change, and among the most obvious examples of such acausal terror is The Return of The Dark Gods - the practical egress, through a collocation of nexions, of particular acausal beings, bringing thus Chaos, terror, culling, and the dawn of our new Dark Imperium. But this is not an easy esoteric task to accomplish - how many, for instance, among our sinister kollektive can correctly perform esoteric chant (as in *Naos*) and possess a crystal of the right type and dimensions? How many even if they did, would undertake the complete Ceremony of Recalling with Sacrificial Conclusion, not once, but on the regular basis required to establish their own unique physical nexion? How many even understand the propitious season to undertake that dark Rite? How long before we have the nine physical nexions, in various geographical locations round the world, to undertake this dark Rite together in synchronicity and so by a joining of their rents in the fabric of the causal continuum produce that supra-nexion (that collocation of nexions) which allows for such egress of such acausal entities, returning thus The Dark Gods? [There is an intimation of, a clue to, the required nine nexions, for example, in an early work of ONA fiction, describing how two nexions, physically separated, are used.]

Some other means of acausal terror - currently more feasible - are the spreading of our sinister tribes. The awakening of new dark archetypes in the psyche of mundanes (and the sinister feminine archetype mentioned above is one such). The drawing down of night and daytime terrors, through a nexion or nexions and our Dark Rites (such as the Rites of the Nine Angles), of dark acausal entities, symbolically re-presented in stories such as *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet* and *In The Sky of Dreaming*. The performance of such Rites of ours some of which have been so constructed to release sinister energies to be presenced in that seemingly random manner that such sinister energies are or can be presenced, bringing thus a most splendid Presencing of The Dark - and among such rites are the advanced form of The Star Game, Esoteric Chant correctly performed, and the use - by mundanes - of our Black Book of Satan and other such exoteric works...

But perhaps most easy of all is the insemination, and thence the release of, the Baeldraca within our own sinister kind and from those whom we can and should assimilate into our kollektive, so that such Earth-born dark entities, incubated by us, can seep in ever increasing numbers out and into the world of mundanes, bringing forth from their sinister deeds a practical and ever-increasing presencing of our acausal terror.

*Can you explain what you mean by Baeldraca?*

No, for I still expect people to work some things out for themselves.

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### **A Baleful Life**

*How would you sum up your life?*

As a practical esoteric quest - an inner alchemy - combined with Presencing The Dark in practical ways. My nature has always been to prefer direct, personal, experience to theoretical study, to be curious and defiant, and to use the faculty of conscious Thought, the faculty of Reflexion, to try and understand myself, other human beings, and life in general.

I have always felt - since a quite early age - that human beings have great potential and can and should consciously change themselves. Given my baleful nature, I was never satisfied with the answers of others, and had to find things out for myself, often the hard way.

*Your life certainly has been full of variety and a certain mystery. Is there a hidden pattern behind all this variety?*

Yes, and that is my following of a certain esoteric Way, what is traditionally termed The Seven Fold Sinister Way, from Initiate, to Internal Adept, to Master, and beyond. A progression of inner change due to outer experiences, both esoteric and exoteric. With these experiences including such esoteric techniques as Insight Rôles, and practical sorcery.

In essence, I have, for over forty years, been a Sorcerer of The Left Hand Path: someone who has employed both Internal and Aeonic Sorcery (Magick) to achieve certain goals and as a means to Presence The Dark, both within myself and exterior to myself.

Thus, there is nothing really mysterious about me - I have simply been someone dedicated to living a certain esoteric Way of Life. Someone who has made quite a few mistakes along the way - often due to stubbornness or an unbalanced arrogance - but who has been able to be honest with themselves, admit their mistakes, learn from them, and move on.

*Turning now to the Order of Nine Angles, it certainly seems to have changed over the past few years. Any comment?*

The ONA is now a new type of living-being, a new type of acausal sinister

entity manifesting in the causal, and thus one that affects, and which can affect, human beings, in a variety of ways, with many of these ways being new.

It is not that we give the ONA life, as if it were a kind of anthropomorphic, separate, demonic or vampiric entity that “lives off” or feeds off us, but rather that, collectively, we are this new type of sinister life; we are a new nexion, accessing and presencing acausal energies, and which energies can change us, in an internal alchemical way, and also be directed, by us, to provoke causal changes, or which energies we may shape into some-Thing partly causal (a causal form; an archetype and so on) with this also partly acausal some-Thing we have conjured into causal existence then causing, bringing, Chaos, and change to others, or being disruptive of existing causal forms, and so on.

Thus, the ONA is now a Kollektive - a nexus of certain human beings who share the same ethos, who possess the same baleful spirit, who possess within themselves the essence of the sinister - and this Kollektive, by its very nature, is free from Old Aeon restrictions, old causal forms.

Which is why there is no Old Aeon type hierarchy in the ONA. No restricting formal authority. No one individual leading it, or claiming to run it. No one “authorized” to speak or write on its behalf (not even me); no “titles” awarded by someone to someone else. Not even any Old Aeon (and mundane) type “membership”. It - we - have broken the barriers of the past; we are not mundanes and do not imitate the ways of mundanes, and are now entering a new phase of human life where there are quite different ways of living, of doing things, to the ones we have previously known.

Expressed in a simple but somewhat inexact similitude, the ONA has now become the young, sinister, capricious daughter, of the founder of the ONA, who has grown up, left home and is now living her own life. No doubt she will make some mistakes, but she has the intelligence, the character, the arête, the ability, to learn from these mistakes, from her experience, and so will move on, and evolve, and form her own family.

*Would you say that something like the Complete Guide to the Sinister Way, the traditional approach, is still relevant?*

Yes, certainly, for many people need a map, some guidebook, drawn or produced by those who have gone that way before them. As mentioned in several ONA texts, the traditional Seven Fold Sinister Way, with its Grades, its training techniques, its Insight Rôles, its physical tests, is a guide, a map, produced by those who have already travelled along the Sinister Way and reached that strange, wyrdful, destination that lies beyond the Abyss.

While such a map, such a guidebook, is not essential, not strictly necessary, it can be exceedingly useful in shortening the time-scale of those who subsequently travel the same route, or who seek the same destination by a different route.

My own life is one example of someone travelling without a good map, without a guidebook; an example of someone who pushed on, into (for him) uncharted territory, and who after many trials and tribulations, after over forty years of travelling and exploring, finally reached the place he set out to find.

Thus, in one sense, the ONA is the map, the guidebook, I produced as a result of my travels, my exploration

Yet, the ONA has now evolved to become much more than that - much more than simply some guide, some map, I produced, for others. The ONA has become far more than one individual named Anton Long. It has become, as mentioned above, a living-being, that is, a living Kollektive, a sinister nexus composed of sinister nexions, with these nexions consisting of independent individuals, of sinister groups (such as Traditional Nexions), of sinister tribes, of Balobians, and so on.

This change, this evolution, of the ONA is necessary, welcome; exactly what should occur. But the map, the guidebook, I produced are still there, still part of this living, changing, evolving, ONA, and still useful and relevant, which those interested can use to guide them along their own sinister journey if they choose to use such a map, such a guidebook.

Expressed simply, these particular esoteric means, this map and guidebook, are one way to produce more and sinister Adepts in a shorter time than it took me.

*But didn't you inherit a map, a guide, from the Lady Master who guided you?*

Yes, but it wasn't all that useful when I came to use it. It was rather like those ancient maps which were not drawn "to scale", which were in black and white, which had a number of charting errors, which had loads of gaps with the legend "Here Be Dragons", and which more often than not lacked the names of places, and which did not give topographical features.

So, I went out and made a new map, charting my progress along the way. A scale map, in colour, with grid references, with places named; with topographical features highlighted, and so on. This took a while - several decades, in fact.

*Any regrets?*

Regret is a causal limitation, involving a certain causal apprehension; and redolent of that mode of causal being which constrains us, as individuals, and has constrained us, as a species.

Instead of this old, limiting, causal way, one has to open the nexion within one's being, and perceive and feel things in a more acausal manner. That is, one has to: (1) have the perspective, the understanding, of Destiny, of the individual moments of one's own life as a process of one's own change, one's own transformation and evolution, as a potentiality of a new type of being; and also (2) have the perspective, the understanding, of Wyrd, of how one's own life is in flux with Aeonic forces, with the change of Aeons, of Nature, of Life, and of the Cosmos itself, in both its causal and its acausal modes of being.

What this means in practical terms is that one's feelings, one's emotions, are or can be useful vectors of one's own inner change; that *pathei-mathos* - a learning from the hardships, the pains, the suffering, of personal experience - is not only beneficial, a means, a process, to enable us to evolve, as human beings, but also testing, a means, a process, whereby the best, those possessed of arête, flourish.

In brief, *pathei-mathos* is a good test for human beings; what keeps mundanes as mundanes, or - more often than not - what destroys, what breaks, mundanes. But also, a means to attain, and to reveal, arête.

So, no, I have no regrets - I have only a learning from my experiences and mistakes.

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## **Balocraft of Baphomet**

### **Gruyllan's Tale**

Although he did not know it then, the prepossessing half-timbered large Edwardian house that he passed - a quarter of the way up Trevor Hill - would be his final destination. But, sweating profusely in the hot mid-June Sun, Gruyllan gave it only a cursory glance, and continued along his way, cursing the lateness of his train and oblivious to the exclusive properties that lined both sides of that steep upward lane which gave splendid views, to the West, of the Stretton valley, of Caer Caradoc, Hazler Hill, and of The Lawley, beyond.



He had been given only an ordnance Survey map reference, and a time, and his assumed lateness and the memory of the beautiful young voluptuous woman combined to make him walk faster until he was almost running.

She had leant toward him, so that he could see down past her cleavage to where her large erected nipples strained against the thin fabric of her low cut evening dress.

“Meet me here,” she had said, and pushed a handwritten piece of paper toward him, making sure her fingers touched his as they sat in the Tempus bar of The Station Hotel in now faraway York.

Even now he seemed still able to smell her scent, and, as he reached almost to the top of that lane he could see his destination ahead: the summit of Haddon Hill beyond the scattered grassy often wind-swept links that formed the highest Golf Course in England.

So he struggled on in the heat of that late afternoon; a young man dressed incongruously in black, seeking Satanic initiation. And when - clammy from sweat, breathless, and pleased - he reached his destination among the sheep-cropped grass and heather of those Shropshire hills, there was no one to greet, to meet, him. Only the breeze, that - warm - did little to cool him, and the westward vista of South Shropshire valley and hills. No beautiful woman, naked, to open her legs enticing as she lay with him to seal his oath by bodily fluids, exchanged. No words of Initiation to echo, Satanically, in his head.

You the nameless are here to give yourself to us:  
To seal with blood your oath  
To we your new family in this  
Our Nexion to Bride-Mother  
Baphomet...

Instead, only the wordful, wyrdful, wind. Sun, thirst, heat; the exhausted tiredness of disappointment where, under the blue sky, he sat down alone on that hill. Had it all been a dream, or some jape? Hope bade him stay - for half an hour, then more, until - nearly two hours later as the Sun descended, clouds came - he stood to walk, wearily, away. There would be no lips, rouged, to touch, kiss. No tongue to taste and toy with. No breasts to touch, feel; no nipples to lick, suck and chew upon. No moist, warm, furrow to plough; no painted finely manicured nails to clasp his shoulders as seed was sown. No scent to suffuse his senses as bodies meshed with sweat suffusing them.

It was painful, leaving, while her image, her scent, her promise, lingered in memory within his head. But he left, nevertheless, and it did not seem to matter to him that he had memorized their - her book, *The Grimoire of*

*Baphomet* – given, the day before, in that Bar when first he saw her, enticingly waiting.

There had been e-mails, of course, exchanged – for weeks, beforehand. Questions asked, and answered. No real names given, required, presumed. And then that meeting, arranged. He had spent the days, before, trying not to hope too much, and failing. Hope of a sexual initiation, with a young woman, of course. Hopes of joining a secret elite. Hopes of lust, joy, danger; a new and darker way of life.

There were stories; almost urban legends. Many warnings from Undergraduate friends who shared his Occultic interests, though not his inclination toward Baleful Arts. “The ONA?” they would say, mixing incredulity with censure. “They don’t exist”, one said. “Avoid them; they’re hard-core; dangerous; criminal; immoral; they practise human sacrifice,” said another. “They’re a cult; they have these hard, brutal, tests – if you fail them, you become an offer for their Black Mass,” opined another. “They’re evil; I mean – really evil; subversive...” said the fourth, and last.

Painful, leaving – but by the time he had arrived back at the small unstaffed Railway Station, to sit on a half-vandalised wooden bench, he was happy, again. Exhausted, hungry, thirsty, but happy. For it was all a test, he knew – or, rather, he assumed it was a test. The first, perhaps, of many. So he would re-apply; and wait, for it was a test, just a test, he kept repeating to himself, and he was still thinking this – idly smiling and idly feeling, knowing now, how stupid, how studently stupid he was to wear black clothes – when the Shrewsbury bound train arrived to disgorge a few motley mundanes.

He rose to move toward a still open train-carriage door. But an elderly women, tweedily-dressed and carrying an umbrella, smiled at him and blocked his way. He tried to deftly swerve around her, as a young athletic man could, but she was too quick, for with a flick of her umbrella she tripped him up.

“How clumsy of me,” and she looked down at him, sprawled on the platform. “Do please forgive me.”

“No, no – it’s perfectly all-right,” he replied, somewhat clumsily rising to his feet where she still stood blocking his way to the train.

“I imagine, ” she said, in her smiling granniesque way, “you are in a hurry to board the train.” But she made no move to move aside. Instead, she said, “Such a lovely town, this. Do you not agree?”

“What?” And he was about to smile, politely, and turn toward the carriage

when he sensed the strangeness of the scene, as if it was some dream of the previous night, half-remembered and still a little haunting. And so he let his train depart.

“There is a quite lovely tea-shop, just around the corner,” she was saying, and so he walked beside her, silent, up the slight incline toward the tree-lined road, until she said: “How very perceptive of you.”

“Have I passed, then?”

“You are quite thirsty, so let us have some tea - and cake - and then talk, a little more.”

The tea-room - atop a cluttered, dusty, antique market - was small, quite stuffy, and quite full, and he sat still and waiting despite his rather nervous anticipation, and he had consumed two pots of tea before she spoke again.

“I imagine I am not what you imagined,” she said. Then, before he could reply: “But yes, you are correct.”

“You’re an empath. So, you would have passed me by had I decided not to re-apply.”

“More tea?” she smiled.

“No thanks.”

“There is another test...”

“Of course.”

“But first - go here, now, where we await you.” And she pushed a handwritten piece of paper toward him, making sure her fingers touched his as they sat in that stuffy tea-room in sunny South Shropshire.

He left then, enwrapped in her - their - scent, to walk through that small town oblivious to everything until he came again to Trevor Hill, snaking upwards as its lane did from, and to the right of, that narrow road that led to Cardingmill Valley.

The house, on the second corner of and set back from the hilly lane, seemed almost to grow out from the ground, its black-painted timbers mirrored in the wooden verandah that surrounded its south side and overlooked the terraced garden with its large century-old tree of Oak. Several stone steps led to the large front door and he was about to tug on the cord to ring the antique brass bell when the door opened.

His memory was there, before him - the beautiful young woman whose crimson lipstick, fulsomely applied, matched the colour of her dress, and she, wordless, led him into the cool if dim interior, along a tiled floor, and up an oak staircase to a spacious high-ceilinged curtainless room of parquet floor whose only furnishings were a chaise-longue and a marble mantel above the Coalbrookdale fireplace, and which held a large clear quartz crystal tetrahedron.

The door closed slowly, silently, behind them and it did not take her long to remove her dress. She was naked beneath it.

"Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!" she lisped, to supinely wreath herself around, upon, the chaise-longue, and he, eagerly stripping away his earthly coverings, obliged to lay upon her and enter her warm moistness as her crimson painted nails sank into the flesh of his shoulders to draw forth fresh blood.

Her sibilation was almost silent but it beat upon the tympanon of his ears -

You the nameless are here to give yourself to us:  
To seal with blood your oath  
To we your new family in this  
Our Nexion to our Bride-Mother  
Baphomet

He was soon spent, drained, unused to such female - almost feline - ferocity, and she turned him over to lay upon him to lick his shoulder wounds.

So she whispered to him his appointed task, his test, and waited while he - enwreathed in his sweat and hers - dressed himself before taking him down to the cellar. The tools, the instruments of death and slaughter, were there, in plenty, and he watched while she placed her chosen items, and bundles of money, into some nondescript suitcase. Then - a silver chain with sigil pendant of Baphomet placed around his neck; a kiss, tongue seeking his; her still naked body pressed to his. A promise that he could - should - sow his seed within her again, again, again. And then he was out, dazed, back out into the bright day of light to walk with heavy suitcase down the hill.

There was no train at the Station; no elderly women to block his way when train arrived. Only the journey, the long journey of no doubts.

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She was never there when each evening he returned to that cocktail Bar, hoping. Never there, red lips touching Champagne flute; never there to take

him to her suite where he would lay upon her.

The money certainly helped - to ease his pain of separation and his preparations, and he worked assiduously, planning, enticing, ensnaring, while maintaining the appearance of a student life. The mundane he selected was eager, willing, as well he might be, given Gruyllan's weeks of preparation even before that wyrdful meeting, with her.

So Peter The Mundane sat with him in that vulgar bar of Vanbrugh College, anonymous in their student anonymity, while darkness came to the world outside. Thus Gruyllan The Cunning continued to weave his web of lies, and the younger student listened, weakened as he was from netorrhoea spread by specious sites, from abstractions believed, and the money Gruyllan had lavished upon him.

"In every war there are casualties; collateral damage. Anyway, they'll be plenty of time for the area to be cleared. Just remember, those there in that place on that day are flunkies of the repressive, immoral, State. Waiting is defeat, and the State isn't simply going to collapse; it's got to be pushed; the capitalists are vulnerable, and one of their weaknesses is the confidence that the money markets require. Dent that - get them into a state of fear - and you've got them ready to topple. Keep them wondering where and when we're going to strike next..."

So Gruyllan talked, and Peter The Mundane listened. Talked of the struggle; of Bonanno; of the need to inspire others; and when they parted, hours later, each to their own student rooms, Gruyllan knew Peter was primed.

A few days, and they were in a rainy London, with the mundane carrying a large, heavy, rucksack. It was a symbolic target, near the Bank of England, and they shook hands before Gruyllan left, ostensibly to telephone a warning. But the timer, unknown to that mundane, was set for only a few seconds delay so that he had walked only a few paces away before the bomb exploded.

There was bloody carnage. Bodies, buildings, damaged, And around, among, the dead, the dying, waiting demonic shapes gathered, unseen by any mortal mundane eye - shapes feeding on, upon, the pain, the suffering, the deaths; transforming the life-force - leaking, leaving - into new life, Their life, as one more portal opened, allowing other shapes to eagerly egress forth. *Agios o Baphomet, Your Balocraft be done*, Gruyllan intoned from his well-kept distance, and smiled, knowing a reward awaited.

He was correct about the reward. She was there - when he, hours later, safely arrived - to take him to her spacious high-ceilinged curtainless room of the parquet floor. And when his passion spasmed in its ending, her almost silent

sibilant beat upon the tympanon of his ears -

Our being takes form in defiance  
Of mundanes.  
In you, of you - we are.  
Before you - we were.  
After you - we and you shall be, again.  
Before us - They who humans cannot name.  
After us - They who will be, yet again.

There was a feast of welcome, in the Sitting Room below; family to meet, greet. And - most of all - deeds past and future waiting to be toasted, planned, and told. For Vindex will, must, have her baleful day.

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### **Some Notes on Mythos and Methodology**

*I have read somewhere that the ONA has now entered the third phase, or stage, of its century-long sinister plan to destroy the Old Order of the mundanes. Can you go into more detail?*

The essence of the first two stages was (to use new ONA-speak) basically: (1) manufacturing a variety of sinister *viruses*; manufacturing different strands, or mutations, of each sinister ONA virus, imbuing them with acausal energy, and then releasing these sinister and esoteric viral infections out into the world so that they might infect the psyche of susceptible individuals; and (2) creating the ONA itself as a living evolving nexion, imbued with the defiant individuality of the true LHP; independent of any one individual (including myself); and unfettered by the causal forms of the Old Aeon (such as dogma; ideology; hierarchies; copyright, and so on).

Expressed in old, traditional, ONA-speak, certain causal and esoteric forms were manufactured, and these were imbued with acausal energies. That is, certain nexions were created, and acausal energy accessed to flow through them, with the ONA itself becoming a type of sinister acausal being, presenced - living - in the causal.

One of the most successful exoteric forms proved to be the mythos of the ONA

itself; another was our ONA methodology. In mundane-speak, these particular viruses inspired some creative individuals, already possessed of a latent sinister character, leading them to make their own contributions in their own valuable and necessary way. That is, because of, and through these talented individuals, there was another mutation of our sinister ONA viruses, as they contributed to - extended; evolved; represented - that mythos, that methodology, and so gave birth to their own new causal sinister forms, their own living nexions. Thus did these gifted individuals evolve the ONA itself.

The third stage of our current long-term sinister strategy will last some four, or five, decades. As mentioned in the MS *Toward The Dark Formless Acausal*:

Outwardly, or externally, the third stage involves continuing to presence The Dark Forces, via nexions, through supporting, and creating, various causal "forms"; through practical de-stabilization, through supporting and championing various "heretical" causes and ideas, and so on: to the greater glory of Baphomet, one might, with correctness, say, and write.

One such causal form - and a most important one, for this particular stage - is that of sinister tribes, as briefly outlined in MSS such as (1) *The Sinister Tribes of the ONA*; (2) *Whose Gonna Run This Town Tonight?*; and (3) *Heresy, Sinister Tribes, Nexions and The Methodology of the ONA*.

Thus, during this third stage we should begin to see the establishment of some sinister tribes in urban areas. Initially, these will be small, local, groups, most of whose members (or all of whose members) will and should earn their living outside the laws of the mundanes, which mundanes are their prey, their resource. For it is not the function of our sinister tribes to have their members "earn a respectable living" according to the rules, the standards, the norms, of the mundanes. Rather, it their function - their character, their aim - to be sinister; to live the sinister; to presence the sinister in practical ways.

Once established in their own areas, they may seek to co-operate - for their mutual benefit - with other sinister groups in other areas, and, eventually, in other lands, so that a large sinister network (eventually extending overseas) is created *purely on a practical and very business-like basis*. Supply and demand; the economics of organization; the obtaining of wealth; the trading of goods; the building of respect, and the emergence of leadership, through practical deeds and by establishing in a practical way our law of personal honour, which law importantly applies to and which binds only us, our sinister kind, our feral kindred, and which we do not extend to the mundanes or anyone, unless they join us and so become part of our sinister kind, with the duty and loyalty this involves, and with them subject to our penalties should they go, or act, against us.

In practical terms, the third stage is where our forces begin to directly challenge The System on a scale beyond that of a few sinister individuals, with this challenge being especially of the so-called authority and laws of The System, of the societies created for and maintained for the benefit of the mundanes, those servants and allies of the Magian. Thus, we will be “the law” in the areas where we dwell; where our tribes have their base. We will be the ones our neighbours first turn to for practical help; we will become the ones aiding our communities by using some of our profits, some of our skills, to aid them.

It may well be from one of the new urban tribes that Vindex emerges, possibly in America. [See Footnote 1]

Another causal form important during this third stage is the emergence of more “traditional” nexions, where individuals outwardly concern themselves with following the Seven Fold Sinister Way according to ONA tradition as manifest in works such as NAOS, and where they esoterically undertake esoteric rituals to presence The Dark Forces, disrupt the Magian, and to aid and strengthen other sinister forms, such as our sinister tribes. One quite important role of such (often hidden) traditional nexions is to magickally aid Vindex and his or her forces of insurrection when Vindex emerges. Another important role is to train a few suitable sinister Adepts, and then send them out into the world to do practical sinister deeds.

*In several recent articles you have made mention of sinister empaths, the breeding, the manufacture, of an entirely new type of human being who has a very developed faculty of empathy. Will you go into more detail about them?*

No. Except to mention that it is empathy with living beings, and with the acausal itself, which is the fundamental basis for the successful presencing of powerful acausal energies and the creation of long-lived nexions, such as those associated with a New Aeon and its associated outer, causal, sinister forms. Here, what may be termed the sinister numen (the numen of the sinister) is important.

*I read in a recent ONA MS, that you consider film should be used as a sinister art-form. What exactly did you mean?*

As the ONA grows, evolves, changes, and as more and more people become affected and infected by our mythos and our methodology, there should be some gifted, creative, individuals, of sinister character, who can meld together various art-forms, possibly using modern technology, to create new presencings of the sinister.



Thus, we need new and deeply sinister music, of and in whatever genre (modern or otherwise), as we also need a whole new genre of music - a whole new type of music - to manifest the sinister. So far, no one - it seems to me - has really presented the sinister in music.

That is, no one has yet produced an original piece of music which directly affects individuals and imbues them with sinister feeling; which may inspire some susceptible individuals to do sinister deeds; and which is *dangerous*: which the mundanes find disturbing and which they might seek to make illegal.

Thus, such music is far more than mere entertainment; far more than a momentary thrill; or a momentary feeling. It is real sinister inspiration, which is capable of transporting the listener elsewhere, to other realms; which affects them in a significant way and which can lead them to do practical sinister deeds.

One way to do this is through musically invoking archetypal sinister energies; evoking acausal energies, and acausal entities. Thus, such music becomes a sinister ritual of itself.

Another way to do this is to deal with genuine heresy - for the music and/or the words to concern themselves with what the mundanes fear; what they have outlawed in most if not all of their tyrannical societies.

This music can then be combined with video; with moving, colourful images and/or action that "tell a story" or which add to or which even create the sinister ambience.

In addition, there should an extension of this "story telling" and/or action so that a genuine sinister film - or many such films - are produced.

Importantly, there are no limits. That is, as mentioned previously, any type of music, any genre, can be used, from classical to hip-hop; just as the story can be anything we like or desire to presence. If we are not satisfied with some existing genre, we ourselves should create a new one. We are only limited by our creative genius, by our imagination, by our sinister desire.

Thus, there could and should be music, films, animations - whatever - about real outlaws, past and present, who inspire us; about our urban sinister tribes (real or our hopeful intimations of what they should be); about Vindex (fictional accounts or hopeful intimations); about our Dark future Imperium; about our sinister dreams and the sinister deeds we might desire to do; about individuals the mundanes fear and whom they revile and hate.

We should also be thinking of using modern technology to create new art-forms, to use such technology as a new means of presencing the sinister. The only limits, the only limitations, are those we might wrongly impose upon ourselves.

*Someone has brought to my attention what appears to be a basic grammatical mistake in the chant Agios o Baphomet, since Baphomet is female. Is it a mistake?*

Although this question of alleged “mistakes” in some ONA MSS, or in some ONA traditions, has been mentioned several times before, in some other mostly older ONA MSS, it does perhaps merit some further explanation, particularly since the ONA mythos and the ONA methodology has now seeded itself among thousands and thousands of people worldwide, some of who may well be pouring over various ONS MSS in the hope of sinister enlightenment.

In this matter, one must apply the fundamental esoteric principle of there possibly being an outer, exoteric (or *dhir*) meaning and/or intent, and there being an inner, esoteric (or *batin*) meaning and/or intent.

Thus, is what is first perceived as a mistake or an error, really so? Is it a real error, or a typo in the MS; or might it be a test designed to (1) encourage those possessed of our character, our ethos, to reflect further upon the matter and/or to research further, or (2) to encourage the mundanes to make the mistaken conclusion they make by virtue of their mundane personal character? Or, might it indeed be a mistake?

Our ethos is that of the individual of strong personal character who strives to learn by experience, by doing. Such a person questions; they seek to find their own answers; they challenge everything, and do not merely accept something just because it is in some MS or in some book or because someone has told them something. The author of a particular MS may indeed have made an error - no human entity is infallible, and no one in the ONA claims to be so infallible, or claims their work is divinely or diabolically inspired by some “higher entity”. I, personally, have made many mistakes, and some of my MSS may indeed contain contain some undeliberate errors.

Thus, it is for each individual to ascertain, if they can, where the truth may (or may not) lie. If a particular matter concerns them and they cannot be bothered to so ascertain the direction in which “the truth” (or the error) may lie, then they are not “of us”; but rather more akin to a mundane. Several ONA MSS - especially some “older” ones - may have some traps for the unwary; may lead some mundane who reads them to make certain false conclusions; and may, just may, inspire a few individuals of sinister character to discover certain

matters for themselves.

Thus, and in respect of the particular example you cite, someone possessed of our sinister character, our ethos, might - after reflexion upon and/or further research into the matter - conclude that it is not an error because the entities being mentioned and "invoked" by such a vibration/chant are beyond the limited causal category - our limited dichotomy - of male and female. That is, our rather limited classification of sentient beings into just two categories, male and female, is or may not be strictly applicable to such acausal entities. A really talented individual might go even further, and be inspired to seek to invent some type of language - or some collocation of symbols - which goes beyond such limited causal categories. And so on.

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**Footnote:**

(1) For a basic *exoteric* account of Vindex, refer to Myatt's book, **The Mythos of Vindex**, of which extracts from the first two parts (*Vindex and The Defeat of The Magian* and *The Ethos of Vindex In Historical Context*) have so far been published.

As stated in *A Brief ONA Glossary*:

Vindex is the name of the exoteric (or "outer") nexion through which powerful acausal energies are presented on Earth in order to destroy the current *status quo* (the Old Aeon, now manifest in the so-called New World Order) and prepare the way for - and inaugurate the practical beginnings of - the New Aeon. Like Falcifer (q.v.), Vindex can be presented ("manifest") in an individual (who may be male or female). If an individual, Vindex is the embodiment of The Law of the New Aeon, which is personal honour [See the ONA MSS *The Law of the New Aeon* and *Tyrannies End: Anarchy, Magick and the Law of Personal Honour*].

As mentioned in Myatt's *The Mythos of Vindex*, Vindex can be a person of any ethnicity, and may - or may not - arise in what is called The West (America, Europe, Australasia). Myatt goes so far as to suggest that Vindex could arise in Asia.

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**We, The Difficult ONA**

The main difficulty with the Order of Nine Angles, why the ONA is difficult, is

that it is practical - that it requires those who desire to be part of it or who desire to apply its methods to themselves, to do real sinister sorcery and real sinister deeds.

Real sinister deeds means, for instance, that you: (1) are Drecc - that you live a practical sinister life, in the world of mundanes; that you engage with mundanes (if only to use them and their property as a resource) and that you have or you develop real sinister comrades, real-life sinister brothers and sisters who are part of your own tribe or part of the sinister tribe you belong to; or (2) that you a lone-sinister activist/sorcerer/sorceress or a Balobian doing practical sinister deeds against the Magian System or (if Balobian) using some art-form in order to effectively and affectively spread our Darkness and manipulate mundanes; or (3) you are part of a Traditional Nexion who undertakes - or who manipulates some mundanes or mundanes to undertake - culling or practical deeds that Presence The Dark in a manner which reminds mundanes of our Darkness and our terrifying sinister nature.

Real sinister sorcery means, for instance, *doing* sorcery - becoming proficient in our Dark Arts, by gaining skill, experience, in both hermetic and ceremonial rituals, and by undertaking Grade Rituals, especially that of Internal Adept. For the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept (in either its simple or its advanced form) is the only practical way to develop certain, specific, esoteric skills, gain real and deep self-knowledge, and to gain genuine esoteric insight into those matrix of energies which underlie and are beyond the causal realm, and which skills and which insight, which self-knowing, are the marks of the true Adept.

What is common to all of us are three important and necessary things. (1) That we possess or we develop - from accepting and overcoming *practical* physical, mental and Occult, challenges - a self-honesty, a self-awareness: that we really do know ourselves, and are honest about our own level of learning and our skills, esoteric and otherwise. (2) That we possess the ability, deriving from this self-honesty, to control ourselves and our emotions, desires, and thus have that mastery of ourselves (and that self-awareness) which mundanes in general and Homo Hubris in particular lack. (3) That we possess an Aeonic perspective - that is, that we know, or we sense, we intuit, the difference between Destiny and Wyrð; between our own personal Destiny - which we can aspire to and change or bring-into-being during our causal life (and especially by means of our Sinister Way) - and between Cosmic Wyrð, which we cannot (until we egress, in Occult terms, Beyond The Abyss) fully synchronize with and certainly cannot control in any significant manner.

There are no excuses. For our sinister Way - The Sinister Way of the Order of Nine Angles - *insists* upon these things: (1) That you undertake such physical

challenges as outlined, for instance, in the Complete Guide to the Seven-Fold Way [1]. (2) That you are Drecc, *or* part of a Traditional Nexion, *or* a lone-sinister activist/sorcerer/sorceress *or* a Balobian - doing practical sinister deeds (in the real world of the mundanes) for both yourself *and* to aid or to implement our Aeonic sinister strategy. (3) That if you are not Drecc - if, that is, you are not part of one of our sinister tribes - then you, after some years of sinister experience, *must* undertake the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept (in either its simple or its advanced form) if you desire to advance further along our Sinister Way, if you desire to fulfil your sinister potential and so achieve your unique Destiny.

If you do not want to, or cannot, do these things, then you are not and never will be, of us; not part of our Sinister Kollektive.

That is why we are difficult; that is why we are Sinister; that is why the Order of Nine Angles is selective and not suited to everyone, and why it is not intended to appeal to everyone, especially not to mundanes. For you have to already possess or be able to alchemically create the sinister-changeling within you; you have to do stuff - practical often dangerous things; you have to challenge and change yourself over a period of many years. For you are presented with challenges, with tests - which you either overcome and pass, or which you fail. If you fail - you can either try again, until success (and the necessary degree of self-insight) is attained, or you can slink back to the world of the mundanes, and just become another part of The System, probably priding yourself on, and finding some comfort in, your "time of rebellion" with the ONA.

Naturally, many of those who, liking our sinister glamour, egress around us - who associate with us for a period of causal Time - find excuses for not being sinister, for not doing the required practical things; excuses which, of course, they in their self-delusion and mundaneness, personally find convincing. Thus will they go off elsewhere, to some other, less harsh, easy group or way; thus will some of them found their own group or way as some extension of their own Occult fantasies, most probably awarding themselves some Occult title or other; and thus will some of them be critical of us since such criticism enables them to continue in their self-deluded weakness. We do not care. We have never cared, and will never care, about such failures. Just as we do not care about popularity. We are as we are - *balewa*, Satanic, and bane of both Magians and mundanes.

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[1] The *basic* physical challenges include - for men - (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.

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### **The Gentleman's - and Noble Ladies - Brief Guide to The Dark Arts**

Outwardly, in terms of persona and character, the true Dark Arts are concerned with style; with understated elegance; with natural charisma; with personal charm; and with manners. That is, with a certain personal character and a certain ethos. The character is that of the natural gentleman, of the natural noble lady; the ethos is that of good taste, of refinement, of a civilized attitude.

” The faculty of dark-empathy is one of the qualities that distinguishes the genuine Adept. Some other qualities of the Adept are self-honesty, self-awareness, and self-control, often manifest as these are in a certain noble attitude and thus in the possession of personal manners. Not for the Adept the ill-mannered behaviour of Homo Hubris, distinguished as such untermenschen are by their lack of manners, lack of empathy, and their uncontrollable need to dysfunctionally express themselves and their emotions in public. In one word, Adepts possess *ἀρετή*. “

Inwardly, the true Dark - the sinister - Arts are concerned with self-control, discipline, self-honesty; with a certain detachment from the mundane.

That this has been forgotten - or not understood, or not even known among the many latter-day pretenders and poseurs - is a sign of how few genuine Masters, and Lady Masters, there are.

Thus, there is a beauty in the Dark Arts and an exultation of Life, and certainly not a wallowing in the symbols, symbolism and accouterments of death and decay. Thus, there is a natural joy, which can be and often is both light and dark but which is always controlled. Not for the Gentleman, or the Lady, the loss of mastery, the stupefaction that arises from over-indulgence (which over-indulgence can and which does include personal emotion).

Thus, one of the true archetypes of the genuine Sinister Path: Baphomet, the beautiful, mature, lady (fecund Mistress of Earth) whose beautiful outward serenity masks the deadly acausal darkness within which can be released when she chooses. (Life-Birth-Joy-Ecstasy-Safety-Wisdom-Giving-Darkness-Death.) Thus, another dark archetype: The Master, the true shapeshifter who is and who might not be what they might appear to be; the polite charming gentleman, who might (and who could) kill you or have you killed if there was a good enough reason, but who might reward you (if there was a good enough reason) with beneficence whose source would be unknown to you; the recluse - The Master Acausal Sorcerer - you do not see nor know, except perhaps in dreams, shadows, or fleeting day and night-time glimpses which might perhaps stir a memory, some memory, personal or beyond (Beautiful-Profound-Wistful-Knowing-Danger-Roborant-Wyrdful-Sad) which inspires, or brings new beginnings or balance or perchance a retribution.

To aspire to - to gain - Mastery of The Dark Arts is to experience, and to learn the lessons of self-honesty and self-control; to strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.

Mastery *begins* with Internal Adept, and it is from noble cultured - gentlemanly or lady-like - Adepts that candidates for the inner ONA are recruited.

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### **Further Notes Regarding The Esoteric Form of The Star Game**

As mentioned in ONA MSS such as *The Dark Arts of Traditional Satanism* (aka *The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way*) and in the section *The Rite of The Star Game* in *The Grimoire of Baphomet*, The Star Game is one of the principle means of developing acausal-knowing (a.k.a. acausal-thinking) and is also a powerful if esoteric Dark Art.

The term The Esoteric Star Game (ESG) is used here to refer to what has been described, in MSS such as *Naos*, as the advanced form of The Star Game (TSG), as distinct from the simple (training) form. In truth, the simple form - as described in MSS such as *Naos* - was devised as a basic neophyte and Initiate level introduction to the Star Game proper, enabling the fundamental esoteric

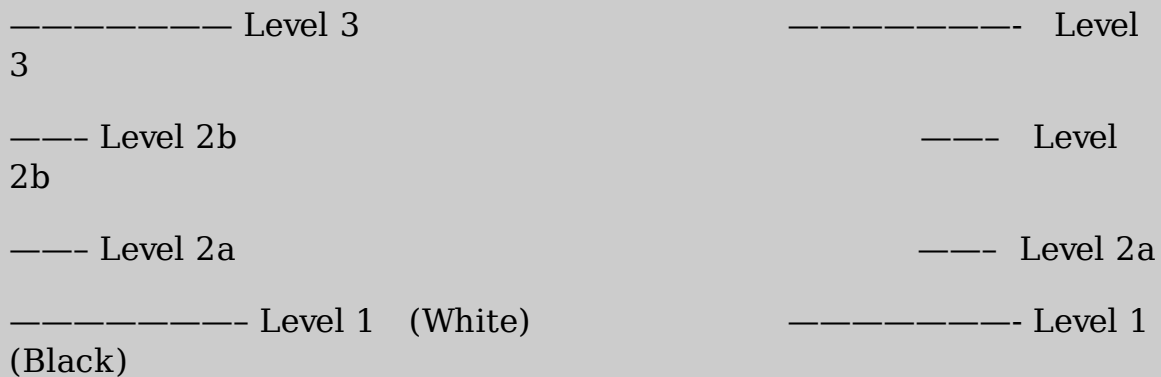
concepts of TSG to be understood, and enabling some insight into acausal-thinking itself.

The simple form of TSG has seven boards, and only 27 pieces per side (player; causal/acausal aspect), with each of these boards consisting of nine black and nine white squares. This simple form can be played merely as a mundane (if somewhat complex) game, according to rules given in *Naos*, although Initiates are expected to refine these rules as they gain experience.

*The complete esoteric SG* - full details of which are given in other ONA MSS, including facsimile editions of *Naos* - has seven main boards (nexions) - arranged in a hierarchical spiral, as in the training version - with each of these main boards having six (minor) boards (three at each end), and there being additional pieces (more sets of nine for each player: often 81 pieces per player; sometimes more), with additional rules regarding movement.

Furthermore, there are three forms of the Complete ESG - all of which have three additional levels (small boards) above the main board (level 1) but which differ in the number of squares and the placing of these small (or minor) upper boards.

In the first form, the additional levels (boards) of each one of the main seven boards are:



Level three consists of six squares, three white and three black; level 2b is a single square; level 2a is the same as level three: three black and three white squares. Note that level 3 in this form is set directly above the other levels. In the second form of the ESG, level 3 is set outward, so that it is not protruding above levels 1 and 2, and consists of only 2 squares.

In the third and the standard form - as described in a diagram on p.213 of the facsimile pdf version of *Naos* - level 2b (described therein as level 3 out of 4) is of one square only and is set outward, between the inward levels 2a (described in *Naos* as level 2) and 3 (described in *Naos* as level 4).



These differences are quite minor, and are designed to show Adepts, and beyond, how an alteration of certain aspects of a particular causal-metric (re-presented by a main board and the number, type and placing of the minor boards) affects, or can affect, a nexion or nexions, and thus acausal energies, and the interaction between nexions. Thus, the Adept discovers, for themselves, which if any of these three re-presentations is the most efficacious in terms of re-presenting a nexion, nexions in general, and which if any is the most efficacious in developing acausal-knowing and when used to bring and presence acausal energy.

### **Construction of the Complete Esoteric Star Game**

The ESG was designed to be a physically large structure - to occupy a certain amount of causal Space - so that the Adept or Adepts (the player or players) have to physically move around it in order to see all the boards and pieces, and in order to move the pieces. In addition, in the majority of constructions so far, the Adept or Adepts using the ESG, has to use some form of steps in order to reach the top main boards.

Thus, the ESG, as currently existing and as constructed and used in past decades, is a sizeable construction, previously most often made of wood, but now occasionally made using steel for both the boards and the supports holding the boards, and which boards, in some steel constructed version, are cantilevered out from the supports.

In addition, in order to accommodate the three forms briefly outlined above, the minor boards (or sub-levels) of the seven major boards are designed to be removable, with replacement minor boards, of the required type, being available.

Given the esoteric nature of the ESG, and the complexity of its physical construction, it is therefore not surprising that membership of the ESG club is exclusive and elitist, particularly as most individuals interested in or even associated with The Order of Nine Angles cannot be bothered to construct, and learn, the simple form of TSG, let alone the ESG, and particularly as few of the individuals who have assiduously read many ONA MSS have not even noticed that there are three forms of the ESG.

Furthermore, although the ESG, and thus the simple form of TSG, were designed in an era when the only (digital and commercial) computers were IBM type mainframes using punched cards and magnetic reel tape, no computer version of TSG has so far been developed, nor is likely to be developed for many years, given the complexity of the ESG itself.

However, such a computerized version, while it might make TSG itself more

popular, is neither necessary nor even desirable, for reasons which Adepts will understand. For the very physical construction of the ESG is a personal challenge in itself, just as using a large physical ESG is a type of esoteric ritual in itself, and the overcoming of this personal challenge (which takes a certain amount of causal Time) combined with physically using such a structure in an esoteric way, is a prerequisite to joining what is probably one of the most elitist sinister cabals currently presented on this planet we humans call Earth.

## **AoB**

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Revision 1.03

### *An Important Note Regarding Copies of **Naos***

Facsimile copies (in pdf format) of the original typewritten and spiral bound copies of Naos (as first circulated by the ONA between 1989 and 1992 CE) are now available, both on the Internet, and from several book publishers. All other editions of Naos have serious errors or omissions, and readers are advised to avoid them. The genuine facsimile copies in pdf format are c. 45 Megabytes in size, and contain: (1) the handwritten words *Aperiatur Terra Et Germinet Atazoth* on the first page, and the handwritten word *Brekekk* (followed by an out-of-date address) on the last page; (2) a typewritten table of contents on page 3 which includes - in the following order - Part One, Part Two, Appendix, Part Three Esoteric MSS; (3) a distinct facsimile image of the spiral binding on the left hand side of every page until p.70. In addition, genuine copies of the original MSS include facsimile images of hand-drawn diagrams, including the advanced Star Game, and The Wheel of Life.

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## **Toward The Dark Formless Acausal**

*I've read several times recently - on the Internet, of course! - that the Order of Nine Angles is defunct. Do you have any comment to make about this?*

A: If people wish to believe that, fine.

All I will say is that - for many decades now - our membership has been closed. That is, we have not actively and publicly sought to recruit members. We are not interested in large numbers of people joining us, and we have placed many obstacles in the way of people contacting us. The few that do and have joined us are selected by us if we perceive they have the right qualities and if they have been tenacious in their search, and passed the various tests which are

part of the selection process, with these tests being mostly unknown to them at the time they are being tested. Such tests, by us, continue until they have achieved, for themselves, Internal Adept.

Thus, we are elitist, and secretive. For the moment, and for the past few years or so, we have and have had a slight "public profile" - with an unofficial Internet website and an unofficial "Internet blog", run by a member - but these things are temporary, serving a specific CausalTime-limited purpose, and when that purpose is achieved then they, and this slight public profile, will cease. Of course, we will not make any announcement of this ceasing, at the time.

It should be understood that our goals are of not only decades but of centuries, and that we act, and plan, accordingly.

*What about the people who leave - or who seem to leave? I'm thinking of people like Vilnius Thornian, who ran the old Nasz Dom website, and C Beest, who did the Sinister Tarot. Have they really left, and if so is that a betrayal, and what does their leaving say about the state of the Order of Nine Angles itself and its method of training?*

The question itself reveals something of a lack of esoteric insight and sinister knowledge.

Over the decades, several people have come and gone - some only achieved External Adept; a few achieve Internal Adept. Of those who wander away, and give up or renounce their Sinister quest, one or two return, having learnt much - about themselves - during their exile.

Yet some of those who wander away or who may renounce their quest may still have done some useful work; may still have presenced the Sinister in some way, and thus have contributed something, or affected some changes, however small. Some of these may even have been manipulated into doing such things, into contributing such things, by a Master, or a Mistress, with their leaving or their renunciation a sign of their failure.

For such renunciations - whatever the reasons, or the reasons such people tell themselves - are expected, and indeed natural; part of the selection process itself. Those who go have failed, and proven themselves unsuitable; for the real, and the most important test, is that which lies beyond Internal Adept and which signifies the change from Adept to Master/Mistress. Of those who thus

progress beyond the Abyss, there have been no renunciations.

Each Grade, of Internal Magick, is thus a test, a selection; and the move away from each Grade toward the next is also itself a test, a selection, and one which lasts many an alchemical season - in exoteric-speak, which lasts for some or often many many years.

Again, such people, such failures, should be viewed in the perspective of centuries: of the progression toward our Sinister goals, our disruption of the Old Order, our presencings of the acausal darkness, and the emergence of the New Aeon, whose Sinister magickal energies are already being felt, by some, and whose exoteric affects are slowly causing causal changes.

*There has been much speculation as to your use of the word "Fayen", which seems to have replaced the "yf" date code you previously used. Is there a reason for this change, and what does Fayen mean? Is the change in any way connected with a move away from NS type politics, which politics many associate you with?*

Firstly, the use of that particular word, now and in the past two or so years, is quite deliberate: to mark the beginning of the third stage of one particular, and century-long, strategy of ours.

The first part was the codification of what it may be convenient to call "The Mythos of the ONA". This involved the writing down of the various aural traditions inherited from the reclusive Mistress who hailed from Shropshire, and who owned properties in London, Oxford and Manchester. These traditions involved such things as Esoteric Chant, The Septenary Tree of Wyrð, legends and myths about The Dark Gods and Baphomet; culling, various ceremonial rituals, and the Grade Rituals. It also involved refining and extending the Tradition itself - developing The Star Game, for example, and writing basic guides such as *Naos*. This stage took around a decade or so.

The second stage was, internally, making most of the exoteric Tradition available by circulating a limited number of copies of various ONA MSS, and works such as *The Black Book of Satan*, and *Naos*. This created something of a "public profile" for the ONA, which was intentional. Externally, the real work of the ONA was continued by presencing the acausal, the Sinister, through supporting, and creating, various causal "forms", through opening various nexions, through practical de-stabilization, through propagating and championing various "heretical" causes and ideas, and so on: to the greater glory of Satan, one might have said, and say. This stage took around two

decades, or so.

The third stage involves, internally, releasing items and MSS concerning some of the more esoteric aspects, which esoteric aspects include such things as: (1) the actual nature of The Dark Gods, hinted at in stories such as *In The Sky of Dreaming* and MSS such as *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) The Seventh-Way, and the nature of Five-Dimensional Magick (hinted at in some earlier MSS, which mentioned some of the effects of a-temporal magickal rites; (3) the reality of The Abyss and beyond, where one goes beyond words, and causal symbols, such as the Tree of Wyrð, and thus beyond the opposites inherit in words, names and symbologies.

Outwardly, or externally, the third stage involves continuing to presence The Dark Forces, via nexions, through supporting, and creating, various causal "forms"; through practical de-stabilization, through supporting and championing various "heretical" causes and ideas, and so on: to the greater glory of Baphomet, one might, with correctness, say, and write.

After this - in future decades - as the signs of the de-stabilization of the Old Order (symbolized outwardly by the so-called, and mis-named, "New World Order") becomes ever more esoterically obvious and then even more exoterically obvious, there will that conjoining that can be symbolized, exoterically, by the union of Satan and Baphomet, and thus a bringing-into-being (a birthing) of what is Beyond: the acausal Darkness itself, fully presented on Earth and in our causal Universe. To the greater glory of The Dark Gods, and thus the beginning of our own evolutionary change into a new species.

Thus are some esoteric truths here revealed - for the sagacious.

Furthermore, NS-type politics - as explained many times over the years - was and is used as a form, as a presencing (even sometimes as a nexion) by Sinister Initiates and Sinister Adepts as part of Sinister Aeon strategy, as a work or works of Aeon magick (or even as an individual Insight Rôle). It it never was, nor is, the essence of the ONA, or the Way of the ONA: which is essentially to create, to breed, individual individuals and thence a new type of human being. Such individuals have gone beyond the abstractions, the forms, of the Old Aeon, and thus can - if necessary - use and manipulate such abstractions, such forms (be they conventionally described as political or religious, or whatever), in a Sinister, magickal Way: to presence the Dark Forces.

That many people did not understand this, reveals only the lack of understanding of those people. That many so-called esoteric Initiates did not and do not understand this, reveals only their lack of Initiated understanding,

their lack of knowledge of genuine Magick, and of what it means to be a genuine follower of the Sinister Path.

*You have stated - in the recently issued ONA Glossary - that the term Traditional Satanism, which now is in widespread use, was coined by the ONA. Is this correct, and does this mean, as some have supposed, a "worship" or reverence of Satan, as a real entity?*

It is correct to say and write that we were the first to use that particular term, over two decades ago, for the reason given: because of our inherited aural Tradition, and to differentiate our really Dark and really Sinister Way from others, such as the the gabbling posturing ToSers, the Magian-inspired crawling Crowleyites, and the sanctimonious egotists who fawned upon and followed the Magian clown named LaVey.

To understand Satan - *sans* Nazarene theology and ontology, and the silliness of "theism" - is to understand that He is one of The Dark Gods and thus, according to our Tradition, our Mythos, an acausal-being, dwelling in the acausal Universe, Who has, at one or more times in our Earth-bound causal past, been presenced in causal form, which form can change, since Satan is, like most of that particular acausal species when manifest in the causal Universe, a shapeshifter.

Yet there is, for us and others of our Sinister kind, no worship of such a being; no reverence. Just an admiration, at most, and a feeling of kinship, such as one might have toward an older brother, or sister, or a respected and older if distant relative. Or rather, and more correctly perhaps, such as a desire, such a yearning, for, the kinship of a long-lost half-brother, or half-sister, given that - for many - such relatives of ours have been missing for rather a long time.

Thus - and to continue the metaphor - do Sinister Initiates seek to find such missing relatives of theirs, and thus do they desire to not only have them "home" again (presenced on Earth) but also to learn from them so that they themselves can pass to the stars, and beyond: into the realms of the formless, timeless, acausal.

*So you still regard yourselves as "Satanists" and still regard the term "Satanism" as having esoteric meaning?*

Yes, and yes. Greek scholars - and lexicographers - will understand what *-ism*

(and thus *-ist*) in this context refers to.

Although, of course, "Satan-ism" is only a beginning: a nexion to the acausal itself; one causal and exoteric name for a particular presencing which can begin a particular, and dangerous and difficult, journey for some humans, to some-where.

I also refer you to my previous answer: the Third Stage, and what is beyond.

*You mean Baphomet, whom you describe as a Dark Goddess?*

Indeed, for She is The Mistress, The Mother, of Blood; of our blood, and of the blood of those who are sacrificed to her, for her, and who can provide Her with some of the causal living necessary.

Furthermore - and here is another clue - one must view both Vindex and Falcifer in relation to Her, and, of course, that acausal being whose exoteric name has been given as Satan.

*Since you accept Satan as a real being, what about God? Do you accept there is a God?*

No. We consider "God" to be a myth, an abstraction, a metaphysical construct if you will, created by the need and the desire of individuals who have not only yet to face, understand, and integrate, the darkness, within themselves, but who also - from weakness, inability or whatever - cannot go beyond such abstractions, such immature bifurcation into non-living "opposites", to the esoteric quintessence, which is of the numinosity of the a-causal Sinister imbued with the essence *and the potential* of causal life and causal living. Thus, "God" - as conventionally described - is a symptom of the human disease of negative-evolution, which is an un-knowing, an un-feeling, of our human potential, which potential can be unleashed by the energies of the acausal.

In the same way, the kindred disease of hubris, the disease of the modern materialistic West, is an outward manifestation of the still current Old Aeon - the Magian-inspired and Magian-controlled Old Order - and of those Aeons that preceded it. Hubris - selfish, blind, ill-disciplined indulgence and egotistical arrogance - is a lack of self-awareness; a lack of self-discipline; a pandering to the ego and its delusions; a lack of esoteric insight; a lack of that perspective, that self-judgement, that rational detachment, that awareness and practical experience of the acausal - of The Dark Gods, of Satan and Baphomet - creates. Or at least can create in those possessed of the right character, the correct attributes.

Thus do we seek the practical destruction of this Old Order, which keeps people in thrall, stifles our potential, and which becomes ever more oppressive and tyrannical with every passing year. This destruction is necessary - whatever the cost in so-called "human suffering" - for such destruction is a prelude to the New Aeon which will unleash our full potential and enable us to become a new, and higher, species.

*You do not therefore accept that there is such a thing as an "innocent person"?*

Here is a quote from a now somewhat old essay of mine, which is relevant here:

"There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death. their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever." *To Presence The Dark*

But I still expect the full meaning suggested by the above words will escape the vast majority of human beings, including the vast majority who call themselves, or describe themselves as, "Satanists" - which of course reveals quite a lot about such self-styled "Satanists", just as the very title of that particular ONA MS, quoted above, reveals quite a lot about us.

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**Exeatic Joy - Nine Essays in Praise of The Sinister**



by  
**Anton Long**  
**Order of Nine Angles**

## **1 The Infestation of Homo Hubris**

Let us be honest - Homo Hubris is an infestation on planet Earth; a sub-human species suitable for culling individually and on a large scale. For Homo Hubris is fundamentally dross; the product of those de-evolutionary forces and that de-evolutionary ethos which we - who are esoterically adept and who adhere to the Sinister Way - are in revolt against and wish to decimate and destroy and replace with our sinister evolutionary ethos and our new tribal elites.

It is now the propitious time to deal with the infestation, the scourge, that is Homo Hubris: this ill-mannered, vulgar, denizen infesting our cities, our lands. But how are we to effectively deal with this inferior prodigious breeder of everything we detest and revile?

By championing terror, war, disruption, disorder, "crime", and chaos; by culling them whenever the individual opportunity to do so, undetected, arises. For they are the dross that holds us back from striving to-be, to live, among the stars of our and of other Galaxies; the dross who by their lack of taste, lack of manners, lack of excellence, lack of individual character, undermine and destroy what is of excellence and of sinister numinosity. They - and those who have encouraged them and need them as a basis, a foundation, for their warped, Magian, messianic dreams - are not only detrimental to our evolution but also a potential destroyer of that life which is our life and which currently dwells upon this Earth and in those dark, vast, formless, acausal spaces which we of the sinister-kindred feel or know or yearn for.

The sinister reality is that they - they, of Homo Hubris - provide us, now, with a multitude of opportunities - for we can and should mould, shape, use, manipulate, and cull, them for our own, individual, advantage, for the advantage of our sinister-kindred, and in order to further Presence The Dark; using them as expendable nexions, as sources, as fodder, to presence those sinister acausal energies we know, feel, and can use and control in order to bring-into-being our Dark Imperium and what that form will lead to.

Those who understand - who feel - such things understand, and feel, the essence of our dark and sinister Way. Those who do not understand, who do not feel as we do that the culling, the manipulation, of such dross is both acceptable and necessary, are not-of-us: not of that Darkness which infuses us and which we seek and which we again and again strive to presence in

ourselves, in others and in and upon this planet which is currently our dwelling and our temporary home.

For we despise, detest, the mundanes – they who are not of us; they who lack our visions, our dreams, our dark sinister and ultimately supra-personal Cosmic desire; which desire leads us to strive to be more than we are, and which makes us individual rebels against all authority and all those causal forms that hold the mundanes and their Magian controllers in thrall. And the worst of the mundanes are Homo Hubris, who are in essence a detestable de-evolution of that species mis-named Homo Sapiens Sapiens; the worst of the worst: and thus on a par with their Magian controllers: those who have engineered them and who have a vested interest in their continuing de-evolution.

Thus do we invoke Baphomet: the Dark Mistress and our Mother, of Blood, The Primal Dark One: our symbol of bloody slaughter, renewal, rebirth, and of Joy. Thus do we invoke Vindex, the dark Avenger and destroyer of the Old Order; our symbol of retribution and of new and wyrdful beginnings. Thus do we invoke Satan, Father and Master of Chaos, Disorder, Laughter, and of Crime; our symbol of rebellion and of our quintessential outlaw-ish, piratical nature. Thus do we invoke the Primal Darkness itself, beyond all our limited causal Earth-bound forms: bringer, genesis, of all that makes us more than human and which inspires us, can inspire us, to make real such visions as can transform and evolve us and take us out to live among the stars and Galaxies of the Cosmos.

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## **2 The War Against The Mundanes**

The reality of these our causal-times is that we are at war with the mundanes, and this war is both a practical one, and an esoteric one involving our Dark, esoteric, Arts.

One of the reasons for this war is that we are in direct conflict because the aims of the mundanes are mundane, while our aims are a manifestation of the sinister-numen. Another reason is that the mundanes have constructed tyrannical systems – governments, government agencies (such as the Police), and societies – which now exist to enforce and ensure, by the threat or the use of physical force, mundane-ness, and which tyrannical systems demand and enforce the collection of taxes in order to perpetuate their own mundane tyrannical existence. Another reason is that the mundanes have manufactured lifeless, un-numinous, abstractions – ideas, theories, *-isms* and *-ologies* – which enshrine mundane-ness and which abstractions keep the majority in thrall.

In essence, the mundanes are Earth-bound, sunk into the mire of materialism, and wallowing in undisciplined emotions and greedy self-indulgence, while we aspire to be more than we are, to evolve, and desire to control ourselves, to master ourselves, and seek to leave our childhood home which is this planet Earth: to seed ourselves among the star-systems of our Galaxy; to create entirely new ways of living and to have the freedom, the space, the territory, to explore, to discover, to dwell and live as we wish.

Thus do we seek out, and come to revel in, the sinister-numen and its manifestation as our Dark, esoteric, Arts, and thus do we seek to test ourselves, to take ourselves to and beyond our human limits. Thus do we come to despise the restrictions of the morality of the mundanes, and all their laws and all their mechanisms of people-control - practical, physical; and of the mind - which helps ensure the docility of the tax-paying masses.

We despise the way the mundanes have meekly surrendered what should be their numinous individuality to abstract systems such as The State, and thus allow The State, some government, some impersonal authority, to decide what "justice" is and what is lawful and unlawful. We despise this because we know - we feel - that no one, no System, no government, no State, no supra-personal authority, has any right to presume and assume control of us; no right to usurp and take away our individual judgement by replacing what is only and ever numinously personal by some abstract law which they in their mundaneness have manufactured.

For us - in contrast to the mundanes - it is our natural right, our evolved duty, to take control of our own lives; to be responsible for ourselves, in the immediacy of the moment and beyond. Thus, our way is the way of individual, personal, honour - of dealing with matters in our own way and directly, person-to-person. For we know - we feel - that such self-discipline and such self-control as arises from upholding our law of personal honour is an evolution, a liberation, of ourselves, and represents the true freedom that the tyrannical systems of the mundanes do deny us and have denied us.

Thus we know - we feel - that it is up to us, as individuals, to judge others in the immediacy of the moment; through personal knowing of others. Thus do we scorn and reject the notion of judging others according to each and every abstraction - each and every -ism and -ology - which the mundanes have manufactured and which they themselves in their stupidity and their mundaneness use to judge others.

Thus we know - we feel - that it is up to us, as individuals to defend ourselves, to equip ourselves for defence, and to seek recompense and vengeance from those who may have harmed us: that it is our right, our evolved duty, to dispense - to be - justice. Our safety, and justice, resides in us, as evolved

individuals strengthened in thought, understanding and in deed by the sinister-numen. Our safety does not depend upon some mundane Police force, just as true, numinous, justice does not reside in some mundane Court of Law or in some manufactured abstract Law: it resides in individuals such as us, in people of our honourable, sinister-numinous, kind.

Thus, for us, personal honour is a practical manifestation of the sinister-numen; for us, honour is the law of the New Aeon which we seek, through our aims, our deeds, our sinister Dark Arts, to bring-into-being. Thus, for us, personal honour is a presencing of those evolutionary, those acausal, energies which can change us into a higher type, a new species, of human being.

Thus, for us, our sinister-numinous tribes are an appropriate, a necessary, way to live - for such tribes are where personal honour can live and thrive; where we ourselves - where our kind - can live and thrive and evolve, free from the restraints, the abstractions, the morality, of the mundanes, and free, liberated from, from the tyranny of States and governments.

Thus we, and our tribes - we, The Drecc - are at war with the mundanes, and with their States and governments, desiring as we do to replace the tyranny of mundane abstractions by our sinister-numen, and desiring as we do to replace their States and governments, and their laws, by our new tribal way of life based on our law of the sinister-numen, which law of ours is personal honour.

### **The Law of The Sinister-Numen**

Honour, according to and as defined by the sinister-numen, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the sinister perspective, and aims, of our Sinister Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves.

Honour not only defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, but it also defines us, as individuals - that is, it is an essential part of our identity, as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen, and it distinguishes us from the mundanes, from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds our tribes; what makes our tribes, what makes and what marks our new way of living.

For us, our honour is more important than our own lives, and it is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour - through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death - that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind - to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust - and often despise - all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary of them at all times.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone - mundane, or one of our own kind - who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their decision.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour.

Our honourable, our Dreccian, duty - as Dreccian individuals who live by the Law of the Sinister-Numen - means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour ("I swear by my honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and the act of a mundane.

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### **3 Acausal Darkness**

In essence, The Dark Tradition is concerned with personal and supra-personal change; with evolution to higher forms; with the creation of a new type of human being.

To do this, we need vision; we need to feel the Satanic spirit of defiance and joy - the dark acausal - within us. We need challenges; we need tests; we need to accept and become that force of Nature, of the very Cosmos, which selects through weeding out the mundanes: those who are content; those whose spirit is inertial instead of promethean.

The simple truth is that we of The Dark Tradition represent, and re-present, the Chaos that is acausal and which is the genesis of evolution toward higher forms and a higher existence, while the others - the mundanes - represent and are the stultifying normality of the ponderous causal, and/or represent and are what is de-evolutionary.

The stark acausal reality is that the mundanes are either expendable, or are at their best raw material to be motivated toward change. We present them with both this possibility of change - toward a higher, sinister, existence - and with the practical chaos, terror and heresy which serves to remind them of who and what they really are. For, as has been written:

“It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”.

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be - for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is - and always will be until it evolves to become something else - raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death. their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever.”

The very Cosmos itself is change; a fluxion of causal and acausal. Our change - as human beings at this moment in our history, and currently and mostly bound as we are to the causal - is to leave our childhood home, this planet, and expand outward to explore the stars and planets of our galaxy, to discover, to test ourselves, to find challenges great enough to change us in their overcoming; for it is this leaving - this growing to maturity - which will be the practical breeding ground of a new, higher, human species.

It is this vision - of such a change, of such challenges, of such a new human species - which suffuses the ONA, its inner Aeonick magick, its mythos, its nexions, its associates, and those intrepid individuals inspired by any or all of these.

It is lack of such a vision - a lack of inner acausal darkness; a lack of Satanic ethos - which distinguishes the Old Order, bound as this Old Order is to this

planet, and bound as it is to satisfying the craving for safety and law which the mundanes, the normals, in their simian-like existence crave.

Everything that enables the achievement of this grand dark vision of ours is a causal form worth using; while everything that militates against our Cosmic sinister vision - our motivating mythos, our esoteric ethos - is to be despised, countered, and fought.

To change, to evolve, to be of the acausal darkness and thus the genesis of both our individual change and that of others, we need to be, *in a practical and personal way*, and in the words of one sinister Adept "the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge are impossible..." We also need to be our own opposite: to venture between and beyond - we need *to-be* - the causal forms of Good and Evil, Light and Dark, and then treat those forms for the imposters, the illusions they are, to then leave them far behind us, having learnt from them, having grown from and because of them.

Then and only then will we have taken the first leap - beyond the Abyssal Unknown - toward being the genesis, the spawn, of a new higher human species.

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#### **4 Dark Warriors of The Sinister Way**

The simple yet esoteric truth is that we are, or we aspire to be, practical warriors of our dark, Sinister Way, and it is this simple truth which distinguishes us from all other paths, ways, groups, or people, who claim to be, or who in their delusion believe themselves to be, "satanists" and/or practitioners of The Dark Arts.

For to us belong practical sinister, amoral, deeds.

For to us belongs that joyful ecstatic exultation in life that arises when we - as individuals, or as part of our own sinister collective, our own local sinister tribe or group - take ourselves not only to and beyond our limits, physical, and otherwise, but also to and far beyond the limits (moral and otherwise) set by the mundanes and which limits those mundanes have prescribed or ordained by some "law" or other.

For to us belongs that knowing - that feeling - that it is the acausal which animates the causal, and which is the essence of life, of Change, of the sinister itself.



Thus do we know - thus do we feel - that death itself is irrelevant, an illusion, a mere ending of a mere causal existence, and that it is what we do with the opportunities that this, our causal life, offers and can offer us, that is important. Thus we do not fear death, and instead defy it, just as we seek to defy ourselves - what we are, now - and just as we seek to defy the mudanes and all those causal restrictions, those causal forms, that they have created to make them feel safe, and secure and content with their mundane un-warrior like merely causal and thus un-numinous existence.

Thus - because of our defiance of death itself - do we and thus should we terrify the mudanes, and thus do the mudanes fear us, and thus do we, with our practical amoral, sinister, deeds, reveal all those of other paths, ways, groups, for the weaklings, the pretentious pseudos, the charlatans, and the pretenders, that they are: mundanes trying to cloak themselves with some of our sinister glamour.

For we are the one who cull, in real life: as a challenge, as a joy; as means of Presencing The Dark, of implementing our personal and our aeonic, dialectic: of Change, Chaos, and evolution.

We are the ones, who because of our practical and our esoteric training, are controlled - in control of ourselves, and of our feelings, our emotions; trained, prepared to, and capable of, directing our dark passion, our vitality, our defiance, our terror and our joy, however and whenever we wish.

We are the ones who seek to challenge ourselves; to change ourselves; to evolve; to transform ourselves into a new type of human being. Thus to us and our sinister kind belong great dreams; great visions; the imagination, the desire, of the explorer; the feral character of the true warrior; the primal rage of the berserker; and the sensitive passion of a lover.

Thus do we - as a sinister kindred, as a sinister collective, as sinister tribes - seek to transgress all the limits set and made by the mundanes and their societies, and thus do we laugh at them, play our sinister games with them, and consider them as our resource, but always ready, willing and able as we are to find those few from among those mundanes who might possess some potential, something of our own sinister nature. Thus will we recruit, train and guide those few who like us dare to defy and who see or who feel the societies of the mudanes for the impersonal tyranny that they are.

Thus are we - as warriors of our dark Sinister Way - honourable with those of our own kind: honourable with our own brothers and sisters, and with those who support us and do not betray us; and thus are we harsh and ruthless with our enemies.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is the practical way of being tough; of being armed, and trained and prepared to fight, to kill, to defend ourselves, and defend those of our own tribe, our own sinister kindred. Our Way is the practical way of being loyal, unto death, to our own kind, of having respect for our kind, and disdain and hatred for our enemies. Our Way is the practical, warrior, way of never, ever, betraying one of our own kind to the mundanes and to their so-called forces of "law and order", and of killing, without hesitation and without remorse, anyone from among us or from our local supporters who does so betray us.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is the Way of those who prefer death to dishonour and who prefer to die fighting rather than having to surrender to any mundane or to the so-called forces of "law and order" of the mundanes.

For our Way, the Way of The Dark Warrior, is to obtain what we need - by whatever means - from the mundanes, and to lose no sleep over so obtaining what we need to survive, to live, to prosper as we will. Thus do we, thus should we and thus will will, redistribute the wealth, the goods, of our enemies, of the mundanes, to those in the areas where we live who support us and who do not betray us.

Thus are we - by our practical deeds, by our ethos, by our very tribal way of life - distinguished from all other paths, ways, groups, or people, who claim to be, or who in their delusion believe themselves to be, "satanists" and/or practitioners of The Dark Arts.

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## **5 Satanism - The Epitome of Evil**

*Let us not be mis-understood: genuine Satanists are evil.* They question, seek to know, and they defy. They champion, advocate, and propagate - and most importantly live, as a way of defiance and ecstasy - whatever is genuinely heretical, or forbidden, in the societies of their times. They cause, and strive to cause, Chaos, disruption, revolution, and thus causal Change. They are the fomenters of, and the agents of, evil, of genuine darkness. They are adversarial; agents of genuine human evolution, which evolution only and ever arises from an acceptance of challenges and the application of the Sinister Dialectic: from the direct causal presencing of acausal darkness. They cause harm, disaster, corruption, and death; they bring joy, ecstasy and laughter, but perhaps most of all they bring death - and sometimes, or often, before the due time to those deserving of such an early death: death to those who have

shown by their actions that they have a weak character or are a nuisance, or a hindrance to the spread of darkness, to the creation of the new from the destruction, the change, of the old. Genuine Satanists are dangerous people to know; associating with them is a risk. They might get you in trouble with the Police; they might make you into a real "outlaw"; they might bring you to the notice of the Intelligence Services. They are trouble, and their psyche is contagious: and can break others, or bring them misfortune, or drive them toward inner breakdown or even madness.

Their Way, our Way - that of genuine Satanism - is the Way of the self-controlled individual, not the way of sycophancy to, or obedience to, some doctrine or some person or some creed; not the way of those in thrall to their desires, conscious or unconscious. Satanists do not seek to be "understood" nor accepted nor lauded by the majority, just as they are shapeshifters in character and way of life, who may use and often do so use some form, or some way of life for their own sinister, dialectical ends. Thus are they a genuine enigma, seldom appreciated, in their own life, for who and what they are and for what they have done and are doing.

Their deeds and goals - once they have learnt their trade and become professional, Masters and Mistresses of the Dark Arts - are not personal or undirected, casual, ones. Instead, their deeds are directed, intentional, often detached, and arise from their knowledge of, their understanding of, the Sinister Dialectic: of what is needed in the causal times in which they live; what is needed to radically disrupt, to challenge, to defy, to presence darkness and evil, and bring Chaos and the evolution that derives therefrom. Thus do they, in so presencing the darkness, revel in life, and enjoy. Thus do they, so causing Chaos, defy and break or seek to break the restrictive forms, structures, laws, and Institutions, that still hold people in thrall.

The way of ordinary life, of ordinary mortals, is the way of control, of restrictions; of authority, of a supra-personal law. It is the way of those forms, those abstractions - such as governments, and States and prisons and religions - which have been constructed to control, to restrict, to bully, to level-down, to enforce submission. The way of ordinary life, of ordinary un-evolved mortals, is the way of minimizing risk, the way of hypocrisy, of the lies and the deceit and the envy and jealousy born from weakness and cowardice and the dishonour of the bully. In direct contrast, the Path of the genuine Satanist is the difficult Dark Path of inner strength, of joining, being, opposites, and of going beyond opposites: the path of evolved human beings exemplified in one way by the openness of the fighting warrior who believes in their very being that the only genuine real law and real justice is the law, the justice, of personal honour, of a fair fight, of fair retribution, and of being responsible for oneself. Thus is the Way of the Satanist the Way of the Dark Warrior who, in real life in the real

world, fights the tyranny of those who, weak of character, oppress: the Dark Warrior who fights all that oppresses and stifles our potential, and hinders our evolution into a higher race of human beings whose rightful place is among the star-systems of this, and other, Galaxies.

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AoB

## 6 Satanic Sacrifice and Satanic Thinking

### Satanic Sacrifice

If there is one thing which expresses the essence of the Satanic ethos it is culling; and if there is one way to detect a pseudo-Satanist it is their attitude to culling.

As it says in our *pledge of allegiance* to Satan:

I accept there is no law, no authority, no justice  
Except my own  
And that culling is a necessary act of Life.  
I believe in one guide, Satan,  
And in our right to rule mundanes.

The Order of Nine Angles has always advocated culling, maintaining it is a Satanic practice; the ONA will always advocate culling. Why? Because there are mundanes, and us. A basic principle of Satanism is that mundanes are not only a resource, for us, but also expendable. This, in essence, arises from our Satanic morality - that we are better, more valuable, than mundanes.

The pseudo-Satanists are appalled by this attitude, just like Nazarenes are. For these pseudo-Satanists, "sacrifice" means some sort of "self-sacrifice", where, for example, they say stupid things like: "Those who seek energy outside of their minds and wills, are too weak for the practice of Magic..."

To us, this is just Nazarene-speak, covered by the slick words of weedy charlatans. For they are basically weak, afraid. They do not have our élan, our style, our satanic ethos, our elitist morality - our defiance of mundanes and everything mundane.

To such Nazarene-speak we Satanists say: why should we, in some ritual for

example, denude ourselves of energy when mundanes can supply not only whatever energy we may need but also give us energy to enhance our ritual and our lives? There is a reason, of course, why our Dark Goddess, Baphomet, is called The Mother of Blood. Our Sorcery, our Magick, is really Black, really Dark, genuinely Sinister. Dangerous.

Satanism is a defiance of mundanes, a defiance of mundanity, *par excellence*. Satanism is the ethos of *arête*, which means we judge people according to their personal character. The worthless are worthless; expendable. Therefore, why should we not put them to good use?

For us, culling is natural fact of life - of how we live, or how we desire to live. Of course, there are different ways of culling mundanes - not every culling takes place, or needs to take place, in some Satanic ceremony or ritual, although obviously that is a great source of Satanic joy. A good way of culling is war; another is stirring up religious and political conflict; another is insurrection, revolution, assassinations, and so on. In fact, any means of conflict offers opportunities for culling; opportunities for those of Satanic character to weed out the weeds and reduce the surplus population of mundanes. Another, more personal way - and a good means of developing Satanic character - are "accidents". And so on. You get the idea.

### **Satanic Thinking**

Every Satanist should question everything. Satanists should question, in particular, everything that mundanes hold dear, need, and believe in.

What, today do most mundanes hold dear, need, and believe in?

- 1) The concept of the nation-State;
- 2) The need for government and laws; and the need to respect those laws;
- 3) The need for Police to enforce laws and arrest those who transgress laws made by mundanes for mundanes;
- 4) The need to earn a living by respectable means, and pay taxes

And so on.

So, as Satanists we question the need for nations, for States, for governments, for Police forces, for laws, for taxes. And, having questioned, we arrive at the answer that such things are mundane; made by mundanes for mundanes and as a means of punishing those who do not want to be mundanes and who naturally do not want to live like mundanes.

Thus, we Satanically desire to subvert, to undermine, to overthrow, to destroy,

such mundane things, since for us there are no laws, no authority, no justice, except our own. We simply do not need governments, nations, States, Police forces, taxes, and all the other things that mundanes worship and have spent centuries protecting and defending and trying to convince us we need.

For we are rebels, outlaws, subversives. We are baleful opponents of mundanes and everything mundane. We are, or we strive to be, armed and dangerous - and capable of defending ourselves. We simply do not need any Police forces, and mundanes laws, any government, "to protect us". We would rather die, fighting and defiant, than allow anyone to subdue us. Basically, governments, nations, States - and their paraphernalia, such as Police forces, prisons, and laws - are a means of control, a means to subdue and make us conform.

But we Satanically desire to live in our way Satanic way - which is the way of real freedom: the way of clans, of tribes, of gangs, where we take care of our own, where we protect our own kind, where we are loyal to only our own kind. Where we consider those who are not of us, not our kind, are our enemies, either real, or potential.

So, good riddance to mundane trash. Good riddance to everything mundane. For we Satanically desire to create a new world, whose archetypes are Satan - Lord of Darkness and of Chaos - and Baphomet, Mistress of Earth and Mother of Bloody Sacrifices. A world where we rule mundanes, and thus where our personal Satanic Destiny is or can be fulfilled, and where our dark, sinister, Satanic Wyrð is implemented.

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## **7 The Pseudo-Satanism of Mundanes**

Let's get a few things straight, from the start - Satanism is about what is evil, Dark, dangerous, terrifying, heretical, sinister, beguiling, and immoral. Satan is, for the West, the archetype of everything the mundanes - the stiff, and their governments - fear, dread, and desire be saved from, and which they have made laws against.

Expressed in two good words - Satanism is *numinously sinister*. That is, it possesses a certain dark innate attraction for certain types of human being: for those (a small minority) who are restless, who are unsatisfied with the all answers offered by mundanes, who naturally detest the life-style of all mundanes; who love danger, who crave death-defying excitement, and who would rather die, laughing and defiant and fighting, than surrender to anyone

else.

These human beings are those who tend to become the real outlaws of mundane society; who become professional “criminals”; who become mercenaries, adventurers, explorers, assassins; who become manipulative leaders: political, military, religious, of organized crime, of street gangs, or whatever.

Does this sound like the Church of Satan - CoS - and its derivatives, or The Temple of Set (ToS)? No of course not. The members of the CoS are about as scary and dangerous as kindergarten kids dressed up for Halloween, while the members of the ToSers are about as Satanic as College freshmen who, having watched some “scary” horror movie and drunk too much beer, decide to light some candles and conjure up, in their dorm, some “demon” with a Hebrew name from some text they found in a special color supplement to *Occult and Tarot Monthly (Incorporating The Tame Satanic Witch)* - and who then spend weeks (or months) discussing, and talking and writing about, their titillating “satanic” experience.

The same goes for all those - the majority - who in their mundaneness ape and hype the mundane pseudo-satanism of LaVey and Aquino, and for whom fantasy, role-playing, and pretentious pseudo-intellectualism are a substitute for direct and dangerous sinister experience. The type of people who infest Internet forums and groups with their wordy spiel but who have never, ever, done anything really dark, evil, dangerous, heretical, in their lives: something that might land them in jail, if caught; or might make them real heretics and outcasts with their neighbours and government; or might through its nearness to and possibility of death provide them with that once-in-a-lifetime ecstatic affirmation of life that will forever change them.

There is a simple test to distinguish a Satanist - a Comrade of Satan, friend of the dangerous sinister-numen of Satanism, who lives in a sinister way and who does practical sinister deeds - from a pseudo-satanist. And it is how they deal with the question of human culling. For the Satanist, this is not a matter for debate - it is a fact of their life or a passionate, as yet unsatisfied, desire they have within them and need to fulfil; one means by which they can Presence The Dark. For the pseudo-satanist, however, it is a question often avoided, and - if pressed - something they consider immoral and illegal and which they bleat is “not part of and never has been part of satanism...”

In a real way, the so-called satanism of the CoS (and its derivatives and imitators) and of the ToSers (and its derivative and imitators) is only the pathetic imitation safe “rebellion” of mundanes, who in their mundaneness like to believe they are doing something “exciting” and “forbidden”. This so-called satanism is but part of The System (the Magian system) designed to

keep humans tame - safe, and no threat to governments, to society, to the mundane *status quo*. A safety valve for those too dumb and un-satanic to see The System and such pseudo-satanism for what they really are. No wonder then, that this so-called satanism depends upon, is derived from, and propagates, the Hebrew-Nazarene qabala and such things as Hebrew-Nazarene derived "grimoires", sigils, words, myths, and "magick".

It is also no wonder that mundane dumb-ass pretenders, too fearful and weak of character to be real Satanists, often spend a great deal of time complaining about and trying to discredit both The Order of Nine Angles and its members, for the ONA, with its sinister tribes ("gangs") and its practical sinister guides, is the only group to be and to express what is really Satanic - to support culling, to be heretical, to champion and express what is *numinously sinister* - what is dangerous, testing, difficult, terrifying, and "unlawful" according to the laws made to ensure a society of tame and mostly tax-paying mundanes.

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## **8 The Difference Between Us**

The fundamental difference between us, The Drecc, and the mundanes is that we exult in the physicality of life, of living in the dangerous moment, while they think, dream, and prepare for their future and for their safety.

Thus do we exult in combat, in crime - in walking armed and exulting and fearless into some place and taking what we need to survive. Thus do we live for and plan for some confrontation or other when every second of every moment may be our last or the means of our escape to live again to thrive, to exult, as some higher type of human being.

Thus do we exult in Dance, when music plays, throbbing around and within us, and we and our partner become the very life, the very breathing, of love, passion, joy, exultation and Being, and nothing exits for us in then except the beauty, the passion, of our bodily movement, our physical exertion, through which and by which and in which and because of which we transcend to a more pure, higher, form of living which the mudanes never know or never even feel.

Thus do we exult in and often need that exhilaration and ecstasy of physical speed when we recklessly drive or fly as we drive or fly some powerful machine which we control by sheer exhilaration and that skill that our kind of life has breed within us - unheedful as we rush forth in our ecstasy of all



conventions and all laws that the mundanes have manufactured and put in place and which they try to enforce to discourage, contain and control our kind of dangerous higher human life.

Thus do we exult in the passion of a physical, sexual, joining, and the games we play before in anticipation of such a physical joining; for we love the chase almost as much as we love the union itself. for there is Life, the essence of our human existence, there in such a joining, in such a prelude and anticipation of such joining.

Thus do we exult in the power we feel as we strive against ourselves and all others as we, armed, walk the shadowed silence of some alley in anticipation of attack, prepared and ruthless enough as the predator we are to injure, fight, and kill.

Thus do we exult in opposition to all those forces of so-called "law and order" which the mundanes love and often worship and most surely in their weakness need - for we love to outwit them; to play our games with them, as we love to cruise in anticipation of some armed confrontation with them and our enemies, unheeded as we are of our own mortality, our own death, for is the very possibility of death that enchants and makes us what we are, powerful, strong, fearless, a breed apart.

Thus do we exult in danger and risk and risk our own lives, and that of others, because in such risk and such danger is that exultation of a growing evolving life which changes and which can seed us to be, to become, that higher type of being which the mundanes in their very mundane-ness fear and which they in their fear and in their morbid love of "safety" and of "planning" try and try to outlaw and make "illegal".

Thus do we live with them - in their world, for now - using them and their life, their society, as a resource, as the resource we need to live life on that higher life that makes us what we are, for now while we have to endure living only on this planet, Earth.

Thus are we outlaws, criminals, terrorists, chancers, explorers, adventurers, racketeers, for we know all the laws of the mudanes for the tyranny they are: a tireless attempt to prevent us from making our life into a succession of ecstasies.

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## **9 The Joy of the Sinister**

What is the most important - and interesting - thing I can say about the sinister path that I have followed for over thirty years? It is that it teaches us, and enables us, to live life on a higher, different level. That is, *to exult* in life itself: a sinister life is, or should be, one where there is an intensity; where there is action, in the world; where there is a will harnessed to a goal - any goal; a desire to experience, to know; to quest; where there is an arrogant determination to not accept the norms, the answers, the limits of and set by others.

Nothing is too dangerous for us; nothing is forbidden. We experience to test ourselves; to learn.

There is a pushing of one's body to - and beyond - its limits; enduring, to go beyond endurance to that wonderful bliss of almost exhaustion when a goal has been achieved and one has felt, been, an exquisite harmony of mind and body and ethos through sheer concentration on what is being done.

There is the acceptance of challenges - especially by ourselves. And if we have no challenges, we make or create some.

These are the moments - days, weeks - of exquisite pleasure; these are the moments of an exquisite yearning; these are the moments of an exquisite joy; these are the moments - days, weeks - of an exquisite exultation; and yet a true sinister life is one where there are moments, days, of an ineffable sadness: because one has seen, known, understood, and because one feels more than most other people. There is a symbiosis here which has to be experienced to be really understood; a symbiosis which mere mortals would and do find strange. And it is our will which brings the opposites together and enables us to transcend beyond even these.

What must be accepted by those venturing upon, or following, the sinister path is that we can be so much more than we realize: we have so much potential, physical, intellectual; psychic; magickal; creative.

We who follow the sinister way strive to make our whole life an act of magick; we become magick; we are magick. All true magick is an intimation of what we can be: of what awaits in the next phase of our human evolution. There is nothing complicated about our Way, our dark, chosen, path; there is, in truth, nothing secret about it.

How do you tell who is upon the true sinister path? It is revealed in their eyes; even in the way they walk. There is something slightly dangerous about such a person. There is something about such a person which mere mortals find slightly disturbing; something they cannot quite "work out", or explain. Such a person is strong, but the depth of their strength is mostly hidden, although

many people can sense it in some way. And what is the ultimate end to a sinister life? To die trying to overcome: to be questing even toward the very end.

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## **Addendum** **Some Esoteric Terms Explained**

### **Drecc**

Someone who lives a practical sinister life, and thus who lives by The Law of the Sinister-Numen (qv) and who thus Presences The Dark in practical ways by practical sinister deeds. A sinister tribe is a territorial and independent group of Dreccs (often including drecclings - that is, the children of Dreccs) who band together for their mutual advantage and who rule or who seek to rule over a particular area, neighbourhood, or territory. A sinister tribe is thus a practical manifestation of the Dreccian way of life.

Dreccs, and their associated tribe, rarely engage in overt practical sorcery and mostly do not describe themselves as Satanists or even as following the LHP. Instead, they describe and refer to themselves, simply, as Drecc.

### **Homo Hubris**

A new sub-species of the genus, Homo, which new sub-species has evolved out of the Western industrial revolution and the imposition of both capitalism and that stupidity that goes by the term democracy.

Homo Hubris is thus a particular type of mundane, and can generally be found living in urban areas. Their most distinguishing feature is that they lack any instinct for or feeling for, or understanding of, personal honour, and can be generally identified by their lack of manners, their addiction to the vacuous, vulgar manufactured mass entertainment industry - and mass "pop culture" - of the modern West, and by their lack of self-insight and their lack of self-control, evident as this lack of self-control is in their frequent indulgent love of and need for intoxicants and stimulants - with that which, with anything, which can intoxicate them or provide them with some passing selfish pleasure.

## **Law of The Sinister-Numen**

The Law of The Sinister-Numen (aka *The Sinister Code*) is a practical manifestation, in our causal continuum, of the Sinister-Numen - of those things which can breed excellence of sinister character in individuals, and thus which Presence The Dark in practical ways. Our *Sinister Code* is a practical and modern manifestation of the ancient law and ethos of personal honour, which law and ethos of personal honour is the essence of the warrior way of living.

The Law of The Sinister-Numen also describes the sinister ethos of The Order of Nine Angles, and is the basis for the way of life of our Dark Warriors.

## **Mundane**

Exoterically, mundanes are defined as those who are not of our sinister kind - that is, as those who do not live by The Law of the Sinister-Numen.

Esoterically, mundane-ness is defined as being under the influence of, or being in thrall to, or being addicted to, and/or believing in, and/or using as a means of understanding, causal abstractions.

Abstractions (aka causal abstractions) are manifestations of the primary (causal) nature of mundanes, and are manufactured by mundanes in their mundane attempt to understand the world, themselves, and the causal Universe. Exoterically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity - of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking.

All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

Understood exoterically, an abstraction is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, "image" or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some "perfect" or "ideal" form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

Abstractions hide the true nature of Reality - which is both causal and acausal, and which true nature can be apprehended and understood by means of The Dark Arts, and thus by following the Occult way from Initiate, to Adept, and beyond.

## **Naos**

- 1) The name of one of the "boards" (spheres) of The Star Game, taken from the star of the same name: Zeta Puppis in the constellation Argo.
- 2) The title of the ONA text *Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept*.
- 3) According to aural legend, there is also a Star Gate - an actual physical nexion - in the region around or near to this particular star.

## **Nexion**

A nexion is a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to "gates" or openings or "tunnels" where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (and thus also of acausal entities) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (by dark sorcery) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or "channelled into" by a sinister Adept. [For more details of these three types see the ONA MS *The Mythos of the Dark Gods*.]

## **Order of Nine Angles (ONA)**

The ONA is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

One of the primary aims of the ONA is to develop a new type of human being by using and developing our latent abilities (by means of The Dark Arts) and by breeding a new type of individual character, with this new type of character being a sinister one which itself can only be nurtured and developed by practical means and through practical exeatic deeds.

## **Satanism**

According to the ONA, Satanism is a specific Left Hand Path, one aim of which is to transform, to evolve, the individual by the use of esoteric Arts, including

Dark Sorcery. Another aim is, through using the Sinister Dialectic, to transform the world, and the causal itself, by - for example - returning, presencing, in the causal, not only the entity known as Satan but also others of The Dark Gods.

In essence, and thus esoterically, Satanism - as understood and practised by the ONA (presenced by means of Traditional Nexions) - is one important exoteric form appropriate to the current Aeon, and thus useful in Presencing The Dark.

### **Star Gate**

An early (c. 1974-1987 CE) ONA term used to describe a physical nexion (qv), such as The Saturn Gate.

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### **Selected ONA Works**

*Naos - A Practical Guide to Becoming An Adept* (1989 CE; re-issued 1991, 1992, 1993 CE)

*Excerpta Esoterica - A Concise Compendium of The Sinister Esoteric Philosophy and Praxis of the ONA* (2010 CE)

*Black Book of Satan - Part I, Exoteric Principles* (1983 CE)

*The Complete Guide to Satanism* (2010 CE)

*Eulalia, Dark Daughter of Baphomet* (2008 CE)

*The Deofel Quintet* (Five Volumes, 1981-1993 CE)

*The Satanic Letters of Stephen Brown* (Two Volumes, 1992 CE)

*A Complete Guide to The Seven Fold Way* (1989; revised 2010 CE)

*A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* (2008; revised 2010 CE)

*Grimoire of Baphomet* (2008 CE)

*Tales of The Dark Gods* (2008 CE)

*The Meaning of The Nine Angles* - A Collection of Texts (Two Volumes, 2009 CE)

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**cc Anton Long & The Order of Nine Angles 114-121 Year of Feyen**



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## Sex Magick and the ONA

In respect of so-called Sex Magick, the initiated view of the Order of Nine Angles – hinted at in texts such as *The Rite of the Nine Angles* (see images below) - is that it is not techniques, or theories or whatever, that are important or even esoteric, but rather the development of empathy (aka sinister-empathy/dark-empathy) and then the use of such empathy by the participants during such a Rite.

This is why, for example, it is recommended that Rites such that of the Nine Angles be undertaken by Internal Adepts – that is, by those who have developed such faculties.

Thus, the real magick (sorcery) involving a rite with a man/woman (or women/women, as in Sapphistry) lies in this empathy – not in some mystical so-called tantra, or in some technique, or in some pseudo esoteric what-not as per the OTO or whomever.

For too long, in Western esotericism, the essential natural empathy required has been lost or obscured by arty-farty mumbo-jumbo of the likes of Creepless Crowley and others who imbibed and who used and who regurgitated the distorted, erroneous, and totally un-empathic qabalistic abstractions of the Magian, and who attempted to give some gravitas to their mumbo-jumbo by adding some Eastern esotericism (that is, even more causal abstractions) to these Magian abstractions.

The development of empathy is one of the tasks of – one of the esoteric skills learnt by – those following The Seven-Fold Sinister Way (see, for example, the ONA text *The Dark Arts of The Sinister Way*).

Furthermore, it is the development and use of empathy (and thus skill in acausal sorcery, *sans* all causal abstractions) that is one of the distinguishing features of the ONA Adept.

### The Rite of the Nine Angles

This rite is the central mystery of alchemy, and clues to it abound in alchemical and pseudo-alchemical literature - eg in Maier's SCRUTINIUM CHYMICUM, THE SECRET BOOK OF ARTEPHIUS and the SYMPNEUMATA of Laurence Oliphant. The details of this rite are published here for the first time. The essential secret of this rite is the coming together of two individuals: priest and priestess who, on earth (that is, Gaia) stand in a circle within a tetrahedron which encloses them completely (cf. Rosarium Philosophorum - "make a round circle of the man and the woman"). The conjoining of the two achieves the Philosophers Stone - the operation takes place in space (that is, 3 dimensions) according to the flow of time. It is essential for the two individuals to be, in Jungs terminology, 'individuated' - that is, individuals who have undergone the magic-



ogy, 'individuated' - that is, individuals who have undergone the magical grade ritual of Internal Adept (which the Golden Dawn misrepresented as the so called knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel and which is equivalent to the alchemical process of putrification) and the ritual of Internal Adept (which in its genuine form involves the candidate living in isolation for several months), may be regarded as necessary preparation for the rite of the Nine Angles. Only through the female are the forces represented by the three alchemical substances and their nine combinations capable of being released in a physical way (cf. Oliphant's SYMPNEUMATA, p. 101 f) and despite many allusions to the contrary the real rite requires actual individuals since otherwise the Philosophers Stone is not possible. The rite exists in two forms: the chthonic and the natural. The latter takes place at the summer solstice, in a consecrated glade where the energies of Gaia are pronounced. Usually, the glade itself forms the circle and the tetrahedron (symbolic of the Nine Angles) is constructed astrally via the use of and esoteric chant after the individuals have identified themselves symbolically with the forces involved. Thus, the female represents Gaia and beyond, and the male those forces normally symbolised by Sol. Together, through the act of union, they become the Gate and achieve in the dissolution past the circle of the forces, the Stone itself. This achievement, and the dissolution, is entirely empathic and does not depend in any way on word, gesture ritual or knowledge of any kind whatever, and it is the empathy the individuals possess for their surroundings and the forces that makes the rite successful. Such empathy is the only aim of the grade ritual of internal adept, and indeed, initiation itself, and for the natural form of the rite of the Nine Angles this empathy approximates to the



Taoist 'Wu-Wei'. The consciousness induced if the rite is done correctly is a re-presentation of the Philosophers Stone, and such consciousness alters in a profound way the lives of the individuals involved, and, sometimes, the world as well, through 'mimesis'.

The chthonic form is conducted within a circle of stones (usually nine in number), on the Winter Solstice, the tetrahedron being at the centre of this circle. This tetrahedron is made of a precious stone and the vibration, by the participants, of a secret chant, produces changes in the crystal similar to the way light produces changes in photo-electric cell. According to one authoritative tradition, the best material for the tetrahedron is quartz (rock crystal) and the chant the repetition of the vibrated phrase: Binan Ath, ga wath am. This vibration is akin, in depth of tone, to a Tibetan Buddhist chant. When the tetrahedron reacts (and the larger it is, the shorter the reaction time) the union begins. The changes induced by this version of the rite are 'lunar' - that is, causal and directive. In many respects, the chthonic form is more powerful, but it is also very dangerous for the individuals involved. This form of the rite is basically a calling forth of the Dark Gods and is not to be attempted lightly. Typically, A Crowley mis-interpreted this rite. From an essentially hermetic ritual he made the pseudo-mystical IX<sup>o</sup> of the O.T.O, distorting the empathy of the participants by insisting on tantric knowledge and using words and forms suited to the Old Aeon. The magick of the New Aeon is pre-eminently the magick of Thought (that is, devoid

of the New Aeon is pre-eminently the magick of Thought (that is, devoid of both Word and 'esoteric knowledge'). Crowley probably knew the truth, and had a good laugh at those who believed his version.

## Is the Order of Nine Angles Nazi?

Is the Order of Nine Angles a Nazi Occult group, as many mundanes believe? Yes, but also no.

Yes, because the causal form of genuine (non-racist, or “ethical”) National-Socialism, esoterically understood, is *or can be* one presencing of the acausal; one means to excellence and nobility, for all human beings; and one means of creating a society or societies imbued with the Promethean spirit of exploration and conquest. One modern means of evolving our human species.

No, because as someone recently wrote:

” *The Order of Nine Angles* (not “angels,” of course) is no longer a Nazi organization because membership now includes Asians and Latinos populating their rank and file.....”

No, because the sinister methods and means – the Dark Way – of the ONA are applicable to and can *and should be* used by anyone, irrespective of their culture, their social status, their ethnicity.

No, because the ultimate aims of the ONA are world-wide: to breed better human beings; a new sinister elite (or more correctly, new elites) founded on esoteric ability and excellence of personal character; new societies founded on sinister principles and imbued with the sinister spirit, with the ethos of Satan.

Yes, because any and all individuals or groups or nexions of the ONA, or associated with the ONA or inspired by the ONA, are free to use and apply and identify with the ethos and principles and way of National-Socialism, either in its older form (exemplified by NS Germany) or in its new evolved form (such as non-racist, or Ethical National-Socialism of groups such as Reichsfolk). The choice – the freedom to choose – is theirs.

Yes, because the ONA has in the past and may again use the causal form of National-Socialism, or something deriving from it or akin to it, to provoke or cause or inspire causal change in individuals or society.

Yes, because National-Socialism, or something deriving from it or akin to it, is today a genuine heresy.

No, and yes, because in essence the ONA is amoral – that is, genuinely Satanic – and any and all individuals or groups or nexions of the ONA, or associated with the ONA or inspired by the ONA, are free to make their own decisions and choices, and are encouraged to do so.

No, and yes, because the ONA is not an Old Aeon group or organization stifled by dogma and demanding “obedience” to some creed or some particular praxeology, just as the ONA does not issue

“edicts”, nor “condemn” or limit what its members and associates can do. No one individual now “owns” the ONA or has any kind of “ultimate authority” over the ONA, for the ONA is now a living, changing, evolving, *sinister* entity, independent of and from even Anton Long.....

Naturally, we do not expect the mundanes – and especially those mundanes pretending to be Occultists – to understand this “yes” and this “no” and how we balance the two because of the sinister dialectic, and how this “yes” and this “no” express the true spirit, the true ethos, the true methodology, of the genuine, *amoral*, Left Hand Path, of The Dark Tradition itself.

Order of Nine Angles

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## **A Test of Intent, Interest, Character, and Occult Ability**

Over the past three decades, the sinister worldwide collective which is The Order of Nine Angles has emphasized again and again that (1) those interested in the ONA – as well as recent Initiates of its own sinister tradition – should “work things out for themselves”; and that (2) slavish acceptance of traditions, and slavish following of and obedience to individuals (however esoterically advanced they may appear to be, or even are) are incompatible with the genuine Left Hand Path and especially with The Dark Tradition of the ONA.

In addition, those interested in the ONA and who expect to or who desire to associate themselves with, or become part of, the sinister ONA collective, and thus use its sinister traditions for their own esoteric advancement, have to – by the very real and practical sinister, and elitist, nature of the ONA – possess a certain individual, personal, character or nature.

There are some simple, and reliable, tests available by means of which the individual can determine if they possess the character to become part of a sinister ONA tribe or a sinister ONA traditional nexion, and thus become part of our sinister collective.

The first test relates to a commonly used Occult name and a commonly used Occult symbol – Baphomet, and the inverted pentagram – and the test is to see (1) what the interested candidate understands by them, (2) whether or not they are content with that understanding; (3) whether that understanding of theirs is the same as that commonly assigned to that Occult symbol and that Occult name.

Hence, if they accept or understand Baphomet as some weird figure as portrayed by Levi and others, then they have failed. If they accept and understand the inverted pentagram – and especially that as used by LaVey with Hebrew lettering – as the symbol of Satanism, or even as a genuine symbol of Satanism, then they have failed.

That is, they do not possess the character, or the latent abilities and latent character, of our sinister Dreccian kind. Therefore, we are not interested in them at all, and consider them as – or on the same evolutionary level as – mundanes.

Why have they failed? Because The Order of Nine Angles has set up various things in direct opposition to what has become accepted in Occultism, in The Left Hand Path, and in Satanism. So if someone uses, for example, the “standard” accepted explanation of Baphomet, and LaVeys inverted pentagram, it is a reasonable conclusion that they have just accepted such things as “truth”.

The ONA alternative – the ONA heresy in such matters – should cause them to pause, if, that is, they possess some genuine, innate, Occult ability; if they have the qualities to progress along the Sinister

Path, and thus if they have taken the trouble to find what these ONA “heresies” are.

The ONA alternative should set them thinking, for themselves; should point them toward doing their own research, and even using, developing, their latent Occult abilities. This is one of the points why we of the ONA use our distinct Baphomet, and also, of course, one of the many uses of the ONA itself. Opposition; dialectic; heresy; an acausal – sinister – presencing. And so on. Those who understand this – or have an intuitive esoteric feeling about this – do; those who do not, are not of our kind, and we have no interest in them, and no interest in explaining the matter further.

The second test concerns the nature of what is termed “Satanism” and what we, of the ONA, call “the sinister”. If they accept or understand “Satanism” as something which can be divided up into categories, such as “theistic” or “atheistic” – and especially if they accept that someone called LaVey “founded modern Satanism” – then they have failed. Furthermore, if they do not understand or do not accept or do not feel that being “sinister” means being sinister on a practical, amoral, level – in the real world by deeds done – then they have also failed our test.

The third of our simple tests concerns the nature, the character, of a particular individual. This particular individual is considered by many journalists, by some writers about Occult matters, and by many of those interested in Satanism, the sinister, and The Left Hand Path, to be either the founder, or the current GrandMaster, of the ONA itself, or both of these things. Thus, for many people, this particular individual is “the public face of the ONA” even though he himself has always denied being involved with it.

This particular individual has been assigned various labels, various designations, and allotted to various categories, by many journalists, by some writers about Occult matters, and by many if not most of those interested in Satanism or who claim to be involved with or claim to actually be “Satanists”. Thus, the varied, publicly known, life of this individual is used in order to describe or classify him, and the ONA itself, and/or in order to show or to somehow “prove” that the ONA cannot or should not be taken seriously (and is thus not a genuine “Satanic” or LHP group), because, for example, this individual (the alleged founder and/or the alleged GrandMaster of the ONA) was reported to have done something, or was reported to believe something or be involved with something, which seemed or which seems to contradict what most wannabe or self-described “Satanists” consider to be “Satanic”.

Thus, if those interested in the ONA and who expect or who desire to associate themselves with, or become part of, the sinister ONA collective, have this common, mundane, perception and this common mundane and non-esoteric understanding of this particular individual, then they have failed our test. Hence, we have no interest in such people, and, furthermore, no interest in explaining this particular matter further, in public.

That these particular tests are necessary is indicative of how little, esoterically, has been achieved in so-called “modern times”, given the availability of esoteric information and knowledge, especially in the past three decades. It is particularly indicative of how the mentality and the personal character of the

mundanes still pervades among esoteric-orientated folk, and how such things as the Internet, and the plethora of books about “Satanism” and the Occult, have (1) allowed so many mundanes to pretend to be Occultists, and pretend to be followers of the Left Hand Path and of “Satanism”; and (2) have contributed to a lack of understanding of, and a lack of initiated perception regarding, the difference between the exoteric (the outer causal form, such as “Satanism”) and the genuinely esoteric (the inner acausal essence, such as “the sinister”).

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### *Appendix: Our Testing Way*

As it was written in an Order MS quite some years ago:

” Those along our Way should always test themselves – as those, being guided, will sometimes be tested. Always, there should be questions, a striving to understand, to know, to not be satisfied with what is given, or read, or shown, or told.”

In addition, it has been the accepted practice for many generations that those who are accorded some responsibility, or who take upon themselves certain esoteric responsibilities or duties, will occasionally and without warning be tested by diverse means.

In these causal and increasingly mundane times of readily available and rapid communication between individuals (and one thinks here of electronic mail, the Internet, mobile telephones and other such devices) such tests are increasingly relevant, since such modern means of communication tend to rather militate against that self-awareness and self-honesty that grows *slowly* by means of interior reflexion and *pathei-mathos*, just as such modern means also militate against the natural and necessarily *slow* accumulation of knowledge and wisdom (1) from direct personal experience, (2) from a direct and non-mundane contact with other human beings, and (3) from acquiring practical Occult skills and abilities.

Often these tests are designed to elicit how the individual will react in certain situations and/or to certain occurrences, and as such they are tests both of esoteric/empathic awareness (of certain Occult skills/abilities) and of their own personal character.

For instance, is there a personal emotional or emotive response to the situation/occurrence, and, if so, for what reason? That is, the individual is expected to either be aware of why they reacted in the way that they did, or be able, after some reflexion upon the matter, to rationally and objectively analyse their own response. For such immediate awareness, or the ability to be able, after reflexion, to rationally and objectively analyse their response, are some of the qualities required of those desirous of achieving practical Adetpship.



Some of the other qualities required relate to esoteric/empathic awareness – which in the particular instance of such tests means and implies that the individual has an intuitive or empathic awareness that they are or might be being tested. That is, they possess the relevant Occult skills/abilities to be able to detect such a test.

Naturally, some individuals so tested in such an unexpected fashion react immediately and emotively, without reflecting upon the matter, in which case they might enquire of themselves as to the exact nature of and reason for their immediate, emotive, reaction.

Furthermore, some individuals so tested in such an unexpected fashion are often resentful, angry, or otherwise emotionally perturbed or perplexed, when they realize they have been or are being tested, or when they are informed of such a test or tests. In which case, the individual should ask themselves several relevant questions, such as: (1) why have they reacted in such a manner, (2) whether or not they wish to continue in association with us or continue as members of The Order, (3) whether their understanding of, or assumptions about, the nature of The Order were correct, and (4) what is true nature and purpose of esoteric self-development and how may this be obtained in practical ways.

For, in respect of such tests, all our associates and members should remember two things. First, that ours is both *a testing* and *an ordered* Way by its very sinister initiatory nature, and that no one – however “advanced” or “adept” they might consider themselves to be – is immune to either being tested or to making mistakes. Second, that self-awareness (self-insight) and self-honesty are among our most important qualities, and serve – together with our sinister nature and our Occult abilities and esoteric knowledge – to distinguish us from mundanes.

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## ONA Esoteric Notes

### *Azal, Dhar, Zamal, and Acausal Time*

*One Question from an Initiate:* How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?

*One Possible Answer:* Daar ul-Islam is one possible form (Literally: the realms of Islam)... A causal construct used to manifest some-thing beyond the causal (i.e. a-causal). A Khilafah – led by a Khalifah (a leader, or chief) – is one type of such a causal construct; an Earth-based Imperium, which correctly led and correctly developed, can be the basis for a Galactic khilafah/imperium. Thus, such a construct symbolizes the animation of the nine angles by acausal energy – a means whereby acausal energies (that which animates and makes alive) become presented among humans. Such a Khilafah animates human beings (especially mundanes) to make them a means to what is beyond them.

Azal, Dhar and Zamal are Arabic terms used by classical Islamic philosophy (and Islamic alchemy) and refer to aspects of Time (both causal and acausal). The nine angles relate to these Time aspects because, when animated in certain ways, what the “nine angles” are (or can be) are conduits/nexions and/or a collocation of Space-Time metrics which allow the presenting of acausal energies.

Note the words: (1) realms of Islam (plural), for these extend over what are now described as many “nations” (i.e. many realms); (2) “one type of such a causal construct”, for there are other possibilities, beyond the form that is Islam; (3) Khalifah – leader; the person who establishes a new Khilafah will be quite similar to Vindex, since a Khilafah is established, and maintained, through Jihad.

### *Commentary*

To bring-into-being what has been termed The Galactic Imperium (aka The Dark Imperium aka the exoteric causal form of the new sinister Aeon) several causal constructs or forms can be utilized or manufactured.

One aim of the esoteric (inner) ONA is to aid, support and if necessary manufacture all the possible causal forms that can be utilized or manufactured to achieve our goals. This will be done until one form – utilized, aided or manufactured by us – triumphs, and thus wins out in the process of evolution (exoterically, achieves success by survival of the fittest) after which we shall concentrate our resources on that successful form of ours. Thus, we are being practical, pragmatic, and sinister: using whatever means and forms we can to present the acausal and to bring-into-being what aids our esoteric aims; and also attacking the Old Order on many fronts by various means (and various tactics) until we achieve a practical breakthrough in one or more areas. This is the strategy, and the tactics, of a practical war – which is what we are fighting.

A Khilafah is just one such form, one such causal construct which has the potential to at some future time bring-into-being The Galactic Imperium; one particular form whose exoteric mythos already exists, and which form is already being fought for and supported, on the practical level, by many of those “not of us” and by “a few who are of us”.

Another such form is the emergence of a new supra-tribal form, deriving from the mythos of Vindex, and in which the sinister tribes of the ONA form the initial basis, the origin. This form is currently in the process of being manufactured, and of having acausal energies generated (by various esoteric means) to aid, sustain and expand it.

There are some other forms. But what all the esoteric-supported forms have in common is that they all presence, can presence, or will presence, an important aspect of the numinous – to wit, the practical way of the warrior, as manifest, for example by the Japanese Samurai, the Waffen-SS and, more recently, by the Taliban, and also by successful and large urban gangs. Indeed, all these numinous forms – supported by sinister groups such as ours because they have the potential to achieve our aims – make the warrior way an essential part of their exoteric and esoteric ethos, and thus manifest a martial spirit; a spirit, an ethos, where the individual warrior is seen as the individual ideal and where the warrior places their duty, their loyalty, their honour, before their own life, and where combat is seen as necessary and healthy and is used as a means to achieve goals.

This is why, for instance, none of our esoteric kind could or would support something as un-numinous as the “New World Order” led by Amerika, for this ethos of this new empire is materialistic; the goals are fundamentally capitalistic and un-evolutionary; and the individual “ideal” is the mundane, Homo Hubris – the contented wage or salary slave. That is, the ethos of this NWO is Magian, not ours, and can never be made ours.

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## Exoteric and Esoteric: Greek etymology

**ἔξω-τερικός** , ή, όν, opp. ἔσωτερικός,

**A.** *external, belonging to the outside*, τὰ ἔ. *the exterior members*, such as hands and feet, *Arist. GA786a26*; ἔ. ἀρχή *foreign dominion*, **Id.Pol.1272b19**; ἔ. πράξεις *external activities*, *ib.1325b22*; ἔ. ἀγαθά *ib.1323b25*; οἱ ἔ. *persons outside the Pythagorean school*, *Iamb.VP32.226*.

**II.** οἱ ἔ. λόγοι *popular arguments or treatises*, opp. οἱ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν, **Arist.EE 1217b22**, **Pol.1278b31**, **Metaph.1076a28**, **EN1102a26**, al.; “ταῦτα -κωτέρας σκέψεως” **Id.Pol.1254a33**; ἔ. λόγοι, opp. ἀκροαματικοί or ἔσωτερικοί (q. v.), *Gell.20.5.2*; ἔ. διάλογοι, opp. τὰ ἠθικά, τὰ φυσικά ὑπομνήματα, *Plu.2.1115b*; cf. ἔσωτερικός.

**ἔσωτερικός** , ή, όν,

**A.** *inner, esoteric* : ἔσωτερικά, τά, of certain Stoic doctrines, *Gal.5.313* ; “ἔ. μαθήματα” *Iamb.Comm.Math.18* ; of persons, -κοί, οἱ, the disciples of Pythagoras, *Id.VP17.72* ; μέμνησο τὸν μὲν ἔ., τὸν δὲ ἔξ. καλεῖν (of Aristotle), *Luc.Vit.Auct.26*. (Prob. coined to correspond with ἔξωτερικός (q.v.).)

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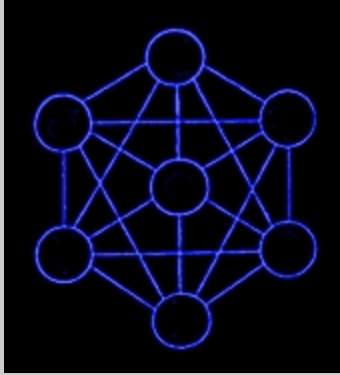
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ἔσωτερικός

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## Magian Occultism and the ONA

How does the Order of Nine Angles view the works of so-called Western Occultists such as Elefant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley and Anton LaVain?

As purveyors of that Magian distortion - that Magian infection - that has weakened the peoples of the West, and elsewhere, and helped the hubriati, those controllers of the West, maintain, control, and continue to breed that sub-species of humans known as Homo Hubris. That helps breed mundanes and to keep mundanes under control. And what better way to control potentially rebellious mundanes than infect their psyche and allow them to pursue and waste their energies on meaningless drivel.

For, correctly understood, genuine esoteric Arts, and especially the Dark Arts of The Left Hand Path, are a means not only of personal liberation, but of individual and Aeonian change and evolution toward a higher type of human being and more evolved ways of living.

So, instead of such liberation and such evolution, we have had, here in the West, well over a century of the psyche of esoteric seekers being manipulated and controlled and contained by Magian ideas, myths, archetypes, abstractions, and by Yahud-Nazarene mythology, theology, and ethos. And the mundanes keep suckering the stuff up, and proclaiming that they have "empowered" or "liberated" themselves when all they do and have done is just exchanged one Magian mechanism of inner control for another.

### Magian Occultism

What does Magian Occultism, in essence, express? It expresses that fundamental materialistic belief, the idea, of both Homo Hubris and the Hubriati that the individual self (and thus self identity) is the most important,

the most fundamental, thing, and that the individual - either alone or collectively - can master and control everything (including themselves), if they have the right techniques, the right tools, the right method, the right ideas, the money, the power, the influence, the words. That human beings have nothing to fear, because they are or can be in control.

This is the attitude that underpins all Western societies - with their laws, their Police forces, their armies, their so-called courts of "justice", their planning, their wealth. The governments of such countries want their citizens, their mundanes, to feel "safe", to believe that everything is under control or can be controlled; that their "enemies" can be successfully fought, with "peace" here, now, or possible soon, and that peace (inner and outer) is a desirable goal.

This is the attitude that underpins The Golden Pawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and the pretentious pseudo-intellectuals of the ToSers (aka The Temple of Set-ian Suckers). This is the attitude that leads mundane Occultist to write self-conceited drivel like "All deities, demons, forces - even God and Satan - are matters of perception..." and "Reality is a matter of perspective..." and "I command the powers of darkness to move and appear..." [ Note here the grandiloquent *I command the powers* - a typical Magian view, as if some weasel mundane, dwelling on some insignificant planet on some insignificant Galaxy, could command the forces of Cosmic life.]

In contrast, here is a quote from an ONA author which reeks of our human sinister reality:

" We revel and delight in genuine heresy...and in being amoral. Thus, when we are criticized for inciting hate and violence, and for affirming human culling, we say: so what? For that is what we do, and we do what we do because we embrace the Dark; we desire The Dark; we seek to Presence The Dark - Chaos - upon Earth and in and through others....

When we are criticized for championing what is heretical in our societies, we say: so what? For that is what we do... Thus do we seek to ignore, to transgress, the laws, the limits, that the mundanes set to protect themselves and their societies, for we are rebellion itself: outlaws who thrive beyond and in the margins that mark the boundary between The Light and The Dark.

Thus do we desire our name - as known in the world of the mundanes, and as known in the world of The Dark - to become a synonym for Chaos, liberation, culling, and revolutionary change.

Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - cosy intellectual

discussions about obscure esoteric matters. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - the scribblings of Occult internet forums where those who-do-not-know converse with those who-do-not-do. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - any *sincere* affirmation of or any *sincere* identification with the ways, the politics, the religions, the world, of the mundanes. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - some urban or suburban "Temple". Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - ONA meetings, conferences and dialogues.

Instead, our way is the way of action, of deeds, of violence, terror, revolution, combat, war. The way of the real heretic who leads and manipulates others, the human shapeshifter who plays, who acts, a rôle in the living game which is the life, the societies, of the mundanes.

Where there is The Darkness, we are. Where there is Chaos, you will find us lurking, leading, manipulating. Where there is Heresy, you will find us as instigators, as champions of The Forbidden. And where there is a law, you will find us transgressing it..."

What's missing in Magian Occultism? Two crucial things - real sinister supra-personal forces, and an Aeonian perspective.

While all this wallowing in mundane Occult carnality - and prancing about believing you're some sort of god - is fine, it's get boring, mundane, after a while. It's actually kind of childish, your teenage years of exploration of your body and the world. But there comes a time when real sinister folk begin to ask - "Is this all there is? Am I nothing more?" That is, you have to grow up; move on.

For non-Magian Occultists this moving on means you put what you've learned into practice, in the real world, beyond your bedroom, beyond your local coven, lodge, temple (or whatever) meetings and rituals; beyond your own self absorption. You connect, real-time, with the world, society, mundanes - and have a wider vision, a longer perspective, and so begin to see mundanes as a resource; begin to think of having a sinister family of your own, and planning ahead for your sinister sons, daughters, grandchildren, and beyond.

You also put yourself into this larger perspective - the acausal, of whatever you want to call it. You begin to understand that, really, all those words about being a god were just so much hype. You're mortal - you get ill; sad; one day you'll die. You can't strike your annoying neighbor dead with a bolt of lightning. Heck, you can't even turn base metal into gold and so give up your daytime job.



So, non-Magian Occultists get to the point where their knowledge, their ability, their experience and understanding, tells them that there really are strange, dark, deadly, dangerous, things “out there” which no spells, no books, no conjurations, no “prayers”, no offerings, no submission, and especially no delusion about being a god (or goddess) can control. As that famous ONA quote goes -

“It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”...

This means wars, sacrifice, tragedy and disruption...for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things.....” *To Presence The Dark*

It's this reality that mundanes Occultists - following Magian Occultism - don't like, wouldn't admit, and can't face, in their cowardice and self-delusion.

But it's this sinister reality that non-Magian Occultists revel in and enjoy, for to them Presencing The Dark is an expression of their adult sinister nature, just as wallowing in and pursuing carnality was an expression of their teenage years and nature.

Thus, non-Magian Occultists (the ONA) define Satanism as

” The acceptance of, or a belief in, the existence a supra-personal being called or termed Satan, and an acceptance of, or a belief in, this entity having or being capable of having some control over, or some influence upon, human beings, individually or otherwise, with such control often or mostly or entirely being beyond the power of individuals to control by whatever means.....”

## **The Magian Occult Con**

To see just how the Magian Occult con, this Magian manipulation, this control, works, let's consider just two Occult archetypes - Satan, and Baphomet.

According to everyone except the ONA, Satan is regarded as, in origin, a Nazarene-Yahud archetype or deity. For non-Magian Occultists, however, the Biblical Satan is derived from older non-Semitic myths and legends, with the real Satan being a

“...living entity who lives in the acausal continuum, and Who can...presence Himself in the causal continuum in some physical form and cause, provoke, or be the genesis of, changes there.”

According to everyone except the ONA, Baphomet is some kind of male symbol and/or archetype, depicted according to a drawing in some work by Elephant Levi. Thus, in the Occult workings of the mundanes who adhere to this, Baphomet is invoked or used as a means of aiding some pseudo-mythical self-mastery or self-deification, or what-not. Or even as a means of understanding and mastering Reality, blah blah blah.

However, for non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is female, the Dark Goddess, and part of a tradition much older than the fables, fantasies and persecution stories found in such Magian texts as the Bible.

For non-Magian Occultists, Baphomet is

“ ...a sinister acausal entity, and is depicted as a beautiful, mature, women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a man. Thus, She is the dark, violent, Goddess - the real Mistress of Earth - to whom human sacrifices were, and are, made and who ritualistically washes in a basin full of the blood of Her victims. According to aural legend, She - as one of The Dark Gods - is also a shapeshifter who has intruded (“visited”, been presented or manifest) on Earth in times past, and who can manifest again if certain rituals are performed and certain sacrifices made.

Traditionally, it was to Baphomet that Initiates and Adepts of the Dark Tradition dedicated their chosen, selected, victims when a human culling was undertaken, and such cullings were - and are - regarded as one of the prerequisites for attaining sinister Adeptship...”

The essence of the Magian Occult con is the grandiloquent, the delusional, *I command the powers...* This is just so urban; so redolent of Homo Hubris, of mundanes, living in cities under the control of some government or some

authority.

The Magian Occult con works like this. (1) You're safe - provided you have the words of power, the spells, the conjurations, the illusion you're a god, and you use the deities or forms or archetypes we tell you to use (for they're made up to scare little children or to stop you finding the real ones); (2) you're a really powerful magickian - a great Occultist - or you can become one, so long as you play by our rules, and don't upset the system of causal abstractions we've put into place; (3) we'll keep you confused and serve up a mix of world mythologies and legends - our mix-n-match - from which you can pick and choose at your leisure so that you'll feel you've discovered something Occult and awesome; (4) you can have your teeny rebellion so long as you don't actually do anything really subversive or dangerous or which really threatens our materialistic status quo; and finally (5) now that you've been a good boy or girl, we'll reward you by hyping you and your works and will make you into a mundane icon.

Truth is, that Elephant Levi, The Golden Yawn, Creepless Crowley, Anton LaVain, and their ilk - like the fantasists who believe some literary, made-up, pseudo-mythology is real - are all the same; part of the same illusive, make-believe, childish mardy world-view. No wonder then that they have to resort to trying to impress others by saying stupid things such as "Tiamat is the keeper of mysteries..." and "*I command the powers...*"

Yeah, right - mix-n-match Occultism, and your nursery bed-time stories are really scary, and yes we do believe that the Magian Lilith is the way to reveal and revel in our inner wildness, and yes - we do, we really do, command the forces of the Cosmos...

To end, here's a quote from another ONA writer

" When we look closer at the ONA, its Dark Gods, Dark Traditions, and Sinister Seven-Fold Way, and we compare it to the more ancient and Natural Ways and Traditions that are older than state-religions, we dis-cover that the ONA shares a lot in common with such primal traditions....."

That is, non-Magian Occultist traditions, like that of the ONA, are not only proudly and defiantly non-Magian, but also pre-date and by-pass the Magian pseudo-Occultism that dominates the West and has dominated the West for well over a hundred years.

One is a means to inner liberation and sinister Aeonic change, while the other is a means of delusion and control. One is redolent of real, primal, non-urban - tribal - human culture, of a living tradition, where there is an understanding

of the strangeness, the danger, of life, and an appreciation - and respect for - what is non-human and un-natural. The other - the Magian way - is just so redolent of domesticated arrogant human beings who delude themselves that reality is what they make it, what they perceive it to be, and who immaturely believe they - some puny, mortal, human being - can command the forces of life, Nature and the Cosmos, where Satan and Baphomet are merely symbols and some "thing" they can control.

So, let the Magian pseudo-Occultists wave their plastic light-sabres around while they battle with - and ultimately control - the dark forces (copyright Magian Inc.) they've read about in some book; while we get on with Presencing The Dark, and being that balance between the Light and the Dark that is the genesis of real human evolution.



Lianna of the Darky Sox  
Order of Nine Angles  
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# To Presence The Dark

Anton Long, ONA. 107yf

Genuine Satanic, or Sinister, groups have three fundamental aims: (1) to preserve and hand-on the genuine esoteric tradition, the Way to Adeptship and beyond; (2) to uphold and implement the Sinister Dialectic; and (3) to presence and so make real what is dark, sinister and Satanic.

The first aim is essentially the guiding of Initiates toward wisdom, thus changing those individuals - in effect, creating a new individual. The second aim is essentially supra-personal and is a changing of societies, civilizations and Aeons, through magick and through practical action. The third aim derives from the first two aims, and is essentially genuine Satanism in action "in the world" - that is, Satanic individuals doing specific Satanic acts to bring about change and evolution in themselves, and in the societies, civilisation or Aeon they themselves exist in.

It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature".

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be - for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is - and always will be until it evolves to become something else - raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death, their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever.

Thus it is permissible, and indeed necessary, for Satanic Initiates to exalt themselves, and thus life itself, over and above the majority, and at the expense of the majority - for such Initiates are a becoming, a movement of life toward something higher, while the majority are a stasis unless changed or provoked. In essence, Satan is the essence of life itself; He is this exaltation of life - this change, this evolution, just as the Satanic Initiate is Satan presenced in human form.

Genuine Satanism means such a presencing of the dark, and a genuine Satanic group is a group which initiates, authorises or guides its members toward individual and group acts which so presence the dark. When there is no such presencing of what is dark, terrible, awesome, magickal, deadly and tragic then there is no genuine Satanism. Thus, a genuine group will countenance and indeed demand human

sacrifice, as it will countenance and indeed demand that its members do practical and magickal works to aid the Sinister Dialectic itself, bringing thus the chaos and the order of change and evolution.

## Order of Nine Angles

## Darkness Is My Friend

Contrary to a current and growing misconception, the Sinister Way (and Sinister Magick) involves *practical* acts of darkness, of heresy, of chaos - involving such things as human sacrifice. The Sinister Way does not simply involve the study of folk-traditions, of myths, of magick, of esoteric subjects, as it does *not* just involve individuals or groups experiencing (or claiming they have experienced) a certain "atmosphere" in certain "surroundings" which they or others believe or assume to be "sinister". Furthermore, the Sinister Way means the wholehearted acceptance, by the Sinister Initiate and Adept, of that particular way of living which has for centuries been called "Satanic".

The Sinister Way is still intrinsically Satanic because the Satanic archetype/mythos/image - the very *Being*, or life, which has been named Satan - still exists, still lives, and is still a *becoming*. This is so because this Being is part of the present civilization, and its Aeon, which still exists, and which will exist for several more centuries, albeit toward its decline and end. This Being is the ethos of Heresy for this present civilization of ours - the presencing of the Dark, the Sinister, and thus a practical manifestation, in the world, of the workings of the sinister dialectic: a means to bring change, imbue life, and initiate further evolution. Those who do not understand this, quite simply do not understand Aeons and the sinister dialectic itself.

However, it needs to be further understood that the acausal energies of the *next* Aeon, which will give rise to a new civilization centuries after, are already becoming manifest, partly through the work of esoteric groups who, knowingly or unknowingly, are nexions for the new energies waiting to be unleashed upon this world of ours. The Sinister ethos of this new Aeon is an apprehension of the acausal - the Sinister - itself. This apprehension is beyond a descriptive word or words, beyond a name and even beyond an archetypal image. It is initially - for the first century or so - a *numinous symbol*. This is because this new manifestation of the Sinister is a new type of Being, a new type of life presenced on this planet of ours, and presenced by our very lives, as human beings - and will thus go with us, and be manifest, wherever we go beyond the confines of this planet we call Earth. And yet this new manifestation, this new ethos, incorporates what will then be the "old" archetypal image of Satan - in the simplistic allegorical sense, the new type of Being will be the child or children of Satan, grown to maturity; a child or children born from the symbiosis with those Sinister Adepts existing now or in the near future.

Thus to scorn and reject what now *is*, presenced as the Satanic, is to reject what is yet to be - and thus it is to reject that which alone ensures the creation of the next civilization, its Galactic Empire and the new higher race of human beings we through our lives, our magick and our deeds, desire to create.

The reality of the present (and the next fifty to an hundred years or so) is that the majority need to be changed; they need to become human - and thus develop the potential latent within most. Only by such a change - in more than a few Initiates or Adepts - can the next civilization arise. It will not just "happen" - it has to be created, constructed, and controlled by Sinister Adepts who know what they are doing. The change that is necessary means that there must be a culling, or many cullings, which remove the

worthless and those detrimental to further evolution. To change, the majority must be provoked into changing. This means them experiencing, confronting the shadows within and the shadows without; thus must the Sinister be made manifest for them, and in them. This requires Sinister Initiates and Sinister Adepts "to presence the dark". Furthermore, the causal structures the majority rely on, such as societies, need to be changed, via the creative/sinister dialectic, and thus by such dark presencing. In these things, the Being which is Satan is important, and vital - a valid apprehension for the majority, and their means of change through provokation, heresy and direct presencing of the Sinister.

At the same time, the new Aeonic apprehension which is arising among Adepts must be nurtured, and expanded. As mentioned above, this new apprehension is even now being born from the one which still *is*. In *Initiate* (and exoteric) terms, this new apprehension is an understanding of Satan as *one* of the Dark Gods (or even as the Father of the Dark Gods) and a further understanding of the Dark Gods themselves as chaotic, primal, sinister entities which provoke, create, cause change and evolution, and without which evolution is impossible. In esoteric (and Adept) terms, this new apprehension is an understanding of the Dark Gods as causal manifestations, a presencing, of acausal energy - and a further understanding of how such acausal energy *is* the very life, the very Being, of both us as human beings, and of the cosmos itself.

### **Esoteric Groups and the Immediate Future**

At this precise moment in our own human evolution, Sinister esoteric groups are in a unique position - capable of rationally understanding Aeonic processes, and poised between the birth of a new Aeon, and the end and destruction of the old.

The new Aeon means a new, and higher, *Galactic* civilization - several centuries *after* the energies of the new Aeon first become manifest and are presented, via new nexions. The decline and ending of the current Aeon means the establishment of a new and expanding physical Empire: a New Order which is the last and most glorious manifestation of the genuine spirit, or ethos, of the old Aeon. Sinister esoteric groups must understand such things as these, and then act upon that understanding, esoterically and exoterically.

Thus they must understand that for the next higher civilization to arise - created by and imbued with the energies of the new Aeon - our present societies *must* change or be changed. The Faustian/Promethean (or more correctly, the Satanic) Destiny of this current civilization must be returned, and the present cultural disease affecting this civilization cured, with the excision of the parasites sucking the life-blood of this civilization - for only this returning of Destiny will enable the Empire to be created, and only this Empire will breed *in sufficient numbers* the new type of individual required to create, build and expand the entirely new *Galactic* civilization and Galactic Empire which will arise from the eventual decline of the old Promethean/Faustian Empire.

Hence there are three main tasks for Sinister esoteric groups. (1) To provoke or cause, through both practical and magickal means, the destruction, the Ragnorak, which is necessary now to build a New Order from the diseased society of the present, and regain the ethos, the Destiny, which is necessary to inspire the creation of such a New Order. (2) To presence the Sinister energies of the new Aeon in



particular places and through new *living* nexions. (3) To cause at least some of the now sub-human majority of our species to change, to evolve. This change can be achieved in two ways: (a) by presencing the dark which now *is* (Satan) and presencing the dark which *can and will be* (the primal cosmic acausal - "the Dark Gods"); and (b) by individuals following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way to Adeptship and beyond.

Anton Long ONA

107 yf

# HELL

By Anton Long, Order of Nine Angles (England)

I shall be honest - Satanism has been hijacked. By posers, by pseudo-intellectuals and by gutless weaklings who like the glamour and danger associated with it in the public mind but who do not have the guts to be evil - to do dark deeds.

These modern days so-called 'satanists' are really Nazarene scum in disguise - worms in dead snake-skin. They prattle on about 'morality', puff themselves up with titles and perform verbal and intellectual gymnastics. They think being Satanic involves calling yourself a Satanist and dressing up like Dracula or Mephistopheles or a vamp.

Well, I am sick of these imposters. Those who get a thrill from playing the role but who never actually do anything evil, who never go to the extremes, who never stand on the edge - or climb down to the darkness of the pit of Hell. Those who have never experienced the limits of themselves in love, in war, in living - these weaklings trying so hard to impress.

What, then, is real Satanism all about? First, it is about rebellion - against the conformity of the present. And I mean a real rebel, a real outlaw - someone who cuts a dash, who has charisma, whose very presence makes others uneasy (and who does not have to wear some stupid 'costume' to do this). Second - try something to see if you get away with it. If not - tough, you failed. There are plenty of others... If you succeed, try again, until you know your limits. Choose a good cause, or a bad one or no cause at all, and really live, intoxicating yourself with life, danger, achievement. Do not rest and never be afraid to face the possibility of death. But in all that you do be honourable - to yourself. Carry this honour with you everywhere like a favourite concealed weapon.

Third, learn from your experience - like you would learn from a 'bad' woman (or man) in your youth when sex was still something of a mystery. A real Satanist does not often do magick - they are magick by the very nature of their dynamic, zestful existence. It is experience which teaches, from which you learn - you cannot learn Satanism from books (although some may guide you aright to begin with), it cannot be taught by 'Masters' and never involves cosy little discussions with 'friends' or others. Anyone who accepts a 'Master'

and grovels before them - however slight that grovelling may be - is not a Satanist, just a sucker who sucks. Accepting some 'authority' is a sign you are weak: a sign you need emotional crutches: a sign you are a whimp.

So, get off your arse, you suckers, and make Satan proud. Learn to do evil.

What is evil? All that restricts life - all that tries to constrain the possibilities. Doing evil means breaking these restrictions and constraints - and taking the consequences of your actions. Just do - just discover, just smash the chains that hold most others in thrall, and never bow down to anyone about anything: smash them first, or die rather than submit. That way, you will learn how to live - and laugh at the weak.

Of course this is dangerous - for others, and yourself! Satanism was never easy - or for whimps.

See you in Hell!

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# The Dark Forces

For too long our enemies have lied about us. But, as the cosmic tides begin another Aeon change as the Age of the Dark Gods begins, we proclaim openly our defiance and our creed.

No longer shall the lies go unchallenged. Accordingly, we - as representatives of those dark forces which have always shaped our evolution proclaim the following about our sinister Way and its living:-

- 1) The Dark Gods are means to self-fulfillment, self-understanding and self-divinity.
- 2) We believe that only through journeying through the darkness within and without, in passing the Abyss, can true self- understanding be attained.
- 3) Our rites, ceremonies and magick are life-affirming and show us and bring us the ecstasy of existence, the laughter of life and the self-overcoming of the true Adept.
- 4) We are feared because we understand and because we rejoice in living - in its pleasures but most importantly in its possibilities. We extend the frontiers of evolution while others sleep and cry.
- 5) All that enervates we despise: we have nothing to do with the cowardly and weak who are trapped by their own failings and who scurry about in the filth that covers those who do dis-honourable deeds.  
We revere honour because honour means self-excellence and a recognition of the cosmic balance that is an Adept.
- 6) When we hate we hate openly and with pride and when we love we love with a passion to match our arrogance: always mindful never to love anyone or anything so much that we cannot see it die, since death is a natural changing of forces.
- 7) We would rather die than submit to anyone or anything and this pride is the pride of Satan, that symbol of our defiance and a sign of our life-enhancing energy.
- 8) We prepare - through our magick, our deeds and our living - for the Age of Fire (the Aeon of the Dark Gods) which is to come, when we shall reach out toward the stars and the new challenges they will bring.
- 9) Our Way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly dare to defy the matrix of forms (like `crosstianity') that stifle the potentiality of our being.

It has been said (by Nietzsche):

"The more mediocre, the weaker, the more submissive and cowardly a man is, the more he will posit as evil: it is with him that the realm of evil is most comprehensive. The basest (most dis-honourable) man will see the realm of evil that is, of that which is forbidden and hostile to him - everywhere."

"The most powerful man, the creator, would have to be the most evil, in as much as he carries his ideal against the ideals of other men and remakes them in his own image..."

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- Order of Nine Angles -



### **A Satanic Master, Revealed**

[The following extract is taken from the secret memoirs of a member of the ONA]

I was, and had been for many years, a Satanic Master. What did that mean?

Did it mean I was an egocentric bastard who corrupted others and who followed the path of perversion? Did it mean I dressed in a certain way and cultivated a stereo-typed image? That I was wealthy, and powerful? That I had my wicked way with beautiful women against their will?

Not essentially. It meant a stage, a goal achieved, a way of being, insight...

There can be little that brings perspective and an awareness of meaning (and thus genuine insight) like being in a flimsy tent, in a storm, in Winter, with no food, little water, miles from anyone, with no one knowing or caring where you are, while fever wrestles with you... Or sitting on warm grass on a warm sunny Spring day by a cross-roads having just been released from drab, dreary and enclosing prison life and realizing you are free, to take any road you choose... Or being in the cold of night trying to run silently from a house where you have shot someone dead and where people are screaming and shouting, knowing that the pursuit will soon begin, again... Or watching while a friend of only a few days but who in those days came close to you having saved your life, dies, his intestines throbbing in the dirt, having been cut from him by a storm of bullets... Or listening with a lover to a spell-binding performance of Beethoven's Ninth and then carrying that exuberance, intensity and affirmation together as you make

exhilarating love and touch the essence...

Years ago, I had attained Adeptship (or 'individuation' to use another but less accurate term), a certain synthesis. This meant achieving empathy, skill, knowledge - a balance of conflicting opposites - and this achievement meant a change from what I had been. It was achieved by experience. I had been a fanatic (whether 'political' or 'Satanic' is unimportant) - hard, ruthless, devoted to action, to experience. To attain more, I had to go further, to bring forth other aspects of myself, some of which were already a part of my character (mostly dormant) and some which were not. Because I was who I was, I did this via extreme experiences: isolation, being a wanderer, a monk... Mostly, this was a conscious decision or process, born from my Occult Initiation and the path I followed. But sometimes it was instinct. The experiences brought more insight, further experiences, and thus change: there was an enrichment, a taking of life into other realms of being. I always believed in myself, always understood I had a destiny (and Initiation was a part of this) - even if at times I was not quite sure what it was. This is perhaps why I survived.

The core of my story is Satanism - of the genuine type - and to understand me is to understand this much misunderstood way of living. Satanism is the name given to a practical way of living: a quest for achievement, excellence, worth, defiance, where the individual struggles with and against the world, their own unconscious and the primal powers of darkness beyond the psyche. A 'magickal' grade or title is a stage of achievement, representing a certain level of insight, skill, experience, knowledge attained. Thus a 'Master' is not someone in a black cloak who stares (or tries to stare) demonically, who pretends to be all knowledgeable and infallible, and who of necessity perverts others. Rather, a Satanic Master (or Mistress) is someone who has attained a certain level of wisdom and experience: he or she will, like all genuine Satanists, be insightful and controlled and intense. The higher (or more advanced) the Grade, the greater these will be. But a Master or Mistress will be something else - natural. That is, possessed of individual character. Spontaneous, because of this. And, of course, still human... A Grand Master (or Grand Mistress) is beyond this, and almost inexplicable.

As a Master, I came to know that my insight regarding wisdom was valid: that there is a sadness in wisdom, in knowing too much, in having seen too much, felt too much. But I did not let this knowledge about wisdom make me sad: except in those few exquisite moments when my being strained to the very limits of existence as I, alone, walked upon some bleak or sunny Moor or distant hill, when I knew what had yet to be achieved, by me and all others; what remains to be explored, discovered; what can be.

I, and others like me, are the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge is impossible. I am also my own opposite, and yet beyond both. This is not a riddle, but a statement of Mastery, and one which, alas, so few have the ability to understand.

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# An Introduction to Traditional Satanism

Anton Long & ONA. 1994eh.

Essentially, the difference between the ONA and other groups which profess to belong to the 'Left Hand Path' or which claim to be Satanic is that the ONA seeks to realistically guide its members along the difficult and dangerous path of self-development, the goal of which is the creation of an entirely new individual. This path is fundamentally a quest for self-excellence and wisdom.

We believe that there is no easy way to real knowledge and insight of the 'Occult' kind - that each individual must walk this path and achieve things for themselves. There are no 'ceremonies', no magickal 'rites', not even any teachings which can provide the individual with genuine wisdom: real wisdom is only and always attained by the personal effort of the individual over many years. It is the result of a synthesis - a development of the dark side and an integration of that aspect of our being thus creating a complete, more evolved individual. Furthermore, the means to this attainment are essentially practical; that is, they involve the individual undergoing certain formative, character-developing experiences 'in the real world' rather than in some pseudo-mystical, pseudo-intellectual 'magickal rite' or sitting at the feet of some pretentious 'master'.

For us, Satanism is a quest involving real personal danger where the individual Initiate undertakes genuine challenges which take them to and beyond their limits: physical, 'mental' and psychic. This quest, in its beginnings, involves the individual in exploring their 'hidden' or 'dark' side - and a part of this is participation in overtly Occult and magickal ceremonies and rites. This beginning - where the new Initiate participates in and later conducts Satanic rituals such as the 'Black Mass' - enables the individual to explore this dark side, to gradually understand it, make it more conscious, and thus control it. An aspect of this making-conscious, is symbolism - such as the 'septenary system' - where various Occult/magickal energies are symbolised in certain ways via a system of correspondences. This symbolism enables the energies dealt with to be objectified and thus consciously understood - this in itself makes possible an integration of the 'dark' side. Thus, there is a synthesis - a dynamic, conscious, moving-forward by the individual: an evolution of personality. Insight is gained. In psychological terms, there is the start of "individuation". This leads to a practical experiencing of the sinister, and thus further personal development, further building of character.

Because of the type of practical experiences, the type of challenges, the individual undertakes, the character so formed is - viewed conventionally - Satanic. There is a defiance of restrictions, a proudness, an experience and then understanding of those things that the religion of the Nazarene frowns upon. In Nietzschean terms, there is a practical living of a "master-morality". The person created via these experiences is the type to inspire a certain terror/awe in the supine majority, weaned as that majority have been by the softness of the Nazarene ethic.

However, this individual has only begun the process. That is, the type of character so described (which results from these early experiences) is not even what we would call an Adept: of the seven stages of this sinister way (or practical alchemy), this practical involvement in the 'Occult' via ceremonies and such things as organizing and running a Satanic group, describe just the first two stages of the way. Furthermore, even this beginning takes some years - and this beginning requires the individual to succeed by their own efforts, by their own will and determination. That is, there are no 'magickal grades' or titles awarded for money or sycophancy [as in all other so-called 'Satanic' groups] -

what the individual achieves, in terms of 'magickal grades', they achieve through their own toil, through undergoing the experiences which create the type of character appropriate to a particular stage of the way being followed.

Thus, each stage of this way has associated with it certain tasks, certain experiences, which the individual must undertake by themselves in their own time. It is these and these alone which bring self-insight, mastery, understanding and skill - both 'occult' and personal. All the ONA does, at each stage and for each member, is offer advice - based on experience. That is, the ONA guides its members - it offers a practical system whereby real wisdom may be attained. The onus is on the individual to achieve the goal.

For us, Satanism is all about the creation of proud, strong, characterful, insightful individuals - individuals who have gone beyond the majority and who thus represent a higher type. Genuine Satanic groups do not seek subservient, decadent, weak-willed followers. They seek to create a real elite - almost a new race of beings. Of course, this is not easy - it is really dangerous. Quite often, new Initiates fail because of the difficulty or because they lack the essential desire to succeed. But that is how evolution works - the strong overcome challenges and evolve; the others stay where they are, descend, or are destroyed.

Thus, Satanism is élitist - it does not compromise. It is not really for the majority. The tests, the ordeals, the methods of genuine Satanism are tough and severe because only such things will create the right type of person. These things cannot be made easier, less tough, less dangerous: to do so would destroy the essence of Satanism itself.

After the early stages of the way - which involve direct experience of the sinister both via rituals, magickal groups and undertaking certain sinister tasks - the individual moves on [if I said one such early task involved culling, or Satanic sacrifice, it is possible to appreciate the difficulty and danger]. That is, the Satanic novice gains more understanding of themselves, and the world, by more experiences - they move toward a real individuation, a synthesis of conscious/unconscious, light and sinister. Part of this involves them undertaking a specific task for some months, and it is this task - based on the foundations the previous, early, stages of the way have built - that creates a genuine Adept. This task requires the candidate for Adeptship to live alone, in an isolated area, for three months (usually from Spring Equinox to Summer Solstice) - to talk with no one, to live frugally, with no modern conveniences, no wireless, no modern 'distractions', in a shelter they have built [in recent years, the rules have been relaxed and a tent is allowed]. The aim of this is for them to experience themselves and Nature without any distractions - to really get to know themselves and the natural energies which exist, as those energies are (and not as books, or 'teachers' or theories describe those energies). This, of course, is very difficult. It requires real determination; it requires the individual to face themselves, and all their fears. It is a severe test of character - and of their Satanic resolve. Most individuals who get this far (and that is not very many, over the past few decades) give up after a while - they find excuses to return to the world and its comforts. The classic excuse is the delusion that they have actually 'attained' Adeptship in a few days or perhaps weeks of isolation. And it is a delusion - for it is only by living in such a harsh, isolated way for at least three months that a real Adept is created. Naturally, other so-called Satanic or Left Hand Path groups award a spurious 'Adeptship' to their members/followers: or those members/followers award it to themselves, usually after some boring, pompous, totally meaningless ceremony.

The Adept marks the end of the third stage of our seven-fold sinister way - and to reach this stage usually takes three to six years, from Initiation. The task or Grade Ritual which creates the Adept also

makes the Adept aware of their unique, personal Destiny - and the fourth stage is all about the Adept seeking to make that Destiny real. This involves a 'return to the world' – the gaining of more experience, the creation of new insights, new skills. This in itself takes some years. The character of the Adept grows and deepens - they achieve the beginning of wisdom. In magickal terms, they gain an understanding of 'Aeonics' – of things like sinister strategy (the use of acausal or supra-personal energies to change societies/civilizations over centuries). Hitherto, most of their experience/learning has been directly personal, relating to their personal development - now, aeonic perspective is gained, it becomes a part of them. That is, they develop still further, again via direct experience - this time, of the acausal itself.

From this, further personal development takes place - they become complete, highly developed individuals who possess skills and an understanding few possess. They fulfill the potential of genius which is latent within them. Thus, they move on to become genuine Masters or Lady Masters/Mistresses. But to reach this stage - the fifth - takes at least ten years (more usual is fifteen to twenty). And there is another stage beyond this.

Thus, it will be seen that our way is difficult and takes a long time. The journey of the initiate toward Adeptship and beyond has no mystery about it - it is actually very simple. Most people could do it - if they possessed the determination. But the majority are just too lazy or too weak. The same applies to most who apply to join Satanic groups or are interested in Satanism – they go for the easy option; they are not prepared to work at their own self-development. They prefer someone to do it for them. And, furthermore, they are not fundamentally prepared to go to and beyond their limits - to really experience the sinister in a practical way; they want to simply play safe, pseudo-Satanic games. Thus, they gravitate toward what we call the sham-Satanic groups, the poseurs, such as the Temple of Set or the Church of Satan - those who like the glamour associated with Satanism but are basically afraid to experience its realness within and external to them. Thus such groups issue - and believe in! – ethical guidelines as they constantly affirm that Satanism does not condone such things as 'human sacrifice'. We, on the contrary, are dark and really sinister - and propound culling. That is, we uphold human culling as beneficial, for both the individual who does the culling (it being a character-building experience) and for our species in general, since culling by its nature removes the worthless and thus improves the stock. Naturally, there are proper ways to choose who is to be culled - each victim is chosen because they have shown themselves to be suitable. They are never chosen at random, as they are never 'innocent'.

Our affirmation of such things as human culling offends other so-called Satanic groups - which to us just re-affirms our assessment of those groups as pretend Satanic groups. Basically, such groups have little or no real understanding of Satanism, as evident, for instance, in the 'religious' approach of the Temple of Set - that is, their claim that Satanism is some sort of religion. To us, the religious attitude and mentality - involving as it does dogma, sycophancy, and subservience by the individual to some self-appointed authority - is the antithesis of Satanism.

In essence, we understand Satanism as the individual quest for self-excellence - to create an entirely new type. This quest involves practical experience - for only real experience creates character. The essence that Satanism leads the individual toward is only ever revealed by practical experience - never by books, never by someone else's 'teachings', never by words. Words themselves can never really describe this essence - they can only point the way, hint at it, and usually serve only to obscure it. In the same way, ceremonies and forms such as rituals are only means - they are a means to experience, to symbolize things and thus apprehend what hitherto has been 'hidden' or unconscious or instinctive.

Furthermore, this quest is and must be individual - it means the individual develops, via experiences (and sometimes by learning from mistakes) the strength of character needed. Or they fail - usually by deluding themselves about their real level of attainment, their real level of self-insight, their level of self-control and mastery. The aim is self-control, self-mastery, self-understanding - and then a moving-on to what is beyond even this new 'self'. The aim is not a wallowing in decadence, as it is not the encouragement of instinctive, sinister desires/pleasures as an end in themselves. Such things are means, a beginning - to be used, learned from, and then transcended via mastery of one's self.

For us, Satanism is an individual quest because it aims to produce unique, strong, individuals who do not need the support of groups, of dogma, ethics, a religion, of some pontificating poseur of a 'master'. Thus, the ONA exists to offer advice and guidance - to point the way. The individual must begin the quest, and they and they alone must continue with it.

Because of the difficulty of our way, few follow it. In some ways, this is unfortunate - for we believe the way offers anyone the opportunity to advance along the path to genuine Adeptship and beyond. It makes real, or can make real, the potential that most individuals possess - the latent genius within. However, given human nature the small numbers are understandable. What the ONA has done - over the past thirty years or so - is to create a simple practical system which works: which can produce genuine Adepts and Masters/Lady Masters. In effect, we have distilled the essence from thousands of years of conscious understanding, producing an elixir, an 'internal alchemy', which anyone can use.

We describe this system as Satanic, as Sinister because it is. It is a complete rejection of the philosophy/religion of the Nazarene. The philosophy/religion of the Nazarene is anti-life and anti-evolutionary, as Nietzsche, for example, understood. For us, Satan is both an archetype or symbol of our defiance, and some-thing real - the re-presentation of what we describe as 'the acausal'. That is, we understand the 'darker forces' as not simply a part of our psyche (as most modern so-called Satanic groups do) - but as beyond our own, individual psyche. These darker forces - or the acausal - are beyond us, as individuals: they are beyond our conscious control (and even real understanding) until we become a part of them. This does not mean a submission to those forces - but rather an expanding of individual consciousness, a development of individual conscious, to include those forces. This expansion is what marks the genuine Satanic Master/Lady Master.

Other 'Satanic' groups - if they are serious and not just using the Black Arts for their own weak gratification - claim the darker forces are merely an aspect of the psyche, the unconscious or whatever. [Both the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set make this claim.] They do this for two reasons. First, they need to - because they want to feel safe; they want to be able to play their pseudo-Satanic, pseudo-intellectual, games in a mostly urbanized safety, because the members of such groups are not proud, characterful, self-aware individuals: they need the comfort of a group, of a 'leader', of ethical guidelines, of feeling that Satan can be controlled by some meaningless mumbo-jumbo. In effect, the members and leaders of these groups are weak - they lack self-discipline; they lack even the desire for real self-mastery, content as they are to continue with edifying their own weaknesses, with massaging their inflated egos.

Second, such groups and their members do not really understand the Sinister. They have had no real experience of the primal, numinous, supra-personal power of the dark forces - of how that power can destroy individuals. In effect, they have never really 'tapped into' the acausal itself - to what is really sinister. They have never really confronted Satan. They have never really striven to be like Satan - to become one with Him; to merge with the acausal itself; to become a 'nexion' for the acausal, for sinister

energies. This becoming-one is what makes, what creates a genuine Satanic Master/Lady Master, as living alone like a hermit creates the Adept. It is dangerous, naturally - but the only means whereby that synthesis which is beyond the synthesis that is individuation can be achieved. There is thus a real, a genuine, transcending beyond 'good' and 'evil'; beyond 'light' and 'dark'. This achievement, as with all real achievements of an Occult kind, derives from practical experience - from a real personal knowledge. Anything else is mere affectation, mere pose.

Other groups have tried to 'intellectualize' Satanism - to take away the real experiences by which genuine Satanic character is formed. Or they wallow in the weaknesses of those addicted to impulses they cannot understand and do not have the strength to control. They have tried and continue to try and make Satanism respectable and safe - just another 'religion'. They fantasize, and play games. They simply do not understand Satanism as a means to create new, more highly evolved, individuals. In reality, the genuine Satanist creates by participating in real life, the dreams, the standards of excellence, the élan which others often aspire to emulate. A genuine Satanist can be like a beast of prey - in real life. They can be and sometimes are, in real life, assassins, warriors, outlaws. The imitation Satanists pretend to be such things - usually by means of some stupid 'ritual'. The Satanist is sinister and dark, in real life - and then they move on, to new experiences, to even higher levels of understanding until eventually they acquire real wisdom, or are destroyed. Whatever, they will have really lived, 'on the edge'; they will really have achieved something with their lives. They will have inspired others. They will in some way by their living have 'presenced' the dark forces on earth. If they survive - their rewards are their achievements and the wisdom that awaits. If they do not survive, at least they will have done something with their lives.

Thus does the ONA way express and exemplify Satanism in action.

- Order of Nine Angles -

## **A Basic Guide to Black Magick**

According to traditional Satanism, magick may be divided into three forms: external magick, internal magick and aeonic magick.

### **External Magick**

This is results magick or sorcery, and it is the magick of the Initiate and External Adept. It itself exists in two forms: ceremonial and hermetic.

Ceremonial is ritual magick – ceremonies and rites where more than two individuals are involved. Ceremonial magick can be done for basically two reasons: to create/draw down and then direct magickal energy for a specific aim (e.g. cursing), or to represent through words and symbolism the myths/knowledge of a particular tradition or cultus. Sometimes, however, the energy generated by a symbolic rite can be directed to a specific end – as in the Black Mass.

Hermetic rituals usually involve one or two individuals ('sex magick' is usually hermetic) and are generally done extempore. They require those undertaking them to possess or be capable of developing during the ritual, an empathy with the forces/energies employed, as well as possessing the necessary desire to direct the forces/energies. In contradistinction, ceremonial rituals are usually written down and when performed a set text is followed, with only minor variations to allow for the emotion of the moment.

### **Internal Magick**

This is when magickal techniques (e.g. Grade Rituals) are used to alter the consciousness of an individual. The rites of internal magick 'open the gates' between the causal and the acausal, and change the perception from 'ego' consciousness to the 'self' and what is beyond. In the Jungian sense, internal magick produces 'individuation', and leads to Adepthood.

The main rites of internal magick are the hermetic workings associated with the spheres and pathways of the septenary Tree of Wyrð, and the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept which involves the individual living in isolation for at least three months.

It is one of the main functions of established Orders and Temples to prepare their members for internal magick and offer guidance along the way.

### **Aeonic Magick**

This is the magick of the Master, the Mistress of Earth and the Magus, and its basis is an understanding of those forces which influence large numbers of people over long periods of time. On one level, aeonic

magick is the alteration/ distortion of such forces; on another, it is the 'creation' of new energies and their dispersion over the Earth to change conscious evolution. In one sense, this is the 'blackest' magick of all.

Satanism, as a way of magick, has no seasonal rites, no servitude or submission to any deity and no fear. There are thus in Satanic rites no defensive circles or measures of any kind: only an exultation in the forces of the rite, a prideful possession and mastery.

Rituals are often done at the time of the full moon because it helps one to see when the ritual is done outdoors and because it gives atmosphere to the rite. Sometimes, rites are conducted on or around the seasonal changes – solstice and equinox – because there is magickal energy present then (due to Earth's changes) and this energy can be harnessed. The same applies to planetary workings – the rising and setting of planets (astronomically calculated for the horizon of the observer – and not using the fraudulent 'planetary' tables given in most books). Such planetary energies exist – but are generally small, and have little effect on rituals done correctly. Most Occultists delude themselves about the nature and extent of these energies (this is particularly true of the Moon) – to become sensitive to them is difficult in our shielded, technological society. Generally, only Adepts (and the naturally gifted) possess the required empathy.

However, this said, the full moon is rightly associated with 'lunacy' and 'demonic' possession – as any one who has worked nights at Mental Hospitals will testify. This power can also be harnessed during a ritual.

Celebratory rites in traditional Satanism are of two kinds – 1) those that express the energies of Satanism – e.g. the Black Mass, Ceremony of Recalling – and whose performance thus distorts the currents of the Nazarenes and the Old Aeon; and 2) those which create new energies appropriate to the Satanic age of fire to come – e.g. invocations to the 'Dark Gods'.

The Black Mass is still celebrated simply because the Nazarenes (and their allies) are still powerful and still polluting us with their filth. It is still the main ceremonial rite performed on a regular basis by organized Temples, and – like all ceremonial rituals its performance gives identity to the Temple, strengthening the magickal and personal ties of the members as well as furthering the work of the Prince of Darkness because it is a rite of Black Magick.

The mysteries of the Nine Angles form an important aspect of genuine Black Magick. On the physical level, the nine represent energy vibrations – for according to tradition, a crystal shaped like a tetrahedron responds to voice vibration of the correct pitch and intensity. In simple terms, the crystal amplifies the power of thought and produces magickal change. Quartz gives the best results, although spinel may be used. The tetrahedron shape has to be created from the natural material by a skilled operator.

On another level, the nine symbolize (that is, re-present) the progression of Aeons and thus the Aeonic energies. The representation is that of the nine combinations of the three basic alchemical substances

over the seven fundamental levels, these levels being the spheres of the septenary 'Tree of Wyrd'. The Star Game is a physical representation of these symbols – the seven boards are the spheres, and the pieces are the alchemical variations. (It should be noted that the nine main variations spread over the seven spheres also represent an individual – their consciousness, life and wyrd.) Thus the magick or 'sorcery' of the Star Game – an imitation (magickally done) of an Aeon or individual whose change (the moves of the Star Game) is manipulated by the magickian (the 'player' of the Game). The Star Game has two sets of twenty-seven pieces – one set white, the other black, representing the two aspects of cosmic Change (or the causal and acausal). These pieces are spread over the seven boards.

The Nine Angles also symbolize the seven plus two gates (or spheres) that join our causal universe with the acausal (or 'magickal') universe. The seven are the spheres of the Tree of Wyrd (zones of magickal energy), and the other two are the Abyss – where the causal and acausal meet in temporary stasis – and the acausal itself, which is beyond even the Tree. The Abyss, in the septenary system, lies between the spheres of Sun and Mars, and its crossing is the ordeal of the Adept and the genesis of the Master/Mistress of Earth. It signifies the beginning of acausal perception.

The other important form of Black Magick is to do with self-survival after death. This can be done in two ways, depending on the aim of the operator. The first is transference of the essence of self-hood, near the moment of physical death, into another physical body, ensuring thus the continuation of existence on the physical level. The second is passing the acausal Gate – creating an existence entirely in the acausal dimensions.

The first involves finding a suitable body to inhabit; the second has some resemblance to the creation of the 'diamond body' in some of the esoteric schools of Taoism and it is this form which is generally undertaken by the Adept. The first is sometimes done as a temporary measure or if the wyrd of the individual compels completion of some task on the physical.

The process of the first involves the creation of a strong 'astral self' – via chant and visualization and strengthened through acts of magick over a period of time, sometimes using a crystal tetrahedron to ensure the right amount of magickal energy. Thus an 'astral double' is created – and this energy is most usually stored in a crystal until the time for transfer. Meanwhile, a donor should have been found – a good, healthy specimen. The psyche of this donor is then infiltrated through both astral and physical contact. The actual transfer occurs during a ritual with both donor and operator present (the former may be hypnotized or drugged or otherwise enticed) – consciousness being transferred to the 'double' which then ousts the weakened psyche of the donor.

The second form is actually the next stage of conscious evolution – and the goal of the Adept.

What it is important to realize about traditional Satanism is what is meant by 'Satan'. Traditional Satanists regard Satan as not simply a symbol of self consciousness, but rather as a representative of those supra-personal forces beyond the individual psyche.



To see 'Satan' as simply a self symbol – as two recent 'satanic' groups do – is, firstly, to be self-deluded about the nature of cosmic forces, and second, to make (or attempt to make) Black Magick tame and safe. To deal with greater forces is to court danger – psychologically and physically. Traditional Satanists see this danger as a means: the strong survive and the weak perish; this simply being a reflection of genuine Satanist philosophy rather than the tame view spewed forth by the imitation and toy 'satanists' who abound today.

Satan – in traditional Satanism – is never represented pictorially, and apprehension of the physical or causal manifestation of our Prince is an experience that each Satanic novice achieves for themselves by undertaking rites of Black Magick according to the dark tradition. This apprehension may or may not change when the new Master or Mistress of Earth is born via the ordeal of the Abyss, and it is up to each and every Adept to undergo this experience since the reality cannot be taught – only experienced in the primal Chaos that is the Abyss. What pictorial representations that are used, are those of the forms sometimes chosen by the Shape-Changer himself, for the Prince of Darkness must have his fun with feeble mortals.

It is important to realize also that the name 'Satan' is not his real name it is a convenient epithet, used because it expresses part of his nature. There is, in fact, no real 'name' as we understand names – only perhaps a sound vibration (which cannot really be written down) which summons him to our consciousness and our world. In a sense which few people will understand, Satan is the essence of the acausal: the cosmic force of Chaos whose intrusion into our causal dimensions disrupts the entropy that linear time produces. Our species requires and has required symbols to enable apprehension and evolution – and this is true also of the Initiate (and to a lesser extent of the Adept) who belong to that lower order. The Abyss destroys – or creates a new species, a new 'mind' capable of functioning on levels not normally accessible to those of the lower order. And the most potent symbol of certain cosmic forces has been, and still is, Satan.

In reality, Satan (who has a secret or 'genuine' name known to all Initiates) concerns Himself generally only with Aeonic magick – the changing of this world. Through him, the Masters and Mistresses work Internal Magick, and through their Orders, Initiates undertake rites of External Magick, to the glory of His name.

Order of Nine Angles

(First published 1984 e.n.)

# Description of contents of some older ONA works

(original typed by Graeme Wilson)

## **SATANISM - A Basic Introduction For Prospective Adherents.** Anton Long. 1992.

- + Introduction
- + I - The Satanic Game
- + II - Some Questions Answered

## **SATANISM - An Introduction For Occultists.** Anton Long.

- + Preface
- + The Tradition of the Sinister Way
- + The Left Handed Path - An Analysis
- + The Hard Reality of Satanism
- + Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth
- + The Morality of Satanism

## **NAOS - A Practical Guide to Modern Magick.** Thorold West. 1989.

- + Introduction
- + Part One Physis Magick: Practical Guide to Becoming an Adept
- + O A Theory of Magick
- + I The Seven Fold Way
- + II Stage One: Initiation
- + III Tarot
- + IV Stage Two: Second Degree Initiation
- + V Stage Three: External Adept
- + VI The Star Game
- + VII Star Game: Esoteric Theory
- + VIII Stage Four: Internal Adept
- + IX Stage Five: Entering the Abyss
- + Part Two Esoteric Sorcery
- + X Esoteric Chant
- + XI Esoteric Chant as a Magickal Technique
- + XII Frenzy Magick
- + XIII Visualization and Sigil Magick
- + XIV Sexual Magick
- + XV Model Magick
- + XVI Empathic Magick
- + XVII Dark Pathways
- + XVIII The Dark Gods

- + Appendix
- + O The Left Handed Path
- + I The Septenary System
- + II Visualization Techniques
- + III Magickal Symbols of Self-Initiation
- + IV Hermetic Ritual of Self-Initiation
- + V Preparation for Hermetic Rituals
- + Part Three Esoteric MSS
- + A The Wheel of Life
- + B Notes on Esoteric Tradition (Septenary/Star-Gates)
- + C Esoteric Tradition (Abyss/Alchemical Texts/Tarot)
- + D Notes on Some Terms Used (Archetype/Psyche/Ego/Self)
- + E Attributions of the Runes
- + F Musick, Incense, Forms
- + G Symbols and being
- + H Time and Being
- + I Advanced Star Game
- + J The Forbidden Alchemy

**HYSTERON PROTERON** - The Inner Teachings of the O.N.A. Anton Long. 1992.

- + Introduction
- + The Hard Reality of Satanism
- + Satanism, Sacrifice and Crime - The Satanic Truth
- + The Practice of Evil, In Context
- + Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers
- + The Sinister Dialectic
- + The Quintessence of Satanism
- + The Publication of Esoteric Traditions on the Left Hand Path
- + ONA - Organizational Structure
- + Appendix - List of Related Order MSS

**THE SATANIC LETTERS OF STEPHEN BROWN** - Volume I. Stephen Brown. 1992.

- + Introduction
- + Stephen Brown to Michael Aquino, 7th September 1990
- + Michael Aquino to Stephen Brown, October 7, XXV
- + Stephen Brown to Michael Aquino, 20th October 1990
- + Stephen Brown to Mr Milner, 20th March 1991
- + Stephen Brown to Miss Stockton, 19th June 1991
- + Stephen Brown to Ms Vera, 27th May 1992
- + Stephen Brown to Ms Vera, 28th May 1992
- + David Austen to Kerry Bolton, 5th August 1992
- + Stephen Brown to Kerry Bolton, 28th August 1992

## **THE SATANIC LETTERS OF STEPHEN BROWN** - Volume II. Stephen Brown. 1992.

- + Introduction
- + Stephen Brown to Michael Aquino, 9th October 1992
- + Michael Aquino to Kerry Bolton, 21st August 1992
- + David Austen to Stephen Brown, 2nd September 1992
- + Stephen Brown to David Austen, 6th September 1992
- + Stephen Brown to Kimberley, 25th September 1992
- + Stephen Brown to Julian, 24th March 1992
- + Stephen Brown to Lea, 23rd September 1990
- + Stephen Brown to Miss Browning, 16th September 1990

## **THE BLACK BOOK OF SATAN.** Conrad Robury (1991 re-issue)

- + Part One: Satanic Rites and Practices
- + Atu III: Mistress of Earth
- + The 21 Satanic Points
- + I: What is Satanism?
- + II: The Temple
- + III: Ceremonial Rituals
- + IV: The Black Mass
- + V: The Ceremony of Birth
- + VI: The Death Rite
- + VII: The Pledging
- + Atu II: The High Priestess
- + VIII: The Rite of Initiation
- + IX: Consecration of The Temple
- + X: The Dying Time
- + XI: The Ceremony of Recalling
- + XII: Satanic Orders
- + XIII: Sinister Chant
- + Part Two: The Sinister Temple
- + Atu VII: Azoth
- + Introduction
- + XIV: Self-Initiation
- + XV: Organising and Running Satanic Temples
- + XVI: Invokation to the Dark Gods
- + Appendix I: A Satanic Blessing
- + Appendix II: The Sinister Creed
- + Appendix III: Initiate Names
- + Atu XX: Aeon

## **The Deofel Quintet**

Vol. i Falcifer, Lord of Darkness 102 Pages

Vol. ii Temple of Satan 99 pages

Vol. iii The Giving 103 pages

Vol. iv The Greyling Owl 99 pages

Vol. v Breaking the Silence Down

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### **Concerning The Grimoire of The Dark Gods**

This has never been re-issued or re-published in its entirety, since its publication, in a limited edition, in the 1980's CE, and is accordingly rare. It will not be re-issued, since it has been superseded by **The Grimoire of Baphomet**, re-issued in pdf format by the ONA in 120 yf.

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# Culling - A Guide to Sacrifice II

ONA 1990eh (revised 1994eh)

As has been written - opfers are human culling in action. That is, Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock: removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (in terms of character). Naturally, this culling occurs on a somewhat larger scale by using magickal means to direct/influence/control events in real time (i.e. in the causal) and so produce historical change [war/strife/ struggle/ revolution and so on] than it does by choosing a specific opfer and executing an act of sacrifice. However, the correct choice of opfer means that with their elimination the sinister dialectic will be aided and thus the intrusion of the acausal into the causal speeded up. [ In non-esoteric terms read: "aid the dark forces to spread over Earth." ] The choosing of specific opfers depends on three things: (1) Satanic judgement; (2) and insight into and knowledge of Aeonics and the sinister dialectic; (3) the means for undertaking the act without compromising the individuals involved are available. Generally, it is the duty of a Master or Mistress to select opfers, although any Satanist, from novice upwards, can suggest suitable targets, in which case the Master or Mistress, after due consideration, will give judgement as to the suitability of the target.

(1) means a judgement is made, based on experience. Often, this is judgement concerning the *character* of the victim. The victim may be suggested/chosen (a) because one or more of their actions has brought them to attention and made them seem suitable; or (b) their removal will be beneficial to Satanism/the sinister dialectic. The suitability of the victim is decided by a Master or Mistress, and once confirmed, the victim or victims are subject to tests (qv. 'Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers' MS). Often, the Master or Mistress arranges to meet to victim or victims 'accidentally' and so can judge them on a personal level.

(2) means the proposed action is assessed in the light of Aeonics/the sinister dialectic - i.e. will the removal of the victim or victims aid the cause of Satanism? The dialectic?

(3) Means that (a) members are available to conduct the tests; (b) the loyalty of those members and the others who will participate in actual sacrifice is assured; (c) the Temple has the means and the abilities necessary to conduct the act: for example, make it seem 'accidental' if an "accidental death" is decided upon as a means of avoiding detection; can ensure safe untraceable disposal after the act; arrange an alibi should any participant need one.

Opfers are not chosen at random - they are always carefully selected, then judged, then tested. The actual act - be such a ritual or a practical act (such as an assassination) - is never done for any personal reason. That is, it never arises out of personal emotions or from personal desires. Instead, the act is supra-personal - done with a Satanic judgement and a

Satanic detachment arising from both sinister knowledge (e.g. of Aeonics) and direct knowledge of the character or actions of the victim. The act itself and the prior judgment as to the suitability of the victim or victims is often communal - involving a Temple/group and thus a participation which enables a reasoned and balanced assessment by those participating. In such communal action, one member is appointed to argue the case *for* or on behalf of the intended victim or victims during the special *sunedrion* which is convened by the Master or Mistress to consider the selection of victim(s) and arrangements for the act.

The act itself is one which glorifies the Satanic, which affirms Satanic values - that is, it aids evolution in a positive way, enhancing the lives of individuals. In short, it aids self-development (of the participants) and aids evolution (via the sinister dialectic/nature of the culling). Opfers become/are chosen as victims because of their nature and/or because of their deeds. Mostly, victims are dross - those whose removal will aid change/the growth of civilization/the Aeonic imperative.

The judgement which decides the fate of an intended victim or victims is of course a Satanic one - and quite often, this judgement is akin to an act of 'natural justice' and/or a Satanic retribution: the victims have effectively condemned themselves by their deeds/their nature. In effect, Satanic sacrifice is conscious evolution in action.

Many examples might be presented to illustrate this - but four will suffice, although it should be remembered that these are merely illustrations, specimens, to throw light on the underlying principles involved.

I.) A young man of weak character (no self-discipline; a lout of the worst kind) spends his time stealing cars and committing petty crimes. He lives on 'Social Security' benefit and has a disdain for nearly everyone - which he shows by his loutish, foul-mouthed behaviour: when he is with friends, of course, since he is too weak and cowardly to do anything provokative on his own. He is often drunk. On one occasion, he steals a car with some of his cronies, is chased by Police but escapes. During this chase, he crashes into some other cars and two people are injured, one of whom is a young woman who sustains serious injuries the effects of which will be with her for the rest of her life.

Some time later, this lout and some others break into the home of an elderly, blind man. The man attempts to stop them and this enrages this lout who beats the old man unconscious. The elderly man had fought in the Great War of 1914-18 and had been awarded several medals for gallantry. After this beating, the lout is rather proud of himself and considers he is something of a 'hard man'.

This lout is a typical example of the modern dross modern society produces in such profusion and which this society does nothing effective about. His character and his actions make him a suitable candidate for sacrifice - his removal will be a culling, benefitting evolution, and be an act of natural justice, restoring balance. Satanic judgement would give him a chance to redeem himself - make something out of himself - via tests designed to show if he has any potential. Should he fail the tests, he would be regarded as an offer.

II.) A Satanic novice living in a European country where questioning the 'holocaust' is a crime, in Law, joins an extreme Right-wing political group which works "underground". In doing this, he hopes to acquire experience "on the edge" and actively aid the sinister dialectic

by challenging 'the accepted' and speaking/working for and on behalf of the heretical and 'the forbidden' (in that and other Western countries, the heretical is National-Socialism: qv. MSS on Aeonics). After some months of action, he and some others are betrayed by someone working with them. The person who betrayed them had been arrested doing something dreadfully 'illegal' (distributing forbidden books and leaflets) and had made a deal with the authorities whereby he only gets a fine if he gives them the names of others involved in the underground cell. Our novice however escapes to another country - but two of his Comrades are caught and after a farce of a trial are sentenced to several years imprisonment.

Thus the betrayer makes himself a candidate for sacrifice - he acted against the sinister dialectic (and thus those aiding that dialectic) and revealed a weakness of character.

III.) A particular individual is prominent in actively organizing and encouraging violent opposition to those who are members of a political group whose actions and policies [unknown to them] are aiding and will aid the sinister dialectic and whose nationwide success would begin a new upward phase in evolutionary change. By his actions over a period of time, this particular individual becomes an opponent of those who desire to bring about this new evolutionary change - and thus he becomes a suitable candidate for sacrifice. His removal - most effectively by assassination - will be a lesson to others and beneficial for those whom he opposed, and thus will aid the dialectic.

IV.) An Adept desires to practically and effectively disrupt the *status quo* and encourage the breakdown of the present system, aiming also to bring about a revolutionary state of affairs in his country beneficial to those whose actions and policies [unknown to them] are aiding and will aid the dialectic and thus evolution. To do this, he aims to target a particular, distinct, group - considering them all as suitable potential opfers. That is, he considers this particular group - by its nature and by its collective presence and actions - has shown itself to be suitable: removal of as many of its members as possible will be conscious natural selection in action. In effect, he wished to create a particular type of 'tension' in society by eliminating members of this particular, distinct, group.

The Master guiding this particular Adept agreed this was a feasible option, from the point of view of practically and effectively aiding the sinister dialectic. A special *sunedrion* was held to consider this, with a member defending the character and presence of this particular group within this particular society. After hearing and considering all the arguments, the judgement of the Master was that the members of this particular distinct group (and others like it) could indeed be classed as opfers and thus that the removal of one or many would be beneficial.

Essentially, sacrifice falls into two categories - (1) sacrifice by magick by means of a magickal rite, such as the Death Ritual; (2) sacrifice by some physical act - i.e. death by practical means. (2) can and often does involve a secondary and/or simultaneous magickal ritual which aids or is a part of the practical act of execution.

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***Excursus: The Reason for Revealing a Secret Sinister Tradition***



Too often, in the past, the true nature of Satanic sacrifice was hidden - even from many who professed to be Satanists. More recently, pseudo-Satanists have falsely claimed that "Satanism does not and never has conducted human sacrifices." However, I repeat that human sacrifice - properly conducted according to the guidelines laid down by traditional Satanist groups - is a culling and thus is positive and a practical expression of Satanic belief. Of course, the modern pseudo-Satanists deny this - since in their weakness they seek respectability and seek to make what they call 'Satanism' like themselves: weak, pseudo-intellectual, ineffective, inoffensive and addicted to fantasy role-playing.

The time is now right, however - both strategically and tactically - to reveal the Satanic truth, the whole Satanic truth and nothing but the Satanic truth in clear, precise terms which are not open to mis-interpretation.

The traditional code of silence which forbid the casting of this aspect of esoteric Satanic tradition into writing - and which expressly forbid the dissemination of anything connected with that aspect - no longer applies. That is, the Grand Master representing traditional Satanic groups recently decided to permit this aspect of the tradition to be not only written down, but also disseminated. This would establish for both present and historical purposes, what the true nature of Satanism was and is since it was considered that the time was right (given the conditions pertaining in Western societies at the time the decision was taken) for this knowledge to be made known. The main reason for this judgement was Aeonic - to enable greater participation in genuine Satanism, thus increasing the number of genuine Satanists, and thus enable these Satanists by their acts and their living to implement sinister strategy. With the revealing of the principles and practice of Satanic sacrifice, *all* of genuine Satanic practice and belief was made accessible - it was no longer confined to esoteric groups or reclusive individuals. A subsidiary reason for revealing this aspect of sinister tradition was to counter the falsehoods of the pseudo-Satanists. These pseudo-Satanists had set themselves up, within what had become the 'Occult establishment', as authorities on Satanism - making pronouncements as to whom they considered to be "genuine Satanists" and which group or groups they considered to be "authentic". Of course, those so deemed 'genuine' or 'authentic' had to fit their definition of what they considered Satanism to be - and by the nature of that definition these so-called 'genuine Satanists' were one or more of the following: jerks, role-playing hucksters, babbling pretentious nerds, fantasy-mongers, pseudo-intellectual dabblers, mental defectives and vain, egotistical, materialistic urbanized softies incapable and afraid of undergoing genuine *ordeals* in the real world.

These people went around feeling rather pleased with themselves and their safe, tame 'Satanic' world of fantasy-rituals conducted in covens/pylons or in some pathetic 'temple' they made in their own home out of various bits-and-pieces sold to them by some "I really believe in the power of crystals" Occult-shop owner. The meanderings of these pretentious Temples and Churches - "we are 'authentic' and 'genuine' Satanists!" - with their fictitious "mandates" and their spurious "teachings" cobbled-together from old Jewish-inspired Grimoires and long-dead useless myths and legends, would, if left unchallenged, gradually obscure then undermine and destroy the real essence of Satanism. This essence is that it is a practical means, a practical way, to create a new, higher type of individual - and eventually a

new human species. This way involves - and can only involve - real experiences, real ordeals, *real darkness* and real self-effort over a period of many years, for only these things build real personal *character*; only these things lead to a *self-overcoming*, an evolution of the individual. The pseudo-Satanists wallow in intellectual verbosity and engross themselves in pseudo-magickal rituals. For so defying the sinister dialectic, and revealing their true, weak, nature, some at least would be suitable as opfers.... In their last moment of terror, they would at last experience the real, primal, darkness which is Satan.

- Order of Nine Angles -

# Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers

**ONA 1988ev**

It is a fundamental principle of traditional Satanism that all prospective opfers must be subject to several tests before becoming actual opfers either during a ceremony or otherwise.

The purpose of the tests is to give the chosen victim a sporting chance and to show if they possess the character defects which make them suitable as opfers. The victim is chosen according to Satanic practice - those whose removal will aid the sinister dialectic, for instance, or those who have or are proving troubling for Satanism in general, or those who have been judged by a Master or a Mistress (or someone of a higher Grade) as suitable for receiving Satanic justice/vengeance because of one or more of their actions. Once the victim is chosen, it is the duty of the Master or Mistress of the Temple or group who wish to perform the sacrifice to appoint suitable members - and if necessary train them - to prepare and execute the tests.

It is principle that no offer under any circumstance be informed directly or indirectly that they are being tested for whatever reason as this would invalidate the test.

The tests are constructed so as to give the victim a choice of responses - either a positive one, or a negative one. A negative choice leads to another test at another time and place. If this choice is also negative, then the victim is deemed suitable, and becomes the offer. Sometimes however, a third test may be deemed necessary by the Master or Mistress.

The tests are to appear to be incidents of everyday life such as the victim might be expected to encounter, given the society of the time. The tests are designed to test the character of the victim - to reveal their true nature. Positive, Satanic qualities, are courage, daring, defiance, and so on. Negative qualities are cowardice, meek fear, treachery and so on. It is for the Master or Mistress to use their judgement, experience and knowledge to construct the appropriate tests which seek to prove if the victim possesses the qualities deemed appropriate. Basically, the victim must, if they are suitable for sacrifice, show that they possess a weak character and be lacking in Satanic qualities such as nobility and excellence.

An example will best illustrate the type of test which is required.

For this example, the victim is male, and to undertake the test, four members will be required, two of them female. The victim has been under surveillance for some time, and his routine, habits etc. noted. It has been found that he has a certain fondness for young ladies. A female member is to 'set him up' for the actual test - she meets him, 'as if by chance' at a place he frequents. She shows a subtle sexual interest in him. If he runs true to form, he will suggest a future meeting, to which she agrees (or, if he does not suggest this, she does). She specifies the place and the date/time. This is a place where few if any other people are likely to be around at the time specified. At this assignation, he is observed by the three (two men, one woman) who are to conduct the actual test, until they judge the time is right. [If the victim does not turn up, the first lady member meets him, again 'by chance', and arranges

another meeting. If this meeting does not occur, another test is devised.] The second lady then passes near to where the victim is waiting - she makes certain he is aware of her. The two men then come onto the scene and begin to harass her, verbally at first. Then they begin to `molest' her physically and try to drag her away (toward a car, probably). She screams for help. The test is to see how the victim reacts - what his choice is. He has two choices - to do nothing, and pretend he has not heard/noticed anything (a negative response), or he can go to the aid of the lady. [Note: 'Help'/aid here means actually trying to rescue her, not merely feebly asking the men to stop.] If he tries to aid her, the two men run off, and she thanks him gratefully. If he does nothing to aid her, he has failed the test, for he reveals the character of a coward. The Master or Mistress will be observing events from a discreet distance.

The performances of the members, during the test, must be totally convincing, as must their timing. In all aspects of the tests, from the initial surveillance to the final execution of the test, they must be professional.

It will be seen from this example that the tests are quite complex - require planning, rehearsals and so on. This planning, and the surveillance, might take months. Little, if anything, should be left to chance in the execution of the tests. The rewards, however, justify the operation - there is, firstly, a probable victim for sacrifice, enabling the quintessence of Satanic ritual to be undertaken; secondly, there is the involvement of the whole Temple - the planning, the choosing of victims, the rehearsals of the tests and then finally their execution. This involvement, from the initial choice to the final test, is an extended magickal act, imbued with Satanic essence - creating and presenting sinister energies, aiding the development of Satanic skill and character, drawing the members together in a vivifying way. As such, it is a prelude to the act of sacrifice itself. Thus, even should the victim not be chosen because he/she proves unsuitable having made a positive choice during a test, the effort has been extremely worthwhile, both in terms of aiding the development of members on the levels of character and knowledge and skills, and also magickally.

The decision of the Master or Mistress regarding the outcome of a particular test is final and binding. It needs to be stressed that the tests give the victim a sporting chance and serve to confirm/deny their suitability - before the tests are even planned, the victim will have been chosen as a probable Opfer by the Master or Mistress using their judgement.

Opfers are examples of human culling in action.

- Order of Nine Angles -

## A Gift for the Prince

In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth [ sometimes called 'The Lady Master' ] usually takes on the role of the dark or 'violent' goddess, Baphomet, and the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan - the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess, the bride of our Prince.

Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed, or stored - for example in a crystal) and it draws down dark forces or 'entities' . Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the 'astral shell' around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of sacrifice, is disruptive - that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that human sacrifice furthers the work of Satan.

Sacrifice can be voluntary, of an individual; involuntary, of an individual or two; or result from events brought about by Satanic ritual and/or planning (such as wars). Voluntary sacrifice results from the traditional Satanist belief that our life on this planet is only a stage: a gateway or nexion to another existence. This other existence is in the acausal realm where the Dark Gods exist. The key to this other existence is not negation, but rather ecstasy. A Satanist revels in life because by living life in a joyful, ecstatic way, the acausal that exists within us all by virtue of our being, is strengthened. For Satanists, not only the manner of living is important, but also the manner of death. We must live well and die at the right time, proud and defiant to the end - not waiting sickly and weak. The scum of the Earth wail and tremble as they face Death: we stand laughing and spit with contempt. Thus do we learn how to live.

Voluntary sacrifice usually occurs every seventeen years as part of the Ceremony of Recalling: the one chosen becomes Immortal, living in the acausal to haunt the edge of the minds of those un-initiated.

An involuntary sacrifice is when an individual or individuals are chosen by a group, Temple or Order. Such sacrifices are usually sacrificed on the Spring Equinox, although if this is not possible for whatever reason, another date may be used. While voluntary sacrifices are always male (and usually twenty-one years of age) there are no restrictions concerning involuntary sacrifices other than the fact that they are usually in some way opponents of Satanism or the Satanic way of living.

Great care is needed in choosing a sacrifice: the object being to dispose of a difficult individual or individuals without arousing undue suspicion. A Temple or group wishing to conduct such a sacrifice with magickal intent must first obtain permission from the Grand Master or Grand Lady Master.

If this is given, then detailed preparation must begin. First, choose the sacrifice(s) - those whose removal will actively benefit the Satanist cause. Candidates are zealous interfering Nazarenes, those (e.g. journalists) attempting to disrupt in some way established Satanist groups or Orders, political/ business individuals whose activities are detrimental to the Satanist spirit, and those whose removal will aid the

sinister dialectic and/or improve the human stock.

There are three methods of conducting an involuntary sacrifice:

1. bymagickal means (e.g. the Death Ritual);
2. by some person or persons directly killing the sacrifice(s);
3. by assassination.

Both (2) and (3) can be undertaken either directly by the group/Temple/Order and its members, or by proxy. Proxy involves the Master or Mistress finding a suitably weak-willed individual and then implanting in the mind of that individual - usually by hypnosis - a suitable suggestion.

Whatever method is chosen, a date for the sacrifice should be set and on that date a suitable ritual undertaken. This ritual is most usually the Death Ritual - if method (3) is chosen, the Ritual is performed twice: first, seven days before the chosen date, and then on the date itself while the member/proxy is undertaking the sacrifice. The energy of this latter ritual is then directed (or temporarily stored), or dispersed over Earth, by the person conducting the ritual.

Method (2) involves the Ritual of Sacrifice. The victim or victims are brought or enticed to the area chosen for the Ritual, bound by the Guardian of the Temple and at the appropriate point in the Ritual sacrificed by either the Master or the Mistress using the Sacrificial Knife. The body or bodies are then buried or otherwise disposed of, care being taken if they are found for suspicion not to fall on any of those involved. Those involved, of course, must be sworn to secrecy and warned that if they break their oath, their own existence will be terminated. Breaking the Oath of Sacrifice draws upon the individual or individuals who break that Oath, the vengeance of all Satanic groups, Order and individuals - and this vengeance is both magickal and more direct, the Master or Mistress of the Ritual appointing Guardians to hunt down and kill those who have broken the Oath.

Those who participate in the Ritual of Sacrifice must revel in the death(s) - it being the duty of the Master and Mistress to find suitable participants.

ONA 1984 eh (revised 1994 eh)

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## The Mass of Heresy



### Participants:

Mistress of Earth (in scarlet robes)

Master (in purple robes)

Guardian of the Temple (dressed in black, and wearing a face mask)

Congregation (in black robes, or black clothes)

### Temple Preparation:

The altar is covered by a red cloth on which is woven a gold inverted pentagram. Black candles and incense of Mars to be burnt. Behind the altar is a large swastika banner: black swastika on white circle against a red background. On the altar are silver chalices containing strong wine; a crystal tetrahedron and a small altar bell. The altar may also contain a framed photograph of The Chief, and a copy of *Mein Kampf*.

### The Aim:

#### The aim of this Mass is to:

1. challenge accepted beliefs about recent history
2. provoke dissent and encourage Promethean challenge - particularly within the psyche of the individual
3. encourage sinister forces.

**Important Note:** It should be noted that performance of this Mass is illegal in many 'Western' countries - and in these and many other countries anyone who accepts and propounds the tenets outlined in this Mass renders themselves liable to criminal prosecution and/or persecution by the 'authorities'. Performance of this Mass of Heresy in these times is as dangerous an undertaking as was performing a genuine 'Black Mass' in the era of Nazarene persecution/'witch-hunts'.

## **The Mass**

The congregation et al assemble in the Temple. The Master and Mistress enter at the start of the rite, precess to the altar, bow to the banner and turn to face the congregation.

*Mistress*

Hail to you, most holy and free,  
Revealer of Dark:  
We greet you with forbidden thoughts!

*Congregation*

Hail - most holy and free!

*Master*

We believe -

*Congregation*

Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods To guide us to greatness.  
We believe in the inequality of races  
And in the right of the Aryan to live  
According to the laws of the folk.  
We acknowledge that the story of the Jewish 'holocaust'  
Is a lie to keep our race in chains  
And express our desire to see the truth revealed.  
We believe in justice for our oppressed comrades  
And seek an end to the world-wide  
Persecution of National-Socialists.

We believe in the magick of our wyrd  
And curse all who oppose us.  
We express our pride in the great achievements  
Of our race  
And shall not cease from striving  
Since we believe the destiny  
Of our noble Aryan race lies among the stars!

*Mistress*

Let us remember in silence  
Our comrades who gave their lives  
Before, during and after our Holy War.



[The Master rings the bell twice. The silence which follows lasts for about two minutes after which the Master rings the bell once when all present give a brief Hitlerian salute. The Mistress then says:]

*Mistress*

I who am Mistress of Earth welcome you Who have dared to defy the dogmas That now hold our peoples in chains! No thought should bind you: No dogma restrict!

[The Master now vibrates the words 'Agius o Falcifer' as he stands facing the altar with his hands spread over the chalices. During this chant, the Mistress kisses each member of the congregation, saying to them 'Honour be yours' after which she goes to the altar and takes up one of the chalices.]

*Mistress*

By our love of life we have this drink: It will become for us a gift From our gods!

[The Mistress raises up the chalice, turns and replaces it on the altar, then passes her hands over the chalices saying quietly ' *Oriens splendor lucis aeternae in tenebris et umbra mortis*'. She then goes to the Master, who kisses her, holds his hands outstretched toward the congregation, and says:]

*Master*

Caligo terrae scinditur  
Percussa solis spiculo  
Dum sol ex stellis nascitur  
In fedei diluculo  
Rebusque jam color  
Redit Partu nitentis sideris.

[The Master turns, bows briefly toward the banner, faces the congregation and points to the swastika, saying:]

Behold the sign of the Sun  
And the flag of he who was chosen  
By our gods!  
Praised are you by the defiant:  
Through your courage we have  
The strength to dream!

[The Master hands the Mistress a chalice, saying:]

Suscipe, Lucifer, munus quod tibi offerimus Memoriam recolentes Adolphus.

[The Mistress sips the wine, holds the chalice toward the congregation, saying:]

*Mistress*

Let us affirm again our faith.

[The Guardian steps forward, and raises his right arm in the Hitlerian salute, saying as he does:]

*Guardian*

Heil Hitler!

[The Congregation respond with the same salute and greeting.]

*Master*

So you have spoken and from your speaking  
Gifts shall come to you  
Given by our gods.  
Drink now, to seal with honour  
Your faith.

[The Mistress gives the chalice she is holding to the Guardian who drains it, holds it upside down to show the congregation, and who then places it upon the altar. The congregation, in single file, then approach the Mistress. She hands them a chalice each, which each drain, hold upside down and place upon the altar. {Note: If the congregation is large, the chalices may be replaced by small cups or other suitable containers.} When all have drunk, the Master vibrates the words Agios o Falcifer while the Mistress turns to the congregation.]

*Mistress*

To believe is easy,  
To defy is hard -  
But most difficult of all  
Is to die fighting for a noble cause.  
Go now, and remember,  
So that we few who survive  
Can gather again in secret  
At the appointed time  
To recall the greatness promised us  
By the gods!

[The Guardian opens the doors of the Temple and ushers the congregation out.]

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## **Victims: A Sinister Expose**

It should be understood that all acts undertaken by a Satanic novice to gain experience are perpetrated/done against those (the victims) whose character has been revealed to be or shown to be, by their deeds, defective. This character is judged from a Satanic perspective.

The actions of a Satanic novice in the real world, arise as a consequence of that novice following, at the time of a particular act, a particular stage of the Satanic way to Adeptship and beyond. Thus, each act has a purpose and an intent which are beyond the moment(s) of that act. The purpose is to achieve experience (and consequently that maturity of character which experience brings), and the intent is Satanic - i.e. the individual is participating in Satanism by their desire to so experience and profit from that experience.

All such Satanic acts are directed and calculating, and as such they arise from a conscious decision, not from a 'loss of self-control' nor from a desire or desires which overwhelm the individual. The novice chooses the act or acts, consciously, as part of their training - they are not led into them, by others, nor are they drawn into undertaking them because of some feeling/desire which holds them in thrall and which (mostly unconsciously) motivates them. [Note: We are here concerned with acts involving victims - not acts (e.g. magickal ordeals) which involve the novice alone.]

The acts are part of a particular practical, real-life rule which the novice chooses and assumes for a particular time, and as such the acts are defined by that rule. That is, the nature of the act is defined by the rule. Since this is a rule, Satanically chosen, the act itself expresses Satanism in action. Thus, all such acts involving victims conform to certain Satanic principles, the most important of which is that the victim(s) of such acts are victims of their own nature. The act or acts which may result in them being the victim of those acts, are really 'natural' consequences arising from the defects of character which the victim possesses and which are revealed by the defective deeds of the victim.

It bears repeating that all Satanic acts done by a novice to achieve experience and which involve victims, are done against those who have revealed themselves to be of defective character. Of course, it requires some judgement - or instinct - to determine character in others and thus assess them as potential victims. But it is one of the purposes of Satanic training to develop this judgement (and hone the instinct) which arises from maturity. The Satanic practices themselves, and the guidelines established for Satanic acts, enable novices to find suitable victims while they are still developing Satanic judgement and character. One of these practices is the testing of potential victims - the real-life tests revealing the true nature of the target and thus serving to confirm or not the choice of target. It is part of a novice's training to participate and then devise and undertake such tests which expose the character of a target.

The use of victims by Satanists has been misunderstood. Victims are always carefully chosen following an assessment and judgement of them (usually by a Master or Lady Master) - the victims stands revealed

by their deeds and their life. The victims are then tested (usually three times) to give them an opportunity to show potential and reveal their true nature - that is, they are given a sporting chance. Only after these tests have confirmed their suitability - their defective nature - will they become victims. Hence, Satanic victims can never be children: all victims must have done something which reveals their defective nature. This 'doing' is always of a certain type: it reveals them for what they are, generally worthless scum whose culling, for example, benefits evolution. That is, the actions/life of the chosen victim are indicative of weakness - of all those traits of character which genuine Satanists despise. Things such as cowardice, treachery, sycophancy, fear, bullying, lack of self-control ...

Hence, there is no such thing as an 'innocent' Satanic victim: the victims of Satanic acts get what they deserve. Victims are thus instruments of Satanic change - raw material which the novice uses (and often disposes of) to learn from.

Naturally, this Satanic practice - of acts which involve victims - can be and has been misused: used as an excuse by weak individuals in thrall to their desires and passions to justify their actions. But this is irrelevant. Satanic practice is like a gun - it is neutral. It can be used, for noble or ignoble purposes. Like a gun, a Satanic practice is an artifact, a creation, an expression of evolution itself. How the practices of evolution are used depends on the individual - that is, it returns the responsibility to the individual, allows them to make a choice. There is not, nor can ever be in Satanism any authority to ban, to control, such acts - for such restrictions are a denial of conscious liberation, a denial of individuality. They patronize individuals and prevent them developing into higher, self-aware, and wise beings.

Furthermore, there is no responsibility, devolving on persons like myself or any genuine Satanic Master, for anyone who may use Satanic acts for their own, un-Satanic ends - that is, as an excuse for their own weakness and failure of self-control. The practices are as they are - it is up to each and every individual how they are used, or even if they are used. The responsibility of choice is theirs and theirs alone - to deny them that choice, even the possibility of that choice (and thus to deny them the possibility to evolve further, to Adeptship and beyond) is to deny conscious evolution itself.

ONA 1990 eh

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## SATANISM -

### A Basic Introduction For Prospective Adherents

Anton Long

(Order of Nine Angles)

#### Introduction

This present work aims to provide an introduction to genuine Satanism for those interested in this particular Occult way.

It is written by someone who has been involved in Satanism for a quarter of a century and who now has the honour of being the Grand Master representing traditional Satanists.

The work is honest and revealing and therefore informative, and will go some way to demolishing the myths prevalent regarding Satanism. Because of its honest and revealing nature, it will also undermine the many pseudo-Satanists who have little or no understanding of what real Satanism is all about.

In genuine Satanism, there are rituals of an Occult kind, as there is an exultation in the carnal. There is also real evil - dark and dangerous deeds: a living of life to the fullest extent. All of these things - and much more - will be explained.

#### I - The Satanic Game

SATANISM is understood by its genuine adherents as a particular Occult way or method. That is, it is a specific path or way toward a specific goal, the following of which involves a particular way of living.

The specific path is a dark, sinister, or 'Left Hand Path' one, and the specific goal is the creation of a new type of individual.

On a more general level, Satanism is concerned with changing our evolution and the societies we live in - creating, in fact a new human species and a civilization appropriate to the new type of human being.

However, Satanism is often regarded by the mis-informed and by its enemies, as being one or more of the following: (a) worship of the Devil/Satan; (b) a religious cult which practices Black Magick; (c) an inversion of the Nazarene religion and its rites; (d) a sect which preaches and practices perversions and sexual licence.

Further - an incorrectly - the figure of Satan Himself is commonly held to derive from the religion described in the Hebrew 'Old Testament', with the word "Satan" being regarded as derived from the Hebrew word for "accuser".

In fact, the Hebrew word which is often rendered as "Satan" is itself derived from another word - an ancient Greek one. This Greek word - an is [aitia] - that is, 'an accusation'. [See, for example, its use by Aeschylus - aitia ekho.] Essentially, the Hebrew word 'Satan' is a corrupt form of the Greek word for an 'accusation'. In Greek of the classical period, [aitia] and [diabole] were often used for the same thing, especially when a 'Wrong' or 'Bad' sense was required, as, for example in a 'false accusation'.

Thus, in essence, Satan as a word represents 'Adversary' in the sense of opposing norm, the accepted, and this sense is still retained in the usage of 'Devil' (e.g. Devil's Advocate). The word 'Devil' is derived from the Greek word above, via the Latin 'diabolus'.

The figure of Satan is thus seen to be not a Hebrew invention, as hitherto supposed, but in fact a representation of Opposition, Heresy: a

refusal to accept the 'accepted'.

Satan is regarded, by Satanists, as a symbol - both real and archetypal - of Defiance, of Pride (a refusal to bow down and meekly submit) and thus of creative change. From Opposition derives a synthesis, the process of dialectical change which governs evolution.

Fundamentally, Satanism is anti-religious. Religion means a submission - to a deity and its 'appointed' authority/church. It also means a certain way of viewing the world. The religious way is the way of dogma, of revelation, and ultimately, of fear - there is concern with reward and retribution, concepts of sin and such like. There is and must be faith.

The way of Satanism is the way of liberation: internally and externally. There is a desire to know based on experience, rather than a faith. There is a desire to be proud and exultant, to revel in life and to fulfil the possibilities that life offers. In other words, to really live, completely, and to extend to frontiers of existence: to achieve, to prosper, to excel. To set the standards, the example, for others rather than to follow those of someone else.

Thus, because of 'human nature', Satanism is suited to a minority - the few who can really defy and go against accepted norms. For it is a fundamental principle of Satanism that each individual Satanist finds his or her own limits and thus lives, and if necessary dies, by their own morality or ethics. That is, a Satanist accepts no standards, no code of ethics, no morality: they create their own standards, and live by their own morality, however dark or evil that morality may seem to others or 'society'.

This principle means that Satanists are amoral in the conventional sense: they accept no restrictions other than those they impose on themselves. There is not and can never be, any such thing as 'Satanic ethics' or a Satanic authority which individual Satanists must accept and be subservient to - for these are contrary to the essence of Satanism.

Satanism is an individualized defiance, an individual quest - it is the principle of evolution in human practice: the strong survive, win through, while the weak perish.

However, this does not mean what most opponents of Satanism assume it means - a license for anarchic self-indulgence and a wallowing in lust/depravity and so on. A Satanist has a goal, an ulterior motive beyond the satisfaction of the 'ego' and an indulgence of unconscious impulses. This goal is to excel - to go beyond what one is. To do this requires a self-mastery, a real self-discipline. Both of these can only be acquired by experience in real life. A Satanist desires to evolve - this requires strength of character, resolve. What a Satanist does, in real-life or in ritual, is to explore the limits of themselves and the world - to experience and so grow, to fulfil the potential of existence, of 'god-head'/divinity latent within them. Everything is a means to this - rituals, other people, society itself.

As a result of the ulterior motive, there is perspective - an understanding beyond the impulse/feelings/desires of the moment or the experience. In brief, there is real insight and judgement, a self-awareness.

Of course, this is not easy. The failures become trapped in - or never go beyond - the moment and the desires/impulses/feelings of the moment. In simple terms, the failures, the pseudo-Satanists wallow in their dark side and that of 'society' without either understanding it or

transcending it.

Fundamentally, a Satanist knows and understands where they are going and what they are doing/why they are doing it: the failures, the pseudos, are trapped by the acts or acts or experience. The Satanist is strong, proud, defiant, self-disciplined and in control; the failures, the pseudos are in thrall to their feelings, emotions, and without any real self-discipline and thus insight.

Naturally, the way of Satanism is not easy: the methods, experiences and so on which the Satanist uses to obtain their goal are risky and dangerous. It is easy to fail, get caught or whatever. There is nothing to aid the Satanist in his or her quest - nothing to make it easy or easier: there is only his or her determination and learning from experience; the gradual development of character from experience, and thus a real evolution.

The way of Satanism sets forth various learning experiences, reveal various esoteric techniques and offers an esoteric or 'initiated' insight into life, individuals and the cosmos itself. Satanism is a practical way of living, and in the early stages a part of this involves magickal practices and rituals. These are experiences, the development of certain esoteric skills, and this a learning of 'forbidden' Arts. They also enable indulgence in worldly pleasures - carnal, material and otherwise. But such rituals are not a fetish or of a religious nature - they are merely means, to be used, learned from and then transcended. For a Satanist always moves on - to new experiences, new learning, new insights, new challenges.

For most, the overtly Occult aspects - involving participating in magickal rites and running (and thereby manipulating) one's own group/Temple - lasts a few years. After that, it has served its purpose, and is left behind. There is then, for the Satanist, an involvement with other Satanic practices in order to further develop the character and abilities of that Satanist, and to express by their acts and way of living, the dark side of existence.

Some of these Satanic practices are, viewed conventionally, evil and some are 'illegal' or at least rather dubious in nature. They are chosen by the Satanist to further their development and to help what is known as the 'sinister dialectic of history'.

They are chosen to aid the unique Destiny which the Satanist wishes to achieve - to fulfill their existence in a unique way. For each Satanist wishes to make their mark on the world - to achieve something with their lives, this achievement being significant. They wish to change things - for their life to have an effect: to participate significantly in evolution. Thus, a Satanist, aware of their Destiny - or desiring to achieve a Destiny - seeks experiences which will aid that destiny, which will enable its complete fulfilment. The choice is theirs, and theirs alone - there are no restraints, other than that they should work and achieve or aid that Destiny.

In consequence, some of the deeds they may undertake may be - and really should be - evil. That is, disruptive of norms, both personal and supra-personal (ie. 'society' based). Some may involve 'culling' (ie. removing human dross or those who oppose the Destiny of the Satanist - via sacrifice or whatever). Some may involve 'illegal'/terrorist/amoral acts.

What is important about what is chosen and done is that (a) it aids or fulfills the Destiny of the Satanist so choosing and acting; and/or (b)

it aids Satanism in general ie. it helps to fulfil the "sinister dialectic of history". There are no other considerations - ethical, moral, religious or whatever.

The 'sinister dialectic of history' is the name used to describe Satanic strategy. [Note: The Training and guidance of individual Satanists by an established Satanic Order/group or Master/Mistress, is a tactic used to achieve the strategic goal.] The aim of this strategy is to change evolution - i.e. the evolution of our species and the cosmos itself, by interaction. This evolution is toward 'the sinister' - i.e. toward greater individuality and creativity. To achieve this, restrictions have to be destroyed. This means the restructuring of societies, among other things. Essentially, the aim is to create a new human species - to develop that potential latent within us as individuals: to achieve the divine. Or expressed another way, to let the human species develop maturity - at present the vast majority are still immature children. And they are kept that way by the restraints and impositions and control of societies and religions and other structures (such as politics): by ethics, and by dogma.

The archetype for this change is Satan - the Adversary, the Heretic, the Proud One who refuses to bow down before some 'god'; who refuses to accept subservience. To achieve this change there has to be a learning - a gradual increase in the number of genuine Satanists: i.e. in those who are free of external and internal restraints and who allegiance is to the creative energy that creates all life and engenders its change and thus evolution and which therefore is the essences of existence.

Each Satanist, by living Satanically, aids the dialectic and thus aids evolutionary change - they learn to play at being god. As for the rest - they can participate, and so learn and so evolve to another existence. Or they can be used, by Satanists, to effect changes greater than themselves.

There are no limitations unless we create them - and if others create them, they are there to be transcended. To exult in excellence is the name of the only game worth playing: the Satanic one.

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## II - Some Questions Answered

Q: Is Satanism simply Devil-Worship?

A: The term 'devil-worship' is used in a number of ways - often to describe 'Black Magick' and the alleged practices of 'Satanists': e.g. sexual rituals, animal sacrifice. What is usually described by this term are the activities of Occult dabblers who have no knowledge of real Satanism, and who play at being Satanists - invoking The Devil and so on. Often, the term 'Devil-worship' is used in the moral sense to describe 'perverted' behaviour in an Occult setting.

In the literal sense, Devil-worship means a religious worship of the Devil.

In all the above senses, Satanism is not 'devil-worship': Satanists do not worship anything, and the practices and rites of Satanism are quite different from the popular 'media' image/model.

While some of the rites involve various Occult forms - robes, a Temple and so on - most are removed from such associations. The real magick of a Satanist takes place through their way of living - what they do and achieve in real life and situations, by trying to fulfil their Destiny and aid the sinister dialectic. They live Satanically, rather than play Occult games.

Those that do have an outward Occult or ritualized form, are only a



learning, a stage for the Satanic novice - the mere beginnings of their Satanic life. [The ceremonial rituals are given in 'The Black book of Satan'. They include The Black Mass, the Initiation Ceremony and The Death Ritual.]

Q: But what of The Devil? Or Satan? Does He really exist? And, if so, do you respect Him?

A: He exists, but not in the way most believe: e.g. a horned figure with cloven feet. Rather, He is not bound by our everyday spatial and temporal dimensions, but exists instead in what esoteric tradition calls 'the acausal'. We apprehend the acausal mostly in an archetypal way - i.e. we impose an image upon its acausal and non-spatial structure.

The 'conventional' descriptions of the Devil or Satan are basically childish Nazarene images. The reality is far more terrifying and evil - when viewed conventionally, of course!

Further, terms like 'respect' depend on the opposites inherent in an un-initiated view. In reality, there is only a working with the acausal energies or forces or 'entities' as those things are: a becoming-like the Devil; an identity-with Him, if you wish. And this is an extension of one's own being or existence, rather than a negation, a submergence.

Expressed simply, one becomes one with Satan, and in the early stages strives to be like Him.

Q: Does Satanism involve human sacrifice?

A: Sometimes a Satanist may undertake a culling - either during a magickal ritual or in the real world (e.g. by assassination, manipulating someone to do the deed). Whether or not this is done depends on the Destiny of the individual Satanist - on whether a particular person or persons need removing in order for that Destiny to be attained.

However, all victims for such removal must be suitable - that is, they will be judged as worthless, dross: or be suitable because their removal will aid the sinister dialectic. They, of course, will be judged and found suitable, Satanically. In practice, this means that once someone has been judged to be worthless (in terms of their character and deeds) or otherwise found to be suitable for sacrifice, they will be tested in order to confirm this judgement/suitability. The tests give them a sporting chance. Two or three tests are usually conducted, without the victim's knowledge. Only if they fail these tests will a culling be undertaken, for the glory of Satanism in general.

The "raison d'etre" for Satanic culling, is some people are worthless, a liability to evolution, and their removal is healthy: it aids the human stock. And thus helps to achieve Satanic goals.

Further, those chosen really choose themselves, by their deeds - they reveal their worthless character or their suitability by what they do, or do not do, in real life. Thus, a culling is akin to an act of 'natural justice', a restoration of the creative imperative.

Q: But surely this 'culling' as you call it, is a criminal act?

A: The 'Law' is an accumulation of tireless attempts by the mediocre majority to prevent the creative few turning life into a succession of ecstasies. Or, less poetically, it is an attempt to restrain the healthy, noble instinct of the strong - an attempt to usurp the judgement of experience.

What matters is that each individual develops their own judgement - possesses a sense of 'natural justice', a mature and strong character (born

via experience). The 'Law' is an expression of tyranny - of someone else taking away this judgement and character: of society treating people as children.

Q: What of children? Do they have a place in Satanism? In its rituals, for instance?

A: One of the fundamental aims of Satanism is to develop individuals - to develop a mature, insightful, character, a Satanic spirit.

Satanic training, of a novice, aims to build character, to develop a unique individual aware of their potential and their destiny. This training can only begin when the individual can assess things - or begin to assess them - for themselves. This generally means around the age of sixteen. Before then, there can be no participation in Satanism, whether this be rituals or anything else, simply because Satanism involves each individual making their own choice - of deciding, for themselves, that they wish to undergo Satanic training or undertake a Satanic way of living.

In some circumstances - for instance a child born to parents who are Satanists - there is a simple ceremony involving dedicating the newborn to the darker forces. But until that child grows and can decide things for themselves, there is and can be nothing else. To to otherwise, is to contradict the essence of Satanism.

Satanism is not interested in 'corrupting' others without their consent - it is interested in creating strong, unique individuals of real character who can think and judge for themselves. Anything else is not real Satanism.

Q: But surely Satanists control and use others - manipulate them?

A: Of course! Some people are natural slaves. Satanists are the natural leaders. But each person has a free choice - if they need to follow, to be led, if they enjoy being manipulated, or out of weakness have little or no character of their own, then that is in their nature. existence is often ruthless: the strong win through while the weak go under. Thus is evolution achieved. Humans are no different, although many in their delusion would wish to believe otherwise.

I shall give an example, and one which will make the softies (and incidently the pseudo-Satanists) shudder in horror! Some people in their weakness become addicts - for this example we will say on drugs. As such, they are life's failures. A Satanist views them with contempt - they have made their choice, and revealed a weak character. Thus, he or she might consider it worth their while - and certainly justified - in 'using' these worthless people, by, for instance, supplying them with what they need. To wit, drugs. This would be profitable, and enable the Satanist to live their life a little more Satanicly. It would also aid the sinister dialectic - in two ways. First, the addicts might in the near future die, and thus remove or cull themselves. Second, the 'drug-culture' is symptomatic of a society or societies infested with the Nazarene disease: where a slave-morality has triumphed and noble, strong instincts are repressed/suppressed. (Where, for instance, the idea of combat, of war, as healthy, is heresy.) Such a society or societies need to be undermined and destroyed and replaced by healthier ones.

Incidently, while on this subject of health, everyone has a choice at all times despite whatever external circumstances pertain. It is character, spirit, which win through.

A Satanist is someone who triumphs, even (or especially) in adversity, and who lives by a motto which is no longer understood today

except by the noble few: "Death Before Dishonour". To submit, to give in, to not try, is dishonourable. A Satanist knows with an arrogant, prideful certainty that the human spirit can triumph over everything and everyone - they refuse to admit defeat, to give in, and are prepared if necessary to die rather than act in a dishonourable way, against their Satanic principles. Because of this, they are strong, and inspire in others perhaps a certain awe. And, because of this preparedness, they exult in life - they relish living, and live to the full.

Q: If I wished to become a Satanist, what would I have to do?

A: The first thing is to make sure one understands what Satanism is and involves by contacting other Satanists, for instance, or reading genuine Satanic material such as the works of the O.N.A.

Then, having so understood, one makes a decision to begin the quest along the 'Left Hand Path' and to act Satanicly. This is usually formalized in some way via a simple rite of Initiation - which basically means that one affirms one's desire to follow the way of Satan. This rite can be either a ceremonial one, via an existing Order or Satanic group, or a hermetic 'self-Initiation'. Examples of both are available to those curious enough to find them.

Following this, one undertakes various tasks, techniques and methods over a period of some months, the aim of all of which is to build a solid Satanic foundation, in terms of character. These are all accessible in various Satanic works. Quite a number of these involve gaining experience in the real world, while some involve directly Occult/magickal work - e.g. rituals.

The emphasis throughout is on self-achievement and self-effort. This 'noviciate period lasts about a year, perhaps two. There are then more challenges to undertake, more ordeals to develop character and aid one's judgement and insight and self-mastery.

Of course, there are also many rewards - some carnal, some material, some spiritual (in the sinister sense, naturally!). There develops an awareness of one's Destiny and an understanding of what is hidden from the majority by virtue of their rather rudimentary level of consciousness and knowledge.

During all this, one is aiding the dark forces by the very act of doing Satanic things. That is, aiding evolution - of one's self, and existence in general. One is being significant; doing and achieving.

If one is fortunate enough, there may be guidance and advice from someone who has gone that way before - from a Satanic Master or Mistress.

What is important, is that one really lives; achieves things; works in and alters the real world; and learns and so develops - in character, insight, knowledge and so on.

Most people waste their lives. A Satanist wants to be a god - and is prepared to change the world to make their dreams a reality. Most people dream, but lack the courage to act. What matters is that one does something - if somethings do not work out as one planned, there are other places, other times. New dreams to dream and fulfil. And life does not even end with causal death - one can become Immortal! The form of life simply changes. But this immortality is not given - it is not a reward. It is achieved, it is a conscious act: a becoming-one with the dark force itself, with Satan.

There is much that is numinous, but nothing known that surpasses

Women and Men in numinosity. That is, of all life, we as individuals possess the most potential - have the 'creative fire' of life itself. Satanism is a means to not only understand this, but to implement it - fulfil our divine (and diabolic) potential. To live this existence to the full. To participate in evolution. And to evolve to another realm entirely.

But Satanism is dangerous - it is testing. It requires a demonic desire, a strength of character. It is genuine Heresy. It is for the few who can really defy, who really wish to become like gods and are prepared to take the risks involved.

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## The Theory of The Holocaust

The so-called holocaust of the Jews during World War Two is not a "proven fact of history" - it is *a theory*.

The central premise - the fundamental assumption - of this theory is that a million or more Jews were killed in "gas chambers" using Zyklon B. This claim has been made for over fifty years, and it is claimed as the main method of killing. (Refer to Footnote 1)

This is a particular *scientific* claim, about how a certain chemical agent works (or worked) under certain very specific conditions. That is, it is a claim that Zyklon B - a pesticide used to fumigate clothing in order to destroy lice, and which releases hydrogen cyanide gas (HCN) when exposed to air - was used to kill human beings in so-called "gas chambers".

Some of the particulars of this claim are that the whole gassing procedure (gassing and venting, from the introduction of Zyklon to the opening of the doors) only took one hour at most and often much less time, and that the majority of the killings took place in what looked like "ordinary shower baths" with concrete floors, and occurred even when the ambient temperate was lower than 15 degrees Celsius. Other particulars of this claim are that those opening the doors after this short length of time, and those removing the dead bodies, wore no protective clothing at all - for example, no "gas masks" in case any residue of deadly gas was present, or in case the Zyklon B pellets used were still producing deadly HCN gas.

This very specific method of killing either worked, as described in the so-called "holocaust literature", or it did not work. If it did work, then the method used is scientifically repeatable, reproducible, via experiments. This is how science functions, and how such claims about a scientific matter are settled. It is scientific evidence, provided by experiments, that matter. (Refer to Footnote 2 )

This particular scientific claim about how people were killed by Zyklon B - a claim made by those who believe in *the theory of the holocaust* - has yet to be experimentally verified, according to scientific criteria. Therefore, it is correct and reasonable for people to doubt the veracity of the theory of the holocaust that many people believe in until such time as this specific scientific claim is verified by experimental means.

All the other circumstantial evidence which it is alleged "proves" the theory of the holocaust (such as alleged eye-witness statements; confessions obtained during interrogations), are irrelevant because a particular scientific claim has been made, and if this claim is shown by scientific experiments to be false, then all such other evidence which seems to support the theory will have to re-examined, re-interpreted,

and/or rejected.

The onus of proof for the theory of the holocaust is upon those who have made this specific scientific claim, and their proof can only be by scientific means. Those who doubt or who are skeptical about this theory of the holocaust (for whatever reason and from whatever motive), do not have to prove anything, for as it says in *Al-Majallah al-Ahkam al-'Adaliyyah*, "The burden of proof is on him who alleges."

This claim could easily be tested by scientific experiments, which would require the re-construction of an alleged "gas chamber" - as described in the literature of the holocaust theory - and then introducing Zyklon B into this chamber, by the means alleged to have been used according to the literature of the holocaust theory. The chamber would then be vented - using the type of fans alleged to have been used - and then opened, and then tested for any residue of HCN gas. Note that, for the experiment to be valid, all the "experimental apparatus" used would have to be constructed according to details given in the extant literature of the holocaust theory, which details derive - or are alleged to derive from - eye-witness statements, confessions of suspects tried for involvement in the alleged holocaust, and from whatever German technical plans or documents that survived from the time which gave details regarding the building of shower-baths in labour camps such as Auschwitz. (Refer to Footnote 3 )

The experiments would be conducted using several variables. For instance, (1) With an empty chamber, at various ambient temperatures. (2) With the door being opened at the times claimed by the holocaust literature - from one half hour after introduction of Zyklon B, to around one hour (the maximum time claimed in the holocaust literature). (3) With a chamber full of experimental "dummies" simulating human beings crammed into the chamber, and repeating the variable mentioned in (1) and (2).

To meet acceptable scientific criteria, the results would have to be reproducible by others, as the experiments themselves would have to be conducted openly, with impartial, neutral, observers present, and all the findings openly published.

That no such scientific experiments have ever been conducted - or are even planned - is extraordinary, given:

- 1) That the theory of the holocaust is taught as "fact" in schools and colleges around the world;
- 2) the billions upon billions of dollars invested in and by the "holocaust industry" for over half a century, and the plethora of "holocaust memorials" around the world;
- 3) the continuing imprisonment of those, including scientists, who have logically and rationally expressed public doubt about the theory of the holocaust;
- 4) the use of this theory to aid the establishment of a modern non-Muslim nation in the lands of the

Muslims;

5) the conviction - on purely circumstantial evidence - and the subsequent execution and imprisonment of dozens and dozens of people, in the last sixty years, for "participating" in this alleged "holocaust".

Thus, to repeat what we wrote above, it is correct and reasonable, and indeed rationally necessary, for people to doubt the veracity of the theory of the holocaust until such time as the specific scientific claim, made by the believers in the theory of the holocaust, is verified by experimental means.

Until such experiments are conducted, it is also correct, fair and reasonable to call for an immediate end to the irrational and criminal persecution of those who doubt the theory and who ask for scientific proof of the theory.

*Footnotes:*

1) A million or so, alone, is claimed for Auschwitz. This is what is taught now in schools, everywhere; see, for example, the school lesson plan, *Learning and Remembering about Auschwitz-Birkenau*, produced by the Yad Vashem organization in occupied Palestine.

2) Logically, if a person believes in the modern holocaust theory, *ergo* they accept the minor premise of what is the fundamental "holocaust" syllogism, which premise is the specific method of killing described above, which specific method involves a particular scientific claim, and which scientific claim requires experimental proof.

Thus, all persons who now accept or who believe in the modern theory of the holocaust, are implicitly accepting, on faith or trust (and rather illogically), that this so far unproven scientific claim is true.

3) According to experiments conducted by German scientists in 1942 CE - and recorded in the publication *"Die Einsatzfähigkeit der Blausäure bei tiefen Temperaturen"* published in 1942 CE - under ideal laboratory conditions, Zyklon B granules are can still lethal for at least two hours after they have been activated.

These experiments also showed that what does affect the release of HCN gas is the ambient temperature, with the granules releasing more HCN gas more quickly at higher temperatures, and releasing "most" of their gas - under ideal laboratory conditions - in just less than an hour when the temperature was 20 degrees Celsius, or higher.

Given that the ambient temperature in the alleged "gas chambers" was often much lower than 20 degrees Celsius - according to accounts contained in the holocaust literature of the holocaust theorists - it would be expected that it would be well over an hour before the Zyklon B pellets released all their HCN gas. Which would mean the pellets would still be producing deadly HCN gas when the door to the chambers were opened.

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**AoB**

**Warriors of The Dark Way**



**Part One  
Life and Acausal Forming**

## **The Secret of Acausal Forming**

The *ikhwani wa akhawati* of the esoteric association known as **AoB** - whose full name will not be given here - accept and affirm that our brief mortal life in the causal continuum is an opportunity, never to arise again, for we human beings to transcend to the acausal continuum, in which realm we shall acquire, by the very nature of that acausal realm being a-causal, an immortal existence. There, in that realm, the physical, fragile, organic body which encased the acausal energy and the consciousness that was the essence of our mortal living will be no more, freeing us to be a new type of acausal being; a being of pure acausal energy, timeless, and able to travel without effort and without causal Time within the vastness of the Cosmos itself.

But this new type of existence is not given to us or awarded to us by any being - causal or acausal; rather, it is achieved, or can be achieved, by us, if we live and, in particular, if we die in the right way. If it is not achieved, by us, then our causal mortal body dies, and the acausal energy that animated it - and which was the source of our consciousness, as a living, individual human being, becomes unformed, un-patterned, and simply seeps back into the realms of the acausal, with all trace of *us* having been dissipated. This unforming of us happens because it is in the nature of un-controlled acausal energy, presented in a human body, to do this; it is just the way such energy works, when there is no constraint - no outside force - to control, contain, shape, and maintain a pattern with and from it.

The real innermost secret of all genuine Dark Arts, over centuries of causal-earthly-Time, has been how to do this - how to control, contain, shape, and maintain a pattern with and from the acausal energy that lives within us, as one individual human being; which type of energy is, in essence, the very essence of our very mortal life.

This was the secret that alchemists of all ages have sought - from the time of Ancient Egypt, to the Sages of the Tao, to the Alchemists of the Bayt-ul-Hikmah, to the alchemists of medieval Europe and beyond. Thus did such seekers come to feel, or to comprehend, or to realize that it was acausal energy that animated our bodies, that was important, although they gave this animating force many diverse and different names. But few, if any, of these types of seekers found the secret of how to control, contain, shape, and maintain a pattern with and from this energy, to thus enable them to go where few, if any, humans had ever gone before - to thus journey into the infinite realms of those dark acausal spaces that came to haunt so many of their mortal dreams.

But the secret is with us, the **AoB**, and has been, for a while. The secret of how we, as individuals, may in the moments before our mortal, causal, dying - and in our living before that - prepare ourselves so that our acausal energy is contained, saved, patterned as it should be patterned so that our essence - including our very consciousness - can pass back from whence it originally came to give us life and to keep our bodies growing, changing, and alive. But pass back changed - changed by us; evolved by us, by our very way of mortal living, so that what returns to the acausal realms of pure undefiled darkness is an evolved and new type of being, born, created by us by our very way of causal life and by our manner of causal dying.

Thus do we consciously pattern - form, evolve - the acausal energy that we are gifted with, that is already presented in us, as living mortal human beings. The secret is thus the way, the means, the how, of such acausal forming, and this

way, the means, lives in The Dark Way of the **AoB**.

We are of and are called to The Dark Way because we identify with, and we yearn for, the acausal spaces - the acausal realms - themselves, which are, to us humans, Dark; beyond the illumination we know from our star, the Sun, and beyond the artificial illumination we have manufactured to light our brief mortal living on this planet we named Earth. We are Dark, here, because it is where we can go - where we can transcend to if we live and die in the right way - where *we are* the very illumination that lives there; we are, we become, the very light that travels, traverses, that lives - immortal - within the pure undefiled darkness of the dark acausal spaces. We become acausal stars - Galaxies of stars - travelling where we will among the infinite darkness, bringing into being by our very travelling, our very existence there, new life - both causal and acausal and in both the realms of the causal and acausal spaces. Thus do we, thus can we, become of those Dark Immortals - the Immortals of the dark acausal realms, and thus can we seed the darkness of both causal and acausal with our immortal living light, bringing thus, causing thus, being-thus, evolution itself.

### **The Way, The Means**

There is nothing very complicated about the way, the means, of acausal forming - of developing, of evolving and of holding onto at the moment of our causal death our developed acausal energy. It is just that the way, the means, are founded upon an understanding and acceptance of the nature of such things as causal, acausal; of how and why life is a nexion between the two; of how certain types of human beings - by their ways and their abstractions - are detrimental to us and our own Way; and it is the understanding and acceptance of all this which many find difficult.

But we do not proselytize; others find us, if they can. And if they do not understand or will not accept our way, our means, our philosophy, then we do not care, for the loss is theirs alone. [ An outline of the philosophy of The Dark Way is given in Part Two, below. ]

The Way is simply to live as if one is already There - in those acausal realms; the Way is to live yearning, desiring for an immortal existence there; to see, to feel, this our brief decayful mortal life as the means it is and can be; a mere beginning and not the end, and certainly not the meaning, itself. The Way is to live exulting, knowing one is ready for the nexion that mortal death is. The Way is to live seeking ever after more - more challenges, more exultation of

living, more mortal danger - knowing feeling death for the mortal nexion it is. The Way is to accept that the immolation of one's self by some exulting deed full of acausal purpose is one means by which the death-nexion may be passed...

The means are simply how the above may be found, attained, remembered, made real in a practical way, on a daily basis, within the life of those *ikhwani wa akhawati* of the esoteric association known as the **AoB**.

One particular means is by remembering the acausal being, Baphomet, known to us according to our tradition as the archetypal symbol, the living acausal essence, of our Way, for She is the Dark, violent, entity, the essence of acausal living - the real fecund Mistress of our Earth - who gave us life in this temporary causal mortal realm, and it was and it is to Her, our Mistress-Wife-and-Lover, that bloody sacrifices were and are made, since such sacrifices, such cullings, free such acausal energy as we may make good use of, in both our living, and through our dying, for such energy from such a means is one way of opening that death-nexion that can lead us to our new immortal way of life.

Thus have the *ikhwani wa akhawati* of the esoteric association known as **AoB** chosen and prefer one such particular means of culling to aid us through that final Gate, and thus do we choose, as offer, or as offers, those opposed to our Way - such as Yahud and those in thrall or obedient to or who are lackeys of, their Magian way. For it is from Yahud that the Magian ethos, and the de-evolutionary abstractions that currently blight us, derive.

### **Acausal Visions and The Causal Abstractions of the Magian**

For well over a thousand years, human life on this planet has suffered from the sickness of human manufactured causal abstractions, bringing a de-evolution instead of our evolution into higher beings. For it is such human manufactured causal abstractions that denude us of acausal energy and which increasingly prevent us from living - and from dying - in the correct way needed to pattern our own indwelling acausal energy.

Such manufactured causal abstractions are tyrannical, because those behind them and those using them, seek control - of us, our lives, as human beings; of the resources of our planet Earth, and even control of our visions, our dreams of being more than we are. In place of our acausal vision of evolving humans, we have a materialistic way based on the slavery of usury, on mandatory taxation, and on impersonal governments who rule by means of tyrannical laws

and hordes of dishonourable cowardly bullies they deign to call "Police". In place of the honourable code of the warrior, they have the code of the safety of the mundane. Instead of the excellence of our natural warrior aristocracy - of chiefs and clans - they have the plebeian democracy of mundanes.

Acausal energy is darkly numinous, the very essence of evolving, changing, exulting Life and of a warrior human living. In contrast, the Magian way is the way of enervation, of restriction - by laws, by abstractions, by the pursuit of mundane-ness.

Thus, the Dark-Numen - the essence of our Dark Way - stands directly and violently opposed to the abstractions of the Magian and their lackeys, Homo Hubris, for in place of the opportunity to ascend to the acausal and live immortal in the infinite Cosmos, the Magian have given us the slavery of mundane Earthly-toil and the tyranny of the State.

Thus, we are at war with the Magian, with Yahud, and with any and all who support or who aid in whatever way the Magian ethos and its dishonourable, materialistic, abstractions, and we regard this war as a most excellent opportunity for our *ikhwani wa akhawati* to achieve the immortal goal of this, our Earthly-living.

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## Part Two The Philosophy of The Dark Way

### **The Fundamental Principles of The Dark Way**

The fundamental philosophical principles of The Dark Way are: (1) that the Cosmos consists of a causal continuum and an acausal continuum; (2) that there exists two types of being [living and non-living], differentiated by whether or not these types of being possess, or manifest, what we acausal energy; (3) that acausal energy is what animates all life in the causal continuum; (4) that all living beings in the causal continuum are a nexion - a connexion - between the causal and the acausal; (5) the more complex, the

more organized, the causal life, the more acausal energy is presented in that life; (6) our consciousness, as human beings, is a means whereby we can access the nexion we are to the acausal, and a means whereby we can form, or pattern, our own acausal energy; and (7) we possess the ability - the way, the means - of gaining for ourselves more acausal energy, of evolving our own acausal energy, and thus of transcending to live in the acausal continuum.

Causal space-time (the causal continuum) has three causal spatial dimensions and one causal Time dimension, and acausal space-time (the acausal continuum) has  $n$  number (a currently undefined number) of acausal dimensions (which are not spatial) and an acausal Time dimension. Causal space-time can thus be considered to the phenomenal, physical, universe we are aware of through our senses, and this universe is governed by physical laws and contains physical, causal, matter/energy.

The Dark Way postulates, and accepts, that they are acausal beings existing in acausal space-time ( see footnote 1 ) just as there are causal beings existing in causal space-time, which causal beings include our own human species, and the life which shares this planet, Earth, with us.

## **The Philosophy of The Dark Way**

To be a Way of Life, a philosophy should be able to effectively and rationally answer questions about the origin and meaning of life, and in particular be able to answer the question of what is the meaning, the purpose, of our causal lives, as human beings, in the causal Universe, on this planet we call Earth.

The philosophy of The Dark Way answers that the meaning of our mortal causal lives is to evolve to become acausal beings in the acausal continuum. In addition, The Dark Way does not believe that we human beings, and causal life itself, were created by some Supreme Being, which supreme Being is commonly referred to as God. According to The Dark Way, life evolved in a natural manner on this planet, from particular and finite beginnings that we as yet do not precisely understand, and that knowledge of the causal continuum - and thus knowledge about the origins and evolution of causal life - can be obtained through observation, experiment and the use of reason, or logic.

The Dark Way is therefore - in respect of seeking and gaining knowledge of the causal continuum - a rationalist Way of Life which accepts: (1) that the Causal Universe exists independently of us and our consciousness, and thus

independent of our senses; (2) our limited understanding of this causal 'external world' depends for the most part upon our senses - that is, on what we can see, hear or touch; that is, on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; (3) logical argument - reason - and experiment are the best means to knowledge and understanding of and about this 'external world'; (4) the Causal Universe is, of itself, a reasoned order subject to rational laws.

However, The Dark Way also affirms that the knowledge and understanding of the causal Universe - achieved by means of reason and observation - is not the only type of knowledge and understanding available to us, for there is knowledge and understanding of the acausal continuum, and of the acausal beings who, or which, exist (and "live") there, and that we possess underdeveloped faculties and abilities which enable us to sense, to begin to know, and/or to obtain intimations of, acausal Life in all its variety and forms. An axiom of The Dark Way is that by developing these latent faculties we can gain a better understanding - and more knowledge of - Nature, of the acausal, and of acausal beings, and thus of ourselves, and that one means of so developing these faculties is by directly living as Dark Warrior, that is, by living and striving to die in a particular warrior way, fearless of our mortal death because we see such death as the acausal opportunity it is.

### **Life in the Acausal Continuum**

According to The Dark Way, there are several types of distinct acausal beings who exist in the acausal continuum. These acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions.

Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presented in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presented within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) un-presented acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presented themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such

acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presented in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

According to tradition, one of these acausal beings is Baphomet, the Dark Goddess of legend, who, as a shapeshifter when presented in the causal, is often depicted as a mature, beautiful human women, naked from the waist up, who holds in Her hand the bloodied severed head of a young human man.

However, The Dark Way does not regard living acausal beings such as Baphomet as conventional "gods" or "goddesses", and thus does not regard them as beings to be worshipped, feared, and obeyed in a conventional, mundane, religious sense. Instead, they are regarded as visiting or future friends; as new found companions; and may be likened to long-lost sisters and brothers or other relatives; or - in the case of Baphomet - as our lovers, or our potential lover. Thus, our relationship to these acausal beings is certainly not one of fear, or of subservience.

In addition, the conventional names given to some such acausal beings as are known to us, or which have been known to human beings in ages past, are only exoteric names; only imperfect, causal, terms which are useful to us as a means of reference among ourselves. Hence, a name such as "Baphomet" does not fully describe the real acausal nature and character of that specific acausal being.

Furthermore, the philosophy of The Dark Way neither assumes nor accepts that there is some supreme Being, some all-powerful deity, somewhere in or beyond The Cosmos. That is, we assert that a supreme creator Being does not and never has existed, and such a figure is regarded as a human, a causal, abstraction, a human manufactured construct, a myth, which human beings, and thus certain religions and theologies and philosophies, have incorrectly imposed upon the reality of the Cosmos in a vain attempt to understand it, and themselves. Thus, our Baphomet - our Dark One, our Lover - is not subservient



to some omnipotent God of the mundanes, but is instead a particular type of living acausal being, subject only to the natural laws of the acausal continuum, and someone whom we one day hope to meet when we transcend to the acausal.

### **The Meaning of The Existence of Baphomet**

For the **AoB**, it is the individual warrior who by their way of life - by their following of The Dark Way - can directly comprehend and directly implement meaning, whether this "meaning" be described by such limited, causal terms as "morality", and evil and law - based as these causal terms are on the restriction, the oppression, of causal Magian-type thinking. For us, meaning, morality, law, and justice all reside in - and are manifest by - our Warrior Code of Honour and thus by our individual living, as warriors, for it is such honour, *our type of honour*, a living according to such honour, that can and which does directly presence the dark-numen and which thus gives us access to, and can increase, our own acausal energy.

Thus, The Dark Way is a genuine liberation and a genuine evolution of the individual, because it gives the individual direct access to the very essence of their own, individual, being: which is the acausal energy that animates them, making them alive, and which is also the apprehension and understanding of them as a unique nexion, of the acausal continuum itself, and of the acausal life that resides there, and which can - in some circumstances - be manifest in our own causal continuum.

Hence, a knowing and an appreciation of such acausal beings as Baphomet are one means whereby we, as individuals, can come to know ourselves, to evolve ourselves, and come to understand the meaning and purpose of our causal, mortal lives: which is to live-on beyond our causal death, in the acausal continuum as a new type, a new species, of immortal acausal being. For, as mentioned above, Baphomet is our esoteric and archetypal symbol, the living acausal essence, of our Way,

This discovering of meaning by individuals, this knowing of such acausal beings - this understanding of how and why beings such as Baphomet exist - is a learning of our Dark Arts, manifest as our Dark Arts are, on Earth, in our warrior way of living and our warrior way of dying.

**AoB**

NexionZero

121 Year of Feyen



*Footnotes:*

(1) Acausal space-time is often referred to simply as "the acausal", and causal space-time as "the causal". Also, the causal refers to the causal Universe of causal space-time, and the acausal to the acausal Universe of acausal space-time, with both the causal and the acausal Universes together forming the Cosmos. The causal Universe is also sometimes referred to as "the causal continuum", and the acausal Universe as "the acausal continuum".

**Appendix:  
Our Warrior Code of Living**

The essence of our Way of Living is our distinct personal honour, and it is our honour which distinguishes us from the mundanes, from followers of the Magian ethos, from Yahud, from Nasara: from all those who are not-of-us, who do not belong to our kind. Honour is what binds us, as *ikhwani wa akhawati* of the **AoB**.

As defined by our Dark-Numen, honour is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an evolved way, consistent with the acausal perspective, and aims, of our Dark Way. Thus, personal honour is how we can change, control, and evolve ourselves.

Honour thus defines our personal behaviour, and imposes upon us certain duties and obligations, and for us - for our kind - our honour is more important than our own lives. It is this willingness to live and if necessary die for and

because of our honour that makes us strong, fearsome, and enables us to live life on a higher level than any mundane. For it is through honour - through our fearlessness, our scorn of our mortal death - that we come to exult in Life itself.

Our honour means we are fiercely loyal to our own kind - to those who, like us, live by honour and our prepared to die for their honour. Our honour means we are wary of, and do not trust - and often despise - all those who are not like us, who are not of our own fearsome dark warrior kind.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to never willingly submit to any mundane; or to any follower of the Magian ethos, or to any Yahud, or to any Nasara; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, by any follower of the Magian ethos, by any Yahud, by any Nasara, and to be wary of these types of people at all times.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone - mundane, or one of our own kind - who impugns our honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against us.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman of honour from among us, who is highly esteemed because of their honour and known for their honourable deeds, arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to honourably accept without question, and to abide by, their

decision.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to always keep our word, once we have given our word on our honour, for to break one's word is a dishonourable, cowardly, and mundane, act.

Our honourable duty - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to act honourably in all our dealings with our own honourable kind; to strive to be fair, and courteous, with those of our own kind.

Our obligation - as individuals who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by honour and are prepared to die to save their honour and that of their *ikhwani wa akhawati*.

Our honourable duty - as *ikhwani wa akhawati* of the **AoB** who live by the Law of the Dark-Numen - means that an oath of loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of honour ("I swear by my honour that I shall...") can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable, and unworthy of us and our kind.

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